

Starry Nights and Green Dreams

For Joanne and David, who taught me how to love.

INT. LE TAMBOURIN RESTAURANT/CAFÉ (1885) - EVENING

The room is a light shade of aqua, littered with a small dusting of golden hue from the setting sun outside the café's windows. Despite the sunset, small droplets of rain lay sleepily on the pane. The golden raindrops sit on the window of the entrance, awaiting disturbance from the next thirsty customer.

The room is rustic with old pieces of furniture lining the café's interior. Though people are entering every so often, there is a calm and quiet feel in the air. The bar is a chestnut brown, crystal glasses lining the shelves in the background. There are small tables surrounded by simple stools with yellow cushions lying on the top.

The bell hanging above the door CHIMES periodically with people walking in. THEO (28) sits with a tobacco pipe held between his lips. He is respectably dressed with his shirt buttons securely fastened, tie pulled up to his collar and a long, black ulster coat covering him.

AGOSTINA (44) stands behind the bar pouring glasses of red wine. She has a bright coloured apron, red hair and a navy dress; knitting all of the decor of the establishment together.

AGOSTINA

Theodorus!

Theo, currently pouring over a copy of the latest work by Paul Cézanne with his spectacles sat on the end of his nose, looks over the frame of his glasses towards the voice coming from behind the bar.

THEO

Yes?

She walks over with a tray of drinks in her hands and arrives at Theo's table.

AGOSTINA

You have been here for hours.
Surely you have made progress?

THEO

Well, not necessarily, my love.
You see, art tak-

AGOSTINA

Takes time. Yes yes yes. But you constantly have your head buried in books or paintings or whatever your latest interest is.

She reaches over to collect Theo's empty glass and stumbles. Her tray CRASHES onto the table and over the painting. Theo GASPS.

THEO

Aggy!

AGOSTINA

Oh, bugger.

Theo scrambles to keep all of the paper together as liquid sinks through it and breaks it apart.

THEO

This is ridiculous!

AGOSTINA

I'm sorry!

Theo traces what had been the strokes of the brushes with his fingers. It now looks like a mangled mess. He picks up the pile of soggy paper and dumps it onto Agostina's tray.

THEO

Just get rid of it.

Agostina turns away and walks in silence. She arrives at the bar to polish some glasses in the back.

BELL CHIME.

PAUL GAUGUIN (37) saunters in, taking his top hat off and hanging it on the hat and coat stand. He walks up to Theo's table and, in a flamboyant fashion, throws his coat down over the top of the stool. Theo does not look up, he is fiddling with the bottom of his coat.

THEO

Evenin'.

PAUL

Ever the gentleman.

Paul starts sitting down and waves Agostina over.

Agostina arrives at their table.

PAUL

The usual.

AGOSTINA

The usual?

Paul nods and the two giggle. She walks away as Theo finally lifts his head to take a sip of his beer.

PAUL

So, how are things between the two of you?

THEO
Well, apart from being
astonishingly clumsy.

He gestures down to the wet patch on the table.

PAUL
And the relationship?

THEO
Nothing really. We're fine.

PAUL
It is always the same.

THEO
So?

PAUL
She is not getting any younger.

THEO
(fake shocked)
Ah! Mr Gauguin, don't you know
that you *never* comment on a
woman's age?

A SILENCE ensues.

THEO
What are you supposing I do about
her?

PAUL
You need to show her that you
love her.

Agostina walks over, full tray in hand. She hands Paul his
drink.

She gives a nod, the two smile up at her. She raises an
eyebrow, turns and walks away. Gauguin makes kissing faces as
she leaves. Theo playfully slaps Gauguin's arm, his eyes wide
and shuffling in his place as he straightens his tie.

THEO
So, what do you suggest?

PAUL
Propose.

Theo chokes on his sip of beer.

THEO
Propose!?

PAUL
Yes.
(MORE)

PAUL (CONT'D)

You two have been together for a while now. It is the natural path.

THEO

I don't think so.

PAUL

Don't you want to get started on your family?

THEO

I do not need it. Look at me.

He gestures down his body with his hands.

PAUL

Okay. As long as she waits around for you.

THEO

Why wouldn't she?

Theo gives Paul a wink. Paul rolls his eyes.

PAUL (to Theo)

Another?

INT. THEO'S APARTMENT - LATER

The loft apartment is cluttered; papers are strewn everywhere. The room is lined with bookshelves, the books haphazardly thrown from one pile to another; some open, some closed with papers sticking from their pages.

Dusty easels sit in the corner next to the bay window looking out onto the streets of Paris, the Arc de Triomphe is far in the background. The kitchen is small and a dark shade of green. The chestnut browns, beiges and greens make the room have a natural feel.

Theo stands and takes off his coat and hat and throws it over his armchair in the middle of the room. He approaches the small fireplace on the far wall.

On the mantle is an old-fashioned lantern. Theo grabs a match and lights the candle. The light around the mantle has a golden hue, flickering between different brightnesses every few seconds. Theo takes a deep breath and slumps into his armchair.

As he sits, he notices a letter on the floor by his front door. He promptly gets up, walks over and picks it up. Quickly getting back to his armchair, he jumps in and wraps himself in a blanket.

The room is cosy as Theo digs into his letter. He rips it open from the top, pulls it out of the envelope and unfolds the letter.

Written at the top is: **My Dear Theo.**

Theo quickly scans the sheet, flicks it over and looks towards the bottom of the page.

Written at the bottom is: **Ever yours, Vincent.**

Sweat slowly drops from Theo's brow as his breath quickens slightly, he sits up and readies himself.

VINCENT (V.O)

My Dear Theo,
I've wanted to write to you but I haven't been able to find the right words. Something has happened, Theo, which most of the people here know or suspect nothing about – nor may ever know, so keep as silent as the grave about it – it is terrible. To tell you everything I'd have to write a book – I can't do that.

(beat)

Miss Begemann has taken poison – in a moment of despair, when she'd spoken to her family and people spoke ill of her and me.

(beat)

You understand that in these last few days everything, everything passed through my mind, and I was absorbed in this sad story. Now she's tried this and it has not succeeded, I think she's had such a shock that she won't lightly try for the second time – a failed suicide is the best remedy for suicide in the future. But if she has a nervous breakdown or brain fever or something, then...

(beat)

Still, everything's gone fairly well with her these first few days – only I fear there'll be repercussions. Theo – old chap – I'm so upset by it. Regards, do drop me a line, because I am speaking to no one here. Father is also ill, it may do him well to hear from you too.

(beat)

Ever yours,
Vincent.

Theo leans back and lets out a deep puff of air, shaking his head and rubbing his forehead.

Theo looks up from the letter and bites his lip in thought. He furrows his brow and looks around the room. He gets up and walks over to an ornate chest of drawers by the apartment's entrance. On it is a pile of books, various neck scarfs and some empty photo frames, yet to be filled.

He bends down and opens the bottom drawer. It reveals sheets piled on top of one another. He reaches into the drawer, empties the sheets from it and digs down to find a filled photo frame. On it are a number of people. Two parents, three sisters and three brothers. In the centre is Theo.

He stares at the picture for a moment and takes a deep breath before throwing it into the drawer once more.

EXT. PARISIAN CIRCUS - EVENING

The street is packed with people. The various red and gold colours of the circus banners wave in the street. Different acts hand out flyers to the people queuing for the entrance to the tent. One is on stilts, one is completely contorted walking with her back arched and one is lifting weights of hundreds of kilograms.

Theo and Paul stand in the queue, halfway down, surrounded by people of all ages around them.

PAUL

Well, this is different.

THEO

Me and Agostina visited a while ago and it was good fun.

PAUL

I am sure it will be splendid.

THEO

I invited you to discuss something too.

PAUL

Oh?

THEO

Well... my brother has written to me.

PAUL

Does he not always attempt to write to you?

THEO

Well, yes.

PAUL
And do you not always ignore him?

THEO
Yes but he is in some personal
trouble at the moment.

PAUL
Okay?

THEO
With his lover.

PAUL
Oh. I see.

The two stand in SILENCE for a moment.

THEO
He wants me to visit.

Paul does not reply but simply looks at Theo with his teeth
bared in an awkward fashion.

THEO
My father is also dying.

Paul offers a hand to Theo's shoulder but Theo pushes it off.

THEO
I suppose I ought to go.

PAUL
Perhaps it is an opportunity for
them to meet Aggy?

Theo remains silent. The queue moves up and so do the two
men.

PAUL
I was going to suggest travelling
with her. It may make the journey
less painful.

THEO
It had crossed my mind.

Theo looks off, daydreaming.

PAUL
What else is stopping you?

Theo carries on staring into the distance.

THEO
I worry about Vincent. He is
manic at the best of times.

Theo initiates the laughter and Paul joins.

TICKETMASTER (O.S)
Tickets, please!

INT. PARISIAN CIRCUS - LATER

Theo and Paul have now been seated. They are looking on in amazement as the audience laughs when they should and gasps when something terrific happens. Two trapeze artists swing between one another and a different artist uses a tight rope. The show continues.

VINCENT (V.O)
My Dear Theo,
I was most disappointed not to
hear from you after my last
letter. We were most
disappointed. I have not told
Margot as I fear she may feel
even more unwanted. But the rest
of the family are aware I am
sending this extra reminder.

The show continues. More acts come out, some with live animals such as lions, tigers, elephants and snakes. The crowd goes wild.

VINCENT (V.O)
They would like me to tell you,
remind you that our father is
most ill. It seems he will not
last much longer. I suggest you
visit. Let bygones be. I do not
understand what is so atrocious
that you would ignore me, us.
(beat)
Please be in touch. I hope to
hear from you. I expect to hear
from you.
(beat)
Tout à toi, Vincent.

INT. THEO'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Theo is reading. He glances at the family photo frame propped up on the arm of the chair. His fingers trace the corners of the book he is reading. He is trying to ignore the photo.

He flips the pages of the book and fidgets with the bottom corner. He looks to and from the photo frame to his book several times.

Finally, he jumps out of his armchair and makes his way over to his cluttered desk. He sweeps all of the papers and paintings off the edge, they fall to the floor with a THUD. He finds a plain piece of paper and grabs his fountain pen. He puts pen to paper and begins scribbling.

THEO (pre-lap)
My Dear, Vincent.

INT. THEO'S BEDROOM - DAY

Theo's bedroom is a mess. The bed is unrecognisable under the mounds of clothes that are sprawled out. He is furiously packing his bag, attempting to fold the odd piece before putting it in the suitcase.

THEO (V.O)
We were really pleased to receive your last letter, but we're sorry from the bottom of our hearts that you can't give us better news.

(beat)
A trip home may be on the cards or in the stars. Agostina may join me in my journey back to the Netherlands. A drink between the four of us if Miss Begemann is well enough? Either way, we will meet. It has been too long. I will return to see you, mother, father and the girls.

(beat)
Eagerly await me? I look forward to it.

(beat)
Theo.

INT. LE TAMBOURIN - DAY

The next day, Theo is sat with Paul. Agostina is stood next to their table listening intently.

Theo looks up from reading his letter aloud. Agostina and Paul share a glance and Paul inhales sharply whilst keeping his mouth wide and showing his teeth.

PAUL
Brilliant.

AGOSTINA
I think it is good that you're going to see them.

THEO
We are going to see them...

AGOSTINA
You really want me there?

Theo glances back down into his letter, taking slightly too long to answer Agostina.

PAUL
Of course he does. Theo?

THEO
Yes yes. It's a good step.

AGOSTINA
Okay. I hope they like me.
(beat)
When are we going?

THEO
3 days. Thursday

AGOSTINA
Thursday!

THEO
Yes! Lots to do. I am already
packed.

She fiddles with her notepads and clambers around in a frenzy.

Agostina walks away muttering to herself, her hair becomes more dishevelled as she tucks it behind her ears.

PAUL
So soon?

THEO
Okay. The sooner I get there, the
sooner I get home.

PAUL
Charming.

EXT/INT. OUTSIDE/INSIDE VAN GOGH HOUSE - DAY

Theo and Agostina stand with their bags at the end of the winding path up to a large yet unkempt white cottage with a black roof. The windows are symmetrical with green shutters around their edges. The bottom portion of the house is obscured by large walnut trees lining the perimeter.

The two start walking up the path together, shortly reaching the large, brown front door.

The two look at each other as Theo takes a deep breath and KNOCKS with the brass knocker.

Agostina and Theo stand in SILENCE for a while as VOICES can be heard through the door. THUMPING in the form of FOOTSTEPS can be heard approaching the door, followed by MUFFLED VOICES filled with excitement.

It swings open and WILLEM VAN GOGH (23), the sister of Theo and Vincent stands there. She is a petite, blonde girl with simple clothes and her hair falling lazily by her ears. She jumps into Theo's arms as he embraces her back.

THEO
Hello, Wil.

WIL
Hello! It's been too long.

She grabs his bags and focuses on Agostina.

WIL
Hello.

She holds her hand out to shake Agostina's hand. She reciprocates.

AGOSTINA
It's lovely to finally meet you.

Wil turns around with both bags now to re-enter the house. She directs her speech over her shoulder.

WIL
Theo, you will have to tell me
how wonderful Paris is!

The three walk into the house and stand in the foyer next to a large staircase as Wil places their bags down.

WIL
Mother! Father! Everyone! Theo
and Agostina have arrived.

ANNA VAN GOGH SR (66) approaches the top of the stairs, her smile grows as her plump cheeks expand. She has bags under her eyes and looks like she could fall asleep at any moment. She starts walking down the stairs.

ANNA SR
Theodorus! How lovely to see you
so soon. Vincent told us of your
reply. I will have to make up
your bedroom.

She reaches the bottom and gives Theo a kiss on each cheek. She does the same to Agostina, rather awkwardly.

AGOSTINA
Lovely to meet you.

ANNA SR

Yes, yes.
(turning to Theo)
How have you been, Theo?

THEO

Good. Business is great. Life in
Paris is fabulous!

ANNA SR

Lovely.

At that point, the kitchen door bursts open. ANNA VAN GOGH JR (30) dressed in a navy day dress with bulky boots on her feet. She is a rosy coloured woman with a youthful face, ageing gracefully. ELIZABETH VAN GOGH (26) stands next to her, dressed in a similar yet much brighter dress. She is younger but looks very similar to her sister. They have the same pointed nose and the same rosy cheeks.

ANNA JR

Theo!

ELIZABETH

Theo!

THEO

Hi, girls!

They embrace. Theo is very awkward, not fully knowing when to pull away from the two. He looks at Anna Sr as he does so through the two heads. They all part and everyone looks at each other in a circle. He steps back and Agostina gives Theo a nudge with her elbow.

THEO

Oh, this is Agostina.

The girls looks at her.

THEO

My partner.

ANNA JR

Oh, it is lovely to meet you! I
did not realise that Theo was
bringing someone.

ELIZABETH

Vincent never said.

THEO

He rarely does, I suppose.

Elizabeth steps forward and shakes Agostina's hand. As she pulls away, Agostina looks down smiling as Elizabeth gives Theo a look. *What were you thinking?*

Theo shrugs his shoulders as Anna Jr gives him a double thumbs up.

THEO
Well, where is father?

Wil and Anna Sr share a glance as Wil looks down at the floor. Elizabeth and Anna Jr do the same thing. Anna Jr tilts her head to one side in a sympathetic way, pushing her lips together and making them smaller.

ANNA SR
Come with me.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

There is a small rocking chair in the corner of the room. A large bed sits in the middle of the far wall, the slightest bit of sun peaking through the window and creating a taste of the golden ray on the bed. The light illuminates a figure lying in the rouge bed covers.

THEODORUS VAN GOGH SR (63) looks frail and is breathing heavily. Theo stares on at his crippled father and walks away from his mother to be by his side. He kneels by the side of the bed.

THEO
Father. I wish you had been in touch.

Theo Sr only grunts in response, his energy completely drained from him.

THEO
I should have visited a long time ago. I have been busy. My career is going well. I am making money. You should be proud!

Anna Sr begins quietly SOBBING in the background, she picks her handkerchief out of her dress pocket, SNIFFLING into it as Theo speaks.

THEO
I'll make this better.

The front door SLAMS from downstairs.

VINCENT (O.S.)
THEODORUS!

Anna Sr chuckles in the background.

ANNA SR
Your brother is here.

INT. HOUSE FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Theo approaches the stairs as his mother did earlier and looks down on his brother, VINCENT VAN GOGH (33) gushing over Agostina; kneeling and kissing the back of her hand. CORNELIS VAN GOGH (18) looks at his brother, gagging and cringing at the display of affection in front of him. He is much younger than the rest of his siblings and looks it too with a youthful glow to his skin and an excited grin covering his face.

The scene is chaos. Theo descends down the stairs. Everyone is chatting to one another, some less than others. Anna and Elizabeth continue talking to each other indistinctly, now behind the palms of their hands. They are whispering to each other and looking Agostina up and down as she accepts Vincent's affections.

Theo ignores them. Wil turns to hug Vincent and he reciprocates. As he pulls away, he goes in to hug his sisters and both turn their backs and walk off to the kitchen once more.

Theo walks up to Vincent, ignoring the girls before him.

THEO

Vinnie.

Vincent turns his arms towards Theo and completes the hug he attempted with Elizabeth just before.

VINCENT

You're here!

THEO

Betty still gives you trouble then I see.

VINCENT

Yes, well.

(beat)

Good trip?

THEO

Yes, it was fine.

SILENCE covers the group.

THEO

How have you been?

VINCENT

Well, I suppose you might have a suspicion from my letter.

THEO

How is Miss Begemann?

VINCENT
Please, call her Margot.

An awkward SILENCE returns.

VINCENT
She is fine. Getting there.

WIL
Well, Agostina, would you like to
join me in the parlour? I have
prepared some tea.

AGOSTINA
Of course.

Agostina looks over at Theo and Vincent as Wil grabs her hand
to guide her.

WIL
Let's leave these boys to it.

VINCENT
Smashing idea. Fancy a walk?

EXT. VAN GOGH HOUSE GARDEN - LATER

Theo and Vincent circle a pond in the back garden of the
family house. It is surrounded by dying tulips and rose
bushes.

THEO
Not quite how I remembered it.

VINCENT
Well, you know it was always
father taking care of the garden
and after he deteriorated...
(beat)
Well, Mother just couldn't keep
up with everything. And then
Margot became ill... She helped
out here as much as she could.

Theo is nodding along as he kicks a few dead weeds under his
feet.

VINCENT
I have been loving my croquet
recently. Ever played?

THEO
Not since we were little.

Vincent beckons Theo over to him using his hand and hands him
a beaten up, wooden mallet.

VINCENT

Well...

THEO

I suppose I can give it a go.

The two share a SILENCE, knocking their mallets back and forth; no real organisation to the game.

THEO

So... what do mother and the girls think of Margot? I was unsure how they felt about Agostina.

VINCENT

Oh yes. Mother loves Margot. Even before she started helping. Always said she was a lovely, well-mannered girl.

THEO

Yes, well. How about Elizabeth and Anna? I know Wil is always pleasant.

VINCENT

You know what they are like.

THEO

Like a couple of school girls.

VINCENT

They seemed to take a liking to her once she started helping out. They got used to us always being here.

THEO

You said Margot was a little bit better than when you first wrote us?

VINCENT

Yes she is getting there. Opening up much more about why she did what she did.

Theo scoffs slightly. Vincent ignores.

VINCENT

I haven't received much from you. I sent letters.

THEO

I have little free time in the city. I am sorry.

VINCENT
You never did tell us why you
left so suddenly.

SILENCE. Theo pouts his lips and sniffs. Looking up into the sky to avoid the conversation. There is a prolonged period of SILENCE in which the two stubborn brothers both refuse to be the first to speak. Theo cannot take it anymore.

THEO
I was drowning.

VINCENT
Drowning?

THEO
Suffocating here.

VINCENT
We needed you.

THEO
No. You needed me.

Vincent sighs in frustration.

VINCENT
Wil did too.

THEO
No, Vin. No one even noticed me
before I left.

VINCENT
That is not tr-

THEO
I needed to find my own way.
Don't you ever consider leaving?

VINCENT
Well, I am happ-

THEO
No you are not! Margot is not
either. You both need to leave.
You definitely do.

VINCENT
It is not that simple.

THEO
I would not be surprised if
Margot is bringing you down too.

VINCENT
Enough.

THEO

Be honest. You were not always
the healthiest.

VINCENT

Theo-

THEO

She is going to drag you back to
where you were originally.

VINCENT

ENOUGH!

SILENCE covers them. Theo takes a deep breath, glances down
to his mallet. He drops it and places his hand on Vincent's
shoulder.

THEO

Children leave their parents
eventually, Vincent.

VINCENT

Well, Margot and I enjoy living
here. With them. We plan to do it
again once she is better.

Theo's face cringes, he scrunches it and shakes his head.

THEO

It is wrong.

VINCENT

They need us.

THEO

Someone will always need you.
Seems to be Margot currently.

VINCENT

She is getting better.

THEO

Is she going to stay better?

VINCENT

I would hope so.

THEO

Vinnie. Do you think you are the
best person to support her?

VINCENT

She acted completely
irrationally.

THEO

And so did you back when we were
both living here.

VINCENT
I love her, Theodorus.

THEO
I know you do. I believe it.

VINCENT
Let me ask you this. How long
have you and Agostina been
together?

Theo starts thinking, looking up as he does so.

VINCENT
Do you love her?

THEO
I think so.

VINCENT
There is nothing to think about
with love.

THEO
I do love her.

VINCENT
She is much older than you. Have
you thought of marriage?

THEO
Stop.

VINCENT
It is the natural course.

THEO
Not for me. The business is what
I am interested in. I want to
have the life we never did.

VINCENT
We had a nice life. Don't lessen
it to some peasant story.

THEO
Vinnie, you're only saying this
because you are interested in
that life. I have seen your
paintings. Your most recent work
glorifies them.

VINCENT
Theo, what has happened?

THEO
What has happened?
(MORE)

THEO (CONT'D)

I found a career I love and got away from a family that were bringing me down. A brother that was bringing me down.

Vincent's face changes dramatically as he looks concerned over to his brother. His eyes soften and well up with tears.

VINCENT

I did not realise that this is how you viewed us. Why did you come home?

THEO

I was worried you had gotten back to where you used to be.

VINCENT

Because of Margot?

THEO

Perhaps. I fear it is just the way you are.

VINCENT

I would much rather be like this than the way you hold yourself.

THEO

Hold-

VINCENT

You should have come back sooner. That isolation you favour, it isn't good for your mind.

THEO

And you would know what is good for my mind?

VINCENT

I know you need relations. You need people.

THEO

You do. It suits me fine.

VINCENT

The sooner you realise the value you can have in other people's lives and theirs in yours, the quicker you will achieve this success you speak of. Not simply monetary, but emotional.

SILENCE takes over the two once again with Theo staring off into the distance, taking in his brother's words.

INT. VAN GOGH FAMILY HOUSE PARLOUR - CONTINUOUS

Wil sits sipping tea as Agostina gazes out of the window at Theo and Vincent arguing in the distance.

AGOSTINA
What on earth are they
discussing?

WIL
Oh, you know the brothers.

AGOSTINA
Actually...

Agostina walks around to perch next to Wil.

AGOSTINA
No. I do not.

WIL
Oh... I am sorry. I assumed Theo
had told you. They have some
unfinished business.

AGOSTINA
Oh, I see.
(beat)
About what?

WIL
Well, Theo left for Paris rather
suddenly. And Vincent did not
take a liking to it. We were
struggling as a family and him
leaving propelled the tension
forward.

AGOSTINA
Right, I see.

Agostina glances outside with a cringe covering her face.

WIL
Oh, do not pass judgement on Theo
leaving us! He needed to do it. I
understand that. Even if nobody
else does.

AGOSTINA
And what of Vincent? Did he miss
him terribly?

WIL

Yes, of course. But I do believe
it was more jealousy than
anything.

Agostina looks back at Wil and raises an eyebrow. Wil's face softens and she scrunches her nose.

WIL

Think he needs to escape too...

INT. VAN GOGH FAMILY HOUSE PARLOUR - LATER

The group, apart from Wil, sits laughing as they all swap stories and drink Port. The room is dingy yet homely with some candles lit on the top of the fireplace. Books covered in dust lie on a large bookcase in the corner of the room. Agostina is looking up at the collection, finally grabbing an old family photo album.

Anna Sr is sat with her glass almost empty, Cornelis promptly refills it with more Port.

ANNA SR

Oooo, Cor. Do not let me
embarrass myself.

CORNELIS

I would not dream of it.

The group laughs. Theo smiles subtly but does not join the chuckles. Anna Jr looks to him and gives him a questioning glare. She rolls her eyes and he looks away. He clearly does not have the energy to deal with his sisters.

He looks over at Agostina who is smiling into the photo album. Cornelis notices and looks over.

CORNELIS

Aggy, what have you got there.

She does not answer, she simply turns the book towards everyone.

THEO

Lord. I have not looked in that
for years.

AGOSTINA

It was the only one without a
layer of dust all over it.

ELIZABETH

Feel free to give the shelf a
polish... Aggy.

AGOSTINA

Oh no. That is not what I meant
at all. I just assumed this one
was the most interesting read.

Elizabeth turns to the group and rolls her eyes. She is
completely unbothered that Theo can see her.

Agostina walks over, whether she saw Elizabeth or not is
unclear. She has the book in her hand and sits next to Anna
Sr.

ANNA SR

I do look in this from time to
time.

VINCENT

So, do I.

Vincent sits next to Agostina, sandwiching her between him
and his mother.

She flicks the book open and there are various pictures all
taken in and around that same house with younger looking
members of the family.

She lands on a photo of the children's croquet set that Theo
had mentioned earlier.

VINCENT

Oh, look! Theo come over here.
You'll never guess what it is.

Theo walks over and stops behind the couch, looking down from
behind the shoulders of Anna Sr, Vincent and Agostina.

THEO

What a coinciden-

The door swings open. Everyone's heads whip around. Wil
stands there, her eyes red and swollen.

WIL

Mother.

INT. VAN GOGH HOUSE UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR - LATER

The family, Agostina and Theo all stand with each other in a
dimly lit corridor. Anna Sr is SOBBING into Vincent's chest
as Anna Jr and Elizabeth rub her back. Agostina and Theo
distance themselves slightly away from the group.

WIL

It'll be okay.

ELIZABETH

It was really quick.

VINCENT

Well, maybe he was waiting for
Theo. It cannot be a coincidence.

ANNA SR

Perhaps.

She pulls away from Vincent's embrace and looks sadly at
Theo.

Theo stutters, he does not know what to say.

AGOSTINA

I'm sure that is it. Don't you
think, love?

She grabs Theo's hand and tips her head so that it is resting
on his shoulder. Elizabeth grabs Theo's hand on the opposite
side from Agostina and gives it a squeeze. He looks at her as
she rolls her eyes and he quickly pulls his hand away.

THEO

Yes. It seems he was just waiting
for one more goodbye.

Anna Sr sobs deeper as Agostina pulls Theo into one of the
bedrooms.

INT. SPARE BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The couple's bag sits on the rickety wooden bed. The bed is
unmade and identical rouge sheets and blankets as earlier sit
on the end. The room has one tiny wardrobe and two bedside
tables. The rest of the bedroom is empty.

AGOSTINA

What now?

THEO

What do you mean?

AGOSTINA

Your family is grieving, Theo.

THEO

I know.

AGOSTINA

And it will surely hit you soon.
How long are we going to be here
for? What was the original plan?

THEO

The original plan was a week and
it will remain a week.

AGOSTINA

Don't you think they will need you to stay for longer? Your mother is heartbroken.

THEO

Yes, yes. I know she is. Why would you even want to stay for longer? They are not being nice to you. We both need to get back.

AGOSTINA

They have their opinions. We cannot please everyone. People will always be selling paintings, Theo. You need to be here.

Theo raises his eyebrow at her and takes a seat on the bare bed, crossing his legs as he does so. He taps the space next to him. Agostina walks over but instead of sitting next to him, she kneels in front of him. She takes his hands in hers.

AGOSTINA

Wil was telling me how tough it had been for everyone.

THEO

Well-

AGOSTINA

And before you defend yourself, which she claimed you would do. She meant it had been difficult for you too.

THEO

How so?

AGOSTINA

She realised that you needed to escape. She just could not do it herself.

THEO

And what did she say of Vincent?

AGOSTINA

She said that he ought to get out too.

Theo's eyes widen as he struggles for something to say.

AGOSTINA

She knows he is tortured here. And she thinks that his relationship with Margot will end shortly anyway. If her family have any say in it.

THEO

So what does she suggest?

AGOSTINA

She is fine staying with your parents. Well, your mother now, I suppose. She loves being here and she knows she is young enough to postpone her plans. She is interested in moving to France but can delay it.

(beat)

Like I said. She thinks your brother needs that escape and she knows that you are the person to make it happen. You have already done it for yourself.

THEO

So, what do you propose?

AGOSTINA

She said it was up to you. Regardless of the rest of your family.

She tilts her head in the direction of the door and rolls her eyes.

AGOSTINA

And I agree.

THEO

I think he would not judge me so heavily if he was to see the world too. Although, I fear he will embarrass me in Paris.

AGOSTINA

You should not think so selfishly, Theo.

(beat)

I'm sure you would benefit from having family around. Do not be so estranged. You can both teach each other things.

Theo avoids eye contact with Agostina and simply shakes his head whilst looking down into his lap. She places her hand underneath his chin and pulls his head to look at her.

THEO

I will think about it. But for now, let us get through the week and see where it leads.

INT. VAN GOGH FAMILY HOUSE KITCHEN - DAY

It is the early morning. The birds are SINGING but the house remains quiet. Agostina, Theo and Elizabeth sit at the dining table, drinking tea.

The intermittent SLURPS are awkward as Elizabeth stares at Agostina. Cornelis is sat with them simply twiddling his thumbs.

THEO

What is going on with you then
Betty?

ELIZABETH

General things really. Just
trudging through.

THEO

Oh, you should not feel like you
are trudging.

Theo stands up and begins getting ingredients out of the cupboard: cornmeal, rye, potatoes, rice, hominy, buckwheat. He begins mixing them to make a dough for bread. He does not look up as Elizabeth speaks to him.

ELIZABETH

What would you suggest?

THEO

Make a change to whatever it is
that is making you feel that way.

Cornelis jumps up to stand by his brother.

CORNELIS

May I help?

THEO

Of course. Betty you really
should find your passion.

ELIZABETH

Oh, like you did?

THEO

I did actually. You should see my
life in Paris.

Agostina avoids eye contact with anyone. Elizabeth looks around the room and SCOFFS.

ELIZABETH

I am assuming you have spoken
with Vincent about it. You at
least owe him that.

Agostina SCOFFS.

AGOSTINA

Why is it that he would owe him anything?

ELIZABETH

Silence. You would never understand.

CORNELIS

Elizabeth!

ELIZABETH

Well!

THEO

I think you ought to be quiet.

ELIZABETH

This...

(points between Theo and Agostina)

... is not my fault.

AGOSTINA

You needn't make it obvious. I am not blind to the judgement.

ELIZABETH

Our judgement should not be your concern. It is purely a family matter.

AGOSTINA

Oh so you do have an opinion of me?

ELIZABETH

It is clear that you will never work. Not together.

Theo pulls the dough ball from a large bowl and SLAMS it on the counter.

THEO

Enough.

He walks over to Elizabeth and bends down to her face. He points a spoon at her.

THEO

I will have nothing more said to Agostina.

ELIZABETH

This is ridiculous!

The door opens, Anna Jr stands there.

ANNA JR
Betty! Theo! I can hear you down
the hall.

ELIZABETH
You think it too!

ANNA JR
That may be so. But it is not for
us to air.

CORNELIS
Perhaps opinions should be kept
to ourselves.

THEO
Thank you, Cor.

CORNELIS
We are not exactly making Theo's
visit a peaceful one.

Cornelis turns to Agostina.

CORNELIS
I am sorry, Aggy.

THEO
Let us refrain from passing more
unwanted judgement.

ELIZABETH
(muttering)
This is all because you left us.

Theo goes to say something but as he does so, he is
interrupted by a knock at the front door.

THEO
I will get that.

He stands and exits the room.

INT. VAN GOGH FAMILY HOUSE FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Theo walks through the hallways and into the main entrance of
the house as he shakes his head and mutters to himself.

He reaches the front door and opens it. MARGOT (45) is stood
in loose clothing, a large cardigan covering the majority of
her body. She wears some thin pumps that are falling off her
feet. She looks very pale.

She stands waiting to be invited in. Theo is confused and
holds the door open, looking her up and down.

THEO
Hello?

MARGOT

Hello.

She remains wide-eyed, fiddling with the end of her cardigan sleeves.

THEO

Can I help you?

MARGOT

I am here for Theo.

THEO

What can I do for you?

His voice is full of trepidation but he has an air of sarcasm about him that lightens the mood.

MARGOT

Is Vin here?

THEO

He is. He is upstairs.

Theo's eyebrows raise. He is still confused.

MARGOT

I'm Margot.

Theo's eyes are the wide ones now. He flaps about and swings the door open as wide as it will go.

THEO

Bugger, I am so sorry! I have not seen a picture of you. I simply have Vincent's description to go from.

MARGOT

Am I not what you expected?

THEO

No, do not fret. I am not sure what I was expecting truthfully.

He reaches out and grabs her arm, leads her up the step and inside the house. The two stand in the foyer.

THEO

VIN!

There is no response.

THEO

I am sure he will be down any moment.

The two stand twiddling their thumbs, tapping their feet and looking around the room.

THEO

You said you came to see me?

MARGOT

Yes. Vin mentioned that you were visiting and told me to come if I was feeling up to it. I woke this morning and fancied the challenge.

She laughs a little bit too hard at herself and quickly gets out of breath. Theo offers her his arm and she takes it.

Vincent comes running down the stairs, he is looking at his feet as he runs. He has a stack of paintbrushes in his hands.

He finally looks up as he reaches the two of them.

VINCENT

Margot!

He walks up and gives her a kiss on each cheek.

MARGOT

I thought you would be expecting me.

VINCENT

I was. I am. I just would not want you to push yourself too much.

Theo stands between the two, looking everywhere to avoid eye contact.

There is a moment of SILENCE.

Vincent looks in the direction of Theo and his eyes widen quickly and he GASPS.

VINCENT

Oh, silly me. Theo, Margot.
Margot, Theo.

THEO

Yes. Yes. We have introduced ourselves.

VINCENT

Shall we?

Vincent grabs Margot's hand as Theo stands behind the two. The three walk to the kitchen with Theo looking towards the floor. He shoves his hands in his pocket and hangs behind as Vincent stares at Margot.

INT. VAN GOGH FAMILY HOUSE KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The three walk in and there is a tension in the air. Cornelis is tossing the dough and Elizabeth is poking it through the air with a spoon, trying to pierce the dough as it is being thrown. He shoves her out of the way, she stumbles then sits and crosses her arms. She begins SIPPING her tea obnoxiously.

Anna Jr looks at her newspaper and gives the occasional eye roll. They look at the couple as they walk in.

VINCENT
Hello, hello, hello.

Elizabeth, at the sight of Margot, jumps up and embraces her.

ELIZABETH
Margot! Oh how we have missed you.

She pulls away from the hug.

ELIZABETH
How have you been?

MARGOT
Yes, I am well. Getting there.

ELIZABETH
That is good to hear! We were all worried about you.

MARGOT
That is sweet.

Margot turns to Agostina.

MARGOT
I do not believe we have met.

She reaches a hand out to shake Agostina's hand.

MARGOT
Margot.

Agostina smiles as she is completely elated to find that someone is not ignoring her or judging her straight away.

AGOSTINA
Agostina.

She looks at Theo excitedly and he returns the smile. He raises his eyebrows and urges her to continue.

INT. VAN GOGH FAMILY HOUSE VINCENT'S ROOM - LATER

The room is painted yellow.

There are several easels packed away in the corner, folded up.

There are several completed canvases with paintings of the Dutch countryside on them. They are all different hues of purple, blue, green, yellow and pink. Completely cheery.

Margot and Agostina sit on the bed, munching on biscuits.

Theo and Vincent stand at two easels. Vincent is biting the hard end of his paintbrush. He has one hand rubbing his chin and pulling his fingers through his beard hair.

THEO

They are good.

VINCENT

Not yet.

THEO

Most of them tell a story. That is what you used to say you wanted.

He walks over to one of the big canvases. It is light shades of blue and white, detailing a beach with some sailboats in the background.

THEO

This one is most interesting. Was this one of your trips?

VINCENT

Oh yes. That was a trip Margot and I embarked on in Scheveningen. I thought this was misleading. I went on the trip and this was one of the more beautiful sights. We visited every morning for our daily stroll to wake us up.

(beat)

One night, when it was warm enough to be walking around, we did the same stroll but it was much more menacing.

(beat)

I loved the idea of something deeper underneath the surface. The beauty of the day versus the terror of the night.

THEO

So, do you like this one?

VINCENT

The artistic prowess could be more refined. My lines are sloppy and my painting is not perfect.

THEO

There is an art to imperfection,
Vin.

VINCENT

Yes, yes. Do not use my own words
against me.

The girls giggle. So does Theo.

VINCENT

It is more infuriating.

MARGOT

Tell them what is next, sweet.

VINCENT

Ah yes!

Vincent runs around like a madman. He grabs a small table and places it just in front of the easel, within his eye line when he is getting ready to paint. He places a medium-sized simple, opaque vase onto the table - a sage green colour.

He then runs out of the room as Theo and Agostina are left staring on. Margot is smirking.

He runs back in with some flowers in his hand.

VINCENT

I picked these just this morning.

THEO

You are going to paint them?

VINCENT

Yes. The way they change through
the seasons or during their life
span is so interesting. Don't you
think?

(beat)

You know how interested I am in
change.

He winks at Margot and Theo. Theo continues studying the flowers.

VINCENT

Aggy, you will come to know. I am
slightly odd with my approach to
painting.

THEO

... and life more generally.

AGOSTINA

Oh?

VINCENT

Yes. I tend to view the world a little differently to others.

MARGOT

It is what makes him such a good artist. You are different from the rest.

THEO

You can say that again.

Vincent gives his brother a playful punch.

VINCENT

The change in seasons is so obviously inspirational in terms of painting.

(beat)

The way that you can so clearly show the change in the world is something that I love. It can be metaphorical too!

(beat)

People tend to struggle more in the winter. I am sure you can all relate.

MARGOT

Perhaps.

The group laughs.

Vincent becomes flamboyant with his arm movements. He still has the small paintbrush in his teeth though now, he is no longer holding it. It is simply dangling there as he speaks.

Theo exaggerates his arm movements in the same way, shoves a paintbrush in his own mouth and mimics Vincent's tone.

THEO

Hear hear!

The girls laugh. Vincent pulls the brush out of his mouth and throws it at his brother.

VINCENT

Learn to appreciate my art.

THEO

I am!

INT. VAN GOGH FAMILY HOUSE VINCENT'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Vincent slashes his hands across the canvas. Mixing brushes and his fingers as his equipment to paint. He is alone now.

THEO (V.O)

My Dear, Vincent.

I write to you as an admirer more than a brother. I am writing this after spending days with you and Margot. As a result, I have been completely enamoured all over again, the way I used to be with you.

(beat)

As a lover of the arts and a newly dedicated brother I wanted to congratulate you.

Vincent continues slashing away. Margot enters the room with two short glasses in her hands, filled with Port.

She hands one to Vincent and the two laugh and smile together as he paints. They both take intermittent sips and laugh along together. Back hugs and rosy cheeks fill the frame.

THEO (V.O)

You have a good woman there. I would suggest you hold onto her. I was so worried about the family meeting Agostina and while some did, in fact, meet that expectation, you and Margot exceeded it. You welcomed Agostina with open arms because you both know that she is my love.

(beat)

I write this letter for me and me alone. To get my feelings on the page. I hope you understand my sincerity.

(beat)

I tell myself that I hope to see more of you.

(beat)

Yours, Theo.

INT. VAN GOGH FAMILY HOUSE FOYER - DAY

Theo and Agostina's bags are the only thing in the foyer.

THEO (V.O)

My dear Vincent.

I write to you to propose a plan. I saw how the family suffered when father died and realised that it may be an idea to invite you to Paris. Whether to visit or to live, I think you will benefit.

(MORE)

THEO (V.O) (CONT'D)
I have many friends here that
could aid you in your artistic
pursuit. You could even show them
your works so far.

Quickly, everyone bursts out of the kitchen ready to say
goodbye. Agostina and Margot walk hand in hand, giggling and
pointing at the brothers in front of them.

As they stop at the entrance, Anna Jr and Elizabeth stand in
the background with their arms crossed.

Theo gives an exaggerated smile to his sisters.

Agostina hugs Vincent and Margot.

Anna Sr and Wil appear at the top of the stairs. Wil helps
her mother down step by step.

Three. THUD. THUD.

Two. THUD. THUD.

One. THUD. THUD.

They reach the bottom.

They embrace the two. The goodbyes are emotional with Anna Sr
shedding tears as Theo and Agostina get ready to leave.

Wil has a cheeky smile, full of love. She kisses her brother
on the cheek.

Anna Sr points outside of the window.

THEO (V.O)
Bring Miss Begemann, I'm sure it
would be a well needed escape for
her too. The confines of her
family must not be useful. I
understand if it may be difficult
to leave Mother but I do think
that this is a step you must be
willing to take. I spoke briefly
with Wil and she thought it a
good idea also. Please do drop a
line as to if you would be
interested in staying for a while
once you arrive here. I would
like to hear from you if you
would visit at all.

Theo glances outside at the little gravestone surrounded by
flowers. It reads: Theodorus Van Gogh Sr, 1822-1885.

Theo grabs Agostina's arm and pulls her in. His arm sits around her waist.

Anna Sr embraces Theo again and squeezes his cheeks. Wil winks from behind.

Elizabeth and Anna Jr walk off, back into the kitchen.

THEO (V.O)
I missed you these last years and
hope to keep writing if the time
so allows it. Please do write
back with details of your trip.

Theo shakes Vincent's hand and Vincent pulls him in for a hug.

Vincent winks at them both.

INT. THEO'S APARTMENT - DAY

Theo looks up from writing.

THEO
Ever yours, Theo.

He sits back and lets out a large SIGH.

EXT. THE STREETS OF PARIS (1886) - EVENING

Theo walks through the streets of Paris. There are rows of tall, sandy coloured buildings lining the streets and creating a labyrinth of Parisian culture.

Café's are dotted throughout the ground floors of the buildings, all with different coloured canopies providing shelter from the summer evening sun. Small, round tables sit happily outside each establishment, some busy, some not. The tables and chairs are rickety but homely with various wine glasses and tea sets populating them, perfectly demonstrating the switch between day and night life.

Theo walks from his apartment, admiring all around him, nodding every so often.

He mouths: **BONJOUR.**

A smile.

A tip of his hat.

He passes by a busy restaurant on one of the main cities of Paris. Through the windows there are steaks and bottles of wine on every table, the candlelight making every date romantic.

He continues walking and revelling in the golden, pink sunset peeping just below the Arc de Triomphe.

VINCENT (V.O)

My dear, Theo.
Don't be angry with me if I
arrive out of the blue. I need a
little bit of an escape
truthfully. It is hard to
predict when I will get the time
to take on the move but a visit
is a good idea. I've given it so
much thought and I'm sure we'll
gain time this way, despite
leaving Mother behind. I shall be
at the Louvre from midday
onwards, or earlier if you like.
We can meet there and I can be
guided to stay with you?

Theo greets passers-by with a smile and a tip of his hat.

VINCENT (V.O)

I believe this will be good for
the both of us. You are
convincing when you wish to be.
My mind seems to need something
calm. I hope we could have a
peaceful time together. On that
note, Margot will not be joining
me. We quarrelled and thought it
best to separate. It was
complicated.

INT. VINCENT'S PAINTING ROOM - DAY

Margot is sat by the square, dusty window, looking out onto
the dead garden outside.

Vincent is painting in the middle of the room. His paints and
brushes are on a small side table to his right. He is
painting Almond Blossoms. The background of the painting is a
muted aqua colour with cream flowers and rich brown branches
flowing over it.

Margot stands and walks over to the canvas. She leans on
Vincent's shoulder as he studies the painting in front of him
with a distasteful look on his face. He leans forward to
paint once more and struggles to move because of Margot. He
shakes her off and rolls his eyes.

VINCENT

Margot, please.

She leans off him and releases her hands from his arm. She
makes herself smaller as she stares up at Vincent's face. He
does not reciprocate the look of love.

MARGOT

Sorry.

There is a SILENCE between the two of them.

MARGOT
It is beautiful, Vin.

VINCENT
No. It is not.

MARGOT
What? What is wrong with it?

VINCENT
What is right with it?

MARGOT
Well, I remember these. Out there.

She looks out of the window and sighs.

MARGOT
They may grow back come the spring.

VINCENT
I doubt it. I would not be surprised if they never grew back.

MARGOT
Why?

VINCENT
I used to think that garden held all the answers. And now it is dying.
(beat)
Similar to you.

MARGOT
Yes but it will live again. Just like me.

He walks up to the window and points down at the pond. Some trees are gathered in one area, casting an evening shadow over the water.

VINCENT
Remember when we used to meet there. No one would be able to see us. It was peaceful. Rebellious. I believed at that moment that the garden possessed an ability to cure all that is wrong with the world. The love it inspired us to have was...

Margot begins to smile.

VINCENT
Now? I hate it.

Margot is taken aback and she SCOFFS.

He struts over to the dresser at the far side of the room and grabs a small knife from the top. He walks back to the canvas and begins slashing.

MARGOT
VINCENT!

He turns the knife on her and she cowers. He looks from her to the knife and back to her. His eyes widen and his face quickly changes. He is even angrier, this time with himself.

He YELLS, flings the knife across the floor and breaths quickly and heavily.

Margot reluctantly holds her hand on his shoulder, scared of the next action.

VINCENT
I am sorry, Margot. The rage
fills me when these things fail.

MARGOT
You have not failed, Vincent.

VINCENT
And you...

MARGOT
Me?

VINCENT
Yes, you. Sitting there gazing at
the dead garden. It is pathetic.

MARGOT
Vin...

VINCENT
No! You need to leave.

MARGOT
But-

VINCENT
You are going to leave anyway.

MARGOT
Vinnie, you are not thinking
clearly.

VINCENT
My mind is clearer that it has
ever been.
(beat)
After the death of my father I
see things for what they truly
are.

MARGOT

And what is that?

VINCENT

You. The girls. My mother. You will all abandon me eventually.

MARGOT

What makes you think that?

VINCENT

I never feel like I belong. And think even less that you will all stand by me. I need to find who I am. It is the only way that I will not paint this nonsense.

Margot starts to cry.

VINCENT

I feel like I play some kind of character here. In character I am quite different from the various members of this family. Theo returning has made me realise that. I am not really a Van Gogh like he is.

MARGOT

I am confused as to why you feel so dreadful suddenly?

VINCENT

Is it not obvious? My father dies. I feel the grief so deeply. If someone that close to me can just leave then what is stopping them? What is stopping you?

MARGOT

Your father died, Theo. You said it yourself. That is not the same as how we would ever separate.

VINCENT

It has the same implications. And the same consequences.

MARGOT

No, Vincent. He died.

VINCENT

There is no promise that you will not do that to me either. You risked it not too long ago. With no regard for how I would feel.

MARGOT

That was not about you. You know that.

VINCENT

Well, you cannot be trusted. So leave. Go.

MARGOT

Vincent.

She cries harder now; completely inconsolable.

VINCENT

GO!

EXT. THE STREETS OF PARIS (1886) - EVENING

A smile. The passers-by reciprocate and move out of Theo's way as he is walking.

VINCENT (V.O)

It was quite distressing. I will tell you more as soon as I arrive. I could use your help in coming to terms with my thoughts.

Finally, Theo circles around to Le Tambourin. Agostina stands outside taking orders, she gives a swift wave as Theo approaches.

THEO

Hello, my love.

He kisses her on each cheek.

AGOSTINA

They're both inside.

INT. LE TAMBOURIN RESTAURANT/CAFÉ (1886) - CONTINUOUS

He enters the café. Paul and Vincent are sat across from one another, a wine glass sitting perkily in Vincent's hand and a pint glass nestling in Paul's.

VINCENT (V.O)

Tout à toi, Vincent.

They turn to Theo and Vincent gives a pat to the seat next to him.

PAUL

It's about time, Son.

THEO

Sorry. I got held up talking to a new artist.

VINCENT

A new artist? Do tell.

THEO

I'm unsure really. He seems like a perfectly nice chap but I struggle to see his vision.

PAUL

Ah, the infamous vision.

VINCENT

Yes, what does this vision entail?

Paul and Vincent laugh together. Theo's face drops.

THEO

Honestly. Introducing you two was one of my less calculated decisions.

VINCENT

We're only kidding. So, how was your day? Week? Month? I feel like we haven't really seen one another.

THEO

Well, I did want to speak with you actually.

PAUL

Uh oh.

Vincent's face looks uncertain.

THEO

No, no. It's nothing bad. I just wanted to say that I think Agostina and I are in the right place, the best place. I think I am ready to take the next step.

Vincent jumps up, elated by his brother's suggestion. Vincent plants what seems like a million kisses on Theo's cheeks. Theo cringes. Paul laughs along and claps his hand together, seemingly with every kiss.

VINCENT

(through kisses)

Oh wow, oh wow, oh wow, oh wow.

(kiss)

Oh gosh.

(kiss)

I am so proud of my baby brother!

(kiss)

Taking the big step.

(MORE)

VINCENT (CONT'D)
(kiss)
Getting married.

THEO
No, no, no, no, no.

Theo pushes Vincent back into his seat as confusion grows between the two friends. They exchange looks with their eyebrows up.

THEO
I am not proposing.

PAUL
So, what is the next step?

Vincent gestures his hands out to the sides dramatically, raising his shoulders and scowling fiercely.

THEO
Well, this is why I was going to mention it to you, Vinnie. I want her to move in with me. Well, us.

Vincent looks down. The pair are unsure of what to say.

PAUL
Well. It's not exactly traditional.

THEO
Well, I don't think I am an overly tradition chap.

VINCENT
(gasp)
What would mother say? No, you cannot do that.

THEO
Mother does not need to know.

VINCENT
I would tell her.

THEO
Well, refrain.

PAUL
What makes you want to do this anyway?

THEO
Well, we are a modern couple. She doesn't really seem too fussy about the steps we take. It's the right direction at least.

VINCENT
(raising his voice)
Postponing the inevitable!

THEO
And what is that?

VINCENT
Either end things or marry her,
Theo. Don't be such a coward.
You're making a fool of yourself.

VINCENT
If you loved her, you would marry
her.

PAUL
Vincent...

VINCENT
No, Paul!

The sudden raise in voice shocks Theo and Paul. They look at each other with wide eyes.

Theo takes a deep breath, snatches Paul's pint and guzzles it down. Vincent's breath is quick.

Paul ignores it, the tension already enough to refrain from adding to it.

PAUL
Let's calm down now.
(beat)
I am more concerned with
Agostina's feelings.

THEO
Why?

PAUL
Does she not want more from this
arrangement?

THEO
She is different.

SILENCE. Vincent cannot even look at him.

THEO
And besides. How are you so sure
that this is not a step to me
asking her to marry me?

VINCENT
Because you seem dramatically
uninterested in marrying anyone!
(MORE)

VINCENT (CONT'D)

You speak to yourself any time someone mentions it. You stop us from talking when we ask your plans on it. Agostina does not even speak to us about the subject in fear that it will put pressure on you if you hear about it.

THEO

She says that?

VINCENT

Of course she does!

THEO

It is a step in the right direction. That is all it is! It is not a postponement.

VINCENT

Well, just know that I advise against it.

Theo looks down as he contemplates the advise he is being given.

Paul places a reassuring hand on Theo's forearm.

Theo nods.

Vincent scowls and shakes his head.

BELL CHIMES. Agostina enters with a smile on her face and shovels her notepad back into her apron pocket. Her cheeks are flushed as she picks up a tray on the top of an abandoned table, collects empty glasses and returns them to the bar.

Theo stares at her and quickly snaps out of it.

PAUL

Right. How is the exhibition planning going, Theo.

THEO

It is going well. Though Vincent...

Vincent looks at him.

THEO

I fear it is going to be difficult to organise this show with little of your work to hang.

VINCENT

I am working on several pieces at the moment.

THEO
Well, paint quicker.

VINCENT
If I paint quicker, the quality
will suffer.

THEO
If you want people to take you
seriously then you need to
provide what I am asking.

VINCENT
I do provide what you are asking.
You never sell the pieces I
complete. I have no motivation to
provide you with anything. If not
for this exhibit I fear I would
be providing you with nothing at
all.

PAUL
Vincent, you ought to paint
because you love it. If you do
that then the rest will follow.

VINCENT
I need a good subject. I am
already bored of the city.

THEO
Then find something that
interests you. And do it for a
reason.

VINCENT
A reason?

PAUL
Yes. More than simply monetary.

THEO
Precisely, Paul.

He leans in to whisper something to Vincent only.

THEO
This is why he is more
successful. His way of thinking
is superior to your own.

Vincent GROWLS and sips his drink.

INT. VINCENT'S BEDROOM PARIS - DAY

Vincent's bedroom is nothing but canvases and a bed. He has a
tiny, wooden table holding a few simple paint pallets.

Oil paints line the table, it is stained with dots of colours.

LAUGHTER can be heard. There are a couple of small glasses filled with a green liquid.

Vincent grabs one of them. He hands the other to Agostina who lies on the bed with nothing but a sheet covering her. Her legs are bare and her arms are free, one arm draped over her head and the other holds the sheet up.

Vincent scribbles away on a large canvas sheet. He splashes colour onto it. Sipping and laughing as he does so.

AGOSTINA

I am glad we are finally doing this.

VINCENT

You were born to model, my love.

INT. THEO'S APARTMENT - DAY

The apartment is tidier now. Vincent is sprawled over the sofa reading a book on modern art. He is minding his own business slowly flicking through the pages as Theo sits with his back to his brother at his desk.

Theo is looking deeply into the paintings in front of him. He is completely immersed, only having a break to sip his tea every so often. The room is serene, the same picturesque landscape of Paris sitting idly outside. There is only the sound of deep sighing as the two relax into their hobbies.

CLANGING. CLASHING. THUMPING.

Theo and Vincent jump and look around for the source of the noise. Agostina rushes out of the bedroom, hopping around trying to get her foot in her remaining shoe. She grabs her bag and coat from the coat rack and reaches for the front door handle.

VINCENT

Late again?

AGOSTINA

Yes yes yes. You think with it being my restaurant I would give myself more time. Oh well, I never do learn.

She twists the handle and opens the door.

THEO

Forgetting something?

She quickly pats her body down as if the answer will pop out at her. She looks around the front entrance and onto the table where keys, purses and hats are normally discarded.

She purses her lips and shrugs her shoulders.

AGOSTINA

Am I?

As she looks down and back up at Theo, his lips are now pouted in a kissing face. He points to them with his index finger and eyes closed.

She lets out a little giggle and skips over to him. Her smile is wide - a little bit too wide. She places a quick kiss on his lips and turns away from him as he returns to his work at his desk.

THEO

Will you be joining us tonight?

AGOSTINA

Yes, yes. Of course. I would not miss it.

She makes eye contact with Vincent and he gives her a wink.

THEO

Goodbye, my love.

AGOSTINA

Won't be long.

VINCENT

We will be waiting!

She runs out the door.

THEO

I have a question.

VINCENT

Yes?

THEO

Do you ever miss Margot?

VINCENT

Well, with the way it ended I would be foolish to.

There is a SILENCE, Theo stares down into his work. Clearly he is taking nothing in. He stares forward, eyes unmoving - they do not even study the paint strokes anymore.

VINCENT

Why?

THEO

I just wonder. Now that I feel it more deeply, what would I do if we did not work?

VINCENT
I love deeper than anyone. I
managed after Margot. Despite the
fault being mine.

THEO
Surely your fault.

Theo sniggers.

VINCENT
You will cope too.

THEO
You speak as if it is inevitable.

VINCENT
Oh no, it is simply part of the
conversation.

THEO
Okay. Well I am not dooming us to
fail but I know she can hurt me
now.

VINCENT
She will not hurt you. Do not
worry.

Theo returns to work as Vincent slowly opens his book.

VINCENT
Honestly, Theo. Do not make
everything so emotional.

Theo scoffs and begins writing some notes.

INT. ART EXHIBITION - EVENING

The room is bustling with people dressed formally in long coats, top hats and pipes. There are INDISTINCT MURMURS as people appreciate the several pieces of art around. Theo and Paul stand in the middle of the room, Agostina stands next to Theo with her arm linked through his.

THEO
Your pieces are being received
well.

PAUL
Yes. I am please.

AGOSTINA
Where is Vincent?

THEO
I am unsure.

Theo looks down at his watch.

THEO

He should have been here some
time ago.

At that moment, the door to the back room of the museum opens and Vincent storms out with a large frame in his hands. It is covered with a dusty, paint-splattered sheet. As he is walking he catches Theo's eye and nods his head towards the back wall. He mouths: COME ON.

VINCENT

Attention all!

He arrives at the wall. There is a large gap with a singular nail sticking out. He places the frame onto it.

VINCENT

This is my latest work. The thing
that has inspired me. It has
pulled me out of my painting pit.

Theo and Paul look to one another and journey closer; along with other people attending the exhibition. Their faces are full of enquiry and excitement.

VINCENT

Lay your eyes upon...

He pulls the cloth away.

VINCENT

Her.

The painting of Agostina sits happily up on the nail. She looks beautiful. Her cheeks are rosy and the sheet is draped prettily over her, covering her in all the right places.

The sun in the painting seems to seep through the paper but it is all Vincent's talent. Vincent's smile covers his whole face, he waits expectantly for Theo's reaction.

Paul GASPS and Theo's eyes widen. Theo looks up at it, his eyes rapidly track from corner to corner. Agostina furiously claps away, followed by some claps from other participants around the room.

AGOSTINA

Oh, is it not brilliant?

PAUL

Yes, quite the sight.

Theo GULPS.

INT. ART EXHIBITION - LATER

Several people are packing up the frames into the back room of the museum. Theo is watching them and Vincent and Agostina are laughing in the background; gushing over the painting of her on the wall.

Vincent pulls her in and gives her a kiss on each cheek as she grabs her coat and bag from a coat-stand and makes for the door. She quickly runs to Theo and gives him a huge kiss on the lips.

AGOSTINA

Very proud, love. I will see you at home.

THEO

Au revoir.

He walks over to Vincent.

THEO

Congratulations. We had some people interested tonight.

VINCENT

That is brilliant.

THEO

I will say. Your current pieces, especially when they focus on farm workers or gardeners or the sort... They do not have the same impact here in the city. Perhaps reflect and think about doing something a little different.

Vincent thinks to himself.

THEO

Like her.

Theo points at the painting of Agostina.

VINCENT

She is not for sale.

THEO

Why not?

VINCENT

It is for you.

He grabs it off the nail and hands it to Theo.

THEO

Really?

VINCENT

Yes. I realised I mustn't place so much value on selling these works. They will end where they need to, where they belong. And this one belongs with you.

THEO

It is...
(beat)
Lovely.

VINCENT

Oh! You really think so?

THEO

Well... ye- yes. When did you both do it?

VINCENT

Just when you have been out really. Any opportunity we could.

THEO

Well, thank you.

Theo looks unsure as he places the painting against the wall.

VINCENT

I just thought... you do not paint. You simply buy and sell. I paint all of my lovers but you obviously do not.

THEO

No, I do not.

He stares down at the painting.

VINCENT

Well, now you have one.

INT. LE TAMBOURIN (1887) - EVENING

Vincent is sat with a wine glass in his hand once again. This time he is at the bar, chatting to Agostina whenever he can. The room is busy as almost every table is taken.

THEO (V.O)

My dear Wil,
I fear that love may kill me. It may be the secret and the poison all in one. Would I change it? I am unsure, truthfully.

(MORE)

THEO (V.O) (CONT'D)
I seem enlightened and vulnerable
all at the same time. I will have
to let you know.
(beat)
Yours, Theo.

Theo enters the café and searches around for his brother.
Spotting him through the crowd, he makes his way through the
plethora of people and joins Vincent at the bar.

THEO
Hello, you two.

AGOSTINA
Hello, my love.

She leans across the bar to kiss him again. She walks away to
serve waiting customers.

Super: July 14th 1887, Bastille Day.

The room is bustling, more than normal because of the
celebrations. There are various cheers happening with several
steins colliding as people celebrate their day. Theo and
Vincent sit at the bar, a little bit squashed from people
crowding behind them. The conversations are loud; as a
result, so are Theo and Vincent.

THEO
I am going to ask Agostina to
marry me!

Vincent chokes on his drink. He COUGHS.

VINCENT
Wh... What?

THEO
Yes. You know we have been having
conversations about how much she
means to me.

VINCENT
You and her or you and I?

THEO
You and I obviously!

VINCENT
Well, is that what she wants?

THEO
I do recall you and Paul telling
me that that is what every woman
wishes for.

VINCENT

Yes but you said it yourself.
Agostina is different.

THEO

You have only realised that now.

VINCENT

Well, I did not really know her
then.

THEO

How well do you know her now?

Vincent takes a gulp of his wine. He finishes the glass. Agostina notices from further down the bar and excuses herself from her conversation with her customer. She instinctively grabs the bottle of wine that Vincent has been drinking from. She holds the bottle over the glass and raises her eyebrows in question.

VINCENT

Probably for the best.

Vincent giggles, Theo smiles, Agostina pours. She fills the glass just under halfway.

VINCENT

Going to need more than that,
my-. Aggy.

She scowls, her eyebrows returning to their normal position as she fills the glass further.

THEO

(towards Vincent)

What is wrong?

Agostina walks slightly to the side, still keeping an ear on the conversation whilst pouring drinks.

VINCENT

Nothing. I am simply overwhelmed.

THEO

You suddenly seem overwhelmed
quite a lot of the time. Is all
okay?

VINCENT

Absolutely.

He itches the back of his head and takes a big swig of his drink.

THEO

You have had quite the opposite
reaction to what I first thought
you would.

VINCENT

I just wonder if you are ready.
You have always been so reserved
about marriage.

THEO

Yes well she has managed it
somehow.

He raises his glass up towards where Agostina is standing as if to cheers, waits for no reciprocation and drinks his wine. He places the glass down with a CLINK.

THEO

Something stronger? Dutch courage
you could say.

Theo winks, Vincent is not amused. He nods along all the same.

THEO

Agostina! Absinthe. Please.

She grabs two short glasses from the bar and places them in front of the boys. She pours a hefty measure into them both.

Theo gulps his straight down.

INT. LE TAMBOURIN - LATER

Theo is significantly drunker as Vincent nurses his same glass.

Vincent lets out a sigh, getting frustrated with his brother's growing drunken attitude.

THEO

No, no, no, no, no. I do not
think that you fully appreciate
it.

Theo places his hands under his chin, leans on his elbows and stares lovingly at Agostina standing at the far side of the bar.

THEO

She has changed me. She was the-
the one... You know?

VINCENT

What?

THEO

She was there.
(drunkenly)
She... She... She is mine and I-!
(MORE)

THEO (CONT'D)
(points to himself)
-am hers. That is what I will say
when I ask.

VINCENT
And when are you going to ask?

Theo's eyes brighten in realisation.

THEO
Now.

Theo stands suddenly. Vincent scrambles to stand in the way
of his brother.

VINCENT
Brother. You are drunk. You may
not be in your right mind.

THEO
Vincent! Do not worry. I have
thought about this. Hours, weeks,
months.

VINCENT
Plan it more.

THEO
It is the day of 'le Quatorze
Juillet'! What better way to
celebrate?

He pushes his brother playfully out of the way and walks to
the hatch of the bar. Agostina is stood within the gap
talking to some of the regulars. She laughs along until Theo
appears in front of her.

He grabs both of her hands.

THEO
I have something to say. I must
get it off my chest.

AGOSTINA
What? What is it?

THEO
Listen...

He spits as he speaks.

THEO
We are good. Probably the best we
have been!
(he burps)
We have good memories, and more
to come.

AGOSTINA

We do.

THEO

I wonder what is left. What is left for us. What is on the cards or in the stars?

AGOSTINA

Do you not want to live in the moment?

THEO

We have done our living in the moment. There is only one thing left to do.

AGOSTINA

Theodorus...

She pulls both her hands up to her mouth, shaking her head as Theo gets down on one knee. The regulars that Agostina had originally been speaking to were looking on in shock. Vincent, in the background, is cringing. Everyone begins to turn as gasps fill the room.

THEO

Aggy, my love. Will you marry me?

AGOSTINA

Theo, I am flattered. But-

SILENCE. Everyone looks on in horror. Theo stands back up, his cheeks flushing with embarrassment. He quickly returns to the stool that he was sat on with Vincent, grabs his jacket, returns his hat to his head and leaves. The door slams behind him.

Vincent and Agostina look at each other from across the room.

INT. THEO'S APARTMENT - LATER

Theo storms into the flat. Furious. His face is red and he is breathing heavily. He runs over to his desk and sweeps the papers off of it completely. He kicks the easels sitting ignorantly in front of the window and snaps one of the legs in half, leaving it lopsided.

Theo walks into the beige coloured kitchen. Everything is pristine from Agostina living there. The surfaces are gleaming and the glasses in the transparent cupboards are lined up perfectly.

One by one, Theo opens each cupboard and sweeps a wine glass onto the floor.

SMASH.

SMASH.

SMASH.

SMASH.

SMASH.

As the broken shards of glass cover the floor, he stomps over them, cutting open his suede shoes as he does so. He reaches the lounge area once again and walks over to one of the walls covered in photos. Vincent and Theo in one. All three of them in another.

Finally, he focuses on one of him and Agostina in front of the building works construction the Eiffel Tower. He grabs the frame and throws it at the door of the master bedroom. He then takes a seat on the couch and sees Vincent's book. He grabs it and starts ripping the pages out.

As he does so, Vincent enters.

VINCENT

Theo! I rushed back. I- What are you doing?!

THEO

You. You should have warned me.

VINCENT

I tried to-

THEO

If she thinks she can return home as if nothing has happened... This is not her home. Not anymore. Clearly, it never was.

VINCENT

It is no one's fault.

THEO

The fault is my own. For believing that she loved me.

VINCENT

This does not mean that she does not love you.

Theo stands up and begins pacing, avoiding eye contact with his brother.

THEO

After an embarrassment like that. She cannot expect any more from me. What am I supposed to do now?
(MORE)

THEO (CONT'D)

Everyone we care to talk to was a part of that celebration. It must have been entertaining. To see my dreams crushed completely.

VINCENT

It was not. No one laughed when it was happening and no one dared chuckle once you left. Agostina was embarrassed too!

Theo spits as he speaks.

THEO

Oh how sorry I feel for her!

VINCENT

I am not claiming that you need to feel any sympathy for her.

Theo does not respond.

VINCENT

Theo, she was brought to tears. She-

Agostina bursts through the door. Theo's face drops once more.

AGOSTINA

Oh, my love.

THEO

No! You mustn't say that to me. Your love is a farce.

AGOSTINA

It is not! I love you Theo.

Theo spits as he speaks.

THEO

I was making you wait for the proposal.

AGOSTINA

I just-

THEO

What? What is the excuse? I cannot wait to hear.

AGOSTINA

It is not right yet. You do not know everything I am thinking.

THEO

This is what you *should* want.

AGOSTINA
Says who?

Theo looks up to Vincent.

AGOSTINA
It was never the plan. Not
between us.

THEO
I thought things were changing
though. I felt like they were.

AGOSTINA
Theo, it's more complicated than
you realise.

THEO
How?

VINCENT
Aggy.

AGOSTINA
No, Vin. He deserves to know.

THEO
No.

Theo starts pacing once again.

THEO
Do not admit it.

VINCENT
Surely you had some inkling.

THEO
Is that why people were looking
at me the way they were in the
café? Should I know something?

Vincent and Agostina simply stare at Theo. Theo's eyes widen.

THEO
AND THE PAINTING?

AGOSTINA
I'm sorry, Theo.

THEO
I never fully believed it. What
were you both doing in those
paintings sessions?

VINCENT
It was not always like that. It
genuinely-

THEO

The mind really does wander.
When? When did this all start?

AGOSTINA

Well, we always got along. You
know that. But then I moved in...

THEO

Since you moved in? What is wrong
with you both?

VINCENT

Theo. Try not to lose your head.
As for the painting, it genuinely
was a gift for you...At first.

THEO

At first? I am astounded by your
shamelessness. Both of you.

AGOSTINA

We could not help it. You just
did not have the time for me.

THEO

I had the time. And I could have
made the time. Do not blame me.

AGOSTINA

I am not. But I was tired of
begging for next steps. Tired of
pining for your affection. Vin
could give that to me.

THEO

Only because he- he... is- is
unemployed and unconcerned.

VINCENT

Theo, do not get aggressive with
what you are saying. This
situation was born out of an
issue within your existing
relationship. I did nothing to
drive that forward.

THEO

Oh but you failed to say no.

VINCENT

I was simply a shoulder to cry on
in the beginning.

THEO

And now?

VINCENT

Now I feel much more deeply for
Agostina.

Agostina smiles slightly in the background. Theo is furious. He walks over to the painting of Agostina that Vincent had painted. He picks it up, looks them both dead in the eyes and smashes it over his knee.

THEO

I cannot even look at you.

Agostina and Vincent look at each other. Theo grabs his coat once again, places his hat on his head and starts to open the door.

THEO

Vinnie, consider what is
important to you. Family or
"love".

He SLAMS the door.

INT. PARIS BAR - NIGHT

The room is dark, only deep red and blue lights illuminating the scene dimly. Theo sits, even drunker than before, smoking a pipe across from Paul.

THEO

I just cannot believe it.

PAUL

Me neither.

THEO

Did you see it?

PAUL

Obviously not! You were my friend
before him. I would have told
you.

THEO

See that is what I need. Some
loyalty.

PAUL

Well, you could have never
predicted that this would happen.
Especially it happening right
under your nose.

THEO

I need to get out of Paris. Bad
memories. Bad women.

PAUL
And bad brothers apparently.

THEO
Well, yes. I suppose.
(beat)
Vincent mentioned moving to
Arles. He did not take a liking
to Paris straight away.

PAUL
I'm sure he likes it now.

Paul gives an insincere wink. Theo rolls his eyes.

THEO
Maybe we all get away.

PAUL
Well is he not rather enamoured
with her? Surely he would not
just leave.

THEO
My brother becomes enamoured
quite easily. I am sure he could
find his next love as quickly as
he could get over the last.
(beat)
His loyalty is flawed. If you had
not noticed.

PAUL
What makes you so eager to leave
anyway?

Theo opens his mouth to speak. Paul lifts a finger up to him.

PAUL
I mean, apart from all of this.
You have never mentioned it
before. I thought you loved
Paris.

Theo takes a deep breath.

THEO
Well, I have thought it for a
while. Wil has been sending her
letters and is simply itching to
leave. My mother is content and
Wil needs the freedom. She has
never lived anywhere else and I
believe Arles to be a most
interesting plan.

PAUL
What is in Arles?

THEO

Wondrous sights for miles,
countryside. The opposite of
Paris, I suppose.

PAUL

Sounds nice after such a time
here. And what of Vincent?

THEO

I will be leaving regardless of
my self-centred, narcissistic
brother. If he wishes to follow
then so be it.

PAUL

Well, I will miss you dearly old
chap.

THEO

A new start.

PAUL

A new start.

The two take a shot.

EXT. THEO'S HOUSE IN ARLES - DAY

The house is small and yellow, in a square of other houses.
One has different coloured shutters, another has several
doors lining its perimeter. The streets are alive yet quiet.
The people walking around are busy with their small
businesses and little tasks.

THEO (V.O)

My dear Vincent,
A letter achieves a million
tasks. We have spoken of Arles
and it seems important to tell
you that I have taken on the
task. Artistic intention is most
different here and I look forward
to exploring it. I will make a
legacy whilst being inspired over
in the South.

(beat)

Our dear Wil shall be joining.
Mother is doing better now and I
have convinced Wil to explore the
world some.

There are a couple of small stalls open along the street
selling fresh fruit, paint supplies and various trinkets.

THEO (V.O)

I've been ever so lonely since I left for Arles. I would like to extend an invitation for you to visit here. You may like it.

(beat)

I miss our sister and, so, am absolutely ecstatic to be reunited with her.

(beat)

I would hate to be strangers. I would hate to lose two best friends.

The small circular window at the top of a lonely house is gradually being blocked by a figure moving in the room.

THEO (V.O)

Tout à Toi, Theodorus.

INT. THEO'S OFFICE IN ARLES - CONTINUOUS

Theo is pacing around the room as there are fast FOOTSTEPS sounding from outside, followed by some THUMPING.

INDISTINCT VOICES join the cacophony of sounds coming from downstairs.

WIL (O.S)

Vinnie! They have arrived.

Theo takes a deep breath and straightens his tie.

INT. THEO'S STAIRCASE/FOYER IN ARLES - CONTINUOUS

The INDISTINCT VOICES are even further away now. Nerves are obvious on Theo's face with him biting his lip and still fiddling with his tie.

He treks through the house, dragging his feet slightly as he does so. He journeys down the stairs, around the small foyer with rustic furniture, several mirrors and fresh flowers.

He walks along the long hallway downstairs with various pictures of the Van Gogh family, a huge chest of drawers up against the wall has several pictures of Theodorus Sr organised on the top.

The VOICES are coming from behind a swinging kitchen door. LAUGHTER sounds as Theo approaches the door and swings it open.

INT. ARLES KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

As Theo enters, the LAUGHTER seizes.

Vincent and Paul stare at Theo as Wil runs around with a small platter of bread and cheese.

There is a moment of SILENCE with Wil's CLANGING making up any sound heard. She looks at the group of men and quickly grabs a bottle of red wine from the wooden shelf.

WIL

Wine?

VINCENT

Please.

PAUL

Please.

THEO

Paul!

WIL

Theo?

THEO

Better not.

Theo takes a seat at the dining table, across from the others. He picks up a glass of water and takes a swig.

THEO

I did not realise you would be here. I did not receive word that you were visiting.

PAUL

Oh... No-

THEO

Did you travel together?

PAUL

Oh, no. Well- Not exactly. Sort of. Well...

VINCENT

We decided to move in together.

THEO

Oh! Wow.

PAUL

Yes. Two artists in the country. We thought, what could go wrong?

Theo SCOFFS.

THEO

Plenty, Paul. Plenty.

SILENCE ensues.

WIL

Well, how it has all worked out
that we are here! I am sure we
can have some fun.

THEO

Are you sure you are ready for
it, Paul?

PAUL

Oh yes.

Vincent SIGHS and awkwardness covers the group.

THEO

How was the move? Settling in?

PAUL

Oh it was fine. One of the
smoother moves I have had. I
think the landscape here is
beautiful. Plenty of inspiration.

THEO

Vincent?

VINCENT

Yes, yes. Have you been here
long? I was unsure of when
exactly you were moving.

THEO

A while. You left Agostina
behind, then?

Vincent's eyes widen at the blunt, accusatory tone.

VINCENT

Well, yes. We thought it would be
best to split.

THEO

Interesting.

VINCENT

Interesting?

THEO

Yes. Interesting that you would
risk our situation for a
relationship that you were
prepared to end so quickly.

WIL

Boys.

VINCENT

That was not the case.

THEO
You could have maintained
communication here with her. Or
was the relationship purely
physical?

VINCENT
Excuse me?
(beat)
It had crossed my mind. It
just... is not optimal.

THEO
Not optimal? There was plenty
that was not optimal about this
situation, Vin.

WIL
Okay, enough. Both of you.

PAUL
We agreed to a fresh start and
you are not residing in each
others' pockets any more.

VINCENT
Quite.

PAUL
I believe Arles will be a much
needed new leaf.

VINCENT
Yes.

THEO
(reluctantly)
To Arles.

Theo raises his glass.

VINCENT
And art.

Everyone raises their glasses.

EVERYONE
Cheers.

CLINK.

INT. ARLES HOUSE PARLOUR - LATER/NIGHT

It is the same day and everyone is sat in the parlour of the
house talking to one another, laughing away with the small
fire flickering and enchanting the room in an orange hue.

PAUL
Honestly, Wil. How you grew up
with these two bickering all the
time is beyond me.

WIL
Well, it was not so much the
bickering but the tricking.

PAUL
Tricking?

Theo and Vincent look at each other with a cringe on their
face.

WIL
Oh the pranks! Putting a pin on
each others' chairs as they sat
down. Swapping the sugar with
salt. Hiding each other's things.

PAUL
Wo-

WIL
And then when they would trick
people as a team... gosh, how
they would blame each other!
(beat)
No loyalty.

SILENCE consumes the group once again. Vincent stops mid-sip
and Theo stares at him with raised eyebrows.

Wil and Paul look at each other as Paul tips his head towards
the door.

WIL	PAUL
Shall we-	Another drink?

The two get up quickly and exit the room.

A moment of prolonged SILENCE envelopes the brothers.

VINCENT
I wish this was not still in the
air.

THEO
I am not to blame.

VINCENT
Of course not but... you have
been cold with me.

THEO
For good reason.

VINCENT

I know. But it has been months.

THEO

Tell me Vin, if you were falling in love and had it taken from you, would you give it days, weeks, months...?

VINCENT

Well.

THEO

We both know how you value love. And I thought I was getting there too.

VINCENT

You know the reason I moved here?

THEO

(sarcastically)

To unlock your 'artistic ability'.

VINCENT

No. That only played a small part.

THEO

Why?

VINCENT

Last year I wrote you a great many letters telling you what I thought about love. I'm busy putting those same things into practice. That goes for family love too. I may not currently be on the road to romance as it is beyond my reach. But I am here now.

THEO

She is only beyond your reach because of your own actions. No one made you move here.

VINCENT

Perhaps. Is it so bad that I wanted to repair what we had? You were here. So I am here.

THEO

I suppose not. But was it worth sacrificing that deep love that you hold so highly?

VINCENT

Yes. I value family. You are right, I could have contacted her from here. Written to her the way I did to you. But this was more important to fix.

THEO

Really?

VINCENT

Yes, really. And Theo... I fear that, though you have been exposed to the wonders and drawbacks of love, you still fail to recognise what we could have. What you and Wil could have.

THEO

I recognise what we have as a family.

VINCENT

If you did, it would have been significantly more difficult to leave me behind.

THEO

How are you managing this?
Turning my heartache into something that benefits yourself.

Theo stands and begins pacing.

THEO

Oh! All I did was support you. Financially, emotionally, through the grief of the family.

VINCENT

I support you too. I can teach you just as much as you can teach me. I already have.

THEO

Perhaps. That does not take away from what you did.

VINCENT

I know that. And I have apologised.

THEO

Let's not have it happen again.

INT. YELLOW HOUSE PAINTING ROOM - DAY

Vincent and Paul's house. The room is littered with paintbrushes, oil paints and easels. Various filled canvases stand on end, creating a maze of art.

Vincent is painting Sunflowers. Paul's painting remains clever. He is painting Vincent *literally* painting Sunflowers, Vincent's paintbrush caressing the petals within the vase.

PAUL

Perfection. Just perfection.

Vincent continues furiously shaping with his paintbrush. Paint splatters on the floor. A ROUGH BRUSH SOUND on the canvas can be heard.

PAUL

Wow. Honestly. Perfection.

Vincent slams his brush on the small table next to him.

VINCENT

Enough!

Paul retreats, shocked by the noise.

PAUL

What?

VINCENT

First time painting in the same room and gosh I regret it.

Paul shrugs and shakes his head, bewildered.

VINCENT

I. Need. Silence.

(beat)

A calm atmosphere.

PAUL

I am a talker.

VINCENT

I am not.

PAUL

(giggling)

You change when you paint.

VINCENT

Well, I want people to like it.
See my work and love it.

PAUL

I do too.

VINCENT
Respect the space.

There is a KNOCK at the door.

Paul lets out a deep sigh, places his brushes down and makes his way over to the door quickly. He opens it.

Theo stands there with his shoulders up and fake smile on his face; as if he is looking into something taboo.

THEO
Bonjour!

PAUL
(enthusiastically)
Bonjour!

VINCENT
(unimpressed)
Bonjour.

THEO
How is the artistic inspiration?

PAUL
Could be better.

Vincent halts his painting, looks up unimpressed and rolls his eyes. He begins painting again and speaks to Theo whilst staying completely concentrated on his work.

VINCENT
You would never understand,
Theodorus. The pressure is great.

PAUL
We are just understanding some
new techniques we have found here
in Arles.

Paul nods over to the tray of water colours on the table next to Vincent.

THEO
Ah new medium! How exciting.

VINCENT
Begins exciting, turns
scientific.

PAUL
Quite.

Paul giggles again, this time towards Theo.

VINCENT
You will have to excuse Mr
Gauguin, brother. He does not
have the same fortitude as I.

PAUL

Well, I am feeling rather inspired. The pressure you speak of is not as apparent with me.

VINCENT

It is all about dedication.

Vincent continues to slap paint onto the canvas.

THEO

Have you been working on anything new?

VINCENT

Well!

Vincent pops his paintbrush back in its water jar with a CLUNK. He speaks fast whilst waving his hands about.

VINCENT

I've worked on the potato grubbers since writing to you earlier in the month. I have begun a second one of the same subject with a single figure of an old man.

(beat)

I'm also working on a sower on a large field with clods of earth, which I believe is better than the other sowers I tried before. I carefully studied the land and sky as well.

Paul and Theo nod along with grins on their faces.

And then I have studies for the burning of weeds and stalks, and of a chap with a sack of potatoes on his back. And one with a wheelbarrow.

THEO

Brilliant. So you are not limited on the artistic impression of Arles, then?

VINCENT

Absolutely not. Though Watercolour isn't the most sympathetic means for anyone who particularly wants to express the boldness, the robustness and the force of the figures.

THEO

I was thinking just the same thing.

PAUL

As was I.

The two GIGGLE.

Vincent shoots them a glare, picks his paintbrush out of the jar with a SLOSH and eagerly paints once more.

Paul continues with his own work.

Theo stands in silence looking through the canvases stood against the wall messily, though he is not taking much in. He is distracted. He flicks through for a while.

Paul looks at him as he does so and WHISTLES lightly, attempting to get Vincent's attention. He WHISTLES again. Eventually he throws a brush at his friend instead.

Vincent looks up, his face red with anger. His brow is furrowed and his eyes wide. He is still looking at his painting until a sigh lifts his eyes up. He sees Paul nodding towards his brother and looks over in the same direction.

The two are puzzled for a while, the room seems still apart from Theo's occasional movement through the canvases.

VINCENT

Brother?

Theo does not hear.

PAUL

Theo?

Theo pivots round on his foot, shaking himself out of his daze.

THEO

Yes?

Paul nods toward the canvases with raised eyebrows.

THEO

Oh, gosh. Was I not supposed to touch these ones?

VINCENT

No, no. Of course not.

THEO

I just thought I would catch up on your progress.

He turns away and SNIFFLES. He looks down at his feet.

VINCENT

Theodorus.

Vincent walks up behind his brother and puts a hand on his shoulder. Theo shuffles awkwardly in his place.

PAUL
What is wrong?

THEO
I met someone.

PAUL
Fabulous!

There is a sombre tone to the room with Theo still SNIFFLING.

THEO
It is much deeper than I thought.
More than I could ever feel for
Agostina.

PAUL
Do you love her?

THEO
I think I am on track for it.

PAUL
This is brilliant.

THEO
I do not know how you do this,
Vinnie.

VINCENT
What?

THEO
The vulnerability. I wonder if it
is worth it. Or if I was better
before.

VINCENT
Never. I once wrote to you
explaining that I would not live
without love. You should practice
it too. In whatever form.

EXT. ARLES COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

Theo walks hand in hand with JOHANNA (25). She is an innocent-looking brunette, dressed in a classy floor length, black dress; her hair tied up neatly and a neck scarf above her collar.

The two are chatting indistinctly.

THEO (V.O)
My Dear Vincent,
It has been too long since we met
up together.
(MORE)

THEO (V.O) (CONT'D)

(beat)

I do believe this woman was made for me and I for her. She is everything I look for. A beauty to the eye, inside and out. She understands me and the family.

(beat)

Excitement fills me when I think of you all meeting her. I have to extend a thought of gratitude to you. I fear I would not be appreciating her the way I do if it were not for you.

(beat)

I hope that we can all meet. You will have to tell me all about any of your romantic endeavours too. I look forward to hearing from you. Let Paul know I have been thinking of him too .

(beat)

Hope to meet soon.
Ever yours, Theo.

The two kiss, spinning each other around romantically in the field.

INT. YELLOW HOUSE PARLOUR - NIGHT

Theo, Johanna, Paul and Vincent sit drinking in the same way we have seen them countless times. The atmosphere is electric, Vincent walks over and places the needle on a phonograph. The two couples start to stand, grabbing each others' hands and spinning around like madmen.

The group laughs, spills Port and finally flop on the sofa.

VINCENT

This is the life. What do you say chaps?

PAUL

Absolutely.

VINCENT

Now. I have a question, brother.
Here or Paris?

THEO

Oh, here.

PAUL

Well, I suppose you have more luck with the women at least.

Paul winks. Theo and Vincent's faces drop.

Johanna does not react, she simply sips her Port awkwardly.

VINCENT

Below the belt a little bit
there, son.

PAUL

Oh no, I meant nothing by it. It
has been years since.

THEO

Yes well. Let us leave that alone
tonight.

There is a breathy pause.

THEO

Anyway, brother. Any interest?
Romantically?

VINCENT

Funny you mention it. Yes, there
is someone. I met her on one of
my late night walks. Got to
chatting.

THEO

Well? The more the merrier! Why
has she not joined us?

VINCENT

I did invite her. She has a busy
schedule. She said she would pop
round if she could.

PAUL

Am I to be the only bachelor
left?

VINCENT

Well, you never know what kind of
woman might surprise you.

PAUL

Oh it has been a long time.

THEO

Yes. All Paul does now is spend
his nights visiting the brothels
here in lovely Arles.

PAUL

(fake gasp)
Below the belt, Theodorus.

Theo and Paul giggle.

JOHANNA
Is that true, Paul?

PAUL
Unfortunately so.

JOHANNA
Are you not looking to marry?

PAUL
Perhaps. I always thought I would
know if it was right.

JOHANNA
And no one has ever peaked your
interest that way?

PAUL
It has been difficult. I have
moved around a lot. The distance
makes it difficult for me to
properly settle down.

VINCENT
Well, you have been here with me
for a long time now. Maybe it is
time.

PAUL
I am open to the suggestion. I
simply believe in right place,
right time. I am in no rush. As
you seem to be Vincent.

VINCENT
I am in no rush. I simply found a
woman I think I will fall in love
with.

PAUL
Well, I have definitely met women
worthy of my time. Maybe I should
consider putting more time into
them.

VINCENT
Hear, hear.

The group cheers their glasses together.

There is a KNOCK at the door.

Vincent leaves the room to answer it. The remaining three
continue drinking.

VINCENT (O.S)
Oh! How wonderful!

The group look at each other, eyebrows raised.

Vincent bursts into the room with Gabrielle Berlatier (18), a young girl in a maid's outfit. Her cheeks are flushed, she is out of breath and drenched.

VINCENT

Oh. My love, did you run all the way here?

GABRIELLE

Well, I thought the longer I could pop in for... the better.

VINCENT

Yes I agree.

Vincent goes round the room from person to person as he introduces Gabrielle to everyone.

VINCENT

Paul.

(beat)

Johanna.

(beat)

And finally, my younger brother, Theo.

GABRIELLE

Hello, everyone.

(points to herself)

Gabrielle.

PAUL

We have heard.

Gabrielle reddens in the face slightly.

THEO

Come and sit down. Tell us a little bit about yourself.

GABRIELLE

Well, I am eighteen.

Paul sucks air through his lips quickly.

VINCENT

Oh, ignore him, Gabrielle.

JOHANNA

Keep going, love.

GABRIELLE

Yes, so I am eighteen. I work as a maid in the town.

VINCENT

That is how we met actually. She was just finishing work.

Vincent winks over at her.

PAUL

You are a maid?

GABRIELLE

Yes. Well, my father is actually a farmer.

PAUL

You do not work there?

GABRIELLE

I do when I can. I am just trying to help out any way that I can.

JOHANNA

Well, that is lovely.

PAUL

You do look familiar. Have we met before?

GABRIELLE

Do you spend a lot of time in the town?

PAUL

From time to time. I like to trip down there at night.

THEO

I am sure you do. Rue du Bout d'Arles, I have heard is your favourite.

Theo bursts into laughter along with Paul. Johanna prods him playfully in the side. Vincent simply smiles at Gabrielle.

VINCENT

Theo, may I borrow you in the kitchen?

THEO

Absolutely.

INT. YELLOW HOUSE KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The two walk in, Vincent is rubbing his head. They both stand at the kitchen counter. Theo looks on as his brother's stress grows. Vincent starts pacing back and forth.

VINCENT

Okay. Well. Gabrielle is a young girl. I can see that.

THEO

You should see that.

VINCENT

It does not mean that it will not work though.

THEO

I understand that.

VINCENT

All I mean is that- Well- Her circumstances right now are less than ideal.

THEO

How so?

VINCENT

Well. You know of the 'maids', do you not?

THEO

I did not assign it to her. I just assumed she was actually a run-of-the-mill maid. Is she not?

VINCENT

No. She is working in the brothel. Which is why your comment was also less than ideal.

THEO

Oh, gosh. I- I... my apologies.

(beat)

Honestly, Vin. I do not know what to say. I am sorry.

VINCENT

It is okay. We both acknowledge that we would prefer she be doing something else. But her family are struggling and so she is doing her best.

Vincent is pacing rapidly. He is scratching behind his ear and has wide eyes.

THEO

That is awful. I am sure she will fall into something else shortly.

VINCENT

Perhaps. Either way.

(MORE)

VINCENT (CONT'D)

I really do love spending time with the girl. I would hate if she was offended by anyone in there.

THEO

Okay, just try to stay calm.

VINCENT

Yes yes.

THEO

So, when you say how you met..?

Vincent shuffles in his place. He pauses his pacing only to resume it again a moment later.

THEO

Gosh. Well, whatever works. Though I fear Paul may not share the same opinion as I.

VINCENT

And Johanna?

THEO

Johanna would never judge. She has a completely pure soul. Honestly, Vin. She will probably just feel sympathy for the girl.

VINCENT

Okay. Truthfully, I did not think this information would come out so soon.

THEO

Perhaps I should not have asked her to tell us anything. I was simply trying to be friendly.

VINCENT

No, no. Your interest is worth more to me than this secret.

THEO

It. Will. Be. Fine.

The two CLINK their glasses together and exit the room.

INT. YELLOW HOUSE PAINTING ROOM - DAY

Vincent is painting Gabrielle. She is naked but a sheet is covering her. She lies like a perfect model. He only adjusts her slightly.

THEO (V.O)

My Dear Vincent,
I hope that your endeavour to
never live without love is
fulfilled soon. I am completely
enamoured with Johanna and I wish
to marry her shortly.

(beat)

I cannot wait and hope that your
life is filled with love the same
way as mine.

(beat)

Tout à toi, Theo.

The two laugh and smile together with Vincent reckoning up Gabrielle's position with his thumb and paintbrush. He splatters the canvas, chaotically but measured. The mixture of beiges, yellows and pinks allow for a beautiful portrait of Gabrielle to be produced.

Suddenly, the door swings open. Paul waltzes in.

PAUL

Hello chaps!

He is drunk. He stumbles through the room and focuses on Gabrielle. He slaps one of his hands over his eyes and Gabrielle drags a blanket desperately over her body.

VINCENT

Paul!

PAUL

Oh, what a sight!

He laughs hysterically whilst the other two stay silent, Vincent scowls at him. Paul releases his hand from his eyes and strolls over to a couch pillow that lies on the floor. He picks it up and throws it at Gabrielle.

PAUL

Do you have any originality
Vincent? You always do the same
thing for the women you love -
painting. Come up with something
else.

(beat)

Are you going to give her this in
a frame, too?

Gabrielle's face drops. She pulls her sheet up towards her chin.

PAUL

Come on, Gabby. It is nothing I
have not seen before.

VINCENT

Excuse me?

GABRIELLE

Paul, stop.

VINCENT

What is going on?

PAUL

Well, I have simply partaken in a little bit of basket making of my own with young Gabby.

GABRIELLE

Paul!

VINCENT

Excuse me?

Vincent looks at Gabrielle with complete disdain on his face.

GABRIELLE

It was before you! It was before, I promise. It is where he recognised me from upon what I thought was our first meeting.

VINCENT

Paul?

PAUL

Yes, it may have been on one of my early trips down into the town when we first moved here.

VINCENT

I cannot believe this.

GABRIELLE

Vin, I was just doing my job.

VINCENT

I know that. Of course I do! But Paul. Why bring this information to me now?

PAUL

Perhaps... Perhaps I have always been jealous.

GABRIELLE

Paul!

VINCENT

You are embarrassing yourself.

Vincent stands.

VINCENT

I suggest you leave.

PAUL

Woah, woah. This is just light
jest. Do not be so sensitive,
Vincent.

Paul goes in for an exaggerated hug, completely tripping over
himself in a drunken state. Vincent catches him and quickly
shoves him back.

VINCENT

Paul. I really do suggest you go
and sober yourself up, son. I
will see you later. In the town
you so adore.

PAUL

Works for me. I shall see you
soon.

Paul looks back at Gabrielle who remains in her shocked
state, blanket held up to her chin, covering her body. The
tears have started rolling down her face. Paul winks at her.

Paul makes his way over to the door, turns and salutes the
both of them. Vincent pushes him the rest of the way.

Then, Vincent rushes over to Gabrielle. Her red eyes make it
obvious that she has been crying. He wipes her tears with his
thumbs and brings her in to his embrace.

Hi face grows in fury when he looks away from her. He mutters
to himself whilst rubbing his temples.

GABRIELLE

Vin...

VINCENT

Love, this is not your fault. If
there was history there then so
be it. I just wish you would have
told me.

GABRIELLE

He told me not to. It had nothing
to do with me. I am not ashamed.
You should not have been told
like this.

VINCENT

I cannot believe him. Putting you
in a position like that.

GABRIELLE

It is okay. As long as we are
fine, no one need know.

VINCENT

Quite.

(MORE)

VINCENT (CONT'D)

(beat)

Another drink?

GABRIELLE

Most definitely. Perhaps
something a little stronger?

The two smirk.

He looks away and looks furious. Gabrielle gets up to get a stronger drink and he shakes his head. He then grabs a knife from his painting table and shoves it down into his sock.

EXT. ARLES' STREETS - NIGHT

Theo and Wil sit outside a small bar, drinking glasses of wine. It is a chilly yet smooth night with Wil pulling her cardigan around herself more and more. The two laugh.

WIL

I do love it here!

THEO

Yes. I do too. I never thought
anything would be better than
Paris.

WIL

Ah yes, but all that business
with Aggy... It is probably best
that you managed to leave. I am
just so proud of you for how you
have been with Vincent.

THEO

Yes. Well, Paul has proven a good
confidant and middle-man between
us and any bickering that may
come our way.

WIL

I am sure he would be happy to
know that is how you view him.

THEO

Of course. He stopped by the
house earlier, you know. Did you
hear?

WIL

No. I was completely immersed in
my reading anyway. I never hear
anything from upstairs. You know
that.

THEO

Well, anyway. He came by and was muttering about some business or other with Vincent.

WIL

Oh gosh. Those two never seem to quarrel.

THEO

Yes, I thought the same.

Suddenly, Vincent comes running over. He reaches the two and he is completely out of breath.

VINCENT

Where is he?

THEO

Who?

VINCENT

Paul, of course. I am assuming you have heard.

WIL

What is it, Vin?

VINCENT

Him and Gabby.

WIL

Oh Lord. Just try to stay calm.

VINCENT

STAY CALM? What am I supposed to do? Just let him get away with it?

THEO

How has this even happened?

VINCENT

I see them together everywhere that I go.

THEO

What? What do you mean?

VINCENT

Holding hands along the streets. Giggling and kissing. Rubbing it in my face!

WIL

They were doing that when? Tonight?

VINCENT

All. The. Time. I know it.

Vincent is slurring his words now, spitting with disgust. He stumbles and holds the table for balance.

VINCENT

I am going to find him.

THEO

Vincent! Pull yourself together!
Where did you last see them?

VINCENT

On some street or another. Around
these parts.

WIL

Are you sure it was them?

VINCENT

I am positive.

Vincent lifts what was a hidden bottle from behind his back and takes a huge swig of the green absinthe inside.

Wil and Theo look at each other, cringing. Theo reaches for the bottle.

THEO

Well, this will not be helping.

VINCENT

Ah!

He pulls the bottle away from Theo.

VINCENT

You are my brother! You should be
on my side.

WIL

We are on your side!

VINCENT

Then tell me where to find them!

THEO

We have not seen them.

Vincent starts to run off, Theo and Wil jump up from their table. Theo throws some money down and they run after their brother.

The trio run through the streets of Arles, passersby look at them with confusion as three blurs streak past. Some have to stop walking to let the flash through.

Through Vincent's eyes, Paul and Gabrielle can be seen holding hands, frolicking and kissing exactly how he had describes. He shakes his head and they dissolve away. Wil and Theo can see nothing. They just desperately run after him as he mutters indistinctly.

Paul and Gabrielle invade Vincent's mind together. They are on every corner of every street. They are in every bar and every restaurant. He cannot escape and continues muttering to himself and shaking them out of his head.

After a collage of confusion, a littering of slurs shot their way and several potential accidents, Vincent finally slows. He reaches a dingy looking entrance to an underground bar. At the door is the real Paul.

VINCENT

There you are.

Theo and Wil finally catch up.

WIL

Vincent!

THEO

Vinnie!

Vincent ignores their cries for him completely.

Paul is less staggy and is not slurring over his words. He seems to have washed his face and is now enjoying a nice, ice water outside of the bar.

PAUL

Vincent. I am glad you are here.
I want to apolo-

VINCENT

I saw you with her! Where is she?

PAUL

What are you- I have no idea-
Gabrielle?

VINCENT

Yes, Gabby. I know what you two
have been doing. Had a nice
evening to yourselves?

Paul shoots a *what is he talking about* look over to Wil and Theo. They reciprocate by throwing their hands out and pacing closer to the duo.

Theo grabs Vincent's shoulders. He wriggles out of it.

VINCENT

No, Theodorus. He deserves this.

Vincent pulls a knife from his sock.

VINCENT

Stop talking!

Paul does not say a word.

Vincent raises the knife and points it in Paul's direction.

VINCENT
Stop talking!

THEO
Vin, no one is-

Vincent whips around and points the knife at Theo. Wil lets out a small WHIMPER.

WIL
Wha-

VINCENT
What. Did. I. Just. Say?

The groups stays in SILENCE.

Vincent turns back to Paul.

He covers his ears.

VINCENT
I need you all to stop.

SILENCE

VINCENT
Paul! If you do not-

Paul waves his hands out to Wil and Theo, asking what is going on.

VINCENT
I do not want to hear the
details.

Vincent begins pacing, his hands are still up to his ears.

VINCENT
No, no, no, no, no, no-
(beat)
I do not care to hear what you
both did.

He aggressively shakes his head. He brings the knife back down and points it to Paul again.

The three remain in absolute terror. Vincent's next move is completely unpredictable.

VINCENT
If you say another word!
(beat)
I do not want to hear it.
(MORE)

VINCENT (CONT'D)

(beat)

In fact-

(beat)

IN FACT!

(beat)

I refuse to hear it!

Vincent pulls the knife up to his left ear and begins sawing. His face only lets out a little cringe. Otherwise, he is completely calm.

Paul scrambles, not knowing what to do. He waves his hands around in a frenzy.

Theo and Wil lurch forward. They tackle Vincent to the ground.

With a FLOP, the ear drops after them.

Paul picks up the knife and holds the handle loosely with disgust on his face.

Vincent GIGGLES slightly.

Theo and Wil look at each other. Who will say the first thing? What do they do now? Theo shakes his head and looks down at his broken brother.

INT. ARLES BROTHEL - NIGHT

A bedside table enveloped in red light. There is only a silver trinket dish with a couple of rings and other bits of jewellery in it.

A silhouette of moving bodies can be made out on the wall. One moves to sit on the edge of the bed.

A manly hand belonging to a half-naked man reaches out and places a wad of money down. He also places a bulky white handkerchief next to it.

There is a lump in the middle.

It is covered in dried, scarlet blood.

VINCENT

Give this to Gabrielle for me.

INT. SAINT-RÉMY-DE-PROVENCE - MENTAL INSTITUTION (1890) - DAY

The hallway is grand, huge. The ceilings are high and the architecture is impressive.

Theo walks through the grand building, the maze of hallways looks ornate with various arches and carved out pieces of wood working as beams for the old ceiling.

THEO (V.O)

My lovely Vincent.
I finally bring good news.
Johanna is pregnant! We
conceived right as you entered
Saint-Rémy-De-Provence. I have
waited until safe to tell you but
we are comfortable now. I hope to
hear from you soon, I will of
course visit.

(beat)

Please think of us in your
recovery. We love you. All three
of us.

The walls in the communal area are lined with books, extensive in its collection as various people, of all ages, sit reading them intently. They are dressed in comfortable clothes, the women are in night dresses and the men are in comfortable trousers and long sleeves.

Theo rounds to a door: **2907**. He enters and Vincent is stood with his ear wrapped in a clean bandage, painting a canvas with a gardener as its subject. The gardener is planting crops whilst being watched by a woman holding a baby.

There is a simple, single bed to his left and the canvas is in front of a large window looking out on the surrounding village. The light is bright with hues of blue bouncing off the canvases around the room.

THEO

I suppose you are meaning that to
be me?

Vincent swivels around and begins CHUCKLING.

VINCENT

No, of course not! You would
never do this kind of labour. Not
anymore.

Theo starts to LAUGH and walks around the room admiring the many filled, colourful canvases that Vincent has painted whilst being in the institution.

THEO

You are making good progress.

VINCENT

Yes, I feel much better.

THEO

I meant artistically, Vin. But I
am glad to hear it!

The two perch on Vincent's bed. Vincent stares down at the rogue paintbrush in his hands.

THEO
I like it.

Vincent looks up. Theo points to the painting in progress.

VINCENT
Yes. I do too.

THEO
Inspired?

VINCENT
Yes. By you two.

THEO
Me and Johanna?

VINCENT
Yes. I find myself at peace when
I think about you both.

THEO
How so?

VINCENT
I feel as though you are finally
happy.

THEO
Well... Yes I am.

Theo gets up and walks over to the canvases, flicking through them as we have seen him do before.

THEO
But Vin, I do not like speaking
of happiness when you are in a
place like this.

Theo fishes a medium-sized canvas out from the back. It is Starry Night.

THEO
This is lovely.

The frame is a mixture of blue swirls, dark figures representing buildings and yellow circles imitating the stars.

Vincent gets up to join Theo. He pulls the frame up in front of the window. He holds it there for a moment and lowers it to reveal the view from the window with everything in the same place as it is in the painting.

VINCENT

I do enjoy my time here. And I *am* happy. So do not fear speaking of your own happiness.

Vincent looks down as he speaks, biting his lips and fiddling with his thumbs. He SNIFFLES slightly.

THEO

Yes, well.

VINCENT

Oh... and I made that for you.

He nods towards the Starry Night painting and then walks back to the bed to sit down again.

THEO

Really?

VINCENT

Well, for the baby.

THEO

Oh, that is lovely.

VINCENT

Put it in the nursery?

THEO

Of course. I have a gift for you too.

VINCENT

Oh?

Vincent perks up at the suggestion and a real smile grows on his face.

THEO

Only, it is not ready yet.

Vincent is dejected once again.

VINCENT

Oh.

THEO

I thought it may be something for you to look forward to... when you get out of here.

VINCENT

Yes, perhaps.

Vincent stares out of the window and his eyes well up with tears.

A moment of SILENCE goes by with Theo's soft eyes looking over his brother as if he is injured.

THEO
Vin, are you okay?

VINCENT
Yes. It is just...
(beat)
When I think of the life you are
going to have... with the baby
and Johanna I mean...
(beat)
I just ache.

THEO
Vin...

VINCENT
I know. I am truly happy for you.
But I cannot ignore how
successful you are in all that I
hold dear. And more.

Theo puts the painting down and sits next to Vincent again.

THEO
Vincent. I am only successful
because of all you have taught
me. You really should give
yourself more credit.

VINCENT
What do you mean?

THEO
I was a selfish, irresponsible,
money-grabbing brother before I
was reacquainted with you. And
now look. I have started a life.

VINCENT
I know... I just-

THEO
And that is all down to you.

VINCENT
That may be so. I just hope to
find that sort of life myself.

THEO
And you will, brother.

EXT. VAN GOGH ART MUSEUM - DAY

The building is barely there. Theo and Wil stand outside
looking at concrete pillars and thin pieces of wood lined
along the pavement. There is a gap in buildings.

This huge space looks perfect for a building to add to the rest of the street.

Theo has his hands on his hips, he moves them up to rub them together; quickly creating friction. He looks ecstatic with the crows feet on his eyes showing. He looks energetic and and is practically bouncing in his spot.

Wil turns to him and grabs both of his shoulders.

WIL

Calm.

Theo stops bouncing and nods.

THEO

Calm.

(beat)

I am just so excited. I cannot wait for Vincent to see it.

WIL

He will love it.

Wil leans over and gives Theo a kiss on the cheek.

EXT. VAN GOGH ART MUSEUM RUBBLE - LATER

Theo and Wil are now walking around the rubble. Theo is gesturing up and down the various paths.

THEO

So this is where his earlier works will be, his portraits over here and then that back wall is for everything he has painted in Saint Remy.

WIL

Marvell-

THEO

Do you know he has painted over 200 pieces there?

WIL

Wow. Extraordinary.

THEO

Yes. I will have buyers clambering over each other to look at his work.

WIL

It will be amazing.

THEO

I am rather excited.

WIL
As am I. And as he will be!

INT. THEO VAN GOGH FAMILY PARLOUR - DAY

The room is simple with only a small set of drawers, hanging curtains and a cosy sofa. The scene is engulfed in a pale pink from the walls and enhanced with the flicker of lantern light all around.

Johanna is sat with a set of papers in her hand. She is reading one letter and holding another. Her bump is large as she lies in her dressing gown and slippers.

Wil is sat next to her pouring tea from a tea pot into a small cup and placing it on the ornate coffee table in front of them.

Theo walks in. Looking very proud of himself.

THEO
I did it.

JOHANNA
(without looking up)
What?

THEO
The painting. I finally hung it
in the baby's room.

WIL
Oh wonderful, I must see it.

She scurries off as Theo CHUCKLES to himself.

Johanna looks up.

JOHANNA
A letter came for you.

Theo takes it.

THEO
Thank you.

He leans down and kisses her.

INT. BABY'S ROOM - LATER

Theo is crying. His posture is awful and he has started hunching as he walks around the room. He hobbles from wall to wall slapping a coat of paint on each one.

VINCENT (V.O)
My Dearest Theo,
(MORE)

VINCENT (V.O) (CONT'D)

I felt compelled to write to you regarding my state. I have tried and tried and tried to be happy and though I experience an ounce of it through your visits and my art, I find it not to be enough.

(beat)

I have lost myself. I understand you have learnt a lot from me and the same could be said for I to you. However, I have always said that I simply cannot live without love.

INT. SAINT-RÉMY-DE-PROVENCE - MENTAL INSTITUTION - DAY

Theo is sobbing. A NURSE (50) is holding onto him and hugging him. The hallway is grand and ornate; the opposite to Theo's mood. He buries his face in the nurses shoulder and shakes his head furiously.

VINCENT (V.O)

You are my brother, my confidant, and I would hope that I am yours or have been yours.

(beat)

You have a wonderful family and, like I said months ago, you have achieved everything I could ever dream of.

(beat)

But here I am. I am still left dreaming. Dreaming of what could be and regretting what has been.

(beat)

Theodorus. I so wish to not dream any more. I wish to not be plagued by the pressures of my own head.

(beat)

You are the best thing to come out of my small existence. I fear I am too far gone and that is no reflection of you.

(beat)

You are my single, most important treasure. I should have learned that sooner.

(beat)

Please think of me in this life and the next. But I cannot bear this life the way I am. I need the peace.

(beat)

May the sadness not last forever.

(MORE)

VINCENT (V.O) (CONT'D)
 I will see you very soon,
 brother.
 (beat)
 Tout â toi,

GUNSHOT.

VINCENT (V.O)
 Vincent.

INT. BABY'S ROOM - EVENING.

The room is a dark grey colour, a tiny orange lantern providing all of the light. A small bassinet sits in the corner of the room.

Theo circles around, picking up little teddies and putting tiny clothes into an ornate dresser. His movements are even more limited than before.

THEO (V.O)
 My little Vincent,
 How I miss what used to be. I am
 scared of what is to come but
 excited nonetheless. My lesson is
 to love. Vincent that comes from
 you.
 (beat)
 I was taught more listening to Mr
 Vincent Van Gogh than I ever did
 existing on my own.
 (beat)
 I achieved love, life and family.
 I am more successful than I ever
 thought possible.

EXT. THEO'S GARDEN - CONTINUOUS

The focus is on a small grave. The cracks in it are small and delicate with flowers growing all around it.

On it reads: **VINCENT VAN GOGH, 30 MARCH 1853 - 29 JULY 1890.**
"A GENIUS MIND AND AN ASTOUNDING HEART".

THEO (V.O)
 I only hope to leave a legacy
 behind. But not of my own, of my
 brother's. I am filled with
 sadness that he will not be able
 to see it.
 (beat)
 However, I owe it to him,
 Vincent. I owe it to you,
 Johanna. I owe it to my perfect
 son.

As more of the garden is seen, there is a second tombstone. On it reads: **THEODORUS VAN GOGH, 1 MAY 1857 - 25 JANUARY 1891. "BROKEN HEARTED BUT FULL OF LOVE."**

THEO (V.O)
Whatever happens, so be it. I am
excited for what is next.

INT. BABY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Johanna is now stood by the bassinet, reading a letter.

THEO (V.O)
Johanna, I love you. Take care of
him for me.

A tiny newborn sleeps perfectly inside it. The view is immaculate, the Arles countryside reigning superior in the sunset. Johanna looks down at the baby, a smile plastered over her face. The miniature cardigan is embroidered with one tiny name: **VINCENT**. She puts the letter back in its envelope and places it in the bassinet with her son - the names are left matching.

THEO
Forever, ever yours.
Your father, Theo.

FIN