

FOR LOVE OF REMBRANDT

by
Scott Dutton

Scott Dutton
827 Geissler Rd.
3602495833

EXT. BOSTON - MUSEUM - NIGHT

JIM, 35, steps out of a truck with FRED, 34, both are wearing police officer uniforms.

Jim steps in front of Fred and draws close, pointing to him.

JIM

Alright, Fred. I'm going to say this, and I'm going to say this once. Follow my orders.

FRED

I know, Jim.

JIM

To. The. Letter.

FRED

I know. Bad things happen when I don't listen to you.

JIM

That's right. Bad things happen.

Jim glances to the museum.

JIM

Now, are you ready? You got to walk all professional-like.

FRED

Yes, Jim. I'm ready. I practiced all week. Even did it in front of the mirror.

Fred walks past Jim for a few steps with an exaggerated professional walk. The walk looks robotic and not at all natural.

JIM

Great, just-- don't do that again.

FRED

But Jim, I practiced all week.

Jim shakes his head and pushes past Fred.

JIM

Can't trust a mirror. Adds weight and makes you walk stupid.

Fred follows after Jim.

FRED

So, why did you want me? I thought you said we were done.

JIM

I didn't mean it.

Jim turned around and grabbed Fred's head.

JIM (CONT'D)

You're my brother, and brothers gotta look out for one another.

Fred smiles.

FRED

I'd do anything for you, brother.

JIM

Right. That, you would.

INT. BOSTON - MUSEUM LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

A SECURITY GUARD, 27, with an afro, wearing a loose guard outfit, leans back in his chair, feet on the desk, and looks to the monitor that shows the entrance.

He quickly throws his feet off the desk and presses the button that lets Jim and Fred in. He fixes his uniform as the door opens.

SECURITY GUARD

Uh, how may I help you, officers?

JIM

Heard there was suspicious activity in the area. You haven't heard or seen anything, have you?

SECURITY GUARD

Nah, man. I mean, no sir. It's been quiet.

JIM

Quiet, huh? You a rock and roller?

SECURITY GUARD

Still hoping.

Jim steps around the desk.

JIM

You know what they say about life? How
it's filled with trials and tribulations?
I've got one for you, right here.

Jim pushes the security guard away from the desk.

JIM (CONT'D)

Now, Fred!

Fred unrolls a roll of duct tape and wraps it over the
guard's head.

INT. BOSTON - MUSEUM CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

The security guard is thrown into the closet. He sits up,
but Fred bends down to his level. Fred continues wrapping
the security guard's hands and feet. The security guard's
voice is mumbled as he panics. He pushes the tape away
with his tongue.

SECURITY GUARD

Why're you doing this, man? You don't
have to do this. Please. This is the only
job I've been able to get.

Fred looks to Jim.

JIM

Shut him up.

SECURITY GUARD

Please, don't do this. Don't listen to
him. I see your aura, man. We're both
trapped in a horrible cycle of
disrespect. Don't do this. Be your own
person.

Fred presses tape over the security guard's mouth.

Jim pushes past Fred.

JIM

That's not enough. He'll just push it
away with his tongue again.

Jim takes the roll and wraps the tape around the man's
head, creating a mess with the afro.

He exits the closet.

INT. BOSTON - MUSEUM LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

JIM

Remember the last time you didn't follow orders? I had to bail you out and do all the work myself.

FRED

I remember. It was that time at the--

JIM

I remember very well when it was. I remember that it was winter, that there were two inches of ice on the road, and I remember you jumping the gun and acting on your own.

FRED

But Jim, we didn't have guns.

JIM

You don't need a college degree to know a figure of speech. I'm not losing traction again. Cars crash, hydrants explode, and our hard-earned treasures catch fire.

FRED

But Jim, I wasn't making plans. I only wanted to hear what he had to say.

JIM

My point relates to hesitation. I don't care who it is. I don't care if it's your own mother. If I say to shut them up, you better shut them up fast.

Jim walks away.

JIM (CONT'D)

Now, hurry up. We have paintings to cut.

INT. BOSTON - MUSEUM HALL OF PAINTINGS - CONTINUOUS

Fred pauses next to the painting "The Storm on the Sea of Galilee."

FRED

Beautiful.

Jim looks back at Fred.

JIM

If you like it, take it home with you.

FRED

But it's pretty the way it is. Why do we have to cut them out? We can always come here and look at them without getting in trouble.

JIM

Look, Fred. Some people don't got the money for stuff like that. You don't got the money, y'hear?

FRED

I know, but one day I will, and I could come back then.

Jim walks to Fred.

JIM

That's not the point. Why do you like that one, anyway? It's a bunch of old men huddling in a boat.

FRED

I don't know. It just sort of feels like my life. Like I'm the boat.

JIM

You want it for reflective purposes? You don't need to reflect on anything. Just get to work.

FRED

But--

Jim drew very close to Fred.

JIM

I don't think you're getting me.

Jim grabs Fred's hand and pushes a closed box cutter into it.

JIM (CONT'D)

We're not going to the gift store. You like the painting? Cut.

Fred reaches out for the frame, then pulls back. He then looks to Jim, eyes wide.

JIM (CONT'D)

Well? Get to it. The first is always the hardest.

FRED

I don't think I can do it, Jim.

JIM

Well, you picked a hell of a time to change your mind. Nobody's going to care if you changed your mind. You're already in hot water, Fred.

Jim reached for the box cutter, but Fred pulled it away.

JIM (CONT'D)

I don't care how you do it. Along the frame, diagonal slashes in the center, doesn't matter. Find a way to get it out of its frame and move on to the next painting. We don't have all night.

Fred steps back and runs away.

JIM (CONT'D)

What are you doing, Fred?

Jim chases after Fred.

JIM (CONT'D)

Get back here!

INT. BOSTON - MUSEUM LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Fred runs to the security desk. He reaches under the desk and presses the alarm button.

Jim pounces on Fred and pulls him away from the desk.

The alarm SOUNDS.

JIM

What do you think you're doing? Have you gone crazy?

FRED

I don't like how you handle things, Jim. I'm not taking orders anymore. From now on, I'm my own man.

Fred falls back and slams Jim to the floor.

Fred pulls Jim's arms away from his neck and scrambles to the closet.

INT. BOSTON - MUSEUM CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

Fred swings the closet door open and grabs the roll of tape.

JIM

If it weren't for me, you'd end up like that deadbeat musician.

INT. BOSTON - MUSEUM LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Jim grabs Fred's leg and pulls himself up Fred's body.

Fred spins around and punches Jim.

Fred searches for the edge of the tape with his thumbnail while kicking at Jim.

FRED

You've done a lot for me, Jim. Now it's my turn to help you. We can't keep doing this. We have to stop while we can, before guns really are involved.

Jim blocks Fred's kicks, then catches one of Fred's legs and climbs on top, preventing Fred from kicking.

He climbs Fred's body and reaches for the tape.

JIM

You think this is helping?

FRED

It's what brothers are for, Jim.

JIM

You lunatic! I am not going to the cops.

Fred stretches out and pulls the tape away from Jim's grasp.

He unrolls some tape and throws himself at Jim.

Jim reaches for the tape.

Fred moves his arms and angles the strip around Jim's hands.

The tape covers Jim's eyes.

Jim reaches for the tape.

Fred wraps the tape around Jim's head.

Jim throws a punch, barely missing Fred's face.

Fred wraps the tape around one of Jim's arms and pulls it across his body, leaving Jim wide open.

Fred swings at Jim and punches him off of his leg.

Jim rolls, but Fred stays with him.

Jim attempts to uncover his eyes, but Fred wraps Jim's other hand to his head with the tape.

Jim kicks wildly and pulls a hand free.

INT. BOSTON - MUSEUM HALL OF PAINTINGS - NIGHT

OFFICER BARKER, OFFICER JONES, and OFFICER VICTORIA walk through the museum.

OFFICER BARKER

The curator tells me the paintings are intact. None are missing.

OFFICER JONES

That's wonderful! The thieves must've been scared off by the alarm.

OFFICER BARKER

Anyone seen the security guard?

OFFICER VICTORIA (O.S.)

Sir, you better take a look at this.

INT. BOSTON - MUSEUM LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Officer Barker and Officer Jones walk up to the closet.

INT. BOSTON - MUSEUM CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

Jim sits against the wall, wrapped in tape.

OFFICER BARKER

Well, what do we have here? Someone left us a present, all wrapped up.

OFFICER JONES

Wrapped up is right. Looks like a whole roll was used.

OFFICER BARKER

Who's that in the back?

OFFICER VICTORIA

The security guard, by the looks of it.

OFFICER JONES

Wait a moment. Is that another officer?

OFFICER VICTORIA

I wanted to make sure before I freed him.
Do we have any missing officers?

OFFICER BARKER

No. But if he's not one of us, then he
must be one of the thieves. Guess his
partner wanted a bigger cut.

OFFICER JONES

A change of heart is good.

OFFICER VICTORIA

We're still going to hunt for them,
right?

OFFICER BARKER

Who do you think we are? Of course, we're
hunting them. But, for now, let's process
this one and see what he has to say.

EXT. BOSTON - MUSEUM - CONTINUOUS

Fred stares at the museum, alone. A tear falls down his
face.

FRED

No regrets now, Fred. It's for the best.

Fred walks down the street.