

Beauty and the Beast

When the Bluebird Sings

Original Air Date March 31, 1989

Teleplay by Robert John Guttke and George R.R. Martin

Story by Robert John Guttke

Created by Ron Koslow

Directed by Victor Lobl

Director of Photography – Stevan Lerner A.S.C.

Production Designer – John Mansbridge

Editor – Craig Ridenour

Theme by Lee Holdridge

Music by Don Davis

Supervising Producer – Stephen Kurzfeld

Producer – George R. R. Martin

Produced by Kenneth R. Koch

Co-Producers – Alex Gansa and Howard Gordon

Co-Producer – Patricia Livingston

Associate Producer – Anthony Mazzei

Coordinating Producer – David F. Schwartz

Executive Producer – Paul Junger Witt

Executive Producer – Tony Thomas

Executive Producer – Ron Koslow

Original Art by — Olivia

Unit Production Manager – Tony Brown

1st Assistant Director – Robert Yannetti

2nd Assistant Director – Joseph John Kontra

Art Director – Joseph Hubbard

Set Decorator – Peg Cummings

Property Master – Bill Dietz

Stunt Coordinator – John C. Meier

Special Effects Coordinator – Gary Bentley

Script Supervisor – Patience Thoreson

Beast Designed & Created by Rick Baker

Beast Make-up – Margaret Beserra

Make-up Artist – Fred Blau Jr

Hair Stylist – Josephine McCarthy

Costume Designer – Judy Evans

Costumer – Mary Taylor

Costumer - Ron Hodge

Sound Mixer – Pat Mitchell

Sound Mixer – Rick Ash

Sound Editing – David Hankins

Music Editor – Lori Slomka

Main Titles – Robert Farina

Main Titles – Chris Arnold

Casting – Joyce Robinson
Casting – Penny Ellers
Poetry excerpt from "The Lady of Shalott" by Alfred Tennyson

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Catherine Chandler – Linda Hamilton
Vincent – Ron Perlman
Kristopher Gentian – Franc Luz
Mr. Smythe – Severn Darden
Jenny Aronson – Terri Hanauer
Rita – Carolyn Finney
Narcissa – Beah Richards
Father – Roy Dotrice
Mouse – David Greenlee
Art Student – Tory Polone
Gallery Owner – William De Acutis

ACT ONE

OPEN with a view through a glass entrance door. The numbers 777, stenciled on the glass, cast a shadow on the floor as the door opens. CATHERINE and JOE enter. As they push open the door, a little bell jingles.

CUT TO: INTERIOR-USED BOOKSHOP – DAY:
Joe follows Catherine into bookshop

JOE

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

CATHERINE

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

Joe pulls a book from the shelf and hands it to Catherine.

JOE

Here...this one's old.

CLOSE ON BOOK SPINE

CATHERINE

(with expression of affectionate disdain)

The Collected Sermons of Cotton Mather?

Not exactly what I had in mind.

Catherine hands the book back to Joe. Enter the bookshop owner, MR. SMYTHE.

SMYTHE

Perhaps I can be of some help?

Joe points to Catherine.

JOE

Yeah... Uh...she's looking for a book.

SMYTHE

(gestures with his hand)

Well...

CATHERINE

Something very special. A first edition, maybe? Poetry?

SMYTHE

English poetry is at the *end* of aisle three. You can feel free to browse as long as you want.

JOE

(Checks his watch, looks at Catherine)

We've only got like 32 minutes.

SMYTHE

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

Catherine smiles.

JOE

(to Smythe, indignant)

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

SMYTHE

We shan't hold that against you.

JOE

(Rolls his eyes at Smythe, then gestures to Catherine and walks away)

I'll be back in 20 minutes. You're on your own for lunch, Radcliffe.

SMYTHE

We shall miss you young man. Come this way please.

Catherine laughs as she walks down the aisle with Smythe.

As Joe exits, the bell on the door jingles.

FADE TO:

Catherine walks slowly along, perusing the books on the shelves, and turns into another aisle. After a few steps, she stops, selects a heavy volume and skims through it, unaware that a man is peering at her through a gap between books from the next aisle. She thumbs through the pages, replaces the book and is reaching up over her head to take another when....

Enter the young man wearing a baseball cap. He appears behind her out of nowhere.

MAN

(with a gentle smile)

Try this one.

CATHERINE

(Looks at the book, then at man with curiosity)

She takes the old, leather bound book and leafs through it. We see the *ex libris*: "From the Library of Kristopher Gentian"

Man stands by silently, gazing at Catherine.

CATHERINE

(in awed voice)

Tennyson! First edition. Oh, this is *perfect*. Thank ...

The man has disappeared. She turns to look for him but he's not to be seen. She walks around the end of the aisle, checks back, and then walks up a long aisle toward the front of the store. She stops for a final look back before continuing to the checkout counter.

SMYTHE

I see you've found your book.

CATHERINE

Yes.

SMYTHE

Well, it's Mr. Tennyson's book actually, but it was waiting for you. All books wait. They sit patiently on their shelves, collecting the most refined dust until the cover is opened and the pages are turned by the proper person.

Catherine gets her wallet from her purse.

Joe enters.

JOE

(Walks toward counter)

OK, Radcliffe, lunch is over.

(Looks at watch)

We got 10 minutes to get back to court.

SMYTHE

Oh joy, the titwillow is back!

Catherine laughs.

JOE

(smirks)

That's funny.

Catherine laughs again as she pays for the book.

CUT TO: EXTERIOR TO INTERIOR-CRIMINAL COURTS BUILDING-DAY:

Joe is taking long, agitated strides as he enters the lobby. Catherine has trouble keeping up with him.

JOE

Six continuances! I can't believe this! At this rate, I'll be drawing Social Security before I get to trial on this thing. Hold the elevator!

Without thought to Catherine, Joe runs inside the elevator.

CATHERINE

(Trying to catch the elevator door)

Wait!

JOE

See you up there.

The door closes, leaving Catherine in the lobby, exasperated. Catherine steps back, pushes the elevator button and waits for the next car.

MAN FROM THE BOOKSHOP

Excuse me

(Taps Cathy on the shoulder)

CATHERINE

You!

Man smiles.

CUT TO: INTERIOR-FATHER'S CHAMBER-DAY:

Father's back is to Vincent, who stands with his arms spread on the desk, watching.

FATHER

(Looking for a book)

I know I've got it here somewhere. Ah yes, I think this is... No, that's not it.

(Moving to another section, selects book)

You know, I really must get Mouse to build me some book shelves

(Peers at book)

(Turns and looks up as awareness dawns on him)

No, on second thought, I better ask Cullen.

(Looks up at Vincent)

Vincent, what is it?

Father removes his glasses.

VINCENT

(Looks mystified)

Nothing. For a moment I felt a coldness!

Father stares at Vincent.

CUT TO: INTERIOR-CRIMINAL COURTS BUILDING LOBBY-DAY:
Catherine and bookshop man stand in front of the elevators.

MAN

Boy, this sort of thing is never very easy.

CATHERINE

What sort of thing?

KRISTOPHER

Are you often approached by strangers?

CATHERINE

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

MAN

Lunatics. Yeah, well, I'm not a lunatic, But, ah, I'm the next best thing.
(He hands her the business card he has found
in his pocket. She reads it out loud)

CATHERINE

Kristopher Gentian, Artist?

KRISTOPHER

Honest.

CATHERINE

Well, good for you, Mr. Gentian. What do you want?

KRISTOPHER

Just you. *Ah...* call me Kristopher.

CATHERINE

I beg your pardon?

KRISTOPHER

You can call me Kristopher.

CATHERINE

I caught that part.

KRISTOPHER

Oh, OK. *Uh...*
(Matter-of-factly)
I thought maybe you could, *ah*, model for me.

CATHERINE

(looks away, nodding her head)
Model for you?

KRISTOPHER

Too eccentric?

CATHERINE

(curtly)

Is this some sort of come on?

KRISTOPHER

Oh no, no, no. Really, it's not like that. *Ah...* you can bring your boy friend or something, you know, to watch to make sure I don't *ah...*

(Smiles widely)

try anything.

CATHERINE

(smirks)

That might be interesting.

KRISTOPHER

I want to make you immortal.

CATHERINE

Modest aren't you?

Kristopher smiles. The elevator chime sounds indicating the car's arrival.

CATHERINE

Thank you. I don't think so.

(Cathy moves through the open doors of the elevator and turns to face the front of the car.)

KRISTOPHER

Wait! My card. I only have the one.

Catherine hands him the card. Kristopher backs away, staring at Cathy, and the elevator doors close. Catherine looks bewildered.

CUT TO: INTERIOR-DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE-DAY:

Catherine is sitting at her desk, on the telephone with her friend Jenny Aronson.

CATHERINE

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

CUT TO: INTERIOR-JENNY ARONSON'S OFFICE-DAY:

Jenny is at her desk, pen in hand, telephone to her ear;

JENNY

Then he took back his card?

CATHERINE

Yes, he said he only had one.

JENNY

He sounds like an artist all right. Do you remember Craig?

CUT TO: INTERIOR-DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE-DAY-CATHY'S DESK:

CATHERINE

Oh God, yes! The one with the ponytail?

JENNY

Yeah, and the unheated loft...

CUT TO: INTERIOR- JENNY ARONSON'S OFFICE-DAY- JENNY'S DESK:

Anyway I posed for him for three weeks

(Taps fingers)

in February

(Taps fingers)

in a sheet

(Taps fingers)

and when I finally looked at the painting I wasn't even *in* it

(Gestures with her hands).

CUT TO: INTERIOR-DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE-DAY-CATHY'S DESK:

CATHERINE

No!

CUT TO: INTERIOR-JENNY ARONSON'S OFFICE-DAY-JENNY'S DESK:

JENNY

(giggles)

Well, he told me that he liked to look at naked women while he was working, that it helped his creative juices or something.

Cathy is heard laughing.

CUT TO: INTERIOR-DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE-DAY-CATHY'S DESK:

Jenny is heard speaking.

JENNY

But do not let me influence you.

CUT TO: INTERIOR-JENNY ARONSON'S OFFICE-DAY-JENNY'S DESK:

JENNY

They all can't be like Craig, and you never know... This guy might turn out to be another Picasso or something.

CUT TO: INTERIOR-DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE-DAY-CATHY'S DESK:

CATHERINE

So you think I should pose for him?

CUT TO: INTERIOR-JENNY ARONSON'S OFFICE-DAY-JENNY'S DESK:

JENNY

What, you might wind up on the wall of the Metropolitan.

CUT TO: INTERIOR-DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE-DAY-CATHY'S DESK:

Jenny is heard speaking.

JENNY

... and I'll buy postcards of you and send them to my friends.

CATHERINE

Oh yeah. Maybe you could publish calendars.

CUT TO: INTERIOR-JENNY ARONSON'S OFFICE-DAY-JENNY'S DESK:

JENNY

Sure... or framed prints, or wrapping paper or coffee mugs.

Cathy is heard laughing.

CUT TO: INTERIOR-DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE-DAY-CATHY'S DESK:

Jenny is heard speaking.

JENNY

There is no telling where this might end.

Joe is standing at Catherine's desk, pointing to a file.

CATHERINE

(laughing)

Well, this had better end right now. The titwillow needs me.

JENNY

(heard on the phone)

What?

CATHERINE

I'll tell you next week at dinner. OK, bye.

(Laughing, she hangs up the phone)

JOE

What was that all about?

CATHERINE

An artist followed me back from the book store. Jen thinks maybe I should pose for him.

JOE

Pose for him?

(seriously)

Cathy, you've got to watch out for these artsy types. I mean, they get you alone, give you a little wine, and the next thing you know... well... I mean, they've all got a line, these guys. They like to take advantage.

Cathy looks at Joe with sweet, naive innocence.

CATHERINE

How's that Joe?

JOE

Well, you know. They try to talk you into... or out of... Well, it's not like fashion modeling. Sometimes you have to pose...

(grows increasingly embarrassed)

without any.... well, kind of... nude.

CATHERINE

(innocent)

Oh, is that all? You don't have to worry, Joe. I posed for a life study class in college.

Joe looks around the office, obviously uncomfortable.

CATHERINE

Are you blushing, Joe?

JOE

Hey, look. This is none of my business, OK?

(Leans forward toward paperwork, a tap is heard)

I need the Ketter testimony broken down by tomorrow morning.

(changing subject)

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

CATHERINE

Mm, hm. Kristopher Gentian

JOE

Gentian.

(looks suspicious)

CATHERINE

Relax, Joe.

(Looks down at paperwork)

I'm sure he's harmless.

JOE

Yeah, famous last words;
(Points to paperwork)
I need that stuff tomorrow morning.
(Walks away)

CATHERINE

OK, 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

(Turns back to face Catherine)
In college? That would be Radcliffe, right? You had me going there for a second, Chandler. That's a girls school.

RITA

(to Catherine)
Didn't Radcliffe go coed?

CATHERINE

Mm, hm, in 1971. But you better not tell Joe.

The two of them laugh and Rita walks away.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN: EXTERIOR-CULVERT ENTRANCE IN CENTRAL PARK-NIGHT:

Staring at the night sky, Catherine leans against the concrete culvert wall. She has obviously been waiting for a long time and has just started to walk away when Vincent appears in the opening.

CATHERINE

(Turning to Vincent, her arms crossed over the book, holding it tight to her chest)
It's been so long. I was afraid....

VINCENT

That I might not come...?
(looks longingly at Catherine, then down with a sad expression)
I was away. There's a place miles beneath the city — a nameless river that runs through the darkness. Sometimes I go there.

Catherine walks toward Vincent, hugging the book. When she is close, she holds the book out.

CATHERINE

I wanted you to have this.
(Hands him the book)

VINCENT

(Turns the book up, looks at the spine)
Tennyson.... First edition.

CATHERINE

I always loved *Idylls of the King*. I even knew some parts of it by heart. Some nights I dreamt of Camelot...and Lancelot.

VINCENT

(his eyes on the book as he speaks)
Lancelot was fatally flawed, destined never to find the grail.

CATHERINE

(with look of love and concern)
Still, he was the greatest knight of all.

Vincent looks up lovingly at Catherine. They gaze into each others eyes and then move into a long, emotional embrace. Shadows of Vincent and Catherine reflect on the culvert wall that looks like they're kissing.

CUT TO: Outside the culvert. Leaning at the wall outside the opening, Vincent reads to Catherine.

VINCENT

*But in her web she still delights
To weave the mirrors magic sights,
For often, thro' the silent nights
A funeral, with plumes and lights
And music, went to Camelot....*

Suddenly a voice is heard from close by.

KRISTOPHER'S VOICE

*...When the moon was overhead,
Came two young lovers lately wed...*

Catherine turns to face the voice, blocking Vincent from view, then turns, shoving him toward the entrance of the tunnel.

CATHERINE

Go! Go, before they see you!

Kristopher is still reciting, still unseen.

KRISTOPHER

*"I am half sick of shadows,"
said the lady of Shallot...*

Catherine turns to face the intruder. As Kristopher steps out from behind a bush, she takes a step toward him and stops, astounded.

CATHERINE

Kristopher?

Kristopher walks toward her.

KRISTOPHER

You didn't have to send him away.

CATHERINE

(angrily)

What in hell do you think you're doing here?

KRISTOPHER

God, he reads beautifully!

CATHERINE

(furious)

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

KRISTOPHER

Do you think he'd sit for me?

CATHERINE

(sighs, irritated)

Who are you talking about?

KRISTOPHER

What century did he walk out of Cathy? What story book?

CATHERINE

This is *outrageous*!

(throws her arms out in frustration)

KRISTOPHER

(recites with heartfelt emotion)

...And over our heads floats the blue bird singing of beautiful and impossible things, Of things that are beautiful, of things that are lovely and never happen...

Catherine angrily pushes past him, stomping up the hill.

KRISTOPHER

...Of things that are not and should be! It's Oscar Wilde!

Where are we going?

CATHERINE

Home!

KRISTOPHER

OK! Does that mean you want to pose for me?

Kristopher follows Catherine away from the park culvert.

CUT TO: INTERIOR-FATHER'S STUDY-NIGHT:

Father and Vincent are talking in Fathers study.

FATHER

Did he see you?

VINCENT

(looking down)

I don't know... perhaps a glimpse, but...

FATHER

A glimpse? And if he *thinks* about what he saw, if he wonders about it? Vincent, do you realize the *risk*?

VINCENT

(facing Father)

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.

VINCENT

(sarcastically)

And the night, and the stars....

FATHER

... and in each other.

VINCENT

No! That is *not* how it was. I heard *all* of the stirrings of the city: the distant sound of traffic, the wind rustling in the foliage, someone skipping stones across the lagoon.

FATHER

So how could this man possible creep up on you unawares?

VINCENT

(perplexed)

I don't *know*.

FATHER

Well, there must be a rational explanation.

VINCENT

Fine! Tell me what it is.

Vincent stares long at Father. Father looks away.

CUT TO: EXTERIOR-STREETS OF NEW YORK-NIGHT:

Catherine walks quickly along the sidewalk with Kristopher bouncing around her.

KRISTOPHER

You're still mad aren't you?

CATHERINE

(Catherine looks away)

You might even say *furious!*

Kristopher walks backwards, facing Catherine.

KRISTOPHER

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

CATHERINE

I don't know who you think you saw.

KRISTOPHER

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

CATHERINE

You are being very trying, Kristopher.

KRISTOPHER

I can't help it! I'm an artist!

Kristopher twirls in front of Catherine.

CATHERINE

An artist. I know. Since when is invasion of privacy part of the creative process?

KRISTOPHER

I have to follow my heart.

CATHERINE

Well, next time you may just follow it past the Louvre and into city jail!

Kristopher stops, allowing Catherine to walk ahead of him. Speaking to a strange woman on the street, Kristopher points at Catherine.

KRISTOPHER

Did you hear that?

He grabs the woman and twirls her around and around. The woman gasps and screams, "No!" Kristopher stops and releases the woman.

KRISTOPHER

She said *next time, next time!* That means she's forgiven me! She's forgiven me!

CATHERINE

Don't worry! We're having him committed – *soon!*

Kristopher turns, his mouth drops open dramatically, and he points at Catherine.

KRISTOPHER

She's smiling.

Kristopher walks towards Catherine with his index finger pointing at her face, a twinkle in his eyes. He steps in front of her.

KRISTOPHER

Yes, yes, yes! That is definitely a smile.

CATHERINE

I thought you were shy!

KRISTOPHER

(Kristopher reaches his arms toward the sky)

I am large! I contain multitudes! You like Espresso?

CATHERINE

(Shakes her head)

Kristopher...

KRISTOPHER

Cappuccino, café au lait, cannoli, a zabaglione that would break your heart.

CATHERINE

Kristopher...

She begins laughing at him. He's like a child — the enthusiasm pours out of him — and she cannot resist.

KRISTOPHER

Just an hour, that's all I want. Well, maybe two. And I won't speak about Vincent, and I'll never bother you again. Please, please, please, please, please, please, please.

Kristopher begs, persuades and charms Catherine into a genuine smile and giggle.

CUT TO: STREET SCENE - then to INTERIOR-COFFEE HOUSE-NIGHT:

Cathy and Kristopher are seated at a table in a coffee shop. The walls are red brick, covered with paintings of various sizes and styles. The tables are round and numerous. It is busy.

KRISTOPHER

Great, isn't it?

(He indicates the coffee shop, sitting sideways in his chair)

I love this place. It always makes me feel like Lorenzo de Medici may walk in at any moment to

discuss a commission.

CATHERINE

With you?

KRISTOPHER

(Kristopher turns in his chair to face Catherine)

Who else? But he will have to wait until I finish having coffee with Simonetta Vespucci. She was Sandro Botticelli's greatest inspiration. You can see her face in all his paintings.

Waitress comes with their order.

KRISTOPHER

You used to cut the crusts off those.

CATHERINE

It's all right. I'm allowed to eat crusts. So, did Simonetta and Botticelli meet for coffee on a regular basis?

Kristopher sips his Cappuccino. It leaves a frothed milk moustache on his upper lip.

KRISTOPHER

Oh yeah, he was very fond of her... even though she was destined to be with another. She loved Giuliano de Medici, but Botticelli took them both to heart.

Kristopher takes another sip. Catherine remains focused on his story. Three female art students sit at the adjacent table. Kristopher grabs a large book off their table.

ART STUDENT

Hey!

KRISTOPHER

Oh, it's all right.

The girls look at each other, annoyed. Catherine shares a look of disbelief with the students.

KRISTOPHER

See!

(Kristopher points to the pictures in the book)

That's Simonetta and Giuliano. They both became inspirations.

CATHERINE

(Looks from the picture to Kristopher)

And did they live happily ever after?

KRISTOPHER

Giuliano was killed during the Pazzi rebellion, and Simonetta was taken by a fever. Nothing is forever, Cathy.

CATHERINE

That's a strange thing for an artist to say. They live forever...here.
(She indicates the book, tapping it)

STUDENT

(approaches the table)
Can I have my book back?

Kristopher hands her the book.

KRISTOPHER

Yeah, sure. Oh hey! Are you using that sketch pad?

ART STUDENT

I just bought it!

KRISTOPHER

Great!
(Grabbing the pad)
Thanks.

The girls share another look of disbelief.

CATHERINE

You know, they *do sell* those.

KRISTOPHER

(Opens the sketch pad)
Only to people with money.

The girl gives Kristopher a dirty look and walks off with her friends.

CATHERINE

Where do you exhibit, Kristopher?
(He looks up from the sketch pad, stricken)
You haven't sold much of your work?

KRISTOPHER

My stuff is a little... strange. Still, look up there.
(Pointing, indicates a painting hanging on the wall)

CATHERINE

Yours?

KRISTOPHER

I ran up quite a tab. The owner took it as payment. He was like a *million* years old, Cathy. You would have loved him. He's dead now.

CATHERINE

I'm sorry.

KRISTOPHER

Still, that's a sale, isn't it? Kind of? You like it? No, no, no, no, no, no, no! Don't tell me if you hate it. I'll be crushed.

CATHERINE

It's very powerful. You're talented Kristopher.

KRISTOPHER

You like it.

CATHERINE

(Looks back up at the picture)

Yes.

KRISTOPHER

(excitedly)

I knew you would. So you'll pose for me, right?

CATHERINE

(embarrassed)

Oh, you never give up!

KRISTOPHER

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

CATHERINE

(smiling in a teasing manner)

That is a good way to get your wings singed.

KRISTOPHER

Hazards of my profession Cathy. My *wings* are forever singed. OK, just sit there, sip your espresso and... let me sketch you.

Catherine hesitates.

KRISTOPHER

What can it hurt?

CATHERINE

(Giving in)

All right.

KRISTOPHER

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

CATHERINE

(embarrassed)

I can't believe I'm doing this.

KRISTOPHER

You wouldn't happen to have a pencil would you? Catherine giggles out loud.

CUT TO: INTERIOR-VINCENT'S CHAMBER-NIGHT:

Vincent is sleeping, tossing and turning. He's dreaming that he walks through a cob-webbed, fog-filled warehouse with a strange assortment of things stored in it: wooden Indian, a harp, a fortune telling machine.

He calls out, "Catherine?" He hears Catherine say, "Where are you?" then sees a dream-like figure of Catherine walking away from him. He runs to catch up to her. She calls out again, "Where are you?" Vincent turns a corner and sees her standing still, facing him. She looks up at him and says, "He's dead... dead." She suddenly disappears.

Vincent finds himself standing by a large steamer trunk. He opens it to find a young boy wearing a Mets cap sitting inside the trunk on a pile of crayons, spilled out of their boxes. The boy is scribbling circles in a coloring book with a crayon.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE TO: INTERIOR-DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE-DAY:

Catherine works at her desk. She is turning the pages of a report and writing furiously on a legal pad. Joe walks up and leans on her desk.

JOE

You finished with the Ketter breakdown yet?

CATHERINE

Oh, I'm about half way through. Can you give me two more hours?

JOE

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

CATHERINE

Yeah, I was, but... something came up.

JOE

Well, this something doesn't have anything to do with this so-called artist, does it?

Catherine innocently nods at Joe.

JOE

(Shakes his head)

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

CATHERINE

Joe, what are you talking about? Kristopher is an artist.

JOE

Yeah, a con-artist you mean. He told you his name was Kristopher Gentian, right?

CATHERINE

Yes.

JOE

Well. He can't be.

CATHERINE

What do you mean?

JOE

Well, I had Escobar run a little check on him and it...

CATHERINE

(shocked)

You what?

JOE

I know, I know it's none of my business. OK, fine, shoot me. I was worried about you and you ought to be glad I made it my business. Kristopher Gentian has been dead for almost two years.

Catherine looks stunned.

JOE

I want that in two hours.

(Pointing at the brief, Joe walks away)

Catherine looks even more stunned.

FADE OUT:

CUT TO: INTERIOR-USED BOOKSHOP-DAY:

Joe follows Catherine into the bookshop.

JOE

Radcliffe this is nuts! Why don't you just let me buy you lunch and we'll forget about this, huh?

CATHERINE

Hello, is anyone here?

(Stops at front counter)

JOE

Cathy, what's it gonna take to convince you? The guy is dead!

CATHERINE

(Turns to face Joe)

Well then a *dead* man did a sketch of me last night.

JOE

Hey, you said it. I didn't.

CATHERINE

Look, 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.
(Cathy's face gives it away, and Joe sees it.)
He did.

JOE

I told you the guy is nothing but a scam.

Mr. Smythe walks up the aisle, holding a pile of books.

MR. SMYTHE

Oh can I help...? Oh! It's you! Did you enjoy Mr. Tennyson?
(Puts books down on front counter)

CATHERINE

(to Smythe)

Yes, very much. There was a man in the shop when I was here yesterday.

MR. SMYTHE

Of course there was.

Cathy turns and gives Joe a satisfied smirk.

CATHERINE

Well, I need to talk to him.

MR. SMYTHE

That should be easy. He's standing right behind you.
(Motions to Joe)

Cathy turns to Joe and Joe wiggles his fingers at her, grinning.

CATHERINE

(to Smythe)

No, no. Not Joe.

MR. SMYTHE

I understand.

JOE

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

MR. SMYTHE

Well, it's definitely not you then.

JOE

Claims he's an artist.

MR. SMYTHE

We get a lot of artists here. Sometimes one of them even purchases a book.

CATHERINE

Well, this man is about this tall
(indicating height with her hand over her head)
kind of ruffled, wears a Mets cap. His name is Kristopher Gentian.

MR. SMYTHE

(with a strange, closed expression)
I can't recall any such person. Perhaps you saw him somewhere else?

CATHERINE

(convincingly)
No, it was *here*. You must have seen him.

MR. SMYTHE

(Looks down at the book pile, dismissively)
I'm afraid not. Now if there's nothing else...

JOE

(Talking in Catherine's ear)
Can we go now?

CATHERINE

(puzzled)
I don't know what's going on.
(takes a business card from her purse and places it atop the book pile)
If your memory should happen to return, would you give me a call?

Joe waves goodbye to Smythe. Smythe takes the card. He reads the card and looks away.

CUT TO: INTERIOR-VINCENT'S CHAMBER-DAY:

Vincent is resting on his bed when he hears a noise. He looks around but sees nothing. He reaches for the book Catherine gave him, opening it to the fly leaf, showing that it once belonged to Kristopher Gentian. There's another noise, Vincent slams the book shut.

VINCENT

(Sits halfway up, facing the noise, looking toward a statue)
Who's there?

Vincent picks up a candle and walks toward the noise, inspecting his chamber. He hears a noise behind him and swiftly turns, growling. Mouse jumps as he comes into the chamber. Startled at first, Vincent sags when he realizes it's Mouse.

VINCENT

Mouse! I thought for a moment... I thought I saw an intruder in the shadows.

Mouse is dripping wet, wearing a homemade miner's cap, a dangling flashlight strapped to the ear flaps of a sports helmet.

MOUSE

(quizzically)

Down here? In your chamber?

VINCENT

It makes no sense.

MOUSE

Finished new aqueduct.

(squeezing his drenched shirt)

Little problem.

VINCENT

So I see.

MOUSE

Need your help.

VINCENT

To stop the flood?

MOUSE

No! Fixed it. Swimming lessons.

VINCENT

(Relieved, Vincent sighs and places his hands on Mouse's shoulders)

Tomorrow, we'll go to the mirror pool. I'm going to see Narcissa. Tell Father I'll be back by evening.

He hands Mouse the candle, picks up his cloak and walks off.

MOUSE

(looking around the chamber)

Intruders. Don't scare Mouse.

The candle snuffs out. Mouse gasps.

CUT TO: INTERIOR- CRIMINAL COURTS BUILDING –DAY:

Catherine leans over in front of Rita's desk.

CATHERINE

Let's just say I've never seen a *ghost* with a cappuccino mustache.

RITA

Why would anyone pretend to be *dead*?

CATHERINE

Well, the world has a way of ignoring live artists and celebrating dead ones. Kristopher would not be the first painter to fake his own death. Let's see what you've got on our elusive Mr. Gentian.
(Catherine takes notes)

RITA

Well, he was a native New Yorker, went to Cooper Union, on an art scholarship.

CATHERINE

Mm, hm.

RITA

His family's deceased. He had a small inheritance, but it must have run out. He owed money to everybody when he died.

CATHERINE

Sounds like Kristopher all right...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 20 below. They found the body in an alley off Bleeker.

CATHERINE

With all of Kristopher's I.D.?

RITA

Mm, hm. A friend viewed the body, confirmed identification; a Mr. Smith. No...Smythe, Jonathan Smythe. He owns a book store.

CATHERINE

Let me guess. It's in the Village? 777?

Rita nods and Catherine hurriedly walks away

CUT TO: INTERIOR- NARCISSA'S CHAMBER:

Candles flicker as Narcissa crushes powder into a bowl of water and sloshes it around. She stares into the bowl. Vincent silently walks up behind her.

NARCISSA

(Sensing Vincent's presence)
Vincent... come.

VINCENT

(Looking at Narcissa)
You heard me approach?

NARCISSA

I saw you, in the waters. Oh yes, Child, come look.

Vincent bends to look into the bowl.

VINCENT

All I see is ripples and reflections, the flame of the candle.

NARCISSA

You are your fathers' son.

VINCENT

(Looks back at Narcissa)

What do *you* see?

NARCISSA

(Expresses her story with her hands and emotion)

The past, the future, faces of the dead. Spirits seek their own level too, Vincent, like the waters.

(She laughs)

But I'm a crazy old woman. Ask the Father. Did he tell you ghost stories when you were young, Child?

VINCENT

(Remembering)

I... fled the headless horseman, rode in Kipling's phantom rickshaw. Yes. I remember Marley's ghost.

NARCISSA

(gesturing with her hands)

Bound by chains he forged in life... But there are other kinds of chains, Vincent. Fear, love, hate...dreams.

VINCENT

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

NARCISSA

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

Vincent turns from Narcissa and gazes into the bowl at his reflection.

NARCISSA

Open your eyes. Look deep. Could such a being as *this* walk the world your Catherine lives in?

Vincent looks into the water and sees nothing more than his own reflection.

CUT TO: INTERIOR- USED BOOKSHOP-NIGHT:

Catherine enters.

MR. SMYTHE

(standing behind the front counter)

Oh, I'm sorry, we're closed.

(looking up, he sees Catherine)

You are the persistent one, aren't you?

CATHERINE

(at the counter)

Is that a compliment, Mr. Smythe?

(Catherine pauses)

You lied to me.

MR. SMYTHE

Well, I fibbed.

CATHERINE

How long have you known Kristopher?

MR. SMYTHE

When he was a little boy, he used to come in here, and sit and read for *hours*-book after book—mythology, folklore, poetry. Even after he grew up, he would rather read than eat.

CATHERINE

Then why did you pretend you didn't know him?

MR. SMYTHE

Because it is such a *bother*. No one believes me any how. You're not the first you know.

CATHERINE

Not the first *what*?

MR. SMYTHE

To see Kristopher's *ghost*. He materializes for all the... more attractive young ladies.

CATHERINE

I can't believe this.

MR. SMYTHE

You see!

CATHERINE

You're still claiming he's dead?

MR. SMYTHE

My dear young lady, Kristopher is dead. I had to identify the body myself. It was such a shame. He had so much talent.

CATHERINE

(sighing in frustration)

That's it. I give up.

(She walks away, pauses, then turns around)

Wait a minute, his paintings. There was no will, no family. He never sold any of his paintings what happened to them?

MR. SMYTHE

His landlord took them—a dreadful man.

CATHERINE

(Walks back toward Smythe)

For the back rent?

MR. SMYTHE

Yeah, he took all the books too, but I bought those back. I thought it was only right. Old friends coming home again.

CATHERINE

The landlord must have tried to sell the paintings, too?

MR. SMYTHE

Undoubtedly, but the only portraits that he appreciated were the ones on dollar bills. I doubt if he succeeded. Kristopher's work is most probably off in storage somewhere, if they still exist.

CATHERINE

They exist all right, otherwise what's the *point* of this charade?

MR. SMYTHE

My dear young lady, you are so young and so cynical. You should not be so certain. The world devoures all of our certainties and all of our beauties as well.

Catherine stares at Smythe, perplexed. The camera cuts back and forth between their faces.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

CUT TO: EXTERIOR-DARK, LONELY STREET-A YELLOW CAB PASSES:

FADE TO: EXTERIOR-WAREHOUSE PARKING LOT-NIGHT:

Catherine approaches metal warehouse doors, which she finds chained and padlocked. Yanking on the lock and heavy chain, she is unable to get in. She returns to the car, turns on the headlights and starts the ignition. The padlock suddenly opens and the chain slides out of the door handles. As the warehouse doors swing open, she leans to grab a flashlight from the glove compartment, gets out of the car and enters the warehouse. Shining the light around the interior, she slowly walks deeper inside. She turns when she hears a noise and the flashlight goes out. Banging on the side of it, she exclaims....

CATHERINE

Damn it, damn it!

The flashlight comes back on and shines on a figure standing in front of her. She jumps back, inhales and gasps, before realizing its Vincent.

CATHERINE

(shaken,yelps)

Vincent, for a moment there I thought... Thank God it's you. I tell you I am.....

VINCENT

(mysteriously)

Half sick of shadows?

CATHERINE

Yes! I was ready to give up before you unlocked the door.

VINCENT

Catherine, I didn't unlock any doors.

CATHERINE

Then....

Vincent suddenly turns and growls. Somebody is seen in the distance, holding a lantern. Vincent gives chase, running among the strange, stored items. He runs up to a mirror and sees his reflection. He pauses, then turns again, runs and leaps over a pile of boxes, to quickly grab the intruder by the shoulder. He turns toward Vincent in amazement. He's Kristopher.

KRISTOPHER

Hi.

Vincent and Kristopher stare at each other.

FADE TO: INTERIOR-WAREHOUSE-NIGHT:

CATHERINE

How long have you been here?

Kristopher, Catherine and Vincent walk slowly through the stored items. Kristopher is holding a lantern and seems to be looking for something.

KRISTOPHER

Here? I don't know. Its funny, you know? I can't seem to remem...

(He ponders)

It's this way... I think.

CATHERINE

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

KRISTOPHER

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

CATHERINE

You're living here now? Is that it?

KRISTOPHER

So many questions.

(Stops and turns to look at Catherine)

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

Turns away and continues walking forward. Excited, Kristopher finds what he's been searching for and suddenly runs and points.

KRISTOPHER

That's my stuff!

Kristopher tries to pull a heavy trunk into the open aisle, but can't manage it. Vincent grabs the handle on the exposed end and easily drags it out. Kristopher looks at him, and glances at Catherine, in amazement and then grins and opens the lid. The trunk is filled with coloring books and crayons. He picks one up and flips through the pages.

VINCENT

Coloring books.

KRISTOPHER

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

CATHERINE

(Smiles as she looks at Kristopher's 'art work')
You went outside the lines.

KRISTOPHER

I like going outside the lines.

VINCENT

(leaning on the open trunk lid)
Some men ignore the boundaries... *Hmm...all* the boundaries.

CATHERINE

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

KRISTOPHER

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

CATHERINE

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

KRISTOPHER

(grinning)
I never plan anything if I can help it.

CATHERINE

You just hit rock bottom. Your work was gone. You were living on the street; no one cared. You stumble across a dead man roughly the same age, the same build...

KRISTOPHER

(Realizing what Catherine is saying)
Maybe I am dead. As good as dead anyway. An artist is only as alive as his work, right? And Botticelli will live forever, but me...

He moves around Catherine and Vincent, and tried to remove a case from in front of cloth-covered paintings. Again Vincent easily pulls the case out of the way and sets it aside. Kristopher removes the dusty cloth, revealing his paintings. Kristopher backs away as Catherine and Vincent move forward to look at them. As Catherine flips through the paintings, Vincent looks around puzzled.

CATHERINE

Oh, Kristopher, these are *wonderful!* Where on.....
(She looks around for him but he's gone)
Oh... I *hate* it when he does this.

VINCENT

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

CATHERINE

That's impossible.

VINCENT

(continuing to look around)
Is it?

CATHERINE

(looking around even more)
Well, he must be hiding somewhere. Maybe there's another door?

VINCENT

(smiling)
Or a magical one.

CATHERINE

(turning to Vincent)
I don't believe in magic.

VINCENT

(Lifting his arms)
Then what is all *this*?

Catherine and Vincent gaze with wonder at Kristopher's paintings.

CUT TO: INTERIOR-JENNY'S OFFICE-DAY:

Jenny, holding papers, is standing at her desk on the phone.

JENNY

If the revisions aren't in by this week he will not make the fall list. I've got another call. You tell him that, OK?
(Answering the other phone line)
Jenny Aronson...

CATHERINE

Hi, Jen. It's me.

JENNY

Oh Cathy, hi. Does, uh, this mean that we're finally going to make dinner?
(Sits at her desk)

CUT TO: RAPID BACK AND FORTH BETWEEN CATHERINE AND JENNY ON TELEPHONE

CATHERINE

Oh, I wish. Maybe next week.

JENNY

(perturbed)
Where have I heard that before?

CATHERINE

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

JENNY

(Laughing sardonically)
Some of them a lot better than I ever hoped to.

CATHERINE

I want to arrange a show.

JENNY

Easier said than done. When?

CATHERINE

Soon... a week, two weeks. Is that possible?

JENNY

(Shaking her head)
Absolutely no way.
(Cathy is seen holding the phone but is silent)
Well...
(Changing her mood)
let me work on it. I've got some people that owe me some pretty big favors. Is this for this guy, the one that wanted you to pose?

CATHERINE

Yes, Kristopher Gentian.

JENNY

(grinning)
Did you do it?
(Catherine grins, holding the phone, but doesn't answer)
My God, you *did*. Al rright, you have *got* to tell me *everything*. Is he any good? How are his paintings?
What should I tell the gallery owners?

CATHERINE

Oh, you can tell them he is better than good. He's *dead*.

CUT TO: INTERIOR-ART GALLERY-NIGHT:

People are milling around, waiters are carrying champagne trays. Kristopher's art is displayed on every wall. Joe Maxwell is studying a painting hanging on the wall and flipping through the brochure. He peers at the information that's to one side of Kristopher's painting of a woman in a strange flared skirt.

CATHERINE

(Walks over to Joe)

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

JOE

(gazing at the painting)

What do you figure they want for something like this?

CATHERINE

Why? You thinking of buying it?

CLOSE ON PICTURE

JOE

Hey why not? The guy's dead right? Got to be a good investment. Yeah, I think I could look at her for a long time. What do you think... put it right over the couch?

Catherine smiles at Joe's enthusiasm, then as she looks away from him, she spots Kristopher, grinning, dressed as a waiter, serving drinks to Jenny and another woman.

CATHERINE

Excuse me.

Walks purposefully away from Joe toward Jenny. Joe turns to watch at her as she leaves. Catherine walks through the crowd to intercept Kristopher, but he's disappeared.

CATHERINE

(puzzled)

(to Jenny)

Where is he?

JENNY

Who?

CATHERINE

The waiter... with the champagne.

JENNY

Oh, here you go.

(Grabs a glass of champagne from a passing waiter and tries to hand it to Catherine)

CATHERINE

(Looking around)
No, I'm not thirsty.

Jonathan Smythe comes up behind her as she looks for Kristopher.

CATHERINE

Mr. Smythe! Did you come with Kristopher?

SMYTHE

From his family *crypt*?

CATHERINE

(smiling)
I knew he wouldn't be able to resist his own opening.

SMYTHE

Well, I'm sure that he's here in spirit. To think how close we came to... to losing all this. You've done a marvelous thing.

CATHERINE

All I contributed was the setting. The marvels belong to Kristopher. They've sold half a dozen works already. The rest should be gone before the show is over. The gallery takes a commission off the top. I told them to send the rest of the money to you.

SMYTHE

(surprised)
To me? My dear young lady, whatever for?

CATHERINE

(knowingly)
For Kristopher, of course. He'll need money for paints, canvas... rent.

SMYTHE

But Kristopher is *ah*... dead.

CATHERINE

So you don't want the money?

SMYTHE

You mustn't put words in my mouth. There's always, *um*, cemetery up-keep. Oh and *um*... as long as I'm here, I hope you wouldn't mind introducing me to the proprietor of this establishment.

CATHERINE

Just in case, say, more works by Kristopher Gentian should happen to show up?

SMYTHE

I dare say.. .you can never tell.
(Opens eyes wide)

Catherine and Smythe walk off, arm in arm.

FADE TO: INTERIOR-ART GALLERY-NIGHT:

The gallery is empty. The opening is over and Jenny and Catherine are preparing to leave.

JENNY

Oh, it went great. Don't you think it went great?

CATHERINE

Yeah, I'm happy.

JENNY

You know, I didn't know they made artists like Kristopher any more.

CATHERINE

They don't.

JENNY

Do you want to share a cab?

CATHERINE

You know the night's so lovely, I think I'll walk.

JENNY

OK.

CATHERINE

Thanks for everything.

The two women hug. Catherine kisses Jenny on the cheek.

JENNY

My pleasure, OK? And dinner?

CATHERINE

Tuesday.

JENNY

Good.

CATHERINE

Bye.

Jenny leaves. As Catherine puts on her coat, she hears someone call her name. A gallery worker walks from the back room with a large parcel.

GALLERY WORKER

Cathy? Oh, I was so afraid that you'd gone. Here.

He has a large rectangular package that's wrapped in heavy cloth, tied with twine, with a tag attached to it.

CATHERINE

(puzzled)

What is this?

GALLERY WORKER

Well, I can't say for sure, but whatever it is, it's yours. It turned up when we were rooting through that dreadful warehouse. It was sealed up way in the back and... I don't know.... Anyway, it has your name on it, so I put it aside for you. Did you know the artist when he was alive? Well, of course you would. What am I saying. Anyway... here. Enjoy.

Catherine is puzzled by the package. The gallery worker walks away.

FADE TO: INTERIOR-TUNNELS-NIGHT: INTERIOR-VINCENT'S CHAMBER-NIGHT:
Vincent and Catherine are standing close together, side by side, staring at a painting.

CATHERINE

He had a 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.

CATHERINE

(Looks at Vincent)

Now you're starting to sound like Kristopher.

VINCENT

(Looks at Catherine)

Am I?

(Looking back at the painting, smiling,
He touches the painting and shakes his head)

Hmm...

CATHERINE

Why are you smiling?

VINCENT

Kristopher... worked only in oils?

CATHERINE

(Looking at painting)

Yes.

CAN TO PAINTING OF VINCENT AND CATHERINE, SHE IN FRONT, HE EMBRACING HER FROM BEHIND HER. THEY ARE HOLDING HANDS

VINCENT

Oils take months to dry completely, Catherine, sometimes *years*. This canvas...

CATHERINE

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

Vincent and Catherine gaze at each other, then back to the painting, marveling at its remarkable resemblance and detail. Catherine leans her head on Vincent's shoulder, and he gently lays his cheek to her hair.

Camera closes on painting and then back to Catherine and Vincent.

KRISTOPHER (VOICE OVER)

*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