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The Art of the Steal

By Jonathan Sobol

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[ACCORDION PLAYS UP-TEMPO TUNE]

[LOW-TEMPO BEAT]

[MAN] Seasoned crooks swear you only remember
two days about your stretch in jail:

The day you get in...

[PRISONERS SHOUTING]

- Oh, boy.

- ...and the day you get out.

[SHOUTING CONTINUES]

But I'll tell you, those guys,
they never been
to a Polish prison.

'Cause, buddy, you don't forget
a second of your stay
in the Warsaw penal system.

Oh, boy.

And you never stop thinking about
what you done that got you there,
and what you're going to
do when you get out.

And who you're going
to do it to.

I reckon it takes
a betrayal before you realize
the real currency in the world
ain't money... it's trust.

Hey. So, guess

I'm topsies, huh?

[MAN GRUNTS, MUMBLES]

'Cause if you got no trust...

Oh, boy.

...then what do you got?

[DRAMATIC MUSIC]

[MALE CHOIR, SINGING IN POLISH]

Now, there's no such thing
as one last big job,

but Poland was pretty close.

We were doing a smooth switch
using a standard base
to our scam.

The first thing you
need is a mark.

Stash Bartkowiak was just like

all the others:

Rich, corrupt and most
definitely dangerous.
So Stash picks up a stolen Gauguin
ripped from an Oslo gallery
by a couple of smash
and grabbers.
So, of course, he wants to
get the painting authenticated.
But what he didn't know,
was the man he turned to
was Nicky Calhoun.
And Nicky Calhoun
is my half-brother.
A crew needs an idea man
and ours was Nicky.
Paddy McCarthy,
he was our Rolodex,
the guy who knows
any guy you need to know.
And Guy De Cornet
was our forger.
Best scratcher I've ever known.
Now there was a time,
if you ask anyone in our game,
who the best damn wheelman
around was,
and I'm guaranteeing you, you're going
to hear the name Crunch Calhoun.
And that's got nothing to do
with how fast I drive
and everything to do
with trust.
'Cause without that
you've got anarchy.
I like that jacket.
Well, clothes tell
you a lot about the man.
That's why it's a saying.
I don't know, Nicky.
Take Guy there.
The only thing his fancy white
leotard tells me is that

- he ain't circumcised.
- [LAUGHING]
- You misunderstand fashion.
- Fatsoes. Look at you.
- Fatsoes? [LAUGHING] -
[GUY] Women go crazy for this...
Boys! There it is!
[GUY] I'll see you
at the lab, Crunch.
[CAR ENGINE STARTS]
Don't touch the art, lad.
All alarmed.
Wow! Love the track suits.
Fellas, I'd like you to meet
Professor O'Connor.
Doc, these are the fellas.
As I said, Dr. "O" here,
is real discreet.
Very discreet, gentlemen.
Oh. Paul Gauguin.
"Tahitian Beach," 1893.
Painting is stolen.
But is real?
We'll see.
Needs a density scan.
What is density scan?
I'm not so sure myself,
but doctor knows best.
[BEEPING]
[NICKY] OK, great. So a guy
walks into a bar with a monkey.
Oh. What is this?
What?
- No, no, no, no, no.
- What?
- More red. More red.
- No, no, no, no, no.
Don't do this, Guy, please.
You're killing me.
They're identical.
Just swap the frames!
My work... [SPEAKS FRENCH]
Oh fuck, Guy! Come on,
they're identical!

- Just change them!
- My work must be perfect-o!
You've got five minutes.
[NICKY] So I say,
"I'm looking for Mario."
And this kid says, "There's
a thousand Marios in Naples."
I say, "Yeah,
but this one's a criminal."
And he goes, "Two thousand!"
[LAUGHS]
[CRUNCH] Guy. Guy.
Guy! They will fuckin' kill
Nicky and Paddy
if I don't make it
back there in time!
Guy, you got ten seconds.
That's it. Ten!
Nine, eight, seven, six, five.
Put it in.
- Three, two, one. Now!
- Au revoir.
- [LAUGHING]
- Ah, fuck!
[SIRENS]
Bastard!
So naturally I tell the Turkish prostitute,
"I'll take two."
[SCREAMS]
[SPEAKING POLISH]
So are any of you guys
Ukrainian?
No? OK then.
Ah, fuck!
[STASH SPEAKING POLISH]
She's a genuine Gauguin, boys.
Priceless.
I don't believe this.
There's millions of dollars of
paintings and we're doing nothing.
- Leave it, lad.
- [NICKY] This is Poland!
We can do whatever
the fuck we want.

Nicky, boy, the Gauguin's worth more than five rooms of paintings in this place and they're all alarmed.

Are you kidding me?

There's no alarms.

[ALARM]

There's alarms.

[ALL LAUGHING]

[MAN SPEAKING POLISH]

[SPEAKING POLISH]

Boys, let's all split up!

Train to Berlin. Ten AM.

Bright and early like!

[SQUEALING TIRES]

[NICKY] Shit!

Go! Here. What are you...

what are you...?! Wrong way!

[CRASHING]

[CRUNCH] That crash

was a stroke of luck.

And the cops showed up before

Stash could kill him.

Uh... [CLEARS THROAT]

Did I tell you the one

about the, uh,

three prostitutes

and the bruised melon?

[GRUNTING]

We only want painting back.

One painting, one arrest.

It could be you or someone else.

You have record in Europe,

so that's 20 years sentence.

We make deal, huh?

The painting and a fall guy.

[CRUNCH] For Nicky, I figure

it was just basic math.

He's facing 20 years

and I got a clean sheet.

I can't blame him for that.

But I can hate him for it.

[PRISONERS CHATTERING]

Oh, boy.

[VOICES FADE]

[LOW-TEMPO MUSIC]
[CRUNCH] So I went home.
And I couldn't go back
to the life.
The trust was gone.
Crew was gone.
And everybody went
their separate ways.
And I met a girl.
Someone I could bank on.
And even if I couldn't, buddy,
I'll tell you,
she wasn't the worst person
I shared a bunk with lately.
But I could bank on Francie.
Francie was a young buck I caught
pinching hubcaps off my truck.
Most folks probably would have called
the cops, but I gave him a job.
'Cause every now and then, you
got to take a leap of faith.
Hey, Crunch. Lace 'em up.
The only way we're gonna get the crowd
tomorrow is if you take a dive today.
Nope, not gonna happen,
not again.
It pains me to say it, Crunch,
but the only reason
why these folks are here
is in the hope that
you crack your skull open.
You have to crash your bike.
That's what you do.
[man on P.A.) A 188 stitches,
26 broken bones.
Twelve totaled bikes.
Three comas.
Twice pronounced legally dead.
- I'll give you \$700.
- The one, the only, Crunch Calhoun!
Let me say this out loud,
'cause I can't believe
my own ears.
You expect me to deliberately

take a dive, risk my life,
for 700 bucks?

- [rock music plays]
- [crowd cheering]
- Twelve.
- Seven.
- Eleven.
- Six.
- Eight.
- Deal.

Call the ambulance.

Fire

The righteous won't sink
if they're on fire

[man on P.A.]

Ladies and gentlemen,
let's give old Crunch
a moment of silence
as he prepares to go down, down,
down into the ring of fire!

How'd she do? Tell
me at least a thousand.

No, \$800. So just
don't do it, Crunch.

I'll pay you \$800
not to spill 'er.

If you got \$800,
I'm payin' you too much.
- Just don't do it, bud.

- [GROANS]

I'll be all right,
Francie. Besides,
"Fortune favors the bold."
Who said that one?

- Virgil.
- Right.

[RICHARD WAGNER:

"RIDE OF THE VALKYRIES"]

[REVS ENGINE, TIRES SQUEAL]

[**ROY ORBISON:**

A candy-colored clown
they call the sandman
Tiptoes to my room

every night
Just to sprinkle stardust
and to whisper
"Go to sleep,
everything is all right"
[CAMERA SHUTTER CLICKS]
I close my eyes
Then I drift away
Into the magic night
I softly say
"Oh, smile and pray
Like dreamers do
Then I fall asleep...
[WOMAN ON PA, INDISTINCT]
Excuse me, sir. Would you
consent to a voluntary search?
Right this way, please.
Bad luck, chief.
Thank you.
Ground rules,
same as last time.
You talk when
I tell you to talk
and when I don't,
you do not talk.
Don't bark at me.
I'm not your dog.
Did I say to talk?
Because I don't recall
telling you to talk.
How many more times
must I do your job
before I've paid my
proverbial debt to society?

Warning:

stupid, I will crush you.
- That looked hot.
- Yes, a little bit.
We're going to start
with "good cop, bad cop".
- I'm not a cop.
- OK.
How about "good cop,

just do what I fuckin' say"?

You're not a cop.

Correction. The "pol" in Interpol, it stands for police.

Then where is your pistol?

I don't need a gun.

I've got something far more dangerous than that.

Is it a whistle that you blow to summon the real police when a crime is being committed?

No. It's actually a pen.

And, with it, I can deny your parole.

So why don't you shut the hell up and follow my lead?

Where's the fucking painting, fucko?

Whoa.

My name is Agent Bick. This is my associate, Samuel Winter.

[NICKY] I know Sam.

Sam, what are you doing with Dirty Harry, here?

You know how they pair professional athletes - with slow kids?

- Yep.

It's kind of like that.

Two weeks ago, this painting "Model, Rear-View" by Georges Seurat was stolen by an art collector in Mexico City by a woman we had under surveillance.

Yeah, I've never seen that woman before... ..before yesterday.

Do I look like a fucking clown to you?

Clowns try to be funny. You're just unintentionally hysterical.

- [LAUGHS] - Shut your giggle

hole and open the damn case.
It's called "Tio Puno Loco".
Which translates
"Uncle Crazy Fist."
Now, if you gentlemen will excuse me,
I've got to water ski...
Sit down! Winter,
this is not "pointerism".
Every painting tells a story.
All good art tells a story.
This one tells two.
[SAM] Say Nicky here
is stopped at Customs.
All they see is this rubbish,
not the masterpiece underneath.
Acetate solution loosens
the top acrylic layer.
Peel it on back and you're left with
the original oil painting underneath.
[BICK] What the fuck is that?
It's a marvelous picture. I'm delighted
to have it as part of my collection.
Well, boys, have a nice day.
Where's the Seurat?!
Long gone.
[UP-TEMPO MUSIC]
- Sunny.
- Yeah. How'd it go?
Ah, it went.
Bad luck, chief.
You got the money?
There you go.
It feels a little light.
Well, why don't you open it?
"I'm sorry.
I'm sorry for hitting you
with a lead pipe."
What the fuck...
[GRUNTS]
[MUSIC CONTINUES]
[INDISTINCT CHATTERING]
Crunch, honey,
we're out of ice.
[CRUNCH] Oh yeah, all right.

Thank you, Crunchie.
Adios, fellas.
Ice? \$50 for ice?
It's wintertime.
Crunch, she's, she's not
even trying anymore.
Happy wife, happy life, right?
So you say.
Oh, I don't know, Francie.
When I was a young buck
I thought I'd make history,
not just sit there
reading about it.
Hell, I thought
I'd be a great man.
OK, so you're not...
stereotypically great,
like Alexander the Great.
But you're great like,
great like, like...
You're a great guy!
Great men don't take dives
for a couple of hundred bucks.
And great men
don't miss their fate.
Somewhere along the line I...
I missed mine, Francie.
I was probably staring at
it the whole time and I just...
I missed it.
My God, you're a downer.
A fuckin' boner killer.
And what are you going to do? Are you
gonna sell fuckin' insurance or something?
Just shut the fuck up
and cheer up, please.
[DOOR BELL]
Allow me.
Yo, Dennis Calhoun?
Who's asking?
- It's fuckin' Sunny.
- Sounds about right.
Hey, Crunch, there's some guy with
an eye-patch here to see you.

[GRUNTS]

[GRUNTING] Oh, easy, man!

Where's your fuckin' brother?

I was gonna cut bait and go home then I realized Nicky said he had a brother.

[PEOPLE CHATTERING]

- [GRUNTING]

- Oww. Fuck!

Sweet Baby Jesus.

What are you, a pirate?

Hey, hey, hey. Look! I don't know where Nicky is, all right.

- He said you work with him.

- Yeah, a long time ago.

Now, look, I got like \$300 stashed in the bedroom there.

It's yours. A guy in your line of work might prefer doubloons...

I'm not a fuckin' pirate!

[MUFFLED SHOUTING]

I don't even talk to Nicky.

I hate him.

Here's what's what.

I want the 30 grand

- or I want that fuckin' painting.

- What painting?

The Seurat.

Whoa! Whoa! What?

- The Seurat!

- What?

The Georges Seurat,
you ignorant fuck!

The seminal French
"Post-Impressionalist".

The father of pointillism.

That Georges Seurat,
you fuckin' baboon.

Now I want the 30 grand,
the painting
or a bullet in your
fucking head!

[KNOCK AT DOOR]

- [FRANCIE, MUFFLED] Hey, uh...

- [FLUSHES TOILET]

- Crunch, is everything OK?
- [CRUNCH] Yeah.
What... what's happening,
exactly?
- Nothing.
- What?
I'm being held at
gunpoint by a pirate.
I'm in the bathroom.
What do you think, Francie?
All right. Sorry
for fuckin' askin'!
I ain't leavin'
without the 30 grand.
Sorry, Sinbad, but I don't think
that musketoon's gonna even fire.
So go ahead and pull the trigger
'cause I got no painting,
no Nicky and
no 30 fucking grand!
Who owns that
fuckin' bike outside?
Wait a minute, man.
[MUSIC ON RADIO]
- [GRUNTING] What the fuck?
- What's going on?
- Nicky's back.
- What?
And so am I.
What the fuck just happened?
Fate! Fate is
what just happened.
[CRUNCH ON PHONE] Uncle Paddy.
How are you, lad?
Still in the land of the living?
You wanted to know when I was
ready to go back to work.
Well, I'm ready.
- Citizenship?
- Various.
Anything to declare?
Nothing but my undying
love for you, beautiful.
Pull over.

[CRUNCH] Hey, Paddy?

[WHISTLES]

[FRANCIE] What's that?

A Seurat.

If this is even close to real,

Paddy's gonna make a bundle.

Oh, it's real.

I was hoping to get Paddy

to move it for me.

Oh, hi. I'm Nicky...

I know.

Right.

Well, could you be so kind as to give me
and my brother a moment here to catch up?

So.

How'd you get the scar?

Motorbike?

No.

All right, man.

[CRUNCH AND NICKY GRUNTING]

[MUTTERS SILENTLY]

You must be Francie, are ya?

Paddy McCarthy.

But for you, it's Uncle Paddy.

So, is there a donnybrook a-brewin'

in there? How she gettin' on?

[MUFFLED GRUNTING CONTINUES]

I understood the word "Francie".

Fightin', are they? Ha.

So much alike those two.

They're literally nothing alike.

Oh, different mothers.

They grew up on different

sides of the country.

Their father was the

Johnny Appleseed of sperm.

That's revolting.

You're gettin' old, Crunch.

You never used to be that easy.

Look, if it's an apology you

need to put this thing to bed...

An apology? You sent me

to prison, man.

Exactly. I owe you one.

No. You owe me
five and a half.
But right now,
I just wanna go back to work.
Let's do that, then.
Let's go back to work.
I mean, I practically
apologized here.
You boys done fistin'
in to one another?
Ah, man. I wish you wouldn't
use that turn of phrase.
So, can we get down to work now?
No, Paddy. I'm not gonna help
Nicky fence that painting.
This has nothin' to do
with Nicky's paintin'.
And, by the way, Dennis,
he is your brother
- and one day you're gonna have to forgive
him. - Please don't call me Dennis.
And, Nicky Boy, you're gonna pay the
piper for what ya did to Dennis.
- I'll see to it meself.
- I want to pay the piper.
Still not workin'
with Nicky, Paddy.
Oh, just listen to the story
before you say no, lad.
There's a good moral
to this story.
How big a moral are
we talking about here?
One and a half million dollars.
Jesus.
[PADDY] Two weeks ago,
I gets a knock on me door.
[TECHNO MUSIC]
Julius Friedman.
You've heard the name.
Just stories.
I've heard stories.
[REVEREND] The things in this
man's collection, I mean,

if it were public knowledge, it'd close
the books on a hundred major art thefts.
Believe me, I've seen it.
So then Friedman asked me if I've
ever heard of the Gutenberg Bible.
- [BELL TOLLS] - [REVEREND] Gutenberg
invents the printing press in 1440.
It changes everything.
The first book he printed
was the Gutenberg Bible,
the Mona Lisa of books.
The most valuable
book in the world.
[CRUNCH] Whoa, whoa, whoa,
whoa. Back that shit up.
We can't steal
a Gutenberg Bible.
We're not stealing
the Gutenberg Bible.
The second book Gutenberg printed was
well outside the beliefs of the Church.
[REVEREND] The Gospel According to James.
Well, that's a legend.
The church has been
trying to bury this gospel
since before the time
of Constantine.
And, to Friedman, that makes
the Gospel According to Jimmy
even more priceless.
So we nick your fancy book,
hand it on over,
and make scads of loot.
But the thing is,
it's already been stolen.
So last month at the Vanderloos
Gallery in Amsterdam,
our man almost gets nabbed by a cop
who sees him crawlin' out the window.
So how is it I've not heard
that such a fancy,
famous book
as yours was nicked?
No one knows it's stolen.

We swapped it out for a fake.
No one's gonna know it's
missing... until Saturday.
Now, here's where we come in.
They flew the book from
Europe to Canada.
Since 9/11 you can't fly
anythin' into America anymore.
It was supposed to go from Montreal
to Detroit, crossin' through here.
But the driver got greedy and tried to smuggle
a brick of hash along with the Gospel.
So they arrest our man,
put the Gospel in storage
and have an expert coming
in on Saturday.
But any expert's gonna look at that Gospel
and know it's the Guttenberg original.
Which means the Gospel
According to James
is gonna be put under so many
locks and so many keys
that Julius Friedman will never
catch a whiff of it again.
We get the Bible,
we take it to Detroit.
We collect one and a half
million dollars.
And that, laddiekins, is that.
Well, you're shittin' me, right?
First off, I ain't ever heard of
this Gospel According to Jimmy.
And number two, we're not equipped to
rob an international border station.
Look! There's guards.
There's cameras everywhere.
This would take, like, months of planning
and skill sets we just don't possess!
Forget it! We're not
the A-Team here, guys.
I'd peg us at a D-minus
for this kind of thing.
I thought you had something,
Paddy.

- I'm out.

- Hey, Crunch...

- Leave him, lad.

- I got him.

Let's go, boy.

[BICK] Sir, I'm telling you,
it's happening.

- [MAN OVER PHONE] What's happening?

- Paddy's here, Nicky's here

and they all just happened to converge
in the city where Crunch lives?

And Crunch, we know he's
desperate for money.

Sir, this is
all about the Seurat.

So I need you to authorize eyes
on every entry point
into the country within
a half a day's travel.

I need a full surveillance kit,
I need manpower and I need a gun.

- Look, there's no fuckin' way you're
getting a firearm. - OK. No gun.

Come on! Hold up!

Let's take it down,
you're a little testy.

Yeah, well, jail
will do that to a man.

Let me add that "Polish Prison"
isn't quite as hilarious as it sounds.

Whoa! Pardon me.

I can't believe
you're still doin' that.

- What?

- That.

Eh, keeps me sharp.

Listen... [SIGHS]

Bottom line is, I know that
you're hard up for cash.

And let's just say,
hypothetically,

I feel bad and I wanna
make it up to you.

So we do this thing with Paddy

and I cut you in
for ten percent on my end.
A sort of "Sorry for fucking
you over" money. Huh?
Oh. Hi, little girl.
What's your name?
- Robin.
- Oh yeah? Very cute.
Everything out of
your mouth is nothin'.
- How could you say that?
- Gee, I don't know.
Maybe 'cause you just knocked over a
nine-year-old little Chinese girl.
There's supposed to be
a code, Nicky!
You never prey upon
the virtuous or the poor.
You never put the paycheck
over your honor.
And you never,
ever betray your family!
Sure, maybe it's all
just horseshit
that we feed ourselves
so we can go to sleep at night.
Maybe it's horseshit so that
we can fancy ourselves
a cut above the thugs and
the gangsters of the world.
But I bought into that
horseshit, Nicky!
And you, you just trample
all over that horseshit.
And you just, now you, you got shit
all over your, your boots, you know.
You, you just... you,
you got shitty boots.
Hey, the analogy's
breaking down.
Yeah, maybe a little.
You know what I fuckin' mean.
Hey, what's a fella got to do
to make amends with you?

The only thing I trust about you
is you'll be a greedy,
snaky motherfucker

- the second you see an angle.

- There is no angle.

There's always
an angle with you, man.

You're always hedging,
you're always working it.

You think this is
about money, Crunch?

Well, I got news for you.

Think again.

Gotta be a cheaper
way to do this.

Now tell me, baby Tell me

What kind Of man are you?

Just because he says he's sorry
doesn't make him a changed man.

Like just 'cause you like being
drunk doesn't make you an alcoholic.

Ah, shit. Lola. Lola.

Babe. Yeah. Hey.

Go. I need
to talk to Crunch.

[CRUNCH] What are you
doin' with him?

Nicky told me you were out.

- Yeah.

- I told him you're back in.

[CRUNCH] Forget it.

This thing smells.

Crunch! We need the money.

How are we gonna pay our bills?

Wow! She's good.

Oh. So, so you
made her do this?

No. Crunch needs this.

He needs me.

It's a brother thing.

You wouldn't understand.

Oh. Well, what I
understand is that,
that's my guy and

he doesn't need you.

Well, he needs someone to stop him from taking dives for \$800.

Take care.

All right. I'll do it.

But this one we do my way.

What did ya have in mind?

Well, let's just say things are gonna get a little loud.

[UP-TEMPO MUSIC]

[TIRES SQUEALING]

[CRUNCH] That's where the motorcycle kicks in.

Simultaneously, Francie has broken out

of our giant,

ceramic Trojan Horse

with at least three minutes

of oxygen left.

Paddy's taking care of

the guards, after rappelling

through the ceiling and

changing out of his cat suit.

And Nicky's already

dealt with the main gate

using 2.5 pounds

of all-American TNT.

In and out in 4.25 minutes.

This may be the worst idea

in the history of the world.

We just need a computer guy!

Crunch, there is no

computer guy!

There's no dude who can feed a video loop to make

some security guard think all is hunky dory,

while burglars in cat suits

rappel from the ceiling.

By the way, I think Uncle Paddy's

black Spandex days are way behind him.

And as for

your Trojan Horse thing,

well, I don't even know

where to begin with that.

I actually thought that

was kind of bad-ass.
Pardon me, you are who?
He's my apprentice.
Oh. So you're a wizard now?
Ah, fuck you, Nicky.
Look, the Reverend's got
somebody on the inside.
And we need to find out
who that is. Uncle Paddy,
I want you to call the Reverend
and get us a name.
[LOW-TEMPO MUSIC]
Call me Ponch.
I'm Nicky. Paddy.
Francie. Crunch.
Those are some shitty aliases.
Y'all sound like chocolate bars.
Where's Twix? [LAUGHS]
Oh, wait. Crunch Calhoun?
[GASPING] No! Dude.
I once saw you almost jump six
cars in Buffalo. Changed my life.
Listen, the Reverend said that
you could help us out for 10,000.
Tempting, but not a chance. No. I told the
Reverend everything I know for twice that.
And I got so sick from nerves I didn't eat,
shit or sleep for a week.
I'm not your guy.
If you were our guy.
If I were your guy, I'd go about
forgetting it.
There's 12 cameras, 12 of them.
That's one dozen cameras.
- Any in the storage room?
- No, but everywhere else.
Three guards, backup generator.
It's impossible.
I don't accept that.
Well, accept it, Snickers.
There's always a way.
All right, look.
I'll tell you what I told
the Reverend, OK?

That we called an expert.
She comes in Saturday at 10.
Don't call me again.
You said, "She".
Who's the "she"?
- Who?
- The expert.
Olga Something-Long.
Olga Something-Long?
Olga Panofsky-Cienfuegos?
[PONCHO] Something like that.
[CHUCKLES]
Later, Crunch.
Wait, why... Who's,
who's Olga Something-Long?
A badly burnt bridge.
Oh, she was intoxicating.
Thanks to Uncle Fucks-A-Lot,
there's no way we can get near her.
- [CHUCKLES]
- Wait. Why not?
Old Sloppy Balls McCarthy here
slept with her and then
slept with her sister.
She was intoxicating too.
It's too bad. Olga would've
helped out for a little cash.
She wasn't exactly a nun.
No, she certainly was not.
There's gotta be like,
what, ten experts
in the whole country
they could've called.
Paddy probably balled half of them.
Let it go. There's always another way.
[FRANCIE] Can we please stop
talking about old people fucking?
- [PADDY SIGHS]
- [CAR ENGINE STARTS]
OK. I got the plan.
No. You've got "a plan."
This ain't a dictatorship,
Nicky.
[NICKY] We need a forger.

Let's call Dirty Ernie.
[CRUNCH] Dirty Ernie? No, if we
need a forger we call Guy.
What time is it in France?
[UP-TEMPO MUSIC]
[TELEPHONE RINGS]
- Hello?
- [NICKY] Yeah, Guy, it's Nicky.
I do not know you, Nicky.
The son-of-a-bitch
hung up on me.
Here. Come on.
[TELEPHONE RINGS]
- Hello?
- Hey, Guy. [SPEAKS FRENCH]
[LAUGHS, SPEAKS FRENCH]
Hey, Crunch!
Wow, no. Sorry. I just used up
the totality of my French there.
[LAUGHS] It's OK. When you speak French,
it's like a donkey cock right in my ear.
I'm on Paddy's phone so I'm gonna
keep it short. How ya fixed for work?
You are working? With Paddy?
- Yeah.
- With Nicky?
Listen, I'll explain it all
to you if you come over here.
- To America? Absolument.
- Not exactly America. Canada.
Hm. America Light.
[ROCK MUSIC]
[ELECTRONIC BEEPING]
[ALARM]
OK, you want to throw
things? Throw things, OK!
I don't give a shit! Motherfuck!
OK. OK. No, be careful with
that. No, don't do that, OK?
I want to see the piece of paper
that says you can go through that!
No, don't touch it.
That is \$2,000...
He's clean. First Nicky,

then Paddy, now Guy.

- I'm telling you, something's up.

- This is bullshit!

- And you know it and you know it!

- I thought we had a 10-32.

Ten thirty-two? You trying
to impress me with numbers?

I'll give you an
impressive number: 52.

That's the number of millions
they said I stole.

I got a number for you: One,
as in you help me land this one
and you're out.

On the lives of my kids.

I've seen your kids.

You'd be better off
without them.

You're a cunt.

You wouldn't know a vagina
if it was four foot tall
and staring you in the face.

I'm gonna punch you
in the fucking...

- Aw, shit. Interpol.

- Interpol?!

[CRUNCH]

No, no, no. Don't look.

There's no way
that's a coincidence.

That can't be a coincidence.

What do we do?

What's the play?

- I'll talk to him.

- No.

He'll talk to me.

He won't talk to you.

I said no!

Interpol's a real thing?

I'm not going to cut
my fuckin' leg off.

- Five minutes.

- Get outta here, Francie.

- Crunch... Yeah, OK.

- Now.

- Crunch.

- Sam?

Men of our vintage
should be retired.

You know, when I heard you were
working for the other side,
I just couldn't believe it.
At least tell me they don't
make you wear a wire.

No. They don't make me
wear a wire.

And I get to see some fine art.
So... what do you think they're
talking about down there?

Still about the art, huh?

My mother got me into it.

We were always hard up,
but she did her best.

Worked as a barmaid
between kids.

When I was ten or 11,
she took me to
the V and A in London.

And I saw an object
that blew my mind.

It was a drinking cup fashioned
from a single piece of jade.

It was just a cup,
but it was perfect.

And it made me look at
everything differently.

Turner, Monet, Vermeer,
those guys kept my eyes open.

It was a feeling I had,
a completeness when
art touched me.

I only started getting into trouble
when I wanted to possess it.

And you...

what makes you do it?

Money.

Well, at least you're honest.

It's always nice to know...

...who you can trust.
I'm gonna find this painting.
Not because I want to get
you or your brother in trouble.
I just want to hold it.
Let me ask you a question.
You ever seen the inside
of Sing-Sing?
- I haven't.
- 'Cause I know a lot of guys
who would like to
fuck you inside there.
Are you hitting on me?
I will...
Fuck!
It's been a breath of fresh air.
Looking good, Sam.
Interpol? Fucking Interpol?!
I'm not going to fuckin' prison!
I'm not cut out for that shit!
You see these fuckin' arms,
man?
These wet noodles will prevent
very few prison rapes.
Francie, I promise
you on my mother's eyes,
- you're gonna be fine.
- You don't know that.
You gotta trust me. Look, ever
since I've been back,
you've been there for me
like nobody else.
Now... I might have to
toss in the "f" word here
to make this a bit easier but...
I fuckin' love you, man.
OK, my turn.
That has to be Guy.
[BOTH LAUGHING]
All right, Guy just landed
and we got a little problem.
- Interpol.
- All right. Well, we'll adapt.
OK?

So?
I'm curious to know what kind
of game you're running?
I was curious about your game.
We need to get on the same page.
What do we do first?
- [NICKY] First, we're gonna need a fake.
- [GUY] How good must it look?
Good enough to fool the eye.
Identical on the outside,
inside doesn't matter.
You've got four days.
Crunch, I'm sorry for making fun of your
Trojan Horse idea because it actually plays.
We're gonna hide that fake
in a Trojan Horse of our own.
Something that draws attention.
Paddy, see what you can
come up with.
I got the perfect thing in mind.
[CRUNCH] I don't know,
what do you think?
It makes me feel...
...safe and scared.
Mostly scared.
It's weird. It's
like it follows you.
First, you caress.
Too rough, she cracks.
Too soft, she will not
succumb to the touch.
Just right. It's you. Ahh.
Then we need to get our horse
into their corral.
But, how?
You say this border station,
they inspect everything.
Exactly. Everything going in,
everything going out.
We can't walk in our fake
or walk out our original.
So we're gonna get them
to take it in for us.
We're going to use our sullied

reputation to our advantage for once.

- Crunch sets off the bells and whistles.
- [ELECTRONIC BEEPING]

There's a standard 30-day
impound on undocumented art.
And, because it's Crunch,
convicted art thief,
transporting art without
the proper paperwork,
they're gonna call the gallery
where it was purchased right away,
to make sure
that it's not stolen.
But it ain't goin' anywhere
until Crunch shows up
with the proof of ownership,
which we've got.
And we know
where it's being kept.
The toad is in the hole.
[NICKY] What the fuck
are you talking about?
The fuckin' huge vagina is
in the border station now.
[NICKY] Because of Crunch's
record,
Interpol will be brought in.
But, since no crime has been
committed, they can't touch us.
What the hell am I looking at?
It's four foot high and
staring you in the face.
And on the day,
what about Interpol?
They're going to be watching us,
which we need to fix.
Francie and I will distract them while the
switch goes down at the border station.
But most important thing is we've
gotta deal with Olga Something-Long.
Paddy?
Well, that'll be something hard.
Things between Olga and me
are rough as a bear's arse.

She's got to miss
that appointment.
But, more importantly,
is we need those forms.
- No paperwork, no access.
- I'll start tomorrow.
Olga, darlin'.
Oh, no.
No, no, no, no,
you don't get to do this.
It took me years to forget.
You are dead to me.
You are dead!
I'm not asking for forgiveness.
God can forgive me,
that's his job.
You have no control over me.
We should never be together.
I hate you.
You crushed me heart
and you stained me soul.
Fuck you.
No, darlin'.
Fuck you.
[GRUNTING]
Are we ready to do this?
[SPEAKS FRENCH]
Let's roll!
Just, uh, try to act natural.
Yeah. I, I don't
know what that means.
What do we have here?
Two perps, one box, red.
I betcha there's
something in that.
Here we go.
They're on the move.
Thank you.
I needed to know that.
Please continue to point out the
obvious to me as it comes up.
- You're starting the car.
- OK. That's enough.
You're putting

the car into gear.

I so very much want to stab you
in the face and throat.

With your magic pen, no doubt.

Saturday, ten AM.

Guy walks into
the border station.

And, man, will you
please wear a suit?

No offense, but you look
like a slutty elf.

- What... is "elf"?

- [ALL LAUGH]

[NICKY] The station gets
a call the day before

from a woman
they think is Olga.

I cannot make it,
but my colleague, Philippe,

- he should be there.

- Hello.

Oh. I think I chipped a tooth.

[BOTH GRUNTING]

[NICKY] Olga gets a call
the day before from a man
she thinks is from the border.

So, while we'll not be
requiring your services,
we will, of course, still pay.

Yeah, where're we at?

I got Guy on the other line.

OK, I'm in. How

will I know where it is?

It's pink and three feet tall.

You're a Frenchman,
you'll find it.

[MUTTERS IN FRENCH]

[NICKY] Like Ponch said,
with no security cameras in the room,
Guy can make the switch.

All right.

We got an hour to go.

- Did you get the nylons?

- I did indeed.

- One?
- Well, it says one pair.
- One pair? Like a pair of pants.
- Yeah.

Well, I'm sorry,
Mr. Condescending,
I don't buy a whole lot
of fuckin' pantyhose.

- Fishnets?

- Yes.

Put these over our heads
we'll look like
a couple of waffles.

[UP-TEMPO MUSIC]

This is just great.

OK, let's go.

[CELL PHONE RINGS]

- Yeah?

- Finished.

All right, Crunch, you're up.

No. Something's not right.

OK, here we go.

What are you doing?

This is usually how it works.

Perps go on the move,
cops get moving.

A little pro tip for you:

"perps", short for perpetrators.

Just trust me for a second.

Don't switch the engine on.

Seriously, what are we doing?

Why do I listen to you?

[SAM] You're being distracted.

Like at the Quebec airport.

The border.

They're at the border.

They stopped following us.

Pick up. Come on, pick up.

Two minutes away.

Come on!

Whoo!

[BRAKES SCREECH]

I'm clear.

[R&B MUSIC PLAYS]

Stand up

[FRANCIE] I'm trying to,
I'm trying to. This is what I...

Hey! Hey! Here we go.

Here we go.

[ALL CHEERING, LAUGHING]

Whoo!

[FRANCIE] Atta boy, Crunch!

[SPEAKS FRENCH]

All right, just like
the old days.

Yeah, the old days
were you threw me to the cops?
Or the old days where a one-eyed
pirate steals my bike?

[PADDY]Uh, uh, uh.

Now, now, gentlemen.

Let us drink to James.

- To James!

- [ALL] To James!

And to Nicky Boy.

One for the ages.

[ALL CHEERING]

- Now you take a bow, Guy.

- Moi?

Four days to fake
a 500-year-old masterpiece.
Oh, to have your talent, lad.
It was an inspired effort.
I admit.

But I am no Yves Chaudron.

Who's that,

Yeeves Show-row?

Stay, Crunch.

You'll like this.

Nah, I've heard
this tale a time or two.

- I gotta take a piss.

- Come on, Crunch.

Wait. Who's Yves Shmo-boh?

I shall tell you
of Yves Chaudron.

For this is a story
of inspiration.

He was everything
I aspire to be.
A master, a legend.
A man so gifted his work
would make angels cry.
He was the one true talent behind
the greatest art theft in history.
The theft of the Mona Lisa.
The story begins
in Paris, 1911.
Not with Chaudron,
but with an Italian,
a poor carpenter named Perugia
who, a few months
before the theft,
works a contract at the Louvre.
As with any menial job,
he learns many menial things.
Such as where the
entrances and exits are,
the guards' names,
rotations and the like.
Little did he know that this
otherwise useless information
would prove to be
quite important.
For it is when
Perugia's contract ends
that his destiny begins.
Fate taps Perugia
on the shoulder.
Eduardo de Valfierno,
a criminal mastermind.
Valfierno asks Perugia
to steal the Mona Lisa
for \$30,000.
It's like a million back then,
an offer a poor carpenter
could never refuse.
The adventure of the theft
is a story in and of itself.
In short, through luck,
cunning, lazy security
and the horrible disadvantage

of being Italian,
he actually succeeds.
The carpenter
steals the Mona Lisa
and the theft makes world news.
As promised,
he produces the Mona Lisa.
Valfierno produces the money.
But he makes a strange request.
He asks him to hold on to her
just a little longer
so he can arrange for
her transit overseas.
Perugia agrees and waits,
and waits and waits.
His story ends here.
And it is now that I tell you
of Yves Chaudron.
Six months before the theft,
Valfierno commissions
Yves Chaudron,
the world's greatest forger,
to reproduce the Mona Lisa
six times and perfect,
an Herculean task only
Chaudron could accomplish.
Valfierno then sails to America
and finds six of the greediest
art collectors
and poses this question

to them:

"Should the Mona Lisa
suddenly become available,
would you pay three hundred
thousand dollars for it?"
He asks all six,
and all six say, "Yes."
And that is when Valfierno pays
Perugia to steal the Mona Lisa.
He then ships
Chaudron's perfect fakes
and collects \$1.8 million.
A fortune beyond comprehension.

You see, all he needed
was the news of the theft,
not the Mona Lisa.

To him, she herself,
is worthless.

And that is the story of
the theft of the Mona Lisa.

[LAUGHING]

I first heard that story
when I was a small boy.

I knew even then I wanted to have the
skills to pull something that great off.

And that's why I do what I do.

I do it for the ladies.

[ALL LAUGHING]

[NICKY] Well,
here's to tomorrow,
and the Reverend gets his goods
and we get our just rewards.

- [NICKY AND LOLA] Tomorrow!

- [ALL] Tomorrow!

Ohhh, fuck.

Oh, Jesus, Mary and Joseph.

I, I taste an ashtray
and battery acid
and, like, stripper perfume.

So, we headed for Detroit?

Finish things up with
the Reverend, or what?

Yeah, that's right.

We all just pile into the car
like the Brady Bunch and just
breeze on into the States, right?

They already flagged me
for coming over here.

- Yeah, me too.

- Me too.

They don't like
me a lot either, so...

...what exactly is your plan?

Well, we need someone with a
clean sheet. Francie, you're up.

Me?!

Really? Why am I

wearing this shit?
Because Interpol
knows what you look like.
OK, but don't the Amish ride
horse and carriages?
- Well, you're progressive.
- I can't fucking do this!
Well, you better get your best Brando on,
hoss, 'cause we need you.
Yeah, look, Francie,
it's not The King's Speech.
Come here.
You got two lines:
"Going to Detroit."
And "Nothing to declare."
You're gonna be great.
- I'll meet him there.
- Oh. Will you?
Yeah.
Hey, look, somebody's got
to be in Detroit
to close the deal
with the Reverend.
Nicky, I'm goin' with ya.
- We're both hiding in the trunk.
- [PADDY] The trunk?
[SCOFFS] I'm not
hidin' in a trunk.
Well, then no one's
going to Detroit.
'Cause if you're alone when you
get your digits on that money,
we'll never see you again.
All right, man. Fine.
Pop it, Francie.
- What are you doing?
- Yeah, what are you doing?
Hopefully, you
won't have to know.
Yes, sir. But if you
just give me...
Sir, we are so very
close on this. We just...
[MAN ON PHONE YELLING]

No, I realize I'm not supposed
to be in the field,
but that's not the...
OK. Yeah.
Are we clear?
Are we clear? Goodbye.
OK. We need to just
start at the beginning here, OK?
Square one...
...art.
- They pay you for this?
- Shut up!
Do you often feel that your life
is just passing you by?
I cannot even be
in the same room as you!
OK. OK, Francie.
I got an idea.
I think we can make a lot more
money off that Gospel.
Hold out for
more from the Reverend?
No, we don't
even deliver it to him.
OK. I fail to see
how that makes us rich.
Guy telling that
story about the Mona Lisa
got me thinking.
There's a real parallel here.
Great. Parallel.
Not interested.
Listen, don't dismiss the idea
out of spite.
Not interested.
Hear me out!
Uncle Paddy can come up
with at least ten more buyers.
And we can get Guy to duplicate
a book for each one of them.
We contact the gallery, we let
them know their book is stolen.
The news hits the paper
and boom.

Meanwhile we ship off
ten copies to ten buyers.
Each one thinks
they have the original.
Goddamn it if it's not perfect.
[SIGHS]
You know...
I think we could make
half a mil per book.
No, you know, twice that.
- You know how much that is?
- Ten million.
That's right.
[FRANCIE] Uh, all right, boys.
We're here so just be quiet, OK?
- Just be cool!
- Two lines!
"Going to Detroit!
Nothing to declare!"
OK, I know!
Act normal. Be normal.
Act normal.
Just be a cool guy.
You're a cool guy, Francie.
You're a fuckin' cool guy.
I am not cut out for this.
- Citizenship...
- My name is Francie Tobin!
- [BOTH GROAN]
- Well, that's great, son.
- Where you headed?
- Canada!
Uh, you're heading in the wrong
direction...
Arrgghh!
Canada's, that's where
I came from.
Where I'm... Detroit
is where I'm heading,
not, not Canada,
which is where I'm from.
Anything to declare?
No. Not...
not even a little bit.

Uh, your beard's falling off.
Oh. That's, that's 'cause
I'm, I'm in a play.
[MAN] What's the play called?
[FRANCIE] Witness, The Musical.
Witness, exclamation mark.
Are you sure there's nothing
you want to declare?
The play is terrible.
- Anything in the trunk?
- No!
Are you absolutely positive
you have nothing to declare?
I'm sorry?
Do you think I have
smugglers in my trunk?
- [BOTH] No!
- I have two American thieves
in the trunk of this car that I'm
crossing your border with right now.
Please! Please, have a look.
See, see all the criminal activity
happening in my trunk right now!
Open the trunk, sir.
- Open the...
- Open the trunk, just open the trunk.
- So I'll just... Oh!
- Nicky, Nicky, Nicky!
Yep. Got 'em. Got 'em.
- On the count of three.
- Drugs, son?
Oh, no. I'm good, buddy.
No, I mean, are you on...
Just open the trunk, please.
- Yeah, OK.
- One.
Two. Three.
OK, here we go!
Alrighty, looks like
you're good to go.
Uhh! I just need
to tell you something.
I liked Predator Two.
Well, yeah, I didn't mind

Predator Two.

- It's not bad.
- Its OK. Danny Glover.
- You can't go wrong.
- No.
- Break a leg.
- Oh, yeah! Thank you.
- Because I'm an actor.
- Yeah.

Oh, fuck, this sucks!

[ROCK MUSIC]

I wandered in
late one night

Signs all said "open"

But there was no one in sight

- I'm gonna fuckin' kill him.
- Wait your turn.

Come on!

I'm never doing this shit again!

- You motherfucker!
- No, no! Hold on!

What the fuck is this!

Come on!

- Fuck you!
- Hold on! Hey!

Fuck the both of you!

- You fucked up, man.
- I fucked up!

All right,
all right, all right!

I promise you,

I'm not gonna hit the kid.

- All right. [GRUNTS]
- You fucker!
- What did you do that for?
- Fuck you! Oh!

[CRUNCH] You had to do it.

You proud of yourself?

- You motherfucker! Ah, you motherfucker.
- Please!

Hey, hey, hey, hey.

Hey, man. How's business?

It's fucking slow, man.

[NICKY] All right,

what is this place?
[CRUNCH] His office
is on the third floor.
I think he paid like
three grand for the whole place.
He overpaid.
[NICKY] This is a golden
opportunity.
I'm not doing this for me.
You know I'm flush.
I'm doing this for you.
We're dropping this off,
we're making a hell of a decent score here.
And in five minutes
we're going home.
Give me a reason.
Give me one reason.
OK. Where do we find the money
to pay for these fakes?
It cost Guy ten grand
to fake one.
These fakes would have to
stand up to carbon dating
and expert scrutiny shit.
Ten grand a book,
that's a hundred grand.
- I can front it.
- You got a 100 grand laying around, Nicky?
Yes, I do.
You know, I guess this is it.
This could have been big.
We could have made history.
Damn it.
All right, let's go downstairs
and talk about it.
A million per book.
Ten million bucks, guys.
- You interested?
- Of course, I'm fucking interested.
- Wonderful.
- Uncle Paddy?
Ten buyers, I can find.
Maybe more.
No, no, no.

Let's stick with ten.
Let's not get greedy here.
- Guy, when can you get started?
- Today. Now.
It will take me maybe
three weeks... No, one month.
- I just need money.
- OK, 100 grand, that's covered.
Oh, no, no, no, no, no.
Seven hundred,
fifty thousand, minimum.
You just made
one for ten thousand.
No. I made the cover for ten
grand. The pages are total shit.
And if you want these to pass the carbon
dating and the professional scrutiny,
seven hundred fifty.
Do we need to carbon date them?
With our buyers,
most certainly.
That's it, man.
Let's go take it back.
All right, look.
I could come up with
about \$300,000.
- But...
- What?
Gonna take me a couple days.
We still need 450.
I can pull together
a hundred thousand.
I can do one hundred.
OK. That's five.
We're still 250 short.
Yeah.
OK, we'll be home at dawn.
Let's figure this out tomorrow.
OK.
- Crunch.
- What?
- How much money have you got?
- I got nothin'.
If there was ever a reason

to mortgage your home...
Oh, no, no, no, no, man.
I'm not doing that.
No, not the house.
That's all I got.
If we pull this off,
you can buy ten of 'em.
Look, man, I just...
Look, I don't know, OK?
Listen, I gotta think about it.
I wanna run it by Lola.
Well, don't take too long.
We don't have time to lose.
Don't talk to me
about lost time, Nicky.
I know what you want.
Good. 'Cause you're
gonna need to talk to him.
He will never give
you all that money.
No, but he'll give it to you.
- To me?
- He trusts you.
And we're gonna be wiring money
all over the world.
You're the only one that's not
on any watch list.
- Francie isn't.
- Francie hasn't taken a bath in six weeks.
[BOTH CHUCKLE]
Come on.
Can you convince him?
It's no good. It's no good.
She's making you, Crunch.
She's probably fucking Nicky.
Hey, easy. Easy,
Francie, come on.
We should just walk.
I mean, he's juicing you
for hundreds of thousands
of dollars, Crunch.
Cowards die many times
before their actual death.
The brave, only but once.

Is that Julius Caesar?
Yes! Look, I know how you feel
about Nicky, believe me.
But this...
...this is the one we're
all gonna be remembered for.
Ah, Jesus Murphy.
Ah, you waste no time.
What can I say?
I'm excited. [LAUGHS]
OK. Great, we're all here.
So, starting tomorrow,
there'll be no contact.
During that time period
Paddy will have made the sales,
Guy will have completed
the books.
Crunch will be ready
to ship them.
And Lola will be
handling the money.
In a month's time,
we'll contact Amsterdam,
the news will get out, we ship
the books and we get rich.
Ha. The Reverend's
gonna be some pissed.
I'll take care of the Reverend.
I'll call you with his number.
All right, Nicky, I just
gotta say this.
If you're gettin' ready to
do me wrong here somehow,
this is your chance. Just don't
take this and all is forgiven, man.
No harm, no foul.
Crunch, I'm sorry
about what happened.
OK, I fucked up.
I wish I could do it
all over again.
But I can't.
We gotta move on.
Look, you've always wanted to do

something big, we all have.
This is our chance.
Come on, man, let's do
this together, like brothers.
OK, man, I'm in.
[LAUGHS]
All right.
Here's to us, huh?
Right!
[ALL LAUGHING]
Gettin' our just rewards.
[LAUGHING DISTORTS, FADES]
Truly breathtaking, it is.
Oh, bloody hell. Hey, Midge.
How you fixed for quarters?
- [NICKY] Dirty Ernie.
- Hey, Nicky!
- Give us a hug!
- I'm not a big hugger, Ernie.
Huh. Midge, go take a walk.
I'll see you at the hotel.
Now watch it, Ernie.
The hookers in this town
aren't the cleanest.
Hey! That's my wife.
Oh. Ernie, I'm sorry.
Yeah, it's just, I guess the fashion
in Europe is so much further ahead...
I'm pulling your chain,
mate. That's a hooker.
So, what's the plan?
OK. You're gonna knock off ten copies
of the Gospel According to James.
- All right.
- Simultaneously,
Guy De Cornet will be in that
building doing the same.
No. He sickens me, he does.
His work is so ostentatious...
Oh, forget him.
Just focus on your own work.
Here's a key to the building.
All right.
- Guy's books will be perfect.

- [GROAN]

They'll pass carbon dating,
expert analysis, everything.
However, your copies, they won't
need any of that carbon dating crap.

They'll just need to
look convincing.

Oh, that's much, much cheaper.

But tell me this, why?

Why bother getting all that
proper paper for Guy's books?

Why... why bother
working that lot at all?

Because I plan on sending
your ten copies of the book
to the buyers before
they can send theirs.

This way, you and I can split it two ways instead
of me having to cut it up five ways with them.

I see. Family's family,
but money's money, eh?

Yeah, well, let me tell you
something about family.

Crunch would do the same damn thing
if he had any brains in his head.

Yeah, but then he
delivers his books
a week after you've
delivered yours,

they're gonna crucify him,
and that greasy twat, Guy.

But then they're gonna come
after you, my fine chum.

[CELL PHONE RINGS]

I won't be around.

Yeah?

Nicky, you still want
the Reverend's number?

- Text it to me, Paddy.

- Consider it done.

[DEEP SIGH]

[CELL PHONE RINGS]

- **Reverend:**

- Yeah. Hi, Reverend. It's Nicky Calhoun.

What? Nicky Calhoun?

What are you doin' callin' me?

Listen, I just wanted to let you know that we've got your book and just wanted to give you a heads up, there's a slight delay.

- Delay?

- Right. With the delivery time.

It might take a month or so.

Look, I don't know what the fuck you're talking about. Don't call me again.

Listen, I'm gonna come see you and we can discuss it then.

How's that?

[DIAL TONE]

Reverend? Reverend?

[REVEREND'S VOICEMAIL]

Not here. Leave a message.

[NICKY] Reverend, again, I apologize about the delay.

I'm on my way to Detroit so you and I can have a face-to-face.

[KNOCKING]

Reverend?

[CRASH] I think he paid, like, three grand for the whole place.

[PADDY] Why is it I've not heard that such as famous book as yours was nicked?

[PAST CONVERSATIONS

OVERLAPPING]

- Paddy, come on. - Just listen to the story, before you say no, lads.

There's a good moral to this story.

[PADDY'S VOICEMAIL]

Paddy McCarthy here.

- Leave me a message and I'll call you back. - Fuck!

[PADDY] The special Gospel.

[REVEREND] Last month, at the Vanderloos Gallery...

[SPEAKING DUTCH]

I'd like to report a theft.
I don't understand.
We're not the police.
No, no, no.
It's a book in your collection.
A Gospel printed by
the Gutenberg Press.
Yeah. I think you are mistaken.
No, no, no. It's the Gospel
According to James and it's a fake.
- Check it out.
- I can't do that.
- Why not?
- We are sculpture museum.
We have no books or paintings.
We have only sculpture.
[NICKY] The Reverend's
got somebody on the inside.
- [REVEREND] We have an expert coming in on
Saturday. - [NICKY] Paddy, get us a name.
[OPERATOR] We're sorry. The number
you have reached is not in service.
- Later, Crunch!
- [CRUNCH] There's gotta be like, what...
- Fuck! - ...ten experts in the
country they could have called.
- [PONCH] Olga Something-Long.
- Hello?
It's Nicky Calhoun.
Have you... Have you seen Paddy?
- What?
- Did you fuckin' see Paddy?
He left a couple of days ago.
What about the Gospel?
Did Customs ask you to look at the Gospel?
- Gospel?
- The fuckin' Gospel According to James!
Did they ask you to look at it?
What?
[PANTING]
And that is the story of
the theft of the Mona Lisa.
You just took five and half of the
best years of my life away, Nicky.

- [GRUNTING]

- [PADDY] Nicky Boy,
you'll pay the piper for
what you did to Dennis.
I'll see to it meself.
I'll take care of the Reverend.

[PADDY] I'll call you
with his number.

- [CELL PHONE RINGS]

- Yeah?

Nicky, want
the Reverend's number?

[GRUNTING, PANTING]

We could have made history.

[DIALING CELL PHONE]

[LOLA'S VOICEMAIL]

Please leave a message.
Lola, pick up the phone.
Call me! We got a problem!

[FRANCIE] So, so what are you
telling me? You don't trust me.
It's not like I
don't trust you. Come on.

- Everybody's fuckin' lyin' to me.
- Nobody's lyin'.

It's like, uh, well, I'll tell you
what it's like, it's like Claudius.
For my money, the greatest
Roman Emperor of them all.
You know how Claudius survived some of
the most brutal rulers of his time?
How he outlived all those crazy-assed
homicidal family members?

- How?
- Played the fool.
Played the fool
and fooled them all.
Even those he loved.

[CELL PHONE RINGS]

Bick.
Uh, OK.
Hello?
Four twenty-six?
OK.

How long have you
been cooking this thing up?
Well, you remember
Lola's little hot tub party?
And great men don't
miss their fate.
I missed mine, Francie.
I was probably staring at it the
whole time and I just missed it.
So everyone was in on this
except for my lanky ass.
People are predictable Francis,
you, me.
If we weren't,
we'd just spend all our time
trying to figure out what crazy
shit everybody else was up to.
All I did was
drop off a sculpture.
And then picked it on up.
I just needed to plant the idea and
let his imagination do the rest.
[NICKY] Saturday, ten AM. Guy
walks into the border station.
- I got Guy on the other line.
- OK. I'm in.
[PANTING]
[EXHALES]
Yeah.
[DOOR OPENS QUICKLY]
- You got a warrant?
- I don't need a warrant. I'm not a cop.
But these guys are.
Domenic Calhoun,
we've received information
giving us probable cause
for a search.
Look who we have here.
Georges Seurat.
"Model, Rear-View," 1887.
Pointillist phase.
This is so beautiful.
I love all the little dots.
It's very artistic.

- [CRUNCH] You got it?
- I do.
Where's your filly?
She'll be here, Paddy.
The lady has \$750 grand
of our capital.
I don't know,
mon frere, she's maybe...
How do you say it?
The scheming bitch.
Hey, guys, she's doin'
something, all right?
Says she's got some kind
of surprise for me.
She's just runnin' late,
that's all.
We should just go.
We should leave.
Yeah, Crunch, bud, I love you.
You know I'm with you.
I really think she
just fuckin' split.
Just as likely to see a police cruiser as
her car comin' around the corner, lad.
[TIRES SQUEALING]
- Oh, cool.
- What?
I, I saw you fight at the bar.
Did you?
Then he said you could
hold onto it as insurance.
Now I'm gonna
point at you really hard.
OK, fine. Then I'm
gonna raise up my arms...
[BOTH ARGUING]
OK, fine.
So, you mean, you really went
through all this trouble
just to rob Nicky of 300 grand?
Three hundred thousand?
Try 20 million.
This is where the story
becomes interesting.

Two weeks ago,
this painting was stolen
from an art
collector in Mexico.
Fate, Francie.
Fate is what just happened.
I need you to find
something for me.
Uncle Paddy could
come up with ten buyers easily.
Ten buyers I can find,
maybe more.
You see, all he needed was
the news of the theft.
Paddy McCarthy here.
I got a piece you might be interested in.
And she's a real beauty.
Where's the Seurat?
Georges Seurat,
you ignorant fuck!
The seminal French
"Post-Impressionalist".
The father of pointillism
- That Georges Seurat!
- This is all about the Seurat.
This has nothing to do
with Nicky's painting.
If this is even close to real,
Paddy's gonna make a bundle.
We still need
four hundred and fifty.
I can pull together
a hundred thousand.
I can do one hundred.
This is the one we're all
gonna be remembered for.
Ah.
[PADDY CHUCKLES] Ten forgeries,
seven already shipped.
That's twenty million.
I really like this heist shit.
Ah, careful!
That's the original.
Wait, you kept the real one?

The one... Interpol know the
one in Nicky's room is fake?
Interpol already thinks
they have the real one.
I just want to hold it.
How would you
like live with it, Sam?
I think I'd like
that very much.
The first time you see it,
you say it's real,
whether it is or not.
Absolutely, positively,
the real thing.
Boom! Oh ho!
Come on, boys in blue!
Suit guy! Whoop! Come on!
- One for the good guys!
- Indeed.
Well, everybody,
it's truly been a pleasure.
- You did it, Dennis.
- One for the ages, eh?
Either write something
worth reading about,
or do something
worth writing about.
Don't spend it all
in one place.
[SPEAKS FRENCH]
[SAM] Seasoned crooks swear
there's only two days
you remember
about your stretch in prison:
The day you get in...
[DOOR BUZZING]
...and the day you get out.
And you'll
only remember your last
so long as you've got
something waiting for you.
- One wallet. One watch.
- As of the day you're released,
they can't inspect your mail.

Oh, and this arrived this morning. Just cleared.

Who's it from?

Doesn't say.

I could never be certain, but I had faith.

I had trust.

And if you've got no trust...

...then what do you got?

[SOUL MUSIC]

Stop me, baby

Ooh

I'm feelin' awful, baby

Like I'm locked up

in a cage

Like a dog

who lost his collar

A show without a stage

I gotta move

Gotta pack my bags and go

Gotta move

Gotta pack my bags and go

I can't stay around here

And baby I'm sure you know

This love

This love...

- What painting?

- The Seurat.

Whoa. Whoa. What?

The Georges Seurat,

you ignorant fuck.

The seminal post French

"Impressionalisht".

- The father of fucking... Fuck!

- [ALL LAUGHING]

The seminal founder of

"Post-Impressionalism".

- The father of pointillism.

- [FRANCIE] Seminal French

- Post-Impressionist.

- Seminal French Post-Impressionist.

- [FRANCIE] And father of pointillism.

- And father of pointillism.

The seminal French

"Post-Impressionalist".
The founder of fuckin', fuckin'
and the fuck line-ups. [LAUGHS]
- [LAUGHS] - Arr, matey!
- The Georges Seurat, you ignorant fuck.
The seminal father of
"Post-Impressionalism".
The founder of fuckin'...
That guy!
The Seminal French
"Post-Impressionalist".
The father of pointillism.
That Georges Seurat,
you fuckin' baboon.
[CREW APPLAUDS]
He's the seminal French
"Post-Impressionalist"!
My God, you're a downer.
What the fuck,
what are you, Eeyore?
What are you, Morrissey?
What are you,
fuckin' Willy Loman?
A fuckin' boner killer.
[CRUNCH LAUGHS] A boner-killer?
Even for you, Francie,
I refuse to be a boner killer.
So, should I get the door?
[ALL LAUGHING]
I'll get the door.
I'll get it.
Hoo hoo!
- I'm in a play.
- Yeah?
- What's it called?
- Amish Cats.
- [MAN] What's it called?
- Punch My Pussy.
Punch My Pussy?
- Wait. What's it called?
- Cats.
The... The Cats?
The Cats. Cats or The Cats.
- All rightee. With the beard?

- Yeah.
I gotta move
Gotta pack my bags and go
Gotta move
Gotta pack my bags and go
I can't stay around here
Baby, I'm sure you know
This love
This love
This love ain't big enough
for the two of us
I'm off to see the country
And breathe the ocean air
I can't take your whining
But how, I just don't care
I gotta get moving
By road or in the street
This love is like
Hell's Kitchen
And I just can't
take the heat
This love
This love
This love ain't big enough
for the two of us
You used to be so sweet
Well, all the good
loving's gone
I tried to understand
But a man can only
take so much, girl
Hey, baby!
Come on
If you're looking
for me baby
I'll be roaming
in the streets
Be roaming
in the street, baby
Come on
It's fuckin' slow, man.