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Rev. 04/18/90 (Cherry)  
Rev. 04/25/90 (Tan)  
Rev. 04/26/90 (White)  
Rev. 05/08/90 (Pink)  
Rev. 05/10/90 (Blue)  
Rev. 05/18/90 (Yellow)  
Rev. 05/25/90 (Green)  
Rev. 06/11/90 (Gold)  
Rev. 06/12/90 (Buff)  
Rev. 07/09/90 (Salmon)  
Rev. 07/12/90 (Cherry)  
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BONFIRE OF THE VANITIES

Screenplay by

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Based on the book by

Tom Wolfe

THIRD DRAFT

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BONFIRE OF THE VANITIES

FADE IN:

1 EXT. MANHATTAN SKYLINE - NIGHT 1

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

2 ANGLE 2

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 3

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.)

Yes. We're getting closer. Can you feel it. Can you see it? The heat. The brilliance. Moving fast into the heart of it. Buzz. Buzz. Can you feel the buzz? The city is pulling you in. The city of light. The city of diabolical promise. The city of answered prayers.

4 OMITTED 4  
thru thru  
11 11

A11A EXT. STREET - LIMOUSINE - NIGHT A11A

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

A11B INT. LOADING AREA - LIMOUSINE - NIGHT A11B

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)

A11B CONTINUED:

A11B

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)

A11B CONTINUED: (2)

A11B

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

11A

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

Come on, Marshall. Come here. Stay. Come on. Stay.

12 INT. McCOY APARTMENT - SHERMAN - EVENING

12

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

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

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?

13 ANGLE - JUDY McCOY

13

standing over Sherman, who continues to struggle with the dog.

(CONTINUED)

13

CONTINUED:

13

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.

14  
&  
15

OMITTED

14  
&  
15

15A

INT. McCOY APARTMENT BUILDING - LOBBY - SHERMAN - NIGHT

15A

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)

15A CONTINUED:

15A

DOORMAN

Tony, sir. My name is Tony.

SHERMAN

Yes, of course. Come on, Marshall.

15B EXT. APT. BUILDING - SHERMAN - NIGHT

15B

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.

16 ANGLE - PHONE BOOTH

16

Sherman drags Marshall to the phone.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: 16

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.

WOMAN (V.O.)  
Who?

SHERMAN  
Oh. Sorry. May I speak to Maria?

WOMAN (V.O.)  
Who is this?

SHERMAN  
Maria?

Brief pause, then...

WOMAN (V.O.)  
Sherman?

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

CUT TO:

17 INT. McCOY APARTMENT - JUDY - NIGHT 17

is on the phone.

JUDY  
Sherman, is that you?

18 EXT. PHONE BOOTH - SHERMAN - NIGHT 18

realizes what he's done. He freezes. Then he hangs up.

SHERMAN  
Jesus!

19 INT. McCOY APARTMENT - JUDY - NIGHT 19

looks at the phone, then puts it down.

CUT TO:

20 EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - SHERMAN - NIGHT 20

is dragging Marshal back into the building.



21 INT. McCOY BEDROOM - JUDY - NIGHT 21

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

SHERMAN (O.S.)

Well, we're back!

22 ANGLE - DOG 22

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?

(CONTINUED)

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:

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.

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)

25 CONTINUED: 25

SHERMAN

Judy...?

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

26 HIS POV - JUDY'S REAR END 26

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!

27 EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - SHERMAN AND CAMPBELL - DAY 27

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...

28 HIS POV - ANOTHER REAR END 28

Fuller, firmer and excruciatingly wrapped in a pair of yellow shorts that are screaming for attention.

28A ANGLE - SHERMAN 28A

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:

29 OMITTED 29  
thru thru  
31 31

32 INT. BOND TRADING ROOM - SHERMAN - DAY 32

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?!

33 ANGLE - BLACK SHOESHINE MAN 33

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)

33 CONTINUED:

33

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

34

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)

34 CONTINUED:

34

SHERMAN

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

35 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

35

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)



35 CONTINUED: (2) 35

GENE (V.O.)  
(on speaker)  
What? What was that?

Sherman flips OFF the speaker.

SHERMAN  
At ease, gentlemen.

The meeting breaks up.

36 ANGLE - SHERMAN 36

moving through the bond trading room to his desk. \*

PETER (V.O.)  
The roar enveloped him. Music to his ears. The sound of educated young white men buying 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.

36A ANGLE - FAX MACHINE 36A \*

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

37 EXT. KENNEDY AIRPORT - NIGHT 37

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

38 INT. INTERNATIONAL ARRIVALS - MARIA - NIGHT 38

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.

39 ANGLE - SHERMAN 39

moving toward Maria. They embrace clumsily.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

39

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.

40 EXT. MERCEDES - NIGHT

40

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

41 INT. MERCEDES - SHERMAN AND MARIA - NIGHT

41

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)

41 CONTINUED: 41

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?

42 HIS POV - SIGN 42

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.

43 OMITTED 43 \*

44 THEIR POV - MORE SIGNS 44

"EAST BRONX NEW ENGLAND" and "EAST 138TH BRUCKNER BLVD."

\*

45 EXT. MERCEDES - NIGHT 45

veers onto ramp and heads toward the 138th St. exit.

\*

46 OMITTED 46 \*

47 EXT. MERCEDES - NIGHT 47

is suddenly off the expressway and driving at ground  
level -- a dark street, piled at one side with car  
tires -- totally bleak.

\*

\*

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48 INT. MERCEDES - SHERMAN AND MARIA - NIGHT 48

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. \*

49 EXT. MERCEDES - NIGHT 49

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

50 ANGLE - STREET LIFE 50

surrounds the car -- people, MUSIC, cars, colors. A  
boulevard of dizzy sounds and sights.

51 INT. MERCEDES - SHERMAN AND MARIA - NIGHT 51

As it stops for a red light.

MARIA

Sherman?

SHERMAN

Yes, Maria.

MARIA

Where are all the white people?

A LOUD SCREAM.

52 THEIR POV - PIMP 52

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.

53 ANOTHER ANGLE 53

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.

54 PROSTITUTE 54

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

55 ANGLE - SHERMAN 55

leans out the window.

SHERMAN

Excuse me, please don't touch the car.

56 ANGLE - MARIA AND SHERMAN 56

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)

56 CONTINUED: 56

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.

57 EXT. MERCEDES - NIGHT 57

leaps across the intersection and continues down the boulevard.

58 INT. MERCEDES - SHERMAN AND MARIA - NIGHT 58

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!

59 EXT. STREET - SIGN 59

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?!

60 INT. MERCEDES - ANGLE THROUGH WINDSHIELD - SHERMAN AND MARIA - NIGHT 60

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)

60 CONTINUED:

60

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.

61 EXT. MERCEDES - SHERMAN - NIGHT

61

gets out of the car.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED: 61

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.

62 ANGLE - TIRE 62

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...

63 HIS POV - TWO FIGURES 63

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?

64 QUICK CUTS - SCENE 64

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)



64 CONTINUED: 64

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...

65 ANGLE - MARIA 65

HONKS the HORN again and drives the car toward Sherman.

66 ANGLE - SHERMAN 66

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

67 ANGLE - ROLAND 67

gets to his feet and moves toward the car.

68 ANGLE - MARIA 68

opens the car door for Sherman.

MARIA

Sherman, get in this car.

69 ANGLE - SHERMAN 69

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

70 ANGLE - ROLAND 70

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

71 ANGLE - CAR 71

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

72 ANGLE - MARIA 72  
hits the brakes and puts the car into reverse.

SHERMAN  
Look out!

73 ANGLE - ROLAND 73  
is charging toward the car with the tire. He throws it  
at the windshield.

74 ANGLE - MARIA 74  
SQUEALS into first gear as the tire bounces off the  
windshield.

75 ANGLE - SHERMAN 75  
looks back at the flying tire and sees...

76 HIS POV - HENRY 76  
moving around the rear end of the car.

77 ANGLE - MARIA AND SHERMAN 77  
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...

78 HIS POV - REAR OF CAR 78  
as before -- except that Henry is gone. Roland is run-  
ning after the car.

79 ANGLE - SHERMAN AND MARIA 79  
moving too fast up the ramp toward the traffic on the  
expressway. Maria hits the brakes and then GUNS the gas.

80 EXT. MERCEDES - NIGHT 80  
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.

81 ANGLE 81  
A sign above the traffic reading "Manhattan."

82 EXT. MERCEDES - NIGHT

82

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...

83 INT. BROWNSTONE - SHERMAN AND MARIA - NIGHT

83

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

84

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)

84 CONTINUED:

84

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.

85 INT. COURTROOM - STATUE - DAY

85

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!?! \*

86 ANGLE - JUDGE LEONARD WHITE - DAY

86 \*

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 Son-nenberg? \*

87 ANGLE - COURTROOM

87

in chaos --

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED:

87

-- 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.

88 ANGLE - JUDGE WHIT

88

\*

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.

)R( BONFIRE OF THE VANITIES - Rev. 5/8/90 29.

89 ANGLE - JED KRAMER 89 \*

coming into the courtroom and moving toward Ray Andriutti.

90 ANGLE - WHITE 90

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.

91 ANGLE - KRAMER 91

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.

KRAMER

(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.

KRAMER

Jesus.

RAY

(laughs)

Welcome to the South Bronx.

92 ANGLE - THE SCENE 92

as the Clerk announces the next case.

CLERK

People versus Harold Williams.  
Indictment number 294721.

\*

JUDGE WHITE

This case was dismissed three weeks ago.

(CONTINUED)

RAY  
(to Kramer)  
Go get him, tiger.

KRAMER  
Shit.

JUDGE WHITE \*  
What is this case doing here?

KRAMER  
May I approach the bench, Your Honor?

JUDGE WHITE \*  
Who the hell are you?

KRAMER  
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.

KRAMER  
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.

KRAMER  
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 defendent... but Mr. Williams over there is not it.

93 INT. CORRIDOR - KRAMER AND ANDRIUTTI - DAY

93 \*

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?

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

94

RAY

Yeah. What?

MARTIN

I'm Martin. This is Detective Goldberg. We just come from Lincoln Hospital. You got a minute?

(CONTINUED)

94 CONTINUED:

94

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:

95 OMITTED  
&  
96

95 \*  
&  
96 \*

97 INT. REV. BACON'S CHURCH (HARLEM) - CLOSE ON CHOIR OF BLACK WOMEN - DAY

97

in the middle of a hymn.

PULL BACK to include: Rev. Bacon in the middle of a tirade.

(CONTINUED)

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...

98 ANGLE TO INCLUDE MRS. ANNIE LAMB

98

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.

(CONTINUED)

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)

98 CONTINUED: (2)

98

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.

99 EXT. ROAD - LICENSE PLATE - DAY

99

of Sherman's Mercedes -- RPH 633.

100 ANGLE - CAR

100

approaching Southampton.

101 INT. CAR - SHERMAN

101

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)

101 CONTINUED:

101

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.

102 EXT. BEACH HOUSE - PORCH - DAY

102

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.

104 INT. LEICESTER'S RESTAURANT - CLOSE ON PETER FALLOW - 104  
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 104A

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 105 \*

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)

105 CONTINUED:

105

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.

106 ANGLE - GERALD MOORE

106

standing over Peter.

MOORE

Good evening, Peter.

PETER

(shocked)

Gerald. Well. Hello.

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.

(CONTINUED)

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!

)U( BONFIRE OF THE VANITIES - Rev. 6/11/90 43.

107 EXT. STREET - PETER FALLOW - DAWN 107

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.

108 INT. FALLOW'S BEDROOM - PETER - MORNING 108 \*

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:

109 INT. LIMOUSINE - ALBERT FOX - MORNING 109

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) \*

109 CONTINUED: 109

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...

\*

110 OMITTED 110  
thru thru  
114A 114A

114B INT. TV SET - HOSPITAL ROOM - ALBERT FOX - DAY 114B

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)

114B CONTINUED:

114B

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.

114C ANGLE - STUDIO

114C

As everyone applauds. Albert shakes hands and moves  
toward...

114D ANGLE - PETER FALLOW

114D

on the sidelines, looking through a folder of papers.

FOX

(approaching)

Cute, aren't they?

PETER

Uh... yes.

(CONTINUED)

114D CONTINUED:

114D

FOX

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

PETER

No. No. No. No. No. Thanks.  
No.

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. \*



114E EXT. STUDIO - NIGHT

114E

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)

114E CONTINUED: 114E

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.

114F INT. LIMOUSINE - NIGHT 114F

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.

115 INT. MOTOR VEHICLE OFFICE - COMPUTER SCREEN - NIGHT 115

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?

116 ANGLE - FOX'S ASSISTANT AND YOUNG MAN 116

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.

117 EXT. LONG ISLAND SUBURB - ED RIFKIN - DAY 117

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?

118 ANGLE TO INCLUDE PETER FALLOW AND RIFKIN 118

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.

119A ANGLE - FELIX 119A

is shining Sherman's shoes and reading the newspaper.

SHERMAN (O.S.)

I think you're exaggerating the situation, Bernard...

120 ANGLE - SHERMAN 120

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 121

upside-down, reading, "Honor Student in Coma."

122 ANGLE - SCENE 122

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 123

of Henry Lamb dressed in a cap and gown.

124 OMITTED 124  
thru thru  
126 126

127 ANGLE - SHERMAN 127

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)

127 CONTINUED:

127

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 Saville 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!!

128 OMITTED

128 \*

&  
129&  
129 \*

130 EXT. STREET - SHERMAN - DAY

130

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:

131 INT. MARIA'S APARTMENT - WORKMAN - DAY

131

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)

131 CONTINUED:

131

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)

131 CONTINUED: (3)

131

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:

132 EXT. BRONX STREET - LARGE WHITE VAN - DAY

132

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.

133 OMITTED  
thru  
135

133 thru  
135 \*

136 ANGLE - PETER FALLOW

136

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)

)J( BONFIRE OF THE VANITIES - Rev. 4/25/90 55.  
136 CONTINUED: 136

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

137 ANGLE - TO INCLUDE REVA 137

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 138 \*

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 139

& &  
140 140

140A ANGLE - HOUSING PROJECT 140A

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)

140A CONTINUED:

140A

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.

141 ANGLE - REMOTE TOWER

141

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.

142 OMITTED 142  
thru thru  
146 146

147 ANGLE - REVEREND BACON 147  
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 148

148A ANGLE - BUCK 148A

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 148B \*

approaches Fallow while Bacon is speaking.

CORSARO

He's something, isn't he?

\*

(CONTINUED)

148B CONTINUED:

148B

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?

\*

148C ANGLE - ANNIE LAMB

148C

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.

149 ANGLE - ANNIE

149

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 SPLATTERS...

CUT TO:

150 INT. DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - DAY

150

Kramer, Weiss, Ray Andriutti and several aides are watching the TV coverage of the demonstration.

WEISS

Look at this shit! Look at it!  
They're throwing shit right in  
my face!

Weiss flips a channel. Corsaro reports. Behind him, a graphic portrays the Weiss poster with graffiti scribbled on it:

"WEISS JUSTICE IS WHITE JUSTICE"

CORSARO (V.O.)

(on T.V.)

And while authorities are dragging their feet, the protesters were sending a message to Bronx district attorney and mayoral candidate Abe Weiss -- 'If you don't launch an investigation, we'll do it ourselves!'

WEISS

That's my name. That's my own  
fucking name.

KRAMER

This is a fuck-up.

WEISS

Who the hell are you?

KRAMER

Kramer, sir. I'm...

On TV we see Corsaro interviewing Albert Fox, who's at his limo, with his aide.

(CONTINUED)

150 CONTINUED:

150

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)



150 CONTINUED: (2)

150

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.

151 OMITTED

&  
152

151

&  
152

153 ANGLE - TV 153

The crowd screaming "Justice! Justice! Justice!"

154 ANGLE - BACK TO SCENE 154

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, Filipino, 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...

155 ANGLE TO INCLUDE BLACK AIDE 155

smiles acknowledgement of the apology.

WEISS

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

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

155 CONTINUED:

155

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

156  
thru  
174

174A EXT. STREET SIGN - DUSK

174A \*

Reading: "PARK AVE."

174B EXT. SHERMAN'S APARTMENT BUILDING - SHERMAN - DUSK

174B \*

gets out of a taxi and walks into...

174C INT. FOYER - MARTIN AND GOLDBERG - DUSK

174C \*

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)

174C CONTINUED:

174C

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

No. No. Not at all. Come up.  
Yes.

174D INT. ELEVATOR - SHERMAN, MARTIN AND GOLDBERG - DUSK

174D \*

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...

(CONTINUED)

174D CONTINUED:

174D

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

174E \*

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

174F \*

leads Martin and Goldberg inside.

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

(CONTINUED)

174F CONTINUED:

174F

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

174G \*

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)

174G CONTINUED:

174G

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.

175 INT. CRIMINAL JUSTICE BUILDING - HALLWAY - KRAMER - 175  
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)

175 CONTINUED:

175

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

176

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)

WEISS

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.

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.

AIDE

Mr. Kramer?

KRAMER

Yeah? What do you want?

RAY

(to Weiss)

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.

WEISS

It's worth a try.

RAY

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.

WEISS

(screams)

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.

RAY

Look at me, Abe. Watch my mouth. Read my lips. No. We cannot do that. No way.

(CONTINUED)

176A CONTINUED: (3)

176A

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!!!

177 INT. CRIMINAL COURTS BUILDING - ROLAND - DAY

177

is having his mug shots taken. He is immediately recognizable as the other young man who was with Henry Lamb.

178 ANGLE - KRAMER

178

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.

179 CLOSE ON ROLAND

179

CUT TO:

180 INT. TOM KILLIAN'S OFFICE - SHERMAN - DAY

180

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. Ayyy! 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, eh! 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)

180 CONTINUED: (2)

180

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)

Yeah. Oh. Put him on. Yeah? I'll hold.

(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)

Uh-huh. Yeah. Yeah. Yeah.

(smile fades)

So what does that mean? Okay. Yeah. Sure. Yeah. Yeah. Yeah.

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 181

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

182 INT. McCOY APARTMENT - JUDY - NIGHT 182

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 183

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)

183 CONTINUED:

183

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)

\*



183 CONTINUED: (2)

183

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.

184 INT. OPERA HOUSE - ONSTAGE - NIGHT

184

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.

185 OMITTED

185 \*

186 ANGLE - SHERMAN

186

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.

187 HIS POV - TEXT

187

and the word "repent" in English and Italian.

188 ANGLE - STAGE

188

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

189 ANGLE - SHERMAN

189

breaking into a sweat. He reaches for Judy.

JUDY

Shhh!

190 ANGLE - STAGE 190  
 as Don Giovanni screams and falls into the jaws of hell.  
 CUT TO:

191 INT. MUSEUM - DIARAMA - NIGHT 191  
 depicts a jungles scene -- a lion is eating a just-killed zebra. A pack of hyenas are hovering.

192 ANGLE - SHERMAN 192  
 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. \*

193 ANGLE - SALLY RAWTHROATE 193  
 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...

194 HIS POV - MARIA 194  
 is walking across the room with her husband, ARTHUR  
 RUSKIN.

195 ANGLE - SHERMAN 195  
 is shocked.

(CONTINUED)

195 CONTINUED:

195

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...

196 HIS POV - JUDY

196

is being introduced to Maria on the other side of the room.

197 ANGLE - SHERMAN

197

extricates himself from Aubrey.

SHERMAN

Excuse me.

198 ANGLE - ARTHUR RUSKIN

198

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.

\*

\*

\*

\*

199 ANGLE - SHERMAN

199

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)

199 CONTINUED:

199

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.

200 ANGLE - AUBREY BUFFING

200

walking and speaking to a woman. As they pass an enormous table of food...

AUBREY

And even when repentance 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...

201 ANGLE - MARIA

201

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)

201 CONTINUED: (2)

201

MRS. BAVARDAGE (CONT'D)  
 Jabots and chintz, jabots and chintz  
 everywhere, everywhere!

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...

202 HIS POV - MARIA

202

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

203 ANGLE - SHERMAN

203

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:

204 OMITTED  
thru  
206204 \*  
thru  
206 \*

207 EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - SHERMAN - DAWN

207

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.

208 OMITTED  
&  
209208  
&  
209



210 INT. POLICE CAR - KILLIAN, MARTIN, GOLDBERG - DAWN

210

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)

210 CONTINUED:

210

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:

211 EXT. CRIMINAL COURT BUILDING - SIDE ENTRANCE - MORNING 211

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.

\*

212 ANGLE - PETER FALLOW 212

off by himself, close to the curb where...

213 POLICE CAR 213

pulls up containing Sherman. Peter peers into the car.

PETER

Excuse me, Mister McCoy?

KILLIAN

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

214 ANGLE - CROWD 214

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.

215 ANGLE - SCENE 215

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.

216 INT. CAR - MORNING

216

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.

217 EXT. CAR - MARTIN AND KILLIAN

217

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)

217 CONTINUED:

217

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.

218 ANGLE - SHERMAN

218

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.

219 ANGLE - PETER FALLOW

219

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

220 OMITTED

220

221 QUICK CUTS

221

- 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.

A222 ANGLE - SHERMAN'S FEET

A222

coming out of his shoes as he tries to walk.

B222 ANGLE - SHERMAN

B222

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)

B222 CONTINUED:

B222

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

C222

being photographed.

D222 ANGLE - SHERMAN'S HANDS

D222

being fingerprinted.

222 ANGLE - SHERMAN

222

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:

223 INT. COURTROOM - CLERK - DAY (LATER)

223

is calling out...

CLERK

Sherman McCoy.

224 ANGLE - OFFICER

224

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.

225 ANGLE - REV. BACON AND ANNIE LAMB

225

seated in the front row of the spectators.

226 ANGLE - SHERMAN - DAY

226

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)

226 CONTINUED:

226

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...

227 ANOTHER ANGLE

227

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)



227 CONTINUED:

227

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)

227

JUDGE WHITE

Kindly behove me no ill-behoves!!!

\*

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

228

who is humiliated.

228A EXT. COURTHOUSE - PETER FALLOW - LATE AFTERNOON

228A \*

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

228B

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!

228C ANGLE - PETER

228C

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?

228D ANGLE TO INCLUDE SHERMAN MCCOY

228D

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.

228E ANGLE - CROWD OF REPORTERS

228E

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! Move!

228F ANGLE - FALLOW AND SHERMAN

228F

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

PETER

This way. Come on.

(CONTINUED)

228F CONTINUED:

228F

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

228G

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)

228G CONTINUED:

228G

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)

228G CONTINUED: (2)

228G

PETER

It's okay. Have another drink.

Sherman takes a long drink.

228H INT. TUNNEL - TRAIN - LATE AFTERNOON

228H \*

CLATTERS through the darkness.

228-I INT. SUBWAY CAR - PETER AND SHERMAN - LATE AFTERNOON

228-I\*

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)

228-I CONTINUED: 228-I

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

PETER

Wait a minute! Wait a minute!

228J ANGLE - CLOSE ON PETER 228J

as the doors close and the train pulls away.

229 EXT. PARK AVENUE - DEMONSTRATORS - NIGHT 229

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

230 ANGLE - SHERMAN 230

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

231 OMITTED 231

232 INT. ELEVATOR - SHERMAN - NIGHT 232

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.

233 ANGLE - ELEVATOR DOORS 233

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

234 ANGLE - PARTY 234

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)

234 CONTINUED:

234

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...

235 ANGLE - RAWLIE THORPE

235

approaches Sherman.

RAWLIE

Sherman. Gee. Hi.

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:

235

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

236

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)

236 CONTINUED:

236

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.

237 ANGLE - TO INCLUDE SALLY RAWTHROTE

237

as she sails into the kitchen, she sees Judy leave.

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)

237 CONTINUED:

237

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.

238 INT. LIVING ROOM - SHERMAN

238

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

239 ANGLE - POLLARD BROWNING

239

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...

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)

SHERMAN

And where would I do it? Who would find me?

POLLARD

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

SHERMAN

You want me to leave?

POLLARD

Well...

SHERMAN

This is my home...

POLLARD

I understand that...

SHERMAN

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.

POLLARD

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...

SHERMAN

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.

POLLARD

You are a shareholder in a cooperative. Look, we're not asking you to do anything of a permanent nature...

(CONTINUED)

241 CONTINUED:

241

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.

242 ANGLE - SHERMAN

242

waves the smoking shotgun at them.

SHERMAN

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

(CONTINUED)

242

CONTINUED:

242

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  
thru  
247

OMITTED

242A  
thru  
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:

248

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

249

250 INT. UPSTAIRS OFFICE - PETER AND CAROLINE - NIGHT

250

come into the office.

PETER

Where's the phone?

(CONTINUED)



250 CONTINUED:

250

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)

(CONTINUED)

250 CONTINUED: (2)

250

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...

251 OMITTED

251

252 INT. RESTAURANT - MAITRE D' - DAY

252

points Fallow toward Arthur Ruskin's table.

MAITRE D'

Monsieur Ruskin is already here.

253 ANGLE - ARTHUR RUSKIN

253

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

(CONTINUED)

253 CONTINUED:

253

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. Whereabouts?

ARTHUR

She's in Lake Como someplace.

PETER

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

(CONTINUED)

253 CONTINUED: (1A)

253

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)

253 CONTINUED: (2)

253

ARTHUR

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?

254 ANGLE - WAITERS - LATER

254

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

ARTHUR

... 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...

PETER

Yes.

ARTHUR

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.

ARTHUR

They think this is the way you stop an airplane.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

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 plait.

PETER

What?

MAITRE D'

The bill, monsieur. Thank you.  
And we do not accept credit cards.

- 255 EXT. AIRPORT - 747 - DUSK 255 \*  
is landing.
- 256 INT. AIRPORT - MARIA - DUSK 256 \*  
comes out of Customs. She is wearing black and has a veil over her face.
- 257 ANGLE - FALLOW 257  
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.
- 258 EXT. TERMINAL - MARIA AND PETER - DUSK 258 \*  
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)



258 CONTINUED:

258

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

... Peckerhead. I am here for my husband's funeral. Understand? Now go away. Disappear. Disintegrate.

She gets into the car. Fallow watches the car pull away. He smiles.

259 OMITTED 259

259A EXT. HOSPITAL - NEWSSTAND - DAY 259A

The headline on the City Lights reads:

"FINANCIER'S WIDOW IS  
MCCOY MYSTERY WOMAN"

259B INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - HENRY LAMB - DAY 259B

is lying in a coma -- a beatific smile on his face.

259C ANGLE TO INCLUDE FOX, BACON, ANNIE LAMB AND PETER FALLOW 259C  
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)

259C CONTINUED:

259C

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)

259C CONTINUED: (2)

259C

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.

260 CLOSE ON PETER

260

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.

260A OMITTED  
thru  
262A

260A  
thru  
262A \*

262B INT. WEISS'S OFFICE - CLOSE ON NEWSPAPER - DAY

262B

The headline reads:

"CITY LIGHT EXCLUSIVE  
DID NEGLIGENT HOSPITAL SLAUGHTER LAMB?"

\*

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)

262B CONTINUED:

262B

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

A262B

Approaching the building.

B262B INT. HALLWAY - FALLOW

B262B

Is knocking on a door that has a sign reading "Super-intendant." 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

262  
thru  
262E

262F INT. MCCOY APARTMENT - CLOSE ON CASSETTE PLAYER

262F

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

262G

SHERMAN

That's us! That's me! That's Maria! How did you get this?

(CONTINUED)

262G CONTINUED:

262G

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)

262G CONTINUED: (2)

262G

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?

263 OMITTED

263

264 EXT. FUNERAL PARLOR (MADISON AVENUE) - DAY

264

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.

\*

265 OMITTED

265

thru  
269A

thru  
269A

269B INT. FUNERAL PARLOR - MARIA - DAY

269B

dressed in black enters and walks down the aisle. People stop her and offer condolences.

269C ANGLE - KRAMER

269C

comes into the chapel.

269D ANGLE - SHERMAN

269D

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:

269E INT. CRYPTS - SHERMAN

269E

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)



269E CONTINUED: (A1)

269E

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)

269E CONTINUED:

269E

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.

)O( BONFIRE OF THE VANITIES - Rev. 4/26/90 122.

270 INT. VIEWING ROOM - DIRECTOR 270

is still at the microphone.

DIRECTOR  
And now, in accordance with the  
wishes of Mr. Ruskin...

271 ANGLE - KRAMER 271

is moving around, trying to find Maria.

DIRECTOR (O.S.)  
... Manny Leerman will play a  
medley of Arthur's favorite songs.

272 ANGLE - MANNY LEERMAN 272

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."

273 ANGLE - KRAMER 273

leaving the viewing room.

274 INT. HALLWAY - KRAMER - DAY 274

looking from room to room.

275 INT. CRYPTS - MARIA - DAY 275 \*

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?

(CONTINUED)

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)

275

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

276

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

277

runs in, not sure what he's doing...

KRAMER

Who?!

MARIA

Sherman McCoy!

(CONTINUED)

277 CONTINUED:

277

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:

278 INT. SHERMAN'S APARTMENT - SHERMAN - NIGHT

278

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.

279 ANGLE - FRONT DOOR

279

as Sherman opens it. Sherman's father is standing there.

(CONTINUED)

279 CONTINUED:

279

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

280

MR. McCOY

(looking around)

It's all gone. Everything.

SHERMAN

Yes. Judy... uh...

MR. McCOY

She's gone, too?

SHERMAN

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)



280 CONTINUED: (2)

280

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:

281 INT. COURTROOM - JUDGE WHITE - DAY

281

is banging his gavel, trying to silence the overflowing courtroom.

282 ANGLE - STATUE OF BLIND JUSTICE

282

Some demonstrators are climbing on the statue to get a better view.

283 ANGLE - MARIA

283

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:

283

MARIA

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?

MARIA

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?

MARIA

Why, Sherman never let anyone drive his car.

KRAMER

Sherman McCoy was driving the car.

MARIA

Oh, yes.

A roar goes up from the crowd.

284 VARIOUS ANGLES - EVERYONE

284

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

285

smiling.

(CONTINUED)

MARIA

... 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)

285 CONTINUED: (2)

285

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.

286 ANGLE - KILLIAN, KRAMER AND SHERMAN

286

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)

286 CONTINUED:

286

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!!

(CONTINUED)

286 CONTINUED: (2)

286

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!"

287 ANGLE - DOORS OF COURTROOM

287

burst open. Reporters and photographers rush into the room.

288 ANGLE - WHITE

288

\*

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)

288 CONTINUED:

288

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.

289 ANGLE - COURTROOM

289

as another blood-curdling roar goes up from the crazed mob. They close in on the Judge and Sherman.

290 ANGLE - REVEREND BACON

290

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?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

291 OMITTED

291

\*

292 ANGLE - CROWD

292

closing in on Sherman and the Judge. The Judge grabs Sherman and pulls him through the door.

\*  
\*

292A INT. CORRIDOR - SHERMAN AND JUDGE 292A

come out of the courtroom, pursued by the spectators. They are pressed against a huge statue of "blind justice" at the end of the corridor.

292B SEVERAL ANGLES - MOBS OF PEOPLE 292B

rushing at Sherman and the Judge from different sides.

292C ANGLE - STATUE 292C

teeters.

292D ANGLE - KRAMER 292D

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...

293 OMITTED 293

& &

294 294

295 ANGLE - STATUE 295

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.

296 ANGLE - SCENE 296

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)



296 CONTINUED: 296

Sherman whacks Kramer with the sword. Kramer falls away.  
Sherman helps the Judge down the corridor.

296A ANGLE - BACON AND FOX 296A

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 approaches Sherman offering his card.

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 296B

giving an interview for a TV news team.

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 297

297A ANGLE - FALLOW 297A

approaches Sherman.

(CONTINUED)

297A CONTINUED:

297A

FALLOW

Sherman! Sherman! Congratulations.  
This is going to make one hell of  
a story!!

SHERMAN

You again! Who are you?!

PETER

Oh, sorry. I'm Peter Fallow. I'm  
Peter Fallow. Ha. Ha. Ha.

Sherman looks at him for a moment. Then he lets out a  
screaming war cry and smacks Fallow with the sword.

297B ANGLE - FALLOW

297B

falls to the ground. He looks up. He smiles.

PETER

Thanks. I needed that.

298 ANGLE - SHERMAN AND JUDGE

298

move down the stairs and out the iron gates of the court-  
house.

298A EXT. COURTHOUSE - SHERMAN - DAY

298A

pulls the gates shut and slides the sword through the  
door handles, locking the crowd inside the courthouse.  
They pound on the gates as the courtroom guards try to  
hold them back.

SHERMAN

Are you alright?

JUDGE

I'm alright. Damn hooligans.

He walks up to the iron gates. The faces of the demon-  
strators 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.

)S( BONFIRE OF THE VANITIES - Rev. 5/18/90 137. \*

299 ANGLE - PETER FALLOW 299

through the iron gates.

PETER (V.O.)

It was the last I saw of Sherman  
McCoy...

300 ANGLE - SCENE 300

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...

DISSOLVE TO:

301 OMITTED 301  
thru thru  
303 303

303A INT. WINTER GARDEN - FALLOW - NIGHT 303A

coming out of the wall of flashbulbs we saw at the  
beginning. A vast crowd of black ties and evening  
gowns surge toward him, cheering, applauding. A voice  
rings out on a microphone...

VOICE (V.O.)

... 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!!

304 ANGLE - PETER 304

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.

305 SERIES OF STILL SHOTS 305

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:

306 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - HENRY LAMB - NIGHT 306

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.

307 EXT. HOSPITAL - HENRY LAMB 307

comes out of hospital, he smiles and walks away down the street.

FADE OUT.

THE END