

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

"When the Blue Bird Sings"

Story By

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Teleplay by

Robert John Guttke

and

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BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

"When the Blue Bird Sings"

CHARACTERS

VINCENT
CATHERINE
FATHER

JOE MAXWELL
RITA ESCOBAR
MOUSE
NARCISSA

KRISTOPHER GENTIAN
**MR. SMYTH
JENNY ARONSON

ART STUDENT
SPRY OLD WOMAN
GALLERY OWNER

EXTRAS

OFFICE WORKERS
PEDESTRIANS
GREENWICH VILLAGE CHARACTERS
CAFE WAITRESSES
ART STUDENT 2
ART STUDENT 3
GALLERY GUESTS
WAITER
SECOND WAITER

NOTE: THE ROLL OF MR. SMYTHE HAS BEEN CHANGED TO MR. SMYTH.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

"When the Blue Bird Sings"

SETS

INTERIOR

MUSTY BOOKSTORE (D)

-Front door

-The stacks

D.A.'S OFFICE

-Lobby

-Elevators

-Cathy's desk

FATHER'S CHAMBER

VINCENT'S CHAMBER

JENNY ARONSON'S OFFICE

CAFE CARCERI

SURREAL WAREHOUSE

-Trunk

NARCISSA'S CHAMBER

OLD WAREHOUSE (N)

-Trunk

TRENDY GALLERY (N)

EXTERIOR

GREENWICH VILLAGE (D) (STOCK)

CENTRAL PARK (N)

-Drainage tunnel

VILLAGE STREETS (N)

CAFE CARCERI

-Front

OLD WAREHOUSE (N)

-Chained doors

**

** NOTE: EXT. TRENDY GALLERY HAS BEEN OMITTED

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

"When the Blue Bird Sings"

ACT I

FADE IN:

1 EXT. GREENWICH VILLAGE - DAY (STOCK) 1

A sunny spring day. The Village streets bustle with their own unique life.

2 INT. MUSTY BOOKSTORE - DAY 2

A booklover's paradise; cramped, chaotic, but with treasures amidst the junk. The aisles between the floor-to-ceiling bookshelves are narrow, old hardcovers jammed into every possible inch of shelf. Stacks of unsorted books cover the proprietor's desk and surround it on every side. Daylight streams through the front door, and we SEE the establishment's street address SILHOUETTED ON THE FLOOR. The numbers are 777. As we HOLD on the address, the bell over the door JINGLES as Cathy enters with an impatient JOE MAXWELL at her heels.

JOE

How long is this going to take?
We're running late already...

CATHY

I just want to browse for a few moments. I love old books.

Joe picks the top book off a stack, blows the dust off the pages, flips it open.

JOE

Here, this one's old.

Cathy glances at the title page: THE COLLECTED SERMONS OF COTTON MATHER.

CATHY

Not quite what I had in mind.

The proprietor, MR. SMYTH, steps out of an aisle behind them. He's in his late sixties, a formidable character with a cultured voice and a magnificent gray moustache. *

MR. SMYTH

Perhaps I can be of help? *

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

JOE

She's looking for a book.

Smyth arches one eyebrow, glances around.

*

CATHY

Something very special... maybe
a first edition... poetry...

Joe rolls his eyes; Smyth picks up on it.

*

MR. SMYTH

English poetry is down aisle
three... toward the back... feel
free to browse for as long as you
like...

*

Joe glances at his wristwatch, sighs.

JOE

Radcliffe, we've only got--

MR. SMYTH

Young man, there is a video store
on the next block. I understand
they have Vampire Cheerleaders
in stock.

*

JOE

(defensive)

Hey, I read! I'm a lawyer...

MR. SMYTH

(drily)

We shan't hold that against you.

*

Joe gives him a put-upon look, glances at his watch.

JOE

I'll be back in twenty minutes.
You're on your own for lunch,
Radcliffe.

As Joe starts out the door, Smyth calls after him.

*

MR. SMYTH

We shall miss you, young man!
(Cathy laughs)
This way, if you please...

*

He escorts Cathy back to the poetry section.

DISSOLVE TO:

3 IN THE STACKS - A FEW MINUTE LATER 3

Cathy browses among the poetry books. The volumes are old, dusty, the aisle dark and narrow. Cathy removes a book from a shelf, leaving a GAP, and through it.

4 ANGLE THROUGH THE BOOKS 4

An EYE watches her through the gap in the books. Cathy, intent on the book, doesn't notice.

5 RESUME CATHY 5

as she leafs through the book, puts it back in place. She has to stand on her tiptoes to reach for a different volume on the top shelf. As she strains to reach it, we hear a VOICE from behind her.

KRISTOPHER (O.S.)
Try this one...

Cathy turns to see Kristopher. He's a boyish thirty-five, attractive in a sort of rumpled, unkempt way, dressed in faded denim and a Mets cap, and he's holding a book, offering it to her. He presses it toward her, and she takes it, almost by instinct... but when she sees what she's holding, she REACTS with delight.

5A INSERT - ON THE BOOK 5A

as Cathy turns its pages. It's a real antique, in excellent condition, fine paper, gold-tipped pages, sewn signatures, color plates. No doubt; this is the one.

CATHY
Tennyson... a first edition...

5B RESUME 5B

as looks up, smiling, happy with the find.

CATHY
It's wonderful... thank you...

But she STOPS suddenly in mid-sentence, her smile turning to a look of puzzlement. She's alone in the aisle. She looks behind her, peers around a corner, but there's no sign of Kristopher anywhere. Cathy shrugs, takes the book, and walks toward the front of the store. At the end of the aisle, she looks back.

6 CATHY'S POV 6

The aisle is still empty.

MR. SMYTH (O.S.)
I see you've found your book.

7 RESUME 7

as Smyth gently takes the book from Cathy.

CATHY
My book?

MR. SMYTH
Mr. Tennyson's book, actually.
It was waiting for you, young
lady.

Cathy gives him a bemused look. The proprietor expands on the theme as he leads her to the front desk.

MR. SMYTH
All books wait. They sit
patiently on their respective
shelves, gathering only the most
refined dust, until the day their
covers are opened and their pages
turned by the proper person.

He sits behind the desk and checks the price inside the book's front cover. Cathy rummages in her purse and offers him a credit card just as Joe returns.

JOE
Okay, Radcliffe. Lunch is over.
We're due back in court in ten
minutes.

The proprietor looks up and sighs.

MR. SMYTH
Oh, joy! The tit-willow is back!

Cathy LAUGHS as the old man takes the card from her hand.

DISSOLVE TO:

8 INT. DA'S OFFICE LOBBY - SEVERAL HOURS LATER 8

Cathy and Joe push through a revolving door with a crush of people. They cross toward the elevators, talking about the case. Joe's annoyed.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

JOE

Six continuances! At this rate,
I'm gonna be drawing social
security before we get to trial
on this thing--

(elevator starts to
close)

Hey, hold the elevator!

Joe JUMPS forward, and makes it into the crowded elevator just in time. Cathy, a step behind, doesn't. She gets an exasperated look as the doors slide shut in her face.

Cathy presses the UP button to call another elevator. As she waits, a HAND enters frame and taps her shoulder.

KRISTOPHER (O.S.)

Excuse me...

SMASH CUT TO:

9 INT. FATHER'S CHAMBER - SIMULTANEOUS

9

Father is sorting through a stack of books, searching for a particular title, while Vincent watches.

FATHER

Here we are... no, that's not
right. I know it's here
somewhere... one of these days
I really must ask Cullen to build
me some bookshelves...

Vincent smiles. Then, suddenly, he experiences a CHILL at the moment when Kristopher touches Catherine. Father notices and looks up from his books.

FATHER

Vincent? What is it?

VINCENT

Nothing... for a moment I felt...
a coldness...

FATHER

Is there a draft? I hadn't
noticed...

Vincent sounds puzzled; he's never felt anything like this before.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

VINCENT

It's gone now...

FATHER

You're not feeling ill, are you?

VINCENT

No... this was... different...

(beat)

... as if... a chill had touched
my heart...

OFF Father's baffled but curious reaction, we

CUT TO:

10 RESUME D.A.'S LOBBY - REVERSE ANGLE

10

as Cathy turns to Kristopher. We never see him enter; he's
just there. It takes her a beat to recognize him.

CATHY

You...

KRISTOPHER

(awkward hesitation)

Look, this sort of thing is never
very easy...

CATHY

(suspicious)

What sort of thing?

KRISTOPHER

Are you... ah... often approached
by strangers?

CATHY

This is New York City. I'm
approached by all sorts of --

KRISTOPHER

Lunatics?

Cathy SMILES despite herself. Emboldened, Kristopher digs
around in his pocket, and offers her a business card. It's
crumpled and creased, smudged, much used.

KRISTOPHER

I'm not a lunatic. But...

(beat, smile)

I'm the next best thing.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

A little dubiously, Cathy takes the card and reads it.

CATHY
Kristopher Gentian.
(looks at him)
Artist.

KRISTOPHER
Honest.

CATHY
Good for you --
(looks at card again)
Mr. Gentian. But what is it you
want?

KRISTOPHER
Just you.
(beat)
Call me Kristopher.

CATHY
(very dubious)
Excuse me?

KRISTOPHER
Kristopher. You can call me--

CATHY
I caught that part.

KRISTOPHER
Oh. Okay. I just... well...
ah... I thought maybe you could...
well... model for me.

11 CLOSE ON CATHY

11

as she reacts. She's real dubious now.

CATHY
(suspicious)
Model for you.

12 RESUME

12

Kristopher gives a little half-smile.

KRISTOPHER
Too eccentric?

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

CATHY

Weird even. Is this some kind
of come on?

KRISTOPHER

(wounded)

Oh, no! I mean... it's not like
that... really... you could...
well, bring your boyfriend or
something... you know to... well,
make sure I didn't, ah... try
anything...

The notion of Vincent chaperoning while she sits for
Kristopher brings a SMILE to Cathy's face.

CATHY

That would be... interesting.

KRISTOPHER

I want to make you... well...
immortal...

CATHY

(smiles)

Modest, aren't you?

(elevator arrives)

Thanks, but... I don't think so.

She shoves the card into a jacket pocket as she boards the
elevator. Kristopher follows close behind.

KRISTOPHER

Wait...

(she doesn't)

My card...

(abashed)

I only have the one...

Cathy hands the card back to him as the elevator doors
close. She can't resist a GRIN.

DISSOLVE TO:

13 INT. D.A.'S OFFICE/ JENNY ARONSON'S OFFICE - LATER

13

Cathy is talking on the phone to her friend JENNY ARONSON,
an editor at a major New York publishing house. INTERCUT
between two women at their desks.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

CATHY

Jen, would I kid you? Right down
in the lobby. Yes.

JENNY

He took back his card?

CATHY

He said he only had one.

JENNY

Sounds like an artist all right.
Remember Craig?

CATHY

Oh god, yes. The one with the
pony tail...

JENNY

... and the unheated loft. I
posed for him for three weeks.
In February. In a sheet. When
I finally looked at the painting,
I wasn't even in it.

CATHY

(laughing)

What?

JENNY

He told me he just liked to look
at naked women while he worked...
it helped his creative juices or
something... but don't let me
influence you. They can't all
be like Craig. This guy might
turn out to be the next Picasso
or something.

Joe appears, and heads towards Cathy's desk, a stack of
file folders under his arms. He overhears them talking.

CATHY

So you think I ought to pose for
him?

JENNY

You might wind up on the wall of
the Metropolitan. Then I can buy
postcards of you to mail to my
friends...

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: (2)

13

CATHY
(laughs, delighted)
Maybe you could publish a
calendar...

JENNY
Sure. We'll have framed prints,
wrapping paper, coffee mugs...
there's no telling where it might
end.

Joe has overheard the last few exchanges in their
conversation. He drops the file folders on Cathy's desk
and looks down at her, waiting.

CATHY
(laughing)
Well, this better end right now.
The tit-willow needs me.
(laughs)
No, no, no. I'll tell you next
week at dinner. Bye.

She hangs up the phone.

JOE
What was that all about?

CATHY
(lightly)
An artist followed me back from
the bookstore. Jenny thinks maybe
I ought to pose for him.

JOE
Pose for him?
(alarmed)
Cath, you got to watch out for
these arty types. They get you
alone, give you a little wine,
and the next thing you know
you're... well... you know...
I mean, these guys, they've got
a line, they like to take
advantage...

Joe is clearly finding this a tad embarrassing. Cathy,
amused, plays it with mock innocence, with puzzled looks
and small nods to keep him going.

CATHY
How's that, Joe?

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: (3)

13

JOE

Well, you know... they try and talk you into... out of... it's not like fashion models, some of the time you pose, well, without.... without any... you know... kind of... well, nude.

CATHY

(amused relief)

Oh, is that all? Don't worry. I posed for a life study class in college.

(off his reaction)

Joe, are you blushing?

Flustered, Joe looks away, turning his attention to file folders he's brought here.

JOE

Never mind. Hey, it's none of my business. Look, I need the Ketter testimony broken down by

-

(changing subject)

You sure this guy is on the up-and-up? There's a scam on every corner in this city, Radcliffe. He give you a name?

CATHY

Kristopher Gentian. Relax, Joe, he's harmless.

JOE

Famous last words. I want that stuff tomorrow morning.

CATHY

I'll take it home, do it tonight.

Cathy watches with a bemused smile on her face as Joe turns and walks off. RITA ESCOBAR, headed for Cathy's desk, is crossing past Joe when he stops and looks back.

JOE

In college... that'd be Radcliffe, right?

(off her nod)

You had me going for a minute there, Chandler. Radcliffe's a girl's school.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: (4)

13

Immensely relieved, Joe vanishes into his office. Rita continues to Cathy's desk and gives her a file.

RITA

Didn't Radcliffe go coed?

CATHY

(amused)

In 1971. But we better not tell Joe.

The two women share a smile as we

DISSOLVE TO:

13A OMITTED

13A *

13B EXT. PARK DRAINAGE ENTRANCE - NIGHT

13B *

Cathy waits alone in front of the Central Park tunnel entrance, carrying the Tennyson book. Her face is pensive, a little anxious; she's been waiting for some time, and Vincent has not come. She paces, looks at her watch. He's not coming, she decides. Cathy starts to move away. *

Then Vincent appears, silently, in the tunnel entrance. Joy -- an anxiety -- flicker briefly across Cathy's face as she turns. *

Vincent makes no move, at first, to move outside. He and Cathy look at each other. For a moment, there's a gulf between them, a distance. *

CATHY

It's been so long. I was afraid...

VINCENT

That I might not come?

CATHY

That you might not want to come...

There's a long beat of tense silence.

VINCENT

I was far away... alone. There is a place... miles beneath the city... where a nameless river runs through the darkness... sometimes I go there, when...

(CONTINUED)

13B CONTINUED:

13B *

Vincent looks away from her, and his voice trails off.
Cathy steps forward to him and offers him the book.

*

CATHY

I wanted you to have this...

Vincent takes the book, reverently leafs through the
gold-tipped pages.

VINCENT

Tennyson... a first edition...

CATHY

I liked Idylls of the King
best. I knew parts of it by
heart, and some nights I dreamt
of Camelot...

(beat)

... and Lancelot.

Vincent looks at her.

VINCENT

Lancelot was... fatally
flawed... destined never to
find the Grail...

Cathy reaches up to tenderly touch his face.

CATHY

Still... he was the greatest
knight of all...

They look into each other's eyes for a beat. Then
Vincent takes Cathy into his arms for a long embrace full
of longing and reconciliation. As she throws back her
head and smiles up at him, we

DISSOLVE TO:

14 EXT. PARK DRAINAGE ENTRANCE - LATER

14

Vincent is reading from the book, Cathy close to him.

*

VINCENT

But in her web she still delights/
To weave the mirror's magic
sights/ For often through the
silent nights/ A funeral, with
plumes and lights,/ And music,
went to Camelot:

They break apart and REACT as an unseen voice finishes
the poem.

KRISTOPHER (O.S.)

Or when the moon was overhead/
Came two young lovers lately wed/
'I am half sick of shadows' said/
The Lady of Shalott...

15 OMITTED

15

16 RESUME

16

We hear a faint RUSTLING of bushes as someone approaches.
Vincent instinctively draws back toward the tunnel, then
hesitates and looks at Cathy. She urges him on.

CATHY

(urgently)

Go... before you're seen...

A brief hesitation... then Vincent whirls and vanishes
inside the tunnel, almost simultaneous with Kristopher's
stepping out of the darkness. Cathy STEPS BETWEEN THEM, to
make sure Kristopher cannot see Vincent.

CATHY

(exasperated, ready of
kill)

Kristopher!

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT II

FADE IN:

17 EXT. PARK DRAINAGE ENTRANCE - NIGHT

17

Vincent is gone. Kristopher stares off after him.

KRISTOPHER
You didn't have to send him away.

CATHY
What the hell do you think
you're doing here?

*

KRISTOPHER
(oblivious)
He reads beautifully...

CATHY
I want you to stop following me!
Do you understand that?

KRISTOPHER
You think he'd sit for me?

CATHY
(exasperated)
Who are you talking about?

KRISTOPHER
What century did he walk out of,
Cathy? What storybook?

CATHY
I don't what you think you saw,
but --

Kristopher closes his eyes, concentrates, quotes from
memory.

KRISTOPHER
... and over our heads floats the
blue bird, singing of beautiful
and impossible things, of things
that are lovely and...

Frustrated beyond endurance, Cathy SEIZES Kristopher by
the arm and drags him away from the tunnel entrance. He
comes along docilely.

CATHY
That's it. C'mon.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

KRISTOPHER
(still reciting)
... and that never happen, of
things that are not, and that
should be...
(opens one eye)
Oscar Wilde. Where are we going?
Are you taking me to Vincent?

CATHY
I'm taking you home.

KRISTOPHER
(meekly)
Oh. Okay.
(beat)
Does that mean you want to pose
for me?

Cathy makes a sound as if she'd gladly strangle him, and
yanks him at harder. They move off across the park
together, Kristopher stumbling along beside her.

CUT TO:

18 INT. FATHER'S CHAMBER - NIGHT

18 *

Vincent, restless and disturbed, has told Father the news.

FATHER
(upset)
Did he see you?

VINCENT
I don't know. Perhaps... a
glimpse, but...

FATHER
A glimpse... and if he thinks
about what he saw... wonders...
Vincent, the risk...

VINCENT
I've lived with that risk all my
life. Do you think I could ever
forget it?

FATHER
I think... sometimes... you grow
careless... especially of late...
you and Catherine... lose
yourselves in the moment...

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

VINCENT

... in the night... the stars...

FATHER

... and each other. Yes!

VINCENT

No. That was not how it was.

(slowly)

I could hear all the stirrings
of the city... the distant noise
of traffic... the rustle of the
wind through the foliage...
someone skipping stones across
the lagoon...

FATHER

Then how could this man possibly
come on you unawares?

VINCENT

I don't know...

FATHER

There has to be some rational
explanation.

VINCENT

Fine. Tell me what it is.

Vincent looks sharply at Father, waiting for an
explanation. But Father can only frown, as he tries to
come up with a likely explanation. Off his conspicuous
silence, we

CUT TO:

19 EXT. VILLAGE STREETS - NIGHT

19

The streets shine, dark and wet, but there's still plenty
of foot traffic as Cathy and Kristopher walk through the
Village, back toward the artist's usual haunts. Kristopher
is several steps in front, walking backwards so he faces
Cathy, almost skipping, and gesturing widely with his hands
as he talks. Other pedestrians have to detour to avoid
him, but he's almost oblivious.

KRISTOPHER

You're still mad, aren't you?

CATHY

You could even say furious.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

KRISTOPHER

I know, I know, I shouldn't have followed you, I shouldn't have spied on you, but if I hadn't...
(smile, gestures)
... would you be here with me now?
Would I have seen him?

CATHY

I don't who you think you saw,
but --

KRISTOPHER

Oh, yes you do. When are you going to tell me about him?

CATHY

You are being very trying,
Kristopher.

KRISTOPHER

I can't help it. I'm an --

CATHY

-- artist, yes, I know. Since when is invasion of privacy part of the creative process?

KRISTOPHER

I had to follow my heart...

CATHY

Next time you may follow it right past the Louvre into city jail.

As they pass in front of the CAFE CARCERI, a Village coffee house, a SPRY OLD WOMAN in a beret exits. Kristopher grabs her by the shoulders and dances her around happily in a circle. *

KRISTOPHER

Did you hear that? She said next time! She's forgiven me!

The old woman breaks free and staggers away, looking at him as if he's mad.

KRISTOPHER

It's all right, I've got artistic license. We're allowed to be peculiar...

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (2)

19

CATHY
(drily)
Don't worry, we'll have him
committed soon...

The old woman backs away quickly, shaking her head at both
of them. Cathy can't help smiling.

KRISTOPHER
She's smiling. Yes, that's
definitely a smile...

CATHY
I thought you were shy.

KRISTOPHER
I am large, I contain multitudes.
Do you like espresso?

CATHY
(exasperated)
Kristopher...

KRISTOPHER
Cappuccino? Cafe au lait?
Canoli? They have a zabaglione
in here that will break your
heart.

CATHY
(wearily)
Kristopher...

KRISTOPHER
Just an hour, that's all I want.
Well, maybe two... I won't ever
say a word about Vincent or bother
you again.

Cathy gives him a long dubious glance and starts to shake
her head no. Kristopher grins his most child-like
disarming grin. Despite herself, Cathy begins to weaken.
As she begins to smile, we

DISSOLVE TO:

20 INT. CAFE CARCERI - LATER

20 *

A cross-section of Greenwich Village characters sit on wrought-iron chairs at tiny marble-topped table. In the b.g. is a case full of Italian pastries and a gigantic espresso machine that has seen a lot of use over the years. The waitresses wear black leotards and the walls are hung with oil paintings in heavy ornate frames.

Kristopher and Cathy sit in one corner. A trio of ART STUDENTS occupy the adjoining table, books and sketch pads piled on an unoccupied chair between them. Cathy glances at the walls and the general decor.

KRISTOPHER

It's great, isn't it? I love this place. It always makes me feel like Lorenzo de Medici may walk in at any moment to discuss a commission...

CATHY

With you?

KRISTOPHER

Who else? But he'll have to wait till I've finished having coffee with Simonetta Vespucci.

(off her look)

She was Sandro Botticelli's great inspiration. You can see her face in his paintings.

A WAITRESS arrives at the table, serves Cathy a cup of espresso and a small sandwich cut in quarters, and Kristopher a zabaglione and a frothy cappuccino. He looks worriedly at Cathy's sandwich.

KRISTOPHER

(to waitress)

You used to cut the crusts off those sandwiches...

CATHY

It's okay, I'm allowed to eat crusts.

The waitress moves off as Cathy tastes her sandwich.

CATHY

So, did Botticelli have coffee with Simonetta on a regular basis?

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

KRISTOPHER

He was very fond of her...

(shy smile)

... even though she was destined
for another. She loved
Guiliano de Medici. Botticelli
took both of them to his heart.

*

Kristopher sips his cappuccino, leaving a mustache on his
upper lip. He wipes it off, reaches over to the next
table, and snags a big art book belonging to one of the art
students. The owner, an attractive blond girl, about
nineteen, protests.

ART STUDENT

Hey....

KRISTOPHER

It's all right...

He opens the book to show to Catherine.

21 INSERT - THE BOOK

21

A close shot of a full-color reproduction of Botticelli's
Venus and Mars. Kristopher points to the faces.

KRISTOPHER (O.S.)

See... Simonetta and Guiliano...

22 RESUME

22

KRISTOPHER

They both became inspirations...

Catherine looks from the book to Kristopher, while he
remains lost in the image on the page. She's amused.

CATHY

And they all lived happily ever
after?

Kristopher gives a little shrug, a sad half-smile.

KRISTOPHER

Guiliano was killed during the
Pazzi Rebellion. Simonetta was
taken by a fever. Nothing is
forever, Cathy.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

CATHY
That's a strange thing for an
artist to say. They're here...
(taps the page)
... forever.

The art students are getting ready to leave.

ART STUDENT
Can I have my book back?

KRISTOPHER
Sure.
(hands it over)
Hey, you using that sketch pad?

ART STUDENT
(confused)
I just bought it.

KRISTOPHER
Great.
(takes it)
Thanks.

The girl exchanges looks with her friends. One of them shrugs and gives her a warning look. She shakes her head, and they exit, leaving Kristopher with the sketch pad.

CATHY
(drily)
You know, they sell those.

KRISTOPHER
Only to people with money.

CATHY
(gets the drift)
What gallery do you exhibit at,
Kristopher?
(off his shrug)
You haven't sold too many
paintings, have you?

KRISTOPHER
Well, maybe my stuff is a
little... well... strange... they
had to drag me kicking and
screaming into the twentieth
century. Still... look up
there...

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: (2)

22

He points to a nearby painting. Like the rest of the rest of the art in the Cafe Carceri, it's lush, romantic, suggesting a by-gone time. Cathy looks up at it for a long beat, then at Kristopher.

*

CATHY
(quietly)
Yours?

Kristopher gives the smallest and shiest of NODS.

KRISTOPHER
I ran up quite a tab. The owner took it in payment. He was about a million years old, you would have loved him.
(sadly)
He's dead now.

CATHY
I'm sorry.

KRISTOPHER
Still... that's a sale, right?
Kind of... do you like it?
(before she can answer)
No, don't, I don't want to know.
If you hate it, I'll be crushed.

CATHY
(smiles)
Kristopher, it's lovely. You're very talented.

KRISTOPHER
You like it?
(off her nod)
I knew you would. So you'll pose for me, right?

CATHY
You don't give up, do you?

KRISTOPHER
Does a moth give up when he sees the most beautiful flame he's ever beheld?

CATHY
That's a good way to get your wings singed.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: (3)

22

KRISTOPHER

The hazards of my profession,
Cathy. My wings are forever
singed...

(opens the sketch pad)

Okay, don't pose. Just sit there,
drink your espresso, let me sketch
you. What can it hurt?

Cathy looks at him for a long beat, glances back up at the
painting on the wall, then back at Kristopher.

CATHY

I can't believe I'm doing this.

Kristopher's joy is written all over his face. Grinning
like a child at Christmas, he props the sketchpad against
the edge of the table, fumbles in his pockets.

KRISTOPHER

Great. You won't be sorry, I
promise.

(beat)

Ah... you wouldn't happen to have
a pencil, would you?

CUT TO:

23 INT. VINCENT'S CHAMBER - NIGHT

23

In darkness. Vincent is in bed, stirring restlessly in his
sleep, tossing and turning, caught in the grip of a dream.
We PUSH IN CLOSE on his face, and

DISSOLVE TO:

24 INT. SURREAL WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

24

Vincent's dream POV. He is walking through the vast
echoing interior of an old dark WAREHOUSE. Thick white
MISTS cover the unseen floor, flowing around his feet,
obscuring the vague shapes of old furniture and wooden
crates that loom on all sides. Everything is dusty,
cobwebbed, surreal; the mists are white some great eerie
white blanket. Distorted, surreal.

Catherine appears ahead of him, barefoot, her hair flowing,
dressed in a pale, flowing, filmy white nightgown, sexy
but somehow eerie as well. She seems lost, frantic,
searching for someone or something. She turns her head this
way or that.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

CATHY
Where are you?

Her voice ECHOES. Vincent rushes toward her.

VINCENT
Catherine...

But Catherine does not seem to see him or hear him. She calls out again and dashes off.

CATHY
Where are you?

Vincent begins to move faster, pursuing her.

25 SERIES OF SHOTS -- VINCENT'S POV

25

as he races after Catherine, around and about the gloomy, otherworldly warehouse, through the ground fog, past all manner of strange cobwebbed objects, broken furniture and old toys and disorting funhouse mirrors. This dream chase should be as weird and scary as we can make it, full of strange sights and sounds. Finally, up ahead of an endlessly long aisle that narrows the further along it goes, he sees Catherine standing, and flies toward her.

As Vincent reaches her, she looks up, SMILING.

CATHY
(sweet and sad)
He's dead.

Catherine DISAPPEARS, fading out slowly with her smile still on her face.

26 VINCENT

26

finds himself standing over an old TRUNK. There's a sound coming from inside it... the sound of SCRIBBLING. Vincent leans forward, opens the lid.

27 ANGLE DOWN INTO TRUNK - VINCENT'S POV

27

Inside, with the strange logic of dreams, the trunk is much much bigger than it has any right to be. There's a LITTLE BOY inside, no more than four or five. We cannot see his face. He's wearing a METS CAP and scribbling -- furiously, frantically, wildly -- inside a COLORING BOOK. The boy is completely intent on what he's doing. He's surrounded by crayons, half-buried in them, and as he colors, we see that he does not pay any attention to the lines. He colors inside and outside the lines. We only get a glimpse of the picture that he's coloring, but it's something mystical, mythical, magical.

PUSH IN TIGHT on the crayon in the little boy's hand and

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

28 CLOSE ON A PENCIL

28

in Catherine's hand, scrawling across a yellow legal pad. We PULL BACK to

INT. DA'S OFFICE - THE NEXT MORNING

Cathy looks a little dreamy as she doodles idly across the pad. Joe's approach snaps her out of her reverie.

JOE

Done with the Ketter breakdown?

CATHY

I'm about half way through. Give me a couple more hours...

JOE

I thought you were going to finish it at home last night.

CATHY

Something came up...

JOE

This something didn't have anything to do with that so-called artist, did it?

It did, of course; Cathy's reaction gives that away. Joe Maxwell hesitates a moment, then continues awkwardly.

(CONTINUED)

JOE

Ah, look, Cath... I don't know how to say this, but... well... I'd stay clear of that guy, if I were you. He's running some kind of scam on you, Radcliffe.

CATHY

I don't know what you're talking about. Kristopher's an artist.

JOE

Con artist, you mean. Look, he told you he was Kristopher Gentian, right?
(she nods)
Well, he can't be...

CATHY

What does that mean?

Joe looks a little embarrassed, but plunges on.

JOE

I had Escobar run a little check on him...

CATHY

(incredulous)
You what?

JOE

(sheepish)
I know, I know, it's none of my business, but... well... I was worried.

Cathy doesn't know whether to be flattered, amused, or mad. Joe rushes on before she can make up her mind.

JOE

You ought to be glad I made it my business.
(beat)
Kristopher Gentian died almost two years ago.

Off Cathy's look of utter incredulity, we

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

ACT III

FADE IN

29 INT. MUSTY BOOKSTORE - DAY

29

The bell over the door JINGLES as a determined Cathy pushes through into the interior of the bookstore. Joe, bemused, trails after her.

JOE

This is nuts. Radcliffe, why don't you just let me buy you lunch and forget about this...

CATHY

(ignoring him)
Hello? Anyone here?

JOE

What's it going to take to convince you? The guy's dead!

CATHY

Then a dead man did a sketch of me last night.

JOE

Hey, you said it, I didn't.

CATHY

We went to a coffee house. I had espresso. He had zabaglione. Dead men can't even spell zabaglione.

JOE

Five'll getcha ten he stuck you with the check too...

He did; Cathy's face gives it away, and Joe sees it.

JOE

A-ha! I told you it was some scam. He's --

The proprietor emerges from the back of the shop, books cradled beneath his arm, interrupts their argument.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

29

MR. SMYTH
May I be of some...
(recognizes them)
Oh. You.
(to Cathy)
Did you enjoy Mr. Tennyson's book?

*

CATHY
Very much. Listen, there was a
man in the shop yesterday when
I was here...

MR. SMYTH
Of course there was.

*

Cathy shoots a triumphant see-I-told-you-so look toward
Joe, then turns back to Smyth.

*

CATHY
I need to find him... talk to
him...

Smyth raises an eyebrow.

*

MR. SMYTH
That shouldn't be hard. He's
standing right behind you...

*

Half-thinking that Kristopher might have made one of his
mysterious appearances, Cathy glances over her shoulder.
Joe gives her a smug smile. Her frustration increases.

CATHY
Not Joe...

MR. SMYTH
I quite understand.

*

JOE
She's looking for some guy she
saw back in the poetry.

MR. SMYTH
Definitely not you, then.

*

JOE
Claims he's an artist.

MR. SMYTH
We get quite a lot of artists.
Occasionally one even purchases
a book.

*

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: (2)

29

CATHY

About so tall, kind of rumped,
wearing a Mets cap... his name's
Kristopher Gentian.

Smyth blinks and looks at her for a long beat. His face
gives no clue to what he might be thinking.

*

MR. SMYTH

*

I'm sure I don't recall any such
person. Perhaps you saw him
somewhere else...

CATHY

He was here, you had to have seen
him...

Smyth busies himself sorting the books on his desk.

*

MR. SMYTH

*

I'm afraid not. Now, if there's
nothing else...

Cathy gapes at him. She can't believe it, and for a moment
she's at a loss for words. Joe takes her arm.

JOE

C'mon, Cath, give it up.

Frustrated, Cathy glares at Smyth's back for a moment,
then opens her purse and pulls out a business card.

*

CATHY

I don't know what's going on, but
if your memory should suddenly
return, give me a call...

She drops the card on the desk in front of the old man.
She and Joe EXIT. As the bell over the door JINGLES to
their departure, Smyth turns to watch them go. He picks
up Cathy's card and fingers it thoughtfully.

*

CUT TO:

30 INT. VINCENT'S CHAMBER - DAY

30

Vincent lies in bed. The room is VERY DARK, lit only by a
single reading candle. Pools of SHADOW hide the corners of
the room. Vincent can feel Catherine's agitation; it makes
him feel strangely uneasy. He picks up the Tennyson book,
leafs through a few pages idly, then notices something and
STOPS.

31 INSERT - THE BOOK

31

Inside the front cover, long ago, someone has pasted a small personal book plate with the name Kristopher Gentian written in. Vincent stares at it as we HEAR a faint SOUND in the stillness of the chamber.

32 RESUME

32

as Vincent closes the book and looks up.

VINCENT
Who's there?

There's no answer. Only silence. Vincent rises.

33 VINCENT'S POV

33

Something that looks like a human form stands in the shadows behind the iron pillar, but the room is so dark it's hard to be certain.

34 RESUME

34

as Vincent takes up a candle and strides forward. The shadows fills with light as he crosses the room; there's no one there. Vincent stops, baffled, raises the candle, looks around carefully. Nothing at all. Suddenly we HEAR running FOOTSTEPS just behind him. Vincent whirls toward the sound, and GROWLS.

MOUSE bursts into the chamber, wearing his homemade helmet with its mismatched flashlights. He's DRENCHED, absolutely soaking wet, dripping everywhere. Mouse stops dead, startled by the growl.

MOUSE
Uh-oh. Bad time?

VINCENT
Mouse... I thought for a moment...
(beat)
I thought I saw... an intruder...
standing in the shadows...

Mouse doesn't quite know what to make of that.

MOUSE
Down here? In your chamber?

Mouse looks around, suddenly a little nervous.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

34

VINCENT

It makes no sense...

Vincent's voice trails off as he stands lost in thought.

MOUSE

Finished the new aqueduct.

(moves, squishes, makes
a face)

Little problem.

Vincent has made up his mind about something.

VINCENT

So I see.

MOUSE

Need your help.

VINCENT

To stop a flood?

MOUSE

No. Fixed it.

Mouse shakes off the moisture, looks disgusted.

MOUSE

Swimming lessons.

Vincent SMILES and puts a hand on Mouse's shoulder.

VINCENT

Tomorrow. We'll go to the mirror
pool.

(Mouse grins)

I'm going to see Narcissa. Tell
Father I'll be back by evening.Vincent exits, leaving Mouse alone in the chamber. Mouse
looks around curiously, wondering what Vincent saw.

MOUSE

(musing)

Intruders.

(with bravado)

Don't scare Mouse.

But just at that moment, Mouse happens to DRIP on the only
candle in the chamber, extinguishing the flame and flunging
the space into TOTAL BLACKNESS except for the flashlights
on his helmet. Off Mouse's sudden nervous gasp of fear
and scramble for the exit, we

CUT TO:

35 INT. DA'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

35 *

Rita Escobar sits at her desk as she and Cathy talk.

RITA
(surprised)
You mean you think it's all a
hoax?

CATHY
Let's just say I've never seen
a ghost with a cappuchino
moustache before.

RITA
But why would anyone pretend to
be dead?

CATHY
The world has a funny way of
ignoring live artists and
celebrating dead ones.
Kristopher wouldn't be the
first painter to fake his own
death... tell me what you found
out about our elusive Mr.
Gentian.

RITA
Well, he was a native New Yorker,
went to Cooper Union... an arts
scholarship. Family's all
deceased. He had a small
inheritance, but it must have run
out... he owed money to everybody
when he died...

CATHY
Sounds like Kristopher, all right.
How about an address?

RITA
A loft in the East Village...
but he'd been evicted... living
on the street. The night he
died, the temperature got down
to twenty below. They found
the body in an alley off
Bleeker...

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

35

CATHY
... with all of Kristopher's
ID...

RITA
(nods)
A friend viewed the body to
confirm the identification... a
Mr. Smith...
(shuffles papers)
No, Smyth... Jonathon Smyth.
He owns a bookstore. I have
an address here somewhere...

*

Rita digs through some more papers.

*

CATHY
Let me guess. It's in the
Village. Seven-seven-seven...

*

Before we can hear a street name, we

*

DISSOLVE TO:

36 INT. NARCISSA'S CHAMBER - DAY

36

CLOSE on a shiny black ceramic bowl, half-full of water. Narcissa's face is reflected in the liquid. As we watch, she crushes some plants, sprinkling the powder across the water, then moves the bowl in a small, circular motion. The water SWIRLS, and the image breaks up and runs. Narcissa's half-blind eyes stare down into the depths of the water, finding her own truths beneath the surface.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

Vincent appears silently in the doorway behind her. He does not speak, but somehow Narcissa is aware of him. She speaks without turning to look at him.

NARCISSA
Come, Vincent...

Vincent steps slowly into Narcissa's chamber.

VINCENT
You heard me approach?

NARCISSA
I saw you... in the waters... oh
yes, child... come... look...

Vincent studies the dark water in Narcissa's bowl.

VINCENT
I see only ripples...
reflections... the flame of the
candles...

Narcissa gives a strange, enigmatic half-smile.

NARCISSA
You are your father's son.

Vincent considers that for a long beat.

VINCENT
What do you see?

NARCISSA
The past. The future. The faces
of the dead... spirits seek their
own level, Vincent... like
water...

(she laughs)
But I am crazy old lady... ask
the Father... did he tell you
ghost stories when you were young,
child?

VINCENT
(fondly, remembering)
I fled the headless horseman ...
rode in Kipling's phantom
rickshaw... yes... I remember
Marley's ghost...

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED: (2)

36

NARCISSA

... bound by the chains he forged
in life... but there are other
kinds of chains, Vincent. Fear,
love, hate... dreams...

Vincent listens to her solemnly, his face impassive. But,
while he respects the old womans beliefs, Vincent remains
skeptical of the things she suggests.

VINCENT

Your world has room for spirits,
Narcissa... but Catherine lives
in another world... a world where
ghosts walk only in stories...

NARCISSA

Are you so sure, child? Come,
then. Look again.

The old woman picks up a bit of DRIED HERB, crushes it
between her fingers, sprinkles it over the surface of the
water, then stirs the bowl so the water moves again.

NARCISSA

Open your eyes. Look deep.

37 ANGLE DOWN ON BOWL

37

as the water moves round and round, then slows. The last
ripples die, the water grows still. Vincent's own
REFLECTION stares straight up back at him. We HEAR
Narcissa's voice.

NARCISSA (O.S.)

Could such a being as this...
walk the world your Catherine
lives in?

Reflected in the water, Vincent's expression undergoes a
subtle change as he understands and REACTS.

CUT TO:

38 INT. MUSTY BOOKSTORE - EVENING

38

Smythe is totalling up the cash receipts on an old-
fashioned manual adding machine as Cathy throws open the
door, with its 777 address, and barges in.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

38

MR. SMYTH

I'm afraid we're closed...

(beat)

Ah. You. You are a peristent
one.

CATHY

Is that a compliment...

(very pointed)

Mr. Smyth?

Smyth realizes that the game is up when she calls him by
his name. Smyth SIGHS; there's no use pretending now.

MR. SMYTH

Oh dear.

CATHY

You lied to me.

MR. SMYTH

Well, fibbed...

CATHY

How long have you known
Kristopher?

MR. SMYTH

When he was a little boy, he used
to come in and sit for hours,
reading book after book...
folklore, mythology, poetry...
even when he grew up, he would
rather read than eat.

CATHY

Then why did you pretend you'd
never heard of him?

MR. SMYTH

It's just... such a bother...
no one ever believes me anyway...
you're not the first, you know...

CATHY

Not the first what?

MR. SMYTH

Why, to see his ghost... he
materializes for all the... more
attractive... young ladies.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED: (2)

38

CATHY
I can't believe this!

MR. SMYTH
See.

CATHY
You're still claiming he's dead?

MR. SMYTH
My dear young lady. Of course
he's dead. I identified the body
myself. Such a waste. He had
so much talent...

Smyth sounds utterly sincere, utterly convincing. Cathy
just stares at him for a long beat, but he stares right
back, unwavering. Finally she throws up her hands in
helpless exaggeration.

CATHY
That's it! I give up!

She turns to leave, but halfway to the door, something
occurs to her and she turns back.

CATHY
His paintings...
(beat)
There was no family, no will...
none of the paintings had ever
been sold... what happened to
them?

MR. SMYTH
(sadly)
His landlord took everything.
A dreadful man.

CATHY
For the back rent...

MR. SMYTH
(nods)
His books too, but I bought those
from him. It seemed only right...
old friends coming home again.

CATHY
The landlord must have tried to
sell the paintings too...

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED: (3)

38

MR. SMYTH

*

Undoubtedly. The only portraits he valued were the ones on dollar bills. But I don't imagine he had much success. Kristopher's work is probably off in storage somewhere... presuming it still exists...

CATHY

It still exists. Otherwise what's the point of this charade?

MR. SMYTH

*

So young and so cynical. I wouldn't be so certain if I were you, dear lady. This world devours our certainties... and all our beauties as well...

Off Cathy's REACTION, we

DISSOLVE TO:

39 EXT. OLD WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

39

OPEN TIGHT on an old rusted PADLOCK, very formidable, securing several HEAVY CHAINS across a set of doors. A bright yellow printed notice has been slapped across the name, advising of a BANKRUPTCY SALE JULY 18 1987.

Catherine's hand ENTERS FRAME, touches the lock, tugs at it in helpless frustration. The chains rattle.

We PULL BACK to find her on a deserted street in front of the warehouse. The windows are broken and boarded up. Cathy's CAR is parked at the curb.

Cathy looks up and down, searching for a way inside the warehouse. There's nothing; no way in. Frustrated, she tries the chains once again for want of anything better to do, but the padlock shows no sign of budging. At her wit's end, Cathy returns to her car.

She opens the door, slides into the driver's seat, and is just putting the key into the ignition when we HEAR the metallic CLICK of the padlock opening. Cathy freezes and looks over.

40 CATHY'S POV - THE DOOR

40

The padlock is wide open. As we watch, it slides OFF the chain and hits the ground. The doors SWING OPEN a few inches, in dead silence, and hang ajar. Within is nothing but darkness and dust.

41 RESUME

41

Cathy turns off the car, opens her glove box, takes out a FLASHLIGHT. She climbs out of the car and moves warily to the door, pushes. The door swings all the way open, revealing only dust and darkness. Cathy stops, calls out.

*

CATHY

Hello?

There's no answer. Cathy turns on the flashlight. Its beam is weak, dim, thanks to old tired batteries, but it's all she has. She steps inside.

42 INT. OLD WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

42

It's VERY VERY DARK. A sea of dark gray, its corners lost in huge pools of pitch black shadow, the vague shape of rooms and furniture more suggested than felt.

*

Cathy moves the beam of the flashlight back and forth. The light DIMS perceptibly. She slaps the light against an open palm, and momentarily the beam BRIGHTENS again. Cathy moves further inside, her footsteps ECHOING.

*

Suddenly the door SWINGS SHUT behind her. Cathy whirls, startled. The slam of the door ECHOES ominously in the stillness. She looks around, very nervous now. The flashlight begins to DIM once more. Cathy slaps it against her palm again, but this time dim bulb dies completely, plunging her into TOTAL DARKNESS.

43 BLACK FRAME

43

CATHY

Damn it...

*

Her words ECHO, but there's no other sound. We HEAR Cathy fumbling with the flashlight. Dimly, it goes on again.

*

44 RESUME

44 *

Cathy GASPS, frightened for a heartbeat, as she finds a grim, silent Vincent standing right in front of her.

CATHY

Vincent... for a moment I
thought... thank god it's you,
I tell you, I'm...

VINCENT

(slow, serious)
... half-sick of shadows...

CATHY

Yes. I was almost ready to
give up when you opened the door.

Vincent looks at her curiously.

VINCENT

Catherine...
(beat)
I did not open any door...

CATHY

(stunned)
Then... who...

Vincent sees something behind Cathy, and REACTS, quieting her with a gentle touch on the arm. Cathy looks back.

44A CATHY'S POV

44A *

Across the expanse of the warehouse, she sees a dark figure, holding a LANTERN. We can make out the interior of the warehouse for the first time. It's huge, cavernous, full of piles of cobwebbed furniture, old trunks and crates, and other forgotten and cast-off junk, all the detritus of modern life, many piles covered with old canvas tarpulins.

44B RESUME

44B *

as Vincent ROARS, moves Cathy behind him to safety, then whirls and takes off after the light. Cathy calls out after him, but Vincent does not hesitate.

(CONTINUED)

44B CONTINUED:

44B *

CATHY

Vincent...

Running footsteps ECHO in the dark as the figure with the light turns and flees, vanishing behind a pillar.

Vincent pursues. The chase weaves in and out and around the pillars, tumbles of old broken down furniture, pinball machines, and the other junk stored here. It's a strange, eerie pursuit, reminiscent of Vincent's dream. Once or twice the light unaccountedly vanishes, only to reappear somewhere else. Finally Vincent is right on top of the figure with the lantern... but when he reaches out to snare him, we SEE that it's only a reflection in a distorting funhouse mirror. The mirror SHATTERS as Vincent reaches into it.

As Vincent stands contemplating the falling glass, the light appears again behind him. He whirls. The man with the light ducks behind a huge tarpaulin-covered pile of junk. Instead of going around, Vincent makes a magnificent breath-taking LEAP over.

He comes down on the far side, GRABS the man with the lantern, and spins him around with a terrible GROWL.

We see his face. It's Kristopher. Terror and awe flicker across his face; then both are replaced by a beautiful, almost child-like SMILE.

KRISTOPHER

Uh... hi...

FADE OUT

END OF ACT THREE

ACT IV

FADE IN

45 INT. OLD WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

45

The floor of the warehouse is a maze; crooked aisles wind between piles of abandoned goods. Kristopher leads Catherine and Vincent through the labyrinth, but he seems vague, almost confused.

CATHY

How long have you been here?

KRISTOPHER

Here? I... I don't know... it seems... that's funny, you know, I can't seem to... to remember...

He stops, looks around. He seems lost for a moment.

KRISTOPHER

I don't... this way, I think...

They resume walking.

CATHY

Kristopher, I want some answers. How did you open that padlock without my seeing you?

KRISTOPHER

I just did. I didn't want you to go away...

CATHY

Are you living here now, is that it?

KRISTOPHER

So many questions. Watch out, you might get answers. You'll explain all the wonders and mysteries in life. Then the wonders and mysteries...

(beat)

... die. I hate questions.

(stops suddenly)

Wait... here...

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

45

A faded canvas tarp covers a rather forlorn pile of possessions. An old TRUNK is partially covered by the tarp. Kristopher tugs at it ineffectually, until Vincent steps forward and pulls it out from under the tarp. Kristopher seems surprised to recognize it.

KRISTOPHER

That's my stuff!

Vincent and Cathy exchange a look as Kristopher blows off a thick covering of dust, and throws open the lid. Inside, the trunk is filled with old COLORING BOOKS.

VINCENT

(wonderstruck)

Coloring books...

KRISTOPHER

I couldn't get enough of them when
I was little.

Vincent picks one off the top, opens it, and gazes at the colored picture for a long beat. Cathy looks too. The drawing is vividly, wildly colored, but the young artist has resolutely colored everywhere, inside and outside the lines, ignoring those boundaries.

CATHY

You went outside the lines.

KRISTOPHER

I liked going outside the lines.

VINCENT

Some men ignore boundaries.

(beat)

All the boundaries...

Vincent and Cathy exchange looks. She frowns.

CATHY

Coloring books are one thing.
Pretending to be dead is something
else.

Kristopher starts to wrestle with the tarp as he replies.

KRISTOPHER

(nonchalant)

Dead? What do you mean? Who's
dead?

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED: (2)

45

CATHY

Good question. Look, I don't think you planned it.

KRISTOPHER

I never plan anything, if I can help it.

CATHY

You'd hit bottom... your work was gone, you were on the streets, no one cared... then you stumbled on a dead man... roughly the same build and age...

Kristopher is still struggling with the heavy tarp. His response doesn't seem wholly responsive.

KRISTOPHER

(musing)

Maybe I am dead... good as dead, anyway... an artist is only as alive as his work, right? Botticelli will live forever, but me...

The tarp is too much for him. Vincent FLINGS IT BACK easily, revealing the meagre pile of Kristopher Gentian's final worldly possessions. They're a few beat-up pieces of furniture, some records and magazines... and DOZENS of paintings, large, small, and every size in between, stacked up against each other, propped on the couch and chairs, leaning up against the sides of the furniture.

Cathy and Vincent fall silent, regarding the artwork.

46 CATHY'S POV

46

PANNING SLOWLY across the paintings. They're very different, but all recognizably the work of the same artist. Lush, romantic, erotic, sensual, each of them evoking a feel for by-gone ages. They're full of myth and magic, of lost yesterdays and impossible tomorrows. The technique is superb, the passion undeniable. In their own way, evoking the feel of times past, Kristopher's unsaleable paintings are gorgeous.

47 RESUME

47

as Cathy REACTS to the beauty of the paintings. Clearly she is moved and impressed.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

47

CATHY
Oh, Kristopher... they're
wonderful, you must...

As she speaks, Cathy turns to where Kristopher stood a moment ago, but her smile fades when she realizes that he's GONE, vanished as mysteriously as he appeared.

CATHY
Kristopher? Kristopher, where...

She turns, looking for him, but there's no one there. Only her and Vincent, dust and darkness... and the art.

CATHY
I hate it when he does this.

VINCENT
He's gone, Catherine... I have
no sense of him...

CATHY
That's impossible...

VINCENT
Is it?

CATHY
He's hiding somewhere... maybe
there's a secret door...

VINCENT
Or perhaps a magical one.

CATHY
I don't believe in magic.

Vincent SMILES, and makes a sweeping gesture, to indicate the legacy that Kristopher has left them.

VINCENT
Then -- Catherine -- what is this?

She looks at the paintings once again, then back up at Vincent, and Catherine's expression SOFTENS. Suddenly she realizes that it doesn't matter whether Kristopher Gentian is dead or alive, a ghost or a fake. The art is all that matters and it's here in front of them.

DISSOLVE TO:

48 INT. DA'S OFFICE/ JENNY ARONSON'S OFFICE -
THE NEXT MORNING

48 *

Jenny's desk is covered with manuscripts and galley proofs of books in progress. A mug of coffee sits on top of one manuscript while Jenny talks on her phone. INTERCUT with Cathy at her desk in the DA's office.

JENNY

If he doesn't get the revisions in this week, we won't make the fall list. You tell him...

(her intercom BUZZES)

I got another call. You just tell him, okay? Later.

(switches lines)

Hello? Oh, hi, Cath. Does this mean we're finally on for dinner?

CATHY

I wish... maybe next week...

JENNY

Where have I heard that before?

CATHY

Jen, I need a favor. All those art books you've edited... you must know a few gallery owners...

JENNY

(laughs)

Some of them a lot better than I ever wanted to...

CATHY

I want to arrange a show.

JENNY

Easier said than done. When?

CATHY

Soon. A week or two? Is that possible?

JENNY

Absolutely no way. Let me work on it. I've got a couple people owe me some big favors.

(beat, gets it)

Is this for that guy? The one who wanted you to pose?

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

48

CATHY
Kristopher Gentian...

JENNY
Did you do it? My god, you did
it... you have to tell me
everything... Is he any good?
And how's his painting? What
should I tell the galleries?

CATHY
(wry)
Tell them he's better than good.
He's dead...

OFF Jenny Aronson's baffled reaction, we

DISSOLVE TO:

49 INT. TRENDY GALLERY - NIGHT

49

Weeks later. Cathy has put the arm on a lot of friends,
both from her old life and her new, and Kristopher's
opening is a huge success. A fashionable uptown crowd sips
champagne as they move from room to room, discussing the
paintings on the walls.

Joe Maxwell, looking a little uncomfortable in his rented
tux, stands in one corner of the gallery, studying one of
Kristopher's paintings: a fantastic, extravagant, romantic
nude featuring an especially striking woman. Joe is very
impressed. He moves closer to the paintings, and begins
examining the frame, looking for a price tag. He's
engrossed in his search when Cathy, stunning and sexy in
a silk evening gown, comes up behind him.

CATHY
I don't think you'll find the
model's phone number there...

JOE
How much you figure they'd want
for something like this?

CATHY
(surprised)
You're thinking of buying it?

JOE
Hey, why not? The guy's dead,
it'd be a good investment...

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

49

Joe gives the woman in the painting another long, admiring look, and GRINS at Cathy.

JOE

I think I could stand looking at her for a long time. What do you think? I could put it over the couch...

CATHY

(teasing)

Then what would you do with your black velvet Elvis?

Joe gives her an exasperated scowl, but before the conversation can continue, Cathy happens to glance past Joe, through the crowd into the next room.

50 CATHY'S POV - ANGLE PAST JOE

50

In the b.g., a WAITER offers champagne to Jenny Aronson and a male companion. The waiter seems to feel Cathy's gaze, glances up, smiles. It's Kristopher.

CATHY

(O.S. to Joe)

Excuse me...

51 TRACKING WITH CATHY

51

as she moves quickly through the milling art lovers toward Kristopher. But by the time she reaches Jenny Aronson, Kristopher has vanished again. Cathy stands beside Jenny, frustrated, looking around.

CATHY

Where is he?

JENNY

Who?

CATHY

The waiter... with the champagne...

A DIFFERENT WAITER passes, carrying a tray. Jenny snags one and gives it to Cathy.

JENNY

Here you go.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

51

CATHY
I'm not thirsty...

Jenny looks completely lost as Cathy turns around, still looking for Kristopher. Instead she finds Smyth standing directly behind her.

*

CATHY
Mr. Smyth. Did you come with Kristopher?

*

MR. SMYTH
(amused)
From the family crypt?

*

CATHY
I knew he wasn't going to be able to resist his own opening...

MR. SMYTH
I'm sure he's here in spirit.
(beat)
When I think how close we came to losing all this... You've done a marvelous thing.

*

CATHY
All I contributed was a setting... the marvels belong to Kristopher...
(beat)
They've sold a half-dozen pieces already. The rest will be gone before the show is over. The gallery takes a commission off the top. I told them to send the rest to you.

MR. SMYTH
(very surprised)
To me? My dear young lady, whatever for?

*

CATHY
For Kristopher, of course... he'll need money for paints... canvas... rent...

MR. SMYTH
(bemused)
But Kristopher is dead.

*

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED: (2)

51

CATHY

So you don't want the money?

MR. SMYTHE

You mustn't put words in my mouth
now. There's always... ah...
cemetery upkeep...

(clears his throat)

As long as I'm here... I wonder
if you would mind terribly
introducing me to the proprietor
of this establishment?

Cathy cocks her head, and gives him an inquiring look.

CATHY

Just in case, say, some more work
by Kristopher Gentian should
happen to turn up?

Smythe is absolutely unflappable, but there is perhaps the
tiniest hint of a twinkle in his eye as he replies.

MR. SMYTHE

Well, I daresay... you can never
tell...

They look at each other for a long beat. Then Cathy SMILES
BROADLY, links arms with Smythe, and leads him through the
crowd to do the introductions.

DISSOLVE TO:

52 INT. TRENDY GALLERY - NIGHT

52 *

Jenny and Cathy are the last to leave. They say their
goodbyes as the lights begin to go off behind them.

JENNY

It went great. Don't you think
it went great? I didn't know they
made artists like Kristopher any
more.

CATHY

They don't...

Jenny pauses at the door.

*

JENNY

Want to share a cab?

*

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED:

52

CATHY

The night's so lovely. I think
I'll walk.

(hugs goodbye)
Thanks for everything.

*

JENNY

You take care now.

Jenny exits. Cathy, alone, takes one final look around
at Kristopher's art, a dreamy smile on her face. She's
about to leave when the gallery owner pops out of the
back room, carrying a large package wrapped in cloth.

*

GALLERY OWNER

Oh, Cathy darling, I was so afraid
you'd gone... here...

He thrusts the painting at her. She's baffled.

CATHY

What's this?

GALLERY OWNER

Well, I couldn't say for certain,
but whatever it is, it's yours.
It turned up when we were rooting
about in that dreadful
warehouse... way in back, all
sealed up, but it has your name
on it, see?

(he shows her)

I put it aside for you. Did
you know the artist when he was
alive? Oh, well, you must
have, of course, never mind.
Enjoy.

Off Cathy's mystified expression, we

*

DISSOLVE TO:

53 INT. - VINCENT'S CHAMBER - NIGHT

53

ANGLE ON CATHERINE AND VINCENT

as they stand side-by-side regarding the gift, now unwrapped. We should see the canvas in the foreground, but only the back of it, not the painting itself.

CATHY

He had his sketch of me to work from, I suppose... but he must have painted you from memory... astonishing, isn't it?

VINCENT

You might even say... magical...

CATHY

(smiles)

Now you're starting to sound like Kristopher...

VINCENT

Am I?

The camera begins to MOVE SLOWLY AROUND as Vincent reaches out gently to touch the painting. He SMILES a strange, enigmatic half-smile. Cathy notices.

CATHY

What's that smile for?

VINCENT

Kristopher worked only in oils...

CATHY

Yes...

VINCENT

Oils take months to dry completely, Catherine... sometimes even years...

(long beat)

This canvas...

THE CAMERA CONTINUES TO MOVE as Cathy puts a finger to Vincent's lips to quiet him.

CATHY

Don't say it... I have to hold on to some of my certainties. Don't I?

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED: (2)

53

She smiles and leans against him, Vincent puts an arm around her, and they lose themselves in the painting. Finally we can see it too. It's a portrait of Catherine and Vincent together, as breathtakingly romantic as the rest of Kristopher's work.

54 ANGLE PAST CATHERINE AND VINCENT

54

on the painting as we HEAR:

KRISTOPHER (V.O.)

We shall lay our hands upon the
basilisk, and see the jewel in
the toad's head. Champing his
gilded oats, the hippogriff will
stand in our stalls, and over our
heads will float the blue bird,
singing of beautiful and
impossible things, of things that
are lovely and that never happen,
of things that are not and that
should be.

FADE OUT

THE END