

SUMMER
OF
SAM

By
Victor Colicchio, Michael Imperioli, Jeri Carroll.

FOR EDUCATIONAL
PURPOSES ONLY

OCT. 31. 1997

TITLE CARD: "THE BRONX - JULY 29, 1976"

EXT. BRONX STREET - NIGHT

A quiet block in a residential neighborhood. A full moon hangs in the sky. The camera pans slowly to reveal a double parked car in the foreground. Two 19 year old women (GIRLS 1 and 2) sit inside the car talking.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

The radio is on. The girls sit in the front seat.

GIRL 1

You want to go to the beach tomorrow?

GIRL 2

Yeah, let's go to Jones...oh that's right, I'm getting my hair done tomorrow. I'll just cancel the appointment.

As the two girls talk a MAN approaches the car in the background.

GIRL 1

Who's that?

GIRL 2

Where?

The girls look towards the man. In slow motion, SHOTS ARE FIRED, shattering the window into a million pieces and hitting both girls. Girl 1 is shot in the head and falls forward landing on the car horn. The sound of the horn mixes with the screams of Girl 2. The Killer runs off into the night.

FADE TO RED

TITLE CARD: "MANHATTAN - 8 MONTHS LATER"

INT. LOWER EAST SIDE APARTMENT - NIGHT

In a bedroom in a low rent punk apartment, two punk rock girls (CAT and DIZZIE LIZZIE) laze across the bed watching a small black and white TV. They are wearing very little. They have just made love, and are sharing a cigarette and eating potato chips. At the other end of the room is RITCHIE, 25 years old and dressed in early 70's New York Punk style. He is furiously packing a duffel bag with clothes.

CAT

I don't understand what's wrong.
You been with two girls before.

RITCHIE

I wasn't in love with one of them.

DIZZY LIZZIE

I thought you were cool, Ritchie.

CAT

Where you gonna go, Ritchie? You
don't have to leave. C'mon stay.

Ritchie grabs his bag and guitar case, then walks over to
the TV.

RITCHIE

This is mine.

Ritchie SMASHES the TV. As he exits, Cat yells at him:

CAT

Why don't you just pack up your
Bronx mentality and go home to
mommy. That's where you belong.

DIZZIE LIZZIE

I thought you were cool, Ritchie.

EXT. LOWER EAST SIDE STREET - NIGHT

Ritchie walks down Avenue A with his guitar in one hand, his
duffel bag in the other. He stops at a graffiti covered door
and goes inside.

INT. PUNK LOFT - NIGHT

A punk crash pad/rehearsal room. Low lights, graffiti on the
wall, guitars and amplifiers, beer bottles, clothes, food
debris, etc. litter the floor. A punk guy and girl are
asleep on the floor in each other's arms. Some punks are
playing MUSIC. A heavily TATTOOED YOUNG WOMAN is naked as a
tattoo artist gives her another tattoo.

Ritchie enters. One of the punks playing music (a black man
named SPIDER) greets Ritchie.

SPIDER

What's happenin'?

RITCHIE

Cat threw me out, let's jam.

SPIDER

Hey man, we're gonna have a ball
fest when the tattoo's done.

The Tattooed Girl looks at Ritchie.

TATTOOED GIRL

Hang out with us, Ritchie.

RITCHIE

I gotta get my head together. You
guys got 20 bucks I can borrow for
a hotel?

SPIDER

We wouldn't be here if we had 20
bucks.

EXT. LOWER EAST SIDE STREET - NIGHT

Ritchie stands outside of a building. He is ringing a door
bell. He yells up to a friend.

RITCHIE

Bite!! You up there???

Ritchie walks away.

EXT. ANOTHER LOWER EAST SIDE STREET - NIGHT

Ritchie sits on a stoop. A hard core punk (SCABIE) on speed
comes rushing by.

RITCHIE

'Ay Scabie, can I crash at your place
for couple of days?

SCABIE

No man, my mom's in town. I'm gonna
take her to the Statue of Liberty and
try to hustle some rent money off her.
It may take a couple of days.

RITCHIE

I need some gas money...you got that
5 dollars you owe me?

EXT. YET ANOTHER LOWER EAST SIDE STREET - NIGHT

Ritchie takes two parking tickets off the windshield of his
1964 Dodge Dart and rips them up. He goes to the trunk puts
in his stuff and removes a hose. He takes the hose and
begins siphoning gas out of the car next to his.

EXT. CROSS BRONX EXPRESSWAY - NIGHT

Ritchie's car leaves Manhattan and heads toward the Bronx. Punk rock music blasts from his 8-track car stereo.

EXT. BRUCKNER EXPRESSWAY - NIGHT

Ritchie's car exits at the Country Club Road Exit of the Expressway. Immediately off the highway he drives through a quiet, tree lined street.

EXT. CLUB VIRGO - NIGHT

A neighborhood Bronx disco. Ritchie's car pulls up across the street from the club's entrance. He exits the car takes a step toward the disco, stops and looks at his clothing.

INT. RITCHIE'S CAR - NIGHT

CLOSE ON RITCHIE'S FACE

as he climbs back into the car and looks toward the doors of the club.

INT. CLUB VIRGO - NIGHT

The CAMERA PANS around the disco. We see the patrons, almost all Italian Americans, dressed in Bronx Disco Polyester. They are all dancing, drinking, smoking, doing drugs. They are enjoying the freedoms of the carefree 70's. The club's DJ dances to the beat of the disco record as a young woman snorts lines of coke off a Jackson 5 album cover.

A young couple --VINCE and DIONNA -- dance in the middle of the dance floor. Vince is an attractive Italian American man, 26 years old, stylishly dressed and perfectly coifed. His wife Dionna, is 24 years old, Italian American with a classical Romanesque beauty. Most of the club's patrons have formed a circle around them. Vince and Dionna finish their dance, kiss passionately as the crowd applauds.

Vince and Dionna walk over to the crowded bar as drinks and money fly back and forth. They stand next to a young woman. Her name is CHIARA, she is Dionna's 22 year old cousin visiting from Italy. Also at the bar are a few of Vince's friends. They are ALPHONSE, ANTHONY and BRIAN. They range in age from 22-26. Brian stares intently at the bartender. The bartender, JOEY T, 32 years old, has a small transistor radio earphone in his ear.

VINCE

Joey, what's the score?

JOEY T
3-2 Yankees, top of the fifth.

JOEY T pours a couple of drinks for Vince and Dionna.

JOEY T
On the house.

ANTHONY
Hey, Dionna, what's with your
cousin?

ALPHONSE
She's stuck up.

DIONNA
She don't speak English, whatta
you want?

Chiara smiles at the guys, then turns to Dionna.

CHIARA
(in Italian)
It's midnight. You better take
me home.

DIONNA
Vince, it's midnight, Chiara has
to go home.

ANTHONY
I'll take her home.

DIONNA
Forget about it, that's all her father
has to see, we'll all get beatings.
C'mon Vince, let's take her home.

VINCE
No, you stay, have a good time, I'll
take her. I'll be right back.

DIONNA
Stop past the diner and pick me up
a BLT.

Dionna kisses Vince. Chiara and Vince start to exit the
club. As they near the door, Vince looks back at Dionna
briefly. Then he and Chiara exit the club.

EXT. CLUB VIRGO - NIGHT

Vince and Chiara exit the club.

EXT. CLUB VIRGO - NIGHT

Ritchie's car drives away, Vince looks toward it.

VINCE

Yo, Ritchie!

Ritchie's car continues.

Vince and Chiara walk to Vince's car, get in. The motor starts.

EXT. BRONX STREET - NIGHT

Vince's car is parked on a quiet street a few blocks away. LOVEMAKING can be heard coming from inside the car as the two shadowy figures inside rock back and forth. A Man (The Man from earlier) can be seen watching the car in the distance.

MAN'S POV of VINCE'S CAR. He takes a few steps to the car, and stops.

INT. VINCE'S CAR - NIGHT

Vince and Chiara are finishing having sex in the backseat. They begin to get dressed.

VINCE

Grazie, grazie, me piace, tutti bella,
but thank God you're going back to
Italy tomorrow.

Vince and Chiara are startled by the sudden GLARE OF HEADLIGHTS coming from the car behind them. The lights are flashing from low to high beam and are accompanied by a LOUD continuous BLAST from the car's HORN.

EXT. BRONX STREET - NIGHT

MAN'S POV

Another car is parked behind Vince, the driver flashing his lights and honking his horn. Vince exits the back seat bare-assed, pulling up his pants as he gets into the driver seat of his car.

INT. SECOND CAR - NIGHT

A YOUNG COUPLE sit in the front seat and watch Vince pull away.

GUY

Why do they have to come here and
do that? Right in front of your house,
like dogs...no class.

GIRL
Well, thanks for a great time.

GUY
You busy tomorrow night?

FOUR SHOTS are fired into the car. The side window SHATTERS into a million pieces.

EXT. CAR - NIGHT

The window is shattered, and the radio plays as the couple lay dead. The gunman drops a note on the ground. He runs off. We hold on the car. The radio continues to play.

INT. CLUB VIRGO - SAME NIGHT

Dionna is on the dancefloor dancing with a couple of her girlfriends. They are laughing and having a good time. Vince returns, somewhat preoccupied.

DIONNA
Where's my sandwich?

VINCE
Oh, I forgot.

DIONNA
I got the munchies. Let's go for some breakfast. Then we'll go home.

Vince and Dionna head for the exit.

INT. VINCE'S CAR - NIGHT

Vince and Dionna enter the car and drive off. Dionna sniffs the air. Her manner turns suspicious.

DIONNA
What took you so long?

VINCE
I stopped off to take a leak.

DIONNA
Where, at the house?

VINCE
But whatta you writtin' a book?

DIONNA
I'm just asking.

VINCE
Yeah...just asking.

DIONNA
I just asked you what took you so long. I didn't accuse you of anything.

The road ahead is obstructed by a police roadblock.

EXT. BRONX STREET - NIGHT

A police officer is standing in the street directing traffic away from a crime scene.

INT. VINCE'S CAR - NIGHT

VINCE
What the hell happened here?

The officer signals Vince to turn right. The car directly in back of Vince's drives onto the crime scene.

Vince parks the car.

VINCE
I'll be right back. Let me check this out.

EXT. BRONX STREET (CRIME SCENE) - NIGHT

Vince walks onto the crime scene. He looks over to the victims' car.

DETECTIVE RALPH RUSSO exits his car (the one which was directly behind Vince's). Russo is 62 years old, Italian-American. He walks toward an officer (ANGEL CRUZ).

RUSSO
You got a make on the weapon?

OFFICER CRUZ
44 Caliber....Looks like victims number 6 and 7. The killer left a note.

RUSSO
He left a note this time? This could be a break...
(seeing Vince)
'Ay, what's that guy doing there?
Close off the scene.

Vince stares at the victims

VINCE'S POV - THE VICTIMS

The female victim's head can be seen through the now shattered side window. There is large bullet wound in her head. There is blood and shattered glass everywhere.

CUT BACK TO VINCE

His eyes are fixed as if in a trance. He realizes that he was parked in the same spot less than an hour ago. A Police Photographer starts taking photos of the crime scene. Vince is blinded by the FLASH of the camera. Officer Cruz approaches Vince.

OFFICER CRUZ

C'mon, lets go.

Officer Cruz escorts Vince away from the crime scene.

INT. VINCE'S CAR

Dionna is sitting, waiting. Vince approaches the passenger's side of the car. He looks ill.

VINCE

Move over.

DIONNA

Why?

VINCE

Move over. You better drive....
He's back. I saw the bodies.

DIONNA

Who?

VINCE

Let's go for a drink, I'm freezin'.

DIONNA

What's the matter?

VINCE

He's back, the killer's back.

Vince stares out the window in shock.

INT. RITCHIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Ritchie wakes up in his old Bronx bedroom, in the house owned by his mother. Rock and roll posters on the wall, high school photo on the dresser, etc. The room, besides the

unmade bed and Ritchie's clothes on the floor, is immaculate and orderly.

Ritchie lights a cigarette.

Throughout the scene we hear a RADIO NEWS BROADCAST.

ANCHORMAN (V.O)

The 44 caliber killer struck again last night, leaving two more dead. The police have recovered a note left by the killer at the murder scene but have not released its contents to the press.

Ritchie gets up and walks out.

INT. RITCHIE'S HOUSE - DAY

Ritchie, still in pajamas, walks through the living room, opens the basement door and heads down the steps as the radio announcer continues in the background.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

There is a poker game going on: 5 or 6 players including HELEN, Ritchie's mother, 45 years old and attractive. A 46 year old man in a tuxedo sits at the bar. He is EDDIE, Ritchie's stepfather.

Ritchie comes down the stairs. On a table is a huge spread of food and drinks.

RITCHIE

Good mornin', Ma .

HELEN

Hi, sweetheart.

EDDIE

Morning? It's 3:30 in the afternoon.

Ritchie pours himself coffee and fixes himself some food.

RITCHIE

Nice tux, Eddie.

EDDIE

It's your mother's idea. She got me a gig with a wedding band. That's what my career's boiled down to.

RITCHIE

Hey, Ma, could I borrow 50 bucks?

HELEN

Sure. Take it from the kitty.

EDDIE

'Ay, that kitty's supposed to pay for the food. See, that's what I'm sayin' about this kid.

HELEN

Mind your business. Go 'head, Ritchie.

EDDIE

I gotta sing tonight for 75 dollars and he's getting 50? No, no, no... 20 dollars. And you should make him work the game.

HELEN

All right, take 20, Ritchie.

RITCHIE

Thanks, Ma.

EDDIE

'Ay, did you hear about those kids that got shot last night, did you know them?

RITCHIE

What kids?

EXT. BRONX STREET (LAYTON AVENUE) - DAY

Layton Avenue is a dead end street located in the Country Club section of the Bronx. There are no subways, shopping centers or apartment buildings to be seen for miles. There are only private homes. The streets are tree-lined, and Layton Avenue ends at the shores of Eastchester Bay. This section of the Bronx is more like a small town you'd expect to see on Long Island. Most of the neighborhood inhabitants are owners of blue collar businesses.

Vince, Joey T, Alphonse and Brian stand at the edge of the dead end street. They are passing a joint around and are trying to be very inconspicuous about it. Vince is still showing the effects of what he saw last night. Joey T has a copy of that day's *Daily News*. Its headline reads: "NO ONE IS SAFE".

JOEY T

(reading)

"Although police officials declined to discuss the contents of the note, our unofficial source said that it was

JOEY T (CON'D)
written by 'a homicidal maniac, a
real sicko who lives in a nightmare
world.'"

VINCE
Do I look pale?

Alphonse has the New York Post in his hands. The headline
reads: ".44 IS BACK!"

ALPHONSE
Look at this. They got a map of all
the killings. Here's our neighborhood.

ANTHONY
There's Layton Avenue. We're stars!

JOEY T
I'd lay 5 to 1 the killer's from
the neighborhood.

ALPHONSE
You think the killer's from the
neighborhood? Don't you think we'd
notice a sicko like that walking
around here?

JOEY T
But whatta you think makes them
sickos? You don't notice them. You
think this was a random killing? You
think he just pulled off the highway
to do this? This neighborhood's hard
to find. You don't think he knew where
he was going?

VINCE
Joey, this 'lude ain't working. It's
beat. Gimme another one.

JOEY T
You just popped it...give it a couple
of minutes.

ANTHONY
That was some heavy shit you saw last
night, Vince.

ALPHONSE
I would be freaked out too.

BRIAN

(jokingly)

Especially cause the killer knows you saw him and he's probably coming back for you...you're next Vince.

VINCE

(freaking out)

I didn't see him, I only saw the bodies. Don't start spreading that shit.

The guys laugh at Vince.

JOEY T

All right, c'mon Vince, relax...relax, we know what you went through...here, take another 'lude. Go home, get some sleep.

WOODSTOCK, a thirty year old junkie, approaches. He carries a large sack. Ten years ago, Woodstock was a cool neighborhood guy. Now, he is a casualty from the summer of love, 1969.

WOODSTOCK

I got lobsters, live lobsters.

JOEY T

'Ay, whattaya got there, Woodstock? Lobsters?

WOODSTOCK

Live lobsters. Two dollars each.

ANTHONY

You stealin' lobster traps now?

ALPHONSE

Those guys'll shoot you if they catch you.

WOODSTOCK

If they catch me.

BRIAN

Where were you last night, Woodstock? You're a sick fuck.

JOEY T

These lobsters are broke.

He pulls out a claw.

ALPHONSE

They're half dead.

WOODSTOCK

They're good lobsters. Two dollars each.

JOEY T

Get the fuck outta here with your broke lobsters.

WOODSTOCK

You can make a brisque.

BRIAN

(grabbing his privates)
Brisque this, junkie bastard.

Ritchie's car pulls up. He exits and walks towards the guys. He is dressed completely different than the neighborhood guys. He wears all black with some minor punk accessories and a spiky haircut. The guys react to his appearance.

WOODSTOCK

I'm gonna quit.

BRIAN

Quit this.

He kicks him.

ANTHONY

Is that you, Ritchie? What the hell happened to you?

JOEY T

Nice outfit, where'd you get it, off the dead?

BRIAN

'Ay, I thought vampires only came out at night.

RITCHIE

Except on leap year. What's happenin' guys?

Ritchie exchanges jive handshakes with all the guys except Vince.

RITCHIE

How you doin', J.T.? How's the wife and kid?

JOEY T

I got divorced. I'm back with my mother.

WOODSTOCK

All right, a dollar each.

Woodstock offers a broke lobster to Brian.

BRIAN

Go home and OD.

WOODSTOCK

I'll take 5 dollars for the whole bag.

JOEY T

Here's your five, now get the hell outta here.

JOEY T opens the trunk of his car and throws the lobsters in.

RITCHIE

'Ay, Woodstock, you got any smoke?

JOEY T

No, I'm handling that now. Whattaya want, I got nickels.

RITCHIE

Lemme get two.

ANTHONY

Ritchie, you heard about the killer?

RITCHIE

Yeah, I heard. You're not gonna say hello, Vince?

VINCE

Did you say hello to me last night?

RITCHIE

I didn't see you last night.

VINCE

I saw you outside the club.

RITCHIE

I just drove by...I wasn't dressed for the place.

ANTHONY

He was dressed for Halloween.

JOEY T

Vince saw the dead bodies last night.

RITCHIE
You saw the bodies?

VINCE
Yeah, I saw 'em. I was on my way home. I gotta talk to you man.

A sports convertible pulls up. It is driven by a 28-year old guy from Westchester (RON). RUBY, a 24-year old Bronx girl, is in the passenger seat. Ruby is the neighborhood girl with "The Reputation."

INT. CONVERTIBLE - DAY

A conversation is in process between Ruby and Ron.

RUBY
Yeah, but I thought you said your parents were in Hawaii.

RON
First Europe, then Hawaii.

RUBY
You know, Ron, it's been three weeks, and all you ever take me to is motels. You wanna see me again? Then invite me to dinner with your parents.

She exits the car.

RON
What about our weekend in the Catskills? I already paid for the room.

RUBY
Go there and jerkoff, that's what you are. A real jerkoff.

RON
Fuck you, you guido skank.

CLOSE ON the guys hearing this. Brian picks up a bottle.

BRIAN
What did he say? Guido skank?

Brian throws the bottle.

BRIAN
You fuckin' hard on.

The bottle HITS the car...Ron screams...Ruby and the guys laugh. Ron drives away.

BRIAN

'Ay, Ruby, come over here, I'm
horny...I mean lonely.

RUBY

Then go home to your mother.

ALPHONSE

Twat you say, I cunt hear.

ANTHONY

I have an infucktion in my ear.

Ruby turns and gives them the "finger." She spots Ritchie.

RUBY

Is that Ritchie? 'Ay Ritchie, how
you doin', where you been, you look
good.

RITCHIE

Thanks, you too.

BRIAN

She looks good enough to eat.

RUBY

You wish.

(back to Ritchie)

I like the new look. Punk, right?

RITCHIE

You should come to Manhattan
sometime, check out my band.

BRIAN

Yeah, they suck.

JOEY T

'Ay, isn't a punk someone who takes
it up the ass in jail?

They guys react to Joey's remark.

RUBY

You live in the city?

RITCHIE

I don't have my own place yet. But
I crash there a lot.

ALPHONSE

He only comes around once a month.
Like your period.

VINCE

You're disgusting, I gotta get outta here. Gimme a lift, Ritchie.

RITCHIE

Good seeing you again, Ruby.

Ruby walks towards her house. Vince and Ritchie walk towards the car. JOEY T'S MOTHER yells out the window:

JOEY 'S MOM

Joey, your ex-tramp's on the phone!

JOEY T

All right, Ma, I'll be right up. Good, maybe she's gonna pay me my alimony.

INT. RITCHIE'S CAR - DAY

Ritchie and Vince get in the car. Ritchie takes out a small pipe and starts to put a bit of weed in it.

RITCHIE

Keep an eye out for me. So what did you see last night?

VINCE

Thank God you're here...thank God. You don't know what I went through last night. I can't talk to those morons. I need you, Ritchie. Where the hell you been? A month and a half, you don't call or nothin'?

Ritchie gives the filled pipe and a lighter to Vince as Ritchie starts the engine and drives off.

EXT. VILLA AMORE RESTAURANT - DAY

Vince and Ritchie pull up in front of Villa Amore, a neighborhood Italian Restaurant. They park.

INT. RITCHIE'S CAR - DAY

Vince and Ritchie sit in the car. They are in mid-conversation.

VINCE

Now it's bad enough that I balled her, but then some sick side of me had to drive my wife right past the spot where I just put it up her

VINCE (CON'D)

cousin's ass. And that's where I saw the bodies, right in the same spot where I committed incest. And God spared me...it's an omen Ritchie. What could this mean?

RITCHIE

What do you think it means?

VINCE

Maybe he's tellin' me I'm gonna spend eternity in Hell if I don't stop cheating.

RITCHIE

Maybe.

VINCE

I thought I'd stop when I got married. I cheat more now. But I thought God understood. You know you don't do those things with your wife.

RITCHIE

What things?

VINCE

Butt-fucking, 69, doggie style...you know..kinky shit. That's what God's tellin me, all that shit's gotta go. That's the message. He spared me this time but he ain't gonna do it again. You think the killer saw my license plate? Maybe he's gonna come after me.

RITCHIE

I don't think you have to worry about anybody comin' after you or any omens. I think you better start worryin' about your marriage. Believe me I just went through the same shit. You gotta get over your programming, start livin' up to your own expectations. Otherwise you'll wind up losin' her.

VINCE

I don't want to lose her, I love her. But I don't know what to do. What if I can't stop? Maybe I got hang ups. Once you've been deviated you can never go back.

RITCHIE

Why don't you tell her you like these things? Maybe she'll do them with you?

VINCE

Ritchie, you don't do those things with your wife. It's a sin. C'mon, you know that. You're spending too much time in Manhattan. Why don't you hang out for a few days?

RITCHIE

No, I gotta go back. I got some shit to take care of. You think you could hook me up with 20 dollars?

VINCE

Yeah, sure....

(laughing)

You know what? We're both fucked up. I miss you, Ritchie, you got a number down there?

RITCHIE

No, I'll give it to you when I get it.

VINCE

All right, call me.

INT. VILLA AMORE RESTAURANT DINING ROOM - DAY

A neighborhood restaurant owned by Dionna's father. There are a number of tables occupied. At the back, separate from the others, there is a table with one man (CARMINE) and several CRONIES. Vince enters and stands by the bar. Dionna approaches from the opposite end of the dinning room. She is wearing a waitress uniform.

VINCE

Hi, honey. I gotta talk to you. What I saw last night made me think about a lot of things. It made me realize how much I love you. I swear to God that I'm gonna be the best husband on Earth. You're my Goddess and I worship you.

They hug.

DIONNA

You don't look so good. Did you eat? Come in the kitchen. Have some soup.

INT. VILLA AMORE RESTAURANT KITCHEN - DAY

A neighborhood, Italian restaurant kitchen. Extremely clean and organized. MARIO is the chef and owner. He is Dionna's father. He and the bus boy are preparing food to go out to a table. There is a radio on in the background. The Yankees are playing the White Sox. Vince and Dionna enter.

DIONNA

Dad, Carmine's ready.

MARIO

Hey, Vince, how you feel?

VINCE

I'm OK. Thank you. How you doin'?

MARIO

No complaints.

Mario has dished up a huge platter of veal sorrentio.

MARIO

(to Dionna)

Here, bring this to Carmine.

INT. VILLA AMORE RESTAURANT DINING ROOM - DAY.

A group of very "serious" men are seated at the table in the back. We now get a closer look at Carmine, a local organized crime boss, and his Cronies.

Dionna comes to the table carrying food. She begins to serve the men.

CARMINE

That looks beautiful...tell your father he outdid himself, mmmm.

DIONNA

Bon appetit. My father made a little veal on the side, take it home to your wife, tell her we hope she feels better.

CARMINE

Thank you, thank you.

Dionna exits, as DETECTIVE RALPH RUSSO approaches the table.

CRONY#1

Hey, Detective, what did we do? Double park?

RUSSO

Can I sit down a minute?

CARMINE

You got an ass? Feel free to use it.

RUSSO

I think you might be able to help me with something.

CARMINE

Whataya want me to do, arrest myself?

They laugh.

RUSSO

It's about the killer. We could use some help

CARMINE

You got a hundred cops on the task force. What can I do? I'm just a plumber.

RUSSO

Carmine, you know I wouldn't be here if I didn't have to.

CARMINE

What he kill? 5 people so far? How many coloreds in Harlem last night? 6,7? Why don't you ask me find who killed them?

CRONY#1

Not enough press in it for you.

RUSSO

There's a psycho loose in your neighborhood. And you're not going to do anything about it?

CARMINE

You know, Ralph, you've been breaking my balls hard the last two years. You can't just retire quietly, and now you wanna go out like a big shot cop. You want to make the big arrest: "the killer"...see your name in headlines. And you want my help to do it. Where do you get the balls big enough to imagine I would help you with anything ever?

An uncomfortable moment of silence. Finally Russo takes a piece of paper out of his pocket.

RUSSO

This doesn't go any further than this table...I could lose my shield. We're not even letting the press see this.

Russo takes out a piece of paper from his pocket and hands it to Carmine. As he begins to read it to himself, we hear the VOICE of the author of the letter. (nb: This is an actual letter written by the Son of Sam.) The voice is eerie, detached.

KILLER (V.O.)

Dear Sir, ...I am deeply hurt by the newspapers calling me a woman hater - I am not. But I am a monster. I am a little brat. I am the Son of Sam, Sam loves to drink blood. Go out and kill, commands father Sam. Behind our house some rest. Mostly young - raped and slaughtered - their blood drained - just bones now. Papa Sam keeps me locked in the attic, too. I can't get out, but I look out the attic window and watch the world go by.

As the words echo on, the crime boss and his cronies ponder them as we

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

TWO WOMEN in their late teens walk down the street towards a house. They walk the pathway leading to the house. The man approaches them. He raises a gun and FIRES TWO SHOTS, hitting both young women. They fall to the ground as the killer stands and watches for a few moments. He then FIRES THREE more SHOTS into the front of the house and runs away.

KILLER (V.O.) (CON'D)

I feel like an outsider. I am on a different wavelength than everybody else. Programmed to kill. However, to stop me, you must kill me. Shoot to kill, or else keep out of my way or you will die. I am the monster - Beezelbub - the chubby behemoth. I love to hunt. Prowling the streets looking for fair game - I must be the water they drink. I live for the hunt - my life. Blood for papa.

EXT. ANOTHER STREET - NIGHT

A 21-year old WOMAN is walking down a quiet residential street in an affluent neighborhood. She carries some school books. The man is walking towards her. When they are a few feet apart the man pulls out a gun. The girl raises her books in a vain attempt to shield herself, as the gunman FIRES ONE SHOT directly into her mouth. The woman falls backwards onto the ground dead.

KILLER (V.O.) (CON'D)

Sir, I don't want to kill any more.
No sir, no more, but I must, "honor
thy father". I want to make love to
the world. I love people. I don't
belong on Earth. Return me to
yahoos. I want to wish you all a
happy Easter. May God bless you in
this life and the next.

EXT. MURDER SITE - DAY

A chalk drawing of one of Son of Sam's victims is on the ground. There is a huge puddle of dried blood around the area where the victim's head would have been. There is police tape all around. TWO ELDERLY ITALIAN WOMEN dressed in black place a bouquet of flowers next to the chalk drawing. A PRIEST stands beside them as the three of them make the sign of the cross and pray.

A THIRD ITALIAN WOMAN, also in black, frantically passes the others. She carries a bucket of soap and water in one hand and a large scrub brush in the other. She drops to her knees next to the drawing, and begins to SCRUB THE BLOOD. The other women and the Priest try to interfere by grabbing her, but the woman is driven and does not stop. After a brief struggle, they leave her alone and let her finish her task.

KILLER (V.O.) (CON'D)

And for now I say good-bye and
goodnight. POLICE: Let me haunt
you with these words: I'll be back.
I'll be back. To be interpreted as -
bang, bang, bang, bang, bang-bang-
ugh! Yours in murder, Mr. Monster.

The sound of the SCRUBBING gets continually louder as we
FADE OUT and

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. VILLA AMORE RESTAURANT - DAY

RESUME AS BEFORE

Russo reads the last lines of the letter to Carmine and Co. Carmine is both afraid and infuriated. When the letter is finished Carmine makes the sign of the cross.

CARMINE

My God.

Carmine takes a drink.

INT. RITCHIE'S MOTHER'S HOUSE - BRONX - DAY

SUPER: "1 WEEK LATER"

Close up of a 1950's record jacket framed and hanging on a wall. The jacket reads: "EDDIE and THE BEL-TONES" over a picture of a younger Eddie holding a guitar. There is also a GUN RACK with antique rifles and pistols hanging on the wall.

A 1950's song plays in the background. We pull back to reveal Eddie standing in his underwear holding a broom, mimicking the guitar. We pull back further to reveal Helen lying on the couch in her bra and panties. As Eddie continues his serenade, he walks to her, puts down the broom and starts kissing her, removes her bra and kisses her breasts. The lock on the door turns; they are oblivious.

THE DOOR OPENS.

Ritchie is standing there with a suitcase, his guitar case and a knapsack. The couple reacts in shock as Helen scrambles for cover. Eddie just sits still. Ritchie turns away.

HELEN

Oh my God, Ritchie.

RITCHIE

Oh, Ma, I'm sorry, Ma, I'm sorry.

EDDIE

Bad timing, kid.

HELEN

Ritchie, get the hell outta here.

RITCHIE

OK, Ma, I'm sorry...I'm sorry...I'm goin'.

EDDIE

No, no, stay here, Ritchie. I wanna talk to you. Go inside, Helen.

Helen talks as she exits the room, pillows covering her privates. Ritchie covers his eyes.

HELEN

Goddammit, Ritchie, we don't see you for a month, you come back, then you're gone for a week, you come back again...you come...you go.

EDDIE

We're still newlyweds, you gotta use your head. Bad timing, bad timing, siddown.

RITCHIE

I'm only moving back in temporarily. Maybe a couple of days a week.

EDDIE

Kid, your mother and I were talking... she packed your stuff up. We want you to stay in the garage.

RITCHIE

I ain't stayin' in no goddamn garage.

EDDIE

Look, this ain't a hotel, it's your mother and I's house now. You shouldn't even be here at your age. Be happy with the garage.

RITCHIE

Ma...you hear this bullshit? He's throwin' me out of my house? Ma?

EDDIE

Come in here and tell him, Helen.

HELEN

It won't be bad in the garage. I'll give you money to fix it up. You can put up your posters, whatever you want.

RITCHIE

I want to stay in the house with you, Ma. That's what I want.

EDDIE

We need some privacy. From now on, you ring the front door. Gimme your keys.

Ritchie walks out.

CUT TO:

A TV SCREEN, CLOSE ON NEWSCASTER

NEWSCASTER

The Son of Sam killer, who has been targeting young women with shoulder length hair, has caused panic stricken brunettes to run to their hairdressers to dye their hair blond as protection against the killer.

INT. BEAUTY SALON - DAY

This shop is called "GLORIA'S CASA BELLE". The camera pans a row of women sitting under hairdryers. One of the women is reading a *Daily News*. Its headline reads: "STILL NO CLUES".

We pan further to reveal Ruby sitting in a chair having her hair cut by Vince.

RUBY

You know what, I might as well use the killer as an excuse to do it. Go ahead, blond me.

A YOUNG WOMAN approaches Vince.

WOMAN

Thanks, Vince. I love it.

The woman gives him a slip of paper, then whispers to him:

WOMAN

Call me anytime.

The woman exits as Vince smiles. He thinks further, then dismisses the thought, tearing the paper up. He throws the pieces away. Vince goes back to Ruby's haircut.

RUBY

Congratulations! You just realized you're married. Better late than never.

VINCE

I'm tryin'. I'm tryin', Ruby.

RUBY

Vince, does Gloria need a shampoo girl?

VINCE

No, why?

RUBY

I gotta get a job. What about Dionna, she need waitresses?

VINCE

She just hired one.

RUBY

I gotta get a job or I'll turn into Edith Bunker, like my mother. I shoulda went to college; I woulda been married by now. I wouldn't hafta worry about this shit. Maybe I could start my own limo company with only female drivers...whattaya think?

Ritchie enters the shop and walks over to Vince. Ritchie has a guitar in a case. His punk look raises eyebrows among the patrons and Vince's boss, GLORIA. She is about 45 years old.

RITCHIE

Vinceman.

VINCE

Hey ol' Mackey's back in town.

RUBY

Hi, Ritchie.

RITCHIE

Hi, Ruby. How you been?

RUBY

I bought a Ramones record yesterday. I was thinkin' about you. How you doin'?

RITCHIE

Not too good. What about you?

Vince interrupts.

VINCE

I'm fine, I'm all right, Ritchie. Thanks for asking, nice of you to ask.

RITCHIE

Vince, could you lend me a twenty? Eddie wants me to move into the garage. And my mother's going along

RITCHIE (CON'D)
with it. Screw the both of them, I'll
live in my car.

RUBY
The garage could be cool.

VINCE
You wanna stay with me and Dionna
for a while?

RUBY
You can fix the garage up, have
privacy. Fuck livin' in the house.
I tell you what, I'll stay in the
garage...you can live at my house.

RITCHIE
You think you could fix it up with
twenty bucks?

VINCE
Here, take 50.

RUBY
I could turn that garage into a
palace with 50 bucks. Why don't
you hang out, Ritchie? I'm not doin'
anything later. Maybe I'll come over
and help you decorate it. I'll meet
you at your garage at nine.

GLORIA
Hey, Ritchie, what the hell kinda
hair cut is that? Don't leave my
shop with your hair like that. I don't
want anybody to think I did that to you.

Ritchie exits, giving Gloria a look on the way out.

EXT. RITCHIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Ritchie's house is small and modest with a one car garage.
There is a light on in the garage and movement within.

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

CLOSE ON a Jimi Hendrix poster. The camera pulls back to
reveal Ruby, now with short blonde hair. She has just
tacked the poster against the wall. Ritchie is watching
her. A punk song plays on the stereo.

RUBY
So?

RITCHIE
I could dig this.

The rest of the room is revealed. There is a single bed in the corner of the garage. There is a chair, a lamp, a guitar next to an amplifier...a TV set stands on a crate. A few other posters hang on the wall. It looks cozy, but there are still tools and other garage paraphernalia lying around.

RUBY
Maybe I could be an interior decorator. Whatta you think?

RITCHIE
I think you can be anything you want.

Ruby pulls out a joint, lights it, puffs and passes it to Ritchie.

RUBY
What's the name of this band?

RITCHIE
The Rabies. They're a club band.

RUBY
The music's cool, but the singer sucks.

RITCHIE
That's not the point. It's all expression, close your eyes, listen... to the words.

Ruby starts to kiss Ritchie's neck. She unbuckles his pants. She starts to give head to Ritchie.

RITCHIE
Whattaya doin'?

RUBY
What am I doin'?

She goes back to it. Ritchie gets up. He is freaked out.

RITCHIE
I just don't feel like doin' that now.

Ruby starts to leave.

RITCHIE
I didn't say I wanted you to leave.

RUBY

You didn't exactly say you wanted me to stay.

RITCHIE

Wanna go for a walk?

EXT. BRONX PIER - NIGHT

Ritchie and Ruby sit on a deserted pier.

RITCHIE

I feel like my life is a puzzle and I'm down to the last few pieces. And they just don't fit.

RUBY

My father has one of those plaques in the house, you know with sayings on them? His says, "A single woman at 18 is like America: young, beautiful, full of promise. But a single woman at 30 is like Siberia: everybody knows where it is, but nobody wants to go there." I'm supposed to be married, with the house and the kids. That's the final piece of my puzzle. And I don't know if that's what I want. Maybe I'm not ready to become my mother. I got five summers left till I'm in Siberia.

RITCHIE

You're nowhere near Siberia.

RUBY

Why didn't you want me to take off my clothes before? Did I say something wrong?

RITCHIE

No, you were saying everything right and I just needed to talk.

RUBY

Talking? That's something I've never done with a guy before. Sounds kinky.

They laugh.

EXT. BEAUTY SALON - NIGHT

The shades are drawn, the lights are out. The place is closed.

INT. BEAUTY SALON - NIGHT

Vince is on the phone. The camera pulls back. Vince is wearing black bikini disco underwear.

VINCE

Yeah, honey, I'm gonna work late tonight. 'Bout an hour or two... I love you, honey...good bye...I love you.

Vince hangs up the phone and walks over to Gloria. She sits on a barber chair. She is in her bra and panties.

VINCE

Gloria, I'm feelin' guilty. I really want to try and be a good husband. Maybe we shouldn't do this.

GLORIA

You know, Vince, you're like a friggen' yo-yo. Back and forth, back and forth. "Let's do it, we shouldn't do it, let's do it, we shouldn't do it." You know what, Vince, let's just not do it. That's it.

VINCE

You're right Gloria.

GLORIA

Whattaya think, you're the only one that has feelings? I got a husband at home.

VINCE

I know you're right...100%.

GLORIA

You only think of yourself. I didn't start this. You did. That's it, no more. Get dressed.

Vince pauses. Then moves closer to her.

VINCE

Please, Gloria, let's just do it one more time.

He starts to kiss her.

GLORIA

C'mon, Vince, don't start. Don't make me crazy.

He starts kissing and touching her more passionately.

VINCE

Tell me you want me, tell me you need it.

GLORIA

I need you.

VINCE

Beg me for it. Beg me to fuck you.

GLORIA

Fuck me, Vince, please. I need it.

Vince continues touching and kissing her.

VINCE

Tell me I fuck better than your husband. You need me.

Gloria grabs Vince and kisses him as they start to take off the rest of each other's clothes.

CUT TO:

FULL SCREEN TV BROADCAST

The ANCHORMAN is giving a Son of Sam update.

ANCHORMAN

Local bar and restaurant owners have offered a 10,000 dollar reward for any information leading to the arrest of the Son of Sam. Additional rewards have been offered by the local media and the mayor's office.

INT. VILLA AMORE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Carmine sits alone at a booth eating, his Cronies sit at a table not far away. Russo enters and sits down with Carmine.

RUSSO

How you doin', Carmine?

CARMINE

Good, how you doin', Ralph?

RUSSO

Good. You hear what Jackson did today? He's gonna take the Yankees all the way this year.

CARMINE

Did you try his candy bar yet? It's not bad. You want something to eat, Ralph?

RUSO

No, just wine.

(as he pours himself a glass)
Pretty slow here tonight.

CARMINE

Yeah, business is bad all over.

RUSO

I heard about the reward you offered. You hear anything yet?

CARMINE

I don't know. Maybe. We'll see.

RUSO

The FBI didn't turn up anything on the gun. It could be an illegal. I thought maybe you can ask around?

CARMINE

I got people lookin' into it already.

RUSO

You hear anything, you let me know.

CARMINE

Ralph, I told you, I'll help you any way I can. But if I catch this guy before you, he's gone, that's it. No arrest, no newspapers, no trial, no nothin'. Just good-bye. That's it, no more killing.

Russo pauses.

RUSO

As a cop, I'm gonna do everything I can to get this rat bastard. But as a father...I hope to God you get him first.

EXT. LAYTON AVENUE - DAY

It's the following Saturday.

Joey T, Alphonse, Anthony and Brian hang out. Joey T is holding his three-year old daughter. The neighborhood is busy. Children play, people are coming and going.

ANTHONY

I would take my parents to Italy.
For a whole fuckin' month.

JOEY T

Watch your mouth in front of my daughter.

ALPHONSE

I'd buy a yacht.

BRIAN

You know what you should do with the reward money? Buy a new ass. Yours has a hole and a crack in it.

JOEY T

C'mon, watch your mouth.

Ritchie comes walking down the street.

RITCHIE

Hey, Joey, is that your daughter?
Wow, she got so big.

JOEY T

She's daddy's little sweetheart.

RITCHIE

Hi, honey. She's so cute. Joey, can you set me up with some smoke?

JOEY T

OK, honey, go wait for daddy in the car.

She goes into the car.

ANTHONY

Hey, Ritchie, you wanna go to Club Virgo with us tonight?

RITCHIE

I got a date tonight.

BRIAN

Yeah, here she comes. Yoo hoo, Bobby Del Fairy.

BOBBY DEL FIORE comes walking down the block. He is 26 years old, dressed like an Italian Elton John, with platform

shoes, bell bottoms, dungaree shirt, everything perfectly fitted. Over his eyes he wears large fashion sunglasses. Bobby is gay, and, although the neighborhood guys harass him, he has always been considered a neighborhood guy. This harassment is more playful than menacing.

BOBBY

That's Missus Del Fiore to you, sweetheart. Is that Ritchie? Well, hello stranger...look at you, very lower east, I like it...give me two, Joey.

JOEY T

Two what? Two dicks?

The guys laugh as Joey T and Bobby exchange drugs and money.

BOBBY

I'll take yours and Ritchie's.

RITCHIE

Get the fuck outta here. Go back to Fire Island. Elton John's waiting for you.

BRIAN

He goes to Times Square for dick, it's closer.

ANTHONY

Hey, Ritchie, why don't you give Bobby a ride to Manhattan, he could blow you on the way.

RITCHIE

Your mother would get jealous.

Ritchie smacks Anthony. The guys laugh.

ALPHONSE

It said in the paper the killer's a woman hater. That's you, Bobby, you could be the killer.

JOEY T

The 44 caliber queer.

ANTHONY

A real homo-cidal maniac.

BRIAN

He's guilty, put him through the penal system.

Bobby puts his arms around Brian.

BOBBY

Only if I can have you for my cell mate.

Brian BURNS Bobby's hand with a lit cigarette. Bobby yells.

BRIAN

Hey, Bobby, did that hurt?

BOBBY

You're a fuckin' asshole, Brian.

As Bobby walks away, he is kicked and hit a few times by the guys, except Ritchie.

JOEY T

Don't hit him. Leave him alone, he's a customer. Look, I gotta go drop the kid off with the mother.

RITCHIE

Hey, can you give me a lift to the subway? My car's in the shop.

JOEY T

Sure, c'mon.

(calls to his daughter)

Honey, we're goin'.

RITCHIE

I gotta wait a minute for Ruby.

JOEY T

For what?

RITCHIE

She's my date.

BRIAN

She's goin' on a date with you?

ALPHONSE

Why buy the cow when everyone else is getting their milk through the fence?

RITCHIE

I like the cow.

JOEY T

Yeah? Then you can walk your cow to the subway.

RITCHIE

It's like three miles from here. You're not gonna give me a lift?

JOEY T

But whatta you gettin' stupid? What's my wife gonna say if she finds out I had a hoo-a in the car with my daughter? Smarten up, this ain't Manhattan.

Joey T drives off with his daughter.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. EAST 5TH STREET - DAY

As PUNK MUSIC leads into the a view of the busy streets, a TITLE CARD appears "LOWER EAST SIDE, MANHATTAN".

Ritchie and Ruby walk up the street and enter a building.

INT. TENEMENT STAIRCASE - DAY

Ritchie and Ruby climb the stairs.

RITCHIE

Listen, don't call me by my real last name. Down here, I'm Ritchie Rude. You like it?

RUBY

Yeah, I like it. Ritchie Rude.

They come to a door, ring a bell, someone lets them in. The punk music we have been hearing is coming from inside the loft.

INT. PUNK LOFT - DAY

Ritchie's band members and friends are hanging out (same characters and place as 1st loft scene).

RITCHIE

Hey everybody, this is Ruby. That's Spider, that's Raygun...Debra Cadabra, Bite...and that's Hitchcock over there.

HITCHCOCK is a 20 year old punk with a Super 8 film camera. The rest of the scene is a series of BLACK AND WHITE SUPER 8 CUTS shot through his camera.

SUPER 8 FOOTAGE: Ruby and Ritchie moving through the loft.

HITCHCOCK (V.O.)

Where you from Ruby?

RUBY
The Bronx.

In VOICE OVER, we hear various comments from the punks about the Bronx.. "Bronx girls...." etc.

ANOTHER SUPER 8 CUT:

Ruby and Ritchie are passing a joint. Music plays in the background. The camera pans to BITE.

RAYGUN
We should do some cover songs,
you know: re-do one of those anti-war
songs.

BITE
Fuck that hippie shit, man. We
don't even have a fuckin war.

ANOTHER SUPER 8 CUT:

The Tattooed Girl walks over to Ruby.

TATTOOED GIRL
So, you're Ritchie's new girl?

RUBY
Well, we're just startin' to see each
other. But...yeah, I am his new girl.

TATTOOED GIRL
Me and Ritchie lived together for a
couple weeks.

RUBY
Oh yeah? If you wanna start something,
go ahead.

TATTOOED GIRL
It's not like that, we just hung out and
balled each other for a couple of weeks.

RUBY
So you don't care I'm with him now?

TATTOOED GIRL
Should I?

RUBY
I like those tattoos. I'm thinking of
getting one.

ANOTHER SUPER 8 CUT:

Ritchie and the band are playing. You can see in Ritchie that he looks more happy and content than we have seen him before. The song ends.

RITCHIE

That's it, let's go again from the top, but this time on the end, let's each hit a different chord. I'll hit an f, you hit a d, and you an e. Why don't you girls come up and sing background?

ANOTHER SUPER 8 CUT:

Ruby and the Tattooed Girl now join the band as they go through the song. They have all become "one" through the music.

CUT TO:

EXT. EAST VILLAGE STREET - DAY

RESUME OBJECTIVE FOOTAGE

Ritchie and Ruby walk down the street.

RITCHIE

Thanks for fillin' in on vocals. It added a lot.

RUBY

No...I sucked, I was embarrassed.

RITCHIE

No, no, you were good. The guys liked you. They want you to come back.

RUBY

I really liked doin' it. I had a lot of fun.

RITCHIE

You got bit by the bug.

They kiss.

RUBY

I wish we could stay. I don't want to go back to the Bronx yet.

RITCHIE

Want to get a hotel room?

RUBY
We're broke.

CUT TO:

INT. GAIETY BURLESQUE INNER OFFICE - DAY

An all male strip joint and porno theater. Ritchie is in the manager's office. The office's walls are covered with photos of young nude men. Some of the photos are actors' headshots. The manager, MIDNITE, sits behind his desk. He is around 35 years old, a former pretty boy. He's dressed like a cowboy.

RITCHIE
C'mon, Midnite.

MIDNITE
I have enough performers today.

RITCHIE
Just let me work one show, I need the money.

MIDNITE
One show? I got rules: five shows a day, seven days a week, or nothing.

RITCHIE
C'mon, this girl's special to me.

CUT TO:

INT. GAIETY THEATRE - STAGE

"LA VIE EN ROSE" plays from the in-house system. Ritchie appears on stage. He is dressed in formal cuffs, a bowtie, top hat, and underwear.

INT. PROJECTION BOOTH - DAY

Ruby is watching Ritchie on stage. Midnite watches also.

MIDNITE
He's got a pretty cock, nice size.
You're a lucky girl.

RUBY
Thank you.

MIDNITE
Are you in the business?

RUBY
The business?

MIDNITE
Do you strip, you do fuck flicks,
what's your shtick?

RUBY
Oh no, I'm not in the business.

MIDNITE
Honey, you're too hot to be givin'
it away. You're so hot, you make me
wish I was a lesbian.

INT. GAIETY THEATRE STAGE

Ritchie finishes his dance, he exits the stage and whispers
something to a seated patron. Ritchie starts to head
backstage; the patron follows.

EXT. GAIETY THEATRE - EVENING

Ritchie and Ruby exit the Theatre.

RITCHIE
You wanna get something to eat?

RUBY
No thanks.

RITCHIE
All right, let's go get a room.

RUBY
Ritchie, wait a minute.

RITCHIE
Why, you gettin' second thoughts?
I knew this was a bad idea, I'm
sorry. I'm really sorry.

RUBY
You're sorry? I just wanted to
borrow some money. I wanna ditch
this disco look.

Ritchie looks at Ruby. He's found a gem.

INT. VINCE AND DIONNA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dionna is in bed watching TV. Vince enters the room.

VINCE
C'mon, honey, it's Saturday night.

VINCE (CON'D)

We've been holed up here like cowards for two weeks. Fuck the killer, we're going out tonight. We're gonna dance, drink, come home and make love. I gotta put this killer shit behind me.

DIONNA

(smiles)

All right, let me get dressed.

VINCE

Honey, why don't you wear, you know, "that dress."

DIONNA

What dress?

VINCE

You know.

DIONNA

I thought you didn't want me to wear it in public.

VINCE

I want you to wear it tonight.

She smiles and exits the room.

EXT. TRASH AND VAUDEVILLE - NIGHT

Ruby and Ritchie exit the store. Ruby has completely transformed into a punk.

RUBY

So???

RITCHIE

Perfect.

RUBY

I got somethin' for you.

Ruby pulls out a studded black leather dog collar.

RUBY

I stole it.

RITCHIE

I love it.

Ruby puts it around Ritchie's neck.

RUBY
You wanna be my dog?

Ritchie takes off a chrome chain with a lock that was around his waist as a belt. He puts it around her waist and fastens it.

RITCHIE
As long as you'll forever hold
my leash.

They kiss softly. They stare at each other for a few seconds. They walk away. Ruby forgets to take the shopping bag that is filled with her disco clothes. A homeless man picks up the clothes and walks away.

EXT. CLUB CBGB'S - NIGHT

Ritchie and Ruby arrive, and enter the club.

INT. CLUB CBGB'S - NIGHT

HARD PUNK ROCK MUSIC

Ritchie and Ruby are on the dance floor. The club's patrons are dancing in a wild, freestyle, punk rock, slam dance. Ruby is dancing a disco cha cha. A punk bumps into her. She pauses and resumes her dance routine. Another punk bumps in to her; she's clearly annoyed. Ritchie senses this and he bumps into her. She bumps him back, he bumps her, she bumps him and realizes the unrestricted joy of freestyle punk rock dancing.

EXT. CLUB VIRGO - NIGHT

Vince's car pulls up. Vince and Dionna exit the car. They are both dressed exquisitely sexy.

INT. CLUB VIRGO - NIGHT

Vince and Dionna enter the club. It is practically empty except for two women with short blonde hair and eight John Travolta lookalikes. Joey T is behind the bar. Brian, Alphonse and Anthony sit at the bar and are surrounding one girl. Vince and Dionna go to the bar.

JOEY T
Wow, Dionna what a dress.

VINCE
Hey Joey, what's goin on? It's like
a morgue in here.

JOEY T

It's more like a gay bar. All the chicks are like you, they're scared of the killer.

Brian, Alphonse and Anthony approach Vince and Dionna. They all stare at her.

BRIAN

Wow, Dionna, you look good. May I have this dance?

Vince gives Brian a look. Vince escorts Dionna to the dance floor. They begin to dance.

EXT. CHELSEA HOTEL - NIGHT

Establish the hotel and the neighborhood.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Ritchie and Ruby have just finished making love. They lay in bed smoking.

RITCHIE

I only dance there if I'm desperate for cash. You can make 500 a day. I'm not gay...I just let em play with it. Does it bother you?

RUBY

No. The top hat bothered me.

RITCHIE

Don't hide from me. Tell me what you're thinking

RUBY

I'm thinking, at least you got paid. I've done it a lot times when I didn't even get dinner.

Ritchie leans over and kisses her. They make love again.

DISSOLVE TO:

FULL SCREEN TELEVISION NEWS BROADCAST

The ANCHORMAN gives his Son of Sam report.

ANCHORMAN

Daily News columnist Jimmy Breslin received a letter today from the 44 caliber killer. Police said that the handwritten letter addressed to Mr.

ANCHORMAN (CON'D)

Breslin contained numerous occult symbols and was signed by a madman calling himself: "The Son of Sam".

BEGIN SERIES OF SHOTS during Killer's V.O.

(n.b.: Son of Sam's actual letter to Breslin)

EXT. LAYTON AVENUE - DAY

It is a gorgeous day and Layton Avenue is busy. Children are playing, the guys are hanging out: Joey T., Brian, Alphonse, Anthony and Bobby look at a newspaper with headlines: ".44 KILLER: I AM NOT ASLEEP". Other people come and go.

KILLER (V.O.)

Hello from the gutters of NYC, which are filled with dog manure, vomit, stale wine, urine and blood.

INT. BEAUTY SALON - DAY

Vince sits in one of the barber chairs, his eyed glued to the newspaper. Two women sit on either side of him, also reading the paper.

KILLER (V.O.) (CON'D)

Hello from the sewers of NYC, which swallow up these delicacies when they are washed away by the sweeper trucks.

INT. PRECINCT - DAY

Russo sits behind his desk reading the newspaper.

KILLER (V.O.) (CON'D)

Hello from the cracks in the sidewalks of New York City, and from the ants that dwell in these cracks, and feed on the dried blood of the dead that has settled into these cracks.

EXT. CARMINE'S BACKYARD - DAY

Carmine and Cronies sit outside reading the newspaper.

KILLER (V.O.) (CON'D)

Mr. Breslin, sir, don't think because you haven't heard from me for a while that I went to sleep. No, rather, I am still here like a spirit roaming the night. Thirsty, hungry, seldom

KILLER (V.O.) (CON'D)
stopping to rest, anxious to please
Sam. I love my work, now the void has
been filled.

We pan off Carmine toward the Bay and up towards the sun.

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

FULL MOON over:

EXT. LAYTON AVENUE - NIGHT

Not a soul in sight, except for four mounted police officers
who ride next to each other and then split off in different
directions..

KILLER (V.O.) (CON'D)
He won't let me stop killing until
he gets his fill of blood. Tell me,
Jim, what will you have for me July
29. Not knowing what the future
holds, I shall say farewell and I
will see you at my next job, or
should I say you will see my
handiwork at the next job?

EXT. BRONX STREET - NIGHT

A main street (usually busy even at this hour) is equally as
deserted.

KILLER (V.O.) (CON'D)
P.S. Please inform all the
detectives working on the case that
I wish them luck.

EXT. CLUB VIRGO - NIGHT

The OWNER locks up the club and puts a large "CLOSED TIL
FURTHER NOTICE" sign on the door.

KILLER (VO) (CON'D)
Keep 'em digging, drive on, think
positive. Here are some clues to
help you along.

EXT. BRONX STREET - NIGHT

A couple sit in a car making out and petting. A man
approaches the car, we see him in the rear windshield. He
stands on the passenger side of the car, the couple screams,
the man flashes a police badge and orders them to drive off.

The OFFICER walks over to a couple parked in a car a few feet away. The Officer opens the driver-side door to reveal the couple is actually two decoy mannequins. He removes them from the car, puts them in the trunk and gets into the car.

KILLER (V.O.) (CON'D)
 "The Duke of Death"...."The Wicked King
 Wicker"...."The 22 Disciples of Hell"....

EXT. BRONX STREET - NIGHT

KILLER'S POV:

A car pulls into a driveway. The woman driver exits the car, hair pinned up, she senses eyes upon her, she looks around. The killer hides in the shadows, watching her run in fear from the car to her front door.

The KILLER POV begins to get closer to her as she fumbles for her keys.

Suddenly the PORCH LIGHT goes on, the POV freezes, and a man opens the door to let the woman in. The front door slams and the porch light goes off simultaneously and the screen goes to black.

KILLER (V.O.) (CON'D)
 "John Wheaties" - Rapist and
 suffocator of young girls. In their
 blood and from the gutter: Sam's
 creation, 44. The Son of Sam.

END SERIES OF SHOTS during Killer's VOICE OVER.

CUT TO:

INT. VINCE AND DIONNA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Vince is looking out his bedroom window. Dionna is in bed.

VINCE
 (yelling)
 "The Wicked King Wicker!"...."The Duke
 of Death!"

Vince closes the curtains.

VINCE
 This guy's a devil worshipper. This is
 occult, like that Manson shit. What
 if he thinks I saw him?!

DIONNA
 Why would he think that?

VINCE

You know this whole fuckin' thing is starting to get on my nerves. I'm getting ready to explode. Let's go away for a week, just me and you.

DIONNA

I can't, I may have to fire one of the waitresses this week.

VINCE

Lets go to the Catskills for the weekend. We'll get one of those rooms with the vibrating bed, the heart shaped tub, the dirty movies...

DIONNA

We don't have to go to the Catskills for that.

Vince is about to shut the light:

DIONNA

Honey, could we make love with the light on?

VINCE

How bout instead of making love, we "fuck" with the light on?

They kiss.

INT. RITCHIE'S GARAGE - NIGHT

Ritchie has his guitar strapped on and plugged into an amp. Ruby stands in front of a microphone singing. After a few beats the song ends.

RITCHIE

That was it, that was it.

RUBY

Yeah, I felt it that time.

RITCHIE

Yeah.... Just let it out....
(passes her a joint)
You want a toke?

RUBY

Nah, I already got the munchies bad.

RITCHIE

I'll get somethin' from the house....
You wanna come?

RUBY

No, I'm too stoned...paranoid.

Ritchie heads into the house.

INT. RITCHIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

In the living room, Eddie is cleaning his gun collection...a ball game on the TV. Ritchie enters the room.

EDDIE

'Ay Ritchie, sit down, siddown, I
wanna talk to you. It's time we bury
the hatchet. I know this situation
ain't easy on you.

Ritchie sits down hesitantly.

EDDIE

(pulls out a German Luger)
My father took this off a dead SS
officer.

(shows Ritchie a pearl handled
pistol)

This one was once owned by General
Patton. Every one of these guns is
worth a small fortune.

RITCHIE

Yeah?

EDDIE

Yeah. I met this guy...I got a good
shot at makin' it on the oldies
circuit. The Belmonts, The Drifters...
For good money...no more fuckin'
wedding bands. I need to put together
a new group and make a demo record.
I'm gonna sell my gun collection.
Whatta you think?

RITCHIE

That's good, Eddie, that's good.
Congratulations.

EDDIE

Now I heard you playing in the garage,
you got potential. I'm willing to work
with you, whattaya say? You wanna ride
my coattails...make a few dollars?

RITCHIE

I like the band I'm with now.

EDDIE

What, that girl? She can't sing. It sounded like a dying cat in there. You call that a singer? She couldn't make a pimple on a singer's ass.

Ritchie gets up and starts to walk out.

EDDIE

G'head, go downstairs, cry to your mommy. Mommy, mommy, Eddie don't love me. Tell her those card games are gonna end soon too!

CUT TO:

CLOSE UP - TV NEWS BROADCAST

A detective is being interviewed. (n.b.: actual footage of Detective TIMOTHY DOWD, head of the 44 Caliber Killer Task Force.)

DETECTIVE

(on TV)

He has to live someplace and he has to live in the vicinity of where the shootings occur. Somebody has to know who he is. You have a man you suspect and you notice every once and a while he comes home at 3 or 4 in the morning and he's a loner type person who lives in a room or an attic or a basement or the back of someplace who doesn't talk to people readily or make friendships readily. I think people know that kind of oddity in a neighborhood, and I think they would put these things together.

INTERVIEWER

(on TV)

Do you have lists of suspects?

DETECTIVE

(on TV)

We have lists now and we always have had lists.

INT. CARMINE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Carmine is in his chair, watching this broadcast. He wears underwear and a robe. Two Cronies are watching with him.

CARMINE

I wanna get this bastard before the cops get him. Put another 5000 on the reward. Maybe we'll come up with a few more names for our list.

EXT. BRONX, WATT STREET - DAY

Ritchie, Vince, Joey T, Brian, Anthony and Bobby are sitting on their cars near a field of weeds at the water's edge. They are smoking joints and drinking beer.

JOEY T

Now, if Eve didn't talk Adam into eatin' that apple, we'd all be in paradise now. That's why God gave them their periods, that's why they call it the curse.

RITCHIE

Where the hell did you get that from?

JOEY T

Whattaya mean where the hell did I get that from? It's in the Bible.

RITCHIE

Which book?

JOEY T

The Bible.

BRIAN

Why, you don't believe in the Bible?

RITCHIE

I don't believe that shit about Adam and Eve.

VINCE

You don't believe in Adam and Eve? How do you think we got here? From monkeys?

RITCHIE

No, but maybe space aliens came down here and had sex with the gorillas,

RITCHIE (CON'D)

and that's how the human race got started.

BRIAN

That's fuckin' stupid.

RITCHIE

That's why we have higher intelligence and animal instincts. Picture it: you have an alien's face and a gorilla's face, put the two together, whattaya get? A human.

VINCE

That's blasphemy, Ritchie.

JOEY T

Why would aliens have sex with gorillas?

RITCHIE

Maybe their lungs couldn't take our atmosphere. They had to breed so their race would survive.

JOEY T

Even the scientists think we came from monkeys, but aliens...don't make sense.

RITCHIE

Well, why can't these scientists find the missing link? We're all half alien, half ape. Each generation, the alien gene gets a little stronger, eventually intelligence will dominate the emotions.

VINCE

Ritchie, we're God's creation.

RITCHIE

Maybe the aliens are God's creation, too. Maybe the aliens are God.

VINCE

Ritchie, you're startin' to freak me out. You shouldn't start talkin' like that. You were an altar boy. What kind of people are you hanging out with?...Yoko Ono?

BRIAN

You're gettin' a little far out there, Ritchie.

JOEY T
No, he's gotta point, let him talk.
What about Noah's Ark? Do you believe
in Noah's Ark?

Ruby walks up the block. Ritchie sees her.

RITCHIE
Ruby! All right. I'll see you guys.

Ritchie walks away towards Ruby, they greet each other, then
get into Ritchie's car and drive away.

JOEY T
Holy shit, did you hear that
blasphemy comin' out of his fuckin'
mouth? What a fuckin freak. He's a
candidate for the list.

BOBBY
What list?

VINCE
You ain't puttin' him on the list.

BRIAN
He's a multiple category. He's on
the fuckin' list.

BOBBY
What fuckin' list?

JOEY T
Let's just say we're making a grocery
list of all the fruits and vegetables
in the neighborhood. And you're
number one.

VINCE
You ain't puttin' Ritchie on the list.

INT. VILLA AMORE RESTAURANT KITCHEN - NIGHT

Dionna and Mario are talking.

DIONNA
I've been goin' over the books again
...it's bad.

MARIO
They're gonna catch this bastard
soon. You do the books again, you
find something.

DIONNA

It's math, not magic, Dad. I went over them four times.

MARIO

Goddamn. Okay, I tell Connie I gotta let her go.

DIONNA

Connie's our strongest waitress.

MARIO

She doesn't have children.

Vince enters the kitchen.

VINCE

Hi, Mario. You ready, hon?

DIONNA

All right, goodnight, Dad.

MARIO

Wait, I got something for you.

He takes out a short-haired, blonde wig. Vince's eyes light up.

MARIO

Here...you go out tonight, you wear this.

DIONNA

I'm not gonna wear that; we're goin' straight home.

MARIO

He only kills girls with long brown hair. Either you cut your hair or you wear the wig.

Dionna takes the wig, kisses her father good-bye.

INT. VINCE AND DIONNA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Music is playing on a radio. Vince lays in bed. Dionna is off camera.

DIONNA (V.O.)

Close your eyes.

Dionna enters the room with the blond wig on her head and wearing a guinea t-shirt and panties. She dims the lights and changes the music.

DIONNA

Open your eyes.

Vince opens his eyes. He is excited. She gets into bed with him.

VINCE

Oh, my God, you look so different. It's like you're a different woman. I feel like I'm cheatin' on you with you. I'm gonna call you another name. I wanna call you "Sheri". Is that okay, Sheri?

DIONNA

Yeah, I like that name, call me Sheri.

VINCE

Sheri, would you like to fuck? You want to fuck me, Sheri?

DIONNA

Yeah, I wanna fuck.

VINCE

First I want you to suck my dick, Sheri.

DIONNA

You sure you want me to that?

VINCE

Yeah, Sheri loves it.

She begins to go down on him...he moans in delight. And his eyes wander around the room. Vince looks up at the crucifix hanging over their bed. He looks at his wedding picture, then looks back to Dionna. The ecstasy wanes. He stops her.

VINCE

Wait a minute, honey, you don't have to do this. I'm sorry. I shouldn't have done this to you.

DIONNA

You didn't like the way I was doin' it? You can show me how to do it.

VINCE

No, you're my wife, you don't have to do this. I love you just the way you are. Let's just do it the normal way, the way we been doin' it.

Vince shuts the lights.

CUT TO:

CLOSE UP ON THE ANCHORMAN

who speaks into the camera.

REPORTER

(on TV)

Detectives hunting the Son of Sam killer are looking into a suggestion that he might have taken his name from a rock music lyric recorded in 1967 by Jimi Hendrix. The song "Purple Haze" can be heard with a faint incantation, "Help me, help me, son of Sam, son of Sam." Police are enlisting the help of rock and roll historians and occult specialists to determine what meaning the lyrics might have and if there are any clues behind the songs. Police added they are already investigating some cult activity recently reported in the area.

INT. PUNK LOFT - NIGHT

Ritchie and Ruby hang out with several other punks. Ritchie and his BASS PLAYER are strumming their unplugged electric guitars. The DRUMMER plays a tambourine. Ruby is singing.

In addition to his very punk attire, Ritchie is wearing black eye make up exactly like Ruby's. People are drinking, passing joints, lying around stoned. They end the song.

RITCHIE

Let's do it again.

BASS PLAYER

C'mon its almost 5 o'clock in the morning.

Ruby kicks the clock over and smashes it.

RUBY

No, it's not.

(shouting)

1, 2, 3, 4!

And the drummer starts up the song. The rest of the band kicks in.

INT. RITCHIE'S CAR - DAY

Ritchie is driving; Ruby is in the passenger seat wiping the make up off Ritchie's face. They are approaching Layton Avenue. They pull up in front of Ruby's house.

EXT. LAYTON AVENUE - DAY

Ritchie and Ruby exit the car and walk towards the building as Ruby's Dad comes to the window yelling.

RUBY'S DAD

Get up in this house. Where the hell have you been all night, you come home now? 'Ay you, you creepy lookin' bastard, stay away from my daughter, you freak. I catch you with my daughter again, I'll break your fuckin' legs.

RUBY

I'm comin', I'm comin'.

Ruby kisses Ritchie good-bye and goes into the house. Joey T and the guys are near their cars. Ritchie starts to walk back to his car as Joey T calls to him.

JOEY T

Yo, Ritchie, come here a second. I wanna show you somethin'.

Ritchie walks over to Joey T's car. Joey T opens his trunk to reveal a cache of fireworks.

JOEY T

I'm havin' a pre-Fourth-of-July sale. Anything you want, I'll give you a good price.

RITCHIE

Nah, not now.

ANTHONY

You got make-up on, Ritchie?

BRIAN

Yeah, he's turnin' her into a punk and she's turnin' him into a whore.

RITCHIE

Your mother's a whore.

JOEY T

Whoa, whoa...lighten up, he was just kiddin'. So you and Ruby are getting serious? That's good, everybody loves somebody, right?

RITCHIE

Yeah, sometimes.

JOEY T

So how's the band...OK? You guys gigging? Is that the word, gigging?

RITCHIE

We're gonna start gigging soon.

JOEY T

'Ay, Ritchie, you know, I heard a song by a punk band. They were singing: "I'm the antichrist, I'm the antichrist...anarchy..."

RITCHIE

That's the Sex Pistols.

BRIAN

Sex Pistols? Whatta they do: shoot 'em before they fuck 'em?

JOEY T

I couldn't believe it, it sounded like devil worshippers: "I'm the antichrist... antichrist..."

ALPHONSE

You don't like that shit, do you?

RITCHIE

Yeah, I do.

ANTHONY

What about Jimi Hendrix? You still like Jimi Hendrix?

RITCHIE

Of course I do. He's the electric god.

Ruby's Dad comes out of the building in a fury. He heads towards Ritchie.

RUBY'S DAD

C'mere, you creepy bastard, what are you doin' to my daughter? Get the fuck over here you fuckin schieve, I'll kill you!

As Ruby's Dad approaches Ritchie, Joey and the guys block his path.

JOEY T

Go, Ritchie, go. Take it easy, Mike.

RUBY'S DAD

Get out of my way.

Ritchie moves to his car and takes off as the guys try to calm down Ruby's Dad.

JOEY T

It ain't worth it, Mike. You gotta calm down.

RUBY'S DAD

That creepy fuck. My wife was on tranquilizers all night.

BRIAN

She's all right now, Mike. Don't worry.

RUBY'S DAD

You see the way my daughter's dressin'? You see what he's turnin' her into? She looks like a ghost.

JOEY T

Mike, trust me, we're monitoring the situation. Don't worry about your daughter.

They watch Ritchie's car chug up the street.

EXT. BRONX STREET, LAYTON AVENUE - NIGHT

Joey T, Woodstock, Anthony, Alphonse, Vince and Brian are talking.

JOEY T

All right, we got 6 names on the list now. Let's mark their tires with chalk. This way, if any of them goes for a ride, we'll know about it.

VINCE

We should take Ritchie off the list.

JOEY T

No way. He's a multiple category.

ANTHONY

You know the pizza shop on Tremont?

ANTHONY (CON'D)

My aunt told there's a guy who works there named Louie. He just moved to the neighborhood a year ago. He lives alone, on Samson Avenue. My aunt says there's something evil about him...he's got weirdo eyes.

JOEY T

We'll check him out.

ALPHONSE

What about Johnny Nasso? He drives a cab. He's a Vietnam vet.

WOODSTOCK

So?

ALPHONSE

Vets call themselves "Sons of Sam." You know, Uncle Sam.

JOEY T

Not enough.

ALPHONSE

His wife left him a year ago. He lives alone. Works nights.

JOEY T

He's a multiple category. Good work. He's on the list.

BRIAN

We should put Father Daniels on the list.

JOEY T

The priest?

BRIAN

Remember the beatings he use to give me? That guy's sick. Drinks like a bastard. I want him on the list

WOODSTOCK

I know who the killer is. I figured it out.

The guys all look at Woodstock.

WOODSTOCK

Reggie Jackson.

The guys react and laugh.

WOODSTOCK

Son of Sam...Uncle Sam...YANKEE doodle dandy. New York Yankees.

BRIAN

Whattaya mixin' acid with your dope?

WOODSTOCK

What kind of gun does the killer use?
44 caliber. What's Reggie's number?
44.

ANTHONY

You keep talkin' like that and you're goin' on the list.

INT. MANHATTAN LOFT - NIGHT

The loft is designed to look like an S/M dungeon. Ritchie is gagged and shackled to a large wooden "X." All he has on are leather pants that are unbuttoned and unzipped.

A dominatrix (MISTRESS URSULA) stands next to him. She has a whip in her hand and is putting a nipple clamp on his left nipple. She whispers softly and seductively in his ear.

URSULA

I own you, you live to be my helpless little whore.

Ritchie struggles against his bondage.

URSULA

You want to go?

Ursula loosens his restraints.

URSULA

Go...go...you're free to go.

Ritchie doesn't move.

URSULA

You see, I don't need chains to hold you here. You're my whore. Get on your knees, my little slut slave.

From OFF SCREEN we hear the voice of the director (DOMINO).

DOMINO

(O.S.)

Cut. Cut.

We pull back to reveal we are on the set of a porno film. Domino walks over to Ritchie. He removes the gag so it is now around Ritchie's neck. Domino is about forty years old; he has a gray Caesar haircut, a small gray beard on his chin, no mustache.

DOMINO

That was better, Ursula, that was better. But, Ritchie, this scene is a pivotal scene in the film. It's important that the audience sees your conflict. Like, in your mind you feel totally humiliated, you're ashamed that you've allowed this woman to totally degrade you. And your greatest shame comes from knowing that if this woman continues abusing you, you will have no choice but to continue to worship her. Does that make sense to you?

RITCHIE

Yeah.

DOMINO

Then, what I need from you is the conflict: show me the shame and fear in your eyes...and show me the erection. I can't shoot the scene if you don't get an erection. I'm hard as a rock just watchin'.

RITCHIE

I don't know what's wrong.

DOMINO

You want a fluffer? Someone bring in the fluffer.

Domino puts the gag back into Ritchie's mouth.

EXT. LAYTON AVENUE - NIGHT

Vince's car pulls up to the front of his and Dionna's apartment building.

INT. VINCE'S CAR - NIGHT

Vince and Dionna are in the car. She has her hair pinned up.

VINCE

I'll go park the car. Is that enough time to get ready?

DIONNA

You sure you want to do this, Vince.

VINCE
Of course. Do you?

DIONNA
Yes. Which outfit should I wear?

She pulls two nighties from a shopping bag. Vince starts kissing her passionately.

VINCE
And don't forget to put on the wig.

EXT. LAYTON AVENUE - NIGHT

A MAN

is watching Vince and Dionna. He walks closer and closer towards Vince's car.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

As Vince and Dionna kiss the man reaches the window of the car. Vince opens his eyes in horror and SCREAMS. A flash of light and a deafening NOISE send Dionna and Vince screaming louder and ducking for cover in the front seat of the car.

Two more FLASHES of light and two more EXPLOSIONS as their screams continue.

Alphonse, Anthony and Brian stick their faces through the windows of the car.

BRIAN
Wanna buy some firecrackers?

The three guys start laughing their asses off as we

CUT TO:

EXT. LAYTON AVENUE - NIGHT

Vince jumps out of the car and attacks Brian.

VINCE
You stupid fuckin' bastards.

He continues screaming and cursing and trying to hit somebody. The guys dodge him and laugh. Some neighbors start yelling from their windows in the apartment building: "What's going on out there?"... "Somebody call the police." etc.

Vince continues to try to gets his hands on the guys. Dionna joins in the screaming.

EXT. LAYTON AVENUE, ANOTHER PART - NIGHT

Joey T is parked in his car a block away. He is laughing as he watches the commotion. An unmarked police car arrives on the scene; Joey ducks.

EXT. LAYTON AVENUE, NEAR THE GUYS - NIGHT

Russo gets out of his unmarked car along with Officer Cruz. They walk over to where the guys are. They start to break up the fight.

CRUZ

All right, break it up.

RUSSO

Whattaya guys fuckin' stupid? Whattaya think this is a game with this fuckin' killer? While you guys are out fuckin' around, makin' us blow our cover, the killer could be out there doin' his thing right now.

Russo and Cruz are ready to go back to work, leave these wise guys alone.

VINCE

Don't group me with these morons. Let me tell you what happened.

RUSSO

You woke up half the neighborhood, that's what fuckin' happened.

A car pulls up to the scene. Three of Carmine's Cronies exit the car.

CRONY #1

Can we be of any assistance, Detective?

RUSSO

Yeah, why don't you break their legs for me.

VINCE

I didn't have nothin' to do with it.

DIONNA

These guys snuck up on us, Ralph.

OFFICER CRUZ

Get up on the sidewalk, ma'am.

VINCE

Hey, nobody barks orders to my girl,
I don't give two shits you're a cop!

ALPHONSE

A fuckin spic cop.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION JAIL CELL - NIGHT

Officer Cruz shuts the cell door on Vince, Alphonse, Anthony and Brian.

OFFICER CRUZ

A southern redneck once told me that
spic stood for Spanish, Portuguese,
Italian, and Colored. Think about
it. Good night, girls.

EXT. QUEENS STREET - NIGHT

A car is parked on a deserted street. The killer approaches the car from the passenger side and FIRES FOUR SHOTS. He pauses a few seconds and runs off.

A MAN exits the car with a severe wound on his arm. He runs up the block SCREAMING. The woman exits the car, staggers a few steps and falls down dead.

WOUNDED MAN

(freaked)
I'm shot. I'm shot.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON TELEVISION: THE ANCHORMAN

ANCHORMAN

The 44 Caliber killer, who calls himself "The Son of Sam," struck again last night, shooting a 17-year old girl and a 20-year old man as they sat in a car at the Elephant Disco in Queens.

The channel changes to another newscast.

ANCHORMAN #2

Detectives believe the killer may have followed the girl from her Bronx home to the Queens disco.

The channel changes once again, this time the reporter (JOHN JEFFRIES) is

LIVE AT THE 45TH PRECINCT.

In the background there are several news crews standing in front of the precinct. It is the next day.

JOHN JEFFRIES

Police are speculating the killer may have stalked his victims, perhaps even watching them dance inside the disco.

A squad car arrives. Russo and Officer Cruz exit the car.

CUT FROM TV COVERAGE TO:

EXT. 45TH PRECINCT - DAY

A full blown media event in progress, reporters, cameras, onlookers, etc. John Jeffries steps in again to interview Russo.

JOHN JEFFRIES

Detective, the killer has been so successful in eluding the police. that many believe the Son of Sam might be a member of the police department? Would you care to comment?

RUSSO

That's what they said about Jack the Ripper.

INT. 45TH PRECINCT JAIL CELL - DAY

The guys are groggy from their night in jail.

VINCE

Of all the girls in that disco, he picked the one from our neighborhood. You remember the clue "Wicked King Wicker"? She lived on Wickham Avenue.

ANTHONY

You think its occult?

BRIAN

Now, if he followed her from our neighborhood, we have to figure what time he would have left and then go over our list and see who was where.

Russo enters to release them.

RUSSO

You heard what happened last night?
What I tell you? We mightta caught
this guy by now if jerkoffs didn't
fuck around every night. Next time,
I'll let Carmine's boys handle you.

INT. 45TH PRECINCT LOBBY - SAME

A row of officers sit at the front desk. The phones ring non-stop. All of the calls are about Son of Sam. Russo escorts the guys out of the holding area.

ANTHONY

You guys got any leads?

RUSSO

Too many.

BRIAN

What if we think we know who the killer
is?

RUSSO

You see the phones? Everyone knows who
the killer is except us. Everybody wants
that fuckin' reward money.

EXT. ST. BENEDICT'S CHURCH - SAME MORNING

Vince, Alphonse, Anthony, and Brian walk in front of the church on their way home from jail. There is a large crowd of people entering the church.

ANTHONY

Look at all them people. I guess Son
of Sam is good for business.

VINCE

You guys comin' to mass?

BRIAN

No, we better check with Joey T.

Vince walks towards the church as the guys walk away.

EXT. TREMONT AVENUE PIZZA SHOP - DAY

A MAN WITH WEIRD EYES is sweeping in front of a pizza shop. Joey T, Brian, Alphonse and Anthony approach the guy. Brian grabs him by the throat.

JOEY T

Where were you last night?

INT. ST. BENEDICT'S CHURCH - DAY

A priest stands at the altar delivering his sermon.

PRIEST

And many of you have asked me,
"Father, if God loves us, how can he
let this fiend terrorize our peaceful
lives?" And you ask, "Has God
forgotten us?" It is we who have
forgotten God.

CLOSE ON VINCE

FLASHBACK of the TWO DEAD BODIES he saw.

EXT. LAYTON AVENUE - NIGHT JULY 4TH

John Jeffries with a TV crew is interviewing some of the neighborhood kids, particularly girls. Joey T is off to the side; Brian, Alphonse and Anthony are behind the girls. It is 100 degrees; everyone is sweating, fanning themselves, etc.

JOHN JEFFRIES

This is John Jeffries for Channel 9 News. I'm standing in the Bronx just a short distance from where the Son of Sam killed his first victim. Looking behind me, you would never know it was the fourth of July. The streets are deserted. Fear has forced residents to stay in their homes tonight.

QUICK CUTS OF DIFFERENT RESIDENTS. Each of them are being interviewed for the 11 o'clock news.

RESIDENT #1

I'm a cop and I'm scared. I got two daughters. They don't go out at night.

RESIDENT #2

It could be anyone, you never know.

RESIDENT #3

When my boyfriend, drops me off, I don't even wait for the car to stop. He slows down, I jump out, I fly into my house.

RESIDENT #4

(standing there with 5 other girls)
We came out for cigarettes. 6 of us

RESIDENT #4 (CON'D)
for one pack.

RESIDENT #5
I not scared. I'm not even dying my
hair blonde. When your number's up,
your number's up. Whatta you gonna
do?

Alphonse, Anthony, Brian and Joey T are being interviewed by
John Jeffries.

JOHN JEFFRIES
I'm here with a local group of
vigilantes.
(to Anthony)
What is that on your T-shirt?

ANTHONY
"Son of Sam: get him before he gets
you."

ALPHONSE
That reward money's mine.

BRIAN
Fuckin A!!!

The crew turns off the camera.

JOHN JEFFRIES
What the hell's wrong with you? I'm
tryin' to make a livin' here. I got
enough problems with the Neilsens.
Get outta here, take a walk.

ANTHONY
You take a walk.

JOHN JEFFRIES
Go on, beat it.

JOEY T
You don't come in this neighborhood
and tell us to get outta here.

Joey T starts to walk slowly towards the Jeffries and the
crew. The guys walk with Joey T.

JOHN JEFFRIES
Oh, my God, turn on the camera. TURN
ON THE CAMERA. Anything you punks do
will be on the 11 o'clock news.

JOEY T

Yeah? Put this on the 11 o'clock news.

Joey T rips Jeffries' toupee off his head and smacks him in the face with it. Jeffries falls to the ground, more out of fear than from Joey's force.

ANTHONY

You get the fuck outta here.

Anthony kicks him and spits at him.

EXT. WESTCHESTER DINER PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Vince pulls up in front of the Westchester Square Diner. Ritchie rides shotgun.

CUT TO:

INT. WESTCHESTER DINER - NIGHT

Two couples in their mid 30's sit at a table. They all wear bowling shirts. They look across the room at Ritchie who sits at a table with Vince.

A waiter (CHICKIE) approaches the bowlers' table. He is dressed in a white T-shirt, apron and pants. He also wears a white cap.

CHICKIE

Who gets the pastrami?

Follow their gaze across the diner to Vince and Ritchie as they sit waiting to order.

VINCE

But it doesn't bother you that Ruby's been with so many guys?

RITCHIE

What she did with her body before she met me is her business.

VINCE

But you don't love her right?

RITCHIE

What's your interpretation of love?

VINCE

You know, marriage, kids...you gonna marry Ruby?

RITCHIE

You and Dionna gonna have kids?

VINCE

Why do you always answer a question
with a question?

RITCHIE

Do I do that?

Chickie approaches their table.

VINCE

What took you, Chickie, I'm starvin'.
Gimme a cheeseburger with....

CHICKIE

We're outta cheeseburgers.

VINCE

All right, gimme a BLT.

CHICKIE

No can do.

VINCE

Well, what do you got, Chickie? I'm
fuckin' starvin'.

CHICKIE

We're closing.

RITCHIE

You just served those people over there.

CHICKIE

Look, I don't want no trouble, just
leave. C'mon, hit the bricks.

VINCE

You're not gonna serve me, Chickie?
You're lucky I come in the place.

CHICKIE

I'll serve you, but he's gotta go.

VINCE

Chickie, you're throwin' out Ritchie?

CHICKIE

Ritchie who? That's Ritchie? You're
gonna have to leave, you're making my
customers nervous.

Vince stands up.

VINCE
Fuck your customers.

CHICKEY
C'mon. Hit the bricks.

RITCHIE
Fuck this moron. Let's go.

CHICKIE
You callin' me a moron, you fuckin' reject? Get the hell outta here.

Ritchie starts to walk towards the exit which is near the bowlers' table. The two male bowlers stand up.

MAN 1
You want some help with this creep?

VINCE
Sit the fuck down, and mind your business.

MAN#1
You gonna make me sit?

Ritchie takes a glass off the counter, then raises the glass above his head. Everyone is ready to react.

Ritchie SMASHES the empty GLASS OVER HIS OWN HEAD.

He stares at the two bowlers and smiles as blood flows down his head and over his face. Everyone is frozen in disbelief, including Vince. Ritchie walks to the front door and holds it open. He smiles at Vince.

RITCHIE
Shall we?

Vince snaps out of his stupor and hurries out the front door.

CUT TO:

INT. DIONNA'S VILLA AMORE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Ruby is seated with her MOTHER, father and mentally retarded brother JOHNNY who is 15.

RUBY'S DAD
You see, I had class. If I was interested in a girl, I'd put on a suit and tie, I'd go talk to the father, show him respect and win his approval.

MOM

No, when you met my father, you had the sideburns and the leather jacket. He shut the door in your face.

RUBY'S DAD

Shut up, this is between me and my daughter. You mind your own goddamn business.

RUBY

Don't let him talk like that to you, Ma.

The brother starts to blow bubbles in his soda.

RUBY'S DAD

Stop that, Johnny Boy, stop. C'mon, you're acting like a baby.

RUBY

You treat him like a baby.

She gets up and starts to walk.

RUBY'S DAD

Where you goin'?

RUBY

The bathroom. Make more bubbles, Johnny. I like that.

Ruby walks away.

INT. VILLA AMORE RESTAURANT BATHROOM - NIGHT

Ruby enters, lights a cigarette and does a hit of coke. Dionna enters. Ruby hides the coke.

DIONNA

That's all right, can I have a hit?

RUBY

I didn't know you did this.

DIONNA

Vince doesn't want me doin' this shit. He calls it hoo-a dust. He says it turns women into hoo-as. How do I do it?

Ruby helps Dionna take a hit of coke.

RUBY

Here, just go like this...

Dionna sniffs the coke.

DIONNA

So your father's givin' you a hard time about Ritchie?

RUBY

I'm getting sick of his shit. Not just about Ritchie, about everything. I'm 26 years old, I don't need this shit. I gotta get out of there.

DIONNA

Ruby, I wanna ask you something. This is gonna sound weird, don't get me wrong, but I need to know this.... What did Vince like to do?

RUBY

About what?

DIONNA

I know you've been with Vince.

RUBY

That was a long time ago.

DIONNA

I think he's been cheatin' on me... I wanna know, what am I not doing that he's gotta cheat on me.

RUBY

You gotta talk to Vince about this.

DIONNA

I tried...but you know, he turns everything around, makes me feel like I'm a jealous bitch for questioning him.

RUBY

I don't mean talk about cheatin'. Talk to him about...you know...

DIONNA

He don't believe you let your wife do those things.

RUBY

You gotta get him over that...get a Penthouse Magazine, read the stories, you can get some ideas...you want another toot?

Dionna does a final hit of coke as we

CUT TO:

EXT. BRONX EASTCHESTER BAY - NIGHT

Vince and Ritchie stand near the beach. Vince leans over and dips his handkerchief in the bay. He starts to wash the blood from Ritchie's head.

VINCE

I don't blame them Ritchie, you know. When in Rome...whattaya gotta wear that dog collar up here for? Whatta you expect?

RITCHIE

We all wear some kind of collar. You're wearin' a dog collar.

VINCE

I'm wearin' a dog collar?

RITCHIE

We're all dogs of society. We're on leashes to a certain way of thinking.

VINCE

I'm not relating to this Ritchie.

RITCHIE

It's like everybody's got two personalities, one that they're born with, and one that the world gives them.

VINCE

Whattaya mean? You have like an alter-ego?

RITCHIE

No, it's like that I got things that I like doin'. I like these things so much, it's like I hafta do them. Now, if I hafta do them, do I really like doin' them or was I pre-programmed at an early age to respond to liking them?

VINCE

So, you mean if I cheat on Dionna, it's not my fault? The world made me do it?

RITCHIE

No, your dick made you do that. But the world approves.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON THE TV SCREEN

ANCHORMAN

(on TV)

The heat wave continues throughout New York City as record-breaking temperatures claimed 6 lives yesterday. Crime has risen with the temperatures as Police are reporting an increase in domestic violence and burglaries. Con Edison is asking that you try to conserve electricity as several neighborhoods in the five boroughs have been experiencing brownouts.

The screen FLICKERS and goes black as we hear in VOICE OVER a WOMAN'S DISTRESSED VOICE:

WOMAN (V.O.)

Hello, officer! All the lights on the whole block are out! There's a man sitting in a car, I think he's watching me!

CUT TO:

INT. 45TH PRECINCT - DUSK

The precinct is in chaos. It's LIT BY CANDLE LIGHT although there is still light coming in from the sun outside.

Policemen come in and out with prisoners. Several officers sit behind the desk where the phones are ringing off the hook. The officers answer the phones.

OFFICER 1

I'll send a car but it might take a while. The whole city's blacked out, all 5 boroughs.

OFFICER 2

Yeah I know there's a killer on the loose. Stay inside, lock your doors.

INT. CARMINE'S - DUSK

It is getting dark. Joey T and Cronies are lighting candles. Carmine is just getting off the phone.

CARMINE

Con Ed don't know nothin'. Now the cops are gonna be busy chasin' looters all night, so it's our job to defend the neighborhood. This guy's got a blackout to hide in. I want our guys on the Layton Avenue Bridge. No one gets in or out of our neighborhood without us knowing. Joey T, get the kids in the neighborhood. If they need cars, give 'em cars, if you need baseball bats, get baseball bats. I want the streets busy. Call Frankie, tell him to bring the feast lights and the generators. I'm gonna throw a block party. This killer's gonna have no place to hide tonight.

BLACKOUT MONTAGE:

This montage begins during Carmine's monologue.

EXT. LAYTON AVENUE - DUSK

Joey T and Brian hand out baseball bats to some neighborhood kids. People are coming into the street with charcoal grills, picnic tables and chairs, candles and tiki lamps.

EXT. LAYTON AVENUE BRIDGE - NIGHT

The Cronies have set up a road block. Three cars wait as the Cronies approach a car with a man behind the wheel. After a brief discussion one Crony pulls the guy out of the car window.

EXT. BRONX STREET - NIGHT

A group of teenagers with baseball bats and flash lights walk down the street SHOUTING: "We'll get you, Son of Sam...Son of Sam...." A car full of guys drives by them and the occupants shout back at them. The walking teens turn the corner to REVEAL:

EXT. LAYTON AVENUE - NIGHT

The street glows with the colorful feast lights. The block party is well under way with cooking, eating, dancing to portable radios.

Carmine, with his family and more Cronies, is present. As well as many other neighborhood people.

Two little girls play in the street. They pose in the killer's two-handed crouch shooting position. They yell to a third girl: "44 Caliber killer!"

INT. DIONNA'S RESTAURANT

The dinning room is lit by dozens of candles. Ritchie, Ruby, Dionna and Vince sit around the table eating Italian food and drinking wine. Dionna's fathers (Mario) brings more food to the table.

MARIO

Come on, eat, all you want, it's all gonna go bad anyway.

He leaves.

RUBY

When are we gonna tell them?

DIONNA

Are you pregnant?

RUBY

No. We got a gig at CLUB CBGB'S.

RITCHIE

It's our first gig. You have to come. I need you there.

VINCE

What's this place? CLUB CBGB'S?

RUBY

It's on the Bowery.

DIONNA

The Bowery??

EXT. BRONX STREET - NIGHT

Joey T, Brian, Alphonse and Anthony Stand in front of St. Benedict Church. They all carry flashlights.

JOEY T

What the fuck is takin' Woodstock so long?

ANTHONY

Maybe he got caught.

ALPHONSE

Here he comes now.

Woodstock approaches. He carries a flashlight.

JOEY T

'Bout fuckin' time. You find anything?

Woodstock holds up two candle holders.

WOODSTOCK

Candle holders. I think they're gold.

JOEY T

First off, you fuckin' moron, they're brass. Not gold. Secondly, I sent you in there to look for evidence...I didn't send you in there to steal.

ANTHONY

You stole from a priest? Fuckin' low life.

WOODSTOCK

I thought they were gold.

JOEY T

All right, I wanna check out a couple more houses before the blackout's over. Let's go see if the cab driver is hiding anything in his house.

BRIAN

And try not to steal anything. In and out, all right?

ANTHONY

What's that over there?

They guys look up the block. It is dark, and quiet.

BRIAN

I didn't see nothin'.

WOODSTOCK

Over there, I saw him.

A dark figure walks towards them.

JOEY T

Put out the lights.

They turn off the flashlights, and duck behind parked cars. They are frantic. They now speak in excited whispers.

JOEY T

I wish we had a fuckin' gun.

ANTHONY

What are we gonna do?

ALPHONSE

Nothin', we ain't doin' nothin'.

JOEY T

We gotta jump him...Woodstock, can you sneak up on him? Where's Woodstock?

BRIAN

I think the prick cut out.

JOEY T

He's getting closer, we gotta do this. Get ready, here he comes.

The figure walks in the middle of the street. He is GROANING like a wild animal. He walks past the car which the guys are hiding behind. They jump out and pounce on the figure. They throw him to the ground. Brian, Anthony and Alphonse hold the figure down. Joey T turns on a flashlight.

IT'S BOBBY.

His face is badly beaten. The guys react.

JOEY T

Holy shit, Bobby.

ANTHONY

What the fuck happened to you?

JOEY T

Are you shot, Bobby? Did somebody shoot you?

BOBBY

No, Rocco did this to me. Rocco!

They shine their lights on Bobby.

JOEY T

God, they fucked you up. Here, here, take a quaalude.

ANTHONY

Why don't you stick it up his ass? It'll work faster.

JOEY T

Rocco had no right to do this.

BRIAN

He deserves it. He's a fag.

JOEY T

But he's our fag. He's from the neighborhood. We gotta defend him.

BRIAN

Let's go fuck them up.

EXT. PELHAM BAY PARK - NIGHT

A few cars are parked with headlights on. ROCCO and his crew (3 guys and 2 girls) sit in front of the cars on park benches, drinking and smoking pot. They have a radio and are listening to music.

Joey T, Alphonse, Anthony, Brian and Bobby arrive in Joey's car. They park and leave the headlights on and pointed at Rocco and Co. They all get out of the car and approach. They all carry bats.

JOEY T

What the fuck did you guys do to Bobby?

ROCCO

We kicked his ass. Why...is there a problem?

BRIAN

Yeah, he's from the neighborhood.

ROCCO

But he's a fag.

JOEY T

Nobody fucks him up, except us.

Several Rocco's friends exit their cars carrying bats.

ROCCO

I think you're all a bunch of fags.

Brian starts it. He SWINGS his bat hitting Rocco in the legs. The BATTLE begins. It is bloody, and violent. Rocco and his boys are on the losing side.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON ANCHORMAN ON TV

ANCHORMAN

Police still have no clues as to the identity of the killer. Our sources in the police department, have informed us that police are strongly looking into the possibility that the killing

ANCHORMAN (CON'D)
 might be cult related. Reportedly,
 the police have enlisted the help of
 psychics to help solve the murders.

INT. DOMINO'S OFFICE - DAY

Ritchie and Ruby sit on a couch, surrounded by porno film posters and photos, mixed in with some classic film posters from the 60's and early 70's. Domino sits behind his desk. He is talking into the telephone.

DOMINO
 No, honey, I can't help you with
 your homework right now. Daddy's
 busy...I don't know. Hold on...
 (to Ritchie and Ruby)
 How do you spell "atrocious"?

RUBY
 "a-t-r-o..."

DOMINO
 (he holds the phone up)
 Wait, yell it into the phone.

RUBY
 "a-t-r-o-c-i-o-u-s."

DOMINO
 (into phone)
 Okay, Daddy loves you, too. Kiss
 Mommy for me.
 (he hangs up the phone)
 Sorry for the interruption. What is
 it you wanted to talk about?

Ruby lays across the couch as if in a therapy session.

RITCHIE
 I wanna do another film.

DOMINO
 I thought you wanted out of the
 business. You're doin' your thing with
 the band.

RITCHIE
 I'm only gonna do a couple more. Just
 till I get enough money for an
 apartment.

DOMINO
 You sure you can work? I mean, after
 what happened the last time.

RITCHIE

With her, I'll have no problems.

DOMINO

Oh! You both wanna work? Well maybe we can do something. Have you done any skinflicks before ?

RUBY

No.

DOMINO

First timer's always good. You think you can handle it?

RUBY

With Ritchie I can.

DOMINO

Doin' it under the lights and doin' it in the backseat of a car are two different things. Stand up. Take off your clothes.

RITCHIE

Right now, Domino? Here?

DOMINO

If she can do it under the lights, she could do it here.

Ruby stands up. She begins to unbutton her blouse.

DOMINO

Stop, stop...you think I'm that sleazy? I just wanted to see if you wanted to do this or he was pushin' you into it. We don't want that around here. I like her Ritchie. Will you work with other men. Or women?

RUBY

No. Just Ritchie.

DOMINO

Do you do anal...S/M...B&D, scat, golden showers?

RUBY

Do I do what?

RITCHIE

Just straight, nothin' kinky.

Domino thinks a second or two.

DOMINO

Could you start right now? I'm doin' reshoots. I have to have this picture in the theatres in two weeks.

RUBY

Will we get paid tonight?

DOMINO

You haven't even started yet and already you're talkin' like a pro. Good, I like that.

RITCHIE

We got a gig coming up. We gotta lay out some expenses.

RUBY

You wanna come to it?

DOMINO

Sure, just put me on the guest list.

EXT. CLUB CBGB'S - NIGHT

A bizarre assortment of characters ranging from hard punks to the Bowery Bums living in the neighboring flophouses.

Vince's car pulls up in front of the club.

INT. VINCE'S CAR - NIGHT

Vince and Dionna are dressed to the hilt. Dionna is wearing a lot of jewelry, her hair is done up. Vince wears a white suit, much like John Travolta.

VINCE

What the hell's the matter with him?
I wouldn't even park my car in this neighborhood.

DIONNA

Look at those girls over there, lookin' at me like I'm a freak.

Vince looks over and sees three scantily clad punk girls.

VINCE

Well, do you think it's right not sayin' anything to Ritchie? Maybe we should go in for one drink.

A drunk approaches Vince's car begging for money.

DIONNA

Get me out of here, I schieve this place.

EXT. CLUB CBGB'S - NIGHT

Vince and Dionna drive off.

INT. CLUB CBGB'S - NIGHT

Ritchie's band is on-stage finishing a song. Ruby speaks into the mike.

RUBY

This next song was written by our drummer.

Someone in the audience shouts.

HECKLER

Whatta you doin' later baby?

RUBY

Where's the Son of Sam when you need him?

The band kicks into one of their songs. They play passionately and full of energy.

INT. VINCE'S CAR - NIGHT

Vince is driving.

VINCE

So what should we do now?

DIONNA

Let's go to Studio 54.

EXT. STUDIO 54 - NIGHT

There is a crowd of people waiting on line in front of the club. A door man is picking people who will be next to enter. Photographers wait outside. A limo pulls up. Two males and two females exit the limo. The photographers begin to take pictures. Vince and Dionna approach the doorman.

DOORMAN

Are you on the list?

VINCE

The list?

DOORMAN

Did somebody put you on the list?

VINCE

You know about the list?

DOORMAN

If you're not on the list, you gotta get on the line.

VINCE

The line? Wait slow down, you're losin' me.

DOORMAN

C'mon, you're holding things up. You'll have step behind the ropes.

SIMON, a well known photographer, and his entourage of TWO WOMEN and ONE MAN exit the club. All of the members of his entourage look like models. They are the beautiful people of the '70's'. The paparazzi take Simon's picture. Simon takes out his camera and photographs them.

Simon stops and takes a few pictures of Vince and Dionna, particularly of Vince.

SIMON

Do not enter into the kingdom of boredom, but rather, venture with me to Oz.

Simon walks towards his limo. The driver opens the door. Simon beckons to Vince.

SIMON

Quickly, before it turns back into a pumpkin.

INT. CLUB CBGB'S - NIGHT

Ritchie and Ruby finish a song.

BASS PLAYER

Thank you, and goodnight.

The band exits the stage. They head for the dressing rooms. The dressing rooms are located behind the stage. The walls are covered in 'Punk' graffiti. The dressing room is packed with punks. They smoke cigarettes and joints, and drink beer. The band is congratulated on their performance.

Ritchie holds Ruby in his arms. He whispers to her.

RUBY

We did it.

INT. SIMON'S LIMO - NIGHT

Simon and his entourage sit in the limo with Vince and Dionna. Simon is opening a bottle of champagne. One of the women takes a vial of cocaine out of her purse. Vince is looking at her. His eyes follow the sexy curves of the woman's dress. There is sexual tension in the air.

SIMON

Are you actors? Models? Of course you are.

(to the entourage)

You know who they should see?

The woman offers cocaine to Vince. He hesitates; Dionna is there. The other man in the entourage is looking Dionna over.

SIMON

Franklyn. His agency is hot. You know Franklyn, don't you? Of course you do.

The champagne bottle pops.

SIMON

Pop goes the weasel.

INT. CLUB CBGB'S DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

Ritchie is talking to the band.

RITCHIE

We've got work on the endings, and we've got to change the order of the songs.

JEFF, the club manager, enters.

JEFF

Good job. I'll give you another booking in a coupla weeks.

RUBY

What about a Saturday nite?

JEFF

No, not yet. After a few more gigs, we'll see. You guys'll do good here.

INT. SIMON'S LIMO - NIGHT

Vince is talking to Simon. One of the girls offers Dionna some coke. Dionna looks to Vince. Vince nods his approval and Dionna does a hit of the cocaine. The guy next to her is touching her leg.

VINCE

When I cut a girl's hair, I study her face, I look at all the angles, I cut her hair to accent her best features.

The limo comes to a stop. The chauffeur opens the door.

SIMON

Here we are Vince. Your palace awaits.

EXT. PLATO'S RETREAT (MANHATTAN, 74TH STREET) - NIGHT

Simon and guests exit the limo and enter the club.

INT. PLATO'S RETREAT - NIGHT

Plato's Retreat is NY's first on-premise sex club. There are: a swimming pool, a disco area with couches, a bar and a dance floor. There is an open orgy room next to the disco area. People walk around either nude, or with towels. The orgy room is filled with people having sex.

Vince and Dionna sit on a couch in the disco area. One of the women in the entourage is sitting next to Dionna. Her back is to Dionna, touching her sexily. She is talking to the other man. Simon is no where in sight. Vince and Dionna talk and look around at the orgy surrounding them.

VINCE

Holy shit! I never knew these places existed.

DIONNA

I'm really stoned, maybe we should leave.

VINCE

You think we should?

DIONNA

If you want to stay, I'll stay.

VINCE

Yeah, let's stay for one more drink. You want some more coke?

INT. CLUB CBGB'S DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

The dressing room is less crowded. Ritchie and Ruby talk.

RUBY

How much did we make?

RITCHIE

After payin' the guys, the roadies,
the soundman, the van, rehearsal
time, we did ok.

RUBY

Do you have enough money to stay
at the Chelsea?

RITCHIE

We could stay there for a few days.

RUBY

Let's go, I wanna be with you.

INT. PLATO'S RETREAT

Vince begins to kiss Dionna on the neck. He puts his hand
under her shirt and feels her breasts. Dionna looks at the
couple sitting next to her, she is slightly embarrassed.

VINCE

Just close your eyes. Trust me.

Dionna closes her eyes and surrenders to Vince. As Vince
fondles Dionna, he stares at the woman next to her who
stares back at him. Vince kisses Dionna on the lips. He puts
his hand under her dress. The woman next to her reaches over
to her and grabs hold of Dionna's hand.

Vince starts to kiss Dionna on the neck. The woman puts her
lips on Dionna's mouth. She unbuttons Dionna's blouse. The
woman's boyfriend moves over and begins licking the woman's
leg. Vince lifts up Dionna's dress.

EXT. CHELSEA HOTEL - NIGHT

Another angle on the hotel, late night.

INT. CHELSEA HOTEL - NIGHT

Ruby is sleeping in bed. Ritchie sits in a chair strumming a
guitar.

INT. PLATO'S RETREAT - NIGHT

Dionna is in the orgy room. She is engaged in a sexual act
with a man and a woman. Vince and another man are having sex

with an Asian woman nearby. Vince climaxes. He looks over at Dionna, she is in a state of ecstasy. A strange look comes over him.

INT. VINCE'S CAR - NIGHT

Vince and Dionna are uncomfortably silent.

DIONNA

So you're not gonna talk the whole way home?

Vince is silent.

DIONNA

Talk to me, Vince. Whattaya think?

VINCE

Did that guy fuck you better than me?

DIONNA

Vince, c'mon, I'm embarrassed.

VINCE

Did that guy fuck you better than me?

DIONNA

I did it for you.

VINCE

You did it for me? Did you like it for me?

DIONNA

It was the pills, the coke.

VINCE

Don't fuckin' blame it on the pills, you lesbian fuckin' hoo-a.

DIONNA

You were there, too, you're a fuckin' hoo-a.

VINCE

I can't be a hoo-a, I'm a man, you're a hoo-a. A lesbian fuckin' hoo-a.

DIONNA

You're a faggot fuckin' hairdresser.

Dionna slaps Vince. Vince stops the car.

EXT. BRONX SERVICE ROAD(ST. RAYMOND'S CEMETERY) - NIGHT

Vince has stopped his car on a service road that runs through St. Raymond's Cemetery in the Bronx. They argue inside the car.

VINCE

Get the fuck out.

DIONNA

There's a killer out there. You get the fuck out.

VINCE

I said get outta my car, you fuckin' putan.

DIONNA

I'm a fuckin' putan? You're a sick bastard. You let your wife fuck other people. I'm gonna tell everybody in the neighborhood...what you made me do.

Dionna gets out of the car. Vince takes off in the car, then brakes, and goes in reverse, back to Dionna.

VINCE

Get in the car.

DIONNA

No I'm gonna wait here for some truck driver to pick me up. One with a big black dick to suck! You wanna watch it? Does that turn you on?

VINCE

Get in the fuckin' car now!

Vince gets out of the car and walks around to Dionna's side. She in turn, walks around to the driver's side, keeping the car in between them.

She gets behind the wheel and takes off leaving Vince alone and stranded in the middle of the cemetery. He is terrified and thinks he hears whispering. He starts to run.

As Vince does so, the TV announcer's voice is heard in VOICE OVER before we eventually

CUT TO:

TV NEWS REPORT

ANNOUNCER

Today is July 29, 1977. It was one year

ANNOUNCER (CON'D)

ago today Son of Sam shot and killed Donna Lauria on Burhe Avenue in the Bronx. In his letter to Jimmy Breslin the killer taunted police by saying he would be back tonight to mark his anniversary. Police have dubbed today: "deathday". Hundreds of off-duty police officers have volunteered to work from sunset to sunrise. Police are urging residents to stay indoors tonight as the full moon almost guarantees the killer will strike.

INT. CARMINE'S HOUSE - DAY

CARMINE talks to his Cronies.

CARMINE

All right, you know what we gotta do, I put in a call over to Arthur Avenue, they're sending some guys over to help us. And I want everybody carryin' a gun. This fuck tries comin' out he better think twice about comin' to my neighborhood.

EXT. BRONX STREET - NIGHT

A man walks down the street. He stops in front of a yellow cab, which is parked under a street lamp. He opens the front door and gets behind the wheel. He starts the engine and begins to drive away when he realizes he has four flats. He stops the cab.

A car pulls along side of him. The passengerside window opens. It is Anthony.

ANTHONY

You ain't goin nowhere tonight. Happy Anniversary.

EXT. ST. BENEDICT'S CHURCH - NIGHT

A man walks towards a car. He is stopped by Joey T and Brian.

JOEY T

Excuse me, Father Daniels, you mind telling us where you're goin'?

FATHER DANIELS

Do I know you boys?

BRIAN

We're gonna have to search you, and
your car.

JOEY T

It's for the good of the neighborhood.

EXT. DIONNA'S FATHER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Vince's car pulls up.

INT. VINCE'S CAR - NIGHT

Vince and Woodstock are sitting in Vince's car.

WOODSTOCK

Why are you stoppin' here? Is Dionna's
father on the list?

VINCE

No, she's stayin' here tonight. I gotta
talk to her.

Vince exits the car.

INT. DIONNA'S FATHER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Dionna is alone in her old bedroom. She hears her name being
called in a loud whisper. She goes to the window, peeks out,
and then walks away from the window as the calling gets
louder.

EXT. DIONNA'S FATHER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Vince is in the back yard calling up to Dionna. He takes a
coin from his pocket, throws it towards the window, it
misses. He calls once again.

VINCE

Dionna...I gotta talk to you!

Vince then throws another coin. This time he hits the window
and shatters it. He looks around nervously. Mario yells from
a window.

MARIO

What's goin' on out there?

A WOMAN NEIGHBOR yells from her window.

NEIGHBOR

Someone call the police! The Son of
Sam's in my backyard.

Vince runs towards his car. They drive off.

INT. YONKERS (KILLER'S) APARTMENT - NIGHT

The apartment is almost bare. There is a mattress on the floor, next to a small portable fan. A record player sits on a small table in the middle of the room (MUSIC emanates from it). A blanket serves as a curtain which completely shuts out the rest of the world. The walls are littered with newspaper headlines of the killer's handiwork. A large satanic symbol is drawn on one of the walls. The other walls have handwritten messages scrawled across them. There is an arsenal of weapons in a corner of the room. A dog can be heard barking in the distance.

The KILLER sits at a table writing. We only see bits and pieces of him.

In VOICE OVER we hear:

KILLER (V.O.)

July 29th, 1977: This is a warning to all police agencies in the Tri State area: For your information: a satanic cult has been instructed by their high command (Satan) to begin to systematically kill and slaughter young girls of good health and clean blood. I, Son of Sam, have been chosen since birth to be one of the executioners of the cult.

The BARKING, MUSIC and VOICE OVER STOPS. He walks over to a wall and punches it three times with his left hand, leaving the wall with a huge hole in it. He then takes a black magic marker and begins to write the following on the wall next to the hole (heard in VOICE OVER):

KILLER (V.O.)

Hi, my name is Mr. Williams, and I live in this hole. I have several children who I'm turning into killers. Wait till they grow up.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THROG'S NECK BRIDGE - DAY

Sunrise over Eastchester Bay in the Bronx.

INT. 45TH PRECINCT - DAY

Russo is addressing his men.

RUSSO

Congratulations, deathday came and went without an incident. We're on to him, he knows we're on to him. He knows we're close.

INT. WESTCHESTER DINER - DAY

Joey T, Brian, Alphonse and Anthony sit in a booth.

JOEY T

We're on to him, we're close.

Vince and Woodstock enter the diner. They sit at the table. Woodstock takes a piece of Joey T's toast.

WOODSTOCK

I'm starvin'.

Chickie comes over.

CHICKIE

'Ay, Vince, you're 86'd, you and your freaky friend.

JOEY T

Yo, what happened?

CHICKIE

You didn't tell them? That creepy bastard, he scared my customers. They thought they were havin' dinner with the Son of Sam.

BRIAN

Who? Who?

CHICKIE

"Who, who?" Whattaya shit through feathers? That fuckin' Ritchie. I ain't seen nothin' like that in my life. Kid's sittin' there lookin' like night of the living dead, he's makin' my customers nervous just lookin' at him. I ask him very nice to leave.

VINCE

It didn't happen like that.

CHICKIE

He didn't jump up like a madman? He didn't break a glass over his head, and lick the blood? I never seen anything like it. That didn't happen?

CHICKIE (CON'D)

He scared the livin' shit outta everybody. I'll serve you guys but not you, Vince, and not that fuckin' ghoul. He's 86'd for life!

Chickie walks away.

JOEY T

You knew about this, Vince, and you didn't say nothin' to us? Ritchie does somethin' like that and you don't tell us?

VINCE

I didn't think nothin' of it.

JOEY T

You don't think nothin' of it? Somethin' that bizarre? What are you thinkin'?

Vince is silent.

EXT. LOWER EAST SIDE - DAY

Ritchie and Ruby walk up the street. They stop in front of a building. They ring a bell. A voice answers.

VOICE

Who??

RITCHIE

We're here to see the apartment.

The buzzer rings. They enter the building.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Ritchie and Ruby stand in a typical one room lower east side apartment. The building's SUPER is also with them.

SUPER

You like it? You bring cash. Monday.

The super exits.

RUBY

Let's take it. I love it. Do we have enough?

RITCHIE

No, not if we have to grease his palm. You like it that much?

RUBY

Yeah.

RITCHIE

Lets go talk to my mother. I'll tell her we're in love and we want to live together. She'll lend us the money.

INT. RITCHIE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Eddie is in the living room holding a broom; he pretends he is singing and playing the guitar. He is very drunk and listening to a recording of his song "I'm lonely". The sound of the door opening snaps him out of his daydream.

Ritchie and Ruby enter.

EDDIE

You hear that? 1963. That's music! Listen to that, you freak! Listen!

Ritchie and Ruby walk past him.

RITCHIE

Die, Nazi, die.

EDDIE

I was a star. A star! Fuckin' Beatles.

Eddie closes his eyes and starts to sing again. He finishes the song and bows as we

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

Card game in progress. Helen and the players look up as Ritchie and Ruby enter. There is the Yankee game on TV. It's very hot in the basement. People are sweating and fanning themselves.

The other players comment and go back to the game. Ritchie goes to Helen.

RITCHIE

He's fuckin' loaded again, jerking himself off in the fuckin' mirror. Its eleven thirty in the morning. Why don't you just kick him out?

HELEN

Don't worry, I'm gonna straighten his ass out.

RITCHIE

Ma, me and Ruby want to talk to you for a minute in private.

HELEN

Not now, Ritchie, I'm losin'.

RITCHIE

It's important, Ma.

HELEN

Ritchie, c'mon, not now. Could we talk later.

RITCHIE

Which later, tomorrow later, next week later, what?

HELEN

Ritchie, I'm losin'.

RITCHIE

No, I'm losin', Ma.

A loud fart is heard. Eddie enters the basement drunk, wearing nothing but underwear. He approaches the table, lets out another fart, then laughs at the shocked faces around him. Helen is disgusted and mortified.

EDDIE

This game has been called on account of foul weather.

Eddie grabs the end of the card table, overturning it, sending cards, money, glasses, ashtrays, etc., flying.

EDDIE

Everybody out of the pool. You fuckin' hard-ons. Scumbags.

The players frantically start grabbing their belongings and exit the house.

HELEN

Eddie stop it, what are you doing?!!!

Eddie grabs Helen by the throat and **THROWS HER TO THE FLOOR.** Ritchie **TACKLES** Eddie, they fall to the ground.

Ritchie is on top of Eddie. There is a strange look in Ritchie's eyes. Hypnotized by rage, he tries to strangle Eddie. Eddie is struggling to get free of Ritchie's choke hold.

Helen and Ruby pull Ritchie off of Eddie. Eddie gets to his feet. Ritchie attempts to stand, but Helen throws herself on top of Ritchie in an effort to subdue him.

Eddie goes at Ritchie; Ruby blocks his way. Eddie throws Ruby to the ground. Ritchie jumps up and PUNCHES Eddie in the stomach. Ruby grabs Ritchie as Helen tends to the doubled over Eddie. Ritchie pushes Ruby aside and goes for Eddie. Eddie straightens up and PUNCHES Ritchie in the chest. Ritchie goes down and Ruby immediately KICKS Eddie in the balls. Eddie goes down, and Helen kneels down with him.

HELEN

Are you all right, Eddie. Are you all right?

RITCHIE

Fuck if he's all right. Just throw him the hell out of here, now!

EDDIE

Either he goes or I go!

HELEN

Goddammit, I'll go, I'll get the fuck out. I'll sell this goddamn house and get an apartment and the two of you could go live in the street!

RITCHIE

You're takin his side?

HELEN

I'm takin' my side. My side for a fuckin' change. Who cares about my happiness? All you give a fuck is that I pay the bills. The both of you. Two selfish bastards. You can't get along? Get the hell out. Go. Ritchie.

Ritchie storms out of the house. Ruby follows.

Eddie falls to his knees and starts crying.

EDDIE

I'm sorry, Helen. I'm sorry.

CUT TO:

EXT. RITCHIE'S HOUSE - DAY

Ritchie exits the house in a fury. He heads towards his car. Ruby is close behind him.

RITCHIE

You see what he did, that fuck? He turned my own mother against me. I never had one fight with my mother until this fuck moved in. Get in the car.

Next to the car, he waits for her to get in.

RUBY

Maybe I should drive.

RITCHIE

Shut the fuck up.

RUBY

I know what you're goin' through, but don't take it out on me.

RITCHIE

You don't know what I'm goin' through, you don't know what the fuck I'm goin' through.

RUBY

You don't think this hurts me? Fuck you! Don't tell me it don't hurt me. I love you, Ritchie. It hurts me to see that. I wish it was me goin' through it instead of you.

RITCHIE

Are you gonna get in the car or not?

RUBY

You're a fuckin' asshole, Ritchie. I love you, I'm on your side, I'm tryin' to fuckin' help you, and you treat me like a fuckin' slut.

Ritchie pauses and calms himself down.

RITCHIE

I'm sorry. I gotta get away from this. Look what they make me do. I'm gonna drop you off home. I gotta go make us some money. We're gonna have an apartment by tomorrow. That's it.

INT. GAIETY BURLESQUE - NIGHT

Ritchie has just finished dancing. As he takes his bow, the

DISCO SONG he danced to continues.

CUT TO:

INT. GAIETY BURLESQUE PROJECTION BOOTH - SAME

Midnite is working the spotlight, but sitting next to him is Bobby the Fag. They are sharing a joint.

MIDNITE

...Where do you know him from?

BOBBY

Don't worry, you don't have to be jealous. I knew him long before I ever met you.

The door to the booth opens partially. Ritchie sticks his head in. He doesn't see Bobby.

RITCHIE

Midnite, I told you to play my Dead Boys. What's with that disco shit? I can't dance to that.

Bobby turns and faces Ritchie.

BOBBY

Well hello, Ritchie, Mr. Macho Man, tough Bronx boy...what are you doin' here?

Ritchie grabs Bobby by the throat and backs him to a wall.

RITCHIE

You fuckin' fag. You say anything to anybody that you saw me here and I'll kill you. I'll beat your face so bloody, your mother won't recognize you....I'll kill your mother.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON TV SCREEN in

INT. CITY HALL PRESS ROOM - DAY

Actual press conference footage of MAYOR BEAME at City Hall.

TV MAYOR BEAME

I want to assure the public that everything possible is being done on one of the most troublesome problems affecting the feeling of safety of people. I have directed Police

TV MAYOR BEAME (CON'D)
Commissioner Dodd to spare no expense, use any resource of the department, to get at the solution. We're after him, we're going to get him. There have been many successful results from public cooperation and public participation. There is somewhere out there, in the possession of some citizen, some information, which if it were in our possession could lead to productive results.

QUICK FADE TO BLACK

OVER BLACK we hear on the chants of "REGGIE...REGGIE!" coming from a Yankee Broadcast.

YANKEE ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
And Reggie Jackson approaches the plate. The pitcher winds up, there's the pitch...

FADE IN:

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET - NIGHT

The chants continue from the broadcast. The killer's car is parked under a street lamp. A policeman puts a TICKET ON THE WINDSHIELD, gets back in his car and leaves. The camera pulls back to reveal the killer in the background. He has been hiding behind a tree. He holds his gun in his hand; he has been aiming at the officer.

YANKEE ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Strike one for number 44.

The killer turns and walks, passing a WOMAN who is walking her dog.

KILLER'S POV OF THE WOMAN as he walks past her.

He stops to look at her, she continues walking. She stops, turns to look towards the killer, then picks up her dog and runs inside.

YANKEE ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Strike two for Reggie, as he steps out of the batter's box.

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET - NIGHT

A lover's lane a block away from where the killer's car was parked. Two cars are parked about 50 feet apart. The killer approaches the car on the right.

YANKEE ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

And number 44 steps back up to the plate. He takes his stance.

The killer crouches down into his familiar two-handed position.

YANKEE ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Here's the pitch!

The killer FIRES into the car.

YANKEE ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Holy cow, number 44 does it again!

The other car takes off CRAZILY, without bothering with lights.

YANKEE ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

And the crowd goes wild, as Reggie heads for home.

The killer lowers his gun and runs away as we

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON TV SCREEN

The ANCHORMAN gives his report.

ANCHORMAN

Son of Sam struck again last night in the face of the largest stakeout in New York's history. The killer baffled police by slipping through road blocks and check points at every bridge and tunnel in the city.

The channel changes to a different news broadcast:

REPORTER

The killer struck as usual in the light of the full moon but this time the victim was blond and this time he killed in Brooklyn. No one feels safe as fear and panic spread throughout the city in an unprecedented manner.

The channel changes once more. Russo is being interviewed by a reporter.

RUSSO

We're just gonna have to start over again. We'll have to re-examine every clue. We'll get him.

EXT. LAYTON AVENUE - DAY

Joey T is talking to Bobby near Joey's car. Also present are Brian, Alphonse, Anthony and Woodstock, who nods out next to them. There is a strong tension in the air.

BOBBY

...He's crazy, he's crazy, he had this look in his eye...he said he'd kill my mother. You have to help me, Joey.

JOEY T

Don't worry Bobby, you did the right thing by coming to me. Nobody's gonna hurt you.

Vince comes out of the building.

VINCE

What's the emergency?

JOEY T

Vince, you seen Ritchie??

VINCE

No. Why?

JOEY T

He's the only one on the list we can't account for last night. Where's this CLUB CBGB'S?

VINCE

How the fuck you guys even think he could be the killer?

BRIAN

How the fuck could you not think it?

VINCE

Because I know Ritchie.

JOEY T

You know him well enough that you won't even entertain the possibility? Even

JOEY T (CON'D)

though you saw him by the disco the night of the killing? Even though we don't know where he was during any of the killings? Even though he fits the police profile: he's got those weird religious beliefs. That shit he pulled in the diner. That don't mean nothin'? You know him that well?

VINCE

Yeah I do, I know him that well and I know what a bunch of assholes you guys are.

JOEY T

You think you know Ritchie? Tell him Bobby.

BRIAN

Tell him about the fag strip joint. Tell him who the star attraction was.

VINCE

What fag place, what are you talking about?

BOBBY

Ritchie's a nude dancer at a gay club where my friend works....

JOEY T

Did you know that about your friend? What else don't you know about the pervert?

Vince is shocked.

VINCE

That doesn't make him a killer.

BRIAN

Killer, fag, punk rock, pimp...whichever one it is, who the fuck wants 'somethin' like that in our neighborhood.

JOEY T

He's your friend. Don't you want to know what's goin on with him?

VINCE

Yeah, when he calls me, I'm definitely gonna have a fuckin' talk with him.

BRIAN

Look, people are getting killed in our neighborhood, are you a part of this neighborhood or not?

JOEY T

Just show us where CLUB CBGB'S is.
All right, me, Vince, Anthony and Brian,
we'll go down to this hee-beeGB. Creeepy
GB? Whatever the fuck it is. Anthony you take
Bobby and Woodstock with you and go to the
fag place. See what you can find out

INT. EAST VILLAGE APARTMENT - NIGHT

Ritchie and Ruby's new apartment. It is a practically bare tenement apartment except for a mattress on the floor, some unpacked crates, some bags of clothes. There are spray paint cans strewn about the floor and graffiti on the walls: "The Rudes", "Anarchy", an "A" with a circle around it, different band names including "The Sex Pistols" are also spray painted on the walls.

Ritchie is sitting up on a mattress with a towel on his head. Ruby lays down next to him staring at the ceiling, smoking a cigarette. There is tape player next to them that plays PUNK MUSIC.

RUBY

The place is gonna be cool when
I'm done with it.

RITCHIE

Dump, sweet dump.

RUBY

I think it's time...c'mon, let's see
what you look like.

They walk over to a mirror on the kitchen cabinet. Ruby takes the towel off Ritchie's head to reveal his now BLONDE HAIR. Ritchie looks at himself in the mirror, he loves how he looks. There is excitement in his eyes.

RITCHIE

Let's go out.

EXT. GAIETY THEATRE - NIGHT

Anthony and Woodstock wait outside the theatre. Bobby exits.

WOODSTOCK

What took you? What you do? Stop off
to get someone to eat?

BOBBY

I'm savin' my appetite for you,
honey.

ANTHONY

C'mon, was Ritchie there or not?

BOBBY

Ritchie's not there, but I know
where we can go see him.

EXT. HOUSTON AND BOWERY - NIGHT

Vince's car is parked a short distance from CLUB CBGB'S.
Joey T, Brian, Vince and Alphonse stand next to the car.
Everyone starts to walk towards the club except Vince.

BRIAN

Alphonse, get the baseball bat.

VINCE

Baseball bat? You didn't say nothin'
about baseball bats.

JOEY T

No, no...no baseball bats. Don't worry,
we'd never do anything to hurt Ritchie.
Here, have another 'lude, stay with the
car.

They leave Vince and go to the club. We stay on Vince alone
with his car.

EXT. CLUB CBGB'S - NIGHT

As the guys enter the club they react to the punks and the
"freaks".

INT. CLUB CBGB'S - NIGHT

The club is crowded with punks. A PUNK BAND PLAYS loudly on
stage. We go to a series of shots of Joey T, Brian and
Alphonse in the club looking for Ritchie and their reactions
to this alien environment. To them, everyone in the club
look like freaks and ghouls rather than humans. They stare
in shock and horror as they pass through the crowd. Some
punks point at them and laugh at their Bronx disco attire.

EXT. BOWERY - NIGHT

Ritchie and Ruby walk towards CLUB CBGB'S. They see Vince
next to his car a half block away.

RITCHIE
Is that Vince?

RUBY
No wonder he wasn't at the gig, the
idiot must have gotten the days mixed
up.

RITCHIE
Let me have some fun with him, give me
your shades.

RUBY
I'll be right there, I'm gonna run and
get a pack of cigarettes across the
street.

EXT. VINCE'S CAR - NIGHT

Ritchie sneaks up on Vince, with the sunglasses and blond
hair he looks very different than before. Vince doesn't
recognize him.
at first.

RITCHIE
We know what you saw. The cult is out
to get you.

Vince is startled.

VINCE
Who are you? Who sent you?

Ritchie takes off his glasses.

VINCE
Ritchie? Holy shit...you spooked me.

RITCHIE
What are you doin' here? The gig was
last week. I got --

VINCE
Ritchie, man, all hell's busted out in
the neighborhood. You know what Joey T's
doin'? That 30-year old moron, you know what
he's up to? Him and the guys have this Son
of Sam list, and they've been goin' around
spyin' on people.... Listen, they just want
to know where you were last night. They're
inside the club.

RITCHIE
They think I'm the Son of Sam?

VINCE

Well, you're one of their suspects.

RITCHIE

So they think I'm a killer and you bring them down here?

VINCE

Just to straighten this out. Let's go inside and tell them where you were last night.

RITCHIE

I cant do that, Vince.

VINCE

Why?

RITCHIE

Because they're right. I am the Son of Sam.

Vince stares at Ritchie. Vince is devastated.

RITCHIE

Help me, Vince, I don't know what to do.

Vince is very nervous.

VINCE

Oh, my God, I knew it. That night I saw you I got a sick feeling. It all makes sense now.... Don't worry, we'll get you help, Ritchie.

RITCHIE

You'll get me help?

VINCE

Whatever it takes, I'll do anything.

RITCHIE

Wow, man, you're a friend. Even though I'm the killer, you're gonna stand by me. You're the best friend a guy could have.

(changing tone)

You, motherfucker, you think I'm the killer?

VINCE

But you just said you were.

RITCHIE

But you believed I was before I even said it.

VINCE

I don't know what I believe anymore... I'm all fucked up, quit playin' games and look me in the eye. Tell me you're not the killer and I'll believe you.

RITCHIE

I'm not the killer.

VINCE

You don't know who the killer is? You're not part of a cult?

RITCHIE

A cult? Where you morons getting this shit from?

VINCE

The guys know about the fag dancing. They think you're brainwashed. They think you're part of a cult.

RITCHIE

You're part of a cult, you're fuckin' brainwashed. You thought I was a killer and you brought a posse down here to hunt for me? You couldn't come to me as a friend to talk to me about all this?

VINCE

You're right, I'm sorry, I should of come here to talk to you one on one. I'm sorry.

RITCHIE

No that's all right, Vince, you did me a favor. Thanks buddy.

Ritchie walks away towards Ruby who is coming out of a bodega.

VINCE

Ritchie, we gotta talk about this. I'm all confused over this shit.... Ritchie!

EXT. CLUB CBGB'S - NIGHT

The guys exit the club.

ALPHONSE

Those are the freakiest fuckin people
I ever seen in my life.

A punk bumps into Joey T.

JOEY T

Watch where you're goin' you fuckin'
freak.

PUNK

Fuck you, Guido.

JOEY T

Ay, paisan, you know my name? How'd
you know my name is Guido?

Joey T hits him across the face. The other guys kick him;
Joey T walks away. It is a quick but brutal beating.

Vince watches the beating, his life totally unraveling.

INT. PORNO THEATRE - NIGHT

Bobby, Woodstock and Anthony sit watching Ritchie on screen.
They are shocked at what they see. Even Bobby.

BOBBY

Oh, my God. It's Ruby.

ANTHONY

Ho-ly shit, wait till Joey hears about
this.

EXT. LAYTON AVENUE - NIGHT

Joey T, Brian, Vince, Alphonse, Anthony, Woodstock and Bobby
have just returned from Manhattan. They are comparing notes.

JOEY T

A porno movie? You mean he was actually
fucking Ruby? Hardcore?

BRIAN

She must be in the cult with him.

VINCE

What fuckin' cult?

JOEY T

C'mon, you didn't see those vampires
at CLUB CBGB'S? That didn't look like
a cult to you?

VINCE

I'm goin' to sleep, I don't know what the fuck to think anymore.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - DAY

Russo enters the office. There are three or four cops working on the phones.

RUSSO

We got somethin' boys. A witness was walking her dog on Bay 17th in Brooklyn on the night of the killing. And dig this: she said we gave him a parking ticket. Headquarters is going through the records right now. It could take a couple of days. Meantime...

(takes out a police sketch)
...start circulating this sketch.

CLOSE ON SKETCH. A typical police sketch, it could be anybody.

The officers look at the sketch.

OFFICER CRUZ

It looks like a skinny Eric Estrada.

They laugh.

INT. CARMINE'S HOUSE - DAY

Carmine and Cronies look at the sketch on the front page of the *DAILY NEWS*.

CARMINE

Who does this look like?

CRONIE #1

Looks like a young Dean Martin.

They laugh.

EXT. LAYTON AVENUE - DAY

CLOSE ON Joey T and Vince. Joey T is showing Vince the sketch. Vince is unshaven, disheveled and hungover. He pops a quaalude and drinks a beer.

VINCE

I don't really think it looks like Ritchie, not really.

JOEY T

Not really? Don't you think there's too many coincidences with Ritchie goin' on? This is some kind of devil worship. Satanic Cult shit. If he's not the killer, he knows somethin'. You seen those freaks he hangs out with down there. If you can't see what's happening, then you're as brainwashed as Ruby.

VINCE

What do you mean brainwashed?

JOEY T

Look what he's doin to her. He's lettin' his girl get fucked while people are standing around watching it and fuckin' filming it. She's goin' along with it, you don't think he's got her under some spell?

During this last speech, Joey T takes a magic marker and draws on the sketch. He adds to the sketch: hair like Ritchie's, along with thicker eyebrows and a dog collar. He shows this to Vince.

JOEY T

Now tell me that it's not Ritchie.

VINCE

Oh my God, you're right. I must have been brainwashed too, this whole time.

JOEY T

Good, you're startin' to wake up. Now we gotta be careful how we handle this. We don't want to get fucked out of Carmine's reward.

VINCE

No, we gotta get him help. We gotta get him to a psychiatrist.

JOEY T

Don't worry, we'll get him help. Whatever you say. I wouldn't do nothin to hurt Ritchie.

Joey exchanges a look with the others.

INT. RITCHIE AND RUBY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Ritchie walks into the apartment with coffee and donuts. Ruby is still in bed.

RITCHIE

I put gas in the car, let's go.

RUBY

What if we run into Joey?

RITCHIE

Fuck Joey. He's the last thing on my mind. I just wanna get my stuff out of there once and for all so I don't have to see none of them again, including my mother.

INT. GLORIA'S BEAUTY SALON - DAY

Vince walks into the salon. Not only is he late and customers are waiting for him, he is unshaven, disheveled and a little stoned. Gloria approaches him.

GLORIA

Where the hell were you, Vince? You don't show up, you don't call, now you show up three hours late?

VINCE

Not now, Gloria.

GLORIA

Not now? I lost customers, not now.

VINCE

Get off my fuckin back.

GLORIA

Go in the bathroom and shave. You look like shit.... Are you drunk, Vince?

VINCE

I can't hack this shit.

Vince turns to leave.

GLORIA

Where you goin', Vince? I got customers waitin'.

VINCE

Fuck your customers. I quit.

GLORIA

All right, you gonna stick me? I'll stick you. I'll put it right where it hurts.

Vince storms out.

INT. VINCE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Dionna is packing suitcases with clothes. Vince follows her around the room.

VINCE

Please, honey, don't go, don't move out. I'm sorry about everything. I'm sorry about Gloria.

DIONNA

I closed my eyes all these years, I figured as long as you don't shove it in my face. Now I gotta get a phone call from Gloria.

VINCE

I quit the shop. It's all gonna stop... I swear.

DIONNA

How many other girls did you fuck at the shop?

VINCE

I'll never cheat on you again, I swear. I'll go to a priest, to a psychiatrist, anything it takes.

DIONNA

It's not just the cheating. What about the other night?

VINCE

You're right, I'm sorry what I made you do.

DIONNA

You're sorry about what you made me do? You're not sorry about what you did to me? You used me Vince.

VINCE

Look, I haven't been myself. I think I've been brainwashed. There's shit goin' on with Ritchie, he's in this cult.

DIONNA

Vince, do you hear yourself? You're usin' Ritchie as an excuse for what you do?

VINCE

You don't understand, the guys think he may be involved with the killings.

DIONNA

Vince, its you! Admit it to yourself! For once in your life! You have a problem --

VINCE

Can we talk about this? Why don't you leave the bags? I'll bring them to the restaurant later and we'll talk.

DIONNA

Why? You don't want your friends to see me walkin' out on you? We'll I'm walking, Vince!

VINCE

Just listen to me. Let me say what I gotta say.

DIONNA

No, I'm never gonna listen to anything you say again. Cause you'll never be honest with me. You can't, because you'll never be honest with yourself.

She walks out, Vince sinks to the couch.

INT. 45TH PRECINCT - DUSK

Russo walks into the busy squad room and addresses his men.

RUSSO

Listen up! Stop the work. Just got a call from Yonkers Police. They have a man in custody by the name of David Berkowitz...he's the recipient of the parking ticket. He just confessed to being the Son of Sam.

Russo pops the cork on a bottle of champagne. There is mixed reaction among the men.

RUSSO

Now don't be disappointed. We don't get any credit for the arrest...we put on the pressure and we should all feel proud anyway.

EXT. RITCHIE'S HOUSE - DUSK

Ritchie and Ruby pull up in front of the house. They park, then walk towards the garage and enter; the garage door closes behind them.

Brian and Woodstock pull out from a parking space and drive away.

EXT. LAYTON AVENUE - DUSK

Woodstock and Brian SCREECH up to where Joey T and the others are. Bobby is buying some weed off Joey T.

WOODSTOCK

Joey...Joey! Ritchie's home!

BRIAN

He's tryin to disguise himself, his hair's blond.

JOEY T

All right, let's calm down, we gotta do this right.

(yells to Vince's window)
Vince, yo Vince!

INT. RITCHIE'S GARAGE - NIGHT

Ritchie and Ruby are packing up some records. She picks up a trophy amidst the boxes.

RUBY

What's this?

RITCHIE

Oh, I gotta take this. I won this for my Blue Gorumis...kissing fish...I used to breed them.

He picks up a Howdy Doody doll.

RITCHIE

I had Howdy since I was five. My father gave him to me.

INT. CARMINE'S HOUSE - DUSK

Carmine and his Cronies watch TV. Carmine is on the phone. He hangs up and speaks.

CARMINE

That was one of our guys. Word just came down, they got the Son of Sam. They busted him up in Yonkers. You

CARMINE (CON'D)
believe that? With all the stones we
turned over the cops get him on a
parking ticket. Well, let's just thank
God its over, everything back to
normal.

EXT. LAYTON AVENUE - DUSK

The guys are in the street looking up to Vince's window.
Bobby is still with them. Vince comes out of the building.

VINCE
What's happening?

JOEY T
Ritchie's home.

VINCE
I'll call the cops.

JOEY T
No don't call the fuckin cops!

VINCE
We gotta get him into protective
custody.

BRIAN
Fuck that, we're goin' for Carmine's
reward.

VINCE
I'm callin' the cops.

JOEY T
Don't you dare call the fuckin' cops!
We're takin' him to Carmine, we deserve
that money. Don't you fuck with me on
this.... What do you give a shit? You
think Ritchie's your friend? He's a
black cloud in this neighborhood and
you know it, look what he did to your
marriage. We saw Dionna walk out with
her bags. Now are you with us or not?

INT. GARAGE - DUSK

Ruby holds up a 1950's-style blue sharkskin tuxedo jacket.
Ritchie is still packing records.

RUBY
I'll take this jacket if you don't
want it.

RITCHIE
I borrowed it from Eddie. I should
leave it for him. As a matter of
fact, let me wash it for him.

He pulls down his fly.

CUT TO:

EXT. MANHATTAN POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DUSK

Several reporters and crews including John Jeffries are
setting up at the Headquarters. A man walks by.

MAN
What's going on?

JOHN JEFFRIES
They got the Son of Sam.

MAN
They're bringing him here? If I could
get my hands on him for five minutes,
what I would do to that son of a bitch!

JOHN JEFFRIES
Wait, do you think you could repeat
that in front of the cameras?

EXT. LAYTON AVENUE - DUSK

Joey T, Brian, Alphonse, Vince, Anthony, Woodstock and
Bobby are taking WEAPONS out of Joey's trunk: tire irons,
bats, chains, etc.

CUT TO:

TV SCREEN:

REPORTER
(on TV)
Police have in custody the man they
believe is the Son of Sam killer.
David Berkowitz was arrested outside
his home at 35 Pine Street in Yonkers.
The city can rest now.

CUT TO:

INT. RITCHIE'S HOUSE - DUSK

Eddie sitting in front of his TV watching the same
broadcast, the same VOICE OVER. He points a gun at the
screen. .

CUT TO:

EXT. LAYTON AVENUE - DUSK

The guys get in the car and peel out. Brian is waving his bat.

CUT TO:

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

Ritchie pulls his Hendrix poster off the wall.

RITCHIE
Jimi's comin' with me.

Ruby tries on a hat.

RUBY
Are you leavin' this hat?

CUT TO: .

TV SCREEN

EXT. MANHATTAN POLICE PLAZA - NIGHT

John Jeffries is set up in front of MANHATTAN POLICE HEADQUARTERS.

There are on-lookers behind police barricades waiting for the Son of Sam to arrive. Some of them are shouting things like "Kill him...kill the Son of Sam...give him to the people...."

JOHN JEFFRIES
(on TV)
A crowd has gathered in front of police headquarters to await the arrival of Son of Sam suspect David Berkowitz. Police have put up barricades to protect the suspect from a potential lynch mob.

EXT. RITCHIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Joey T's car pulls up on one side of the house. Joey T, Vince, Brian, Alphonse, Anthony, Bobby and Woodstock exit the car and look towards the garage. Some of them carry bats.

The guys surround Ritchie's garage quietly. Woodstock peers into the window.

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

Ritchie and Ruby are finished packing. A lot is packed up ready to go.

RUBY

Ritchie, you're taking a lot of stuff.
We're gonna have to take the car
downtown. I still gotta get my stuff.

RITCHIE

Maybe I should just leave it all. The car,
the garage, my stuff, everything.

EXT. RITCHIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The guys are in place around the garage ready to move in.
Brian makes a signal to Joey T communicating "Ready".

EXT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

The crowd awaiting David Berkowitz has become a mob. They
are chanting mostly in unison: "KILL HIM...KILL HIM...KILL
HIM!"

A vehicle approaches. The crowd is going wild, chanting even
louder "KILL HIM!"

JOHN JEFFRIES

(to CAMERAMAN)

Here he comes, here he comes. You
got him in the lens?

CAMERAMAN

(O.S.)

Yeah, I got him.

MOB

Kill him, kill him!

CUT TO:

ACTUAL FOOTAGE of David Berkowitz in the backseat of a
police car. The chants of "Kill him, kill him..." continue
through the real footage and then through the next scenes.

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

Ritchie and Ruby are kissing. She is holding the trophy.

The garage door opens from the outside.

EXT. GARAGE - NIGHT

The garage door opens.

JOEY AND THE GUYS POV:

Ritchie and Ruby turn from their kiss to look at the guys.
They are trapped.

JOEY T

Hello, Ritchie. Carmine wants to talk to you.

RITCHIE

Get the fuck outta my way, morons.

Woodstock JUMPS RITCHIE, Ruby JUMPS on Woodstock. The guys are grabbing Ritchie. Vince stands frozen. Ritchie starts to fight back. Ruby jumps in, as the frenzy escalates.

RUBY

Help him, Vince.

Vince remains frozen. Woodstock PUNCHES Ruby in the jaw sending her to the ground unconscious. Ritchie yells to Ruby and starts fighting wildly, HITTING Anthony in the face knocking him down.

Joey wraps a chain around Ritchie's neck as Brian HITS HIM WITH THE BAT, sending Ritchie to the ground. He looks up at Vince who stands near the car holding a baseball bat.

EXT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

ACTUAL FOOTAGE of David Berkowitz in Police custody. He is led through the crowd as they continue their chants: "KILL HIM, KILL HIM!"

CUT TO:

EXT. GARAGE - NIGHT

Ritchie has been dragged away from the garage. He is on the ground being beaten by the guys. He is in bad shape.

A GUNBLAST is heard. The chanting "KILL HIM, KILL HIM" STOPS.

The guys freeze and look to where the shot came from.

EXT. RITCHIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Eddie stands in front of the house with the LUGER in his hand.

EDDIE

All right, get away from him. What the fuck is going on?

The guys stay over Ritchie.

BRIAN

We caught the Son of Sam...we're takin' him to Carmine. Don't fuck with us!

EDDIE

He ain't the fuckin' Son of Sam, they just caught the killer, it's all over the news. They got him in Yonkers, you fuckin' morons. Helen! Call the police.

Joey T runs to the car and turns on the radio. In VOICE OVER we hear a radio announcer:

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Mayor Beame is on his way to Police Headquarters to congratulate the officers. The suspect David Berkowitz
...

Ritchie, BATTERED AND BLOODY, looks to Vince. There is a moment between them. Vince, shocked by the reality of the situation, drops his bat in shame. Ritchie tries to get to his feet to see what has happened to Ruby. He stumbles and Vince extends his hand to help. Ritchie looks at Vince as though he were suffering from leprosy.

Ritchie pulls himself up on his own strength. He walks to Ruby who is now waking up. Ritchie kneels beside her and they embrace.

Helen comes running out of the house screaming. Joey and the guys stand near the car, stunned. Woodstock takes off, running down the street.

Neighbors are coming out into the street. We hear SOUNDS of screaming, crying and distant sirens getting closer.

The screen abruptly goes to black.

FADE INTO:

FRONT PAGE OF DAILY NEWS, AUGUST 17, 1977.

The headline reads: "ELVIS PRESLEY DIES AT 42...Singer Suffers Heart Attack". Beneath the headline is a picture of Elvis; next to it reads: "Berkowitz Pleads Innocent: Plans Insanity Defense".

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

the news paper has been taped to the front of a bass drum.

LEAD SINGER (V.O.)
This one's for the King...

PUNK MUSIC RENDITION OF AN ELVIS SONG as we PULL BACK
FURTHER to see:

a BAND on the stage in CLUB CBGB'S.

And PULL BACK FURTHER, and we see Ritchie and Ruby, sitting
at a table. Ritchie has bandages on his head and his arm in
a cast. His other arm is around Ruby.

END CREDITS ROLL