

SCENE 1

SCENE ONE

EXT. WAREHOUSE

START

Sophie and Arthur exit the warehouse, side by side. Sophie opens her mouth to speak, but --

ARTHUR

Not yet.

They walk further.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Ninety-eight, ninety-nine, one hundred. There, we are outside Mr. Hammond's perimeter.

SOPHIE

His perimeter?

ARTHUR

He has listening devices around his office, but all the metal causes interference outside of a certain range.

(off her)

You didn't know? Strange, usually you do your research.

SOPHIE

Clearly I missed a few things.

(beat)

It's been a long time. How are you?

ARTHUR

Delightful, can't you tell? Still scrounging a living.

SOPHIE

That's nice to hear.

ARTHUR

How are you -- or rather I should say who are you? Let's see, there was Belinda. Kiki, I liked her. Charlotte, was a bit stuck up for me, seeing as she sent me to prison --

SOPHIE

Sophie. I go by Sophie Devereaux these days.

ARTHUR

Sophie. So pleased to meet you. Now I hope you don't mind, Sophie, but I have to insist that you get the hell away from Mr. Hammond. He's my mark, I have a nice little con running here and don't need anyone butting in. Especially you.

SOPHIE

Let me guess. Hammond's a smuggler, hiding art and antiquities in the mountains of trash he moves. You've wormed your way in as an authenticator, annd ...

ARTHUR

... I slip in a few fakes here and there to pad my commission.

SOPHIE

It's a classic con.

ARTHUR

One of the first we learned.

SOPHIE

Not very big though, surely you could scale it up. He could be a big score.

Arthur leans in, his guard down for a second, eager to tell a secret.

ARTHUR

He could be a massive score. He's got a personal container on these docks, full of choice antiquities he keeps for himself.

SOPHIE

A private collection?

ARTHUR

Mm. But I learned my lesson about aiming too high. I never did have your sense of grandeur.

Sophie drops the sparring match, turns serious.

SOPHIE

I have my reasons for going after Hammond, and we intend to take him down.

(MORE)

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

You know your antiques, you're
already inside -- I see no reason
why we couldn't work together.

ARTHUR

Really? I can think of a reason.
(beat)
Because no one can trust "Sophie
Devereaux".

And with that Arthur stalks off, leaving Sophie reeling --

END OF SCENE

END

SCENE 2

