BONFIRE OF THE VANITIES

Screenplay by

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Based on the book by

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THIRD DRAFT

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FADE IN:

1 EXT. MANHATTAN SKYLINE - NIGHT

MOVING IN FAST MOTION -- a kaleidoscopic jewel box -- glittering, shining and speeding PAST our eyes.

2 ANGLE

MOVING south TO north FROM the Battery and the World Trade Center, streets and buildings FLIPPING PAST like black diamonds spilling INTO our peripheral vision and DISAPPEARING as we SPEED uptown TOWARD...

3 FIFTH AVENUE - NIGHT

Cars and people caught in the same frantic ballet of shining lights as we RACE UP the avenue, and the voice of Peter Fallow speaks to us...

   PETER (V.O.)

4 OMITTED thru 11

A11A EXT. STREET - LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

pulls up to the World Financial Center and drives into the lower garage.

A11B INT. LOADING AREA - LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

pulls up. A male and female aide -- both carrying walkie-talkies -- rush to open the door. They pry PETER FALLOW from the back seat. He is wearing a tuxedo and dark glasses. He is very drunk, disheveled and cheerful beyond his means. CONTINUE IN ONE SHOT as...

TWO AIDES

try to lead Fallow into the building. Fallow is clutching a whiskey decanter and a seltzer bottle. He leans heavily on the aides, stumbles and can barely stay on his feet.

(CONTINUED)
MINI CART

approaches. The aides flag it down and throw Fallow onto the cart. The cart carries him past the garbage container into a long tunnel-like corridor.

FALLOW

sways on the cart, trying to mix a drink for himself -- he pulls a glass out of one pocket and some ice cubes out of another pocket. But he is physically incompetent.

FEMALE AIDE

jumps onto the cart and tries to hold him up. The male aide runs alongside the cart.

VARIOUS WAITERS

in black tie carry covered silver trays as they trot through the tunnel.

VARIOUS BUSBOYS

come running in the other way, pushing carts filled with dirty dishes and glasses.

CART

comes to the end of the tunnel and jerks to a halt. Fallow loses his balance and sprays the female aide with soda water.

MALE AIDE

pulls Fallow off the cart and continues to lead him through a dark, red-lit area. Several security guards run to meet them. The guards and the aide now escort Fallow through the area.

A FEW PHOTOGRAPHERS

pop out of nowhere, trying to get a picture. The guards push them away and lead Fallow into a lighted corridor.

FOREIGN DIPLOMAT

and his wife and daughter join the entourage as they head for an elevator. The diplomat offers Fallow a pen and a book to autograph.

Fallow misses the pen and falls face down into the breasts of the diplomat's daughter. The guards pull him into the elevator.

(CONTINUED)
CART OF FOOD

is in the elevator -- a tray of salmon mousse in the shape of a three-foot salmon. The elevator starts to move. Fallow falls into the mousse. The aide pulls him up and tries to clean him off.

ELEVATOR DOORS

open. Fallow is led out of the elevator. Several other aides approach him and pull off his soiled jacket and shirt and change them for fresh ones as they move.

SOME BROADWAY AUTOGRAPH HOUNDS

rush Fallow, snapping pictures with little Instamatics and trying to get an autograph.

FALLOW

is led through the corridor and into...

WINTERGARDEN

A ten story glass atrium. A black tie party. A sixty-foot banner with Fallow's name on it. Wild applause. But before Fallow can get his bearings...

WALL OF FLASHING CAMERAS

obliterate the view. Fallow staggers, clutching his head and we...

DISSOLVE TO:

11A EXT. PARK AVE. APARTMENT - SKYLIGHT - EVENING

THROUGH the skylight we can see Sherman McCoy on his hands and knees on the green marble foyer of this lavish apartment chasing the family dachshund, trying to attach a leash.

PETER (V.O.)

... And it begins on a rainy night, only a few months ago.

SHERMAN


12 INT. McCOY APARTMENT - SHERMAN - EVENING

The dog escapes. Sherman smacks his perfect WASP knee on the perfect marble floor.

(CONTINUED)
PETER (V.O.)
Our hero, Sherman McCoy, was about to make a simple phone call. And despite the existence of eleven telephones and seven different lines in the fourteen rooms of his six million dollar plus apartment, this was a phone call he could not make at home.

JUDY (O.S.)
What on earth are you doing?

ANGLE - JUDY McCoy
standing over Sherman, who continues to struggle with the dog.

(CONTINUED)
SHERMAN
I am taking the dog for a walk.

JUDY
You are not taking the dog for a walk. You are taking 'Marshall' for a walk. Marshall has a name. He is one of our family. And, anyway, it's raining.

SHERMAN
I know that.

The DOG GROWLS and snaps at Sherman.

JUDY
So does Marshall. I don't think he wants to go. Do you, Marshall? *

SHERMAN
Judy...

JUDY
Alright. Alright.

Sherman gets the leash fastened. He stands up, pulls on a rubberized British riding mac. Judy flicks a tiny plastic bag out of a cleverly-concealed container and hands it to Sherman.

JUDY
Have a nice time.

15A
INT. McCoy Apartment Building - Lobby - Sherman - Night

pulls Marshall out of the elevator. MARSHALL SQUEALS and drags his nails across the lobby, trying desperately to avoid this walk.

DOORMAN
He don't look too happy about it, Mr. McCoy.

SHERMAN
Neither am I, Bill.  

(CONTINUED)
DOORMAN
Tony, sir. My name is Tony.

SHERMAN
Yes, of course. Come on, Marshall.

EXT. APT. BUILDING - SHERMAN - NIGHT

is dragging Marshall out of the building as a limo pulls up and the immaculately-dressed POLLARD BROWNING gets out. He looks at Sherman, Sherman's clothes and Sherman's dog. He doesn't approve. As they pass each other under the awning...

POLLARD
Hello, Sherman.

SHERMAN
Good evening, Pollard.

POLLARD
You know it's raining, don't you?

SHERMAN
Yes. As a matter of fact, I did notice.

POLLARD
Ah, Sherman. A true friend to man's best friend.

SHERMAN
Pollard, you old phrase-maker.

POLLARD
I beg your pardon.

SHERMAN
I mean, is that the best you can do? Is that as witty as we get?

As Pollard enters the building and Sherman drags Marshall away...

POLLARD
I don't know what you're talking about. And furthermore, if you plan on being wet when you return, I suggest you take the service elevator.

ANGLE - PHONE BOOTH

Sherman drags Marshall to the phone.

(CONTINUED)
They are both already soaking wet. Sherman dials a number. A woman answers.

WOMAN (V.O.)
(on phone)
Hello?

SHERMAN
Maria! Hello. It's me.

Who?

WOMAN (V.O.)
Oh. Sorry. May I speak to Maria?

Who is this?

SHERMAN
Maria?

Brief pause, then...

WOMAN (V.O.)
Sherman?

Sherman is about to say "yes" when he catches himself.

CUT TO:

INT. McCoy Apartment - Judy - Night
is on the phone.

JUDY
Sherman, is that you?

EXT. Phone Booth - Sherman - Night
realizes what he's done. He freezes. Then he hangs up.

SHERMAN
Jesus!

INT. McCoy Apartment - Judy - Night
looks at the phone, then puts it down.

CUT TO:

EXT. Apartment Building - Sherman - Night
is dragging Marshal back into the building.
INT. McCoy Bedroom - Judy - Night

Judy is on her exercise bike, pedaling furiously. She can hear Sherman coming into the apartment.

SHERMAN (O.S.)
Well, we're back!

ANGLE - Dog

comes scampering into the bedroom followed by Sherman.

SHERMAN
Well, you were right. I got soaking wet and Marshall didn't do anything.

He heads for the bathroom, grabs a towel.

JUDY
Sherman, if you want to talk to somebody named Maria, why do you call me instead?

Sherman pokes his head into the room.

SHERMAN
If I what? Whatever do you mean?

JUDY
Please don't lie. It makes your forehead crinkle.

SHERMAN
About what? Wait a minute. What are we talking about?

JUDY
You should see your face. It's a veritable roadmap of tension and deceit.

SHERMAN
I'm sorry, but I don't get it. Have I missed something?

JUDY
Darling, the only thing you're missing is common sense. You're going to stand there and tell me you didn't call here and ask to speak to some Maria?

SHERMAN
Who?
JUDY
You think I don't know your voice?

SHERMAN
Judy, I was out walking the dog. I was not on the telephone.

JUDY
Crinkle, crinkle, crinkle.

SHERMAN
I'm not lying. I took Marshal for a walk, and I come back in here and wham -- I mean I hardly know what to say. You're asking me to prove a negative proposition.

JUDY
'Negative proposition'?! Oh, God, Sherman. Listen to the way I sound. Listen to the stress. Can you hear it? I don't want to be this person. I don't. I am thin. I am beautiful. I don't deserve this.

She gets off the bike, grabs a robe and heads for the door.

SHERMAN
Judy...

JUDY
There's the phone. Why don't you just call her from here? I don't care. I really don't care. You are cheap and rotten and a liar, and you are dripping on the Aubusson carpet.

She goes. Sherman collapses in a chair. He looks at the phone.

PETER (V.O.)
She was right, of course. And Sherman knew it. Christ. How could he have been so stupid? A simple phone call...

DISSOLVE TO:

23 INT. McCoy Apartment - Campbell McCoy - Day

is running through the apartment toward the front door. She is seven years old.
descending the five-foot wide walnut staircase that leads from the second floor to the marble foyer. In this view, we can see that Sherman McCoy -- like his surroundings -- is impeccably designed and dressed.

PETER (V.O.)
The next morning, Judy's words were still ringing in his ears. Cheap. Rotten. And a liar. Alright. But was it really his fault. In a way she had brought it on herself, hadn't she?

He intercepts Campbell at the foot of the stairs.

SHERMAN
Campbell, honey. Are we ready?

CAMPBELL
I'm out of here.

SHERMAN
Slow down. Where's your mother?

JUDY (O.S.)
Campbell!

CAMPBELL
She's crying on the lifecycle.

PETER (V.O.)
On the lifecycle again. You see? Like all those other women she spends so much time with. So drawn, so pale. You could see lamplight through their bones...

As Sherman picks up his briefcase and a copy of the newspaper, Campbell opens the door and rings for the elevator.

25 ANGLE - JUDY

approaches them looking pale and thin and drawn, dressed in exercise clothes, sweating and still crying. She looks like she's spent a sleepless night.

JUDY
She won't kiss me because I'm all wet.

SHERMAN
Campbell, kiss your mother.

Campbell kisses Judy.

(CONTINUED)
SHERMAN

Judy...?

But Judy walks away without speaking to him. Sherman watches her.

HIS POV - JUDY'S REAR END

looking pretty unappetizing in her soggy sweatpants.

PETER (V.O.)
He was still a young man, in the season of the rising sap. He deserved more than these... these ... social X-rays. And she was turning into one of them!

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - SHERMAN AND CAMPBELL - DAY

come out of the building.

PETER (V.O.)
Dragging themselves to their sports training classes, they keep themselves so thin, they look like X-ray pictures. Sports-trained to death.

DOORMAN
'Morning, Mr. McCoy.

SHERMAN
'Morning, Tony.

DOORMAN
Bill, sir. My name is Bill.

SHERMAN
Yes, of course. Campbell, say hello to Tony.

CAMPBELL
Hi, Bill.

DOORMAN
'Morning, Campbell.

Sherman is distracted by...

HIS POV - ANOTHER REAR END

Fuller, firmer and excruciatingly wrapped in a pair of yellow shorts that are screaming for attention.
puts Campbell on a school bus. The bus pulls away...

PETER (V.O.)
Sherman was a master of the
universe. He deserved better.

CUT TO:

walks into the chaos and moves through the din, a smile of pleasure and anticipation on his lips. We catch bits of conversation.

YOUNG MAN
I said pick up the fucking phone, please. I'm asking nice. I'm asking you to pick up the fucking phone.

ANOTHER MAN
If you can't see the goddamn screen, then I can't help you. If you can't see what the hell we're talking about, then what are we talking about?!

THIRD MAN
Well, then why do you think everybody's stripping the twenty years?!

finishes one man's shoes, collects three dollars and moves on to the next. (Except for giving him the money, nobody registers his presence.)

FOURTH MAN
Bid eight and a half. And then I want you to work hard on this, see what's happening with the escrow, do they forfeit or no?

FIFTH MAN
This Goldman order really fucked things up. And the banks are calling it 73. Why are they pissing on us like that?

(CONTINUED)
SIXTH MAN
Look, look, look. Let me say this again so we're clear. I want the turkey rice soup. I don't want the chicken rice, I want the turkey rice!

SEVENTH MAN
I'm telling you somebody's painting you a fucking picture! Can't you see that?! I'm telling you to swap them. You got all this downside protection if the Jap market rallies. Just do it, do it, do it!

34 ANGLE - SHERMAN
approaches his own desk, his own telephone, his own computer terminals. He dials a number.

TAPED VOICE (V.O.)
(on phone)
Hi. This is 555-8771. Leave a * message and I will get back to you as soon as is humanly possible.

SHERMAN
Maria, where are you? I've been trying to reach you for days. Please call me at the office. I have to speak to you.

RAWLIE THORPE comes running up to Sherman.

RAWLIE
Gene's on from London. Let's go! Let's go!

SHERMAN
Calm down, Rawlie. Let's not get over-excited.

RAWLIE
Yes, Sherman. Sorry.

SHERMAN
Calm. Cool. Colated. Let's not lose our composure over a few hundred million dollars.

RAWLIE
Jesus Christ, Sherman. You must be made of ice.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

SHERMAN
Just remember, Rawlie. A frantic salesman is a dead one. A dead one, Rawlie.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Sherman and several men are seated at attention facing an Adam bowfront cabinet. The cabinet is richly painted with scenes of bucolic splendor and ornate borders. On top of this museum piece, a black plastic SPEAKER over which the voice of Gene Lopwitz is addressing his inferiors.

GENE (V.O.)
But what the hell is this crazy Giscard deal going to cost us, Sherman?

SHERMAN
I need six hundred million to buy up the bonds...

GENE (V.O.)
(on speaker)
Jesus. You want us to sit on six hundred million dollars worth of French government bonds?!

SHERMAN
I'm confident on this, Gene. It's a real sleeping beauty.

A THROTTLED ROAR comes out of the SPEAKER.

RAWLIE
Where are you, Gene?

GENE (V.O.)
Tottenham Park. At a cricket match. Somebody's just hit the hell out of the ball. The ball's kind of dead, though.

RAWLIE
Who's playing?

GENE (V.O.)
Don't get technical on me, Rawlie. Bunch of nice young men in white flannel pants.

SHERMAN
What do you say, Gene. Are we in or out?

(CONTINUED)
GENE (V.O.)
(on speaker)
Gold has to hold steady. And if the franc starts to drop...

SHERMAN
Bernard Sachs is already in for three hundred million. Does that make you feel better?

GENE (V.O.)
(on speaker)
Sherman, you're going to make me an old man.

SHERMAN
A rich old man, Gene. A rich old man.

Another ROAR of the CROWD comes over the SPEAKERS.

GENE (V.O.)
(on speaker)
What was that? Oh. It's over. Is it over? The game's over. Well. That's that, I guess.

SHERMAN
I guess you had to be there. Eh, Gene?

(Continued)
GENE (V.O.)
(on speaker)
What? What was that?
Sherman flips OFF the speaker.

SHERMAN
At ease, gentlemen.

The meeting breaks up.

PETER (V.O.)
The roar enveloped him. Music to his ears. The sound of educated young white men baying for money on the bond market. Six hundred million in his hands. Six million off the top for Pierce & Pierce. One point seven million for Sherman. All in a day's work. He was there. At the top -- impervious, untouchable, insulated by wealth and power. A great height from which to view the rest of the poor world. A great height from which to fall.

SPITTING OUT the message: "Sherman, Arriving New York on the Concorde tonight. Best, Maria."

The sky is a labyrinth of planes taking off and landing.

comes out of the customs area into the lobby. She is a vision -- young, beautiful, ultra-chic in her big-shouldered electric blue Norma Kamali type jacket, her miniskirt, her lizard shoes. The sweaty hordes of panting tourists all seem to part like the Red Sea as Maria passes through them, followed by a porter and a trolley full of luggage.

moving toward Maria. They embrace clumsily.
MARIA
Sherman, you are an absolute angel coming all the way out here.

SHERMAN
I had to talk to you. I did the most stupid thing last night.

MARIA
Oh, dear. Are we going to talk about it right now?

SHERMAN
Yes. We have to.

MARIA
Don't you want a little poon tang first?

SHERMAN
Maria. Please. This is important.

MARIA
Alright. Tell mama all about it.

EXT. MERCEDES - NIGHT

moving off the Van Wyck and onto the Grand Central Parkway.

INT. MERCEDES - SHERMAN AND MARIA - NIGHT

Maria is laughing. She is fiddling with the back of Sherman's neck and chewing on his ear while her other hand is in his crotch. Maria is laughing.

SHERMAN
I know it has its funny side but it isn't funny.

MARIA
Well, it's your own fault for getting caught like a red herring.

SHERMAN
You mean red-handed.

MARIA
That's what I said... Couldn't we just forget about your wife and go on over to our little hideaway on 59th Street and hide away a little?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

SHERMAN
I think she knows.

MARIA
Well, of course she knows. That's not the point.

SHERMAN
It isn't?

MARIA
Oh, Sherman, honey. You are so sweet. I could eat you alive, if I could get this zipper down. Sherman, aren't we supposed to turn there?

SHERMAN
Where?

HIS POV - SIGN
reading "Manhattan" way off to the right, several full lanes away.

MARIA (O.S.)
I'm sure that's the turnoff to Manhattan.

SHERMAN (O.S.)
Well, I can't get over there now. We'll have to exit and get back on.

THEIR POV - MORE SIGNS
"EAST BRONX NEW ENGLAND" and "EAST 138TH BRUCKNER BLVD."

EXT. MERCEDES - NIGHT
veers onto ramp and heads toward the 138th St. exit.

EXT. MERCEDES - NIGHT
is suddenly off the expressway and driving at ground level -- a dark street, piled at one side with car tires -- totally bleak.
INT. MERCEDES - SHERMAN AND MARIA - NIGHT

MARIA
Sherman, where are we?

SHERMAN
We're in the Bronx.

MARIA
What does that mean?

SHERMAN
It means we're going north. All I need to do is make a left and go west and find a street back to Manhattan.

EXT. MERCEDES - NIGHT

makes a right out of the traffic and suddenly...

ANGLE - STREET LIFE

surrounds the car -- people, MUSIC, cars, colors. A boulevard of dizzy sounds and sights.
INT. MERCEDES - SHERMAN AND MARIA - NIGHT

As it stops for a red light.

MARIA
Sherman?

SHERMAN
Yes, Maria.

MARIA
Where are all the white people?

A LOUD SCREAM.

THERE POV - PIMP

is being pursued by a prostitute. She is stoned, moving in slow motion, screaming. She grabs him from behind; he elbows her in the stomach. She falls to her knees right in front of the Mercedes.

ANOTHER ANGLE

SHERMAN
Christ. She's not touching the car, is she?

MARIA
Sherman, I'm from the South and I'm beginning not to like this very much.

PROSTITUTE

leans on the hood of the car, stands up and continues her pursuit of the pimp.

ANGLE - SHERMAN

leans out the window.

SHERMAN
Excuse me, please don't touch the car.

ANGLE - MARIA AND SHERMAN

MARIA
Sherman, get us out of here.

SHERMAN
I have a red light.

A face appears at the window next to Maria. A YOUNG LATIN MAN. He laughs.

(CONTINUED)
YOUNG MAN

Hey, baby. We having a party?

Maria leans toward Sherman and presses her foot down on the accelerator. The car jerks into motion.

SHERMAN

Maria!

MARIA

Drive, Sherman. Just drive.

EXT. MERCEDES - NIGHT

leaps across the intersection and continues down the boulevard.

INT. MERCEDES - SHERMAN AND MARIA - NIGHT

SHERMAN

Look, there's no need to panic.

MARIA

That's what you think. I have all my luggage with me.

SHERMAN

I just don't want to do anything stupid. If we keep our heads, we'll be perfectly fine.

MARIA

Christ. We're in the middle of a goddamn war zone and you're worried about doing the right thing. Look! There!

EXT. STREET - SIGN

reads "895 EAST GEO. WASH. BRIDGE." And just beyond the sign, a ramp leading up to the expressway.

MARIA (O.S.)

There! George Washington Bridge, you see it?!

INT. MERCEDES - ANGLE THROUGH WINDSHIELD - SHERMAN AND MARIA - NIGHT

As Sherman pulls toward the ramp. Another pothole jolts the car. Maria's luggage flies forward, hitting Sherman in the back of his neck. At the same time, Maria sees something in the road ahead of them.

(CONTINUED)
MARIA
Sherman! What's that?!

Sherman hits the brake. The CAR stalls and comes to a SCREECHING halt.

MARIA
It's a body.

SHERMAN
It looks like...

MARIA
It's an animal.

SHERMAN
I think it's a...

MARIA
Is it dead?

SHERMAN
It's a wheel, that's all. It's a tire.

MARIA
It's a dead tire!

SHERMAN
Calm down, Maria. Please. It's a tire and some ash cans or something.

Sherman starts to get out of the car.

MARIA
What are you doing?!

SHERMAN
Well, I can't drive around it, can I?

MARIA
You're going to move it?

SHERMAN
Yes. That's exactly what I'm going to do.

MARIA
For God's sake, be careful of your shoes.

EXT. MERCEDES - SHERMAN - NIGHT
gets out of the car.

(CONTINUED)
He leaves the door open. Above him, the tremendous CLANGING noise of CARS POUNDING along the expressway. But he can't see them. He can only hear them and feel their vibration. He stands there a moment, taking in the strangeness of the place and of his own situation -- the tire, Maria, his wife, his life. A little chill of loneliness hits him. He shakes it off and walks to the tire -- a simple, inevitable move toward a destiny he could never have imagined.

as Sherman approaches. He tries to pick it up without getting his suit messed up. Suddenly...

MARIA (O.S.)
Sherman!

He turns, tire in his hands and sees...

walking toward him. One big, young, powerfully built (ROLAND AUBURN). He looks dangerous. The other slight, hesitant, a few steps behind the first one (HENRY LAMB). They are both black.

ROLAND
Yo! Need some help?

Sherman is standing there holding the tire. The two young men are moving steadily toward him.

ROLAND
What happened, man? You need some help?

SHERMAN
No thanks. Hi. No, I don't think so. No. Thank you very much.

Sherman is confused. He doesn't move. Maria gets behind the wheel of the car. Roland reaches slowly into his jacket pocket. He smiles and keeps moving toward Sherman. Sherman sees the hand moving out of the jacket pocket. He is still frozen. Maria BLOWS the HORN. Sherman wakes up finally.

SHERMAN
Excuse me. I have to go.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

He starts to move toward the car, still carrying the tire. Roland steps in front of him. They both keep moving.

ROLAND
Where you going with that tire?

SHERMAN
Oh. Is this yours? Here. You take it.

Sherman pushes the tire toward Roland. Roland pushes it back at him. Sherman throws up his arms. The tire bounces off his arms and knocks Roland down.

SHERMAN
Oh. Sorry. I'm sorry, I didn't mean to...

ANGLE - MARIA
HONKS the HORN again and drives the car toward Sherman.

ANGLE - SHERMAN
turns toward the car, and bumps into Henry. They both fall down.

ANGLE - ROLAND
gets to his feet and moves toward the car.

ANGLE - MARIA
opens the car door for Sherman.

MARIA
Sherman, get in this car.

ANGLE - SHERMAN
jumps into the car, pulls the door shut and hits the lock mechanism just as...

ANGLE - ROLAND
grabs the door handle on Maria's side. Maria SQUEALS ahead.

ANGLE - CAR
jerks into motion. But it is now sideways on the ramp and almost hits the guardrail.
ANGLE - MARIA

hits the brakes and puts the car into reverse.

SHERMAN

Look out!

ANGLE - ROLAND

is charging toward the car with the tire. He throws it at the windshield.

ANGLE - MARIA

SQUEALS into first gear as the tire bounces off the windshield.

ANGLE - SHERMAN

looks back at the flying tire and sees...

HIS POV - HENRY

moving around the rear end of the car.

ANGLE - MARIA AND SHERMAN

Maria pulls the wheel hard to the right. The car fishtails.

SHERMAN

Be careful. There's...

But before he can say it, a loud, dead sound -- THOK! Sherman looks back...

HIS POV - REAR OF CAR

as before -- except that Henry is gone. Roland is running after the car.

ANGLE - SHERMAN AND MARIA

moving too fast up the ramp toward the traffic on the expressway. Maria hits the brakes and then GUNS the gas.

EXT. MERCEDES - NIGHT

The car careens recklessly into the traffic. Other cars swerve and BLOW their HORNS as the Mercedes forces its way into the flow of traffic heading toward Manhattan.

ANGLE

A sign above the traffic reading "Manhattan."
pulls off the Drive onto 59th Street. The car pulls into a parking space. Sherman and Maria get out. They move toward a brownstone apartment building.

SHERMAN
I wonder if we should report this to the police.

MARIA
The police?

SHERMAN
I mean we were almost robbed and I think maybe it's possible you... we hit one of them. There was this kind of... There was this sound. Did you hear it? Like we hit one of them.

MARIA
Did you see him get hit?

SHERMAN
No.

MARIA
Neither did I. So if the question ever comes up, all that happened was, two boys blocked the road and tried to rob us and we got away. That's all we know.

They go into...

climbing the stairs.

SHERMAN
But if we called the police now...

MARIA
Yes, let's call them and invite them over here to our little love nest. They would love to get their hands on us. The police and the press and all the rest of the 'mediarites.'

SHERMAN
Meteorites?

(CONTINUED)
MARIA
Yes. Newspapers, radios, televisions. I can see it now. Mr. Sherman McCoy of Park Avenue and Mrs. Arthur Ruskin of Fifth Avenue, recuperating after their adventures in the Bronx -- explain that to your wife.

SHERMAN
Yes. You have a point.

Maria unlocks the door and they go into...

84 INT. MARIA'S APARTMENT - SHERMAN AND MARIA - NIGHT

SHERMAN
I'd just feel better if...

Maria drops everything and turns on him...

MARIA
You don't have to feel better, Sherman. I was the one who was driving. And I'm saying I didn't hit anybody, and I'm not reporting anything to the police! And if you are a gentleman, you will support me in that decision.

Silence. They are both out of breath. They look at each other. Then Maria starts to unbutton her blouse.

MARIA
(very sexy now)
We were in the jungle... we were attacked... we fought our way out.

SHERMAN
It's true. We could have been killed.

MARIA
We fought. I feel like an animal.

SHERMAN
You drove the hell out of that car.

MARIA
The hard part was getting into the seat, getting over that gear shift.

(CONTINUED)
She opens his shirt. She is suddenly all over him.

SHERMAN
It was instinct.

MARIA
That tire...

SHERMAN
He was big... wasn't he?

MARIA
You were bigger, Sherman. You were great...

SHERMAN
We were both great.

MARIA
This could be the best sex we've had in a long time.

SHERMAN
I don't know. I still think...

MARIA
Don't think, Sherman. Don't think. Just fuck.

They do.

INT. COURTROOM - STATUE - DAY

A thirty foot rendition of "blind justice" -- a gigantic woman with the scales of justice in one hand and a bronze sword in the other.

JUDGE WHITE (O.S.)
Mr. Sonenberg!?!?

ANGLE - JUDGE LEONARD WHITE - DAY

is up on the bench leaning forward, chin down, eyes blazing, his bony skull and beaked nose sticking out of his robes -- he looks like a buzzard perched for take-off.

JUDGE WHITE
Where is Mister Sonenberg?

ANGLE - COURTROOM

in chaos --

(CONTINUED)
— children running about as if they were in a day care center, clumps of people in the spectator section waiting their turn, people talking, going in and out paying little attention to the Judge until...

JUDGE WHITE

Where the hell is Mister Son-nen-berg!!!

Everyone freezes -- including the kids.

ANGLE - JUDGE WHIT

addresses the DEFENDANT.

JUDGE WHITE

Alright, Mr. Lockwood, you sit down. And if and when your lawyer deigns to favor us with his presence...

LOCKWOOD (DEFENDANT)

Two to six, Judge.

He points at Ray Andriutti, the assistant D.A.

LOCKWOOD

Two weeks ago he told me two to six...

JUDGE WHITE

Mr. Lockwood...

LOCKWOOD

Two to six or we go to trial...

JUDGE WHITE

Nobody wants to go to trial, Mr. Lockwood.

LOCKWOOD

I'll go to trial.

JUDGE WHITE

Listen, you son of a bitch. You're a nice boy, you're young, you got a lot going for you. Try to understand me. We got 7,000 felony indictments in the Bronx every year. And we got room for 650 trials. And you are not going to be one of them.

LOCKWOOD

I go to trial.
coming into the courtroom and moving toward Ray Andriutti.

JUDGE WHITE
You go sit down, that's what you go do! And when your asshole lawyer shows up, you're gonna take whatever plea bargain we give you and you're gonna kiss my ass and thank me that I didn't put you away for twenty-five years. Which, if this case ever did come to trial is exactly what you would get. Now get out of my face.

sits at the table next to Ray Andriutti. As they talk, Kramer takes a pair of black shoes out of a plastic bag. He takes off the Reeboks that he's wearing and puts the shoes on.

(referring to Lockwood)
What did he do?

RAY
He pulled a knife on a seventy-year-old lady, robbed her, raped her and then shoved her in a garbage can.

Jesus.

RAY
(laughs)
Welcome to the South Bronx.

as the Clerk announces the next case.

CLERK
People versus Harold Williams. Indictment number 294721.

JUDGE WHITE
This case was dismissed three weeks ago.

(CONTD)
RAY
(to Kramer)
Go get him, tiger.

KRÄMER
Shit.

JUDGE WHITE
* What is this case doing here?

KRÄMER
May I approach the bench, Your Honor?

JUDGE WHITE
* Who the hell are you?

KRÄMER
Uh, Kramer, sir. Assistant District...

JUDGE WHITE
* You're new here, Mr. Kramer. Let me explain something to you. This case is what we call a piece of shit. Which means, loosely translated, that you have no evidence.

KRÄMER
Your Honor, the District Attorney, Mr. Weiss...

JUDGE WHITE
* I know who the district attorney is. I know Mr. Weiss. And the only reason Mr. Weiss is interested in the case is because Mr. Williams over there is a white man who lives in a nice big house in Riverdale.

KRÄMER
I don't follow, sir...

JUDGE WHITE
* Because this is an election year. Because ninety-nine percent of the people you shovel through here are black and the other ninety-nine percent don't even speak English. But they do vote.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
JUDGE WHITE (CONT'D)
So Mr. Weiss, your boss, the District Attorney -- who dreams every night that someday he is going to be mayor of New York City -- what he needs is a white man. He needs to find him, book him, and throw him in jail. Then he looks good to everybody. The press likes it, the voters like it, even your mother will like it. You follow me now, Mr. Kramer?

KRAMER
Yes, Your Honor.

JUDGE WHITE
So you go tell your boss, the district attorney, Captain Ahab Weiss that I know he's out there looking for the great white defendant... but Mr. Williams over there is not it.

INT. CORRIDOR - KRAMER AND ANDRIUTTI - DAY
come out of the courtroom.

RAY
(sarcastic)
Don't take it personally.

KRAMER
Thanks.

RAY
Maybe he didn't like your shoes.

VOICE (O.S.)
Are you Andriutti?

ANGLE TO INCLUDE DETECTIVES A.J. MARTIN AND STEWART GOLDBERG

RAY
Yeah. What?

MARTIN
I'm Martin. This is Detective Goldberg. We just come from Lincoln Hospital. You got a minute?
RAY
Yeah, what do you got?

They move down the corridor.

MARTIN
We got a kid named Henry Lamb, showed up at the hospital last night with a broken wrist.

RAY
So?

MARTIN
So they fixed him up in the emergency room and they sent him home.

RAY
So?

MARTIN
So this morning his mother brings him back, he's got a concussion. He goes into a coma and now they classify him likely to die.

KRAMER
You talked to him?

MARTIN
No. He was already out.

GOLDBERG
He's in a coma.

KRAMER
Oh, yeah.

MARTIN
No. There's a nurse there busting my balls. She says the kid told his mother he was hit by a car. A Mercedes. And the car left the scene.

GOLDBERG
Hit and run.

KRAMER
The mother tell you this, too?

(CONTINUED)
MARTIN
The mother won't talk to us. She's got a shitload of parking tickets and she doesn't want to talk to the police.

RAY
So why are you coming to us? You got a victim who's unconscious, you got no witness, no driver -- you got what we call here a piece of shit. Ain't that right, Mr. Kramer?

Martin and Goldberg look at each other.

MARTIN
What we got here is a problem.

GOLDBERG
You ever hear of Reverend Bacon?

RAY
Oh, no. Not me. Kramer, this is all yours. I'll see you gentlemen later.

Andruitti turns and goes.

CUT TO:
BACON
This is a tragedy. A fine young man has been struck down. God-fearing, church-going, never in trouble, graduating from high school, ready for college -- and somebody comes along -- some rich white people in a rich white man's car and wham! They run him down and never even stop. Now what are we going to do about these parking tickets?

PULL BACK to include Kramer, Martin and Goldberg. Kramer is thrown.

KRAMER
Well, uh... first of all, Reverend... Is it Reverend?

BACON
Is, was, and always will be.

KRAMER
First of all, Reverend, we have no evidence of...

BACON
This is your evidence...

ANGLE TO INCLUDE MRS. ANNIE LAMB coming up the aisle behind them.

KRAMER
Oh, sorry, ma'am. I didn't see...

BACON
Mrs. Lamb is not speaking to the police. Until we have proper counsel, I will speak for her.

KRAMER
Alright, then. Let me see if I have this straight. The boy was hit by a car...

BACON
On Bruckner Boulevard. Innocently walking along, minding his own business... A clear case of hit-and-run.
KRAMER
No, Reverend. I'm sorry. But you see, you have no witness. Without a witness, there's no case of anything at all.

BACON
You got what he told his mother.

KRAMER
That's hearsay. You may believe it and I may believe it, but it's not admissable in a court of law.

BACON
If this boy was born on Park Avenue and he was run down by two niggers in a Pontiac Firebird, then you'd have a case! Wouldn't you?!

MARTIN
I work Park Avenue and I work Bruckner Boulevard, Reverend. There's good and bad in both places. Now we'll do everything we can for this lady. But we don't have a hell of a lot to go on.

BACON
Gentlemen, I want you to make an investment here. An investment in steam control.

KRAMER
Steam control?

BACON
That's right. Steam control. Because a righteous steam is building up in the souls of my people and that steam is ready to blow.

KRAMER
I see. Well...

BACON
Now, on judgment day, I am your safety valve. Because when it blows -- and it will, my friend -- how grateful you will be that I am on your side -- the one nigger who can control the steam and save your lily white ass from being burned off the face of the earth so to speak.

(CONTINUED)
KRAMER
You think this car was driven by a white man, huh?

BACON
I seldom think. I just plain know.

KRAMER
Well, Reverend. I'll see what I can do.

Kramer, Martin and Goldberg start to go. Bacon puts his arm around Mrs. Lamb.

BACON
The next time you gentlemen hear from us, it will be through our lawyer.

Mrs. Lamb goes to Kramer.

MRS. LAMB
He said it started with an 'R.' That was the first letter. The second letter was an 'E' or a 'B' or maybe a 'P.' Those were the first two letters of the license plate. If that's any help to you.

EXT. ROAD - LICENSE PLATE - DAY

of Sherman's Mercedes -- RPH 633.

ANGLE - CAR

approaching Southampton.

INT. CAR - SHERMAN

is driving. Judy and Campbell are with him. No one is talking. Then...

SHERMAN
We should move out here.

No response.

SHERMAN
Have you ever thought, I mean, what if we moved out of New York? What do you think?

JUDY
About what?

(CONTINUED)
SHERMAN
Do you think we could leave New York?

JUDY
No.

SHERMAN
My father did it.

JUDY
You are not your father.

PETER FALLOW (V.O.)
She knew how to hurt a guy. No. He was nothing like his father. His father, the lion of Dunning, Sponget and Leach. His father, who took the subway to work every day of his life. His father, who still believed in principals and ethics, whose repeated lessons concerning duty, debt and responsibility had whistled through his son's head. No. Sherman McCoy was nothing like his father.

EXT. BEACH HOUSE - PORCH - DAY
Sherman and Judy are having drinks with Sherman's FATHER and MOTHER. Over the following, Campbell is tugging at Judy's sleeve, asking repeatedly, "But what does he do? What does Daddy do?!" To which, Judy replies, "He sells bonds." Sherman is, at the same time, searching through a newspaper for any news of the accident.

MRS. McCoy (MOTHER)
... And she said to me, 'I like my older customers best of all. They're the only ones who drink anymore.'

Everyone laughs.

MRS. McCoy
'My older customers!'

MR. McCoy (FATHER)
She thought you were twenty-five. (to Judy)
All of a sudden I'm married to a white ribbon.

(CONTINUED)
JUDY
Sherman, what are you looking for in that newspaper?

SHERMAN
Nothing. I... uh... no, nothing special.

CAMPBELL
But what's a bond?

MRS. McCOY
(delighted)
Oh, yes, Sherman, do explain it.

MR. McCOY
Yes. Your mother and I really want to hear this, Sherman.

SHERMAN
A bond is a way of lending people money. Let's say you want to build a road or a hospital and you need a lot of money. Well, you issue a bond...

CAMPBELL
Do you build roads?

SHERMAN
No, I don't actually build them...

MR. McCOY
I think you're in over your head.

More laughter.

JUDY
Here. Let me try. Darling, Daddy doesn't build roads or hospitals or anything, really. Daddy just handles the bonds for the people who raise the money.

CAMPBELL
That's what he said. Bonds.

JUDY
Yes. See, just imagine that a bond is a slice of cake. Now you didn't bake that cake, but every time you hand somebody a slice of that cake, a little bit comes off, little crumbs fall off. And you're allowed to keep those crumbs.

(CONTINUED)
SHERMAN
Crumbs? Really...

MR. McCOY
(pointedly)
And many a man has sold his soul for those little crumbs.

JUDY
(enjoying this)
Yes. And that's what Daddy does. He passes somebody else's cake around and picks up the crumbs. But you have to imagine a lot of crumbs. And a great golden cake. And a lot of golden crumbs. And you have to imagine Daddy running around picking up every little golden crumb he can get his hands on. That's what Daddy does.

SHERMAN
Well, you can call them crumbs if you want to...

JUDY
That's the best I can do. Excuse me.

She gets up abruptly and leaves. Mrs. McCoy goes after Judy. Sherman and his father sit there without talking. Then...

MR. McCOY
Of course, in my day, there was some integrity to it...

SHERMAN
Yes. Well...

MR. McCOY
Now it's not about anything, is it? Except the money.

SHERMAN
I don't make the rules.

MR. McCOY
All the more reason not to play the game.

SHERMAN
We're having a little... It's nothing serious. Really.
INT. LEICESTER'S RESTAURANT - CLOSE ON PETER FALLOW - NIGHT

Peter's face is flat on the bar. He looks bad -- drunk, out of shape, disheveled and probably unclean.

PETER (V.O.)
Of course, up to this point in our story, I was blissfully ignorant. I had no idea of the storm that was gathering. Never even heard of Sherman McCoy. Hadn't the faintest notion that soon his name would be inexorably tied to mine. That his fate would be inextricably bound to my own destiny.

104A ANGLE - BARTENDER

nudges Peter awake and puts three drinks into Peter's hands. Peter staggers away from the bar, carrying the drinks.

PETER (V.O.)
I had my own problems. And I simply had no idea that Sherman McCoy was the solution I was looking for.

105 ANGLE - CAROLINE HEFTSHANK AND FILIPPO CHIRAZZI

enter the restaurant. He is handsome and young. She is older and not as pretty as he is. Peter intercepts them.

PETER
Caroline. You devil. Come and have a drink with us.

CAROLINE
Peter. You pig. I'm with someone.

Peter steers them to a table filled with people.

PETER
Yes. And a very pretty someone he is, too.

CAROLINE
(introducing them)
This is Filippo Chirazzi, the artist. This is Peter Fallow, the has-been.

PETER
Enchante. We're a little crowded.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
PETER (CONT'D)
Why don't you squeeze in next to Billy Cortez. Billy, you keep your hands to yourself. Now, Filippo, you sit down on top of Billy and I'll see if I can get Caroline to sit down on my face.

Peter sits in a chair and tries to pull Caroline into his lap. Caroline grabs Filippo.

CAROLINE
No thanks, Peter. The last time I sat on your face, I ended up with a yeast infection.

They leave. Peter laughs and almost falls off his chair.

MOORE
Good evening, Peter.

PETER
(shocked)

He tries to get up.

MOORE
No, don't get up. You know my daughter, don't you?

PETER
Yes. Evelyn. How are you?

EVELYN
Lovely.

MOORE
(to Evelyn)
This is one of my invisible employees. One of the many journalists who are supposed to be writing for my newspaper. You're very fortunate to see him because I hardly ever do.

Peter struggles to his feet.

PETER
Gerald, have a drink. Please, I can explain.
MOORE
Thanks, no. We're having a private little dinner in the back.

PETER
Ah. Yes. Well...

As they move across the room...

MOORE
You know, I was at a dinner party last night. And in the middle of the pudding, this four-year-old child came in pulling a toy wagon around the table and on the wagon was a fresh turd. Her own, I suppose. And the parents just shook their heads and smiled.

PETER
Incroyable!

MOORE
I've made a big investment in you, Peter. Time and money. And it's not working. Now I could just shake my head and smile. But in my house, when a turd appears, we deal with it. We dispose of it. We flush it away. We don't put it on the table and call it caviar.

PETER
I see. Yes. Yes, of course. Well, I am on to something right now... and I think I've got... it's just a matter of... this is something that is really going to break open!

Moore just looks at him. Then...

MOORE
I sincerely hope so, Fallow. I sincerely hope so. Come, Evelyn.

They march into the back room of the restaurant.

PETER (V.O.)
It was the end of the road for me. I could see it coming. See it coming? Christ, it was here!
is sitting on a park bench. He's been up all night. He staggers across the street into the City Light newspaper office...

PETER (V.O.)
I'd had my chance and I'd blown it away in a bottle. It was over. And I had to face up to that fact.

In bed.

PETER (V.O.)
I could always go back home. Small town, small newspaper. Or I could take the time off, write a novel or two. Or I could slit my wrists. This last suggestion actually seemed the most appealing because, in fact, it required the least amount of effort.

The TELEPHONE RINGS.

PETER (V.O.)
And then the telephone rang.

He answers.

PETER
Hello? Peter Fallow speaking.

CUT TO:

is on the phone. His ASSISTANT sits next to him typing into a word processor. The car is a mini-office.

FOX
Peter? Albert Fox. Yeah. You sound terrific. Any pulse? Ha. Ha! I called the office, but nobody seemed to know where you were or even who you were. Anything I should know?

PETER
Nothing to know, I'm working at home today, that's all.

(CONTINUED)
FOX
Good, good, good. I got something I want to talk to you about, Peter. I think there’s a hell of a story in it...

OMITTED

INT. TV SET - HOSPITAL ROOM - ALBERT FOX - DAY
is standing by a bed.

In the bed is a midget -- a man. He has a bandage around his head. Standing with Albert is another midget -- a woman. She is crying.

ALBERT
... and the cause of these little people will always be dear to my heart, whether it be discrimination or job security or simply the right to have urinals at the proper height so that accidents like this do not happen.

PULL BACK to include: Two DOCTORS (McDonald Carey and Dr. Hunter), a newspaper reporter (Jennifer Horton) and Jack Devereaux.

JENNIFER
Have you ever thought of giving up the law and becoming an actor?

ALBERT
I am an actor.

JACK
And a damn good one too.

ALBERT
Well, thank you.

Albert shakes hands.

ALBERT
When the rights of any people are threatened -- no matter how big or how small -- Albert Fox will always be on the case.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

DOCTOR
Your help is greatly appreciated, Albert. Not only by us but by all Americans.

They shake hands. Albert then picks up the midget woman and kisses her on the cheek.

VOICE FROM BOOTH (O.S.)
And cut. Thank you, ladies and gentlemen. And thank you, Albert Fox, for being our guest.

ANGLE - STUDIO
As everyone applauds. Albert shakes hands and moves toward...

ANGLE - PETER FALLOW
on the sidelines, looking through a folder of papers.

FOX
(approaching)
Cute, aren't they?

PETER
Uh... yes.

(CONTINUED)
FOX
And they weigh a ton. You want a drink? You look like you could use one.

PETER

Fox's Assistant approaches. They all move toward the exit. *

ASSISTANT
Do you want to cancel City College?

FOX
No. I got to do it. It's important.
(to Peter)
For one thing, it's the only place I can still get laid. These girls all want to sleep with their fathers. And if you're old and famous, and you know how to use a condom they'll fuck your brains out.
Fox, Peter and the Assistant come outside and descend the escalator.

FOX
You look at the Henry Lamb material?

PETER
Well, yeah, but... Look, it's an unfortunate situation. But I'm not altogether sure there's a story in it.

FOX
A poor, innocent black kid, walking down the street, minding his own business. And boom! Hit and run. There's a story in it for somebody, Peter. The black community is up in arms. And I'm telling you, when Reverend Bacon gets a feather in his ass, the shit flies high.

PETER
I see. Yes, but what's your interest exactly?

FOX
I'm a lawyer, Peter. I want to see justice done. That's all. And, of course, Reverend Bacon is a friend of mine. This would be good for him. And knowing a little about your situation, I thought if you were the one to break the story...

PETER
My situation?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:  

FOX  
Your boss was at my house for dinner the other night. He said a few things...  

Fox and the assistant get into the limo. Peter follows.  

PETER  
I see.  

INT. LIMOUSINE - NIGHT  

The Assistant fixes Fox a drink from a portable bar. Fox throws it down and gives the glass back to the Assistant.  

PETER  
Do you have a daughter?  

FOX  
Yes. I do. A little girl.  

PETER  
Does she have a little toy wagon?  

FOX  
Yes. I think she does. Yes. Why?  

PETER  
I'll have a Scotch and water.  

FOX  
Good. Good. Get in.  

They get into the limo.  

INT. MOTOR VEHICLE OFFICE - COMPUTER SCREEN - NIGHT  

The letters RE are being punched up and then a series of license plate numbers beginning with those letters appear.  

ASSISTANT (O.S.)  
Too many.  

YOUNG MAN (O.S.)  
I could lose my job for this. What are you going to do with this information?  

ANGLE - FOX'S ASSISTANT AND YOUNG MAN  

ASSISTANT  
You'll read all about it in the newspapers. Come on. Let's do R.E., R.P. and R.B. and see what we get.
EXT. LONG ISLAND SUBURB - ED RIFKIN - DAY

is in his driveway sipping a beer and painting a "For Sale" sign. An '81 Corvette is parked in the driveway.

RIFKIN
Henry Lamb? Who's that?

ANGLE TO INCLUDE PETER FALLOW AND RIFKIN

PETER
He was a student of yours at Ruppert High. In your English class.

RIFKIN
He was? What's he done?

PETER
He was seriously injured. I'm a journalist. I write for a newspaper.

RIFKIN
Oh. I don't remember him.

PETER
What I would like to find out is what kind of student he was.

RIFKIN
Well, if I don't remember him, I guess he was okay.

PETER
Would you say he was a 'good' student?

RIFKIN
'Good' doesn't really apply to Ruppert High. They're either cooperative or life-threatening. There's no in-between.

PETER
His mother says he was considering going to college.

RIFKIN
Well, she means City College. They have an open admissions policy. So, if you live in the city and you graduate from high school and you're still breathing, they have to take you.

(CONTINUED)
PETER
Well, is there anything at all you can tell me about his performance or aptitude -- anything at all?

RIFKIN
Look, Mr...?

PETER
Fallow.

RIFKIN
I got sixty-five students in every class...

PETER
Do you have any of his written work?

RIFKIN
Oh, Jesus, there hasn't been any written work at Ruppert High since... oh, fifteen years. Maybe twenty.

PETER
Well, there must be some record of how he measures up to the others...

RIFKIN
No. See, you're thinking about grades and honor students and high achievers. We don't make those kinds of comparisons. We're just trying to keep them off the street. At Ruppert High, an honor student is somebody who comes to class and doesn't piss on the teacher.

PETER
(pauses; then)
Well, by that standard, is Henry Lamb an honors student?

RIFKIN
Well, he never pissed on me. So by that standard, yes. I guess he must be.
49. *  

119A ANGLE - FELIX  
is shining Sherman's shoes and reading the newspaper.  

SHERMAN (O.S.)  
I think you're exaggerating the situation, Bernard...  

120 ANGLE - SHERMAN  
who is cool and confident.  

SHERMAN  
(on phone)  
... The franc is no problem. We can hedge that to next January or to term or both.  

And then he sees...  

121 HIS POV - THE NEWSPAPER HEADLINE  
upside-down, reading, "Honor Student in Coma."  

122 ANGLE - SCENE  
as Sherman tries to read the article upside-down and talk to Bernard.  

SHERMAN  
(on phone)  
No. I don't think that's necessary...  

And then shock as Sherman recognizes...  

123 ANGLE - NEWSPAPER PHOTO  
of Henry Lamb dressed in a cap and gown.  

124 OMITTED  
thru  
126  

127 ANGLE - SHERMAN  
is losing control.  

SHERMAN  
(on phone)  
Look, Bernard... uh, we've had a few minor -- hell, they're not even problems. So let's not get ourselves whipped up into a-a-a coma. Jesus Christ! No, not you, Bernard. Felix, let me see that paper.  

(CONTINUED)
Felix hands him the paper. Sherman tries to read the article and talk to Bernard at the same time.

**SHERMAN**

(on phone)

'Wait'? What do you mean, 'wait'?! What the hell are you talking about? Now you listen to me, Bernard. We can't wait! We've got to move now! You're raising phantom issues here. It doesn't matter what happens to gold and francs on a day-to-day basis! We've got to pull ourselves together and just fucking do it!! Look, Bernard. I'm sorry. No. Wait a minute. Wait, Bernard. Bernard! Don't leave me! Don't leave me!

**PETER (V.O.)**

But it was too late. It was gone. Six hundred million dollars. On Wall Street, a frantic salesman was a dead salesman. And Sherman knew it.

He puts down the phone and stares at the newspaper. He sits there in his two thousand dollar Savile Row suit and his New and Lingwood cap-toed shoes and he sweats. Around him, voices come out of the chaotic room.

**VOICE #1 (O.S.)**

Feds buying all coupons! Market subject!

**VOICE #2 (O.S.)**

Holy fucking shit. I want out! I want out!!

**EXT. STREET - SHERMAN - DAY**

is standing outside Maria's apartment building. A cab pulls up. Maria gets out. She is carrying a large portfolio-type case, suitable for transporting a painting. Sherman intercepts her.

**MARIA**

Sherman, darling. I was just thinking about you. Where have you been?

(CONTINUED)
SHERMAN
(showing her the newspaper)
Have you seen this? Have you seen this perversion of the truth?

MARIA
Don't I get a kiss first?

SHERMAN
Have you read it?

MARIA
Oh, Sherman, you know I only read the newspapers spasmodically.

SHERMAN
Sporatically, Maria. Sporatically.

MARIA
Yes. Me, too. Now come on in and have a drink. I know just what you need.

SHERMAN
Absolutely wrong! All of it. And who is this Peter Fallow? He has everything wrong. They don't even mention the other boy. And what about the ramp and the tire?! They're talking about a little saint here who was on his way to get milk and cookies for his widowed mother.

As they go into the building...

CUT TO:

INT. MARIA'S APARTMENT - WORKMAN - DAY

has just finished installing a new intercom system near the open door of the apartment. Sherman and Maria appear in the doorway.

MARIA
Excuse me, but what is going on here?

WORKMAN
We're putting in a new intercom system. All the apartments. The super let me in. Are you...

(MORE)

(continued)
WORKMAN (CONT'D)
(checking a piece of paper)
Miss Caroline Heftshank? I need you to sign a receipt.

MARIA
Well, uh... I don't live here. I'm just a guest of Miss Heftshank. So...

WORKMAN
Okay. No problem. I'm all done.

He packs up and leaves.

Maria closes the door after him. She laughs.

MARIA
Christ. That was close.

SHERMAN
What's going on?

MARIA
Nothing. Caroline pays $351 for this place. It's rent controlled. I sublet it for eleven hundred a month. But it's not legal. They would love to get Caroline out of here. But they have to prove she doesn't live here.

SHERMAN
You don't think it's weird this fellow showed up today. After that unconscionable piece in the paper.

MARIA
Oh, Sherman. You are completely paranoidical. Look, I have to leave for the airport in twenty minutes. So we don't have much time.

SHERMAN
You don't think they could possibly trace the car to me?

(CONTINUED)
MARIA
How? They don't have the full number, they don't have a witness, and the only one who could recognize you is in terminal comatosis.

SHERMAN
Right. There is the other boy, however. Suppose he came forward.

MARIA
If he was gonna materialize, he would have done it by now. And the reason he hasn't, is because he's a criminal. Would you get my blue jacket out of that closet?

Sherman gets the jacket. Maria starts putting a painting into her portfolio.

SHERMAN
What a wretched painting.

MARIA
Filippo Chirazzi. He's a friend of Caroline. Do you know him?

SHERMAN
I hope not. God, Maria, it looks like you.

MARIA
No. No. How could it be? Come on, give me a hand. I'm taking it with me.

SHERMAN
Where are you going?

MARIA
The airport. I told you. I have a car coming in -- oh, God, ten minutes. We have time for a quickie. What do you say?

SHERMAN
I'm upset, Maria. I just lost 600 million dollars. And possibly my job. I don't feel terrifically sexy at the moment.

(CONTINUED)
MARIA
You know I'm a sucker for a soft dick.

SHERMAN
Maria, you are incorrigible.

MARIA
Am I?

She kisses him.

SHERMAN
I suppose we could still go to the police. We could get a very talented lawyer...

MARIA
And put our heads right into the horse's mouth? I'm the one who was driving the car. Don't you think I'm the one who should make the decision? And I say, no. No, Sherman. Trust me. Nothing is going to come of this little newspaper article. Absolutely nothing.

* They are making love as we...

CUT TO:

EXT. BRONX STREET - LARGE WHITE VAN - DAY

pulls up in front of the Edgar Allen Poe housing project. Signs on the van read, "Channel 1 News - The Live 1." The streets are empty.

OMITTED

ANGLE - PETER FALLOW

getting out of a taxi. He approaches Buck.

PETER
Peter Fallow, from City Light.

BUCK (HECKLER)
Oh yeah. Right.

PETER
Where are all the people?

(CONTINUED)
BUCK
They'll be here. Soon as they see the tower. Reva! Give this man the release.

137 ANGLE - TO INCLUDE REVA
a demented-looking white woman who is passing out Xeroxed literature under the heading...

"The People Demand Action In The Henry Lamb Case"

REVA
Ohhh. There's Robert Corsaro!

138 ANGLE - ROBERT CORSARO
coming from the TV van.

PETER
Peter Fallow, City Light.

CORSARO
Oh, you're the reason we're up in this godforsaken place. You and your little newspaper article.

PETER
Sorry about that.

139 OMITTED

&

140 &

140A ANGLE - HOUSING PROJECT
Reverend Bacon comes out of the building with Annie and the gospel singers who take their places in the rubble. Bacon goes to Fallow and Corsaro.

BACON
Mr. Fallow. Our hero. I feel as if we already know each other. And Mr. Corsaro. You have an exclusive here. You understand me? I could have had every newspaper and T.V. station spreading this news thinly, too thinly across the airways. But I have chosen only you two. And I expect big coverage, in-depth coverage.

(CONTINUED)
CORSARO
(going back to the van)
Well, then let's get to work.

PETER
Look, Reverend, aren't you afraid we may be trying to make a mountain out of a mole hill here? I mean, honestly...

BACON
Honesty has nothing to do with this, Mr. Fallow. This is show business. And I've never known the two to go hand in hand.

PETER
Well, I am a journalist...

BACON
You're a drunk, Mr. Fallow. That's what I've been told. And you're almost out of a job. Aren't you? Or am I misinformed?

PETER
I think maybe you've got the wrong man, here.

BACON
Oh, I don't think so. I don't think so at all. Get with the program, Mr. Fallow, you may have been a knight in shining armour back in Kansas. But this is New York City. And I'm telling you, when you come to work in a whore house, there's only one thing you want to be -- and that's the best whore in the house.

Corsaro returns.

CORSARO
We're about ready here.

Bacon leaves Peter.

A silvery shaft with bright orange cable wrapped around it rising two and a half stories above the street now. People start coming out of the buildings to see what's going on.
ANGL A - REVEREND BACON

speaks to the crowd.

BACON

Brothers and sisters. I stand before you with a heart that is broken. And I stand before you with a heart that is angry. Heart broken because our brother, our neighbor, our son, Henry Lamb has been stuck down in the prime of his young life. And now he lies in a hospital, broken like my heart. But my heart is also angry. Angry because the driver of that car did nothing for him! And neither did the police. And neither did this man -- Mr. Abraham Weiss.

Bacon holds up a Weiss campaign poster -- a photo of Weiss reading --

"WEISS FOR MAYOR
JUSTICE FOR ALL"

BACON

This man has turned his back on Henry Lamb. And I, for one, am not going to stand for it. No sir!

During the above, a group of kids are pushing and shoving and laughing behind Bacon, trying to get on camera. Also during Bacon's speech...

148 OMITTED

148A ANGLE - BUCK

passing out placards to Rev. Bacon's audience. "Weiss justice is white justice." "Lamb slaughtered by indifference." "Hit 'n' run 'n' lie to the people."

148B ANGLE - CORSARO

approaches Fallow while Bacon is speaking.

CORSARO

He's something, isn't he?

(CONTINUED)
PETER
Yes. He certainly is.

CORSARO *
But, listen, he's on the level
with this one, isn't he? I mean
this is a legitimate story.

Peter hesitates. Then...

PETER
Oh. Yes. Sure. Yes.

CORSARO *
I mean this Henry Lamb is... was
... is a nice kid. No record,
neighbors seem to like him, an
honor student.

PETER
No question about it.

CORSARO *
Because, well, I don't give a
shit, but he's gonna be a saint
by the time we get through with
him. So it would be good if it
were true. You know?

is being led by Rev. Bacon to the forefront. The crowd
goes quiet. The choir sings. Bacon puts Annie in front
of the crowd as if he were introducing a queen or a
saint.
dressed in black, looking small and frail. Slowly, she raises her right arm, as if to wave. And then her hand changes to a clenched fist and she screams...

ANNIE
Justice! Justice! Justice!

The crowd goes berserk, screaming with her. A man in the crowd hurls a JAR of mayonnaise at the poster of Abe Weiss. As it SPLAT...
CORSARO (V.O.)
So, Albert, why are you here?

FOX (V.O.)
I am here to join with the black community in expressing not only its grief but also its outrage. And, of course, whatever I can do to help Mrs. Lamb, I will do.

WEISS
(reacts)
Now they've got Albert Fox with them.

Weiss switches channel to an Anchorwoman. Behind her, a graphic portrays a Mercedes and licence plate number with five question marks.

ANCHORWOMAN (V.O.)
(on T.V.)
... while at the same time, sources at Motor Vehicle say there are less than 200 Mercedes with plates beginning with the key letters... RE, RB or RP. There was no comment from the District Attorney's office about Reverend Bacon's demand for justice. Meanwhile, protestors are threatening if Bronx district attorney and mayoral candidate Abe Weiss doesn't launch an investigation -- Quote 'We'll do it ourselves!'

WEISS
And how did they get this information out of Motor Vehicle? Whose side are they on?!

RAY
Calm down, Abe. We had this information a week ago.

WEISS
Then why aren't we doing anything? Why aren't we tracing the car? What am I, the Wizard of Oz, I don't know anything?!

RAY
Trace the car, what for? We don't have a witness. We don't even know where it happened. We don't even know if it happened.

(CONTINUED)
WEISS
Trace the car, Ray.

RAY
We don't have a case, even if we find the car. Even if we find the owner and the owner says, oh, yeah, gee, yeah, I hit this kid, yeah, the other night, and yeah I didn't stop and I didn't report it. I did it. I did it. Then we have a case.

WEISS
Just trace the fucking car.

Ray leaves. Weiss sits down looking sadly at the television.

WEISS
Yesterday I was a respected Jewish liberal. Ten minutes of news like this and all of a sudden I'm a hymie racist pig.
The crowd screaming "Justice! Justice! Justice!"

WEISS
The Italians will love this, the Irish, too. And the Wasps. They love this shit more than anybody. They love laughing at me. And they won't even know what they're laughing at.

He goes to the window. The sun is setting over the New York skyline.

WEISS
All the rich sons of bitches. They still think they own this city. They sit in their co-ops, Park Avenue, Fifth, Beekman Place, snug like a bug, twelve-foot ceilings, one wing for them, one for the help. They think money is going to protect them? Stupid sons of bitches. I'd like to light a bonfire under all their lily-white asses. Let them see what this feels like. Let the whole Third World see the smoke and come after them. Let them feel what it's like when every Puerto Rican, West Indian, Cuban, Korean, Chinese, Albanian, Filippino, black man from every corner of every borough -- you don't think the future knows how to cross a bridge? You laugh. You laugh.

(turns and faces his aides)
Alright. Now this is what we're going to do. We're going to turn this thing around. If it kills us. We're going to prove to these black motherfuckers -- excuse my language, Howard...

smiles acknowledgement of the apology.

WEISS
We're going to prove to these niggers that this administration loves them.

(MORE)
WEISS (CONT'D)
No matter what it takes. I am no racist Hymie. By November, they're going to be thinking of me as the first black District Attorney of Bronx County. They're going to beg me to be mayor. We're going to walk away with that election. That's what we're going to do. If we have to screw every white asshole from Albany to Park Avenue -- that's what we're going to do.

CUT TO:

156 OMITTED thru 174

174A EXT. STREET SIGN - DUSK
Reading: "PARK AVE."

174B EXT. SHERMAN'S APARTMENT BUILDING - SHERMAN - DUSK
gets out of a taxi and walks into...

174C INT. FOYER - MARTIN AND GOLDBERG - DUSK
are talking to the Doorman as Sherman approaches.

DOORMAN
Ah. Mr. McCoy.

SHERMAN
Hello, Tony.

DOORMAN
Eddie, sir.

SHERMAN
Right. What's...

DOORMAN
These gentlemen...

MARTIN
Sorry to bother you. I'm Detective Martin. This is Detective Goldberg. We're investigating an automobile accident. Maybe you heard about it...

(CONTINUED)
Martin holds up a copy of the City Light article.

SHERMAN
Oh, yes, yeah. On television. Last night. We said -- my wife said, 'Good Lord, we have a Mercedes and the license starts with an R.'

MARTIN
You and a lotta people.

SHERMAN
Oh, really?

The elevator arrives.

DOORMAN
Are you going up, sir?

SHERMAN
Ah. Well. Yes. Sure. Would you...? Do you...?

MARTIN
Is this a bad time?

SHERMAN

MARTIN
We just need to ask a few questions...

SHERMAN
Sure. Yes. Go ahead.

MARTIN
So. Let's see. Can you tell us if your car was in use the night this happened?

SHERMAN
When exactly was it?

MARTIN
Tuesday a week ago.

SHERMAN
I don't know. Let me think. I'd have to figure...
MARTIN
Anybody else use your car?

SHERMAN
My wife. Sometimes. And the people at the garage.

MARTIN
Parking garage.

SHERMAN
Yes.

MARTIN
You leave the car with the keys and they park it.

SHERMAN
Well... yes.

MARTIN
Could we go there and take a look at it?

The elevator stops. The doors open.

174E INT. FOYER - SHERMAN - DUSK

unlocks the apartment door.

SHERMAN
The car?

MARTIN
Yes.

SHERMAN
Now?

MARTIN
Soon as we leave here. We could take a look. There's things that's consistent with an incident like this. We don't find those things, we move on down the list. And we're out of your hair.

174F INT. APARTMENT - SHERMAN - DUSK

leads Martin and Goldberg inside.

SHERMAN
So you want to take a look at the car then.
MARTIN

Yeah.

SHERMAN

I see.

MARTIN

We don't have a description of a driver. So we gotta look for the car. And that means bothering a lot of innocent people. We're sorry about the inconvenience. But it's a routine sort of thing.

SHERMAN

I understand. But if it is a routine, well, I should, I guess I ought to... well, follow the routine that's appropriate to me, to someone with a car in this situation. You see?

Martin and Goldberg look at each other. Then they follow Sherman into...

174G INT. LIBRARY - SHERMAN, MARTIN, GOLDBERG - DUSK

MARTIN

No. I don't follow.

SHERMAN

Well, I mean, if you have a routine in an investigation like this -- I don't know how these things work, but there must also be a routine for a person like me, an owner of a car with a license number -- I think that's what I need to consider. The routine.

MARTIN

We just want to look at the car.

SHERMAN

That's what I mean. You see?

MARTIN

No.

GOLDBERG

Excuse me, Mr. McCoy. But is there something you want to tell us?

(CONTINUED)
SHERMAN
Well, I... how do you mean?

GOLDBERG
Because, if there is, now is the time to tell us. Before things get complicated.

SHERMAN
No. I just think... I think that, just to be sure, certain, safe... I think...

GOLDBERG
Let me put it this way, if you want to cooperate, that's great. If you have reasons for not cooperating, then I should tell you that you don't have to say anything. That's your right. If you want, you can say nothing at all. You also have the right to an attorney. I mean, for that matter, if you lacked the 'funds' for an attorney, the state would provide you with one -- free of charge. If that's what you wanted.

Goldberg sits down on the edge of Sherman's desk.

SHERMAN
Well, look. I guess what I should do is, I should... I should talk this over with an attorney.

INT. CRIMINAL JUSTICE BUILDING - HALLWAY - KRAMER - EVENING

is moving fast as he talks with Martin and Goldberg.

GOLDBERG
... But mainly, it's the look on his face. Ain't that the truth, Marty?

MARTIN
Yeah. All of sudden, the bitch starts coming out of him.

GOLDBERG
So I read him his rights -- as casual as I can do it.

(CONTINUED)
MARTIN
And then he sits down on the guy's desk.

KRAMER
What'd he do?

GOLDBERG
Nothin' at first. But he's confused. And his eyes are getting bigger and he's double-talking like a son of a bitch. I'm thinking there's something there.

CUT TO:

176 OMITTED

176A INT. CRIMINAL JUSTICE BLDG. - STAIRCASE - EVENING

176A
As they reach Weiss.

KRAMER
I think we got him.

WEISS
Got who? What do you got?

GOLDBERG
Well...

KRAMER
McCoy. Sherman McCoy. We got him.

WEISS
You think it's him?

MARTIN
Well, we think so, yeah, but...

KRAMER
It's him. We got him. This guy is Park Avenue. His old man ran Dunning, Sponget and Leach. He's got his name in the columns. His wife is a fucking socialite.

WEISS
Does this put an end to this white justice shit?

Ray Andruitti interrupts him.

(CONTINUED)
RAY
Abe. We got zip on this guy. Fucking zip.

KRAMER
I think he's the type we could smoke out. Bring him in for questioning. Go public.

RAY
Go public?! You got nothing here. Your only witness is in a hospital likely to die. Don't listen to this shit, Abe. You got to get to Manhattan. You got a speech to make.

KRAMER
I'll tell you what you got to do, sir. You've got to send a signal out to the poor people of this city. You got to let them know that justice is blind. You got to let them know that if you're white and rich, you get the same treatment you get when you're black and poor. You got to give people hope!

WEISS
You mean, we nail the wasp.

KRAMER
To the wall.

WEISS
I like this man. I like him. Look. What's the kid's condition? Any chance he'll regain consciousness?

RAY
What if he does? He can't talk. He's breathing from a tube down his throat.

WEISS
No. But maybe he can point.

RAY
Point?

(CONTINUED)
Yeah. I got an idea. We take a picture of Sherman McCoy over to the hospital, to this kid. And three or four other guys, white guys, and we put them by the bed, the pictures. And the kid comes to... and he points to McCoy's picture. And he keeps pointing...

Nobody believes what they're hearing -- except Kramer.

Might work. That might work. It's a long shot, but it might work.

An AIDE rushes up to Kramer and pulls him aside.

Mr. Kramer?

Yeah? What do you want?

You'll kill him. He wakes up out of a coma and sees four white men in suits and ties staring at him from the end of the bed, he'll shit and die.

It's worth a try.

I don't believe what I'm hearing! Some poor gook with a tube down his throat pointing at a picture. That's your case?! It's never gonna stand up.

I know that, Ray. I know that. I just want to bring the guy in! Just bring him in. That's all. We get the press. We get the attention. Then we can relax and do the right thing.

Look at me, Abe. Watch my mouth. Read my lips. No. We cannot do that. No way.
Weiss growls in frustration. Kramer leaves the Aide and goes to Weiss.

**KRAMER**
I think we got a witness.

**WEISS**
(shouting over the noise)
What?! What?!!

**KRAMER**
I think we got a mother-fucking witness!!!

**Roland** is having his mug shots taken. He is immediately recognizable as the other young man who was with Henry Lamb.
talking to CECIL HAYDEN as they watch Roland. (Hayden is black.)

HAYDEN
... So I walk up to him and I say, hello, I'm from Legal Aid, I'm your lawyer. And he says, 'Fuck you, mother. I don't want no nigger lawyer. I want a Jew.'

KRAMER
Nice guy.

HAYDEN
This is his third drug arrest. He wants a deal.

KRAMER
And he'll say he was there, at the scene?

HAYDEN
He'll say whatever you want him to say.

CLOSE ON ROLAND

CUT TO:

INT. TOM KILLIAN'S OFFICE - SHERMAN - DAY

is standing in front of KILLIAN who is seated at his desk.

KILLIAN
I'm telling you, they got nothing on you, Mr. McCoy.
(picks up a phone) Get me Andruitti over in the Bronx. Tell him it's urgent about this Henry Lamb shit.

SHERMAN
But suppose the other fellow comes forward. I swear there was another one. He was big...

KILLIAN
I believe you. It was a set-up. They were going to take you off. Sounds to me like he's got good reasons not to come forward. You just sit tight. That's what you do.

(CONTINUED)
SHERMAN
Look, you were recommended as the best criminal lawyer around. I'm not disagreeing with you. But I didn't come here to... I mean, I want to pre-empt this whole situation. I don't want it to go any further.

KILLIAN
What does that mean?

SHERMAN
It means I want to take the initiative. I want to go to the police with Maria -- Mrs. Ruskin -- and just tell them exactly what happened. I mean, I don't know about the law, but I feel morally certain that we did what was right -- in the situation we were in. And I don't see...

KILLIAN
Ayyyy! You Wall Street honchos are real gamblers. Ayyyy! Whaddaya whaddaya! They would devour you. They would eat you up.

SHERMAN
But why?

KILLIAN
Forget it's already a political football. Forget the T.V. and Reverend Bacon and Weiss has an election coming up. Forget that and remember that when you work in the D.A.'s office and every day you prosecute people with names like Tiffany Latour and Sancho Rodriguez and Chong Wong and Shabazz Kazan Tamali, you are dying to get your hands on a nice white couple like you and Mrs. Ruskin. Biscuit city, ehhh! You open your mouth and they will arrest you. And they will make a big show out of arresting you. And it will be very unpleasant.

(CONTINUED)
Sherman sits down. He is depressed. The PHONE RINGS.

**KILLIAN**
That is guaranteed. Believe me, you do not want to be arrested in the South Bronx.

(picks up the phone)

(to Sherman)
I need to talk to your friend, Mrs. Ruskin, too.

**SHERMAN**
I understand you went to Yale.

**KILLIAN**
Yeah. You, too. Huh?

**SHERMAN**
What did you think of it?

**KILLIAN**
It was okay. As law schools go. They give you the scholarly view. You know. It's terrific for anything you want to do -- as long as it doesn't involve real people.

(into phone)
Hey, Andruitti, you guinea, how are you? Yeah. Well, I'm sitting here with Sherman McCoy. Yeah. That's right. Well, I don't know if he needs a lawyer. What do you think?

(winks at Sherman and smiles)

(smile fades)

He puts down the phone and looks at Sherman.

**KILLIAN**
We got a problem.

**SHERMAN**
What? What is it?

**KILLIAN**
They're going to arrest you.
181 EXT. McCOY BUILDING - CHAUFFEUR - NIGHT

gets out of a limo and speaks to the Doorman. The Doorman picks up the house phone.

182 INT. McCOY APARTMENT - JUDY - NIGHT

is on the house phone. She is wearing a formal dress with gigantic shoulders.

    JUDY
    Tell him to wait. We'll be right down.

FOLLOW her TO...

183 INT. BEDROOM - SHERMAN - NIGHT

is sitting half-dressed in black tie. He is on the phone.

Judy comes into the room.

    SHERMAN
    (on phone)
    I know it was six hundred million, Rawlie. Just stop saying it.
    I'll straighten it out with Gene first thing in the morning.
    Well, not first thing. I have a previous appointment.

    JUDY
    (overlapping)
    Sherman. Please. What is the matter with you? You're not even dressed and the car is already here.

    SHERMAN
    What? What car?
    (on phone)
    No, Rawlie, I can't change it.

    JUDY
    Leon and Inez Bavardage. They are taking us to the opera. Eight o'clock. Tonight. And the car is here.

    SHERMAN
    Rawlie, I'll call you later. Just stay calm.
    (hangs up)
    But why do we need a car? They only live six blocks from here.

(CONTINUED)
JUDY
Because after the opera we're going to the museum for the Benefit.

SHERMAN
We could walk.

JUDY
I can't walk down the street in this dress. A small wind would turn me into a kite.

SHERMAN
Then let's take a taxi.

JUDY
Why are we having this conversation?

SHERMAN
Because a car is going to take us six blocks and wait there for five and a half hours and then drive us another six blocks home and it is going to cost us three hundred and forty-six dollars?! We are hemorrhaging money, Judy. It is pouring out of us with every beat of our heart. Isn't that worth talking about?!?

Judy sits down and thinks.

JUDY
You're right. It might be cheaper in the long run to hire a permanent chauffeur.

SHERMAN
Judy, please...

JUDY
We'll talk about it later.

SHERMAN
We have to talk now.

JUDY
We can't hire a chauffeur in the next fifteen minutes.

SHERMAN
We haven't talked about anything for the last three weeks.

JUDY
Well there's no reason to start now.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (2)

SHERMAN
Yes, there is. Something is happening here. You have to know about this. Tomorrow morning...

JUDY
Sherman, this is a very important evening. It will determine whether or not I will be chairman of the museum benefit this year. I cannot be upset now. We can talk about it later.

SHERMAN
I'm going to be arrested in the morning.

JUDY
Really, Sherman, you'd do anything to ruin this for me. Wouldn't you? Now please. Get dressed.

INT. OPERA HOUSE - ONSTAGE - NIGHT

The last scene of Don Giovanni is being played out. The Commandatori has the Don in his grip, urging him to "repent." The Don refuses. The MUSIC THUNDERS threateningly.

OMITTED

ANGLE - SHERMAN
in a box with Judy and Leonard and Inez Bavardage. Sherman is transfixed by what he is seeing on the stage. He flips through his libretto.

HIS POV - TEXT
and the word "repent" in English and Italian.

ANGLE - STAGE
as the floor opens up around Don Giovanni. Flames and demons reach for him.

ANGLE - SHERMAN
breaking into a sweat. He reaches for Judy.

JUDY
Shhh!
as Don Giovanni screams and falls into the jaws of hell.

CUT TO:

INT. MUSEUM - DIARAMA - NIGHT

depicts a jungles scene -- a lion is eating a just-killed zebra. A pack of hyenas are hovering.

ANGLE - SHERMAN

looking at the scene. The museum party is in full gear.

AUBREY BUFFING (O.S.)

There he is, Don Juan, in the vise-like grip of fate, facing his crime, facing his entire life of selfish consumption and profligate wasting of himself and others...

Sherman turns and bumps into Aubrey, spilling his drink.

ANGLE - SALLY RAWTHROATE

grabs him by the arm and pulls him into her conversation with Aubrey.

SALLY

You're Judy McCoy's husband.

SHERMAN

Uh. Yes.

SALLY

I'm in real estate. And, darling, I've seen your apartment. Any time you even think about selling...

SHERMAN

Well, it's unlikely.

Sherman looks across the room and sees...

HIS POV - MARIA

is walking across the room with her husband, ARTHUR RUSKIN.

ANGLE - SHERMAN

is shocked.

(CONTINUED)
SALLY
Have you met Aubrey Buffing the poet? He's on the short list for the Nobel Prize.

SHERMAN
(shakes hands with Aubrey)
Ah. Hello.

SALLY
He has AIDS.

SHERMAN
Oh.

SALLY
We were talking about the opera...

AUBREY
(holding on to Sherman's hand)
'The wrath of heaven must be at hand, its justice will not tarry. I see the deadly thunderbolt poised above his head! I see the fatal abyss open before him.'

During the above, Sherman sees...

HIS POV - JUDY
is being introduced to Maria on the other side of the room.

ANGLE - SHERMAN
extricates himself from Aubrey.

SHERMAN
Excuse me.

ANGLE - ARTHUR RUSKIN
speaking to Judy.

ARTHUR
... My wife lives on airplanes.
She goes back and forth to Italy like a Ping-Pong ball. She took a house on Lake Como. She's crazy now all of a sudden for anything Italian.
comes up next to Judy.

SHERMAN
Uh... Judy...

JUDY
Sherman! Have you met Bobby Shalfet, from the opera? And Nunnally Voyd -- oh, and Arthur Ruskin and his wife Maria.

SHERMAN
Well, hi.

BOBBY
And what do you do, Mr. McCoy?

SHERMAN
Bonds.

BOBBY
Bonds.

SHERMAN
Bonds.

BOBBY
Well, the only bonds I know about are bail bonds.

The group laughs and turns away from Sherman.

BOBBY
I was arrested last year in Montreal for pissing on a tree...

As Judy tries to rejoin the group...

JUDY
Sherman, couldn't you try just once, to be a little bit interesting.

Sherman pulls her away.

SHERMAN
I want you to meet Aubrey Buffing.

JUDY
Who?

SHERMAN
The poet. He's on the short list for the Nobel Prize. He has AIDS. You'll love him.

(Continued)
JUDY
Sherman, we are alone in the middle of the room. A married couple, talking to each other. You simply don't do this. Now go and mingle. Please.

She leaves him.

AUBREY
And even when repentence is offered, he refuses. He refuses to deny his life. The food, the drink, the flesh -- fatal as they may be -- he cannot resist them...

Aubrey continues talking as he passes...
talking in French to BORIS KARLEVSKOV, a ballet dancer. Sherman approaches.

MARIA
Sherman! We have to stop meeting like this. Do you know Boris, the ballet dancer?

SHERMAN
Uh, no.

MARIA
Boris, je te presente Monsieur McCoy. Sherman, voila Boris Karlevskov. He's defective.

SHERMAN
You mean he defected.*

MARIA
I mean he doesn't speak any English.

SHERMAN
Are you sure?

MARIA
Yes. Watch. Boris, darling, would you like me to eat your ass?

BORIS
Encore du champagne, s'il vous plait.

MARIA
You see? It went right over his head.

SHERMAN
Maria, I need to talk to you. Something very... unexpected is happening.

MARIA
Of course, darling, but keep smiling. My husband is watching me. Look at him. He's so pleased with himself. He's just closed a new deal. A charter business. He's going to take Arabs to Mecca on airplanes.

Sherman tries to smile throughout the following. Boris smiles and nods -- although he doesn't understand a word they're saying.

(CONTINUED)
SHERMAN
(with a social grin)
I'm going to be arrested in the morning.

MARIA
Of course, the airplanes are all from Israel...

SHERMAN
By the police, I imagine.

MARIA
He'll make a fortune.

SHERMAN
I don't think it will be too bad. My lawyer -- if you can call him that -- has received assurances that it will all be handled in an orderly fashion.

MARIA
He called me a whore today. Right in front of the servants. I mean, really. How does he expect me to run the house if he humiliates me in front of the help?

SHERMAN
Yes. Well. You have a point.

MARIA
I'm sorry, Sherman. What are we talking about?

SHERMAN
The other guy has come forward. He says I was driving the car. I'm going to be arrested tomorrow morning. I need to know from you ... I mean, what do you want me to say?

MARIA
Oh, Sherman, what...?!

But MRS. BAVARDAGE swirls up to them and whisks the now terrified Maria away.

MRS. BAVARDAGE
Maria, darling, I need your advice about something. My designer has gone bonkers about jabots and chintz.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
As she leaves with Maria, she grabs Aubrey Buffing and steers him toward Sherman.

MRS. BAVARDAGE

Sherman, have you met Aubrey Buffing? He has AIDS.

SHERMAN

Uh...

AUBREY

(shakes Sherman's hand again)

Like so many of us now, with death and retribution waiting for us. Yet we go on whirling about each other...

Sherman is looking past Aubrey. He sees...

HIS POV - MARIA

goes to Arthur, whispers something in his ear. They leave quickly. For a brief moment, she looks back at...

ANGLE - SHERMAN

walking with Aubrey, trying to see where Maria went.

AUBREY

We are unable to stop, until death itself takes us into his arms and burns us with the fever of living, dragging us like Don Juan into the bonfires of hell. The words of the ghost ringing in our ears... 'Repent! Repent!'

CUT TO:

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - SHERMAN - DAWN

comes out of the building and stands waiting as the rain pours down on this bleak day. A police car pulls up. Sherman gets inside.

OMITTED

&
MARTIN
'Morning, Mr. McCoy.

As Sherman climbs into the back seat...

MARTIN
Be careful of your clothes. My kid got all this Styrofoam shit back there. They stick to your clothes.

KILLIAN
How do you feel?

SHERMAN
Top notch. Look. You said this was just a formality.

KILLIAN
No problem. They promised me.

SHERMAN
I told Maria. I saw her last night. In case we need her.

KILLIAN
That explains it. She left the country this morning. You know some Italian painter named Filippo Sharutti, something like that?

SHERMAN
I don't know. Why?

KILLIAN
I think your girl friend found a new boyfriend.

SHERMAN
But...

KILLIAN
It's not going to be so bad. This is routine. I talked to Andruitti again last night. He promised me. We'll be in and out of there. No problem. Nobody is ever going to know it happened.

MARTIN
We got to cuff him.

KILLIAN
What for?

(CONTINUED)
MARTIN
The zone captain is gonna be there. And the press.

KILLIAN
Wait a minute. What the fuck?!
What press?!! I talked to Ray last night. He promised no bullshit.

MARTIN
This is Weiss. Weiss gave the order this morning.

KILLIAN
Somebody is going to pay for this.

CUT TO:

EXT. CRIMINAL COURT BUILDING - SIDE ENTRANCE - MORNING
A line of men near a little metal door and a crowd of 50 people standing in the rain. Very still. Jed Kramer is there, too.

ANGLE - PETER FALLOW
off by himself, close to the curb where...

POLICE CAR
pulls up containing Sherman. Peter peers into the car.

PETER
Excuse me, Mister McCoy?

KILLIAN
Don't talk. What's going on here?!

ANGLE - CROWD
near the door to the building comes alive. Slowly, at first. They turn their heads toward the car and then they start moving, walking, running, racing toward the car.

ANGLE - SCENE
as this mob of reporters and cameramen attack the car in the pouring rain.

PETER
You don't know me but I'm...

But Peter is buried in the onslaught before he can say another word.
INT. CAR - MORNING

GOLDBERG
Jesus Christ! Get out and get that door open or we'll never get him out of the fucking car.

MARTIN
Bullshit reigns. Put the cuffs on him.

Martin goes. Killian climbs over Sherman. Goldberg puts cuffs on Sherman.

SHERMAN
I'm going to jail. Aren't I?

KILLIAN
Let me get out first. Now listen. You don't say anything. Don't cover your face. Don't hang your head. You don't even know they're there. Okay?

SHERMAN
I'm going to jail.

EXT. CAR - MARTIN AND KILLIAN

help Sherman out of the car and all hell breaks loose.

SOMEONE sticks a camera into Sherman's face.

SOMEONE
Sherman! Hey, shitface. Over here!

Goldberg, Martin and Killian try to push through the mob.

Goldberg swings at a camera and knocks it down.

VOICE
Hey, Sherman, how you going to plead?

Peter Fallow falls to the ground. Sherman and Goldberg step on him as they push ahead.

VOICES
You ever been arrested before? Who's the brunette? What were you doing in the Bronx? Why didn't you stop, Sherman? Sherman! This way! This way! How's your wife taking this, Sherman?

A microphone is shoved into Sherman's face.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

VOICES
How much did you make last year?
Hey, fuckhead! How do you like
this cocktail party? Why'd you
hit him? Give us a statement.
Come on, Sherman, give us a break.
Give us a little something, you
fucking racist.

Kramer is enjoying all this.

ANGLE - SHERMAN

assaulted by cameras, microphones and people as he is
pushed through the metal door. Killian is being left
outside.

KILLIAN
(screaming over the
noise of the mob)
Don't make any statements! Don't
talk to anybody, especially in the
pens! I'll be upstairs when they
bring you up for arraignment...

KRAMER
You may have a long wait, Mr.
Killian. If I have anything to
say about it.

KILLIAN
Yeah? Fuck you, too, Kramer.

ANGLE - PETER FALLOW

pulls himself up off the ground. He is more dazed than
hurt.

QUICK CUTS

A) Sherman's cuffs are removed.

B) The contents of Sherman's pockets are laid on
the table.

C) Sherman removes his belt. His pants drop to his
hips.

D) Sherman removes his shoelaces and drops them on a
table.
coming out of his shoes as he tries to walk.

walking through a metal detection gate. The ALARM SOUNDS.

GOLDBERG
Whoa. Whoa. Give me your coat.
Okay. Try it again.

Sherman walks back through the gate. The ALARM SOUNDS again.

GOLDBERG
What the fuck? Wait a minute.
Come here. Bend over.

Sherman looks terrified.

GOLDBERG
I ain't going to touch you. Just bend over at the waist and back through the gate. Real slow.

Sherman bends over at a ninety-degree angle and, holding up his trousers, shuffles backwards through the gate.

GOLDBERG
Slow. Slow. Slow. A little farther, little farther. Little farther. Little farther...

As Sherman's head goes through the gate, the ALARM SOUNDS. Goldberg jumps up and down and claps his hands with delight.

GOLDBERG
Hey, Martin. Come here. Look at this.

Martin approaches.

GOLDBERG
Okay, Sherman. Do that again. Real slow.

(CONTINUED)
Sherman repeats the humiliating action. When finally his head reaches the gate, the ALARM SOUNDS again.

GOLDBERG
It's his head! Swear to Christ.
It's his head. Open your mouth.

Sherman opens his mouth. Goldberg grabs his jaw and angles it toward the light.

GOLDBERG
Look in there. You want to see some metal?

MARTIN
Jesus Christ. Set of teeth look like a change-maker.

GOLDBERG
They ever let you on an airplane?

Laughter.

CUT TO:

C222 ANGLE - SHERMAN
being photographed.

D222 ANGLE - SHERMAN'S HANDS
being fingerprinted.
is led quickly toward the cells. His shoes flop, his pants sag, he trips and almost falls. A cell door opens. Sherman is pushed inside. He turns to look back. The door bangs shut.

CUT TO:

INT. COURTROOM - CLERK - DAY (LATER)
is calling out...

CLERK
Sherman McCoy.

ANGLE - OFFICER
opens a side door. We wait. Nothing. Then the sound of FEET SHUFFLING. Finally, Sherman appears. He looks like a man who has been dragged through hell -- his body, his clothing, the look in his eyes. He staggers toward the bench.

ANGLE - REV. BACON AND ANNIE LAMB
seated in the front row of the spectators.

ANGLE - SHERMAN - DAY
is facing Judge White. Killian is next to him. Kramer is representing the District Attorney's office.

JUDGE WHITE
Mr. McCoy, you know the charges that are being brought against you.

SHERMAN
Hmn? What?

JUDGE WHITE
We want to know how you plead to the charges.

SHERMAN
I am sorry.

JUDGE WHITE
You're what?

(CONTINUED)
SHERMAN
I am very sorry. Please forgive me.

KILLIAN
Just say, not guilty.

SHERMAN
For my life. For everything. I am truly sorry.

KILLIAN
Your Honor, the defendant is under extreme stress. He pleads not guilty.

SHERMAN
I repent all the sins of my past life. I repent...

KILLIAN
Just shut up, Sherman. Defendant pleads not guilty!

Sudden commotion in the courtroom. Sherman turns to look at...

Press and spectators are already buzzing out of control.

JUDGE WHITE
Bail has been set at $10,000...

KRAMER
Your Honor...

SPECTATORS
No bail! No bail! Lock him up! Bang it shut!

KRAMER
We do not believe it will serve the interests of justice to allow this defendant to go free on a token bail...

KILLIAN
Your Honor, Mr. Kramer knows very well...

KRAMER
Given the emotions of the community...

(CONTINUED)
KILLIAN
This is patent nonsense. Bail has already been agreed to.

The Spectators are booing and yelling at Killian to shut up.

JUDGE WHITE
(bangs the gavel)
Quiet! Where the hell do you think you are?!

KRAMER
I have a petition from the community with an appeal to the District Attorney that justice be done. And Mr. Weiss himself has instructed me to request bail in the amount of $250,000. Cash.

SPECTATORS
(cheering and applauding)
Yeah! Yeah! Tell him! Tell him! Tell him!

JUDGE WHITE
If your office has information bearing upon the bail status of this case, I instruct you to make a formal application. Until then, I am releasing Mr. McCoy under a bond in the amount of $10,000. Now get this side show out of my court.

KRAMER
Your Honor, your action will do irreparable damage not only to the People's case...

JUDGE WHITE
Mr. Kramer, I have spoken.

KRAMER
... But to the cause of the people as well.

JUDGE WHITE
Mr. Kramer...

KRAMER
It ill-behooves the criminal justice system...

(CONTINUED)
227 CONTINUED: (2)

JUDGE WHITE *
Kindly behoove me no ill-behooves!!!

KRAMER
Your Honor...

JUDGE WHITE *
Mr. Kramer, the court directs you to shut up!!!

The crowd goes crazy, screaming and booing and chanting...

CROWD
No bail! Put him in jail!

Killian grabs Sherman and pulls him toward the exit. The court officers form a wedge to help them through the screaming mob...

CROWD
Murderer! Motherfucker! -- Say your prayers, Park Avenue -- Tear you a new one -- You mine, needlenose! -- Count every breath, baby!

228 CLOSE ON SHERMAN

who is humiliated.

228A EXT. COURTHOUSE - PETER FALLOW - LATE AFTERNOON

is sitting on the steps of the courthouse. He is still covered with mud from having been trampled earlier. He takes a long swig from a bottle wrapped in a paper bag. He is drunk.

PETER (V.O.)
It was too much for me. All of it. Sherman McCoy had been swept away from me. Before I could even speak to him. And as the day progressed, I began to appreciate the power, the magnitude of the force that had been unleashed by my little story.

228B ANGLE - MOVING CROWD

of reporters, television people, photographers, etc. They run up the steps past Peter as they head toward the entrance to the courthouse. As they pass...

VOICES
It's over! He's coming out! Let's go! Let's go!
dodges the onslaught, pulls himself up, and starts moving in the opposite direction.

PETER (V.O.)
Jackels. Dogs. Yapping at the heels of their prey. And I was one of them. Well, let them have it. Enough is enough. I was finished. I summoned what little dignity I had left and decided to go home...

SHERMAN (O.S.)
Excuse me, do you know where I can find a taxi?

who has just come out the side entrance of the building. Peter is flabbergasted.

PETER
Jesus Christ.

SHERMAN
Sherman McCoy.

PETER
Yes. I know. I know that. What are you...?

SHERMAN
I need a taxi.

PETER
You need to get out of here.

change direction and start moving away from the front entrance and toward the side entrance. As they go...

VOICES
The other way! Other way! He's coming out the back! Move! Move!

see the mob moving toward them. Fallow grabs Sherman and pulls him toward a subway.

PETER
This way. Come on.

(CONTINUED)
228F CONTINUED:

SHERMAN
Uh. I don't normally ride the subway.

PETER
Me either. Especially on a first date. But we don't really have a choice.

They enter the subway.

228G INT. SUBWAY CAR - SHERMAN AND PETER - DAY

Sherman is dazed, still in shock. He looks very fragile.

PETER
Are you alright?

SHERMAN
Oh, fine. Yes, thanks.

PETER
Look, I owe you an apology...

SHERMAN
No, you were very helpful.

PETER
You don't know who I am.

SHERMAN
That's alright. Thanks. I should go.

PETER
Go where?

SHERMAN
Well...

PETER
Look. Sit down. Just sit down a minute. I'll get you home.

They do. Peter offers Sherman his bottle.

PETER
Would you like a drink? I happen to have a little something...

Sherman looks with some caution at the bottle in the paper bag.

(CONTINUED)
SHERMAN
Uh. No. Thanks.

PETER
Go on. Fuck it. What are they going to do? Arrest you?

Sherman smiles and takes a drink. He looks around the car. It's a rough crowd.

SHERMAN
Does this train go anywhere near Park Avenue?

PETER
Not in a million years.

SHERMAN
My father took the subway every day of his life.

PETER
Yeah. But he didn't live in the South Bronx. Did he?

SHERMAN
No.

They both laugh.

SHERMAN
I look terrible.

PETER
You look like shit. And you smell, too.

SHERMAN
I think, when I was in the jail, I pissed in my pants.

They laugh again. Sherman gets caught somewhere between laughing and crying. He starts to lose control.

PETER
Take it easy.

SHERMAN
I'm alright.

PETER
Yeah.

SHERMAN
I can't think.

(CONTINUED)
PETER
It's okay. Have another drink.

Sherman takes a long drink.

INT. TUNNEL - TRAIN - LATE AFTERNOON
CLATTERS through the darkness.

INT. SUBWAY CAR - PETER AND SHERMAN - LATE AFTERNOON
as the car slows down. Sherman is slightly drunk.

SHERMAN
... and then this newspaper thing started, this Peter Fallow person, and all the facts were wrong, total disregard for the truth. Why do they do this?

PETER
This is you. You'll be right on Lexington Avenue.

SHERMAN
They call me by my first name. Like they know me. Like they own me. Newspapers, lawyers, police, people I don't even know. How did I get to be so important?

PETER
You're not important. You're just dinner. You know what I mean? And a week from now, a month -- nobody is even going to remember what they ate.

The car stops. Sherman steps onto the platform. Peter remains in the car. Sherman looks back at him.

SHERMAN
I should have called the police right away, when it happened. But I couldn't you see? It wasn't really my decision.

PETER
How do you mean?

SHERMAN
I mean, I wasn't driving the car.

PETER
What?!

(CONTINUED)
The doors to the train start to close. Peter tries to stop them.

PETER
Wait a minute! Wait a minute!

as the doors close and the train pulls away.

are marching up and down in front of Sherman's apartment building. Among them are five very tall black men playing with a basketball.

stops near the building. The basketball flies toward him. He catches it. Before anyone sees him, he enters through the service entrance.

OMITTED

INT. ELEVATOR - SHERMAN - NIGHT

looks like he feels -- unclean, unshaven, slightly drunk, his clothes soiled, torn and disheveled. He seems to stoop slightly under the weight of his humiliation.

open and suddenly we are in the midst of...

in high gear. Most of the guests are recognizable from the previous party at the museum. Sherman is shocked. But before he can get his bearings...

BOBBY SHALFET
Sherman! You sly fox. Great to see you. Everybody! It's Sherman! Bravo! Bravo!

They all turn and applaud. As Sherman moves through them...

NUNNALLY VOYD
Sherman, my boy. Whatever you do, don't let the newspapers get you down.

(CONTINUED)
MAN
Fruit flies. That's all they are. They swarm. They hover over the faces. You take a swipe at them, they run away.

NUNNALLY VOYD
Yes. But they always come back to the shit. Don't they?

WOMAN
And I always thought of you as such a dull person.

MAN WITH PONYTAIL
Sherman, has anybody talked to you about television?

SHERMAN
Uh... no. What?

MAN WITH PONYTAIL
We'd have to play down the racial thing and try to make you a little more sympathetic. You know, sympathetic.

SHERMAN
Excuse me...

ANGLER - RAWLIE THORPE
approaches Sherman.

RAWLIE

SHERMAN
Rawlie.

RAWLIE
Sorry. I didn't mean to interrupt anything.

SHERMAN
No. No.

RAWLIE
Gene asked me to come by...

SHERMAN
Yeah. I haven't really been able to talk to anybody.

(CONTINUED)
235 CONTINUED:

RAWLIE
He just wanted you to know, anything we can do...

SHERMAN
Oh, well. I should be down there in a day or so...

RAWLIE
Oh, that won't be necessary. That's what I came to... I was sent to tell you. I mean, you don't have to... I mean, you shouldn't come down. I mean, they don't want you to come down.

SHERMAN
Oh. I see. Well.

RAWLIE
Jesus, Sherman. I'm sorry. But between all this and the way you handled Bernard on the Giscard deal. * I mean, six hundred million...

SHERMAN
That's final, huh?

RAWLIE
Well, the firm feels...

SHERMAN
Yes. Yes. Of course. Excuse me.

FOLLOW him INTO...

236 INT. KITCHEN - SHERMAN

finds Judy and Bonita putting dinner together.

SHERMAN
Judy. What is going on?

JUDY
This is a dinner party. It was planned weeks ago. If you ever bothered to look at your calendar...

SHERMAN
But Judy, I mean, under the circumstances...

(CONTINUED)
JUDY
Yes. I know the whole story. I heard it -- saw it all on television. On television?!

SHERMAN
I'm sorry. I am. Believe me.

JUDY
You betrayed us, Sherman. Me. Campbell. Even yourself. On the other hand, I am going to chair the museum benefit thanks to you and your escapades on the public airways. What can I say? Life goes on. I can only make the best of an absolutely appalling situation and carry on.

SHERMAN
But can you forgive me?

JUDY
I suppose I can forgive anything, but not television. I'm leaving you, Sherman. After the party. Now if you'll excuse me, we have guests.

She leaves.

SALLY
Oh, my darling, is this a bad time?

SHERMAN
I beg your pardon...

SALLY
What am I saying? Of course it's a bad time. But I just wanted to see if I can be of any help.

(Continued)
SHERMAN
Well, that's very kind of you.

SALLY
You know I haven't been in this apartment since the McCleods had it. That was before the Kittridges. I hope I'm not being out of place.

SHERMAN
Not at all... uh...

SALLY
Sally.

SHERMAN
Anyway, thank you.

SALLY
No, really, anything I can do. With the apartment, is what I mean.

SHERMAN
The apartment?

SALLY
I find people often need to be as liquid as they can in these situations and I know I can get you seven-and-a-half right at this moment. Fabled aristocratic tycoon -- it's the celebrity appeal. Maybe eight. If we act quickly this kind of opportunity doesn't come along every day. You have to ride the wave.

SHERMAN
Excuse me. I have to... uh...
Excuse me.

INT. LIVING ROOM - SHERMAN
comes out of the kitchen. As he tries to make his way through the living room, trying to avoid the guests...

ANGLE - POLLARD BROWNING
intercepting Sherman. Sherman keeps walking. Pollard follows.

(CONTINUED)
SHERMAN
Pollard. How are you?

POLLARD
Sorry to interrupt your dinner.

SHERMAN
Not at all. The more the merrier.

POLLARD
I've been in touch with the co-op board, well, most of them, and we want you to know you have our support.

SHERMAN
You know, at first I wanted to die. Standing there in court, people calling my name...

POLLARD
Yes. Of course. Hard to believe.

SHERMAN
And then I thought, I have a gun. Twelve gauge. Double barrel...

FOLLOW them INTO...

240 INT. STUDY - SHERMAN
goes to the closet and pulls out the shotgun.

SHERMAN
Here it is.

POLLARD
Sherman, we've known each other a long time. We went to Buckley together. My father knew your father. I speak as a friend. But also as president of the board. Is that a gun?

SHERMAN
I wonder if I can get both barrels into my mouth. That's what I was thinking. And how do you pull the trigger. I read somewhere about a man who took off his shoe and pulled the trigger with his toe.

POLLARD
Yes. This can't be a comfortable situation for you.

(CONTINUED)
And where would I do it? Who would find me?

Exactly. Yes. Have you considered... changing residence until things quiet down?

You want me to leave?

Well...

This is my home...

I understand that...

This is the only safe place I have. People are threatening my life. I have to protect myself.

He loads the gun and fills his pockets with shells.

There are people demonstrating in front of our building. Black people with basketballs! You're putting everyone at risk. It's not your fault. But that doesn't alter the facts.

FOLLOW Sherman and Pollard OUT of the study TO...

Alter the facts?! The facts are that I have no place else to go! And you want me to move out?! Is that what you're saying, Pollard. You want me to move out of my home?!

The guests begin to listen to this exchange.

You are a shareholder in a cooperative. Look, we're not asking you to do anything of a permanent nature...
SHERMAN
Why don't you move out, Pollard? If you're so fucking terrified!

POLLARD
Sherman, please...

SHERMAN
And you can start by moving out of this apartment right now. Out! Now!

Sherman points the gun at Pollard.

POLLARD
I came here in good faith.

SHERMAN
Oh, Pollard, you were a ridiculous fat blowhard at Buckley and you're a ridiculous fat blowhard now.

Everyone watches as Sherman holds Pollard at gunpoint and steers him out of the room.

POLLARD
I will have to enforce the provision concerning unacceptable situations.

SHERMAN
Another word out of you, Pollard, and there's going to be an unacceptable situation right up your ass! Now march!

The guests applaud. Sherman turns to face them.

SHERMAN
And that goes for the rest of you, too. Out. All of you.

The guests look confused, they don't really believe him. Sherman aims the GUN at the ceiling. He FIRES. EXPLOSION. People scream.

SHERMAN
Out! Stinking lot of anorexic parasites. Get out of my house!

(CONTINUED)
242 CONTINUED:

He FIRES another SHOT. The room clears. Judy comes running from the kitchen.

SHERMAN
Out of my house, out of my life!

The DOG comes BARKING into the room. Campbell follows., Judy grabs her.

JUDY *
Say goodbye to Daddy.
 *
CAMPBELL *
'Bye, Daddy. See you later.
 *
JUDY *
(as they go)
You can see him on television.
 *
Sherman reloads and keeps FIRING until everyone is gone. LAMPS EXPLODE, furniture splinters, plaster falls.

SHERMAN
Sherman McCoy is dead. Sherman McCoy of Park Avenue and Wall Street and Southampton -- gone. Dead. I will never be Sherman McCoy again. Never!

242A OMITTED 242A thru thru 247 247

248 INT. LEICESTER'S - CLOSE ON PETER - NIGHT 248

who looks very depressed.

PETER (V.O.)
That same evening, just a few blocks away, I was being praised and congratulated. It should have been a very triumphant yours truly at Leicester's. But it wasn't.

PULL BACK to include Peter surrounded by fawning packs of well-wishers, including Gerald Moore.

PETER (V.O.)
... my little encounter with Sherman McCoy was spoiling everything. The truth has a way of doing that.

(CONTINUED)
248 CONTINUED:

WOMAN
Beautiful stuff, Peter. First rate.

MAN
He looks like a real killer, this McCoy fellow. Doesn't he?

ANOTHER WOMAN
You can see it in the photographs. You can see it in his chin.

ANOTHER MAN
Arrogant son a bitch, isn't he? I hope they throw the book at him.

Evelyn Moore approaches Gerald.

EVELYN
Daddy. Dinner.

MOORE
Yes, darling. Shall we have Peter here come along with us?

EVELYN
Lovely.

Gerald and Evelyn lead Peter toward the back dining room.

MOORE
I want to give this story our full attention, Peter. It makes us look better and better, the more we do for this Lamb family. Poor little Lambs, poor little fuzzy-wuzzy wogs.

Caroline Heftshank intercepts them. She is very drunk.

CAROLINE
Excuse me, Peter. There's a phone call for you upstairs in the office.

Peter makes excuses to Gerald and Evelyn and follows Caroline away.

249 OMITTED

250 INT. UPSTAIRS OFFICE - PETER AND CAROLINE - NIGHT

come into the office.

PETER
Where's the phone?

(Continued)
CAROLINE
I lied. I wanted to see you alone.
I'm going to do you a favor.

PETER
Don't tell me I'm finally going
to get into your panties.

CAROLINE
You don't deserve this, Peter. But
I'm going to tell you something.

She reaches under her skirt and pulls off her panties.
She drops them on the floor.

PETER
Listen, Caroline. I'm sort of
with some people tonight.

CAROLINE
Relax, darling. Do you remember
my pretty little Italian friend?
The painter.

PETER
Yes. Yes, I do. Franco or
Federico...

CAROLINE
Filippo. The little shit.

Caroline climbs up on the desk, lifts her skirt and sits
down on the Xerox machine.

PETER
Caroline, you're absolutely soused.

CAROLINE
Well, Filippo has run off with
a little slut you should know about.

She switches ON the MACHINE, which starts PHOTOCOPYING
her twat.

PETER
Caroline, isn't that dangerous?
Or at least unsanitary?

CAROLINE
Shut up, Peter. You're not listening.
Her name is Maria Ruskin.

(MORE)
CAROLINE (CONT'D)
She was subletting my apartment.
She was also subletting Filippo.
And, as it turns out, she was also
in the car with Sherman McCoy when
the accident happened.

PETER
You're joking.

CAROLINE
I never joke. She was in the car.

PETER
But how do you know all this?

CAROLINE
The apartment was bugged. They
had a wire in the intercom. They
were trying to prove that I
wasn't living there. Which I
wasn't. Now I've lost the
apartment and the boyfriend.

PETER
You don't know where they are?

CAROLINE
No. But I'm trusting you to find
them. And when you do. Give
them this. Tell them this is the
little lady who turned them in.

She takes one of the Xerox copies and hands it to Peter.
Peter leaves. Caroline looks at the Xerox copy.

CAROLINE
Maybe I should advertise...

OMITTED

INT. RESTAURANT - MAITRE D' - DAY
points Fallow toward Arthur Ruskin's table.

MAITRE D'
Monsieur Ruskin is already here.

ANGLE - ARTHUR RUSKIN
seated at a table as Peter approaches. The Maitre d'
seats them side by side on a banquette.

(CONTINUED)
PETER
Arthur. Thanks for meeting me on such short notice.

ARTHUR
Peter Fallow?

PETER
Yes. We've never met but I'm a good friend of... your wife.

ARTHUR
(a lament)
My wife! My wife! I'm glad she's not here. Otherwise I couldn't have a drink.
(to waiter)
Give me a Couvoisier V.S.O.P. No. Put it in a sidecar.

PETER
Yes. Uh... where is Maria, by the way?

ARTHUR
Italy. Every time I turn around, she's in Italy. I'm not supposed to drink. But I love a sidecar. It was Willi Nordhoff introduced me to them. So. You're on the City Light?

PETER
Uh, yes. And we're doing a little profile piece. We're calling it the 'New Tycoons.' And, naturally, we thought of you.

ARTHUR
Good. Good. I like that. New tycoons. So what do you want to know?

PETER
Oh, there's no hurry. So Maria is in Italy. Where abouts?

ARTHUR
She's in Lake Como someplace.

PETER
Well, there are some great hotels in Lake Como. Is she at the Excelsior?

(CONTINUED)
ARTHUR
What do I know? I just pay the
bills. Well, she's young. She
needs young people. I'm not
stupid. I know what goes on.
We should order. I don't have
too much time.

PETER
I'd like to talk to her, too.
If I could. If I could get in
touch with her...

(CONTINUED)
Call the office. I'll give you her number. She's something. I always said it as a compliment, but she's a lot of pussy to handle. Excuse my language. What do you want to eat?

are bringing the main course to the table. Arthur is guzzling wine as he talks. Peter is bored silly.

... But the best is just a few weeks ago, one of these jackass pilots, he lands long and the plane goes off the runway. I was there. I was on the plane. We're going into Mecca, see. And the plane is full of Arabs and all these animals -- sheep, goats, chickens. They won't travel without their animals. We had to put plastic in the cabins. You know, they urinate, they defecate...

Yes.

Anyway, the plane goes off the runway and we hit the sand with a hell of a jolt and the right wing tip digs into the sand and the plane skids around in a circle! 360 degrees before we stop! We're scared shitless. Panic. And we look into the cabin and there's everybody calm, quiet, they're picking up their luggage and their animals and they're looking out the window at the little fire that started on the wing and they're waiting for the doors to open like nothing happened. And then it dawns on me. They think this is normal!

He starts to laugh as he talks.

They think this is the way you stop an airplane.

(MORE)
ARTHUR (CONT'D)
You stick one wing in the sand and you spin around until you stop.
  (coughing as he laughs harder and harder)
What do they know? They never rode in an airplane. They think this is how you do it!

Peter tries to laugh with Arthur. But Arthur's coughing turns into a spasm. He pushes his head back against the banquette. He seems to be humming. And then his head drops forward and he slumps against Peter.

PETER
Arthur? Arthur?

He tries to signal a waiter.

PETER
Excuse me. Hello? Excuse me. Waiter!!!

The Maitre d' approaches the table.

PETER
Mr. Ruskin seems to have suffered some kind of -- well, I don't know.

MAITRE D'
(very disappointed)
Oh, dear. Oh, dear. Oh, dear.

PETER
I think you'd better call someone.

Arthur drops forward suddenly, his face hitting his plate. A woman at the next table squeals.

MAITRE D'
(annoyed)
Freddy? Attention, s'il vous plait!

Two waiters help the Maitre d' pull the table out. Arthur slips off his plate and falls onto the floor. Some people notice. But, in general, the activity in the room continues.

The Maitre d' gives orders to the waiters.

A MAN approaches Peter.

(CONTINUED)
MAN
Is he choking? Let me give him the Heimlich maneuver.

MAITRE D'
Excuse me, Monsieur Roberts. You are not a doctor. And there are legal complications.

MR. ROBERTS
Yes, I see, but...

MAITRE D'
For your own protection and mine and my restaurant, we leave Monsieur Ruskin in the hands of God and we go back to our escargots.

PETER
Well, somebody has to do something.

Peter tries to perform the Heimlich maneuver on Ruskin.

MAITRE D'
We have called the police. An ambulance is coming. There is nothing more we can do. Would you like some coffee or dessert?

MR. ROBERTS
(to Peter)
Gee, buddy. I think he's dead.

Peter lets go of Ruskin. Ruskin slides to the floor -- dead.

MAITRE D'
Eh, voila.

PETER
Jesus.

MAITRE D'
(drops a card in front of Peter)
L'addition, s'il vous plaît.

PETER
What?

MAITRE D'
The bill, monsieur. Thank you. And we do not accept credit cards.
is landing.

INT. AIRPORT - MARIA - DUSK

comes out of Customs. She is wearing black and has a veil over her face.

ANGLE - FALLOW

approaches her. They walk as they talk...

PETER

Mrs. Ruskin?

MARIA

Yes?

PETER

My name is Peter Fallow. I just wanted to offer my sympathy.

MARIA

(through tears)

How very kind. Did you know Arthur?

PETER

Ah, well, yes. I was actually quite close to him when he died.

MARIA

I've reprobated myself over and over again for being away...

PETER

You shouldn't.

move toward Maria's waiting limousine.

MARIA

Well, thank you for the kind words. I must go now.

PETER

Yes. Just one other thing. I understand you're a friend of Sherman McCoy.

MARIA

I'm sorry...?

(CONTINUED)
PETER

Yes. I gather you were not only in the car with him when he had his unfortunate accident in the Bronx. But I understand you were driving.

Maria turns and looks at him -- hard and cold.

MARIA

Sherman would never tell you that.

PETER

I was hoping you might tell me exactly what happened that night.

MARIA

Look, Mr.... Mr....

PETER

Fallow.

MARIA


She gets into the car. Fallow watches the car pull away. He smiles.

259 OMITTED

259A EXT. HOSPITAL - NEWSSTAND - DAY

The headline on the City Lights reads:

"FINANCIER'S WIDOW IS MCCOY MYSTERY WOMAN"

259B INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - HENRY LAMB - DAY

is lying in a coma -- a beatific smile on his face.

259C ANGLE TO INCLUDE FOX, BACON, ANNIE LAMB AND PETER FALLOW around the bed.

FOX

What kind of muckracking yellow journalist are you!? You print a story like this without so much as a by-your-leave to me or to Reverend Bacon here! Who the hell do you think you are.

(CONTINUED)
ANNIE
(tearfully)
Please, you have to keep your voices down.

PETER
Look, don't you understand? It is very possible that Sherman McCoy was not driving that car. And I can almost prove it.

FOX
So what?! So what?! So what?! This is our case.

He gestures toward Henry Lamb.

FOX
Right here. You see? It's the hospital that's the guilty party.

PETER
The hospital?! What are you talking about?

FOX
A young man comes in here with a cerebral concussion and they treat him for a broken wrist. That is our case! That is the lawsuit that we are going to bring against this hospital. That is what we have been working toward all this time. And you are confusing the issue! Do you understand me?!

PETER
Alright, alright. But Christ, Albert, this is a great story. This is my exclusive. And it's also the truth!

BACON
It's a little late for you to start telling the truth, isn't it, Pete?

PETER
I can't just drop this now. I can't just let it go.

(CONTINUED)
FOX
Sure you can. There's gonna be other stories, other exclusives. Don't worry. We'll take care of you.

BACON
That's right. You're our boy, Peter. You take care of us and we'll take care of you. I promise you, that's going to be a very profitable relationship for all of us.

Suddenly, Annie starts to weep.

BACON
Annie, I know that nothing can heal the wound that you have suffered. But ten million dollars in damages will certainly make your grief more comfortable.

ANNIE
Well, yes, I could use a few things, Reverend, thank you. I been worried about my clothes for instance. I feel that the presentation of my person should be carefully designed. As a model to black mothers everywhere, I think I should have the right wardrobe. So if you could have Mr. Fox's limousine pick me up in the morning, I could do some shopping.

FOX
Why certainly.

ANNIE
I'll need some furniture, too. And a new refrigerator. And although I should probably continue to live in that shithole of an apartment at least until after the lawsuit is settled, I would like to start looking now for a co-op in Manhattan -- for me and my son -- something with a view of the river and preferably in a neighborhood that is at least upwardly mobile.

Pause as they all look at her.
PETER (V.O.)
How could I turn my back on the
plight of this grief stricken
woman? How could I turn my back
on a 'profitable relationship'? I
was touched to the depths of what
was left of my soul... and my bank
account.

PETER (V.O.)
So I printed their little story.
Well, why not? Why not be the
best whore in the house? And
anyway, I was beginning to see
even greater possibilities in my
situation.

The shades are drawn; the room is dark. Weiss sits at
his desk. Andriutti and Kramer are with him.

WEISS
(quietly)
Now they're going to sue the
hospital. You see? All they want
is money. Imagine using a terrible
tragedy like this for your own
selfish motives.

KRAMER
Yes, sir. It is terrible.

WEISS
Shut up, you asshole.

KRAMER
Yes, sir.

(CONTINUED)
WEISS
What's happening to my case? The
People versus Sherman McCoy?
Where is my issue? Where is my
cause? Where is my hope?

ANDRIUTTI
I think we better talk to this
Mrs. Ruskin.

WEISS
You go to the press. You tell
them we're going to question the
woman, and if she is the woman who
was in the car, she faces possible
charges, etcetera, etcetera.

ANDRIUTTI
Alright.

WEISS
And you, Mr. Wise-Guy-Know-It-All-
Shitface, you're the one got us
into this, you're going to get us
out. You go to this broad, you
tell her she's in a whole lot of
trouble, lay it on. But, but, but
-- if she is willing to cooperate,
if she will say what we want her
to say, then we will grant her
immunity.

KRAMER
Yes, sir.

WEISS
Go on, go. What are you waiting for?

KRAMER
Well today is her husband's funeral.

WEISS
(exploding)
I don't care if today is her
mother's bar mitzvah, you go talk
to her!!!

As Kramer exits...

CUT TO:

A262B EXT. APARTMENT HOUSE (59TH ST.) - FALLOW - DAY

Approaching the building.
Is knocking on a door that has a sign reading "Superintendent." The door opens. We recognize the workman who was fixing the intercom in Maria's apartment.

PETER

Mr. Leach?

LEACH

Yeah?

PETER

I understand you been doing some creative wiring in this building.

Peter and Leach continue talking.

PETER (V.O.)

In less than three minutes, I had what I was looking for. It was more than a story. I had the makings of a book here. A great book. A prize winning effort. All I needed was a big finish.

Leach opens the door wide and Fallow steps into the apartment. As the door closes...

PETER (V.O.)

So I shipped off a little present to Sherman McCoy's lawyer and I waited for the fireworks...

262C thru
262E

262F INT. McCOY APARTMENT - CLOSE ON CASSETTE PLAYER

Killian's hand flips the switch, the TAPE PLAYS.

SHERMAN (V.O.)

Where are you going?

MARIA (V.O.)

(on tape)

The airport. I told you. I have a car coming in -- oh, God, ten minutes. We have time for a quickie. What do you say?

262G ANGLE TO INCLUDE SHERMAN AND KILLIAN

SHERMAN

That's us! That's me! That's Maria! How did you get this?

(CONTINUED)
KILLIAN
Shhh! Listen.

Killian lets the tape fast forward. Then...

SHERMAN (V.O.)
(on tape)
I suppose we could still go to the police. We could get a very talented lawyer...

MARIA (V.O.)
(on tape)
And put our heads right into the horse's mouth? I'm the one who was driving the car. Don't you think I'm the one who should make the decision? And I say, no. No, Sherman. Trust me.

Killian switches off the machine.

SHERMAN
You mean the apartment was wired -- bugged -- all that time?

KILLIAN
Yeah. I checked it all out. Whoever sent me this tape is either a big fan of yours or a not so big fan of Maria Ruskin.

SHERMAN
Then we have this as evidence.

KILLIAN
No. It's an illegal tape. Totally illegal. The guy who did this could go to jail for this. Now if this were your tape, it would be legal. But it's not.

SHERMAN
What do you mean, 'my tape'?

KILLIAN
Well, if you were wired and you recorded your own conversation that would be okay. But there is no way that this tape can be used as evidence in a court of law.

SHERMAN
Then what good is it?

(CONTINUED)
KILLIAN
It gave me an idea.

SHERMAN
An idea about what?

KILLIAN
An idea about what to wear when you go to this funeral.

SHERMAN
What funeral?

EXT. FUNERAL PARLOR (MADISON AVENUE) - DAY

A procession of limousines pushing through a crowd of press and bystanders to deposit the mourners at the front door. Among those arriving, we see Jed Kramer.

INT. FUNERAL PARLOR - MARIA - DAY

dressed in black enters and walks down the aisle. People stop her and offer condolences.

ANGLE - KRAMER
comes into the chapel.

ANGLE - SHERMAN
wearing dark glasses and a raincoat, hiding near a doorway that leads into an adjacent "family room." As Maria passes, he signals her. FOLLOW Maria INTO:

closes the door as Maria enters.

MARIA
Sherman! Whatever are you doing here?

SHERMAN
I'm sorry, Maria. I have to talk to you.

(CONTINUED)
MARIA
You seem to be doing all your talking to the newspapers these days.

SHERMAN
Believe me, I had nothing to do with that. We didn't want your name in the papers any more than you did.

MARIA
I see. Well, here we are, Sherman. The couple that all New York is talking about. And we're not even a couple anymore.

(CONTINUED)
SHERMAN
I thought you'd run out on me. I
didn't even know where you went.
And I was left sort of holding the
bag, trying to protect you.

MARIA
Oh, Sherman. Would I do that to
you? Sherman, Sherman, Sherman.

She embraces him, her hands moving toward the hidden
recorder. Sherman takes both her hands and pulls them
to his chest.

MARIA
What are we going to do with you?

SHERMAN
You have to help me, Maria.

MARIA
But how can I help you?

SHERMAN
Well, I know this may sound like
a strange request, but you could
start by telling the police what
really happened.

MARIA
Oh, Sherman, you are the sweetest
thing. But I'm not sure anybody
knows what really happened. Not
anymore. And if anybody does
know, it certainly isn't me.

SHERMAN
But you were driving the car that
night.

MARIA
Was I? I don't remember. Isn't
it funny how a little thing like
that can slip your mind?

(she kisses him)
God, there's something about
funerals that is so stimulating.
My panties have been wet all
morning.

SHERMAN
Maria, please...

She kisses him again.
INT. VIEWING ROOM - DIRECTOR

is still at the microphone.

DIRECTOR
And now, in accordance with the wishes of Mr. Ruskin...

ANGLE - KRAMER

is moving around, trying to find Maria.

DIRECTOR (O.S.)
... Manny Leerman will play a medley of Arthur's favorite songs.

ANGLE - MANNY LEERMAN

A lounge singer in a pale blue suit hops onto the stage, sits at the piano and launches into a totally inappropriate rendition of "September in the Rain."

ANGLE - KRAMER

leaving the viewing room.

INT. HALLWAY - KRAMER - DAY

looking from room to room.

INT. CRYPTS - MARIA - DAY *

is trying to embrace Sherman. He remains "hunched" over, trying to stay away from her and keep her hands off his back.

MARIA
Sherman. What's wrong with you?

SHERMAN
Nothing.

MARIA
Then why are you all hunched over?

Her hands slide down his back.

SHERMAN
Maria, we have to talk.

MARIA
Sherman, what's this on your back?

SHERMAN
My what?
MARIA
This lump, this piece of metal, this thing on your back?!

SHERMAN
I don't know -- my belt, belt buckle.

MARIA
You don't have a belt buckle in the back. There's some sort of subterfuge afoot here. Isn't there?

SHERMAN
Don't be silly.

MARIA
You are secreting something on your body!

SHERMAN
Maria...

MARIA
I want to see what it is.

She rips open his shirt.

SHERMAN
Maria, are you crazy!

MARIA
And a wire! A wire!

She pulls the wire. Sherman yelps in pain. As he spins around, Maria grabs the tapedeck and pulls it off his back. More pain.

SHERMAN
Eeeooowww!!

MARIA
You rotten, dishonest bastard!

SHERMAN
Maria, I didn't want to do this, but you gave me no choice.

A KNOCK at the door. They freeze.

KRAMER (O.S.)
Mrs. Ruskin.

(CONTINUED)
275 CONTINUED: (2)

MARIA
Go away whoever you are!

KRAMER (O.S.)
This is Jed Kramer. From the district attorney's office.

MARIA
My, my, my, Mr. McCoy. I'd say your goose was just about home-fried.

SHERMAN
(whispering)
I have protected you, Maria. I have been a gentleman. I have done my best to keep your name out of this. But you have got to help me. You have got to do the right thing.

MARIA
Never. Never. Never. I hope you die and hang in the electric chair!

Sherman heads out the back door.

276 INT. HALLWAY - KRAMER - DAY

KRAMER
... I'm with the District Attorney's office. I wonder if I might have a few words...

The door flies open...

MARIA
He's gone!

KRAMER
What?

MARIA
He just ran out that back door.

277 INT. LIVING ROOM - KRAMER - DAY

runs in, not sure what he's doing...

KRAMER
Who?!

MARIA
Sherman McCoy!

(CONTINUED)
KRAMER
Jesus.

MARIA
I'm sorry if I alarmed you. But he was acting very strange. My name is Maria Ruskin.

KRAMER
Kramer, Jed Kramer, Jed. I'm the Assistant District Attorney for Bronx County.

MARIA
Oh. I see. And what a handsome District Attorney you are, too.

Kramer is smitten.

KRAMER
I'm not the... uh... I'm the Assistant D.A.

MARIA
Well, you and I have a lot to talk about. Don't we?

KRAMER
Yes, we do.

MARIA
Yes. Because if I'm going to testify I'm going to want to know exactly what I should... and should not say.

KRAMER
Yes, ma'am.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SHERMAN'S APARTMENT - SHERMAN - NIGHT
is sitting alone in the empty apartment. Almost everything is gone -- furniture, rugs, paintings. Sherman has a tape recorder in front of him. In his hand he holds two tapes.

There is a KNOCK at the door.

ANGLE - FRONT DOOR
as Sherman opens it. Sherman's father is standing there.

(CONTINUED)
279 CONTINUED:

MR. McCoy
Ah. They weren't sure downstairs whether or not you were here.

Sherman
I usually come in the back way now.

Mr. McCoy
I see. May I...?

Sherman
Yes. Sure. Sorry. Come in.

FOLLOW them INTO...

280 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Mr. McCoy
(looking around)
It's all gone. Everything.

Sherman
Yes. Judy... uh...

Mr. McCoy
She's gone, too?

Yes.

Mr. McCoy
She moves quickly.

Sherman
She has a good lawyer.

Mr. McCoy
I'm not sure I ever really liked her. Your wife.

Sherman
No. Of course not. Jesus.

Mr. McCoy
Or this apartment for that matter. For what it cost, for what you paid for it. Or the furniture...

(CONTINUED)
SHERMAN
Or my car, or my work, or my clothes, my life, my money... For Christ's sake, you didn't come here now, you didn't come all the way here on a fucking subway probably to tell me now...

MR. McCOY
No. I didn't.

SHERMAN
I mean, I'm not going to get, at this late date, I'm not going to get the ethics and morality speech, not now, when I have to do what I'm going to do in that courtroom tomorrow, if that's what you've come to give me, Jesus...

MR. McCOY
No. No. I'm sorry. I came here to... I don't know how to do this. You didn't call. We wanted to help. I came here to tell you that we are here for you. That you are our son and that we love you. 'We.' I don't mean we. I mean I. That I love you. That's all.

Mr. McCoy offers his hand in a handshake.

MR. McCOY
Please.

Sherman takes his hand. Mr. McCoy puts his arm around him and hugs him awkwardly but effectively. They separate.

MR. McCOY
Well. What you want to do?

SHERMAN
There's only one thing I can do. I want to see the truth come out and burn every one of them. And there's only one way to do that.

(CONTINUED)
MR. McCOY

What is it?

SHERMAN

Lie.

MR. McCOY

Well, you know I have always been a great believer in the truth. I've lived my life as honestly as I know how. I believe in the truth as an essential companion to a man of conscience, a beacon in the vast and dark wasteland of our modern world. And yet...

SHERMAN

Yes?

MR. McCOY

And yet, if the truth won't set you free, yes. Why not? Lie.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. COURTROOM - JUDGE WHITE - DAY

is banging his gavel, trying to silence the overflowing courtroom.

ANGLE - STATUE OF BLIND JUSTICE

Some demonstrators are climbing on the statue to get a better view.

ANGLE - MARIA

On the stand as Kramer questions her.

KRAMER

... And this incident occurred on the ramp to the expressway or on the avenue itself.

(CONTINUED)
283 CONTINUED:

MARRA
Why, on the avenue. Right on the street.

KRAMER
And was there any obstruction or barricade of any kind that caused the car to stop?

MARRA
Oh, no. Nothing like that at all.

KRAMER
Finally, one last question. Can you tell us, Mrs. Ruskin, who was driving the car when Henry Lamb was hit?

MARRA
Why, Sherman never let anyone drive his car.

KRAMER
Sherman McCoy was driving the car.

MARRA
Oh, yes.

A roar goes up from the crowd.

284 VARIOUS ANGLES - EVERYONE

Sherman and Killian at the defense table. In the audience, Bacon, Fox, Gerald Moore, Weiss and finally Peter Fallow taking notes.

PETER (V.O.)
And there it was. The end of Sherman McCoy. And it wasn't the ending I was hoping for. He was finished. She might as well have put a gun to his head and pulled the trigger. There was no hope now. The darkness closed in around him. And then I noticed the most peculiar thing. Sherman was smiling.

285 ANGLE TO INCLUDE SHERMAN

smiling.

(CONTINUED)
... and I wanted to report the incident but he wouldn't let me. He said he was driving and it was his decision to make.

KRAMER
You were surprised?

MARIA
I was shocked. There are certain qualities of virtue that I admire in a human being, virtues that I hope I possess myself...

Suddenly, Maria's RECORDED VOICE BLASTS into the courtroom.

MARIA (V.O.)
(on tape)
We have time for a quickie. What do you say, Sherman?

SHERMAN (V.O.)
(on tape)
I don't feel terrifically sexy at the moment.

White bangs his gavel. Everyone is looking around for the source of the sound.

JUDGE WHITE
What in hell...?!

MARIA (V.O.)
(on tape)
You know I'm a sucker for a soft dick.

SHERMAN (V.O.)
(on tape)
Maria, you are incorrigible.

MARIA (V.O.)
Am I?

The court goes crazy. White regains order. Sudden silence in time for everyone to hear...

SHERMAN (V.O.)
(on tape)
I suppose, we could still go to the police. We could get a very talented lawyer...

(CONTINUED)
MARIA (V.O.)
(on tape)
And put our heads right into the
tiger's mouth? I'm the one who was
driving the car. Don't you think
I'm the one who should make that
decision.

Absolute pandemonium. Fallow starts to laugh. Kramer pulls Sherman's briefcase off a chair revealing a hidden tape recorder. He bangs and kicks the recorder, trying to make it stop. Maria faints on the stand. Killian is amazed and amused. He looks at Sherman. Sherman smiles. Killian takes the tape from the recorder.

ANGLE - KILLIAN, KRAMER AND SHERMAN
approach the bench. The courtroom grows more quiet.

JUDGE WHITE
Whose tape is this, Mr. McCoy?

SHERMAN
That tape is mine, sir.

Killian is shocked. They continue speaking in whispers.

KRAMER
If Your Honor please...

JUDGE WHITE
Shut up, Mr. Kramer. Mr. McCoy, I remind you that you are still under oath. Now, did you record this conversation?

SHERMAN
Oh, yes, sir, I did. I recorded this conversation on this tape. My tape. This is my tape of my conversation. I recorded it. Yes, sir. Yes, sir, three bags full.

JUDGE WHITE
Get out of my face. All of you.

Sherman, Killian and Kramer return to their seats.

The court starts screaming again.

JUDGE WHITE
I want some fucking order in here!

(CONTINUED)
He bangs the gavel until the noise subsides.

JUDGE WHITE

(screaming)
So you insist on testing the will of this court!!!! Now you shut up and sit down!! All of you! Very well. In the case of the People versus Sherman McCoy, the Grand Jury has returned an indictment. Based on the evidence contained in this recording...

(holds up the tape)
... and pursuant to my authority to supervise the Grand Jury's proceedings...

DEMONSTRATORS

(scream)
Whitewash!! Whitewash!!
JUDGE WHITE
... I am ordering the indictment dismissed in the interests of justice, without prejudice and with leave to re-present by the District Attorney.

The courtroom explodes. Screams fill the air -- "Racist! Peckerwood! Pussyface! Motherfucker!" etc. The sound is deafening.

Sherman and Killian shake hands. The demonstrators are chanting, "Justice! Justice! Justice!"

ANGLE - DOORS OF COURTROOM
burst open. Reporters and photographers rush into the room.

ANGLE - WHITE
rises on the bench like an eagle. He pounds the gavel repeatedly.

DEMONSTRATORS
Justice. We want justice!!! We want justice!!!

JUDGE WHITE
Justice! You want justice?! I'll give you justice!

Finally, the courtroom goes quiet. White looks around. Everyone is quiet. And then a single VOICE rings out...

VOICE
You racist pig!

JUDGE WHITE
You dare call me a racist! Well, I say to you, you -- a mob who dares to come into these walls -- I say to you, what does it matter ... the color of a man's skin? If witnesses perjure themselves... and a prosecutor, a sworn officer of the court, enlists the perjurers ... and a district attorney throws a man to the mob and lawyers carve up that man for his money... and men of the cloth, men of God take the prime cuts! Now you tell me -- IS THAT JUSTICE?!

Silence. (CONTINUED)
JUDGE
I don't hear you!

More silence. He comes down off the bench, facing the mob.

JUDGE
I'll tell you what justice is not. Justice is not the will of the few and it's not the will of the many. Justice is not politics. Justice is the law. And the law is man's feeble attempt to set down the principles of decency. Decency! And decency is not a deal. Or an angle, or a contract, or a hustle or a campaign or a trick or a bid for sympathy. Decency is not the beast that bays for money, power, dominion, position, votes and blood! Decency is what your mother taught you! Decency is in your bones! Do I make myself clear! Now go home. Go home now. Be decent people. Be decent.

A moment of quiet as White comes down and faces Sherman.

JUDGE
You're free to go, Mr. McCoy.

ANGLE - COURTROOM
as another blood-curdling roar goes up from the crazed mob. They close in on the Judge and Sherman.

ANGLE - REVEREND BACON
with a bullhorn, egging on the crowd.

BACON
You bald-headed Uncle Tom pussy!!
(to the crowd)
Are you going to take this Park Avenue justice!? Are you?

OMITTED

ANGLE - CROWD
closing in on Sherman and the Judge. The Judge grabs Sherman and pulls him through the door.
INT. CORRIDOR - SHERMAN AND JUDGE

They are pressed against a huge statue of "blind justice" at the end of the corridor.

SEVERAL ANGLES - MOBS OF PEOPLE

rushing at Sherman and the Judge from different sides.

ANGLE - STATUE

teeters.

ANGLE - KRAMER

in the mob, pressing toward Sherman and the Judge.

KRAMER

We're not finished with you, McCoy. You'll be back in this courtroom. This decision will be appealed until I see you behind bars! You hear me, Judge.

JUDGE

Get your fucking face out of my way.

KRAMER

This fucking face is going to see you shining shoes in Grand Central Station.

More pushing until...

OMITTED

ANGLE - STATUE

falls. People scream and scatter. The statue shatters as it hits the floor. The bronze sword slides across the floor and comes to rest at Sherman's feet.

ANGLE - SCENE

The Judge is hit on the head by some debris. He stumbles, blinded by the plaster dust. Sherman grabs the sword.

KRAMER

(taunting the Judge)

This fucking face is going to see you selling pencils, you black son of a bitch.

(Continued)
Sherman whacks Kramer with the sword. Kramer falls away. Sherman helps the Judge down the corridor.

**296A ANGLE - BACON AND FOX**

coming out of the courtroom, intercepting Sherman.

**BACON**

Sherman McCoy! You shall not escape. You shall live in fear on this island, in the mighty sea of people, for the people -- and justice -- are waiting for you!

Sherman whacks Bacon. The choir women start to wail.

**FOX**

You've been woefully misrepresented here, Mr. McCoy. I think you should give me a call...

Sherman whacks Fox with the sword and continues down the corridor with the Judge.

**296B ANGLE - WEISS**

... and I promise you and the people of this city that Henry Lamb will not be forgotten. Henry Lamb will live, like the Alamo, as a symbol of slaughtered innocence.

Weiss sees Sherman and attacks him.

**WEISS**

And this man's name will live in infamy. Like Adolf Hitler! Like Son of Sam! Like Idi Amin! John Wilkes Booth! Ted Bundy! Jesse Helms!

Sherman smacks Weiss with the sword and moves toward the stairs with the Judge.

**297 OMITTED**

**297A ANGLE - FALLOW**

approaches Sherman.
FALLOW
Sherman! Sherman! Congratulations. This is going to make one hell of a story!!

SHERMAN
You again! Who are you?!

PETER

Sherman looks at him for a moment. Then he lets out a screaming war cry and smacks Fallow with the sword.

PETER
Thanks. I needed that.

SHERMAN
Are you alright?

JUDGE
I'm alright. Damn hooligans.

He walks up to the iron gates. The faces of the demonstrators are pressed against it. The Judge shakes a tired fist at them. Then he turns to Sherman.

JUDGE
And you. You, too. You go home now. And be decent. You hear me?

SHERMAN
I hear you, Your Honor.

The Judge shakes his fist at Sherman, too. Then he opens the fist and offers his hand to Sherman. Sherman takes it. They shake.
through the iron gates.

PETER (V.O.)
It was the last I saw of Sherman McCoy...

Sherman turns and walks away down the corridors of justice. The Judge watches him go. Sherman disappears into a great whiteness as we hear:

PETER (V.O.)
And so we come to the end of our story. Sherman, you see, who started with so much, lost everything. But he gained his soul. Whereas I, you see, who started with so little, gained everything...

... the winner of the Pulitzer Prize, the National Book Award and just about every other prize you can win, ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Peter Fallow!!
As he rises unsteadily to his feet the room goes wild with applause. Peter waves and makes his way toward the podium.

PETER (V.O.)
But what does it profit a man if he gains the whole world and loses ...
Ah, well. There are compensations.

Peter reaches the podium and faces a standing ovation. Cameras begin to flash. END CREDITS BEGIN.

BEGINNING WITH Peter at the podium and CONTINUING to include SHOTS of everyone congratulating Peter -- Albert Fox, Reverend Bacon, Abe Weiss, Gerald Moore, Fillippo Chiarazzi, Kramer, etc. Finally the flashing cameras fade and we...

DISSOLVE TO:

lying in his bed. Perfectly still. And then his nose twitches. His hand comes up and scratches his nose. His eyes open. He sits up, looks around, figures where he is. He gets out of bed, disconnects the I.V.

comes out of hospital, he smiles and walks away down the street.

FADE OUT.

THE END