

PRESSMAN WILLIAMS ENTERPRISES, INC.

presents

~~PHANTOM~~ Phantom of the Paradise

Original Screenplay by

Brian DePalma

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200 Fifth Avenue
New York, New York 10010

SHOTS

^{SWAN} Series of baby pictures of ^{SWAN} Dorian. MONTAGE of newspaper headlines in various languages -- reporting stories on Dorian. ^{SWAN}

Gallup poll showing Dorian at the top. ^{SWAN}

^{SWAN} Series of photos of Dorian in which his face is hidden from view. Either by a bodyguard holding his hand out in front of the camera, or by telephoto shots of ^{SWAN} Dorian sunbathing on his Greek island that are so grainy that one cannot tell who it is.

^{SWAN} Sequence of Dorian in the '50's, being introduced by Dick Clark. He sings to the bandstand audience (black and white kinescope).

^{SWAN} SHOT of Dorian receiving a gold record. SHOT of Billboard Top 100's -- ^{SWAN} SHOWING Dorian Records dominating the chart. SHOT of Dorian ^{SWAN} office building, Dorian ^{SWAN} Records, Dorian mansion. SHOT of stacks of gold records in the Dorian ^{SWAN} warehouse.

The Juicy Fruits performing at Woodstock.

^{SWAN} INT. DORIAN OFFICE -- ^{SWAN} Dorian discusses design and construction of Paradise with ^{SWAN} a group of engineers and architects grouped around his desk. He demonstrates his points on a large model of the Paradise that stands before him on the desk.

^{SWAN} SHOTS of Dorian listening to various groups in various clubs.

NARRATOR

^{SWAN} Dorian, the PT Barnum of rock, is idolized, envied and abhorred by millions throughout the civilized world.

Polls show he is better known than Hitler, Brando or Einstein.

His every move for the past two decades has been dutifully recorded in the press, yet there hasn't been a photograph taken of him in fifteen years.

^{SWAN} At the age of 17 Dorian sang his first rock and roll hit.

From then on, he gave up singing and proceeded to produce hit upon hit until he became the first teenage multi-millionaire.

His new group -- The Juicy Fruits, have started the nostalgia wave of the 70's.

Over the past two decades, Dorian has been building his own Disneyland -- a rock palace created out of his own ego -- a Dorianland that he calls Paradise.

Night after, he obsessively searches for the right sound to open his Paradise. This is the story of that sound, and the man who made it.

1

EXT. CLUB - CLOSEUP OF MARQUIS - NIGHT

"Dorian Presents the Juicy Fruits"

PAN TO:

"Show times: 9:00 THE JUICY FRUITS

(Intermission -- Winslow Leach at the piano)

11:00 THE JUICY FRUITS

A custom-built limousine pulls up at the curb. In one continuous TRACKING SHOT we FOLLOW DORIAN, PHILBIN and entourage (including a two-man TV crew) leave the car and enter the club. Dorian is SHOT from the back as though he were Christ in a Cecil B. DeMille film. We are impressed by the awe his presence evokes. As he moves through a panorama of the seventies -- we HEAR murmured fragments of the Dorian Legend.

GIRL ONE

I don't believe it!

GIRL TWO

I told you he was coming.

GIRL ONE

Dorian! Dorian in our club...
Oh my God!

GIRL TWO

He's produced every one of my
favorite hits.

As Dorian passes by the Girls -- Girl One reaches out and her fingers just brush Dorian's cape. She starts to faint.

GIRL TWO

(holding her up)

C'mon, Amy. I'm not going to
hold you up like I did at that
Stone's mob scene.

GIRL ONE

I can't stand it. I think I'm
going to die. He's so beautiful.

She passes out.

BETTY LOU, now a young woman of 37, darts out of the crowd and flings herself at Dorian.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

BETTY LOU
Dorian, don't you remember me?
Don't you? Why won't you ever
see me again?

A black-gloved BODYGUARD shoves her back into the crowd.

GIRL TWO
Do you know him?

BETTY LOU
We went steady in high school.

GIRL TWO
You got to be kidding. You're
old enough to be his mother.

BETTY LOU
Well, take a look at this, then.

Betty Lou takes off from around her neck a heart-shaped
locket. She opens it to show Girl Two a picture of her-
self and Dorian. Betty Lou looks 20 years younger.

BETTY LOU
(continuing)
That was taken at our graduation.

GIRL TWO
My God! He doesn't look any
different now than he did when
this picture was taken.

BETTY LOU
And that was twenty years ago!

GIRL TWO
(triumphantly)
Well that just clinches it.

BETTY LOU
Clinches what?

GIRL TWO
My theory.

BETTY LOU
What theory?

GIRL TWO
A face lift!

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: (2)

Girl One has been coming to:

GIRL ONE
You're kidding.

GIRL TWO
Look at that picture! Dorian
hasn't gotten a day older in
twenty years. The only way you
do that is to get your face
lifted and lifted and lifted
and...

GIRL ONE
I don't believe it. Dorian
would never do a thing like
that.

GIRL TWO
C'mon, Amy, grow up. It's all
part of the business. How else
do you stay a teen idol forever?

A girl raising her Brownie Sure Shot as Dorian approaches.
Before she gets a chance to snap a picture of her idol, a
BODYGUARD seizes the camera from her.

BODYGUARD
No pictures!

2 INT. CLUB - NIGHT

Dorian and Philbin sit at a table to the right of the stage. They watch the JUICY FRUITS performing their act. It's a parody of fifties greasers doing "Let's Go to the Hop." When the act is over, the audience turns to Dorian tensely awaiting his reaction. Dorian smiles slowly and starts to clap. The audience picks up his cue and applauds enthusiastically. The Juicy Fruits give a relieved smile, take their bow, and leave the stage. As the audience gets up to leave and the waitresses begin cleaning the tables during intermission, WINSLOW LEACH rolls on his piano and starts to play.

Winslow, a tall, blond, angular rock freak, is dressed as one might imagine Wagner would be, playing his "Die Gotterdammerung" for Ludwig the II (the mad king of Bavaria). Swathed in a floor-length cape of black velvet, Winslow drips 19th century romanticism, putting him so far behind the times he's ahead of it.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

Philbin talks to Dorian.

PHILBIN

It just seems like yesterday that I found Annette in a church choir. I got her singing lessons and taught her how to dress. I got her her first club job and paid off a columnist to do a story on her. I taught her who to be nice to and who to screw. I produced her first single and shoved it down the disc jockies' throats, fed her the drugs to get her through the road tours. I made her record a hit and sold her to you -- and now she's the biggest thing in rock. And now what does she do? She fires us, cancels her Vegas date, and wants to give free concerts for starving gook orphans.

Philbin wipes the sweat from his face. He continues painfully.

PHILBIN

(continuing)

She was more than a piece to me. She was the light of my life. And now she's gone.

Philbin grits his teeth.

PHILBIN

(continuing)

We sued her. We couldn't lose. We had her in an ironclad contract. I even bribed the judge...

(beat)

... But he ruled against us. Said you couldn't sign anyone to a life contract. Said Annette could sing for anyone for anything she wanted. Said we were a disgrace to the profession! A disgrace he said! I was the one that made her the money-grubbing whore that she was and he calls me a disgrace.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: (2)

DORIAN

What do you want me to do?

Philbin approaches Dorian's desk, leans over and whispers in his ear.

PHILBIN

(grimly)

Break her.

DORIAN

Is that all?

PHILBIN

Isn't that enough?

Dorian stands up, his back still to the CAMERA. His voice is cold and menacing.

DORIAN

Annette is nothing, finished, dead.

PHILBIN

But she's at the top of the charts.

DORIAN

That's today. Tomorrow she'll be forgotten.

(beat)

But we have more important business now -- Paradise.

PHILBIN

I know, boss. We've looked everywhere. You just don't seem to like anything.

DORIAN

We must find the right sound... and soon.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

We PAN AROUND the emptying club to DISCOVER Dorian listening intently.

DORIAN
(triumphant)
That's it!

PHILBIN
What?

DORIAN
The music to open the Paradise.

PHILBIN
(pointing to
Winslow)
You want that creep to open the
Paradise?

DORIAN
Not him! The music. We'll
produce it with the Juicy Fruits.
After all these years -- I
finally found it.

PHILBIN
Well... What do I do with him?

DORIAN
(smiling cruelly)
You'll think of something.

CUT BACK TO:

3 WINSLOW

singing his ballad. He finishes the song. Opening his eyes, he looks around at the deserted club and up to the grandstand. Even Dorian is gone now. Dejected, he turns back to piano and finishes the song.

4. INT. DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

Winslow is packing up his music. Philbin walks over to him.

PHILBIN
Mr. Leach -- my name's Arnold
Philbin.

(CONTINUED)

4

CONTINUED:

WINSLOW
(putting down his
music and shaking
Philbin's hand)

Hello.

PHILBIN
I scout talent for Swan and he's
interested in your music...

WINSLOW
(impressed)
The Swan?

PHILBIN
That's right, Swan said your
sound could be real big...

WINSLOW
Did he really say that?

PHILBIN
I was sitting right next to him.

WINSLOW
If Swan would only produce my
music. People would listen to
me.

PHILBIN
His game plans exactly, but you
need a lot of work, a lot of
polishing.

WINSLOW
I know I've just begun...

PHILBIN
Do you have any tapes of your
stuff?

WINSLOW
No -- .
(indicating sheet
music)
-- but it's all written down here.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: (2)

PHILBIN

Well, you just give me two or three of the really good numbers and...

WINSLOW

Two or three? The scope of the cantata is over three hundred pages. And I'm not finished yet.

PHILBIN

Well, never mind the cantata. We just want the songs.

WINSLOW

Songs? It's not just songs -- it's much more.

PHILBIN

I don't get you, kid.

WINSLOW

It's a whole series of songs that tell the story of Faust.

PHILBIN

Who?

WINSLOW

Faust.

PHILBIN

Who's he? What label's he on?

WINSLOW

Faust is a legendary German magician who sold his soul to the devil for worldly experience and power.

PHILBIN

What is this? School time? A song's a song. You either like it or don't. Now I like your stuff. And I don't like any of this rock 'n' roll shit. And you know what? I think the Juicy Fruits are going to like it.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: (3)

WINSLOW
(not believing what
he hears)
The Juicy Fruits!

PHILBIN
I'm not promising anything. First
Dorian will have to hear...

Winslow in a sudden rage tears the fire extinguisher out
of the wall.

WINSLOW
I'm the only one that can sing
'Faust.' I won't have my music
mutilated by those greaseballs!

PHILBIN
(backtracking)
Relax, kid. It was just an idea.
Dorian makes all the decisions.

WINSLOW
(calming down)
I'm sorry. I didn't mean to yell.
It's just that I've worked so hard
on this.

PHILBIN
That's okay, kid. You sure got
some temper.

WINSLOW
I don't know what comes over me.
I'm sorry.

PHILBIN
That's okay. Just give me the
music. Dorian will look it over
and we'll get right back to you.
(confidentially)
But if you ask me, I'd say we're
gonna produce your first album.

5 EXT. AIRPORT TELEPHONE BOOTH - DAY

Winslow is in a phone booth. Airplanes are landing in
the b.g. Winslow's VOICE can hardly be HEARD over the
ROAR of planes landing.

(CONTINUED)

5

CONTINUED:

WINSLOW

Hello, operator -- I want to make
a person-to-person call to Mr.
Swan in New York City...

OPERATOR (V.O.)

Number, please.

WINSLOW

212 Swan 1-1000.

OPERATOR (V.O.)

Your name, please.

WINSLOW

Winslow Leach.

OPERATOR (V.O.)

Thank you.

RECEPTIONIST (V.O.)

Swansong Enterprises.

WINSLOW

Hello, may I speak to Mr. Swan,
please?

RECEPTIONIST (V.O.)

Who's calling, please?

WINSLOW

Winslow Leach.

RECEPTIONIST (V.O.)

I can't hear you.

WINSLOW

(shouting)

Winslow Leach -- don't you remember
me? Mr. Swan said he was going to
look over my music and then call me
about producing my first album. Mr.
Philbin said he'd get right back to
me. That was a month ago.

RECEPTIONIST (V.O.)

Thank you. Could you hold, please?

Winslow waits.

(CONTINUED)

5

CONTINUED:

RECEPTIONIST (V.O.)

(continuing)

Hello, Swan is in conference.
Could you give me your number
and he'll get right back to you?

WINSLOW

You've said that to me a million
times and he never calls back...
Besides, I'm in a phone booth at
the airport. I thought I'd fly
in to see him.

RECEPTIONIST (V.O.)

I see... Just hold, please. He'll
be right with you.

6 EXT. AIRPORT PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT

Winslow is still waiting for Dorian to return his call. Finally he gives up and slams down the phone.

7 EXT. PORT AUTHORITY BUS TERMINAL - NEW YORK CITY - DAY

Winslow walks out of the station. He looks at an address he's written on a piece of paper. He starts walking up-town.

8 EXT. 47TH STREET OFF SIXTH AVENUE - DAY

Winslow checks the number on the building against the one on his piece of paper and goes inside.

9 INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE OF THE DORIAN OFFICE - DAY

Winslow goes up to the door. On it is written:

DEATH RECORDS

Winslow opens the door and goes in.

10 INT. RECEPTION ROOM - DAY

RECEPTIONIST

Yes?

WINSLOW

I'm Winslow Leach.

RECEPTIONIST

One moment, please.

The Receptionist looks down at a long list on the desk before her.

CUT TO:

11 CLOSEUP - LIST

We WATCH her finger move down the list, stopping under Winslow's name. Next to it is written: NEVER TO BE SEEN!

The Receptionist's finger moves from the list over to a push-button buzzer. She presses it.

CUT TO:

12 INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE THE DORIAN OFFICE - DAY
Winslow is thrown out the door.

DISSOLVE TO:

13 EXT. 47TH STREET OFF SIXTH - NIGHT

Winslow, across the street, hidden in a doorway, watches as Dorian's limousine pulls up. The two guards peer out the entrance of the building. Seeing the street is empty, they motion to someone inside. At this sign, a few girls who have been hiding in a nearby alley rush the car. Simultaneously, the door to the building opens and Dorian quickly walks to the limousine.

He gets in and slams the door before the girls can reach him. The car pulls away. Winslow hails a cab and follows.

14 EXT. THE DORIAN MANSION (CENTRAL PARK) - NIGHT

Winslow watches from his cab as Dorian's limousine pulls up in front of an impressive brownstone in Central Park. Dorian gets out of the car and goes inside.

Winslow gets out of the cab, pays off the driver, and crosses the street to the mansion. As he walks back and forth in front of it -- taking all its grandeur in, we HEAR Winslow SINGING in his head.

WINSLOW (V.O.)

'Never thought I'd get to meet the
devil,
Never thought I'd meet him face to
face.
Heard he always worked alone,
That he seldom wrote or used the
phone,
So I walked right up to meet him
at his place.'

Winslow knocks on the door. It opens and he goes inside.

15 INT. MANSION HALLWAY - DAY

Winslow finds himself in a long line of girls. Each holds a copy of an audition song in their hand and are loudly practicing. Most of them look great but can't sing worth a damn.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

The one glaring exception to this is a vital, beautiful innocent who we learn later is PHOENIX.

The door to Swan's audition hall is open and the girl at the head of the line is ushered in by a SECURITY GUARD. We SEE Philbin with a slip over his arm, lustfully advancing on the girl. The door slams shut.

Cutting off our view... Winslow walks up to Phoenix.

WINSLOW

Where'd you get that song?

PHOENIX

I got it from Philbin -- to audition with.

WINSLOW

Sing it again.

PHOENIX

Why???

WINSLOW

Sing it!!

Winslow can't believe what he hears.

WINSLOW

(continuing; pointing
to the sheet music
in Phoenix's hand)

You mean you're all singing that song?

PHOENIX

Isn't it terrific! I've got to sing it. It's mine. This song, it was written for me.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (2)

WINSLOW

What makes you so sure?

PHOENIX

I just know it... I just do!

WINSLOW

Sing it again.

Phoenix sings. (FAUSTIAN BARGAIN SONG)

WINSLOW

(continuing)

No. No. You have to go higher there. Like this.

Winslow coaches Phoenix through the song. She's amazed at how much better she sings it with his help.

PHOENIX

That's incredible. I didn't realize it should be done like that. How did you know?

WINSLOW

I wrote that song.

PHOENIX

You're kidding.

WINSLOW

No, really I did.

PHOENIX

It's sensational.

She throws her arms around him.

GIRL THREE

(who's overheard

Winslow's conversation)

If you wrote this stuff -- Why aren't you in there with Swan auditioning the singers?

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (3)

WINSLOW

I don't know. There must be
some mix-up. Mr. Dorian never
called me. When I went to the
office today to find out what
happened, they threw me out.

GIRL THREE

(not convinced)

Sure.

PHOENIX

They must not know who you are.
(showing him the
song she holds
in her hand)
Your name's not on the song.

WINSLOW

That's funny. Dorian heard me
sing that song.

PHOENIX

I don't know, but I'm sure he'll
explain everything when you see
him.

WINSLOW

That's what I've been trying to
do.

GIRL THREE

Well, he's here.

WINSLOW

(indicating guards)

But they don't know who I am.
They'll probably throw me out like
they did at the office.

PHOENIX

(taking Winslow
aside)

Then sneak in somehow. As soon
as Dorian sees you, then you'll
be okay.

WINSLOW

I hope so.

PHOENIX

Sure you will.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (4)

WINSLOW

But why's he auditioning singers
for my cantata? I only sing it
solo.

GIRL THREE

Haven't you heard?

WINSLOW

What?

GIRL THREE

He's going to open the Paradise
with it.

WINSLOW

You're kidding.

GIRL THREE

(turning away
indignant)

Do I look like a kidder?

WINSLOW

(to Phoenix)

He's going to open the Paradise
with my cantata.

PHOENIX

Yes. Isn't that great? He's just
auditioning girls for a back-up
chorus.

WINSLOW

Oh, I wish he had told me. But
you're really a great singer. You
shouldn't waste your time singing
in a chorus.

PHOENIX

I don't care where I sing this
music.

(beat)

Look, could you help me? I know
I can sing these songs better
than anybody and with your coaching
I know I'll get a part in the
chorus.

WINSLOW

Sure. I'd love to help you.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (5)

PHOENIX

You're not doing this just to be nice, are you?

WINSLOW

I would never let my personal desires influence my aesthetic judgment.

PHOENIX

What's that mean?

WINSLOW

(shyly)

I think you're terrific.

PHOENIX

(throwing her arms around him again)

Do you?

WINSLOW

Yes.

A Guard opens the door again and motions to line of girls.

GUARD

We've got to step up the pace. All the rest of you form a line and come in quietly.

(catching Phoenix's eye)

Hey, you!

PHOENIX

Yes?

GUARD

Come here.

Phoenix followed by Winslow walks to the head of the line.

GUARD

(continuing; eyeing Winslow suspiciously)

Who's that? Your boyfriend?

WINSLOW

I'm Winslow Leach the composer.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (6)

GUARD

That's swell. But Dorian's just seeing girls today.

WINSLOW

But I have to see him. I wrote the music these girls are singing.

GUARD

Look, kid, don't give me a hard time. If you want to see Dorian, you call his office and make an appointment.

WINSLOW

But I tried and they threw me out.

GUARD

Then maybe he doesn't want to see you.

WINSLOW

But this is my music!

GUARD

I don't care whose music it is. My job is to see that girls and girls only get in to see Dorian, so why don't you just take a walk.

PHOENIX

(restraining
Winslow)

Look, Winslow, I'll tell him you're out here.

WINSLOW

Okay. I'll wait for you.

GUARD

Okay, girls, let's move!

Phoenix leading the line of girls follows the Guard inside.

16 INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Winslow joins the crowd of girls and shoves his way inside. Most of the line (including Winslow) is detained in a huge marble entrance hall. Phoenix and one or two other girls go with the Guard. Winslow catches a glimpse of Philbin in the outer office beckoning to Phoenix.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

The door closes. But Phoenix, disheveled, returns in short order. She appears in the doorway and turns to shout to someone inside.

PHOENIX

Why won't he just let me sing?

Her head high, tears in her eyes, Phoenix walks blindly toward the entrance. Winslow stops her.

WINSLOW

Hey, what happened?

PHOENIX

It was awful.

She starts to cry.

WINSLOW

What's the matter?

PHOENIX

Philbin tried to... I just can't do it. Not that way. I came here to sing -- (not to...)

STRANGE CRIES emerge through the half-opened door.

WINSLOW

... What's going on in there anyway? That doesn't sound like an audition.

Phoenix runs out, humiliated by the whole scene.

WINSLOW

(continuing)

Wait a minute. Did you tell him I was here?

Winslow goes after her, but she's gone. He comes back.

GIRL IN LINE

(laughing)

Wait 'til you get inside.

WINSLOW

What's going on inside?

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: (2)

GIRL IN LINE

(laughing)

You better be good if you want
to sing.

GUARD

Okay, girls, line up.

(looking at

Winslow)

Are you still here? I thought
I told you to take a walk.

Winslow moves menacingly toward the Guard, stops, thinks
for a minute, looking down the line of girls. He turns
back to the Guard.

WINSLOW

Is there a five and ten around
here?

CUT TO:

17 INT. FIVE AND TEN STORE - DAY

Winslow is eyeing a rack of dresses. A SALESLADY comes
over.

SALESLADY

May I help you?

WINSLOW

I'd like a dress.

CUT TO:

18 INT. SWAN'S RECORD-SHAPED BED - NIGHT

Winslow, in drag, but determined to see Swan, lies on a
massive water bed surrounded by skimpily clad singers.

GIRL ONE

When do we get to sing?

GIRL TWO

I don't think too much singing
goes on here.

GIRL THREE

I've been here 12 times and I
don't get to sing -- all I get
is to come back.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

GIRL FOUR

What do you do here?

GIRL THREE

You'll see.

GIRL FIVE

Can't you sing on your back?

GIRL SIX

I've never tried.

GIRL FIVE

Well, if you can sing standing up, you can sing lying down.

GIRL SEVEN

Why don't you take off your slip?

GIRL EIGHT

I'm waiting for Swan.

GIRL SEVEN

He won't miss anything, if you do it now.

GIRL FIVE

Yeah -- you're being auditioned right now.

GIRL ONE

What do you mean?

GIRL THREE

(whispered)

The whole place is bugged.

GIRL FOUR

You're kidding.

GIRL THREE

No... no, Swan is watching us right now.

GIRL FIVE

Come here.

GIRL EIGHT

What are you doing?

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

GIRL SEVEN

He likes to watch us.

GIRL EIGHT

Watch us doing what?

GIRL FIVE

Doing each other.

GIRL EIGHT

Really??

GIRL SEVEN

That's what turns him on.

GIRL ONE

Does he like blondes?

GIRL FIVE

I like blondes.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

GIRL IN BED THREE

Well, it's a start. You gotta start somewhere.

GIRL FOUR

(kissing Winslow passionately)

Do you mind?

Winslow doesn't seem to.

GIRL FOUR

(continuing; still kissing him)

I hate to bother you, but I -- oh -- yeah, that's good -- I just need -- oh, yes, now hold me close -- I just need someone to warm me up. I just got to be ready for him.

Suddenly Dorian enters the room from his sunken bath. Winslow leaps up, confronting him.

WINSLOW

Mr. Dorian, you remember me. I'm Winslow Leach.

DORIAN

Who let this fag in here?!
(yelling to the guards)

Get her out of here!

Winslow rips off his wigs.

WINSLOW

Mr. Dorian! It's me, Winslow.

The guards arrive and grab hold of Winslow.

GIRL FOUR

Hurry up, we're cooling off fast.

Dorian turns his back on Winslow and lustfully approaches the bed.

WINSLOW

Don't you remember me? Mr. Philbin gave you the music of my cantata.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: (2)

WINSLOW (CONT'D)
You're auditioning girls for the
chorus. I'm Winslow Leach! I
wrote it!

The guards drag Winslow from the room as Dorian slips
into the rapidly cooling flesh pile.

DORIAN
(to Girl Four)
Hand me that telephone.

19 EXT. DORIAN'S MANSION - NIGHT

Winslow is thrown out of the door. A police car rounds
the corner. Winslow quickly straightens his dress. The
car stops before him. TWO OFFICERS get out.

OFFICER ONE
That's him.

OFFICER TWO
What do you think you're doing?

WINSLOW
Nothing.

OFFICER TWO
What are you? Some kind of pervert?

WINSLOW
No, sir. I'm Winslow Leach, the
composer!

OFFICER ONE
What are you doing outside the
Dorian mansion?

WINSLOW
You've got to help me. Dorian's
got my music and he's pretending
he doesn't even know me. He just
had me thrown out.

OFFICER TWO
Didn't buy what you were selling,
did he?

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

WINSLOW

(confused)

He didn't saying anything about
buying it... What do you mean?

OFFICER TWO

Don't play dumb with me!

Officer Two kicks Winslow in the stomach. Winslow falls
to the ground, gasping for breath. Officer One reaches
into his pocket and produces a sack of dope. He hands it
to Officer Two who stuffs it into Winslow's dress pocket.

WINSLOW

(gasping)

What are you doing?

OFFICER ONE

(acting)

Hey, Harry, what's that he's got
in his pocket?

OFFICER TWO

(acting)

Why don't you take a look, Joe?
Mr. Dorian said he had it on him.

OFFICER ONE

(acting)

Okay. I will.

(pulls the sack of
dope from Winslow's
pocket)

What do you know. Just like Mr.
Dorian said over the phone...

(he opens up the
sack and tastes it)

... Heroin.

Winslow is dumbstruck. These two cops have planted a
sack of dope on him and have just pretended to have dis-
covered it in his pocket.

OFFICER TWO

(tough)

You know what you get for pushing
in this state?

20 INT. COURTROOM - DAY

A JUDGE is sentencing Winslow.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

JUDGE

Life! To be served in the New
York State Prison.

WINSLOW

But I'm innocent. Dorian stole
my music and framed me.

21 INT. CELL - DAY

Winslow's forlorn face is framed between bars. A huge,
muscular tattooed CELLMATE holds out a bunch of daisies.

CELLMATE

(dumbly)

I picked these specially for you.

WINSLOW

(fearfully taking
the flowers)

Thanks.

CELLMATE

(backing Winslow
into a corner)

I like you.

(pressing up
against him)

I think we're gonna be real close.

A PRISON GUARD bangs on the bars.

PRISON GUARD

Lay off, Doris.

CELLMATE (DORIS)

(backing off)

I wasn't doin' nothing.

The Prison Guard opens the cell and leads Winslow out.

PRISON GUARD

The warden wants to see you.

WINSLOW

They found out I was framed.
Thank God!

They start walking down the cell block. Doris rushes
to the bars.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

DORIS

I'll be waiting for you. When
will you be back?

WINSLOW

Never.

22 INT. WARDEN'S OFFICE - DAY

Winslow is lined up with the other convicts before the
WARDEN's desk.

WARDEN

We are very fortunate to be
included in the Regional Dental
Health Research Program. This
program is funded by a grant from
the Dorian Foundation. You are
all volunteers. All your teeth
will be pulled. Teeth are a
source of infections and it pays
to be on the safe side.

WINSLOW

I'm not a volunteer. I'm innocent.
I don't want all my teeth taken
out...

WARDEN

(smiling)

Oh. How many men here are innocent?
Raise your hands.

Everyone raises a hand.

The Warden smiles again more broadly, REVEALING a beau-
tiful set of teeth.

DISSOLVE TO:

23 EXT. PRISON YARD - A FEW MONTHS LATER - DAY

It's the midday exercise period. As we TRACK THROUGH
the milling groups of prisoners, one maniacal pacer
CATCHES the CAMERA'S EYE, and we MOVE TOWARD him. CLOSER,
we realize it's Winslow, but almost beyond recognition.
His beautiful blond hair has been shaved off, his mouth
makes ominous clicks from the chattering of his shiny
set of stainless steel false teeth, and his body is
ghostly lean.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

His sunken eyes gleam with a rage that takes all of his will power to contain. But this delicate balance is upset by a SOUND Winslow hears coming from a portable RADIO that a Guard holds to his ear in the tower overlooking toward the yard. Winslow abruptly stops pacing and moves toward the sound. He looks up at the radio the Guard holds in his hands to make certain that the sound comes from it and not the fermenting madness in his own mind. Yes, the sound does come from the radio -- it's Winslow's song (Pop song -- Juicy Fruits' version -- 4), mutilated almost beyond recognition by the Juicy Fruits.

DISC JOCKEY

(over radio; cutting
in at end of song)

That was for Jan, Marie, Freddy,
Harry, Connie, Debby and all the
kids at Shapiro's Pizza Parlor.
Well, Spectre has another golden
disc to hang on his wall! his
fabulous group, The Juicy Fruits,
on the Death label, have taken
the charts by storm. And get this,
kids, pretty soon you can see the
Juicy Fruits live at the grand
opening of Paradise.

WINSLOW

(in a crazed
whisper)

Never!

DISC JOCKEY

That right! Dorian's rock palace
is scheduled to open at last!

WINSLOW

(louder)

Never!

DISC JOCKEY

And with this dynamic sound! So
let's hear it again.

WINSLOW

(shrieking now)

NEVER!

At the SOUND of the FIRST MANGLED NOTE, Winslow goes mad. He scales the prison tower wall, oblivious to the BULLETS WHIZZING past him.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: (2)

He grabs the radio away from the Guard and brains him with it -- still that obscene sound (not to mention the Guard). He leaps over the prison wall and escapes into the woods.

DISSOLVE TO:

24 INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE DEATH RECORDS - DAY

Winslow smashes through the door, picks up the two guards, one at a time, and heaves them against the door leading to the reception area. The second one goes right through it. Winslow stalks through, grabs the Receptionist by the throat.

WINSLOW

Where's Dorian?!

RECEPTIONIST

(hysterical)

He's not here. You're hurting me.

WINSLOW

Where is he?

RECEPTIONIST

At the Paradise -- he's personally supervising the opening.

WINSLOW

Never!

He drops her to the floor as suddenly as he grabbed her and races out of the office..

25 NEW SCENE

We next FOLLOW Winslow on a mad rampage of record stores where he destroys every copy of "All Day Sucker" he can lay his hands on.

At each destruction he is pursued by increasing numbers of police.

DISSOLVE TO:

26 EXT. DEATH RECORDS (THE RECORD PRODUCING PLANT ON THE RIVER) - NIGHT

Winslow smashes a window and slips inside.

27 INT. DEATH RECORDS - NIGHT

Through the WAIL of approaching police SIRENS, Winslow creeps toward the master disc-processing machine. He shudders as he witnesses copy after copy of "All Day Sucker" pressed out right before him. His eyes gleaming with mad pleasure, he straps a bundle of dynamite to the monstrous machine. His task is almost finished when a NIGHT WATCHMAN comes upon him.

NIGHT WATCHMAN

Hey, you! What are you doing over there?!

To avoid discovery, Winslow ducks, catching his head in the record press. His screams of pain are brutally cut short as his vocal chords are maimed under the terrible heat and pressure. When the press reopens, Winslow is dumb and the left side of his face is grotesquely scarred by the impression of a 45. Half mad with pain, he stumbles into the night.

28 EXT. DEATH RECORDS - NIGHT

Winslow finds himself surrounded by police cars. He races away from them toward the river. The police take up the pursuit. On foot.

29 EXT. PIER - NIGHT

Winslow races to the end of the pier and leaps off into the river. The police FIRE after him, raking the water with a hail of bullets.

CAPTAIN

(shouting to the
firing policemen)

Hold your fire!

The policemen stop firing. The CAPTAIN waves to a police car with a searchlight mounted on the side. The car moves up to the end of the pier. The policeman in the car pans the searchlight across the water. There is no sign of Winslow.

CUT TO:

30 CLOSEUP - SPINNING NEWS HEADLINE

MAD TUNESMITH BITES BULLET

*epidural
optical*

Rock composer Winslow Leach assaulted a guard and escaped from prison last night. After vandalizing record stores, Leach was finally cornered at the end of Pier 53 on the East River. Refusing to give himself up, he leaped into the river. His body was not recovered.

DISSOLVE TO:

31 CLOSEUP - SPINNING NEWS HEADLINE

DORIAN OPENS PARADISE
WITH JUICY FRUITS

32

BLACKNESS

31A cut - Paradise - Night
Phantom puts on mask
Live... buying tickets

A flashlight is switched on, REVEALING the interior of a car trunk.

DISSOLVE TO:

33 INT. CAR TRUNK - DAY

The flashlight is pointed at ten sticks of dynamite wrapped tightly together. A time detonator is set for five minutes by a black-gloved hand. As we HEAR the TIME BOMB BEGIN TO TICK, the SCREEN SPLITS to REVEAL the JUICY FRUITS on the Paradise stage going into their finale. THROUGHOUT THIS SEQUENCE, which ends with the bomb's explosion, the RIGHT SIDE OF THE SPLIT SCREEN continues the Juicy Fruits' performance.

The trunk is opened, the Phantom gets out, leaving the time bomb inside. We PULL BACK over the shoulder of the Phantom as he hears the sound of approaching Stagehands. He quickly closes the trunk and EXITS FRAME LEFT before the Stagehands see him. We CRANE UP AND OVER now as the Stagehands COME INTO FRAME.

STAGEHAND ONE

Hurry up. We've only got a few minutes.

STAGEHAND TWO

What's your rush? We're on overtime, aren't we?

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

STAGEHAND ONE
(getting behind the
wheel and starting
the car up)

Sure. Sure. But we've got to
get this heap on stage before
the number's over. The timing's
got to be perfect for tonight.
So let's get moving.

STAGEHAND TWO
Okay. Okay.
(he gets in the car)
You sure this thing runs?

STAGEHAND ONE
(having difficulty
getting the car
started)
I don't know.

The engine finally turns over.

STAGEHAND ONE
(continuing)
This is our lucky day.

We TRACK WITH the Packard as it is driven around the
back of the Paradise and onto a large freight elevator.

34 INT. FREIGHT ELEVATOR - NIGHT

The car with the two Stagehands moves up to the stage
floor.

35 INT. BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

The freight elevator stops on the stage level. Philbin
rushes over.

PHILBIN
Cut that engine!

Stagehand One switches off the engine. Philbin waves
over some more Stagehands.

PHILBIN
Let's get this thing moving.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

The other Stagehands rush around to the rear of the car and push it off the elevator, and onto the stage floor. They move into the wings; PANNING UP PAST it we SEE the Juicy Fruits in the midst of their act. One of the Juicy Fruits is sneaking off stage. Philbin grabs him, pinning him down on the trunk of the car.

PHILBIN

Where do you think you're going?

JUICY FRUIT ONE

I got to get out of here.

PHILBIN

What are you talking about?

JUICY FRUIT ONE

What sign are you?

PHILBIN

Will you knock that stuff off.

JUICY FRUIT ONE

(insistent)

What sign are you?

PHILBIN

Taurus. So what?

JUICY FRUIT ONE

Well you're all right. I got to get out of here.

He tries to get out of Philbin's grasp. He doesn't succeed.

PHILBIN

You're going nowhere but straight back on that stage and finish the rehearsal.

JUICY FRUIT ONE

I can't. I can't.

PHILBIN

Why not?

JUICY FRUIT ONE

I'm not to ride any cars today.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED: (2)

PHILBIN

Why not?

JUICY FRUIT ONE

That's what my horoscope said.
'Don't ride in cars.' I swear
to God.

PHILBIN

You see Dorian sitting up in
that box there?

Philbin points through the curtains. They part enough
to show Dorian sitting alone.

PHILBIN

(continuing)

He don't show it or nothing, but
I bet right now he's wondering
what happened to you. And if
you're not back on stage in five
seconds he's gonna come to me
down here and I'm going to have
to tell him that it's not in the
stars for you to ride off the
stage in this car. Do you really
want me to tell him that?

JUICY FRUIT ONE

I don't feel well.

PHILBIN

You'll feel a lot worse if you
don't get back out there.

JUICY FRUIT ONE

But I got a headache. I keep
hearing this ticking...

Philbin leans back toward the stage, and away from the
car.

PHILBIN

Just opening night nerves.
(pulling out a bottle
of pills)
Here, take one of these.

(CONTINUED)

35. CONTINUED: (3)

 JUICY FRUIT ONE
 (popping the pill)
I shouldn't do this.

 PHILBIN
You'll be okay.

 JUICY FRUIT ONE
 (moving back onstage)
Yeah, maybe you're right. The
ticking's gone away already.

Philbin shakes his head and walks back past the car, up a staircase, down a hallway, to a dressing room door. He pushes it open to REVEAL a dressing room filled with girls dressed as Fifties teenagers.

 PHILBIN
C'mon, girls. You got ten
seconds to get downstairs.

 GIRLS
Okay, okay.
 (they shout)

And finish touching up their makeup and follow Philbin out the door, back down the hall, and over to the staircase. The MOVING CAMERA STOPS FOR A SECOND AND MOVES THROUGH the faces of the chattering Girls, TO a crack in the wall.

We MOVE CLOSE to the crack to SEE a single eye behind the wall, watching the car. It quickly moves away as though sensing our presence and we PULL BACK AND TRACK DOWN as the Girls go down the stairs and over to the car. One of the Girls starts it up as the others pile in.

They drive the car on stage and wave the Juicy Fruits over to it. We PAN OVER, UP to Dorian as he watches the act's finish.

The Juicy Fruits jump into the car and drive off stage. The car stops in the wings and the Girls and the Juicy Fruits get out. Just as they walk away from it, the car EXPLODES.

36 INT. DORIAN'S BOX - NIGHT

Dorian looks down at the burning car as the curtain catches fire.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

He looks down at Philbin and then up at the cavernous ceiling.

DISSOLVE TO:

37 INT. STAGE - PARADISE - DAY

Dorian looks at his wrecked car and burnt curtain.
Philbin crosses over to him from the wings.

PHILBIN

Let's get out of here.

DORIAN

I have an appointment.

PHILBIN

Well, I'll drop you off. Where is it?

DORIAN

Here.

PHILBIN

Here?

DORIAN

That's right, and I want to be alone.

PHILBIN

(knowing when not
to ask questions)

I conned the police into thinking the exploding car was part of the act. They want you to drop it. It's a fire hazard. I told them we would. It will take a week to replace the curtain and fix the damage backstage.

DORIAN

A week?

PHILBIN

That's what they said, so we open next Friday instead of tonight.

(CONTINUED)

37. CONTINUED:

DORIAN

(intense)

It must be no later!

(beat)

I want to be alone now.

PHILBIN

Now don't let it get you down,
boss. This business lived through
Altamont and it will live through
this. You sure you don't want
me...

Dorian shakes his head.

PHILBIN

(continuing)

Okay. I'll see you tomorrow.

Philbin leaves. When Dorian is sure he's alone, he
looks up into the darkened theater and speaks.

DORIAN

Winslow.

(no response)

Winslow, I know you're up there.

I think it's time we talked.

Suddenly a sandbag CRASHES to the floor at Dorian's
feet. Dorian slowly looks down at it and then back
up into the darkness.

DORIAN

(continuing)

There's been enough mischief.

Let's talk now.

A baton CRASHES down, missing Dorian's head by inches.

DORIAN

(continuing)

If you won't talk to me I'm going
to leave.

Dorian starts to walk off stage but is stopped by the
THUNDEROUS COLLAPSE of the wings he's approaching. He
turns and walks in the opposite direction, but his path
is blocked by the collapse of those wings. He turns
once again and heads for the apron of the stage.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED: (2)

The baton holding the curtain falls down before him. He turns once again and heads toward the rear of the stage, but the whole cyclorama falls toward him. He quickly steps back, avoiding certain death. Suddenly swinging down from the catwalk is Winslow -- caped and masked. He leaps before Dorian, brandishing a knife at his throat.

DORIAN

(continuing)

Why, Winslow, how good of you to come.

Inarticulate noises of rage escape from Winslow's mangled lips. He presses the knife against Dorian's throat.

DORIAN

(continuing)

Killing me won't help you.

Dorian rips Winslow's mask off.

DORIAN

(continuing)

My God, you're horrible!

Winslow drops the knife as he covers his face with his hands. Dorian picks up a piece of glass from the rubble and holds it before Winslow.

DORIAN

(continuing)

Here, take a look for yourself.

Winslow, confronted with his own monstrous reflection, backs away in terror. Dorian moves the mirror closer to him.

DORIAN

(continuing)

Look at yourself.

Winslow grabs the glass and throws it to the floor. It SHATTERS. Each separate fragment containing the monster Winslow's become. Winslow collapses to the floor in an agony of grief and self-loathing.

DORIAN

(continuing)

What's the awful sound you're making? Can't you talk?

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED: (3)

Winslow shakes his head "no." Dorian thinks for a second, then looks down at Winslow sternly.

DORIAN

(continuing)

Look around you, Winslow. You can do nothing but destroy. You've destroyed your face, your voice, and now the Paradise. Haven't we all had enough?

(beat)

I can give you the power to create again. I can make you somebody.

Winslow shakes his head.

DORIAN

(continuing)

Yes, Winslow. I mean what I say. We're going to have to start all over again. But this time working together -- not against each other. The time for your sound is here. People are going to want to hear your songs now.

Winslow backs away into the darkness.

DORIAN

(continuing)

You don't have to make your mind up now. Tomorrow I'm going to start to put together a whole new group. A group who'll sing your songs your way. You don't have to believe what I say, just come to the audition and see for yourself. Trust me.

Winslow's gone and Dorian is again alone, speaking to the empty dark theatre.

DORIAN

(continuing)

Trust me.

DISSOLVE TO:

38 INT. DORIAN'S BOX OVERLOOKING THE PARADISE STAGE - DAY
It's the next day.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

Winslow (masked again) and Dorian watch as Philbin, on the stage below, auditions girls for the new group. Winslow recognizes Phoenix as she walks out of the group of girls and onto the stage.

PHILBIN

What's your name, honey?

PHOENIX

Phoenix.

PHILBIN

Okay, Phoenix, let's see what you got.

PHOENIX

Do I get to sing this time?

PHILBIN

(sarcastically)

You're really a singer?

PHOENIX

Yes, I'm a singer.

PHILBIN

Well, try to forget that. We're not looking for a singer. We're looking for a screamer.

PHOENIX

(with icy determination)

I'm not a screamer -- I'm a singer!

Dorian notices Winslow's interest in Phoenix.

DORIAN

Phoenix! This is Dorian. I want you to answer a question for me.

PHOENIX

(looking up at him)

Yes.

DORIAN

Why do you want to sing?

PHOENIX

Why do you want to live?

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED: (2)

DORIAN
Because I must.

PHOENIX
Me, too.
(beat)

DORIAN
What would you give me to sing?

PHOENIX
(answering the unseen
voice)
Anything you wanted!

DORIAN
Would you give me your voice?

PHOENIX
Yes! Yes! Do you want it?

DORIAN
Try me.

Dorian signals the musicians to play. The SOUND of Winslow's cantata FILLS THE AUDITORIUM. Phoenix closes her eyes and begins to sing. She is fantastic.

Dorian turns to Winslow.

DORIAN
She's good, isn't she?

Winslow nods "yes."

DORIAN
(continuing)
Then let's talk.

CUT TO:

39 INT. RECORDING STUDIO - NIGHT

Winslow plays the piano and sings voicelessly in the studio. A wire from his throat is connected to the recording console. Dorian is making adjustments on an electronic voice he's creating for Winslow.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

SWAN
More treble. Uh huh.

We begin to HEAR Winston's singing.

SWAN
(continuing)
Needs a filter. Where's the
filter?

Dorian makes a few more adjustments; he is creating Winslow's voice the way he creates the sound on his records. He adjusts it to sound exactly like his own.

SWAN
(continuing)
How's that? Try it. Perfect!

Winston sings some more while Dorian exits the control booth and goes over to Winslow at the piano. He pulls at the connection to the console and plugs it into a small voice box Winslow wears around his neck.

WINSLOW
(rasping)
Phoenix.

SWAN
You really want to write music
for her.

WINSLOW
Yes -- she must be my voice now.

SWAN
Well at least you can talk with
this. You can plug yourself into
the console for singing.
(beat)
You really think she's that good?

WINSLOW
She's too good for you.

SWAN
I'll hire her anyway.

WINSLOW
She could be my voice now.

SWAN
Is she?

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED: (2)

WINSLOW

Yes.

SWAN

Then let's get down to business.
Let's stop terrorizing the
Paradise and rewrite your cantata
for Phoenix. Then we both get
what we want. You get your
cantata sung by the right singer,
and I open Paradise.

WINSLOW

Rewrite my cantata?

SWAN

And we have no time to waste.
Just one week. You must lock
yourself up here and do nothing
but write until it's finished.
Isn't that exciting?

WINSLOW

(thinking)

I could write again for her.

SWAN

Yes. It will be performed here,
live. And Phoenix will sing the
lead.

WINSLOW

(tempted)

My cantata. For her. Alone.

SWAN

I'll get fantastic musicians, the
hall has great acoustics. It
could sound...

Swan shakes his head, unable to find a superlative strong
enough. Winslow is tempted beyond his powers of hatred
and resistance.

WINSLOW

I don't trust you, Swan. You've
ruined my music before.

SWAN

Forget about the Juicy Fruits.
They're over, dead. Who wants
nostalgia anymore!

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED: (3)

WINSLOW

I don't trust you.

SWAN

(soothingly)

You don't have to. Here's a contract. Everything I said and more is in here.

Swan produces a huge mound of paper.

WINSLOW

I'll read it.

SWAN

Sure, go ahead.

Winslow tries to read the contract but it is almost impossible to do. He asks the meaning of a few incomprehensible legalistic phrases, and every time Swan's answer is the same.

WINSLOW

'Then I give them full power to do with me at their pleasure, to rule, to send, to fetch, or carry me or mine, be it either body, soul, flesh, blood...' What does that mean?

SWAN

That's just a transportation clause.

WINSLOW

'All articles which are excluded, shall be deemed included'... What is this?

SWAN

That's just a clause to protect you, Winslow.

Finally, as it becomes apparent to Winslow that he'll never fathom the document...

SWAN

(continuing)

Anyway, what difference does it make? What choice do you have?

(CONTINUED)

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39 CONTINUED: (4)

WINSLOW
(realizing he has
none, picks up
the pen)
I'll rewrite the cantata, but
you'd best play what I write.

Winslow starts to sign.

DORIAN
Ink isn't worth anything to me,
Winslow.

Winslow looks up. Dorian jabs Winslow's hand with the
pen and squeezes blood onto the contract.

DORIAN
(continuing)
Now sign.

Winslow scrawls his name in blood. Dorian takes the
pen from him and pricks his own finger. On the same
page he signs his name in blood, too.

DORIAN
(continuing)
Now we're in business... together
... forever...

40 INT. RECORDING STUDIO - DAY

Winslow works feverishly at the piano recomposing his
cantata for Phoenix (Beauty and the Beast -- song 7).

40A INT. PARADISE LOBBY - DAY

Swan (Dorian) making sure he's alone, opens a secret
mirror mounted on the wall. He steps behind it and
disappears as the mirror slips into place behind him.

41 INT. SECRET VIDEO TAPE ROOM - DAY

Swan (Dorian) enters the room stepping through a framed
doorway labeled "portrait of Swan." The room is filled
with racks of video tape, all individually dated, going
back twenty years.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

Swan (Dorian) passes a panel of monitors that recorded Swan's (Dorian's) every move. (On one of the monitor screens is a picture of Swan [Dorian] at the monitor control panel.) And stops before a large video tape recorder. He pushes "rewire" and the machine complies. Then he pushes play. (SWAN)

CUT TO:

41A CLOSE SHOT - SWAN'S (DORIAN'S) FACE

as he watches the video tape playback of his portrait from the day before.

We HEAR the SOUND of Winslow SCRAWLING his name in blood.

SWAN (V.O.)

Now we're in business... together
... forever...

For the first time, we SEE Swan (Dorian) without his cool. In fact he's sweating. There's something up there on the monitor he finds almost unbearable to watch. It's excruciating. Yet his eyes never stray from the monitor until the tape ends. Swan (Dorian) remains in his seat -- Finally he stands up and snaps off the machine.

-41 CONTINUED:

There's something up there on the monitor he finds almost unbearable to watch. It's excruciating. Yet his eyes never stray from the monitor until the tape ends and the lights come up. Dorian remains in his seat -- immobilized.

ENGINEER'S VOICE
(over intercom).
Same time tomorrow?

DORIAN
(weakly)
Yes.

42 INT. RECORDING STUDIO - DAY

Winslow works at the organ. Dorian enters the room, carrying a tray of food. He puts it down on a table near Winslow, picks up the music Winslow has finished recomposing, and exits. Winslow never looks up from the organ.

43 INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE RECORDING STUDIO - DAY

Dorian comes out of the door carrying the music. TWO SECURITY GUARDS are waiting for him.

DORIAN
No one goes in or out of this room
but me.

SECURITY GUARD ONE
No, sir.

Dorian proceeds down the hall. The Security Guards lock and bolt the recording room door.

44 INT. DORIAN'S OFFICE - DAY (A FEW DAYS LATER)

Dorian and Philbin are in conference. A series of auditions for Dorian. The last singer is Captain

PHILBIN
I got her for a song. She would
have signed anything I stuck under
her nose.
(MORE)

44 CONTINUED:

PHILBIN (CONT'D)

(imitating Phoenix)

'Just let me sing -- that's all I care about.' Bullshit! As soon as she gets the smell of the crowd in that stuck-up nose of hers, she'll be impossible.

DORIAN

You're right. She's not ready. The things you really want don't come easy. You have to make certain 'sacrifices.'

PHILBIN

But I thought you liked her?

DORIAN

I do. She's perfect and you know how I abhor perfection in anyone but myself.

PHILBIN

(a confused 'yes' man)

You're right, boss.

DORIAN

There's only room for one beauty in Paradise. A single rose blooming in a field of garbage. Now, take yourself, Philbin, my closest companion. I believe you were once described by the press as the manager with a face like a manhole cover.

PHILBIN

You're damn right. I was born on the south side of Chicago. My father was a drunk. My mother worked herself to...

DORIAN

(cruelly cutting off his sad story)

Later, Philbin. I've been thinking that we need a tough male voice to sing this cantata. Phoenix is too fine.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED: (2)

PHILBIN
(his feelings still
hurt)
Phoenix is out?

DORIAN
Not out -- just a back up singer.
(looking at Beef)
This cantata needs something
really heavy.

45 EXT. AIRPORT - DAY

A group of REPORTERS are clustered at the foot of a
boarding ramp in front of Swan's private jet.

PHOTOGRAPHER
(indicating Swan's
eternally present
TV crew)
Why do they get to shoot Swan and
we can't even take a picture of him?

PHILBIN
They have the exclusive rights to
Swan's life.

REPORTER
Where's he coming in from?

PHILBIN
Transylvania...
(shaking his head)
My boss -- he'll go anywhere for
a new sound. Hey, keep it down,
here he comes.

SWAN
(opening the airplane
door at the top of
the ramp)
I want to tell you about our latest
work. It's an opera -- kind of pop
cantata. It's written by the late
Winslow Leach. It tells the story
of a kid who sells his soul to the
devil to become a pop star. It
will be the first rock version of
'Faust.'

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

REPORTERS

Far out... far fucking out.

SWAN

And we're going to record it here
at the Paradise, this Friday night,
live, on the Death label.

HIP REPORTER

Who's singing it? The Juicy
Fruits??

SWAN

They're over, man. Past, gone.
(opening the coffin
behind him to reveal
Beef)

Here's the future... Beef.

The Reporters begin scribbling madly.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Hey, Swan, why can't we take your
picture??

Swan's expression darkens.

SWAN

(coolly)
Film doesn't do me justice.

DISSOLVE TO:

46 INT. RECORDING STUDIO - DAY

Swan enters, carrying a high-protein pill case. Winslow
is slumped over the organ in an exhausted sleep. Swan
puts down the case and wakens Winslow.

SWAN

Wake up, Winslow.

Winslow slowly opens his eyes.

WINSLOW

What day is it?

SWAN

Thursday. How much is left to do?

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED:

Winslow, still groggy, goes through the stack of music piled up on the piano.

WINSLOW

Let me see... I was just doing...
oh, here it is. I just have the
wedding scene to do and then it's
finished.

SWAN

It must be done by tomorrow.

WINSLOW

Don't worry. I'll finish it.
How's Phoenix doing? I just can't
wait to hear her sing this.

SWAN

She's just doing fine... she can't
wait to meet you. Tomorrow's a
big day.

WINSLOW

(wistfully)

Yes... tomorrow...

Swan picks up the stack of completed music and exits.

47 INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE OF RECORDING STUDIO - DAY

Dorian comes out the recording studio door. The Security
Guards lock it behind him. As Dorian walks down the
hallway, we NOTICE a large stack of bricks.

48 INT. PARADISE STAGE - DAY

Captain Beef and the Heavies are rehearsing for Philbin
and Swan (Dorian). Phoenix sings with the other back-up
girls. Captain Beef is having great difficulty singing
the music before him and finally, in a fit of temperament,
he slams the guitar to the floor.

CAPTAIN BEEF

You better get yourself a castrato
for this because it's a little out
of my range.

SWAN (DORIAN)

Something bothering you, Beef?

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

CAPTAIN BEEF

This was written for a chick, and
I'm not singing it in drag.

SWAN (DORIAN)

You know you can sing it better
than any bitch.

The Heavies laugh and begin to sing falsetto, with
Captain Beef taking the lead.

CAPTAIN BEEF

Is that so? You don't know how
right you are, Tub-bo. Hit it,
boys.

Beef sings.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

He finishes a few bars.

CAPTAIN BEEF

(continuing)

Well, maybe so -- cut a line here, drop it an octave there. Put a little beat into it. Who says I can't sing it?

SWAN (DORIAN)

I like it. But work on it some more -- until you make it completely yours.

Swan (Dorian) leaves.

CAPTAIN BEEF

Far out. But doesn't that kinda change the whole thing?

PHILBIN

You heard what he said. Make it yours! As long as the sound is good, no one is going to care what it's about.

CAPTAIN BEEF

Oh yeah.

PHILBIN

No one cares what anything's about.

CAPTAIN BEEF

Is that so?

PHILBIN

And who the hell listens to lyrics anyway?

CAPTAIN BEEF

Dry up! Stringbean.

CUT TO:

49 INT. RECORDING STUDIO - CLOSEUP - SHEET MUSIC ON ORGAN
MUSIC RACK - MORNING

We READ Winslow writing in (after the last bar of music)
"THE END."

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

We PULL BACK TO SEE Winslow asleep, his head resting on the organ keys. We PAN AWAY TO SEE Dorian, carrying a case, enter the room. He crosses over to the organ, takes the music out of the music rack (careful not to waken Winslow), opens the case (it contains Winslow's opening night clothes), and exits.

50 INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE RECORDING STUDIO - MORNING

Dorian comes out of the door to the recording studio. The two Security Guards lock it behind him.

(CONTINUED)

50

CONTINUED:

He starts down the hall, stopping before two bricklayers who are mixing fresh cement.

DORIAN
(pointing to the
recording studio
door)

Seal it!

DISSOLVE TO:

51

INT. RECORDING STUDIO - EVENING

Winslow wakes up. He shakes his head and looks at his watch. It reads 6 P.M.

WINSLOW

Oh my God!

Winslow jumps up and heads for the door. He stops, remembers something, rushes back to the music rack, and discovers the music is gone.

WINSLOW
(continuing; to
himself)

Must have gotten it when I was
asleep.

Winslow races back to the recording room door and opens it. He finds himself faced with a solid brick wall.

52

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE OF RECORDING STUDIO - EVENING

The two Security Guards are shocked to their feet by a horrible scream from behind the brick wall.

53

INT. FILLMORE - EVENING

The Heavies, rehearsing the finale, are stopped dead by Winslow's shriek. Philbin, ~~Grabbed for the recent 1300~~ jumps to his feet.

PHILBIN

What the hell was that?

CAPTAIN BEEF

I don't know, man, but this place
ain't safe.

What was that?

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED:

PHILBIN

Just keep working. I'll take care of this.

CAPTAIN BEEF

I knew I shouldn't be screwing around with a dead man's songs. This place is possessed!

There's a tremendous CRASH, followed by a SERIES OF SHOTS.

CAPTAIN BEEF

(continuing)

Let me out of here.

PHILBIN

Will you stop that nonsense. You hear a little crash and you want to split.

CAPTAIN BEEF

That ain't no little crash. That's something trying to get out of its premature grave. And I don't want to be here when it does.

PHILBIN

Well, if you're so goddamn uptight, why don't you go to your dressing room and cool off.

CAPTAIN BEEF

My pleasure...

54 INT. STAIRS TO BASEMENT - NIGHT

Philbin walks downstairs to cellar.

55 INT. CELLAR - NIGHT

Philbin walks through cellar.

56 INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE RECORDING STUDIO - NIGHT

Philbin is stopped dead by the sight before him. Protruding through the brick wall that seals the recording studio door is an organ. It looks as though it were used like a battering ram.

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED:

And lying unconscious on the floor before the organ are the two Security Guards. Philbin cautiously walks over to the hole in the wall and peers inside the recording studio. It's empty.

57 EXT./INT. PARADISE LOBBY - NIGHT

Philbin is on the lobby phone to Dorian. Passing before him are hundreds of kids holding tickets for opening night. There's so much NOISE Philbin has to shout into the phone.

PHILBIN

(nervous)

It's a mob scene. I don't know what to do.

DORIAN (V.O.)

What's the matter, Philbin, you don't sound right.

PHILBIN

We got a problem.

DORIAN (V.O.)

What problem?

PHILBIN

Another accident. Except it don't look like an accident.

DORIAN (V.O.)

What do you mean?

PHILBIN

A piano through a brick wall and the security men are in the hospital -- that's what I mean.

DORIAN (V.O.)

What?

PHILBIN

There's only one freak that has the muscle to do that and he's dead, isn't he?

SWAN (DORIAN) (V.O.)

I'm worried about you, Philbin.

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED:

PHILBIN

If you want my opinion we should
close this place down and find
out what the hell is going on.

DORIAN (V.O.)

(with grim determination)
Paradise must open tonight.

PHILBIN

Okay. I told you what I thought.
Now you tell me what to do.

DORIAN (V.O.)

Hire more security guards.

PHILBIN

Right.

DORIAN (V.O.)

I'll be right over.

57A INT. PARADISE LOBBY - NIGHT

Swan comes out of secret mirror -- Phantom sees him.

58 INT. PARADISE - NIGHT (MONTAGE)

Philbin, leading a troop of fifty security guards, search the Paradise from the sub-basements to the roof. They find nothing. Philbin stations security guards in the hallways, dressing rooms, orchestra pit, balcony, grand foyer, mezzanine foyer, maze, etc. -- in every conceivable location to secure the Paradise. The guards wear crash helmets, clubs, guns, and two-way radios.

59 INT. BASEMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

Philbin and the three remaining guards walk down a dark hallway leading to the orchestra pit. The last guard in line is rather tall and as he turns a corner a black silken noose falls down around his neck and before he can scream out he's pulled by the noose, up into the air, and is left dangling until he's strangled into unconsciousness. The noose is released and he is dropped to the floor. Winslow drops from the ceiling and quickly strips the security guard and disguises himself in the guard's clothes. He runs to catch up with the other security guards.

DISSOLVE TO:

60 INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE CAPTAIN BEEF'S DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

Dorian and Philbin and the tall security guard (the disguised Winslow) stop in front of Captain Beef's dressing room door.

PHILBIN

(to Winslow)

Okay, you stay here and nobody,
and that means nobody, gets by
you unless you get my okay.

Winslow nods. Philbin knocks on Beef's door.

CAPTAIN BEEF (O.S.)

(he stops singing)

What is it?

PHILBIN

You're on in an hour.

CAPTAIN BEEF (O.S.)

How time flies.

PHILBIN

That's right... so get moving.

CAPTAIN BEEF (O.S.)

Did you catch that thing?

Philbin shakes his head at Winslow.

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED:

PHILBIN

(whispering to
Winslow)This is the kind of shit I have
to put up with.

(louder, to Beef)

What thing?

CAPTAIN BEEF (O.S.)

A thing! A ghost! A phantom --
that's what it is! The phantom
of the opera.

PHILBIN

(improvising)

Look, Beef, it was just a couple of
stagehands were moving the organ
out of the recording studio upstairs.
It slipping and landed right on one
of the guys' big toes. He let out
such a howl they dropped the whole
thing. You should have seen the
mess.

CAPTAIN BEEF (O.S.)

Didn't sound like no moving man
to me -- that cry was unnatural.

PHILBIN

Will you cut the shit and get
dressed. I'll be back in twenty
minutes.(whispering to
Winslow)Make sure that he doesn't go
anywhere.Winslow nods. Philbin exits down the hall. Winslow
turns, reaching out for the doorknob to Captain Beef's
dressing room.

CUT TO:

61 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Beef, naked, goes to the sink, runs the cold water, and
takes a hard look at himself in the mirror.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED:

CAPTAIN BEEF

I couldn't read my horoscope today.
I couldn't even read it!

He shakes his head, takes out pills, and washes them down with a glass of cold water. He then steps in the running shower, pulls the transparent curtain closed and proceeds to sing again (Audition song - Beef version - 8). Suddenly, as in "Psycho," we SEE a sinister shape through the shower curtain. It moves slowly, closer to the shower as Beef, in the f.g., sings merrily along. The darkened shape stops a few inches from the water-streamed curtain. It raises its hand in which it clutches a long, pedestal-shaped weapon. With a marrow-scraping shriek, it drives the weapon through the curtain, straight for Captain Beef's mouth. His attempts to cry out are instantly cut off as the weapon (now SEEN to be a plumber's helper) glues itself to Beef's gasping lips.

WINSLOW

(in an insane
whisper)

Never sing my music again! Not here! Not anywhere! Do you understand! Never again! My music is for Phoenix. Only she can sing it. Anyone else that tries -- dies!

DISSOLVE TO:

62 INT. CAPTAIN BEEF'S DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

Captain Beef is stuffing his mouth with pills. He wears a scarf around his neck. He's still shaking. There's a KNOCK on the door and Philbin enters.

CAPTAIN BEEF

(urgently)

Listen, man, I need some chemical courage -- if you know what I mean. And let's have some good stuff, this time, some quality. Not this bullshit you've been passing out.

PHILBIN

All right... all right...

(CONTINUED)

62

CONTINUED:

CAPTAIN BEEF
It's not easy to be a teenage
idol.

PHILBIN
(this is an old
story) *Will you go? you'll miss
+ be slow.*
~~You'll get it... after the show.~~

CAPTAIN BEEF
There ain't gonna be a show.

PHILBIN *What?*
Listen you're going on.

CAPTAIN BEEF
Look, Philbin, I'm a professional.
I've been in this business a long
time. If I don't want to do a
show -- it's not because I got
stage fright. It's because some
creature from beyond doesn't want
me to do the show.

PHILBIN
What are you talking about!

CAPTAIN BEEF
~~Listen, Philbin. There really is~~
~~a Phantom and he doesn't want me~~
~~to sing. He came in -- stuck a~~
~~knife to my throat and told me~~
~~himself. He said his music was~~
~~only for Phoenix. Anybody else~~
~~that tries -- dies!~~

Flash
Beef shows Philbin the cut on his neck from the Phantom's
~~knife~~ *punch*'s ~~help~~.

PHILBIN
That's impossible. I got a
guard on your door. Nobody's
been in or out of here but me.

CAPTAIN BEEF
All I know is that he was in here
threatening my life. I tell you
this place is spooked, man.

PHILBIN
Bullshit! How did that really
happen?

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED: (2)

CAPTAIN BEEF

Can't you feel the vibes in your own house? Bad, man, real bad. The bad karma is so thick around here, you need a fucking aqua lung to breathe. *Look real's deed!*

PHILBIN

I know what this all is!

CAPTAIN BEEF

Speed? What do you know about it, man? What?

PHILBIN

Speed.

CAPTAIN BEEF

I take the stuff. You just pass it out. I know real real from speed real.

PHILBIN

(handing him a capsule)

Do me a favor... Here, take this.

CAPTAIN BEEF

(protesting)

Naw, that'll bring me down.

PHILBIN

(exasperated)

Let me tell you something, my friend. You better come down. And pull yourself together.

This is your opening night. *and you're going to be on that stage!*
(eyeing Beef's slightly cut throat)

Can you still sing?

CAPTAIN BEEF

(sniffing suggestively)

Sure I can still sing -- but I'd sing a hell of a lot better if I had some of that miracle white powder -- you know -- those pretty white crystals. How about that?

PHILBIN

Can you sing?

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED: (3)

Beef sings a line or two.

PHILBIN

(continuing;
satisfied)

Fine. ~~Get ready~~ let's go.

CAPTAIN BEEF

What about the...

63 INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE BEEF'S DRESSING ROOM

Philbin and Beef come out the door. Philbin notices that the guard isn't there but doesn't say anything about it.

64 INT. PARADISE - BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

Philbin leads Beef to the stage floor. The SOUND of the restless CROWD can be HEARD through the curtains. The rest of the Heavies, including Phoenix and two other chorus girls, are waiting. The Stagehands pick up Beef and place him on a large, expressionistic operating table. They cover him up with a white sheet. After checking to see if everyone's in place, Philbin exits into the wings and signals the Stage Manager to raise the curtain.

65 INT. MAIN AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

The audience quiets down as the curtain rises. The Heavies begin the "beefed-up" version of Winslow's "Faust." But the Faust has been perverted to Frankenstein ("Beauty and Beast" - Heavies' version - 9).

The Heavies wade out into the audience with samurai swords cutting off arms, legs, a trunk, a head, until they assemble on the operating table all the parts of a body to build Frankenstein. (This is the act. The body parts are not real but cut from planted actors in the audience.) The Heavies proceed to sew Frankenstein together. The operation is finished, the table is raised high on the stage and struck with a flash of lightning. The table is then lowered to the stage floor and Frankenstein (played by Captain Beef) rises up, drops the sheet off himself, pulls on an electric guitar and sings ("I Want A Woman" - Beef version). He then seizes a sword from one of the Heavies and strides toward Phoenix.

66 INT. DORIAN'S BOX - NIGHT

Dorian is sitting in his private box. He looks pleased at the mangled version of Faust he's created. Suddenly there's a scream backstage and a tall FIGURE is silhouetted against the set's attic window.

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED:

DORIAN
(worried)
Winslow?

As he utters Winslow's name, there's a violent flash of shorting electric cables from the stage, followed by blackness.

67 ANGLE ON CATWALK - NIGHT

High above, on a catwalk overlooking the stage, a gloved hand overturns the rain machine trough and water cascades to the stage below, drenching Captain Beef. Then the hand shoves the neon lightning bolt through the window. It hits the singing Captain Beef.

68 INT. STAGE - NIGHT

Phoenix watches in horror as Captain Beef begins to glow before her -- his hands spastically vibrating across the electrified strings of his guitar. His hair stands on end and his eyes bulge as he howls. Finally, he collapses to the floor, burnt to a crisp.

69 INT. BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

Philbin, remembering what the Phantom told Beef in the shower, whispers to Phoenix on stage.

PHILBIN
Sing, Phoenix, sing!

PHOENIX
(horrified by the
corpse before her)
What?

PHILBIN
You've got to sing.

PHOENIX
You're crazy!

PHILBIN
Some maniac killed Beef so you
can sing in his place. He's
still out there. Don't disappoint
him or there'll be more bodies.

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED:

PHOENIX

I can't.

Suddenly Phoenix is illuminated by a single spotlight. She freezes in horror. The audience, thinking that Beef's immolation is all part of the act, starts to applaud Phoenix. Philbin whispers frantically to the Heavies.

PHILBIN

Play!

The Heavies play (Old Souls - 11) and Phoenix, terrified by the spotlight that follows her, sings like she's never sung before.

70 INT. GRID - NIGHT

Winslow follows Phoenix with the spotlight. She's singing his song at last! His mad eyes become gentle with love.

71 INT. STAGE - NIGHT

In singing the song, Phoenix has forgotten Beef, the Phantom, everything but the crowd. This is what she's always wanted and now that it's here, Phoenix glories in it. When she's finished the crowd goes mad and she's carried off the stage in triumph.

72 INT. DORIAN'S BOX - NIGHT

Dorian is watching Phoenix triumph. His eyes glisten not with love, but rather a perverse blend of lusts.

73 INT. PHOENIX'S DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

A few minutes after she's left the stage, Phoenix is sitting alone -- tired, confused, but in ecstasy. She looks into the mirror and is struck for the first time by the power of her own beauty. There's a bouquet of roses on the dressing room table. They are deep scarlet, almost black.

Phoenix opens the card with them. It reads: "To my new star," and is signed, "Dorian."

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED:

Suddenly, Dorian is in the room. Phoenix stares at him wide-eyed. He is overwhelmingly, irresistibly beautiful. He crosses to her, puts his hand on her cheek and turns her face up toward his.

DORIAN
(thoughtfully)
Phoenix?

PHOENIX
Yes?

DORIAN
It's a pity about Beef.

PHOENIX
How is he?

DORIAN
Dead. But let's not talk about that. Let's talk about you, Phoenix.

PHOENIX
Yes.

DORIAN
I like your name. We won't have to change it. You're going to be a very big star, Phoenix. We'll start recording tomorrow and then we'll go on tour and then...

(his voice trails off)
... Well, there are no words to express what you are going to become.

PHOENIX
I will become whatever you want. I owe you everything I am. Just give me that crowd again.

DORIAN
All I want is your voice.

PHOENIX
(seductively)
Is that all?

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED: (2)

DORIAN

(smiles)

No. We'll go to my place and celebrate. I'll wait for you in the car.

Dorian exits. Phoenix freshens her makeup, combs her hair and follows after him. In the chaos and confusion outside her dressing room door, Winslow slips next to Phoenix, takes her by the hand (indicating that he is one of Dorian's security guards sent to lead her to the press conference). Phoenix follows him, not suspecting the true identity of the helmeted figure until they step into an elevator and he pushes the button labelled "Bell Tower."

74 INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

PHOENIX

Why are we going up? Dorian's outside.

Winslow is motionless.

PHOENIX

(continuing)

Who are you?

Winslow takes off the crash helmet, revealing his masked face, and writes "The Phantom" across the elevator wall.

PHOENIX

(continuing)

Then you did kill...

The last word of the sentence gets caught in her throat. Phoenix is struck dumb with the realization that she's trapped in an elevator with Captain Beef's murderer!

Winslow, knowing what she intended to ask, nods again.

PHOENIX

(continuing)

But who are you?

75 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE PARADISE - NIGHT

The performance is over, but the audience refuses to leave. The crowd around the stage door continues to grow.

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED:

Dorian manages to reach his limousine; we SEE him enter and close the door. The windows are of reddish smoked glass to prevent picture taking. Philbin remains at the stage entrance, communicating with Dorian by a two-way radio. An ambulance pulls up at the curb, and two stretcher bearers get out and trot into the building.

PHILBIN
(to Reporters)
She'll be out any minute now.

REPORTERS
(simultaneously)
Can we take pictures?
Hey, Philbin, how is Captain Beef,
how serious is it?
What's going to happen to the
Heavies now that he's dead?
Is he dead?

PHILBIN
Everything is under control.

REPORTERS
Yeah?
We heard a rumor that Beef was
threatened.
Yeah. He said the place was
spooked by some phantom.
Who's next, Philbin?

PHILBIN
You guys are a bunch of vultures.

REPORTERS
Speaking of birds, where's Phoenix?

~~76 INT. PARADISE - STAIRWAY TO BELL TOWER - NIGHT~~

Phoenix and Winslow emerge in the open air at the top of the Paradise, high above the city. Winslow drags Phoenix to the edge. She thinks he intends to throw her over.

PHOENIX
No.

WINSLOW
Look down.

As Phoenix obeys, she sees the stretcher bearers carrying a body, a white sheet drawn over the face.

(CONTINUED)

76 EXT. PARADISE FIRE ESCAPE - NIGHT

The door opens and Winslow drags Phoenix out onto the fire escape. Down below them, Beef is being placed into an ambulance.

WINSLOW
(pointing at Beef's
body on stretcher)
He wouldn't listen to me.

PHOENIX
Please don't -- I'm afraid.

WINSLOW
(tenderly)
Don't be afraid of me, Phoenix.

PHOENIX
You know me? Who are you really?

WINSLOW
I'm Winslow. Don't you remember?

Phoenix stares at him in shock.

PHOENIX
But Winslow's dead.

WINSLOW
No -- not quite.

PHOENIX
What do you mean? Who are you?
Why do you wear that...

WINSLOW
(laughing horribly)
Because Swan's (Dorian's) destroyed
my face, my voice, my music, and
now he wants you -- But you're all
I have left. No one will sing in
this Paradise again, no one will
ever sing my Faust again, no one
but you!

Phoenix tries to leave. Winslow grabs her arm.

WINSLOW
(continuing)
Phoenix, let's leave this place.
Swan (Dorian) will destroy you, too.

PHOENIX
You killed Beef, didn't you?

(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED: (2)

WINSLOW

My songs are only for you. I
know your voice, you know my
music.

PHOENIX

You're crazy. Why should I go
with you?

The crowd is chanting MORE MORE.

PHOENIX

(continuing)

Don't you see them all down there
waiting for me? Why should I
give that up?

WINSLOW

They want more now. They want
much more. They want more than
you can ever give.

PHOENIX

I'll give them whatever they
want.

WINSLOW

No, Phoenix...

PHOENIX

Get your hands off me.

She breaks away from him and races down the fire escape.

77 INT. SWAN'S (DORIAN'S) LIMO OUTSIDE PARADISE - NIGHT

PHILBIN

(urgently)

Where the hell is she?

78 EXT. PARADISE

The Chief of Police pulls up. He gets out of his squad
car and walks over to Dorian's limousine.

CHIEF

I'm closing you down, Dorian.

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTINUED:

PHILBIN

You can't do that!

The Chief holds up a court order.

CHIEF

This says I can.

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTINUED:

Dorian puts his finger to his mouth, indicating to Philbin to shut up.

DORIAN

I guess this is the way it has to be.

CHIEF

I got my orders.

DORIAN

I know you do, Chief, so you go right ahead and close us down.

CHIEF

(taken aback)

Really?

DORIAN

I know it's not an easy thing but you've got your orders.

CHIEF

Right.

Philbin and Dorian watch as the Chief goes back to his car and assembles a few other officers. They pull a large sign out of the back of the squad car that reads: "CLOSED." When they try to nail the sign up over the box office, the kids attempt to stop them. The police push back the kids but to no avail. They don't want their rock palace closed and a full scale riot breaks out.

DORIAN

(smiling with interest
at the riot that
swirls around him)

Philbin, have you ever seen such a crowd?

PHILBIN

No, and I never want to see another one.

DORIAN

Look at them! They have really been entertained! They never want the show to stop. The Paradise is more magnificent than I ever dreamed.

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTINUED: (2)

PHILBIN

How often is a rock star fried
on stage?

DORIAN

Quite an attraction.

PHILBIN

So we're a hit! Who the fuck
cares. With that freak on the
loose The Paradise is finished.

DORIAN

The Paradise is just beginning.

79 EXT. OUTSIDE PARADISE - NIGHT

Phoenix fights her way through the crowd and enters the
limo.

PHOENIX

Dorian?

DORIAN

Yes.

PHOENIX

Oh, Dorian, Winslow is alive.
He killed Beef.

Dorian puts his arm around Phoenix and soothes her.

DORIAN

Philbin -- get the police.

Philbin gets out of the limo.

DORIAN

(continuing)

Where is he?

PHOENIX

On the roof.

Hearing this, Philbin goes over to the Police Chief,
confers for a second, and they both head for the entrance
of the Paradise.

PHOENIX

I remember when I first met him.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED:

PHOENIX (CONT'D)

He was so sweet I wanted to hug him. I asked him to teach me to sing his songs. He said that he would help me.

(incredulous)

Help me!!!

DORIAN

Don't think about it. Tonight is your night. I won't have it ruined.

He takes out some coke and gives it to her.

80 EXT. ROOF OF PARADISE - NIGHT

Philbin and the police carefully surround the roof. The Phantom is nowhere to be found.

81 EXT. DORIAN MANSION - NIGHT

A sinister figure moves across the roof to the skylight.

DISSOLVE TO:

82 NEW ANGLE

As Winslow watches Dorian make love to Phoenix to the MUSIC of his own love song. He wails out in anguish.

CUT TO:

83 INT. DORIAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dorian makes love to Phoenix. Next to the bed is a monitor showing Winslow watching them through the skylight. Dorian's love-making is inspired by the sight of Winslow's tortured face.

84 EXT. ROOF OF DORIAN MANSION - NIGHT

CLOSEUP KNIFE - Winslow clutches the knife and then plunges it now into his chest. He screams out in pain and slumps over the railing -- his agony stilled at last. For a moment all is quiet, but then we PAN FROM Winslow's inert body OVER TO the doorway where we DISCOVER Dorian.

(CONTINUED)

84 CONTINUED:

We PAN DOWN from Dorian's face to his hand. He's holding Winslow's blood-stained contract.

Dorian crosses over to Winslow's body and cruelly pulls the dagger from his heart. Winslow stirs.

The gaping bloodless wound heals itself.

DORIAN

What a foolish thing to do.
Didn't you read your contract
closely?

Winslow's eyes slowly open. He moans in pain as he tries to sit up. Dorian holds the contract before his eyes.

DORIAN

(continuing)

See where it says term of agreement?
Can you read what it says?

CUT TO:

85 INSERT - SHOT OF CONTRACT

The contract reads:

TERMS OF AGREEMENT. THIS CONTRACT
TERMINATES WITH

(and in the blank is scrawled in
blood:)

DORIAN

86 BACK TO SCENE

DORIAN

No more suicides, Winslow. You
gave up your right to rest in
peace when you signed this contract.
And this contract is broken only
on the day of my death. And that
day is never going to come.

Pointing to the magically sealed knife wound in Winslow's chest:

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED:

DORIAN

(continuing)

What if you do find a loophole,
which you won't, but what if you
could? Is that what you're
thinking? Whatever might let
you out of the contract, would
ease you out of this world.
That...

(gesturing at hole
in chest)

... stays sealed only as long
as I have the power to bind you.
If I'm destroyed, that hole
opens. You might say we
terminate together.

Winslow stares at him blankly. Dorian, who has spoken
with a rare intensity, now returns to his customary
ultra-cool manner.

DORIAN

(continuing)

Get back to work. I'll need a
whole bunch of new songs for
Phoenix.

WINSLOW

(in agony)

No.

DORIAN

And if you as much as even say
'boo' to anyone in the Paradise,
you'll never see Phoenix again.
Your haunting days are over,
Winslow.

(smiling)

Oh yes. Now let's see. I want
you to write her some new love
songs.

WINSLOW

(maddened)

No. No. I won't.

Winslow grabs up the dagger and plunges it into Dorian's
heart. It's like stabbing the trunk of a tree. It takes
all of Winslow's strength to get the dagger in, and when
at last he succeeds, he stands back and laughs hyster-
ically. Not only is Dorian unharmed, he's unamused.

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED: (2)

He pulls the dagger from his heart and throws it on the ground. Winslow's laughter quickly fades.

DORIAN

(simply)

I'm under contract, too.

WINSLOW

(backing away
from him)

No. No. No.

He races from the roof.

87 EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

The Heavies bury Beef. (Song - "The Hell of It")

88 INT. PARADISE LOBBY - DAY

Winslow slips through the secret mirror he saw Swan (Dorian) come out of the night before.

89 INT. VIDEO TAPE ROOM - DAY

Winslow enters the room through a picture frame labelled "Portrait of Swan". In the room he finds himself surrounded by rack upon rack of dated video tape boxes. The first box on the uppermost shelf is entitled "CONTRACT." Winslow takes the box down, pulls out the reel of video tape and threads it up on a large recorder in the room. He pushes the "play button." On the large monitor before him he sees Swan (Dorian) seated in his bath twenty years earlier.

90 INT. DORIAN'S OFFICE - DAY

WINSLOW

(puzzled)

Dorian's portrait?

(he reads further on)

'This portrait will be on video tape and Dorian must view it daily.'

CUT TO:

91 INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE VIDEO TAPE ROOM - CLOSEUP - DOOR - NIGHT

A sign reads: Video Tape Room - Do Not Enter. We PULL BACK to DISCOVER Winslow setting a dynamite charge in front of the door. He sets it off, blowing the wall down. He walks with grim determination into the smoking rubble.

92 INT. VIDEO TAPE ROOM - NIGHT

When the smoke clears, Winslow discovers he's facing a bank of 24 tape monitors which show every office, hallway, stage area, dressing room, etc., within the Paradise. This is where all the cameras mounted on the walls throughout the Paradise send their pictures. The playback monitor (the one that Dorian watched in the earlier scene) has been blown off its mounting and the ENGINEER is frantically trying to get it back into place. Winslow moves toward him.

ENGINEER

Keep away from me. I know why you're here and I know what you're up to.

(standing in front
of the monitor)

Well, don't think I'm going to let you destroy Dorian's portrait.

WINSLOW

(pointing to the
monitor)

Is that Dorian's portrait?

ENGINEER

Yes. And you keep your distance. If you smash this, I'm out of one hell of a job.

Winslow pushes the Engineer aside and looks at the TV image.

WINSLOW

That's not Dorian.

ENGINEER.

(scared)

Yes, it is.

WINSLOW

But he's some old horrible, pimply faced creep.

(CONTINUED)

92 CONTINUED:

ENGINEER
That's him, all right.

WINSLOW
But Dorian is young.
(pointing to
monitor)
Why does he look like that?

ENGINEER
I can't tell you.

Winslow grabs the Engineer by the throat and starts to strangle him.

ENGINEER
(continuing)
All right. All right. I'll talk.
He's got a case of eternal youth.
And you know what that means?

WINSLOW
What?

ENGINEER
You got to have some surrogate,
something to take your place,
something that draws off all the
degeneracy and corruption. That's
why there are no pictures of Dorian
except this one. They would reflect
what he really is.

WINSLOW
(it all begins to
make sense to him
now)
The portrait. The portrait. This
is the portrait the contract says
he has to watch!

ENGINEER
That's right. He sold his soul...
look it's all here in the tapes.

He goes over to a huge rack of tapes.

ENGINEER
(continuing)
Let me see.

He looks through the labelled boxes until he finds the
one he's searching for.

(CONTINUED)

92 CONTINUED: (2)

ENGINEER
(continuing)

Here it is.

He pulls the tape off the shelf, takes it out of its box, and threads it up on a video tape recorder. As the machine runs, images of Dorian appear on the video tape-recorder's playback screen.

ENGINEER
(continuing)

That's him -- twenty years ago to this day.

WINSLOW

But how can that be? He hasn't gotten any older.

ENGINEER
Just watch... you'll see.

93 INT. BATH - NIGHT

On the video tape monitor we SEE Dorian lying in the bath. Beside him is a video camera that is on a tripod and pointed at Dorian. Dorian holds a straight razor in one hand just above the wrist of the other. He obviously is just about to record his suicide for history. Right adjacent to the camera is a mirror in which Dorian is clinically studying himself. He seems quite disturbed at a slight crease in his neck. He turns to the camera.

DORIAN

A wrinkle. There's no denying it.
A wrinkle. A friend of mine once said that you could always tell the age of a chick by the rings around her neck. He was right.

He looks at the wrinkle again, shakes his head, and takes a long drag from a hash pipe.

DORIAN
(continuing)

Saturday, November 26, 1953.
Today I've decided to kill myself and being the greatest showman of my time I'm recording live on tape for the Dorian Archives.

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED:

He takes another long drag on the water pipe.

DORIAN

(continuing)

Why? Simple. I'm getting old.
Here I am the powerful force in
rock, the Mozart of pop, the first
teenage multi-millionaire -- about
to turn twenty. I can't bear it.
This beautiful face ravaged by
time. If I can't be young forever,
I'd rather end it all now.

He moves the razor toward his wrist.

Suddenly the MIRROR IMAGE he's been facing is no longer
a mirror image -- it's still Dorian but it has a life
of its own.

MIRROR IMAGE

Why not?

DORIAN

What?

MIRROR IMAGE

Be young forever.

Dorian drops the pipe he's been smoking. He looks back
at the mirror. The Mirror Image is still there.

MIRROR IMAGE

I'm real. But I'll leave if you
want... but you did call me.

DORIAN

What do you mean! I didn't call
anybody.

MIRROR IMAGE

You said you wanted to be young
forever. Well, here I am.

DORIAN

But I'm stoned. You're not real.

MIRROR IMAGE

Then it doesn't matter what happens,
does it?

DORIAN

What's going to happen?

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED: (2)

MIRROR IMAGE

Just what you want.

SWAN (DORIAN)

Like what?

MIRROR IMAGE

You're going to look like me for
openers... forever.

SWAN (DORIAN)

Really?

MIRROR IMAGE

I said just what you want.

Swan (Dorian) starts to smile again.

SWAN (DORIAN)

I've had some good hash in my day
but this is incredible!

Mirror Image points to Swan's (Dorian's) image on the TV
monitor.

MIRROR IMAGE

This image will age in your place.

He points to tape.

SWAN (DORIAN)

That picture gets old instead of
me?

MIRROR IMAGE

That's right. But you've got to
watch it every day -- just to see
how lucky you are.

SWAN (DORIAN)

I'm just crazy about pictures of
myself.

MIRROR IMAGE

And this tape from which the picture
comes -- must be protected at all
costs.

SWAN (DORIAN)

Why?

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED: (2A)

MIRROR IMAGE

Well, when it goes -- you go.

SWAN (DORIAN)

So I lock it up somewhere --
But wait a minute. What do you
get out of all this?

MIRROR IMAGE

Nothing... much.

SWAN (DORIAN)

What do you mean?

MIRROR IMAGE

Just sell me your soul and build
me a temple.

SWAN (DORIAN)

(laughing)

This is too much. I guess you're
supposed to be the devil?

MIRROR IMAGE

I go by many names.

SWAN (DORIAN)

And you will make me young forever?

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED: (3)

MIRROR IMAGE

Yes.

DORIAN

And all I have to do is sell you
my soul and build you a temple.

MIRROR IMAGE

That's the deal -- more or less.

DORIAN

You're on.

MIRROR IMAGE

Really?

DORIAN

Are you kidding -- I've been
trying to sell out for years.
I just couldn't find a big enough
buyer. What do I have to do?

The Mirror Image produces a contract and hands it to
Dorian through the mirror.

MIRROR IMAGE

It's all in here. Read it
carefully, then sign in blood
at the bottom.

DORIAN

(pushing the contract
aside)

Blood! My blood.

MIRROR IMAGE

It's the only way to bind you.

DORIAN

Well let's forget that for now.
Tell me about this temple you
want me to build.

MIRROR IMAGE

In twenty years the world will be
crying out for my return. And
you're going to help get them
ready. You're going to build a
rock palace -- my temple -- that
will pervert, degrade, and corrupt
all those that enter it.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED: (4)

MIRROR IMAGE (CONT'D)

These soul-less creeps will be my disciples and from this temple we will spawn a hell that will engulf the earth.

SWAN (DORIAN)

That sounds like fun.

MIRROR IMAGE

Are you sure you have a soul to sell?

SWAN (DORIAN)

Of course I have a soul.

MIRROR IMAGE

Then it's a deal, you have twenty years to build my temple.

SWAN (DORIAN)

No problem.

MIRROR IMAGE

With the appropriate sound, of course.

SWAN (DORIAN)

What did you have in mind?

MIRROR IMAGE

You'll know it when you hear it.

Swan (Dorian) looks at the mirror for a second, almost believing what his Mirror Image has said. But he shakes his head and starts to laugh.

SWAN (DORIAN)

You're nothing but stoned old man's dream. But I wish to God you were real.

MIRROR IMAGE

(pointing to the contract)

Wish to Satan and sign.

Swan (Dorian) stares at his beautiful self in the monitor. Again he's confronted with the Image of himself pointing to the contract.

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED: (4A)

MIRROR IMAGE

(continuing)

What have you got to lose?

SWAN (DORIAN)

Nothing.

(holding up the
razor)

I was planning to use this on my
wrists.

MIRROR IMAGE

Your soul is damned either way.

SWAN (DORIAN)

What soul!

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED: (5)

Dorian cuts his finger. The blood drips from his finger onto the contract.

MIRROR IMAGE

Don't waste it. Sign!

Dorian turns to the last page on the telephone book thick contract, finds his name typed out on the bottom of the page, and signs his name in blood over it. There is a flash of lightning and a horrific ROLL of THUNDER. Dorian looks up to the mirror and sees his beautiful self. It moves as he moves. It's no longer an image of the devil -- it's his image. He stares at it -- shocked at the realization of what he's done.

CUT TO:

94 INT. VIDEO TAPE ROOM

Winslow turns the recorder off and looks at the racks of tapes depicting Swan's (Dorian's) portrait.

WINSLOW

(to himself)

So that's the loophole.

(looking at the
rack of tape)

When they go, so goes Swan (Dorian).

Winslow strikes a match and is just about to set them on fire when he sees something on one of the monitors that stops him.

95 CLOSEUP - MONITOR

All of the following SCENES will be SEEN on the monitor screen. They will be called FILM PORTRAIT.

96 INT. THE SUB-BASEMENT OF THE PARADISE - NIGHT
(FILM PORTRAIT - CINEMA VERITE)

Dorian comes down the gloomy hallway and stops before a door marked "Video Tape Room - Do Not Enter." He sticks a plastic key card in a slot on the wall and the door swings open. He goes inside and the door automatically locks behind him.

97 INT. SECRET VIDEO TAPE ROOM (FILM PORTRAIT) - NIGHT

Dorian, an expression of fearful anticipation darkening his glorious features, enters his secret video tape room and sits down. He stares at the large 24 inch image on the monitor. On the SOUNDTRACK we HEAR the words we have just heard in the previous scene in the recording studio.

ENGINEER

(a voice in the
darkness)

Who is it?

DORIAN

Who could it be?

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED:

ENGINEER

Oh, Mr. Dorian.

DORIAN

(alarmed)

Has anyone else ever come here?

ENGINEER

Of course not. I do what you tell me. No one gets in. Too bad though. This is great stuff. You're making the greatest horror picture of all time -- you could make a fortune with this.

DORIAN

Shut up and focus the screen!

ENGINEER

Oh... sorry.

(he focuses the screen)

Better?

CUT TO:

98 REACTION SHOT - DORIAN'S FACE

He's horrified. He can't bear to watch the monitor one second longer.

99 CLOSEUP - MONITOR

DORIAN

(a horrible sleezy howl)

I'm under contract, too.

Dorian rushes from the room.

100 EXT. PARADISE (PORTRAIT) - DAY

Dorian comes out of the Paradise and gets into an immense limousine. The limousine drives off.

101 INT. LIMOUSINE (MOVING THROUGH TRAFFIC, (PORTRAIT) - DAY

The limousine contains Phoenix, Philbin, the TV Crew, and the Heavies.

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED:

PHILBIN

(holding an itinerary)
Everything's all set. We got the
radio stations first, then the
Muzak Mix, an appointment with
the Chief, a press conference,
then back to the Paradise.

PHOENIX

(excited)
This is too much.

DORIAN

(to Philbin)
Give her something.

Philbin reaches into his pocket and produces a bottle of
pills.

PHOENIX

What's that?

PHILBIN

Just something for your nerves.

PHOENIX

I'll be all right.

DORIAN

You're falling apart. Take it!

Phoenix does as she's told.

CUT TO:

102 INT. STUDIO (FILM PORTRAIT) - DAY

Dorian is in a radio studio hyping Phoenix to a local
DISC JOCKEY. During this scene -- the whole studio is
filled with expensive gifts brought in by workmen wearing
Death Records t-shirts.

DORIAN

(to DJ -- greasing
his palm with
crumpled bills)
C'mon, Morris, she's dynamite and
you know it.

MORRIS

Sure, Dorian.

(MORE)

102 CONTINUED:

MORRIS (CONT'D)
 (watching the bills
 mount in his hand)
 I might even pick 'Beauty and the
 Beast' as the Smashdom single of
 the week. On the other hand...

Dorian starts filling the other hand with money.

MORRIS
 (continuing)
 ... The new Stones single is out
 of sight.

DORIAN
 That's true, but what have they
 ever done for you, sweetheart?

DISSOLVE TO:

103. INT. RECORDING STUDIO (FILM PORTRAIT) - DAY

The large recording studio filled with a full symphony orchestra. Phoenix stands before a mike. Dorian is in the recording booth seated at the mixing controls. He switches on the tape machine and speaks into a mike hanging before him.

DORIAN
 'Faust' Muzak mix -- take eleven.

He cues the hip black orchestra LEADER.

("Beauty and the Beast". - Muzak version 13)

DORIAN
 (continuing; switch-
 ing off the tape
 recorder)
 Cut! Cut! Cut!
 (speaking into the
 mike to the
 orchestra Leader)
 I can't hear the fucking violins!

LEADER
 But, Mr. Dorian, the melody is in
 the brass.

DORIAN
 Fuck the melody.

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED:

LEADER

But that's what's so beautiful
about...

DORIAN

Fuck the melody! What do you
know about beauty, asshole?!
I'm beautiful, ape! You're
lucky to be waving a baton
instead of a banana.

LEADER

(his objections
silenced)

Yes. Mr. Dorian.

They start recording music again.

DISSOLVE TO:

104 INT. POLICE OFFICE - DAY

Dorian is talking to the Police Chief. He holds a roll
of video tape in his hand. This SCENE is SHOT from a
HIDDEN CAMERA.

DORIAN

That's right, Chief. The whole
Paradis  is bugged. And not just
for sound -- for picture, too. And
you know what's on this tape? You
getting paid off. So let's forget
all this shit about closing the
Paradise.

CHIEF

But I can't let you open again.
What will I tell them upstairs?

DORIAN

You tell them we're going to have
a benefit for war orphans! And it's
going to be televised coast to coast.
See if they have the guts to keep us
closed then. I'd hate to tell the
press that the city won't let us have
our benefit for all those poor
starving children.

CHIEF

Okay. Okay. But I want that tape.

(CONTINUED)

104 CONTINUED:

HIDDEN CAMERA ZOOMS IN on the Chief taking the tape from Dorian.

105 INT. LIMOUSINE (FILM PORTRAIT) - DAY

Phoenix sniffs coke as Dorian talks to Philbin.

DORIAN

I think the end of the opera
sucks!

PHILBIN

What do you mean?

DORIAN

All this violence, man, it's ugly.

PHILBIN

Yeah?

DORIAN

(he sticks his hand
between Phoenix's
legs)

Man, I'm in love. Faust should
be in love. I've got it! The
final scene of the opera should
be a wedding!

PHILBIN

You mean Faust marries the girl
instead of burning in hell?

DORIAN

Right! The bride will wear black!

PHILBIN

But doesn't that sort of change
the whole cantata? I mean it's
like instead of Jesus getting
nailed -- he gets the girl.

DORIAN

Well, wouldn't that have been
better, schmuck?

PHILBIN

(he thinks hard
about this)

I guess you're right.
Crucifixions are a bummer.

DISSOLVE TO:

106 EXT. PARADISE (FILM PORTRAIT) - DAY

The next SCENE is at Dorian's Free Benefit Rock Festival. Dorian's limousine pulls up in front of the Paradise and is immediately engulfed by REPORTERS. They shout questions at Dorian through the windows of the limousine.

REPORTER 1

Hey, Dorian, is it true that you're going to play the part of Faust tonight?

REPORTER 2

What's the story on the rumor you're going to marry Phoenix on stage tonight?

REPORTER 1

For a man who refuses to have his picture taken, why are you allowing this show to be covered by live TV?

REPORTER 3

Do you really think by giving a free concert for war orphans is going to take the curse off the Paradise? Do you think we can ever forget the Phantom?

Dorian remains silent. The limousine pulls into the backstage alley. We PAN PAST a network TV truck OVER TO entrance of the Paradise. The doors are open wide and kids are streaming inside.

107 INT. PHOENIX'S DRESSING ROOM (FILM PORTRAIT) - DAY

The next SCENE is in Phoenix's dressing room. She's being dressed for the last act of the opera. Winslow watches the screen in horror as Dorian plunges a hypodermic needle into her arm.

PHOENIX

Ahh, that feels good.

Dorian taking out a large contract similar to the one Winslow signed:

DORIAN

Just sign this, and it will all be legal.

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED:

PHOENIX
(reading the contract)
'Till death do us part.' This is
too much!
(laughing insanely
she looks up at
Dorian)
I feel so good.

DORIAN
C'mon and sign -- you don't want
to be late for your own funeral
-- I mean wedding.

He jabs her finger with the hypodermic needle.

PHOENIX
(laughing wildly and
holding up her bloody
finger)
Hey, man, look at that!

Dorian grabbing her finger and putting it on the signature line of the contract.

DORIAN
Stop wasting it. Sign your name.

PHOENIX
(spelling out her
name like a child)
P-H-O-E-N-I-X.

DORIAN
(grabbing up the
contract and heading
for the door)
See you at the altar.

108 CLOSEUP - WINSLOW'S FACE

He's horrified at what's happened to Phoenix.

109 INT. BACKSTAGE ROOM (FILM PORTRAIT) - NIGHT

Dorian is giving instructions to the ASSASSIN.

DORIAN
She must be hit just as the
minister says 'till death do
you part.'

(CONTINUED)

109 CONTINUED:

ASSASSIN

I got it.

DORIAN

There will be a car outside waiting for you.

ASSASSIN

What about the rest of the money?

DORIAN

The driver will have it.

ASSASSIN

This is none of my business, but if you want to hit her -- why do it here?

DORIAN

(smiling)

An assassination -- live on TV -- coast to coast -- that's real entertainment.

DISSOLVE TO:

110 INT. PARADISE STAGE (FILM PORTRAIT) - NIGHT

The concert's finale. The setting is a church; the time is Helena's wedding day. A reverent hush falls over the Heavies as Phoenix, in a black wedding dress, comes down the aisle, flanked by a bevy of zombie-like bridesmaids. In an elaborate, over-produced, totally tasteless production number, they dance out the lyrics of Winslow's beautiful love song. (Wedding Song - 14)

CUT TO:

111 INT. VIDEO TAPE ROOM - NIGHT

During the number Winslow realizes that this is happening right now on the Paradise stage above him. He looks around at the other monitors and sees the Assassin moving up the stairs of the Paradise to get into position. (In the projection booth overlooking the stage.) Winslow smashes the monitor setting the whole room on fire. He rushes out the door. PAN OVER TO video tape recorder. The tape is burning.

112- INT. PARADISE STAGE AND STAIRCASES, HALLWAYS, ETC.
113 LEADING TO PROJECTION BOOTH

As the wedding continues on stage, Winslow frantically pursues the Assassin to the projection booth.

Just as the Minister (Philbin) is intoning ominously to Phoenix and Swan, the Assassin lines up Phoenix in the crosshairs of his rifle.

MINISTER (PHILBIN)

Till death do you...

The Assassin is just about to pull the trigger when Winslow leaps across the projection room and knocks the rifle aside. The GUN GOES OFF.

114 INT. PARADISE STAGE - NIGHT

The bullet hits the Minister (Philbin) in the chest. He falls down at Swan's feet. Swan looks up at the projection booth to see what went wrong and there is Winslow fighting with the Assassin.

114A Winslow knocks out the Assassin and swings down onto the set and rips off Swan's mask, and lands on stage.

114B INT. SET OF SWAN

PHOENIX

(backing away in
disgust)

My God! Your face! What
happened to your face?!

CUT TO:

115 CLOSEUP OF TAPE

burning up in video tape room.

CUT TO:

115A CLOSEUP - SWAN'S FACE

It's a horrible monster.

116 INT. SET OF SWAN - NIGHT

SWAN

What's the matter?

116 CONTINUED:

PHOENIX

(holding up a
shiny cymbal)

Look at yourself! You're horrible!
Help!!

Swan covers his eyes at the first glimpse of his dis-
integrating reflection.

SWAN

Winslow! He's destroyed my
picture!

PHOENIX

I don't understand.

SWAN

Nothing to understand, baby.
It's just that all notes have
come due.

Swan seizes Phoenix by the throat and starts to strangle
her.

PHOENIX

(gasping)

What are you doing?

SWAN

Remember our deal? Remember??

PHOENIX

(struggling madly)

What? What?

SWAN

Your voice -- your voice -- you
gave me your voice.

PHOENIX

My voice!

SWAN

Yes. Yes. And I want it now!

Swan is about to wring Phoenix's neck when Winslow grabs
a crow beak and stabs him. The kids think this is all
part of the audience participation, and also grab crow
beaks and stab Swan. By this time Swan has turned into
a pathetic, wrinkled old monster and dying pulls Winslow
close to his mangled lips.

SWAN

(laughing soundlessly)
Now it's your turn to bleed...

(CONTINUED)

116 CONTINUED: (2)

A group of kids holding their bloody crow beaks, stand around the dying Swan.

KID ONE

Wow! What a finish. This is better than Beef.

Swan dies and Winslow suddenly falls down next to him in agony, as though a knife were plunged into his heart. He clutches his chest in vain to keep the blood from coursing out. He crawls toward Phoenix as the kids rip apart the huge Swan. Phoenix stands over this chaos silently singing. Winslow reaches her feet, looks up into her mad eyes, and speaks her name.

WINSLOW

Phoenix -- I told you they would want more than you could give...

Phoenix doesn't even see him. She continues singing madly. Winslow dies -- alone and unnoticed.

END