



MIDNIGHT AT THE MUSÉE RODIN

A two page screenplay by

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EXT. MUSEE RODIN, PARIS - NIGHT

A cloud clears the moon illuminating a poster which reads 'LA ROMANCE DU RODIN - Une exposition pour St-Valentin'. It shows The Kiss, Eternal Springtime and Eternal Idol.

INT. MUSEE RODIN GALLERY - NIGHT

The magnificent oak panelled gallery is long and filled with sculptures. In the centre, in pride of place, is The Kiss. The gallery is not completely dark. The glow of the moon behind the clouds casts an ethereal light.

As a cloud clears the moon, The Kiss becomes beautifully illuminated within the moonlight from a window. The frame casts shadows across the hips and chest of the lovers.

Where the moonlight hits the lovers, the plaster starts to crack and fall away as they come to life. The shadows leave their modesty, and his right arm, still in plaster.

Slowly they awaken, moving gently as if rising from a deep sleep. They pull back in surprise, then smile delightedly and rejoin their passionate embrace.

As the moon is covered again, they embrace tenderly moving around each other in a poetic dance of love.

Suddenly, a door creaks open at the end of the gallery and a shaft of light shines in, not quite reaching them.

The lovers freeze and she clutches his head to her chest.

A guard looks in and sees the silhouette of the lovers in the pose of Eternal Idol. He checks the poster on the door and shrugs, closing the door again. To the left of the door, unseen by the guard, is the real Eternal Idol.

The lovers relax from their pose and look around. They are both smiling, until she spots The Thinker across the gallery and is taken aback, looking suddenly scared.

She turns to her lover looking terrified and instinctively touches her empty ring finger and looks down in shame.

Her lover looks up at the sky through the window and nudges her. The moon shines brightly behind a large cloud that is about to move off. Filtered light falls on The Thinker.

They look at each other in panic.

Her lover rushes to the tall window to try and close the shutters, but can only use his left arm. He struggles heroically but it won't budge.

She watches in horror as the cloud speeds past the moon.

She rushes to join him and they both push hard.

Through the window the moon is at the edge of the cloud.

With a grinding screech, the shutter finally moves and they push it hard. The shutter covers half the window, leaving just the Thinker's head in the light.

He starts to wake, looking dazed at first, then shakes his head purposefully. He spots the two of them and is enraged. He strains to get up but only his head moves. He is livid.

The two lovers look at each other with relief. He takes her arm and starts towards the far door of the gallery.

On the wall of the gallery, a magnificent clock plays elaborate chimes. It's hands show 12 o'clock.

As the lovers approach the door, the clock begins striking 12. With the first strike, she stumbles as her feet begin to turn back to stone. With the next few, she is brought to her knees.

He turns to her, cradling her in his stone arm, trying to lift her, but with each chime the two turn more to stone.

As the stone rises up their bodies, she looks desperately up at him. He pulls her close and looks lovingly at her.

As the clock chimes eleven, he leans down and they kiss, gently and beautifully, freezing in the pose of Eternal Springtime as the clock strikes twelve.

INT GALLERY – EARLY MORNING

The guard is on his radio in the gallery, looking bemused.

GUARD

C' est le penseur, monsieur. Il ne pas pense
aujourd'hui! Et le basier - Il est disparu!

The guard stands looking bewildered by a cross looking Thinker whose head no longer rests on his hand. Close by there is an empty pedestal where the lovers were. Off in the distance we see two Eternal Springs.

APPENDIX

Fig 1 The Kiss



Fig 2 Eternal Idol



Fig 3 The Thinker

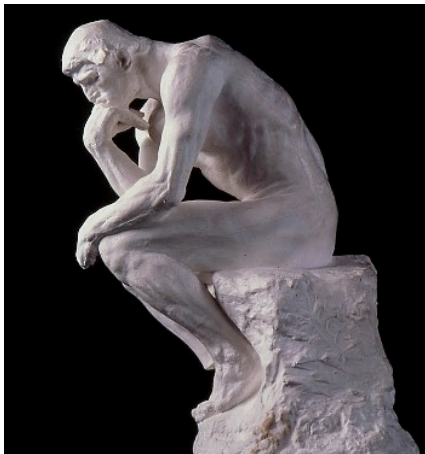


Fig 4 Eternal Spring

