

MASTER OF PIECES

A warm sunrise peaks through a few wispy clouds. The spires of a gothic cathedral are the first to feel the heavenly rays. We descend the exterior of a building to find...

EXT. NEW YORK CITY, ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL - MORNING

Stained glass windows display Christian imagery in the form of angels and demons. From the steps of the cathedral, a HOMELESS MAN sits wrapped in a blanket and holds open a newspaper.

The cover announces "**Time for Turkey?**" but Homeless Man flicks it and the title changes to "**2013.**"

EMILIA MENDEZ (late 30s), emerges from the doors. The TAP of her heels demand the respect of all whom she passes. Her perfectly fit pantsuit matches the social stature of the Prada purse she carries over her arm.

HOMELESS MAN
Any change, Miss?

EMILIA
No.

She continues, but only makes it a couple steps before bumping into--

RICKY (40s), a guy who looks a far too "motorcycle tough" to be wearing his flamingo-print button up.

RICKY
Sorry.

Ricky continues past Homeless Man and tucks a Prada wallet in his pocket before he enters through the giant doors.

INT. NEW YORK CITY, ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL - MORNING

Ricky lurks from the dark and prowls between the rows of pews, hand at the ready to pull his pistol.

Ricky stares several rows ahead to the back of PATRICK DESMOND (70s), a weathered but dignified man; he sits in prayer and performs the sign of the cross.

Hidden by stained glass shadow, REYNALDO "REY" SANZ SERRANO (early 40s), a wanna-be king stuck in a pin-stripe suite, breaks the silence.

REY
Still a creature of habit, aren't
you Patrick?

PATRICK
There are few things left in this
world I hold dear. Peace in God's
house is one.

Rey scoffs.

REY
Then I'll keep it brief. Where's
the box?

Patrick stays silent, so Rey reads his body language like a
book.

REY (CONT'D)
You wouldn't keep it for long,
you're too damn humble. And
sentimental. It's still at the
school, isn't it?

Rey watches him caress the cross around his neck.

Rey rolls his eyes.

REY (CONT'D)
Careful Patrick. One day the
prayers hitting the ceiling will
fall back down on you.

PATRICK
Why now, after what, 15 years?
Seems like an odd time to get back
into things.

Patrick stands and sees Ricky as enforcement. Patrick
acknowledges the muscle.

Rey stands to match Patrick.

REY
I didn't come for your opinion old
man.

Patrick chuckles.

PATRICK
What are you going to do Rey, shoot
me?

REY

Guns are loud; messy. You deserve better.

Rey stabs Patrick in the side and slowly cleans the blade on Patrick's shoulder as he slumps over.

EXT. ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL, NEW YORK CITY - DAY

We descend from the doors to find a good view of the gutter, just as a rat scurries into the shadows.

EXT. BURTON DAVIS HIGH - DAY

From the shadows of the gutter, we come up to find a different building. Lots of bricks; it screams "secure" in a prison sort of way.

INT. BURTON DAVIS HIGH, CLASSROOM - DAY

TEACHER faces the board and rants about science.

From the board, our attention glides to the first row of lab tables where ANNIE (15), a studious girl taking notes, looks up and down. Her fro of kinky hair bounces, refusing to be tamed. On a look down, ZACK (15), an athletically built "Mr. Popular" steals our attention as he nails a spitball into Annie's mane. She feels for the ammo.

ZACK

Do you mind staying down there,
Orphan Annie? I can't quite see the
board.

Zack fist bumps his partner in crime BOY 1 and turns to see his next victim.

--Meet LILIAN MENDEZ (14). She's charming; an angel at first glance. Instead of taking notes, she replicates the *Mona Lisa*. Nothing about her work screams amateur. The only flaw is that it's done in pen. She yawns. This is child's play.

Now at the lab table, Zack shoves aside CAMDEN ATKINS (14), a kind but quick match for Mark Zuckerberg.

CAMDEN

Oh, okay.

ZACK

Hey Lily.

She doesn't match his gaze.

LILIAN
It's Lilian. I think Camden was
sitting there.

Zack adjusts his smolder and cocks his head. She pays no attention.

ZACK
My parents are gone tonight. Keep
me company?

LILIAN
Sorry, I don't babysit.

Zack leans in close.

Lilian freezes.

He laughs and brushes the front section of Lilian's hair behind her ear.

LILIAN (CONT'D)
Zack. Don't.

Her hand clenches. The point of her pen presses into the paper.

ZACK
C'mon Lily. Obviously you'd have to
ditch Chicken Little over there;
but sit, stand, it's really up to---

A series of quick cuts relate the damage:

-Lilian swipes his arm away.

-Hand hits table.

-Pen stabs hand.

-Elbow hits nose.

Zack groans and crumples to the floor as Teacher turns around.

TEACHER
Is something wrong back there?

LILIAN
No, sir. Everything's under
control.

--Then there's that: she may seem innocent, but she's quick on her feet and a force to be reckoned with.

The bell RINGS.

INT. BURTON DAVIS HIGH HALLWAY, LILIAN'S LOCKER - DAY

Camden rocks back and forth on the balls of his feet as he waits for Lilian. She tucks a book away and zips up her backpack.

CAMDEN

I'm sorry I didn't; I mean; thanks.

LILIAN

What're friends for?

Camden clutches at the shoulder straps of his backpack.

CAMDEN

So, I know you're going to be busy with Ashton Academy soon, but I got an email back from that tech company and---

Lilian SLAMS her locker shut.

LILIAN

Cam, you got the internship? We're celebrating. Ryan's Burgers tonight at 7!

CAMDEN

I'd love to, but can't tonight. I told my dad and he immediately insisted on introducing me to a bunch of his colleagues. It's dumb.

Lilian softens, lost in a daydream for half a second.

LILIAN

No, it's not; it's nice. He's proud of you. We'll go tomorrow.

CAMDEN

Sounds great. I'm headed to the library if you want to join.

LILIAN

Yeah, sure I'll---

A BUZZ over the intercom.

MS. TRAVIS (V.O.)
Lilian Mendez to the main office.

LILIAN
Guess I'll catch up.

His smile stays long after she's gone.

INT. MS. TRAVIS' OFFICE - DAY

MS. TRAVIS (30s), a string-bean type-A surrounded by succulents, clenches a stress ball in one hand and a Starbucks beverage in the other.

Ms. Travis takes a deep breath before each sentence.

MS. TRAVIS
Miss Mendez, do you want to graduate?

Lilian squints and answers with caution.

LILIAN
Yes?

Ms. Travis displays letter.

MS. TRAVIS
Your mother requested by penalty of law that you not be involved in any art classes. Thoughts?

LILIAN
She did that a couple years ago after a fight we had.

Ms. Travis stashes the letter away.

MS. TRAVIS
Right, well I'm not the lawyer, but I'm pretty sure that was illegal.
(beat)
Your schedule will be adjusted, I just need a signature.

She hands Lilian a permission form.

LILIAN
Great. I'm sure that she'll be very understanding.

EXT. MENDEZ APARTMENT - NIGHT

A DOORMAN stands guard an immaculate, modern building.

INT. MENDEZ APARTMENT, KITCHEN - NIGHT

A wall fountain stands as the singular focal feature.

Neutral colors add to the minimalist aesthetic with distinct lack of interior decoration.

Water simmers on the stove as Lilian watches a YouTube video on the Grisaille technique.

Lilian hears the tail end of Emilia's phone call, before she enters the room. She closes her laptop, moves her chair, and tends to the stove.

Emilia enters, shuts the door, and ends the call without a goodbye.

EMILIA
How was school?

LILIAN
Fine. How was court?

EMILIA
Fine.

They stare.

LILIAN
Good. We're all caught up then.

She notices the permission form acting as a book mark for a science textbook.

LILIAN (CONT'D)
Actually, I do need you to sign something for school.

EMILIA
What is it?

Lilian takes a deep breath.

LILIAN
I need art credit.

Emilia shakes her head and moves to leave.

LILIAN (CONT'D)
Mom they won't let me graduate
without it.

EMILIA
I'll talk to them.

LILIAN
No! I'm going to need a reference!
They don't hand out acceptance
letters for places like Ashton
Academy. You need someone to vouch
for you.

Emilia scoffs.

EMILIA
The best way to defend your case
right now, isn't by asking for
money.

LILIAN
I'm not asking for money! I'm
asking for you to be okay with me
going to Ashton Academy whether you
help me get there or not! I have
to!

Emilia sets her Prada purse on the counter.

EMILIA
Why?

Emilia rolls her eyes and takes the permission slip from
Lilian's hand.

EMILIA (CONT'D)
I know you imagine him wearing a
cape, but he's just like everyone
else in that world: selfish and
manipulative. There's more to life
than paint.

Emilia rips the paper.

EMILIA (CONT'D)
The sooner you learn that, the
better.

Emilia leaves the room.

Lilian digs out another copy of the permission form from her
backpack.

She pulls out a pen and a business card featuring a professional smile and signature from Emilia's purse.

She replicates the signature and CLICKS the pen closed.

INT. BURTON DAVIS HIGH, HALLWAY - DAY

Lilian closes the office door behind her and sees Camden; he tries without much success to balance his gear while also grab his water bottle.

LILIAN

Whoa.

Lilian helps him adjust.

CAMDEN

Thanks.

LILIAN

So, did you make some new friends last night?

CAMDEN

It was amazing! I mean I was a nervous wreck on the ride there and for approximately 78% of the main course, but I blamed any excessive perspiration on the Fire Dragon sushi.

LILIAN

Smart.

Lilian gives him back the rest of his belongings.

CAMDEN

You headed to 4th period?

LILIAN

I'm going to work early today. I've still got a long way to go.

CAMDEN

Can I ask...how much---

LILIAN

\$100,000

Camden's eyes bulge but he clears his throat before trying to make her feel better.

CAMDEN
It's not...that much.

LILIAN
It's a lot.

CAMDEN
And your mom won't...

LILIAN
No.

Lilian shakes her head as she glances toward the office she just came from.

LILIAN (CONT'D)
I'll be lucky if she doesn't disown me for the art class she just signed off on. It's okay, I'll figure it out.

Lilian inches toward the exit.

LILIAN (CONT'D)
See you tonight.

EXT. MET, ENTRANCE - DAY

A symphony of HONKS. TOURISTS gawk on the stairs, while NATIVE NEW YORKERS hurry past, desensitized to the awe-factor.

INT. MET, RENAISSANCE GALLERY - DAY

The painting: "Portrait of a Young Woman" by Lorenzo di Credi (Oil on wood).

A SMALL CROWD gathers around Lilian at work and indistinct chatter about "how good it is" and "how young she is" float through the room.

Lilian smirks. Just another day in the life.

LILIAN
Feel free to look, just don't touch. This is a portfolio piece...but for the right price, I'm negotiable.

Lilian's not quite finished version on canvas blocks the attention from what's on display.

Her soup can tip jar resembles an offering plate as it's passed and lands in the hands of a security guard, STEVE (30s) who intervenes.

STEVE
 Alright ladies and gentlemen,
 please, clear the area.

The small crowd disperses.

STEVE (CONT'D)
 Pack it up, Lilian.

LILIAN
 Steve, if you want a cut, just say
 so.

Lilian reaches out for the soup can.

Steve holds it out of reach.

STEVE
 You know the rules. Pencil only.

LILIAN
 Yeah, but---

She reaches farther for the soup can.

LILIAN (CONT'D)
 You sure you're not just afraid
 it'll look better than what's on
 the wall?

Steve and Lilian fight over the soup can like it's the last action figure at Comic Con.

MHINA (O.C.)
 It's my fault.

A janitor, MHINA (early 60s), a small woman with an omnipotent presence, breaks up the playground violence.

MHINA (CONT'D)
 I told her to meet me on my break.
 Clearly she forgot what lockers
 look like.

INT. MET, LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Mhina sits on a bench with a sandwich.

MHINA

Are you out of your mind? You know
you can't just go messing with the
paints in there.

Lilian stows away her gear on a shelf in a janitor's closet.
She slips in and out with ease like she's done it a million
times.

LILIAN

Paint gets attention.

Lilian looks to Mhina who raises an eyebrow.

LILIAN (CONT'D)

I know.

MHINA

You know I've got your back
Sweetie, but don't make me lose my
job over it.

LILIAN

Sorry, Mhina.

Lilian joins Mhina on the bench.

LILIAN (CONT'D)

They could've at least let me keep
half.

MHINA

It's policy. How much?

Lilian smiles but shakes her head at the thought.

LILIAN

A lot. And instead of that money
going toward Ashton Academy, I just
made a donation to one of the
largest museums in the world.

They sit quiet for a moment before Mhina checks her watch.

MHINA

It's still pretty early. You could
take a shot outside.

Lilian rests her head against Mhina's shoulder and groans.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK, LILIAN'S SPOT - AFTERNOON

Tourists circulate the grounds with plenty of STREET VENDORS, MUSICIANS, and CARTOON CHARACTERS to fight for their attention.

Across the surface of a fountain, we see the back of Lilian and her setup.

The soup can now sits on her easel with less money than before, but it shows her success, even amidst the jungle outside. Lilian does her best to feign nonchalant while she scans the area for potential benefactors.

Two TEENAGE GIRLS (18) come close.

TEEN GIRL 1

This is so cool. Is it like a color by number thing?

LILIAN

It's actually based on the oil on wood "Portrait of a Young Women" by Lorenzo...

Lilian notices she's quickly losing their short attention spans. She resorts to mirroring their ditzy critique.

LILIAN (CONT'D)

But I found it on Pinterest and the artist could totes pass for Justin Bieber.

TEEN GIRL 2

Shut up, that's so cool! Can we get a picture?

LILIAN

OMG yes!

The girls take a selfie and obviously have to check their work after.

TEEN GIRL 1

That's adorbs!

They begin to leave.

LILIAN

Oh, are you going to post that?

TEEN GIRL 1

Duh.

LILIAN

There's just this thing in the park where it costs \$10 to take selfies and I'd hate for you to spend the money on me.

Teen Girl 2 twirls her hair.

TEEN GIRL 2

No way, we've seen tons of people doing it.

LILIAN

Then you can imagine how many people I've seen, get locked out of their account because they didn't pay.

Lilian looks around at all the "victims."

LILIAN (CONT'D)

Sad, isn't it? Hmm well pics or it didn't happen, so...

TEEN GIRL 1

OMG well is there a like a place to pay or should we just give it to you?

Lilian looks around and shrugs her shoulders.

LILIAN

Yeah, I guess I could take it.

She takes the money with a smile and waves them off before rolling her eyes.

In his flamingo shirt paired with a camera around his neck, Ricky weaves in and out of couples holding hands and teenagers taking selfies.

He stops near Lilian's setup and takes a picture in the direction of the MET.

Lilian waves.

LILIAN (CONT'D)

It's better up close.

RICKY

I'm sure.

Ricky ignores Lilian gesture to her work. He snaps another picture.

LILIAN
Pretty good deal going today. Two
screenshots for \$10.

RICKY
Nice try, kid.

Ricky snaps another picture.

LILIAN
Hey pal, some of us are trying to
earn money for school, so either
support your local business or move
on.

Ricky moves past Lilian and catches the easel with his foot.

A series of quick shots relate the damage:

-Easel snaps.

-Painting falls.

-Tip bucket CLANKS to the ground.

LILIAN (CONT'D)
Hey!

She drops to gather her things.

She grabs the bucket...empty.

She looks around and spots the flamingo shirt in the
distance.

EXT. CITY STREET - EVENING

Ricky pushes us with each stride forward through the crowded
sidewalk. He turns at a corner, only then does Lilian come
into focus a few paces behind.

EXT. ANOTHER CITY STREET - EVENING

Lilian sees Ricky glance over his shoulder; she turns quick
to look through a store window.

Ricky continues through a smaller street.

Lilian notices Ricky's path and follows.

EXT. CAFE ESCONDER - EVENING

From the peep hole of a barbed wire fence, Lilian sees Ricky enter a shabby building; a once possibly cozy bed-and-breakfast.

She scans the place for an alternative entrance.

INT. CAFE ESCONDER, LOFT - EVENING

A retro rug attempts to hide a portion of the wood floor, showing every scratch like a scar. Like the rest of the place: it's Industrial trying to be Old Hollywood.

The TAP and CLICK of pool balls colliding offers a playful ambience, not matched by the scowls from its few players.

SCARLETT (30s), a Swiss Army Knife decorated with pink hair dye and a diamond nose ring, nudges Dave.

SCARLETT

Dave, you got the time?

DAVE (late 20s), an all business no smile sort of man who wouldn't be caught dead with a single hair out of place. He stands with perfect posture.

DAVE

5:07. Ricky is late.

A hand caresses a knife with the inscription: **"El Jefe" (The Boss)**

A CREAK of the wood floor announces Ricky's entrance.

SCARLETT

Where's the food?

RICKY

What am I Scarlett, the maid?

INT. CAFE ESCONDER, STAIRS - CONTINUOUS

Lilian tiptoes up as voices from the loft echo.

She glances at the dusty framed photos that line the stair way:

-A father and son.

-A group of men around a pool table, with the son on his toes trying to match his father's position.

-In a cracked frame, two young men in prep school jackets.

INT. CAFE ESCONDER, LOFT - CONTINUOUS

Scarlett folds her arms and chomps her gum like a moody teenager.

SCARLETT

I just don't get what's so confusing about the "if you're out, you bring take-out" rule.

RICKY

Just because you dress like a teenager doesn't mean you have to act like one.

She smiles but flips him off.

A knife PHEWS between Ricky and Scarlett and lodges into the wall. The two look back to the sender.

Rey demands the attention of his audience with the calm in his voice.

REY

Next time I won't miss.

Dave closes his eyes, takes a deep breath.

RICKY

There's no clear way in.

A CREAK in the wood from the hall gets their attention. Their eyes trace up.

INT. CAFE ESCONDER, STAIRS - CONTINUOUS

Lilian continues with slow steps up the stairs. A small painting rests against the wall. She bends down for a closer look, but---

Hands grab at her waist and mouth.

She's carried into the dark.

INT. CAFE ESCONDER, WORKSPACE - CONTINUOUS

Lilian kicks and screams, but Ricky holds her tight and covers her mouth. He forces her to face the group.

REY
What is this?

Rey waves his hand.

REY (CONT'D)
Get rid of her.

Ricky pulls the gun from his belt and moves Lilian back toward the hall. Lilian wiggles free enough to speak.

LILIAN
Wait! Wait! You owe me \$50!

RICKY
Shut up!

REY
You followed him here from the MET?

LILIAN
It wasn't hard.

Ricky clenches Lilian's arm tighter. Lilian groans.

Rey nears the hostage and stares; he takes notice of something. His eyes trace her features like he's looking at an old friend. A moment too long for comfort. She squirms.

REY
Let her go, Ricky. She's a guest.

Ricky's body shifts but his scowl doesn't budge.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - AFTERNOON

BEEP. BEEP.

The electrocardiogram indicates a steady pulse, but a harsh COUGH announces the victim isn't out of the woods yet. A NURSE enters.

NURSE (O.C.)
Mr. Desmond, your lawyer is here.

Emilia enters and waits for Nurse to leave. Emilia takes a deep breath and chooses her words carefully.

EMILIA
How are you feeling?

Patrick smiles.

PATRICK

Well I've been better, but I've been worse too.

EMILIA

If you tell me who did this, I swear, I will---

PATRICK

Emilia, please, you know. How about my message?

EMILIA

I've been a little busy making sure you didn't die. Don't worry, I'll make sure he gets it.

Patrick closes his eyes and nods as if to thank God.

PATRICK

I trust you'll be safer that way.

He hesitates before pressing on.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

I think it'd be best if you get in touch with---

EMILIA

No, no. Absolutely not.

PATRICK

If you have a better idea, please share.

EMILIA

It was you who always told me to stay away from him. Now you want me to reach out and pretend as though nearly 15 years apart wasn't on purpose?

Emilia paces. Anyone else would see anger, but Patrick sees her nerves.

PATRICK

Circumstances have changed. I know this is difficult. I'm sorry to put you in this position.

She presses on; all business.

EMILIA

Rey thinks you're dead. Let's keep
it that way.

INT. CAFE ESCONDER, WORKSPACE - AFTERNOON

Rey continues to stare at Lilian.

REY

Comó té llamas?

Lilian looks between her captors.

LILIAN

Do I look like I speak Spanish?
Don't answer that.

Rey steps closer to her.

REY

What's your name?

LILIAN

I don't have to tell you anything.

Rey reaches over Lilian's shoulder and retrieves the knife
lodged in the wall.

REY

You're right.

Rey flourishes the knife.

REY (CONT'D)

Give her the money back.

Ricky gapes, but complies.

REY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry for your trouble.
Scarlett will show you out.

Scarlett leaves. Lilian hesitates, but follows.

EXT. CAFE ESCONDER, FRONT DOOR - EVENING

Scarlett shoves Lilian out the door half off its hinge.
Lilian looks up at the broken portico and scoffs.

LILIAN

Nice place.

SCARLETT
Sure, mock; a preppy thing like
you.

LILIAN
You guys live here?

Scarlett chomps on her gum as Lilian checks the money Ricky gave back.

SCARLETT
Like a big happy family.

LILIAN
This is only \$5!

Scarlett pulls the door shut.

EXT. RYAN'S BURGERS - NIGHT

A group exits the corner venue. The music from inside barely audible.

INT. RYAN'S BURGERS, BOOTH - NIGHT

Camden drops his menu to reveal Lilian slide into the booth.

CAMDEN
Hey.

He points out details on the menu, but she's zoned out.

CAMDEN (CONT'D)
They've got a special on the fried
ice cream, but obviously I figured
we could start with the curly fries
you like. Lilian?

She snaps out of it.

LILIAN
What?

CAMDEN
Are you okay?

LILIAN
Yeah. I just; it's been a weird
day.

A Waitress comes to the table and waits for the attention as she twirls a pen in hand.

CAMDEN

Uh we'll take the curly fries
and...

He looks to Lilian for support, but she stares at the steak knife on the table.

CAMDEN (CONT'D)

Just water for now.

The Waitress leaves.

INT. RYAN'S BURGERS, BAR - CONTINUOUS

We follow the Waitress behind the bar to grab cups. She notices a gentleman.

WAITRESS

Do you know what you want?

Rey looks up to her and smiles.

REY

I believe so.

INT. RYAN'S BURGERS, BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

Camden takes out the school handkerchief from his jacket pocket and attempts to subtly dab his neck.

CAMDEN

You look nice. I mean you always
look nice, but...

She continues staring at the knife.

CAMDEN (CONT'D)

Lilian? Work must have been pretty
crazy, huh?

LILIAN

Work.

She buries her head in her hands.

LILIAN (CONT'D)

I left my stuff at the MET. I'm
sorry, I have to go.

She slides out of the booth.

CAMDEN

Go? You just got here. You want me
to save you some---

She's gone.

CAMDEN (CONT'D)

Fries.

INT. RYAN'S BURGERS, BAR - CONTINUOUS

Lilian books it across the restaurant and past Rey who takes
a sip of beer.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK, LILIAN'S SPOT - NIGHT

A LONELY PERSON on a bench mumbles a half-hearted tune and
takes a puff of a cigarette. Through the smoke we watch
Lilian come closer on the path.

Lilian kneels to gather the broken easel and canvas that now
includes sidewalk dirt as texture.

Footprints stamp the back and stray paint decorates the
front. It no longer resembles the professional masterpiece it
was earlier that morning.

She stands and catches a glimpse of herself in water at the
bed of the fountain. She looks as disheveled as the painting.

She tucks the front section of hair behind her ear, but it
doesn't help.

SPLASH. The canvas floats in the water. Lilian breathes heavy
as she attempts to swallow her tears. She returns to her
knees for the rest.

She reaches for the soup can but stops as the distorted
reflection shows a figure behind her.

She takes a deep breath and slowly grabs the broken easel
leg.

In one motion she stands, turns, and swings but---

A hand stops her arm. She struggles but drops the easel leg.

LILIAN

Stop! Let go of me!

REY
Careful, kid. You could hurt
someone with a swing like that.

LILIAN
Why are you following me?

Rey smiles.

REY
It's interesting: you can tail like
a pro, but you can't make one until
it's too late.

He gestures to the mess of equipment on the ground still.

REY (CONT'D)
What's the money for?

LILIAN
Why do you care?

REY
I'm a business man.

She kneels down and gathers the brushes.

LILIAN
Yeah well, I've seen your "office,"
and it's nothing to brag about.

REY
For my kind of work, a low profile
is key.

LILIAN
And what kind of work is that?

REY
The kind that makes more than \$50
per job. How about an interview?

This gets her attention. She thinks about it but resists.

LILIAN
I'm good, thanks.

REY
You sure?

Rey gestures to the broken easel.

REY (CONT'D)
Looks like you could use a new one.

INT. PAWN SHOP - NIGHT

Rey taps a service bell on the front desk for a DING. A dim light flickers in the corner of the room.

LILIAN
You friends with the owner?

REY
We're acquainted.

The PAWN BROKER, (30s) takes his place behind the desk. Once he sees Rey, he licks his lips quick; this nervous twitch does nothing to aid his stutter.

PAWN BROKER
Rey; Um Mister Serrano; Sir. How, how are you, sir?

REY
I need an easel.

PAWN BROKER
I um; Not sure; I'm not sure that we have any; Not at the moment, sir.

REY
Find one.

The Pawn Broker opens his mouth and raises a finger to add an explanation, but decides against it and retreats to the back room.

She holds tight at her brushes as she scans the cramped quarters.

Rey turns to Lilian. No other treasure in that trove captures his attention the way she does.

REY (CONT'D)
Let's start with a name. I'm Rey.

LILIAN
Lilian.

REY
That's pretty. Did your mother teach you to paint?

Lilian scoffs.

LILIAN
No.

REY

Father?

LILIAN

He left when I was little.

Rey shifts and clears his throat.

REY

You don't remember anything about him?

LILIAN

He went to Ashton Academy. Not a memory, it's just the only thing my mom let slip.

(then)

She tries to "protect" me from him, like he's the bad guy.

Rey nods, taking in the story.

REY

It's quite the school. Expensive.

LILIAN

It's the best and I'm going there too.

The Pawn Broker returns.

PAWN BROKER

Um; Um sir. It looks, sir; The one I have is; There's a tag; It is reserved.

Rey takes a deep breath and smiles. He turns to Lilian.

REY

Go see if you can get a cab. This will just be a minute.

Lilian leaves.

With her gone, Rey's smile fades. He pulls out his knife, rests the point on the desk, and twirls it.

PAWN BROKER

Sir maybe; There's maybe another item; Item I can---

Rey grabs the Pawn Broker by the collar and pulls him in close. The blade pricks against his cheek.

REY

Do yourself a favor and cut off that tag before I cut out your tongue and you're forced to watch it squirm like the rest of us.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Lilian turns around to find Rey holding the new easel.

LILIAN

I think we'll have better luck with the subway.

REY

Don't worry, it's not far.

He continues past, but she stays in place.

LILIAN

What? No. Look, thanks for the easel, but we're not friends. I don't know you.

Rey glances at a vintage mirror in the window of the pawn shop. An idea sparks in Rey's eyes.

REY

You're right. You are absolutely right.

Rey brushes his hand through his hair.

REY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, I don't know what I was thinking, I shouldn't have bothered you. Here, this is yours. No strings attached.

He steps closer to give her the easel and takes one last knowing look at her with a sad smile. He turns to go.

REY (CONT'D)

Gosh, you look just like her.

She watches as he begins down the sidewalk, before---

LILIAN

Wait.

He stops and turns toward her.

LILIAN (CONT'D)
I need \$100,000.

INT. CAFE ESCONDER, LOFT - NIGHT

Lilian takes a slow self-guided tour of the loft as the team gets acquainted.

REY
I need a Fence.

LILIAN
I don't understand.

SCARLETT
You'd pretty much be an innocent face to get us through the door.

LILIAN
No, I get that, but which door?

REY
The Ashton Academy of Art.

Lilian gapes. The stakes set in.

LILIAN
You do realize I'm trying to get into Ashton Academy, right? It's not going to look great if I get caught stealing from them.

RICKY
So don't get caught.

Lilian laughs at the obvious suggestions and hops a seat on the pool table.

LILIAN
I'm an artist, not a thief or a con artist or whatever you---

REY
Don't worry, you won't be alone.

LILIAN
How much does this job pay?

Rey's hand grazes his knife, but instead he steps closer to Lilian and puts his hand on her shoulder.

REY
They took something precious from
me. Those who have this box.

LILIAN
Why?

REY
Not everyone in this world will
appreciate what's important to you.
You have to find those who do.

Rey clears his throat from any emotion seeping through.

REY (CONT'D)
It tore my family apart. I just
want it back.

LILIAN
How?

BEGIN MONTAGE:

INT. CAFE ESCONDER, LOFT - DAY

Ricky motions to a mannequin dressed in a suit jacket with
bells on it.

Lilian rolls her eyes and makes an attempt at the pocket.

One of the bells RINGS.

RICKY
Caught! Use two fingers for the
grab or that ringing you hear will
be from police sirens, not Santa.
Again.

INT. CAFE ESCONDER, LOFT - DAY

Lilian bends and looks close over Dave's shoulder as he
tweaks a piece of tech that resembles a remote. Just as he
tweaks an intricate wire, she disrupts the peace.

LILIAN
Whoa what is that?

Dave drops the pliers.

LILIAN (CONT'D)
That is so...

Her smile fades as his dagger aimed glare grows closer to his target.

LILIAN (CONT'D)
You want to focus, got it.

Lilian backs away and nears Scarlett.

Scarlett holds up two wigs: one has a barrette and the other a bow.

SCARLETT
Which one?

Lilian shrugs her shoulder and points to one with the barrette.

SCARLETT (CONT'D)
Hmm. I thought a pretty thing like you'd have better taste.

INT. CAFE ESCONDER, LOFT - EVENING

Dave tightens handcuffs to Lilian's wrists behind her back.

Lilian only offers a blank stare back to the crew.

LILIAN
Really? I thought kidnapper protocol was zip-ties.

REY
Who said anything about being kidnapped?

LILIAN
So you think I'm gonna get caught?

RICKY
It's mostly for our entertainment.

Dave places a paperclip in her hands.

DAVE
Picking is the hardest way to escape. Good luck.

INT. CAFE ESCONDER, WORKSPACE - NIGHT

Rey sits at his desk looking over a map. Lilian paces.

LILIAN

It's big and it's secure. There's no way we're equipped to break into something like Ashton Academy.

REY

There's no need to break in, if you're invited.

INT. CAFE ESCONDER, LOFT - EVENING

The crew continues to watch Lilian struggle against the handcuffs.

LILIAN

Movies make this look so easy!

INT. CAFE ESCONDER, WORKSPACE - NIGHT

Lilian stands and stretches. She glances at the shadowed paintings.

LILIAN

Are those yours?

Rey doesn't look up from a stack of papers in front of him.

REY

Focus. I'm not doing this for you.

INT. CAFE ESCONDER, LOFT - EVENING

Lilian continues to struggle in the handcuffs.

RICKY

That's 25 minutes.

Scarlett rolls her eyes as she hands Ricky \$5.

Scarlett goes to her vanity and spritzes some perfume. In the mirror, Lilian takes notice of the wigs.

LILIAN

I can't do this. I need a break.

RICKY

Nice try.

LILIAN

I'm flattered you think I could get away, but we both know I'm outnumbered.

RICKY

Two minutes. The cuffs stay on.
Dave take the paper clip from her.

Dave releases the cuff connected to the chair and Lilian makes her way in between the vanity and Scarlett.

LILIAN

Scarlett, can you check, I think I've got something in my eye.

Scarlett inspects as Lilian swipes the barrette from the wig. Rey's the only one who notices; he tries to suppress a smile.

INT. CAFE ESCONDER, WORKSPACE - NIGHT

Lilian fills in the Ashton Academy application.

LILIAN

This should get me in, but they'll want a parent or guardian there.

She looks to Rey.

LILIAN (CONT'D)

Should I put your name down?

REY

No. Scarlett will go with you.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Ricky bumps into a LADY, apologizes, and nears Lilian standing against a brick wall. He shows her a five dollar bill.

RICKY

Your turn.

She looks for a new target, but watches the same Lady stop at a tourist shop. Lilian snatches the money from Ricky.

Lilian nears Lady, taps her shoulder.

LILIAN

Excuse me? Is this yours?

LADY
Oh, thank you!

Lilian returns to Ricky who shakes his head unimpressed.

RICKY
We're not running a charity, kid.

She pulls out Lady's phone with credit cards in the wallet attached.

LILIAN
Welcome to the 21st century.

END OF MONTAGE

INT. CAFE ESCONDER, LOFT - EVENING

The long hand on Dave's watch hits the 12.

DAVE
Two minutes are up.

Lilian moves back toward the chair.

LILIAN
It was probably just dust.

She sits and Dave moves to connect her cuffs to the chair, but instead--

A series of quick shots relay the damage:

-Lilian stands and turns 180

-Cuffs in hand, she swings at Dave's temple

-Dave falls to the floor

LILIAN (CONT'D)
Sorry! Dave, I'm sorry! If it's any consolation, I wish it was Ricky instead.

RICKY
You think that was impressive? It took you almost 30 minutes to get out of that.

REY
She didn't need 30 minutes, she used 30 minutes to get you off guard and...

Rey looks to Dave, still out cold.

REY (CONT'D)
Vulnerable.

He plays with his knife.

CUT TO BLACK.

EXT. BURTON DAVIS HIGH - DAY

Students park bikes, talk in groups, etc.,.

INT. BURTON DAVIS HIGH, LIBRARY - DAY

Annie sits alone with a book. A piece of paper is placed next to her. She glances at the contents.

An accurately detailed and flattering ink sketch smiles back at her; wild mane and all. The signature in the bottom corner reading: **Lilian Mendez**

Camden stands next to a book shelf and scans the row. Lilian joins him and waits for any sign of life.

LILIAN
Hey.

Camden leans in and squints.

CAMDEN
I'm sorry, are you Lilian Mendez?

Lilian raises an eyebrow.

LILIAN
Last I checked.

CAMDEN
That's a relief because she went missing a few days ago.

He travels to a different aisle.

LILIAN
Cam, I'm sorry.

She follows him around the aisle.

CAMDEN
I called, texted, and emailed. No response.

LILIAN
You're very thorough.

CAMDEN
I was worried! What happened to
you?

LILIAN
There was; I ran into Mhina after
her shift and we just got talking.
She had a hard day so, I don't
know, I guess I lost track of time.

CAMDEN
For two days?

The bell RINGS.

CAMDEN (CONT'D)
You sure you're okay?

LILIAN
I'm about to finally get a
reference, I couldn't be better.

She gives him a hug.

LILIAN (CONT'D)
No worries. You're a good friend.

She pulls away and leaves with a smile.

Camden waves and opens his mouth, but can't quite match her
word choice. His smile fades.

INT. BURTON DAVIS HIGH, ART CLASS - DAY

Lilian stares straight ahead as if trying to figure out a
puzzle while surrounding students act as if the classroom is
a playground. Paper airplanes fly, students sit on desks and
take selfies; utter chaos.

The ART TEACHER sits at her desk, feet propped letting a long
tie-dye skirt accent the beads around her neck; she paints
her toes.

Lilian leans over to TEEN GIRL 3; she's very busy scrolling
on her phone.

LILIAN
Is it always like this?

TEEN GIRL 3

Pretty much. It's like a free period.

Lilian approaches Art Teacher's desk.

LILIAN

There's only 30 minutes left of class.

Art Teacher looks up at the time.

ART TEACHER

There is.

Art Teacher returns her attention to her toes and she misses the smoke as it rises from Lilian's ears.

LILIAN

Are you going to teach something?

ART TEACHER

Of course. I'm teaching you young minds how to make decisions for yourself. If you're not a polish kinda lady, I think the back corner's face-painting. Enjoy.

Lilian glances to the back corner, but returns quick.

LILIAN

Actually I'm trying to get into Ashton Academy soon, so I was hoping we could learn something closer to what they'd---

ART TEACHER

Whoa man, hold up. Why would I do that? Just think about what you're saying. Don't let the system brainwash your...

Lilian fumes as she watches Art Teacher blow on her toes, but just as she nears the brush back to its home--

Lilian grabs the bottle and chucks it to-

CRASH against the wall.

ART TEACHER (CONT'D)

Whoa man, what's that about?

Lilian gets in her answer as she storms out.

LILIAN
I made a decision.

INT. CAFE ESCONDER, LOFT - AFTERNOON

Scarlett brushes through a wig. Lilian drops her jacket and backpack off by the couch.

LILIAN
Decided on your look yet?

SCARLETT
Perfection cannot be rushed, my young friend.

LILIAN
We're friends?

SCARLETT
Rather you than these fools.

Lilian continues on up the stairs to the workspace.

INT. CAFE ESCONDER, WORKSPACE - EVENING

Lilian works at a new piece set on her gifted easel. She trades brushes and a tool rolls off the easel.

On the crouch down for the tool, a drawer at Rey's desk catches her attention.

It's open.

She wipes her hands, listens for anyone coming, and tiptoes to his desk.

She fingers through papers.

She goes through drawers.

She finds different passports with various names.

Out of the corner of her eye, she sees the framed pieces shadowed in the corner. Each labeled with the same **incomplete heart-shaped signature**.

Lilian jumps to the floorboard CREAK of Rey's return.

She stands quick.

REY
What are you doing?

LILIAN
Just stretching.

She motions to the shadowed pieces in the corner.

LILIAN (CONT'D)
Those are really good. Not what I
would've pinned as your style
though.

REY
And why's that?

LILIAN
I don't know, they just seem a bit
too romantic. You said it yourself,
you're a business man.

Lilian hesitates as she builds up the courage to continue.

LILIAN (CONT'D)
I wanted to ask if you'd---

Scarlett knocks on the door frame.

SCARLETT
Boss, we're scheduled for an
interview.

Scarlett points to Lilian.

SCARLETT (CONT'D)
Get here early.

Scarlett leaves. Lilian looks to Rey.

LILIAN
This is usually when people say
something like, "Good luck."

Rey smiles and drops the paper clip in her palm.

REY
Don't get caught.

EXT. ASHTON ACADEMY OF ART - DAY

Before we see a face, the TAP of her heels give her away.
Emilia enters the prestigious fortress like she owns the
place.

INT. ASHTON ACADEMY OF ART, HEADMASTER'S MEETING ROOM - DAY

Like a statue, Emilia sits upright in an upholstered chair and glares.

A fine-crafted painting hangs on the wall. The **incomplete heart-shaped symbol** seems to stare back at her.

HEADMASTER CALDWELL (70s), a slick version of Santa clears his throat.

CALDWELL

You said this was urgent?

Emilia adjusts back to business.

EMILIA

It is. I have a message from Patrick.

CALDWELL

Is everything alright?

EMILIA

No. He was attacked in a cathedral; nearly died from the injury.

Caldwell blinks at the blunt presentation of trauma.

CALDWELL

What's the message?

EMILIA

It's more of a demand.

EXT. ASHTON ACADEMY OF ART - CONTINUOUS

Scarlett gets out of a car and adjusts her wig. She meets Lilian on the sidewalk. Lilian, dressed up in 10 layers too many of makeup, stares in awe. Scarlett plays with her earring.

SCARLETT

Dave, you with us?

DAVE (V.O.)

Ready when you are.

Scarlett nudges Lilian.

SCARLETT

You ready?

LILIAN
Why wouldn't I be?

SCARLETT
Relax. We're just the distraction,
remember? 30 minutes. Stick to the
story.

LILIAN
Right.

INT. ASHTON ACADEMY OF ART, HEADMASTER'S PRIVATE OFFICE -
CONTINUOUS

Black.

A safe door opens and Headmaster Caldwell's hand retrieves an
antique box.

He slips it into a velvet covering and hands it to Emilia.

CALDWELL
Good luck.

EMILIA
Let's be clear. I want no part of
this. I'm returning it to Patrick
and that's it. I'm done.

He doesn't dare argue with her. Instead he motions for her to
lead the way out.

INT. ASHTON ACADEMY OF ART, HEADMASTER'S MEETING ROOM -
CONTINUOUS

Emilia comes from the private study, but stops. She glances
at the painting from before.

EMILIA
Why did you keep it? Considering
who it came from.

Headmaster Caldwell shrugs and smiles.

CALDWELL
It matches my curtains.

INT. ASHTON ACADEMY OF ART, LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

TAP, TAP, TAP, TAP. Lilian's heel taps echo through the
vaulted ceilings as she waits in a chair fit for a queen.

Lilian looks to the overhead stairs where a group of STUDENTS walk past. They whisper.

Lilian looks down and takes a deep breath. She closes her eyes but a familiar TAP, TAP, TAP of heels from down the hall gets her attention.

Lilian peeks around the corner.

INT. ASHTON ACADEMY OF ART, HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Without a word, Emilia struts down the hall like it's a catwalk; poise and purpose in every step.

INT. ASHTON ACADEMY OF ART, LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Lilian mends her dropped jaw, ignores a tidal wave of emotions, and looks around the lobby for an escape.

INT. ASHTON ACADEMY OF ART, HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

SECRETARY (late 20s), stands and attempts to send Emilia off with dignity, but gets rejected as Emilia brushes past without a second thought. Only a few steps more around the corner before---

INT. ASHTON ACADEMY OF ART, LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Lilian (as "Lola") bumps into Emilia and whines as she continues her flailed pace to Scarlett. Emilia stops to adjust from the speed-bump.

LILIAN

But mom, what if they don't like me?

Lilian buries her face in the embrace of Scarlett (as "Margaret").

SCARLETT

How could they not pumpkin?

Scarlett strokes Lilian's wig.

Emilia stops, but doesn't turn to face the small audience.

EMILIA

Then they're not worth your time.

Emilia continues out; still embraced in Scarlett's arms,
Lilian watches her go.

Scarlett shoves Lilian aside.

SCARLETT
Well that's enough of that.

On her knees, Lilian fixes her wig.

Secretary clears her throat.

SECRETARY (O.C.)
Margaret and Lola Scott?

Scarlett stands and meets the SECRETARY to shake hands.

SCARLETT
Good morning, I'm Margaret. This is
my niece. Lola?

Lilian stands in a more professional character.

LILIAN
Apologies, I was just admiring the
floor. Marble?

SECRETARY
It is.

LILIAN
Beautiful. It really compliments
the emotion in your Rembrandt.

Secretary smiles and nods in agreement.

SECRETARY
Headmaster Caldwell is ready for
you now.

Scarlett and Lilian follow the Secretary down the hall.

INT. ASHTON ACADEMY OF ART, BASEMENT HALLWAY HALLWAY -
CONTINUOUS

Rey exits a Janitor's Closet in a grey jumpsuit.

REY
Hurry.

Ricky follows in the same attire accompanied by a cart.

RICKY
You know where to go?

REY
Muscle memory.

INT. ASHTON ACADEMY OF ART, HEADMASTER'S MEETING ROOM -
CONTINUOUS

Headmaster Caldwell comes through the door of his private study and greets Scarlett and Lilian. He poses against a cane; clearly more of a fashion statement than a real necessity.

HEADMASTER CALDWELL
Miss Lola Scott. Why are you here?

LILIAN
Sir?

HEADMASTER CALDWELL
Forgive me, but I don't believe in
pleasantries.

He motions to the upholstered arm chairs with the cane.

INT. ASHTON ACADEMY OF ART, FACILITY CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

Ricky unrolls a pack of tools from the cart.

Rey unscrews a vent on the wall.

REY
Dave, give me a visual.

DAVE (V.O.)
They're in. 10 minutes starting
now.

Rey climbs in the vent.

INT. ASHTON ACADEMY OF ART, HEADMASTER'S MEETING ROOM -
CONTINUOUS

Headmaster Caldwell manages a power stance while sunken in his seat. He peruses through a paper copy of Lola Scott's portfolio.

HEADMASTER CALDWELL
Your work is impressive, but if there's something I've learned from my time at Ashton Academy, it's that people are not always who they appear to be. Their work doesn't always match their motivation. Are you motivated, Miss Scott?

Any bit of confidence from the lobby is gone.

LILIAN
For sure, yeah.

HEADMASTER CALDWELL
Truthfully, that wasn't very convincing, Miss Scott.

LILIAN
Sorry. Could you repeat the question, sir?

HEADMASTER CALDWELL
I imagine you're here for a reason. Why this school?

Lilian looks to Scarlett who only flashes a painted smile.

Lilian clears her throat.

LILIAN
Well besides it's rich history, the location is optimal for...

INT. ASHTON ACADEMY OF ART, VENT - CONTINUOUS

Rey inches his way through the crawl space, flashlight gripped by his teeth.

INT. ASHTON ACADEMY OF ART, HEADMASTER'S MEETING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Headmaster Caldwell flourishes his hand to hush Lilian's rant.

HEADMASTER CALDWELL
Miss Scott, I know better than anyone the facts as they are on paper. What I want to know is why this school matters to you.

In the next room, just behind Caldwell, Rey slides out of the vent near the floor.

INT. ASHTON ACADEMY OF ART, HEADMASTER'S PRIVATE OFFICE -
CONTINUOUS

On a book shelf, Rey removes a portion that doubles as a false safe door. He retrieves a device from his belt.

REY
(sotto)
Dave, now.

The safe begins to scan. Pin numbers appear.

INT. ASHTON ACADEMY OF ART, HEADMASTER'S MEETING ROOM -
CONTINUOUS

Headmaster Caldwell puts his hands out and begins to stand.

HEADMASTER CALDWELL
Miss Scott, if you can't answer the
question, I'm afraid this meeting
is over.

LILIAN
No, please wait!

He sits back down, but Lilian's gaze stays behind him and lands on a painting.

The light from the window highlights the **incomplete-heart shaped signature**.

She gives up the act, but continues to stare as if the confession isn't for the headmaster at all.

LILIAN (CONT'D)
My father. He went to school here.
I never really knew him, but I feel
like by coming to Ashton Academy,
I'll get to know him; I'll get to
know who I am. For as long as I can
remember, it's all I've ever
wanted.

INT. ASHTON ACADEMY OF ART, HEADMASTER'S PRIVATE OFFICE -
CONTINUOUS

The safe CLICKS open to reveal, not a box, but a note.

INT. ASHTON ACADEMY OF ART, HEADMASTER'S MEETING ROOM -
CONTINUOUS

Headmaster Caldwell leans forward.

HEADMASTER CALDWELL
I didn't see anything like that in
your file. Who's your father?

THUD. THUD, THUD.

Several books now lay on the floor of the private study.

INT. ASHTON ACADEMY OF ART, HEADMASTER'S PRIVATE OFFICE -
CONTINUOUS

Rey's holds the open note with one hand and the other still
clenches in a fist against the shelf.

HEADMASTER CALDWELL (O.C.)
What was that?

INT. ASHTON ACADEMY OF ART, HEADMASTER'S MEETING ROOM

Headmaster Caldwell adjusts in his chair to see his private
study, but another THUD as Lilian kicks the coffee table
between them. His attention returns.

HEADMASTER CALDWELL
Did you just---

THUD as she kicks it again.

LILIAN
Yes.

THUD as she kicks again.

LILIAN (CONT'D)
Did you just ask who my father is?

She turns to Scarlett and laughs.

LILIAN (CONT'D)
He did say he hates pleasantries.

Lilian stands and the theatrics escalate.

LILIAN (CONT'D)
What makes you think you have any
right to ask such a personal
question?

(MORE)

LILIAN (CONT'D)

Do you know how insensitive that was? What if I asked you how many women you've been with in the last year? Hmm? How about men?

HEADMASTER CALDWELL

What?

She wanders over to the window and wraps herself in the curtains.

HEADMASTER CALDWELL (CONT'D)

Miss Scott?

Headmaster Caldwell turns to Scarlett for an explanation, but she only shrugs her shoulders.

SCARLETT

Don't look at me, she's adopted.

LILIAN

Don't you think there are years of trauma buried in that question and you have the audacity to bring it up like it's lunch table gossip!

She walks until the curtain detaches from the hanger on the wall.

HEADMASTER CALDWELL

Stop this immediately!

Headmaster Caldwell nears the window and makes an attempt to keep the curtain up, but instead gets buried in it.

Lilian escapes.

LILIAN

Double-sided tape has more tact than this school!

Scarlett remains seated, deadpan.

SCARLETT

Oh dear, this is so embarrassing.

INT. ASHTON ACADEMY OF ART, HEADMASTER'S PRIVATE OFFICE -
CONTINUOUS

Lilian checks the private study. Rey's gone, but the safe is left open and the few books remain scattered.

She closes the safe and false door and adds to the pile of books on the ground.

INT. ASHTON ACADEMY OF ART, HEADMASTER'S MEETING ROOM

Lilian returns to the meeting room as Headmaster Caldwell frees himself from the fabric, but she's not done yet.

She grabs the cane still at rest against his arm chair and swings at the flower vase on the coffee table.

Scarlett covers her mouth, amused.

HEADMASTER CALDWELL
Get out! Both of you!

Lilian feigns innocence.

LILIAN
Oh no, wait did I not get in?

EXT. ASHTON ACADEMY OF ART - DAY

Lilian and Scarlett push us from the doors back toward the car.

Scarlett laughs.

SCARLETT
"Double-sided tape?"

Lilian joins in on the laugh.

LILIAN
Shut up.

SCARLETT
You know, as much as I enjoy a good freak show, I think you had him with that daddy sob story. Not part of the plan, but nice touch.

Lilian's tries to take the compliment with a faded smile.

INT. CAFE ESCONDER, LOFT - AFTERNOON

CRASH. CRASH. Scarlett and Lilian wince as they glance to Rey's workspace then to Ricky for answers.

RICKY
It wasn't there.

SCARLETT

What?

RICKY

What part of that wasn't clear?

LILIAN

What about the money?

Ricky points upstairs to the workspace.

RICKY

If Rey doesn't get that box, you're never going to see a penny.

She pushes him aside and goes to the workspace.

INT. CAFE ESCONDER, WORKSPACE - AFTERNOON

From behind the shadowed paintings, we see Lilian lean against the doorframe. Paint and liquor now decorate the floor under the sea of broken glass bottles.

Rey studies a floor plan illuminated by the afternoon sun.

LILIAN

Why is this box so important?

REY

It's a critical piece to an expensive puzzle.

Lilian eyes the shadowed paintings.

LILIAN

You went to Ashton Academy.

REY

Yes.

Lilian pulls up a stool and sits opposite Rey by the desk.

LILIAN

I want you to teach me.

Rey scoffs.

LILIAN (CONT'D)

Consider it as half my cut. It's a good deal. A Fence and a Forger.

REY

I'm not a teacher.

LILIAN
You could be.

She glances to the shadowed pieces in the corner.

LILIAN (CONT'D)
I know what it's like to have your
family torn apart. You'd do
anything to fix it; To understand
what happened and why it's...

Lilian catches herself; back to business.

LILIAN (CONT'D)
Look, I was hoping if I help you
find this box, you'd be my
reference for Ashton Academy when I
apply for real.

Rey looks at her; the same knowing stare as before.

EXT. HOSPITAL - AFTERNOON

No sirens, but INDISTINCT STREET SOUNDS and VOICES from
patrons and employees can be heard.

INT. HOSPITAL, HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

A Prada purse screams foreign in such a sterile environment
as Emilia sets it down on the hospital sheets where Patrick
lie before.

Emilia's eyes well with pent up emotion before Nurse calls to
her from the door.

NURSE
He's in surgery. In the meantime, I
can help you find food or a place
to wait.

Emilia doesn't respond to Nurse as her mind is the host to a
heated argument.

NURSE (CONT'D)
Ma'am? Do you need help?

EXT. MET - NIGHT

Lilian rests against a pillar and admires the MET. The awe-
factor will never wear off for her.

MHINA

Lilian?

Lilian jumps.

LILIAN

Hey. You done for the day?

Mhina sits on the stair and Lilian joins her at Mhina's invitation.

MHINA

Yeah, but I've got something for you; an early birthday present.

Mhina retrieves a handmade card from her bag and presents it to Lilian. Lilian opens it to reveal an intricate pop-up design and \$20.

LILIAN

Mhina you didn't have to---

MHINA

I know it's not much. I'd help more if I could.

LILIAN

It's plenty. Thank you.

Lilian embraces Mhina.

MHINA

If you want, I'll talk to Steve about you getting another shot inside---

LILIAN

That's okay. I got another job; it's a sort of paid internship.

Mhina nods her head with approval.

MHINA

Good for you. What's your title?

LILIAN

I don't really have one. I mean I don't have one specific job. It'll be finding pieces, fixing pieces, making specific pieces for different projects...

MHINA

It sounds like you're the "Master
of Pieces."

Lilian laughs.

LILIAN

Not yet, but I like the sound of
that.

INT. CAFE ESCONDER, WORKSPACE - NIGHT

Ricky joins Rey who holds open the note. The two stare down
to us as they talk.

RICKY

One of these day's I'm gonna kill
that kid. What's she really giving
us, Rey?

REY

Insurance.

He drops the note and leaves. Ricky follows.

We see what's keeping their attention; the paintings labeled
with the **incomplete heart-shaped signature**. The note landed
face up. It reads: **Just because you want it, doesn't make it
yours**. It's signed with the **incomplete heart-shaped
signature**.

EXT. MENDEZ APARTMENT - NIGHT

The doorman waves to a driver.

INT. MENDEZ APARTMENT, KITCHEN - NIGHT

The velvet bag sits on the counter unopened. Emilia stares
hard at the involuntary adopted item like an insect that
could jump at any second.

She picks up her phone.

EXT. WASHINGTON D.C, FBI HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

We look up at a tall, dark office building, where one light
remains on.

SUPER: FBI Headquarters, Washington D.C

INT. WASHINGTON D.C, FBI HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

The singular desk lamp shines harshly against a box of Chinese take-out. We follow the organized paper trail of information on art to a pair of hands holding a book up and open: *Shedding Light On Ancient Symbols*.

The desk phone RINGS.

NICOLAS HUNTER (late 30s), a real shoe-in to be on the next season of "The Bachelor," if it weren't for his introverted lifestyle; he lowers the book.

NICK

This is Agent Hunter.

He listens.

NICK (CONT'D)

Em;

He clears his throat.

NICK (CONT'D)

Emilia. How are you?

His eyes scream a million different emotions, but his voice remains calm.

NICK (CONT'D)

Of course. I'll be on the next flight to New York.

CUT TO BLACK.