

P U R P L E R A I N

Screenplay
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(1) Black Screen

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
(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
(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
(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

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

A TAXI pulls UP with a SCREECH. VANITY
slouches in the backseat. 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

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.

Make no mistake, Morris is nobody's fool. His seeming out-raceousness, 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

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

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

Morris moves lasciviously into the BEDROOM wearing a red muscle T-shirt, orange baggy shorts, and green knee-high 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

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

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

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

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

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. She pulls a dress from her bag, a pair of 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)

... 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

She runs from the room, cuts down the

hallway, slapping the door behind her
...

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

CUT TO:

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

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

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.
Occasionally Morris glances at Prince --
discovers 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:

(17) EXT. CLUB -- NIGHT

COMMOTION! The CROWD has become unwieldly -- 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. His eyes dart up the stairway -- nothing. He shrugs, drags the Two Guys off.

(18) INT. CLUB -- UPPER BAR AREA -- NIGHT

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--

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 brines "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 burying 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

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...

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 staring 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

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

(19) EXT. CLUB -- NIGHT

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

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

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!

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.

(22) BASEMENT -- HALLWAYS AND BEDROOM -- NIGHT

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.

He closes the door and locks it behind him. MOONLIGHT filters in through the basement 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

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.

PRINCE

That's nice...
(he spots vanity's card)
Ah, I guess I'll come back at
a better time. You think
tonight the 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 rumages 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

MUSIC throbs through the cramped, 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)
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

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--

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, stupified--

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

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.

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.

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??

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

SHOESHINE BOY

Either of you do heavy drugs?

AFTERNOON

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 similiar 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 lt's 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 mel

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?

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

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

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

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 ycu 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! Thats--

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 motorcvcle, 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 ...

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

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

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--

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

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.

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

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 base-ball 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?

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.

(33) INT. DRESSING ROOM -- NIGHT

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. 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.

(34) INT. HALLWAY -- NIGHT

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.

(35) INT/BACKSTAGE ENTRANCE/CLUB -- NIGHT

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.

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

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

GIRL
(coyly)

Tea time.

MORRIS

So, right.

(36) INT. DRESSING ROOM -- NIGHT

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

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

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.

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.

(39) INT. BACKSTAGE HALLIAY -- NIGHT

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

--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--

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

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?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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.

She stands idly a mement, 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,

pleasurably--

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:

(48) INT. BEDROOM -- LATER -- NIGHT

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:

(49) INT. BEDROOM -- LATER -- NIGHT

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.

(50) EXT. PRINCE'S HOUSE AND STREET -- NIGHT

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.

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

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

(52) INT./EXT. CADDY -- NIGHT

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 pi-a coladas.

VANITY

Uh...make mine a virgin.

JEROME

Okay...

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

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

(coughing)
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--

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

(57) EXT. ANOTHER HIGHWAY -- DAWN

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

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

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.

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.
(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.

(60) EXT. GLADE AND BARN -- DAWN

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

(61) INT. BARN -- DAWN

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

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

Leaves scatter as the bike whips thru
the wet path.

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

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.

PRINCE

What?

VANITY

(coyly)
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

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

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--

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--

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

(INTERCUT)

VANITY

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

MORRIS

(excited)
Come down -- come down.

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

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?

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.

(69) INT. REHEARSAL HALL --DAY

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

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--

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.

(71) EXT. PRINCE'S HOUSE -- NIGHT (LATER)

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

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.

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:

(73) INT. CLUB -- MORNING

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--

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

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?

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

(75) EXT. STREETS, CLUB -- DAY

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. 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

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--

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--

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.

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

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...

...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

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--

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.

(79) EXT. PRINCES HOME -- NIGHT

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--

(80) INT. PRINCE'S HOME -- NIGHT

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

PRINCE

Where the fuck are you?

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

A naked 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?

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.

(82) INT. CLUB -- NIGHT

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...

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

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--

VANITY

Your horns are showing,
Morris.

MORRIS

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

(84) INT. CLUB -- NIGHT

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.
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

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

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

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

(88) INT. DRESSING ROOM -- NIGHT

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?

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!

(89) EXT. THE TASTE -- NIGHT

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
discerner's eye of a talent scout on the
prowl.

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

(90) INT. BACKSTAGE, THE TASTE -- NIGHT
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

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

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?

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

MORRIS
That's why I do all the
thinking.

(93) INT. THE TASTE -- NIGHT

as Billy Sparks spots Morris, waves. Morris manages a weak
smile, offers a half-hearted wave back. Just then we HEAR a
firce 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
overwhelmed 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.

(94) INT. DRESSING ROOM, AND HALLWAY -- THE TASTE -- NIGHT

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.

HALLWAY

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

(95) INT. -- THE TASTE -- NEAR CURTAIN -- NIGHT

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

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--

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

Prince and Vanity WHIPPING down the highway.

(98) EXT. EMBANKMENT -- NIGHT

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.

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

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

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

(102) EXT. PRINCE'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

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

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

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...

...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, unends 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...

...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)

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

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

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

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. 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

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

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

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!

Applause offscreen. 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

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 through 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 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.
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 through the hearts of all present. The MUSIC builds awsomey, 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....

(112) INT. HALLWAY -- NIGHT

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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.

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 loco motive. 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:

(124) INT. CLUB -- NIGHT

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!

And the MUSIC continues...forever...

