

DANTE ' S INFERNO

(PILOT / episode #1)

Curtain Call

by
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(ORIGINAL 1/2 HOUR TELEPLAY)

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FADE IN:

EXT. NIGHT. AUTUMN. "DANTE'S INFERNO" BAR. DARK CITY STREET.

The camera follows over the shoulder of a MAN wearing a wool overcoat and fedora hat crossing an empty street towards a bar at a corner building, "Dante's Inferno": a red brick building on the corner of 6th Ave and 66 street, it has elements of Gothic and Tudor architectural design. There are gargoyles and winged demonic statues ringing the building. A single antique street lamp at the corner casts menacing shadows beyond the pool of light that highlights the entrance to the bar. The door and doorway are an exact copy of Rodin's sculpture, "The Gates Of Hell." As the man reaches the door, he raises a gloved hand and pushes in.

FLASH DISSOLVE TO:

INT. NIGHT. "DANTE'S INFERNO" BAR.

Except for the large mural behind the bar depicting Lucifer being cast out of heaven and into the pits of hell, there's nothing special about this bar. It's another dark pit of booze lost amongst the alleys of Gomorrah city. There's a stage off to the side where a jazz trio plays a slow tune. A few mismatched tables and chairs litter the room in no particular order. A dozen or so people from all walks of life are either seated at tables or leaning up against the bar, drinking away their sorrows. Behind the bar is DANTE, our hero and anti-hero, a real character: unique tribal tattoos on his forearms, his intense eyes and sharp features make him seem much more than just a bartender. His greying hair gives him an air of respect and wisdom. His meticulously etched facial hair give him the look of a pirate. His fingers are covered in bulky gaudy rings with precious stones, and his nails are long and manicured to sharp points. Dante notices a black woman, BEBE, in her 30's, seated alone at the far end of the bar. She occasionally turns to look at the microphone stand on stage with longing eyes. Dante walks over to her.

DANTE

Hi there. Want a refill?

Bebe turns away from looking at the microphone and looks up at Dante.

BEBE

Don't mind if I do.

She forces a melancholy half smile.

DANTE

Bourbon on the rocks, right?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BEBE

Right.

DANTE

(smiling)

I like a lady who can drink. It's good for business.

Bebe cracks a genuine smile and relaxes a bit.

DANTE (CONT'D)

What's your name, doll?

BEBE

Bebe. Bebe Drayton.

DANTE

(smiling)

"Miss Bebe Drayton," sounds like a star. Pleased to meet you, Bebe. I'm Dante, the owner of this particular Dive Bar on this particular corner of this particular godforsaken city.

BEBE

Nice meeting you, Dante. "Dante," that's Italian, right?

DANTE

Not quite. A little further south. I noticed you looking over at the mic stand on stage over there. Are you a singer?

Bebe is kind of tipsy.

BEBE

Kind of. I started singing in a choir at church many years ago cuz people said I had the voice of an angel. But church choir's don't pay much, so I'm still cleaning houses for a living. Always dreamed of being on stage, though. Always dreamed of being a star.

Bebe becomes dreamy as her imagination takes her away.

BEBE (CONT'D)

I would do *anything* to be a star. *Anything*. To have people love me, to listen to me, to have my music heard all over the world.

Dante leans in towards Bebe, his eyes glowing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DANTE

(serious, whispering)

I believe in you, Bebe. What if I told you I could make that dream come true?

BEBE

(skeptical)

What are you, some kind of music promoter?

Dante becomes more serious.

DANTE

No, but there's a man in this room right now that, if he heard you sing, could change your life forever. He's the head of the biggest record label in town. He could make you a star and give you everything you ever wanted in life: fame, love, and wealth. But he'd have to hear you sing right here and right now before he walks out that door.

Dante looks over to his right, towards the door, where a man is getting up from a stool at the bar.

BEBE

(surprised)

And how would he hear me sing right this moment?

DANTE

I'm gonna let you sing on my stage, that's how. Do it and you'll have everything you ever wanted. Deal?

Dante reaches his hand out to shake her hand. She pauses for an instance, unsure of herself, before reaching out her hand and shaking his.

BEBE

(determined)

Sure. Deal. What do I have to lose, anyway?

DANTE

Your soul, Bebe. That's what.

Bebe is shocked at what Dante has just said. He's not smiling anymore. Thinking it's a joke, she chuckles, but she's obviously uneasy. She tries to remove her hand from Dante's grasp, but he doesn't let go. He just stares into her eyes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BEBE
(chuckling)
What?

Dante looks over at the door where a man is putting on his hat and coat. He looks back at Bebe, and motions over at the door.

DANTE
Your ticket to a new life is about to
leave, Bebe. Now or never.

Dante releases her hand, and Bebe looks over at the door at the man, then stares back at Dante in the eye, unblinking.

BEBE
(smiling)
My soul for everything I ever wanted,
huh? O.k. You got it, Mr.

She downs the rest of her drink, stands up, and walks over to the corner stage with determination. She picks up the mic, whispers to the jazz trio to play her song. They begin playing a familiar jazz tune. Dante hits a switch behind the bar and turns a single light on over the stage, bathing Bebe in red light. The man at the door is about to leave the bar just as Bebe begins to sing. He stops in his tracks, perking up. The other patrons in the bar also take notice and turn to see who is on stage. They are all captivated by her soulful singing. Turning to see who's singing, the man takes off his hat and walks over to the bar, mesmerized, and listens to her song. She's singing "Summertime" by Billy Holiday. Her voice is haunting. She finishes her song and everyone claps with genuine admiration. Beaming a giant smile that brightens up the room, she steps off the little stage and heads back to the bar where Dante is waiting with a broad smile, clapping his hands.

DANTE
You were fantastic, Bebe!

BEBE
(ecstatic, surprised)
I've never sung that way before!

DANTE
How did that feel?

BEBE
(ecstatic)
Like being loved all over. I never want
that feeling to go away. Never!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

The man from the door has walked over to stand next to Bebe. His name is LENNY, a handsome forty-something year old with blue eyes and a car salesman air about him. He's smitten with Bebe and completely impressed.

LENNY

Excuse me. That voice of yours is a gift! My name is Lenny. I'm a music producer here in town. You must be new in these parts if I don't know you. I know every A-lister around here. What's your name?

Bebe looks at Dante for a beat before answering.

BEBE

Bebe. Miss Bebe Drayton.

Lenny, smiling, extends his hand to shake Bebe's.

LENNY

Lenny Oro.

BEBE

But I'm no A-lister. I just sing in a choir, that's all.

Lenny's smile vanishes and is replaced with a determined intensity. He puts his hat back on and glances at Dante before speaking to Bebe.

LENNY

Ms. Drayton. Come with me and you'll never sing in a choir again.

Bebe is tentative and unsure. She looks at Dante for guidance.

DANTE

Go on Bebe. This is what you asked for. This is what you've always wanted. Take it.

Bebe thrusts out her hand and takes Lenny's. She grabs her purse off the bar and begins walking away with Lenny. Dante calls after her.

DANTE (CONT'D)

Bebe!

Bebe stops in her tracks and looks back, her glowing smile vanishing. Lenny also turns.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

BEBE
(almost frightened)
Yes?

DANTE
(serious)
Remember our deal. I'll be calling on you
one day. But not soon. Good luck.

Bebe turns away and walks out the bar with Lenny.

DANTE (CONT'D)
(to himself)
You'll need it.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE SEQUENCE TO UPBEAT MUSIC

We see a flurry of cuts illustrating Bebe's rise to fame, her face plastered on magazine covers and newspapers, wearing fine clothing and jewelry, stepping out of exotic cars into fine hotels surrounded by cheering fans. This sharp rise to fame spirals downwards, and we see her drinking more and more, followed by taking pills. Her beautiful smile fades and she becomes increasingly mean, throwing things, screaming at Lenny, crying hysterically. She loses it all, including Lenny.

CUT TO:

EXT. NIGHT. SEEDY JAZZ CLUB ON THE DOCKS.

Camera pushes in from a wide establishing shot to a CU on the marquee: a beat up old Cadillac is parked outside the joint, it's rusted fenders and dented doors a testament to where we are. We hear a tug-boat horn in the distance and see the glimmering lights of a bridge sparkle in the sky high above the jazz club. A drunk man is slumped on the floor against the wall next to the front entrance of the bar, clutching a bottle of booze in his hands as if it were a precious child. Arriving at the door, the camera tilts up to reveal a CU of the name on the broken down marquee: "BEBE DRAYTON".

CUT TO:

INT. DRESSING ROOM. NIGHT

In a store-room that has been converted into a dressing room, Bebe is now a distorted ruined version of the young beautiful woman she once was. At least 30 years have gone by since last we saw her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She's grown fat, has grey hair, and her face is covered in wrinkles with dark puffy circles under her eyes. She sits alone drinking a bourbon on the rocks in front of a cracked mirror and a single desk lamp she uses as a makeup light. Her eyes are bloodshot as she puffs on a mini cigar, filling the air with smoke. She is half dressed in a sloppy old gown. The room is empty save for the cleaning products that line the walls. She takes a long sip from her glass while continuing to stare into the mirror. She refills her glass from a nearby half empty bottle. She mumbles a song to herself.

BEBE

*Stormy weather... been rainin hard since
we aint been together...*

A pounding at the door gets her attention followed by an unfriendly voice.

DOOR (O.S.)

Bebe! You better get your drunk ass out on that stage and sing tonight! You hear me? I don't care how bad you sound, just get out there! You hear?

BEBE

Yeah, I hear ya! I'll be out in fifteen minutes, you cheap son of a bitch! And make sure you have my money!

The club manager walks away in silence. Bebe mumbles, then sings a few bars.

BEBE (CONT'D)

The queen of song! Miss Bebe Drayton.
I've got it bad, and that aint good.

She chokes, sputters, starts coughing followed by a bitter laugh. Raising her glass, she nearly drains the glass of bourbon and takes a drag from her petite cigar. She's a mess.

BEBE (CONT'D)

Queen of shit, that's what I am. Never got the chance to rule nothin but a bunch of dumps like this place.

Pours another drink and holds it up to the mirror.

BEBE (CONT'D)

Here's to the you, your highness. To you and this godforsaken city of Gomorrah! A drink to remember your last night in this hellish world. To have that old feeling one more time. Yeah, you stupid bitch.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BEBE (CONT'D)

It's gone with the crowd. Your talent
done caught that bus and gone.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT DOOR OF THE JAZZ CLUB. NIGHT.

A shadow passes over the steps leading to the jazz club and moves right through the door. The lights outside flicker off then on.

CUT TO:

INT. JAZZ CLUB DRESSING ROOM. NIGHT.

BEBE

(exhausted)

It won't be long now, Miss B. I can feel
it. I can feel it in my rotten soul.

Bebe clutches her breast and looks down at the table where a short nosed revolver sits.

BEBE (CONT'D)

Well, it won't be that easy. I'm not
going anywhere until I get what's owed
me.

She looks up and around with crazed eyes.

BEBE (CONT'D)

He'll be here soon. I know it.

With that, she lets out a laugh that's somewhere between a cackle and a howl. She starts to hum. "I COULD WRITE A BOOK." Takes another sip of bourbon and smears on some make-up, making her face look clownish as the lipstick smudges past her lips onto her face.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY OF JAZZ CLUB. NIGHT.

The long hallway leading up to Bebe's dressing room is lit with bare bulbs dangling from the ceiling. As the shadow of the being slowly passes from one end of the hall towards the dressing room, the bulbs go out one by one, leaving the hallway in complete darkness as it reaches the dressing room.

CUT TO:

INT. DRESSING ROOM. NIGHT.

Sensing something, Bebe perks up a bit and turns from the mirror towards the door. She shivers as a chill runs through her body. She cocks her head and smiles, letting out a low drunken laugh, followed by a few bars of a song.

BEBE

Is you is, or is you aint, my baby...
Well, just don't stand there like a timid
lover, come on in. I hear you out there.
Come on in!

Bebe starts to sing JOE TURNERS BLUES.

BEBE (CONT'D)

*Sent for you yesterday and here you come
today. Men always a day late and a dollar
short. Ha ha.*

The shadow comes through the door. BeBe Stands and does a drunken parody of the gracious hostess towards the door. Confused, she turns back towards the corner of the room. Seated smugly in a chair is Dante.

BEBE (CONT'D)

Welcome, my lord. You sure took your
sweet time, Dante. Well, make yourself at
home. Can I get you something? Want a
drink?

Dante's hands are folded, his legs crossed. He is not amused by Bebe's antics.

DANTE

No. I'm fine for now, Bebe.

BEBE

Well, I'll drink for both of us, then.

She takes a long sip from the glass in her hand. And makes an awkward curtsy. Her gown almost slips off her shoulder, and she clumsily adjusts it.

BEBE (CONT'D)

Of course, you should be bowing to me. As
the sign says out in front over the door,
I am the queen of song.

Waving her hands.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BEBE (CONT'D)

Oh scuse me, you know that, right? I mean, you've seen me before, right? Caught my act in more ways than one, so to speak.

Bebe has sat back down in front of her mirror and continues to fix her clownish makeup, wiping off the lipstick mistake with her hand. Through the mirror, she looks over to the corner to see an empty chair. She blinks her eyes and refocuses to make sure it's empty. Not believing it, she turns to face the chair, and then sees Dante. Looking back and forth from the mirror reflection of only the chair and looking directly at Dante seated in the chair, she realizes he's really there, just not in the reflection. She smiles, waving her finger at him. He sits motionless and silent. She waves her hand at him and looks back at the cracked mirror to finish her makeup.

BEBE (CONT'D)

Whats the matter, cat got your tongue, Dante? You would think that you'd have something clever to say by now. I mean, you're here in my *boudoir*...

DANTE

(cold)

Bebe, why all the dramatics? You knew I'd collect on our deal eventually. It's time to pay up. I would have come earlier, but I've been busy these past few years. Business has been good in Gomorrah. Think of it as a small gesture in your favor. But now, your time has come.

BeBe laughs out loud, long and hard.

BEBE

That's it? "Your time has come"? That all you have to say? Come on, that kind of thing is so corney. It went out with vaudeville. You should be more hip to things. You sure do look young, though. You always have, all these years, never changing. Not a day older since we first met 30 years ago. Not me, though. I just got older, fatter, and uglier. Look at me!

Bebe looks at herself in the distorting mirror, then at Dante. Dante's only response is a grin. He says nothing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BeBe pours herself another drink and walks over to where he sits, pulling up an empty crate to sit on. She lights up another miniature cigar, waving the lighter at Dante.

BEBE (CONT'D)

You're damn straight, my time has come. And no one knows that better than you. My time came years ago. I got the dresses to prove it. Where were you when my time came then? We had a deal, Dante! Huh? Answer me that. You promised me fame and fortune, but you didn't say for how long! You never said how long, Dante!

Dante tilts his head slightly to the side as he listens.

BEBE (CONT'D)

That's right. My so called "Agent and friend". Some agent! Some friend! That Lenny you hooked me up with was a vampire who got me nowhere fast. Just took every dime I ever made and treated me like a slave. A **slave!** Then, he left me penniless, broke!

DANTE

I gave you everything you ever asked for, Bebe. We shook on a deal. You decided, not me. It was you who didn't live up to your end of the deal. Now, it's time for you to pay up.

BEBE

I know that it's been you all these years, keeping me alive when all I ever wanted was to go to sleep and never wake up. All the pills I took, all the booze. But no, I'm still here.

She and Dante both look over at the loaded pistol.

DANTE

That would have been cheating me out of our deal, Bebe. I couldn't let you do that. Would take all the fun out of life.

BEBE

(enraged)

You call this joke of my life fun? Fun, huh? For a brief few years, I had everything a woman could ask for: fame, wealth, beauty, romance...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BEBE (CONT'D)

and one by one, year after year, you stripped them from me just as easily as you gave them to me. What cruelty! And I always knew you were watching me from somewhere, enjoying every bit of my misery.

DANTE

No, Bebe. You did it to yourself. I gave you everything you asked for and watched you ruin it all. A million people would have killed to be in your shoes, and many have. You ruined what could have been the perfect life. You became a selfish, mean, cruel woman who turned to drugs and alcohol instead of friends. No, it was you, Bebe. I just opened the door. You stepped through it... *willingly*.

BEBE

You owe me!

Dante is amused.

DANTE

(chuckling)

I'm not in the business of owing people anything. I'm the one who collects on debts, not the other way around. But, for argument sake, tell me, what would that be that I owe you, Bebe?

BEBE

(matter of fact)

What you took from me, of course.

DANTE

(amused)

Took from you? What did I take from you?

Bebe turns and walks back to the mirror, leaning down to briefly glance at her weathered face and blood-shot puffy eyes. She adjusts her hair as if she were a young beauty queen before she sits back down and pours another drink. Through her mirror, she looks at the empty chair where Dante is seated. A tear spills out of her eye and her lips tremble as she tries to compose herself.

BEBE

My life. You took my life, Dante. I want it back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

DANTE

(smirking)

"*Life is not a dress rehearsal.*" You know that.

Bebe is not amused by Dante's little joke and wheels around to face him, wiping away her tears.

BEBE

(hysterical)

It was my turn. My turn, Dante! I headlined my #1 song all over the country. I was famous and finally had money in my pockets. My fans loved me, they *adored* me! The world was my oyster. I had it all before you ripped the carpet from under me and pushed me back into obscurity. You promised me fame and wealth, and you gave it to me... for a year. One mesially year. Then, you took it all away from me as quick as you gave it to me! You took me to the starry heights only to send me crashing down in flames a year later. One year! One miserable year! We had a deal!

DANTE

The deal was fame and fortune, but I never said it would last forever. I gave you the opportunity to make it last, but you drank it away.

BEBE

(furiously)

Why didn't you just leave me where you found me? I was happy singing in the choir and working as a cleaning lady. I would have had a life then, a normal life. Not this madness I've called home all these years.

Bebe waves her hands around to show the room.

DANTE

(laughing out loud)

It was you who came to me with those longing eyes, that heavy heart. I just answered your prayers.

BEBE

(defeated)

Prayers... (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

BEBE (CONT'D)

I have had so many unanswered prayers
that I no longer pray. It just reminds me
of how cursed I am.

Dante's smile vanishes. He's lost his patience and stands up.

DANTE

Bebe, the appointed hour is now. I'm here
to collect your soul. Close your eyes,
drift away, and none of this will matter
any longer.

BEBE

(desperate)

No! I'm not going. I plan to stay right
here and wait until I get my due!

DANTE

I'm sorry, but that's not possible.

Bebe loses her self dignity and self control. She collapses
on the floor at the feet of Dante, clutching his legs as
tears roll down her face, smudging her makeup.

BEBE

(pleading)

You can do it, Dante. You can get me the
shot that I deserve. I'll be better this
time around, I promise. I can do it. I
know it. Maybe I did let it slip away
once, but, but this can't be the way I
end. I deserve more! My life can't end
like this, here, in this filthy room!

DEATH

What makes you think that I can change
your life now that it's over?

BEBE

(righteously determined)

Because you know that everything I've
said is true. I want to do it all over
again, Dante. We had a deal. For me to be
a star, a real star!

Dante leans back with a curious look on his face.

DANTE

(smiling an evil grin)

I can send you back to the moment you
walked out my bar with Lenny 20 years ago
and give you a second chance to become a
real star, as you said.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

BEBE
(pleading, hopeful)
Yes! I wanna be a star, a real star!

DANTE
It will cost you dearly.

BEBE
I don't care. I want my due.

DANTE
OK. If you say so. But after you're done
being a real star, your soul belongs to
me, no questions asked.

BEBE
(determined)
Yes, willingly.

DANTE
(whispering)
Careful what you wish for.

Dante claps his hands together and there is a BRIGHT FLASH OF
LIGHT.

CUT TO:

INT. FANCY THEATRE DRESSING ROOM. NIGHT.

Bebe is now sitting in a fancy dressing room in front of a
mirror. She is about 30 years younger, thin, with glowing
vibrant skin, and no grey hair. There are flowers everywhere.
Her evening gown and glittering jewelry drip of wealth. Bebe
meticulously applies her make up. She looks amazing, healthy,
glamorous, and happy. There is a knock at the door.

BEBE
(pleasantly)
Come in.

A young stage hand enters with flowers as Bebe continues to
apply her makeup.

STAGE HAND
(excited)
More flowers, Miss Drayton. Where do you
want me to put them? You sure got lots of
admirers out there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BEBE

(nonchalant)

Put them over on the table with the rest of them.

STAGE HAND

There's a full house again, fourth night in a row! I can't remember the last time the Georgian Theatre was so busy! Folks have come from miles around to hear you sing! You're amazing, Miss Drayton! Really.

BEBE

Thank you, sonny. Now run along so I can finish getting ready.

The stage hand turns towards the door to exit as Lenny enters with a beaming smile.

LENNY

Scram kid.

The young stage hand exits the room and Lenny slams the door behind him.

LENNY (CONT'D)

(full of energy)

BeBe baby! I see you got the flowers I sent you.

BEBE

(beaming)

Every night, my love. They're beautiful, Lenny. Thank you.

Lenny leans over and gives her a kiss on the lips. He then leans down and kisses the nape of her neck, making her eyes close, obviously stimulating her.

BEBE (CONT'D)

(playful)

Stop, or you'll make me mess up my makeup.

Smiling, he pulls back and grabs a bottle of champagne out of a nearby bucket of ice, popping it open and pouring himself a glass.

LENNY

I'd offer you a glass, but I know you never drink before a show.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LENNY (CONT'D)

Here's to you! The most beautiful woman
ever to grace a stage!

Lenny takes a healthy sip from his glass.

LENNY (CONT'D)

(excited)

This is it babe. This is your biggest
night ever! I told you so, didn't I? An
encore performance after selling out the
theatre four nights in a row!

Lenny takes a sip of his champagne, and walks over to stand
behind her. Looking in the mirror, he adjusts his tie.

LENNY (CONT'D)

No one's ever done that here before.
You're in the tall cotton now, sugar!
You're a star!

Bebe finishes up her eye makeup and turns from her mirror to
face Lenny. Her smile is radiating.

BEBE

Lenny, I owe it all to you, my love. You
made all this happen.

Lenny, captivated by her beauty and penetrating eyes, calms
down from his excitement. He leans down and whispers.

LENNY

(sincerely)

No, it wasn't me at all, Bebe. I'm just a
lucky stiff having met you, that's all.
You're the greatest thing that ever
happened to me. After tonight, you and
me are gonna fly outa here. Take a trip
someplace warm. We'll get married, like I
promised. Just you and me. No craziness.

Overwhelmed with love and joy, Bebe takes his hand in hers,
kissing it gently, before leaning towards his lips to give
him a long sweet kiss.

BEBE

(teary)

I love you so much... It hurts to
breathe sometimes. You mean the world to
me, Lenny. None of this matters without
you.

Lenny gives her a soft kiss on the lips, stands up, puts his
hat back on, and beams his showman smile.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

LENNY

No tears tonight, darlin! I want you to sparkle extra bright for your last show here. There's someone special in the audience who's gonna let the rest of the world get a taste of you. I want you to fill this theatre with your angelic voice. I want you to light up the place!

Bebe's statuesque figure stands up and transforms herself into a phoenix of light. She is the embodiment of grace and beauty. Her stunning gown moves with an unnatural grace. She throws her arms up in a classic star pose and shoots a beaming smile.

BEBE

Honey, tonight will be a night you'll never forget!

CUT TO:

INT. GEORGIAN THEATRE. NIGHT.

The crowded well-dressed audience chatter and sip on cocktails at tables as they excitedly awaits the night's star. We see a Close Up of Dante sitting in the audience, holding a program and smiling.

DANTE

(to himself/excited)

I can't wait for the show to start. This is gonna be one hell of a night!

The lights dim and the curtain begins to rise.

THEATRE ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Ladies and Gentlemen, please welcome the fabulous Miss Bebe Drayton!

The crowd erupts in applause as they begin to see the form of the beautiful Bebe revealed by the rising curtain. A spot-light hits her glamorous evening gown, making it glitter in a thousand sparkles of light. There is a full orchestral jazz band behind her wearing funky outfits that are a mix between the 1940's and the new millennium. Gracefully cupping the microphone, she smiles and begins to sing the first words: "*I like to tell a little story...*"

CUT TO:

Extreme Close Up on the microphone, pulling back and high into the air to reveal the entire stage and audience, followed by a montage of her performance.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She sings "My Discarded Men" and is soon accompanied by three male dancers wearing suits and fedoras, whom she interacts with. The audience's faces are captivated by the spectacle before them.

CUT TO:

Lenny is watching from the edge of stage, behind the curtain. His love for her is obvious as he watches on.

LENNY

Knock 'em dead, honey!

Bebe finishes the song with a choreographed dance number with the three male dancers, and the theatre erupts in applause, standing on its feet. Bebe graciously bows her head in gratitude, followed by extending her hands to the left and right to acknowledge the band. The audience continues it's applause.

TRANSITION CUT TO:

C.U. OF HANDS CLAPPING

EXT. NIGHT. GEORGIAN THEATRE.

Pull away from clapping hands to reveal we are outside the stage door as Bebe and Lenny exit. The crowd of paparazzi and fans outside the theatre is explosive. Accompanied by two body guards, Bebe and Lenny walk out hand in hand towards their chauffeured car, a black 4 door 1969 Mercedes Benz. The chauffeur is wearing a customary all black outfit complete with a drivers hat and white gloves. He opens the rear door for Bebe as she approaches. Suddenly, a CRAZY MAN jumps out from the crowd and points a gun at Bebe.

CRAZY MAN

(enraged)

Bebe! I love you!

Lenny jumps in front to stop him, taking two bullets into his chest, protecting Bebe. People swarm around the shooter, dragging him to the ground and disarm him in a sea of chaos. The two bodyguards rush a hysterical Bebe away from the scene. Lenny has fallen to the ground, gushing blood onto the pavement.

BEBE

(screaming)

Lenny! My love, Lenny! Wait, wait, I wanna see my Lenny!

Bebe breaks free of the security trying to protect her and scrambles through the crowd towards her fallen lover, Lenny.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Next to him on the ground, she lifts his head in her hands. He's sputtering up blood from his mouth.

BEBE (CONT'D)
(hysterical)
Baby, no, no, no! Don't die. You'll be
OK, I promise. Lenny!

His eyes flicker and then close. Tears gush from Bebe's face.

BEBE (CONT'D)
(screaming upwards)
Somebody help me! Call an ambulance!
Somebody call an ambulance! Somebody help
me!

As she looks towards the murderer who's been pinned down, his face looking directly at her with grimacing hatred, she sees his face transform into Dante's for a brief moment.

DANTE
(grinning)
Now you'll be famous forever!

Dante grins at her before transforming back to the killer. Bebe stares at him in confused horror, opening her mouth and covering it as she begins to scream horribly.

FADE TO BLACK