

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

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

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

... 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, slaming 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 -- discloses by his look that he doesn't care much for his act -- or his music...

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

**MORRIS**

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

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

**CUT TO:**

**(17) EXT. CLUB -- NIGHT**

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

Vanity runs against the light, moves to the head of the queue to the accompaniment of JEERS and CATCALLS. She doesn't budge an inch, KNOCKS rapidly on the glass door, catching the attention of CHICK, a burly, 6'5", 285 pound bouncer with a white beard and

long flowing hair. An ex-Marine,  
Chick's function is obvious. He cracks  
the door--

**CHICK**

What?

**VANITY**

I have an appointment with the  
manager.

**CHICK**

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

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

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

CHICK turns instantly -- the door is  
closed -- VANITY, gone. 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 brings "Let's Get Crazy" to a rousing, blistering end. Suddenly the stage is plunged into darkness. The CROWD goes WILD!

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

**JILL**

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

**VANITY**

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

**JILL**

Well...you can try tomorrow.

**VANITY**

You can count on it.

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

**JILL**

Vanity??

**BACKSTAGE**

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

**MORRIS**

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

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

**MC**

Ladies and gentlemen -- please  
welcome The Time.

**CLUB**

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

**JILL**

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

She fidgets uncontrollably, Vanity's card 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 mother's 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 crammed, rundown REHEARSAL HALL. Hardwood floors, a wall of mirrors, and a bank of windows provides the setting. SUNLIGHT streams through tattered yellow shades.

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

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

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

**MORRIS**

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

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

**MORRIS**

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

**BRENDA**

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

Morris glares at her--

**MORRIS**

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

The Girls fidget--

**MORRIS**

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

(claps his hands)

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**

Ooh, 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?

**(27) EXT. STORE WINDOW AND MALL SHOPS -- DOWNTOWN --  
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 It'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 me!

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

**PRINCE**

You can have it back later.

**VANITY**

I want it back now, okay?

**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 rne 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 motorcycle, STARTS it up. His words take a moment to sink in, then--

**VANITY**

(enraged)

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

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

-

**VANITY**

Damn you -- I'll kill you.

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

**VANITY**

(screaming)

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

**ACCESS ROAD**

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

**VANITY**

Bastard!

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

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

**PRINCE**

Hey ...

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**

(coily)  
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.

Be 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 put 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 a 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 moment, then moves around the antechamber. Various KNICKKNACKS catch her attention. Small wind-up TOYS lie about: a soldier, a

bear banging on a drum, a tractor and car. A small MUSIC BOX sits on a shelf. She turns the handle, a little TUNE fills the room...

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

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

**VANITY**

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

**PRINCE**

Oh, yeah ...

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

The Woman's VOICE begins to moan deeply, 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 piña 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 large 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 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 POME -- 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 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 Vanily--

**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  
discerning 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 fierce DRUM BEAT, and--

**TASTE M.C.**

Ladies and Gentlemen, please  
welcome Vanity Six.

Respectful APPLAUSE--

**MORRIS**

Oh, God--

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

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

**MORRIS**

(surprised)  
What??

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

**MORRIS**

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

audience's response.

**PRINCE**

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

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

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

**PRINCE**

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

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

**(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) IN'T. -- 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 gentlythen--

**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 though the crowd. Those who know about the tragedy feel a profound embarrassment for him -- but no one turns away. Then his voice comes clear and mellifluous--

**PRINCE**

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

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

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

MUSIC. The opening bars of "Purple Rain." He turns to 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 though 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 locomotive. The confusion, the shouting and violence, the darkness that eclipsed his parents' life -- it's all there, lying just below the surface, settled into his heart. But now there's a difference -- he knows it's there and has discovered what could happen when it takes control of your life.

So as he stands in the basement, on the clean cellar floor, he realizes that...he'll just take one thing at a time, and do it right. Better than anybody else. He smiles, realizes that in the last few weeks, he's never felt better than he feels right now. He turns quickly, flips the earring to the stairwell...

...Vanity plucks it from the air. Their eyes lock and they share smiles of pure joy. He picks up his father's music, and they both head up the stairs.

"I Would Die For You" continues as we--

**CUT TO:**

**(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...