

PURPLE RAIN

"HTML/Text Conversion"

Screenplay

by

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SOUND under: MUSIC building in INTENSITY as--

PRINCE(OVER)

Dearly belov'ed, We are gathered here today to get through this thing called life. Electric word life, it means forever and that's a mighty long time. But I'm here to tell you that there's something else -- the afterworld.

Then huge CU of EYES opening, gazing into mirror, HAND applying makeup, sudden BLACKNESS, then--

PRINCE(OVER)

(con't)

That's right...a world of never-ending happiness, you can always see the sun -- day or night.

BURN IN MAIN TITLE: PURPLE RAIN

PRINCE(OVER)

(con't)

So when you call up that shrink in Beverly Hills, you know the one -- Doctor Everything'll Be Alright -- instead of asking him how much of your mind is left, Ask him how much of your time, 'Cause in this life, things are much harder than in the afterworld, in this life, you're on your own.

Now, pulsating COLOR -- FLASHES of hot, white LIGHT...

PRINCE(OVER)

(con't)

And if de-elevator tries to bring you down, go crazy, punch a higher floor.

and the BEAT provocative now, relentless, BUILDING with fierce intent to--

2 INT. CLUB (1ST AVE. ST. BAR) - NIGHT 2

The MECCA! The last stop for a band before national fame.

The HUGE cavernous HALL is PACKED! PEOPLE are DANCING like MAD! VIDEO SCREENS with WILD GRAPHICS hang suspended from the ceilings. Beautiful WAITRESSES criss-cross the floor in a frenzy.

PRINCE is CENTER-STAGE -- LIPS caressing the mike, black, lustrous hair shining, eyes dancing -- SINGING "Let's Get Crazy" as the CROWD pulsates beneath the LASER LIGHTS.

The MUSIC continues as we ...

CUT TO:

3 EXT. STREETS #1 - NIGHT 3

A TAXI pulls UP with a SCREECH. VANITY slouches in the back seat. Black boots, black skin-tight pants, and a mane of thick, black hair presents a beautiful and imposing figure. Her eyes are large and dark -- her look open and ripe. She knows what she's got, and doesn't make any excuses for it -- but the fact is she's scared as hell, possessing a vulnerability that surprises her by its suddenness. An expensive gold chain is fastened on one boot.

She scrounges through her bag -- pulls out her remaining cash. It's drastically short of what she owes and she knows it. She tosses it onto the front seat, JUMPS from the cab, streaks across the street. The CABBIE lets out a YELL and JUMPS out after her.

"Let's Get Crazy" continues as we ...

CUT TO:

4 INT. SHOWER, MORRIS' APT. - NIGHT 4

MORRIS DAY stands in the shower, steam whirling about his face. He's 22 years old, matinee-idol sexy with large, dark, bedroom eyes. He headlines a slick techno-funk group called THE TIME which sports gangster suits and wide-brimmed hats. He's gifted with a wealth of self-laudatory humor which he uses like a knife, moving through life with a calm, but ruthless grace.

CONTINUED

4 CONTINUED

4

Make no mistake, Morris is nobody's fool. His seeming outrageousness, his charm -- every move he makes is for a calculated effect. He knows exactly what the ladies need, and doesn't mind reminding them should they forget...

He breaks into a wide grin. Hair standing up like Don King, he wipes off a hand mirror, regards himself unabashedly as he brushes his teeth.

"Let's Get Crazy" continues as we...

CUT TO:

5 INT. BASEMENT, PRINCE'S HOME - NIGHT

5

Prince sits in front of the mirror, finishes applying his makeup. Black hair flowing, eyes wide and fantastic, he regards himself a moment before jumping up. He puts on a high-collared overcoat, grabs his guitar moves quickly to the basement window. He hoists himself through it, disappears into the night.

"Let's Get Crazy" continues as we ...

CUT TO:

6 EXT. CORNER, STREETS #1 - NIGHT

6

A POLICE CAR, lights FLASHING, sits at the curb. A small CROWD has gathered about. The Cabbie stands on the sidewalk gesticulating angrily to a COP. Vanity stands by the police car, obviously board, another COP by her side. Her eyes are fastened on a good-looking BUSINESSMAN standing nearby...

A silent negotiation seems to be going on. Understanding wafts between them like a passing breeze.

Without taking his eyes off her, the Businessman approaches the Cabbie, starts talking ...

"Let's Get Crazy" continues as we...

CUT TO:

7 INT. MORRIS' BEDROOM - NIGHT 7

Morris moves lasciviously into the BEDROOM wearing a red muscle T-shirt, orange baggy shorts, and green knee-hi socks fastened to garters. A yellow bandanna holds up his hair.

The bedroom is a MESS. A VACUUM CLEANER stands like a sentry in the middle of the floor. He turns it on, blazes a path to his closet. He yanks out a well-pressed suit, holds it against him, strikes a sexy, half-lidded pose only a mother could love--

MORRIS

(awed)

Oh, Lord ...

"Let's Get Crazy" continues as we ...

CUT TO:

8 EXT. CLUB (1ST AVE. ST. BAR) - NIGHT 8

The STREETS are swollen with TRAFFIC. KIDS are packed onto the sidewalk, waiting to get into the club. Prince, riding his MOTORCYCLE, weaves between jammed cars, then blasts down a narrow alley leading to the rear entrance. His guitar is slung across his back. He chains up his bike, moves past a CROWD of KIDS, cuts inside.

'Let's Get Crazy" continues as we ...

CUT TO:

9 EXT. STREETS #2 - NIGHT 9

A SEVILLE sweeps to a stop. The Businessman is at the wheel. VANITY steps from the car languidly and offers a curt wave goodbye. The car pulls away.

She stands serenely a moment as the CAR twists around the corner. She grabs her bag, rushes into a dark alley. She pulls a handful of CASH from her pocket, counts through it quickly.

'Let's Get Crazy" -continues as we ...

CUT TO:

10 EXT. MORRIS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

10

The DOOR opens -- Morris steps confidently into the night. The change in his appearance is breathtaking. A cashmere coat is draped over his shoulders, a white scarf hangs loosely about his neck. Wearing a sharp, gangster-style suit, his hair is a pompadour, and Stacy Adams on his feet -- Morris is the very picture of elegance. He doesn't just walk to the curb, he slides -- his promenade punctuated with a dip at the knees you could snap your fingers to.

JEROME is at the curb, buffing down the bumper of a yellow, 1970 Fleetwood Cadillac. Jerome is solidly built, smooth-faced handsome with a boyish charm all his own. He's a member of The Time, and acts as Morris' chauffeur, valet, and all-purpose shadow.

He moves quickly to the door, holds it open as Morris settles himself into the backseat. He closes it with a flair, hops behind the wheel, pulls out.

'Let's Get Crazy' continues as we...

CUT TO:

11 INT. DRESSING ROOM, CLUB - NIGHT

11

Prince is BACKSTAGE, practicing spins in front of the mirror. The other MEMBERS of his CROUP are scattered throughout the room. BOBBY sits off to the side, his drumsticks tapping against his knee. MATT puts on his doctor's smock. LISA and WENDY finish applying their makeup. MARK runs his fingers up and down the neck of his bass guitar.

Suddenly a STAGEHAND pokes his head into the room, holds the door open as PRINCE and his band cut quickly to the stage.

'Let's Get Crazy' continues as we...

CUT TO:

12 INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

12

The DOOR opens -- A LIGHT goes on. Vanity stands in the hallway, peers cautiously into a squalid, rundown room. She hesitates briefly, seems to sigh, then indicates she will take it. The MANAGER closes the door as he leaves.

She stands a moment, surveys the room. A bed and bureau, sink, a chair, hotplate -- simply the essentials.

CONTINUED

12 CONTINUED 12

She pulls a dress from her bag, a pair of hi- heels, some gloves, underwear. She hangs the dress on a rod, places the shoes beneath it, arranges the rest in a bureau drawer. She looks around once more -- flowered wallpaper peels from the walls.

She rushes to the window, tears open the shutters -- iron bars obstruct her view...

13 EXT. CLUB - NIGHT(VANITY'S POV) 13

... KIDS are crowded in front of the CLUB. A YELLOW CADDY SCREECHES up in front. TRAFFIC is jammed all around. The night is electric -- the scene beckons ...

14 INT. VANITY'S HALLWAY - NIGHT 14

She runs from the room, cuts down the hallway, slamming the door behind her ...

"Let's Get Crazy" continues as we...

CUT TO:

15 EXT. CLUB (1ST AVE. ST. BAR) - NIGHT 15

Jerome opens the door of the CADDY, helps Morris out. The CROWD recognizes them immediately, rushes in for a closer look. Morris loves the attention, plays to their enthusiasm with a relish. Jerome snaps a comb into his hand, holds up a pocket mirror ...

Morris combs his hair dramatically, the Crowd encouraging him on. Jerome gives him the OK sign, ushers him into the club.

"Let's Get Crazy" continues as we...

CUT TO:

16 INT. CLUB (1ST AVE. ST. BAR) - NIGHT 16

Prince onstage performing "Let's Get Crazy." He's locked into a guitar solo, moving provocatively with Wendy. The CROWD is packed onto the DANCE FLOOR, thick against the stage.

Jerome makes his way through the crowd, blazing a path for Morris who is surrounded by a dozen BABES.

CONTINUED

Occasionally Morris glances at Prince -- discloses by his look that he doesn't care much for his act -- or his music...

He breaks off from the Girls, follows Jerome to the backstage entrance where they're joined by other MEMBERS of The Time -- JESSE and JELLYBEAN among them. Morris casts another glance toward Prince, breaks into a self-satisfied grin--

MORRIS

We're going to slay him...
(screams)
Whawhak!

"Let's Get Crazy" continues as we...

CUT TO:

COMMOTION! The CROWD has become unwieldy -- TRAFFIC is snarled all around. HORNS are BLARING. COPS try desperately to ward off the inevitable grid lock.

Vanity runs against the light, moves to the head of the queue to the accompaniment of JEERS and CATCALLS. She doesn't budge an inch, KNOCKS rapidly on the glass door, catching the attention of CHICK, a burly, 6'5", 285 pound bouncer with a white beard and long flowing hair. An ex-Marine, Chick's function is obvious. He cracks the door--

CHICK

What?

VANITY

I have an appointment with the manager.

CHICK

No you don't -- he doesn't see anybody.

Suddenly a FIGHT breaks out at the INSIDE MONEY WINDOW. Chick spins instantly, SLAMS the door -- but VANITY jams her boot into the narrow space. The door crashes against her instep, she winces in pain --but Chick doesn't notice. He's already upon the OFFENDERS, heaving them against the wall.

Vanity streaks inside, blazes up the stairway, ducks behind a GROUP of GIRLS...

CHICK turns instantly -- the door is closed -- VANITY, gone.

CONTINUED

17 CONTINUED

17

His eyes dart up the stairway -- nothing. He shrugs, drags the Two Guys off.

18 INT. CLUB - UPPER BAR AREA - NIGHT

18

VANITY watches as he moves away. She jumps up, lunges onto the dance floor, CRASHES into a waitress, JILL, whose tray SMASHES to the floor--

JILL

What are you retarded or something?! Why don't you look where you're going?

She's 18 years old, blonde and pretty in a cute, innocent way. A Daisy Mae-type whose emotions form so quickly, she has trouble sorting them out. Right now she's mad as hell -- she thinks--

VANITY

Sorry ... where's the office?

Jill squats, picks up the broken glasses- -

JILL

Do you think you can just come in here and take over?

VANITY

I said I'm sorry -- what do you want me to do? Where's the office?

Jill points -- Vanity hurries away --

JILL

(triumphantly)

No one's in!

Vanity stops dead in her tracks, does a slow burn. She walks back to Jill--

VANITY

Okay, so you got me back, fine. Listen, I'm from out of town. I have to see the manager, it's important. I'm a real good singer and dancer. I know he could use me.

JILL

Do you have any experience?

Vanity simmers, enunciates every word--

CONTINUED

VANITY

Yeah...definitely.

JILL

Follow me.

And she turns on her heels, makes her way through the club, moving into the vicinity of the stage. Vanity follows her reluctantly, casts a look to the band. She spots Prince for the first time -- stops instantly...

His effect on her is instantaneous. Passion surges through her like a tidal wave. His hair, face, eyes -- it all conspires to make her weak. It's like meeting someone for the first time, but seeing so much of yourself in them, that their lips, eyes, mouth -- you're certain you have touched, and the desire to be with them becomes so strong that the very act of touching will release you in a way you never thought possible...

Prince brings "Let's Get Crazy" to a rousing, blistering end. Suddenly the stage is plunged into darkness. The CROWD goes WILD!

...Vanity snaps out of it. Jill is tugging at her arm, a puzzled look on her face--

JILL

Here, fill this out -- I'll have him call you.

VANITY

I don't have a phone. When will he be back?

JILL

Well...you can try tomorrow.

VANITY

You can count on it.

Vanity hands the card back to her -- Jill reads the name, address -- looks up puzzled--

JILL

Vanity??

BACKSTAGE

as Morris and The Time pass Prince on their way to the stage--

MORRIS

Why don't you stay awhile, see how
it's done.

The Band Members bust up -- but PRINCE ignores them, then--

MC

Ladies and gentlemen -- please
welcome The Time.

CLUB

Sudden APPLAUSE and CRIES. Vanity and Jill turn directly into the path of Prince, descending the Steps of the stage. Vanity gasps, LOCKS eyes with him. Jill seems to jump out of her skin -- it's obvious she has a crush on him something awful--

JILL

Hi ya, Prince -- God I liked that
song, it's real fun.

She fidgets uncontrollably, Vanity's card burning a hole into her hand. Prince glances at the card, then stares at Vanity, the ripeness of her look paralyzing. He tears his eyes away, puts on his sunglasses, looks toward the stage.

18A INT. CLUB - NEAR STAGE - NIGHT

18A

MORRIS and The Time rip into a funk tune called "Jungle Love." Their stranglehold on the audience is instantaneous. Morris struts across the stage like a panther, playing to the audience with a relish. His eyes fastened on Prince -- his pride unmistakable.

PRINCE watches Morris a moment, then eyes Vanity again. The heat between them is apparent. Vanity's heart is pounding, she's not sure what to do. She keeps her eyes on Morris, hoping that a Solution will present itself.

PRINCE watches as Jill tacks the card to a board behind the bar. Sizing up the situation quickly, he again glances at Vanity -- but her eyes are fastened on Morris. Feeling terribly shy and thinking there's nothing he can do to divert her attention away from him, he reluctantly heads for the front door. Vanity finally hits upon something to say, turns--

VANITY

I really liked your song too...

CONTINUED

18A CONTINUED

18A

But he's gone. Her eyes scan the room frantically -- catches a glimpse of him leaving. She takes a sudden step, then stops, paralyzed with indecision. JILL regards her coldly.

MORRIS meanwhile is beside himself. Some gorgeous, dark-haired babe, eyes wide as saucers was starring at him from the bar. Prince has left, and this girl is his. He motions to Jerome, and they direct their act in her direction.

JILL gazes at Vanity, fidgets intensely, suspicious and resentful of her. She glances up and notices Morris, look. She seizes upon an idea, forces a friendly smile, taps Vanity on the shoulder--

JILL

Hey ...

She points to the stage. Vanity looks at Morris, and he goes crazy, entertaining her with his own special blend of showmanship. The CROWD loves it! Vanity is held a moment, but her thoughts are elsewhere. She finally comes to a decision, pulls away, cuts through the club.

18B INT. FOYER AND STAIRWAY - NIGHT

18B

as she runs down the stairs, cuts behind Chick, BURSTS out the door.

19 EXT. CLUB - NIGHT

19

FRANTIC! The STREETS are thick with TRAFFIC. She scans them wildly -- nothing. Suddenly Prince, astride his motorcycle, BLAZES past her from the opposite direction. She starts running, shouts--

VANITY

Hey wait!

But Prince is too far away, the traffic too congested for him to hear. He whips down the street, disappears around the corner.

Vanity continues running, then slows, dejection overcoming her in waves. She looks around -- KIDS are staring at her, passing jokes. Embarrassed, She moves to the front door but Chick is there, his eyes upon her cold, impassionate.

Exhausted and slightly tearful, she cuts across the street, heads back to her apartment.

20 EXT. PRINCE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

20

Prince WHIPS down the street, cuts his motor, coasts up the drive. He comes to a stop against a wooden gate. His house is a nondescript, one-family structure with a wide front porch. He lives in a neat and tidy, homogeneous, lower middle- class neighborhood whose occupants are hard-working type fiercely protective of their privacy.

He climbs the steps to the porch, opens the front door...

...his mothers SCREAM is like ice in his veins. Fear trickles into the hollows of his body like cold water, His pain commands him to move, but the impulse short circuits somewhere at the waist, leaving his legs twitching uncontrollably. Then another SCREAM from his mother, and his father's voice now, LOUD and FURIOUS--

FATHER(O.S.)

Listen to me! You come home when I
say come home! You've got no
business in the streets!

WHACK! His mother SCREAMS -- PRINCE BURSTS into the room.

21 INT. PRINCE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

21

Prince's MOTHER is at the far side of the living room CRYING uncontrollable. She's in her early 40's, a dark-haired, faded beauty, with large, wild, anxious eyes. There's a detectable scent of liquor in the air, and her slurred speech pins her as the source.

His FATHER is in his late 40's, a squat, but solidly built black man, with a cherubic face, and graceful expressive hands.

He's upon her now, WHACKING! at her horribly, trying to get to her face--

FATHER

You do what I say, do you hear
me?! You've got to keep this place
clean! You here, no place else!

MOTHER

You're crazy!

WHACK!

MOTHER

Asshole!

CONTINUED

WHACK!

MOTHER
Motherfucker!!!

The Father lunges, WHACKS! her across the face. She topples to the floor, a lamp CRASHES to the ground. Prince cuts through the room, lunges desperately in front of him--

PRINCE
(pleading)
Please, Dad...she's heard you.
She's had enough!

His Mother drags herself up along the wall--

MOTHER
(hysterical)
He's trying to kill me! He's
crazy! Look what he's doing to me!

PRINCE
(tearfully)
Dad, please ... she's--

WHACK! Prince's head snaps back, his feet lift from the floor, his body CRASHES in a heap by the door...

Stunned SILENCE. Prince, flat on his back, fights vertigo with everything he's got. His Mother lets out a YELP, rushes into the bedroom, SLAMS the door. His Father stands motionless, sullen--

FATHER
Get up...you ain't hurt.

Prince opens his Mouth, BLOOD gushes from a gash in his tongue. He hoists himself up slowly, using the wall for support. He moves into the kitchen, disappears down the basement steps.

A naked LIGHT BULB snaps ON. It dangles like a pendulum, casting strange shadows. The basement is partitioned off into a series of rooms, interconnected by a labyrinthine combination of passages. An old washer and dryer stand in the corner.

Prince descends the steps slowly. He comes through a door, closes it behind him. He moves down a narrow passageway, enters a small cramped BEDROOM.

22 CONTINUED

22

He closes the door and locks it behind him. MOONLIGHT filters in through the casement windows. The total effect is like entering a womb, a deep dark chamber of security and safety.

Lying heavily onto his bed, he sighs long and deep, his eyes piercing the darkness...

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

23 INT. CLUB - EARLY MORNING

23

MUSIC wafts through the sun-drenched CLUB. Jill is seated at the PIANO, 'a la Marlene Dietrich, SINGING to her heart's content. A cigarette dangles from her lip, a police cap is perched jauntily on her head. It's a simple bar tune, delivered slightly off-key, but with an openness that is endearing. Chick is working in the corner, chuckling to himself, stacking chairs, sweeping up.

Suddenly she stops -- listens intently. She jumps up, deliberately spills her orange juice on the piano. Prince comes around the corner, stops short--

PRINCE

(surprised)

What are you doing here?

She's a bundle of loose, embarrassing ends -- the cigarette, hat, juice--

JILL

What...what are you doing here?

He feels caught out -- SCANS the BOARD earnestly for Vanity's info -- tries to think of something to say--

PRINCE

Huh ... it's kind of dead in here.
Where is everybody?

JILL

In bed I guess...
(to herself)
Oh, God ...
(changes subject)
Guess what, I bought a dog.

CONTINUED

PRINCE

That's nice...

(he spots vanity's card)

Ah, I guess I'll come back at a better time. You think tonight the place'll be jumping?

JILL

Well, I'll be here -- I always like what you do.

He smiles, moves to the door -- JILL connects with a thought--
-

JILL

Wait! I've got something for you.

PRINCE

What? A subpoena?

JILL

(embarrassed)

No...

She rummages through her bag, pulls out a cassette--

JILL

It's a song Lisa and WENDY wrote.

He stiffens, doesn't reach for it--

PRINCE

(suspicious)

Why didn't they give it to me themselves?

JILL

Well, I liked it and wanted to listen to it. They told me to give it to you when I was done.

He puts his sunglasses on, hesitates, then takes it from her gingerly. He regards it for a long time--

PRINCE

You really liked it, huh?

24 INT. REHEARSAL HALL - DAY

24

MUSIC throbs through the crammed, rundown REHEARSAL HALL. Hardwood floors, a wall of mirrors, and a bank of windows provides the setting. SUNLIGHT streams through tattered yellow shades.

The Time is set up on one side providing the music for "Sex Shooter" a saucy number with an irresistible beat.

Morris, with Jerome by his side, stands in the middle of the floor, SHOUTS instructions to...

...BRENDA and SUSAN, gamely trying some intricate dance steps. Brenda is 21 years old, blond, sexy, with an alluring new-wave look. Susan is 16 years old, with dark, lustrous hair and a sexy baby-doll quality. Right now they're tired as hell, and a little angry--

MORRIS

One, two, three, kick! One, two,
three, kick! Four, five...Oh,
Lord. Cut! Cut!

The MUSIC stops, the girls come to a halt -- Morris regards them evenly--

MORRIS

You ladies don't seem to realize
how valuable my time is. You're
going to make my boys look bad.

BRENDA

Why don't you let us come up with
our own steps?

Morris glares at her--

MORRIS

We tried that...
(sweetly)
... remember?

The Girls fidget--

MORRIS

Now you're in the best possible
position you can be in, so what's
the matter -- your shoes on too
tight or something?

(claps his hands)

(MORE)

CONTINUED

24 CONTINUED

24

MORRIS (CONT'D)

Let's have some action, let's have
some asses wiggling, I want some
perfection. Whawhak!

The MUSIC starts up -- the Girls start dancing. Morris looks
woefully to Jerome---

MORRIS

I think I'm going to need a drink,
a strong drink.

(a beat)

Let's get the hell out of here.

25 EXT. STREETS AND ALLEY - DOWNTOWN -- DAY

25

Morris and Jerome move briskly down the sidewalk--

MORRIS

This just ain't happening. The
bitches are okay, but we need
something more exciting-

JEROME

You're right. We could be doing
much better. Any ideas?

MORRIS

That powder fine babe we saw last
night.

JEROME

Oooh, yeee! -- Why don't we find
out who she is?

Morris snaps an address in front of his face--

MORRIS

I already know that. JILL gave me
everything last night. Whawhak!

JEROME

Then what are we waiting for? Let's
go!

MORRIS

No, no -- that ain't classy
enough. I want the bitch to come
to me -- I'm the only star in this
town.

Suddenly a BEAUTIFUL BABE lunges into the sidewalk from the
alley--

CONTINUED

BABE

(yelling)

Morris Day, who do you think you are?! I waited up all night for you. I'm so tired of you doing that to me. You think you're so hot? You're nothing special. This is the third time you pulled that shit. Who the fuck do you think I am?!

MORRIS

Jerome!

Jerome puts the girl in a headlock, DRAGS her into the alley-

BABE

(screaming)

Leave me alone you ape! -- What are you doing to me?! Morris!!

He flings her into the dumpster, SLAMS the lid with a CRASH. Morris pats his brow--

MORRIS

Lo-rd..! Such nastiness.

(a beat)

Hee, hee -- Let's break.

They streak across the street, double-time it to the CADDY. A COP sweeps by, gives them a curious look. Morris puts on a dignified air, then stops, stupefied--

MORRIS

Jerome, this car -- it's...it's lacking something. What do you think?

JEROME

Hmm... I don't know...

MORRIS

I got it! The hubcaps. We need something sweeter.

JEROME

I think I know what it needs.

Morris is pondering his Stacy Adams--

MORRIS

Yeah ... I know what these need.

26

INT. SHOESHINE STAND - DOWNTOWN - DAY

26

Morris sits in the chair, his Stacy Adams worked on by an old, grizzled SHOESHINE BOY in his mid-sixties, with large jowls and silver close-cropped hair. Jerome stands nearby, watches intently--

MORRIS

(musing)

The girl has expensive tastes. I wonder if she can sing.

JEROME

As fine as she is...she doesn't have to know how to sing.

MORRIS

(grace)

I know that's right.

(to Shoeshine)

Hey -- watch it now.

The Shoeshine Boy looks up balefully -- Morris smiles, then grits his teeth--

MORRIS

I want you to stay out of the set tonight. I want you to work the floor.

JEROME

What for?

MORRIS

I want to know when that sweet thing shows up. You stay by the door, you see her, you come get me, cool?

JEROME

Cool. I come get you -- let you know the girl's there.

MORRIS

Well, not if I'm with my other babes. That wouldn't be cool. I don't want to break their hearts, and you know how I feel about that. So we ought to have like, a signal.

JEROME

A password.

CONTINUED

MORRIS

Okay. What's the password?

JEROME

You got it.

MORRIS

Got what?

JEROME

The password.

MORRIS

The password is what?

JEROME

Exactly.

MORRIS

The password is exactly?

JEROME

No, it's--

MORRIS

-- Hold it now. Slow down. The babe walks in and you see her.

JEROME

I see her.

MORRIS

You come get me.

JEROME

I come get you.

MORRIS

And I'll probably have a couple little sexies on the stand-by, and we don't want to upset them, do we? So you just glide by me and say...what?

JEROME

Okay.

MORRIS

The password is okay?

JEROME

Far as I'm concerned.

CONTINUED

MORRIS
Dammit! Say the password.

JEROME
What.

MORRIS
Say the password, sperm breath!

JEROME
The password is what.

MORRIS
(frustrated)
That's what I'm asking you!

JEROME
(more frustrated)
It's the password!

MORRIS
The password is it?

JEROME
(exasperated)
Ahhhhh! The password is what!

MORRIS
It! You just said so!

JEROME
The password isn't it! The
password is--

MORRIS
-- What?

JEROME
Got it!

MORRIS
I got it?

JEROME
Right.

MORRIS
It or right?

JEROME
(perplexed)
What??

26 CONTINUED

26

The Shoeshine Boy looks up slowly -- regards them with a soulful look--

SHOESHINE BOY
Either of you do heavy drugs?

27 EXT. STORE WINDOW AND MALL SHOPS - DOWNTOWN - AFTERNOON

27

The SIDEWALKS are alive with bustling SHOPPERS. Vanity walks aimlessly past store windows, staring longingly at the expensive items.

BRIDAL SHOP

as she stops suddenly and stares transfixed. A YOUNG WOMAN, startlingly similar to her in looks and coloring, tries on a beautiful bridal gown as a SEAMSTRESS adjusts the hem. The entire scene is warm and endearing. Vanity is struck by its beauty and seems to sigh. The Young Woman looks up suddenly, catches Vanity's gaze, and gives her an affectionate smile. Vanity smiles back avidly, then--

PRINCE(O.S.)
Give me that.

She looks up startled--

PRINCE
There ... on your boot.

She looks down -- it's the expensive gold chain. She hesitates, then hands it to him. He drops it into his pocket, walks away--

VANITY
Hey, wait!

She runs after him--

VANITY
Give it back to me.

He continues to walk briskly -- she starts pulling on his coat--

PRINCE
You can have it back later.

VANITY
I want it back now, okay?

CONTINUED

PRINCE
Who gave it to you?

VANITY
A person

PRINCE
Female or male?

VANITY
Huh ...

PRINCE
You're lying. I can tell just by
your reaction that you're lying.

He moves away briskly -- Vanity stands her ground, amused--

PRINCE
So you gave it to me -- it's not
yours anymore.

He stops short -- something has caught his eye. She's
curious, comes up behind him, then--

VANITY
You see something you like?

He puts on his sunglasses. A GUITAR stands prominently in
the window.

PRINCE
Let's go for a ride.

He flips her the gold chain' -- turns hastily. She weighs it
in her hand, studies the guitar--

VANITY
It's pretty.

28 EXT. HIGHWAY - DUSK

28

Prince and Vanity on his MOTORCYCLE blazing down the HIGHWAY,
twisting through TRAFFIC. The CITY is behind them, receding
into the distance.

29 EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DUSK

29

They pull off an access road, drop down a small embankment,
ride down a narrow, dirt road.

CONTINUED

LAKESIDE

The pull to a stop. A LAKE stretches before them. Vanity gets off the bike, walks around exploring, casting curious glances at Prince. He stands by the water, idly tossing stones--

VANITY

My psychic told me I was going to be famous.

PRINCE

How much did that cost you?

VANITY

Fifty bucks. It was a good investment.

He doesn't respond -- she suddenly feels shy--

VANITY

No seriously -- My psychic did tell me. I was in a play once.

PRINCE

Oh, yeah -- what did you play?

VANITY

Isadora Duncan...

She stretches her arms like a butterfly, does a little step--

VANITY

That means I can sing and dance.

(a beat)

Want to help me?

PRINCE

(swiftly)

Nope.

VANITY

(surprised)

Pardon me?

PRINCE

Nope.

She's Perplexed--

PRINCE

Want to know why?

VANITY
(defensively)
Nope.

PRINCE
(a beat)
Because you wouldn't pass the
initiation.

VANITY
What initiation?

PRINCE
Well, for starters you have to
purify yourself in the waters of
Lake Minnetonka.

VANITY
What?

PRINCE
You have to purify yourself in Lake
Minnetonka.

Her brow furrows, she looks out across the lake. He's calmly throwing stones. Recognizing a challenge when she sees one, she formulates a plan, faces him seductively, shoots him an open look. He stops suddenly, locks eyes with her, feels his knees go weak. Her hold on him is unmistakable. She pulls off her blouse in one fluid motion, tugs off her boots, drops her pants to the ground. She's exquisite, takes a step toward him. Passion rings in his veins ...

Suddenly she turns on her heels, moves purposefully toward the water. He's shocked, realizes that she's about to go in--

PRINCE
Hey, wait a minute! That's--

But she silences him savagely--

VANITY
We made a deal!

And before he can react she scampers along a log, DIVES beneath the surface. He can't believe it -- her spirit really impresses him. She breaks the surface coughing and sputtering, hops and jumps to the shore--

PRINCE
Hold it.

VANITY

What?

PRINCE

That ain't Lake Minnetonka.

He tries to keep a straight face, jumps on his motorcycle, STARTS it up. His words take a moment to sink in, then--

VANITY

(enraged)

You bastard. I don't believe it.
How could you do that to me?!

She gathers up her clothes, tries desperately to put them on. She slips and falls -- Prince can't help laughing- -

VANITY

Damn you -- I'll kill you.

She starts throwing stones. He laughs, blasts up the path--

VANITY

(screaming)

You prick! Are you sick?! Is this
some kind of ritual -- getting
your kicks! How many girls have you
done this to?

ACCESS ROAD

He blazes up the embankment, SAILS through the air, drops expertly onto the road. He fishtails to a slick stop. Vanity is by the lake, flailing about, throwing things, trying to get into her boots--

VANITY

Bastard!

He laughs heartily, wants to kid her, rides down the road as if he's leaving. Having his fun, he slows, turns to go back ...

...his smile dissolves instantly. Vanity is in the middle of the road, flagging down a small PICKUP TRUCK. She hops in, slams the door. The truck peels out, bears down upon him. He gesticulates his arms wildly -- wants to explain--

PRINCE

Hey ...

29 CONTINUED

29

But the truck streaks past -- Vanity's look is cold, triumphant.

30 INT. CLUB (1ST AVE. ST. BAR) - NIGHT

30

MUSIC. The CLUB is PACKED! THE MODERN AIRES is onstage, a hi-techno funk group, performing their trademark, a frenzied song entitled "Modern Aire" The floor is dense with KIDS, all performing the same syncopated dance.

PRINCE moves through the club slowly, seems to be searching someone out. His face is drawn and haggard, his spirits strained. He cuts past the BAR, barely acknowledges Jill, or the other WAITRESSES by her side, KIM and KATY. Jill looks concerned--

KIM

Honey, you still chasing after that fool?

Kim is 21 years and gorgeous, with dark eyes, a smooth sculpted face, and taut shapely legs. She is street-educated and doesn't need encouraging to speak her mind. Katy is also in her-early 20's, a tall, alluring Oriental, with an attractive, intelligent face--

JILL

I'm doing what I'm doing. It's my business.

KATY

He doesn't even look at you. That's the last thing you want from a man.

JILL

You just don't know him like I do.

KIM

Honey... Look, Listen, and then Feel. If you do them in any other order, you're headed for trouble.

Matt and Bobby (members of Prince's group) stroll up--

BOBBY

Hey, Jill -- where's our drinks?

JILL

They're coming -- just wait.

Matt stares hungrily at her breasts--

CONTINUED

JILL

What you want isn't on the menu.

BOBBY

Jill, in ten years they'll be on
the table.

She swats him with her order pad -- Bobby ducks, taunts her--

BOBBY

C'mon, c'mon ...

She goes to swing, Matt moves in, squeezes her breasts--

MATT

(horn sound)
BooPoo!!

KIM

Get out of here, you jerks!

MATT

Sweetheart ... do you have a real
hot place where I could stick my
nose?

KIM

Sure -- try a microwave.

The Guys bust up, head for their tables--

KATY

Those guys are deep.

KIM

Yeah -- deeply retarded.

31 INT./EXT. CLUB - MONEY WINDOW - NIGHT

31

Vanity stands in line waiting to get in. She wears a short,
black dress and red heels, carries a black and red
clutchbag. Her hair is swept back and wind-blown, her eyes
dark and dancing. She looks wickedly wonderful and knows it.

CHICK stands by the window, arms folded, as massive as a
Sequoia. He regards her suspiciously--

VANITY

(sweetly)
I'm paying ... see?
(to cashier, gruff)
Keep the change.

CONTINUED

31 CONTINUED

31

Chick advances on her -- her eyes widen with fear--

CHICK

The manager wants to see you.

VANITY

Really..? Oh, great...like to see him too.

She breaths a sigh of relief.

JEROME watches as Chick escorts VANITY to the upper level. He stays short distance behind.

32 INT. CLUB UPPER LEVEL - NIGHT

32

as Vanity and Chick come to a halt in the middle of the floor--

CHICK

He'll be right with you.

Chick walks away. Jerome makes a move toward her, but pulls himself up short -- BILLY SPARKS has approached her--

BILLY SPARKS

Hi, I'm Billy Sparks, I manage this place.

Vanity turns around -- her eyes widen with surprise--

He's 38 years old, 5'3" tall and weighs about 180 pounds. He's dressed in a baby-blue running suit and white tennis shoes that come to a point. A dark-skinned, smooth-faced black man, he's wearing small, white sunglasses and a baseball cap perched on his head. Fred Flintstone in Harlem. A hip, fast-talking jive motherfucker who uses profanity like a light saber. Chubby, cuddly, cherubic Billy Sparks. He'd sell his mother if he thought he could make a buck.

They size one another up in. about three seconds--

VANITY

Hi -- I really like your club.

BILLY

Really...

VANITY

What time is it?

CONTINUED

BILLY
Nine, sweets.

VANITY
Oh, that's a really nice watch.
Very pretty.

Billy lights a cigarette, offers her one, she accepts--

VANITY
You look like a guy I used to go
out with -- he was a lot older, but
I like older men.

BILLY
Really, what a coincidence.

VANITY
I just came off a Broadway play.
My grandmother got sick.

BILLY
Does she live here?

VANITY
No, in New York ...
(catches herself)
But, huh, I have a sister here,
lives in Saint ... huh ...

BILLY
...Paul.

VANITY
Amazing.

BILLY
Ye-es.
(smiles)
What do you want to do? You don't
want to be a waitress do you?

VANITY
No ... no...Actually I was thinking
more in the way of the stage.

BILLY
Of course... how about dinner?

VANITY
Theatre?

BILLY
Dinner, then the theatre, my
sweets.

VANITY
Oh, huh...

Jerome appears--

JEROME
Hi ya, Billy.

BILLY
Good evening, Jerome.

Vanity sees her escape--

VANITY
Jerome -- I was looking all over
for you!

They BOTH look at her surprised--

BILLY
You know each other?

VANITY
Of course.

Jerome goes along with it--

JEROME
Yes, we've met. I have something
to show you.

VANITY
Great. See you later, Billy.

She walks away with Jerome, arm in arm--

VANITY
You rescued me.

JEROME
(smiles)
Ye-es.

Prince and his band (Mark, Bobby, Matt, Lisa) sit backstage,
waiting to go on. An air of tension permeates the room.

Lisa sits in the corner and fidgets, casts sidelong looks to Prince. He sits apart from the group, deathly silent, locked in thought.

Wendy walks in and shares a look with Lisa. She goes up to Prince, her voice filled with nervousness--

WENDY

Hi ya, Prince. I heard through the grapevine you had a new tune written by two great girls. By chance did you hear it?

He stares at her -- if looks could kill Wendy would be dead--

LISA

I knew it -- he didn't listen to it. He probably dropped it under his bike and rolled over it.

Prince grunts, turns away -- Wendy is amazed--

WENDY

Wow! Okay...you think about this. I'm going to be real honest with you. You're really being full of shit.

LISA

Forget about it, Wendy. Let's get out of here--

But Wendy, agitated, silences her with a fierce gesture--

WENDY

(to Prince)

Every time we give you a song, you say you're going to use it, but you never do. You always think that we're doing something behind your back. You're just being paranoid as usual.

LISA

Wendy...

WENDY

(upset)

Shut up, Lisa, please!

(to Prince)

You should know by now that we wouldn't hurt you. We're not out to put a dark cloud over your head.

(MORE)

WENDY (CONT'D)

It's just to make you feel good,
Prince -- that's what it's all
about. You've been this way with us
before, remember?

PRINCE

(maliciously)

The nominees for the best actress
are--

LISA

-- Fuck it, Wendy -- let's break!

Wendy is shaking, tears spring to her eyes--

WENDY

Do you know you can really, really
hurt people? Doesn't that mean
anything to you? Doesn't that make
you feel like shit?

LISA

C'mon ...

WENDY

I'm tired of this ... I'm really
tired...

They leave the room, Wendy SLAMS the door behind her. Prince
casts a look to Bobby, Mark, Matt--

PRINCE

You tired, too?

MATT

God got Wendy's periods reversed.
About every 28 days, she starts
acting nice. Lasts about a weekend.

Thud. The joke hangs suspended like a ball and chain. Bobby
gets up, the others follow him to the door--

BOBBY

What difference does it make,
Prince. We're still a group,
right?

They cut out the door.

Bobby, Matt and Mark move briskly to the stage--

MARK

Headcase. Telling you... 'effed up
headcase.

BOBBY

People with talent usually are.

Matt dons his surgeon's mask -- MARK rolls his eyes--

MARK

Of course, there are a number of
headcases without great talent too.

Morris stands by the door surrounded by several delicious
BABES. One of them, wearing a tight, red dress, looks
especially enticing. Morris leans in closer -- her tasty
breasts strain against the spandex material--

MORRIS

Honey -- don't you ever try and
breastfeed no baby now.

GIRL

Why not?

MORRIS

Never mind ...

Jerome appears--

JEROME

What.

MORRIS

What?

JEROME

Right. What.

MORRIS

What??

JEROME

You got it.

He snaps his head to the side -- MORRIS looks, sees Vanity
sitting at a table. His eyes dance mischievously--

35 CONTINUED

35

MORRIS

Ye-es
 (to Girl)
 What time is it?

GIRL

(coyly)
 Tea time.

MORRIS

So, right.

36 INT. DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

36

as Prince sits by himself in front of the mirror, staring at a cassette on the counter. We recognize it immediately as the tape Jill gave him earlier, containing Lisa's and Wendy's music. He picks it up, snaps it into a ghetto blaster. MUSIC, without lyrics, fills the room. He adjusts the dials, sits back and listens a moment. Suddenly the door opens--

STAGEHAND

Prince, five minutes.

He snaps off the music, drops the cassette into his pocket, cuts out the room.

37 INT. BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

37

He comes to the stage-area. His Band. Members are standing about anxiously, watching the final moments of The Modern Aires' performance. He cuts behind the curtain, peers at the crowd...

...his eyes fall on Vanity -- his face brightens instantly. Just then JEROME and Morris approach her. Prince shakes his head knowingly, offers a wry smile, then joins his band.

38 INT. VANITY'S TABLE AND CLUB - NIGHT

38

She sits demurely. Morris' eyes are wide and shining -- her beauty up close astonishes him--

JEROME

Vanity, I'd like you to meet Morris
 E. Day.

MORRIS

Hold it now -- just leave the 'E'
 alone.

CONTINUED

JEROME
 (clears throat)
 Vanity...this is Morris Day

MORRIS
 The pleasure's all mine.

she offers her hand -- he takes it decorously--

JEROME
 If you'd excuse me.

Morris signals him -- whispers into his ear--

MORRIS
 Too sexy ...
 (a beat)
 Have a waitress bring a bottle of
 their best champagne.

He seats himself, fastens her with a sexy, half-lidded look--

MORRIS
 Your lips would make a lollipop too
 happy.

VANITY
 You think so, huh?

MORRIS
 Ye-es.

Kim appears with a bottle of champagne in ice--

KIM
 Who's paying for this Morris?

MORRIS
 I think you know that.
 (a beat)
 Jerome!

Jerome appears, opens the bottle with a flair, performs a
 classy taste test. Morris pulls out some cash, pays him, who
 snatches the money, leaves--

MORRIS
 Huh, keep the change--

He whispers to Jerome--

MORRIS
 Get my change, will ya?

Jerome leaves, Morris purses his lips--

MORRIS

Oh, Lord...either somebody put something in my drink, or you are the finest(motherfucker) I've seen in ages.

VANITY

Excuse me, what did you say?

MORRIS

Huh...you look nice tonight.

He leans in, speaks with a sexy voice--

MORRIS

It's rare that I out my cards on the table when it comes to meeting young ladies, but ... I'm going to make you love me.

VANITY

Is that a fact?

He folds his legs dramatically, his Stacy Adams reflecting the light--

MORRIS

Just as sure as my Stacy Adams are shiny.

Just then--

M.C.(O.S.)

Ladies and Gentlemen -- please welcome Prince!

The CLUB erupts in CRIES! Prince hits the stage, launches into "G-spot," a fast, high-spirited funk tune that gets the crowd hopping. Vanity watches as Prince whips the crowd into a frenzy. Morris listens with a complacent grin on his face, his eyes searching out various members of The Time who are scattered through-out the club. When he connects with one of them he makes a series of absurd faces which sends them into hysterics. For Prince is playing music that The Time is noted for, and, as far as Morris is concerned, performs better. Not everyone in the club is dancing, or paying attention, and this does not escape his notice.

Suddenly "G-Spot" comes to a rousing end. The CROWD cheers wildly.

PRINCE moves quickly to the piano and launches into "Electric Intercourse," a love ballad which, as it progresses, becomes a personal statement for Vanity and Prince himself.

She listens intently, her eyes fastened on him. The words have a profound effect on her -- and the audience. Without being consciously aware of it, they're moving closer to the stage, searching for their personal fix. PRINCE surrenders himself to the music totally, releasing from himself all that is hurtful -- releasing the sincerity and truthfulness that escapes him in his daily life. We are entering realm where life and music are inextricably bound, and the impact on the performer and listener is profound.

He's directing his music toward her, and she receives it gratefully, almost anxiously. It fills a void in her, hewn by a life of meaningless promises. He searches her face with his magnificent eyes, and ends the song with a heartrending cry which connects with the souls of all present. Everyone is paying attention now.

The stage is plunged into darkness. The CROWD goes CRAZY! Vanity applauds vigorously, wipes the tears from her eyes. Morris, who was more affected by the performance than he'd care to admit, doesn't like what he sees and searches for a winning line--

MORRIS

He doesn't like girls.

She's equal to the challenge--

VANITY

I know -- he likes women.

But Morris can barely suppress a smile, and settles himself comfortably into his chair -- for he knows what Vanity has lost...at least this round--

MORRIS

Well ... he don't do too good with them either.

She flashes him a quizzical look -- he simply smiles.

Jubilation time! Prince and his Band move through the hallway briskly, past the outstretched arms of admiring fans. There's a lot of back-slapping going on as the Musicians bask in the glow of well-wishers. Prince moves past BILLY Sparks, who has an angry look on his face--

BILLY

What's this intercourse, shit?

PRINCE

Hey; man -- don't worry about it.

BILLY

I'm warning you...

But Prince ignores him, cuts into the dressing room--

40 INT. DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

40

--then stops suddenly, surprised. He's muzzle to muzzle with a cuddly DOG, held up lovingly by Jill--

JILL

Surprise!

OOHS! and AAHS! by the entire group. Jill hesitates, then kisses Prince's cheek compulsively. He's surprised, touched--

PRINCE

Hey -- wait till we're married, now.

She fidgets, her face blushes red. Wendy is studying the dog--

WENDY

Oh, my God -- look at this!

Everyone looks -- Jill grins like the Cheshire Cat--

JILL

Notice anything?

PRINCE

What?

WENDY

It looks like you!

She thrusts the dog into his arms -- the Band laughs uproariously. Jill is beaming--

JILL

His hair ...

Prince gazes into the mirror -- and sure enough the dog's hair has been groomed to match his. He can't help smiling--

CONTINUED

PRINCE

Shit ...

JILL

(softly)

I wanted to cheer you up.

PRINCE

Thanks.

MATT

I'm hungry -- where's the food?!

He grabs the dog, 'a la The Werewolf, starts chomping on it's neck. The Group busts up, starts fooling around.

Prince glances into the mirror -- VANITY is there. He whirls around to the door -- nothing. A huge smile sweeps his face instead. The Band continues fooling around, and Prince joins in with a relish.

41 EXT. ALLEYWAY #2, REAR CLUB - NIGHT

41

Vanity leans against a brick wall, hiding in the shadows. Suddenly FOOTSTEPS approach. Prince appears, gets on his Motorcycle--

VANITY

Hey...

He doesn't look up--

PRINCE

We have to go to your place.

VANITY

What for?

PRINCE

I want to show you something.

She's embarrassed by her apartment--

VANITY

No...no, we can't.

PRINCE

Why -- is there someone there?

VANITY

Why do you always think there's somebody else?

CONTINUED

41 CONTINUED

41

He averts his eyes -- kick STARTS his bike--

PRINCE

Let's go.

VANITY

(Getting on)

Yeah -- but we're not going to my place.

He remains silent, snaps the bike into gear, blasts down the ally into the street.

42 PRINCE'S HOUSE AND STREET - NIGHT

42

Prince and Vanity whip down a residential street. As he approaches his house he slows, moves past it quietly.

He makes a deft U-turn, crosses his house again -- seems to be listening intently...

After a moment, he cuts down a narrow path, turns up a back alley. He rides to a wooden gate, detaches a hidden lever. The wood slats rotate like a garage door -- Prince coaxes his bike through.

BACKYARD

Vanity's mesmerized. They ride down a narrow sidewalk, cut through a garden, and emerge from the back of a garage. He leans his bike against it--

VANITY

That was a grand entrance. Where am I?

He silences her with a look, moves quickly across the grass, comes to a window. He stands on a pipe, looks in--

43 PRINCE'S POV - INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

43

His Mother and Father in the living room. His Mother is sprawled out on the sofa, obviously drunk, her dress hiked along her thighs. Her head rests in his Father's lap.

44 EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

44

Prince hops from the pipe, leans coolly against the house. Intrigued. VANITY looks in--

45 VANITY'S POV - INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 45

The mother and father kissing tentatively, then violently, finally pulling away. The Mother seems to be taunting the Father, coaxing him into a trap. He kisses her mouth lustily -- she pulls back snarling--

46 EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT 46

Vanity's scared -- tries to be cool--

VANITY
So -- friends of yours?

PRINCE
Yeah -- the freak show.

He walks off. She jumps off the pipe, follows.

SIDE OF HOUSE

as they emerge around the corner. Prince squats by a basement window, adjusts an old coal chute, then slides down it--

VANITY
Hey...

PRINCE(O.S.)
C'mon.

She hesitates a moment, then slides down too.

47 INT. BASEMENT, PRINCE'S HOME - NIGHT 47

He turns on a LIGHT, disappears into an ADJOINING ROOM. Vanity looks around amazed. She stands in a small ANTE-CHAMBER whose walls are covered with thick pads and foam.

Colorful MOBILES hang suspended from the ceilings -- various INSTRUMENTS lie about: a drumset, an electric guitar, and a small upright piano. A stereo and cassette player. are perched on a shelf, and two speakers are recessed into the walls. The entire room looks hand- built, the wood carefully painted, or stained.

She peers through the doorway into the adjoining room. BLUE MOONLIGHT filters in through the casement windows. Various MURALS are painted on the walls, MOBILES are suspended from the ceiling. A bed sits in the middle of the floor, a vanity table and mirror nearby.

CONTINUED

She stands idly a moment, then moves around the antechamber. Various KNICKKNACKS catch her attention. Small wind-up TOYS lie about: a soldier, a bear banging on a drum, a tractor and car. A small MUSIC BOX sits on a shelf. She turns the handle, a little TUNE fills the room...

A cassette sits in the player. She snaps it shut, hits the play button. A DRUM BEAT fills the room, followed by a WOMAN'S VOICE, seemingly speaking in a foreign tongue. The combination is hypnotic and sensual -- she finds herself drawn in ...

Suddenly Prince grabs her by the waist, lets out a SHRIEK. She draws a out breath, jumps--

VANITY

If you think you scared me, you didn't.

PRINCE

Oh, yeah ...

He puts his index finger directly in front of her nose, moves it back and forth hypnotically. She follows it earnestly with her eyes. Suddenly, he pulls his hand away, stretches it to the ceiling like an escaping bird. They both smile, lock eyes. Passion rings in their veins...

The Woman's VOICE begins to moan deeply, pleurably--

VANITY

Who's the lucky girl? Sounds like she was having a good time.

PRINCE

She's crying -- it's backwards. It makes me sad when I hear it. It sorta sounds like she's laughing, doesn't it?

VANITY

So what did you do to her? Do you always treat your women like that?

PRINCE

I don't have anybody right now.

Heat floods into her womb like soft fire- -

VANITY

You look pretty...

She touches his chest delicately, fluffs up his hair--

VANITY

King Kong?

PRINCE

Stop.

She hesitates -- but he reaches out tentatively, touches her breast--

VANITY

No.

But their mutual desire is too strong. Their lips seek one another out timidly, almost deferentially...then fervently.

DISSOLVE TO:

Vanity sits at the foot of the bed, Prince stands before her. Her dress is hiked along her thighs, her stockings attached to garters. Their hands search delicately across the contours of their bodies, drawing quick breaths from their lips. They kiss one another ardently, then quickly, like sparrows pecking seed. She goes to remove her dress, but Prince stays her with a gesture, moving his hands along her thighs, touching delicately that spot between her legs. A low, whispery moan escapes from her lips.

Vanity lies back, drawing Prince toward her. His lips move across her mouth, her neck, her breasts. She moans softly, pulls her dress above her thighs, goes to remove it. Once again he stops her, slowly turns her onto her stomach.

She stands on her knees, her head resting on a pillow. His hands move up along the back of her thighs, past the garters to her panties. He tugs at them gently, then rubs his hand firmly between her legs. She moans suddenly, the shudder moving through her like a whirlwind ...

DISSOLVE TO:

MOONLIGHT glows through the casement windows. MOBILES stir gently in the night breeze.

Prince and Vanity are asleep. He rests on his side, his hands gently supporting his face. She lies behind him, one leg dangling off the bed, one shoe discarded on the floor

Suddenly a distant MOAN...QUICK FOOTSTEPS -- A DOOR SLAMS. Vanity SNAPS awake! Fear sweeps her like a shadow from a passing cloud. She listens intently, then--

-- Another DOOR SLAM, QUICK FOOTSTEPS, and Prince's MOTHER CRYING in the dark--

MOTHER(O.S.)
(upstairs)
Please!

A bottle CRASHES to the floor. Then silence...

...deep silence like snow in the room...

Vanity's racked with fear. She sits up slowly, her eyes searching out Prince -- he's sleeping...

Suddenly more FOOTSTEPS, a DOOR SLAMS and the Father's CRY--

FATHER
(o.s.)
No!!

WHACK! Something heavy CRASHES to the floor...

Vanity rises from the bed in a panic! She smoothes down her dress, searches for her other shoe. She shoots another look to Prince, but he sleeps peacefully. Casting a glance upstairs, she climbs through the casement window, disappears into the night.

PRINCE is resting on his side, his eyes opened.

Vanity moves quickly along the side of the house, trying desperately to find her way. Suddenly a HAND reaches out of the darkness, GRABS her by the throat. She SCREAMS, swings her bag desperately -- something CRASHES, into the bushes--

VOICE
Damn, baby, hold it! Hold it!!
(wails)
Oh, God -- God! You broke my nose!

She sees it's Morris -- she's beside herself with fear and rage--

VANITY
You shit! What the hell are you doing here?

He struggles in the bushes -- DOGS start BARKING--

MORRIS

Shh! Shh! Shh! oh, Lord help me
outta here.

(a beat)

Hee, hee -- I know you wouldn't
want to spend the whole night with
ol' pencil dick.

VANITY

Your nose alright?

MORRIS

My nose is fine, I'm just wondering
if I fucked my shoes up...

(a beat)

C'mon ...

They cut across the yard, head to the street. The CADDY is
parked at the curb. Jerome leans against it, reading a
newspaper--

VANITY

Hi, Jerome. Wow! Nice hubcaps.

He grins proudly from ear to ear -- the Caddy sports new
chrome wire wheels--

JEROME

You like them, huh?

VANITY

Beautiful.

Morris MOANS dismally--

MORRIS

Jerome...you think these can be
fixed?

His shoes are badly scuffed, the leather torn across the top-

JEROME

I think they're dead, man.

VANITY

God, I'm sorry.

MORRIS

Shit -- it's so rough out here.

CONTINUED

50 CONTINUED

50

Just then a PATROL CAR cruises by. The COP regards them suspiciously. MORRIS and Jerome snap to attention--

MORRIS

You lock the door, baby? Let's go!

They pile into the Caddy, pull out.

51 EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

51

The CADDY blazes by in the night. The CITY LIGHTS glimmer spectacularly in the distance.

52 INT./EXT. CADDY - NIGHT

52

Jerome drives. Morris and Vanity sit in the backseat. He gazes at her ardently--

MORRIS

Jerome!

Jerome snaps a look in the rear-view -- Morris gives him a deft nod. JEROME opens the glove compartment, searches through the cassette tapes. He finds the one he wants, snaps it into the player. RESTAURANT AMBIANCE fills the car...

Note: The restaurant ambiance will grow in volume, and will be followed by exaggerated dinner music, punctuated with strings and delicate cymbals. The MUSIC plays throughout this scene -- and Morris times his words to the ebb and flow of the piece to insure the proper dramatic effect.

...dinner MUSIC begins--

JEROME

Cocktails before dinner?

MORRIS

Yes -- two piña coladas.

VANITY

Uh...make mine a virgin.

JEROME

Okay...

Jerome braces his knees against the wheel, pours two premixed coladas into plastic glasses--

CONTINUED

JEROME

(to Morris)

Will you be having a virgin as well?

MORRIS

Ye-es! For dessert!! Whawhak!

Jerome stifles a laugh, pours a rum miniature into Morris' glass. He hands them back--

MORRIS

Thank you. Here you are, dear.

They savor their drinks -- Morris' fervor grows by leaps and bounds--

MORRIS

Jerome, uh, get your pad and pencil, I think it's gonna be kinda right. If my judge of character is correct, it's going to be about loving tonight.

(a beat)

Stop me when I get to seventeen.

Jerome places a pad by his side, pencil at the ready. He settles the Caddy to a cruising 55 -- Morris looks deeply into Vanity's eyes--

MORRIS

Excuse me, baby...I bet you didn't know I had a piece of this restaurant, did you?

(a beat)

May I taste that?

He takes Vanity's drink, slurps a little, burps--

MORRIS

Huh, excuse me, that's kind of weak...here, try mine.

She does, and begins coughing violently- -

VANITY

Good God!

MORRIS

Y'know...they say that saliva is an aphrodisiac.

(a beat)

You look so lovely tonight.

VANITY
 (couching)
 Why...thank you.

MORRIS
 Probably you'd look better under
 exotic...red...lights.
 (another though)
 I wish you could see my home.
 It's...it's so exciting.

He leans close to her, speaks in a soft, sexy voice--

MORRIS
 In my bedroom, I have a brass
 waterbed ...

VANITY
 Oooh!

MORRIS
 I have an Italian cook, Gino
 Izogochograchi, or something like
 that.

She giggles, looks at him deeply--

MORRIS
 It's funny...your eyes -- when you
 stare at me like that, it causes my
 stomach to qui- quiver. Oh,
 Lord...

An idea flashes across his mind--

MORRIS
 Do you like diamonds?

VANITY
 Uh, huh.

MORRIS
 Yeah ...?

VANITY
 Yeah.

MORRIS
 I know it's rather masculine, but -
 - try this one on.

He slides a large glass diamond on her finger--

VANITY

Ohhh!

MORRIS

My God, darling it fits.

He studies her hands closely--

MORRIS

You must have strong hands, but --
they're so soft...like oils in my
bubble bath.

(a beat)

Damn ...

He leans close to her--

MORRIS

Darling...?

VANITY

Yeah...?

MORRIS

I'm not usually so forward, but --
would you like to make love to me?
I can make it so nice ...

She giggles freely, looks at him with big eyes--

MORRIS

Do you know what is meant by the
words, huh, I hate to use them,
they're so harsh, so American...I
mean, and yet on the other hand,
they're exciting words. The
words...

(pause)

...chili sauce. Oh, Lord.

(a beat)

MORRIS

You know, I haven't made love in so
long, but with you I know it would
be just like riding a bike. I'd
remember everything I've ever
learned.

(a beat)

Baby, if the kid can't make you
come, nobody can.

Jerome checks off his pad--

JEROME
 (whispers)
 Morris..!

MORRIS
 Yeah...?

JEROME
 Seventeen.

Morris fixes Vanity with his half-lidded, pouty-lip look--

MORRIS
 Huh, what's it gonna to be baby?
 She's on the spot, thinks fast--

VANITY
 PULL OVER THERE!

MORRIS
 What?!

JEROME
 What?!

VANITY
 Over there -- that's where I live.

Jerome SKIDS the car to a stop. They're directly in front of a slick, hi-rise apartment building--

MORRIS
 Here...?

VANITY
 Yes.

MORRIS
 Uh, what one is it?

VANITY
 That one, right there, see? On the 14th floor.

MORRIS
 It's nice, huh?

VANITY
 Oh, it's great. Real pretty. Big open rooms, balconies, fireplace -- the works.

He smiles lovingly--

MORRIS

Jerome!

Jerome puts the Caddy into gear, pulls off into the night- -

VANITY

Hey, wait! C'mon!

(a beat)

Okay -- where are you taking me?

MORRIS

Home.

(smiling)

You and me are a lot alike - I like that. So, I'd like to help you out. I think I have something you may be interested in.

VANITY

Oh yeah -- what?

Jerome hands Morris a cassette -- MORRIS waves it in front of her nose--

MORRIS

A little song and dance. That is, if you can sing and dance.

VANITY

(defensively)

Prince is going to help me.

Jerome and Morris suppress their laughter- -

JEROME

Motherfucker needs a haircut.

MORRIS

Hee, hee, uh, excuse me. No he won't. He's never done anything in his whole life for anybody but himself.

VANITY

Guys better than you have promised me things before.

MORRIS

I know that's right, but--

52 CONTINUED

52

Jerome hands him a card with an address on it. Morris hands the card to her--

MORRIS
 (con't)
 -- not Morris Day.
 (he smiles)

Jerome pulls up in front of her motel. Vanity reads the card--
 -

MORRIS
 Come by any time.

53 EXT. MOTEL/INT. CADDY - TWILIGHT

53

She gets out of the car, stands on the sidewalk. Morris pushes the window button -- nothing happens--

MORRIS
 Jerome!

Jerome leans over, taps the glass -- the window glides down--

MORRIS
 (to Vanity)
 One more thing ...

Jerome snaps the glove compartment, hands Morris a neatly folded camisole. Morris presents it to her--

MORRIS
 Here's a little something for you.
 If you get cold when you wear it,
 call me.

He snaps his fingers -- Jerome pulls the Caddy away with a screech.

54 EXT. VANITY'S MOTEL - TWILIGHT

54

Vanity stands on the sidewalk a moment, slightly bewildered and very amused. She watches the Cadillac screech around the bend. She turns, goes into the motel.

PRINCE stands in the alleyway across the street, his motorcycle parked nearby. He watches as Vanity cuts inside.

55 INT. HALLWAY/VANITY'S MOTEL - DAWN 55

She comes down the HALLWAY, opens her door with a key.

55A INT. VANITY'S ROOM - DAWN 55A

She goes inside, drops the tape and card in her bureau. unfolding the camisole, she holds it against her, gazes into the mirror. It looks beautiful. Suddenly a KNOCK at the door--

VANITY

Morris...?

Another two KNOCKS, something like a confirmation. She smiles, cuts to the door, flings it open -- but Prince is there. She's shocked, but recovers instantly--

VANITY

I had a feeling it was you -- I knew it! It's amazing -- I could tell it was you.

His face remains placid as he puts on his sunglasses--

PRINCE

How'd you get home?

VANITY

Took a cab.

PRINCE

Oh yeah? Where'd you get that?

She stares at the camisole in her hands- -

VANITY

I adore camisoles.

He nods dispassionately, walks into the room, gives the place the once over, then--

PRINCE

Let's ride.

56 EXT. HIGHWAY - DAWN 56

AERIAL SHOT

Prince and Vanity on his motorcycle whipping down the highway. The DAWN LIGHT breaks over the horizon.

57 EXT. ANOTHER HIGHWAY - DAWN 57

A SERIES OF SHOTS

Streaking down a two-lane blacktop obviously exhilarated by the velocity of their ride. The landscape becomes lush, the trees a riot of autumn splendor.

58 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAWN 58

ANOTHER ANGLE

as Prince and Vanity whip up to the top of a small hill, skid to a stop. He scans the area quickly, gets his bearings. He pops the clutch, skids off to the valley below.

59 EXT. WOODS AND STREAM - DAWN 59

PRINCE AND VANITY

ride cautiously through a series of hiking paths, then twist down a small embankment. A STREAM flows before them. They climb off the bike, look around quietly--

VANITY

God, this is beautiful. It reminds me of where I grew up. My father used to ...

He waits for an answer, it's not forthcoming--

PRINCE

Your father used to what...?

VANITY

Nothing...it's just...
(changes subject)
You must like places like this.

He goes to the stream, balances on several rocks, moves to the other side. The stream flows between them--

VANITY

So, have you reconsidered my proposal?

PRINCE

What...?

VANITY

What we talked about last time.

CONTINUED

PRINCE

You can't be serious.

She starts a little dance step, climaxes it with spins and twirls--

VANITY

Oh, come on -- you know you really want to. You've been waiting for this opportunity...all...your...life...

He can't help laughing -- she freezes, looks at him coldly--

PRINCE

I'm sorry -- excuse me.

VANITY

God -- so why do you come around? You don't want to help me, not that you have to. You don't want to sleep with me, not that you have to do that either. So why am I here?

He smiles, walks off--

VANITY

There's a lot of things you don't know about me. You'd be surprised how many things I could do.

He disappears around some trees--

VANITY

Take me home immediately! I want to go home. I can't stand this! I can't take this anymore! Prince!

PRINCE moves through the trees smiling, studying nature--

VANITY(O.S.)

I don't need this! I was doing alright before I met you. Motherfucker, you need a haircut!

He comes to a tree, leans against it contentedly, studies the foliage.

VANITY paces back and forth frantically along the stream--

VANITY

(to herself)
I don't get this.
(MORE)

VANITY (CONT'D)

(yells)

Prince! Who do you think you are?!
You don't care. You don't care
about anything! I never wanted you
to help me anyway!

PRINCE rests by the tree, observes TWO HIKERS walking down
the path toward him- -

VANITY(O.S.)

You think you're a good musician?!
You're nothing! Morris is better.
I never wanted to make it with you
anyway.

The Hikers pass him startled--

PRINCE

Good morning.

VANITY

PRINCE, I HATE YOU!

HIKERS

Good morning, sir.

And they walk down the path, disappear around the bend.
Just then--

VANITY is standing by his side, a wildflower in her hands--

VANITY

(softly)

I'm sorry. I shouldn't have said
those things. Will you forgive me?

PRINCE

(softly)

Yes.

He takes the flower, slips it into his jacket, kisses her
forehead.

as they ride down a leaf-strewn path and pull to a stop near
an old, weathered, dilapidated BARN. It stands large and
silent like a painting. A low THUNDER rolls across the
land...

61 INT. BARN - DAWN 61

DAWN LIGHT burns through the wooden slats.. STEAM rises from the wet hay scattered throughout. The air is thick and damp. It begins to RAIN.

Vanity stands in the middle of the barn, gazing at the storm. Beads of perspiration glisten on her forehead. She turns slowly, watches as PRINCE retrieves old blankets from a nearby stall. Their eyes search one another out, their breathing becomes short, expectant. She hesitates a moment, then pulls off her blouse, discards it to the moist, dusty floor.

62 INT. BARN - DAY 62

ANOTHER ANGLE

RAIN patters strongly against the barn. A deep THUNDER rolls. She's on top of him, moving deliciously, her body glowing in the purple, dawn light. Moist, purple water shadows streak and course her skin as she moves slowly, then deliberately against him. He watches her avidly, his hands firmly on her thighs, and thrusts into her again and again...and again.

62A EXT. BARN - DAY 62A

Leaves scatter as the bike whips thru the wet path.

63 EXT. STREETS, VANITY'S MOTEL - MORNING 63

The STREETS glisten with the rain. Prince and Vanity pull up in front of her motel. She hugs him fiercely, steps off the bike, her face alive and fresh as a flower. His eyes sparkle--

PRINCE
See you later?

VANITY
When?

PRINCE
Why?

VANITY
'Cause I have to do something first.

CONTINUED

PRINCE

What?

VANITY

(coily)

A secret...

PRINCE

Tell me.

VANITY

No.

PRINCE

Okay, come by -- eight o'clock.

He kicks the bike into gear -- she touches his jacket longingly--

VANITY

Bye...

He blasts off. She watches him a moment, her eyes glowing. She heads to her motel, then stops short -- a single CARNATION lies on the sidewalk. She looks around quickly, almost expecting someone to claim it. But no one's around, so she picks it up, goes inside.

64 INT. STAIRWELL, VANITY'S MOTEL - MORNING

64

She enters the LOBBY, closes the door behind her. She turns -- another CARNATION is on the stairwell. She's intrigued, glances up the stairs -- there's another one, and yet another further up. She's confused, but grabs them, disappears up the stairs.

HALLWAY as she comes to a halt outside her room, picking up carnations along the way. She opens her door, cuts inside.

65 INT. VANITY'S ROOM - MORNING

65

She goes into the bathroom, fills the sink with water, arranges the flowers within. She smiles radiantly -- they look beautiful. Suddenly something seizes her thoughts. She opens her bureau drawer quickly, pulls out the yellow pages, leafs through it hurriedly, We READ: Parking, Passport, Paving...then Pawnbrokers. She stops, runs her finger down the page, then hunts quickly through her drawer. Her eyes dance mischievously when she pulls out her gold chain. She places it on her bureau, hurries to her clothes rack. Suddenly, a quick KNOCK at the door--

CONTINUED

MAN(O.S.)

Miss V.?

She looks around the corner -- a flower delivery MAN stands in the hallway, holding a bouquet of roses--

VANITY

Yes...?

MAN

Delivery.

VANITY

(surprised)

Come in ...

He cuts inside, and is followed by another MAN, holding a bouquet of daisies--

VANITY

Hey -- wait a minute. What's going on?

The Men leave the room--

MAN

Downstairs.

She hurries to the window, looks out--

66 EXT. STREET - DAY - VANITY'S POV-

66

Morris and Jerome standing by the curb, their eyes fastened excitedly on her window, leaning against a flower truck. We catch a glimpse of a Man bringing her a dozen chrysanthemums--

MORRIS

Good morning, dahling.

67 EXT. VANITY'S WINDOW AND STREET - DAY

67

(INTERCUT)

VANITY

You're crazy! -- What are you doing?

MORRIS

(excited)

Come down -- come down.

CONTINUED

VANITY

I can't -- I've got things to do.

MORRIS

C'mon, ten minutes. I want to show you something-

She shakes her head--

VANITY

I'm sorry, but thanks for the flowers. You're really crazy.

She disappears from the window. They stand expectantly a long time. Finally Jerome looks at Morris--

JEROME

Well...what do you think?

Morris is staring intently at the window -- he purses his lips sensually--

MORRIS

Chili sauce.

Just then Vanity steps outside, looks stunning in her tight, black pants and boots. Her eyes dance vivaciously, a red sash is tied around her waste. Morris gives Jerome his sexy, half-lidded, pouty-lip look--

MORRIS

Oh, Lord...

68 INT. CLUB (1ST AVE. ST. BAR.) - DAY

68

CU--Clock. We SEE 11:25

Prince cuts through the back entrance, walks onto the floor. Lisa and WENDY are onstage PLAYING a SONG we immediately recognize as the one they had given Prince to listen to. The DRUM RIFF is provided by the Linn Machine(a synthesized drum unit). Wendy plays guitar, her back to Prince. Lisa, at the keyboards, spots him and stops--

WENDY

What's wrong?

Lisa points to Prince. WENDY immediately rips into the guitar solo of "G-Spot." She stops suddenly--

WENDY

Is that better? Do you like that?

CONTINUED

He ignores her--

PRINCE
Where is everybody?

LISA
You're late -- they left.

PRINCE
So what are you doing here?

Lisa immediately launches into the opening bars of "Let's Get Crazy"--

LISA
(imitating Prince)
But I'm here to tell you that
there's something else -- our
music--.

The Girls bust up -- he glares at them--

PRINCE
Can't you guys get off it? Can't
you just leave it alone?

Wendy meets his glare with one of her own...

WENDY
Yeah -- we'll get off it.

She turns, snaps off the Linn Machine angrily, plunging the club into silence.

The Time is JAMMING like MAD, deep in the heart of "Sex Shooter." Brenda and Susan move furiously to the beat, trying their best to get it right. They are watched by ...

...Morris, Vanity and Jerome standing off to the side. Morris has a contented look on his face, even though his girls are screwing up. Vanity's eyes are wide with excitement

MORRIS
As you can see, we need someone
with your special qualities.

70

INT. PRINCE'S ANTECHAMBER AND BEDROOM - NIGHT

70

CU--Clock. We See: 8:15.

Prince sits, on his bed, staring at the clock, seemingly lost in thought. He gets up, rummages through his coat pockets, pulls out Lisa's and Wendy's tape. He snaps it into the player, settles back.

MUSIC fills the room. He listens intently a moment, his face placid. He closes his eyes, tries to relax ...

Suddenly a DOOR SLAMS in the far reaches of the house. Harsh FOOTSTEPS echo through the upstairs hallway. PRINCE remains still, his eyes closed...

Then another deathly DOOR SLAM! GLASS dissolves in its frame and trickles to the floor like icicles. Resentment surges in him like a tornado. He rises purposefully, turns the MUSIC up...

...And then his door SMASHES open and his Mother LUNGES into the room in a PANIC. She flings herself onto his bed as his Father streaks in and WHACKS! WHACKS! WHACKS! at her with a strap, SCREAMING at her with an ominous growl of rage--

FATHER

You ain't got no business leaving here! All your sneaking around -- you're just a sinner! You're nothing but a low life sinner!

The Mother throws herself at him drunkenly, starts slapping, scratching at his face--

MOTHER

Shut up! You don't care about me! Leave me alone!

Prince claws desperately at his Father's back--

FATHER

Don't I keep the heat on? Isn't there food in the refrigerator?

MOTHER

(crying)
I don't like it here. You never talk to me! I'm always alone!

Prince drags his Father away--

CONTINUED

PRINCE

Dad, please!

FATHER

(shouting)

What's the matter with this house?
Isn't it nice and warm here?!

The Mother stands on the bed SHRIEKING--

MOTHER

You're crazy!

FATHER

Shut up!

MOTHER

Asshole!

FATHER

Shut up!

MOTHER

(triumphantly)

Motherfucker!!

The Father lunges, drags Prince along the floor, WHACKS! the Mother in the face. She topples in a heap to the bed. He's over her now, breathing fire, flailing about savagely--

FATHER

Shut up! Shut up! Shut up!

PRINCE

(desperately)

Dad!

He lunges, drop KICKS his Father with everything he's got! His Father SMASHES backwards against the wall, slides to his buttocks on the floor. He sits there dully, exhausted...spent.

Prince crawls up along the side of the bed. His Mother buries her head in the pillow, choking back sobs--

MOTHER

I'm just trapped here...

His Father's eyes well with tears. He leans close to her, speaks softly--

FATHER

You always got a roof overhead...

MOTHER

You don't let me have any fun...

His Father sighs wearily, pulls himself to his feet. He moves to the door--

FATHER

I could make you happy. Just believe in me...

MOTHER

You never...

FATHER

I would die for you.

He leaves the room, closes the door behind him.

PRINCE stares at the door a moment, tears welling in his eyes. His MOTHER is motionless, whimpering softly. A scent of liquor permeates the air.

He moves toward her, reaches out tentatively...

Suddenly she jumps up, starts pacing frantically--

MOTHER

It's nice here. It's a nice house. Nothing wrong.

(a beat)

It's a good family. Believe me, I know. Nothing wrong here.

(a beat)

Your father is okay. He's a good man. You could learn something.

She catches a glimpse of herself in the mirror, stops--

MOTHER

My, my! Don't you think I have a good figure? Your Father did.

She sits in front of the mirror, studies her face, her eyes...her breasts--

MOTHER

I was beautiful when your Dad met me. I was out-a-sight!

She giggles, starts applying makeup--

MOTHER

I looked just like a movie star.
The minute he saw me singing, I
knew just what he wanted.

She fixes him with a conspiratorial look, whispers--

MOTHER

He wanted to get into my panties.

She makes funny, "jazzy" eyes at him, then stops suddenly, staring. His face, mouth, eyes...a sudden stirring in her loins. Her lips part, she moistens them unconsciously...

She turns from the mirror and stares at him -- his look connects with her groin. She rises suddenly, walks slowly toward the bed, sits facing him--

MOTHER

You look so pretty. Just like me,
honey. You coulda been a girl.

She outlines the mole on his cheek with a makeup pencil, then draws one on herself. She takes her earring off, and puts it on his ear. They are face to face -- identical--

MOTHER

So pretty...

She looks at him drunkenly. He tries to hold it in, but can't. A tear, hot and hard as a bullet flows down his cheek. She puts her index finger in front of his face, moves it back and forth hypnotically. Suddenly she pulls her hand away, stretches it to the ceiling like an escaping bird. He swallows, tries to smile -- she leans close --

MOTHER

(secretly)

I have to go now, see some
friends. Don't tell your father,
okay?

She gets up, leaves the room--

MOTHER

Bye, skipper...bye.

Vanity climbs over a fence, moves through some bushes, emerges along side Prince's house.

71 CONTINUED

71

She has an excited, ravenous look on her face. She hurries to the casement window, climbs into the basement.

72 INT. PRINCE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

72

She drops down into the basement, turns excitedly, leaps into Prince's arms--

VANITY

I missed you! Missed you! Missed you!

She hugs him tight, showers him with kisses, topples them both to the bed. Laughing, hugging, kissing -- fast and furious. Suddenly she jumps up like a panther, fluffs her hair wildly in the mirror, fixes him with a wanton look. His eyes devour her--

PRINCE

Come here. Where were you?

She moistens her lips, walks lasciviously toward the bed, sits facing him. She laughs suddenly, pushes him back...and they're at each other again - - faces two inches apart; touching, whispering, kissing, hands searching -- shutting out the room, shutting out the world...

She jumps up suddenly. She can't be contained! She practically levitates--

VANITY

I have a big surprise for you.

She rushes to the coal chute, climbs halfway through. Prince, puzzled, cracks up watching her ass and legs dangling. She drops back into the room, holding a large PACKAGE. His eyes widen. She struts to the bed, lays it down majestically before him--

VANITY

(sings)
Da...da...!

PRINCE

What is it?

VANITY

Open it.

CONTINUED

He starts peeling the tape off, careful not to rip the paper. Vanity's bursting with excitement though, and demolishes it in a flash! He laughs, opens the lid -- stares in shock--

PRINCE

Oh, no...
 (happy)
 Oh, no!

He pulls out a gleaming new GUITAR, and we immediately recognize it as the one they saw in the window. He's deliriously happy, and speechless--

PRINCE

How'd you do it?

She shouts with delight, attacks him again, pushing the guitar aside. Fast, furious kisses and he responds in kind. They're twisted in a heap on the bed. After a moment they come up for air, stare at each other playfully. Something flashes across his mind--

PRINCE

Here...

Her eyes widen. He takes off his Mother's earring, fastens it to her ear. Eyes dancing, she jumps up, studies it closely, in the mirror--

VANITY

I love it!

She twists around, kneels beside him, showers him with bites and kisses. Suddenly she stops--

VANITY

I'm going to join Morris' group.

His face drops, shocked--

PRINCE

What?

She backs away from him, stands, strikes a defensive stance--
 -

VANITY

I'm going to join Morris' group.

He LUNGES savagely before he knows it! His hand lashes out, SMASHES her in the face.

She falls back, CRASHES into the mirror. She slips dully to the floor, tries desperately to brace herself on a chair--

He's horrified--

PRINCE

I'm sorry! Oh, baby, I'm sorry!
Are you alright?

He helps her up, she turns away from him--

VANITY

Just...leave me alone.

His heart staggers in his chest--

PRINCE

Please...it's just...

(a beat)

I don't want you around this at all. I just don't want you in my life this way. You don't have to prove anything to me or anybody else.

(a beat)

Vanity...? Don't I make you happy? Don't you like the way we are?

(another thought)

Do you know Morris? Do you know what he's about? He doesn't care about you.

She twists viciously--

VANITY

Jealous...?!

She rushes into the antechamber, climbs through the coal chute, disappears into the night.

DISSOLVE TO:

Matt, Bobby and Mark are JAMMING onstage. Prince emerges from behind the curtains. He looks drawn and haggard, his face unshaven. The Guys spot him, and the MUSIC trickles to a stop. Tension fills the room in an instant. Mark glances at his watch, fixes PRINCE with a disgusted look.

Prince climbs the steps to the stage, cuts across it--

CONTINUED

PRINCE
Where's Lisa and Wendy?

BOBBY
They haven't shown up yet.

PRINCE
They call?

The Guys shrug, look away. PRINCE simmers a moment, straps on his guitar -- immediately gets ear-splitting FEEDBACK. He stomps on the floor pedals angrily. Just then Chick comes up to the stage--

CHICK
Prince. Billy Sparks wants to see you.

PRINCE
Tell him I'm rehearsing.

CHICK
Uh, uh -- now.

74 INT. STAIRWAY AND CLUB - DAY

74

as Billy cuts down the stairs quickly. Prince, walking to meet him, pulls himself up short--

BILLY
What do you want?

PRINCE
You wanted to see me?

Billy still moves -- Prince keeps up--

BILLY
You having trouble?

PRINCE
(shrugs)
No.

BILLY
No?

PRINCE
No ...

BILLY
Where's Lisa and Wendy?

CONTINUED

74 CONTINUED

74

He stops abruptly at the front door, studies Prince for a long time. Then he cuts outside. Prince follows.

75 EXT. STREETS, CLUB - DAY

75

Rush hour TRAFFIC. Billy sets the pace down the sidewalk -- Prince keeps up--

BILLY

Morris called me this morning.
Seems he's got himself a new group
called Vanity Six. You know
anything about them?

PRINCE

(a beat)

No.

BILLY

He tells me they're great. Thinks
I'll be interested. That's cool,
but now I've got a problem.

PRINCE

What's that?

BILLY

I book three acts -- I can't afford
four. If they're as good as Morris
says they are, one of you will have
to go...

Suddenly a HORN BLARES off screen. Billy looks up -- a
BEAUTIFUL BABE in a black BMW waves--

BILLY

Go around the block!

The Babe pulls into the flow of traffic- -

BILLY

It won't be The Time -- they're
playing backup to Vanity. So it's
either you or the Modern Aires.

(a beat)

What would You do in my position?

Prince has a sinking feeling in his gut- -

BILLY

(musing)

I like the Modern Aires.

(MORE)

CONTINUED

75 CONTINUED

75

BILLY (CONT'D)

They have a good following -- they show up for practice -- and the kids like all their music.

The BMW sweeps up to the curb. BILLY opens the door, slides in--

BILLY

'Nough said. Get smart. Straighten up your shit.

76 INT. REHEARSAL HALL - DAY

76

The PLACE is JUMPING! Once again The Time is deep in the guts of "Sex Shooter," but now there's a difference. The MUSIC is fiercer and crisper -- the BEAT tailored, more defined.

Morris and Jerome stand off to the side sporting huge grins. They're avidly watching...

...Vanity, Susan, and Brenda dancing up a fierce storm. Vanity fronts the two Girls and moves panther-like in front of the mirrors...

She's a dynamo, her face drawn tightly, her movements crisp and precise. She urges the Girls on, suggests and cajoles, strengthening their resolve. Sweat lathers their bodies and forms rings on their Danskins. The act is still very rough, but the potential for success can be felt.

PRINCE suddenly enters the hall. MORRIS spots him immediately and halts the MUSIC. The Girls dance on a moment, then stop perplexed. Vanity catches Prince's look, shakes her head in disbelief--

PRINCE

I want to talk to you.

She's out of breath, waves him off--

VANITY

Not now, I'm busy.

PRINCE

Now.

A TITTER goes through the Band Members - - Vanity wipes her face, fixes him with a glare--

CONTINUED

VANITY

I said I'm busy -- we'll talk later.

PRINCE

Uh, uh...

He grabs her suddenly, pulls her to the door--

VANITY

Leave me alone! I've got a show to do!

She pulls away savagely--

VANITY

YOU can't just come in here and take me away! We'll talk later!

Morris is enraged--

MORRIS

Man -- why don't you just do the walk?

Prince glares at him, cups his genitals- -

PRINCE

Why don't you kiss the one-eyed snake?

The Band lets out a condescending GROAN -- the tension rises

MORRIS

Jellybean!

Jellybean, 6'4", 210 pounds, steps from behind the drums, moves up behind Prince- -

JELLYBEAN

Let's go, Jack.

PRINCE

Fuck you!

He lunges, grabs Vanity again -- she SHRIEKS--

VANITY

Leave me alone, dammit! Get out of here!

Jellybean lurches, grabs Prince in a HEADLOCK, lifts him off his feet. Prince kicks at him wildly--

CONTINUED

JELLYBEAN
 (enraged)
 Fucker!!

He twists Prince's head backwards, SMASHES his body to the ground--

JELLYBEAN
 Stay still, motherfucker!!

But Prince continues fighting him with everything he's got!
 Jellybean is astonished--

JELLYBEAN
 Shit!!

He twists Prince's neck savagely, SMASHES! his legs to the floor again and again--

JELLYBEAN
 Stop!!

Vanity is crying--

VANITY
 Jellybean, please...

Prince drops to his hands and knees exhausted. Everybody is frozen now -- scared. The Girls are crying, the incident has already gone too far...

Jellybean settles his weight on Prince, twists his head down painfully, trying to break the resistance he alone can feel. Prince remains silent, the anger coursing through his body in tremors--

The Guys surround them, grabbing Prince's arms, legs, and feet. He's like a trapped animal now--

JELLYBEAN
 Lift him.

VANITY
 (crying)
 Don't hurt him ...

They pick him up, move him toward the door. He resists them slightly, his body lurching in fit and starts. Suddenly he breaks free, faces them with his back to the door. But the Band Members surround him, their wills united, the obviousness of the situation apparent to all.

76 CONTINUED

76

He searches for Vanity's eyes, but she can't face him and walks away. Anger again surges in his veins. He cuts out the door, SLAMS it behind him.

77 EXT. ACCESS ROAD, TRAIN TRACKS - DUSK

77

Prince WHIPS down a dirt access road locked in thought, the pain and anger in his eyes apparent. Suddenly a TRAIN WHISTLE BLASTS just behind him, sending a shot of fear through his guts.

He twists backwards in amazement. A FREIGHT TRAIN ROARS around the bend BLASTING its HORN violently. PRINCE shudders with fright, loses control of his cycle for an instant. He hits a series of ruts that almost topple him to the ground.

He looks back at the train confused, when another BLAST seems to SOCK him in the teeth. He twists wildly to the side of the road, kicking up dirt and debris, lurching him into the handlebars violently.

The TRAIN ROARS abreast of him! PRINCE snaps an angry look at the engineer. The Guy coolly gives him the finger and BLASTS the HORN violently.

Prince becomes enraged! He snaps a look to the speedometer: 65 mph. He snaps a look to the Engineer -- the Guy sends him another obscene gesture and BLASTS his HORN.

Prince grits his teeth, twists the throttle full. He lurches forward in an instant, blazing in front of the train, The Engineer BLASTS the HORN mercilessly, and throws on the coals. They blast down the stretch neck to neck, twist round a wide bend.

Prince edges in front! The Engineer BLASTS the HORN and moves up. PRINCE snaps a look to him -- the Guy mouths the words: Fuck You!

Prince wants to scream! He twists the throttle, snaps a look to the speedometer: 75 mph. He RIPS past ruts and gullies like a madman. The TRAIN moves up. They blast around another bend neck to neck.

Suddenly Prince's eyes widen with horror. A CAR is parked across the access road, waiting to cross the track. He shoots a look to the Engineer -- the Guy is laughing hysterically now, BLASTING his HORN wildly, mouthing the words: Bye Bye!

Prince screams like a MADMAN! He twists his throttle FULL! He blazes ahead of the train, BLASTS! up the embankment, SAILS through the air...

CONTINUED

77 CONTINUED

77

...a BRICK WALL cuts the access road in two!

He SCREAMS in bloody terror! He hits the road and fishtails wildly, locking his brakes. The WALL comes at him like a locomotive. He's going to hit it, knows it and...

He twists his throttle violently BLASTS! directly into the path of the train!

The Engineer looks on in horror! PRINCE throws his weight forward and...

...the train ROARS past him as he fishtails wildly to a stop.

The Engineer sails off into the dusk, his mouth agape. Prince sits there breathing fiercely, the adrenaline shrieking through his veins, watching the train disappear into the distance.

78 EXT. STREETS AND ALLEY - DOWNTOWN - TWILIGHT

78

SHOPPERS flood the sidewalks, rushing for the buses that take them home. TRAFFIC clogs at the 77 intersections while PEDESTRIANS walk against the lights. Prince rides down the streets, hugging the right shoulder, impatient with the delays. He blasts down a side street, sees FLASHING LIGHTS up ahead. GAWKERS are already crowding around.

He moves through the TRAFFIC slowly, glides past a POLICE CAR, and a small CROWD. A CAR has run onto the sidewalk, knocking down the marquee to a rundown, neighborhood bar.

Something catches his eye -- he stops suddenly. His Mother stands against the wall, idly watching the goings on. He jumps off his bike hurriedly, walks up behind her, taps her on the shoulder--

PRINCE

Ma...?

She turns, he gasps out loud. Her left eye is swollen shut--

MOTHER

(drunkenly)

Hi, ya, baby...

Her drunken breath washes over him -- his head spins--

PRINCE

Ma...what happened?

She rubs up against him--

CONTINUED

MOTHER

Can you give me some money? C'mon,
just some money...

She gropes for him drunkenly -- he suddenly realizes she
doesn't know who he is--

MOTHER

Here...here...

She tugs at her wedding ring--

MOTHER

Give me something for this...just a
little. It'll be okay...

PRINCE

C'mon...I'll take you home.

Just then a COP moves through the Crowd--

COP

Okay, c'mon now -- break it up.
Let's go..

The Crowd moves out. Police RADIOS cackle. Three WOMEN
stagger over, one of them grabbing his Mother--

WOMAN

C'mon, honey -- we're goin' in...

She fixes Prince with a glare--

WOMAN

You're a little young aren't you?
Get out of here. Leave her alone.

Prince BLASTS down the STREET, sweeps into his drive, and
jumps off his bike, practically smashing it into the gate.
His eyes are burning with anger. He flies up the steps three
at a time, cuts across the porch, bursts through the front
door and--

-- stalks through the living room, eyes blazing--

PRINCE

Where the fuck are you?

80 CONTINUED

80

He spins like a top, streaks down the hallway, throws open several doors violently--

PRINCE

Where are you?

He cuts into the kitchen raging--

PRINCE

Answer me you fucker!!

He twists around frustrated; exhaustion, anger, and pain competing for the same space. Suddenly he stops, listens intently a moment. We HEAR it now -- a PIANO. Someone's PLAYING A PIANO. Prince throws a look at the basement door -- it's ajar.

81 INT. BASEMENT, PRINCE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

81

Anaked LIGHT BULB snaps ON. PRINCE hesitates a moment, descends the steps, pauses at the door. The MUSIC wafts delicately in the night breeze. He moves down the hallway uncertainly, but steadily, the MUSIC growing, drawing him in.

He stops, peers into the antechamber. His Father is at the piano, his back to him. He's perched on the broken stool, playing with all he's got.

Prince moves slowly into the room, his knees weakening, his anger flowing from him with every step he takes. Seeing his Father this way, he doesn't know if he should laugh or cry. He sits down silently behind him, listens as his Father plays.

The SONG ends. His Father sits a moment, stretching his hands idly along the keys. Feeling a presence in the room, he spins around and jumps slightly at seeing his son. He fixes him with a threatening look, then shrugs, hunches over the keys--

PRINCE

Is that yours?

FATHER

'Course it's mine. Who else's is it goin' to be? Got all kinds of them. They're different too.

PRINCE

I'd like to see them. You got them written down somewhere?

CONTINUED

FATHER

No, man -- I don't write them down
-- don't need to. That's the big
difference between you and me.

PRINCE

Thought you weren't going to play
no more.

His Father looks at him sullenly, then looks down, stares at
the keys. Prince's eyes well with tears--

PRINCE

I saw Mom up the street. She
looked pretty bad. Any idea how
she got that way?

His Father bites his lip, rubs a hand over his face, stares
at the keys. His voice comes with difficulty--

PRINCE

Yeah...
(a beat)
I got a girlfriend.

FATHER

You gonna get married?

PRINCE

(long pause)
I don't know.

His Father shares a hurtful look with him, then stares darkly
at the floor below--

FATHER

Never get married.

The CLUB is THROBBING. Prince is onstage, stripped to the
waist, SWEAT seeping from his pores in torrents. He's deep
into the pit of "Computer Blue, " locked into a provocative,
obscene graphic with Wendy. She's on her knees in front of
him, his crotch moving directly in front of her lips. She's
made up fiercely, looks like PRINCE himself. The total
effect is unnerving -- Prince is going down on himself.

Billy Sparks stands by the bar pretty upset. Jill stands
slack-jawed. The KIDS have stopped dancing, drinking -- they
staring at the display, shaking their heads confused...

82 CONTINUED

82

The BEAT is SAVAGE. Prince is in his own world, living his own private hell. Suddenly the MUSIC crescendos, then winds down like a roller coaster sweeping everyone along. The BEAT changes radically. He turns his back to the audience and plays ...

...and we suddenly recognize the MUSIC as his Father's -- the song he played on the piano the night before. But it's Prince's now, stamped with his own signature. He's bent at the waist, his back to the audience, alone with his father's, and his, pain.

The CROWD fidgets...Billy Sparks fastens his eyes on Prince angrily.

83 EXT. CLUB/INT. MORRIS' CAR(1ST AVE. ST. BAR) - NIGHT

83

KIDS are hanging out in front of the club. The usual queue, however, is noticeably absent.

The yellow Caddy sweeps up. Jerome is at the wheel, Morris and Vanity sit in the back. Morris is dressed elegantly, resplendent in a 50's-style suit. She's beautiful in a sleek black dress, with long black gloves, and heels--

VANITY

What are we doing here, Morris?

MORRIS

What do you mean?

VANITY

I don't want to be here. I don't want to hurt anybody.

MORRIS

It's not about hurting anybody. This is business. We can use the exposure.

Just then Brenda and Susan come up to the car excitedly. Brenda is dressed in a 40's-style dress, Susan wears a form-fitting leopard one. They both look gorgeous--

BRENDA

Hi -- you coming in?

Their excitement and nervousness is endearing. Vanity's heart goes out to them. She forces a smile, climbs out unaided--

CONTINUED

VANITY

Your horns are showing, Morris.

MORRIS

Yeah...but they're holding up my halo.

Prince is on-stage, deep into the closing moments of "Computer Blue." He paces back and forth frantically, still locked in his own private hell. The Crowd's attention has wandered, however, and very few remain on the dance floor, finding it too much trouble to keep up with the changing shifts in the music. Even his band members are edgy, casting quick looks to each other, wishing to get on with more compelling audience-pleasing sounds.

BAR AREA

as Billy Sparks shakes hands with MORRIS and Jerome and is introduced to VANITY Six for the first time. We can tell by his reaction that he likes what he sees. He kisses Brenda and Susan, saves a special squeeze for Vanity herself. He escorts the whole group to a table across the floor. Vanity brings up the rear, casts a quick look to PRINCE onstage.

PRINCE

fastens on her and brings "Computer Blue" to a rousing end. The Crowd applauds, but it's more out of respect than eagerness. He doesn't seem to notice though, or care. He confers quickly with his group., then moves center-stage. The Band Members trade frustrated looks with each other -- it's obvious that they have some trouble with the next song...

Prince presses his lips to the mike, and the MUSIC starts. He begins SINGING "Darling Nicky"--

PRINCE

I knew a girl named Nicky, I guess
you can say she was a sex fiend. I
met her in a hotel lobby
masturbating in magazines. She
said, How'd you like to waste some
time, And I could not resist When I
saw little Nicky grind.

BILLY SPARKS

shoots a fierce look to Prince, helps Morris, Jerome and the Girls to their table. Vanity is watching Prince, a puzzled look on her face--

MORRIS

Hee, hee...little empty tonight,
huh, Billy. But I guess money
isn't everything.

Jerome busts up--

JEROME

Oh no... that's cold...

But Billy agrees--

BILLY

The Duke of Dick is in rare form
tonight.

They all look toward the stage--

PRINCE

is fastened on Vanity and it's apparent to all. He launches into the next verse- -

PRINCE

She took me to her castle And I
could not believe my eyes. She had
so many devices Everything that
money could buy. She said, Sign
your name on the dotted line, The
lights went out, And Nicky started
to grind.

VANITY

flushes with embarrassment. Billy and Morris notice this and glare at Prince.

PRINCE

looks dead-center at them, and then to Vanity--

PRINCE

I woke up the next morning. Nicky
wasn't there. I looked all ov'r all
I found Was a phone number on the
stairs.

(MORE)

84 CONTINUED

84

PRINCE (CONT'D)

It said thank you for a funky time,
Call me up when ev'r you want to
grind.

VANITY

stands suddenly, fighting back tears. She backs from the
table quickly, knocks the chair over. Morris tries to help
her, but she sweeps past him, hurrying for the exit.

85 INT. STAIRWAY/EXT. STREET - NIGHT

85

as she comes down the stairs stumbling slightly, tears
streaming down her face. Chick sees her, reached out to help--
-

CHICK

Hey ...

But she pulls away, runs out the door, cuts across the
street.

86 INT. CLUB - NIGHT

86

PRINCE

brings the SONG to a blistering end. The stage is plunged
into darkness. He strips off his guitar, cuts from the
stage, ignoring the grave looks from his Band Members.

87 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

87

as Prince twists aggressively past a handful of FANS, rudely
disregarding their attention. He Cuts into the dressing
room.

88 INT. DRESSING ROON - NIGHT

88

He's agitated, paces back and forth in a frenzy. Suddenly
the DOOR flies open. Billy Sparks enters angrily--

BILLY

What the fuck's wrong with you,
Prince?!

PRINCE

I don't have time for your
bullshit, Billy. What do you want?

CONTINUED

BILLY

My stage is no place for your
personal shit!

PRINCE

That's life, man.

BILLY

Life my ass, motherfucker! This is
a business, and you're not too far
gone to see that.

(a beat)

I've told you this before. You're
not pulling them in like you used
to. The only person who gives a
fuck about your music is yourself.

PRINCE

Fuck off!

But Billy can't help laughing--

BILLY

Just like your old man...

Prince shoots him a threatening look--

BILLY

Yeah -- you got it. Tell me I'm
wrong.

(a beat)

You're not blind. Look around
you. No one's digging you.

Prince turns away--

BILLY

Look at your band. Are they in
here right now? They're out there
'cause they can't stand being in
the same room with you.

(a beat)

What a fucking waste...like father,
like son--

PRINCE

Lay off that!

Billy turns to go--

BILLY

Take your head out of your ass,
Prince, check it out -- unless you
like the view up there. Your music
doesn't make sense to anyone but
yourself.

He closes the door behind him. PRINCE stands dully a moment,
then sits heavily in a chair. Exhaustion suddenly overwhelms
him. He rests his head in his hands, moments tick by...

He shakes himself awake -- Morris and Jerome stand by the
door--

JEROME

That was fucked up what you did
man. Morris doesn't like it. And
being a part of this - - I don't
like it either.

PRINCE

I don't care.

MORRIS

Hee, hee...huh, it's obvious you
don't have what it takes to be on
top.

He pulls an envelope from his pocket--

MORRIS

But to show you that I'm
sympathetic to your problems - -
here's a pass to our show tomorrow
night. Enjoy it.

They leave. Then Morris sticks his head into the doorway--

MORRIS

Don't forget to bring a
girlfriend. Whawhak!

COMMOTION. CARS are THICK in front of THE TASTE, a small
NIGHTCLUB located in the poorer part of the city. Because of
its location, The Taste books different dance bands four
nights a week and then hosts a Variety Night the remaining
two. Aspiring comedians, dancers and jugglers flock to
Variety Night, desirous of trying their material in front of
a live audience -- and hoping to catch the discerning eye of
a talent scout on the prowl.

89 CONTINUED

89

Billy Sparks pulls up to the curb, gets out with a beautiful WOMAN and cuts inside.

90 INT. BACKSTAGE, THE TASTE - NIGHT

90

Jerome stands BACKSTAGE fidgeting nervously, staring appreciatively at the closed dressing room door. Various PEOPLE in COSTUMES pass by sporadically. Suddenly a burst of APPLAUSE and LAUGHTER wafts into the hallway. JEROME walks to the curtain and peers out--

91 INT. THE TASTE - NIGHT

91

JEROME'S POV-- Billy Sparks and his Girlfriend being seated at a front table. A COMEDIAN is on stage juggling KNIVES and HATCHETS. The CROWD is ROARING their approval.

92 INT. BACKSTAGE - THE TASTE - NIGHT

92

Just then a CLOWN passes Jerome, stops, and hands him a flower. Jerome tries to smile, but his nervousness is simply too strong. The Clown hands him another flower, trying to elicit a favorable response. Jerome is patient, but attempts to ignore the Clown in a polite way, indicating he'd rather be alone. The Clown persists, however, going through a little routine, handing him flower after flower...

Suddenly Jerome throws them into the air, grabs the Clown by the throat and flings him headlong down the hallway. The Clown gives Jerome the finger and walks off in a huff.

MORRIS

cuts from the dressing room, closes the door behind him. He joins Jerome at the curtain, and they move down the back stairway to the CLUB--

MORRIS

(nervously)

I guess this is it.

JEROME

I guess so, M.D.

MORRIS

I think I'm going to be sick. Why does this have to be happening to me? Has it crossed your mind that we're about to make the biggest mistake we've ever made?

CONTINUED

JEROME

I don't think it's all that bad.

MORRIS

That's why I do all the thinking.

as Billy Sparks spots Morris, waves. Morris manages a weak smile, offers a half-hearted wave back. Just then we HEAR a fierce DRUM BEAT, and--

TASTE M.C.

Ladies and Gentlemen, please
welcome Vanity Six.

Respectful APPLAUSE--

MORRIS

Oh, God--

He sits quickly, followed by Jerome -- they both put on sunglasses.

A HUSH descends over the CROWD. The CURTAIN rises slowly...and Brenda, Susan and Vanity are frozen in a provocative, vampy stance. Their effect on the audience is galvanizing -- the Crowd bursts into APPLAUSE and WHISTLES--

MORRIS

(surprised)

What??

Wearing sexy lingerie and moving seductively to the beat, the Girls launch into "Sex Shooter" with complete abandon. The MUSIC is slick and fierce, the Girls sexy and sure. Wearing black bikini panties, black tails and boots, Vanity dances center-stage and begins SINGING. She's mesmerizing, her look so alluring, so profound that the audience sits slack-jawed in amazement. The SPOTLIGHT is hers and she soaks it in, radiating a sexiness that has the audience at her feet. The entire concept -- dress, dance, music and staging -- is overwhelming, with just the right degree of playfulness to allow the Crowd easy passage into the fantasy world the Girls create. Brenda and Susan play off her wonderfully, sharing secret looks with the Crowd, balancing the wickedness of the act with an innocence that is enticing. They're working strongly as a unit now, the AUDIENCE roaring their approval...

MORRIS

and Jerome are beside themselves with happiness. The pull off their shades immediately, sit back and glow in the audience's response.

PRINCE

stands in the back, his eyes glued to Vanity. Her strength and sureness in front of the Crowd is breathtaking. The audience loves her and he suddenly feels very alone -- as if another wall has gone up between them. He looks away a moment and spots...

...Morris looking at him with a self-satisfied, triumphant grin on his face. Prince looks away, moves out of his eyesight.

"Sex Shooter" comes to an end. The stage is plunged into darkness. The CROWD goes WILD, leaps to their feet, begging for more. The Girls, slightly over-whelmed by the response and flushing deep red, hold one another tightly and take repeated bows.

PRINCE

watches the Girls bowing to thunderous APPLAUSE. Suddenly Vanity looks at him and touches the earring she's wearing -- it's his Mother's. His knees weaken instantly, and he locks eyes with her. The heat between them is unmistakable. She smiles vividly, gives him an endearing wave and steps back as the curtain closes.

He's MOVING through the Crowd before he knows it, trying to get to the backstage door. The Crowd is thick, his path momentarily blocked. He spots BILLY Sparks cutting across the floor and congratulating Morris and Jerome. Prince turns from them, tries once again to make his way through the Crowd.

VANITY

and the Girls rush into the dressing room and jump up and down with excitement. They are beside themselves with happiness, kissing and hugging one another avidly. Suddenly Vanity pulls away, indicates she will be back and cuts out the room.

94 CONTINUED

94

HALLWAY

as she runs down the hallway to the backstage area, peers from behind the curtain, scanning the club earnestly.

95 IN'T. - THE TASTE - NEAR CURTAIN - NIGHT

95

as Prince waits impatiently in the long line. Billy Sparks comes by, spots him and stops--

BILLY

Morris is squeezing you, kiddo.
You better kick ass tomorrow night
or else.

He cuts outside, disappears into the Crowd. Prince stands there steaming, the wind knocked out of him, his joy a memory. He turns back to the line, but it has grown, the Crowd now jammed up against the door. Frustrated, he cuts outside.

BACKSTAGE

as Vanity watches Prince leave. A profound sadness sweeps her face. Suddenly Susan is by her Side, hugging and kissing her happily. Brenda runs up, pouring champagne. Morris, JEROME and The Time are at the end of the hallway and beckon her excitedly into the room. Vanity forces a smile, goes down the hallway, casting another look at the exit door.

96 EXT. BACK ALLEY, THE TASTE - NIGHT

96

Morris and Vanity stagger down the ALLEY obviously very drunk. Morris pulls from a FLASK. Vanity is still in her lingerie, wears an open coat over it. Her speech is slurred--

VANITY

Did you hear these people
applauding? They loved us -- they
wanted to rip us apart, and this is
just our first night. I can see it
now, we're all going to be big
stars. I can feel it.

MORRIS

(singing)
Ain't nobody bad like me.

She kisses him spontaneously on the cheek--

CONTINUED

VANITY

Morris, you're a genius.

MORRIS

Ye-es...

He fixes her with a sexy look, takes a healthy look from his flask, then gives it too her. Vanity throws her head back, drinks fully, the liquor coursing over her cheeks. He devours her with his eyes, opens the door to the Caddy--

MORRIS

Let's go, Bebe.

She stops as if remembering something--

VANITY

Huh, where's Jerome?

MORRIS

In his skin...hee, hee...

He's trying to nudge her into the Caddy- -

VANITY

Is he coming?

MORRIS

I gave him the night off.

VANITY

Why?

He staggers back from the car, undulates his hips wantonly--

MORRIS

Whawhak!

She busts up. Just then a MOTORCYCLE can be heard off screen. They look around drunkenly, trying to discern its direction. Suddenly Prince BLASTS around the corner FULL OUT! He streaks by Morris and KICKS him flat on his ass into the garbage--

MORRIS

(wails)

Oh, no -- Oh, God...No!

Prince skids to a slick stop. Vanity is transfixed. The entire episode took less than five seconds. He twists the throttle, BLASTS down upon her...

She breaks in a panic! She runs clumsily down another alley, her coat flying. He WHIPS after her like a madman. She flies around the corner -- a dead end! He fishtails to a slick stop--

PRINCE

Get on!

There's no way out! Suddenly she lets out an excited YELP, jumps on. He guns the bike, BURSTS up the alley. MORRIS jumps into his path drunkenly, his arms extended--

MORRIS

Stop! Stop!

But Prince BLAZES down upon him, sending him slipping and sliding to safety. He BLASTS around the bend--

MORRIS

Motherfucker! You long-haired faggot!

97 EXT. HIGHWAY TO EMBANKMENT - NIGHT

97

Prince and Vanity WHIPPING down the highway.

98 EXT. EMBANKMENT - NIGHT

98

They streak down the road, slow, then move down a small embankment. He stops the bike and gets off. She's in a foul mood, staggers around dully, her head pounding, her speech slurred--

VANITY

So here we are again. So this is it, huh? What do you want this time?

He looks at her painfully, upset about her drunken state--

VANITY

What's your problem now? What's your main problem?

PRINCE

No problem. I just wanted to talk, alright? I just want us to be okay, to really get along. No big deal.

She cackles, falls flat on her ass, hoists herself up--

VANITY

No big deal, huh...

She pulls Morris' FLASK from her jacket -- his eyes blacken--

PRINCE

Give me that.

VANITY

No, definitely not. Who are you?
You can't tell me what to do.

She puts it to her lips--

PRINCE

Please don't drink that. Give it
to me.

She holds the flask to her lips defiantly, then goes to
drink.

He lashes out suddenly, SMASHES it from her grip. She
SCREAMS wildly, SLAPS him hard across the face. He stands
shocked a moment, his rage surging within him, smashing
through every safety valve he's acquired in his life. He
BACKHANDS her savagely across the jaw.

She hits the ground like a rag doll. He looks at her
curiously, bends over her - - she sucker-punches him with
everything she's got! He SCREAMS in rage and grabs her hands
as they flail about his face. He squeezes her fingers back
while the tears stream down her cheeks and her mouth forms a
silent "ow"! She bares her teeth angrily and he sucks at her
mouth, biting and kissing her in a fever pitch.

She kicks at him violently, hot tears streaming down her
cheeks. He jams his leg between hers, rubs it firmly against
her bottom. She struggles helplessly against him as he
covers her breasts, her stomach, her thighs with his lips.
Quick breaths escape from her -- her breathing begins to
race...

He snaps her panties in two, pulls them from between her
legs. She spreads herself as he releases his pants. She
squeezes his buttocks, pulls him toward her -- but Prince
resists her coldly, regards her with contempt. Suddenly he
flips her onto her stomach, forces her to stand painfully on
her knees. He rubs his hand between her buttocks, then
thrusts into her painfully, driving himself to the very
depths of her...

...but she stifles a cry, arches her back, and meets his thrusts fiercely, moving quicker and quicker, banging her buttocks against his thighs again and again. She's drawing from him now, turning the humiliation around, obtaining all that she needs and desires. He's powerless -- her thrusts set the pace. She rises, Prince still inside her and tugs on him rapidly, causing him to ejaculate suddenly, drawing from him a sharp and sudden cry...

She moves away, draws her coat tightly about her, fixes him with a contemptuous look--

VANITY

You're nothing, Prince, absolutely nothing. You think you're so special -- but deep down you're just like all the rest.

(a beat)

Your whole life you've been hiding, hiding behind your music. But now you don't even have that, because last night...last night you used it to hurt someone, someone who really cares.

She runs up the embankment, wipes away her tears, faces him--

VANITY

If you put your hands on me like that ever again, I'll be the last person you touch.

She pulls off his Mother's earring, throws it at him. Tears flowing, she streaks into the HIGHWAY blindly, directly into the path of a SPEEDING CAR- -

THE DRIVER

spots her in his HEADLIGHTS, SLAMS on his brakes! He SKIDS wildly across the road, comes to a SCREECHING, BURNING stop inches from her thigh!

VANITY

shoots a look at Prince, her lips trembling, her love for him, written plainly on her face. But his eyes flash defiantly. She bites her lip sadly, then snaps a hot look at the Driver--

VANITY

I need a ride.

98 CONTINUED

98

She cuts around the car, hops in. The Driver skids off into the night. PRINCE stands there trembling, watches as it disappears into the distance.

DISSOLVE TO:

99 EXT. PRINCE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

99

Prince pulls up to the wooden gate, cuts the motor, gets off. He walk wearily across the porch, moves to the front door -- it's wide open. He thinks nothing of it, cuts into the house, closes it behind him.

100 INT. PRINCE'S HOUSE - GROUND FLOOR - NIGHT

100

He stands by the door motionless, a curious look on his face. The STEREO is on, the NEEDLE skipping monotonously along the record. His mouth opens into a spasm--

PRINCE

Dad...?

Silence. A sudden dread courses through him, leaving a hollow in his stomach. His feet are like lead. He moves heavily into the room--

PRINCE

Mom...?

Nothing. Panic sets in. He STREAKS down the hallway, twists open the bedroom door -- it's empty. Blue NIGHT LIGHT glows through the windows. CURTAINS play delicately in the breeze. He's thoughtful, walks back into the living room...

...the COFFEE TABLE is SMASHED. He looks at it curiously, wondering stupidly if it had always been like that. Then sudden bolt of fear makes his head swim. A lamp, a porcelain dish, some knickknacks on the mantle -- all smashed. He rushes into the kitchen, looks around crazily--

PRINCE

Daddd...!

Nothing but the decay of his scream. The BASEMENT door is ajar. He cuts to it quickly, pulls it open, peers frantically into the darkness below. He snaps ON the light...

101 OMIT

101

102 EXT. PRINCE'S HOUSE - NIGHT 102

SIRENS! The SCENE is a riot of COLOR and FRENZY. A POLICE CAR, LIGHTS FLASHING, skids into the drive. NEIGHBORS jam the STREETS. POLICE CARS are parked all around.

103 INT. BASEMENT, PRINCE'S HOUSE - NIGHT 103

CHAOS! The BASEMENT is PACKED with COPS. Prince's father is strapped into a gurney, staring dully at the ceiling. PHOTOGRAPHERS snap pictures as PARAMEDICS work feverishly over him. I.V. UNITS are pushed into his veins. An OXYGEN MASK is placed over his nose and mouth. Huge white bandages are bunched up along the back of his head. His Mother is kneeling by the gurney, crying hysterically, grasping his hands in a white panic. TWO COPS support her. Someone is SHOUTING instructions. RADIOS crackle incessantly. A MEDIC cries--

MEDIC

Lift!

And the gurney is hoisted up the stairs quickly, the bulk of the crowd following, his Mother supported as she ascends the stairs.

Prince sits on a tattered sofa in the corner, his head bowed. Cops standing and kneeling beside him. Somebody finished taking notes, closes his pad. One Cop rests a hand on his shoulder, talks to him in soft tones. PRINCE shakes his head slightly. The Cop gives the group a signal and everyone disperses, moves up the stairs. The Cop looks at him sympathetically, then closes the door behind him.

104 INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT 104

PRINCE

sits motionless a long time. Moonlight floods the basement with a foreboding light. A dog BARKS somewhere in the distance. He looks up suddenly, his face agitated, his eyes red from tears.

PRINCE'S POV--

CHALK MARKS on the floor outlining the body of his Father. There's a GUN in his Father's hand clearly marked.

A train WHISTLE in the distance. He's staring at the gun. He shakes his head, rubs a hand over his face vigorously and looks up again...

CONTINUED

...the GUN in his Father's hand. He can't get it out of his mind! The WHISTLE is CLOSER.

He lurches to his feet, paces back and forth crazily. His Father's head, the gun...the gun...the...

The WHISTLE is LOUDER.

He throws himself into the chair, buries his face deeply into his hands and cries. Huge racking sobs spasm through his body. His Father, his Mother, his entire life, his music, his guitar...

He looks up suddenly -- the gun in his Father's hand.

..and he stares at it.

The WHISTLE is LOUDER!

His heart is pounding in his ears. He squeezes them shut, looks up...

The gun.

He bolts to his feet, paces back and forth in a panic! The train is HOWLING! A rope in the corner of the room, his face, the gun...

He sits dully, gazes at the rope as if in a trance. The TRAIN is ROARING past the house, it's HORN BLASTING. The rope, the gun, and his body dangling from the rafters in the night breeze--

PRINCE
(screaming)
Noooooooo!!

He lurches to his feet, cuts through the basement like a madman. He grabs a stick and starts SLASHING things crazily, moving through the room swinging his stick wildly again and again.

He's lost to himself now, deep in the pit of an unknown terror, expurgating a horror that has been festering in him for years. He flings his stick at the wall, upends shelves and bureaus, trampling old memories that have lain dormant for years.

Drawer after drawer is flung against the wall, their contents smashing and scattering about. He opens a large, oaken chest and flips over. Thick three inch piles of yellowed paper fall out. He snaps through the rubber bands holding them together and flings the paper at the wall again and again...

104 CONTINUED

104

...he stops suddenly, shocked. He SEES musical notes written down on the paper. his heart pounding in his chest, he searches frantically through the rubble scattered about him. More and more musical notes, sketched ideas, simple melodies, entire songs and scores -- all meticulously recorded on lined yellowed paper, dated for the last 20 years, and signed...by his Father. He's shocked to a standstill. Then the full significance of what's before him hits him like a sledgehammer. He collapses in agony against the chest, tears flowing down his cheeks.

105 INT. BASEMENT - A SERIES OF SHOTS (NIGHT INTO DAY)

105

Prince lying outstretched on the basement floor, sleeping fitfully, feverishly. His body is lathered in sweat, the droplets glisten in the pale light.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Cool, gray dawn. He's in a dead sleep on the floor, his arms outstretched, his legs twisted beneath him. His Father's outline seemingly rests by his side...

Just then the basement window begins to glow with SUNLIGHT. It inches slowly across the floor, then sweeps him majestically, bathing him in its warmth. He wakes slowly, stretches his limbs like an opening flower. After a moment he sits up, shades his eyes...

The basement is littered with debris. The destruction is complete, but in the midst of it lies his Father's music. The yellow parchment is scattered about glowing in the sunlight...

Something seems to flash across his mind. he stands, moves quickly down the hallway to the antechamber...

Suddenly we HEAR a TAPE REWINDING. After a moment...MUSIC and we immediately recognize it as Lisa's and Wendy's SONG. It plays a moment, then snaps off abruptly. He stands locked in thought, then sits behind the piano, hunts for the first few notes of Lisa's and Wendy's song...

DISSOLVE TO:

105A INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

105A

Prince's Father is lying on the bed, sleeping peacefully. A large bandage is wrapped along the back of his head.

CONTINUED

105A CONTINUED

105A

His Mother sits by his side, her forehead resting on the covers, her hands holding his. She's in deep sleep, and it's obvious at once that she's been by his side the entire time...

Prince steps from the shadows of the room and gazes at them fighting back the emotion that wells within him. He leans close and kisses them both gently then--

MC(OVER)

(excited)

Let's bring them back! Ladies and gentlemen, The Time!

106 INT. CLUB (1ST AVE. ST. BAR) - NIGHT

106

The CROWD goes WILD! Morris, Jerome and the Time return to the stage to a frenzied throng. The PLACE is PACKED, the CROWD applauding like MAD! LASER LIGHTS strobe the house in a frenzy. It's a glorious night, and Morris struts back and forth imperialistically criss- crossing the stage like a lion, urging the audience on. He grabs a mike--

MORRIS

You love us right?! You want us right?! I can't hear you!

The CROWD is SCREAMING -- Morris flashes a wide, exaggerated grin--

MORRIS

What time is it?!
(a beat)
Whawhak!!

And MUSIC. The Time launches into "The Bird" and Morris, laughing heartily, does 'The Bird'(dance) with Jerome as the audience ROARS their approval.

107 INT. DRESSING ROOM/BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

107

as Prince and his Band sit in grave silence, the exuberant SOUNDS of the CLUB filtering through the open door. Jill is also in the room, sitting on a table, holding the dog silently in her lap. She casts sidelong looks to Prince, tears welling in her eyes.

The Band Members fidget nervously, knowing full well that their jobs are on the line, and feeling awful about the personal tragedy that has befallen Prince.

CONTINUED

107 CONTINUED

107

The entire situation is very tense, and it's made worse every time the crowd lets out a delighted ROAR of approval. But Prince sits placidly, his face an enigma, his feelings a mystery.

108 INT. CLUB - NIGHT

108

And it couldn't be more of a contrast! The place is a riot of color and raucous carryings on. "The Bird" is a smashing success with everyone on the dance floor trying gamely to get the steps right. Morris and Jerome are flushed with pride, surprising even themselves with their impromptu adjustments to the act. The MUSIC crescendos, then comes to a rousing blistering end!

The stage is plunge into darkness. The CROWD goes BERSERK. Billy Sparks shakes his head happily--

BILLY

Jesus!

109 INT. BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

109

Morris, Jerome and The Time cut briskly past admiring FANS, laughing and shouting crazily--

BAND MEMBERS

(ad lib)

It's all over now. He better watch out. He doesn't even need to go on. He might as well go home.

110 INT. DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

110

As Prince, Jill and the Band sit in dead silence listening to The Time's bluster off screen. Suddenly The Time crosses the doorway -- Morris does a double- take, sticks his head into the room--

MORRIS

How's the family! Whawhak!

The Time busts up, drags Morris from the room. Prince's group is shocked, casts furtive glances to him -- but he remains serene, then--

MC

(over)

Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome Prince!

CONTINUED

110 CONTINUED

110

Applause off screen. Prince stands abruptly, straps on his guitar. His Band Members look at him closely, trying to discern his feelings. He gives them a cursory glance, cuts out the door.

111 INT. CLUB - NIGHT

111

Prince hits the stage and the APPLAUSE grows, but it's nothing like the exuberance that greeted Morris. He moves center-stage and plants himself there, his eyes staring into the audience.

BILLY SPARKS

leans against the bar, a smug look on his face.

VANITY

walks slowly up the stairs, gazes at Prince.

PRINCE

does not move. The APPLAUSE trickles away. He continues to stare in the audience making no attempt to direct his Band, or start a tune. A nervous TWITTER ripples though the crowd. Those who know about the tragedy feel a profound embarrassment for him -- but no one turns away. Then his voice comes clear and mellifluous--

PRINCE

I would like to do a song that two
of my friends wrote.

A MURMUR, cuts through the Crowd like a riptide. Prince snaps a look to LISA and Wendy and confirms that it is indeed their song. They can't believe it! Tears spring to Wendy's eyes before she knows it ...

Prince smiles at her, then gazes at his entire Band. Their eyes fasten on him in an instant. He counts softly and...

MUSIC. The opening bars of "Purple Rain." He turns to the audience and SINGS....

It's a ballad, a poem really, a plea for understanding, love, and survival. It's a testament, a pact if you will, between himself and others...

The AUDIENCE is mesmerized, all EYES are upon him -- but Prince doesn't notice.

CONTINUED

Lips pressed against the mike, dark eyes streaming, he's lost to himself now, loosening all that's within him, cleansing himself of his rage, hatred and pain...

VANITY

is crying. Every moment she has shared with him is expressed in this song, and the effect on her is unnerving. Her heart leaps to him in a way she never thought possible. But she lets it go willingly, as the words draw her in, seducing her somehow, making her free... as if the music, his words, all that he has experienced and understood, is purging what is confused and ugly within herself, leaving her with an understanding and joy that burns in her womb like soft fire. A smile springs to her lips as tears continue to flow, and she finds herself moving closer...

...as the Audience moves closer, drawn somehow to the stage, to the person who SINGS so truly, to the person who gives of himself unselfishly to all that he feels...

Prince begins a long sustained CRY that cuts though the hearts of all present. The MUSIC builds awesomely, and he continues to sing out, emptying himself of all the remaining pain lying within. The MUSIC crescendos and comes to a quiet end...

Stunned SILENCE. A silence so profound you could hear a pin drop. PRINCE sighs, assumes the worse, then cuts across the stage purposefully. Now some CLAPPING. And a WHISTLE from the back and the SHOUTING. And more WHISTLES and some even SCREAMING. And the WHISTLES and the SHOUTS and the CLAPPING growing and growing as....

Prince cuts from the stage in a frenzy, rushes toward the rear exit. The APPLAUSE is building and building until it's a THUNDER, an onrushing ROAR, an avalanche of HYSTERIA that rocks the club mightily...

PRINCE

is still running though, his face streaming with tears, past the surprised look of Jill, past the FANS, past everyone -- stripping of his clothes fiercely, flinging off his jacket, his shirt, his scarf--

113 EXT. BACK ENTRANCE, INT. HALLWAY - CLUB - NIGHT 113

He SMASHES open the door, BURSTS outside. He sucks in the night air as if he was drowning. He wipes away his tears, rushes to his bike, starts to undo the chain...

...they're SHOUTING his NAME...

Not randomly, not haphazardly, but...in unison. And relentless, very demanding, downright urgent, and...it's beautiful.

A wry smile crosses his lips. He heads back to the door. Jill is there, scared, her face a map of tears. He flashes her a smile--

PRINCE

Hi.

She's thunderstruck, can barely squeak it out--

JILL

Hi.

And he whips into the hallway. Her face dissolves into a smile of pure joy.

114 INT. CLUB - NIGHT 114

MOVING now, FAST and FURIOUS. The HALLWAY is LINED with PEOPLE. They reach for him as he passes, touching him, showering him with their love. Someone hands him his shirt, another his scarf -- it's so intense!

He's moving quickly now, his jacket up ahead, closer...he stops suddenly, stunned...

...Vanity is holding his jacket. He's struck speechless -- she hands it to him smiling, tears streaming down her face--

VANITY

I love you.

His knees go weak, she kisses him spontaneously, pushes him lovingly to the stage.

THE CROWD IS ROARING!

115 INT. HALLWAY AND STAGE REAR - NIGHT 115

He's half-running now like crazy -- his Band is on-stage, peering anxiously into the hallway. They spot him and relief sweeps their faces like a tidal wave. He whips his jacket on, rushes up the stairs...

116 INT. CLUB - NIGHT 116

STAGE

THUNDER! Prince walks center- stage...and bows. The AUDIENCE goes BERSERK! He acknowledges Wendy and Lisa, and then the entire Band. The CROWD is jumping out of their skin! He straps on his guitar, gives a deft signal and--

MUSIC. The Band launches into "I Would Die For You." Vanity squeezes her way through the crowd and stands watching Prince from the wings. He presses his lips to the mike and SINGS.

The MUSIC continues as we...

CUT TO:

117 INT. LIVING ROOM, PRINCE'S HOME - NIGHT 117

Prince walks through the LIVING ROOM slowly, gazes at the smashed table, the broken lamp and dishes. Every item in the room suddenly takes on a profound significance. His father's slippers under the sofa, his mother's knickknacks on the table, her pen and ink drawings on the wall. After a moment, he picks up his father's slippers, studies them a long time.

118 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT 118

The DOOR opens -- a LIGHT snaps ON. He walks into the room, places his father's slippers in the CLOSET. His Mother's dress is lying in a heap on the floor. He picks it up, and puts it away.

119 INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT 119

as he descends the steps hesitantly. The FLOOR is covered with rubble. He sits on the steps, stares at his father's MUSIC on the floor.

"I Would Die For You" continues as we...

CUT TO:

120 INT. CLUB - NIGHT 120

Prince on-stage SINGING "I Would Die For You." The AUDIENCE is captivated, locked into his grip again. His eyes seem to be focused on something far away. He closes them tightly, presses his lips against the mike.

The MUSIC continues as we...

CUT TO:

121 INT. BASEMENT, PRINCE'S HOME - TWILIGHT 121

He's in the final stages of cleaning the basement floor. The debris has been swept up, shelves righted, smashed items thrown away...

He stacks his Father's music neatly, tears welling in his eyes. He places it in new boxes, stands wearily, a fulfilled look on his face. Suddenly he stops -- stares at the awful chalk marks on the floor: his Father lying down, the gun gripped in his hand...

"I Would Die For You" continues as we...

CUT TO:

122 INT. CLUB - NIGHT 122

Prince on-stage SINGING "I Would Die For You." He's lost to himself now, locked into a personal horror he alone can see. The CROWD is pressed against the stage, mesmerized by his performance. Billy Sparks is also drawn in, amazed at the power being generated from the stage. Prince sweeps the audience with his eyes, then fastens on Vanity earnestly, SINGS directly to her.

The MUSIC continues as we...

CUT TO:

123 INT. BASEMENT, PRINCE'S HOME - DAWN 123

He pulls a HOSE from behind the washer, draws it on to the floor. He hesitates a moment, gazes one last time at his Father's outline, tears welling in his eyes. He turns the water on, watches as the dusty yellow chalk gives way reluctantly, mixing with the water, swirling down the drain. Calmness sweeps his face like a passing cloud.

CONTINUED

Just then SUNLIGHT blazes in through the casement windows. Water droplets glisten brilliantly in the morning light. He turns the water off, goes to put the hose back -- stops suddenly, surprised...

...his Mother's earring lies on the floor.

He's entranced, picks it up, stares at it a moment. Everything he's been through comes rushing at him like a locomotive. The confusion, the shouting and violence, the darkness that eclipsed his parents' life -- it's all there, lying just below the surface, settled into his heart. But now there's a difference -- he knows it's there and has discovered what could happen when it takes control of your life.

So as he stands in the basement, on the clean cellar floor, he realizes that...he'll just take one thing at a time, and do it right. Better than anybody else. He smiles, realizes that in the last few weeks, he's never felt better than he feels right now. He turns quickly, flips the earring to the stairwell...

...Vanity plucks it from the air. Their eyes lock and they share smiles of pure joy. He picks up his father's music, and they both head up the stairs.

"I Would Die For You" continues as we--

CUT TO:

CELEBRATION! Everyone is JUMPING up and down. Prince is radiant, strutting across the stage, his hands upraised. The CROWD goes WILD! He flashes a wide grin to Vanity, then twists, eyeballs the CROWD wickedly, wonderfully. It's too much!

Everyone is joining in now. Even MORRIS and Jerome, standing in the wings, start DANCING like crazy. Then suddenly they catch themselves, stop, act dignified. But Vanity sees them and busts up. They catch her look, laugh heartily and join in again.

The MUSIC segues into a fierce BEAT. The CROWD lets out a ROAR! PRINCE strips off his guitar, streaks center-stage. The Band launches into "Baby, I'm A Star."

...And the CROWD laughing, dancing, shouting and loving. The CLUB is ALIVE!

CONTINUED

124 CONTINUED

124

And the MUSIC continues...forever.