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FADE IN:

IN BLACK, A PRIMAL RHYTHMIC BEAT. An orb of light floating in space like a planet fades up.

SHANE (O.S.)

They say all great people were born at the right time in the right place. A few years off and Christopher Columbus might've been a real estate agent. I'm not saying that I'm great or anything, but I was born at just the right time, not to conquer civilizations or sail the seven seas, but I did discover a new world... (LAUGHS) And it was something--like a trip into Oz.

It becomes clear that the orb is a mirror ball throwing off shafts of bright white light. Two hands reach out for the mirror ball, but just as they are about to touch it, A FLASH OF WHITE CUTS TO:

INT. THE STARLITE ORBIT DISCO LOUNGE--NIGHT

SHANE O'SHEA, 20, remarkably handsome and tightly muscled. His hair is a tad shaggy and his looks and movements are unpolished giving him an unmistakable working class quality. He is in the phase of crossing from boy to man--quick to laugh and get crazy with his friends, entertaining and rebellious at home, and developing a keen awareness of his appeal to women. He has dreams, but they are not yet focused. He stares up at a much less glamorous mirror ball with a bored expression that says he wishes he were somewhere else.

The Starlite is a small Jersey City motel bar that's been converted to a disco with Christmas lights flashing along the walls. At Shane's table sit A HALF DOZEN LOCAL JERSEY GUYS, 18-22. Among them are Shane's best friend RICKO, 20, good-looking, dark, party boy and cousin KEV, 20, fair, nice guy. SEVERAL PEOPLE exit the room, leaving it mostly empty, except for two tables far away from each other. At the other table sit 3 MIDDLE CLASS GIRLS, 16-17.

RICKO

Hey hey hey. The view just improved.

KEV

That's jail bait, man.

RICKO

They're old enough to know what they want. Look at them, man.

GUY 1

Them stuck-up chicks ain't gonna make it with you turkeys. Fucking Connecticut debutantes.

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But one of the girls is eyeing Shane.

RICKO (O.S.)
She's looking at O'Shea.

SHANE
(checking her out)
Choice.

THE GUYS NUDGE HIM: GO GET HER MAN. LUCKY MOTHER. ETC. Shane smooths his shaggy hair down and approaches their table. The MONTCLAIR GIRL smiles at him--drunk.

INT. CAR--NIGHT

Shane and Montclair Girl are in the large back seat making out. He tries to get his hands down her pants, but she pulls him up.

SHANE
Sorry, but, man. You're like a
dream walking. You know?

She smiles, tries to kiss him again.

SHANE
So you want to go out tomorrow? I
know this great place. The pizza's
dyn-o-mite and...what?

MONTCLAIR GIRL
I don't think so.

SHANE
You busy? Maybe next weekend then.

She shakes her head.

SHANE
But--I can tell you're into it.

MONTCLAIR GIRL
Can't we just have fun tonight? I
mean, I live way up in Montclair.

SHANE
No problem. I'll get my dad's car.

MONTCLAIR GIRL
Listen, I'm from Montclair, right?
And you're from Jersey City.

SHANE
Yeah.

MONTCLAIR GIRL

So...Girls from Montclair don't go
out with guys from Jersey City.

SHANE

Oh.

MONTCLAIR GIRL

But they can make out.

She tries to kiss him again, but he pushes her back and gets out of the car, angry.

EXT. STARLITE

Shane walks away from the car. As he passes a parking sign. He stops and he boxes it till he's out of breath. He sits down on the curb breathing hard, looks out in front of him--THE MANHATTAN SKYLINE across the Hudson river. He gives it a yearning look, then suddenly throws a rock at it. He gets up and keeps walking.

EXT. O'SHEA HOUSE--NIGHT*

A tiny worn down house in an industrial section of Jersey City.

INT. SHANE'S BEDROOM--MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT

Small room. Shane, in bed, wakes up to A GRINDING FACTORY NOISE, O.S. He gets up, turns on a small table radio and picks up the POST, studying the LAST NIGHT section (equivalent of today's PAGE SIX). It shows three almost naked beautiful young women dancing. On the other page he looks at a photo advertising a UNISEX HAIR SALON. He studies a smiling blond man with stylish short hair. Shane looks in his mirror, imitates his smile, and puts his hands over his hair to simulate the haircut. On the radio, we hear a FOLLOW-UP REPORT ON NUCLEAR CONTAMINATION ON 3 MILE ISLAND.

INT. SHANE'S ROOM--DAY

Shane is dressed in greasy work clothes, but is laying out a nice pair of jeans on his bed, good shoes, then looks through his tiny closet for a shirt.

SHANE

Crap. Crap. Crap crap crap.

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EXT. SUBURBAN ESTATE--DAY*

Shane sweating, mowing a huge lawn. He sees a PRETTY YOUNG SUBURBAN WOMAN in tennis whites bounds out of the house, hops in her sports car and buzzes away down the street. He takes a look at the big job ahead of him then wipes his sweat then keeps going.

EXT. YARD UNDER TREE--LATER

Shane sits under a tree eating his sack lunch. He chews on a sandwich so bored with it all that his chewing grows fainter and fainter until it ceases. He gazes out, too bored even to swallow.

EXT. HOUSE--LATER

Shane, grass-stained, rings the front door bell. He tries to rub a stain off his arm that won't come out. No one answers the door, so he steps into a flower bed and looks in the window. He sees a large beautifully furnished foyer opening onto a living room, opening onto another room and on and on.

INT. HOUSE

Shane looks in, amazed, his fingers pressed up against the glass. They press so hard, it looks as if they might break it. A FIGURE WITH A PURSE crosses in front to answer the door (wipes frame).

INT. SHANE'S ROOM--NIGHT

Wrestling trophies on his dresser. Shane, now with an attractive short haircut, smokes a cigarette, posturing in front of the mirror, squeezed into a loud quiana shirt, a size too small.

A CAR HONKS OUTSIDE. He looks through the window, puts out his cigarette and saves it, then runs out.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE HIS ROOM--NIGHT

He runs into his little sister, GRACE, 16, sharp, in a Burger King uniform, hanging her head, going the other way.

SHANE

What's wrong?

GRACE

(squeezing past him)

Excuse me. I have to go commit suicide.

He glances toward where he was headed, then follows Grace toward the bathroom instead.

SHANE

Just don't use my good razor, okay?

She gives him a look--too miserable to smile.

GRACE

I was planning on going to the dance on Friday, but now I'm all broken out from the french frier.

He puts his arm around her.

SHANE

We don't belong in this place. You know?

GRACE

Oh yeah? Where do we belong?

SHANE

Somewhere.

EXT. O'SHEA HOUSE--NIGHT

Shane gets in a souped up car with Kev and Ricko. They give each other high fives. Kev hands him a beer and LAUGHS at his shirt.

RICKO (O.S.)

What's with the hair?

INT. MOVING CAR--NIGHT

Kev drives. Ricko in the middle. Shane at the window.

RICKO

Okay, I got one, I got one--'Would you rather' eat shit or go down on Lillian Carter?

SHANE AND KEV GROAN. MISS LILLIAN? YOU SICKO, THAT'S SOME OLD SNATCHCAKE, ETC.

KEV

Eat shit.

SHANE

Lillian.

THEY HOWL LIKE DOGS.

SHANE

(imitating Jimmy Carter)
I cannot stand no disrespect toward my country or my family, especially my mothuh, or my brothuh, or my--

KEV

Why'd you have to get him started?

SHANE

(ala Gilda Radner's Emily Latilla)
And what's all this I keep hearing about endangered feces?

THEY LAUGH.

EXT. THE STARLITE ORBIT DISCO LOUNGE

The boys pull up to the Starlite and get out of the car. Shane looks from the Manhattan skyline to the bar. He can't take another night there. He pulls the LAST NIGHT page out of his pocket.

SHANE

Hey, hold on. Before we go in, just check this out.

KEV

Oo, take me home, baby. Who are they?

SHANE

This one's Julie Black--from "All a My Children"--my fucking dream girl.

RICKO

Julie Black's from Alpine. My aunt does her ma's hair. I saw her once, too, hanging out at the Alpine Inn.

KEV

We should stake her out.

RICKO

(studies photo)
Where is this anyways?

SHANE

54 (beat) You know, Studio 54.
Ain't you never heard of it?

Ricko and Kev give Shane a look, then each other, then start crossing the parking lot toward the bar. Shane gets in their way.

RICKO

That place is full of freaks.

SHANE

And girls, man.

KEV

And fags.

SHANE

Come on, you guys! I been reading this section everyday. You know who was there last night? Jackweline Bissette. You know who she is?

RICKO

(matter-of-fact)
Yeah, I fucked her.

KEV AND RICKO LAUGH.

SHANE

Okay then, you turkeys can stay here and rot like them dorks in Three Mile Island, but I intend to do something with my life.

RICKO

Going to some disco ain't going to change my life none.

SHANE

10-4. I'll be sure to tell Olivia.

Kev and Ricko freeze. Shane nods and mouths O-LIV-I-A.

RICKO AND KEV

Olivia? Olivia Newton-John?!

They look at each other and HOWL, silhouetted by the skyline.

SHANE

Look at yous--like a coupla Jersey dogs.

RICKO

And what are you?

SHANE HOWLS, TOO. Kev jumps back in the car and starts it up. THEY SHOUT "PARTY HEARTY!" as they take off. Shane cranks up the radio--a HEAVY DISCO BEAT. THE MUSIC CONTINUES OVER:

INT. CAR/EXT. FREEWAY--NIGHT

Kev car speeds through the industrial wasteland of New Jersey. Shane flips it the bird.

EXT. ROAD--NIGHT

Kev exits the freeway with a squealing turn, heading for the Manhattan skyline.

INT. CAR DRIVING THROUGH TUNNEL--NIGHT

RICKO

Remember if you see a group of really cool foxes, you just say 'Hey girls, my face seats four.'

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EXT. CORNER--NIGHT

A traffic light flashes from green to yellow to red on the corner of 54th and 8th Avenue. Below it, Kev's car speeds to make the light and turns onto 54th Street. He slams on the brakes before he hits a jam of limousines and taxis. The boys are stuck in it.

INT. CAR

KEV

Shit!

The other boys jump out.

SHANE

We'll save you a place in line.

KEV

Hey, wait--you mothers! Leaving me
with all these freaks.

They're gone.

KEV

Son of a bitches.

A COKED-UP WOMAN with a bag of clothes sticks her head in the car.

COKED-UP WOMAN

Hey, can I use your car to change in?

She starts pulling off her pant suit.

COKED-UP WOMAN

They hated the orange. Hated it.

EXT. STUDIO 54

Shane and Ricco find themselves outside Studio 54, the world's premiere night spot. A huge crowd mobs the door in desperate hopes of getting in. The boys stand out in their New Jersey clothes among all the fashion and glitter. PAPARAZZI snap photos as a CELEBRITY (like LIZA MINELLI, EARTHA KITT, DOLLY PARTON, BROOKE SHIELDS) arrives in a limo. The crowd parts as the celeb and ESCORT strut up to the velvet ropes.

Shane starts pushing his way up toward the front, but the crowd is too thick. The boys laugh at their impossible struggle. Ricco jabs Shane and points up at the door. The DOORMAN points a newspaper at them. A BOUNCER helps clear a path for them.

AT THE ROPES

MARK, the doorman, early 20s, with quintessential attitude, pretends to read the TIMES as Shane arrives. Near him, the club owner STEVE RUBELL, 30s, short, sloppily dressed, with BODYGUARD, paces like a cat scanning the crowd. Though seen as cruel by some, he is irresistibly charming to those who matter. He speaks with a SLOW NASAL VOICE, perfected to be heard over the din. They ignore the SYCOPHANTS in front begging: ME. HERE. PLEASE! I JUST WANT TO DANCE. HEY, STEVE, MAN. PARDON ME, I'M FROM THE NEW YORK TIMES.

ETC. Rubell and Mark occasionally look out for the famous, rich, weird and beautiful. Shane qualifies as the latter. Rubell keeps scanning as Mark surveys Shane and Ricco.

MARK

Just you.

SHANE

Say what?

MARK

Just you. (nodding at Ricco) Not him.

SHANE

Hey, man, he's my friend.

Mark shrugs as he lifts the rope for TWO HOT WOMEN. Shane and Ricco look at each other. Shane struggles.

SHANE

How much is it to get in?

MARK

(barely condescends a response)
Don't worry about it.

Shane struggles. "THIS TIME BABY" PULSES out of the door as the boys watch the women enter. The song's seductive beat, lush strings and thrilling vocals have an irresistible allure that promises a magical night of excitement, dreams fulfilled and above all, love--a feeling that modern club music has long since lost.

SHANE

(to Ricco)
Sorry, man. But I got to. Wouldn't you?

RICKO

Don't be a spaz, man. Go for it.

SHANE

Don't wait for me. Alright? I'll
find my own way home.

The Bouncer pushes Ricco back as a TRIO OF HOT MEN handcuffed together enter. t =

RICKO

(to bouncer) Lay off, you jive turkeys.
(to Shane) Remember, your face seats four!

Rubell focuses on Shane as Mark is about to lift the rope for him.

RUBELL

Sorry, guy.

SHANE

What?

RUBELL

Not with that shirt.

Rubell turns away from Shane, scanning the crowd again, and sees TWO NAKED GOLD PAINTED PEOPLE approaching. He laughs, pressing drink tickets into their hands. Shane looks confused and envious at Rubell's treatment of these aliens as OTHERS SHOUT FOR STEVE'S ATTENTION--I'LL DO ANYTHING, ETC. Bummed, Shane turns to follow Ricco, but Rubell grabs his arm.

RUBELL

I said not with that shirt.

Shane looks at Rubell, whose eyes take in Shane's body. The bouncers and crowd look at Shane. ALL SOUND FADES OUT, EXCEPT FOR SHANE'S HEARTBEAT. He looks at the velvet rope, at Rubell, at the rejected crowd, and tears the shirt up over his head, muscled torso rippling. Rubell turns and smiles. TWO WOMEN in the crowd CLAP. Mark is about to let him by, but Rubell stops him and lifts the rope himself, presses a drink ticket into his hand.

RUBELL

Welcome to my party, handsome.

DISSOLVE TO SLO MO as Shane approaches the door and opens it.

INT. STUDIO 54 LOBBY

Shane enters the elegant, safe lobby, leaving the hysteria behind him with the closing of the door. HIS HEARTBEAT IS REPLACED BY A SOOTHING DISTANT DISCO BEAT. He is awed by the towering mirrored walls, burgundy broadloom carpet, chandeliers and sixteen-foot fig trees lining the lobby. He is alone here as if this palace were all his own. He begins his walk down the hall of mirrors--floating toward the MUSIC, turning, then spinning, an excited smile spreading across his face.

The SLO MO ENDS as he reaches THE CASHIER, 20s, and digs in his pockets, only finding some change. Beside the Cashier is VIV, 40, too much make-up, collecting money from the cashier's drawer.

SHANE

Sorry, I...

He notices Viv glance over his body. Getting the hang of this, he digs for more change, flexing his arm and abdomen, muscles popping.

SHANE

How about 75 cents and...whatever?

He winks at Viv. She looks at a PERSON waiting behind him, rolls

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her eyes and waves him by checking him out as he turns and sees the
COATCHECK

Inside it are two coatcheck girls having a great time doing the bump. ANITA is an American-born latina mix with a tough edge, but not always as tough as she'd like it to be. She is sharp, though not educated, and is ruled by her ambitions. She is boogying with her sister, CIEL, 19 while ANTHONY, 30s, a slick wired Italian, is leaning in making a play for them.

ANTHONY

If I check my shirt, can I squeeze
in between you two?

ANITA

(eventhough she loves the attention)
Dream on.

She flips her hair with attitude as the GIRLS LAUGH and continue dancing. Anthony goes leaving Shane directly in Anita's line of vision. They lock eyes for a moment. The two girls eye each other--he's not bad. Shane smiles and continues his walk toward the

DISCO

He opens the door and is hit with an explosion of color, light and SOUND.* The club's plush design abruptly shifts to the main hall of the former tv studio/opera house--now an open hangar filled with hard-edged industrial shapes and state-of-the-art lighting. As he enters, the THE BEAT OF THE MUSIC INTENSIFIES, THE STRINGS AND VOCALS SURGE TO A CLIMAX, flashing colored lights blind him.

SHANE'S P.O.V.--PULSING IMAGES, TIGHT SHOTS WITH STROBE AND FLASHING LIGHTS--the spellbinding, mesmerizing effect of a first night at Studio 54. His head turns this way and that as he sees CELEBRITIES, BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE, FREAKS, EUROTRASH--all rubbing elbows as equals, happy and high off the knowledge that they are the chosen ones tonight. Shane, thrilled, seems to be counting to himself.

The crescent moon and the coke spoon float above the dance floor which is suprisingly unpopulated until DISCO DOTTIE, 75, glides out onto the center of the floor in her platinum glitter wig and platinum short shorts. She pulls her tiny lover, BOYD, 19, behind her and they begin to dance.

DJ (O.S.)

There she is--Disco Dottie.

Dottie draws the crowd that has been hanging around the edges onto the floor until it is packed with DANCERS as the giant coke spoon suspended from the ceiling tips up to the giant Man in the Moon--flashing lights buzz up his schnoz to his brain. Dottie LAUGHS

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with joy and begins to spin in the center of the floor. Smoke fills the dance floor as the towers of bubbling, flashing colored lights descend from above. The Crowd raises its arms en masse fanning back and forth in unison to the heavenly HARPS that begin "HEART THAT BREAKS THE HEART" (FRANCE JOLI). Together the crowd is like a sea anemone in an ocean of colored lights worshipping the Disco gods.

Shane looks around for someone to share this amazing moment with, but EVERYONE is doing his/her own thing--grooving and surrendering to the magic of 54. It is in their eyes and in every sexy, sweaty, subtle and luscious movement. Shane's lips move as he mumbles in amazement to himself, counting.

AT THE BAR

BUCK, the spinning bartender, twirls and dispenses orders to his staff which is swamped by GLAMOROUS PEOPLE. THREE MORE BARTENDERS (ATLANTA, STONED and long haired TARZAN) are working--one hotter than the next--in their uniform of jeans, no shirts, and bow ties. These men are the center of the club--the core of desire.

Buzzing among these tall men is busboy GREG, 21, Italian, very built, very short and very handsome, in busboy uniform (satin track shorts and no shirts). He is an exceptionally hard worker with a great sense of fun and hot temper. Greg works like a maniac between the bartenders. A WAITER (in tux shirt and pants) hands Greg a champagne bucket and points into the crowd. Greg ducks quickly under the bar carrying champagne in a silver ice bucket.

NEAR THE STAIRS TO THE BALCONY

Shane continues his astonished entrance into the club watching as the HARPS give way to the PUMPING DISCO BEAT and the real dancing begins--THE DANCERS unleashing all their energy and passion--SOME with the subtlest of movements, OTHERS outrageously. Near the stairs, Shane sees TWO MEN and A WOMAN kissing. He turns his head watching them and slams full force into Greg carrying the champagne on ice. They smash on the floor.

GREG

(explodes)

Shit.

Shane ducks behind someone, then looks back at Greg recognizing him.

GREG

Shit shit shit.

Shane kneels beside him.

GREG

There goes my tip.

SHANE
Randazzo, right?

Greg looks puzzled.

SHANE
O'Shea. I wrestled Vitelli our senior year.
As suddenly as Greg exploded, he beams.

GREG
O'Shea? Whoa.
Greg wipes his hand off and they shake. Shane starts to help Greg clean up the mess while Greg dumps the wreckage in the ice bucket.

GREG
Hang on.
Greg reaches over to a SOCIETY WOMAN passed out in a long beaded gown on a nearby banquette. He puts the champagne cork between her toes.

GREG
Gives them something to talk about at dinner parties.
He watches as Greg places her dress neatly back in place and grins mischeivously. SHANE LAUGHS.

A pair of stunning legs in a slit skirt approach. Shane tries to elbow Greg, but fast moving Greg is already gone, heading back to the bar. Shane stands as the owner of the legs--a STRIKING WOMAN--sees Shane and smiles at him. He ogles her. She heads up the stairs. Shane follows.

THE BALCONY

A slow, seductive look up here--like a quaalude induced dream. Shane watches as the Striking Woman disappears into the back of the darkened balcony where COUPLES OF ALL COMBINATIONS are getting it on, talking, smoking, etc. He is about to follow her when a HOT MALE MODEL brushes by and smiles at him. Shane smiles back, a weird confusing thrill. Shane turns the other way and surveys the goings-on, getting more excited and nervous. In the seat in front of him, a woman's bare back undulates. Shane starts to reach out to touch her, but he overloads, comes to his senses, and goes.

INT. WASHROOM

A mix of MEN and WOMEN. Shane pulls his head out from under the faucet. The ATTENDANT hands him a paper towel and waits for a tip as others put bills in her basket. Shane digs out everything he has in his pocket--some change--and drops it in.

OUTSIDE THE WASHROOM*

Shane enters the washroom, weaving through the crowd. ROLLER RENA, 30, a 5'10" blonde, 7 feet tall in a gossamer ball gown and roller skates, holding a wand, rolls up to Shane and taps him with his wand. AT ONCE, THE MUSIC CUTS OFF WITH A DEAFENING ROLL OF THUNDER. FLASHES OF LIGHTING. Shane looks up in awe as the Studio opens and a mass of reflective balloons rain down like a thousand little mirrors.

RUBELL'S VOICE
Mirror Mirror on the wall, who's the
fairest of them all? Truman, Truman Capote,
where are you? There you are.

Shane wanders around, looking through the drifting balloons, trying to find where the voice is coming from. Above him in the DJ booth, he sees Rubell with the microphone.

RUBELL
In honor of your fantastic new face
lift, I got you a couple things.

THUNDER AND LIGHTNING as an ANGEL BOY is lowered down on a rope to the center of THE DANCE FLOOR and hands TRUMAN a gilded hand mirror. THE CROWD CLAPS. Truman pinches the Boy's heel as he's lifted back up and away.

RUBELL
AND, and and to be sure the lift sticks,
I thought we should all KNOCK ON WOOD.

More THUNDER and lightning. Suddenly, AMII STEWART, a fierce, African-American disco diva (or someone equally fabulous), strikes a pose on the bridge above the dance floor (near the DJ booth). As if this spectacle weren't enough, the bridge starts to move above the heads of the crowd and everyone goes wild! Shane is awestruck. Amii starts to tremble and shake as if possessed, then launches into her high powered "KNOCK ON WOOD" with its driving DRUMS and earth shaking THUNDER.

ON THE DANCE FLOOR, Truman and his entourage, including a BEAUTIFUL YOUNG STAR, dance and CHEER for Amii. Shane counts, amazed. Suddenly, the beautiful star spins in front of him.

STAR
Catch me, hot stuff.

She throws herself into his arms in a tango dip.

TRUMAN
I'm a too.

He tries the same and almost falls, but Shane saves him. Before

Shane can say anything, though, they're back into the thick of it, onto their next crazy shenanigan. Shane looks at his hands, wow! He shakes his head in disbelief. Greg buzzes past him.

SHANE

Hey!

Greg nods and keeps moving. Shane sticks to him as best he can as the weave across the dance floor.

GREG

Having a good time?

SHANE

How'd you get this job anyways, man?

GREG

I knew somebody.

SHANE

Really? Who?

Greg pauses, can't hide his smile.

GREG

My wife.

SHANE

Your wife?

Greg weaves through the crowd.

GREG

Had to keep an eye on her. Know what I mean?

SHANE

You're married?

GREG (beams)

Six months.

SHANE

How'd she get the job?

GREG

She knew somebody.

Shane fights the crowd, much less adept at it than Greg who is smaller, more agile and practiced, slipping easily between people.

SHANE

I know you.

GREG

Don't know how much I can help you.
(pauses) You know any of them?

Greg points up at the bar, where the bartenders not only have the attention of thirsty patrons, but seem to draw the entire energy of the disco.

Greg looks more closely and sees Buck, the spinning bartender, fighting with a STONED BARTENDER. Greg pushes toward them. Shane focuses in on the other bartenders, observing their magnetism--A WOMAN tries to flirt with one to no avail, a TAN FASHIONABLE MAN IN WHITE slips one a hundred dollar bill. He whispers to the bartender whose eyes light up.

Greg reaches the bar where Buck is shouting at the Stoned Bartender. The Stoned Bartender gives Buck the finger, turns and slips on the wet floor, vanishing behind the bar.

BEHIND THE BAR

Greg and Buck look down at the passed out bartender.

BUCK

He's history.

GREG

Think you could talk to Steve for me?

Buck slaps him on the back.

BUCK

Sure.

Anita arrives. Greg, excited, grabs her and gives her a kiss.

GREG

We've got it made!

ON THE DANCE FLOOR

Shane finds himself among a sea of dancers, abandoning themselves to "KNOCK ON WOOD." A WOMAN WITH HAIR IN CORN ROWS (ala Bo Derek) down to her knees grabs Shane's open hands and pulls him in. He gets into the music with her, trying to follow her too closely. Her eyelids are heavy from ludes.

CORNROWS

Just do your own thing, man.

She lifts her arms languidly as Shane starts to do his own thing--he moves in close, grinds with her then spins her. He senses the attention he is getting from other dancers as he moves smoothly--hips, shoulders--with great self-assurance. He spins another

woman, and getting lost in it, he spins a MAN.

AMII STEWART, on the bridge above them, sees the goings on. It is the instrumental part of the song and she points directly at Shane.

AMII (into the mike)
Keep churning like that, baby, and
you'll turn to butter.

The crowd smiles and looks at him, people craning their necks to see him. HE CHEERS like a Jersey guy, then checks himself and gets back into his cool step. He and Amii do the same step together, looking into each other's eyes. SHE LAUNCHES BACK INTO HER SONG with a CLAP OF THUNDER as the bridge starts moving again.

Shane keeps dancing with the CROWD looking at him. He feels the adoration, the sweat, the beat. He lets his head fall back, eyes closed as the disco lights illuminate a smile of pure ecstasy.

INT. SHANE'S ROOM--AFTERNOON

Shane lies in his single bed in his dimly lit bedroom. He is looking up, listening to a song in his head, tapping his foot. He suddenly laughs, covers his head, shakes it, gets up and starts pacing, thinking. He looks in the mirror and moves with his hips, body and hands.

INT. O'SHEA KITCHEN--EVENING

The Kennedy boys on the wall. The family is at the table eating TV dinners and milk. His parents are HARLAN, early 40s, handsome, in a cheap brown jacket and tie, and ANNE, early 40s. His sister KELLY, 14, is in Girl Scout vest. Harlan enjoys Shane's animated story telling of last night. Fast-paced dinner conversation.

SHANE
21 stars I counted. That's 7 times
more than I seen in my whole life.

KELLY
Did you talk to any of 'em?

SHANE
I danced with Amii Stewart.

GRACE
From "Little House on the Prairie"?

SHANE
No. She's that really axcellent black singer.
You probably seen her on Merv Griffin.

HARLAN's face falls with disapproval.

ANNE

You think Grace Kelly ever shows up there?

SHANE

Sure, I bet she does all the time.

ANNE

Imagine. I think I'd cry if I saw her for real.

GRACE

I want to meet her too.

ANNE

(to Shane)

If you ever run into her, you tell her your sisters are Grace and Kelly--after her.

KELLY

I wanna see Farrah.

GRACE

And Lee Majors!

HARLAN

Don Rickles--he's somebody I wouldn't mind seeing.

SHANE

I bet he goes.

His father nods his approval. Shane smiles.

SHANE

(imitating Don Rickles)

Then hand over the car keys so I can go back tonight, ya hockey puck.

HARLAN

(laughs)

That's pretty good.

Shane hops up, hand out.

HARLAN

What?

SHANE

Come on, Dad. There's a zillion interesting people there. Maybe I could make a connection and get a really cool job.

HARLAN

If you want a new job, a spot opened
up down on the line.

SHANE

I ain't canning soup for the rest of my life.

HARLAN (laughs)

You? I bet you'll run that place in ten years.

SHANE

You don't want me to have no real
future at all, do you?

HARLAN

I don't want you popping pills and
dancing with negros.

SHANE

The word is 'black,' Dad. Not 'negro.'

Shane shoves his food away and leaves. Harlan shrugs. Grace
watches him go.

EXT. GARAGE--EVENING

Shane sits brooding on the garage roof gazing out at the Manhattan
skyline in the distance--the buildings are gold from this angle,
reflecting the evening sun. Grace sits next to him on the roof.

GRACE

You shouldn't get interracial in
front of Dad.

SHANE

I can do what I feel.

GRACE

Okay, turkey, but he isn't going to
give you the keys if you do.

He tears a piece of shingle off the roof and frisbees it toward the
skyline.

SHANE

Bird of paradise.

She smiles at him, moves closer--she loves her brother.

SHANE

You know what 1979 means, Gracie?
It means I'm getting out. That's what.
We got a whole new decade coming, and
I'm getting out and getting in.

GRACE

Me too.

He smiles, puts his arm around her. From behind we see them looking at the skyline.

SHANE

For the first time in my life I felt
like I was something.

INT. LIVING ROOM--EVENING

ANGRY IRANIAN STUDENTS burn an effigy of Jimmy Carter along with the American flag. Shane looks at it--tired of this stuff--and turns it off. His father sleeps in his chair, dead to the world, a half-eaten bowl of melted ice cream in his lap. Shane gives him a disapproving look--he'd love to hate him but he can't. He SIGHS and takes the bowl from his father's lap.

When he lifts the bowl, he sees poking out of Harlan's pocket, the car keys. Shane checks over his shoulder and pulls the keys from his father's pocket.

INT. CAR/EXT. APPROACH TO TUNNEL--EVENING

Shane drives his father's old boat of a Ford, the Virgin Mary on the dashboard. He cranks up the DISCO on the crackling AM radio and grins as he dips down toward the tunnel, the city layed out in front of him.

EXT. STUDIO 54--EVENING

It is early. There is no crowd yet. Shane waits outside. Viv, the cashier, walks by it and turns the corner. Shane follows.

EXT. STUDIO 54 BACK ENTRANCE ON 53RD STREET--EVENING

Viv balances her over-sized purse on her thigh and juggles keys to open the door. Shane comes up behind her. She jumps.

SHANE

You need some help?

She looks at him, wary, and speaks with a thick Queens accent.

VIV

I don't have no money. I just open the place.

SHANE

No, I...just wanted to say thanks
for letting me in last night.

She looks him over and relaxes.

VIV

Oh, right. I didn't recognize you
with clothes on.

She turns back to the door. He smiles and moves in closely behind her, making the move with his hips that he practiced in his mirror. She struggles with the lock. He reaches around her to help.

SHANE

Let me.

He presses closer into her. Viv smiles.

SHANE

So, are you the manager?

INT. RUBELL'S OFFICE HALLWAY--NIGHT

Before opening. Shane waits outside the office while Viv counts out money and speaks to Rubell. She points out to the hallway. Rubell comes out and looks Shane over.

RUBELL

What's two plus two?

SHANE

Huh?

RUBELL

You'll be fine.

He invites Shane in the office.

INT. STUDIO 54 KITCHEN--NIGHT

Bar staff meeting. FOUR BARTENDERS (Buck, Atlanta, Romeo and Tarzan), TWO WAITERS AND FOUR BUSBOYS (including Greg) sit around informally. FRAGMENTS OF SONGS are heard as the DJ sets his play list. Rubell, bright and very present, makes a big deal of this as if he's presenting at an awards ceremony.

RUBELL

As you know we got rid of Gabriel last night. He was spacing off way too much. Let that be a lesson to you all. You can have fun here, but you have to do your job--this isn't brain surgery, you know.

4-

GREG LAUGHS. The others don't.

RUBELL

And remember where bad little bartenders go if they don't go to hell first.

EVERYBODY

Xenon.

RUBELL

Right. A fate worse than death. So
as of tonight the new bartender will be...

Greg smiles. Rubell draws it out looking slowly around the room.

RUBELL

...Rhett.

RHETT, a lanky youth in black guinea t, bobs his head.

RHETT

Unreal.

Greg is shocked.

RUBELL

Oh, and we got a new busboy, too. Shane.

Everybody looks around.

RUBELL

Shane!

Shane comes in flustered, wearing only silver shorts that are far too tight.

SHANE

Couldn't find the right size.

He looks over and sees Greg. Shane smiles, embarrassed. Greg is still in shock. Rubell tousles the hair of a busboy.

RUBELL (O.S.)

And remember it's you boys who are
truly New York's finest. (He starts
out.) If anything comes up, talk to
Buck. I'm on 'Good Morning America'
tomorrow, so I got to get to bed
early--real early.

AT THE BAR--LATER

Greg collects empty bottles, clanking them, fuming, next to Buck.
Shane ducks under the counter, now in t-shirt and shorts that are
far too big, like boxing shorts. Greg rolls his eyes. BUCK LAUGHS.

BUCK

Have fun.

He spins away. Greg turns back to his work. Shane looks lost.

SHANE

Greg, can you help me, man? Please.

BEGIN MONTAGE OF GREG SHOWING SHANE THE ROPES TO 'DANCE (DISCO HEAT)' BY SYLVESTER--a high-powered fast-moving disco anthem driven by penetrating vocals as much as by the rushing beat. INTERCUT: PEOPLE OF ALL SORTS lost in the MUSIC, dancing, dancing, dancing-- SOME smooth and chic, SOME wild, SOME drugged to a stupor, but most of them celebrating, freeing themselves with the music and movement in a way that club dancing no longer does.

ON THE DANCE FLOOR

Greg and Shane carry cases of beer above their heads and pass alongside the packed dance floor toward the bar. Shane is in front.

SHANE

Now what?

GREG

Put your body in it.

Shane timidly pushes with his body. Greg gives him a big shove and sticks behind him. GREG LAUGHS. This is fun.

GREG

Keep going. Worse thing'll happen
is somebody might feel you up.

Shane notices when people are shoved, they turn with a dirty look but when they see him, they smile and move.

BEHIND THE SCRIM

The exclusive area on the main floor where CELEBRITIES, MODELS and the RICH are seated on banquettes. Greg and Shane have champagne on ice in buckets. He points at various celebrities.

GREG

Here's the deal: models are cheap--
they're used to getting everything
for nothing. Some stars are too, but
some are real generous, especially
if they've just bombed in something.
And one thing for sure, once they're
all gone, we check the banquettes. We
usually find some pretty good stuff.

Shane nods, then he's struck dumb--a beautiful young BRUNETTE sits in the middle of one group.

SHANE

Is that Julie Black?

GREG

Think so. Ready?

Shane can hardly take his eyes off her as they advance on the group of people. Rubell enters, looking a little high. He shines here as a generous self-effacing host--meeting a HANDSOME CELEB--shaking his hand and looking him in the eye.

RUBELL

I'm so excited to meet you. I'm such a big fan of yours. Anything you want is yours.

Shane watches as Greg turns the champagne bottle suggestively to ONE OF THE WOMEN. She smiles at her friend. Shane nervously pours champagne, trying not to ogle JULIE BLACK. She winks at him. He almost drops the bottle. Rubell gives Shane an encouraging nod. When Shane finishes, Rubell stops by and gives him a paternal pat.

RUBELL

I really have got to get out of here and get some sleep. I swear.

He sees a TALL MAN IN BLACK (HALSTON) enter, and he rushes off to greet him. As someone hands Shane his tip, he tries to get Julie Black's attention again.

SHANE

Thanks... (swallowing it) Miss Black.

But she's toasting with her date--a WELL-DRESSED MAN, 30s.

BY THE DANCE FLOOR

A wild NICARAGUAN WOMAN IN WHITE poses for a photo op with a stiff ANDY WARHOL--her feather boa around him. The backdrop shifts from the moon and coke spoon to a brilliant gold sun. Shane pushes through the crowd with a bus tub above his head as Greg taught him. He jumps when someone gooses him. He turns and sees Disco Dottie, tonight in a fuscina glitter wig. SHE CHUCKLES MISCHIEVOUSLY.

DOTTIE

(gravel-voiced)
You're a winner.

SHANE

Uh, thanks.

DOTTIE

Anytime, sweet meat.

She gooses him again and keeps moving (wipes frame).

BEHIND THE BAR

Shane ices buckets as Greg watches, having a cigarette. A HANDSOME DRUNK MAN is throwing money at the dark bartender, ROMEO.

DRUNK MAN

Just let me have you for 20 minutes
...10?...3?

The drunk man knocks over a beer bottle that breaks behind the bar. Greg and Shane hop down to clean it up at the same time. They bump heads and laugh.

BASEMENT OFFICE

End of the night, Greg knocks on the door of the basement office. Shane is beside him.

GREG

Wait out here.

Viv, make-up even heavier, lets Greg in and leaves, brushing closely against Shane. He is very uncomfortable.

VIV

I'll meet you by the dance floor.

SHANE

What?

VIV

I was nice to you. Now it's your turn to be nice to me.

SHANE

Uh.

VIV

See you upstairs.

Her lips brush his shoulder as she goes. Shane unconsciously wipes off his shoulder and leans back against the wall.

A very beautiful high young woman, PATTI, in a cowboy hat and cowboy boots passes by and eyes Shane. He checks to make sure she's looking at him, then he follows her up the stairs.

IN THE BALCONY

Shane as he follows her into the dark, still active balcony. They pass the couples, trios, etc. and go to a

PRIVATE AREA, under the fresco ceiling bathed in beautiful light. This is like a dream to Shane as she pauses, looks him over and

leans back on a cushion. He is heating up, breathing hard, but forces himself to remain cool as he moves down to her. Without a word, they kiss, hands gliding over each other. Her hat tumbles off. Shane is in ecstasy. She reaches down his body, but he intercepts her hand.

PATTI

(French accent)

Come on, foxy. Let's get it on.

SHANE

Uh, I don't have a rubber.

PATTI (laughs)

Between penicillin and the pill we are o.k., baby. Toute va bien.

She pulls him down, and they get it on.

IN THE BASEMENT OFFICE

Anita does a line of coke. Greg is done being mad--he's pensive with a joint.

GREG

I bet I'm not making bartender because I'm too short.

ANITA

Just forget about it.

GREG

I'm right, though, don't you think? It's because I'm short.

ANITA

It's because you don't suck cock.

She gives him a long kiss. He picks up two heavy garbage bags and carries them outside to

53RD STREET BACK EXIT

where ANTHONY--the slick, wired Italian--gets out of a delivery van and picks up the garbage bags as soon as Greg sets them down. 1 =

ANTHONY

Pleasure doing business, paisano.

BY THE DANCE FLOOR

End of the night, almost empty. Rubell is still there, really loaded at this point and hanging all over a GOOD-LOOKING COUPLE.

Viv touches up her mask of make-up, looking at her watch and waiting. Shane comes down from the balcony holding Patti up.

He sees Viv waiting. He deposits Patti on a banquette and slips behind the back curtain. He looks out at Viv waiting, but he just can't do it. He retreats into the back, avoiding her.

FADE OUT "DANCE (DISCO HEAT)"

INT. DINER--AFTER HOURS*

Shane, Ciel (Anita's sister), Buck, Atlanta, Romeo, TWO BUSBOYS, and Greg with his arm around Anita, are in a large booth at their after hours hang-out. Ciel pushes a ketchup bottle into the middle of the table.

CIEL

I'd say it was this big. At least.

ANITA

Stop!

ATLANTA

Did you get his number?

THE OTHERS LAUGH.

BUSBOY 1

It ain't the size of the ship. It's the motion of the ocean.

GREG

Did your mother teach you that?

ROMEO

His father.

THEY LAUGH.

BUCK

Sounds kind of defensive to me.

ANITA

He does not have anything to worry about.

Greg looks at her, suspicious. She turns his head away with her¹ finger.

ANITA

No smothering, Grego.

ATLANTA

As far as I'm concerned, there are size queens...and there are liars.

THEY LAUGH. Shane does his best to join in.

ATLANTA
Am I right? Am I right?

CIEL
I think we're freaking the new kid out.

BUCK
(to Shane)
How'd you do tonight?

SHANE
Good. I made quite a bit, I think.

GREG
He doesn't mean your tips.

ANITA
You went up to the balcony with Patti.

SHANE
Uh, well. Word gets around fast, I guess.

CIEL
When you're that obvious. Was she
doing the accent?

SHANE
Huh?

ANITA
(to Ciel) Sh. (to Shane) What was she like?

SHANE
Really...great. She's a model.

ATLANTA
(supressing a smile)
Really? Have we seen her in anything?

SHANE
Yeah, Vogue--French Vogue.

THEY ALL LAUGH RAUCOUSLY.

BUCK
She's moving on up.

BUSBOY 1
She told me Cosmo.

ANITA
She told me Women's Wear Daily.

1-
1-

THEY LAUGH as the WAITRESS serves their food.

SHANE
I don't care if it was Sears &
Roebuck. It was hot.

GREG
(to Anita)
What do you mean Women's Wear Daily?

CIEL
Oo, I feel a fight coming on.

GREG
No. No way, sis.

CIEL
Sis? I don't even let my real
brothers call me 'sis.' Do I sis?

ANITA
They got other names for you.

CIEL
Bitch.

ANITA
That's one of them.

ANITA AND CIEL LAUGH. The Waitress sets an empty plate in the
middle of the table.

ROMEO
And the extra plate.

Before eating, they all reach into their pockets and nonchalantly
dump small packets of coke, quaaludes, MDA, single earrings, gold
lighters, etc. onto the extra plate. THEY COMMENT BETWEEN EACH
OTHER ABOUT WHO WANTS WHAT. Shane watches the ritual in awe.

GREG
Didn't you get anything?

Shane pulls his oversized busboy shorts out of a bag and shakes
them, a full vial of coke hits the table. They are impressed. 1=

INT. CAR--EARLY MORNING

Shane drives his father's car back to Jersey. He balances the vial
of coke on the dashboard by the statue of Mary.

EXT. GAS STATION--MORNING

Shane pulls the Ford up to the end of a short line of cars waiting

30

for gas. Ricko, in uniform, is busy pumping. Shane hops out of his car, grabs a gas can and runs up to Ricko.

SHANE

They hired me, man. Ricko, it was so fucking choice. I can't believe it. And you shoulda seen the stars--the celebrities, man. And I met Julie Black! She's even more gorgeous in real life.

RICKO

Fuckin' A! Did you do her?

SHANE

Ricko, man. She's my dream girl. You don't just 'do' your dream girl. (CARS HONK) You gotta come, man. You and Kev. I'll get you on the list, like next week.

Shane gives him the gas can and pulls out a wad of cash. Ricko is impressed. THE CARS HONK AT THEM.

EXT. O'SHEA HOUSE--MORNING

Shane drives up to his house and sees Grace is waiting on the steps in her Burger King uniform. He jumps out of the car.

GRACE

Dad is going to kill you. He had to call in sick, and Mom is having a cow. She stayed up all night, and there's no TV after 3.

She grabs the keys out of his hands.

INT. LIVING ROOM

The TV is on as usual--a morning show. Harlan sits in front of it, looking angry. He glances up at Shane then back to the TV.

SHANE

(gingerly)
I filled up the car. With premium. Where's Mom?

HARLAN

Sleeping.

Shane can't contain his excitement.

SHANE

I got a new job, Dad. It's really a great one. I'm going to be making a ton of money--more than we ever seen!

t=

Shane is about to pull out the cash, but stops at Harlan's insulted look. Harlan turns back to watching commercials on TV.

HARLAN

You're setting a terrible example
for the girls.

Silence. Shane heads for the stairs, head bowed. Harlan sees this.

HARLAN

Shane, buddy, I don't know what to
say to you.

SHANE

I'm sorry, Dad, but don't you think
I should be able--?

Shane stops when GOOD MORNING AMERICA comes back on and he notices that the guest is Steve Rubell, blood-shot, droopy eyes, but a bit speedy and a good talker.

HARLAN

You should be able to act responsible.

SHANE

(excited)

Shhh!

He points at the TV.

RUBELL (on TV)

I'd say I, I, we make (he leans over
and whispers to TV host)--every night.

TV HOST

(lets out a low whistle)
That would be before Uncle Sam gets
his teeth in it.

RUBELL

(laughs)
Put it this way--What the IRS
doesn't know, won't hurt them.

HARLAN

I wish I could run around all night
too but--

SHANE

Dad, shh, that's my boss.

Harlan looks between the TV and Shane. NEWS FOOTAGE OF OUTRAGEOUS
PEOPLE and DRAG QUEENS dancing at 54.

RUBELL (on TV, V.O.)
As long as they're fun, we don't
care what they are or what they do.
You--you have a mix, it's very
mixed, you have a mix of the whole
population of the world. We're
breaking down barriers--ethnically,
sexually, in every way. You can
dance with a celebrity, a garbage
collector, a, a female impersonator...

HARLAN

What the hell.

Harlan looks at Shane then back at the TV.

TV HOST (O.S.)

...you must have some secret to all this success.

RUBELL

(thinks)

In 'People' they said it was because
I'm brilliant with the people that
count, but that's not the, the secret.
(He leans in). The secret is that I'm
a philosopher--I understand that the
path of excess leads to the palace
of wisdom. Do you ever read Blake?

Shane looks impressed. He glances at his father who looks confused
and annoyed.

HARLAN

He runs that circus?

SHANE

Everything.

HARLAN

Looks like he's on drugs. Did you
see his eyes?

SHANE

He's just tired.

HARLAN

I don't want you going back there.

SHANE

(laughs)

Yeah right.

HARLAN

You don't belong there.

t =

SHANE

I do too belong there.

HARLAN

What do those people want with you anyways?

SHANE

Who cares? I love it there.

HARLAN

I don't think I trust you in a place like that.

SHANE

You don't trust me? Dad--just shove it.

Harlan looks at Shane, shocked. Shane bows his head and heads up the stairs.

INT. STUDIO 54

BEHIND THE BAR

Greg and Shane (in sexy new shorts) are working at break neck speed. SHANE IMPROVS STEVE MARTIN: I AM ONE WILD AND CRASY GUY WHO LOVES TO MAKE OUT WITH WILD AND CRASY CHICKS, ETC. GREG LAUGHS. Shane gets crazier about it, doing those kooky Steve Martin hand movements. Greg nearly falls on the floor laughing.

INT. DINER--LATER

The empty plate. Everyone spills their drinks onto it and they pick through them. Shane sits next to Anita. He grabs something she wants and they have a playful little fight over it. He winks at her and lets her have it.

INT. GREG AND ANITA'S APARTMENT--DAWN

Greg opens the door. Shane and Anita follow. Shane checks out their pad. It is a large railroad flat, furnished and decorated by two young party kids--bean bag chairs, lemon candles, a scurvy aquarium, and a wedding picture of them very drunk and laughing, behind that are two wedding pictures of HER LARGE SPRAWLING FAMILY, big smiles, and Greg pictured with his family--just himself and a SEVERE WOMAN, 50S. Shane looks closely at the photos. Anita flips on some JAZZ.

SHANE

Looks like your wedding was dynamite.

They smile. Greg pecks her on the cheek. Off to the side is a huge album collection--mostly jazz and disco. Beside that is a

rather sloppy arrangement of recording equipment.

GREG

Anita's studio.

SHANE

Far out.

Shane looks at the wall behind it--a collage of photos on the wall picturing Anita singing at small gigs, weddings, etc.

ANITA

Those are just for inspiration. Like putting a fat person on your fridge.

SHANE

Play me something.

GREG

Yeah! She's so great. You're not even going to believe. Be right back.

Greg leaves the room while she sits in her studio, flips on her Casio. A DRUM BEAT pops on and SHE SINGS A VERSE OF AN ORIGINAL SONG. She has a lot of style and her VOICE has a unique quality. Shane loves it. She holds her LAST NOTE, looking into his eyes. Her talent turns him on.

SHANE

Axcellent.

They gaze at each other, sexual tension. A DOOR CLOSSES OFF SCREEN.

SHANE

I shoulda caught that last bus. My dad's going to blow a nut.

ANITA

So?

She smiles and goes as Greg comes back with a pillow.

GREG

The room's back here.

INT. EXTRA ROOM AT GREG AND ANITA'S--DAWN

Shane checks out the room--a futon on the floor and not much else.

SHANE

This place is huge.

GREG

You can stay as long as you want, man.

SHANE

Are you playing with me?

GREG

Mi casa es tu casa.

Greg sits and pulls a pie tin full of pot and joints from behind a curtain. Shane's eyes pop--wow.

GREG

(lighting a joint)

And in my casa, there are three
basic food groups--solids, liquids
and hot smoke.

He blows out a billow of smoke and passes the joint to Shane. FADE
UP: 'MOVE ON UP/UP UP!' by Destination (this could be Shane's
theme song--it is a song filled with hope, energy and a rushing,
driving disco beat) THROUGH FOLLOWING:

INT. SHANE'S BEDROOM--DAY

Shane packs a box of things to take. He picks up the wrestling
trophy: 2nd place, NEW JERSEY STATE CHAMPIONSHIPS. He sets it to
the side and doesn't take it.

INT. O'SHEA LIVING ROOM

Shane comes downstairs through the living room with his arms full
of his stuff. His father watches TV. OFF SCREEN, A REPORT ON THE
DOW JONES PLUMMETING 40 POINTS IN TWO DAYS AND SOARING INFLATION--
THE HIGHEST IN 33 YEARS.

SHANE

Bye, Dad.

HARLAN

Bye.

He doesn't get up, but when Shane leaves he turns off the TV and
looks out the window at him as he walks toward the car.

INT. MOVING CAR/EXT. HIGHWAY--DAY

Shane looks at the endless industrial landscape. Grace drives with
Shane's stuff piled in the back. They pass a monolithic factory
that gives way to the Manhattan skyline. Shane smiles and taps out
the beat to "MOVE ON UP."

INT. SHANE'S ROOM AT GREG AND ANITA'S--NIGHT*

Shane finishes unpacking by hanging up his mirror. He looks in it,
dances a bit, practicing a sexy move, then falls back on the futon
grinning. FADE OUT 'MOVE ON UP.'

INT. STUDIO 54--NIGHT

Right before opening--THE TECHS (with airline ear muffs) test their light show, fly various backdrops, and fill bins with plastic snow. Buck instructs his bar staff. Anita and the girls set up coat check tickets on hangers. It's the giddy moment just before the curtain rises on this nightly spectacle. Shane goes upstairs to

RUBELL'S OFFICE

where Dottie is trying on one of her colored glitter wigs from a box of various colors. Rubell, dishevelled, is chewing out Mark, the doorman, and Viv counts cash. Rubell has his clip board list in his hand and shakes it at Mark. Shane watches, listening.

RUBELL

Yes, we want variety. Yes, you've got to toss the salad. But no, that doesn't mean letting whores and yids in like last night.

MARK

They were your cousins, Stevie.

RUBELL

I don't care if it was my mother and my old man. They looked like shit!

MARK

Okay, Stevie. Cool it, man.

RUBELL

Family--my ass. My real family is already in here.

Rubell hands Mark the clipboard/list. Dottie models a pink wig, sucks in her cheeks.

DOTTIE

Pink parfait. Perfecto. Whattaya think?

RUBELL

Fabulous, love. Now, get out of here.

Mark retreats and bumps into Shane. Dottie is satisfied with the wig and goes--air kisses to all as she flounces out.

SHANE

Could I talk to you about maybe putting somebody on the list?

MARK

You have to talk to Steve. (confidentially)
And he's been working 72 hours straight.
Tread lightly.

He goes. Shane peers in the office where Viv tries to talk seriously with Rubell.

RUBELL
The IRS? (laughs) The only thing I know about the IRS is that they took the IRT down to 4th street USA or something like that.

VIV
Even though you pay me like a cashier, I'm the accountant in this place, and it's me who's going to go down with you if you get it by shooting off your big mouth all over the place.

He hands her a bindle of coke.

RUBELL
Throw out that nasty weed of yours. Paranoia is setting in.

Viv sees Shane.

SHANE
Hi.

She ignores him and goes back to preparing the cash drawers.

RUBELL
How's the new kid? You need a little something for the night?

He pours out a handful of ludes (chalk white tablets). Shane takes them, more because he can't refuse than because he wants them.

RUBELL
Buck says you've been doing a good job. What sign are you?

SHANE
Uh, cancer.

RUBELL
Good people cancers. What do you think, Viv?

VIV
(she looks directly at Shane)
Crabs.

Shane blushes. Rubell looks between them and smiles. Uncomfortable silence.

SHANE

Steve, um, I wanted to talk to you about--uh--I have some friends who-- I wanted to get 'em on the list.

RUBELL

Do they look like you?

SHANE

One's my cousin.

RUBELL

Once a month, the nephew of the king Saudi Arabia flies 7,000 miles to dance here for one night, all night, then gets back on his plane at sunrise. He tells me it's the only place on earth he feels free...We have a responsibility. So I repeat, 'Do they look like you?'

SHANE

They're my friends.

RUBELL

Fine. I'll put them on the list, but they better look like you.

Rubell slides Shane a pad of paper. Shane hesitates, then writes down the names. Viv smirks at him making him suffer more. He holds up the quaaludes as he goes.

SHANE

Thanks.

INT. HALLWAY

Shane, miserable over this encounter, looks at his handful of quaaludes. He puts one in his mouth.

BEHIND THE BAR

It's busy. Greg wipes down the bar madly next to Shane who's moving slowly.

GREG

Look at those mothers. They got it made.

He nods up toward Tarzan who's deep kissing a woman, and Rhett (the new bartender) doing poppers with his friends over the bar.

AT COATCHECK--LATER

Anita, Ciel and COAT CHECK GIRL 1 have some work tonight with women

checking wraps and light jackets--they move quickly taking coats, tips, dispensing tickets, etc. Dottie is having a great time with her finger pointed in Anita's face.

DOTTIE

You little sambos have been stealing things out of my pockets for the past two years.

ANITA

Like I'd want a handful of suppositories?

DOTTIE

Ha! See there!

CIEL

(affecting a Puerto Rican accent)
Dios mio. Stop hassling my sister
or I am going to have to cut you, bitch.

DOTTIE

(laughing as she goes)
J'ai trop peur.

Shane, high, sways through the crowd to Anita with a tray full of beer. He sets a lude down for her next to the beers and smiles. He unloads the tray and spills one of the beers all over her cash drawer.

SHANE

Oops.

Just then Julie Black, looking radiant in a full body suit, passes them with A BUSINESSMAN, 40s. Shane reaches out for her, but he loses his balance and almost falls.

ANITA

You're a mess. Come here. You need a little equalizer.

Shane looks for Julie, but she's gone. It looks for an instant as if he might burst into tears, but he sucks in air. Anita very patiently takes him to the

BACK OF THE COATROOM

ANITA

How many of those did you take?

SHANE

This many.

He holds up 3 fingers. (Camera does something freaky with them.)

SHANE

Did you sleep with somebody to get your job?

ANITA

My job? Puh-lease. You really are loaded.

She takes out a vial of coke, dumps a bump on the back of her hand.

SHANE

Na. I don't do that crud--nothing up the nose.

ANITA

Come on.

He shakes his head.

ANITA

Come on, you look like Stevie.

He takes it.

EXT. STUDIO 54--NIGHT

Kev and Ricko with new, horrible haircuts push their way up to the front of the crowd. Their clothes are even worse, but they are full of confidence. Mark notes their clothes in an instant and ignores them. They speak to him. He gives a cursory glance at the list and shakes his head. Their confidence wanes quickly.

RICKO

Can you check again? Shane invited us. Shane O'Shea. He works here.

No response.

RICKO

I'll give you my watch. Here.

Mark rolls his eyes. Kev retreats, embarrassed and pissed off. Ricko stands there confused, till someone elbows past him. He shrinks back.

THE COATCHECK--LATER

It's busy, but Anita is smoking, thinking of a tune, hand over hear ear, tapping it out, writing it down. Her pen runs out of ink, so she goes through the pockets of a coat near her. She looks up and sees someone pass by in the hallway. Her eyes light up and she vaults over the counter to follow.

AT THE BAR

Shane is stacking glasses fast, now keyed up. Anita leans over the bar and waves madly at him.

ANITA

Look.

She points at BILLIE AUSTER, 40s, lovely. This playland was made for someone like Billie, and she has the confidence and poise of someone who knows it. She is talking to a ROCKER in leather at the edge of the dance floor. MUSIC: "HIGH SOCIETY" BY NORMA JEAN.

ANITA

It's Billie Auster.

SHANE

What's her deal?

ANITA

She's Billie. She's just famous. I don't know. She's in the papers all the time. I think she was in some movies. And she knows everybody-- including everybody in the music industry.

Shane looks at her, then back at Anita. Anita adjusts her sexy ripped sweatshirt to hide her cleavage and look more respectable. Shane playfully tries to pull it back down.

ANITA

Come on. Help me out...I think she's into ludes.

SHANE

You want to meet her?

ANITA

I will give you anything.

They hold each other's look for a moment. He smiles and pulls a few ludes out of his pocket and puts them on a tray. Anita watches as Shane rocks up to Billie. He is smooth and silent, holds the tray out to her. She smiles and takes a lude. He whispers in her ear.

INT. BALCONY--NIGHT

PEOPLE getting it on in the dark background as Shane, Anita, Greg, Billie do coke. Shane holds a mirror for her as she snorts a line.

BILLIE

Thanks. I was about to start jonesing down there. Donna helped herself to the last of my snow. Ach! Recording artists.

She passes the mirror to Anita. Anita is nervous. She offers Billie her line. Billie does it.

SHANE

You know Anita's a recording artist, too.

BILLIE

Wonderful. What label?

ANITA

I don't really have one yet.

Billie smiles, she recognizes the little ploy here. She sees Anita twisting her fingers nervously. Anita stops. She sees Greg's and Shane's hopeful looks.

BILLIE

Send me a tape. I'd love to hear it.

ANITA LETS OUT A SCREAM as if she just won a contest, then turns it into a cough. Greg pats her back.

GREG

Too much reefer.

ANITA

As a matter of fact, I think I have a tape with me.

She produces a brightly colored cassette for Billie. Billie accepts it. Enough business, though, she leans back against Shane's arm.

BILLIE

This doobie is tan excelente.

ANITA

The recording isn't that great, but...

Greg tugs on Anita and they sneak away.

BILLIE

They're cute. I love discovering new...talent.

She reaches up and kisses Shane, but he pulls away after a beat.

SHANE

Anita said you was in the movies.

BILLIE

Darling, I am a movie.

He grabs her and kisses her.

ON THE STAIRS

As Greg pulls Anita down the stairs, he seems to glow with a golden

halo from the lights. She stops him and kisses him passionately.

GREG
Save some of that for later. I have
to do the garbage.

ANITA
See you at home.

GREG
I love you.

ANITA
I love you.

She kisses him again. He pulls away, singing:

GREG
'You're just a love machine, and I
won't work for nobody but you.'

EXT. STUDIO 54--NIGHT

Shane gets into Billie's private car with her.

EXT. 53RD STREET EXIT--NIGHT

Greg bounds out the door to the street with the garbage bags and looks for Anthony. He sees his van, but no Anthony.

ANTHONY (O.S.)
Paisano!

Greg turns to find Anthony dragging a passed out but smiling Patti (the drunk woman who Shane did) toward the van. Her cowboy hat tumbles off her head as he loads her in the van.

ANTHONY
I really scored tonight, huh?
(re: the money) It's all there?

GREG
Count it.

Greg drops the bags and starts off, but Anthony stops him.

ANTHONY
How much they give you to wait
around for me, kid?

GREG
Enough.

ANTHONY
You're Italian. Right?

GREG
Right on.

Anthony gets in the van and reaches to the other side of Patti. He grabs a little packet of pills and tosses them to Greg.

ANTHONY
If you ever need to increase your pay check, you let me know. I got the best party favors in the place.

Greg is about to take off when Rubell comes out, carried by his Bodyguard who also carries a very large duffel bag.

RUBELL
You. Greg. Take it.

GREG
But I have to--

RUBELL
(to bodyguard)
Give it to him.

The Bodyguard puts the duffel bag in Greg's hands. He walks past the van totally oblivious to Anthony kissing Patti.

RUBELL
Come on. You've never seen my pla-- my pla--my palace. Have you?

GREG
(intrigued)
No.

RUBELL
Rhett just quit. I think it's time you see my pla--pla--pla...

INT. FIFTH AVENUE PENTHOUSE--NIGHT

THE SOUNDS OF SEX. A set of antique mirrors cover one wall. Shane has sex with Billie. She is on top. She looks a tad frustrated. =

SHANE (O.S.)
Rhett? When did he quit?

BILLIE
Tonight. Ach. And I'm crushed--he was incredible.

Shane responds by increasing his movement. Billie winces. She stops him and moves her hands to teach him.

BILLIE
You're just a little...Here, try this. Easy. Yes, oh, yes. Ooo, oh, you learn fast.

SHANE
I bet I could do that job.

BILLIE
Mm. Should I talk to Stevie for you?

SHANE
I don't know--my friend's been waiting for that job.

BILLIE
But do you want it?

SHANE
Yeah, I want it.

BILLIE
What would you do to get it?

He flips her on her back and gets on top. The motion makes her pass out.

SHANE
Hey...Hey.

Shane looks at himself, hot and sweating, in the wall of mirrors. Without looking away he continues what he just learned with the passed out Billie, his rhythm increases as he gets more excited.

INT. RUBELL'S FOYER--NIGHT

Not a palace, but expensive, thrown together, a little gauche. Greg's eyes survey it like a palace, though. He touches something.

RUBELL
In here.

Greg follows him with the duffel bag.

IN THE BEDROOM--NIGHT

Dark. The windows are painted black. Three phones next to the bed. He points at the bed.

RUBELL
Empty it.

Greg looks at him.

RUBELL

Go ahead.

The Bodyguard helps him up-end the bag and dump it loose on the bed--a mountain of money. Rubell falls into it. The bodyguard, as if routine, sits in a chair in the corner, picks up his comic book.

RUBELL

Rhett--the, the, the brand new bartender quit. Thinks he's going to model.

GREG

Really?

RUBELL

Met Scavullo and thinks he's got it made.

He rolls to the side of the bed and takes out a quaalude, swallows it dry, offers one to Greg who declines.

RUBELL

You're a handsome guy. Bet you could model if you were a little taller.

Greg reddens.

RUBELL

You're a lucky boy. Lucky boy.

He writhes in the green.

RUBELL

You're from Iowa or something, right?

GREG

New Jersey.

RUBELL

And now you're rubbing elbows with the most influential people on the planet. Not bad for a kid from... somewhere.

GREG

New--thanks.

RUBELL

It's a new world--old prejudices and labels don't apply anymore.

GREG

Right.

GREG

I know.

RUBELL

Come here.

Greg considers. He takes a step toward the bed. He puts his hand on his belt buckle. Rubell reaches out for him from the pile of money.

The BODYGUARD CHUCKLES at his comic and Greg stops. He steps back.

GREG

I can't. I'm married. She's waiting.

RUBELL

You really are that straight?

GREG

Sorry.

RUBELL

No. I rosp, resp, I respect that.
Let me apologize to you.

He vomits all over the money.

INT. BILLIE'S PENTHOUSE TERRACE--DAWN

Shane looks out over the Central Park and beyond it the midtown skyline--a new view for him from uptown. He climbs naked onto the edge of the terrace and opens his arms wide to the city then reaches out for it, fingers extended.

He whispers the words to the song "Move on Up."

SHANE

'Move on up, toward your destination...
Move on up, to a greater day.'

INT. BILLIE'S BEDROOM--DAY

Fiorucci shopping bags on the bed. Shane is poured into a pair of leather pants and an outrageous fringed shirt. He is super-70s hot, but looks incredibly uncomfortable as Billie dresses him. ‡=

SHANE

It's really funky, but I don't think
it's me.

BILLIE

Darling, I don't think you realize
what is you.

SHANE

I just want to look cool when I'm out.
Like I'm a New Yorker.

Billie laughs, continues to dress him, trying a belt from her closet.

BILLIE

What you are is part of Billie's Big Bang Theory.

Shane wiggles his eyebrows and grabs for her ass. She swats him.

BILLIE

Stop that and listen. For the past 20--15 years I've felt it brewing--an almost palpable energy--no, a 'force,' floating around New York--building, building like a tribal rhythm--you could feel it coming in the Philadelphia Sound, the gay discoteques, Carmen D'Allesio's events--and all of a sudden--BANG!--54--a universe like no other. It's all been leading up to this. Something fabulous and whole from a million colliding forces. Something beautiful from something visceral. Just like you.

He smiles at himself in the mirror.

BILLIE

So I expect you to get to the center of it all, Shane. Right where you belong.

She stops accessorizing and looks in his eyes.

SHANE

Okay.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE RUBELL'S OFFICE

Shane stands outside the closed door. He tries to lift his hand to knock on it, but can't. On the third attempt, he manages to make a faint RAP.

RUBELL (O.S.)

Who is it?

Shane opens the door and sees Rubell, clear-headed, alone, dividing up party favors and writing in a little BLACK BOOK. He takes in Shane and his outfit, impressed.

RUBELL
(under his breath)
That oughtta be illegal.

Shane closes the door behind him and it locks. Nervous, Shane sits in a chair. He spreads his legs. He puts his head back. He closes his eyes, then unbuckles his belt. Beat.

RUBELL
May I help you?

SHANE
Well. Rhett quit--the job--and, uh...

RUBELL
I appreciate the offer, but if I want it, I'll let you know.

Shane buckles up quickly, embarrassed and runs out. Rubell looks after him and smiles, amused.

INT. STUDIO KITCHEN--NIGHT

Bar staff meeting with Buck, Atlanta, Romeo, Tarzan and busboys. Shane and Greg sit next to each other. Rubell is in his awards ceremony mode, making a big deal again.

RUBELL
...and Shane will take his place.

Shane is shocked. The BUSBOYS and WAITERS sneer at Shane. Greg turns slowly to look at him, speechless.

BUCK
Okay. Let's get to work.

Without a word, Greg gets up and goes, punching the wall on his way out. Shane looks guilty, but once the busboys and waiters are gone Buck and the other bartenders (Atlanta, Romeo and Tarzan) congratulate him, clap him on the back, give him a noogie, etc. FADE UP 'THE BOSS' (DIANA ROSS) THROUGH FOLLOWING SEQUENCE:

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE RUBELL'S OFFICE

Rubell enters his office as Shane and Buck exit with cash drawers. 1 =

SHANE
Thanks, Steve.

RUBELL
Don't thank me. Just make me look good. And you're on garbage detail.

SHANE

But that's Greg's--

RUBELL

He's not interested anymore. And
I've got to have someone I trust.

SHANE

You trust me?

Rubell nods. Shane impulsively hugs him. Rubell smiles.

BEHIND THE BAR--

At the cash register, Buck is training Shane who is now shirtless
in jeans with bow tie.

BUCK

In a couple hours, you'll get the
word to pull the tape and empty the cash
into here. Then load in a new tape.

Buck shows him the cash register tapes.

SHANE

Why?

BUCK

That's how we work.

He pours himself a drink. Shane gets it.

SHANE

A little crazy accounting, huh?

CUT TO LATER:

Crowded. In his shirtless bartender uniform, Shane works the bar
along with the others. He is working hard, doused with alcohol and
sweat. He flies a CUSTOMER a beer and completely blanks.

SHANE

Four--five--four--uh--four-fifty.

RUBELL

(V.O. loaded from DJ booth)
Open bar for the next 15 minutes!

ALL THE BARTENDERS

Shit!

The crowd surges toward the bar. Shane looks petrified.

CUT TO LATER:

Buck sees Shane still stressing, trying too hard to mix a drink perfectly.

BUCK

Relax. As long as there's booze in it, you're fine...And one more thing.

He puts his hands on Shane's hips. Shane pulls away, but Buck pulls him back and pulls Shane's jeans down a bit.

BUCK

Remember, we're the real entertainment in this place.

FADE 'THE BOSS' WAY UP as Shane relaxes and dances a bit. The background shifting to a brilliant laser and light show. A hand reaches down and grabs his butt. He turns to see Disco Dottie leaning way over the bar, now face to face with Shane. Her tiny little lover, BOYD, 19, behind her.

DOTTIE

I told you you were a winner.

SHANE

You did.

DOTTIE

Bet you'll rule this place by New Year's.

SHANE LAUGHS.

DOTTIE

Yessir, Dottie knows sweet meat when she sees it.

SHANE

How about a drink? On me.

DOTTIE

How about the best fuck of your lifetime?

SHE LAUGHS MISCHIEVOUSLY, grabs him and kisses him. Shane looks at Boyd's bored little expression over her shoulder. When she releases him, Shane looks at her shocked. She shakes his hand.

DOTTIE

I think I like you. The last one spit.

CUT TO LATER:

Near the end of the night, Buck, Atlanta, Romeo and Tarzan have Shane pinned down and are pouring a tall glass of dark looking liquid down his throat.

BUCK

Drink.

Shane struggles and LAUGHS, but drinks most of it. Atlanta pulls out a pill.

ATLANTA

Open up.

Atlanta sticks it in Shane's mouth. Buck pours champagne over his head.

BUCK

I name thee 'Shane 54.'

'THE BOSS' CLIMAXES and MIXES INTO "I LOVE THE NIGHTLIFE" by Alicia Bridges with it's low key, seductive groove.

IN THE COATCHECK

Greg sits in the back with Anita. She rubs the nape of his neck while he counts his tips.

GREG

We were both right.

ANITA

Hm?

GREG

I'm too short and I don't suck cock.

ANITA

Well, you can't do anything about being short.

GREG

Right.

He gets it, looks at her. THEY BOTH LAUGH. She kisses him and heads back out front.

GREG

(calling after her)

I'll make us some real money. I got other ideas. 41-

INT. DINER--MORNING

Shane with the bartenders. His eyes are glazed. The Waitress serves food and sets the EMPTY PLATE in the middle of the table.

ROMEO

Ah, breakfast--the most important meal of the day.

THEY LAUGH, push their plates aside and unload their booty onto the EMPTY PLATE. Shane already has some favorites that he bargains for.

INT. CAB--DAY

DISCO MUSIC BLASTING. Shane lies in the back of the cab. He is hungover, tired, wired, a real mess.

RADIO DJ AL BANDIRO(V.O.)
...It's disco to the max on the last
sizzlin' summer day of the '70s!

EXT. GREG AND ANITA'S BUILDING--DAY

Shane weaves his way up to the building.

INT. GREG AND ANITA'S APT.--DAY

Shane goes down the hall. Greg and Anita's bedroom is ajar. He sees Anita in the bed alone with a pint of ice cream--she's barely covered by a sheet. He pauses and looks at her body. She feels him looking at her and opens her eyes. They gaze at each other. She rolls away.

INT. KITCHEN--DAY

Greg is putting up new shelves in the kitchen, smoking a joint. Shane comes in. Greg is chilly with him.

SHANE

Hi.

GREG

Hey.

SHANE

What's wrong with Anita?

GREG

Billie liked her tape, but she said it was missing 'a certain je ne sais quoi.'

SHANE

That sucks, man. (beat) Hey, sorry about the job. (Greg works, smokes.) I apologize, okay?

GREG

Why are you apologizing? Steve screwed me again. No surprise.

SHANE

I'll get you in. Don't worry, man. Next spot that opens up, I'll get you in.

GREG
I can do it on my own.

SHANE
I want to help. You guys are like
my family now.

Beat. Greg smiles.

GREG
Thanks, man.

SHANE
But you have to show that you're
into it.

GREG
Huh?

SHANE
That you'd do anything for it.

GREG
No. Not me.

SHANE
Listen, man, do you know how lucky
we are? We're at the center of the
whole friggin universe. You have to
go for it.

GREG
I don't care about all that bull.
I'm there for the money, and for Anita.

SHANE
Then do it for the money. Do it for Anita.

GREG
Let my boss suck my cock for my wife's
sake? That makes a ton a sense.

SHANE
Don't be so literal, man. Just get
in the game.

GREG
I'm making a home here. That's what counts.

Greg goes back to his shelves, but Shane puts his arm around Greg.

SHANE
Gregman, who wants a home when you
can have the palace of wisdom?

INT. STUDIO 54--NIGHT

It's the LABOR DAY party with bigger than life photos of muscle men laboring with wrenches, whetstones and wheels. "KEEP IT COMIN' LOVE" (or "DISCO NIGHTS") THROUGH THE FOLLOWING:

AT THE BAR

Shane is helping Anita get a tray of beer for her girls. Something catches his attention and he points toward the dance floor where DIANA VREELAND, 70s, stands reigning over the night. She gives a grand sweeping gesture as she talks to one of her entourage. Anita gasps. Shane waves Greg over.

ON THE DANCE FLOOR

Shane pulls Anita and Greg into the center of the floor to dance as neon wheels spin behind them. They all get down. Anita pulls her trio closer. Vreeland is opening a small gift box excitedly while Rubell eagerly awaits her reaction like a little kid. She pulls out a tiny pair of gold opera glasses.

VREELAND

Absolutely divine! Stevie, I love you.

She gives him a huge kiss. He floats away on the arm of a SHEIK. She scans the bar with her binoculars, observing the bartenders.

VREELAND

Yes, indeed. The core of desire.

She then looks out at VARIOUS YOUNG MALE DANCERS--a DARK ITALIAN, an EXOTIC HAWAIIAN, a TALL AFRICAN-AMERICAN MAN, and finally Shane as he twists around Anita with a playfully sexy move. They both steal glances at Vreeland. Shane is turning it on, relishing the attention. Vreeland points out Shane and speaks to her ENTOURAGE.

VREELAND

Is that a bartender?

Her walker nods.

VREELAND

What fun! I'd like to dance.

The entourage is stunned. She points at Shane.

VREELAND

I'd like to dance, and I'd like it to be with that.

She walks out onto the DANCE FLOOR as a MODEL WANNABE, 18, tries to touch Vreeland as she passes.

MODEL WANNABE

Miss Vreeland. Remember me, June
issue, page 32, the Pucci spread?

THE WALKER, 30s, dances Anita, not so willingly, off to the side. Greg follows, trying to pry the Walker away from Anita. Vreeland begins to dance with Shane. A CAMERA FLASH lights up the area. Then another and another. It's a little PAPARAZZI feeding frenzy.

Buck looks up from the bar. Rubell smiles from the DJ Booth. Disco Dottie, not to be outdone, drags her tiny lover out onto the floor and tries to outdance Vreeland, but in spite of her energy she's no match for this event.

Shane spins Vreeland. She loves it, laughing. Caught up in the rush of it, she takes his hand and kisses it.

RUBELL (to himself)

Shanie, I think you've just arrived.

MONTAGE MUSIC CONTINUES THROUGHOUT:

AT THE BACK

An unmarked door is guarded by a BOUNCER. He nods and opens the door as Rubell approaches with his arm on Shane's shoulder. Vreeland and her entourage follow. They walk down

THE STAIRS

into the bowels of the building. They go through a nice RECEPTION ROOM and then through a basement PASSAGEWAY with pipes and electrical wiring on all sides. They come to another door guarded by another BOUNCER. He nods and opens the door open for Rubell and company. Inside is

THE PLAYPEN

A wide, dark, grungy basement room with a low ceiling, rolls of old carpet, banquettes, a swimming pool and swing set--a storage room that has become the most exclusive room in the world's most exclusive club.

Rubell (passed out) and Vreeland's entourage are piled on a banquette in the CROWDED room. Shane is in the middle of it all. HALSTON, a STAR AND ANDY approach the group with Billie. Shane stands as Billie introduces them to him. He tries to hide his awe as he meets these colorful celebrities.

ANDY

You put too many ice cubes in my
orange juice last night.

STAR

(to Shane)

Write that down, darling.

HALSTON

Along with this--555-3274.

STAR

You are shameless!

THEY ALL LAUGH while Shane wonders if he should really write it down. Halston smiles at Shane but is pulled to the side by a FRIEND. Next to them, a frustrated coked-up SUPER MODEL gets Shane's attention. He watches as she tosses a coke mirror aside, then takes the tightly rolled up bill she's been using as a straw, unrolls it, licks it clean, then throws it on the floor and moves on. Shane looks down on the floor--it's a \$100 bill. Off to the side, Billie speaks to a WOMAN IN TIGER SKIN about Shane.

BILLIE

He's the best lay in the club. He
fucked me unconscious.

The woman turns to A GROUP OF MEN AND WOMEN at her side--among them is Halston. They all look at Shane. Halston gets up and sits next to him, scoops a little coke in a designer coke spoon and puts it under Shane's nose. Shane snorts. Halston leans forward to kiss him. Shane pulls back, takes a deep breath, then lets him kiss him.

CUT TO LATER:

No one is left except for the wired supermodel watching Shane make out with Halston on a banquette. Shane pulls her into the action.

EXT. NEWS STAND--DAY

Headlines in the POST (in bg)--THE SKY IS FALLING!/SKYLAB DEBRIS RAINS DOWN. Shane pulls off his sunglasses and opens the POST to 'LAST NIGHT' and sees the photo of him dancing with Diana Vreeland. He smiles and looks around. No one is noticing him on the busy street. He shows it to the VENDOR. The Vendor is impressed. He gives the vendor the curled up \$100 bill for the paper.

INT. O'SHEA KITCHEN--MORNING

THE POST is open to 'LAST NIGHT'. Grace reads excitedly. Kelli and Anne look over her shoulder.

GRACE

'Superstud Shane 54 dances with the
High Empress of Fashion Diana Vreeland.'

KELLY

Superstud?

ANNE

She's so old.

HARLAN

Look at his eyes.

Harlan shakes his head and leaves. Grace looks at all the killjoys and tears the page out to keep for herself.

INT. GAS STATION BATHROOM--DAY

CARS HONK OUTSIDE as Ricko, in uniform sitting on the can, turns a page in THE POST. He sees the photo and smiles, surprised. After looking it over a moment, he dumps it in the garbage can.

INT. GREG AND ANITA'S KITCHEN--DAY

Shane is on the table almost nude, big red ribbon around his neck like a Christmas gift. He is feeling uncomfortable. The original beefcake photo. A PHOTOGRAPHER, Italian Eurotrash, with 'AFTERDARK MAGAZINE' printed on his lighting case takes Shane's picture. Shane looks over all the equipment, impressed, landing on a tape recorder.

SHANE

Is that on?

PHOTOGRAPHER

(turning it on)

Yes. Start talking, and give me a little more of that washboard stomach. That's it.

SHANE

(for tape recorder)

Let's see, I'm from Jersey City, close to Bayonne, so you can say that. It sounds better...And I'm a bartender but you could say I'm kind of an entertainer. I do impressions. All kinds. Really. I can do anybody. Do you want to hear my Jimmy Carter?

PHOTOGRAPHER

Sure. And just give me a little more...there ya go.

Anita is in the doorway admiring him. He holds her gaze and tightens his abs for her, the PHOTOGRAPHER CLICKS away.

EXT. VERMONT RESORT--DAY

Expensive, rustic resort, mountains in the background. Shane sits

60

in a hot tub with Rubell and A HALF DOZEN BEAUTIFUL MEN AND WOMEN. Champagne in their hands and smiles on their faces. Halston is here. He whispers to A BIG BREASTED WOMAN between him and Shane. The woman's hand strays beneath the foam. Shane smiles at the woman and moves closer to her.

INT. HURRAH'S--NIGHT

The legendary rock n' roll club. A RAUCOUS PUNK BAND PLAYS in the background. Shane enters with the Big Breasted woman just as Julie Black exits. Shane intercepts her.

SHANE

Hi.

Julie smiles at him, doesn't know him.

JULIE

Hi. Do I...?

Shane extends his hand. She shakes it awkwardly.

SHANE

Shane.

JULIE

Nice to meet you, Shane.

Shane is tongue-tied. Julie's DATE nudges her arm. They go.

SHANE (to himself)

I touched her.

BIG BREASTED WOMAN

So have half the casting directors
in New York, honey.

Shane doesn't hear her. His eyes are glowing, looking after Julie.

INT. ELAINE'S--NIGHT

Shane eats and drinks with Rubell, Billie, Truman and A SMALL GROUP OF CELEBRITIES. Shane looks great, well dressed and tanned. While the others seem to jabber all at once, Shane complements the group perfectly--listening, smiling and being pretty. The check comes and they grab for it, but Shane wins.

BILLIE

Don't be ridiculous.

SHANE

I got it. I got it.

BIG BREASTED WOMAN
(leans in to Billie)
You're in for a treat--he'll fuck
you unconscious.

Billie LAUGHS--it's come full circle. Shane looks at the restaurant check. He swallows and pulls a wad of cash out of his pocket. MONTAGE MUSIC FADES OUT.

INT. SHANE'S ROOM AT GREG AND ANITA'S--DAY*

"SHANE 54"--a full page photo of Shane from Interview Magazine is framed on the wall. (Next to it a photo of Julie Black torn from a magazine.) The room is painted and decorated with fashion photography, disco/drug paraphernalia, the Vreeland photo from THE POST. His closet is full of expensive clothing and overcoats. Shane is sleeping. His clock radio is on: REVOLUTIONARIES STORM U.S. EMBASSY IN IRAN AND TAKE AMERICAN HOSTAGES.

ANITA (O.S.)
Shane. Shane. Enough dreaming.

He wakes up to see Anita in his room, touching his leg. The moment is charged. She hops up.

ANITA
I need some help.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Shane in his underwear helps Anita set up a tall, heavy audio rack. Boxes of other new audio equipment surround them. Shane is beside Anita helping her put it in place.

ANITA
With 8 tracks, my new demo is going to smoke.
She's turning him on again. He presses up against her. She smiles back at him, and they feel it. They both freeze.

SHANE
Ah, I better go.

ANITA
Yeah, you better.

SHANE
Yeah, right now.

ANITA
Right now.

But he doesn't move. She turns back toward him. They grab each other and smash into each other kissing. They hit the floor

clinging to each other kissing and groping.

SHANE

You are so foxy.

ANITA

We can't do this.

She tears his underwear off.

SHANE

No. We can't.

He tears her t-shirt off, and starts kissing down her body.

SHANE

You on the pill?

ANITA

Of course. Nothing to worry about.

This stops them both. They both pull away and look at each other.

ANITA

He's at the gym.

They grab each other again and he fucks her. They roll around in the styrofoam packing popcorn, MUMBLING ABOUT HOW THEY HAVE TO STOP and that THERE'S NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT. They seemed to be fused together. ANITA'S GASPS MIX INTO:

INT. GREG AND ANITA'S BATHROOM--DAY

Shane GASPS IN PAIN as he starts to take a leak. He looks down.

SHANE

Fuck!

INT. UPPER EAST SIDE DOCTOR'S OFFICE--DAY

Shane sits on the examination table. HIS DOCTOR writes him out a perscription and hands it to him.

INT. PHARMACY--DAY

A CLERK rings up Shane's perscription. A drab OLD WOMAN presses up behind him and picks up the bottle.

DOTTIE

Penicillin, huh?

Dottie is almost unrecognizable in clothes and without a glittering wig and make-up. She seems kind and maternal.

DOTTIE
Your secret is safe with me...
(reading label) Shane O'Shea.

SHANE
Thanks.

He opens his wallet to pay the clerk, but it is empty. He flushes.

SHANE
Shit.

Dottie sees what's going on and discretely hands him a 10.

DOTTIE
They work best if you have a little
something in your stomach.

A LITTLE GIRL, 3, runs up to them waving a toy.

LITTLE GIRL
Grandma, lookit.

Dottie picks her up and kisses her.

DOTTIE
That's beautiful! Can you say hi to
Shane? Say hi.

INT. SHANE AND ANITA'S

Shane walks in cautiously, looking through the apartment.

SHANE
Anita?

No one home. He writes Anita a note: I HAVE TO TALK TO YOU IMMEDIATELY!! Tries to figure where to put it. Nowhere. He wads it up, and sits down to wait. The door opens. Shane jumps up. It's Greg.

GREG
What's up?

SHANE
Nothing. How's it going? How ya feeling?

Greg shrugs--fine--he has other things on his mind. He passes back through with a lunchbox in hand and heads for the door.

INT. ANTHONY'S VAN/EXT. 53rd STREET--DAY

Greg sits with Anthony in the van. Anthony is counting out pills for him. Greg looks around excited, hyped, but a little nervous.

GREG

What am I getting?

ANTHONY

Ludes, angel dust, and this is MDA
from my own special supplier. (holds
one up) The key to why 54 is such a
good party--this month anyhow.

Greg gives Anthony money and puts the drugs in a lunch box. He
points at baggies of white powder.

GREG

Wait a minute. You deal heroin?

ANTHONY

Kiss off, man. I don't associate
myself with nothing addictive.
That's just disco dust--coke.

GREG

Pounds of coke?

ANTHONY

It's my Bridge and Tunnel shit--
mostly speed and laundry detergent.
You won't need it.

INT. COATCHECK

Mobbed. A LIVE GOAT runs by being followed by a busboy with dust
pan and broom. SOMEONE SHOUTS HAPPY THANKSGIVING, MON CHER!
DOZENS OF PEOPLE fight to check their coats. CIEL SHOUTS O.S.: NO
TICKET, NO COAT! Anita hops in and starts working, moving quickly
while CIEL ARGUES with a MAN WITH MUSTACHE.

CIEL

Do you know how many black leather
jackets with poppers and a cock ring
in the left pocket we got back here?

Shane hops in next to Anita. She turns away from him, vulnerable,
avoiding his eyes. He tries to pull her aside.

SHANE

Are you avoiding me?

ANITA

No. I've been busy--like now.

SHANE

I think I...might have given...

Ciel pulls her the other way.

CIEL

If you weren't going to work, man,
you shouldn't've took the shift.

ANITA

Lay off.

CIEL

I tole you it was a stupid way to
spend your anniversary.

She goes back into the fray. Shane is surprised.

ANITA

(to Shane)

Where else would we want to spend it?

She jumps back into the action.

AT THE BAR

Shane is working fast. Rubell comes up for a drink. Shane serves him. Rubell looks up at a DISCO STAR performing O.S. then out at the ignoring crowd. He seems perplexed.

RUBELL

I have to find something fresh for
New Year's.

Rubell wanders off. Shane notices a MODEL nod at Greg who attends her. Shane observes as Greg palms a tab of MDA into her hand, takes her money and adds it to a large roll of cash.

GREG

You could do it too, man.

He shakes his head and goes back to work. Dottie grabs Greg.

DOTTIE

Hey, midget, I hear you got some
kick-ass MDA.

GREG

20 each, but for you--25.

DOTTIE

Eat me raw, Tom Thumb. I never pay
for my drugs.

GREG

And I don't take Medicaire.

She LAUGHS, makes a little mark in the air with her finger like he scored a point and twirls away. Greg sets up clean glasses at

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from my own special supplier. (holds
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avoiding his eyes. He tries to pull her aside.

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ANITA

No. I've been busy--like now.

SHANE

I think I...might have given...

Ciel pulls her the other way.

lightning speed. Shane passes him down the bar where Atlanta is having a sweet interlude with Romeo among all the madness. Atlanta stops Shane.

ATLANTA

You have that 300 you owe me? It's Rome's birthday tomorrow.

SHANE

Catch me later. (to Romeo) Happy Birthday.

Shane grabs a bottle and heads back where Halston taps Greg on the shoulder.

HALSTON

Can you say your A-B-C's?

He gives Greg money and he drops him a hit.

HALSTON

You're the best.

He goes, gives Shane a nonchalant little nod. Shane watches Greg add the money to a roll of cash.

INT. LOCKER ROOM--END OF NIGHT

Shane counts out cash and hands it all over to Atlanta.

SHANE

I owe you fifty.

Atlanta tries to give him some back.

ATLANTA

I'm not going to break you, man.

Shane watches Greg count out his substantial roll of cash.

SHANE

It's cool.

Atlanta goes.

SHANE

Okay, I want in.

GREG

Say what?

Shane indicates the lunchbox.

t=

GREG

Okay, right on. But you're going to
need some capital.

INT. BASEMENT OFFICE--NIGHT

Shane pulls the garbage bags down from the ceiling. He is about to
carry them out, then pauses, opens one, looks at all the money.

SHANE

Just a loan.

He pulls out a bundle of 10s and hides it in his gym bag.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE OF GREG AND ANITA'S ROOM--MORNING

Greg comes out, fresh out of bed, in his pajama bottoms and goes to
the bathroom. Shane slips into their bedroom.

INT. GREG AND ANITA'S BEDROOM--MORNING

Shane closes the door quietly. Anita opens her eyes blissfully,
then sees Shane. She looks away from him.

ANITA

(whispers)
What are you doing in here?

SHANE

I have to talk to you.

ANITA

Not here. Are you crazy?

SHANE

How are you? How you been feeling?

She finally looks at him.

ANITA

Scared. This is all blowing my
mind. (she touches him) Now go.

SHANE

Anita, I have to tell you--I--we probably--

ANITA

Don't even say it, Shane.

SHANE

--have VD.

Her mouth drops open and there is a SCREAM, but it's not coming
from her, it's coming from the

BATHROOM--MORNING

Greg is standing in front of the toilet, GASPING.

GREG

Oh, God!

Shane runs in and looks at Greg with dread.

GREG

It felt like razor blades.

Shane turns away, tries to make light of it.

SHANE

It's just a little infection, man.
Don't freak out.

GREG

An infection?

SHANE

The clap or something.

GREG

The clap?

Anita runs up in the hallway.

ANITA

What's wrong?

GREG

How could I get the clap, Anita?!!!

He lunges at her, but his pajama bottoms trip him and he falls flat on his face, just missing her. She screams. He gets back up to throttle her, but Shane is on him and holds him back.

GREG

When did it happen?

ANITA

When did what happen? If you got
something, don't look at me--

Greg's temper flares. He elbows Shane and breaks free. She runs to the other side of her new recording set-up. Greg picks up her Casio and smashes it on the floor.

ANITA, SHANE

Greg! Stop!

Shane comes between them, but Greg shoves him and grabs her by the

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arm as she tries to pick up her casio. She jerks herself out of his grasp and is right back in his face.

ANITA

I told you before we got married
that I was not your slave!

GREG

'No smothering, Grego.' Right? Right?!

ANITA

Right! We made a deal. Remember?

GREG

Who was it?

ANITA

I don't know.

Greg looks crushed for an instant, then like he might kill her.

ANITA

I mean, of course I know, but it
just does not matter.

GREG

Are you still seeing him?

ANITA

Are you crazy?

Anita glares at Shane and walks out.

INT. LIVING ROOM--NIGHT

Greg is on the couch which is made up like a bed, reading his
bottle of penicillin, smoking a joint with Shane. SILENCE.

SHANE

It's not the end of the world.

GREG

Yeah?

SHANE

Anita loves you, man. I bet she'd
do anything to take it back.

Beat.

SHANE

Let's go out. (pulls Greg up) Feel
like slumming?

INT. RED PARROT [or OTHER]

A low rent disco popular with the bridge and tunnel crowd. Not as bad as you might think inside. Greg and Shane are dancing. Shane is commanding the attention of the nearby dancers. Greg is also letting loose and being wild tonight. "LOVE MACHINE" (THE MIRACLES) comes on and Greg starts to mechanical dance. Shane imitates him and the two gather a crowd around them as they dance.

INT. DINER--NIGHT

The boys wolf down food.

SHANE

Can you imagine serving that crowd?

GREG

Might as well go back to Jersey.

Wolf, wolf.

SHANE

Next time I go back to Jersey's going to be in my new car.

GREG

Yeah right.

SHANE

Serious, man. A camaro. I got it picked out.

GREG

A camaro?! How are you ever going to save any money, man?

SHANE

I will. I'll get there.

GREG

Yeah, but the question is how are you going to get there?

SHANE

What're you talking?

GREG

Scruples, man.

SHANE

I'm full a scruples.

GREG

When they're convenient.

SHANE

Damn straight. You have to weigh things. It's like "would you rather?".

GREG

Huh?

SHANE

(holds up his burger)
You know like would you rather starve to death or...have to do it with a cow?

GREG LAUGHS.

SHANE

You have to answer.

GREG

The cow, I guess.

THEY LAUGH.

SHANE

And I would rather do something with my life than wait around and let it happen to me.

GREG

And you think being a bartender's going to get you there.

SHANE

Listen, man. I been in Interview Magazine. I ate breakfast with Cheryl Tiegs. I stood on the terrace of a Fifth Avenue Penthouse and watched the fucking sunrise over Midtown--naked! And I'm from Jersey City. You see what I'm saying?

GREG

No.

SHANE

I'm saying I come from shit, man. And look where I'm getting. I'm getting closer and closer.

1-
1-

INT. DARKNESS

A mirror ball spins. Shane watches it, his face glowing. Suddenly it stops and he sees that Julie Black is holding it. She holds it out to him seductively. He reaches out for it and CUT TO:

INT. SHANE'S ROOM--DAY

Shane wakes up.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. STUDIO 54--NIGHT

Dizzying, disorienting lights on the floor. Greg and Shane are behind the bar. Shane palms Halston a hit of MDA as Greg had before. Greg looks a little put out and turns away to stock Perrier. Shane pushes the bills into his stuffed tip jar under the bar. Dottie comes up to Shane.

DOTTIE

Sweet meat, sweet meat, give Disco
Dottie her funky little treat.

Shane gives her a hit. Rubell appears, leans over to Shane's ear.

RUBELL

Anthony is having a cow. He said we
were short a thousand the other night.

SHANE

(guilty)
Yeah?

DOTTIE

(to Shane, for Rubell)
If he gives you any trouble, I've
got a friend at Xenon who'll put you
to work, and not bitch about it.

RUBELL

Why don't you go dance? It's
slowing down out there.

He gives her a lude and she flounces off. Rubell is about to talk to Shane again, but Shane is flirting with a WEALTHY CUSTOMER. Rubell face shows that he's made a decision.

INT. RUBELL'S OFFICE

Viv is standing across the room from Rubell, mouth open.

VIV

What?

RUBELL

I'm letting you go. You're fired.

VIV

(laughs)
You can't fire me. Why would you want to?

RUBELL

Your sticky little fingers. Didn't you think Anthony would notice?

VIV

Notice what?

RUBELL

You're embarrassing yourself. Here. Your severance.

He hands her a thick bundle of money. She throws it on the desk.

VIV

I've worked for you for 10 years, Stevie. I helped you get your first steak house. If there's money missing, look some place else.

RUBELL

I already did. But he's an asset. You've been around too long. Your paranoia is getting to me.

VIV

Are you saying you know I didn't do it?

RUBELL

I'm saying Anthony is having a cow. Somebody's head has to roll.

Beat. She picks up her severance, walks up to Rubell and slaps him in the face with it, and goes.

INT. GREG AND ANITA'S LIVING ROOM--NIGHT

Shane comes in with the mail, feeling great, and tearing open a large manilla envelope. It's the December issue of AFTERDARK MAGAZINE. He thumbs quickly through it and finds his sexy beefcake photo as a Christmas gift centerfold. He's excited.

He looks for the article. There isn't anything. He looks bummed. Then he READS a caption between his legs: "SHANE 54: 'I CAN DO ANYBODY.'" His smile fades.

INT. SHANE'S ROOM--NIGHT

Shane lies in bed. He looks up at the mirrors on his ceiling. He grabs his pillow and hugs it.

INT. LIVING ROOM--DAY

Anita has her head phones on, practicing. Shane is on the couch, pretending to read the POST, but is looking at her. She takes off

her head phones, looks at him.

SHANE

I screwed up. I know. And I know I
can't take it back, but can I make a
peace offering?

ANITA

(cautious)

What?

SHANE

She talks! Billie invited me to
dinner at Liz VanGelder's. It'll be
mostly music people.

ANITA

(can't resist)

Could you take a date?

SHANE

Bet I could take a friend.

EXT. UPPER EASTSIDE TOWNHOUSE--EVENING *

Shane pulls up in a new camaro. He and Anita get out, dressed to
the nines. He wipes a little smudge off of the hood of the car.
The key chain of his car keys is a tiny mirror ball.

AT THE DOOR

Anita is nervous. Shane rings the door bell. He looks in through
the window, fingers pressed up against the glass, at the beautiful
entry hall.

SHANE

(to himself)

Wow.

A MAN IN A TUX lets them in.

INT. LIZ VANGELDER'S--EVENING

Shane and Anita walk into the elegant townhouse. A swimming pool is
surrounded by statues visible off to the side (or something equally
overdone). They try not to gawk.

INT. RECEPTION HALL

The man in tux leads Shane and Anita upstairs to a reception hall
for drinks. He leaves them there alone. They look at each other.
LIZ VANGELDER, 40s, rich and gracious, floats in. She cocks her
head, doesn't know them.

SHANE

I'm Shane. This is Anita. We're
Billie's friends.

LIZ VANGELDER

Oh, yes yes of course. I'm Liz
VanGelder. Would you like a
cocktail?

SHANE

Sorry we're early. We thought it was 8.

LIZ VANGELDER

It is, and 8:30 is right on time.
It's everyone else who's being
naughty this evening.

Anita and Shane relax.

INT. DINING ROOM--LATER

There are about a DOZEN GUESTS seated around the dinner table--a
mix of young and beautiful and older and not-so-beautiful. Dinner
is over, after dinner drinks and people are feeling fine. Anita is
speaking to a MUSIC PRODUCER, 40s, who is all over her. Shane is
speaking to a male CASTING DIRECTOR, handsome, 30s, who seems
interested in him. Billie is seated near Liz VanGelder.

LIZ VANGELDER

(looking at Shane and Anita)
They're a lovely couple, but aren't
they...? Where did they go to school?

BILLIE

L'universite de cinquante-quatre.

LIZ VANGELDER

54? That's it. He's that
bartender.

Billie smiles and nods.

LIZ VANGELDER

So naughty. Inviting a bartender to
my party.

WITH ANITA AND MUSIC PRODUCER:

MUSIC PRODUCER

Steve is holding auditions for a New
Year's act, a new New Year's act.
He wants to find something fresh.

ANITA
(with attitude)
Ain't nobody fresh as me. (hesitant)
I might even have a tape in my purse.

MUSIC PRODUCER
Great. I have a tape deck in my
limo. And champagne.

Anita looks a tad nervous, but braces herself with a smile.

WITH SHANE AND CASTING DIRECTOR (AUSTRALIAN ACCENT):

CASTING DIRECTOR
Travolta is incredible to work with.
He says yes to everything. To me anyway.

A TALENT MANAGER, 30s, gym body, loud, snaps his fingers. Everyone looks.

TALENT MANAGER
(to Shane)
I got it. You have the essence of
Errol Flynn.

SHANE
Who?

BILLIE
Darling, you know who Errol Flynn is.

SHANE
Oh, yeah, Arrow...Flint. Right.

The Talent Manager guffaws. A few others titter.

TALENT MANAGER
You know, you are the most gorgeous
troglodyte I have ever seen.

He laughs. Billie and Liz VanGelder bristle.

SHANE
Thanks.

Anita burns with embarrassment for Shane.

INT. BATHROOM AT LIZ VANGELDER'S

Anita freshens her make-up. Shane is with her, doing a line.

ANITA
It gets me so pissed off. I could have
slapped him. I should have. Ciel would have.

SHANE

What's the big fat deal? The guy was obnoxious.

ANITA

Shane, I don't know who the fuck Arrow Flint is either, but don't you know what a troglodyte is?

SHANE

It's like a diamond.

ANITA

No, Shane. A troglodyte is like a caveman.

He reddens.

ANITA

He called you a caveman. And that makes me a cave woman. I heard stupid shit like that all the time in high school, from the stuck-up white bitches. Thinking they were being so 'veiled.' Ciel would fight them. But I'd just act like I didn't hear. Like tonight. Shit.

KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

MUSIC PRODUCER (O.S.)

Anita, are you ready?

ANITA (takes a deep breath)

Yes. In a minute.

SHANE

(jealous)

What are you doing?

She catches his look in the mirror. They gaze at each other, their attraction flaring up again.

ANITA

He's giving me a break. And, Shane, lay off. Okay?

SHANE

I'm not doing nothing.

ANITA

But you want to.

SHANE

So do you.

ANITA

But I'm not going to.

SHANE

Me neither.

He makes a show of turning his back on her in the mirror, but gets her full face instead. They smile, sexual tension broken.

SHANE

I got an audition with that guy who was next to me. He's a casting director.

ANITA

Alright! Give me five!

SHANE

We'll show these mothers who the troglodytes are, right?

ANITA

Right on.

INT. DINING ROOM--NIGHT

The table is cleared. Liz VanGelder, Billie, Casting Director and Shane. Billie kneels on the floor, bent over a silver spoon being heated by a propane torch in a Chinese figurine--freebasing. The Casting Director is already animated and GIGGLING to himself, just hit with his high. Liz VanGelder's turn--she squats in her gown next to Billie and fires up the torch. She gets her hit.

BILLIE (to Shane)

You.

SHANE

No thanks. I hear that shit makes you mean.

BILLIE

Only if you overdo. Come.

But Shane declines, sits back and watches as they CHATTER ABOUT HOW GREAT THEY ALL ARE and GIGGLE like crazy, their eyes never straying too far from the figurine.

INT. MOVING LIMO--NIGHT*

Anita rides the music producer as her TAPE PLAYS. With a faraway look in her eye, Anita mouths the words to her song "LIVE FOREVER."

INT. RECEPTION HALL

Shane and the Casting Director finish putting on their coats. The

Casting Director opens the door for Shane and puts his hand on his waist as they leave together.

EXT. GREG AND ANITA'S STREET--NIGHT*

PEOPLE BUSTLE BY A SALVATION ARMY SANTA CLAUS RINGING HIS BELL. Shane passes by with shopping bags, then turns back, fumbles for money to give to Santa. Above is Greg and Anita's lighted window. (MTM zoom)

INT. GREG AND ANITA'S--NIGHT

Two empty bottles of wine and a table top Christmas tree decorated with quaaludes for bulbs. Shane, Greg and Anita each pull a lude off the tree and take it with wine. A CHRISTMAS DISCO TUNE PLAYS. Anita is gazing at a STUDIO 54 NEW YEAR'S PARTY invitation with SPECIAL PERFORMANCE BY ANITA on it. Shane holds up his glass.

SHANE

To Anita. Congrats.

They toast. She gets up and starts to sway.

ANITA

Thank you. Gracias. Merci beaucoup.

Greg joins her. They reach for Shane and pull him up. The three smile at each other, foreheads together, swaying to the music.

INT. STUDIO 54--NIGHT

AT THE BAR

The shirtless bartenders wear Santa caps and big black Santa boots. The energy is high and desperate filled with people who chose to spend their Christmas Eve in a nightclub. Shane is working the bar. Greg comes up and pulls him aside. Both are moving slow, floating.

GREG

Did you hear Rudy's quitting?

SHANE

Say what?

GREG

On New Years. Can you say something to Steve for me?

SHANE

Sure sure. Of course.

GREG

Yeah?

SHANE

Sure as shit. I promise, man.

GREG

Thanks, man. Thanks.

Shane pulls Greg into him and turns him around to the music.

IN THE COATCHECK

Anita, still in a dreamy state, floats by pulling on a big chinchilla fur and modelling it while Ciel works quickly.

CIEL

Take that off. What are you doing, man?

ANITA PROTESTS as Ciel pulls the chinchilla off her and throws it on the floor. Ciel grabs some speed out of the cash drawer and drops it in Anita's hand.

ANITA

Go. Take it.

Disco Dottie pokes her head in the coatroom.

DISCO DOTTIE

Merry Christmas, you cunts.

SHE CACKLES and goes. ANITA AND CIEL BURST INTO LAUGHTER.

IN THE DJ BOOTH

Shane enters to find Rubell and Liza. She's giving Rubell a shoulder rub as he nods off. Shane comes in and holds up the bottle of Dom Perignon.

LIZA

Ah, you are a life saver.

Shane pops it--waking Rubell up--and fills glasses.

LIZA

You're the one who does the impressions. Halston and Billie are absolutely crazy about you.

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SHANE

Yeah. That's me.

She whispers to him. He smiles. Rubell picks up the mike and signals for the DJ to cut the music. When he speaks to Liza it blasts all over the club.

RUBELL

(to Liza)
You ready? (to crowd) No
introduction necessary...

He hands the mike to Liza. The CROWD APPLAUDS and HOOTS: WE LOVE YOU! LIIIIIZA! ETC.

LIZA

First I have to introduce the world's most divine bartender, who is also fabulously talented--Shane! Tell them what's on your mind, gorgeous.

Shane is nervous. He takes a breath, then:

SHANE

(ala Joel Grey in 'Cabaret')
'Money!'

THE CROWD GOES WILD. He basks in it. She takes the mike from him.

LIZA

Last time I let you upstage me.
(laughs) How'm I gonna follow that one? Huh?

But she knows she can as a VERY SIMPLE TUNE FADES UP. It's HAVE YOURSELF A MERRY LITTLE CHRISTMAS. She sings it simply and beautifully. It is moving, almost haunting. The crowd is riveted.

LIZA

HAVE YOURSELF A MERRY LITTLE CHRISTMAS. LET YOUR HEART BE LIGHT. FROM NOW ON OUR TROUBLES WILL BE OUT OF SIGHT. HAVE YOURSELF A MERRY LITTLE CHRISTMAS. MAKE THE YULETIDE GAY. FROM NOW ON OUR TROUBLES WILL BE MILES AWAY. HERE WE ARE AS IN OLDEN DAYS, HAPPY GOLDEN DAYS OF YORE. FAITHFUL FRIENDS WHO ARE DEAR TO US GATHER NEAR TO US ONCE MORE. THROUGH THE YEARS WE ALL WILL BE TOGETHER IF THE FATES ALLOW. HANG YOUR SHINING STAR ABOVE THE HIGHEST BOUGH. AND HAVE YOURSELF A MERRY LITTLE CHRISTMAS NOW.
(She speaks) Thank you, Mama.

When the song ends snow begins to fall gently on the crowd below, the entire place APPLAUDS, no whistles, no shouts, just a STEADY THUNDER OF APPLAUSE. Never has 54 been so reverent or will it be again. Shane wipes a tear from his eye. So does Liza.

Shane looks and sees Dottie beside him, also with a tear in her eye, looking out at the falling snow. She puts her arm around Shane.

DOTTIE

Every day I think I'll stay in for the night, but every night I come back...And I always will.

"NATIVE NEW YORKER" by Odyssey FADES UP. Dottie laughs as she steps out onto the bridge and starts dancing above the heads of the crowd. *

INT. PLAYPEN--NIGHT

Dead end of the night with ANDY, HALSTON, BILLIE and her distinguished new BOYFRIEND, 50s. RUBELL, TRUMAN, NICARAGUAN WOMAN are wired, snorting their various powders next to SHANE AND GREG AND ANITA. Shane and Greg are more laid back. Anita chats with Billie. Halston leans over and says something to Shane. THEY LAUGH. Greg, left out, looks at Shane with a bit of envy. Greg watches TWO BEAUTIFUL SUPER-MODELS make out on a back banquette.

He stretches back on the banquette. Shane does the same. A DREAMY SONG FADES UP FROM UPSTAIRS. Anita starts to sway.

HALSTON

Morning music! Who wants to dance?

ANITA

Me!

Anita hops up. She takes his arm with one hand and holds the other out to Greg, but he shakes his head. She looks perturbed, then exits with the others. Shane stays behind also. The last two to go up are Billie and her boyfriend. They linger a moment deep kissing. Shane eyes them--yearning--as they go. Greg sees him.

GREG

This is great down here. Usually I hate Christmas.

SHANE

Me too.

GREG

The pits. Watching everybody's family celebrate, and all I had was my aunt who'd give me a pair of socks and call it a night.

SHANE

My family will be glued to "It's a Wonderful Life" or something phoney like that.

Beat. . Shane looks off, sad.

GREG

I always thought Christmas should be banned.

SHANE

Same here. We're in synch, man.

GREG

Right on, to the max.

They do a high five. Their hands stay pressed together, feeling close.

GREG

The only other person I've ever been in synch with in my life is Anita.

SHANE

Yeah? You're lucky. So's she.

GREG

What?

SHANE

You got her, and she's got you.

Beat. Greg hugs Shane's shoulder.

GREG

And you got us, man.

This makes Shane feel worse for some reason. He hangs his head.

GREG

But most of all, you got you...
You're Shane 54.

Shane looks up at Greg and suddenly starts to cry. Greg doesn't know what to do at first, then hugs him awkwardly.

GREG

Don't cry, man. Okay? You're the lucky one. Don't you get it--
I wish I was in your shoes.

Shane pulls back.

GREG

I'd give anything, man.

They look at each other, holding each other's gaze. THE HEAVENLY MUSIC FILTERS IN. Shane struggles for words, then finally speaks.

SHANE

Merry Christmas.

Filled with yearning, confusion, music and drugs, Shane moves slowly toward Greg and kisses him. Beat. Greg hops up.

GREG

Um, um...

He runs out.

INT. DANCE FLOOR

Anita is alone on the floor dancing beautifully with a sinewy DANCER. The others are gone or passed out on banquettes. Anita and the Dancer are like a pair of ghosts or angels twirling in tandem at the center of the floor. He whips her into him and they grind sensuously together. Greg flies onto the dance floor from the stairs, matting down his hair. He grabs Anita's hand.

GREG

Come on.

ANITA

Lay off.

GREG

Let's get out of here.

ANITA

Forget it.

He pulls her roughly by the arm. She shoves him away.

ANITA

Fuck off. I'm not your slave.

He goes. Anita waves to her dance partner and heads off the other way. Shane stands on the edge of the dance floor, guilty and confused. Rubell steps up beside him.

RUBELL

You two were down there an awful long time.

INT. BATHROOM

Anita splashes water on her face. Shane appears in the mirror behind her.

ANITA

I told him before we got married what the deal was. I said I love you but I need my freedom. I need to have fun. Maybe not forever, but for now. And he said that's okay, that's okay, anything you need, I want you to be free. My ass! I could kill him when he gets like this.

She dries her face. Shane leans back, starting to freak out.

ANITA

What's wrong?

She comes over to him.

ANITA

Huh?

He grabs her and starts to kiss her. There is a flash of resistance, but then she comes on even stronger than him. They tear at each other's clothes and start to strip. They see the bathroom attendant watching and she pulls him into a stall.

INT. BATHROOM STALL

Shane and Anita are in the middle of ravenous sex when the stall door opens a crack. Shane sees Rubell's eye looking in. Shane is too into it to stop now, and as he continues, it's as if he is performing for Rubell, getting off on it. Anita sees Rubell and is freaked. She tries to stop Shane, whispering to him.

ANITA

Shane...Shane...stop.

She struggles to get away, but Shane won't let go.

ANITA

Shane, come on, stop.

SHANE

Let him watch. It's his bathroom.

She twists up and knees him in the groin. SHANE GASPS in pain, buckles over. She looks down at him, appalled, and runs. Rubell shrugs. Shane kicks the door shut and leans against it, head in his hands.

INT. OFFICE--SAME

FADE UP "SATURDAY NIGHT KEEPS SHINING ON MY SUNDAY MORNING FACE" (THELMA HOUSTON). Shane takes his car keys out of the desk and sits. He fiddles with the little mirror ball, thinking.

INT. GREG AND ANITA'S APARTMENT--NIGHT

In bed, Anita tenderly pets Greg's head in her lap.

INT. ANITA AND GREG'S APARTMENT--DAY

Shane sits alone at the table, picking at the drugs on the little Christmas tree. OFF SCREEN, THE FAINT SOUNDS OF ANITA AND GREG MAKING LOVE. He places two gifts under the tree--a flat square TIFFANY BOX with GREG's name on it and a TIFFANY JEWELRY BOX with ANITA's name--then he leaves.

EXT. TUNNEL--DAY

Shane drives his camaro into the tunnel.

EXT. O'SHEA HOUSE--DAY

Shane pulls up outside the house. He gets out of his car loading presents in his arms. Grace runs out and hugs him.

GRACE

Where have you been, turkey?

SHANE

It's great to see you, Gracie.

GRACE

Are those for us?

She smiles revealing braces.

SHANE

Whoa. Tinsel teeth.

GRACE

(smacks him)

Thanks to you. Mom said you paid for them.

SHANE

I'm freezing. Let's go in.

GRACE

(getting in his way)

Where'd you get that car? Is it yours?

SHANE

Yeah. I'm famous, you know.

GRACE

I know! We saw you in the paper dancing with that old lady.

SHANE LAUGHS.

GRACE

And Mom read that Princess Grace showed up there, too. Did you tell her about us?

SHANE

I was off that night.

GRACE

(disappointed)

Oh.

SHANE

Come on. I'm starved.

He starts toward the house. She backs up in his way, talking.

GRACE

Um, why don't we go for a ride? Nobody's home anyway.

SHANE

What?

GRACE

They went to Aunt Mary's.

SHANE

Aunt Mary's?

He looks at the Ford in the driveway, and sees Kelly's face appear at the window, then she's ripped away from it. Grace sees it too. He looks at Grace, hurt. Harlan looks out the window at Shane. It looks for a second like he might let him in, but instead he slowly closes the curtain. Beat. Shane gives Grace the presents, then turns and heads back toward the car. Grace follows.

GRACE

Ricko's aunt got into Studio one night and told Dad she saw you putting something up your nose. She's such a liar. Right?

He gets in and slams the door.

GRACE

Maybe you can come in later. After Mom talks him into it.

SHANE

No thanks!

He starts the car. She runs around and hops in the passenger seat.

GRACE

Shane!

INT. CAR

As she sits, she pulls a bong out from under her legs and sees a little pill box with various pills in the ashtray. He takes the bong away from her. Harlan looks out at them from the window.

GRACE

Don't make him right about you, Shane.

SHANE

There's nothing wrong with this stuff. He drinks. Same thing.

GRACE

Good. I want to try one of those.

She reaches for the pills, but he knocks them out of her hand. She gives him a questioning, unflinching look. He looks down.

FADE UP 'AJA' (STEELY DAN) OVER FOLLOWING:

EXT. STARLITE DISCO LOUNGE'S PARKING LOT--NIGHT *

Shane sits in his Camaro, looking out at the Manhattan skyline. Kev's car drives in. Shane gets out. Kev rolls down his window.

SHANE

Aaxcellent to see you guys. Merry Christmas.

KEV

(cool)

What's going on, Shane?

SHANE

Hoping you guys might show up.

Shane sees A GIRL in the front seat with Kev and a GIRL in the back with Ricko.

SHANE

Hey, Ricko man!

RICKO

Hey.

RICKO'S GIRL

That your car?

SHANE

Yeah.

RICKO'S GIRL

Unreal.

RICKO

We were just looking for some privacy.

He turns from Shane to his girl.

RICKO

Disco droid.

A SILENT, chilly beat. KEV's GIRL eyes Shane. Kev sees this.

KEV

Well, see ya around.

They drive off, tires squealing. Ricko gives him a glance back at Shane as he rolls up the window.

EXT. JERSEY ROADS--DAY*

Shane drives through the frozen industrial wasteland, thinking.

INT. CAR/EXT. RICH JERSEY SUBURB--EVENING *

Shane drives through the wealthy neighborhood past the lawns he used to mow. He stops in front of one.

INT. CAR--MORNING

Shane wakes up in his cold car. He looks in the rearview mirror--he looks like shit.

EXT. ALPINE INN--MORNING *

Shane pulls into the Alpine Inn.

INT. ALPINE INN--MORNING

A fairly nice New Jersey restaurant. Shane pages through the local Jersey paper. The waitress comes to his table.

SHANE

Could I get a capuccino?

WAITRESS

A cup a what?

LAUGHTER from the table behind Shane. 'AJA' OUT. He turns to find a YOUNG WOMAN in sunglasses. She lifts them. It's Julie Black.

JULIE BLACK

Wrong side of the river.

SHANE

Hi.

JULIE BLACK

Sh. (replaces her sunglasses) Hi.

SHANE

I'm Shane. We met--

JULIE BLACK

I know who you are.

SHANE

What are you doing out here?

JULIE BLACK

Spending the week with my parents.
Argh! It's Dante's 4th circle, I swear.

Shane doesn't get it, but he laughs.

SHANE

Would you--? Could I...?

She makes room for him at her table.

JULIE BLACK

Sure...Looks like you crawled out from under a rock.

SHANE

It hasn't been the greatest homecoming.

JULIE BLACK

Mm. I see. (to waitress, with Jersey accent) A coupla cups a java, please. (to Shane) When in Rome.

The waitress pours.

SHANE

It's a whole nother world, huh?

JULIE BLACK

You'll learn. Two languages. Two set of clothes. Two sets of friends.

SHANE

You kept your friends out here?

She takes off her sunglasses and looks at him.

JULIE BLACK

Well, no, actually, the wardrobe was a lot easier.

THEY LAUGH.

SHANE

Isn't it insane? I mean, I was starting to feel like some kind of alien out here.

JULIE BLACK

But this is where you're from so it blows your mind. Right?

SHANE

Exactly. And then in Manhattan it's a whole nother problem--I mean, I just don't feel real. I'm this guy in the magazines--I mean, I can see me, plain as day, but I can't really feel me.

JULIE BLACK

Story of my life. One thousand per cent.

SHANE

I think we're in synch.

JULIE BLACK

Absolument.

EXT. ALPINE INN PARKING LOT--EVENING*

Shane walks Julie out to her car.

JULIE BLACK

I've had so much coffee I'm ready to take flight.

SHANE

Bird of Paradise.

JULIE BLACK

What?

Shane is quiet. He looks at her and touches her hair. She smiles, takes out her car keys.

SHANE

Hold on.

He takes out his car keys and gives her his little mirror ball.

SHANE

So you remember today.

JULIE BLACK

Like I could forget. It's darling.
Thank you.

She kisses him. It lingers.

SHANE

Whoa.

JULIE BLACK

Who would've thought.

SHANE

Huh?

JULIE BLACK

That you were so sweet.

He gives her a long kiss. She breaks away and gets in her car.

JULIE BLACK

I'm hours late. My mother's going
to be having three hundred cows.

SHANE

So whattaya say? You think we could
go out in New York? Huh?

JULIE BLACK

Are you asking me to be your
girlfriend, Shane?

SHANE

Maybe.

JULIE BLACK

(kisses him)
Okay. Maybe. Could be. Very
possibly. See you at the club.

She whizzes away.

EXT. MOVING CAR--EVENING

Shane smiles as he heads for the city. He picks up his bong, looks
it over and throws it out the window. THERE IS A LOUD HONK FROM
BEHIND.

SHANE

Oops.

EXT. STUDIO 54--NIGHT

Search lights outside. The CROWD is enormous and especially rowdy. THEY CHANT MARK MARK MARK and STEVE STEVE STEVE. There is literally electricity in the air as A COWGIRL with a cattle prod gives people electric shocks making her way up to the velvet ropes.

L.A. JOAN

Mark, I've been here for every holiday. Please. It's New Year's Eve. I'm so lonely.

MARK

Go home, honey.

L.A. JOAN

This is my home.

Her anguished face almost gets to Mark. He looks to Rubell, buried in his giant Norma Kamali sleeping bag coat, who gives her the slightest shake of his head. They see Shane push his way up, excited and thrilled. He gives the bouncers five (hand slaps)..

RUBELL

Where have you been?

SHANE

Out to lunch.

RUBELL (considers)

Welcome back. Get in there. And breakfast at Halstons. Okay?

INT. BASEMENT OFFICE

Shane throws his car keys in the desk. He sees Greg passing outside with a case of beer.

SHANE

Greg, hey, man! Great to see you.

GREG (uncomfortable)

I thought you quit.

SHANE

No way. Couldn't miss Anita tonight. Plus I should probably meet up with my 'very possibly' girlfriend.

GREG

(warming up)

Girlfriend? Is that where you been?

SHANE

Yeah. Julie Black, man. Julie Black!

GREG

Bull shit.

SHANE

I am not jiving you, man. I swear.

GREG

That's dynamite, man. Listen, I have to go find Anthony. You need any party materials?

SHANE

No thanks. Not tonight.

INT. RUBELL'S OFFICE

Rubell, head barely poking out of his coat, snorts coke, but Shane declines. A small pile of cash is on the desk between them.

SHANE

It's not all of it, but...

RUBELL

I don't want your money.

SHANE

Technically it's yours.

RUBELL

See there, I knew I could trust you.

Shane smiles. Rubell gives him a paternal pat, puts the cash away.

RUBELL

By the way, Barrullo saw your picture in AFTERDARK and wants to put you in his calendar.

SHANE

I don't know...I'm not into nudies. I'm thinking of trying other stuff.

RUBELL

Like?

SHANE*

I don't know. Something. Maybe I'll be a photographer. I been around cameras enough.

Atlanta and Romeo pass the office fighting.

ATLANTA

If you can't learn how to come home
at night, you're moving out.

ROMEO

It's my apartment!

RUBELL (to Shane)

What's wrong with everybody tonight?
I hate the holidays.

He rubs coke on his gums and smiles big.

INT. INSIDE THE ENTRANCE TO MAIN ROOM--LATER

Glitter falls like snow. It is already three inches thick on the floor. The energy is high. Everybody is up. AT THE DOOR are bubble machines filling the air with glistening orbs. Everyone is handed a bottle of champagne and a party favor as they enter.

THE DANCE FLOOR is packed.

THE BAR is swamped. Bubbles float throughout the bar.

ON THE BRIDGE

A SNAKE WOMAN dances with an anaconda, though most people pay her little attention. Billie and her Distinguished Boyfriend are off to the side having a heated discussion.

DISTINGUISHED BOYFRIEND

His policies are frightening. He's
a quick fixer. He'll undermine the
economy, education, everything.

BILLIE

You're missing the point, darling.
A movie star as president--it would
be tres parfait.

AT THE BAR

Greg empties ice into the bin. He sees ATLANTA get a \$100 tip from an ASIAN WOMAN. Atlanta holds it out to the others. Shane ducks under the bar. 1-

GREG

Remember what happens tomorrow?

SHANE

The new decade!

GREG

The new bartender gets announced.

SHANE

Oh right. Right--Yeah, it's looking good for you, for sure.

GREG

Really? You talked to Steve? Choice!

He starts to duck under the bar, excited, then turns back.

GREG

Listen, what happened on Christmas Eve--

SHANE

Forget it.

Greg smiles, is about to hug him, then shakes his hand hard.

GREG

If you ever need anything you let me know. Okay? I'm there for you.

Shane smiles and grips Greg's hand with both of his. Greg gives in and hugs Shane. They hold on tight.

SHANE

I love you, man.

GREG

I love you too.

Greg ducks back out under the bar. Rubell leans over the bar.

SHANE

I have to talk to you about Greg. He'd be a great--

RUBELL

Your fairy tale wish came true. I have a very special job for you tonight.

SHANE

But listen, I keep forgetting to tell you how perfect he'd--

RUBELL

Grace Kelly's coming. I want you to take care of her.

SHANE

No shit?

RUBELL

Yes, but try not to say 'shit' around her. She is from Philly, but I don't think she does that anymore.

He's pulled away by someone.

RUBELL

You won't let me down, kid. Right?

SHANE

No way.

INT. BASEMENT OFFICE

Shane dials the phone excitedly.

SHANE

Grace? Hi, is Ma there? Well, tell her I'm going to meet Princess Grace tonight. (SQUEAL O.S.) And tell Dad--tell him...tell him Happy New Year.

IN THE COATROOM

At the back, Greg takes a big bong hit. Anita comes out, dressed for her performance, with expensive diamond earrings sparkling.

GREG

You are one knock-out fox.

ANITA

I'm not nervous. I'm not nervous.
I'm not nervous.

He gets up to kiss her, touches an earring.

GREG

I still can't believe he gave you those.

ANITA

That gold pot plate he gave you wasn't too scurvy.

GREG

But it's a plate.

ANITA

No smothering, Grego. Not tonight.

He lights the bong for her. Ciel appears.

CIEL

Anita, you airhead. You can't sing when you smoke.

Anita waves her off.

CIEL

Steve wants you up there in 20 minutes.

Greg checks his watch and goes.

INT. RUBELL'S OFFICE

Rubell is loaded and trying to move a giant Dolly Parton cut-out out of the way of his desk. Greg lingers in the doorway, trying to get up enough nerve to speak. Dolly nearly topples Rubell.

GREG

You need a hand, Mr...Steve?

RUBELL

Please.

Greg comes in to help Rubell move the unweildy thing.

RUBELL

Over there.

Greg strains sliding the cut-out across the office. Rubell eyes his bod. Greg feels it. He secures the cut-out in the corner and speaks without turning to face Rubell.

GREG

Um, Shane said he talked to you about the new bartending spot.

RUBELL

No.

It takes a beat for this to sink in before Greg looks crushed.

RUBELL

That little body of yours doesn't quit. Does it? You're a boxer, right?

GREG

Wrestler.

RUBELL

Wrestler.

Greg swallows. He turns around slowly and looks at Rubell. Hands shaking, he peels back the waistband of his shorts a little. Rubell grins at him. Greg closes his eyes and stands there, shaking. Rubell just looks at him. Beat. Finally, Greg opens his eyes.

RUBELL

Good. You're awake.

GREG

(relieved)

So you don't want to...

RUBELL

No. But I wouldn't mind seeing you
and your wiii--w--wii--you and Anita
wrestle around a little.

Greg thinks he's kidding, but Rubell isn't. Greg gives him a
disgusted look and bolts for the door. Rubell looks offended.

RUBELL (laughs)

She didn't mind putting on a show
for me with Shane. Banging away in
the bathroom on Christmas Eve.

Greg freezes a second, looks back at Rubell who shrugs innocently.
Greg slams the door open and goes.

INT. STAIRWAY

Greg smashes into a PERSON nearly knocking him down the stairs.

INT. BACK OF THE COATROOM

Shane and Anita sit on a pile of minks and sables thrown on the
floor in a corner. They pop two bottles of Dom Perignon.

SHANE

Good luck.

ANITA

Thanks. (forgiving him) To us.

She gives him a kiss, and they drink from the bottles. As Greg
comes in, he sees her kiss Shane. He stops and sees her earrings
sparkling. He is furious. He jumps in the coatroom and smashes
Shane in the face, then leaps on him attacking. They fall to the
floor, it becomes a strained wrestling match where it looks like
Greg might break his neck, muscles popping. Anita tries to pull
him off, but he lashes out at her. ANOTHER COAT CHECK GIRL runs to
get out of the melee. Shane manages to get on top and pin him down.

SHANE

What the fuck is wrong with you?

GREG (crying)

You bastard. I let you into my
family, and you fucked my wife.

He struggles out from under and starts to run out. Anita tries to
stop him, but he shoves her back into a rack of coats. He looks at
her a moment, heart broken, then runs out. Shane helps Anita up.
She is freaked out.

SHANE

Are you okay?

ANITA

God, it's over.

SHANE

He'll be okay.

He touches her. She goes to hug him, then stops herself.

ANITA

Wait. Get away.

SHANE

Anita.

He gives her a compassionate look. She steels herself.

ANITA

I want you to get out of my house.

SHANE

What?

ANITA

Mooch.

SHANE

I never mooched.

ANITA

And get out of my coat room!

SHANE

(getting angry)

Yeah, right. Till you need me for something else. Like giving you your break tonight.

ANITA

I made this happen myself.

SHANE

Sucking offa my fame and never even saying thank you.

ANITA

Fame?! (LAUGHS HYSTERICALLY). You got some great delusions--you think you're some kind of entertainer, but you're a bartender. A bartender, Shane. You don't make people laugh you make them screwdrivers! You don't give me pleasure, you give them drugs, you give them the clap!

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Anita shoves Shane and goes.

SHANE
I give you fuck you!

AT THE BAR

Anthony discreetly delivers drugs to Greg. Greg is working hard and doesn't seem to see them.

ANTHONY
Yo, you want this or what?

Without looking at him, Greg takes them and puts them under the bar. Anthony turns to go.

GREG
Hey! How shitty is your Bridge and Tunnel shit?

ANTHONY
(leans over, checks his shoulder)
Why?

GREG
How shitty?

ANTHONY
It ain't too smooth, but it never hurt nobody. A'right?

GREG
I need some.

ANTHONY
No, you don't. It'll screw your reputation.

GREG
Not my reputation. I'll pay you double...paisano.

He hands him a wad of cash.

INT. DISCO OUTSIDE THE COAT ROOM'S DOOR TO DISCO

It is mobbed. Shane exits coatroom via door to disco. Even pushing doesn't get Shane anywhere.

VOICE (O.S.)
It's Errol Flynn.

Shane looks down and sees the Casting Director shoved up against him. They are face to face.

SHANE

It's great to see you. I've been
calling but--

CASTING DIRECTOR

Hold on. My poor date is being
pressed like a grape.

He pulls on a hand in the crowd and wrenches out of the mass--a
squished, laughing Julie Black, mirror ball around her neck. She
freezes.

JULIE BLACK

(awkward)

Hi. I wondered if I'd see you.

Shane looks confused and hurt. She looks shot full of guilt. All
three are fused together by the crowd for a beat. The casting
director whispers to Julie. She shakes her head. They have a little
discussion that Shane can't hear, but it's making him very tense.

JULIE BLACK

Some of us are going to Roland's
house later. He wants to know--Do
you want to join us?

CASTING DIRECTOR

(suggestively)

Actually it'll just be the three of us.

Shane is devastated. Julie sees this, but she looks at the
oblivious casting director holding her hand, and she turns away
from Shane. He shoves his way away from them.

IN RUBELL'S OFFICE

Shane freebases with Billie.

SHANE

More.

BILLIE

I think you've had enough, darling.

SHANE

More.

AT THE BAR

Shane is behind the bar in a daze looking out at the crowd. He
sees CLOSE-UP impressionistic warped images of their faces caught in
a strobe light. As they pulse by it isn't clear whether the faces
are happy or sad. Are they in ecstasy or agony? A WARPED MAN IN
TUX moves toward him to order, teeth gnashing, hands reaching out

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like claws. Shane shakes his head clear and the Warped Man DISSOLVES TO Anthony handing Shane the Bridge and Tunnel shit.

ANTHONY

Your friend paid big money for this.

Shane, shocked, takes it and Anthony goes. Shane is about to go over to Greg with it, but already HALSTON is palming him a 50. Shane gives him a baggie of the stuff. Anita's MIKE MAKES A NOISE up above. Shane looks up at her. DISSOLVE TO WARPED IMAGE--she looks like some kind of gargoyle ready to leap on him and tear him to bits.

DOTTIE

Sweet Meat, Sweet Meat, give Disco Dottie--

He looks at her with wild eyes. Dottie sees the terror in his eyes.

DOTTIE

(maternal, normal voice)

Give me your hands, Shane. Take a deep breath. Everything's fine. Okay. Everything's okay...There ya go.

He calms, but when he looks up at Anita, she is still a vicious demon looking down on him and he is freaked out again.

SHANE

Can you do me a favor?

He pulls Dottie in and whispers to her. SHE LAUGHS MISCHIEVOUSLY. SHANE LAUGHS, too. He gives her a baggie of the Bridge and Tunnel shit. She snitches another out of his hand and then a third.

EDGE OF THE BRIDGE

Anita waits to come on. She twists the microphone in her hands, nervous. THE DANCE MUSIC STOPS.

IN THE DJ BOOTH

RUBELL

Happy New Year.

THE CROWD CHEERS, HONKS AND WHISTLES. He sways a bit, steadies himself, then holds his hands up until there is quiet. Dottie snorts her baggie in the middle of the floor.

RUBELL

(unusually quiet)

First, I want to tell you all something that most of you already know--

He looks across the crowd. Long pause as he picks out faces.

RUBELL

(simply)

I love you.

THE CROWD'S responses vary--some get teary and clap, others laugh. Rubell bends down under the turntable and does a hit of coke. He comes back up the party boy.

RUBELL

Secondly, there've been a few little rumors floating around about me and certain government agency, but rest assured that's all taken care of.

There is some vigorous head nodding in the crowd.

RUBELL

(shouts)

Just try and tangle with me.

Buck looks at him like he's going a little too far.

RUBELL

And now--Now, I want to introduce you to a brand new talent--a talent for the 80s that I discovered in, no lie, the coatroom. Welcome Anita.

ON THE BRIDGE

The lights hit her and she freezes, a terrified statue. THE CROWD HUSHES, could hear a pin drop.

AT THE BAR

Shane looks from Anita to Dottie. On the other side of the bar, Greg tries not to look up, but he can't help it.

ON THE FLOOR

The crowd is wondering what's wrong with Anita.

ON THE BRIDGE

ANITA

(suddenly wicked)

Just getting your attention. Cause I love to get all your at-ten-tion.

She points at the DJ booth and her DANCE MUSIC begins.

ANITA

Okay, everybody, it's time to get down and get funky with me!

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She starts to boogie--dancing and singing "LIVE FOREVER." The crowd loves it and starts dancing along.

ON THE DANCE FLOOR

Dottie clears a space as her tiny lover, Boyd, spins her round and round.

AT THE BAR

Shane has a smile of anticipation. Halston leans over the bar to him.

HALSTON

That shit you gave me is making me grind my teeth.

SHANE

Oh. Sorry. Hey, are we going to your house later?

HALSTON

Not you.

SHANE

(laughs, thinks he's joking)
Don't worry. I'll score something better.

HALSTON

Don't bother.

He gives him a dirty look and goes. Shane leans back, hurt. Greg notices and forces a smile, but it doesn't give him the satisfaction he would've thought.

ON THE BRIDGE

Anita is hot. She hits a LONG HIGH NOTE.

ON THE DANCE FLOOR

It sends the crowd into a frenzy. Dottie spins from side to side. She looks a little green, but she's going to out-do Anita if it's the last thing she does. She holds her arms out to attract attention, LAUGHING IT UP.

She does one last twirl and collapses on the floor. Boyd looks down at her puzzled. The crowd around them begins to look at Dottie.

ON THE BRIDGE

Anita looks down and sees the dead space on the floor, and who's in the middle of it.

ON THE DANCE FLOOR

Boyd tries to pull her up, but she's not responding. The entire dance floor is slowing down as they turn to see what's happening.

AT THE BAR

Greg is worried, he looks up at Anita.

ON THE BRIDGE

Anita dances harder, sings with more intensity and less on pitch.

ON THE DANCE FLOOR

Dottie is not responding. A BOUNCER signals the DJ booth to cut the music. THE MUSIC STOPS. DEAD SILENCE.

ON THE BRIDGE

Anita is left in suspended animation.

ON THE FLOOR

CAMERAS FLASH as someone covers Dottie with a coat.

ON THE BRIDGE

Anita runs off.

AT THE BAR

SHANE

Come on, Dottie, it worked, get up.

He ducks under the bar and heads toward her, but as he approaches

THE FLOOR

She starts to convulse, turning blue. Shane runs to her. He kneels beside her.

SHANE

Dottie. Dottie.

Shane waves up to Rubell.

SHANE

Turn on the lights!

IN THE DJ BOTH

Rubell nods to the TECH to turn on the lights.

ON THE FLOOR

For the first time, we see the disco lights subside in Studio 54. The unforgiving overhead lights shine down on all of them. As Disco Dottie dies in Shane's arms, he looks around at the faces of these people shielding themselves from the glare. They are not looking so beautiful and glamorous at this moment. He sees the man who called him a troglodyte, society people, freaks, the gold painted people, Diana Vreeland and Julie Black.

Greg looks on horrified. Everyone is silent. Shane hears crying and looks up to see Anita sobbing on the edge of the bridge. He looks down at dead Dottie in his arms and her little lover, clinging to her hand.

He sees Halston grinding his teeth, freaking out on a banquette. Shane takes in all that he has wrought.

ON THE EDGE OF THE BRIDGE

Anita sobs. Greg appears in the DJ Booth, still freaking out. They look at each other. He goes to her and puts his arms around her. She hugs him tight, comforting each other. Billie appears.

BILLIE

Brilliant.

Anita looks up, confused. Billie extends her hand to Anita.

BILLIE

Get up, sweetie. We have to get some pictures before the ambulance arrives.

GREG

Anita.

BILLIE

This is your chance, ma petite.

GREG

Don't.

Anita is torn between the two of them. She sees Billie's photographer waiting in the wings. Anita puts her hands on Greg's face. 1 -

ANITA

I'll be right back, okay?

GREG

No.

ANITA

I promise.

Billie pulls her up and away. He sits there abandoned.

ON THE FLOOR

As the bouncers pick up Dottie's body and take her away from Shane and her little lover, her wig falls off.

The overhead lights go out--there is an instant of complete blackness before the disco lights start up again--only a giant mirror ball throwing out shafts of light. Shane gazes up at it, dazed, as the DISCO MUSIC kicks on. He looks around bewildered as people start to dance. Rubell grabs him, extremely agitated.

RUBELL

You're on. Grace Kelly's here. And she's thirsty.

Shane hesitates, then turns the other way.

RUBELL

This way.

SHANE

I can't. Steve--Dottie just died.

RUBELL

I know, and I'll cry tomorrow. I will. But tonight the show must go on.

SHANE

I can't. I did it...I killed her.

RUBELL

What?

SHANE

My coke.

He puts his arm around Shane.

RUBELL

You can't blame yourself if she couldn't handle her drugs, kid.

Rubell starts to lead him toward the stairs. He puts a lude in¹ - Shane's hand. Shane automatically starts to take it then stops.

RUBELL

Come on. It'll calm you down.

Shane looks at Rubell like he's crazy.

SHANE

This isn't right.

RUBELL

Listen, Princess Grace is here,
Shane. Princess Grace.

SHANE

Steve, stop and think for a second.
You should be closing down tonight.

RUBELL

Don't tell me what to do. I'm your
boss, remember?

SHANE

We lost a friend tonight.

RUBELL

Wrong. I lost a friend tonight. No
offense, but you were just another
pretty face to her.

SHANE

She was my friend.

RUBELL

She was totally near-sighted and
couldn't tell one of you from the
next. Now get it together and get
downstairs.

Shane turns away furious, but Rubell grabs him. Shane shoves him.
Rubell is shocked. No one inside the club ever touches Rubell like
that.

RUBELL

Don't forget how replaceable you
are, Little Lord Fauntleroy.

SHANE

(pointing at crowd)
Try telling them. Remember, I'm one
of New York's finest. I'm Shane 54!

RUBELL

(laughs)
Like there wasn't a Gabriel 54 and a
Rhett 54 and a--

SHANE

Bull shit.

RUBELL

Don't tell me that's the first time
you ever picked up an Interview
Magazine!

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RUBELL REALLY LAUGHS. This is the final blow to Shane. Dottie's wig is kicked across the floor and lands on his foot. He picks it up. He looks up at the mirror ball casting its light, then at the glittering wig in his hands.

SHANE

Is this it?

RUBELL

Is this what?

SHANE

Is this what's at the center of the universe? Is this your palace of wisdom.

RUBELL

Yes it is, Einstein.

SHANE

Fuck you...troglodyte.

He goes.

RUBELL

Where are you going? The door's that way.

Rubell grabs his bodyguard's walkie talkie and shouts orders in it, then leans against the wall, profoundly sad. He takes the lude.

INT. BASEMENT OFFICE

Shane opens the basement door and sees two MEN IN SUITS (OCSF AGENTS) pulling down the garbage bags from the ceiling. Another MAN IN SUIT is going through Steve's little black book. Shane sees his car keys in the open desk drawer.

SHANE

Who are you?

They look down at Viv. Shane sees her and runs. She runs and catches him, nervous and sweaty.

VIV

I don't know why I--Tell Stevie to get out.

SHANE

Forget it.

VIV

I just wanted him to get in trouble.
Not go to jail.

SHANE

Jail?

A MAN IN SUIT looks at him and steps toward him. Shane runs.

AT THE BAR

Shane pushes his way up to Greg.

SHANE

Greg, you have to get out of here.

Greg turns his back on him.

SHANE

Listen, man, I'm sorry about what happened. I been a big fat fucking scruple-less shithead. I even understand if you hate me, but right now I'm trying to help you, man.

Greg walks away. Shane sees Buck.

SHANE

Have you seen Steve?

BUCK

He's in the DJ booth. Hey, get back here.

DJ BOOTH

Shane runs in. Rubell is barely awake leaning on his bodyguard, looking up at the ceiling.

SHANE

They're here!

RUBELL

(barely understandable)

Shanie, I knew you'd come to your senses. Meine kleine Shane.

SHANE

I went downstairs to get my keys,
and--they're raiding the office.

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It takes a second for this to sink in, then panic sobers him like a shot. He rushes to the edge of the booth and looks down at the club. He sees a MAN IN SUIT serving a subpoena to Greg who is frozen. Another MAN IN SUIT ducks under the bar and another heads for the DJ booth. Rubell sighs, sits and reaches for his Perrier.

RUBELL

Even from here their suits look cheap.

SHANE
Aren't you going to get out of here?

RUBELL
Where would I go?

INT. STUDIO 54/ON THE STAIRS

Shane heads back down the stairs.

BOUNCER 1
There he is.

TWO HUGE BOUNCERS grab him.

SHANE
What are you guys doing?

BOUNCER 1
Steve wants you out.

They drag him out through the crowd. Still carrying Dottie's wig with one hand, he uses the other to try to grab onto anyone or anything for support, but all he gets are the spangles of light from the mirror ball, spinning away as he goes.

BEHIND THE BAR

Greg, upset with his subpoena, looks up and sees Shane being drug toward them.

SHANE
Greg! Help me.

Greg holds up the subpoena, confused, as Shane is drug past them.

GREG
Shit.

Greg ducks under the bar and heads downstairs.

INT. LOCKER ROOM

Greg flies into the locker room and sees a MAN IN SUIT, holding his lunch box, Greg spins around and runs out.

EXT. STUDIO 54

The crowd is even bigger and wilder. The bouncers throw Shane out into the cold winter night.*

MARK
(to help Shane)
What's going on here?

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The bouncers push him way out through the crowd and shove him off onto the street. He falls. The crowd watches the spectacle for a second, but they turn away from him as an AMBULANCE arrives and paramedics hop out. They BUZZ with excitement, a strange look of vindication on some faces. Shane can't look.

He slowly picks himself up off the ground and scans the crowd for a friendly face. At the edge of the crowd, he spots a PAIR OF BOYS who are dressed like and resemble Kev and Ricko. He stumbles toward them.

SHANE

I know this sounds weird...but do
one a you guys got a couple
bucks?...My money and keys are...

The guys look at him like he must be nuts. ONE of them MUMBLES: FREAK. The other gives him a threatening look and grumbles: FAG. Shane turns away and sees the diner down on the corner.

INT. DINER

ON TV, blindfolded hostages are marched toward the camera at gunpoint then away into the darkness. VOICE OVER: FACE ANOTHER YEAR WITHOUT THEIR FAMILIES. The MANAGER turns and sees Shane stumbling toward them in nothing but shorts, carrying a glittering wig.

The Manager nudges a HUGE COOK, who meets Shane at the door and bars his way.

SHANE

But I'm freezing, man.

The Big Cook pulls a garbage bag from a box of them sitting on the counter and hands it to Shane.

EXT. DINER

Shane heads toward 8th Avenue through the littered New Year's Eve mess--still practically naked, the garbage bag in hand. The ambulance passes him, lights flashing. He pauses wondering what to do--Should he go back? He looks to his side and sees that he is standing beside a huge VILLAGE PEOPLE ad. They scream HAPPY NEW YEAR! "READY FOR THE '80S."

The irony of it hits him and he LAUGHS. He tears the garbage bag open and pulls it around him like a large plastic coat. He looks back at 54--at the search lights and the desperate crowd. An almost nude form runs toward him. It's Greg. He pauses at Shane. Beat. He shivers. Shane opens the side of his garbage bag coat.

SHANE

Would you rather freeze to death or...?

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Beat. Greg shivers, looks around, then gets under the garbage bag with Shane.

GREG

Now what?

ANITA (O.S.)

Hey.

She is running toward them in a huge sable coat.

ANITA

If you two didn't look like such dorks I think I'd be jealous.

She opens the coat and Greg shifts over to her. She throws it over his head.

GREG

No smothering, alright? (to Shane)
Get in, man.

Greg holds out part of the coat. Shane and Anita look at each other. She points to Greg's side. Shane gets under the coat next to Greg (who is in the middle) and the three waddle forward away from the crowd. Greg looks at his subpoena, Anita glances back at what she's leaving behind, Shane looks forward--fear, relief and hope on his face.

They glance at each other but say nothing as they continue forward into the New Year leaving the mania of 54 and the last party of the 70s behind them. FADE UP "MOVE ON UP" by Destination.

FADE OUT.

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