

EDITH: Case the joint?

ALAN: That's the way burglars talk.

EDITH: What percentage of burglar?

ALAN: Funny. Or, sometimes, they break in at night - if they have the expertise to pick locks and avoid the alarm systems.

EDITH: Sounds like they have a lot of sophisticated skills. Maybe they could use them to make an honest living.

ALAN: That's the trouble. It calls for too many skills, or an organized Mafia-style operation. Do you know what the biggest US art theft was? Do you know where it was?

EDITH: I have no idea.

ALAN: Right in your neighborhood. In Boston, in 1990, at the Gardner Museum. At night. A couple of thieves, dressed in police uniforms, banged at the door, and when the guards let them in, they tied them up. They got away with a Rembrandt, a Vermeer and eleven other great paintings. The haul was worth more than two hundred million dollars... then. Maybe three hundred million today.

EDITH: Wheww. Really big bucks. Was the art recovered?

ALAN: Never. But I keep wondering, how could an amateur, with no burglar skills or Mafia connections do it?

EDITH: Buy it. Make the museum an offer they can't refuse.

ALAN: No one but a millionaire could afford that Pollack. But I've got some ideas. I think they could work.

EDITH: I don't get it. You can look at the Pollack all you want. Here. For free. Maybe make a small donation once in a while.

ALAN: May I ask you something?

EDITH: Another personal question?

ALAN: Have you ever thought of stealing something?

EDITH: Thought of? I don't know, I guess so.

ALAN: And have you ever stolen anything?

EDITH: No, of course not.

ALAN: When you were little? Come on. It's not so terrible. Like some change your mother left on the kitchen table.

EDITH: That doesn't count.

ALAN: Anything else... when you were a kid?

EDITH: *(thoughtfully)* Nooo. Maybe small stuff.

ALAN: Like what?

EDITH: I really don't remember. How about you?

ALAN: I take pride in this. I did it more than once, with my buddy, Charlie King. The banana split caper.

EDITH: You stole bananas?

ALAN: Banana splits. Charlie and I would sit down and order banana splits, then eat them real slow, waiting.

EDITH: Waiting for what?

ALAN: Waiting for Mister Adams to go in the back to fill a prescription. Then we would bolt out the door without paying. It was a rush.