

GOING DUTCH

Written by

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EXT. AMSTERDAM, NETHERLANDS - DAY

Early morning in Amsterdam: canals, bobbing houseboats, scantily clad women in windows, narrow buildings pressed together like Holland herring in a can.

There's that horrid "I Amsterdam" sculpture in front of the RIJKSMUSEUM. An IDIOT TOURIST climbs on top of the first "a" and rides it like a horse.

INT. RIJKSMUSEUM - DAY

Painting after painting of rotting fruit and taxidermy. Portraits of Dutch Golden Age tycoons and their piles of gold coins. So many paintings of old stern men in black hats and frilly white collars.

INT. RIJKSMUSEUM CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

MAX BAKKER (70s, jowly) tents his fingers at the head of the table and wets his lips. He gets them really wet.

PALEOLITHIC MALE CURATORS fill the seats around the table.

BAKKER

Welcome, welcome, welcome. Thank you for being prompt.

SOPHIE CLARKE (late 20s, habitual smirker) assesses her seat options. There aren't any.

She spots PETER VOS (60s, pale and really sweaty) and beelines towards him. She gestures to RIP VAN WINKLE'S REINCARNATION on his left.

SOPHIE

Hey Peter, think you could move Van Winkle back to the fossil wing so I can have a chair?

PETER

(through his teeth)
Just pull one up.

She spots a spare chair in the corner.

The slack-jawed old men watch her move to it. She smiles at them like she's offering them early bird special at IHOP and speaks slowly.

SOPHIE

Hi everybody. My name is Sophie, I am one of the conservation scientists here, but Peter's had me locked in the lab for four months, so we've never met.

Nobody is listening.

She grabs the chair. Its legs screech as she drags it behind Peter.

PETER

She is a very capable analyst...

He cranks his neck around to make eye contact with her.

PETER (CONT'D)

...who is just here to *observe*.

Bakker knocks on the table.

BAKKER

Are you two ready for us to begin or did you want more time to chat?

PETER

We're ready. My apologies.

Sophie gives him a thumbs up and reaches into her Yale tote for a notebook and pen.

BAKKER

As you all know, our job at the Rijksmuseum is to exhibit great art.

He pauses to let that profundity sink in.

BAKKER (CONT'D)

And what makes art great?

He looks around the table. So far, two of the dinosaurs have drifted off to sleep.

BAKKER (CONT'D)

Great artists make art great!

Sophie watches a stream of drool come out of an old man's mouth across the table.

BAKKER (CONT'D)

We are the clergymen of this cultural giant!

She pumps her fist.

BAKKER (CONT'D)
It is our job to determine whether
every painting hanging on these
walls is GREAT or... not great.

Bakker slams his palm down on the table. It's not enough to
wake up his curators.

BAKKER (CONT'D)
We must always consider the three-
legged stool.

This wakes them up! The magic words! They begin to chant
together.

PALEOLITHIC MALE CURATORS
Three-legged stool! Three-legged
stool! Three-legged stool!

Peter chants with gusto.

PETER
Three-legged stool!

Sophie gazes at them wide-eyed. She tries not to laugh.

Bakker closes his hand like a composer and cuts the chant.

BAKKER
Leg one: the eye of the
connoisseur...

INT. VAN DE VOORT MANSION - DAY

Three sets of eyes: one squinting underneath a dark brow, one
impeccably made-up, one slightly bloodshot...

BAKKER (V.O.)
An expert recognizes how a master
may use line, brushwork, color,
composition and light to create
the, erm, masterpiece.

DIRK VAN DE VOORT (30s, shined shoes and shinier hair), MILA
VAN DE VOORT (20s, so cool it hurts), and ESPEN VAN DE VOORT
(20s, Mila's twin brother, so ditto) stand in front of the
first painting in an art-lined hallway.

Dirk clutches a stack of Post-it notes.

Espen hits a well-rolled joint and passes it to Mila who takes a drag and passes it to Dirk who holds it at an arm's length before putting it out in an ornate ashtray.

DIRK

I need you to have your wits about you.

MILA

It's for my anxiety!

ESPEN

And my anxiety, too, which, actually you make much worse, Dirky.

DIRK

We owe it to Father to consider his collection carefully...what to sell, what to keep...

He grips the Post-its tighter.

DIRK (CONT'D)

I don't want you to look at the paintings and be like...

He performs a stoner impression complete with a hang loose hand.

DIRK (CONT'D)

"Woahh, pretty colors, dude."

The twins snort.

He waves the Post-it stack.

DIRK (CONT'D)

For efficiency's sake, I brought these to mark the keepers.

The painting in front of them is a man in black holding up a gold coin. His brow is creased and his gaze is disapproving.

ESPEN

Sell.

MILA

Ew, sell.

DIRK

Selling.

They side-step to the next painting: A fisherman clutching a dead albatross by the throat.

INT. RIJKSMUSEUM CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

The sleeping elder next to Sophie chokes on some phlegm. She pokes his shoulder. He smacks his lips and swallows.

BAKKER

Leg Two: Prah-vah-naaahnce.

His jowls jiggle as speaks.

INT. VAN DE VOORT MANSION - DAY

A pastoral scene of three fat sheep and an even fatter cow.

Espen points at the cow.

ESPEN

Aww, Mila, look, Papa kept your teenage portrait!

She smacks his arm.

ESPEN (CONT'D)

Ow!

MILA

Sell.

DIRK

Sell.

He looks at his full stack of Post-its and down the line of paintings. They are going to sell all of them. He nods approvingly.

They reach the final piece in the hallway.

DIRK (CONT'D)

Oh, her.

All three simultaneously step back and cock their heads.

INT. RIJKSMUSEUM CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

There's only one word in Sophie's notebook. "Blowhard."

She underlines it.

BAKKER
(quickly)
The third and least important leg
is scientific analysis.

Curators roll their eyes. She underlines "Blowhard" again.

BAKKER (CONT'D)
I have always said, "Who needs all
these gadgets when you have good
light and a magnifying glass?"

All but Sophie and Peter grin in agreement.

BAKKER (CONT'D)
But, here we are, employing Peter
anyway.

Peter reddens, sweats, and squirms.

Sophie rises so aggressively that her chair falls backwards.

SOPHIE
Mr. Bakker. With all due respect,
this is bullshit.

Peter's head hits the table.

BAKKER
I beg your pardon?

SOPHIE
Our work in the lab is essential
for this museum and the art world!
Why wouldn't you be excited about
what we can discover?

Bakker clenches his jaw.

BAKKER
Peter, control your intern.

Sophie wants to hit somebody. Peter gives her a warning
glance and "woahh, Nelly" hands.

PETER
That's enough. Thank you.

She rights her chair and sits back down.

BAKKER

The Rijksmuseum board has conveyed to me that ticket sales are falling rapidly and we need a crowd pleaser.

Sophie inches her chair closer to the table.

BAKKER (CONT'D)

Something to pull the hoi polloi away from the Heineken Experience and bring them here...

INT. VAN DE VOORT MANSION - DAY

An inch away from a painting. Oily yellow varnish over thick earth-toned brush strokes.

BAKKER (V.O.)

Somebody in this city has something hiding in his study.

Craquelure. Detail of a woman's round chin resting atop a lace collar and pearl necklace.

BAKKER (V.O.)

A Vermeer.

Rosy cheeks, a flared nostril, a grey eye.

BAKKER (V.O.)

A Van Gogh.

A wisp of red hair curled on a pale forehead.

BAKKER (V.O.)

A Rembrandt...

The young woman in the portrait stares at the Van de Voorts from her simple wooden frame.

BAKKER (V.O.)

Go find it.

Espen chuckles.

ESPEN

My first crush!

MILA

The beginning of a long line of redheads...

ESPEN

There aren't that many—

She counts off on her fingers.

MILA

Anna, Wilma, Liz, Nicolette—

Dirk takes four more steps away from the portrait.

DIRK

She is even more remarkable from
further away.

ESPEN

Nicolette? I agree She had that
whole tooth thing.

Dirk sighs and fiddles with his Post-its.

DIRK

No.

He nods to the portrait.

DIRK (CONT'D)

Her.

They all step back together. Dirk peels a Post-it from the
top of the stack and sticks it next to her frame.

INT. RIJKSMUSEUM ART CONSERVATION LAB - DAY

A NOTE that reads "Restore Lobster's Right Eye" sticks to the
corner of a desktop computer monitor.

Sophie rips it off, reads it and drops it in the wastebasket.

SOPHIE

Just me, your little *intern*. Do you
have any dry-cleaning for me to
pick up, too?

She and Peter are surrounded by all the trimmings of a well-
organized lab: microscopes galore, an X-ray instrument on
wheels, computers, tiny brushes.

PETER

Don't be snarky. We talked about
this.

SOPHIE
But, how do you deal with those
horrible people?

He hands her a magnifying glass.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
I thought I was going to have to
perform CPR more than once in
there!

She stands in front of a 17th century Dutch still-life
propped on a easel. It's a bright red lobster with beady
little eyes, drooping peonies, and peeled oranges all
spilling from Delft blue bowls.

PETER
My advice? Be respectful and do
your job-

She clicks her tongue and magnifies the lobster's eye.

SOPHIE
That I am very overqualified for.

PETER
Yet very lucky to have.

He points with his pinky finger at the spot on the painting.

PETER (CONT'D)
The eye. There.

SOPHIE
I know, I know, I see it. I hate
when you micromanage.

He tsks.

PETER
Don't get arrogant. You know better
than anybody that even the best
make mistakes.

She pulls away from the painting and taps a key on one of the
desktop computer monitors.

The background image is a picture of Peter, Sophie and a very
sexy, very tall man with his arm around her.

She brightens.

SOPHIE

Jan's train gets in at 7! I'm going to surprise him at the station. Want to come?

PETER

Oh no, he'll be much happier to see you than his silly old dad.

SOPHIE

Probably true. No offense.

She pulls on some blue latex gloves from a box on the desk and dons a pair of glasses with a little flashlight attached to the top.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Until then, allow me to consider the lobster.

EXT. AMSTERDAM CENTRAAL TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

A bustling transit plaza. Bicyclists zip to and fro. Crowds of TOURISTS clump together and block traffic.

INT. AMSTERDAM CENTRAAL TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

TACKY AMERICANS take a selfie in front of the Arrivals board. They unlock arms to reveal Sophie leaning against an archway. She watches the stairs.

Dirk stands underneath the next archway over. Big, messy crowds gross him out. So does mass transit.

Sophie's heart pounds when she spots JAN VOS (30s, the devastatingly hot guy from the photo) bounding up the stairs towards her.

She hears a piercing shriek then sees a TALL BLONDE leap into Jan's arms and wrap her legs around him. He moves one hand under her ass and the other into her hair. Are they really doing this in public?

Sophie freezes then goes behind the blonde. She wills Jan to open his eyes.

SOPHIE

Jan?

He hasn't come up for air yet.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
 (louder)
 Jan?!

Blondie pulls back slightly, she nibbles on Jan's ear.

TALL BLONDE
 Somebody is saying your name, baby.

JAN
 I want you to say it.

TALL BLONDE
 (orgasmically)
 Jan Vos. Jan Vos. Jan Vos.

JAN
 Ohhh, yeah, I like that.

He kisses her again.

Sophie can't take it anymore, she stomps Jan's foot HARD.

He yelps then sees her. He exhales then points at Blondie.

JAN (CONT'D)
 This is an old friend from school.
 A small kiss is a standard Dutch
 greeting.

SOPHIE
 (weakly)
 "Small" kiss?

She chokes back a sob and turns to the blonde.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
 Will you please leave?

TALL BLONDE
 (to Jan)
 Is this a "wait over there" thing
 or a "go home" thing?

JAN
 (mouths)
 Go home.

TALL BLONDE
 Oh-kay. I'll call.

She struts away.

JAN
 Before you say anything, you *know* I
 think monogamy is dated.

She guffaws.

SOPHIE
 I do?

JAN
 I thought you did.

She gets hot and her breath becomes quick and shallow.

JAN (CONT'D)
 I didn't know you were going to be
 here.

SOPHIE
 I always surprise you. It's our
 thing.

JAN
 But you've been so busy, I didn't-

SOPHIE
 What am I supposed to *do*?

He reaches for her, she almost lets him.

JAN
 Cupcake, come home. We have our
 place, I'm still me. I'm so happy
 to see you.

She swats his hand away.

SOPHIE
 I- I have to get out of here.

JAN
 Don't overreact, Sophie. I sense
 you are overreacting.

She dashes off.

JAN (CONT'D)
 Sophie!

She collides with Dirk and GERTRUDE (70s, one of those old women who cling to their furs like their lives depend on it) whose bag falls to the ground. Its contents spill out: tubes of lipstick, prescription pill bottles, a can of cat food...

DIRK

HEY.

Sophie wipes tears out of her eyes and looks back.

SOPHIE

My bad.

DIRK

(impersonates American
accent)

My bad...

He drops the bad impersonation.

DIRK (CONT'D)

Of course you're American. You have
no respect for others.

SOPHIE

I'm sorry!

She kneels to help and picks up the cat food.

GERTRUDE

That's for Vincent.

DIRK

Hm?

GERTRUDE

The cat.

DIRK

He's been dead for ten years.

Sophie spots a mini pack of Kleenex, she tries to pocket it,
Dirk rips it out of her hand.

DIRK (CONT'D)

No, you may not have those.

She sees Jan walking briskly towards them and jumps up.

DIRK (CONT'D)

Oh, are you late for your canal
booze cruise?

She scoffs.

SOPHIE

I live here, you know, I'm not some
tourist.

DIRK

That's embarrassing for you.

SOPHIE

I'm the rude one?

She parts through a group of ladies wearing matching purple "PAT'S 65!" T-shirts and rhinestone-laden hats.

EXT. LEVI'S HOUSEBOAT - NIGHT

A mid-sized houseboat strung with festive lights bobs on a canal. Bass-heavy jams blast from within.

Through the large window, LEVI SMIT (late 20s, hairy chest, snakeskin and rosary beads) paints on a large canvas.

Sophie, wearing four scarves, three hats, and two jackets rolls a bursting suitcase down the gangplank.

INT. LEVI'S HOUSEBOAT - CONTINUOUS

Levi balks at her suitcase in faux horror. He flips one of the hats off of her head.

LEVI

Just a couple of days?

She removes her jackets and drapes them over the sofa.

The living room is covered in drop cloths. Levi's canvas sits on an easel in the center.

LEVI (CONT'D)

I joke. You can stay as long as you need. What a scumbag.

SOPHIE

I appreciate it. You are now officially my only friend in Amsterdam.

She nods towards the painting. There are a few textured blobs of grey and black paint spiraling from the center with gold flakes interspersed throughout.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

This is cool.

LEVI

You think? I'm considering pissing on it, drowning it, or setting it on fire.

She puts her face a centimeter away from one of the blobs and then backs away.

SOPHIE

Call me crazy, but fire could work.

LEVI

Okay, Crazy.

SOPHIE

Do you still have that blowtorch from when you dated that pastry chef guy?

In the tiny galley kitchen, he throws a few drawers open and pulls out a small blowtorch.

LEVI

Hell yeah. It's multifunctional.

He packs a bowl with marijuana, lights it with the blowtorch, takes a hit and offers it to her.

LEVI (CONT'D)

For your troubles?

She shakes her head and grabs the blowtorch.

LEVI (CONT'D)

I don't have a fire extinguisher, love, so uh, be careful I guess?

She holds the torch a few inches from an unpainted part of the canvas. She ignites it and moves it around elliptically. They step back. The flame created a smoky face on the canvas.

Levi jumps up and down.

LEVI (CONT'D)

CRAZY, CRAZY, GENIUS, MAD WOMAN,
That is an IDEA!

Sophie grins. She swings the torch like a gunslinger in an old Western and hands it back to him.

LEVI (CONT'D)

How did you do that?

SOPHIE

I won't bore you with the science.

They sit back on the couch. She rests her head on Levi's shoulder. He pets her hair.

LEVI

For the record, I always rejected Jan's energy. Did you know your body can do that?

SOPHIE

Mine must be defective.

She plays with the blowtorch and watches the flame dance.

INT. VAN DE VOORT SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

Crackling flames in massive fireplace.

Dirk and Gertrude sit across from each other at a card table. They stir milk into their coffees.

GERTRUDE

You must be so sad, Dirk darling, I thought your father would never die.

DIRK

No time to be sad when there is so much to do. Bills to pay, accounts to close, art to sell.

GERTRUDE

You have always been so industrious. Even when you were a little boy.

DIRK

Why are you here, Mother? Surely not to mourn.

She becomes haughty.

GERTRUDE

I loved him still! In my way.

DIRK

Sure you did.

He pauses then pulls a pen and a checkbook out of his jacket pocket. He flips it open and regard her with a raised brow.

DIRK (CONT'D)

How much?

She reaches over and closes the checkbook.

GERTRUDE

I am not here for your money, dear,
I am here to be with you.

He shrugs and returns the checkbook to his jacket.

GERTRUDE (CONT'D)

You are selling his art?

Dirk sips his coffee.

DIRK

Almost all of it.

GERTRUDE

Hm. One of the paintings belongs to
me and I would like to claim it.

She touches her red hair.

GERTRUDE (CONT'D)

It is a portrait of my aunt Tessa
Beuningen.

DIRK

She's yours?

GERTRUDE

She's *ours*, son. Don't let those
carrion birds near her.

DIRK

I would like to keep her.

GERTRUDE

Of course you would, you have my
taste.

He winces, regarding his mother's horrible outfit.

GERTRUDE (CONT'D)

The family lore was always that she
was painted by Rembrandt.

Dirk licks his lips and leans forwards in his chair. He pats
his mother's hand.

INT. RIJKSMUSEUM ART CONSERVATION LAB - DAY

Alone in the lab, Sophie studies a painting under a stereomicroscope. With a blue gloved hand, he focuses the lens.

Her breakup playlist blares, so she doesn't hear Dirk's footsteps behind her.

DIRK

Excuse me.

He clears his throat.

DIRK (CONT'D)

I need help, please!

He raps on a nearby table. She pulls her eyes away, they're surrounded by red rings from being buried in the microscope for so long.

SOPHIE

I *told* you I live here.

Dirk taps his ears.

DIRK

(loudly)

Can you please turn down your music?

She punches the button on her speaker to power it off.

DIRK (CONT'D)

Thank you.

SOPHIE

Are you stalking me?

He snorts.

DIRK

I am here about a painting hanging in my father's house that I need analyzed. Who might I speak to?

SOPHIE

Me.

DIRK

Besides you.

She glances around at the empty lab.

SOPHIE
The ghosts?

DIRK
(unsmiling)
Funny.

SOPHIE
What kind of painting is it?

DIRK
A portrait, that my mother claims
is very valuable.

SOPHIE
Of Vincent?

DIRK
I beg your pardon?

SOPHIE
Her dead cat.

Dirk winces.

DIRK
This is a waste of time.

Peter enters the lab.

DIRK (CONT'D)
(to Peter)
Oh, good. Who is your 17th century
specialist?

PETER
That would be Sophie.

He nods towards her.

SOPHIE
See? I have a PhD and everything.

DIRK
You seem young.

SOPHIE
I use retinol.

DIRK
Hm. Right. Well, you know where the
house is.

SOPHIE
Why would I know—

He leaves promptly. Peter does a double take.

A silence.

Sophie refuses to look at Peter. She goes back to her chair and looks into the microscope.

PETER
Sophie. Do you know who that man was?

SOPHIE
Dink Van der Winkles. His crazy mother has some painting she wants me to look at. I'll go later.

PETER
The *Van de Voorts* are one of the most prominent families in the Netherlands. They are major patrons of this museum. How could you be so reckless?

She pulls her eyes away from the microscope and stares directly at Peter.

SOPHIE
Because last night, I saw your son giving some other woman a Dutch treat and now I'm questioning every decision I've ever made in my entire adult life.

A silence.

PETER
Jan. Is. Deeply. Apologetic.

SOPHIE
I. Don't. Care.

She holds back tears. Peter almost comforts her.

PETER
You still have this job.

SOPHIE
And you still want me to work here?

PETER

Jan still wants to be with you, I
still want to employ you.

SOPHIE

And if I don't want Jan?

He sucks in some air between his teeth and rubs his bald
head.

PETER

We can't allow personal matters to
influence our work.

Long silence during which Sophie becomes obsessed with a tiny
dot on the floor.

PETER (CONT'D)

There is a high likelihood the
painting that Mr. Van de Voort
wants to show you could be very
valuable.

SOPHIE

(flippant)
Okay. Cool.

He sighs.

PETER

I know you are curious.

She shrugs.

PETER (CONT'D)

Why don't you take on the
investigation? You were just asking
for more responsibility.

SOPHIE

Is this some sort of Freudian
father to son guilt spectrum
moment?

He stutters.

PETER

Just do your job. And call Jan,
please. He's very emotional and I
don't like it.

SOPHIE

Sounds like a personal problem.

Sophie puts a camera, a few notebooks and a mini UV flashlight into her bag.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
I'm going to go see Dink.

PETER
It's Dirk.

SOPHIE
What did I say?

She gets up to leave and turns to Peter.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
Seriously, though, thanks for giving me a chance.

He nods with a sad grin.

INT. VAN DE VOORT MANSION - DAY

Sophie holds her magnifying glass to the Portrait of the Young Woman with Red Hair.

She sneezes.

Dirk gasps.

DIRK
NOT ON MY PAINTING.

He digs around in his jacket pocket, finds a handkerchief and gives it to her.

She fingers it.

SOPHIE
This is niiice. I like the monogram. Probably costs more than my whole outfit.

He gives her the up-down. She dresses colorfully and he tends to disapprove.

DIRK
Probably.

She sneezes directly into it and tries to hand it back.

SOPHIE
Thanks.

DIRK
Keep it, please.

SOPHIE
I must be allergic to all the
flowers in here. Who died?

DIRK
My father.

She makes a "yikes" face.

SOPHIE
Oh, sorry.

DIRK
We Dutch don't savor mourning.

He indicates the portrait.

DIRK (CONT'D)
So? What do you think?

SOPHIE
It strikes me as stylistically from
the 1630s or so, does that align
with your mother's records?

DIRK
My mother is a rather old woman I'm
afraid, and sometimes her memory
for details is... sub-optimal.

She writes "1630s?" in a notepad and circles it.

Her eyes scan the portrait from inches away.

SOPHIE
No signature. That's unsurprising,
obviously makes attribution much
more difficult, but...

DIRK
But?

SOPHIE
Whoever painted this was masterful.

DIRK
How masterful?

SOPHIE
Very.

She sneezes. It's a powerful one that sends her stumbling backwards while...

DIRK
Could Rembrandt have done this?

She pulls his handkerchief out and dabs her nose.

SOPHIE
Come again? I thought I heard you.

DIRK
Could Rembrandt have painted this?

She opens her mouth and promptly closes it again. She fidgets with her jewelry. She bites the side of her cheek.

SOPHIE
That's a question!

DIRK
And, your answer?

SOPHIE
There's a possibility that
Rembrandt didn't not paint this.

DIRK
Hmm. Non-committal.

Dirk takes long strides away from her.

SOPHIE
Wait, where are you going?

DIRK
To fetch my mother, she knows more
than I do.

She's alone with the painting. She whistles.

SOPHIE
(under her breath)
Wow.

She lifts her camera and snaps a few photos of the portrait from different angles.

ESPEN
Hey, no pictures!

Sophie jumps and almost drops the camera.

Espen and Mila stand behind her in the hallway. They laugh.

SOPHIE
I am so sorry, I'm from the
Rijksmuseum -

Mila reaches out her hand. Sophie takes it.

MILA
I'm Mila Van de Voort.

She nudges Espen.

ESPEN
Espen Van de Voort.

Sophie tries not to stare at Espen. She's a sucker for flippy hair.

SOPHIE
Are you... Dirk's siblings?

Half. MILA Half. ESPEN

SOPHIE
Oh! I'm Sophie. Dirk hired me to
investigate this portrait.

MILA
Why? Is it because it's the only
painting of a woman in the house?

Sophie chuckles and shakes her head.

SOPHIE
I don't know Dirk that well, but I
am pretty sure that's not how his
mind works.

She shoots a smile at Mila who shrugs.

MILA
I don't know, he can obsess over
doing the right thing, and maybe he
thought only a woman could
understand...

She gestures at the painting.

MILA (CONT'D)
Her.

A pause.

SOPHIE
He claims it's a Rembrandt.

The twins look at each other. Their eyes widen.

ESPEN
Woah, we have *such* great taste.

MILA
Impeccable eyes.

SOPHIE
What do you mean?

MILA
We've all loved her forever, just
because

They admire the portrait a moment, then Sophie stares down the hallway at all of the gold-framed artwork.

SOPHIE
I have to ask. What did your father
do for a living?

MILA
He was a tulip merchant.

SOPHIE
You can have all this as a tulip
merchant?

ESPEN
I mean, yeah, if you're THE tulip
family since like 15-whenever.

Dirk escorts Gertrude down the hall towards them. She is dressed in all black with a veil.

Mila rolls her eyes at Sophie who puts forth her best professional face.

MILA
(whispers)
Gertrude's a riot...

SOPHIE
(quietly)
I've already made one bad
impression.

Gertrude immediately positions herself in front of the portrait and mimics the sitter's smile and demeanor. There's a little bit of garish orange lipstick on her tooth.

GERTRUDE

I see you are already acquainting yourself with Aunt Tessa.

SOPHIE

Dirk mentioned that the painting is from your family.

GERTRUDE

From and of, indeed. You have to admit how she and I resemble one another.

Dirk wrings his hands. Espen and Mila move their eyes from the portrait to Gertrude back to the portrait. Sophie tries to look around Gertrude because she's blocking much of the painting.

GERTRUDE (CONT'D)

See?

Dirk frowns and nods.

GERTRUDE (CONT'D)

The *hair*?

MILA

Ohhh, I see what I think you want us to see.

Espen closes one eye and then the other, unconvinced.

ESPEN

Uhh, I don't know. I'm like fifty-fifty.

SOPHIE

So, if this is your aunt...

GERTRUDE

My great, great, great aunt, goodness, how old do you think I am?

SOPHIE

That's what I meant. Sorry. How did this portrait end up hanging in this home?

GERTRUDE

It was passed down to me and Dirk's father from my papa on my wedding day.

SOPHIE

Do you have any records of that?

GERTRUDE

It was an informal gift, but perhaps he saved the card.

Mila snorts and elbows Espen. She mimes handing him a painting.

MILA

Yeah, here's a Rembrandt. Casual, "informal" gift. Totally chill.

ESPEN

Yeah, Gertrude, what else was on the registry? Fine china, bedclothes, never-before-seen Rembrandt portrait—

Sophie suppresses a smile.

DIRK

(to Sophie)

Thanks for telling the hyenas. Best friends, already, hmm?

SOPHIE

(mouths)

Sorry.

She turns to Gertrude.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Why did you leave the painting here when you and Dirk's father separated?

GERTRUDE

That's a very personal question for a *scientist* and I don't see how that pertains.

SOPHIE

I am just trying to piece together a narrative. Please?

Sophie nods encouragingly. Gertrude looks into the distance and sniffs.

GERTRUDE

He was just so fond of her. I let him keep her, out of love, even when things got so ugly.

Gertrude emits an enormous sigh.

GERTRUDE (CONT'D)

I always used to think about her hanging here. My Aunt Tessa. Watching him. Watching him *do things*.

She glares at Mila and Espen, as if to say *they* are the things.

MILA

(to Sophie)

Dad left her for our mother. She's not a fan.

ESPEN

She was Miss Holland.

MILA

There's this incredible photo with her and my dad. She just had tulips on her tits and it was like—

SOPHIE

I need documentation.

MILA

I might have it on my phone—

DIRK

Oh my god, stay on topic.

A pause. Mila mimes zipping her lips.

SOPHIE

Ms. Beuningen, any documentation you have for this portrait would be very helpful.

GERTRUDE

I have retained a fabulous, world renowned Rembrandt scholar to research Aunt Tessa.

DIRK

You have?

GERTRUDE

Yes. That will help with your documentation, right, dear?

Sophie nods. She's surprised that Gertrude would know how to locate a scholar, but good on her.

SOPHIE

Definitely. In the meantime, I will take the portrait to the lab and run every test I can.

GERTRUDE

How quickly will we know?

SOPHIE

That's hard to say. Sometimes these types of investigations take years.

Gertrude clutches Dirk's arm.

GERTRUDE

YEARS?! I am very old.

Mila and Espen can't look at each other and not laugh.

DIRK

This cannot take years, Sophie, how about months?

SOPHIE

I'll see what comes up in the lab, but don't get your hopes up.

DIRK

I will pay.

SOPHIE

Woop-de-doo. No need. You have my word that this will be my priority.

She lifts a finger.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Which reminds me, do you consent to me taking a tiny paint sample?

GERTRUDE

Absolutely not.

SOPHIE

It won't damage the painting at all, I assure you. I would just scrape off a little fleck—

GERTRUDE

You may *not* scrape anything off of my Aunt Tessa.

SOPHIE

Perhaps scrape was the wrong word.

INT. LEVI'S HOUSEBOAT - NIGHT

The tiny living room, still draped in drop cloths, is filled with canvases of various sizes.

Levi lies on the floor in the middle of them wearing a welder's mask and clutching his blowtorch.

Sophie crouches on the only free portion of the sofa and sips a glass of wine.

LEVI

Soph. This fire-painting stuff is...

SOPHIE

Fire.

She smiles and har-hars.

LEVI

I have a show in a few weeks. The art snobs are going to shit themselves.

SOPHIE

You're inviting the art snobs?

LEVI

Art snobs invite themselves. It's their special superpower... sniffing out up-and-comers and patronizing them.

SOPHIE

Yeah, and not in a good way.

He sits up and rests the welder's mask atop his head.

LEVI

I thought you were an art snob for a while.

SOPHIE

Why?

LEVI

Because you get so hot and bothered by Rembrandt.

SOPHIE

Yeah but I also get hot and bothered by emerging talent.

She gestures around at his living room turned studio.

LEVI

Well, yeah, now I know you're too weird to be that way. Ever since I saw you rip a hangnail off and put it in my paint for "texture," I knew.

SOPHIE

Ah, yes, skin art. One of my best 22 year old ideas. We really thought we were on to something there.

They hear a LOUD KNOCK from outside and both startle.

LEVI

Who is it?

JAN (O.S.)

It's Jan.

Sophie sinks down on the sofa. Then she eases on to the floor and hides behind it.

SOPHIE

(mouths)

I'm not here.

JAN (O.S.)

SOPHIE, I see you through the window.

SOPHIE

(to Levi)

Open the door.

Levi makes his way to the door and opens it. He lowers his welding mask back over his face.

Jan stands on the threshold with a bouquet of tulips.

LEVI

Help you?

JAN

Why are you wearing that?

Jan gestures to Levi's headwear.

LEVI

Energy blocking technology. I don't like your vibes, man.

JAN

Right...

Sophie comes up behind Levi and pats him on the shoulder.

SOPHIE

It's all right. I'll just get this
over with.

She gestures outside, walks around Levi, and follows Jan down
the gangplank to the...

EXT. ALONG AN AMSTERDAM CANAL - CONTINUOUS

Sophie crosses her arms as Jan tries to thrust the flowers in
them.

SOPHIE

I don't want your blood tulips.

JAN

Just take them.

SOPHIE

NO!

JAN

Here.

He tries again to force them upon her. She dodges them. The
bouquet flies into the canal.

JAN (CONT'D)

Oh, now, look what you've done.

Sophie watches the splash and smiles.

JAN (CONT'D)

Why are you torturing me, Cupcake?

SOPHIE

I moved here for YOU. I gave up my
life in New York for YOU.

JAN

What life, honey? I gave you new
life. You were jobless and so sad,
professional reputation in
shambles...

A pause.

JAN (CONT'D)
You're welcome.

Sophie scoffs.

SOPHIE
I would have been fine.

JAN
I know. But you're finer with me.

He tries to embrace her. She doesn't relent.

JAN (CONT'D)
Come home. You can't live on a
houseboat with that freak forever.

SOPHIE
Levi is my friend.

JAN
Honey, you get seasick.

SOPHIE
Good thing the boat doesn't move!

DRUNK RUGBY TOURISTS stumble by. They sing loudly and incoherently. They conduct Sophie and Jan, urging them to join in. They refuse.

DRUNK RUGGER #1
Uh, oh, boys. He's in the dog
house!

The ruggers start barking.

DRUNK RUGGER #1 (CONT'D)
Dog House! Dog House!

DRUNK RUGGER #2
Woof woof woof!

The barking and woofing and arfing gets louder.

JAN
GET LOST! Don't you people have
somewhere else to be?

The ruggers back up. They keep barking, laughing and singing as they walk down the path.

Sophie watches them go. Jan rocks back on his heels.

JAN (CONT'D)

Dad told me about the Van de Voort's Rembrandt. Don't get too excited. Would hate for you to make another big mistake.

SOPHIE

I won't.

JAN

And what if you do? And I'm not there to lick your wounds for you.

He sticks his tongue out and waggles it in a sickening perverted way.

SOPHIE

God, please stop that.

He rolls his tongue back into his mouth.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Jan. I am great at my job. I won't screw up again. If you really loved me, you wouldn't doubt that.

He puts his hands up in defeat.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

We are finished.

JAN

Good luck, you're going to need it.

She starts backing up.

SOPHIE

No, *you're* going to need it.

She trips on a big crack in the ground and stumbles backwards. She steadies herself against a brick building.

INT. RIJKSMUSEUM ART CONSERVATION LAB - DAY

A heavily magnified crack in reddish-brown paint. A tiny bit of canvas shows through underneath it.

Sophie holds a magnifying glass to the Van de Voort/Beuningen painting, propped up on an easel.

SOPHIE
 (sings)
 TESSA, TESSA, TESSA, DON'T BE A
 MESS-A

Sophie puts down the magnifying glass.

She dons her protective eyeshades, shuts off the lights and shines her UV-flashlight on the painting.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
 (still singing)
 ORIGINALLY VARNISHED.
 REPUTATION...UNTARNISHED?

The painting glows with fluorescence. She moves the flashlight around to different portions of the painting.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
 BUT I WON'T LET YOU FOOL ME -

Her song builds to a crescendo.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
 (belting)
 TRICK ME! OR SCHOOL ME! UNTIL I'VE
 SEEN IT ALL -

Peter enters and flicks the overhead lights on. Sophie jumps.

PETER
 Are you alright?

SOPHIE
 Of course.

PETER
 You're smiling.

SOPHIE
 Why wouldn't I be?

PETER
 Jan said-

Sophie throws up her hand.

SOPHIE
 This is now a "No Jan Zone."

PETER
 Okay...

SOPHIE
Haven't you ever heard of
compartmentalization? You would
love it.

Peter goes to a desktop computer and absently clicks through
various magnified images of the painting.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
I wrote a really good song, do you
want to hear it?

PETER
Um. No thank you. Are you sure
you're okay?

SOPHIE
Peachy.

PETER
Progress report?

SOPHIE
In song, or...?

Peter stares at her, unamused. She clears her throat and
turns serious.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
Fine. As suspected, she's never
been restored.

PETER
Mhmm. Did the x-rays reveal
anything? Any underpainting?

SOPHIE
Negative.

PETER
Textiles?

SOPHIE
Tight-linen weave.

PETER
Excellent.

SOPHIE
The nails add up, too, for the
30's.

PETER
So we feel confident dating her?

Sophie steps back and looks at the portrait. She closes one eye, then the other.

SOPHIE
Yeah, I'd say so.

Max Bakker and Gertrude giggle like school children in the hallway. Her arm is draped through his.

Peter lets them in with a stern, nervous nod. Bakker ignores him and keeps his eyes on his old furry arm candy.

BAKKER
(flirty)
You certainly haven't lost your
something.

GERTRUDE
Oh, stop it, you. Come meet Aunt
Tessa.

Like she owns the place, Gertrude pulls Bakker over to the painting.

BAKKER
Ah! She's even more beautiful than
described. Her hair! So red. Like
yours!

GERTRUDE
It's the all natural family
blessing.

BAKKER
Wow. Just, wow.

Gertrude circles around the painting. She looks at some chalk markings and an inscription in faint black ink on the back of the canvas.

GERTRUDE
Oh, Sophie, what does this say,
dear? I didn't bring my glasses.

SOPHIE
It says Lucas Beuningen I.

She looks directly at Sophie and claps her hands!

GERTRUDE
A-hah! That is Uncle's name!
Tessa's husband.

BAKKER

He must have commissioned this
portrait, yes?

SOPHIE

Most likely.

Gertrude marches her fingers up Bakker's arm.

GERTRUDE

Did you know that Mr. Bakker and I
used to run around together before
I met Dirk's father?

SOPHIE

There is literally no way I
would've known that.

GERTRUDE

Alas!

SOPHIE

If you'd played your cards right,
this coulda been your painting!

Tough crowd.

BAKKER

(coldly)
It still could be.

A weird pause. Sophie fidgets.

GERTRUDE

Maxy says the Rijksmuseum has been
dying for a new Rembrandt.

She tickles Bakker. It snaps him out of his darkness. He
giggles, wheezes, giggles, wheezes, stops.

Sophie looks at Peter for help.

BAKKER

Let's talk business.

Peter snaps to attention. He dabs a little sweat from his
forehead with the back of his hand.

BAKKER (CONT'D)

From your scientific perspective,
how close are we to announcing this
to the board?

PETER

Ask Sophie. She's leading the attribution effort.

Sophie walks to the portrait with authority, holding a small stylus to point with.

BAKKER

(to Peter)

I want *your* opinion.

PETER

Erm.

He looks at Sophie who rolls her eyes.

PETER (CONT'D)

We are not confident yet, but we are excited about some evidence we've gathered so far—

SOPHIE

This painting was likely created in the 1630s by a very skilled artist.

PETER

Was it Rembrandt? We are comfortable saying...

The scientists look at each other and shrug.

SOPHIE

Maybe.

PETER (CONT'D)

Maybe.

Bakker frowns towards Gertrude.

BAKKER

Interesting.

Then he wheels around and presses gun fingers hard against Peter's temple.

BAKKER (CONT'D)

Gun to your head?

Peter jumps like a skittish Papillon.

PETER

Yes! YES! This is probably Rembrandt's artistry.

BAKKER

Wonderful. Keep up the good work.

Peter backs away nervously

Bakker grabs back Gertrude's arm and snuggles it.

BAKKER (CONT'D)

Let me take you for some apple pie,
my sweet.

Sophie glares at Peter

SOPHIE

(under her breath)
What the hell was that?

PETER

It was something I think should
have remained private.

They watch Bakker plant a big wet kiss right on Gertrude's powdered cheek.

INT. RIJKSMUSEUM GREAT HALL - DAY

Thick, layered paint depicting an arm with billowing black sleeves. A stiff black hat. A wrinkled cheek. A mischievous expression. All details from Rembrandt's "The Night Watch."

SOPHIE

Do you like this one?

SECURITY GUARD

Dunno.

She and a SECURITY GUARD stand in front of the massive painting. The gallery is devoid of guests.

The guard slowly pulls a slice of young gouda from his jacket pocket.

SOPHIE

You aren't supposed to eat in here.

SECURITY GUARD

Oh, I'm sorry, which one of us is
the security guard?

SOPHIE

Touché.

He finishes his cheese and reaches into his other pocket. There is a slice of bread which he folds in half and shoves in his mouth. He chews, laboriously.

His little pleasure noises while chewing gross Sophie out. She takes a few steps away from him.

An ALARM sounds.

The guard drops his bread as he and Sophie wheel around toward the glass door.

Dirk is standing there with pure panic on his face.

The guard pulls out his taser and walks toward the door.

SECURITY GUARD
Psychos think they can just walk in
here, ruin my breakfast.

SOPHIE
(yells over the alarm)
Wait! Wait!

Sophie grabs the guards arm.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
I know him!

SECURITY GUARD
So?

SOPHIE
He's really, really rich and
important!

The guard re-holsters his taser and goes to a keypad on the wall. He enters a code. The alarm stops ringing.

He presses a big red button. The door clicks unlocked and Dirk enters the gallery.

He looks at the bread on the floor then at Sophie. She tilts her head to point at the guard.

DIRK
Some greeting...

SOPHIE
You're lucky I didn't let him tase
you.

DIRK
Thanks for that.

SOPHIE
Let's go look at some Rembrandts.

Dirk clasps his hands together and nods.

DIRK

After you.

Sophie leads him in to the next gallery and they stop in front of a Rembrandt painting featuring a nobleman in black.

SOPHIE

What do you think?

DIRK

I notice the distinct impasto, rounded brush strokes and earthy color palette of the master.

SOPHIE

That's from a coffee table book.

DIRK

No, it's-

SOPHIE

I've read it.

Dirk hangs his head. Busted. Sophie chuckles.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Tell me what he and your Aunt Tessa have in common.

DIRK

Oh. I'm not sure. There was a lot of in-breeding back then and they could well be-

SOPHIE

I mean the paintings, Dirk.

He looks down at his shoes.

DIRK

Oh.

SOPHIE

Look at the lace. Nobody did lace like Rembrandt.

DIRK

I...see?

She shakes her head.

SOPHIE

No, you don't! Go look at that one over there.

She points at a painting of a different nobleman on the opposite wall.

Dirk crosses the gallery, looks at it for a few seconds, and comes back.

DIRK

Rembrandt's is better.

SOPHIE

Why?

DIRK

The... details?

Sophie shakes her head. She loves this.

SOPHIE

Go back over there and look at the lace!

He does as he is told.

Sophie speaks across the gallery.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

See? *That* lace was just painted on in a repetitive pattern!

Dirk returns to Sophie's side.

DIRK

Okay. And this is...?

SOPHIE

Rembrandt conning us, like usual.

DIRK

What do you mean?

SOPHIE

His lace looks so lace-like because he knew how to trick our eyes. He painted the black garment first, then the white collar, then randomly used black to create the negative space.

He squints and gets close to the collar portion of the portrait.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
See?

DIRK
(excitedly)
YES!

She pats him on the back.

SOPHIE
Great job! You're learning!

She wanders through the gallery. Dirk follows like a duckling following its mother. Sometimes, they'll go really close to one and then back up about 10 feet.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
Pretty nice to have the place to ourselves.

DIRK
Yes. I loathe crowds.

SOPHIE
(incredulous)
No! You?!

They stop in front of a graphic painting of a butcher shop with a cow carcass splayed open on hooks.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
This one always makes me crave a salad.

Dirk smirks.

Next, they stop in front of a painting of a card sharp winking at the viewer.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
I feel like you have a really good poker face.

DIRK
Gambling is foolish.

SOPHIE
Right...

They back up and sit down on a bench together, still looking at the card sharp.

DIRK

If I didn't know any better, I
wouldn't take you for a scientist.

SOPHIE

What would you take me for?

DIRK

I have no idea. A clown?

She frowns. A pause.

DIRK (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I tried to be funny.

SOPHIE

It's okay. You don't get 'em every
time.

DIRK

What I meant is, listening to you
talk about these paintings, I would
think you're an artist or a
scholar.

SOPHIE

Ah.

They rise from the bench and start walking again. They've
completed a full circle and are back by "The Night Watch."

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

That...

She juts her chin at the masterpiece.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Is a good painting.

He nods.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

And you don't have to be a scholar
or a scientist to appreciate that.

They look at each other, then at the painting.

SECURITY GUARD

Just so you two know, I'm about to
release the hounds.

DIRK

What is he talking about?

Sophie points at the TOURIST MOB pressing their bodies against the glass door.

SOPHIE
Probably them... What are you doing for the next hour?

DIRK
Working.

SOPHIE
I want to show you something off-campus.

He hesitates.

DIRK
Is that a good idea?

SOPHIE
Yes?

DIRK
Where are we going?

SOPHIE
It's a surprise, but I promise it has to do with chemistry. Trust me.

She nudges Dirk in the side.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
Hold your breath!

She takes a deep diver's breath and holds it.

The guard unlocks the door. She grabs Dirk's hand and pulls him through the sea of tourists. They jostle each other. It's loud. The mob only looks at the art through their cameras and iPhones.

EXT. LEVI'S HOUSEBOAT - DAY

It's raining. Sophie stands under an umbrella as she approaches the gangplank.

DIRK
We Dutch don't use umbrellas.

SOPHIE
Cool?

He raises his eyebrows.

DIRK
Just saying.

SOPHIE
Okay, before we go in, I have to warn you that it's sort of a mess.

DIRK
We're going in *there*?

SOPHIE
It's my friend's studio. Well, and his home. Yes.

DIRK
I see...I won't judge.

SOPHIE
Yes you will, but I am asking you not to.

She smirks.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
Okay, come on.

Dirk follows her down the gangplank.

INT. LEVI'S HOUSEBOAT - CONTINUOUS

There are some open beer bottles on the ground, though most of Levi's paintings are gone. Sophie's suitcase is open in the corner.

DIRK
I thought this was a studio?

SOPHIE
He must've moved his paintings.

She kicks her suitcase closed.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
Can I get you anything?

DIRK
Hold on one moment.

He runs his finger over a windowsill and examines it for dust. He winces and eyes her suitcase.

DIRK (CONT'D)
You don't live here, do you?

A pause.

DIRK (CONT'D)

Do you??

Sophie bites her lip.

SOPHIE

It's temporary.

DIRK

How much do they pay you at that place?

SOPHIE

Not much, but, it's okay, I had a place and then I broke up with my boyfriend and it's this whole *thing*.

Dirk finds a seat on the sofa.

DIRK

Where were you before?

SOPHIE

The Met, in New York.

She rifles through a cabinet in the kitchen.

DIRK

Why did you leave?

SOPHIE

Umm.

She finds what she was looking for and turns back to Dirk holding a slab of stone, a chunk of red earth, and a pestle. She places the items in front of him on the floor.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Long story.

She goes back to the cabinet and comes back with a glass mason jar filled with oil.

DIRK

I see.

Sophie sits on the floor next to her supplies and looks up at Dirk.

SOPHIE

So, if you're an artist working in oil paints right now, you have access to over two-thousand pigments.

He nods.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Rembrandt had access to about fifteen.

DIRK

Wow.

SOPHIE

And obviously, everybody had to mix their own paints. Or make their apprentices do it.

She slaps the red earth on to the slab of stone.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

I'm showing you red earth, because I'm pretty sure it was used with vermilion on Aunt Tessa's hair.

She takes the pestle to the red earth and begins to grind it into a powder.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Nowadays, all of this is ground by a machine, but at least this is a way to ensure totally pure pigment.

DIRK

Can I help?

She laughs.

SOPHIE

No, this is a *demonstration*.

She looks at her powder.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Good enough. So next, you incorporate the oil. And Rembrandt used a few different ones. This is linseed.

She pours a little bit of oil onto her pigment and takes the pestle to it.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
Rembrandt was like a crazy
alchemist.

DIRK
Sounds like somebody else I know...

She smiles at him while she works the oil into the powder.

SOPHIE
We don't even know all of the
materials he used, but he was very
careful about consistencies and
mixing. That's how he created such
amazing textures in his work.

DIRK
I thought it was just magic.

Sophie brings the stone with the mixed paint up to Dirk and
sits next to him on the couch.

He grabs the slab and lifts a finger over the paint.

DIRK (CONT'D)
May I?

SOPHIE
Of course.

He dips his finger in the paint.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
He was obsessed with maintaining
the illusion that his art was more
than just a bunch of materials
glooped together.

Dirk swirls his finger around.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
He used to tell viewers, "Don't get
too close, you'll find the scent of
the paint disagreeable."

Dirk slowly lifts his paint covered finger up, barely
maintaining a straight face, and puts it right under Sophie's
nose.

DIRK
Oh, really?

She inhales.

He cracks up and smears the paint on her cheek.

SOPHIE
OH MY GOD.

She dips her finger in the paint and wipes it on his clean, pressed shirt.

Rage crosses his face.

She panics.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
I'm so sorry. I will get it cleaned. Or buy you a new one. I thought we were—

DIRK
(sternly)
Your face was one thing, but my shirt is another.

He reloads his entire hand with paint and rubs it on the hem of Sophie's skirt.

They laugh and play fight.

Levi bursts in and takes in the scene.

LEVI
HELLLOOOO.

Sophie jumps up. Dirk fusses at his shirt, which only makes the stain worse.

LEVI (CONT'D)
Oh, finger painting. Nice. I never do that anymore.

SOPHIE
Levi, this is Dirk Van de Voort.
Dirk, this is my friend Levi. He's a really special artist.

Dirk rises and nods.

Levi wiggles his fingers at him.

LEVI
Pleasure. Hey, if you want to see some of my work, I have a show on Friday night. Would love a Van de Voort or two or three there.

DIRK
I would be delighted.

LEVI
Did you hear that, Soph?
"Delighted." Nice.

She beams and then smears a little more paint off of her hand on to Dirk's shirt.

INT. ESPEN'S WALK-IN CLOSET LOUNGE - NIGHT

A row of one hundred white sneakers. An impeccably organized and enormous 21st century closet.

Amidst it all, Espen wears a silk dressing gown and smokes weed on a taupe chaise longue.

Dirk appears.

DIRK
I need to borrow some clothes.

Espen pulls one of his earbuds out.

ESPEN
Brother. You've finally come.

Espen leaps up.

ESPEN (CONT'D)
What's the occasion? Can we change your hair? How much time do you have?

Dirk examines a wildly patterned button-up oxford. Espen directs him towards the T-shirt section.

ESPEN (CONT'D)
You must walk before you run.

Espen selects a light grey T-shirt and cool guy jeans.

ESPEN (CONT'D)
Have you ever worn jeans?

DIRK
No.

ESPEN
Here, you should try.

Dirk takes the garments.

Dirk removes his suit jacket and gingerly places it on the back of Espen's chair.

DIRK
How long do...women...

ESPEN
How long do women what, Dirk?

DIRK
How long do women need to recover after a relationship?

ESPEN
Pshh. I don't know. Depends on the woman. Hang on.

Espen presses an intercom button somewhere in the closet and speaks into it.

ESPEN (CONT'D)
Meels? Come in Meels.

BEEP.

MILA (O.S.)
(through the intercom)
This is Mila, copy.

ESPEN
Can you come to my room? Dirk wants our advice.

MILA (O.S.)
I'll be right up.

DIRK
You don't have to involve her.

ESPEN
Sure I do. What are sisters for?

Dirk unbuttons his shirt quickly and pulls on the grey tee.

Mila bursts into the closet.

MILA
Oh, nice shirt. What's up?

ESPEN
Dirky wants to know how long women need to "recover" after a breakup.

MILA

May I ask whom this pertains to?

Espen raises his hand.

ESPEN

I know, I know!

MILA

Is this a certain bright and beautiful young American?

Dirk turns bright red. He gets flustered.

DIRK

Forget it.

He grabs the jeans and tries to escape.

MILA

No! Wait! Dirk! We can help you!

ESPEN

Dude, do you at least want a jacket?

Dirk runs into a revolving ascot rack on his way out.

It keeps spinning.

INT. VAN DE VOORT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Dirk mumbles to himself through the hallway.

He sees the blank spot on the wall where the portrait of the young woman used to be. The Post-it note still hangs on the wall, its edges curling inward.

Gertrude sidles up next to him.

GERTRUDE

I miss her, too.

DIRK

Mother. That's not what I was thinking about—

She touches the shoulder of his t-shirt.

GERTRUDE

Why are you wearing this?

DIRK
It's fashionable.

GERTRUDE
If you say so, dear.

A silence

GERTRUDE (CONT'D)
It's wonderful you'll be able to
visit her at the Rijksmuseum.

DIRK
If they want her at the
Rijksmuseum...

GERTRUDE
They'll want her. My scholar found
a letter.

Dirk wheels around to face her.

DIRK
Really?

His eyes light up.

DIRK (CONT'D)
That's fantastic news. I can't wait
to tell Sophie.

GERTRUDE
Why? Her job is finished.

She frowns and looks at her nail beds.

GERTRUDE (CONT'D)
Max and I agree, extensive
scientific analysis only slows
things down once there's compelling
prah-va-naahnce.

DIRK
Sophie really cares about this.

GERTRUDE
That's lovely dear, so do I.

DIRK
I feel like we're moving very fast.

GERTRUDE
This is what we wanted. Let that
sink in. We discovered a Rembrandt.

A silence.

GERTRUDE (CONT'D)
Of course, she is worth a lot of
money, which I will give you a
portion of.

He waves her off.

GERTRUDE (CONT'D)
We also need to do the "media
thing."

She clicks her tongue.

GERTRUDE (CONT'D)
Such a bore, but I know you can
handle it.

DIRK
I do not want to be in the
spotlight.

GERTRUDE
Sure you do, darling, this is your
moment. Welcome out of your
father's shadow.

He runs his hands through his hair and rocks back and forth
on his heels.

Gertrude pats his cheek.

GERTRUDE (CONT'D)
And, sweetheart, please, no T-
shirts around the press.

Dirk touches that faded rectangular spot on the wall and
breaks out into a smile.

INT. VAN DE VOORT DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Sophie, Mila and Espen stand around a huge banquet table set
for 15 people.

Sophie walks, confusedly, from place-setting to place-
setting.

SOPHIE
I didn't realize this was such a
big dinner.

MILA
It's not.

ESPEN
It's just the four of us.

MILA
It always stays set for a party.

ESPEN
"Just in case."

MILA (CONT'D)
"Just in case."

SOPHIE
Well, I'll drink to that.

She raises her martini glass. Espen and Mila follow suit.
They cheers.

MILA
Chin chin!

Espen eyes Mila who nods. They flank Sophie on both sides.

ESPEN
Stay cool, stay cool.

MILA
A little birdie told us that you
and Dirk might be—

ESPEN
Interested in becoming an item.

Sophie's eyes dart from twin to twin.

Mila pets her arm.

MILA
And I think you would be fabulous
for each other.

SOPHIE
I—

MILA
He's a really good man, at his
core.

ESPEN
Just sort of a square.

Footsteps and a cheerfully whistled tune.

Mila creases her brow and puts a finger to her lips.

MILA

Shhhh.

ESPEN

(whispers)

Is Dirk... *whistling*?

Dirk enters the room holding a bottle of champagne.

Sophie almost chokes. Dirk is nearly unrecognizable with effortlessly un-gelled hair and tight jeans.

SOPHIE

Hey, jeans!

She blushes and blubbers her lips.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

I mean. Dirk. Thanks for inviting me.

She offers him a side-hug, but he fumbles and kisses her on the cheek instead.

He pats her shoulder.

DIRK

My pleasure. I have great news about the painting.

Sophie glances at the twins.

SOPHIE

(mouths to them)

The painting.

She turns back toward Dirk.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

I'm on the edge of my seat!

Dirk gestures toward the table.

DIRK

Speaking of, we should sit. Yes, we should!

He pops the champagne and pours it into four flutes.

MILA

(to Espen)

Have you ever seen him like this?

Espen shakes his head.

 ESPEN
Dirk, are you on drugs?

 DIRK
Just high on life, my good brother.

 MILA
Definitely drugs...

Dirk puts the bottle of champagne into a waiting ice bucket.

He raises his glass. Everybody follows suit.

 DIRK
I would like to propose a number of
toasts tonight, but the first is to
all of you for being here. Cheers!

 SOPHIE
Cheers!

They clink glasses. Sophie and Dirk make direct eye contact
as they sip.

Dirk raises his glass back up.

 DIRK
And another just to Sophie, for
being around us off the clock.

They cheers and drink again.

They settle into their seats, and Dirk rings a little bell.

 DIRK (CONT'D)
It is time to eat.

 SOPHIE
Oh, wow, that's prompt.

 DIRK
Meet us Dutch. No waiting around.

CHEF enters followed by a SERVER who carries a tray of
herring, some onions and sweet pickles.

Sophie winces. Dirk clocks it.

 DIRK (CONT'D)
Eat the herring. I'll be offended
if you don't.

He finds a mini seafood fork and spears a piece of fish. He puts it on Sophie's plate. She stares at it and tentatively pokes it.

Dirk lifts his finger.

DIRK (CONT'D)

Wait.

He delicately garnishes her fish with exactly one pickle and one onion sliver.

DIRK (CONT'D)

Now.

Mila shakes her head at Sophie, then at Dirk.

MILA

She doesn't have to.

SOPHIE

No, I'll try. Point of reference, right?

DIRK

Eat.

Sophie takes his little fork, stabs the fish and raises it to her lips.

DIRK (CONT'D)

That's it.

Dirk is a little bit turned on.

She puts the whole thing in her mouth at once. Dirk's lips quiver. She chews. She swallows.

DIRK (CONT'D)

A-and?

SOPHIE

That was the grossest effing thing I've ever eaten in my entire life.

She smacks her mouth and gags like a lap dog about to vomit on the king's shoes. She chugs some wine.

DIRK

More for us.

LATER:

Dirk rings his little bell.

The chef and the server enter. The server pushes a little cart with four colorful miniature Dutch ovens.

SOPHIE
Aww, I love them.

CHEF
Your stamppots. Enjoy.

Espen lifts the lid off his dinner and licks his lips.

ESPEN
(in a booming voice)
AH! BOILED MEAT! BOILED POTATOES!
BOILED VEGETABLES!

Sophie cocks her head at Mila as the siblings laugh.

MILA
Our father used to announce that at dinner, without fail.

He digs in. Mila takes a bite of a carrot.

MILA (CONT'D)
It's little over-boiled if you ask me.

DIRK
Don't complain, Mila. Just eat.
Talking is bad for digestion.

EVEN LATER:

Dirk rings his little bell.

The chef and server come out with port, cheese and chocolate.

SOPHIE
Dirk. I am dying to hear the news.

Espen and Mila clap their hands and chant.

MILA
Big news!

ESPEN
Big news!

SOPHIE
Big news!

Dirk waves his hands over the table. They quiet down.

DIRK

My mother's historian has located irrefutable evidence of the painting's provenance.

Sophie's jaw drops.

SOPHIE

H-how? Have you seen it?

DIRK

He is bringing the letter to the museum when sale negotiations begin tomorrow.

A silence.

DIRK (CONT'D)

You're in shock. I was, too. It's officially a Rembrandt!

Sophie, Mila and Espen look at each other.

ESPEN

I don't want to be like this at all, but—

He looks to Mila for help.

MILA

A sale?

ESPEN

We wanted to keep her in the house.

DIRK

That's not your decision, unfortunately, as it was not Father's property.

MILA

Is there proof of that?

SOPHIE

There's an inscription on the back.

DIRK

It's probably why Father never did anything with it. Do you really think he would die with a potential Rembrandt on the wall?

Mila and Espen look at each other. Simultaneously, they shake their heads. Then they raise their glasses and beam.

MILA

It's fantastic news, Dirk, it really is.

ESPEN

For the record, I didn't know the woman in the painting was related to Gertrude when I said she was hot, so I'm rescinding that.

MILA

Overruled. You're hot for Gertie.

Espen gags.

Mila notices Sophie who is staring at her pieces of chocolate. She breaks off a shard and eats it.

MILA (CONT'D)

Sophie? Did you hear that? Espen's—

SOPHIE

Yeah, no that's so weird, right?

MILA

Are you okay?

Sophie eats a chocolate shard.

SOPHIE

I don't want to stop studying her.

MILA

Ohhh.

She pets Sophie's hair.

MILA (CONT'D)

(whispers to Espen)

This is what it must be like to love your job.

ESPEN

It's so poignant.

They shrug.

Dirk watches Sophie intently. She looks up and they lock eyes.

MILA

OH MY GOD, Esp! I forgot. We have Marie's party tonight.

ESPEN

We do?

She widens her eyes at him.

MILA

Yes. We. Do. She is desperate to see you.

ESPEN

Cooooool.

They get up from the table.

MILA

You two don't want to come, I'm sure.

DIRK

We're good.

Mila air kisses Sophie.

Espen grabs a fresh bottle of champagne from the ice bucket on their way out.

A pause.

DIRK (CONT'D)

I'm sure you can still "study" the portrait when she isn't on display.

SOPHIE

She's not ready for the limelight.

DIRK

Sure she is! We have provenance!

SOPHIE

But we don't have all of the scientific proof. I guess I just don't want to be blamed if there's something wrong.

DIRK

Why would you say that?

SOPHIE

No reason. I just, my gut's telling me that there is something wrong.

DIRK

That could just be the herring.

She laughs.

They both stand up. She walks a little bit closer to him and leans against the table.

SOPHIE

So, I don't suppose I could sample the painting now? Nobody will have to know and it will give me peace of mind.

He backs away from her, so she takes a step forward to maintain the closeness between them.

DIRK

Too risky. No.

She takes another step closer.

SOPHIE

Silly me, I guess? What's the point? You say it's a Rembrandt, Gertrude says it's a Rembrandt, some scholar I've never heard of says it's a Rembrandt—

Dirk balks at that snark. She waves her hand around in apology.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Sorry. I'm sure he's trustworthy.

She looks into his eyes. He runs his hand through his hair.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Soo, it's been a pleasure meeting your family.

She examines her manicure and then knocks on the table.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Especially you.

DIRK

I apologize if, at first, I seemed a little cold—

SOPHIE

You're just Dutch. I get that now.

Those words are the closest thing to the key to his heart that he's ever heard. He steels himself.

DIRK

Oh? Well, um, I hope you don't disappear now that we won't be seeing each other for the—

Sophie puts one hand on his chest.

SOPHIE

Nope, I'll be here.

He puts his hand around her waist and pulls her towards him. He leans his head down as she tilts her chin up. He kisses her, tentatively at first, and she kisses back with some tasteful tongue.

She backs him up into the table. His elbow smacks a floral arrangement. The vase falls to the floor and shatters. There are flowers and water everywhere, along with crunchy broken glass. They pull apart with their faces still close to each other.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Shit.

DIRK

Leave it.

SOPHIE

I plan to.

They keep kissing as they head to the door. Her amount of tongue isn't super tasteful anymore. Sophie pulls her lips back briefly.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

You taste like herring.

DIRK

You seem to like it now.

She kisses him again. Dirk presses her into the door frame.

The server pops up behind them. They don't notice. He tries to get around them into the dining room. He can't. He is so stressed out. The server clears his throat. Sophie and Dirk don't hear. He clears his throat again. Still nothing.

SERVER

(to himself)

Goddamn it.

The server takes a deep breath and closes his eyes.

SERVER (CONT'D)
EXCUSE ME, MR. VAN DE VOORT!

Sophie and Dirk leap apart. Dirk's voice cracks.

DIRK
WHAT IS IT?

Dirk smoothes his shirt. He wipes his mouth. He looks anywhere but at Sophie.

DIRK (CONT'D)
You may leave for the evening.

SOPHIE
Oh, yeah, okay.

She takes a few big steps towards the foyer.

DIRK
Not you.

She stops in place.

The server points at himself.

DIRK (CONT'D)
Yes, *you*. Thank you.

SERVER
I just have to clear the table.
Get the dishes.

DIRK
All right, of course, don't let me
be in your way.

The server looks at the broken vase and shakes his head.

SERVER
(sarcastic)
Don't let *me* be in *your* way.

He starts loudly stacking dishes.

Sophie looks at Dirk. Both of them turn bright red.

DIRK
Come out here, there's something
else I wanted to tell you.

He wipes his mouth and leads Sophie into the...

INT. VAN DE VOORT FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Sophie leans against the stair's bannister. The kissing appears to be over for the evening.

Dirk stumbles through his words.

DIRK

So, you know, you're going through a tough time with the breakup and living situation, and obviously I want you to be-

SOPHIE

Oh, no, Dirk, no, this...

She gestures back and forth between the two of them.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

... was fine. It's good. We probably drank too much.

DIRK

Let me finish.

She shuts her mouth and nods at him to proceed.

DIRK (CONT'D)

I really admire the work you do. I see your talent and I see your passion, and I really believe you've found your calling.

SOPHIE

That's nice for a man who barely knows me to say.

DIRK

Well, it's just clear to me.

She shrugs and grins.

DIRK (CONT'D)

And I want you to feel like you can pursue your calling without worrying about living comfortably or eating well-

SOPHIE

I'll figure it out. It's not like I'm *destitute*.

She frowns.

DIRK

I would like to offer you some of
the money from Aunt Tessa's sale.

She backs away from him.

SOPHIE

No! I don't want it.

She is pissed.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

What do you think this is?

DIRK

It's a "thank you."

SOPHIE

Thank you for what? Shutting up
about my doubts about the portrait?
Halting all of my hard work?

DIRK

No!

SOPHIE

I don't want your hush money. This
is disgusting. Your siblings tell
me you've been PUBLICIZING your
crush on me -

He reddens and opens his mouth to defend himself.

She raises her voice.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

And you invite me here to try to
score with me? Or did you want to
get laid and THEN tell me to shut
up about the portrait?

DIRK

I think you're blowing this out of
proportion. Think rationally, not
emotionally.

SOPHIE

I'll think how I want to think. And
I think I don't want your *charity*.

DIRK

I'm sorry that you are too proud to
accept my gratitude.

A silence.

SOPHIE

So do you feel more sorry for me
that I'm single or that I don't
make very much money?

DIRK

Neither! It's not a pity thing!

Sophie lifts her hand up.

SOPHIE

Save it. You can buy another house
or something. Or whatever it is you
buy.

DIRK

Sophie!

Sophie feels her throat start to get choked up.

SOPHIE

You know that I really wanted her
to be a Rembrandt. I just don't
think she is!

She runs into the first door she sees which is...

INT. GERTRUDE'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

... and slams it. She stares at herself in the mirror. Her
lipstick is all messed up.

She turns on the faucet and splashes water on her face.

It drips down her cheeks.

SOPHIE

(to her reflection)
It's fine. You're fine.

She emits a single pathetic chuckle.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Who needs professional integrity
anyway?

She searches around for a towel to dry her face.

She opens a cabinet above the toilet. No towels.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

(mumbling)

They set the table for 15 every
night but don't even have towels in
the powder room.

She opens another cabinet. Q tips. Dental floss. Nasal spray.
Box of bright red hair dye.

She sighs and closes the cabinet then immediately re-opens
it. She picks up the hair dye and tears the box open.

A knock on the door.

DIRK (O.S)

Sophie?

SOPHIE

Leave me alone!

DIRK

I know that was awkward. Nothing
came out right.

She rolls her eyes.

SOPHIE

Why don't you slip a couple of
hundreds under the door? Make me
feel better?

She grabs and fingers the little hair sample inside the box
and then stares at the smiling model on its front.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

(under her breath)

The hair. Her hair!

Sophie shoves the hair dye box back into the cabinet. She
throws the door open. It smacks Dirk in the face. BAM!

She doesn't even notice.

DIRK

Sophie! Ow! What the—

She turns around and sees Dirk writhing in pain and holding
his hand over his eye.

SOPHIE

I have to go to the lab.

DIRK

Why?

Her hands are shaking.

SOPHIE
IT'S THE ALL NATURAL FAMILY
BLESSING.

DIRK
Huh?

Sophie rushes to the front door and hears the rain outside.
She grabs her umbrella.

Dirk removes his hand from his eye.

DIRK (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

She drops the umbrella and runs out.

EXT. RIJKSMUSEUM - NIGHT

It's pouring down rain as Sophie arrives at the museum's
employee entrance.

She taps her fob against the reader. It glows green and the
door unlocks.

INT. RIJKSMUSEUM - NIGHT

Sophie, dripping wet, smiles and nods at the security guard.

SOPHIE
I forgot something.

He yawns and rubs his eyes.

SECURITY GUARD
Did I ask?

The guard pulls a small packet of Nutella out of his jacket
pocket, opens it with his teeth, and slurps a little down.

SOPHIE
Oh-kay.

She presses her fob against another reader. It glows green.
She goes down the generic grey staircase into the

BASEMENT HALLWAY

Her shoes click, clack, click. She stands outside the lab.
One final fob tap and she is in the...

INT. RIJKSMUSEUM ART CONSERVATION LAB - NIGHT

The lights switch on above her, one at a time. She beelines to the Portrait of Tessa Beuningen.

Sophie rolls a high-tech scanning instrument on wheels in front of the painting. She programs the machine and directs the X-ray fluorescence scanner to the woman in the portrait's hair region. She presses a button and the machine starts scanning.

She watches the scanning data appear on the screen.

SOPHIE

Oh my god, of course.

She laughs.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

That horrible hair.

She prints the data and grabs the pages while they are still hot.

INT. RIJKSMUSEUM CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Dirk's long fingers pulling the lever on an urn of coffee. The steaming liquid pours into a mug with a Rembrandt self-portrait on it. He raises it to his lips and takes a long sip.

He has a massive black eye.

He glances at his wristwatch. It's 8 o'clock.

Gertrude and Max Bakker enter arm in arm. Their faces are flushed. Bakker gently tucks a flyaway strand of her hair behind her ear.

She notices Dirk and disentangles with Bakker to fuss at him.

GERTRUDE

Darling, your eye! We mustn't, oh my, what happened?

Gertrude digs around in her purse. Crumpled tissues fly out on to the table. She finds a tube of makeup.

She pulls the wand out and starts dabbing concealer around Dirk's eye. It is the wrong shade and makes everything worse.

He swats at her.

DIRK
Leave me be.

She purses her lips and puts the concealer away. She pets his arm.

GERTRUDE
Nerves?

He pulls his arm away.

INT. LEVI'S HOUSEBOAT - DAY

Sophie's iPhone alarm rings incessantly.

She's asleep on the sofa clutching last night's printed out data and drooling.

Levi wanders in from his bedroom in a nightgown and sleeping cap.

He taps her phone to turn off the alarm. He looks at her tenderly and pets her head.

LEVI
Sleep, gentle angel.

He goes back into his chamber, scratching his belly.

INT. RIJKSMUSEUM CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Dirk, Gertrude, Bakker, and Peter sit at the conference table with their full museum gift-shop coffee mugs.

Dirk's phone under the table. He composes a text to Sophie that reads "Are you coming? You have 5 minutes."

He presses the send button.

INT. LEVI'S HOUSEBOAT - DAY

Ding! Ding!

Sophie jolts awake to her text notification.

SOPHIE
SHIT!

She leaps up from the sofa and wipes the drool off of her face with the back of her hand.

Levi is in the kitchen pouring Bailey's into his coffee. He waves the mug at her.

LEVI

Want?

She's still wearing her clothes from the night before.

SOPHIE

Did you turn off my alarm?

She searches for her shoes. She crawls on the floor and looks under the sofa and finds one.

LEVI

You were sleeping so soundly.

SOPHIE

I am late for the most important thing in my life.

She finds her other shoe and sits down to put them on.

LEVI

Sorry, how was I supposed to know that?

She finger-combs her hair and sprays some Evian mist on her face.

SOPHIE

I don't know. But you should have.

She dashes to the door and flings it open.

LEVI

(imitating Sophie's voice)
Bye, Levi! See you at your huge art show tonight! I can't wait! Good luck!

The door slams behind her.

The lab data is crumpled on the floor next to the sofa. Levi goes to it and picks it up. He straightens the pages and places them on the kitchen counter.

He tops off his coffee.

LEVI (CONT'D)

She should've had some coffee.

He tops his fresh coffee with more Bailey's.

He takes a big sip and wiggles his shoulders.

LEVI (CONT'D)
 (to the tune of Neil
 Sedaka's "Breaking up is
 Hard to Do")
 They say that WAKING UUP is HAARD
 to DO-O. Now I know, I know that
 it's TRUE-UE.

He sashays his hips and dances back into his bedroom.

INT. RIJKSMUSEUM CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

FINN CARLESON (50s, a sniveling weasel of a man) stands at the head of the table holding a leather portfolio to his chest.

FINN
 Let's get started.

Dirk's eyes track the portfolio as Finn gingerly places it down on the table.

FINN (CONT'D)
 I am Finn Carleson. I am an expert
 on Rembrandt's privately
 commissioned portraits. As you
 know...

He nods towards Bakker who returns the nod.

FINN (CONT'D)
 I have worked with the Rijksmuseum
 before many times.

Finn reaches into his briefcase and extracts a pair of blue latex gloves.

FINN (CONT'D)
 Now, in the scholarly community, we
 have long been aware of a missing
 portrait from the Beuningen family.

He snaps one glove on.

FINN (CONT'D)
 We figured it was in the hands of a
 family member. Or, of course, the
 spouse of one.

He glances quickly at Gertrude who smiles.

He pulls on his other glove and runs his hands down the front of the portfolio.

FINN (CONT'D)

I have a provenance-related document to show you. Extremely rare and *extremely* convincing.

DIRK

We should wait for Sophie.

Finn chuckles. He pulls his hands away from the portfolio and looks at Gertrude and Bakker.

FINN

I don't think that will be necessary.

DIRK

I insist.

FINN

It's not up to you, is it, Mr. Van de Voort?

Dirk and Finn stare at each other like two cocks before a fight.

Peter sweats and looks towards the door.

FINN (CONT'D)

I am sure your Sophie will not find any fault with my argument. She doesn't exactly maintain a reputation of carefulness.

Dirk looks to Peter who looks anywhere but back at him.

DIRK

What is he talking about? Sophie is one of the most thorough analysts of *anything* I've ever seen. She is the only one who still had doubts about the portrait, she—

Finn's mouth forms a drippy grin at Peter.

FINN

Lost the Met 25 million dollars over a misattributed Vermeer painting?

Peter puts his head in his hands.

FINN (CONT'D)

Right, Dr. Vos? But you still gave her a chance, which I think is very charitable.

A silence.

DIRK

(to Peter)

Is this true?

Peter peeks out between his fingers and nods.

Dirk's mouth feels dry.

DIRK (CONT'D)

H-how?

FINN

Oh, it's silly really. She convinced them to purchase a forgery. A poor one, at that!

Finn cocks his head at Dirk.

FINN (CONT'D)

I remember when I was her age. I so wanted to be a part of something larger than myself, too.

Dirk straightens himself up. He adjusts his collar and studies his cufflink.

DIRK

Well. Regardless of her past error, the Rijksmuseum trusts Sophie. Dr. Vos trusts Sophie. I trust Sophie.

Gertrude whispers something unintelligible in Bakker's ear. He smirks.

BAKKER

I'm told that her hiring was a very special exception. I had no say in it, of course, it was all Peter.

FINN

(to Peter)

Sophie is a friend of yours, right? Or...? What was it?

Finn goes back to stroking the portfolio in front of him.

Dirk looks from face to face around the table.

FINN (CONT'D)
I remember. She is involved with
your son Jan! Right?

Peter dabs at his sweat.

PETER
Was involved. I'm afraid. Yes.

He sinks his head back down on to the table.

FINN
Right.

Dirk clenches his jaw.

GERTRUDE
Finn. I think we are ready to see
the document.

Dirk nods tightly. Bakker licks his lips.

Finn opens the portfolio. He reads.

FINN
I deliver, with pride, a portrait
of Tessa Beuningen, wife of Lucas
Beuningen, on this fourth of April,
1637.

Sophie bursts into the conference room, she drips sweat and
gasps for breath.

FINN (CONT'D)
(triumphant)
Signed, Rembrandt van Rijn.

He claps his hands and performs a "gather round" gesture.

FINN (CONT'D)
Come! See the letter for
yourselves!

Everybody rises and forms a clump around the portfolio at the
head of the table.

Sophie tries to grab Dirk's arm. He shakes her off.

SOPHIE
Dirk. I'm sorry, but I have
something I have to show you.

DIRK
Save it.

She tries to grab him again and pull him away from the clump.

SOPHIE

Seriously, last night I came into the lab and I performed an x-ray fluorescence analysis, and I discovered cadmium red bumps!

DIRK

(louder)

I am LOOKING at a letter signed by Rembrandt validating the portrait.

SOPHIE

Cadmium red did not exist until 1907!

Sophie pushes past Bakker to look closely at the letter.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

That's definitely forged.

DIRK

(sarcastic)

Yeah, Sophie, you're the expert in spotting forgeries...

Sophie glares at Peter, she reddens.

SOPHIE

You told him.

Peter points at Finn.

PETER

He did.

SOPHIE

Dirk, I can explain all that, I was stupid and reckless and I am neither of those things anymore.

DIRK

Sure you aren't.

She goes digging through her bag for her data. It's not there.

SOPHIE

Okay, so I printed the data, but I must have left it at home. Peter!

She snaps her fingers at Peter excitedly.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Peter. You can back me up on this.
Please?

DIRK

Oh yeah, get your boyfriend's dad
to help out! That is rich!

Dirk shakes his head disapprovingly at Sophie.

SOPHIE

Dirk. Please, you remember that
Rembrandt only had access to
fifteen pigments?

Dirk shrugs then nods.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

So, this painter used red earth.
You know, red earth? Like I showed
you?

She gets desperate and paces.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

But I thought the red in the hair
was too bright, so I selected for
an elemental map with cadmium and
boom!

She's lost them. Nobody pays attention, not even Peter.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

I can almost guarantee Rembrandt or
anybody from his studio did not
paint this.

DIRK

(mocking)
"Almost guarantee?"

SOPHIE

Well, I cannot be totally certain
without a sample, which you won't
allow me to take.

DIRK

I don't want to speak for the
museum, but I believe we are all
comfortable with the provenance.

BAKKER

The museum agrees, Mr. Van de
Voort.

Sophie grabs Dirk's shoulders.

SOPHIE

Listen, I care about you and I am trying to spare your family the embarrassment of trying to sell a forgery. I've been there. It sucks. Please.

DIRK

Then stop trying to destroy our discovery just so that you can prove that you're a "big girl" now.

Dirk goes to Gertrude who pats his arm.

DIRK (CONT'D)

My family is proud of this painting.

Bakker stands erect, waiting for a handshake.

DIRK (CONT'D)

And we can't wait for the world to meet her.

Dirk shakes Finn's hand and then Bakker's.

Sophie's chin quivers as her eyes track back down towards Rembrandt's letter.

INT. PETER'S OFFICE - DAY

Peter tosses Sophie's crumpled data sets in his wastebasket. He rips off his bifocals and throws them down. They slide off the desk into the trash, too. He does not fetch them.

PETER

Absolutely not. That is not the kind of lab we are.

SOPHIE

I need a sample.

He leans towards her.

PETER

Listen, if you detected cadmium it was a fluke. Or maybe it was from a tiny restoration effort.

SOPHIE

No! Let me sample it! It's-

Peter holds up his hand. He walks around the desk and stands over Sophie.

PETER

Sophie, you should be proud of yourself. Go out! Celebrate. You've really done some great work on this painting.

SOPHIE

Then why are you shutting me out?

PETER

Because there is nothing more to do.

They stare each other down.

SOPHIE

I'll go to the press.

PETER

No, you won't.

SOPHIE

What would stop me?

PETER

You have no evidence.

SOPHIE

I'll show them my research.

PETER

What research?

SOPHIE

All my data from the investigation.

He returns to his side of the desk and sighs.

PETER

Do you want to take back what you just said?

SOPHIE

No.

PETER

Are you sure?

SOPHIE

Of course I'm sure. This is ridiculous.

Peter takes a deep breath.

PETER

Then you give me no choice but to terminate your employment at the Rijksmuseum.

SOPHIE

WHAT?

PETER

You signed an NDA.

SOPHIE

I didn't even say anything to anybody, yet, I-

PETER

You verbally threatened to.

He holds his open palm out to her.

PETER (CONT'D)

Fob, please.

Sophie rises and backs away.

SOPHIE

No, no, no.

PETER

Fob...Fob... Fob, please.

He shakes his palm.

PETER (CONT'D)

FOB!

Sophie digs through her tote. She takes out her ID card, fob, and keyring and throws them on Peter's desk.

EXT. AMSTERDAM - DAY

Sophie wanders the streets of Amsterdam...

She spots a HAPPY YOUNG FAMILY in front of a planter of bright red tulips. Above them looms a huge poster for the RIJKSMUSEUM.

Sophie flips the poster off. The TODDLER sees her and returns the gesture. MOTHER scolds her child and shakes her head gravely at Sophie.

Sophie collides with a queue of people. She taps the man in front of her on the shoulder. He's wearing wooden clogs.

SOPHIE
Hey, what are you waiting for?

GOOFY TOURIST
Admission to Rembrandt's house!

He shows her his brochure.

GOOFY TOURIST (CONT'D)
Only 2 more hours till I get in!

SOPHIE
Don't bother. Rembrandt sucks.

GOOFY TOURIST
Say! Thanks for the tip!

He clomps away, clogs slapping against his heels.

Sophie's hands won't stop shaking, they shake even harder when she finds herself outside of...

EXT. VAN DE VOORT MANSION - CONTINUOUS

She ascends the steps and stands in front of the imposing front door.

She grabs the brass knocker and releases it. Then she rings the doorbell.

After a moment, Mila opens the door.

MILA
(coldly)
Oh. It's you. Hey...

SOPHIE
Can I come in?

MILA
Probably better if we chat out here.

She steps outside and gently closes the door behind her.

SOPHIE
Nobody believes me. I got fired.
Dirk won't talk to me. Gertrude is
hiding something, for sure, I mean
you know she's a crazy old-

Mila's eyes dart around.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
I hate it here.

Mila sighs.

MILA
Listen, Amsterdam isn't for
everybody, maybe it's best if you
just go back to the States.

She lights a joint and takes a hit. She doesn't offer it to Sophie.

MILA (CONT'D)
Girls like you come here all the
time. Chasing dreams or men or
whatever. There's no shame in
leaving.

Sophie leans against the door and looks out at the canal.

SOPHIE
Okay, why are you being so weird?

MILA
I don't like the way you treated
Dirk.

SOPHIE
Treated...Dirk? I didn't do
anything wrong!

Sophie scoffs.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
If anything, he should be sorry.

MILA
You lied to him. You tried to
seduce him to like...save your
reputation or whatever? Not a great
move.

SOPHIE
Mila, you and Espen were so nice to
me... You encouraged me to go for
it with-

MILA
We didn't know the whole truth.

She blows a smoke ring into Sophie's face. Sophie coughs.

MILA (CONT'D)

Listen, no hard feelings from me
and Esp, yeah? Just don't come here
again.

Sophie waves her hand in front of her face to clear the smoke
and jogs down the stairs.

She doesn't look back as Mila opens the door and goes back
inside.

INT. DARK BAR - NIGHT

Sophie is belly-up to the bar. She slumps over and sucks on a
straw. Her glass is empty. She swallows air and hiccups.

There are a few TVs on above the bar. One shows the news and
the other shows a Japanese game show where blindfolded
contestants have to eat marshmallows hanging from the ceiling
on strings.

She turns to the LUSH next to her.

SOPHIE

And *that* is how I figured out it
was a FAKE. A forged Rembrandt! And
nobody believes me.

LUSH

I believe you, Linda. I believe
you.

His head smacks down on the bar.

Sophie knocks on the bar. The BARTENDER rolls his eyes and
comes over to her.

BARTENDER

More?

SOPHIE

Uh, yeah!

He takes her glass and fills it with water. He places it in
front of her.

She leans across the bar.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Hey, do you have any food back
there?

The bartender reaches into his garnish bucket and throws some olives into a glass.

A photograph of Dirk and Gertrude appears on the television, underneath it a BANNER reads "REMBRANDT DISCOVERY ROCKS ART WORLD."

Sophie watches it.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
(to the bartender)
CHANGE IT.

BARTENDER
Louder?

He takes the remote, points it at the TV and blasts the volume.

ANCHOR (V.O.)
The Van de Voorts of Amsterdam claim the long missing portrait of Tessa Beuningen was hanging in their father's home all along. They just never noticed it.

Sophie puts her finger down her throat and gags.

SOPHIE
OFF!

BARTENDER
More louder?

He turns up the volume.

ANCHOR (V.O.)
Here's Dirk Van de Voort who first noticed the piece.

Footage from earlier in the day of Dirk and Gertrude outside of their mansion. Dirk's black eye looks even darker.

DIRK (V.O.)
The first thing that tipped me off was the lace. There's a very special way that Rembrandt paints lace...

Sophie screams.

SOPHIE
I TOLD HIM THAT! THOSE ARE MY WORDS!

The bartender signals to the BOUNCER and points at Sophie. The bouncer nods and walks over.

BOUNCER
Come on, lady. It's that time.

He tries to grab her arm and she shakes him off and stumbles out of the bar herself.

EXT. LEVI'S HOUSEBOAT - NIGHT

Sophie runs to her bursting suitcase on the gangplank. One of her hats floats in the dirty canal water.

Levi storms out of the boat and throws a shoe at her.

SOPHIE
Hey! That's my favorite shoe!

He throws the matching shoe. She catches it.

LEVI
I saw the news. Congrats. Good job.

SOPHIE
It's NOT good news. What's the matter with you? Why is my stuff out here?

He glares at her.

LEVI
I thanked you in my welcome speech.

A silence. Sophie remembers. She reaches out an arm to Levi, he swats at it.

SOPHIE
Your show. I am so so so sorry. Was it incredible? I'm sure everybody loved it.

LEVI
Yeah, my stupid little show.

SOPHIE
I don't think it's stupid! You're the most talented artist I've ever met, Levi. I-

LEVI

I'm just good for a free place to sleep and somebody to mock with your big, fancy hair gel boyfriend.

A silence. Sophie gets on her belly and tries to reach her hat in the canal. She fails.

SOPHIE

I got fired. It's not a Rembrandt and nobody believes me, so.

LEVI

Is that the big Sophie problem of the day? Do you want me to cry with you? Boo-hoo!

SOPHIE

Why don't you have a heart?

LEVI

Why don't you? Not everybody's life revolves around yours, Sophie.

He goes inside the boat and slams the door. The whole boat shakes.

She attempts to zip her suitcase. She sits on it. Nothing works, so she pulls clothes out and throws them in the water until it zips.

EXT. JAN VOS'S FLAT - NIGHT

An elegant four-story apartment building with massive windows. None of the windows have curtains or blinds blocking her view of life within.

First floor: AN ARCHITECT stands alone in front of his drawing board sketching and holding a glass of red wine. His decor is minimalist.

Second floor: TWO CHILDREN finger-paint. One runs towards the white sofa but his MOTHER swoops him up into her arms and tickles him.

Third floor: Empty, but ornately decorated. There's gold and deep blue everywhere. The lights are on.

Sophie steels herself before gazing at the fourth floor. Jan and the tall blonde make-out amidst boxes of takeout food. The woman's ass is pressed against the window.

Sophie marches to the buzzer and holds the button down.

SOPHIE
(into the intercom)
Jan, her butt is only a little
nicer than mine.

She waits a second and holds down the button again.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
Sorry. Can we talk?

Long silence. She hits the button again.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
I miss you. We can fix things.

Through the window, Jan holds up a finger to the blonde and walks to his intercom.

He presses the button on his intercom.

JAN (O.S.)
You made your choice, Cupcake.

He releases the button and goes back to the woman.

Sophie hits the buzzer one more time. She starts to cry. She shoves her hands in her jacket pocket and feels Dirk's handkerchief.

She pulls the handkerchief out and looks at it. She wipes her eyes and blows her nose into it. That makes her even sadder.

She shakes it out and fingers the corner embroidered with Dirk's monogram.

She looks back at Jan's building and sees the finger-painting children on the second floor. Their hands are covered in red paint and they are smearing it down the window.

SOPHIE
(to herself)
That's gotta be a sign.

She waves at the children and smiles broadly. One starts to cry.

EXT./INT. RIJKSMUSEUM - NIGHT

The security guard stands just within the glass door to the museum.

Sophie taps on the glass and waves.

SOPHIE
(mouths)
Let me in?

He shakes his head.

She reaches into the plastic bag hanging from her wrist and pulls out a gorgeous sandwich on crusty bread and shows it to him Vanna White style.

That piques his interest. He gestures toward the bag.

She raises her eyebrows and nods encouragingly.

She pulls out a tin of herring with a shrug.

He shakes his head "no" and starts to turn around.

She knocks on the glass and pulls out the big guns. A jumbo sized vat of Nutella.

He enters a code on the wall next to him and presses a button. The door clicks open.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
Thank you! I forgot my fob...

SECURITY GUARD
Don't care. Nutella, please.

She holds the Nutella behind her back.

SOPHIE
The thing is, I need you to let me
into the conservation lab
downstairs.

She hands him the sandwich.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
You can have this now. The Nutella
when I'm in the lab.

He takes the sandwich and shoves it in his oversized pockets.

SECURITY GUARD
Sorry, lady. I can't leave this
spot tonight.

SOPHIE
Okay. How about you just let me use
your key?

SECURITY GUARD

No can do.

SOPHIE

(pleading)

I will literally bring you multiple snacks a day for the rest of your career.

A long pause. He scratches his chin.

SECURITY GUARD

I pick what I want?

SOPHIE

Of course.

He reaches on to his belt and unhooks a keyfob from a large ring.

He holds it in front of her eyes.

SECURITY GUARD

Swear to me that you won't steal, maim or destroy museum property.

SOPHIE

I swear I won't steal, maim, or destroy anything that is *currently* museum property.

She thrusts the Nutella into his hands and grabs the fob.

SECURITY GUARD

Wait, wha—

He opens his Nutella, dips a finger in, and takes a lick.

INT. RIJKSMUSEUM ART CONSERVATION LAB - NIGHT

Sophie stands over the portrait on a table. Next to it, a stamped tag reads "PENDING: PURCHASE BY RIJKSMUSEUM:" She turns the tag over.

She takes deep breath, dons a pair of lab gloves and glasses with a small flashlight attached to the top of them. She flips the light on.

With a scalpel in hand, she searches for a crack in the painting somewhere within the model's red hair. She removes a minuscule chip of paint.

She embeds the chip in resin and sets it aside to dry.

She looks at the large digital clock on the wall. It blinks 2:08.

INT. DIRK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dirk tosses and turns in his bed. He grabs his phone from his nightstand drawer. It's 3:15. He groans.

Dirk switches his lamp on and sits up in bed.

He composes a TEXT MESSAGE to Sophie: I'm sorry.

His finger hovers over the send button. He deletes the message.

He types: Did you see me on television? I am an idiot.

He scoffs at himself and deletes it.

He types: I made a mistake. He hits send and throws his phone across the room.

INT. RIJKSMUSEUM ART CONSERVATION LAB - NIGHT

Sophie's preparing the Scanning Electron Microscope.

She taps the side of the embedded sample to make sure it's dry.

She positions the sample in the Scanning Electron Microscope and presses a button to start analysis.

INT. DIRK'S BEDROOM - DAY

Dirk's hand reaches into deep pot of hair product.

A KNOCK. Dirk is in front of his full-length mirror.

DIRK

Yes?

GERTRUDE (O.S)

Darling, it's time.

He taps his phone. No messages.

He looks at the hair gloop in his hand and shakes it onto the ground. He wipes his hand off on his bed's comforter.

INT. VAN DE VOORT MANSION - SAME

GERTRUDE
Are you ill?

DIRK
No, why?

Gertrude and Dirk walk down the hallway.

Dirk glances at the empty spot on the wall. He rips the Post-it from the wall, crumples it up and drops it on the ground.

EXT. VAN DE VOORT MANSION - SAME

Gertrude pulls enormous black sunglasses over her eyes and smiles.

There's a horde of PRESS FOLKS. Cameras flash. Reporters yell.

REPORTER
How much is the Rijksmuseum going to pay?

REPORTER 2
Why sell now?

REPORTER 3
Are there any other Beuningen portraits?

GERTRUDE
A lady never tells.

She and Dirk push their way through them.

REPORTER
What about you Dirk?

REPORTER 3
DIRK?

DIRK
No comment.

He opens the door of a black town car for Gertrude and gets into the backseat after her. He slams the door shut.

INT. RIJKSMUSEUM CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Max Bakker stands at the head of the conference table.
Gertrude, Dirk, Peter and Finn sit around it.

The totally-not-Rembrandt portrait is behind them wearing her smug little smile, as always.

Max's official Rijksmuseum checkbook rests before him.

BAKKER

Now. Thank you all for your hard
work and discretion surrounding
this painting.

He starts a round of applause. Everybody but Dirk claps
gleefully and pats each other on the back.

BAKKER (CONT'D)

Enough.

They stop clapping.

BAKKER (CONT'D)

With the elation and full support
of the board, the Rijksmuseum has
decided to purchase Rembrandt's
1637 "Portrait of Tessa Beuningen"—

Gertrude grins like the cat who ate the cream. She squeezes
Dirk's arm. He shakes her off.

BAKKER (CONT'D)

— for the price of 33 million
Euro.

Bakker holds his pen over the check. His hand shakes.

Dirk licks his lips.

DIRK

Mr. Bakker.

Bakker puts the pen down. He smiles.

BAKKER

Yes?

He eyes Dirk suspiciously.

DIRK

Nothing. Sorry.

Sophie calmly enters the conference room. Only Dirk sees her. He smiles a little bit.

GERTRUDE

Pardon my nerves, but Maxy, don't you have a check to sign?

BAKKER

I do.

He picks up his pen.

DIRK

Wait! She's here.

SOPHIE

Thank you, Mr. Van de Voort.

Sophie approaches Bakker. She pulls an iPad out of her tote and flips the case back. It illuminates.

BAKKER

What is this? Get that out of my face—

SOPHIE

I remembered my data this time.

She very professionally lays neat and clear piles of printed lab results on the conference table.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Last night, I took a small sample from the Portrait of Tessa Beuningen.

Peter sputters.

PETER

I fired her like you asked, Max! She is not an employee!

GERTRUDE

So these claims can't be taken seriously?

SOPHIE

They should be if you don't want to be the new laughingstock of the art world.

Bakker pushes his checkbook away.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

I ran the paint sample through SEM-EDS on my cadmium red hypothesis.

She indicates the lab data in front of Bakker.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Aand, I was correct. The paint contains Cd(Ses). Whoever created the painting must have purchased their pigment at a modern shop where trace amounts of cadmium snuck in.

A silence. She looks directly at Gertrude.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Otherwise, it's a near perfect fake.

BAKKER

Peter, is this possible?

Peter sweats bullets. The droplets fall onto Sophie's data printouts. Sophie slides him Dirk's handkerchief with which he wipes his forehead and his nose.

PETER

She's absolutely right sir. That makes sense.

Gertrude conjures tears and goes to Bakker.

GERTRUDE

Max. Oh, Max. You mustn't believe this strange science. Believe me! Believe in this! You really think people would notice or *care*? They will believe us!

She gestures at the portrait.

Bakker shakes her away.

BAKKER

Mr. Carleson. The letter?

Finn looks skittish and sucks his teeth.

FINN

The letter. Yes, the letter was written by Rembrandt in 1637. That much I know is true.

He sweats almost as much as Peter who passes him Dirk's now very dirty handkerchief. He wipes his face and looks directly at Gertrude.

FINN (CONT'D)

(quickly)

Because I care about this museum and its reputation, I have no choice to say that Gertrude Beuningen is—

She shakes her head rapidly back and forth and rocks herself.

FINN (CONT'D)

First of all, yes, Gertrude *is* the rightful owner of this painting. I will not dispute that.

Gertrude nods and smiles.

FINN (CONT'D)

But I will say that the provenance, that is the letter I provided, is not one hundred percent valid.

Sophie cocks her head.

SOPHIE

How valid is it, Mr. Carleson?

He tugs at his collar.

FINN

Erm. Zero percent?

Gertrude digs her fingernails hard into Finn's arm. Sophie wonders if she drew blood.

Bakker looks faint.

BAKKER

This is an absolute scandal. Oh my god. Oh, and it already got out. Oh.

He fans himself. All of his blood rushes to his head.

Finn escapes Gertrude's talons and whimpers.

FINN

She KNEW it wasn't a Rembrandt before she and Mr. Van de Voort separated!

Everyone gasps. Sophie stares at Dirk wide-eyed.

FINN (CONT'D)

But we came up with this whole idea together. We've been planning it for a very long time.

He starts to back towards the door.

FINN (CONT'D)

I'm an underpaid academic! I try to do the right thing, but there was so much money to be had!

He makes a run for the door.

FINN (CONT'D)

I have to go to the bathroom!

Dirk stops him and holds him.

Bakker pulls a walkie talkie from his belt.

BAKKER

(calmly into the walkie)
Security to first floor conference room. Over.

SECURITY GUARD (O.S.)

(through the walkie)
Copy that. Love some action.

Gertrude tries to hide her face in her fur.

DIRK

Mother! Look at me!

She shuts her eyes and shakes her head back and forth like a toddler.

GERTRUDE

No, no, no, no, no, NO.

She grabs Bakker's jacket sleeve.

GERTRUDE (CONT'D)

Max. I am just an old woman. I am confused. All of these people trying to take advantage of-

The security guard approaches her from behind.

SECURITY GUARD

We can do this the easy way or the hard way.

Her eyes dart to the door.

DIRK
Mother, let him take you.

Gertrude dabs her eyes as the guard takes her by the elbow.

GERTRUDE
He has dirty hands!

SECURITY GUARD
It's just hazelnut spread, ma'am.

He escorts her and Finn out of the conference room. A silence.

DIRK
Wow.

Sophie squeezes Dirk's arm.

SOPHIE
Hey, do you forgive me?

He throws her a sidelong glance.

DIRK
Forgive you? I ought to throw you a parade.

BAKKER
Sophie. Dr. Clarke. Thank you. I cannot thank you enough on behalf of this team, this entire institution, the larger art community. You saved us.

She smiles and bows her head graciously.

BAKKER (CONT'D)
Would you like to have Peter's job?

Peter jumps up.

PETER
Max, Mr. Bakker, sir, she got...lucky?

BAKKER
Sophie?

SOPHIE
I actually, respectfully, would like to stay fired.

BAKKER

What?!

PETER

Sophie. No. You can still be an analyst.

BAKKER

Dr. Vos. Let the nice young woman have your job. Come now. I made my decision.

Peter hangs his head.

SOPHIE

No, Peter, seriously, I'm good. I would like to offer my resignation.

Sophie stacks up the data from the table and goes to stare at the painting.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

It really is a remarkable forgery.

DIRK

I suppose I can bring her back home.

Sophie starts to leave. She makes eye contact with Dirk in a "let's get outta here" way.

BAKKER

But, but, but. This is, this, a girl like you, this is your dream job. This is the best job you'll ever have.

SOPHIE

Yeah, but I don't want it. Thanks, though.

BAKKER

(haughty)

Well, well, good luck doing art conservation science without state of the art equipment.

SOPHIE

I don't think I'll need to beg for jobs in the field anymore. And I don't love looking at my ex's sweaty dad all day.

Peter goes slack-jawed and starts to polish his bifocals.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
No offense, Peter.

He raises his hands.

PETER
None taken...

Sophie strolls casually around the room.

SOPHIE
I also don't know if I want to do
this. I think I'd much rather do my
own thing.

EXT. VAN DE VOORT MANSION - DAY

SUPER: ONE YEAR LATER

Sophie escorts a blindfolded Levi out of a car in front of
the mansion.

He sniffs the air.

LEVI
We are... at the beach?

SOPHIE
Uh, no.

He sticks his tongue in and out of his mouth like a lizard.

LEVI
Are you sure?

SOPHIE
Positive. Yeah.

She leads him up the stairs and opens the front door.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
Careful, there's a step.

INT. VAN DE VOORT FOYER - CONTINUOUS

The foyer is decorated for a grand opening ceremony.

There's a red carpet laid out and a long tight ribbon.

A banner hangs from the stairwell with the elegant gold-
flaked logo for "The Van de Voort House."

SOPHIE

Duck.

LEVI

Oh! We're on the canal.

SOPHIE

Uh, sort of.

She lifts the ribbon up so that Levi can walk under it.

Tuxedo-clad Espen and Dirk trot in from the living room and help Sophie get Levi up the stairs. They face the HALLWAY.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

(mouths)

Thanks, guys. Give us a minute.

Sophie grabs Levi's hand.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Ready?

LEVI

Uh, yeah.

SOPHIE

Remember when you had your art show and I was Bitch of the Year and missed it?

LEVI

I thought we put a moratorium on talking about that?

SOPHIE

We did. But you know how one person bought literally everything and you don't know who it was?

LEVI

Yes. I have theories. Could be my brother Carl.

SOPHIE

So. I know who it was.

Sophie unties Levi's blindfold. He gazes around.

The hallway is lined with his pieces. He walks through in a daze.

LEVI

This. Is.

SOPHIE

I know.

LEVI

This is...very groovy.

SOPHIE

Yeah?

LEVI

Carl did this?

Sophie laughs.

SOPHIE

No. Dirk did.

They walk by the first fire painting that Sophie helped him make on the houseboat. Levi squints at the note card next to it.

LEVI

Little descriptions! Like a real museum!

SOPHIE

Yeah. It is a real museum!

LEVI

Sophie. You're being ridiculous. This is a house.

They keep walking. At the end of the hallway is the fake Rembrandt portrait of a young woman with red hair.

Sophie shakes her head at it.

SOPHIE

Not anymore.

Dirk swoops by and she accidentally-on-purpose body checks him.

LEVI

This is really cool, Dirk.

He strokes both of Dirk's cheeks with the back of his hand and then kisses his forehead.

DIRK

Erm, uh, yes, thanks.

LEVI

I need to call Carl.

SOPHIE

Good idea.

Levi leaves.

Sophie kisses him, they finally get to make-out in peace.

LATER. Dirk stands at a podium in the FOYER. Mila and Espen hold an enormous pair of scissors over the ribbon and pose.

SOPHISTICATED ART PEOPLE mill about drinking champagne.

Dirk taps the microphone and straightens his bowtie.

He clears his throat.

The din of the room quiets.

DIRK

Thank you all for being here tonight. I am thrilled to herald in a new era for this property and for my family. Welcome to the Van de Voort House.

The adoring people clap. Mila and Espen snip the ribbon. Cameras flash.

DIRK (CONT'D)

I'd like to welcome our head curator and primary voice of reason...

He grins and looks at Sophie who stands to his right.

DIRK (CONT'D)

Sophie Clarke to the podium.

She gracefully walks towards the podium. Everybody claps.

SOPHIE

I'll keep this pretty short. When I first started in the art world, all these people were getting on my case about this thing called the "three-legged stool."

The audience members nod knowingly.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

And we were to judge pieces on their authenticity.

Sophie runs her hands through her hair. She looks at Dirk. He nods. He is so proud of her.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
(in a snobby voice)
"Was this painted by a big name or not? "How much prestige would this earn the museum?"

Sophie pauses for dramatic effect.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
This stool's three legs consist of an "expert opinion"...

Dirk bites his lip.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
Provenance.

Gertrude sits in the corner with a flashing ankle monitor on underneath her pantsuit and looks at her feet.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
And scientific analysis of the materials used. That was my forte.

She looks at Espen and nods. He carries over a chic pillar stool, then a stool with two legs, then a rather topsy-turvy one with only one leg. He lines them up next to the podium.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
But here at the Van de Voort House, we really don't actually care. At all.

She sits down on the one-legged stool and takes a sip of champagne.

The audience erupts in applause.

THE END