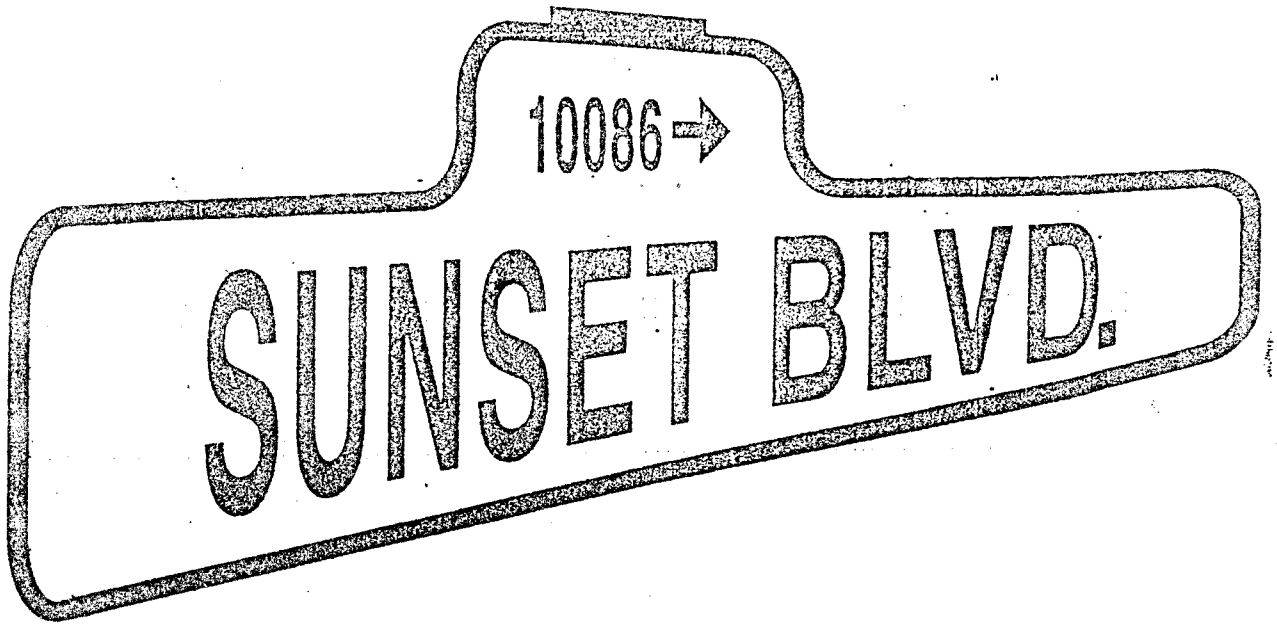

Vocal Score

(September 1994)

Music by

Andrew Lloyd Webber

Lyrics by

Don Black & Christopher Hampton

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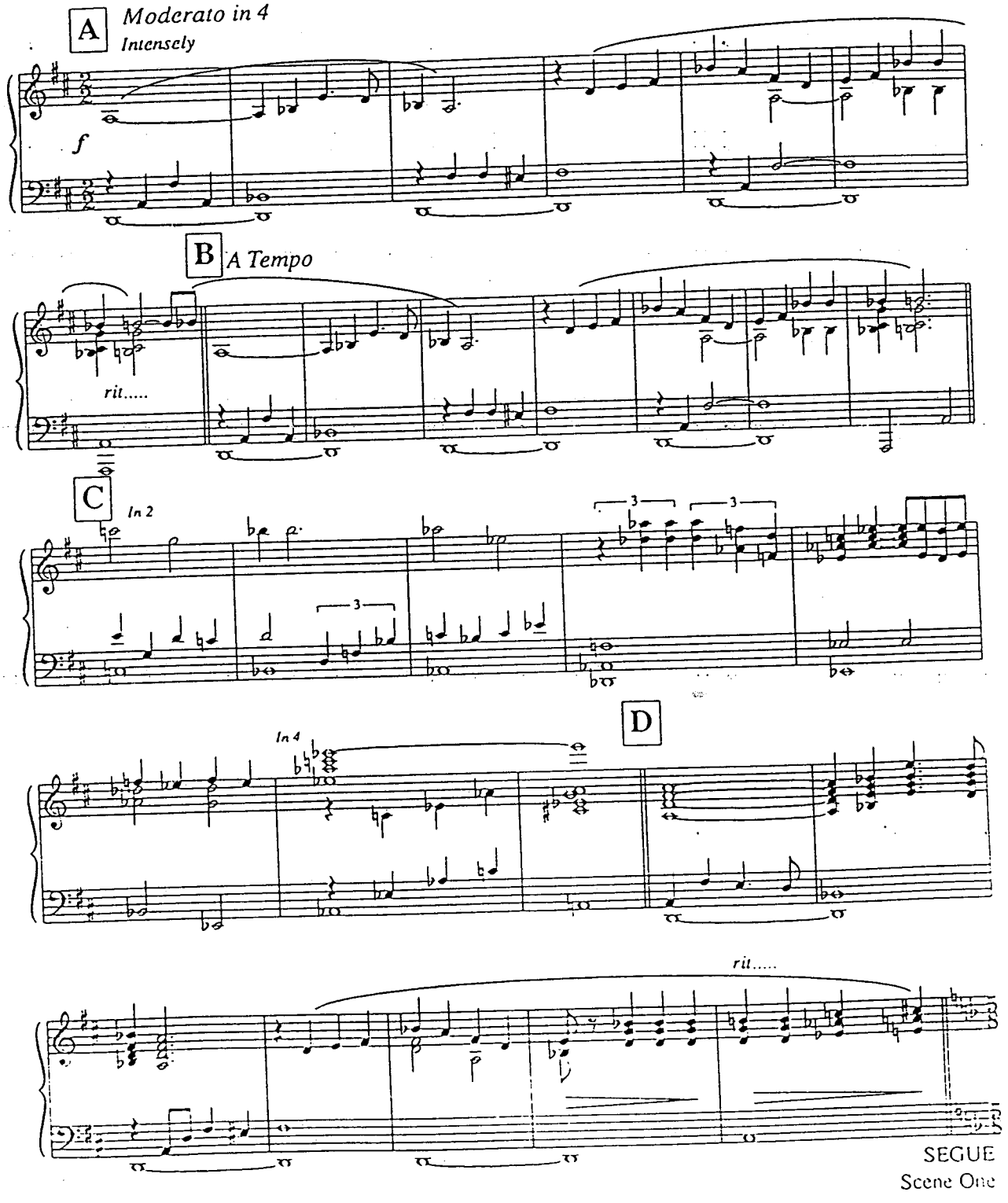
INTERVAL

Act One

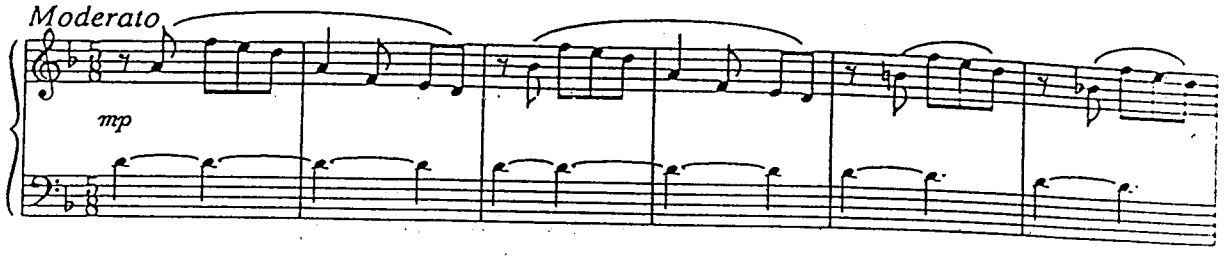
Overture



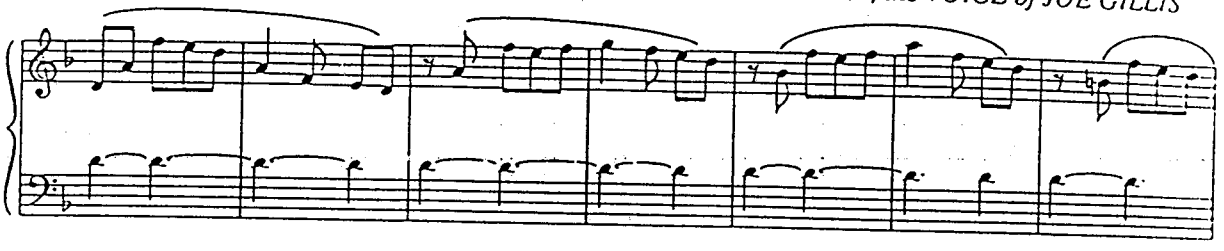
Scene One

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.

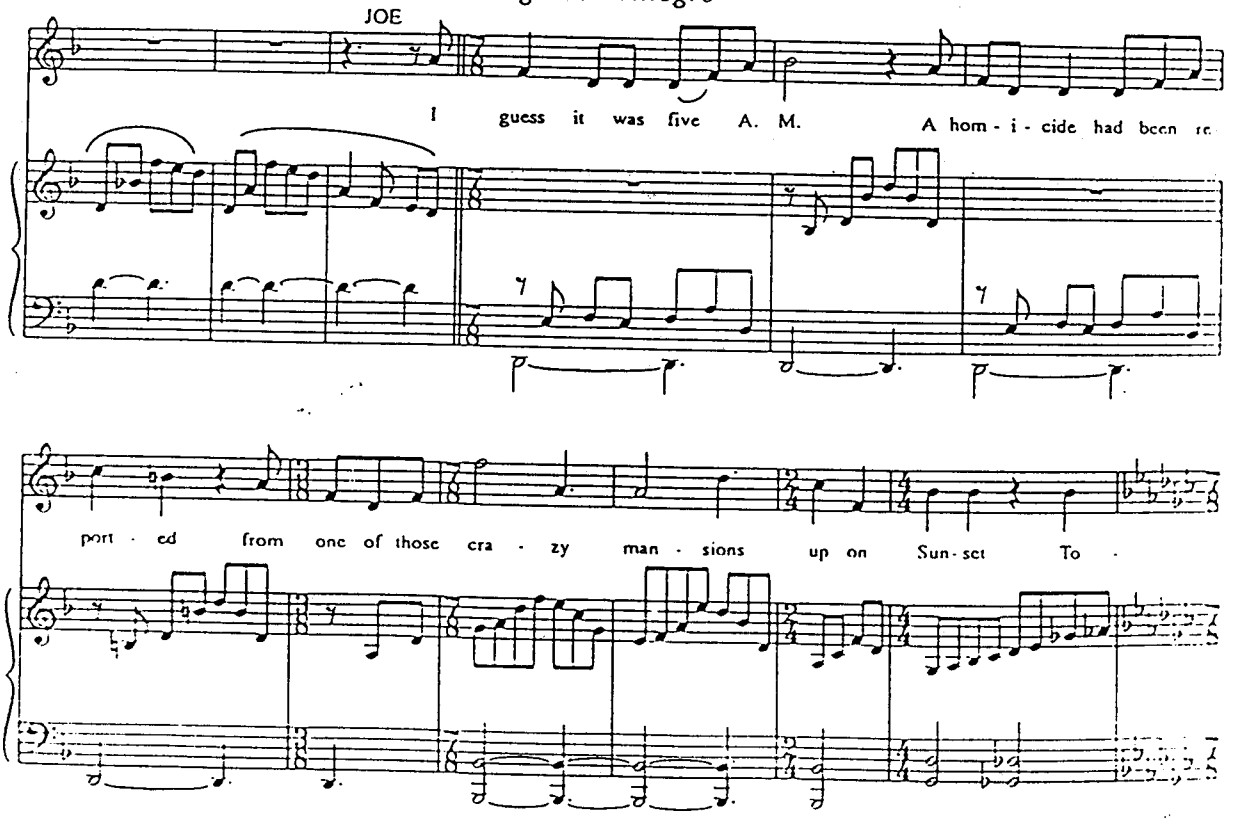
Moderato

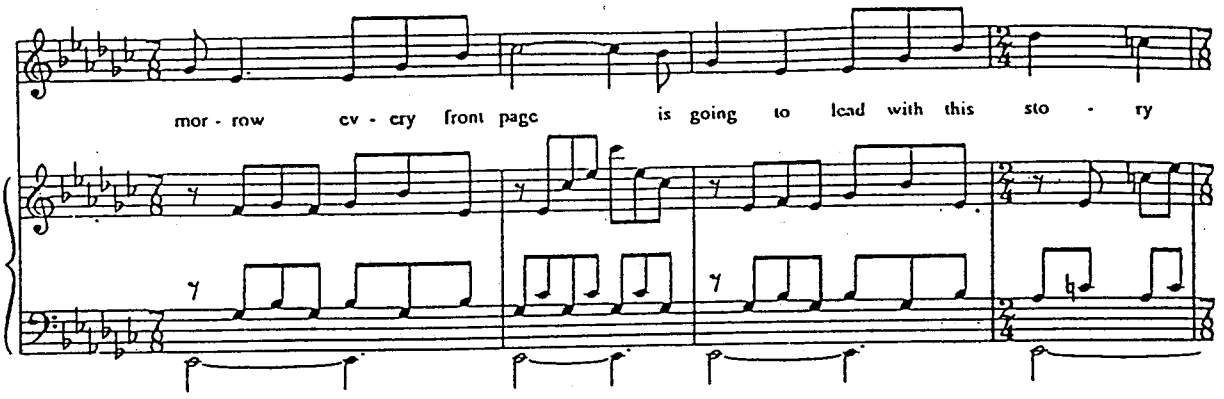


Over this image, once it has become established, the VOICE of JOE GILLIS

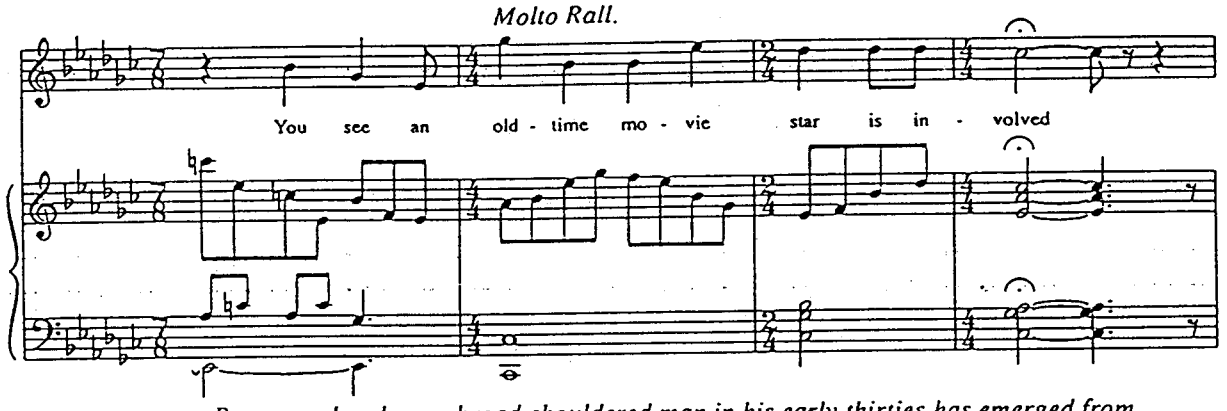


Agitato - Allegro





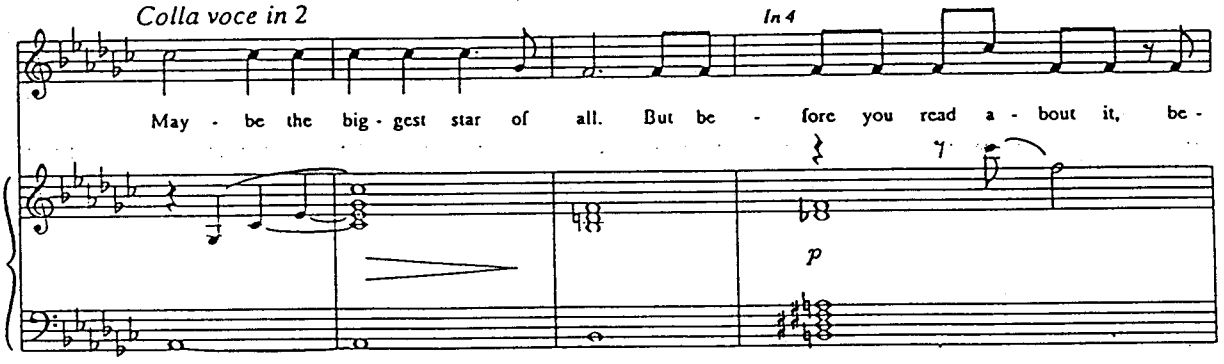
Molto Rall.

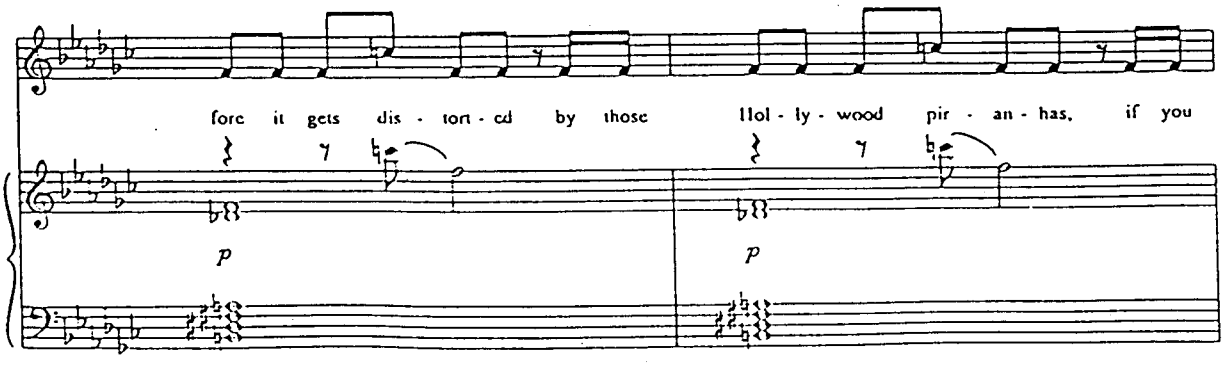


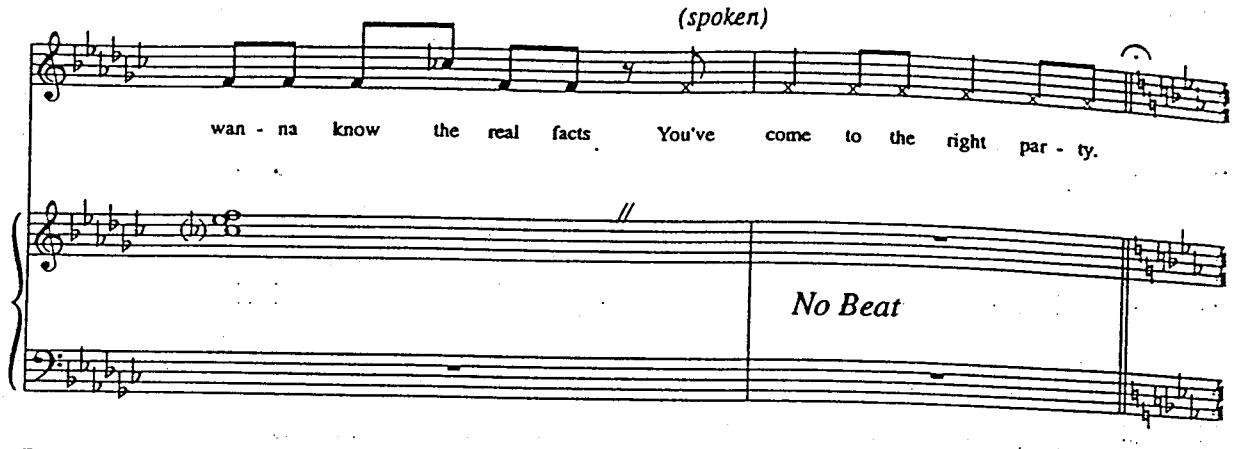
By now, a handsome, broad-shouldered man in his early thirties has emerged from the crowd and moved downstage to address the audience directly : this is JOE GILLIS.

Colla voce in 2

In 4



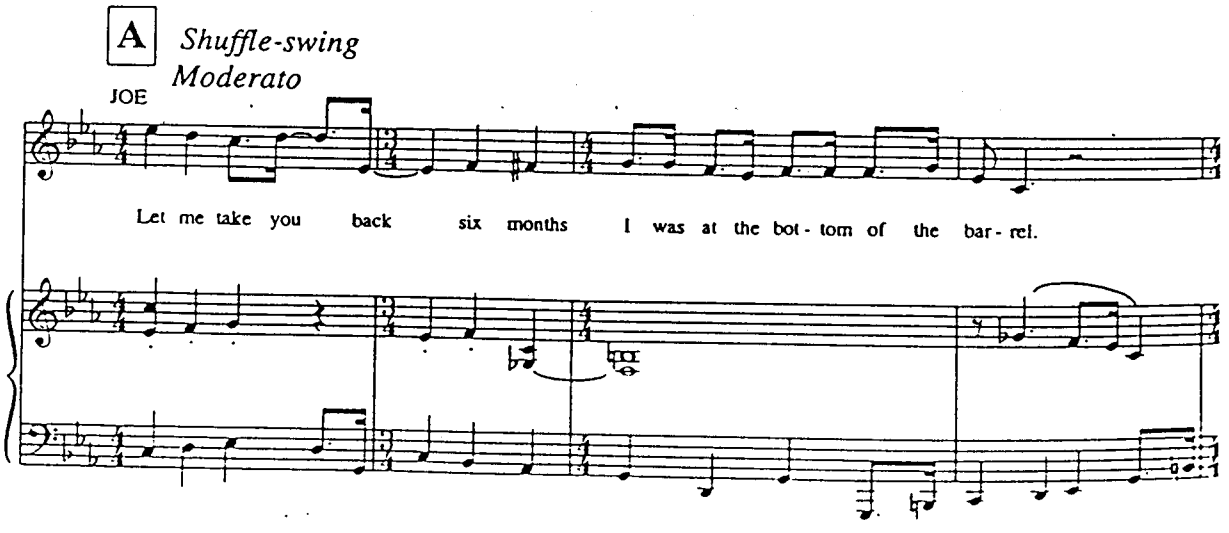


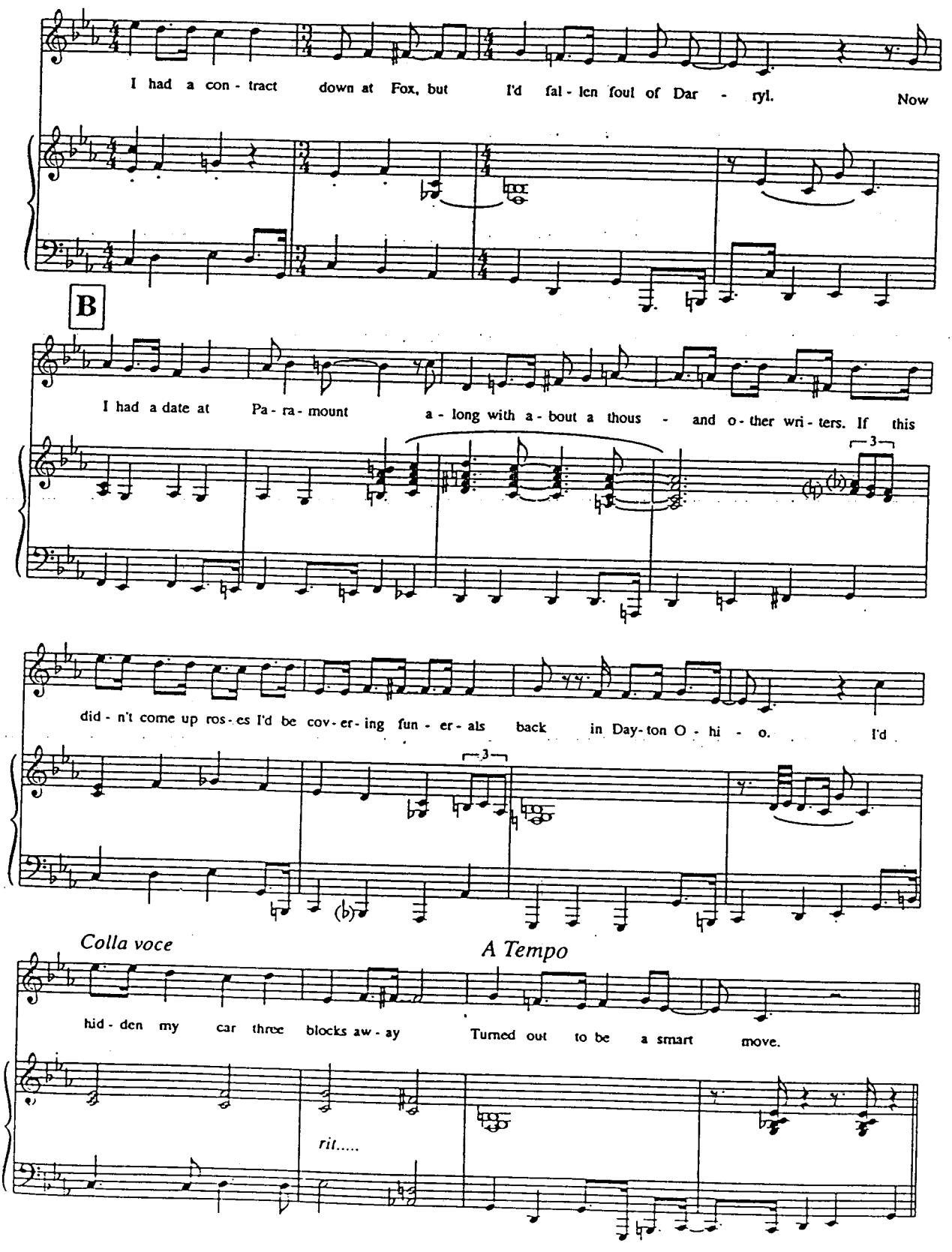


During this, the stage is irregularly raked by cold blue light which turns out to be thrown by the L.A.P.D. patrol cars, one of which draws up and disgorges a number of POLICEMEN, who split up; two approach the house, while another two move over to contemplate the body in the pool.

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.

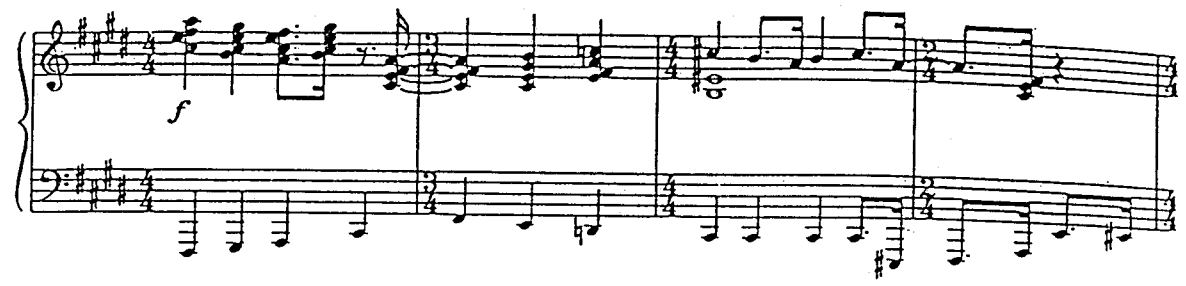


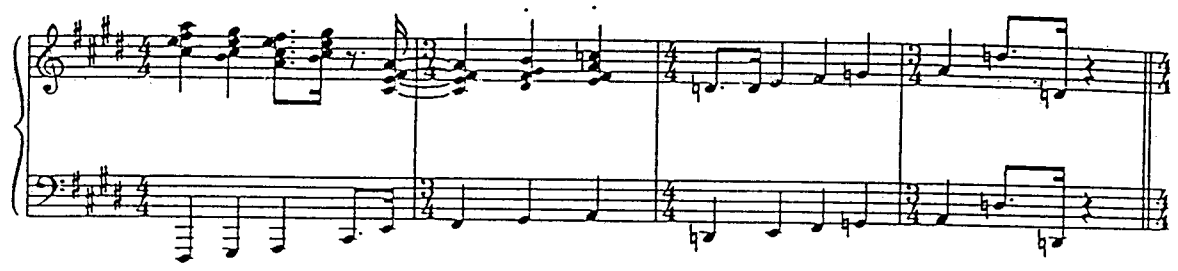

I had a con - tract down at Fox, but I'd fal - len foul of Dar - ryl. Now
B
I had a date at Pa - ra - mount a - long with a - bout a thous - and o - ther wri - ters. If this
3
did - n't come up ros - es I'd be cov - er - ing fun - er - als back in Day - ton O - hi - o. I'd
3
Colla voce
A Tempo
hid - den my car three blocks aw - ay Turned out to be a smart move.
rit.....

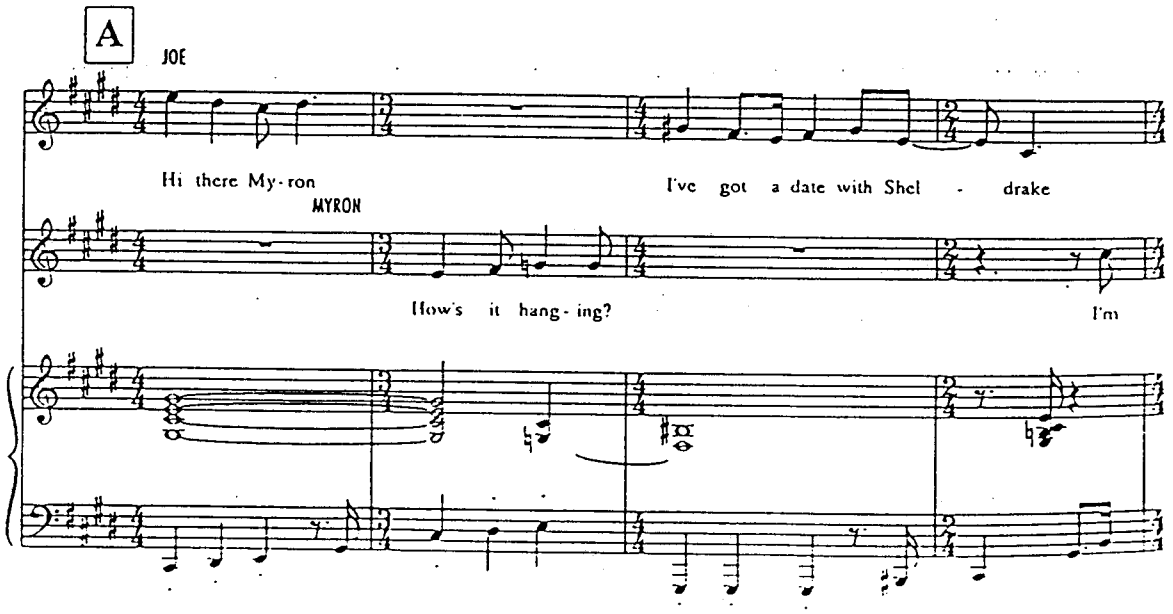
Let's Have Lunch

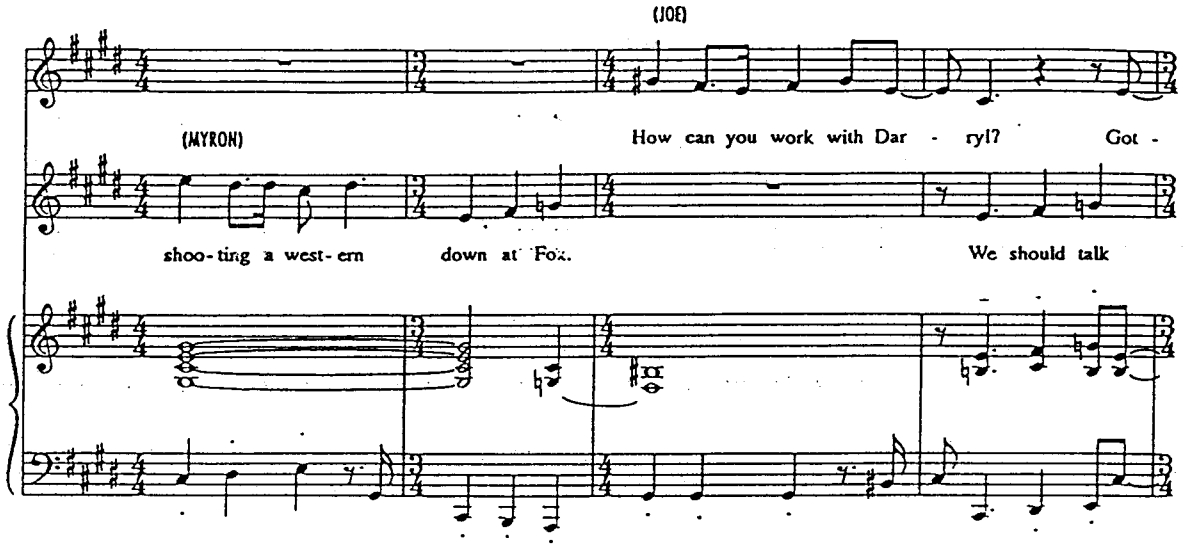
JOE joins the young hopefuls: these include MYRON, a director; MARY, a young actress, blonde and beautiful, artfully disheveled; and JOANNA, a writer, dark and intense. THEY greet each other with air kisses, casual waves and ritualized exchanges.

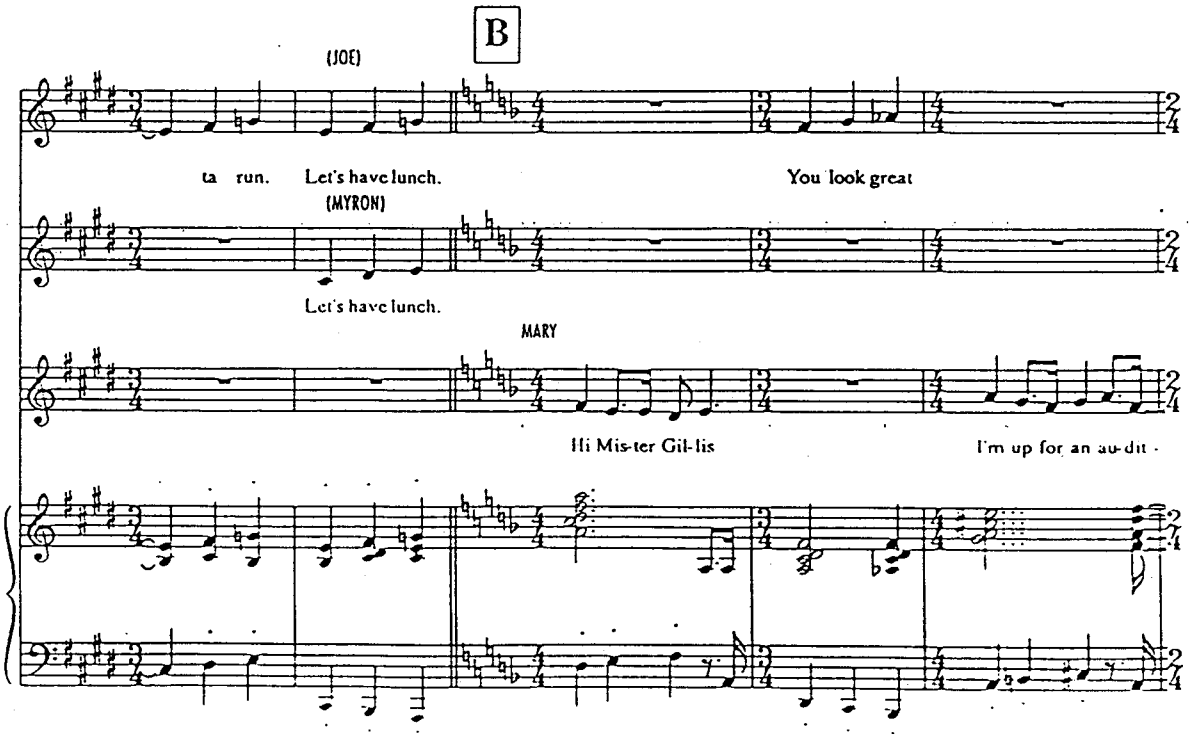
Swing Allegro Moderato

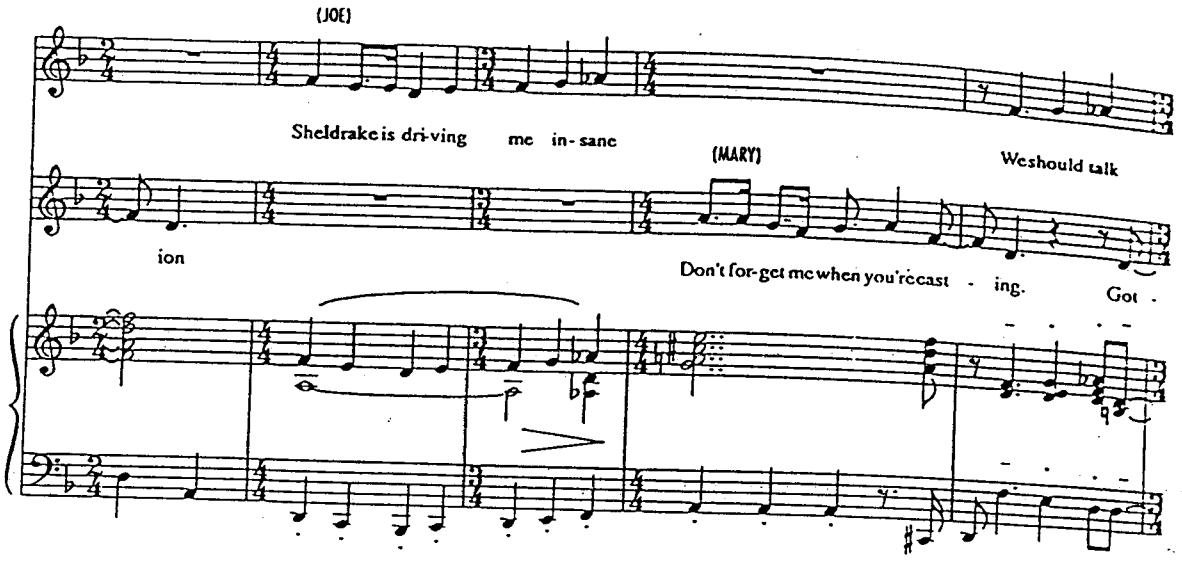


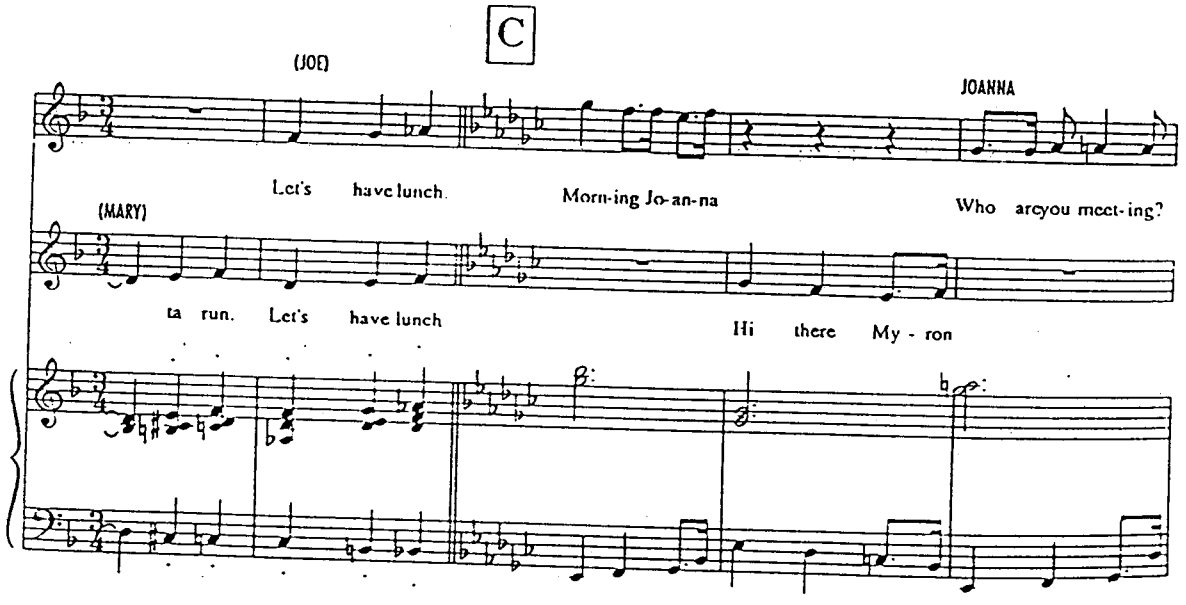


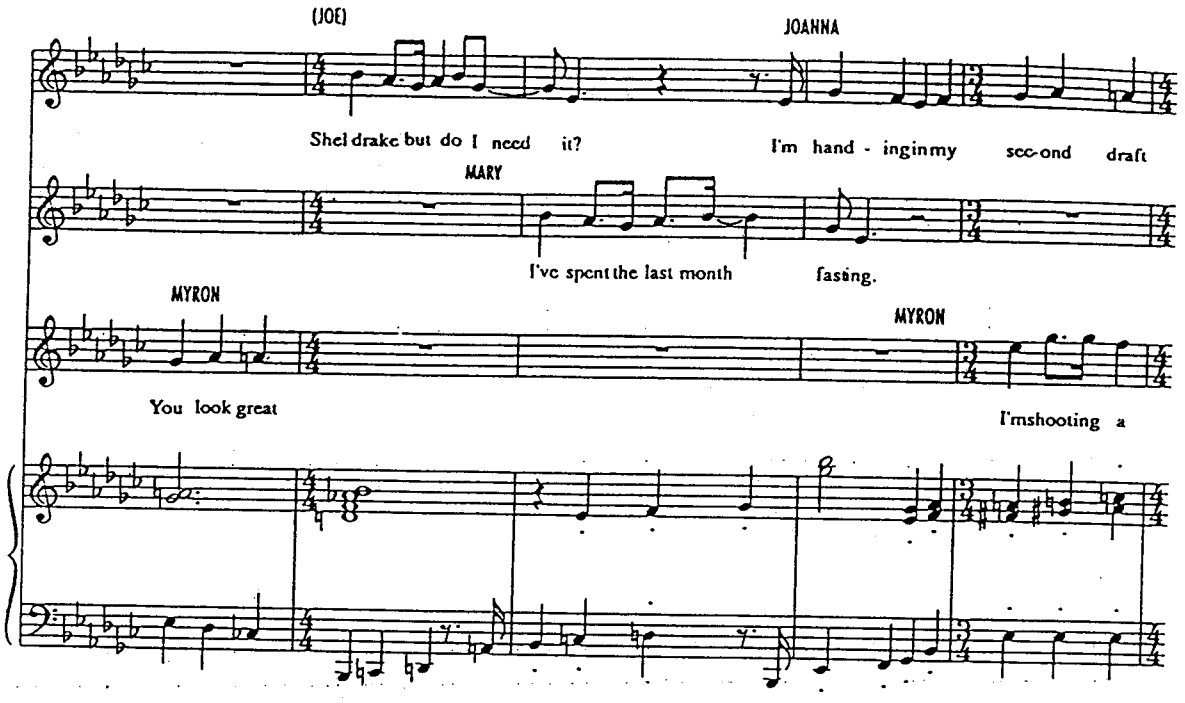


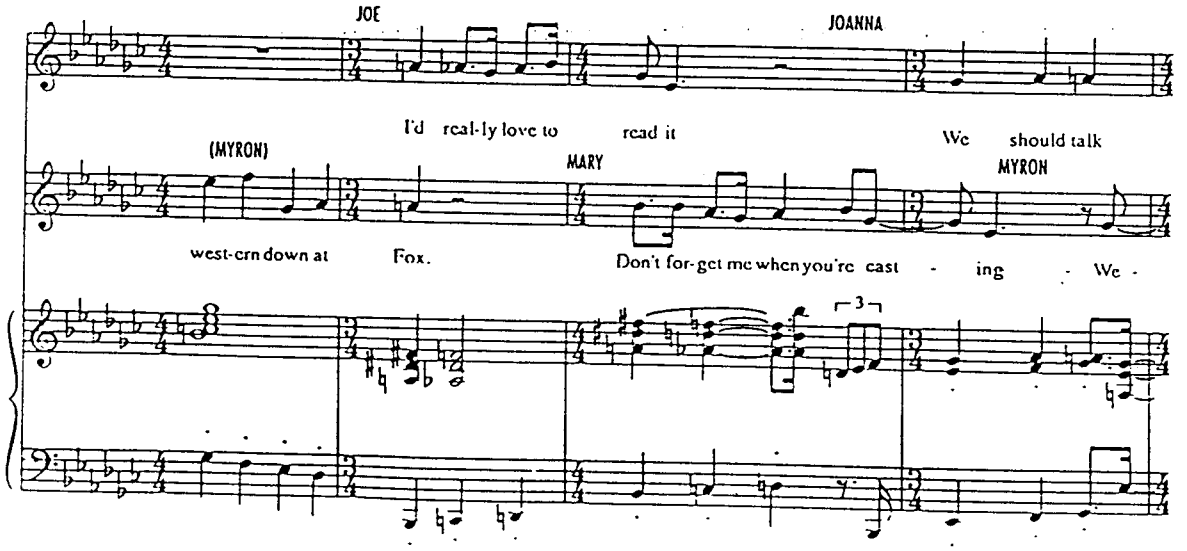

(JOE)
(MYRON)
How can you work with Dar - ryl? Got -
shoo-ting a west-ern down at Fox.
We should talk

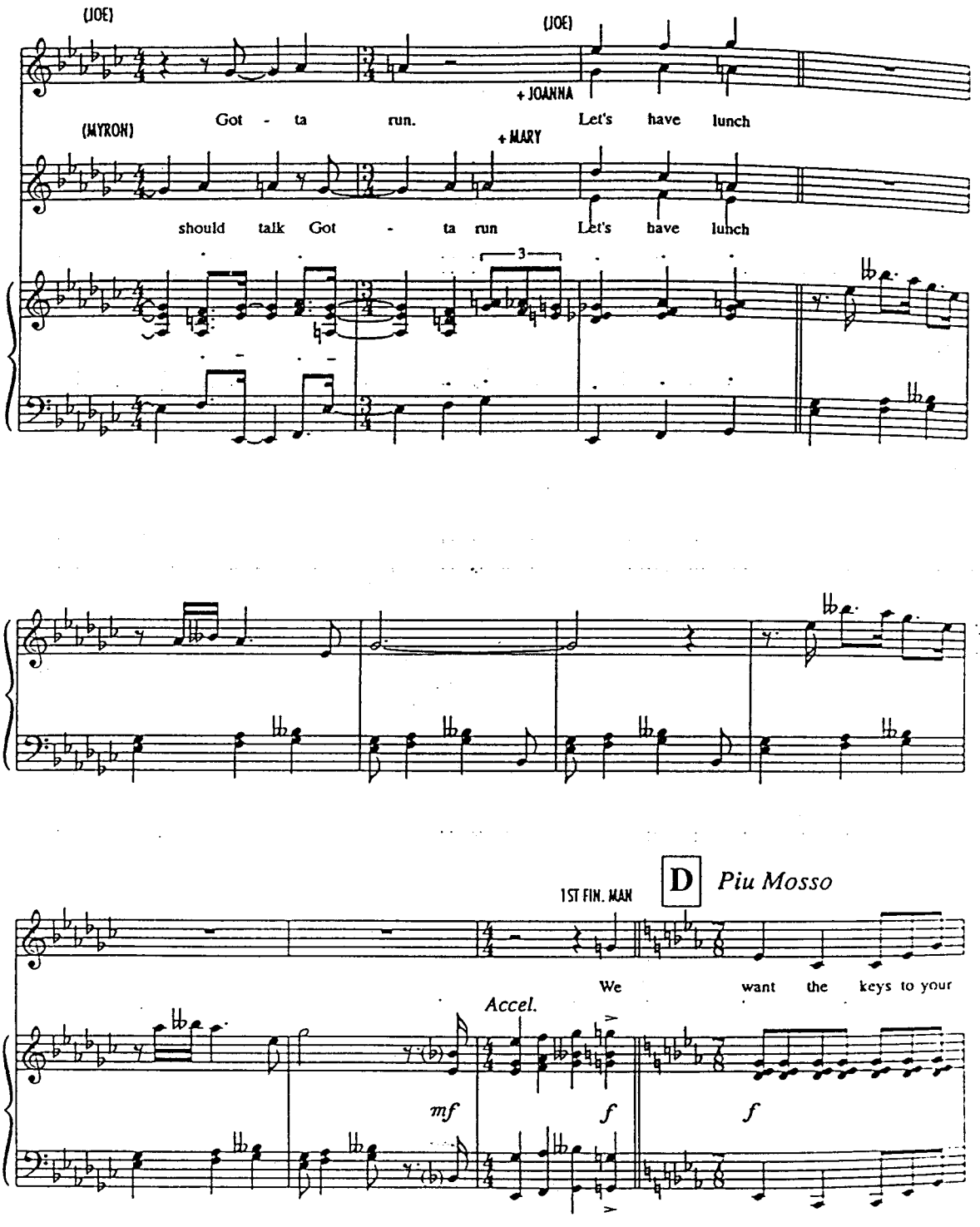

B
(JOE)
ta run. Let's have lunch.
You look great
(MYRON)
Let's have lunch.
MARY
Hi Mis-ter Gil-lis
I'm up for an au-dit -


(JOE)
Sheldrake is dri-ving me in-sane
(MARY)
We should talk
ion
Don't for-get me when you're cast - ing.
Got -

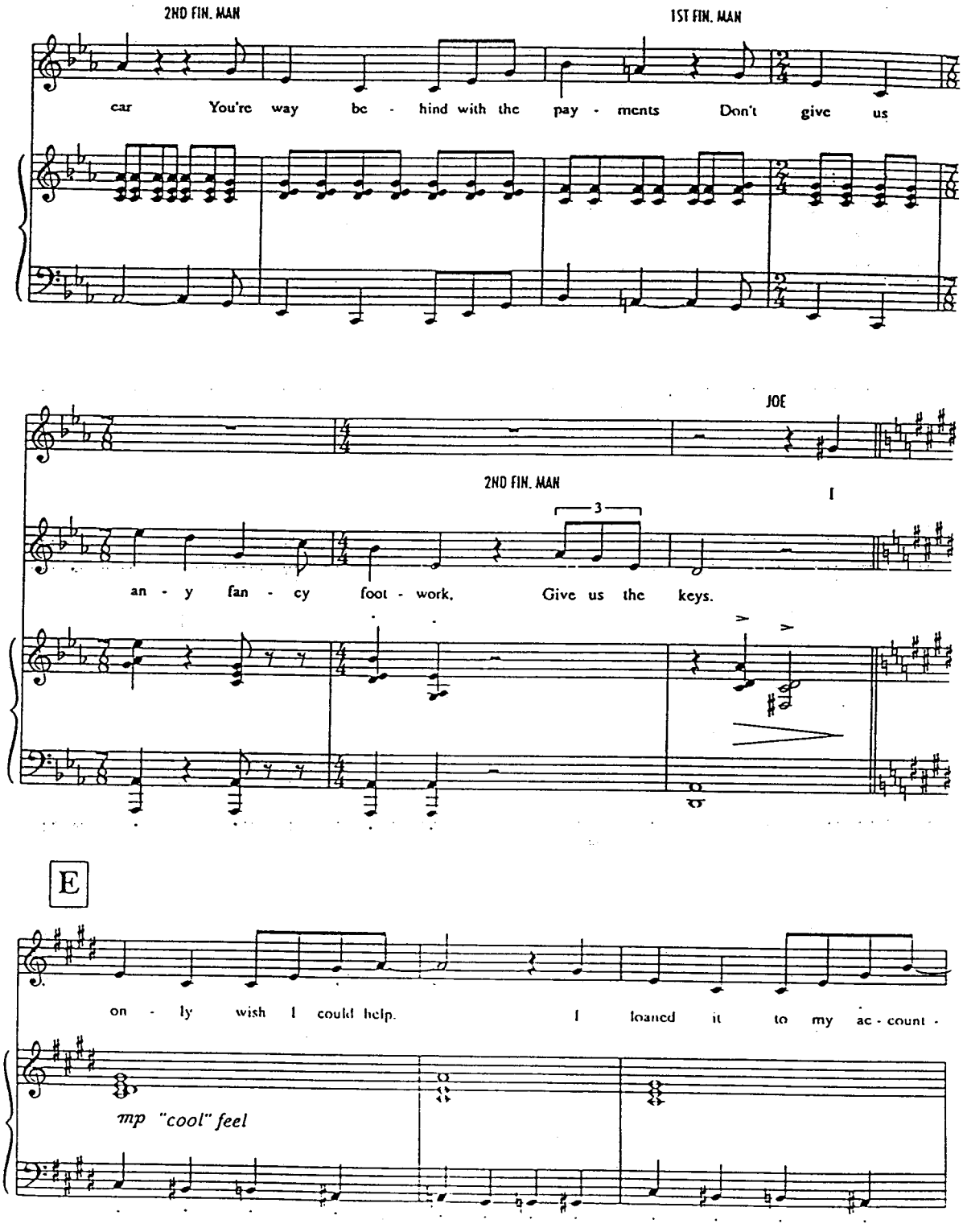

C
(JOE)
JOANNA
Let's have lunch.
Morn-ing Jo-an-na
Who are you meet-ing?
(MARY)
ta run. Let's have lunch
Hi there My - ron

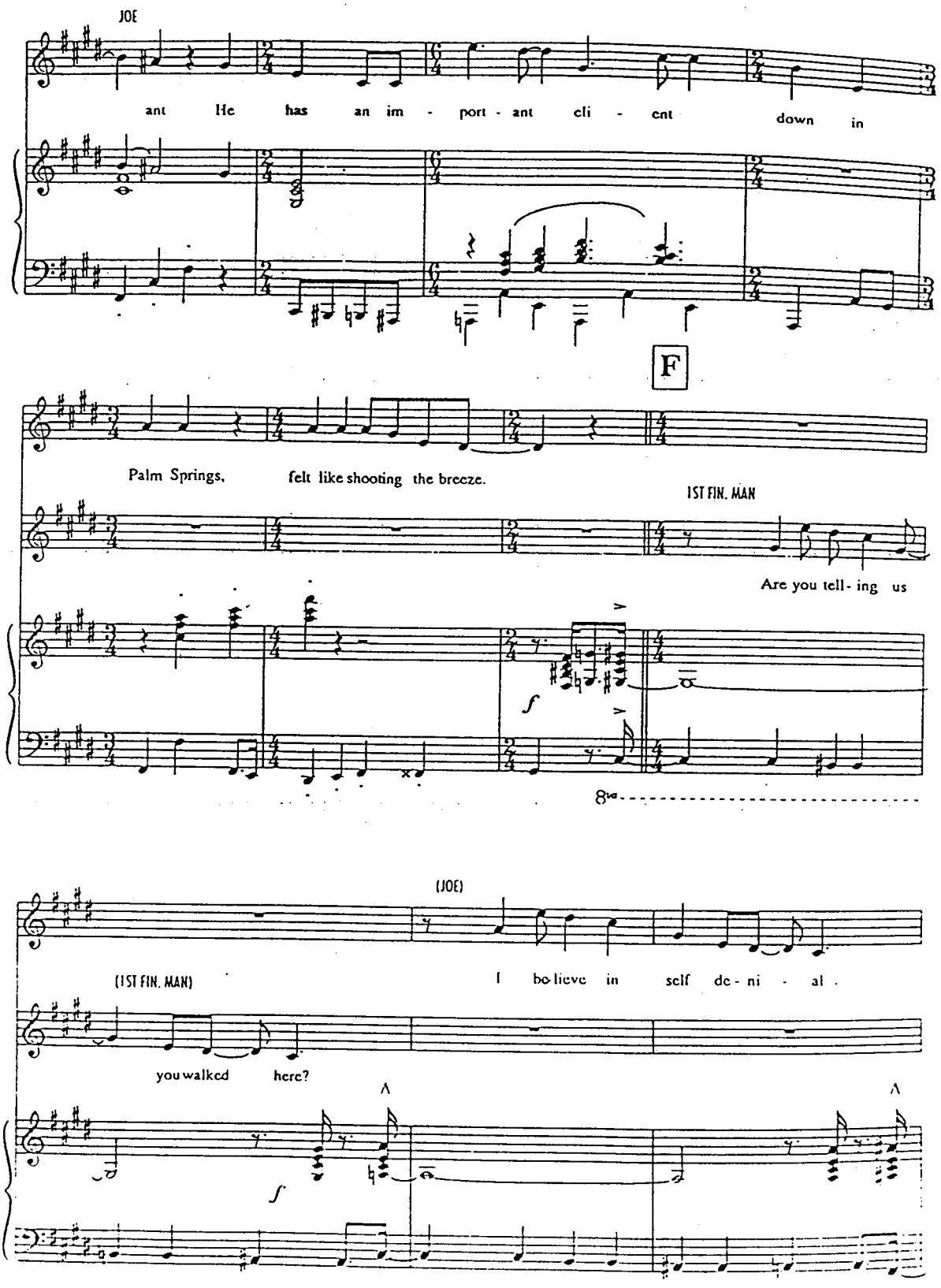

(JOE)
JOANNA
Shel drake but do I need it?
I'm hand - ingin my sec-ond draft
MARY
I've spent the last month fasting.
MYRON
MYRON
You look great
I'm shooting a

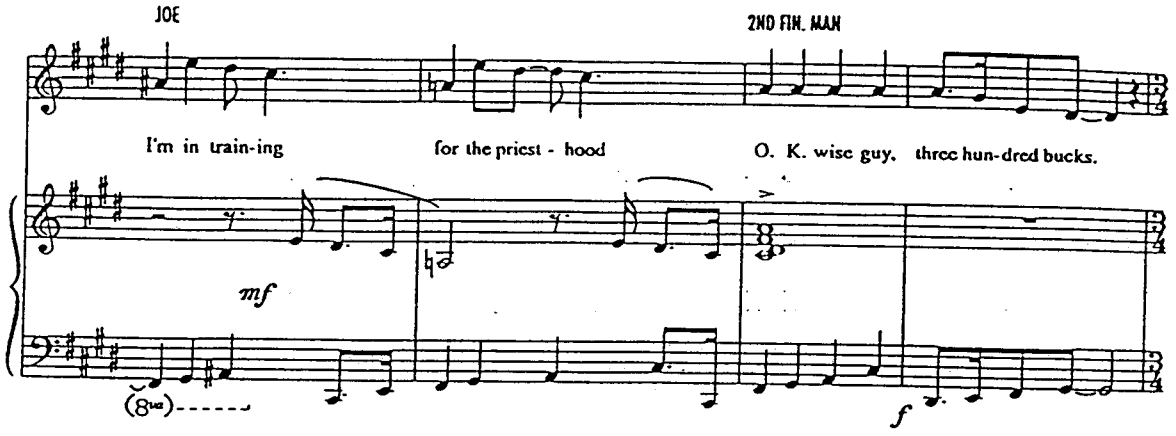

JOE
JOANNA
I'd real-ly love to read it
We should talk
(MYRON)
MARY
MYRON
west-ern down at Fox.
Don't for-get me when you're cast - ing - We -
3


(JOE)
(JOE)
+ JOANNA
(MYRON)
Got - ta run.
Let's have lunch
+ MARY
should talk Got - ta run
Let's have lunch
3

1ST FIN. MAN
D
Piu Mosso
We want the keys to your
Accel.
mf
f
f

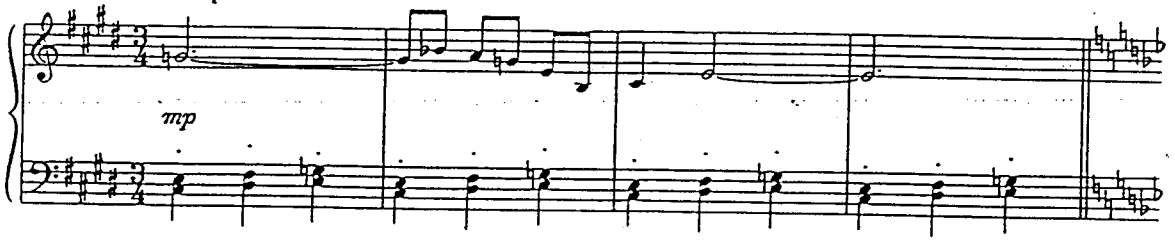

2ND FIN. MAN
1ST FIN. MAN
car You're way be - hind with the pay - ments Don't give us
JOE
2ND FIN. MAN
3
an - y fan - cy foot - work. Give us the keys.
E
on - ly wish I could help. I loaned it to my ac - count -
mp "cool" feel

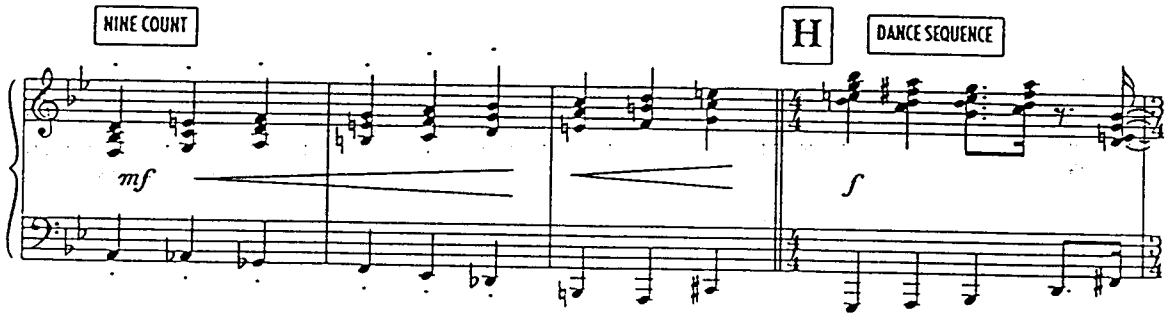

JOE
ant He has an im - port - ant cli - ent down in
F
Palm Springs, felt like shooting the breeze.
1ST FIN. MAN
Are you tell - ing us
f
8va
(JOE)
(1ST FIN. MAN)
I be-lieve in self de - ni - al .
you walked here?
f

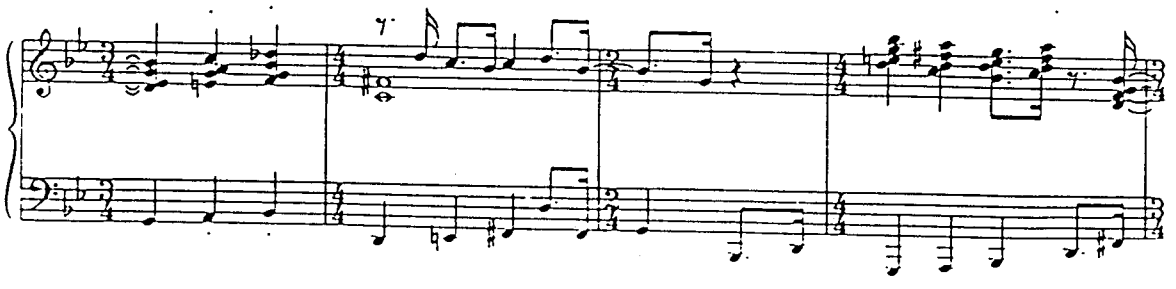


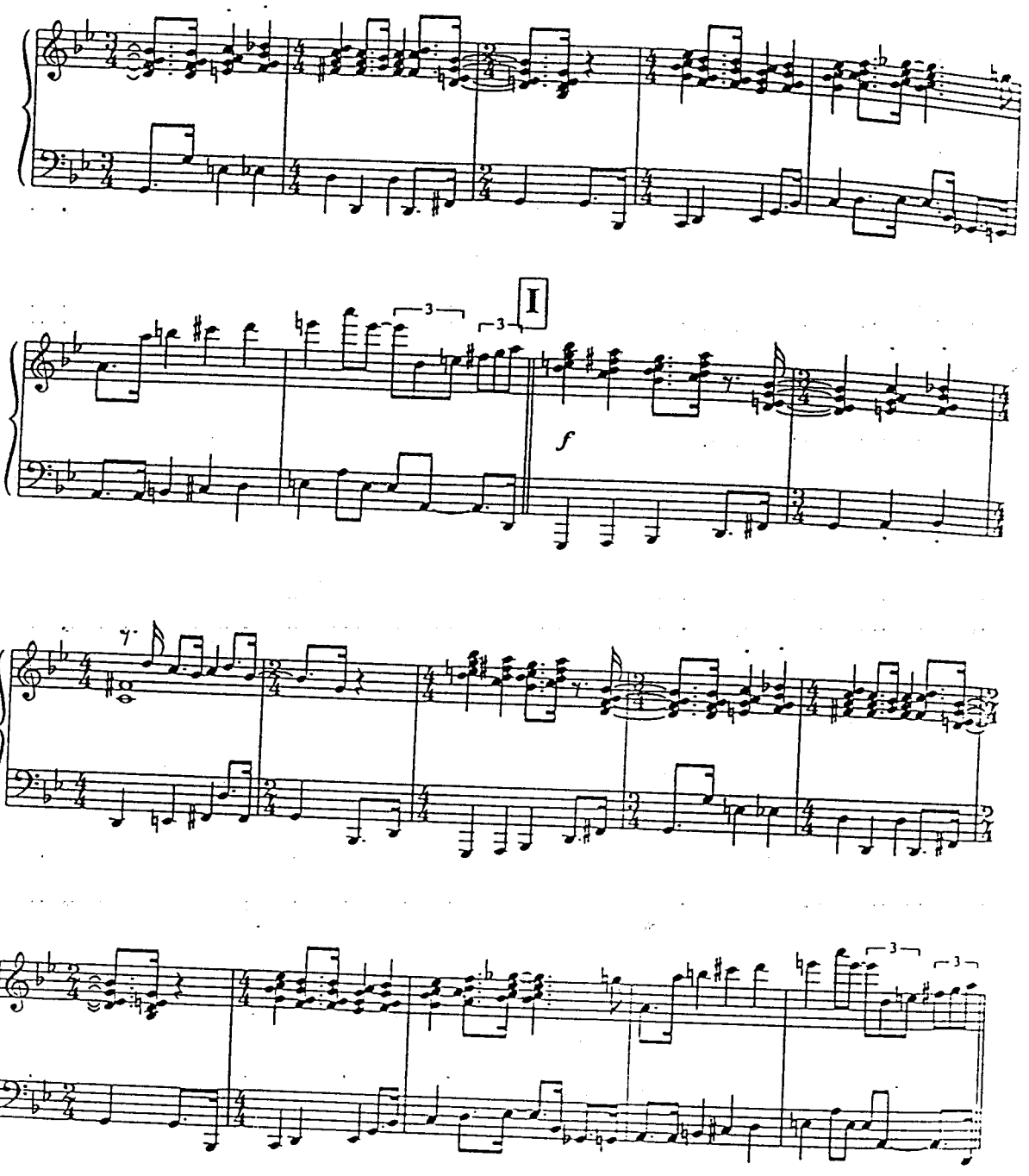
1st FIN MAN: Or we're taking the car.
2nd FIN MAN: We have a court order.
JOE: I love it when you talk dirty.

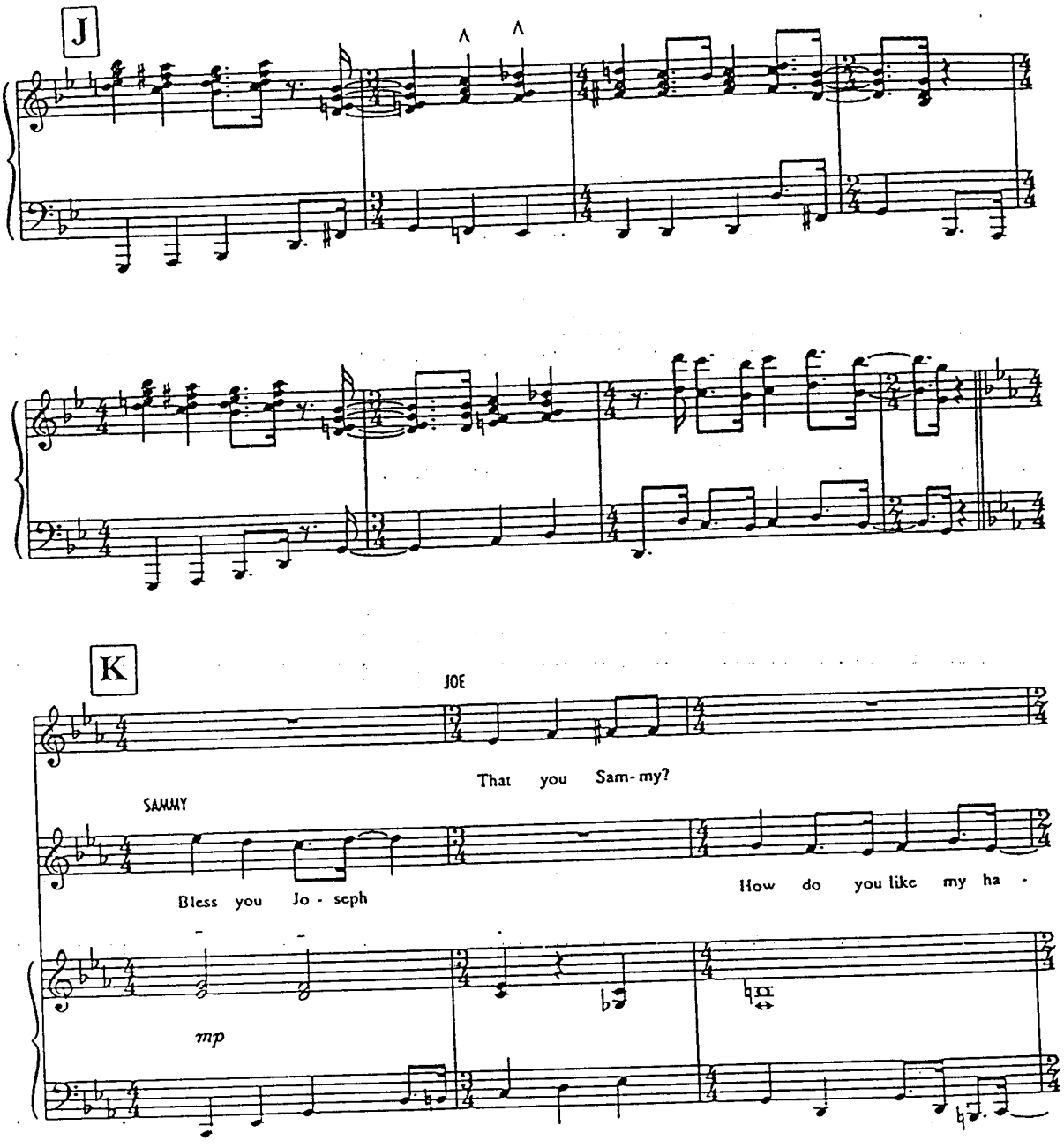
Tempo Primo

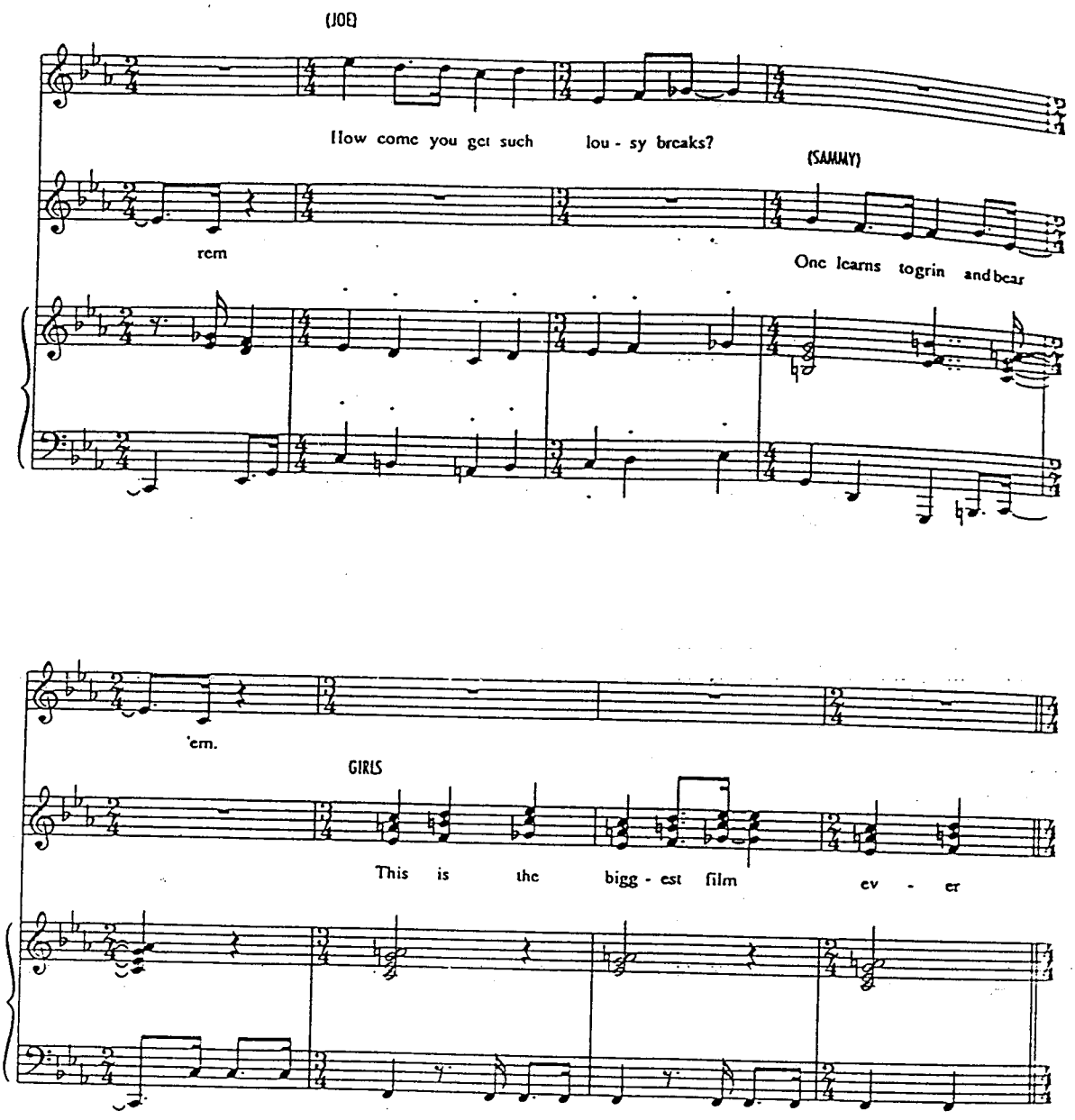


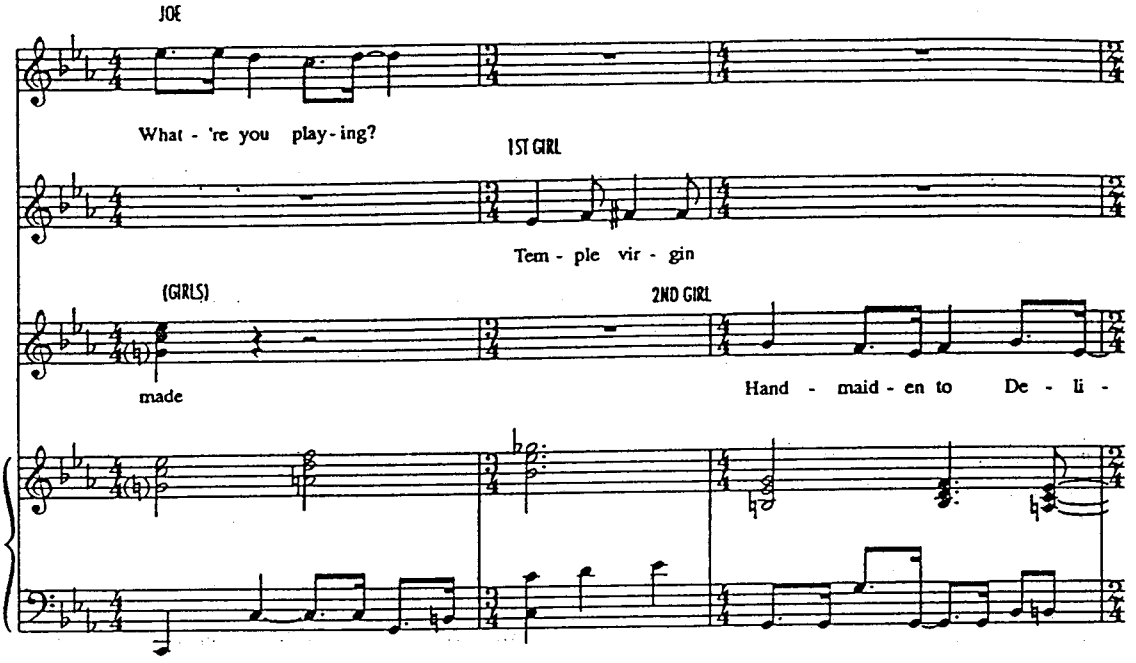


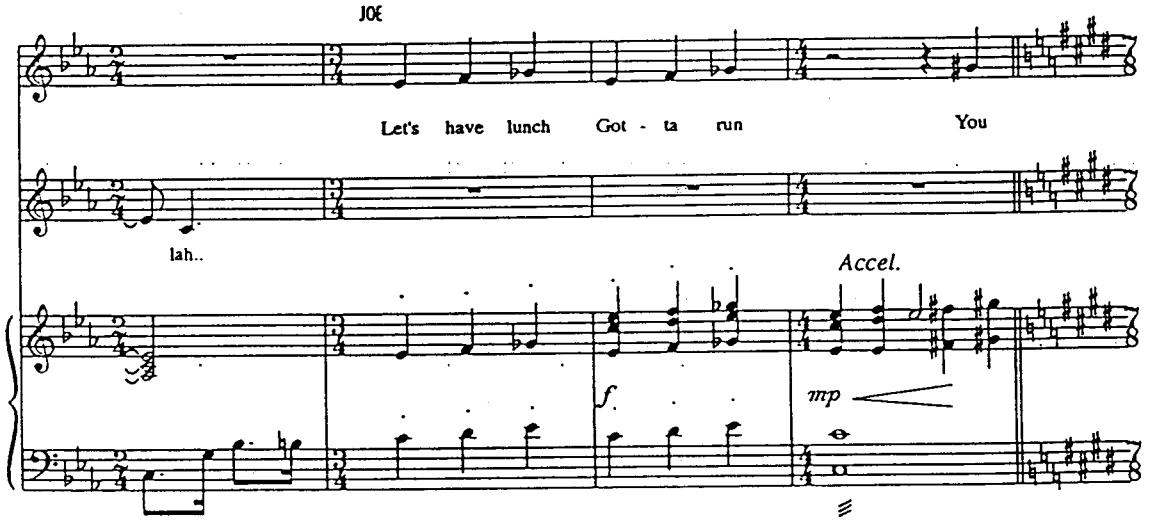


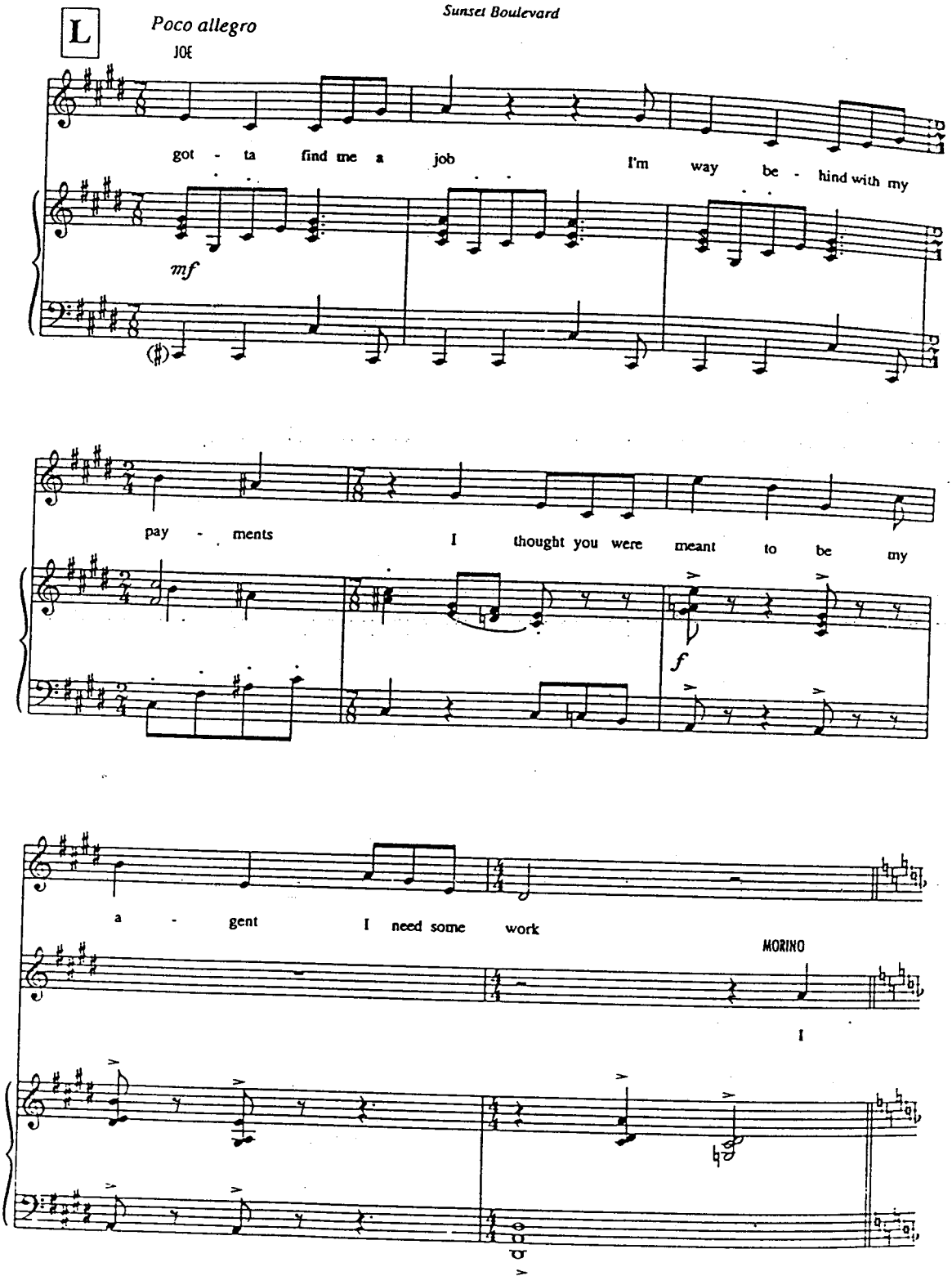

I
f


J
K
JOE
That you Sam-my?
SAMMY
Bless you Jo - seph
How do you like my ha -
mp


(JOE)
How come you get such lou - sy breaks?
(SAMMY)
rem
One learns to grin and bear
'em.
GIRLS
This is the bigg - est film ev - er


JOE
What - 're 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.
f
mp


L
Poco allegro
JOE
got - ta find me a job I'm way be - hind with my
mf
pay - ments I thought you were meant to be my
f
a - gent I need some work
MORINO
I

M *Tempo Primo*

MORINO

on - ly wish I could help This

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

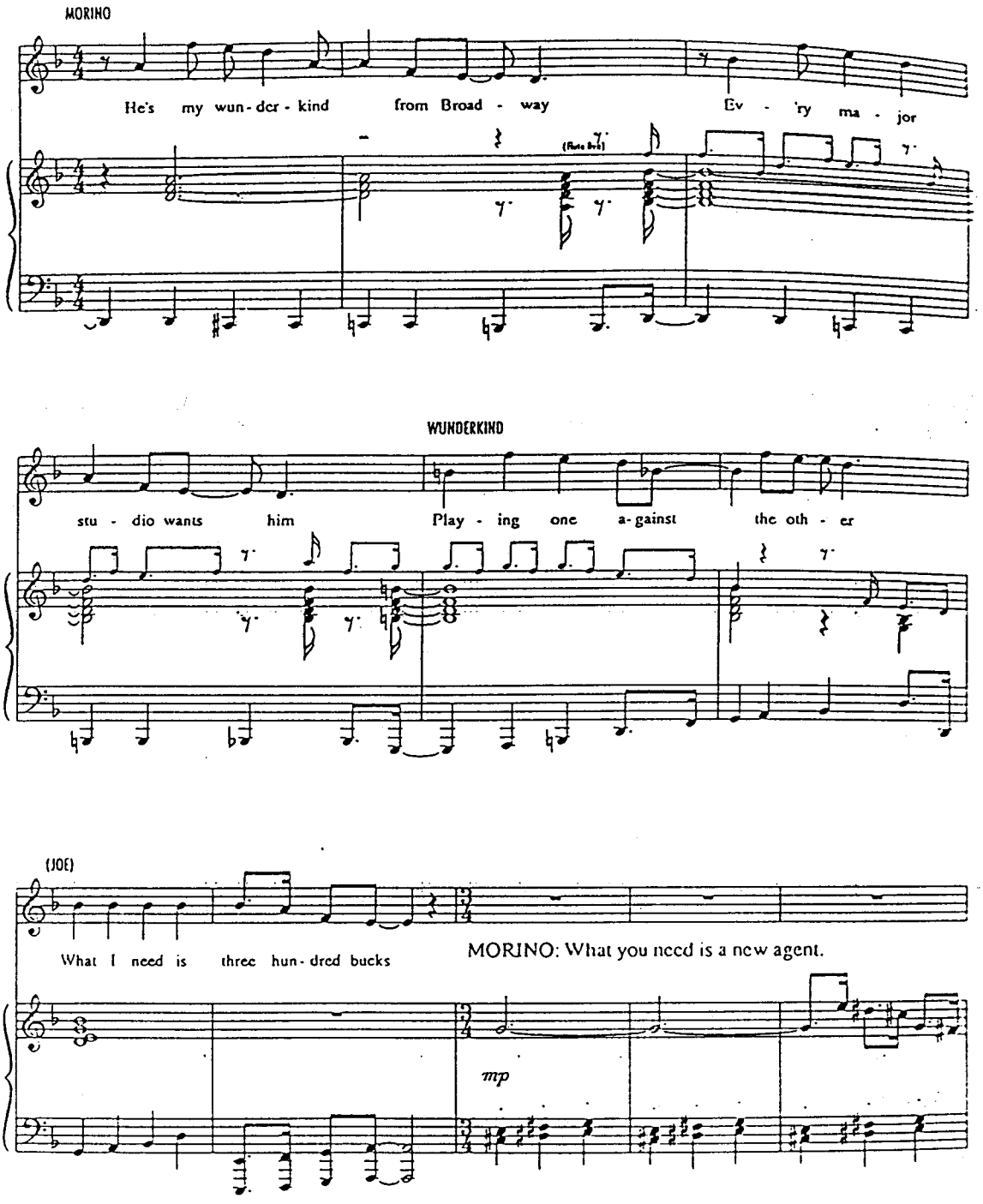
(JOE)

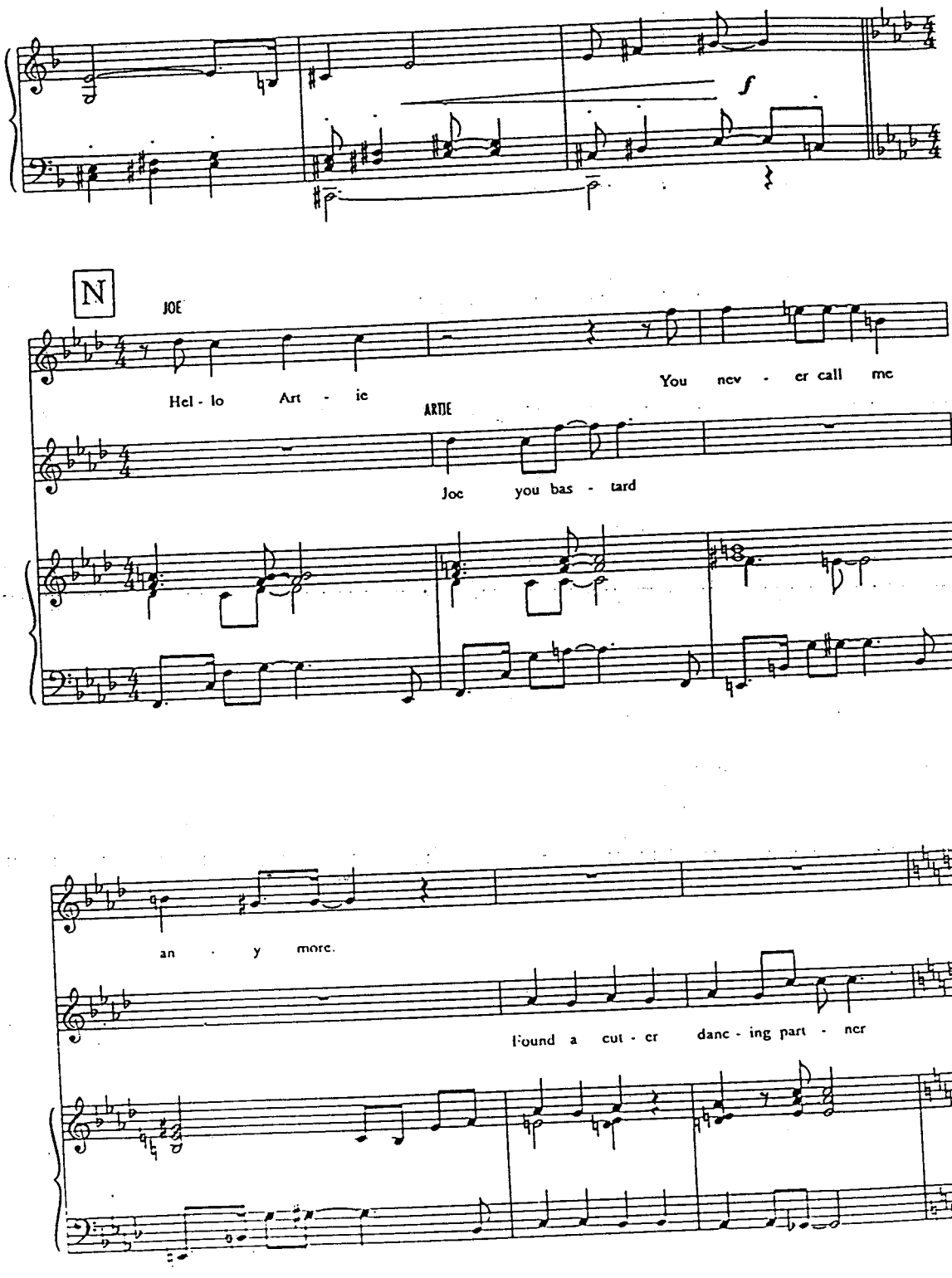
Who is this jerk?

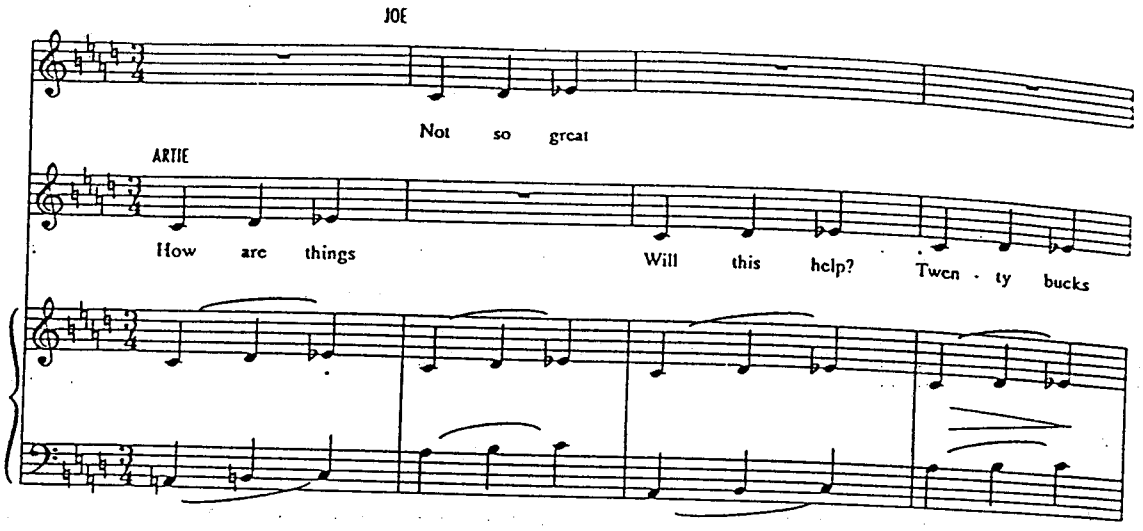
slow down in pro - duc - tion

mf

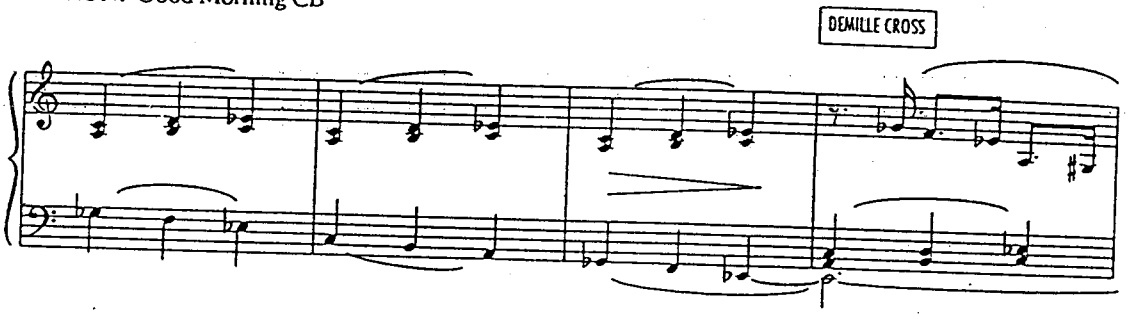
f

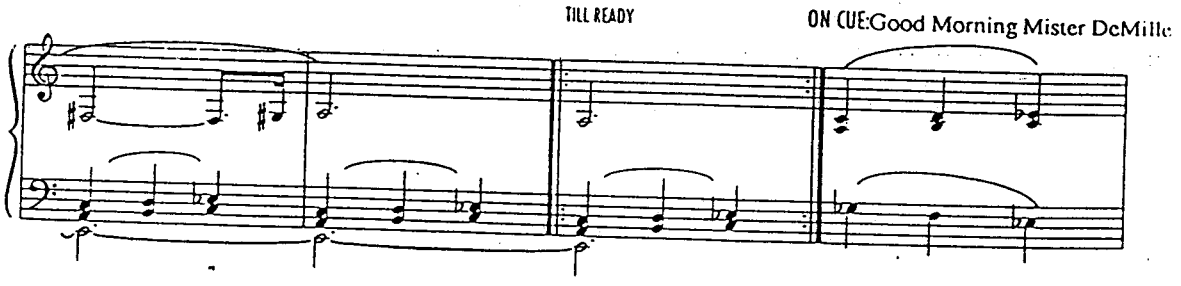

MORINO
He's my wun - der - kind from Broad - way Ev - 'ry ma - jor
WUNDERKIND
stu - dio wants him Play - ing one a-gainst the oth - er
(JOE)
What I need is three hun - dred bucks
MORINO: What you need is a new agent.
mp

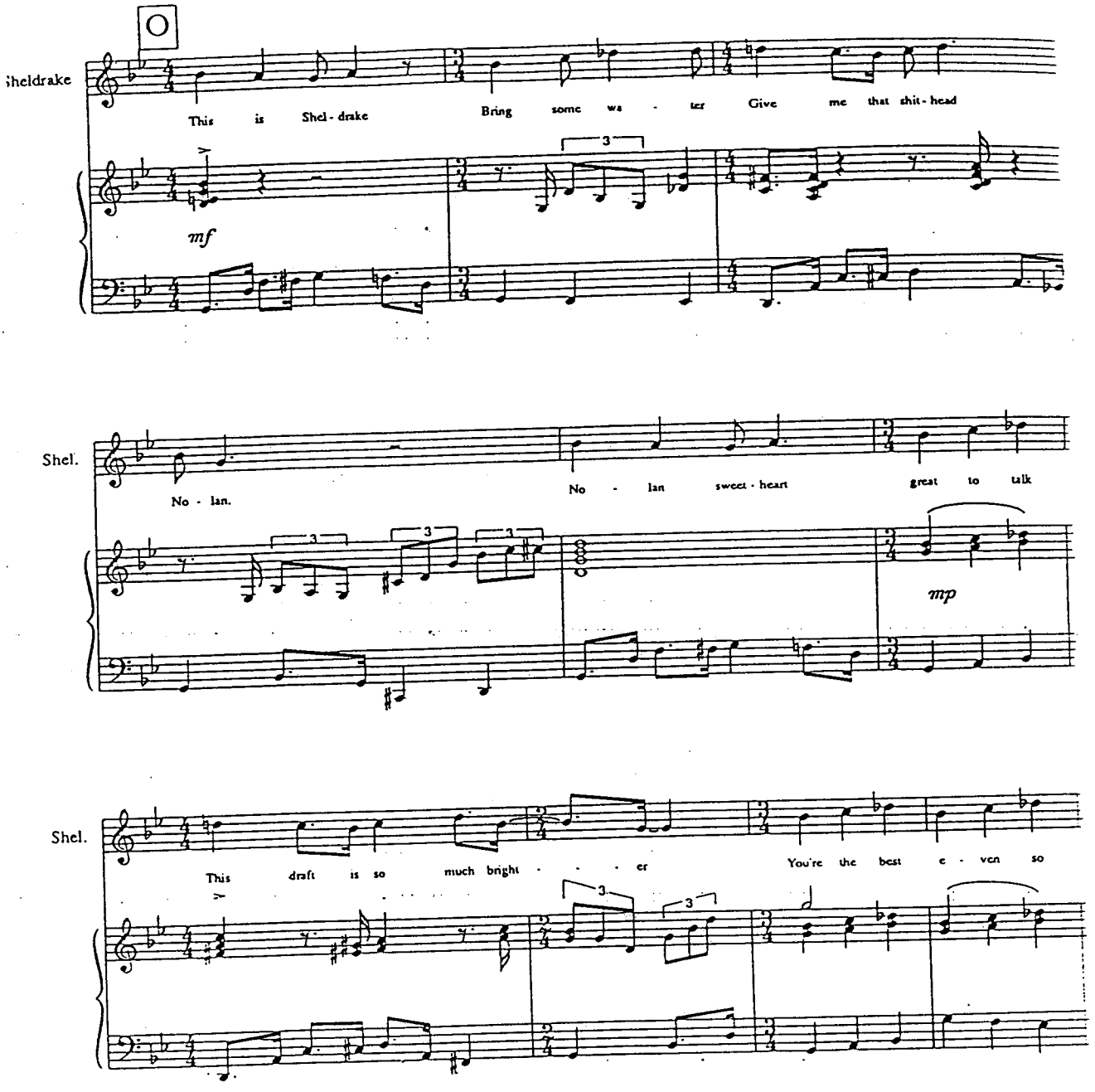

f
N
JOE
Hel - lo Art - ie
You nev - er call me
ARTIE
Joe you bas - tard
an - y more.
I found a cut - er danc - ing part - ner

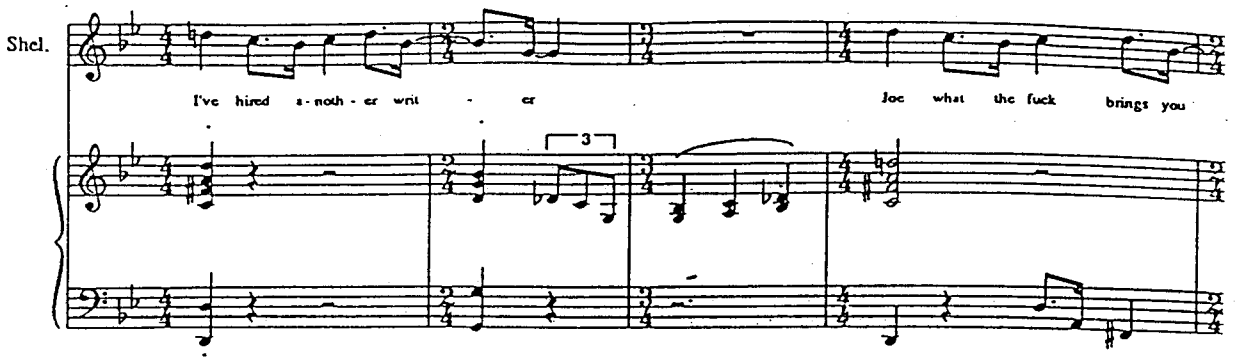


JOE: Thanks, you're a real pal.
ALL: (Ad Lib): Good Morning Mr DeMille
MYRON: Good Morning CB

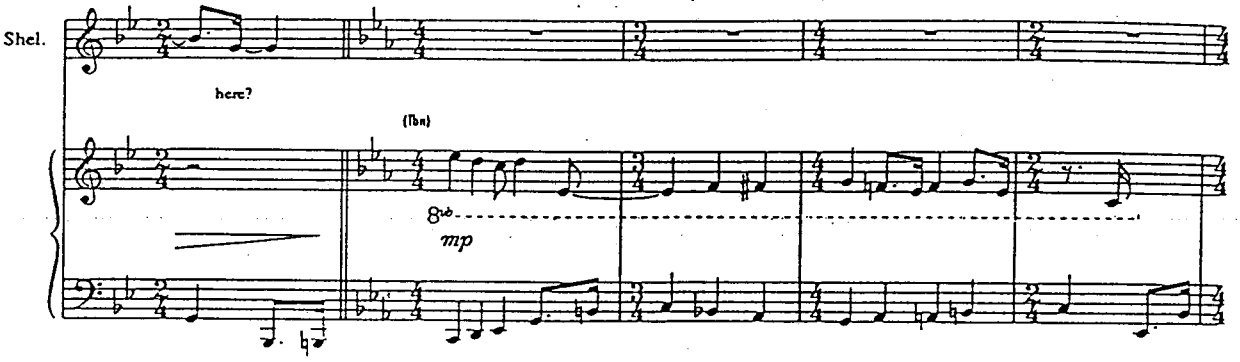




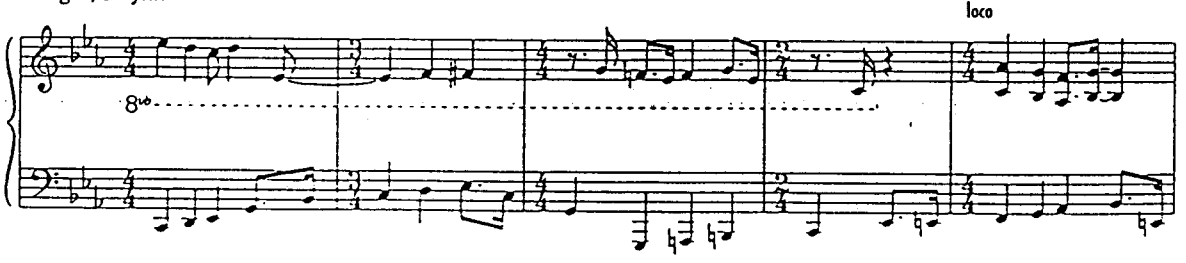

Sheldrake
This is Shel - drake
Bring some wa - ter
Give me that shit - head
mf
Shel.
No - lan.
No - lan sweet - heart
great to talk
mp
Shel.
This draft is so much bright - - - er
You're the best e - ven so



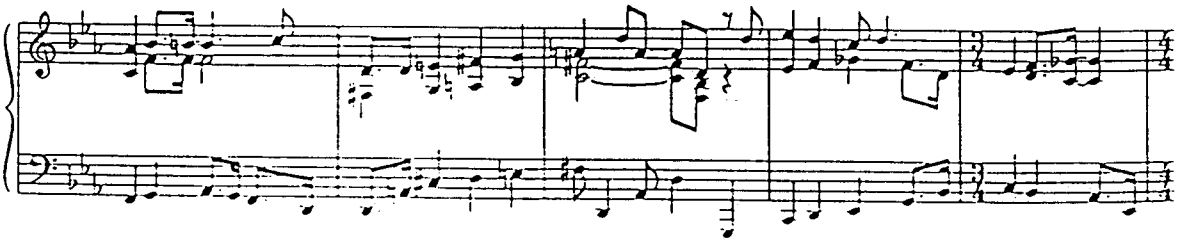
P JOE ; You wanted to see me. SHELDRAKE: I did? What about?
JOE: "Bases Loaded" It's a baseball story.



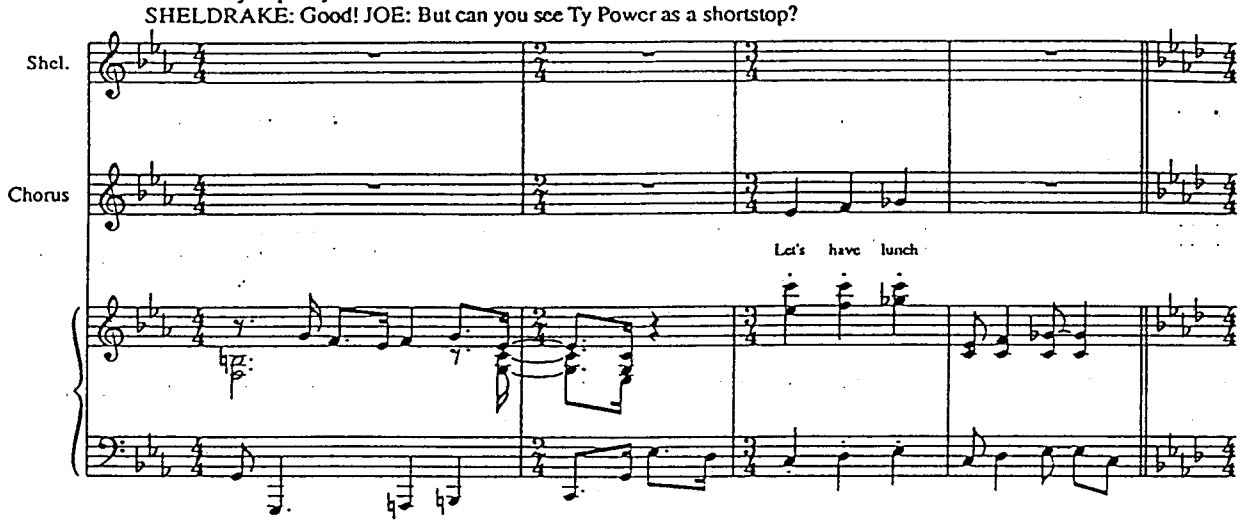
SHELDRAKE: So pitch.
JOE: It's about a rookie shortstop batting 347. The kid was once mixed up in a holdup.Now he's trying to go straight, only....



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

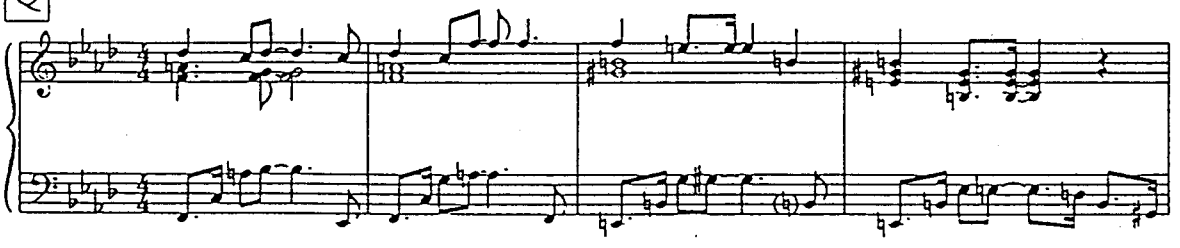


JOE: They're pretty hot for it over at Twentieth.
SHELDRAKE: Good! JOE: But can you see Ty Power as a shortstop?



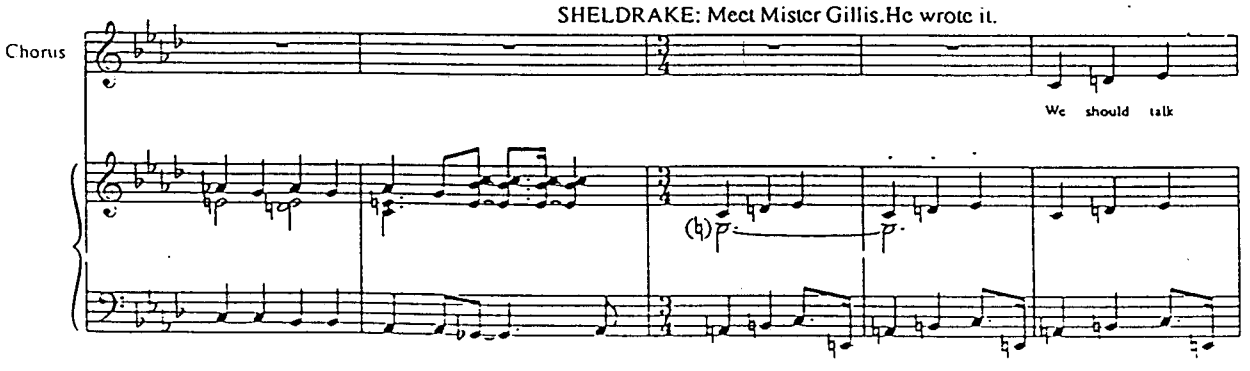
Q

BETTY: Here's that "Bases Loaded" material you asked for Mr Sheldrake. I made a two page synopsis for you but don't bother to read it.

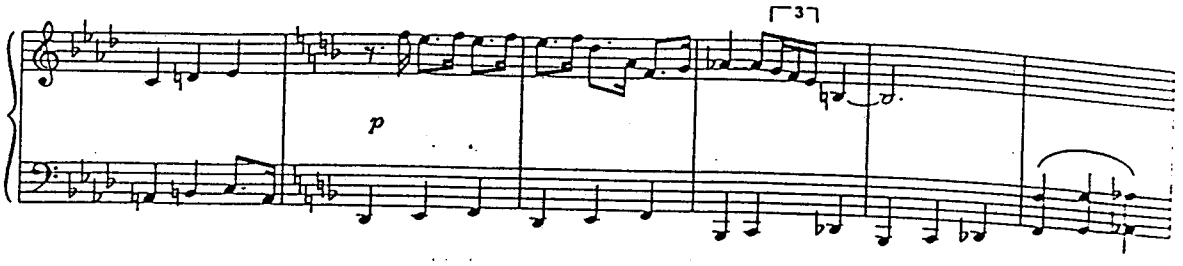


SHELDRAKE: Why not?
BETTY: It's just a rehash of something that wasn't very good to begin with.

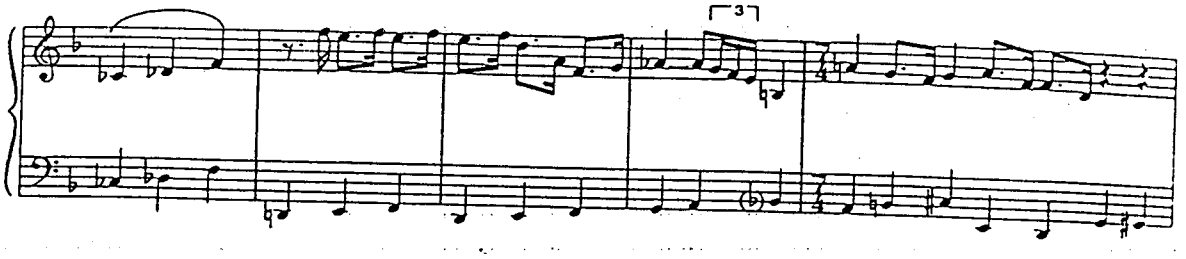
SHELDRAKE: Meet Mister Gillis.He wrote it.



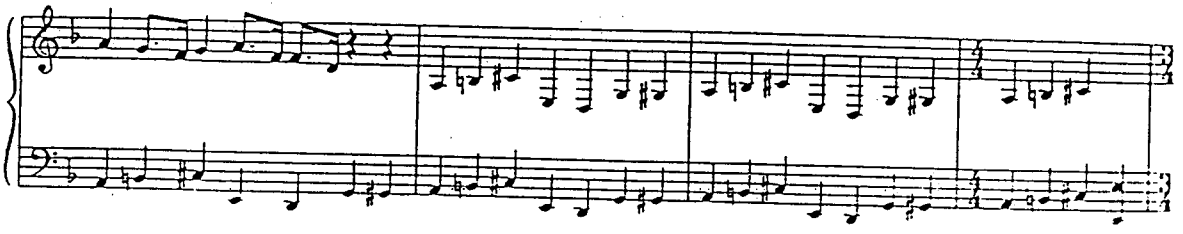
SHELDRAKE: This is Miss Kramer (BETTY turns to JOE, horribly embarrassed)
BETTY: Schaefer, Betty Schaefer. And right now I'd like to crawl into a hole and pull it in after me.
JOE: If I could be of any help...



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?

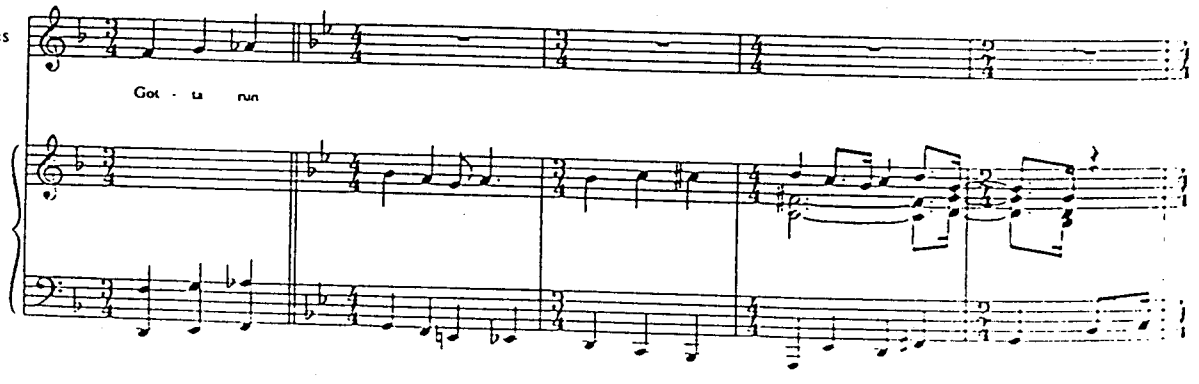


BETTY: I think pictures should at least try to say a little something.
JOE: I see you're one of the message kids.I expect you'd have turned down "Gone With The Wind".
SHELDRAKE: No, that was me.

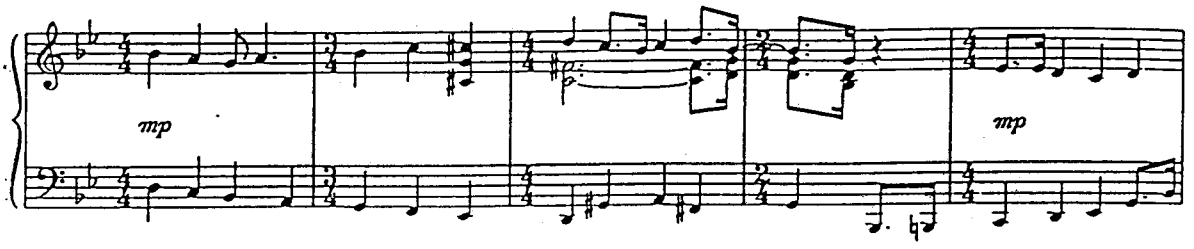


BETTY: And I guess I was disappointed. I've read some of your other work and I thought you had some real talent.

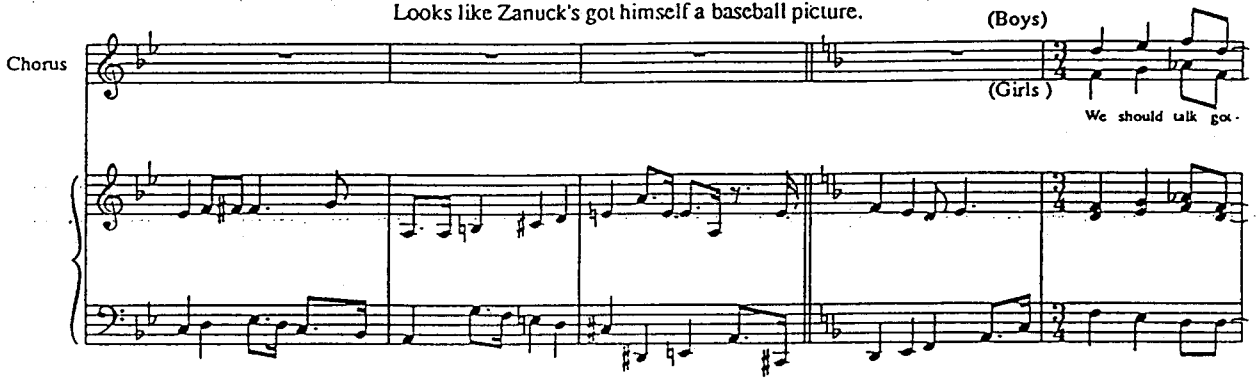
Chorus

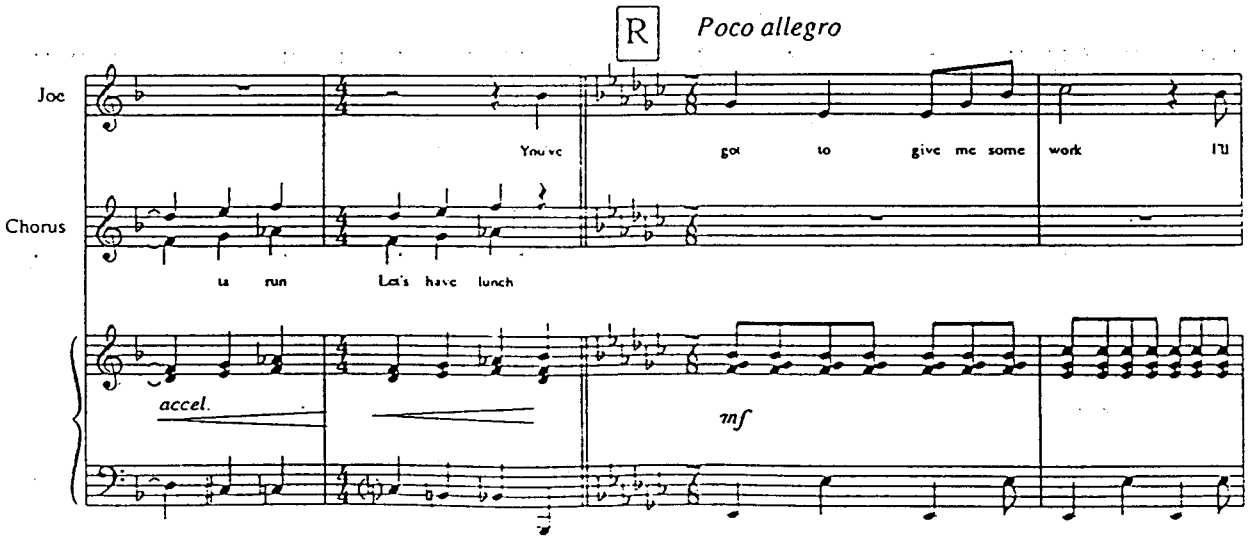


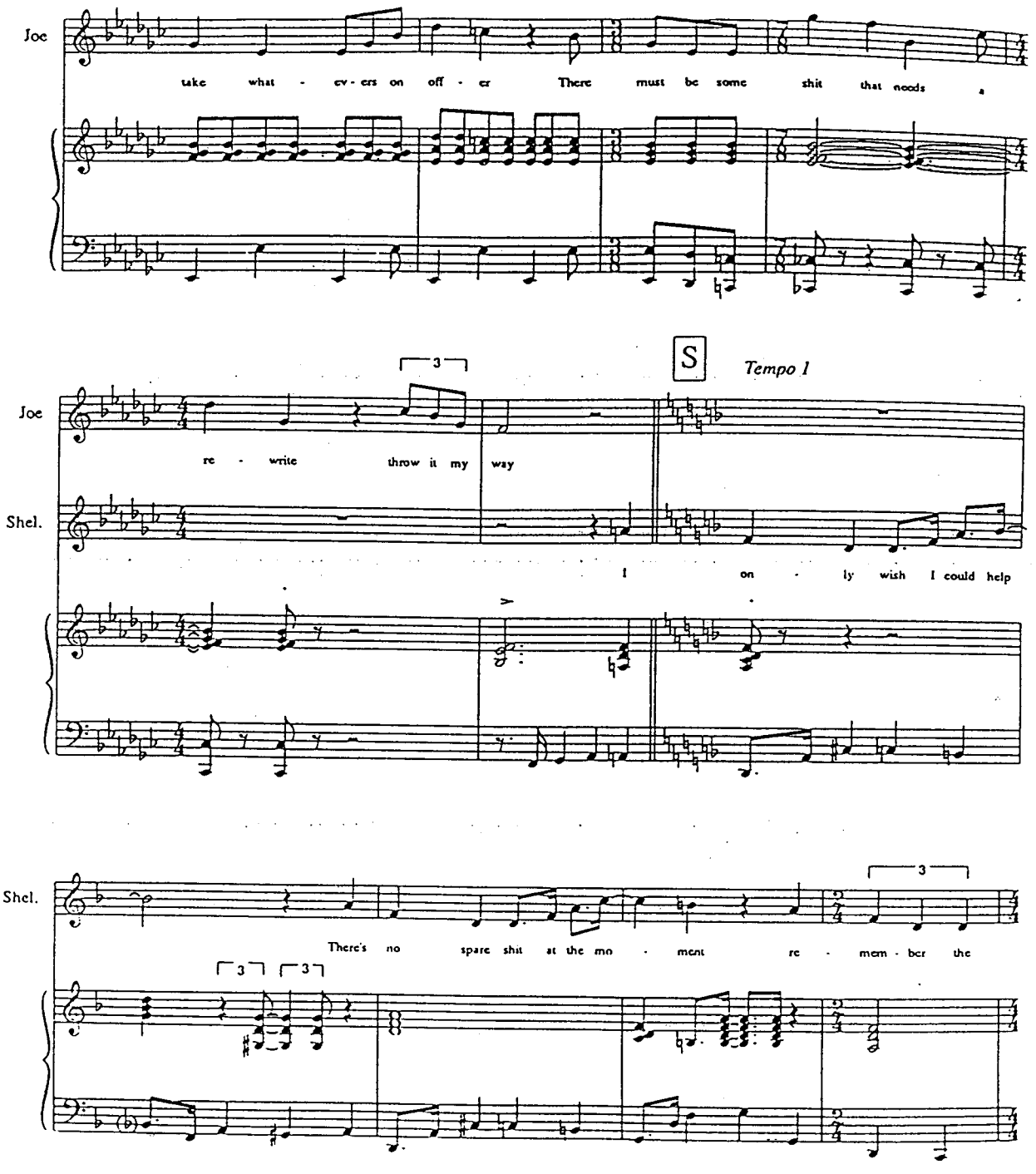
JOE: That was last year. This year I felt like eating. BETTY: Well I'm sorry Mr Gillis.

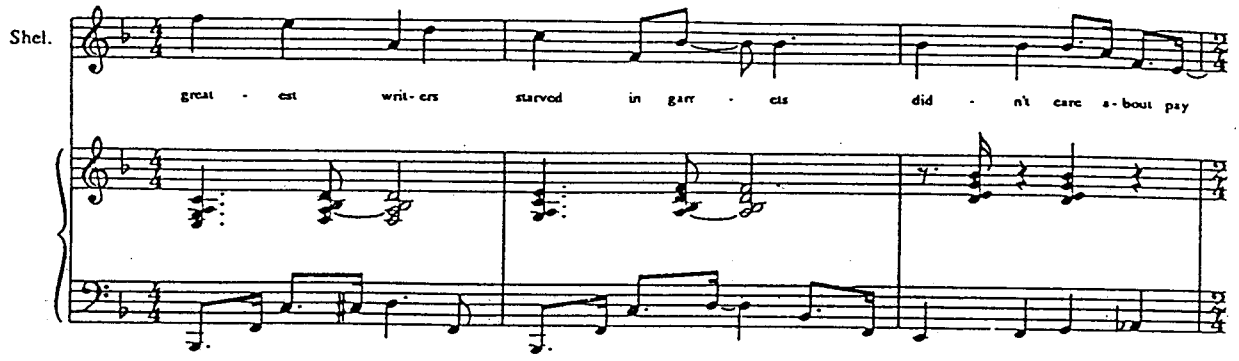


SHELDRAKE: Thankyou, Miss Kramer.
(BETTY leaves the room.SHELDRAKE looks up at JOE.)
Looks like Zanuck's got himself a baseball picture.

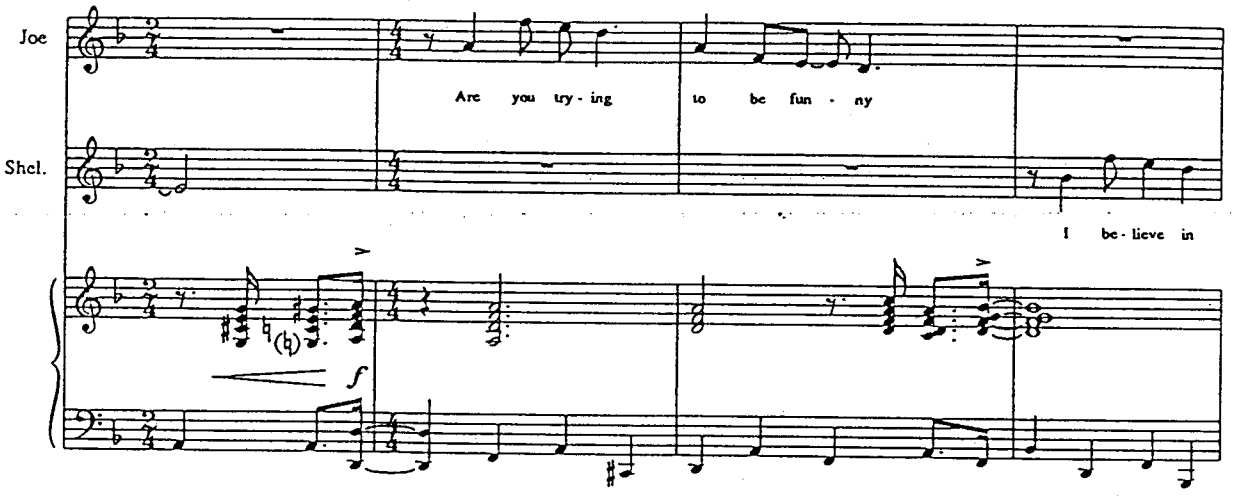


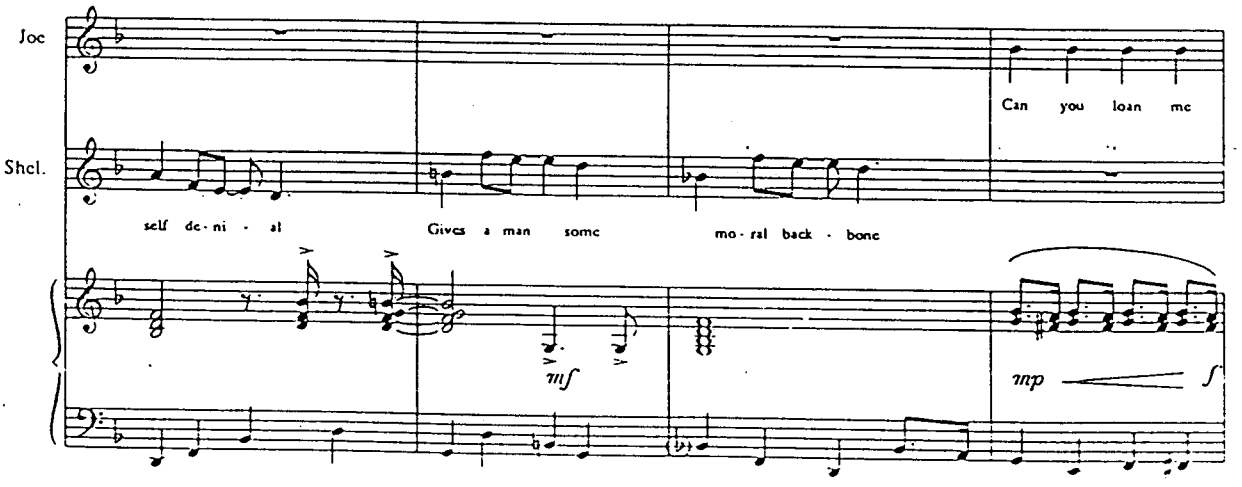


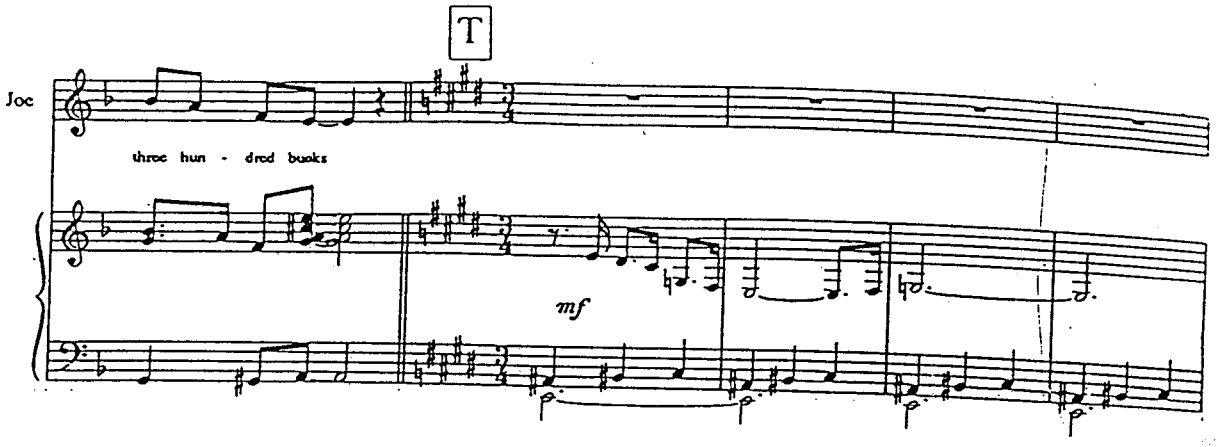

Joe
take what - ev - ers on off - er There must be some shit that needs a
3
S
Tempo 1
Joe
re - write throw it my way
Shel.
I on - ly wish I could help
Shel.
There's no spare shit at the mo - ment re - mem - ber the
3
3
3



poco piu mosso



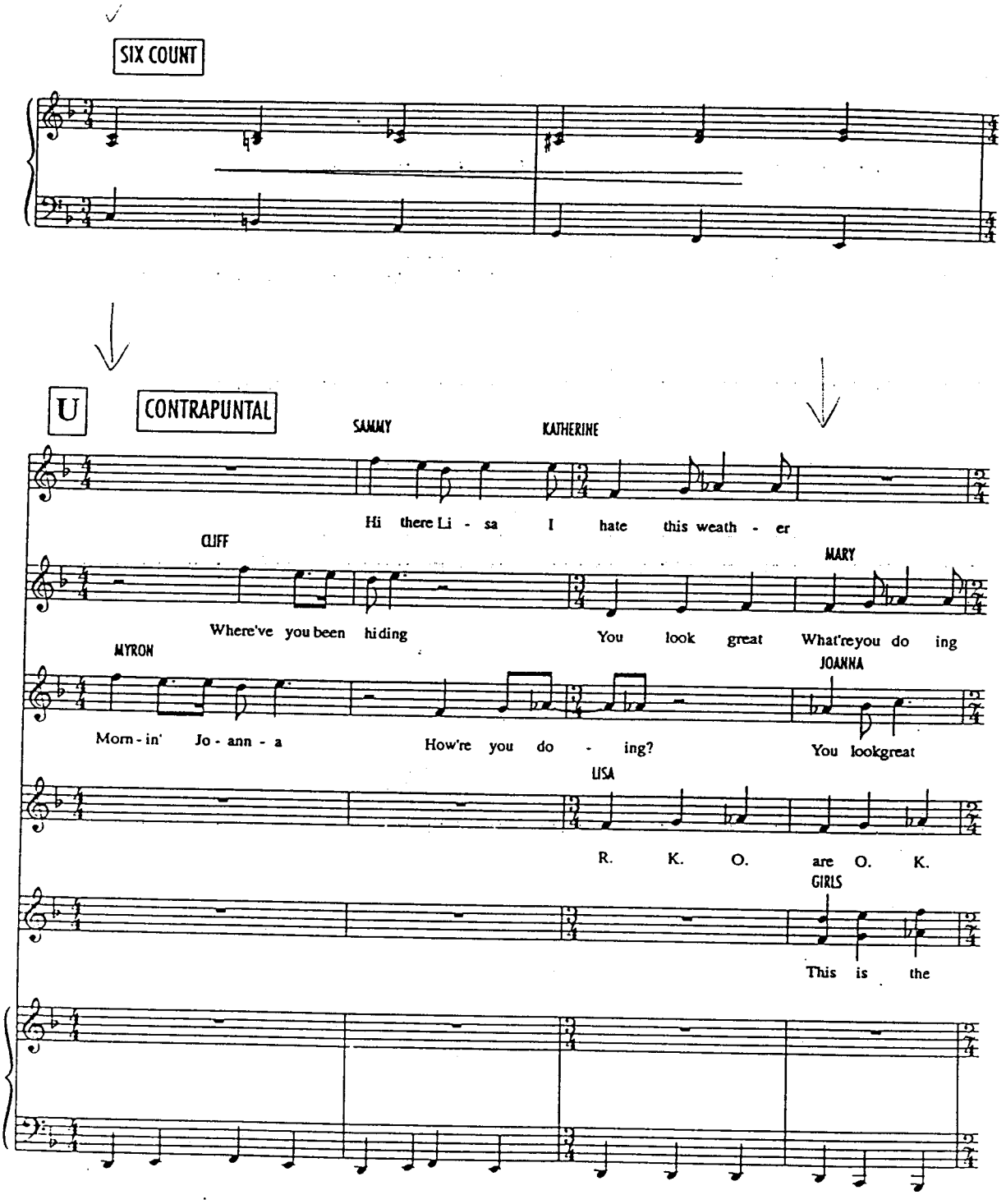


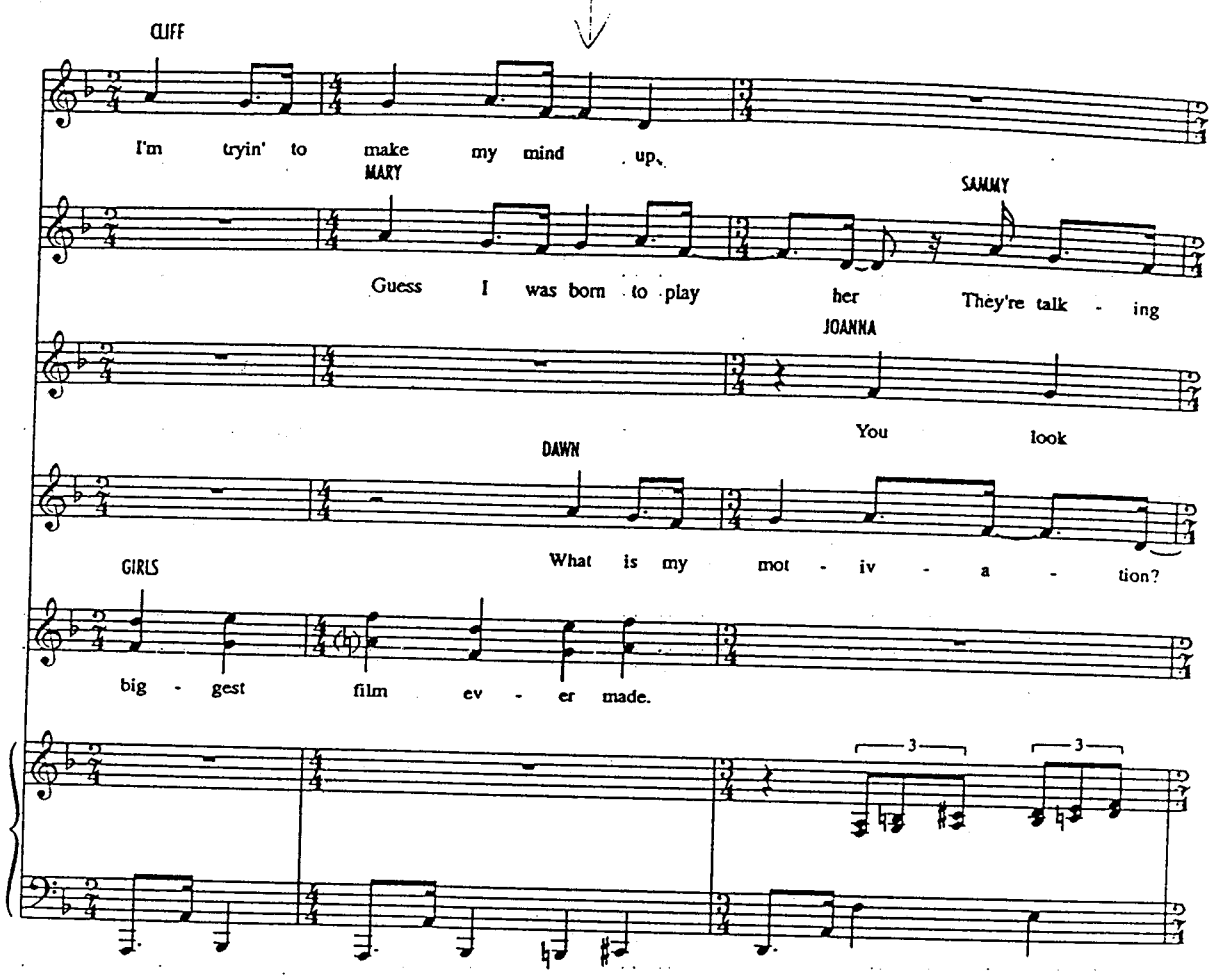


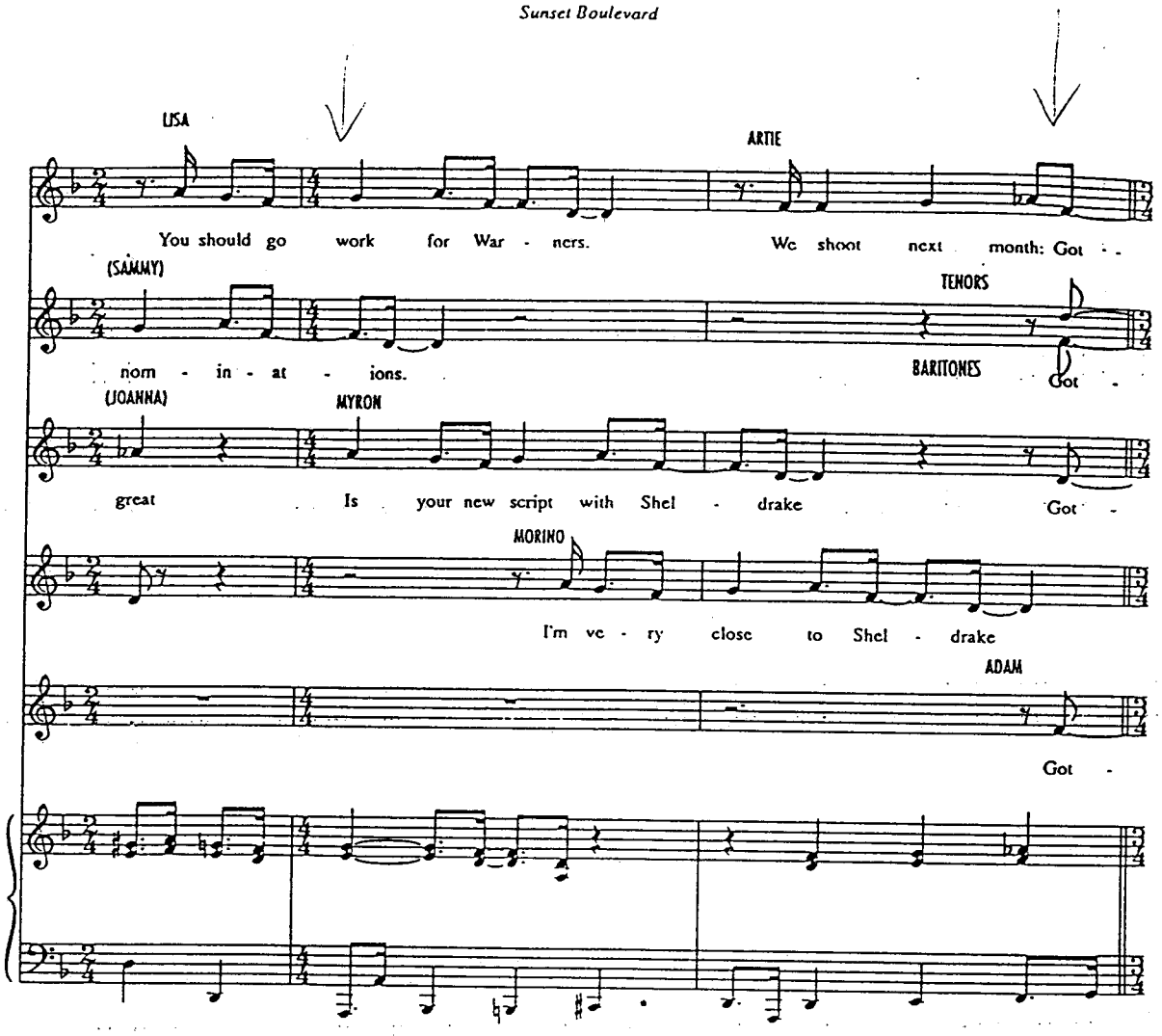
SHELDRAKE: I'm sorry Mister Gillis, Goodbye.

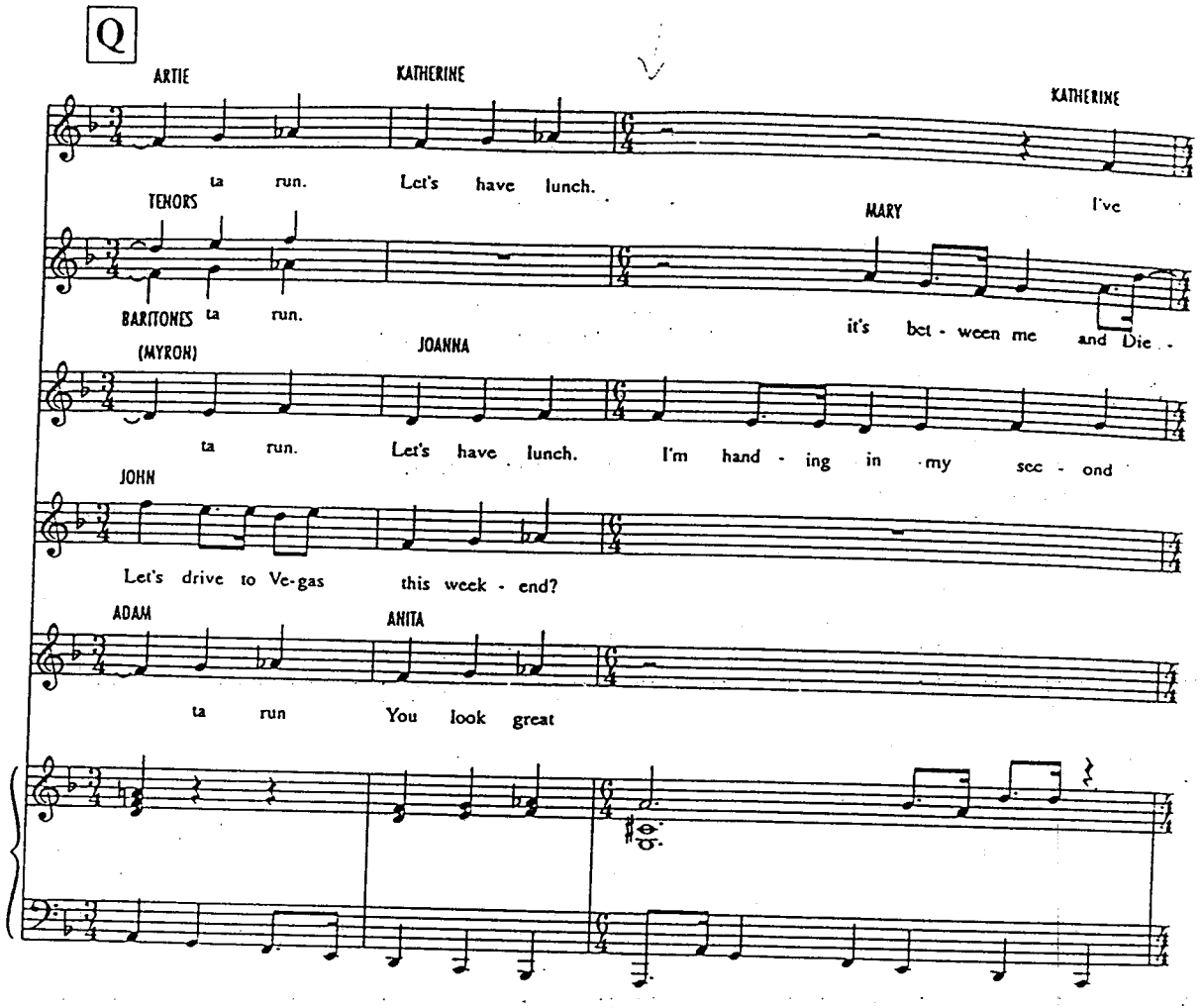
JOE leaves.

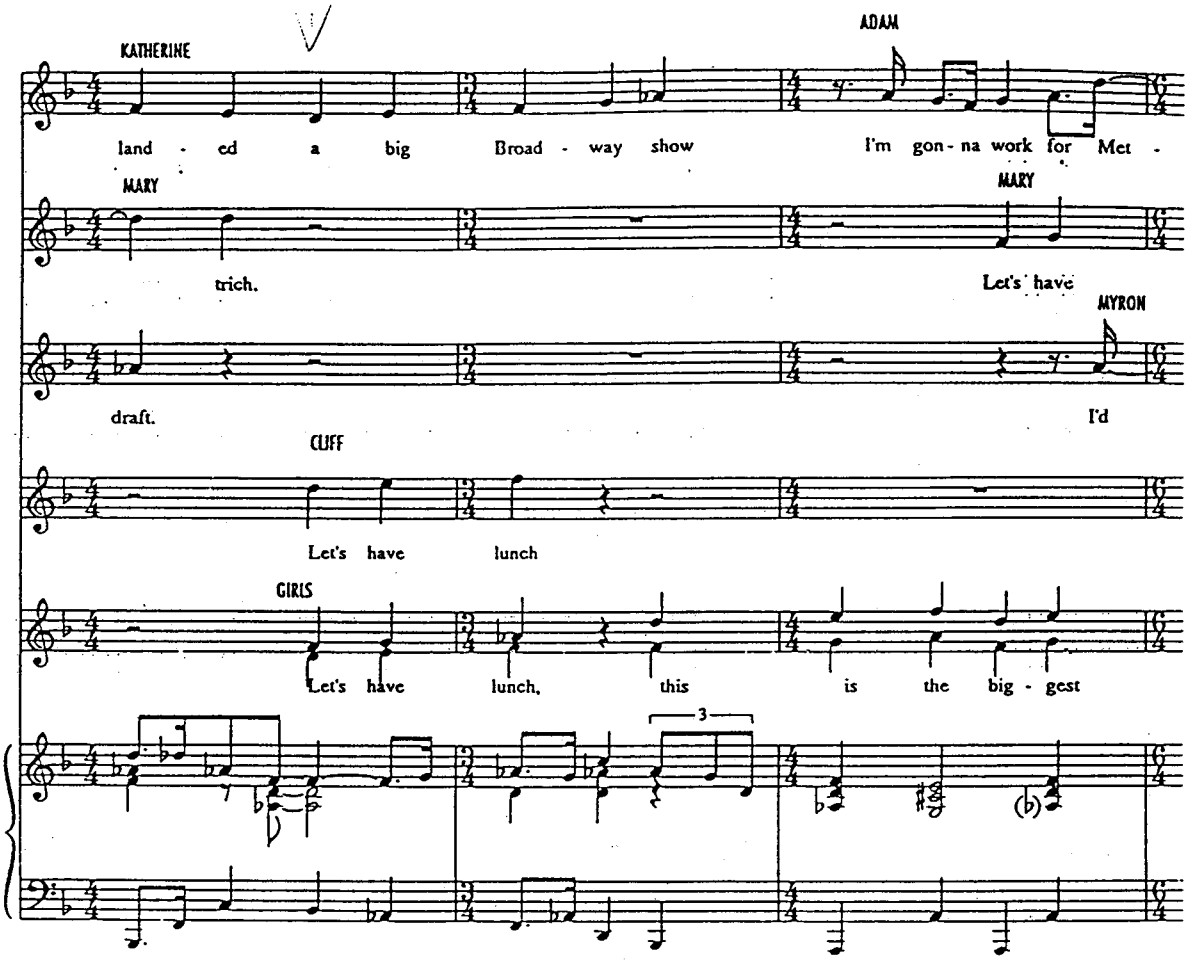
JOE: I just love Hollywood.
(The light hits JOE. Splintered lines overlap, creating a nightmarish cacophony of phony greetings.)

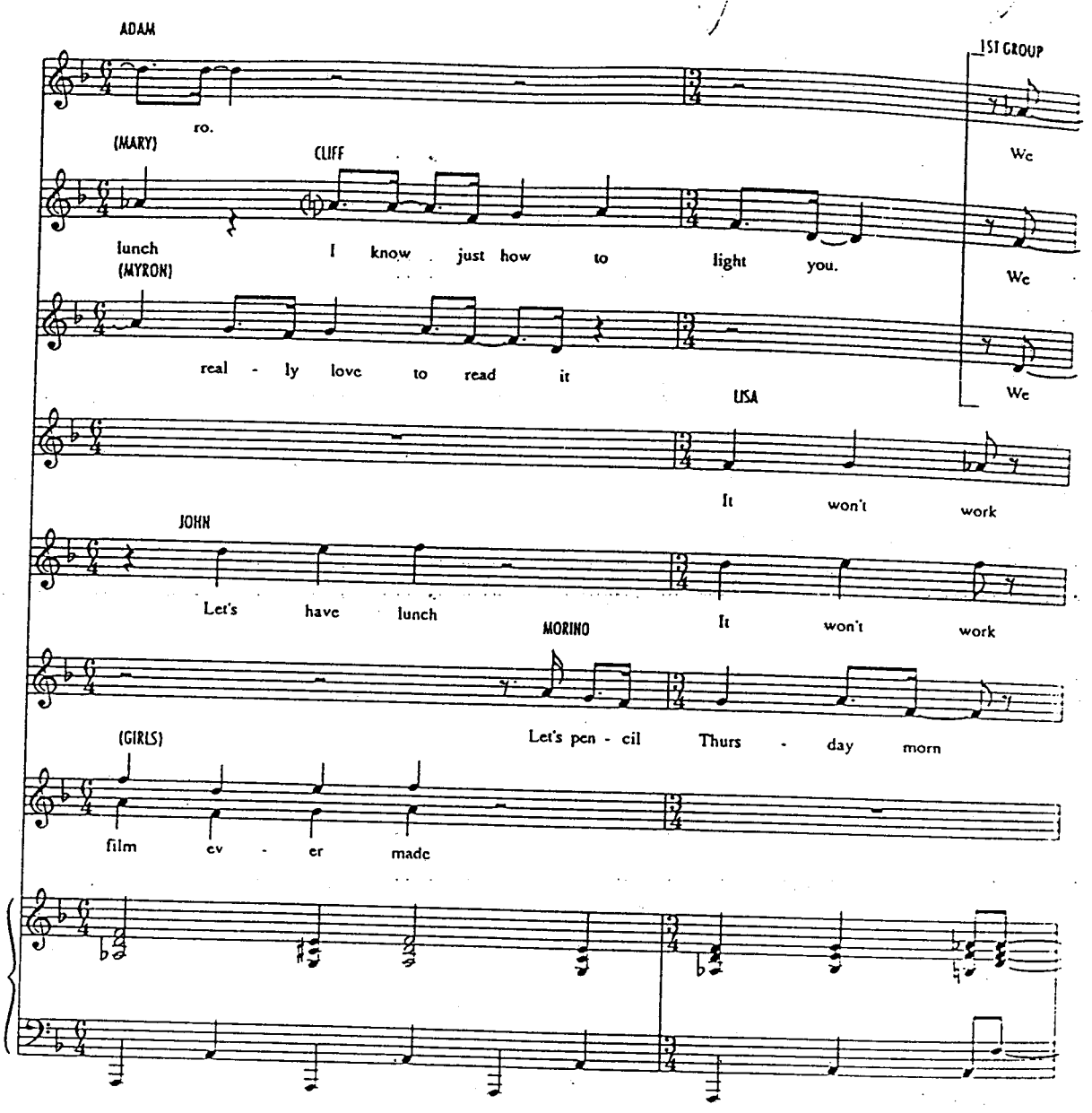

SIX COUNT
U
CONTRAPUNTAL
SAMMY
KATHERINE
Hi there Li - sa I hate this weath - er
CLIFF
MARY
Where've you been hiding You look great What'reyou do ing
MYRON
JOANNA
Morn - in' Jo - ann - a How're you do - ing? You lookgreat
LISA
R. K. O. are O. K.
GIRLS
This is the

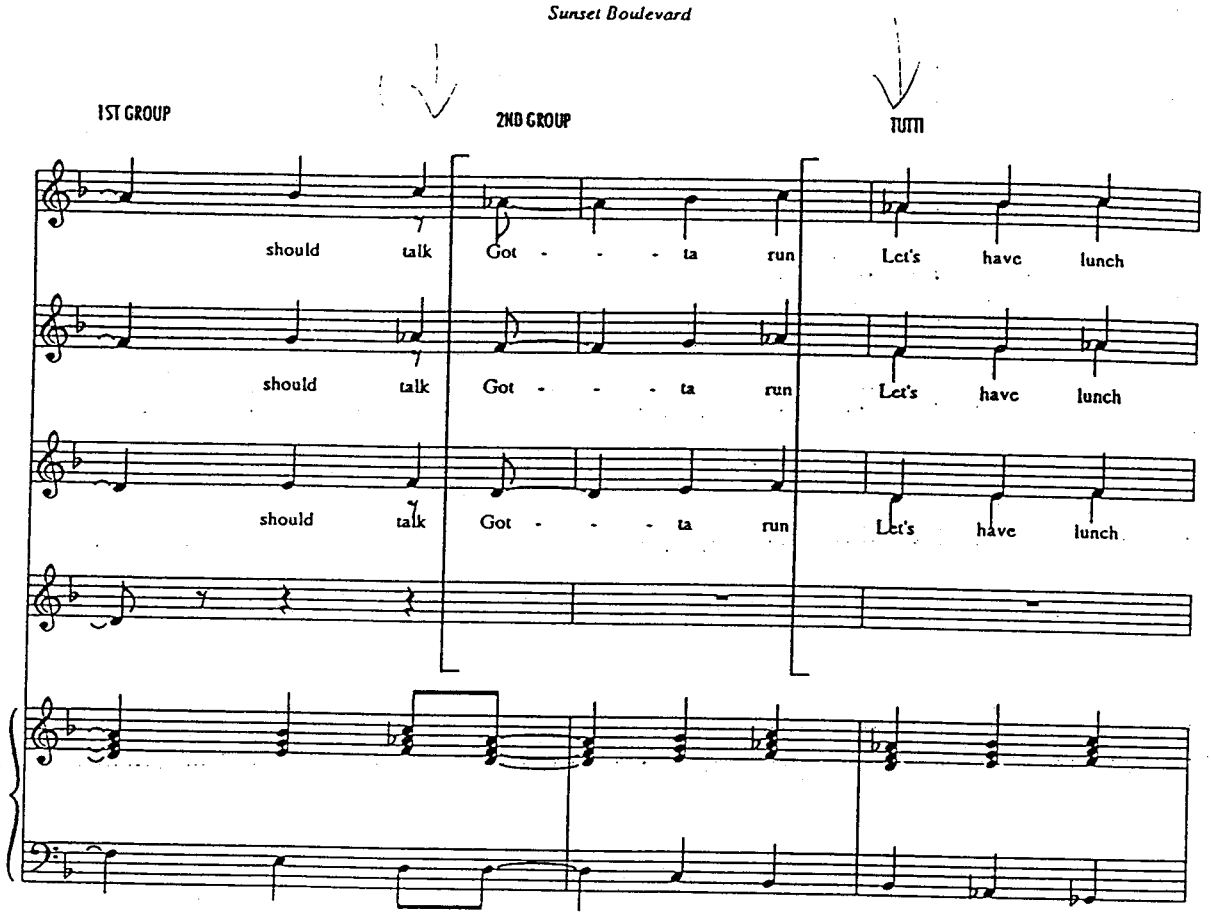

CLIFF
I'm tryin' to make my mind up.
MARY
Guess I was born to play her
SAMMY
They're talk - ing
JOANNA
You look
DAWN
What is my mot - iv - a - tion?
GIRLS
big - gest film ev - er made.
3
3

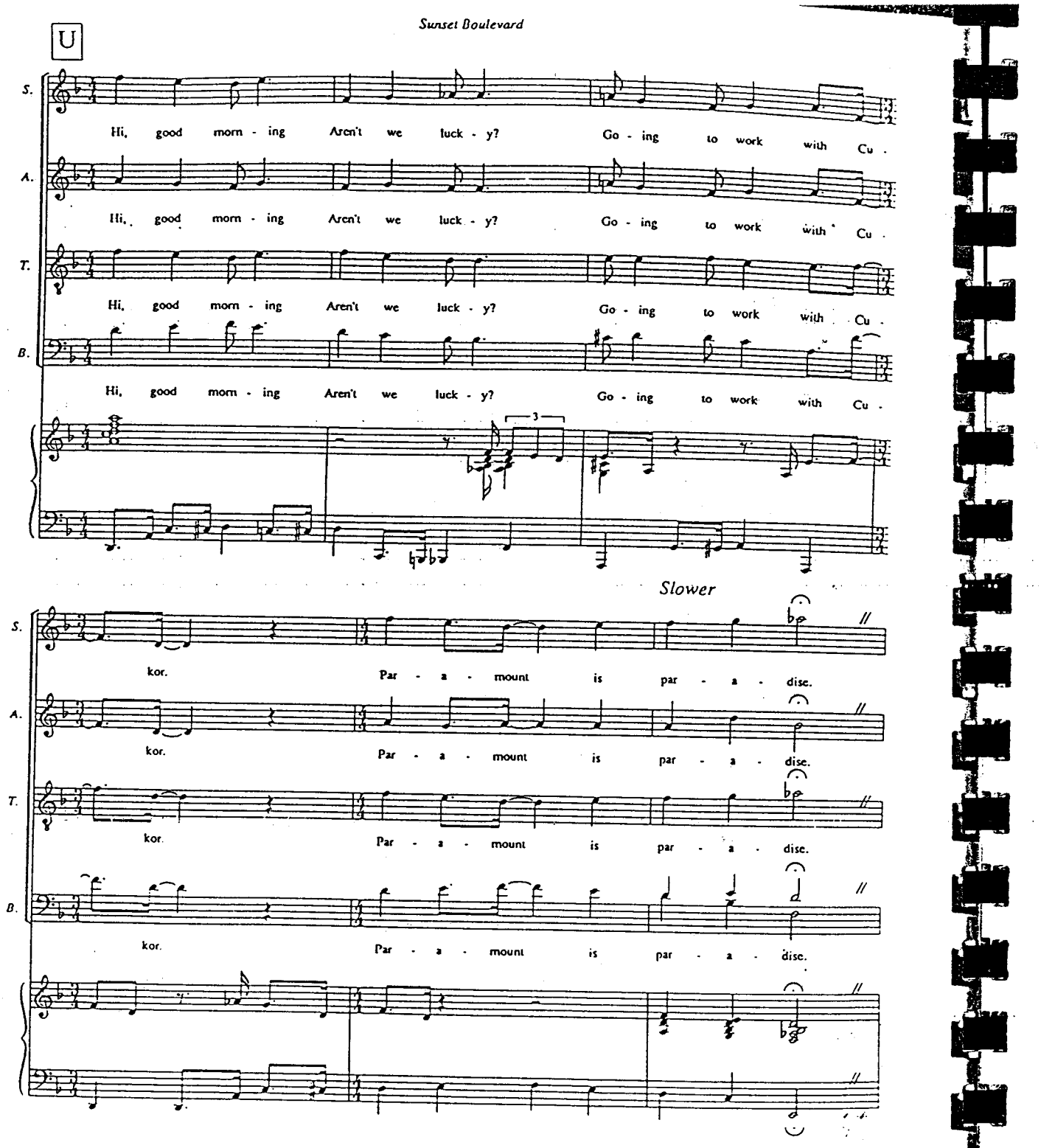

LISA
You should go work for War - ners.
ARTIE
We shoot next month: Got -
(SAMMY)
nom - in - at - ions.
TENORS
BARITONES
Got -
(JOANNA)
great
MYRON
Is your new script with Shel - drake
Got -
MORINO
I'm ve - ry close to Shel - drake
ADAM
Got -

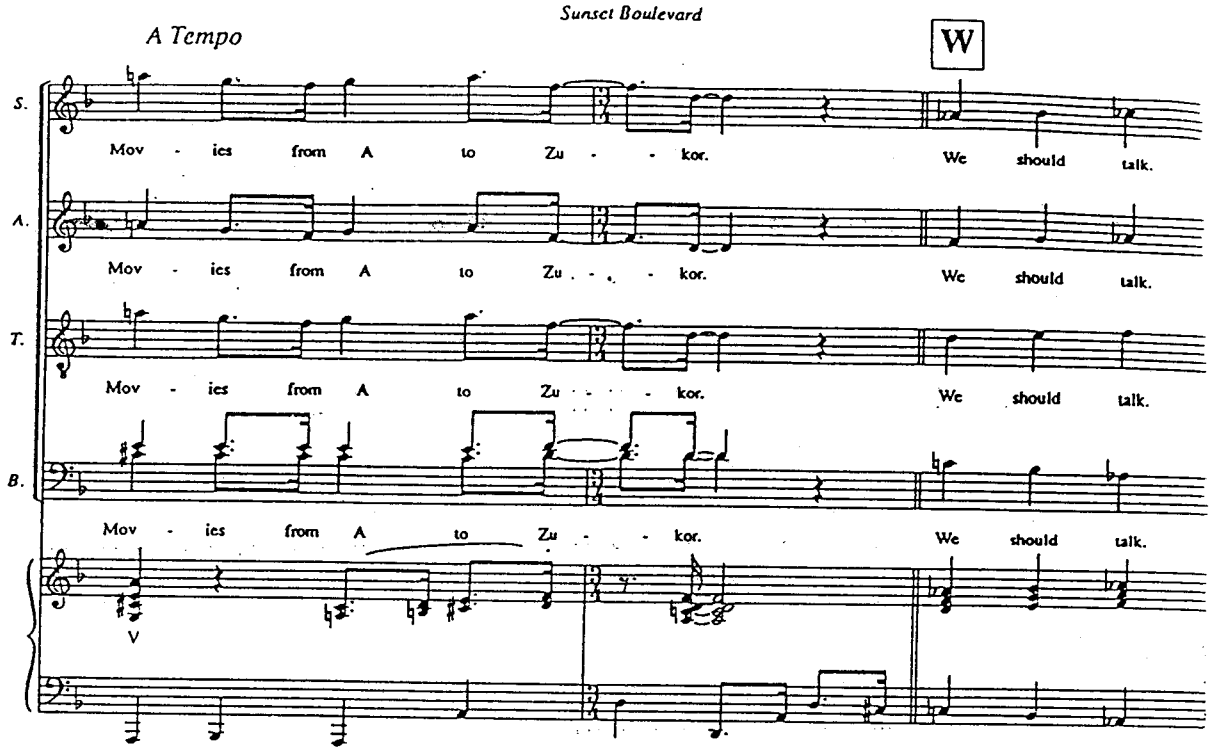

Q
ARTIE
KATHERINE
KATHERINE
ta run. Let's have lunch.
TENORS
MARY
I've
BARITONES ta run.
it's bet - ween me and Die -
(MYRON)
JOANNA
ta run. Let's have lunch. I'm hand - ing in my sec - ond
JOHN
Let's drive to Ve-gas this week - end?
ADAM
ANITA
ta run You look great

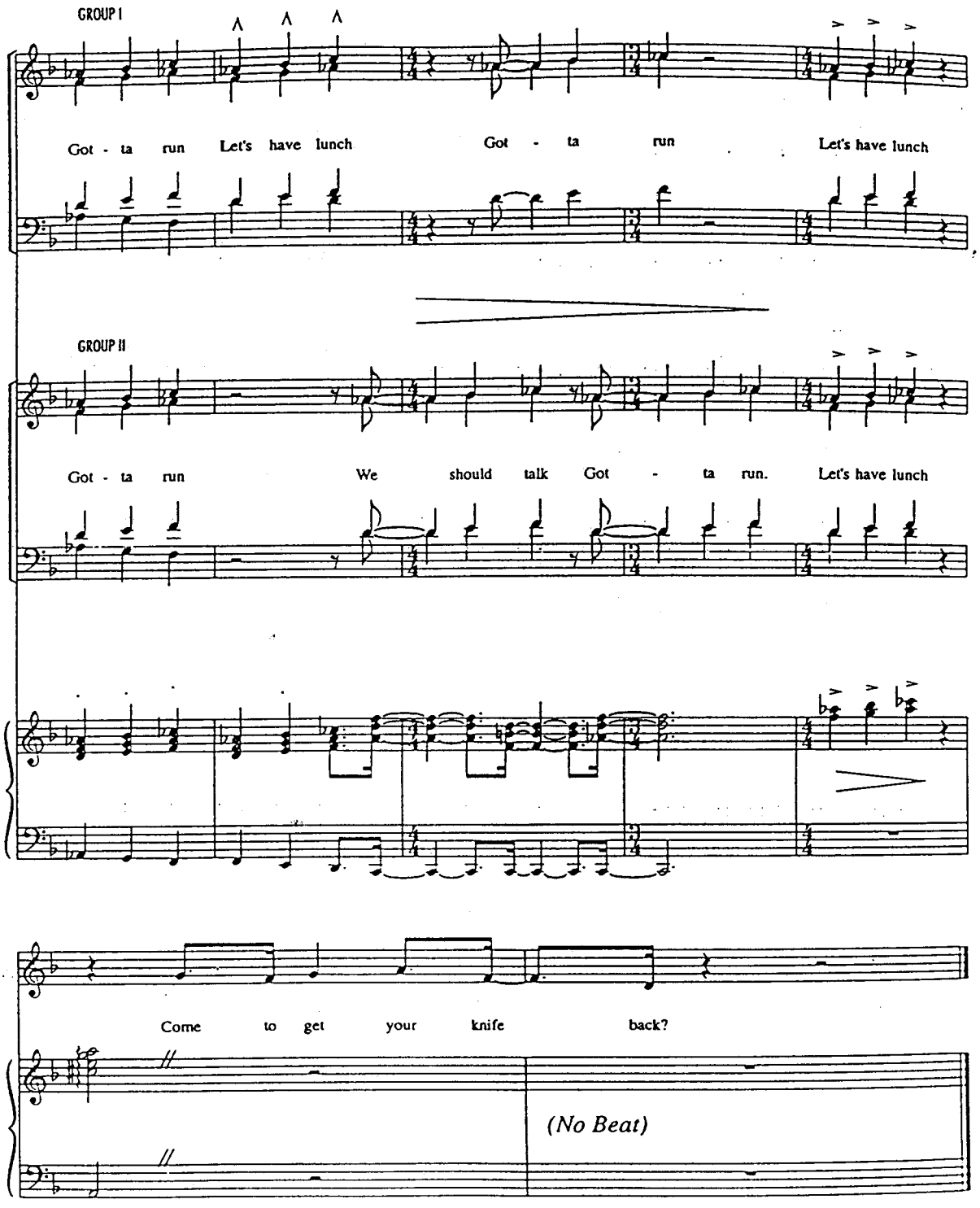

KATHERINE
land - ed a big Broad - way show
ADAM
I'm gon - na work for Met -
MARY
trich.
MARY
Let's have
MYRON
draft.
I'd
CLIFF
Let's have lunch
GIRLS
Let's have lunch, this is the big - gest
3


ADAM
ro.
1ST GROUP
We
(MARY)
CLIFF
lunch
I know just how to light you.
(MYRON)
We
real - ly love to read it
We
LISA
It won't work
JOHN
Let's have lunch
It won't work
MORINO
Let's pen - cil Thurs - day morn
(GIRLS)
film ev - er made


1ST GROUP
2ND GROUP
TUTTI
should talk Got - - - ta run Let's have lunch
should talk Got - - - ta run Let's have lunch
should talk Got - - - ta run Let's have lunch

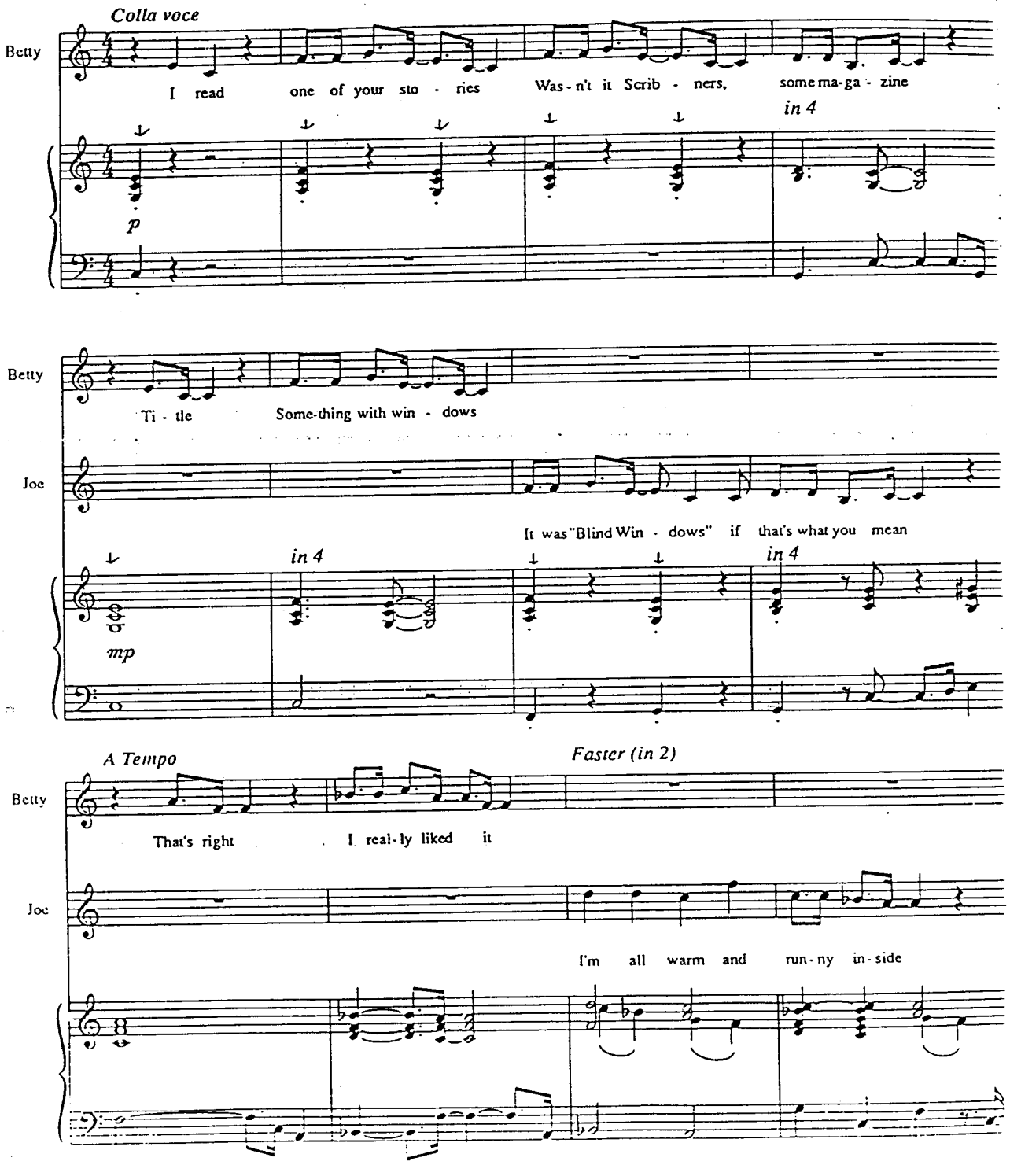

U
S.
A.
T.
B.
Hi, good morn - ing Aren't we luck - y? Go - ing to work with Cu .
3
Slower
kor. Par - a - mount is par - a - dise.

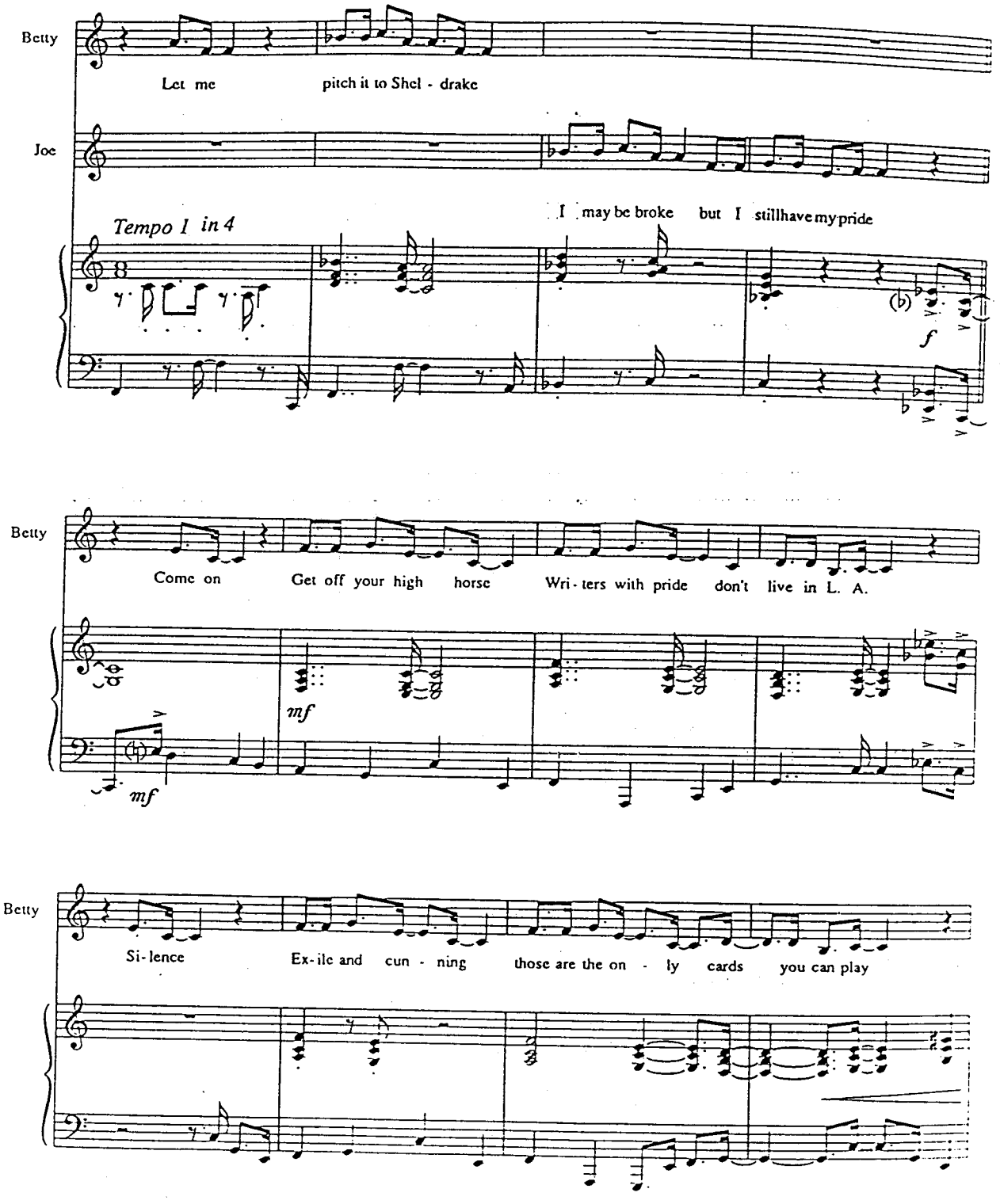

A Tempo
W
S.
Mov - ies from A to Zu - - kor. We should talk.
A.
Mov - ies from A to Zu - - kor. We should talk.
T.
Mov - ies from A to Zu - - kor. We should talk.
B.
Mov - ies from A to Zu - - kor. We should talk.
V

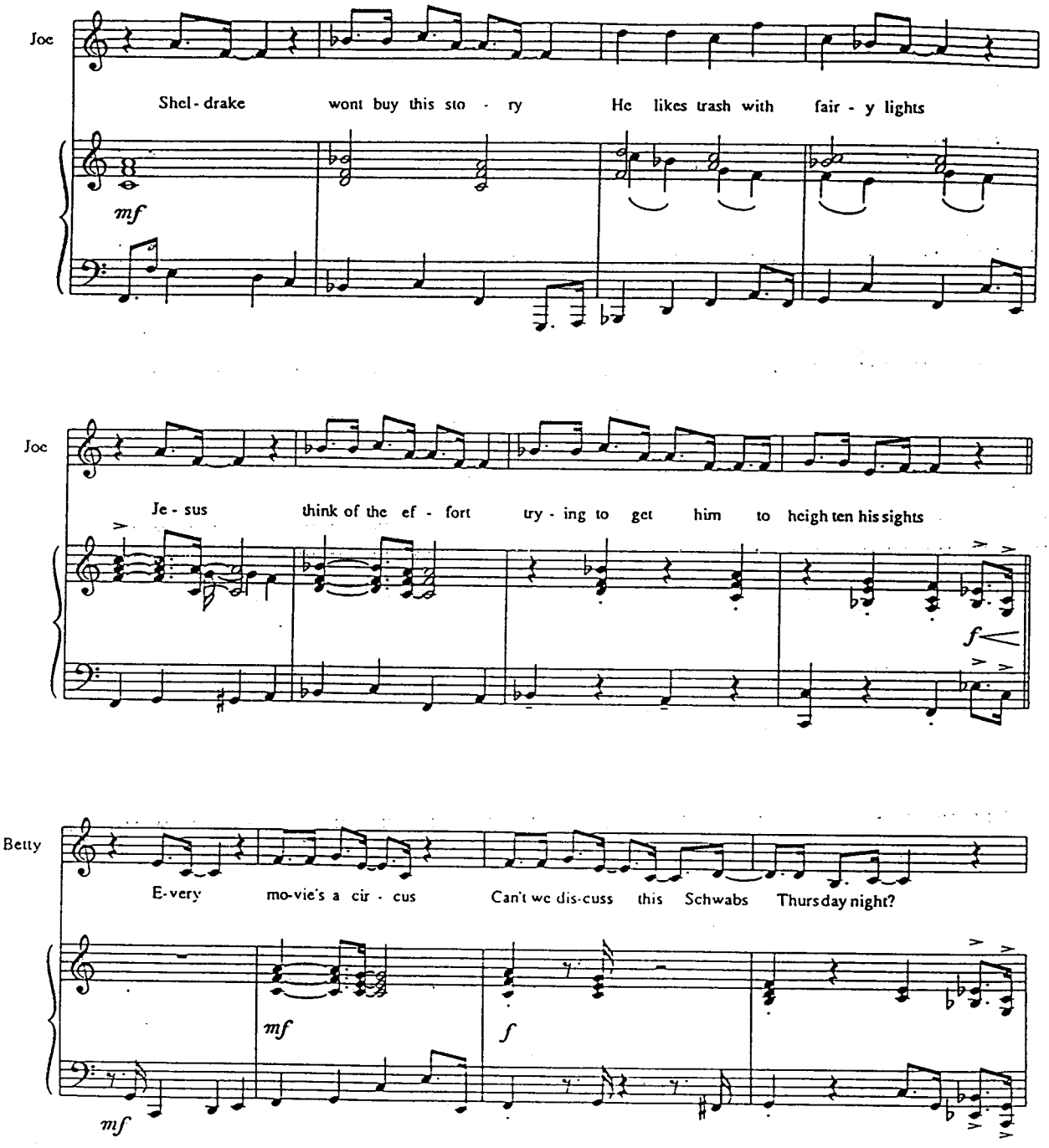


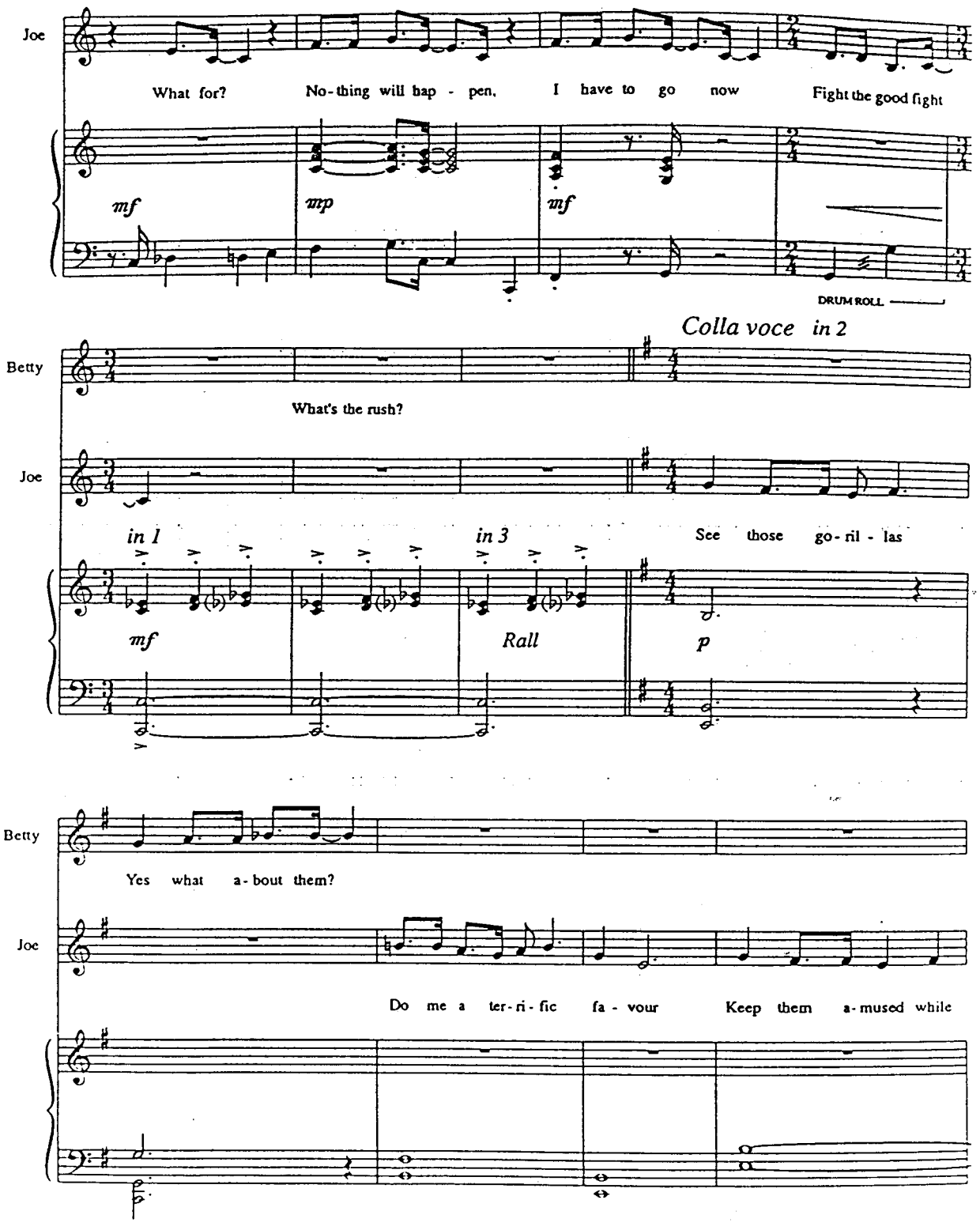
JOE: It's still here, right between my shoulder blades.

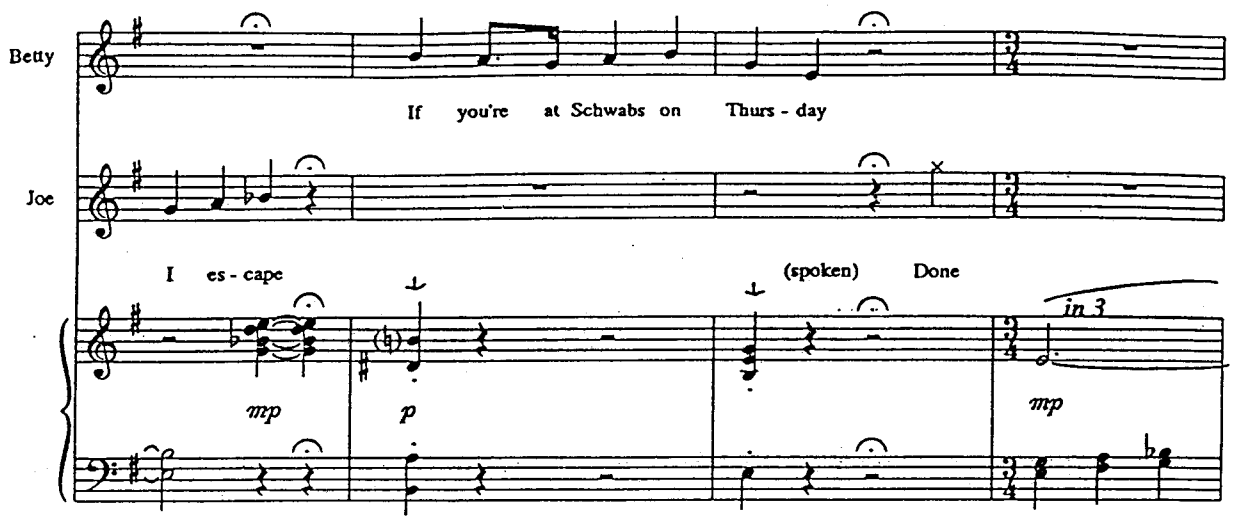
Betty's Pitch

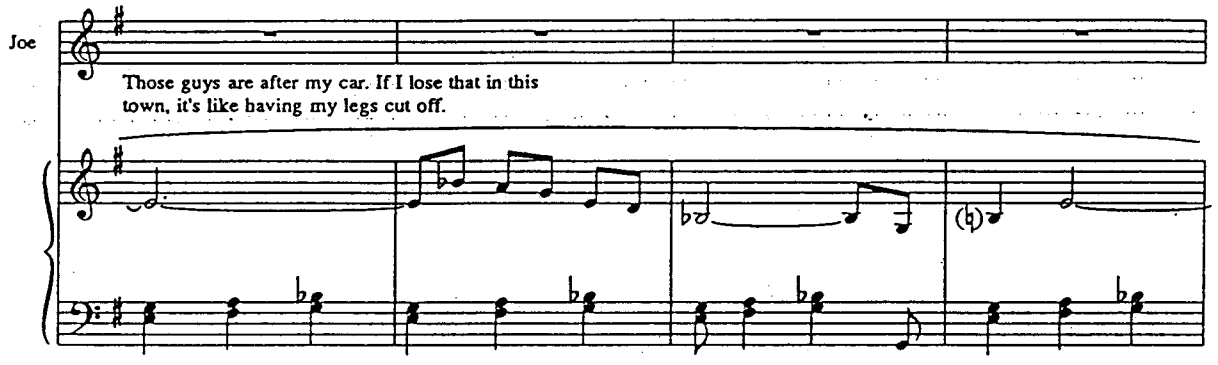



Betty
Let me pitch it to Shel - drake
Joe
I may be broke but I stillhave my pride
Tempo I in 4
f
Betty
Come on Get off your high horse Wri - ters with pride don't live in L. A.
mf
mf
Betty
Si - lence Ex - ile and cun - ning those are the on - ly cards you can play

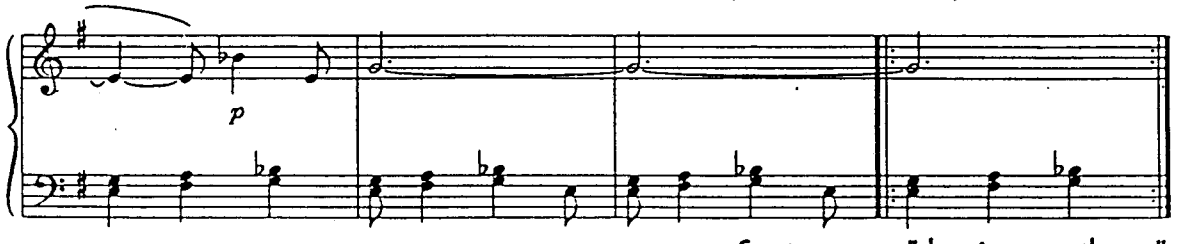

Joe
Shel - drake wont buy this sto - ry He likes trash with fair - y lights
mf
Joe
Je - sus think of the ef - fort try - ing to get him to heigh ten his sights
f
Betty
E-very mo-vie's a cir - cus Can't we dis-cuss this Schwabs Thursday night?
mf
f
mf


Joe
What for?
No-thing will hap - pen.
I have to go now
Fight the good fight
mf
mp
mf
DRUM ROLL
Colla voce in 2
Betty
What's the rush?
Joe
in 1
in 3
See those go-ril - las
mf
Rall
p
Betty
Yes what a-bout them?
Joe
Do me a ter-ri-fic fa - vour
Keep them a-mused while





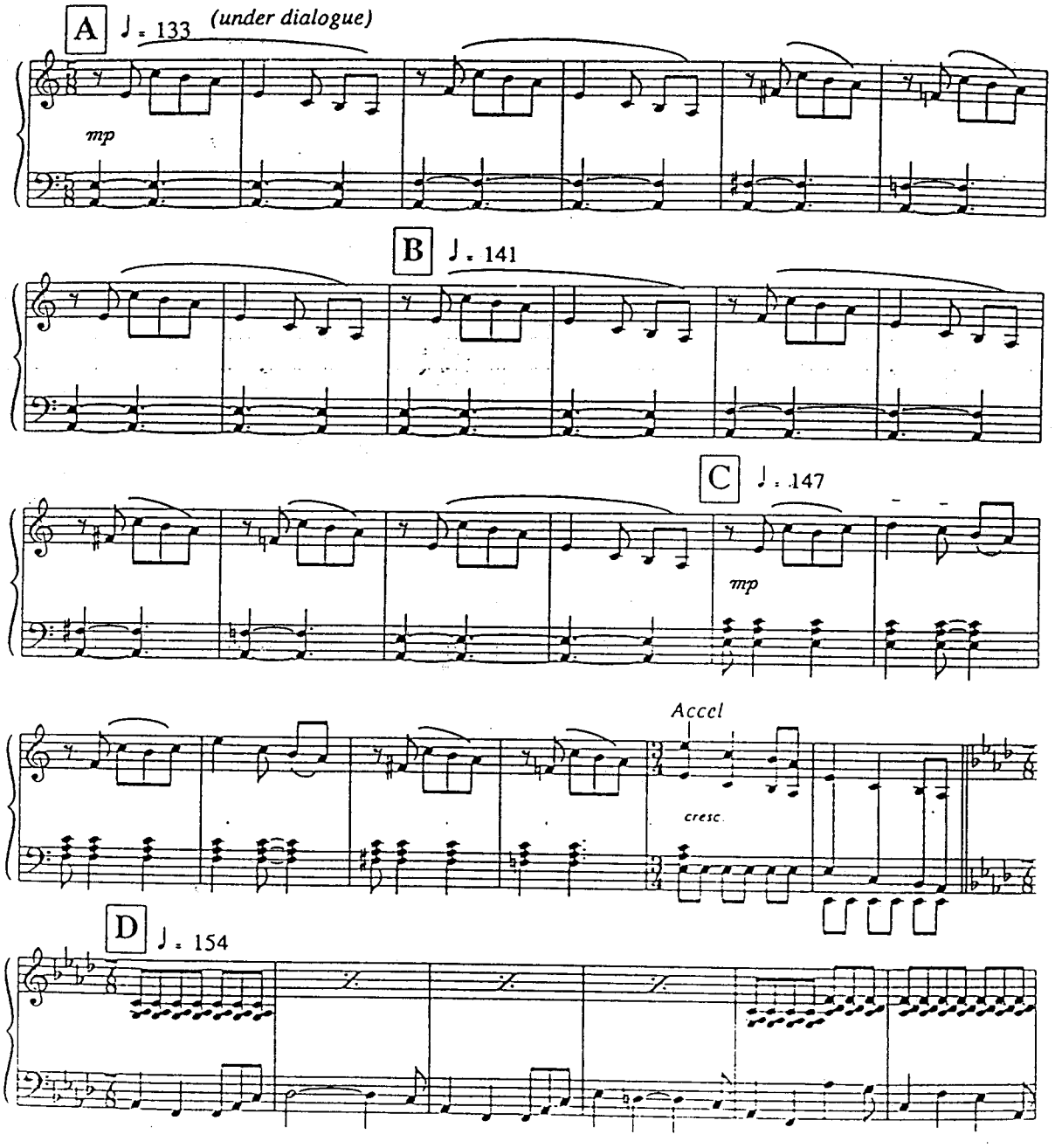
BETTY: Let's duck into the soundstage.
1st FIN MAN: Come on Gillis, give us the keys
BETTY: Shhh! Please be quiet, Mr DeMille is shooting over there.
(SEGUE AS ONE)

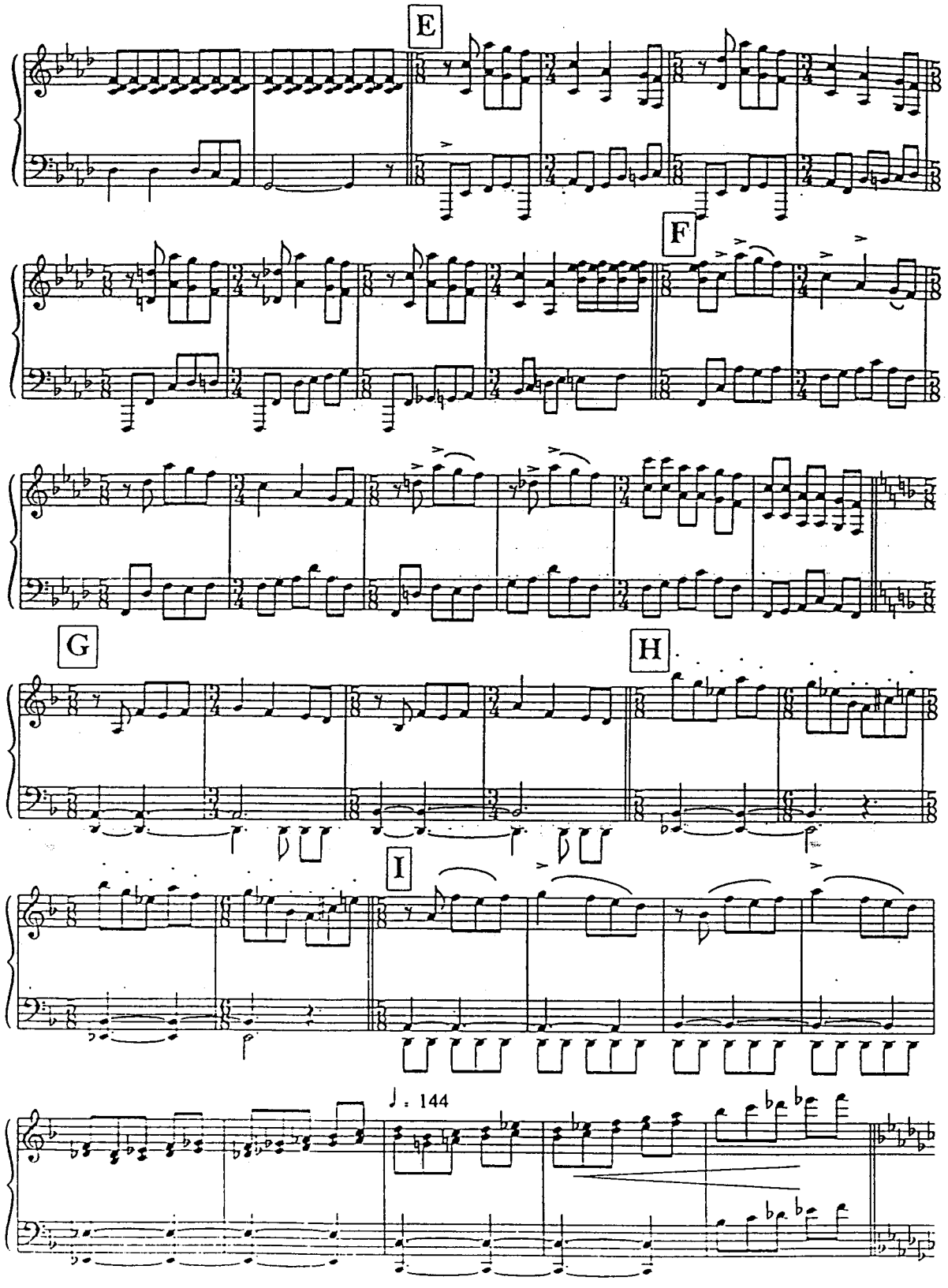


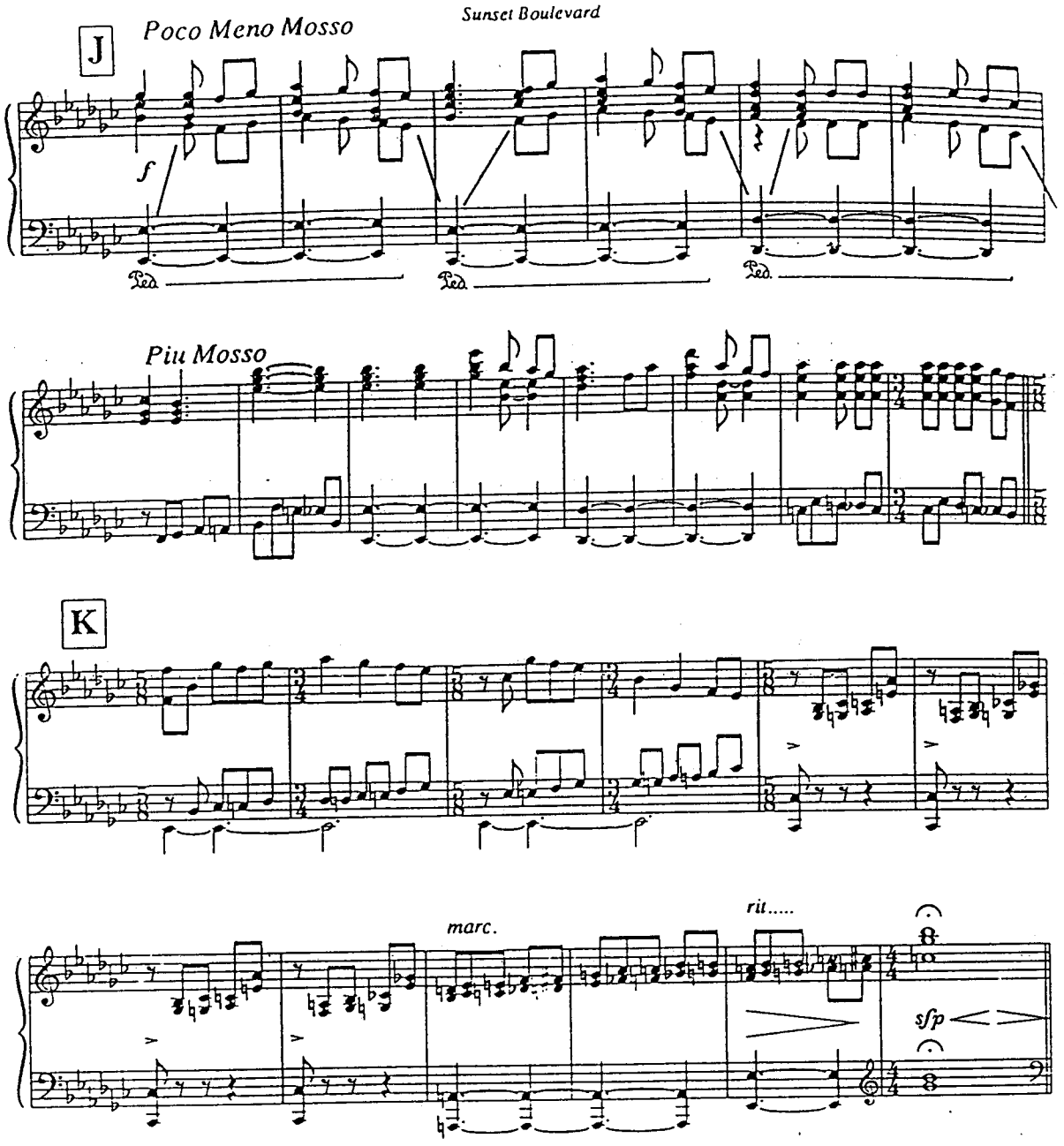
Cue to go on - "shooting over there.."

Car Chase

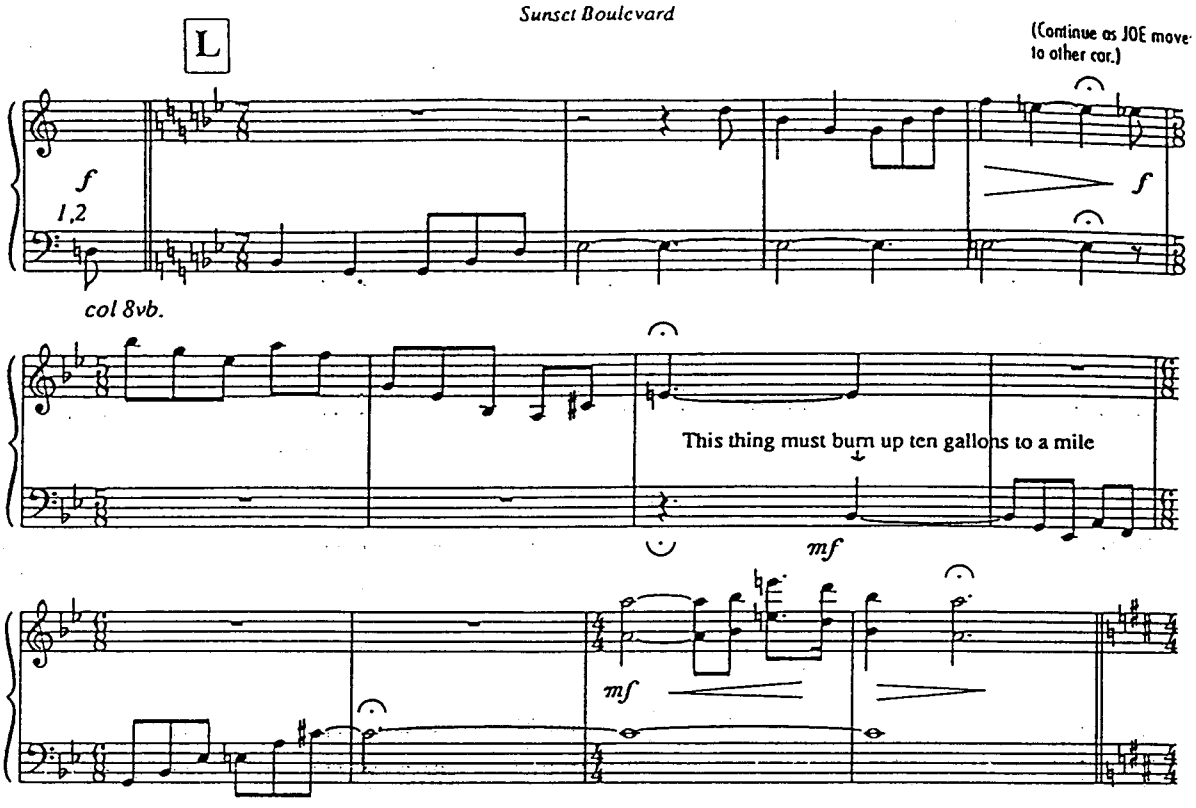
1ST FIN MAN: So what?
BETTY: He's working on "Samson and Delilah." They're doing a red hot scene with Hedy Lamarr. You want to stay and watch?
1ST FIN MAN: No. .
2ND FIN MAN: Relax, we got five minutes.




E
F
G
H
I
♩ = 144



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.

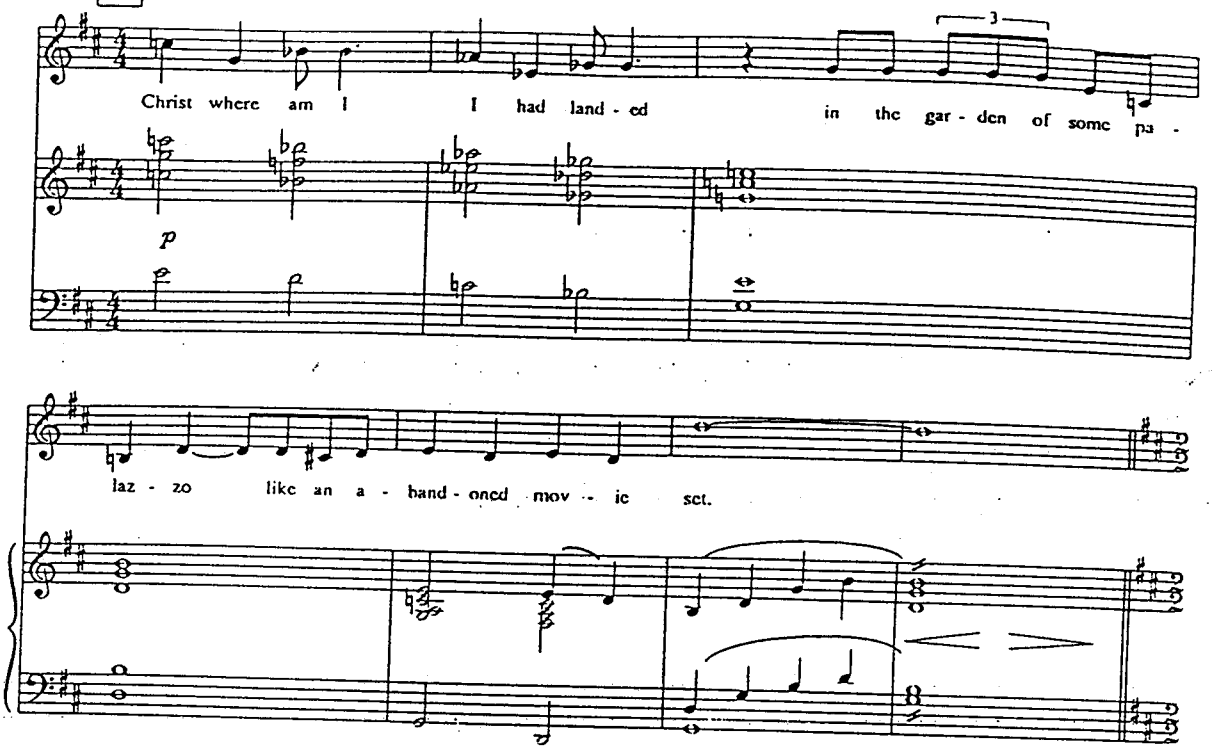
JOE: What a lovely sight:
a great big empty garage.

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.

N *Colla Voce in 4*

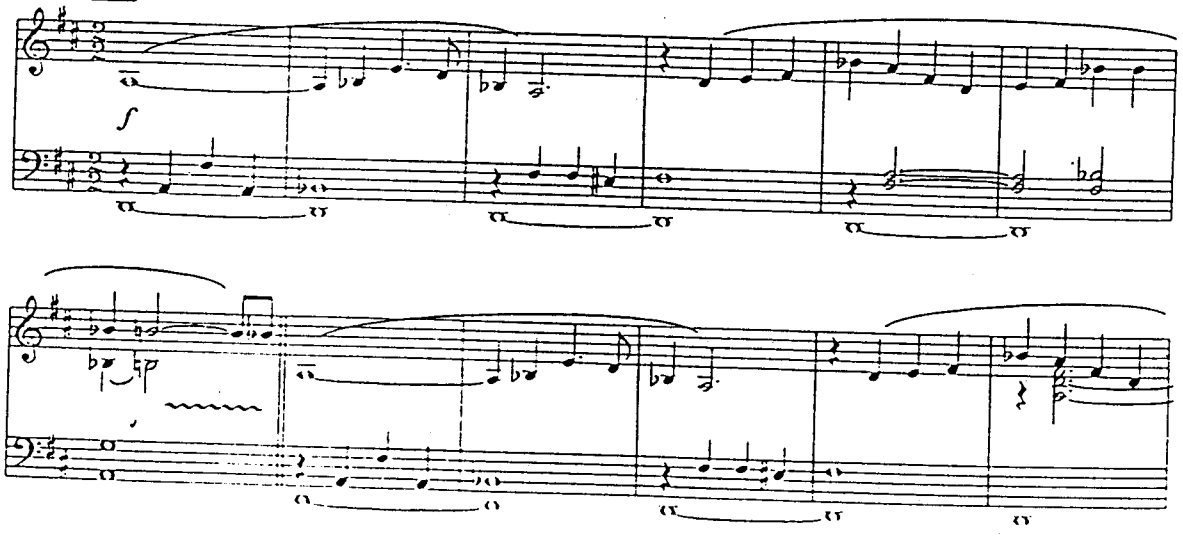


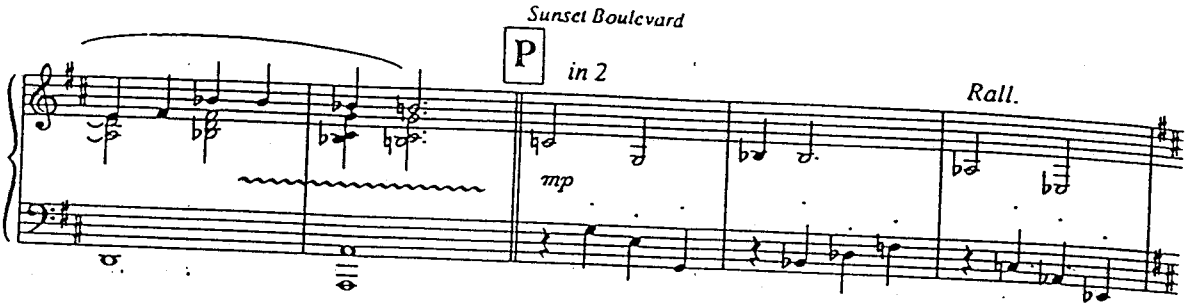
Suddenly he is startled by a sharp, decisive woman's voice, cutting harshly into his reverie...
He looks up at the balcony above but no-one is visible.

VOICE: You there !

JOE approaches still searching in vain for the source of the voice.

O *Intensely in 4*





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-collar shirt and white cotton gloves. He contemplates JOE, his expression blank; then speaks in some mitteleuropaisch 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 musty 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.

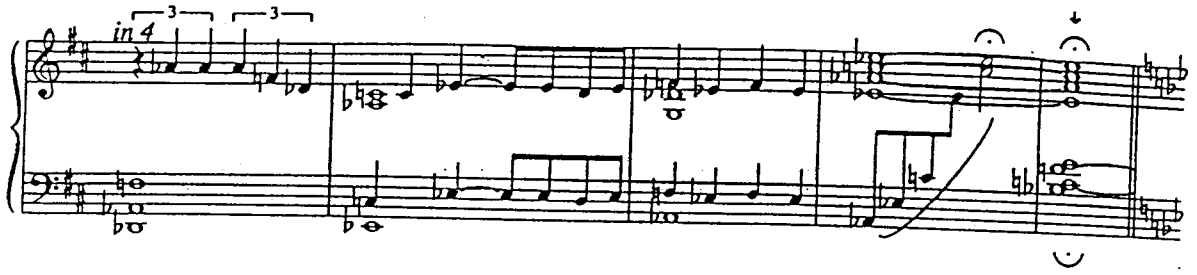
NORMA: Any laws against burying him in the garden ?

JOE: I wouldn't know.

NORMA: I don't care anyway.

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



Surrender

(Simply, like a lullaby)

A *No Beat* *A Tempo (Slowly in 3)*

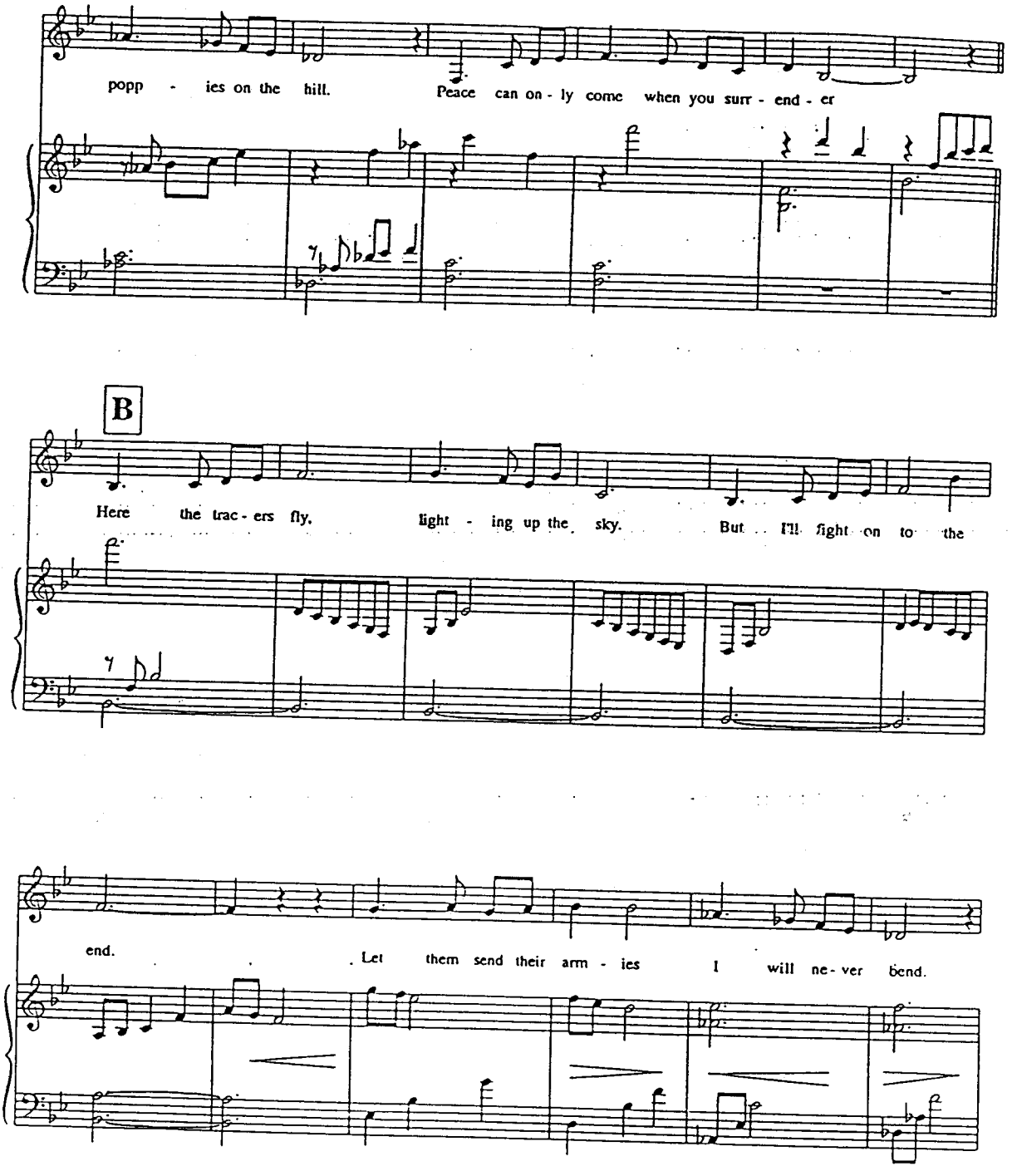
NORMA

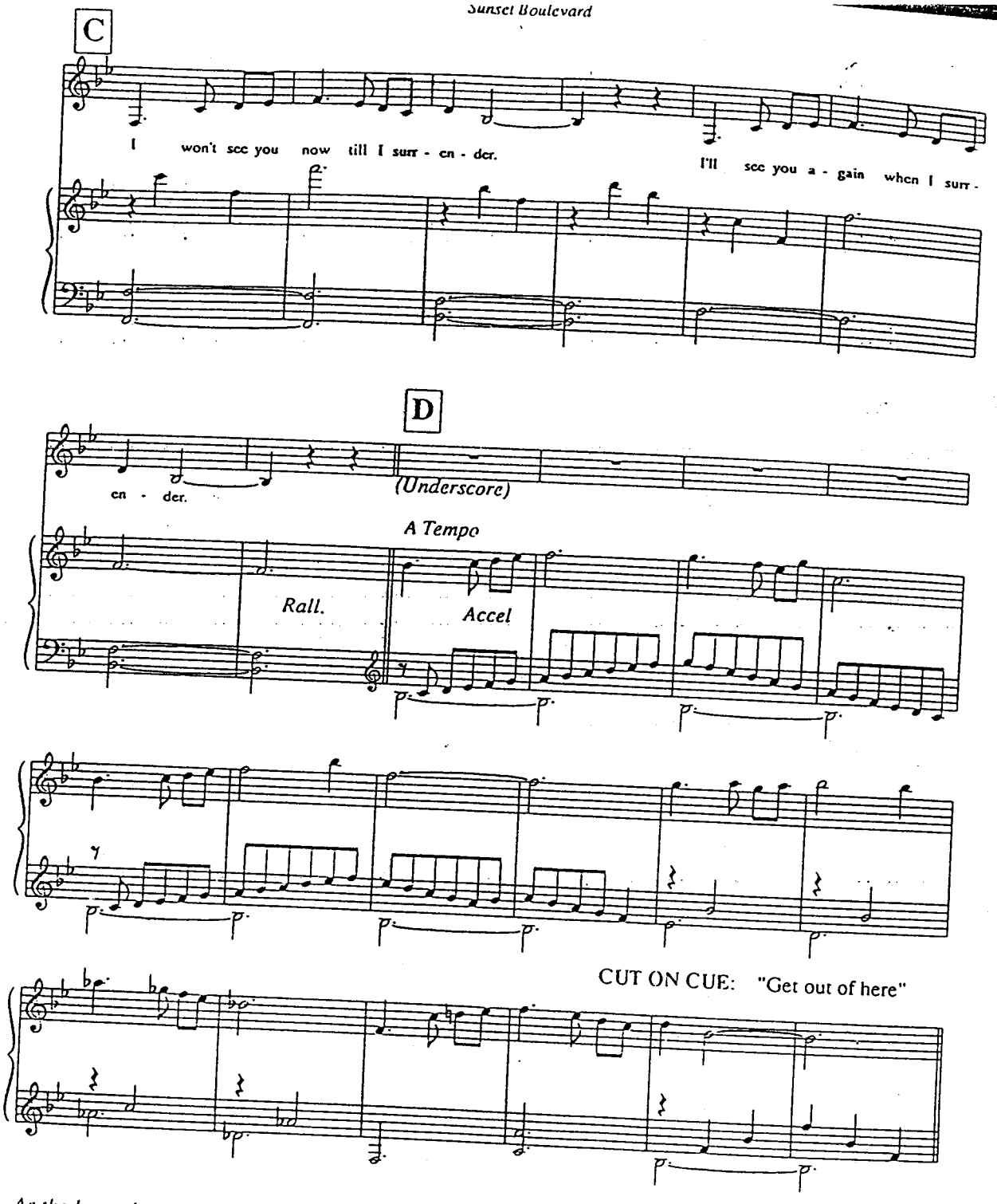
p No more wars to fight. White flags fly to - night.

(Slow)

p

You are out of dan - ger now. Bat - tle - field is still Wild


popp - ies on the hill.
Peace can on - ly come when you surr - end - er
B
Here the trac - ers fly,
light - ing up the sky.
But I'll fight on to the
end.
Let them send their arm - ies
I will ne - ver bend.



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.

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?

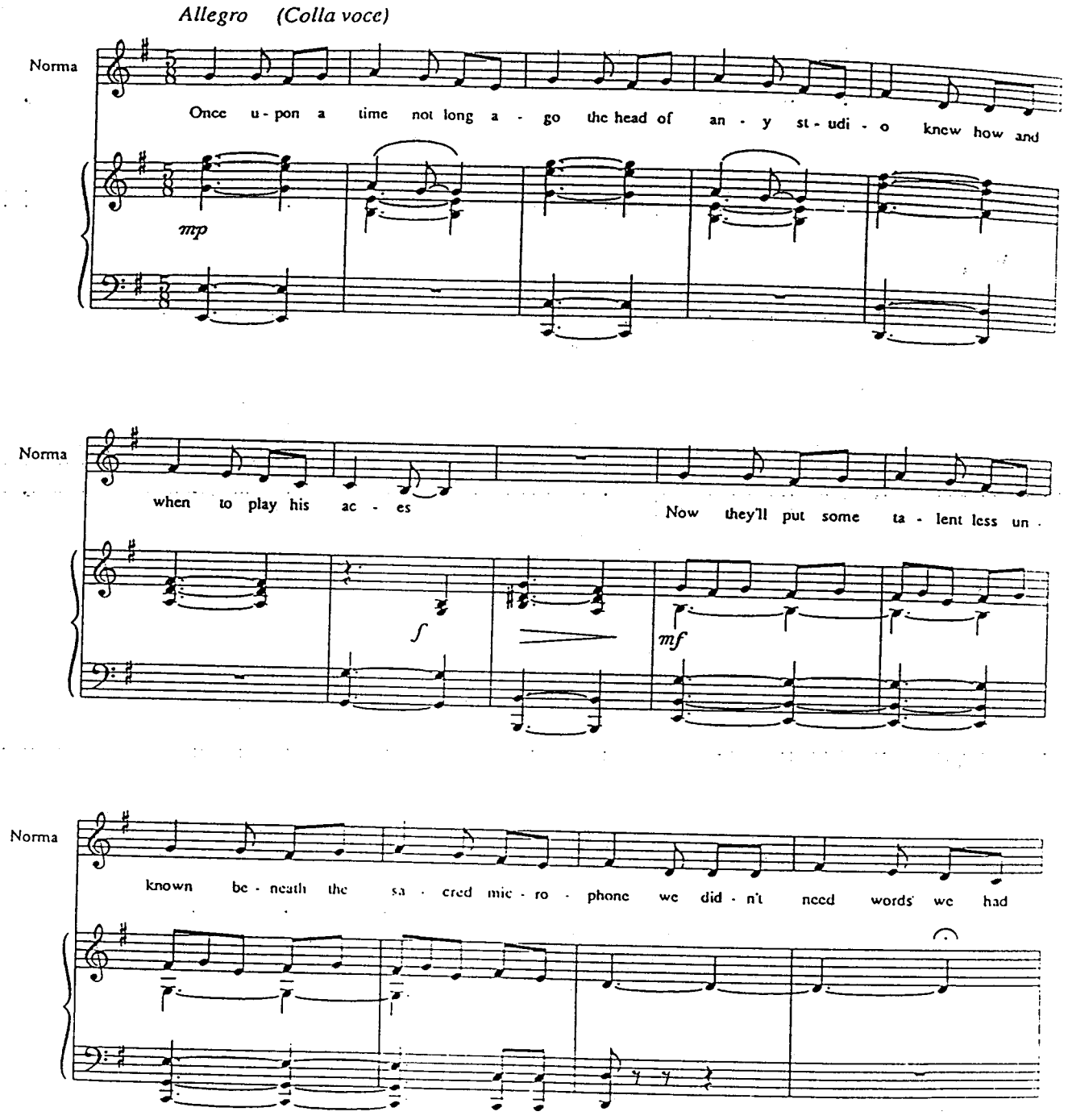
NORMA: Or shall I call my servant?

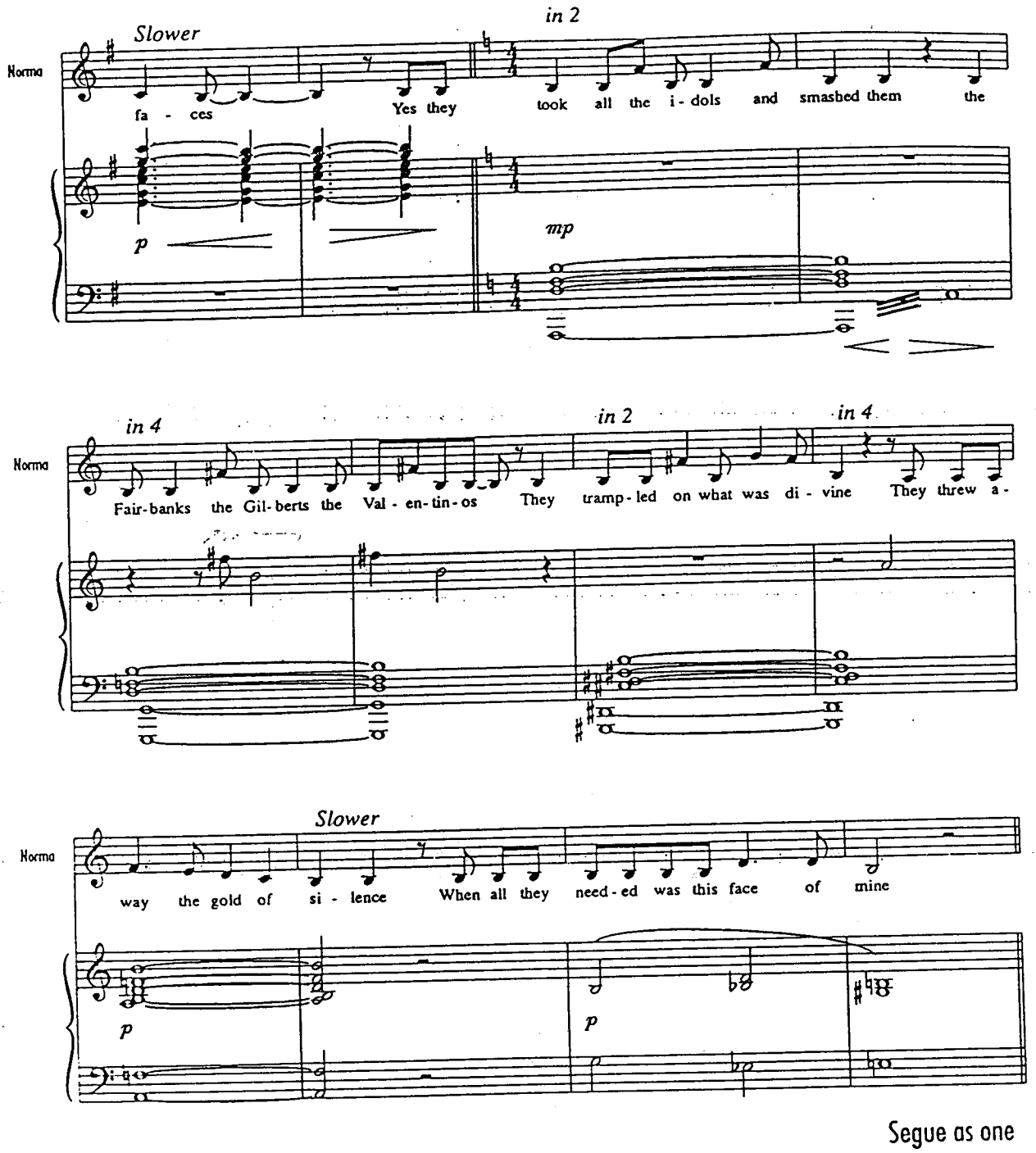
JOE: Aren't you Norma Desmond? You used to be in pictures. You used to be big.

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

She advances on him, flushed with indignation.

Once Upon A Time

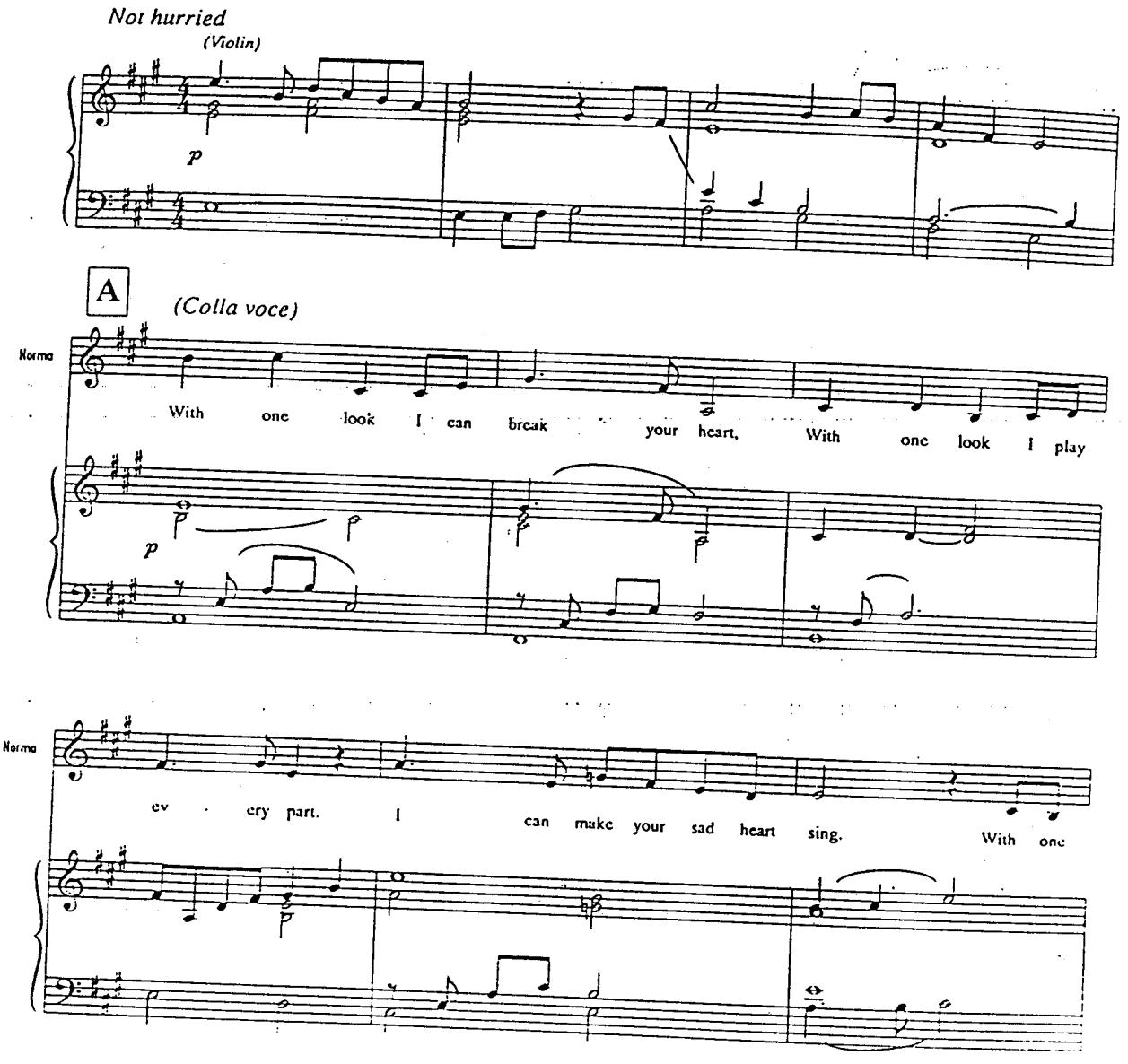


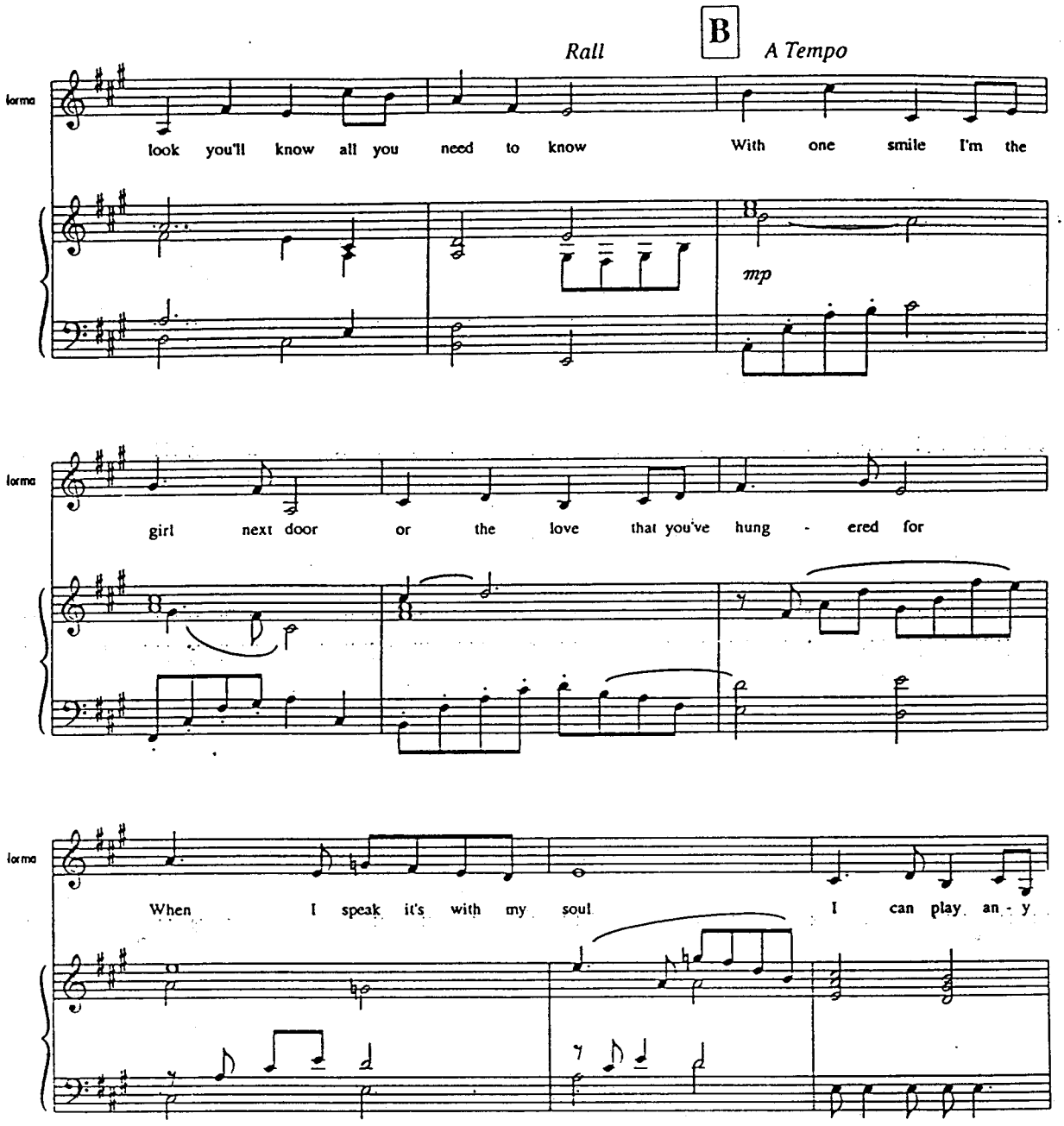

Slower
in 2
Norma
fa - ces
Yes they took all the i - dols and smashed them the
p
mp
in 4
in 2
in 4
Norma
Fair-banks the Gil-berts the Val - en-tin-os They tramp-led on what was di - vine They threw a-
Slower
Norma
way the gold of si - lence When all they need-ed was this face of mine
p
p

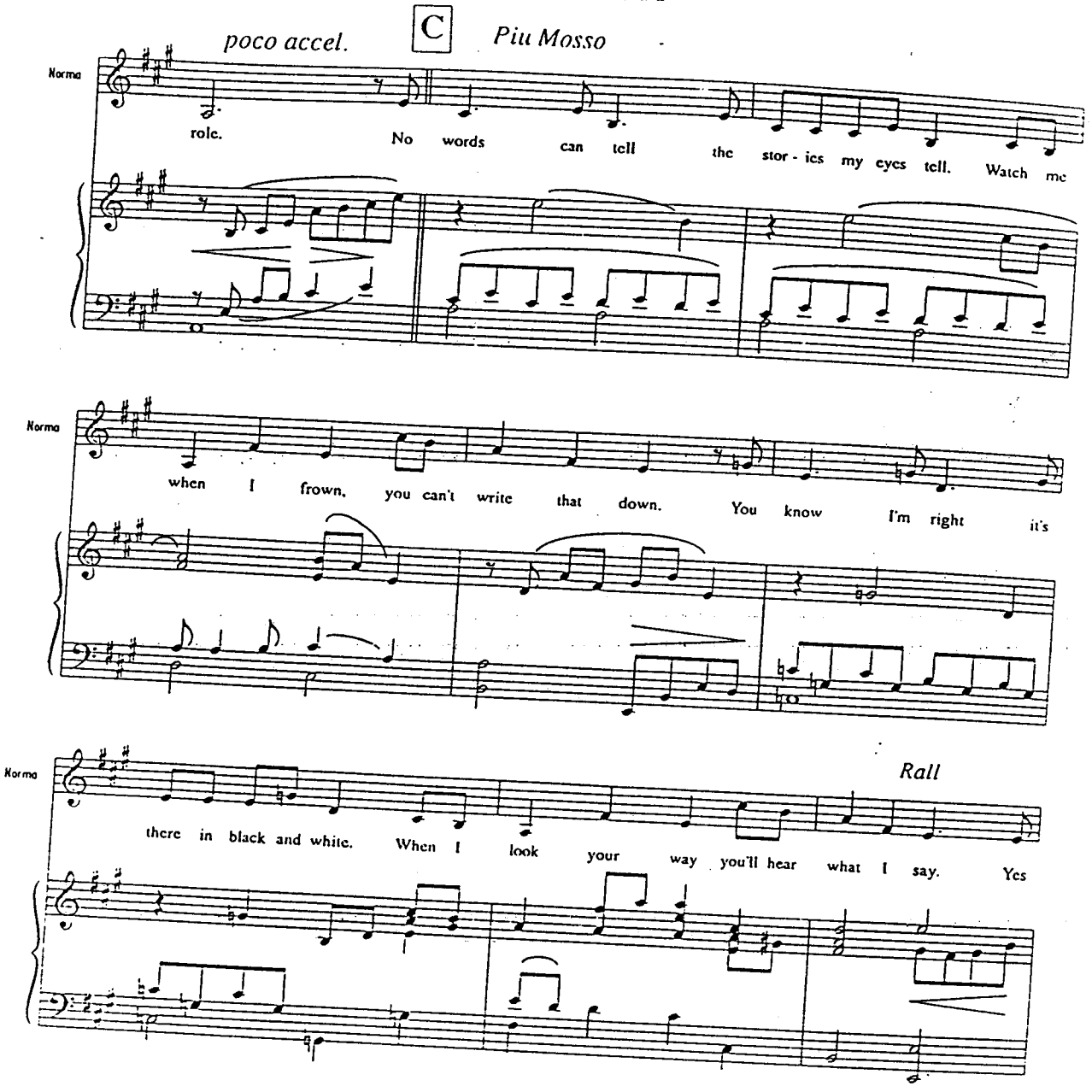
Segue as one

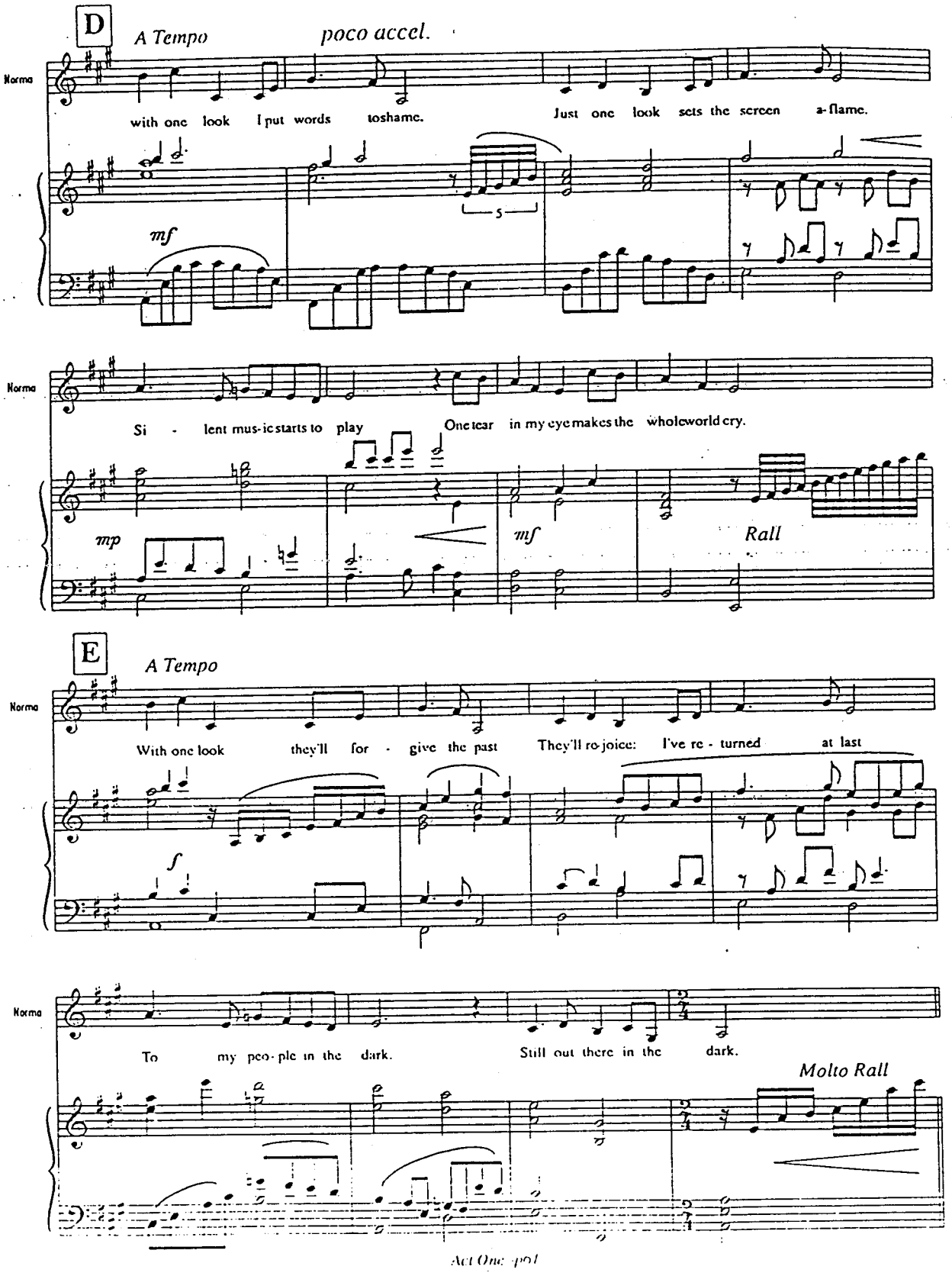
With One Look

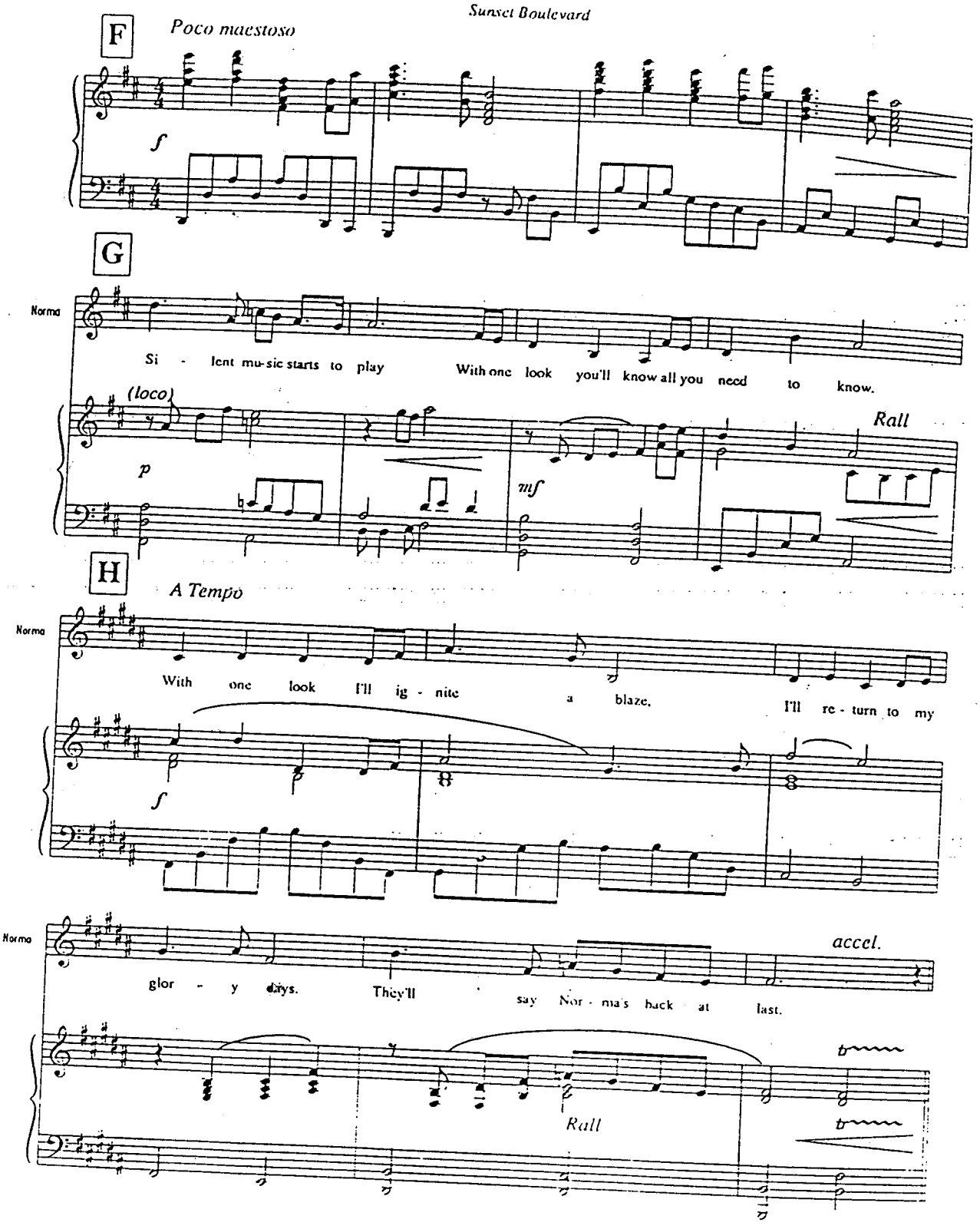
JOE: Don't blame me, I'm just a writer.




Rall
B
A Tempo
norma
look you'll know all you need to know With one smile I'm the
mp
norma
girl next door or the love that you've hung - ered for
norma
When I speak it's with my soul I can play an - y

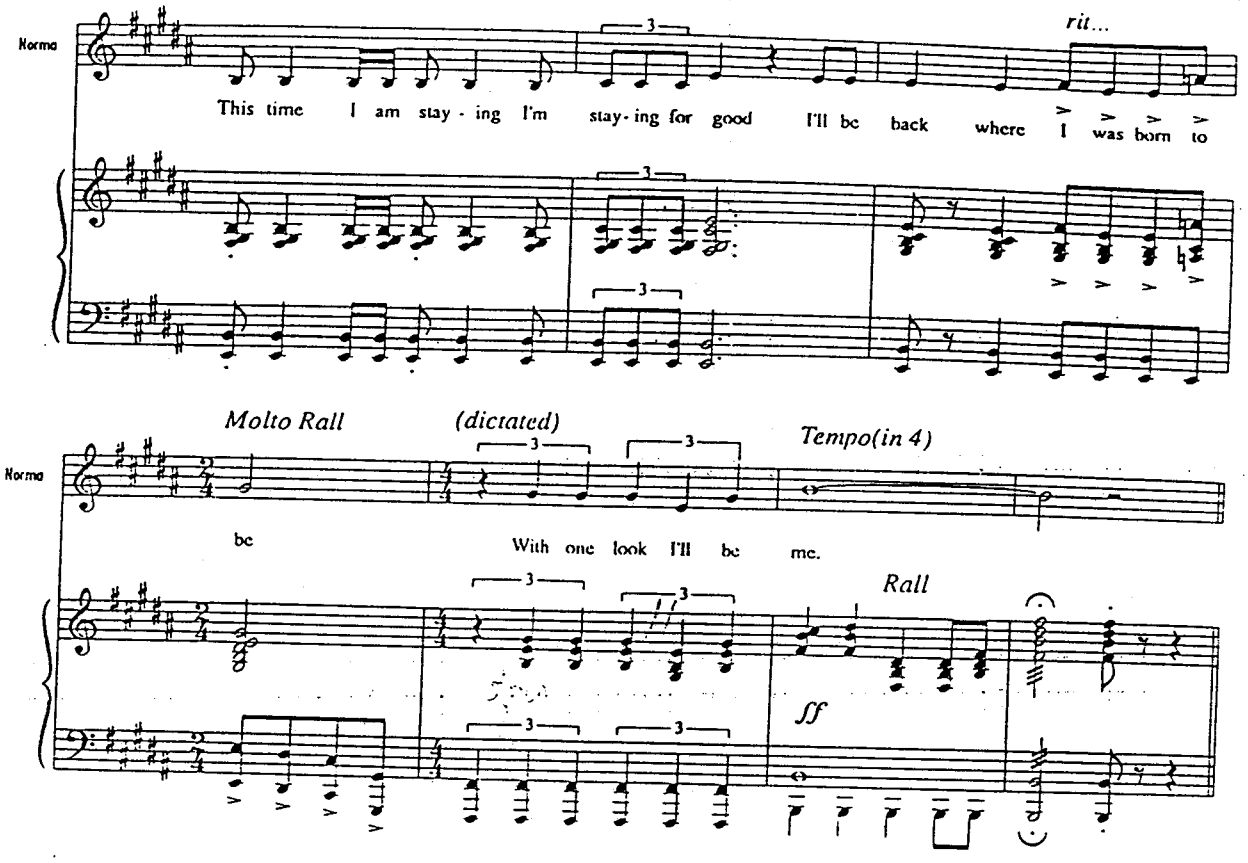

poco accel.
C
Piu Mosso
Norma
role. No words can tell the stor - ies my eyes tell. Watch me
Norma
when I frown, you can't write that down. You know I'm right it's
Norma
Rall
there in black and white. When I look your way you'll hear what I say. Yes


D
A Tempo
poco accel.
Norma
with one look I put words to shame.
Just one look sets the screen a-flame.
mf
5
Norma
Si - lent mus-ic starts to play
One tear in my eye makes the whole world cry.
mp
mf
Rall
E
A Tempo
Norma
With one look they'll for - give the past
They'll re-joice: I've re - turned at last
f
Norma
To my peo-ple in the dark.
Still out there in the dark.
Molto Rall


F
Poco maestoso
f
G
Norma
Si - lent mu-sic starts to play With one look you'll know all you need to know.
(loco)
p
mf
Rall
H
A Tempo
Norma
With one look I'll ig - nite a blaze, I'll re - turn to my
f
Norma
glor - y days. They'll say Nor - ma's back at last.
accel.
Rall

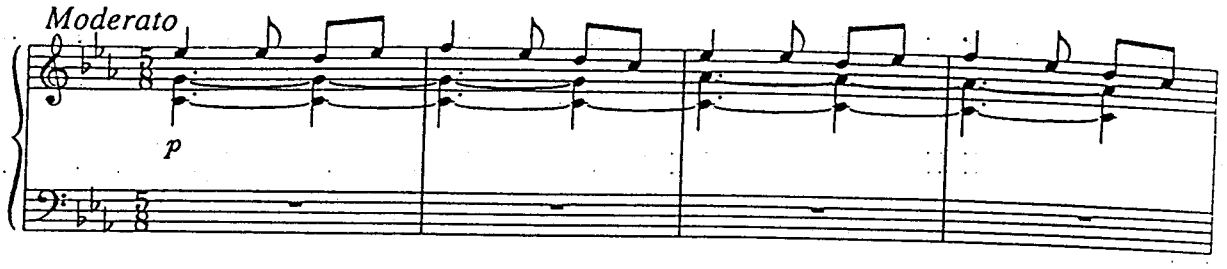
I

Piu Mosso

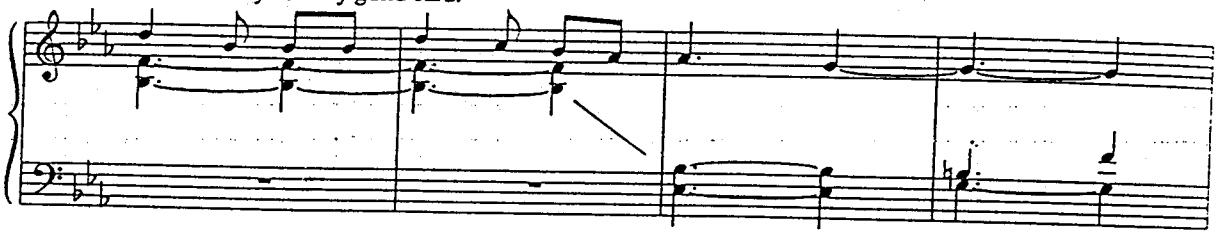

Norma
rit...
This time I am stay - ing I'm stay - ing for good I'll be back where I was born to
Molto Rall
(dictated)
Tempo(in 4)
Norma
be
With one look I'll be me.
Rall
ff

With One Look Underscore

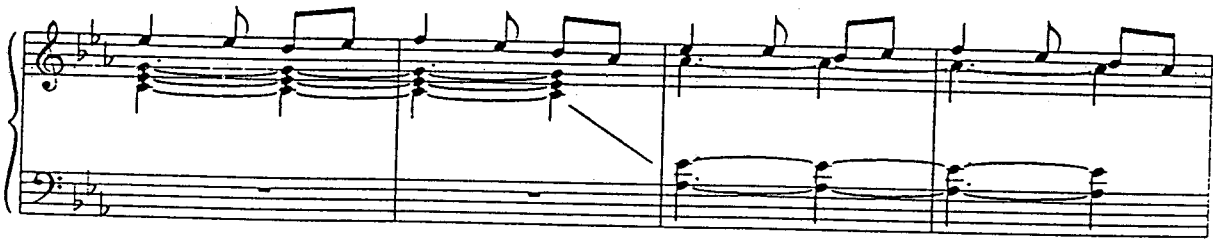
NORMA: Now go! *(MUSIC STARTS)*



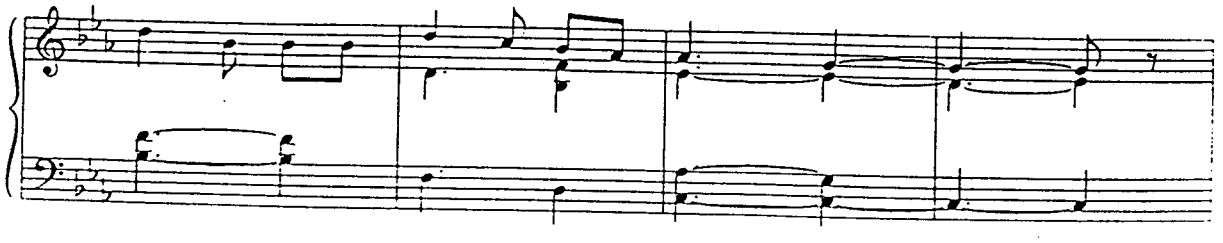
JOE: Next time I'll bring my autograph book or maybe a hunk of cement and ask for your footprint.
NORMA: Did you say you were a writer?
JOE: That's what it says on my guild card.



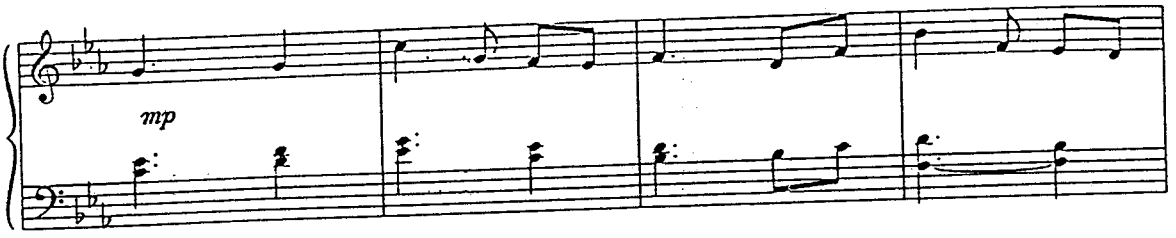
NORMA: And you've written pictures? JOE: Sure have. Would you like to see my credits?



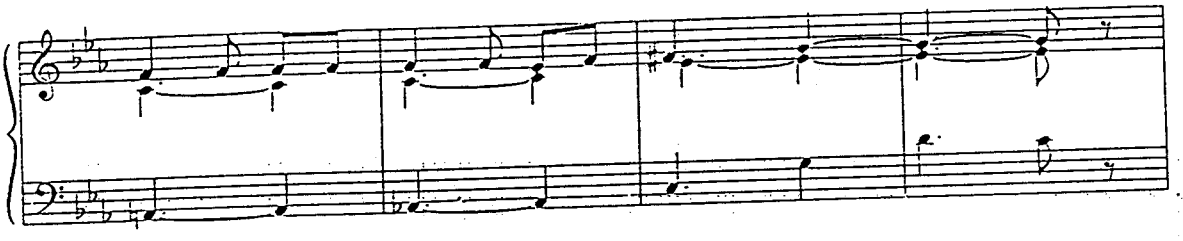
NORMA: Come over here. I want to ask you something.
(JOE hesitates; but his curiosity gets the better of him and HE begins to move back into the body of the room.)



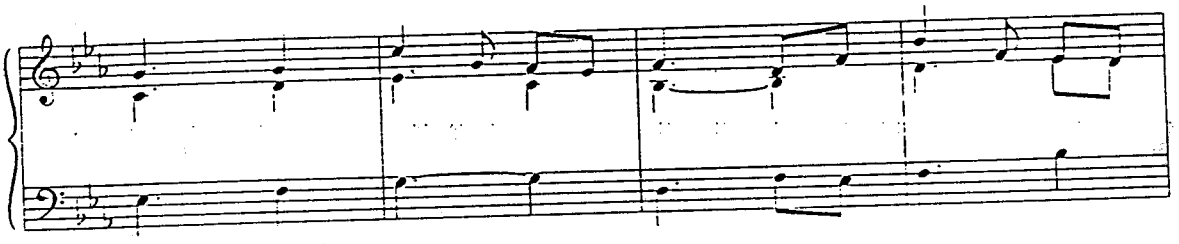
NORMA: What sort of length is a movie script these days? JOE: Depends



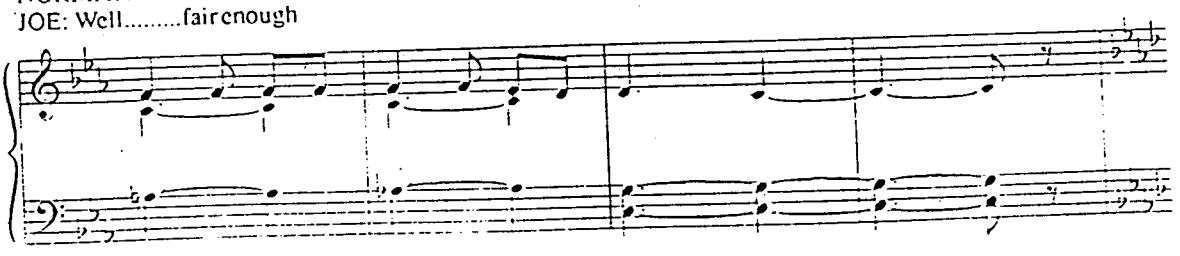
NORMA: I wrote this. It's a very important picture.
JOE: Looks like six very important pictures.



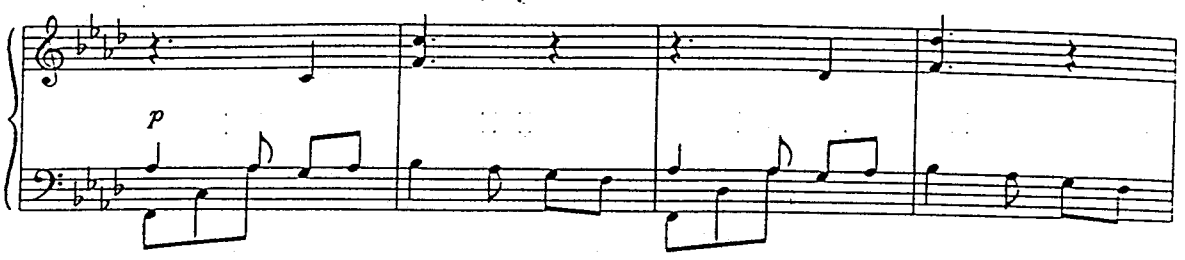
NORMA; It's for DeMille to direct. JOE: Oh yeah. And will you be in it?



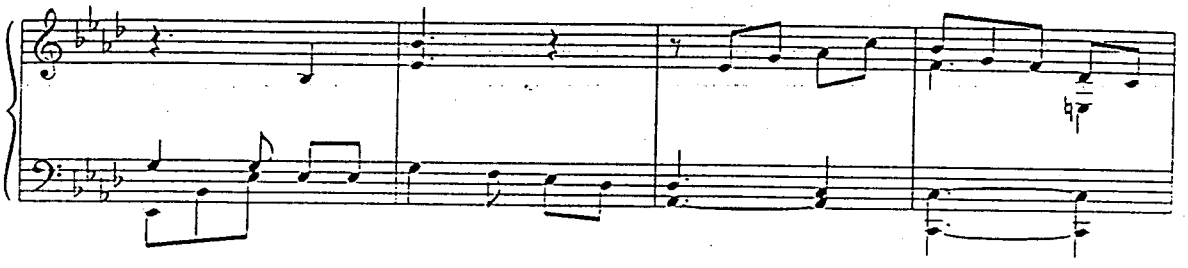
NORMA: Of course. What do you think?
JOE: Just asking. I didn't know you were planning a comeback
NORMA: I hate that word. It's a return.
JOE: Well.....fair enough



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.

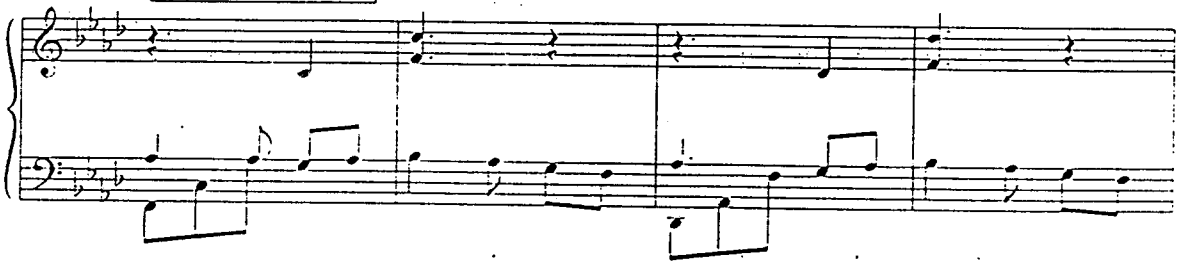


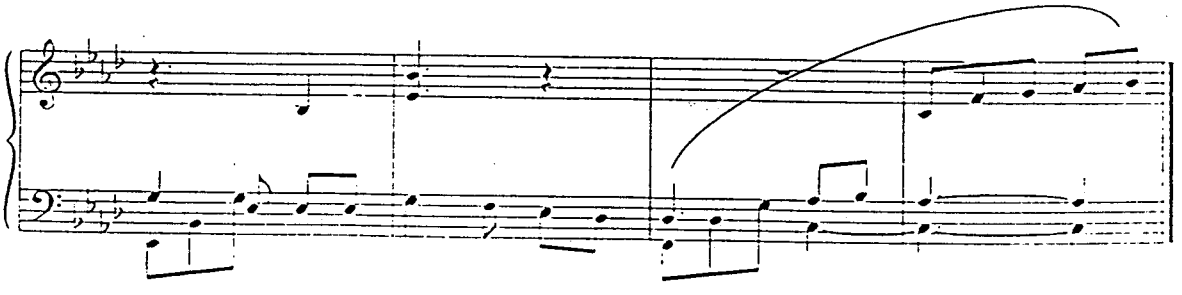
NORMA: I'm not afraid. Sit down. Max ! (JOE still dithers; MAX appears at once)
Bring something to drink.
MAX: Yes , Madame.



FADE +STOP ON CUE

(JOE brightens; but still hesitates)
NORMA: I said sit down!

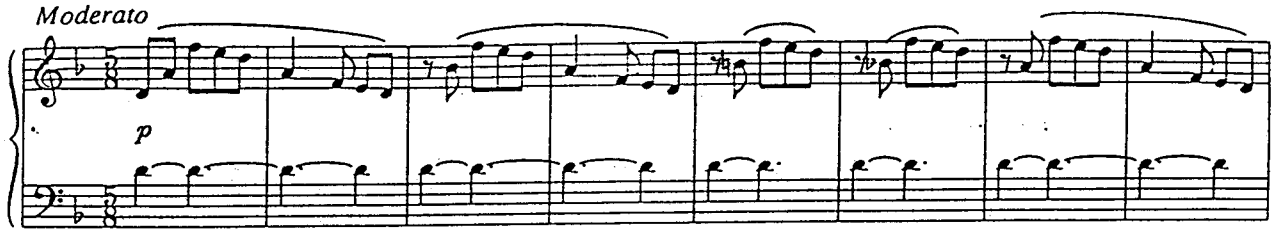




Salome

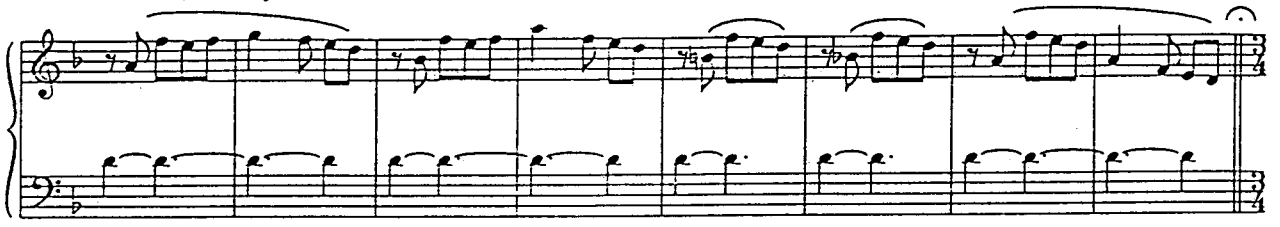
NORMA: It's about Salome. *(MUSIC STARTS)*

Moderato



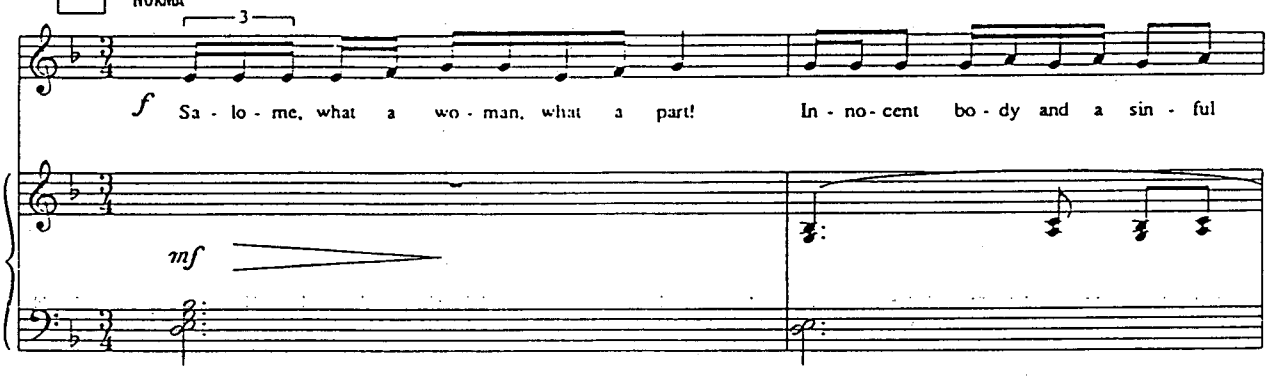
(MAX arrives wheeling a silver trolley. JOE takes the manuscript from NORMA and settles himself.)

NORMA: Salome; the story of a woman. The woman who was all women. *(Rall. if required)*

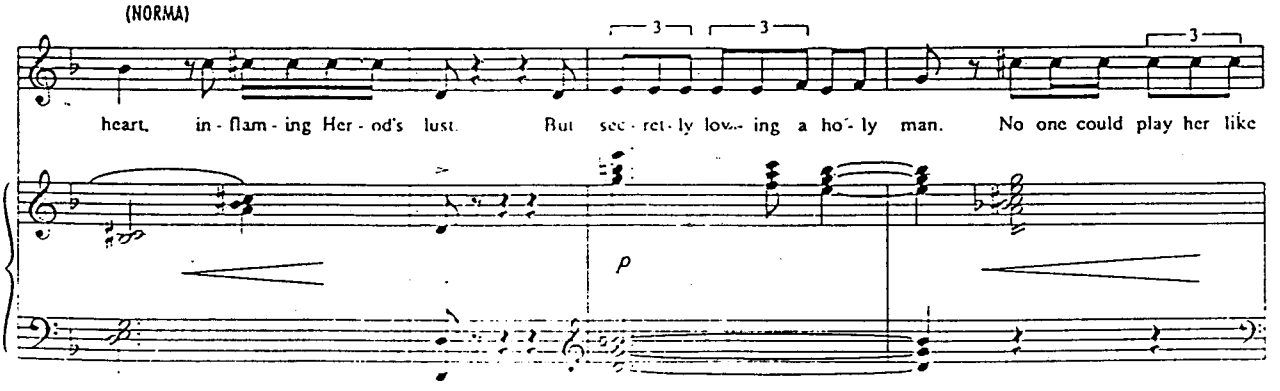


A *Agitato con fuoco (Colla voce)*

NORMA



(NORMA)



(NORMA)

B

A tempo moderato assai

I can.

JOE *(Relaxed, casual)*

Well I had noth - ing ur - gent com - ing 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.

(JOE)

skim it. It's fun to see how bad bad writ - ing can be this

NORMA paces impatiently: the light is beginning to fade.

NORMA

C

There's so ma - ny great scenes I can't wait a

(JOE)

prom - ised to go to the lim - it.

mf

(NORMA)

boil - ing caul - dron of love nad hate. She toys with Her - od. Til he's

(NORMA)

Rall

put - ty in her hands He reels tor - ment - ed through the des - ert

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

(NORMA)

D

sands.

JOE

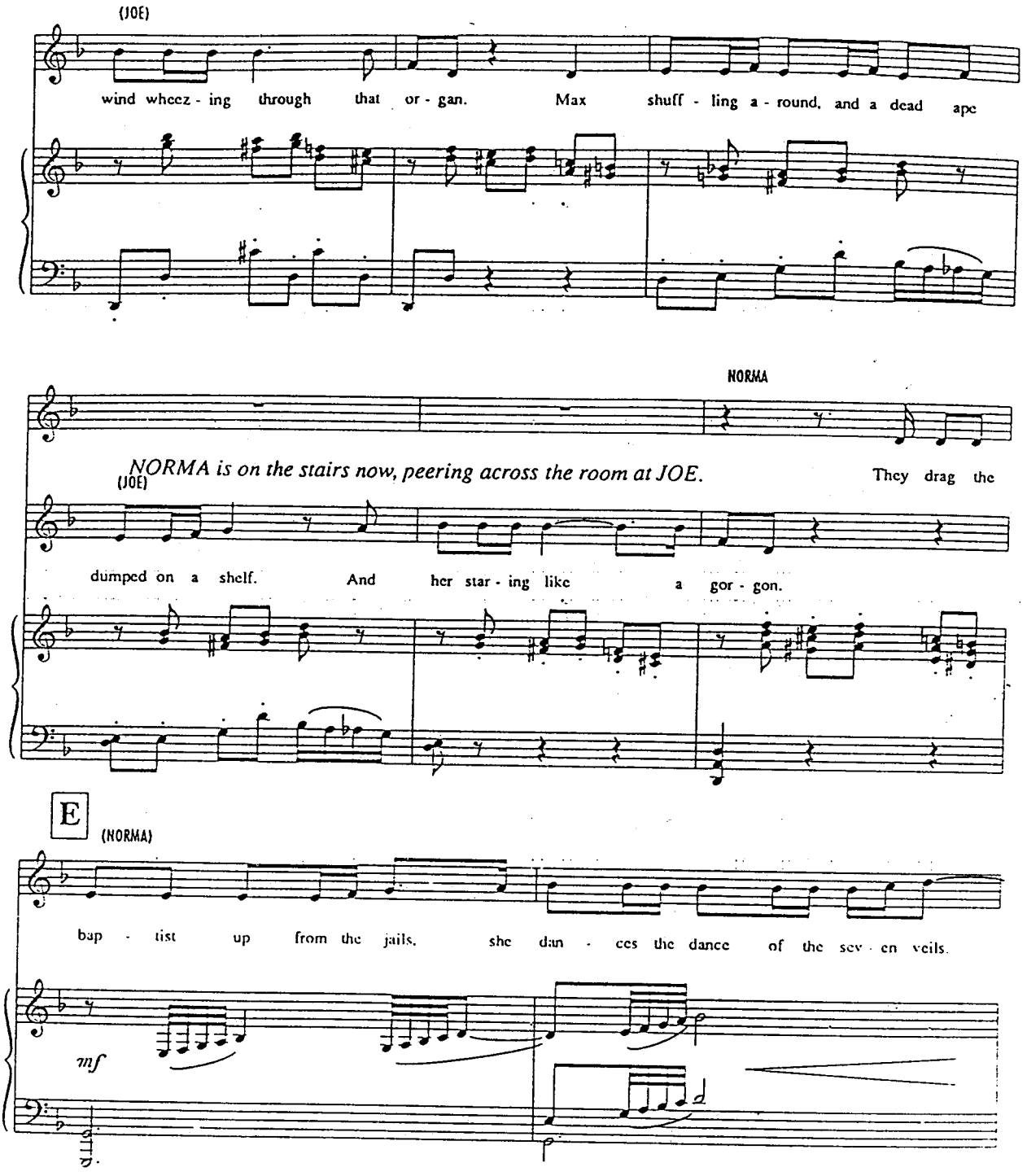
A tempo moderato assai

It sure was a real cheer - y set up, the

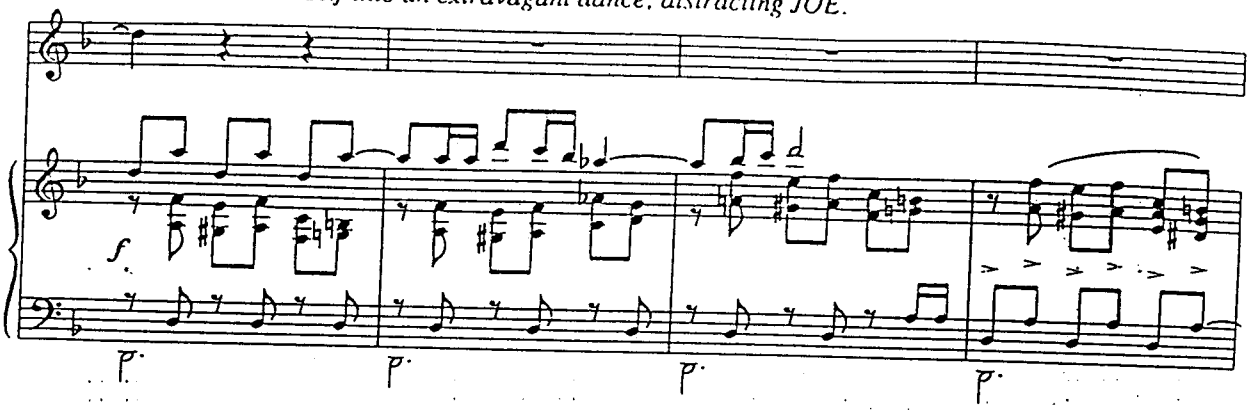
f

mp

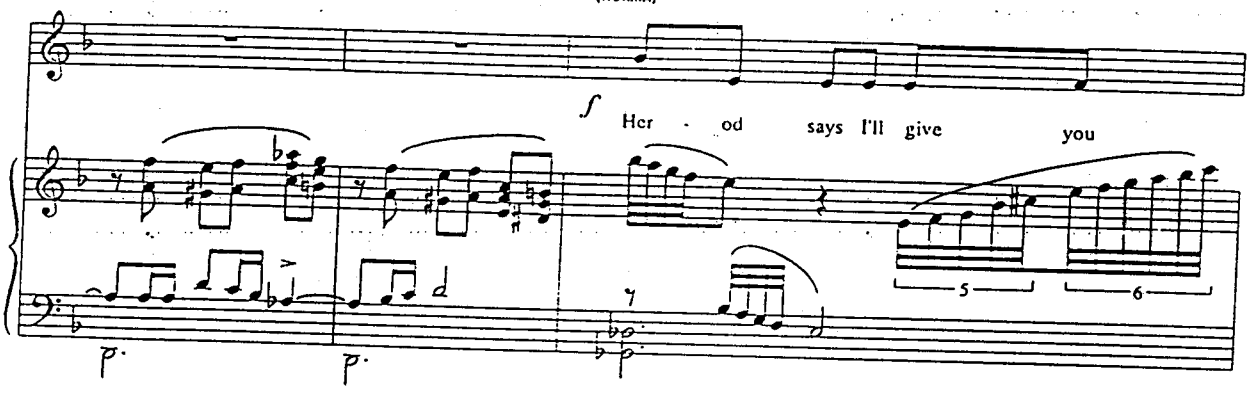
p


(JOE)
wind wheez - ing through that or - gan. Max shuff - ling a - round, and a dead ape
NORMA
NORMA is on the stairs now, peering across the room at JOE.
(JOE)
They drag the
dumped on a shelf. And her star - ing like a gor - gon.
E
(NORMA)
bap - tist up from the jails, she dan - ces the dance of the sev - en veils.
mf

NORMA throws herself into an extravagant dance, distracting JOE.

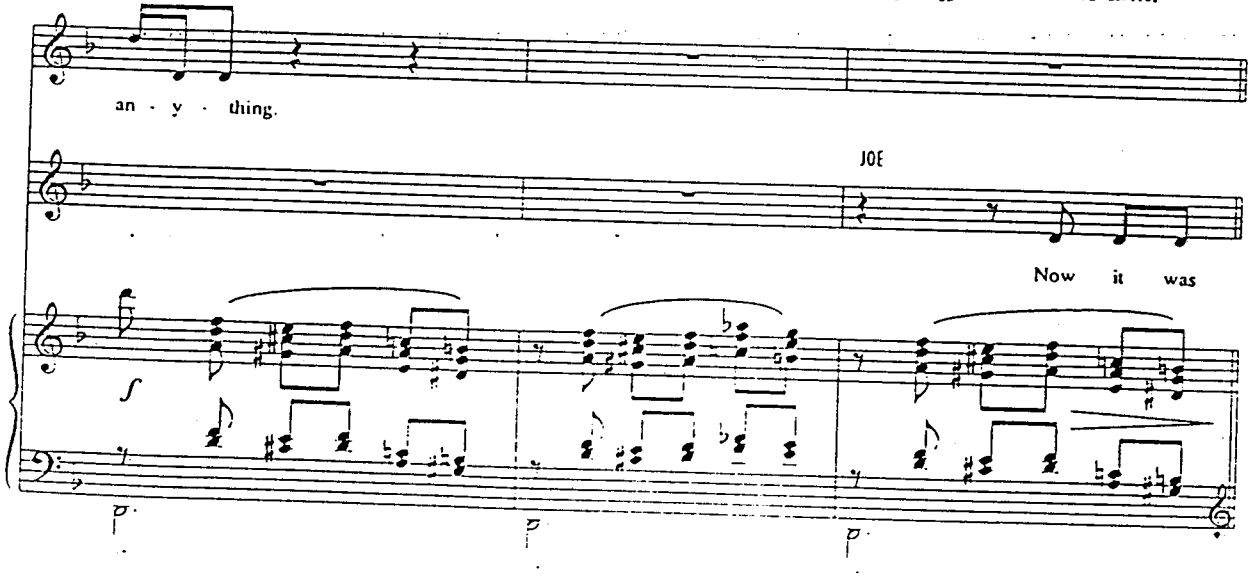


(NORMA)

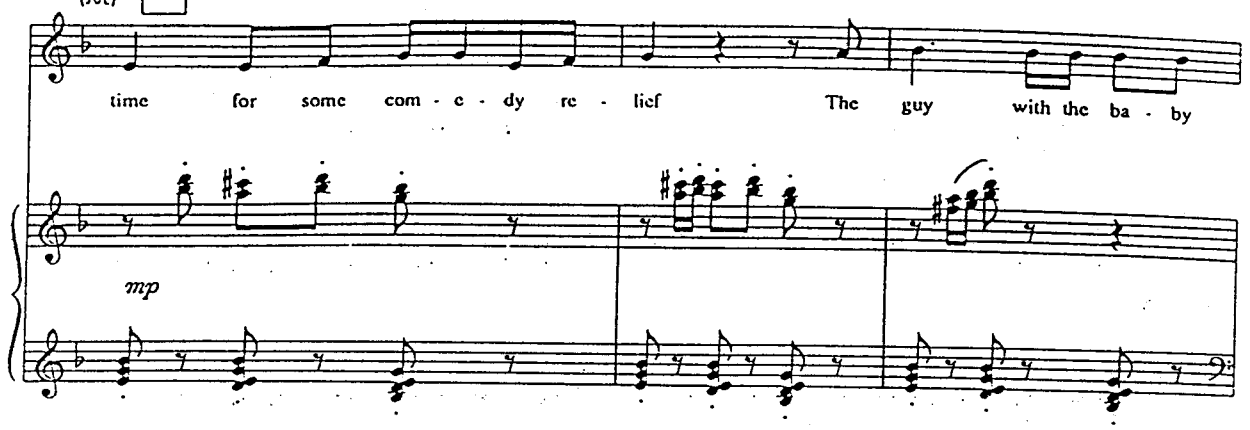


JOE resumes reading as MAX shows in a man dressed in formal evening clothes: the PET UNDERTAKER. He has a baby coffin under his arm.

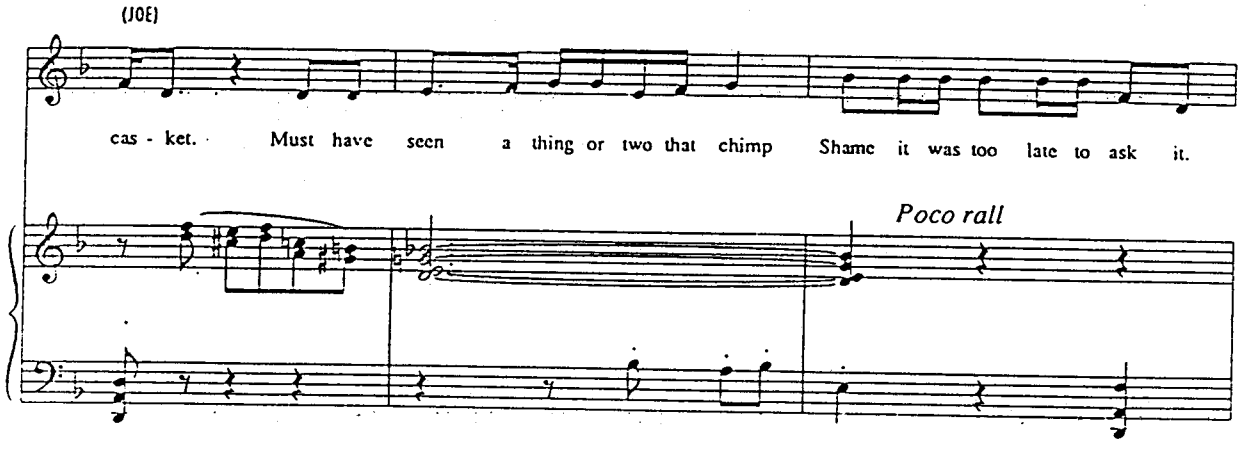
(NORMA)



(JOE) **F**

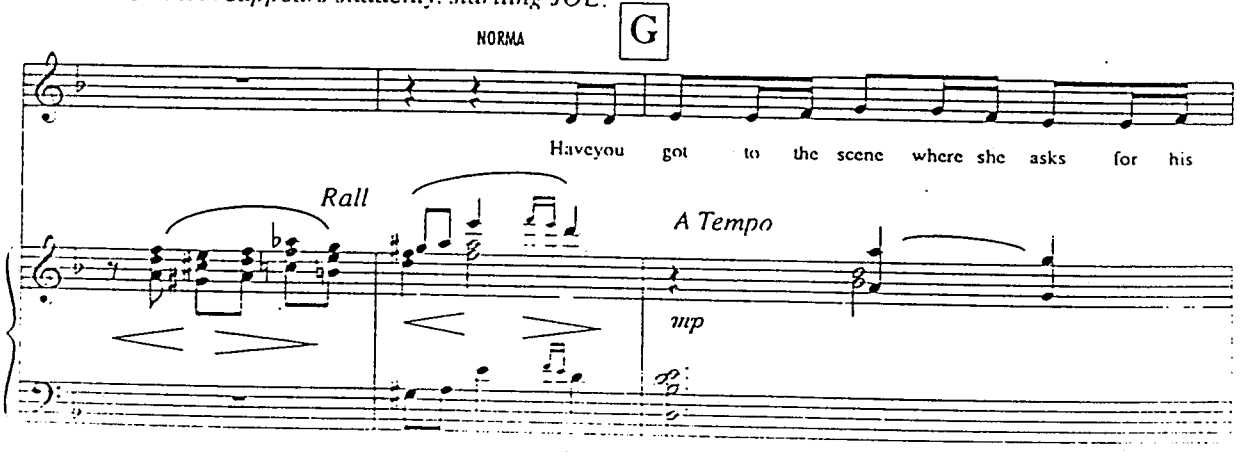


(JOE)



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.

NORMA **G**



(NORMA)

head? If she can't have him liv - ing she'll take him dead. They

mf

(NORMA)

bring in his head on a sil - ver tray. She kiss - es his mouth. It's a great screen -

Rall

3 3

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.

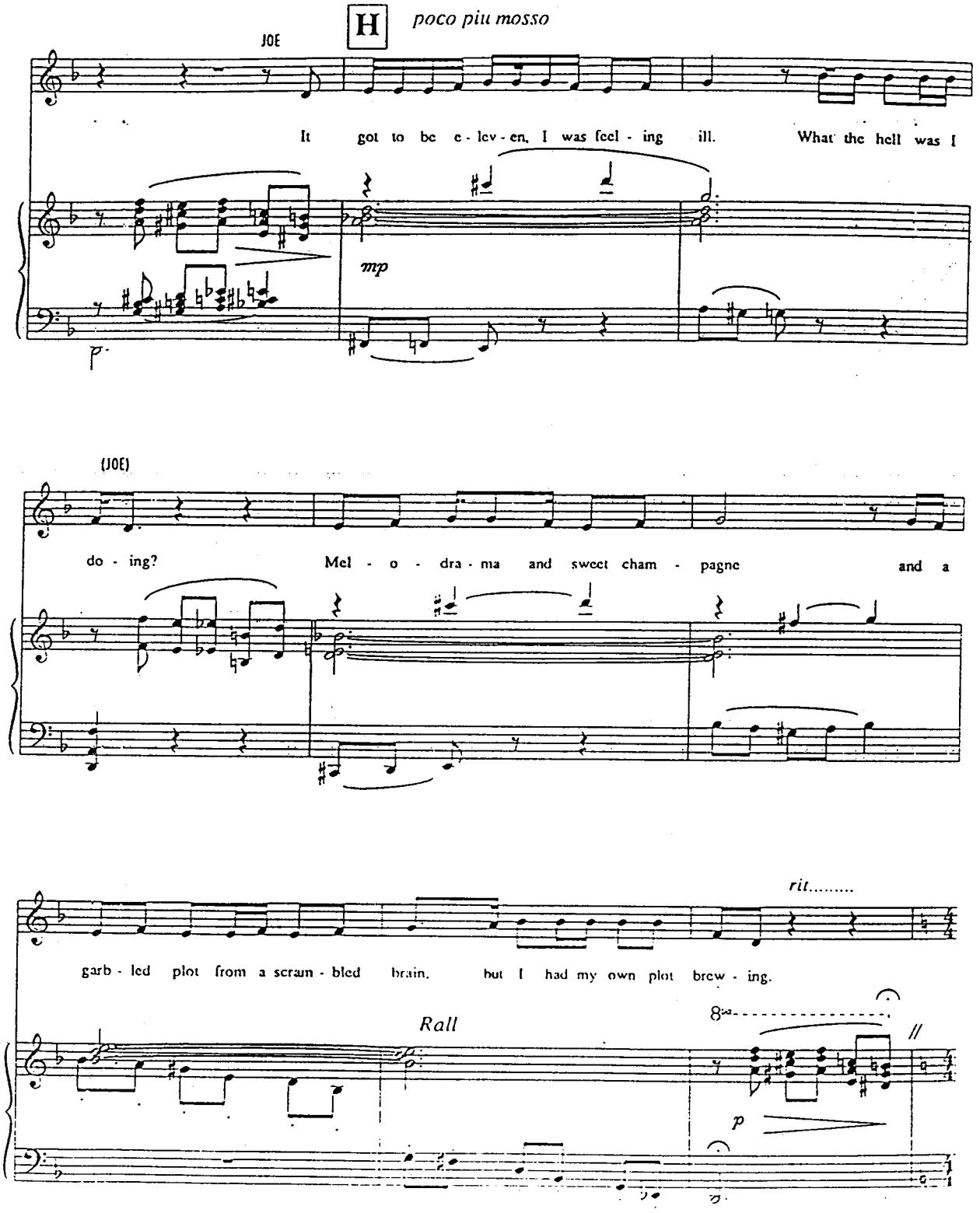
(NORMA)

play.

A tempo moderato assai

f

p *p* *p*


H
poco piu mosso
JOE
It got to be e - lev - en, I was feel - ing ill. What the hell was I
mp
(JOE)
do - ing? Mel - o - dra - ma and sweet cham - pagne and a
rit.....
garb - led plot from a scram - bled brain, but I had my own plot brew - ing.
Rall
8va
p

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.

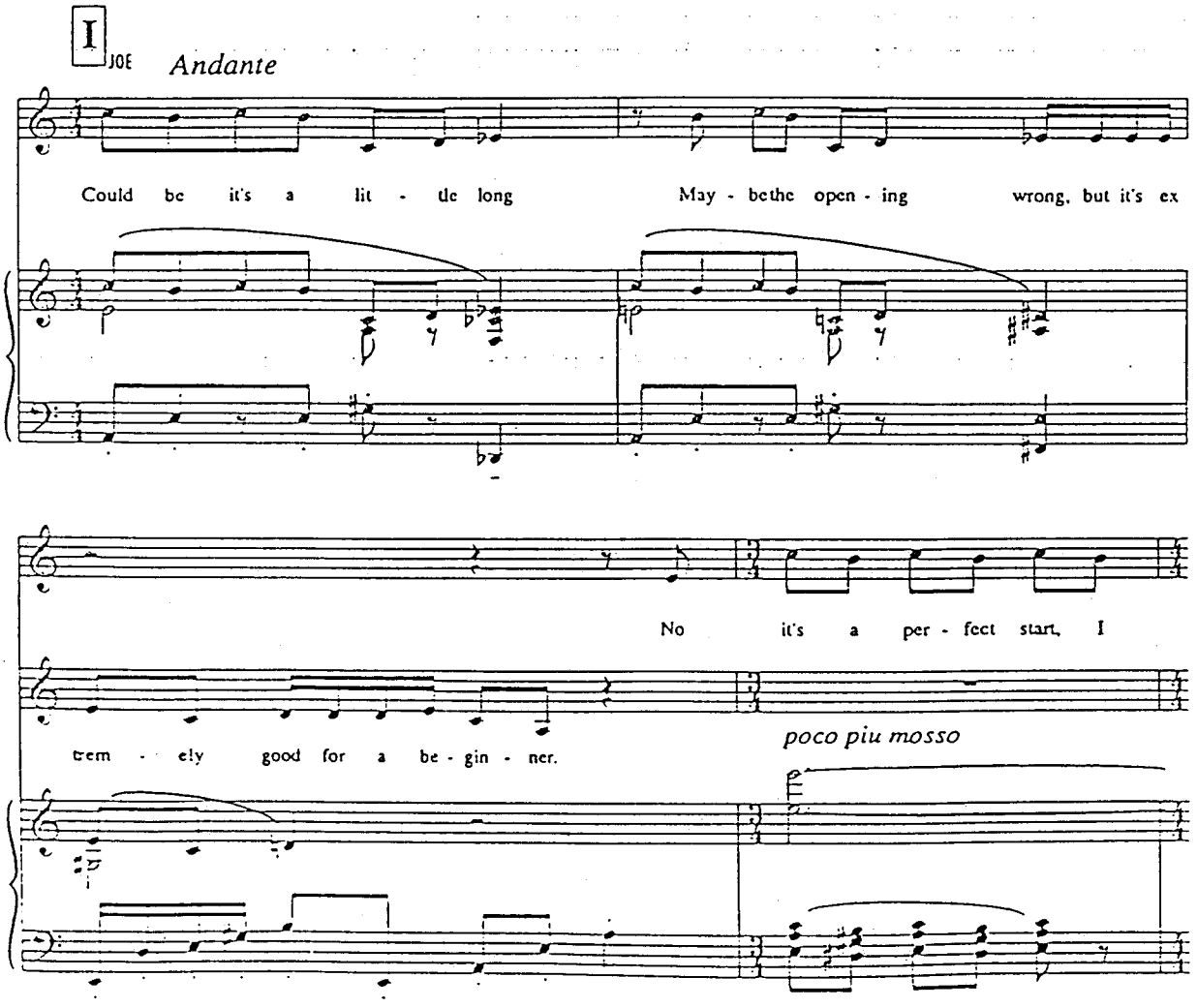
NORMA: Well?

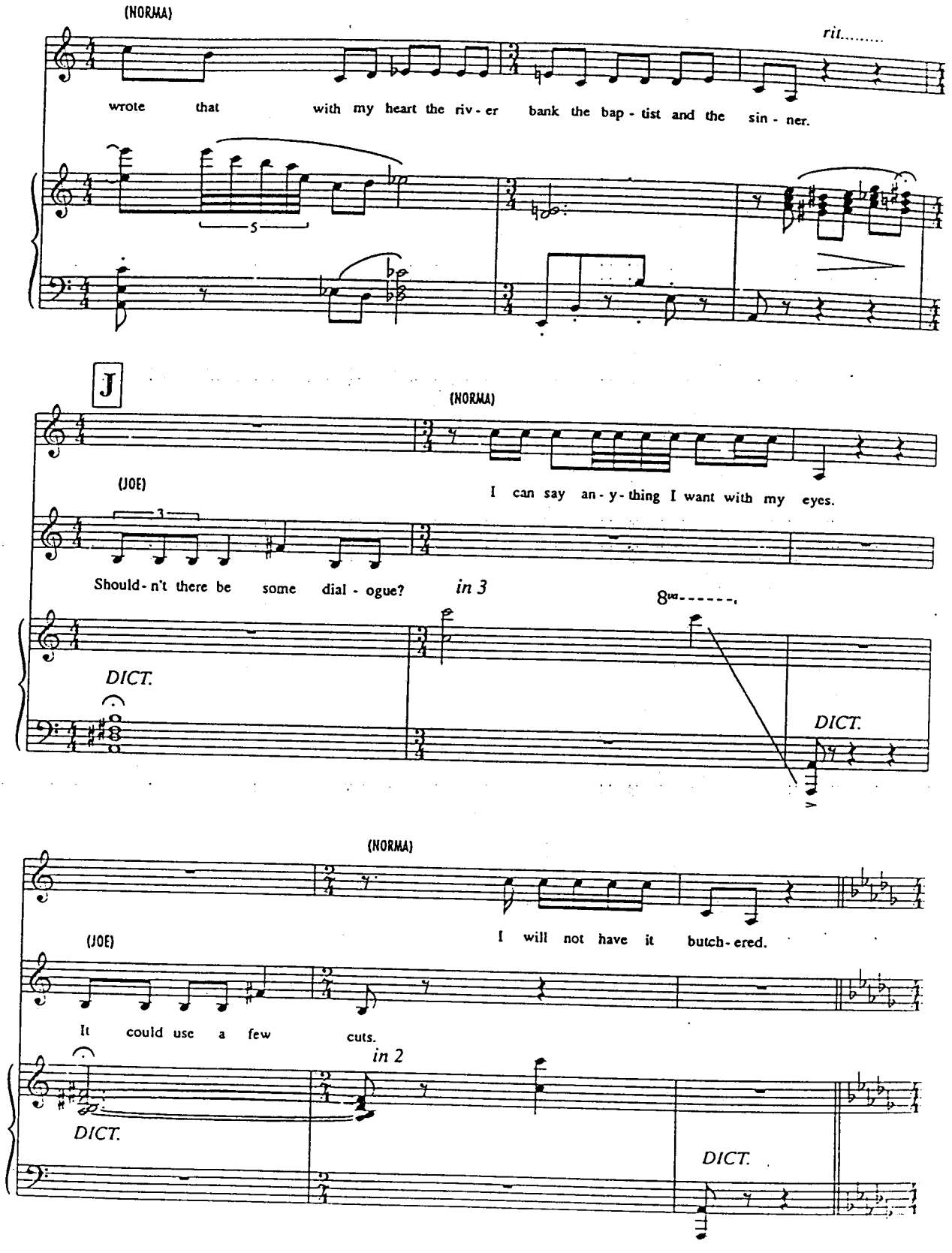
JOE: It's fascinating.

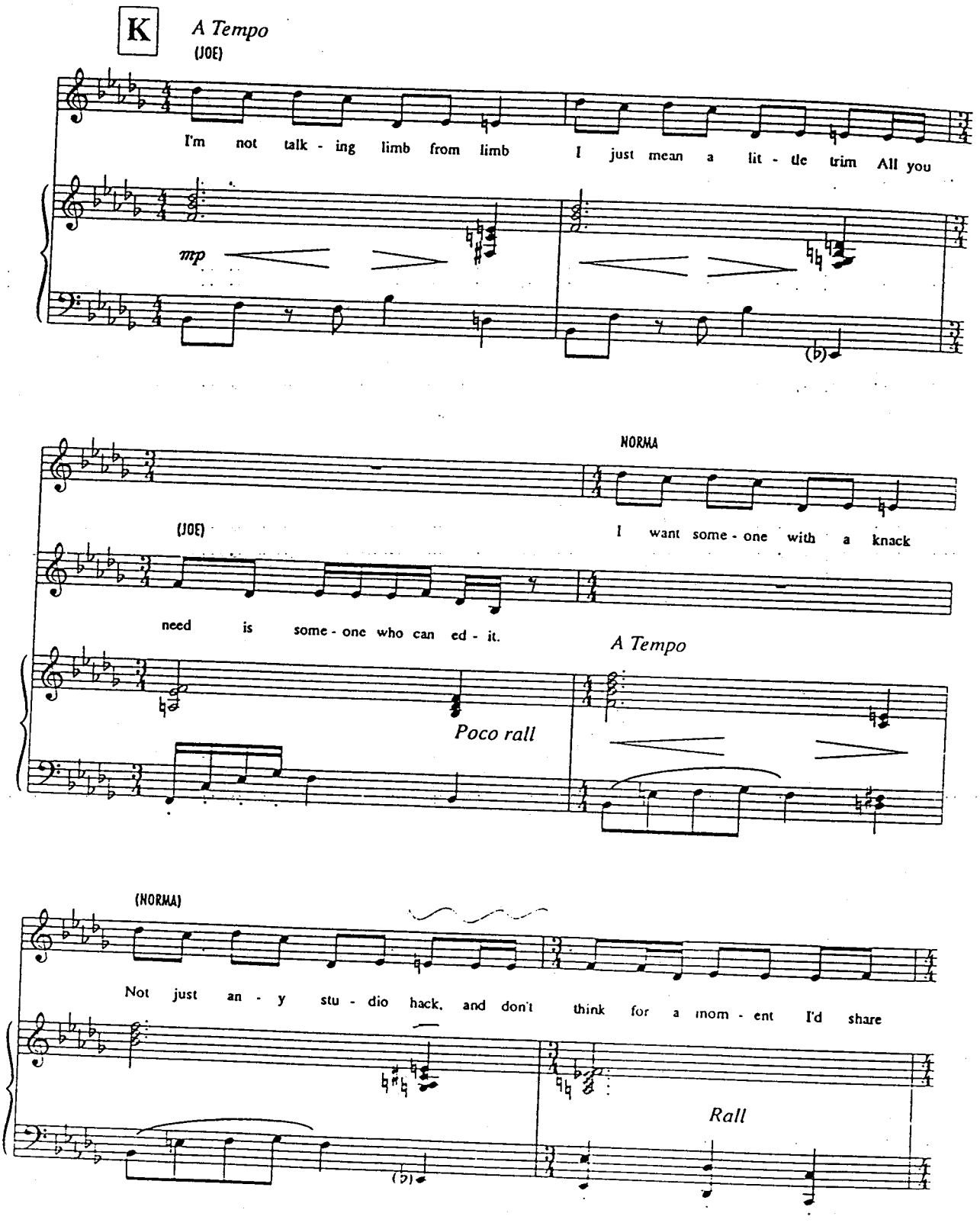
NORMA: Of course it is.

(MUSIC CONTINUES)

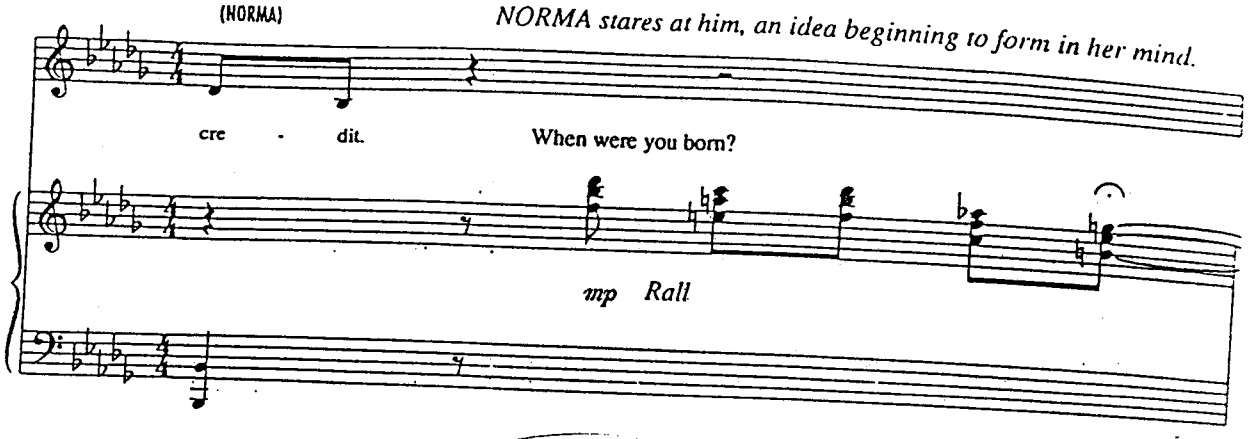
JOE looks up at her, choosing his words judiciously.




(NORMA)
rit.....
wrote that with my heart the riv - er bank the bap - tist and the sin - ner.
J
(NORMA)
(JOE)
I can say an - y - thing I want with my eyes.
Should - n't there be some dial - ogue?
in 3
8va
DICT.
DICT.
(NORMA)
(JOE)
I will not have it butch - ered.
It could use a few cuts.
in 2
DICT.
DICT.

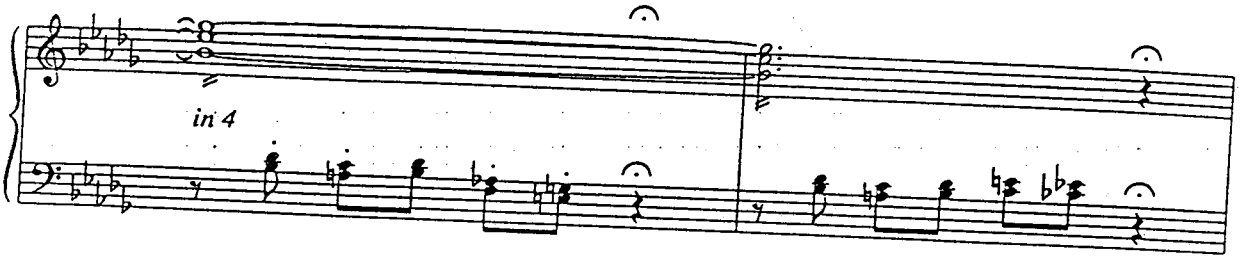

K
A Tempo
(JOE)
I'm not talk - ing limb from limb I just mean a lit - tle trim All you
mp
NORMA
(JOE)
I want some - one with a knack
need is some - one who can ed - it.
A Tempo
Poco rall
(NORMA)
Not just an - y stu - dio hack, and don't think for a mom - ent I'd share
Rall

(NORMA) *NORMA stares at him, an idea beginning to form in her mind.*



JOE: December twenty first, why?

NORMA: I like Sagittarians. You can trust them. JOE: Thanks.



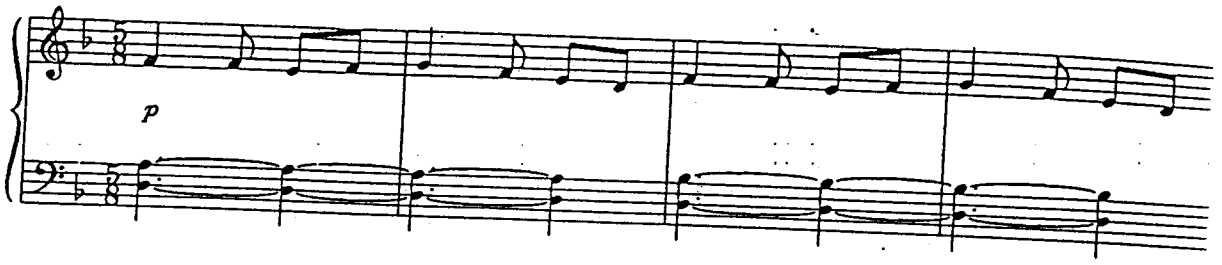
She turns on him, her eyes blazing.

NORMA: I want you to do this work.

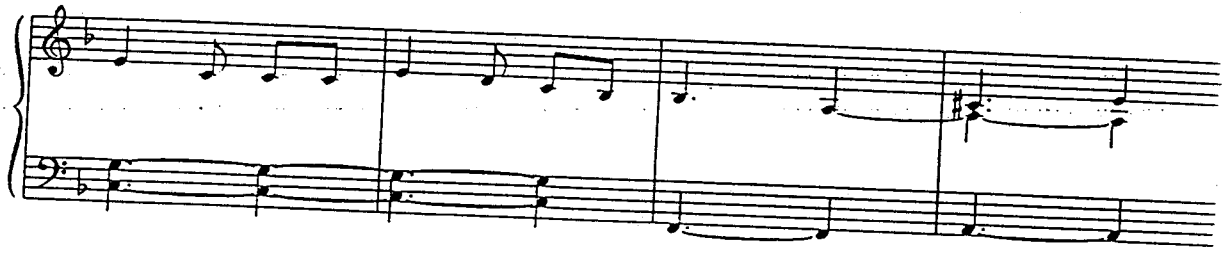
Salome Underscore

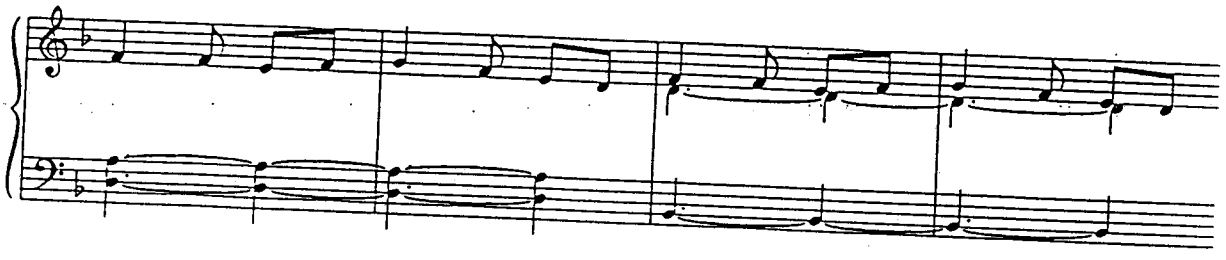
JOE: Me? Gee, I don't know *(MUSIC STARTS)*

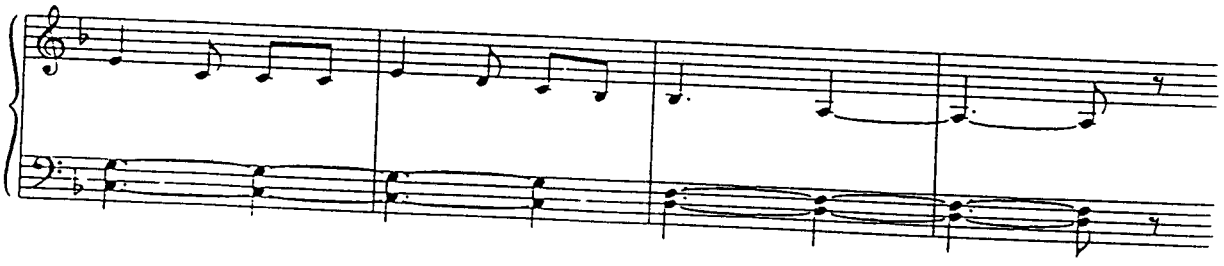
Moderato

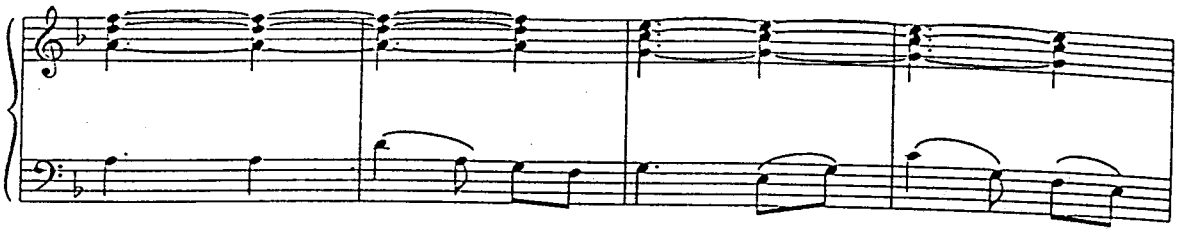


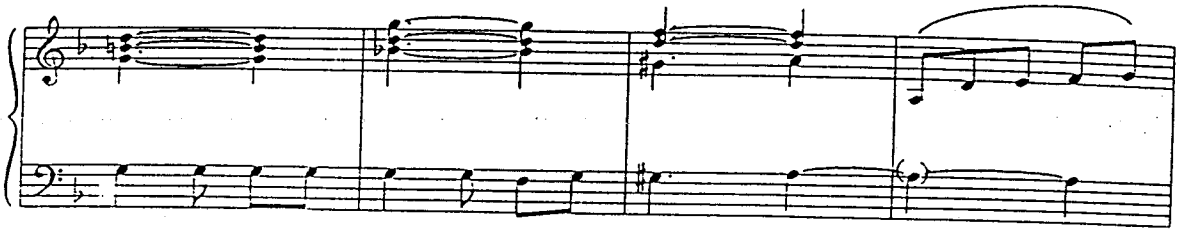
JOE: I just finished one script and about to start a new assignment.
NORMA: I don't care
JOE: I'm pretty expensive. I get five hundred a week.
NORMA: Don't you worry about money. I'll make it worth your while.



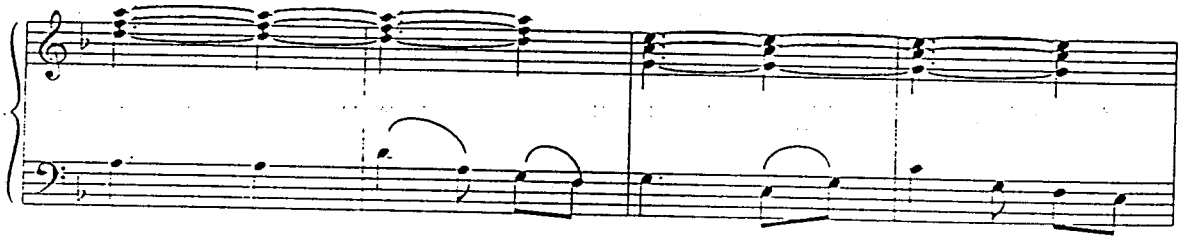


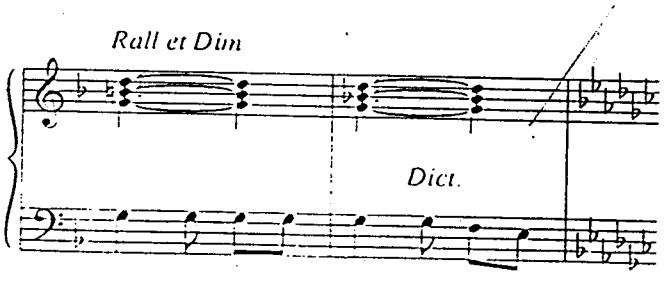






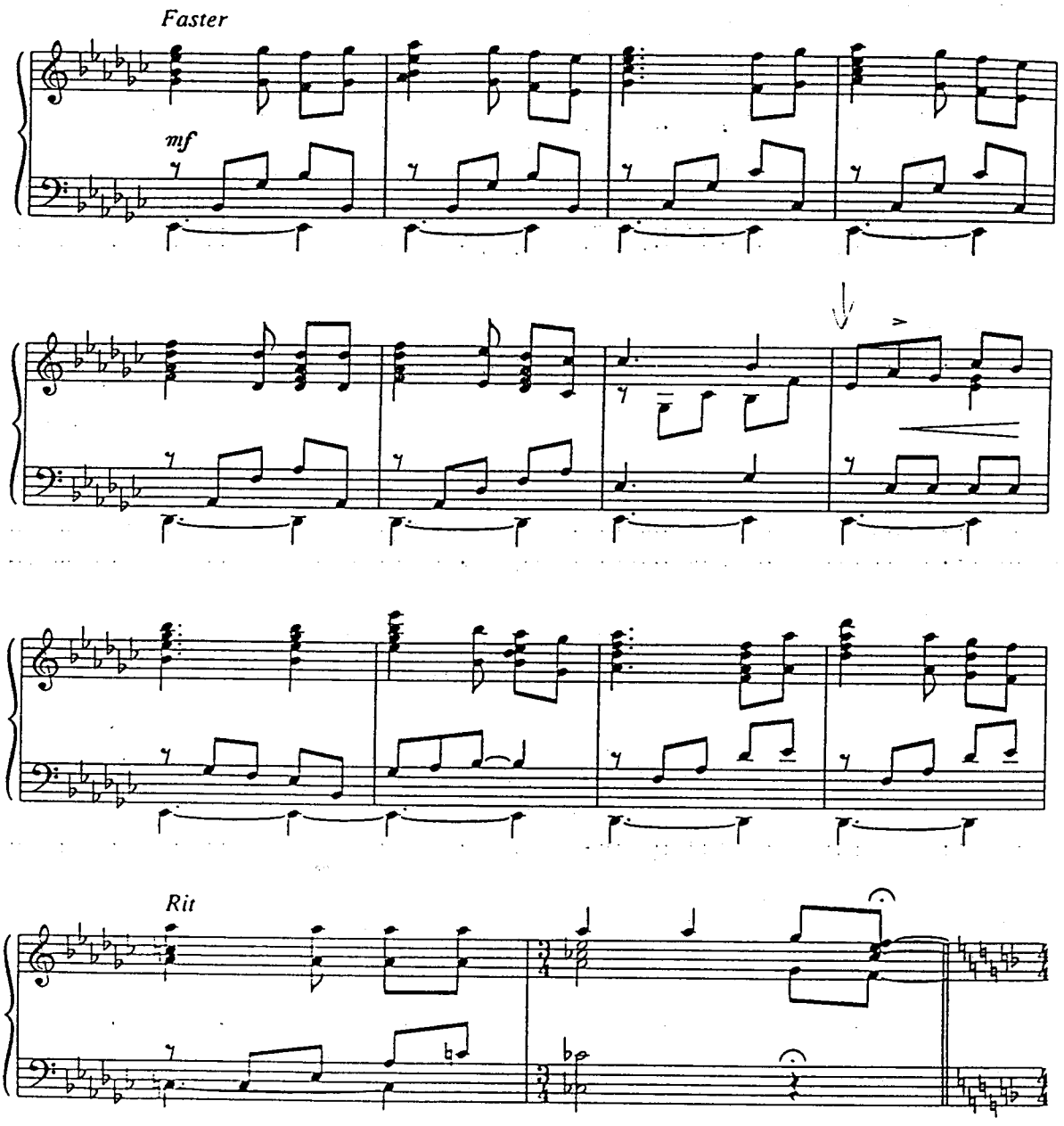
JOE: Well it's getting kind of late.
NORMA: Are you married Mr.....
JOE: The name is Gillis. Single.
NORMA: Where do you live?
JOE: Hollywood. Alto Nido Apartments.
NORMA: You'll stay here
JOE: I'll come back early tomorrow
NORMA: Nonsense there's a room over the garage.Max will take you there. Max!
MAX: Yes Madame.



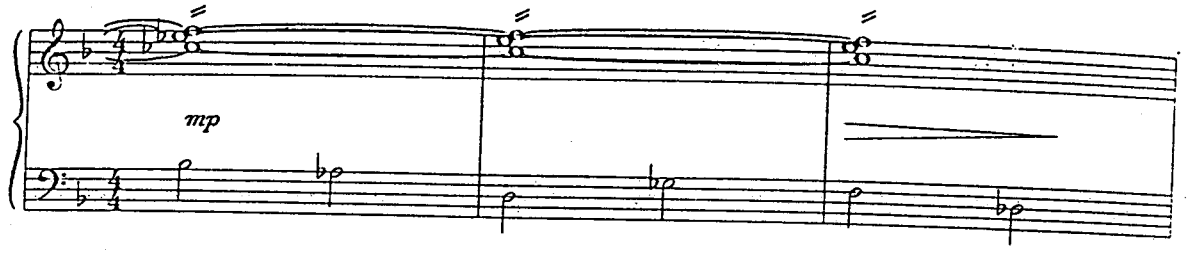


NORMA: Take Mr Gillis to the guest room *(After a seconds hesitation JOE finds himself following MAX towards the French doors)*

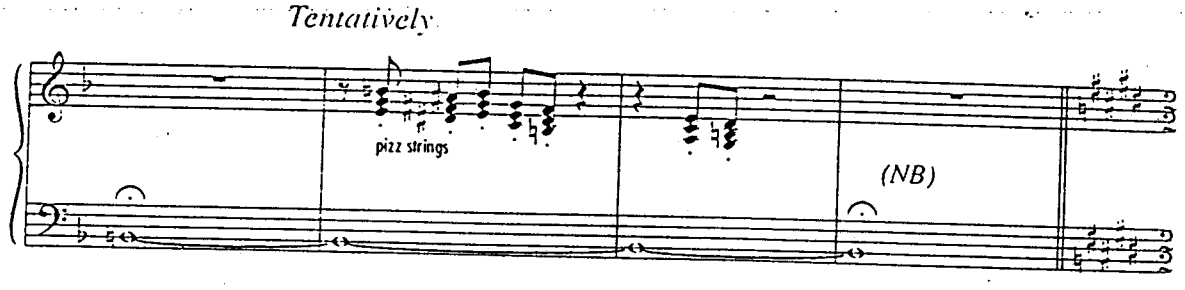
NORMA: We'll begin at nine sharp.



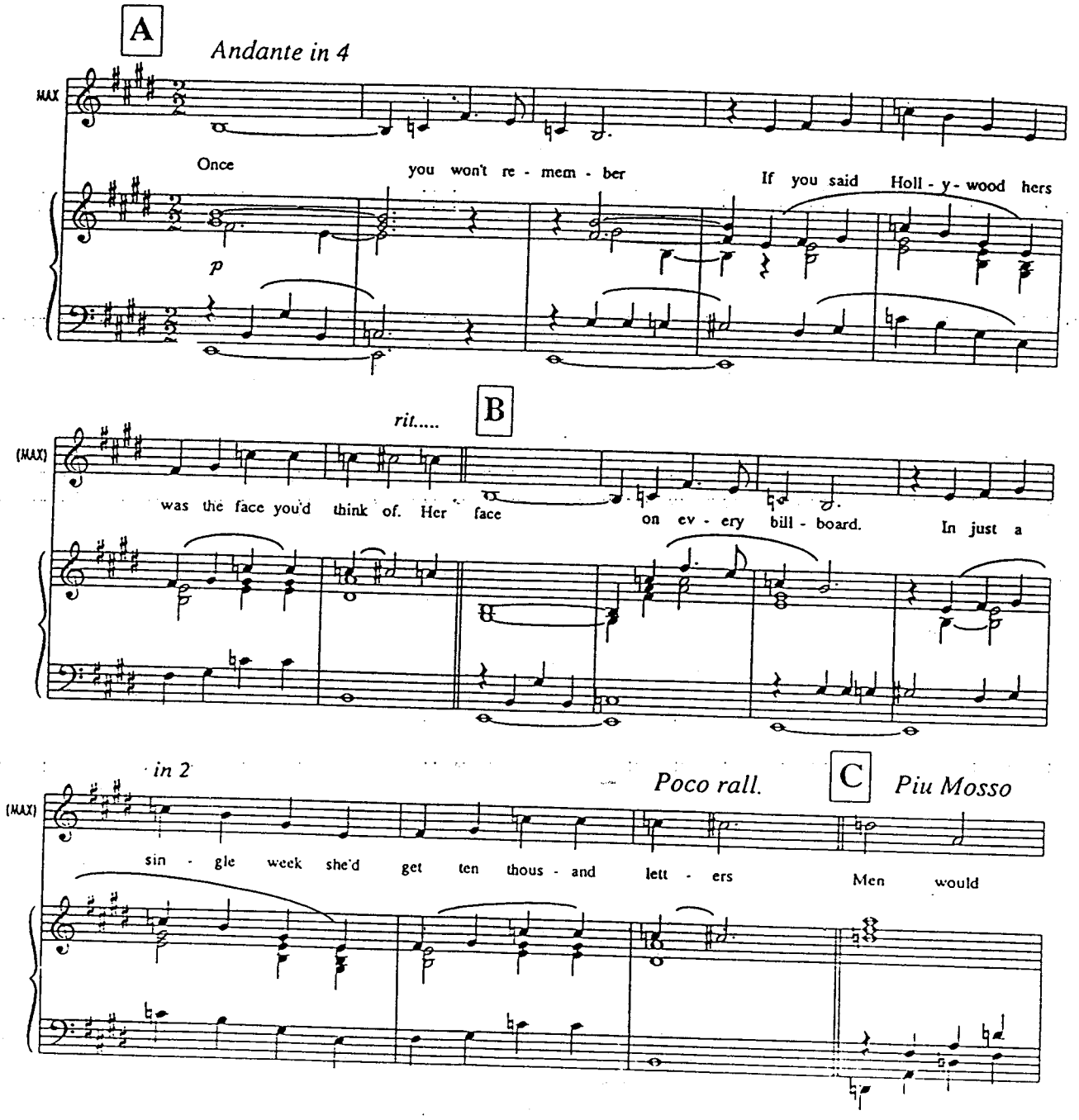
JOE: Now this is more like it
MAX: I made up the bed this afternoon.
JOE: Thanks
(He considers this for a moment)
How did you know I was going to stay?
MAX: There's soap and a toothbrush in the bathroom.

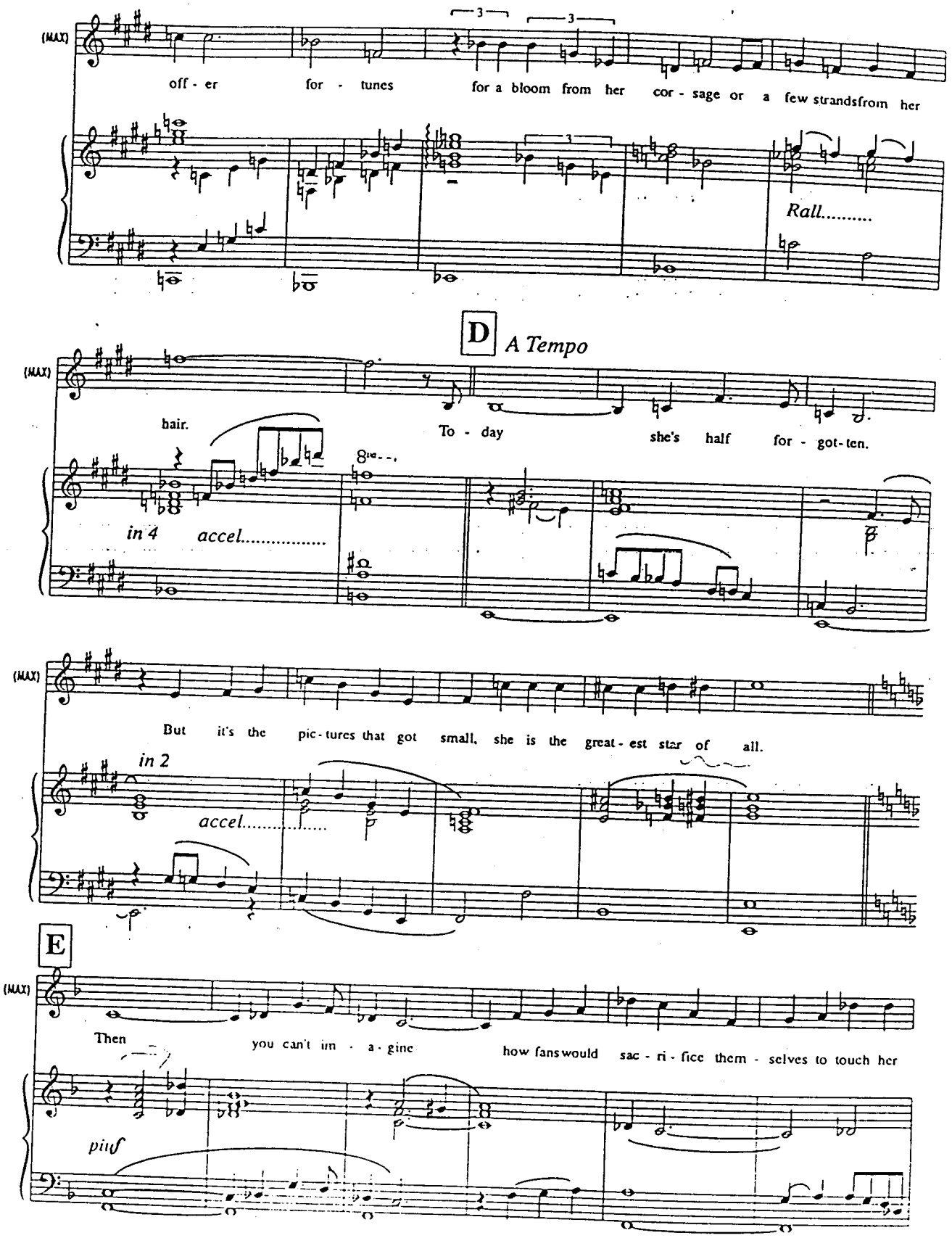


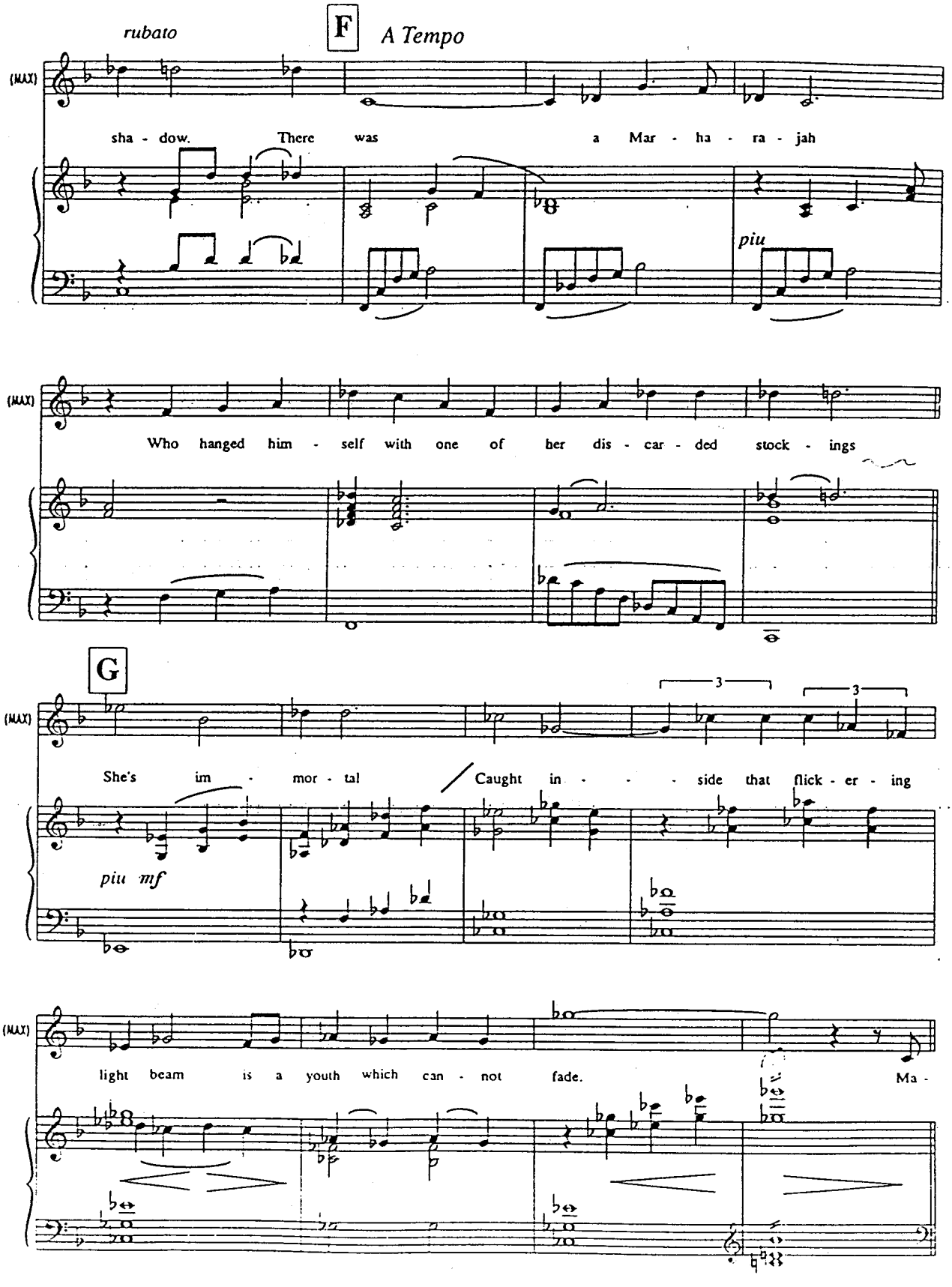
JOE: She's quite a character isn't she that Norma Desmond?
(MAX is slightly scandalised by this remark,but HE preserves his dignity and looks JOE straight in the eye.)

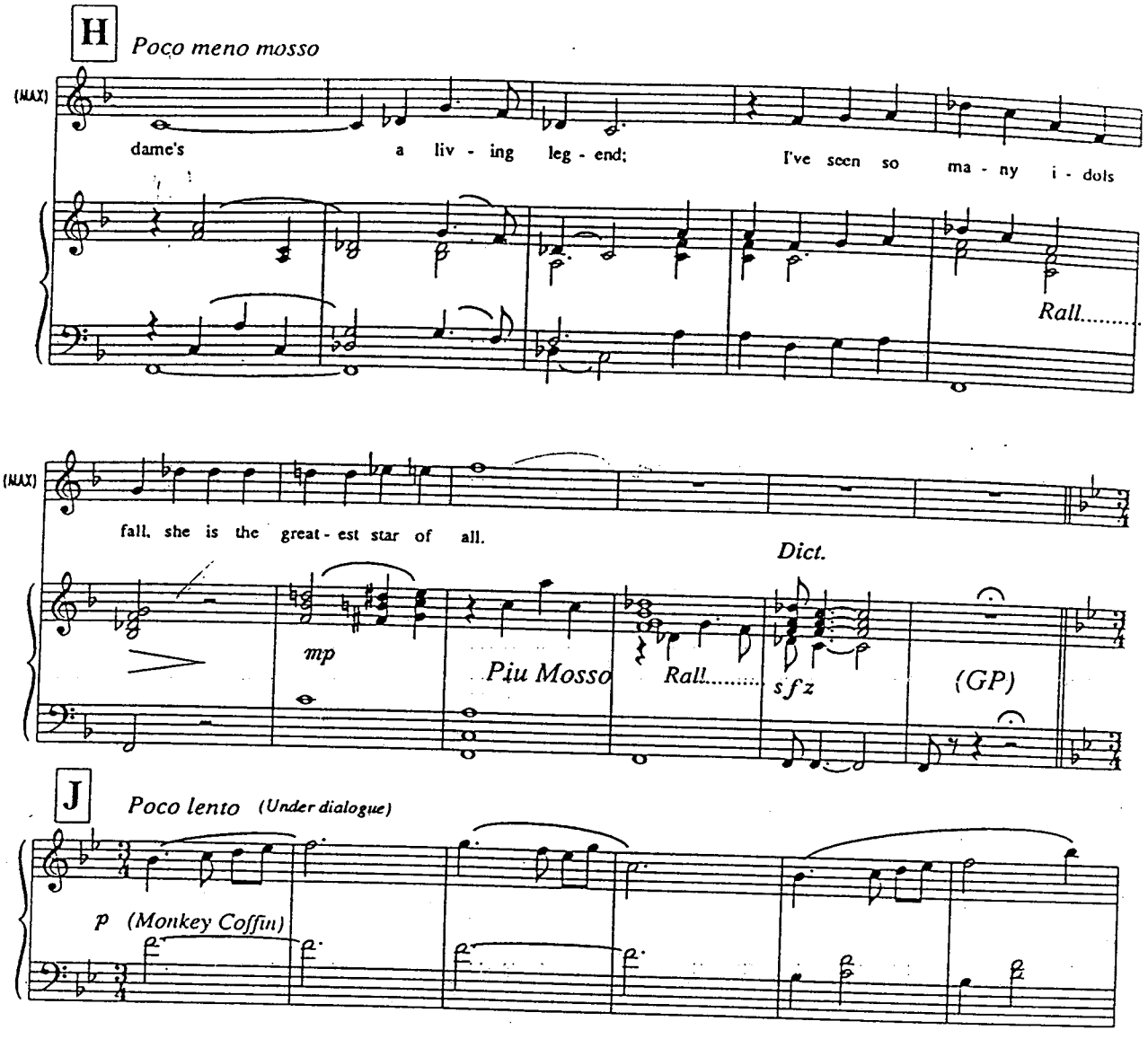


The Greatest Star Of All



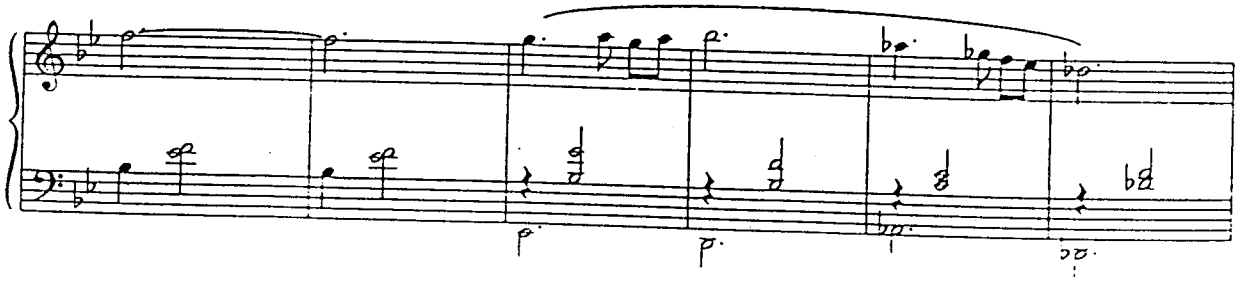

(MAX)
off - er for - tunes for a bloom from her cor - sage or a few strandsfrom her
Rall.....
D
A Tempo
(MAX)
hair. To - day she's half for - got-ten.
in 4
accel.....
(MAX)
But it's the pic-tures that got small, she is the great-est star of all.
in 2
accel.....
E
(MAX)
Then you can't im - a-gine how fans would sac - ri - fice them - selves to touch her
piuf

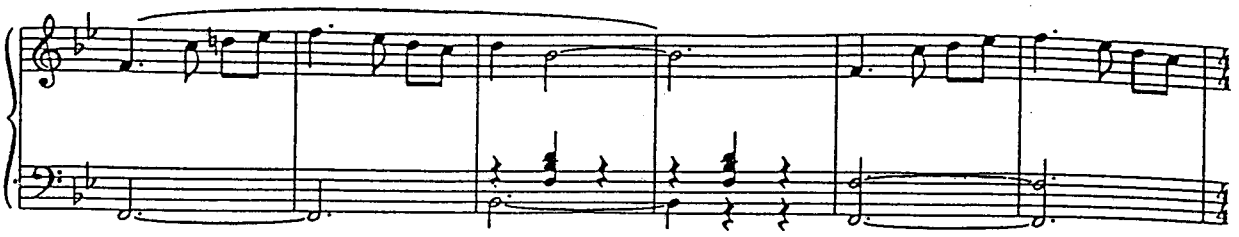

rubato
F
A Tempo
(MAX)
sha - dow. There was a Mar - ha - ra - jah
piu
(MAX)
Who hanged him - self with one of her dis - car - ded stock - ings
G
(MAX)
She's im - mor - tal / Caught in - - - side that flick - er - ing
piu mf
(MAX)
light beam is a youth which can - not fade. Ma -



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.

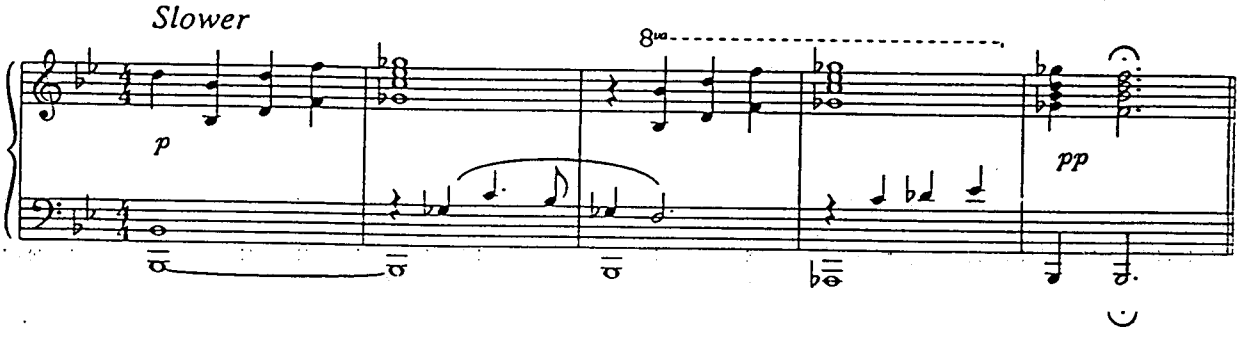




JOE (V.O.) : There was an empty pool where Clara Bow and Fatty Arbuckle must have swum 10,000 midnights ago. And then there was something else: the chimp's last rites, as if she were laying a child to rest. Was her life really as empty as that ?

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. T 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.

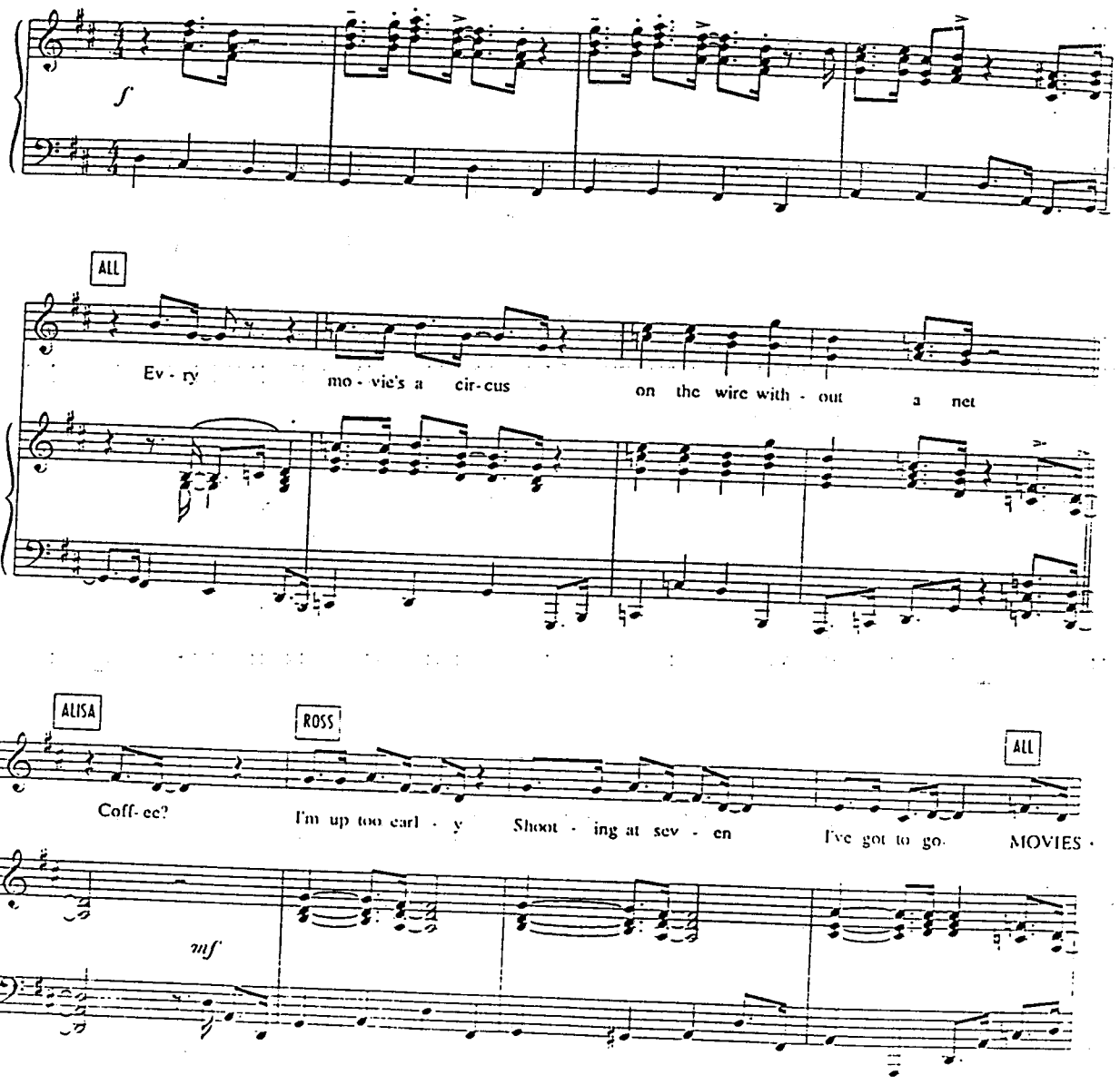


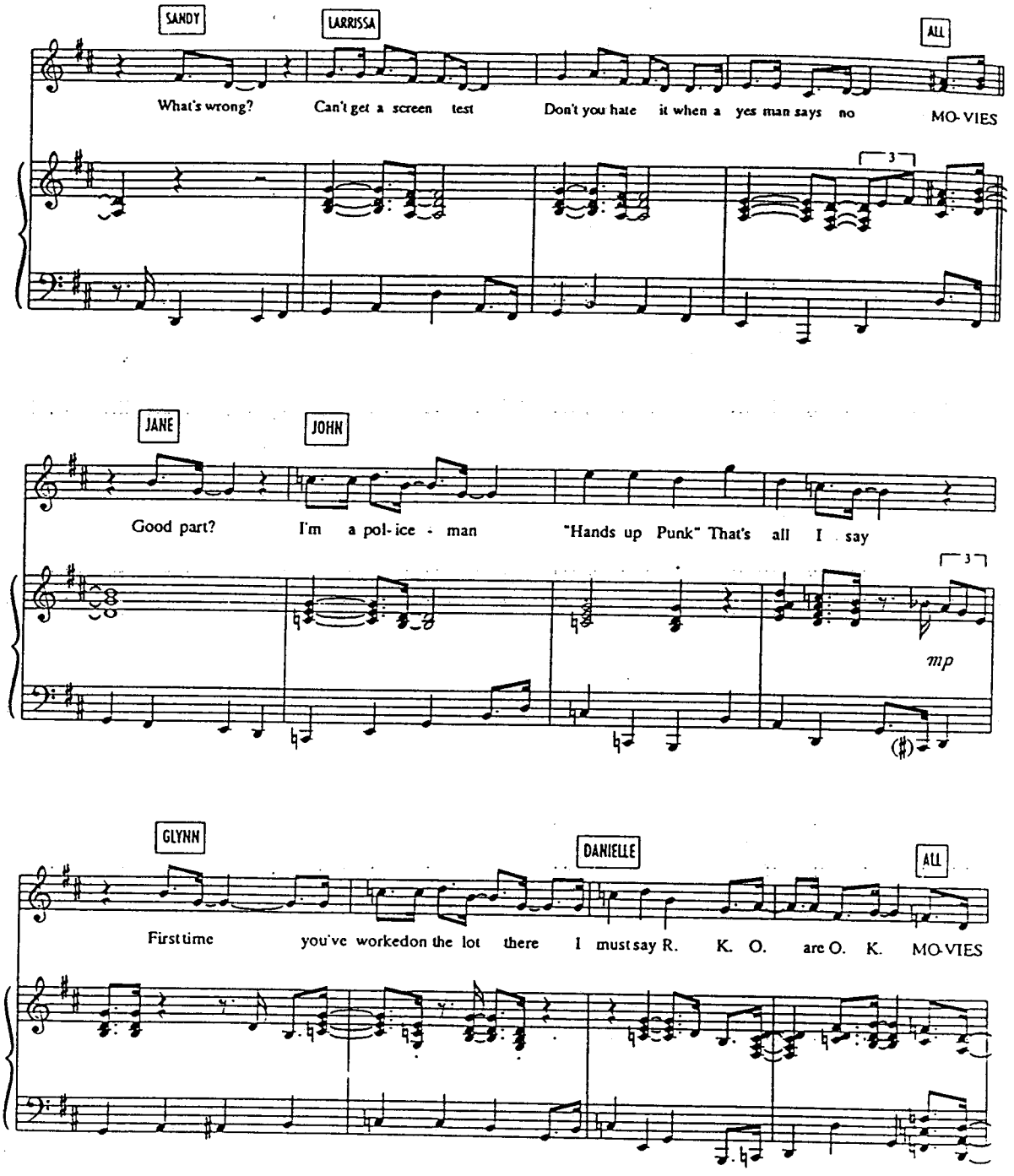
SLOW FADE TO BLACK

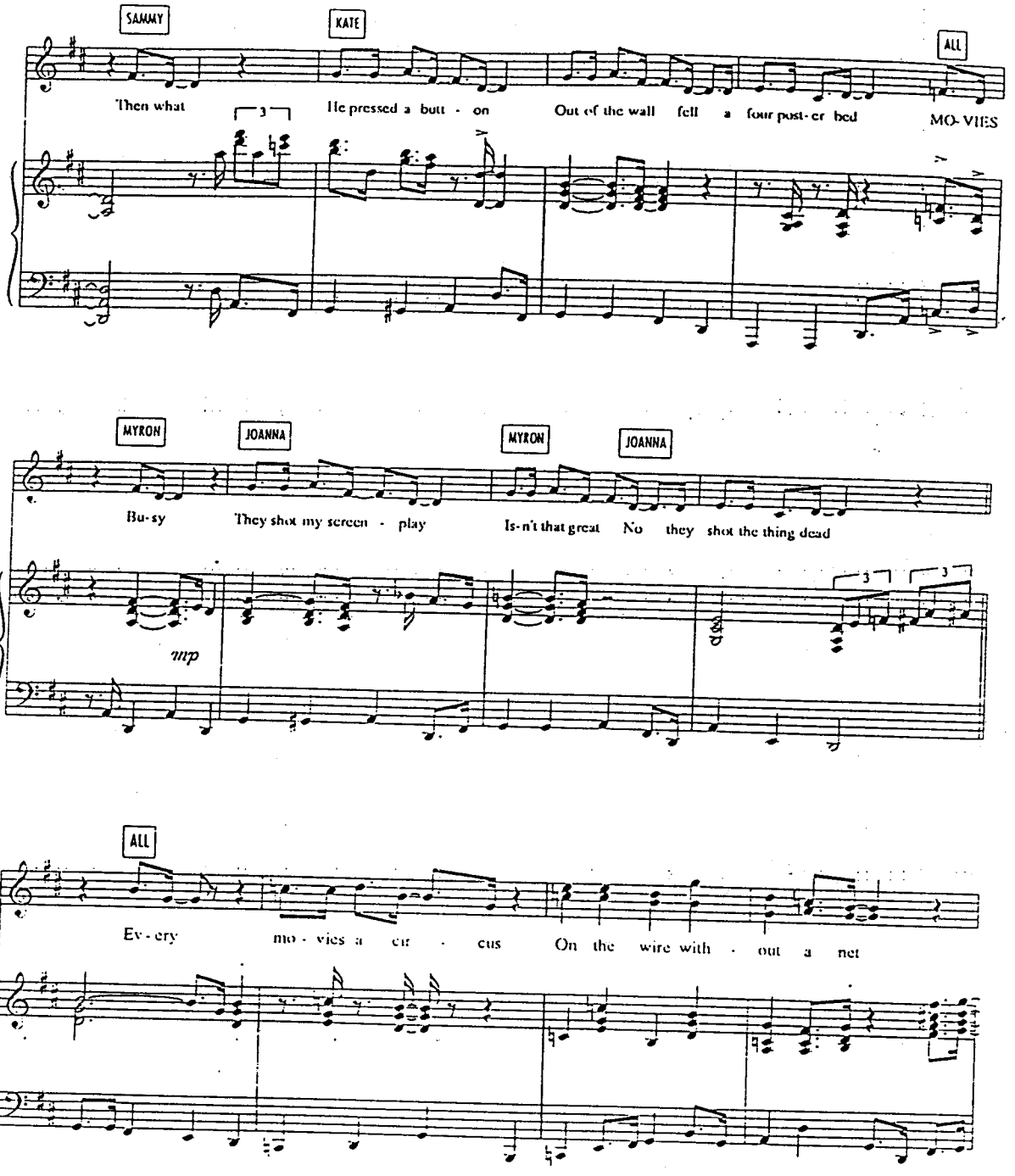
Schwab's Drugstore

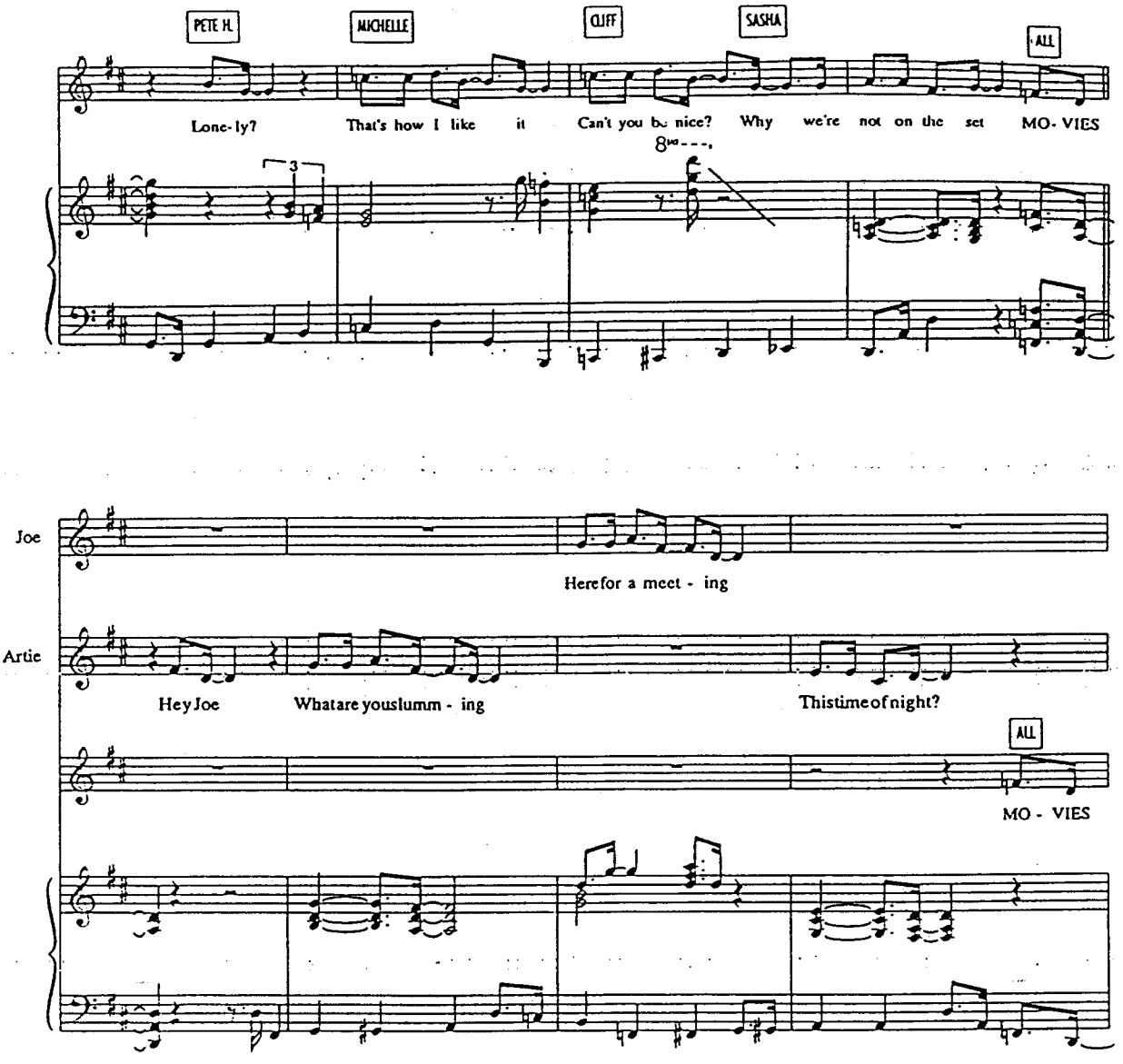
Schwab's is a Sunset Boulevard institution, a combination news-stand, tobacconist's and diner: it's crowded with movie people of one sort or another. It's closing time, and the patrons are on their last cup of coffee, or beginning to drift away.

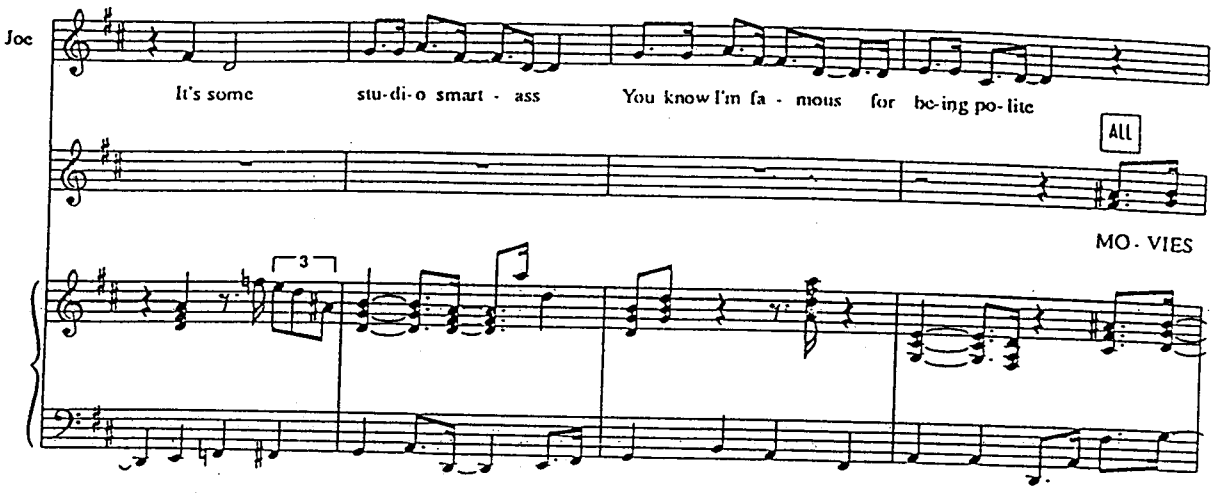
Shuffle swing with energy

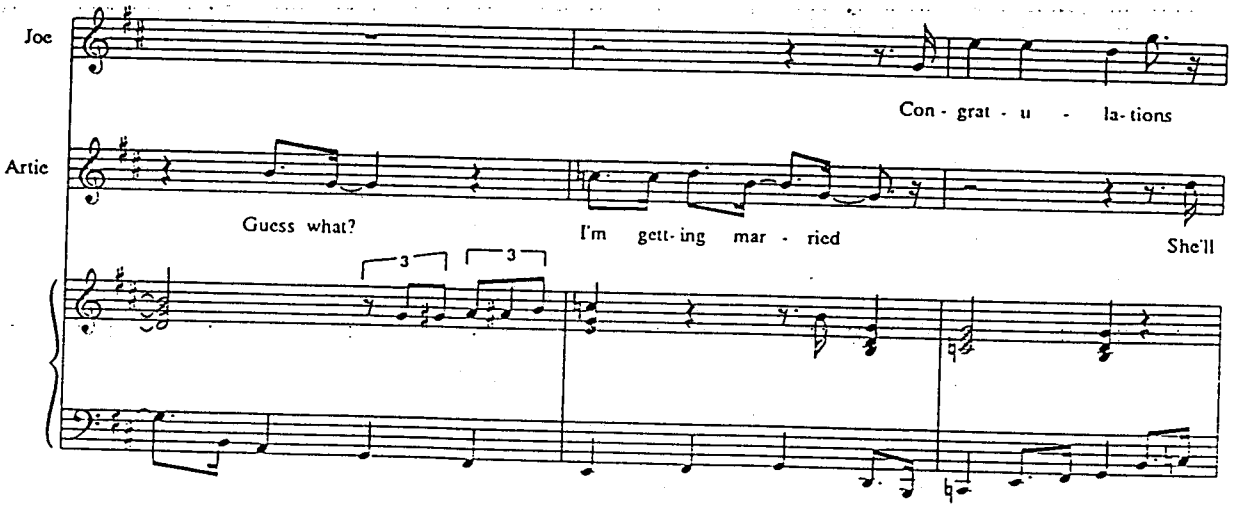


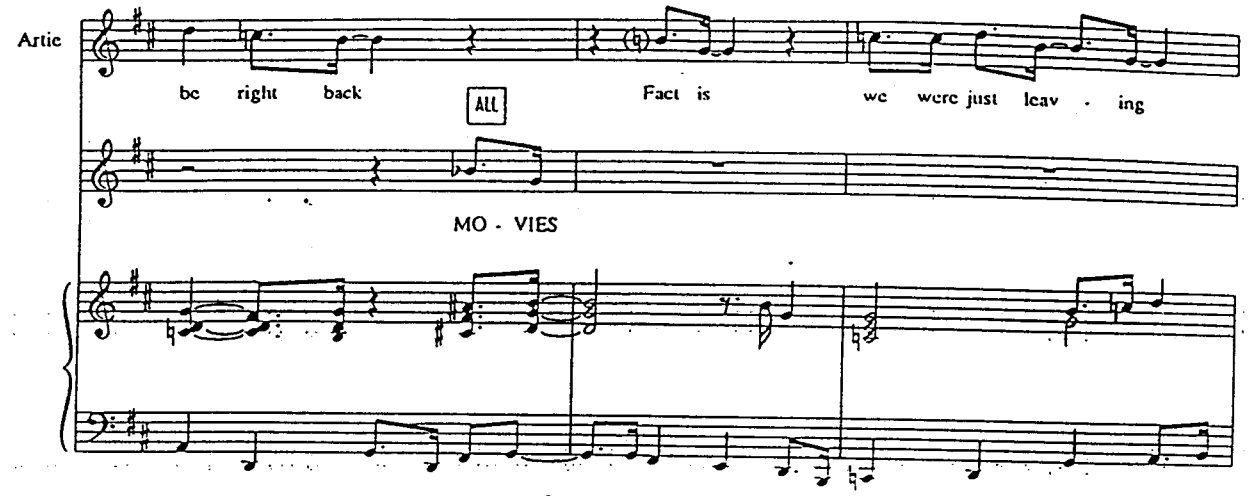

SANDY
LARRISSA
ALL
What's wrong?
Can't get a screen test
Don't you hate it when a yes man says no
MO-VIES
3
JANE
JOHN
Good part?
I'm a pol-ice - man
"Hands up Punk" That's all I say
3
mp
GLYNN
DANIELLE
ALL
First time
you've worked on the lot there I must say R. K. O. are O. K.
MO-VIES

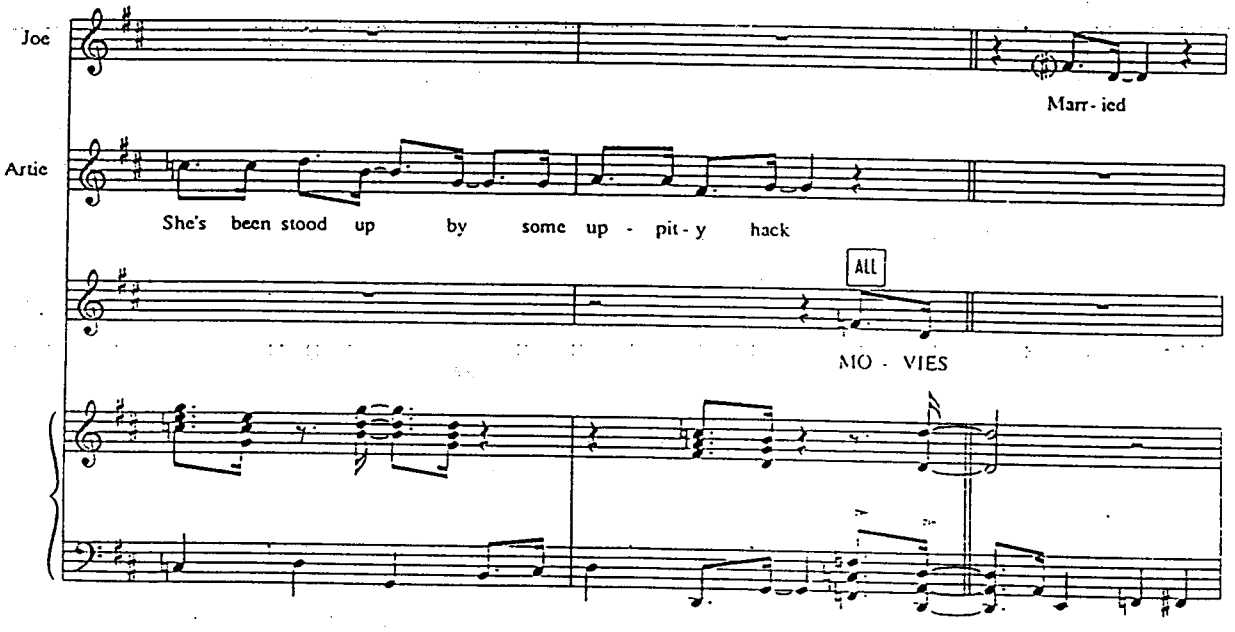

SAMMY
KATE
ALL
Then what He pressed a butt - on Out of the wall fell a four post-er bed MO-VIES
MYRON
JOANNA
MYRON
JOANNA
Bu-sy They shot my screen - play Is-n't that great No they shot the thing dead
mp
ALL
Ev-ery mo - vies a cir - cus On the wire with - out a net

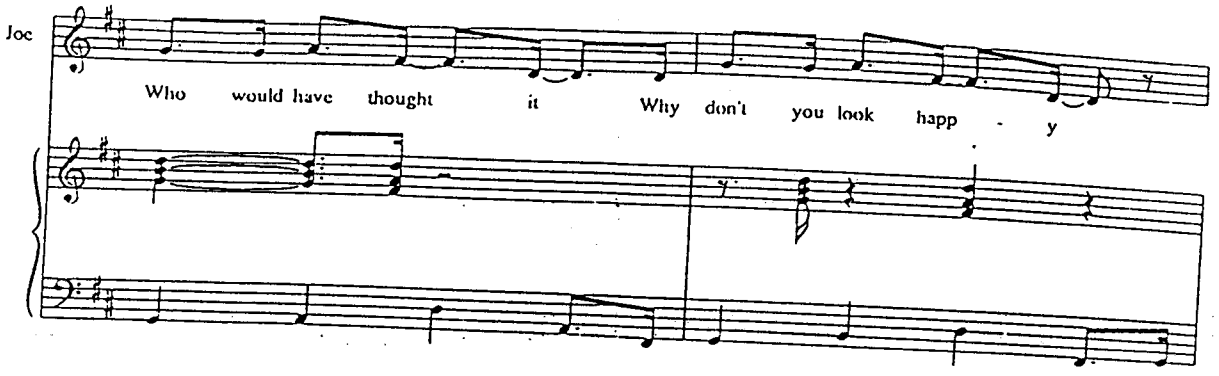

PETE H.
MICHELLE
CLIFF
SASHA
ALL
Lone-ly?
That's how I like it
Can't you be nice?
Why we're not on the set
MO-VIES
8va
3
Joe
Herefor a meet - ing
Artie
Hey Joe
Whatare youslumm - ing
Thistimeof night?
ALL
MO - VIES

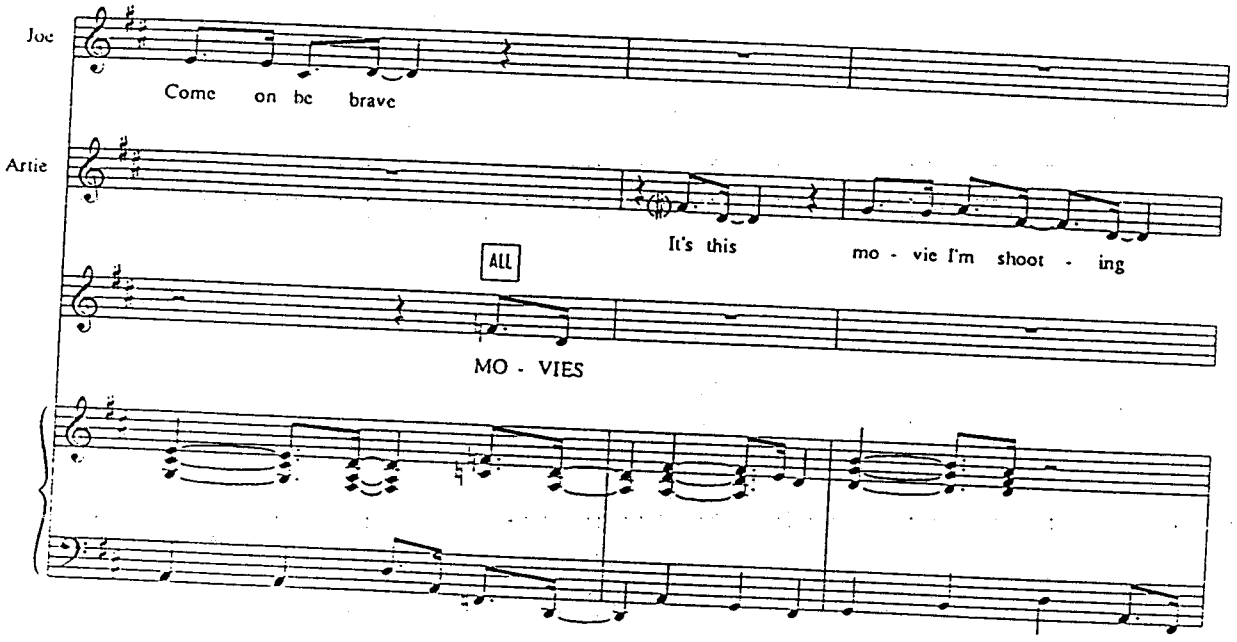

Joe
It's some stu-di-o smart - ass
You know I'm fa - mous for be-ing po-lite
ALL
MO - VIES

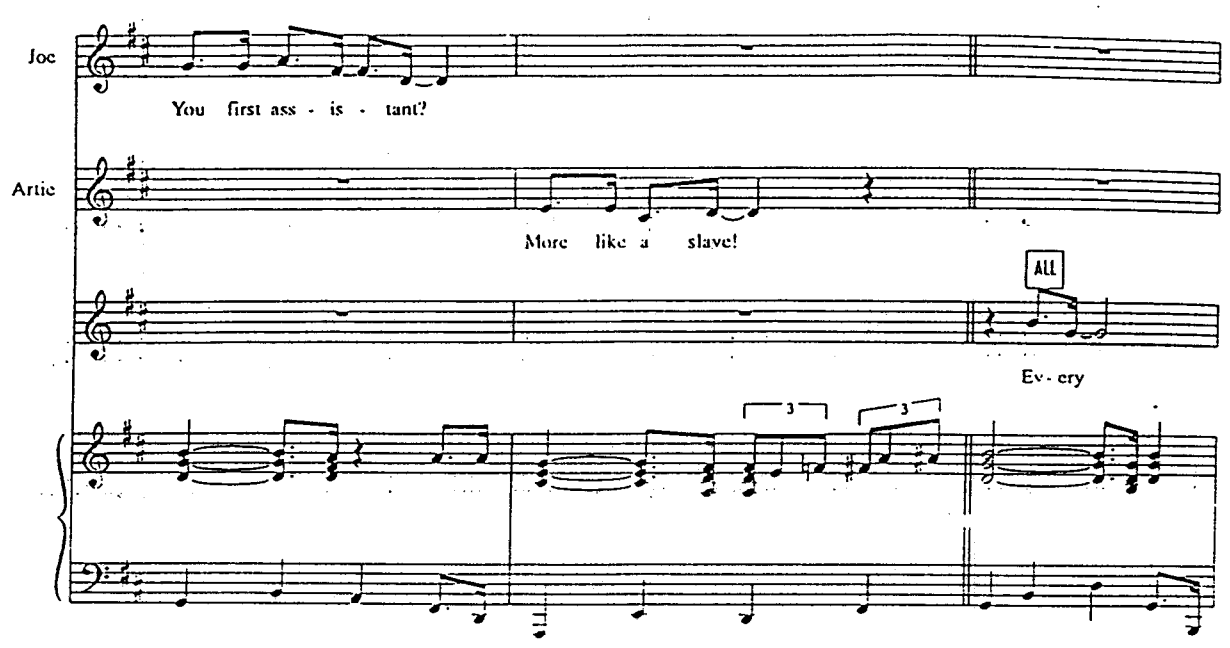

Joe
Con - grat - u - la-tions
Artie
Guess what?
I'm gett-ing mar - ried
She'll

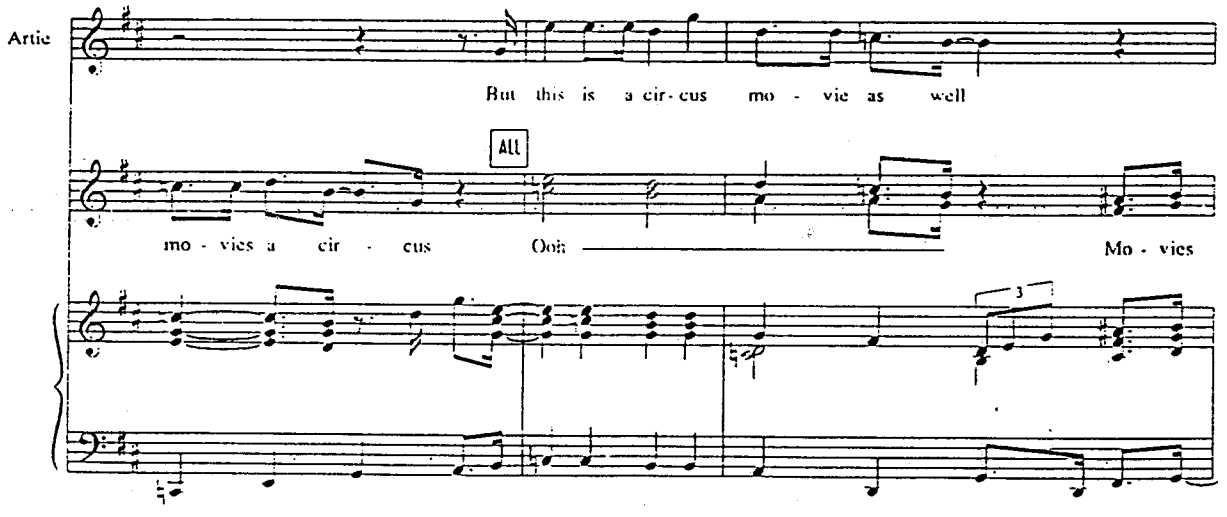

Artie
be right back
ALL
Fact is we were just leav - ing
MO - VIES

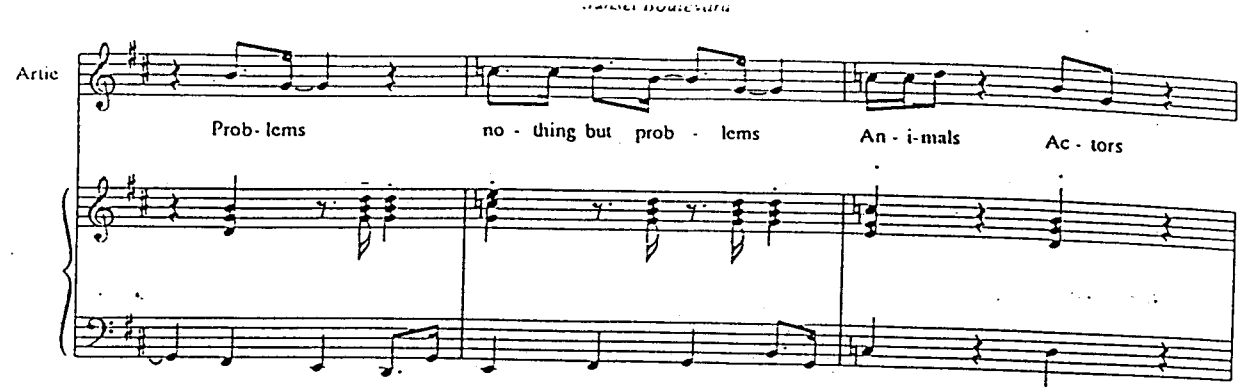

Joe
Marr - ied
Artie
She's been stood up by some up - pit - y hack
ALL
MO - VIES

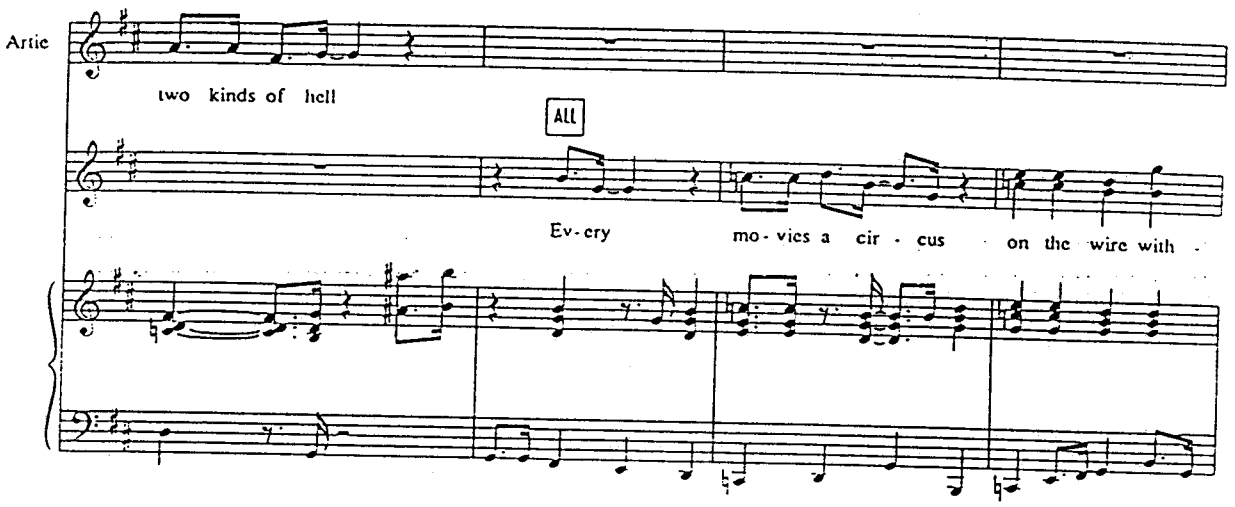

Joe
Who would have thought it Why don't you look happ - y

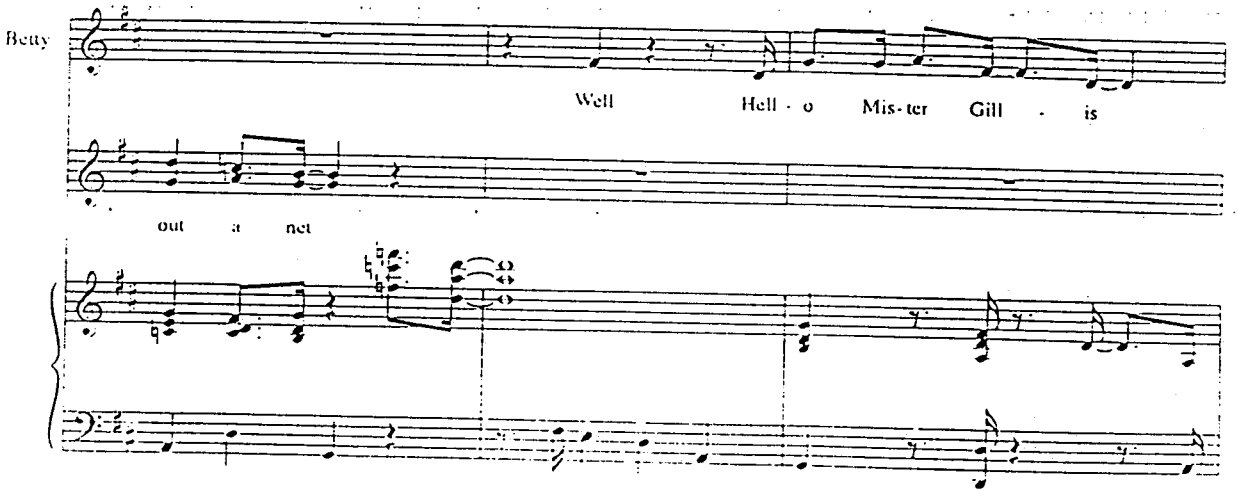

Joe
Come on be brave
Artie
It's this mo - vie I'm shoot - ing
ALL
MO - VIES

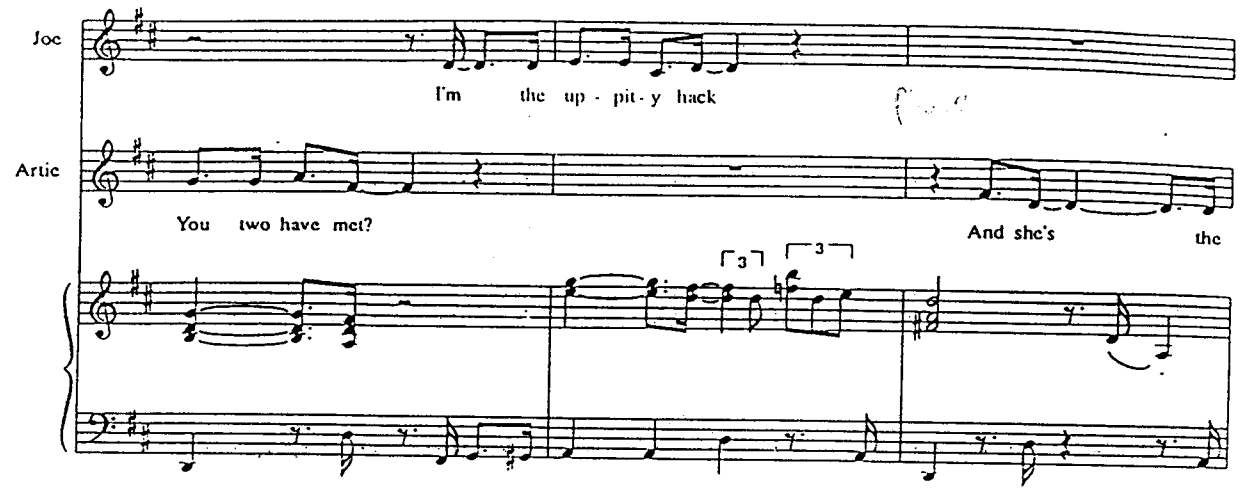

Joe
You first ass - is - tant?
Artie
More like a slave!
ALL
Ev - ery

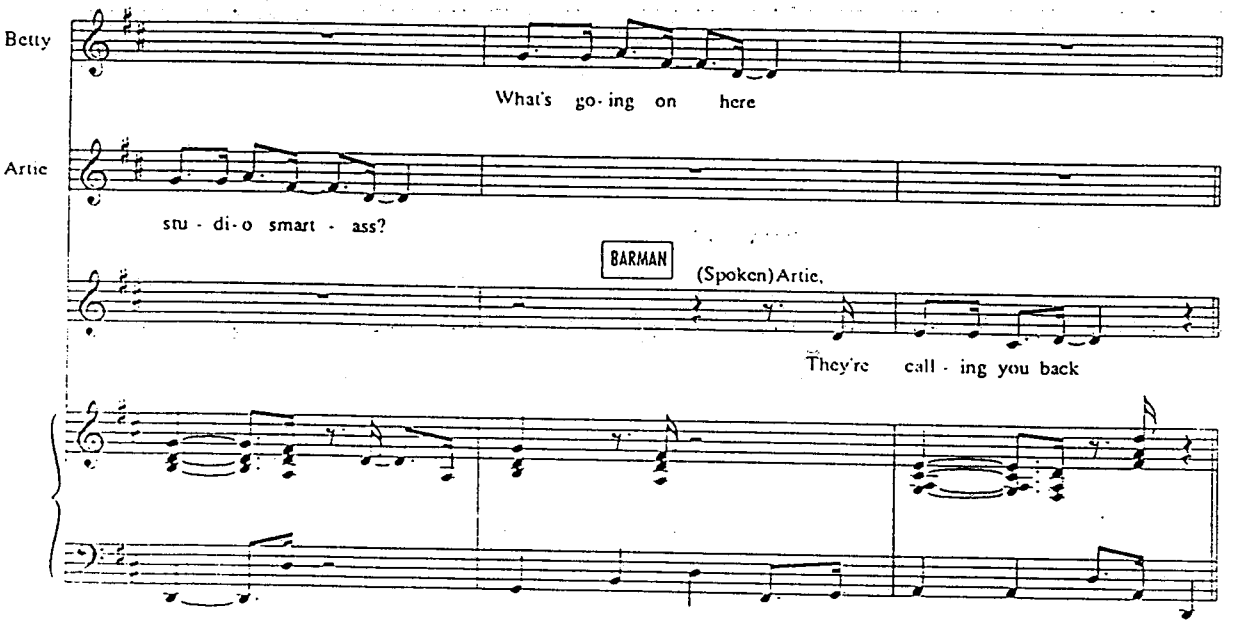

Artie
But this is a cir - cus mo - vie as well
ALL
mo - vies a cir - cus Ooh
Mo - vies

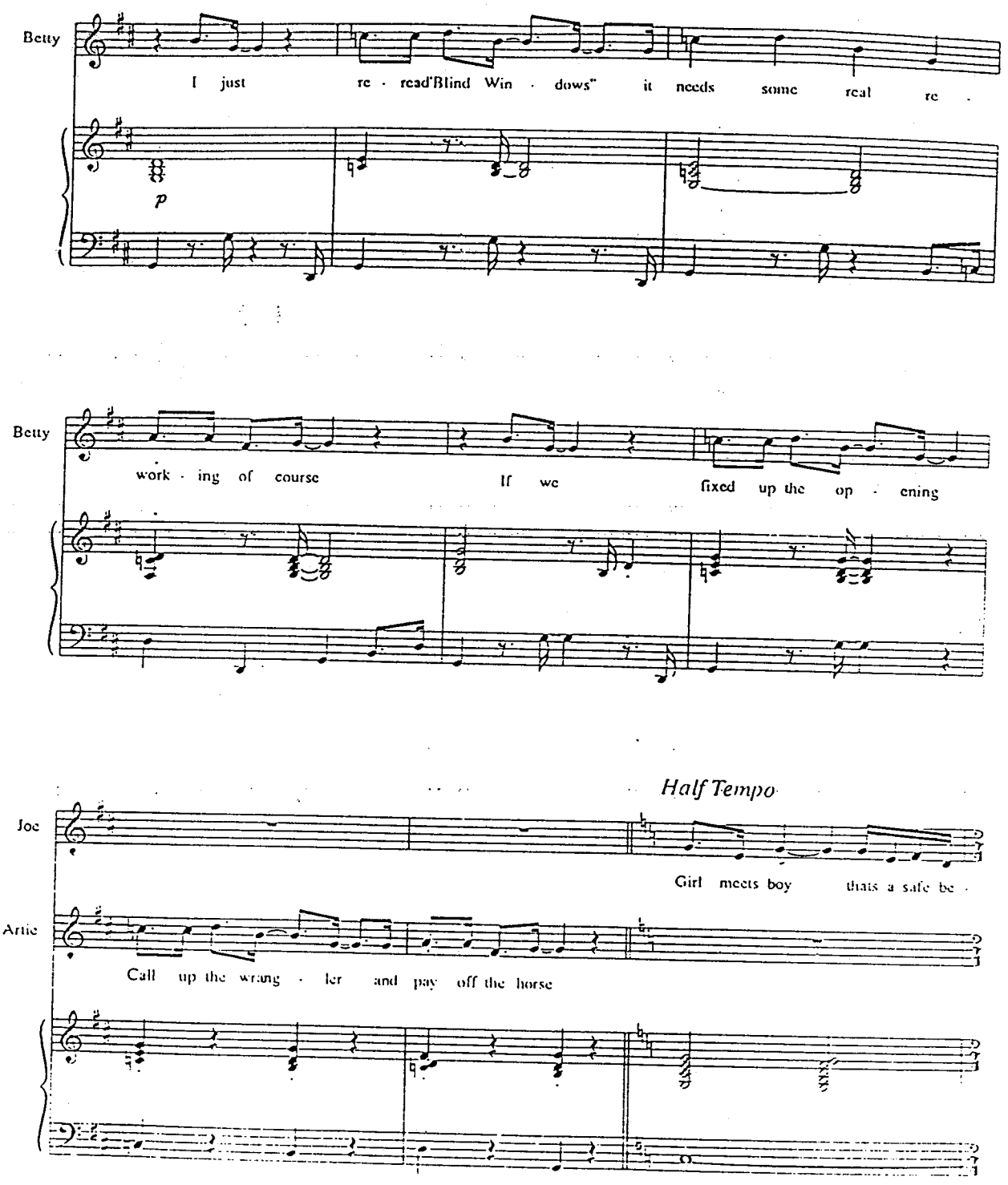

Artie
Prob- lems
no - thing but prob - lems
An - i-mals
Ac - tors

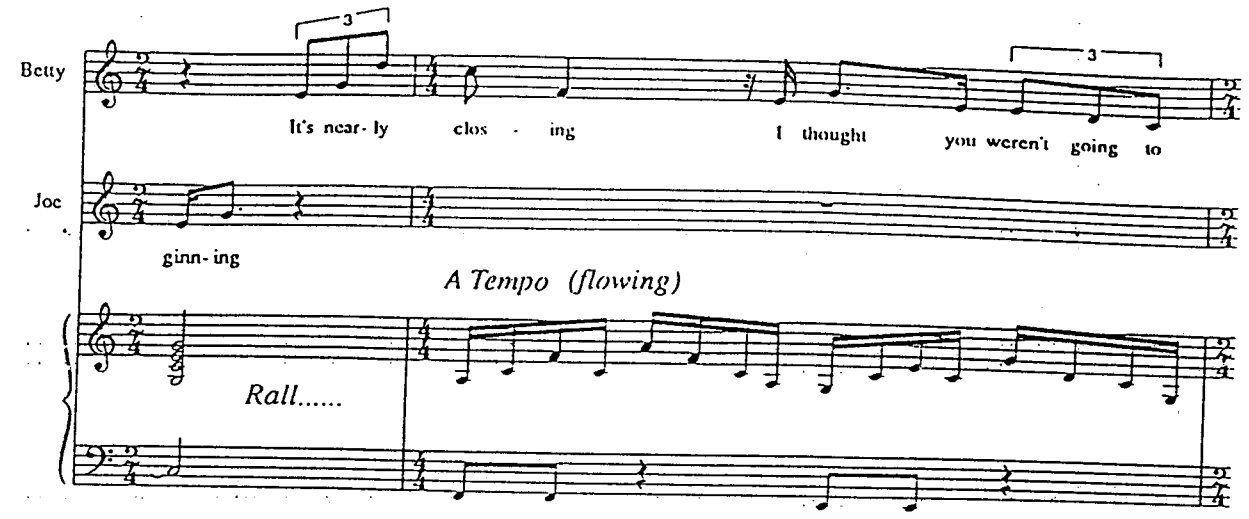

Artie
two kinds of hell
ALL
Ev- ery
mo - vies a cir - cus
on the wire with

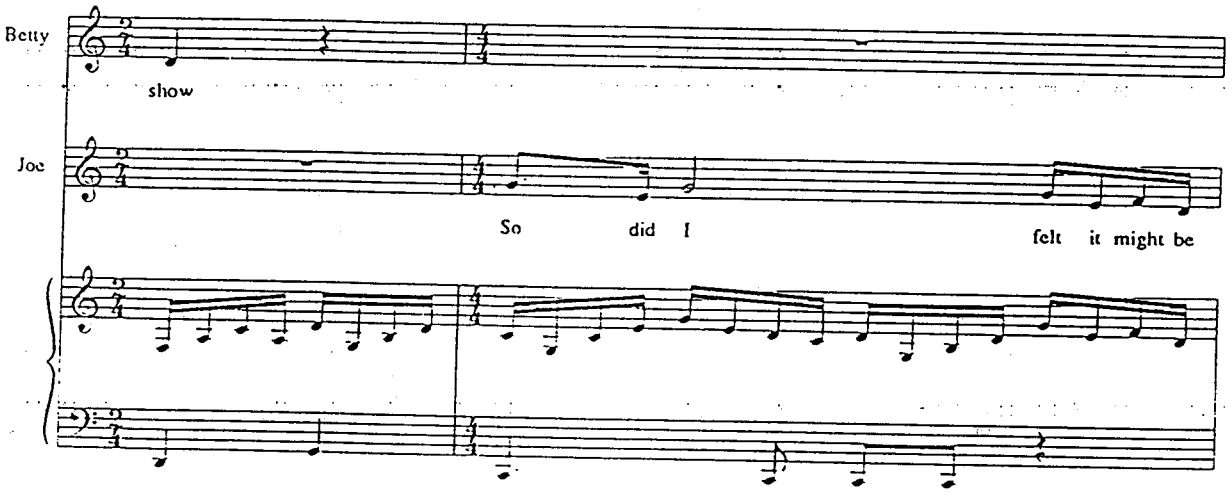

Betty
Well
Hell - o
Mis-ter
Gill - is
out a net

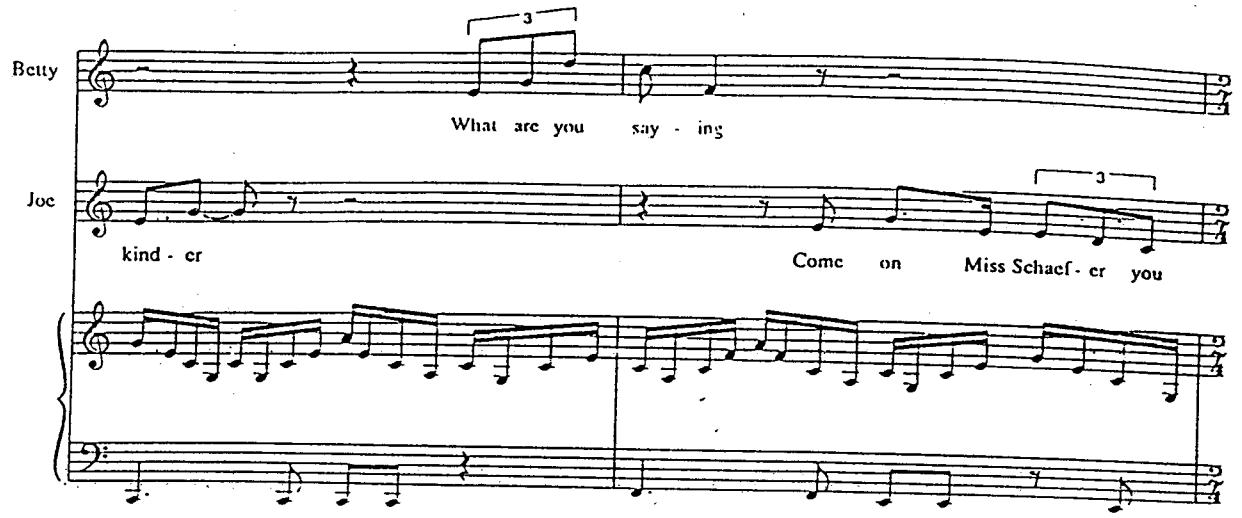

Joe
I'm the up - pit - y hack
Artie
You two have met?
And she's the
3
3

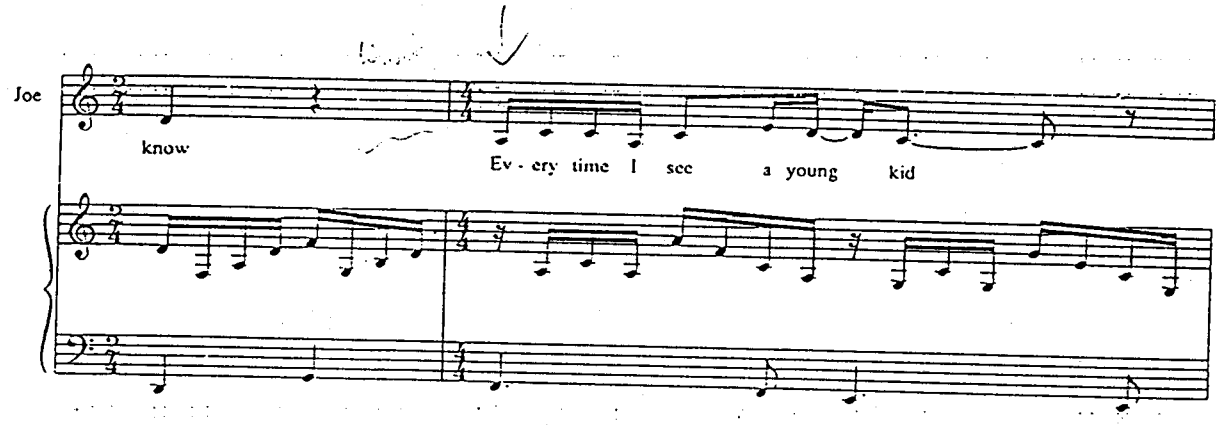

Betty
What's go - ing on here
Artie
stu - di - o smart - ass?
BARMAN
(Spoken) Artie,
They're call - ing you back

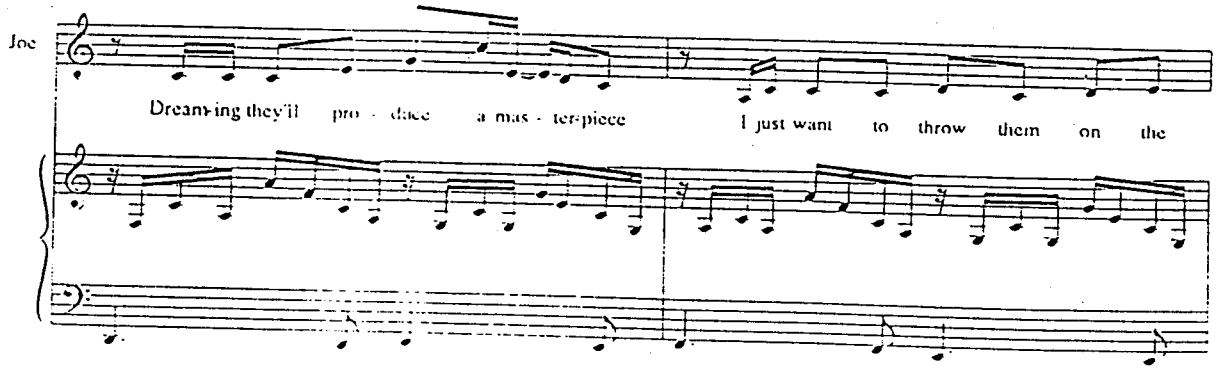

Betty
I just re - read "Blind Win - dows" it needs some real re -
p
Betty
work - ing of course If we fixed up the op - ening
Half Tempo
Joe
Girl meets boy thats a safe be -
Artie
Call up the wrang - ler and pay off the horse

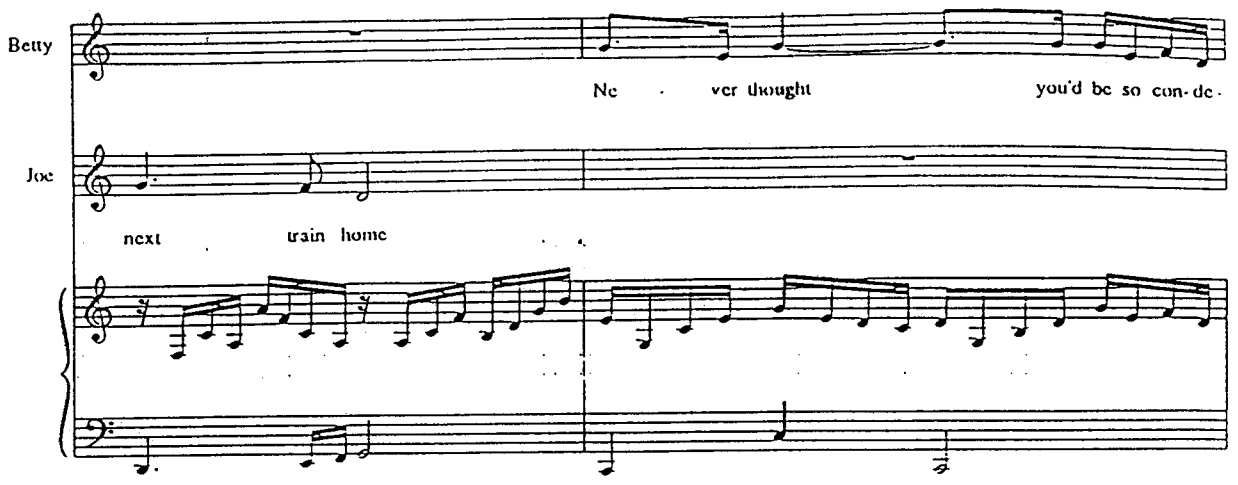

Betty
It's near- ly clos - ing I thought you weren't going to
Joe
ginn- ing
A Tempo (flowing)
Rall.....

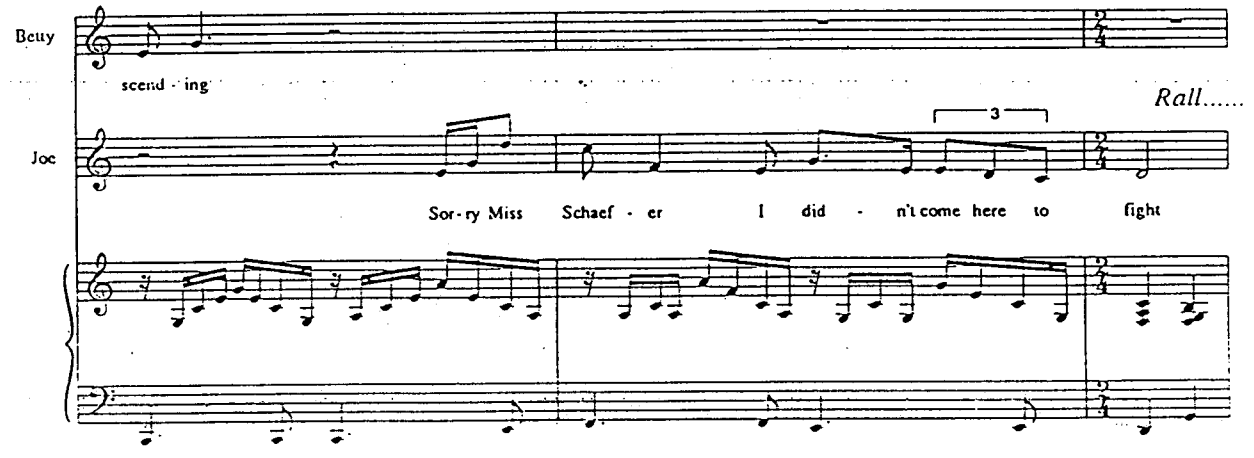

Betty
show
Joe
So did I felt it might be

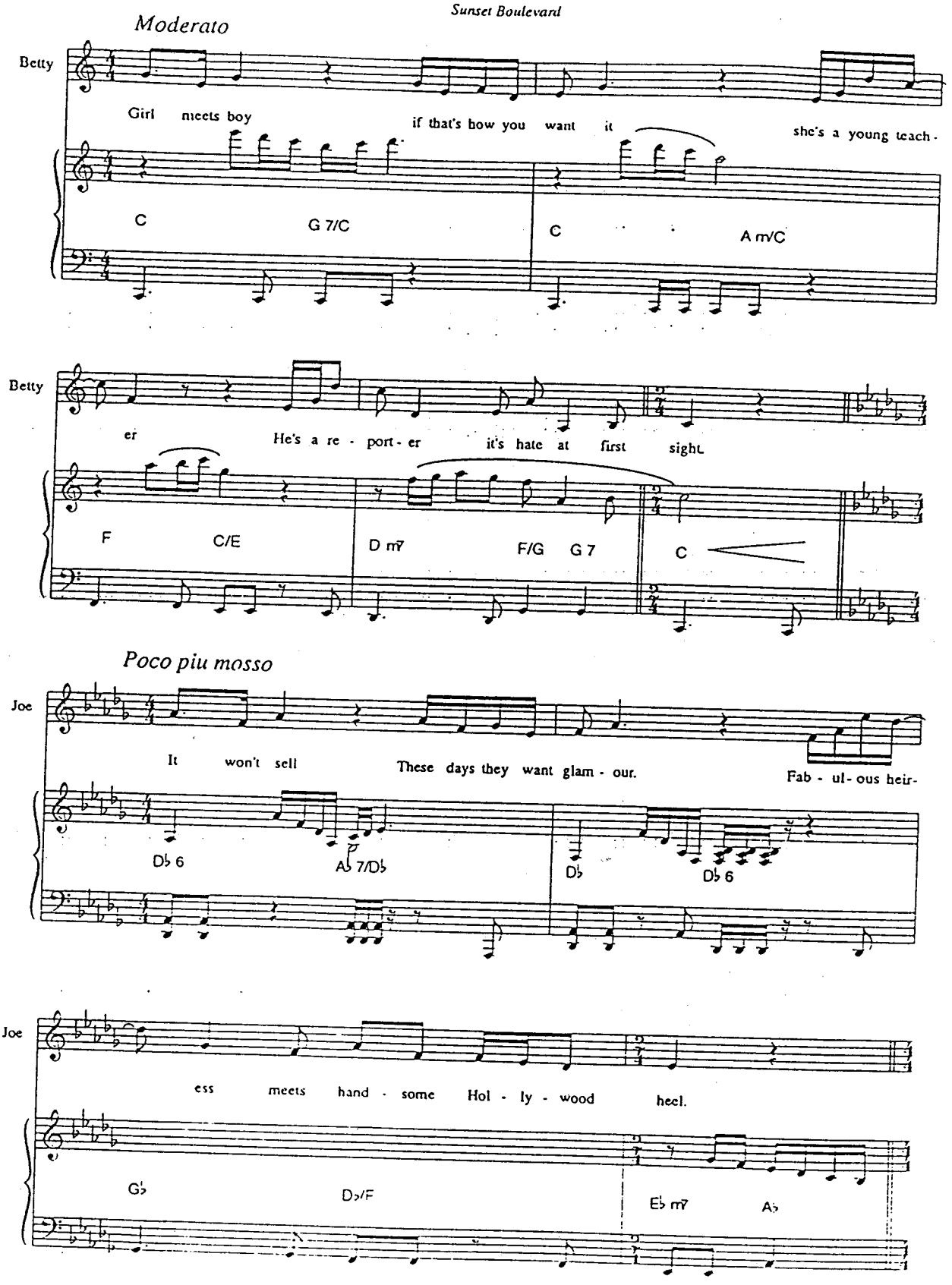

Betty
What are you say - ing
Joe
kind - er
Come on Miss Schaef - er you

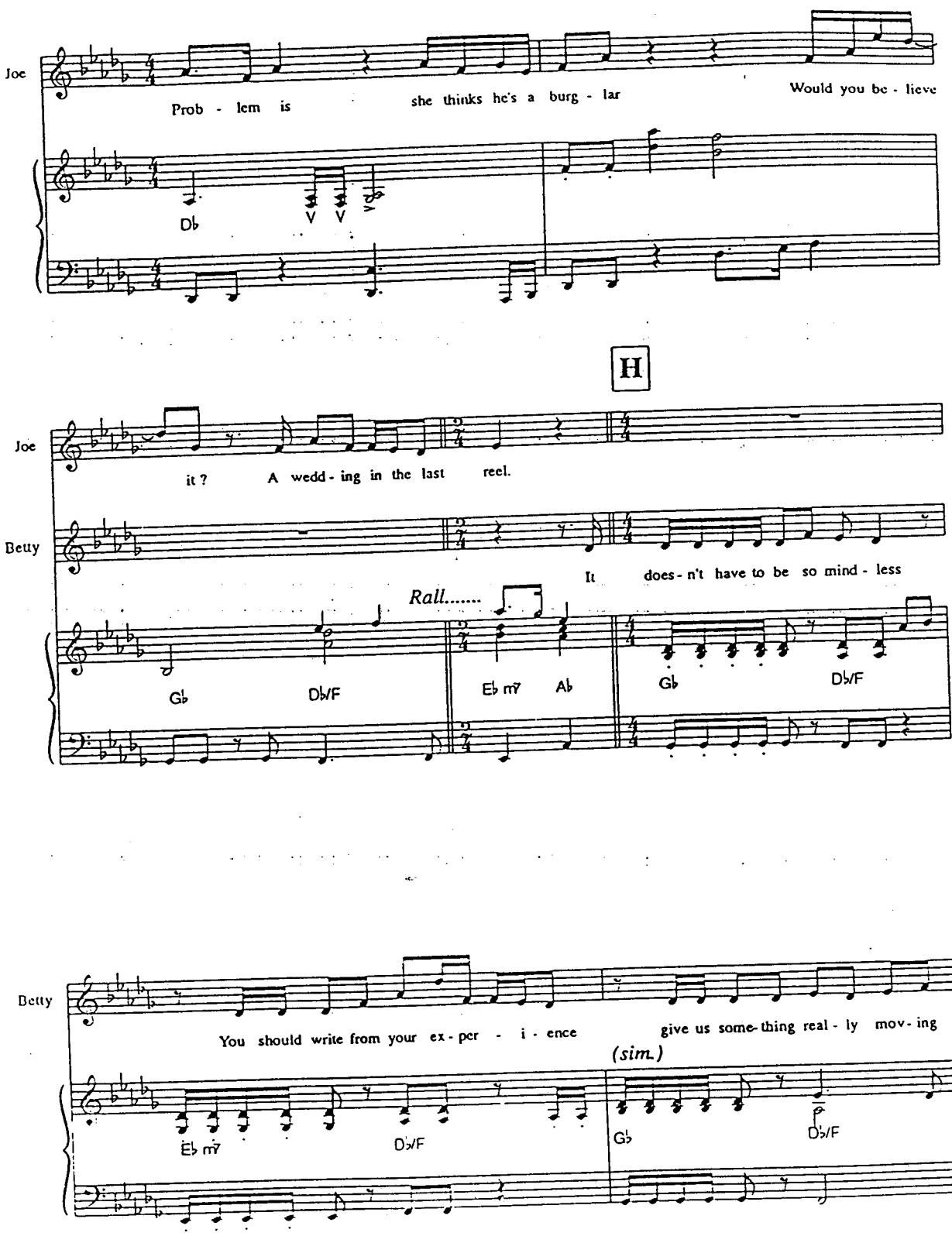

Joe
know
Ev - ery time I see a young kid

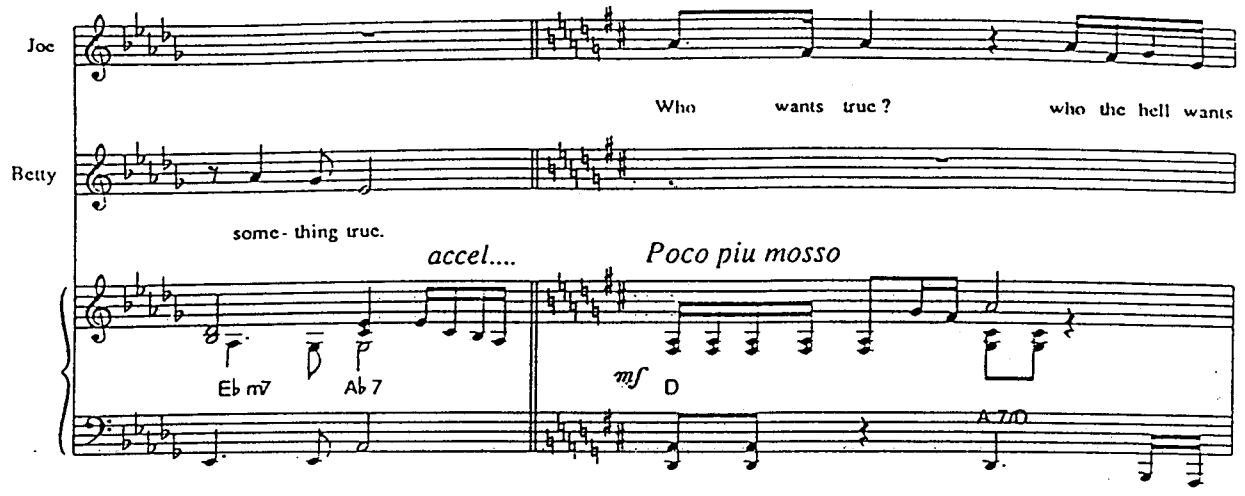

Joe
Dream-ing they'll pro - duce a mas - ter-piece
I just want to throw them on the

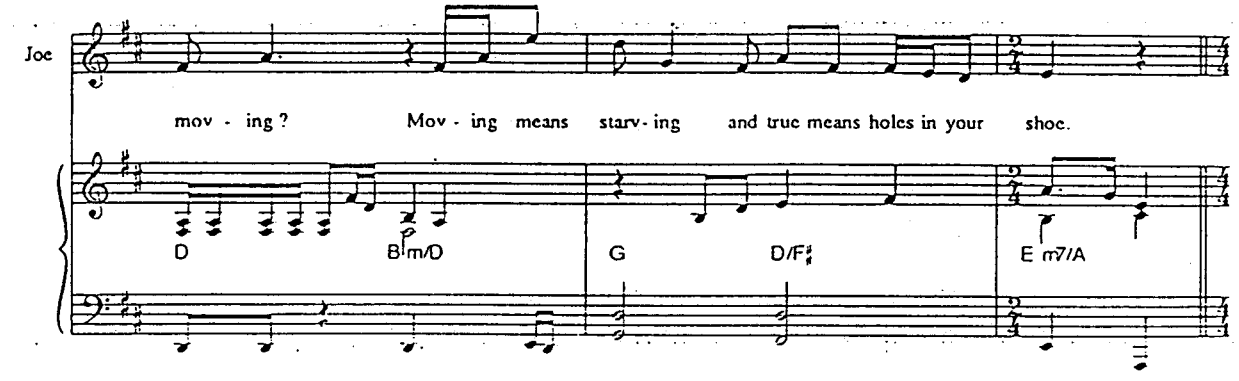

Betty
Ne ver thought you'd be so con-de-
Joe
next train home

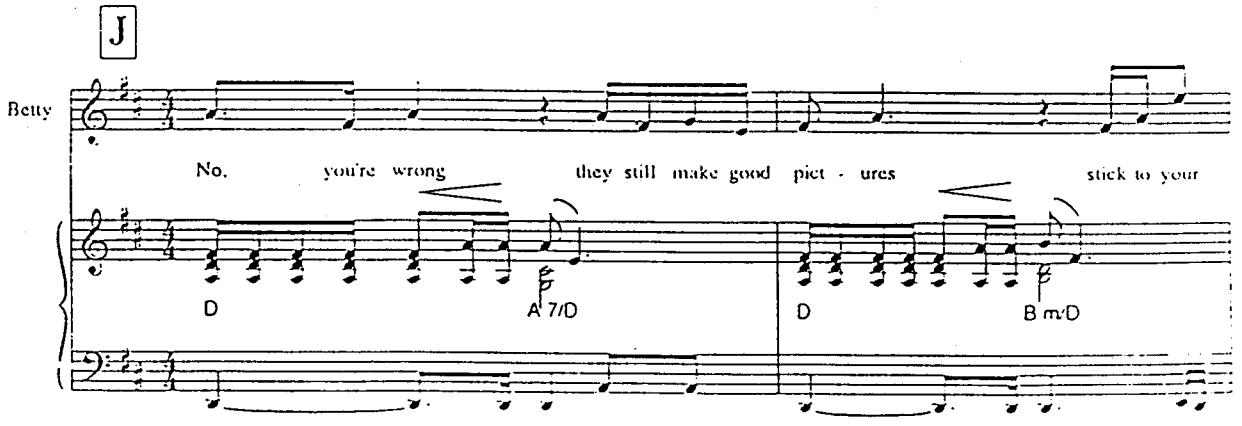

Betty
scend - ing
Rall.....
3
Joe
Sor-ry Miss Schaef - er I did - n't come here to fight

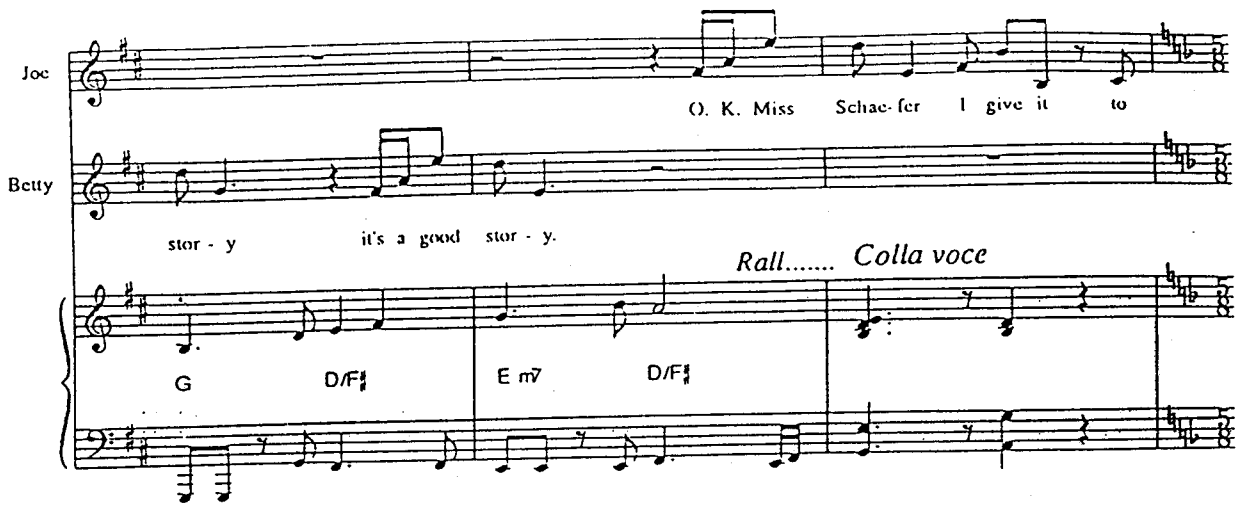

Moderato
Betty
Girl meets boy
if that's how you want it
she's a young teach-
C
G 7/C
C
A m/C
Betty
er
He's a re - port - er
it's hate at first sight
F
C/E
D m7
F/G
G 7
C
Poco piu mosso
Joe
It won't sell
These days they want glam - our.
Fab - ul - ous heir-
Db 6
Ab 7/Db
Db
Db 6
Joe
ess meets hand - some Hol - ly - wood heel.
Gb
Db/F
Eb m7
Ab


Joe
Prob - lem is
she thinks he's a burg - lar
Would you be - lieve
Db
V V
H
Joe
it ?
A wedd - ing in the last reel.
Betty
It does - n't have to be so mind - less
Rall.....
Gb
Db/F
Eb m7
Ab
Gb
Db/F
Betty
You should write from your ex - per - i - ence
give us some - thing real - ly mov - ing
(sim.)
Eb m7
Db/F
Gb
Db/F


Joe
Who wants true? who the hell wants
Betty
some- thing true.
accel....
Poco piu mosso
Eb m7
Ab 7
mf
D
A 7/D


Joe
mov - ing? Mov - ing means starv- ing and true means holes in your shoe.
D
B m/D
G
D/F♯
E m7/A

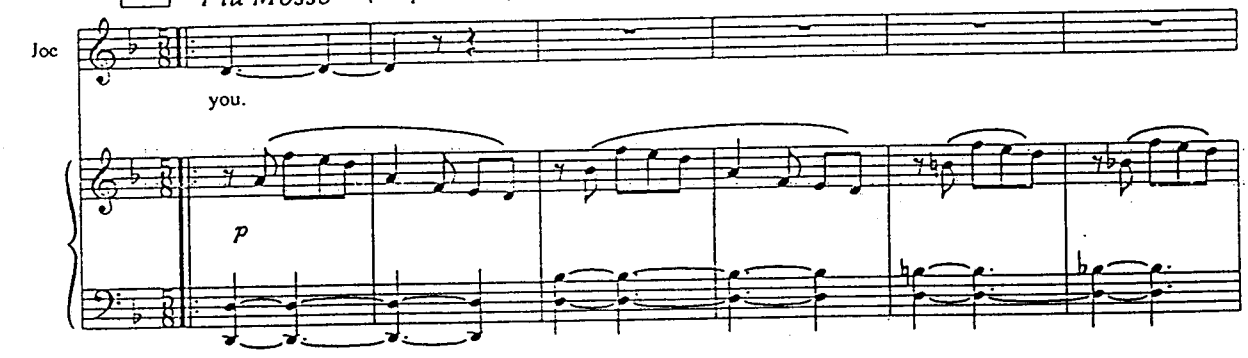

J
Betty
No, you're wrong they still make good pict - ures stick to your
D
A 7/D
D
B m/D



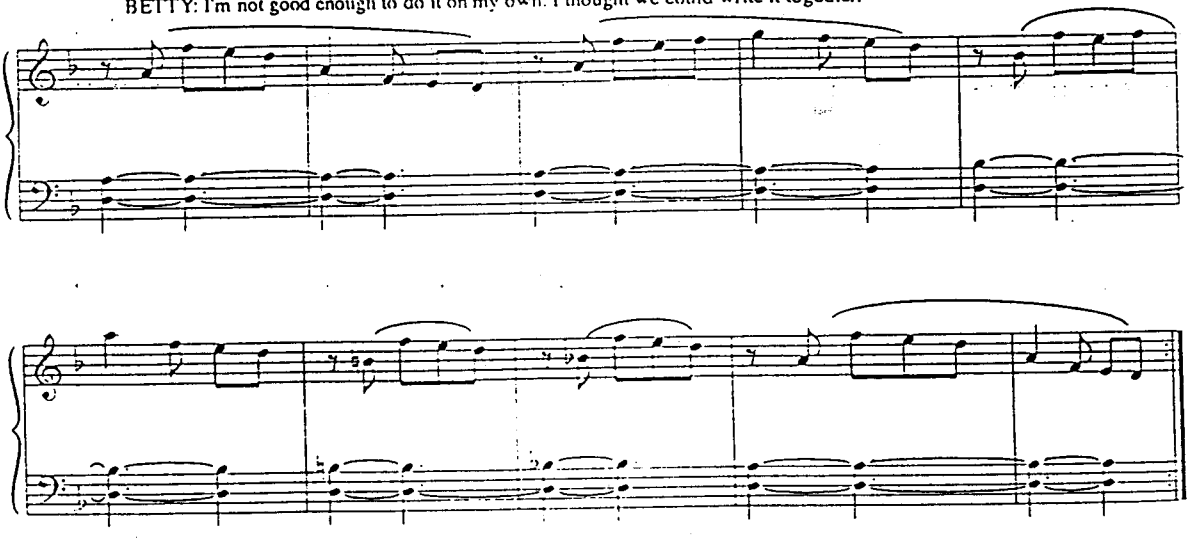
(HE's on his feet; BETTY is looking up at him, completely wrong footed by his unexpected reaction)

K

Piu Mosso *(Stop on cue)*



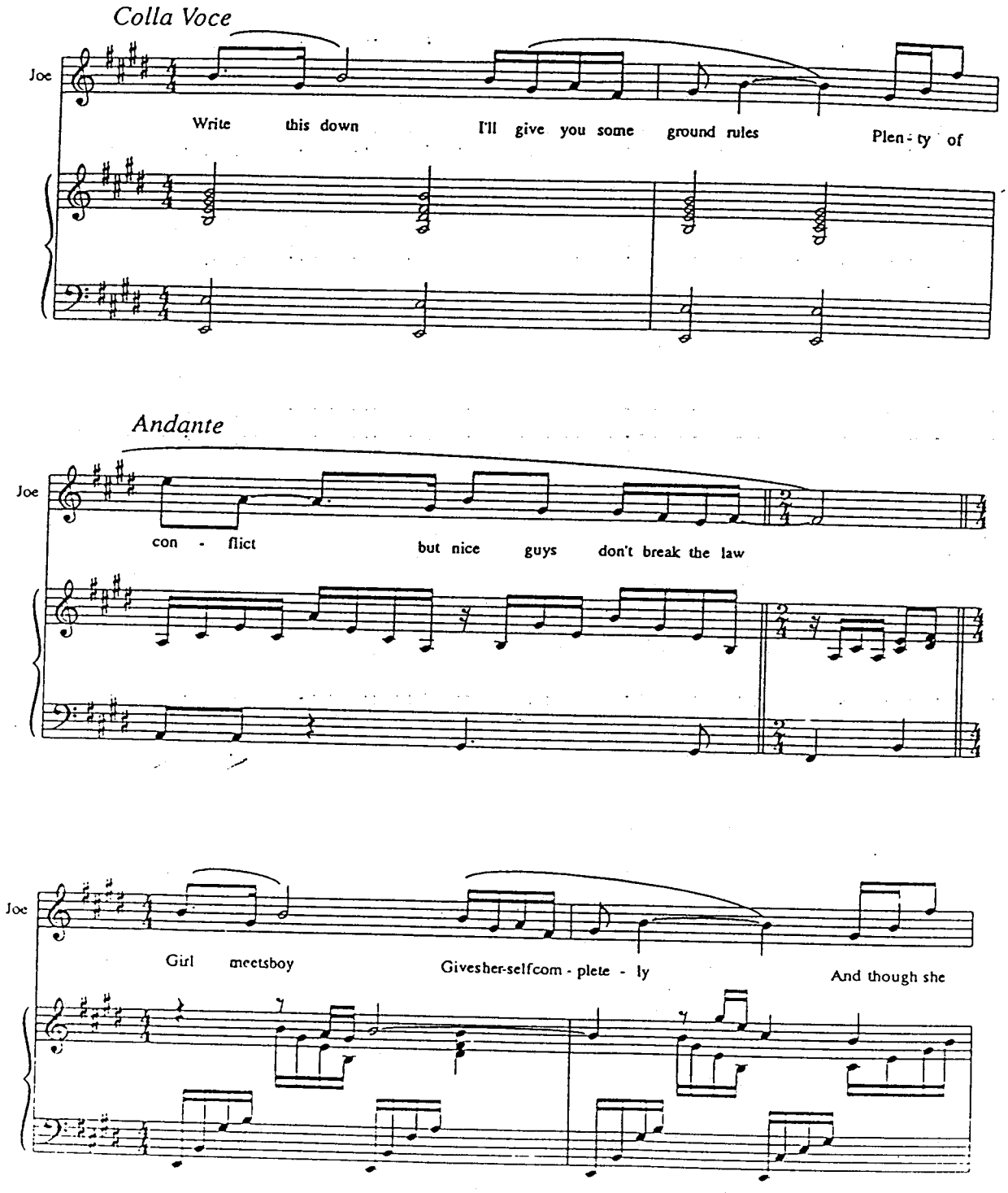
BETTY: What do you mean?
JOE: What I say. It's all yours. I've given up writing myself. So you write it.
BETTY: I'm not good enough to do it on my own. I thought we could write it together.

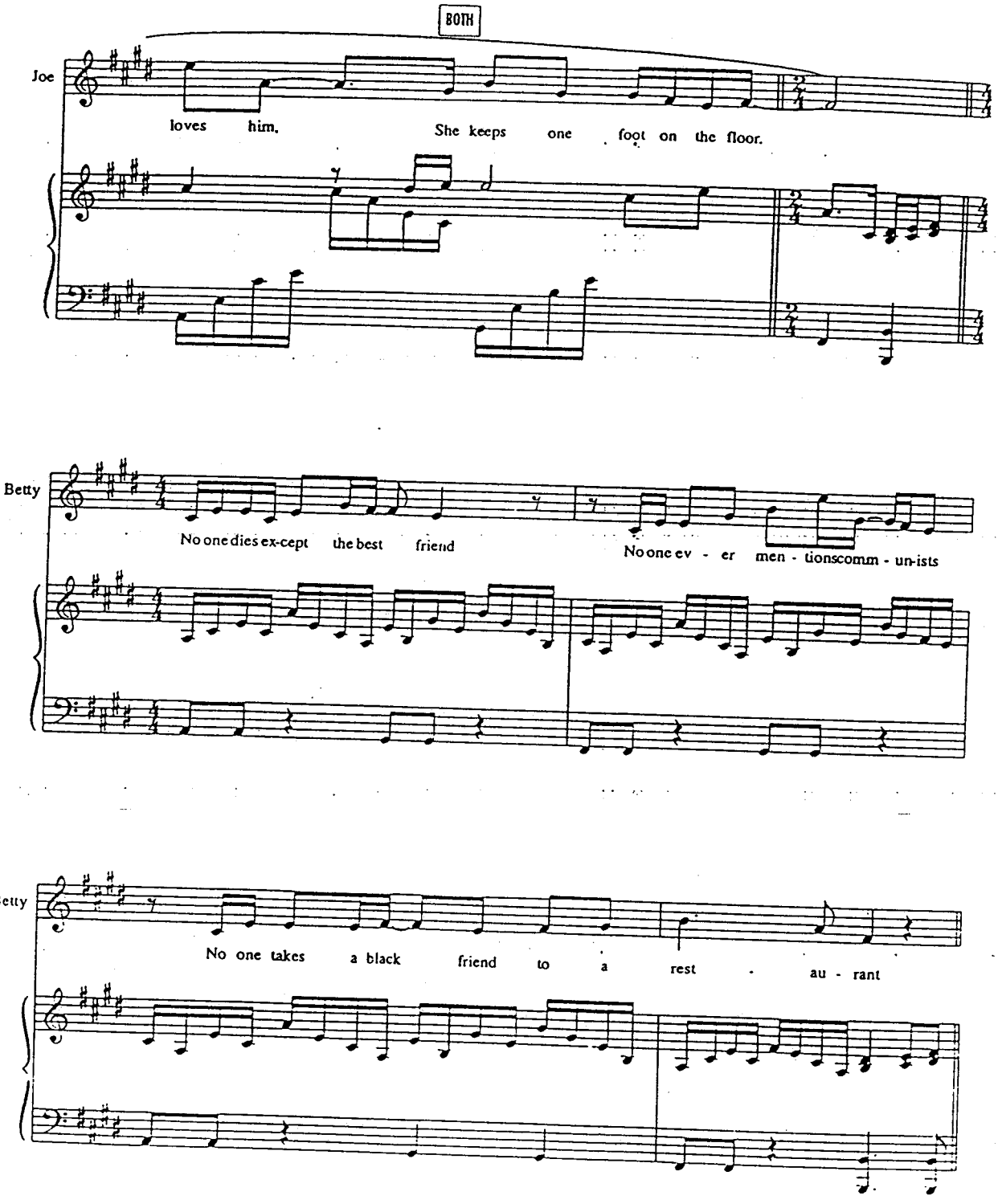


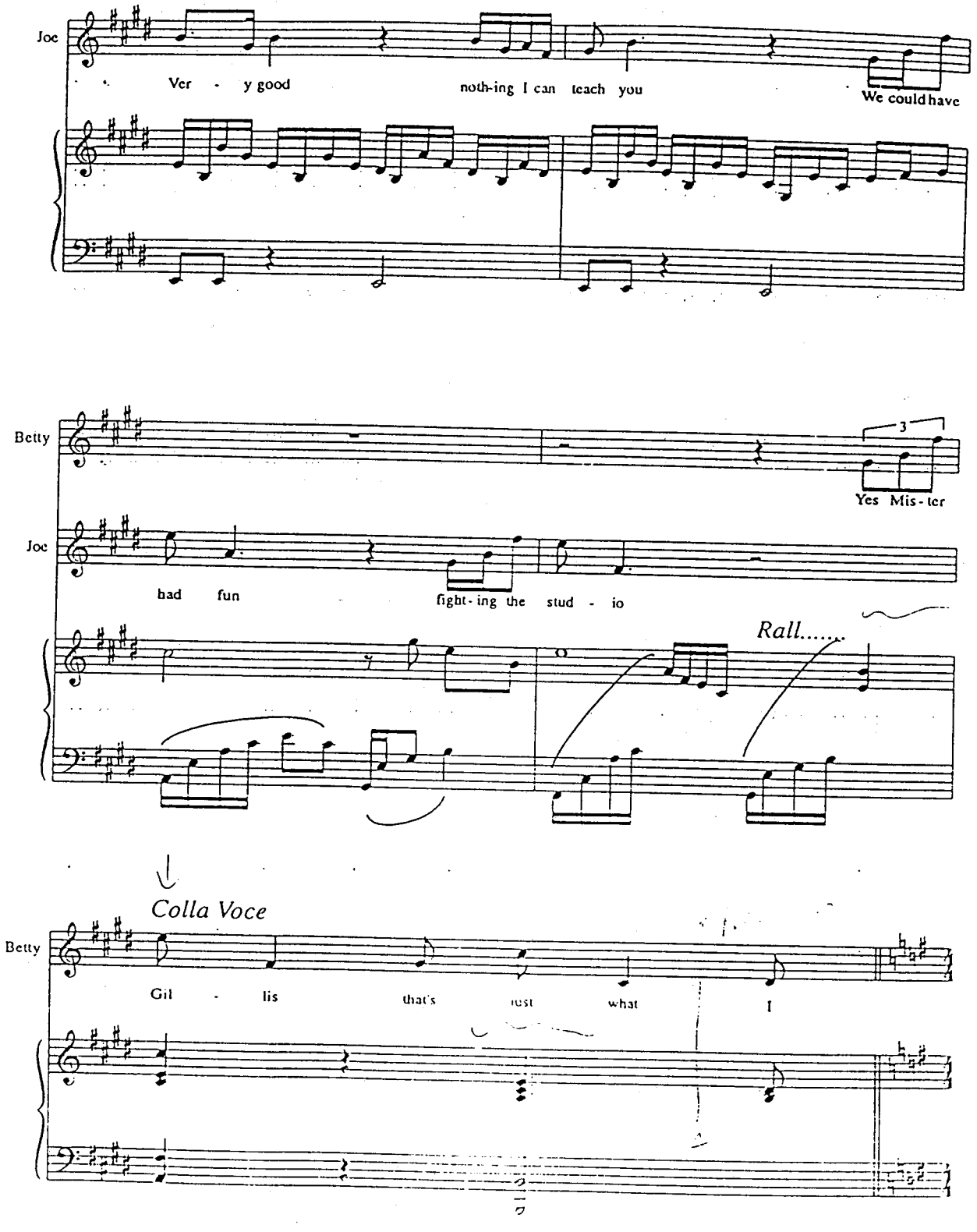
JOE: I can't. I'm all tied up
BETTY: Couldn't we work evenings? Six o' clock in the morning? I'll come to your place.
JOE: Look Betty, it can't be done. It's out. (MUSIC STOPS)

Girl Meets Boy (Part Two)

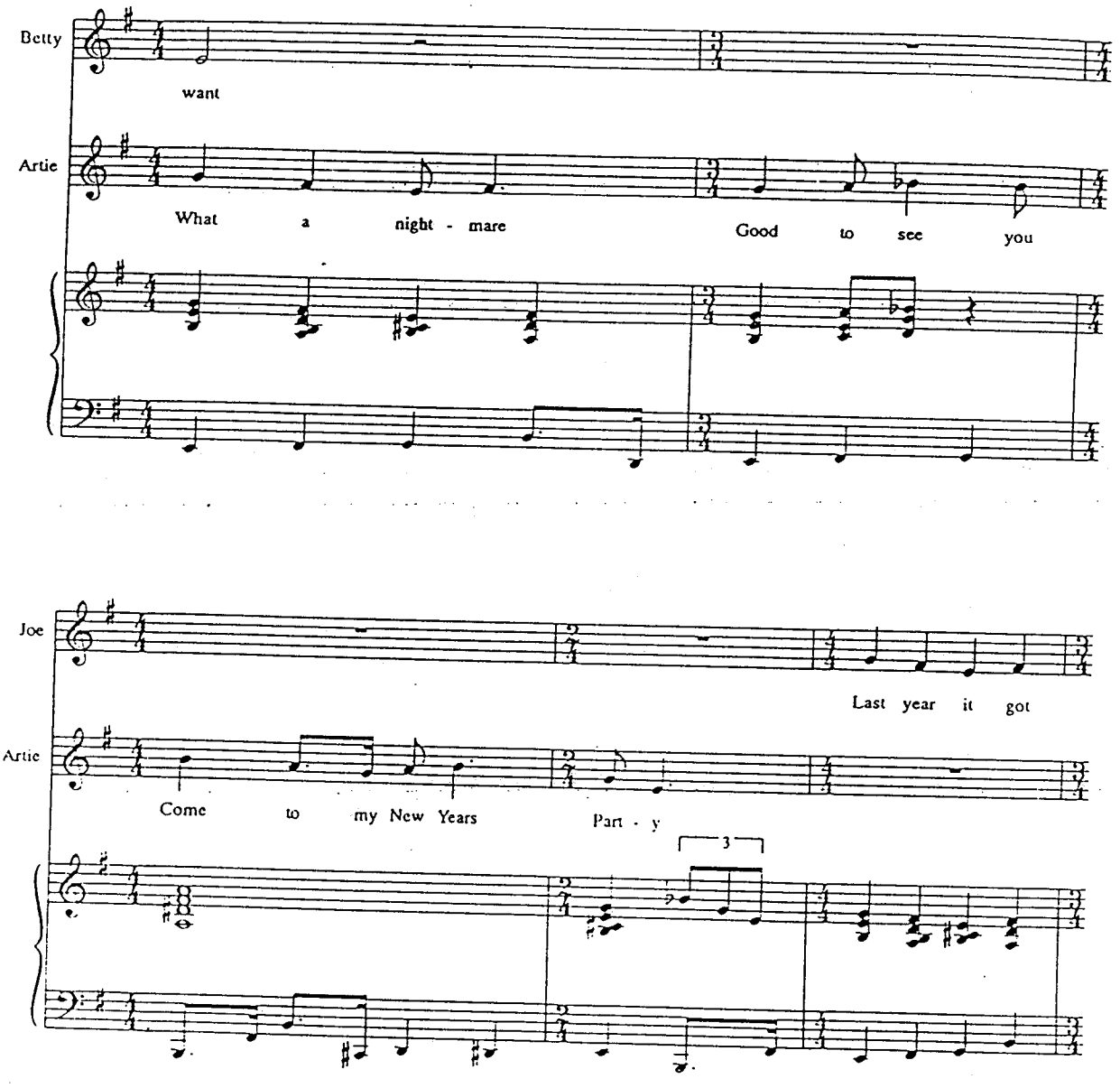
JOE: Let's keep in touch through Artie. That way if you get stuck, we can at least talk. *(MUSIC STARTS)*

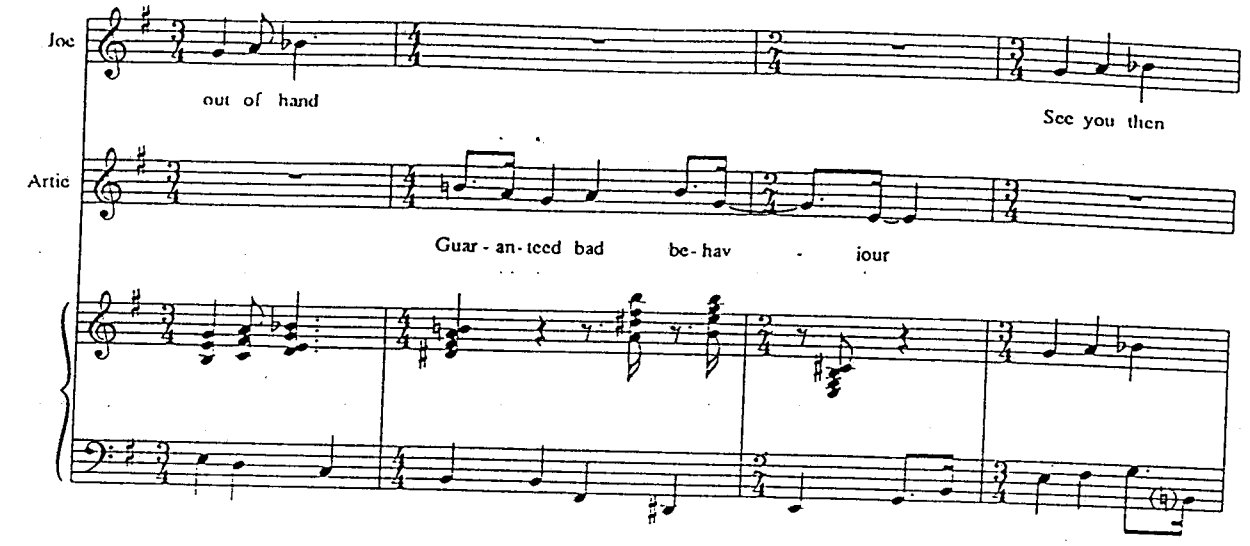


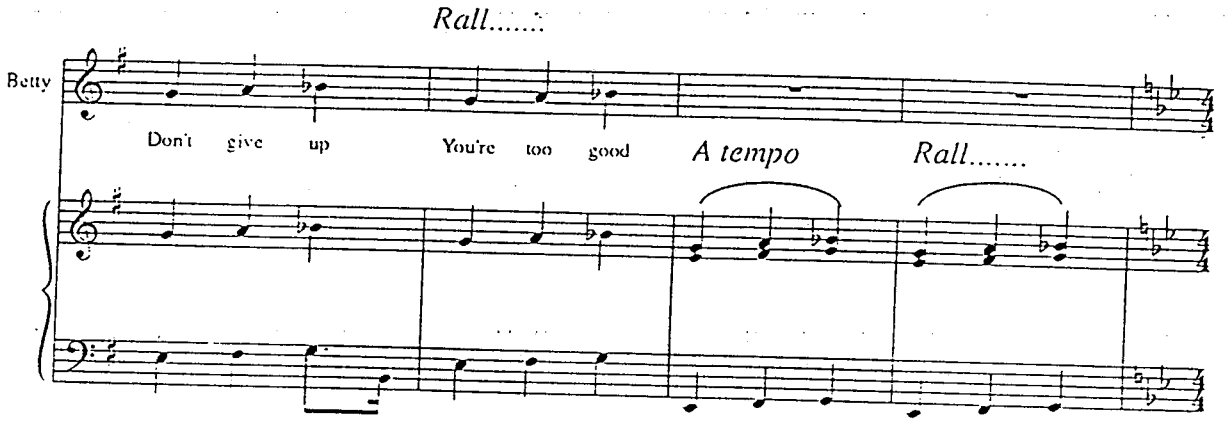

BOTH
Joe
loves him.
She keeps one foot on the floor.
Betty
No one dies ex-cept the best friend
No one ev - er men - tionscomm - un-ists
Betty
No one takes a black friend to a rest - au - rant

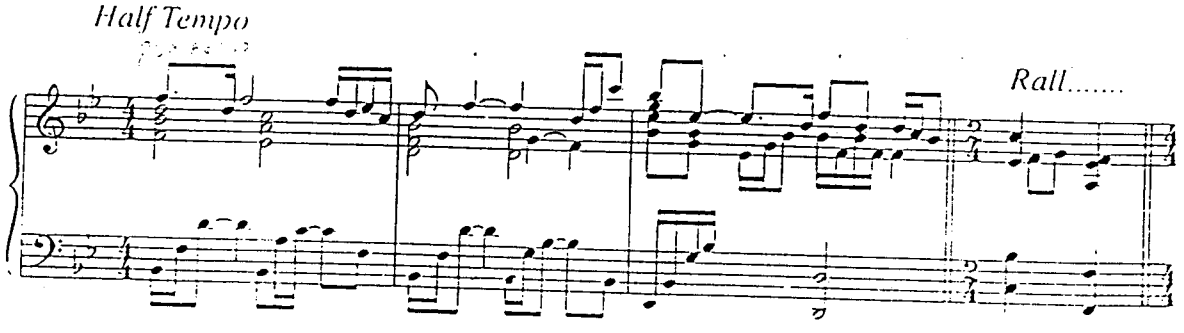

Joe
Ver - y good
noth-ing I can teach you
We could have
Betty
3
Yes Mis-ter
Joe
had fun
fight-ing the stud - io
Rall.....
Colla Voce
Betty
Gil - lis
that's just what
I

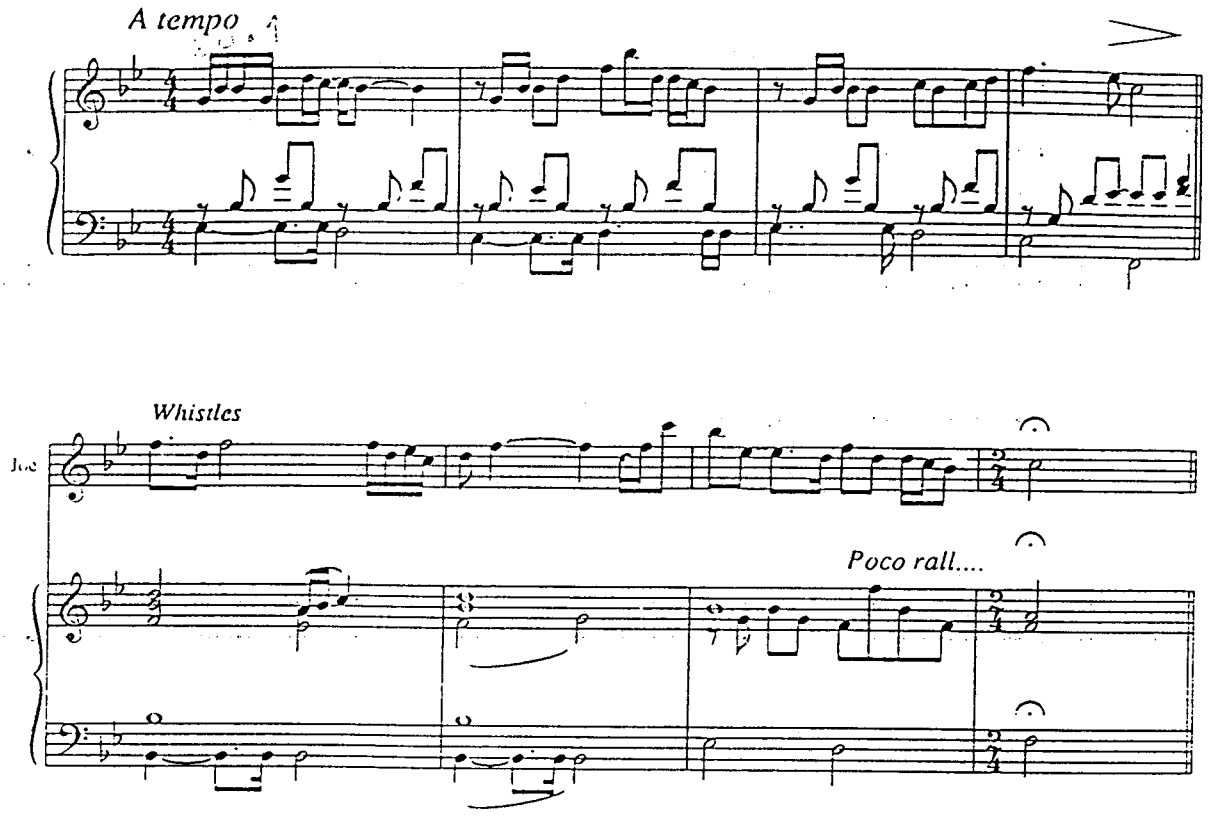
Allegro moderato
Double Tempo (Swing 4)




Joe
out of hand
See you then
Artie
Guar - an - teed bad be - hav - iour


Rall.....
Betty
Don't give up You're too good
A tempo
Rall.....

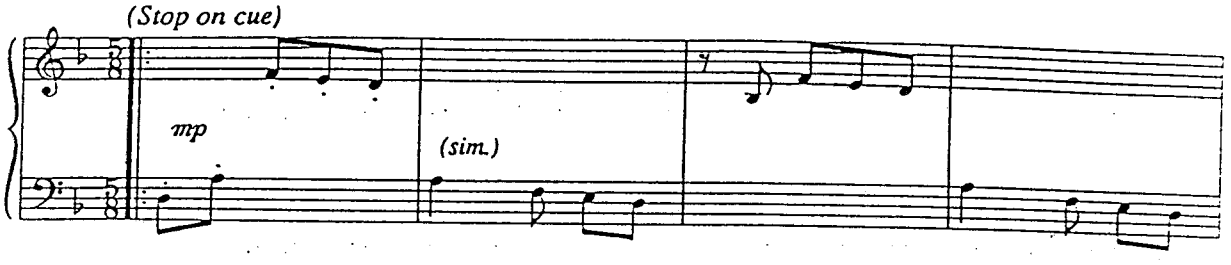

Half Tempo
Rall.....


A tempo
Whistles
Joe
Poco rall....

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)

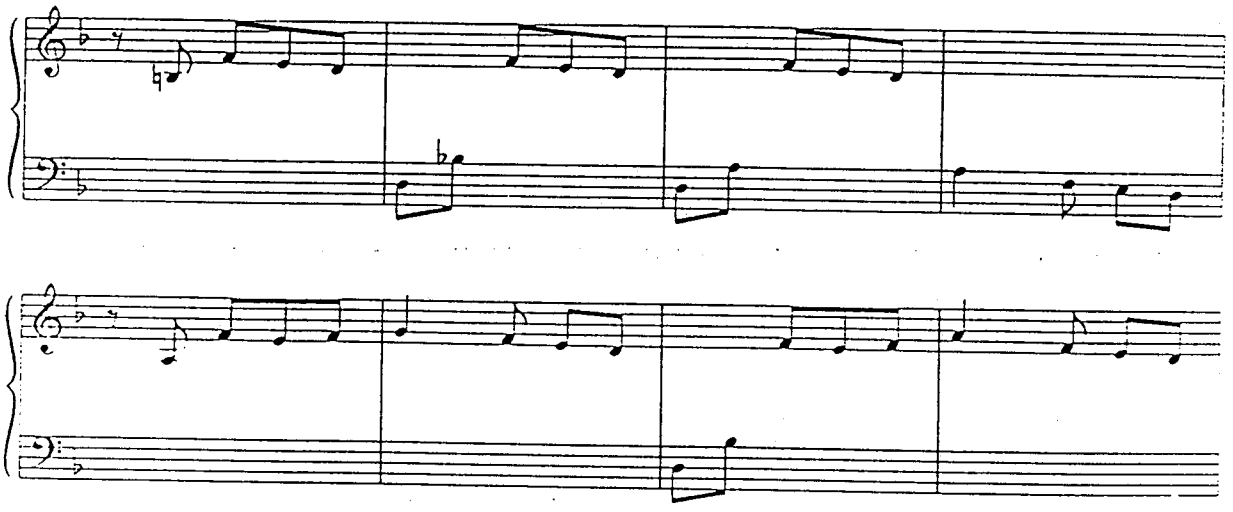


JOE: Out. I assume I can go out when I feel like it.

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.

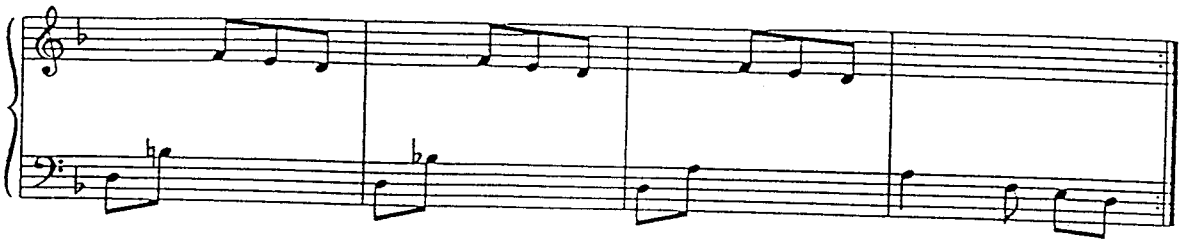


JOE: Why? Because of her career? She's done well enough. Look at all the fan mail she gets every day.

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?



JOE: No. *(MUSIC STOPS)* And Max?

MAX: Yes, sir?

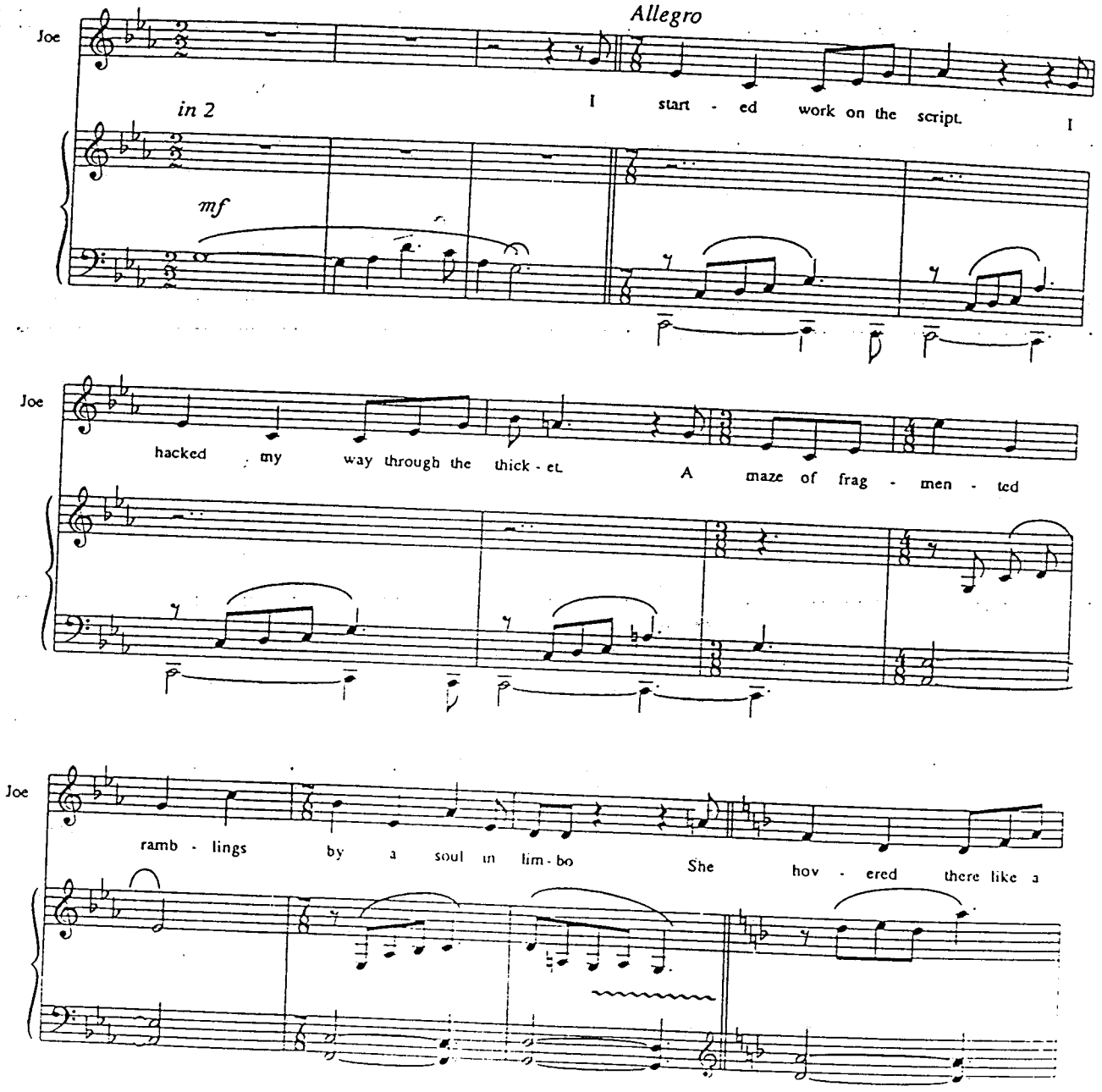
JOE: Who the hell do you think you are, bringing my stuff from my apartment without consulting me? I have a li of my own - now you're telling me I'm supposed to be a prisoner here.

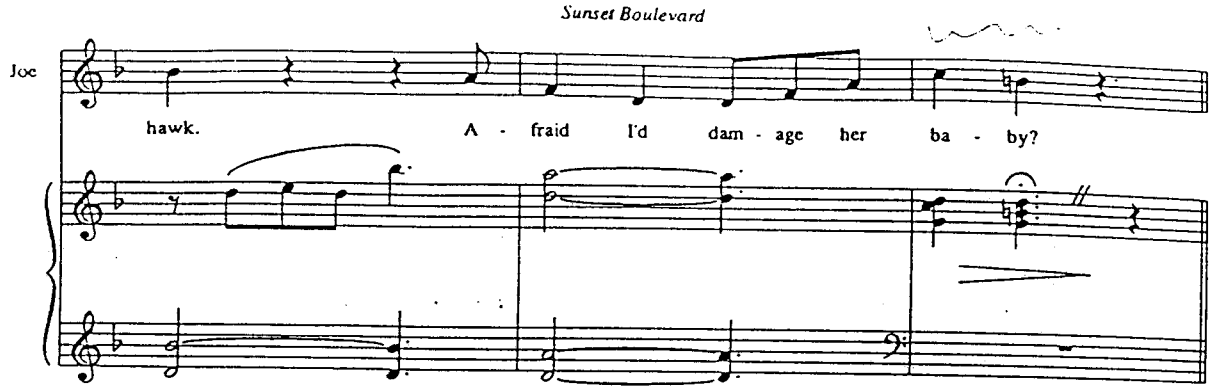
MAX considers him for a moment, his eye cold.

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.





JOE drops a page of manuscript into the waste paper basket.

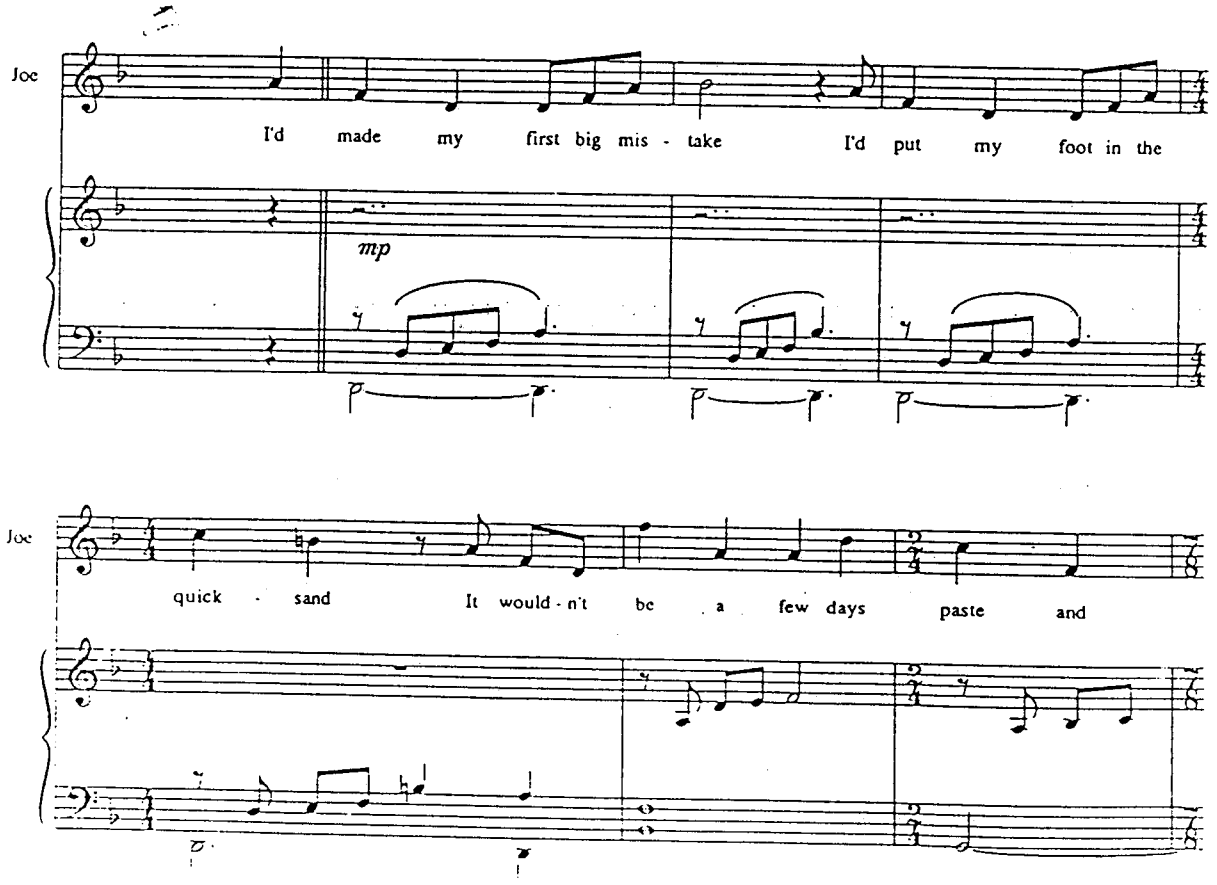
NORMA: What's that?

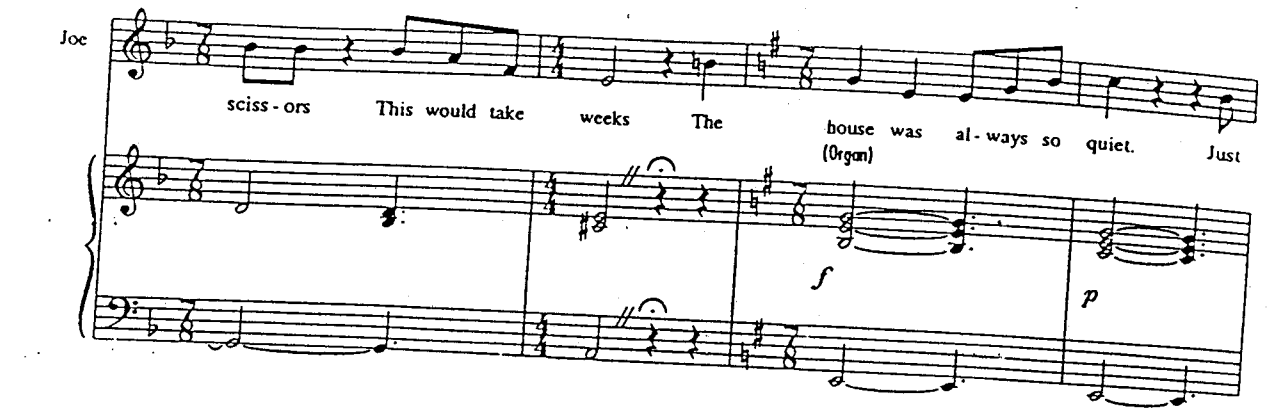
JOE: I thought we might cut away from the slave market.

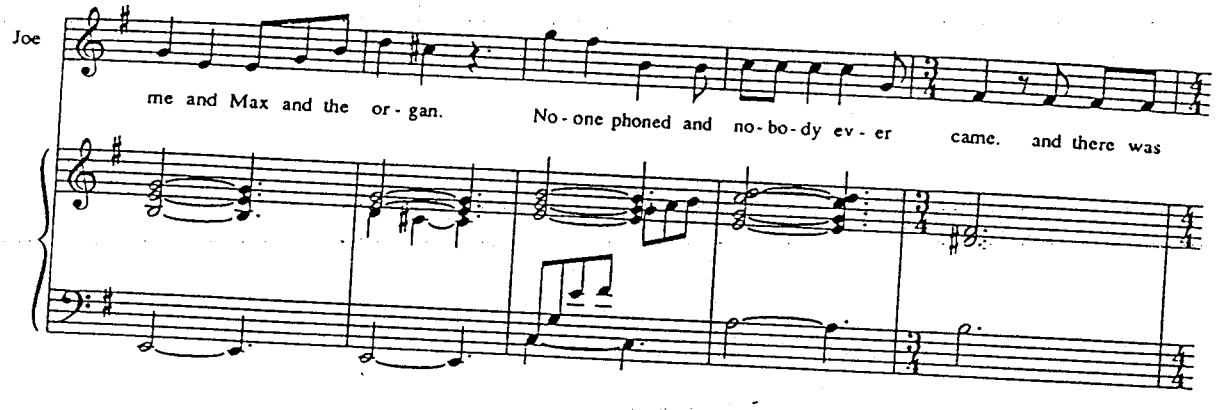
NORMA: Cut away from me?

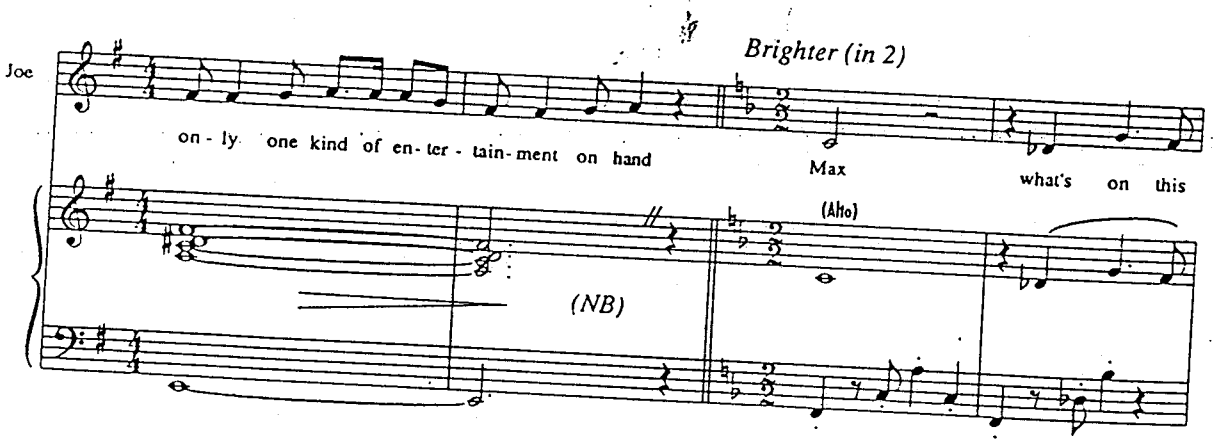
JOE: They don't want you in every scene.

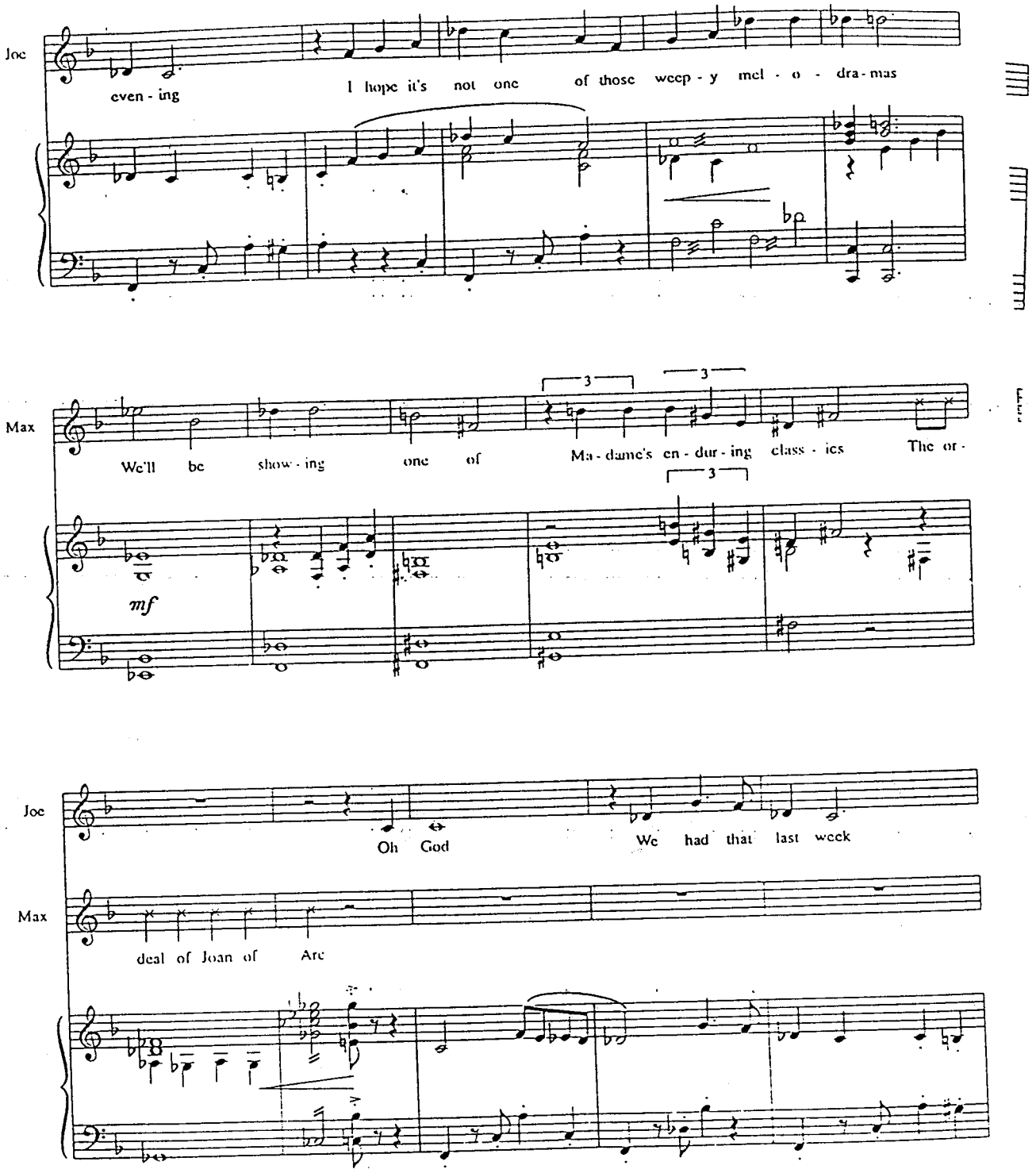
NORMA: Of course they do. What else would they have come for? Put it back...

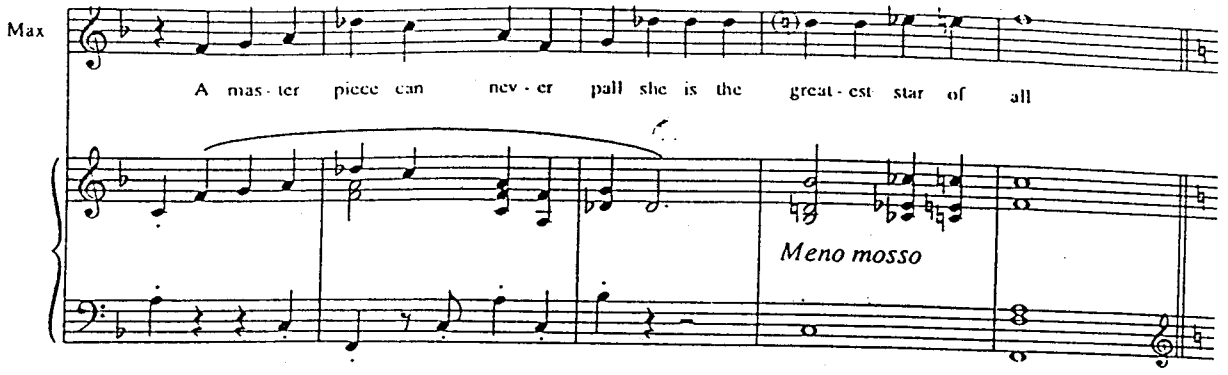


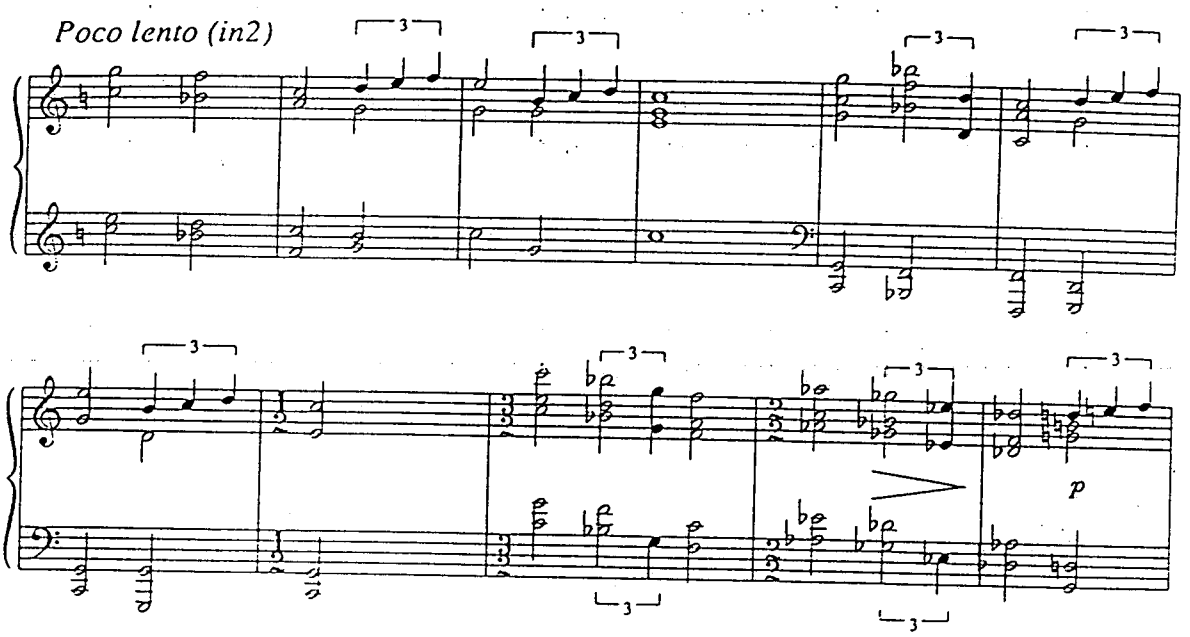

Joe
sciss - ors This would take weeks The house was al - ways so quiet. Just
(Organ)
f
p


Joe
me and Max and the or - gan. No - one phoned and no - bo - dy ev - er came. and there was

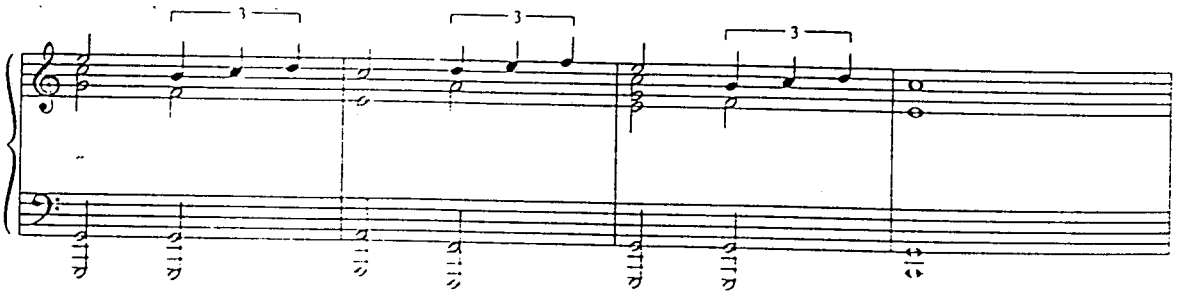

Joe
Brighter (in 2)
on - ly one kind of en - ter - tain - ment on hand Max what's on this
(Aho)
(NB)

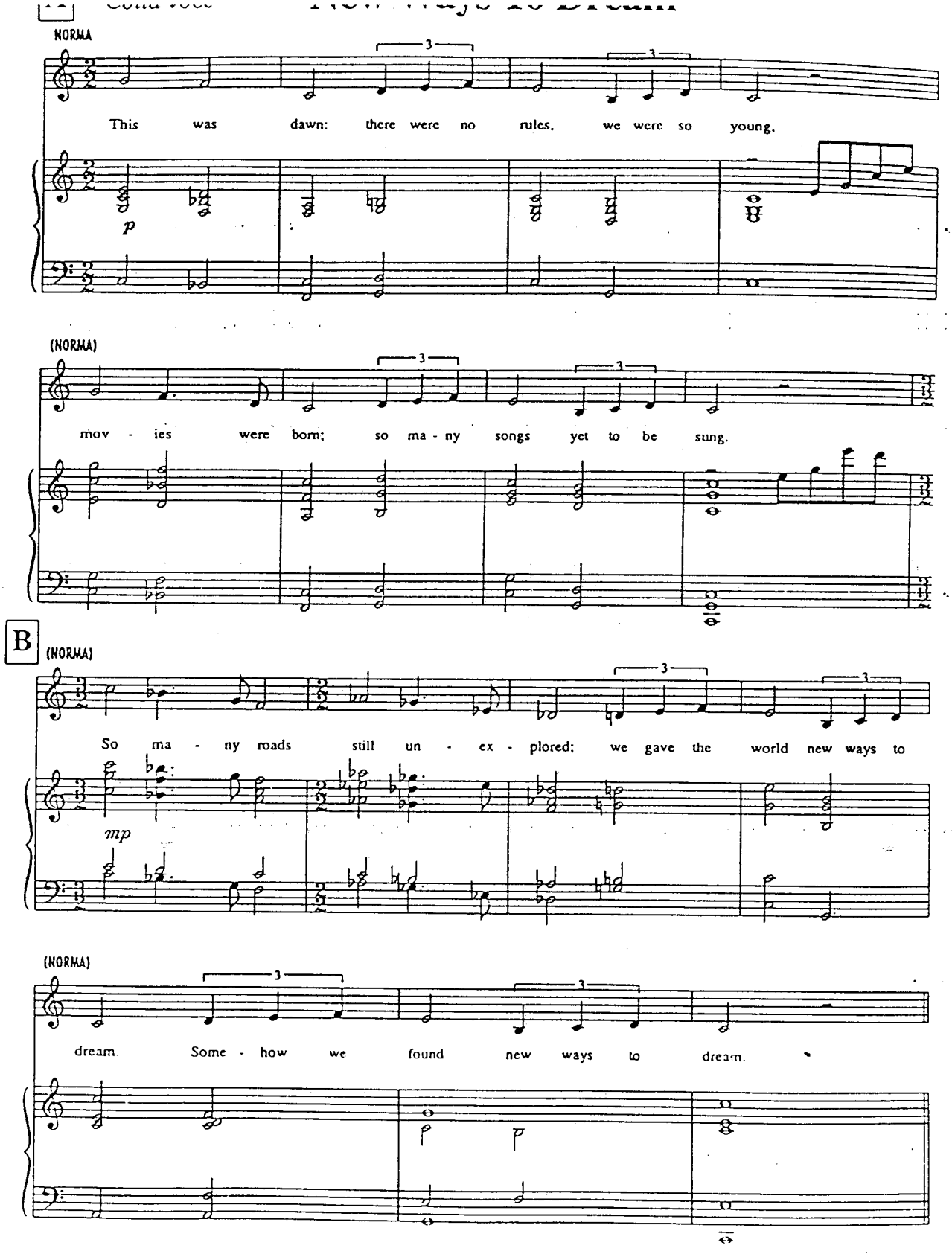

Joe
even - ing
I hope it's not one of those weep - y mel - o - dra - mas
Max
We'll be show - ing one of
Ma - dame's en - dur - ing class - ics
The or -
mf
Joe
Oh God
We had that last week
Max
deal of Joan of Arc

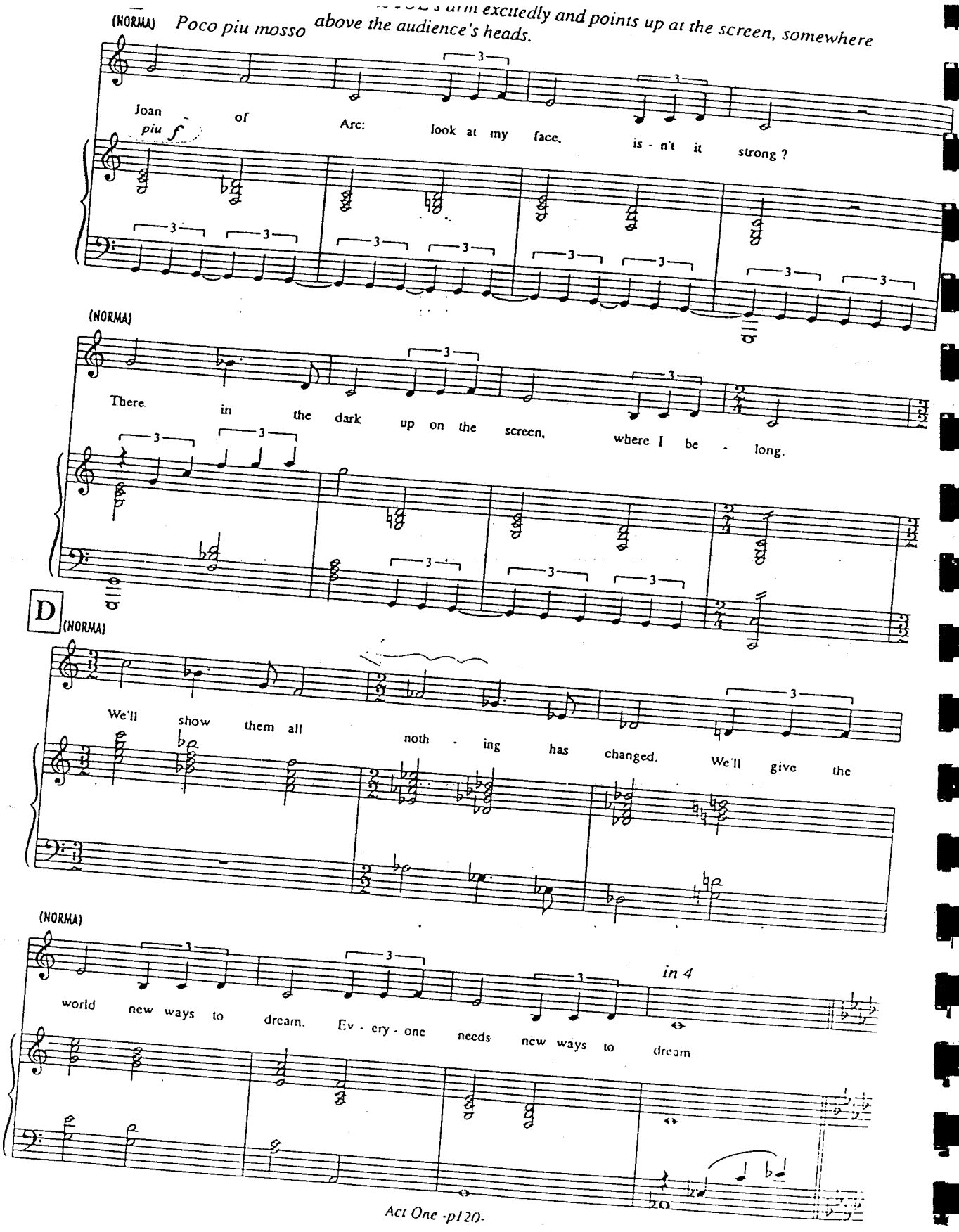




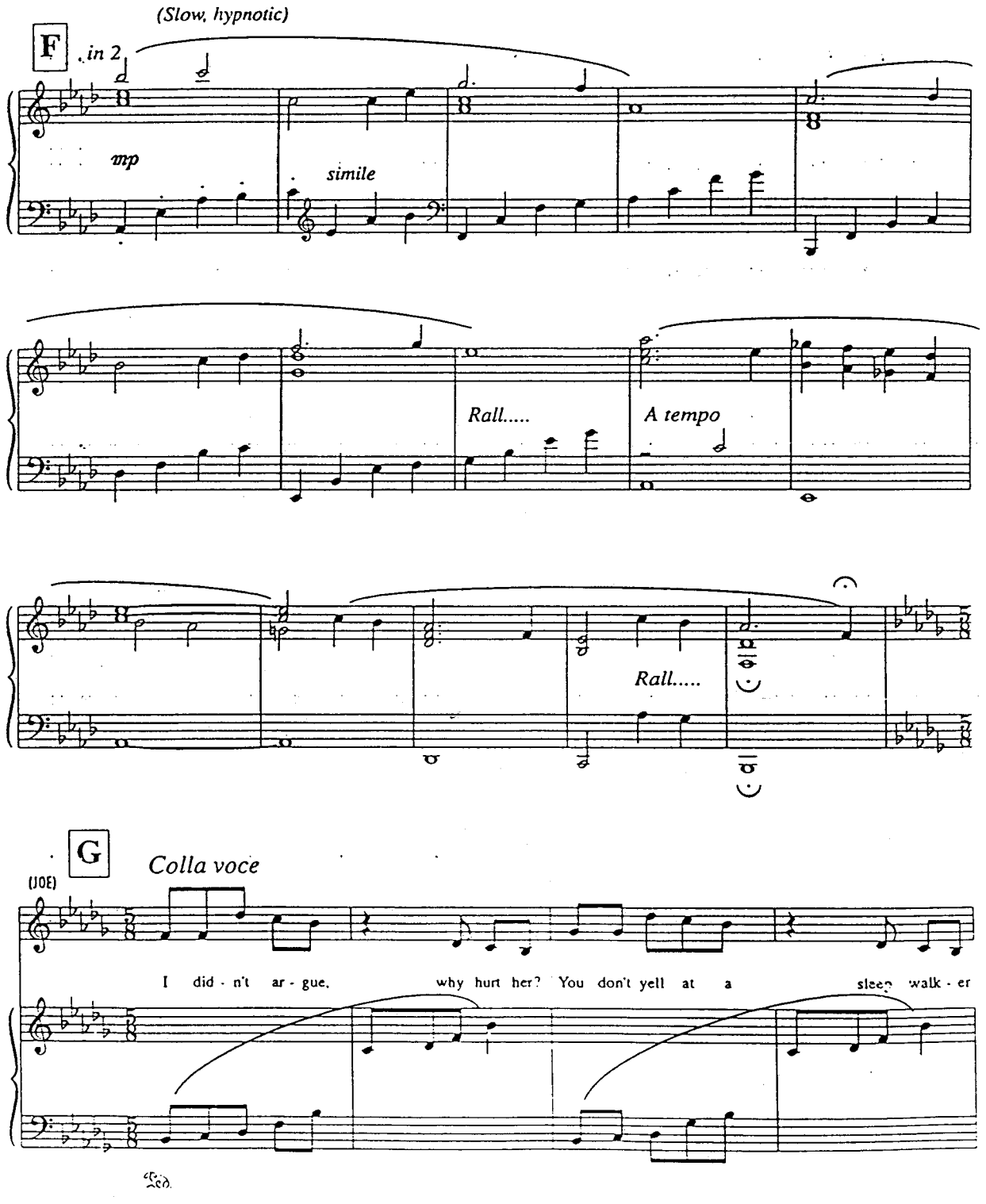
During this MAX has been busying himself, setting up a projector and lacing up the reels. JOE wanders over to take his place on the sofa. Eventually, NORMA sweeps in, dressed to the nines and settles down next to JOE. MAX switches on the projector and the beam radiates out across the auditorium. For 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.

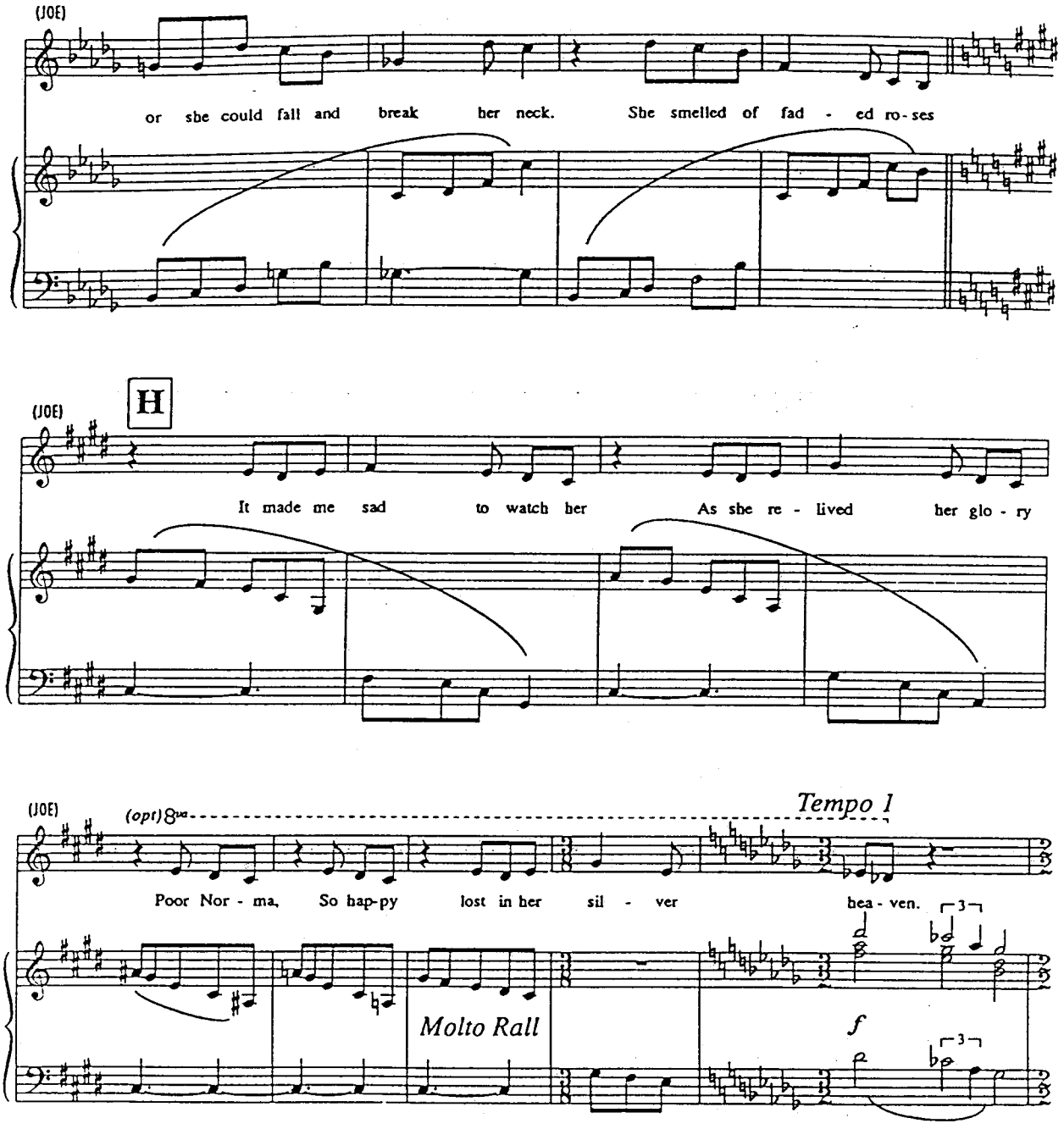


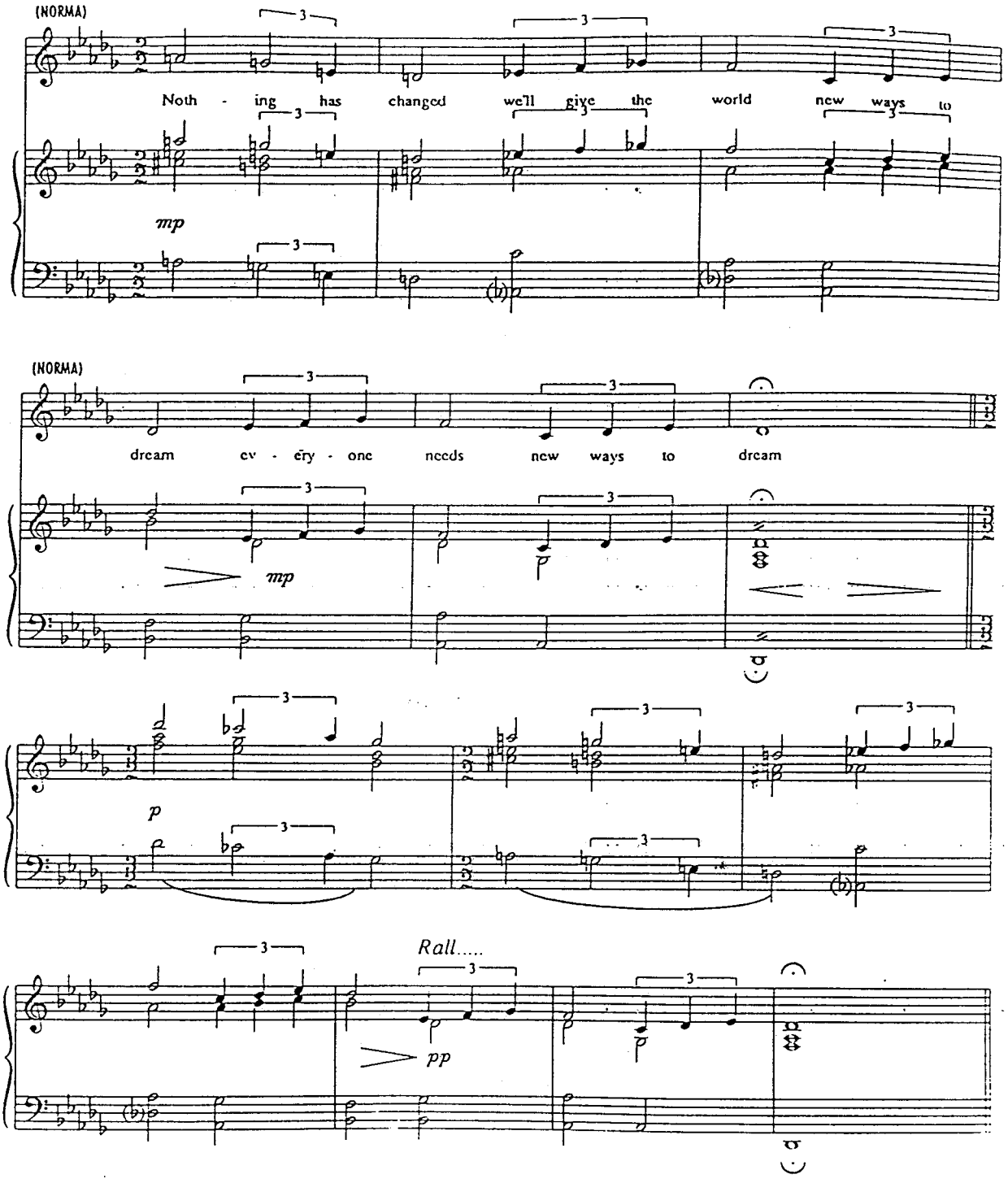

NORMA
This was dawn: there were no rules. we were so young.
p
(NORMA)
mov - ies were born; so ma - ny songs yet to be sung.
B
(NORMA)
So ma - ny roads still un - ex - plored; we gave the world new ways to
mp
(NORMA)
dream. Some - how we found new ways to dream.


(NORMA)
Poco piu mosso
arm excitedly and points up at the screen, somewhere above the audience's heads.
Joan of Arc: look at my face, is - n't it strong ?
piu f
(NORMA)
There in the dark up on the screen, where I be - long.
D
(NORMA)
We'll show them all noth - ing has changed. We'll give the
(NORMA)
world new ways to dream. Ev - ery - one needs new ways to dream
in 4

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.




(JOE)
or she could fall and break her neck. She smelled of fad - ed ro - ses
H
(JOE)
It made me sad to watch her As she re - lived her glo - ry
(JOE)
(opt) 8va
Tempo 1
Poor Nor - ma, So hap-py lost in her sil - ver hea - ven.
Molto Rall
f


(NORMA)
Noth - ing has changed we'll give the world new ways to
mp
(NORMA)
dream ev - ery - one needs new ways to dream
mp
p
Rall.....
pp

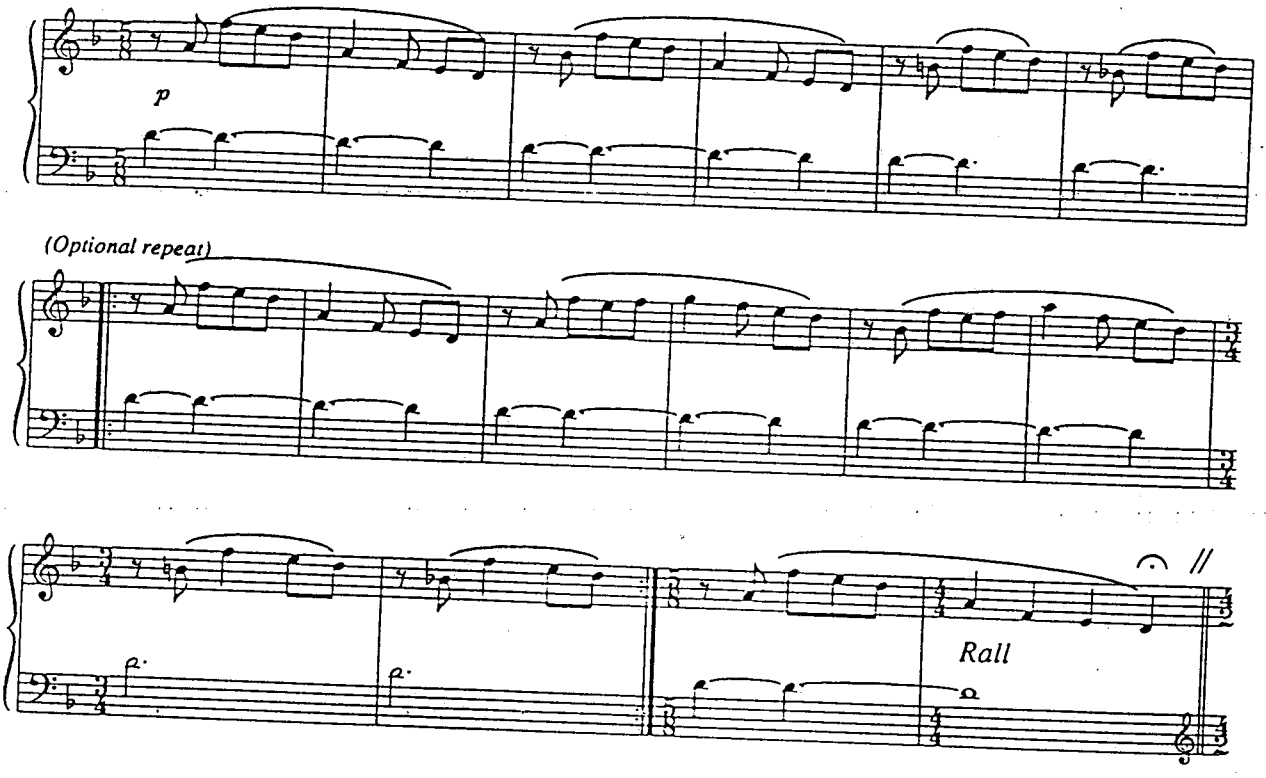
FAST SEGUE

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.

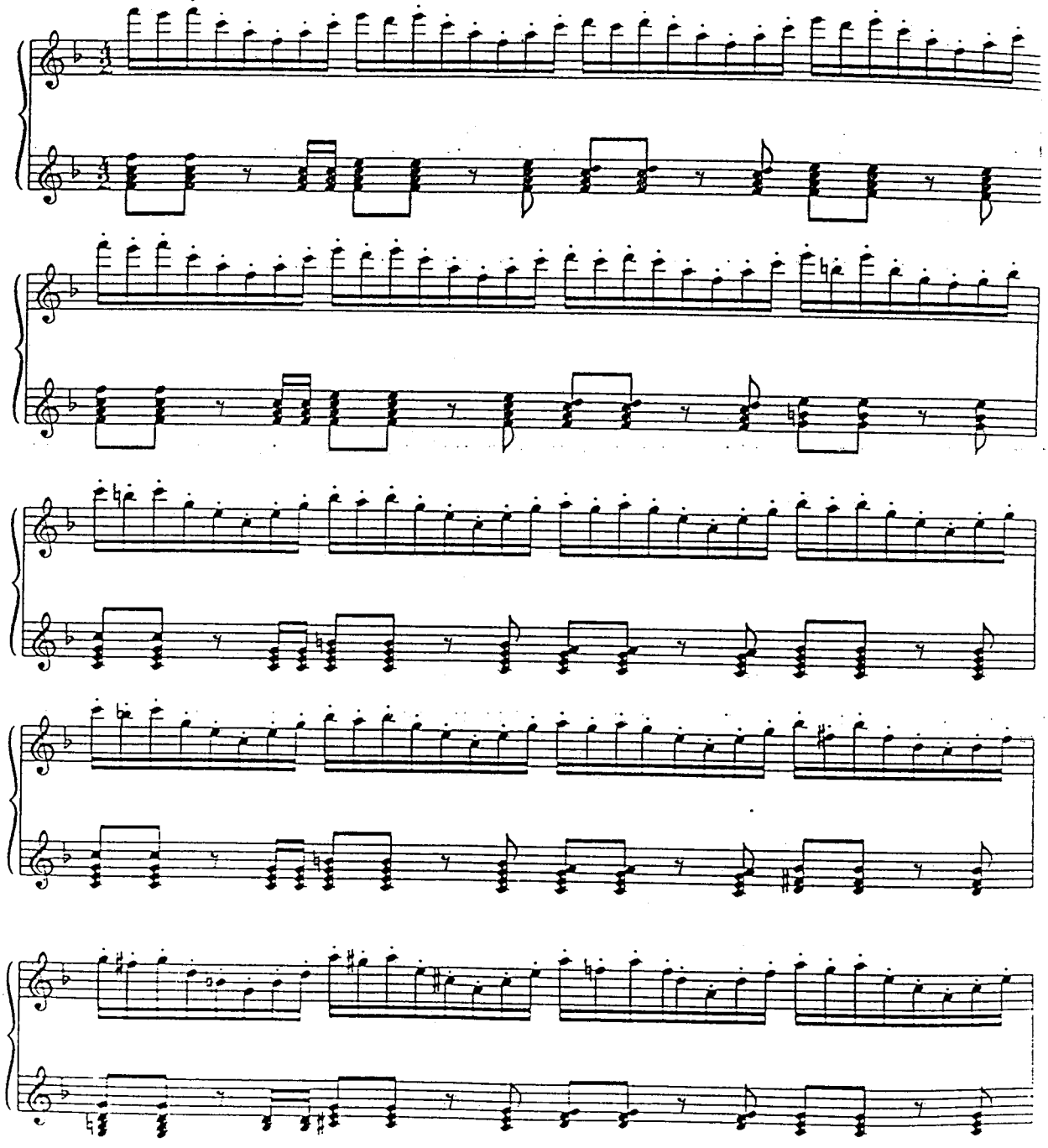
JOE: In December, the rains came, in one great big package, oversized, like everything else in California, right through the roof of my room above the garage. So she had me moved to the main house, to what Max called "the room of the husbands". On a clear day, the theory was, you could see Catalina. 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



SEGUE ORGAN MUSIC

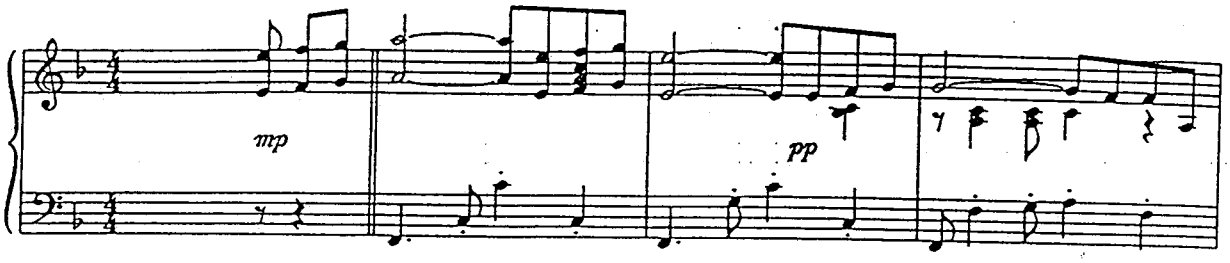
Allegro (Organ) (STOP ON CUE)



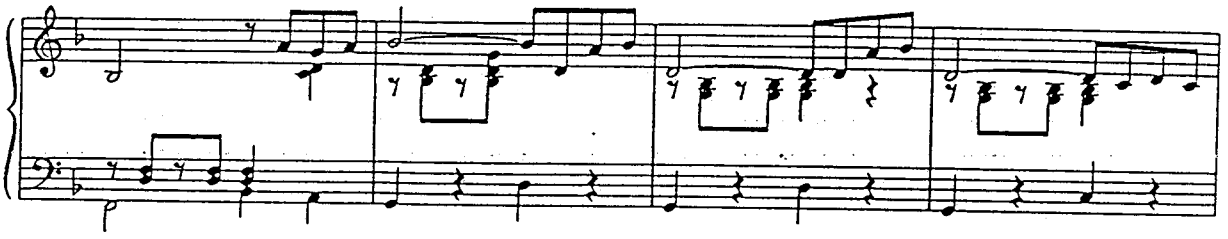
Today's The Day Underscore

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

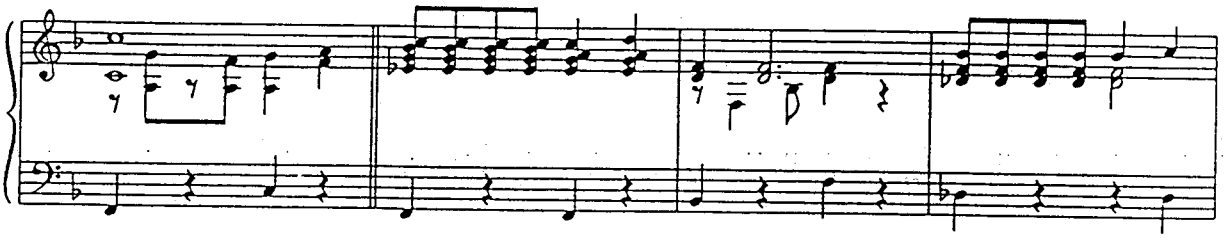
Con Moto



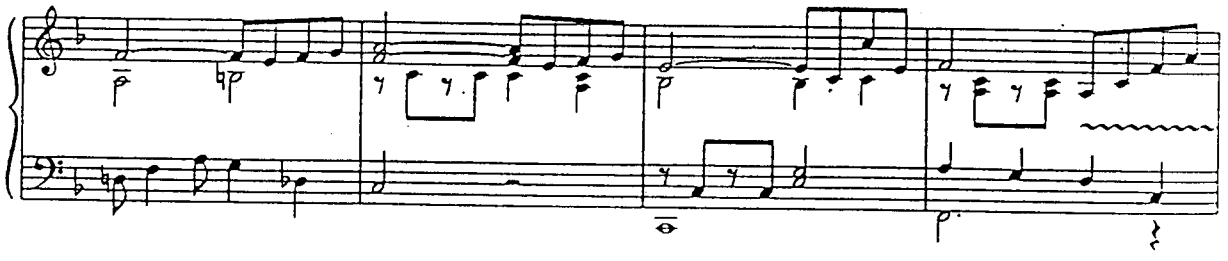
NORMA: Max is going to deliver the script to Paramount. JOE: You're really going to give it to DeMille?



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

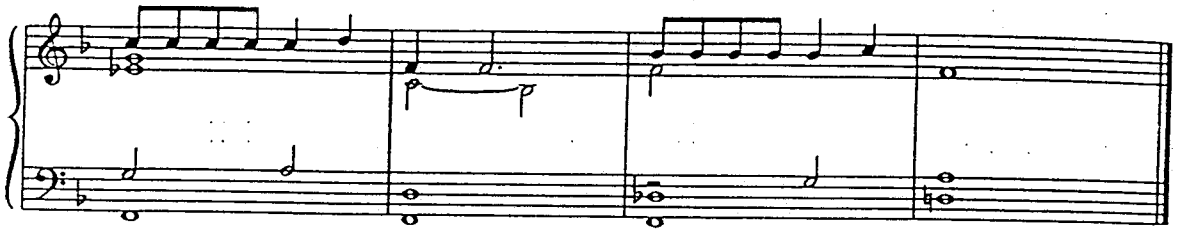


NORMA: DeMille is Leo; I'm Scorpio. Mars is transiting Jupiter and today is the day of closest conjunction.



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.

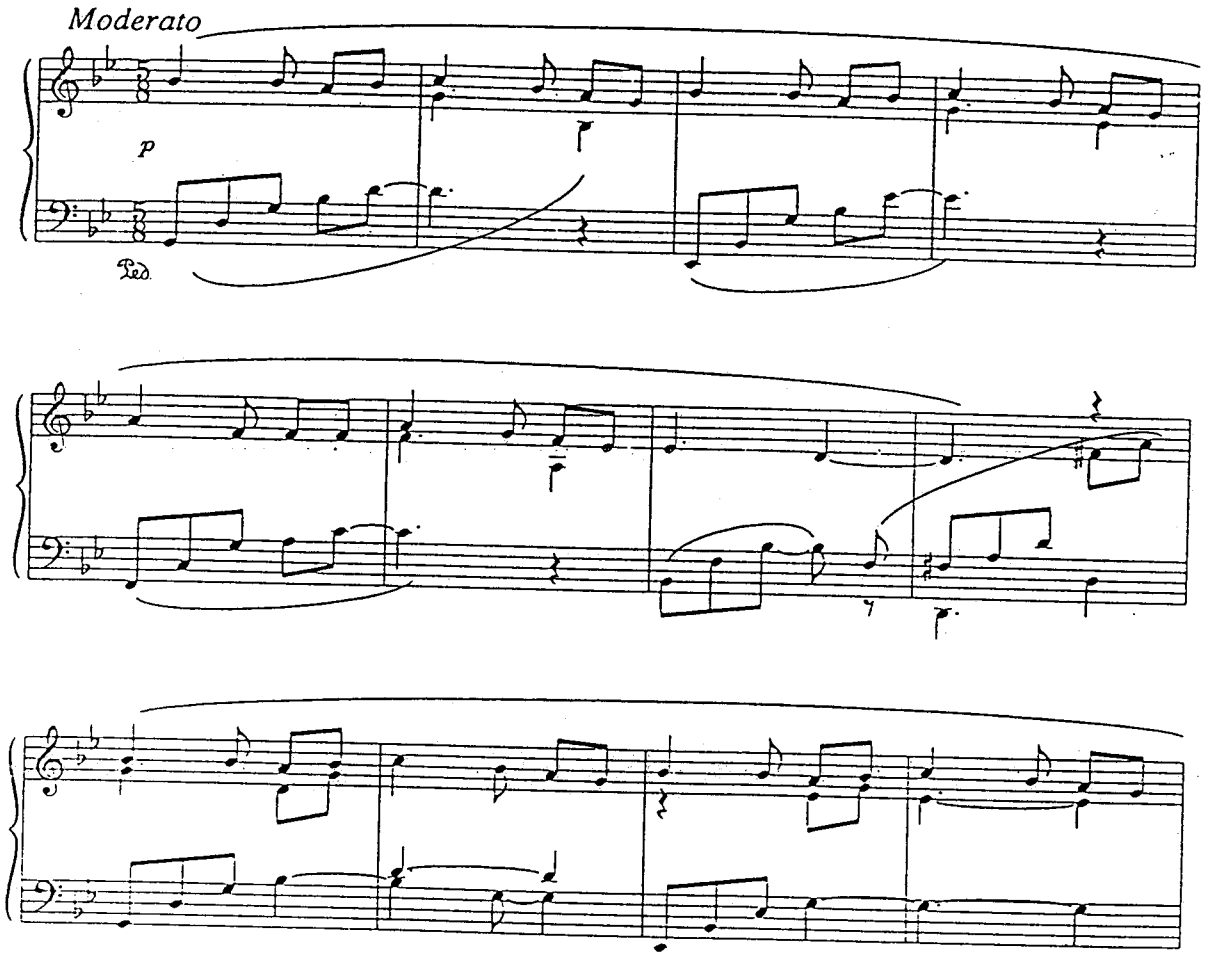
Poco meno mosso



CLOCK CHIMES 4x

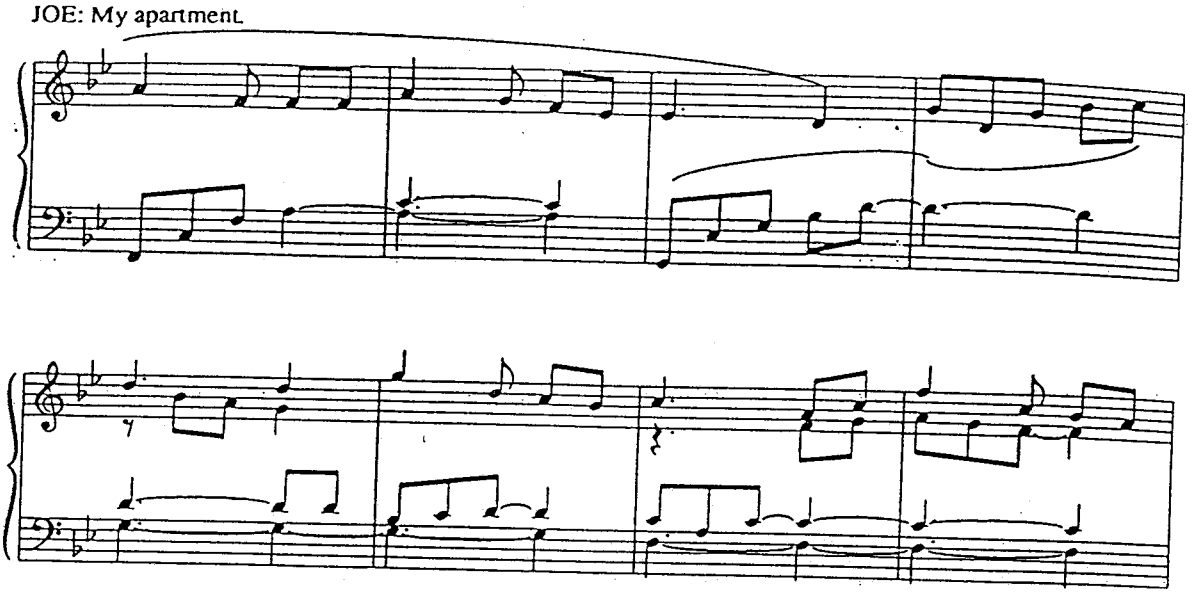
Great Day Underscore

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

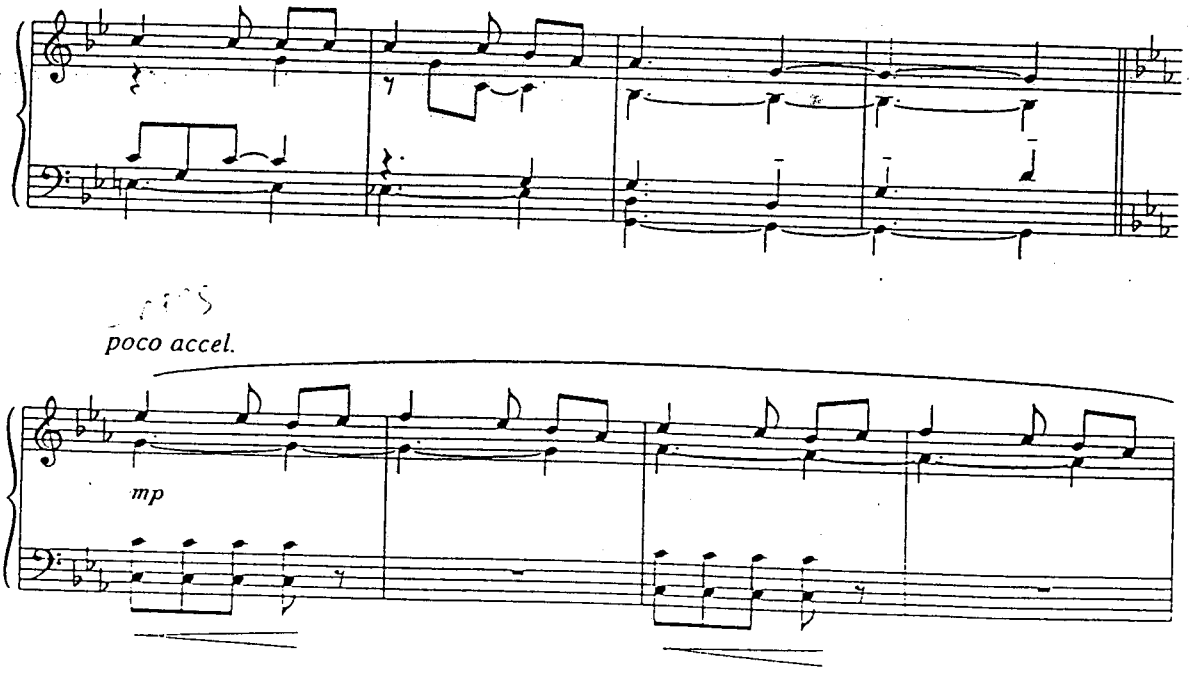


JOE: It's been real interesting.
NORMA: Yes, hasn't it?
JOE: I want to thank you for trusting me with your baby.
NORMA: Not at all, it's I who should thank you.

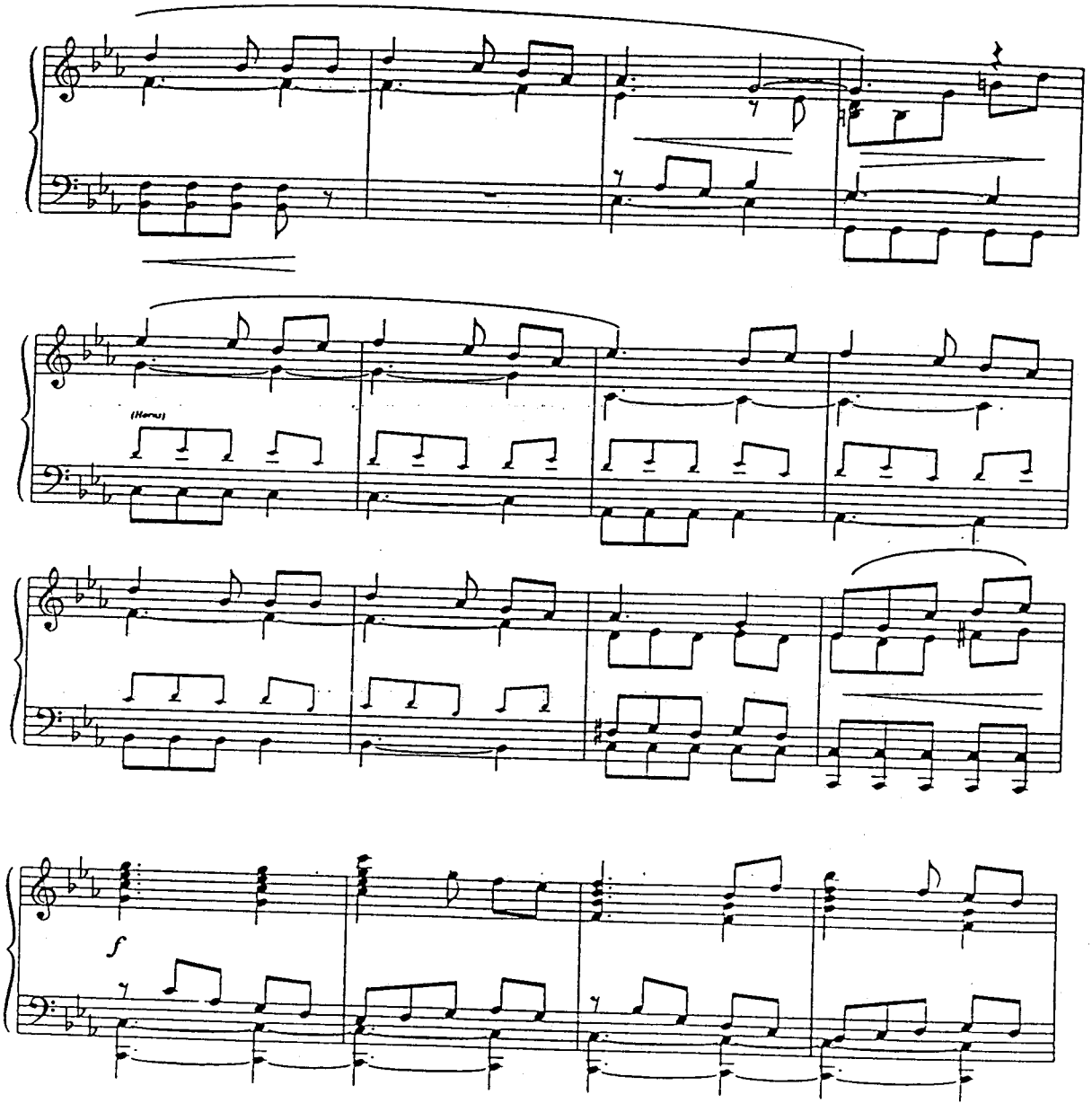
JOE: Will you call and let me know as soon as you have some news?
(NORMA frowns; SHE turns to him, her expression bewildered.)
NORMA: Call where?
JOE: My apartment.

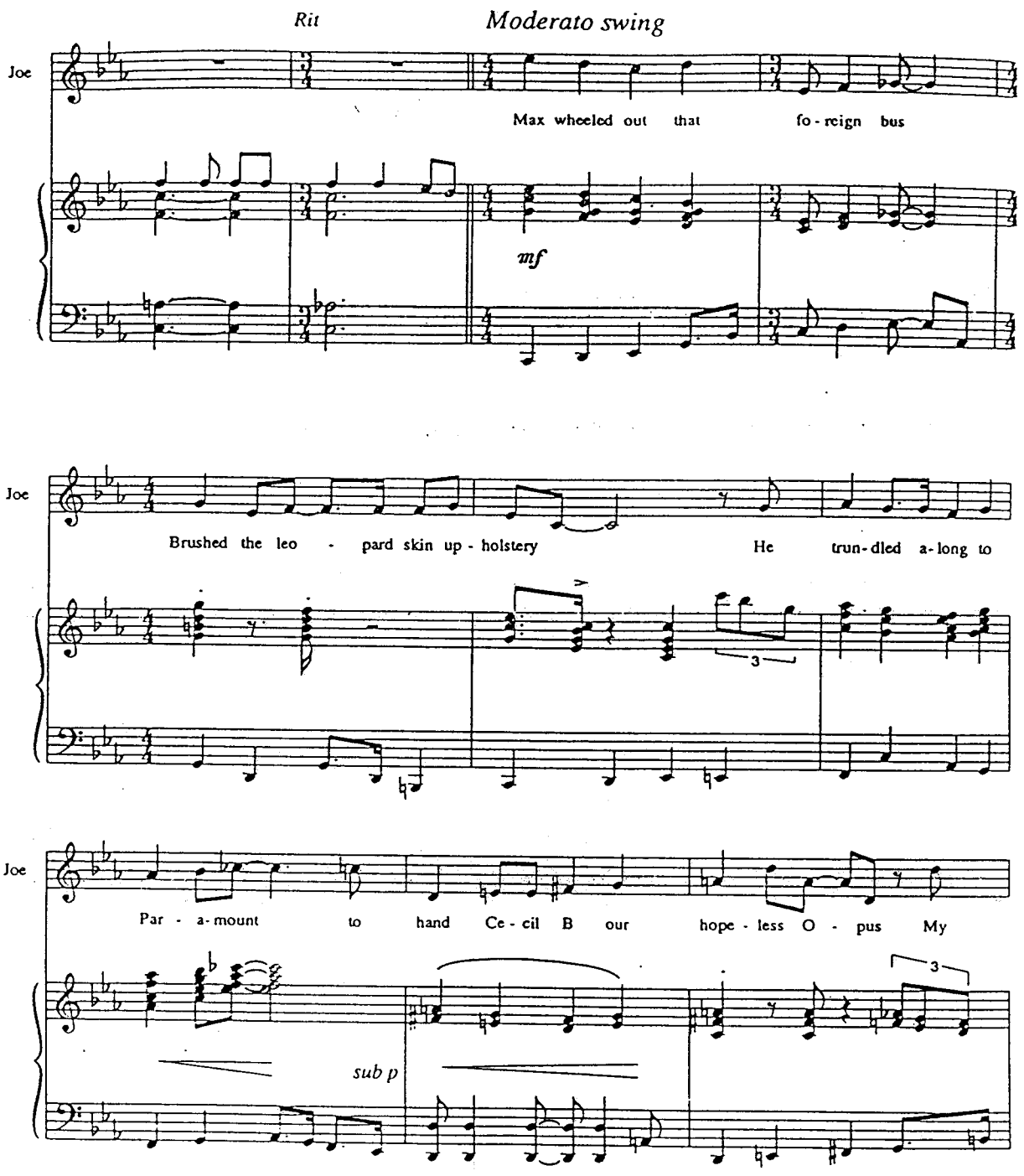


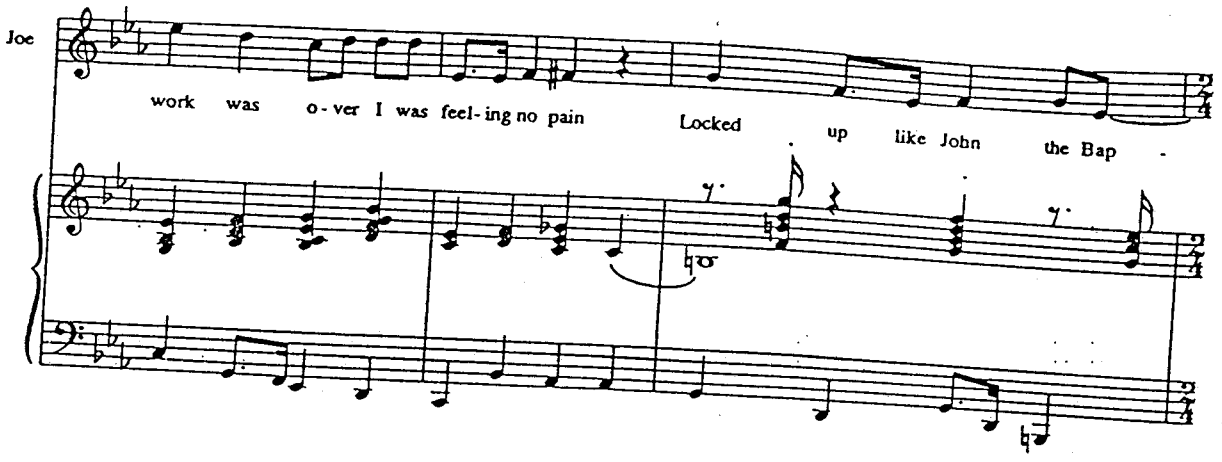
NORMA: You can't possibly think of leaving now, Joe.
JOE: The script is finished, Norma.
NORMA: No, Joe it's just the beginning, it's the first draft: I couldn't dream of letting you go, I need your support.
JOE: Well...
NORMA: You'll stay on full salary, of course...

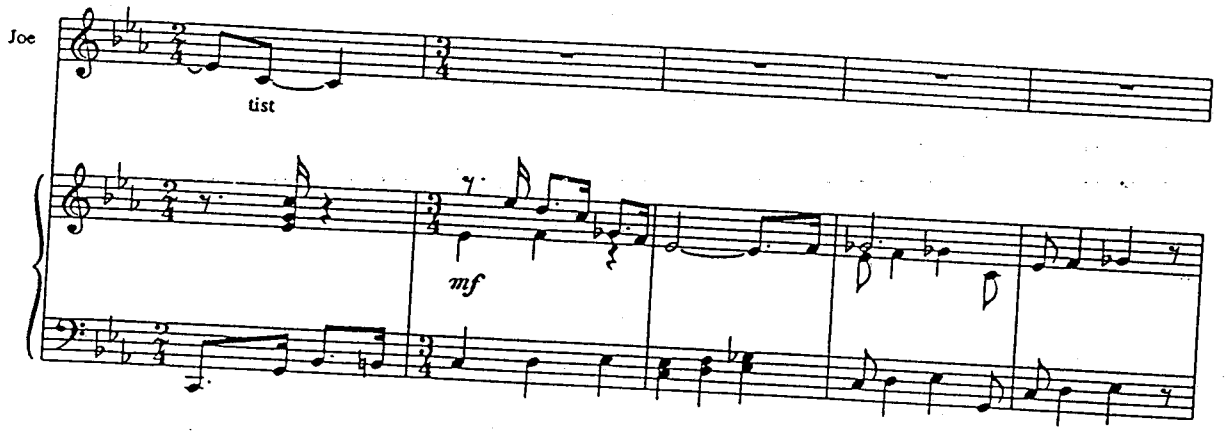


JOE: It's not the money. *(NORMA now has a look of genuine panic on her face, and JOE sees that some reassurance is essential).*
Of course, I'll stay until we get some sort of word back from Paramount.
(HE's on his feet now, and NORMA grips his hand tigluly for a moment).
NORMA: Thankyou Joe.




Rit
Moderato swing
Joe
Max wheeled out that fo - reign bus
mf
Joe
Brushed the leo - pard skin up - holstery He trun - dled a - long to
3
Joe
Par - a - mount to hand Ce - cil B our hope - less O - pus My
3
sub p



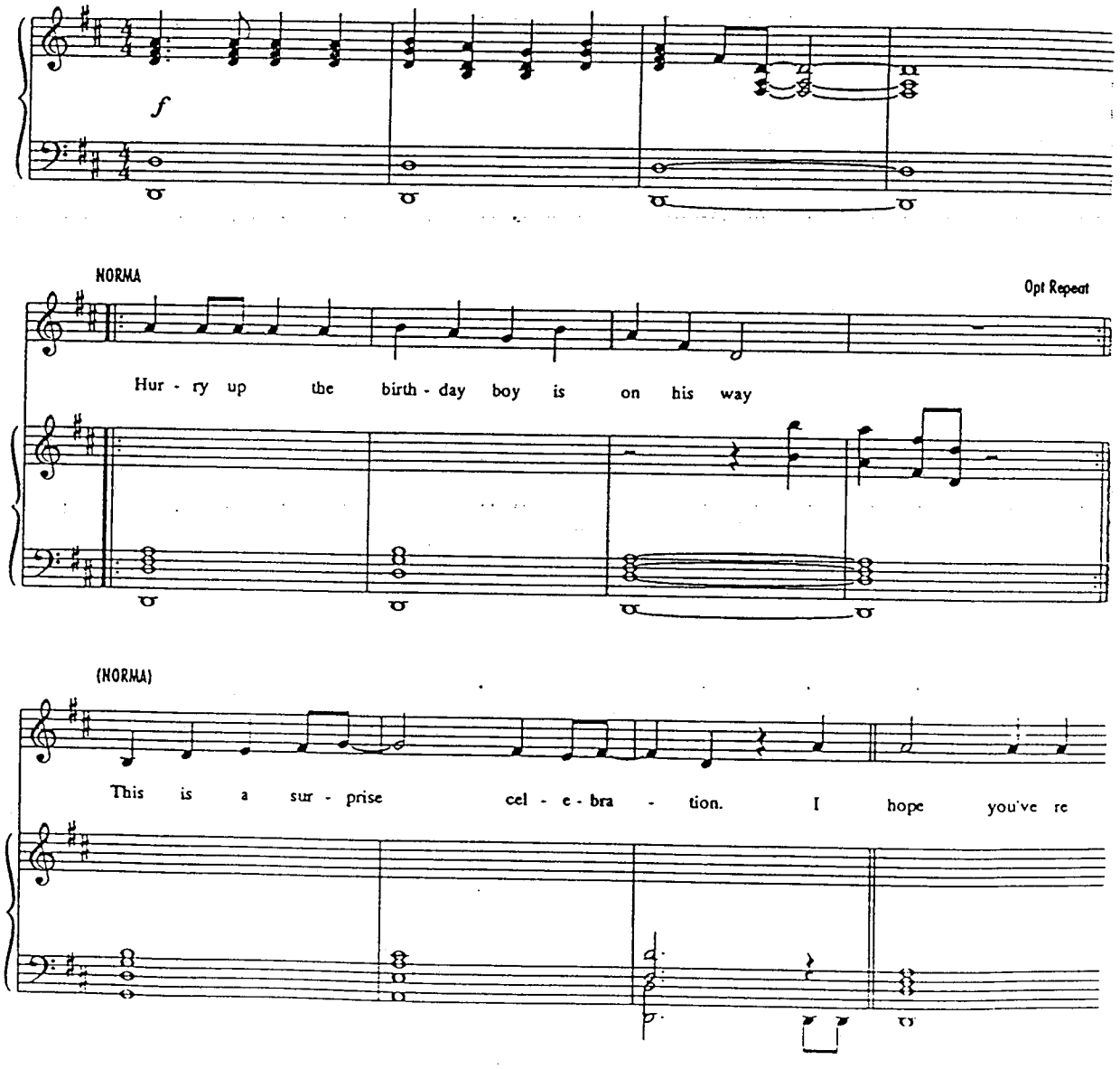


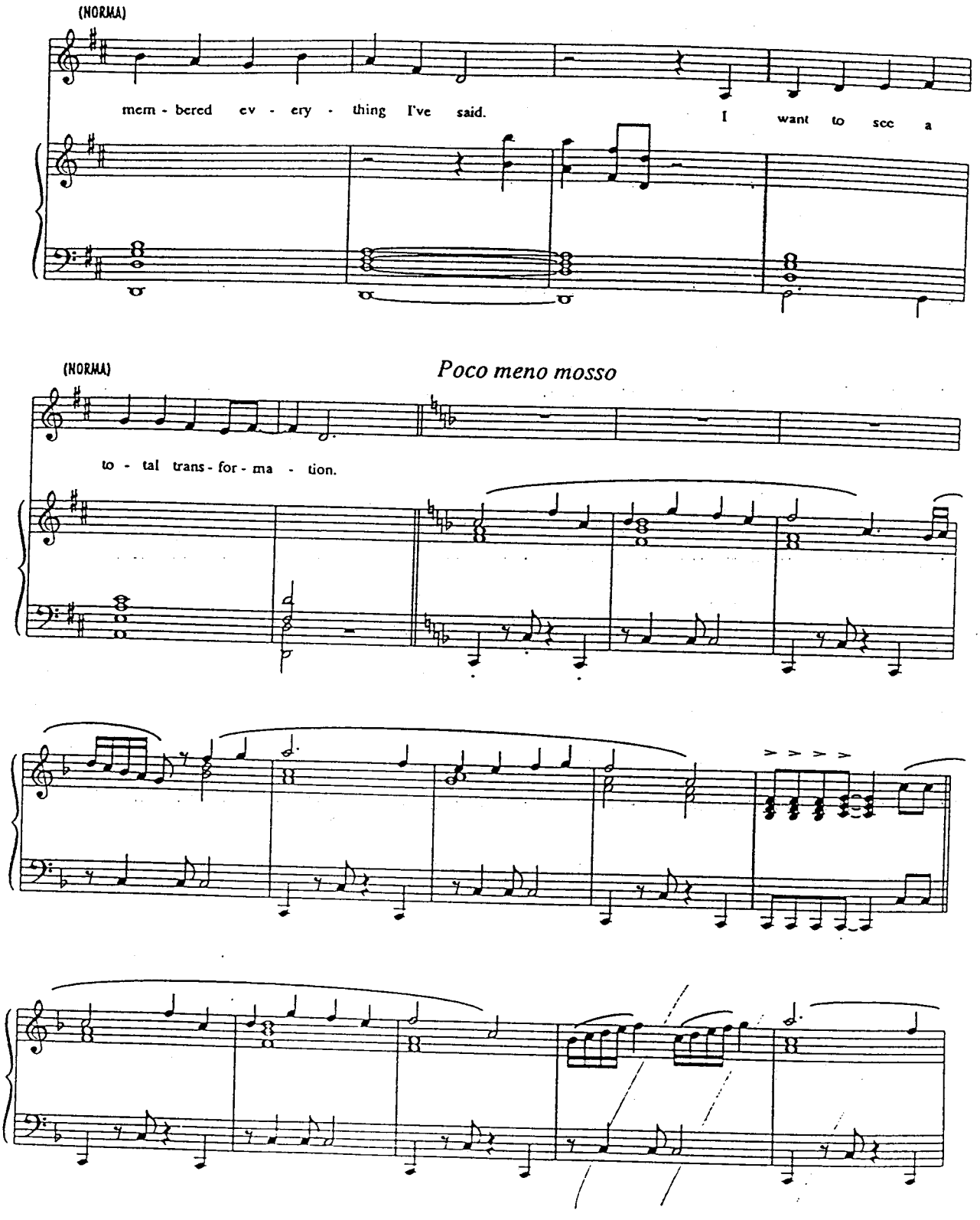
SEGUE AS ONE *(The Lady's Paying)*

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)




(NORMA)
mem - bered ev - ery - thing I've said.
I want to see a
(NORMA)
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 ?

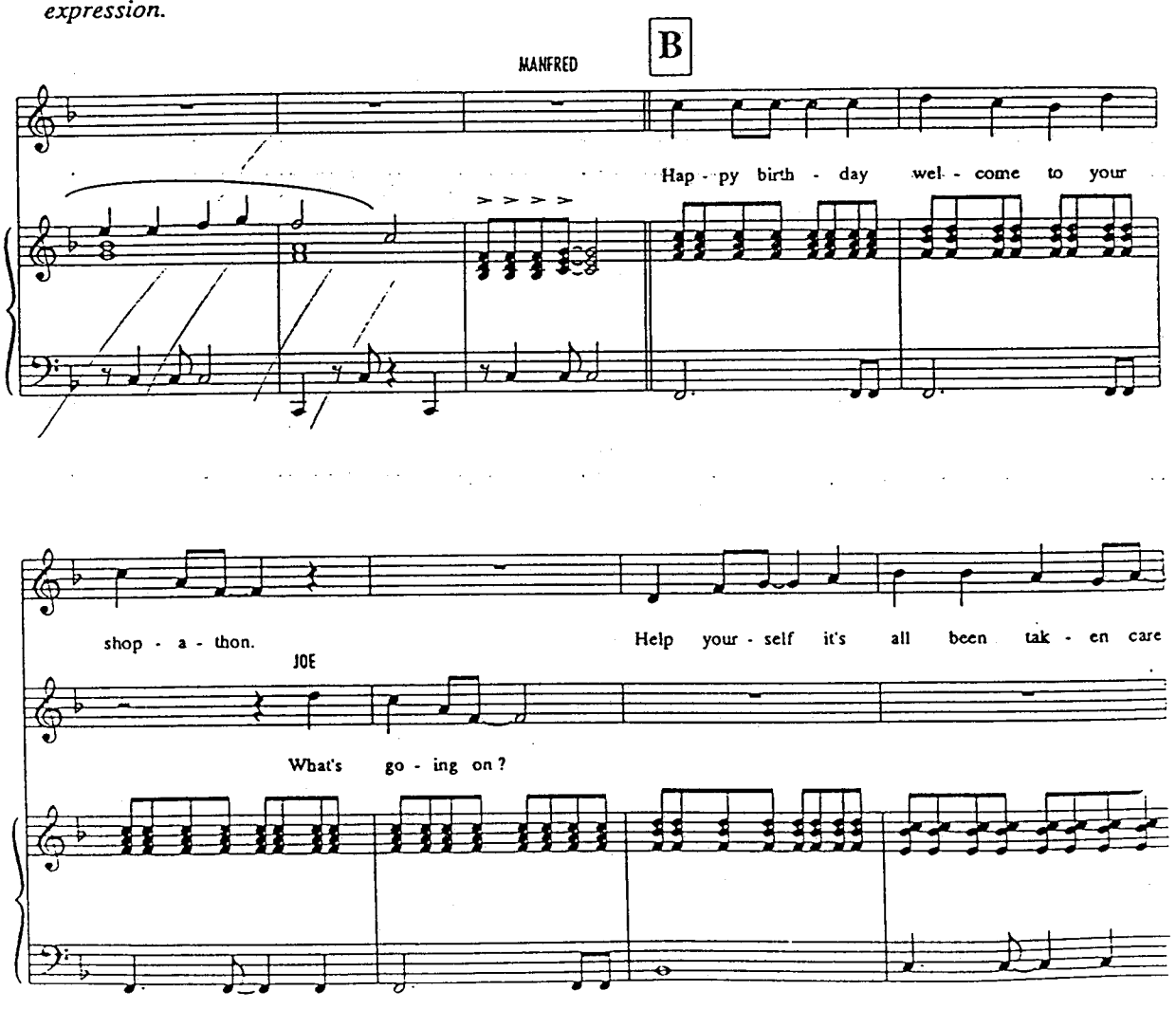
JOE: Well I.....

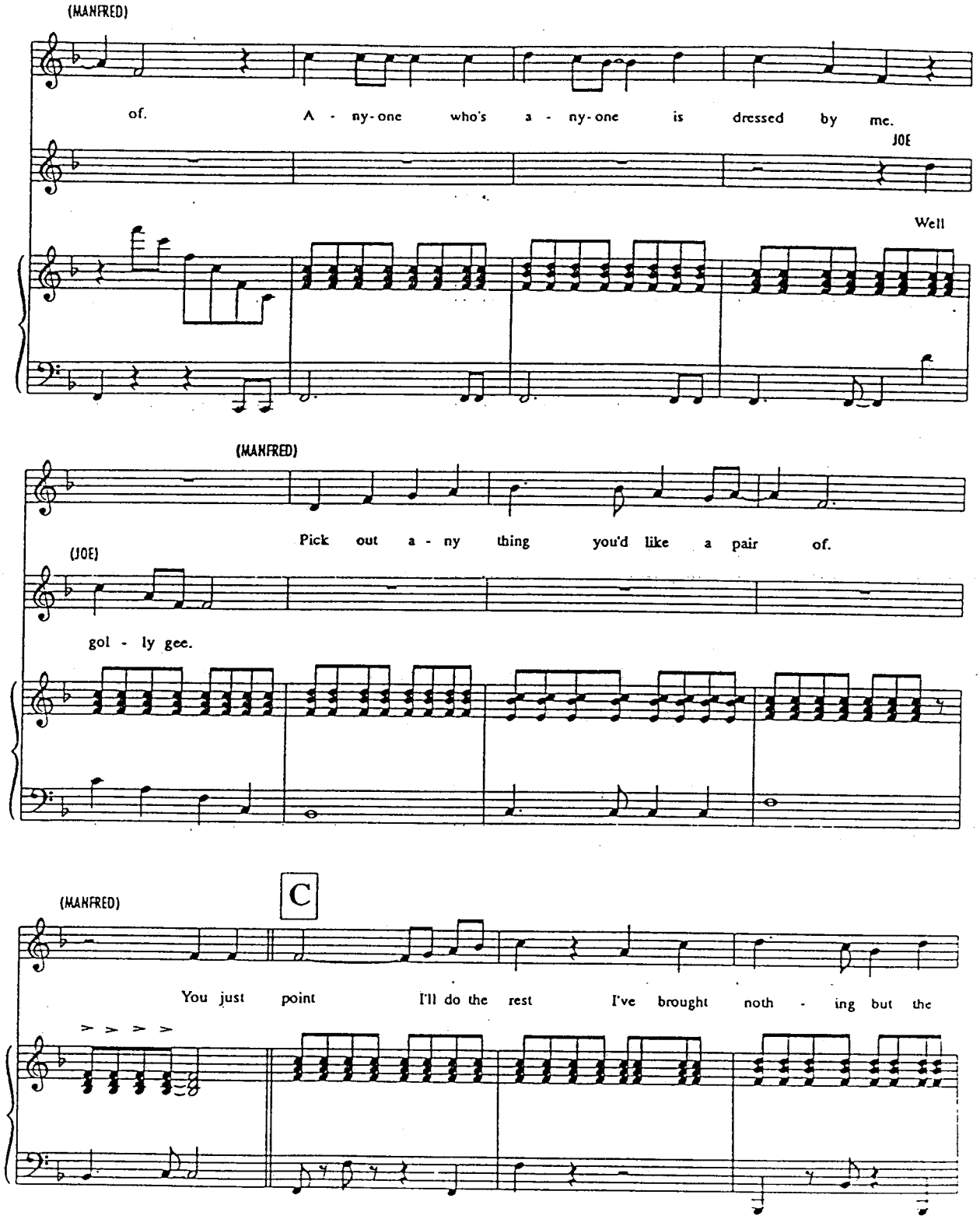
NORMA: These people are from the very best men's shop in town.
I had them close it down for the day.

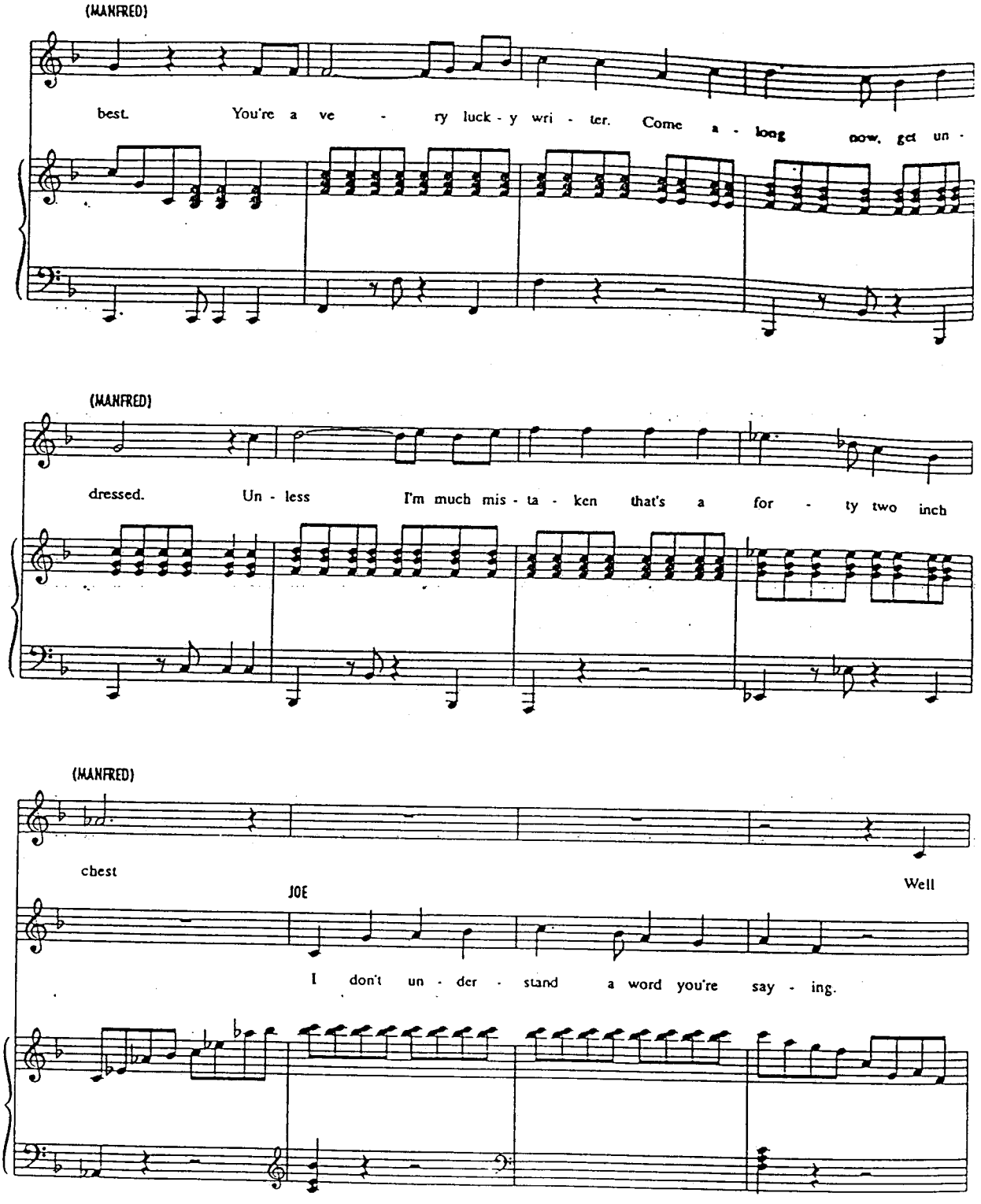
JOE: Norma, now listen !

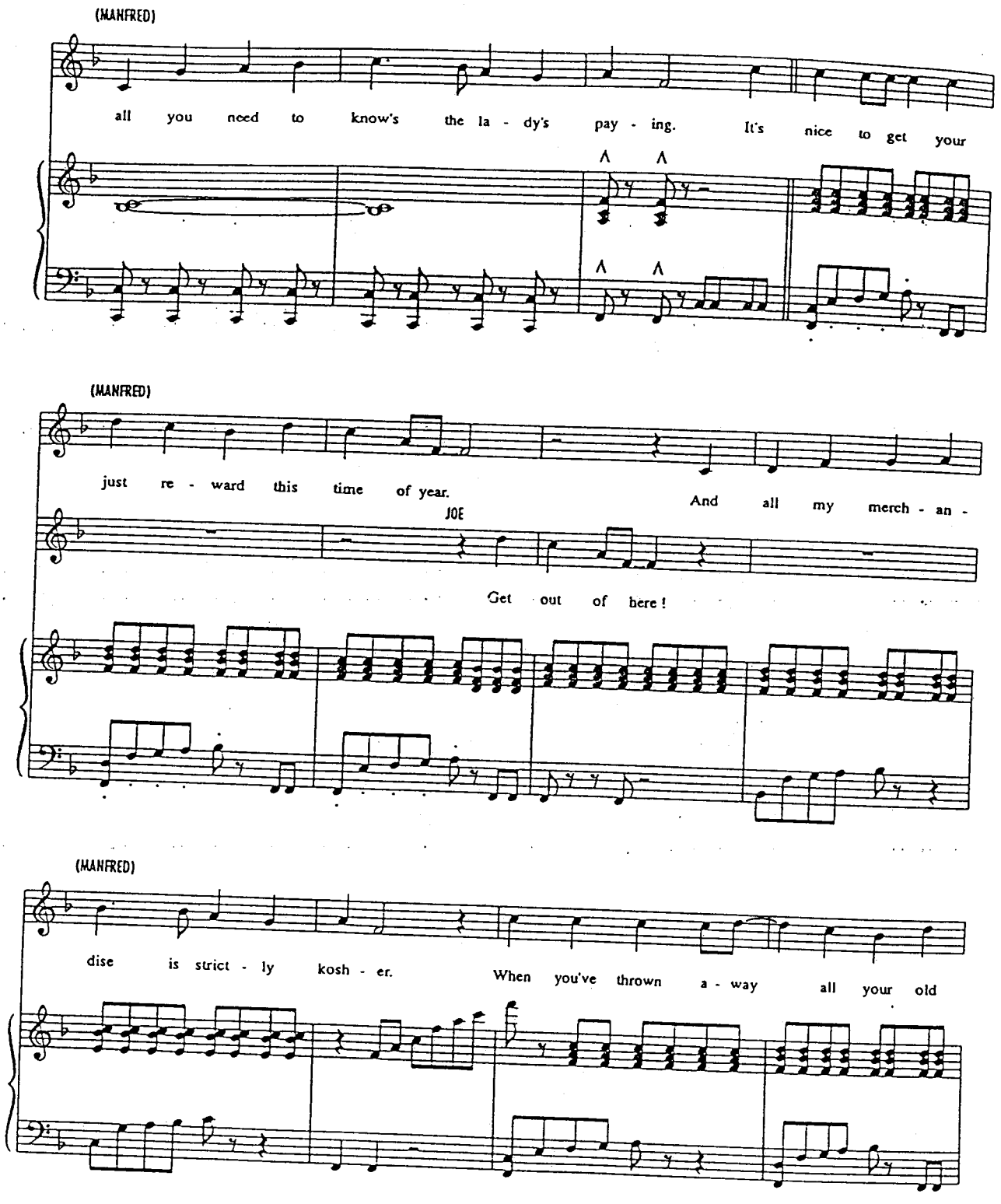
NORMA: I'll leave you boys to it.

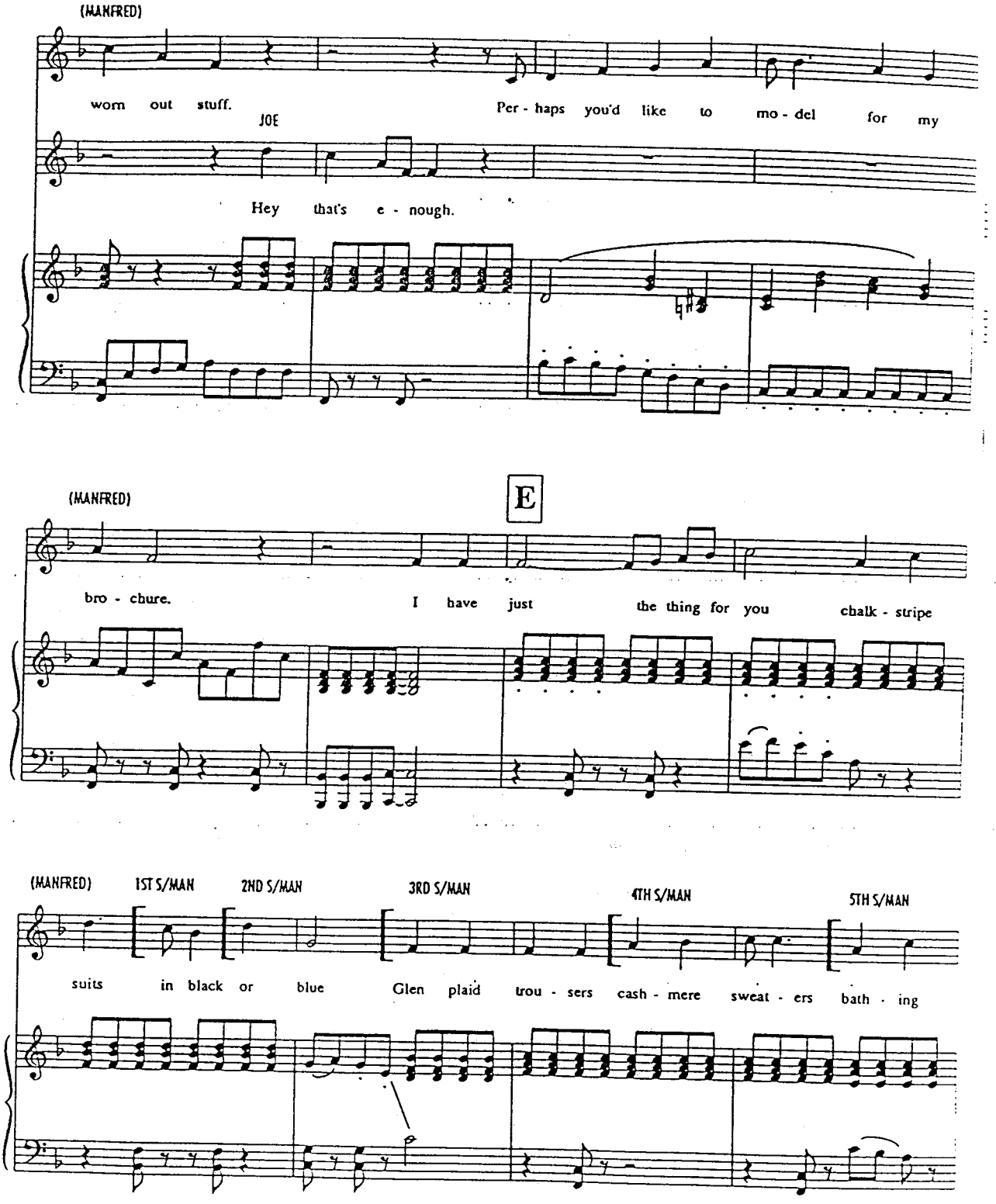
And before JOE can stop her, she's gone again. MANFRED is already circling warily, trying to assess his new customer; JOE looks at him, obviously dismayed, a hint of rebellion in his expression.

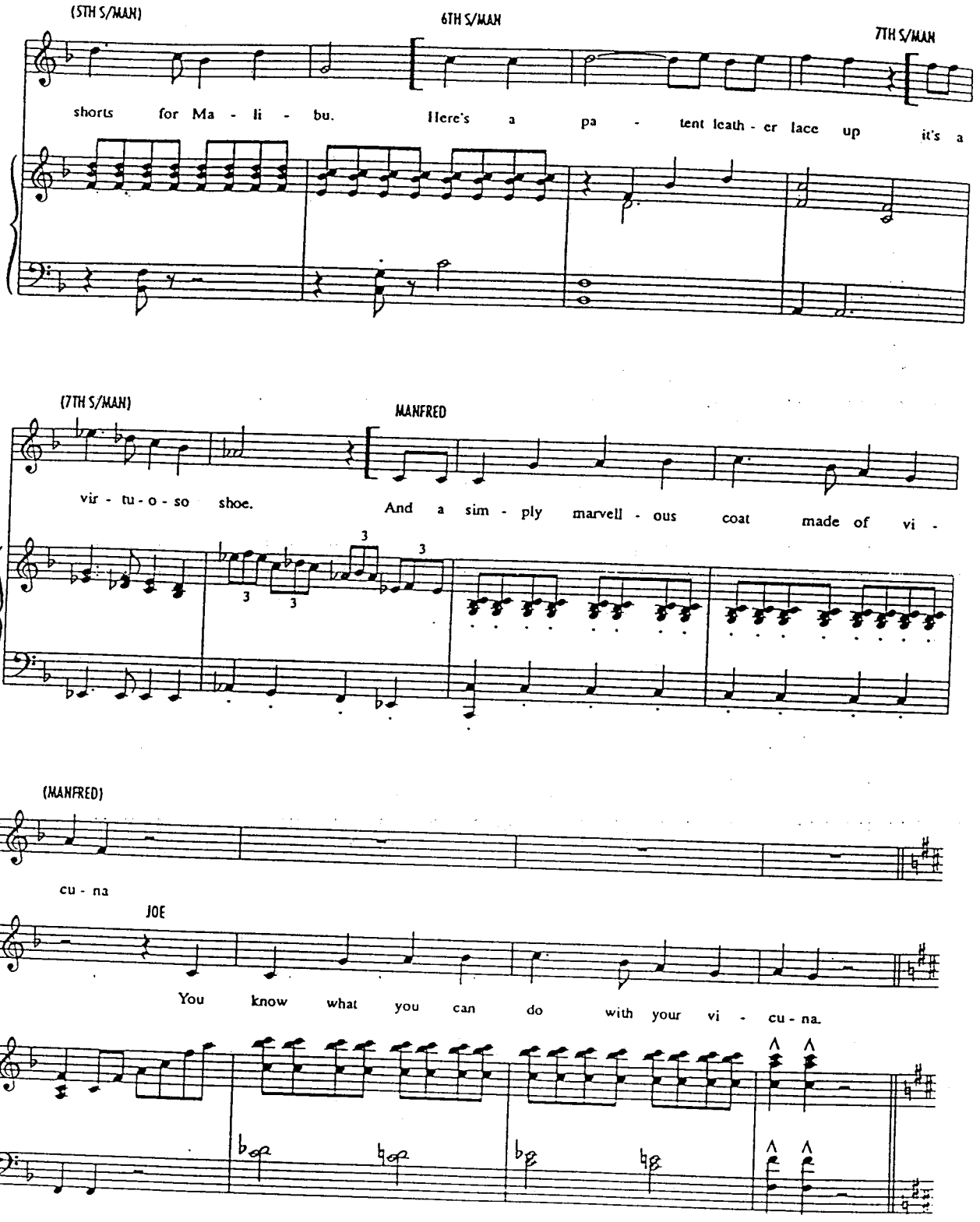



(MANFRED)
of. A - ny-one who's a - ny-one is dressed by me.
JOE
Well
(MANFRED)
Pick out a - ny thing you'd like a pair of.
(JOE)
gol - ly gee.
(MANFRED)
C
You just point I'll do the rest I've brought noth - ing but the


(MANFRED)
best. You're a ve - ry luck - y wri - ter. Come a - long now, get un -
(MANFRED)
dressed. Un - less I'm much mis - ta - ken that's a for - ty two inch
(MANFRED)
chest
JOE
Well
I don't un - der - stand a word you're say - ing.


(MANFRED)
all you need to know's the la - dy's pay - ing. It's nice to get your
(MANFRED)
just re - ward this time of year. And all my merch - an -
JOE
Get out of here!
(MANFRED)
dise is strict - ly kosh - er. When you've thrown a - way all your old


(MANFRED)
worn out stuff.
JOE
Per - haps you'd like to mo - del for my
Hey that's e - nough.
(MANFRED)
E
bro - chure.
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 trou - sers
cash - mere sweat - ers
bath - ing


(5TH S/MAN)
6TH S/MAN
7TH S/MAN
shorts for Ma - li - bu. Here's a pa - tent leath - er lace up it's a
(7TH S/MAN)
MANFRED
vir - tu - o - so shoe. And a sim - ply marvell - ous coat made of vi -
(MANFRED)
cu - na
JOE
You know what you can do with your vi - cu - na.

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

F

NORMA

Come on Joe, you have-n't ev - en start - ed yet. I thought by now you'd

JOE

You wan - na bet?

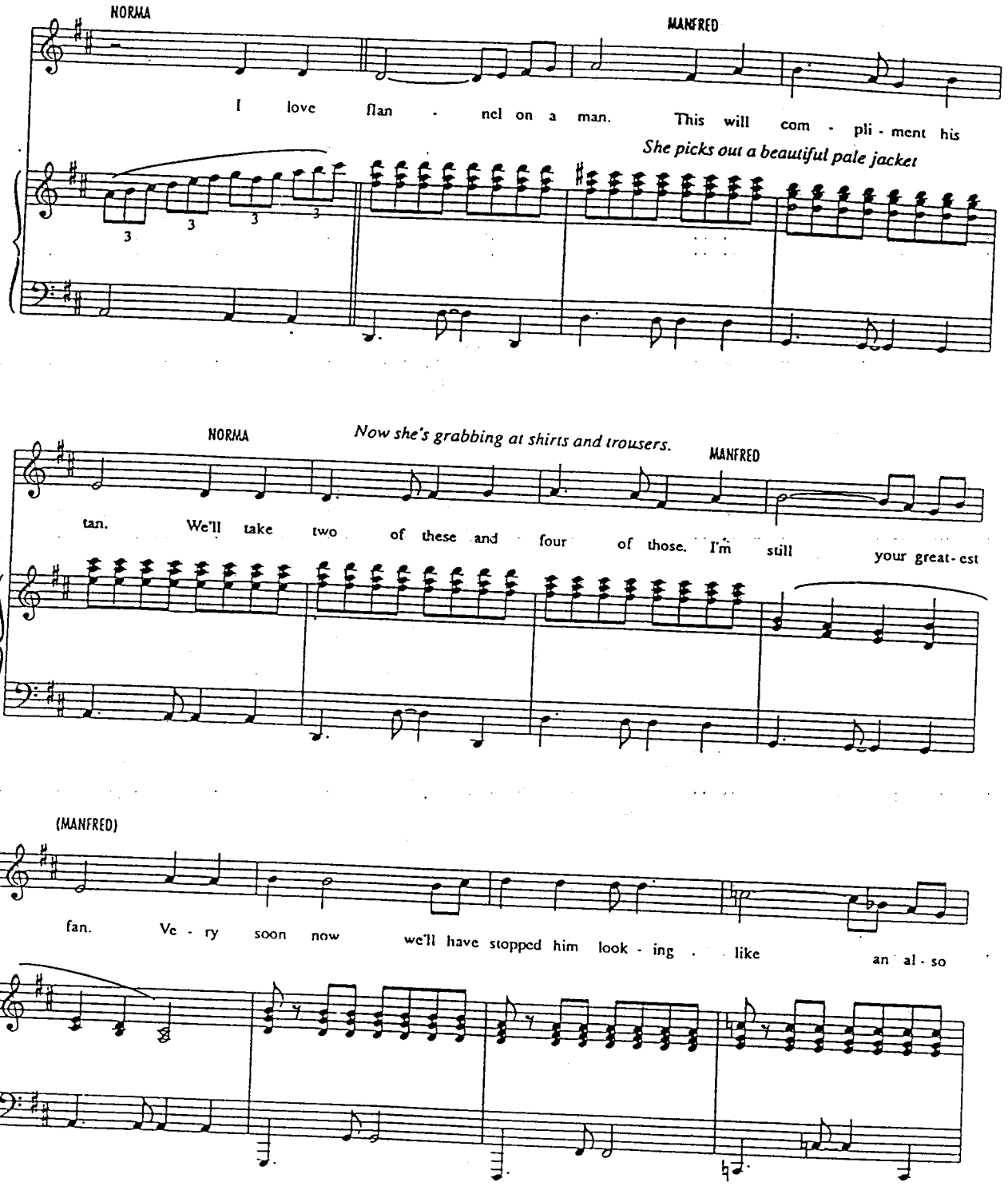
[She turns to MANFRED]

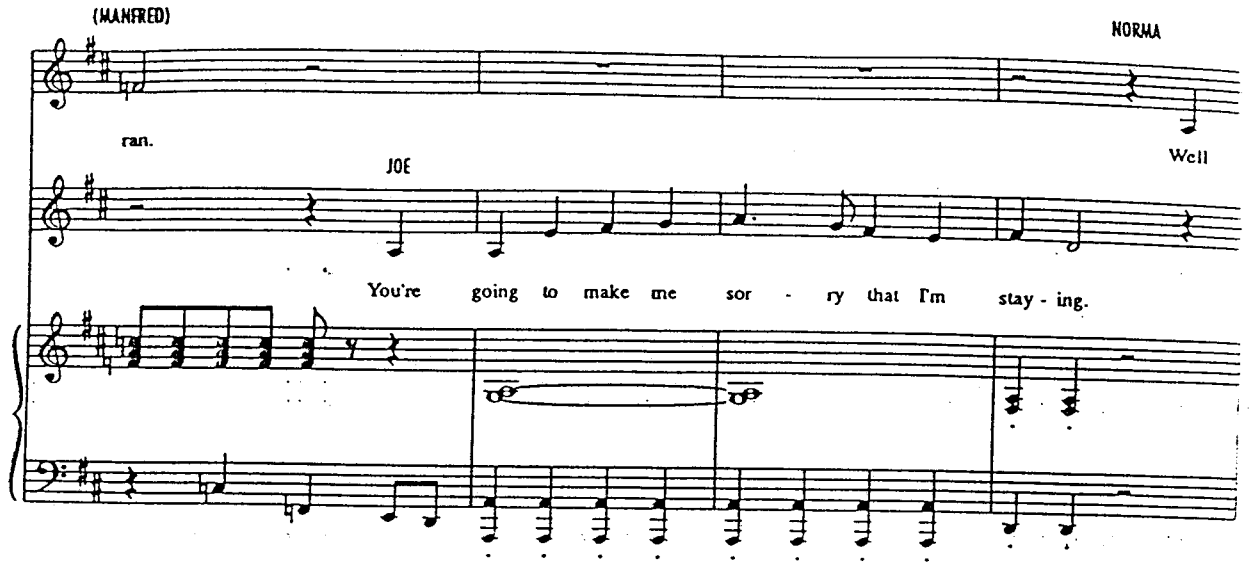
look the height of fash - ion. He al - ways takes for - ev - er mak - ing

[Turns back to JOE]

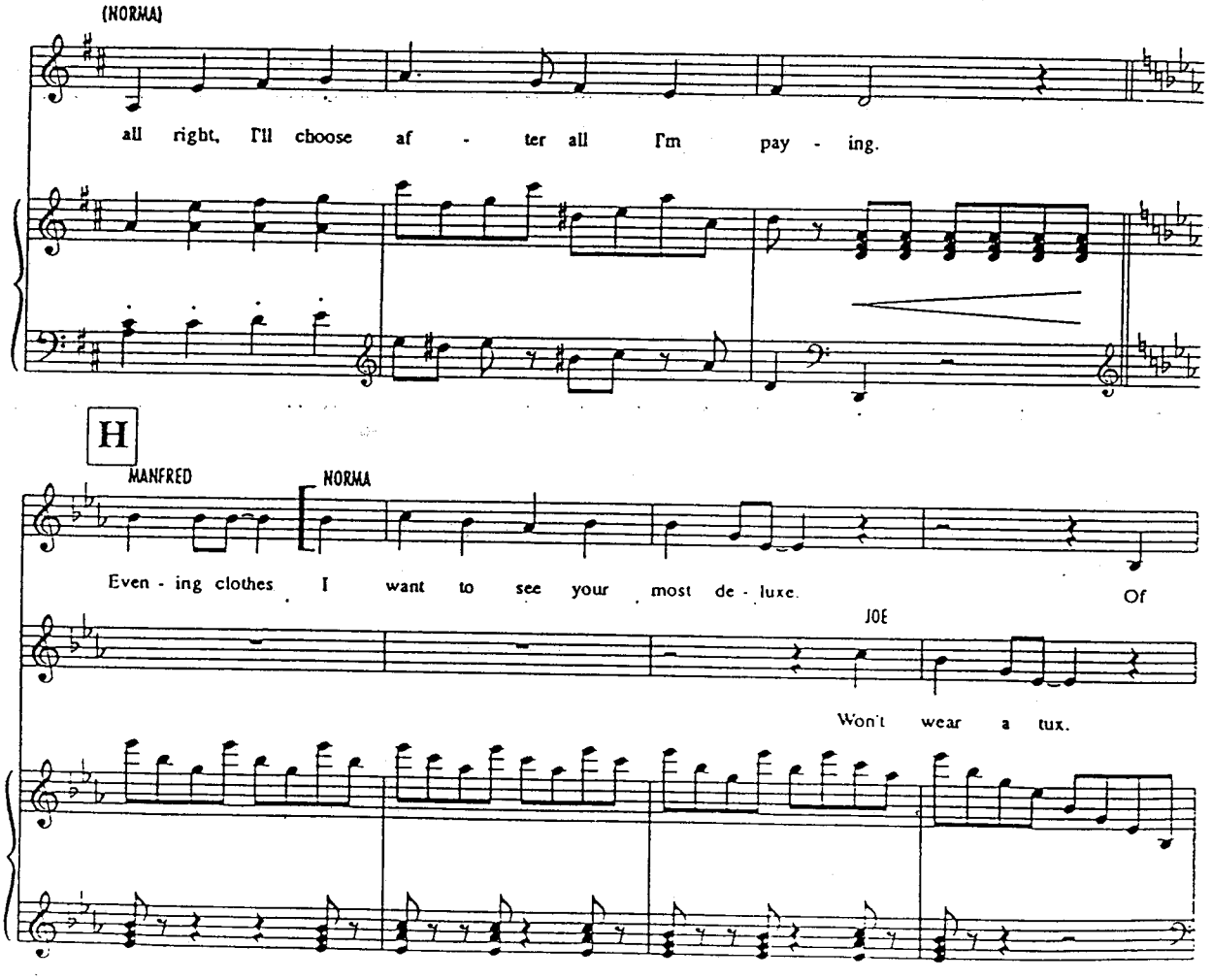
up his mind. Don't be un - kind. I thought you wri - ters knew a - bout com - pass - ion

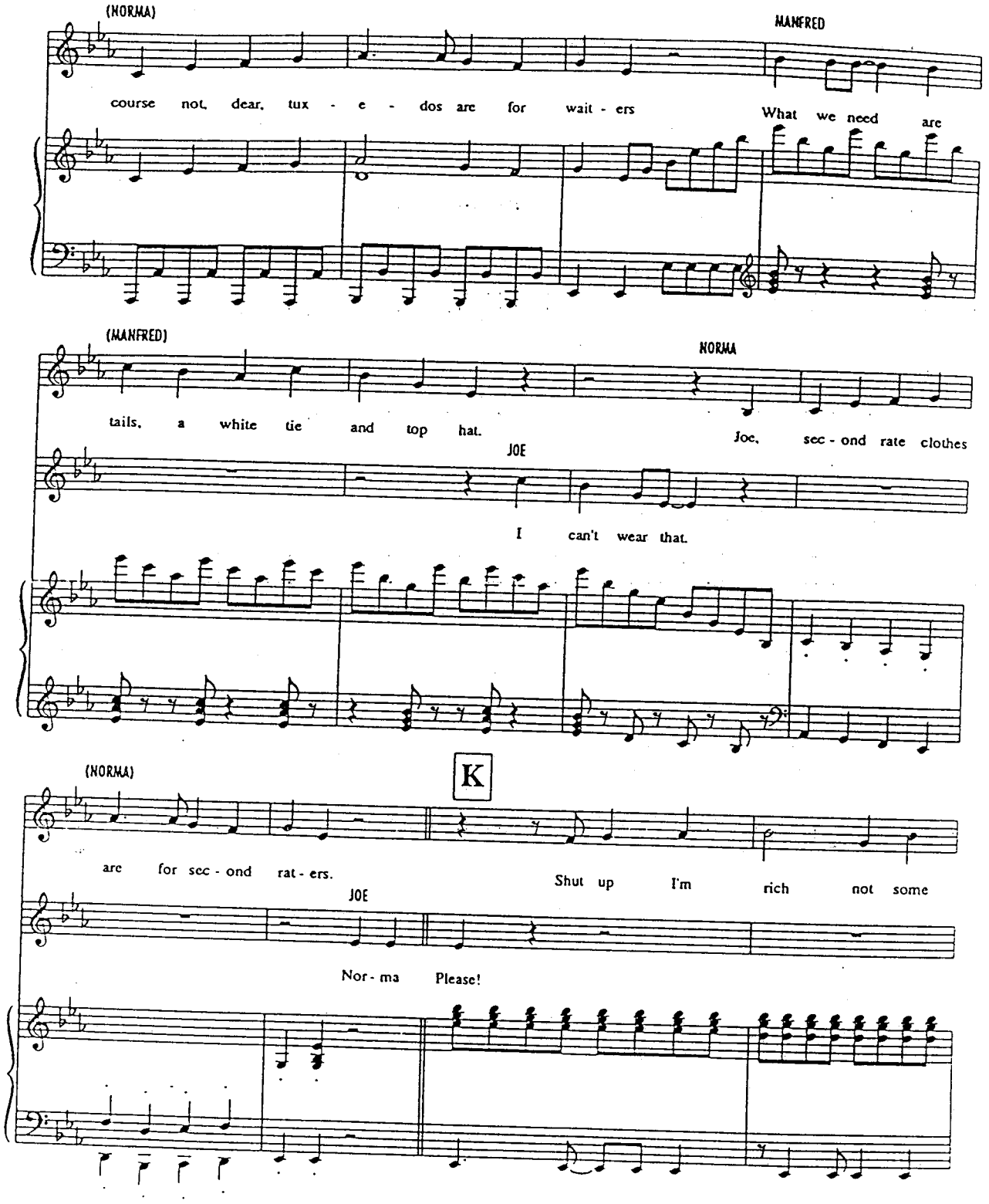
Impatient now, she plunges in among the clothes, towing MANFRED in her wake.

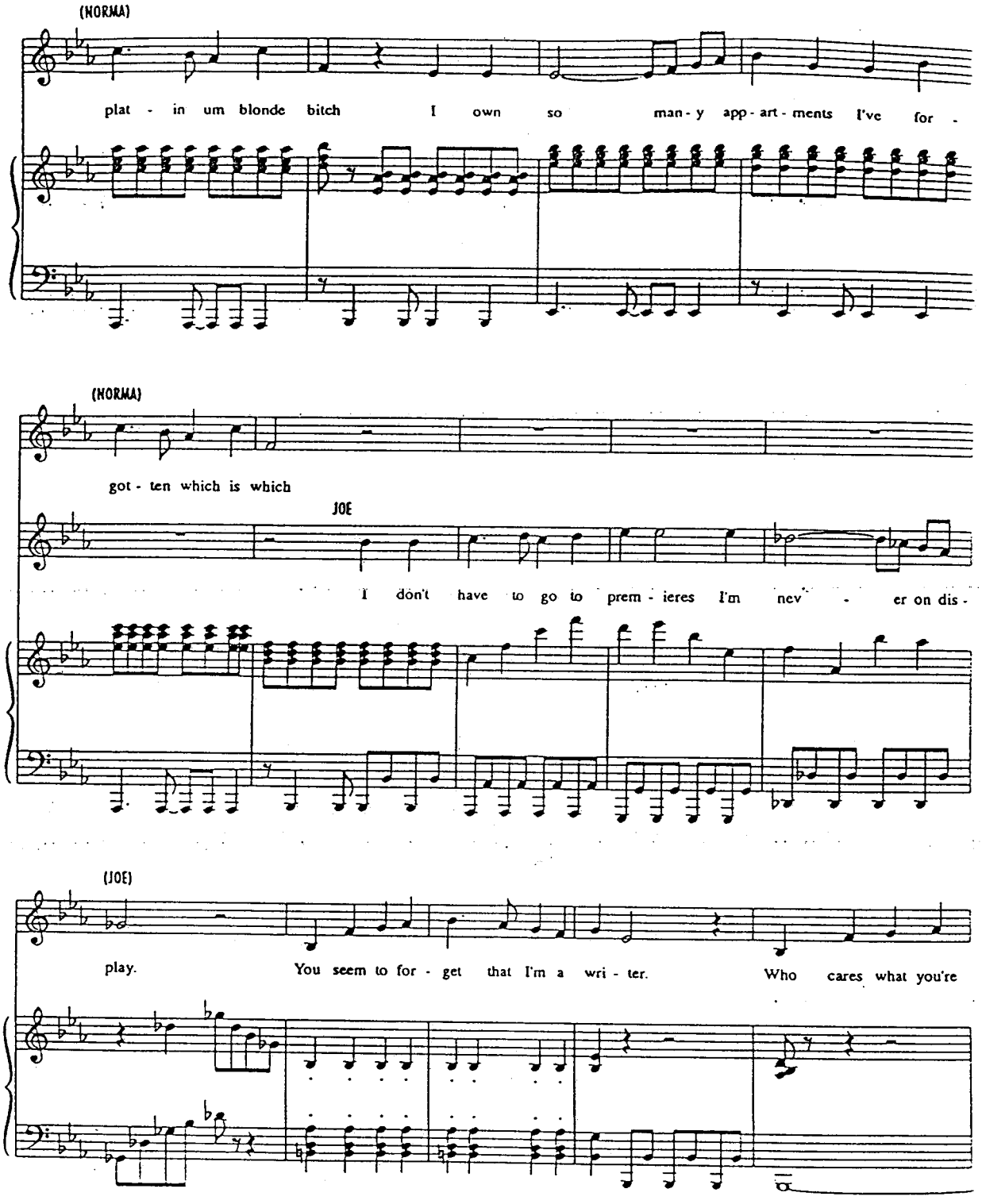


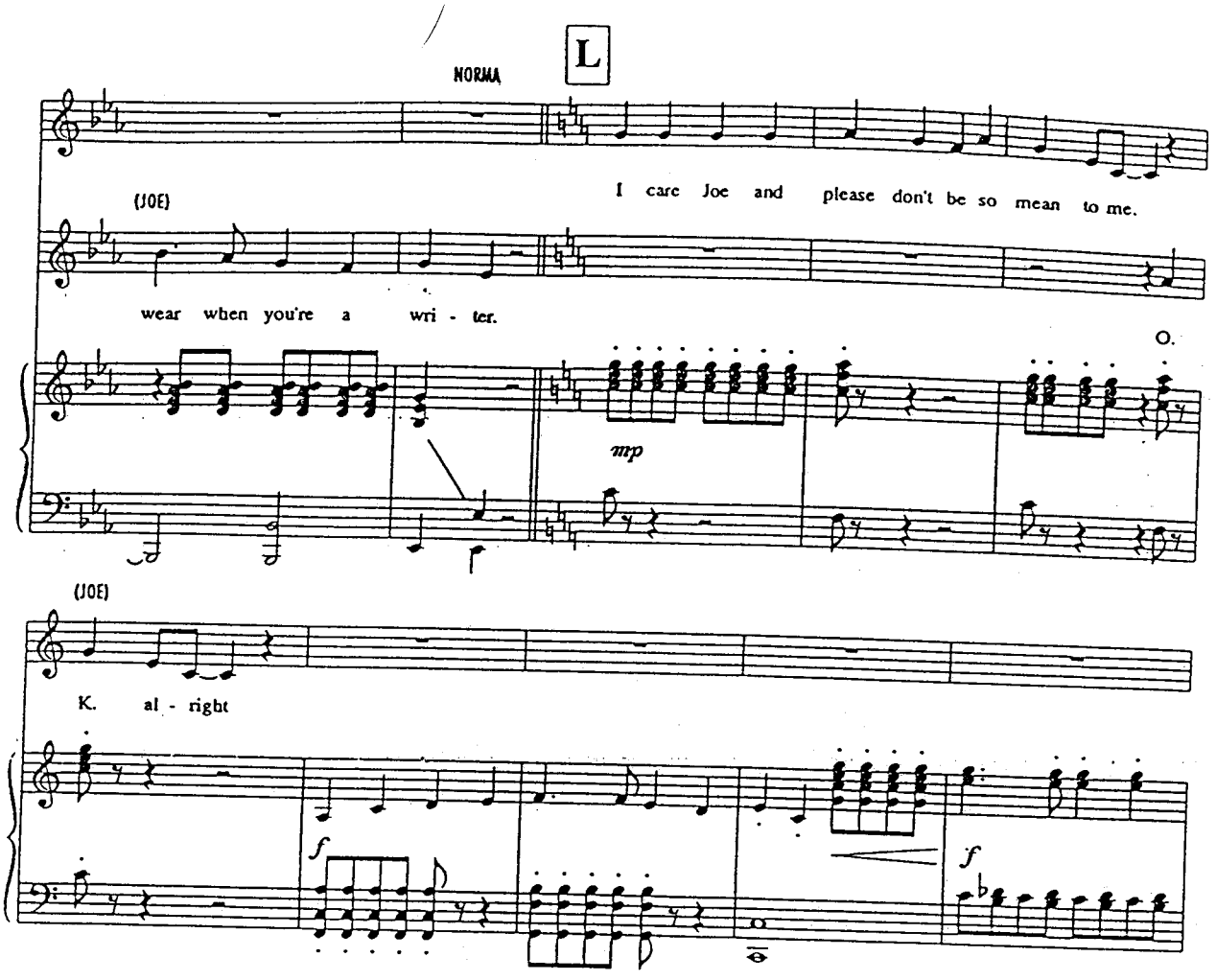


She picks out more and more clothes, handing them to the SALESMAN, JOE slouching sullenly behind her.

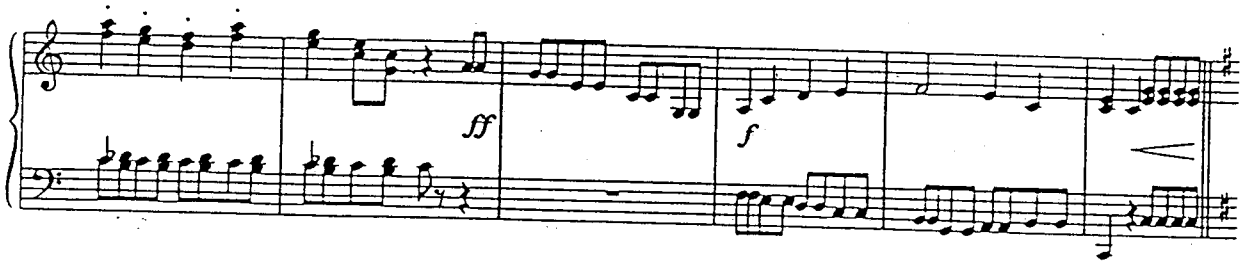


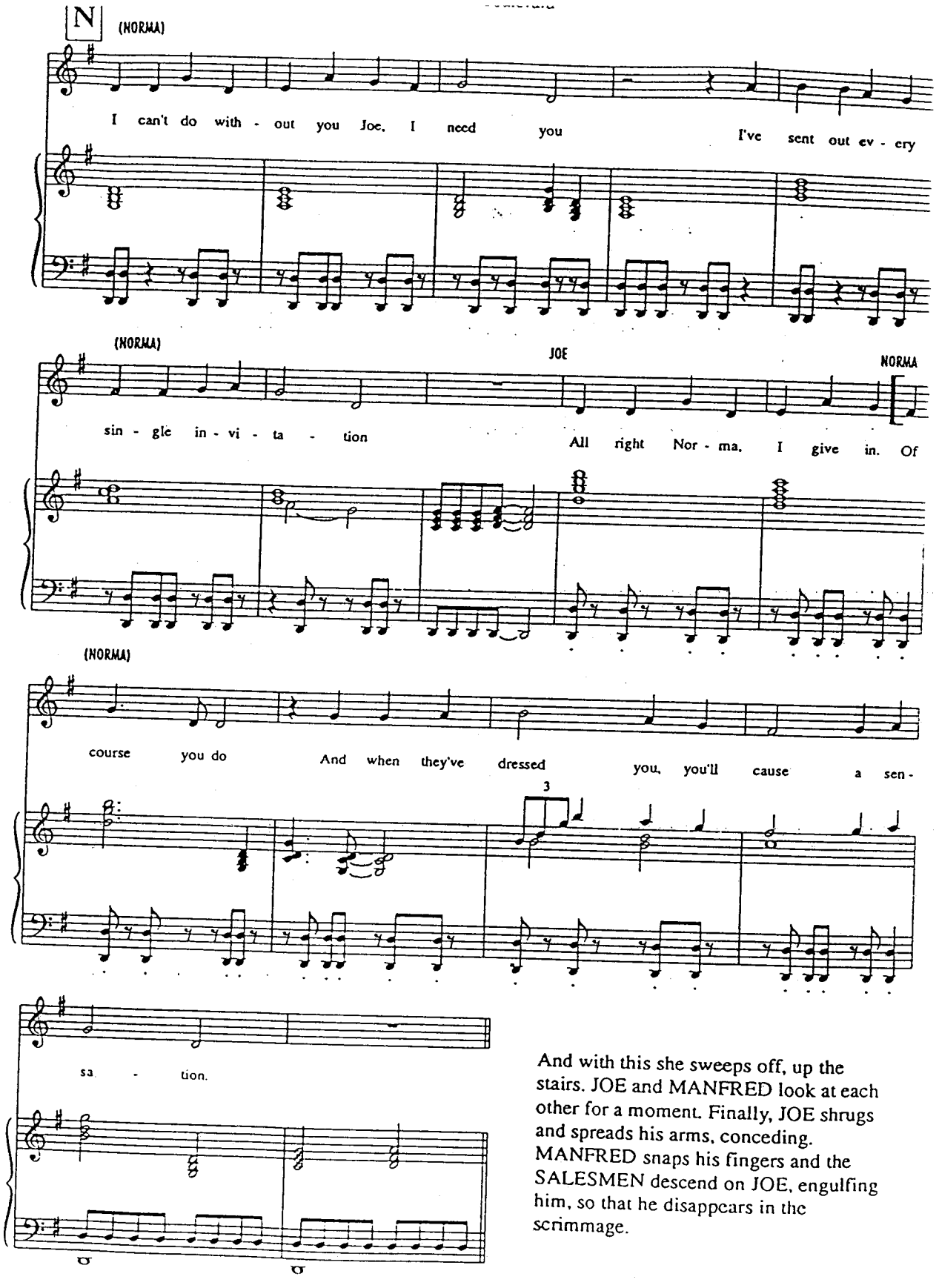

(NORMA)
MANFRED
course not, dear, tux - e - dos are for wait - ers
What we need are
(MANFRED)
NORMA
tails, a white tie and top hat.
Joe, sec - ond rate clothes
JOE
I can't wear that.
(NORMA)
K
are for sec - ond rat - ers.
Shut up I'm rich not some
JOE
Nor - ma Please!


(NORMA)
plat - in um blonde bitch I own so man - y app - art - ments I've for -
(NORMA)
got - ten which is which
JOE
I don't have to go to prem - ieres I'm nev - er on dis -
(JOE)
play. You seem to for - get that I'm a wri - ter. Who cares what you're

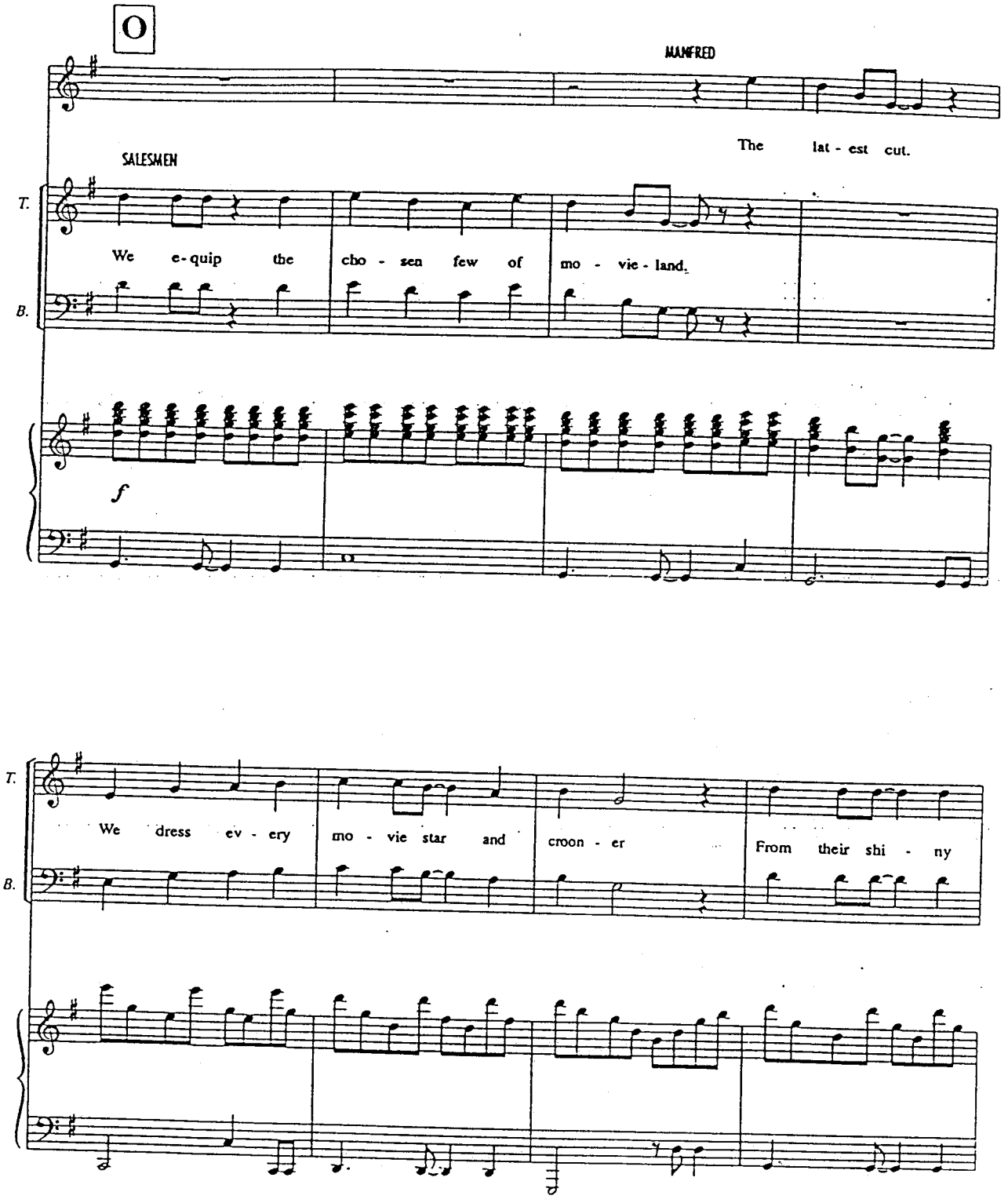


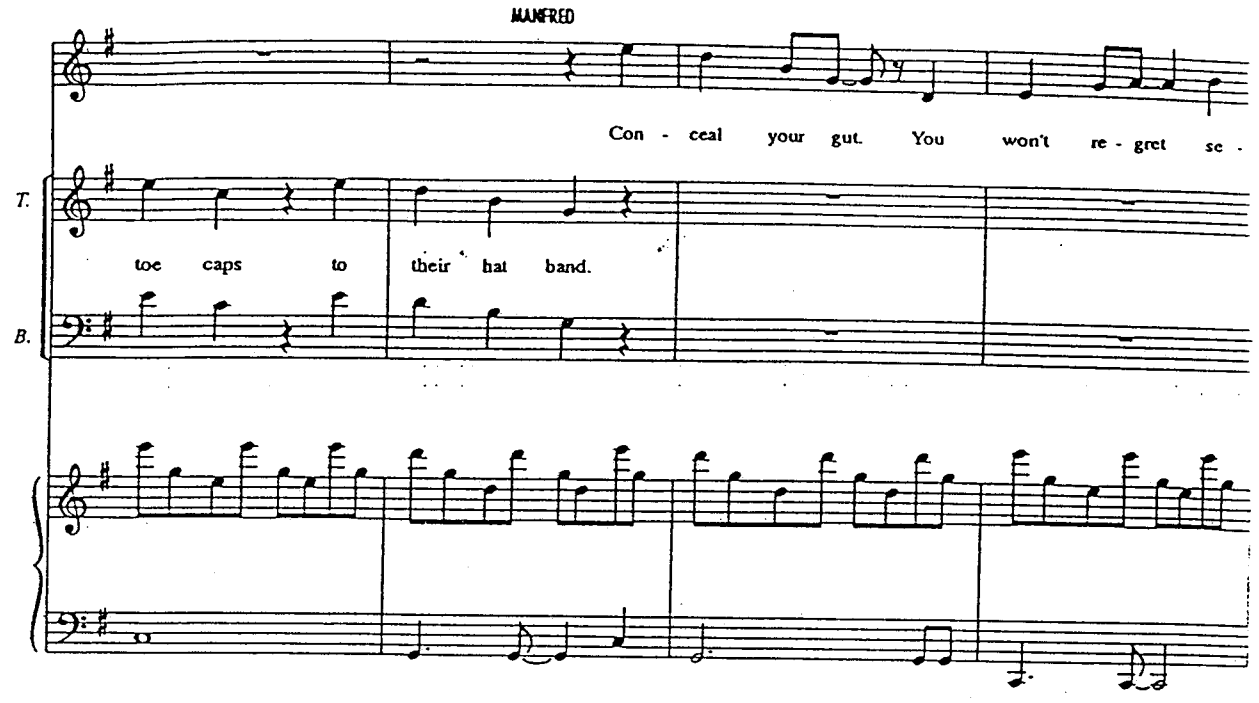
NORMA: You can't come to my party in that filling station shirt.
JOE: I've been invited somewhere else on New Year's Eve.
NORMA: Where?
JOE: Artie Green's. Old friend of mine.

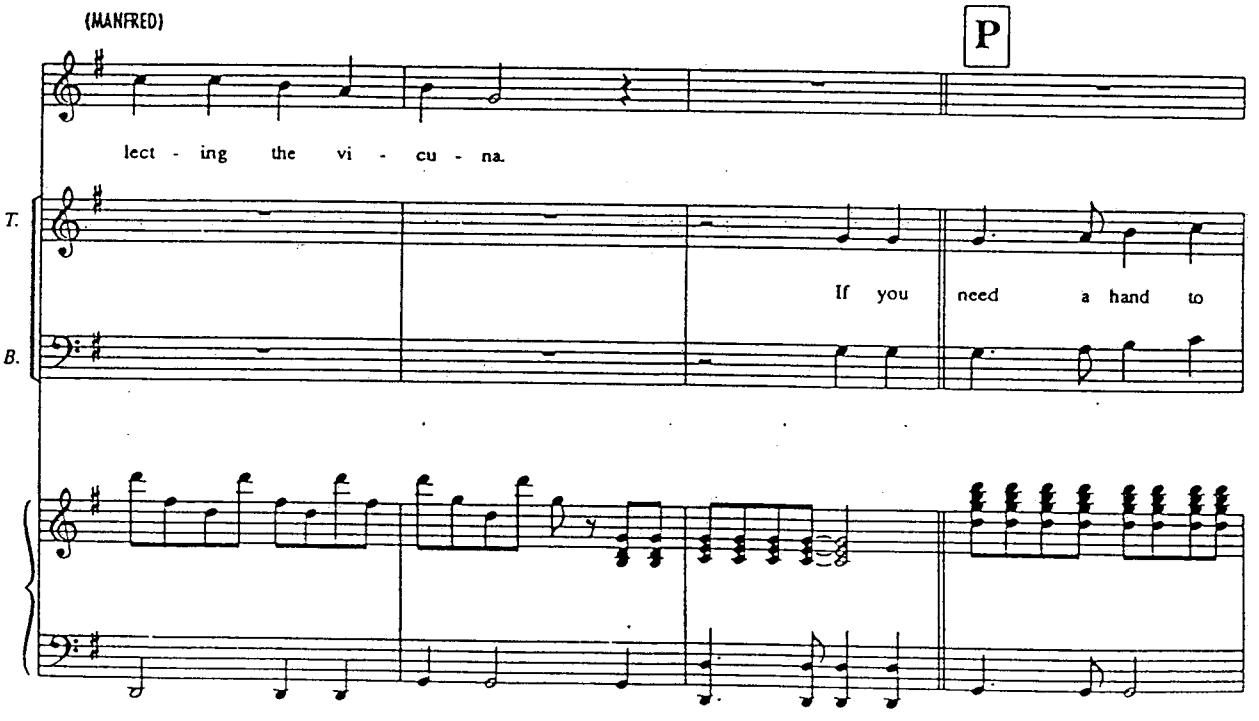


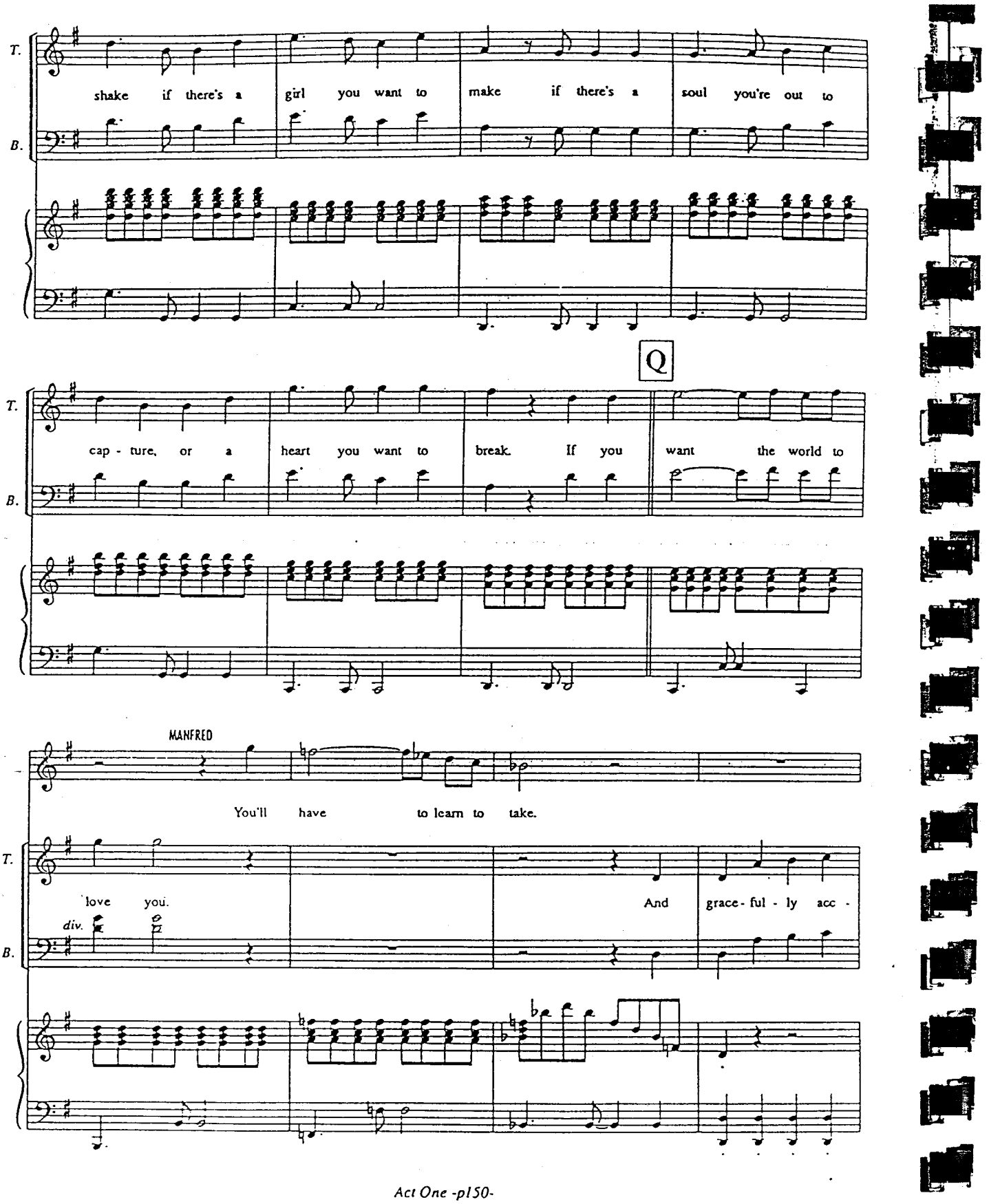


And with this she sweeps off, up the stairs. JOE and MANFRED look at each other for a moment. Finally, JOE shrugs and spreads his arms, conceding. MANFRED snaps his fingers and the SALESMEN descend on JOE, engulfing him, so that he disappears in the scrimmage.

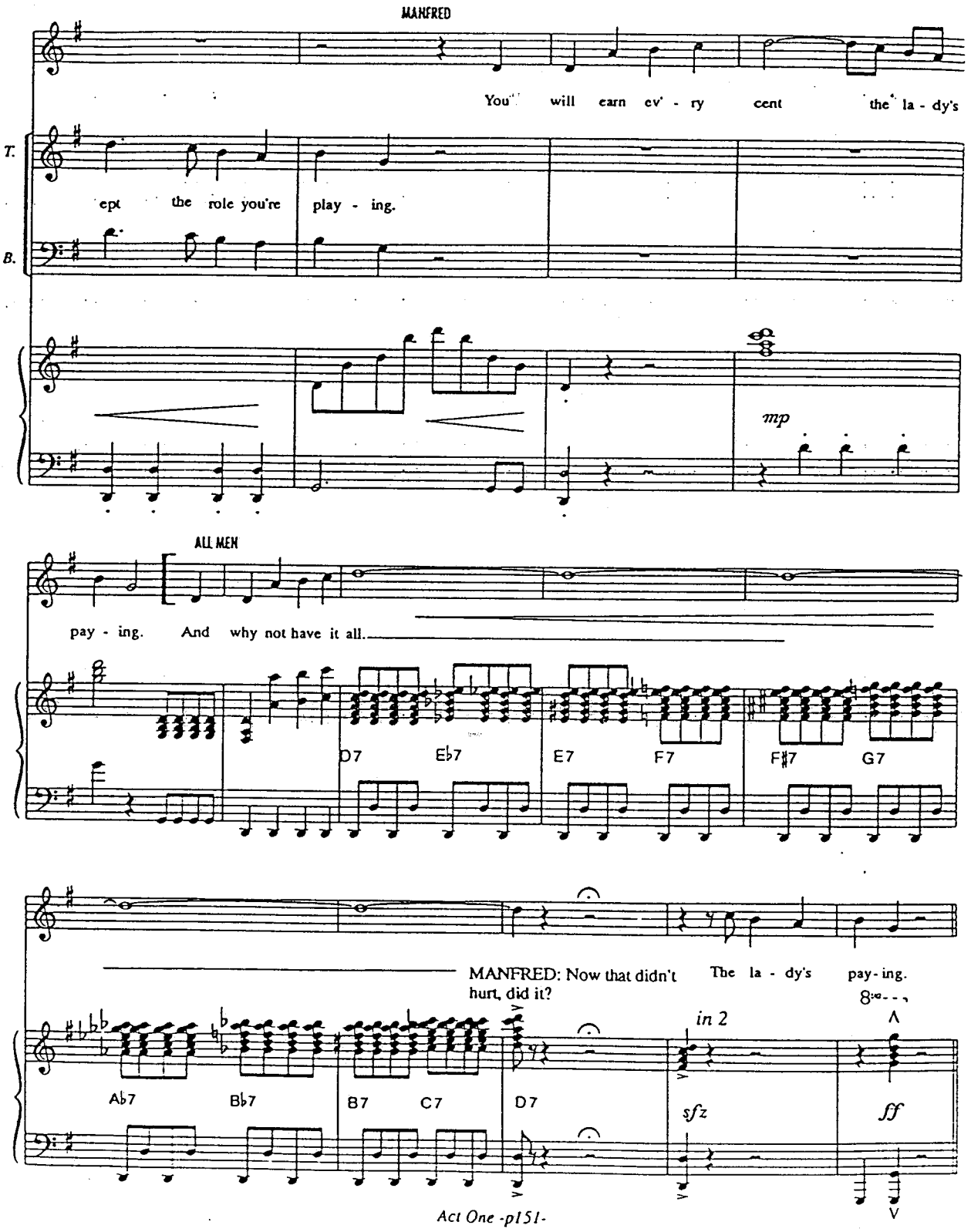

O
MANFRED
The lat - est cut.
SALESMEN
T.
We e - quip the cho - sen few of mo - vie - land.
B.
f
T.
We dress ev - ery mo - vie star and croon - er From their shi - ny
B.


MANFRED
Con - ceal your gut. You won't re - gret se -
T.
toe caps to their hat band.
B.


(MANFRED)
P
lect - ing the vi - cu - na.
T.
If you need a hand to
B.

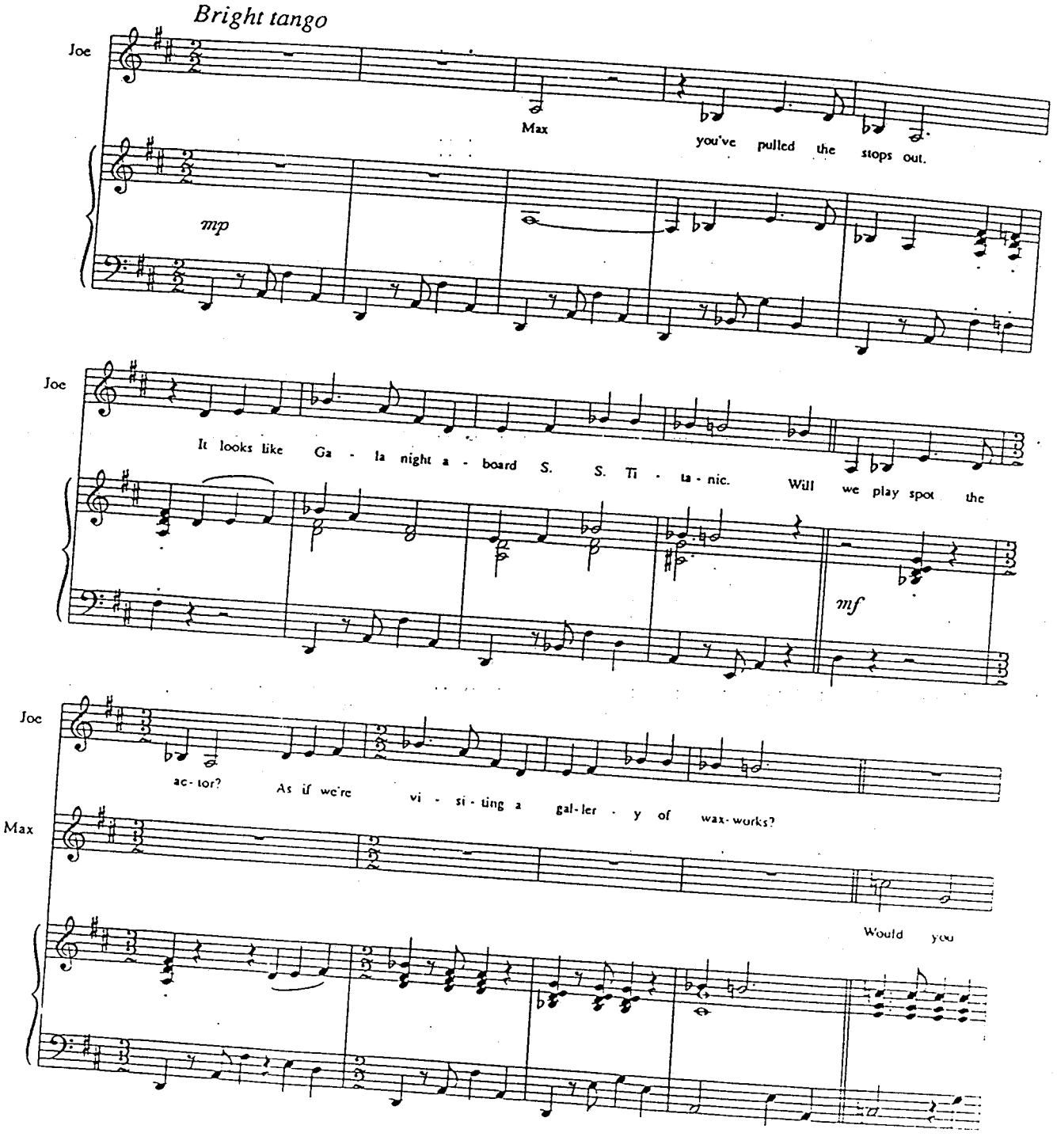

T.
B.
shake if there's a girl you want to make if there's a soul you're out to
Q
cap - ture, or a heart you want to break. If you want the world to
MANFRED
You'll have to learn to take.
love you.
And grace - ful - ly acc -
div.

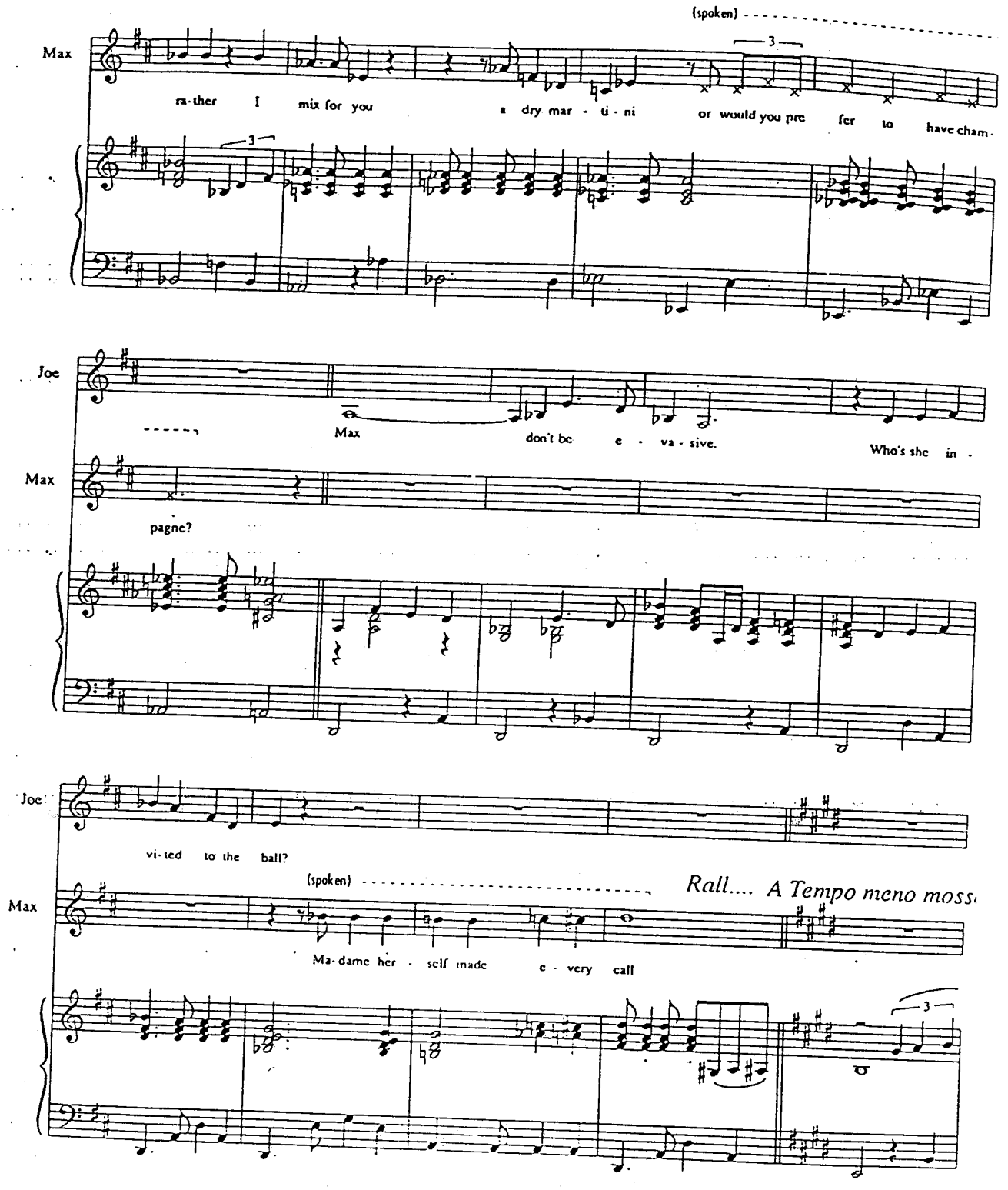
MANFRED is now more or less cheek to cheek with JOE.
He leans forward with offensive intimacy; the gloves are off.

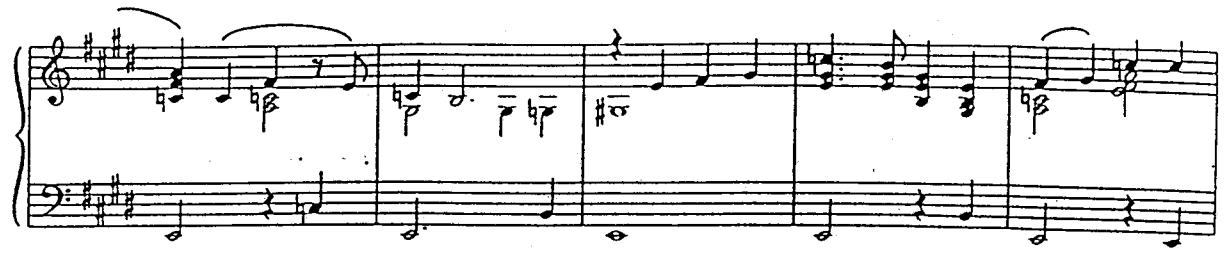


New Year Tango

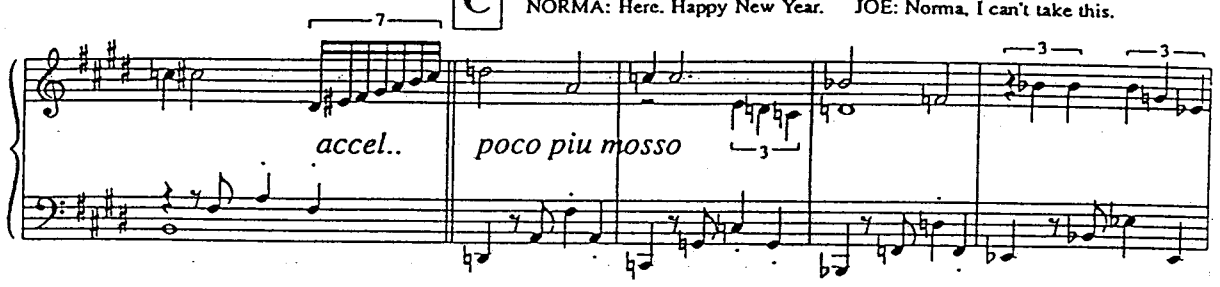
MUSIC STARTS as JOE breaks pose




(spoken)
Max
ra-ther I mix for you a dry mar - ti - ni or would you pre fer to have cham -
Joe
Max
don't be e - va - sive.
Who's she in -
Max
pagne?
Joe
vi-ted to the ball?
(spoken)
Rall.... A Tempo meno moss
Max
Ma-dame her - self made e - very call

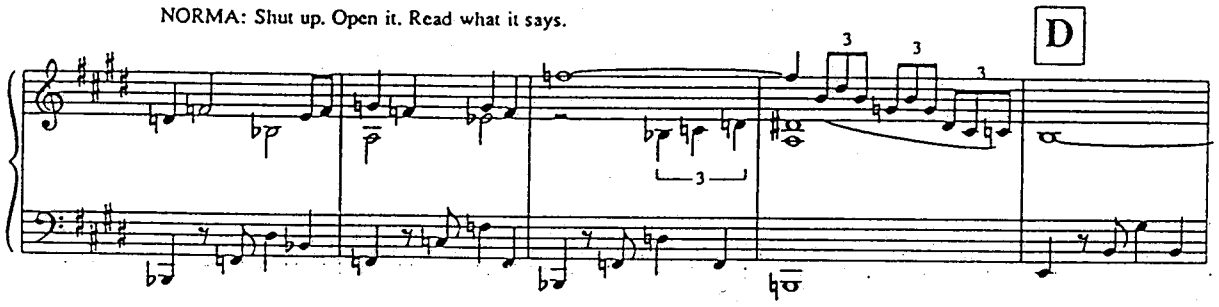


C NORMA: Here. Happy New Year. JOE: Norma, I can't take this.

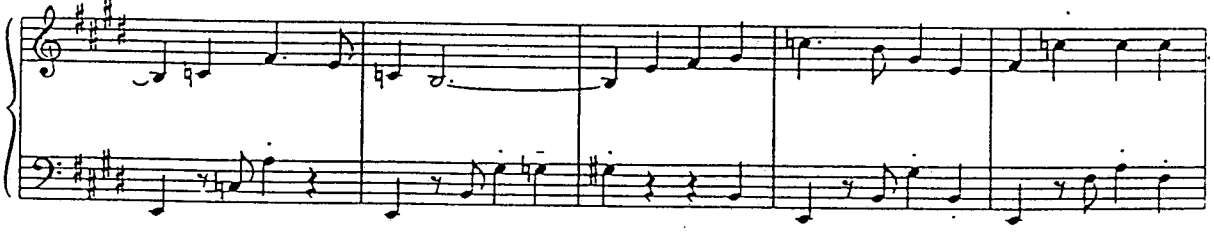


NORMA: Shut up. Open it. Read what it says.

D



JOE: "Mad about the boy." NORMA: Yes; and you do look absolutely divine.



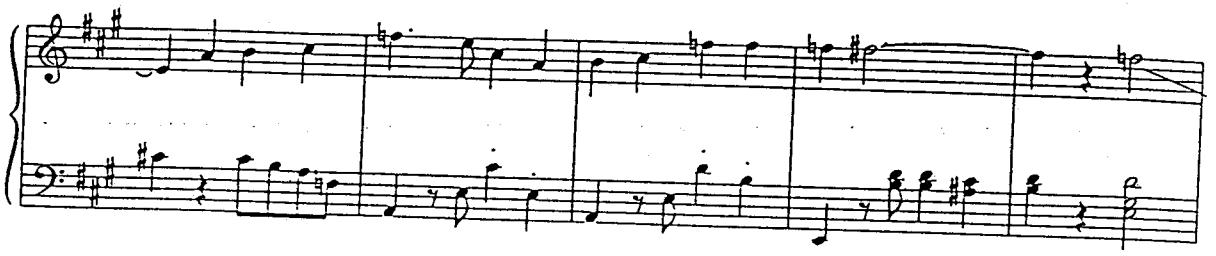
JOE: Well, thank you.

E

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

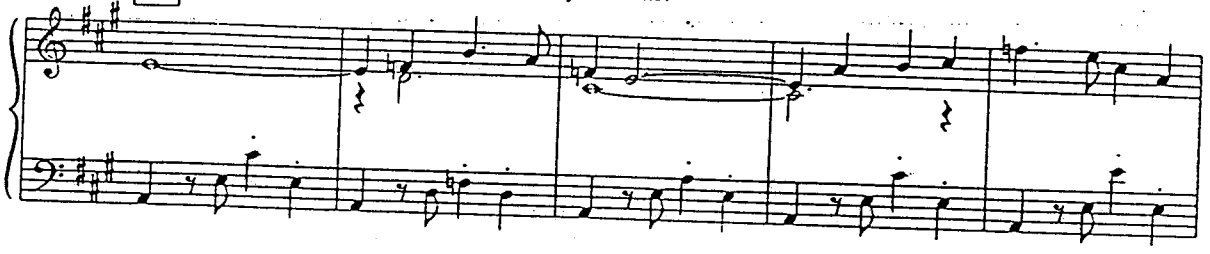
accel..

poco piu mosso



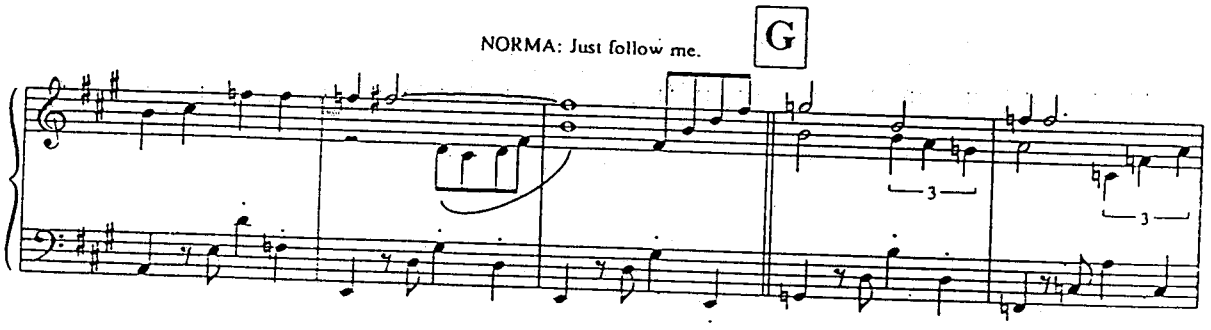
F

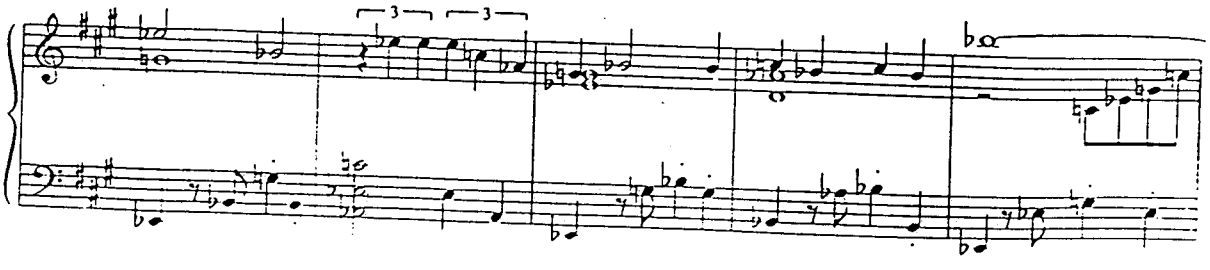
JOE: No, no, not on the same floor as Rudy Valentino!

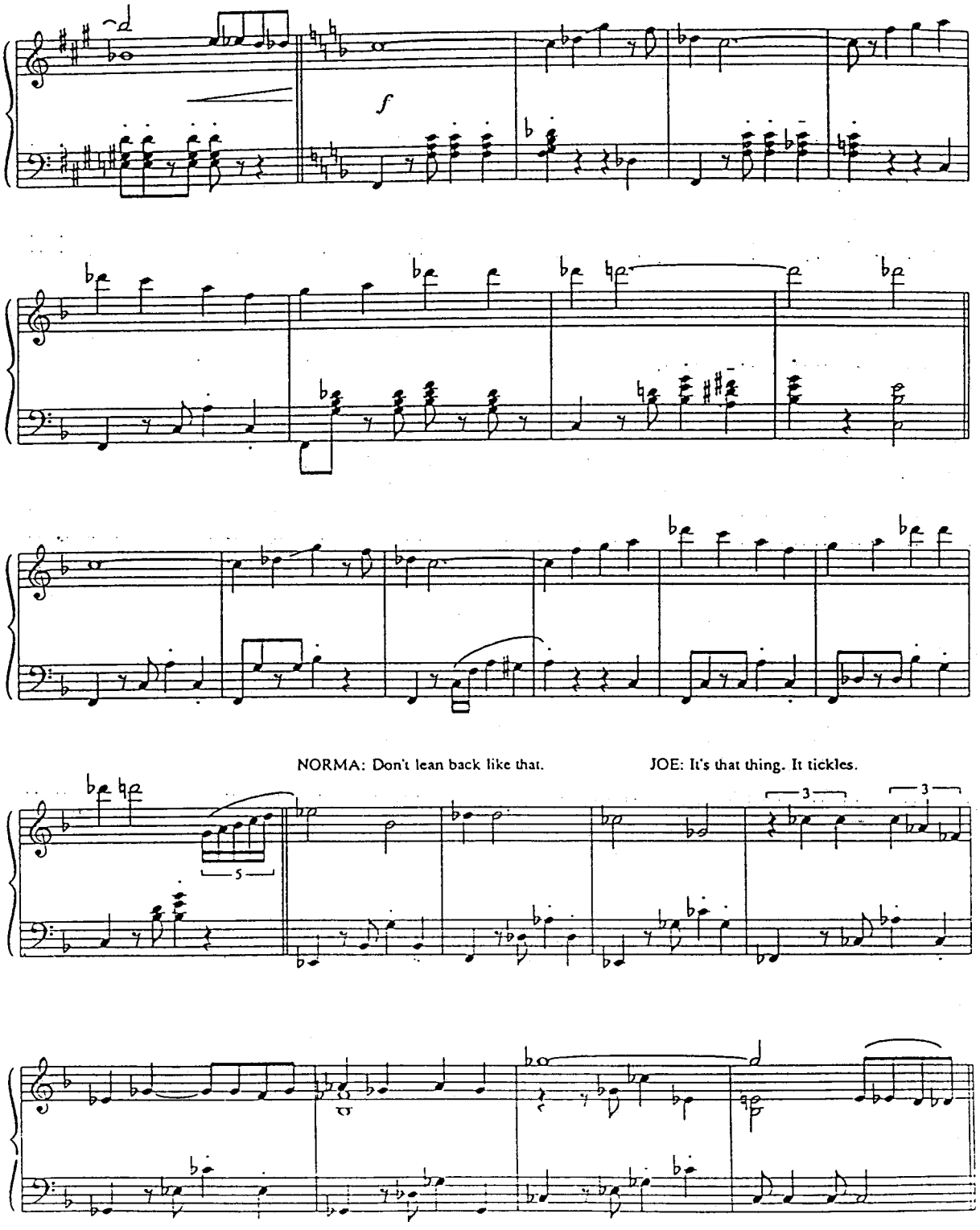


NORMA: Just follow me.

G



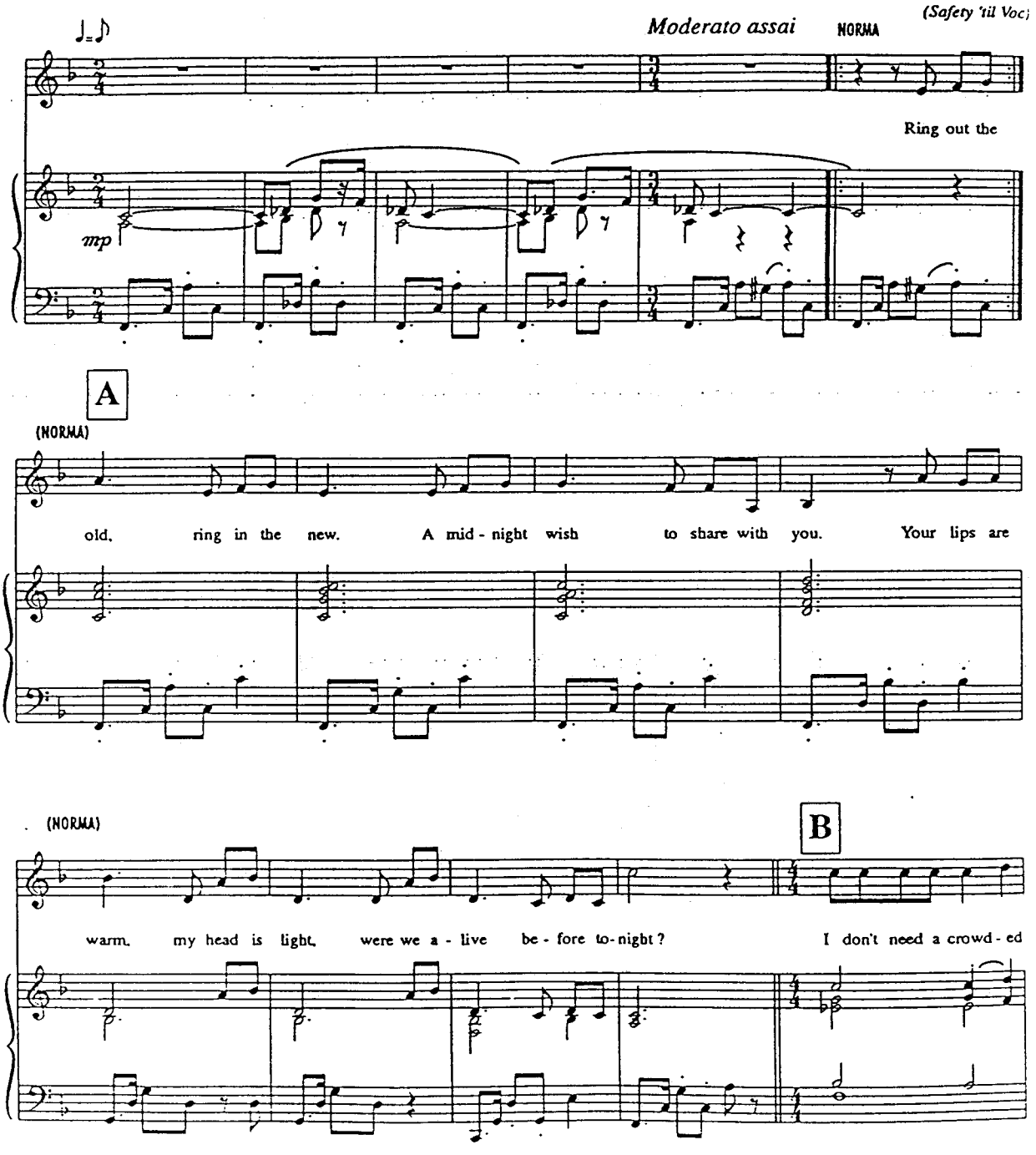


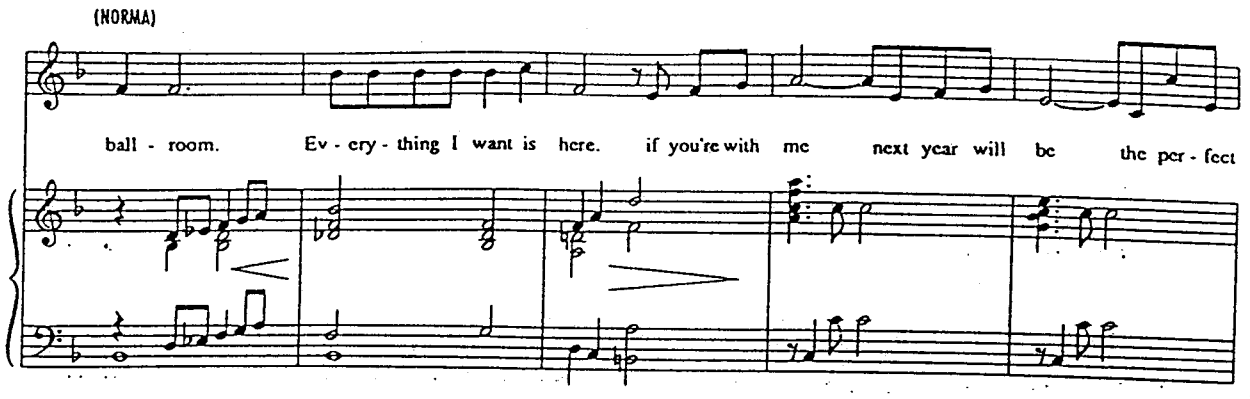


SEGUE

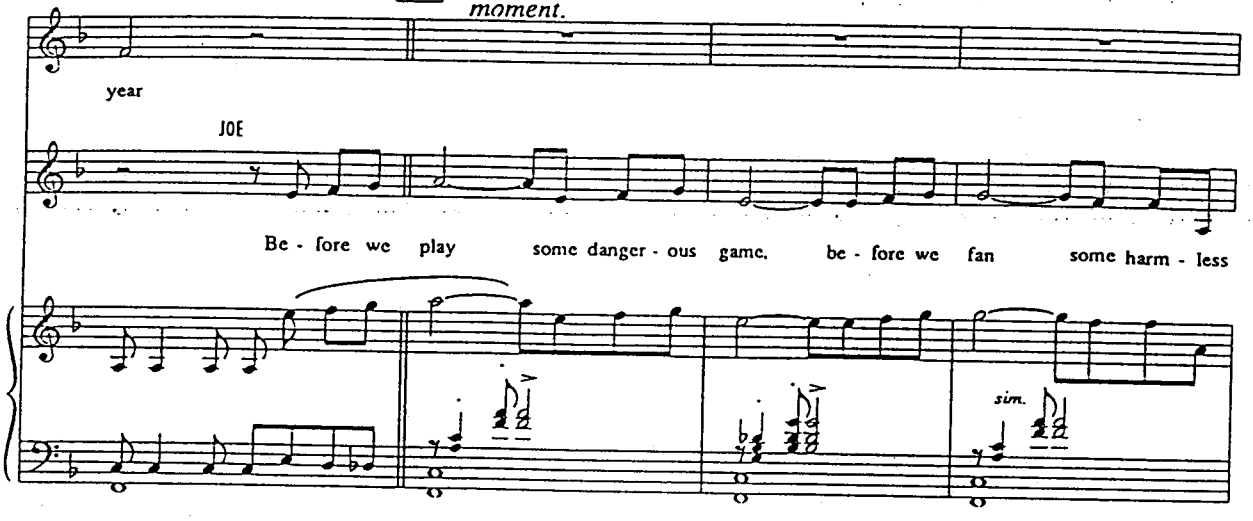
"The Perfect Year"

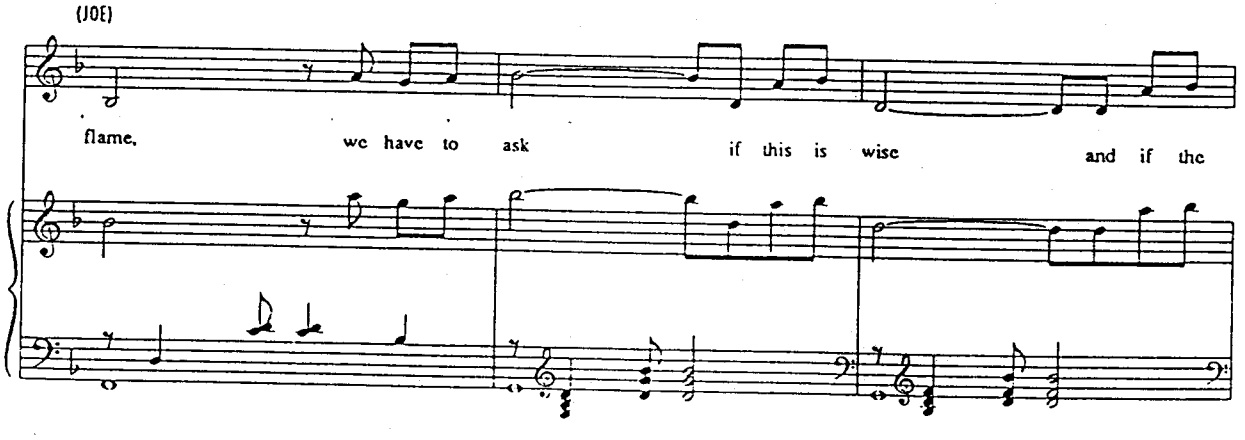
The Perfect Year

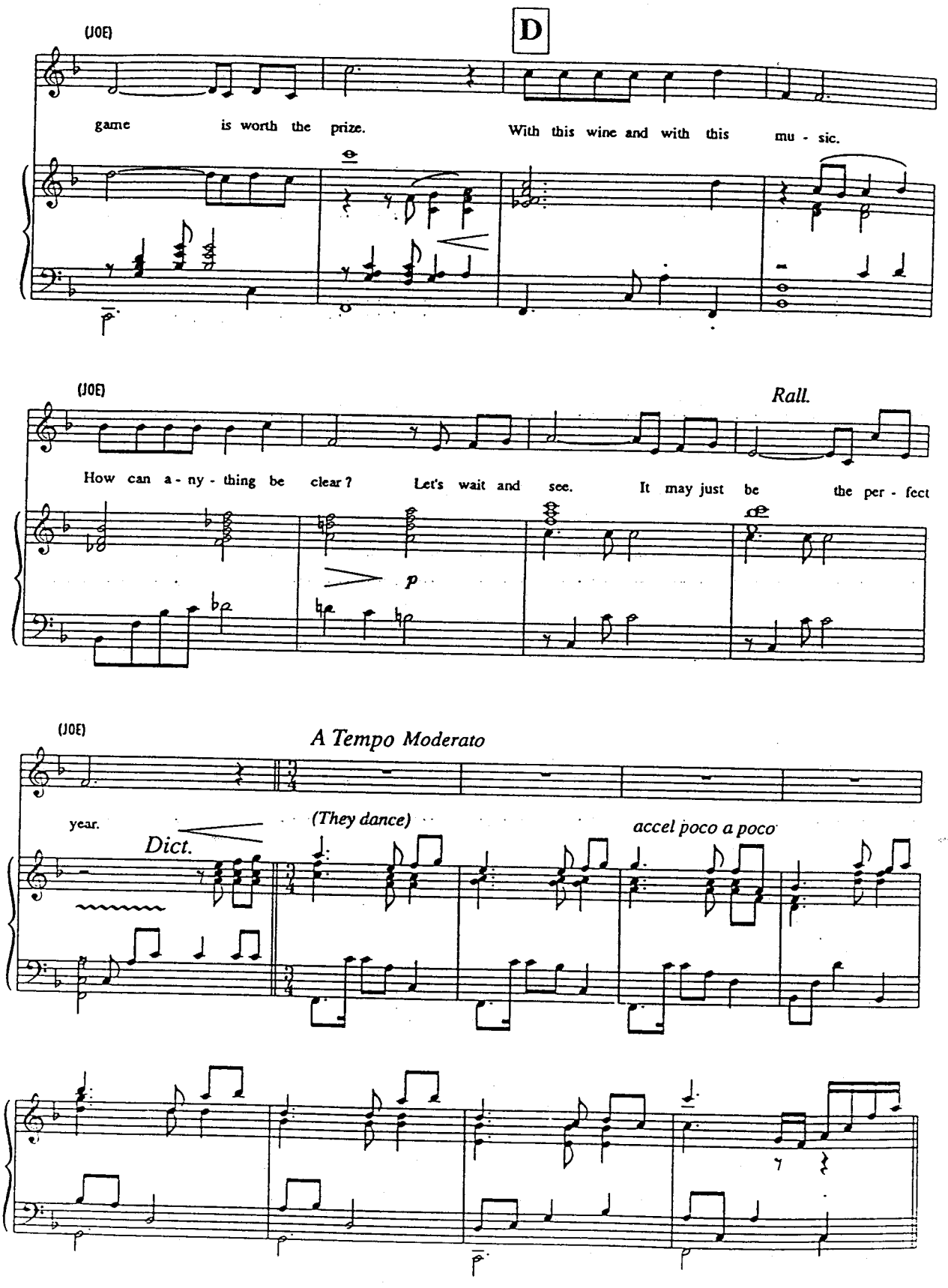


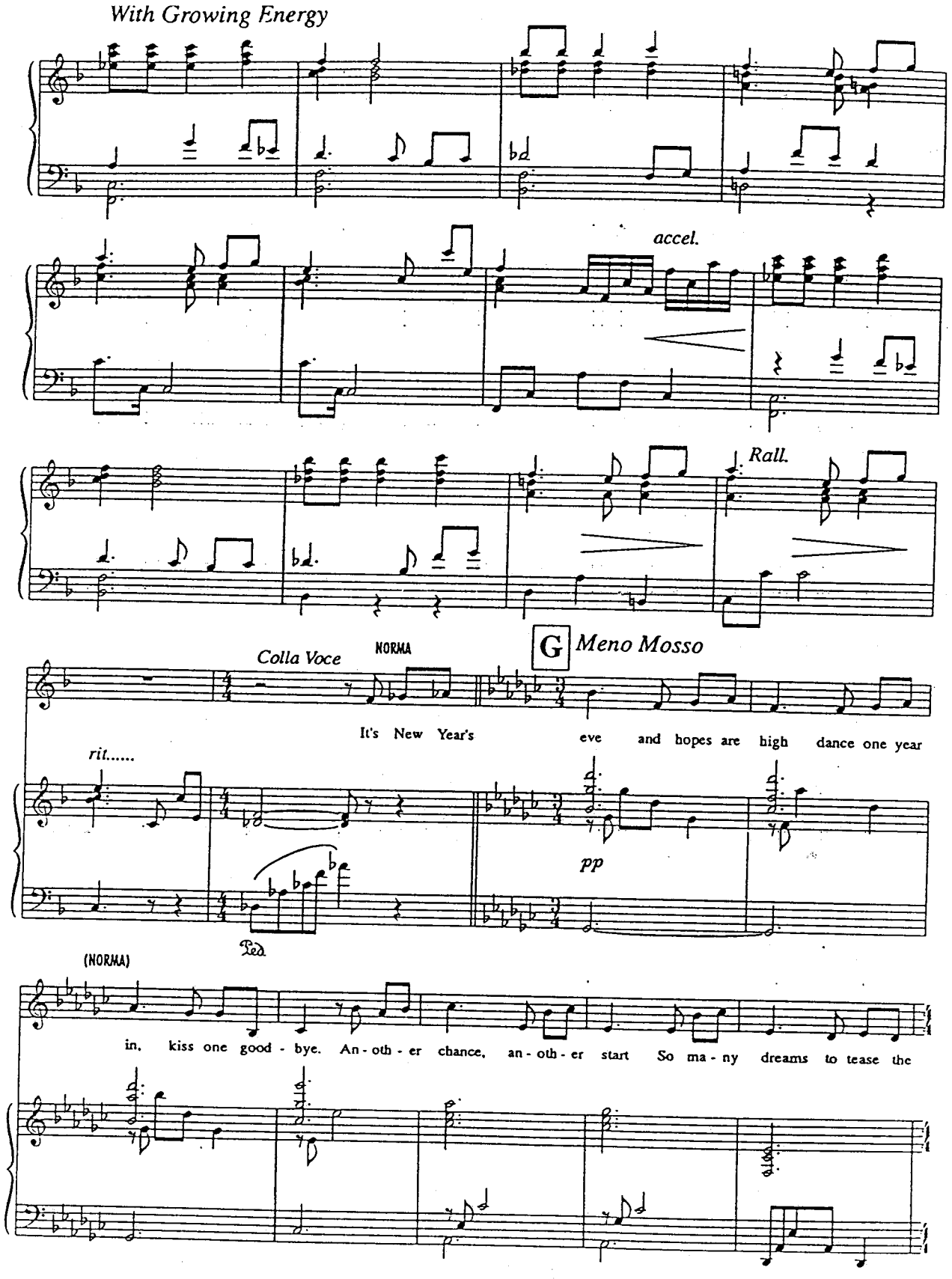


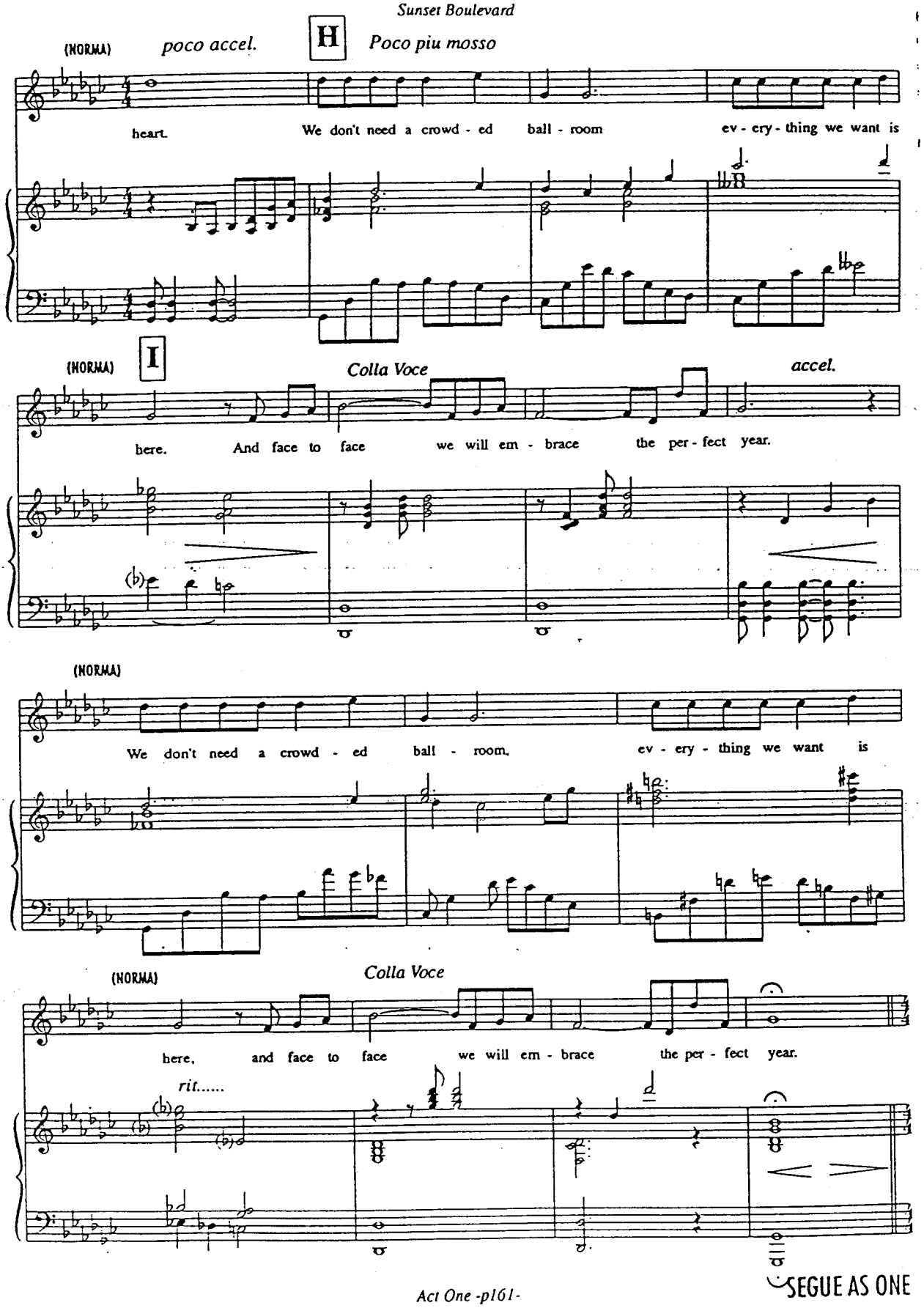
(NORMA) *Poco piu mosso* C *JOE is beginning to be aware what's happening; still, at the same time, he's caught up in the intoxication of the moment.*





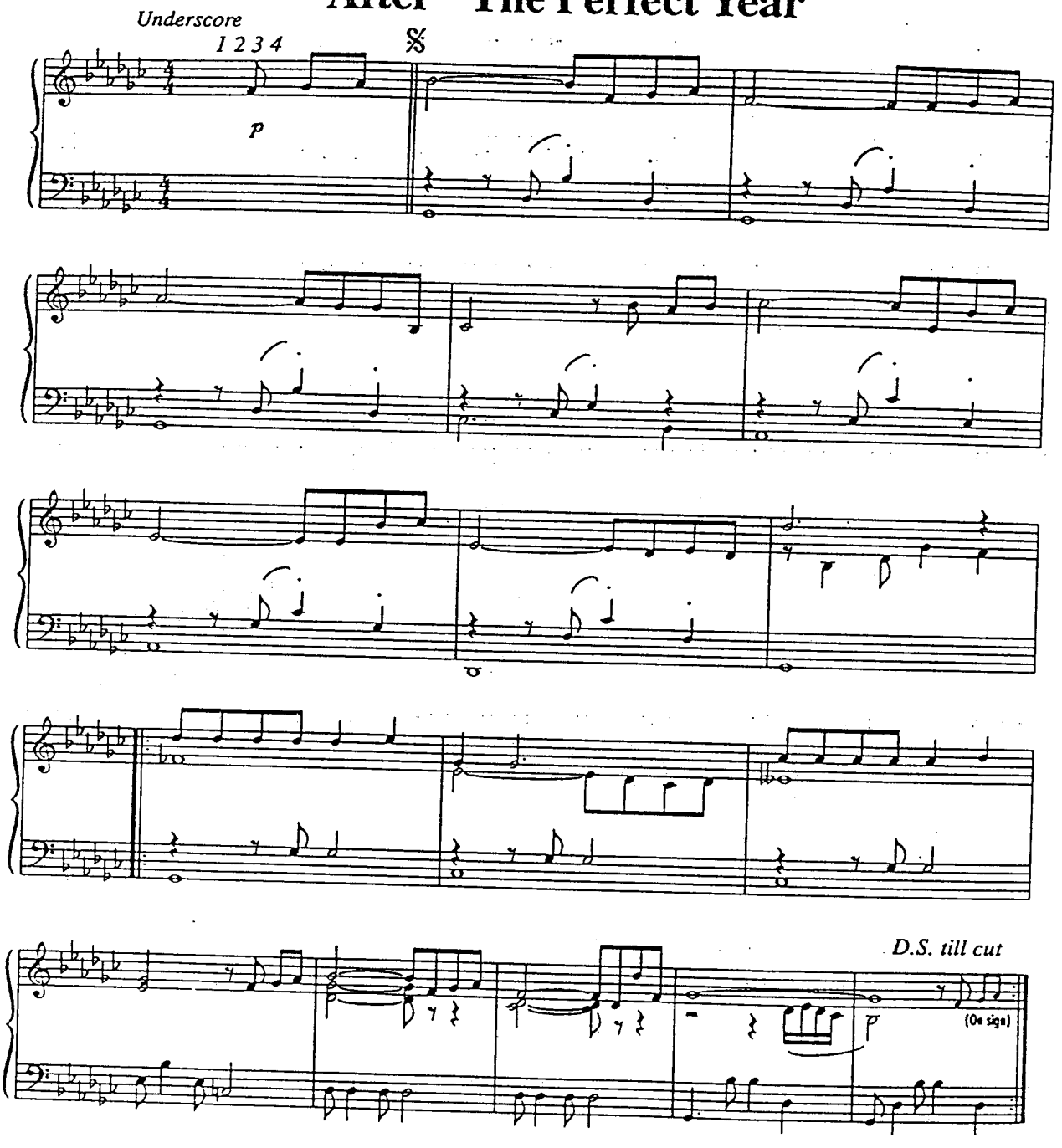

(JOE)
D
game is worth the prize. With this wine and with this mu - sic.
(JOE)
Rall.
How can a - ny - thing be clear? Let's wait and see. It may just be the per - fect
p
(JOE)
A Tempo Moderato
year.
(They dance)
accel poco a poco
Dict.


With Growing Energy
accel.
Rall.
Colla Voce
NORMA
G
Meno Mosso
It's New Year's eve and hopes are high dance one year
rit.....
pp
Ped.
(NORMA)
in, kiss one good - bye. An - oth - er chance, an - oth - er start So ma - ny dreams to tease the


(NORMA)
poco accel.
H
Poco piu mosso
heart.
We don't need a crowd - ed ball - room
ev - ery - thing we want is
(NORMA)
I
Colla Voce
accel.
here.
And face to face
we will em - brace
the per - fect year.
(NORMA)
We don't need a crowd - ed ball - room,
ev - ery - thing we want is
(NORMA)
Colla Voce
here,
and face to face
we will em - brace
the per - fect year.
rit.....
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."

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 ?

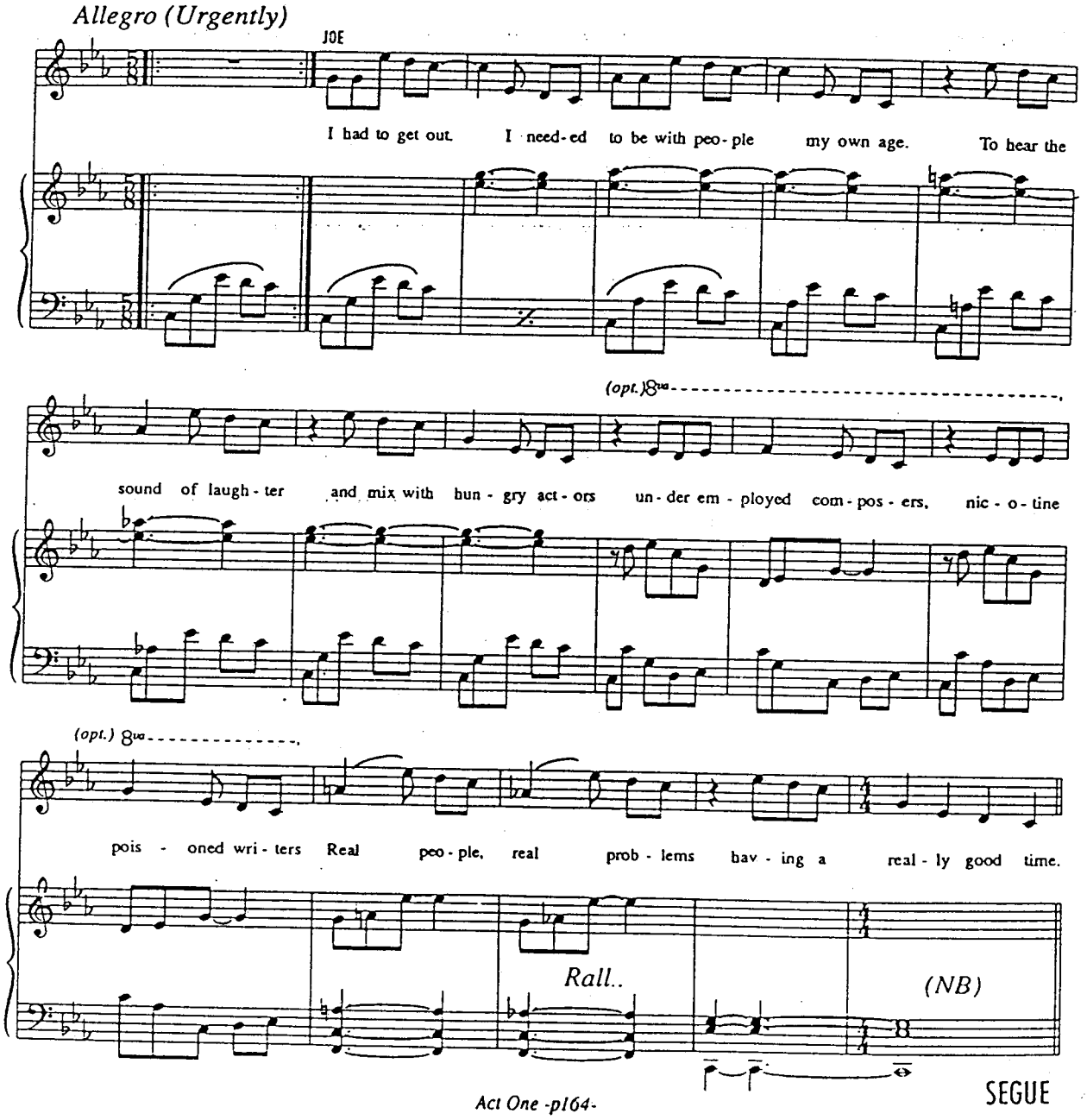
JOE doesn't answer: he looks away, avoiding her eye. Thus, it takes him completely by surprise when she slaps his face. And, before he can react, she's turned and run all the way up the stairs to vanish into her bedroom. JOE finds himself standing face to face with Max.

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.



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.

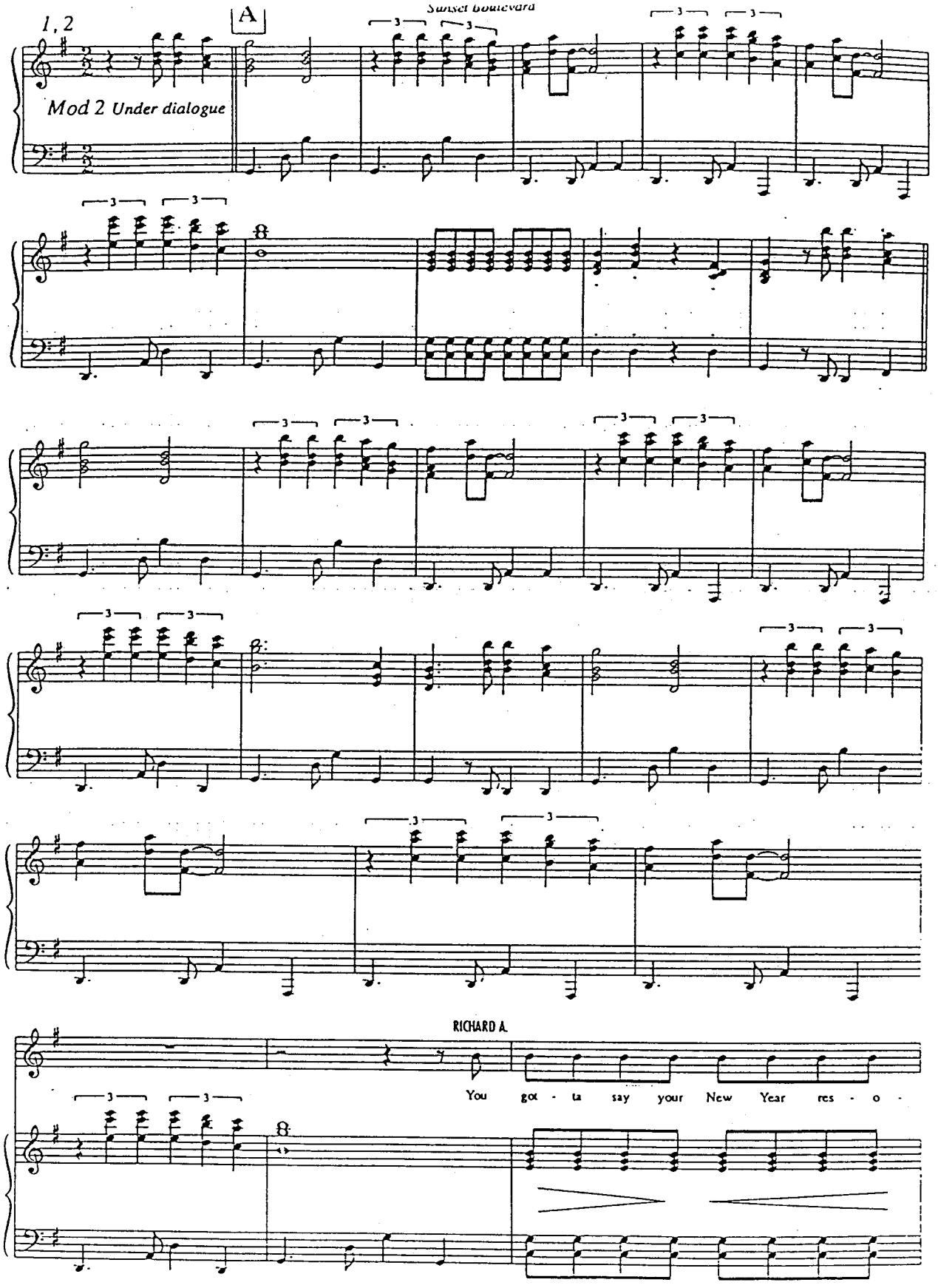
JOE: It's quite a crowd.

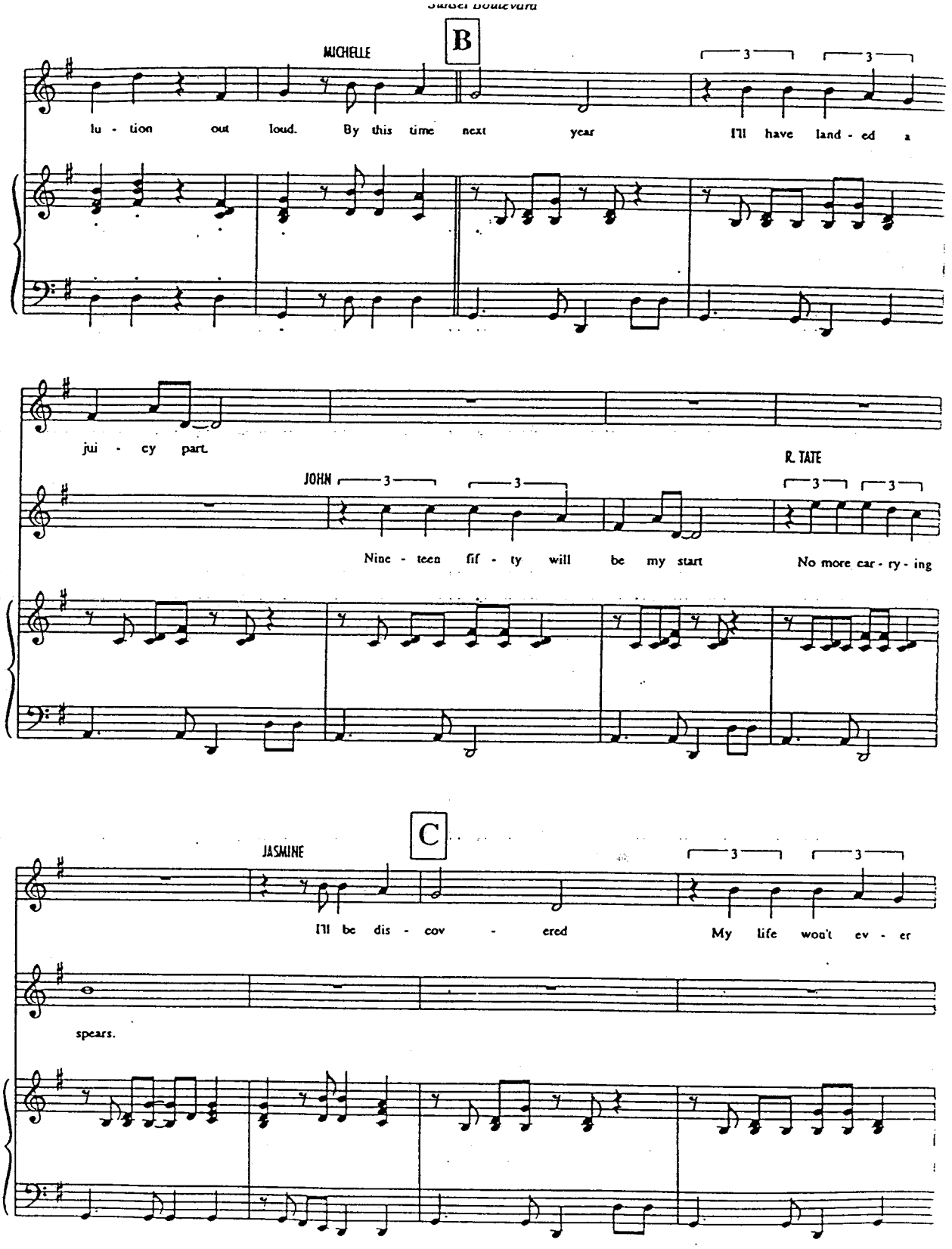
ARTIE: I invited all the kids doing walk-ons in "Samson and Delilah"

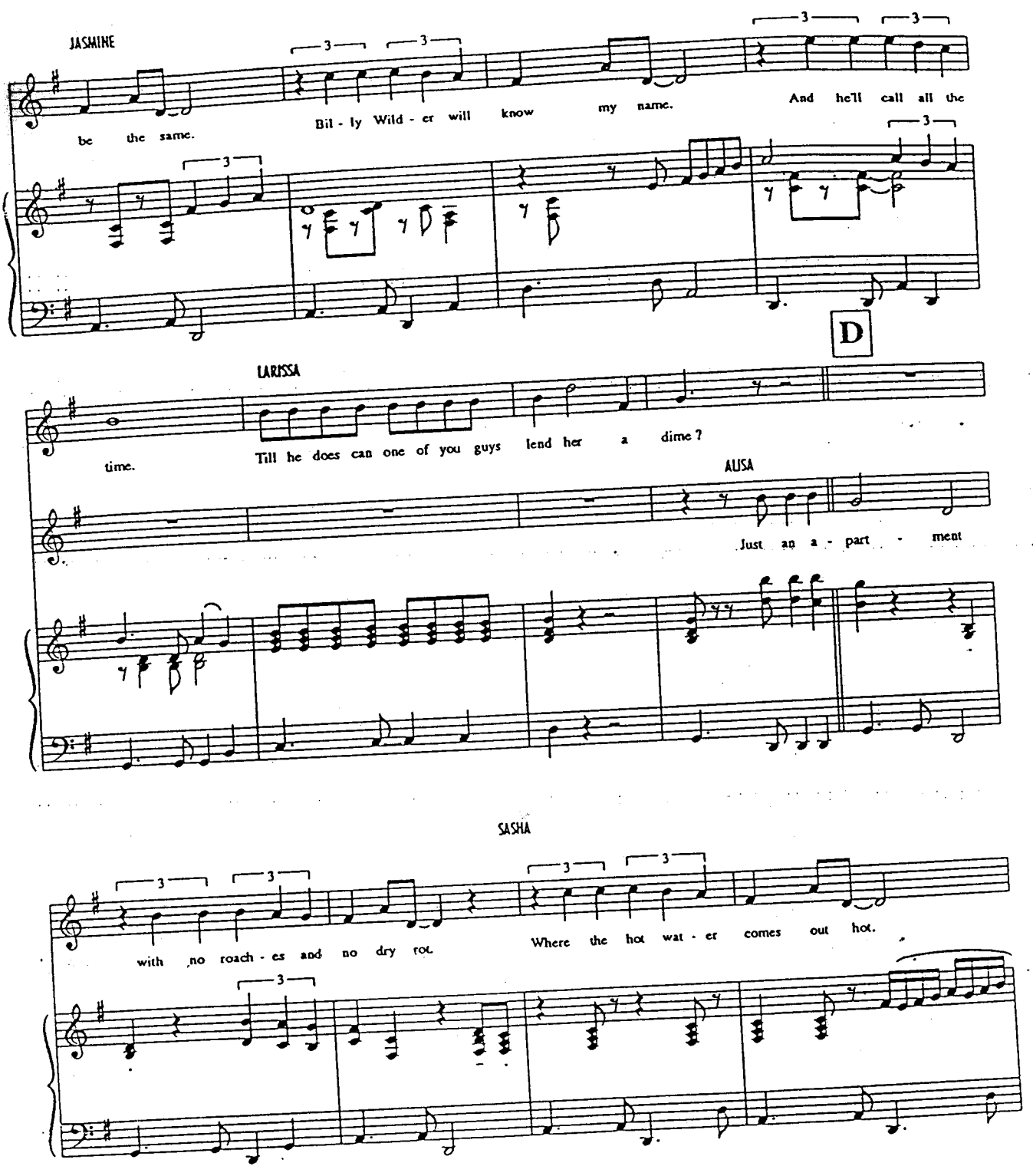
BETTY: Where have you been hiding? I called your apartment. I called your ex-agent. I was about to call the Bureau of Missing Persons.

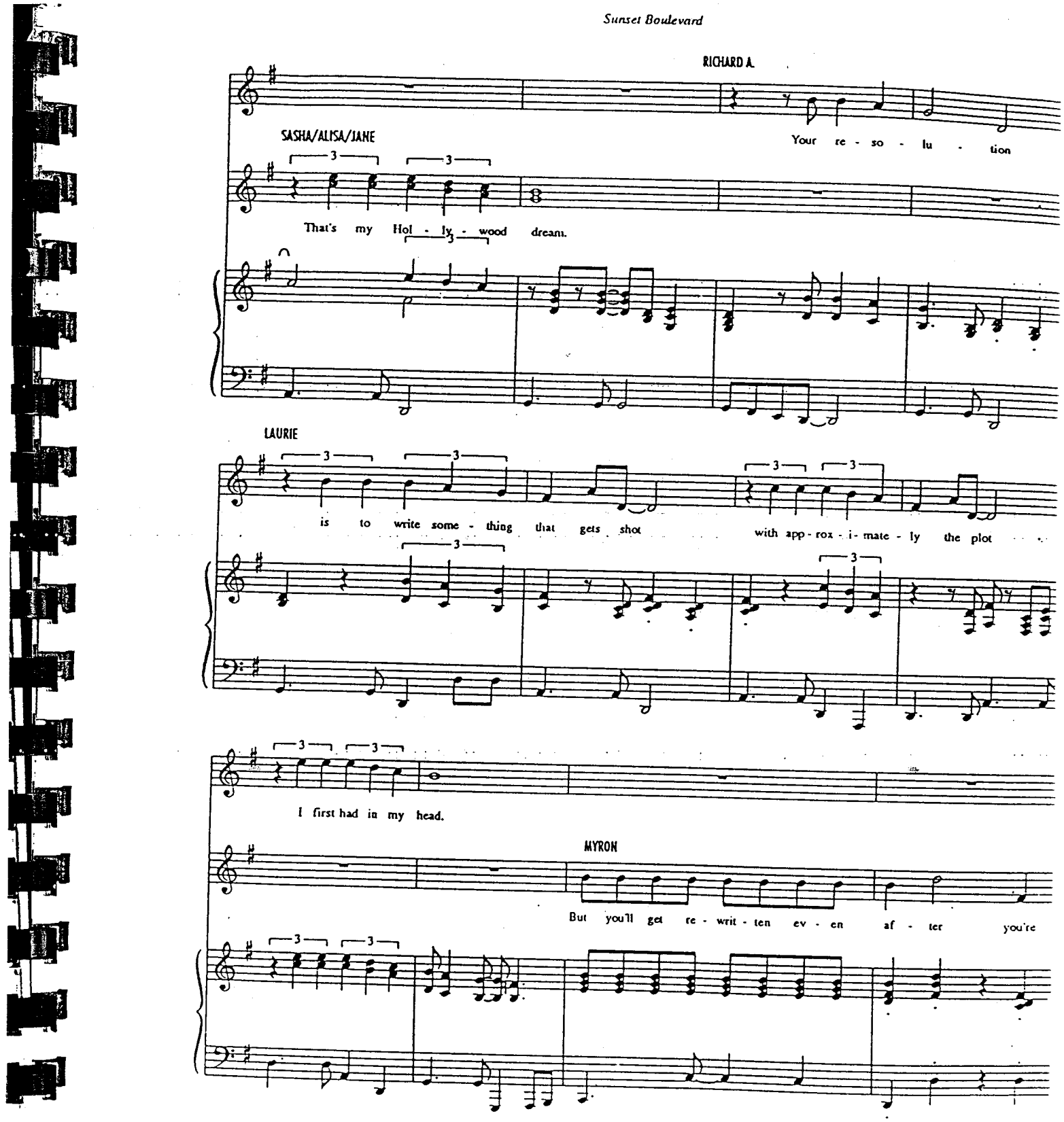
JOE: They always know where to find me.

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


1, 2
A
Mod 2 Under dialogue
RICHARD A.
You got - ta say your New Year res - o -


B
MICHELLE
lu - tion out loud. By this time next year I'll have land - ed a
jui - cy part.
JOHN
R. TATE
Nine - teen fif - ty will be my start No more ear - ry - ing
C
JASMINE
I'll be dis - cov - ered My life won't ev - er
spears.


JASHINE
be the same.
Bil - ly Wild - er will know my name.
And he'll call all the
D
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 wat - er comes out hot.


RICHARD A.
Your re - so - lu - tion
SASHA/ALISA/JANE
That's my Hol - ly - wood dream.
LAURIE
is to write some - thing that gets shot
with app - rox - i - mate - ly the plot
I first had in my head.
MYRON
But you'll get re - writ - ten ev - en af - ter you're

F

ARTIE

It's a year to be gin a new life, buy a

MYRON

dead

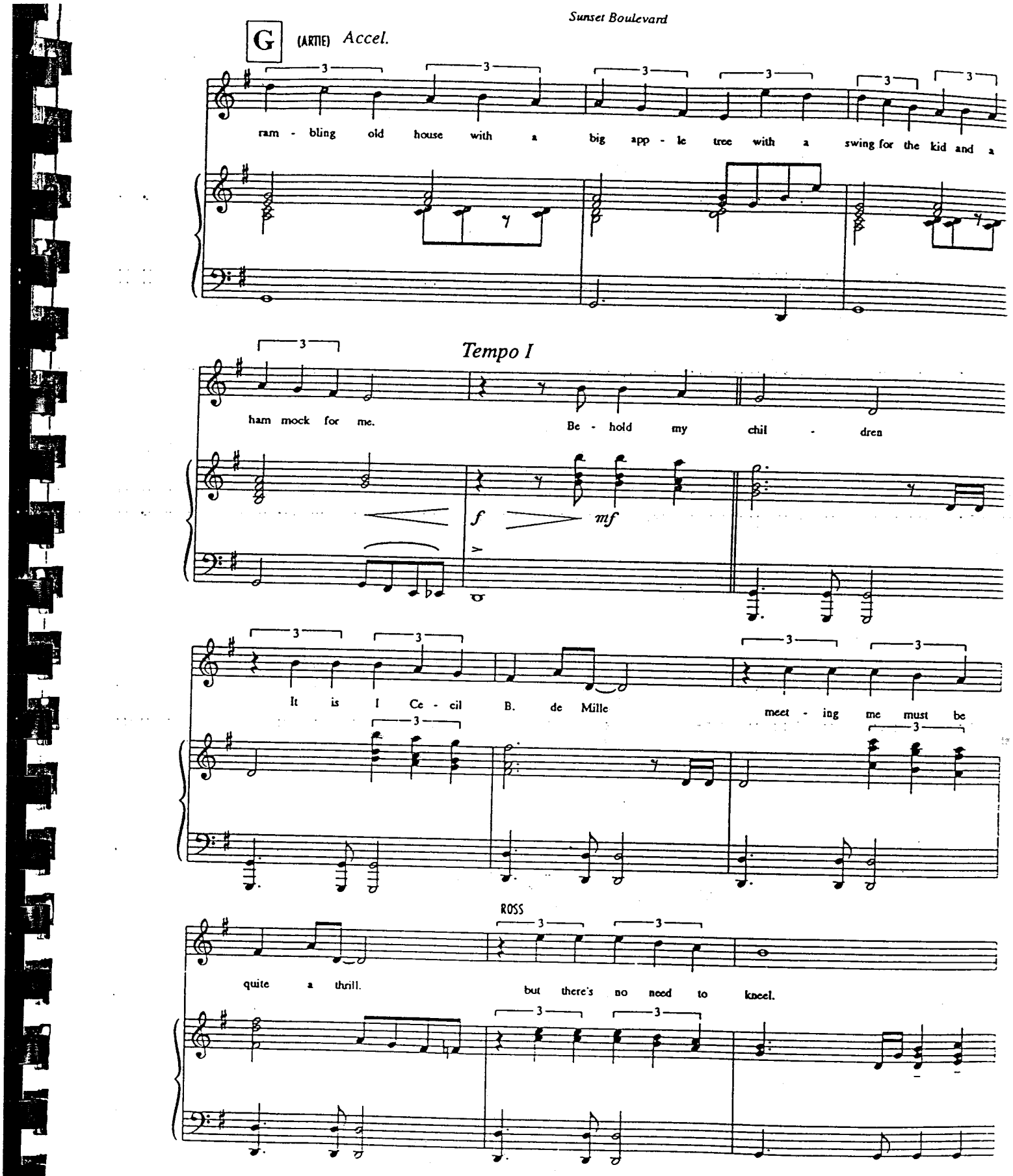
Poco meno mosso

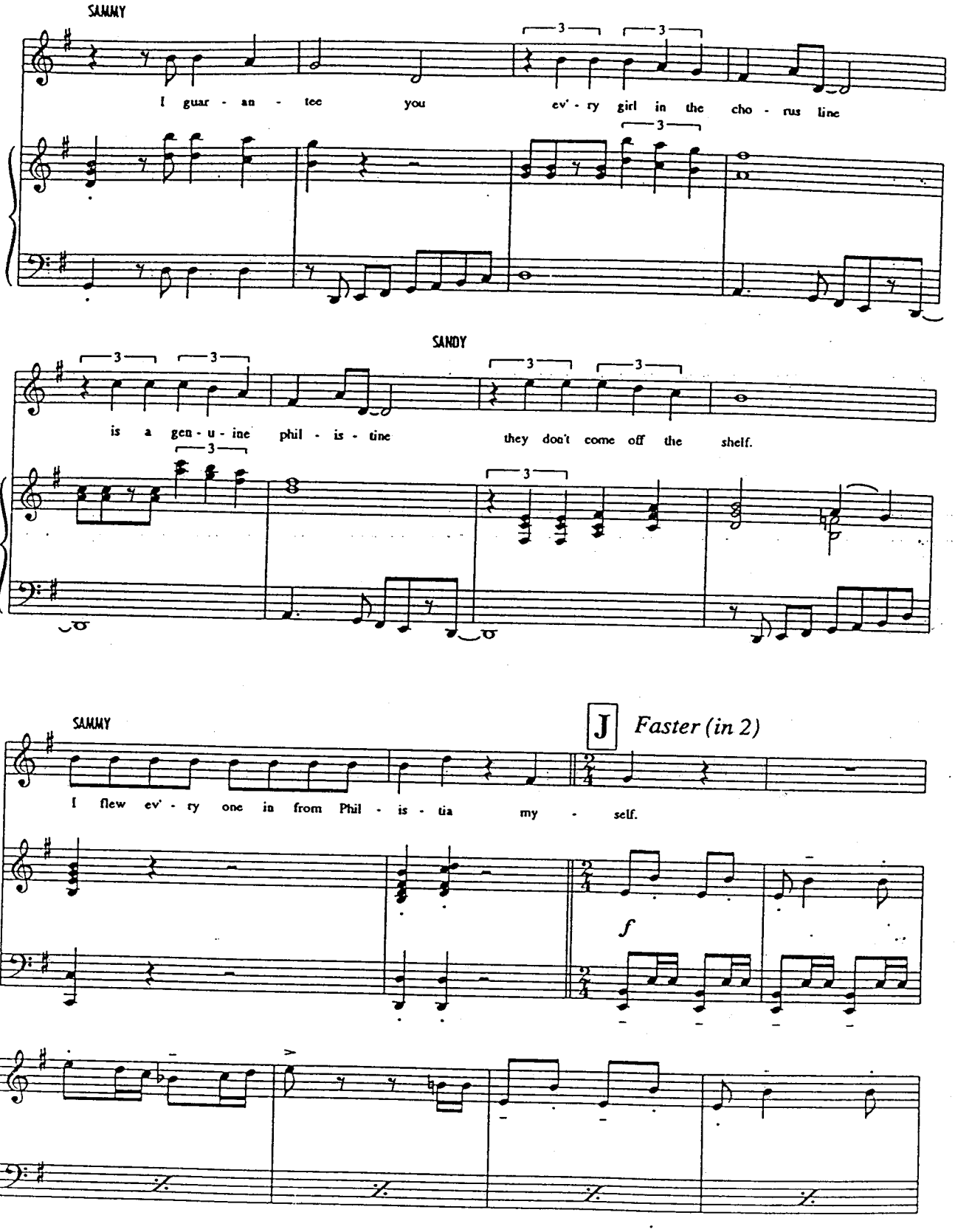
ARTIE

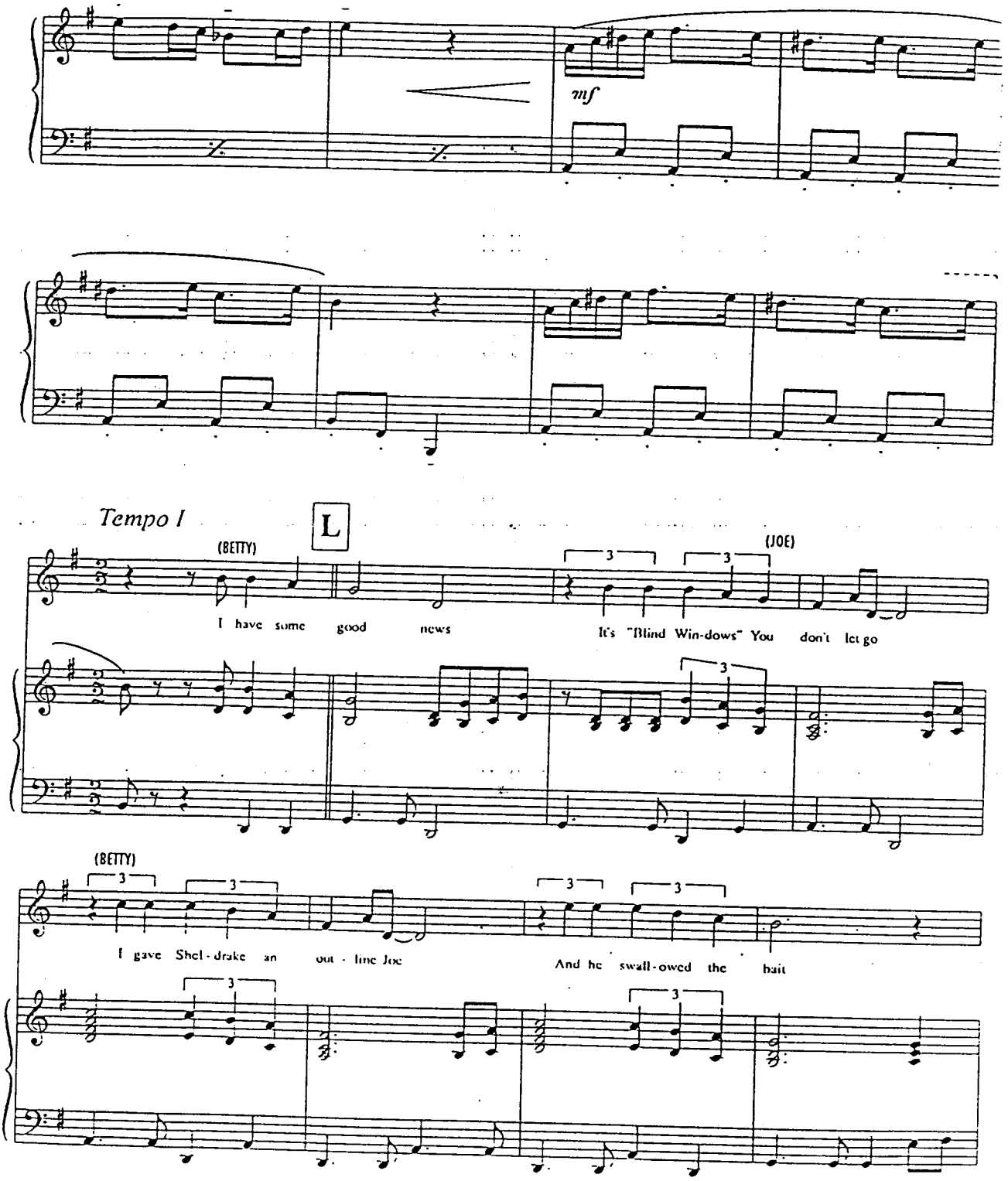
mp

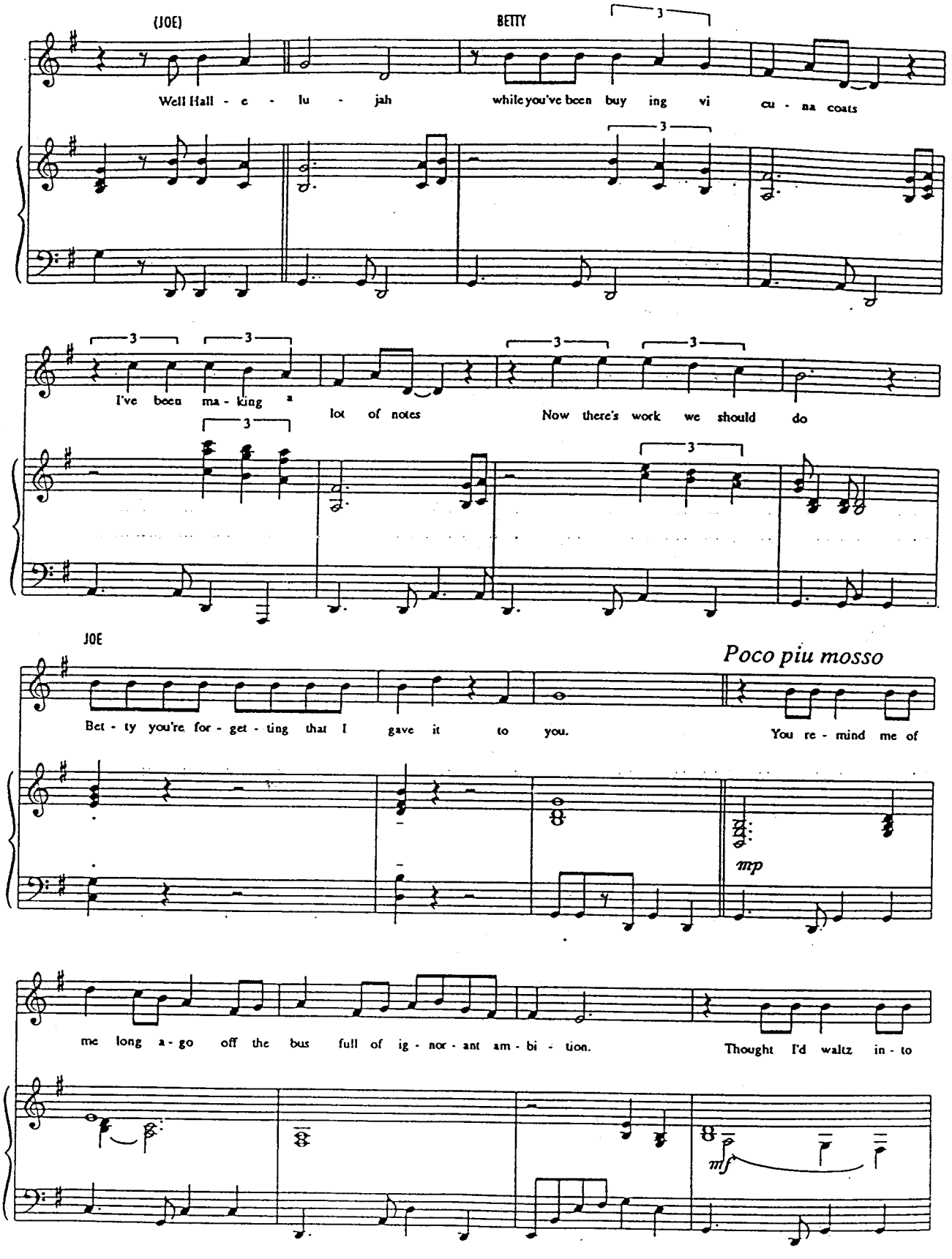
place some - where qui - et some - where pret - ty When you have a young

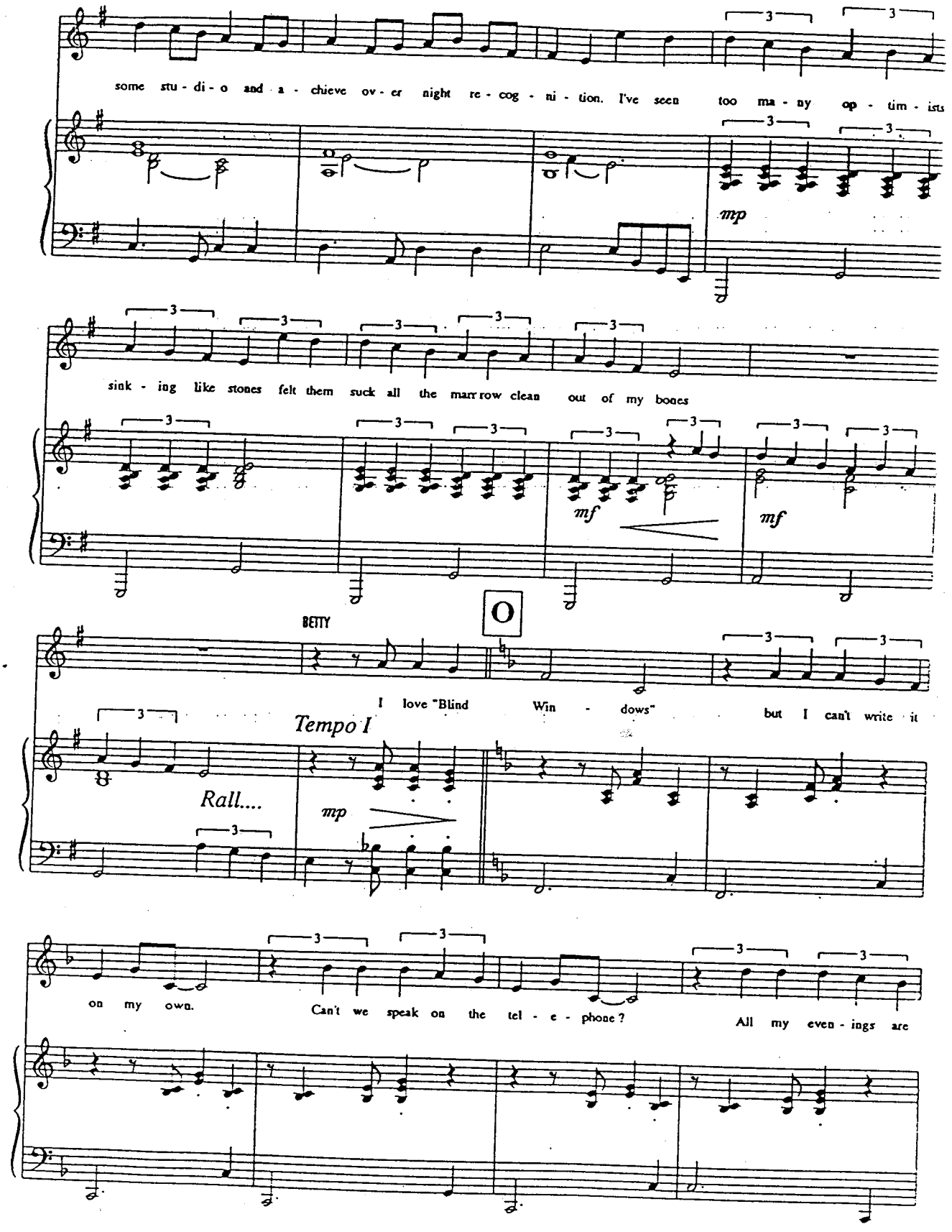
kid and a wife, then you need some - where green far from the ci - ty. It's a

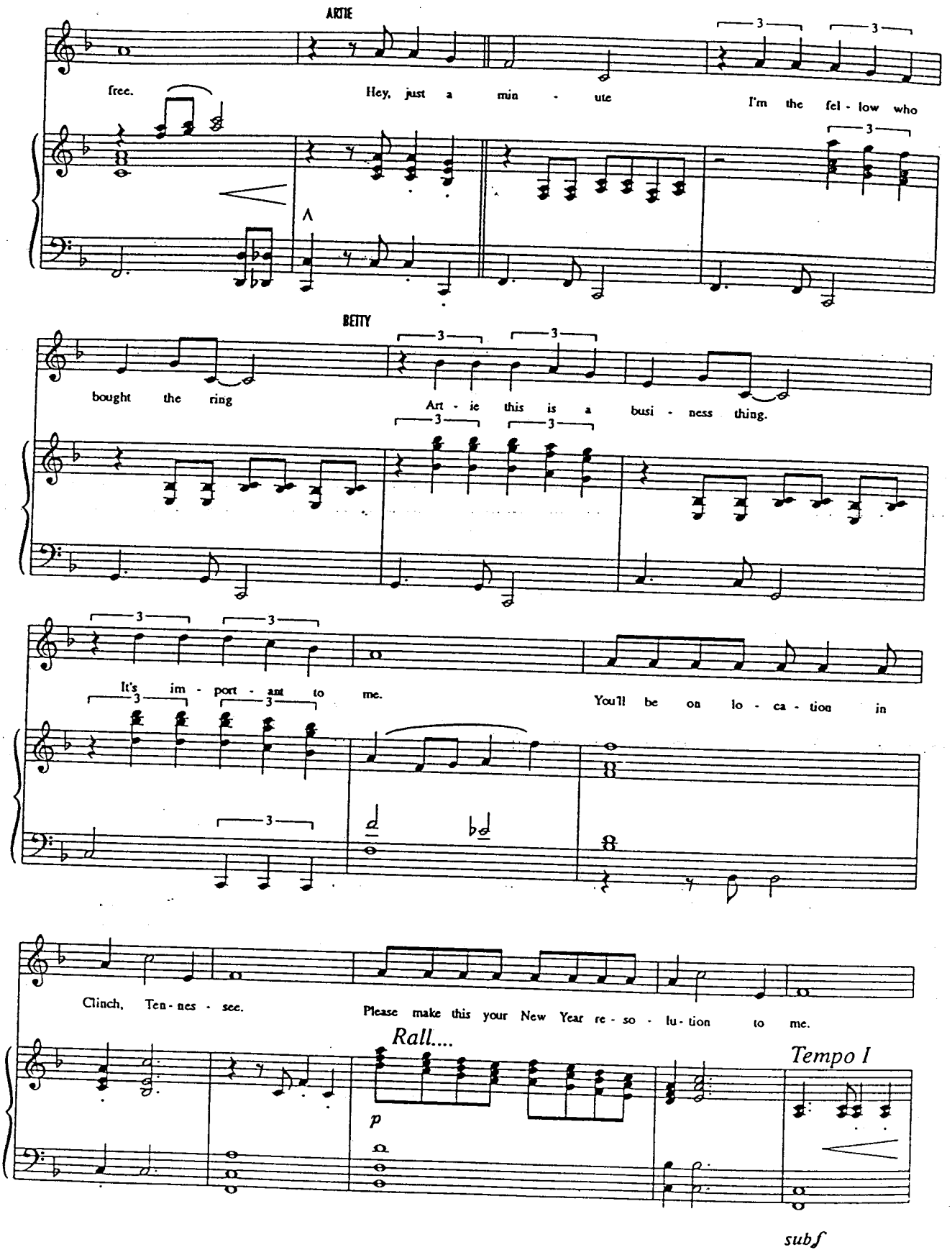

G
(ARTIE) Accel.
ram - bling old house with a big app - le tree with a swing for the kid and a
Tempo I
ham mock for me.
Be - hold my chil - dren
f
mf
It is I Ce - cil B. de Mille
meet - ing me must be
ROSS
quite a thrill.
but there's no need to kneel.


SAMMY
I guar - an - tee you ev' - ry girl in the cho - rus line
SANDY
is a gen - u - ine phil - is - tine they don't come off the shelf.
SAMMY
J Faster (in 2)
I flew ev' - ry one in from Phil - is - tia my - self.
f

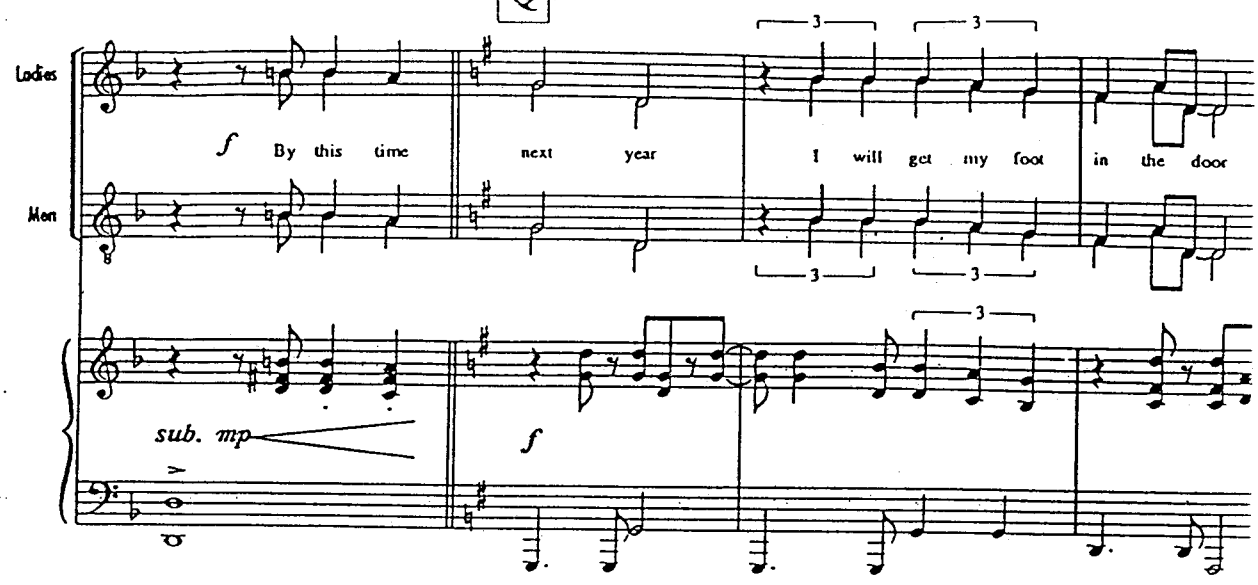

mf
Tempo I
L
(BETTY)
I have some good news
(JOE)
It's "Blind Win-dows" You don't let go
(BETTY)
I gave Shel-drake an out-line Joe
And he swall-owed the bait

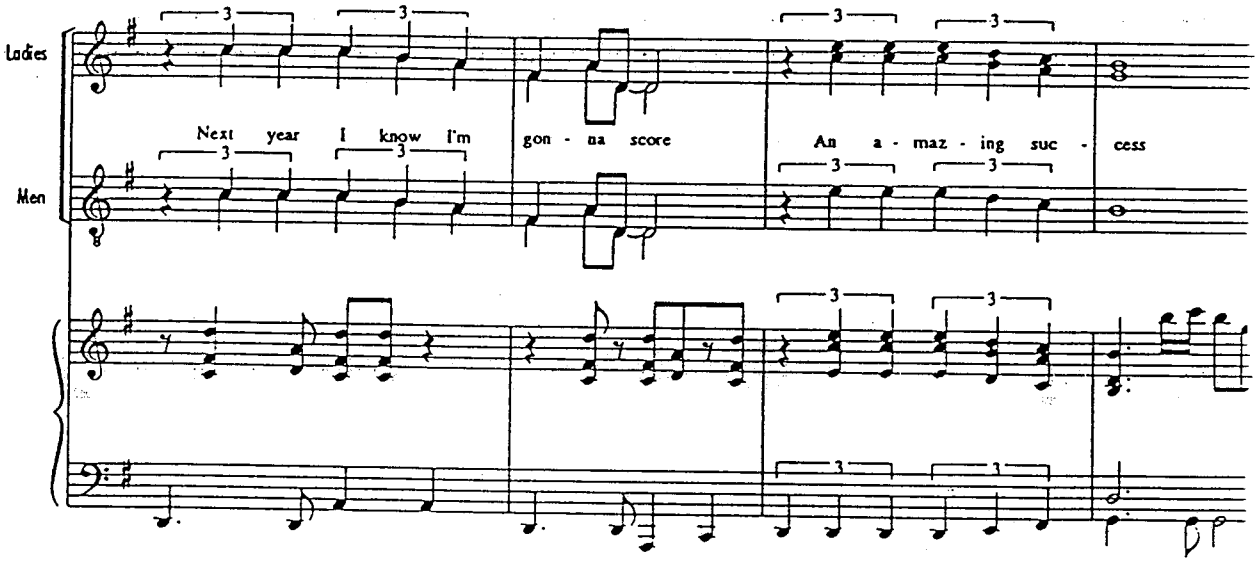

(JOE)
BETTY
Well Hall - e - lu - jah
while you've been buy ing vi cu - na coats
I've been ma - king a lot of notes
Now there's work we should do
JOE
Poco piu mosso
Bet - ty you're for - get - ting that I gave it to you.
You re - mind me of
mp
me long a - go off the bus full of ig - nor - ant am - bi - tion.
Thought I'd waltz in - to
mf

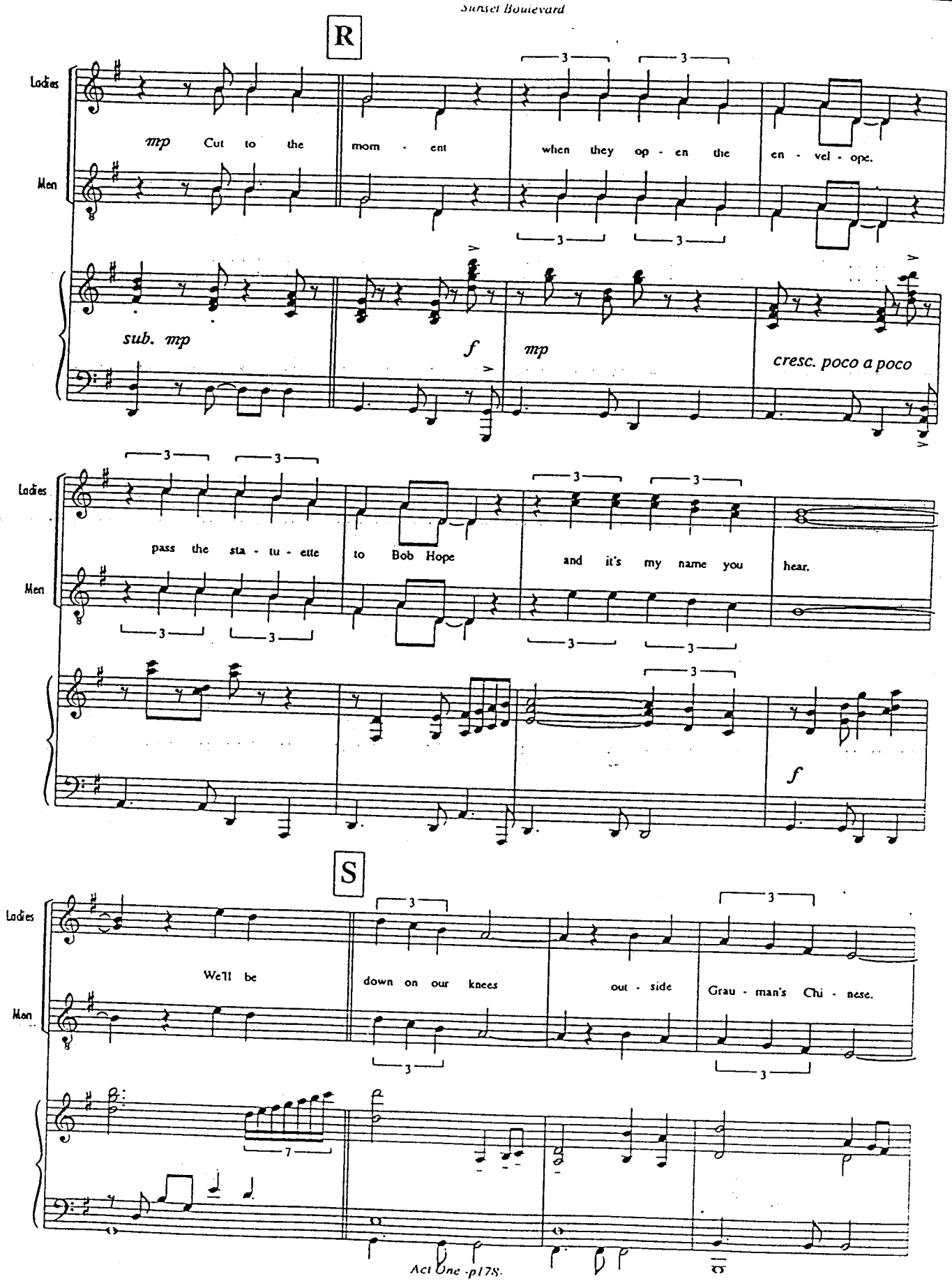

some stu - di - o and a - chieve ov - er night re - cog - ni - tion. I've seen too ma - ny op - tim - ists
mp
sink - ing like stones felt them suck all the marrow clean out of my bones
mf
mf
BETTY
O
I love "Blind Win - dows" but I can't write it
Tempo I
Rall....
mp
on my own. Can't we speak on the tel - e - phone? All my even - ings are

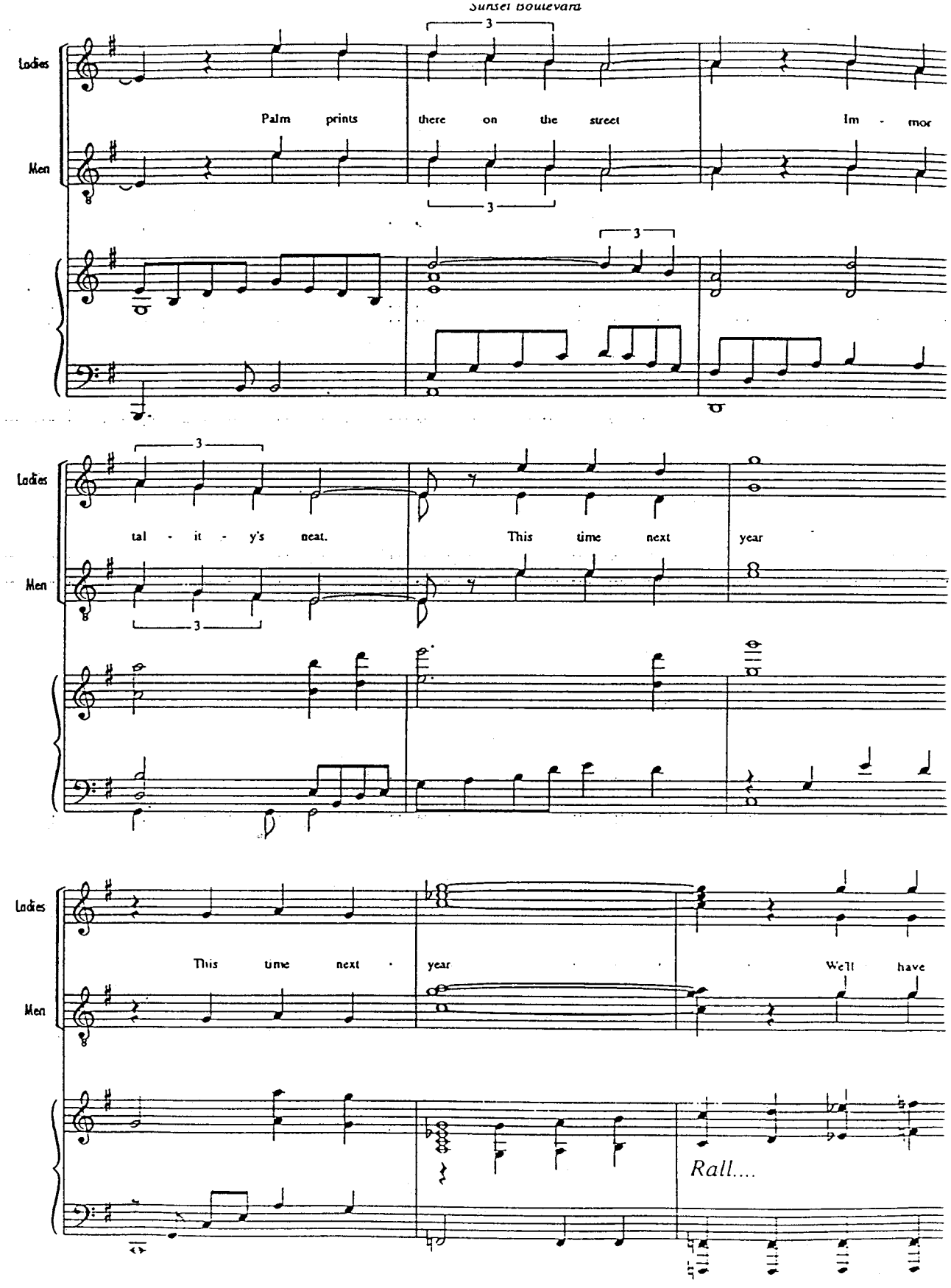

ARTIE
free.
Hey, just a min - ute
I'm the fel - low who
BETTY
bought the ring
Art - ie this is a busi - ness thing.
It's im - port - ant to me.
You'll be on lo - ca - tion in
Clinch, Ten - nes - see.
Please make this your New Year re - so - lu - tion to me.
Rall....
Tempo I
p
subf

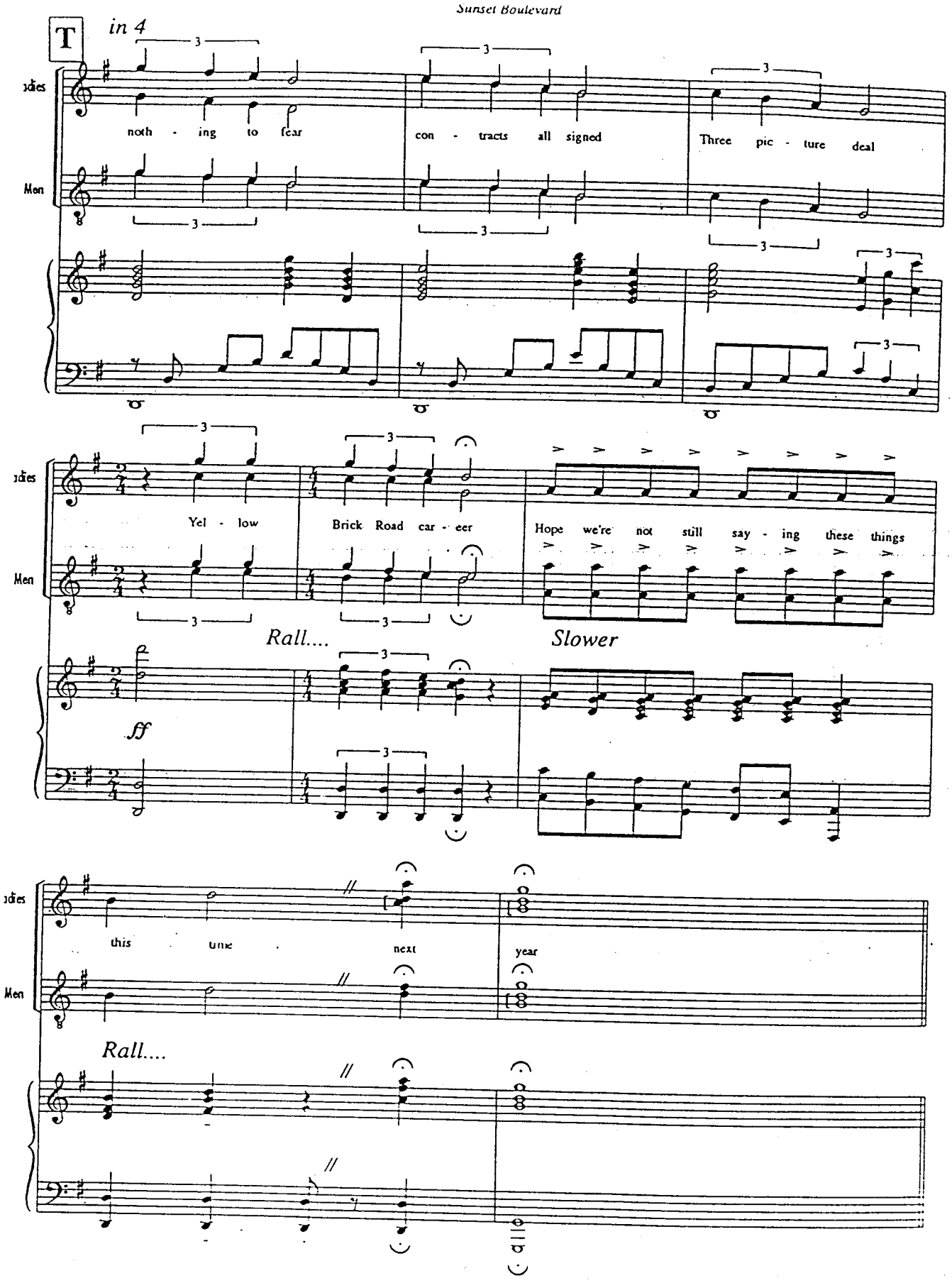
Q

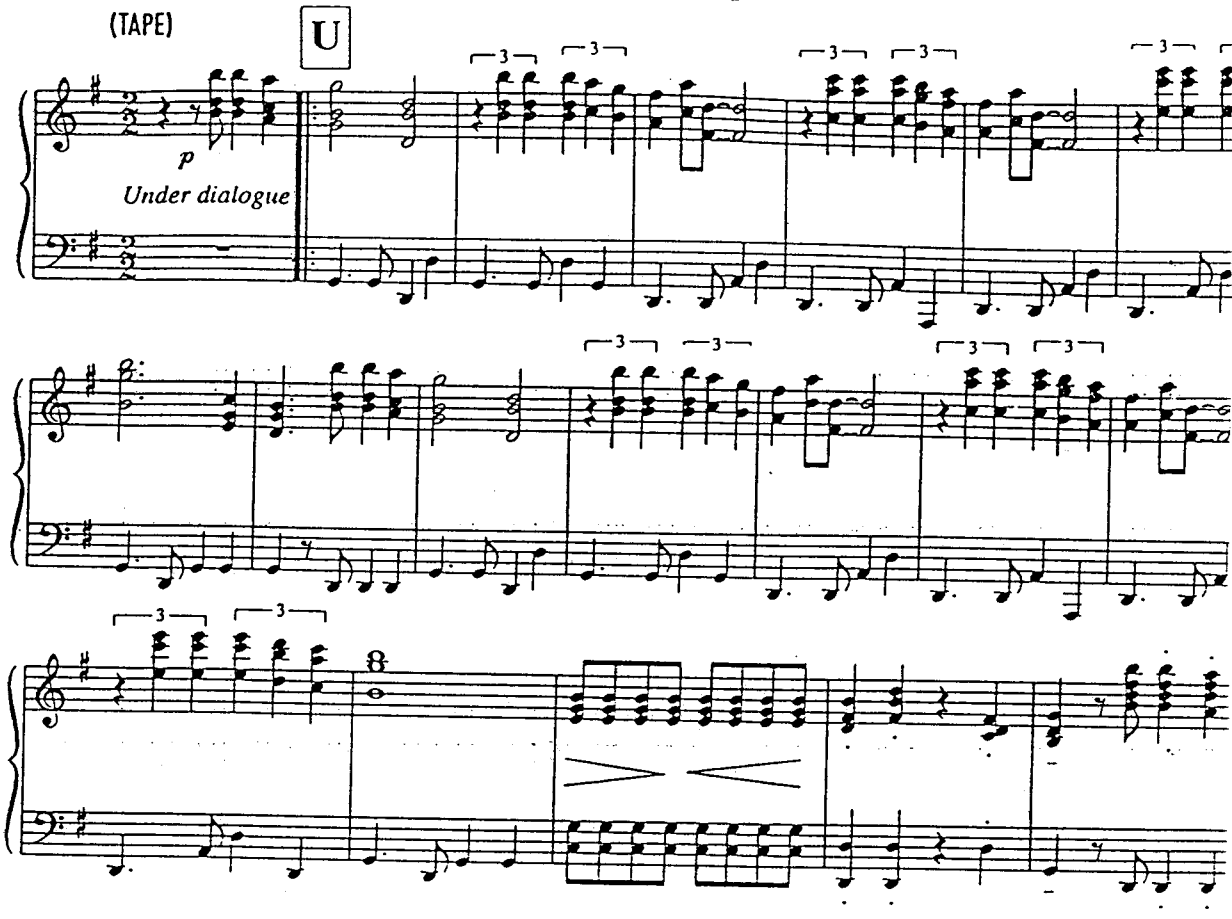

Ladies
Men
f By this time next year I will get my foot in the door
sub. mp
f


Ladies
Men
Next year I know I'm gon - na score
An a - maz - ing suc - cess


R
Ladies
Men
mp Cut to the mom - ent when they op - en the en - vel - ope.
sub. mp
f
mp
cresc. poco a poco
pass the sta - tu - ette to Bob Hope and it's my name you hear.
f
S
Ladies
Men
We'll be down on our knees out - side Grau - man's Chi - nese.


Ladies
Men
Palm prints there on the street Im - mor
tal - it - y's neat. This time next year
This time next year We'll have
Rall....


T
in 4
Ladies
Men
noth - ing to fear
con - tracts all signed
Three pic - ture deal
Yel - low
Brick Road car - eer
Hope we're not still say - ing these things
Rall....
Slower
ff
this time
next
year
Rall....



SEGUE ON CUE: ALL:"Happy Ne

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 unprecedently 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?

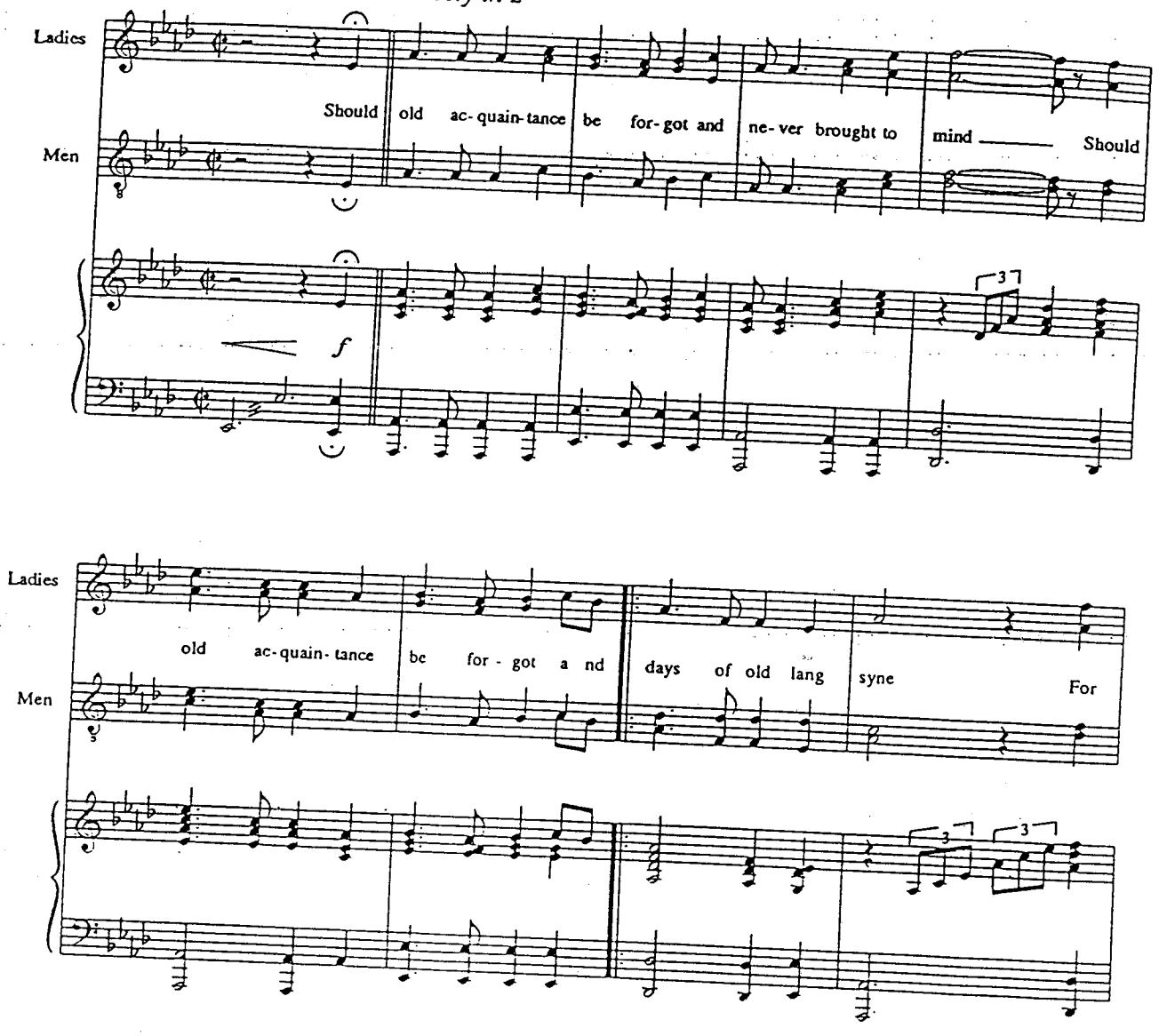
MAX: Madame found the razor in your room. And she cut her wrists.

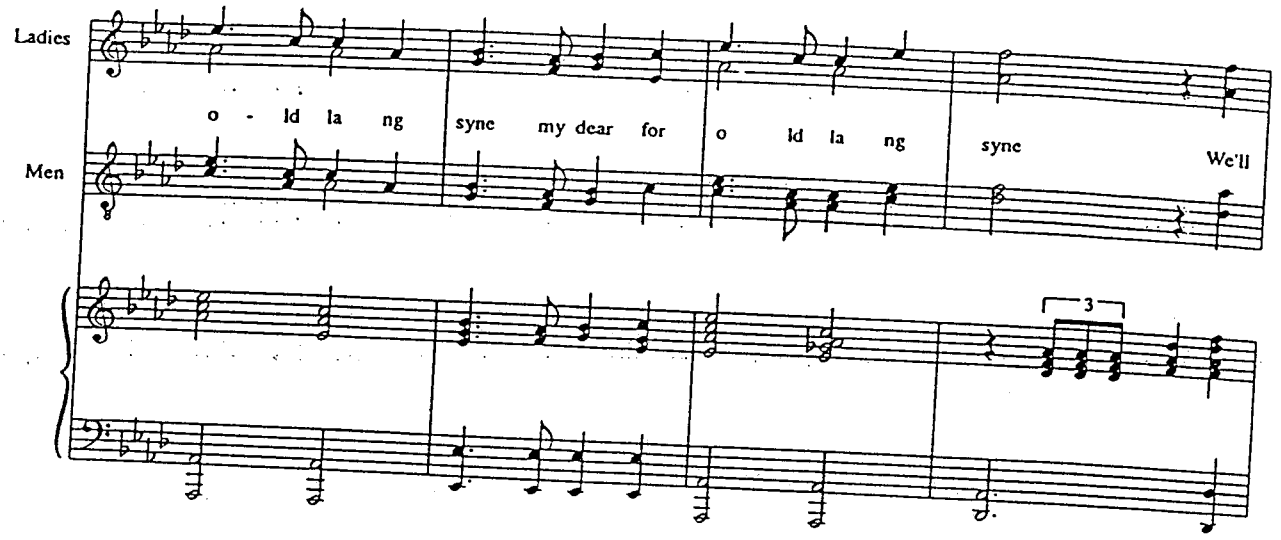
(CUT TO AULD LANG SYNE)

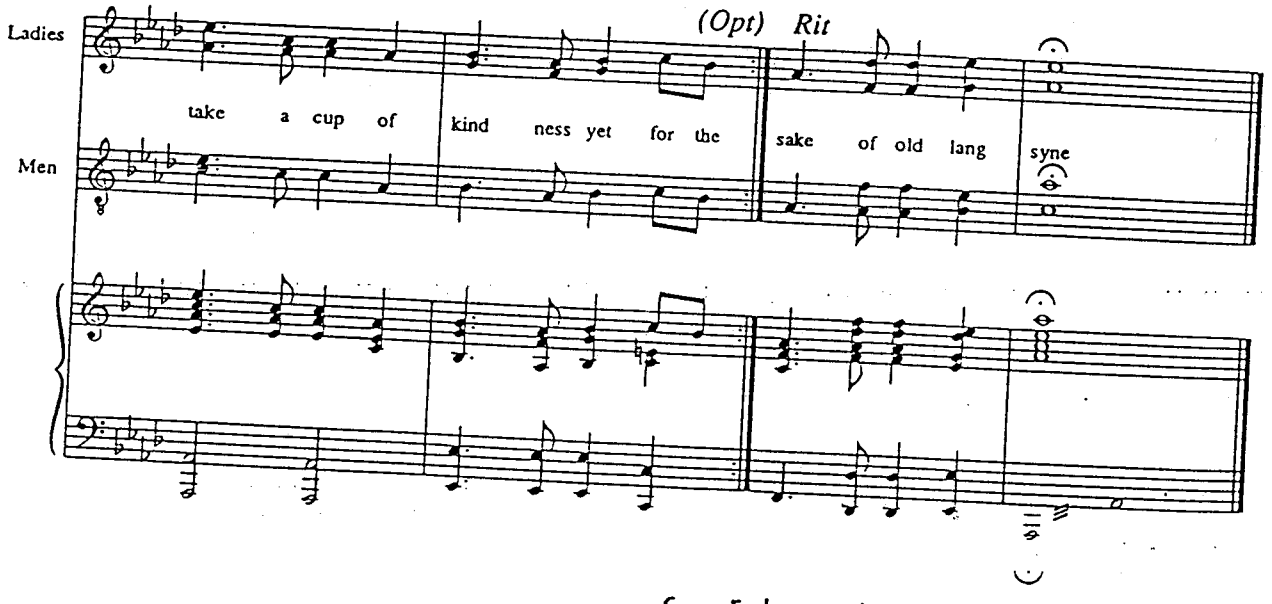
Auld Lang Syne

ALL: Happy New Year ! *(MUSIC STARTS)*

Freely in 2







Cross Fade to End of Act One *(ON CUE AS STAGE SPLITS*

BETTY: What's the matter?

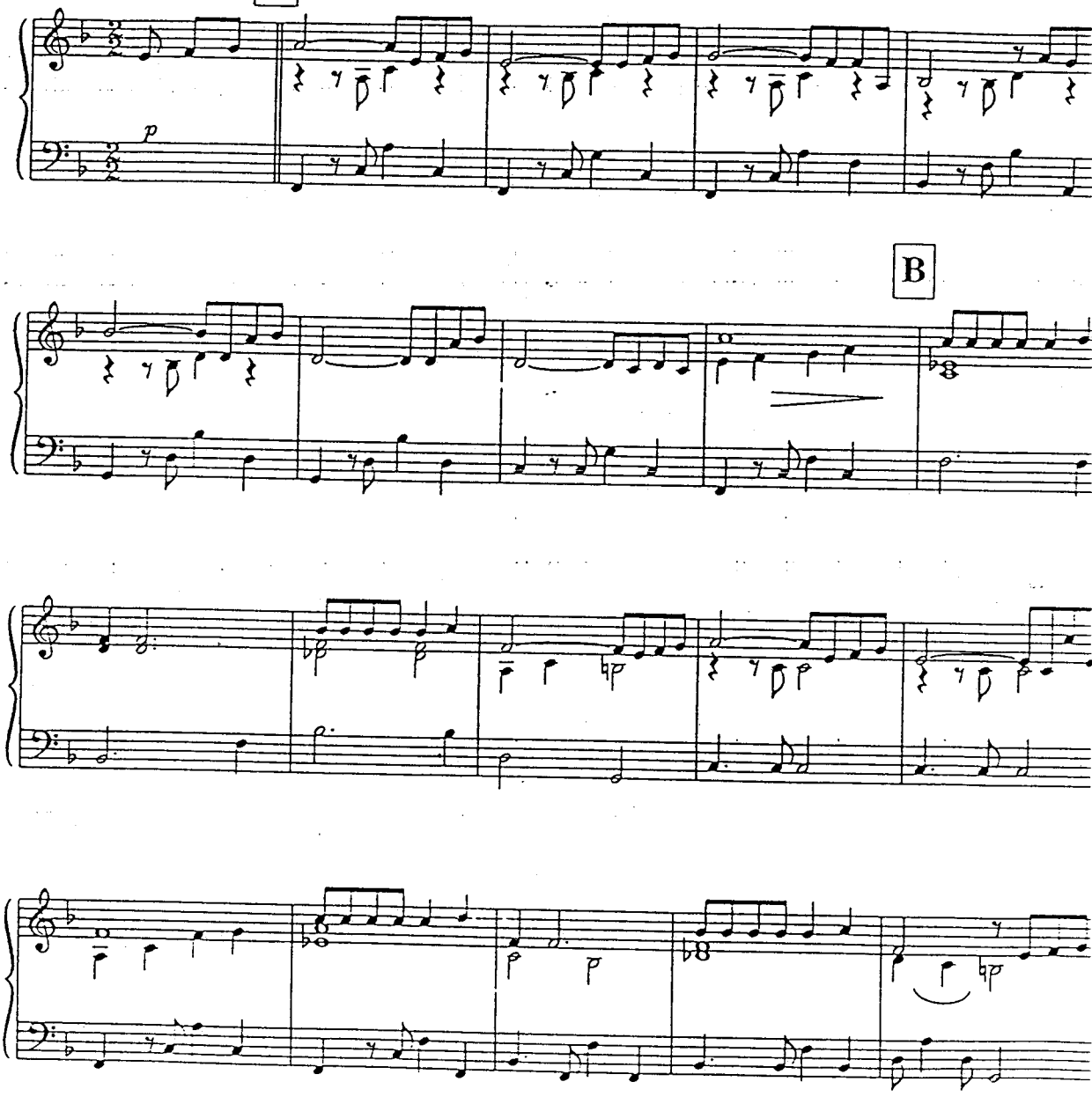
(JOE stares at her as if he's never seen her before in his life. Then, abruptly, HE hangs up and, to BETTY's total astonishment, HE pushes across the room, disrupting the cabaret, grabs his coat from the bookshelf where ARTIE has carefully stowed it, and slams out of the apartment.)

End of Act One

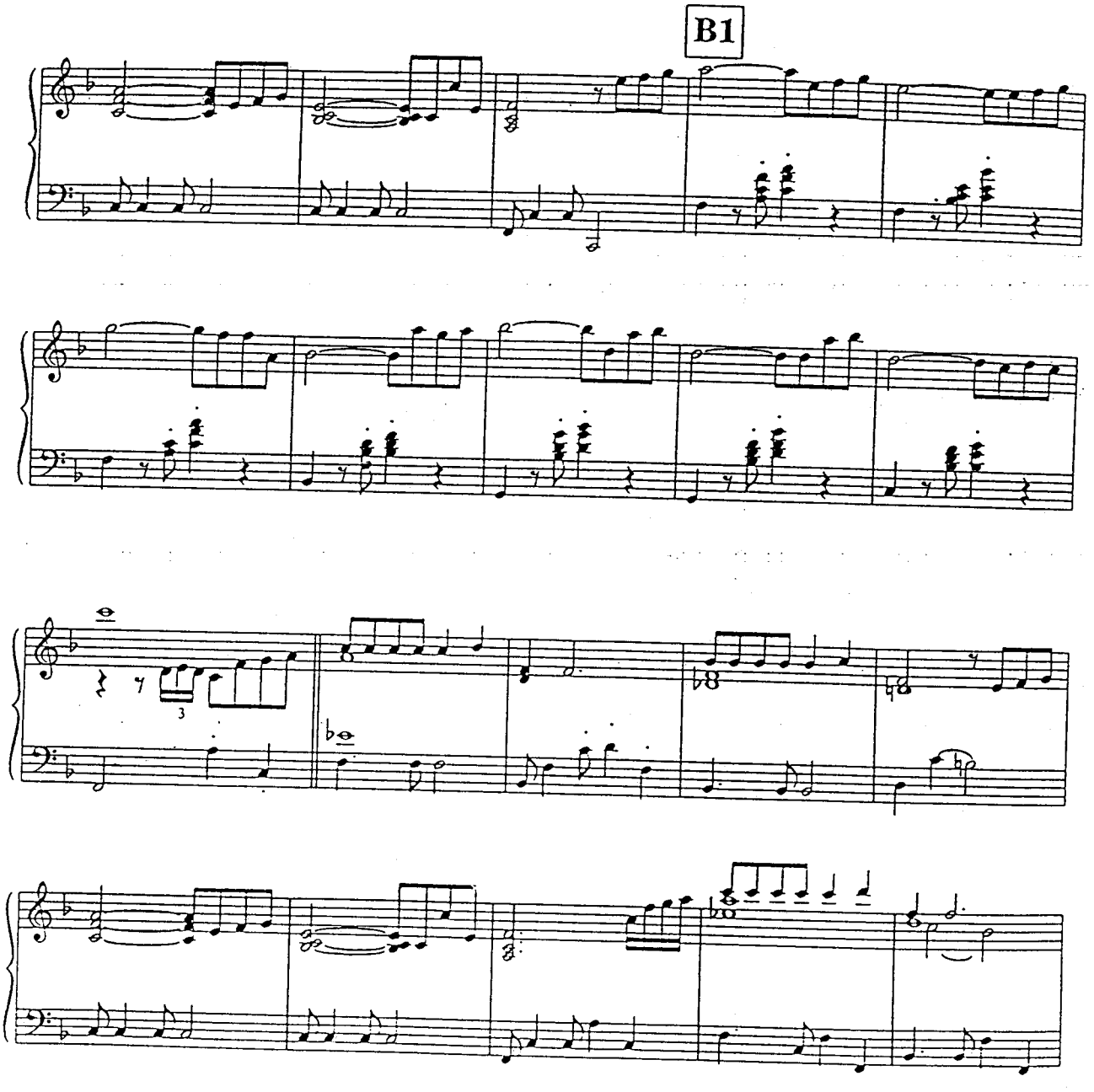
Underscore

As we go back to the house,

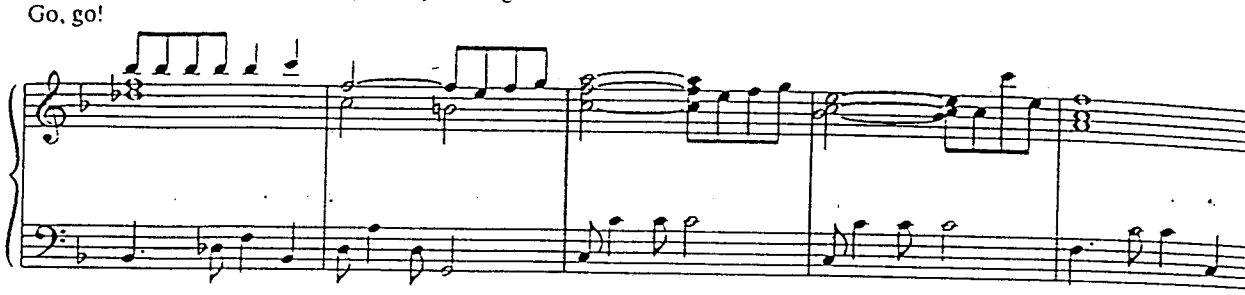
1 2 3 4 **A** *Moderato*



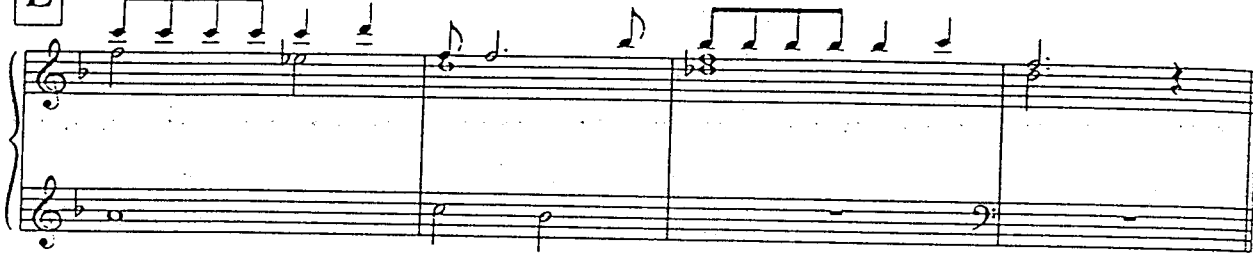
NORMA: Go away.
JOE: What kind of a silly thing was that to do?
NORMA: I'll do it again! I'll do it again! I'll do it again!
JOE: Attractive headline: great star kills herself for unknown writer.
NORMA: Great stars have great pride. You must have some girl, why don't you go to her?
JOE: I never meant 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 thankyou and go?
Go, go!



E *meno mosso*



JOE: Happy New Year.

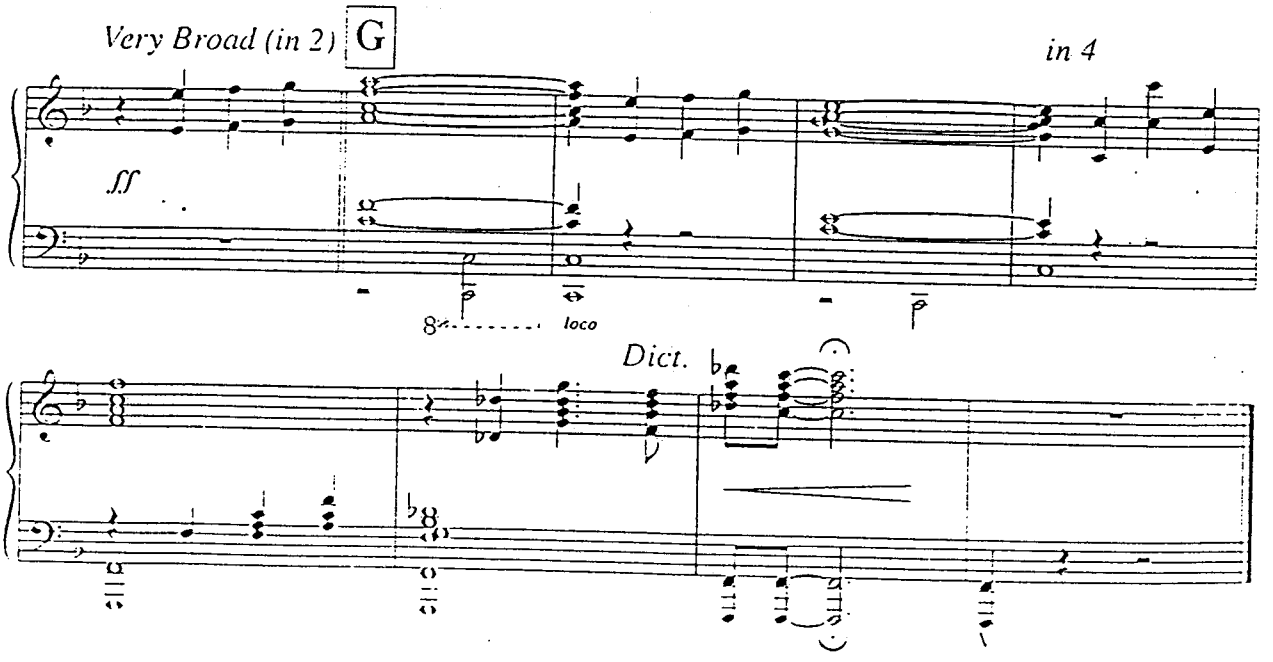
She reaches up and wraps her bandaged arms around his neck.

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.

Very Broad (in 2) G *in 4*



Act Two Vocal Score

Title	Page	Orch no.
Entr'acte	2	20
Sunset Boulevard	6	21
There's Been a Call	17	22a
It Took Her Three Days	19	22b
Norma in the Studio	25	23
As If We Never Said Goodbye	28	24
Paramount Conversations	35	25
Was That Really Norma Desmond	43	26
Girl Meets Boy Reprise	46	27
A Little Suffering	53	28
#29A Underscore	60	29a
I Should Have Stayed There	61	29
Script Completed Underscore	63	30a
Water Cooler Underscore	66	30b
Too Much in Love to Care Underscore	68	30c
Too Much in Love to Care	69	30d
Scene 17 Underscore	76	31a
New Ways to Dream Reprise	77	31b
Scene 18 (Phone Call)	81	32
Betty on the Road	83	33
Whats Going on Joe	85	34a
The Final Scene	96	34c
Curtain Calls	103	34d
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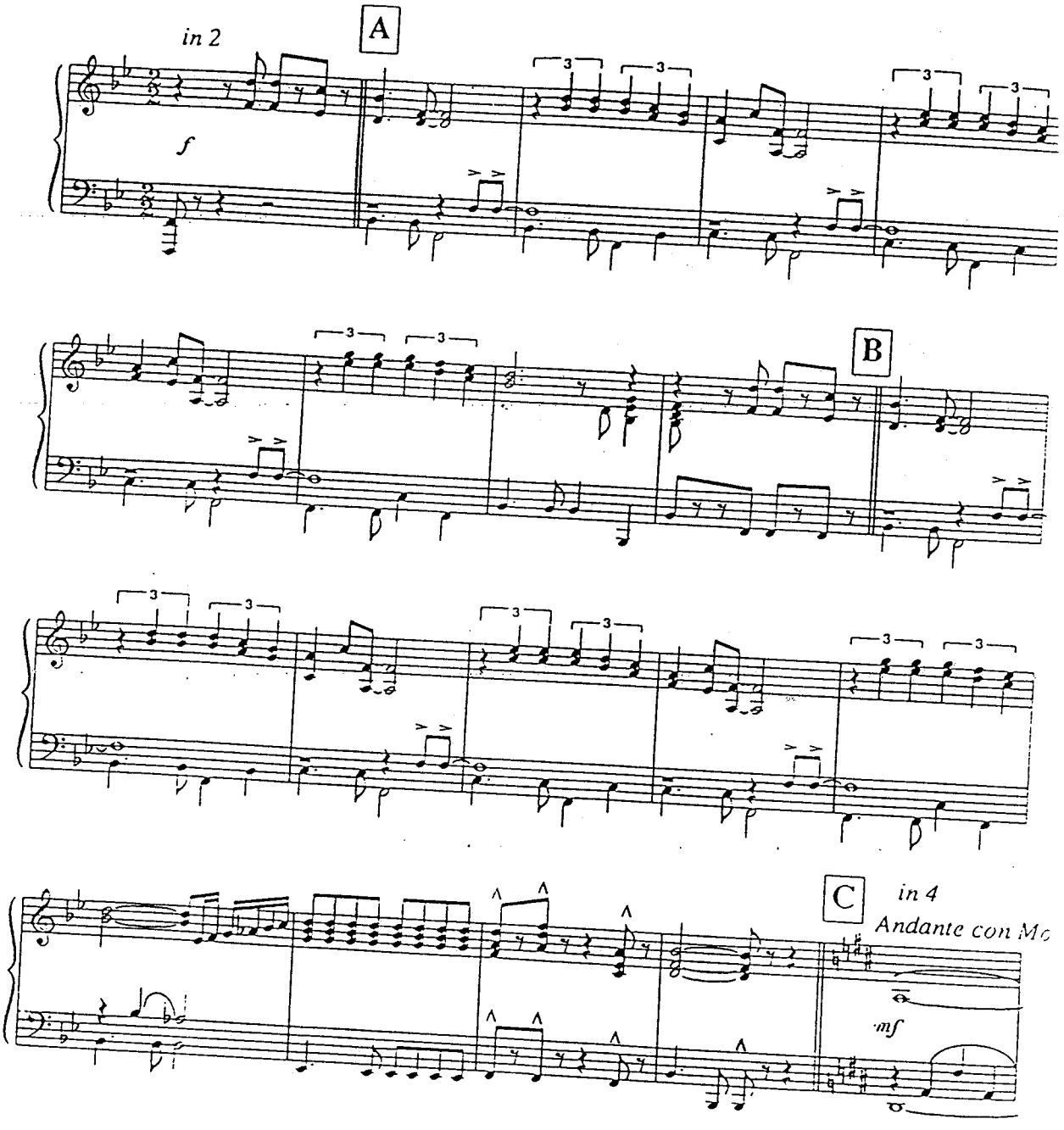
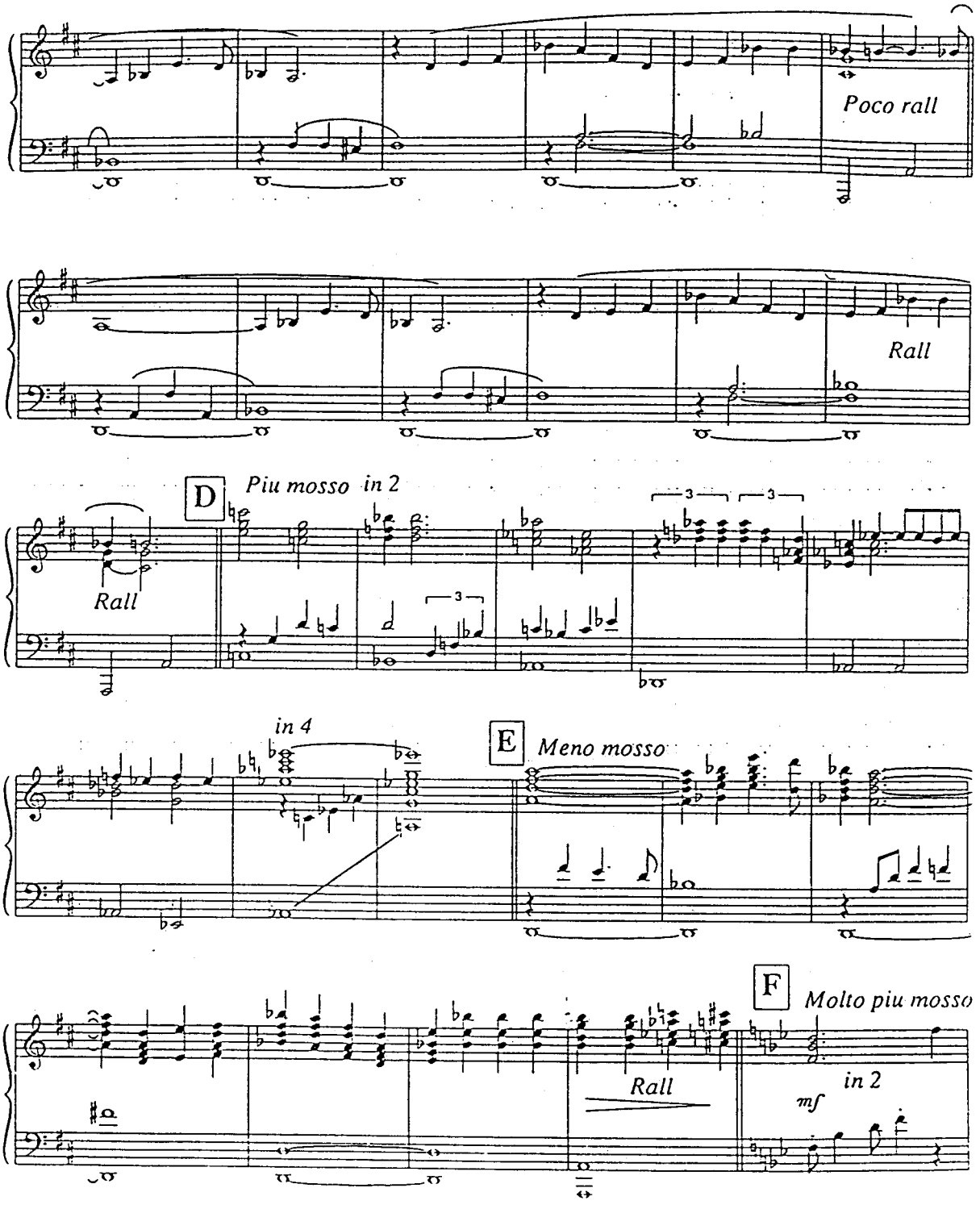
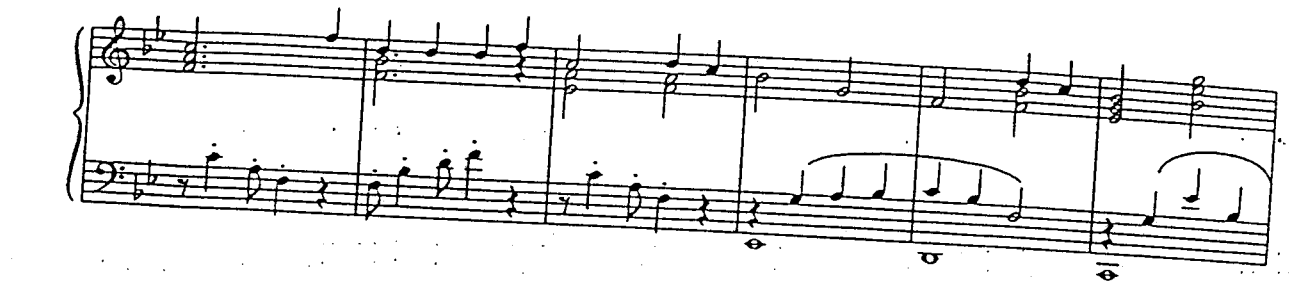
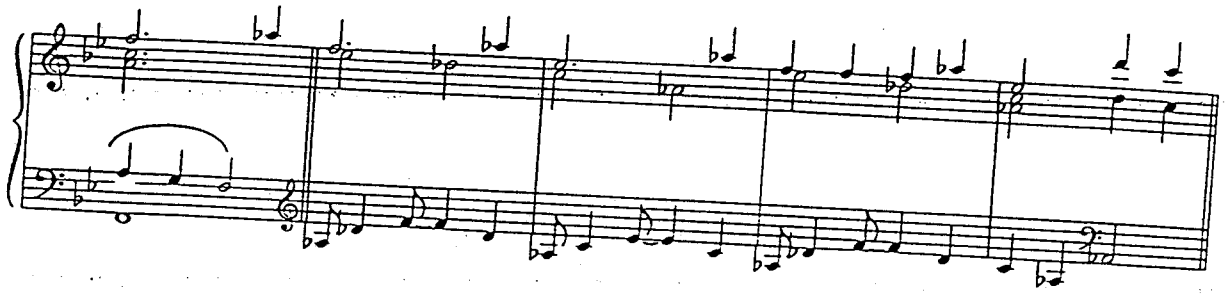
CURTAIN

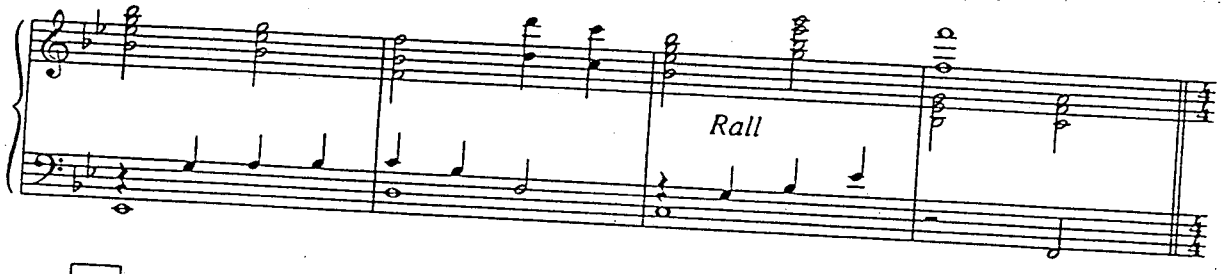
Entracte

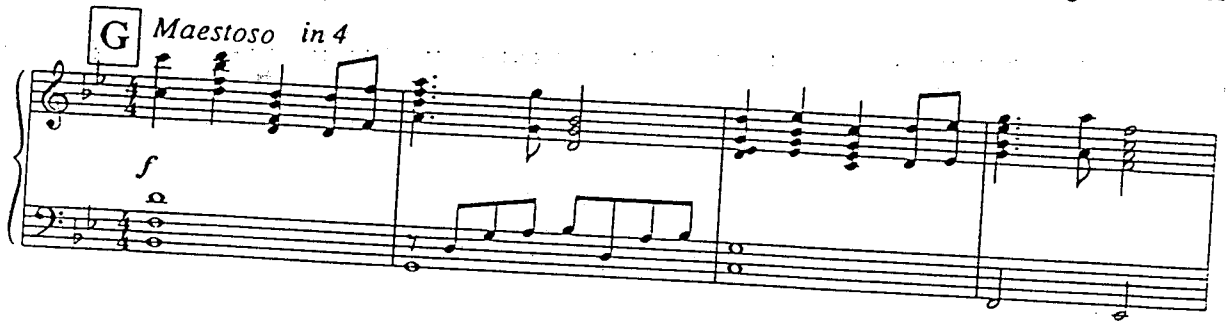


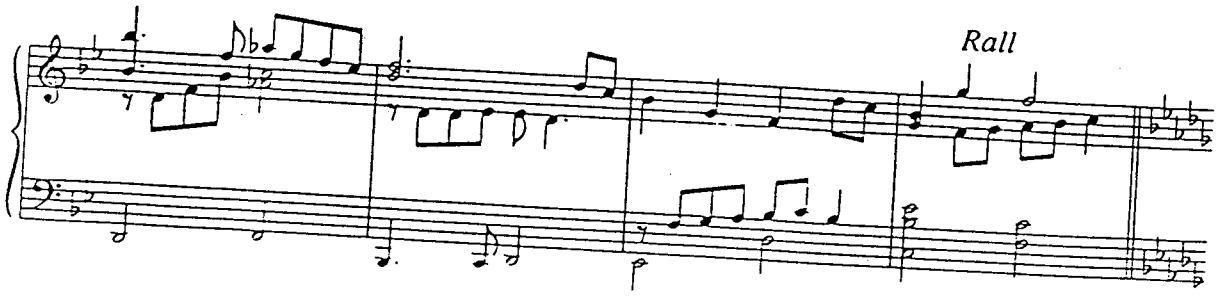

Poco rall
Rall
D
Piu mosso in 2
Rall
3
3
3
in 4
E
Meno mosso
F
Molto piu mosso
Rall
in 2
mf

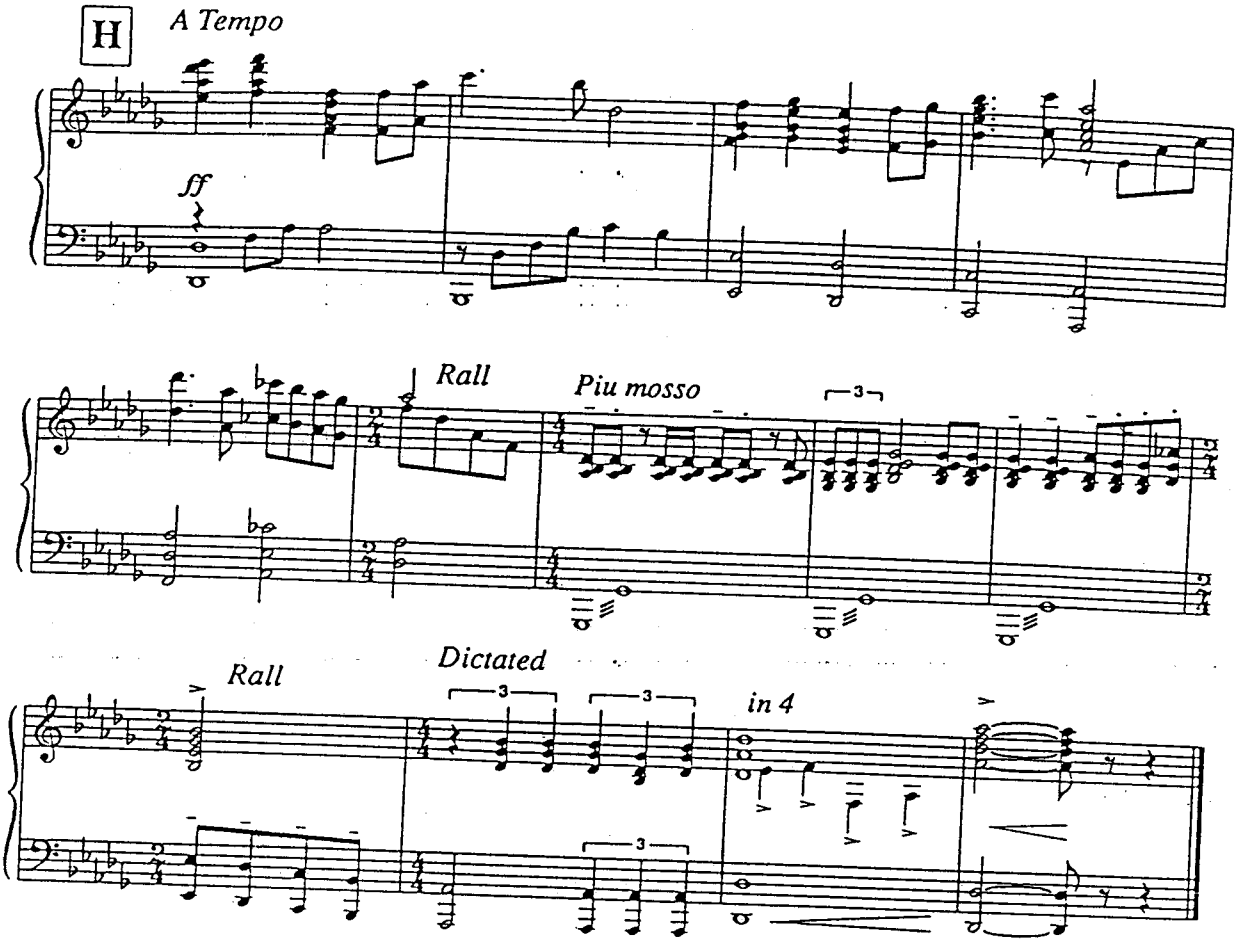





Rall


G
Maestoso in 4
f


Rall

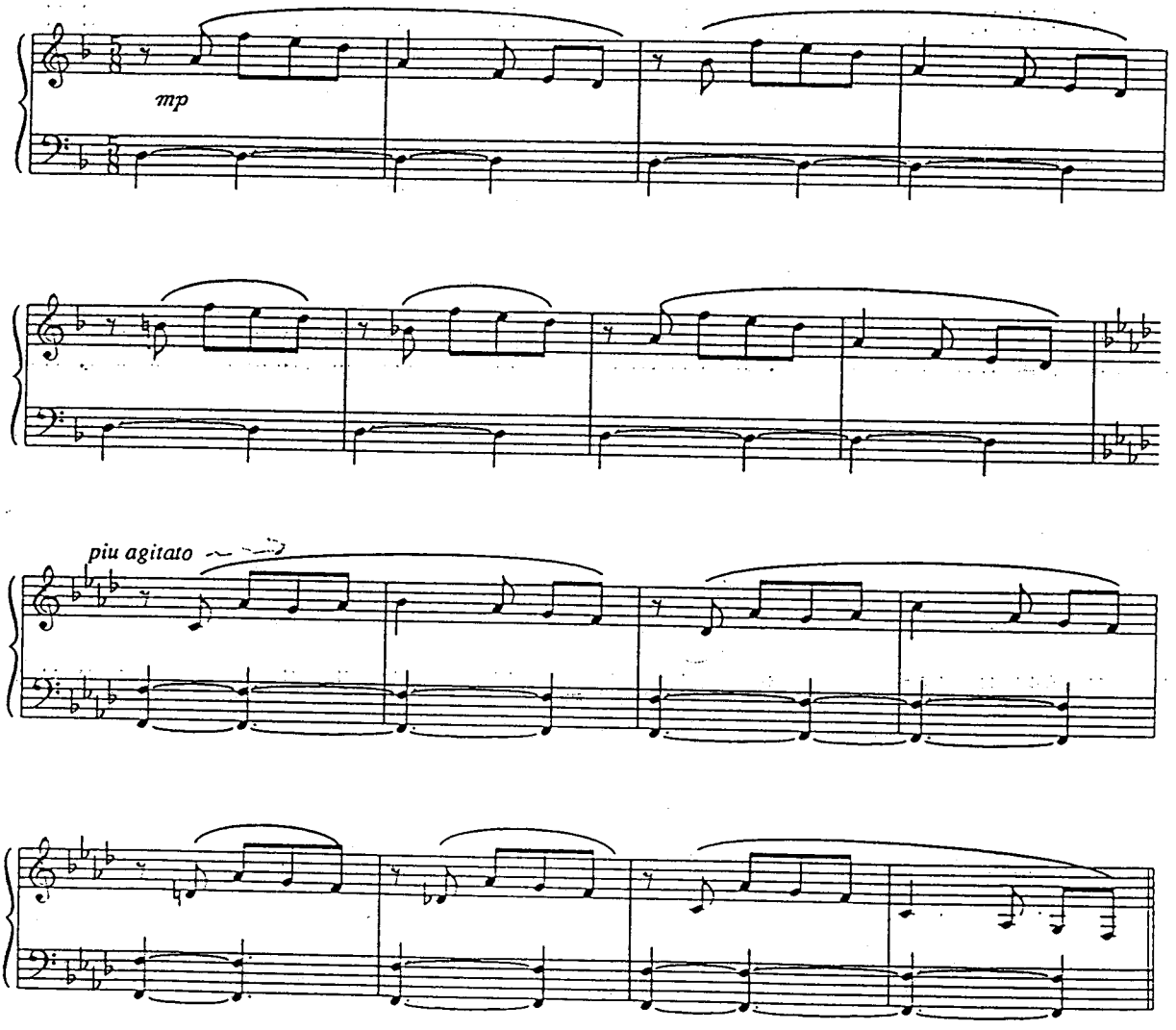

H
A Tempo
ff
Rall
Piu mosso
3

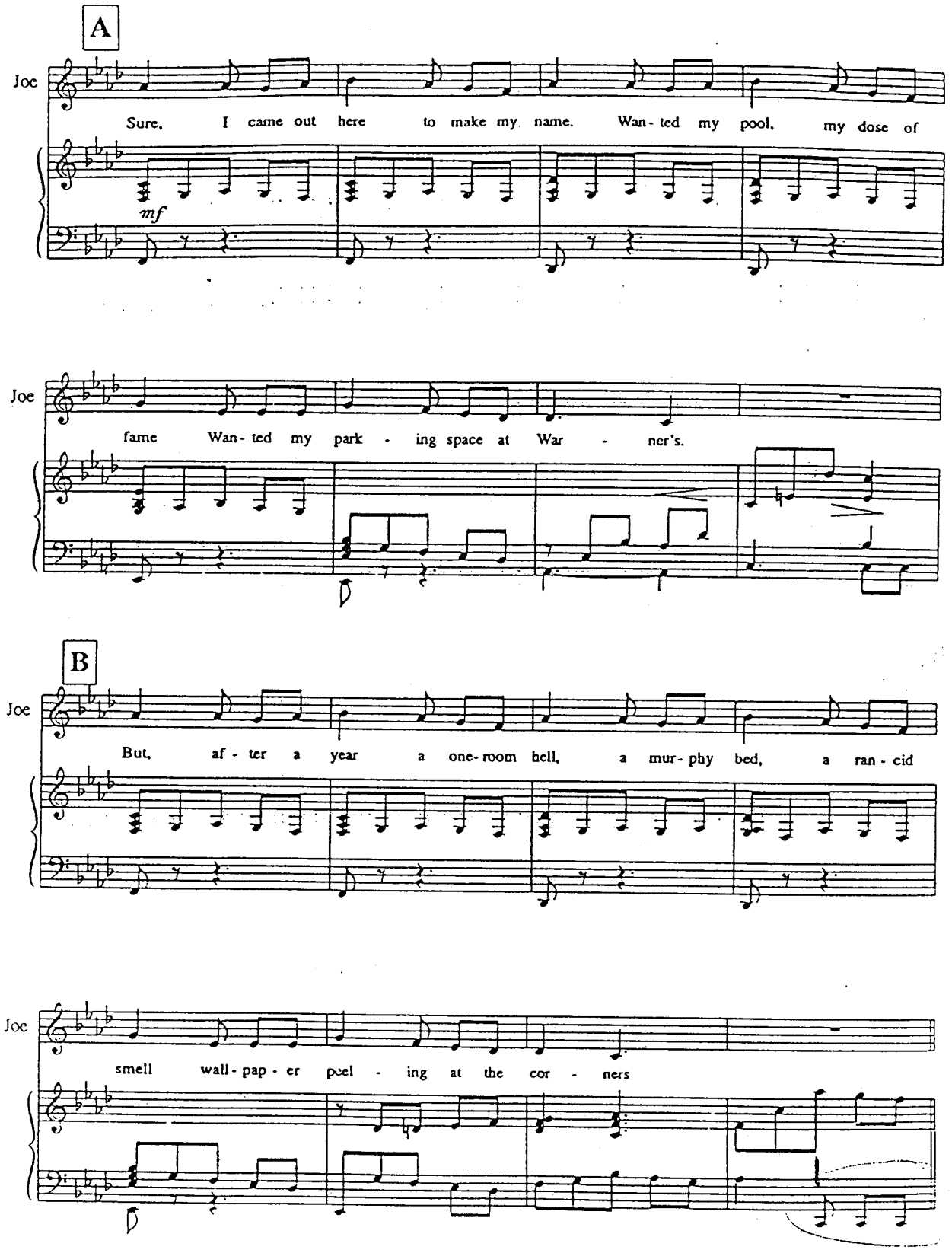
Rall
Dictated
3
3
in 4
3

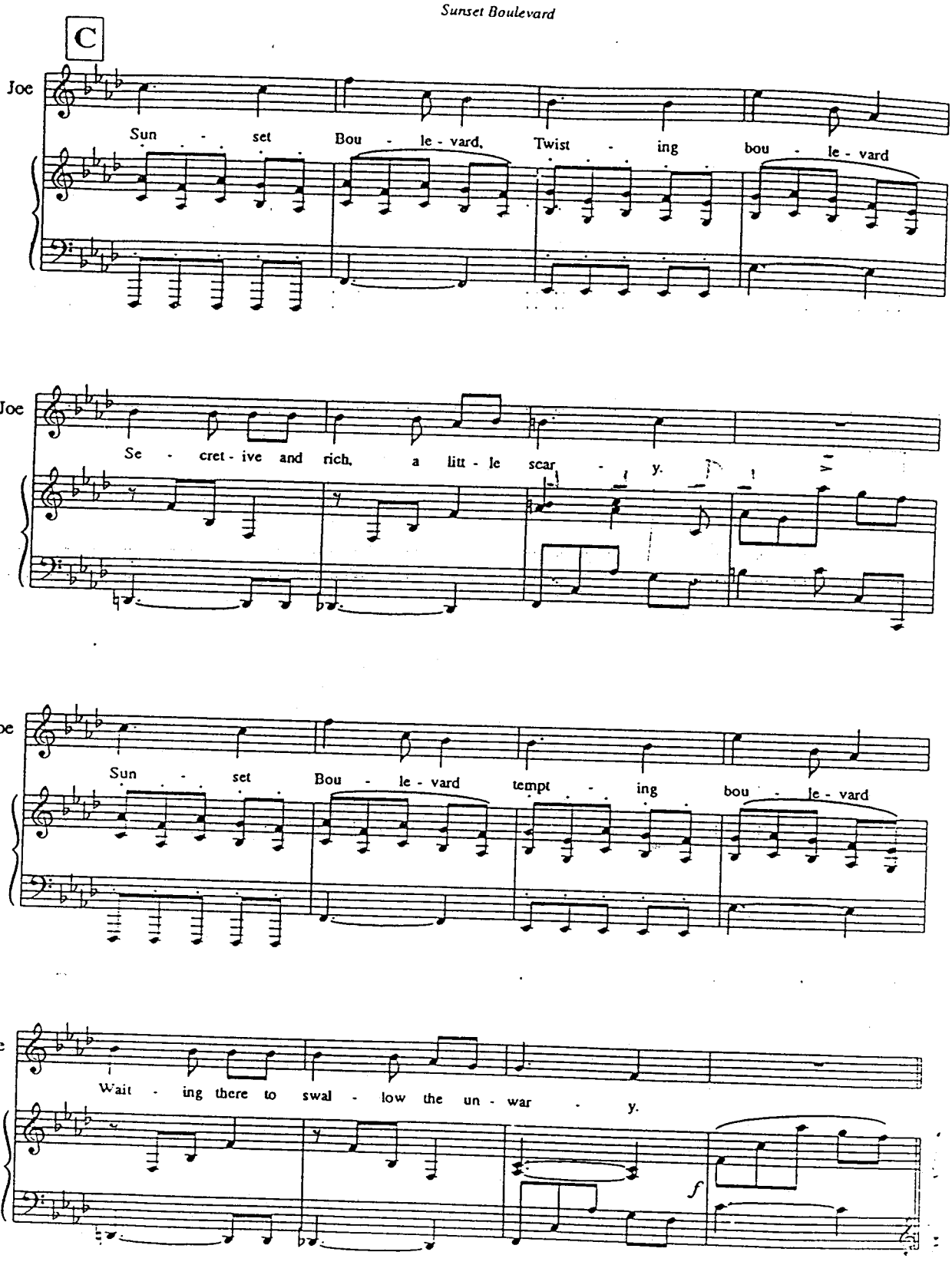
Sunset Boulevard

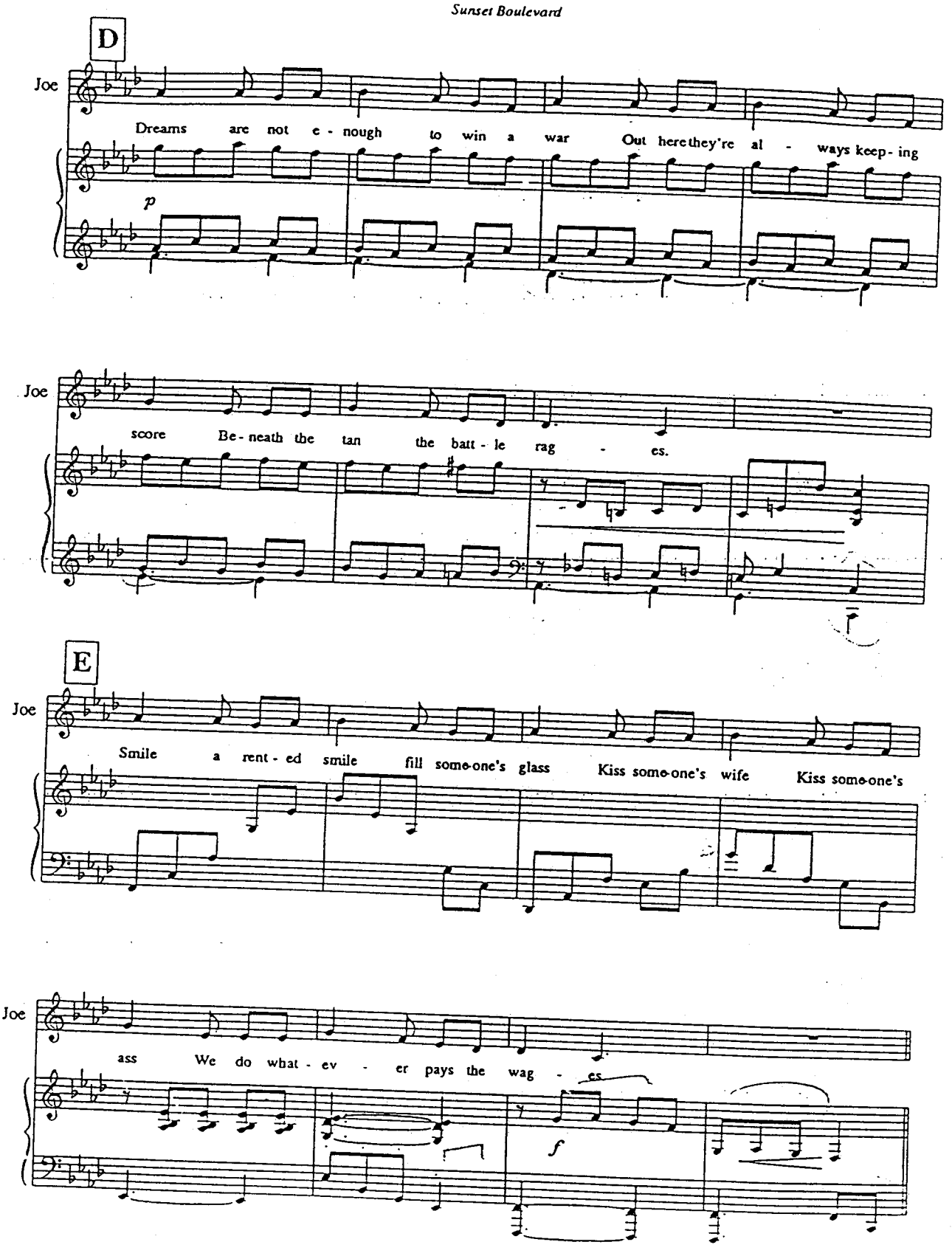
The exterior of the house in blazing sunshine. JOE, in sunglasses, sipping a California cocktail, sits on a chaise long in the shade of a large umbrella. He smiles smugly and addresses the audience.

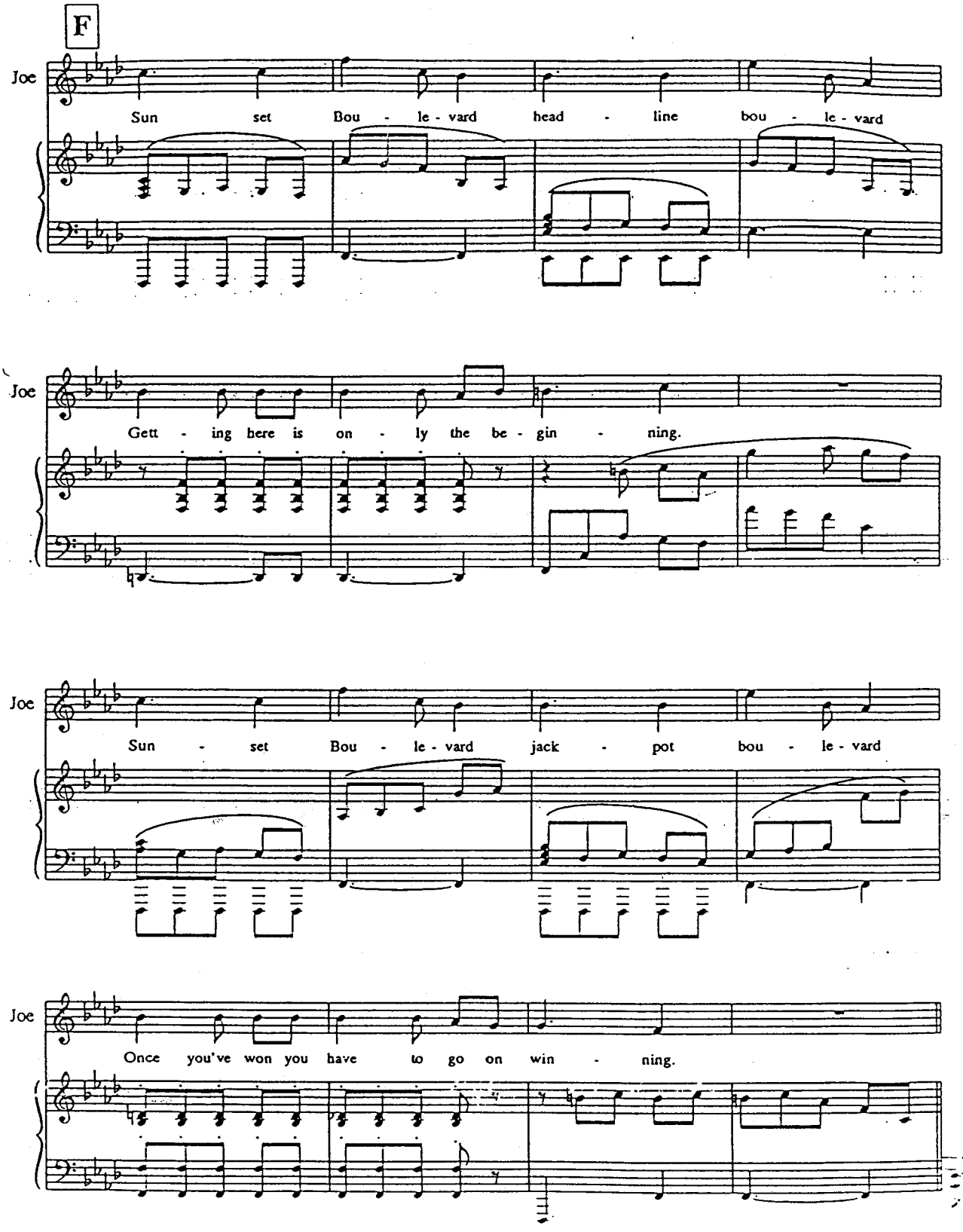
Moderato *Translucent*

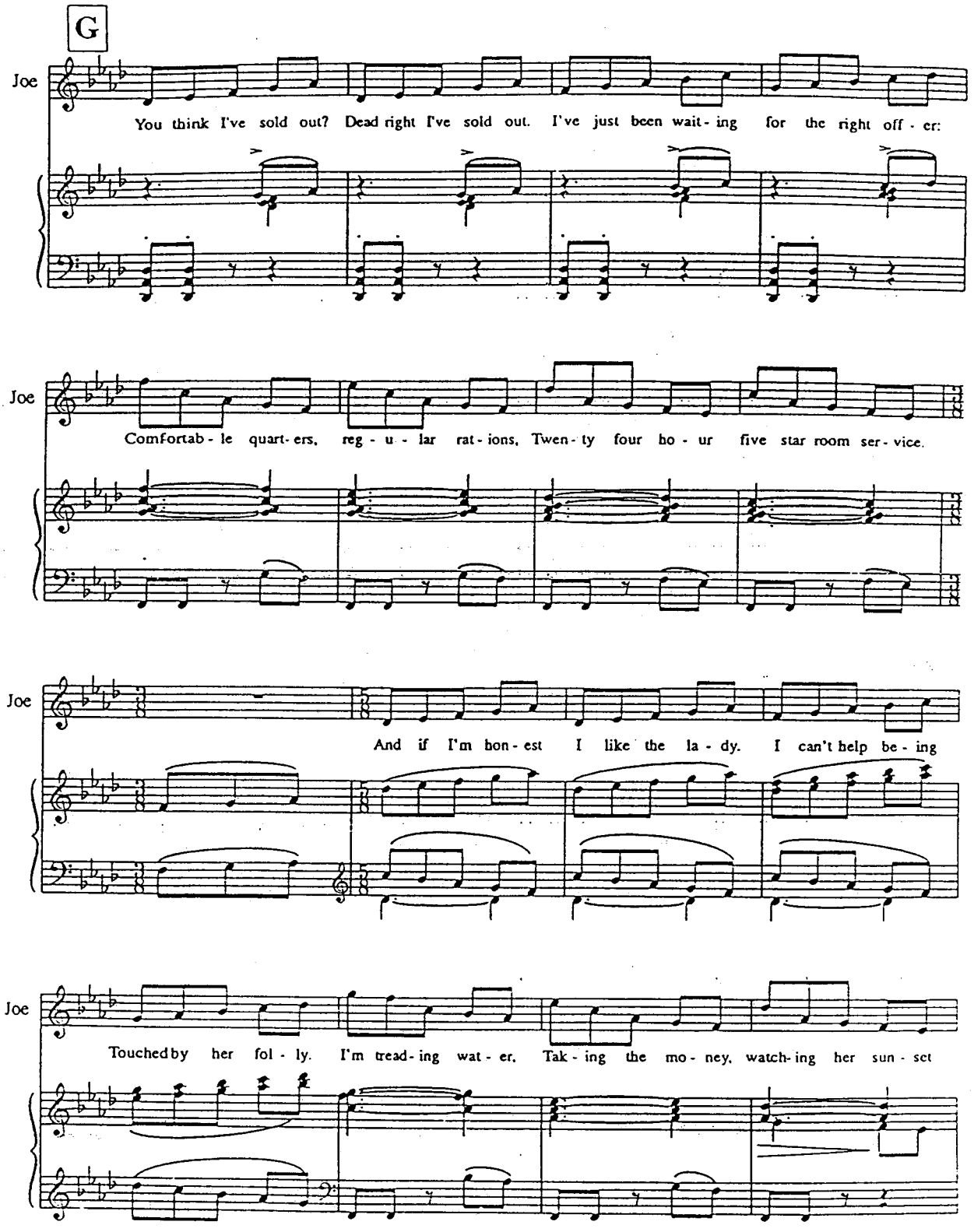


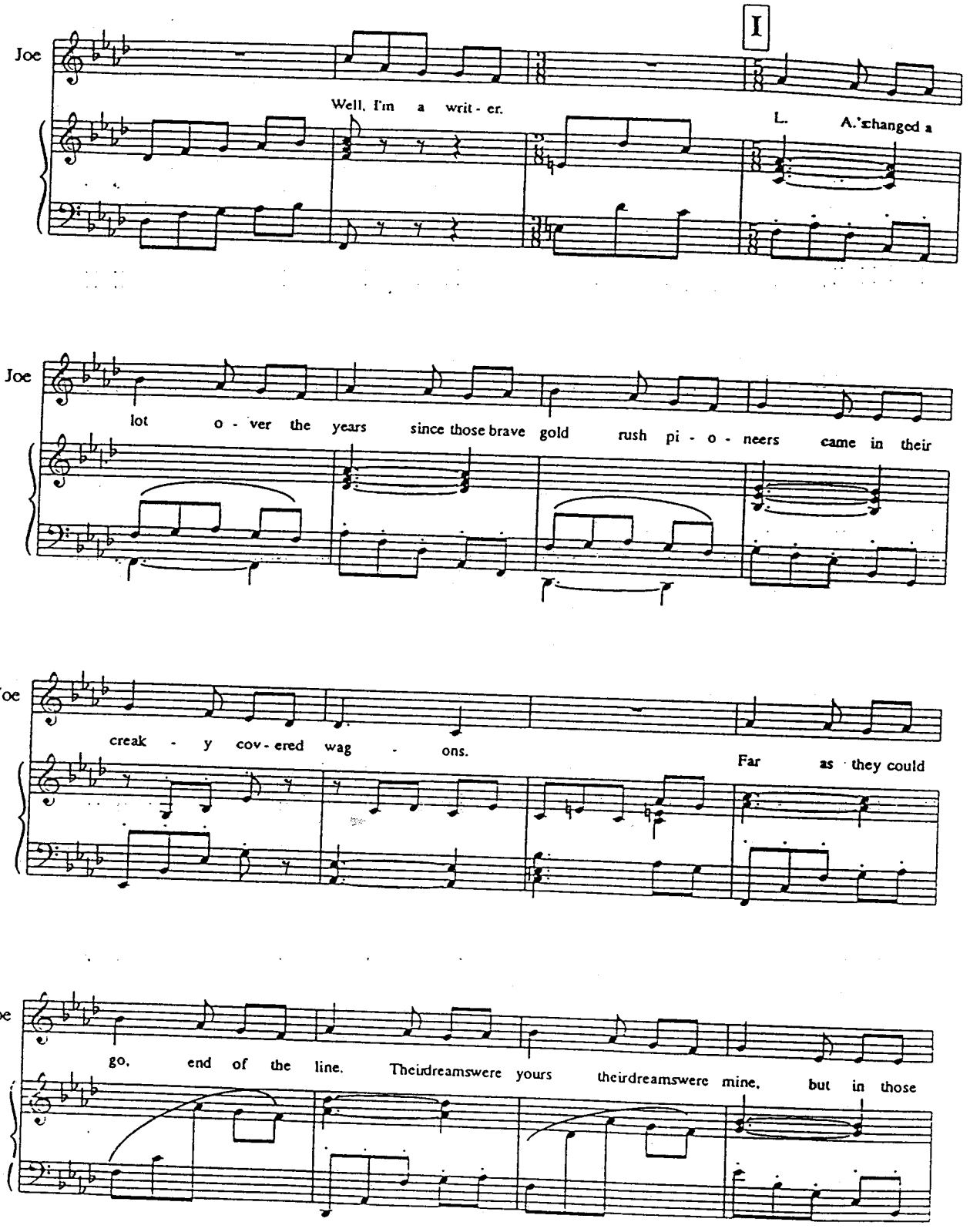

A
Joe
Sure, I came out here to make my name. Wan - ted my pool, my dose of
mf
Joe
fame Wan - ted my park - ing space at War - ner's.
B
Joe
But, af - ter a year a one - room hell, a mur - phy bed, a ran - cid
Joe
smell wall - pap - er peel - ing at the cor - ners


C
Joe
Sun - set Bou - le - vard, Twist - ing bou - le - vard
Joe
Se - cret - ive and rich, a litt - le scar - y.
Joe
Sun - set Bou - le - vard tempt - ing bou - le - vard
Joe
Wait - ing there to swal - low the un - war - y.
f

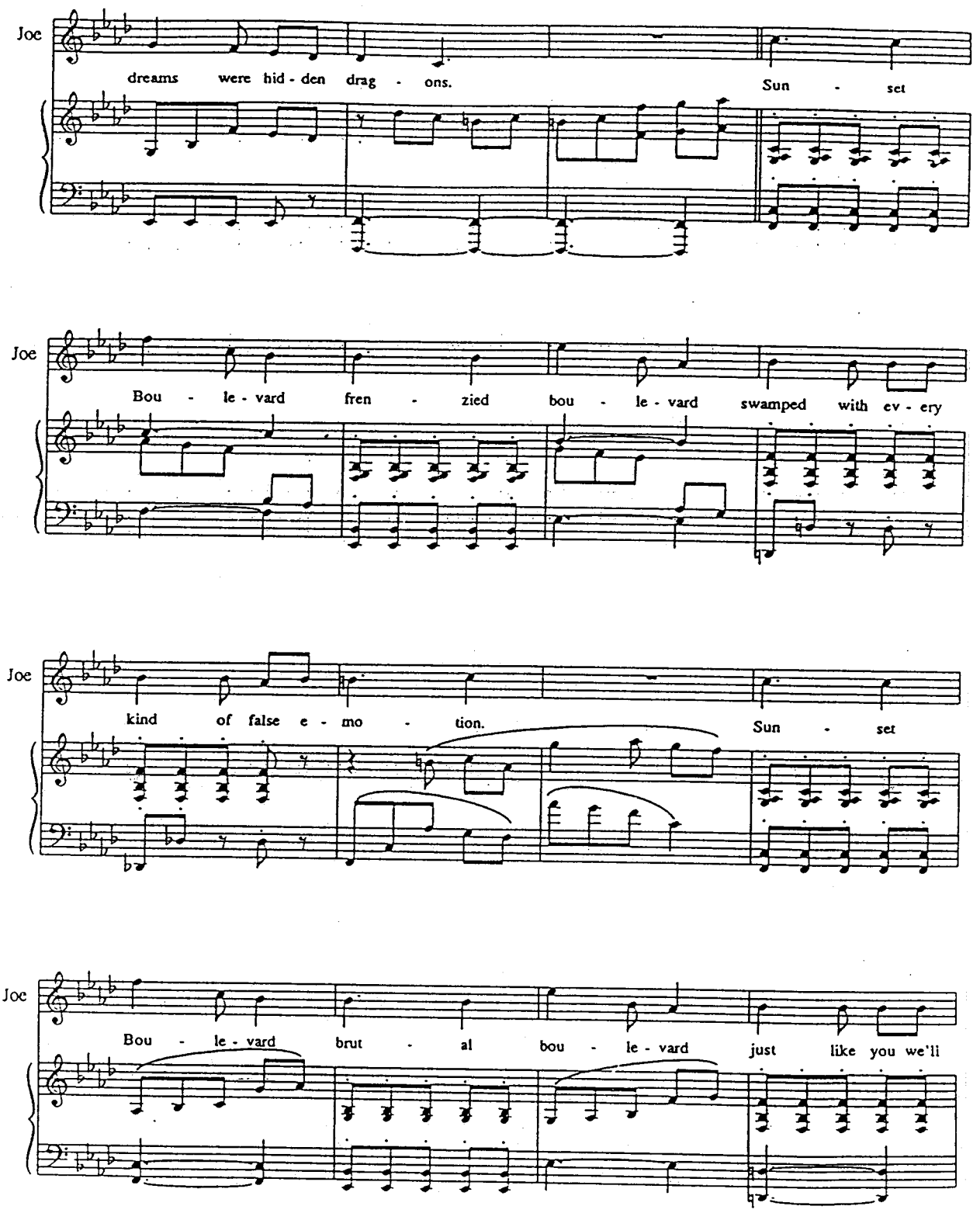

D
Joe
Dreams are not e - nough to win a war Out here they're al - ways keep - ing
p
Joe
score Be - neath the tan the batt - le rag - es.
E
Joe
Smile a rent - ed smile fill some-one's glass Kiss some-one's wife Kiss some-one's
Joe
ass We do what - ev - er pays the wag - es
f

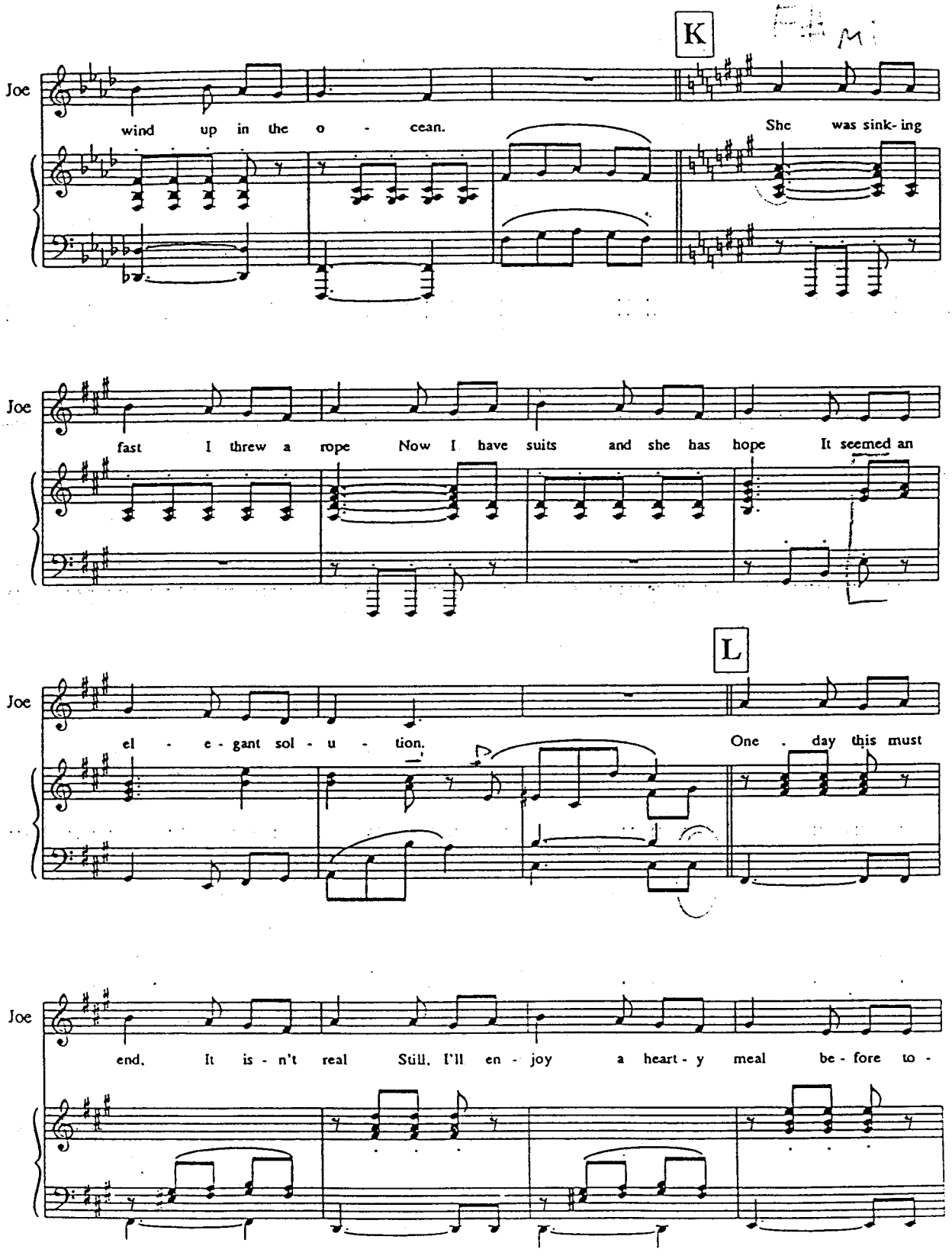

F
Joe
Sun set Bou - le - vard head - line bou - le - vard
Joe
Gett - ing here is on - ly the be - gin - ning.
Joe
Sun - set Bou - le - vard jack - pot bou - le - vard
Joe
Once you've won you have to go on win - ning.

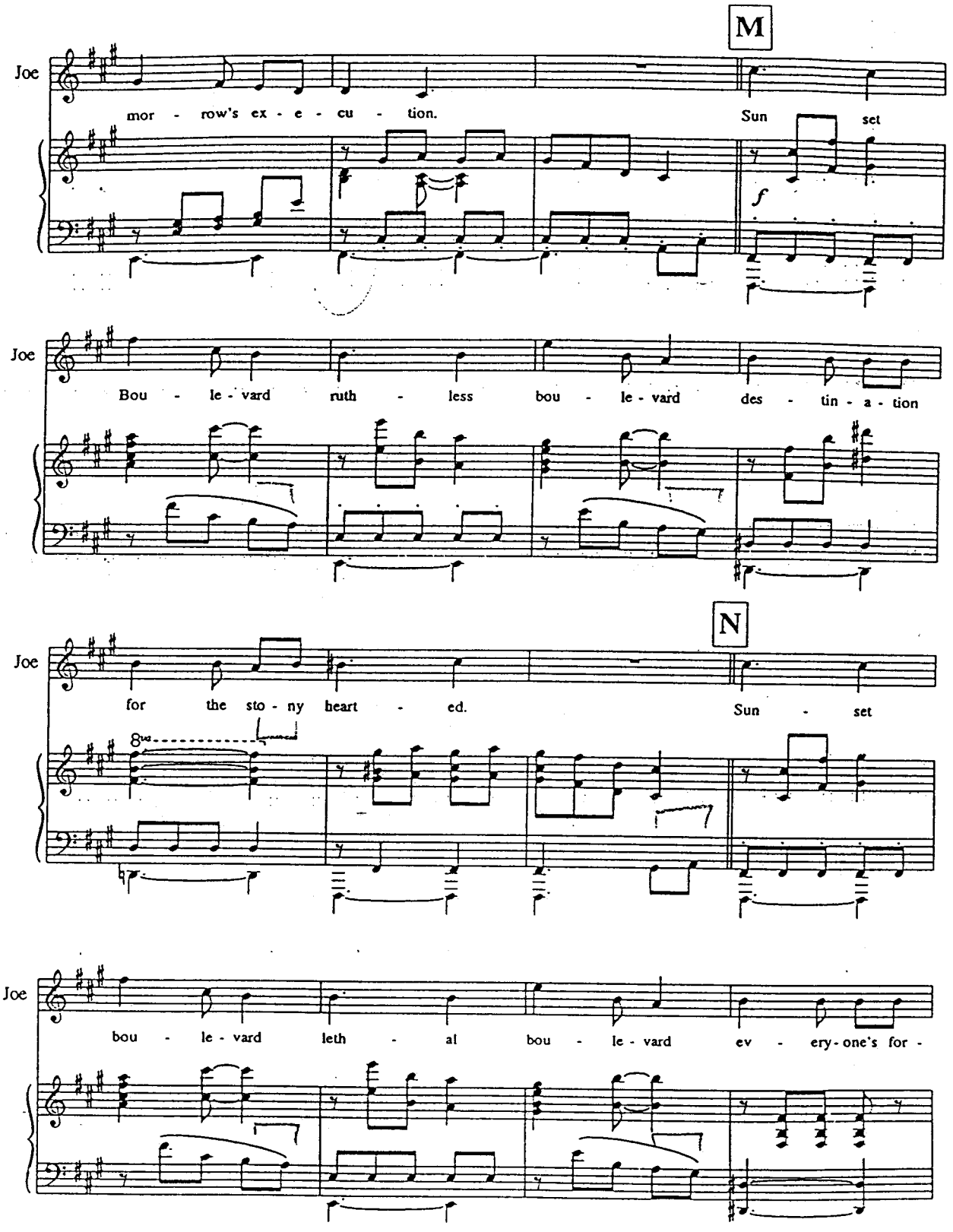

G
Joe
You think I've sold out? Dead right I've sold out. I've just been wait - ing for the right off - er:
Joe
Comfortab - le quart - ers, reg - u - lar rat - ions, Twen - ty four ho - ur five star room ser - vice.
Joe
And if I'm hon - est I like the la - dy. I can't help be - ing
Joe
Touched by her fol - ly. I'm tread - ing wat - er. Tak - ing the mo - ney, watch - ing her sun - set

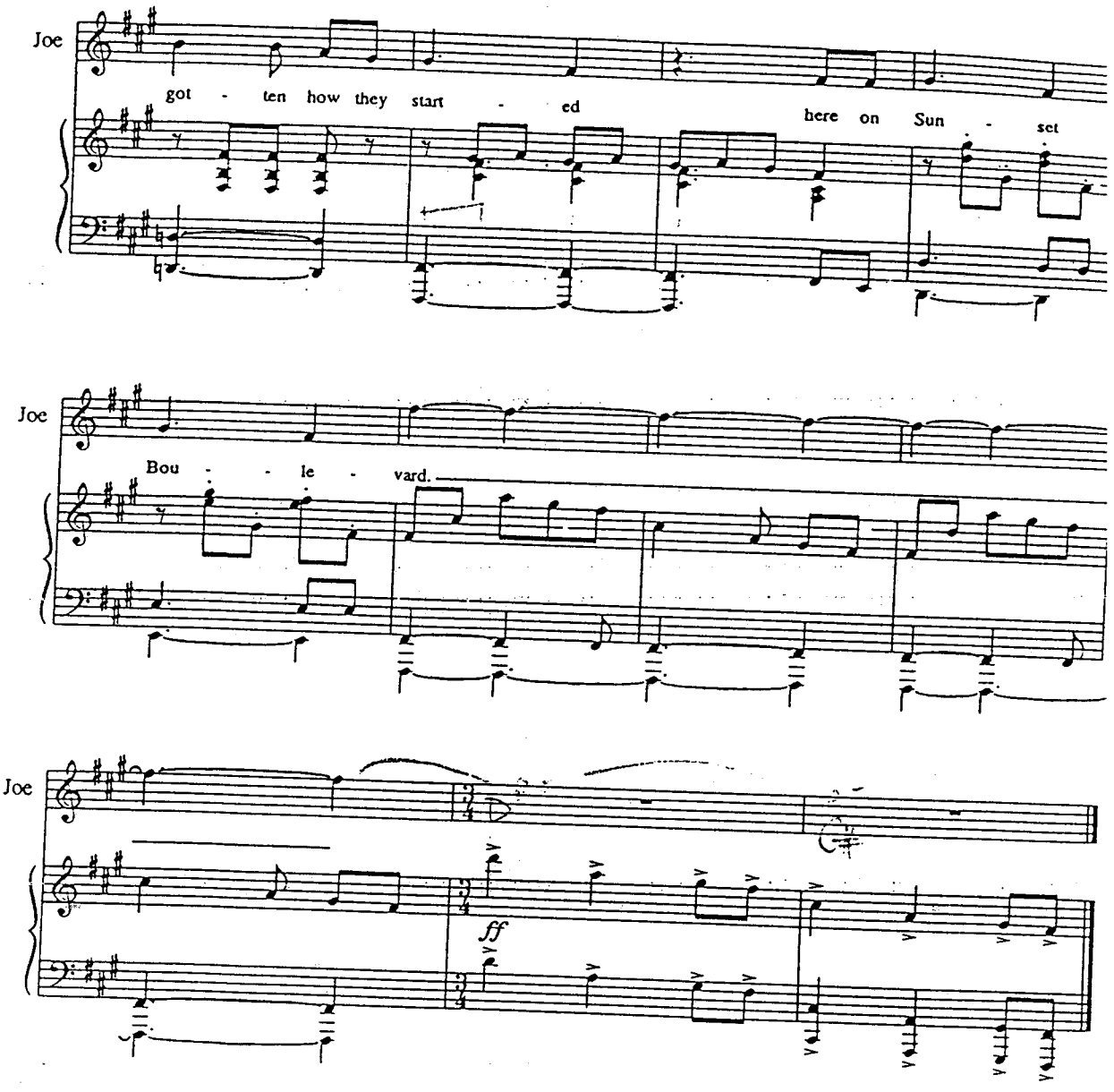

I
Joe
Well, I'm a writ - er.
L. A.'s changed a
Joe
lot o - ver the years since those brave gold rush pi - o - neers came in their
Joe
creak - y cov - ered wag - ons.
Far as they could
Joe
go, end of the line. Theirdreamswere yours theirdreamswere mine, but in those

J


Joe
dreams were hid - den drag - ons.
Sun - set
Joe
Bou - le - vard fren - zied bou - le - vard swamped with ev - ery
Joe
kind of false e - mo - tion.
Sun - set
Joe
Bou - le - vard brut - al bou - le - vard just like you we'll


K
Joe
wind up in the o - cean.
She was sink- ing
Joe
fast I threw a rope Now I have suits and she has hope It seemed an
L
Joe
el - e - gant sol - u - tion.
One - day this must
Joe
end. It is - n't real Still, I'll en - joy a heart - y meal be - fore to -

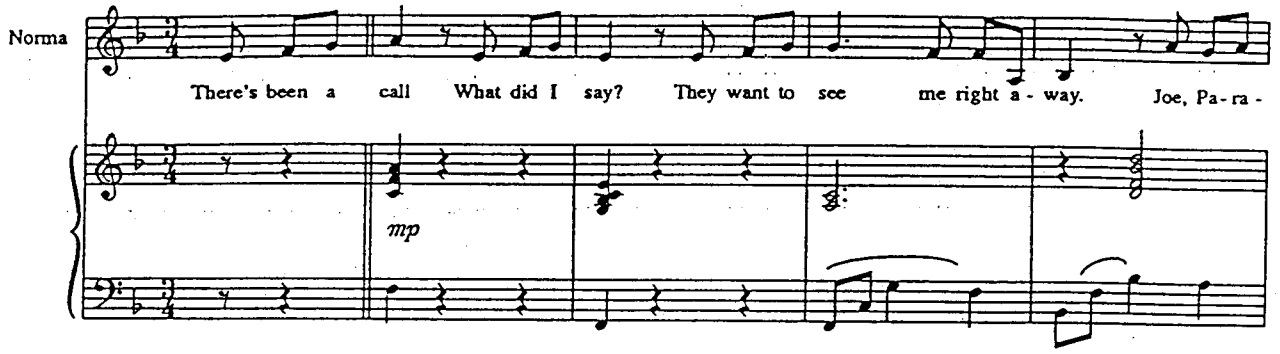

M
Joe
mor - row's ex - e - cu - tion.
Sun set
f
Joe
Bou - le - vard ruth - less bou - le - vard des - tin - a - tion
N
Joe
for the sto - ny heart - ed.
Sun - set
8va
Joe
bou - le - vard leth - al bou - le - vard ev - ery-one's for -


Joe
got - ten how they start - ed here on Sun - set
Joe
Bou - - le - vard.
Joe
ff

There's Been a Call

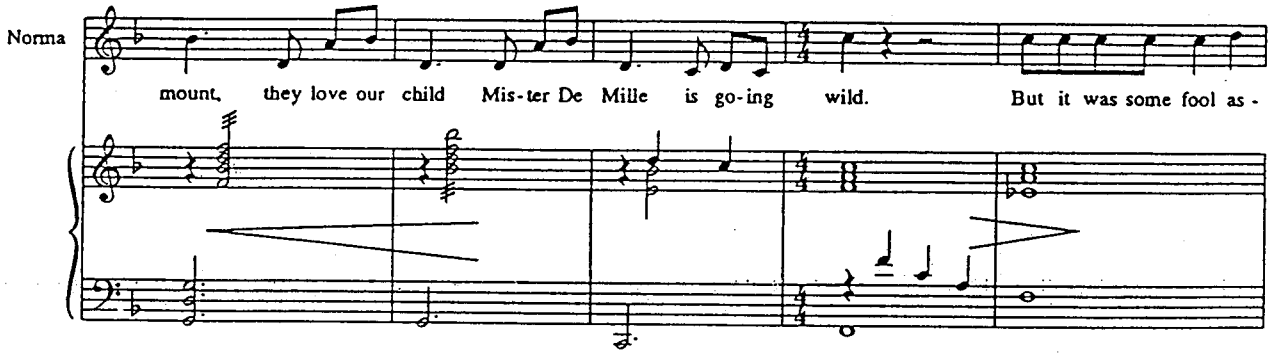
He pours himself a glass of champagne from an open bottle. As he's sipping at it, NORMA comes hurrying out of the house in a state of high excitement.

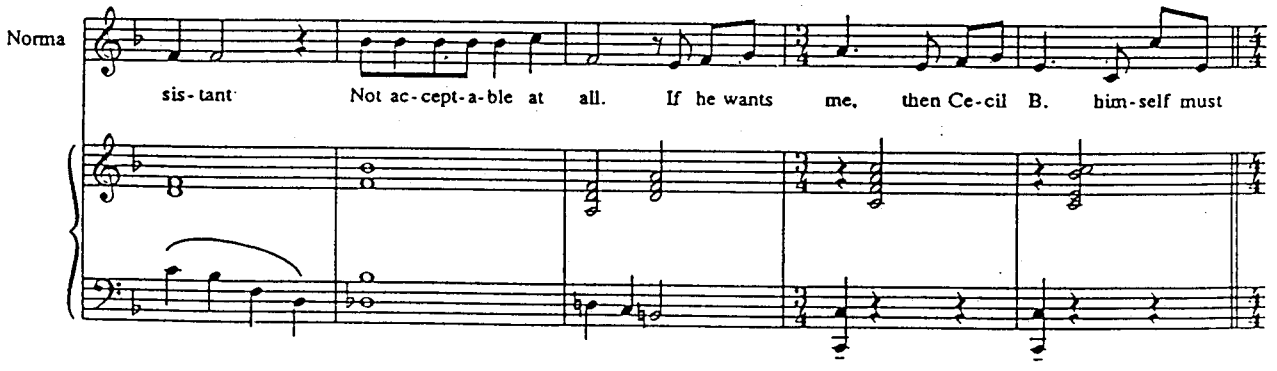
Colla Voce



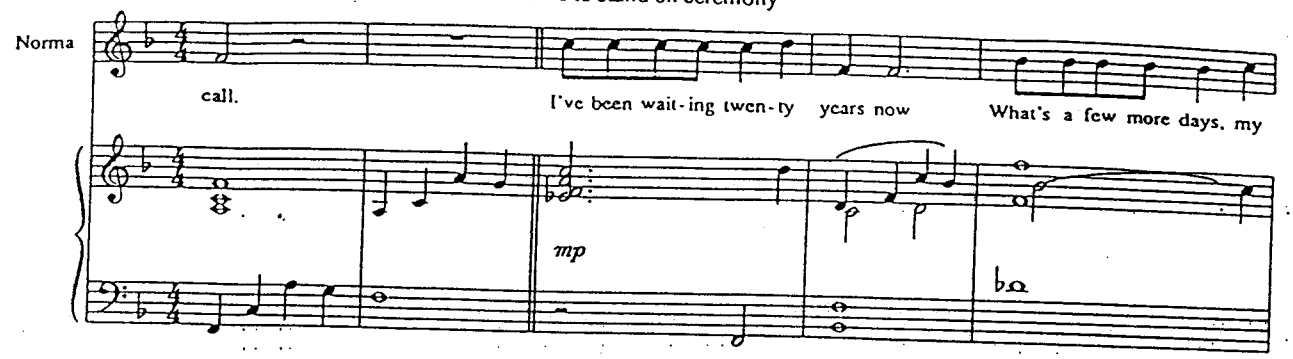
JOE is a little surprised by this; but manages to conceal his scepticism almost at once

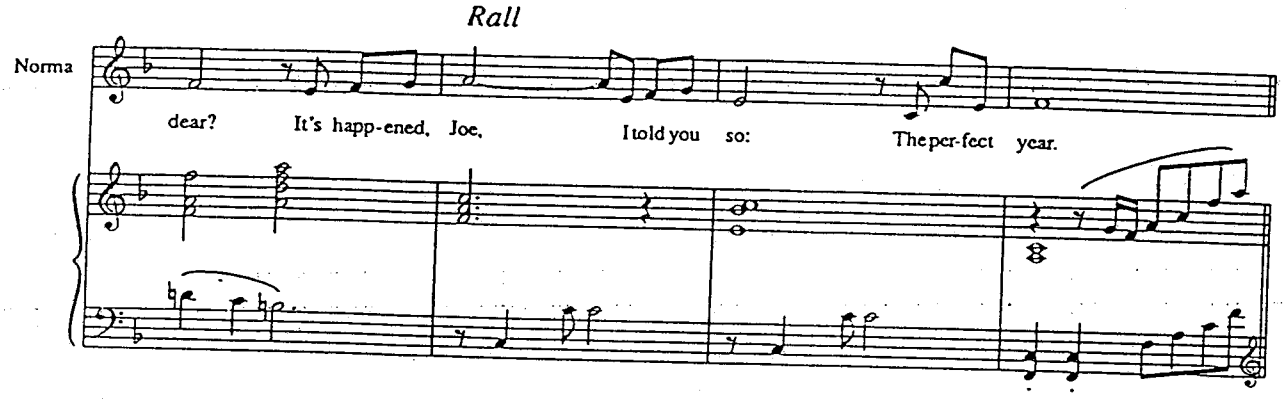
JOE: Well that's wonderful Norma



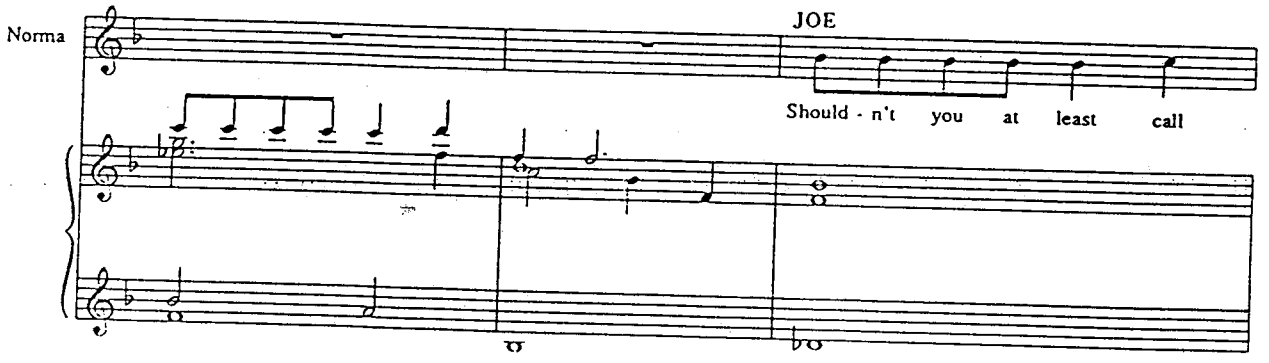


JOE; I don't know if this is the time to stand on ceremony

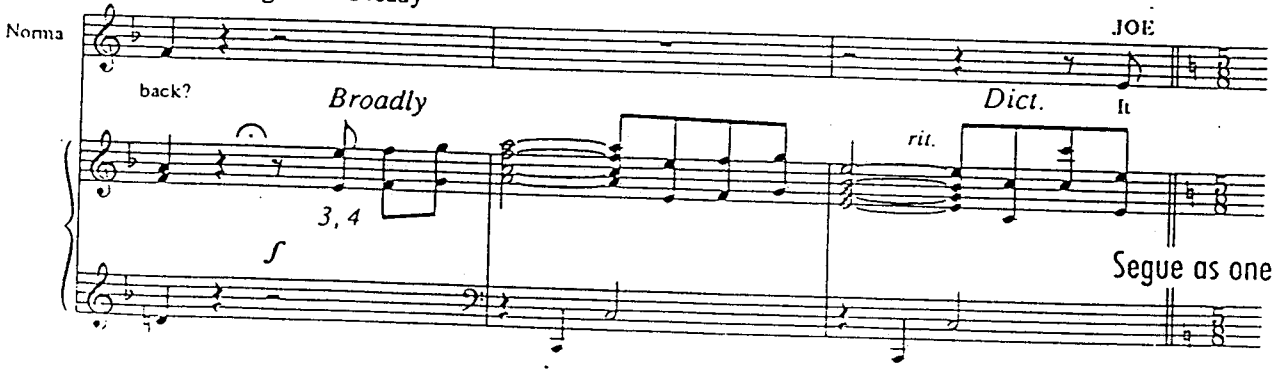




NORMA: Now let's go upstairs

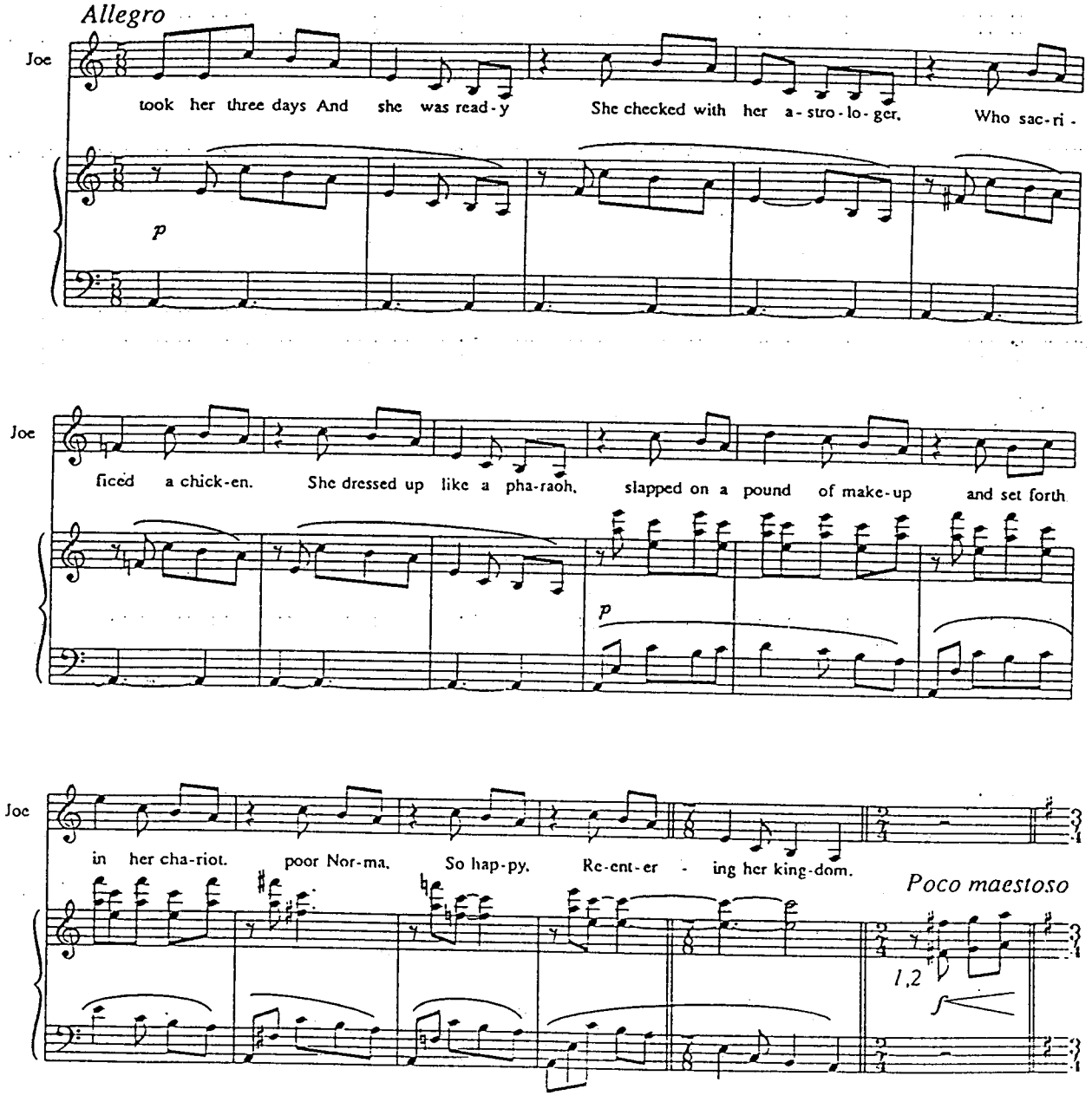


NORMA No they can wait
until I'm good and ready



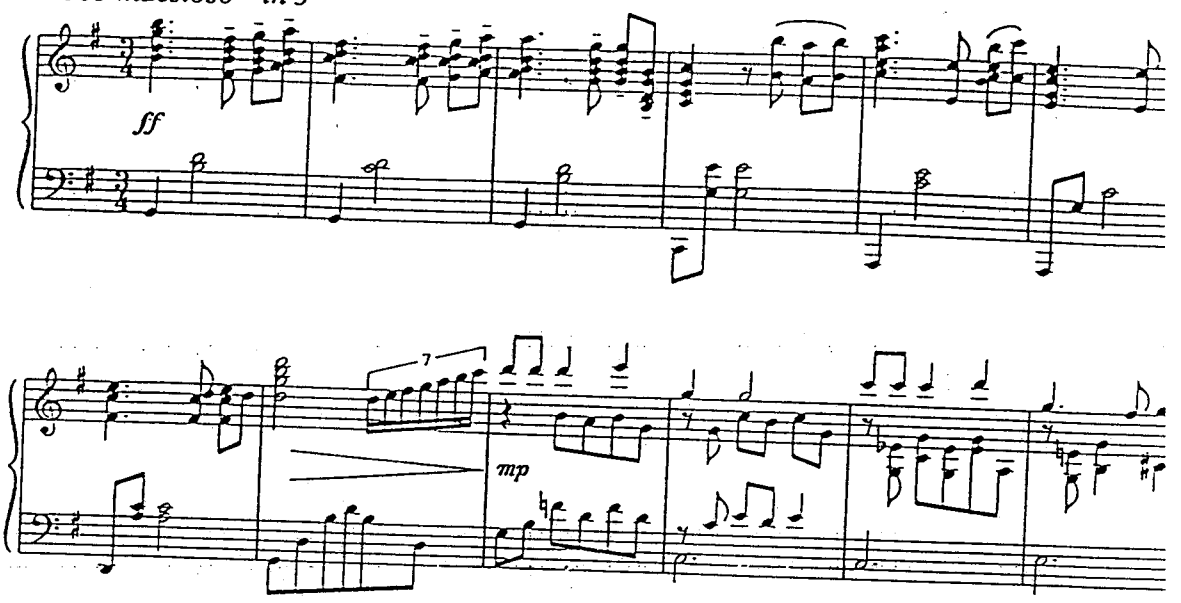
It Took Her Three Days

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



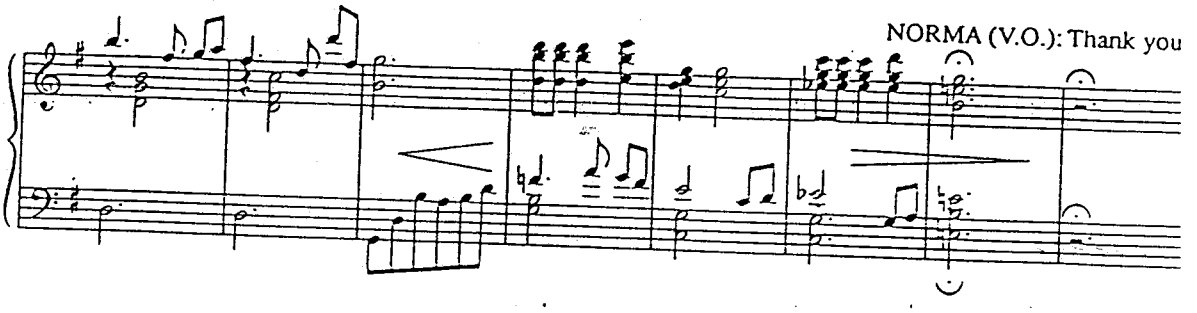
The Isotta-Fraschini turns up off Bronson and pulls up in front of the main gates. For the moment, nothing h but MAX, it emerges, is engaged in important business, staring fixedly into the rear view mirror.

Poco maestoso in 3



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

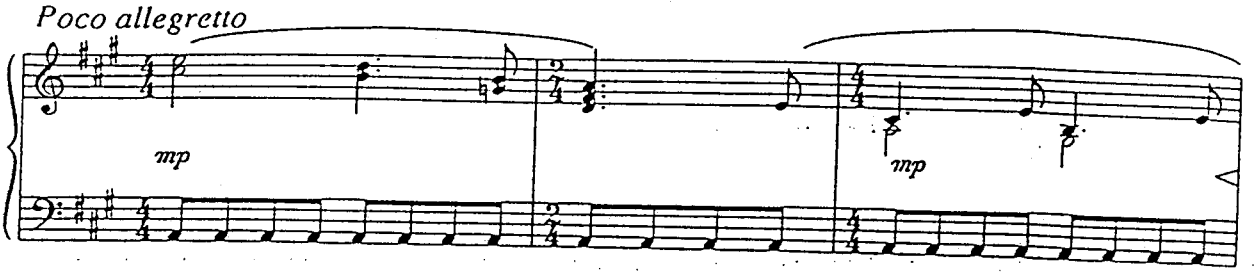
NORMA (V.O.): Thank you



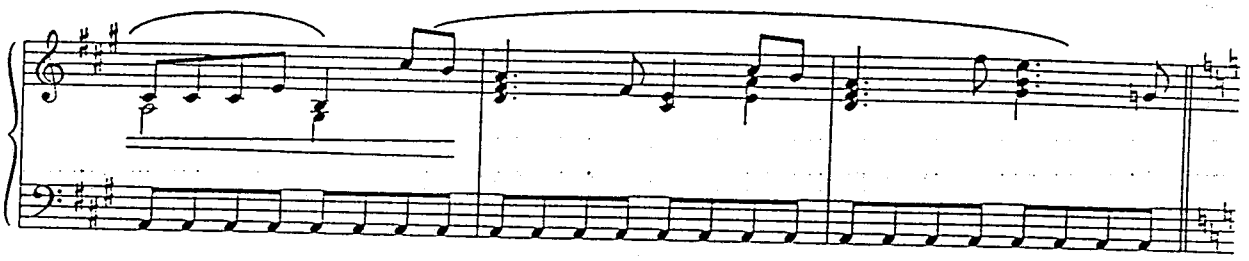
She attends to it, using a handkerchief. Meanwhile MAX sounds the horn impatiently. A young STUDIO GUAI breaks off the conversation he's been having with an extra dressed as an indian brave.

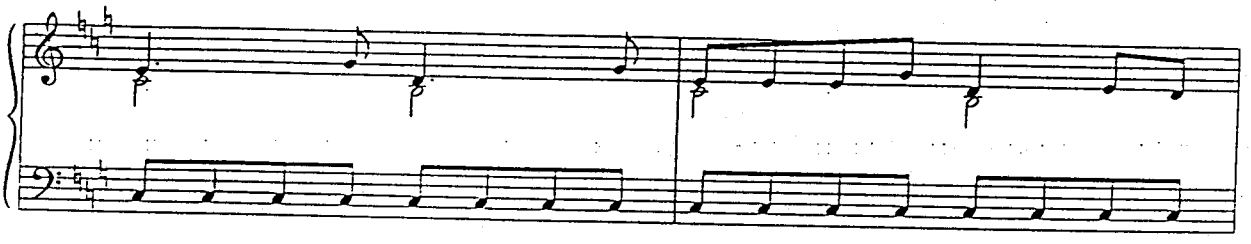
GUARD: Hey, that's enough of that.
MAX: To see Mr De Mille. Open the gate.

Poco allegretto

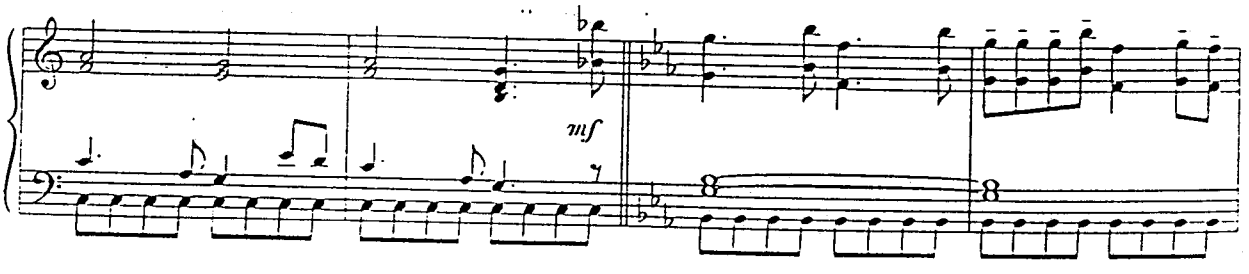


GUARD: Mr DeMille is shooting. You need an appointment.
MAX: This is Norma Desmond, no appointment is necessary.
GUARD: Norma who?

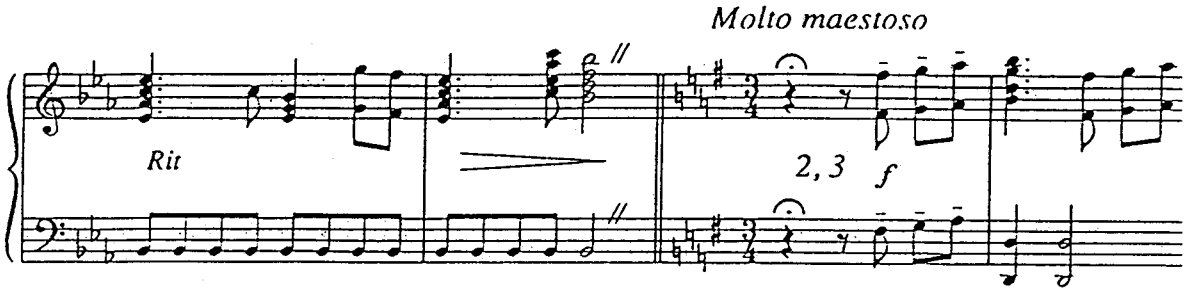




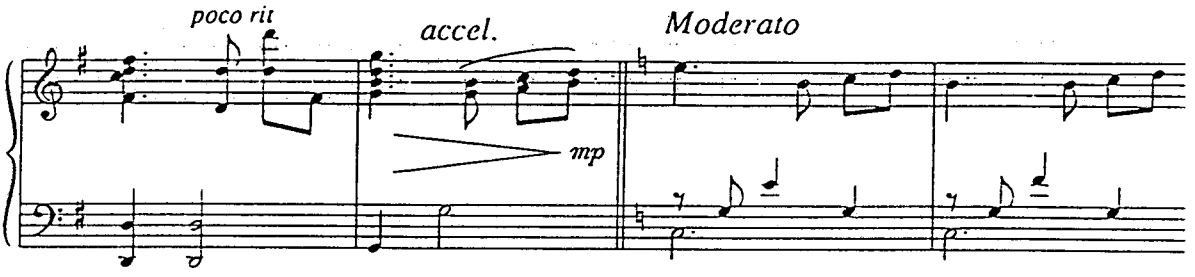
(Meanwhile, however, NORMA has recognised JONES, who's sitting on a wooden chair, reading a newspaper SHE rolls down the window).
NORMA: (Offstage) Jonesy!
JONES: Why if it isn't Miss Desmond. How have you been Miss Desmond?
NORMA: (Offstage) Fine, Jonesy. Open the gate.



(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

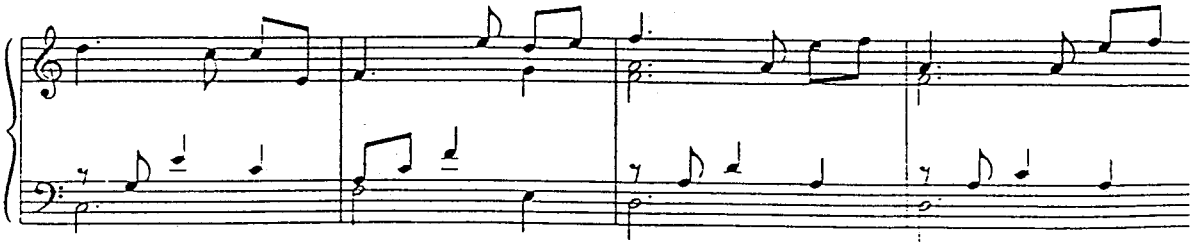


JONES: Get me Stage 18. I have a message for Mr DeMille.

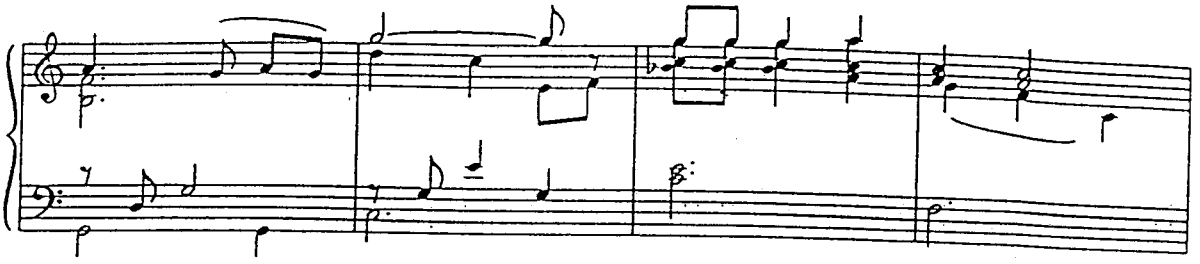


A scene-change reveals the cavernous interior of Sound Stage 18,where the STAND-INS for Victor Mature and H Lamarr are in position, in a blaze of light, on the grandiose "Samson and Delilah" set.MR DEMILLE, recognisa from the parody version of Act 1, confers with his DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY. HE's interrupted 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.

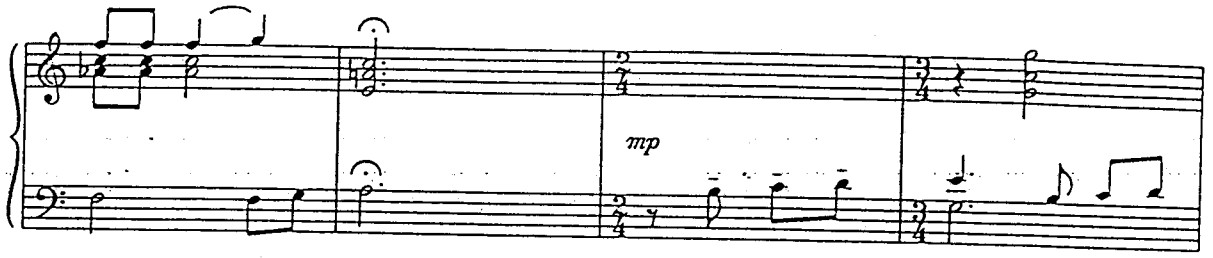


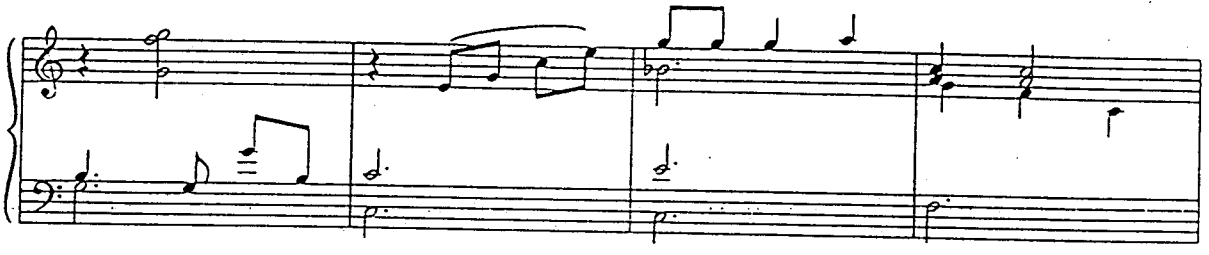
DEMILLE: Norma Desmond?
HEATHER: She's here at the studio.
DEMILLE: It must be about that appalling script of hers. What shall I say?



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.

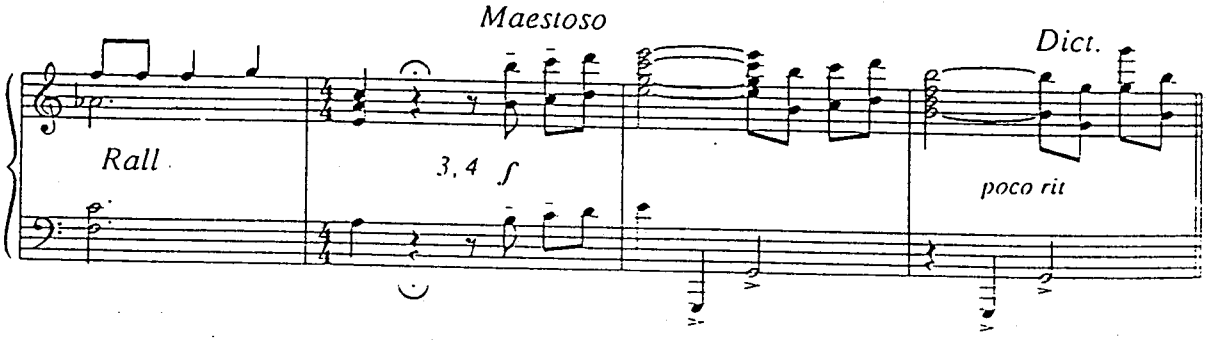
(HE turns back towards the set.)





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 comes 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.



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....

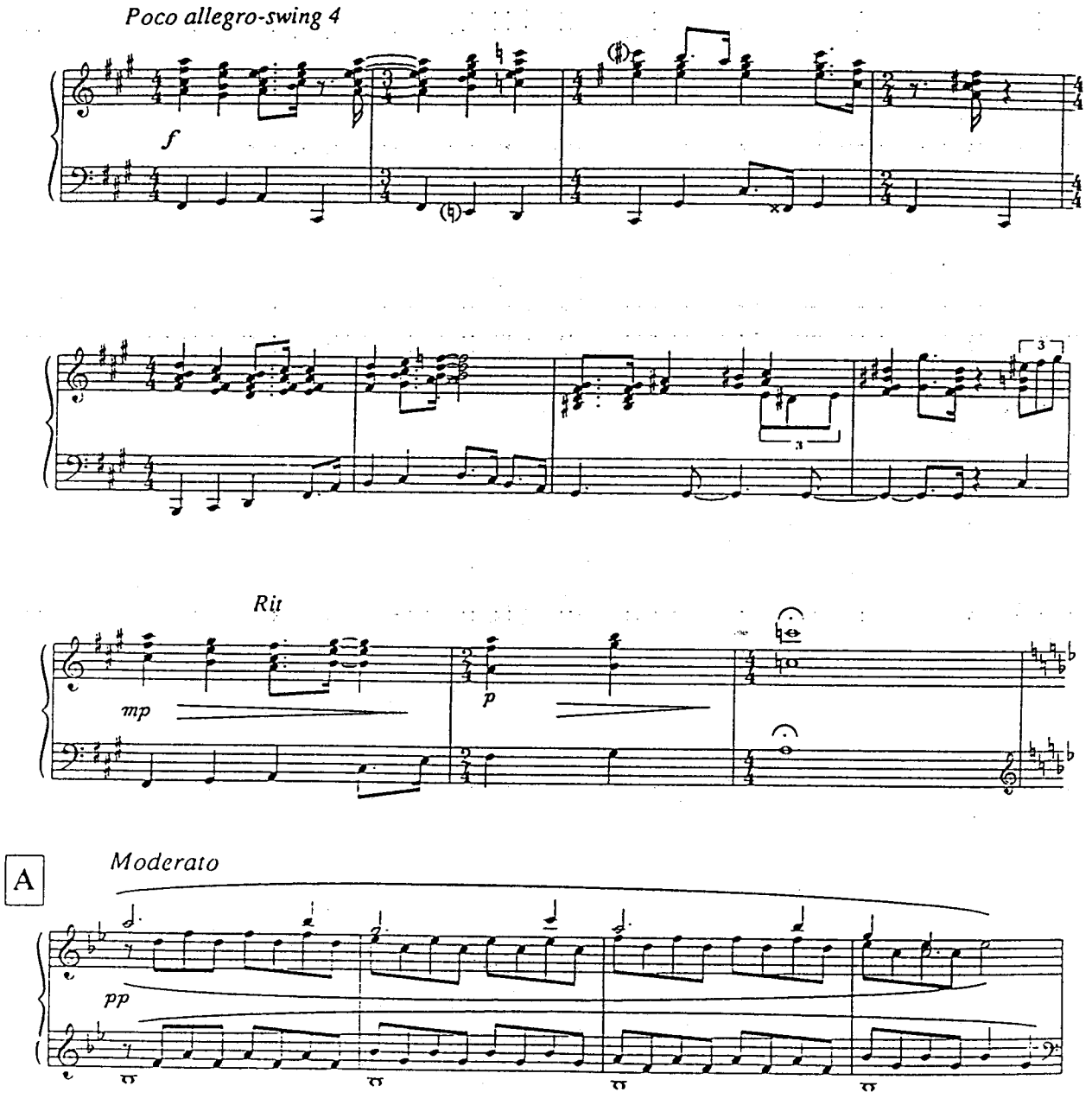
NORMA: I know how busy you are when you're shooting, but I really think you could have picked up the phone yourself, instead of leaving it to some assistant.

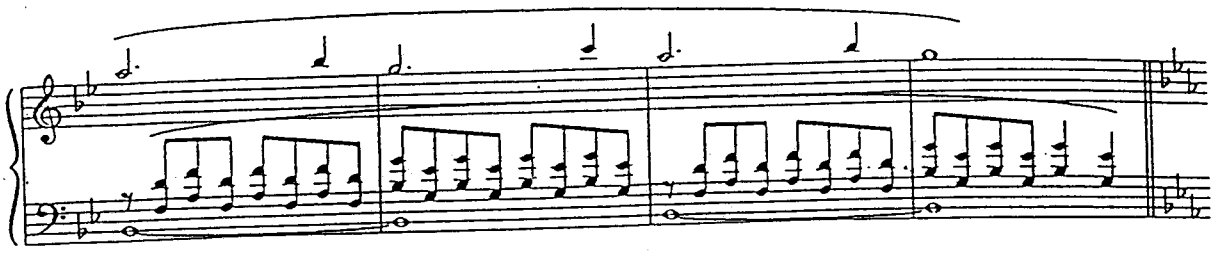
DEMILLE: I don't know what you mean, Norma.

NORMA: Yes you do.

Norma in the Studio

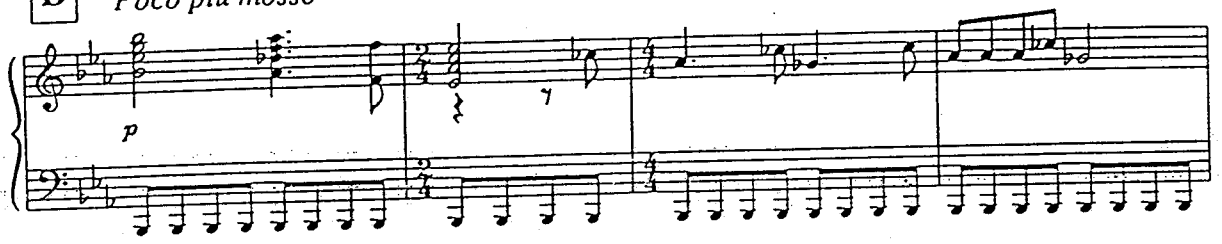
DEMILLE: Come on in.
(HE leads her into the studio: a bewildering chaos of activity, which at first stuns her.HE shouts to be heard above the cacophony.HE hurries off.





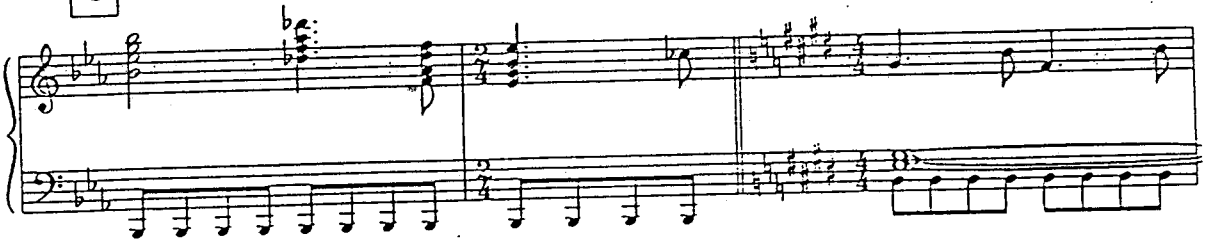
(Slowly, as NORMA looks around the sound fades to nothing. SHE stands there , looking around the old familiar space. Suddenly a voice rings out.)
VOICE: Miss Desmond! Hey, Miss Desmond!
(NORMA looks around, unable to identify the source of the VOICE.)
Up here Miss Desmond, it's Hog-eye!

B *Poco piu mosso*

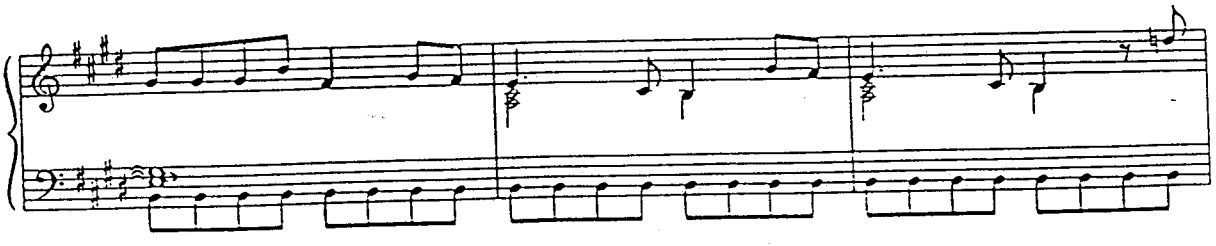


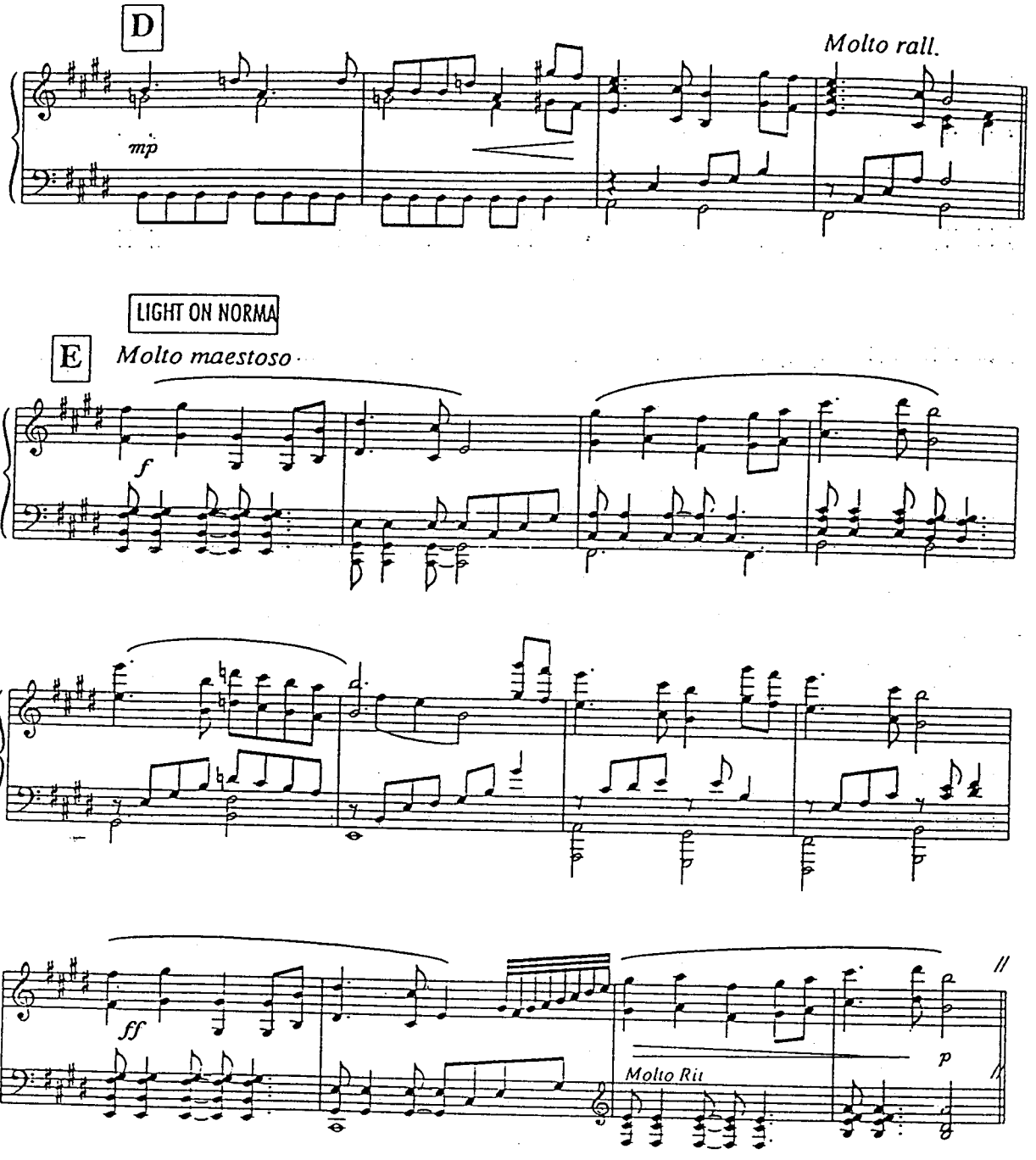
(NORMA looks up; up in the flies, balanced on the walkway; is a quite elderly ELECTRICIAN.)
NORMA: Hog-eye! Well Hello!

C

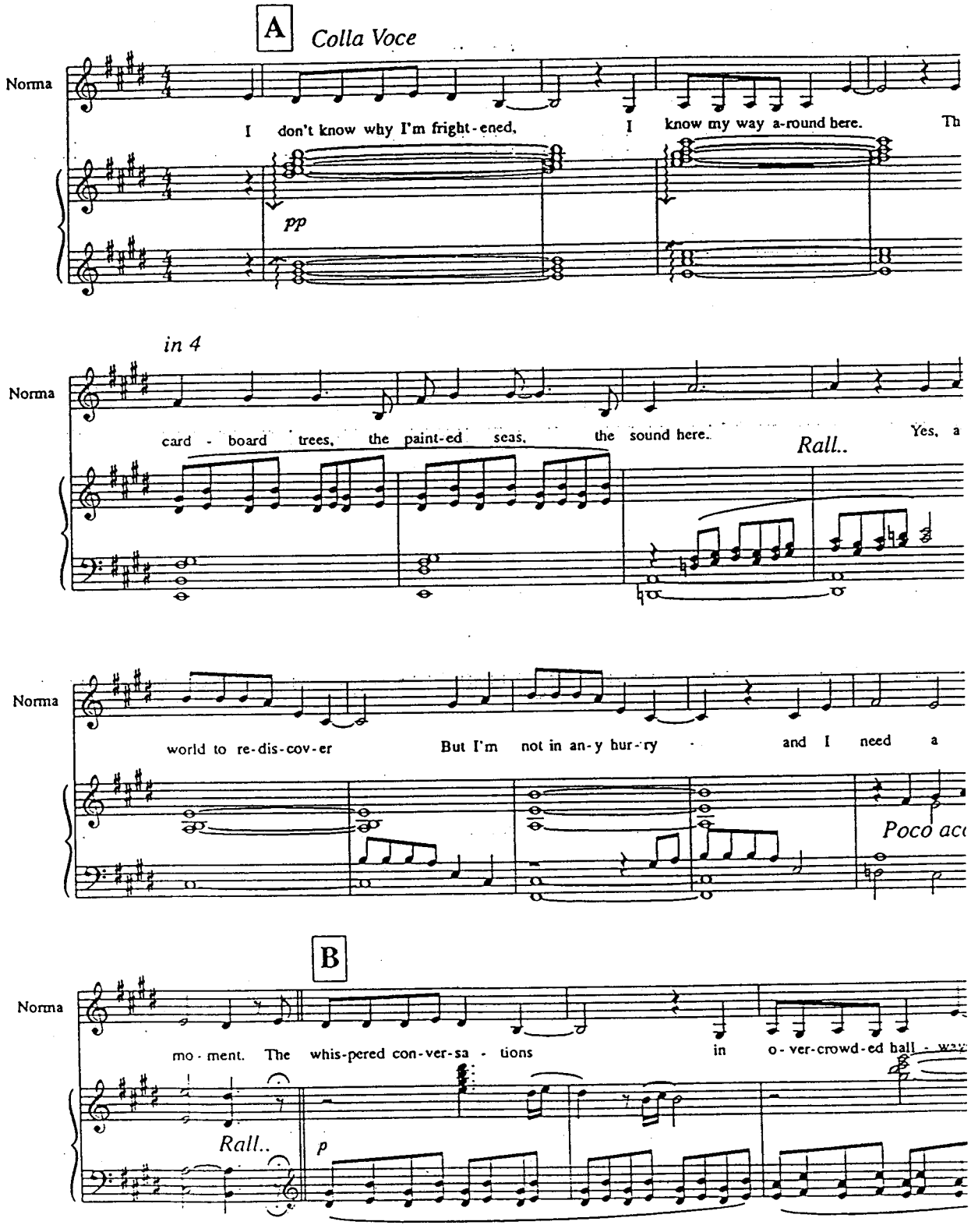


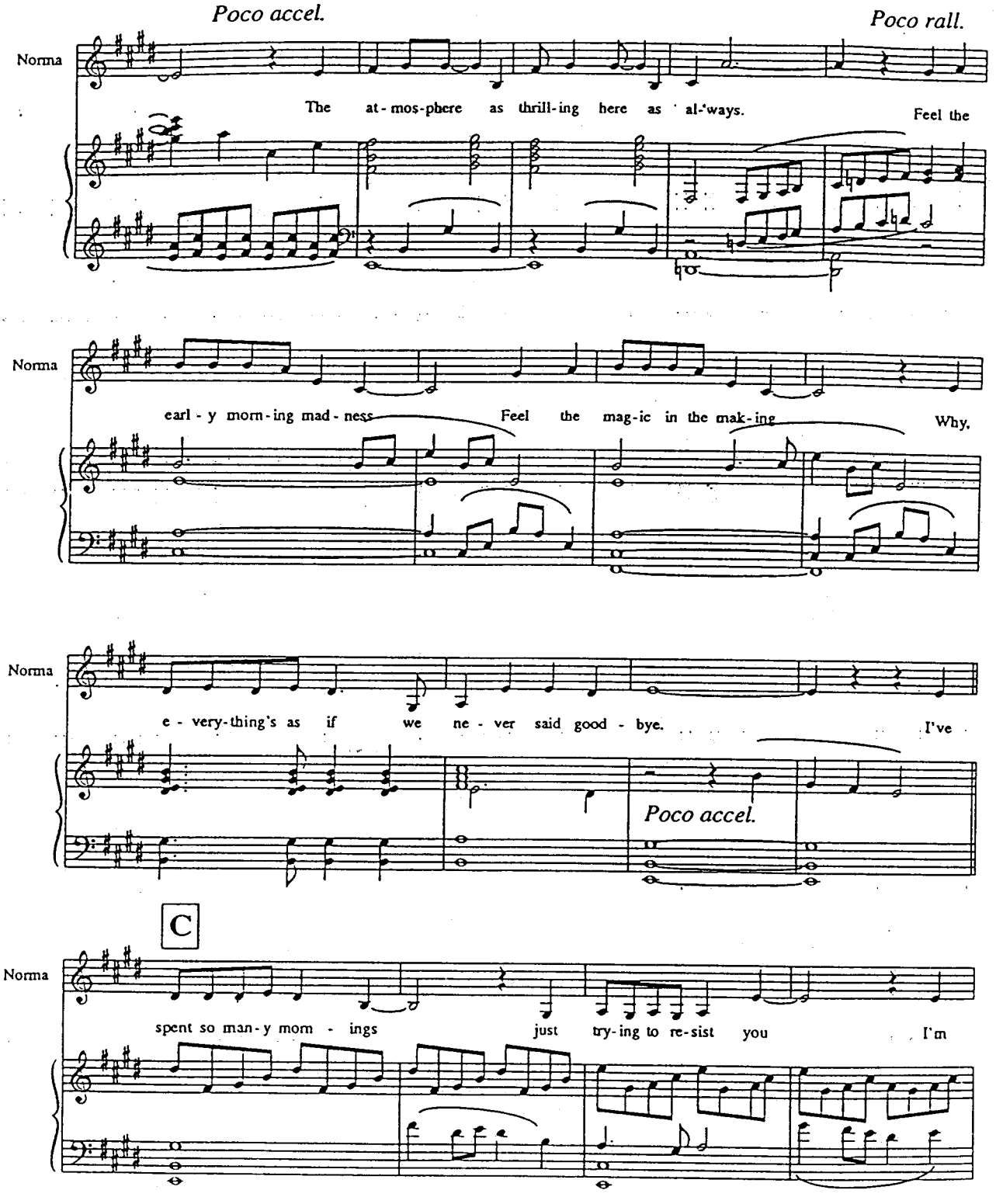
HOG-EYE: Let's get a look at you.

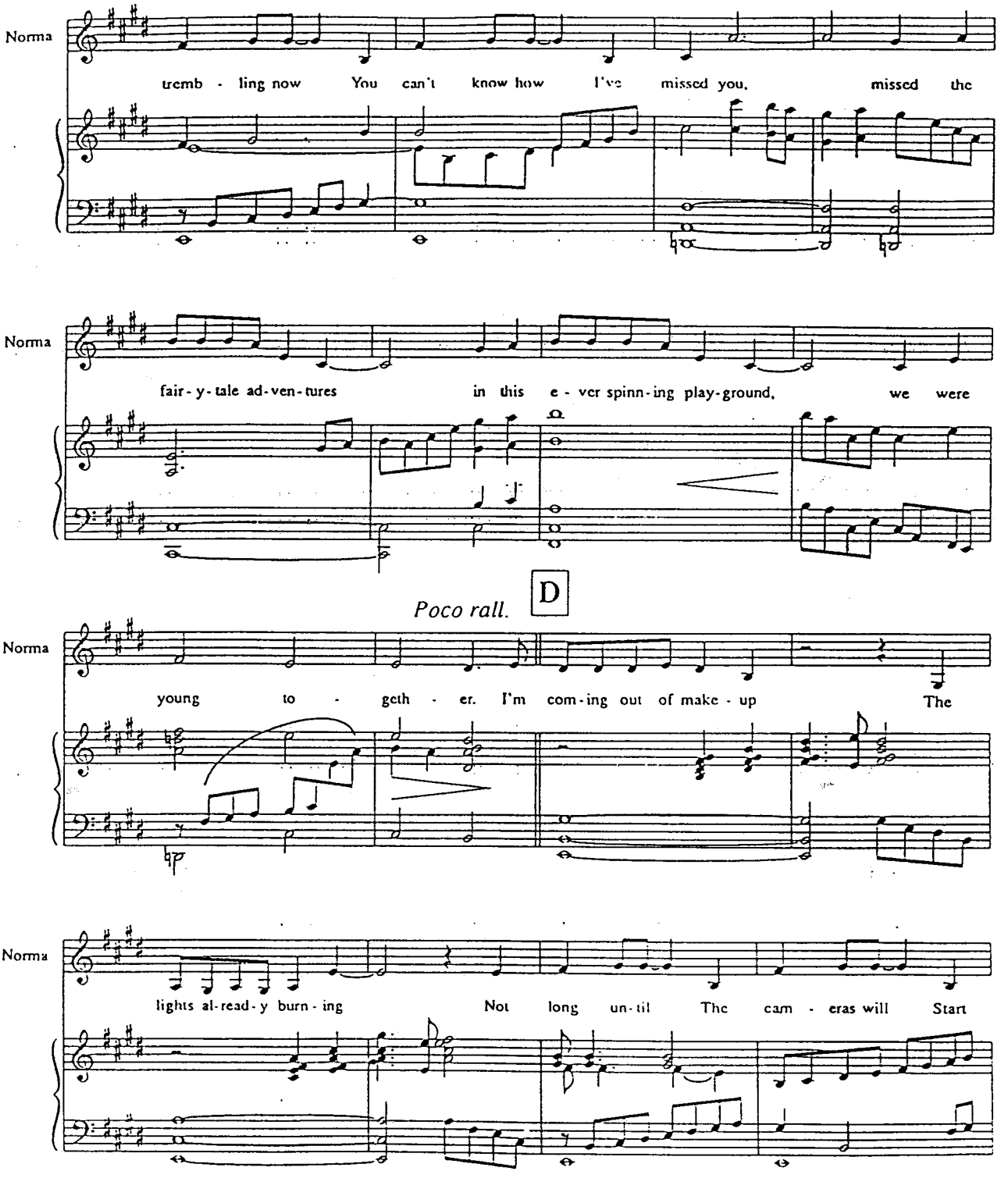


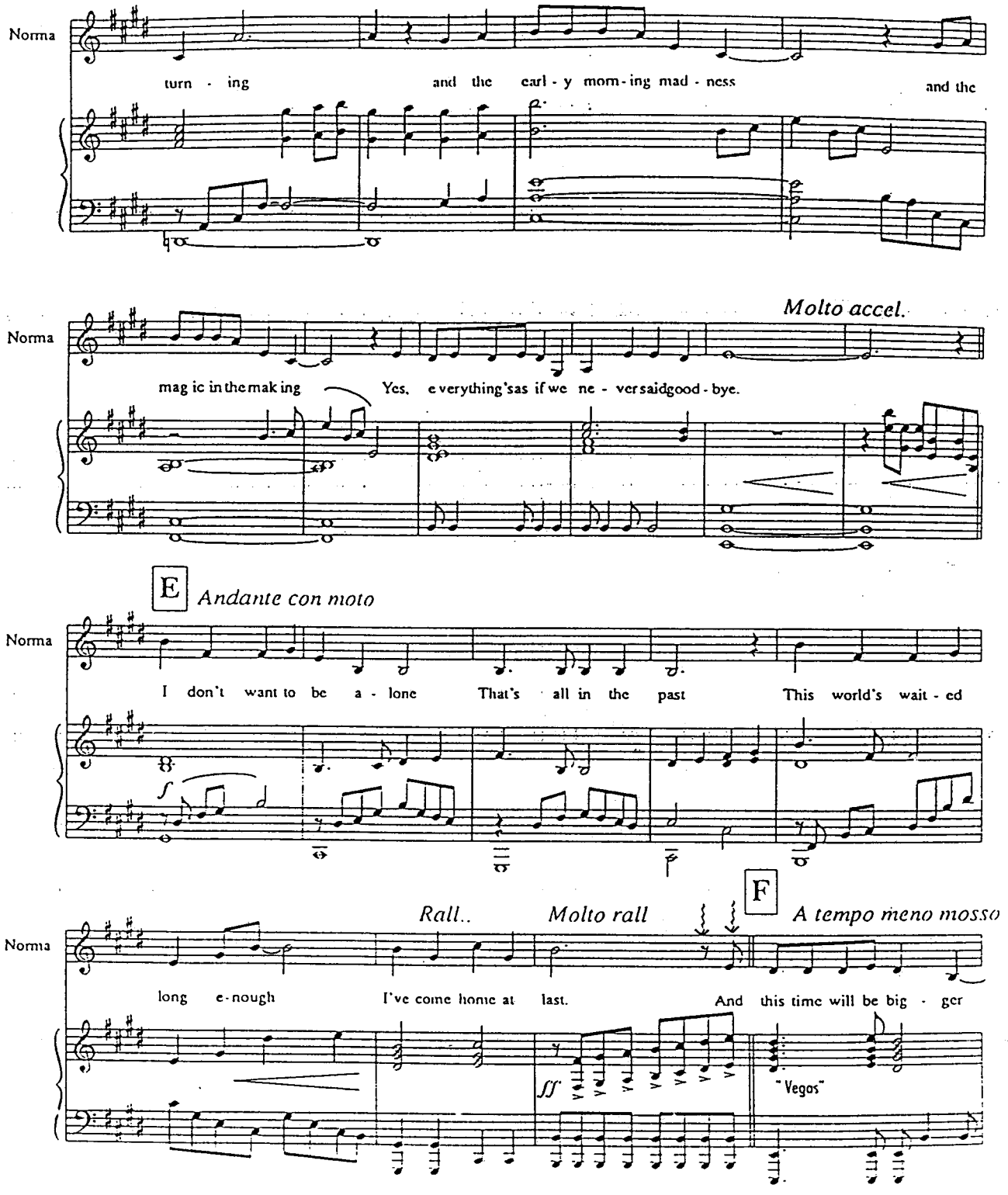

D
Molto rall.
mp
LIGHT ON NORMA
E
Molto maestoso
f
ff
Molto Rit
p

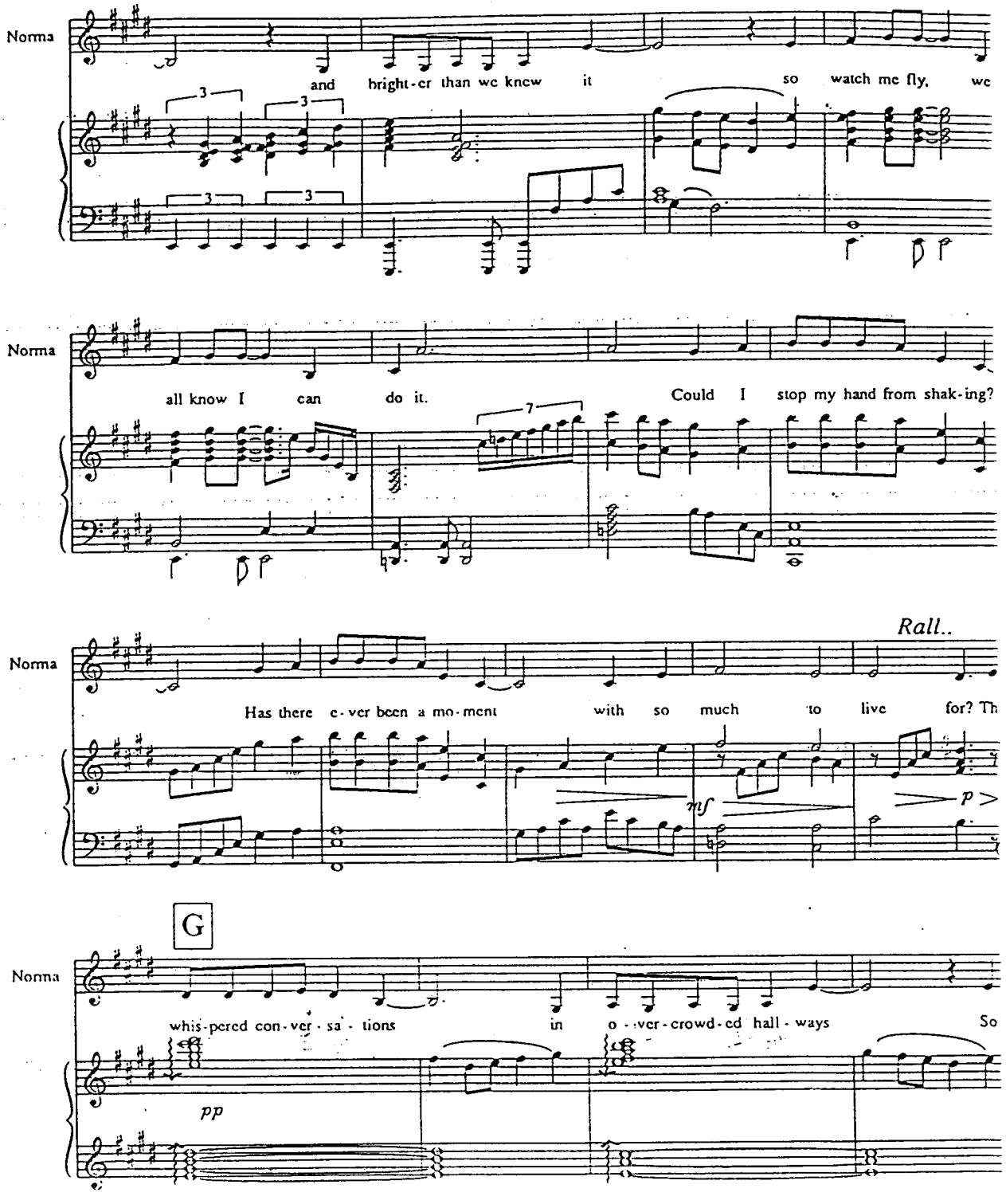
As If We Never Said Goodbye

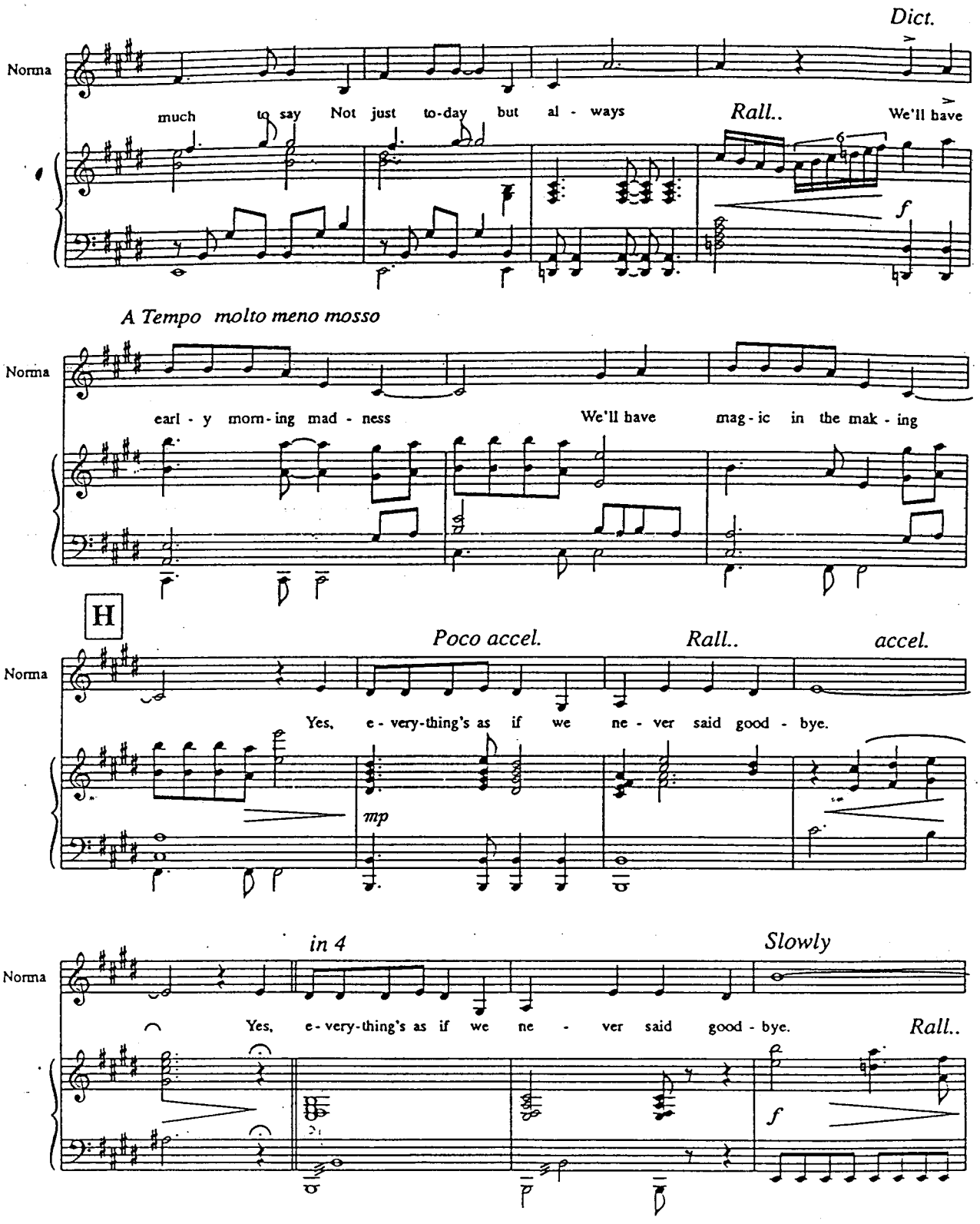


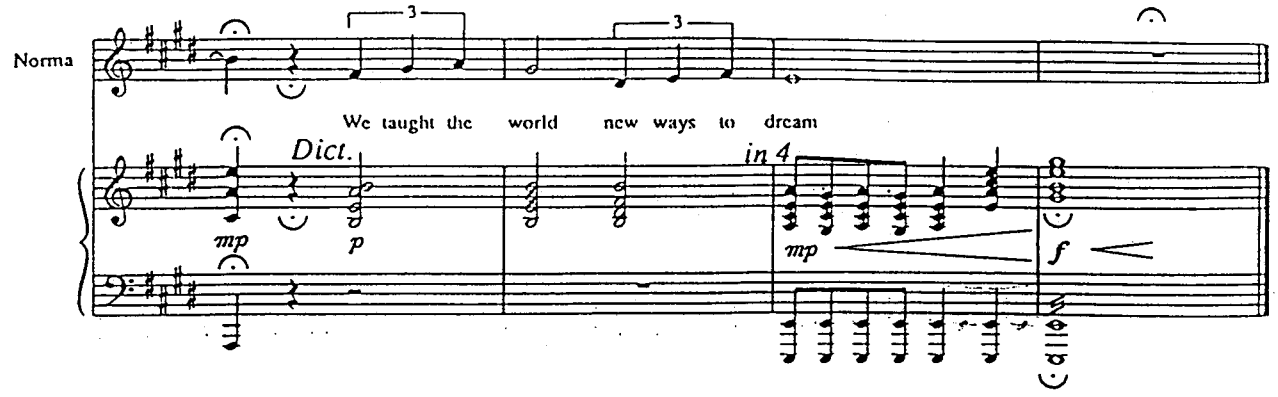

Poco accel.
Poco rall.
Norma
The at-mos-phere as thrill-ing here as al-ways.
Feel the
Norma
earl-y morn-ing mad-ness
Feel the mag-ic in the mak-ing
Why,
Norma
e-very-thing's as if we ne-ver said good-bye.
I've
Poco accel.
C
Norma
spent so man-y morn-ings
just try-ing to re-sist you
I'm


Norma
trembling now You can't know how I've missed you, missed the
Norma
fair-y-tale ad-ven-tures in this e-ver spinn-ing play-ground, we were
Poco rall.
D
Norma
young to - geth - er. I'm com-ing out of make-up The
Norma
lights al-read-y burn-ing Not long un-til The cam-eras will Start


Norma
turn - ing and the earl - y morn - ing mad - ness and the
Molto accel.
Norma
mag ic in the mak ing Yes, e verything's as if we ne - ver said good - bye.
E
Andante con moto
Norma
I don't want to be a - lone That's all in the past This world's wait - ed
F
Rall..
Molto rall
A tempo meno mosso
Norma
long e - nough I've come home at last. And this time will be big - ger
ff
"Vegas"


Norma
and bright-er than we knew it so watch me fly, we
Norma
all know I can do it. Could I stop my hand from shak-ing?
Rall..
Norma
Has there e-ver been a mo-ment with so much to live for? Th
mf
p
G
Norma
whis-pered con-ver-sa-tions in o-ver-crowd-ed hall-ways So
pp

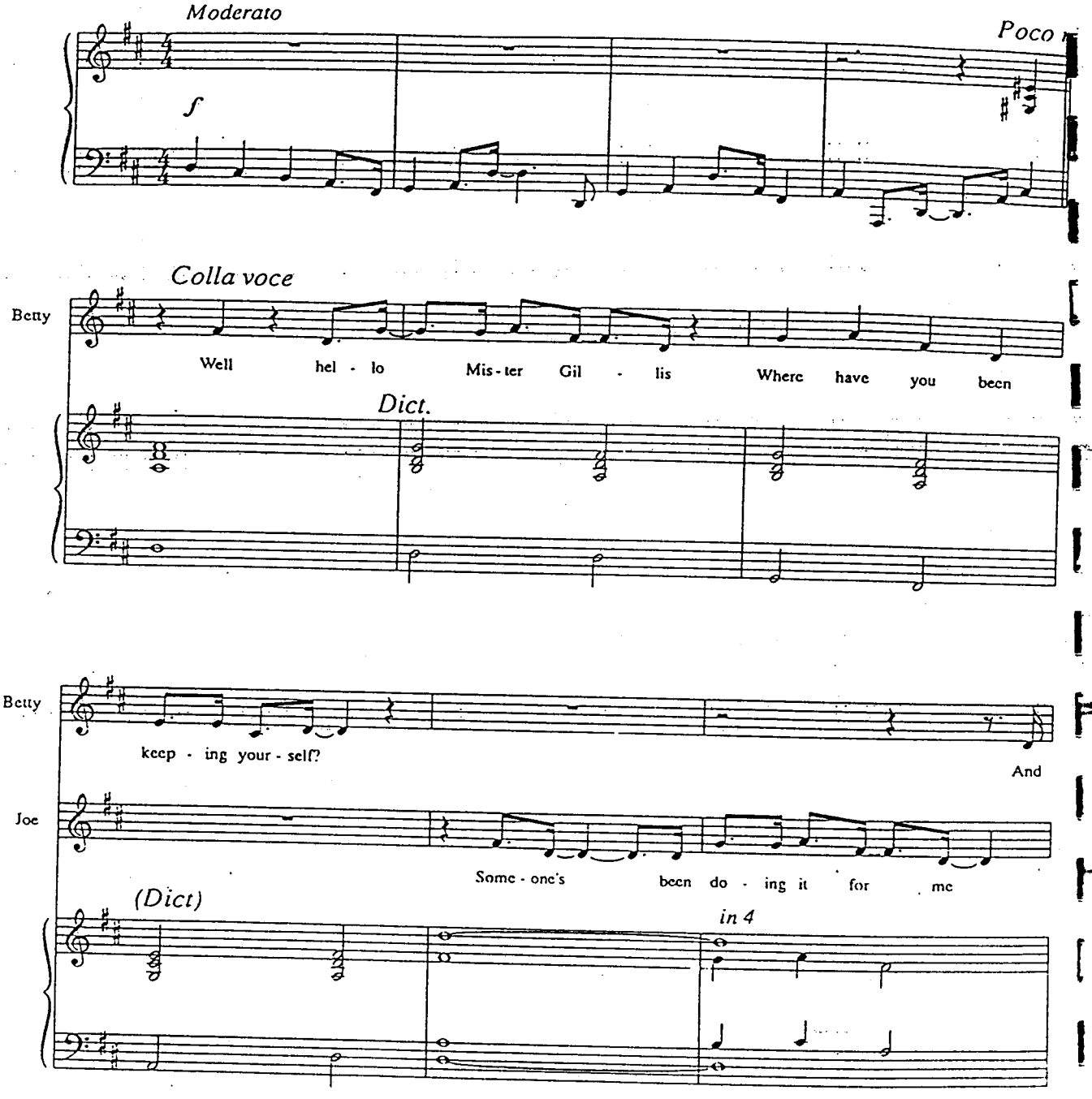

Dict.
Norma
much to say Not just to-day but al - ways
Rall..
We'll have
f
A Tempo molto meno mosso
Norma
earl - y morn - ing mad - ness
We'll have mag - ic in the mak - ing
H
Poco accel.
Rall..
accel.
Norma
Yes, e - very-thing's as if we ne - ver said good - bye.
mp
in 4
Slowly
Norma
Yes, e - very-thing's as if we ne - ver said good - bye.
Rall..
f

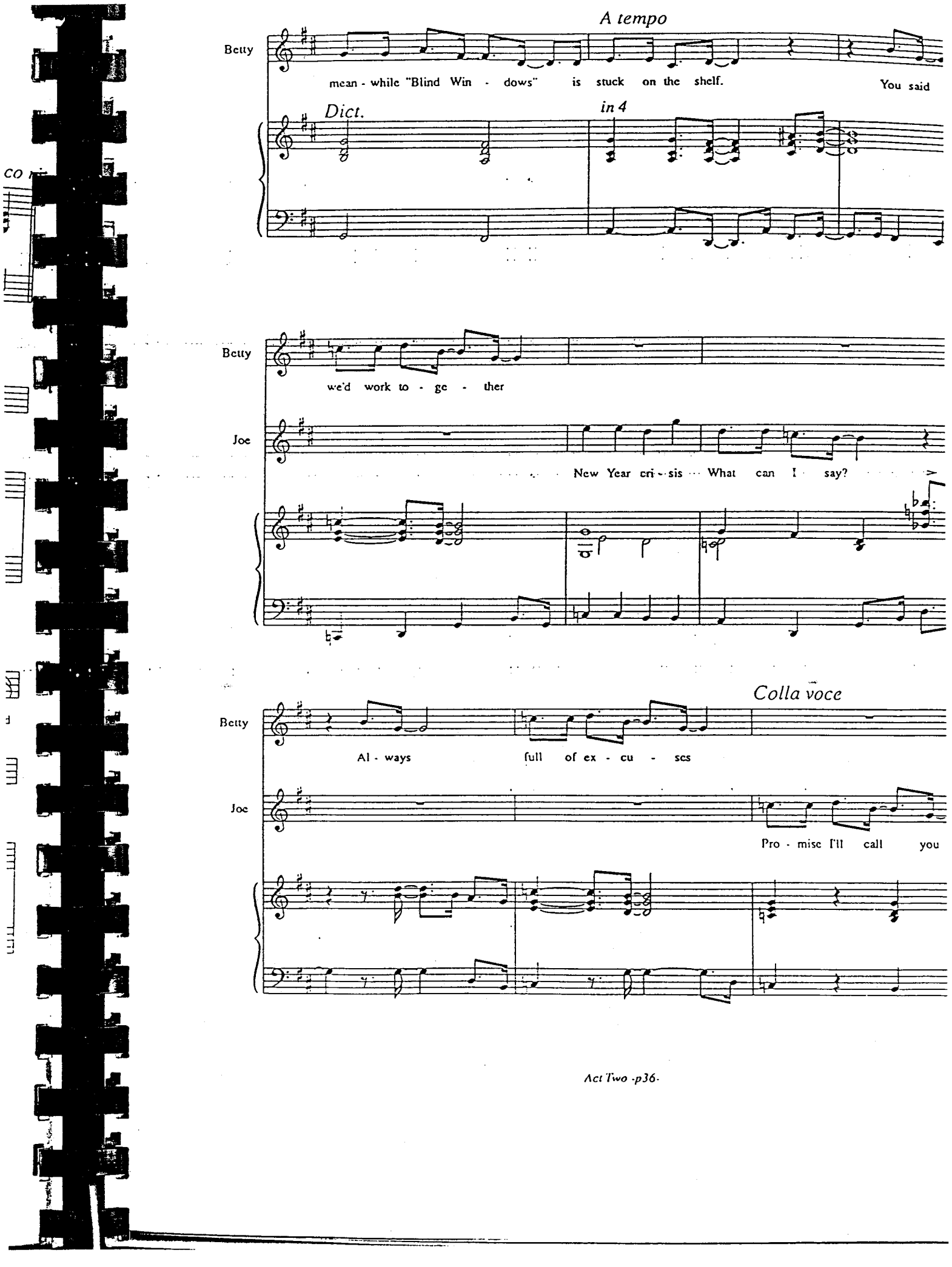


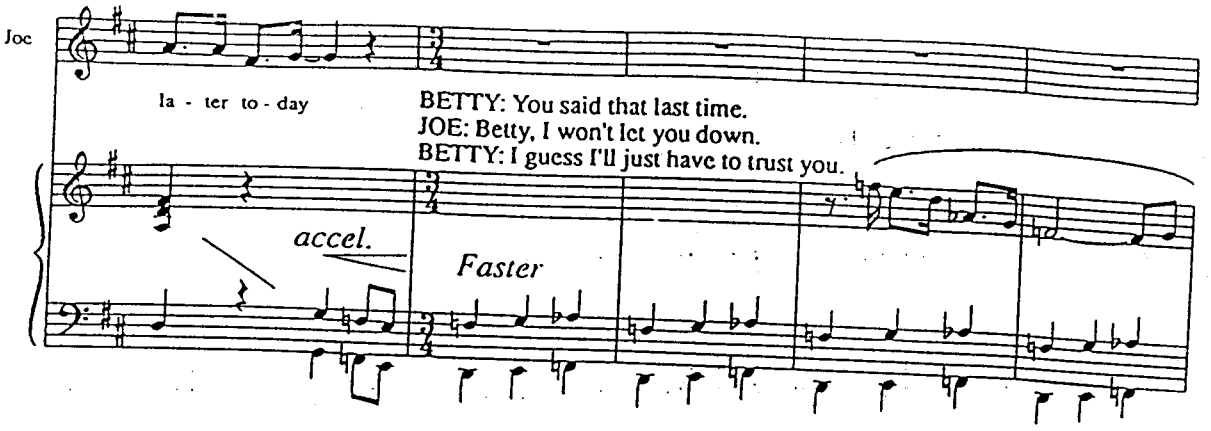
The Studio staff burst into spontaneous applause.
The focus shifts to outside the studio, where JOE has moved off to lean against a wall, smoke a cigarette and enjoy the passing parade. Suddenly he sees BETTY hurrying past, a bundle of scripts under her arm. He grinds out his cigarette and steps forward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

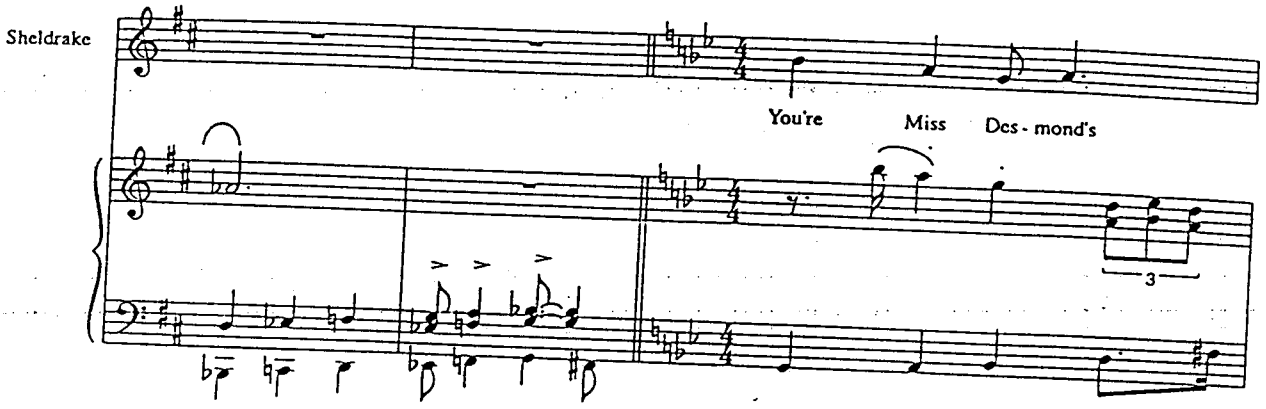
Paramount Conversations

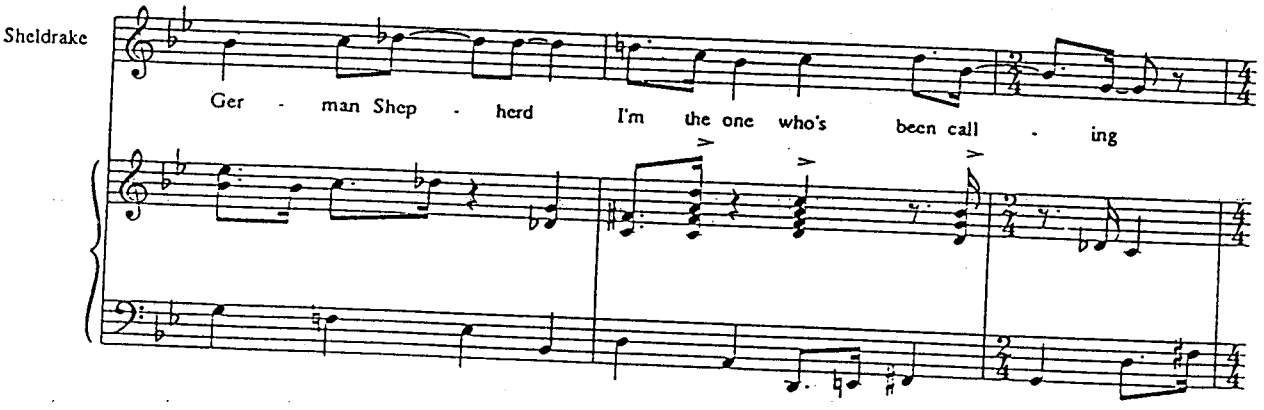
CUE: As panels S.R. move



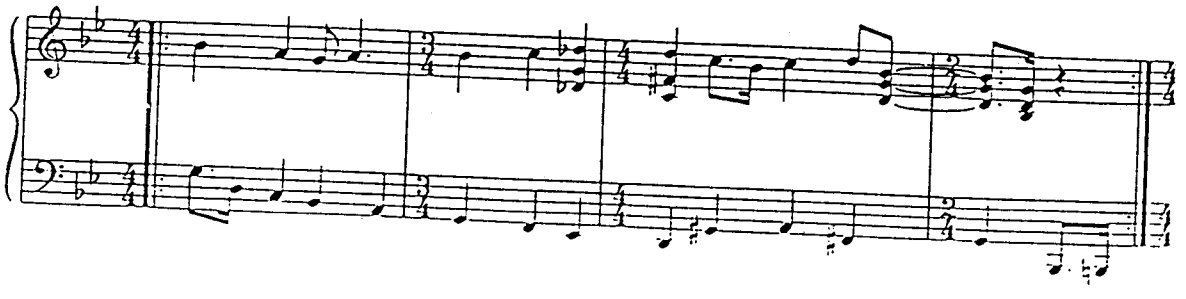

A tempo
Betty
mean - while "Blind Win - dows" is stuck on the shelf.
You said
Dict.
in 4
Betty
we'd work to - ge - ther
Joe
New Year cri - sis What can I say?
Colla voce
Betty
Al - ways full of ex - cu - scs
Joe
Pro - mise I'll call you



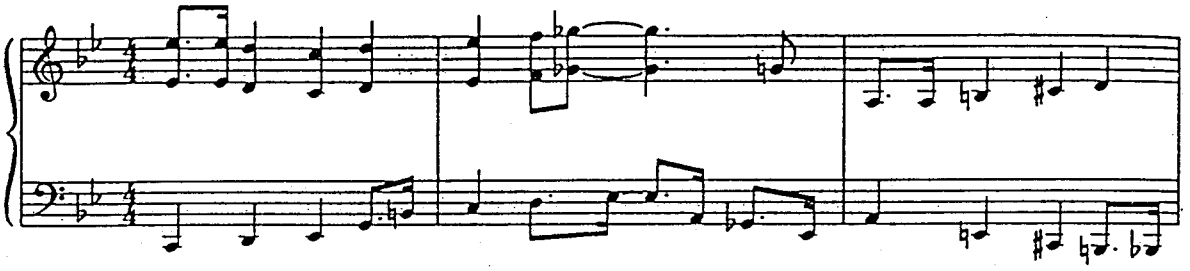


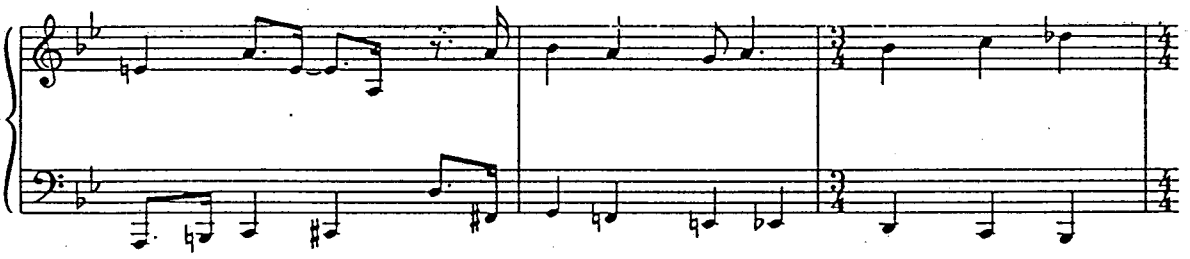


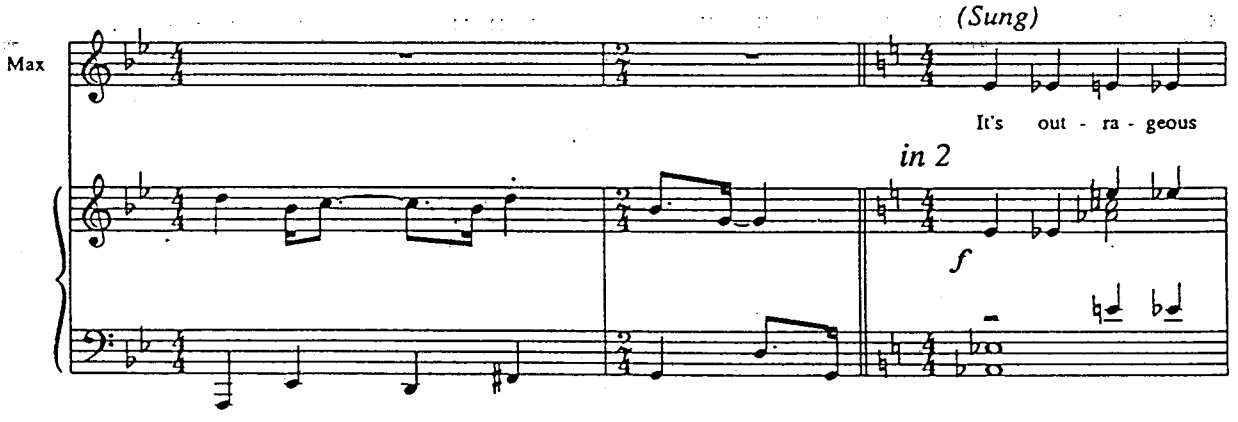
SHELDRAKE: The name is Sheldrake. A couple of weeks ago, I was looking out of my office window and I saw you driving onto the lot. And I said that's exactly the car I've been looking for. Great for my Crosby picture.

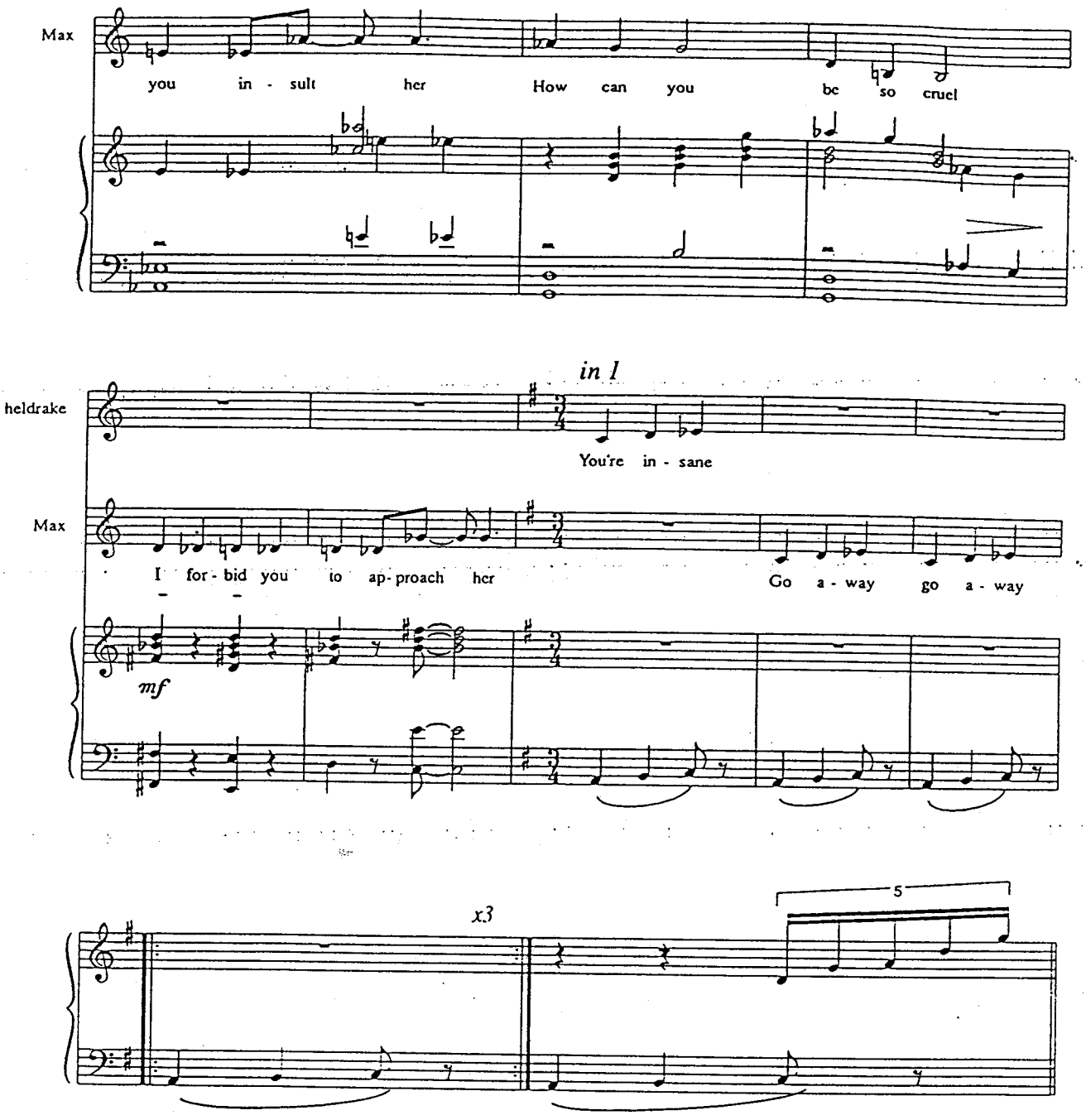


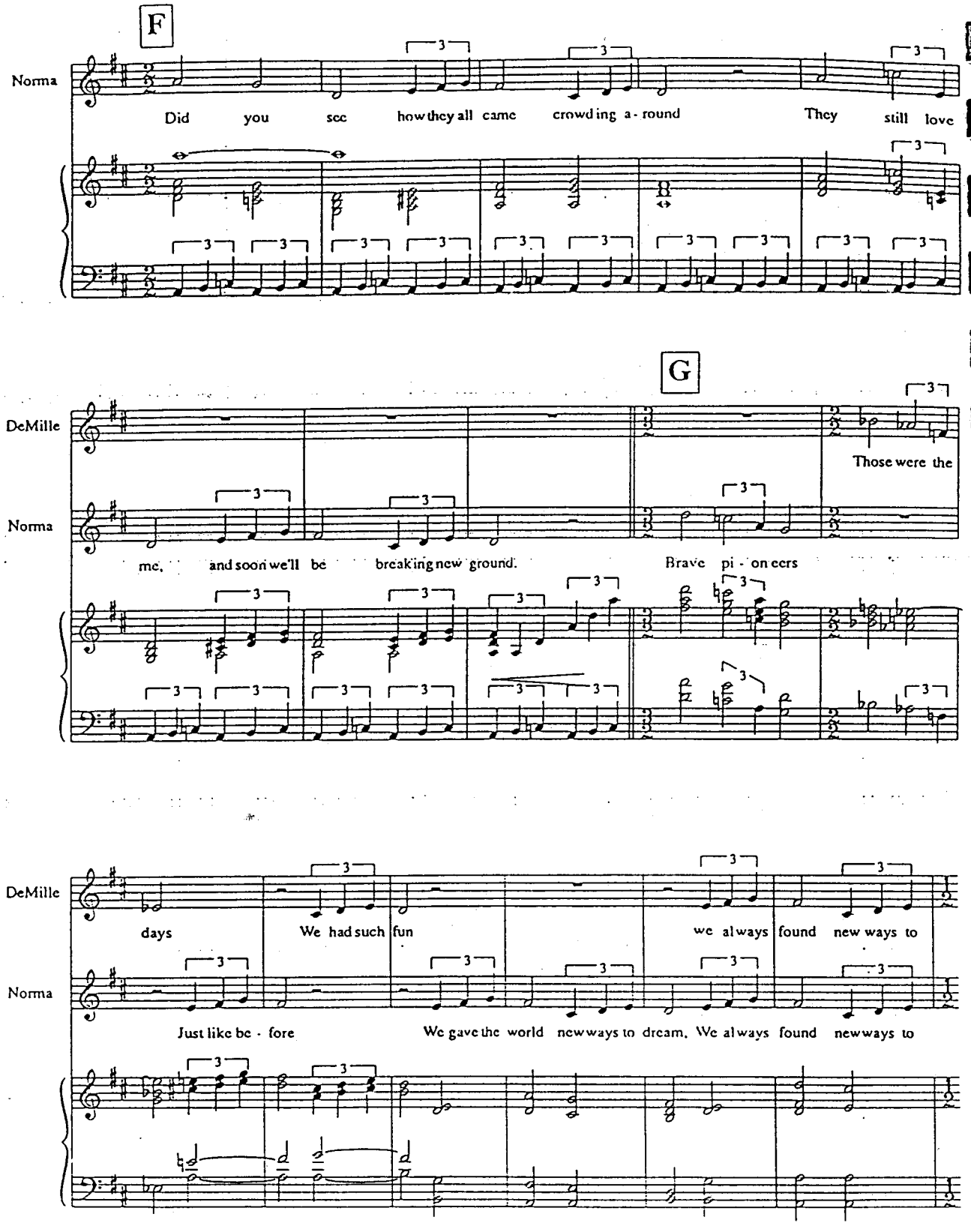
SHELDRAKE: So, I made some inquiries and I've been calling for two weeks. Doesn't she ever answer the phone? It's so perfect. You can't find that kind of quality outside of a museum. We're willing to pay a hundred dollars a week.....

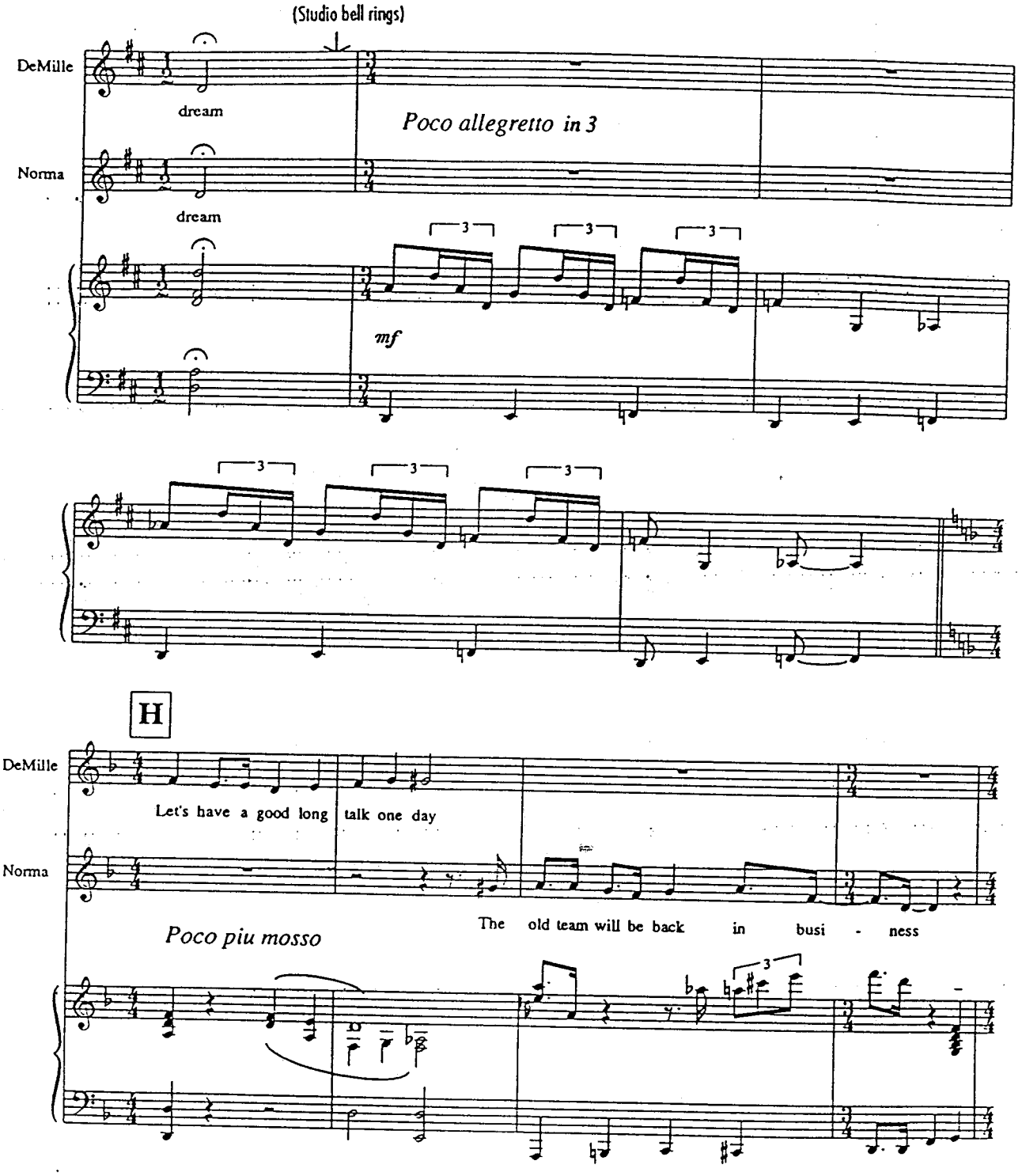




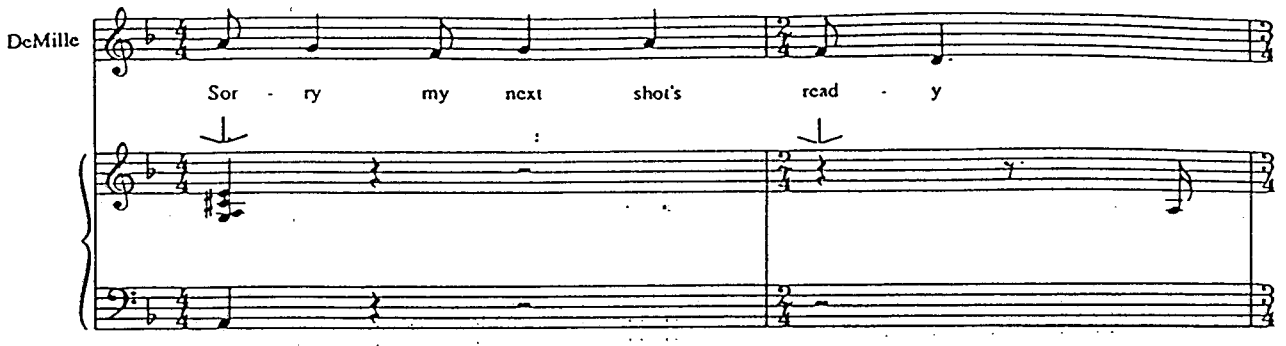



Max
you in - sult her How can you be so cruel
in 1
heldrake
You're in - sane
Max
I for - bid you to ap- proach her
Go a - way go a - way
mf
x3
5
Cue NORMA to sing

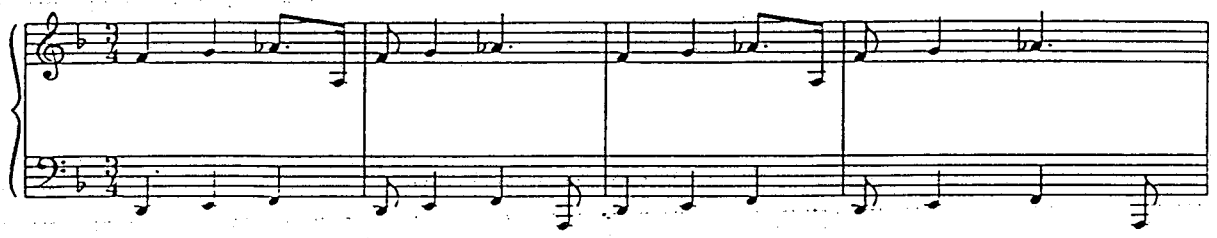

F
Norma
Did you see how they all came crowding a - round They still love
G
DeMille
Those were the
Norma
me, and soon we'll be breaking new ground. Brave pi - on eers
DeMille
days We had such fun we always found new ways to
Norma
Just like be - fore We gave the world new ways to dream. We always found new ways to


(Studio bell rings)
DeMille
dream
Poco allegretto in 3
Norma
dream
3
3
3
mf
3
3
3

H
DeMille
Let's have a good long talk one day
Norma
Poco piu mosso
The old team will be back in busi - ness
3



Poco allegretto



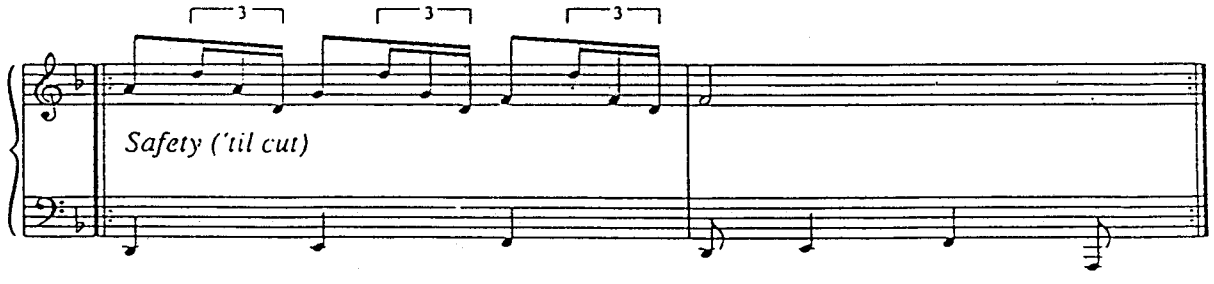
He begins to walk her towards the studio door. Meanwhile, outside, JOE has moved over towards MAX and notices right away, from the latter's thunderous expression, that something disturbing has happened.

MAX: Mr. Gillis...

JOE: What's the matter, Max?

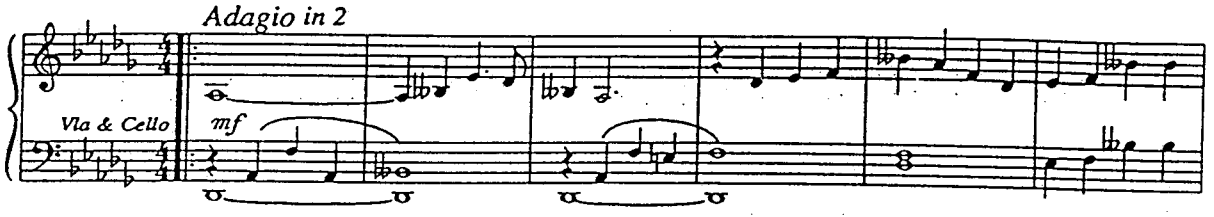
MAX: I just found out the reason for all those 'phone calls from Paramount. It's not Madame they want, it's her car.

(MUSIC STOPS)

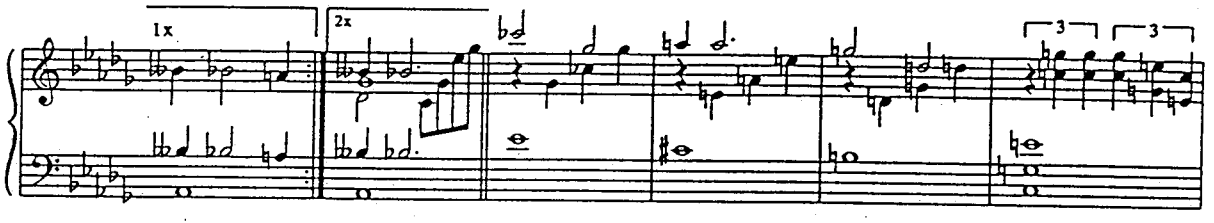


Was That Really Norma Desmond

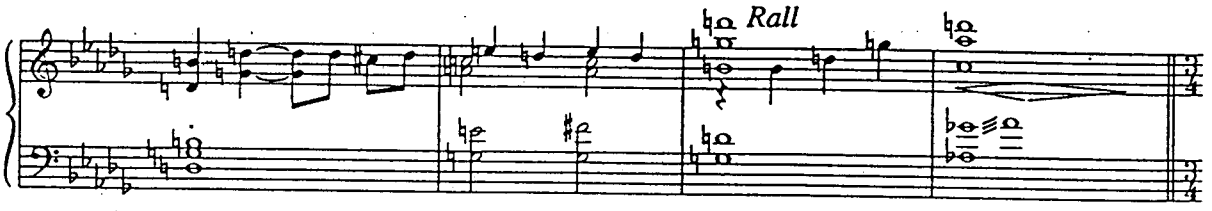
JOE: Oh , My God *(MUSIC STARTS)*
DEMILLE and NORMA have reached the doorway of the studio



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..

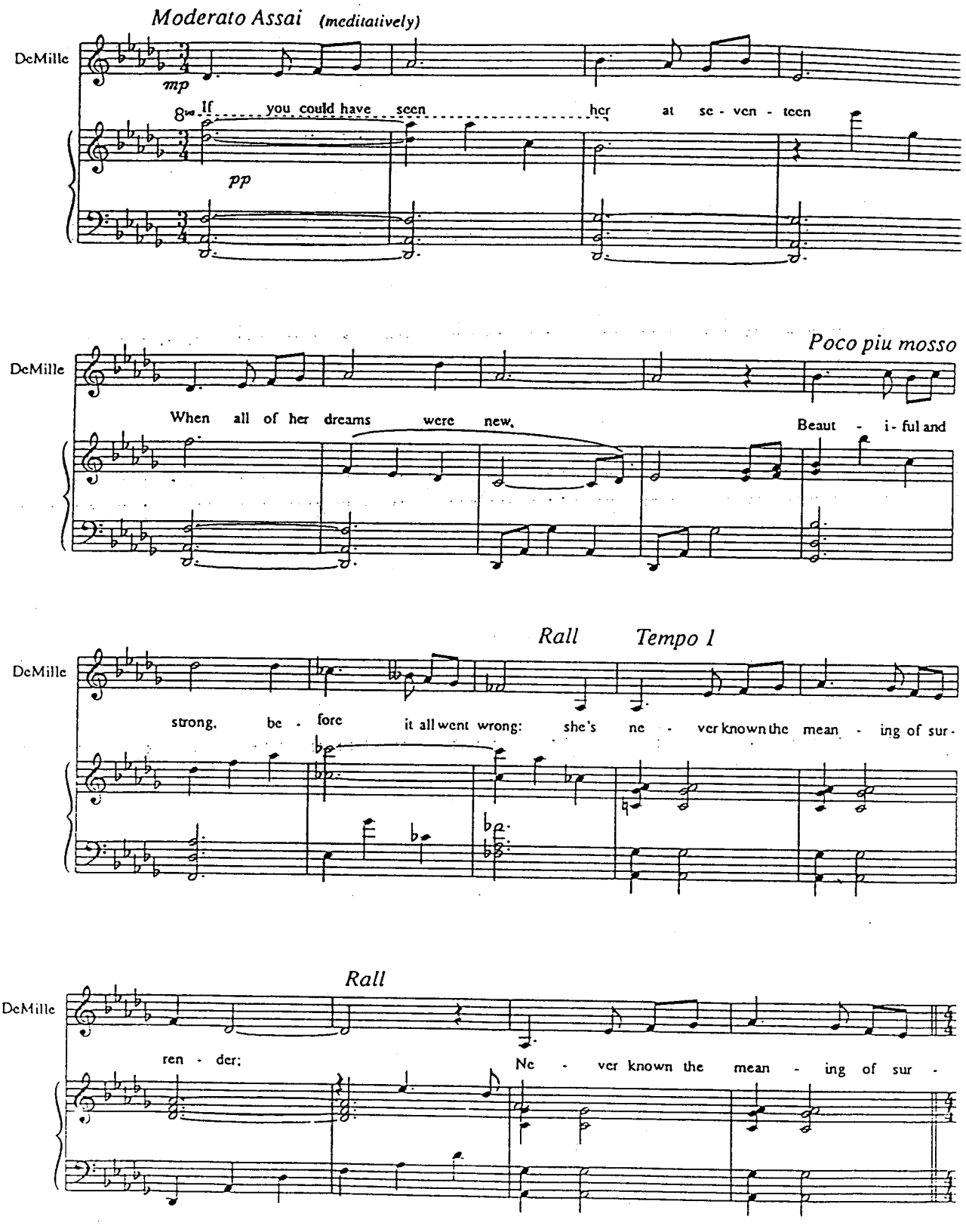


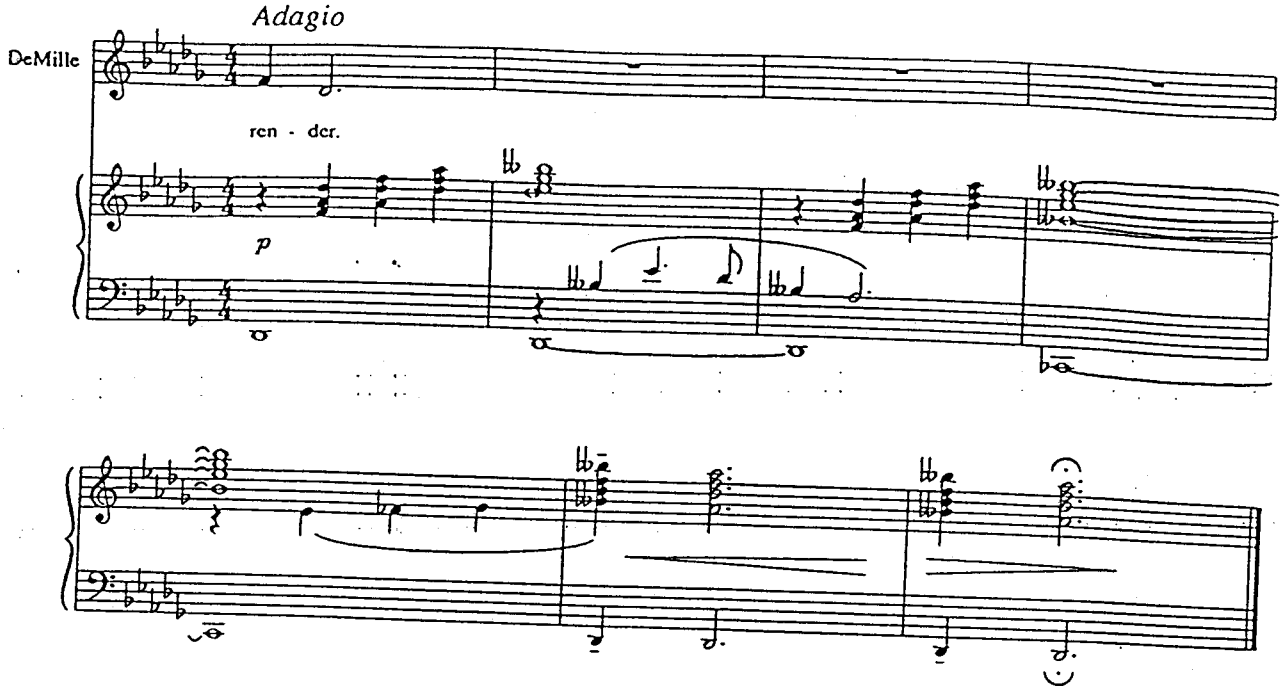
BETTY: Was that really Norma Desmond?
DEMILLE: It was.
HEATHER: She must be about a million years old.
DEMILLE: I hate to think where that puts me. I could be her father.



HEATHER: I'm sorry, Mr DeMille.

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

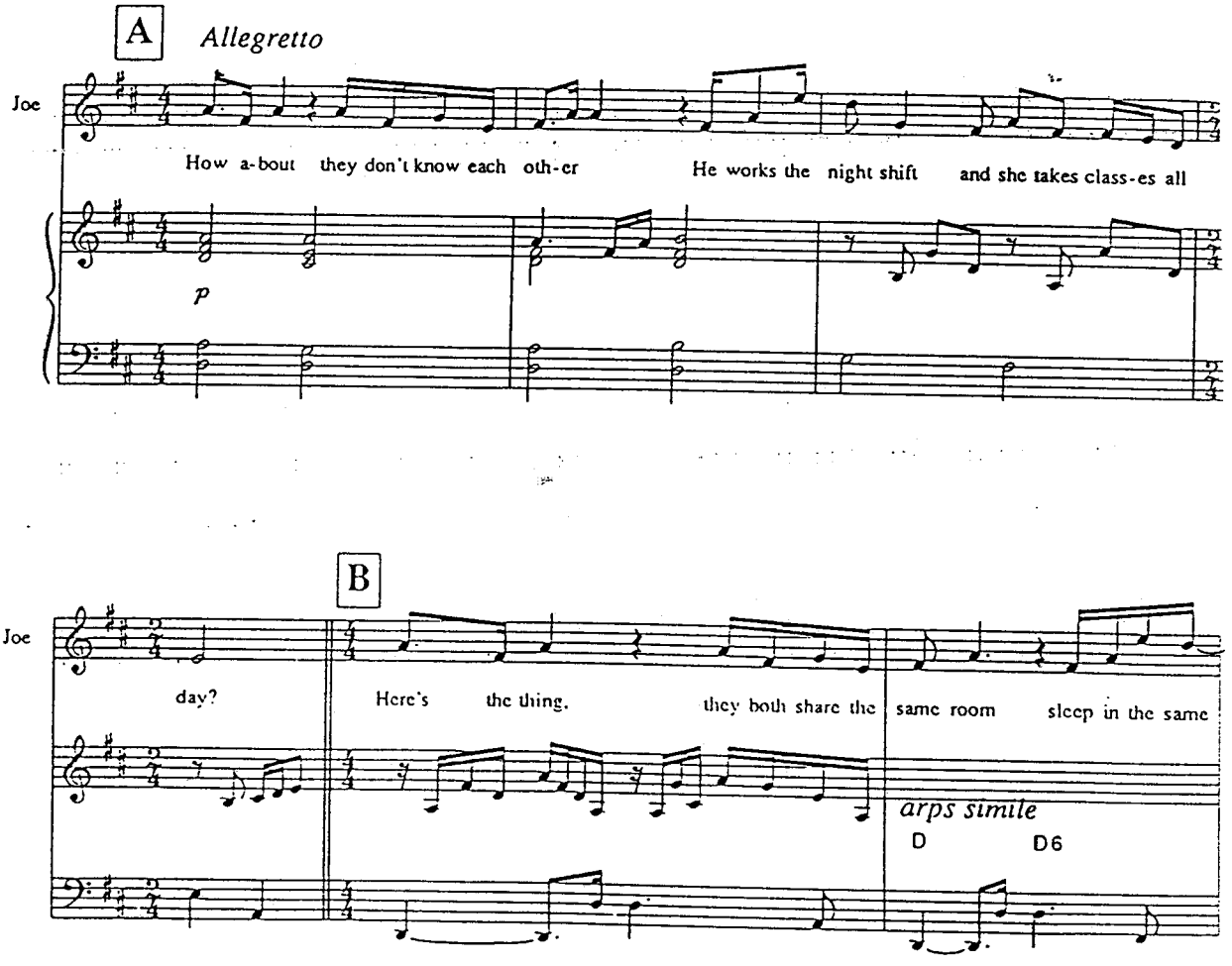


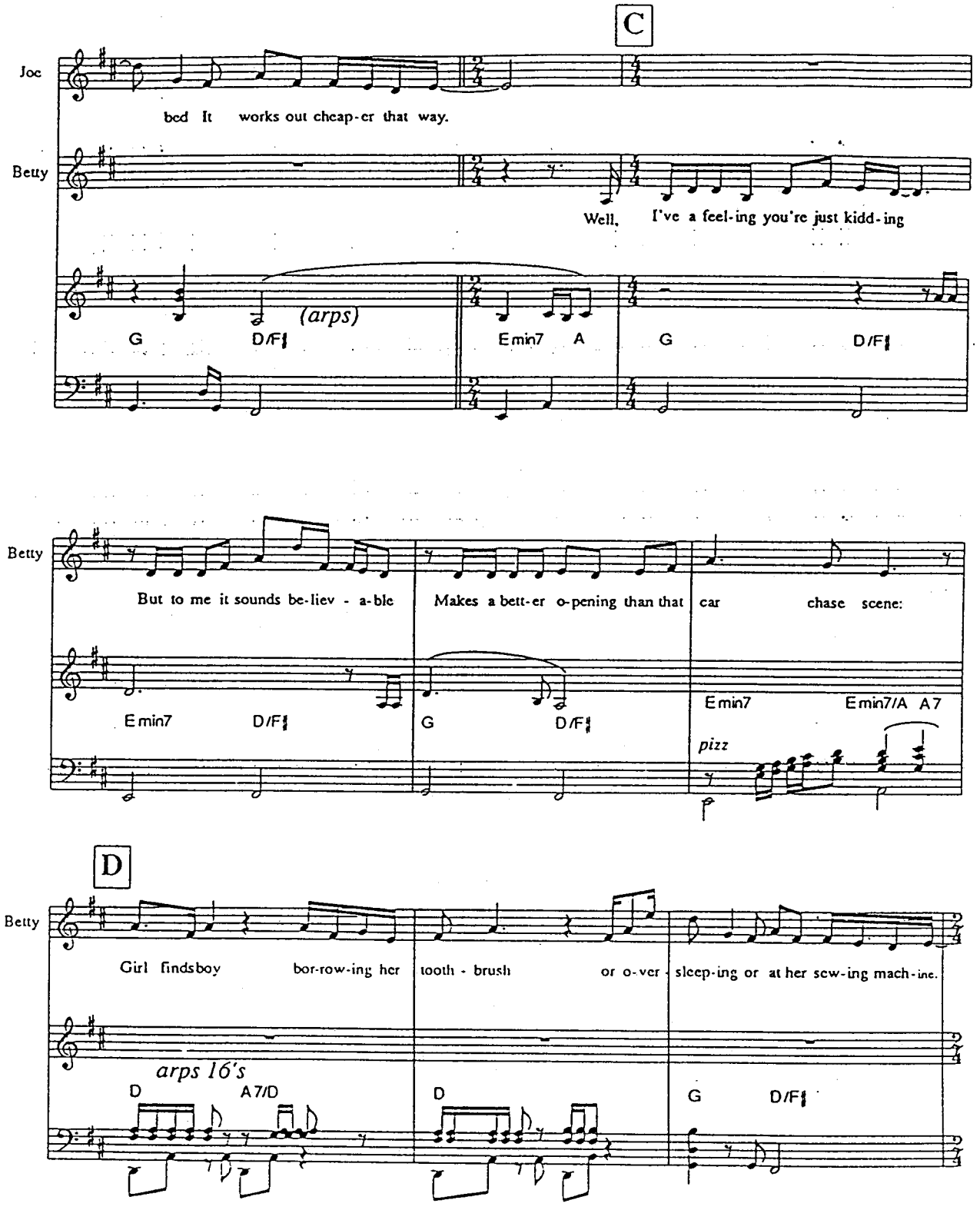


Dead Segue

Girl Meets Boy Reprise

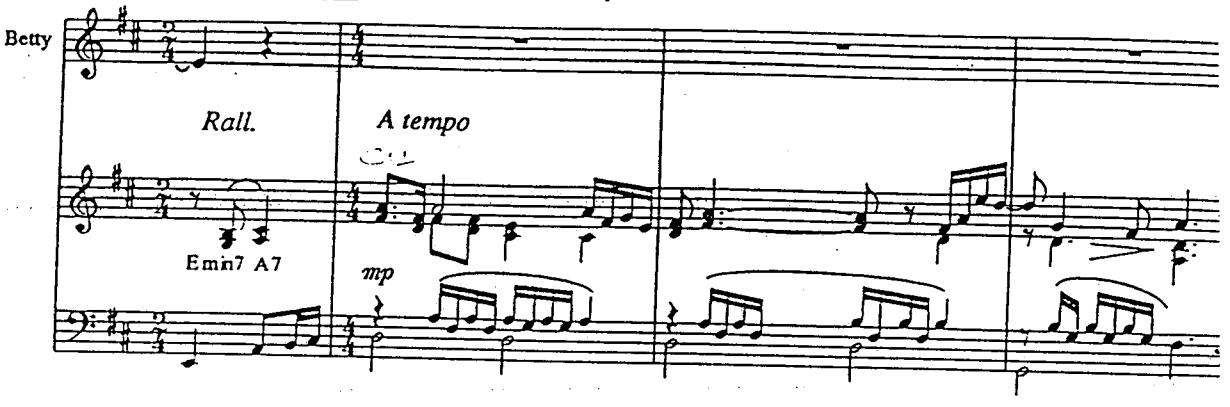
Night on the Paramount lot. BETTY's office is a spartan affair, one of a row of wooden cubicles suspended at first floor level, above the darkened streets of the back lot. BETTY sits behind her desk, staring at her typewriter, from which a piece of paper protrudes; JOE, in his shirtsleeves, paces up 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.



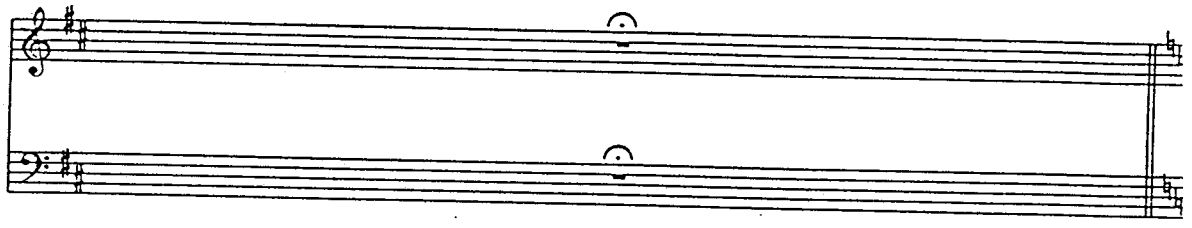

C
Joe
bed It works out cheap-er that way.
Betty
Well, I've a feel-ing you're just kidd-ing
(arps)
G D/F♯ Emin7 A G D/F♯
Betty
But to me it sounds be-liev - a-ble Makes a bett-er o-pening than that car chase scene:
Emin7 D/F♯ G D/F♯ Emin7 Emin7/A A7
pizz
D
Betty
Girl findsboy bor-row-ing her tooth - brush or o-ver - sleep-ing or at her sew-ing mach-ine.
arps 16's
D A7/D D G D/F♯

JOE: It's not bad there are some real possibilities...
BETTY picks up JOE's cigarette case, helps herself to a cigarette and then notices the inscription.

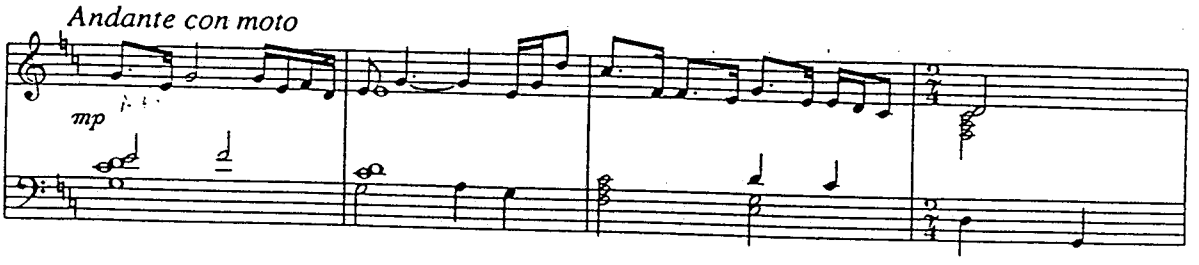
E



BETTY: Who's Noi



JOE: Who's who?
BETTY: I'm sorry, I don't usually read private cigarette cases.
(MUSIC STARTS)

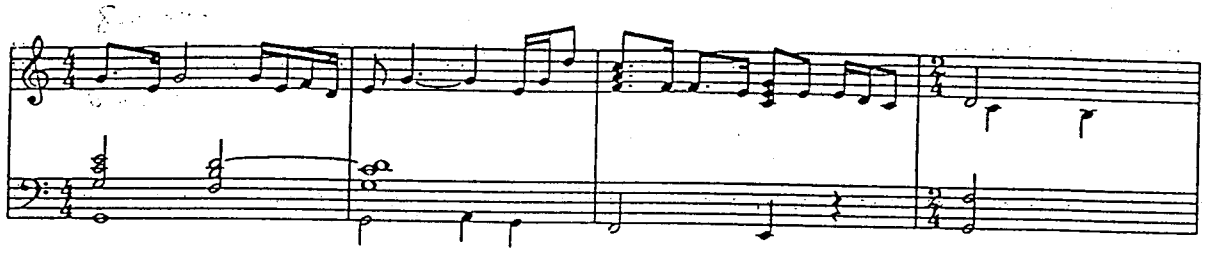


JOE: Norma's a friend of mine, middle-aged lady, very foolish, very generous.
BETTY: I'll say: this is solid gold. Mad about the boy?

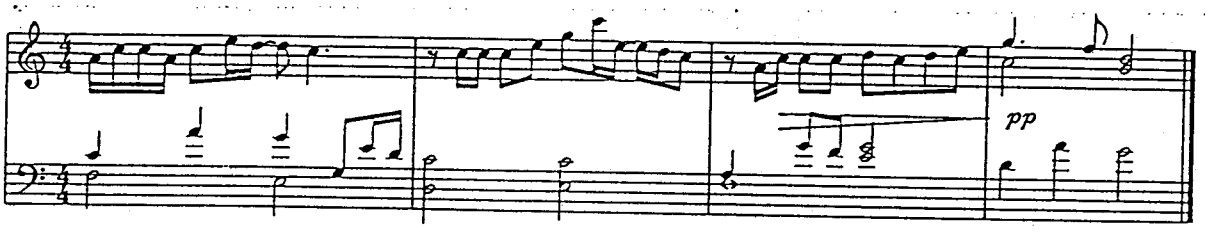
JOE rises to his feet, thinks of a way to change the subject.
JOE: How's Artie?

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

JOE: Good.

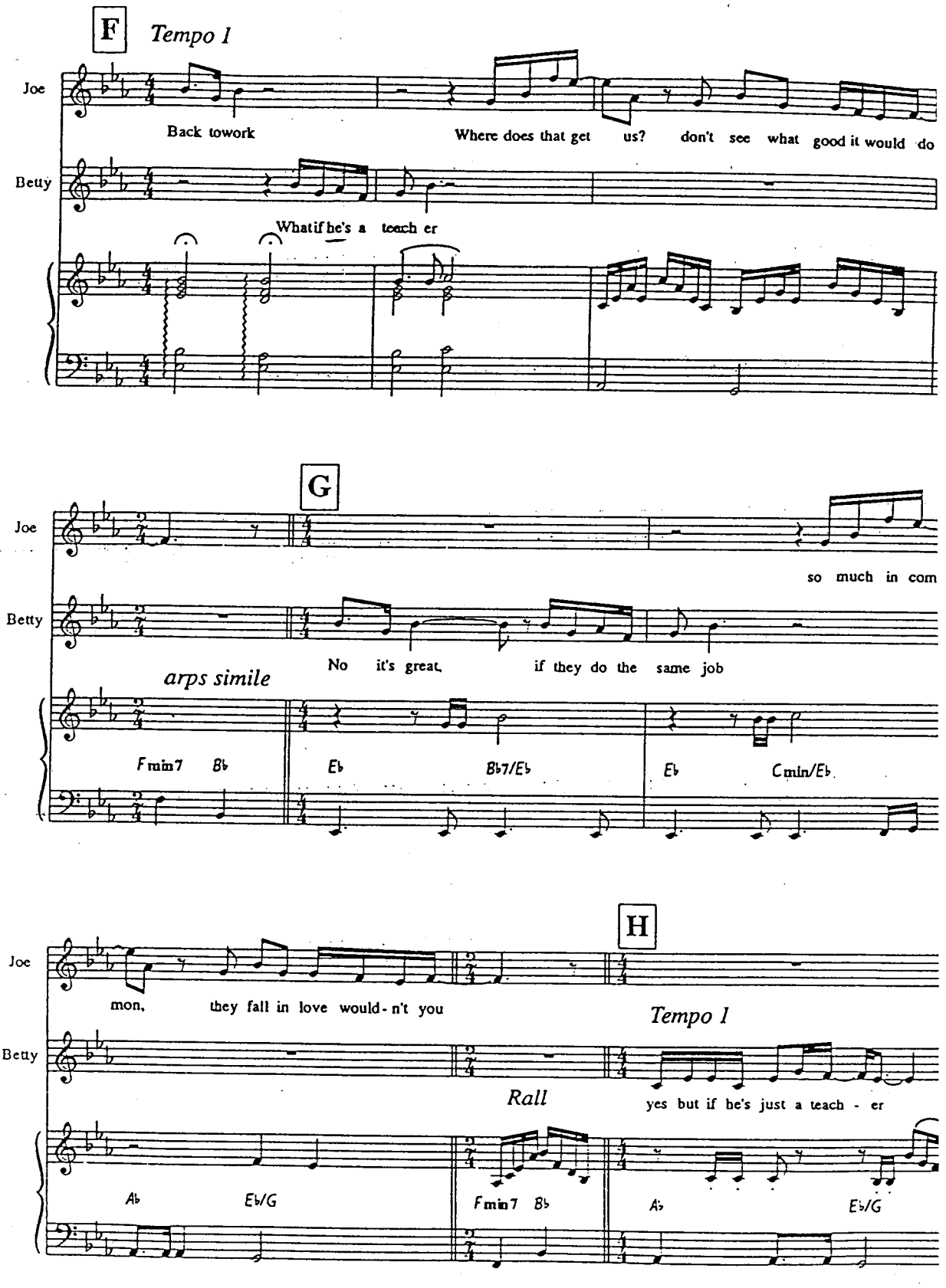


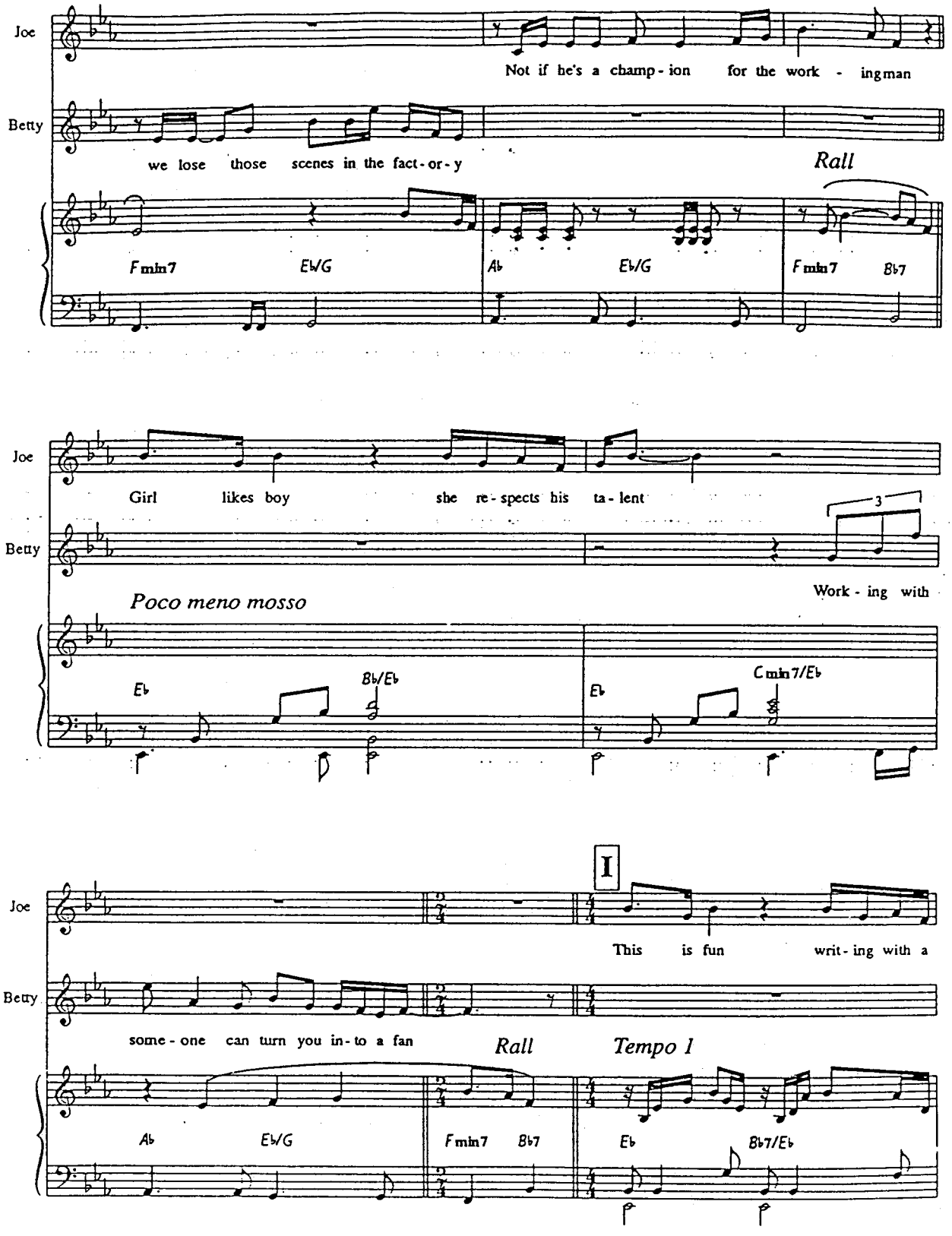
BETTY: What's good about it? I'm missing him something fierce.

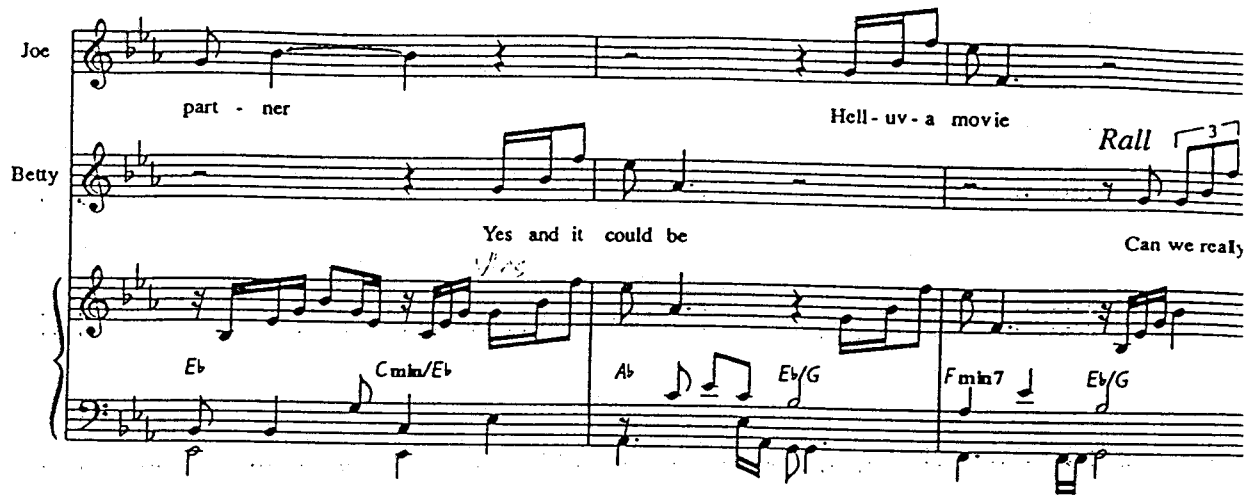


JOE: No, I mean this idea we had is really pretty good.

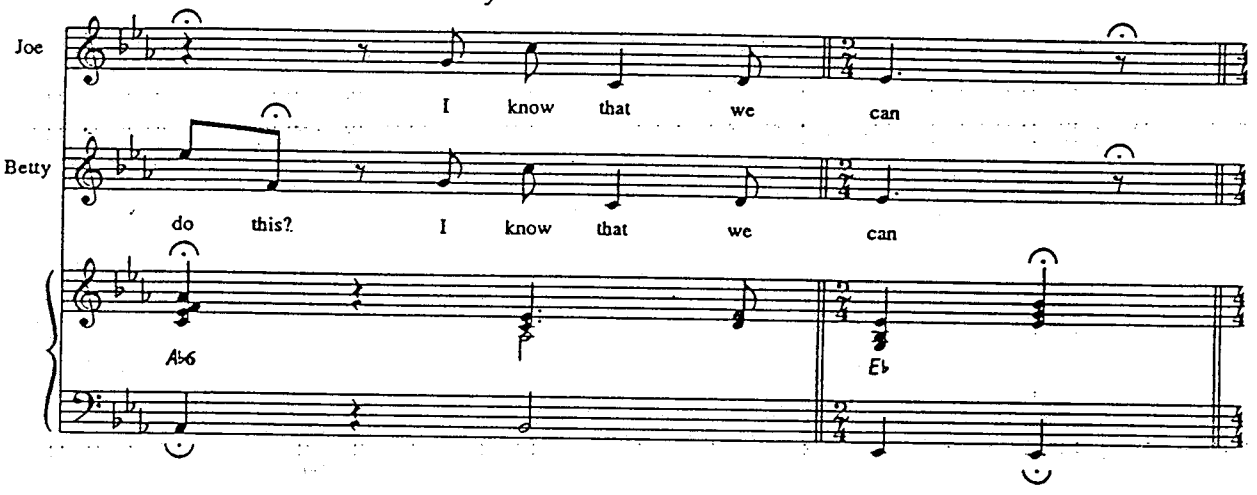
He picks up the notebook, scribbles a note, as Betty moves back towards the desk.


F
Tempo 1
Joe
Back to work
Where does that get us? don't see what good it would do
Betty
What if he's a teach er
G
Joe
so much in com
Betty
No it's great, if they do the same job
arps simile
Fmin7 B♭
E♭
B♭7/E♭
E♭
Cmin/E♭
H
Joe
mon, they fall in love would-n't you
Tempo 1
Betty
Rall
yes but if he's just a teach - er
A♭
E♭/G
Fmin7 B♭
A♭
E♭/G

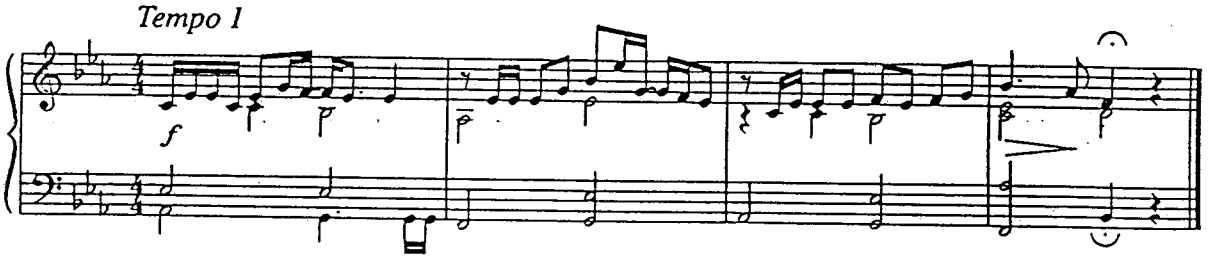

Joe
Not if he's a champ - ion for the work - ingman
Betty
we lose those scenes in the fact - or - y
Rall
Fmin7 Eb/G Ab Eb/G Fmin7 Bb7
Joe
Girl likes boy she re - spects his ta - lent
Betty
3
Work - ing with
Poco meno mosso
Eb Bb/Eb Eb Cmin7/Eb
I
Joe
This is fun writ - ing with a
Betty
some - one can turn you in - to a fan
Rall
Tempo 1
Ab Eb/G Fmin7 Bb7 Eb Bb7/Eb



Slowly



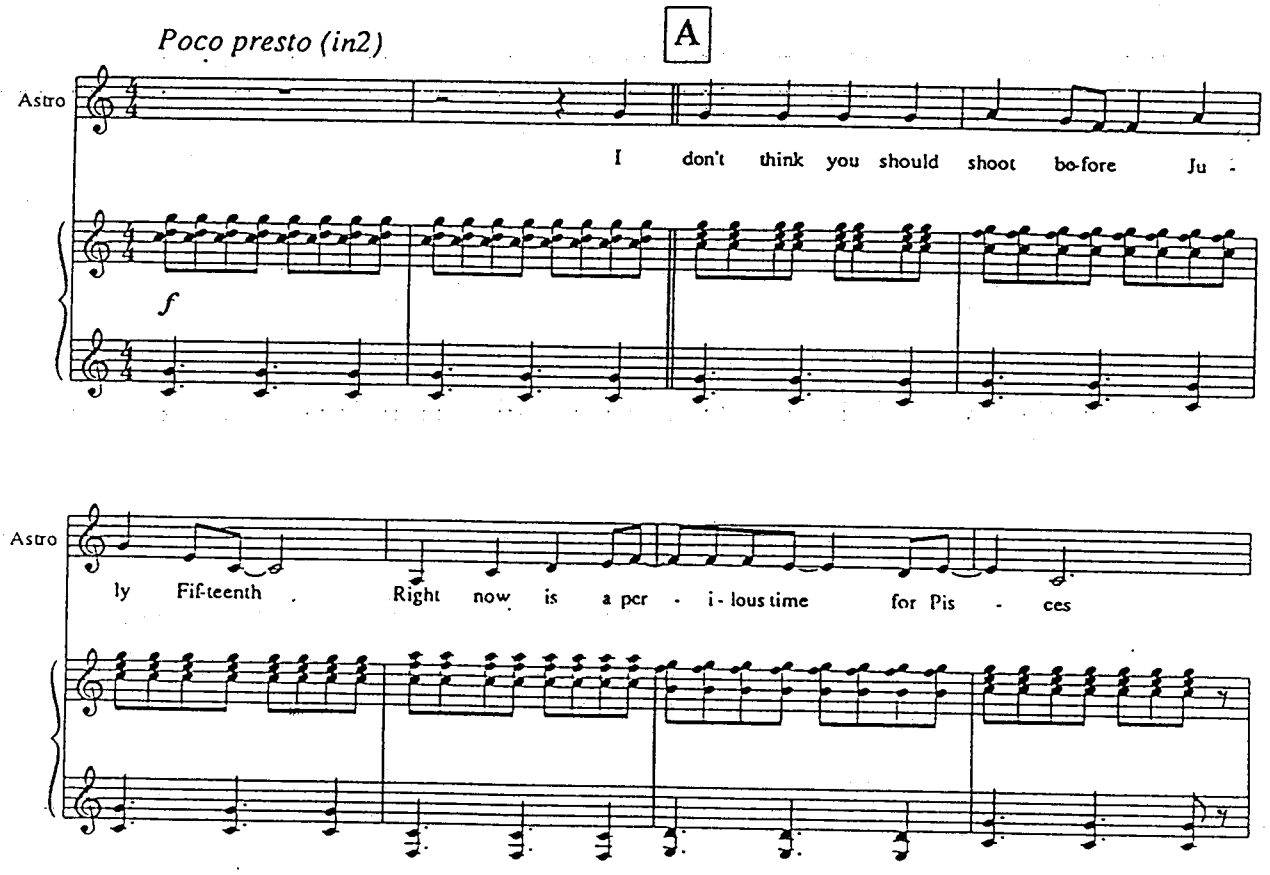
Tempo I

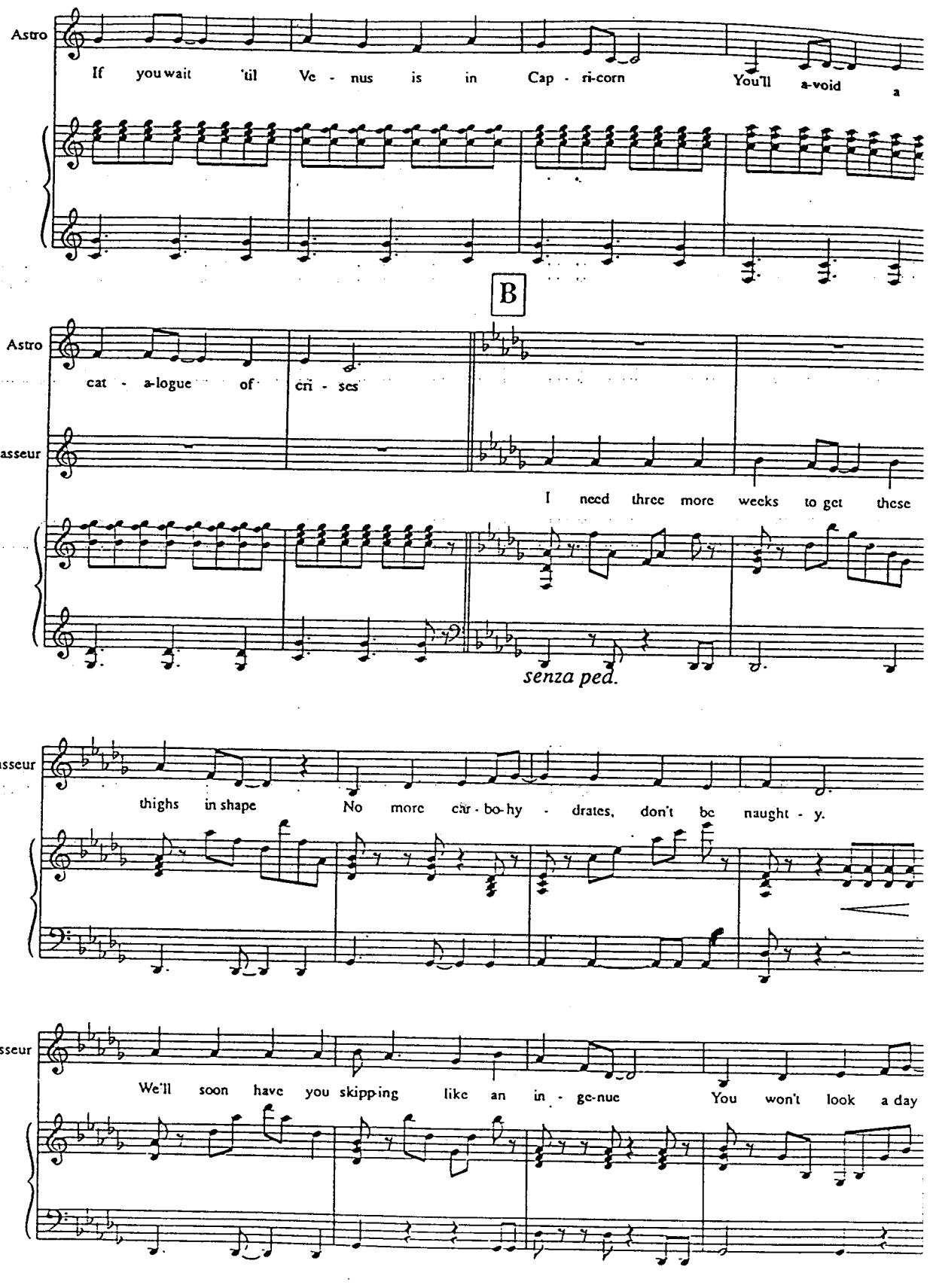


SEGUE AS ONE "A Little Suffering"

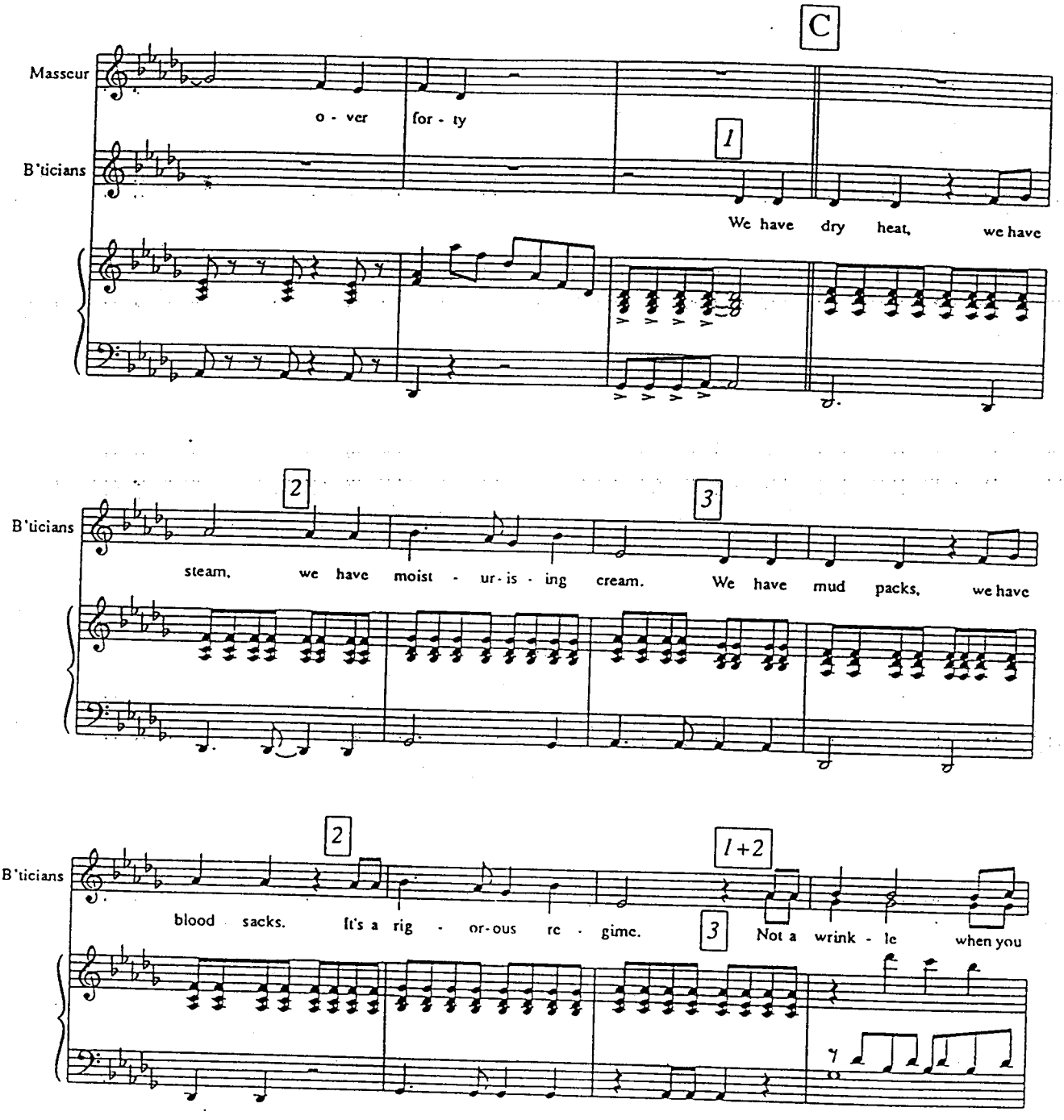
A Little Suffering

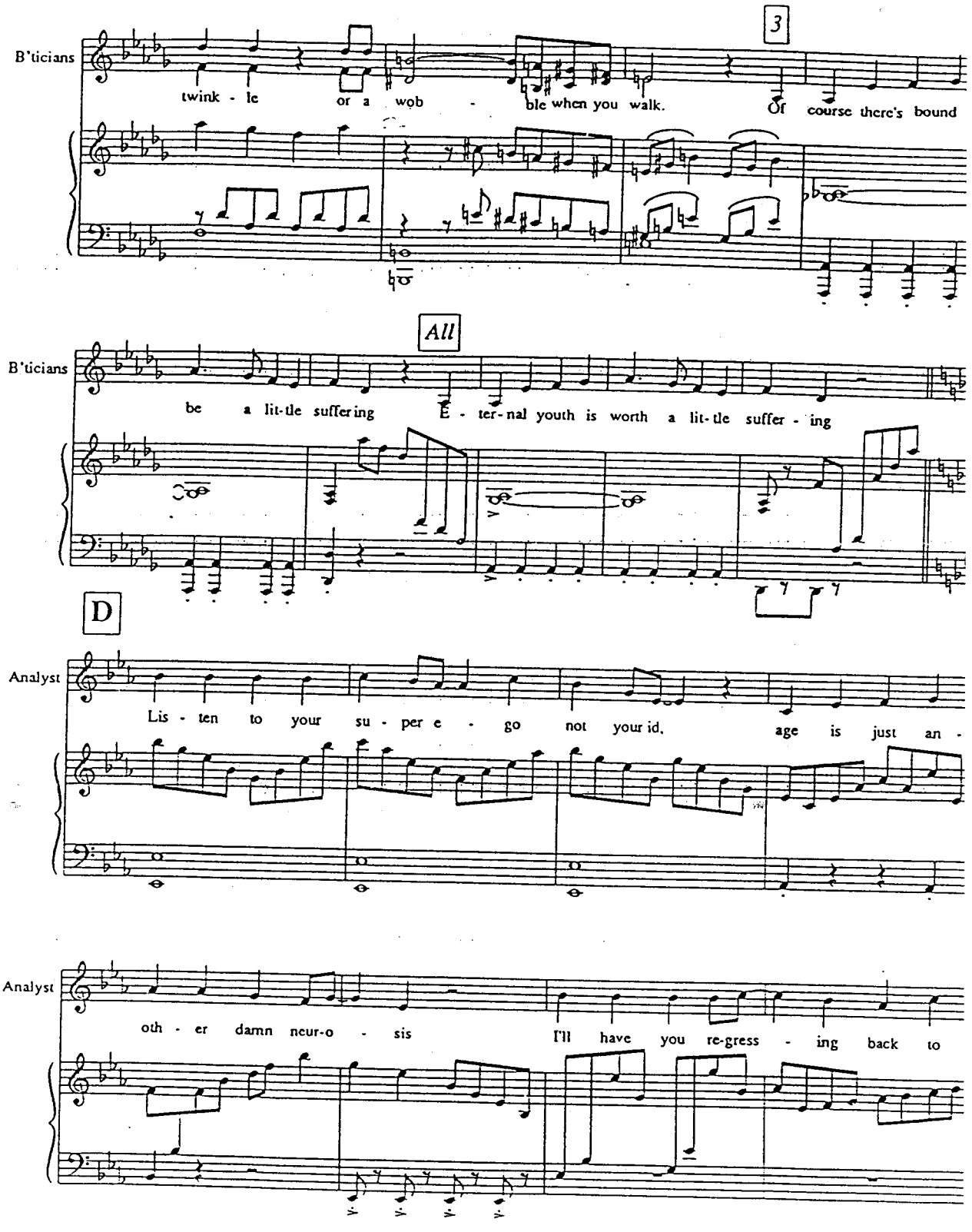
The drawing room, gloomy and cavernous as ever. JOE sits under one of the lamps, reading a book. NORMA, her face invisible, lies face-down on the massage-table, covered only by a towel. A giant MASSEUR is working on her legs; an immaculate BEAUTICIAN, a blonde, is attending to her cuticles; and a woman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

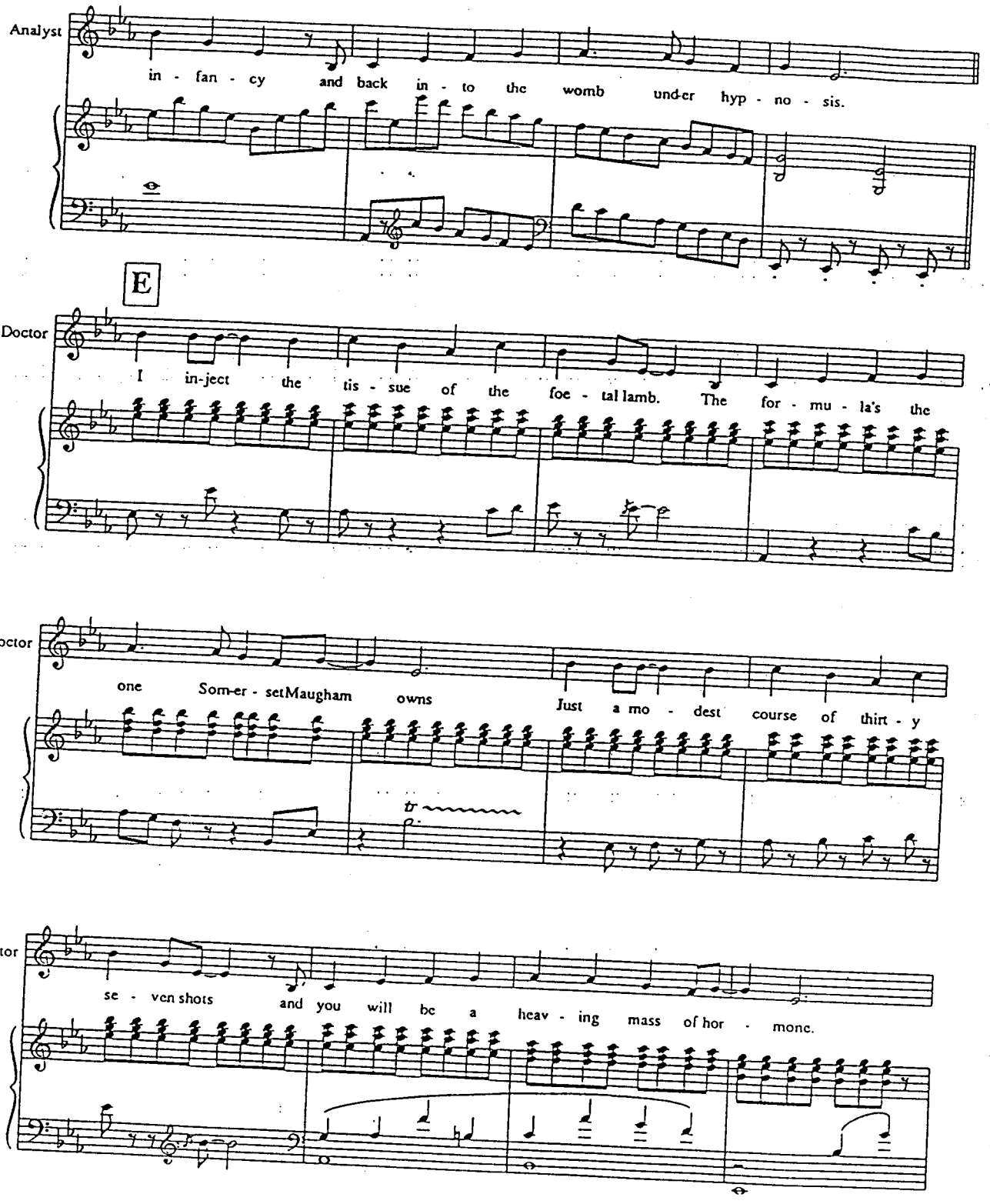


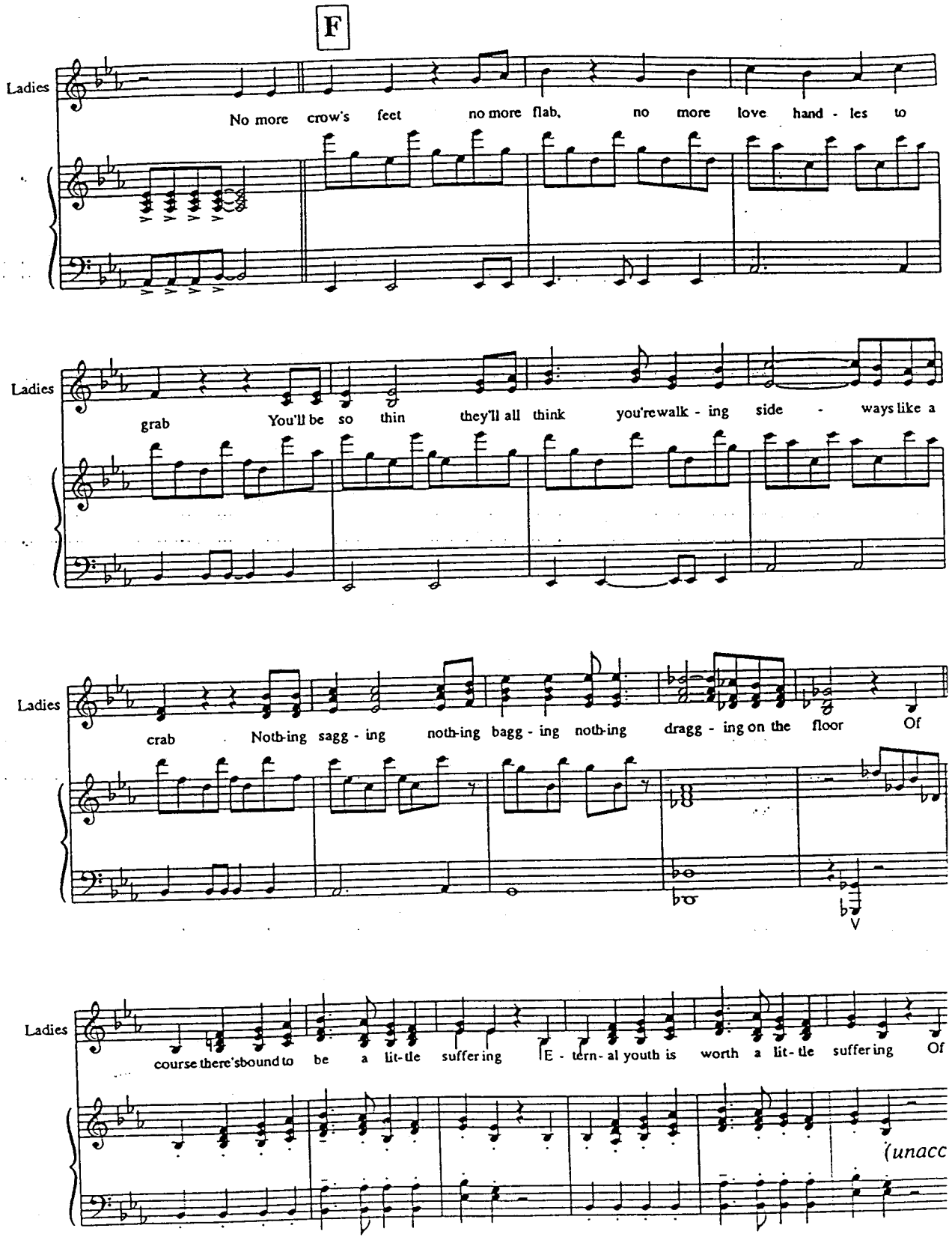

Astro
If you wait 'til Ve - nus is in Cap - ri-corn You'll a-void a
B
Astro
cat - a-logue of cri - ses
Masseur
I need three more weeks to get these
senza ped.
Masseur
thighs in shape No more car - bo-hy - drates, don't be naught - y.
Masseur
We'll soon have you skipp-ing like an in - ge-nue You won't look a day

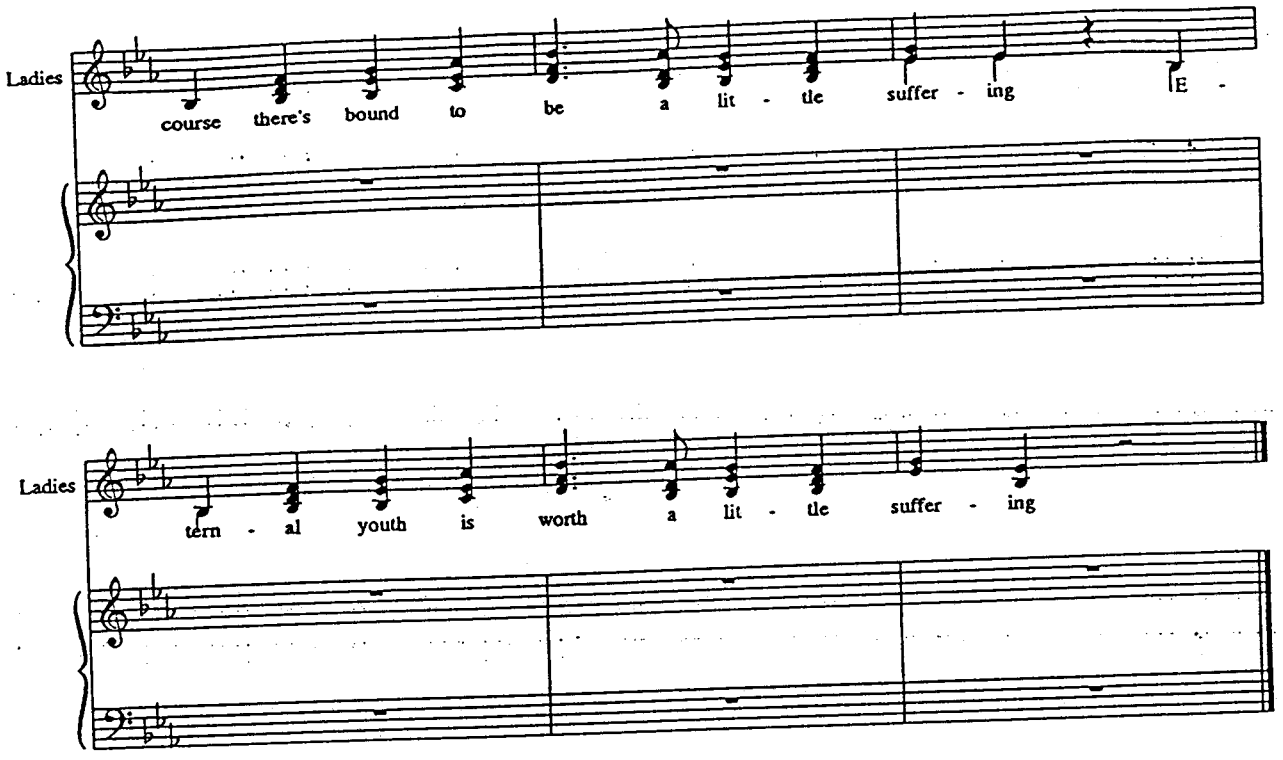
At this point, NORMA turns her face to look downstage and we see that it's coated in some thick white gunk, with slices of cucumber covering her eyes. Meanwhile, JOE puts his book down, checks his watch, gets up and begins moving round the room, trying to appear casual, but evidently looking for something.




3
B'ticians
twink - le or a wob - ble when you walk. Of course there's bound
All
B'ticians
be a lit-tle suffering E - ter-nal youth is worth a lit-tle suffer - ing
D
Analyst
Lis - ten to your su - per e - go not your id, age is just an -
Analyst
oth - er damn neur-o - sis I'll have you re-gress - ing back to


Analyst
in - fan - cy and back in - to the womb und-er hyp - no - sis.
E
Doctor
I in-ject the tis - sue of the foe - tal lamb. The for - mu - la's the
Doctor
one Som-er - setMaugham owns Just a mo - dest course of thirt - y
tr
Doctor
se - ven shots and you will be a heav - ing mass of hor - mone.

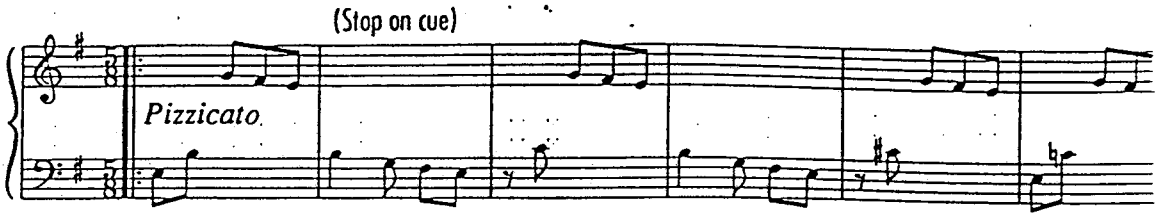

F
Ladies
No more crow's feet no more flab, no more love hand - les to
Ladies
grab You'll be so thin they'll all think you'rewalk - ing side - ways like a
Ladies
crab Noth-ing sagg - ing noth-ing bagg - ing noth-ing dragg - ing on the floor Of
V
Ladies
course there'sbound to be a lit-tle suffer ing E - tern - al youth is worth a lit - tle suffer ing Of
(unacc



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.

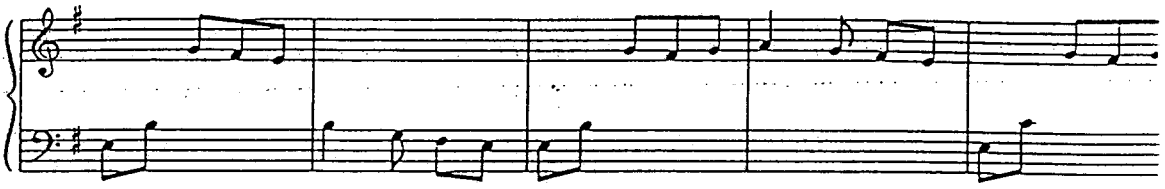
#29 A (Underscore)

NORMA: Is this what you're looking for, by any chance ?
(MUSIC STARTS)

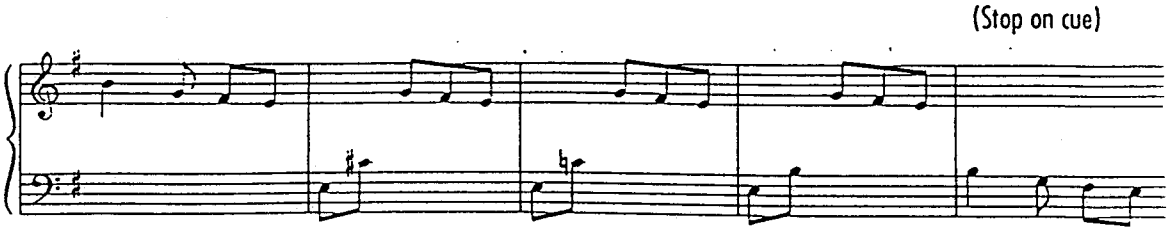


JOE: Why, yes.
NORMA: Whose 'phone number is this?

(JOE takes the script from her, very sheepish, not answering. Norma rises from the massage table, gatherin 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)*

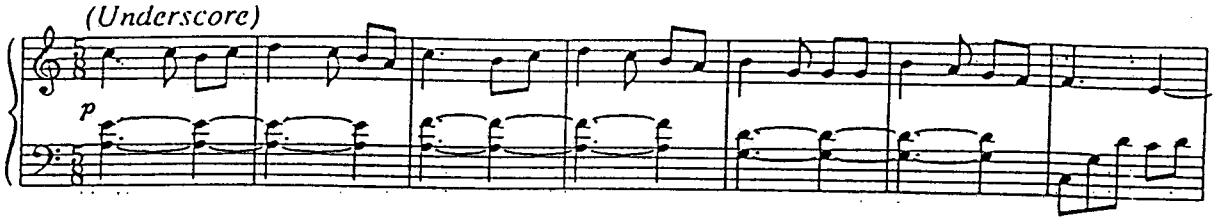


FAST SEGU

I Should Have Stayed There

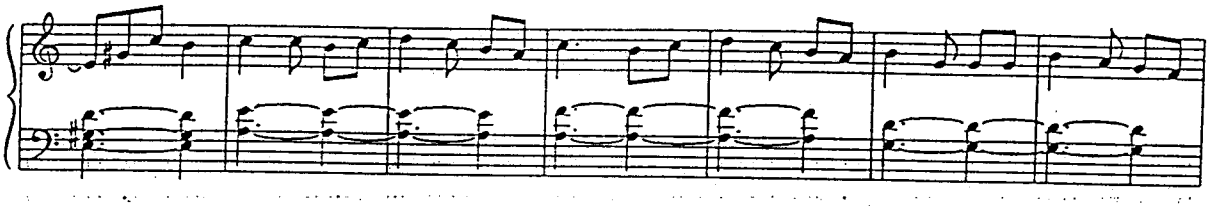
NORMA: Who's Betty Schaefer? *(MUSIC STARTS)*

(Underscore)



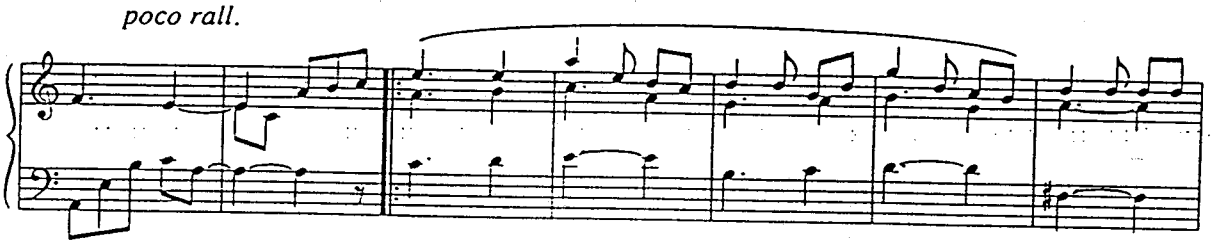
Silence. Eventually, JOE shakes his head.

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.

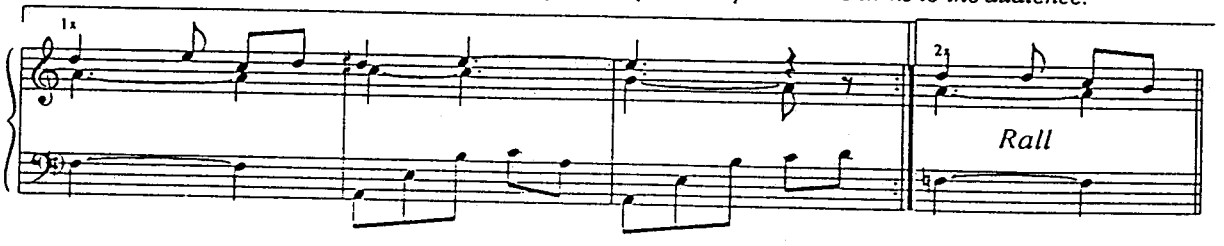
poco rall.

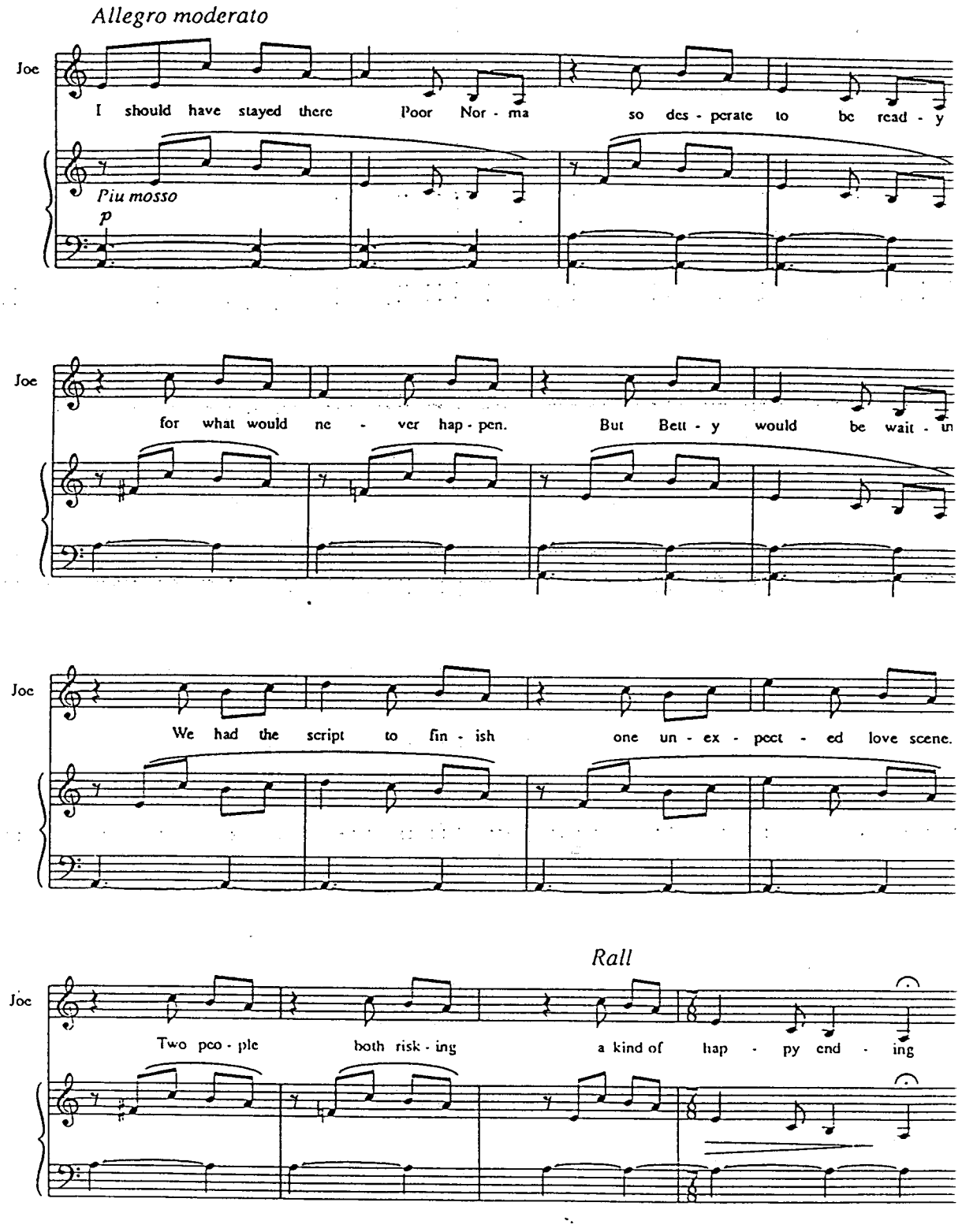


JOE: Norma, there's nothing to worry about, I haven't done anything.

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.





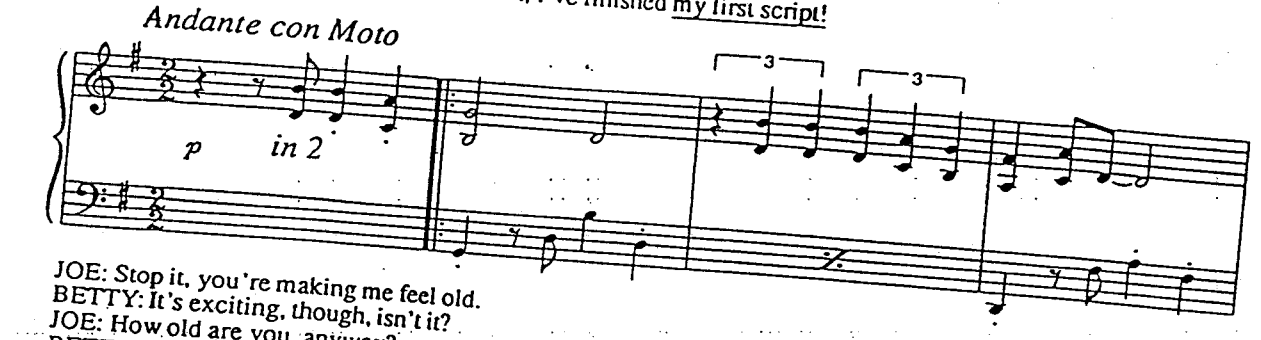
He slips quietly out through the French doors. As he does so, MAX, previously seen escorting the beauty team quite unexpectedly emerges from the shadows of some recess in the room. His expression is troubled.

FADE TO BLACK

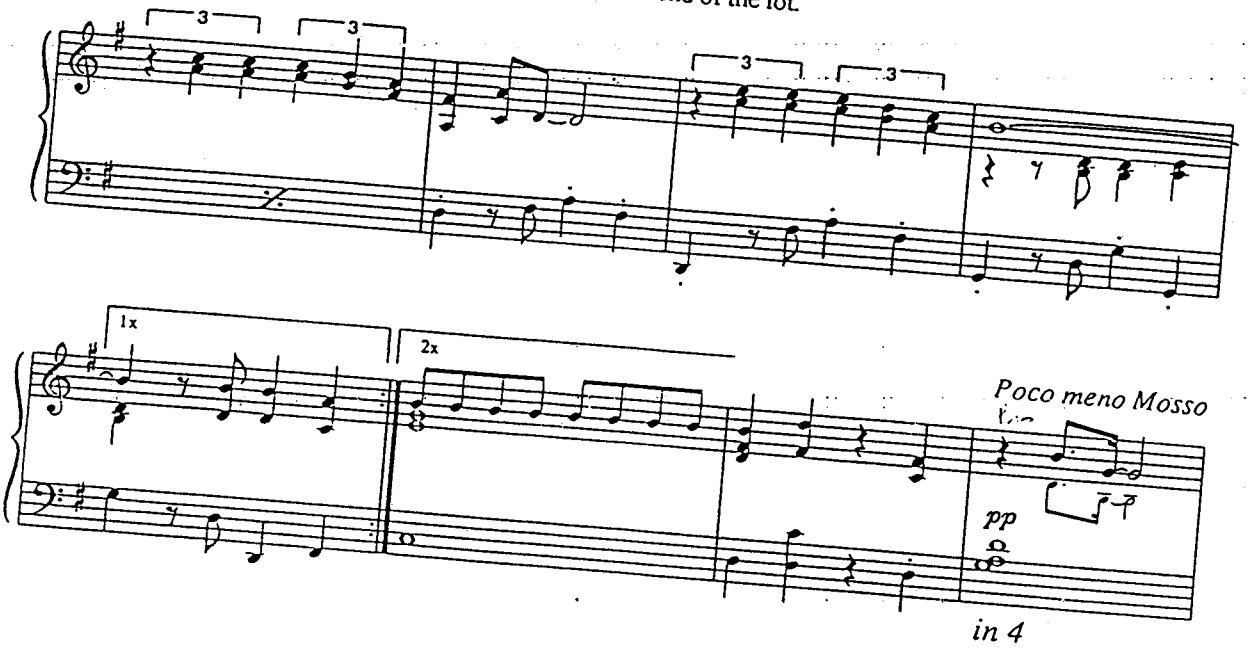
Script Completed (Underscore)

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

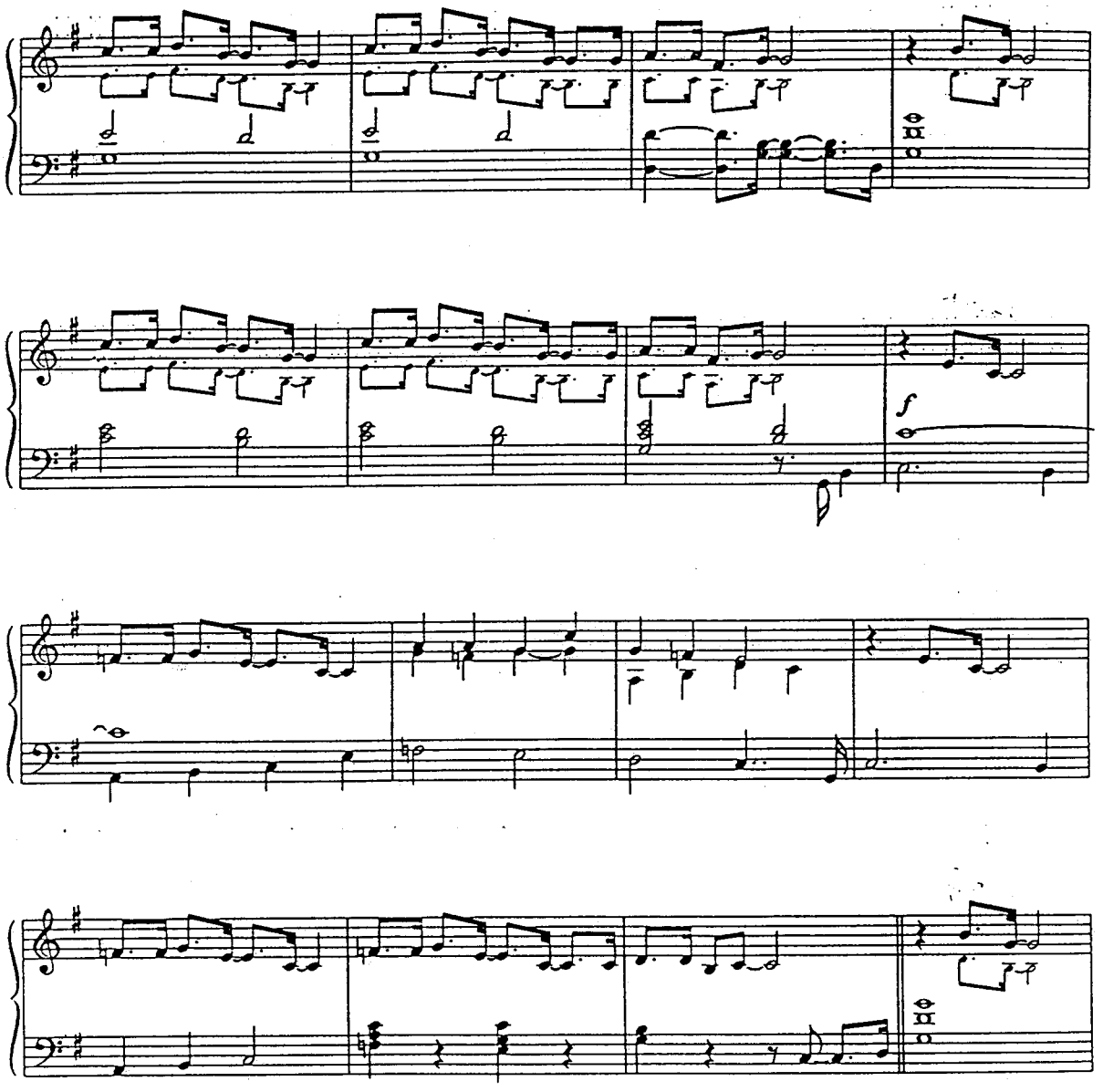
BETTY: T-H-E-E-N-D! I can't believe it, I've finished my first script!



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.

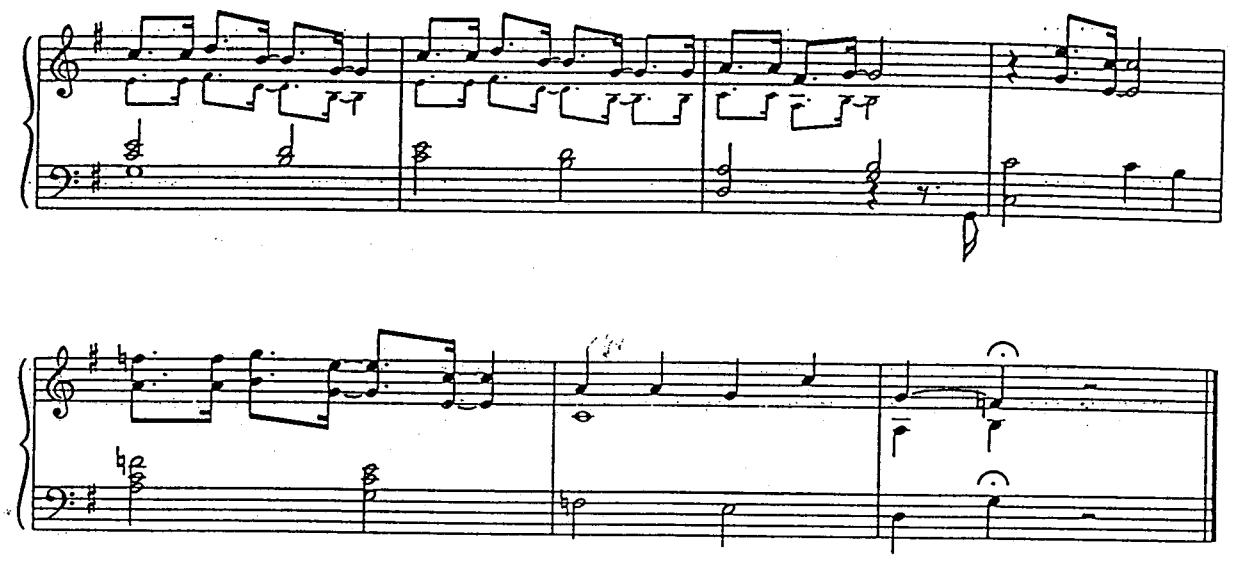


BETTY: Sounds good to me *(pause)*. I love the back lot here. All cardboard, all hollow, all phoney, all done with mirrors, I think I love it better than any street in the world. I spent my childhood here.
JOE: What were you, a child actress?
BETTY: No, but my family always expected me to become a great star.



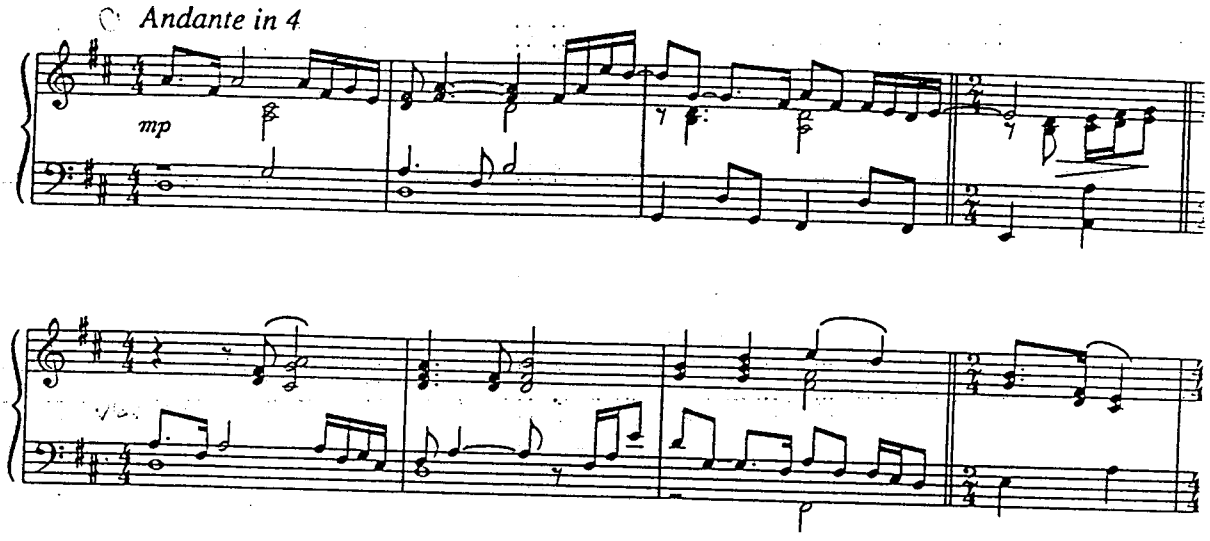
BETTY: I had ten years of dramatic lessons, diction, dancing, everything you can think of: then the studio made a test.

JOE: (laughs) That's the saddest story I ever heard.



Water Cooler (Underscore)

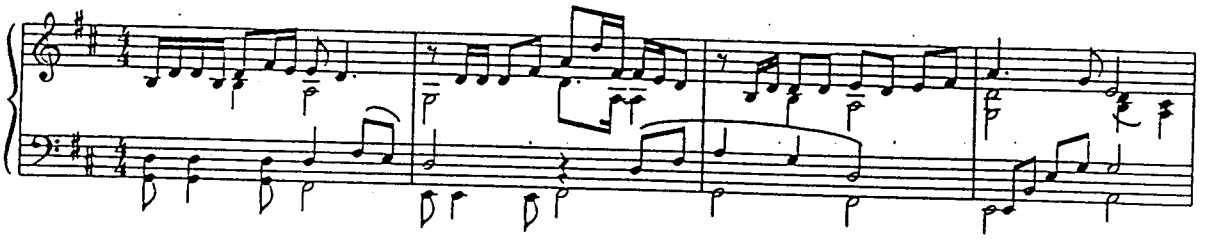
BETTY: Not at all. Come along *(MUSIC STARTS)*



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

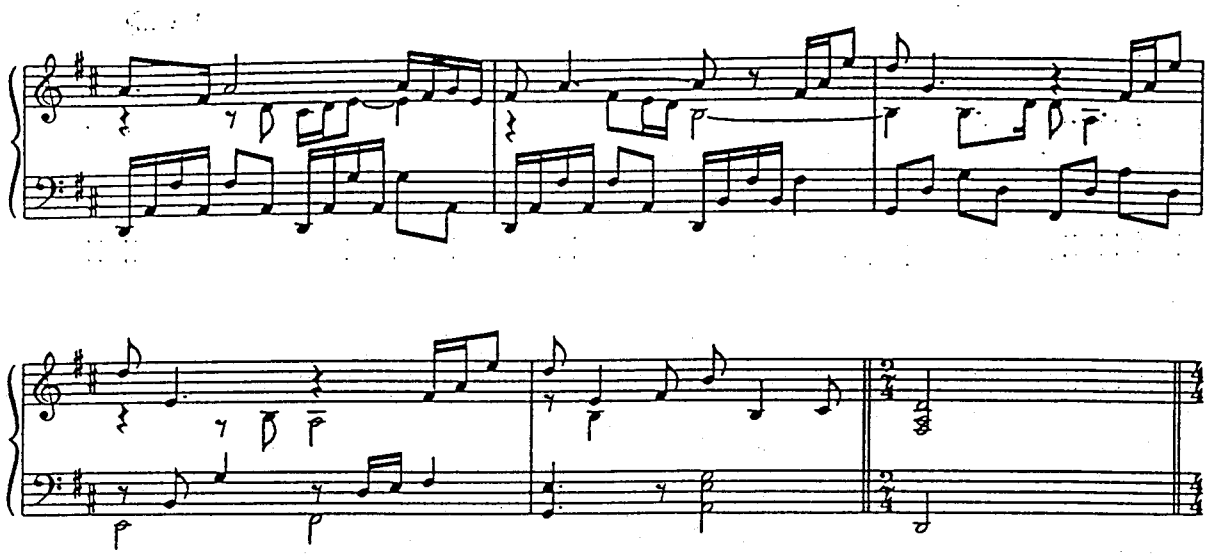
JOE: Second generation, huh?

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 the water cooler.



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

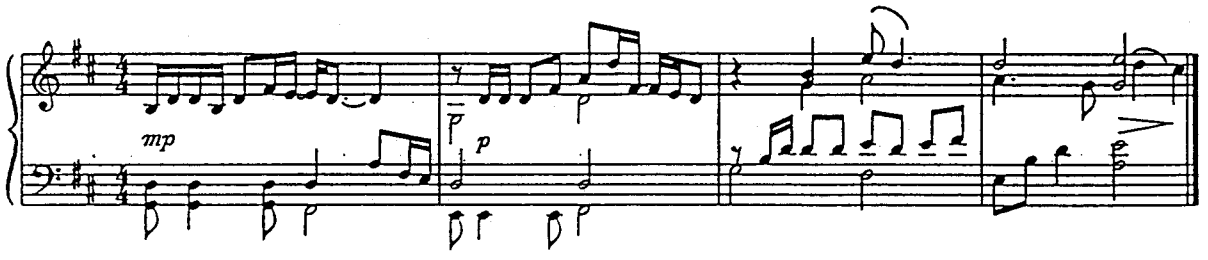
He fixes a couple of paper cups of water; and hands one to BETTY, who's miles away and comes to with a start when he touches her arm.

BETTY: What?

JOE: Are you all right?

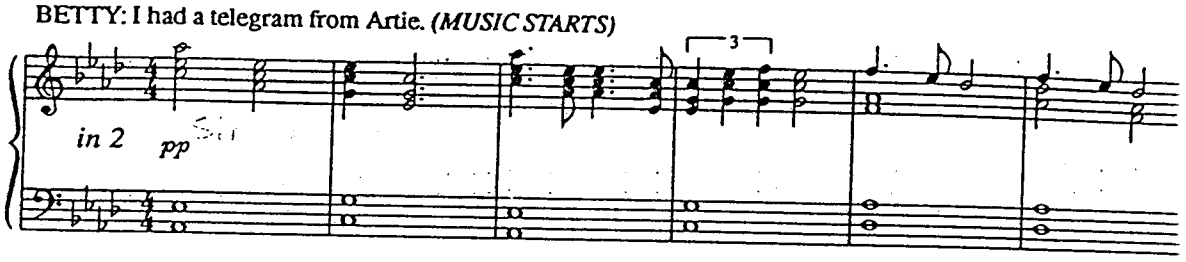
BETTY: Sure.

JOE: Something's the matter isn't it?

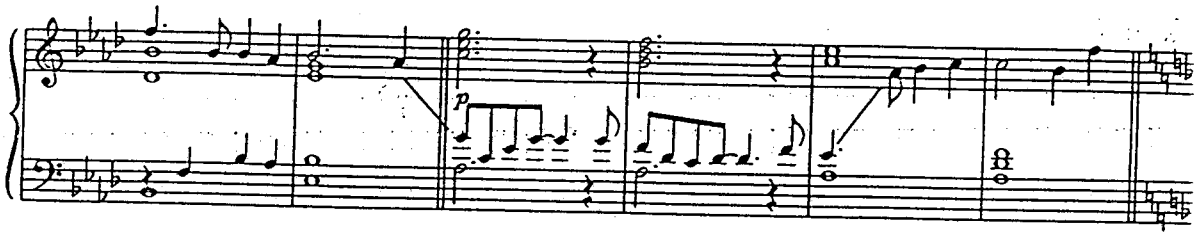


Too Much in Love to Care (Underscore)

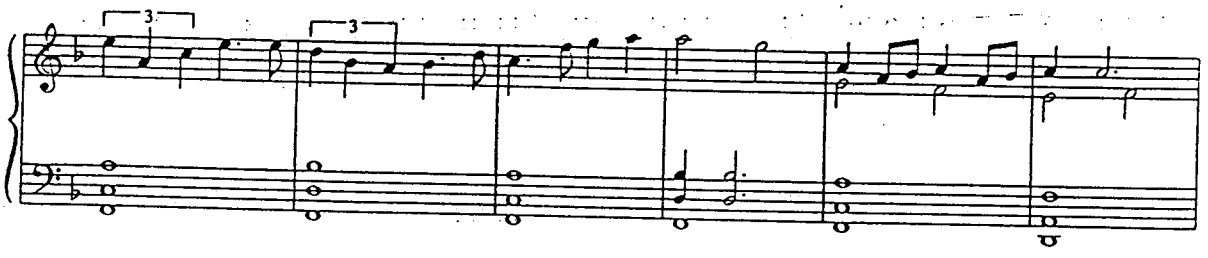
BETTY: I had a telegram from Artie. *(MUSIC STARTS)*



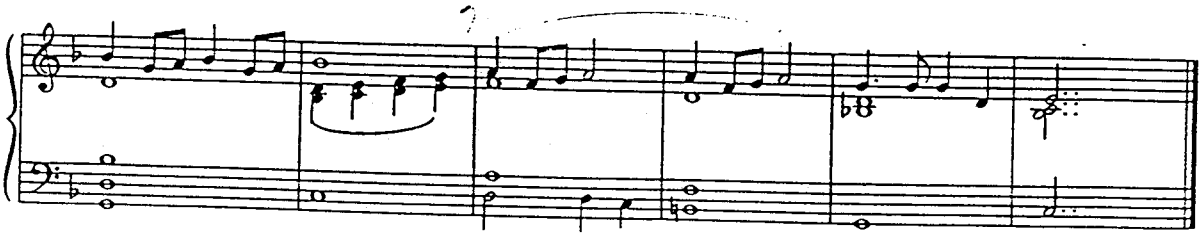
JOE: Is something wrong ?
BETTY: He wants me to come out to Tennessee. He says it would only cost two dollars to get married in Clinc
JOE: Well, what's stopping you? Now we've finished the script.....*HE breaks off, amazed to see that she's crying.*



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.

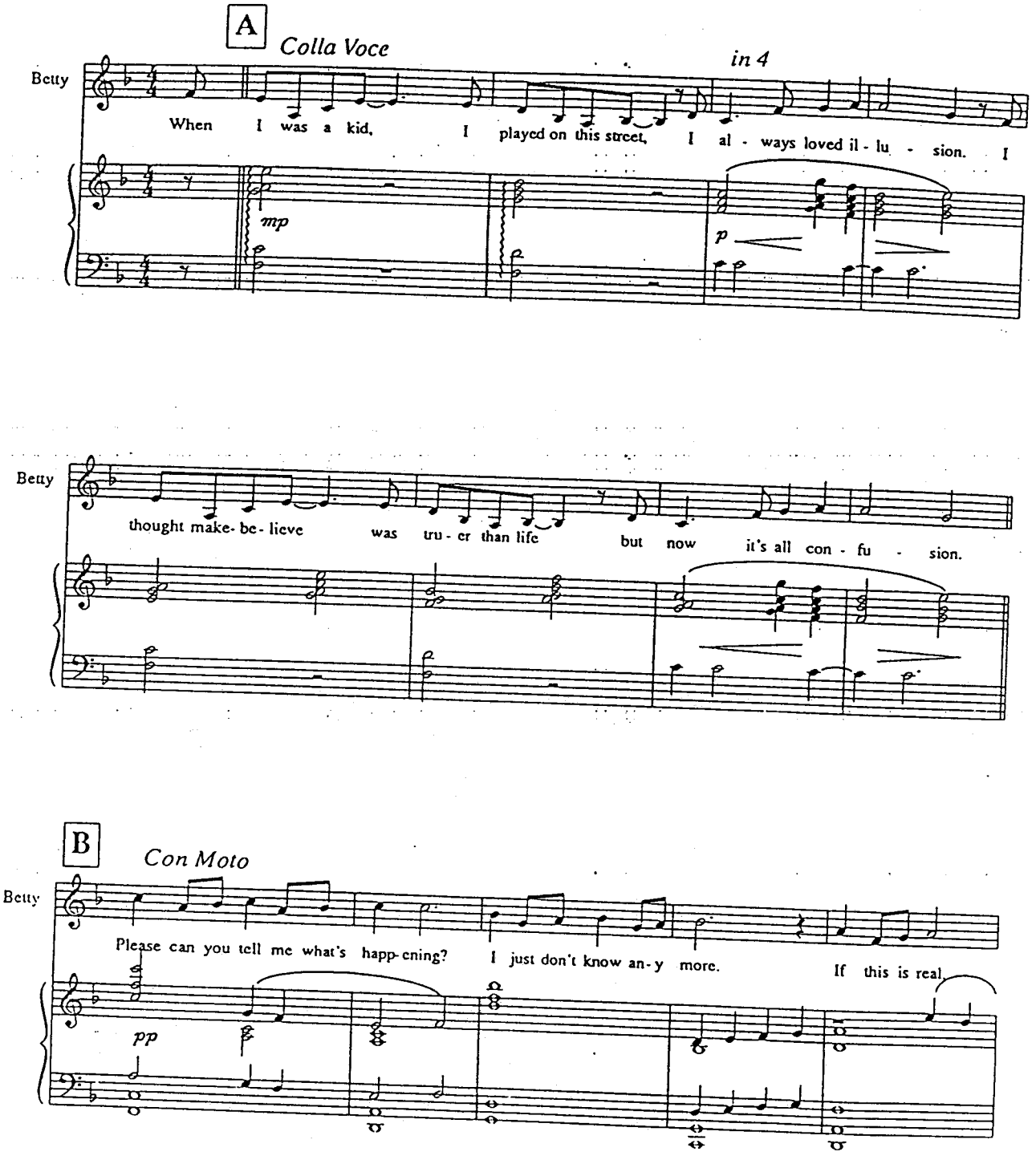


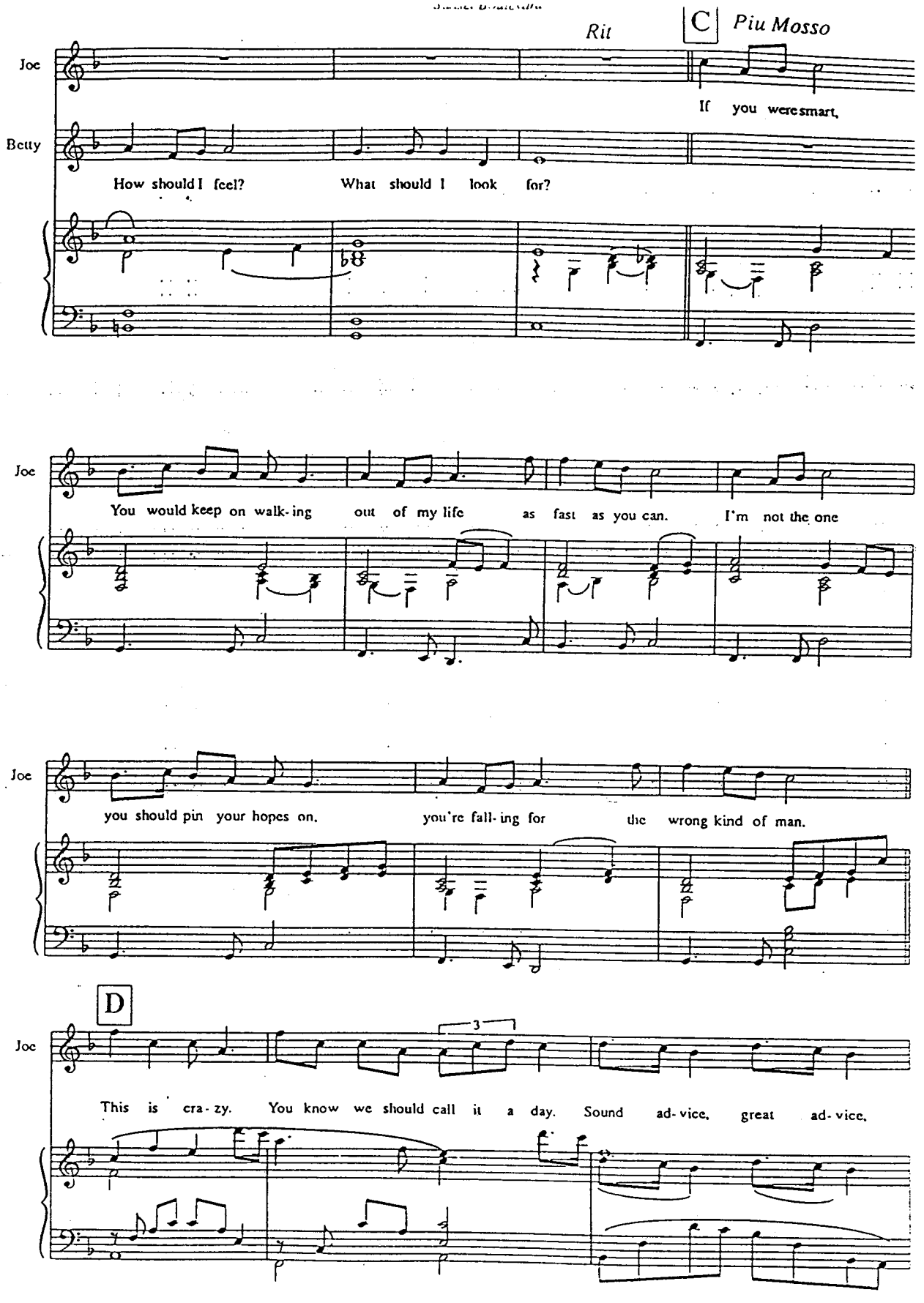
JOE: Why not? What happened?
BETTY: You did.

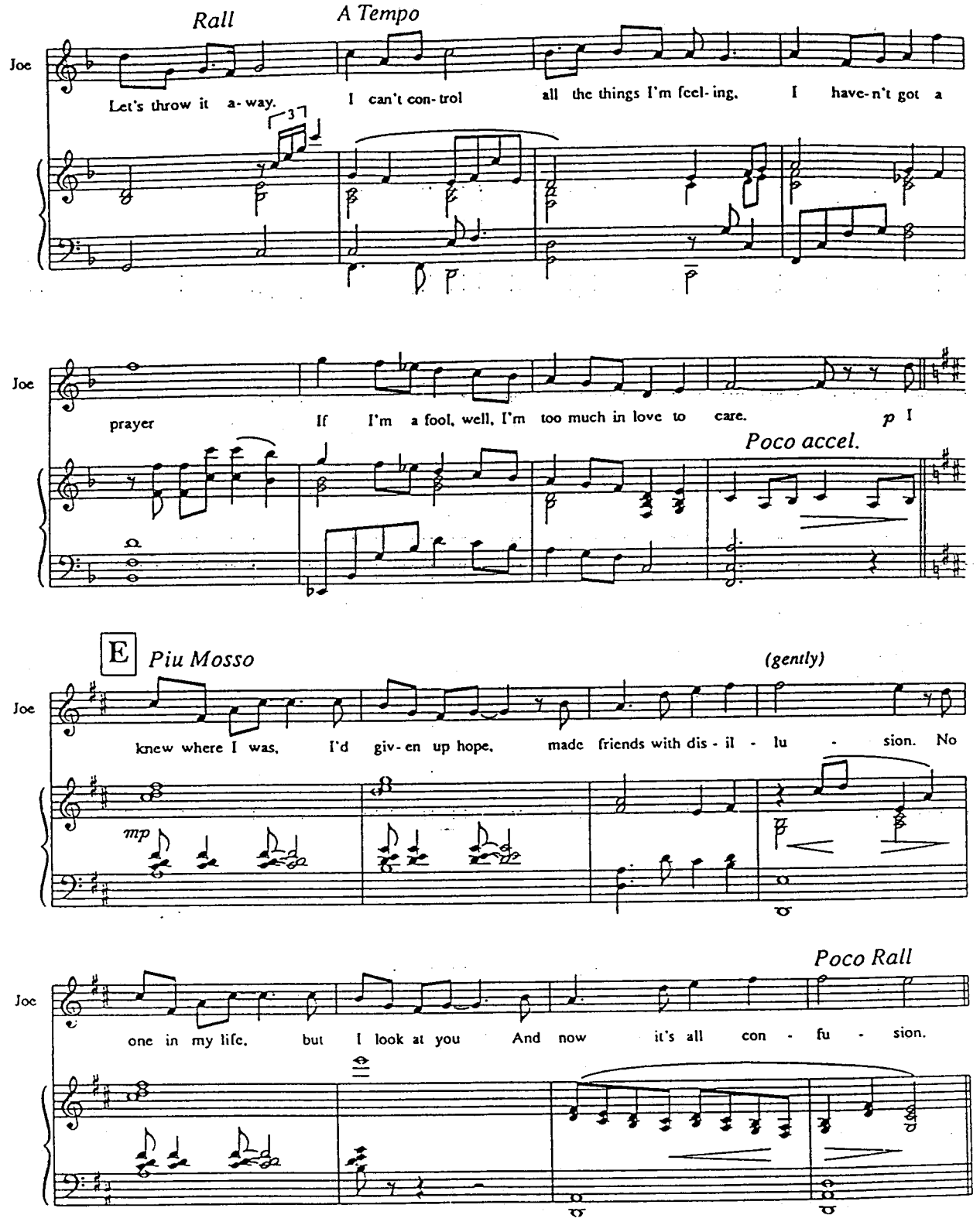


SEGUE

Too Much In Love To Care




Rit
C
Piu Mosso
Joe
If you were smart,
Betty
How should I feel?
What should I look for?
Joe
You would keep on walk-ing out of my life as fast as you can.
I'm not the one
Joe
you should pin your hopes on.
you're fall-ing for the wrong kind of man.
D
Joe
3
This is cra-zy.
You know we should call it a day.
Sound ad-vice,
great ad-vice,


Rall
A Tempo
Joe
Let's throw it a-way.
I can't con-trol
all the things I'm feel-ing.
I have-n't got a
Joe
prayer
If I'm a fool, well, I'm too much in love to care.
p I
Poco accel.
E
Piu Mosso
(gently)
Joe
knew where I was, I'd giv-en up hope, made friends with dis-il - lu - sion. No
mp
Poco Rall
Joe
one in my life, but I look at you And now it's all con - fu - sion.

F *Con Moto*

Betty

Please can you tell me what's happ-ening? I just don't know an - y more.

mp

Betty

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

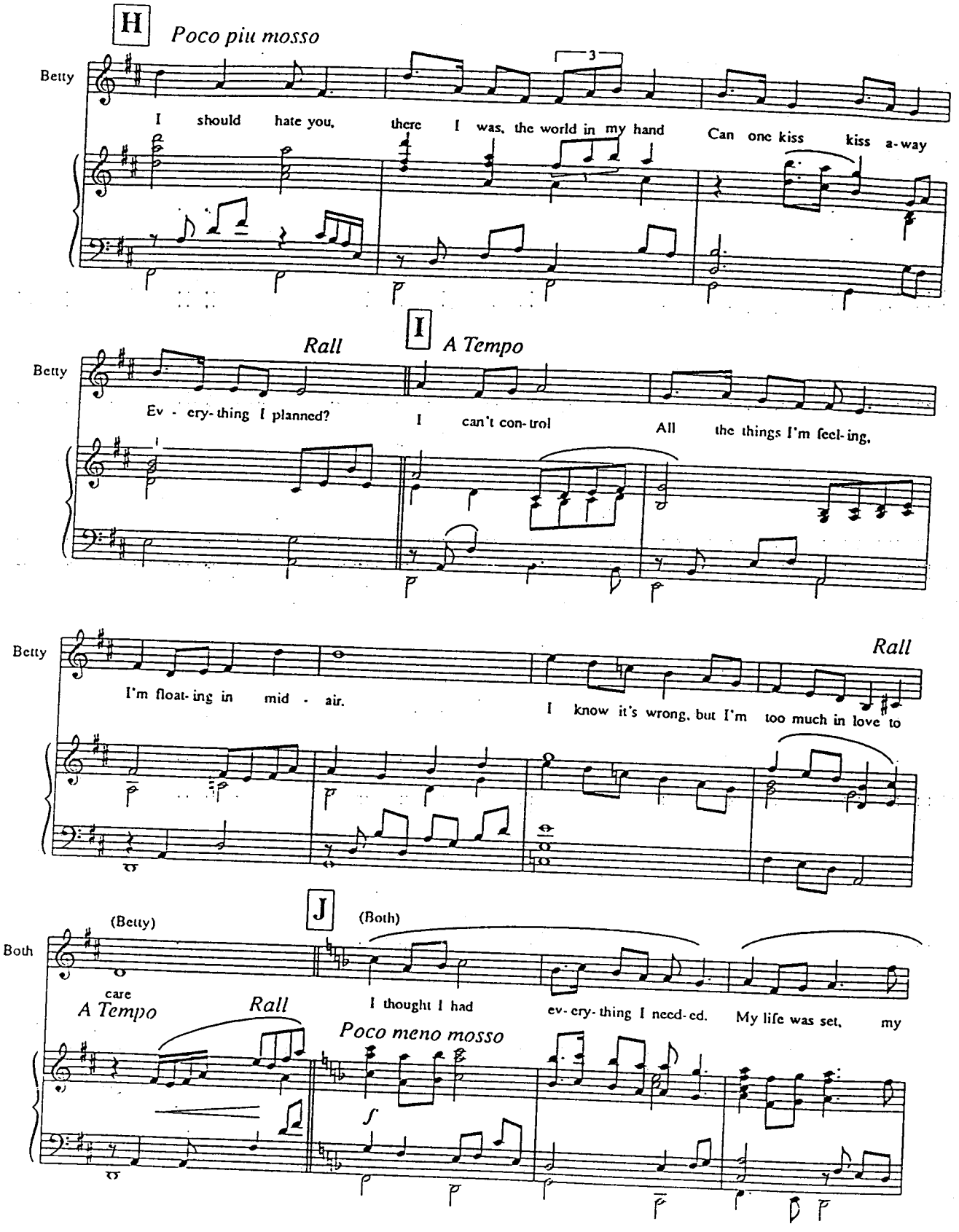
G *Meno mosso*

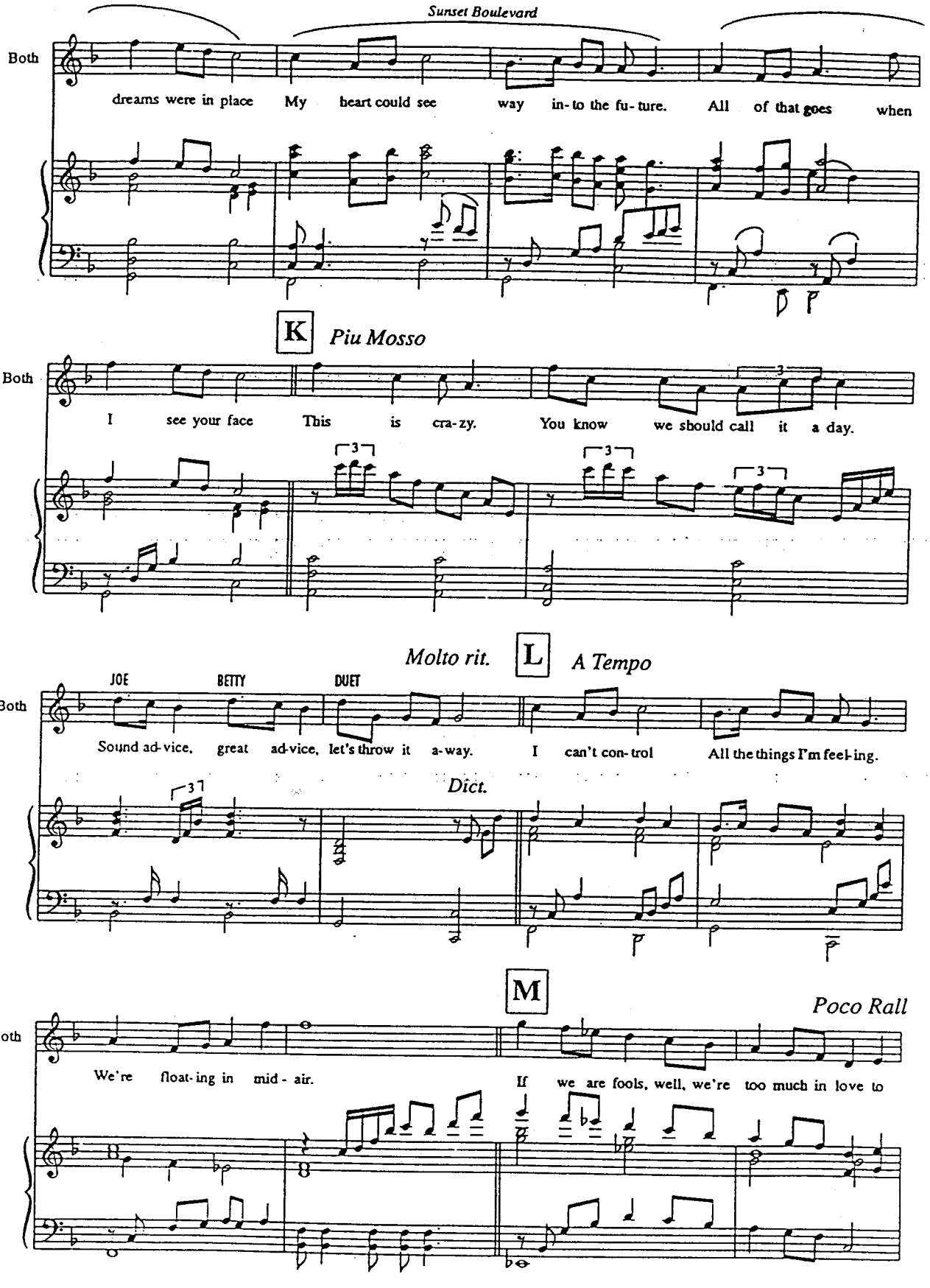
Betty

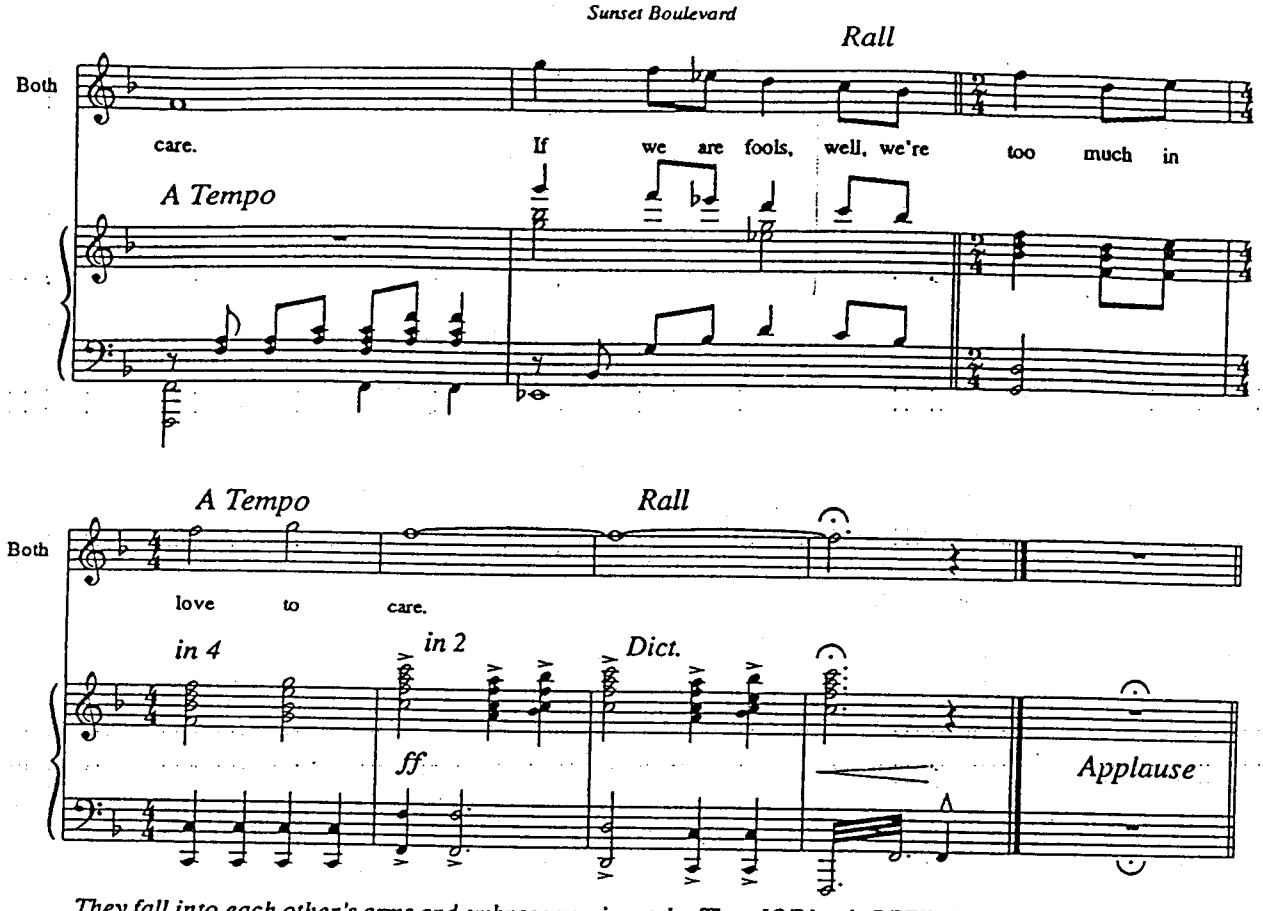
I thought I had Ev - ery-thing I need - ed. My life was set, my dreams were in place.

Betty

My heart could see way in - to the fu - ture. all of that goes when I see your face.

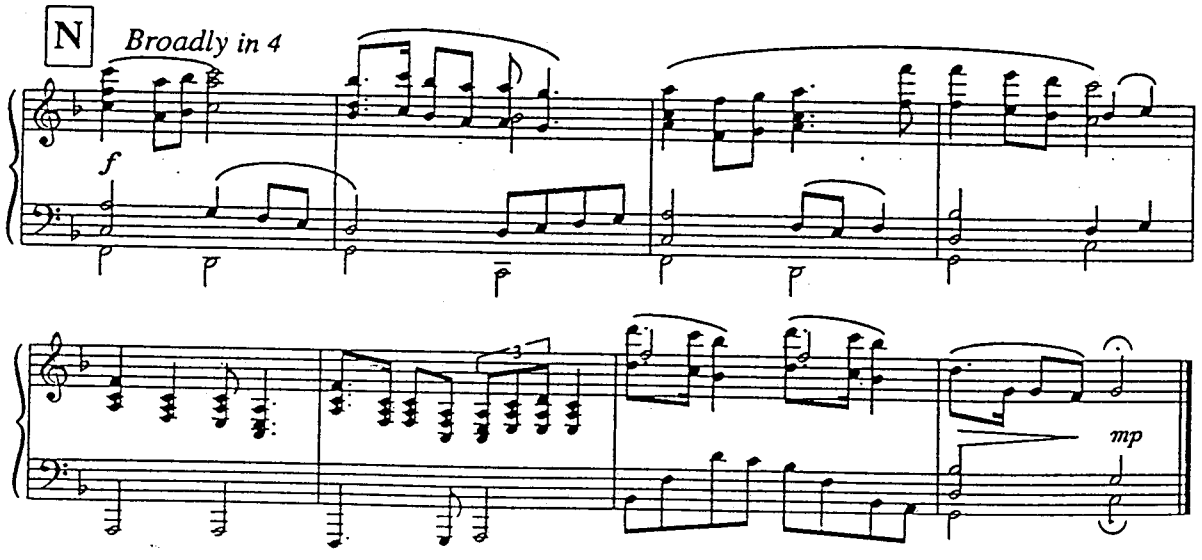

H
Poco piu mosso
Betty
I should hate you, there I was, the world in my hand Can one kiss kiss a-way
I
Rall
A Tempo
Betty
Ev - ery-thing I planned? I can't con-trol All the things I'm feel-ing,
Betty
Rall
I'm float-ing in mid - air. I know it's wrong, but I'm too much in love to
J
(Betty)
(Both)
Both
care
I thought I had ev-ery-thing I need-ed. My life was set, my
A Tempo
Rall
Poco meno mosso
f


Both
dreams were in place My heart could see way in-to the fu-ture. All of that goes when
K
Piu Mosso
Both
I see your face This is cra-zy. You know we should call it a day.
Molto rit.
L
A Tempo
JOE
BETTY
DUET
Both
Sound ad-vice, great ad-vice, let's throw it a-way. I can't con-trol All the things I'm feel-ing.
Dict.
M
Poco Rall
Both
We're float-ing in mid - air. If we are fools, well, we're too much in love to



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.

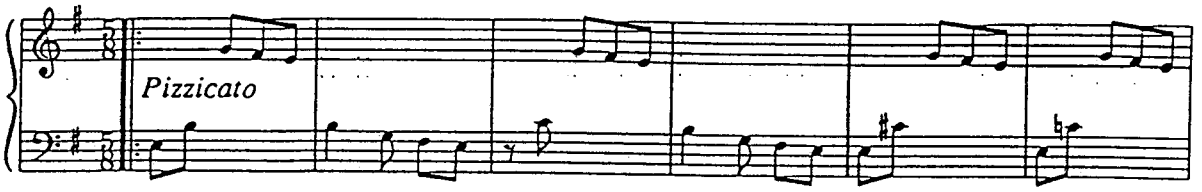
CUE: As towers stop moving.



#31A Scene 17 (Underscore)

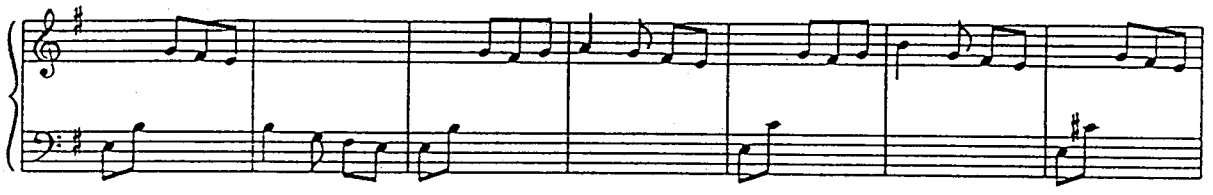
It's late at night as JOE, in the Isotta, glides back into the garage. He steps down from the car with a gleam in his and a spring in his step; and is therefore thoroughly startled when the sombre figure of MAX steps forward out of darkness. However, he recovers quickly. it's a murky night, wind rising,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

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



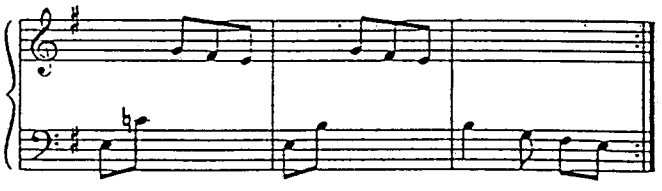
JOE: What's the matter there, Max? You waiting to wash the car?
MAX: Please be careful when you cross the patio. Madame may be watching.
JOE: Suppose I tiptoe up the back stairs and undress in the dark, will that do it?
MAX: It's just that I am greatly worried about Madame.
JOE: Well, we're not helping 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?

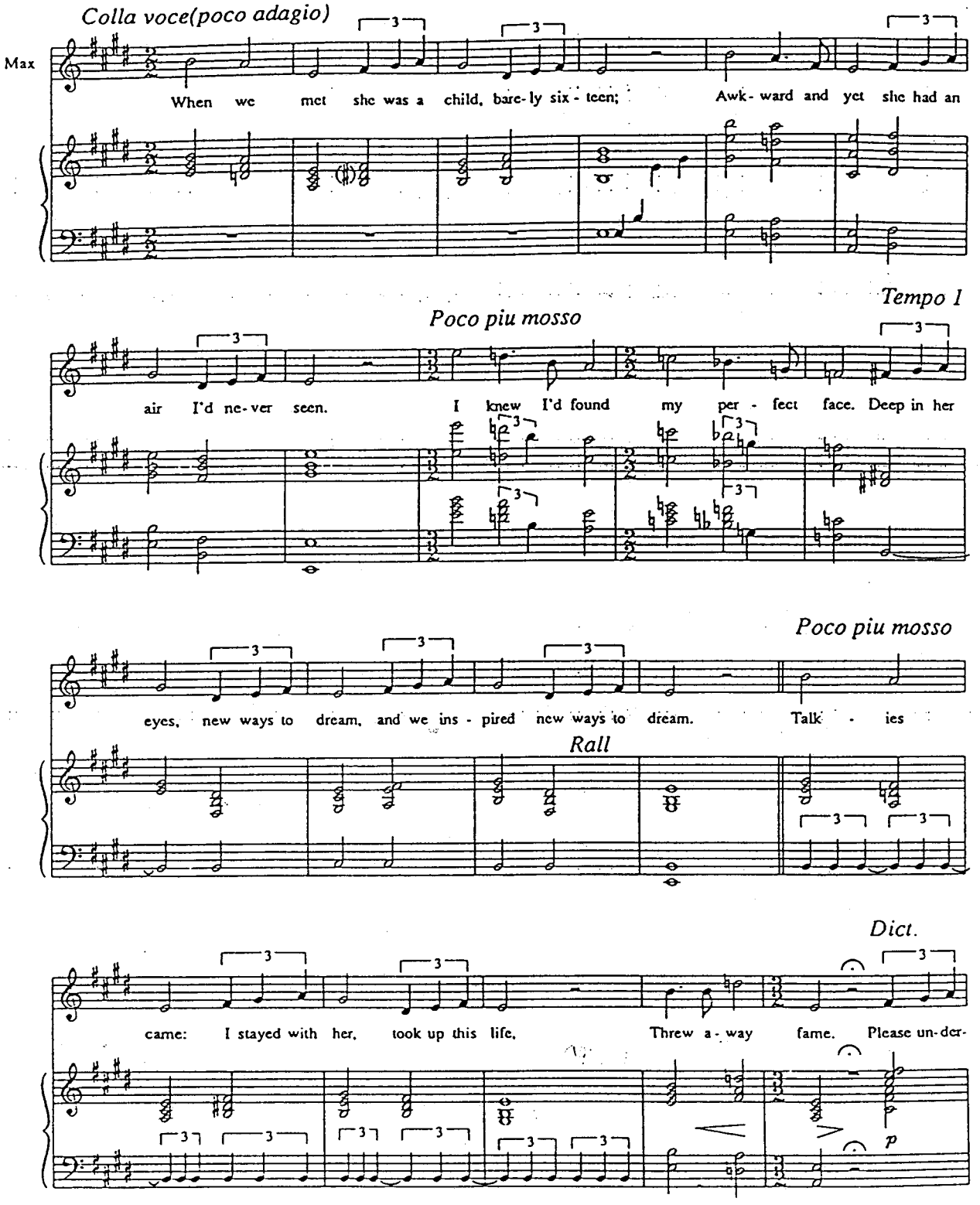
MAX: I directed all her early pictures. in those days there were three young directors who showed promise: D.W. Griffith, Cecil B. DeMille and .... *(MUSIC STOPS)*



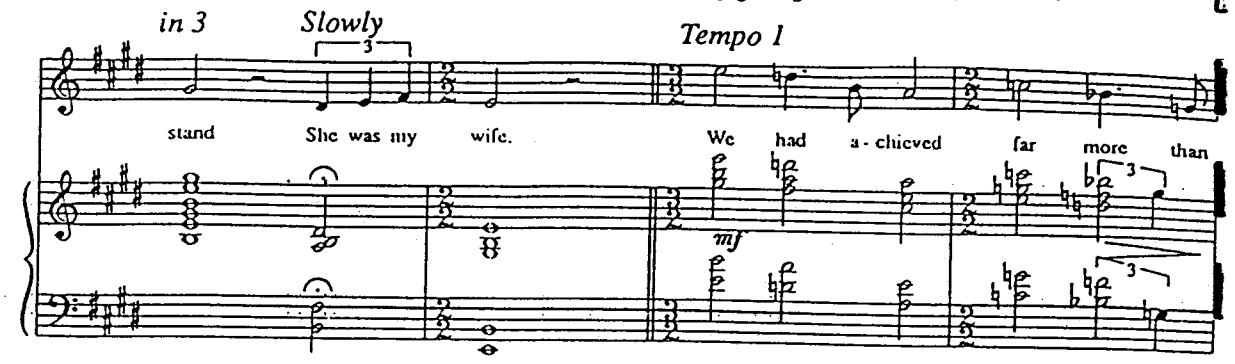
JOE interrupts, as the realisation suddenly dawns on him.
JOE: Max von Mayerling.

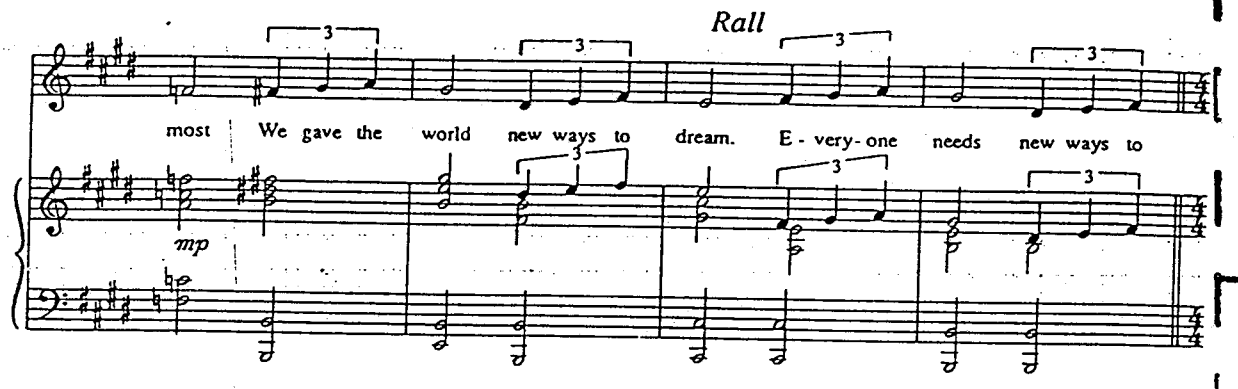
By now, they' ve moved out out the garage on to the dimly lit patio.

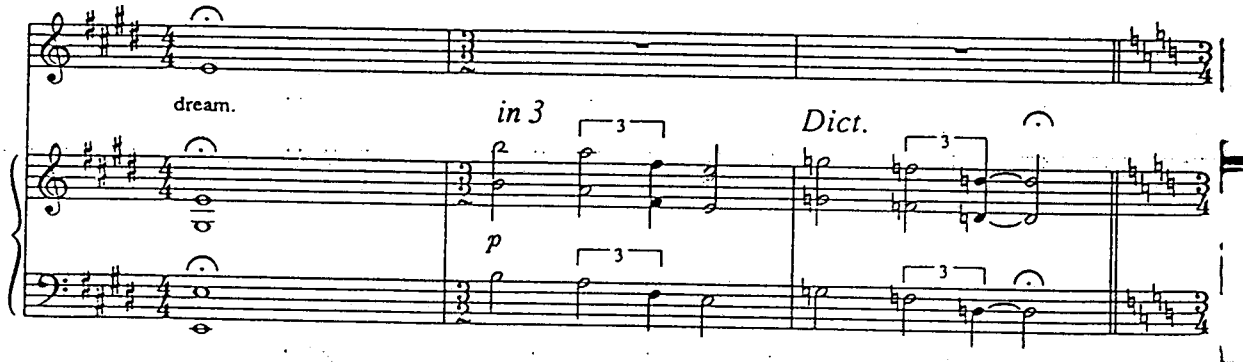
New Ways to Dream Reprise



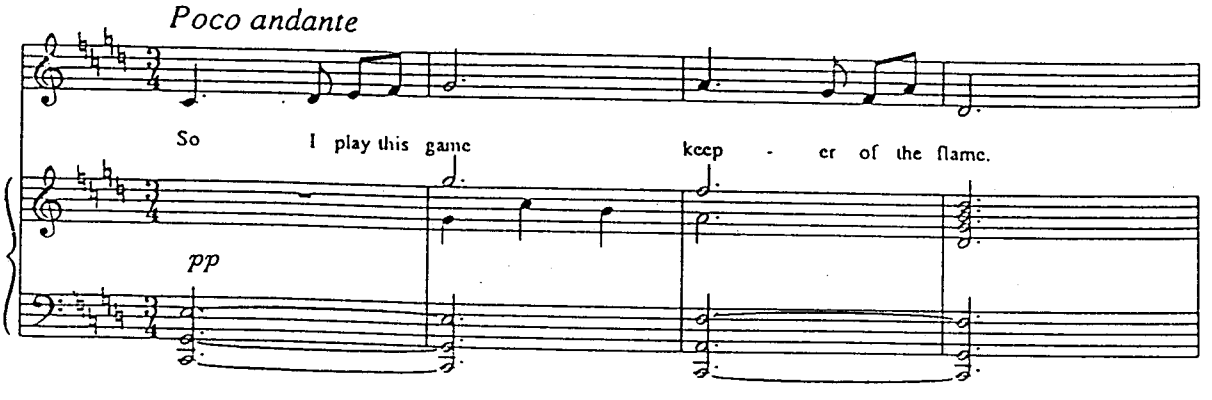
Pause JOE is staggered. MAX is fighting back a wave of emotion.

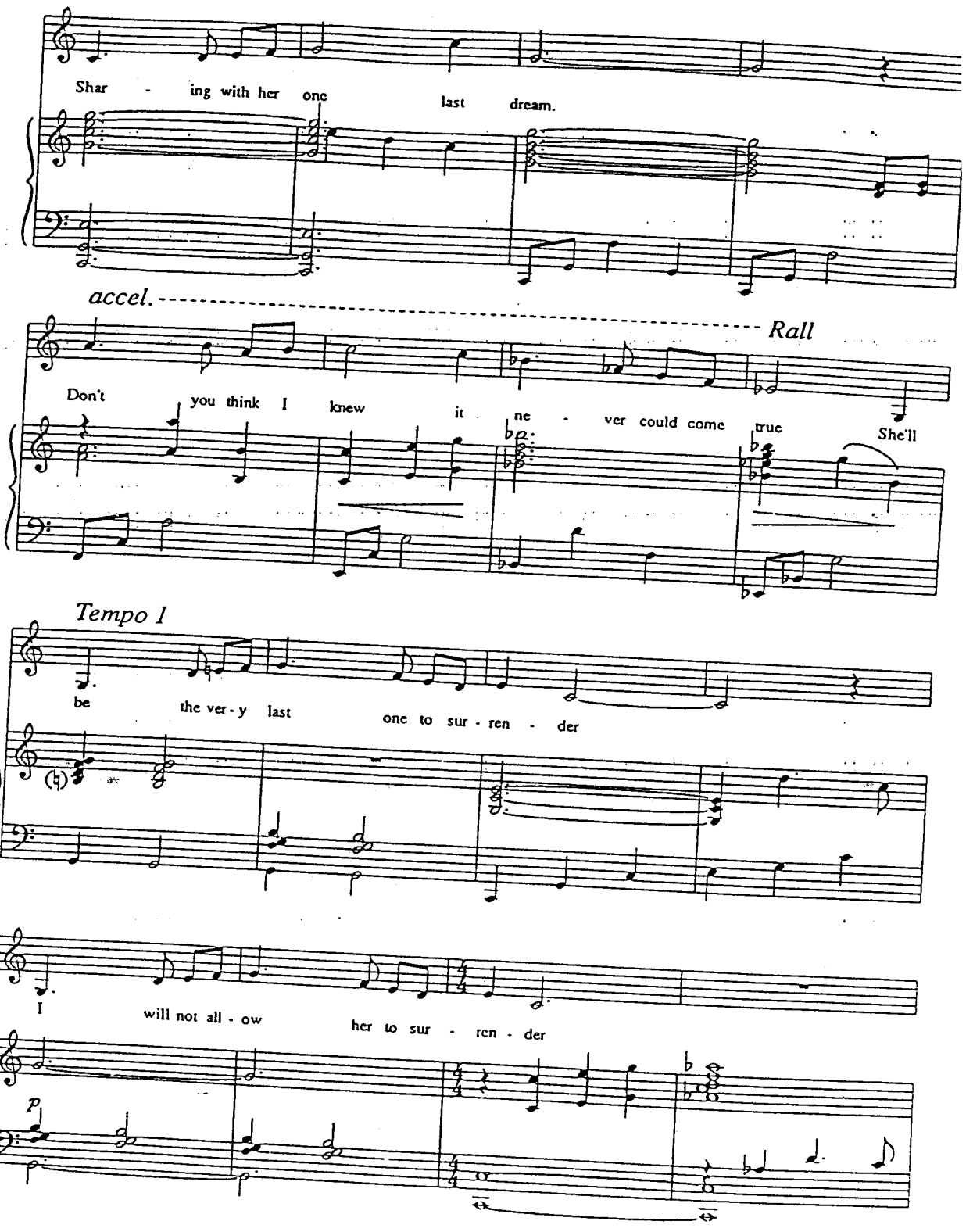






JOE shakes his head still incredulous.
JOE: You're telling me you were married to her?
MAX: I was the first husband.




Shar - ing with her one last dream.
accel.
Rall
Don't you think I knew it ne - ver could come true She'll
Tempo 1
be the ver - y last one to sur - ren - der
I will not all - ow her to sur - ren - der
p

than

Poco adagio in 3

f

pp

(gentle tremolo)

(sim)

Rall

1 2 3 4

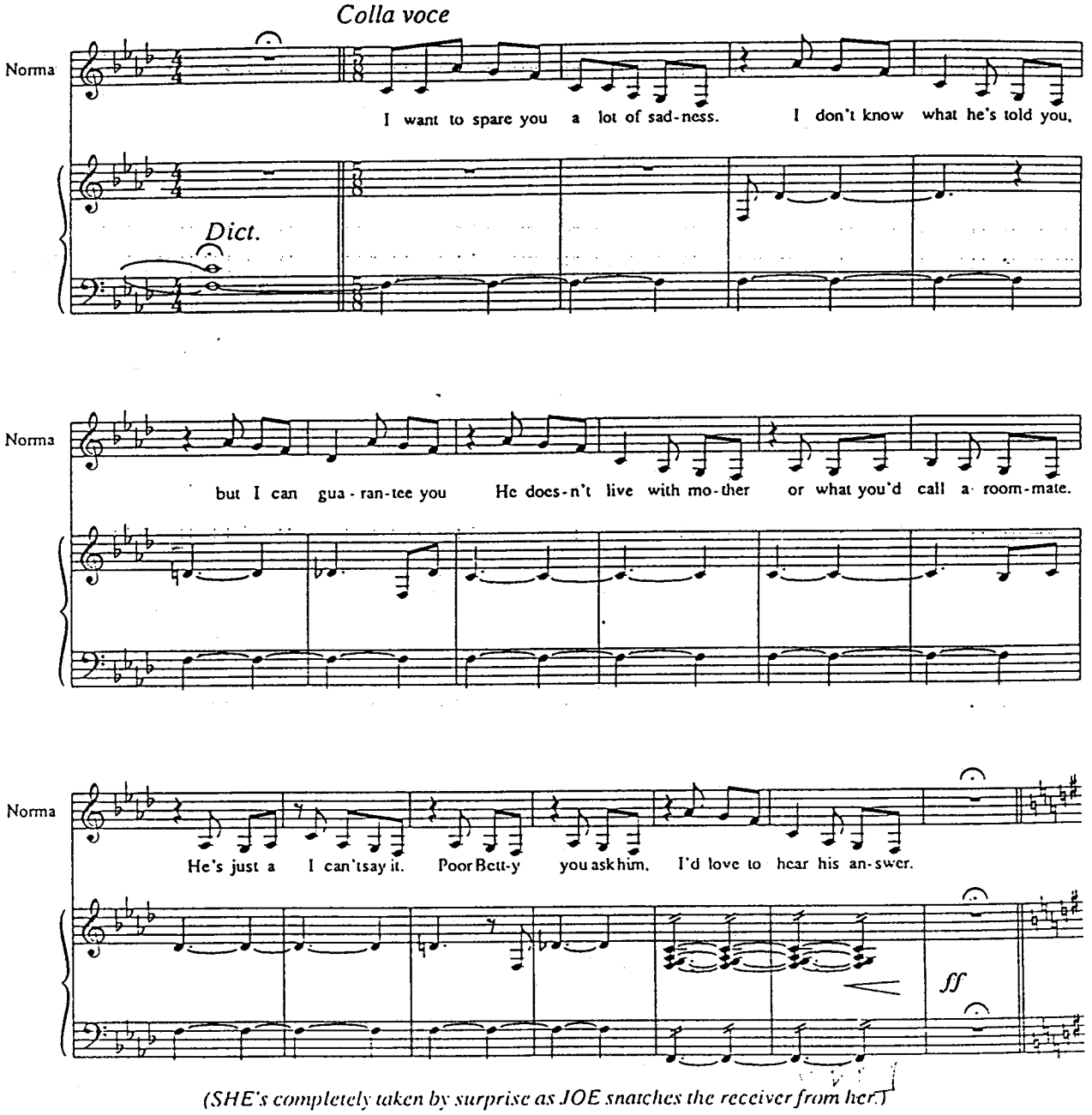
pp

Scene 18 (Phone Call)

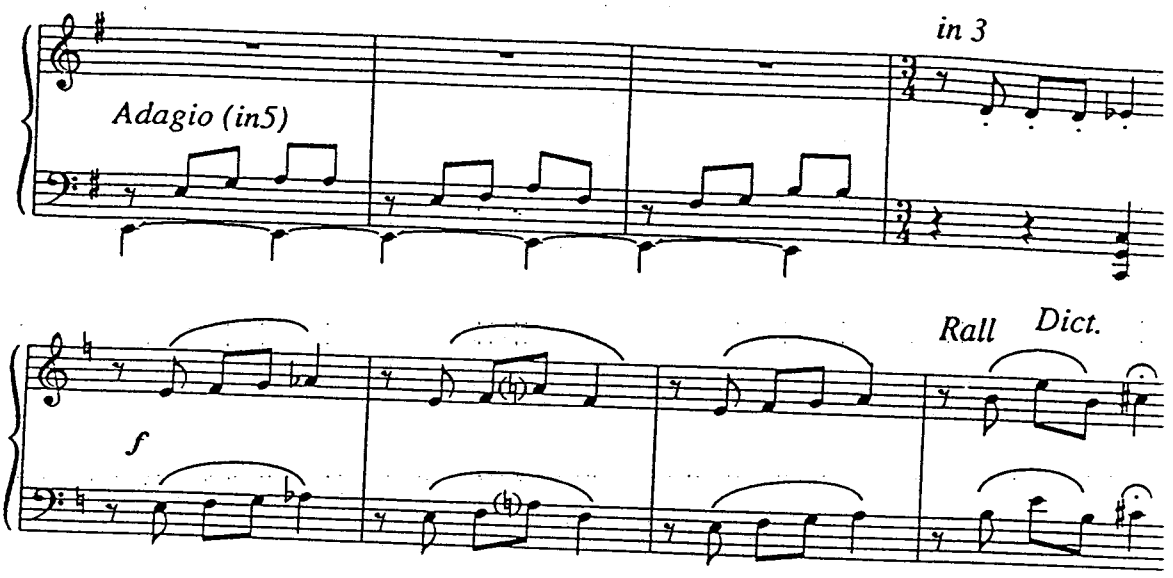
The main room comes into view: and NORMA, her face now bare of make-up, wearing a white negligee, her expression profoundly tormented, picks up the phone and dials.

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.



(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 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 under my eyes. How can I go back to work if I'm wasting away?

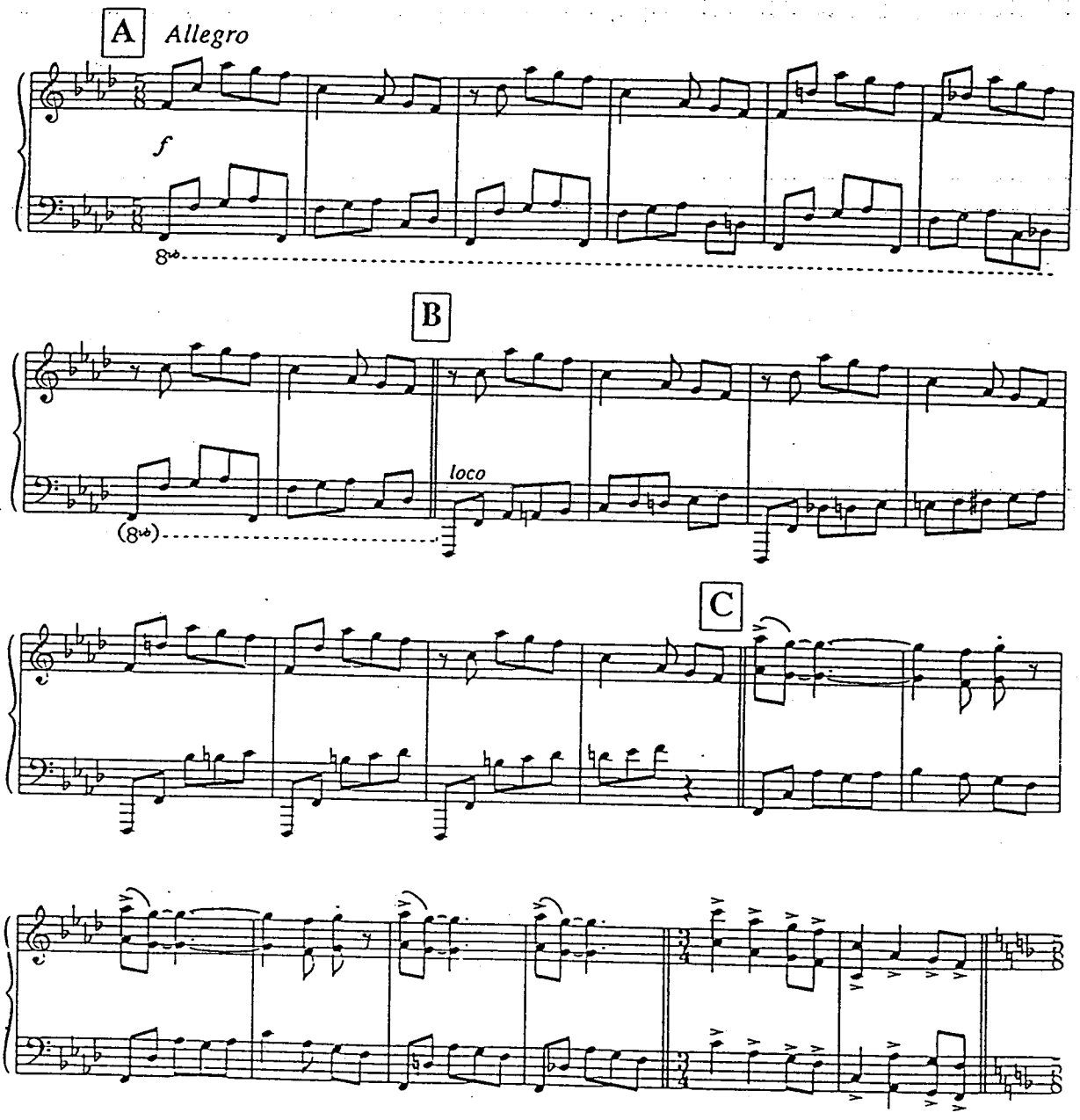
JOE says nothing; he's trying to control his rage.

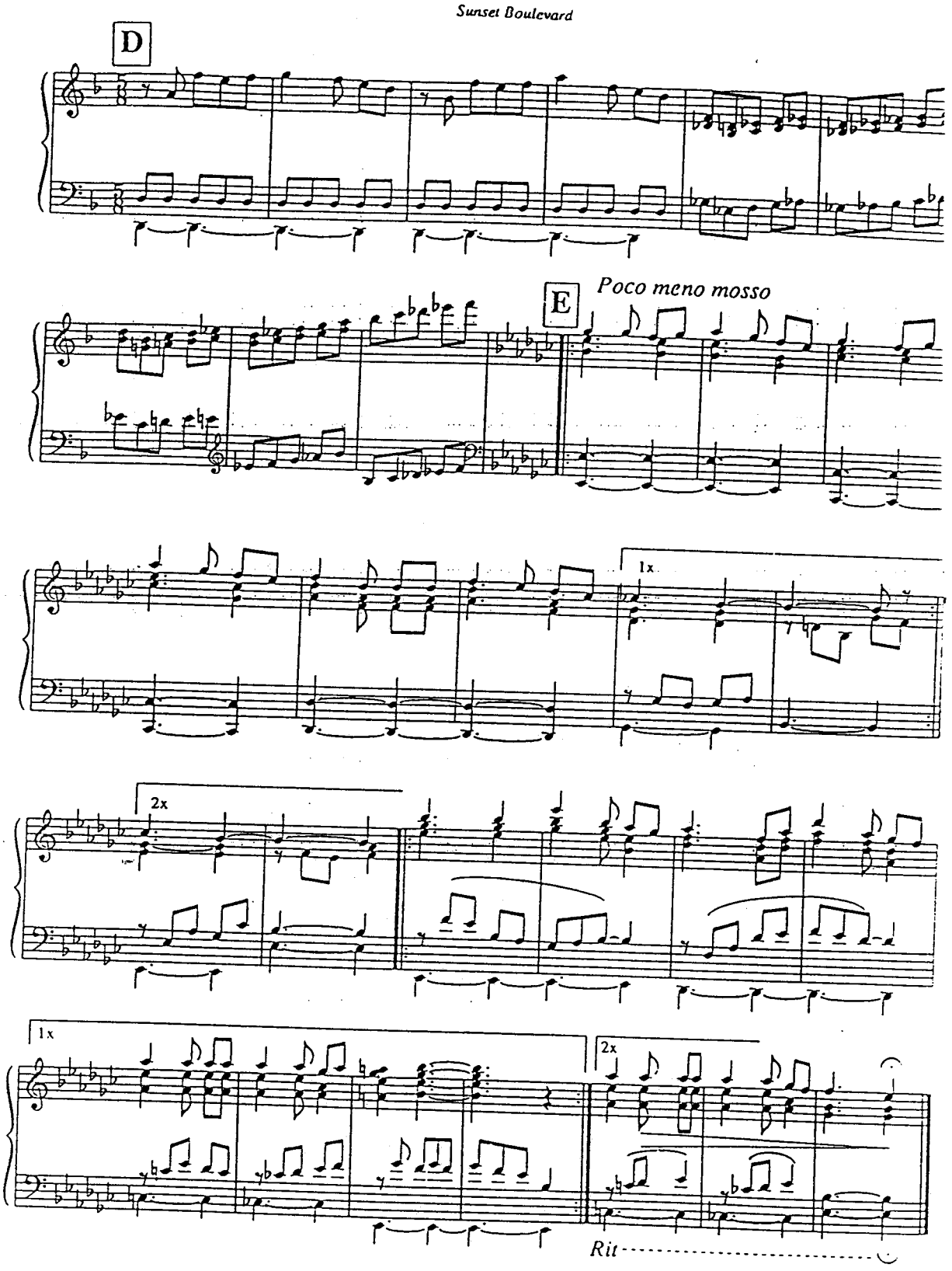
NORMA: Don't stand there hating me, JOE. Shout at me, strike me, but say you don't hate me.

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, steelin himself for the coming encounter. NORMA vanishes into her bedroom, JOE finally slumps on the big sofa. Unsee him, NORMA re-emerges, quietly, on to the landing: She's holding a revolver. She sinks to the floor and waits.

Betty On The Road

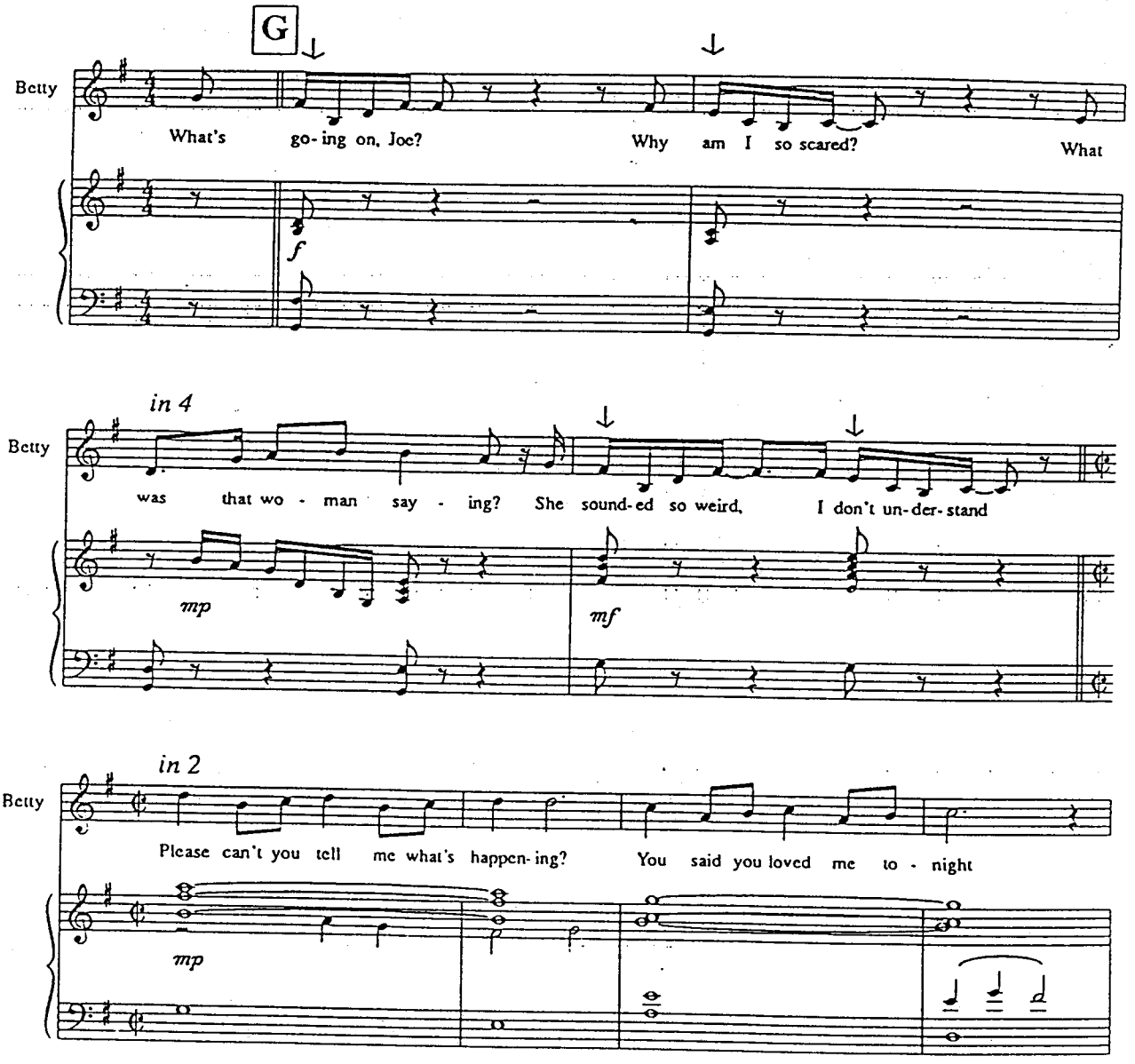
FILM SEQUENCE: BETTY's little coupe battles through the storm: thunder, lightning and the torrential tropical rain which sometimes pours down on Los Angeles. Eventually, the car turns up the drive of NORMA's house.



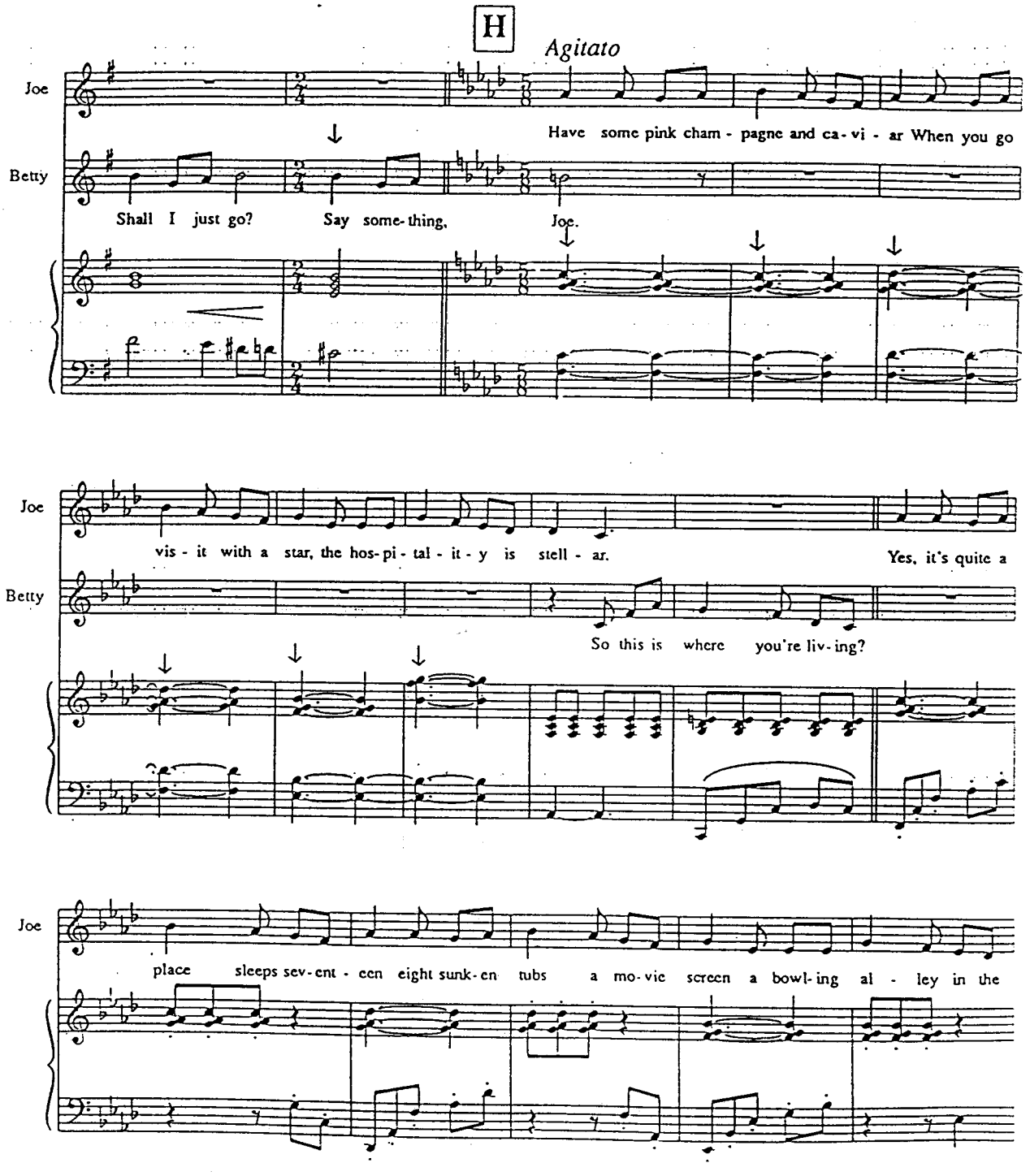


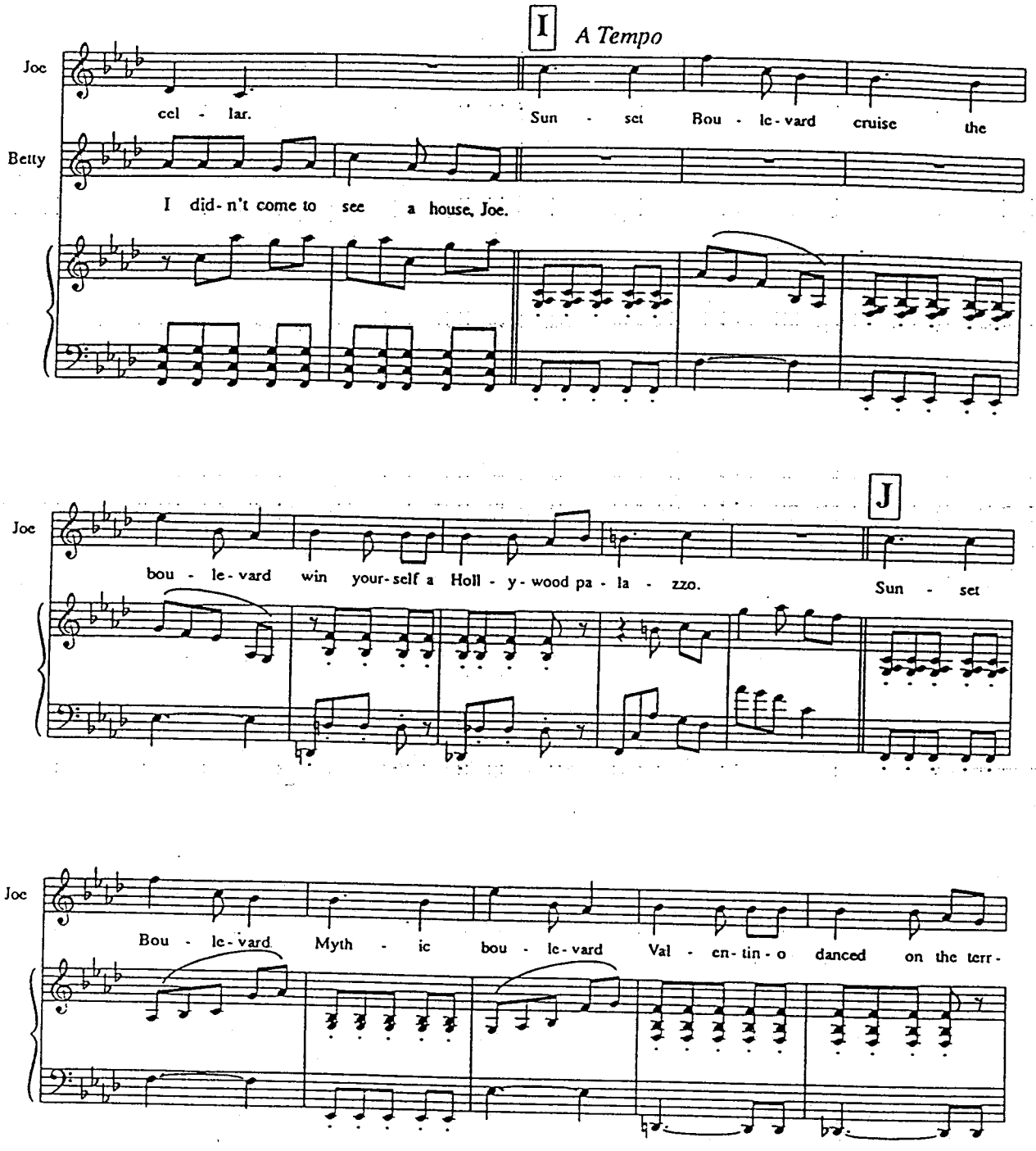
The shrill of the doorbell. JOE springs to his feet and hurries to let BETTY in.
JOE: Come on in.
He leads BETTY into the main room. She looks around for a moment, unnerved by the size of the place.

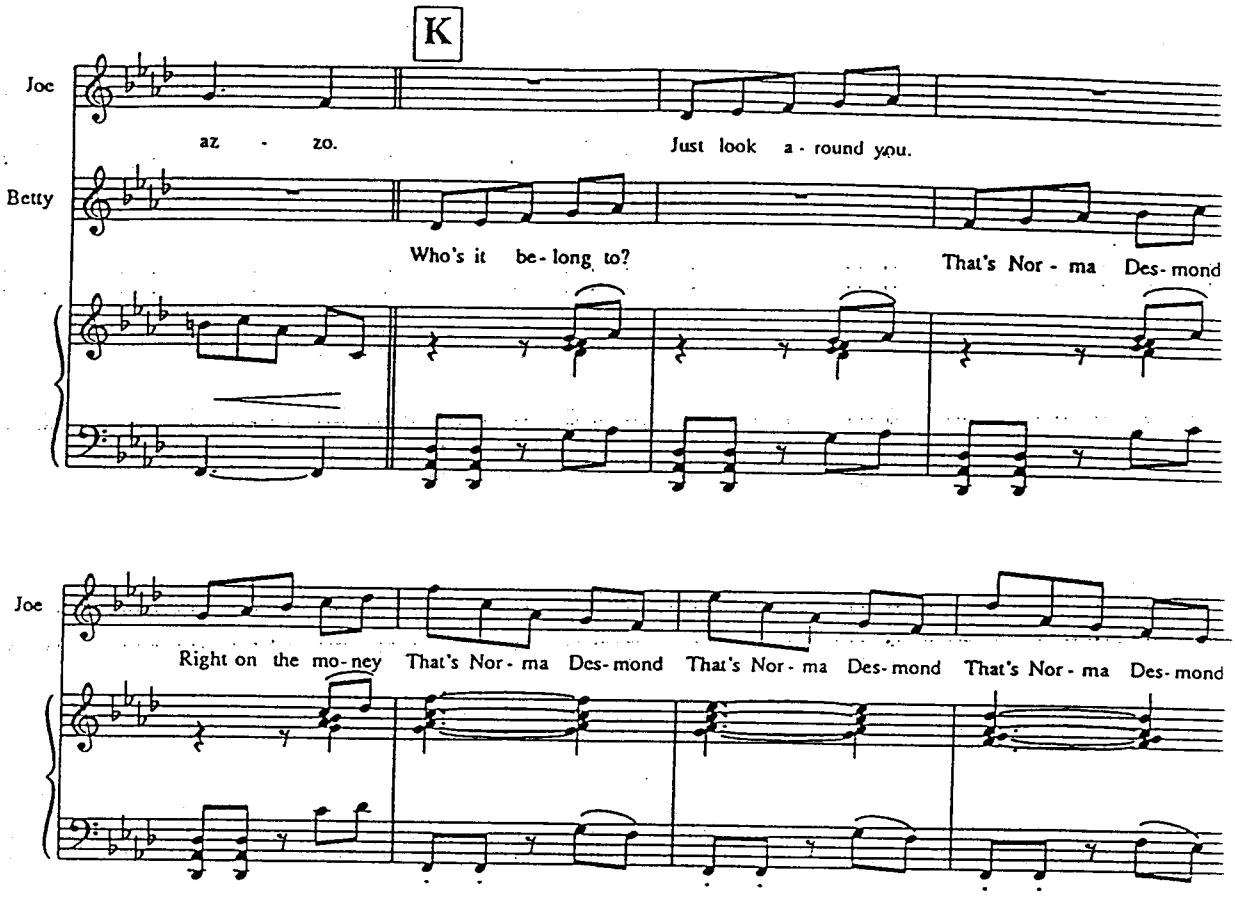
What's Going On Joe



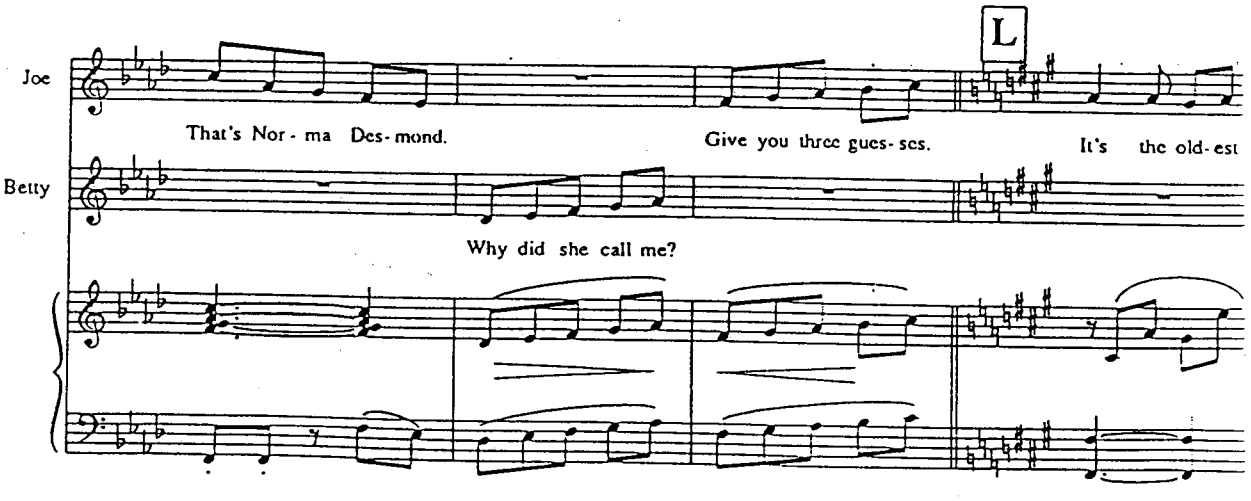
NORMA moves stealthily forward, staring down at BETTY through the balustrade.

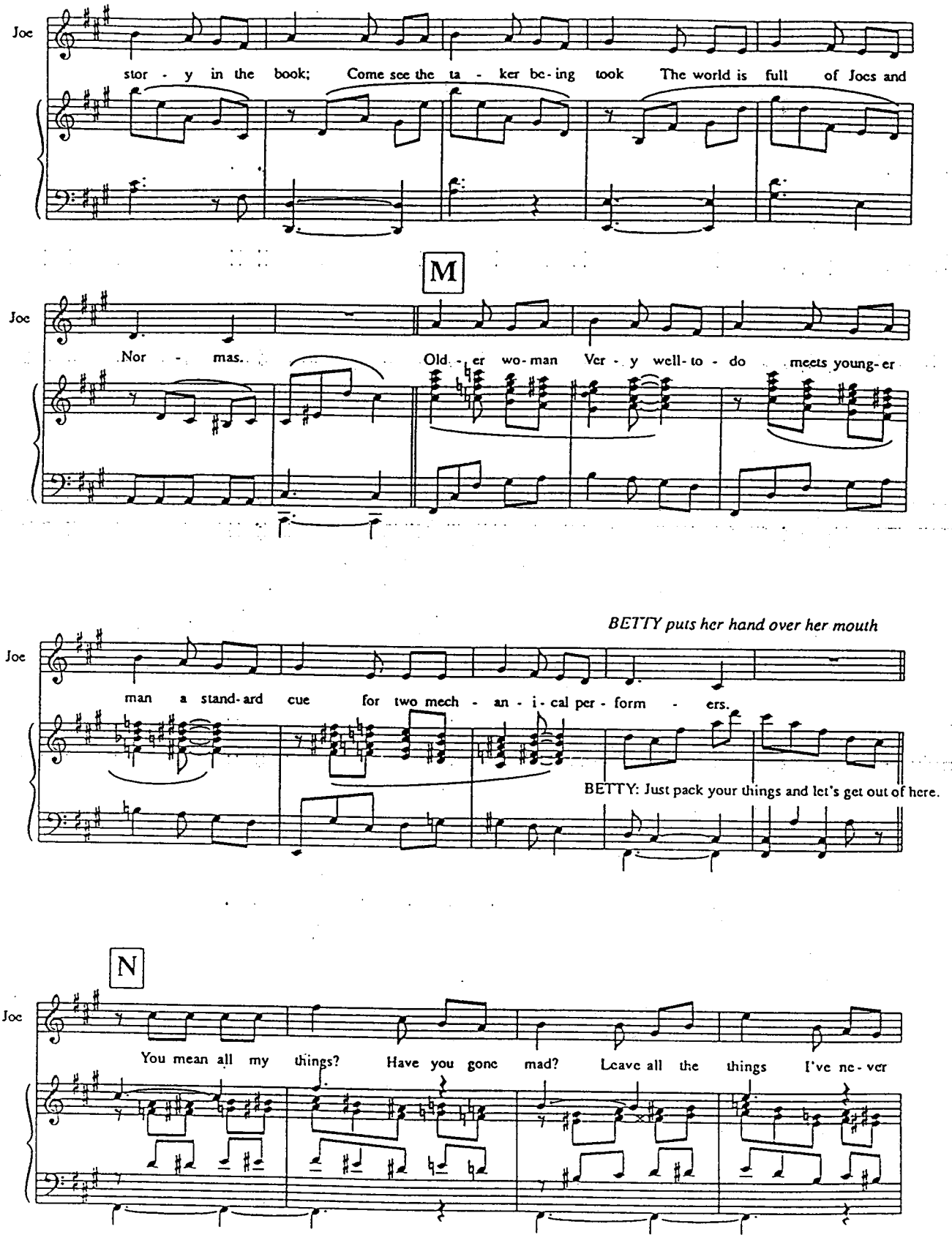


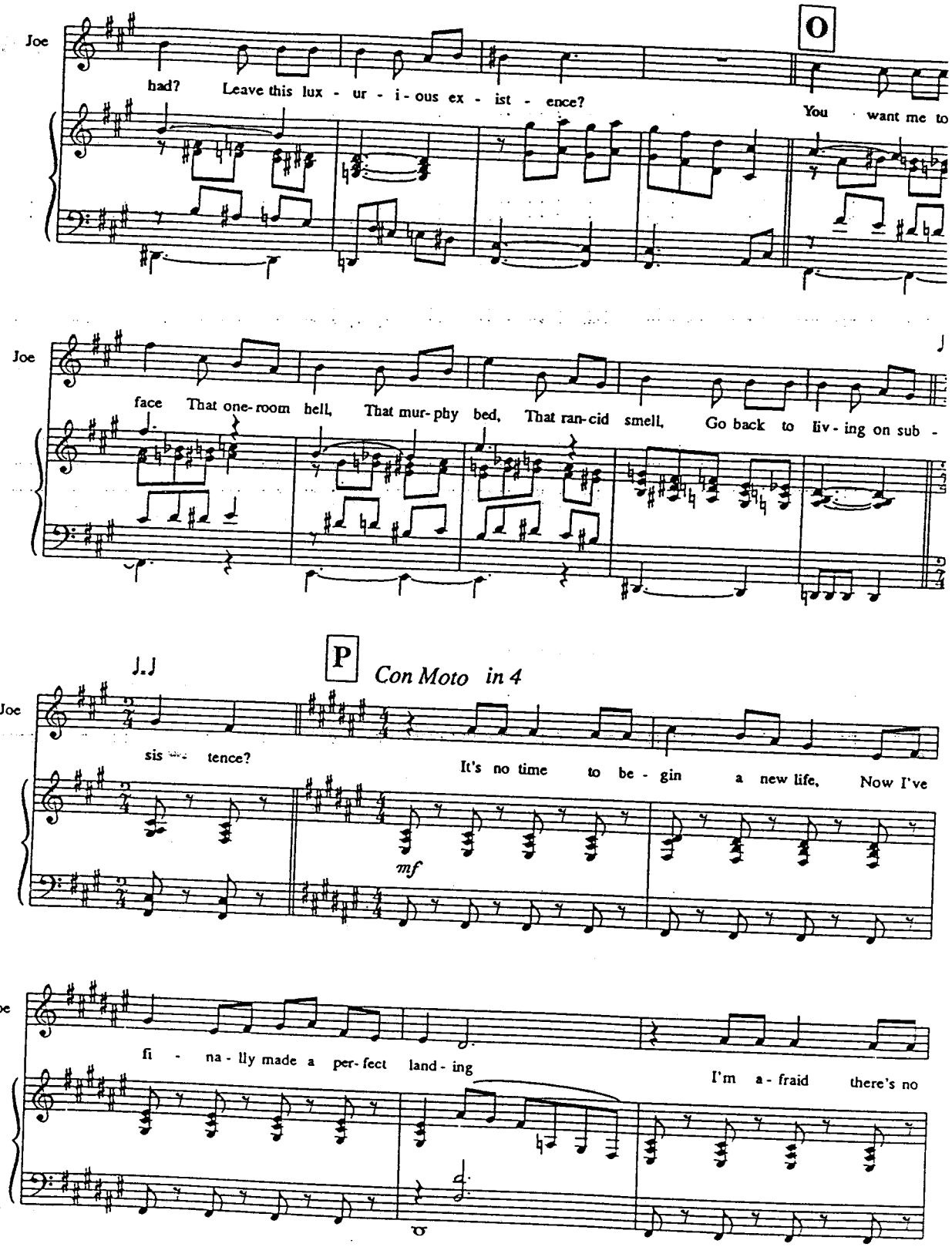

I
A Tempo
Joe
cel - lar.
Sun - set Bou - le - vard cruise the
Betty
I did - n't come to see a house, Joe.
J
Joe
bou - le - vard win your - self a Holl - y - wood pa - la - zzo.
Sun - set
Joe
Bou - le - vard
Myth - ic bou - le - vard Val - en - tin - o danced on the terr -

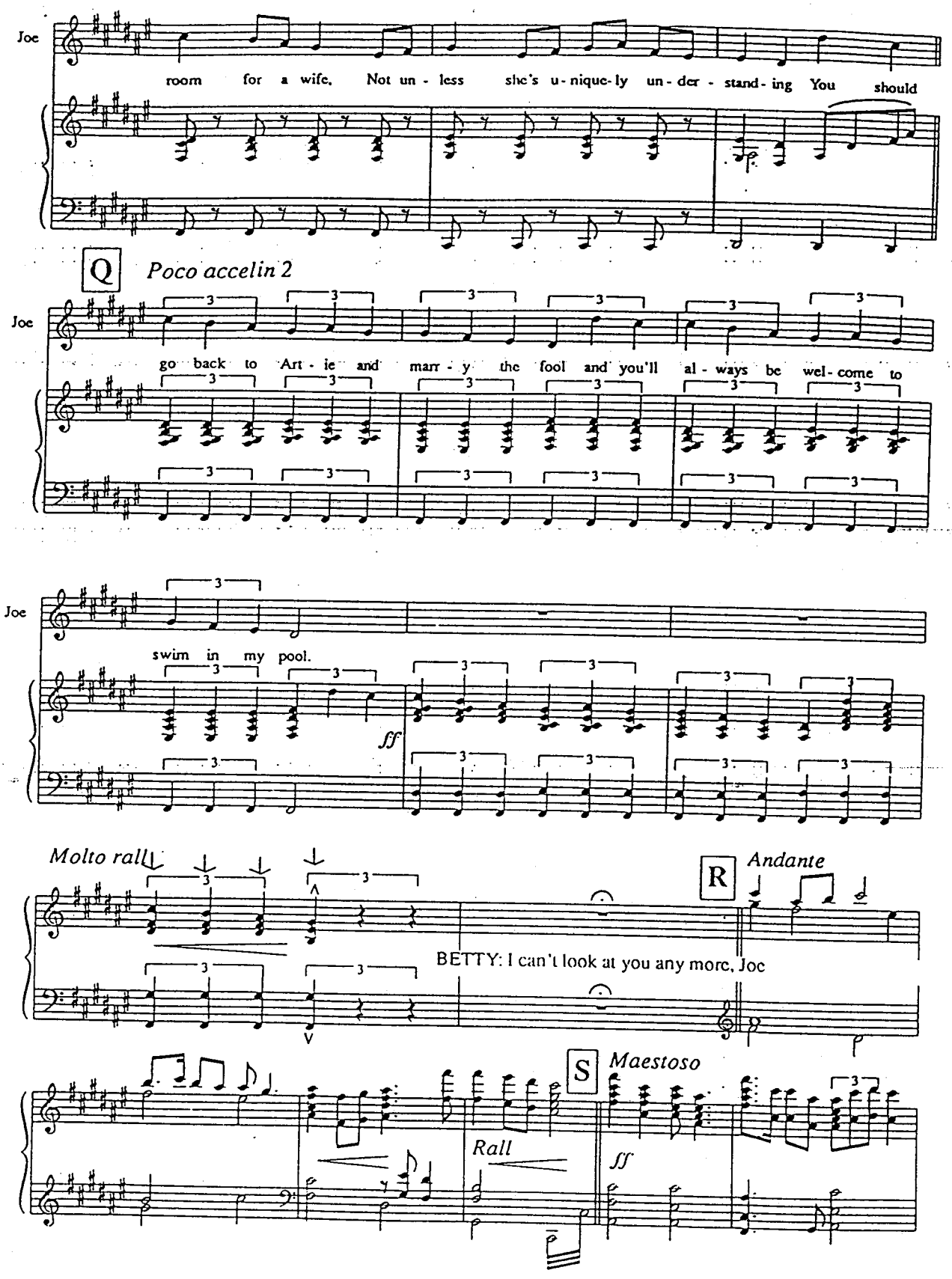


She's seen the big portrait above the fireplace; now JOE begins to draw her attention to some of the innumerable other portraits, photographs and stills.

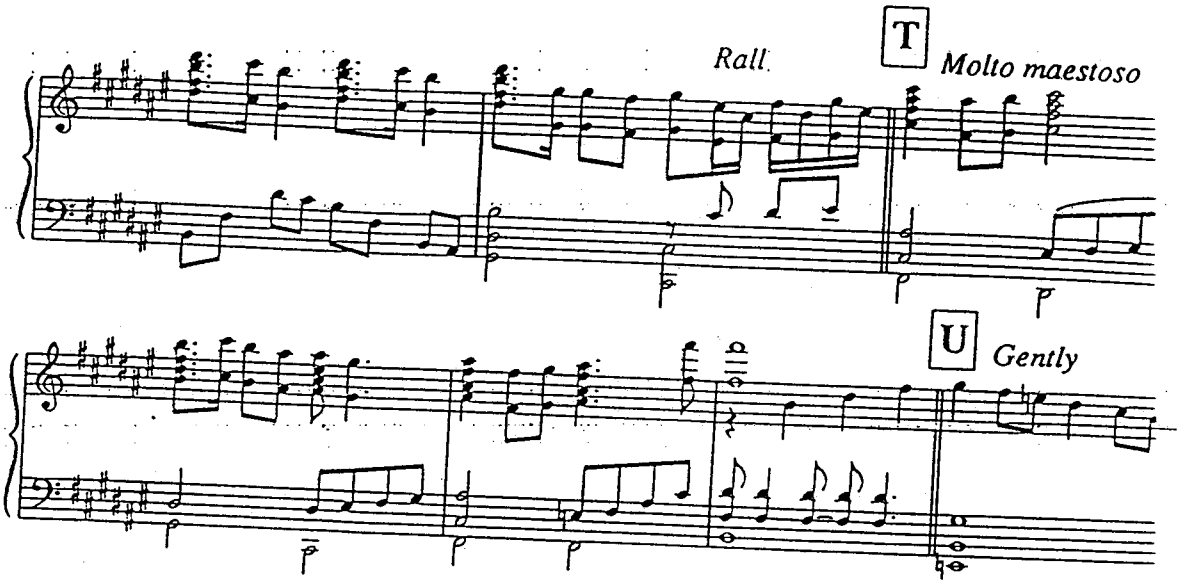



Joe
stor - y in the book; Come see the ta - ker be-ing took The world is full of Joes and
M
Joe
Nor - mas. Old - er wo-man Ver - y well-to - do meets young-er
BETTY puts her hand over her mouth
Joe
man a stand-ard cue for two mech - an - i - cal per - form - ers.
BETTY: Just pack your things and let's get out of here.
N
Joe
You mean all my things? Have you gone mad? Leave all the things I've ne - ver

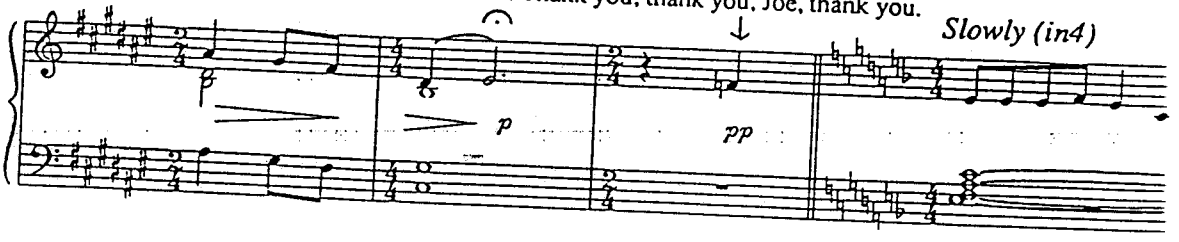

O
Joe
had? Leave this lux - ur - i - ous ex - ist - ence?
You want me to
Joe
face That one-room hell, That mur-phy bed, That ran-cid smell, Go back to liv-ing on sub -
P
Con Moto in 4
Joe
sis - tence?
It's no time to be - gin a new life, Now I've
mf
Joe
fi - na - lly made a per-fect land - ing
I'm a - fraid there's no


Joe
room for a wife. Not un - less she's u - nique - ly un - der - stand - ing You should
Q
Poco accelin 2
Joe
go back to Art - ie and marr - y the fool and you'll al - ways be wel - come to
Joe
swim in my pool.
ff
Molto rall
R
Andante
BETTY: I can't look at you any more, Joe
S
Maestoso
Rall
ff

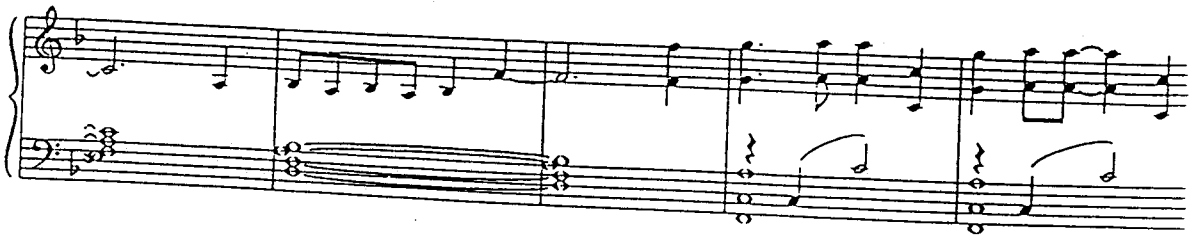
She turns and rushes blindly out of the french door, leaving it open. Wind and rain. JOE's head slowly sinks; he's overcome by a wave of misery. Meanwhile, on the landing, NORMA scrambles to her feet. T revolver is no longer in evidence. She crosses the landing and starts off down the stairs: a flutter 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 ha to him.

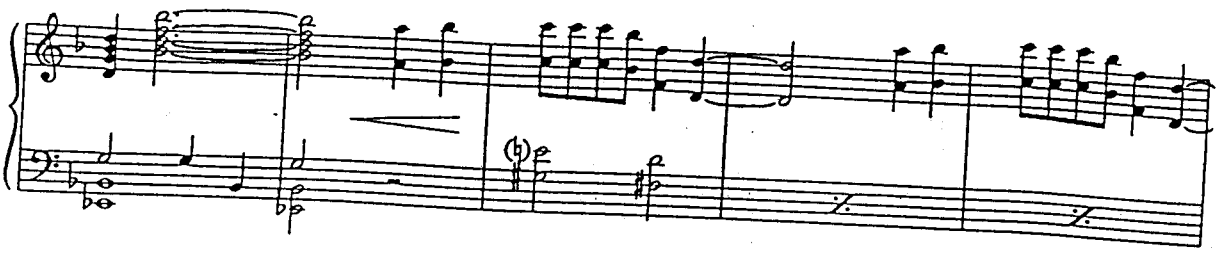


NORMA: Thank you, thank you, Joe, thank you.



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.





Joe

Rall

(Dialogue) It's

mp

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!

V *Colla Voce*

Joe

in 2

been a bun-dle of laughs And thanks for the use of the trink-ets. A lit - tle ritz-y for the

mf

N.B.

p

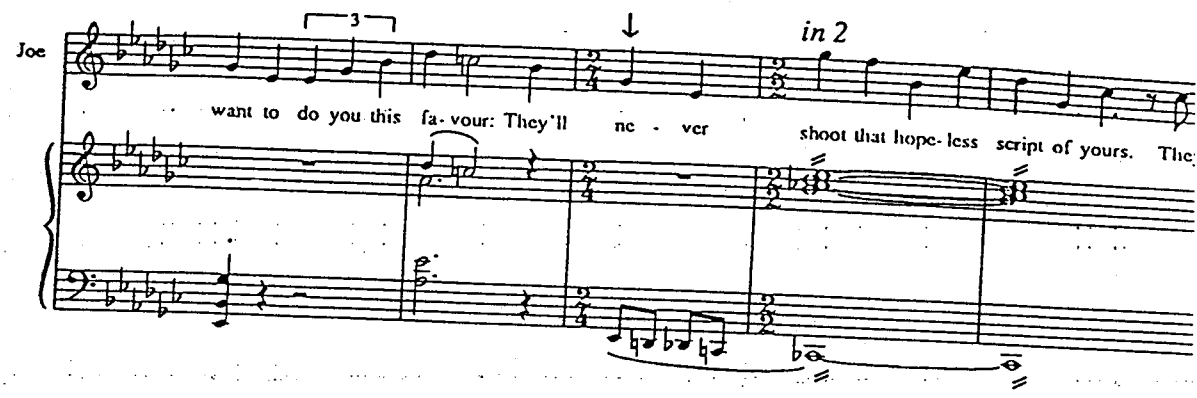
W *He starts to move on, then turns back, his expression serious*

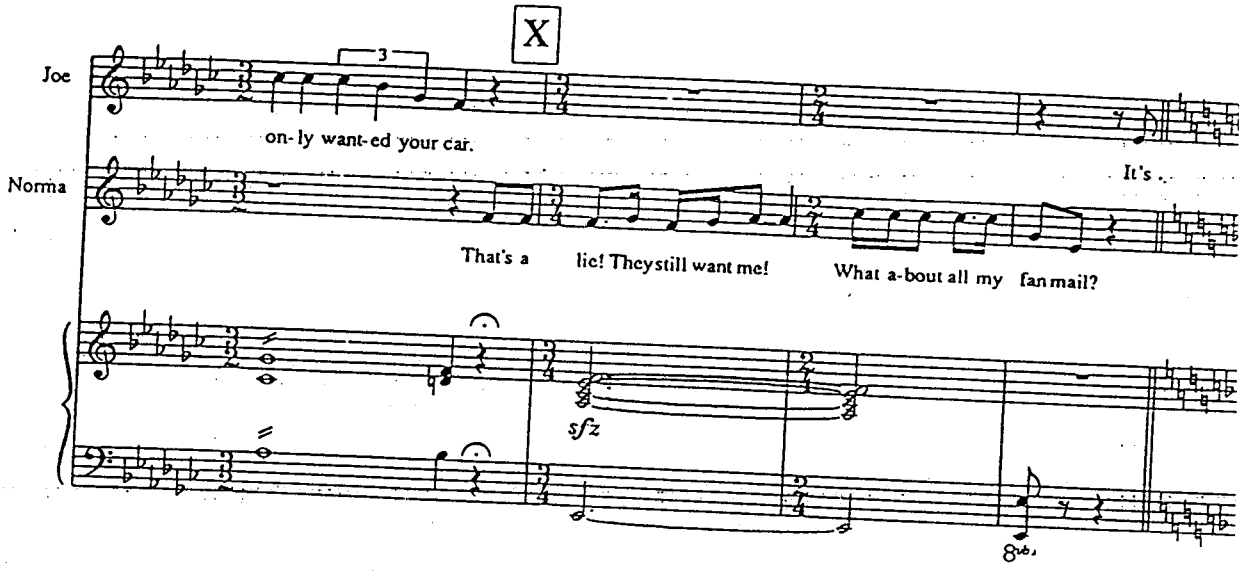
Joe

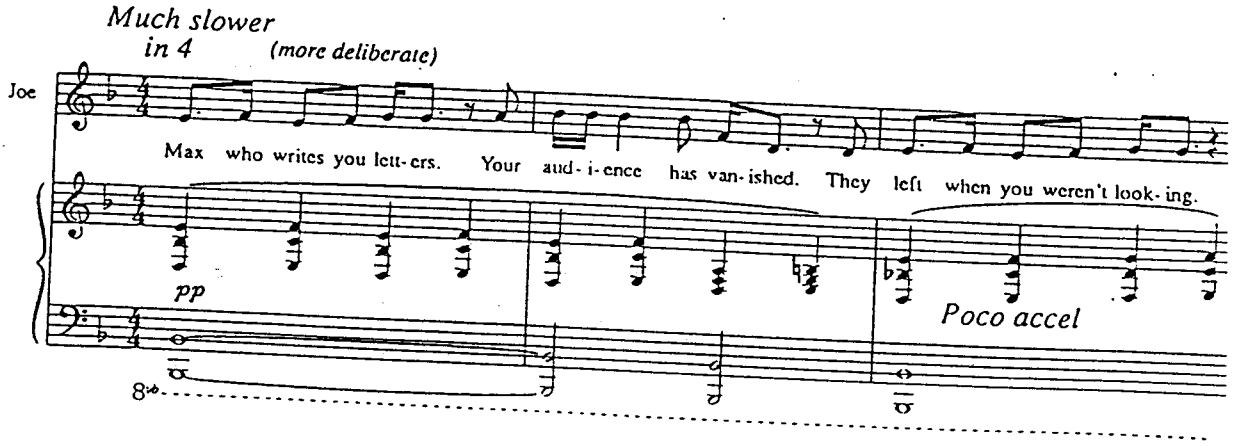
co - py desk back in Day- ton. And there's some - thing you ought to know. I

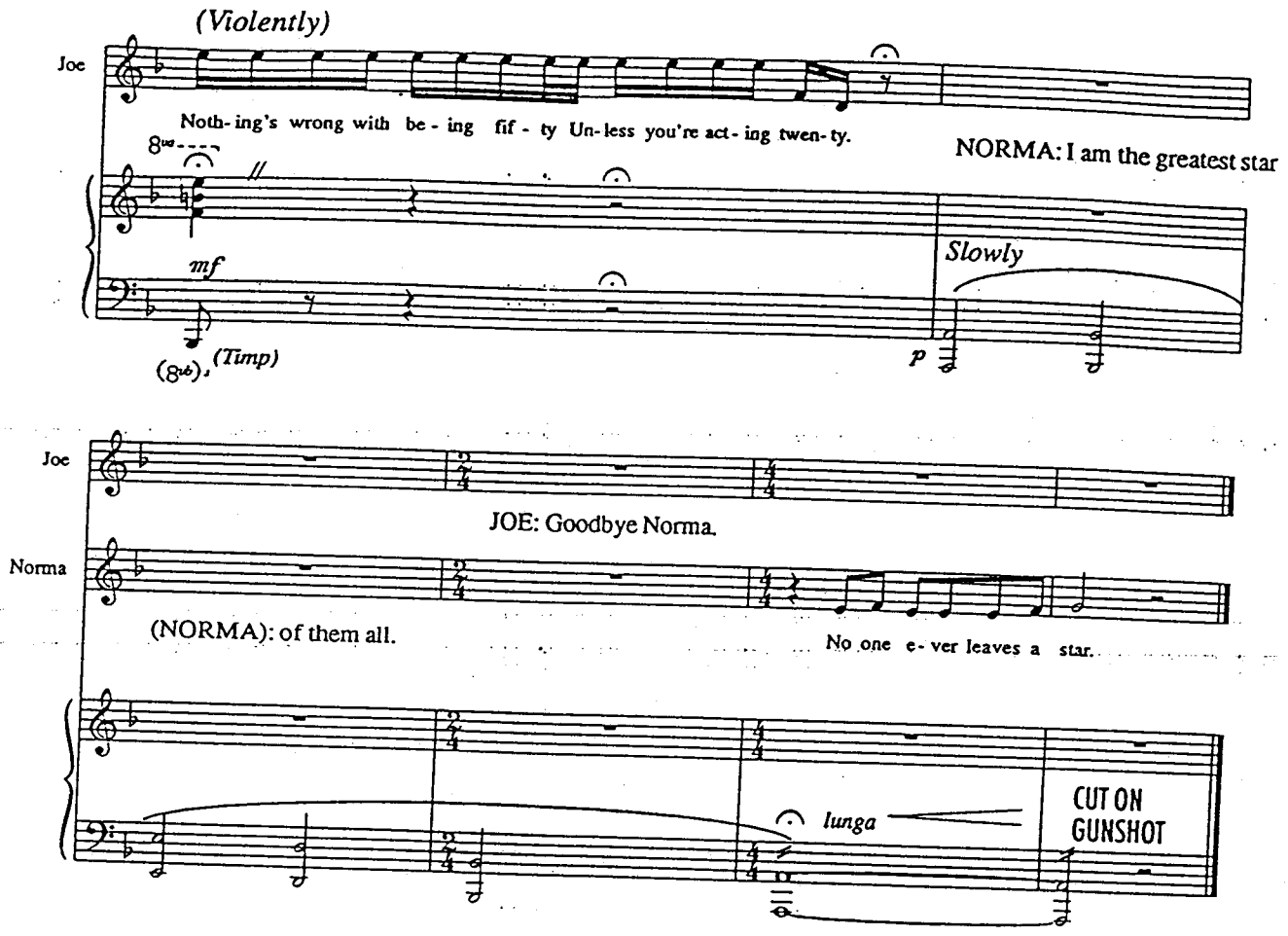
p

During this, MAX has entered below. He looks on, helpless









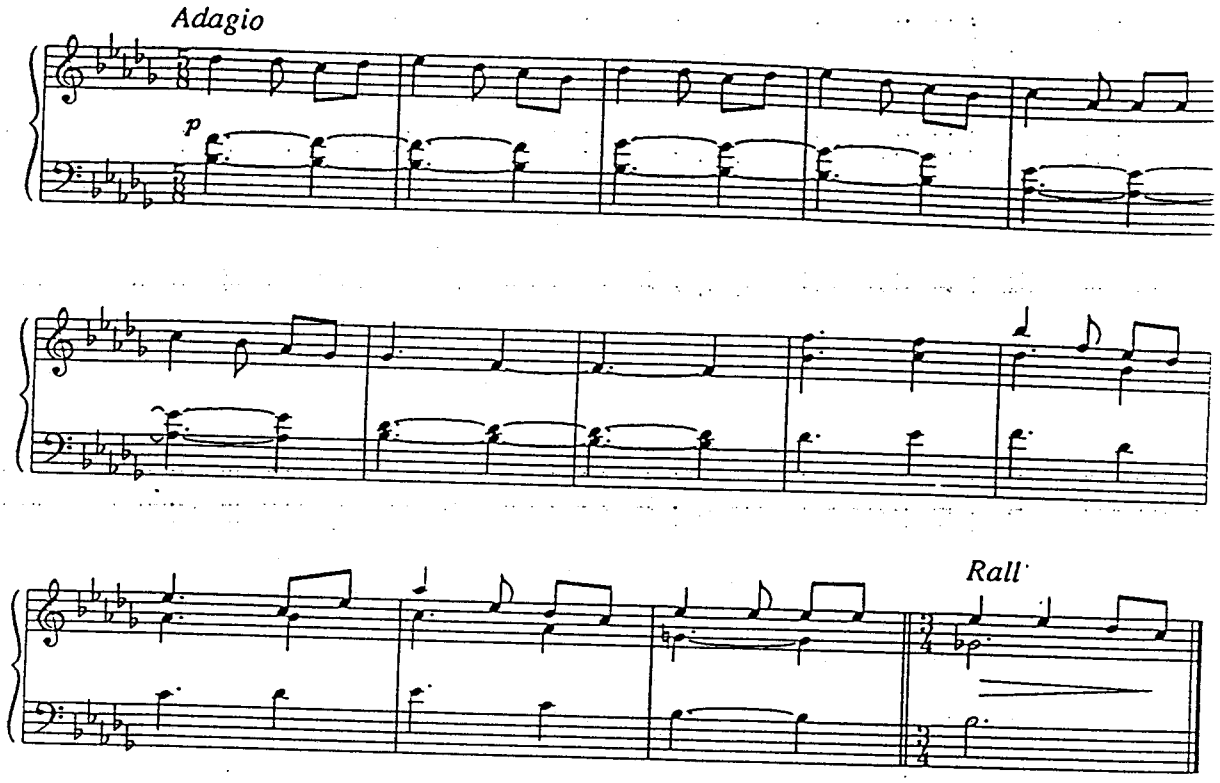
He's spoken without looking back; so he doesn't see NORMA fetch the revolver out of her pocket and point it at him.

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



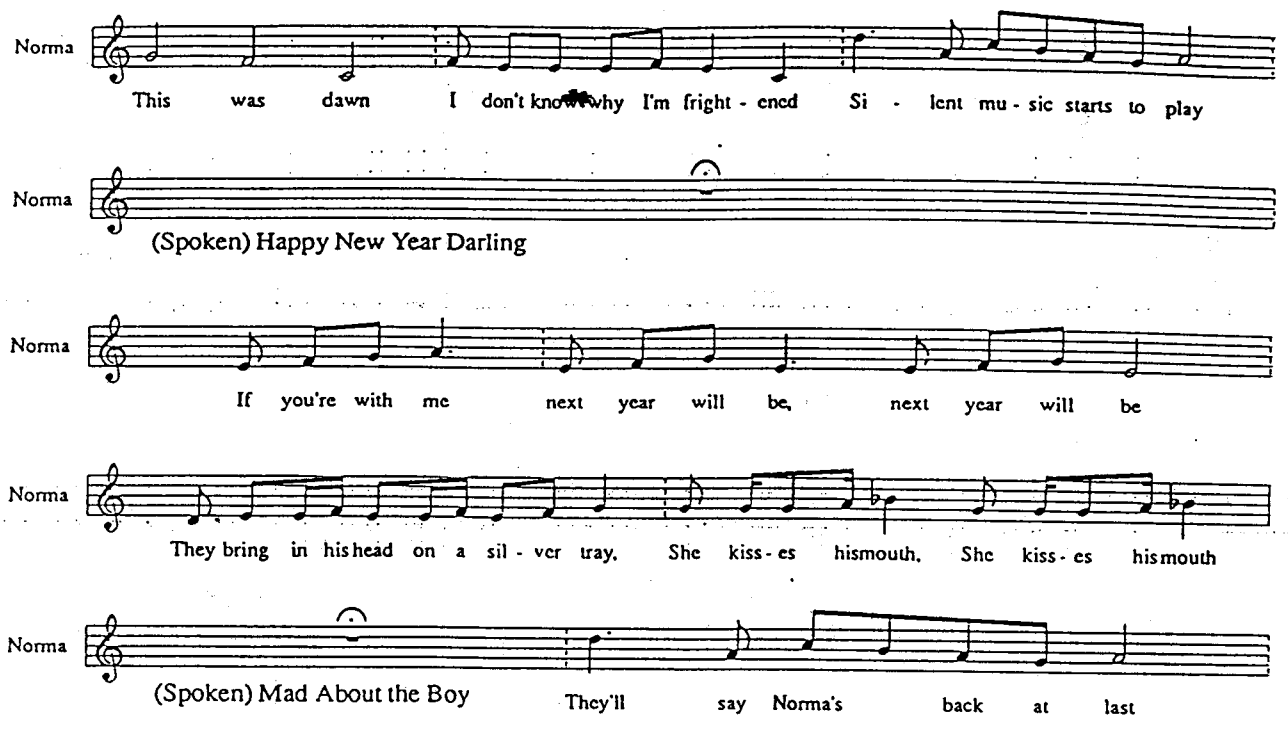
In the BLACKOUT, the orchestra plays NORMA's 'lullaby', and soon the LIGHTS come up on the cold dawn of the opening scene. There's been a semi-revolve, so that the garden is now visible, bathed in an eerie glow, disrupted by the blue lights of the the patrol cars. JOE's body floats, face-down, in the 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 Norma 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 disorientated, in a world of her own, moving, lost and bewildered, around the landing, letting out, unaccompanied by the orchestra, old broken phrases of song.

(Unaccomp)

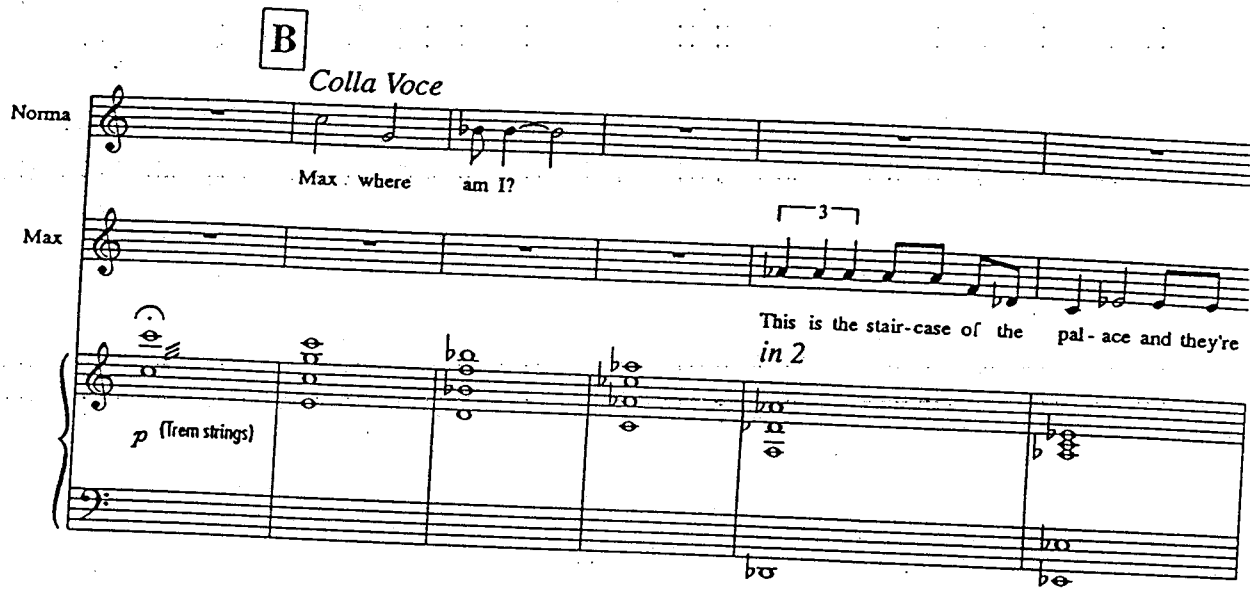

Norma
This was dawn I don't know why I'm fright - ened Si - lent mu - sic starts to play
Norma
(Spoken) Happy New Year Darling
Norma
If you're with me next year will be, next year will be
Norma
They bring in his head on a sil - ver tray. She kiss - es his mouth. She kiss - es his mouth
Norma
(Spoken) Mad About the Boy They'll say Norma's back at last

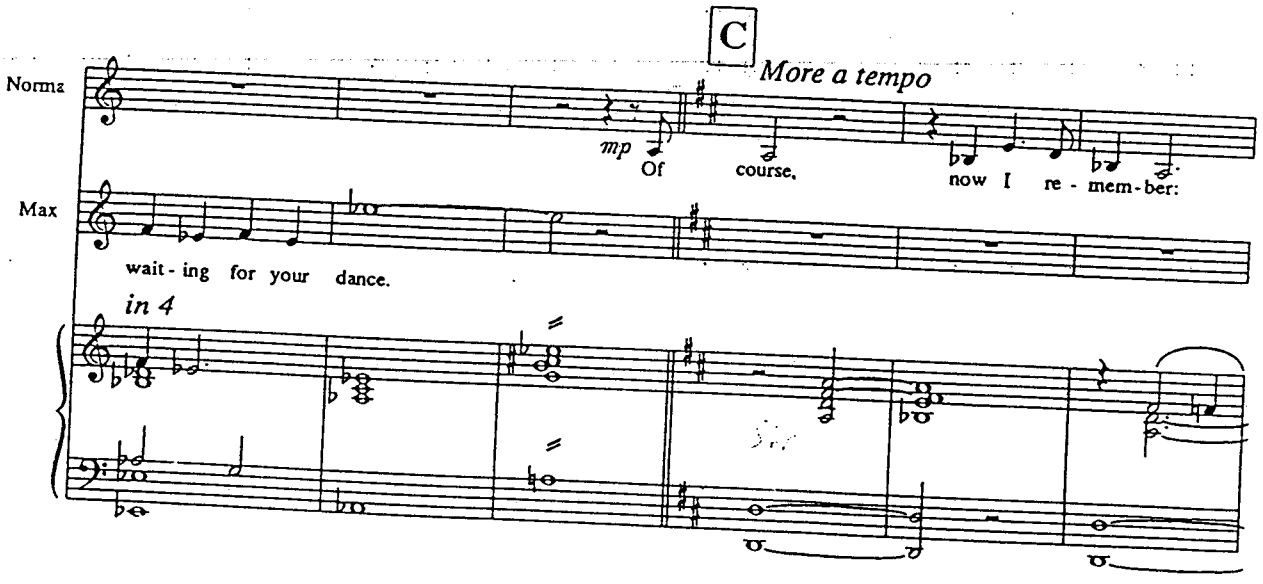
The Final Scene

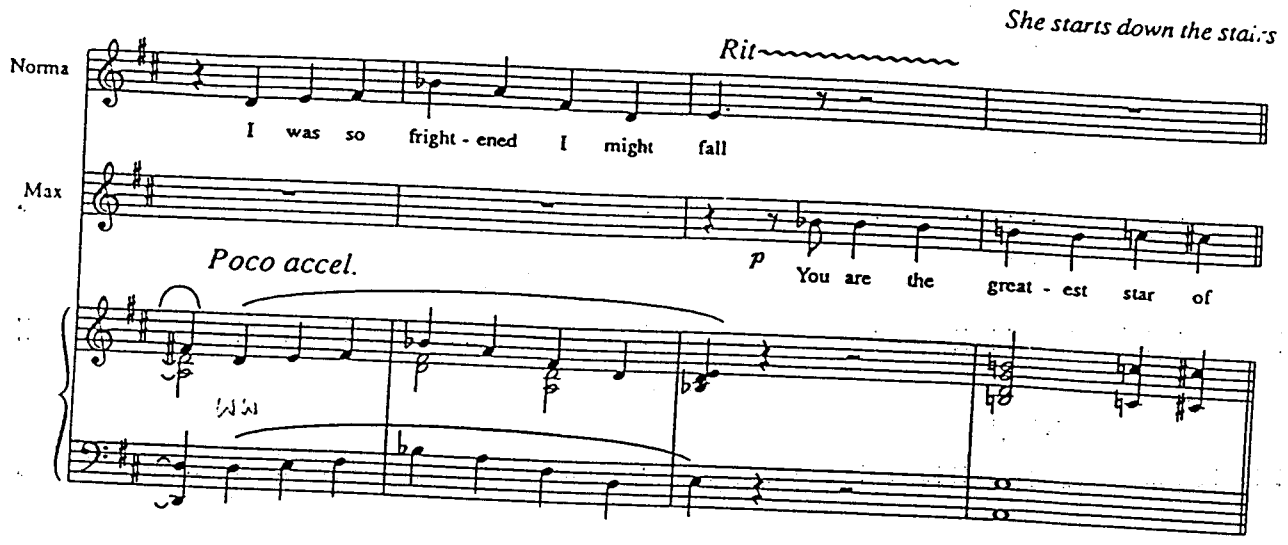
A POLICEMAN starts to move towards NORMA on the stairs. MAX stops him.

MAX: Let me.

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







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.

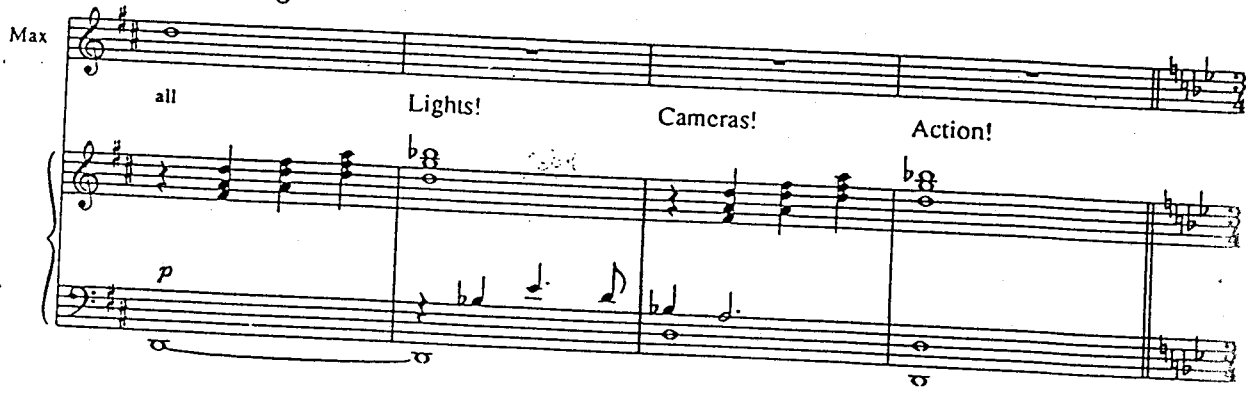
MAX:Action!

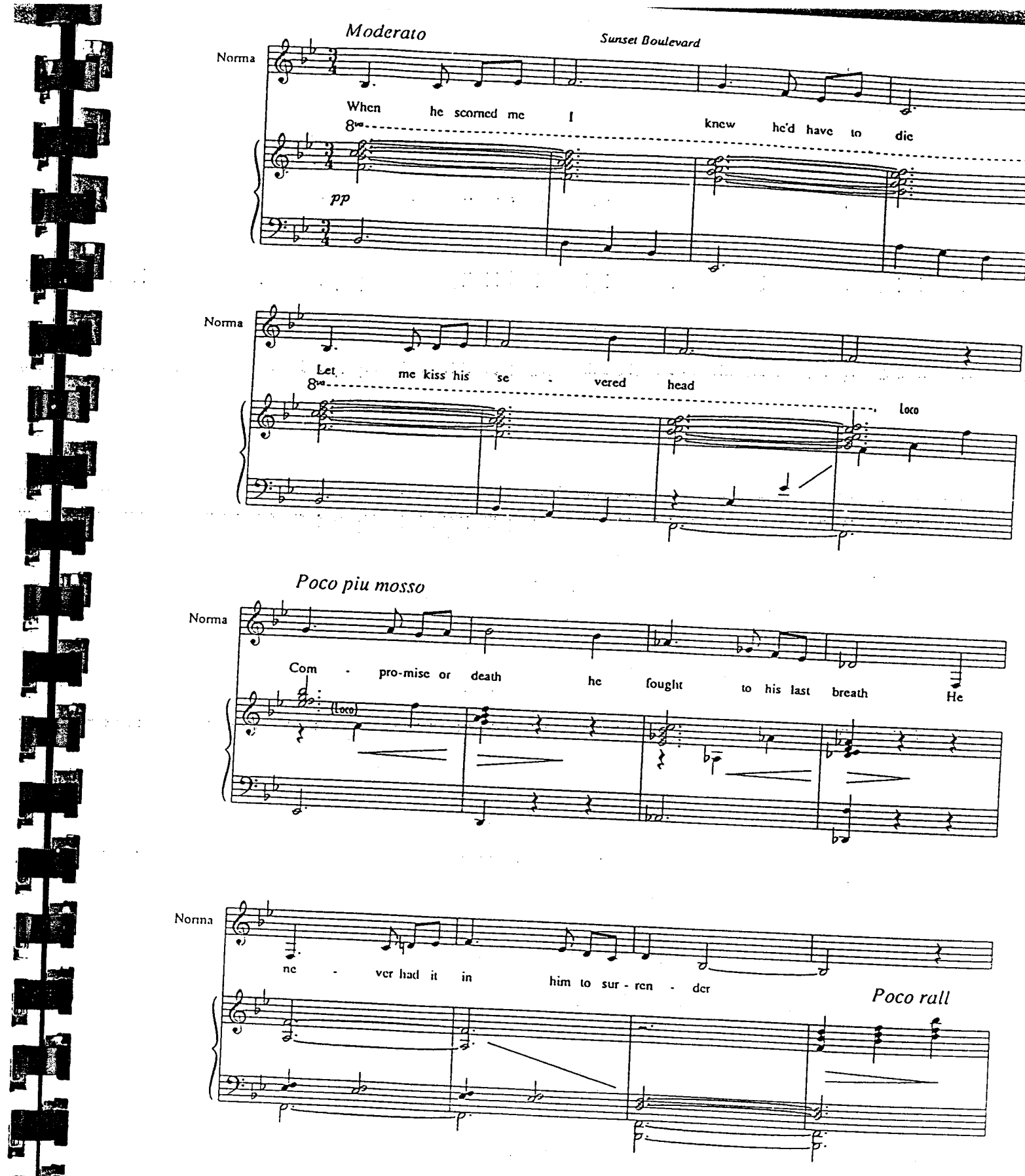
And so, as the music swells, NORMA descends the staircase, waving her arms in some strange rendition of Salome's approach to the throne. However, half-way down, she suddenly comes to a halt and begins to speak.

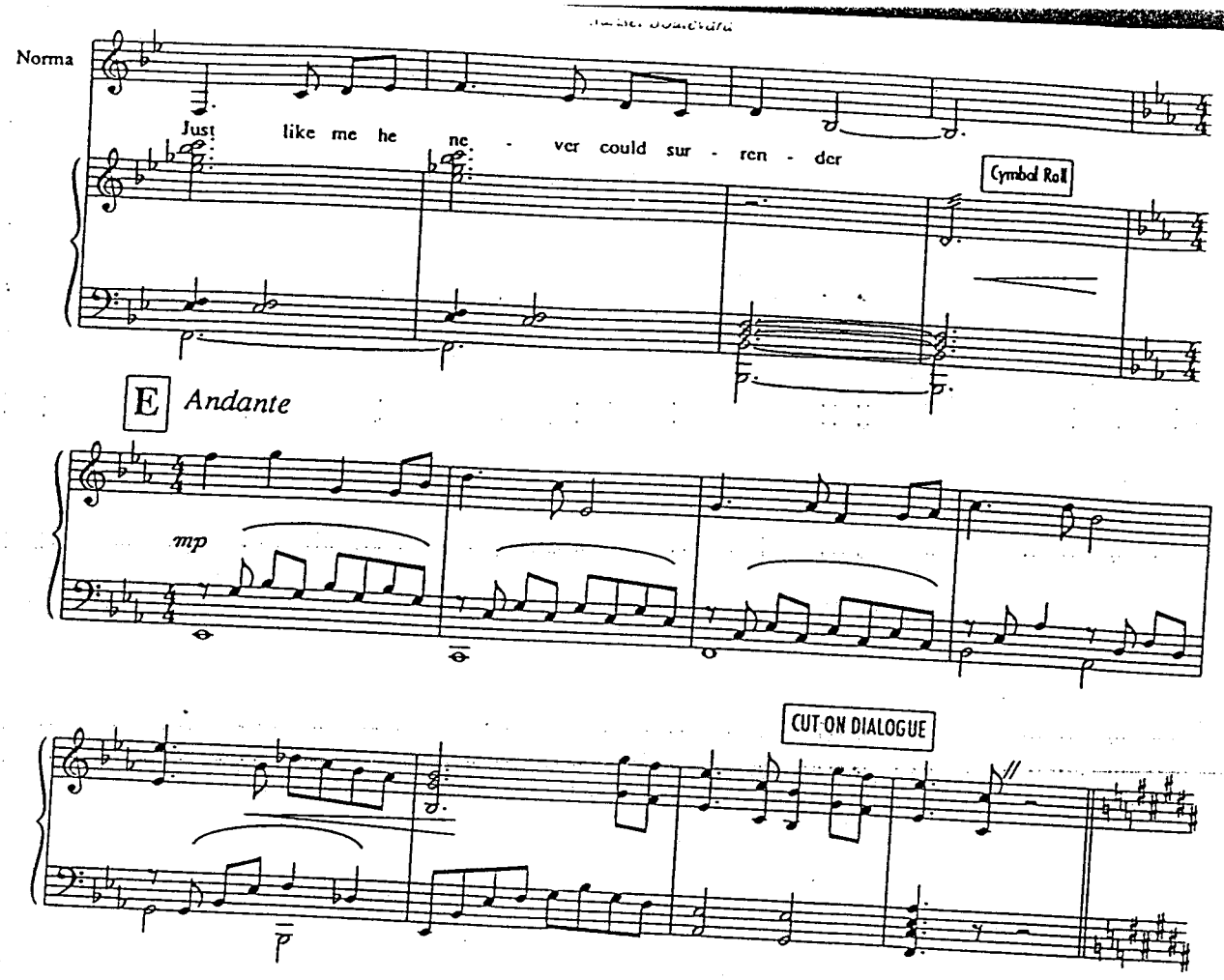
D

Poco adagio

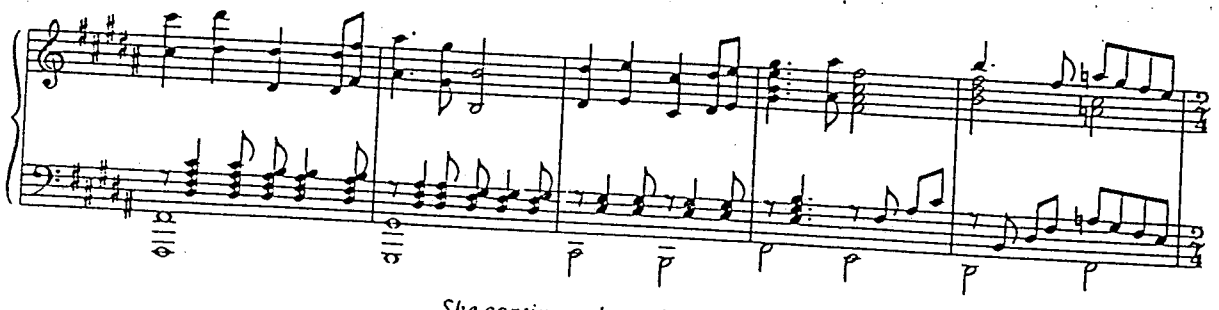
MAX cups a hand to his mouth and springs into action



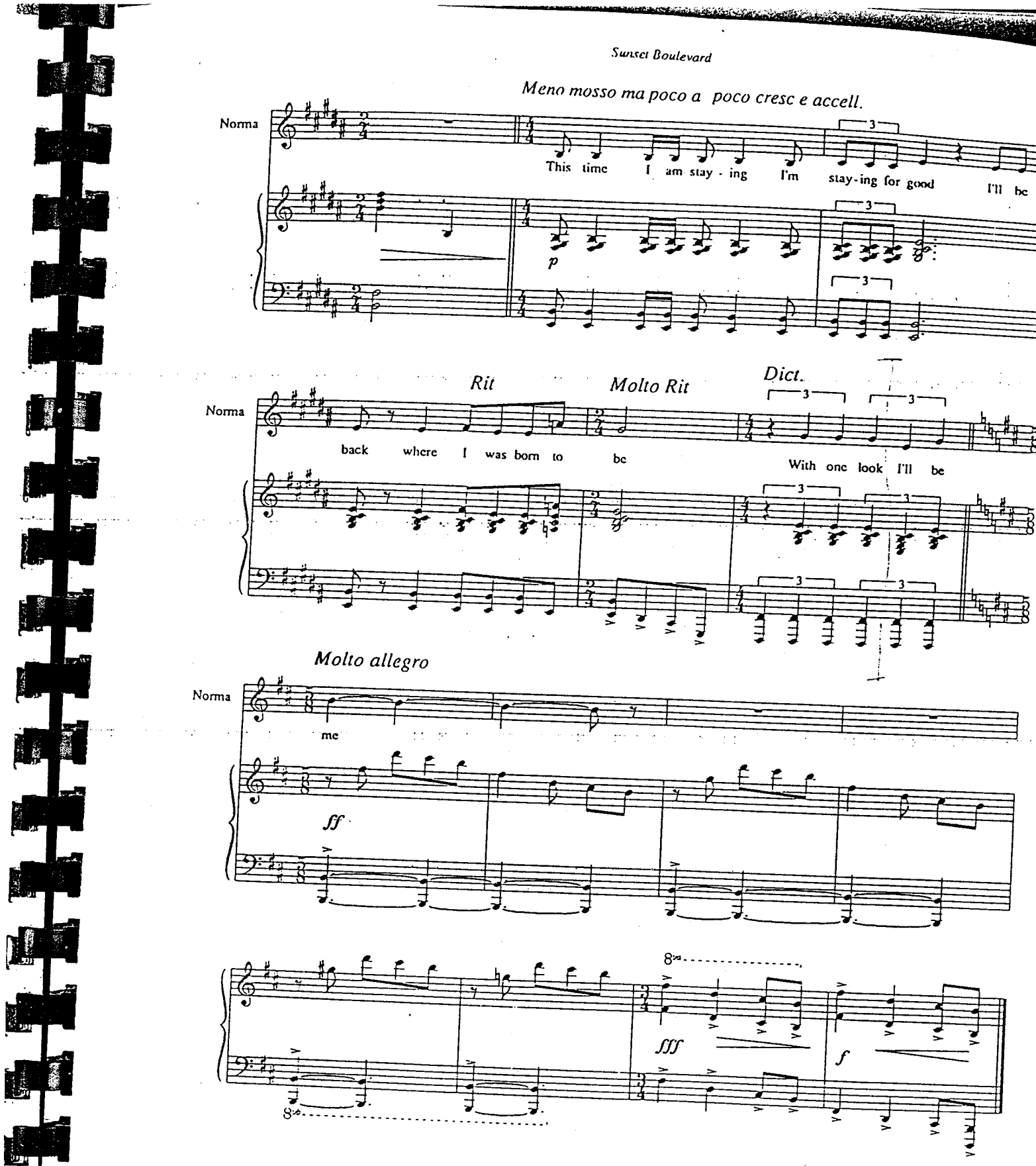

Moderato
Sunset Boulevard
Norma
When he scorned me I knew he'd have to die
8va
pp
Norma
Let me kiss his se - vered head
8va
loco
Poco piu mosso
Norma
Com - pro-mise or death he fought to his last breath He
(loco)
Norma
ne - ver had it in him to sur - ren - der
Poco rall



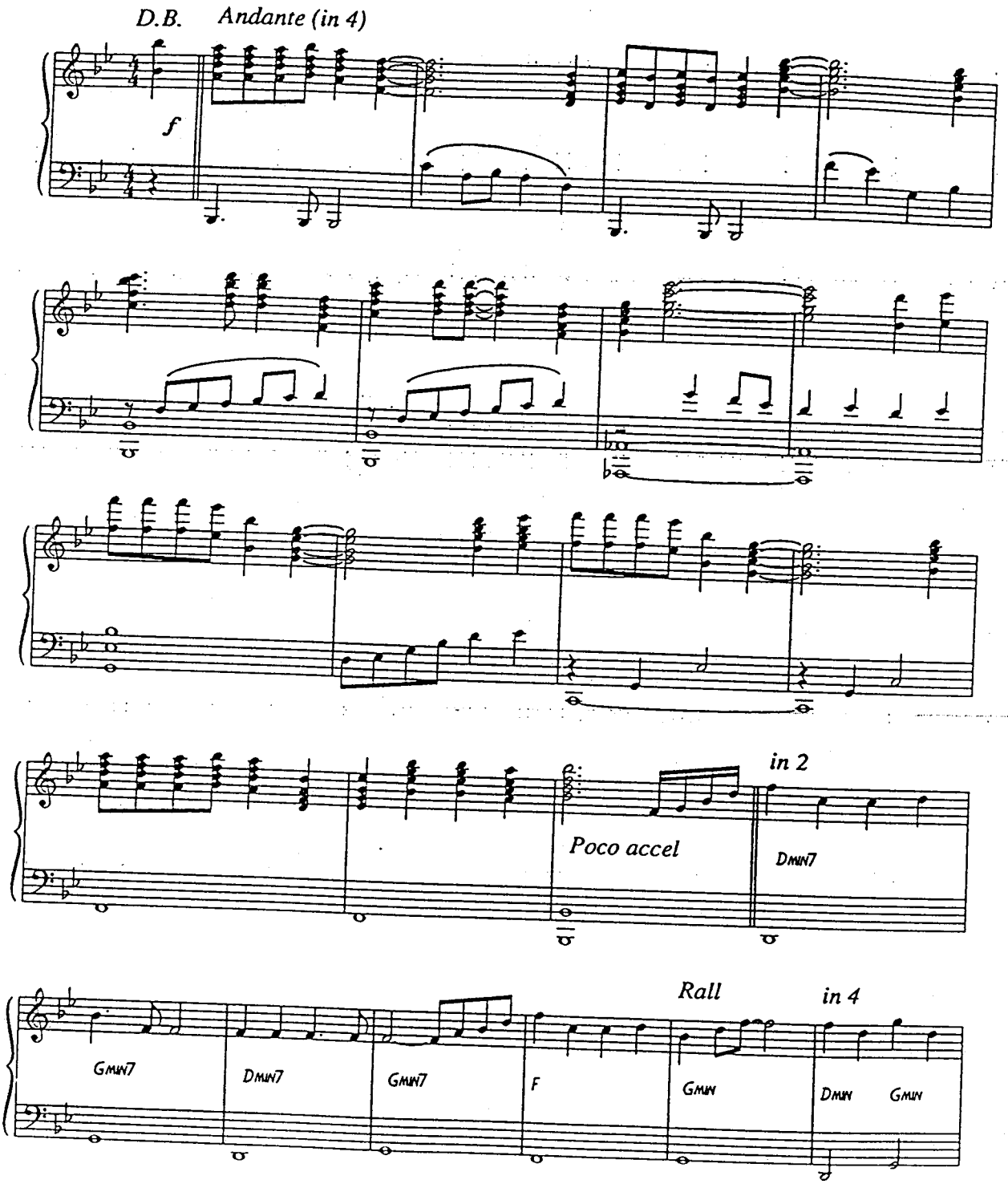
NORMA: I can't go on with the scene ; I'm too happy. May I say a few words , Mr DeMille? I can't tell you how wonderful it is to be back in the studio making a picture. I promise you I'll never desert you again. This is my life. It always will be. There is nothing else. Just us and the cameras and all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

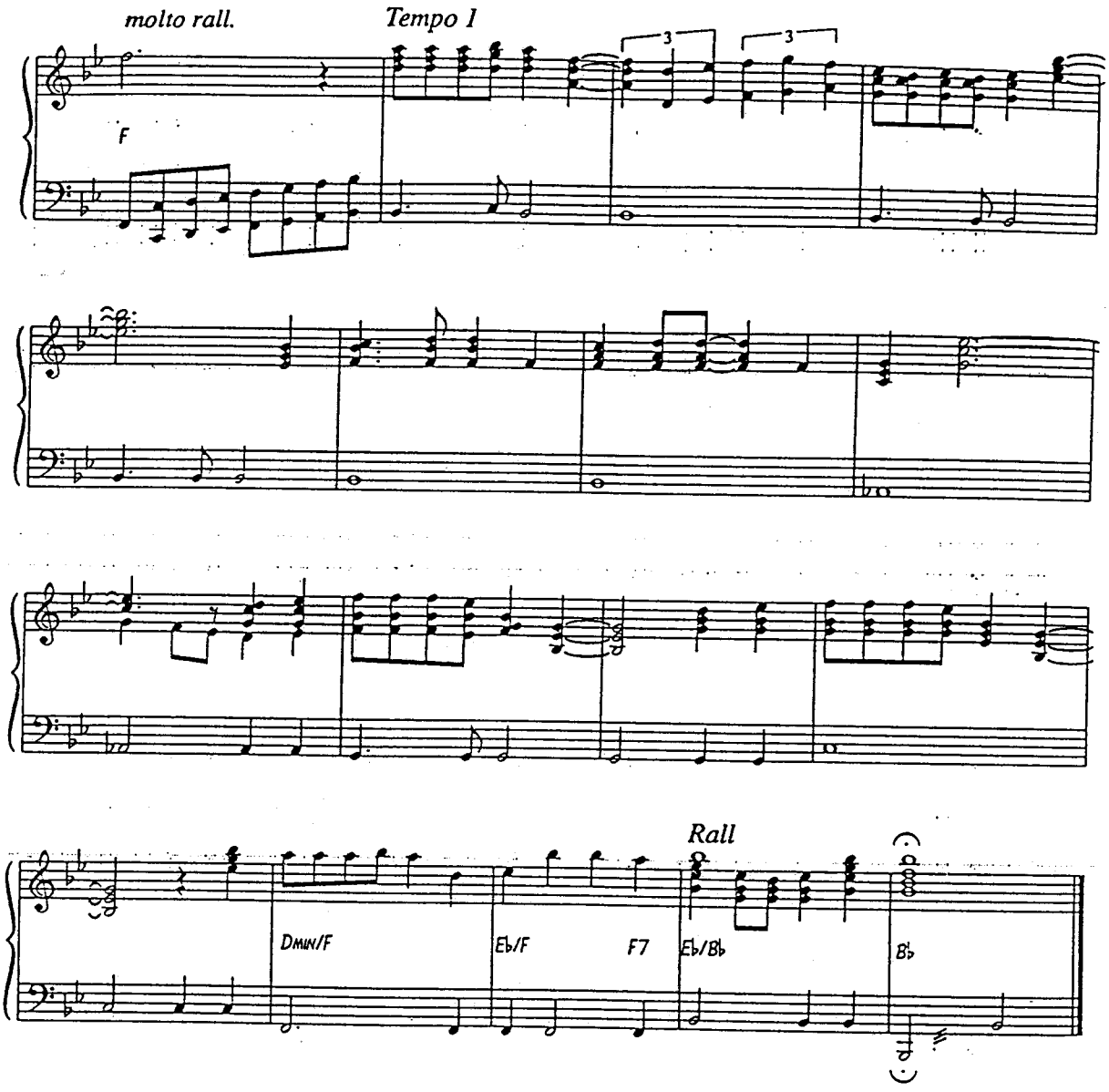


She continues down the staircase as 'WITH ONE LOOK' swells to a climax.


Meno mosso ma poco a poco cresc e accell.
Norma
This time I am stay - ing I'm stay-ing for good I'll be
p
Rit
Molto Rit
Dict.
Norma
back where I was born to be
With one look I'll be
Molto allegro
Norma
me
ff
8va
fff
f
8va

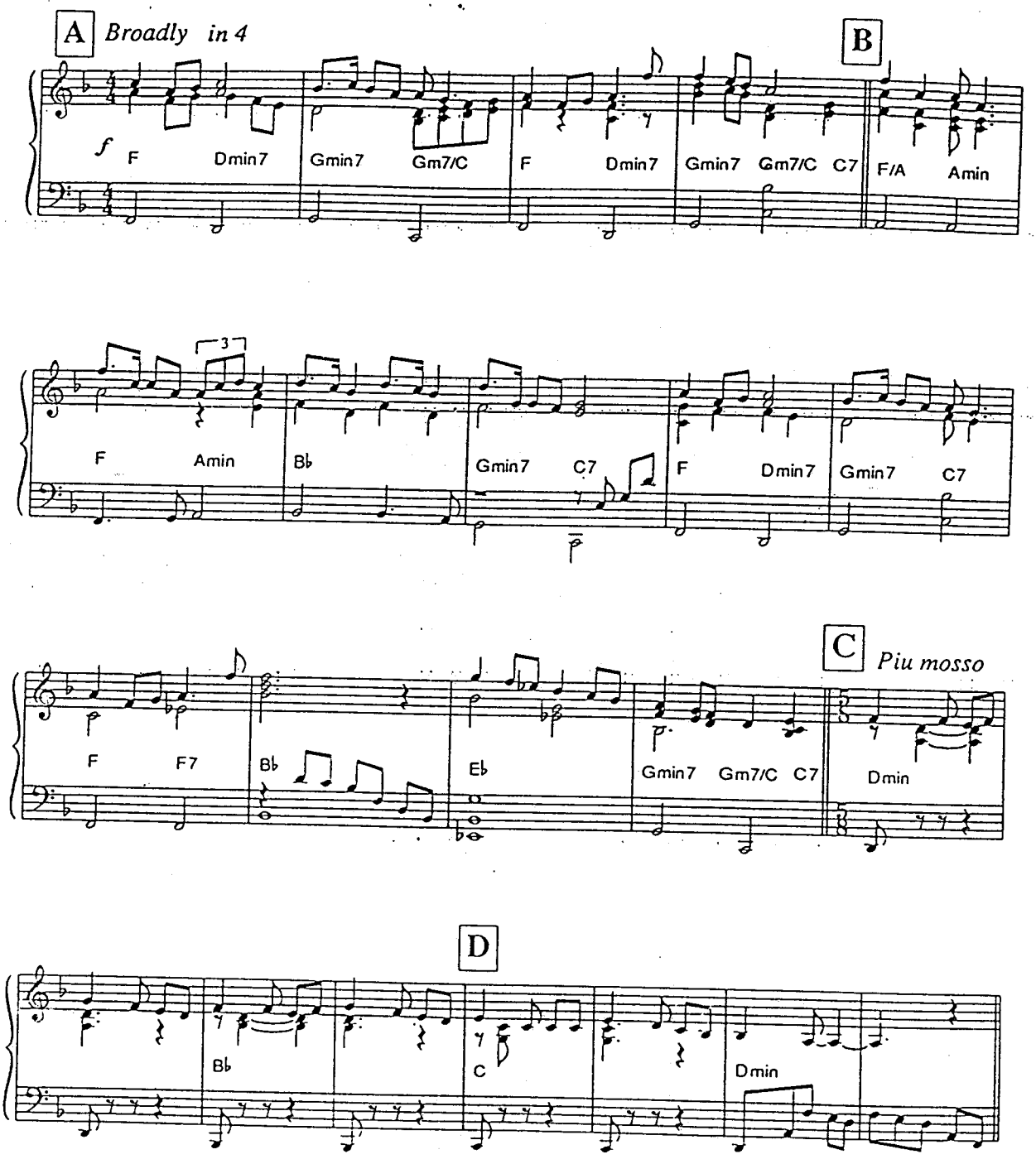
Curtain Calls

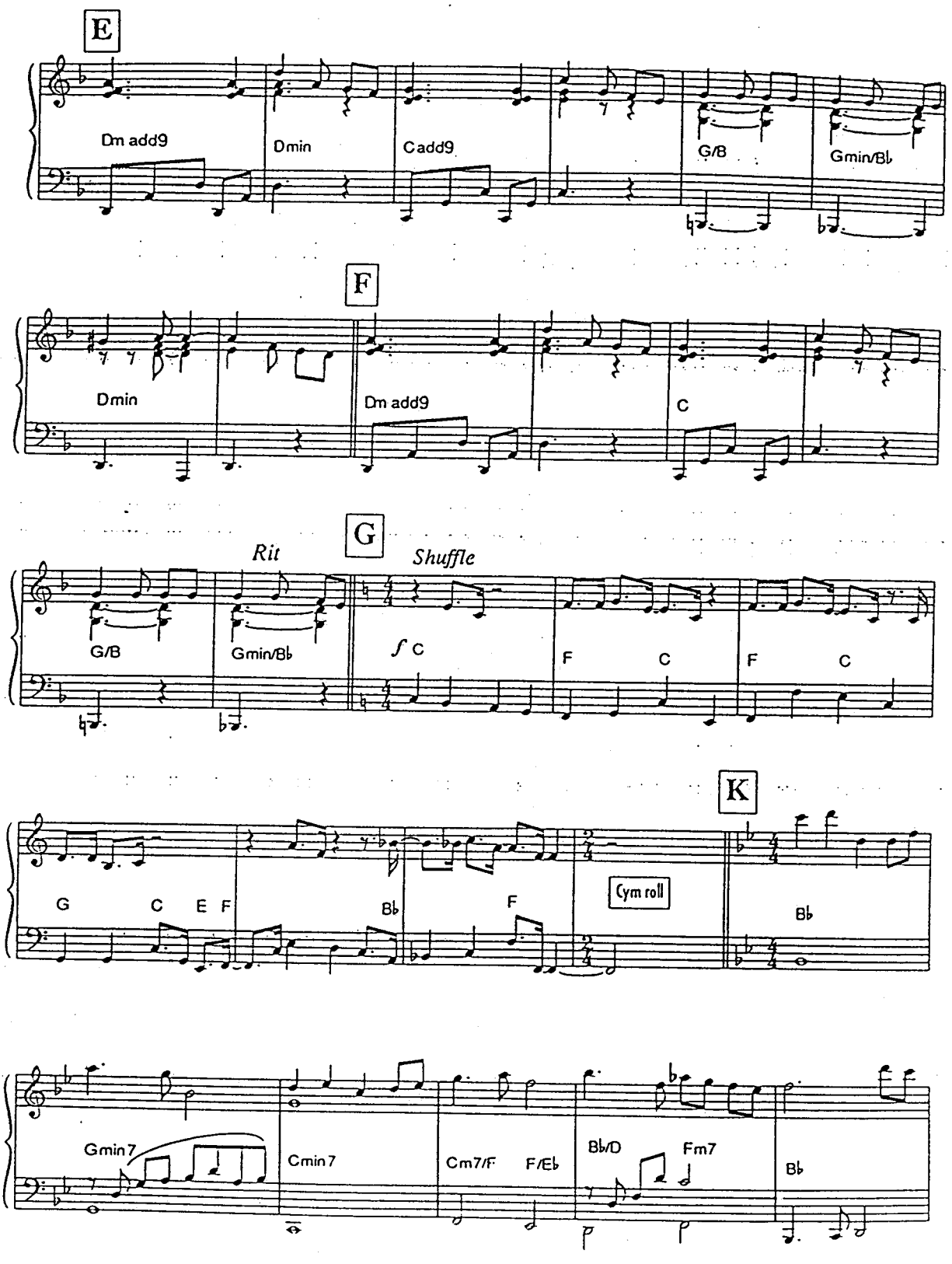


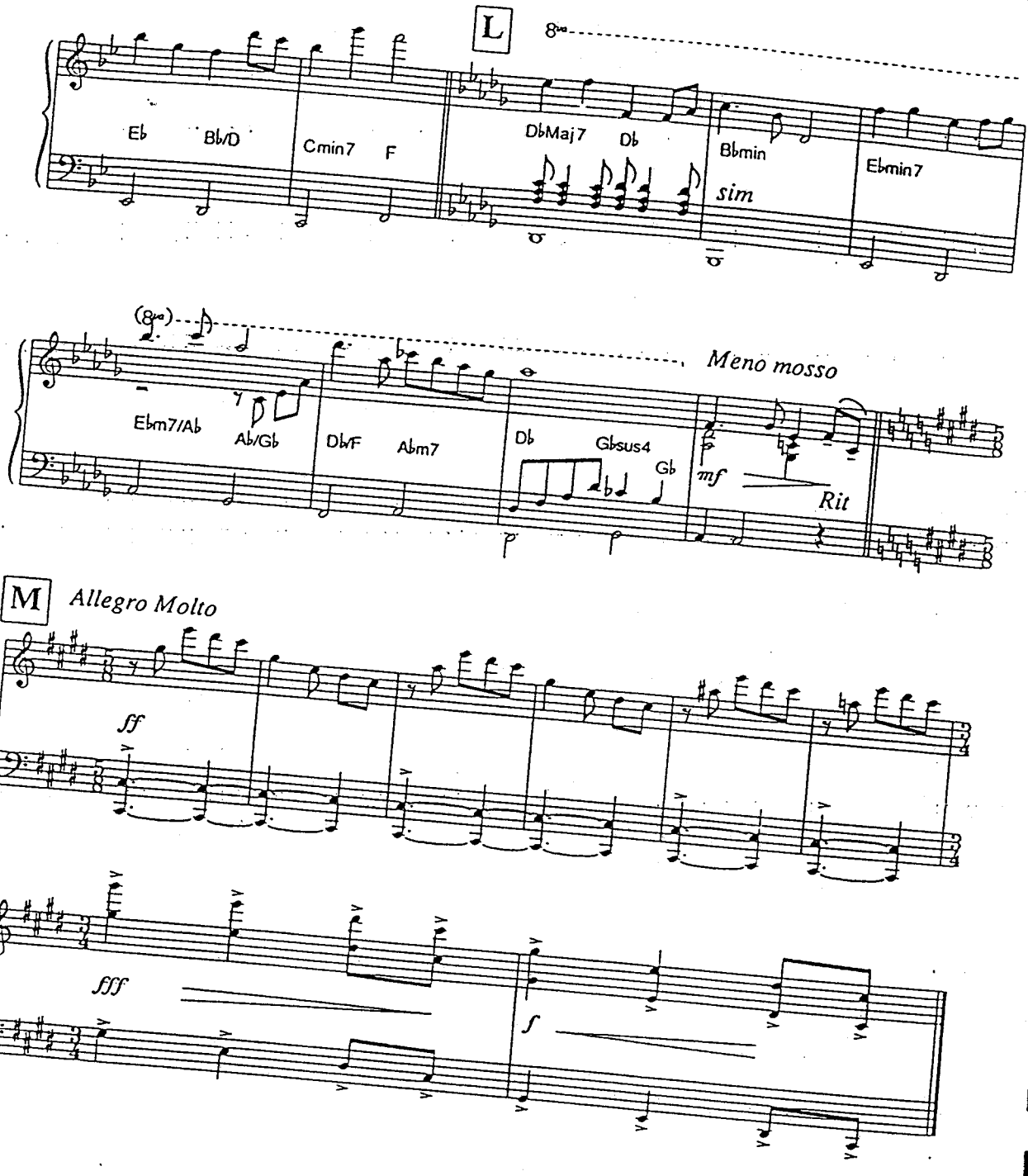


SEGUE

Playout


A
Broadly in 4
B
f
F
Dmin7
Gmin7
Gm7/C
F
Dmin7
Gmin7
Gm7/C
C7
F/A
Amin
3
F
Amin
Bb
Gmin7
C7
F
Dmin7
Gmin7
C7
C
Piu mosso
F
F7
Bb
Eb
Gmin7
Gm7/C
C7
Dmin
D
Bb
C
Dmin


E
Dm add9
Dmin
Cadd9
G/B
Gmin/Bb
F
Dmin
Dm add9
C
G
Rit
Shuffle
G/B
Gmin/Bb
f C
F
C
F
C
K
G
C
E F
Bb
F
Cym roll
Bb
Gmin7
Cmin7
Cm7/F
F/Eb
Bb/D
Fm7
Bb


L
8va
Eb
Bb/D
Cmin7
F
DbMaj7
Db
Bbmin
Ebmin7
sim
(8va)
Meno mosso
Ebm7/Ab
Ab/Gb
Dbm7
Abm7
Db
Gbsus4
Gb
mf
Rit
M
Allegro Molto
ff
fff
f