

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

"When the Blue Bird Sings"

story by

Robert John Guttke

Teleplay by

Robert John Guttke

and

George R.R. Martin

Directed by

Victor Lobl

WITT/THOMAS PRODUCTIONS  
956 N. Seward St.  
Hollywood, CA 90038  
(213) 465-7415-Hollywood, CA  
(213) 583-1630-Vernon, CA

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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. SMYTHE  
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

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

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 ARPEGGIO

-Front

OLD WAREHOUSE (N)

-Chained doors

TRENDY GALLERY CAFE ARPEGGIO

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

"When the Blue Bird Sings"

ACT I

FADE IN:

EXT. GREENWICH VILLAGE - DAY (STOCK)

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. SMYTHE, 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. SMYTHE

Perhaps I can be of help?

(CONTINUED)

JOE

She's looking for a book.

Smythe arches one eyebrow, glances around.

CATHY

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

Joe rolls his eyes; Smythe picks up on it.

MR. SMYTHE

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. SMYTHE

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. SMYTHE

(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, Smythe calls after him.

MR. SMYTHE

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. SMYTHE (O.S.)

I see you've found your book.

7 RESUME

7

as Smythe gently takes the book from Cathy.

CATHY

My book?

MR. SMYTHE

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. SMYTHE

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. SMYTHE

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)

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:

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)

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 cari buy postcards of you to mail to my friends..

(CONTINUED)

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)

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:

14 EXT. PARK DRAINAGE ENTRANCE - NIGHT

14

Vincent reverently leafs through the gold-tipped pages of the Tennyson.

VINCENT  
Tennyson.. a first edition...  
it looks almost new. -

CATHY  
They made books to last then.  
The bookseller said this one was waiting.

VINCENT  
(amused)  
Waiting.. . yes...

15 ANGLE PAST CATHY ON VINCENT

15

as reads a random passage from the book.

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 both 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..

we hear a faint RUSTLING of bushes as someone approaches. Vincent instinctively draws back toward the shadows, 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

Kristopher, 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. VINCENT'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 right... 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)

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 ARPEGGIO, 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)

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 ARPEGGIO - 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 married 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:

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)



He points to a nearby painting. Like the rest of the rest of the art in the Cafe Arpeggio, 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 eries 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)

MR. SMYTHE

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. SMYTHE

Of course there was.

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

CATHY

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

Smythe raises an eyebrow.

MR. SMYTHE

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. SMYTHE

I quite understand.

JOE

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

MR. SMYTHE

Definitely not you, then.

JOE

Claims he's an artist.

MR. SMYTHE

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

(CONTINUED)

CATHY

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

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

MR. SMYTHE

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...

Smythe busies himself sorting the books on his desk.

MR. SMYTHE

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 Smythe'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, Smythe turns to watch them go. He picks  
up Cathy's card and fingers it thoughtfully.

CUT TO:

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:

Rita Escobar is typing as Cathy approaches.

CATHY

Joe tells me you ran the check  
on Kristopher Gentian.

(off her wary nod)

I need to know what you turned  
up... anything that might help  
me find him...

RITA

Find him? You mean - - if you need  
to know where he was buried, I  
can - -

CATHY

Somebody was buried.. I'm not so  
sure it was Kristopher.

(beat)

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 to get a little  
attention...

RITA

You think it's a hoax?

CATHY

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

(CONTINUED)

CATHY  
 Behind on the rent?  
 (Rita nods)  
 How did he die?

RITA  
 Natural causes. He'd been living  
 on the street. .. that night the  
 temperature got down to twenty  
 below... they found the body in  
 an alley off Bleeker.

CATHY  
 ... carrying all of Kristopher's  
 ID, of course.

RI TA  
 Driver's license, social security,  
 draft card. It seemed pretty cut  
 and dried, but there was a friend  
 who viewed the body and confirmed  
 the identification...  
 a Mr. Smith...  
 (shuffles papers)  
 No, Smythe... Jonathon Smythe.

CATHY  
 You have an address?

Rita digs through some more papers, finds it. She  
 scribbles it on a memo pad, hands it to Catherine.

CATHY  
 (looking at address)  
 Seven - seven - seven...

She CRUMPLES the memo paper in her fist; her face tells us  
 that she's figured it out.

DISSOLVE TO:

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)

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)

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 woman's 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.

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:

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)

MR. SMYTHE

I'm afraid we're closed...

(beat)

Ah. You. You are a persistent one

CATHY

Is that a compliment...

(very pointed)

Mr. Smythe?

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

MR. SMYTHE

Oh dear.

CATHY

You lied to me.

MR. SMYTHE

Well, fibbed...

CATHY

How long have you known Kristopher?

MR. SMYTHE

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. SMYTHE

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. SMYTHE

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

(CONTINUED)

CATHY  
I can't believe this!

MR. SMYTHE  
See.

CATHY  
You're still claiming he's dead?

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

Smythe 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. SMYTHE  
(sadly)  
His landlord took everything..  
A dreadful man.

CATHY  
For the back rent...

MR. SMYTHE  
(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. SMYTHE

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. SMYTHE

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. Painted on the doors, in faded gilt turn-of-the-century lettering, is CORRIGAN MOVING AND STORAGE, but 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 and gets out. Slowly, warily, she moves across the pavement, up the steps. She pushes at the door.. It swings all the way open, revealing only dust and darkness. Cathy stops, calls out.

CATHY

Hello?

There's no answer.. 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. The only light comes from the street, through the open door.

Cathy lights a match, holds it up, edges forward. Her footsteps ECHO. She moves through a dark, dusty emptiness; then, suddenly, the door SWINGS SHUT behind her. Cathy whirls, startled. Her match blows out, leaving her in TOTAL DARKNESS.

43 BLACK FRAME 43

CATHY

Who's there?

Her words ECHO, but there's no other sound. We HEAR Cathy fumbling for another match. She finds one, and we hear her strike it.

44 RESUME 44

The match flares to life, Cathy raises it... and GASPS, startled for an instant, when 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...

(CONTINUED)

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

Gently, Vincent takes the match from her fingers and uses it to light the LANTERN he's brought. The darkness pushes back. They're in a huge, cavernous storage warehouse, piles of cobwebbed furniture, old trucks, and other forgotten and cast-off junk looming all around them. The detritus of modern life, many piles covered with old canvas tarpulins -

CATHY  
Yes. .. I was about to give up and  
go home until..., thanks for  
opening the door...

Vincent looks at her curiously.

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

CATHY  
(stunned)  
Then... who...

Behind them, we HEAR the sound of someone apologetically clearing his throat. There, a few feet away, looking ruffled and forlorn, is Kristopher.

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)

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)

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:

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.

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)

Yes? Who? Of course she can come in...

Jenny starts to get up, looking pleased but curious, as Cathy enters her office.

JENNY

Hello stranger...

CATHY

Sorry to pop in unannounced.

JENNY

Are you kidding? I love it when you pop in unannounced... it doesn't happen often enough these days. Want some coffee?

CATHY

No coffee... just help...

(off her curious look)

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. Can you help set it up?

JENNY

Well, sure, I've got a couple people owe me favors...

(beat, gets it)

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

(CONTINUED)



CATHY

Kristopher Geritian...

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:

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:

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)

CATHY

I'm not thirsty...

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

CATHY

Mr. Smythe. Did you come with Kristopher?

MR. SMYTHE

(amused)

From the family crypt?

CATHY

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

MR. SMYTHE

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. SMYTHE

(very surprised)

To me? My dear young lady, whatever for?

CATHY

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

MR. SMYTHE

(bemused)

But Kristopher is dead.

(CONTINUED)

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:

Jenny and Cathy are the last to leave. They say their goodbyes on the sidewalk in front of the gallery 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 hails a TAXI. It brakes to a stop.

JENNY

Want to share?

(CONTINUED)

CATHY

No. I feel like walking. The night's so lovely...

(hugs goodbye)

Thanks for everything..

JENNY

You take care now.

Jenny climbs into the cab. Cathy watches her drive off, then starts down the street with a dreamy smile on her face. But she hasn't gotten more than a few feet when the gallery owner pops out of the front door, carrying a large painting carefully 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.

GALLERY OWNER (Cont'd)

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

He hurries back inside the gallery and leaves Cathy standing on under a streetlight, holding the canvas. Off her 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