

SID AND NANCY

3RD
DRAFT

Love

KILLS

By ALEX COX
& ABBE WOOL

© COMMIES FROM MARS INC. 1985
REG. WGA-W

FRIDAY 13 OCTOBER 1978

1. CHELSEA HOTEL, ROOM 100 INTERIOR DAY

SID VICIOUS sits on a bloodstained bed. Tall, rail thin, bruised and pasty white. 21 years old.

SID gazes towards the bathroom of the tiny room. The only window opens onto a ventilator shaft. The walls are dark. SEX PISTOLS posters are the only decor. The floor is thick with garbage, black with blood.

AMBULANCE MEN load a sheet-wrapped body onto a stretcher. A FAT DETECTIVE in a checkered vest sits beside SID on the bed.

DETECTIVE
Who called 911?

SID
Huh?

DETECTIVE
Did you call 911?

SID
What's 911?

The AMBULANCE MEN carry the body out. The DETECTIVE surveys the clothes strewn on the floor. He finds a coat and throws it over SID's shoulders. SID's hands are cuffed behind his back.

2. CHELSEA LOBBY INTERIOR DAY

The walls are packed with grimy pop art. The residents - a mixed bunch of OLD PEOPLE on walkers and wasted PUNKS - back off as the AMBULANCE MEN truck the body through. SID and the DETECTIVE follow. Hotel manager R.G. BARGY talks to reporters.

BARGY
I can't be responsible for what goes on in every room. I have 52 foreign exchange students on that floor --

Suddenly FLASHBULBS start to pop.

REPORTERS
There he is - Sid Vicious -
Why'd you do it, Sid?

At the sight of the REPORTERS, SID's demeanour shifts. He sneers and stiffens, seems to grow in height --

SID
I'll smash your cameras you
stupid fucks --

The DETECTIVE shoves SID thru the lobby doors. FLASHBULBS.

3. CHELSEA HOTEL EXTERIOR DAY

The AMBULANCE doors slam. DETECTIVES hustle SID towards an UNMARKED POLICE CAR. Squinting into the unaccustomed sunlight, SID turns and stares up at the wrought iron balconies of the hotel.

The balconies are packed with people, watching him.

The COPS shove SID into the car. The AMBULANCE takes off. The COP CAR u-turns, heads in the opposite direction. We see SID thru the back window, watching the AMBULANCE.

On the sidewalk REPORTERS cluster around a diminutive PUNKETTE. VIDEO CREW sets up.

PUNKETTE
I actually think it's kind of kool.
I mean I liked her and everything,
but it's just so kool Sid Vicious
killed his girlfriend and she's
DEAD!

4. CHELSEA LOBBY INTERIOR DAY

A COP in a track suit interviews the ANCIENT RESIDENTS. He wears a button that says "Fuck Iran".

COP
Spungen. Nancy Laura. Who was she?

RESIDENT
She was a go-go dancer. One of
those places on Times Square. I
think that's where they met ...

5. ROOM 100 INTERIOR DAY

More COPS sift thru the garbage, finding needles, blackened spoons, burnt bottle caps, papers, bags, eye-droppers - the paraphernalia of junk.

OBVIOUS JUNKY
She was a junky. They were both
junkies. The place is full of them.

DESK CLERK
That's not true. We don't allow
junkies here.

6. HALLWAY INTERIOR DAY

A punk girl, GRETCHEN, maybe 17, fishes in a huge purse for something she can't find. Upset, crying, stoned.

GRETCHEN

Nancy was a real nice girl. Nobody understood her except Sid. She was really nice ...

ANOTHER COP emerges with a large PORTFOLIO. BARGY follows him. The book is full of loose and jumbled pictures - NANCY, platinum blonde, with various rock and roll illuminaries including Aerosmith, The Heartbreakers, Rock Head.

BARGY

You know the type. A camp follower
She'd go to bed with anyone as long
as they were in a GROUP ...

The COP turns up a b/w picture of SID and NANCY --

7. INTERVIEW ROOM INTERIOR DAY

SID VICIOUS sits on a stool under the lights. His shoes and belt have been taken away from him. He wears a black t-shirt and black pants. Coming down from dope, shaking spasmodically, crying. Doors open and close. COPS wander in to check him out.

COPS

Where'd you pick her up?
What did you do it for?
How come the register says you
were married? Who was this
chick - your GROUPIE?

SID

NO!!

The COPS are silent a moment, surprised at the force of this sick junky's anger. Finally --

COPS

Calm down, son. Why so tense?
Just give us the facts about the
corpse.

KINDLY COP

We just want to know who she
was ... Where did you meet her?

FLASHBACK - SPRING 1977

8. TIMES SQUARE EXTERIOR DAY

NANCY SPUNGEN, a compact blonde in Spandex glitter gear, tears across the Square in hysterical tears. Make-up streaming.

9. BLUE FOX INTERIOR DAY

TRELL and GRETCHEN, two more blondes in topless go-go dancers outfits, sit at the bar of the seedy joint. They are adding a liquor high to their junked-out state.

NANCY crashes in. Runs towards the ladies room.

TRELL
(totally spaced)
Hey. Nancy.

NANCY keeps going. GRETCHEN manages to get off her stool and grab NANCY's arm.

GRETCHEN
Nancy. What's wrong?

NANCY
DUKE! He left town! He HATES me!

TRELL
Who?

NANCY
DUKE. My BOYFRIEND!

GRETCHEN
You remember, Trell. She met him at CBGB's. Last week.

TRELL
Oh... yeah ...

NANCY
(gulping with tears)
I went by his place with ... with these ... these BROWNIES I made and ... and there was this other girl there and ... and she said he went to ... to England.

TRELL
Duke Bowman. Guy that plays the pink guitar ...

GRETCHEN
(to TRELL)
Yeah.

GRETCHEN
(to NANCY)
You sure, Nance?

NANCY
Uh huh. He LEFT. I'm
so fucking STUPID! I wish I
was dead.

TRELL
He's not gone ... 'S guitar's
in the pawn shop. Down on ...
(forgets what she's
saying)

The GROSS MANAGER appears from the stock room.

MANAGER
What do I pay you broads for,
anyways? Nancy. Trell. Get up
there and DANCE!

NANCY continues to gulp and sob.

GRETCHEN
FUCK YOU! Nancy. Listen.
What if you rescued his guitar
and took it to England.

NANCY
Sure. I wouldn't be able to
find him. He --

TRELL
I went to England ... When I
was a flight attendant ...

GRETCHEN
Yeah. Nancy, STOP CRYING.
Here --

She offers NANCY a shot of tequila. NANCY slams it back.

GRETCHEN
Okay? Everything's gonna be
kool ...

NANCY breaks into an insecure smile. Takes a sip of
GRETCHEN's Kamikaze. The GROSS MANAGER looms --

FLIP TO:

10. LINDA'S PAD INTERIOR DAY

Spacious Georgian interior. Bay windows and expensive trim.
LINDA daubs the ends of cigarettes with drugs. NANCY sobs
hysterically. LINDA is 25, emaciated, short black crewcut.

NANCY

Only it wasn't kool at all!
I came all the way from New
York just to bring it to him.
He just took it and he slammed
the door! He pretended he didn't
know who I was! He didn't even
say thank you ... We used to have
this really great relationship.

SID'S VOICE O/S

Lindaaaa!!!!

LINDA

Here.

NANCY

(taking the drugs)

Thanks Linda. It's a real waste
to smoke this stuff you know.
Don't you have any NEEDLES?

JOHN'S VOICE O/S

LINDAAAAA!!!

11. BUCKINGHAM PALACE ROAD EXTERIOR DAY

Her Majesty's Royal Horse Guards trot past JOHN and SID
JOHN is tall, hunched over, wears a cowl-like checkered
suit. SID is taller, with a leather jacket and perpetual
beer in hand. Pallid, spotty, devoid of bruises or track
marks.

SID

LINDAAAAAAA!!!

No answer. JOHN dislodges a chunk of broken paving stone,
hands it to SID --

12. LINDA'S PAD INTERIOR DAY

NANCY exhales, lowers the cigarette. Pinpoint pupils.

NANCY

Fuck him and his pink guitar
anyway ...

CRASH. A PAVING STONE flies thru the window.

LINDA

I wonder who that is.

LINDA packs the drug works up, slips them into an antique drawer. She crosses to the window and looks out.

LINDA
NAUGHTY BOYS!

She tosses them her keys. NANCY rushes into the bathroom --

13. STAIRCASE INTERIOR DAY

JOHN and SID charge up the stately stairs. SID bubbles with excitement.

SID
Think Linda's heard yet?

JOHN
I don't expect so, Sidney. It only happened 10 minutes ago. Probably won't be on the news till 6 o'clock.

SID
What? You really think so? Think it'll be on telly?

14. LINDA'S PAD INTERIOR DAY

LINDA unbolts the various locks and deadbolts. MYSTERIOUS STRAPS hang from the back of the door.

The SOUNDS of SID and JOHN carry up the stairs.

NANCY
(shouting from the bathroom)
Aren't you mad at them?

LINDA
What for? The more I trash the place, the more his nibs likes it. You should have seen the damage when the Dolls were here.

The door opens. SID and JOHN plough in.

SID
Ey Linda guess what.

LINDA
You guys got married?

SID
Nah. I'm in the BAND!
The BASS PLAYER. John got us
in.

LINDA
What about the other bloke?

JOHN
We fired him. He washed his
feet too much. Sid doesn't
wash his feet at all.
WHAT'S FOR TEA?

LINDA
Baked beans or champagne.

JOHN
Both, PLEASE!

SID pulls out a spray can. Grafittis SEX PISTOLS ARE GOD
on the walls. NANCY enters, make-up readjusted. Looks
worse than before.

LINDA
Nancy, this is --

NANCY
The SEX PISTOLS?! I LOVE the
SEX PISTOLS! I have all your
albums, back in New York.
(striding up to SID)
Hi, Johnny!

SID
He's John. I'm Sid.

LINDA thrusts a half-eaten plate of beans at SID. She
starts opening a warm bottle of champagne.

NANCY
Playing a gig tonight?

JOHN
"Playing a gig tonight?" Yeah,
we're playing a gig tonight. So
what.

NANCY
So maybe I'll come and check you
out. See if you're as shit as
people say.

JOHN
We're worse. We're 'orrible.

SID grins and drools beans. Washes them down with warm champagne. JOHN stalks towards the door. SID winks and smiles at NANCY.

SID
Fuckin' great we are. Sex
Pistols. Do yourself a favour.

JOHN
BORING!

15. BUCKINGHAM PALACE ROAD EXTERIOR DAY

SID and JOHN tramp along. JOHN pontificates.

JOHN
Bein' a Pistol isn't anything.
You've got to know who your
enemies are. Coppers, churches,
hippies, politicians, royalty,
plutocrats. Sex too. Sex is
bollocks. We are not the
Rolling Stones. We eschew their
bourgeois titillatory media
manipulations...

MEANWHILE SID has paused beside a parked ROLLS ROYCE. JOHN walks on, unaware that SID is no longer with him.

JOHN
You have to demonstrate your
opposition.

SID comes charging up. JOHN turns around.

The ROLLS ROYCE EXPLODES.

16. PARADISE CLUB EXTERIOR NIGHT

NANCY and LINDA cross the street, clad in their all-black gig wear. LINDA wears a silver wig. The PARADISE CLUB is a former striptease joint. MALCOLM stands outside pretending that it still is.

MALCOLM
Lovely girls, ten different
girls. All nude, all the time.
Step inside, gents. Naughty
but nice!

LINDA
(gruff voice)
Ere. These bints. They
ain't FOREIGN, is they?

MALCOLM
No sir, not in the least.
Every one an English rose,
know what I mean?

MALCOLM winks and ushers them inside.

17. PARADISE CLUB INTERIOR NIGHT

The early SIOUXIE & THE BANSHEES on stage. This is the beginning of British punk, with hippies, punks and teddy boys in equal numbers. All applaud politely between songs. The hippies hand out flowers.

JOHN lurks among the OLD HOOKERS and MALTEST GANGSTERS at the bar. With him are supporters BRENDA, CLIVE & GLORIA. CLIVE is wearing a Cambridge Rapist mask. SID is dancing.

LINDA and NANCY buy cans of lager. NANCY takes a sip and grimaces --

NANCY
English beer tastes really
weird.

BRENDA
Don't drink that, dear. .
Malcolm's bought all these
cans of lager that are out of
date. Buys 'em for 2½p, sells
'em for 50. Make you sick.

JOHN laughs. NANCY frowns. The gig ends.

NANCY
(to JOHN)
Thanks for telling me, asshole.

JOHN ignores her. He watches SID push his way thru the crowd.

SID
(arriving)
'Ere John. See me nut that
hippy? 'E won't come here again -

JOHN
I couldn't see anything. My
senses were obliterated by those
fuckin' cymbals. I hate cymbals.

SID

Me too. I hate cymbals, coppers,
churches, politicians, hippies --

PHOEBE arrives. 23, black, conservatively punk. Malcolm's
secretary. She thrusts a BASS GUITAR into SID's hands.

PHOEBE

Get up there and fulfill our
contractual obligation.

SID starts for the stage. JOHN grabs his arm.

JOHN

Ey, Sid. Nick Kent.

JOHN indicates a JOURNALIST entering the club. SID's good
eye narrows. He marches toward KENT. PHOEBE sighs and JOHN
leers.

JOHN

Go, Sidney, go. Good boy!

PHOEBE

John --

NANCY

Who's Nick Kent?

PHOEBE

This journalist that doesn't
appreciate the Pistols.

LINDA

Phoebe, this is Nancy. She's
from America. Just off the
boat.

NANCY watches SID tap NICK KENT on the shoulder. KENT
turns around and receives SID's GUITAR in the face. KENT
falls down. SID launches a flurry of kicks, none of which
connect with KENT. He heads for the stage.

JOHN

When you're ready, Sidney.
One, two, three, four ---

THE PISTOLS launch into a ragged, white-noise version of
Rock Around The Clock. NANCY drags LINDA into the throng.
The two girls crash and collide with each other and their
neighbours. CLIVE and BRENDA follow suit.

18. LINDA'S PAD INTERIOR NIGHT

Bodies, mattresses and blankets on the floor. SEVERAL PISTOLS and the Bromley Contingent of BRENDA, CLIVE, GLORIA and CO. NANCY removes her glitter top and several hundredweight of jewellery. She wears no bra. Her underpants say "I hate Housework". She climbs beneath the blankets next to John --

CLIVE'S VOICE

Is it in yet?

GLORIA'S VOICE

I don't know. I think so...

JOHN

You're not getting anythink.

NANCY

What?

JOHN

You heard. Fuckin' Americans.
Sex is all you ever fink about.
None of us fuck, see. Sex is
ugly. Hippie free love shit.
Slurpin'...

NANCY

You're insane.

NANCY gets up, confiscating one of JOHN's blankets.

JOHN

Gimme me blanket.

NANCY

Fuck you.

NANCY lays down on another mattress. Next to her is a mop of tangled black hair and a long white back. She shivers and investigates it. Exaggerated SNORING SOUNDS are heard.

SID

(muffled)

No fuckin' ... ugly ...
slurpin' ...

NANCY

Jesus Christ!

NANCY turns over, pulls the blankets tight around herself.
SID lays with one eye open, making snoring noises, terrified.

19 MAN IN THE MOON PUB INTERIOR DAY

All four PISTOLS lob handfuls of darts at the dart boards.
They are very drunk. It is lunchtime.

STEVE

Who lost?

JOHN

Paul did.

SID

Maths genius. Choirboy.

STEVE

Go on, Paul. Get the darts.

PAUL

Let me see your hands ...

(backs toward the wall)

... Keep 'em where I can see

'em ... Bastards ... I'm
watching you.

SID pretends to throw a dart at him. PAUL cracks up.
They ALL produce 6 MORE DARTS and hurl them at him.

ALL

AHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAH!

PUBLICAN

Steady on, boys, no more than
six darts in the air at one
time!

PAUL

You fucking bastards! It's not
funny! You could put me
fucking eye out -- Stick me in
the BRAIN! I couldn't play drums --

JOHN

Can't play 'em anyhow!

Three of DUKE BOWMAN's GLITTERATI enter the pub, accompanied
by MEMBERS of the PRESS.

SID

Speaking of cunts who can't play!

The PISTOLS lob beermats and spit. JOHN assumes a hunchback
crouch, sits down scowling, slugging beer. The PRESS spot
the jocular and abusive PISTOLS and become excited.

DUKE BOWMAN is the last of the longhairs to enter. NANCY is close behind him, bitching and haranguing.

STEVE

Hello girls! Where'd you get your perms?

GLITTER BOYS

(dimly)

Er - fuck you!

BEER MATS sail at the PISTOLS. The PISTOLS reply with DARTS. DUKE BOWMAN rants at NANCY.

DUKE

I never asked you to come out here anyways! Get the FUCK out of my LIFE!

He throws his beer in her face. NANCY is stunned, then mortified. Everyone watches her, except for the PRESS who have deserted the GLITTERATI for JOHN. She rushes out. SID moves --

REPORTERS

Hey, Johnny, how about a PICTURE? What do you think about Northern Ireland? What's it like to be a Fashion Trendsetter? Are you a Communist? Can Sid Vicious play?

JOHN

Sod off. At least he's not BORING like you. Pathetic - Old - Hippy - FARTS!

PAUL

Four more pints, Sids!

STEVE

Four more pints for me, too!

20. KINGS ROAD EXTERIOR DAY

NANCY is in tears, punching the wall. SID emerges, watches her. Immediately she wipes her eyes, smearing her eyeliner.

SID

Whatsa matter?

NANCY

Those fuckers ripped me off for fifty quids! Cocksuckers!

She scrapes her knuckles up and down the wall.

SID
Fifty quid? Wot, stole it
out your purse like?

NANCY
Almost. I gave it to 'em
the first night I was here.
Scumbags! They pulled the
same trip on my girlfriend
in New York! She nearly
DIED!

She hits the wall again. SID grabs her hands.

NANCY
Fuckin' junkies! You can never
trust a junky.

SID
Junkes, are they?

NANCY
Isn't everyone?

SID
Think you can get ME
some?

NANCY
Maybe. Let go of my
hands.

SID pulls out some money. Eyes her bleeding hands.

SID
That looks like it hurts.

NANCY
It does.

SID
So does this.

SID rolls back his leather jacket sleeve, revealing an
infected homemade tattoo. NANCY is impressed.

NANCY
Give me twenty. I'll be back
in an hour.

NANCY runs for the BUS. SID stands outside the Man in the
Moon. She turns and waves and jumps aboard --

21 CREST HOTEL ROOM INTERIOR DAY

NANCY sits on the edge of a twin bed. ROCK HEAD, a down and dirty U.S. rocker, no shirt, leather pants, takes a GIDEON BIBLE from a drawer. It's full of FIXING TOOLS and LITTLE BAGS. IRANIAN REVOLUTION on TV.

ROCK
(grinning like a wolf)
You understand I don't sell normally. This is all for personal consumption.

He takes out tiny scales and weighs a bag.

ROCK
The pressures of the road.
I guess I don't have to tell you about that, Nancy. Whether it's sex or dope or stamp collecting, you got to have that sideways pressure valve --

NANCY
Can I have two dimes?

ROCK
TWO? Gee, I don't know. These are BIG DIMES. I'm really shafting myself letting you have one.

NANCY
Come on, Rock. For old times sake.

ROCK
Old times, hmm? Nancy, that's sweet.

NANCY
So how 'bout those dimes?

ROCK
I'll sell you two for one if you'll fuck me and split one right now. Deal? For old times sake?

NANCY considers several options. ROCK pours drugs into a spoon.

NANCY
Deal.

RAIN starts to hit the window.

22. MAN IN THE MOON EXTERIOR NIGHT

It's raining. SID VICIOUS waits stoically in the door. He stamps his feet and digs his hands into his pockets. Stares at himself in the glass. Very cold.

SID's friend BILLY arrives. Just as SID takes his cues from JOHN, BILLY takes his cues from SID. He has a motorcycle jacket and spiky black hair.

BILLY
Wotcha, Sid. Coming for
a pint?

SID
Nah. I'm waitin' for this
bird.

BILLY
Fuckin' A. What's her name?

SID
Nancy.

BILLY
Nancy. You mean that American
bird? The junky?

SID
She ain't a junky.

BILLY
Friend of Linda's? Been
staying over there? Nancy.
She's a junky.

SID
Yeah, well anyway. I'm
waitin' for her.

BILLY shakes his head. He puts an arm around SID's shoulder - pulls him into the boozier -

LANDLORD'S VOICE
Let's have your glasses please!

23. CAMBRIDGE CIRCUS EXTERIOR DAY

SID and BILLY reel out of another boozier. BILLY wears a bright red leather jacket. Rich kid. SID has his usual clobber on.

SID
 -- so the next thing I know,
 there's these three big rastas
 towerin' over me and Wobble's
 nowhere to be seen. One of 'em
 says, you lookin' for trouble,
 mon? and I say, FUCKIN! YEAH!
 and then --

BILLY
 Really? Is this really true?

SID
 YEAH! I think so...

BILLY and SID plod unsteadily along. A BENTLEY with
 blacked-out windows cruises past.

BILLY
 Rod Stewart at two o'clock.
 (they both aim
 imaginary machine guns)
 Bubbadabubbadabubbadabubbadam--

The BENTLEY turns a corner.

24. BENTLEY INTERIOR DAY

NANCY sits in the back with ROCK HEAD. In front sit ROCK
 HEAD'S CHAUFFEUR and ANOTHER BLONDE. ROCK is strung out and
 mean. NANCY'S eyeliner has run.

ROCK
 (slamming his fist into
 his palm)
 Go thru that door and climb
 to the top of the stairs.
 Don't speak to anyone. Ask
 for Asrhaf. Don't let her
 keep you waiting.

The BENTLEY pulls up.

NANCY
 I got a broken heel --

He pushes NANCY out into the street.

BLONDE
 And don't get BURNED!

25. SOHO EXTERIOR DAY

NANCY limps on one stiletto heel into the building. SID and BILLY come around the corner.

BILLY
Supposedly there's clubs all
over Soho where you can drink
like after hours or in the
afternoon. Don't know where they
are ...

SID
Fuckin' not fair us having to
wander the streets pissed up
for three hours every afternoon --

BILLY
'Ere, Sid! It's that bird who
robbed you!

26. BENTLEY INTERIOR DAY

ROCK lays catatonic in the back seat. His fingers tremble.

ROCK
I hate ... to wait ...
(SIRENS. A white
POLICE JAG hurtles
round the corner)
GET ME OUT OF HERE!

The CHAUFFEUR puts his foot down. The BLONDE eyes NANCY's
suitcases and bags --

BLONDE
What about her stuff?

27. SOHO EXTERIOR DAY

NANCY's stuff flies out of the back window. The BENTLEY
disappears. The COP CAR disappears as well. SID prods a
bag of NANCY's clothes. NANCY stumbles one-heeled down the
stairs. She sees her belongings and pushes past SID.

NANCY
My CLOTHES! MOTHERFUCKERS!
(starts picking up
her things. Thumps
BILLY)
Aren't you going to HELP
ME?

BILLY helps her. SID looms menacingly over NANCY, hefting
his bike chain.

SID
 Fuck that. Where's my £20.
 Ey! You!

She ignores him.

SID
 Nobody fucks with me, see. I
 oughta kick your fuckin' 'ead in.

NANCY
 Shut up and give me a hand. The
 BASTARD!

SID
 What about my DRUGS ---

Oh here. NANCY

She thrusts a package into SID's hands, gathers her things.
 SID starts to open it at once. She stops him.

NANCY
 You can't run drugs on the sidewalk,
 Johnny. What are you an IDIOT?

SID
 I'm Sid --

BILLY (brightly)
 Wanna use my gaff?

28. CLISSOLD ROAD EXTERIOR DUSK

NANCY, SID and BILLY jump off the 73 BUS and march briskly up
 the road. SCHOOLCHILDREN in green uniforms swarm past. BILLY
 opens the gate to a terraced house. Nice neighbourhood.

29. BILLY'S PAD INTERIOR DUSK

The top floor flat. BILLY is a very tidy boy. He has
 pictures of Marc Bolan and the Pistols on his walls. He also
 has a guinea pig named MARTIN. BILLY and SID look on intently
 as NANCY prepares to shoot up.

NANCY
 -- so I went to this audition at CBGB's
 and he asked me, can you sing like
 Debbie Harry? The shithead. It's a
 bad deal looking like an established
 star, let me tell you.

She draws the liquid dope out of the spoon. Everything is
 intensely clean and gleaming.

She searches for a vein. Her arm is very thin. No veins are visible.

NANCY

Not that I resent her. We're both good friends, actually.

She finishes hitting up. Prepares another shot.

NANCY

Who's next?

BILLY and SID exchange a glance. SID hesitates. BILLY extends a healthy arm.

NANCY

You've both done this before, right?

BILLY & SID

Oh, yeah ...

NANCY

Okay. I'll give you a good hit.

30. BATHROOM INTERIOR DUSK

BILLY vomits into the toilet. SID laughs at him. NANCY leans against the bed. SID fiddles with the fixings.

SID

Fuckin' light weight. Piss artist. 'E's never done it before.

NANCY

You're making a mess. Want me to help you?

SID

Fuck off.

She helps him anyway.

BLACKOUT

31. BATHROOM INTERIOR NIGHT

SID convulses on the bathroom floor. NANCY bends over him, wipes puke off his mouth. BILLY watches, spaced.

OUTSIDE, the clattering rumble of trains on the North London Line. Yellow coachlights strobe across them endlessly --

BLACKOUT

32. BEDROOM INTERIOR NIGHT

NANCY lays SID down on BILLY's bed. SID curls up foetally. She lays down next to him and strokes his hair. After a while, SID turns over and embraces her. BILLY watches, spaced.

BLACKOUT

33. BEDROOM INTERIOR NIGHT

SID and NANCY make love. It is apparent that SID is new to all this. NANCY dictates the moves. Though an amateur, SID is increasingly enthusiastic.

34. BEDROOM INTERIOR EARLY MORNING

NANCY and SID fall apart, exhausted. Outside, it is getting light. Raining. NANCY looks at SID, for a long time, then rises, begins gathering her things.

NANCY

Well, I guess I better go.

SID

Why?

NANCY

I'm bad news. Everybody says so.

SID

Fuck it.

NANCY looks at SID again. There is no misunderstanding. She gets back into bed. They embrace --

35. BASEMENT INTERIOR NIGHT

CLIVE drags a ladder around. On top of it GLORIA is painting the fluorescent strip lights red. Mattresses are piled against the walls. STEVE tried to teach SID a bass line. JOHN and PAUL sit against the wall. BRENDA is bandaging JOHN's face.

SID tries to sing the chorus at the same time

SID

And we don't fuckin' care!

JOHN

No! No 'fuckin'! It's WE don't care! Ow! Careful! OW!

BRENDA

Sorry. But you're going to look lovely.

STEVE

No, no, no. You got four strings on a bass, Sid. One, two, three...

Red paint drips on JOHN. High heels clatter down the stairs. NANCY enters wearing a rubber mack and Anarchy armbands. Her arms are full of parcels and takeaway food.

NANCY

Pizza time!

SID drops the bass immediately. He embraces NANCY. PAUL relieves her of her load.

SID

Mm-mm Pizza my favourite food!

GLORIA

(jumping off the ladder)
Mine too!

NANCY sees JOHN's bandages. She is shocked.

NANCY

Oh my God, Johnny! What happened to you?

JOHN

None of yer business.

GLORIA

John got attacked by Fascists for being rude about the queen.

CLIVE

Shock horror of punk!

SID

It happened to Siouxi, too.
She got duffed up.
(opening another package)
What's in 'ere?

NANCY

Chocolate.

SID gobbles chocs. He kisses her again. Pizza, chocolate and lipstick smear across her face. STEVE and PAUL chow.

JOHN
Go on, Steve. Get on with it.
He still hasn't got a clue.

STEVE
(chewing)
Yes sir, Malcolm. Half a mo.

BRENDA tries to feed JOHN some pizza. Disgusted, JOHN heads for the door.

NANCY
Don't you want any pizza, Johnny?

SLAM. BRENDA follows him.

BRENDA
He doesn't like to be called
Johnny. Likes to be called John.

SID and NANCY share a long pizza/chocolate/lipstick kiss.
STEVE and PAUL pack up the guitars, troop out too.

PAUL
Fuckin' cabbies, that's what we
should be. Make 200 quid a week
bein' a cabbie

NANCY
(alone with SID)
I don't think Johnny likes me.

SID
He don't like anyone. Fuck 'im

NANCY
You like me, don't you?
(SID nods)
Kiss my toes

SID
Want me to?

NANCY
Yeah.

SID drops down before her and pulls off her boots. Deliberate and sensuous, he starts to kiss her toes. NANCY leans back against the wall.

36. WAREHOUSE EXTERIOR NIGHT

PAUL emerges just ahead of STEVE. A BLUR next to him ---

VOICE
Fuckin punks! TRAITORS!

PAUL is whacked with an IRON BAR. They run away. STEVE takes off after them --

37. THE SILVERY THAMES EXTERIOR DAY

Seen from above, a bulky pleasure BOAT, the QUEEN ELIZABETH, parts the waters. The deck is packed with REPORTERS and PUNKS. National Anthem plays.

38. QUEEN ELIZABETH EXTERIOR DAY

MALCOLM squeezes thru the crowd with PAUL in tow. He's trying to round up members of the band. As fast as he can find one, another disappears.

BILLY, CLIVE and CO. are tossing lifebelts overboard.

PHOEBE
John's in the lav, Malc. Seasick.

MALCOLM
Seasick? Why can't he puke over the side? That's why we have PHOTOGRAPHERS --

39. BELOW DECKS INTERIOR DAY

A CHOCOLATE EATING ORGY in progress in the bar. A VIDEOTAPE of the notorious BILL GRUNDY INTERVIEW plays. SID'S MUM is surrounded by REPORTERS. GLORIA is passed out on the floor.

SID playfully pretends to stangle NANCY. BRENDA tries to fit earrings in his ear. JOURNALISTS mill around.

REPORTER
Is this your girlfriend, Sid?

SID
Which one?

SID pretends to bang their heads together. SID, NANCY and BRENDA all fall fighting to the floor.

NANCY & BRENDA
We both are! We love Sid Vicious!
Yay Sex Pistols! Give us money, pigs!

SID'S MUM (to REPORTERS)
I think it's awful, them being beaten up like this. They're all such nice boys. And anyway I always thought this

was a free country. I remember when Simon - Sid, I mean - was just a little boy, he couldn't bear to be away from me. Not even for a second. I couldn't send him to the shop or anything. It was as if he thought the house would disappear....

NANCY presents SID with a gaily wrapped box. He tears it open and pulls out a PADLOCK and CHAIN. NANCY hangs it around his neck and clicks the lock.

SID
Kool. Where's the key?

NANCY
What key?

SID
Hahahahahahaha

REPORTER
You mum says you're a nice boy, Sid. Care to comment?

NANCY
(twisting SID's collar)
Sid's not nice AT ALL! He's the meanest bastard that ever walked the earth! FUCK YOU!
(withering look from SID'S MUM)
I wish MY mom was here. She's real supportive of ME!

JOHN emerges, green faced, from the gents. Trips over GLORIA. PHOEBE appears and grabs him.

PHOEBE
John. Malcolm wants you upstairs.

JOHN
Oh fuck...Sid. Steve. 's go.

STEVE absuptly terminates his Carlsberg bottle juggling. PHOEBE drags him upstairs. SID stays with NANCY.

JOHN
Sid! Hey, STUPID!

SID
What?

NANCY
(cuffing him)
Don't answer to "Stupid"!

JOHN
Sid. Upstairs.

NANCY
Why bother?

JOHN
What?

NANCY
You got no P.A. up there. No speakers. No one's going to hear you.

JOHN
Who the FUCK are you?

BRENDA
Fuck off, John, she's his girlfriend. Just cause you can't keep one --

SID
Yeah, huh huh. Fuckin' homosexual.

JOHN can't believe his ears. He flips them off and splits. SID grins and immediately feels guilty --

SID
Spose I'd better go too, uh ...

NANCY plants a big kiss on his lips. She musses his carefully spiked "do".

SID
Don't fuck with my hair!

40. QUEEN ELIZABETH EXTERIOR DUSK

JOHN, STEVE and PAUL attempt Anarchy In The UK. Feedback from JOHN's mike drowns out his voice.

POLICE LAUNCHES close in.

41. GENTS INTERIOR DUSK

SID tries to tease his hair back into spikes. NANCY helps him with a variety of products including Vicks Vapo Rub, Crisco, egg whites, chip fat and K.Y. Jelly. Above decks, the BAND is heard.

NANCY

But, Sid, I love your hair --

SID

It doesn't matter. It takes ages
to make it stick up properly --

NANCY

(shoving her hands down his pants)
Make WHAT stick up properly?

SID

Not that. NANCY. I'm supposed ...
to be ... upstairs ...

They kiss impetuously. Fall out of sight beneath the wash
basin. Upstairs, the MUSIC ends abruptly. Police WHISTLES
and running feet are heard.

42. DOCK EXTERIOR NIGHT

Sub-Mission plays on the SOUNDTRACK. The COPS are picking
on BRENDA. Mocking and insulting. MALCOLM, PHOEBE and CO.
pile on. Major fighting. ALL are beaten up and forced
into BLACK MARIAS. A MASS OF PUNKS flee. DRUNK REPORTERS
stagger and fall, ignoring the deranged COPS dragging WOMEN
by their legs and hair. MANIC PANIC.

Unnoticed, SID and NANCY stumble down the gangplank carrying
armloads of chocolates. Wrapped around each other they slink
hastily away

43. LINDA'S PAD INTERIOR DAY

NANCY lies in LINDA's pink fur-lined bedroomed. She is sick
and shivering. SID strokes her hair. LINDA struggles into
a rubber bondage harness, listening to the phone. No one
there. She hangs up and pulls on a FLORAL PRINT SILK DRESS.

LINDA

Nobody there. I've got to go,
Sid. Appointment at the House
of Lords.

SID

What about Nancy? Should I make
her a cup of tea?

LINDA

Cup of tea won't make a difference,
Sid. You've got to come up with
some money and get her some smack.

SID

How am I supposed to do that?
Maybe she just needs some sleep.

LINDA

Sid. It's not a hangover. She
can't sleep it off. If you don't
get her something, she'll get
sicker and sicker --

LINDA exits, stuffing a WHIP in her purse. NANCY groans
loudly.

NANCY

My BONES hurt

SID gets up - sits down - gets up again -

SID

Oh shit --

44. KINGS ROAD EXTERIOR DAY

A TORY GENTLEMAN exits the CONSERVATIVE CLUB next door and
enters MALCOLM'S SHOP.

45. SEDITIONARIES INTERIOR DAY

SID is lurking, following MALCOLM around. BRENDA waits on
the TORY GENT.

TORY GENT

Do you still have the box of ..
SPECIAL STUFF?

BRENDA

The BONDAGE ITEMS! Yes sir.
In the back!

MALCOLM

What do you want, Sid?

SID

Oh I don't know. Can I have
some money?

MALCOLM

Sid, as a Sex Pistol all your human
needs are seen to. Food, beer,
designer wardrobe. Why do you want
money?

SID

Little things around the house. It's not for me exactly. It's for Nancy. She's been sick.

MALCOLM

She's not sick, Sid. She's a SHOOTING GALLERY.

SID

That doesn't mean she can't get poorly. She's got a runny nose and like, she's all hot --

MALCOLM

That's the way you'll be and all if you don't smarten up. Look at the state of your arms. Old Bill takes a look at you, you're down to the NICK.

(affecting a Harrod's accent for a customer, CLIVE)

Nyoss, sir?

(Clive indicates a t-shirt depicting TWO GAY COWBOYS BUMPING COCKS)

Twelve pound ninety nine!

CLIVE antes up and puts the t-shirt on. He steps into the street and is immediately pounded upon by TWO COPS.

SID

Can I have a bit of money, Malcolm?

MALCOLM

You going deaf? You're out of order, lad. I know all about you. Laying in bed all day, dissipating your manly strength. Got your PASSPORT PHOTOS yet?

SID

I was goin' to do that next. Another reason I need money.

MALCOLM

Fine. Here's 40p.

SID

Gimme some money or I'll SMASH YOUR FACE IN!

MALCOLM

No money. Not until the tour.

46. PHONE BOX INTERIOR NIGHT

NANCY leans sickly against the glass. SID holds the phone up to her ear.

NANCY

(shouting)

Guess what, Mom? We got MARRIED!
Me and SID! SID VICIOUS, you
remember! From the Sex Pistols!
No I'm not pregnant! We did it
cause we love each other. We're
IN LOVE! You'll love him too.
He's nothing like the papers say
He's a real LAMB. So, anyway, why
don't you send us a WEDDING PRESENT
for our HONEYMOON? No, no we don't
have anywhere to live right now.
Why don't you just send us some
MONEY? No, I'M NOT. I just got a
little cold, that's all. It's late
here. I'm sleepy. Why NOT? I am
SO married! I AM! BASTARDS! YOU
DON'T CARE ABOUT ME! IF YOU DON'T
SEND US BOTH MONEY, WE'RE BOTH
GONNA DIE! FUCK YOU!!

NANCY knocks the phone out of SID's hands. She freaks out,
bashing her fists against the glass. A window breaks.
SID tries to restrain her - eyes glazed, rigid, hyper-
ventilating --

NANCY

Those COCKSUCKERS! MOTHERFUCKING
CUNTS! They wouldn't send us ANY
MONEY! They said we'd spend it on
DRUGS!

SID

We would.

NANCY

It doesn't matter. They didn't
believe me. My own family doesn't
trust me. Everybody HATES ME, Sid ...

SID

I love you, Nancy. Your hand's
bleeding.

NANCY

GOOD!

Furious again, she tries to scrape her wrists against the broken window. SID pins his arms around her. They fall to the ground.

SID

They're stingy bastards, Nance.
Don't think about 'em anymore.

NANCY

Oh, I can't blame them, Sidney.
They're afraid.

SID

(brightening)

Of me?

NANCY

No, of me. I've been so much trouble for them all. I tried to kill my mother with a hammer. I tried to kill my babysitter and my cat. They used to lock me in the basement so I wouldn't hurt my brother and sister. I got kicked out of all my schools. I didn't know what I was doing half the time. They had me on THORAZINE when I was NINE --

(SID laughs)

It's NOT FUNNY, Sid. It's true. I tried to kill myself when I was ten years old

47. OUTSKIRTS OF UXBRIDGE EXTERIOR DAY

Empty streets. Jubilee shit EVERYWHERE. The Sex Pistol's windowless COMMER VAN streaks thru the desolate suburb.
VERY MENACING.

48. VAN INTERIOR DAY

SID and NANCY are being interviewed. STEVE is the only other Pistol present. He makes-out with a tall SWEDISH GIRL. SID seems to be on the nod. It's NANCY's first interview and she is being very cooperative with the REPORTER

NANCY

I left home when I was like 11.
When I was 15, I was livin' in New York. I was an exotic dancer. That's like with no clothes on. Sid didn't know anything about sex before he met me. The first night we screwed he wet the bed. But

72

don't you think he has a sexual
sort of "aura" now? That's cause
of me. What?

JOURNALIST
Are you a groupie, Nancy?

NANCY frowns. SID "wakes up" for a second.

SID
Nancy ain't a groupie. Nancy...
is.... (drifts off again)

NANCY
(kissing him)
Thank you, Sid.

49. UXBRIDGE COLLEGE EXTERIOR NIGHT

Many punks. Policemen. Demonstrating UXBRIDGE CHRISTIAN
YOUTH. A THRONG of SKINS and BURLY OAFS approach the
building in formation. NF'ers. The UXBRIDGE CHRISTIAN
YOUTH applaud.

50. UXBRIDGE COLLEGE INTERIOR NIGHT

A HUGE GYMNASIUM packed with PUNKS. The PISTOLS perform
NO FEELINGS on a makeshift stage. Awful accoustics. SID
does his best to keep up.

CLIVE
Where'd all these punks come from?
Couple of months ago we were the
only punks in London. Now there's
1000 like.

BRENDA
Don't you read the papers? We're a
youth movement. FOULMOUTHED YOBS
ON THE DOLE.

GLORIA
Boorish, obnoxious, dirty and
arrogant.

ABBY
(holding a baby with a tiny mohican)
We eat babies.

The song ends. Immediately, SID gets accosted by a TED.
A small BRAWL ensues.

MALCOLM

Ah, Phoebe. Perhaps you'd like to supervise our Sidney for a month or two.

PHOEBE

No way!

MALCOLM

Ah, go on. You'd be a good influence. Why not?

PHOEBE

Infectious hepatitis. Loony girlfriend. Drugs. It's time he went back to his Mum's.

The band plays on. The gang of NF SKINS breaks down the exit doors. A plug is pulled. All the lights go out. The music dies. BEDLAM.

51. SID'S MUM'S HOUSE INTERIOR DAY

Lace curtains, bullfight posters, antique hippy gear, several television sets in boxes, motorcycle engine on a table in the lounge. NANCY lays prone in front of a TV. SID paces up and down, drug-ansty.

SID

Fuck. Fuck it. FuckfuckFUCKIT!

NANCY

What's the matter?

SID

Can't find my ACTION MAN!

NANCY

You mean your G.I. JOE. Last place I saw him was in bed.

SID

I had it in my hand five minutes ago. Fuckin! Fucking valuable it is! Had it since I was a nipper. WANT TO KILL!

Nancy finds Action Man beneath a mangled item of clothing. She picks it up and tosses it at SID.

NANCY

Suck on this.

The MALE WAR DOLL lands in the sink among the FILTHY DISHES.

SID

Aaaah, he drowned ----

NANCY

I used to have a SPECIAL HAIR BARBIE. You dipped her hair in this solution and it turned from purple to like carrot top.

SID

You mean SINDY. Why don't you do these dishes, Nance?

NANCY

WHAT? WHAT DID YOU SAY TO ME?

SID

Nuffink. Fuck. I'll wash 'em myself.

NANCY

Something wrong, Sid? Did you do some SPEED?

SID

Nah. Well, yeah. Only a bit though. I was bored. Where's the soap?

NANCY

Up your ass.

SID starts washing the dishes with cold water and spit.
NANCY stubs her cigarette out in a Grecian-column ashtray.
She tips the ashtray on the floor.

SID

NANCY! Me mum'll be home soon!

SID starts picking up the butts.

NANCY

So what. How do you know which is her garbage and which is yours?

SID starts up an enormous HOOVER, trundles it back and forth across the floor. NANCY gets up, stamps up out of the room.

SID

(shouting above the vacuum)
It's the LEAST I can do! What with her WORKING all day risking her life as a MOTORCYCLE MESSENGER!

NANCY'S VOICE

ASSHOLE! IF YOU WERE EARNING HALF
OF WHAT YOU'RE WORTH YOU COULD
AFFORD TO BUY YOUR MOM A HARLEY!
PRICK!!

SID

SHUT THE FUCK UP! IF IT WEREN'T
FOR ME MUM'S KINDNESS WE'D BE ON
THE STREET!

NANCY'S VOICE

AND IF IT WEREN'T FOR YOUR STUPIDITY
WE'D BE LIVING IN OUR OWN APARTMENT
IN PARIS! FRANCE!

52. MUM'S BEDROOM INTERIOR DAY

SID pushes the Hoover past the bedroom door. He looks
aghast at NANCY who has turned out all his mother's drawers
and cupboards and is donning an EXXAGERATED HIPPIY OUTFIT -
tie-dye peasant dress, beads, headband and clogs. She
pirouettes disgustedly.

NANCY

Can you believe this shit?
YEEAACH!!

SID

Put that back. That's me mother's

NANCY

Oh really? I thought it was yours.

NANCY tries to push past him. He grabs her arms. She
breaks free and slaps him. He slaps her back.

NANCY

(eyes full of tears)
That's it, scumbag. I'm not living
here no more.

53. STREET EXTERIOR DAY

NANCY tramps down the road carrying a suitcase and Harrod's
bags. SID pursues her carrying another - broken - case.

SID

FINE! Piss off when the GOING
GETS TOUGH! Insult me ONLY
FUCKING MOTHER!

NANCY
FUCK BOTH OF YOU! YOU LOVE HER
MORE THAN ME!

SID
YEAH, I DO AND ALL!

NANCY
FAGGOT!

Incensed, SID throws her suitcase down. NANCY whirls round - the tie-dye dress swirls up - she sees it reflected in a shop window.

NANCY
Aaagh! Help me! I'm wearing
HIPPI CLOTHES!

SID
(laughing)
You look nice, Nance.

NANCY
AAGH! AAGH! AAGH!

Horrified, NANCY tears off the clothes. Pulling new items from the Harrods bag, she gets changed in the street. Laughing, SID picks up the discarded clothes.

54. LINDA'S PAD INTERIOR DAY

The door is slightly open. JOHN enters. Closing it, he sees a frightened-looking MIDDLE-AGED MAN hanging from manacles on the back. LINDA is reading "Spare Rib" and drinking champagne in the front room, now GRAFITTI CITY.

JOHN
All right. Where is he?
(LINDA indicates the kitchen)
Is he out of it?
(she nods)
You know you gat a naked feller
hanging on your door.

LINDA
Oh don't mind him. That's Edward.
He's one of my customers. Just
abuse him now and then and he'll
be good as gold.

EDWARD'S VOICE
(whining, refined)
Don't hurt me .. for God's sake
don't hurt me

JOHN
SHADAAAP!!

55. KITCHEN INTERIOR DAY

Black Label crates and much grafitti. Painting of a noble horse by Constable in the sink. Mattress, TV set and NANCY'S bags.

SID and NANCY have fallen asleep fucking. SID's body is dead weight on hers. He snores. She wheezes. JOHN nudges SID with his toe.

JOHN
Sid. Sidney. Sid. WAKE UP, DEAR!

SID grunts and rolls off NANCY. Does not wake.

JOHN
C'mon Sid. Get up. Come with me.
(SID mumbles no)
You're getting on Linda's NERVES --

JOHN walks around the mattress, kicks SID.

SID
Fucking' STOP IT!

JOHN
Surprised you can even FEEL IT!

NANCY
Leave us alone.

NANCY hurls a champagne bottle at him. JOHN ducks and his shades fall into the sink. SID and NANCY laugh and cuddle. JOHN fishes in the fetid sink.

JOHN
Me GLASSES, fuckin' great! I just want yer to GET UP, Sid. You ought to get out more. It STINKS in here. We got to learn some more songs. I got us two tickets to ROCK HEAD. I hear he's cleaned up his act, don't do ANY drugs or drink at all, hardly ---
(to NANCY)
-- and he's all the better for it!

NANCY
I know Rock Head.

JOHN
I bet you do. Sidney, let's go

NANCY
(licking Sid's ear)
Rock Head's got the BEST drugs.

SID
Let's go see ROCK HEAD!

NANCY and SID get up and begin selecting wardrobe from the pile of dirty clothes. JOHN covers his eyes.

NANCY
Like the new BLACK BRA Sid bought me!

56. BELGRAVIA HOTEL EXTERIOR DAY

NANCY marches toward the venerable hotel, pursued by stumbling SID and recalcitrant JOHN. SID wears a Ken-doll cowboy suit.

JOHN
Super unkool, this is. Fuckin' groupie stuff. I don't want to be here.

SID
Rock Head, man. She knows Rock Head.

JOHN jams SID's leg in the REVOLVING DOOR ---

57. BELGRAVIA LOBBY INTERIOR DAY

NANCY stamps up to the BUTLER at the reception desk.

NANCY
The SEX PISTOLS for MR. HEAD!

SID
COR! Worra fuckin' palace!
I wish I lived here!

SID falls down. JOHN sinks into his coat and scowls.

JOHN
(to a passing FOOTMAN)
What you lookin' at?

NANCY leads them into the LIFT --

58. ROCK HEAD'S SUITE INTERIOR DAY

ROCK'S SECRETARY opens the door. Present are ROCK'S TRAINER, ROCK'S BUSINESS MANAGER and ROCK'S UPTOWN GROUPIE. The SECRETARY and the GROUPIE both wear Chanel suits and a rose ROCK has given them.

ROCK pulls a long white dressing gown over his sweat stained track suit. He takes NANCY's hand.

ROCK

Hi, ah ... Peggy, isn't it?

NANCY

Nancy. This is Sid Vicious and Johnny. They're Sex Pistols. Impress them with your DRUGS.

ROCK

Drugs? Do we have any drugs, boys?

HIS ENTOURAGE

.. no ..

ROCK

So sorry. Care for some eau minerale?

SID & NANCY

NO

JOHN

How about some FREE DRINK?

ROCK

(to his secretary)

Ah, Jennifer. Ring for the cart.

59. ROCK HEAD'S SUITE INTERIOR LATER

ROCK HEAD on his exercycle. JOHN sits on one sofa. SID & NANCY go at it on the other. JOHN chugs Jack Daniels. Rock silps Perrior.

ROCK

(Pedalling)

So. It appears we are related.

JOHN

What?

ROCK

The press. They're calling me the GODFATHER OF PUNK. Your ROLE MODEL.

(glancing at SID & NANCY)

Lovely couple.

JOHN

FUCK YOU! What are you FUCKING DOIN' in a place like this! None of us would EVER be CAUGHT DEAD here in this fuckin' HOTEL DES POUFTEURS!

ROCK

Hey, cool out, dude. I paid my dues --

JOHN

Yeah and I paid seven quid to see you! HERE! I'd rather PUKE!

JOHN throws his TICKETS at ROCK and storms out, kicking the furniture and walls. SID and NANCY don't notice.

60. HOTEL CORRIDOR INTERIOR EVENING

ROCK finds JOHN raging up and down, overturning T'ang Dynasty vases, streaming angry tears --

JOHN

BORING! OLD! FART! PATHETIC! DISCO! WANKER!

ROCK

Hey man, what can I say? Here's seven pounds. Take it.

(JOHN rages on)

What's the matter?

JOHN

Him! In there!

ROCK

Your friend? He seems pretty kool.

JOHN

He isn't kool at all! He's goin' out with that girl and I don't like her. She feeds 'im all these drugs. He used to be really smart, but now he's a BOZO all the time!

ROCK

There's money to be made from acting like a bozo. I've been there.

ROCK pats JOHN's cheeks, attempts to calm them down. ROCK's TRAINER hovers in the doorway with his white SEQUIN SUIT.

ROCK

Look, Johnny. John. Your buddy seems like a real natural. But .. people do what they want to do. It that's the way he's gonna go, there's nothing you can do about it. If I was you, I'd distance myself from him.

JOHN

Just like that?

ROCK

Yeah

(glances at his TRAINER)

Gotta go --

61. GLITTERBEST INTERIOR NIGHT

The upstairs office of the Pistols' Company. MALCOLM, PHEOBE, JOHN, PAUL and STEVE burn the midnight oil. All very serious.

JOHN

We have to be shot of him.

PAUL

I know WE'RE no great shakes, Malcolm, but Christ - t'bass player has to keep the beat.

STEVE

We turn his amp off half the time. We'll be playin' one thing, he'll be playin' something else.

MALCOLM

Lads, I sympathise. But Sid's more than a bass player. He's a symbol. He's a metaphor. He's ---

JOHN

Fuckin' mental.

MALCOLM

That too. But he's not the problem. The problem is --

The phone rings. PHEOBE picks it up.

PHEOBE

It's Spunkin. She wants you to book them a suite in - where's that, Nancy? - Rock Head's hotel.

62. SID AND NANCY'S SUITE INTERIOR DAY

Identical to ROCK HEAD's. In ruins, thanks to SID and NANCY.

SID

What do you mean you fucked him?
What'd you fuck him for?

NANCY

I fucked him cause he was SEXY, Sid.
That's why I fuck guys, usually.
Except in CHARITY CASES like yours --

SID

I don't want to hear about it! I
don't need to know about the PRICKS
YOU'VE FUCKED!

NANCY

Fuck you. I've fucked five
guys in one night. Chicks,
too. I've been paid to fuck,
I made a BLUE MOVIE --

SID

I've laid eight birds at
the same time. I've had
15 women in the SAME
AFTERNOON! Shut up!
I fucked a SHEEP!

SID jumps NANCY, wrestles her onto the bed. He tries to tie
her arms with a sheet. She struggles fiercely.

NANCY

Don't do that!

SID

This dirty film you made - can I
see it?

63. BELGRAVIA HOTEL EXTERIOR DAY

PHOEBE and CLIVE emerge from a TAXI

CLIVE

I don't know, Phoebe, it don't
seem right to plot against
someone ---

PHOEBE

Too late to back out now.

They enter hotel.

64. BELGRAVIA CORRIDOR INTERIOR DAY

PHOEBE and CLIVE trail after the ASSISTANT MANAGER. He wears
a butler suit and jangles keys.

ASSISTANT MANAGER
 They can't stay here much longer.
 The police were around yesterday.
 ARRESTS were made. SUBSTANCES
 confiscated. They've been hanging
 out of windows.

PHOEBE
 Oh what nonsense.

He taps on their door. No answer. Unlocks it --

65. SID & NANCY'S SUITE INTERIOR DAY

The suite is empty. One window is open. OUTSIDE hangs
 NANCY, laughing and screaming, upside down.

NANCY -
 All right! I love you! I'm sorry
 about your t-shirt! I LOVE YOU,
 goddammit! LET ME UP!

The ASSISTANT MANAGER flees. PHOEBE and CLIVE rush to the
 fire escape. SID pulls NANCY out of sight --

PHOEBE
 Sid, be careful!

66. HOTEL ROOF EXTERIOR DAY

NANCY and SID nestle lovey-dovey among the gables. PHOEBE
 and CLIVE arrive. CLIVE is afraid of heights.

PHOEBE
 Nancy. Are you all right?

NANCY
 Oh yeah. We was just having
 fun. You wanna cuppa tea?

PHOEBE
 We haven't got time for tea,
 Nancy. Sid's got a DENTAL
 APPOINTMENT.

SID
 Oh, no. I don't wanno go.
 I wanna nap and a bunk up.

PHOEBE
 Sid, if you don't go your teeth
 will look like John's.

NANCY
 (pushing him towards
 the fire escape)
 SIDNEY, GO!!

SID
 Oh, all right. You comin' wiv
 me, Nancy?

CLIVE
 (elbowed by PHOEBE)
 I'll go with yer.

PHOEBE
 SHOPPING, anyone?

67. STREET EXTERIOR DAY

CLIVE and SID en route to the dentist. CLIVE wears his Rapist mask. SID sports a swastika t-shirt. An OLD MAN pursues them, shouting in a foreign tongue. TORY BILLBOARDS say "Let's Get Britain To Work"

CLIVE
 You're so lucky to be going to
 America, Sid. Wish I was going.
 Will you still do laundry with us
 when you come back?

SID
 Of course. I'll DO your fuckin'
 laundry for you, man. Like I do
 Nancy's. I love doin' Nancy's
 wash. I love foldin' 'er knickers
 and ----

68. HARRODS EXTERIOR DAY

NANCY and PHOEBE emerge with bulging Harrods bags. NANCY is loud, exhilarated, up. PHOEBE is very edge.

NANCY
 This place is so NEAT! It's my
 favourite store in the world next
 to BLOOMINGDALES! Now let's go
 to Knightsbridge!

PHOEBE
 Don't you want to go somewhere
 more PUNK. Nancy?

NANCY
 Not if you're paying for it!

NANCY piles into the waiting CAB. Outside, PHOEBE whispers to the DRIVER ---

PHOEBE
Heathrow airport, please.

69. DENTIST'S INTERIOR DAY

SID sits in the chair. The DENTIST, a West Indian woman, peruses his pegs. CLIVE anxiously looks on.

DENTIST
When was the last time you had a checkup, Mr. Richie?

SID
Fuck me, let's see. 1968.
Summer of Love, hur hur. Can I have GAS?

DENTIST
I'm only LOOKING at your teeth at the moment, Mr. Richie --

SID
Fink I'd like some anyway.
Puts me at my ease.

CLIVE
Yeah, go on. Let him have some gas.

DENTIST
Well, all right. Do you want some too?

CLIVE
No thanks. I don't do drugs.

70. TAXI INTERIOR DAY

NANCY opens packages, tries things on. PHOEBE talks by rote, eyes closed.

PHOEBE
So anyway, Malcolm and I were talking and we both thought you looked sort of PEAKY ---

NANCY
This isn't Knightsbridge. Where are we going, Phoebe?

PHOEBE
-- sort of like you need a HOLIDAY --

NANCY
DRIVER! Where are you going?

DRIVER
Heathrow, innit?
(NANCY starts to SCREAM)
'Ere either she stops screaming or
she's getting out!

NANCY
SIDNEY! SIDNEY! AAAAAAAA!!!!

71. DENTIST'S INTERIOR DAY

SID wakes up with a mouth full of dental tools.

SID
Nancy?

CLIVE
Give 'im some more gas!

72. MARBLE ARCH EXTERIOR DAY

NANCY marches thru DANGEROUS TRAFFIC, hefting Harrods bags,
pursued by PHOEBE. CARS COLLIDE. NANCY is still and
furious, eyes glazed.

NANCY
Bastards! Bastards! Who's idea
was this? Malcolm's? Bastard!
Everybody hates me and my Sid!

PHOEBE
We don't hate you, Nancy. It's
just - I don't think you and Sid -
bring out the BEST in each other ..

NANCY
BOLLOCKS! We LOVE each other!
Nothing else matters! NOTHING!
Wait'll Sid hears about this.
He'll tear Malcom's head off!
He'll stick his hand in your mouth
and rip your face off! Cunt!
We'll get the MAFIA on you!
We have CONNECTIONS!

73. GLITTERBEST INTERIOR DAY

The door flies open. SID VICIOUS storms in. He wields a

BICYCLE CHAIN. A SECRETARY follows at a distance.

MALCOLM is nowhere to be seen.

SECRETARY

See, I told you. He, err, hasn't been in today.

SID

LUCKY FOR HIM! If he was here now he'd be DEAD. I'd KILL him. No one's fuckin' with my Nancy. NO ONE. Anybody wants to fuck with Nancy got to KILL ME FIRST! Got that?

SID rages up and down, flailing the walls with the chain. The glass on the GOLD RECORDS shatters. Ravaged papers scatter everywhere. Daffodils and water spill.

SID

Nancy and me are one, man. ONE. We live for each other. What if he'd put her on a plan without her Methadone. She could have DIED. He'd be a MURDERER. And he'd be DEAD. You tell him that. Tell him if he fucks with Nancy, man, he's fuckin' with my LIFE. There's nothing in my life but NANCY. And the Pistols.

(crying now)

I really like the Pistols. But I'm IN LOVE with her. And if anything happens to my Nancy, that's .. that's it. NO MORE.

SID snuffles, wipes his eyes. The SECRETARY, crying too, embraces. MALCOLM IS HIDING UNDER HIS DESK.

SECRETARY

Oh, Sid. I'm so sorry. I had no idea.

SID

Yeah, well you tell him, 'kay? Got a cigarette?

74. EGG 'N' CHIPS CAFE INTERIOR NIGHT

PHEOBE, MALCOLM, JOHN, SID and NANCY. Very tense. Everyone but PHOEBE wears shades.

MALCOLM

Four words. No Women On The Tour.

PHOEBE
That's five words -

NANCY
No way, Malcolm. No fuckin' way
at all.

SID
Yeah, right. No way.

PHOEBE
It's purely FINANCIAL, Sid. We
can't AFFORD supporters on the tour.
I know what your feelings are. I
know your ... relationship's
important. If you want to stay
together, we'll just have to find
ANOTHER BASS PLAYER

NANCY
How can you say that? Sid Vicious
IS the Sex Pistols.

SID
Paul won't stand for leaving me
behind. We're the rythmn section.

JOHN
HA!

PHOEBE
It's only going to be a month.
You can live without each other
that long.

SID puts his arm around NANCY. He does not reply.

MALCOLM
And if you do survive, I've been
talking to the record company and
they're prepared to buy you both
a HOUSE ---

JOHN
How lovely for you.

NANCY
(crying)
You think I'm such an asshole, don't
you? You really think that you can
buy Sid off me. Well fuck you.
Take him. I only want what's good
for Sidney. I don't want to go on
your stupid tour anyhow I've
got my OWN STUFF to do

75. HOTEL BEDROOM INTERIOR NIGHT

NANCY and SID finish fucking. SID lays his head on the pillow.

NANCY

Sid. Don't go to sleep.

SID

Unh. I gotta get up in two hours.

NANCY

I know. These are our last two hours together. Stay awake.

SID

What for?

NANCY

So I can talk to you. So we can fuck some more. So we can be together.

SID

We ARE together. Gimme a break.

NANCY

No. You give ME a break. I'm the one that's getting left behind. Kiss my toes.

SID

(turning over)

Fuck you.

NANCY

(clouting him)

Fuck YOU!

SID jumps up, pulls on his pants and leather jacket. NANCY gets up too, pulls out the drugs --

NANCY

Where are you going?

SID

To the airport. Gonna be early for once.

NANCY

What about the FAREWELL DRUGS?

SID slams out, throwing a wad of cash on the floor. NANCY, tearful, faces the wall with eyedropper and needle, scratching for a vein.

NANCY
(softly)
Come back, Sid. Don't be
a jerk

76. AMERICAN AIRLINES AIRBORNE DAY

Hurtling out of a pictureque
Sex Pistols sunrise, pink
and green --

CAPTAIN V/O
Ladies and gentlemen of this
particular group. You have
joined a very special and
unique club here at Amerikan
Airlines. Along with Marlon
Brando, Lucille Ball and
Rod Stewart --

77. PLANE INTERIOR DAY

The dapper CAPTAIN KIRKPATRICK
dodges flying food.

CAPTAIN
-- you will NEVER FLY AMERIKAN
AGAIN!!

He lowers his mike. A TRAY
OF MEATBALLS hits him in the face.

78. ATLANTA AIRPORT EXT DAY

FOUR LIMOUSINES sweep towards
the GRAFFITI-COVERED PLANE -
parked in a far corner of the
foreign field. HELLS ANGELS
follow the LIMOS.

WASTED PRESS MEN reel around.

79. GREAT SOUTHEAST MUSIC HALL
ATLANTA

Located in a shopping mall.
HUGE CROWD of KIDS, REPORTERS,
VICE COPS and SOCIOLOGISTS
outside. The show is oversold.

EXEC V/O
Warner Brothers is proud to
have you on our ROSTA, kids.
We're looking forward to a
great time together.
Now get out there and
GIVE IT YOUR ALL!!

80. ON STAGE

The PISTOLS perform Holidays
in the Sun. A PUNKETTE nuts
SID. He smears the blood
around.

JOHN
Aren't we the worst thing
you've ever seen?

81. FRIED CHICKEN INT NIGHT

STEVE & PAUL sit with some local
PROTO-PUNKS. They are depressed.
SID is on the phone.

SID slams the phone down.

SID
Nancy. Mrs. Spungen.
Mrs. Sid Vicious. I mean
Beverly. FUCK IT!

82. TEXAS EXTERIOR DAY

The TOUR BUS passes. On it is
written "FUCK AMERICA" and
"SEX PISTOLS FUCK AMERICA TOUR".
Preceded by Hogs, pursued by
Peterbilts. HELICOPTER
following.

SID V/O
Me and Steve was talking to
some kids after the show.
They think you're stuck up.
You don't talk to anybody.

JOHN V/O
Neither do you. You just sit
there smacked out and drooling.

SID V/O
Yeah well I've still got ten
times more charisma than you.

83. BUS INTERIOR DAY

JOHN sneezes, wipes his nose.

JOHN
Bollocks.

84. ON STAGE

The band does LIAR.

A DRUNK COWBOY hangs onto
JOHN's leg. SID whacks him
with his GUITAR

MALCOLM
Get a picture! Cover of the
DAILY MIRROR!

85. ALLEY EXTERIOR NIGHT

"LIAR" continues. The ANGELS
bounce SID around. They wear
"SEX PISTOLS/W.B. SECURITY"
badges. STEVE makes out with
a NORDIC CHEERLEADER.

ANGEL
Sure can't fight worth shit.

STEVE
He likes it.

86. SUNSHINE INN EXT NIGHT

An ANGEL carries SID unconscious
past MALCOLM, spraying further
insults on the TOUR BUS.

The MOTEL FORECOURT is in ruins.

MALCOLM V/O
Sid is not Vicious. That's just
our pet name for him. He is a
sick boy. He needs to be taken
care of. If you will just
WATCH OUT FOR HIM, make sure
he doesn't get too WASTED ---

87. SUNSHINE INN INT NIGHT

CU of SID in bed, carving "NANCY"

on his chest. Much off-screen
BEDLAM.

PHOEBE O/S
Why don't you call her?

SID
Don't know where she is.

98. LINDA'S PAD INTERIOR DAY

NANCY answers the phone. She wears dominatrix gear.

NANCY
Hello? SID! Where are you? I
thought you'd hate me forever.
I was going crazy for you. I miss
you too. How do you like America?
I never want to fight with you again.
And you left all that money. I love
you. I split it with Linda. Did
you buy me any PRESENTS yet?

LINDA O/S
Nancy

NANCY
I wish I was there too, Sid. I really
do. I love you. Look I can't talk
right now. Linda's got a customer.

SID goes on talking. LINDA calls again. NANCY gets antsy.

NANCY
Sidney, I've got to go. We're
working. I wish we could too.
But I'm in England and you're in
America --

LINDA O/S
NANCY!

NANCY
I'm sorry, Sid, but we can't.
You'll just have to have sex with
someone else!

NANCY hangs up the phone. She's upset. Takes several deep
breaths, rubs at the corners of her eyes, stalks into the
adjacent room.

ANOTHER RICH MASOCHIST hangs from the wall.
LINDA hands NANCY a whip.

LINDA
You've been a naughty, naughty,
newsreader. Now you're gonna PAY.

She and NANCY take alternate swipes at his hairy white back. LINDA's swipes are light and delicate. NANCY FLOGS HIM VICIOUSLY.

LINDA
(whispering)
Not so hard. Not so HARD.
NANCY!

89. TOUR BUS INT DAY

Passing thru scenes of poverty and desolation. SID pours VODKA endlessly into his mouth.

JOHN looks on with intense disdain.

SID'S ANGEL MINDER comes and sits down next to him. Takes the VODKA BOTTLE from him. Folds his arms.

SID V/O
I've shagged more women than you've had hot dinners. I'm a better FIGHTER too --

PHOEBE V/O
Why are you being such a WIND-UP, Sid?

SID V/O
I don't know. Sexual tension I s'pose.

90. ON STAGE

-- at the end of a song.

SID
Who's gonna FUCK ME, then!

91. SUNSHINE INN ROOM INT NIGHT

SID is in a room packed with PROTO-PUNKS - teenage Texas belles in spandex and leopard skin. The do little Salome dances to Sex Pistols tapes, rip up their pristine "Heaven" t-shirts.

SID jumps out the window

NANCY V/O
I want this fuckin' tour to end I feel so stupid. Nothing lasts. Out of sight, that's it, forget it, on to someone else ..

LINDA V/O
He's BESOTTED with you Nancy. I don't know how you stand it.

92. LINDA'S PAD INT DAY

The phone rings.
No one there.

NANCY V/O
Because I love him too. I've never been with anyone this long. I want to die with him before we're OLD. I feel like everyone HATES me.

LINDA V/O
Better than being dead.

93. BUCKINGHAM PALACE EXT DAY

NANCY and LINDA sit on a bench with a bottle in a bag. Strung out.

NANCY

Depends on how it happens. I want to go out in a BLAZE OF GLORY, Linda. I want people to remember me. Think the Queen's home?

LINDA

Nay... They put out a flag.

NANCY

Well, there's a light on. Who's that?

LINDA

Mrs. Thatcher trying out the beds

94. MEXICAN BAR, DALLAS INT NIGHT

SID is attached to an ELECTRIC SHOCK MACHINE. He is surrounded by a pack of admiring MANLY MEN.

The MANLY MEN disappear and are replaced by admiring TRANSVESTITES

SID V/O

Fuckin' stupid hat, John. Got some FLARED TROUSERS too?

JOHN V/O

I cannot begin to FATHOM the SHALLOWNESS of your INTELLECT, Sidney. If you weren't such a SLAVE to your LIBIDO you might realize what's happened to your BRAIN!

SID's eyes roll back in his head. He catatonics to the floor --

SID V/O

Piss off, Liberace!

95. LINDA'S PAD INTERIOR DAY

NANCY and LINDA at the breakfast table wearing LINDA's kimonos. LINDA smokes a lot. The phone rings. NANCY picks it up.

NANCY

Hello? SID! What? You're what? Fucking a television?

SID'S VOICE

Nah. A T.V.! You know.

NANCY

Linda. Sid's doing it with a TRANSVESTITE.

(into phone)

Is she a T.V. or a SEX CHANGE, Sid? Does she have a cock?

96. SUNSHINE INN BEDROOM INT NIGHT

SID lies in bed with a SUSPICIOUS BLONDE on top of him. SID
I don't know.

He talks to NANCY on the phone. NANCY'S VOICE
Well take a look.

SID
Yeah, she does. Does that mean she's a guy?
I love you, Nancy.

97. LINDA'S PAD INTERIOR DAY

LINDA gets up, boils water for tea

NANCY
I love you too Sid.

SID'S VOICE
She's a blonde. Like you.

NANCY
Have you touched her cock yet, Sid. Well go on. Touch it. Pretend she's you and you're me.

(lights up another cigarette and listens. to LINDA -)
Is this perverted? Do you think I'm WEIRD?

FADE UP sounds of WINTERLAND ---

SID'S VOICE
(amplified)
WHOEVER HIT ME ON THE HEAD, IT DIDN'T HURT A BIT!

98. WINTERLAND, SAN FRANCISCO INTERIOR NIGHT

The SEX PISTOLS' last gig. The band all hate each other. Everybody yells at everybody else, backstage and front. SID plays bass with only one string. A PERUVIAN FILM CREW sits astride the shoulders of ARMED BODYGUARDS.

STEVE
Is this Johnny Rotten?

SID
Nah. I've only used it twice!

JOHN
 (off mike)
 Very funny. Oh yes. Very.
 The naive wit of imbeciles has
 always enchanted me.

SID
 Shut up and SING!

They launch into Problems.

JOHN (over the intro)
 Ever get the feeling you've been
 CONNED?

99. LIMO INTERIOR NIGHT

JOHN and SID sit in opposit corners, not talking. The LIMO
 pulls up outside the MIYAKO BALLROOM. SID starts to get
 out. JOHN stays put.

SID
 Coming to the party then?

JOHN
 Nah...I feel sick ... Later, maybe..

SID
 Typical

SID slams the door. JOHN heaves a wracking cough and spits
 blood into his hand.

100. MIYAKO BALLROOM INTERIOR NIGHT

A CROWDED RECEPTION. STEVE is dancing with one of ROD STEWART's
 EX-WIVES.

W.B. EXEC
 You guys were great tonite!
 Best gig of the tour.

PISTOLS
 Fuck off!

The ANGELS say their goodbyes to SID

ANGELS
 You take care now, kid. Don't
 pull no silly shit after we're
 gone.

Beer in each hand, SID salutes and walks smartly away ---
 straight thru a PLATEGLASS WINDOW.

101. HOTEL EXTERIOR NIGHT

SID rolls in the broken glass, spilling blood. JOHN wakes up in the LIMO, staring, covering his eyes.

JOHN

Typical.

102. BEDROOM INTERIOR NIGHT

SID is being treated by a DOCTOR. He is almost ALL BANDAGES. MALCOLM, PHOEBE, JOHN, PAUL, STEVE and ROD'S EX in attendance. Only ROD'S EX does not notice the tension in the air.

ROD'S EX

How fascinating to be meeting
Ronnie Biggs. Rio is so lovely
this time of year. Will you
be staying till Carnival?

JOHN

Tell that fucking woman to
SHUT UP!

STEVE

Tell 'er yourself, twerp!

PHOEBE

SHUT THE FUCK UP!

(they do)

It's time somebody came out in
the open.

PAUL

I want to leave the band.

STEVE

Me too.

JOHN

Fine! The sidemen split.
GOOD BYE!

MALCOLM

I think I'm going too. I'm bored.

JOHN

Good! Take 'im with you! Cunts!
Not leaving me with USELESS are
you?

STEVE

He's your friend, John.

JOHN

NO THANK YOU!

103. HAIGHT ASHBURY EXTERIOR DAY

PHOEBE emerges from a grocery store with an armful of comic books and candy. She gets into the waiting YELLOW CAB.

104. YELLOW CAB INTERIOR DAY

SID, still heavily bandaged, consumes chocolate eggs.

SID

Wish we wasn't breaking up.

PHOEBE

It's a bit late for that.
Malcolm's back in London. Steve
and Paul are glying to Rio.
John's in New York.

SID

Where am I going then?

PHOEBE

Wherever you want. You're on
your own.

SID

I want to go to London and see
Nancy.

PHOEBE

Then that's where you'll go.
Sid, when you're in London will
you do me a favour? Go on a
program. Try to get off smack.

SID

I can't think about myself right
now, Phoebe. I have to think
about Nancy. She's got a lot
of problems.

PHOEBE

Maybe you could help her with her
problems if you both got straight.

SID

You don't understand. I love
her. She needs me. I'll do
anything she wants me to --

PHOEBE

Does that include destroying
yourself?

SID
(shrugs)

Bollocks. Now you're talking like a grown up. I hate grown ups. They have no intelligence at all. In any case, I'll be dead by the time I'm 24 ---

PHOEBE

SID. Who do you think I am, a REPORTER? I've known you for 7 years. If you love Nancy, you should be looking out for her. You're only 20. You're too smart to be so stupid. Will you PLEASE try to get off heroin?

SID

Yeah, maybe --

PHOEBE

Come on, promise me.

SID

Oh, okay --

PHOEBE

Pills too. No more pills.

SID

Okay

PHOEBE

And a bit less drinking.

SID

Yeah. Okay. I promise.

105. 747 INTERIOR DAY

SID sits with an empty seat on either side of him aboard the crowded plane. A STEW approaches with his beverage.

STEW

Your double brandy, sir.

SID takes it, pulls out a handful of VALIUMS, washes them down --

106. JFK AIRPORT EXTERIOR DUSK

The 747 lands against a backdrop of storm clouds.

RADIO VOICE

Sex Pistol Sid Vicious landed in New York this afternoon. Vicious was carried off a plane and taken to Jamaica Hospital in Queens. A spokesman for the record company said Vicious was suffering from NERVOUS EXHAUSTION --

107. LIMO INTERIOR NIGHT

JOHN listens to the radio. SNOW falls outside.

SID'S VOICE

(on radio)

Yeah, well what happened was I done the rest of my junk and some sulphate and about 6 or 7 valiums. And when you get high in the air you get much higher than you do on the ground ...

RADIO VOICE

Exclusive interview with SID VICIOUS coming up on this station at NINE O'CLOCK.

108. HOSPITAL INTERIOR NIGHT

SID lays in bed attached to an IV. Plateglass snowy Manhattan night outside. SID pushes the TV remote. It doesn't work. He tries to turn the IV drip up. Fails. Falls back, miserable, exhausted.

The door opens.

SID

Hello? Who is it? Nurse?

A squeaking SHOPPING KART rolls in. It's loaded with gaily wrapped presents, Candyland game, chocs, marvel comics, a dead Xmas tree. SID stares at it.

NANCY follows it in.

109. HOSPITAL ROOM INTERIOR LATER

Opened presents, SID's nighshirt, NANCY's discarded clothes, the empty kart.

SID and NANCY are in bed shooting up.

NANCY
You ought to ask 'em for this.

SID
What - tell 'em I'm an addict?

NANCY
You ARE, aren't you?

SID
Nah. I can take it or leave it.

NANCY
So can I have your hit too?

SID
FUCK YOU!

SID grabs her hair. They kiss for a long time. NANCY boots it for him. SID rubs his arm. She puts out the light -

- and the door flies open. JOHN and TWO NEW WAVE MODELS in punk Halston dresses burst in. A bottle glitters. .

JOHN
SIDNEEEE!

He puts the light back on. SID blinks. His eyes are yellow. NANCY glares.

JOHN
What the fuck are you doing here!

NANCY
What's it look like?

JOHN
(picking up NANCY's works)
Just what I'd expect.

MODELS
Oooh! Drugs! Any left!

SID laughs softly. JOHN opens his bottle and drinks. NANCY reaches for the radio.

NANCY
Time for Sid's interview!

SID
Oh we don't want to listen to that, Nance --

NANCY

Yes we DO.

JOHN

You're a right asshole sometimes,
Sid. But what the fuck. It was
only a rock and roll band. There's
no reason for us to hate each
other ---

The RADIO fades in. SID'S RECORDED VOICE is heard.

SID'S VOICE

I left 'em.

INTERVIEWERS VOICE

Seems like everybody left.

SID'S VOICE

Yeah, well I left 'em first.
I told John what I thought of him.
Told him he's finished as a
person. He tried to make me change
my mind, but he's a stupid wanker.
Wearing stupid funny hats. He
don't belong in a band.
He's DISGUSTING --

JOHN polishes off the bottle. Reels toward the door. The
NEW WAVE MODELS troop after him. They're gone.

SID

Oh shit.

NANCY gets up and jams the shopping kart against the door.

NANCY

Good riddance to bad rubbish!

SID sighs and turns his back on her.

110. PARIS, FRANCE MONTAGE

SID and NANCY visit PARIS IN THE SPRING. They go shopping,
eat pastries, beat up a hippy busker in the Metro, nod out
at a cafe on the Champs Elysees and are refused admittance
to the LIDO - a big shouting match ensues.

SID V/O

Dear Mum,
Guess where your Simon has
turned up? Since you can't
guess I will tell you. Paris.
Paris is all right. I enclose
some money so you can get the

NANCY V/O

Dear Mom,
Guess where we both are? Paris.
In the spring. Sid is recording
here and is just brilliant. We
go shopping every day. Sid has
bought me lots underwear and it

phone put back. Please stop giving interviews. Your loving Simon. P.S. Nancy sends her love.

is all French. Pierre Clementi. You would love it here. Lots of love from Nancy and Sid. XXXOOC

111. THEATRE INTERIOR DAY

SID stands at the top of a flight of NEON STEPS. Someone runs a tape measure from a camera to his face. He squints into the lights. Video monitors glow.

The STALLS are packed with ACTORS in formal evening dress. A large FILM CREW prepares for a take. NANCY is very animated, offering help to all members of the CREW.

ASST. DIRECTOR

Quiet please. Roll sound. Playback.
Roll camera. MY WAY, take 1. ACTION!

The opening strains of My Way are heard. SID lopes down the glowing steps. He wears a white tux, black pants, one of NANCY's garters. MIMES to his RECORDED VOICE ----

SID'S VOICE

How now. The end is near.
And so I face the final curtain.
Ha ha ---

DIRECTOR

CUT!

Flurry of activity. The A.D. leads SID back up the steps. PHOEBE sits next to MALCOLM in the stalls.

PHOEBE

About this seven year lease. You think they'll be around that long?

MALCOLM

I doubt it.

A.D.

Quiet please! Ready for another take!

NANCY

(sitting down behind PHOEBE)
Isn't he wonderful? He's such a stud. Sid could be a real porno star. I'd be in a porno with my Sidney. Only with Sidney, though.

A.D.

Roll sound. Playback. ACTION!

SID lopes down the glowing steps again. This time SID performs the entire song. The AUDIENCE is entranced. At the end of the number, SID pulls out his MAGNUM and blows the AUDIENCE away.

Screams. BLOOD PACKS explode on bejewelled DOWAGERS, old COLONELS, infatuated DEBUTANTES. SID aims the gun at MALCOLM, PHEOBE, the DIRECTOR. BLOOD PACKS burst on them as well. He points the gun at NANCY. She nods. BAM BAM BAM.

SID tosses the gun away. He flips 'em off and lopes back up the neon stairs.

ASST. DIRECTOR

CUT!

The CORPSES get up and applaud. The CREW applauds. Grinning from ear to ear, SID bounds back down the steps.

NANCY runs to greet him. They embrace, covered in stage blood.

112. FLAT, MAIDA VALE INTERIOR DAY

Black walls with Sex Pistols posters. Overflowing ashtrays, empty milk bottles, half consumed food. Black sheets on bed.

SID scours thru trash and little bags that once held drugs. NANCY is on the phone.

NANCY

(into phone)

It's Nancy. NANCY SPUNGEN. You know, Mrs. Sid Vicious. I want to know if Malcolm's getting us that gig at the Nashville. He said he was. Can I talk to him? Where is he? Well, make sure he does.

(hangs up)

FUCKHEAD! Anything in there?

(SID shakes his head)

Two weeks we've been back and they've already forgotten about us. We got to get you a job, Sidney.

SID

The only skill I got is loading pallets at the sawmill. I don't wanna --

NANCY

I don't mean a JOB job. I mean a gig. Singing.

SID

Malcolm says when the film comes out there'll be lots of interest ---

NANCY
Fuck Malcolm. I could manage your
career better than Malcolm!

SID
Well why don't you then?

NANCY's eyes fill with tears --

NANCY
Because I'm NOT Malcolm. I'm nothing.
I'm just Mrs. Sid Vicious.

SID
Fuck Sid Vicious. Sid Vicious is
an ex-Sex Pistol. What's he done
lately? You're mad, Nancy. I
wouldn't be shit without you. You're
me muse.

Long silence. SID pulls out the Peppermint Schnapps. He
swigs and offers it to NANCY. She declines.

SID
Fuck all this winding each other
up, Nance. Wanna go shopping?

113. LINGERIE SHOP INTERIOR DAY

NANCY models frilly underwear for SID. SID lurks, drinking
Schnapps out of a bag. NANCY has bruises, tracks and scabs.
A CROWD OF KIDS has gathered outside to watch them.

SID
(to SALESGIRLS)
Fuckin' beautiful! Ain't she
beautiful! Ain't she the most
beautiful woman you ever saw.

SID stumbles into a rack of nighties and falls down.

NANCY
Oh Sidney!

NANCY jumps on top of SID. They wrestle and kiss. The
SALESGIRLS are aghast. SID unhooks NANCY's bra.

SALESGIRLS
Excuse me, sir. Miss. Sir--

HUGH KARES joins the CROWD outside. American, designer
leather jacket, designer anorexic WIFE with jaw wired shut.
HUGH spies SID and hurries in --

HUGH

Sid. Long time no see. I'm
Hugh Kares. We met at Trumps.
Of course Nancy remembers.

NANCY

No I don't --

HUGH

So. Who's HANDLING you these
days?

SID

(entwined with NANCY)
Who's it look like?

HUGH

Ha ha. I mean who's handling
you MANAGEMENTWISE?

NANCY

I am. Piss off.

SID

You are?

NANCY

Yeah. You just said so, Sid.

HUGH

You don't seem very sure.
Perhaps we should get together
over lunch. London's not a
happening scene for you --

NANCY

I KNOW. That's why we're going
to New York.

SID

We are?

NANCY

Yeah.

She pulls on her clothes, standing between HUGH and SID.

HUGH

Why don't I give you my CARD, Sid?
Then when you're feeling better --

NANCY

He feels fine to me. ASSHOLE
(to HUGH's WIFE)
You oughta make him buy you
dinner, honey.

HUGH'S WIFE
(jaw wired shut)
I'm og a dieg.

NANCY throws money at the SALESGIRLS, drags SID out the door.

114. STREET EXTERIOR DAY

They push thru the crowd of ADMIRING PUNKS. Still getting dressed, NANCY marches into the street. Magnanimously, SID tosses NANCY's old bra to their ADORING FANS.

SID
Where are we going?

NANCY
Where are we ALWAYS going? TAXI!

115. FLAT, ALBION ROAD INTERIOR AFTERNOON

TWO BEARDED JUNKIES sit on orange crates watching Blue Peter. No furniture. SID stands in the window flexing his arm. NANCY is shooting up.

NANCY
You know you can hit up arteries
When your veins are gone. You
need these special LONG NEEDLES --

SID
We used to practice in this street.
All the houses had people in 'em then.
this was only, like, a year ago.
There were all these shops on Albion
Road, too. I used to nick sweets from
the newsagents. Comics too. What
happened to that little house with
all the windows? The one the
crazy Scotsman built in his back
garden?

JUNKY
We chopped it up for firewood.

NANCY settles into a corner. SID stares out of the window. OUTSIDE the leaves rise gradually and re-attach themselves to trees. Suffused with a GOLDEN GLOW Fade in
THE WHITE CLIFFS OF DOVER.

BRENDA V/O
Linda

NANCY V/O
What about her? Is she sick?

BRENDA V/O
No. She died.

116. JUBILEE STREET PARTY EXTERIOR DAY

Bunting, union jacks, TV sets in windows, trestle tables in the street. NAZI SKINS and TEDS mingle with the PATRIOTIC OLD. KIDS are stuffed with food. Like V.E. DAY. NANCY, SID and BRENDA sit isolated at the end of a table. BRENDA is in tears.

BRENDA
It was really quick. She'd been poorly for months. They diagnosed it cancer. Two weeks later she was dead.

NANCY
Oh...

SID
There, there, Nancy. Don't cry.
It's all right

They are all in tears. The PATRIOTS sneak puzzled glances.

NANCY
We should have gone to see her.
But we don't do anything. We just sit around that stupid flat.

BRENDA
She had a lot of money saved up.
Like, ten thousand pounds. Didn't leave no will, though. So the government gets it.

NANCY
That sucks.

SID
Always happens when you die in England. Government gets everything. That's why we're going to America.

BRENDA
What, so you can die rich?

SID
Nah. Nancy's gonna do some modelling an' get me some gigs.

BRENDA
Don't go to America, Sid. You're English. You cughta stay here.

NANCY

England's just not happening.
Sid has to go where the work is.

SID

That's right. I think we're going
to do really well in America.

PATRIOTS

We'll avter move this table for
the Queen Mum's coach.

SID stubs his cigarette out in the PLUCKED CHICKEN laying
on their table.

NANCY

(cuffing him)

That's our DINNER, Sid! Don't
you want to come back to our
house, honey? Have a cuppa tea?

BRENDA

No thanks. I've got to go take
care of Abby's baby. Shock horror
of punk, eh?

NANCY

Come and see us, okay?

BRENDA

In America? Oh yeah ...

117. FLAT, MAIDA VALE INTERIOR DAY

NANCY sits on the bed leafing thru SID's portfolio. The
pictures and cuttings are all loose within. She finds a
picture of them with LINDA. NANCY has a new haircut.

NANCY

Seems like all my friends are
dead. When I die will you be sad?

SID

I couldn't live without you.

NANCY

You couldn't? We better die
together then.

SID

How will we do it?

NANCY

Throw ourselves under a truck.
Jump off a building. O.D.
Hang ourselves with the same rope
....If I asked you to kill me
would you?

SID

Don't know. Couldn't live
without you.

NANCY

Would you kill yourself as well?

SID

Spose I'd have to

NANCY

No one ever calls us. Shit.
I hate this fuckin' life.

SID

Look, love. This is just a bad
patch. Thing'll be much better
when we get to America. You'll
see.

NANCY

New York is IN America

SID

What?

NANCY

Dumbshit. We've been here a week.

SID studies their surroundings - dark walls, Sex Pistols
posters, black sheets, glowing TV. He rises.

SID

Gerraway.

SID hesitates before going to the curtained window.

NANCY

Five days, a week. What day is it?

SID throws the curtains open - WHITE OUT -

112. TWENTY THIRD STREET, NEW YORK EXTERIOR DAY

SID steps on to the balcony of the CHELSEA HOTEL. They're
on the second floor. He is amazed.

NANCY'S VOICE

Shit! Is it Tuesday yet? We're going to Granma's on Tuesday - or did we say Wednesday. Fuck it! Where's my BOOK!!

119. TRAILWAYS STATION EXTERIOR DAY

GRANMA and GRANPA watch the BIG RED ONE coming down the pike. TV commercial grandparents.

GRANMA

This'll be the bus.

GRANPA

Ayup

GRANMA

It's two minutes late.

GRANPA

Ayup.

GRANMA

Oh my god.

SID and NANCY stagger off the BUS. The OTHER PASSENGERS make a wide detour around them. They carry Harrods bags.

GRANPA

(putting an arm around
GRANMA)

It's only for two days.

SID and NANCY approach them, arms outstretched. The LIVING DEAD ...

120. COUNTRY SQUIRE INTERIOR DAY

GRANPA drives at 15 mph. Cursed by PASSING DRIVERS. NANCY gives a running commentary on the neighbourhood. GRANMA outlines the itinerary. SID swigs Schnapps and nods.

GRANMA

Aunt Bette and Uncle Andy are coming by at 6:30. We're eating at 7:15.

NANCY

I don't want to see them, Granma. They're a fucking drag. I came to see YOU GUYS, not them

GRANMA

But they want to see YOU, Nancy.
They're family too and it's ALL
SET.

NANCY

Fuck it being ALL SET! I hate
them. Sid doesn't want to see
them, do you Sidney?

SID

(whispering in
NANCY's ear)

Look how wide the streets are. Are
we on the freeway?

GRANPA

Freeway, schmeeway. Like it or
not, this is how I always drive.

NANCY

Look, Sid! The ROLLERAMA! I won a
roller skating trophy there when I
was six years old!

GRANMA

Nancy, don't fib.

NANCY

Fuck you, Granma. Look, White
Castle, Sid!

SID

This is a fuckin' paradise ...

121. DINING ROOM INTERIOR NIGHT

SID, NANCY, UNCLE ANDY, AUNT BETTE and their children CHIPPER (17),
BUZZ (16) and MARY JANE (13). GRANMA and GRANPA.

DEADLY SILENCE. All watch as NANCY cuts SID's food. NANCY drinks
vodka tonic, SID Peppermint Schnapps. Everybody else drinks Coke,
Tab and Mr. Pibb.

BUZZ

Mom. Why can't he cut his
meat himself?

AUNT BETTE

Shhh!

NANCY

You gotta come to New York
when I get Sid his gigs.
They really want him at Max's
but they're just too cheap. They
only want to pay us THREE G's.
Sid's worth five at least. He's a
BIG STAR in New York.

SID

We both are.

NANCY

That's right. We don't have
hardly any time to ourselves.
We don't even have time to go
to the METHADONE CLINIC. We got
enough to last us two more days and
that's it. All done?

(pushes SID's plate
away)

Wanna go out and party with us,
Mary Jane? Can I take the car,
Granma? I wanna teach Sid how
to drive American!

CHIPPER

MOM! How come Nancy gets to
borrow Granma's car and I don't?
She's the one that got FUCKED
UP and wrecked it --

AUNT BETTE

CHIPPER!

NANCY

What do you know, CRATER FACE? Still
taking IDIOT LESSONS? Fuckin' twerp.
Too bad about your moron brothers,
Mary Jane.

GRANPA

So. You going to make an honest
woman out of our Nancy, Sid?

SID

She IS honest, Granpa Sir. She's
never lied to me.

GRANPA

But what are your, mm, intentions?

SID

We're going to the Methadone
Clinic on Monday. Nancy's gonna get me
gigs. We're gonna live in Paris.
And then go out i a BLAZE OF GLORY.
Don't you worry. You'll be proud
of us.

GRANPA

Well! Why don't we all go down to
the REC ROOM!

122 REC ROOM INTERIOR NIGHT

Pool table. Wet bar. Jukebox. Mini-trampoline. CHIPPER and BUZZ
play "Pong" at the Advent screen. GRANMA, GRANPA, UNCLE ANDY and AUNT
BETTE whisper by the door. NANCY inserts a tape into a black box
cassette player. SID "tunes" a rhythm guitar. He breaks a string.

NANCY

We don't have any of Sid's new
material on tape yet. There's tons
of it, but it's not worked out. This
is some of his old Pistols stuff.
Sid's playing bass.

SID

No I'm not. Glen is --

NANCY

Well you should have been. 1-2-3-4-

She turns the tape on. Bodies plays. SID attempts to strum the bass
line. NANCY articulates the words for MARY JANE. CHIPPER and BUZZ
make faces and play "Pong".

NANCY

She was a girl from Birmingham,
She just had an abortion.
BODIES - I'm not an animal -
(in unison with SID)
I DON'T WANT A BABY THAT LOOKS
LIKE THAT!

The song ends. SID sits down and nods. Polite applause.

NANCY

Which one shall we do next?

SID

I'm tired. Can we go to bed?

NANCY

For sure! What room are we sleeping in?

GRANMA

Well, actually, dear you're not staying here. We thought it would be more, um, FUN for you to stay downtown. At the SUNSHINE INN...

NANCY

What? But what about French toast and blintzes?

GRANMA

Oh, you don't want to come back here for breakfast, dear. Your bus leaves at 9:17.

NANCY

But we are going to stay another day...

GRANMA

Oh. Well. I guess Granpa and I misunderstood. We're going out of town tomorrow. The whole family is going out of town.

NANCY

Can't we come too?

GRANMA

I sorry Nancy. You just can't.

NANCY

Will you at least take us to the hotel?

GRANMA

Of course, dear.

GRANPA

We'll give you money for a taxi in the morning. Get you to the bus in plenty of time, yup.

He pushes NANCY into her coat. NANCY taps SID. Instantly, his good eye opens. SID has not been on the nod.

123 SUNSHINE INN ROOM INTERIOR NIGHT

TV on. SID and NANCY in bed. NANCY morose.

SID

Wow. What a kool place. Can't get over it. Pool table and all those games. Best fuckin' food I ever ate. Really nice people, too. Funny how they threw us out.

NANCY

Oh, it's not their fault, Sid. All that stuff I told you, that's not even the half of it. I always used to fuck them up when I would come and stay. I stole their car and wrecked it twice. One time I tried to burn their house down. It seems like I got arrested every time I left the house. See this scar? I did this to myself on purpose in Granma's kitchen --

SID

I thought I did that to you.

NANCY

I did it. The first time I tried to kill myself. I gave myself an abortion too. I'm nuts, Sid. Nobody but you can handle me.

SID

I was really lonely when I was a nipper. Me life was full of people coming in and going out. I never made no friends really. Never had no one 'cept me Mum. I never liked her. But I LOVED her. I love you more than anybody, Nance.

SID wraps his arms around her. They embrace. A streets-of-New-York COP SHOW ON TV. TWO PEOPLE walking on a ghetto street -- SID & NANCY --

124. METHADONE CLINIC INTERIOR DAY

SID and NANCY in a cubicle. Their CASEWORKER sits behind a glass partition with two little PAPER CUPS. SID and NANCY'S eyes are focused on the cups.

CASEWORKER

(measuring out their
Methadone)

You know about the Golden Triangle?
That's where the heroin comes from
Found out about it when I was in the
NAM. You heard of Vietnam, right?
And while us boys was fighting and
dying and getting all fucked up, them
South Vietnamese warlords was flying
the shit out of there on OUR planes.
Know who paid for that shit? WE DID.
That is, the government. Know why?
Cause smack's a GREAT CONTROLLER. Keeps
the people stupid when they could be
smart.

SID and NANCY fill in forms.

SID

Know what he's on about?

NANCY

Just a bunch of bullshit politics.

CASEWORKER

You guys got no right to be strung
out on this stuff. You are sellin'
healthy ANARCHY. But as long as you're
an addict, YOU BE FULL OF SHIT.

He gives them their doses. They quaff them down.

125. METHADONE CLINIC EXTERIOR DAY

SID and NANCY push thru the crowd of mostly Black ADDICTS waiting
outside.

NANCY

Fuck that guy, trying to tell us
what to do.

SID

What does he know, he's OLD.

ADDICTS

Look who it ain't - Sid Vicious,
the honky punk - I'm SCARED!

Somebody tousels SID's "do". Pissed, SID lashes out. He catches a fist, trips and falls. NANCY lands several good punches, protecting SID. SID pulls a SWITCHBLADE from his boot -- somebody steps on his hand -

SID
NANCEEEEEEEEEEE --

126. MAX'S KANSAS CITY INTERIOR DAY

NANCY sits opposite the MANAGER. She has a black eye and a bandaged ear. She holds SID's PORTFOLIO. Her old friend, TRELL, has come along for moral support. She is no longer a junky.

MANAGER
I'm not sure how many people want to see Vicious on his own --

NANCY
Are you KIDDING? Even winos on the street know who Sid Vicious is. Sid Vicious is a STAR.

MANAGER
I've always liked you, Nancy, even though you are a little nutso. But I'm running a business here. You really think he can get it together. Can he PLAY?

NANCY
He can! He can! He's practising all the time! Please give us a gig, Vito. Want me to fuck you?

MANAGER
No. And you shouldn't offer. It isn't professional. I'll give you three grand for three gigs. If it works out, maybe we'll have him back sometime. Deal?

NANCY
Deal. Can we have an advance?

MANAGER
Okay. Don't spend it all in one place --

127. CHELSEA HOTEL, ROOM 201 INTERIOR DAY

The door is open. SID and their neighbour, WAX MAX, smoke a joint and strum guitars in front of the TV. WAX MAX is TRELL's boyfriend. NANCY pushes in with bags of groceries and artificial logs.

NANCY

Sid! Hi, Max. Sidney, guess what?
I got you three gigs at Max's. At
least three. Maybe more. Aren't
you EXCITED!

SID

(nodding)

Yeah...

NANCY

What's going on? What are you guys
doing?

SID

(guilty)

Just smokin' a joint ...

NANCY

Oh YEAH?

Her eyes scour the room. Among the garbage, she spies an empty PAPER.
She snatches it up --

NANCY

What's THIS? You ASSHOLE! Max did
you give him this?

MAX

No way. I just came in here to
smoke one and jam some. Be kool.

NANCY

Don't tell me to BE KOOL! Sidney and I
had a DEAL! We weren't gonna do any
smack till after the GIG! ASSHOLE!
FUCKING JERK!

NANCY shoves SID. SID grunts. MAX gets up and leaves, taking his
guitar. NANCY rails at SID.

MAX

Later, y'all.

NANCY

I can't trust you as far as I can
THROW YOU! Motherfucker! We say
we're not gonna do any smack and as
soon as my back's turned you go and
get some. AND YOU DON'T SAVE ME
ANY! Fuckhead! LOUSY SCUMSUCKING
JERK!

She slaps him. He slugs her. Gets up and stumbles out --

128. STAIRCASE INTERIOR DAY

Out of it, SID pauses at the top of the stairs. He takes one step, blacks out and falls, tumbling headlong to the lower landing. TRELL comes running out of MAX'S room.

TRELL

Is he all right? Are you guys
smacked out again?

NANCY

Just him, the fuck.

NANCY and TRELL heave SID back up the stairs. SID is out cold. Round the corner come hotel supremo R.G. BARGY and TWO PROSPECTIVE GUESTS.

BARGY

You're really gonna love this place,
a lot of artists stay here, I want
you to stay a long time --

He sess SID and NANCY. Makes an abrupt about turn.

BARGY

Some of my - ah- foreign exchange
students. Let's take the elevator.

129. SUBWAY INTERIOR DAY

NANCY and SID ride the train downtown. NANCY is pissed. SID is hurting now. Opposite them sit TWO PUERTO RICAN kids - about 18 and 19 - wearing new leather jackets and clean jeans. The BOY has slicked back hair. The GIRL wears lots of lipstick. They are fairly disgusted by SID and NANCY's condition.

SID

My bones hurt ...

NANCY
 You're such an asshole. I'm
 only doing this because I love
 you. I hate seeing you strung out
 when I'm not. Asshole.

SID shivers and groans. NANCY's expression softens. She hugs him.

130. 4TH STREET & AVENUE D EXTERIOR DAY

DOZENS OF PEOPLE stand in line outside a battered door. Blacks, P.R.s, middle-class whites. BOWERY SNAX is one of them. A bespectacled junky PUNK.

NANCY drags SID out of the SUBWAY STATION.

NANCY
 Yo, Bowery!

The door opens. The line shuffles forward. BOWERY saves them a place in line.

131. CHELSEA HOTEL, ROOM 201 INTERIOR DAY

BOWERY and SID look on as NANCY shoots up. It is a big hit and she nods before the needle leaves her arm. BOWERY removes the works and makes his hit. SID lays NANCY on her side. She takes hold of his hand.

BOWERY
 It's none of my business, but I
 don't know why you hang with that
 bitch, man. She's always down on
 you, bitchin' at you, criticizing --

SID
 Nah, she's okay. She doesn't mean
 it.

BOWERY
 She oughta have more respect for
 you. If I had a girlfriend, man,
 she'd show me some respect. Believe
 it.

SID
 Nancy's all right. She's got me
 these gigs at Max's. We're both
 getting off the H...

BOWERY.

Smart move. Can I have a little bit for later?

132. CHELSEA HALLWAY INTERIOR NIGHT

BOWERY walks away. The VOICES of SID and NANCY rise in the background. Fighting again, muffled by the walls.

NANCY'S VOICE

You didn't have to give him any more! You gave him some already! We could have used that for ourselves!

BOWERY ducks downstairs. Fade up SIREN SOUNDS.

133. MAX'S KANSAS CITY EXTERIOR NIGHT

FIRE TRUCKS hurtle past. The marquee reads: SID VICIOUS AND CREW. The LINE extends around the block ...

134. MAX'S INTERIOR NIGHT

SID bounds on stage doing Something Else. He stumbles and nearly falls. WILD APPLAUSE. The BAND is really tight - including members of the Heartbreakers and the Clash. SID is awestruck and delighted.

After the first song, the set goes to pieces. SID starts singing one number, the band plays another. He reads the words off a lyric sheet.

Most of the AUDIENCE do not care. They throw SID money, beer cans, little packets of drugs, old syringes, t-shirts.

NANCY rushes from one duty to another - studying the guest list, lubricating JOURNALISTS. Near her some NEW WEVERS boo.

NEW WEVERS

Bollocks! Where's Johnny?!

Furious, NANCY wraps her studded wristband around her fist. She slugs the NEW WEVERS. A BOUNCER looks on benignly. He guards a BOX labelled:

"FREE! KITTENS! CUTE!"

The BOX is surrounded by cooing GIRLS in fearsome punk attire. On stage, the BAND tries to work out what to play.

BOUNCER

Hey, Nancy! Want a kitty? I
gotta give away all six.

135. THE NURSERY INTERIOR NIGHT

SID, NANCY, TRELL and the BAND sit at a table in the back of the after hours club. Sweat and exhausted, snorting lines of coke. All have KITTENS.

NANCY

You were fucking great, Sid!

SID

I don't know, Nance. There was a lot of people booing, screaming for John. They threw drugs and shit at me like I was some kinda CIRCUS ANIMAL.

TRELL

That's cause they love you. They're your fans!

GUITARIST

We might have got a better response if we'd practised more.

NANCY

Sid doesn't need to practise. He's a NATURAL.

SID

Yeah. A natural fuck up.

DRUMMER

You could get it together, Sid.
You just gotta learn the words --

NANCY

Shut up! My Sid HAS got it together! It's all those bridge and tunnel geeks that don't appreciate his style!

SID

Yeah. My WAY ...

WAX MAX (BASSIST)

Don't go gittin' down on yourself, man. We all just got to work a little harder --

NANCY

What the fuck do you know about
WORK? You don't know what Sid
and I have gone thru to get him
where he is now. You don't
understand being misunderstood!
(starts to cry)

NO ONE DOES!

She grabs SID, drags him towards the door. The BAND are speechless.
A GROUP of TEENY PUNKS approach SID.

PUNKETTE

(coily)

We saw your show at Max's, Sid.

SID

What'd you think?

PUNKIES

(roughly in unison)

YOU SUCK!

The KIDS laugh derisively and congratulate themselves on their
More-Vicious-than-Vicious attitude... NANCY and SID are devastated.

NANCY

(screaming to a boulder)

I want them 86'd PERMANENTLY!!!!

136. BIG TAXI INTERIOR NIGHT

NANCY and SID. A KITTEN's head pokes out of NANCY's leather jacket.

NANCY

They're full of shit, Sid. You
listen to me. I know what's good
for you. That's why I'm your
MANAGER. Right?

SID

Right.

NANCY

"Learn the fucking words". You
don't need to learn the fuckin'
words. You can make up your own
words, like you did on My Way.

SID
Wish we had some more coke.

NANCY
We'll get some. Don't you worry about anything, Sidney. Don't worry about drugs, about the band, about gigs. Don't worry about ANYTHING. That's what I'm here for. Everything's gonna be all right ...

SID, very docile, curls up in NANCY's lap. The KITTEN mews.

137. CHELSEA, ROOM 201 INTERIOR LIGHT

NANCY and SID in bed. TV on. Much JUNK PARAPHERNALIA in evidence. Cat box. NANCY holds up the little CAT.

NANCY
I must have been dreaming just then, Sid. I thought we had a little dog. It was really little and we loved it. But it got sick and then it was dead.

SID
Ahhh...

NANCY
It was dead and we loved it and we didn't know where to bury it in New York and we didn't want to be without it. So we ate it.

SID
Ahhh...

A LOUD BANGING ON THE DOOR. SID and NANCY react slowly.

GUJARIST'S VOICE
SID! SID! It's Mick. You're supposed to be on stage!

138. MAX'S INTERIOR NIGHT

Showers of dollar bills and papers collide with SID on stage. He freezes in mid-song, reaches down and picks some up. Rising, he sees JOHN sitting at a table. A WAITRESS passes. JOHN is gone.

139. CHELSEA, ROOM 201 INTERIOR DAY

JOHN is on PHIL DONAHUE. SID runs a knife across NANCY's back. NANCY sits opening the papers he's collecting.

NANCY
Fuck it! They're all EMPTY!
They're just little paper squares.

SID
Where you going?

NANCY
Get some more ...

140. 4TH ST AND AVENUE B EXTERIOR DAY

SID and NANCY stumble thru a shattered neighbourhood. Burning braziers, subway steam, suspicious characters, PANHANDLERS to whom NANCY donates dollar bills ...

VOICES
Lucky 7? Black tape? Colt 45?

They pass 4 or 5 P.R. KIDS on the corner. Beating up on the LITTLEST ONE. SID takes offence.

SID
Cut that out! OY! I'm talkin' to YOU!

KID
He owes us three dollars, man.

SID
I don't care. Leave 'im alone.

NANCY
C'mon Sid.

KID
Who the fuck are you?

SID
Sid Vicious.

Disbelief turns to horror. SID's lip curls. The KIDS run away. SID laughs, wraps around NANCY. They meet their connection, GRETCHEN.

141. CHELSEA, ROOM 201 INTERIOR SUNSET

GRETCHEN is with them in the room, trading drugs for cash. SID and NANCY are barely aware of her presence.

GRETCHEN

So then I went backstage, you know,
and there were all these other
chicks but I think he really
likes me cause he asked me if I had
any drugs and I said yeah they're
at my place and he came over and I
think he really likes me...

SID and NANCY collapse into each other. GRETCHEN's voice fades out, though her lips still move.

142. CHINESE RESTAURANT INTERIOR SUNSET

Very atmospheric. SID and NANCY dine on Peking Duck. JUNKS are visible outside the wide bay windows. Sunset sky. Seductive lighting. Wind chimes. Their waiter clears the plates away. He looks like a MANDARIN MALCOLM ...

143. CHELSEA, ROOM 201 INTERIOR NIGHT

JUNKS on TV. SID and NANCY sit in bed, feeding each other cold takeaway Chinese food. They eat very little.

SID

When was the last time we
fucked?

NANCY

Can't remember. Do you miss
it, Sid? We can if you want ...

SID

Nah. Just give us a kiss.

They kiss - their phone rings, distant and ignored -

144. MAX'S KANSAS CITY INTERIOR DAY

They are interrupted, kissing, at their private table. LUNCHING BUSINESSMEN and NERVOUS FANS surround them. NANCY notices someone entering the bar.

NANCY
Look, Sid.

SID rises, grabs a chair. He hurls it at the UNSEEN PERSON. It misses and smashes thru the tinted glass window. Afternoon light floods in. The BUSINESSMEN continue eating ...

145. CHELSEA, ROOM 201 INTERIOR DAY/NIGHT

NANCY stumbles into something and falls down. CRASH. SID, shooting up, glances over at her. He returns to his safety pin, eye dropper and bloody hole...

146. VIVISECTION LAB INTERIOR NIGHT

A labcoated DOCTOR sticks a long needle into a RAT's brain. SID and NANCY re prize guests at a BLACK TIE PARTY in the lab. Huge models of neurons and the human brain. NANCY overhears a DOCTOR talking to SID
--

DOCTOR
I said PETIT MAL SYNDROME. It's
what you suffer from. That's why
your eye is closed and you nod out
all the time.

NANCY smiles. She puts her hand into a BUNSEN BURNER FLAME and holds it there.

147. CHELSEA, ROOM 201 INTERIOR DAY

NANCY
OWW!

SID's cigarette has burned NANCY. She grabs it, tosses it away. It smoulders for a long time. SID and NANCY watch as it burns. The room fills with smoke. Curtains and clothes catch fire. They watch the place ABLAZE --

FIREMEN kick the door down. Chemical foam sprays everywhere, SID and NANCY haven't moved.

148. STAIRCASE INTERIOR DAY

NANCY and SID, covered in flecks of foam, push past FIREMEN and RESIDENTS, lugging their Harrods bags downstairs. They are accompanied by R.G. BARGY and the old porter, STAIN.

BARGY
I'm putting you in room 100.
You'll like it on the first
floor. No more waiting for the
elevator.

They pass a JUNKY vomiting, KIDS cornering a RAT. A DWARF CHILD runs
at them --

DWARF CHILD
Shoppin! I want shoppin!

The CHILD is dragged back into a room --

149. ROOM 100 INTERIOR DAY

OLD STAIN unlocks the door. Radiator noises. Scratching sounds. SID
lays down on the bed immediately.

BARGY
Wait a minute. What are you doing
with that lamp? You can't take
furniture from room to room. I
lose track of my FIXTURES --

NANCY
This is OUR lamp. Our room
didn't have any lamps. We bought
this.

SID
Where's the TV?

BARGY
Oh, there isn't a TV in here? Well,
why don't you run back up and get the
one from your old room.

STAIN
He wants you to like this room.
Bob Dylan was born here.

STAIN and BARGY head for the door. NANCY dumps her purse out on the
bed. A LOT OF MONEY spills out.

BARGY
Don't worry about the damages.
We'll put them on your bill --

150. CHELSEA LOBBY INTERIOR DAY

Full of OLD FOLKS, wasted GLITTER ROCKERS, JUNKIES waiting for someone. SID and NANCY stagger out. They meet HUGH KARES coming thru the doors.

HUGH

Sid! Long time no see! Hugh Kares. You remember me.

SID

No.

HUGH

Jeez, you look awful, Sid. We should get together for drinks.

NANCY

Don't listen to him, Sid. He's got a gun.

HUGH

Maybe I'll come by tonight.

She pushes past him, dragging SID. MONEY SPILLING FROM HER PURSE.

NANCY

Fuck off, NARC! TAXI!

151. MCDONALDS, TIMES SQUARE INTERIOR DAY

SID and NANCY sit in the window talking to GRETCHEN. They all look sick and nurse big Cokes.

GRETCHEN

I don't have anything. Just my wakeup shot. Nobody's holding. There's nothing downtown.

SID

Bowery said he'd meet us here.

GRETCHEN

You still buying off Bowery? I heard he sold someone a paper and they DIED.

SID

That's BULLSHIT.

SID gets up and stamps outside. NANCY rises.

GRETCHEN
Are you guys still fighting a lot?

NANCY
(shrugs)
He's real depressed.

GRETCHEN
Jimmy's real depressed too.
He broke three of my ribs. We're
being stupid, Nance. We ought to
leave them.

NANCY watches SID, standing outside, screaming at her.

NANCY
Yeah, sure. Love kills. See ya.

NANCY hurries after SID --

152. PLAYLAND. EXTERIOR DAY

NANCY crosses Times Square and joins SID talking to a KID HUSTLER.
The HUSTLER shakes his head. SID marches up and down.

SID
FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK!

NANCY stares in the window of the FAKE I.D. STORE. Prominently
displayed are TWO MATCHING 007 KNIVES.

NANCY
Look, Sid. You like those?

153. ROOM 100 INTERIOR NIGHT

SID turns the place over, looking for drugs. NANCY lays on her side,
moaning.

NANCY
My kidneys hurt. Where'd
you put it, Sid?

SID
I CAN'T REMEMBER!

NANCY
Scumsucker. You did it without
me.

SID
 Fuck you! If we only had enough
 for one of us, I'd give it all to
 you.

NANCY
 LIAR! AAAGH!

SID
 'Strue. I can't stand seeing
 you in pain.

NANCY
 I'm ALWAYS in pain. I wish I
 was fuckin' dead.

SID
 Shut UP! Quit goin' on. I got
 more reasons to be depressed
 than you. I got no more self
 confidence. I'm ugly. I can't
 play bass. You're better off
 than me.

NANCY
 Why? Because I was never
 ANYTHING? At least you USED
 to be something. I'm ugly too.
 Nobody knows my name.

They hear a sound in the hall. SID hurries to the door and opens it.
 He looks out to see --

154. HALL INTERIOR NIGHT

-- the DWARF CHILD at the door across from them, bringing in the
 newspaper and a bottle of Galliano.

155. ROOM 100 INTERIOR NIGHT

SID shuts the door.

NANCY
 Is it Bowery?

SID
 Nah. It's just that dwarf.

NANCY
 That's not a dwarf, Sid.
 It's a little boy.

SID
What do you know. Stupid
bitch.

NANCY
FUCK YOU!

She pushes him. He whacks her and she falls - hitting her head against the RADIATOR. The radiator hisses and rattles. SID is sorry at once.

NANCY whimpers. SID bends over and kisses her.

SID
Wish we had something to hit.

NANCY
Wish we could get out of here.

More kissing. Possibility of passion.

The door swings open. In comes BOWERY SNAX. SID and NANCY jump up, hungry little animals scrambling for their dinner.

SID & NANCY
Thank the Lord! It's Bowery!
What you got?

BOWERY
Not much.

NANCY
Come on, don't fuck around. We got
the cash.

BOWERY roots in the trash, finds a warm beer on the floor. He opens it. They wait expectantly.

BOWERY
Everybody's got the cash. But
no one's holding. I've been up and
down the island twice. Been all the
way to BROOKLYN. Hate that fuckin'
town ...

NANCY pulls her 007 KNIFE and sticks it against BOWERY's throat.

NANCY
Bowery. What have you got?

BOWERY
Tuies. Tuinal. SID.

NANCY
Is that ALL? You said you
had DILAUDID.

BOWERY
Call her off, man!

SID
We'll take 'em.

BOWERY gives NANCY the caps. She opens them, starts to dissolve the powder. BOWERY produces powders of his own, snorts up a line --

SID
What's that?

BOWERY
Just a little of the good SPEED.

SID
Sulphate? Give us some of that too.

NANCY adds the speed to the liquid. BOWERY shakes his head.

BOWERY
You guys are outside, man. You shoot that stuff, it's gonna make you sick --

SID
(injecting NANCY)
Think you can get us some Dilaudid too?

NANCY convulses slightly. She groans, suffering from cramps.

SID
What is it? You all right?

NANCY
I don't know. I feel pretty weird.

SID
You wanna puke?

NANCY
I don't know. Maybe you shouldn't hit it, Sid.

SID
Nah, 's all right.

BOWERY
(into phone)
This is Bowery. You still got that thing? Can I swing by?
(to SID and NANCY)
I'll be about an hour.

BOWERY exits. SID and NANCY are alone.

SID
How do you feel now?

NANCY
My eyes hurt. The TV's so bright. It hurts my eyes. You think Bowery's all right?

SID
(strumming his
GUITAR)
Yeah. Nah. What do you mean?

NANCY
I mean you think he'd rip us off?

SID
I don't know. He might.
Anybody might.
(stares at TV)
Maybe we should go back on the program. We're killing ourselves.

NANCY
Long as we die together, I don't care. I love you, Sid.

SID
(turning up his
AMP)
You think ... You think we'll be like this forever? Think things'll ever change?

A FUSE BLOWS. The amp and the room lights die. The TELEVISION and the BATHROOM LIGHTS remain.

SID
Oh fuck it. Should we go and tell Argy?

NANCY
NO! No, I don't want to talk to anybody. I feel too weird. Kiss my toes?

SID sets the guitar down, lowers himself slowly down her body --

NANCY

You're always so good to me.
Is there anything you wouldn't
do for me?

SID

No.

NANCY

You know when I was born, there
was something wrong with my blood.
They put me on this big machine
that changed it. Like it would
pump in good blood and suck out the
fucked-up stuff. I just remembered
that machine. I wish they'd let it
drain me.

SID

I saw this thing on TV once. They
drilled a hole in this bloke's skull,
because his brains was too big, or
someth --

NANCY

Shut up. Listen to me.

SID

I'm listening.

NANCY stares hard at SID.

SID

You're not saying anything.

NANCY

Shut up and LISTEN.

SID frowns. He looks away. NANCY takes his head in both hands, turns
it to face her. She concentrates hard.

SID

You want to die.

NANCY

I want to die with you.

SID

I don't want to --

NANCY

What's to live for, Sid? So Bowery can come back and we can shoot Dilaudid? So you can go score methadone and get beat up? So we can both be junkies till we die? What are you looking forward to?

SID

Gettin' laid. Doin' drugs. Bein' in a band.

NANCY

You've done 'em, Sid. What else?

SID

Bein' with you forever.

NANCY

And - ?

SID

And going out in a glaze of glory.

156. CHELSEA LIQUORS

INTERIOR

NIGHT

SID and NANCY drift in. They head for the refrigerator. They select champagne. They are very wired and weird ...

SID

Why don't we just O.D.?

NANCY

That's not GLORIOUS. We have to go at the same time. Like that Movie of the Week. The one where those kids ran their car into a train.

SID

We don't have a motor.

NANCY

Doesn't matter. It has to be at the same time. That's the most important thing.

They approach the counter. NANCY tests a bottle against her cheek.

NANCY

These aren't cold. Champagne has to be cold.

SALESMAN
They're cold.

NANCY
Are you sure?

SID stares at his reflection in the case. The SALESMAN rings the bottles up.

SALESMAN
Having a party?

NANCY
Yeah ...
(she grabs SID's
arm)
Fuck you and your stupid
questions. Just for that, we're
never coming back!

157. WAX MAX'S ROOM INTERIOR NIGHT

TRELL opens the door. SID and NANCY stand there, very strange. MAX is watching Ugly George.

NANCY
Will you hold this stuff for us?

They have armloads of their belongings - SID's gold records, his portfolio, a bundle of letters, miscellaneous stuff.

MAX
Sure. What's up?

SID
Uh - we just - you know -

NANCY
Don't want to get ripped off.

MAX
I hear that.

NANCY looks at SID. SID stares into space.

SID
Got a joint?

NANCY
Come on, Sid. We got to pack.

SID
Oh. See yer.

NANCY embraces TRELL.

TRELL

Where are you going? When are you coming back?

NANCY

Sid. The jacket.

SID nods, remembering. He pulls his LEATHER JACKET off, hands it to WAX MAX. SID and NANCY leave. MEWING. NANCY'S KITTEN comes creeping out of the pocket.

158. ROOM 100 INTERIOR NIGHT

SID sits on the bed. He drains the last of the champagne. NANCY stands in the fluorescent bathroom, applying make-up.

SID

Don't we need to leave a note or something?

NANCY

We don't need to leave a note. We're leaving OURSELVES.

SID picks up a 007 KNIFE. He pricks himself along the back of his forearm. SIRENS hurtle thru the night. TV on. NANCY, in black bra and panties, fluffs her hair in the bathroom mirror.

SID

Fuckin'. I don't know about this, Nance. I mean, I AM a fuckin' maniac. I'll do absolutely anything. Only it don't seem SENSIBLE. What if --

NANCY

Sidney, I can't deal with WHAT IF anymore! THIS IS IT! You PROMISED we'd go out TOGETHER! IN A BLAZE OF GLORY! Stop being so fucking SELFISH! You don't love me AFTERALL!

NANCY collapses, sobbing, on the bathroom floor.

SID

Don't wanna ...

NANCY

Sidney. Please ...

159. BATHROOM INTERIOR NIGHT

SID stands watching NANCY on the floor. She climbs up his body. Slips his t-shirt up over his shoulders, kisses his nipples, rubs her face against his chest.

They stand holding each other for a while.

NANCY pulls the KNIFE out of SID's pocket, puts it in his hand. It presses just below her ribs. She opens her own KNIFE, lays the blade against SID's heart.

NANCY
I love you, Sid.

SID
I love you, too, Nancy.

NANCY
Count to three.

SID
One...two...2½...

NANCY
(urgently)
Don't fuck around!

SID
Sorry. One...two...three...

A pause. NANCY stares into SID's eyes. SID's hand jerks spasmodically. NANCY thrusts against SID's knife. She gasps.

SID feels nothing. He looks down. She hasn't stabbed him. The knife falls from NANCY's hand.

SID
Nancy. Stab me. Stab ME...

NANCY
I can't. I love you.

NANCY's spine relaxes. She falls back. SID lets her down slowly. He brushes back her hair. NANCY's blood spreads across the checkered bathroom floor...

160. ROOM 100 INTERIOR EARLY MORNING

Light creeps thru the rips in the blind. SID lies passed out on the bed. Blood all over him. Bugs Bunny on TV.

The door swings open. BOWERY SNAX appears. He sees NANCY, lying on the bathroom floor...

BOWERY

Jesus...

BOWERY backs towards the door. Something catches his attention - NANCY's PURSE lying on the bed, piled high with crumpled money. BOWERY swipes the money from the bag.

He's out the door.

161. 23RD STREET EXTERIOR MORNING

BOWERY heads east for the subway. He passes a pair of pay phones. Backtracks, dials 3 digits hastily --

BOWERY

(affecting an English accent)

Someone's bin 'urt, gov'nor.
Room 100. The Chelsea 'otel.
Cheerio...

162. CHELSEA LOBBY INTERIOR DAY

VERY TIGHT on SID as he's led out in handcuffs. His face is a blank. His head is bowed. He squints into the sunlight.

163. RIKER'S ISLAND INTERIOR DAY

SID sits on the floor. Hunched up foetally. Cold turkey. No belt, no shoes, no socks. He keeps switching positions. Every position is intolerable.

Another JUNKY occupies the single bench, shaking. A naked lightbulb shines. A PRISON GUARD arrives.

GUARD

You're out, Richie. Somebody paid the fifty grand.

165. F. LEE BAILEY'S OFFICE INTERIOR DAY

SID sits with MALCOLM, his MUM and the GREAT LAWYER. They're on the 28th floor of the Empire State Building.

MALCOLM

This is Mr. F. Lee Bailey,
Sid. He's a famous barrister.
He's agreed to take your case.

F.L.B.
Pleased to meet you ... Sid.

SID
What do I need a lawyer for?

MUM
Because you're not guilty,
Simon. You're not guilty.

SID
How do you know?

F.L.B. coughs uncomfortably, looks away.

F.L.B.
Dammed pigeons.

MALCOLM
Let's have none of that now
Sidney. Paul and Steve are
coming out here. For the
REUNION. You're about to be a
busy boy.

SID
(crying, mumbling)
Fuck it.

F.L.B.
Pardon me.

SID
All I want is Nancy.

MALCOLM
Don't be so fucking silly, Sid.
Nancy's gone. You're still
around. You've got to start
behaving SENSIBLY --

MUM
He's a bit upset right now,
Mr Bailey. He doesn't know
what he wants. You tell him
what to say. He's a GOOD
BOY.

Wings flutter outside. SID looks away.

165. WINDOW EXTERIOR DAY

SID watches pigeons landing on the window ledge. Clouds and the
Chrysler Building reflected in his face.

166. MAX'S KANSAS CITY EXTERIOR NIGHT

A line around the block. Grafitti on the walls reads, SID VICIOUS IS INNOCENT - NANCY R.I.P. Lots of noise.

167. MAX'S KANSAS CITY INTERIOR NIGHT

The crowd parts as SID appears. Everyone looks at him. There are lots of SID and NANCY clones. T-shirts that say No More Nauseating Nancy and I'm Alive. She's Dead. I'm Yours. Worn by the Bridge and Tunnel crowd.

STRANGERS thrust drink is into SID's hands. He sits down at his old table, two beers in each hand. Someone comes and sits down beside him. BILLY from long ago. BILLY is older and blonder. Speaks with a midatlantic drawl.

SID

Billy. All right.

BILLY

Shit, Sid. I'm real sorry.
Everybody ... I was in London ...
you know ...

SID

Living out here now?

BILLY

Yeah, I got a band. Guess who
I saw? Gloria. That real DRASTIC
bird.

SID

Oh yeah. She still alive?

BILLY

Yeah. She's off smack. She's
like all pink and real pretty.
Got a kid. She's living with
her boyfriend's parents and ...
You want another beer?

SID nods. BILLY heads for the bar. HUGH KARES sits down.

HUGH

SO. Long time no see, Sid. Real
cut up about the news, man. Hey, my
condolences, you know.

SID looks away. BILLY returns with a beer mug.

HUGH

So. Who's handling you these days?

SID grabs the MUG and lashes out with it. BEER splashes all over HUGH. The MUG hits BILLY in the face HUGH flees. SID rises, stares at BILLY writhing on the floor.

BOUNCERS jump SID. SIRENS sound.

168. JAIL CELL INTERIOR NIGHT

SID stares at the naked lightbulb. He gets up and unscrews it. Darkness. SID smashes the bulb, saws at his wrists. Blood spatters the floor.

169. JAIL HOUSE INTERIOR DAY

SID stands at a counter, getting his possessions back. His wrists are thickly bandaged. He faces TWO COPS, one keen and young, the other old and wise.

YOUNG COP

(planting things on the counter)

A candy bar. A piece of string.
A piece of paper.

OLD COP

Look, kid. You're out on bail again. Why don't you give yourself a break? I know you think you're kind of tough ...

(searching for SID's name on the roster)

Richie. But there's a lot of guys tougher than you that wish they was wearing your shoes right now.

YOUNG COP

Six books of matches. One pack of cigarettes. One safety pin.

OLD COP

Once you're out that door you can stay out for good or you can turn around and walk back in.

YOUNG COP
 A stick of gum. A subway
 token. Sixty-seven cents in change.
 (takes a breath)
 And \$540 cash. Sign here
 please.

SID signs and stuffs his pockets. He hasn't heard a word.

OLD COP
 It's up to you, son. I don't see
 no braces on your legs.

SID nods and starts to limp away - as if he had braces on his legs.
 The TWO COPS shake their heads. In the doorway, SID turns around.

SID
 Oh yeah. One thing ...

OLD COP
 What is it, SON?

SID
 Where can I get a pizza?

170. DOCKS EXTERIOR DAY

Gray, dark, cold day. SID gets off the boat from RIKER's ISLAND. The first thing he sees is a glowing neon PIZZA place.

171. PIZZA PLACE INTERIOR DAY

SID sits in the window, finishing an entire pan. Steam pours from the subway vents outside. THREE CHILDREN watch him thru the glass.

172. DOCKS EXTERIOR DAY

SID wipes his mouth and steps into the strange twilight. The THREE KIDS approach him. They have a GHETTO BLASTER.

KID 1
 Dance with us, Sid.

SID
 Nah. I'm not dancing with
 no little kids.

KID 2
 Don't be so stuck up fuckhead.
 Dance with us.

SID looks up and down the street. It is deserted. He bops a few steps with the KIDS, self-consciously.

A CHECKER CAB appears. The door opens.

NANCY IS SITTING IN THE BACK. She looks very pretty. Healthy, hair a glowing platinum, no track marks on her arms.

She smiles at SID. SID gets into the CAB.

The door closes. Thru the back window, we see SID and NANCY kiss. The TAXI rolls away.

KIDS
Boo! Kissing! Yuck!

The KIDS bop on. The sky turns slowly pink and green.

ROLL TITLE

SID VICIOUS DIED OF A HEROIN
OVERDOSE ON FEBRUARY 2ND 1979

NANCY & SID R.I.P.