

PROP. #59814

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AMAZING STORIES

VANESSA IN THE GARDEN

Written by

Steven Spielberg

ACT ONE

1 INT. NEW HAMPSHIRE COUNTRY GARDEN - 1895 - DAY 1

2 CLOSEUP - VANESSA 2

Eighteen years old, angelic and exquisite. There is an expression of relaxed contentment on her face.

VANESSA

Are you almost done?

BYRON (o.c.)

Just a few more minutes.

3 PULL BACK TO REVEAL VANESSA 3

Wearing a lovely dress, holding a parasol standing in the midst of hundreds and hundreds of long-stemmed red and yellow roses.

VANESSA

I have an itch.

4 ANGLE - BYRON SULLIVAN 4

Age 25, a man of Modigliani good looks and resilient strength. Byron stands before an easel, painting, the sleeves of his white shirt rolled up. His intense gaze alternates between Vanessa with her parasol, half hidden in this wealth of color and speckled daylight, and the impressionistic painting which duplicates this glorious scene.

BYRON

(smiling)

Well, then, I suggest you scratch it.

5 ANGLE - VANESSA 5

VANESSA

But I can't reach it. It's in the small of my back.

BYRON

Try not to think of it.

VANESSA

I can't not think about it. It itches.

6 ANGLE - BYRON AND VANESSA

6

BYRON

Think of something else, my dear.

VANESSA

What shall I think of? Tell me.

BYRON

(painting)

...Where were you exactly one year ago today?

VANESSA

You know very well, Byron. I was with you in Paris. On our honeymoon.

BYRON

(smiling)

Ah, yes...I do seem to remember....

VANESSA

Seem to remember!

BYRON

(closing his eyes)

I can only see every glorious moment.

VANESSA

Do tell me then what you see.

7 ANGLE - BYRON

7

BYRON

I see you in the early morning with the fisherman on the banks of the Seine. I see you standing under the Arc de Triomphe during the sun shower. And I see you reading in the Tuilleries while all around you children played.

8 RESUME BRYON AND VANESSA

8

VANESSA

(half smiling)

But what was I reading?

BYRON

That I don't remember.

CONTINUED

8 CONTINUED

8

VANESSA

(feigned  
indignance)

And why not?

BYRON

Because, my dear, you are the Paris  
I remember. Not the books, not the  
parties, not the plays, not even the  
paintings. You.

VANESSA smiles radiantly. BYRON finishes painting.

BYRON

You may scratch, now.

VANESSA

Is it finished?

BYRON

Come look.

9 ANGLE - AT PAINTING - BYRON AND VANESSA

9

Vanessa walks to Byron, turns, stands looking at the  
painting. She is very moved - almost to tears.

BYRON

(anxious)

You don't like it.

Vanessa turns, touches Byron's cheek.

VANESSA

It's too lovely.

On her kissing him.

CUT TO:

10 EXT. TEDDY SHEARING'S HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

10

Establishing shot.

11 ANGLE - BACKYARD

11

A game of badminton. TEDDY SHEARING, age sixty, Byron's  
art dealer, agent and closest friend, and his wife, EVE, a

(X)

CONTINUED

11 CONTINUED

11

vibrant, attractive woman slightly younger, play mixed doubles with another COUPLE. The women wear white dresses, and the men white slacks and shirts. We WATCH them volley for a few moments. It ends with Teddy hitting a winner. We HEAR, off camera, the sound of clapping.

BYRON (o.c.)

Well done, Teddy, well done!

12 ANGLE - BYRON

12

Smiling, as he approaches the net. (X)

TEDDY

Byron!

BYRON

Not bad for an old rascalion.  
(kissing Eve's hand)  
Eve, you look lovely as always.

13 ANGLE - THE GROUP

13

EVE

And you, Byron, are charming as  
always.

(introducing)

Dr. and Mrs. Edward Northrope, may I  
introduce our dear friend, Byron  
Sullivan.

MRS. NORTHROPE

The brilliant young artist Teddy has  
told us so much about?

Byron smiles modestly.

DR. NORTHROPE

When will we have an opportunity to  
see your new work? We're very  
excited.

BYRON

(acknowledging Teddy)

I think it best to let my good  
friend and agent answer that  
question.

CONTINUED

13 CONTINUED

13

TEDDY

All in due time.

EVE

I've worked up quite an appetite.  
Would anyone care for lunch?

DR. NORTHROPE

I'm famished.

EVE

Well, then why don't we adjourn to  
the main house.

(to Byron)

Will you join us?

BYRON

I'd love to.

TEDDY

We'll join you shortly, my dear.  
I'd like to have a word with Byron,  
if you don't mind.

EVE

Try not to be too long.

14 ANGLE - BYRON AND TEDDY - TRACKING SHOT

14

Eve and the Northropes head into the main house as we TRACK  
Byron and Teddy across the lawn toward a gazebo.

TEDDY

And how is your lovely Vanessa?

BYRON

She has been a godsend to men.

TEDDY

I've never seen you in better  
spirits or more productive in your  
work.

15 ANGLE - AT TABLE

15

They reach the gazebo and sit down to a table with a  
pitcher of lemondade and two glasses on it.

CONTINUED

15 CONTINUED

15

BYRON

You said you had to see me.

TEDDY

I have something for you.

Teddy pulls out an envelope and hands it to Byron. As Teddy pours the lemonade, Byron reads the contents of the envelope.

BYRON

(looking up)

What is this?

TEDDY

I thought it was self-evident.

BYRON

(reading)

"Theodore Shearing cordially invites you to a presentation of new works by Byron Sullivan, on May seventeenth at the Colman Gallery in New York City."

A long beat as Byron stares across at Teddy.

TEDDY

You are ready for a major show, my boy. Congratulations.

BYRON

But the Colman Gallery, Teddy. Whistler has shown there, Sargent, Cassatt --

TEDDY

And, soon, Byron Sullivan. A major talent about to burst onto the artistic horizon. I have commissions for half of your works already. You are going to be rich and famous and admired.

BYRON

I must tell Vanessa!

16 ANGLE - BYRON ON LAWN

16

Byron stands and runs across the lawn.

CONTINUED

16 CONTINUED

16

BYRON

Give Eve -- my apologies!

Byron whoops joyously as he leaps in the air and races across the lawn. On Teddy laughing, sipping his lemonade,

CUT TO:

17 EXT. BYRON'S HOUSE - DAY

17

The sound of piano playing is heard.

CUT TO:

18 INT. MUSIC ROOM

18

We hold on Vanessa at the piano, playing a Brahms lullaby. She is a vision of concentration.

19 ANGLE - THE DOORWAY

19

Byron appears, smiling breathlessly.

Vanessa stops playing, looks up to Byron, surprised.

VANESSA

(smiling)

What?

CUT TO:

20 EXT. INN - NIGHT

20

A charming country inn as rain falls.

21 INT. INN

21

An intimate, elegant colonial restaurant. Vanessa sits across a candlelit table from Byron. She looks radiant, as does Byron. A WAITER stands over them.

BYRON

...And a bottle of your finest champagne!

WAITER

Very good, sir.



22

CLOSER ANGLE

22

Waiter walks off. Vanessa leans in across the table.

VANESSA

(whispered  
excitement)

Champagne? If you don't tell me  
what we're celebrating I will simply  
burst.

BYRON

(holding it in)

I am going to have a major show at  
the Colman Gallery in New York City.

Vanessa gasps, covering her mouth with her hand.

BYRON

I know, I know...it's too amazing to  
be true.

VANESSA

Now the whole world will know what I  
know! That you are a brilliant  
artist. I am so proud and in such  
awe of you.

Byron reaches across the table and takes Vanessa's hands.

BYRON

None of this good fortune could ever  
have happened without you.

VANESSA

Oh, Byron...

BYRON

If there is any merit to my work, it  
is because of you. My beloved  
Vanessa, you are my inspiration.  
And all I am or will ever be, is  
because of you.

23

ANGLE - THEIR HANDS, GRIPPING TIGHTLY

23

24

BYRON'S POINT OF VIEW - VANESSA

24

Overcome with emotion, she looks down. As a tear rolls  
down her cheek

CUT TO:

25 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - LATER THAT NIGHT 25

We TRACK a horse drawn carriage as the DRIVER moves it briskly down a road, through a driving rainstorm.

26 ANGLE - BYRON AND VANESSA 26

High with excitement and champagne, they are snuggled together, singing, laughing, under the canopy, singing "The Sidewalks of New York."

27 ANOTHER ANGLE - THE CARRIAGE 27

As it rounds a bend. A large tree, knocked down by the storm, blocks the road.

28 ANOTHER ANGLE - THE HORSE 28

Rearing.

29 ANGLE - DRIVER 29

Unable to control the horse.

30 ANGLE - THE CARRIAGE 30

As it topples over, plunging down a ravine, the singing now turned to screams..

CUT TO:

31 A NEW HAMPSHIRE CHURCH - 1895 - DAY 31

A close up of Byron. Today he has been dealt a crushing blow as MOURNERS parade past, bending down to where Byron sits in stunned silence to pay their respects and offer condolences. Camera continues pulling back until we see the church interior and finally the casket...Vanessa's!

MOURNERS

-- She was so radiant...so generous.  
 -- A brilliant pianist.  
 -- Oh Byron - do pay us a call if  
 there is anything you need...  
 anything at all.

CONTINUED

31 CONTINUED

31

## MOURNERS (CONT'D)

- Our condolences...the two of you were as one...a tragedy. A waste.
- Her music will be missed.
- She experienced no pain...when the carriage overturned, she...it was over in an instant.

A hand touches gently Byron's shoulder and an older and friendly voice coaxes him from his fugue state. Byron looks up helplessly.

## TEDDY

Let Eve and I take you home. Your hat, Byron.

Byron takes his hat and looks at it as if he's never seen it before.

32 EXT. NEW HAMPSHIRE COURTSIDE - DAY

32

A carriage comes to a stop in front of Byron's country cottage that can only be termed enchanting. Vanessa's touch is evident everywhere...from the flowers in the window to the abundant rose garden out back. Byron steps down off the carriage and feebly scrapes at his pockets for the key. Teddy reaches into Byron's coat pocket and finds the key. Eve embraces Byron and stays in the carriage while Teddy walks him to his door.

Byron turns and forces a smile but we sense he is not on the same plane of existence as Teddy right now.

## BYRON

It happened so quick. So very quick.

## TEDDY

A tragedy like this...so sudden...no illness on which to prepare.

## BYRON

I meant the ride from the church. It is as if we just left this place for the funeral and seconds later... here I am back home.

CUT TO:

33 INT. LIVINGROOM - DAY

33

Byron walks into the living room - Teddy following. There

CONTINUED

33 CONTINUED

33

are dozens of canvasses filled with images of the late Vanessa. Oils, charcols, watercolors and studies. Vanessa is everywhere. Byron takes this in...a painting at a time, (X) then turns to Teddy as if somehow he could help in all this.

BYRON

I want Vanessa back in my life  
Teddy. I don't think I can live  
very long...without her.

TEDDY

See, here, Byron, she's alive in  
these paintings. Your vision of her  
was so...so lucid and real. You'll  
never be without her. She lives in  
your work.

Byron seems to come around. He takes a breath.

BYRON

Go home Teddy. Your family is  
waiting.

TEDDY

Stay with us tonight. Please Byron  
I don't think it's good for you to  
be alone.

34 ANGLE - BYRON

34

BYRON

Afraid for me Teddy, or afraid I  
won't make my own opening next  
week? Either way, old friend and  
trusted dealer, you come out ahead.  
An artist, as always, is worth more  
dead than alive!

35 ANGLE - BYRON AND TEDDY

35

TEDDY

That's just the sort of irresponsi-  
ble quip I thought you'd make at a  
time like this. I've a mind to hire  
a round the clock watch...

CONTINUED

35

CONTINUED

35

BYRON

(placating)

Go home. I'll be alright.

(he holds up a bottle of vodka)

I'm a gentleman and it's not polite to keep a lady waiting.

TEDDY

(meaning the liquor)

That's not going to help.

(Byron ignores)

I'll check on you tomorrow.

(X)  
(X)  
(X)  
(X)

BYRON

No! Allow me my time. I want to do all the things irrational people do when they no longer have anything to answer for.

Teddy walks toward the front door, stops, and turns back to Byron.

TEDDY

You still have your art.

BYRON

(approaching)

What part am I without all of Vanessa?

Byron opens the door. Teddy exits, Byron closing the door.

CUT TO:

36

EXT. FRONT PORCH

36

Teddy alone on the porch, walks to the window.

36-A

TEDDY'S POINT OF VIEW

36-A

Through the lace curtain Teddy observes Byron pulling a chair into the center of his gallery art. He pours himself a drink...weighs the tiny glass and the full bottle and chooses to drink from the bottle.

CUT TO:

37

INT. CARRIAGE - DAY

37

EVE

How often have we measured Byron and  
Vanessa against what we never were  
and some day hoped to become? How  
often?

TEDDY

I'll stop by tomorrow. He needs  
somebody. His grief could drown him.

CONTINUED

37

CONTINUED

37

EVE

Byron was going to have such a glorious career...he was on the brink with so much promise.

TEDDY

Vanessa is dead. Byron is not. There's fifty paintings in that studio by a young and hopeless romantic who next month will show Pissaro, Cezanne and Manet that American Impressionism is more than just another portrait of George Washington crossing the Delaware in a rowboat.

38

INT. STUDIO - DUSK

38

A bottle of what was once gin falls empty to the floor next to several other bottles of liquor...all spent.

39

ANGLE - BYRON

39

He is stumbling about in his grief...collecting every painting of Vanessa. We track him carrying the paintings through the open french doors into the rose garden.

CUT TO:

39-A

EXT. ROSE GARDEN - DUSK

39-A

Byron stacks the paintings on the grass in front of the rose garden. Byron takes a bottle of vodka...takes a hard (X) serious pull then empties the rest onto the seven foot high (X) stack of paintings.

BYRON

(X)

It's too painful, Vanessa. Do you (X) understand? The hurt is too deep. (X)

He takes a box of matches and strikes one. It lights. (X) A beat, then Byron drunkenly drops the match and the (X) paintings are an instant inferno.

CONTINUED

39

CONTINUED

39

BYRON

(numb and semiconscious)

Ashes to ashes...dust to dust, just  
like the good father said. Ashes to  
ashes.

Byron sinks to his knees and folds his face into his hands.

BYRON (CONT'D)

Dust to dust.

He falls unconscious as the fire reaches twenty feet in the  
air.

40

INT. BYRON'S BEDROOM - MORNING

40

Byron is resting. A doctor is finishing his examination  
and a nurse packs up the doctor's bag and leaves the room  
taking us into a beet-red close-up of Teddy Shearing.

DOCTOR

He'll be alright Mr. Shearing. A  
case of Melancholy. And I'd say  
quite reasonable under the  
circumstances. He needs bed rest  
and then...if I may be so bold...a  
couple of months in the...sanitarium.  
This man is well beyond any  
medication I could prescribe. It's  
his soul that needs a good airing.

TEDDY

Thank you doctor. I'll be in touch.

Teddy approaches Byron's side. Byron stirs then looks up  
at Teddy.

TEDDY

(showing no sympathy)

What have you done?

BYRON

I was drunk and I...

TEDDY

I've called it off...all of it...the  
exhibit...the buyers...the critics,  
cancelled the invitations. These  
people are the connoisseurs of art  
-- not ashes!!

CONTINUED



40

CONTINUED

40

He pours a stream of black ash into Byron's hand.

BYRON

I knew what I was doing.

TEDDY

It matters very little now. Just thank God you still have your health and can start painting again...

BYRON

Excuse me Teddy, but I'm not of a mind to paint ever again.

TEDDY

Oh really! Just like that! You quit. You retire...It's not like you - a tantrum of self-pity.

BYRON

I'm not feeling sorry for myself. I just don't have it in me anymore! It left when Vanessa died...maybe she took it with her. Maybe it was never mine to keep in the first place.

TEDDY

I know what you're capable of. It's my job to know both as your friend and your representative. You have no choice of the gifts God gave you. You cannot turn it on or off like a lantern.

BYRON

As my representative...Well, Teddy, you're out of a job. But as my friend I only ask of you to give me time..I need more time Teddy. I need to be by myself for awhile. Please.

TEDDY

Two fine people are dead today. Pardon me for saying this, but of the two, yours is the greater loss.

Teddy leaves. Byron looks at the ashes in his palm, closes his hand around them, pressing his fist to his heart.

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## 41 INT. BYRON'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

41

The passage of time has brought on much change. Byron has a partial beard and his eyes are grimly circled. Empty bottles of alcoholic drink lay strewn about. Byron stumbles into the living room looking for something to drown in. He falls to his hands and knees, pouring droplets from each empty bottle into a shot glass.

## 42 CLOSE - BYRON

42

He remembers a hiding place and almost smiles with madness alee in his pallid face.

(X)

## 42-A INT. STUDIO

42-A

Charging into his studio, he searches through the drawers and shelves.

(X)

(X)

## 43 ANGLE - SHELF

43

Behind tubes of oil paint a full bottle of bourbon lurks. It is in jeopardy of tilting over as Byron pulls at a stuck drawer below.

## 44 ANGLE - BYRON

44

Byron gives one last tug and the bottle falls, hits a throw-rug, miraculously doesn't shatter, but rolls instead all the way across the room, Byron pathetically chasing it, and comes to a stop behind a stack of empty canvases.

His mind oblivious to all else, Byron thirstily unscrews the cap when his eye catches sight of something hidden in the stacks of virgin canvas. Gingerly, hands shaking, he slides a painting into view. One he failed to locate and destroy. It is the beautiful impressionist oil of Vanessa in the garden. Hundreds and hundreds of red and yellow roses standing tall on long stems and Vanessa with a parasol half hidden in this wealth of color and speckled daylight. It is a rich piece of work...full of love and adulation.

## 45 CLOSE - BYRON

45

Stunned by her beauty. Stung by her memory - so vivid now in this work.

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16-A

(X)

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46

FULL SHOT - STUDIO

46

Byron places the painting on an upright easel and takes a long drink from the bottle.

47 INSERT - BYRON'S HANDS 47

A box of matches. He strikes one but the match breaks off in his unsteady grasp.

48 FULL SHOT - STUDIO ROOM 48

Byron takes another drink, strikes another match. It lights but as he brings it to the painting a sudden draft blows it out. He stumbles backwards, regains his footing, drinks, strikes a third match and the box falls from his limp grasp - spilling out all over the floor.

49 ANGLE - EASY CHAIR 49

Byron falls back sobbing.

BYRON

I need you with me.

(sobbing)

I need you in my life.

(sobbing -

trailing off)

Vanessa come home. Come home. Come home.

And Byron passes out in the chair.

50 CLOSE - PAINTING 50

Push in as a pattern of moonlight dapples the painting of Vanessa in the garden. A thousand roses partially obscuring her sunlit image...seen smiling with parasol.

51 EXT. BIRDBATH - MORNING 51

A glorious morning. Birds are singing and a light mist floats above the rose garden out the big french windows as the camera continues to pull back, revealing Byron asleep in his chair. He awakens and holds his forehead which is taking a pounding from within. But something has changed. Something is different in this room. Byron blinks and rubs his eyes. He smells the air. There is sweet fragrance everywhere. Push in to Byron's now wondrous face...as he sees something just moments before we do.

52 FULL SHOT - STUDIO 52

The entire studio is lush with red and yellow freshly cut

CONTINUED

52 CONTINUED

52

long stem roses contained in 15 bottles of empty liquor now half filled with sparkling water. He has never seen such natural color. Everything else is undisturbed. Byron looks at his painting of Vanessa in the garden. Byron leaps to his feet.

53 ANGLE - PAINTING

53

Byron puts his face right up to it to make sure his eyes aren't deceiving him. There are no longer any roses in the painting. Just a thousand cut stems. And the figure of Vanessa is no longer behind them. Just an empty garden, a stand of poplar trees under a bright sky.

54 BYRON - CLOSE

54

He looks back at his studio. The flood of roses. Then... Byron senses a presence outside. Almost afraid to look, he turns and goes to the french window.

55 BYRON'S POINT OF VIEW - GARDEN

55

In the garden, shimmering surrealistically, the figure of a lovely young woman, turning a parasol, round and round and round.

BYRON

(screams!)

Vanessa!!

56 OVER BYRON - TO GARDEN

56

The figure turns. It is Vanessa. Always barefoot. Always wearing the most gossamer Belgian lace. Byron fights back his disbelief and in a seizure of hope and panic, he bolts out of the studio.

57 INT. MUSIC ROOM

57

Byron barrels past the grand piano that Vanessa once played, knocks over a chair and bursts out the back door.

58 EXT. YARD AND ROSE GARDEN

58

Like a man possessed he charges the garden.

CONTINUED

58

CONTINUED

58

BYRON

Vanessa!!

He stops. All alone. Just the flowers, birds and the chill of early morning. He looks through the trees and bushes...then searches the soft earth. No footprints.

59

INT. STUDIO

59

Byron runs back into the room. The flowers are gone. A disorderly array of liquor bottles lays on the floor from the night before. Byron walks to the painting. Camera follows him and as he approaches, it is clear that the painting is restored. There are Vanessa and the roses neatly back where he painted them over a year ago.

60

INT. MUSIC ROOM - DAY

60

Byron is splashing himself with cold water from a basin. He sits down on the piano bench where he and Vanessa so often sat playing music and exploring the possibilities of each other. Even the sheet music, a Brahms lullaby, is opened and sunlight paints a pattern of leaves and branches on the wall behind the piano. The memory of this spot pains Byron. He lights a match and then the corner of some sheet music and determined as ever to destroy his last surviving record of Vanessa, he returns to the studio with the flame.

61

INT. STUDIO

61

The painting faces Byron. He walks up to it and extends the lethal flame. Vanessa is not in the painting.

62

BYRON - POINT OF VIEW

62

Looking up from the painting to a mirror on the wall, he sees Vanessa's reflection in the mirror, as she stands in the garden.

BYRON

Dear God....

63

ANGLE - BYRON

63

Byron flies backwards, dropping the flaming newspapers. He looks toward the garden outdoors.



70 INT. STUDIO - NIGHT 70

Pitchblack.

71 ANGLE - CLOCK 71

The cuckoo darts out and chimes three times...indicating that it is now 3 AM - as the chimes end we hear the sound of a young woman's happy laughter.

72 ANGLE - BYRON 72

Having fallen asleep in the chair, his eyes open as he hears the laughter.

73 ANOTHER ANGLE 73

The laughter stops

74 ANGLE - BYRON 74

Still, listening. A moment passes and the laughter begins again. Byron bolts up in his chair looking off in the darkness in the direction of the laughter.

BYRON

Vanessa!

Byron stumbles out of his chair, making his way through the darkness, following the sound of the laughter. We TRACK Byron to a closed door and see a band of bright light between the base of the door and the floor. Byron throws the door open.

74-A INT. MUSIC ROOM 74-A (X)

75 BYRON - POINT OF VIEW 75

Vanessa sits curled on a wicker couch in a sun drenched room reading a delightful book which makes her laugh.

76 ANGLE - BYRON 76

Stunned.



77

BYRON - POINT OF VIEW

77

The windows in the sun room show sunlight but the rest of the house is dark.

CONTINUED

77

CONTINUED

BYRON

77

Vanessa!

As Byron moves closer to Vanessa she begins to fade, the sound of her laughter fading with her.

(X)

78  
and  
79

OMITTED

(X) 78  
and  
(X) 79

80

ANGLE - BYRON

80

Stopping, afraid to lose her, he stares at Vanessa and looks around, taking in the scene of Vanessa and the room that, by his expression, is strangely familiar to him.

BYRON

(dawning on him)

'A Summer's Day'... 'A Summer's Day!  
I painted this once! I painted this  
before!

(X)  
(X)

Suddenly, Byron turns wildly and rushes out of the room into the darkness.

80-A

INT. LIVING ROOM

80-A

Byron knocks over a chair as he flies through the room. He opens a drawer, pulls out a candle and lights it.

81

ANOTHER ANGLE

81

The candle is a beacon in the darkness, casting large shadows on the walls.

82

ANOTHER ANGLE

82

As we TRACK Byron, candle in hand, up the spiral staircase to his room.

83

INT. BEDROOM

83

As Byron flings open his closet doors. Like a madman he

CONTINUED

83 CONTINUED 83

re-enters the closet searching for something which he doesn't find. He turns to his chest of drawers, throws open the drawers, tossing objects on the floor one after another, still not finding what he's looking for.

84 TRACKING ANGLE 84

Byron, possessed, heads down the dark hallway, candle in hand. At the end of the hallway is a small door. Byron throws open the door, hunches over and enters the misty attic.

85 INT. ATTIC 85

Filled with old belongings, books, furniture, etc.

86 ANGLE - BYRON 86

Wildly sifting through the objects. His face is sweaty, his breath is shallow. As he tosses away one object after another, he suddenly stops. He bends down slowly, gets on his knees, off of the canvas. He picks up the candle and holds it close to the canvas.

87 CLOSEUP - CANVAS 87

It is a painting of Vanessa curled on a wicker couch in the (X)  
sundrenched music room. She reads a delightful book which (X)  
makes her laugh. Everything is in the exact position in (X)  
which we have just seen her! (X)

BYRON

'A Summer's Day!' My dear God!

CUT TO:

88 INT. MUSIC ROOM 88

Byron is working on a plan - an idea. He has a flicker of artist again in his being as he studies the music room and the regal concert grand piano. He quickly sketches it in pencil onto a small study pad, then returns to the studio.

89 INT. STUDIO 89

Now there is a fire in this desperate artist. Accompanied

CONTINUED

