

THE ART HEIST

Written by

Michael Petritis

INT. MUSEUM - NIGHT

The inside of the Museum of Modern Art is silent, save the shuffling of feet coming from the lobby. The lights are off, the only illumination being from two small flashlights, leading the way for two figures walking the interior.

JACK, late-20s, leader of the pair of thieves, looks down at a pile of paintings and valuable objects with a large grin.

CLARK, mid-20s, partner in crime, walks in from the back hallway, placing a small vase next to the pile.

CLARK

Alright, I think that should do it.
We've got to have a few million
here at this point. Off to our
little piece of heaven, Jack?

JACK

You're getting ahead of yourself
here. There's still plenty of
things to take, and we have at
least an hour before anyone else
will be here.

Clark looks to his left, to see a man in a security guard's outfit, slumped over his desk, with handcuffs keeping him from moving, should he wake up.

CLARK

An hour left, which we could be
using to get as far away from here
as possible. Not to mention, this
guy could come to at any second. We
should jet. You know, so we don't
get caught?

JACK

Come on, Clark. Have a little
faith, will you? We'll be able to
get out of here just fine. I just
need to check one more thing, and
then we can get out of here.
Alright?

Jack quickly walks back towards the hallway, and Clark follows behind.

CLARK

I understand that you're excited,
but we've already got enough to
live comfortably, wherever we want.

(MORE)

CLARK (CONT'D)

Let's just go sell this stuff off,
and go live. Isn't that what we
wanted out of this?

JACK

I thought what we wanted was to get
as much as we could, and shove the
elite's faces in it.

CLARK

Look, I know when we started
dating, you said you liked things
to be high-risk. But I didn't think
almost getting ourselves caught
would be a part of that. You're
just being greedy, at this point.

JACK

What's the risk? The only person
who could do anything is
unconscious, cuffed to his own
desk. We have the hour, let's make
the most of it.

Jack takes a sharp left, and enters a room full of paintings.
He walks directly up to one, and brushes his hand against the
frame. Clark stands in the doorway.

CLARK

Jack, this is a really, really bad
idea. If this goes south, that's it
for us. No happy ending, just a
cell for however the hell long they
decide to put us there.

JACK

Will you just trust me, please? I
know what I'm doing.

Jack pulls a small knife from his pocket, and reaches up to
start cutting the picture out of its frame.

CLARK

I don't know how you can be so cool
about this. I was perfectly okay
with stealing a few things, enough
for us to be able to move anywhere
and live comfortably forever. But
this is...

JACK

This is what, Clark?

CLARK

Too greedy. And it could go really, really badly. You know we need to give ourselves enough time to pack everything and go.

Jack, after already cutting halfway down the right side of the picture, looks back to Clark, and gives a faint smirk.

JACK

Greedy? I'm trying to help us live like kings. This painting is one-of-a-kind, and if we get this, we'll never have to worry about a damn thing ever again.

CLARK

Jesus, Jack, will you listen to yourself? I don't care about whether or not we have to worry about things. I care about having a risk-free, comfortable life. With you...

Jack stops cutting the picture, once he gets to the bottom right corner, and puts his full attention on Clark.

CLARK (CONT'D)

And the only way we can guarantee that is if we give ourselves enough time to bring everything we have to the truck, and put as much time between us and this place as we possibly can. Besides, if that painting really is as rare as you say it is, don't you think it means they'll hunt extra hard for whoever took it?

Jack sighs, flips his knife closed, and puts it back in his pocket.

JACK

Alright, fine.

CLARK

Fine? So, we can go?

JACK

Well, we still have to get everything to the truck. But yeah, I guess it would be smart of us to get out of here as quickly as we can.

Jack quickly walks back out of the room, through the hallway, with Clark following very closely behind.

JACK (CONT'D)
Just try to keep quiet until we're out of here, alright? Don't want to risk waking the guard up as we're trying to pack up.

CLARK
Understood.

Clark nods as the pair enters the lobby once again, and start carefully gathering their loot.

There are a couple glances shared between the two as they take multiple trips in and out of the museum, placing everything they've gathered into the truck.

Once everything is gathered, and the pair start to get into their car as well, Clark checks his watch.

INT. JACK'S TRUCK - NIGHT

CLARK
We've got about a half hour to get out of the city before anyone realizes what happened.

JACK
I guess it was a good thing that you stopped me, then. We need all the time we can get.

Jack, in the driver's seat, starts the truck and quickly drives off down the street.

Clark holds out his hand, which Jack takes happily.

CLARK
So, where are we dropping this stuff?

JACK
I have a spot where we can sell it off really quickly. It's about six hours out, though. You up for the drive?

CLARK
Yeah. Any place that isn't this city is good enough for me, at this point.

(MORE)

CLARK (CONT'D)

You better step on it, though. I want to start living like kings, already.

JACK

Don't worry about that. With all the work we did tonight, I'm sure I could get our buyer to let us have a little extra.

CLARK

And what about after that? Once we have the money, where are you thinking we should set up?

JACK

I was thinking something out on the countryside. Close enough to civilization that we can do whatever we want, but probably somewhere on the opposite side of the country. So there's no chance anyone will think to relate us with what happened tonight. For now, though, just rest up. You'll be driving the next six hours after this.

Clark starts to settle into the passenger's seat, closing his eyes.

CLARK

So, does that mean we officially got away with it?

There's a short silence, as Jack squeezes Clark's hand.

JACK

Yeah, I think we did.