

STARRY NIGHT

Written by

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INT. ROOM IN SAINT-PAUL ASYLUM, SAINT-RÉMY 1889 - NIGHT

REVELLO a man in his early thirties, barefoot, dressed in lead white workman's pants and a worn Prussian blue crushed velvet dinner jacket with no shirt, paces, circling his sparsely furnished room.

Bright thick golden moonlight pushes in through the gnarled metal bars over his high arched window.

Weighted screams and howls echo and slam into his burly wooden door from the other side.

Revello freezes to listen, his breathing a locomotive.

He turns quick, glancing at a low burning ochre flamed flickering candle that dances shadows off faded blue-grey paper lined walls with the turbulence of mathematics.

In a forceful whirl he strides back into his pace.

A WUMP shakes the door from the other side.

Revello spins around.

LUCIE a woman in her early thirties, barefoot, dressed in a faded yellow iris print sundress pushes open the bulky door just enough to squeeze in quick as Revello slams it shut muffling the screeches behind her.

LUCIE

(out of breath)

That hallway sounds like the book
of revelations.

REVELLO

Where have you been it's gonna be
light soon?

LUCIE

I had to sneak into a linen closet.
I saw two nuns coming down the hall
in the women's infirmary.

REVELLO

That was close.

LUCIE

They both went in after me.

REVELLO

So they took you back to your room?

LUCIE

No, they where in the closet with me. I hid behind the stinky mops.

REVELLO

What? Why? For three hours?

LUCIE

Hey, God lives in that closet.

REVELLO

They were praying?

LUCIE

For Three Hours the sisters confirmed his existence with OH God, Oh God, I'm coming God, Oh God!

REVELLO

I knew it, I just knew it.

Revello surges up to Lucie and pulls her tight into his arms.

REVELLO (CONT'D)

But it got you in the mood, right?

Revello goes in for a kiss but Lucie pushes him away.

LUCIE

You promised me absinthe first Paris lover.

REVELLO

Oh come on, you're gonna have to go back soon. Sneak all this way ju--

LUCIE

But I'm so, so thirsty.

REVELLO

The guy next door's got it, though I'd rather not bother him.

Revello goes in for another try at that kiss.

LUCIE

(pushing Revello away)
Did you know that the Eiffel tower is just one of those illusion things.

REVELLO

I feel like an illusion.

LUCIE

Don't look at it, look past it.
It's the bare ass backside of a Can
Can girl with her nickers down.

REVELLO

If only there was a model in the
room to demonstrate that.

LUCIE

A taste of the green fairy just
might help that along lover.

REVELLO

MONSIEUR VINCENT!!!

LUCIE

Oh he's that mysterious painter guy
that cut off his ear for a girl
'cause she wouldn't listen that he
loved her. So romantic.

REVELLO

Romantic? He told me his friend
Paul cut it off because Monsieur
Vincent bought him a prostitute and
she gave him the 'ol French
disease.

LUCIE

If it burns you turn.

Revello rushes to the window pushing his face as far as it
will go out through the flaking iron bars.

REVELLO

Monsieur Vincent!

LUCIE

How does he have absinthe?

REVELLO

Oh didn't you know? Monsieur
Vincent gets anything he wants.
That Mad dog paint eating devil.

LUCIE

He's always polite to me in the
garden. He gets anything?

REVELLO

His brother Theo, some fancified
art dealer in Paris buys him the
world.

LUCIE

He paints a lot of wheat. There's money in that?

REVELLO

Monsieur Vincent doesn't sell anything, never has, never will. The only thing his paintings are good for is target practice.

LUCIE

Why shoot wheat?

REVELLO

He gave a bunch of paintings to Dr. Peyron and those masterpieces have turned his kids into excellent marksman, we're talking army general material sharpshooter stuff.

LUCIE

Everyone has a mysterious purpose. And do you know what mine is?

REVELLO

Vincent, Monsieur Vincent!

LUCIE

Not so loud the guard.

REVELLO

Wheat man will have to bring it over. He can go out of his room at night I can't. Hell he cruises the train all over France. The stable boy takes him out in the carriage to paint in the countryside, skipping in the fields. Vincent and his Theo francs are a guest here at chateau Saint Paul. Total volunteer. No straight jackets or chains for the painting prince.

LUCIE

I'd Love a trip by train or carriage and handcuffs can be fun.

REVELLO

He's got TWO rooms, a bedroom AND a studio. Free paint, free canvas, free brushes. If I had all that I could paint target practice wheat myself! Handcuffs huh?

Lucie slides her hands down curving over her form.

LUCIE
I wonder if he'd paint me?

REVELLO
He only has one ear left.

Lucie spins the bottom of her sundress in front of her, waving the yellow irises in motion.

LUCIE
It's so hot in here.

REVELLO
Monsieur Vincent!

BOOM! BOOM! The thick door shakes and rattles.

Revello runs and after bumbling with the handle, swings the door open wide with a grating creak.

REVELLO (CONT'D)
Monsieur Vincent!

Before them stands a scruffy red bearded chicken legged man in his underwear. Holding stiff-armed out in front of him is a half empty emerald green bottle of absinthe.

Cry's and shrieks echo into the room from the hallway.

MONSIEUR VINCENT
(slow, strong, stoic
accent)
My fellow mad and cracked people of
this menagerie.

Revello grabs for the absinthe but Monsieur Vincent yanks it away, way up tippy toed over his head.

MONSIEUR VINCENT (CONT'D)
You still have my Charles Dickens
Christmas tales. I would like it
back now.

Revello glances quick around the bare room.

REVELLO
Sure, that's important now. Six
months to go before the tinsels up?

MONSIEUR VINCENT
Now.

REVELLO

OK, It's here somewhere, your
paints not gonna dry.

MONSIEUR VINCENT

I just love the Tiny Tim.

LUCIE

(hands on her side-
slanted hips)

Hi Monsieur Vincent, I'm Lucie,
would you like to paint me?

Monsieur Vincent suddenly flips the bottle of absinthe wildly
up into the room sending Revello diving to barely just catch
it before it smashes onto the floor, as Vincent chicken dance
runs out of the doorway.

LUCIE (CONT'D)

(hearing Vincent's
slamming door)

Was that a yes?!

REVELLO

What are you gonna do with the ear?

Lucie grins and backside bumps the door shut.

LUCIE

You saved the absinthe!

The bottle of absinthe is resting tipped sideways on Dickens'
Christmas tales book.

REVELLO

God bless us everyone.

LUCIE

Right, so we need two glasses, ice,
cold water, spoon and a sugar cube.

REVELLO

I just barely have the bottle.

LUCIE

You're kidding, you know absinthe
has a process, that's going to be a
bitter bad bite and you've got to
have the cloudy?

REVELLO

(defeated)

Ah yes the cloudy, so magical.

LUCIE

We need the cloudy. That's like sex without the love. You did say you loved me?

REVELLO

Still has the superb taste of the anise?

LUCIE

So you just like me now?

REVELLO

I love you, I said it didn't I?

LUCIE

Three months ago... I must be crazy.

REVELLO

Well... We are in an asylum.

LUCIE

You're in an asylum. I'm recovering from being stood up at the alter for the third time. What are you in for? Making women crazy? Forgetting the sweetness.

REVELLO

The third time!? Wow. How far apart?

LUCIE

Exactly five and a half inches apart.

Lucie grabs the bottle of absinthe and pulls the cork out with her side teeth.

LUCIE (CONT'D)

(still holding the cork in the side of her mouth)
To my green fairy.

REVELLO

I've been waiting all week.

Lucie blow pops the cork into Revello's face.

LUCIE

You know it's ladies first.

Lucie tilts the bottle back, chugging the green spirit down.

Revello grabs wildly for the bottle.

REVELLO
Hey, half of that is mine.

LUCIE
(wiping her mouth)
I'll bet the wheat painter wants me
to have it all.

REVELLO
You can have three swigs.

Lucie sashays the emerald green bottle over to the barred
high arched window.

REVELLO (CONT'D)
And that last one was two swigs
worth.

LUCIE
Would you just look at that view.

REVELLO
Oh I'm lookin' at it.

LUCIE
What a magnificent sky. You can
just feel the force of the stars,
that thick light, it just make me
dream. Love demands a night like
this, don't you think?

REVELLO
It's almost morning we need to
hurry love along a bit faster.

LUCIE
Venus glowing to the left and what
a moon up to the right, I've never
seen it shine like that.

REVELLO
Can I at least have a sip from the
bottle?

Lucie takes a long swash back, Frenching the green fairy.

LUCIE
(shaking her head)
This stuff works quick.

REVELLO
I wouldn't know.

LUCIE

Oh that breeze, you can smell the
irises and the wheat even up here
on the second floor.

REVELLO

I wonder if I would survive the
fall?

LUCIE

The chorus of cicadas almost drowns
out the screams. It's like mother
nature is trying to heal them.

REVELLO

I feel like screaming.

LUCIE

The golden glows through all of the
cottage windows, family's being
family's. Should we get married in
that little steeple church or keep
moving with a map that's moving.

REVELLO

Marriage? Is that gonna be
necessary?

LUCIE

The great milky way like frosting
on the little alps there. Just
makes you hungry for life.

REVELLO

Let me eat cake!

LUCIE

The stars are so big it's like you
can almost reach out and touch
them, but the only way to get there
is to die.

Revello big steps up beside Lucie at the barred window.

REVELLO

That's quite a nice poplar tree,
very tall and strong. How about a
kiss for the stars?

Revello tries to put his arm around Lucie but she shrugs it
off.

LUCIE

Poplars are symbols of death.
That's why they are planted all
over cemetery's

REVELLO

Better to die of passion than
boredom.

LUCIE

I wonder what the wheat painter
would do with this magnificent
starry night? His imagination must
be whirling.

REVELLO

The world will never know. You
freaked him out so bad he's back in
his room eating paint and washing
it back with turpentine. His blue
teeth swirin' drool down on his
"canvas".

LUCIE

Hey, do you want to kiss me or not?

REVELLO

At this point I'd just rather have
the bottle.

Lucie tips the absinthe back on her lips for a big long swig.

She pops the bottle off of her mouth and holds it upside down
in front of her. Smiling she drops the bottle to the floor.

REVELLO (CONT'D)

VINCENT!

Lucie laughs and quickly covers her ears.

REVELLO (CONT'D)

VINCENT!! MONSIEUR VINCENT!!!

Revello's door suddenly swings open wildly, banging the wall.

Vincent is standing there stiffly proud in his underwear, his
bare chest puffed out with his hands on his hips.

A bit of blue paint drips from the corner of his mouth.

MONSIEUR VINCENT

Yes!

THE END