



SANDI  
Yeah, so what?

She drinks her wine.

SANDI  
Is it stolen?

Lucien and Elena exchange glances.

LUCIEN  
Not yet.

Sandi stares back and forth between the two of them.

SANDI  
What are you suggesting? That WE steal  
it?

She laughs but the laughter dies, as she sees in their faces  
that is exactly what they mean.

Elena is kneeling in front of the couch. She pulls a portfolio  
out from underneath it, makes room in the coffee table, and  
opens it. There are sketches and paintings of the Portrait of  
Jacqueline.

Sandi examines them.

SANDI  
Wow, these are great...did you paint  
them?

ELENA  
Yeah, I have a forty thousand dollar  
student loans to prove it.

Sandi sits back down.

SANDI  
We can't, how would we? What if we don't  
get away with it? The caretaker is always  
there. I don't see how we could....it  
isn't right; and what would we do it even  
if we could steal it?

Lucien takes a toke off his joint. He exhales and coughs.

LUCIEN  
That's my job. I was contacted by an old  
friend of mine from Montreal. He has a  
buyer, a guy who collects art I guess. I  
don't know. Anyway, the guy knows the art  
is here, he had asked - we'll call him

bubba, if he knew anyone here that could be trusted.

SANDI  
And he called you?

LUCIEN  
Yeah, he called me.

Sandi sits back, Elena pours her more wine.

SANDI  
No. No way. I have kids. I can't. It's too risky.

LUCIEN  
It's worth one million, two hundred and fifty thousand dollars...each.

Elena sits beside her but doesn't look at her.

ELENA  
You could pay your house off, no more sweating the mortgage...

Sandi thinks for a long while, drinking her wine.

SANDI  
I don't see how we could get away with it.

ELENA  
I have a plan....

SANDI  
Elena, it isn't right, stealing...I don't know.

ELENA  
Believe me anyone who can afford a painting like this has screwed someone at some point. You don't get rich by being decent and honest.

Lucien exhales a large amount of smoke from his joint.

