

SAMPLE:

GLITTER PRINCE
(glam rock opera)

by

BRIAN CRANO and MIKEY DAY

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SCENE SEVEN

Spot up on CORIN.

CORIN

Now this is the part of this whole ordeal that gets muddy for me. I could barely handle my boys together but apart, I was obliged to go back to Mexico City, and pursue further treatment. I got information from Leonard and the rest from the old thirteen-inch telemundo, that's Spanish. Leonard *Francis* Peaches took Lucias, my oldest-my eldest?-to Europe and Amsterdam, their place of conception. Leonard provided him booze and sex and anything to get him to write. I'm sure he got on, all right, it always worked for me. The album did fine, I'm told, it was hard to find in Mexico. Capitol sent Adams, to look after Nomi and Dorian. There's a full time position. Dorian is bright, but he likes his escape. Used to run away from home...or so I'm told. And Nomi, well, he always was a sad little boy. I tell you I'm not a nervous man-and I feel after a long stint of things, fairly capable in my abilities of self-diagnosis-I am not a pessimist, but I am worried for my boys. What they're doing-I did it. I lived like that, or rather I continually made attempts on my own life and some how always failed. My father had no concept of what I was doing. My mother was a nurse in Essex, and my father a French Canadian lumberjack who fled Montreal to escape better's debt. Some humble fucking beginnings. And even more so when you consider that glam was born of this. Gods came of Canada and poverty and all boys' schools and mind-altering messages wrapped up into pills or written on papers and ingested, came this. In this broad Earth of ours, amid the measureless grossness and the slag, enclosed and safe within its central heart, nestles the seed of perfection.

BLACKOUT.

SCENE 8

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SLIDE: "Amsterdam"

SLIDE: A lavish room, with a view of the city and the canal at night.

Lights rise on Lucias sitting in a robust chair. There are papers about as he has been writing. Chiron and Regan lounge around him, they exist to serve him. They maintain an heir of virginity, although, by now they are not virginal. Celeste stares out the window, drinking, craving attention. There is another body laying on the floor, unconscious, upstage, looking like he has been shared. Chiron plays with Lucias' arm while trying to read what he writes.

CHIRON

What's this? Is it a scar?

CELESTE

No it's a birth mark.

LUCIAS

I don't scar.

CHIRON

(He smiles.)

What do you mean? Everybody scars if you cut them.

LUCIAS

Nature protects me, at every hazard-

CHIRON

But-

CELESTE

It means he doesn't scar. You're immortal right?

LUCIAS

Nothing can happen more beautiful than death.

CELESTE

What about love?

LUCIAS

What about it?

CELESTE

Where does it go?

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LUCIAS

I don't know...Paris?

CELESTE

You're so fucking flip Lucias.

LUCIAS

Devine I am inside and out. And I make holy whatever I touch or am touched from.

He kisses Reegan and Chiron. Reegan looks to Chiron.

CHIRON

Will you sing our song for me? For us?

LUCIAS

Your song is not finished yet-but I like it.

CELESTE

What about one of your older songs?

LUCIAS

I am bored with them. They all start to sound the same.

CELESTE

That's hard to hear.

LUCIAS

Don't as a question if you won't like the answer.

CHIRON

Lucias, I long to hear it sung.

CELESTE

As do I.

LUCIAS

WHERE IS MY MASTER THE GLITTER PRINCE?
WHO'LL BLESS ME WITH ALL HIS...
WHO'LL TELL ME THAT THERE ARE HIGHER THINGS...
THAN SELF, AND ALL OF MY GLITTER KINGS...
HELP ME FILL MY EMPTY HEART.

Regan kisses Lucias on the cheek.

CHIRON

Thank you for that.

CELESTE

It's beautiful.

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LUCIAS

Thank you.

CHIRON

How does it end?

CELESTE

Only time can tell.

LUCIAS

Happily I hope. But I don't know yet.

CHIRON

Make it sad. Ballads are most beautiful.

LUCIAS

I make songs of passion, to give them their way. And your songs, outlawed offenders-I scan you with kindred eyes, and carry you with me the same as any. You understand.

CHIRON

You'll make me cry.

LUCIAS

No. Come on, let me take you to bed.

CHIRON

You're the first to write a song for me. Thank you Lucias.

Lucias is silent. He simply looks at the twins, then takes them one in each hand and they start to exit. Celeste drops her glass. Peaches enters.

PEACHES

Has he written anything-Celeste what's wrong?

CELESTE

This is not turning out the way it was supposed to Leonard. He and I were going to run off together, we almost did, even from you, did you know that. And I don't know, marry maybe. Maybe got to Thai Land. Just be together. I knew what I was getting into. He's famous. He's eccentric. I don't mind that. I don't mind the one nighters, every night if he has to-as long as he always ends up with ME. But they are poison.

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PEACHES

Celest, calm down-you're upset-

CELESTE

I just don't think he loves me. Anymore.

PEACHES

Well. He never really has been faithful-
oh shit- not to you, I mean, not to
anyone.

CELESTE

LEONARD!

PEACHES

I'm sorry. I wasn't thinking. He does
love you. He told me.

CELESTE

He used to tell me...He wrote a song for
them Leonard.

PEACHES

He did?

Celeste nods.

PEACHES (cont'd)

Let it run it's course.

CELESTE

Leonard help me.

PEACHES

How can we do anything-he spends most of
his time with them?

CELESTE

Leonard, it will be better for all of us
when they go...do you understand...he
writes when he suffers.

Lucias enters, fastening his pants.

LUCIAS

Well they're tucked in.

CELESTE

How like a sick father you are.

PEACHES

Good evening star.

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LUCIAS
Hiya Frankie.

PEACHES
What?

LUCIAS
Nothing...

PEACHES
I hear you wrote a song?

LUCIAS
No. I'm just fooling around. Nothing's
ready for an album yet.

PEACHES
Okay Lucias, know that this comes from
above-

LUCIAS
I know Leonard.

PEACHES
Then help me out...okay babe? You're not
some one hit wonder. You need to be out
on the circuit and writing. And I hate
to bring it up - but your brothers are
writing, a lot...Mostly songs about you.

LUCIAS
What are they writing?

PEACHES
I don't know exactly. I got a call from
a reporter asking for a comment.

LUCIAS
Find out.

PEACHES
I'll scratch your back if you scratch
mine.

LUCIAS
I am your scratch Leonard. I'm doing
what I can.

PEACHES
Maybe you need some time alone? I mean
this city and this castle, all of
Amsterdam' distractions.

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LUCIAS

I have been distracted.

PEACHES

I know kid, it's hard. I understand. Everybody expects the world from you. So listen, I've already set up for studio time with the band. And tomorrow, I'll pack up Celeste and we'll get out of the city for a while.

LUCIAS

What about the twins?

CELESTE

They can go back to their-

PEACHES

Nonsense. They can come with Celeste and I. Show them around Europe. Would you like that?

LUCIAS

That would be nice for them.

PEACHES

You got it then.

LUCIAS

I'm going to bed.

He leaves ignoring Celeste.

CELESTE

Good night.

She waits for a reply...nothing.

CELESTE (cont'd) (CONT'D)

Thank you, Leonard.

PEACHES

Good night.

Peaches exits.

CELESTE

"GOODNIGHT CELESTE"
HE USED TO TOUCH MY FACE WITH WONDER
CLUTCH ME TO HIS BODY AS HE SLEPT
HE USED TO PICK ME UP FROM WORK
I WAS A DANCER THEN
HE USED TO TREAT ME LIKE A GODDESS

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ANYTHING I ASKED FOR I WOULD HAVE
HE USED TO CALL ME LOVER
NOT JUST CALL ME LOVER HAVE ME TO HIS BED
GOODNIGHT LUCIAS
GOODNIGHT CELESTE

BLACKOUT.

INT.

SCENE NINE

SLIDE: "Glasgow. Weeks later."

SLIDE: A stadium full of people.

SLIDE: The boy's dressing room.

Nomi and Dorian prepare for their encore. Nomi checks a mirror, staring at himself the way he does. Dorian stands bare-assed while the Roadie disinfects a patch of his ass, the Roadie has a syringe.

ROADIE
Okay, little stick.

The Roadie injects Dorian.

DORIAN
Ah...All the things of the universe are perfect miracles. You want one?

NOMI
No, thank you.

DORIAN
Praised be the fathomless universe.

ROADIE
Sounded tip-top tonight.

NOMI
Did we?

DORIAN
Yes.

ROADIE
Tonight was hot.

DORIAN
What are you doing afterwards?

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NOMI
I'll not make a poem-

DORIAN
Come out with me.

NOMI
Dory, I don't know-

DORIAN
Come on brother, what's wrong with you,
be my companion, haste on for your life,
adhere to me.

NOMI
I miss him.

DORIAN
I know.

NOMI
Not like everything was springtime and
roses for me when he was near.
(A sudden mocking smile.)
I may have to be persuaded many times
before I consent to give myself to you.

Adams rushes in, realizing that he has interrupted a very
personal moment.

ADAMS
Come guys, one more song-they're still
standing. You really are something...

NOMI
Let's go sing our song.

Dorian grabs his brother and shakes him playfully.

DORIAN
YOU'RE GOING TO CHEER UP LITTLE BROTHER-

Nomi breaks free and runs off smiling, for the first time
since Lucias has gone. Dorian chases him.

DORIAN (cont'd)
OR I'M GOING TO STRANGLE YOU.

ADAMS
(Calling after them.)
Dorian, I have to talk to you after
the...

(MORE)

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ADAMS (CONT'D)
 (to the Roadie)
 How much did he take?

ROADIE
 Not a lot, for him. It took me a while
 to find. It's good shit. Clean.

ADAMS
 Make sure it stays that way.

Adams hands the Roadie a wad of cash.

TRANSITION:

The concert stage.

Lights up on the concert stage as Nomi runs to his mic,
 still being chased by dorian. As they enter the crowd
 roars. Glitter falls on the stage.

NOMI
 (humbly)
 Thank you. Really...

DORIAN
 "YOU'RE THE REASON"
 WHEN I LOOK INTO YOUR EYES
 YOUR PAINTED EYES
 PAINTED LIKE THEY WERE LAST NIGHT
 I SEEM TO WONDER WHAT THEY HIDE
 WHAT THE PAINT CONCEALS
 AND WHAT IT DEFINES

 I SEEM TO WONDER CAN YOU SEE PAST MINE
 DO MY EYES BETRAY ME
 DO YOU LOOK FOR THE VERY FIRST TIME
 I ASK YOU? DO MY EYES BETRAY ME?
 OR DO YOU KNOW THE REASON
 I PAINT MY PRETTY FACE
 AND GET HIGH

NOMI/DORIAN
 YOU'RE THE REASON
 YOU'RE THE REASON
 MR. MAN YOU'RE THE REASON
 YOU'RE MY GUITAR
 YOU'RE MY BAND
 YOU'RE THE REASON
 YOU'RE MY ROMEO
 YOU'RE MY JACKIE O. - OH - OH

 IF WHAT YOU SEE IS WHAT YOU GET-
 THEN THE GETTING HASN'T BEEN GOTTEN YET

NOMI
 WHAT I LOVE IS WHAT I'LL GET
 AND I HAVE GOTTEN YOU
 WHAT I LOVE, I DESTROY MY BOY

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MY POOR BOY
 WET, I WILL LEAVE YOU
 BLACK AND BLUE
 AND THEN MAYBE...
 A TAN HUE WILL CAMOUFLAGE YOUR EYES-
 YOUR PRETTY EYES-

NOMI/DORIAN

YOU'RE THE REASON
 YOU'RE THE REASON
 MR. MAN YOU'RE THE REASON
 YOU'RE MY GUITAR
 YOU'RE MY BAND
 YOU'RE THE REASON
 YOU'RE MY ROMEO
 YOU'RE MY JACKIE O. - OH - OH

IF WHAT YOU SEE IS WHAT YOU GET-
 THEN THE GETTING HASN'T BEEN GOTTEN YET

DORIAN

YOU'RE THE REASON, YOU'RE MY BEAM OF BURNING LIGHT

NOMI

YOU'RE THE REASON, I'M YOUR STEAD AND YOU'RE MY KNIGHT

NOMI/DORIAN

YOU'RE THE REASON
 YOU'RE MY HIGHEST HEIGHT
 YOU'RE MY PILLOW FIGHT

DORIAN

I'LL BE YOUR DISTRICT
 AND YOU MY BRIGHT RED LIGHT

NOMI

YOU'RE MY REASON...

The song concludes and the crowd screams.

DORIAN

THANK YOU GLASGOW!

Nomi exits, Dorian follows. The stage lights fade. A light finds Corin.

CORIN

"I was looking a long while for the history of the past for myself, and for these...chants-and now I have found it. It is love. It is not in those paged fables in the libraries. It is no more in legends than in all else; It is in the present-it is this earth to-day. It is the life of one man or one woman to-day, the average man of to-day.

(MORE)

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CORIN (CONT'D)

It is languages, social customs,
literatures, it is the broad show of
artificial things, particularly rock
stars."

The light on Corin fades.

SLIDE: The boys dressing room.

As the lights rise, the Roadie escorts Chiron into Nomi's
dressing room. Chiron wears roses in his hair.
Underscore.

ROADIE

If you just wait in here, Mr. Bastian
will be in after the encore. You can
just help yourself to a drink.

The Roadie starts to exit.

CHIRON

Excuse me-

ROADIE

Yes?

CHIRON

Why did you chose me? I'm sure there were
a lot of people wanting to get back.

ROADIE

You have roses in your hair. Mr. Bastian
loves roses.

CHIRON

Oh.

ROADIE

You're different, aren't you?

Beat. The Roadie exits. Chiron looks around the
dressing room. Nomi enters. Their eyes lock.

SLIDE: A giant image of a heart exploding. Ten rapid
fire images of all the things this relationship will be,
all kinds of images of love and their life together.

NOMI

WHO ARE YOU?

CHIRON

I'M CHIRON.

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NOMI

That's your name, not who you are.

CHIRON

WHO ARE YOU?

NOMI

Nomi.

CHIRON

I'd like to-
BIBLICALLY.

NOMI

Let's not confuse sodomy with
Catholicism. I'm polytheistic-
BUT I THINK MY VIEWS MIGHT BE CHANGING.
BESIDES YOU KNEW MY NAME, IT'S ON THE DOOR.
THIS IS MY ROOM.

CHIRON

Actually I'm making a delivery.

NOMI

Of what?

CHIRON

IF THIS IS YOUR ROOM
THEN THESE WOULD BE YOUR ROSES.

Chiron gives Nomi the flowers from his hair.

NOMI

THEY'RE BEAUTIFUL.

CHIRON

Glad you like them.

NOMI

THEY'RE MY WEAKNESS.

Nomi pricks his finger on a thorn. A drop of blood
falls, Chiron catches it.

NOMI (cont'd)

SO REALLY-

Who are you?

CHIRON

Just a person.

NOMI

I feel like that is a gross
understatement.

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CHIRON

It's not.
WHO ARE YOU?

NOMI

I'M A ROCK STAR-

CHIRON

That is what you do.

NOMI

I'M AN ICON-

CHIRON

That's what they made you, but I think
they've got you all wrong.

NOMI

WHO
AM
I
THEN?

CHIRON

Just a person.
A BEAUTIFUL PERSON.

NOMI

"YOU'RE THE REASON TWO"
WHAT I LOVE IS WHAT I'LL GET
AND I HAVE GOTTEN YOU
WHAT I LOVE I DESTROY, MY BOY
MY POOR BOY
WET I WILL LEAVE YOU
BLACK AND BLUE
BUT NOTHING, NO TAN HUE WILL CAMOUFLAGE YOUR EYES-
YOU'RE PRETTY EYES-
ARE THE REASON, YOU'RE THE REASON-

CHIRON

MISTER MAN YOU'RE THE REASON
YOU'RE MY GUITAR
YOU'RE MY BAND
YOU'RE THE REASON
YOU'RE MY ROMEO
YOU'RE MY JACKIE O. OH-OH.

NOMI

YOU'RE MY NEW REASON.

The music trails away and the lights fade as they kiss
for the first time.