

SUNSET BOULEVARD

Charles Brackett, Billy Wilder, D.M. Marshman, Jr.

SEQUENCE "A"

A-1-4 START the picture with the actual street sign:
SUNSET BOULEVARD, stencilled on a curbstop. In the gutter lie dead leaves, scraps of paper, burnt matches and cigarette butts. It is early morning.

Now the CAMERA leaves the sign and MOVES EAST, the grey asphalt of the street filling the screen. As speed accelerates to around 40 m.p.h., traffic demarcations, white arrows, speed-limit warnings, manhole covers, etc., flash by. SUPERIMPOSED on all this are the CREDIT TITLES, in the stencilled style of the street sign.

Over the scene we now hear sirens. Police squad cars hurtle toward the camera, turn off the road into a driveway with squealing brakes. Dismounted motorcycle cops stand directing the cars in.

A-5 PATIO AND POOL OF
MANSION

The policemen and newspaper reporters and photographers have jumped out of the cars and are running up to the pool, in which a body is seen floating. Photographers' bulbs flash in rapid succession.

MAN'S VOICE

Yes, this is Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, California. It's about five o'clock in the morning. That's the Homicide Squad, complete with detectives and newspaper men. A murder has been reported from one of those great big houses in the ten thousand block. You'll read all about it in the late editions, I'm sure. You'll get it over your radio, and see it on television -- because an old-time star is involved. one of the biggest. But before you hear it all distorted and blown out of proportion, before those Hollywood columnists get their hands on it, maybe you'd like to hear the facts, the whole truth...

A-6 FLASH OF THE BODY

Angle up through the water from the bottom of the pool, as the body floats face downward. It is a well-dressed young man.

MAN'S VOICE

If so, you've come to the right party... You see, the body of a young man was found floating in the pool of her mansion, with two shots in his back and one in his stomach. Nobody important, really. Just a movie writer with a couple of "B" pictures to his credit. The poor

dope. He always wanted a pool Well, in the end he got himself a pool -- only the price turned out to be a little high... Let's go back about six months and find the day when it all started.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

A-7 HOLLYWOOD, SEEN FROM THE HILLTOP AT IVAR & FRANKLIN STREETS

It is a crisp sunny day. The voice continues speaking as CAMERA PANS toward the ALTO NIDO APARTMENT HOUSE, an ugly Moorish structure of stucco, about four stories high. CAMERA MOVES TOWARD AN OPEN WINDOW on the third floor, where we look in on JOE GILLIS' APARTMENT. Joe Gillis, barefooted and wearing nothing but an old bathrobe. is sitting on the bed. In front of him. on a straight chair, is a portable typewriter. Beside him, on the bed, is a dirty ashtray and a scattering of typewritten and pencil-marked pages. Gillis is typing. with a pencil clenched between his teeth.

I was living in an apartment house above Franklin and Ivar. Things were tough at the moment. I hadn't worked in a studio for a long time. So I there grinding out original stories, two a week. Only I seemed to have lost my touch. Maybe they weren't original enough. Maybe they were too original. All I know is they didn't sell.

A-8 JOE GILLIS' APARTMENT

It is a one-room affair with an unmade Murphy bed pulled out of the wall at which Gillis sits typing. There are a couple of worn-out plush chairs and a Spanish-style, wrought-iron standing lamp. Also a small desk littered with books and letters, and a chest of drawers with a portable phonograph and some records on top. On the walls are a couple of reproductions of characterless paintings, with laundry bills and snapshots stuck in the frames. Through an archway can be seen a tiny kitchenette, complete with unwashed coffee pot and cup, empty tin cans, orange peels, etc. The effect is dingy and cheerless -- just another furnished apartment. The buzzer SOUNDS.

GILLIS

Yeah.

The buzzer SOUNDS again. Gillis gets up and opens the door. Two men wearing hats stand outside one of them carrying a briefcase.

NO. 1

Joseph C. Gillis?

GILLIS

That's right.

The men ease into the room. No. 1 hands Gillis a

business card.

NO. 1

We've come for the car.

GILLIS

What car?

NO. 2

(Consulting a paper)
1946 Plymouth convertible. Calif-
ornia license 97 N 567.

NO. 1

Where are the keys?

GILLIS

Why should I give you the keys?

NO. 1

Because the company's played ball
with you long enough. Because
you're three payments behind. And
because we've got a Court order.
Come on -- the keys.

NO. 2

Or do you want us to jack it up
and haul it away?

GILLIS

Relax, fans. The car isn't here.

NO. 1

Is that So?

GILLIS

I lent it to a friend of mine.
He took it up to Palm Springs.

NO. 1

Had to get away for his health,
I suppose.

GILLIS

You don't believe me? Look in
the garage.

NO. 1

Sure we believe you, only now we
want you to believe us. That car
better be back here by noon tomorrow,
or there's going to be fireworks.

GILLIS

You say the cutest things.

The men leave. Gillis
stands pondering beside
the door for a moment.
Then he walks to the
center of the room and,
with his back to the
CAMERA, slips into a
pair of gray slacks.
There is a metallic
noise as some loose
change and keys drop
from the trouser pockets.
As Gillis bends over to
pick them up, we see that

GILLIS' VOICE

Well, I needed about two
hundred and ninety dollars
and I needed it real
quick, or I'd lose my car.
It wasn't in Palm Springs
and it wasn't in the
garage. I was way ahead
of the finance company.

he has dropped the car keys, identifiable because of a rabbit's foot and a miniature license plate attached to the key-ring. Gillis pockets the keys and as he starts to put on a shirt

DISSOLVE TO:

A-9 EXTERIOR OF RUDY'S
 SHOESHINE PARLOR (DAY)

A small shack-like building, it stands in the corner of a public parking lot. Rudy, a colored boy, is giving a customer a shine.

GILLIS' VOICE

I knew they'd be coming around and I wasn't taking any chances, so I kept it a couple of blocks away in a parking lot behind Rudy's Shoe-shine Parlor. Rudy never asked any questions. He'd just look at your heels and know the score.

PAN BEHIND the shack to GILLIS' CAR, a yellow 1946 Plymouth convertible with the top down. Gillis enters the SHOT. He is wearing a tweed sport jacket, a tan polo shirt, and mooasins. He steps into the car and drives it off. Rudy winks after him.

A-10 THE ALLEY NEXT TO SIDNEY'S
 MEN'S SHOP ON BRONSON AVE.

Gillis drives into the alley and parks his car right behind a delivery truck. PAN AND FOLLOW HIM as he gets out, walks around the corner into Bronson and then toward the towering main gate of Paramount. A few loafers, studio cops and extras are lounging there.

GILLIS' VOICE

I had an original story kicking around Paranount. My agent told me it was dead as a doornail. but I knew a big shot over there who'd always liked me, and the time had come to take a little advantage of it. His name was Sheldrake. He was a smart producer, with a set of ulcers to prove it.

DISSOLVE TO:

A-11 SHELDRAKE'S OFFICE

It is in the style of a Paramount executive's office -- mahogany, leather, and a little chintz. On the walls are some large framed photographs of Paramount stars, with dedications to Mr. Sheldrake. Also a couple of framed critics' awards certificates, and an Oscar on a bookshelf. A shooting schedule chart is thumb-tacked into a large bulletin board. There are piles of scripts, a few pipes and, somewhere in the background, some set models.

Start on Sheldrake. He is about 45. Behind his worried face there hides a coated tongue. He is engaged in changing the stained rilter cigarette in his Zeus holder.

SHELDRAKE

All right, Gillis. You've got five minutes. What's your story about?

GILLIS

It's about a ball player, a rookie shortstop that's batting 347. The poor kid was once mixed up in a hold-up. But he's trying to go straight -- except there's a bunch of gamblers who won't let him.

SHELDRAKE

So they tell the kid to throw the World Series, or else, huh?

GILLIS

More or less. Only for the end I've got a gimmick that's real good.

A secretary enters, carrying a glass of milk. She opens a drawer and takes out a bottle of pills for Sheldrake.

SHELDRAKE

Got a title?

GILLIS

Bases Loaded. There's a 40-page outline.

SHELDRAKE

(To the secretary)

Get the Readers' Department and see what they have on Bases Loaded.

The secretary exits. Sheldrake takes a pill and washes it down with some milk.

GILLIS

They're pretty hot about it over at Twentieth, but I think Zanuck's all wet. Can you see Ty Power as a

GILLIS (cont'd)

shortstop? You've got the best man for it right here on this lot. Alan Ladd. Good change of pace for Alan Ladd. There's another thing: it's pretty simple to shoot. Lot of outdoor stuff. Bet you could make the whole thing for under a million. And there's a great little part for Bill Demarest. One of the trainers, an oldtime player who got beamed and goes out of his head sometimes.

The door opens and Betty Schaefer enters -- a clean-cut, nice looking girl of 21, with a bright, alert manner. Dressed in tweed skirt, Brooks sweater and pearls, and carrying a folder of papers. She puts them on Sheldrake's desk, not noticing Gillis, who stands near the door.

BETTY

Hello, Mr. Sheldrake. On that Bases Loaded. I covered it with a 2-page synopsis.

(She holds it out)

But I wouldn't bother.

SHELDRAKE

What's wrong with it?

BETTY
It's from hunger.

SHELDRAKE
Nothing for Ladd?

BETTY
Just a rehash of something that
wasn't very good to begin with.

SHELDRAKE
I'm sure you'll be glad to meet
Mr. Gillis. He wrote it.

Betty turns towards Gillis, embarrassed.

SHELDRAKE
This is Miss Kramer.

BETTY
Schaefer. Betty Schaefer. And
right now I wish I could crawl
into a hole and pull it in after
me.

GILLIS
If I could be of any help...

BETTY
I'm sorry, Mr. Gillis, but I
just don't think it's any good.
I found it flat and banal.

GILLIS
Exactly what kind of material do
you recommend? James Joyce?
Dostoosvsky?

SHELDRAKE
Name dropper.

BETTY
I just think pictures should say
a little something.

GILLIS
Oh, you're one of the message
kids. Just a story won't do.
You'd have turned down Gone With the
Wind.

SHELDRAKE
No, that was me. I said, Who
wants to see a Civil War picture?

BETTY
Perhaps the reason I hated Bases
Loaded is that I knew your name.
I'd always heard you had some
talent.

GILLIS
That was last year. This year
I'm trying to earn a living.

BETTY
So you take Plot 27-A, make it
glossy, make it slick --

SHELDRAKE
Carefull Those are dirty words!

You sound like a bunch of New York critics. Thank you, Miss Schaefer.

BETTY
Goodbye, Mr. Gillis.

GILLIS
Goodbye. Next time I'll write
The Naked and the Dead.

Betty leaves.

SHELDRAKE
Well, seems like Zanuck's got
himself a baseball picture.

GILLIS
Mr. Sheldrake, I don't want you
to think I thought this was going
to win any Academy Award.

SHELDRAKE
(His mind free-wheeling)
Of course, we're always looking
for a Betty Hutton. Do you see
it as a Betty Hutton?

GILLIS
Frankly, no.

SHELDRAKE
(Amusing himself)
Now wait a minute. If we made
it a girls' softball team, put
in a few numbers. Might make a
cute musical: It Happened in
the Bull Pen -- the story of a
Woman.

GILLIS
You trying to be funny? -- because
I'm all out of laughs. I'm over a
barrel and I need a job.

SHELDRAKE
Sure, Gillis. If something should
come along -

GILLIS
Along is no good. I need it now.

SHELDRAKE
Haven't got a thing.

GILLIS
Any kind of assignment. Additional
Dialogue.

SHELDRAKE
There's nothing, Gillis. Not
even if you were a relative.

GILLIS
(Hating it)
Look, Mr. Sheldrake, could you
let me have three hundred bucks
yourself, as a personal loan?

SHELDRAKE
Could I? Gillis, last year some-

body talked me into buying a ranch in the valley. So I borrowed money from the bank so I could pay for the ranch. This year I had to mortgage the ranch so I could keep up my life insurance so I could borrow on the insurance so I could pay my income tax. Now if Dewey had been elected -

GILLIS
Goodbye, Mr. Sheldrake.

DISSOLVE TO:

A-12 EXT. SCHWAB'S DRUG STORE
(EARLY AFTERNOON ACTIVITY)

MOVE IN toward drug store and

DISSOLVE TO:

A-13 INT. SCHWAB'S DRUG STORE

The usual Schwabadero crowd sits at the fountain, gossips at the cigar-stand, loiters by the magazine display. MOVE IN towards the TWO TELEPHONE BOOTHS. In one of them sits Gillis, a stack of nickels in front of him. He's doing a lot of talking into the telephone, hanging up, dropping another nickel, dialing, talking again.

GILLIS' VOICE
After that I drove down to headquarters. That's the way a lot of us think about Schwab's Drug Store. Actors and stock girls and waiters. Kind of a combination office, Kaffee-Klatsch and waiting room. Waiting, waiting for the gravy train.

I got myself ten nickels and started sending out a general S.O.S. Couldn't get hold of my agent, naturally. So then I called a pal of mine, name of Artie Green -- an awful nice guy, an assistant director. He could let me have twenty, but twenty wouldn't do.

GILLIS' VOICE (Cont.)
Then I talked to a couple of yes men at Twentieth. To me they said no. Finally I located that agent of mine, the big faker. Was he out digging up a job for poor Joe Gillis? Hmph! He was hard at work in Bel Air, making with the golf clubs.

Gillis hangs up with a curse, opens the door of the booth, emerges, wiping the sweat from his forehead. He walks toward the exit. He is stopped by the voice of

SKOLSKY
Hello, Gillis.

Gillis looks around. At the fountain sits Skolsky, drinking a cup of coffee.

GILLIS
Hello, Mr. Skolsky.

SKOLSKY
Got anything for the column?

GILLIS
Sure. Just sold an original for
a hundred grand. The Life of the
Warner Brothers. Starring the Ritz
Brothers. Playing opposite the
Andrew Sisters.

SKOLSKY
(With a sour smile)
But don't get me wrong -- I love
Hollywood.

Gillis walks out.

DISSOLVE TO:

A-14 THE BEL AIR GOLF LINKS

On a sun-dappled green edged with tall sycamores,
stands Morino, the agent, a caddy and a nondescript
opponent in the background. Gillis has evidently
stated his problem already.

MORINO
So you need three hundred dollars?
Of course, I could give you three
hundred dollars. Only I'm not
going to.

GILLIS
No?

MORINO
Gillis, get this through your
head. I'm not just your agent.
It's not the ten per cent. I'm
your friend.

He sinks his putt and walks toward the next tee,
Gillis following him.

GILLIS
How's that about your being my
friend?

MORINO
Don't you know the finest things
in the world have been written on
an empty stomach? Once a talent
like yours gets into that Mocambo-
Romanoff rut, you're through.

GILLIS
Forget Romanoff's. It's the car
I'm talking about. If I lose my
car it's like having my legs out off.

MORINO
Greatest thing that could happen
to you. Now you'll have to sit
behind that typewriter. Now
you'll have to write.

GILLIS
What do you think I've been doing?
I need three hundred dollars.

MORINO
(Icily)

Maybe what you need is another agent.

He bends down to tee up his ball. Gillis turns away.

DISSOLVE TO:

A-15 GILLIS IN HIS OPEN CAR

driving down Sunset
towards Hollywood. He
drives slowly. His
mind is working.

Gillis stops his car at
a red light by the main
entrance to Bel Air.
Suddenly his eyes fall
on:

GILLIS' VOICE

As I drove back towards town
I took inventory of my pros-
pects. They now added up to
exactly zero. Apparently I
just didn't have what it takes,
and the time had come to wrap
up the whole Hollywood deal
and go home. Maybe if I hocked
all my junk there'd be enough
for a bus ticket back to Ohio,
back to that thirty-five-
dollar-a-week job behind the
copy desk of the Dayton Evening
Post, if it was still open.
Back to the smirking delight
of the whole office. All
right you wise guys. why don't
you go out and take a crack at
Hollywood? Maybe you think
you could -- Oh-oh!

A-16 ANOTHER CAR

It is a dark-green Dodge business coupe, also waiting
for the light to change. but headed in the opposite
direction. In it are the two finance company men.
They spot Gillis in his car and exchange looks. From
across the intersection Gillis recognizes them and
pulls down the leather sunshade to screen his face.
As the light changes. Gillis gives his car the gun
and shoots away. The men narrowly avoid hitting
another car as they make a U-turn into oncoming
traffic and start after him.

A-17 THE CHASE
to

A-21 Very short, very sharp, told in FLASHES. (Use
locations on Sunset between Bel Air and Holmby Hills).
The men lose Gillis around a bend, catch sight of him
and then -- while they are trapped behind a slow-
moving truck. he disappears again.

A-22 GILLIS

He is driving as fast as he dares, keeping an eye out
for pursuit in his rear-view mirror. Suddenly his
right front tire blows out. Gillis clutches desperately
at the steering wheel and manages to turn the careening
car into

A-23 A DRIVEWAY

It is overgrown with weeds and screened from the street
by bushes and trees. Gillis stops his car about thirty
feet from the street and looks back.

GILLIS' VOICE

Was I far enough ahead?

A-24 THE OTHER CAR

shoots past the driveway, still looking for Gillis.

- A-25 GILLIS
He watches his pursuers
shoot past and out of
sight. He opens the
door and looks down at
the flat tire. Then he
looks around to see
where he is.
- A-26 DRIVEWAY WITH GARAGE
An enormous, five-car
affair. neglected and
empty-looking.
- A-27 GILLIS
He gets back into his
car and carefully pilots
the limping vehicle into
one of the stalls. In
the adjoining one is a
large, dust-covered
Isotta-Fraschini propped
up on blocks. He closes
the garage door and walks
up the driveway. In idle
curiosity he mounts a
stone staircase which
leads to the garden.
CAMERA IN BACK OF HIM.
At the top of the steps
he sees the somber pile of
- GILLIS' VOICE
Yeah...
I had landed myself in the
driveway of some big mansion
that looked run-down and
deserted. At the end of the
drive was a lovely sight
indeed -- a great big empty
garage, just standing there
going to waste. If ever there
was a place to stash away a
limping car with a hot license
number...
- There was another occupant in
that garage: an enormous
foreign-built automobile. It
must have burned up ten gallons
to a mile. It had a 1932
license. I figured that's
when the owners moved out...
I also figured I couldn't go
back to my apartment now that
those bloodhounds were on to
me. The idea was to get Artie
Green's and stay there till I
could make that bus for Ohio.
Once back in Dayton I'd drop
the credit boys a picturepost-
card telling them where to
pick up the jallopy.
- NORMA DESMOND'S HOUSE
It is a grandiose --
Italianate structure,
mottled by the years,
gloomy, forsaken,
little formal garden
completely gone to
seed.
- From somewhere above
comes
- GILLIS' VOICE
It was a great big white
elephant of a place. The kind
crazy movie people built in the
crazy Twenties. A neglected
house gets an unhappy look.
This one had it in spades. It
was like that old woman in
Great Expectations -- that Miss
Haversham in her rotting wed-
ding dress and her torn veil,
taking it out on the world be-
cause she'd been given the go-
by.
- A WOMAN'S VOICE
You there!
- Gillls turns and looks.
- A-28 UPSTAIRS LOGGIA
Behind a bamboo blind there is a movement of
a dark figure.
- WOMAN'S VOICE
Wlly are you so late? Why have
you kept me waitlng so long?
- A-29 GILLIS
He stands flabbergasted. A new noise attracts his
attention -- the creak of a heavy metal-and-glass

door being opened. He turns and sees

A-30 THE ENTRANCE DOOR OF THE HOUSE

Max von Mayerling stands there. He is sixty, and all in black, except for immaculate white cotton gloves, shirt, high, stiff collar and a white bow tie. His coat is shiny black alpaca, his trousers ledger-atriped. He is semi-paralyzed. The left side of his mouth is pulled down, and he leans on a rubber-ferruled stick.

MAX

In here!

Gillis enters the shot.

GILLIS

I just put my car in the garage.
I had a blow-out. I thought --

MAX

Go on in.

There is authority in the gesture of his white-gloved hand as he motions Gillis inside.

GILLIS

Look, maybe I'd better take my
car --

MAX

Wipe your feet!

Automatically, Gillis wipes his feet on an enormous shabby cocoanut mat.

MAX

You are not dressed properly.

GILLIS

Dressed for what?

THE WOMAN'S VOICE

Max! Have him come up, Max!

MAX

(Gesturing)

Up the stairs!

GILLIS

Suppose you listen just for a
minute -

MAX

Madame is waiting.

GILLIS

For me? Okay.

Gillis enters.

A-31 INT. NORMA DESMOND'S ENTRANCE HALL

It is grandiose and grim. The whole place is one of those abortions of silent-picture days, with bowling alleys in the cellar and a built-in pipe organ, and beams imported from Italy, with California termites at work on them. Portieres are drawn before all the windows, and only thin slits or sunlight find their

way in to fight the few electric bulbs which are always burning.

Gillis starts up the curve of the black marble staircase. It has a wrought-iron rail and a worn velvet rope along the wall.

MAX
(From below)
If you need help with the
coffin call me.

The oddity of the situation has caught Gillis' imagination. He climbs the stairs with a kind of morbid fascination. At the top he stops, undecided, then turns to the right and is stopped by

WOMAN'S VOICE
This way!

Gillis swings around.

Norma Desmond stands down the corridor next to a doorway from which emerges a flickering light. She is a little woman. There is a curious style, a great sense of high voltage about her. She is dressed in black house pyjamas and black high-heeled pumps. Around her throat there is a leopard-patterned scarf, and wound around her head a turban of the same material. Her skin is very pale, and she is wearing dark glasses.

NORMA
In here. I put him on my massage
table in front of the fire. He
always liked fires and poking at
them with a stick.

Gillis enters the SHOT and she leads him into

A-32 NORMA DESMOND'S BEDROOM

It is a huge, gloomy room hung in white brocade which has become dirty over the years and even slightly torn in a few places. There's a great, unmade gilded bed in the shape of a swan, from which the gold had begun to peel. There is a disorder of clothes and negligees and faded photographs of old-time stars about.

In an imitation baroque fireplace some logs are burning. On the massage table before it lies a small form shrouded under a Spanish shawl. At each end on a baroque pedestal stands a three-branched candelabrum, the candles lighted.

NORMA
I've made up my mind we'll bury him in
the garden. Any city laws against that?

GILLIS
I wouldn't know.

NORMA
I don't care anyway. I want the
coffin to be white. And I want
it specially lined with satin.
White, or deep pink.

She picks up the shawl to make up her mind about the color. From under the shawl flops down a dead arm. Gillis stares and recoils a little. It is like a child's arm, only black and hairy.

NORMA

Maybe red. bright flaming red.
Gay. Let's make it gay.

Gillis edges closer and glances down. Under the shawl he sees the sad, bearded face of a dead chimpanzee. Norma drops back the shawl.

NORMA

How much will it be? I warn you -
don't give me a fancy price just
because I'm rich.

GILLIS

Lady. you've got the wrong man.

For the first time. Norma really looks at him through her dark glasses.

GILLIS

I had some trouble with my car.
Flat tire. I pulled into your
garage till I could get a spare.
I thought this was an empty house.

NORMA

It is not. Get out.

GILLIS

I'm sorry, and I'm sorry you lost
your friend, and I don't think red
is the right color.

NORMA

Get out.

GILLIS

Sure. Wait a minute -- haven't
I seen you -- ?

NORMA

Or shall I call my servant?

GILLIS

I know your face. You're Norma
Desmond. You used to be in
pictures. You used to be big.

NORMA

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

GILLIS

I knew there was something
wrong with them.

NORMA

They're dead. They're finished.
There was a time when this busi-
ness had the eyes of the whole
wide world. But that wasn't good
enough. Oh, no! They wanted the
ears of the world, too. So they
opened their big mouths, and out
came talk, talk, talk...

GILLIS

That's where the popcorn business comes in. You buy yourself a bag and plug up your ears.

NORMA

Look at them in the front offices -- the master minds! They took the idols and smashed them. The Fairbankses and the Chaplins and the Gilberts and the Valentinos. And who have they got now? Some nobodies -- a lot of pale little frogs croaking pish-posh!

GILLIS

Don't get sore at me. I'm not an executive. I'm just a writer.

NORMA

You are! Writing words, words! You've made a rope of words and strangled this business! But there is a microphone right there to catch the last gurgles, and Technicolor to photograph the red, swollen tongue!

GILLIS

Ssh! You'll wake up that monkey.

NORMA

Get out!

Gillis starts down the stairs.

GILLIS

Next time I'll bring my autograph album along, or maybe a hunk of cement and ask for your footprints.

He is halfway down the staircase when he is stopped by

NORMA

Just a minute, you!

GILLIS

Yeah?

NORMA

You're a writer, you said.

GILLIS

Why?

Norma starts down the stairs.

NORMA

Are you or aren't you?

GILLIS

I think that's what it says on my driver's license.

NORMA

And you have written pictures, haven't you?

GILLIS

Sure have. The last one I wrote was about cattle rustlers. Before they were through with it, the whole thing played on a torpedo boat.

Norma has reached him at the bottom of the staircase.

NORMA
I want to ask you something.
Come in here.

She leads him into

A-33 THE HUGE LIVING ROOM

It is dark and damp and filled with black oak and red velvet furniture which looks like crappy props from the Mark of Zorro set. Along the main wall, a gigantic fireplace has been freezing for years. On the gold piano is a galaxy of photographs of Norma Desmond in her various roles. On one wall is a painting -- a California Gold Rush scene, Carthay Circle school. (We will learn later that it hides a motion picture screen.)

One corner is filled with a large pipe organ, and as Norma and Gillis enter, there is a grizzly moaning sound. Gillis looks around.

NORMA
The wind gets in that blasted pipe organ. I ought to have it taken out.

GILLIS
Or teach it a better tune.

Norma has led him to the card tables which stand side by side near a window. They are piled high with papers scrawled in a large, uncertain hand.

NORMA
How long is a movie script these days? I mean, how many pages?

GILLIS
Depends on what it is -- a Donald Duck or Joan or Arc.

NORMA
This is to be a very important picture. I have written it myself. Took me years.

GILLIS
(Looking at the piles of script)
Looks like enough for six important pictures.

NORMA
It's the story or Salome. I think I'll have DeMille direct it.

GILLIS
Uh-huh.

NORMA
We've made a lot of pictures

together.

GILLIS
And you'll play Salome?

NORMA
Who else ?

GILLIS
Only asking. I didn't know
you were planning a comeback.

NORMA
I hate that word. It is a return.
A return to the millions of people
who have never forgiven me for
deserting the screen.

GILLIS
Fair enough.

NORMA
Salome -- what a woman! What a
part! The Princess in love with
a Holy man. She dances the Dance
of the Seven Veils. He rejects
her, so she demands his head on a
golden tray, kissing his cold, dead
lips.

GILLIS
They'll love it in Pomona.

NORMA
(Taking it straight)
They will love it every place.
(She reaches for a
batch of pages from
the heap)
Read it. Read the scene just
before she has him killed!

GILLIS
Right now? Never let another
writer read your stuff. He
may steal it.

NORMA
I am not afraid. Read it!

NORMA (Cont'd)
(Calling)
Max! Max!
(To Gillis)
Sit down. Is there enough light?

GILLIS
I've got twenty-twenty vision.

Max has entered.

NORMA
Bring something to drink.

MAX
Yes. Madame.

He leaves. Norma turns to Gillis again.

NORMA
I said sit down.

There is compulsion in her voice.

Gillis looks at her
and starts slowly
reading.

Max comes in, wheeling
a wicker tea wagon on
which are two bottles o
f champagne and two
red Venetian glasses,
a box of zwieback and
a jar of caviar. Norma
sits on her feet. deep
in a chair, a gold ring
on her forefinger with
a clip which holds a
cigarette. She gets up
and forces on Gillis
another batch of script,
goes back to her chair.

GILLIS' VOICE
Well. I had no pressing
engagement, and she'd men-
tioned something to drink..
Sometimes it's interesting
to see just how bad bad
writing can be. This prom-
ised to go the limit. I
wondered what a handwriting
expert would make of that
childish scrawl of hers.
Max wheeled in some champagne
and some caviar. Later, I
found out that Max was the
only other person in that
grim Sunset castle, and I
found out a few other things
about him... As for her, she
sat coiled up like a watch
spring, her cigarette
clamped in a curious holder...
I could sense her eyes on me
from behind those dark
glasses, defying me not to
like what I read, or maybe
begging me in her own proud
way to like it. It meant
so much to her...

A-34 SHOT OF THE
CEILING

PAN DOWN to the moan-
ing organ. PAN OVER
TO THE ENTRANCE DOOR.
Max opens it, and a
solemn-faced man in
undertaker's clothes
brings in a small
white coffin. (Thru
these shots the room
has been growing
duskier.)

GILLIS' VOICE
It sure was a cozy set-up.
That bundle of raw nerves, and
Max, and a dead monkey upstairs
and the wind wheezing through
that organ once in a while.
Later on, just for comedy
relief, the real guy arrived
with a baby coffin. It was
all done with great dignity.
He must have been a very
important chimp. The great
grandson of King Kong, maybe.

DISSOLVE TO:

A-35 GILLIS

reading. The lamp
beside him is now
really paying its
way in the dark room.
A lot of the manu-
script pages are
piled on the floor
around his feet. A
half-empty champagne
glass stands on the
arm of his chair.

It got to be eleven. I was
feeling a little sick at my
stomach, what with that sweet
champagne and that tripe I'd
been reading -- that silly
hodgepodge of melodramatic
plots. However, by then I'd
started concocting a little
plot of my own...

THE CAMERA SLOWLY DRAWS BACK to include Norma
Desmond sitting in the dusk, just as she was before.
Gillis puts down a batch of script. There is a
little pause.

NORMA
(Impatiently)

Well?

GILLIS
This is fascinating.

NORMA
Of course it is.

GILLIS
Maybe it's a little long and
maybe there are some repetitions...
but you're not a professional
writer.

NORMA
I wrote that with my heart.

GILLIS
Sure you did. That's what makes
it great. What it needs is a
little more dialogue.

NORMA
What for? I can say anything I
want with my eyes.

GILLIS
It certainly could use a pair of
shears and a blue pencil.

NORMA
I will not have it butchered.

GILLIS
Of course not. But it ought to
be organized. Just an editing
job. You can find somebody.

NORMA
Who? I'd have to have somebody
I can trust. When were you born --
I mean, what sign of the zodiac?

GILLIS
I don't know.

NORMA
What month?

GILLIS
December twenty-first.

NORMA
Sagittarius. I like Sagittarians.
You can trust them.

GILLIS
Thank you.

NORMA
I want you to do this work.

GILLIS
Me? I'm busy. Just finished
one script. I'm due on another
assignment.

NORMA
I don't care.

GILLIS

You know, I'm pretty expensive.
I get five hundred a week.

NORMA
I wouldn't worry about money.
I'll make it worth your while.

GILLIS
Maybe I'd better take the rest
of the script home and read it -

NORMA
Oh no. I couldn't let it out
of my house. You'll have to
finish it here.

GILLIS
It's getting kind of late --

NORMA
Are you married, Mr. -- ?

GILLIS
The name is Gillis. I'm single.

NORMA
Where do you live?

GILLIS
Hollywood. The Alto Nido Apart-
ments.

NORMA
There's something wrong with
your car, you said.

GILLIS
There sure is.

NORMA
You can stay here.

GILLIS
I'll come early tomorrow.

Norma takes off her glasses.

NORMA
Nonsense. There's room over the
garage. Max will take you there...Max!

THE CAMERA MOVES
TOWARD NORMA'S FACE,
right up to her
eyes.

GILLIS' VOICE
She sure could say a lot of
things with those pale eyes of
hers. They'd been her trade
mark. They'd made her the Num-
ber One Vamp of another era. I
remember a rather florid des-
cription in an old fan magazine
which said: "Her eyes are like
two moonlit waterholes, where
strange animals come to drink."

DISSOLVE TO:

A-36	SMALL STAIRCASE, LEAD- ING TO ROOM OVER GARAGE Max, an electric light bulb in his hand, is	GILLIS' VOICE I felt kind of pleased with the way I'd handled the sit- uation. I'd dropped the hook, and she'd snapped at it. Now
------	---	---

leading Gillis up. my car would be safe down
Gillis carries a batch below, while I did a patch-
of the manuscript. up job on the script. And
there should be plenty of
money in it...

Max pushes open a door at the top of the stairs.

MAX
(Opening the door)
I made your bed this afternoon.

GILLIS
Thanks.
(On second thought)
How did you know I was going to
stay, this afternoon?

Max doesn't answer. He walks across to the bed,
screws a bulb in the open socket above it. The
light goes on, revealing:

A-37 A GABLED BEDROOM

There are dirty windows on two sides, and dingy wall-
paper on the cracked plaster walls. For furniture
there is a neatly made bed, a table and a few chairs
which might have been discarded from the main house.

MAX
This room has not been used for
a long time.

GILLIS
It will never make house Beautiful.
I guess it's O.K. for one night.

Max gives him an enigmatic look.

MAX
(Pointing)
There is the bathroom. I put in
soap and a toothbrush.

GILLIS
Thanks.
(He starts taking off
his coat)
Say, she's quite a character,
that Norma Desmond.

MAX
She was the greatest. You wouldn't
know. You are too young. In one
week she got seventeen thousand fan
letters. Men would bribe her mani-
curist to get clippings from her
fingernails. There was a Maharajah
who came all the way from Hyderabad
to get one of her stockings. Later,
he strangled himself with it.

GILLIS
I sure turned into an interesting
driveway.

MAX
You did, sir.

GILLIS' VOICE
He goes out. Gillis I pegged him as slightly
looks after him, hangs cuckoo, too. A stroke maybe.
his coat over a chair, Come to think of it, the

	walks over to the window, pulls down the rickety Venetian blind. As he does so, he looks down at:	whole place seemed to have been stricken with a kind of creeping paralysis, out of beat with the rest of the world, crumbling apart in slow motion ...
A-38	THE TENNIS COURT OF THE DESMOND HOUSE (MOONLIGHT) The cement surface is cracked in many places, and weeds are growing high.	GILLIS' VOICE There was a tennis court, or rather the ghost of a tennis court, with faded markings and sagging net ...
A-39	GILLIS - IN THE WINDOW He looks away from the court to:	
A-40	THE DESMOND SWIMMING POOL There is no water in it, and hunks of mosaic which lines its enormous basin are broken away.	GILLIS' VOICE And of course she had a pool. Who didn't then? Mabel Norm- and and John Gilbert must have swum in it ten thousand midnights ago, and Vilma Banky and Rod La Roque. It was empty now....or was it?
A-41	GILLIS - IN THE WINDOW He stares down, his stomach slowly turning.	
A-42	THE SWIMMING POOL At the bottom of the basin a great rat is eating a decaying orange. From the inlet pipe crawl two other rats, who join battle with the first rat over the orange.	
A-43	GILLIS -IN THE WINDOW He starts away, but something attracts his attention. He turns back and looks down again.	GILLIS' VOICE There was something else going on below: the last rites for that hairy old chimp, performed with the utmost seriousness -- as if she were laying to rest an only child. Was her life really as empty as that?
A-44	THE LAWN BELOW Norma Desmond and Max are carrying the white coffin towards a small grave as which has been dug in the dead turf. Norma carries one of the candelabra, all of its candles flickering in the wind. They reach the grave and lower the coffin into it. Then, Norma lighting his task with the candelabrum, Max takes a spade from the loose earth and starts	

filling in the grave.

A-45 GILLIS - IN THE WINDOW

He watches the scene below, then turns into the room, goes to the door to lock it. There is no key, and only a hole where the lock has been gouged out. Gillis moves a heavy overstuffed chair in front of the door, then walks towards the bed, throws himself on it, picking up some of the manuscript pages to read.

GILLIS' VOICE
It was all very queer,
but queerer things
were yet to come.

DISSOLVE

END OF SEQUENCE "A"

SEQUENCE "B"

DISSOLVE IN ON:

B-1 LONG SHOT THE DESMOND
HOUSE - (MORNING)

The day is overcast. The house is shrouded in low fog.

SOUND: (Distant organ music - improvisations on an odd, mournful theme - not too loud, continuing throughout the scene.)

B-2 THE TENNIS COURT, blurred over with fog.

B-3 THE EMPTY SWIMMING POOL
Its dark outline even more melancholy under the misty blanket.

B-4 THE ROOM OVER THE GARAGE

Muted daylight seeps through the blinds. Gillis lies on the bed, under a shabby quilt. The manuscript is beside him, some of the pages scattered on the floor. He is just opening his eyes. It takes him a moment to adjust himself to the strange surroundings. His eyes, wandering about the room, suddenly stop, startled. He lifts himself on one elbow and stares at -

GILLIS' VOICE
That night I'd had a mixed-up dream. In it was an organ grinder. I couldn't see his face, but the organ was all draped in black, and a chimp was dancing for pennies. When I opened my eyes, the music was still there... Where was I?

B-5 THE DOOR

The heavy chair he had set against it the night before has been pushed back. The door is wide ajar.

Oh yes, in that empty room over her garage. Only it wasn't empty any more. Somebody had brought in all my belongings - my books, my typewriter,

B-6 GILLIS

my clothes...

He jumps out of bed. He wears, shirt, trousers and socks. Suddenly he realizes that all his possessions have been brought in. In the closet hang his shirts. His books and typewriter are neatly arranged on the table. His phonograph-radio combination is all installed. Gillis looks around startled, then sits down and starts putting on his moccasins hastily.

GILLIS' VOICE
What was going on?

DISSOLVE TO:

B-7 A PAIR OF HANDS IN WHITE GLOVES, PLAYING THE ORGAN

PULL BACK: They belong to Max von Mayerling. He is sitting erect, his bull neck taut as a wrestler's as he rights out somber chord after somber chord. He sits in a shaft of gray light coming from an open French window.

Through the far archway, Gillis storms into the big room.

GILLIS
Hey, you -- Max -- whatever -your-
name-is -- what are my things doing
here?

No answer.

GILLIS
I'm talking to you. My clothes
and things are up in the room.

MAX
Naturally. I brought them myself.

GILLIS
(Furiously)
Is that so!

MAX
Why are you so upset? Is there
anything missing?

GILLIS
Who said you could? Who asked you to?

Norma Desmond's shadow moves into the shaft of light.

NORMA'S VOICE
I did.

Gillis looks around.

On the couch by the fireplace reclines Norma Desmond, dressed in a negligee. She rises.

NORMA
I don't know why you should be
so upset. Stop that playing,

Max.

(To Gillis again)
It seemed like a good idea --
if we are to work together.

GILLIS
Look, I'm supposed to fix up
your script. There's nothing
in the deal about my staying
here.

NORMA
You'll like it here.

GILLIS
Thanks for the invitation, but
I have my own apartment.

NORMA
You can't work in an apartment
where you owe three months' rent.

GILLIS
I'll take care of that.

NORMA
It's all taken care of. It's
all paid for.

GILLIS
I'm used to paying my own bills.

NORMA
You proud boy, why didn't you tell
me you were having difficulties.

GILLIS
Okay. We'll deduct it from my
salary.

NORMA
Now, now, don't let's be small
about such matters. We won't
keep books.
(To Max)
Go on, unpack Mr. Gillis' things.

GILLIS
Unpack nothing. I didn't say
I was staying.

NORMA
(Her glasses off again)
Suppose you make up your mind.
Do you want this job or don't you?

DISSOLVE TO:

B-8

BIG ROOM, NORMA DESMOND'S
HOUSE - (DAY)

GILLIS' VOICE

Gillis sits at an impro-
vised table, his typewriter
in front of him, working
hard at the manuscript.
Pencils, shears and a
paste-pot at hand.

Facing him at some dis-
tance sits Norma, dressed
in another version of her

So I let him unpack my
things. I wanted the
dough, and I wanted to
get out of there as
quickly as possible.
I thought if I really
got going I could toss
it off in a couple or
weeks. But it wasn't
so simple, getting some

favorite lounging pajamas,
the cigarette contraption
on her finger. She is
autographing large photo-
graphs of herself and put-
ting them in envelopes.

coherence into that wild,
scrambled melodrama
she'd concocted. What
made it tougher was that
she was around all the
time -- hovering over
me, afraid I'd do injury
to that precious brain-
child of hers.

Gillis takes two or three pages from Norma's hand-
written script, crosses them out and puts them to
one side.

Norma rises, crosses towards Gillis, looks over his
shoulder.

NORMA

What's that?

GILLIS

Just a scene I cut out.

NORMA

What scene?

GILLIS

The one where you go to the slave
market. You can cut right to the
scene where John the Baptist -

NORMA

Cut away from me?

GILLIS

Honestly, it's a little old hat.
They don't want that any more.

NORMA

They don't? Then why do they still
write me fan letters every day.
Why do they beg me for my photo-
graphs? Because they want to see
me, me, me! Norma Desmond.

GILLIS

(Resigned)

Okay.

He pulls the page from his typewriter. As he does
so he glances over towards Norma.

On the table in front
of her are the photo-
graphs which she is sign-
ing. On the long table
in the living room is a
gallery of photographs
in various frames -- all
Norma Desmond. On the
piano more photographs.
Above the piano an oil
portrait of her. On the
highboy beside him still
more photographs.

DISSOLVE TO:

B-9 THE BIG ROOM - (NIGHT)

Shooting towards the big

GILLIS' VOICE

I didn't argue with her.
You don't yell at a
sleepwalker-- he may fall
and break his neck. That's
it -- she was still
sleepwalking along the
giddy heights of a lost
career --plain crazy
when it came to that one
subject: her celluloid
self, the great Norma
Desmond. How could She
breathe in that house,
so crowded with Norma
Desmonds? More Norma
Desmond and still more
Norma Desmond.

GILLIS' VOICE

It wasn't all work - of

Gold Rush painting. Max, white gloves and all, steps into the shot, shoves the painting up towards the ceiling, revealing a motion picture screen. Max exits.

course. Two or three times a week Max would haul up that enormous oil painting that had been presented to her by some Nevada Chamber of Commerce, and we'd see a movie, right in her living room.

B-10 NORMA AND GILLIS

They sit on a couch, facing the screen. On a table in front of them are champagne, cigarettes and coffee. Above their heads are the typical openings for a projector. The lights go off. From the opening above their heads shoots the wide beam of light.

GILLIS' VOICE

"So much nicer than going out," she'd say. The plain fact was that she was afraid of that world outside. Afraid it would remind her that time had passed.

B-11 MAX, IN THE PROJECTION BOOTH BEHIND THE ROOM

The light of the machine flickering over his face, which is frozen, a somber enigma.

They were silent movies, and Max would run the projection machine, which was just as well -- it kept him from giving us an accompaniment on that wheezing organ.

B-12 NORMA AND GILLIS

watching the screen. Gillis looks down and sees that Norma's hand is clasping his arm tight. He doesn't like it much but he can't do anything about it. However, when she for a second lets go his arm to pick up a glass of champagne, he gently withdraws his arm, leans away from her and crosses his arms to discourage any resumption of her approach. Norma puts the glass down doesn't find his arm, but is not aware of any significance in his maneuver. They both watch the screen.

She'd sit very close to me, and she'd smell of tuberose, which is not my favorite perfume, not by a long shot. Sometimes as we watched, she'd clutch my arm or my hand forgetting she was my employer becoming just a fan, excited about that actress up there on the screen....I guess I don't have to tell you who the star was. They were always her pictures -- that's all she wanted to see.

B-13 THE OTHER END OF THE BIG ROOM. WITH THE SCREEN

On it flickers a famous scene from one of Norma's old silent pictures. It is not to be a funny scene. It is old-fashioned, but shows her incredible beauty and the screen presence which made her the great star of her day.

B-14 NORMA AND GILLIS ON THE COUCH

NORMA

Still wonderful, isn't it? And no dialogue. We didn't need dialogue. We had faces. There just aren't any faces like that any more. Well, maybe one -- Garbo.

In a sudden flareup she jumps to her feet and stands in the flickering beam of light.

NORMA

Those idiot producers! Those imbeciles! Haven't they got any eyes? Have they forgotten what a star looks like? I'll show them. I'll be up there again. So help me!

DISSOLVE TO:

B-15 THE BIG ROOM - (NIGHT)

It is apparently empty. The elaborate lamps make pools of light.

THE CAMERA PULLS BACK AND PANS to reveal a card table around which sit Norma and three friends - three actors of her period. They sit erect and play with grim seriousness.

Beside Norma sits Gillis, kibitzing on a game which bores him extremely. An ashtray on the card table is full and Norma holds it out for Gillis to take away. He crosses the room to the fireplace. but his eyes fall on the entrance door and he stops.

GILLIS' VOICE

Sometimes there'd be a little bridge game in the house, at a twentieth-of-a cent a point. I'd get half her winnings. Once they ran up to seventy cents, which was about the only cash money I ever got. The others around the table would be actor friends - dim figures you may still remember from the silent days. I used to think of them as her Wax Works.

B-16 THE ENTRANCE HALL - (FROM GILLIS' POINT OF VIEW)

Max stands in the open door. Outside are the two men who came to the apartment for Gillis' car.

B-17 GILLIS

He steps back so that he cannot be seen from the door. A second later Max appears, looking for him.

MAX

(Quietly)

Some men are here. They asked for you.

GILLIS

I'm not here.

MAX

That's what I told them.

GILLIS

Good.

MAX

They found your car in the garage. They are going to tow it away.

Gillis doesn't know what to do. From offstage comes:

NORMA'S VOICE
The ashtray, Joe dear! Can we have the ashtray?

Gillis dumps the cigarette butts into the cold fireplace, crosses to the bridge table, puts the ashtray down, leans over and speaks into Norma's ear.

GILLIS
I want to talk to you for a minute.

NORMA
Not now, my dear. I'm playing three no trump.

GILLIS
They've come for my car.

NORMA
Please. Now I've forgotten how many spades are out.

GILLIS
I need some money right now.

NORMA
Can't you wait till I'm dummy?

3.22.49 GILLIS
No.

NORMA
(Angry by now)
Please!

Gillis stands frustrated, hideously embarrassed by the stares of the waxworks. He turns away and hurries to the door.

B-18 ENTRANCE DOOR TO THE HOUSE

It is half open. Gillis comes into the shot and, taking cover, looks out.

B-19 COURTYARD (FROM GILLIS' ANGLE)

The men from the finance company are cranking up the car. Max stands watching silently. When they finish the cranking job, the men climb into the front seat of the truck.

B-20 GILLIS - AT THE DOOR

Over the shot the SOUND of the truck being started and the cars moving away. Gillis moves out into the courtyard and stands staring after the car. From the house comes Norma.

NORMA
Now what is it? Where's the fire?

GILLIS
I've lost my car.

NORMA
Oh...and I thought it was a
matter of life and death.

GILLIS
It is to me. That's why I came
to this house. That's why I took
this job -- ghost writing!

NORMA
Now you're being silly. We don't
need two cars. We have a car. And
not one of those cheap new things
made of chromium and spit. An
Isotta-Fraschini. Have you ever
heard of Isotta-Fraschinis? All
hand-made. Cost me twenty-eight
thousand dollars.

THE CAMERA HAS PANNED over to the garage and FOCUSES
on the dirty Isotta-Fraschini on its blocks.

DISSOLVE TO:

B-21 NORMA'S ISOTTA-FRASCHINI
DRIVING IN THE HILLS
ABOVE SUNSET (DAY)

Max is at the wheel,
dressed as usual except
for a chauffeur's cap.

GILLIS' VOICE
So Max got that old bus
down off its blocks and
polished it up. She'd
take me for rides in the
hills above Sunset.

B-22 INSIDE THE CAR

Gillis sits beside Norma,
who is wearing a smart
tailleur and her eternal
sun glasses. Gillis
wears his sport jacket-
flannel trousers-moccasin
combination.

The whole thing was up-
holstered in leopard
skin, and had one of
those car phones, all
gold-plated.

He sits uncomfortably. Norma is studying him.

NORMA
That's a dreadful shirt you're
wearing.

GILLIS
What's wrong with it?

NORMA
Nothing, if you work in a fill-
ing station. And I'm getting
rather bored with that sport
jacket, and those same baggy
pants.

(She picks up
the car phone)
Max, what's a good men's shop
in town? The very best...
Well, go there !

GILLIS
I don't need any clothes, and
I certainly don't want you buy-
ing them for --

NORMA
Why begrudge me a little fun?

I just want you to look nice,
my stray little boy.

By this time Max has made a U-turn.

QUICK DISSOLVE TO:

B-23 INT. MEN'S DEPARTMENT, AN ELEGANT WILSHIRE STORE

Gillis stands in front of a full-length triple mirror, surrounded by a couple of salesmen and the tailor, who is busily working out alterations.

Gillis wears a double-breasted gray flannel coat with chalk stripes. His trousers belong to another suit of glen plaid. Norma is running the show.

NORMA

There's nothing like gray flannel
with a chalk stripe.

(she points at
the trousers)

This one single-breasted, of course.

(to another salesman)

Now we need a topcoat. Let's see
what you have in camel's hair.

The salesman leaves.

NORMA

How about some evening clothes?

GILLIS

I don't need a tuxedo.

NORMA

Of course you do. A tuxedo and
tails.

GILLIS

Tails. That's ridiculous.

NORMA

You'll need them for parties.
You'll need them for New Year's
Eve.

(to a salesman)

Where are your evening clothes?

SALESMAN

This way, Madame.

He leads her off. The other salesman arrives with a selection of topcoats.

SALESMAN

Here are some camel hairs, but
I'd like you just to feel this
one. It's Vicuna. Of course,
it's a little more expensive.

GILLIS

A camel's hair will do.

SALESMAN

(With an insulting
inflection)

As long as the lady is paying
for it, why not take the Vicuna?

DISSOLVE:

END OF SEQUENCE "B"

SEQUENCE "C"

DISSOLVE IN:

C-1 LONG SHOT DESMOND HOUSE

A day in December. Rain.

QUICK DISSOLVE TO:

C-2 INT. ROOM OVER GARAGE

Water is drizzling from two or three spots in the ceiling into pans and bowls set to catch it, one bowl right on the bed. The room is almost emptied of Gillis' belongings by now. Max is carrying out a handfull of new suits on hangers. He has a dressing gown over his shoulder. Gillis holds a stack of shirts, his typewriter, and some manuscript. He surveys the room for the last time, to see whether he's forgotten anything. He has. He puts down the typewriter and picks up from under the bed a pair of very smart red leather bedroom slippers. He tucks them under his arm, picks up the typewriter and leaves.

GILLIS' VOICE

The last week in December the rains came -- a great big package of rain. Over-sized, like everything else in California.

It came right through the old roof of my room above the garage. She had Max move me to the main house. I didn't much like the idea -- the only time I could have to myself was in that room -- but it was better than sleeping in a raincoat and galoshes.

QUICK DISSOLVE TO:

C-3 A BEDROOM IN THE MAIN HOUSE

It is obviously a man's room -- heavy Spanish furniture -- one wall nothing but a closet with shelves and drawers for shirts and shoes. Max is hanging up the suits. Gillis throws the shirts on a big chair, tosses the slippers at the foot of the bed, places the typewriter and manuscript on a desk at the window.

GILLIS

Whose room was this?

MAX

It was the room of the husband.
Or of the husbands, I should say.
Madame has been married three times.

Slightly embarrassed, Gillis picks up his toilet kit with razor, toothbrushes, soap, etc., and starts

towards the bathroom, pausing en route at a rain-splattered window.

GILLIS

I guess this is the one you
can see Catalina from. Only
this isn't the day.

He proceeds towards the half-opened door leading
to the bathroom. Something strikes his attention
and he stops. As in the door to the room above
the garage, this lock, too, has been gouged out.

GILLIS

Hey, what's this with the
door? There isn't any lock.

MAX

There are no locks anywhere
in this house.

He points to the entrance door of the room, and to
another door.

GILLIS

How come?

MAX

The doctor suggested it.

GILLIS

What doctor?

MAX

Madame's doctor. She has moments
of melancholy. There have been
some suicide attempts.

GILLIS

Uh-huh?

MAX

We have to be very careful. No
sleeping pills, no razor blades.
We shut off the gas in her bed-
room.

GILLIS

Why? Her career? She got enough
out of it. She's not forgotten.
She still gets those fan letters.

MAX

I wouldn't look too closely at the
postmarks.

GILLIS

You send them. Is that it, Max?

MAX

I'd better press your evening
clothes, sir. You have not for-
gotten Madame's New Year's party.

GILLIS

No, I haven't. I suppose all
the waxworks are coming?

MAX

I don't know, sir. Madame made
the arrangements.

Max leaves. Gillis comes out of the bathroom, picks up his shirts, goes over to a closet, opens it. As he does so one of the doors without a lock swings slightly open. Gillis looks through the half-open door and sees.

C-4 NORMA DESMOND'S ROOM

It is empty. The rainy day does nothing to help its gloom.

GILLIS' VOICE
There it was again - that room of hers, all satin and ruffles, and that bed like a gilded rowboat. The perfect setting for a silent movie queen. Poor devil, still waving proudly to a parade which had long since passed her by.

He pushes the door shut and walks back into the room.

DISSOLVE TO:

C-5 STAIRCASE OF DESMOND HOUSE (NIGHT)

Gillis is coming down the stairs in his tailcoat adjusting the handkerchief in his pocket. He obviously feels a little uneasy in this outfit. From below comes a tango of the Twenties. played by a small orchestra. Gillis stops in the archway leading to the big room and looks around.

GILLIS' VOICE
It was at her New Year's party that I found out how she felt about me. Maybe I'd been an idiot not to have sensed it was coming - that sad, embarrassing revelation.

C-6 THE BIG ROOM has been decorated for the occasion with laurel garlands. Dozens of candles in all the sconces and candelabra are ablaze. Their flickering flames are reflected in the waxed surface of the tile floor. There is a buffet, with buckets of champagne and caviar on ice. In one corner on a little platform banked with palms. a four-piece orchestra is playing.

At the buffet are Max and Norma. She is drinking a glass of champagne. She is wearing a diamante evening dress. very high style. with long black gloves and a headdress of paradise feathers. Her eyes fall on Gillis. She puts down the glass of champagne. picks up a gardenia boutonniere and moves toward him.

NORMA
Joe, you look absolutely divine. Turn around!

GILLIS
(Embarrassed)
Please.

NORMA

Come on!

Gillis makes a slow 360-degree turn.

NORMA

Perfect. Wonderful shoulders.
And I love that line.

She indicates the V from his shoulders to his hips.

GILLIS

All padding. Don't let it fool
you.

NORMA

Come here!

She puts the gardenia on his lapel.

GILLIS

You know, to me dressing up
was always just putting on
my dark blue suit.

NORMA

I don't like those studs they've
sent. I want you to have pearls.
Nice big pearls.

GILLIS

Now, I'm not going to wear ear-
rings, I can tell you that.

NORMA

Cute. Let's have some drinks.

She leads him over to the buffet.

GILLIS

Shouldn't we wait for the others?

NORMA

(Pointing at the floor)
Careful, it's slippery. I
had it waxed.

They reach the buffet. Max is ready with two
glasses of champagne. Norma hands Gillis a glass.

NORMA

Here's to us.

They drink.

NORMA

You know, this floor used to
be wood but I had it changed.
Valentino said there is nothing
like tiles for a tango.

She opens her arms.

GILLIS

Not on the same floor with
Valentino!

NORMA

Just follow me.

They start to tango. After a moment --

NORMA
Don't bend back like that.

GILLIS
It's those feathers. They tickle.

Norma pulls the paradise feathers from her hair
and tosses them away.

C-7 THE ORCHESTRA

As they play the tango, the musicians eye the dancing couple, take in the situation, exchange glances and turn away with professional discretion.

C-8 NORMA AND GILLIS, TANGOING

Gillis glances at his wrist watch.

GILLIS
It's a quarter past ten. What time are they supposed to get here?

NORMA
Who?

GILLIS
The other guests?

NORMA
There are no other guests. We don't want to share this night with other people. This is for you and me.

GILLIS
I understand some rich guy bought up all the tickets for a performance at the Metropolitan and sat there listening to La Traviata, all by himself. He was afraid of catching cold.

NORMA
Hold me tighter.

GILLIS
Come midnight, how about blind-folding the orchestra and smashing champagne glasses on Max's head?

NORMA
You think this is all very funny.

GILLIS
A little.

NORMA
Is it funny that I'm in love with you?

GILLIS
What's that?

NORMA

I'm in love with you. Don't you
know that? I've been in love
with you all along.

They dance on. Gillis is acutely embarrassed.
THE CAMERA SLOWLY PULLS BACK, PANS past the faces
of the musicians, who play on with a rather over-
emphasized lack of interest. Finally it winds up
on Max, behind the buffet. He stands watching Gillis,
a faint trace of pity in his eyes.

DISSOLVE TO:

C-9

NORMA'S FINGER, WITH THE
CIGARETTE GADGET, as she
inserts a cigarette.

GILLIS' VOICE

I'm sure a lot of you will
laugh about this. Ridicu-
lous situation, wasn't it?
-- a woman almost twice my
age ... It got to be about
a quarter of eleven. I
felt caught, like a cig-
arette in the prongs of
that contraption on her
finger.

PULL BACK TO:

NORMA AND GILLIS sitting on a couch in front of the
cavernous fireplace. Norma holds out her cigarette
to Gillis, who lights it.

NORMA.

What a wonderful next year it's
going to be. What fun we're going
to have. I'll fill the pool for
you. Or I'll open my house in
Malibu, and you can have the whole
ocean. Or I'll buy you a boat
and we'll sail to Hawaii.

GILLIS

Stop it. You aren't going to buy
me anything more.

NORMA

Don't be silly.
(She reaches under a
pillow of the couch
and brings out a
leather box)
Here. I was going to give it to
you at midnight.

Gillis opens the box. It contains a matched gold
cigarette case and lighter.

NORMA

Read what's inside.

Gillis snaps open the case. Engraved inside the
cover is: TO JOE FROM NORMA, and two bars of
music.

GILLIS

What are the notes?

NORMA

"Mad about the boy."

GILLIS
Norma, I can't take it. You've
bought me enough.

NORMA
Shut up. I'm rich. I'm richer
than all this new Hollywood trash.
I've got a million dollars.

GILLIS
Keep it.

NORMA
I own three blocks downtown.
I have oil in Bakersfield --
pumping, pumping, pumping.
What's it for but to buy us
anything we want.

GILLIS
Cut out that us business.

He rises.

NORMA
What's the matter with you?

GILLIS
What right do you have to take
me for granted?

NORMA
What right? Do you want me to
tell you?

GILLIS
Has it ever occurred that I may
have a life of my own? That there
may be some girl I'm crazy about?

NORMA
Who? Some car hop, or a dress
extra?

GILLIS
Why not? What I'm trying to say
is that I'm all wrong for you.
You want a Valentino -- somebody
with polo ponies -- a big shot --

NORMA
(Getting up slowly)
What you're trying to say is
that you don't want me to love
you. Is that it?

Gillis doesn't answer. Norma slaps his face and
rushes from the room and upstairs.

Gillis stands paralyzed, the slap burning his cheek.

C-10 THE TOP OF THE STAIRCASE AND CORRIDOR

Norma rushes up the last few steps, down the corridor
and into her bedroom, banging the door. MOVE THE
CAMERA toward the closed door, centering on the
gouged-out lock.

C-11 GILLIS, IN THE BIG ROOM

He still stands motionless. He glances around fur-
tively, to see if his humiliation has been observed.

C-12 THE ORCHESTRA

The musicians are playing away. They have turned
their eyes away from Gillis rather too ostentatious-
ly for comfort.

C-13 GILLIS

His eyes move over toward

C-14 MAX

He is subtler than the musicians. He appears very
busy at the buffet, putting empty bottles and used
glasses on a tray. He walks across the room with
them.

C-15 GILLIS

He starts slowly out. As he does so his long gold
key chain catches on a carved ornament of the sofa
and holds him for a second of additional embarrass-
ment. He yanks it loose and walks with as much
nonchalance as he can muster to

C-16 THE HALL

Crossing towards the coat closet, Gillis throws a
look upstairs. Then he pulls the Vicuna coat from
its hangar and slips into it as he crosses to the
entrance door. He opens the door on the darkness
of the courtyard.

C-17 EXT. DESMOND HOUSE
(NIGHT - RAIN)

Gillis shuts the door.
He takes a few steps
forward, then stands
for a while breathing
deep. The rain is
balm to that cheek
where the slap still a
burns. He walks for-
ward with a great
sense of relief.

GILLIS'VOICE

I didn't know where I was
going. I just had to get
out of there. I had to be
with people my own age. I
had to hear somebody laugh
again. I thought of Artie
Green. There was bound to
be a New Year's shindig
going on in his apartment
down on Las Palmas -- the
hock shop set -- not a job
in the room. but lots of

C-18 DRIVEWAY LEADING TO
fun on the cuff.

Gillis walks to the
street, which is dark
and empty. He starts
down Sunset in an
Easterly direction.
A car passes. He
tries to thumb a
ride, without success.
However, the second

car, a florist's

delivery wagon, stops.
Gillis jumps in and the
car drives off.

DISSOLVE TO:

C-19 ARTIE GREEN'S APARTMENT

It is the most modest one-room affair, jam packed with young people flowing over into the miniature bathroom and the microscopic kitchenette. The only drink being served is punch from a pressed-glass bowl -- but everybody is having a hell of a time. Most of the men are in slacks and sweaters, and only a few of the girls in something that vaguely suggests party dress.

Abe Burroughs sits at a small, guest-festooned piano and sings Tokio Rose. By the door, a group of young men and girls respond to the song by singlng Rinso White or Dentyne Chewing Gum or something similar, in the manner of a Bach choral. Artie Green, a dark haired, pleasant-looking guy in his late twenties, is conducting with the ladle from the punch bowl.

The door behind some of the singers is pushed open, jostling them out of their places. In comes Gillis, his hair and face wet, the collar of his Vicuna coat turned up. Artie stops conducting, but the commercial goes right on.

ARTIE

Well, what do you know ! Joe
Gillis !

GILLIS

Hi, Artie.

ARTIE

Where have you been keeping that
gorgeous face of yours?

GILLIS

In a deep freeze.

ARTIE

I almost reported you to the Bureau
of Missing Persons.

(To the company)

Fans, you all know Joe Gillis, the
well-known screen writer, opium
smuggler and Black Dahlia suspect.

Gillis greets some of the kids by name as he and
Artie push their way into the room.

ARTIE

Give me your coat.

GILLIS

Let it ride for a while.

ARTIE

You're going to stay, aren't you?

GILLIS

That was the general idea.

ARTIE

Come on.

Artie starts peeling the coat off Gillis. Its

texture takes his breath away.

ARTIE

What is this - mink?

He has taken the coat. He looks at Gillis standing there in tails.

ARTIE

Judas E. Priest, who did you borrow that from? Adolphe Menjou?

GILLIS

Close, but no cigar.

Gillis stands embarrassed While Artie rolls up the Vicuna coat and tucks it above the books on a bookshelf.

ARTIE

Say, you're not really smuggling opium these days, are you?

GILLIS

Where's the bar?

The two make their way toward the punch bowl. It's a little like running the gauntlet for Gillis. There are whistles and 'stares of astonishment at his tails. When they reach the punch bowl, Artie picks up a half-filled glass and fills it.

GILLIS

Good party.

ARTIE

The greatest. They call me the Elsa Maxwell of the assistant directors.

(To some guests who are dipping their empty cups into the punch bowl)

Hey, easy on the punch bowl. Budget only calls for three drinks per extra. Fake the rest.

GILLIS

Listen, Artie, can I stick around here for a while?

ARTIE

Sure, this'll go on all night.

GILLIS

I mean, could you put me up for a couple of weeks?

ARTIE

It just so happens we have a vacancy on the couch.

GILLIS

I'll take it.

ARTIE

I'll have the bell-hop take care of your luggage.

He runs his finger across the décolleté back of a girl standing in a group next them.

ARTIE
Just register here.

The girl turns around. She is Betty Schaefer.

BETTY
Hello, Mr. Gillis.

ARTIE
You know each other?

Gillis looks at her a little puzzled.

BETTY
Let me help you. Betty Schaeter,
Sheldrake's office.

GILLIS
Sure. Bases Loaded.

ARTIE
Wait a minute. This is the woman
I love. What's going on? Who
was loaded?

GILLIS
Don't worry. She's just a fan
for my literary output.

BETTY
(to Artie)
Hurt feelings department.

GILLIS
About that luggage. Where's
the phone?

ARTIE
Over by the Rainbow Room.

Gillis squeezes his way through groups of people to the telephone, which is next to an open door leading to the bathroom. The phone is busy. A girl sits listening to it, giggling wildly. Another girl beside her is laughing too. They are apparently sharing a conversation with some man on the other end of the wire. The telephone passes from hand to hand. Gillis watches impatiently, then

GILLIS
When you're through with that
thing, can I have it?

The girl just nods, going on with her chattering. Gillis stands waiting, and Betty Schaefer comes up with his glass.

BETTY
You forgot this.

GILLIS
Thanks.

BETTY
I've been hoping to run into you.

GILLIS
What for? To recover that knife
you stuck in my back?

BETTY
I felt a little guilty, so I got

out some of your old stories.

GILLIS
Why, you sweet kid.

BETTY
There's one called....Window...
something with a window.

GILLIS
Dark Windows. How did you
like it?

BETTY
I didn't.

GILLIS
Thank you.

BETTY
Except for about six pages.
You've got a flashback there ...

There is too much racket for her.

BETTY
Is there someplace we can talk?

GILLIS
How about the Rainbow Room?

They squeeze their way towards the bathroom, past
Artie.

ARTIE
I said you could have my couch.
I didn't say you could have my
girl.

BETTY
This is shop talk.

She and Gillis go through the open door into

C-20 ARTIE'S BATHROOM

It's a little less noisy, although there are some
guests there, chatting and having fun. Betty and
Gillis sit down on the edge of the tub.

GILLIS
Now if I got you correctly, there
was a short stretch of my fiction
you found worthy of notice.

BETTY
The flashback in the courtroom,
when she tells about being a
school teacher.

GILLIS
I had a teacher like that once.

BETTY
Maybe that's why it's good.
It's true, it's moving. Now
why don't you use that character...

GILLIS
Who wants true? Who wants moving?

BETTY
Drop that attitude. Here's something really worth while.

GILLIS
Want me to start right now?
Maybe there's some paper around.

BETTY
I'm serious. I've got a few ideas.

GILLIS
I've got some ideas myself. One of them being this is New Year's Eve. How about living it up a little?

BETTY
As for instance?

GILLIS
Well....

BETTY
We could make some paper boats and have a regatta. Or should we just turn on the shower?

GILLIS
How about capturing the kitchen and barricading the door?

BETTY
Are you hungry?

GILLIS
Hungry? After twelve years in the Burmese jungle. I am starving, Lady Agatha -- starving for a white shoulder --

BETTY
Phillip, you're mad!

One of the girls who was on the phone comes to the door.

GIRL
You can have the phone now.

GILLIS
(Paying no attention)
Thirsting for the coolness of your lips -

BETTY
No, Phillip, no. We must be strong. You're still wearing the uniform of the Coldstream Guards! Furthermore, you can have the phone now.

GILLIS
O.K.
(He gets up, starts out, turns)
I find I'm terribly afraid of losing you.

BETTY
You won't.
(She takes the glass

out of his hand)
I'll get us a refill of
this awful stuff.

GILLIS
You'll be waiting for me?

BETTY
With a wildly beating heart.

GILLIS
Life can be beautiful!

He leaves.

C-21 THE MAIN ROOM

Gillis squeezes himself through some guests to the phone. He has to stand in a cramped position, holding the instrument close to him as he dials a number.

GILLIS
Max? This is Mr. Gillis.
I want you to do me a favor.

C-22 NORMA DESMOND HOUSE

Max is at the phone, in the lower hall.

MAX
I am sorry, Mr. Gillis.
I cannot talk now.

C-23 GILLIS ON THE PHONE

GILLIS
Yes you can. I want you to get my old suitcase and I want you to throw in my old clothes -- the ones I came with, and my typewriter. I'll have somebody pick them up.

C-24 MAX AT THE PHONE

MAX
I have no time to talk. The doctor is here.

C-25 GILLIS ON THE PHONE

GILLIS
What doctor? What's going on?

C-26 MAX AT THE PHONE

MAX
She got the razor from your room. She cut her wrists.

Max hangs up, moves toward the staircase.

C-27 GILLIS AT THE PHONE

GILLIS

Max ! Max !

He hangs up the dead receiver, stands numb with shock. Betty elbows her way up to him, carrying the two punch glasses filled again.

BETTY
I just got the recipe: take
two packages of cough drops,
dissolve in one gallon of
lukewarm grape juice --

Gillis looks up at her. Without a word he pushes her aside so that she spills the drink. He makes his way through the guests to the Vicuna coat, pulls it from the shelf, some books tumbling with it, and rushes towards the door and out. Betty stands looking after him, completely bewildered.

DISSOLVE TO:

C-28 EXT. DESMOND HOUSE - (NIGHT, RAIN)

The doctor's car is parked in the driveway. A taxi pulls up. Gillis, in his Vicuna coat now, jumps out, throws a couple of dollars to the driver and runs toward the house.

C-28a DOORWAY, NORMA DESMOND HOUSE>

Max is opening the door to let out the doctor, a professional looking man carrying a black bag. Gillis runs into the SHOT.

GILLIS
How is she?

MAX
She is upstairs.

Gillis starts to push past Max. Max grabs his arm.

MAX
Be careful. Do not race up the
stairs. The musicians must not
know what has happened.

Gillis goes into the house.

C-29 ENTRANCE HALL AND STAIRCASE

Gillis crosses the hall and starts up the stairs.

C-30 INT. NORMA DESMOND'S ROOM

Only one alabaster lamp lights the big, cold room. On the bed lies Norma in her evening dress. She is white as a sheet. Her wrists are bandaged. Her eyes are wide open, staring at the ceiling. One of her shoes has half slipped off her foot. The other is on. Gillis opens the door and stands there for a second. Then he slowly moves to the foot of the bed. He takes the shoes from her feet and puts them on the floor.

NORMA
Go away.

GILLIS
What kind of a silly thing was
that to do?

NORMA
To fall in love with you -- that
was the idiotic thing.

GILLIS
It sure would have made attractive
headlines: Great Star Kills Her-
self for Unknown Writer.

NORMA
Great stars have great pride.

She puts one bandaged forearm over her eyes, sobbing.
Gillis walks slowly over to the mantelpiece, stands
there for awhile.

NORMA
Go away. Go to that girl of yours.

GILLIS
Look, I was making that up because
I thought the whole thing was a
mistake. I didn't want to hurt you.
You've been good to me. You're the
only person in this stinking town
that has been good to me.

NORMA
Why don't you just say thank you
and go, go, go --

GILLIS
Not until you promise to act like
a sensible human being.

NORMA
I'll do it again, I'll do it again,
I'll do it again!

Gillis stands looking at her helplessly.

C-31 LIVING ROOM, THE DESMOND HOUSE

The candles burned down, the orchestra playing to
the emptiness. The orchestra leader looks at his
watch, rises, silences the orchestra, then starts
them in on Auld Lang Syne.

C-32 INT. NORMA'S ROOM

Gillis still stands. Norma lies on the bed, arms
over her eyes, sobbing.

GILLIS
Happy New Year.

Norma continues to sob. Gillis goes to the bed,
puts his arms on her shoulders and turns her around.

GILLIS
Happy New Year.

Norma looks at him, tears in her eyes. Slowly she
enfolds him in her bandaged arms.

NORMA
Happy New Year. darling.

She kisses him.

DISSOLVE

END OF SEQUENCE "C"

SEQUENCE "D"

DISSOLVE IN ON:

D-1	INT. HALLWAY, NORMA DESMOND'S HOUSE (DAY)	GILLIS' VOICE Around the middle of May some incidents happened which I think I should tell you about.
	The telephone is heard ringing. Max comes from living room to the phone, picks it up.	

MAX
Hello ... Yes?

D-1a BETTY SCHAEFER, AT THE PHONE ON HER DESK IN THE
READERS' DEPARTMENT

BETTY
Is this Crestview 5-1733? ... I'm
sorry to bother you again, but I've
confirmed the number. I must speak
to Mr. Gillis.

D-1b MAX, AT THE PHONE

MAX
He is not here.

D-1c BETTY ON THE PHONE

BETTY
Where can I reach him? Maybe
somebody else in the house could
tell me.

D-1d MAX ON THE PHONE

MAX
Nobody here can give you any
information. You will please
not call again.

He hangs up. From off comes:

NORMA'S VOICE
Who was it, Max? What is it?

D-1e PATIO, NORMA'S HOUSE

It is a sunny day. The garden is in somewhat better
shape. The old house looks less unkept. The pool
is filled. Norma sits on a wicker chaise longue, her

face shielded by an enormous straw hat, her eyes by dark glasses. Gillis, in bathing trunks, is on a rubber mattress in the pool. Max comes to the entrance door.

MAX

Nothing, Madame. Somebody Inquiring about a stray dog. We must have a number very similar to the pound.

He starts to turn back.

NORMA

Wait a minute. I want you to get out the car. You're going to take the script over to Paramount and deliver it to Mr. De Mille in person.

MAX

Yes, Madame.

He goes into the house.

GILLIS

(climbing out
of the water)
You're really going to send it to De Mille?

NORMA

This is the right day.

She indicates a typewritten letter she is holding.

NORMA (Cont'd)

The chart from my astrologer.
She read deMille's horoscope.
She read mine.

GILLIS

Did she read the script?

NORMA

DeMille is Leo. I'm Scorpio.
Mars has been transmitting
Jupiter for weeks. Today is
the day of greatest conjunction.
Now turn around. Let me dry
you.

She puts the towel around his shoulders and starts drying him.

GILLIS

I hope you realize, Norma,
that scripts don't sell on
astrologers' charts.

NORMA

I'm not just selling the script.
I'm selling me. DeMille always
said I was his greatest star.

GILLIS

When did he say it, Norma?

NORMA

So he said it quite a few years
ago. So what? I never looked
better in my life. Do you know

why? Because I've never been as
happy in my life.

She kisses him.

DISSOLVE TO:

D-2 INT. THE ISOTTA, DRIVING
DOWN SUNSET ABOUT 8:30
IN THE EVENING

Max is driving. In the
tonneau sit Norma, in a
chinchilla wrap, and
Gillis in his tuxedo.
Norma is rummaging
through her evening
bag. She finds a
cigarette case, opens
it. It is empty.

GILLIS' VOICE

A few evenings later we
were going to the house of
one of the waxworks for
some bridge. She'd taught
me how to play bridge by
then, just as she'd taught
me some fancy tango steps,
and what wine to drink
with what fish.

NORMA

That idiot. He forgot to fill
my cigarette case.

GILLIS

(Proffering his case)
Have one of mine.

NORMA

They're awful. They make me cough.

GILLIS

(Pushing open the glass
partition, to Max)
Pull up at the drugstore, will
you, Max.
(To Norma)
I'll get you some.

NORMA

You're a darling.

She takes a dollar bill from her purse and gives it
to him.

D-3 EXT. SCHWAB'S DRUGSTORE
The car drives up and Gillis hurries into the store.

D-4 INT. SCHWAB'S DRUGSTORE
Business is still rather lively. There are about a
dozen shoppers, and the soda counter is half filled.
Gillis enters and steps to the tobacco counter.

GILLIS

(To the salesgirl)
Give me a pack of those Turkish
cigarettes -- Melachrinos.

The girl opens the glass showcase to locate the fancy
brand. From OFF comes

ARTIE'S VOICE

Stick 'em up, Gillis, or I'll
let you have it!

Gillis turns.

Artie Green and Betty Schaefer sit having a sandwich and a milk shake. With his forefinger and a sound effect, Artie riddles Gillis' body. Gillis walks INTO THE SHOT.

GILLIS

Hello, Artie. Good evening,
Miss Schaefer.

BETTY

(Excitedly)
You don't know how glad I am
to see you!

ARTIE

Walking out on the mob. What's
the big idea?

GILLIS

I'm sorry about New Year's. Would
you believe me if I said I had
to be with a sick friend?

ARTIE

Someone in the formal set, no
doubt, with a ten-carat kidney
stone.

BETTY

Stop it, Artie, will you?
(To Gillis)
Where have you been keeping your-
self? I've got the most wonderful
news for you.

GILLIS

I haven't been keeping myself at
all. Not lately.

BETTY

I called your agent. I called the
Screen Writers Guild. Finally your
old apartment gave me some Crestview
number. There was always somebody
with an accent growling at me. You
were not there. You were not to be
spoken to. They never heard of you.

GILLIS

Is that so? What's the wonderful
news?

BETTY

Sheldrake likes that angle about
the teacher.

GILLIS

What teacher?

BETTY

Dark Windows. I got him all
hopped up about it.

GILLIS

You did?

BETTY

He thinks it could be made into
something.

GILLIS
Into what? A lampshade?

BETTY
Into something for Barbara Stan-
wyck. They have a commitment with
Barbara Stanwyck.

ARTIE
Unless you'd rather have Sarah
Bernhardt.

BETTY
This is on the level. Sheldrake
really went for it.

GILLIS
O.K. Where's the cash?

BETTY
Where's the story? I bluffed it
out with a few notions of my own.
It's really just a springboard.
It needs work.

GILLIS
I was afraid of that.

BETTY
I've got twenty pages of notes.
I've got a pretty good character
for the man.

ARTIE
Could you write in plenty of back-
ground action, so they'll need an
extra assistant director?

BETTY
Shut up, Artie.
(To Gillis)
Now if we could sit down for two
weeks and get a story.

GILLIS
Sorry, Miss Schaefer, but I've
given up writing on spec.

BETTY
I tell you this is half sold.

GILLIS
As a matter of fact. I've given
up writing altogether.

Max has appeared in the door.

MAX
Mr. Gillis, if you please.

GILLIS
Right with you.

Max leaves.

ARTIE
The accent! I've got it: this guy
is in the pay of a foreign government.
Get those studs. Get those cuff-links.

GILLIS
I've got to run along. Thanks any-

way for your interest in my career.

BETTY

It's not your career -- it's mine.
I kind of hoped to get in on this
deal. I don't want to be a reader
all my life. I want to write.

GILLIS

Sorry if I crossed you up.

BETTY

You sure have.

GILLIS

So long.

He leaves.

ARTIE

(Patting her hand)

Babe, it's like that producer says:
In life, you've got to take the
bitter with the sour.

D-6 THE ISOTTA, PARKED OUTSIDE

Gillis comes from Schwab's, gets into the car.

Max takes off.

NORMA

What on earth, darling? It took
you hours.

GILLIS

I ran into some people I knew.

NORMA

Where are my cigarettes?

GILLIS

Where are your...?

He realizes he's forgotten them, takes the dollar
and hands it back to her.

GILLIS

Norma, you're smoking too much.

DISSOLVE TO:

D-7 LIVING ROOM, NORMA
DESMOND'S HOUSE
(EARLY AFTERNOON)

Start on a tiny
parasol being
twirled...Norma
peeks out from one
side of the parasol,
a bandanna tied
around her head with
a rabbit's-ear bow.
She bats her eyes,
winks roguishly.

GILLIS' VOICE

Whenever she suspected I
was getting bored, she
would put on a live show
for me: the Norma Desmond
Follies. Her first number
was always the Mack Sennett
Bathing Beauty.

THE CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal that Norma's black
pyjama trousers are rolled up over her knees and her
black stockings rolled down below them. The whole

effect approximates a Mack Sennett bathing costume pretty effectively. She points at a leather pour.

NORMA

This is a rock.

She climbs on it, pantomimes timidity, an attempted dive, then jumps off.

Gillis lolls on a couch, watching the performance, very bored.

NORMA

I can still see myself in the line: Bebe Daniels, Marie Prevost, Mabel Normand ... Mabel was always stepping on my feet ...What's the matter with you, darling? Why are you so glum?

GILLIS

(Lighting a cigarette with a match)

Nothing is the matter. I'm having a great time. Show me some more.

NORMA

(Taking the match)

All right. Give me this. I need it for a moustache. Now close your eyes.

She runs out of the picture. Gillis has closed his eyes. THE CAMERA MOVES to his face.

GILLIS' VOICE

Something was the matter, all right. I was thinking about that girl of Artie's, that Miss Schaefer. She was so like all us writers when we first hit Hollywood -- itching with ambition, panting to get your names up there: Screenplay by. Original Story by. Hmph! Audiences don't know somebody sits down and writes a picture. They think the actors make it up as they go along.

NORMA'S VOICE

Open your eyes.

Gillis opens his eyes.

Norma has equipped herself with a derby hat, a cane, and blacked in a small moustache. She goes into a little Chaplin routine. While she is doing it, the telephone rings. After a moment Max comes to the living room door.

MAX

Madame is wanted on the telephone.

NORMA

You know better than to interrupt me.

MAX

Paramount is calling.

NORMA

Who?

MAX
Paramount studios.

NORMA
(To Gillis)
Now, now do you believe me? I told
you deMille would jump at it.

MAX
It is not Mr. deMille in person.
It is someone by the name of Gordon
Cole. He says it's very important.

NORMA
Certainly it's important. It's
important enough for Mr. deMille
to call me personally. The idea
of having an assistant call me!

MAX
I myself was surprised at Mr. de
Mille's manners.

NORMA
Say that I'm busy, and hang up.

MAX
Very good, Madam.

He bows and exits.

NORMA
How do you like that? We've
made twelve pictures together.
His greatest successes.

GILLIS
Maybe deMille is shooting.

NORMA
I know that trick! He wants to
belittle me. He's trying to get
my price down. I've waited
twenty years for this call. Now
Mr. deMille can wait till I'm
good and ready.

DISSOLVE TO:

D-8 NORMA, IN THE TONNEAU
OF THE LIMOUSINE,
DRIVING DOWN MELROSE

She is in full makeup,
with a veil, a daring
hat, a suit so stunning
only she would venture
to wear it. THE CAMERA
PULLS BACK. Beside her
sits Gillis in the glen
plaid suit. Max is
driving.

GILLIS' VOICE
About three days later she
was good and ready. In-
credible as it may seem,
there had been some more
of those calls from
Paramount. So she put on
about half a pound of
makeup, fixed it up with
a veil, and set forth to
see deMille in person.

Norma is examining her face in the mirror of her
vanity. Max, while driving, sees her in the rear
view mirror.

MAX
If you will pardon me, Madame.

The shadow over the left eye
is not quite balanced.

NORMA
Thank you, Max.

With a handkerchief, she corrects it.

D-9 MAIN GATE, EXT. PARAMOUNT STUDIO

The car drives down Bronson and stops smack in front
of the iron gate. A young policeman is talking to
an extra; an old policeman sits reading a newspaper.
Max sounds the horn impatiently.

YOUNG POLICEMAN
Hold that noise!

MAX
To see Mr. de Mille. Open the gate.

YOUNG POLICEMAN
Mr. deMille is shooting. You
got an appointment?

MAX
No appointment is necessary. I
am bringing Norma Desmond.

YOUNG POLICEMAN
Norma Who?

Norma has rolled down the window on her side. She
calls to the old policeman.

NORMA
Jonesy! Come here, Jonesy!

OLD POLICEMAN
Yeah?
(He comes forward slowly)
Why, if it isn't Miss Desmond!
How have you been, Miss Desmond?

NORMA
Fine, Jonesy. Now open that gate.

OLD POLICEMAN
Sure, Miss Desmond.
(To the young policeman)
Come on, Mac.

YOUNG POLICEMAN
They can't drive on the lot
without a pass.

OLD POLICEMAN
Miss Desmond can. Come on.

They fling open the gate.

OLD POLICEMAN
(As the car drives through)
Stage eighteen, Miss Desmond.

NORMA
Thank you, Jonesy. And teach
your friend some manners. Tell
him without me he wouldn't have
any job, because without me there
wouldn't be any Paramount Studio.

(To Max)
Go on.

They drive through the gates. The old policeman goes to wall phone beside the gate, dials a number.

OLD POLICEMAN
(Into phone)
Norma Desmond coming in to
see Mr. deMille.

D-10 STAGE 18

A scene from SAMPSON AND DELILAH is being rehearsed in the background. The usual turbulent activity surrounds it: extras. makeup men, grips, assistants, etc., etc. In the dim foreground a stage hand is answering a stand telephone. He puts down the phone and moves (CAMERA WITH HIM) to a second assistant.

STAGE HAND
Norma Desmond is coming to see
Mr. deMille.

The second assistant walks (CAMERA WITH HIM) to the first assistant.

2nd ASSISTANT
Norma Desmond coming in to
see Mr. deMille.

The first assistant (CAMERA WITH HIM) hurries to the set. Sitting with his back toward us is C.B. himself. He is rehearsing a scene with Hedy Lamarr.

1ST ASSISTANT
Norma Desmond is coming in to
see you, Mr. deMille.

C. B. turns his head.

DEMILLE
Norma Desmond?

1st ASSISTANT
She must be a million years old.

DEMILLE
I hate to think where that puts
me. I could be her father.

1ST ASSISTANT
I'm terribly sorry, Mr. de Mille.

By this time de Mille is on his feet.

DEMILLE
It must be about that appalling
script of hers. What can I say
to her? What can I say?

1ST ASSISTANT
I can tell her you're all tied
up in the projection room. I
can give her the brush ...

DEMILLE
Listen, thirty million fans
have given her the brush.
Isn't that enough?

1ST ASSISTANT
I didn't mean to --

DEMILLE
Of course you didn't. You didn't know Norma Desmond as a plucky little girl of seventeen, with more courage and wit and heart than ever came together in one youngster.

1ST ASSISTANT
I hear she was a terror to work with.

DEMILLE
She got to be. A dozen press agents working overtime can do terrible things to the human spirit.
(to the set)
Hold everything.

He leaves, accompanied by his entourage.

D-11 EXT. STAGE 18

Norma's limousine drives up. Max dismounts and opens the door.

NORMA
(taking Gillis's hand)
Don't you want to come along, darling?

GILLIS
I don't think so. It's your script. It's your show.
Good luck.

NORMA
Thank you, darling.

She presses his hand against her cheek, descends from the car and walks toward -

D-12 THE DOOR OF STAGE 18

The first assistant is holding it open. In the doorway stands Mr. deMille. Seeing Norma, he stretches out his arms.

DE MILLE
Hello, young fellow.

NORMA
Hello, Mr. deMille.

She has reached him. They embrace.

NORMA
Last time I saw you was someplace very gay. I remember waving to you. I was dancing on a table.

DE MILLE
Lots of people were. Lindbergh had just landed in Paris. Come on in.

He leads her into

During the ensuing dialogue, Mr. deMille walks Norma towards the set.

DE MILLE
Norma, I want to apologize for
not calling you.

NORMA
You'd better. I'm very angry.

DE MILLE
I'm pretty busy, as you can see...

NORMA
That's no excuse. You read the
script, didn't you?

DE MILLE
Yes, I did.

NORMA
Then you could have picked up the
phone yourself instead of leaving
it to one of your assistants.

DE MILLE
What assistant?

NORMA
Don't play innocent. Somebody
named Gordon Cole.

DE MILLE
Gordon Cole?

NORMA
And if you hadn't been pretty
darned interested in that script,
he wouldn't have tried to get
me on the phone ten times.

DE MILLE
Gordon Cole... Look, Norma,
I'm in the middle of a rehearsal.
(Indicating his
own chair)
Make yourself comfortable.

He walks onto the set, accompanied by his assistants.

DE MILLE
(Sotto voce, to his
first assistant)
Get me Gordon Cole on the phone.

Meanwhile, Norma starts to sit, sees the name
MISS LAMARR on the chair and with a look of
distaste changes and sits on the one marked
C.B. DE MILLE. From somewhere comes

A VOICE
Hey, Miss Desmond! Miss Desmond!

She looks around her.

VOICE
Up here!

Norma looks up at the scaffolding.

On the scaffold stands one of the electricians,
next to his light.

ELECTRICIAN
It's met It's Hog-eyel

Norma waves at him.

NORMA
Hello.

Hog-eye points his light at her.

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

The beam of the lamp moves toward Norma. It hits
her. She sits bathed in light. A couple of old
costume extras recognize her.

EXTRAS
Say, it's Norma! Norma Desmond!

They rush over and start wringing her hand. Into
the shot comes a middle-aged hairdresser.

HAIRDRESSER
Hello, Miss Desmond. It's Bessie.

Some elderly electricians and stagehands move in.

D-14 ANOTHER PART OF THE STAGE

The first assistant brings the portable phone to
deMille. DeMille lifts the receiver.

DE MILLE
Hello.

D-15 GORDON COLE'S OFFICE IN THE PROPERTY DEPARTMENT,
GORDON COLE ON THE PHONE.

COLE
Prop Department. Gordon Cole speaking.

D-16 DE MILLE ON THE PHONE

DE MILLE
Cole, this is C. B. deMille. Have
you been calling Norma Desmond?...
What's it about?

D-17 GORDON COLE, ON THE PHONE

COLE
It's that car of hers -- an old
Isotta-Fraschini. Her chauffeur
drove it on the lot the other day.
It looks just right for the Crosby
picture. We want to rent it for a
couple of weeks.

D-18 DE MILLE ON THE PHONE

DE MILLE
(Troubled)
Oh. Well, thank you.

He hangs up, walks back towards Norma. (CAMERA WITH HIM).

Norma stills sits in the shaft of light, surrounded by about a dozen people who have come up to pay court. DeMille gestures up to Hog-eye and the light shifts away. The people about Norma disperse slowly with various ad-libs.

DE MILLE

Well, Norma ...

(He sits down next to her)

I got hold of Gordon Cole.

Norma hasn't heard a word.

NORMA

Did you see them? Did you see how they came?

DE MILLE

You know, crazy things happen in this business. I hope you haven't lost your sense of humor ...

Suddenly he realizes that she is crying. She takes the handkerchief from his pocket and puts it over her eyes.

DEMILLE

What's the matter, Norma?

NORMA

Nothing. I just didn't realize what it would be like to come back to the old studio. I had no idea how I'd missed it.

DEMILLE

We've missed you too, dear.

NORMA

We'll be working again, won't we, Chief? We'll make our greatest picture.

DEMILLE

That's what I want to talk to you about.

NORMA

It's a good script, isn't it?

DEMILLE

It's got a lot of good things. Of course, it would be an expensive picture...

NORMA

I don't care about the money. I just want to work again. You don't know what it means to know that you want me.

DEMILLE

Nothing would thrill me more -- if it were possible.

NORMA

But remember, darling -- I don't work before ten in the morning, and never after 4:30 in the afternoon.

The first assistant comes up.

1ST ASSISTANT
We're ready with the shot, Mr. deMille.

DEMILLE
You'll pardon me, Norma? Why
don't you just sit and watch?
(He steps onto the set)
O.K. Here we go.

1ST ASSISTANT
Roll 'em.

DEMILLE
Action!
The scene starts.

D-19 THE ISOTTA, PARKED OUTSIDE STAGE 18

Max stands talking to Gillis, who is seated in the car.

MAX
(Pointing to the row
of offices in the
building opposite)
You see those offices there, Mr.
Gillis? They used to be her
dressing room, The whole row.

GILLIS
That didn't leave much for Wallace
Reid.

MAX
He had a great big bungalow on
wheels. I had the upstairs. See
where it says 'Readers' Department'?
I remember my walls were covered
with black patent leather...

The words "Readers' Department" have registered on
Gillis' mind. He gets out of the car.

GILLIS
I'll be with you in a minute.

He crosses the street towards the green staircase
leading to the second floor.

Meanwhile, two prop men walking down the street
come into the SHOT.

1ST PROP MAN
Hey, that's the comic car Cole
was talking about!
(To Max)
Do you mind if we look inside?

MAX
Go away. Go away.

D-20 CUBICLE IN THE READERS' DEPARTMENT

Behind the desk sits Betty, typing the synopsis of
a novel, a half-eaten apple marking her place. The
door behind her opens and Gillis enters.

GILLIS
Just so you don't think I'm a
complete swine -- if there's

anything in Dark Windows you
can use, take it. It's all
yours.

BETTY
Well, for heaven's sake!

She moves the book and the apple aside and points at
the free space on the desk.

BETTY
Have a chair.

Gillis sits on the desk.

GILLIS
I mean it. It's no good to me
anyway. Help yourself.

BETTY
Why should you do that?

GILLIS
If you get a hundred thousand for
it, you buy me a box of chocolate
creams. If you get an Oscar, I
get the left foot.

BETTY
You know, I'd take you up on that
in a minute. I'm just not good
enough to do it all by myself.

GILLIS
What about all those ideas you had?

BETTY
See if they make sense. To begin
with, I think you should throw out
all that psychological stuff --
exploring a killer's sick mind.

GILLIS
Psychopaths sell like hotcakes.

BETTY
This story is about teachers --
their threadbare lives, their
struggles. Here are people doing
the most important job in the
world, and they have to wprry
about getting enough money to
re-sole their shoes. To me it
can be as exciting as any chase,
any gunplay.

GILLIS
Check.

BETTY
Now I see her teaching day classes
while he teaches night school. The
first time they meet ...

From below comes the SOUND of the Isotta's horn.

GILLIS
Look, if you don't mind, I haven't
got time to listen to the whole
plot ...

BETTY

I'll make it short.

GILLIS
Sorry. It's your baby now.

BETTY
I'm not good enough to write it
alone. We'll have to do it together.

GILLIS
I'm all tied up. I can't.

BETTY
Couldn't we work in the evenings?
Six o'clock in the morning? This
next month I'm completely at your
disposal. Artie is out of town.

GILLIS
What has Artie to do with it.

BETTY
We're engaged.

GILLIS
Good for you. You've got yourself
the best guy in town.

BETTY
I think so. They're on location
in Arizona, shooting a Western.
I'm free every evening, every week-
end. If you want, we could work at
your place.

GILLIS
It's just impossible.

BETTY
Nobody can be that busy.

There is another honk: from down below.

GILLIS
Look, Betty, It can't be done.
It's out.

BETTY
You're tough, all right.

GILLIS
You're on your own. Stop being
chicken-hearted and write that story.

BETTY
Honest to goodness, I hate you.

GILLIS
(Turning in the open door)
And don't make it too dreary. How
about this for a situation: she
teaches daytimes. He teaches at
night. Right? They don't even know
each other, but they share the same
room. It's cheaper that way. As a
matter of fact, they sleep in the
same bed -- in shifts, of oourse.

BETTY
Are you kidding? Because I think
it's good.

GILLIS
So do I.

BETTY
Came on back. Let me show you
where it fits in.

She reaches in a drawer for her notes on Dark
Windows.

GILLIS
(At the door)
So long.

Betty picks up the apple and is about to throw it
after him.

BETTY
Oh, you --

GILLIS
And here's a title: AN APPLE FOR
THE TEACHER.

He ducks out quickly, slamming the door behind him.
Betty looks after him, then angrily hurls the
apple into the wastebasket.

D-21 STAIRCASE OUTSIDE READERS' DEPARTMENT

Max is rushing up the stairs toward the descending
Gillis.

GILLIS
What's the matter, Max?

MAX
I just found out why all those tele-
phone calls. It is not Miss Desmond
they want. It is the car they want
to rent.

GILLIS
What?

Max has seen something off.

MAX
Ssh...

With his head he indicates

D-22 ENTRANCE TO STAGE 18

The first assistant has opened the door. DeMille
is showing Norma out.

DE MILLE
Goodbye, young fellow. We'll see
what we can do.

NORMA
(embracing him)
I'm not worried. Everything will
be fine. The old team together.
Nothing can stop us.

She turns and walks out of the shot. De Mille
stands for a second watching her, then turns to
his assistant.

DE MILLE
Get Gordon Cole. Tell him to forget
about her car. He can find another
old car. I'll buy him five old cars,
if necessary.

1ST ASSISTANT
Yes, Mr. De Mille.

They turn back into Stage 18.

D-23 THE ISOTTA

Gillis seated in the rear. Max is helping Norma
in and putting the robe over her.

GILLIS
(Apprehensively)
How did it go?

NORMA
It couldn't have gone better.
It's practically set. Of course,
he has to finish this picture
first, but mine will be his next.

There is an exchange of looks between Max and Gillis.

GILLIS
He must be quite a guy.

NORMA
He's a shrewd old fox. He can
smell box office. Only I'm going
to outfox him a little. This isn't
going to be C. B. deMille's Salome.
It's going to be Norma Desmond's
Salome, a Norma Desmond Production,
starring Norma Desmond...Home, Max.

MAX
Yes, Miss Desmond.

As he says the words, he and Gillis exchange a glance
in the rear view mirror.

SLOW DISSOLVE:

END OF SEQUENCE "D"

SEQUENCE "E"

DISSOLVE IN ON:

E-1 CLOSEUP OF NORMA'S FACE

Absolutely no makeup. A
hand with a strong small
flashlight comes into the
picture. The beam of the
flashlight travels over the
face, exploring it merci-
lessly. While the light is
still on it, two pairs of
creamed hands come into the
shot and start to massage it.

DISSOLVE TO:

GILLIS' VOICE
After that, an army of
beauty experts invaded
her house on Sunset
Boulevard. She went
through a merciless
series of treatments,
massages, sweat cabinets,
mud baths, ice compres-
ses, electric devices.
She lived on vegetable
juices and went to bed
at nine. She was deter-
mined to be ready --

E-2 A SHORT MONTAGE of various beauty treatments applied to Norma. ready for those cameras that would never turn.

DISSOLVE TO:

E-3 NORMA BEFORE THE MIRROR
 IN HER BEDROOM

It is nine o'clock in the evening. She is in night gown and negligee and has put triangular patches on the saddle of her nose and at the outer corner of each eye. She is rubbing lotion on her hands.

She gets up and crosses to the door of Gillis' room and opens it a crack.

 NORMA
 Joe darling, are you there?

E-4 GILLIS' ROOM

It is dark except for a lamp over the chaise longue. Gillis lies on it, fully clothed, reading a book.

 GILLIS
 Yes, Norma.

Through the slit in the door there is a suggestion of Norma.

 NORMA
 Don't turn around. Keep your eyes on the book.

 GILLIS
 Yes, Norma.

Norma pushes the door open and comes in.

 NORMA
 I just came to say good night.
 I don't want you to see me --
 I'm not very attractive.

 GILLIS
 Good night.

 NORMA
 I've lost half a pound since Tuesday.

 GILLIS
 Good.

 NORMA
 I was a little worried about the line of my throat. This woman has done wonders with it.

 GILLIS
 Good.

 NORMA
 You'd better get to bed yourself.

 GILLIS
 I think I'll read a little.

 NORMA
 You went out last night, didn't

you, Joe?

GILLIS
Why do you say that?

NORMA
I just happen to know it. I had
a nightmare and I screamed for
you. You weren't here. Where
were you?

GILLIS
I went for a walk.

NORMA
No you didn't. You took the
car.

GILLIS
All right, I drove to the beach.
Norma, you don't want me to feel
I'm locked up in this house?

NORMA
Of course not, Joe. It's just
that I don't want to be left alone.
Not now, while I'm under this
terrible strain. My nerves are
being torn apart. All I ask is
for you to be a little patient and a
little kind.

GILLIS
I haven't done anything, Norma.

NORMA
Of course you haven't. I wouldn't
let you.

She bends and kisses the top of his head.

NORMA
Good night, my darling.

She goes into her room, shutting the door behind her.

Gillis puts his book down and looks at her door.

E-5 THE DOOR TO NORMA'S ROOM

The light can be seen through the gouged-out
keyhole. It goes out.

DISSOLVE TO:

E-6 UPPER LANDING STAIRWAY
AND HALL BELOW (NIGHT)

GILLIS' VOICE

Gillis, with his coat on by
now, comes cautiously to
the upper railing and looks
down into the lighted hall
below.

Max is just extinguishing
the lights. Max exits in,
the direction of the liv-
ing room.

After a moment Gillis starts
silently down the stairs.

Yes, I was playing hooky
every evening along in
there. It made me think I
of when I was twelve and
used to sneak out on the
folks to see a gangster
picture. This time it

E-7 LIVING ROOM

(Lighted only by the last flicker of a fire on the hearth). Max is putting a fire screen in front of the fire. He hears some steps and the creak or the main door being opened. He looks out and sees

wasn't to see a picture, it was to try and write one. That story of mine Betty Schaefer had dug up kept going through my head like a dozen locomotives...

E-7a THE MAIN DOOR

Gillis, in the moonlit porch, is closing the main door behind him.

E-8 LIVING ROOM

Max looks after Gillis, his face enigmatic as ever.

DISSOLVE TO:

E-9 GARAGE AND DRIVEWAY
(MOONLIGHT)

Gillis comes into the shot, gets into the Isotta, drives it out of the garage and down the driveway to Sunset, as quietly as possible.

DISSOLVE TO:

E-10 READERS' OFFICE BUILDING
PARAMOUNT (NIGHT)

Start on a LONG SHOT. THE BOOM MOVES FORWARD to the only two lights. They are the door and window of Betty Schaefer's cubicle. Betty sits at the desk, typing. Gillis, his coat off, his shirt-sleeves rolled up, is pacing the floor, discussing the construction of a sentence. The discussion at a stalemate, Betty suggests some coffee. Gillis agrees. From the electric plate on the shelf beside her, Betty takes a glass coffee machine. Gillis seats himself in her chair and starts typing.

GILLIS' VOICE
So we'd started working on it, the two of us. Nights, when the studio was deserted, up in her little cubby-hole of an office.

Betty opens the door and comes out on the balcony to fill the coffee machine from the water cooler standing beside the door.

BETTY
I got the funniest letter from Artie. It's rained every day since they got to Arizona. They re-wrote the whole picture for rain and shot half of it. Now the sun is out. Nobody knows

when they'll get back.

She moves back into the room.

GILLIS

Good.

BETTY

What's good about it? I miss him something fierce.

GILLIS

I mean this is good dialogue along in here. It'll play.

BETTY

It will?

GILLIS

Sure. Especially with lots of music underneath, drowning it out.

BETTY

Don't you sometimes hate yourself?

GILLIS

Constantly. No, in all seriousness, it's really good. It's fun writing again. I'm happy here, honest I am.

He resumes typing. Betty puts the water on. She picks up a pack of cigarettes on the desk, finds it's empty and throws it away, sees Gillis' open gold cigarette case and lighter on the table by the couch. Betty reaches for a cigarette. The inscription engraved inside the case catches her eye. It reads:

MAD ABOUT THE BOY --

Norma

BETTY

Who's Norma?

GILLIS

Who's who?

BETTY

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

GILLIS

Oh, that. It's from a friend of mine. A middle-aged lady, very foolish and very generous.

BETTY

I'll say. This is solid gold.

GILLIS

I gave her some advice on an idiotic script.

BETTY

It's that old familiar story, you help a timid little soul across a crowded street. She turns out to be a multimillionaire and leaves you all her money.

GILLIS

That's the trouble with you
readers. You know all the plots.
Now suppose you proof-read page
ten while the water boils.

DISSOLVE TO:

E-11

AN EMPTY STREET AT THE
PARAMOUNT STUDIO (NIGHT)

GILLIS' VOICE

Sometimes when we got
stuck we'd make a
litte tour of the
drowsing lot, not talk-
ing much, just wandering
down alleys between the
sound stages, or through
the sets they were get-
ting ready for the next
day's shooting. As a
matter of fact, it was
on one of those walks
when she first told me
about her nose ...

DISSOLVE TO:

E-12

PARAMOUNT'S NEW YORK STREET (NIGHT)

Betty and Gillis are walking down it, THE CAMERA
AHEAD OF THEM.

BETTY

Look at this street. All card-
board, all hollow, all phoney.
All done with mirrors. I like
it better than any street in the
world. Maybe because I used to
play here when I was a kid.

GILLIS

What were you -- a child actress?

BETTY

I was born just two blocks from
this studio. Right on Lemon Grove
Avenue. Father was head elec-
trician here till he died. Mother
still works in Wardrobe.

GILLIS

Second generation, huh?

BETTY

Third. Grandma did stunt work
for Pearl White. I come from a
picture family. Naturally they
took it for granted I was to become
a great star. So I had ten years of
dramatic lessons, diction, dancing.
Then the studio made a test. Well,
they didn't like my nose -- it slanted
this way a little. I went to a doctor
and had it fixed. They made more
tests, and they were crazy about my
nose -- only they didn't like my acting.

GILLIS

(Examining her nose
by the flame of his
lighter)
Nice job.

BETTY

Should be. It cost three hundred dollars.

GILLIS
Saddest thing I ever heard.

BETTY
Not at all. It taught me a little sense. I got me a job in the mail room, worked up to the Stenographic. Now I'm a reader...

GILLIS
Come clean, Betty. At night you weep for those lost closeups, those gala openings...

BETTY
Not once. What's wrong with being on the other side of the cameras? It's really more fun.

GILLIS
Three cheers for Betty Schaefer!
I will now kiss that nose of yours.

BETTY
If you please.

Gillis kisses her nose. As he stands there, his face close to hers -

GILLIS
May I say you smell real special.

BETTY
It must be my new shampoo.

GILLIS
That's no shampoo. It's more like a pile of freehly laundred handkerchiefs, like a brand new automobile. How old are you anyway?

BETTY
Twenty-two.

GILLIS
That's it -- there's nothing like being twenty-two. Now may I suggest that if we're ever to finish this story you keep at least two feet away from me ... Now back to the typewriter.

They start walking in the direction of the office.

DISSOLVE TO:

E-13 THE GARAGE

Gillis gets out. From the seat next him he takes a batch of script, folds it and puts it in his pocket. He suddenly becomes aware that he is watched, turns. Max stands in the moonlight, evidently waiting for him.

GILLIS
What is it, Max? Want to wash the car, or are you doing a little spying in your off hours?

MAX

You must be very careful as you cross the patio. Madame may be watching.

GILLIS

How about my going up the kitchen stairs and undressing in the dark. Will that do it?

MAX

I'm not inquiring where Mr. Gillis goes every night...

GILLIS

Why don't you? I'm writing a script and I'm dying to finish it, no matter what.

MAX

It's just that I'm very worried about Madame.

GILLIS

Sure you are. And we're not helping her any, feeding her lies and more lies. Getting herself ready for a picture ... What happens when she finds out?

MAX

She never will. That is my job. It has been for a long time. You must understand I discovered her when she was eighteen. I made her a star. I cannot let her be destroyed.

GILLIS

You made her a star?

MAX

I directed all her early pictures. There were three young directors who showed promise in those days: D.W. Griffith, C.B. deMille, and Max von Mayerling.

GILLIS

And she's turned you into a servant.

MAX

It was I who asked to come back, humiliating as it may seem. I could have gone on with my career, only I found everything unendurable after she divorced me. You see, I was her first husband.

DISSOLVE TO:

E-14 NORMA DESMOND'S BEDROOM

One lamp lit. Norma, in a white negligee, with the patches on her face, is pacing up and down -- a small, tormented, pitiable woman. Finally she opens the door to:

E-15 GILLIS' ROOM (MOONLIGHT)

Gillis lies in bed asleep, Norma in the doorway.

NORMA
You're here, Joe ... When did
you come home? Where were you?
Is it a woman? I know it's a
woman ... Who is she? Oh Joe,
why can't I ask you? I must know,
I must!

Her eyes fall on Gillis' coat, which hangs over a
chair. In a pocket is part of the script. Norma
takes it out, looks at it. She can't see it in the
moonlight. She hurries with it into:

E-16 NORMA'S BEDROOM

Carrying the script Norma goes to the lamp and looks
at it. On the first page she sees something which
confirms all her suspicionso It reads:

UNTITLED LOVE STORY
by
Joseph C. Gilliss
and
Betty Schaefer

DISSOLVE:

E-17 BETTY'S CUBICLE (NIGHT)

Betty is typing. Gillis sits on the couch, proof-
reading a scene. Betty stops typing and Gillis
becomes aware of her eyes fixed on him.

GILLIS
Hey, what's the matter...
Betty, wake up!
(He whistles and
catches her attention)
Why are you staring at me like that?

BETTY
Was I? I'm sorry.

GILLIS
What's wrong with you tonight?
What is it, Betty?

BETTY
Something came up. I don't want
to talk about it.

GILLIS
Why not?

BETTY
I just don't.

GILLIS
What is it you've heard. Come
on, let's have it.

Betty gets up.

GILLIS
Is it about me?

Betty doesn't answer, walks out on

She leans against a post, crying. Gillis comes out after her.

GILLIS
Betty, there's no use running out on it. Let's face it, whatever it is.

BETTY
It's nothing. I got a telegram from Artie.

GILLIS
From Artie. What's wrong?

BETTY
He wants me to come on to Arizona. He says it only costs two dollars to get married there. It would kind of save us a honeymoon.

GILLIS
Why don't you? We can finish the script by Thursday.

Betty stands crying silently.

GILLIS
Stop crying. You're getting married. That's what you've always wanted.

BETTY
I don't want it now.

GILLIS
Why not? Don't you love Artie?

BETTY
Of course I love him. I always will. I'm just not in love with him any more.

GILLIS
What happened?

BETTY
You did.

There is a moment's pause before he takes her in his arms. THE CAMERA MOVES AWAY.

DISSOLVE TO:

E-19 HALL AND STAIRCASE
DESMOND HOME- (NIGHT)

Gillis enters, closes the door as quietly as he can, and goes up the stairs.

E-20 GILLIS' ROOM

He enters and turns on the light. He sinks down on the chaise longue, thinking.

GILLIS' VOICE
It wasn't until I got back to that peculiar prison of mine that I started facing the facts. There it was -- Betty Schaefer's future right in the palm of my hand. Betty Schaefer engaged to Artie Green, as nice a guy as ever lived. And she was in love with me. Me ! She was a fool

His eyes wander to the door of Norma's room. Through the gouged-out key-hole he sees the light.

not to sense that there was something phony in my set-up. And I was a heel not to have told her. But you just can't say those things to somebody you're crazy about. Maybe I'd never have to. Maybe I could get away with it, get away from Norma. Maybe I could wipe the whole nasty mess right out of my life...

From Norma's room comes the sound of a telephone being dialled. Gillis enters the shot and stands listening.

NORMA'S VOICE
Is this Gladstone 0858?

E-21 NORMA'S BEDROOM
Norma lies in bed, dialing a number. She has the beauty patches at the corners of her eyes and over her nose.

NORMA
Can I speak to Miss Betty Schaefer? She must be home by now.

E-22 A BEDROOM IN BETTY'S FLAT
Connie, a girl of Betty's age with whom she shares the flat, is on the phone. Betty, in a dressing-gown, comes from the bathroom, toothbrush in hand.

CONNIE
(Hand over mouthpiece)
Betty, here's that weird-sounding woman again.

BETTY
What is this anyway?
(Taking the phone)
This is Betty Schaefer.

E-23 NORMA AT THE PHONE
NORMA
Miss Schaefer, you must forgive me for calling you so late, but I really feel it's my duty. It's about Mr. Gillis. You do know Mr. Gillis? ...Exactly how much do you know about him? Do you know where he lives? Do you know how he lives? Do you know what he lives on?

E-24 BETTY AT THE PHONE
BETTY
Who are you? What do you want? What business is it of yours anyway?

E-25 NORMA ON THE PHONE

NORMA

Miss Schaefer, I'm trying to do you a favor. I'm trying to spare you a great deal of misery. Of course you may be too young to even suspect there are men of his sort...

NORMA (Cont'd)

I don't know what he's told you, but he does not live with relatives, nor with friends, in the usual sense of the word. Ask him ... Ask him again.

During the latter part of her call, the doors from Gillis' room have been pushed open and Gillis has walked towards her. Suddenly Norma senses his presence and turns around. The telephone freezes in her hand. She tries to hang it up. Very calmly Gillis takes the receiver from her hand.

GILLIS

(Into phone)

That's right, Betty, ask me again.
This is Joe.

E-26 BETTY ON THE PHONE

BETTY

Joe, where are you? What's this all about?

E-27 GILLIS ON THE PHONE

Norma beside him.

GILLIS

Or maybe it would be a better idea if you came over and saw it for yourself. The address is 10086
.

He hangs up. Norma looks up at him as he crosses to the other end of the room and stands staring at her. The silence becomes unbearable.

NORMA

Don't hate me, Joe. I did it because I need you. I need you as I never needed you. Look at me. Look at my hands, look at my face, look under my eyes. How can I go back to work if I'm wasting away under this torment? You don't know what I've been through these last weeks. I got myself a revolver. You don't believe me, but I did, I did! I stood in front of that mirror, only I couldn't make myself. It wouldn't be

NORMA (Cont'd)

fair to all those people who are waiting to see me back on the screen. I can't disappoint them. Only, if I'm to work, I need sleep, I need quiet, I need you! Don't just stand there hating me! Shout at me, strike me! But don't hate me, Joe. Don't you hear me, Joe?

GILLIS

Yes, I hear you. And I wish you'd
keep still so I can hear the doorbell
when she rings it.

E-28 BETTY AND CONNIE, DRIVING IN A SMALL COUPE DOWN
(NIGHT)

E-29 INT. COUPE

Connie is looking at the house numbers.

CONNIE
Here's ten thousand seventy-nine,
Betty. It must be over there.

Betty turns the car into the driveway of Norma's
place, stops at the entrance steps. Betty gets out.

CONNIE
Betty, let me come along with
you. Please.

BETTY
No, I'll be all right.

She shuts the door of the car and goes up the steps.

E-30 NORMA'S BEDROOM

Norma lies on the bed. Gillis sits in a far corner
of the room, motionless.

NORMA
(In a whimpering monotone)
I love you, Joe. I love you, Joe.
I love you, Joe. I love you, Joe.

There is the sound of footsteps below and the ringing
of a doorbell. Gillis rises.

NORMA
What are you going to do, Joe?

Without a word, he leaves the room. Norma raises
herself on the bed, reaching for a black negligee
lying at the foot of it. As she does so, she dis-
lodges her pillow a little, revealing a revolver
hidden beneath it.

E-31 DOWNSTAIRS HALL, THE DESMOND HOUSE (DARK)

Max crosses the hall, putting on his alpaca jacket.
He turns on the lights. Outside stands Betty.
From the staircase comes -

GILLIS' VOICE
It's all right, Max. I'll take it.

MAX
Yes, sir.

He stands back as Gillis opens the door.

GILLIS
Hello, Betty.

BETTY
(On the threshold)

I don't know why I'm so scared,
Joe. Is it something awful?

GILLIS
Come on in, Betty,

Betty enters. As he leads her into the living room,
Gillis puts his arm around her shoulders.

GILLIS
Ever been in one of these old
Hollywood palazzos? That's from
when they were making eighteen thou-
sand a week, and no taxes. Careful
of these tiles, they're slippery.
Valentino used to dance here.

BETTY
This is where you live?

GILLIS
You bet.

BETTY
Whose house is it?

They have reached

E-32 THE LIVING ROOM

Gillis leads Betty in.

GILLIS
Hers.

BETTY
Whose?

GILLIS
Just look around. There's a lot
of her spread about. If you don't
remember the face, you must have
heard the name of Norma Desmond.

BETTY
That was Norma Desmond on the phone?

GILLIS
Want something to drink? There's
always champagne on ice, and plenty
of caviar.

BETTY
Why did she call me?

GILLIS
Jealous. Ever see so much junk?
She had the ceiling brought from
Portugal. Look at this.

He pulls the rope, showing the projection screen
under the picture.

GILLIS
Her own movie theatre.

BETTY
I didn't come here to see a house.
What about Norma Desmond?

GILLIS

I'm trying to tell you. This is an enormous place. Eight master bedrooms. A sunken tub in every bathroom. There's a bowling alley in the cellar. It's lonely here, so she got herself a companion. A very simple set-up: An older woman who is well-to-do. A younger man who is not doing too well ... Can you figure it out yourself?

BETTY

No.

GILLIS

All right. I'll give you a few more clues.

BETTY

No, no! I haven't heard any of this. I never got those telephone calls. I've never been in this house ... Get your things together. Let's get out of here.

GILLIS

All my things? All the eighteen suits, all the custom-made shoes and the eighteen dozen shirts, and the cuff-links and the platinum key-chains, and the cigarette cases?

BETTY

Come on, Joe.

GILLIS

Come on where? Back to a one-room apartment that I can't pay for? Back to a story that may sell and very possibly will not?

BETTY

If you love me, Joe.

GILLIS

Look, sweetie -- be practical. I've got a good thing here. A long-term contract with no options. I like it that way. Maybe it's not very admirable. Well, you and Artie can be admirable.

BETTY

Joe, I can't look at you any more.

GILLIS

Nobody asked you to.

Betty turns from him, to hide the fact that she is crying.

GILLIS

All right, baby. This way out.

He leads her in the direction of the door.

E-33 UPPER LANDING, DESMOND HOUSE

Sitting crouched behind the balustrade is Norma, peering down into

E-34 THE LOWER HALL

Betty and Gillis have reached the entrance door.
Gillis opens it.

GILLIS

Good luck to you, Betty. You can
finish that story on the way to
Arizona. When you and Artie get
back, if the two of you ever feel
like a swim, here's the pool ...

He switches on the light.

E-35 THE PATIO

The lights go on in the pool, which shines brilliant-
ly in the dark garden.

E-36 BETTY

She doesn't even look. Her eyes filled with tears,
she runs down the entrance porch toward her car.

E-37 THE ENTRANCE HALL

Gillis looks after her, closes the door. From the
upper landing comes the sound of soft sobbing. He
looks up.

E-38 NORMA, ON THE UPPER LANDING

Gillis ascends the stairs.

NORMA

Thank you, Joe -- thank you, Joe.

She tries to take his hand to kiss it as he passes.
He doesn't stop. Norma catches his coat. Gillis
moves right on into his room. Norma lies on the
floor looking after him. She crawls toward a con-
sole, pulls herself up by it, starts towards Gillis'
door, passes a mirror, realizes how she looks, moves
back to the mirror and takes the patches off her
face and does a hasty job of removing the cream with
her handkerchief, readjusts her expression to a poor
travesty of a smile and goes to the door of Gillis'
room.

NORMA

May I come in? I've stopped cry-
ing. I'm all right again. Joe,
tell me you're not cross -- tell
me everything is just as it was,
Joe.

She opens the door.

E-39 GILLIS' ROOM

In the foreground, open on the bed, is a half-packed
suitcase, Gillis just putting some of his old shirts
in. Norma stands staring, speechless, for a second.
Gillis moves out of the shot towards the closets.

NORMA

What are you doing, Joe? What

are you doing? You're not leaving me?

GILLIS
Yes, I am, Norma.

NORMA
No, you're not.
(Calling)
Max! Max!

GILLIS
Max is a good idea. He can help with my luggage.
(He gestures in the direction of the closet)
Thanks for letting me wear the handsome wardrobe. And thanks for the use of all the trinkets.

He takes the cigarette case and throws it on the chaise longue. Then he throws the lighter, the wrist watch, the platinum key-chain and the tie clip.

GILLIS
(Indicating the bureau)
The rest of the jewelry is in the top drawer.

NORMA
It's yours, Joe. I gave it to you.

GILLIS
And I'd take it in a second, Norma -- only it's a little too dressy for sitting behind the copy desk in Dayton, Ohio.

NORMA
These are nothing. You can have anything you want if you'll only stay. What is it you want -- money?

GILLIS
Norma, you'd be throwing it away. I don't qualify for the job, not any more.

NORMA
You can't do this! Max! Max!
... I can't face life without you, and I'm not afraid to die, you know.

GILLIS
That's between you and yourself, Norma.

NORMA
You think I made that up about the gun...

She rushes into her room. Gillis closes the suitcase calmly, notices that he is still wearing some cuff-links Norma gave him, takes them off.

Norma reappears in the door, carrying the revolver.

NORMA
See, you didn't believe me!..

Now I suppose you don't think I
have the courage!

GILLIS
Oh. sure -- if it would make a
good scene.

NORMA
You don't care. do you? But
hundreds of thousands of people
will care!

GILLIS
Wake up, Norma. You'd be killing
yourself to an empty house. The
audience left twenty years ago.
Now face it.

During the preceding. Max has entered. He stands
listening, paralyzed.

NORMA
That's a lie! They still want me!

GILLIS
No, they don't.

NORMA
What about the studio?
What about De Mille?

GILLIS
He was trying to spare your feelings.
The studio wanted to rent your car.

NORMA
Wanted what?

GILLIS
De Mille didn't have the heart
to tell you. None of us has had
the heart.

NORMA
That's a lie! They want me, they
want me! I get letters every day!

GILLIS
You tell her, Max. Come on, do
her that favor. Tell her there
isn't going to be any picture --
there aren't any fan letters,
except the ones you write yourself.

NORMA
That isn't true! Max?

MAX
Madame is the greatest star of
them all... I will take Mr.
Gillis' bags.

He leaves.

NORMA
You heard him. I'm a star!

GILLIS
Norma, grow up. You're a woman
of fifty. There's nothing tragic
about being fifty - not unless
you try to be twenty-five.

NORMA
I'm the greatest star of them
all.

GILLIS
Goodbye. Norma.

NORMA
No one leaves a star. That
makes one a star.

Gillis picks up the typewriter and leaves.

NORMA
You're not leaving me!

E-40 STAIRCASE

Gillis descending with the typewriter.

NORMA'S VOICE
Joe! ...Joe!

There is the SOUND OF A SHOT. The glass of the front
door is shattered. Gillis at the door opens it and
walks out, without looking back.

Down the staircase rushes Norma. a disordered wild-
ness in the way she moves.

NORMA
You're not leaving me!

She hurries after Gillis.

E-41 PATIO (NIGHT)

Dark except for lights from the house and the
luminousness of the lit pool.

Gillis is crossing the patio towards the garage. He
is carrying the typewriter. He doesn't accelerate
his step, although he has heard the shot. Behind
him Norma comes from the lighted house.

NORMA
You're not leaving me!

She shoots twice in rapid succession. Gillis drops
the typewriter. The shots have swung him around. He
is now facing Norma. She shoots him. This shot
hits him in the belly. He doubles up, instinctively
backs away from her, plummets into the lit pool.

Up the stone steps from the garage rushes Max.
He sees the situation, hurries towards Norma, who
stands exultant in the strange light from the pool.

NORMA
Stars are ageless, aren't they?

DISSOLVE TO:

E-42 THE PATIO

Dawn is breaking. At the edge of the pool
stand policemen, detectives and police photographers.
Motorcycle policemen are holding off the mob which

is trying to storm the house.

A lieutenant from the Homicide Bureau leaves the crowd around the pool and goes into

E-43 THE LOWER HALL, DESMOND HOUSE

It is filled with a pandemonium of police officers, newspaper people, etc. who are kept from the upper floor by two policemen at the head of the stairs. The lieutenant from the Homicide Bureau goes through the crowd to the telephone at the foot of the stairs, picks up the phone and dials.

LIEUTENANT

Coroner's office? ... I want to speak to the Coroner ... Who's on this phone?

E-44 THE WHITE TELEPHONE IN NORMA'S BEDROOM

Standing talking into it is Hedda Hopper.

MISS HOPPER

I am! Now get off, this is more important ... Times City Desk? Hedda Hopper speaking. I'm talking from the bedroom of Norma Desmond. Don't bother with a rewrite man, take this direct. Ready? -- As day breaks over the murder house, Norma Desmond, famed star of yesteryear, is in a state of complete mental shock ...

THE CAMERA PANS TO ANOTHER PART OF THE BEDROOM, where Norma sits at a mirror, staring at herself blankly. Firing questions at her are the Captain of the Holmby Hills Division and the L.A. Homicide Squad. Max stands by faithfully.

HOLMBY HILLS CAPTAIN

You do not deny having killed this man, Miss Desmond?

HEAD OF HOMICIDE

Did you intend to kill him? Just answer me that.

HOLMBY HILLS CAPTAIN

Was it a sudden quarrel? Had there been any trouble between you before?

HEAD OF HOMICIDE

If it was a quarrel, how come you had the gun right there?

HOLMBY HILLS CAPTAIN

This guy -- where did you meet him for the first time? Where did he come from? Who is he?

HEAD OF HOMICIDE

Did he have a wife? Did he had a girl friend? Did you know them?

HOLMBY HILLS CAPTAIN

Had he been trying to blackmail you?

E-45 PATIO - (DAWN)

GILLIS' VOICE

The body of Gillis being fished from the pool, put on a stretcher, covered with an army blanket. Two men from the Coroner's office carry it towards the Coroner's hearse, CAMERA PANNING with them.

Well, this is where you came. Here's that pool again, the one I always wanted. They must have photographed me a hundred times. Then they got a couple of pruning hooks from the garden and fished me out ever so gently. Funny how gentle people get with you once you're dead. They beached me, like a harpooned baby whale, and started to check the damage, just for the record ... By this time the whole joint was jumping -- cops, reporters, neighbors, passersby -- as much hoopeddoo as we get in Los Angeles when they open a Super Market. Even the newsreel guys came roaring in. Here was an item everybody could have some fun with, the heartless so-and-so's. What would they do to her? Even if she got away with it in court- crime of passion - temporary insanity - those headlines would kill her: Forgotten Star a Slayer--Aging Actress--Yesterday's Glamour Queen...

E-46 NORMA'S BEDROOM

The interrogators are still firing questions at Norma who sits lifeless, staring at herself. Max watches.

HEAD OF HOMICIDE

Did the deceased ever threaten you?
Were you in fear of bodily injury?

HOLMBY HILLS CAPTAIN

Did you hate him? Had you ever thought of doing something like this before?

HEAD OF HOMICIDE

Was theft involved? Did you catch him trying to steal something, or find he had stolen something?

A police lieutenant has entered, goes to the Head of Homicide.

LIEUTENANT

The newsreel guys have arrived with the cameras.

HEAD OF HOMICIDE

Tell them to go fly a kite. This is no time for cameras.

A word has pierced the mists that surround Norma.

NORMA

Cameras? ...What is it, Max?

MAX

The cameras have arrived, Madame.

NORMA

They have? Thank you, Max. Tell Mr. DeMille I will be on the set at once.

Max flashes a look at the Head of Homicide.

HEAD OF HOMICIDE
What is this?

MAX
Please ...

HOLMBY HILLS CAPTAIN
(sotto voce, to Head of Homicide)
Well, it's one way to get her down stairs.

HEAD OF HOMICIDE
Okay. And let's have the car right
outside.

7-1 NORMA
You will pardon me, gentlemen.
I have to get ready for my scene.

She takes a comb and runs it through her hair, then
starts applying some wild makeup.

E-47 STAIRCASE AND LOWER HALL

Max makes his way down the stairs through the crowd
of newsmen to the newsreel cameras, which are being
set up in the hall below.

MAX
Is everything set up, gentlemen?
Are the lights ready?

From the stairway comes a murmur. They look up.

Norma has emerged from the bedroom and comes to the
head of the stairs. There are golden spangles in
her hair and in her hand she carries a golden scarf.

The police clear a path for her to descend. Press
cameras flash at her every step.

Max stands at the cameras.

MAX
Is everything set up, gentlemen?

CAMERAMAN
Just about.

The portable lights flare up and illuminate the
staircase.

MAX
Are the lights ready?

2ND CAMERA MAN
All set.

MAX
Quiet, everybody! Lights!
Are you ready, Norma?

NORMA
(From the top of the
stairs)
What is the scene? Where am I?

MAX
This is the staircase of the palace.

NORMA

Oh, yes, yes. They're below,
waiting for the Princess ...
I'm ready.

MAX

All right.
(To cameramen)
Camera!
(To Norma)
Action!

Norma arranges the golden
scarf about her and proudly
starts to descend the stair-
case. The cameras grind.
Everyone watches in awe.

GILLIS' VOICE
So they were grinding
after all, those cam-
eras. Life, which can
be strangely merciful,
had taken pity on Norma
Desmond. The dream she
had clung to so des-
perately had enfolded
her...

At the foot of the stairs Norma stops, moved.

NORMA

I can't go on with the scene.
I'm too happy. Do you mind,
Mr. DeMille, if I say a few words?
Thank you. I just want to tell
you how happy I am to be back in
the studio making a picture again.
You don't know how much I've missed
all of you. And I promise you
I'll never desert you again, because
after "Salome" we'll make another
picture, and another and another.
You see, this is my life. It always
will be. There's nothing else -
just us and the cameras and those
wonderful people out there in the
dark... All right, Mr. DeMille,
I'm ready for my closeup.

FADE OUT.

THE END