# Act One Vocal Score

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**INTERVAL**
Scene One

The patio and exterior of a preposterous, Italianate Hollywood mansion, not more than twenty years old, but already shabby from neglect. The deep end of the swimming pool is visible, the rest stretching off into the wings. Floating in the pool, fully clothed, face down, is the body of a young man. Dawn is just beginning to break.

Moderato

Over this image, once it has become established, the VOICE of JOE GILLIS

Agitato - Allegro

I guess it was five A.M. A homicide had been re-

posted from one of those crazy mansions up on Sunset To -
Sunset Boulevard

mor-row ev-e-ry front page is going to load with this sto-ry

Molto Rall.

You see an old-time mo-vie star is in-volved

By now, a handsome, broad-shouldered man in his early thirties has emerged from the crowd and moved downstage to address the audience directly: this is JOE GILLIS.

Colla voce in 2

May-be the big-est star of all. But be-fore you read a-bout it, be-

fore it gets dis-ton-ced by those Holly-wood pir-an-has, if you

Act One - p3.
Sunset Boulevard

(spoken)

wanna know the real facts. You've come to the right party.

No Beat

During this, the stage is irregularly raked by cold blue light which turns out to be thrown by the L.A.P.D. patrol cars, one of which draws up and disgorges a number of POLICEMEN, who split up; two approach the house, while another two move over to contemplate the body in the pool.

Scene Two
Let Me Take You Back 6 Months

The gates and open areas at the front of the Paramount lot, leading to the studios and the administration blocks. It is morning and a variety of young hopefuls are milling about in the forecourt, waiting for their interviews, assignments or auditions, and trying to impress one another. As this world gradually assembles before our eyes, JOE'S tone changes; he continues to address the audience.

A Shuffle-swing
Moderato

JOE

Let me take you back six months I was at the bottom of the barrel.

Act One - p4.
Sunset Boulevard

I had a contract down at Fox, but I'd fallen foul of Darryl. Now

I had a date at Paramount along with about a thousand other writers. If this
didn't come up roses I'd be covering funerals back in Dayton Ohio. I'd

Colla voce A Tempo

hidden my car three blocks away Turned out to be a smart move.

Act One - pS.
Let's Have Lunch

JOE joins the young hopefuls: these include MYRON, a director; MARY, a young actress, blonde and beautiful, artfully disheveled; and JOANNA, a writer, dark and intense. THEY greet each other with air kisses, casual waves and ritualized exchanges.

*Swing Allegro Moderato*

---

**A**

JOE

Hi there Myron

MYRON

I've got a date with Shel drake

How's it hanging?

---

Act One p.4
(JOE)

How can you work with Dar-ry? Got-shoo-ing a west-ern down at Fox. We should talk

(JOE)

Let's have lunch. You look great

[NOTRON]

Let's have lunch.

MARRY

Hi Mis-ter Gil-lish I'm up for an au-di-

Act One -p7.
Sunset Boulevard

(JOE)

Sheldrake is driving me insane

(MARY)

We should talk

Don't forget me when you're casting.

Got.  

(C)

(Leto)

Let's have lunch. Morning Joanna, Who are you meeting?

(MARY)

As I run. Let's have lunch. Hi there Myron.  

Act One 495.
Sunset Boulevard

(JOE)

[Musical notation]

(JOANNA)

She doesn't need it? I'm handing in my second draft.

(MARY)

I've spent the last month fasting.

(MYRON)

You look great. I'm shooting a

(MYRON)

[Musical notation]

(JOE)

(I'd really love to read it. We should talk)

(MARY)

Western down at Fox. Don't forget when you're casting. We -

(MYRON)

[Musical notation]

Act One p9
Sunset Boulevard

(JOE)  
Gotta run.  

(MYRON)  
should talk  

(JOANNA)  

(MARY)  
Let's have lunch

1ST Fnk. Man  
D  
Piu Mosso

Accel.  
We want the keys to your

Act One - p10-
Sunset Boulevard

2ND FIN. MAN

ear. You're way behind with the payments. Don't give us

JOE

2ND FIN. MAN

any fancy footwork. Give us the keys.

E

only wish I could help. I loaned it to my account.

mp "cool" feel

Act One pff.
Sunset Boulevard

Joe: He has an important client down in Palm Springs, felt like shooting the breeze.

First Man: Are you telling us...

Joe: I believe in self-denial. You walked here?

Act One - pg 2.
Sunset Boulevard

JOE

2nd FIN MAN

I'm in training for the priesthood. O.K. wise guy, three hundred bucks.

(8-)

1st FIN MAN: Or we're taking the car.
2nd FIN MAN: We have a court order.
JOE: I love it when you talk dirty.

Tempo Primo

NINE COUNT

DANCE SEQUENCE

Act One pt. 3.
Sunset Boulevard

SAMMY: That you Sam- my?

JOE:  

Bless you Jo-seph

How do you like my ha-

;amp
(JOE)

*How come you got such lousy breaks? (SALLY)*

rem One learns to grin and bear

(GIRLS)

This is the biggest film ever

Act One - pg6
JOE

What - ve you play - ing?

1ST GIRL

Tem - ple vir - gin

(GIRLS)

made

2ND GIRL

Hand - maid - en to De - li -

JOE

Let's have lunch Got - ta run You

lah...

Accel.

Act One p17.
Poco allegro
JOK

Sunset Boulevard

got ta find me a job
I'm way behind with my

payments
I thought you were meant to be my

agent
I need some work

Act One - p.18.
Tempo Primo

Sunset Boulevard

on - ly wish I could help

This
town is dead at the mo - ment
There's been this

Who is this jerk?
slow down in pro - duc - tion

Act One  p19
MORINO

Sunset Boulevard

He's my wonder-kind from Broadway

Every major

WUNDERKIND

studio wants him Playing one against the other

What I need is three hundred bucks MORINO: What you need is a new agent.

Act One p20
Sunset Boulevard

Joe

Hello Annie! You never call me.

Joe: You bastard!

any more.

I found a cuter dancing partner.

Act One p21.
JOE: Thanks, you're a real pal.
ALL: (Ad Lib): Good Morning Mr DeMille
MYRON: Good Morning CB

ACT ONE: p.22
This is Shel drake Bring some wa ter Give me that shit head

mf

No lan.

No lan sweet heart great to talk

mp

Shel.  

This draft is so much bright er You're the best e-ven so

Act One p23.
JOE: You wanted to see me. SHELDRAKE: I did? What about?
JOE: "Bases Loaded" It's a baseball story.

SHELDRAKE: So pitch.
JOE: It's about a rookie shortstop batting 347. The kid was once mixed up in a holdup. Now he's trying to go straight, only...

SHELDRAKE: Wait a minute I think I have read this. Somebody bring me whatever we've got on.
JOE: "Bases Loaded" SHELDRAKE: "Bases Loaded"

*Act One: p24*
JOE: They're pretty hot for it over at Twentieth.
SHELDRAKE: Good! JOE: But can you see Ty Power as a shortstop?

SHELDRAKE: Why not?
BETTY: It's just a rehash of something that wasn't very good to begin with.

Act One: p25.
SHELDRAKE: This is Miss Kramer (BETTY turns to JOE, horribly embarrassed)
BETTY: Schaefler, Betty Schaefler. And right now I'd like to crawl into a hole and pull it in after me.
JOE: If I could be of any help...

BETTY: I'm sorry Mr Gillis I couldn't see the point of it.
JOE: What sort of material do you suggest? James Joyce? Dostoyevsky?

BETTY: I think pictures should at least try to say a little something.
JOE: I see you're one of the message kids. I expect you'd have turned down "Gone With The Wind".
SHELDRAKE: No, that was me.

BETTY: And I guess I was disappointed. I've read some of your other work and I thought you had some real talent.
JOE: That was last year. This year I felt like eating. BETTY: Well I'm sorry Mr Gillis.

SHELDRAKE: Thankyou, Miss Kramer.
(BOYS leaves the room.SHELDRAKE looks up at JOE.)
Looks like Zanuck's got himself a baseball picture.

Chorus

(Boys)  We should talk.
(Girls)

Joe

Poco allegro

Chorus

You've gone to give me some work I'll run. Let's have lunch.

accel.

mf

Act two p27.
Joe

take whatever on offer. There must be some clue that needs

Shel.

re-write through it my way

S

Tempo I

I only wish I could help

Shel.

There's no spare shot at the moment. Remember the

Act One p28.
Sunset Boulevard

Act One - p29.
SHELDRAKE: I'm sorry Mister Gillis, Goodbye.

JOE leaves.

JOE: I just love Hollywood.
(The light hits JOE. Splintered lines overlap, creating a nightmarish cacophony of phony greetings.)
SUNSET BOULEVARD

SIX COUNT

CONTRAPUNTAL

SAMMY

KATHERINE

Hi there Lisa, I hate this weather.

MARRY

CLIFF

Where've you been hiding? You look great. What're you doing, Joanne?

MYRON

Good morning, Joanne. How're you doing? You look great.

R. K. O.

GIRLS

This is the

Act One: p.31.
CLIFF

I'm tryin' to make my mind up.

MAY

Guess I was born to play her.

SAMMY

They're talk-ing.

DAMN

You look.

GIRLS

What is my mot-iv-a-tion?

big-5est film ever made.
Lisa: You should go work for Warners. We shoot next month. Got nominations.

(Sammy)

Joanna: Is your new script with Shakespeare great? I'm very close to Shakespeare.

(Morning)

Adam: Got.
Sunset Boulevard

ARTIE
KATHERINE

MARY

Tenors: Let's have lunch.
Baritones: It's between me and Dicky.
(BYRON)

JOANNA

John: Let's drive to Vegas this weekend?

ADAM

Anita

Art One - p.34
KATHERINE

land ed a big Broadway show

MARY

trich.

MARY

I'm gonna work for Met.

MARY

Let's have dinner.

CLIFF

dinner.

CLIFF

I'd

GIRLS

Let's have lunch.

GIRLS

this is the biggest

Act One - p.15.
(MARY) ro. CLIFF lunch [MARY]

I know just how to light you. We really love to read it USA

JOHN Let's have lunch MORINO It won't work

(GIRLS) Let's pencil Thursday morn

film ever made

Act One p36.
Sunset Boulevard

1st Group

should talk

Gotta run

Let's have lunch

2nd Group

should talk

Gotta run

Let's have lunch

Total

should talk

Gotta run

Let's have lunch

Act One: p37.
Hi, good morning Aren't we lucky? Going to work with...

Slower

Paramount is paradise.
Movies from A to Zucker.
We should talk.
GROUP I

Got ta run Let’s have lunch Got ta run Let’s have lunch

GROUP II

Got ta run We should talk Got ta run Let’s have lunch

Come to get your knife back?

(NO BEAT)

JOE: It’s still here, right between my shoulder blades.

Act One -p40-
Betty's Pitch

Colla voce

I read one of your stories Wasn't it Scribners, some magazine

in 4

Betty

Ti-tele Some-thing with win-dows

Joe

It was "Blind Win-dows" if that's what you mean

in 4

A Tempo Faster (in 2)

Betty

That's right I really liked it

Joe

I'm all warm and run-ny in-side

Art One p 41
Betty

Let me pitch it to Shel-dra

Joe

Tempo 1 in 4
I'm may be broke but I still have my pride

Betty

Come on Get off your high horse Writers with pride don't live in L.A.

Betty

Silence Exile and cunning those are the only cards you can play

Yet One p 42
Joc

Shel-drake won't buy this story. He likes trash with fairy lights.

mf

Joc

Jesus think of the effort trying to get him to heigh ten his sights.

Betty

Every movie's a circus. Can't we discuss this Schwabs Thursday night?

mf
Joe: What for? Nothing will happen. I have to go now. Fight the good fight.

Betty: Colla voce in 2

Joe: What's the rush?

Betty: Yes what about them?

Joe: Do me a terrific favour. Keep them amused while

---

Act One - p 44.
If you're at Schwab's on Thursday

I escape

(spoken) Done

Those guys are after my car. If I lose that in this town, it's like having my legs cut off.

BETTY: Let's duck into the soundstage.
1st FIN MAN: Come on Gillis, give us the keys
BETTY: Shhh! Please be quiet, Mr DeMille is shooting over there.

(SEGUE AS ONE)

Cue to go on: "shooting over there..."

Act One: p 45
Car Chase

1ST FIN MAN: So what?
BETTY: He's working on "Samson and Delilah." They're doing a red hot scene with Hedy Lamarr. You want to stay and watch?
1ST FIN MAN: No...
2ND FIN MAN: Relax, we got five minutes.

Act One - p46.
Sunset Boulevard

Act One - p.17
JOE: What a lovely sight: a great big empty garage.
The property is noticeably shabbier and more run down than it was in opening scene. The patio and little formal garden are choked with weeds, the plants on the balcony are overgrown and out of control and the pool is covered over. JOE jumps out of his car.

JOE: What a lovely sight: a great big empty garage.

He pushes his car the last few yards into an open garage; and discovers it is not empty after all. Under a tarpaulin, which JOE lifts, curious, is the rear of an insanely elaborate 1932 Isotta-Fraschini with speaking tubes, running-boards, glass partitions and leopard-skin upholstery. He contemplates it for a moment.

JOE: This thing must burn up ten gallons to a mile.

Then he emerges from the garage and starts walking towards the house, as a ghostly version of NEW WAYS TO DREAM begins. He comes to a halt, marvelling both at the scale and the dereliction of the house.

Act One - p49.
Suddenly he is startled by a sharp, decisive woman's voice, cutting harshly into his reverie...

He looks up at the balcony above but no-one is visible.

**VOICE:** You there!

**JOE** approaches still searching in vain for the source of the voice.
VOICE: Why are you so late?

Before he can summon up an answer, another shock; the French doors grind open and an extraordinary figure emerges from the house. This is MAX MAYERLING, a sixty-year-old butler in black tail coat, striped trousers, stiff-collared shirt and white cotton gloves. He contemplates JOE, his expression blank; then speaks in some mitteleuropäisch accent.

MAX: This way.

JOE steps forward, responding to MAX’s natural authority.

MAX: And wipe your feet!

JOE obeys and steps through the French doors.

The huge gloomy drawing room is revealed. The floor is tiled and the ceiling supported with dark heavy beams. There are framed photographs everywhere and dusty hangings. The breeze moans through the pipes of a built-in organ. At the back of the room, on a massage table, something is lying, shrouded in a Spanish shawl, with candles in silver candlesticks burning at each corner of the table. The VOICE rings out again from above, where a black marble staircase leads up to a broad gallery.

VOICE: Max! Tell him to wait!

MAX turns to JOE, his tone chilly.

MAX: You heard.

He starts to move off.

MAX: If you need my help with the coffin, call me.

JOE: Wait a minute...hey, Buddy....

But MAX is gone. JOE looks around, somewhat at a loss. But before he can make a move, the door to the gallery opens and another bizarre figure appears: NORMA DESMOND. Despite the gloom, she’s wearing dark glasses and she’s dressed in black loose pyjamas and black high heel pumps. She looks younger than her age, which is probably somewhere in the vicinity of 50, and, despite a sickly pallor, she’s extremely striking and was evidently once a great beauty. Her hair is encased in a leopard-patterned chiffon scarf. JOE watches her, transfixed, as she proceeds in stately fashion down the stairs.

NORMA: Any laws against burying him in the garden?

JOE: I wouldn’t know.

Sunset Boulevard

She sweeps past him to the back of the room, where she stands for a moment looking down at the child-sized bundle on the massage table. JOE, all his writer’s instincts now alerted, watches her, fascinated.

The MUSIC swells

[Sheet music image]

Surrender

(Simply, like a lullaby)

No Beat

A Tempo (Slowly in 3)

(NORMA)

No more wars to fight. White flags fly tonight.

You are out of danger now. Battlefield is still wild.

Act One -p52-
Sunset Boulevard

Poppies on the hill. Peace can only come when you surrender.

Here the tracers fly, lighting up the sky. But I'll fight on to the end.

Let them send their armies, I will never bend.

Act One - p53.
As the last echoes of this die away, she sweeps up the corpse into her arms, the shawl falls away and for the first time, we see the body is that of a chimpanzee. NORMA stares defiantly at JOE, the monkey's face cradled against her own.

_Act One: p54_
NORMA: Now don't you give me a fancy price just because I'm rich.

JOE: Lady, you've got the wrong man.

_NORMA pauses in the act of rearranging the corpse and shoots JOE a fierce glance._

JOE: I had some trouble with my car, I just pulled into your driveway.

NORMA: Get out.

JOE: O.K. And I'm sorry you lost your friend.

NORMA: Get out of here.

_JOE's almost out: then he turns back, frowning._

JOE: Haven't I seen you somewhere before?

NORMA: Or shall I call my servant?

JOE: Aren't you Norma Desmond? You used to be in pictures. You used to be big.

NORMA: I am big. It's the pictures that got small.

_She advances on him, flushed with indignation._
Once Upon A Time

Allegro  (Colla voce)

Once upon a time not long ago the head of any studio knew how and

\[
\text{mp}
\]

when to play his ac - es

Now they'll put some ta - lent less un -

\[
\text{mf}
\]

known be - neath the sa - cred mic - ro - phone we did - n't need words we had

\[
\]

Act One · p56.
Norma

Slower

Fac - cos

Yes they took all the i - ols and smashed them the

in 2

in 2

in 4

in 4

Fair-banks the Gil-berto the Val - en-tino They tramp - led on what was di - vine They threw a -

way the gold of si - lesne When all they need - ed was this face of mine

Segue as one

Act One - p.57
JOE: Don't blame me, I'm just a writer.

\textit{Not hurried} \\
(Violin)

(Colla voce)

With one look I can break your heart. With one look I play every part. I can make your sad heart sing. With one
look you'll know all you need to know
With one smile I'm the

girl next door or the love that you've hung ered for

When I speak it's with my soul I can play any

Act One - p59-
poco accel.  C  Piu Mosso

No words can tell the stories my eyes tell. Watch me when I frown, you can't write that down. You know I'm right it's there in black and white. When I look your way, you'll hear what I say. Yes
D A Tempo poco accel.

with one look I put words to shame.
Just one look sets the screen aflame.

E A Tempo

Si lent mus ic starts to play
One tear in my eye makes the whole world cry.

With one look they'll for give the past
They'll rejoice; I've re turned at last.

To my people in the dark.
Still out there in the dark.

Molto Rall

Act One 1931
Poco maestoso

Sunset Boulevard

Silent music starts to play With one look you'll know all you need to know.

A Tempo

With one look I'll ignite a blaze. I'll return to my glory days. They'll say Norman's back at last.

\( \text{A. I: On p.2} \)
Piu Mosso

This time I am staying I'm staying for good I'll be back where I was born to

Molto Rall (dictated) Tempo(in 4)

be With one look I'll be me.

Rall

Vito Onorati
With One Look Underscore

NORMA: Now go! (MUSIC STARTS)

Moderato

JOE: Next time I'll bring my autograph book or maybe a hunk of cement and ask for your footprint.
NORMA: Did you say you were a writer?
JOE: That's what it says on my guild card.

NORMA: And you've written pictures? JOE: Sure have. Would you like to see my credits?

NORMA: Come over here. I want to ask you something.
(JOE hesitates; but his curiosity gets the better of him and HE begins to move back into the body of the room.)

Act One - 764.
NORMA: What sort of length is a movie script these days? JOE: Depends

NORMA: I wrote this. It's a very important picture.
JOE: Looks like six very important pictures.

NORMA: It's for DeMille to direct. JOE: Oh yeah. And will you be in it?

NORMA: Of course. What do you think?
JOE: Just asking. I didn't know you were planning a comeback
NORMA: I hate that word. It's a return.
JOE: Well...... fair enough

It's Done: pg65
NORMA: I want you to read it. This takes JOE by surprise; it takes him a moment to devise a response.
JOE: You shouldn't let another writer read your stuff, he may steal it.

NORMA: I'm not afraid. Sit down, Max! (JOE still dithers; MAX appears at once) Bring something to drink.
MAX: Yes, Madame.

FADE + STOP ON CUE (JOE brightens; but still hesitates) NORMA: I said sit down!

With...
NORMA: It's about Salome. (MUSIC STARTS)

Moderato

(MAX arrives wheeling a silver trolley. JOE takes the manuscript from NORMA and settles himself.)
NORMA: Salome; the story of a woman. The woman who was all women. (Rall. if required)

Agitato con fuoco(Colla voce)

NORMA

f Salome, what a woman. what a part! In no-cent bo-dy and a sin-ful

NORMA

heart, in-flam-ing Her-od's lust But secre-tly lov-ing a ho-ly man. No one could play her like

Andante ppp
I can.

(Relaxed, casual)

Well I had nothing urgent coming up I thought I might as well

She's off in a world of her own, so much so, that JOE is able to sing his lines directly to the audience, as he shifts through the pages and sips his champagne.

skim it. It's fun to see how bad bad writing can be this

NORMA paces impatiently: the light is beginning to fade.

There's so many great scenes I can't wait a

Act One (p58)
boiling cauldron of love and hate. She toys with Herod. Til he's

Rall

putty in her hands. He reels tormented through the desert.

MAX reappears and moves around the room, lighting lamps. JOE picks up another bundle.

sands.

A tempo moderato assai

It sure was a real cheery set up, the
wind wheezing through that organ. Max shuffling around, and a dead ape

NORMA

NORMA is on the stairs now, peering across the room at JOE. They drag the dumped on a shelf. And her staring like a gorgon.

E

baptist up from the jauls, she dances the dance of the seven veils.

A.; One p70.
NORMA throws herself into an extravagant dance, distracting JOE.

(NORMA)

Her...ed says I'II give you

JOE resumes reading as MAX shows in a man dressed in formal evening clothes: the PET UNDERTAKER. He has a baby coffin under his arm.

(NORMA)

anything.

JOE

Now it was
(JOE)

F

time for some comedy relief The guy with the baby

mp

(JOE)
casket. Must have seen a thing or two that chimp Shame it was too late to ask it.
Poco rall

During this, MAX and NORMA have followed the UNDERTAKER out into the garden. He having stowed the chimp in the coffin, wrapped in NORMA's shawl.
Now NORMA reappears suddenly, startling JOE.

G

NORMA

Have you got to the scene where she asks for his

Rall

A Tempo

Act One—p72.
head? If she can't have him living she'll take him dead. They

(NORMA)

bring in his head on a silver tray. She kisses his mouth. It's a great screen.

Rall

JOE's on the last bundle now: NORMA lights herself a Turkish cigarette, having first inserted it in a holder attached to a curious clip which twists around her index finger.

(NORMA)

play:

A tempo moderato assai

Act One: p73.
poco più mosso

It got to be eleven, I was feeling ill. What the hell was I doing?

Melo-drama and sweet champagne and a garbled plot from a scrambled brain, but I had my own plot brewing.

Act One, p74.
He lays down the last page with a slight sigh. NORMA is instantly alert.

JOE: Just how old is Salome?

NORMA doesn't bat an eyelid.

NORMA: Sixteen.

JOE: I see.

NORMA: Well?

JOE: It's fascinating.

NORMA: Of course it is.

(MUSIC CONTINUES)

JOE looks up at her, choosing his words judiciously.

Andante

Could be it's a little long. Maybe the opening wrong, but it's ex

No it's a perfect start. I
tremely good for a be gin ner.

poco più mosso

Act One - p75.
(NORMA)

wrote that with my heart the river bank the baptist and the sinner.

(JOE)

I can say anything I want with my eyes.

Shouldn't there be some dialogue? in 3

DICT.

(NORMA)

I will not have it butchered.

It could use a few cuts. in 2

DICT.

Act One -p76-
A Tempo

I'm not talking limb from limb I just mean a little trim All you

mp

NORMA

(Ide)

I want someone with a knack

need is someone who can ed it.

A Tempo

Poco rall

(Norma)

Not just any studio hack and don't think for a moment I'd share

Rall

Act One -p77.
(NORMA)  
NORMA stares at him, an idea beginning to form in her mind.

cre - dit.  
When were you born?

mp  Rall

JOE:  
December twenty-first, why?

NORMA:  
I like Sagittarians. You can trust them.  

JOE:  
Thanks.

in 4

She turns on him, her eyes blazing.

NORMA:  
I want you to do this work.

Act One -p78.
Salome Underscore

JOE: Me? Gee, I don't know *(MUSIC STARTS)*

Moderato

JOE: I just finished one script and about to start a new assignment.
NORMA: I don't care
JOE: I'm pretty expensive. I get five hundred a week.
NORMA: Don't you worry about money. I'll make it worth your while.
JOE: Well it's getting kind of late.  
NORMA: Are you married Mr....  
JOE: The name is Gillis. Single.  
NORMA: Where do you live?  
NORMA: You'll stay here  
JOE: I'll come back early tomorrow  
NORMA: Nonsense there's a room over the garage. Max will take you there. Max!  
MAX: Yes Madame.  

NORMA: Take Mr Gillis to the guest room. (After a seconds hesitation JOE finds himself following MAX towards the French doors.)
NORMA: We'll begin at nine sharp.

Faster

Rit

Act One p84
JOE: Now this is more like it.
MAX: I made up the bed this afternoon.
JOE: Thanks.
(He considers this for a moment)
How did you know I was going to stay?
MAX: There's soap and a toothbrush in the bathroom.

JOE: She's quite a character isn't she that Norma Desmond?
(MAX is slightly scandalized by this remark, but HE preserves his dignity and looks JOE straight in the eye.)

Tentatively.
The Greatest Star Of All

A
Andante in 4

Once you won't remem-ber If you said Holl-y-wood hers

B

was the face you'd think of. Her face on ev-ery bill-board. In just a

C
Poco rall. Piu Mosso

sin-gle week she'd get ten thou-sand let-ters Men would

Act One -p83.
offer fortunes for a bloom from her corsage or a few strands from her hair.
Today she's half forgotten.

But it's the pictures that got small, she is the greatest star of all.

Then you can't imagine how fans would sacrifice themselves to touch her.

Act One - p84.
rubato

A Tempo

shadow. There was a Maharajah

Who hanged himself with one of her discarded stockings

She's immortal / Caught inside that flickering

light beam is a youth which cannot fade.

Act One - p85.
MAX leaves the rooms. JOE watches him go, strangely impressed. Left alone, JOE moves restlessly around the room for a moment.

JOE (V.O.): When he'd gone, I stood looking out of the window a while. There was a ghost of a tennis court with faded markings and a sagging net.
JOE (V.O.): There was an empty pool where Clara Bow and Fatty Arbuckle must have swum 10,000 midnights ago. And then there was something else: the chimp's last rites, as if she were laying a child to rest. Was her life really as empty as that?

Below, MAX disappears for a moment into the shadow of the garage. Then, he re-emerges. He's carrying a shovel and, under his arm, the chimpanzee's coffin. He advances to a spot where there's an overgrown rosebed in the centre of the patio outside the French doors. As he arrives there, NORMA who's evidently b. waiting, emerges into the garden. They stand for a moment in silent communion, the atmosphere solemn. I MAX takes up the shovel.

Above in his room, JOE is about to pull the curtain when he catches sight of MAX and NORMA. He stands the window, staring down at them, riveted by the peculiarity of the scene, shaking his head wonderingly.

SLOW FADE TO BLACK
Schwab's Drugstore

Schwab's is a Sunset Boulevard institution, a combination news-stand, tobacconist's and diner: it's crowded with movie people of one sort or another. It's closing time, and the patrons are on their last cup of coffee, or beginning to drift away.

Shuffle swing with energy

Every movie's a circus on the wire without a net

Coffee? I'm up too early Shooting at seven I've got to go MOVIES

Att: 1932
SANDY  LARROSA  ALL

What's wrong? Can't get a screen test Don't you hate it when a yes man says no

JANE  JOHN

Good part? I'm a police man "Hands up Punk" That's all I say

GLYNNE  DIARIELE  ALL

First time you've worked on the lot there I must say R. K. O. are O. K.
Then what He pressed a butt- on Out of the wall fell a four poster bed

M-VIES

Busy They shot my screen play It's not great No they shot the thing dead

Wrp

Ev-ery mas-sies a cir-cus On the wire without a net
Lonely? That's how I like it. Can't you be nice? Why we're not on the set MOVIES

Joe

Here for a meeting

Artie

Hey Joe What are you slummin' this time of night? MOVIES

Art One :p74:
Joe

It's some studio smart-ass You know I'm famous for being polite

MOVIES

Artie

Guess what? I'm getting married She'll

Act One - p92
Who would have thought it
Why don't you look happy

Come on be brave

It's this movie I'm shooting
MOVIES
Joe

You first assistant?

Artie

More like a slave!

Artie

But this is a circus movie as well

movies a circus

Movies
Problems nothing but problems Animals Actors

two kinds of hell

Every movies a circus on the wire with

Well Hello Mister Gill is

out a net
Joe
I'm the up-pit-y back

Artie
You two have met? And she's the

Betty
What's go-ing on here

Artie
stu-di-o smart-ass?

BARMAN (Spoken) Artie,

They're call-ing you back

Act One p97.
I just re-read 'Blind Windows' it needs some real re-

work-ing of course. If we fixed up the open-

ning, Half Tempo

Girl meets boy, that's a safe be-

Call up the wrangler and pay off the horse.

Act One 008.
It's nearly closing I thought you weren't going to

A Tempo (flowing)

Rall.......

show

So did I felt it might be

A Tempo fortissimo
Betty

What are you saying

Joe

Come on Miss Schaefer you

kind

Ev
time I see a young kid

Dreaming they'll produce a masterpiece I just want to throw them on the
Never thought you'd be so cond.
next train home

Benj

secund ing

Joe

Sorry Miss Schaefer I didn't come here to fight

Act One p101
Moderato

Sunset Boulevard

Betty

Girl meets boy if that's how you want it she's a young teach-

C G7/C C Am/C

Betty
er He's a re-port-er it's hate at first sight.

F C/E Dm7 F/G G7 C

Poco piu mosso

Joe

It won't sell These days they want gla-mour. Fab- ul-ous heir-

Db 6 As7/Db Dm Db 6

Joe

ess meets hand-some Hol-ly-wood heel.

Gb Dy/F Em7 Ab

Act One -p102-
Joe

Prob - lem is
t. she thinks he's a burg - lar
Would you be - lieve

Db

Joe

it?
A w e d d - ing in the last reel.

Betty

Rall......
It
doesn't have to be so mind - less

Gb

Betty

You should write from your ex - per - i - ence (sim.)
give us some - thing real - ly mov - ing

Gb

Act One - pil
Joe

Who wants true? who the hell wants

Reuy

some-thing true.

accel.... Poco piu mosso

Joe

moving? Moving means starv-ing and true means holes in your shoe.

Reuy

No, you're wrong they still make good pictures stick to your
(He's on his feet; Betty is looking up at him, completely wrong footed by his unexpected reaction)

Betty: What do you mean?
Joe: What I say. It's all yours. I've given up writing myself. So you write it.
Betty: I'm not good enough to do it on my own. I thought we could write it together.

Joe: I can't. I'm all tied up.
Betty: Couldn't we work evenings? Six o'clock in the morning? I'll come to your place.
Joe: Look, Betty, it can be done. It can't. (Music stops)
Girl Meets Boy (Part Two)

JOE: Let's keep in touch through Artie. That way if you get stuck, we can at least talk. *(MUSIC STARTS)*

Colla Voce

*Write this down I'll give you some ground rules Plenty of*

Andante

*Conflict but nice guys don't break the law*

*Girl meets boy Giversherself completely And though she*

*Act One p106*
Joe:
loves him. She keeps one foot on the floor.

Betty:
No one dies except the best friend. No one ever mentions communists.

Betty:
No one takes a black friend to a restaurant.
Ver - y good nothing I can teach you We could have

Yes Mis - ter

bad fun fight - ing the stud - io

Colla Voce

Gil - lis that's just what I

Art One plus
Allegro moderato

Double Tempo (Swing 4)

Betty

want

Arise

What a nightmare
Good to see you

Joe

Last year it got

Arise

Come to my New Years Party

Scene Six Underscore

The house, ghostly in the moonlight. To begin with, the stage is empty; then JOE appears, moving silently across the patio. At a certain point he’s startled, as MAX glides out through the French doors to intercept him.

MAX: Where have you been? (MUSIC STARTS)

(Stop on cue)

JOE: Out. I assume I can go out when I feel like it.

MAX: Madame is quite agitated. Earlier this evening, she wanted you for something and you could not be found.

JOE: Well, that’s tough.

MAX: I don’t think you understand, Mr. Gillis. Madame is extremely fragile. She has moments of melancholy. There have been suicide attempts.

JOE: Why? Because of her career? She’s done well enough. Look at all the fan mail she gets every day.

MAX: I wouldn’t look too closely at the postmarks if I were you.

JOE: You mean you send them?

MAX: Will you be requiring some supper this evening, sir?

Act One p112:
JOE: No. (MUSIC STOPS) And Max?

MAX: Yes, sir?

JOE: Who the hell do you think you are, bringing my stuff from my apartment without consulting me? I have a life of my own - now you're telling me I'm supposed to be a prisoner here.

MAX considers him for a moment, his eye cold.
I Started Work

MAX: I think, sir, perhaps you will have to make up your mind to abide by the rules of this house. That is if you want this job. (MUSIC STARTS)

He turns: the house swallows him up and he disappears as abruptly as he materialised. JOE stands for a moment, perplexed: then he proceeds on his way up the wooden staircase towards his room above the garage. A table has been cleared for JOE in the main room. He sits at the typewriter, the manuscript piled at his elbow, a pencil held between his teeth, scissors and a pot of paste to hand. NORMA prowls the room, watching him avidly.

Act One: p.114
JOE drops a page of manuscript into the waste paper basket.

NORMA: What's that?

JOE: I thought we might cut away from the slave market.

NORMA: Cut away from me?

JOE: They don't want you in every scene.

NORMA: Of course they do. What else would they have come for? Put it back...
scissors  This would take weeks  The house was always so quiet. Just

me and Max and the organ. No one phoned and nobody ever came, and there was

Brighter (in 2)

only one kind of entertainment on hand Max what's on this

Act One - p116.
Joe: evening. I hope it's not one of those weepy melodramas.

Max: We'll be showing one of Madame's enduring classics. The or-

Joe: Oh, God. We had that last week.

Max: deal of Joan of Arc.

---

Act One: p117.
During this MAX has been busy ing himself, setting up a projector and lacing up the reels. JOE wonders over to take his place on the sofa. Eventually, NORMA sweeps in, dressed to the nines and settles down next to JOE. MAX switches on the projector and the beam radiates out across the auditorium. For a while, the whirr of the projector; NORMA watches, looking out into the audience, entranced; while JOE, far more detached, lights himself a cigarette, the smoke drifting across the light-beam.
This was dawn: there were no rules, we were so young.

Movies were born; so many songs yet to be sung.

So many roads still unexplored; we gave the world new ways to dream. Somehow we found new ways to dream.

Act One :p119:
Poco piu mosso
above the audience's heads.

Joan of Arc: look at my face, isn't it strong?

There in the dark up on the screen, where I belong.

We'll show them all nothing has changed. We'll give the

world new ways to dream. Everyone needs new ways to dream.

Act One - p120.
By now, she's gripping on to JOE, who detaches himself gently and moves to the other end of the sofa, where he turns to contemplate NORMA, who's still staring ecstatically at the screen.

(Slow, hypnotic)

G
Colla voce

I didn't argue, why hurt her? You don't yell at a

Act One -p121-
or she could fall and break her neck. She smelled of faded roses

It made me sad to watch her. As she re-lived her glory

Poor Norma, So happy lost in her silver heaven.

Molto Rall

Act One - p122-
Nothing has changed we'll give the world new ways to dream everyone needs new ways to dream

Rall... pp

FAST SEGUE
Scene 8

The sound of heavy rain. It's daytime but dull enough to need lights on. JOE's typewriter is no longer on the table, but closed and standing on end on the floor. He's alone in the great room, playing solitaire. MAX is at the organ, wearing his white gloves, playing. He looks up at the audience, breaks off his game.

JOE: In December, the rains came, in one great big package, oversized, like everything else in California, right through the roof of my room above the garage. So she had me moved to the main house, to what Max called "the room of the husbands". On a clear day, the theory was, you could see Catalina. And little by little I worked through to the end of the script. At which point I might have left: only by then those two boys from the finance company had traced my car and towed it away; and I hadn't seen one dollar of cash money since I arrived.

Translucent

(Optional repeat)

Segue Organ Music

Act One - p124.
Allegro (Organ) (STOP ON CUE)

STOP ON CUE

NORMA: Stop that.  FAST SEGUE

Act One -p125-
Today's The Day Underscore

NORMA: Today's the day. (MUSIC STARTS) JOE: What do you mean?

Con Moto

NORMA: Max is going to deliver the script to Paramount. JOE: You're really going to give it to DeMille?

NORMA: I've just spoken to my astrologer. She read DeMille's horoscope; she read mine. JOE: Did she read the script?

NORMA: DeMille is Leo; I'm Scorpio. Mars is transiting Jupiter and today is the day of closest conjunction.

Act One - p126.
JOE: Well that's alright then. NORMA: Max.
MAX: Yes Madame. NORMA: *(She hands the type script to MAX).*
Make sure it goes to Mr DeMille in person.

Poco meno mosso

\[ \begin{array}{c}
\text{CLOCK CHIMES 4x}
\end{array} \]
Great Day Underscore

JOE: Well......
NORMA: Great Day. (*MUSIC STARTS*)

Moderato

JOE: It's been real interesting.
NORMA: Yes, hasn't it?
JOE: I want to thank you for trusting me with your baby.
NORMA: Not at all, it's I who should thank you.

Act One p. 128
JOE: Will you call and let me know as soon as you have some news?
(NORMA frowns; SHE turns to him, her expression bewildered.)
NORMA: Call where?
JOE: My apartment.

NORMA: You can't possibly think of leaving now, Joe.
JOE: The script is finished, Norma.
NORMA: No, Joe it's just the beginning, it's the first draft; I couldn't dream of letting you go, I need your support.
JOE: Well...
NORMA: You'll stay on full salary, of course...

poco accel.

Act One p.129.
JOE: It's not the money, (NORMA now has a look of genuine panic on her face, and JOE sees that some reassurance is essential), Of course, I'll stay until we get some sort of word back from Paramount. (HE's on his feet now, and NORMA grips his hand tightly for a moment), NORMA: Thankyou Joe.

Act One p.30
Moderate swing

Max wheeled out that foreign bus

Brushed the leopard skin upholstery. He trundled along to

 Paramount to hand Cecil B our hopeless Opus My

Act One p.131:
Segue as One  (The Lady's Paying)
The Lady's Paying

MAX shows in an imposing, rather oily-looking men's outfitter. MR MANFRED, who's followed by a number of male assistants carrying armfuls of boxes and teetering heaps of clothing. As they begin to deploy, NORMA bustles in from the patio.

Poco allegro (in 2)

Hurry up the birthday boy is on his way

This is a surprise celebration. I hope you've re
mem - bered ev - ery - thing I've said. I want to see a

Poco meno mosso

to - tal trans - for - ma - tion.
JOE wanders into the room: he stops in the doorway, startled by the unaccustomed crowd.

JOE: What's all this?

NORMA: Happy birthday, darling. Did you think we'd forgotten?

JOE: Well I....

NORMA: These people are from the very best men's shop in town. I had them close it down for the day.

JOE: Norma, now listen!

NORMA: I'll leave you boys to it.

And before JOE can stop her, she's gone again. MANFRED is already circling warily, trying to assess his new customer; JOE looks at him, obviously dismayed, a hint of rebellion in his expression.

---

Act One - p135 -
of. Anyone who's anyone is dressed by me.

Well

Pick out anything you'd like a pair of.

Golly gee.

You just point. I'll do the rest. I've brought nothing but the

Act One - p. 136.
MANFRED

best. You're a very lucky writer. Come along now, get un-

dressed. Unless I'm much mistaken that's a forty two inch

chest. JOE

Well I don't understand a word you're saying.

Act One - p. 37-
all you need to know's the lady's paying. It's nice to get your

just reward this time of year. And all my merch-

Get out of here!

dish is strictly kosher. When you've thrown a-way all your old

Act One -p.138-
Sunset Boulevard

(MANFRED)

worn out stuff. JOE

Perhaps you'd like to model for my

Hey that's enough.

(MANFRED)

brochure. I have just the thing for you chalk-stripe

(MANFRED) 1ST S/MAN 2ND S/MAN 3RD S/MAN 4TH S/MAN 5TH S/MAN

suits in black or blue Glen plaid trousers cashmere sweaters bathing

Act One - p139.
shorts for Malibu. Here's a patent leather lace up it's a virtuoso shoe. And a simply marvellous coat made of vicuna.

You know what you can do with your vicuna.

Act One - p140.
At this point, NORMA saunters back into the room. Oblivious to the atmosphere, she registers only that no progress has been made.

Come on Joe, you haven't even started yet. I thought by now you'd

You wanna bet?

[She turns to MANFRED]

look the height of fashion. He always takes forever making

[Turns back to JOE]

up his mind. Don't be unkind. I thought you writers knew about compassion

Act One - p141.
Impatient now, she plunges in among the clothes, towing MANFRED in her wake.

I love flannel on a man. This will complement his

She picks out a beautiful pale jacket

Now she's grabbing at shirts and trousers.

tan. We'll take two of these and four of those. I'm still your great-
est

fan. Very soon now we'll have stopped him looking like an al-so

Act One - p142.
She picks out more and more clothes, handing them to the SALESMAN. JOE slouching sullenly behind her.

MANFRED: You're going to make me sorry that I'm staying.

NORMA: All right, I'll choose after all I'm paying.

MANFRED: Evening clothes, I want to see your most deluxe.

JOE: Of course. Won't wear a tux.

Act One - p143.
course not, dear, tuxedos are for waiters. What we need are tails, a white tie and top hat. Joe, second rate clothes I can't wear that.

are for second raters. Shut up. I'm rich not some Nor ma. Please!

Act One, p143.
(NORMA)

platinum blonde bitch I own so many apartments I've for-

(NORMA)

gotten which is which

JOE

I don't have to go to premiers I'm never on dis-

(JOE)

play. You seem to forget that I'm a writer. Who cares what you're

Act One - p. 45.
NORMA: You can't come to my party in that filling station shirt.
JOE: I've been invited somewhere else on New Year's Eve.
NORMA: Where?
JOE: Artie Green's. Old friend of mine.

Act One -p146.
I can't do without you Joe, I need you I've sent out every

single invitation All right Norma, I give in. Of

course you do And when they've dressed you, you'll cause a sen-

And with this she sweeps off, up the stairs. JOE and MANFRED look at each other for a moment. Finally, JOE shrugs and spreads his arms, conceding. MANFRED snaps his fingers and the SALESMen descend on JOE, engulfing him, so that he disappears in the scrimmage.

Act One - p147.
SALESMEN

We equip the chosen few of movie-land.

We dress every movie star and crooner

From their shiny

Act One - p148
MANFRED

Conceal your gut. You won't regret sel-

toe caps to their hat band.

(MANFRED)

P

lecting the vicuna.

If you need a hand to

Act One - p149.
shake if there's a girl you want to make if there's a soul you're out to

capture, or a heart you want to break. If you want the world to

MANFRED

You'll have to learn to take.

love you.

And gracefully acc -

Act One -p150-
MANFRED is now more or less cheek to cheek with JOE.
He leans forward with offensive intimacy; the gloves are off.

MANFRED: You will earn every cent the lady's expecting.

ALL MEN:
And why not have it all.

MANFRED: Now that didn't hurt, did it?

Act One -p151-
New Year Tango

*MUSIC STARTS as JOE breaks pose*

**Bright tango**

Joe

It looks like Gala night aboard S. S. Titanic. Will we play spot the

Max

actor? As if we're visiting a gallery of wax-works?

Would you

*Act One p152*
Max: rather I mix for you a dry marasmi or would you prefer to have champagne?

Joe: 

Max: don't be evasive. Who's the ingenue?

Joe: visited the ball?

Max: Madame herself c-a-v-e-y call

Rall... A Tempo meno mosso.
NORMA: Here. Happy New Year. JOE: Norma, I can't take this.

NORMA: Shut up. Open it. Read what it says.

JOE: "Mad about the boy."

NORMA: Yes; and you do look absolutely divine.

Act One - p.154.
JOE: Well, thank you.

NORMA: I had these tiles put in, you know, because Valentino said to me, it takes tiles to tango. Come along.

accel...

poco piu mosso

JOE: No, no, not on the same floor as Rudy Valentino!

NORMA: Just follow me.

Act One: p.155.
NORMA: Don't lean back like that.

JOE: It's that thing. It tickles.

SEGUE

"The Perfect Year"
The Perfect Year

Moderato assai

Ring out the old, ring in the new. A midnight wish to share with you. Your lips are warm, my head is light, were we alive before to-night? I don't need a crowded

Act One - p157.
(NORMA)

ball - room. Ev - ery - thing I want is here. if you’re with me next year will be the per - fect

(NORMA) Poco piu mosso  

JOE is beginning to be aware what’s happening; still, at the same time, he’s caught up in the intoxication of the moment.

year

BEFORE we play some danger - ous game, be - fore we fan some harm - less

(JOE)

flame, we have to ask if this is wise and if the

Act One :p158:
The image contains musical notation with lyrics. The text includes:

"game is worth the prize. With this wine and with this music."

"How can anything be clear? Let's wait and see. It may just be the perfect year."

"A Tempo Moderato"

"Dict. (They dance) accel poco a poco"

"Act One - p159."
With Growing Energy

accel.

Colla Voce  NORMA

G  Meno Mosso

It's New Year's eve and hopes are high dance one year

rit.

pp

[NORMA]

in, kiss one goodbye. Another chance, another start So many dreams to tease the

Act One - p160.
Poco accel.

We don't need a crowded ballroom, everything we want is here. And face to face we will embrace the perfect year.

Colla Voce

We don't need a crowded ballroom, everything we want is here, and face to face we will embrace the perfect year.

Act One - p161 - SEGUE AS ONE
She kisses him lightly as the number comes to an end. Then, as the orchestra strikes up the next piece, they move off the floor to take up the glasses of champagne which MAX has poured for them. They clink glasses and drink.

After "The Perfect Year"

ON CUE: "Max, Get me a taxi."

Act One - p162.

Segue as one
JOE: What time are they supposed to get here?

NORMA: Who?

JOE: The other guests.

NORMA: There are no other guests. Just you and me.

She leans in to kiss him again, this time more seriously. MAX half turns away, averting his eyes.

NORMA: I'm in love with you. Surely you know that.

(JOE is terribly startled by this)

JOE: Norma...

NORMA: We'll have a wonderful time next year. I'll have the pool filled for you. I'll open up my house in Malibu, and you can have the whole ocean. I have enough money to buy us anything we want.

JOE: Cut out that us business.

NORMA: What's the matter with you?

JOE: What right do you have to take me for granted?

NORMA: What right? You want me to tell you?

(JOE is out of his depth now; all he can do is bluster.)

JOE: Norma, I'm the wrong guy for you, you need a big shot, someone with polo ponies, a Valentino....

NORMA: What you're trying to say is that you don't want me to love you. Is that it?

JOE doesn't answer; he looks away, avoiding her eye. Thus, it takes him completely by surprise when she slaps his face. And, before he can react, she's turned and run all the way up the stairs to vanish into her bedroom. JOE finds himself standing face to face with Max.

JOE: Max, get me a taxi.
I Had To Get Out

As MAX moves towards the phone, the house moves back a way to reveal ARTIE’s apartment, a modest one-room affair, packed to the rafters with carefree young people, many of whom we have already encountered at the studio and at Schwab’s. Several of the GUESTS cluster around the piano and there’s a BOY with a saxophone. Others help themselves to some dangerous looking alcoholic concoction from a punchbowl.
The house at Sunset remains visible throughout.

As the new scene establishes itself, JOE encases himself in his vicuna coat.

Allegro (Urgently)

I had to get out. I needed to be with people my own age. To bear the sound of laughter and mix with hungry actors under-employed composers, nicotine

poisoned writers, real people, real problems having a really good time.

Rall.  (NB)

Act One - p164.  

Segue
This Time Next Year

JOE hesitates in the doorway of the apartment, suddenly embarrassed by how overdressed he is. Meanwhile, ARTIE hails him and pushes through the crowd to greet him.

ARTIE: Hey, Gillis! We'd given you up.

BETTY by the piano, hears this and looks round, delighted to see JOE. By now, ARTIE has reached him.

ARTIE: Let me take your coat.

He touches the coat and reacts, surprised.

ARTIE: Jesus, Joe, what is this, mink?

He's even more surprised when the coat comes off to reveal JOE's tails.

ARTIE: Who did you borrow this from? Adolphe Menjou?

JOE: Close, but no cigar.

He gestures around the room.

JOE: It's quite a crowd.

ARTIE: I invited all the kids doing walk-ons in "Samson and Delilah"

BETTY: Where have you been hiding? I called your apartment. I called your ex-agent. I was about to call the Bureau of Missing Persons.

JOE: They always know where to find me.

Before she can develop this, the boys and girls around the piano launch into their song.
MICHÈLLE

Lo siento, por lo que te he hecho sentir. By this time next year I'll have landed a

juicy part.

JOHN

Nineteen fifty will be my start No more carrying

JASMINÉ

I'll be discovered My life won't ever

Act One: p167.
Sunset Boulevard

JASMINE

be the same.  Billo Wild-er will know my name.

LARISSA

time.  Till he does can one of you guys lend her a dime?

ALISA

Just an a-part-ment

SASHA

with no roach-es and no dry rot. Where the hot wa-t-er comes out hot.

Act One - p168.
Sunset Boulevard

SASHA/ALISA/JANE

Your resolution

That's my Hollywood dream.

Laurie

Is to write something that gets shot with approximately the plot.

I first had in my head.

BYRON

But you'll get rewritten even after you're

Act One - p169.
It's a year to begin a new life, buy a dead

Poco meno mosso

place somewhere quiet somewhere pretty When you have a young

kid and a wife, then you need somewhere green far from the city. It's a
G (ARITE) Accel.

rambling old house with a big apple tree with a swing for the kid and a

Tempo I

hammock for me. Be hold my children

It is I Cecil B. de Mille meeting me must be

ROSS

quite a thrill. but there's no need to knock.

Act One p171.
I guarantee you every girl in the chorus line.

SANDY

is a genuine philistine they don't come off the shelf.

SANDY

I flew everyone in from Philo sia myself.

Act One - p172.
Tempo I

(BETTY) L

I have some good news. It's "Blind Window." You don't let go.

(BETTY)

I gave Shel-drake an outline Joe. And he swallowed the bait.
Well Hallelujah while you've been buying vicuna coats

I've been making a lot of notes. Now there's work we should do

Poco piu mosso

Betty you're forgetting that I gave it to you. You remind me of

me long ago off the bus full of ignorant ambition. Thought I'd waltz into

Act One - p174.
some studio and achievement, I've seen too many optimists

sinking like stones felt them suck all the marrow clean out of my bones

Betty

O

Tempo I

Rall...

on my own. Can't we speak on the telephone? All my evenings are

Act One p175.
AXE:
free.
Hey, just a minute.
I'm the fellow who

BETTY:
bought the ring.
Artie, this is a business thing.

It's important to me.
You'll be on location in

Clinch, Tennessee.
Please make this your New Year resolution to me.

Rall... Tempo I

Act One - p176.
Ladies:

\[ \text{By this time next year I will get my foot in the door} \]

Men:

\[ \text{sub. mp} \]

\[ \text{Next year I know I'm gonna score An amazing success} \]

Act One p177.
Sunset Boulevard

Ladies

*mp* Cut to the moment when they open the envelope.

Men

*sub. mp* f *mp* cres. poco a poco

Ladies

pass the statuette to Bob Hope and it's my name you hear.

Men

We'll be down on our knees outside Grauman's Chinese.
Ladies
Palm prints there on the street

Men
Im-

Ladies
tal - it - y's near. This time next year

Men

Ladies
This time next year We'll have

Men
Rall....

Act One - pity.
Sunset Boulevard

T

in 4

nothing to fear
contracts all signed
Three picture deal

dress

Yellow Brick Road career
Hope we're not still saying these things

Men

Rall.... Slower

ff

this time next year

Rall....

Act One - p180.
Back in the house, MAX is seized by a sudden fear. Moving with surprising speed, he suddenly bounds up the stairs and disappears into NORMA's bedroom.

JOE: You know, I think I will be available in the New Year. In fact, I'm available right now.

He turns to ARTIE.

JOE: Where's your 'phone.
ARTIE: Under the bar.

JOE: Listen, could you put me up for a few weeks?
ARTIE: It just so happens we have a vacancy on the couch.

JOE: I'll take it.

He pushes across to the 'phone, picks it up and dials. He has to put a finger in his ear, because some new piece of nonsense has started up in the room.
(MAX comes down the stairs and hurriedly dismisses the orchestra. HE looks unprecedentedly ramshackled and disheveled. HE starts back up the stairs. The phone rings in the house. MAX picks up the receiver.)

MAX: Yes?

JOE: This is Mister Gillis. I want you to do me a favour.

MAX: I'm sorry. I cannot talk now Mister Gillis.

JOE: Listen, I want you to get my old suitcase...

MAX: I'm sorry, I am attending to Madame.

JOE: What do you mean?

MAX: Madame found the razor in your room. And she cut her wrists.

(CUT TO AULD LANG SYNE)
ALL: Happy New Year! (MUSIC STARTS)

**Freely in 2**

Ladies:

Men:

Ladies:

Men:

*Act One - p.183.*
BETTY: What's the matter?

(JOE stares at her as if he's never seen her before in his life. Then, abruptly, HE hangs up and, to BETTY's total astonishment, HE pushes across the room, disrupting the cabaret, grabs his coat from the bookshelf where ARTIE has carefully stowed it, and slams out of the apartment.)
End of Act One

Underscore

As we go back to the house.

1 2 3 4  A  Moderato

B

Act One -p185-
NORMA: Go away.
JOE: What kind of a silly thing was that to do?
NORMA: I'll do it again! I'll do it again! I'll do it again!
JOE: Attractive headline: great star kills herself for unknown writer.
NORMA: Great stars have great pride. You must have some girl, why don't you go to her?
JOE: I never meant to hurt you Norma. You've been good to me. You're the only person in this stinking town that's ever been good to me.
NORMA: Then why don't you say thank you and go! Go, go!

She reaches up and wraps her bandaged arms around his neck.

JOE: Happy New Year.

NORMA: Happy New Year, darling.

JOE leans forward; they kiss. He takes her bodily in his arms and carries her up the staircase. The orchestra plays on. MAX watches from the shadows, his expression grave and inscrutable, as JOE carries NORMA into her bedroom.

Through this, SLOW FADE TO BLACK.

Act One - p187-
# Act Two Vocal Score

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**CURTAIN**
Entracte

Act Two-p2.
Sunset Boulevard

The exterior of the house in blazing sunshine. JOE, in sunglasses, sipping a California cocktail, sits on a chaise longue in the shade of a large umbrella. He smiles smugly and addresses the audience.

Moderato Translucent

Act Two - pg.
Joe

Sure, I came out here to make my name. Wanted my pool, my dose of fame. Wanted my parking space at Warner's.

Joe

But, after a year a one-room hell, a Murphy bed, a rancid smell wall-paper peeling at the corners.

Act Two: p7.
Sunset Boulevard

Joe

Sun set Bou le vard Twist ing bou le vard

Secretive and rich a little scary

Sun set Bou le vard tempt ing bou le vard

Waiting there to swallow the unwary

Act Two p8.
Dreams are not enough to win a war. Out here they're always keeping score. Beneath the tan the battle rages.

Smile a rented smile fill someone's glass. Kiss someone's wife. Kiss someone's ass. We do whatever pays the wages.

*Act Two, p9.*
Joe
Sunset Boulevard
headline boulevard

Joe
Getting here is only the beginning.

Joe
Sunset Boulevard
jackpot boulevard

Joe
Once you've won you have to go on winning.

Act Two - p10.
You think I've sold out? Dead right I've sold out. I've just been waiting for the right offer:

Comfortable quarters, regular rations. Twenty-four hour five-star room service.

And if I'm honest I like the lady. I can't help being

Touched by her folly. I'm reading water. Taking the money, watching her sunset.

Act Two :p11.
Well, I'm a writer.

A lot over the years since those brave gold rush pioneers came in their creaky covered wagons. Far as they could go, end of the line. Their dreams were yours, my dreams were mine, but in those

Act Two - p12
dreams were hidden dragons.

Boulevard frenzied boulevard swamped with every

kind of false emotion.

Boulevard brutal boulevard just like you we'll

Act Two: p13.
wind up in the ocean. She was sinking

fast I threw a rope Now I have suits and she has hope It seemed an\n
el - e - gant sol - u - tion. One day this must

end. It is not real Stu, I'll enjoy a hearty meal before to -
There's Been a Call

He pours himself a glass of champagne from an open bottle. As he's sipping at it, NORMA comes hurrying out of the house in a state of high excitement.

Colla Voce

JOE is a little surprised by this; but manages to conceal his scepticism almost at once

JOE: Well that's wonderful Norma
JOE: I don't know if this is the time to stand on ceremony. I've been waiting twenty years now. What's a few more days, my dear? It's happened, Joe, I told you so. The perfect year.

NORMA: Now let's go upstairs.

JOE: Shouldn't you at least call back?

NORMA: No they can wait until I'm good and ready.

Segue as one.
It Took Her Three Days

(FILM SEQUENCE): The Isotta Fraschini moves in a stately fashion down towards Hollywood. Seen from behind are MAX in his chauffeur's cap, JOE, and, next to him, NORMA in one of her fantastic feathered French hats.

Allegro

Joe took her three days And she was read-y She checked with her a-su-lo-go-er, Who sac-ri-

fied a chick-en. She dressed up like a pha-raoh, slapped on a pound of make-up and set forth

in her cha-riot. poor Nor-ma. So hap-py, Re-en-er-ing her king-dom.

Poco maestoso

Act Two. p19.
The.Isotta-Fraschini.turns.up.off.Bronson.and.pulls.up.in.front.of.the.main.gates.For.the.moment,.nothing.but.MAX,.it.emerges,.is.engaged.in.important.business,.staring.fixedly.into.the.rear.view.mirror.

Poco.maestoso.in.3

MAX.(V.O.):.If.you.will.pardon.me,.Madame,.the.slit.over.the.left.eye.is.not.quite.balanced.

NORMA.(V.O.):.Thank.you

She.attends.to.it,.using.a.handkerchief,.Meanwhile.MAX.sounds.the.horn.impatiently.A.young.STUDIO.GUAI.breaks.off.the.conversation.he's.been.having.with.an.extra.dressed.as.an.indian.brave.

GUARD: Hey, that's enough of that.
MAX: To see Mr De Mille. Open the gate.

Poco allegretto

GUARD: Mr DeMille is shooting. You need an appointment.
MAX: This is Norma Desmond, no appointment is necessary.
GUARD: Norma who?

(Meanwhile, however, NORMA has recognised JONES, who's sitting on a wooden chair, reading a newspaper SHE rolls down the window).
NORMA: (Offstage) Jonesy!
JONES: Why if it isn't Miss Desmond. How have you been Miss Desmond?
NORMA: (Offstage) Fine, Jonesy. Open the gate.

Act Two, p.21.
(JONES turns to his young colleague)
JONES: You heard Miss Desmond.
GUARD: They don’t have a pass.
(JONES shakes his head, exasperated, and opens the barrier himself. The car moves forward.)
JONES: Stage 18 Miss Desmond.
NORMA: (Offstage) Thankyou Jonesy. And teach your friend some manners. Tell him without me there wouldn’t be any Paramount Studio.

Molto maestoso

Rit

2, 3

JONES: Get me Stage 18. I have a message for Mr DeMille.

poco rit

accel.

Moderato

A scene-change reveals the cavernous interior of Sound Stage 18, where the STAND-INS for Victor Mature and Hedy Lamarr are in position, in a blaze of light, on the grandiose “Samson and Delilah” set MR DEMILLE, recognizes from the parody version of Act I, confers with his DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY. HE’s interrupted by one of assistants, HEATHER, who approaches with some trepidation.

HEATHER: Mr DeMille?
DEMILLE: What is it?
HEATHER: Norma Desmond is here to see you, Mr DeMille.
DEMILLE: Norma Desmond?
HEATHER: She's here at the studio.
DEMILLE: It must be about that appalling script of hers. What shall I say?

HEATHER: Maybe I could give her the brush.
DEMILLE: Thirty million fans have given her the brush. Isn't that enough? Give me a minute.

(HE turns back towards the set.)

Meanwhile NORMA has arrived outside the studio with MAX and JOE. SHE hesitates for a moment, gripping JOE's hand fiercely.
NORMA: Won't you come along, darling?
JOE: It's your script. It's your show. Good luck.
NORMA: Thankyou darling.

(By this time HEATHER has emerged from the studio. SHE has come over to greet NORMA.)
HEATHER: Miss Desmond.
(SHE leads NORMA into the studio. DEMILLE is waiting just inside; he envelops her in his arms.)
DEMILLE: Well, well, well.

Act Two: p23
NORMA: Hello Mr DeMille
(A long embrace.)
Last time I saw you was someplace terribly gay. I was dancing on a table.

DEMILLE: A lot of people were. Lindbergh had just landed.
(He starts to lead her into the studio)

NORMA: You read the script of course.

DEMILLE: Well, yes....

NORMA: I know how busy you are when you're shooting, but I really think you could have picked up the phone yourself, instead of leaving it to some assistant.

DEMILLE: I don't know what you mean, Norma.

NORMA: Yes you do.
Norma in the Studio

DEMILLE: Come on in.

(HE leads her into the studio: a bewildering chaos of activity, which at first stuns her. HE shouts to be heard above the cacophony. HE hurries off.)

Poco allegro-swing 4

Rit

Moderato

Act Two - p25.
(Slowly, as NORMA looks around the sound fades to nothing, SHE stands there, looking around the old familiar space. Suddenly a voice rings out.)
VOICE: Miss Desmond! Hey, Miss Desmond!
(NORMA looks around, unable to identify the source of the VOICE.)
Up here Miss Desmond, it's Hog-eye!

Poco piu mosso

(NORMA looks up; up in the flies, balanced on the walkway, is a quite elderly ELECTRICIAN.)
NORMA: Hog-eye! Well Hello!

HOG-EYE: Let's get a look at you.

As If We Never Said Goodbye

A Colla Voce

I don't know why I'm frightened,
I know my way around here.

in 4

card-board trees, the painted seats,
the sound here.

Rall. Yes, a

world to rediscover
But I'm not in any hurry
and I need a

Poco accelerando

B

moment. The whispered conversations
in over-crowded hall ways

Rall. p

Act Two - p. 28.
Poco accel.  
The atmosphere as thrilling here as always.  

Norma

Feel the

early morning madness  
Feel the magic in the making.  
Why.

Norma

everything's as if we never said goodbye.  
I've

Poco accel.

Norma

spent so many mornings just trying to resist you.  
I'm

Act Two p29.
trembling now You can't know how I've missed you, missed the

fairytale adventures in this ever spinning playground, we were

Poco rall. D

young together I'm coming out of make-up The

lights already burning Not long until The cameras will Start

Norma

turning and the early morning madness

Norma

Molto accel.

magic in the making Yes, everything's as if we never said goodbye.

Norma

Andante con moto

I don't want to be alone That's all in the past This world's waited

Norma

Rall. Molto rall F A tempo meno mosso

long enough I've come home at last And this time will be bigger

Act Two - p33
Sunset Boulevard

Norma

much to say Not just to-day but always Rall.

We'll have

A Tempo molto meno mosso

early morning madness We'll have magic in the making

Poco accel. Rall. accel.

Yes, e-very-thing's as if we ne-ver said good-bye.

in 4 Slowly

Yes, e-very-thing's as if we ne-ver said good-bye. Rall.

Act Two: p.33
The Studio staff burst into spontaneous applause.
The focus shifts to outside the studio, where JOE has moved off to lean against a wall, smoke a cigarette and enjoy the passing parade. Suddenly he sees BETTY hurrying past, a bundle of scripts under her arm. He grinds out his cigarette and steps forward to intercept her, surprising her considerably.
Paramount Conversations

CUE: As panels S.R. move

Moderato

Colla voce

Well hello Mr. Gillis Where have you been

Dict.

Betty

keep ing your self?

Joe

(Dict) Someone's been doing it for me

Act Two p.35.
A tempo

mean-while "Blind Windows" is stuck on the shelf. You said

Dict. in 4

Betty

we'd work to-gether

Joe

New Year cri-sis... What can I say?

Betty

Al-ways full of ex-cuses

Joe

Pro-mise I'll call you

Act Two p36.
BETTY: You said that last time.
JOE: Betty, I won't let you down.
BETTY: I guess I'll just have to trust you.

You're Miss Desmond's

German Shepherd I'm the one who's been calling

SHELDRAKE: The name is Sheldrake. A couple of weeks ago, I was looking out of my office window and I saw you driving onto the lot. And I said that's exactly the car I've been looking for. Great for my Crosby picture.
SHELDRAKE: So, I made some inquiries and I've been calling for two weeks. Doesn't she ever answer the phone? It's so perfect. You can't find that kind of quality outside of a museum. We're willing to pay a hundred dollars a week......

(Sung)

Max

It's outrageous

in 2

Act Two - p38.
Max: you insult her. How can you be so cruel.

heldrake: in 1

You're insane.

Max: I forbid you to approach her. Go away go away.

Cue NORMA to sing.

Act Two, p.39.
Did you see how they all came crowding around. They still love me, and soon we'll be breaking new ground. Brave pioneers. Those were the days. We had such fun. We always found new ways to.

Just like before. We gave the world new ways to dream. We always found new ways to.

Act Two - p40.
Sunset Boulevard

(Studio bell rings)

DeMille

Dream

Norma

Poco allegretto in 3

DeMille

Let's have a good long talk one day

Norma

Poco piu mosso

The old team will be back in business

Act Two - p.41.
Decile

Sorry, my next show's ready.

Poco allegretto

He begins to walk her towards the studio door. Meanwhile, outside, JOE has moved over towards MAX and notices right away, from the latter's thunderous expression, that something disturbing has happened.

MAX: Mr. Gillis...

JOE: What's the matter, Max?

MAX: I just found out the reason for all those 'phone calls from Paramount. It's not Madame they want, it's her car.

(MUSIC STOPS)

Safety ('til cut)

Act Two - p42.
Was That Really Norma Desmond

JOE: Oh, My God (MUSIC STARTS)
DEMILLE and NORMA have reached the doorway of the studio

Adagio in 2

NORMA: Now you remember, don't you? I don't work before 10 or after 4:30 in the afternoon.
DEMILLE: It isn't entirely my decision Norma, New York must be consulted.
NORMA: That's fine. You ask any exhibitor in the country. I'm not forgotten.
DEMILLE: Of course you're not.
(HE embraces HER.)
Goodbye, young fellow. We'll see what we can do.
NORMA: I'm not worried. It's so wonderful to be back.

BETTY: Was that really Norma Desmond?
DEMILLE: It was.
HEATHER: She must be about a million years old.
DEMILLE: I hate to think where that puts me. I could be her father.

Rall

HEATHER: I'm sorry, Mr DeMille.

Act Two - p43.
The shot is ready; and everyone is waiting on DeMille's orders; but he pauses for a moment, in pensive mood, his hand on the back of his chair.

**Moderato Assai** (mediatively)

DeMille

\[ \text{If you could have seen her at seventeen} \]

DeMille

\[ \text{When all of her dreams were new, Beautiful} \]

DeMille

\[ \text{Before it all went wrong; she's never known the meaning of sur-} \]

DeMille

\[ \text{render;} \]

\[ \text{Never known the meaning of sur-} \]

**Act Two**
Adagio

Dead Segue

Act Two -p45.
Girl Meets Boy Reprise

Night on the Paramount lot. BETTY's office is a spartan affair, one of a row of wooden cubicles suspended at first floor level. above the darkened streets of the back lot. BETTY sits behind her desk, staring at her typewriter, from which a piece of paper protrudes; JOE, in his shirtsleeves, paces up and down, holding a pencil. Presently, as the silence extends, he crosses to look down at the sheet of paper in his typewriter, frowns; then his brow clears as an idea occurs to him.

A
Allegrcctto

How about they don't know each other
He works the night shift and she takes classes all

B

day?

Here's the thing, they both share the
same room sleep in the same

Act Two - p.46.
Joe

It works out cheaper that way.

Betty

Well, I've a feeling you're just kidding.

Betty

But to me it sounds believable.

Makes a better opening than that car chase scene:

Betty

Girl finds boy borrowing her toothbrush or overnight sleeping or at her sewing machine.

Act Two: p47.
JOE: It's not bad there are some real possibilities...

BETTY: Joe picks up Joe's cigarette case, helps herself to a cigarette and then notices the inscription.

BETTY: Who's Noi

JOE: Who's who?

BETTY: I'm sorry. I don't usually read private cigarette cases.

(MUSIC STARTS)

JOE: Norma's a friend of mine, middle-aged lady, very foolish, very generous.

BETTY: I'll say: this is solid gold. Mad about the boy?
JOE rises to his feet, thinks of a way to change the subject.
JOE: How's Artie?

BETTY: Stuck in Tennessee. it rains all the time, they're weeks behind. Nobody knows when they'll get back.

JOE: Good.

BETTY: What's good about it? I'm missing him something fierce.

JOE: No, I mean this idea we had is really pretty good.

He picks up the notebook, scribbles a note, as Betty moves back towards the desk.
Sunset Boulevard

Tempo I

Joe

Back to work

Where does that get us?
don't see what good it would do

Betty

What if he's a touch er

Joe

G

so much in com

Betty

arps simile

No it's great,
if they do the same job

Fmin7 Bb

Eb

E7/Eb

Eb Cmin/Eb

Joe

mon.

they fall in love wouldn't you

Tempo I

Betty

Rall

yes but if he's just a teach er

Ab Ew/G

Fmin7 Bb

Ab Ew/G

Act Two - p.50.
Joe
Not if he's a champion for the working man

Betty
we lose those scenes in the factory

Rall

Betty

Girl likes boy she respects his talent

Poco meno mosso

Betty

This is fun writing with a

Joe

some-one can turn you into a fan

Rall

Tempo I

Act Two - p51
SEGUE AS ONE "A Little Suffering"
A Little Suffering

The drawing room, gloomy and cavernous as ever. JOE sits under one of the lamps, reading a book. NORMA, her face invisible, lies face-down on the massage-table, covered only by a towel. A giant MASSEUR is working on her legs; an immaculate BEAUTICIAN, a blonde, is attending to her cuticles; and a woman ASTROLOGER in a headscarf hovers about the top end of the table.

Poco presto (in2)

Act Two - p.53.
If you wait 'til Venus is in Capricorn You'll avoid a catalogue of crises

I need three more weeks to get these senza ped.

thighs in shape No more carbo-hydrates, don't be naughty.

We'll soon have you skipping like an ingenuous You won't look a day

Act Two p.54.
At this point, NORMA turns her face to look downstage and we see that it's coated in some thick white gunk, with slices of cucumber covering her eyes. Meanwhile, JOE puts his book down, checks his watch, gets up and begins moving round the room, trying to appear casual, but evidently looking for something.

Masseur

B'licians

steam, we have moisturising cream. We have mud packs, we have

B'licians

blood sacks. It's a rigorous regime. Not a wrinkle when you

Act Two - p55.
B'licans

twinkle or a wobble when you walk. Of course there's bound

B'licans

All

be a little suffering

Eternal youth is worth a little suffering

D

Analyst

Listen to your super ego not your id, age is just an

Analyst

odder damn neurosis I'll have you regressing back to

Act Two p.56.
in-fan-cy and back into the womb under hypno-sis.

E

I in-ject the tis-sue of the foetal lamb. The for-mu-la's the

one Som-er-set Maugham owns Just a mo-des-t course of thir-ty

se-von shors and you will be a hea-ving mass of hor-mone.
No more crow's feet, no more fish, no more love handles to grab
You'll be so thin they'll all think you're walking sideways like a crab.
Nothing sagging, nothing bagging, nothing dragging on the floor.
Of course there's bound to be a little suffering. Eternal youth is worth a little suffering, Of
With this the beauty team packs up and leaves, shown out by MAX. JOE, still looking, winds up in NORMA's vicinity. She suddenly produces a script from under a towel.
NORMA: Is this what you're looking for, by any chance?
(MUSIC STARTS)

JOE: Why, yes.
NORMA: Whose 'phone number is this?

(JOE takes the script from her, very sheepish, not answering. Norma rises from the massage table, gathering towel about her, peeling the cucumber slices from her eyes.)

NORMA: I've been worried about the line of my throat. This woman has done wonders with it.
JOE: Good.
NORMA: And I've lost half a pound since Tuesday.
JOE: Very good.
NORMA: And now it's after nine. I'd better get to bed.
JOE: You had.
NORMA: Are you coming up?
JOE: I think I'll read a little longer.
NORMA: You went out last night, didn't you, Joe?
JOE: I went for a walk.
NORMA: You took the car.
JOE: I drove to the beach. (MUSIC STOPS)
I Should Have Stayed There

NORMA: Who's Betty Schaefer? (MUSIC STARTS)
(Underscore)

Silence. Eventually, JOE shakes his head.
JOE: Surely you don't want me to feel I'm a prisoner in this house?

NORMA: You don't understand, Joe. I'm under a terrible strain. It's been so hard I even got myself a revolver. The only thing that stopped me killing myself was the thought of all those people waiting to see me back on the screen. How could I disappoint them? all I ask is a little patience, a little understanding.

poco rall.

JOE: Norma, there's nothing to worry about, I haven't done anything.
NORMA: Of course you haven't. Good night, my darling.
She kisses him lightly, as best she can in the circumstances, and sets off upstairs, a bizarre figure in her mask and white towel. JOE waits until she's disappeared and gathers up his script. Then he turns to the audience.

Act Two - p61.
Allegro moderato

Joe

I should have stayed there Poor Nora so desperate to be read y

Più mosso

for what would never happen. But Betty would be waitin

Joe

We had the script to finish one unexpected love scene.

Rall

Two people both risking a kind of happy ending.

He slips quietly out through the French doors. As he does so, MAX, previously seen escorting the beauty team quite unexpectedly emerges from the shadows of some recess in the room. His expression is troubled.

FADE TO BLACK

Act Two - p62
Script Completed (Underscore)

It's night again on the paramount lot and BETTY is once again at her typewriter: but this time there's some light on the standing New York street set, which is being dressed for action the following day. JOE watches as BETTY finishes typing.

BETTY: T-H-E-E-N-D! I can't believe it, I've finished my first script!

Andante con Moto

JOE: Stop it, you're making me feel old.
BETTY: It's exciting, though, isn't it?
JOE: How old are you, anyway?
BETTY: Twenty-two.
JOE: Smart girl.
BETTY: Shouldn't we open some champagne?
JOE: Best I can offer is a stroll to the water cooler at the end of the lot.

Poco meno Mosso

Act Two: p.63.
BETTY: Sounds good to me *(pause).* I love the back lot here. All cardboard, all hollow, all phoney, all done with mirrors, I think I love it better than any street in the world. I spent my childhood here.

JOE: What were you, a child actress?

BETTY: No, but my family always expected me to become a great star.
BETTY: I had ten years of dramatic lessons, diction, dancing, everything you can think of: then the studio made a test.

JOE: (laughs) That's the saddest story I ever heard.
BETTY: Not at all. Come along (MUSIC STARTS)

BETTY: I was born two blocks from here. My father was head electrician at the studio until he died, and mother works in wardrobe.

JOE: Second generation, huh?

BETTY: Third. Grandma did stunt work for Pearl White.

As they walk down the Manhattan street, the stage begins to revolve slowly, so that they end up walking towards downstage, and the flimsy struts holding up the substantial sets are gradually revealed.

JOE and BETTY walk in silence for a while; BETTY’s expression is deeply preoccupied. They come to a halt in front of the water cooler.

Act Two - p66.
JOE: I guess it is kind of exciting, at that, finishing a script.

He fixes a couple of paper cups of water; and hands one to BETTY, who's miles away and comes to with a start when he touches her arm.

BETTY: What?

JOE: Are you all right?

BETTY: Sure.

JOE: Something's the matter isn't it?
Too Much in Love to Care (Underscore)

BETTY: I had a telegram from Artie. (MUSIC STARTS)

Joe: Is something wrong?
Betty: He wants me to come out to Tennessee. He says it would only cost two dollars to get married in Clinc.
Joe: Well, what's stopping you? Now we've finished the script.........HE breaks off, amazed to see that she's crying.

Joe: Why are you crying? You're getting married, isn't that what you wanted?
Betty: Not any more.
Joe: Don't you love Artie?
Betty: Of course I do. I'm just not in love with him any more, that's all.

Joe: Why not? What happened?
Betty: You did.

Segue

Act Two: p68.
Too Much In Love To Care

A Colla Voce

When I was a kid. I played on this street. I always loved illusion.

B Con Moto

thought make-believe was youer than life but now it's all confusion.

Please can you tell me what's happening? I just don't know anymore.

If this is real...
Joe

If you were smart,

How should I feel?
What should I look for?

Joe

You would keep on walking out of my life as fast as you can. I'm not the one

Joe

you should pin your hopes on, you're falling for the wrong kind of man.

Joe

This is crazy. You know we should call it a day. Sound advice, great advice.

Act Two - p70.
Let's throw it away. I can't control all the things I'm feeling. I haven't got a prayer. If I'm a fool, well, I'm too much in love to care. 

Poco accel. 

E Piu Mosso (gently)

knew where I was, I'd given up hope, made friends with disillusion. No

Poco Rall

one in my life, but I look at you. And now it's all confusion.
F  Con Moto

Please can you tell me what's happening? I just don't know any more.

G  Meno mosso

If this is real, how should I feel? What should I look for?

I thought I had everything I needed. My life was set, my dreams were in place.

My heart could see way into the future. All of that goes when I see your face.

Act Two - p72.
Act Two p73.
Both

I see your face This is crazy.

You know we should call it a day.

Sound advice, great advice, let's throw it away. I can't control All the things I'm feeling.

We're floating in mid-air.

If we are fools, well, we're too much in love to

Act Two - p.74.
They fall into each other's arms and embrace passionately. Then JOE leads BETTY by the hand back into the office. They kiss again and it's obvious that they're about to make love.

CUE: As towers stop moving.

*Act Two - p75.*
#31A Scene 17 (Underscore)

It's late at night as JOE, in the Isotta, glides back into the garage. He steps down from the car with a gleam in his and a spring in his step; and is therefore thoroughly startled when the sombre figure of MAX steps forward out of darkness. However, he recovers quickly, it's a murky night, wind rising, rain threatening.

START ON CUE: (As engine stops and door closes)

JOE: What's the matter there, Max? You waiting to wash the car?
MAX: Please be careful when you cross the patio. Madame may be watching.
JOE: Suppose I tiptoe up the back stairs and undress in the dark, will that do it?
MAX: It's just that I am greatly worried about Madame.
JOE: Well, we're not helping any, feeding her lies and more lies. What happens when she finds out they're not go: make her picture?
MAX: She never will. That is my job. I made her a star and I will never let her be destroyed.

(Stop on cue)

JOE: You made her a star?

MAX: I directed all her early pictures, in those days there were three young directors who showed promise: D.W. Griffith, Cecil B. DeMille and .... (MUSIC STOPS)

JOE interrupts, as the realisation suddenly dawns on him.
JOE: Max von Mayerling.

By now, they've moved out out the garage on to the dimly lit patio.

Act Two - p. 76.
New Ways to Dream Reprise

Colla voce (poco adagio)

When we met she was a child, barely sixteen;
Awkward and yet she had an

Poco piu mosso

air I'd never seen. I knew I'd found my perfect face. Deep in her

Poco piu mosso

eyes, new ways to dream, and we inspired new ways to dream. Talk ies

Rall

came: I stayed with her, took up this life. Threw a-way fame. Please un-

Dict.

Act Two - p.77.
Sunset Boulevard

Pause JOE is staggered. MAX is fighting back a wave of emotion.

\[ \text{Tempo 1} \]

in 3

Slowly

stand

She was my wife.

We had achieved far more than

Rall

most

We gave the world new ways to dream. Everyone needs new ways to

梦想。

in 3

Dict.

J\OE shakes his head still incredulous.

J\OE: You're telling me you were married to her?

M\AX: I was the first husband.

Poco andante

So I play this game

keeper of the flame.

Act Two \( \text{p}78 \)
Sharing with her one last dream.

Don't you think I knew it never could come true? She'll

be the very last one to surrender.

I will not allow her to surrender.

Act Two - p79.
Sunset Boulevard

Poco adagio in 3

Rall

Act Two - pNX.
Scene 18 (Phone Call)

The main room comes into view; and NORMA, her face now bare of make-up, wearing a white negligee, her expression profoundly tormented, picks up the phone and dials.

NORMA: Hello, is this Gladstone 9281? Miss Schaefer? ... Miss Schaefer, you must forgive me for calling so late, but I really feel it's my duty. It's about Mr Gillis. ... You do know a Mr Gillis? Well, exactly how much do you know about him? Do you know where he lives? Do you know what he lives on?

At around this point, JOE, unseen by NORMA, steps in through the french doors and freezes in the shadows, listening.

Colla voce

I want to spare you a lot of sadness. I don't know what he's told you,

but I can guarantee you he doesn't live with mother or what you'd call a roommate.

He's just a I can't say it. Poor Betty you ask him, I'd love to hear his answer.

(SHE's completely taken by surprise as JOE snatches the receiver from her.)
JOE: That's right, Betty, why don't you ask me? or better yet, come over and see for yourself. Yes, right now. My address is ten thousand eighty-six, Sunset Boulevard.

*He hangs up violently and turns to stare at NORMA in furious silence. SHE flinches under his gaze.*

NORMA: Don't hate me, JOE. I did it because I need you. Look at me. Look at my hands. Look at my face. I see my eyes. How can I go back to work if I'm wasting away?

*JOE says nothing: he's trying to control his rage.*

NORMA: Don't stand there hating me, JOE. Shout at me, strike me, but say you don't hate me.

*But JOE, who has been looking at her with an expression of infinite contempt, deliberately turns his back on her.*

A distant rumble of thunder: and an orchestral interlude begins, during which the storm intensifies, a torrential tropical rain starts to fall, lightning flashes and NORMA makes her way shakily up the stairs. JOE paces, steeling himself for the coming encounter. NORMA vanishes into her bedroom, JOE finally slumps on the big sofa. Unseen, unheeded, NORMA re-emerges, quietly, on to the landing: She's holding a revolver. She sinks to the floor and waits.

Act Two p82
FILM SEQUENCE: BETTY's little coupé battles through the storm: thunder, lightning and the torrential tropical rain which sometimes pours down on Los Angeles. Eventually, the car turns up the drive of NORMA's house.

Act Two - p.83.
The shrill of the doorbell. JOE springs to his feet and hurries to let BETTY in.
JOE: Come on in.
He leads BETTY into the main room. She looks around for a moment, unnerved by the size of the place.

Act Two - p84.
What’s Going On Joe

Betty

\[ G \]

What’s going on, Joe? Why am I so scared? What

Betty

\[ G \]

Was that woman saying? She sounded so weird, I don’t understand

Betty

\[ G \]

Please can’t you tell me what’s happening? You said you loved me tonight

Act Two p85.
NORMA moves stealthily forward, staring down at BETTY through the balustrade.

**Act Two. p.86.**
I A Tempo

Joe

cellar.

Sunset Boulevard cruise the

Betty

I didn't come to see a house, Joe.

Joe

boulevard win yourself a Hollywood palace.

Sunset

Joe

Boulevard Mythic boulevard Valentino danced on the terr-

Act Two p87.
Joe

Just look around you.

Betty

Who's it belong to?

That's Norma Desmond

Joe

Right on the money That's Norma Desmond That's Norma Desmond That's Norma Desmond

She's seen the big portrait above the fireplace; now JOE begins to draw her attention to some of the innumerable other portraits, photographs and stills.

Joe

That's Norma Desmond. Give you three guesses. It's the oldest

Betty

Why did she call me?

Act Two - p88.
Story in the book; Come see the talking took. The world is full of Joes and

Normas. Older woman Very well-to-do meets younger

BETTY puts her hand over her mouth

man a standard cue for two mechanical performers.

BETTY: Just pack your things and let's get out of here.

You mean all my things? Have you gone mad? Leave all the things I've ne-ver

Act Two: p89.
Joe

had? Leave this luxurious existence?

You want me to face That one-room hell, That Murphy bed, That rancid smell, Go back to living on sub-

Joe

J.J

P Con Moto in 4

sistence? It's no time to begin a new life, Now I've

Joe

finally made a perfect landing I'm afraid there's no

Act Two -p90.
room for a wife. Not unless she's uniquely understanding. You should

Poco accelerando

go back to Arjie and marry the fool and you'll always be welcome to

swim in my pool.

Molto rallato

BETTY: I can't look at you any more, Joe

Andante

Maestoso

Act Two - p91.
She turns and rushes blindly out of the french door, leaving it open. Wind and rain. JOE's head slowly sinks; he's overcome by a wave of misery. Meanwhile, on the landing, NORMA scrambles to her feet. The revolver is no longer in evidence. She crosses the landing and starts off down the stairs; a flutter of movement catches JOE's eye and he turns. NORMA stops on the stairs, temporarily halted by the fierceness of his expression, but as he moves towards her and starts up the stairs, she stretches out a hand to him:

NORMA: Thank you, thank you, Joe, thank you.

JOE brushes past her, brusquely shaking off her hand as she touches his wrist and vanishing into his room. She stays where she is, uncertain, unable to make sense of what's happening; and, suddenly, JOE reappears. He's carrying his battered old typewriter. Calm and unhurried, he starts off down the stairs again, as NORMA stares wildly at him.

Act Two - p92.
NORMA: What are you doing, Joe? He ignores her, continues to move evenly down the stairs.

NORMA: You're not leaving me?

JOE: Yes, I am, Norma.

NORMA: You can't! Max! Max!

Colla Voce

been a bundle of laughs And thanks for the use of the trinkets. A little ritz-y for the

N.B.

He starts to move on, then turns back, his expression serious

co-py desk back in Dayton. And there's something you ought to know.

Act Two, p. 93.
During this, MAX has entered below. He looks on, helpless.

want to do you this fa-vour: They'll ne-ver shoot that hope-less script of yours. The

on-ly want-ed your car.

That's a lie! They still want me! What about all my fan-mail?

Much slower
in 4 (more deliberate)

Max who writes you let-ters. Your au-di-ence has van-ished. They left when you weren't look-ing.

Act Two - p94.
(Violently)

Joe

Nothing's wrong with being fifty unless you're acting twenty.

NORMA: I am the greatest star

Slowly

(jo) Timp

Joe

JOE: Goodbye Norma.

Norma

(NORMA): of them all.

No one ever leaves a star.

He's spoken without looking back, so he doesn't see NORMA fetch the revolver out of her pocket and point it at him.

She fires. JOE looks extremely surprised, but carries on walking, for the moment apparently unaffected. At the bottom of the stairs, he lets go of the typewriter, which crashes down on to the tiles. He staggers slightly, but carries on, out through the french door. NORMA hurries after him.

Outside the door, she fires twice more. A flash of lightning is followed by a drum roll of thunder. MAX moves forward to the centre of the stage, aghast, for once completely at a loss.

SLOW FADE TO BLACK
Start of Final Scene

**MUSIC STARTS AFTER THIRD SHOT AND BLACKOUT**

**Adagio**

In the **BLACKOUT**, the orchestra plays NORMA’s ‘lullaby’, and soon the **LIGHTS** come up on the cold dawn of the opening scene. There’s been a semi-revolve, so that the garden is now visible, bathed in an eerie glow, disrupted by the blue lights of the patrol cars. JOE’s body floats, face-down, in the pool. The entrance hall of the house is crowded with reporters, police, newsreel crews with their cameras, all fired with eager anticipation. MAX moves around the various groups, consulting with policemen and cameramen.

JOURNALIST: (on the ‘phone) as day breaks over the murder house Noma Desmond, famed star of yesteryear, is in a state of complete mental shock.

Suddenly, all movement stops and all heads rise: NORMA has emerged from her room on to the landing. She’s dressed in some strange approximation of a salome costume and she’s still holding the revolver. There’s an atmosphere of extreme apprehension below. One of the uniformed POLICEMEN has brought out his gun, MAX leans over to talk to the head of homicide, a plainclothes detective.

She’s clearly disoriented, in a world of her own, moving, lost and bewildered, around the landing, letting out, unaccompanied by the orchestra, old broken phrases of song.

**Act Two p96**
(Unaccomp)

This was dawn I don't know why I'm frightened Silent music starts to play

(Spoken) Happy New Year Darling

If you're with me next year will be, next year will be

They bring in his head on a silver tray, She kisses his mouth, She kisses his mouth

(Spoken) Mad About the Boy They'll say Norma's back at last

Act Two - p97.
The Final Scene

A POLICEMAN starts to move towards NORMA on the stairs. MAX stops him.

MAX: Let me.

(Turning to NORMA on the stairs)
Madame, the cameras have arrived.

Norma

Colla Voce

Max: Where am I?

This is the staircase of the palace and they're in 2

p (from strings)

Norma

More a tempo

Max

Waiting for your dance.

in 4

Act Two - p98.
MAX: Lights!

The portable lights flare up. In addition, there's the flash of countless flashbulbs. Norma reacts, her eyes widen, she drapes the scarf around her shoulders.

MAX: Cameras!

The whirr and grind of the old-fashioned movietone cameras.

MAX: Action!

And so, as the music swells, Norma descends the staircase, waving her arms in some strange rendition of Salome's approach to the throne. However, half-way down, she suddenly comes to a halt and begins to speak.

.MAX cups a hand to his mouth and springs into action

Act Two - p99.
When he scorned me I knew he'd have to die

Let me kiss his severed head

Comromise or death he fought to his last breath He

never had it in him to surrender

Act Two - p100.
NORMA: I can't go on with the scene: I'm too happy. May I say a few words, Mr DeMille? I can't tell you how wonderful it is to be back in the studio making a picture. I promise you I'll never desert you again. This is my life. It always will be. There is nothing else. Just us and the cameras and all you wonderful people out there in the dark. And now, Mr. DeMille, I'm ready for my close-up. (MUSIC STARTS)

She continues down the staircase as 'WITH ONE LOOK' swells to a climax.
This time I am staying I'm staying for good I'll be

back where I was born to be With one look I'll be

Parent: "Molto allegro"

Act Two p102.
Curtain Calls

D.B. Andante (in 4)

Act Two - p103.
Sunset Boulevard

molto rall.  Tempo I

Rall

Segue

Act Two - p104.
Playout

A. Broadly in 4

B.

C. Piu mosso

D.

Act Two - p105.
Swiss Boulevard

Eb BbD Cmin7 F
DbMaj7 Db Bbmin

(M) Allegro Molto

Eb7/Ab Ab/Gb Db7 Abm7
Db Gsus4

Menò mosso

Act Two - p107.