



*Red  
Orbitum*

MOULIN ROUGE

by

Baz Luhrmann & Craig Pearce

Amendments

1. Blue Amendments: Issued 26.10.99
2. Pink Amendments: Issued 25.11.99
3. Green Amendments: Issued 29.11.99
4. Yellow Amendments: Issued 29.11.99
5. Goldenrod Amendments: Issued 1.12.99
6. Salmon Amendments: Issued 6.12.99
7. 2<sup>nd</sup> Blue Amendments: Issued 10.1.00
8. 2<sup>nd</sup> Pink Amendments: Issued 17.1.00
9. 2<sup>nd</sup> Green Amendments Issued 19.1.00
10. 2<sup>nd</sup> Yellow Amendments: Issued 24.1.00
11. 2<sup>nd</sup> Goldenrod Amendments: Issued 27.1.00
12. 2<sup>nd</sup> Salmon Amendments: Issued 2.2.00
13. 3<sup>rd</sup> Blue Amendments: Issued 7.2.00
14. 3<sup>rd</sup> Pink Amendments: Issued 29.2.00
15. 3<sup>rd</sup> Green Amendments: Issued 29.2.00
16. 3<sup>rd</sup> Yellow Amendments: Issued 7.3.00
17. 3<sup>rd</sup> Goldenrod Amendments: Issued 14.3.00
18. 3<sup>rd</sup> Salmon Amendments: Issued 3.4.00
19. 4<sup>th</sup> Blue Amendments: Issued 26.4.00
20. 4<sup>th</sup> Pink Amendments: Issued 2.6.00

© Bazmark Film Pty Ltd

Polish  
15 September, 1999

Distribution and disclosure of this material to unauthorised persons or the copying of this material in any form is prohibited.

**BAZMARK FILM**® PTY LTD

ACN 604 767 002

Telephone (612) 8353 2333 Fax (612) 8353 2300 PSA #49, Fox Studios Australia, Driver Ave Moore Park NSW 1363

Melancholic strings. A beautifully hand-written card.  
It reads:

Twentieth Century Fox presents

DISSOLVE TO:

A second hand-written card. it reads:

A Bazmark Film

DISSOLVE TO:

A third hand-written card. It reads:

"Paris 1899"

SUPER OVER: A sepia toned vista of turn of the century Paris. The Eiffel Tower vaults skyward. In the distance a solitary hill is crowned with a half constructed cathedral.

PUSH TOWARDS: The hill and cathedral. A ramshackle little village at the base of the hill now comes into view.

SUPER: "Montmartre"

PUSH TOWARD: The village roof tops.

DISCOVER: An unprepossessing garret.

SLOW PUSH: Into the garret window.

1 INT. CHRISTIAN'S GARRET. DUSK. 1

The silhouette of a dishevelled, bearded man slumped over a typewriter.

TRACK ACROSS: Books, papers, sketches, old photographs, strange and exotic furniture, a junkyard of experiences. In the corner, a heavy iron contraption is covered in grimy bedclothes. An incongruous splash of life, as a brightly coloured bird hops inside its gilded cage.

SETTLE ON: The bearded man. It is: CHRISTIAN. Head in his hands, Christian's weary eyes stare at the blank page staring back at him.

MACRO SHOT: The words "Moulin Rouge" are hammered into the soft white paper.

WHIP TO: Christian. He hesitates. His attention is suddenly caught by the bird as it flaps its wings against the cage. Expelling a deep breath, Christian types.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXTREME CLOSE UP: Words type onto the page.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

CHRISTIAN V/O

This story is about love. The woman I loved is, she is...she is...

Christian breaks off. A moment of anguish. Barely able to form the words, he forces himself to write.

CHRISTIAN V/O (CONT'D)

The woman I loved is dead.

CLOSE ON: Christian, staring, lost.

SUDDENLY: We see words as Christian continues typing.

CHRISTIAN V/O (CONT'D)

She was the most beautiful courtesan in all Paris;

The screen momentarily fills with heavy, dark eyelashes and the corner of a painted, red mouth.

CLOSE ON: Christian mouths the words as he writes.

CHRISTIAN V/O (CONT'D)

She sold her love to men.

WE SEE: An ocean of top hats tilting skyward to reveal lust filled eyes.

CHRISTIAN V/O (CONT'D)

Men who came in their hundreds to gaze upon her.

WE SEE: A flash of electrifying dance.

CHRISTIAN V/O (CONT'D)

Men who happily paid for her love...

WE SEE: A fine white neck encased in a blinding web of diamonds.

CHRISTIAN V/O (CONT'D)

They called her Satin. The Sparkling Diamond.

WE SEE: Words writing as we hear them in voice-over.

CHRISTIAN V/O (CONT'D)

She was the star of the Moulin Rouge...

The camera follows Christian's gaze out the window, down on to the delapidated Moulin Rouge. We pass slowly over the boarded up facade and the decrepit windmill and through the derelict garden. We push on, up the front steps and into the once magnificent main hall. We slide forward to the stage, and into a shred of red and gold curtain.

(CONTINUED)

SUDDENLY:

2 INT. MOULIN ROUGE. NIGHT. 2

A fleshy mustachioed face pokes through a red curtain into a spotlight and bellows:

ZIDLER

The Moulin Rouge...

CUT TO: The uniformed brass band of the Moulin Rouge; just when we think we are in for a night of Offenbach highjinx -

SUDDENLY: The mirrors beneath the bandstand spin, the music soundtrack lurches forward a hundred years into a super sexual fat funk.

SLAM ZOOM: Zidler's face as he leads a parade of CAN CAN girls onto the floor.

ZIDLER (SINGS)

If life's an awful bore  
And living's just a chore  
That you do, cause death's  
Not much fun  
I've just the antidote  
And though I mustn't gloat  
At the Moulin Rouge  
You'll have fun!  
Scratch that little niggle

FOUR WHORES (SING)

Ooh

ZIDLER (SINGS)

Give a little wiggle  
You know that we can  
Because we...

FOUR WHORES (SING)

We we we we...

ZIDLER (SINGS)

Can Can Can!

FOUR WHORES (SING)

We can can can

ZIDLER (SINGS)

Don't say you can't can't can't...

FOUR WHORES (SING)

Because we can can can..

ZIDLER (SINGS)

You know you can Can Can

(CONTINUED)

FOUR WHORES (SING)  
Yes you can can can..

ZIDLER (SINGS)  
You know you can can can can can, can...

NINI (SINGS)  
You can because...

MOME FROMAGE (SINGS)  
We can...

CHINA DOLL (SINGS)  
Don't say..

ARABIA (SINGS)  
You can't...

FOUR WHORES (SING)  
Because you can.

Zidler leads his troupe down the booths. Together, he and the girls taunt the RICH RAKES that populate the booths.

ZIDLER (SINGS)  
In this pleasure dome  
You'll feel right at home  
There's just one tiny peeve  
You'll never want to leave  
Because you can can can

FOUR WHORES (SING IN  
PARALLEL)  
You'll feel right at home  
Yeah, yeah, yeah

The Rakes answer:

RAKES (SING)  
We can can can

ZIDLER (SINGS)  
You know you can can can

RAKES (SING)  
Yes we can can can

FOUR WHORES (SING IN  
PARALLEL)  
Yeah, yeah, yeah

ZIDLER (SINGS)  
Don't say you can't can't can't

RAKES (SING)  
We can can can

(CONTINUED)

ZIDLER (SINGS)  
Cause you can can can can can can

RAKES (SING)  
Can can can can can can

Reaching the bar at the end of the Main Hall, we introduce the performers of the Moulin Rouge.

COCOLISCIOUS BROS. (SING)  
From black...

SIAMESE TWINS  
To white...

LE CHOCOLAT  
From tall...

LA PETITE PRINCESS  
To small...

LE CHOC/SIAMESE TWINS/COCO  
BROS/LA KO KA CHAU  
No matter where your fancies fall...

ZIDLER  
You're free to choose in this dance  
hall.

La Petite Princess dances the Can Can.

The full company throw to LE PETOMANE at the bar. He farts:

LE PETOMANE  
Th, th, th, th,

\*\*\*NB: SCENES 2A, 2B, 2C HAVE BEEN DELETED\*\*\*

3 EXT. MOULIN ROUGE. GARDEN. NIGHT. 3

Zidler and his merry MOULIN BAND enter the mind-blowingly, exotic garden of the Moulin Rouge. They entice super rich, cashed up RAKES to come play with them in this seamy playground.

The Rakes bay at the girl's feet like lustful hounds.

ZIDLER (SINGS)  
Got some dark desire?  
Love to play with fire?  
Why not let it rip?  
Live a little bit!

RAKES (SING)  
We can Can Can  
Yes we can can can can  
(More)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RAKES (cont'd)

You know we can can can  
Because we can can can  
Yes we can can can can  
We can Can Can  
We can Can Can  
Because we can  
Can we can Can Can?

FOUR WHORES (SING)

Yes you can Can Can.  
If you pay pay pay  
Your little way way

A PENNILESS POET moves in on Nini around the legs of the giant elephant.

PENNILESS POET (SINGS)

Please can I Can Can?

NINI (SINGS)

You know you can't can't can't...

PENNILESS POET (SINGS)

Why can't I can Can Can?

SUDDENLY: From out of nowhere, a gruff looking SM appears, backed by two BURLY BOUNCERS.

SM (SINGS)

Because you can't afford it.

TRACK: With the Penniless Poet dragged by SM and Bouncers out into...

3A EXT. MOULIN ROUGE. STREET. NIGHT.

3A

...as he is violently thrown to the ground. We become aware that the outside world is once again in black and white.

TILT UP: to discover Zidler. He stands, unaware of the poet on the ground, and pops up an umbrella to ward off the (DIGITAL) rain that begins to fall.

ZIDLER (SINGS)

Outside, it may be raining...

Zidler turns and walks nonchalantly back into the colour and rain-free bacchanal of the Moulin Rouge.

3B INT. MOULIN ROUGE. GARDEN. NIGHT.

3B

ZIDLER (SINGS)

...but in here it's entertaining.

(CONTINUED)

Zidler turns back to the black and white world of squalor below as the tragically poor sing up at him through the gates of Moulin rouge in the (REAL) rain.

3C EXT. STREET. NIGHT.

3C

POOR PEOPLE (SING)  
Well we would would would  
if we could could could  
But we can't can't can't  
'cause we can't afford it.

3D EXT. MOULIN ROUGE. GARDEN. NIGHT.

3D

We return to the bachanal in the garden.

ZIDLER (SINGS)  
Outside it may be boring.  
But in here nobody's snoring  
The show must go on.

NINI (SINGS)  
Do you like like like...

CHINA DOLL (SINGS)  
...what you see see see?

ARABELLA (SINGS)  
What you need need need...

MOME FROMAGE (SINGS)  
Is me me me.

ZIDLER (SINGS)  
Outside things may be tragic  
But in here we deal in magic  
The show is always on.

SUDDENLY: The entire company turns to Zidler who pops out like a cork, through the top of a windmill. They all sing to the camera in the sky.

ENTIRE COMPANY (SINGS)  
If you love love love  
to be free free free  
then the Moulin Rouge  
is the place to be.

Zidler backflips into the Main Hall and up onto the bandstand as the Rakes, now in full abandon, scream back.



3E INT. MOULIN ROUGE. MAIN HALL. NIGHT.

3E

RAKES (SING)

We can Can Can, We can Can Can  
We can Can Can, We can Can Can  
We can Can Can, We can Can Can  
We can Can Can, We can Can Can  
Can can Can Can

ZIDLER (SINGS)

Because you can Can Can.

ALL (SING)

We can Can Can

ZIDLER (SINGS)

You know you can Can Can.

ALL (SING)

We can Can Can

FOUR WHORES (SING)

It goes on, on, on, through the night,  
night, night.

COCO BROS./SIAMESE TWINS/LE  
PETOMANE/LE CHOC/LA PETITE  
PRINCESS/WHOLE TROUPE

We don't ask if it's wrong or right.

ZIDLER (SINGS)

Because we can Can Can.

ALL (SING)

We can Can Can

ZIDLER (SINGS)

You know we can Can Can

ALL (SING)

We can Can Can

ENTIRE COMPANY (SING)

Every need, every wish, every dream,  
dream, dream  
It's the greatest place you've ever seen.

ZIDLER (SINGS)

Because we can Can Can

ALL (SING)

Yes we can Can Can  
We can can can can can can can

ZIDLER (SINGS)

Then we all Can Can Can Can Can Can!

(CONTINUED)

SUPER CLOSE: Zidler slowly turns, the sign that reads Moulin Rouge incarnating the magic words that appear.

ZIDLER (SINGS)  
The Can Can!

The screen explodes into Can Can chaos as dozens of exotically costumed female dancers, skirts held high, thrash through the Main Hall of the Moulin Rouge with death-defying physical abandon.

CUT TO: Zidler. He continues to rouse the crowd as he leaps from the bandstand and cavorts towards the booths. The image cranks down into slow motion. We hear Christian's voice-over accompanied by the clicking of typewriter keys:

CHRISTIAN V/O  
But nothing at the Moulin Rouge was as it seemed. Harold Zidler had a sickness, an unnatural obsession...

PUSH IN: to the light bulbs (SCREEN BURNS WHITE)

3F EXT. MOULIN ROUGE. NIGHT.

3F

FULL OUT: From the lights. Zidler's sweaty, deliriously happy face as he blubbers like a baby.

ZIDLER  
I can't help myself. They're so beautiful.

PULL BACK: Zidler fondles a string of electric light bulbs.

CHRISTIAN V/O  
Zidler had overspent wildly on the electrification of the Moulin Rouge driving it to bankruptcy.

FULL BACK: Behind Zidler, The Moulin lights up like a Christmas tree. Zidler coos excitedly.

4 INT. MOULIN ROUGE. MAIN HALL. NIGHT.

4

FULL OUT: from a light bulb back to Zidler cavorting toward the booths.

CHRISTIAN V/O (CONT'D)  
Zidler had a plan, he would convert the Moulin Rouge from a dancehall into a theatre and put his prized possession...

CLOSE ON: Zidler: high-octane hard sell, leans toward camera.

(CONTINUED)

ZIDLER

Satin, the Sparkling Diamond, on stage in a wild, shocking, Bohemian spectacular called...wait for it: "Spectacular Spectacular".

FREEZE FRAME:

CHRISTIAN (V/O)

All he needed was an investor.

CLOSE ON: The small, beady eyes of THE DUKE.

DUKE

Shocking.

PULL OUT: The Duke is seated next to Zidler in one of the side booths that line the dance-floor. Behind them stands the Duke's impeccably attired man-servant; WARNER.

ZIDLER

The dazzling sets and provocative costumes are being realized by that outrageously creative little monster Toulouse-Lautrec.

\*\*\*NB: SCENE 4A HAS BEEN DELETED\*\*\*

4B INT. TOULOUSE LAUTREC'S STUDIO. DAY. 4B

Atop a huge ladder, a bulbous-lipped dwarf, with his shirt on his head is frozen mid brush-stroke as he paints an alpine vista.

It is: TOULOUSE LAUTREC.

4C INT. MOULIN ROUGE. MAIN HALL. NIGHT. 4C

ZIDLER

And our new writer is the universe's greatest living poet; Audrey.

4D INT. TOULOUSE'S LAUTREC'S STUDIO. DAY. 4D

An intense, artsy chap in puffy sleeves and velvet hat: AUDREY. He reads from a script.

AUDREY

The hills are animated with the euphonious symphony of descant...

4E INT. MOULIN ROUGE. MAIN HALL. NIGHT.

4E \*

ZIDLER

The ladies will quiver with excitement  
over our leading man, a Tango-dancing  
Argentinian.

4F INT. TOULOUSE'S APARTMENT STUDIO. DAY.

4F \*

The Argentinian dances.

4G INT. MOULIN ROUGE. MAIN HALL. NIGHT.

4G \*

ZIDLER

And the music: such sweet, beguiling  
tunes by the Bohemian composer, Satie.

4H INT. TOULOUSE'S APARTMENT STUDIO. DAY.

4H \*

Weird buzzing noises emanate from Satie's musical  
contraption.

4I INT. MOULIN ROUGE. MAIN HALL. DAY.

4I \*

ZIDLER

And you'll roll with laughter at the  
amazing stage effects created by the  
Doctor.

4J INT. TOULOUSE'S APARTMENT STUDIO. DAY.

4J \*

The screen fills with an explosion. We push through to  
discover the blackened face of the Doctor.

DOCTOR

Whatever...

4JA INT. MOULIN ROUGE. MAIN HALL. NIGHT.

4JA \*

ZIDLER

I tell you my dear Duke, everything is  
going so well.

4JB INT. TOULOUSE'S APARTMENT STUDIO. NIGHT.

4JB \*

PULL OUT: The Argentinian, hurling his script, screams.

ARGENTINIAN

The script is shit! I'm going to stick a  
knife in someone!

The Argentinian makes violently towards Audrey.

SUDDENLY his eyes roll back in his head and he collapses  
catching the chords of the electromagnetica machine and  
crashing to the floor.

FREEZE FRAME: The Argentinian, inches away from crashing  
through the floor below.

4K INT. MOULIN ROUGE. MAIN HALL. NIGHT. 4K

CLOSE ON: Zidler:

ZIDLER

Excuse me, Duke.

PUSH IN: on the Duke's lust-filled eyes as he peruses the  
Can Can girls.

Zidler rockets up to the bandstand and whips the audience  
up for some more "Can you can Can Can?"

We fast wipe into the bacchanal.

CUT: Back to the shocked, flabbergasted Duke. He cannot  
believe his eyes.

The camera rockets away from the bacchanal through the  
hall....

5 EXT. MOULIN ROUGE. GARDEN. NIGHT. 5

and magical garden and up...

6 EXT. PARIS SKY. NIGHT/DAY. 6

...through the sky, and back to the Eiffel Tower.

With a final tumultuous chord, the night vista of Paris  
turns to day.

A train can be seen pulling into the station.

CHRISTIAN V/O

But on the day I arrived in Paris, I know  
nothing of Bohemian spectaculars,  
investors, Dukes, the Can Can or...

SUPER FAST PUSH: Toward Montmartre and through the garret  
window.

7 INT. CHRISTIAN'S GARRET. DAY. 7

A young man, travel case in hand, stands back to camera, staring out the window of the now sparsely furnished garret.

CHRISTIAN V/O  
...the Moulin Rouge.

PUSH OVER: His shoulder to discover, through the other window, the Moulin Rouge.

As the young man turns we realize we are looking at a youthful, clean-shaven Christian. He turns toward a crusty, old landlady who is waiting at the door and pays the woman for the room.

CHRISTIAN V/O (CONT'D)  
I had turned my back on my secure bourgeois future to follow my dream.

DISSOLVE TO:

Christian unpacking his beloved typewriter.

CHRISTIAN V/O (CONT'D)  
I had come to write...

DISSOLVE TO:

\*\*\*PLEASE NOTE: THERE IS NO SCENE 8, 9, 10, 10A\*\*\*

10B INT. CHRISTIAN'S GARRET. DAY. 10B

Christian, jacket slung over the chair, winds a clean page of paper into the typewriter.

Fingers poised over the typewriter keys, Christian stares at the paper for a long moment.

BEAT: Nothing happens.

CHRISTIAN V/O (CONT'D)  
There was just one problem...

CLOSE ON: Christian staring in horror at the blank page.

CHRISTIAN V/O (CONT'D)  
I had nothing to write about...

SUDDENLY: A thunderous crash of plaster showers Christian as an electric generator, closely followed by a Latin looking man, dressed in walking socks and leder hausen, falls through the ceiling, hitting the floor with a thud.

(CONTINUED)

Christian has leapt to his feet in shock. He doesn't know what to do.

SUDDENLY: The door is battered open by a bearded dwarf, costumed in a nun's habit. The dwarf/nun flails ill-proportioned limbs while spluttering an endless stream-of-consciousness explanation.

It is: TOULOUSE-LAUTREC. The bulbous-lipped, lisping Lautrec sounds like Daffy Duck on speed.

TOULOUSE

How do you do? Henri Marie Raymond Toulouse-Lautrec-Montfa. Terribly sorry about this, we were upstairs rehearsing the world's first totally Bohemian spectacular. It's set in Switzerland and there's a nun played by Satin; the Sparkling Diamond: the Moulin Rouge's most famous Can Can dancer. She's a redhead and redheads arouse me beyond comparison. In the show she engages in all manner of healthy Bohemian outdoor sex with the Swiss post goatherder. It's going to be wondrously preposterous. (Toulouse taking in the typewriter). A typewriter? You're a writer? Anyway the Argentinian's a narcolpetic: you know, perfectly fine one minute then suddenly (Toulouse snaps his fingers) unconscious...

Christian is interrupted as a head appears through the hole in the ceiling. It belongs to a willowy-looking chap in a loud striped vest and puffy sleeves: AUDREY THE POET. Audrey calls:

AUDREY

How is he?

Toulouse suddenly remembers Leder Hausen.

TOULOUSE

Oh, my goodness.

Coming to, Leder Hausen moans.

CHRISTIAN

Can I help?

Christian bends to help but is stopped by a voice from above that sounds like a cross between Alan Ginsberg and Timothy Leary:

THE DOCTOR

Don't touch him!

CUT TO: The hole in the ceiling. A drunk, fiftyish, mad-eyed coot has joined Audrey: THE DOCTOR. A bottle slips from The Doctor's hand and crashes onto the head of Leder Hausen, knocking him out again.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

He's unconscious, I can tell. I'm a doctor.

Audrey the Poet utters a thin-lipped exclamation.

AUDREY

Wonderful!

Toulouse turns to the bewildered Christian.

Audrey explodes.

AUDREY

The narcoleptic Argentinian is once again unconscious, and therefore the scenario will not be finished in time to present to the investor tomorrow!

SATIE

He's right Toulouse. I still have to finish the music.

TOULOUSE

Worry, worry, worry; please; we'll just find someone to read the part...

AUDREY

Well, where in heaven's name are we going to find someone to read the role of the young, sensitive, Swiss poet goatherder?

\*\*\*NB: SCENE 10C AND 10D HAVE BEEN DELETED\*\*\*

11 INT. TOULOUSE-LAUTREC'S STUDIO. DAY.

11

CLOSE ON: A flushed Christian tries to sing.

CHRISTIAN (SINGS)

*Far aloft on this vertiginous promontory  
yodelodelehohoo!*

FULL OUT: Christian wearing leder hausen stands high up on a huge mountain set. Toulouse slops paint on an enormous half finished theatrical back-drop of the Swiss Alps.

On the floor, unconscious, is the Latin-looking man who crashed through the ceiling. He is known as: THE UNCONSCIOUS ARGENTINIAN.



In the corner Satie pounds the piano with one hand and makes weird electric noises by moving a metal ring up and down a large tuning fork with the other. Christian is trying to sing to this accompaniment.

CHRISTIAN (SINGS)  
*I joyfully sing to my wandering flock.  
A melodious and dithyrambic fugue.*

In the centre of the room, Audrey reads from a script.

AUDREY (READS)  
The poet goatherder's song descends into  
the valley like melodious snow, kissing  
the young Nun's parched ears with song.  
Unbridled with joy, she runs to the top  
of the mount and sings:  
(Audrey shouts) Lautrec!

Toulouse runs into the middle of the room, and sings:

TOULOUSE (SINGS)  
*The hills animate with the euphonious  
symphony of descant.*

Audrey, another tantrum, turns to the Doctor and Satie.

AUDREY  
STOP, STOP, STOP! That insufferable  
droning is drowning out my words, can we  
please just stick to a little decorative  
piano?

THE DOCTOR  
How about your words making sense then?

Audrey; immediately defensive.

AUDREY  
What are you suggesting?

THE DOCTOR  
(reading from a script)  
"The hills animate with euphonious  
symphony of descant." I don't think a nun  
would say that about a hill.

Audrey is mortally offended.

AUDREY  
Oh really?

SATIE  
It doesn't fit the music. What if she  
sings: "The hills are vital intoning the  
descant".

The Doctor is adamant.

THE DOCTOR

No, no! "The hill intones the wondrous  
orchestra of suffering".

The Unconscious Argentinian, who has suddenly regained  
consciousness, chimes in.

ARGENTINIAN

The hills are incarnate with symphonic  
melodies.

Christian can't help himself. He sings:

CHRISTIAN (SINGS)

The hills are alive with the sound  
of music?

All eyes are suddenly on Christian. Toulouse is awestruck.

TOULOUSE

The hills are alive with the sound of  
music: it's so... modern. So completely,  
revolutionarily, Bohemianly modern!  
That's it. Yes, yes, that's it!

The Argentinian is in raptures.

ARGENTINIAN

The hills are alive with the sound of  
music. I like it!

The Doctor intones intensely.

THE DOCTOR

The hills are alive with the sound of  
music. Incredible!

Excitedly Satie plays and sings.

SATIE (SINGS)

The hills are alive with the sound  
of music.  
It fits perfectly.

Christian ventures the next phrase.

CHRISTIAN (SINGS)

With songs they have sung for a  
thousand years?

Toulouse cries ecstatically.

TOULOUSE

Incandiferous!

Audrey protests.

AUDREY  
Impossible.

Toulouse turns excitedly to Audrey.

TOULOUSE  
You two should write the show together!

Audrey goes dangerously quiet.

AUDREY  
I beg your pardon?

TOULOUSE  
It'll be absolutely marvelous, with the Doctor's contraptions and Satie's ridiculously stupefying music, and all those loud words by you, Audrey and the boy with his modern technique.

AUDREY  
There will be no modern technique, except for mine.

TOULOUSE  
But Audrey...

Audrey screams.

AUDREY  
Either the boy goes or I do!

Audrey pauses, desperately hoping they will ask him to stay.

AUDREY (CONT'D)  
Do not think I jest!

No response. Finally Audrey has to act.

AUDREY (CONT'D)  
I will not waste my talents in this laughable free-for-all.

As he exits he threatens.

AUDREY (CONT'D)  
Do not expect to see me again!

Without missing a beat, Toulouse turns to Christian and hands him a large glass of absinthe.

TOULOUSE  
Here's to your first job in Paris.

(CONTINUED)

Christian is shocked..

Satie calls.

SATIE

Toulouse, Zidler'll never agree.

(to Christian)

No offence but have you ever written  
anything like this before?

CHRISTIAN

No.

The Argentinian, with ridiculous machismo.

ARGENTINIAN

The boy's got talent. I like him. Nothing  
funny but I just like talent.

Toulouse murmurs intensely.

TOULOUSE (CONT'D)

"The hills are alive with the sound of  
music" Satie. With Christian we can write  
the truly Bohemian revolutionary show  
we've always dreamed of.

SATIE

But how will we convince Zidler?

Toulouse exclaims to Christian:

TOULOUSE

The girl!

CHRISTIAN

The girl?

TOULOUSE

Satin. We'll go to the Moulin Rouge  
tonight. Once Satin hears your  
revolutionary Bohemian poetry she'll be  
astounded and demand you write the show.

CLOSE ON: Christian nervous.

CHRISTIAN

But...

Satie, dragging Toulouse aside, whispers agitatedly.

SATIE

We won't get a penniless writer near  
Satin tonight: you know what happened  
last time.

(CONTINUED)

TOULOUSE

Don't worry, we'll dress him up so he  
looks rich...

The Argentinian whispers excitedly.

ARGENTINIAN

He can wear my suit...

TOULOUSE

We'll engineer a moment alone between  
them, he'll speak his poetry for her, and  
'the hills will be alive with the sound  
of music' Satie.

Satie, nervously excited, turns to Christian.

SATIE

Yes, finally revolutionary Bohemian words  
for Bohemian revolutionary music.

Christian stammers nervously.

CHRISTIAN

But I'm not sure I can write that sort of  
show...

TOULOUSE

Why not?

\*\*\*NB: SCENE 11A HAS BEEN DELETED\*\*\*

11B INT. TOULOUSE-LAUTREC'S STUDIO. DAY.

11B

CLOSE ON: Christian nervous.

CHRISTIAN

Ah... I'm not sure I'm a...true Bohemian  
revolutionary.

TOULOUSE

You believe in Beauty don't you?

CLOSE ON: Christian.

CHRISTIAN

Yes.

ARGENTINIAN

Freedom?

CHRISTIAN

Yes.

SATIE

Truth?

CHRISTIAN

Yes.

THE DOCTOR

Love?

CLOSE ON: Christian.

CHRISTIAN

Love? More than anything, I believe in love. Love is like oxygen, love is a many splendored thing, love lifts us up where we belong, all you need is love.

Toulouse exclaims.

TOULOUSE

Then you can't fool us, you're a true Bohemian revolutionary!

ARGENTINIAN/THE  
DOCTOR/SATIE

We can't be fooled!

Toulouse pouring glasses of absinthe, proposes a toast.

TOULOUSE

Here's to the new writer of the world's first Bohemian revolutionary show. Argentinian! I kiss you!

SATIE

A show with revolutionary Bohemian music.

Satie pounds heavy, fuzzy chords on his electromagnetica machine.

They all start revolutionary Bohemian dancing as they dress Christian up.

Toulouse sings.

TOULOUSE (SINGS)

A show where you can bump and grind

THE DOCTOR (SINGS)

A show that's good for your mind

ARGENTINIAN (SINGS)

A show where you can twist and shout

SUDDENLY: Satie breaks into a screaming, rock voice.

SATIE (SINGS)

Let it all hang out

(CONTINUED)

ALL (SING)  
But you won't fool...

SUDDENLY: The music and Bohemians stop simultaneously. They turn to Christian, he proffers the first thing that pops into his mind.

CHRISTIAN  
The children of the revolution.

The music kicks back in as The Bohemians cheer.

ALL (SING)  
No you won't fool the children of the  
revolution  
No you won't fool the children of the  
revolution, no, no, no.

Simultaneously Christian and the Bohemians drain their absinthe glasses.

SUDDENLY!

CHRISTIAN AND BOHEMIAN'S POV: A giant green fairy shoots up into the universe, its demonic eyes stare down as it booms.

FAIRY  
I am the green fairy absinthe: Thy God.

United in an Absinthe torpor, they all blissfully sing.

ALL (SING)  
The hills are alive with the sound of  
music.

TRACK: With The Bohemians and Christian as, still singing, they dance out of Toulouse's studio and onto the fire escape.

12 EXT. TOULOUSE'S APARTMENT BUILDING. NIGHT.

12

The Bohemians and Christian joyously sing as they dance down the L'Amour sign.

TOULOUSE (SINGS)  
A show to open your eyes

ARGENTINIAN (SINGS)  
A show to blow you sky high!

SATIE (SINGS)  
A show with controversy

DOCTOR/CHRISTIAN (SING)  
That will set the world free, yeah!

(CONTINUED)

ALL (SING)  
Freedom, beauty, truth and love!  
Yeah freedom, beauty, truth and love!

GREEN FAIRY (SINGS)  
The hills are alive with the sound of  
music.

13 EXT. CHRISTIAN'S GARRET. NIGHT.

13

The Bohemians and Christian, sing as they dance along the  
parape:

ALL (SING)  
No you won't fool the children of the  
revolution.  
No you won't fool the children of the  
revolution!

BOHEMIANS (SING)  
No you won't fool the children of the  
revolution  
No you won't fool the children of the  
revolution!

With final rousing chorus The Bohemians halt.

GREEN FAIRY (SINGS)  
The hills are alive.

\*\*\* NB: SCENE 13A, 14 HAS BEEN DELETED \*\*\*

15 INT. MOULIN ROUGE. MAIN HALL. NIGHT.

15

On the bandstand, Zidler raps demonically to the crowd.

ZIDLER (SINGS)  
Oh you can Can Can  
Yes you can. Can Can!

CUT TO: Christian and The Bohemians. They joyously continue  
their song on the dance floor.

BOHEMIANS/CHRISTIAN (SING)  
Won't fool the children of the  
revolution.

CUT TO: Zidler on the bandstand.

ZIDLER (SINGS)  
Yes you can. Can Can!

CUT TO: Christian and the Bohemians as they dance towards  
the booths.

(CONTINUED)



COUNTER WITH: Zidler as he lightly steps down the mezzanine.

ZIDLER

Can you CAN CAN CAN?

As the Bohos are seen passing behind Zidler, we push toward them, discovering Toulouse scaring some tourists out of his seat.

Toulouse glances around the hall. He cannot see Zidler in the booth next to them.

TOULOUSE

Mission accomplished. We've successfully evaded Zidler.

Track with Toulouse and Christian to Zidler and The Duke.

CLOSE ON: The small, beady eyes of THE DUKE.

ZIDLER

My dear Duke!

DUKE

When do I get to meet the girl?

PULL OUT: Zidler murmurs seductively.

ZIDLER

After her number, I've arranged a special supper. Just you and Mademoiselle Satin; totally alone.

DUKE

Alone you say?

TRACK BACK: To Toulouse. He leans in to Christian.

TOULOUSE (cont'd)

After her number, I'll arrange a private meeting. Just you and Mademoiselle Satin; totally alone.

CLOSE ON: Christian, nervous.

CHRISTIAN

Alone?

HOLD: Zidler and The Duke, Toulouse and Christian in the one frame.

ZIDLER/TOULOUSE

Yes, totally alone...

SUDDENLY:

(CONTINUED)

**BANG!** High above the crowd a thunderous flash of white light explodes into a trillion sparkling embers.

**CUT TO:** The held four shot. White light flashes on the Bohos, Zidler and The Duke.

**PUSH IN:** Holding only Christian and The Duke.

**TOPOGRAPHICAL SHOT:** Hundreds of top hats illuminated by the blazing white light. The hats tilt back in unison to gaze upon the unearthly vision of the jewel encrusted **SPARKLING DIAMOND** descending on a trapeze through the clearing smoke. A deep, hot silence fills the hall.

**ZIDLER AND TOULOUSE JOIN CHRISTIAN AND THE DUKE IN THE FRAME.**

Toulouse whispers:

**TOULOUSE**  
It's her: the Sparkling Diamond...

Zidler whispering to The Duke.

**ZIDLER**  
Satin.

**SATIN:** Sadly sings.

**SATIN (SINGS)**  
*The French are glad to die for love,  
They delight in fighting duels,  
But I prefer a man who lives*

**TRACK IN ON:** Christian.

**SATIN (SINGS) (CONT'D)**  
*And gives, expensive...  
Jewels!*

**SUDDENLY:** The orchestra pounds into a rambunctious, neo-swing dance-groove. The Top-Hats scream like raucous school boys.

**SATIN (SINGS) (CONT'D)**  
*A kiss on the hand may be quite  
continental*

**SATIN (SINGS) (CONT'D)**  
*But diamonds are a girl's best friend*

"Nervous" finds himself palming a big franc note into the outstretched hat of the **WICKED-FACED BOY** who trails Satin.

**SATIN (SINGS) (CONT'D)**  
*A kiss may be grand*

(CONTINUED)

Satin allows THREE FAT FANS to plant kisses on her cheeks. She withdraws, lambasting them with.

SATIN (SINGS) (CONT'D)  
But it won't pay the rental  
On your humble flat  
Or help you feed your pussycat,

Satin points the Fat Fans towards the Wicked-Faced Boy and his collection hat. The audience is becoming wilder.

SATIN (SINGS) (CONT'D)  
Men grow cold as girls grow old  
And we all lose our charms in the end

Satin rubs herself against a group of Top-Hatters like an affectionate feline.

SATIN (SINGS) (CONT'D)  
But square cut or pear shape  
These rocks don't lose their shape  
Diamonds are a girl's best friend

Aided by the TABASCO BROTHERS acrobats, Satin flies up onto a table then abandons herself to a free fall. The Tabascos catch her and carry her high above the crowd. The Top-Hatters strain to touch her. The wicked-faced boy's hat now overflows with cash and sparkling trinkets

CUT TO: Christian, mouth agape.

\*\*\*NB: SCENES 15A, 15B, 15C, 15D HAVE BEEN DELETED\*\*\*

15E INT. MOULIN ROUGE. MAIN HALL. NIGHT.

15E

Terrified, Christian rises.

CHRISTIAN  
I should go...

Toulouse and The Bohemians pull him back into his seat.

TOULOUSE  
She's really very shy, and a great lover  
of poetry.

Satin is joined by a chorus of Can Canning acolytes.

CUT TO: The cold, beady eyes of The Duke. He watches Satin intently.

CUT TO: Satin. She dances up the stairs through a line of rich Rakes, snatching gifts as she goes.

(CONTINUED)

SATIN (SINGS)

Tiffany's, Cartier, Black Star, Roscor.  
Yes we are living in a material world.  
And I am a material girl-kiss-  
Come and get me boys  
Black Star Roscor  
Talk to me Harry Zidler, tell me all  
about it!

CUT TO: The Duke's booth. Zidler, hearing his cue, snaps  
back into showbiz mode.

ZIDLER

Excuse me.

Zidler leaps onto the floor.

The Tabasco Brothers, tumbling into the centre of the room,  
create a platform with tables. They magically lift Zidler  
and Satin onto the platform. Satin and Zidler dance out a  
funny little pantomime where Zidler plays a lustful older  
gent.

SATIN (SINGS)

There may come a time when a lass needs  
a lawyer,

ZIDLER (SINGS)

But diamonds are a girl's best friend.

CUT TO: Toulouse's booth.

CLOSE ON: Christian's stunned expression. He makes to  
leave.

CHRISTIAN

I should really umm..., unpack.

Toulouse reassures Christian with a devilish grin.

TOULOUSE

Don't worry. I'll sally forth and tee  
things up!

Toulouse raises his cane like a mock sword. It sends a  
drinks tray, held by a passing waiter, flying into the lap  
of The Duke in the adjacent booth.

TOULOUSE (cont'd)

Oh, oh terribly sorry.

Toulouse, snatches a white handkerchief from The Duke's  
breast pocket and begins maniacally dabbing.

The Duke clearly loathes being touched.

(CONTINUED)

DUKE

It's all right. Leave me! Don't touch,  
please!

CUT TO: The platform.

SATIN (SINGS)

There may come a time when a hard boiled  
employer thinks you're

Zidler mimes pinching Satin's bottom

ZIDLER (SINGS)

awful nice

Satin snatches a diamond gift

SATIN (SINGS)

but get that ice or else no dice.

NINI, NOME, ARABIA, CHINA

DOLL (SING)

He's your guy when stocks are high  
But beware when they start to descend  
Cause that's when those louses,  
Go back to their spouses.  
Diamonds are a girl's best,  
Diamonds are a girl's best,  
Diamonds are a girl's best friend.

As the chorus sing, Zidler mimes showering Satin with large  
fake diamonds in exchange for pieces of her clothing. The  
other dancers move around them, masking the striptease. The  
crowd roars with each exchange.

Satin and Zidler murmur to each other as they dance.

SATIN

Is The Duke here Harold?

ZIDLER

Liebchen, would Daddy let you down?

SATIN

Where is he?

Zidler is now looking over Satin's shoulder.

ZIDLER

In the centre...

ZIDLER'S POV: Through a blur of audience he can see The  
Duke being accosted by a madly dabbing Toulouse.

CLOSE ON: Zidler's horror stricken face.

(CONTINUED)

ZIDLER (cont'd)

What's that bloody madman Toulouse doing?  
He's supposed to be working with Audrey  
on the script!

Because of their choreography, Satin is turned away and  
cannot see Toulouse.

CUT TO: The Duke's booth. His face distorts with outrage.

DUKE

That silk handkerchief was a gift from my  
mother.

TOULOUSE

Sorry.

CUT TO: Zidler. He whispers.

ZIDLER

In the middle booth, the one Toulouse is  
waving the hanky at.

As Satin turns, Toulouse leaps to Christian and plucks a  
handkerchief from Christian's pocket.

TOULOUSE

Excuse me Christian.

CLOSE ON: Satin. She strains to spy The Duke through the  
crowd.

CUT TO: Toulouse. He waves the handkerchief at Christian.

TOULOUSE (cont'd)

May I borrow?

CUT TO: Satin, puzzled.

SATIN

The one Toulouse is shaking the hanky at,  
are you sure?

Zidler dances around Satin.

ZIDLER

Give me a peek.

Toulouse, having returned to The Duke's booth, is  
enthusiastically dabbing. He stops, confused by the cold  
hard shape beneath The Duke's jacket; it feels suspiciously  
like a gun. Toulouse looks up. He realises he is not  
dabbing The Duke, but The Duke's man-servant, Warner.  
Warner shakes his head in stern warning. Toulouse  
indignantly throws the handkerchief in Warner's face.

TOULOUSE

You clean him up.

(CONTINUED)

Toulouse leaps onto the dance floor.

CUT TO: Zidler squatting down to join Satin behind the chorus of Can Can girls. Unseen by the audience they talk as they frantically disrobe.

ZIDLER

That's him chicken. I hope that demonic little loon didn't frighten him off.

CUT TO: The outraged Duke. Unseen by Zidler, he stalks off; Warner in tow.

CUT TO: Satin and Zidler behind the Can Can girls.

SATIN

Will he invest?

ZIDLER

Pigeon, after a special supper with you, how could he refuse?

SATIN

What's his type?

Satin's face suddenly transforms into that of a wilting flower's.

SATIN (cont'd)

Wilting flower?

CLOSE ON: Satin transforms into a bright and bubbly good-time girl.

SATIN (cont'd)

Bright and bubbly?

CLOSE ON: A haughty demeanour.

SATIN (cont'd)

Or smoldering temptress?

Zidler; a professional appraisal.

ZIDLER

I'd say smoldering temptress.

Zidler, a parting thought.

ZIDLER (cont'd)

We're all relying on you gosling.  
Remember; a real show, in a real theatre,  
with a real audience and you'll be...

Satin, a warm smile.

SATIN

A real actress.

The Can Can chorus part, revealing Satin, apparently naked but for a covering of fake diamonds. Zidler in his underwear makes a big show of snatching up his trousers. As Zidler exits the platform, he almost collides with Toulouse.

Toulouse pops out of frame just in the nick of time.

Satin, wagging her finger at the departing Zidler sings.

SATIN (SINGS)

Cause that's when those louses

CUT TO: Toulouse yelling up at Satin from ground level.

TOULOUSE

Bejeweled vision...

Satin unaware of Toulouse continues to sing.

SATIN (SINGS)

Go back to their spouses ...

TOULOUSE

Amazonian goddess...

SATIN (SINGS)

Diamonds are a girl's best...

Oblivious to Toulouse, Satin catches hold of an enormous diamante bracelet on the end of a trapeze. The Tabasco Brothers swing Satin through the air.

SATIN (SINGS)

Diamonds are a girl's best...  
Diamonds are a girl's best

CUT TO: Christian. He is wide-eyed with amazement as the near-naked Satin leaps from the diamante trapeze to land in front of him.

SATIN (SINGS)

Friend

The crowd applauds wildly as Satin bends to Christian.

Christian, staring up into the beautiful blue eyes of Satin, has stopped breathing.

CLOSE ON: Satin.

SATIN

I believe you were expecting me.



CLOSE ON: Christian, dumbstruck.

CHRISTIAN

Oh... ah, yes.

As the crowd chant, Satin cheekily extends her hand to Christian

SATIN

I'm afraid it's lady's choice.

Toulouse's head suddenly pops up between them.

TOULOUSE

I see you've met my English friend Ch..

Satin turns sharply to Toulouse.

SATIN

I'll take care of it!

Toulouse leaning close, whispers:

TOULOUSE

He's not just anybody.

Satin smiles conspiratorially.

SATIN

I know.

Satin turns back to Christian.

SATIN (cont'd)

Let's dance.

Satin offers her hand once more to Christian. Toulouse shoves Christian up out of his seat. To wild approval from the crowd, Satin and Christian take the floor.

CUT TO: Toulouse and Cohorts, amazed.

SATIE

That seemed to go well.

THE DOCTOR

Incredible.

ARGENTINIAN

He has the gift with the woman.

TOULOUSE

I told you. He is a genius.

CUT TO: The dance floor. Christian's awkwardness disappears as he finds his feet. The crowd react as Satin and Christian really start to move.

16 INT. MOULIN ROUGE. BACKSTAGE. NIGHT.

16

Zidler has his eye to a spy-hole behind the handstand. SM helps Zidler back into his clothes.

ZIDLER'S POV: Through a blur of crowd, Zidler can see Satin dancing with her top-hatted partner.

ZIDLER

That Duke can move.

17 INT. MOULIN ROUGE. MAIN HALL. NIGHT.

17

Satin purrs coquettishly as she dances with Christian.

SATIN

So wonderful of you to take an interest  
in our little show

Christian can't believe his luck.

CHRISTIAN

It sounds very exciting; I'd love to be  
involved.

Satin tries to contain her amazement.

SATIN

Really?

CHRISTIAN

Yes;

Christian, suddenly worried he is being too forward.

CHRISTIAN (cont'd)

Provided you enjoy what I do.

Satin, a meaningful gaze.

SATIN

Of course I will.

CLOSE ON: Christian blushing.

CHRISTIAN

Toulouse said we might be able to do it  
in... private.

Satin a saucy smile.

SATIN

Did he?

Christian stammers.

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTIAN

Yes a private...y'know

CLOSE ON: Christian, shy but intense.

CHRISTIAN (cont'd)

'Poetry' reading.

CLOSE ON: Satin, confused. And then she thinks she understands: the young, rich Duke is too shy to mention sex.

Satin smiles knowingly.

SATIN

Oh, a 'poetry' reading. I'd love a little 'poetry' after supper.

CLOSE ON: Christian amazed.

And then comes the moment all have been waiting for: as the music builds, the Can Can girls kick top hats from men's heads. Men writhe ecstatically as their hats sail skyward. The air is filled with kicking feet and popping hats.

SATIN (cont'd)

Hang on to your hat.

A tumultuous crescendo of music as, with a lithe long-limbed kick, Satin sends Christian's hat sailing skyward.

FOLLOW: The hat as it spins high above the dance-floor.

BANG! Christian's hat falls with perfect precision, back on top of his head.

We hear: Christian's voice-over.

CHRISTIAN (V/O)

That was the night I fell in love.

CUT TO: Satin held high on a pyramid of Moulin performers. She launches into her provocative finale.

SATIN (SINGS)

Diamonds, diamonds,  
I don't mean rhinestones,  
But diamonds are a girl's best...  
best friend.

With the final show-stopping chord, Satin throws her head and arms skyward: the crowd thunders.

SUDDENLY: A foreboding underscore.

(CONTINUED)

TOP SHOT: Satin high above the crowd. Her face is filled with panic. She gasps desperately for air. Suddenly her eyes roll back and she is crashing to the floor.

Moments before impact, Le Chocolat catches her in his massive arms.

The crowd, thinking this is another amazing stunt, cheers wildly.

CLOSE ON: Satin in Le Chocolat's arms. There is no sign of life. Le Chocolat looks urgently to Zidler who is now atop the bandstand.

Zidler signals Le Chocolat to get Satin off the floor.

Le Chocolat spirits Satin away as the crowd wildly claps:

\*\*\*PLEASE NOTE: THERE ARE NO SCENES 18, 19, 20\*\*\*

21 INT. MOULIN ROUGE. CORRIDOR NIGHT.

21

CLOSE ON: Satin's unconscious face.

Le Chocolat carries Satin through a dirty backstage corridor crowded with Can Can girls.

NINI LEGS IN THE AIR, the bitchy lead dancer of the Can Can troupe, comments dryly.

NINI

Don't know if that Duke's gonna get his money's worth tonight.

MOME FROMAGE, a dumb but good-natured dancer, is concerned.

MOME FROMAGE

Don't be unkind Nini

21A INT. MOULIN ROUGE. DRESSING ROOM. NIGHT.

21A

Le Chocolat lays Satin on a tattered chaise longue. The faces of the Can Can girls stare down at her.

Suddenly an older woman: MARIE pushes her way through the girls.

MARIE

Let me through girls.

CLOSE ON: Satin. Her eyes open gently as Marie holds smelling salts under her nose.

Satin coughs, then smiles as she mocks herself.

SATIN

Oh these silly costumes.

SM pushes his way through the girls.

SM

Alright you girls, back out front and  
make those gents thirsty.

SM hisses to Marie.

SM (cont'd)

Problems?

CLOSE ON: Marie, quickly covering.

MARIE

Nothing for you to be worrying about.

SM looks to Chocolat.

SM

Don't just stand there; frock on for the  
Hunkadola!

22 INT. MOULIN ROUGE. MAIN HALL. NIGHT.

22

The crowd continues to chant.

CROWD

Satin! Satin!

Zidler, worried, looks to the wings.

SM indicates Satin will not be appearing.

SLAM ZOOM: Zidler's horrified face. Then, the consummate  
professional, Zidler pouts like a sad child.

ZIDLER

You've frightened her away.  
But I spy some lonely Moulin Rouge  
dancers who are looking for a partner or  
two, so if you can Hunk Hunk, you can  
Hunkadola with them.

The music strikes up and they dance the Hunkadola.

Le Chocolat and the COCOLICIOUS BOYS and La Petite Princess  
perform the Hunkadola.

23 INT. MOULIN ROUGE. MOULIN ROUGE DRESSING ROOM. NIGHT.

23

Marie laces Satin into a red satin dress.

(CONTINUED)

MARIE

That twinkle-toes Duke has taken the bait  
my girl. With a patron like him and  
Spectacular Spectacular, all your dreams  
could come true: You could be the next  
Sarah Bernhardt.

With almost religious reverence, Satin stares into one of  
the many hand-coloured Sarah Bernhardt postcards that adorn  
her mirror.

SATIN

Oh Marie, could I ever be like the great  
Sarah?

MARIE

You've got the talent; you hook this Duke  
and you'll be lighting up the great  
stages of Europe before you know it.

CLOSE ON: Satin. Almost like a prayer, she whispers into  
the mirror.

SATIN

I'll be an actress Marie, and we can fly,  
fly away from here.

SUDDENLY: The door bursts open: revealing a panicked  
Zidler.

ZIDLER

Ducky, everything alright?

Satin, standing tall, radiates life.

SATIN

Of course Harold.

Zidler beams like a proud father.

ZIDLER

Oh thank goodness, you certainly weaved  
your magic with that Duke on the dance  
floor.

SATIN

How do I look?

CLOSE ON: An ecstatic Zidler.

ZIDLER

My little strawberry, how could he resist  
from gobbling you up? Everything's going  
so well!

24 EXT. MOULIN ROUGE. GARDEN. NIGHT.

24

The Duke has been cleaned up. He hurries with Warner back through the garden and into the hall.

DUKE

Find Zidler; the girl's waiting for me.

As The Duke wipes frame, the heads of Toulouse, Satie, The Argentinian and The Doctor pop up in front of camera. They gaze up towards the towering wood and papier-mâché Elephant that stands in the garden.

Toulouse whispers, amazed.

TOULOUSE

Unbelievable, straight to the elephant.

CLOSE ON: The Argentinian awestruck.

ARGENTINIAN

The boy has talent.

CRANE: Up from the Bohemians, and around the elephant to look...

24A EXT. MOULIN ROUGE. ELEPHANT. NIGHT.

24A

Through a heart shaped window in the elephant's head. There, we can see Christian standing self-consciously in a magical red room upholstered like the inside of a genie's bottle.

25 INT. MOULIN ROUGE. ELEPHANT. NIGHT.

25

Christian looks nervously around the room. Satin appears from behind a screen wearing nothing but a diaphanous silk gown.

SATIN

What do you think; poetic enough for you?

Christian, transfixed by the vision of this goddess, stammers.

CHRISTIAN

Y...yes.

Satin glides seductively to a small trolley laid out with caviar and Champagne.

SATIN

A little supper?

Christian can hardly speak.

CHRISTIAN

Ah...I'd rather just get it over and done with.

Satin, startled, immediately recovers and drapes herself alluringly over the chaise longue. She whispers naughtily.

SATIN

Very well, why don't you come down here and let's get it, "over and done with".

CLOSE ON: Christian, nervous.

CHRISTIAN

I'd prefer to do it standing...

Satin, unruffled, rises from the couch.

SATIN

Mmmm, of course.

Christian, panicked by Satin's near-naked proximity backs away.

CHRISTIAN

You don't have to; stand I mean, sometimes it's quite long, I want you to be comfortable.

Satin is momentarily thrown.

CHRISTIAN (cont'd)

It's very modern what I do, it might feel a bit strange at first, but if you're open I think you'll enjoy it.

SATIN

I'm sure I will.

Christian suddenly stops, closing his eyes. A moment, Satin is puzzled.

SATIN (cont'd)

Is everything alright?

CHRISTIAN

I'm sorry, I'm a bit nervous...

Satin; quietly understanding.

SATIN

Oh...



CHRISTIAN

It's just sometimes it takes a while for  
the inspiration; to come.

Satin's hand drops down out of frame. Christian's eyes pop  
open very wide.

SATIN

Does that inspire you.

CHRISTIAN

Oh...

SATIN

Let's make love.

Satin throws Christian on the bed. Christian can't believe  
what is happening.

CHRISTIAN

Make...?

SATIN

You want to don't you?

CLOSE ON: Christian, dumbfounded.

CHRISTIAN

Ah...?

Satin moves her lips closer.

SATIN

Tell the truth, can't you feel the  
poetry?

CHRISTIAN

Yes...

SATIN

Feel it, feel it, feel the poetry.

Her lips so close. Christian is melting.

CHRISTIAN (cont'd)

Oh yes.

26 EXT. MOULIN ROUGE. ELEPHANT. NIGHT.

26

The Argentinian holds Toulouse by his heels. Toulouse can  
see into the small elephant window.

SATIE

How's it going?

CLOSE ON: Toulouse amazed.

(CONTINUED)

TOULOUSE  
He really does have a way with the words.

27 INT. MOULIN ROUGE. ELEPHANT. NIGHT.

27

Satin is on top of Christian.

SATIN  
Come on big boy.

Christian is in ecstasy.

CHRISTIAN  
Ha...

SATIN  
Free the tiger.

CHRISTIAN  
Oh...

Satin is on top of Christian. Wearing his top-hat and holding a riding crop she rides Christian like a horse.

SATIN  
Show me your poetry!

CLOSE ON: Christian. Stunned.

CHRISTIAN  
Now?

Satin urgently.

SATIN  
Yes, I need it now.

Christian, summoning all his willpower, leaps to his feet.

CHRISTIAN  
Alright.

Satin nearly falls off the divan, but covers her bemusement brilliantly.

Christian, intensely reciting.

CHRISTIAN (cont'd)  
It's a little bit funny this feeling  
inside

CLOSE ON: Satin, stunned.

SATIN  
What?

CHRISTIAN

I'm not one of those who can easily hide.

Suddenly Satin realizes that 'poetry', means poetry.

SATIN

Oh, poetry... ohhh

Christian stops, unsure if he is doing the right thing.

CHRISTIAN

Is this O.K.? Is this what you want?

Satin, thinking she finally understands the game, purrs appreciatively.

SATIN

Oh; oh yes...

CHRISTIAN

I don't have much money, but if I did  
I'd buy a big house where we both could  
live.

Satin begins to groan sensuously to the verse.

SATIN

Mmm, yes.

Christian, encouraged, goes further.

CHRISTIAN

If I was a sculptor, but then again, no.

SATIN

Oh, oh, oh, wonderful...

CHRISTIAN

Or a man who makes potions in a  
travelling show.

Satin begins to sway erotically to the verse.

SATIN

Oh, oh, don't;

Christian, dumbfounded, stops.

SATIN (cont'd)

Don't stop...!

CHRISTIAN

I know it's not much,  
But it's the best I can do.

Satin is writhing on the divan.

SATIN

Oh, oh, ohhhhhhh.

Christian, closes his eyes and sings with the voice of an angel.

CHRISTIAN (SINGS) (CONT'D)

My gift is my song and this one's for you

CLOSE ON: Satin, stilled by the beauty of Christian's voice.

CHRISTIAN (SINGS) (CONT'D)

And you can tell everybody this is your  
song  
It may be quite simple but now that it's  
done

Christian sings to Satin from the depths of his soul.

CHRISTIAN (SINGS) (CONT'D)

Hope you don't mind  
I hope you don't mind  
That I put down in words  
How wonderful life is when you're in the  
world

Satin is transfixed by this young man with the voice of an angel.

Christian leads her onto the little elephant balcony.

28 EXT. MOULIN ROUGE. ELEPHANT BALCONY. NIGHT.

28

With the lights of Paris stretched out before them,  
Christian sings.

CHRISTIAN (SINGS)

Sat on the roof and I kicked off the  
moss  
Well some of these verses well, they,  
they've got me quite cross  
But the sun's been kind while I wrote  
this song  
It's for people like you that keep it  
turned on

It is as if Satin is seeing Christian for the first time.

CHRISTIAN (SINGS)

So excuse me forgetting but these things  
I do  
You see I've forgotten if they're green  
or they're blue  
Anyway the thing is what I really mean  
(More)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRISTIAN (cont'd)

Yours are the sweetest eyes I've ever  
seen.

EXT. NIGHT SKY. (VFX). NIGHT.

As violins swell to a full orchestral arrangement,  
Christian and Satin waltz across the sky, past the Eiffel  
Tower and around a smiling man in the moon.

A band of heavenly ANGELS join the chorus as Christian's  
voice soars.

CHRISTIAN/ANGELS (SING)

And you can tell everybody this is your  
song

It may be quite simple but now that it's  
done

And you can tell everybody this is your  
song

It may be quite simple but now that it's  
done

Hope you don't mind  
I hope you don't mind  
That I put down in words  
How wonderful life is  
Now you're in the world

Hope you don't mind  
I hope you don't mind  
That I put down in words  
How wonderful life is  
Now you're in the world

EXT. MOULIN ROUGE. ELEPHANT. NIGHT.

On top of the elephant, to the romantic underscore of the  
final bars of music, The Bohemians excitedly toast each  
other with a large bottle of absinthe.

TOULOUSE

Looks like he got the job.

INT. MOULIN ROUGE. ELEPHANT. NIGHT.

As the song ends we are back inside the Elephant. Satin is  
in Christian's arms. They hold each other's stare. Satin  
softly murmurs.

SATIN

I don't believe it; I'm in love with a  
young, handsome talented Duke.

CLOSE ON: Christian. A horrible realisation.

CHRISTIAN

Duke?

SATIN

Not that the title's important.

CHRISTIAN

I'm not a Duke.

CLOSE ON: Satin.

SATIN

You're not a Duke?

CHRISTIAN

I'm a writer.

SATIN

A writer?

CHRISTIAN

Toulouse thought...

SATIN

Toulouse? Oh no; you're not another of  
Toulouse's oh-so-talented, charmingly  
Bohemian, yet tragically impoverished  
proteges are you?

CHRISTIAN

You might say that.

It is Satin's worst nightmare.

SATIN

Oh no; no, no, no! I'm going to kill him!

32 EXT. MOULIN ROUGE. ELEPHANT. NIGHT.

32

Satie calls to Toulouse.

SATIE

How's it going?

TOULOUSE

I think there might be a small hitch.

33 INT. MOULIN ROUGE. ELEPHANT. NIGHT.

33

CHRISTIAN

Audrey left and Toulouse wanted me to  
audition to write the show.

SATIN

What about The Duke...

(CONTINUED)

Suddenly there is a knock on the door.

ZIDLER (O/S)

My dear, are you decent for The Duke?

As the door bangs open, Satin hisses to Christian.

SATIN

Hide!

Christian leaps behind the food trolley as Zidler appears in the doorway. Zidler mouths frantically to Satin:

ZIDLER

Where have you been?

Satin whispers.

SATIN

Waiting.

Zidler, turning to bring The Duke into the room, is the picture of bonhomie.

ZIDLER

My dear Duke, allow me to introduce Satin: the Sparkling Diamond and star of the forthcoming Moulin Rouge presentation "Spectacular Spectacular".

Satin turns, beaming radiantly.

SATIN

Monsieur, how wonderful of you to take time out of your busy schedule to visit.

The Duke eyes Satin's silk clad form rapaciously.

DUKE

The pleasure, I fear, will be entirely mine my dear.

Zidler backs out like mumsy not wanting to interrupt a first date.

ZIDLER

I'll leave you two squirrels to get better acquainted.

Nearly out the door, Zidler points vigorously at The Duke's back as he mouths silently to Satin:

ZIDLER (cont'd)

Investment!

With a final...

ZIDLER (cont'd)

Tatta!

Zidler shuts the door and The Duke and Satin are seemingly alone.

DUKE

After tonight's pretty exertions you surely must be in need of refreshment...

The Duke turns toward the trolley behind which Christian is hiding. Satin desperately stops him with:

SATIN

Don't you just love the view.

The Duke, perturbed by Satin's strange behaviour resists.

DUKE

My dear I'd like a glass of Champagne!

Christian is now crawling on his hands and knees behind the Duke to the balcony door. The Duke must turn and see him when Satin exclaims sharply.

SATIN

It's a little bit funny!

The Duke turns back to Satin.

DUKE

What is?

Satin, desperately thinking.

SATIN

This feeling, inside.

The Duke a quizzical look. Satin, trying to remember the words.

SATIN (cont'd)

I'm not one of those who can...

Christian, behind the Duke's legs, mouths the words.

SATIN (cont'd)

Easily hide.

CLOSE ON: The Duke engaged by the words.

SATIN (cont'd)

I don't have much money but if I did, I'd buy a big house where we both could live.



Satin desperate, looks at Christian through the Duke's legs, bursts into song.

SATIN (SINGS)

I hope you don't mind  
I hope you don't mind

Satin gently brings The Duke to his feet.

SATIN (SINGS)

That I put down in words  
How wonderful life is now you're in the  
world

A moment of silence. The Duke is transfixed but still blocking Christian's exit to the balcony.

DUKE

That's very beautiful.

SATIN

It's from "Spectacular Spectacular",  
suddenly with you here I finally  
understood the true meaning of those  
words: "How wonderful life is now you're  
in the world."

The Duke is inexplicably moved.

DUKE

What meaning was that my dear?

Suddenly Satin is fighting back tears.

SATIN

Duke, don't toy with my emotions! You  
know the effect you have on women!

CLOSE ON: The Duke, he doesn't but is delighted.

CLOSE ON: Christian, appalled.

Satin suddenly pulls The Duke down to the divan.

SATIN (cont'd)

Let's make love.

The Duke finds himself on top of Satin.

DUKE

Oooh...

Christian stands, but unable to bear the sight of Satin and the Duke on the divan, doesn't leave.

Satin pushes The Duke's face into her breasts while motioning for Christian to get out.

(CONTINUED)

SATIN

You want to make love don't you?

Christian is still not moving. The Duke struggles up for air.

DUKE

Love?

Satin exclaims joyously.

SATIN

I knew you felt the same way!

Pushing The Duke's face back down, Satin emits a strangled scream at Christian which clearly means "Get out or I'll kill you."

The Duke, thinking this is a cry of passion, groans ecstatically.

Satin, seeing Christian won't budge, suddenly changes tack. She holds the Duke's face firmly in both hands.

SATIN (cont'd)

You're right, we should wait.

CLOSE ON: The Duke mystified.

DUKE

Wait?

Christian still will not go. Satin, with sudden inspiration.

SATIN

Yes...wait until opening night.

This is enough for Christian. He exits through the balcony door. Satin leaps to her feet.

SATIN (cont'd)

I don't know what came over me.

The Duke is trying to catch up.

DUKE

But...

Satin turns sharply to the Duke.

SATIN

There's a power in you that scares me.  
You should go.

The Duke, snapping out of it.

DUKE

I just got here.

SATIN

Yes, it'll be torture for us both but we must wait till opening night.

Satin beams love and affection as she pushes The Duke toward the door.

SATIN

We'll see each other everyday during rehearsal.

Satin, suddenly.

SATIN (cont'd)

You are investing aren't you?

CLOSE ON: The Duke trying to contain his excitement.

DUKE

It's a little bit funny this feeling inside.

SATIN

How wonderful life is now you're in the world.

Satin shuts the door on The Duke.

Christian enters. Satin turns angrily on him.

SATIN

Do you have any idea what would happen if...

As Satin's agitation grows she starts to cough.

SATIN (cont'd)

If you were...

Satin stops. She can barely speak.

SATIN (cont'd)

Found...

Suddenly her knees are buckling and Satin is falling. Christian catches her.

34 INT. MOULIN ROUGE. ZIDLER'S OFFICE. NIGHT.

34

Zidler, in his vast office that overlooks the Moulin Rouge, bends to the brass telescope that stands by the window. He murmurs.

(CONTINUED)

ZIDLER

Let's have a peekaboo.

ZIDLER'S POV: In the Elephant window he can see the silhouette of Satin in a man's arms.

ZIDLER (cont'd)

Right on target.

---35---INT. MOULIN ROUGE. ELEPHANT. NIGHT.

35

CLOSE ON: Christian, bewildered; Satin unconscious in his arms. Suddenly the door opens and The Duke is there.

DUKE

I forgot my....

CLOSE ON: The Duke stops, horrified by the sight of Satin in Christian's arms.

DUKE (cont'd)

Foul play?

Satin regains consciousness.

SATIN

Oh Duke.

The Duke, leaping now to an entirely different conclusion, snarls darkly.

DUKE

It's a little bit funny this feeling inside.

Satin, completely unfazed, smiles radiantly.

SATIN

Beautifully spoken Duke, let me introduce the writer.

The Duke looks suspiciously toward Christian.

DUKE

The writer?

SATIN

We were rehearsing.

The Duke mockingly.

DUKE

Do you expect me to believe that scantily clad, in the arms of another man, inside an elephant, in the middle of the night, you were rehearsing?

(CONTINUED)

SUDDENLY: Toulouse bursts in.

TOULOUSE  
How's the rehearsal going?

The Duke watches goggle-eyed as The Argentinian, The Doctor and Satie charge in.

ARGENTINIAN  
Sorry, got held up.

The Doctor offers his absinthe bottle to the Duke.

THE DOCTOR  
Can I offer you a drink?

Satie sits at the little piano.

36 INT. MOULIN ROUGE. ZIDLER'S OFFICE. NIGHT. 36

ZIDLER'S TELESCOPE POV: In the elephant room, he can suddenly see the silhouettes of six men: one of whom appears to be a dwarf.

CLOSE ON: Zidler, horrified.

ZIDLER  
Oh my goodness!

37 INT. MOULIN ROUGE. ELEPHANT. NIGHT. 37

Satin looks adoringly at The Duke.

SATIN  
When you spoke those words so beautifully you made me realise we had a lot of work to do before tomorrow. So I called everyone together for an emergency rehearsal.

The Duke is suddenly suspicious again.

DUKE  
If you're rehearsing, where's Zidler?

SATIN  
I didn't want to bother Harold.

SUDDENLY Zidler enters.

Satin beams delightedly.

SATIN (cont'd)  
Harold, you made it.

(CONTINUED)

Zidler turns desperately to The Duke.

ZIDLER  
Terribly sorry Duke; ...I...

Satin desperately interrupts.

SATIN  
It's alright Harold, The Duke knows all  
about the emergency rehearsal.

Zidler stops.

ZIDLER  
Emergency rehearsal?

SATIN  
To incorporate The Duke's artistic ideas.

Zidler trying to catch up.

ZIDLER  
Artistic... I'm sure Audrey would ...

Toulouse casually.

TOULOUSE  
Audrey's left.

ZIDLER  
He's what!

Satin laughs mischievously.

SATIN  
Harold, the cat's out of the bag. The  
Duke's a big fan of our new writer's  
work. That's why he's so keen to invest.

CLOSE ON: Zidler. He doesn't quite know what's going on but  
he doesn't care.

ZIDLER  
Invest! Oh yes well, invest, you can't  
blame me for trying to hide, ah...

Toulouse prompts:

TOULOUSE  
Christian.

ZIDLER  
Christian away.

DUKE  
I'm way ahead of you Zidler!

Zidler, ushers The Duke from the room.

(CONTINUED)

ZIDLER

Dear Duke why don't we go to my office  
and peruse the paperwork.

DUKE

What's the story?

Zidler is stopped in his tracks.

ZIDLER

Story?

DUKE

I'm to invest, I'll need to know the  
story.

Zidler, desperately grasping for an idea.

ZIDLER

Yes, the story's about...

Zidler turns to Toulouse.

ZIDLER (cont'd)

Toulouse?

TOULOUSE

Well it's about...

Christian leaps in.

CHRISTIAN

It's about love.

CUT TO: Toulouse and Bohemians nodding approvingly.

DUKE

Love?

Christian glances toward Satin.

CHRISTIAN

About love overcoming all obstacles.

Toulouse interjects.

TOULOUSE

It's set in Switzerland.

The Duke is unsure.

DUKE

Switzerland?

Zidler paints the picture.

(CONTINUED)

ZIDLER  
Exotic Switzerland.

Christian taking in the lush Eastern decor of the elephant room, interjects.

CHRISTIAN  
India! It's set in India.

All look toward Christian.

CHRISTIAN (cont'd)  
And there's a Courtesan.

Christian turns to Satin.

CHRISTIAN (cont'd)  
The most beautiful Courtesan in all India. When the kingdom that the Courtesan lives in is invaded by an Evil Maharaja, she must seduce the Maharaja to save the kingdom, but on the night of the seduction, she mistakes a penniless Sitar Player for the Maharaja and falls in love with him.

Christian turns to Satin, hurriedly explaining.

CHRISTIAN (cont'd)  
The sitar player isn't trying to trick her or anything he just happens to be dressed as the Maharaja because he's appearing in a play.

The Argentinian leaps forward, striking intense Tango poses.

ARGENTINIAN  
I will play the penniless, tango dancing sitar player. He will sing like an angel but dance like the devil.

DJKE  
What happens next?

Christian, furiously improvising.

CHRISTIAN  
The sitar player and the Courtesan have to hide their love from the evil Maharaja.

Satie suddenly interjects.

SATIE  
The penniless sitar player's sitar is magical; it can only speak the truth.

(CONTINUED)



Toulouse waddles forward.

TOULOUSE  
I will play the Magical Sitar.

Turning to Satin, Toulouse mimes plucking his own strings.

TOULOUSE (cont'd)  
You are beautiful.  
To Zidler.

TOULOUSE (cont'd)  
You are ugly.

To The Duke.

TOULOUSE (cont'd)  
You are an idi...

Zidler frantically clamps his hand over Toulouse's mouth.  
The Duke turns to Christian.

DUKE  
He gives the game away eh?

Zidler blurts incongruously.

ZIDLER  
Tell him about the Can Can...

Christian desperately improvising.

CHRISTIAN  
Yes, the Tantric Can Can, it's...

Zidler jumps in.

ZIDLER  
An erotic spectacular scene that captures  
the thrusting, violent, vibrant, wild  
Bohemian spirit that this whole  
production embodies Duke!

CLOSE ON: The Duke.

DUKE  
What do you mean by that?

Zidler is caught out.

ZIDLER  
Well... I mean the show will be a  
magnificent, opulent, tremendous,  
stupendous, gargantuan, bedazzlement; a  
sensual ravishment it will be...

(CONTINUED)

ZIDLER (CONT'D) (SINGS)  
Spectacular, spectacular  
No words in the vernacular  
Can describe this great event  
You'll be dumb with wonderment  
Returns are fixed at ten per cent.  
You must agree that's excellent  
And on top, of your fee

ALL (SING)  
You'll be involved artistically  
So exciting

BOHOS/SATIN/CHRISTIAN(SING)  
The audience will stomp and cheer

ALL (SING)  
So delighting

BOHOS/SATIN/CHRISTIAN(SING)  
It will run for fifty years

ALL (SING)  
So exciting  
The audience will stomp and cheer  
So delighting  
It will run for fifty years

ALL (EXCEPT TOULOUSE) (SING)  
So exciting  
The audience will stomp and cheer  
So delighting  
It will run for fifty years

Toulouse grabs an elephant mask from the wall and puts it  
on Zidler.

TOULOUSE (SINGS)  
Elephants

THE DOCTOR (SINGS)  
Bohemians

ZIDLER(SINGS)  
Indians

Satin coyly to The Duke.

SATIN (SINGS)  
and Courtesans

Satie an acrobatic trick while still playing the piano.

SATIE (SINGS)  
Acrobats

The Argentinian, wearing the bear rug, juggles fruit.

(CONTINUED)

ARGENTINIAN (SINGS)  
*and Juggling bears,*

TOULOUSE (SINGS)  
*Exotic Girls.*

The Doctor takes a mouthful of absinthe and igniting it  
from a candle blows a jet of flame into the air.

EVERYONE (BUT THE DOCTOR)  
(SINGS)  
*Fire eaters*

ALL (BUT CHRISTIAN AND  
ARGENTINIAN) (SING)  
*Muscle man*

Satie contortedly plays the piano with his feet.

ALL (BUT CHRISTIAN AND  
ARGENTINIAN) (SING)  
*Contortionists*

The Argentinian shoots Christian with a cork popped from  
the Champagne bottle.

ARGENTINIAN/CHRISTIAN (SING)  
*Intrigue, Danger*

Toulouse grabs the bottle and jumps into The Duke's arms.

TOULOUSE (SINGS)  
*and Romance*

ALL (SING)  
*Electric lights, machinery*

Zidler joyously.

ZIDLER (SINGS)  
*And all that electricity*

ALL (SING)  
*So exciting  
The audience will stomp and cheer  
So delighting  
It will run for fifty years  
So exciting  
The audience will stomp and cheer  
So delighting  
It will run for fifty years  
Spectacular, spectacular  
No words in the vernacular  
Can describe this great event  
You'll be dumb with wonderment*

TOULOUSE (SINGS)  
*Beautifully artistical*

(CONTINUED)

CLOSE ON: The Doctor's eyes spinning in his head.

THE DOCTOR (SINGS)  
*Chemically mystical ..*

Satie suddenly performs an incredibly dazzling but almost unbearably discordant arpeggio on the piano.

SATIE (SINGS)  
*Musically eclectic*

The Argentinian triumphantly jumps on top of the piano

ARGENTINIAN (SINGS)  
*Bohemian Spectactical!*

ALL (SING)  
*The hills are alive with the sound of music.*

ALL (SING)  
*So exciting  
The audience will stomp and cheer  
So delighting  
It will run for fifty years  
So exciting  
The audience will stomp and cheer  
So delighting  
It will run for fifty years*

DUKE  
*But what happens in the end?*

CHRISTIAN (SINGS)  
*The Courtesan and Sitar man...  
Are pulled apart by an evil plan*

SATIN (SINGS)  
*But in the end she hears his song*

CHRISTIAN (SINGS)  
*And their love is just too strong*

Suddenly, all eyes are on The Duke as he half-sings, feelingly to Satin.

DUKE (SINGS)  
*It's a little bit funny this feeling  
inside.*

The number carries on as if nothing has happened. Magically Toulouse and The Bohemians make drapes fall so they look like theatre curtains.

ALL (SING)  
*So exciting  
The audience will stomp and cheer  
(more)*

(CONTINUED)

ALL (cont'd)

*So delighting  
It will run for fifty years*

The Argentinian and Satin act out the scene, framed by the drapes as if they are onstage.

CHRISTIAN (SINGS)

*The sitar player's secret song  
Helps them flee the evil one*

Using cloth as an elaborate turban, bedspread as cloak, a butter knife as sword and silver dish cover as shield, Zidler dresses himself as the Evil Maharaja.

CHRISTIAN (SINGS)

*Though the tyrant rents and rails  
It is all to no avail*

Zidler suddenly launches into an incredibly hammy, interpretation of The Maharaja.

ZIDLER

*I am the evil Maharaja, you will not  
escape!*

A moment of stunned silence, all look toward Zidler.

SATIN

*Oh Harold, no-one could play him like you  
could.*

Zidler, indignant.

ZIDLER

*No-one's going to.*

ALL (SING)

*So exciting  
The audience will stomp and cheer  
So delighting  
It will run for fifty years  
So exciting  
We'll make them laugh, we'll make them  
cry.  
So delighting*

CLOSE ON: The Duke, very still.

DUKE

*In the end should someone die?*

All ignore The Duke.

ALL (SING)

*So exciting  
The audience will stomp and cheer  
So delighting  
It will run for fifty years!*

(CONTINUED)

Christian, Satin, Toulouse, The Argentinian, The Doctor, Satie, and Zidler sing as they form the incredible final tableau.

The number peaks into a climactic show stopping finale.

BANG! Silence. All eyes are fixed on The Duke. With perfect, complete stillness, they wait for his response.

CLOSE ON: The Duke. He considers.

DUKE

Generally, I like it.

An explosion of cheers and screams as everyone goes berserk. The Bohemians congratulate their new writer.

SUPER FAST ZOOM: Out of the elephant to...

37A EXT. MOULIN ROUGE. ELEPHANT. NIGHT.

37A

Silhouetted in the blazing windows of the elephant, everyone jumps for joy.

We hear Christian's voice-over.

CHRISTIAN V/O

Zidler had an investor and The Bohemians had a show.

\*\*\*PLEASE NOTE: THERE ARE NO SCENES 38,39,40,41\*\*\*

42 EXT. TOULOUSE LAUTREC'S STUDIO/CHRISTIAN'S GARRET. NIGHT. 42

Toulouse's rooftop studio is ablaze with light.

CRANE: Through the window and past the wildly partying Toulouse, Bohemians, Le Chocolat, Le Petomane, Nini, M<sup>me</sup> Fromage and the Can Can girls.

CHRISTIAN V/O (CONT'D)

While the celebration party raged upstairs I tried to write...

CRANE: Down through the hole in the studio floor and into Christian's garret...

43 INT. CHRISTIAN'S GARRET. NIGHT.

43

We see Christian's typewriter abandoned on the desk. The sheet of paper in the typewriter has SPECTACULAR SPECTACULAR written at the top. The rest of the page is completely blank.

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTIAN V/O (CONT'D)  
But all I could think about was her.

TRACK: Out onto the balcony.

CHRISTIAN V/O (CONT'D)  
Had the Courtesan mistakenly fallen in  
love with the Penniless Sitar player; or  
had it all been an act?

44 EXT. CHRISTIAN'S GARRET. BALCONY. NIGHT.

44

Christian, leaning against the "L'Amour sign, looks toward  
the silhouette of the Moulin Rouge. He gently serenades the  
night.

CHRISTIAN (SINGS)  
*How wonderful life is now you're in the  
world...*

44A INT. MOULIN ROUGE. ELEPHANT. NIGHT.

44A

Satin, alone in the little elephant room, turns out the  
last lamp.

She moves toward the door but stops. The props used to  
pitch the show to The Duke still litter the floor. As she  
gazes at them, she hears Christian's voice in her head.

CHRISTIAN V/O  
She mistakes a Penniless Sitar Player for  
the Maharaja and falls in love with him.

Lit now only by moonlight. Satin whispers:

SATIN  
I follow the night, can't stand the light  
As a simple orchestration builds, Satin sings as she moves  
out onto the elephant balcony.

SATIN (SINGS)  
*When will I begin to live again?*

45 EXT. MOULIN ROUGE. ELEPHANT BALCONY. NIGHT.

45

Satin sings to the night.

SATIN (SINGS) (CONT'D)  
*One day I'll fly away, leave all this to  
yesterday.  
What more could your love do for me  
When will love be through with me  
(More)*

(CONTINUED)

SATIN (cont'd)

Why live life from dream to dream and  
dread the day when dreaming ends  
One day I'll fly away  
Leave all this to yesterday  
Why live life from dream to dream and  
dread the day when dreaming ends  
One day I'll fly away

She whispers.

SATIN (cont'd)

Fly fly away.

Satin turns. She is startled; Christian is there.

He is nervous.

CHRISTIAN

I'm sorry, I just... I couldn't sleep. I  
wanted to... thank you. For helping me  
get the job.

Satin is cool.

SATIN

Toulouse is right, you are talented.

CLOSE ON: Christian staring back.

CHRISTIAN

I...

Satin breaks the moment.

SATIN

I'd better go, big day tomorrow.

Satin moves off, Christian stops her with:

CHRISTIAN

Wait.

Satin turns.

CHRISTIAN (cont'd)

I know before, you thought I was a Duke,  
but I was just wondering; was it all...

Christian is suddenly looking into Satin's eyes.

CHRISTIAN (cont'd)

...an act?

Satin meets Christian's gaze.

SATIN

Yes.



CLOSE ON: Christian covering his embarrassment.

CHRISTIAN

Yeah, of course, I mean... I knew you wouldn't really fall in love with someone like me.

Satin smiles.

SATIN

I don't 'fall in love' with anyone.

CLOSE ON: Christian taking this in.

CHRISTIAN

Why?

SATIN

I'm a career girl. I'm not going to be a Can Can dancer all my life. I'm going to be an actress. London, New York, Moscow. One day I'm going to be someone. If I fall in love with a man, the jealousy would drive him mad; and he wouldn't let me do what I have to do to fly away.

CLOSE ON: Christian considering this.

CHRISTIAN

A life without love; that's terrible.

Satin looks at Christian with simple honesty.

SATIN

It's better than never being able to fly away.

CHRISTIAN

But love is like oxygen, it's a many splendoured thing, love lifts us up where we belong, all you need is love.

Satin. strong.

SATIN

Don't start that again.

Christian sings.

CHRISTIAN (SINGS)

Love, love, love.

SATIN

Please don't do that.

Satin, irritated, moves away. Christian, charming, pursues her.

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTIAN (SINGS)  
Love, love, love.

SATIN  
Now I'm getting angry.

CHRISTIAN (SINGS)  
Love, love, love.

SATIN (SINGS)  
You're crazy

CHRISTIAN (SINGS)  
All you need is love

SATIN (SINGS)  
A girl has got to eat

CHRISTIAN (SINGS)  
All you need is love

SATIN (SINGS)  
She'll end up on the street

CHRISTIAN (SINGS)  
All you need is love

SATIN (SINGS)  
Love is just a game

CHRISTIAN (SINGS)  
I was made for loving you baby  
You were made for loving me

SATIN (SINGS)  
The only way of loving me baby  
Is to pay a lovely fee

Christian pleads.

CHRISTIAN (SINGS)  
Just one night,  
Give me just one night

SATIN (SINGS)  
There's no way  
Cause you can't pay

Christian throws himself to his knees.

CHRISTIAN (SINGS)  
In the name of love  
One night in the name of love

SATIN (SINGS)  
You crazy fool  
I won't give in to you

(CONTINUED)

Satin tries to leave. Christian stops her with:

CHRISTIAN (SINGS)

Don't leave me this way  
I can't survive without your sweet love  
Oh baby don't leave me this...

Satin turns on Christian.

SATIN (SINGS)

You'd think people would have had enough  
of silly love songs

Christian smiles.

CHRISTIAN (SINGS)

I look around me and I see it isn't so,  
ah no

Satin sighs.

SATIN (SINGS)

Some people want to fill the world with  
silly love songs

Christian unstoppably charming.

CHRISTIAN (SINGS)

And what's wrong with that?  
I'd like to know  
'Cause here I go again

Christian heroically leaps up onto the railing of the  
balcony as he sings:

SATIN

No!

CHRISTIAN (SINGS)

Love lifts us up where we belong.

SATIN

No get down.

CHRISTIAN (SINGS)

Where eagles cry  
On a mountain high

Satin will not surrender.

SATIN (SINGS)

Love makes us act like we are fools,  
Throw our lives away  
For one happy day

Christian sings to the stars.

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTIAN (SINGS)

We could be heroes  
Just for one day!

Satin won't give in.

SATIN (SINGS)

You, you will be mean  
And I, I'll drink all the time

Christian, sweetly, relentlessly, pursues her.

CHRISTIAN (SINGS)

We should be lovers

SATIN (SINGS)

We can't do that.

CHRISTIAN (SINGS)

We should be lovers  
And that is that

Satin is melting.

SATIN (SINGS)

Though nothing  
Will keep us together

CHRISTIAN (SINGS)

We could steal time

Satin turns and looks into Christian's eyes.

CHRISTIAN/SATIN (SING)

Just for one day

Christian and Satin now sing together.

CHRISTIAN/SATIN (SING)

We can be heroes  
For ever and ever  
We can be heroes  
For ever and ever  
We can be heroes

A final joyous exclamation of love.

CHRISTIAN (SINGS)

Just because I,  
Will always love you

SATIN (SINGS)

I...

Satin and Christian are united. It is the identical image  
from the end of "Your Song".

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTIAN/SATIN (SING)

Can't help loving you

SATIN (SINGS)

How wonderful life is

CHRISTIAN/SATIN (SING)

Now you're in the world!

Christian and Satin are very close. They kiss. It's long, slow and passionate.

As Satin and Christian sink to the cushioned floor of the balcony, Christian breathes through the kiss.

CHRISTIAN

I promise I won't be jealous.

Satin, a breathless reply.

SATIN

You're going to be bad for business. I can tell.

As Christian and Satin disappear from frame...

PUSH: Out over the Moulin and up toward Toulouse's Studio.

46 EXT. MOULIN ROUGE. TOULOUSE'S STUDIO BALCONY. NIGHT. 46

Toulouse sits alone on the little studio balcony. Through the window behind him we can see The Doctor, Satie and The Argentinian asleep on the bed. Wreckage from the party litters the studio and one or two revellers are passed out on the floor.

CLOSE ON: Toulouse. Gazing down toward the Moulin, he wistfully sings.

TOULOUSE (SINGS)

How wonderful life is when you're in the world.

\*\*\*PLEASE NOTE: SCENE 47 HAS BEEN DELETED\*\*\*

48 INT. MOULIN ROUGE. MAIN HALL. DAY. 48

CLOSE ON: An electric light bulb.

We hear Zidler's voice.

ZIDLER

To some of you that may look merely like the very latest in illuminatory design...

(CONTINUED)

**FULL BACK:** Zidler, coat draped over his shoulders like some great man of the theatre, addresses the full company.

**ZIDLER (cont'd)**

But for the next eight weeks that incandescent globe will become your sun, your moon, your stars. It will look down upon us poor foolish disciples of Thespis...

**Outraged, Nini interjects.**

**NINI**

Steady on!

Zidler turns a withering eye to Nini.

**ZIDLER**

Not Lesbos Nini; Thespis, the god of dramatic arts. It will look down upon us disciples of Thespis and watch the drama unfold. There will be broken hearts and broken teeth, tired limbs and exhausted imaginations, but at the end of those eight weeks, with the good grace of our generous patron...

**CLOSE ON:** The Duke. A puppy dog smirk toward Satin. Satin returns a loving smile. The Duke blushes.

**PAN:** Past the Duke to realise that Satin's smile was secretly aimed at Christian.

**ZIDLER (cont'd)**

Our beloved Moulin will be transformed into a theatre!

**WIDE SHOT:** The Moulin, magically transformed into a theatre complete with red curtain.

The red curtain parts to reveal Zidler's monstrously huge, beaming face. We realise we have been looking at a model.

**ZIDLER (cont'd)**

And we will create the world's first, completely modern, entirely electric, totally Bohemian, all singing, all dancing stage spectacular!

With this a giant demolition ball explodes through the back wall of the main hall and spews dust and debris over the entire company.

**SLAM ZOOM:** On an excited, dust-covered Zidler.

**ZIDLER (cont'd)**

The show must go on!

(CONTINUED)

A brassy, show-stopping orchestration of THE SHOW MUST GO ON plays as we DISSOLVE TO:

48A INT. MOULIN ROUGE. MAIN HALL. DAY.

48A

Nini, Môme and the girls struggling with the Tantric Can Can. Zidler directs. The Can Can girls wipe frame.

PUSH PAST: The Can Can girls to see.

Toulouse painting a backdrop as workmen tear the building apart.

Satie conducting a gaggle of alternate musicians.

The Doctor desperately tries to tune the smoking electromagnetica machine.

The Argentinian, Satin and Zidler rehearse while Christian frantically makes pencil adjustments to his script. The Argentinian declares:

ARGENTINIAN

Fear not we will conduct our love affair  
right under the Maharaja's...

SUDDENLY: The Argentinian collapses unconscious.

Zidler throws up his hands in despair.

The Argentinian suddenly regains consciousness.

ARGENTINIAN (cont'd)

Alright, no problem, go back to your  
work!

ZIDLER

Honestly amigo, this is impossible!

The Duke shakes his head and smiles inanely at Satin. Warner sits in the shadows behind him. Satin returns a loving smile.

TRACK: Past The Duke to see the smile was secretly aimed at Christian.

The SHOW MUST GO ON plays as the struggling Can Can Girls wipe frame.

\*\*\*PLEASE NOTE: THERE IS NO SCENE 49\*\*\*

50 INT. CHRISTIAN'S GARRET. NIGHT.

50

Satin and Christian lie naked on the floor in a tangle of sheets.

(CONTINUED)

They make love.

CRANE: Up from Christian and Satin, through the hole in Christian's roof and into...

50A INT. TOULOUSE'S STUDIO. NIGHT.

50A

Toulouse's studio is littered with champagne bottles and other evidence of carousal. Jammed in the little bed Toulouse, The Doctor, Satie and The Argentinian are fast asleep.

The SHOW MUST GO ON plays as we DISSOLVE TO:

\*\*\*PLEASE NOTE: SCENE 51 HAS BEEN DELETED\*\*\*

52 INT. TOULOUSE'S STUDIO. NIGHT.

52

Toulouse drunkenly cooks up a storm in the studio kitchen. Satin, also drinking, coaches from the sidelines. Christian, reading from typewritten pages, leaps around the room acting out the scene for them.

CHRISTIAN

"For curing me of my ridiculous obsession with love", screams the Sitar Player as he throws money at the Courtesan's feet. He is leaving the kingdom forever.

Satin, who has been hanging on every word, responds.

SATIN

Oh no, he's not going to live a life without love?

CHRISTIAN

Yes, but suddenly the Magic Sitar...!

Toulouse calls excitedly while busily dishing up food.

TOULOUSE

That's my part!

CHRISTIAN

Who can only speak truth, appears and says...

Toulouse, holding plates of steaming food, jumps in.

TOULOUSE

I know! Magic Sitar who can only speak truth says; "dinner's ready".

The SHOW MUST GO ON plays as we DISSOLVE TO:

(CONTINUED)



The girls wipe frame with an impressive Tantric Can Can.

\*\*\*PLEASE NOTE: THERE IS NO SCENE 53 and 54\*\*\*

55 EXT. CHRISTIAN'S GARRET. DAY.

55

Christian is typing furiously. On the balcony of the garret Satin leans on the "L" of the "L'Amour" sign. The Moulin Rouge is below, the Sacre Coeur in the distance. Christian rips the page from the typewriter.

Walking toward Satin, Christian acts out the scene as he reads.

CHRISTIAN

The sitar player takes the Courtesan in his arms and, joined by the people of the kingdom, they sing together of Truth, Beauty, Freedom and, above all things, Love...The End.

Christian looks to Satin, but she has turned away.

CHRISTIAN (cont'd)

What's wrong?

Satin smiles sadly.

SATIN

It's beautiful, but things don't end that way. Our story's not going to end that way.

Satin looks away from Christian, out over the lights of Paris.

SATIN (cont'd)

On opening night I'm going to sleep with The Duke...

CHRISTIAN

I know that.

SATIN

I'm going to sleep with The Duke and the jealousy will drive you mad whatever you feel now will be forgotten.

CHRISTIAN

Then...I'll write a song and I'll put it in the show so no matter how bad things seem, no matter what happens, whenever I hear you sing it, or hum it, or whistle it, or tap it out...

Christian taps out the tune on the L'Amour sign.

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTIAN (cont'd)

It'll remind me that...  
I never knew I could feel like this. It's  
like I've never seen the sky before. I  
want to vanish inside your kiss.

The orchestra joins and Christian's words seamlessly  
transform into song.

CHRISTIAN (SINGS)

Every day I'm loving you more and more  
Listen to my heart, can you hear it sing?  
Telling me to give you everything  
Seasons may change, winter to spring,  
but I love you to the end of time  
Come what may  
Come what may  
I will love you until my dying day.

56 INT. MOULIN ROUGE. MAIN HALL. DAY.

56

The main hall, covered in scaffolding, is lit by a single  
work light. Toulouse looks down from painting his backdrop.  
Satin, Christian and The Argentinian gather around Satie  
who creates an ethereal melody by plucking the strings of  
the piano. The Duke and Zidler look on. As the Argentinian  
and Satin now sing...

CHRISTIAN (SINGS)

Listen to these words when we hear  
this song  
We'll know what we've known all  
along  
Jealousy and anger suddenly are gone  
Cause you love me until the end of  
time  
And come what may, come what may  
I will love you until my dying day

CUT TO: The Duke watching intensely.

Nini, leaning across to the Duke, whispers.

NINI

This ending's silly. Why would the  
courtesan go for that penniless writer?

CLOSE ON: The Duke. He looks sharply to Nini.  
Nini, a vicious titter.

NINI (cont'd)

Whoops. I mean, Sitar player.

CLOSE ON: The Duke following Nini's gaze to Christian.

SUPER TIGHT: The Duke. Nini's words ring in his ears.

(CONTINUED)

NINI V/O (cont'd)  
Penniless writer.

His face darkens.

DISSOLVE TO:

56A EXT. CHRISTIAN'S GARRET. DAY.

56A

Christian and Satin now back on the balcony of Christian's garret, sing together.

SATIN/CHRISTIAN (SING)  
Come what may  
I will love you until my dying day

WIDE SHOT: Satin and Christian kiss in front of the "L'Amour" sign.

DISSOLVE TO:

57 INT. MOULIN ROUGE. ZIDLER'S OFFICE. DAY.

57

CLOSE ON: The Duke. He smiles through the storm within.

DUKE (cont'd)  
I must be her single, her solitary, her only patron. Her only patron: do I make myself clear?

ZIDLER  
As crystal, Duke.

The Duke pauses, smiling delicately.

DUKE  
It's not that I'm a jealous man.

Suddenly The Duke's mouth contorts into a hideous snarl as he crushes his hat.

DUKE (cont'd)  
It's just that I don't like other people touching my things!

CLOSE ON: Zidler shocked. He speaks slowly.

ZIDLER  
I completely understand Duke.

58 INT. MOULIN ROUGE. MAIN HALL/STAGE. DAY.

58

CLOSE ON: The Argentinian and Satin kissing onstage.

(CONTINUED)

The full cast reprise:

CAST (SING)

Come what may come what may.

Christian sits watching, smiling.

CLOSE ON: The Duke watching intently.

ALL (SING)

Come what may

SATIN/ARGENTINIAN (SING)

I will love you

ALL (SING)

Come what may

SATIN/ARGENTINIAN (SING)

Yes, I will love you

ALL (SING)

Come what may

SATIN/ARGENTINIAN (SING)

I will love you until my dying day

A final tumultuous chord.

SUDDENLY a cold, hard voice cuts through.

DUKE

I don't like this ending.

All eyes turn to The Duke who now stands in the middle of the hall. Zidler is flabbergasted as The Duke continues.

DUKE (cont'd)

Why shouldn't the Courtesan choose the Maharaja, he is offering a lifetime of security: that's real love!

The Duke is now speaking directly to Satin.

DUKE (cont'd)

Once the Penniless Sitar Player has satisfied his lust, he will leave The Courtesan with nothing. I suggest that in the end the Courtesan choose the Maharaja.

CLOSE ON: Christian barely able restrain himself.

Leaning down from the stage, Toulouse splutters:

(CONTINUED)

TONLOUSE

Sorry, that ending doesn't uphold the Bohemian ideal of truth, beaut....

The Duke's anger explodes.

DUKE

I don't care about your ridiculous dogma! Why shouldn't the Courtesan choose The Maharaja?

Christian's anger erupts.

CHRISTIAN

Because she doesn't love you...

A moment of shocked silence. All eyes turn to Christian as he hurriedly back tracks.

CHRISTIAN (cont'd)

...him.

CLOSE ON: The Duke. A hardening suspicion.

DUKE

Oh I see.

The Duke turns to Zidler icily.

DUKE (cont'd)

Monsieur Zidler, this ending will be rewritten with the Courtesan choosing the Maharaja and without the lover's secret song. It will be rehearsed in the morning ready for the opening tomorrow night! Do I make myself clear?

Zidler is horrified.

ZIDLER

But...

Suddenly Satin's voice cuts through.

SATIN

Harold, the poor Duke is being treated appallingly.

Satin flashes her most radiant smile at The Duke.

SATIN (cont'd)

Why don't you and I have a little supper and afterwards we can let Monsieur Zidler know how we would prefer this story to end.

CLOSE ON: The Duke, the anger draining from his face.

59 INT. MOULIN ROUGE. CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

59

Satin is hurrying toward the stairs that lead down to her dressing room.

Christian appears and drags her into the shadows.

CHRISTIAN

I don't want you to sleep with him.

CLOSE ON: Satin, gently.

SATIN

He could destroy everything.  
It's for the show...for us.

Christian struggles to answer.

SATIN (cont'd)

You promised. You promised not to be  
jealous...

There is a kerfuffle at the end of the hall.

SATIN (cont'd)

I must go. The Duke's waiting.

Satin is close to Christian.

SATIN (cont'd) (SINGS)

*Come what may.*

CLOSE ON: Christian. A long moment, then, fighting the  
pair, he meets Satin's gaze.

CHRISTIAN

*Come what may.*

Christian abruptly moves off.

CLOSE ON: Satin. She is strangely still. She fights the  
convulsion that builds from within.

Gasping for air, Satin desperately struggles down the  
stairs toward the sanctuary of her dressing room. As she  
reaches the bottom of the stairs she begins to cough and  
cannot stop.

Desperately fighting to support herself, Satin staggers,  
her legs will not hold her.

Le Chocolat and La Petite Princess emerge from a tiny room  
below the stairs and run to Satin as she collapses to the  
floor.

(CONTINUED)

LE CHOCOLAT  
Mademoiselle Satin!

HOLD: On Satin, unconscious on the floor.

\*\*\*PLEASE NOTE: THERE ARE NO SCENES 59A/1 & 59A/2\*\*\*

60 INT. MOULIN ROUGE. GOTHIC TOWER. NIGHT. 60

The Gothic Tower is a huge Gothic-styled room.

The Duke sits alone at the end of a long table laid out for a magnificent supper. Very still, he waits.

DISSOLVE TO:

\*\*\* PLEASE NOTE: SCENE 61 HAS BEEN DELETED \*\*\*

62 INT. MOULIN ROUGE. MAIN HALL. NIGHT. 62

The cast, chorus and orchestra wait in the main hall to resume rehearsal.

63 INT. MOULIN ROUGE. ZIDLER'S OFFICE. NIGHT 63

Zidler peers through his telescope.

ZIDLER'S POV: The Duke waiting alone in the Gothic Tower.

Zidler is agitated.

ZIDLER  
Where is she!

64 INT. MOULIN ROUGE. STAR DRESSING ROOM. NIGHT. 64

CLOSE ON: A hypodermic syringe entering a vein.

FULLBACK: A DOCTOR is giving Satin an injection.

Marie and Le Chocolat look on.

Marie enquires, hopefully.

MARIE  
Do you think she'll be up and about tonight?

DOCTOR  
Tomorrow morning at the earliest.

Zidler bursts into the dressing room. He can only see Le Chocolat and Marie, Satin is lying behind the screen.

(CONTINUED)

ZIDLER

Where the bloody hell is she!

Marie hushes Zidler. He approaches questioningly.

Once in the room Zidler can see Satin and the Doctor behind the screen.

ZIDLER (cont'd)

Oh my goodness!

Drawing Marie aside Zidler whispers urgently.

ZIDLER (cont'd)

What's wrong with her.

MARIE

She's sick Harold.

ZIDLER

I can see that, but The Duke's waiting;  
is it serious?

The Doctor emerges from behind the screen. Zidler,  
pointedly excluding Le Chocolat, pulls the Doctor aside.

ZIDLER (cont'd)

How long before she's well?

The doctor looks blankly at Zidler.

ZIDLER (cont'd)

When's she going to be better?

The Doctor speaks slowly.

DOCTOR

Monsieur Zidler, Mademoiselle Satin is  
dying.

CLOSE ON: Zidler.

ZIDLER

What?

CLOSE ON: Marie. She crosses herself as she murmurs.

MARIE

Blessed mother.

Zidler is in shock.

ZIDLER

My little sparrow, dying?

CLOSE ON: Zidler whispers to himself.



ZIDLER (cont'd)  
But The Duke...

Zidler turns again to the Doctor.

ZIDLER (cont'd)  
How long... I mean; how long has she?

DOCTOR  
A few months, maybe less.

CLOSE ON: Zidler as this sinks in. Zidler, conspiratorially to the Doctor.

ZIDLER  
No one must know, her position here, you understand.

DOCTOR  
Of course.

Zidler turns to Marie, whispering:

ZIDLER  
She mustn't know Marie. The show must go on.

Zidler turns back to the doctor.

ZIDLER (CONT'D)  
Is there something you can do, to get her through tonight?

Suddenly SM bursts in.

SM  
The Duke's leaving.

SLAM: Into Zidler's face. It explodes into tears.

PULL OUT: We are in the Gothic Tower.

65 INT. GOTHIC TOWER. NIGHT.

65

ZIDLER  
She's confessing!

The Duke rises as his anger explodes.

DUKE  
Confessing? What kind of fool do you take me for Zidler!

ZIDLER  
She suddenly had a terrible desire to go to a priest and confess her sins.

(CONTINUED)

The Duke heads for the door.

DUKE  
Find another backer for your tawdry  
little show!

Zidler grovels like a true professional.

ZIDLER  
She wanted to be cleansed of her former  
life, she looks upon tonight as her...

The Duke is out the door. Zidler; a pathetically desperate  
plea.

ZIDLER (cont'd)  
...her wedding night!

CLOSE ON: The Duke. He gives nothing away, but this stops  
him.

DUKE  
Wedding night?

Zidler cautiously approaches The Duke.

ZIDLER  
She's like a blushing bride...that a  
great man such as yourself wants her only  
for himself.

Zidler leans close.

ZIDLER (cont'd)  
The thing is dear chap, she says you make  
her feel like a... like a... like a  
virgin.

CLOSE ON: The Duke. The image is appealing.

DUKE  
Virgin?

Zidler slowly draws The Duke back into the room.

ZIDLER  
You know; touched, for the very first  
time.

The Duke is desperately trying to stop his lips from  
quivering.

DUKE  
For the first...

CLOSE ON: Zidler.

ZIDLER

She says it feels so good... inside, when  
you hold her, when you touch her...

CLOSE ON: The Duke. He repeats the words like a magic  
spell.

DUKE

Like a virgin?

Zidler leans close.

ZIDLER

She's made it through the wilderness  
Somehow she made it through  
Didn't know how lost she was  
(gently singing)  
Until she found you.  
She was best, incomplete  
She'd been had, she was sad and blue  
But you made her feel  
Yes, you made her feel  
Shiny and new

As the chorus explodes, waiters bearing trays laden with  
food burst into the room. They suggestively serve food as  
they sing:

WAITERS/ZIDLER (SING)

Like a virgin  
Touched for the very first time  
Like a virgin  
When your hearts beat, both in time.

Zidler dances into the middle of the building number.

ZIDLER (SINGS)

Gonna give you all her love,  
Her fear is fading fast  
Bear saving it all for you  
'Cause only love can last.

Zidler coyly turns down the sheets of the bed in the corner  
of the room. The waiters plump up the pillows.

ZIDLER (CONT'D) (SINGS)

She's so fine and she's mine  
She'll be yours till the end of time  
Cause you made her feel  
Yes, you made her feel  
She has nothing to hide

Zidler plays the coy virgin as the waiters chase him around  
the room.

WAITERS/ZIDLER (SING)

Like a virgin  
Touched for the very first time  
Like a virgin  
When your hearts beat, both in time.  
Like a virgin,  
Feels so good inside  
When you hold her and you touch her  
Woah  
Woah

The Duke, fingering the bed sheets, sings with quiet intensity.

DUKE (SINGS)

She's so fine and she's mine  
Makes me strong, yes she makes me bold  
Oh her love thawed out  
Yes, her love thawed out  
What was scared and cold!  
(spoken)  
One, two, three.

ALL (SING)

Like a virgin

DUKE (SINGS)

Touched for the very first time

ALL (SING)

Like a virgin

DUKE (SINGS)

When your hearts beat, both in time.

ALL (SING)

Like a virgin.

DUKE (SINGS)

Feels so good inside

DUKE/ZIDLER (SING)

When you hold her and you touch her  
When you hold her and you touch her

ALL (SING)

Like a Virgin; Yeah!

CLOSE ON: The Duke, deep in his reverie of desire.

Suddenly, Satin glides into the room. Stunningly pale, she is like a beautiful but delicate, otherworldly vision.

CLOSE ON: Satin. With quiet sincerity, she speaks.

(CONTINUED)

SATIN

My dear Duke, I hope I have not kept you waiting?

The Duke smiles like a lustful puppy dog.

DUKE

Not at all my dear. Leave us Zidler.

Zidler backs quietly out.

ZIDLER

Take your time, I'll keep rehearsals chugging along downstairs.

65A INT. MOULIN ROUGE. MAIN HALL. NIGHT.

65A

CLOSE ON: Christian drinks sullenly.

The Doctor, the Argentinian, Satie and Toulouse huddle around him in a booth.

Suddenly Nini throws herself into Christian's lap.

NINI

Don't worry Shakespeare, you'll get your endin': once The Duke gets his end in!

Christian snaps and pushes Nini aside. She crashes to the ground, screaming:

NINI

Hey!

Coming to the rescue, The Argentinian plucks Nini from the floor.

CLOSE ON: The Argentinian.

ARGENTINIAN

Never fall in love with a woman who sells herself, it always ends bad.

\*\*\* PLEASE NOTE: SCENE 66 IS NOW DELETED \*\*\*

67 INT. MOULIN ROUGE. GOTHIC TOWER. NIGHT.

67

CLOSE ON: Satin's careless laughter.

SATIN

The boy has a ridiculous obsession with me. I indulge his fantasy because he's talented. We need him, but only until opening night.

(CONTINUED)

\*\*\* PLEASE NOTE: SCENE 68 HAS BEEN DELETED \*\*\*

69 INT. MOULIN ROUGE. MAIN HALL. NIGHT. 69

The Argentinian leads Nini onto the floor. Satie and the other musicians play the haunting opening bars of the Tango.

ARGENTINIAN

We have a dance in the brothels of Buenos Aires that tells the story of the prostitute...

With a flourish, The Argentinian takes Nini into dance position.

ARGENTINIAN (cont'd)

And the man who falls in love with her.

Nini and The Argentinian glide into the Tango. The dance is taut, dangerous and sensual.

The Argentinian calls above the music.

ARGENTINIAN (cont'd)

First there is desire.

CLOSE ON: Christian watching the dance.

The dance becomes stronger.

ARGENTINIAN (cont'd)

Then passion.

There is tension in the dance.

Christian stares.

ARGENTINIAN (cont'd)

Then suspicion.

The Argentinian and Nini dance with violent intensity.

ARGENTINIAN (cont'd)

Jealousy, anger, betrayal...!

The Argentinian casts Nini aside.

ARGENTINIAN (cont'd)

When love is for the highest bidder,  
there is no trust...  
Without trust, there is no love...

The Argentinian savagely calls.

ARGENTINIAN (cont'd)  
Jealousy, yes jealousy, will drive you...

69A INT. MOULIN ROUGE. GOTHIC TOWER. NIGHT.

69A

CLOSE ON: The Duke speaks slowly and simply.

DUKE

Do you swear there is nothing between you  
and the boy?

Satin meets his gaze.

SATIN

A penniless writer...how can you even  
imagine it?

Satin gently kisses The Duke.

69B INT. MOULIN ROUGE. MAIN HALL. NIGHT.

69B

ARGENTINIAN

...Mad!

With sudden, vicious violence, The Argentinian mimes  
stabbing Nini.

As Nini slips slowly to the floor, The Argentinian sings:

ARGENTINIAN (SINGS)

Roxanne, you don't have to wear that  
dress tonight  
Walk the streets for money, you don't  
care if it's wrong or if it's right.

As The Argentinian sings, couples get up and repeat the  
jealousy tango.

ARGENTINIAN (CONT'D) (SINGS)

Roxanne you don't have to do your hair  
tonight  
Roxanne, you don't have to sell your  
body to the night.

CLOSE ON: Christian as he softly sings.

CHRISTIAN (SINGS)

His eyes upon your face  
His hand upon your hand  
His lips caress your skin  
It's more than I can stand

Christian walks through the dancers out toward the garden.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D) (SINGS)

Why does my heart cry?  
Feelings I can't fight  
You're free to leave me  
But just don't deceive me  
And please believe me  
When I say I love you...

\*\*\*PLEASE NOTE: SCENES 70 TO 78 HAVE BEEN DELETED\*\*\*

79 INT. MOULIN ROUGE. GOTHIC TOWER. NIGHT.

79

The Duke moves around Satin in an almost imperceptible tango.

DUKE

Once this production succeeds you will no longer be a Can Can dancer but an actress. I can make you a star.

The Duke snaps open an exquisite velvet jewel case.

CLOSE ON: An extraordinary diamond neck-piece.

DUKE (cont'd)

I'll grant your every wish.

CLOSE ON: Satin. Light reflected from the jewels plays across her face.

SATIN

Oh my goodness.

DUKE

Accept it as a symbol of this Maharaja's love for his Courtesan.

The Duke tries to fasten the piece around Satin's neck. Drawing away, Satin murmurs.

SATIN

And the ending?

CLOSE ON: The Duke. A condescending smile.

DUKE

Let Zidler keep his fairy tale ending.

The Duke begins once again to encase Satin's white neck with the jewel.

80 EXT. MOULIN ROUGE. GARDEN. NIGHT.

80

Christian now in the garden sings up to the Gothic Tower.

(CONTINUED)



CHRISTIAN (SINGS)

Why does my heart cry?  
Feelings I can't fight  
You're free to leave me  
But just don't deceive me  
And please believe me when I say I love  
you.

Christian turns and walks towards the exit from the garden  
to the street.

81 INT. MOULIN ROUGE. GOTHIC TOWER. NIGHT.

81

Satin can see Christian in the garden below. As The Duke  
slowly unbuttons her dress, he nuzzles her naked shoulders.

CLOSE ON: Satin. The word leaps out.

SATIN

No!

CLOSE ON: The Duke, stunned.

SUPER TIGHT: Satin. Almost in a whisper, she sings her  
inner monologue

SATIN (SINGS)

Come what may, I will love you until my  
dying day...

CLOSE ON: The Duke, his face clouding.

DUKE

No?

Looking down, The Duke sees Christian crossing the garden

DUKE (cont'd)

It's our very own penniless sitar player.

SATIN

No dear Duke...

DUKE

Silence!

The Duke speaks with ice-cold horror.

DUKE (cont'd)

You made me believe you loved me.  
Well...I may as well get what I came for.

The Duke rips off the necklace. As he advances toward the  
terrified Satin, he whispers intensely.

DUKE (cont'd) (SINGS)  
His eyes upon your face  
His hand upon your hand  
His lips caress your skin  
It's more than I can stand.

With sudden violence The Duke throws Satin on the bed.

DUKE (cont'd) (SINGS)  
Why does my heart cry?  
Feelings I can't fight.

\*\*\* SCENES 81AA - 82 HAS BEEN DELETED \*\*\*

83 INT. MOULIN ROUGE. MAIN HALL. NIGHT.

83

In the Main Hall the Tango builds.

ARGENTINIAN (SINGS)  
Roxanne, you don't have to wear that  
dress tonight.  
Roxanne, you don't have to do your hair  
tonight.

The whole Moulin Rouge now savagely dances the dance of  
jealousy and betrayal.

ARGENTINIAN (CONT'D) (SINGS)  
Roxanne, you don't have to wear that  
dress tonight.  
Roxanne, you don't have to do your hair  
tonight.

83A INT. CHRISTIAN'S GARRET. NIGHT.

83A

Christian screams his pain to the night.

CHRISTIAN (SINGS)  
Why does my heart cry?  
Feelings I can't fight  
Why does my heart cry?  
Feelings I can't fight  
Why?  
Why?

83AB INT. MOULIN ROUGE. GOTHIC TOWER. NIGHT.

83AB

The Duke tears at Satin's dress: her struggle feeding The  
Duke merciless pleasure.

83AC INT. MOULIN ROUGE. MAIN HALL. NIGHT.

83AC

Nini dances madly in a circle of men, she is stopped suddenly by the stare of the Argentinian.

83AD INT. CHRISTIAN'S GARRET. NIGHT.

83AD

Christian continues to sing his painful cry.

CHRISTIAN (SINGS)

Why?

83AE INT. GOTHIC TOWER. NIGHT.

83AE

The Duke violently throws Satin's half-naked body to the bed.

83AF INT. MOULIN ROUGE. MAIN HALL. NIGHT.

83AF

The Argentinian slashes the air with an invisible knife.

83AG INT. GOTHIC TOWER. NIGHT.

83AG

Satin shuts her eyes, bracing against The Duke for the inevitable.

83AH INT. MOULIN ROUGE. MAIN HALL. NIGHT.

83AH

The phantom knife slashes Nini's throat and her body tumbles to the ground.

84 INT. MOULIN ROUGE. GOTHIC TOWER. NIGHT.

84

The Duke, falling towards Satin. A deafening crescendo.

ECU: On Satin, her eyes shut tight. A final deafening orchestral stab.

Thud! Silence.

HOLD ON: The closed eyes of Satin. After a moment they cautiously open to discover The Duke lying unconscious on the floor. Satin raises her gaze. Cowering in the shadows is the quivering form of Chocolat.

\*\*\* SCENE 85 - 96AA HAVE BEEN DELETED \*\*\*

96A INT. MOULIN ROUGE. MAIN HALL. NIGHT.

96A

TRACK: Slow, silent. The company and Bohos wait.

96B INT. MOULIN ROUGE. ZIDLER'S OFFICE. BALCONY. NIGHT.

96B

TRACK: Slow, silent.

Zidler sits in his chair: across the way the Gothic Tower is still.

96C INT/EXT. CHRISTIAN'S GARRET. NIGHT. (OLD 100A)

96C

We move toward Christian's Garret through the windmill blades. It slows to show time has moved on. As we approach Christian in the window, the door bursts open. Satin bursts through, collapsing into Christian's arms.

SATIN

I couldn't...I couldn't go through with it. When I saw you there, I felt different, I couldn't pretend and The Duke...he saw...he knew and then he...he...

Satin, unable to continue, begins to cry. She looks up into Christian's eyes.

SATIN (cont'd)

I love you, Christian.

CHRISTIAN

It's okay. You don't have to pretend anymore. We're leaving here, tonight.

SATIN

...but...the show...

CHRISTIAN

I don't care about the show or The Duke or the Moulin Rouge. We have each other, that's all that matters.

SATIN

Yes, as long as I'm with you.

CHRISTIAN

Chocolat, take mademoiselle Satin to her dressing room. Help her get what she needs, and come back quickly. No one must see you, understand?

LE CHOCOLAT

I understand.

CHRISTIAN  
I'll pack and be waiting.

97 INT. MOULIN ROUGE. GOTHIC TOWER. NIGHT. 97

ECU: On the deranged stare of The Duke. He speaks with chilling calm.

DUKE  
It's the boy. He has bewitched her with words.

The Duke is being treated by waiters. Zidler stands speechless. On the balcony Warner smokes.

DUKE (cont'd)  
I want her back, Zidler. Find her; tell her: unless she does the show my way and comes to me when the curtain falls, I'll have the boy killed.

Zidler struggles to comprehend.

ZIDLER  
Killed?

CUT TO: The Duke, his cold eyes meet Zidler's question.

CUT TO: Warner as he eases into the doorway of the room.

CUT TO: The Duke, his stare moves from Zidler and settles on Warner.

DUKE  
Killed.

CUT TO: Warner. He gives a subtle acknowledgement of the instruction.

97A INT. MOULIN ROUGE. MAIN HALL. NIGHT. 97A

The entire company sleeps as they continue to wait.

\*\*\*SCENES 98 - 100A HAVE BEEN DELETED\*\*\*

101 INT. MOULIN ROUGE. STAR DRESSING ROOM. NIGHT. 101

CLOSE ON: Satin's hands flipping the tops of hatboxes filled with trinkets and junk. She snatches at small pieces of jewellery. Suddenly, Zidler is in the mirror.

SATIN'S POV IN THE MIRROR: Zidler sits in the corner.

ZIDLER

Forgive the intrusion Cherub...

Satin is strong.

SATIN

You're wasting your time Harold.

Zidler, desperate.

ZIDLER

Poppet you don't understand...The Duke's going to kill Christian!

CLOSE ON: Satin. She stops.

CLOSE ON: Marie, watching.

ZIDLER (cont'd)

The Duke's insane with jealousy. Unless you do his bidding and sleep with him tomorrow night, he will have Christian killed.

CLOSE ON: Satin fighting down panic.

SATIN

He can't scare us.

ZIDLER

He's a powerful man, you know he can do it.

Satin, a sudden strength, begins throwing belongings into a bag.

ZIDLER (cont'd)

Don't be silly, what are you doing?

Satin, turns; anger blazing.

SATIN

I don't need you anymore. All my life you made me believe that I was only worth what someone would pay for me, but Christian loves me, and love is worth more than diamonds; it's worth everything. We're going away from here, away from The Duke, away from you and away from The Moulin Rouge. Goodbye Harold!

Zidler desperately blocks her path.

ZIDLER

You're dying Satin. You're dying...

CLOSE ON: Satin. Fighting down fear, she laughs.

SATIN  
Another trick Harold?

ZIDLER  
No my love.

Marie is softly crying now.

Zidler looks into Satin's eyes.

ZIDLER (cont'd)  
The Doctor told us...tonight.

Satin, panic rising, looks to Marie.

SATIN  
Marie...?

MARIE  
We couldn't tell you; we thought...

CLOSE ON: Satin. She tries to fight the choking that rises from within. She is shaking. Her legs cannot hold her.

Marie and Zidler are there instantly. They gently lower her into a chair. Marie administers liquid from a silver vial.

CLOSE ON: Satin whispers.

SATIN  
Of course; ...I'm dying.

CLOSE ON: Satin. A long moment, then, strangely calm, she sings almost to herself.

SATIN (SINGS)  
*I was a fool to believe,  
A fool to believe,  
It all ends today  
Yes it all ends today.*

Zidler, kneeling beside Satin, speaks gently.

ZIDLER  
The Duke's a dangerous man. Send  
Christian away; only you can save him.

Satin shakes her head, she is crying now.

SATIN  
Christian loves me: he'll fight for me.

ZIDLER  
Yes; unless he were to believe you don't  
love him.

Satin, a slow, dawning horror.

SATIN

What?

ZIDLER

You are a great actress Satin. Make  
Christian believe you don't love him.

SATIN

No....

ZIDLER

Use your talent to save him.

Satin, crying, looks away. Zidler presses on.

ZIDLER (cont'd)

Hurt him to save him. It's the only way.

Zidler, strangely vulnerable, almost whispers.

ZIDLER (cont'd)

The show must go on Satin... for all of  
us.

ORCHESTRAL BUILD:

SATIN/ZIDLER (SING)

Today's the day when dreaming ends.

Zidler leaves.

DISSOLVE TO:

102 INT. MOULIN ROUGE. BACKSTAGE CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

102

TRACK: With Zidler walking through the backstage corridor  
as he softly sings.

ZIDLER (SINGS)

Another hero, another mindless crime  
Behind the curtain in the pantomime  
On and on does anybody know what we are  
living for

102A INT. MOULIN ROUGE. STAGE. NIGHT.

102A

From the backstage area Zidler enters the back of the  
stage.

Seamstresses quietly sing as they see the enormous red  
curtain that is draped over the stage.

(CONTINUED)



ZIDLER/SEAMSTRESSES (SING)

Whatever happens we leave it all to  
chance  
Another heartache another failed romance  
On and on does anybody know what we are  
living for?

Zidler walks downstage as stagehands struggle to hoist the  
huge curtain. Zidler and stagehands chorus:

ZIDLER/STAGEHANDS (SING)

The show must go on!  
The show must go on!  
Outside the dawn is breaking on the  
stage that holds our final destiny  
The show must go on!  
The show must go on!

103 INT. MOULIN ROUGE. STAR DRESSING ROOM. DAWN.

103

Satin, now fully dressed, stands in front of the mirror  
summoning her strength.

SATIN (SINGS)

Inside my heart is breaking  
My make-up may be flaking but my smile  
still stays on

104 INT. MOULIN ROUGE. MAIN HALL. DAWN.

104

The curtain continues to rise as Zidler walks through the  
hundreds of chairs that have been installed in the  
auditorium.

ZIDLER/STAGEHANDS (SING)

The show must go on!  
The show must go on!

Satin appears onstage. She sings to Zidler who now faces  
her at the back of the auditorium.

SATIN (SINGS)

I'll top the bill  
I'll earn the kill  
I have to find the will to carry on

TOP SHOT: Satin walks through the auditorium.

Zidler and stagehands sing a full choral finale.

ZIDLER/STAGEHANDS (SING)

On with the, on with the, on with the  
show!

SWEEP BACK: Through the main hall and into the...

\*\*\*PLEASE NOTE: THERE IS NO SCENE 105 AND 106\*\*\*

107 EXT. MOULIN ROUGE. GARDEN. DAWN. 107

CRANE UP: Over the garden as Satin walks through.

WIDE: The dawn light dramatically breaking over Christian's Garret as a final reverberating chorus of voices sings out.

ZIDLER/STAGEHANDS

(V/O) (SING)

The Show must go on!

The Show must go on!

108 INT. CHRISTIAN'S GARRET. DAY. 108

Christian has packed ready to leave.

CHRISTIAN

Satin, what's wrong?

FULL OUT: Satin, calm and strong, is in the doorway.

SATIN

I'm staying with the Duke.

CLOSE ON: Christian, still. Then suddenly he laughs.

CHRISTIAN

That's not funny Satin.

Satin is cold as stone.

SATIN

He's insane with jealousy; he's offered me everything.

Christian a rising panic.

CHRISTIAN

Don't talk like this...

SATIN

I can never see you again; that's his one condition. If you go to the Moulin Rouge, they'll hurt you. I'm sorry.

CHRISTIAN

What are you talking about? What about last night?

SATIN

I don't expect you to understand. You don't belong here. But this is my home: the Moulin Rouge...

Christian stares at Satin in horror. Her breathing becomes heavy. A weak smile.

Satin heads for the door. Christian grabs her violently.

CHRISTIAN

What's going on? Satin!

CLOSE ON: Satin hiding her face. She is sweating.

CHRISTIAN (cont'd)

There's something wrong...

Satin struggles to control her breathing.

CHRISTIAN (cont'd)

You're sick.

Tell me the truth!

CLOSE ON: Satin. Gathering the last of her strength, she turns with cold, dead eyes.

SATIN

The truth... The truth is, I am the Hindi Courtesan Christian, and I choose the Maharaja. That's how this story ends.

Satin is gone.

PUSH IN: on Christian's distraught face.

\*\*\*NB: SCENES 108AA, 108A, 108AB, 109-117 HAVE BEEN DELETED\*\*\*

118 INT. MOULIN ROUGE. MAIN HALL. NIGHT. (ACT 1 SET) 118

Zidler, costumed as the Evil Maharaja, triumphantly intones.

ZIDLER/MAHARAJA

Jealousy has driven him mad.

\*\*\*NB: SCENE 118A, 118AA, 118AB HAD BEEN DELETED\*\*\*

118AC EXT. MOULIN ROUGE. DAWN. FLASHBACK. 118AC

TOP SHOT: Christian screaming up into the rain

CHRISTIAN

Satin...Satin...

118AD INT. MOULIN ROUGE. DAWN.

118AD

The Bohos and the Four Whores of the Apocalypse sleep in the booths.

118AE EXT. MOULIN ROUGE. DAWN. FLASHBACK.

118AE

A silhouette of Christian being beaten. He is falling to the ground in slow motion.

118AF EXT. MOULIN ROUGE. DAY.

118AF

The windmill blade cuts the screen through the storm.

\*\*\*NB: SCENE 118C HAS BEEN DELETED\*\*\*

118AG INT. CHRISTIAN'S GARRET. NIGHT.

118AG

Discover Toulouse and the Bohos attending the beaten Christian.

Later Toulouse tends Christian who sits on the side of the bed.

TOULOUSE

Things are never as they seem.

Christian pushes Toulouse away.

CHRISTIAN

Things are as they seem.

Toulouse is stung.

TOULOUSE

You see me as a drunken, vice-ridden gnome, whose only friends are pimps and the girls of brothels, but I know about art and love, if only because I long for it with every fibre of my being. I know she loves you Christian, I know it.

CHRISTIAN

(A harsh rejection) Leave me alone Toulouse...

Christian screams at Toulouse.

CHRISTIAN

Just leave!

A confused and defeated Toulouse retreats to the door.

Hold on Christian as we hear in V/O.

CHRISTIAN V/O

I wanted to shut out what Toulouse had said. He had filled me with doubt and there as only one way to be sure.

118AGA EXT/INT. PANDSHOP. DUSK. FLASHBACK

118AGA

PUSH THROUGH: Christian is handing over his typewriter.

\*\*\*NB: SCENE 118AH, 118AI HAS BEEN DELETED\*\*\*

118AGB INT. CHRISTIAN'S GARRET. NIGHT.

118AGB

Christian, a terrifying vision of madness, stares toward the Moulin Rouge.

CHRISTIAN V/O

I had to know, so I returned to the Moulin Rouge one last time.

118AJ EXT. MOULIN ROUGE. NIGHT.

118AJ

Christian walks unsteadily up the long boulevard that leads to the blazing Moulin Rouge.

FASTRACK: Past Christian, down the street towards the Moulin Rouge, through the main doors across the flamelit garden.

118AK INT. MOULIN ROUGE. ONSTAGE. NIGHT.

118AK

The camera, with ever increasing intensity, hurtles down the aisle of the Main Hall. Sattie lifts his baton into the air. An explosion on stage reveals Zidler as the Evil Maharaja.

He intones:

ZIDLER/MAHARAJA

She is mine!

And the curtain whooshes open to reveal the nightmarish spectacle of the full company in their Hindi-inspired techno-tragi-ballet garb. We find Toulouse, dressed as the Magic Sitar screaming.

TOULOUSE (SINGS)

I only speak the truth!

\*\*\*NB: SCENE 118AL HAS BEEN DELETED\*\*\*

118B INT. MOULIN ROUGE. STAGE. NIGHT. (ACT 1 SET)

118B

CUT TO: The satisfied face of Zilder/Maharaja.

PULL FOCUS: To The Duke in the front row.

The music builds to a maddening intensity.

SATIN (SINGS)

*Kiss, hand, diamonds, best friend...*

*Kiss, grand, diamonds, best friend...*

*Girls, old, men, cold*

*And we all lose our charms in the end.*

*Ahh, ahh, ahh, ahhh,*

*Diamonds are a .....*

The Hindi number builds.

The chorus chants with demonic intensity.

CHORUS (SINGS)

*Diamonds are a .....*

*Diamonds are a .....*

*Diamonds are a .....*

DISSOLVE TO:

The Chorus chants.

CHORUS (SINGS)

*Diamonds are a .....*

*Diamonds are a .....*

The Chorus reached its diabolically shattering climax.

HOLD ON: Satin. The Hindi Gods clasp the diamonds around her neck.

CHORUS (SINGS)

*Diamonds are a .....*

The necklace explodes into a trillion spots of light.

Satin breathes an almost whisper of simple, pure heartbreak.

SATIN (SINGS)

*Girls,*

*Best friend...*

118BA INT. MOULIN ROUGE. MAIN HALL. (ACT 1 SET) NIGHT.

118BA

The Duke stares coldly as flickering diamond light speckles her face.

(CONTINUED)

DUKE (MUGGERS)

This story will end my way.

The magnificent red curtain falls, throwing a shadow across his face.

1188B INT. MOULIN ROUGE. CURTAIN DOWN. ONSTAGE. NIGHT.

1188B

Applause can be heard as the company hurries from the backstage area. A disorientated Satin stands, lost. Toulouse watches from a distance.

1188C INT. MOULIN ROUGE. BACKSTAGE CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

1188C

Christian emerges from the shadows and makes toward the stage.

CUT TO: Warner glimpsing what appears to be Christian darting down a side corridor.

He gives chase.

\*\*\*NB: SCENES 1188D - 122A HAVE BEEN DELETED\*\*\*

121 INT. MOULIN ROUGE. BACKSTAGE. BOHEMIANS' DRESSING ROOM. NIGHT.

121

SM (V/O)

Five minutes to The Wedding scene.

SATIE

We shouldn't have agreed to do The Duke's ending.

The Doctor stares into a glass of absinthe.

THE DOCTOR

What choice did we have without Christian?

The Argentinian shakes his head with disgust.

ARGENTINIAN

I told the boy not to fall in love with a whore.

CLOSE ON: Toulouse drinks the green liquid. His stare is far away as he makes up his sad clown-like face in the mirror.

TOULOUSE

Such a wonderful field of daffodils they've planted.

(More)

TOULOUSE (cont'd)

Be careful not to trample them, it's so nice to brush against them as you walk.

122B INT. MOULIN ROUGE. CURTAIN DOWN. ONSTAGE. NIGHT. (ACT 1 SET) 122B

ZIDLER

Everything's going so well.

CUT TO: SM at his desk.

SM

Act three, final scene, the Maharaja weds his bride. Cue Tantric Can Can.

Light floods onto SM's face as extras take to the stage.

\*\*\*NB: SCENES 123 - 124AA HAVE BEEN DELETED\*\*\*

124AB INT. MOULIN ROUGE. STAR DRESSING ROOM. NIGHT. 124AB

Satin stares at her almost ghostly features in the mirror, as Marie removes her headdress. A coughing fit grips Satin. Marie quickly administers medication.

MARIE

Here my love...

MARIE (V/O)

...it's just the Wedding Scene now; this'll help you through.

\*\*\*NB: SCENES 124A - 126 HAVE BEEN DELETED\*\*\*

127 INT. MOULIN ROUGE. CAMERA LEFT WINGS. (ACT 1 SET INTO ACT 27 SET SCENE CHANGE).

Christian slips into the shadows of a wing curtain near the stage. From Christian's hiding spot he can see Warner. Christian backs underneath the stage.

WIPE INTO BLACK.

127AA INT. MOULIN ROUGE. ONSTAGE. NIGHT. (BACK OF ACT 2 SET) 127AA

WIPE OUT OF BLACK.

Discover Toulouse and The Argentinian walking to the entrance points along the back of the set.

TOULOUSE

I know she still loves him, there's got to be reason.



ARGENTINIAN

Reason, how about one of them is a Duke  
and the other...

The Argentinian collapses in a fit of unconsciousness,  
falling straight into the lotus flower trap.

127AB INT. MOULIN ROUGE. BELOW STAGE. NIGHT.

127AB

Christian halts as The Argentinian crashes into the lotus  
trap.

127AC INT. MOULIN ROUGE. ONSTAGE. NIGHT. (BACK OF ACT 2 SET)

127AC

A befuddled Toulouse turns and addresses the empty space.

TOULOUSE

You agree, something is not right...

127AD INT. MOULIN ROUGE. UNDER STAGE. NIGHT.

127AD

Christian has dressed in the Argentinian's jacket. Leaping  
from beneath the scaffold, he joins a similarly dressed  
group of chorus boys to sneak past Warner.

127AE INT. MOULIN ROUGE. WOODEN TRUSS. NIGHT.

127AE

Toulouse swigging heavily from the bottle, gabbles his own  
mad, gibberish.

127A INT. MOULIN ROUGE. STAR DRESSING ROOM. NIGHT.

127A

CLOSE ON: Satin. Marie. Satin looks up into the mirror. She  
freezes. It is Christian. Gathering the last ounce of her  
strength, Satin turns. She is calm.

Fighting for control, Christian speaks.

CHRISTIAN

I've come to pay my bill.

SATIN

You really shouldn't be here Christian.  
Just leave.

Satin pushes past him and into the corridor.

Christian follows into corridor.

CHRISTIAN

You made me believe that you loved me.  
Why shouldn't I pay you?

SATIN

Please go.

MARIE

She's gotta get on the stage!

128 INT. MOULIN. CAMERA LEFT WINGS. NIGHT. (ACT 2 SET)

128

Warner has Zidler in his grip.

WARNER

The boy's here...

ZIDLER

I told Satin that if Christian came  
anywhere near her he would be killed.

WARNER

He very soon will be.

CUT TO: A glass-eyed Toulouse, perched on a lowered wooden  
truss, above.

Warner storms off. Worried, Zidler enters onto stage.

CUT TO: Toulouse.

TOULOUSE

...killed?

129 INT. MOULIN ROUGE. CORRIDOR TO CAMERA RIGHT WING. NIGHT. 129

Christian grabs Satin's arm, screaming at her as she  
hurries toward the stage.

CHRISTIAN

You've done your job so very well.

Satin stumbles on stairs.

129AA INT. MOULIN ROUGE. MAIN HALL. BACKSTAGE. NIGHT.

129AA

CUT TO: Marie alerts SM.

CUT TO: Christian and Satin at the top of the stairs.

CHRISTIAN

...so why shouldn't I pay you like  
everybody else?

SATIN

You don't have to do this. There's no  
point - please Christian.

She backs away from him to behind the backdrop.

CUT TO: Glassy-eyed Toulouse perched on the lowered truss.

TOULOUSE

Kill...?

TOULOUSE'S POV: Satin and Christian round the corner.

Toulouse, moves to warn them.

CUT TO: the wooden truss lurching into the air with Toulouse on it.

SM appears, attempting to pull Christian away.

SM

What's going on?

Christian pushes SM away. SM calls for backup.

\*\*\*SCENE 129A, 129AB HAVE BEEN DELETED\*\*\*

129AC INT. MOULIN ROUGE. ONSTAGE. NIGHT.

129AC

The court have assembled for the wedding of Satin and the Maharaja.

MAHARAJA

Open the doors and bring forth my bride.

129C INT. MOULIN ROUGE. FLY TOWER. WOODEN TRUSS. NIGHT. (ACT 2 129C SET).

Toulouse, fighting to keep his balance,

TOULOUSE'S POV: Warner slowly climbing the stairs.

ECU POV: Warner's hand drawing his gun.

CLOSE ON: Toulouse.

TOULOUSE (YELLS)

Christian!

Christian doesn't hear.

129CA INT. MOULIN ROUGE. CAMERA RIGHT. WINGS. NIGHT.  
(ACT 2 SET)

129CA

Christian moves toward Satin behind the backdrop.

CHRISTIAN

If you don't love me, if it wasn't real  
then why can't I pay you...?

Satin turns back to see Warner approaching with the gun.

CHRISTIAN (cont'd)

...tell me you don't love me.

SM and Stagehand struggle to reach Christian.

Warner, gun outstretched is closer.

PUSH IN: on Satin terrified.

Christian screams like a man possessed.

CHRISTIAN

Tell me you don't love me...

Warner pushes his gun through the curtain.

\*\*\*NB: SCENES 129CB AND 129CC HAVE BEEN DELETED\*\*\*

129B INT. MOULIN ROUGE. CAMERA RIGHT. WINGS. NIGHT. (ACT 2 SET) 129B

PUSH IN: on an exasperated Zidler/Maharaja screaming at a  
stagehand.

ZIDLER/MAHARAJA

Bring forth my bride, open the doors!

WHIP TO: The stagehand about to pull the rope.

PUSH TOWARD: The opening golden doors.

ECU: Warner taking aim through the curtain.

PUSH INTENSELY FROM BEHIND: Satin and Christian as  
Christian screams with every ounce of his being.

CHRISTIAN

...tell me you don't...

A blinding explosion of white light, as Christian's  
words...

CHRISTIAN (cont'd)

Love me...

...echo throughout the Moulin Rouge.

CUT TO: Warner. He recoils from the blinding white light.

CUT TO: Zidler, sword held high, in shock.

CUT TO: The Doctor.

CUT TO: Satie, baton frozen mid-air, staring disbelieving from the pit.

CUT TO: The Duke squinting, unsure of what he sees.

PUSH IN: on the blown out faces of Christian and Satin bleached in burning white light.

CHRISTIAN'S POV: Through the glare of intense, blinding stage light, the audience stares back.

Christian, a long moment as the reality of where he is settles.

He looks down to the tear-filled eyes of Satin.

CHRISTIAN (cont'd)

(A simple realisation)

You don't love me...you don't love me and you never did.

Christian looking out into the auditorium meets the gaze of The Duke. A stab of anger returns as he lifts Satin from the ground. Dragging her down stage, he throws her to the floor. Christian announces to The Duke who is seated behind the standing Maharaja.

CHRISTIAN (cont'd)

This woman is yours.

CLOSE ON: Christian. Gazing down at the crumpled distraught form of Satin, he throws the money he still clutches at her. His words are a simple cold whisper.

CHRISTIAN (cont'd)

I have paid my debt. I owe you nothing and you are nothing to me. Thank you for curing me of my ridiculous obsession with love.

Christian, turns his back on Satin, walks down the steps and into the auditorium.

129BA INT. MOULIN ROUGE. FLY TOWER. NIGHT. (ACT 2 SET)

129BA

Toulouse's muffled yelling can be heard, as he blindly struggles to get down from the wooden fly tower.

TOULOUSE (MUFFLED)

Killed...of course; she was trying to save you.

129D INT. MOULIN ROUGE. STAGE. NIGHT. (ACT 2 SET)

129D

Zidler, recovering from his initial confusion, tries to hold the show together. He addresses the sobbing Satin who watches as Christian strides toward the back of the auditorium.

ZIDLER

I am not fooled! Though he has shaved his beard and adopts disguise mine eyes do not lie. It is the Penniless Sitar Player. Driven mad by jealousy, he flees the Kingdom.

ECU: Zidler almost completely out of character.

ZIDLER (cont'd)

It is for the best.  
(he whispers to Satin)  
The show must go on, Poppet.

Zidler ever so gently eases Satin up to her feet.

TRACK WITH: the distraught Christian through the auditorium.

ZIDLER (cont'd)

And now, my bride, the time has come for you to raise up your voice and speak, in the presence of our Gods, your wedding vows.

CLOSE ON: A distraught Satin. Over her shoulder we can see Christian leaving.

CLOSE ON: Satin.

ZIDLER (cont'd)

Speak, in the presence of our gods, your wedding vows.

\*\*\*NB: SCENE 129DD HAS BEEN DELETED\*\*\*

129E INT. MOULIN ROUGE. FLY TOWER. NIGHT.

129E

CUT TO: Toulouse as he falls on the overhead truss.

TOULOUSE

Christian, it's not what you think...

129F INT. MOULIN ROUGE. MAIN HALL. STAGE. NIGHT.

129F

Zidler nods toward the confused Satie. But before Satie takes the downbeat, Satin turns toward Christian and her frail voice sings out through the hush.

SATIN (SINGS)

*Never knew I could feel like this  
It's like I've never seen the sky before*

CUT TO: Zidler, confused.

129FA INT. MOULIN ROUGE. MAIN HALL. AUDITORIUM. NIGHT.

129FA

CLOSE ON: Christian. He keeps walking, fighting not to let the song affect him.

129FB INT. MOULIN ROUGE. MAIN HALL. STAGE. NIGHT.

129FB

SATIN (SINGS) (CONT'D)

*Want to vanish into your kiss  
Every day, I'm loving you more and more*

129FC INT. MOULIN ROUGE. MAIN HALL. AUDITORIUM. NIGHT.

129FC

Christian has almost reached the door at the back of the auditorium.

SATIN (SINGS) (CONT'D)

*Listen to my heart, can you hear it  
sing?  
Come back to me and forgive everything.*

CLOSE ON: The Duke, horrified.

129FD INT. MOULIN ROUGE. MAIN HALL. STAGE. NIGHT.

129FD

SATIN (SINGS) (CONT'D)

*Seasons may change, winter to spring  
I love you to the end of time.*

129FE INT. MOULIN ROUGE. MAIN HALL. AUDITORIUM. NIGHT.

129FE

CLOSE ON: Christian. He stops.

Satin's words hang in the air.

Christian slowly turns toward Satin.

CUT TO: A now disturbed Duke.

4th Pink Amendments as of 1/6/2000  
129FE CONTINUED:

111.

129FE

A long, long moment.

SUDDENLY Christian joyously sings.

CHRISTIAN (SINGS)

Come what may

Christian moves toward the stage. Christian and Satin sing together.

CHRISTIAN/SATIN (SING)

Come what may

Come what may

Come what may

I will love you

SATIN (SINGS)

I will love you

CUT TO: The furious Duke.

CHRISTIAN/SATIN (SING)

Until my dying day

Come what may

Come what may

I will love you until my dying....

129FF INT. MOULIN ROUGE WINGS. NIGHT. (ACT 2 SET)

129FF

Warner raises his gun slowly, attempting to get a clear shot.

WARNER'S GUN POV: of Satin and Christian, through the chorus.

129FG INT. MOULIN ROUGE. AUDITORIUM. NIGHT.

129FG

From the auditorium, The Duke frantically signals to Warner to shoot.

\*\*\*NB: SCENES 129G, 129H, 129I, 130-136  
HAVE BEEN DELETED\*\*\*

137 INT. MOULIN ROUGE. STAGE. NIGHT.

137

WARNER'S POV: Of Christian and Satin together through his gun sight. Suddenly he has a clear shot of Christian.

MACRO SHOT: Warner's finger squeezing the trigger.

SUDDENLY: Toulouse falls from his wooden truss, knocking the gun from Warner's hand.

(CONTINUED)



TOULOUSE

Noooooooooooooooooooo.....

CUT TO: Warner collapsing to the floor.

Toulouse rolls onto the stage, running toward Christian.

TOULOUSE (cont'd)

They're trying to kill you! She turned  
against you to save you ...

Zidler, in desperation, calls out.

ZIDLER

Silence Magical Sitar!

TOULOUSE

I am the Magic Sitar and I can only speak  
the truth!

Zidler, desperate to keep things under control, yells to  
his guards.

ZIDLER

Guards. Seize them!

CUT TO: Satie, a heavy, fuzzy chord from the  
electromagnetics as the Doctor throws an anarchist's bomb  
at the approaching troops.

DOCTOR

Vive la vie de revolution boheme!

There is anarchy in the streets of the Kingdom. Christian  
leading the revolutionaries, passionately addresses the  
people.

CHRISTIAN

People of the Kingdom, rise up and  
overthrow the Evil Maharaja. This story  
will have a happy ending.

CUT TO: Warner leaping toward his gun onstage.

CUT TO: La Petite Princess, seeing the gun, screaming and  
running.

SUDDENLY: The unconscious Argentinian bangs through the  
golden doors, slamming Warner straight in the face.

Track with the gun downstage where it halts on the top  
stair, down centre. Everybody freezes.

ARGENTINIAN

Alright, no problem, go back to your  
work!

Immediately the uprising continues. Toulouse sings defiantly as the guards approach.

TOULOUSE (SINGS)  
No matter what you say,

ARGENTINIAN (SINGS)  
This show is ending our way

ZIDLER (SINGS)  
The show must go on

Satie leaps up from the pit as he sings.

SATIE (SINGS)  
There'll be no compromise

THE DOCTOR (SINGS)  
No more living out lies

ZIDLER (SINGS)  
The show must go on

CHRISTIAN (SINGS)  
We'll stand and we'll fight

CHRISTIAN/SATIN (SING)  
For our opening night

ZIDLER (SINGS)  
The show must go on

The Bohemians fight the guards off with revolutionary Bohemian choreography.

BOHOS/CHRISTIAN (SING)  
Come on and stand your ground  
For Freedom, Beauty, Truth and Love

SATIN (SINGS)  
One day I'll fly away

TOULOUSE (SINGS)  
How wonderful,

CHORUS (SINGS)  
No you wan't fool the children of the  
Revolution

TOULOUSE (SINGS)  
How wonderful life is,

BOHOS/CHORUS (SING)  
No you wan't fool the children of the  
Revolution

SATIN (SINGS)  
One day I'll fly away

FOUR WHORES (SING)  
Spectacular, Spectacular  
No words in the vernacular

BOHOS/CHORUS (SING)  
No you won't fool the children of the  
Revolution

TOULOUSE (SINGS)  
Now you're in the world

FOUR WHORES (SING)  
Spectacular, Spectacular  
No words in the vernacular

BOHOS/CHORUS (SING)  
No you won't fool the children  
of the Revolution

The thunderous chords of the Come What May finale, the  
downstage Palace disappears and the sky cloth flies out to  
reveal the full company on the Act 1 set in a finale  
pageant.

CHORUS (SINGS)  
Come what may

137A INT. MOULIN ROUGE. STAGE. NIGHT. (ACT 3 SET)

137A

CHRISTIAN/SATIN (SING)  
I will love you

CHORUS AND BOHOS (SING)  
Come what may

CHRISTIAN/SATIN (SING)  
Yes, I will love you

ZIDLER  
He's the real Evil Maharaja. I'm just a  
poor showman fallen on hard times. He  
forced me to do it for the money. Please  
forgive poor, penniless, lonely me...

138 INT. MOULIN ROUGE. CAMERA RIGHT. WINGS. NIGHT. (ACT 1 SET) 138

The Duke, in an insane fury of jealousy, runs maniacally  
down the isle toward the gun.

CHORUS AND BOHOS (SING)  
Come what may

139 INT. MOULIN ROUGE. STAGE. NIGHT. (ACT 1 SET)

139

All eyes turn to The Duke as, gun out-stretched, he runs up onstage screaming:

DUKE

It's going to end my way, my way!

CHRISTIAN/SATIN (SING)

*I will love you,*

The entire company joins.

EVERYONE (SINGS)

*Till my dying*

CLOSE ON: Christian in the gun's sights.

DUKE (cont'd)

*My way!*

CLOSE ON: The Duke squeezing the trigger.

SUDDENLY: A fist from nowhere meets The Duke's face.

The gun sails through the air.

It is caught mid air by a flying La Petite Princess and she joins the other Gods in disapproving of this object of Evil in the Heavens.

CLOSE ON: The shocked face of The Duke.

CUT TO: The owner of the fist. It is Zidler.

The entire cast sings to the heavens in earthly celebration.

CAST (SINGS)

*...day.*

The final, powerful, soaring note nears its conclusion. Satin and Christian kiss and the magnificent red curtain falls in front of The Duke.

HOLD: On The Duke. A moment of stunned absolute silence and then an unearthly thunder that shakes the very foundations of the building. The Duke slowly turns to be confronted by the spectacle of the entire audience on their feet in a tumultuous uncontrollable applause.

HOLD ON: The Duke.

139A INT. MOULIN ROUGE. STAGE. BEHIND CURTAIN. NIGHT.

139A

Christian turns to Satin and says:

SM is about to pull the curtain for curtain call when;

SUDDENLY: Satin stops. She is still, pale. Christian is confused.

Satin's legs give way. Christian lurches forward catching her in his arms.

The music breaks off.

CHRISTIAN

Satin?

Disturbed cast members turn toward Satin.

139B INT. MOULIN ROUGE. AUDITORIUM. NIGHT.

139B

The audience continues to applaud.

CLOSE ON: Satin, she is struggling to breathe.

Christian, holding her, is starting to panic. Satin begins to cough. The convulsions shake her very soul.

Christian, urgently.

CHRISTIAN (cont'd)

Satin?

There is blood on Christian's shirt. Satin desperately struggles for breath.

SATIN

I'm sorry Christian.

The cast look on with horror as Christian lowers Satin to the ground.

CHRISTIAN

What is it?

CLOSE ON: Satin. Her breathing momentarily calm.

SATIN

Some things even love can't change.

Christian fights a slow, terrible realisation.

CHRISTIAN

No, no, you'll be alright, I know you will, you're going to be alright.

Satin through very faint breath.

SATIN

I'm so cold, hold me.

Satin surrenders to the warmth of Christian's arms.

SATIN (cont'd)

Yes, I feel better now...

Christian strokes Satin's head. Her breathing slows.

SATIN (cont'd)

My darling Christian, I always loved  
you...

CHRISTIAN

And I love you.

SATIN

You've got to go on, Christian...

Christian starts to cry.

CHRISTIAN

No...no I can't, I can't...

Satin looks up at Christian with wide, clear eyes.

SATIN

You have to... you've got to live.

CHRISTIAN

No... not without you...

SATIN

Tell our story Christian, that way I'll  
always be with you. Promise me, promise  
me you'll tell our story.

CHRISTIAN

No, no...

Christian's eyes slowly meet Satin's.

SATIN

That way love will triumph. It's like  
Harold always says...

A tiny smile warms Satin's face as she remembers.

SATIN (cont'd)

...the show must go on...

Satin's eyes grow heavy, her attention drifts away from  
Christian as she whispers;

SATIN (cont'd)  
...the show must go on...

A final breath.

SATIN (cont'd)  
...go on...

Satin's eyes are peaceful.

All is quiet, all is calm.

Then, the sound of painful, stifled cries.

It is Christian calling through tears.

CHRISTIAN

No. No.

CUT TO: Zidler.

CUT TO: Satie.

CUT TO: The Doctor.

CUT TO: The Argentinian.

CUT TO: The Duke.

All watch in hopeless silence.

SM leaves.

Christian, refusing to accept what must be, repeats over and over.

CHRISTIAN (cont'd)  
No, no, no, Satin, no.

As the camera pulls up and away from the image of Christian holding Satin's lifeless form, we see, caught in the edge of the light, the full cast of this drama; strange, and in this moment, beautiful creatures of this carnival underworld. We become aware of a distant din. It is the muffled applause of the audience.

We pass the underlit faces of stage hands high up in the fly tower. Higher still and out into the...

140 EXT. MOULIN ROUGE. NIGHT.

140

Beneath the ever-turning red sails of the Moulin Rouge we discover Toulouse sitting staring up at the moon in the cold, winter night.

(CONTINUED)

He is not sad or comic, just alone in his own thoughts. As we look out over the Moulin Rouge, over Montmartre, over Paris, the first of the winter snow begins to fall.

A long, long moment. Then the night sky slowly turns to the fresh blue of a beautiful, spring day.

CRANE DOWN : Discover Christian's Garret.

MOVE SLOWLY: Through the garret window. We can make out the silhouette of Christian, typing.

141 INT. CHRISTIAN'S GARRET. DAY.

141

PASS OVER: Neatly typed pages now stacked high.

CAMERA TURNS: To discover Christian's face. It is now not that of the fresh-faced boy, but that of a man having known life.

CHRISTIAN (V/O)

Days, weeks, months; and then one, not so very special day...

CAMERA TURNS: Toward the typewriter catching these words being typed.

CHRISTIAN (V/O) (cont'd)

I walked to my desk, sat down at my typewriter and wrote the words...

PUSHING CLOSER: To the words on the page

CHRISTIAN (V/O) (cont'd)

The woman I loved is dead, she was the star of...

EXTREME CLOSE UP: The words.

CHRISTIAN (V/O) (cont'd)

...The Moulin Rouge.

The sound of the typewriter's carriage being slid across.

MACRO PAN: Across the words.

CHRISTIAN (V/O) (cont'd)

I had started to tell our story;

The screen is filled with the words.

CHRISTIAN (V/O) (cont'd)

I had started... to live...



4th Pink Amendments as of 1/6/2000  
141 CONTINUED:

120.

141

The typing stops.

HOLD:

Then the words

"The end"

are typed.