

**Stars Make Me Dream**

Written by

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Based on

"Lust for Life" by Irving Stone

FADE IN:

EXT. ETTEN RAILWAY STATION - NIGHT

VINCENT rushes out of the bus angrily, the steam from the engine swirling around him like a ghost. His tired eyes dart left and right before he storms into the night.

EXT. STRICKER HOUSE - LATER

Vincent arrives outside the Stricker House, a modest abode of brick and stone that sits next to the city's canal.

Vincent stops to collect himself. We see his face, whipped by the harsh winds of lust and embarrassment. He stares off at the canal, transfixed by a passing sand barge, which kicks up a moist yellow earth that dances through the canal's black water like smoke.

Vincent contemplates this for a moment, then turns to the Stricker's front door and rings the bell. After a moment, it is answered by the MAID. Upon seeing Vincent, she closes the door slightly.

VINCENT

Is the Reverend Stricker at home?

MAID

(Dismissively)

No. He's out.

Vincent can see moving shadows and hear muted conversation coming from inside the house.

VINCENT

Get out of the way.

MAID

The family is at dinner, you can't come in.

With one of his strong arms, Vincent pushes the door open, knocking the maid to the side. He enters the house abruptly.

INT. STRICKER HOUSE - SAME

Now inside, Vincent hurriedly heads towards the dining room. The Maid follows, protesting.

MAID

The Reverend is unavailable Mister  
Van Gogh.

INT. DINING ROOM - SAME

Vincent steps into the dining room to see REVEREND STRICKER, AUNT STRICKER, and their two children seated at a table set for five. The only light in the cramped room comes from one tall candle, which is perched upon tall, silver candlestick on the center of the table. An empty seat sits askew before a plate of half-eaten food. It is obvious whoever sat here left in a hurry, as we also hear frantic footsteps running upstairs.

MAID

Sir, he couldn't be stopped, he  
pushed me aside and --

Reverend Stricker holds up a hand, his gaze fixed on Vincent.

REVEREND STRICKER

(After a beat)

Well Vincent, you seem to have less  
manners every day.

VINCENT

I must speak to Kay.

REVEREND STRICKER

She's visiting with friends.

VINCENT

She was sitting here when I rang  
the bell. She had begun her dinner.

Reverend Stricker turns to his wife

REVEREND STRICKER

Take the children out of the room.

Aunt Stricker quickly scoops up the frightened children and leaves Reverend Stricker and Vincent alone in the dining room. The candle light flickers, casting shadows upon Reverend Stricker's bony face.

REVEREND STRICKER (CONT'D)

Now, Vincent, you are not only  
causing a great deal of trouble.  
The family, and especially myself,  
have completely lost our patience  
with you. You are a tramp. An  
idler. A boor.

(MORE)

REVEREND STRICKER (CONT'D)

And as far as I can see, an  
ungrateful vicious character. How  
dare you presume to love my  
daughter? It is an insult to me.

VINCENT

(With tenderness)

Let me see Kay, uncle. I want to  
talk to her.

REVEREND STRICKER

My daughter does not want to talk  
to you. My daughter never wants to  
lay eyes upon you again.

Vincent seems taken aback by this.

VINCENT

Kay said that?

REVEREND STRICKER

Yes.

VINCENT

I don't believe it.

REVEREND STRICKER

(Thunderously)

I am an ordained man! How dare you  
accuse me of not telling the truth!  
And when I think of all the money  
and time I wasted on you!

Vincent slithers weakly into Kay's empty chair, now seated  
across from Reverend Stricker.

VINCENT

Uncle, please listen to me. You  
work for God, so show me some mercy  
for God's sake. I love your  
daughter, I love her desperately.  
You must have loved once, and you  
must know what agony love can make  
one suffer. I have suffered long  
enough, let me find happiness for  
once. Let me have a chance to show  
her my love.

REVEREND STRICKER

(Disgusted)

Are you such a weakling and coward  
that you can't stand a little pain?  
Must you forever whimper about it?

At this, Vincent violently jumps to his feet, pushing the chair to the floor behind him. He looks down at Reverend Stricker, his eyes full of fire and tears. His gaze moves from his uncle to the candle that burns between them.

VINCENT

Let me speak to her for as long as  
I can hold my hand in this flame.

Vincent places the back of his hand over the candle's flame. The room grows dimmer as his hand quickly begins to blister, turning a raw, gruesome red. Vincent stares unflinchingly in the eyes of his petrified uncle.

As we hold on the tense standoff, Reverend Stricker's eyes grow wider and wider with horror. He seems frozen, unable to speak or move as he watches his nephew's skin puff and bubble at the scorching. Vincent does not move an inch.

After over fifteen seconds of this terrible stunt, Reverend Stricker finally snaps out of his shock. He grabs the candle from under Vincent's hand and uses his enormous fist to crush out the flame. The two men now stand opposite one another in the complete darkness. A moment of agonizing silence passes.

REVEREND STRICKER

(Bewildered)

You insane fool! You're mad! Kay  
despises you with all her heart!  
Never shall you know love! No,  
never shall a love between you  
live, not even for as long as you  
can hold your flesh to the burning  
crucible of pain! Get out of this  
house and never dare return!

Vincent continues his vicious stare into Reverend Stricker's eyes, then turns around and leaves abruptly.

We focus on the broken candle, still emitting a sliver of smoke from its charred wick.

FADE TO BLACK.