

Tribal Rites of Saturday Night
(working title)

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From an article
and script by
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Final Version
February 26, 1977

1.

1	OMIT	1
2	OMIT	2
3	OMIT	3
4	EXT: 86TH STREET/BETWEEN 4TH AND 5TH - BAY RIDGE - DAY	4

The street, an unending line of small stores, teems with SHOPPERS. TONY MANERO, wearing a black leather jacket and blue pants, comes sauntering down the block, carrying a gallon paint can, swinging it by its wire handle -- walking down the street is a performance. His pace is so leisurely as he peers curiously into store windows and at people there is no indication that he is expected anywhere. Tony is eighteen, a few months short of nineteen, tall, well-built, carries himself with studied cockiness, a bit of a swagger. His face is handsome and, in repose, has a sweet likability, even lovability. His personality is colored by environments, more than most people -- tough-cool with friends, macho-masterful with girls -- sullen and obstinate at home where he is respectful of his parents but suspicious of them, always anticipating their demands and criticism. He often appears preoccupied, but if he were asked what he was thinking, he wouldn't know. He lives in the immediate present, the future means no more than the next weekend at the Disco -- although there are some rare private moments, quickly repressed, when he experiences some tremors about the rest of his life. He stops at a shoe store window, peers at some platform shoes, raises one foot, comparing his heel with the heel of the shoes in the window.

He walks on, spots a sexy GIRL, about eighteen, walking toward him. He stops, watches her pass, starts to follow her, decides against further pursuit, turns and continues on his way. He walks into a pizza parlor.

5	INT: PIZZA PARLOR - 86TH STREET - DAY	5
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Tony walks to the counter. The COUNTERMAN, heavy-set, thirties, sees Tony, smiles, amusement on his face.

COUNTERMAN

Two or three?

TONY

Two ... ? Yeah, two.

6	EXT: PIZZA PARLOR - 86TH STREET - DAY	6
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Tony comes out eating the two pizzas, stacked one atop

6 CONTD

6

the other, double-decker style. He eats them with remarkable speed but utter indifference, mechanically not sensually, giving the impression not of gluttony, but insatiable hunger that goes beyond food.

7 At a haberdashery a few stores down the block, he stops, admires a floral shirt in the front of the window. 7

ANGLE ON HABERDASHERY

He walks to the door of the store, opens it, speaks to the SALESMAN, fifties, portly, standing near the door.

TONY

That floral shirt, twenty-seven-fifty -- you got it extra-large?

SALESMAN

You take extra-large, we got extra-large -- even we gotta change the tag.

Tony scowls, returns to the street, continues in his previous direction.

One store away from the paint store where he works, he begins to run furiously.

8 EXT: BAYSIDE PAINT STORE - DAY

8

Through the store window, DAN FUSCO, stocky, glasses, eager-beaver face, fifties, the owner, is peering vigilantly. Then he sights Tony running to the door, tries desperately to signal him, flailing his arms. Tony doesn't see him at first, finally does just before entering the door. Fusco waves his thumb in a backward movement. Tony nods and runs around the block to the rear door of the paint store.

9 INT: BACK ROOM - BAYSIDE PAINT STORE - DAY

9

It is a small utility and storage area that also serves as office -- with cartons of merchandise piled high and helter-skelter, a small desk with adding machine and typewriter, and a safe bolted to the floor.

Fusco is waiting for Tony as he enters.

FUSCO

What he charge you?

9 CONTD

9

Tony takes his jacket off, hangs it on a wall hook.

TONY
Seven ninety-eight.

FUSCO
Bastard. Wait'll he runs outa something.

Tony goes through the door into the front store, carrying the gallon can.

10 INT: BAYSIDE PAINT STORE - DAY

10

It is a large store about forty by a hundred, crowded with the Saturday swarm of CUSTOMERS. On either side of the store, shelves stocked with gallon cans of paint rise to the ceilings, the upper areas reached by rolling ladders. There are counters on both sides of the store -- and in the center aisle, display racks of brushes, painting accessories and color-sample chips.

Tony walks toward the front of the store where his CUSTOMER, late thirties, is waiting.

TONY
Sorry took so long. Had to get it from our reserve stock, know what I mean, the sub-basement.

11 ANOTHER ANGLE

11

Tony standing at the cash register, rings up a sale. He turns, hands some change and a receipt to a SECOND CUSTOMER at the counter. Tony turns to a THIRD CUSTOMER who slides a color-sample chip at him.

THIRD CUSTOMER
Hey, don't you want the number?

TONY
I know it.

He walks toward the rear of the store, rolling a ladder ahead of him. He stops and flashes up the ladder, gets the paint, races down. As he comes off the ladder, Fusco claps him on the back, beaming.

FUSCO
Way you run up that ladder, customers like that. Gives them a sense of power.

11 CONTD

11

Tony walks away, a look of disgust on his face, not visible to Fusco. He goes to his customer, places the paint on the counter.

THIRD CUSTOMER

Need some brushes.

TONY

How much painting you do?

CUSTOMER

After these two rooms, I wouldn't paint my wife's ass purple -- and it could use a paint job.

TONY

What color is it now?

The customer freezes, glares at Tony, at flashpoint.

THIRD CUSTOMER

(ominously)

You wanna know what color my wife's ass?

TONY

You brung it up.

The customer, glowering, considers, decides Tony is well-intentioned, merely being amusing. He relaxes.

THIRD CUSTOMER

Actually, it ain't got no color, just stripes, them stretch stripes. Hell, maybe I oughta paint it. What about them brushes?

TONY

For the rooms -- or your wife's ass?

THIRD CUSTOMER

The rooms.

(mournfully)

Her ass -- I could do it with a toothbrush.

TONY

Second display rack behind you.

The customer turns, walks toward the display rack. Tony begins filling out a sales slip.

12 INT: BACK ROOM - BAYSIDE PAINT STORE - DAY

12

Tony takes his jacket from the peg, starts putting it on.
He sees Fusco enter, rushes over to him.

TONY

Mr. Fusco, can I get an advance?

FUSCO

(firmly)

Payday's Monday.

TONY

I know payday's Monday. Everyplace
else it's Friday, Saturday.

FUSCO

And they're broke on Monday,
boozing, whoring, pissing away
the money all weekend. This way,
paid on Monday you got money all
week, you can save a little,
build the future.

TONY

Fuck the future.

FUSCO

(shakes his head)

No. You can't fuck the future,
Tony. The future fucks you. It
catches up with you and fucks you
if you ain't planned for it.

TONY

Tonight's the future. I'm planning
for it. There's a shirt I gotta
buy.

FUSCO

Sorry, Tony, no exceptions.

He turns, walks to the door.

13 EXT: 86TH STREET - DAY

13

Tony comes down the street, walks into the haberdashery.

14 INT: HABERDASHERY - DAY

14

Tony enters, walks to the salesman he talked to earlier.

TONY

You guys do layaway?

14 CONTD

14

SALESMAN

So long it don't turn into a
twenty-year mortgage.

TONY

(taking out his billfold)
Okay, here's five bucks down.

He gives the salesman a five-dollar bill, turns to go.

SALESMAN

Hey, wait for a receipt.

TONY

I trust you.

SALESMAN

(calling after him)
Don't. Don't trust me.

But Tony is out the door.

15 OMIT

15

16 OMIT

16

17 INT: PIZZA PARLOR - 86TH STREET - DAY

17

He walks up to the counter, signals the counterman who
served him earlier, holds up three fingers.

COUNTERMAN

You had two two hours ago.
This'll make five.

TONY

What's the bitch -- you don't
get commission?

18 EXT: 86TH STREET - DAY

18

Tony walks down the street, eating the three pizzas
stacked on top of each other. He sees a PUERTO RICAN
KID, nineteen, lounging against a store, smoking.
Walking by, Tony gazes at him with a tilt and wag of
his head, living some old movie fantasy.

TONY

You will die, hombre.

PUERTO RICAN

(startled and hostile)
When?

18 CONTD

18

TONY
(portentous)
Later.

PUERTO RICAN
When later?

Tony has not stopped or slowed his pace. He is now walking past the Puerto Rican youth. He speaks his next line to the air.

TONY
(intoning)
When the fucking clock strikes
... the fucking mouse.

The Puerto Rican shakes his head -- this guy has to be a weirdo -- flicks his cigarette at Tony, misses.

19 EXT: TONY'S BLOCK - DAY

19

A long chain of identical attached houses, drab, monotonous and narrow, barely accommodating two meager windows per floor. For two-story structures, the houses don't rise very high, the rooms inside with very low ceilings. They abut on the sidewalk -- no lawns or patches of grass, and no trees. Tony comes down the block, enters one of the houses.

20 INT: FOYER - TONY'S HOUSE - DUSK

20

Tony enters the miniscule foyer, closes the door, peers in the living room, then the dining room where his father, FRANK, sits at the table reading the newspaper. His mother, FLO, comes out of the kitchen, wearing an apron.

Frank is a burly six-footer, over two hundred pounds, fifty-one years old, a bush-league tyrant whose authority is a bit shaky currently from a year of unemployment after twenty-five steady years as a construction worker. If he has any humor or high spirits, they've never been seen around his family. Flo is 47, a good thirty pounds overweight and unconcerned about it. She is a submissive wife, a devout Catholic, works out her aggressions hectoring her children, rarely criticizing or attacking her husband, though lately she's been a bit more assertive.

FLO
Where ya been?

20 CONTD

20

Tony stares at her as though amazed that she exists. Seeing his parents again after a day of work is always a readjustment, a shock of disbelief.

FRANK

Your ma ask where ya been?
(waits for a response)
Where ya been?

FLO

Your pa ask you where you been?

Tony turns to go.

FLO

Dinner's late cause they was outa things at the market. But you'da been late if it was normal.

Tony moves over to his GRANDMOTHER and kisses her. Fifty-three years in this country and still she speaks no English. Nevertheless, she is the undisputed power in the house.

21 INT: STAIRWAY & SECOND STORY HALL - TONY'S HOUSE 21
- DUSK

He runs up the stairway and down the hall, passes LINDA -- Tony picks her up and twirls her.

TONY

Hey, Shrimp, how's it goin'.

LINDA

Hey, Tony.

21A OMIT 21A

22 INT: TONY'S BEDROOM - TONY'S HOUSE - DUSK 22

It is a small, cramped room, barely large enough to hold the single bed, dresser, night table and straight-back chair. Print rayon curtains hang over the window from a cafe curtain rod. On the walls are posters of Al Pacino in "The Godfather," Bruce Lee, Evil Knievel, two pictures roughly scissored from the Daily News of Knicks basketball players -- and a dime store painting of the Madonna and Child. A wooden crucifix hangs over the bed. On the closet door, a full-length mirror is attached.

Tony, in a pair of blue bikini briefs, a St. Christopher

medal at his throat, sits on the edge of the bed, a blow-dryer in one hand, a square hand mirror in the other, giving his hair a little more fluff. He turns off the blower, picks up a comb from the bed, makes a few final adjustments to his hair.

He rises, goes to the full-length mirror, stands erect, inspects himself carefully, his face assuming the cool menace of a movie killer, eyes slitted, mouth taut. Then he takes an enormous deep breath, holds it. Five seconds later, still holding his breath he walks to the dresser, takes the Brut cologne from the top, sprays himself, replaces the bottle. He opens the closet door, surveys his clothes and after several seconds of momentous deliberation takes out a pink and purple floral bodyshirt on a hanger and a pair of black gabardine trousers -- still without breathing.

He kicks the closet door closed and stands in front of the mirror. By now the lengthy breath-holding is beginning to show. His face is tense, the color grayish, his head seems to vibrate, a slight tremor in his body. Finally he lets out his breath with a whoosh. Some ritual of purification and energization has been completed.

He spins around, lays the trousers on the bed, puts the shirt on, buttons it swiftly but meticulously, then puts the pants on. He spends an eternity tucking the shirt into the pants, adjusting, readjusting the folds, viewing himself and the shirt from all angles in the mirror.

The door opens and his father walks in.

FRANK

Dinner's onna table.

TONY

I ain't hungry.

FRANK

'Cause you're kicking in -- for food, don't mean you don't gotta eat. You still gotta eat.

TONY

I got my shirt on.

FRANK

Take it off.

TONY

I got it on just right.

22 CONTD (2)

22

FRANK

You got nothin' to be afraid.
Your mother's spaghetti sauce
don't drip. It don't taste and
it don't drip.

As his father goes out the door, Tony makes the classic
"fungule" gesture -- bent arm, hand hitting the biceps.

23 INT: DINING ROOM - TONY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

23

The Manero family sits eating. Frank at the table's
head, Flo on his right, Tony on his left. Linda is next
to Tony, CATHY next to Flo. Tony has a bedsheet wrapped
around him like a customer in a barber shop protecting
his shirt. He also has his green platform shoes on now.

TONY

I can't leave work early to make
dinner time, you know that.

FLO

You shoulda been a priest like
your brother, you wouldn't worry
about a job.

She crosses herself solemnly.

TONY

(incensed)

Everytime you mention Frank Jr.
you gotta cross yourself?

FLO

He's a priest, ain't he? Father
Frank Junior, your brother.

She crosses herself again, this time swiftly. Tony
observes this distastefully -- and Frank watches him.

FRANK

Your ma ain't got a lot to
cross herself about.

LINDA

(to Tony)

24 You're so jealous of Frank Jr.

24

The impulse and rage are too quick to be controlled.
Tony gives Linda a push on the shoulder. Like a chain
reaction, at incredible speed, Frank slaps Tony, Flo
reaches out and pushes Frank, Frank looks at her stunned

24 CONTD

24

for a moment, then slaps her. Flo reaches across the table and slaps Linda and Frank hits Tony again. The incident is evidently routine, for it is forgotten in a moment. The family continues eating.

FLO

I got more pork chops, more spaghetti.

FRANK

Whaddya doing -- more pork chops
-- I'm outa work.

FLO

Long we got a dollar left, we eat good in this house. Might even get a job. Maude says ...

FRANK

LIKE HELL YOU WILL!

(looks at her)

Twenty-five years I bring home a good paycheck every week, plenty of construction work. Then I get laid off ... seven months, eight months ... all a sudden, you're talking back, you're hitting me ... TALKING ABOUT A JOB AND HITTING ME!

FLO

(meekly)

No hitting, slapping at the dinner table -- that's the rule. And you was hitting.

FRANK

(wounded, a bit dazed)

You never hit me before, never.
And in front of the kids.

They eat silently for a while, absorbing this landmark event. Tony devours huge amounts of food, quickly, indifferently. Finally Frank makes a vague and pathetic attempt to reassert his authority.

FRANK

(to Tony)

I was gonna get you in the union
but there's no work, ya unnerstand?

24 CONTD (2)

24

TONY
(he's heard this before)
Yeah, Pa.

FRANK
I mean if there was work like
it was before, you'd be in the
union, working, ya unnerstand?

TONY
Sure, Pa.

FRANK
No, no, goddamit, you don't
unnerstand that!

TONY
What's to understand?

25 Frank slaps him -- then glares defiantly at Flo, chal- 25
lenging her to hit him. She does nothing, turns to Tony.

FLO
Tony, you walk me to church?

TONY
You already went?

FLO
Confession. I gotta go back
pray for something.

TONY
What?

FLO
For Father Frank Jr. to call me.

Tony groans.

TONY
(disgusted)
You can't call him?! You gotta
have God make Frank Jr. call
you? You're turning God into
a telephone operator.

26 EXT: CHURCH BLOCK - NIGHT

26

Flo, Grandmother and Tony walk toward the church. Tony
wears his special studded leather jacket -- Flo has on a
cloth coat with a synthetic fur collar. They walk silently.

26 CONTD

26

Flo seems pensive, then turns to Tony eying him thoughtfully.

FLO

(finally)

You was always no trouble, didn't have to worry about you, didn't have to give you no attention. You took care of yourself, a slap now and again, that's all you needed, got along nice by yourself.

27 They arrive at the church. Tony glances indifferently at a relief of Christ on the church facade.

27

TONY

(vaguely from nowhere)

Jesus was a non-union carpenter.

FLO

What?

TONY

Nothing.

Flo starts up the church steps, turns back to Tony.

FLO

You could make me happy. Come inside a minute.

TONY

(grudging)

Aw right.

They walk up the steps. Flo enters the church. Tony walks inside, stands just within the door for two beats and walks out, comes down the steps.

28 EXT: STREET CORNER - BAY RIDGE - NIGHT

28

Tony stands, slouching, at the corner, smoking a Winchester. He spots a six-year old, red, four-door Chevy with dented fenders approaching. The car slows down, almost stops in front of him -- but as Tony reaches for the door handle, the car accelerates, speeds away. Tony shakes his hand, looks at his index finger, which was almost caught in the door handle.

TONY

Hey! You asswipes, scumbags!

28 CONTD

28

The car stops at the corner, its horn honking repeatedly. JOEY sticks his head out the car window, shouts. Joey, close to nineteen, about five-ten with a weightlifter's physique, is belligerent, a chip on his shoulder, anger and aggression radiating from him like a scent. He is outspoken, his manner direct.

JOEY
Come on, fuckhead!

Tony doesn't move, smokes his cigarette.

29 ANGLE INSIDE CAR

29

Joey pulls his head back within the car, turns to BOBBY C. at the wheel. Bobby C. is a few months short of nineteen, slender, supple, over-quick in his movements, tends to drop off into brooding reveries, then catch himself and tune into the group again with an exaggerated animation. He is Tony's closest friend. In the back seat of the car are DOUBLE J. and GUS, passing a Vodka bottle back and forth. Double J. is robust and brawny, an oversized fireplug. He is the operator and angle man of the group, a promoter and self-promoter, self-assured and loaded with initiative. Gus is the sunniest in temperament of the group -- though given to flash irritations. Exhibitionistic, he likes to clown, seems to like and need attention more than the others. All four of them and Tony share one characteristic -- an attempt at cool, hang loose style.

JOEY
(to Bobby C.)
The stubborn fuck won't budge.

Bobby C. slams the car into reverse.

30 EXTERIOR ANGLE

30

The car rockets backward, narrowly missing a moving car, jolts to a stop in front of Tony. He gets in.

31 ANGLE INSIDE CAR

31

Tony settles himself, is still closing the door -- when Bobby C. whips the car around the corner.

TONY
You almost wrecked my pussy finger.

GUS
You wouldn't know which one it is.

31 CONTD

31

DOUBLE J.

We gotta couple poppers, three
bennies, two joints, half a fifth
of Vodka.

TONY

(contemptuous)

That's what you got! Get a
bigger high from a fart.

DOUBLE J.

You want something?

TONY

No. And we ain't dropping 'til
I say so.

BOBBY C.

Aw, Tony.

JOEY

Bullshit.

TONY

I mean it.

GUS

Why the fuck why?

TONY

I got my reasons.

Everybody acquiesces -- into silence, sullen but
compliant.

32	OMIT	32
33	OMIT	33
34	OMIT	34
35	OMIT	35
36	EXT: 2001 ODYSSEY - NIGHT	36

The six youths clamber out of the car, examine each other.
With minor variations, they're all dressed like Tony.
Now that they're about to make their disco entrance, a
ritual or ego-hyping ensues. Joey turns to Double J.,
touches his floral shirt, exposed through his open
jacket.

JOEY

Looking sharp.

DOUBLE J.

Sharp as you can look without
turning into a nigger.

BOBBY C.

Or a spic.

TONY

(one of his mysterious,
out-of-the-blue eruptions)
Spic, spic ... wouldya put your
dick in a spic? Does it get bigger
in a nigger?

JOEY

Wha?

TONY

Wha in your ear -- with ricotta
and beer.

DOUBLE J.

Gotta score tonight! Horny, man,
horny! You know what I mean --
horny!

GUS

Know what you mean ... HORN ...
EEEEEE!

JOEY

Anybody scores, you got ten
minutes in the car, get out
for the next guy.

DOUBLE J.

Make it in five, you get the
Medal of Honor with rubies and
a piece of the Pope's ass.

GUS

The Pope don't have no ass.
That's why he's Pope.

TONY

(like calling
battle stations)
Okay! We're the Faces, remember!

36 CONTD (2)

36

The youths fall silent, begin striding toward the discotheque, spaced irregularly across the sidewalk, a squadron in loose formation. Their pace is brisk but not hurried, their shoulders swinging with a kind of hauteur, their eyes darting, gathering in the scene, cool and superior -- the mood is solemn and momentous.

37 EXT: 2001 ODYSSEY - NIGHT

37

In front of the door of the Disco, the youths fall naturally into single file with Tony in front. They move through the PEOPLE outside, enter.

38 INT: LOBBY - 2001 ODYSSEY - NIGHT

38

The place is mobbed with PEOPLE crowding the ticket-seller's table. Nobody is being allowed in at the moment, the crowd stands idly, immobile. The Faces enter almost ceremoniously, a procession, move through the people waiting with an unchallengeable authority and proprietary air. The others move aside to let them pass with guarded glances of resentment and curiosity.

The Faces reach the ticketseller's table, put down their money for the admission charge. The TICKETSELLER GIRL at the table greets them familiarly.

38A INT: BALLROOM - 2001 ODYSSEY - NIGHT

38A

The room consists of a spacious dance floor surrounded by terraced levels of tables. Glittery materials and sheets of foil reflecting light in psychedelic bursts of color hang from walls and ceiling. Spotlights, some revolving and spinning, spray the air with their beams. In the middle of one wall is the disc jockey's booth where the DJ, a wiry, hyperactive man, late twenties, attends to his records, turntables and amplifiers. The music is loud, obliterating thought, but not the ear-shattering level of a rock concert.

It's around midnight, the peak of the evening -- and the week for the people there. The dance floor is packed with bobbing, shaking, whirling DANCERS, most between eighteen and twenty, some doing variations of the Hustle, but more are engaged in older disco dances, non-touching. The energy in the room is immense, electrifying.

39 Tony and his friends enter, amble to a table on the first terrace level, next to the railing. It is the only empty table visible, a "reserved" card on it. Moving across the room, Tony nods, half-smiles at people here and there, courtly and aloof. The Faces sit down, arrange themselves in lounging positions, peer about,

39

- 39 CONTD 39
- surveying the scene with elaborate nonchalance. Bobby C. takes out a small pad of paper and pencils, begins sketching.
- 40 TONY'S POV - PANNING - THE BALLROOM 40
- CAMERA SWEEPS ACROSS the dance floor -- a quarter of the dancers are girls dancing together -- then MOVES PAST the tables, half of which are occupied by boys alone or girls alone.
- 41 OMIT 41
- 42 OMIT 42
- 43 ANGLE ON TABLE 43

BOBBY C.
Is Pauline here, anybody seen
Pauline?

DOUBLE J.
No.

JOEY
No.

BOBBY C.
Good.

The WAITRESS comes over and takes their drink orders -- Scotch and soda for Double J. and Gus, Vodka and tonic for the others -- and goes.

GUS
Who wants to see the Knicks
Tuesday?

TONY
Whaddya talking the Knicks now!?

- 44 ANNETTE comes up to the table. She is eighteen, 44
- pretty, about five-five, curvy and busty figure, has a shy, hesitant manner -- but manages to force what she wants to say through that barrier of insecurity. She's able to voice an occasional stinging remark -- and when she does so, she looks as though she expects an explosion. She has a quality of trusting innocence -- particularly toward a boy on whom she has a crush, which is an all-consuming emotion. She hasn't yet discovered that sex is not a woman's only offering or weapon -- or that a man is not life's only objective.

44 CONTD

44

Her response when crossed is a little girl petulance and tiny vengeances.

ANNETTE

Tony?

TONY

(ambivalently)

Yeah.

He starts to rise.

ANNETTE

Whaddya mean ... yeah?

TONY

I mean ... I'll dance with you
but you ain't my dream girl.

They walk to the dance floor.

ANNETTE

You want a dream girl, go to sleep
and have a nightmare.

(looks at him, hurt
in her eyes)

You know, a person likes a person
a lot, you'd think the other
person would like the first person
back a little.

They reach the dance floor.

TONY

Let's dance.

45 They ease into a beautifully performed Hustle. Tony 45
is a superb dancer, graceful and strong, his movements
quick, smooth and precise, his body and carriage
emitting a presence and pride. Annette follows his
lead confidently and easily, a fine dancer herself.

DJ (OS)

This is your DJ Bernie with his
first words of the evening.
Those were my first words. I'll
be back -- but just remember --
the way I sequence the records
can take you zombies up or take
you zombies down.

No one appears to hear or even pay attention to the DJ's
patter over the music -- certainly not Tony and Annette.

45 CONTD

45

Nearby COUPLES unconsciously make room for them and as their dance space grows, their steps become more open, sweeping and bolder. Tony begins to do little improvised steps and inventions, the energy of his dancing now almost savage. Sweat glistens on his forehead.

TWO GIRLS on the dance floor stop to watch Tony and Annette -- and then one other COUPLE. (But no more -- this should NOT turn into Astaire and Rogers where everybody "stops and stares.")

Tony leads Annette in a climactic finish, full of dazzling spins and whirls, steps executed at breathtaking speed. Then he walks off the dance floor, Annette following.

Just before leaving the floor, he sees something, his face tightening with hostility.

46 TONY'S POV - BLACK DANCER

46

A BLACK YOUTH, about twenty, dancing with a WHITE GIRL. The POV is FLASH SPEED.

47 BACK TO SCENE

47

Tony, with a final angry glance, walks back to his table.

BOBBY C.

You're the king out there, Tony.

TONY

Shit, you practiced, you could dance as good as me.

He sits down. Annette stands waiting, an expectant look on her face, hoping for an invitation.

BOBBY C.

You think so?

TONY

No.

ANNETTE

Ain't you gonna ask me to sit down?

TONY

No. You'd do it.

ANNETTE

(petulant)

But you'd ask me to lay down.

47 CONTD

47

TONY

No. You wouldn't do it.

Annette shrugs, tosses her head and walks away.

DOUBLE J.

Tony, you see that black dude?

TONY

Yeah.

DOUBLE J.

What we gonna do about that?

TONY

This time, nothing. If he shows up again, we'll lay it on him.

48 DOREEN, nineteen, chunky, comes over to The Faces' table.

48

DOREEN

Tony, can I wipe off your forehead?

Tony touches his forehead, feels the perspiration, shrugs assent, a faint smile on his lips. Doreen takes out a handkerchief, begins to wipe the sweat off Tony's face with careful, tender strokes. Joey watches.

JOEY

It ain't no blow job.

DOUBLE J.

You don't know a fuck about women. Ya get a blow job easier'n you get that.

DOREEN

(crooning)

I love to watch you dance, Tony,
I love it, I love to watch you
dance, just love to. Really, I
really do. I love to watch you
dance, just love it, watching you
dance. I love it, I love love love
to watch you dance.

JOEY

Doreen, I want to ask you some-
thing? You like to watch him
dance?

48 CONTD

48

A chorus of snorts and guffaws erupts from Bobby C., Gus and Double J.

BOBBY C.

She just don't like dancing
with him.

Tony rises, takes Doreen's arm, wanting to remove her from further mockery.

TONY

Come on.

49 He leads her off to the dance floor. 49

50 ANGLE ON DANCE FLOOR 50

Tony dances with Doreen who follows clumsily. When Tony begins to do some more complicated routines, she falters badly, turning the wrong way, losing step, not meeting him at the split-second on a double spin. Tony suffers her ineptness with a pained expression.

51 CAMERA PANS ACROSS the dance floor, PICKING UP Joey 51
and Double J., dancing with girls. They dance pretty well, but not in Tony's league.

51A CAMERA RETURNS to Tony -- as one dancing couple comes 51A
near. They are STEPHANIE MANGANO and HER PARTNER, a conservatively dressed man, early thirties. Stephanie, twenty, about five-seven, willowy, with an intense, attractive face, long black hair parted in the center is in the painful process of recreating herself, eradicating the traces of her Bay Ridge origins and re-fashioning herself into a sophisticated, knowledgeable woman of the world, or what she considers such to be, hip, tuned-in. Presently she is a lovable fake, caught between identities, full of airs and pretensions, seeking to impress who and where she can, pushing her limits, a name-dropper -- but somehow redeemed by an ironic, giggly sense of what she's doing and the fact that her act is still rather naive, transparent and clumsy. But most important, her endearing qualities -- a certain sweetness and courage -- save her and keep her sympathetic even when her words or actions are outrageous.

She is clearly a superb dancer, far better than her partner. She dances without breaking step but her eyes are on Tony. Tony, totally absorbed, finally senses her gaze and glances quickly at her, his eyes sweeping her figure, assessing her dancing. Then he looks away.

51A CONTD

51A

He immediately leads Doreen through a smashing sequence, which she can barely follow, then shoots a glance to see if Stephanie is watching -- but she's no longer around.

51B ANGLE ON FACES' TABLE

51B

Joey and Tony reach the table while Bobby C. is passing a split tab of speed to Double J.

BOBBY C.

We're doing the speed.

TONY

(annoyed)

Why the fuck you guys can't get off dancing?

He turns back toward the dance floor, sees something. Bobby C. passes around split tabs of speed to the guys who swallow them with the drinks.

TONY

Double J. You guys.

DOUBLE J.

Yeah.

TONY

That girl, long black hair, red top.

He points at Stephanie on the floor. Double J. looks, as does Joey.

TONY

Ever see her before?

DOUBLE J.

No. Yeah. Maybe a month ago.

Tony looks at the others. They shake their heads, murmur negatives.

TONY

She can dance. She don't have the right partner but she can dance.

JOEY

(needling)

So ask her.

51B CONTD

51B

TONY

Fuck you.

JOEY

Which position?

Tony walks away toward the bar.

52 ANGLE ON BAR

52

Tony enters, takes a seat at the bar. The BARTENDER, thirties, bearded, comes over. TOPLESS DANCER in earth shoes.

BARTENDER

What'll you have, Tony?

TONY

Usual.

The bartender goes off. Annette slips onto the barstool next to Tony. He glances at her indifferently, looks away.

ANNETTE

They're having another Sweepstakes.

TONY

Yeah.

ANNETTE

Double the prize money. Five hundred dollars.

(pause)

You gonna enter?

(pause)

You'll need a partner.

TONY

Yeah.

ANNETTE

We won before.

Tony studies her, comes to a reluctant decision.

TONY

Okay. But we'll have to practice.

ANNETTE

(delighted)

We'll have to practice!

52 CONTD

52

TONY

They got people coming in from
Gazebo, Revelation, Manhattan.

ANNETTE

(thrilled)

We'll have to practice!

The bartender puts a drink in front of Tony, looks quizzically at Annette who shakes her head.

TONY

(slowing her down)

That's practice, Annette, rehearsal.
It ain't social, dates, like that.

ANNETTE

(objecting)

Why not? We had a date.

TONY

Once. Once was enough.

ANNETTE

(softly)

Why?

TONY

All you talked about was your
married sister, then your other
married sister, then your third
married sister. I got the idea
all you're innerested in is
getting to be a married sister
yourself.

53 Joey appears, angry and excited. Behind him is NINA, 53
eighteen, attractive, also angry.

JOEY

Tony! Double J.'s been in the
car twenty minutes.

Tony nods, goes out with Joey and his girl.

54 EXT: 2001 ODYSSEY - NIGHT

54

Joey, Tony and the girl walk toward Bobby C.'s car.

JOEY

You gonna score?

54 CONTD

54

TONY
Maybe I don't wanna.

Joey looks at him skeptically.

TONY
Make it with some of these chicks,
they think you oughta dance with
them.

They reach the car. Tony peers in one of the back windows
at Double J. who is humping a GIRL on the back seat. He
raps on the glass.

TONY
Hey! Joey says you been in there
twenty minutes.

DOUBLE J.
(breathless)
Twenty-five in the car. Twenty
in the chick.

TONY
Get out or we'll pull you out.

DOUBLE J.
She ain't come yet.

TONY
Since when you care.

The girl's moan of consummation is heard.

DOUBLE J.
Okay, okay, it's happening. Be
out in a minute.

JOEY
That's some chick, coming under
these kinda conditions.

Tony turns, walks back toward the Disco.

55	OMIT	55
56	OMIT	56
57	OMIT	57
58	OMIT	58
59	OMIT	59

60 OMIT 60
 61 INT: BALLROOM - 2001 ODYSSEY - NIGHT 61

Tony goes to a space on the dance floor next to TWO GIRLS dancing together, doing Rockette-like routines, side by side or one behind the other. Tony begins to do the Bus Stop. The two girls fall in step with him. One of the girls looks at him, her eyes dreamy. Stephanie is seen in this scene.

GIRL

Kiss me.

Tony seems taken aback for a moment, undecided, then takes her in his arms and kisses her. The girl goes limp, almost swooning.

GIRL

Oooh, I just kissed Al Pacino!

Tony smiles, releases her, continues dancing. The girl begins doing the Bus Stop again. Then ANOTHER COUPLE joins in, then three or four MORE COUPLES. Slowly but inexorably, like a biological growth, the geometric, militaristic formation of the Bus Stop expands, more and more dancers joining it, until finally it takes over the entire dance floor, every dancer now a unit in a regimented group that steps, turns and spins in clockwork unison.

62 INT: TONY'S BEDROOM - DAY 62

Tony, sleeping, wakes up, gets out of bed, naked, puts on his briefs. He walks to the closet, opens the door, peers in -- then seems to drop into a reverie, his eyes remote. He does a few dance steps, closing the closet door so he can watch himself -- then concentrates on pelvic movements for a few beats. Then suddenly his hands swing out with martial arts blows, deadly chops, his legs kicking wildly. Now he's a Kung Fu fighter. Another transformation -- and he's a dancer again. He feels his face for stubble, walks to the door of the room, opens it, peers out, listens, goes out in the hall.

63 INT: TONY'S BEDROOM - DAY 63

Tony enters, walks to the bathroom sink, looks in the mirror. Viewing himself, he assumes his cocky, cool Disco look. He does a few dance steps, picks up a deodorant spray and sprays himself under the arms -- never taking his eyes off his reflection.

TONY

(a question)

Al Pacino.

63 CONTD

63

He stares at himself in the mirror with a good deal of pleasure.

TONY
(agreement)
Al Pacino.

He puts down the deodorant spray can, reaches for an Aerosol shaving cream can, begins to lather his face.

64 EXT: PLAYGROUND - DAY

64

It is a paved lot between commercial buildings, containing basketball hoops and two handball backboards. Bobby C. and Double J. are passing a basketball back and forth, taking shots. Tony arrives -- and a few moments after, Gus and Joey appear. The playing is listless, a way to kill time.

GUS
See what the Knicks gonna pay
Frazier?

BOBBY C.
Ain't gonna make that in our whole
fucking life.

JOEY
Makes you thinka joining the mob.

DOUBLE J.
They wouldn't let you in.

JOEY
Bullshit! I had an offer --
turned it down. Didn't like
the pension plan. And I wanted
a guaranteed pre-paid funeral.

Double J. and Bobby C. laugh.

GUS
Hey, there's a Bruce Lee picture
at the Orpheum.

BOBBY C.
I seen it four times.

JOEY
(an accusation)
You ain't gonna see it again?

64 CONTD

64

BOBBY C.
Sure. But not today.

He moves toward Tony.

BOBBY C.
(imparting shocking
information)
Pauline called me at home.

TONY
Big deal.

BOBBY C.
SHE CALLED ME AT HOME!

TONY
How come you can't never handle
a cunt?

BOBBY C.
I mean ... SHE called ME!

The subject of Pauline's outrageous behavior apparently bores Tony -- or worse, provokes his contempt and he says nothing more about it. He turns to the others, hollers.

TONY
Hey, let's cut this shit, do
something.

DOUBLE J.
Dirty Mabel.

BOBBY C.
(critical)
Gangbang on Sunday!

TONY
(shakes his head gravely)
Gangbang don't do nobody no good,
banger or bangee.

He snatches the ball and walks away with it.

JOEY
Hey, Tony.

65 OMIT

65

66 OMIT

66

67 OMIT

67

68	OMIT	68
69	OMIT	69
70	EXT: USED CAR LOT - DAY	70

They wander into the lot, examine various cars, then gather around a Mercedes.

GUS

Gonna have one of these.

BOBBY C.

No, you ain't. You ain't never gonna have one. You ain't never gonna have that kinda money.

JOEY

That your fucking favorite speech!

BOBBY C.

Well, he ain't. Nobody here is.

The probable truth of that statement falls like a weight. They are silent, gloomy. They drift over to a four-door '77 Cadillac.

JOEY

My boss got a Caddy like this. And a Jag. Jag XK420. Got the Jag after he forced his partner to sell out. Gave him a real screwing.

DOUBLE J.

It's a dog-eat-dog world.

BOBBY C.

A rat race.

GUS

Eat or be eaten.

DOUBLE J.

Everybody out for what they can get.

Joey gives Tony a playful punch. Tony responds in kind. In an instant the five of them are leaping about the pavement, shoving and punching each other.

Suddenly TWO NUNS appear, walking toward them. The Faces immediately cut out the horseplay, stand at respectful attention as the nuns go by.

71 INT: BOBBY C.'S CAR - MOVING SHOT - DAY

71

They sit dejectedly -- as the car moves along Shore Road.

JOEY

It's true. They got it all
locked up. Ain't gonna give
you a chance.

DOUBLE J.

Nobody gives you nothing.

GUS

It's every man for himself.

BOBBY C.

Sunday. Sunday's shitday, ain't
it?

There is no response to this. Tony looks out the window
moodily.

TONY

I wanna get out.

BOBBY C.

What?

The others look at Tony, stunned. He is violating a
profound and supportive principle -- group solidarity.
Bobby C. drives on.

TONY

You got shit in your ear!?
I wanna get out!

Bobby C. finally stops the car and Tony gets out while
the others watch him, amazed and resentful.

72 EXT: SHORE ROAD - BAY RIDGE - DAY

72

A strip of park slopes down to the water's edge. In the
distance, Staten Island can be seen. And arching over
the water is the Verrazano Narrows Bridge, massive and
lyrical, almost ectoplasmic despite its towers and cables
of steel, possessing a feeling of lightness as though it
could at any moment free itself of its concrete moorings
and float upward.

Tony emerges from the car, walks along the sidewalk ad-
joining the park. Bobby C.'s car starts to follow him,
the guys hanging out the windows, unable to accept Tony's
defection.

72 CONTD

72

TONY
BUZZ OFF! I'll see you later
for shitsake!

The car pulls away. Tony walks into the park, down the slope, sits on the grass, stares at the bridge.

CAMERA PANS to Tony's POV of the bridge. His finger enters the frame as he traces the curve of the cables and the curve of the roadway.

73 INT: BAYSIDE PAINT STORE - DAY

73

The place is bustling. Tony darts up a ladder, grabs two gallon cans of paint and whips down, walks to the counter, places the paint on it. BECKER, late forties, in the splattered work clothes of a house painter, examines the cans.

BECKER
This stuff goes on beauty-ful,
Tony. Best vinyl I ever seen
at this price.

TONY
Told you.

BECKER
Saved me a piece of change on
this job, kid. You know paint,
Tony. You want a job painting,
let me know. You break your back
but you make twice as much you
make here. Innerested?

TONY
I don't know.

BECKER
Don't be innerested. You make
twice as much but you break your
back.

74 INT: BACK ROOM - BAYSIDE PAINT STORE - DAY

74

Tony is putting on his jacket when Fusco comes up to him, hands him his pay envelope.

FUSCO
I gave ya a raise.

TONY
(surprised and delighted)
A raise?!

74 CONTD

74

He puts the envelope in his pocket.

FUSCO

Ain't you gonna look how much
it is?

TONY

Nah. Gee, thanks, Mr. Fusco.
A raise!

FUSCO

You better look.

TONY

Don't make no difference.
You gave me a raise!

FUSCO

(apologetic)
It's only two-fifty.

TONY

So what.

FUSCO

That's two dollars fifty cents.
It ain't much.

Fusco is disconcerted and guilty over Tony's reaction. Tony's disappointment or displeasure would justify the paltriness of the raise. But Tony's delight makes him feel like a cheap bastard.

TONY

It's a raise.

FUSCO

Tell you what -- I'll make it
three-fifty. Next week it'll be
three-fifty -- a dollar more.

TONY

You don't have to, Mr. Fusco.

FUSCO

Shut up, will ya. Four, I'll
make it an even four.

(disturbed)

Never seen anybody so shitass
happy over a crummy two-fifty
raise.

75 INT: DINING ROOM - TONY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

75

The Manero family has just finished dinner. Cathy, Linda, and Flo are clearing the table. Tony rises, picks up a couple of plates. His father looks at him outraged.

FRANK

What the hell you doing?

TONY

I don't know ... just felt like it.

FRANK

Your mother, the girls do that.

TONY

Pa, I got a raise. Old man Fusco give me a raise.

FRANK

Whyn't you say so we was eating. Everybody sitting like a bunch of mummies. Coulda used some conversation. How much he give ya?

TONY

Gonna be four dollars. Was two-fifty but then he raised the raise when I didn't act like disappointed.

FRANK

Four dollars, shit! You know what four dollars buys today. It don't even buy three dollars.

TONY

(flaring)

Don't see anybody giving you a raise down at unemployment!

FRANK

(sneering)

Four dollars!

TONY

I knew, yeah, I knew you'd knock it, piss all over it. Goddamit, a raise says like, like you're good. You know how many times in my life anybody said I was good ... two ... twice ... two fucking times ... this, the fucking raise ... and dancing, dancing at the disco, you sure as fuck never did.

75 CONTD

75

He furiously slams the dishes back on the table and walks out of the room.

76 EXT: DALE DANCE STUDIOS BUILDING - NIGHT

76

Annette waits in front of the building. Tony arrives.

TONY

Whyn't you wait upstairs?

ANNETTE

I wanted to watch you come down the street. I like the way you walk.

TONY

Shit.

He turns, opens the Dance Studios door.

ANNETTE

Tony, I been thinking -- maybe I'll make it with you.

TONY

That's what you call thinking?

They enter the building.

77 INT: STAIRWAY - DALE DANCE STUDIOS BUILDING - NIGHT 77

They come in, climb the stairs.

TONY

(outraged)

Jesus! You decide we're gonna do it, so we're gonna do it. I got no say!

(pause)

Annette, we're gonna be seeing a lot of each other practicing, rehearsing -- and if we was balling too -- it'd be like we was going together -- and I don't want to be going together with you.

Annette looks hurt, gazes down at the steps as they climb.

TONY

What the hell are you anyway?
A nice girl or a cunt?

77 CONTD

77

ANNETTE
I don't know. Both?

TONY
(pontifical)
You can't be both. That's something a girl's gotta decide, you gotta decide -- whether you're gonna be a nice girl or a cunt.

They reach the landing, enter the Dale Dance Studios door.

78 INT: DALE DANCE STUDIOS LOBBY - NIGHT

78

They enter. PETE, a slim, dapper man in his early thirties, is giving a dance class. SALLY, the receptionist and telephone operator, early twenties, heavily made-up.

TONY
Hi, Pete. Got a studio?

PETE
Six is free.

TONY
How ya doing?

PETE
Zingy. Steady at sixty-five per cent.

Tony leads Annette to another door which leads to the practice rooms and studios in back.

79 INT: PRACTICE STUDIO AREA - DALE DANCE STUDIOS - NIGHT

79

Annette and Tony walk toward Studio Six.

TONY
(proudly)
Sent him a lot of customers -- people ask me. Gives me free practice time.

ANNETTE
What he mean -- sixty-five per cent.

TONY
He scores sixty-five per cent of the chicks come in here.

79 CONTD 79

Annette makes a sick face. As they pass one of the practice rooms, Tony is startled by something he sees. He pauses, looks into the room.

80 TONY'S POV - STEPHANIE 80

Inside the practice room, Stephanie is dancing by herself, working out steps to music emanating from a wall speaker. She doesn't see Tony peering in at her.

81 BACK TO SCENE 81

Tony turns away, continues with Annette to their practice studio.

82 INT: STUDIO SIX - DALE DANCE STUDIOS - NIGHT 82

Tony, dancing with Annette, reaches out to a control knob on a wall panel and turns the volume of the disco music louder. Then he leads Annette through an involved step which she messes up.

TONY

No. Again.

They do the step again. This time Annette gets it perfectly.

TONY

Once more.

They do it again.

TONY

Again.

They repeat the step.

TONY

Again.

ANNETTE

Sweet Jesus, Tony. It's only dancing.

Tony stops dead, in a rage.

TONY

Only dancing, huh!

ANNETTE

Don't get mad.

82 CONTD

82

Tony, seething, paces about, turns the music lower.

TONY

Awright, we done enough. I'll
see you Wednesday.

ANNETTE

Walking home?

TONY

Nah. Gonna talk to Pete. Maybe
work on something.

She shrugs, tossing her head as though banishing this
additional rejection, gets her coat and leaves. Tony
lights a cigarette, stands smoking for a few beats.

83 INT: PRACTICE STUDIO - DALE DANCE STUDIOS - NIGHT 83

Stephanie is still practicing, occasionally doing a
limbering exercise, touching the floor with her finger-
tips. Tony enters.

TONY

(supercool)

Hi.

Stephanie glances at him, nods, avoiding contact, continues
what she's doing.

TONY

(suave)

You're a good dancer.

She nods again, curtly.

TONY

I want to meet you.

STEPHANIE

Look, would you mind going away?

TONY

(stunned)

What!

STEPHANIE

Don't be hurt but ...

TONY

(overlapping)

Whaddya mean don't be hurt ... !

83 CONTD

83

STEPHANIE

I just want to be by myself.

TONY

I want to meet you.

STEPHANIE

I don't want to meet you.

TONY

(shocked)

How come? I seen you at 2001.
You seen me.

STEPHANIE

So what?

TONY

You seen me looking at you. I
seen you looking at me.

STEPHANIE

(more to herself)

Look at a guy longer than a
millionth of a second -- they
get delusions of grandeur.She turns her back to him, does some exercises, ignores
him. He stands helplessly, not knowing what to do.

TONY

(finally)

Know what you are?

STEPHANIE

I'll bet it begins with a C ...
Mister P.Tony stands irresolutely and defeated a few more moments,
then turns and walks out of the room.

84 EXT: TONY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

84

Tony trots to the entrance, goes inside.

85 INT: FOYER - TONY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

85

Tony enters, strides toward the stairway, senses something,
looks in the living room.

86 TONY'S POV - HIS PARENTS

86

They sit on the couch, inert, stonelike, not speaking --

86 CONTD

86

their mouths slack, their expressions shell-shocked.

TONY (OS)

What you up so late?

He gets no answer.

87 BACK TO TONY

87

TONY

What's happening -- I come in,
you got no criticism of me?

Still no response. He turns and runs up the stairway.

88 INT: HALLWAY SECOND FLOOR - TONY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

88

Tony goes to his room, opens the door, enters.

89 INT: TONY'S ROOM - NIGHT

89

FRANK JR., Tony's oldest brother, in the habit of a Catholic priest, stands at the closet, examining Tony's clothes. He is a stocky young man, middle height, twenty-six, vigorous, sanguine but intense. Currently he is depressed, his body seeming to sag, and more inclined, than is his custom, to tolerance about the petty flaws of others. Tony enters, is astonished to see him.

TONY

Frank!

FRANK JR.

Hi, Kid.

They embrace.

TONY

Hey, you look great!

FRANK JR.

No, I don't. You do.

TONY

Ma and Pa, they didn't say anything.

FRANK JR.

(nodding)

They're recovering from shock.
I'm leaving the Church, Tony.
I'm leaving the priesthood.

TONY

Jesus Christ!

Tony sits down on the bed, speechless.

FRANK JR.

Can I borrow some clothes --
until I buy some. I don't want
to wear the uniform.

TONY

Sure. Sure. When you get here?

FRANK JR.

Couple hours ago.

TONY

You're really leaving the Church?
What'd Ma say?

FRANK JR.

She said -- Dear Lord, what am I
going to tell Theresa and Marie.

TONY

And Pa?

FRANK JR.

Ashamed. Both of them.
(ironic, reflecting
on his own feelings)
They're ashamed!
(pause)
You ashamed of me, Tony?

Tony, still dazed, shakes his head from side to side.

TONY

Didn't they ask why?

FRANK JR.

(smiles)
No. I think they're afraid to.
Like I might say -- celibacy.

Tony starts to say something, stops, staring at Frank Jr.

TONY

(finally)
Where you gonna sleep? Your old
room's like a storage dump.

89 CONTD (2)

89

FRANK JR.
I thought here, maybe.

TONY
(jubilant)
Sure, sure, that's cool, great!

He rushes to the bed, drags the upper mattress to the floor, sheets and blankets flying. Frank Jr. laughs.

90 ANOTHER ANGLE

90

The room is dark. Frank Jr. lies asleep in the bed. Tony sits on the mattress on the floor, staring at him. Frank Jr. stirs, awakens, sees Tony.

FRANK JR.
Hey! Can't you sleep?

TONY
Frank? Why?

FRANK JR.
(after several beats)
A lot of things. A young priest, for a young priest the life can be very limited, sick calls, boring, trivial errands for the pastor -- it doesn't match your ideal of serving God by serving man -- hardly spiritual. Then you begin to think of the Church's political activism, intrusions, its positions on birth control, sex, freedom of expression. But, most important, one day you look at a statue of the Madonna and Child and it doesn't have that mystic glow around it. Or you look at a picture of the Crucifixion and all you see is a man dying on a cross, not God, not the incarnation of God, not the son of God -- a man. And you know your faith, the rock-like edifice of your faith, has more than a small fissure.

He falls silent for a while.

FRANK JR.
Then you wonder were you ever really meant to be a priest.
(MORE)

90 CONTD

90

FRANK JR. (contd)

You're taught ... they turn you into what they wish at a time you can't defend yourself against their fantasies -- Ma and Pa with dreams of pious glory, the nuns and priests spotting a serious, studious boy, their yearly candidate for the collar. Now I realize what I really believed in -- their image of me as a priest.

TONY

(slowly)

They'll have to take that picture of you down from the mantel. You were always a little Jesus, perfect ... perfect. I was shit. Compared to you, I was shit.

He rises, walks to the dresser where Frank Jr.'s shirt and clerical collar lie. Tony picks up the collar, examines it curiously.

FRANK JR.

Well, now that I'm the disgrace of the family, I'm not so perfect anymore. So maybe you aren't shit ... anymore.

TONY

(faraway, intoning)

If you ain't so good, I ain't so bad.

91 INT: BAYSIDE PAINT STORE - DAY

91

Tony dashes toward a ladder, balancing a paint can on his head. He races up the ladder, puts the can into an open space, takes two other cans, puts one on his head and holding the second outward, descends the ladder, his arms outstretched, as though walking a tightrope.

92 ANOTHER ANGLE

92

Tony selects a paint brush from a display, then flips it into the air in a high arc. He races across the store and catches the brush as it descends and presents it to a WOMAN CUSTOMER, fifties, with a flourish and a bow.

93 ANOTHER ANGLE

93

Tony is straightening a display of paint rollers, roller bins and other painting accessories. Fusco comes up to him.

93 CONTD

93

FUSCO

I give you a raise, you act like
a crazy man.

TONY

It ain't the raise.

FUSCO

Something happen?

TONY

Nothing. I don't know. My
brother, a priest, he came home.
Quit the Church. Ain't gonna
be a priest no more.

FUSCO

(impressed)

Hey!

TONY

(shrugs)

I just feel kinda wild -- all
this kinda energy.

94 EXT: 86TH STREET - DAY

94

Tony half runs, half walks while eating one of his double-decker pizzas. He moves past Dale Dance Studios. A few stores beyond, he stops abruptly, spins around and runs back to the Dale Studios building doorway, enters.

95 INT: LOBBY - DALE DANCE STUDIOS - DUSK

95

Pete is seated at a desk near the receptionist window.
Tony appears.

TONY

She come in?

PETE

I told you on the phone -- she
comes in on Tuesday.

TONY

So she come in?

PETE

What day is it?

Tony grimaces, moves toward the door to the practice studios.

95 CONTD

95

PETE

Watch it, man. That one's
practicing to be a bitch.

Tony pauses a moment.

TONY

What'd you say it was -- yeah --
right ... Stephanie Mangano.

96 OMIT

96

97 INT: DALE DANCE STUDIOS - DUSK

97

Tony walks past the small practice studios in the rear,
peering into each room. Finally he stops at one door,
gazes inside.

TONY'S POV - STEPHANIE

Stephanie, in a black leotard, is practicing on the
parallel bars, working through an advanced routine of
moves surely and gracefully.

BACK TO TONY

He watches a moment or two longer, then braced and
assured, he enters.

98 INT: PRACTICE STUDIO - DALE DANCE STUDIOS - DUSK

98

Tony walks to the middle of the room, stands watching
her do her flips, spins, reverses. Stephanie glances
at him briefly, ignores him, not pausing in her
gymnastics.

TONY

Something I wanta say.

STEPHANIE

You don't know a person, there's
nothing you got to say to them.

TONY

If that's right, nobody would
meet nobody.

Stephanie turns away, continues her gymnastics.

TONY

Your name's Stephanie. Your last
name is Mangano.

STEPHANIE

(surprised)

How do you know that?

She stops and looks at him, startled and pleased that he's evidently gone to some trouble to find out her name. His fierce interest is flattering and attractive.

TONY

My name's Tony Manero. We got the same last initial.

STEPHANIE

(sarcastic)

Wow! If we got married, I wouldn't have to change the monogram on my luggage.

TONY

Someone said you was practicing to be a bitch.

STEPHANIE

(stung and vulnerable)

What is it you wanta say to me?

TONY

Let's have coffee.

STEPHANIE

That's what you got to say?!

An awkward silence.

TONY

You're a terrific dancer -- not just good.

STEPHANIE

I know.

TONY

I'm a terrific dancer.

STEPHANIE

You know.

TONY

We could be a dynamite team, outa-sight. You and me could win the 2001 Sweepstakes, no sweat.

Stephanie looks interested for the briefest instant.

98 CONTD (2)

98

STEPHANIE
I'm too old for you.

TONY
You're what ... twenty? Big deal.

STEPHANIE
How old are you?

TONY
Nineteen ... any day now.

STEPHANIE
(grandly)
There's a world of difference
between us, not just chrono-
logically but culturally and
spiritually. And it would get
bigger, worse, every passing
week.

TONY
What kinda shit is that?
(pause)
How about you telling me all
about it -- over coffee.

Stephanie studies him speculatively, debating, decides.

STEPHANIE
(qualified)
Okay.

98A EXT: BAY RIDGE STREET - DUSK

98A

Tony and Stephanie walking.

STEPHANIE
Where I work, the people are
very remarkable -- so ... different
... from Bay Ridge people.

TONY
The snobs instead the slobs.

STEPHANIE
What?

TONY
Bay Ridge ain't the worst part of
Brooklyn, you know. It ain't like
a hellhole.

98A CONTD

98A

STEPHANIE

It ain't, isn't Manhattan. You have no idea how different, how it changes over there, just across the river. The people are beautiful, the offices are beautiful, the secretaries, they all shop at Bonwit Taylor. Even the lunch hours are beautiful. They let you take two hours if you do something related. We seen, saw Zefferelli's "Romeo and Juliet."

TONY

Shakespeare wrote that. Read it in high school.

STEPHANIE

(showing off her knowledge)

Zefferelli was the director. It was the movie. I mean, film.

TONY

Romeo, he coulda waited a minute. He didn't have to take that poison so fast.

STEPHANIE

(feeling attacked)

That's how they took poison in those days.

They reach the Venus II Coffee Shop, start to go in.

99 OMIT

99

100 INT: VENUS II COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

100

Tony and Stephanie are seated in a booth. The WAITRESS comes by, drops two menus on the table. Tony picks up one.

TONY

You eating?

STEPHANIE

Just tea. With lemon. I started drinking tea recently. It's really more refined. The women executives at my office, they all drink tea.

(MORE)

100 CONTD

100

STEPHANIE (contd)

I ... I've only been with the Agency a while but I'm already operating in a public relations capacity as well as filling in for some of the agents. This week I had business lunches with Eric Clapton at Le Madrigal and at Cote Basque with Cat Stevens.

TONY

Far out!

STEPHANIE

You heard of them ... those restaurants?

TONY

No.

STEPHANIE

You know who those artists are?

TONY

No. Well, maybe sort of.

STEPHANIE

So why did you say "far out"?

TONY

It sounded like "far out." It was "far out," wasn't it? Don't worry, I'm impressed anyway.

101 The waitress comes over, pad in hand.

101

TONY

Tea with lemon, three hamburgers and a coffee.

The waitress nods, goes off, scribbling down the order. Stephanie continues to lay on the glitz -- and as she delivers her rap -- Tony's face fills with a certain awe, though he manages to retain some skepticism. From time to time his expression shows he thinks she's full of bull -- but he is nonetheless intrigued and fascinated. She knows something he doesn't -- possesses a key to something and somewhere else.

STEPHANIE

Laurence Olivier was in the office the other day and he said ...

101 CONTD

101

TONY
(cutting in)
Who's that?

STEPHANIE
You don't know who Laurence Olivier
is?

TONY
No.

STEPHANIE
(strained patience)
He's only one of the most famous
actors in the ... oh, you know, the
English actor did the Polaroid
commercials.

TONY
Oh, yeah.

STEPHANIE
Well, he was in the office and I
did a couple errands for him and
he told everybody I was really
the brightest, most viv ... viv ...
vivacious thing in the office in
years.

TONY
Could he get you one of them
cameras, like at a discount, you
know what I mean?

STEPHANIE
(huffily)
I didn't ask.

TONY
You already got one?

102 ANOTHER ANGLE

102

The waitress brings the order, puts it on the table,
leaves. Stephanie and Tony proceed to eat and drink.

STEPHANIE
Are you enjoying what I'm telling
you?

TONY
Sure.

102 CONTD

102

STEPHANIE

Because maybe you can't handle
hearing about a life so different
than yours.

(pause)

You gotta unner ... understand
... I'm getting an apartment in
Manhattan. You have no idea
how much I'm growing.

TONY

Go on a diet.

STEPHANIE

(scowls)

That's why we can only dance
together -- but nothing more,
nothing personal, no coming on
to me.

TONY

Why not?

STEPHANIE

'Cause you're too young, you
haven't any class. I don't dig
guys like you anymore -- jerk-off
guys who ain't got their shit
together.

TONY

I got my shit together. It's
easy -- all you need is a salad
bowl and a potato masher.

STEPHANIE

Very funny.

TONY

So why don't you laugh?

STEPHANIE

(pleased with herself)

I'm one of those people who say
"very funny" instead of laughing.

103 Tony nods, frowns, rises.

103

TONY

I think I'm gonna want another
hamburger.

He turns, goes to the waitress, says something, returns.

103 CONTD

103

TONY

I got to tell you -- I admire you.
You don't go to the bathroom every
five minutes like other chicks.

104 He sits down in the booth.

104

TONY

You want to know what I do?

STEPHANIE

It's not necessary.

TONY

I work in a paint store. Got a
raise this week.

STEPHANIE

Right, you work in a paint store,
you prolly, probably live with
your family, you hang out with
your buddies and blow it all off
Saturday night at 2001.

TONY

(pleased, a "Hey,
that's me!" response)

Right.

STEPHANIE

You're a cliché -- nowhere ...
on your way to no place.

TONY

Whaddya you got -- a stairway to
the stars!

STEPHANIE

Maybe. You didn't get any college,
did you?

TONY

No.

STEPHANIE

I'm taking a course nights at NYU,
two next semester. You ever think
about going to college.

TONY

(angry)

No.

104 CONT'D

104

STEPHANIE

Not ever?

TONY

No! What the fuck you bugging
me about it?!

STEPHANIE

Didn't you want to?

TONY

Fuck off, willya! No! I didn't!

STEPHANIE

Why not?

TONY

SHIT, COME OFF IT! COME OFF IT,
WILL YA?!

Stephanie, taken aback by Tony's burst of anger, looks
at him warily, says nothing. Tony devours his hamburger
moodily, sullen, while she sips her tea.

105 EXT: STREET - NIGHT

105

Tony and Stephanie walk toward the corner. Tony is trying
to impress her, but what he says is heartfelt, and perhaps
voiced for the first time.

TONY

The high I get at 2001, just dancing,
not just being the best ... I wanta
get, have, that high someplace else
in my life, ya know what I mean?

STEPHANIE

Where?

TONY

I don't know. Somewhere.

(pause)

I mean it can't last forever ...
it's a short-time thing ... you
get older ... so what does that
mean ... like I ain't never gonna
feel like that again about anything
ever?

She looks at him sympathetically. They reach the corner.

STEPHANIE

We gotta split here.

105 CONTD

105

TONY

I'll walk you home.

STEPHANIE

No. I'll see you at the studio.
And nothing personal, right.

She turns and goes. Tony watches her walk away. Then he turns, walks off, silent and dejected. A half-block down, he savagely kicks over a wire mesh trash basket, kicks it again so it rolls into the street spewing refuse.

He stands immobile for several beats, his gaze remote. Then he takes a step or two -- and begins to run.

106 EXT: TONY'S STREET - NIGHT

106

Tony trots toward his house, sees Bobby C.'s car in front of his house, runs toward it. Inside the car are Joey, Bobby C. and Double J.

TONY

Hey!

He peers in the car, puzzled about their appearance at this hour.

DOUBLE J.

Gus is in the hospital. Some
P.R.'s got 'em. Fucking spics!

TONY

Spanish Barons?

DOUBLE J.

No. Fucking Barracudas.

TONY

Let's get the mother-fuckers.

He opens the front car door, gets in.

107 INT: BOBBY C.'S CAR - NIGHT

107

BOBBY C.

Ain't nobody gonna be there now.

TONY

Check it out.

Bobby C. starts the car, somehow reluctantly.

107 CONTD

107

JOEY

I got in to see him. He got a
busted rib, busted nose and leg,
four teeth knocked out.

TONY

Shit.

JOEY

He was carrying home a bag of
groceries, three of them did a
shove number on him and he
dropped the fucking groceries,
spilling all over. All he did,
he said sorta under his breath,
he said ... "greaseballs, fucking
spicdicks" -- and they laid into
him.

DOUBLE J.

He coulda run but he wouldn't.
He hung tight.

108	EXT: BARRACUDAS' CLUB HOUSE STREET - NIGHT	108
	Bobby C.'s car cruises the block.	
109	OMIT	109
110	OMIT	110
111	The car stops a few doors away from the club house. Tony jumps out, runs over, peers inside a chink in the paint, comes back to the car, gets in.	111
112	INT: CAR - RUNNING SHOT - NIGHT	112

TONY

Nobody there.

Bobby C. seems relieved. The others are grim. Bobby C.
starts the car, drives away.

BOBBY C.

Jesus, you're hot to kick ass.

TONY

(furious)

You guys wait for me, turn me
on, now you tell me I got the
hots to kick ass!

112 CONTD

112

DOUBLE J.

They got thirty, forty members.
We jump the place -- we get our
ears stuffed in our assholes.

TONY

So we keep cruising -- til they
got a number guys we can handle.

BOBBY C.

We could just pick off a couple
on the street.

TONY

That's punky, man.

113 EXT: TONY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

113

Bobby C.'s car pulls up in front, stops. Tony gets out.

TONY

Dream good and jerk off better.

BOBBY C.

Tony?

(almost an apology)

I'm gonna maybe be getting married,
Tony.

TONY

Fuck that shit, man.

JOEY

Yeah, can it!

BOBBY C.

Thought you guys would wanna know.

TONY

It happens, we'll go with you on
your honeymoon.

He turns, walks to the front door of his house.

113A EXT: HABERDASHERY - DAY

113A

Tony comes out carrying a box, keeps opening it and peeking
at the shirt inside as he walks down the street.

114 OMIT

114

115 INT: DINING ROOM - TONY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

115

The family is midway through supper -- with the exception of Frank Jr. who is conspicuous by his absence. They eat glumly, silently. Finally, Flo bestirsherself, looks suspiciously and long at Tony.

FLO

Tony! What'd you say to Father Frank Jr.?

TONY

(startled)

What?

FLO

What'd you say to him? What'd you do?

FRANK SR.

Yeah, what'd you say to him?

TONY

(defensive and outraged)

Whaddya talking about?

FLO

You musta said something to him. You talk to him, he sleeps in your room, next day he stays out all night, don't come back.

TONY

I didn't say nothing to him.

FLO

A priest staying out all night!

TONY

A priest is grown up -- and he ain't a priest no more.

FLO

Something you said to him.

TONY

(amazed and furious)

You blaming me 'cause he ain't a priest no more?

FLO

What'd you say?

TONY

Shit, he came home finished
being a priest. He came home
thinking that way!

FRANK SR.

You been writing to him?

TONY

Christ, I don't believe this.
You're trying to hang it on me.

FLO

(a synthetic smile)

He called though. He'll be back
tonight. Another two days, he'll
see he's been wrong, a time of
trial of the soul. He'll go back
to the Church.

TONY

(with a vengeance)

No, he won't! He won't ... ever!

FLO

(the deluded smile
still on her lips)

Yes he will.

(an incantation)

I know he will ... I'm so sure
he will, I ain't told nobody.
Nobody!

She addresses her smile to the whole table, person after
person. The family idol will not be smashed. Tony,
enraged to the point of lunacy, shouts.

TONY

HE WON'T. HE WON'T! YOU AIN'T
GOT A PRIEST IN THE FAMILY NO MORE,
YOU AIN'T GOT NO SAINT, NO GOD
NO MORE ... ONE SAINT AND SOME
OTHER SHIT CHILDREN! ... NO MORE!

There is a stunned silence. Shock circulates through the
room like smoke. Then Flo begins to cry, slowly, then
convulsively. Tony sags, terribly penitent, anger
ebbing. He goes to his mother, touches her timidly.

TONY

Aw, Ma. Ma, I'm sorry, Ma ...
I'm sorry.

115 CONTD (2)

115

FRANK SR.
(stern and pompous)
Are you, Tony?

Tony looks up at him, his eyes remote and thoughtful. The question shouldn't have been asked. Tony senses the manipulation of his parents for the first time. He stares back at his mother wonderingly, skeptically.

116 EXT: DALE DANCE STUDIOS BUILDING - NIGHT

116

Tony approaches the entrance. He carries a portable record player and a half dozen record albums. Annette is waiting for him -- smiles, glows when she sees him. Tony sees her, looks uncomfortable, goes to her.

TONY
(a hesitation)
Look, Annette, I changed my mind.
I got another partner.

Annette's face collapses. Tears start gathering in her eyes like raindrops on a windowpane.

TONY
Look, it's like professional.
Things like this happen when it's
professional.

Annette begins to cry.

TONY
Jesus Christ! My fucking mother
... you!

He stares at her as her sobbing becomes more violent.

ANNETTE
(between sobs)
Why do you hate me! All I ever
did to you is like you!

Her words startle him for a moment. Then with a final glance, half-scornful, half-sympathetic, he enters.

117 INT: PRACTICE STUDIO - DALE DANCE STUDIOS - NIGHT

117

Tony is setting up the record player. He shuffles through the record albums, chooses one, slips out the record, places it on the spindle. Then he stands, his face creasing with anger -- as he waits for Stephanie. He goes to the door, peers vainly down the hall, returns to the

117 CONTD

117

record player, switches it on. A disco number sounds through the room. He begins to dance by himself a few seconds, then shuts the record player off. A moment later Stephanie enters. Tony glowers at her -- which she evidently doesn't notice.

STEPHANIE

Hi.

There's a certain ambivalence, distance, even resentment towards him. But she needs right now what he can give her -- emotional support -- admiration -- and a relationship where she is dominant.

TONY

(a deadly accusation)
You're late.

STEPHANIE

Five minutes? That's not late.
How long you been here?

TONY

Six, seven minutes.

STEPHANIE

Pete said you been here fifteen.

TONY

Fuck him.
(switching the subject)
I brought my own record player,
some records.

STEPHANIE

Let's see ...

She looks at the records.

STEPHANIE

Super!

He switches on the record player, turns back to her. They face each other. They've never danced with each other before -- they haven't even touched. The moment is pregnant -- each with tremendous needs neither of them understands, theirs or the other's.

118 OMIT

118

119 OMIT

119

120 They extend their arms to each other -- with a 120
certain hesitation, need fighting resistance,
attraction, battling the things unacceptable in the
other.

They touch. Their arms and hands in dancing position.
And begin to dance. A few bars are required before
their movements and bodies blend with each other's.
They seem surprised, then pleased, at how well they
dance together. Then Tony stops abruptly.

TONY

(excited)

Let me show you something.

He demonstrates a dance step, his moves and hers. She
watches, her concentration is total.

STEPHANIE

That's nice. That's nice.

TONY

Let's try it.

They try the step together. There's a misstep, a blunder
or two, some adjustment -- then they're doing the step
beautifully. Their excitement -- the excitement of the
dance, of performance and creativeness -- grows.

STEPHANIE

I got something.

They stop. She shows him a step. And after a few bars
of working it out together -- they're doing it. The
feeling of their dancing becomes more fluid, lyrical.

TONY

You make it up?

STEPHANIE

No.

TONY

I did.

STEPHANIE

(a joyous laugh)

Well, I got one I did.

She stops to show him.

TONY

Wait!

He turns, races out of the room. She looks bewildered,
somehow hurt, misinterpreting his abrupt departure.

121 ANGLE ON HALL 121

Tony runs down the hall, peers into another room, whips around, returns.

122 ANGLE ON PRACTICE STUDIO 122

Tony rushes in, gathers his records, shoves them into Stephanie's arms. She stands confused by his behavior, his burst of energy and action. He yanks the record player plug out of the socket, picks up the record player.

TONY

Come on!

He goes out of the room. She follows.

123 INT: LARGE PRACTICE STUDIO - NIGHT 123

It is almost a small ballroom in size. Tony and Stephanie enter. With lightning speed he sets up the record player -- and music fills the room. He turns the gain to full volume where the small speakers start to crackle -- then brings the volume down slightly. Then he turns to Stephanie, smiling.

TONY

Now.

She comes into his arms and they begin to dance.

STEPHANIE

Wait.

She interrupts their dancing, shows him her step. Tony likes it.

TONY

(warmly)

Yeah. Yeah.

They begin to do the step, perfect together, dance it for a while and then begin moving into an exciting series of dance steps, their bodies moving with the grace of melody, their faces radiant. Tony looks at her, eyes shining.

TONY

(a la the disco song)

Dancing ... yeah!

124 EXT: DALE DANCE STUDIOS BUILDING - NIGHT 124

Tony and Stephanie come out. They are sober, solemn, keeping their distance from each other, alarmed by the

124 CONTD

124

intimacy, feeling what they shared dancing, even embarrassed by it -- not quite strangers again, but needing a new way to approach each other. They walk down the street, a discreet foot between them, not speaking.

TONY

(finally)

Coffee?

STEPHANIE

(a long beat)

I don't know.

TONY

A drink?

STEPHANIE

(vaguely)

Okay. No, no. I better go home.

They walk for a while silently.

TONY

We gonna have to practice a couple more times.

Stephanie nods.

TONY

And we oughta try dancing some at 2001 with a crowd.

(looks at her
uncertainly)

Like this Saturday.

STEPHANIE

Maybe. I don't know.

Another silence.

TONY

You know, I like you better this way, when you're quiet, when you don't lay all that shit on me.

STEPHANIE

Well, as a matter of fact, guess who I had lunch with today?
Paul Anka!

TONY

He gonna have your baby? Or is it the other way around?

STEPHANIE

He was very, very, really really inneresting, interesting. Really intelligent and interesting.

TONY

Inneresting ... inneresting, you cream over that word!

(spitting it out
distastefully)

Inneresting.

(pause)

You know what I been thinking ...
I been thinking ... I been thinking
... you're full of bullshit.

STEPHANIE

(elaborate cool)

Is that so?

TONY

Only I ain't so sure, I ain't so
sure how much of it's bullshit.
Proolly most.

STEPHANIE

You hope.

A silence. Then Tony looks at her oddly.

TONY

(guarded, hesitant)

You think ... you think I'm either
... either ... inneresting ... or
intelligent?

STEPHANIE

(after a moment's
weighty consideration)

Interesting? ... yes. Intelligent?
... maybe. Got to know you better.
You got a way of seeing things,
putting things together. Yeah ...
maybe interesting and, yeah, maybe
... intelligent.

TONY

(astonished and glowing)

Whaddya know!

Another half block of silent walking and they reach the
corner. She stops.

124 CONTD (3)

124

STEPHANIE
Goodnight. Thanks.

TONY
Hey, maybe I can walk ya the rest
of the way?

STEPHANIE
(gently)
No.

TONY
We ain't talked ... mentioned
how we felt ... dancing!

Stephanie walks away while Tony watches her go. About a
quarter of a block away, she turns.

STEPHANIE
(shouts)
You shouldn't have asked. You
should have just done it!

He takes a step in her direction -- but she turns, runs
off. He halts and watches her go.

125	OMIT	125
126	OMIT	126
127	OMIT	127
128	INT: 2001 ODYSSEY BALLROOM - NIGHT	128

The frenzy of Saturday night is in full tilt -- the music
overpowering, bodies tracing patterns in space.

CAMERA MOVES THROUGH the dance floor to the entranceway
to the lobby -- where Tony, Frank Jr., Bobby C., Double J.
and Joey are entering, paying their admissions. The crowd
in the lobby seems to part to let them through. They move
toward the ballroom, enter.

FRANK JR.
You guys have a Moses effect.
You arrive -- and the crowd
parts like the Red Sea.

TONY
(pleased he's noticed)
Yeah, yeah. They know we're
The Faces.

129 They move to an empty reserved table. Tony's eyes 129
 roam the room, searching for Stephanie. At the table,
 they order drinks when the WAITRESS arrives. Bobby C.
 pulls out his sketch pad and starts drawing. Frank Jr.
 looks about the place, studying it and the people, a
 faint smile on his lips, amused, kindly, in no way dis-
 approving -- enjoying the vitality, the energy and
 exuberance. The Faces seem subdued by Frank Jr.'s
 presence, not knowing how to act in front of a priest
 or ex-priest. Tony looks anxiously at Frank Jr. to see
 his reaction.

JOEY

How you like it, Father?

Tony glances sharply at Joey, angry that Joey asked the
 question that should have been his -- but still glad
 it's been asked since he was afraid to do it, fearing
 Frank Jr.'s disapproval.

FRANK JR.

(smiling)

Look, I asked you guys before --
 please don't call me Father. Never
 could stand that.

Joey, feeling chastened -- though he wasn't -- falls into
 a glum silence.

FRANK JR.

But, yeah -- I think it's ... I
 think the place is terrific.

All the guys light up, like children who have been praised
 and petted.

THE FACES

Yeah, yeah! It really is!
 Easy to dig big!
 Something else, ain't it!
 Moves!
 You can really dig it!

Their eruption shuts off suddenly as a waterspout. The
 Faces look confused, but pleased, more at ease than before.

130 CONNIE, an eighteen-year-old with a sexy faces and a 130
 chunky but good figure, comes over, looks at Tony.

CONNIE

You as good in bed as you are on
 the dance floor?

Tony is embarrassed to death with his brother there -- and
 too disturbed to notice Frank Jr. is smiling.

130 CONTD

130

CONNIE

Well, are you? You as good in
bed as you are on the dance floor?

Tony jumps up, grabs her by the arm, to whisk her away.

JOEY

He never made it in a bed!

The remark was irrepressible -- but now Joey glances uneasily at Frank Jr. Tony takes Connie to the dance floor.

131 ANGLE ON TONY AND CONNIE

131

They dance. Connie is an awkward dancer, forcing the steps, knowing them but executing them clumsily.

132 ANGLE ON FRANK JR. AND THE FACES

132

Frank Jr. is watching Tony dance.

FRANK JR.

He's a good dancer.

JOEY

He's the king, Father! ...
(correcting himself)

... man ... Hey, he's the King
around here, man!

133 ANGLE ON TONY AND CONNIE DANCING

133

CONNIE

When I get my answer?

TONY

If you're as good in bed as you
are on the dance floor you're
one lousy fuck.

Laughter peals from her lips -- confident and sexy.

CONNIE

So how come I get flowers the
next day?

TONY

Some guys don't recognize a lousy
fuck when they get one. Or maybe
they thought you was dead.

She laughs again -- her faith in her sexual performance
unshakeable.

134 ANOTHER ANGLE

134

Tony -- his eyes scouring the place for Stephanie -- returns to the table where Frank Jr. sits with Bobby C. and Joey.

BOBBY C.

I was tellin' your brother I maybe gotta get married. Pauline ... maybe I knocked her up.

TONY

(pissed)
You told him that!

BOBBY C.

I'm telling everybody. Nobody seems to give a shit.

TONY

He didn't come down here to hear that crap.

FRANK JR.

It's okay, Tony. Maybe I can help.

Joey points to something on the dance floor.

JOEY

Tony!

Tony turns to look -- and Frank Jr., alert and quick, follows his gaze.

135 TONY'S POV - BLACK GUY DANCING WITH WHITE GIRL

135

It's the same black they saw the week before.

136 Tony shoots a meaningful glance at Joey, his eyes darting toward his brother.

136

TONY

Cool it.

137 Annette appears, looks down at Tony, seated, her expression hurt and timid and hopeful. She stands there, saying nothing. Tony looks at her, rises.

137

TONY

(to Frank Jr.)
This ain't my real partner.
She's coming later ... but watch.

He leads Annette to the dance floor. They glide into an

137 CONTD

137

elegant Hustle. Tony glances to see if Frank Jr. is watching.

138 ANGLE ON TABLE

138

Frank Jr. watches Tony, smiling.

BOBBY C.

Something I gotta ask you.

Frank Jr. turns to him.

BOBBY C.

Pauline, she's a good Catholic, she loves the taste of Communion wafers, she says, you know, like the Pope gives special dispensations for divorce for some people ... well, maybe, you know, the Pope would give a dispensation for an abortion.

FRANK JR.

I don't think so, Bobby.

139 BACK TO TONY AND ANNETTE

139

They continue to dance.

DJ (VO)

Hello again, this is beautiful Bernie, your delirious DJ ... reminding you the All-Brooklyn Universal Disco Sweepstakes is only a week away. And also to remind you that anything you feel out there -- ecstasy, rapture, euphoria, high, spacey, freaky, is 'cause of the way I flip the discs, needle the grooves, hit the bands, phase in, phase out, from which to what and where to there ... taking you where you want to be but can't get by yourself. For I am wizard and magician, Merlin and Svengali ... and you, you are my gnomes!

He concludes with a theatrical cackle. A chorus of "fuck you's" is heard from the dance floor. He laughs even louder and turns up the gain.

140 ANOTHER ANGLE

140

Tony walks to the lobby entranceway, enters.

141 ANGLE ON LOBBY

141

Tony goes to the girl at the admissions table. A SECOND GIRL stands next to her, helping check in CUSTOMERS.

TONY

You know Stephanie Mangano?

GIRL

No.

SECOND GIRL

I do.

TONY

You see her tonight ... she come in?

SECOND GIRL

No.

Tony nods thanks with an attempt at cool but his face darkens. He turns, goes back toward the ballroom.

142 ANGLE ON BALLROOM

142

He's returning to his table when he runs into his brother.

FRANK JR.

Tony, I'm going home.

TONY

(crestfallen)

You're going home?

(hungry for approval)

Why don't you stay a little longer?

FRANK JR.

It's not my scene, you know.
You didn't expect me to stay
the whole night, did you?

TONY

(feeling rejected)

No ... yes ... I ... Yeah, that
woulda been nice ... sure ... but
... no, no, I guess not ... no ...
no ... a'course ... this ain't
your kinda scene.

FRANK JR.

I enjoyed it. You're a marvellous
dancer. It's exciting to watch
you.

They walk silently toward the door -- with the silence

142 CONTD

142

that ensues when limitless need cannot be fulfilled.

142A INT: LOBBY - 2001 ODYSSEY - NIGHT

142A

At the door Tony and Frank Jr. embrace.

FRANK JR.

See you later, okay?

TONY

Yeah, sure.

Tony turns to the girls at the admission table.

TONY

She come in yet?

SECOND GIRL

You were just here.

Tony's eyes glint with anger, quickly repressed -- he can't appear to have lost his cool. He turns curtly and returns to the ballroom.

143 OMIT

143

144 OMIT

144

145 INT: BALLROOM - 2001 ODYSSEY - NIGHT

145

Tony returns to the table, fuming. Joey, Bobby C. and Double J. are there.

TONY

He didn't feel too good, got something sick or something.

He sits down.

JOEY

You wanta get that black fuck outa here now?

TONY

Yeah.

He starts to rise. The others rising with him. They move toward the dance floor.

TONY

Jesus! -was-Mary's-last-name?-Christ!?!

146 ANOTHER ANGLE

146

On the dance floor, two burly YOUTHS, twenties, grab hold of the black and start shoving him toward the entrance.

147 CLOSE ON FACES

147

JOEY

Shit ... stole our fucking act.

They turn, slump, return to their table. Annette comes up to Tony, her face imploring.

ANNETTE

Tony?

TONY

Yeah?

ANNETTE

We could make it now.

TONY

What?

ANNETTE

We ain't practicing, seeing each other like you said ... so we could make it.

TONY

I told ya, I told ya ... when we make it, it's 'cause I decide.

ANNETTE

(little girl petulance)
Okay, then, I'll just make it with somebody else.

TONY

(mocking)
Who?

ANNETTE

Anybody. Somebody here ... I don't care.

TONY

Somebody here!

ANNETTE

(going with it --
seeing he's stung)
Sure. Double J., Joey ...

147 CONTD

147

TONY
 (exploding -- ready
 to hit her)
 Fuck you will! Let's go!

He grabs her arm tightly.

TONY
 (calling out to
 The Faces)
 Hey, you creeps, we're out in the
 car.

148	OMIT	148
148A	OMIT	148A
149	OMIT	149
150	OMIT	150
151	OMIT	151
152	OMIT	152
153	OMIT	153
154	OMIT	154
155	OMIT	155
156	OMIT	156
157	OMIT	157
158	OMIT	158
159	EXT: 2001 ODYSSEY - BOBBY C.'S CAR - NIGHT	159

In the back seat Tony is alone with Annette, undressing her, feeling her breasts, removing her panties. She kisses him profusely -- and occasionally he kisses her back. Annette is now playing with his crotch. He unzips his fly, lowers his pants, moves toward her for penetration.

TONY
 You fixed?

ANNETTE
 (a whisper)
 Whaddya mean?

159 CONTD

159

TONY
You know, birth control.

ANNETTE
No.

TONY
(astonished)
No pill?

ANNETTE
(overlapping)
No.

TONY
No thing inside. That I.O.U.
like. No dyedeefram.

ANNETTE
No.

He starts to draw away.

ANNETTE
Tony, Tony, I love you.

TONY
Shit.

He sits up, pulls his pants back on, zips his fly.

TONY
(after a few beats)
You oughta meet Bobby C.'s girl-
friend, Pauline.

Annette curls in a corner of the back seat, demolished.
Tony looks out the window and sees The Faces heading
toward the car.

TONY
(to The Faces)
Oh shit! Okay, okay, on the road!
(turns to Annette)
Like everything's cool, that's
how you act, okay!

159A EXT: APPROACH TO VERRAZANO NARROWS BRIDGE - NIGHT 159A

Bobby C.'s car, packed with the five of them, moves
toward the span.

159B EXT: VERRAZANO NARROWS BRIDGE - NIGHT

159B

The car stops midway on the upper level of the bridge. Joey, Double J., and Tony leap out of the car. Joey climbs the railing of the bridge, grabs a cable and swings out over the water 200 feet below and jumps back on the bridge. Tony and Double J. follow suit, each a little more reckless and showoffy than the one before. While they perform their suicidal, daredevil acts, Annette who can't stand to see it, jumps out of the car, screams hysterically.

ANNETTE

STOP IT! STOP IT!

Drawn to the railing, she gazes down to inspect the drop, gauge the mad chances the guys are taking.

159C ANNETTE'S POV - THE WATER BELOW

159C

The sheer vertical and terrifying drop to the river from the bridge.

ANNETTE (OS)

GOD ... STOP IT! STOP IT!

159D BACK TO SCENE

159D

She backs away from the railing, panicked. The guys finish their act on the cables, elated, laughing. They go back to the car where Bobby C. still sits behind the wheel, pallid, stiff.

JOEY

(to Bobby C.)

What about you?

BOBBY C.

I'm driving.

They all pile back in the car. Annette is pale and shaky, looks at The Faces with dazed, wondering eyes.

160 EXT: TONY'S HOUSE - DAY

160

Tony and Frank Jr. are walking out from the house with a pair of suitcases. They head for a plain four door sedan parked in front -- with a MAN about Frank's age behind the front wheel. Tony puts the suitcases in the trunk.

TONY

Why don't you stay longer?

FRANK JR.

Ex-priests don't stay back home.

(MORE)

FRANK JR. (contd)

Everyone's too shocked, disgraced. A family raises a priest, they think they've scored points in heaven -- now they think they're going to lose them.

TONY

You gonna like this settlement house work?

FRANK JR.

It'll do until I've figured out my next move.

TONY

You know, once I thought like opening a dance studio ... people ask me ... but shit ...

(trails off then
a new beat)

You know how I feel sometime? Like I got screwed somehow and I'm gonna keep getting screwed ... unless I do something.

(pause)

Like all my life it's been hearing I'm no good in the family, no good, no smarts in school ... nothing like you. Not good, not smart, not a jock, nothing. Fucking nothing! Howdya find out you're good at anything ... when all you've heard was that?

FRANK JR.

Kids get shafted different ways, Tony. They got ways of telling you what you are, what you're supposed to be without you even knowing they're telling you. And you end up just that ... or sometimes the opposite ... but never yourself.

Tony digests this.

TONY

You know, you're gonna end up something else ... why can't I?

FRANK JR.

Who says you can't.

160 CONTD (2)

160

They embrace.

FRANK JR.
I left you something. In your
room ... a souvenir.

He gets in the car. Tony watches the car move off.

161 INT: TONY'S ROOM - DAY

161

The mattress is still on the floor. Tony enters, turns on the light, starts to strip the bedclothes, sees a clerical collar of his brother's lying on the dresser.

He walks over, picks up the collar with a gentle smile, walks to his full-length mirror. He wraps the collar around his neck, views himself in the mirror for a beat or two. Then he pulls the collar as tight as he can, until it's choking him -- as the family image of his brother's purity and superiority choked him all his life. After several beats, his face pallid, he releases the collar, takes a deep breath -- and puts the collar down. Then he starts undressing.

162 INT: PRACTICE STUDIOS HALLWAY - DALE DANCE STUDIOS 162
- NIGHT

Tony walks slowly down the hall, looking almost furtively into each room as he passes. Finally, he sees Stephanie in one, stops outside, gazes in at her.

TONY'S POV - STEPHANIE

She's doing some calisthenic exercises, holding onto the bar. She sees him.

STEPHANIE
(warmly)
Hi.

163 ANGLE ON TONY FROM INSIDE ROOM

163

He stands looking at her, saying nothing, pouting a bit, not knowing how to handle it, thrown by her apparent innocence of any injury done to him.

STEPHANIE (OS)
Why you standing out there?

Woodenly he enters.

TONY
How come you wasn't there Saturday?

163 CONTD

163

STEPHANIE

I didn't say I'd be there.

TONY

Fuck you didn't.

STEPHANIE

I said maybe. Maybe's maybe.

(scrutinizes him)

I didn't think you'd get upset.

TONY

Fuck that shit ... upset. We gonna need all the practice we can, we gonna win it.

STEPHANIE

(touched --

a faint smile)

Then let's practice.

TONY

Didn't bring my record player and stuff. Didn't think you'd be here.

STEPHANIE

(amused)

Then why'd you come?

TONY

Stoogatz! You know "stoogatz"?

STEPHANIE

I know "stoogatz."

164 They grin at each other, understanding. Tony reaches 164 out, turns on the studio music -- and they begin to dance.

165 OMIT

165

166 INT: LOBBY - DALE DANCE STUDIOS - NIGHT

166

Tony and Stephanie enter from the back practice area -- to find The Faces sitting about.

TONY

(surprised)

Hey!

DOUBLE J.

We been waiting. Pete said you was practicing.

166 CONTD

166

JOEY
(coding it in front
of Stephanie)
We was cruising you know who.
Looking good.

Stephanie scowls. A Brooklyn girl, she doesn't have to
be told what they're talking about.

TONY
No, no. Gotta be later. We
was just ... hey, I know, you
guys oughta know each other.

He looks proudly from his friends to Stephanie and back.

167 INT: WHITE CASTLE - NIGHT

167

The Faces and Stephanie sit in a booth, eating. Tony is
finishing his first hamburger with two to go. Stephanie
is holding court -- Bobby C., Joey and Double J. listening
with varying degrees of distaste and curiosity.

STEPHANIE
I may be traveling ... promotional
tours with authors and performers.
Of course, I'll hate to leave
Manhattan even briefly ... certain
concerts, ballet.

TONY
Hey, tell 'em about some of them
people where you work.

STEPHANIE
Well, you know who came in today!
Elton John! He had on this astrakhan
coat down to ...

JOEY
(cutting in)
He's a faggot.

DOUBLE J.
A half-faggot.

STEPHANIE
(supercilious)
You mean ... bi-sexual?

DOUBLE J.
Yeah, swings both ways. Men and
boys.

167 CONTD

167

Stephanie makes a face of disgust. Then decides something, her eyes cunning.

STEPHANIE

Oh, yeah, and Joe Namath was in.
I brought him some coffee, he
wanted me to have coffee with him.

The Faces snap to respectful attention. This is impressive.

JOEY

You had coffee with Joe Namath!

STEPHANIE

(oozing self-satisfaction)
He wanted to know what being twenty-
one was like. I told him I didn't
know -- I was twenty.

The Faces sit there tongue-tied, overwhelmed by the image of sitting with Joe Namath, a minor miracle. Tony is glowing, mission accomplished. His buddies are impressed with her and he senses he's pleased her by providing an audience. He starts devouring his last hamburger.

DOUBLE J.

(finally)
What else?

STEPHANIE

That's all.

TONY

(his mouth full)
Ain't that enough?

JOEY

Hey, Tony, you don't chew, you
never chew.

TONY

When my mother dies, I'll give
you the job.

DOUBLE J.

You know what's going down your
stomach? ... big chunks, gobs of
hamburger, like dog food, dog
yummies, dog friskies. You gonna
turn into a dog.

168 Double J. barks like a dog. Joey joins in. Then 168
Bobby C. They're all barking, getting wildly excited.

168 CONTD

168

They leap up and begin jumping in the aisleway and barking vociferously. Everything and everyone in the coffee shop stops, all eyes riveted on the manic, barking Faces. Stephanie looks horrified and embarrassed -- and revolted.

169 EXT: STREET CORNER - BAY RIDGE - NIGHT

169

Bobby C.'s car rolls down the one-way street, parks at the corner on the left side. Stephanie gets out.

STEPHANIE

See you.

She starts to go.

BOBBY C.

Stephanie, something I gotta ask you. If you was knocked up and you either had to get married or get an abortion, what would you do?

STEPHANIE

Who'd I have to marry?

BOBBY C.

Me.

STEPHANIE

I'd get an abortion.

She waves at Tony, goes.

170 ANGLE INSIDE CAR

170

BOBBY C.

Why can't Pauline see it that way?

He starts the car.

171 EXT: BARRACUDAS' CLUB HOUSE STREET - NIGHT

171

Bobby C.'s car drives down the street, stops for a moment, two storefronts before the club house. Double J. gets out, saunters on toward the club house -- Bobby C.'s car follows just behind. As he passes the club house, Double J. quickly glances inside through a chink in the paint, walks on. A couple storefronts later, he gets back into the car and it moves off.

172 ANGLE INSIDE CAR - MOVING SHOT

172

DOUBLE J.

They got a fucking army in there.
Cuckarachas.

172 CONTD

172

TONY

Fuck it! Ain't in the mood anyway.

BOBBY C.

(relieved to be able
to express it)

Yeah, me too.

DOUBLE J.

Gotta do it sooner, later, man!

They drive in silence for a while.

TONY

Hey, what'd you think of her?

DOUBLE J.

You wanta know?

TONY

Yeah.

DOUBLE J.

Snotty bitch.

TONY

She's cool. Ya gotta get to know
her.

JOEY

You fuck her yet?

Tony doesn't answer.

JOEY

You fuck her yet?

TONY

(finally)
Whaddya think!

DOUBLE J.

(eyeing Tony)
Keep seeing a chick who won't
fuck you, you get pussy-whipped
without even seeing the pussy.

Tony sits glumly, not answering.

173 INT: BAYSIDE PAINT STORE - DAY

173

Tony rings up a sale on the cash register, gives his
CUSTOMER the change -- and walks over to Fusco.

TONY

Mr. Fusco, I gotta have the
afternoon off.

173 CONTD

173

FUSCO
(shakes his head)
Sam's out. Harold's sick.

TONY
I gotta, Mr. Fusco.

FUSCO
Sorry, Tony.

TONY
All I'm doing is asking for a
half day. Been here almost
eight months, didn't miss a day.

FUSCO
(getting annoyed)
Not today, Tony.

Tony glances around the store, getting angry.

TONY
Some of them old farts out three,
four days a time, you don't say
squat to them.

FUSCO
Cool off, Tony.

TONY
Well, I gotta have it -- and I'm
taking it.

FUSCO
You do that, you're fired.

TONY
I'M DOING IT!

FUSCO
Then you're fired.

Tony glares at him, stalks into the back room, reappears
with his coat, walks toward the front door, glances at
the wall clock which reads eleven, looks back at Fusco.

TONY
Thanks, I just picked up an extra
hour.

He goes. Fusco stares after him, dazed by the encounter.

174 EXT: FIFTH AVENUE/EIGHTIES - BAY RIDGE - DAY

174

Tony and Bobby C. walk toward the corner.

BOBBY C.

I don't want to marry her. I
don't give a shit about her.
I can't stand the ugly cunt.

TONY

Then don't marry her.

BOBBY C.

I gotta -- she won't have an
abortion. Everybody says I gotta.

TONY

Who?

BOBBY C.

Her fucking parents. My parents.
The fucking priest. Even her
fucking high school guidance
counselor.

They turn the corner, walk to the car about fifty feet
away.

BOBBY C.

Tony, it's got me like ...
paralyzed, like I don't got
no control over my life. Tony,
we always been like best friends,
a lot alike -- how come I'm
fucking up and you're okay?

TONY

Who's okay?

(pause)

Aw, shit, you just gotta hang in.
Maybe it'll work out.

They reach the car. Bobby C., looking on the point of
tears, nods, reaches in his pocket and hands Tony the
car keys. Tony nods, bucks him up with a clap on the
back, gets in the car.

175 OMIT

175

176 INT: BOBBY C.'S CAR - MOVING SHOT - DAY

176

Tony driving, glances at Stephanie beside him. In the
back seat are several cartons, a lamp and a mirror.

176 CONTD

176

TONY
This got me fired.

STEPHANIE
You got fired?

TONY
(surly)
Yeah. You couldn't do it on
Sunday.

STEPHANIE
I just wanted to get everything
in -- so I could start fixing up
when I move in Saturday.
(looks at him)
I got the day off. Nobody bitched
at my office.
(pause)
I'm sorry.

Tony shrugs.

177 OMIT 177

178 OMIT 178

179 OMIT 179

180 EXT: BROWNSTONE - W. 74TH STREET - MANHATTAN - DAY 180

Tony parks the car in front. Stephanie and Tony get
out. Tony opens the trunk, takes out Stephanie's
belongings. Stephanie, carrying two bags, walks to the
door, takes keys from her handbag, opens it.

181 INT: THIRD FLOOR HALLWAY - BROWNSTONE - DAY 181

Stephanie and Tony come up the stairs carrying various
articles, stop in front of one door in the hallway.
Stephanie opens the door with her keys.

182 INT: STEPHANIE'S APARTMENT - DAY 182

An L-shaped room, typical half Brownstone floor furnished
with ornate Victorian oak pieces. Stephanie and Tony
enter, put down the bags and boxes.

JAY LANGHART comes out of the kitchen, dressed in jeans
and a red-checked shirt. He's in his early forties,
full of nervous energy, hearty and brooding by turn,
somewhat paunchy. He carries a beer. He smiles as he

182 CONTD

182

sees Stephanie, warmly, a bit amused. Stephanie, who didn't expect to find him there, is upset. Tony is stunned.

STEPHANIE

Thought you were out of town.

JAY

Postponed the trip.

He goes to her, puts his arms around her familiarly, Stephanie, with some inner resistance, half embraces him. He kisses her on the lips, and she kisses back. Tony watches this, tense as a wire about to snap. Jay and Stephanie separate. Tony observes the hurt and tenderness in her eyes.

STEPHANIE

Jay, this is Tony Manero, a friend.
Tony, Jay Langhart.

JAY

(a laugh)
Unspecified status.
(to Tony)
How do you do?

TONY

(strained)
Pleased to meet you.

JAY

(to Stephanie)
Listen, I've decided to leave you
all the furniture.

STEPHANIE

Super!

JAY

Stephanie, I told you -- nobody
says "super" anymore.

Stephanie nods, looks as though she's just been spanked.

Tony observes how easily Jay can put her down.

STEPHANIE

You're not taking anything?

JAY

I'm going to start fresh in my
new place. What the hell, you
picked out most of it.

182 CONTD (2)

182

To Tony, picking up on the undercurrents of their exchanges much to his discomfort, this last information is a bomb-shell.

STEPHANIE
(trying to please)
I read the book you told me to.

JAY
Kerr or Lawson?

STEPHANIE
Kerr.

JAY
(a sharp reproach)
You didn't read Lawson?

STEPHANIE
(crushed again)
No.

Tony can't stand any more of this, turns to flee.

TONY
(choked)
I'll get the rest of the stuff.

He rushes out the door.

183 INT: BOBBY C.'S CAR - MOVING SHOT - DAY

183

Tony, driving, shoots furious glances at Stephanie. She, observing this, sits quietly, anticipating some kind of explosion.

TONY
(finally)
What's he to ya?

STEPHANIE
He's an arranger, record producer, wants to do films. I met him at the Agency. He's moving into a better apartment, more expensive, now that his divorce is final. Didn't want his wife to know how much money he had.
(after a hesitation)
I lived with him for a while.

TONY
Shit.

STEPHANIE

He taught me things. I learned
a lot from him.

TONY

(seething)

He sure knows how to put you down
fast.

(pause)

What happened -- you and him?

STEPHANIE

He got bored with me I guess.
Shit! But he's still fond of me,
he still likes me.

She looks ready to cry.

TONY

(savagely)

Likes to have you around for a
quick piece now and then, right!

Stephanie bursts into tears. Tony, torn between sympathy
and outrage, glances harshly at her.

STEPHANIE

(finally -- amid sobs)

He helped me.

TONY

Helped you in and out of the
sack ... the old fucking fart.

STEPHANIE

You don't know what working in
a place like that is, the Agency.
It's scary. There's so much you
don't know. He built up my con-
fidence, told me I could do it.
People there -- they all went to
college -- got a college education.
And style, like the kind you don't
just pick up overnight, you know,
like it's part of them, the way
they grew up. They mention things
I never heard of -- theater,
politics, history. I feel so out
of it, so dumb sometimes. If I
said I don't know every time I
didn't know something, I'd be
saying I don't know ten times a

(MORE)

183 CONTD (2)

183

STEPHANIE (contd)

minute, so I just smile and fake something to say. Then when I get asked to do something I don't know a fucking thing about I got to bluff it, fake it ... like I know ... hoping to learn how to do it, figure it out later. That works most of the time -- but it kills you, you feel scared and stupid.

Stephanie looks small and vulnerable, her eyes almost imploring as she looks at Tony -- who appears astonished.

184 OMIT 184185 OMIT 185186 EXT: STEPHANIE'S FAMILY'S HOUSE - DAY 186

Bobby C.'s car pulls up in front.

187 INT: BOBBY C.'S CAR - DAY 187

Stephanie starts to get out of the car, opens the door, then turns and kisses Tony quickly on the cheek -- a peck.

STEPHANIE

Thanks.

Tony seizes this as an opening and grabs her, putting his arms around her. She twists away.

TONY

(furious)

Goddamit! How come you won't make it with me?

STEPHANIE

I told you once. For me to go to bed with you would be a step backward.

TONY

What the fuck are you? You ain't a nice girl -- and you ain't a cunt exactly.

STEPHANIE

How about, maybe ... a person, a friend?

187 CONTD

187

She smiles, blows him a kiss and leaves.

TONY
(calling after her)
The way we feel when we dance --
that ain't friends.

He starts the car and drives off.

188 EXT: BAYSIDE PAINT STORE - DAY

188

Tony walks toward the store, enters.

189 INT: BAYSIDE PAINT STORE - DAY

189

Tony walks to the back of the store, reaches Fusco who is poring over some bookkeeping pages. Tony taps him on the shoulder.

TONY
I come for what I got coming.

Fusco turns to him, smiles.

FUSCO
Tony, Tony, things got a little
hot under the collar, don't you
think?

TONY
(surprised by Fusco's
conciliatory tone)
What?

Fusco puts his arm around him.

FUSCO
Tony, I don't wanna lose you.
You're a smart kid, customers
like you. I want you to stay on.

TONY
You mean I ain't fired!

FUSCO
No.

TONY
(beaming)
Je-sus Christ!

He begins taking off his jacket.

189 CONTD

189

FUSCO

You got a future here, Tony.
Sam, over there.

(points to one of
the salesmen)

Been here eighteen years. Mike ...
(points to another
salesman)
... fifteen years.

Tony looks appalled, his delight in being rehired turning to dismay. He goes into the back room to hang up his jacket.

190 OMIT 190

191 EXT: DALE DANCE STUDIOS BUILDING - NIGHT 191

Tony walks quickly to the door, carrying records and record player.

192 INT: HALLWAY/PRACTICE STUDIOS AREA - DALE DANCE STUDIOS - NIGHT 192

Tony walks down the hall looking for Stephanie, finally looks into one practice room, freezes, shocked.

193 TONY'S POV - STEPHANIE DANCING WITH PETE 193

They're doing the Hustle -- and worse, talking and laughing.

194 BACK TO TONY 194

Stricken, he whirls about, ready to rush out of the place, starts to go, stops, turns, goes into the practice room.

194A ANGLE INSIDE PRACTICE ROOM 194A

He enters, his face grim, impaling Pete -- and Stephanie -- with his gaze.

195 OMIT 195

196 ANGLE INSIDE PRACTICE ROOM 196

TONY

(savagely)

Trying to get it up to seventy percent?

196 CONTD

196

PETE
(looks at Tony
surprised)
Didn't know you hung your label
on her.

Pete goes. Stephanie watches Tony, says nothing.

TONY
You know that guy, that guy is
the cocksman of Bay Ridge.

STEPHANIE
My God -- I've been in serious
danger!

TONY
It's no fucking joke.

STEPHANIE
God, you can be a fool.

TONY
Goddamit right, I been a fool,
thinking I could be the dance
partner with a ...

STEPHANIE
Gee, Tony, all the nasty, dirty
words you know -- you can't think
of one.

Seething, Tony picks up his record and record player and
storms out.

197 EXT: DALE DANCE STUDIOS BUILDING - NIGHT

197

Tony comes racing out of the door, moves down the street,
encounters Annette coming from the opposite direction.

ANNETTE
Tony!

She looks alarmed -- Tony doesn't seem about to stop.

ANNETTE
(urgently)
Tony! Tony, look!

Tony pauses -- while she fumbles in her bag. Annette
finds what she's looking for -- pulls out a package of
prophylactics, holds them out for Tony to see.

197 CONTD

197

TONY

Oh, shit.

He walks away with a moment's hesitation.

198 OMIT

198

199 EXT: BARRACUDAS' CLUB HOUSE - NIGHT

199

Bobby C.'s car rolls past the club house while Double J. walks by, peers into the window, then gets in the car.

200 INT: BOBBY C.'S CAR - MOVING SHOT - NIGHT

200

All The Faces are inside.

DOUBLE J.

Beauty-ful. They got six in there
-- maybe seven. Yeah and two girls.

BOBBY C.

Could wait a while ... get down
to three, four ...

JOEY

(contemptuous)

Or one or two.

DOUBLE J.

Tony?

TONY

Go.

BOBBY C.

Tony! Pauline ... her parents,
my parents, they set the fucking
date!

Tony shakes his head in disgust.

DOUBLE J.

Can that shit, and back up!

BOBBY C.

What?

DOUBLE J.

Okay. Forward.

Bobby C. changes gear, Double J. reaches out suddenly
grabs the steering wheel, spins it to the left -- and
slams his foot on the accelerator pedal.

200 CONTD

200

BOBBY C.

Hey!

201 EXT: BARRACUDAS' CLUB HOUSE - NIGHT

201

Bobby C.'s car jumps the sidewalk, plows through the plate glass window of the club house -- and rams right into the storefront room.

202 INT: BARRACUDAS' CLUB HOUSE - NIGHT

202

The center of the room is clear of furniture for dancing. Around the walls, the furniture is strewn -- ancient overstuffed chairs and chairs, springs sticking out, plus numerous wooden orange crates and plastic milk crates. A stereo is playing Latin music. TWO COUPLES are dancing. Another FIVE BARRACUDAS, about nineteen years old, sit drinking, talking and smoking.

The car crashes into room, stopping just inside. The girls scream, run to the back. The Faces pour out of the car armed with bats, broken bottles, chains, switchblades.

The Faces attack like maniacs -- bottles, switchblades, fists and legs flying. Only Bobby C. seems to hold back -- he doesn't seem to have the insane rage and force of the others or is unable to vent it.

Three of The Barracudas thud to the floor unconscious. The other four continue to fight back but sag from cuts and blows from The Faces.

At the door, TWO MORE BARRACUDAS appear. Bobby C. sees them and panics, rushes into his car. One Barracuda comes up to the car, tries to haul Bobby C. out. Bobby C. throws the car into reverse and steams out of the club house.

The two arriving Barracudas join the fight as three others drop out from injuries or exhaustion. The Faces take on the newcomers.

203 EXT: BARRACUDAS' CLUB HOUSE - NIGHT

203

Bobby C.'s car is gone. Tony, Joey and Double J. come running out -- all of them bearing cuts and bruises, breathing heavily. They look for the car.

DOUBLE J.

Man, he really chickened!

They race away, whip around a corner, keep going.

204 ANOTHER ANGLE

204

They blast down the street. Suddenly Bobby C.'s car appears from the other direction, snaps around in a U-turn, stops. The Faces hesitate, then pile in.

205 INT: BOBBY C.'S CAR - MOVING SHOT - NIGHT

205

The Faces direct poisonous glances at Bobby C. The tension and hostility are almost palpable. They drive silently ... while they check, touching their wounds.

BOBBY C.

(weakly)

I was driving around looking for you.

No response. Bobby C. glances at the others, fear and disgrace in his eyes. He seems shattered.

206 EXT: TONY'S HOUSE - DAY

206

Tony stands in the doorway signing for a telegram, nods at the WESTERN UNION MESSENGER, goes inside.

207 INT: HALLWAY - TONY'S HOUSE - DAY

207

He walks leadenly toward the kitchen.

TONY

(his voice dead)

Hey, Pa, you got a telegram.

208 INT: KITCHEN - TONY'S HOUSE - DAY

208

Frank sits at the kitchen table, drinking beer and reading the Daily News -- while Flo stands cooking at the stove. Tony enters, hands Frank the telegram. Frank opens and reads it, his face stretching into a happy grin.

FRANK

(almost with awe)

Called back to work.

(elated)

Shit, I BEEN CALLED BACK TO WORK!

He waves the beer bottle around joyously, like a sparkler, weaving patterns with the stream of bubbly beer that curls through the air, then splatters against the walls and falls to the floor.

FLO

Frank!

He crushes her in a bear hug.

208 CONTD

208

FRANK
GOING BACK TO WORK, HONEY!
BACK ... TO ... WORK!

Tony, glum and apathetic, turns to go out.

FRANK
Hey, Tony, this don't mean you
stop contributing!

TONY
Gonna be less though.

FRANK
No. No. Family gotta start
saving some money back up.

TONY
(outraged)
For your old age? ... my money?!

FRANK
(exuberant)
Why not?

TONY
You working again -- I ain't still
half-supporting the family!

Tony looks at his father furiously and walks out.

209 INT: HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

209

The Faces are gathered around Gus who lies in traction
in the hospital bed, his left leg suspended by pulleys.
The Faces' bruises and cuts from the night before are
still clearly visible.

GUS
(beaming)
You really kicked their asses, huh?

JOEY
Fucked 'em where they breathe.

GUS
Outasight. Only, you know ...
(hesitates)
Only I ain't so sure it was The
Barracudas.

TONY
WHAT!

209 CONTD

209

DOUBLE J.

What the fuck!

JOEY

You said it was.

GUS

I said ... I said ... proolly.

DOUBLE J.

Right, you said it proolly was ...

GUS

I said proolly cause I wasn't
sure ... coulda been The Spanish
Barons.

BOBBY C.

(hissing)

Shit! What the fuck you do that
for, man. We coulda got our
fucking heads busted.

DOUBLE J.

(sarcastic)

Not you, lover.

This first open recognition of Bobby C.'s cowardice the
night before stuns them all. Bobby C. looks at the
other Faces in turn, seeking some support, some refu-
tation of the sentiment just expressed by Double J.
He gets none. His eyes fairly widen with horror at his
public branding. He turns and walks out of the room.

GUS

(finally)

Look, I hadda say something, I
mean we hadda hit on somebody
for it, right?, somebody hadda
get it. If I said I didn't know,
wasn't sure, nobody was gonna get
it and they woulda got off.

The Faces are quiet. They don't like this, either.

TONY

(finally)

Fuck you, too, Gus. I'd like
to break your broken leg.

210 OMIT

210

211 INT: HOSPITAL LOBBY - NIGHT

211

The elevator doors open and they come out. Bobby C., waiting for them at one side, walks up to them and they move to the door.

BOBBY C.
I coulda killed him.

JOEY
You couldn't kill a fucking crablice.

BOBBY C.
(after a few beats)
Whaddya think I am -- a fucking coward?!

JOEY
Whadda you think you are?

TONY
Lay off.

JOEY
What's bugging you?

TONY
Something my brother said.

BOBBY C.
(trying to bury
the issue)
We gonna make the disco scene early?

TONY
I ain't going.

JOEY
So how come you all dressed.

TONY
Fuck you.

212 OMIT

212

212A EXT: 2001 ODYSSEY - NIGHT

212A

The Faces -- Joey, Double J., Bobby C., and Tony -- walk to the entrance where Stephanie stands waiting. Tony goes up to her, his gaze wary.

STEPHANIE
I thought both of us shouldn't be idiots.

212A CONTD

212A

TONY

Everything you say gotta be fancy!

He stares at her, trying to control any sign of pleasure that she's there, fails, begins to smile slowly. She examines his face, touches a few cuts and bruises.

STEPHANIE

Shaving?

Tony smiles sheepishly.

STEPHANIE

Cuts are okay. But you gotta stop hitting yourself with the razor.

They turn toward the entrance, go in.

213 INT: BALLROOM - 2001 ODYSSEY - NIGHT

213

The excitement in the room is even headier than the usual supercharged Saturday night feeling. The aisles, as well as the tables, are packed, PEOPLE standing, filling every available foot of space. Very few are talking, most everyone intently watching the COUPLE on the dance floor. Sprinkled through the crowd are a number of BLACKS and PUERTO RICANS.

The Faces and Stephanie sit at one table, drinking. The couple on the floor finishes with a lively flourish to loud applause, bow and leave.

DJ (OS)

That was Barbara Falco and Tommy Connors, number four on our list of disco dynamite, making the decision even tougher for our judges. Next on the agenda of hustling Hustlers is Shirley Charles and Chester Brinson.

214 A BLACK COUPLE comes running onto the dance floor, about nineteen years old. The cheering and applause for them coming from only the blacks in the ballroom. The DJ hits the music and they begin dancing.

214

215 ANGLE ON FACES

215

JOEY

Fucking contest -- everybody gets in here. Blackies, brownies.

215 CONTD

215

Annette drifts over, stands nearby -- staring at Tony, examining Stephanie jealously. Tony glances at her, then away, irritated. Suddenly he leaps to his feet, starts to walk away. Stephanie follows him after a few seconds.

216 OMIT

216

217 INT: BAR - 2001 ODYSSEY - NIGHT

217

Tony enters, sits down on a bar stool. A moment or two later, Stephanie comes in, goes next to him, looks at him anxiously.

TONY

Don't worry, I ain't having a drink. If I have a drink, all I'm gonna do is look at it, sip it a bit.

STEPHANIE

I know someone gets high just looking at the bottles.

(pause)

You're edgy.

Tony scowls, glares at her.

STEPHANIE

If you're edgy, you're edgy. Nothing wrong being edgy. Just admit you're edgy.

TONY

SHUT UP, I ain't edgy!

STEPHANIE

(nodding, the diagnosis confirmed)

You're edgy.

TONY

Fuck! You wanna drink?

STEPHANIE

I just wanna dance.

TONY

Think we're on one after next -- or the one after.

218 INT: BALLROOM - 2001 ODYSSEY - NIGHT

218

CLOSE ANGLE on Stephanie and Tony dancing then PULL BACK.

218 CONTD

218

They dance, floating spinning, the soul of grace and freedom, unbound and rapturous, flying, a quickening image of love, romance, fantasy. The audience, spell-bound, breaks into bursts of applause when Tony and Stephanie do their invented steps.

They finish -- to thunderous applause and cheers. Radiant, they walk back to the table. The Faces jump to their feet, clap him on the back.

FACES

You got it!
In the pocket!
Wrapped and zapped!
Long live the king!

219 Annette, standing, looks miserable, her eyes some- 219
where between hurt and hate. As everybody takes their
seats, she extends her hand, palm up, to Joey.

JOEY

Ya had enough.

ANNETTE

Come on.

Joey shrugs, takes out a small box, opens it. She takes a pill from it -- and pops it in her mouth.

DJ (OS)

Okay, that was Stephanie Mangano
and Tony Manero, number fourteen,
doing their dance of delectable
delirium. Next from our cornu-
copia of Terpsichore is Maria
Huerta and Cesar Alvardado.

220 ANOTHER ANGLE

220

MARIA and CESAR, almost twenty, run onto the dance floor to a scattering of applause. The music begins and they dance. They are spectacular, their routine continually inventive and surprising, even standard steps have been given subtle and imaginative variations. They project something more than effortless grace -- waves of energy and exuberance.

221 ANGLE ON TONY

221

He watches the dancers awestruck and somewhat intimidated.

TONY

Jesus! Lookit 'em! They're so
fucking good!

221 CONTD

221

DOUBLE J.
 (an objection --
 how could they be)
 They're Spics.

Tony doesn't bother to respond, shaking his head, his eyes never leaving the dancers.

222 ANOTHER ANGLE

222

Maria and Cesar are taking their bows to deafening applause. The Faces stare at them, anxious and doubtful.

BOBBY C.
 No way as good as you, Tony.

DOUBLE J.
 No contest, Tony.

TONY
 (infuriated)
 Look, I don't wanna hear that shit.
 They was fucking better!

DJ (OS)
 (background)
 That was Maria Huerto and Cesar Alvarado doing their exercise in enchantment. Now -- Janie Sparks and Billy Phillips.

223 JANIE and BILLIE, eighteen, trot out, begin dancing. 223

STEPHANIE
 They weren't better, Tony.
 Different, maybe. Not better.

TONY
 Bullshit, you know that's bullshit!

224 ANGLE ON DJ BOOTH

224

The DJ turns down the music volume, speaks into the microphone.

DJ
 All right, folks, I have the decision of the judges -- and better judges of disco delights there is not ... namely, myself, DJ Bernie, wizard of the groove, Sam Dines, the illustrious owner of this glittering establishment, and the general manager, Fred Mazzoni.

224 CONTD

224

He picks up the mike, strolls onto the dance floor.

DJ

And now the three winning dance teams -- please hold your applause until I'm finished. Winning couples please come up here as your names are called. Third prize goes to Sheila Larkin and Tony Alano.

There is a smattering of applause despite the DJ's request. SHEILA and TONY walk up to him, stand alongside.

DJ

Second prize to Maria Huerta and Cesar Alvarado.

Some applause, some hissing. Cesar and Maria walk to the DJ.

225 ANGLE ON FACES

225

Bobby C. turns to Tony.

BOBBY C.

Ya see.

Tony glares at him for a second, looks back at DJ Bernie.

226 ANGLE ON THE DJ

226

DJ

And grand prize, the first prize, the prize that says you're the best, the top, the coolest, and the creamiest ... the first prize ... goes to ... Stephanie Mangano and Tony Manero.

His last words are drowned in a storm of applause and cheering.

227 ANOTHER ANGLE

227

Tony seems glued to his chair, hesitating to get up. Finally does and leads Stephanie onto the dance floor. The applause continues while the DJ hands the three couples the prize envelopes. The winners smile and bow until the applause begins to ebb, then return to their seats. Stephanie and Tony reach their table. The Faces congratulate them -- but there's an uneasiness in their manner, a forced heartiness.

227 CONTD

227

TONY
(furious and disgusted)
You know who shoulda won. You
guys ain't blind!
(turns to Stephanie)
Come on.

228 He seizes her by the arm, pulls her out of the
ballroom.

228

TONY
Phoney bastards! Own fucking
friends can't be straight with
you, lie straight in your fucking
face. Know why we won? Rigged!
Dines, the owner, Mazzoni, the DJ
-- they want to keep it on their
own turf. Ain't gonna give it to
no Spics, no strangers.

STEPHANIE
Tony, I think we won it! Really!

TONY
You think so!

He rudely thrusts the prize envelope into her hand and
pulls her into the lobby.

229 OMIT

229

230 EXT: 2001 ODYSSEY - NIGHT

230

Tony yanks Stephanie toward the parking lot. She has to
run to keep up, occasionally stumbling.

STEPHANIE
Where are we going?

TONY
Goddamit, good is good. The Spics
good, they oughta get it.

STEPHANIE
WHERE'RE WE GOING?

TONY
Fucking shithole, that place ...
it's like, it's like ruined ...
hanging out, the assholes I hang
out with, the shit we do, the
way we put piss in our peckers.
(MORE)

230 CONTD

230

TONY (contd)

Bump, bump de bump and dump,
dump, dump. That's all we do,
go around dump, dumping, dumping
our load, dumping on something,
dumping on somebody, dumpers in
a dump. My Pa gets dumped on at
work, he dumps on my Ma, she runs
to church to dump that and the
rest she's got to dump. The Spics
dump on us, we dump on them ...
dump dumpers doing dumb dumping,
even the humping's dumping most
of the time ...

STEPHANIE

(screams)

OKAY!

They enter the parking lot.

231 ANGLE ON PARKING LOT

231

They walk toward the car, reach it.

TONY

Get in.

STEPHANIE

No!

TONY

GET IN!

He opens the back door, shoves her inside.

232 ANGLE INSIDE CAR

232

Tony gets in after her, closes the door.

STEPHANIE

(sarcastic)

We gonna just sit here?

TONY

(ironic)

Maybe we'll make out.

STEPHANIE

Come off it.

TONY

You only do it in Cadillacs?

STEPHANIE

Mercedes and Jaguars. Listen, I did my time in back seats, the Bay Ridge number, getting fucked over by some Saturday night macho moron.

TONY

Yeah, all the fucking guys you had I bet! Maybe I will screw you.

STEPHANIE

How? I wouldn't do it here and you don't have a place ... even if I wanted to, which I don't.

TONY

So it ain't so bad. I don't have a place to screw you and you don't want to screw me anyway.

STEPHANIE

It's perfect.

TONY

I don't need a place if I ... rape you.

STEPHANIE

If you intend to rape a person, you don't tell her in advance.

TONY

That's the way I do it.

He reaches for her. She pushes his hand away.

TONY

(flaring)
What you really been hanging around me for?

STEPHANIE

Dancing.

TONY

Ain't just dancing. You're a cock-teaser.

STEPHANIE

Don't you call me that!

232 CONTD (2)

232

TONY

Once a cockteaser got a cock teased, a guy's balls in an uproar, she usually splits, she don't keep hanging around. So why's a cock-teaser like you still hanging around?

STEPHANIE

(raging)

You dumb son of a bitch. You want to know ... okay, okay, I'll tell you! It ain't just the dancing, right! I been using you like a mirror, testing myself, seeing how much bullshit I could sell you. I been using you ... using you to ... to practice my act on.

TONY

Fucking bitch cunt!

233. Furiously, he reaches for her, begins pawing her breasts, pulling her clothes off. She screams, fights back. 233

TONY

(malignly)

Remember you said, don't ask, just do it.

He inserts his head between her legs. She tries to bite him. He forces her legs apart, thrusts his leg between them to keep them spread, starts unzipping his fly, Stephanie wrests herself free and delivers a thumping kick with her knee to his groin. He groans with pain, clutching himself. She slips out of the car and runs off. Tony sits, rocking, his face wrenched with pain, for several seconds. Then he pulls himself out of the car.

234 OMIT

234

235 ANGLE ON PARKING LOT

235

Tony emerges from the car slowly, painfully. He glances about. Stephanie has vanished. He stands motionless for a beat, his gaze remote but a cold burn in his eyes. He seems almost thoughtful, trying to think something through. Then he begins walking toward the sidewalk.

235 CONTD

235

The Faces -- Joey, Bobby C. and Double J. appear -- with Annette. Tony's eyes sweep over them hostilely. They're all high on speed and Annette appears especially spacey. They're singing the words to a disco song -- when they see Tony they fall silent.

ANNETTE

(spiteful -- and
spaced out)

I'm mad at you, Tony.

TONY

(to The Faces --
suspiciously)

Where ya going?

JOEY

Annette's gonna give everybody
a little present -- a piece of
snatch pie.

TONY

Fuck she is!

He grabs her by the arm, pulls her away from the others.

DOUBLE J.

Hey, man!

236 He grabs Tony's arm. Tony erupts, hits Double J. in 236
the face, follows with two more punches. Double J.
reels backward. Joey tries to block Tony, push him
away.

JOEY

Tony! What the fuck!

Tony starts slugging Joey savagely, a machine gun sequence of punches, out of control. Double J. steps in to help Joey and the two of them jump Tony, knocking him over and pinning him to the ground. They hold him there, stare down at him, his back against the pavement.

JOEY

What's up your ass, man?

DOUBLE J.

(overlapping)

What the fuck you mad at ... ?

Tony, on the ground, simmering down, shakes his head, almost dazed.

236 CONTD 236

TONY

I ... don't ... know.

237 OMIT 237

238 OMIT 238

239 OMIT 239

240 OMIT 240

241 EXT: VERRAZANO NARROWS BRIDGE - NIGHT 241

Bobby C. parks the car. Joey pops out and does his number on the bridge -- walking on the railing, balancing on a beam, swinging from a cable.

242 OMIT 242

243 ANGLE ON BRIDGE 243

Double J. leaps onto the railing, does a little dance.

244 Suddenly Annette comes streaking from the car, 244
wailing, a drone of anguish. She runs to the bridge railing, starts to climb over it -- her intention clearly to throw herself off the bridge. She begins to slide over and downward. Tony appears, grabs her ankles at the last possible moment, pulls her back to safety.

TONY

Fucking idiot.

He heads her back to the car.

245 Bobby C., watching Tony and Annette, suddenly leaps 245
from the car and jumps onto the bridge railing. He proceeds to do a bridge special far more daring, reckless and dangerous than any of the others -- trying to restore his lost macho image, to prove himself to himself and his friends, to regain his manhood in their eyes and obliterate his cowardice with The Barra-cudas. But also lurking in the mix of motives, buried but dynamic -- is a wish to die. The Faces grow alarmed -- as they watch his performance growing wilder and wilder.

JOEY

Hey, cool it.

TONY

Come on, we gotta move!

245 CONTD

245

DOUBLE J.

Knock it off.

JOEY

Crazy man! Freaky!

They grow quiet as they become aware Bobby C.'s unreachable, deep into his own thing. They stare in mounting fear as Bobby C.'s movements become more uncontrolled -- a smile, almost demented, on his face.

Now he's hanging by one hand from a cable, switching hands with an instant between grips when he has no hold.

Suddenly he loses his grip and plunges the two hundred feet to the water below.

246 INT: INTERVIEW ROOM - POLICE STATION - NIGHT

246

Tony, Joey, Double J., and Annette stand around a desk where a DETECTIVE, fortyish and fleshy, finishes typing his report. He looks up at the kids.

DETECTIVE

Any of you think ... maybe ...
he killed himself?

This is greeted with a chorus of vehement denials.

FACES

No.

No.

No way.

TONY

(vaguely)

There's ways of killing yourself
without killing yourself.

DETECTIVE

Right. Okay, you can go now.

Tony gives him the car keys.

DETECTIVE

I'll turn them over to the parents.

Tony nods, turns -- and the three youths and the girl leave.

247 EXT: POLICE STATION - NIGHT

247

They come out, walk down the block. In the middle of the

247 CONTD

247

block, Tony suddenly leaves them, cutting diagonally across the street.

JOEY
(surprised)
Hey, Tony!?

Tony doesn't look back or answer -- keeps walking away.

248 OMIT

248

249 INT: SUBWAY - NIGHT

249

Tony stands on the platform. A train arrives and Tony gets aboard.

250 MONTAGE

250

A SERIES OF FLASH CUTS showing Tony riding one subway after another -- shot or edited at sharply DIFFERENT ANGLES so there is a sense of the trains streaking this way and that, criss-crossing intersecting, moving like arrows in all directions -- to convey a feeling, a symbolic image of a mind or a computer recircuiting, making new connections, of information being processed.

251 OMIT

251

252 OMIT

252

253 OMIT

253

254 EXT: COLUMBUS CIRCLE - DAY

254

Tony crosses blindly against traffic, walking through the Circle, hesitates, then turns northward.

255 EXT: STEPHANIE'S BROWNSTONE - WEST 74TH STREET - DAY

255

Tony comes down the block, looks back and forth, unsure of which building Stephanie lives in. Then he walks into Stephanie's brownstone.

256 INT: VESTIBULE - STEPHANIE'S BROWNSTONE - DAY

256

Tony enters, looks at the names, presses Stephanie's buzzer, waits. Stephanie is heard on the intercom.

STEPHANIE (OS)
Who's there?

256 CONTD

256

TONY
Stephanie, it's Tony.

STEPHANIE (OS)
Go away!

TONY
Please, I gotta talk to you.

STEPHANIE (OS)
You kidding?

TONY
I mean it, please, Stephanie.

STEPHANIE (OS)
Tony, I'll call the cops.

A click can be heard -- switching off the intercom.

TONY
Stephanie ... Stephanie!

He presses the buzzer again.

STEPHANIE (OS)
Get the hell out, Tony.

The switch-off click is heard. Tony presses the buzzer again, then again -- with no response. A YOUNG MAN, early twenties, comes through the inner door. Tony grabs it before it closes, enters.

257 INT: STAIRWAY - STEPHANIE'S BROWNSTONE - DAY 257

Tony races up the stairs.

258 INT: THIRD FLOOR HALLWAY - STEPHANIE'S BROWNSTONE 258
- DAY

Tony walks to Stephanie's door, knocks on it softly.

TONY
Stephanie, please. Let me talk to you. There won't be any of that shit like last night, I promise. I'm sorry about that, Stephanie.

STEPHANIE (OS)
You're sorry?

258 CONTD

258

TONY

Yes. Stephanie, please, I
gotta talk to you. I need to
talk to you. Please.

STEPHANIE (OS)

You need ... you need to talk
to me?

TONY

That's what I been saying. Please.

STEPHANIE (OS)

What you been saying is you gotta
talk to me.

TONY

Same thing.

STEPHANIE (OS)

No, it isn't.

The door opens slowly. Stephanie eyes him warily.

STEPHANIE

No funny stuff?

TONY

No.

STEPHANIE

Come on in.

Tony enters.

259 INT: STEPHANIE'S APARTMENT - DAY

259

Tony comes into the room, stands unmoving at the door.
Stephanie closes the door and backs away cautiously.

STEPHANIE

First time I ever let a known
rapist in.

TONY

I'll just stand right here so
you won't have to worry about
me jumping you.

STEPHANIE

(scrutinizing him)

What's wrong?

259 CONTD

259

TONY

Nothing. I'll tell you later.

STEPHANIE

You don't have to stand there.

260 Tony nods gratefully, wanders about the apartment, 260
looking at the books, the pictures. He stops at a
framed print of Magritte's "The Empire of Light II"
-- which shows a daytime sky above a lamplit nighttime
street. Tony nods, inspects other things, pauses in
front of a print of Hundertwasser's Windows." He turns
to her.

TONY

I been up all night. Riding the
subways, walking around. Looking.

STEPHANIE

At what?

TONY

Looking, just looking. Stephanie,
could I stay here tonight?

STEPHANIE

(admonitory)

Tony.

TONY

I'll sleep on the floor. Tomorrow
-- I got some money saved up the
bank -- I'll get a room. I don't
wanna go back there, I wanna get
outa there, Stephanie.

He shakes his head, puzzled, wonderingly.

STEPHANIE

Whaddya gonna do?

TONY

Get a job.

STEPHANIE

What?

TONY

I don't know. Something. I'll look.
I'll look.

STEPHANIE

What can you do?

260 CONTD

260

TONY

Nothing. Just like you when you started.

STEPHANIE

(piqued)
I could type!

TONY

You mind ... I sit down?

She nods and he sits, his expression inward and sad.

STEPHANIE

Tony ... I'm sorry too, what I said ... using you, practicing my act on you. There're lots of reasons, other reasons.

TONY

Like what?

STEPHANIE

Well, like I always felt better when I seen, saw you. I got sort of like admiration, respect from you ... support like.

261 Tony rises, moves aimlessly about the room, speaks without facing her.

261

TONY

Stephanie, maybe, me being around, in town, we could see each other.

STEPHANIE

(nettled)
Tony, we had that out a long time ago, Tony!

TONY

I don't mean that. I ain't like promoting your pussy. I mean ... I mean like ... friends ... like you said once. We could ... help each other.

STEPHANIE

(scoffing)
Help each other!

261 CONTD

261

TONY

Sure. You ain't so solid what
you're doing, where you're at.
And I sorta think I ain't gonna
be for a while.

Stephanie stares at him, incredulous.

STEPHANIE

You want to be ... friends?!

She begins to laugh wildly. Tony stares at her, begins
to smile.

STEPHANIE

(subsiding)

You think you know how? With a
girl? Could you stand it?

Tony shrugs "I don't know," a silly grin on his face.

STEPHANIE

Awright, awright.

She is suddenly in some private area, solemn, thoughtful.

STEPHANIE

(fervently)

Okay, okay, we'll help each other.
We'll be friends.

262 She smiles, Tony, exuberant, rushes toward her,
abruptly stops a couple of steps from her.

262

STEPHANIE

(almost a whisper)

Okay?

TONY

Okay.

She holds out her hand to him. Tony starts to take it,
hesitates, then grasps her hand. They look at each
other, smile grave smiles. He puts his other hand over
their joined hands. They look down at their clasped
hands, then at each other -- their gaze warm and
searching.

THE END