

THE BASKETBALL DIARIES

by
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(based on Jim Carroll's novel,
The Basketball Diaries)

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THE BASKETBALL DIARIES

FADE UP

A soft BEATING SOUND. Like a heartbeat, but not quite.

EXTREME CLOSE-UPS - Faces. Black guys. SLOW MOTION. Sweating, grimacing, intense. Eyes look right and left, following some event.

A WHITE KID'S FACE- Young. Very early teens. Wild looking. A street kid named JIM CARROLL. CAMERA WIDENS to reveal Jim's skinny-ass body. He's dribbling a basketball. That is the BEATING SOUND. THE ONLY SOUND. Jim plays in long pants, polo shirt. He moves like a cat.

ANGLE - He's the only white kid in a full-court five-on-five game. The players move in a slo-mo ballet. Jim pushes the ball upcourt. They are in a 'Cage'. Typical fenced in, inner-city court. Spectators hang along the fences, cheering Jim on.

JIM - spins on a man, changes direction on another...shaking and baking. He stops and goes up for a perfect SLOW MOTION JUMPER. The ball rises in a smooth arc-

THE PLAYERS - follow the ball's course. Something is wrong. It seems to keep rising. Everyone looks straight up into the sky.

BALL'S POV - Pulling away from the little rectangular court and the people below staring straight up. Going higher and higher and higher.

JIM - Stands with his hands on his hips...watching incredulously the leather satellite he's launched.

THE BASKETBALL - Floats up and up, over the rooftops of New York City and beyond-

CUT.

GRAPHIC:

THE BASKETBALL DIARIES

Little Stevie Wonder SINGS, FINGERTIPS PT.2

FADE UP

VARIOUS SHOTS - NEW YORK CITY - MOS

Uptown Negros in short sleeves shoot the shit.

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CONTINUED:

Someone puts in fifty cents for an Automat salami sandwich.

People line up to see CLEOPATRA.

Y.A. Tittle warms up on the sidelines.

A Stylish WOMAN walks along downtown SECOND AVENUE. She passes by a youngster standing nonchalantly in a doorway.

GRAPHIC:

"THE DIAPER BANDITS STRIKE AGAIN"

ANGLE - CAMERA moves in on Jim...watching the woman closely. He gives a nod to someone.

YOGI - Jim's pal. Another urchin. Returns Jim's nod.

ANGLE - The Stylish woman feels good today. Walks with an extra wiggle. Smiles as Yogi, the innocent, walks up to her and asks for directions home. FINGERTIPS plays throughout. The woman gladly explains how to get there...pointing with her left hand. A POCKETBOOK dangles from her arm.

NEW ANGLE - Jim rapidly approaches from behind as the lady talks. Suddenly, He SWOOPS down like a hawk, whips the purse off her arm. He and Yogi TAKE OFF like shots.

THE WOMAN - In shock. Screams. Starts running. Breaks a heel.

THE DIAPER BANDITS - Tear-ass around a corner, laughing with glee. Leave their latest victim behind in the dust.

CUT TO.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY (MOS)

Out of breath and triumphant, Jim and Yogi rifle through their booty. Pull out and toss useless lipsticks, tissues, and compacts. They find the wallet. Jim excitedly grabs it from Yogi. They fight over it...it opens-

ANGLE - Four bucks. Cheap bitch. Four measley dollars. All that work. Jim upends the purse. Some change dribbles out. They are really pissed. Yogi pulls a white envelope out of the bag. He looks at the contents as Jim curses away.

YOGI - Face lightens up. Eyes wide with disbelief. Jim shuts up and looks at what Yogi has. SNAPSHOTS. He starts laughing wildly with his friend.

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CONTINUED:

THE SNAPSHOTS - Polaroids. Home-made Pornos. Real dirty stuff. Lots of beaver. Group sex, blow-jobs. Nasty. And the best...a fat lady doing it with a donkey! Goldmine.

CUT TO.

EXT. LOCAL PARK - DAY

A cement lot with a few bushes. Some swings. Jim and Yogi are surrounded by a crowd of local teenagers.

ANGLE - The young entrepreneurs have created a bidding war with their wares. Guys frantically wave dollars in their faces. Jim negotiates masterfully. It's been a good day after all.

MUSIC ENDS.

CUT.

EXT. THE STATEN ISLAND FERRY - DAY

Gliding over the choppy grey Hudson. Lady Liberty stands a bit tarnished at the harbour's mouth.

JIM - stands at an upper deck railing. Wind blows his hair. He likes the way it feels...like he's Captain of the ship.

VOICES (SINGING O.C.)

"Seventy-seven Sunset Strip, all
of a sudden, I heard a rip, it
was the teacher's underwear, how
do I know cause I was there-"

ANGLE - Yogi, and another local pal, KEVIN DOLON, stand on one of the ferry's benches, singing and fooling around. The ferry is fairly empty up top, except for a couple of old ladies with sunglasses and kerchiefs.

KEVIN

(to Jim)

Hey Cap'n, spot any land out
there?

ANGLE - Jim turns to his pals.

JIM

Aye matey...it's the fucking
Island of Staten!

Yogi jumps up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

YOGI

The Island of Staten! At last!
And look who guards her...a giant!
(pointing to the Statue
of Liberty)

KEVIN

With a fifty foot green pussy.
Hey, look what I got.

ANGLE - Kevin holds a brown paper bag. He extracts a small
metal bottle. CARBONA CLEANING FLUID.

JIM

(eyes lighting up)
Alright!

Kevin also pulls out a rag which the boys tear into three hunks.

YOGI

My old lady can't get the place
clean enough when she uses this
shit.

JIM

Gimme some of that.

KEVIN

Hold it Jim! Lemme pour some for
me first...it's mine.

ANGLE - They pour the fluid onto their rags.

YOGI

Request permission to get stoned.

JIM

Permission granted.

They each hold the rags to their faces and take dep whiffs.
Then another. And yet one more. Toxic fumes seep into their
bloodstream. Up to their brains.

YOGI

(eyes bulging)
Holy shit.

ANOTHER ANGLE - Rushed out of their minds. The boys stagger
on the deck like drunken seamen. The Hudson sways. They laugh.

JIM - dizzily stumbling. He breathes in more Carbona.

THE STATUE OF LIBERTY - seems to dance crazily.

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THE HUDSON - A million tiny suns glint and blur.

JIM - Carbona hallucinations. Rag to his face, eyes popping from his skull. Suddenly, he FLINGS the rag down and grasps desperately for the side railing.

ANGLE - Yogi and Kevin also succumb. Bodies rejecting this outrage. They lean over-

THE BOTTOM DECK

A LARGE BUSINESSMAN - placidly reads his newspaper. Suddenly, a torrent of wet nastiness SPLATTERS his newspaper, his head, his suit. He spins and looks above him.

BUSINESSMAN'S POV - Three young sick heads quickly pull back from above.

BUSINESSMAN
Sonofabitch!!

He makes a mad rush for the upper deck steps.

THE BOYS - See the guy coming after them. They run into each other in a stupored panic...then straighten out and dash for the rear steps. Hurdling over benches and old ladies.

ANGLE - The Businessman is not far behind. Cursing and yelling.

THE CHASE - The boys whips down the stairs of the cabin...Businessman chasing.

Over the hood and through all the carloads of commuters returning from Manhattan. Sneaker marks on windshields.

The boys hang a hard right.

ANGLE - The man stops short. The boys are gone. He looks around.

THE MEN'S ROOM - They must be in here. The Businessman kicks open the door. Homicidal. Out of breath. It is a filthy mess. He looks around.

THE STALLS - All empty except for one. Someone sits, grunting away as he does his business. The Businessman kicks open the others just to make sure. The poor guy on the toilet sure sounds like he's having a hard time. Disgustedly, the Businessman exits the lavatory. His FOOTSTEPS disappear.

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CONTINUED: (3)

WE HOLD on the stalls. Slowly, the door of the occupied john swings open. Jim sits on the bowl, grunting away. Yogi and Kevin straddle the toilet fixture. They look at each other and collapse, giggling and relieved. Still green around the gills.

CUT.

"BIDDY BASKETBALL"

INT. RIVERDALE N.Y. GYMNASIUM - DAY

A squeaky clean gym in affluent Riverdale. A TEAM of suburban Bidy, (13 years and under, 8 foot baskets), ALL-STARS take lay-up drills in well rehearsed fashion. They wear bright uniforms with little stars. Their coach is a PRIEST. DADS and MOMS in sweaters nod proudly from the stands at Junior on the court. A banner reads - GREATER NEW YORK BIDDY TOURNAMENT.

ANGLE - The cute Bidy All Stars stop mid-drill. They stare at-

ANOTHER ANGLE - Their opponents. THE MADISON SQUARE BOYS CLUB. Entering the gym. A group of scraggly, tough, inner-city kids. Jim, Kevin, Yogi, a large fat kid, HERBIE, a monster Italian, TONY, little Puerto Rican PEDRO, a tall black kid CARSON, and their coach LEFTY. They strip off old sweats to their even older ratty uniforms. The Boys Club is in awe of this new gym.

TONY

Lookit this fucking place.

A DAD - chews the stem of his pipe. A little concerned.

DAD

Nice to get those boys out of the city.

MOM

Yes. Aren't they a little old though?

ANGLE - The boy's club takes warm-ups. Jim savagely DUNKS a ball. Carson follows suit. These guys are big and GOOD players. Maybe a little old.

THE ALL STARS - try to concentrate on their own drills. Gulping and nudging each other as Herbie practically rips the rim down. The ref BLOWS his WHISTLE, the buzzer SOUNDS.

THE GAME - An absolute joke. The All-Stars try pathetic set-offenses, presses, etc. The Priest yelling in plays. The Boys Club runs and guns without mercy.

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JIM - is a GREAT player. Totally dominating the game. He pops a few in a row from outside. Blocks a shot and feeds Carson on the run.

SERIES OF SHOTS

Herbie boxes an All-Star onto his little ass.

Jim fires another fifteen-footer. SWISH.

An All-Star gets his shot thrown back into his face. Bloody nose. He cries. The game is out of hand.

THE STANDS - Dads stand and scream. Moms too.

DAD 1

Hey, that's a foul!

DAD 2

That kid's over thirteen! He's got a beard for chrissakes!

MOM

Check their birth certificates ref!

THE COACH PRIEST - takes up the cry.

COACH PRIEST

Hey, I want to see birth certificates ref!

ANGLE - The massacre continues. Lefty sits on the sideline smiling at his boys and smoking a cigarette.

CUT TO.

VISITING LOCKERROOM

Halftime. The Boy's Club hardly worked up a sweat. They sit around laughing. Lefty walks around them...very coachlike.

YOGI

Didja see that little motherfucker cry?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LEFTY

Shut-up Yogi, no-one on this team uses that word. Now listen up, Carson, Jim, and Herbie are sitting out this half. We don't want these assholes checking birth certificates. We'd have to forfeit the whole season.

JIM

What do you mean Lefty? I'm still thirteen.

LEFTY

Yeah, but we're killin' them. You guys just relax. Okay Carson?

CARSON

Coach, would you take your hand offa my dick please?

ANGLE - Lefty has sidled up to the tall kid and brushes his hand against his crotch. The BUZZER SOUNDS outside.

LEFTY

Okay...the rest of you let's go!
Let 'em run up a score a little.

He leads the others back out...then turns around to Jim and Co.

LEFTY

No smoking in here.

He exits.

CARSON

Queer.

They immediately light up cigarettes. Walk around, check out the room.

HERBIE

• - Wish we had some weed or something.
(to Jim)
What do you think, Dazey?

ANGLE - Jim sits on the bench...lost in his private space somewhere.

CARSON

How come you call him Dazey?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

HERBIE
Cause he always goes off in a
daze. Lookit him.

JIM
Screw. I'm just thinking.

ANOTHER ANGLE - Carson has found an open door.

CARSON
Hold it. I think we got something
here.

JIM
(stands)
What's in there?

CARSON
It's the motherfucking home team
lockerroom!

ANGLE - Herbie and Jim smile. CHEERING from the gymnasium.

CUT TO.

LEFTY'S STATIONWAGON

After the game. The 'Team bus', an old Ford Wagon. Driving
through Riverdale, back through the Bronx towards Manhattan.

ANGLE - The team is bugging Lefty for a food stop.

PEDRO
Burgers. C'mon Lefty.

TONY
Don't be so cheap. Just a few,
c'mon.

IN THE BACK - Jim, Herbie and Carson split up their 'take' from
the Bidy All-Star's lockers. Watches, cash, a Swiss army
knife. They whisper.

ANGLE - The other boys see the booty, their eyes light up.

LEFTY - Tries to see what's happening in his rear-view.

LEFTY
What are you wise-asses up to back
there?

ANGLE - They hide the stuff.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

HERBIE
Nuthin' Coach. We just want
burgers.

The whole team picks up the chant.

TEAM
BURGERS! BURGERS! BURGERS!

LEFTY
Alright already, Shut-up! Jesus
Christ. But I'm tellin' you, one
per person. I don't have much
cash...you got it?

The team CHEERS as Lefty whips the old heap into a WHITE CASTLE
lot.

WHITE CASTLE

One after another, each boy walks by the huge black CASHIER with
a tray heaped with sacks of little square burgers, sodas, and
onion rings.

KEVIN
(to Cashier)
The man behind's got it.

TONY
Guy back there's got it.

Jim walks up.

CASHIER
I know, I know.

Finally, Lefty brings up the rear. Absolutely steaming. He
holds one pitiful small Coke for himself.

CASHIER
Thirty-seven fifty.

OUTSIDE THE CASTLE

The boys laugh it up as they jam food into their mouths. What a
goof.

ANGLE - Some brand new Chevys and Pontiacs slowly cruise down
the street.

THE BOYS - Jim and Carson spot the cars and stop short in their
tracks.

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THE NEW CARS - Packed full of Suburban Dads, screaming Bidy All-Stars and a Priest. They spot the thieves.

JIM

Oh shit.

ANGLE - The enraged Lefty has just exited White Castle.

CARSON

Coach, c'mon...hurry we gotta get back!

Some of the team runs to the Ford wagon. Locked. Jim tries pulling Lefty who by now is suspicious. He looks around.

ANGLE - The cars come screaming into the lot.

ANOTHER ANGLE - The Boys Club bangs on Lefty's car, begging him to hurry. Lefty gets a glint in his eye.

LEFTY

Ripped 'em off, huh?

THE IRATE SUBURBANITES- Jump from their cars. Led by the Coach Priest in his flowing robes. Some carry baseball bats.

LEFTY - Suddenly runs to his driver's side, opens it, jumps in and slam locks the door. His team SCREAMS.

LEFTY

(cackling through a window)

Face the music, pricks!

He PEELS OUT of the parking lot.

ANGLE - The crazed Dads are almost upon them. The Boys Club takes off, leaving a cloud of burgers and fries...and some very pissed guys in loafers.

EXT. FOURTEENTH STREET SUBWAY STATION - DAY

As always, East Fourteenth bustles with cheap discount joints, sidewalk hustlers, pimps, whores, johns, shoppers, a touch of Cairo in Downtown Manhattan.

Jim, Herbie, Pedro and Kevin emerge from the subway station. Fresh from the Bidy All-Star experience.

HERBIE

Jesus that was close.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KEVIN

You fuckers better divvy up your
take after all that.

HERBIE

Hey, we're a team right?

JIM

We'll get Lefty's ass.

HERBIE

That dick-snatcher. Maybe he
drove off the bridge.

ANGLE - A rougey whore stands in the middle of the Avenue,
propositioning some Jersey guy in his family car.

HERBIE

(joking)

Hey look Pedro, there's your mom!

ANOTHER ANGLE - Pedro turns bright red...near tears. He shoves
Herbie and bolts off down the Avenue.

HERBIE

What's wrong with him?

JIM

You jerk-off. That IS is mom!

PEDRO'S MOM - The John takes off on her. She spits after the
car...then goes slinking up to the next taker, cruising the
block.

FADE.

FADE UP

EXT. LOCAL HOOP COURT -DAY

Another day. Jim and Herbie play HORSE on a local court,
surrounded by brick walls and fencing. Jim has the ball and
calls for the shot.

JIM

Around the back reverse lefty
lay-up. Swish.

HERBIE

Can't call swish.

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CONTINUED:

JIM
I just did.

ANGLE - Jim goes up for the shot. Exactly as he called it.
Swish.

HERBIE
Prick.

Herbie tries to duplicate the shot. He's not as agile and hit
iron.

JIM
H-O-R.

VOICE (O.C.)
That him?

ANOTHER VOICE (O.C.)
Yeah.

ANGLE - Pedro and his BIG BROTHER step onto the court. Herbie
jumps back.

BIG BROTHER
You makin' fun of my mother?

HERBIE
Huh? No, I-

The Big Brother leaps on Fat Herbie and starts beating the crap
out of him. They roll in a dervish all around the court.

ANGLE - Jim watches the beating. Wincing a little, practicing
dribbling between his legs.

FADE.

GRAPHIC

"BUSTED"

FADE UP

INT. JIM'S FAMILY APARTMENT -DAY

The small livingroom of the Carroll apartment. Jim sits around
watching some bullshit on t.v. like ART LINKLATTER'S HOUSE
PARTY. Munching Twinkies. The ROAR of a vacuum blends with
the SOUNDS of Third Avenue. The Vacuum SHUTS OFF. MRS.
CARROLL, Jim's mother enters the room. She looks concerned,
carries a small PLASTIC BAG.

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CONTINUED:

MRS. CARROLL
Jim?

JIM
Yeah?

MRS. CARROLL
What's this?

She hold up the bag. It is a nickel bag of marijuana.

JIM
(shocked, but cool)
What's what?

MRS. CARROLL
This!
(holds it under his
nose)

JIM
What? That?

MRS. CARROLL
I found it under your rug.

JIM
You did? I don't know what it
is.

MRS. CARROLL
This is marijuana isn't it?

JIM
No. I don't think it looks like
that.

ANGLE - Mrs. Carroll is very serious. She takes a seat next
to her son.

MRS. CARROLL
I'm not going to yell or tell your
father. I just want to find out
from you. Are you an addict, Jim?

JIM
(can't help but laugh)
Moms...you don't get addicted to
marijuana. You get addicted to
stuff like heroin.

MRS. CARROLL
That's not what I've heard.

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CONTINUED: (2)

JIM

I swear to god. It's nothing. Someone gave that to me. I just tried it once. It just makes you feel silly. Not even as strong as the stuff Daddy pours down at the Tavern. Heroin is addicting. And that I'll never ever mess with cause I'm a basketball player.

MRS. CARROLL

I don't want this stuff in my house, you hear me? You want to ruin your scholarship to that nice private school for next year.

JIM

I won't. I'm being good.

MRS. CARROLL

I don't want you lying or being a smart aleck.

JIM

I'm not.

MRS CARROLL

Okay then.

A pause.

MRS. CARROLL

It'll be good for you to move near Uncle Joe's in Inwood. Away from these little gangsters down here.

JIM

We really moving up there?

MRS. CARROLL

You'll like it.

JIM

Bunch of cornballs. And that goddamned Catholic school.

MRS. CARROLL

Watch your mouth buster! And anyway you'll only be there for less than a year.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JIM

Yeah. Hey moms, what are you gonna do with that weed?

MRS. CARROLL

(looking at the pot)
This? I'm flushing it right down the toilet, so your father doesn't murder you.

JIM

Could I get five bucks from you then-cause that's how much it costs...

ANGLE - His mother lunges to smack him, but Jim jumps off the couch...on the run towards the door...his mother in pursuit.

JIM

I'm just kidding! I'm just kidding!!

ANOTHER ANGLE - Jim's OLD MAN opens the front door. Home from his shift at the bar.

JIM

Hi dad-

He squirts by his father...escaping out of the apartment.

MR. CARROLL

What the hell's going on now?

FADE.

GRAPHIC

"OLD MRS. MCNULTY"

FADE UP

INT. JIM'S KITCHEN -NIGHT

Late night. Jim sits at the deserted supper table. Reading by the dim light over the stove. It's nice and quiet. He reads A LIGHT IN THE FOREST by Conrad Richter. For all his wise-guy antics, Jim deeply appreciates moments like these. He puts down the book for a moment...going into one of his "dazes"...maybe feeling the cool primeval forests of Richter's book.

ANGLE - A flickering light appears in the window across the alley from the Carroll's. SOUNDS of murmuring...broken up by a harsh CURSE! Jim gets up from the table...turns out the single stove light and looks out his window.

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CONTINUED:

ACROSS THE ALLEY - It is old MRS. MCNULTY. A looney sixty-five year old. Standing over her sink in bra and panties...lit by candles...offering the Catholic Mass. Her sink serves as an alter, she holds a gold chalice. Mumbling the consecration to herself...she rubs the Chalice along the inside of her old thighs...suddenly blurting out a curse in between the service.

MRS. MCNULTY

FUCK!

It is an extremely bizarre and unsettling ritual.

JIM - stands in the dark. Face lit by this repulsively fascinating act of insanity. His young eyes opened wide.

FADE.

"MOVING DAY"

FADE UP

EXT. JIM'S APARTMENT BUILDING -DAY

MOVERS lug the old family couch down the front stoop to a waiting truck. Packed boxes are stacked on the sidewalk. The move Uptown to Inwood.

ANGLE - Jim hangs out with Kevin, watching his life being re-located. He dribbles a ball on the street.

KEVIN

I can't believe this man.

JIM

Yeah.

KEVIN

Catholic School. All them fucking penguins.

JIM

- One of those old biddys or madmen in those collars tells me to bend over...I'm crackin' them. Maybe they'll throw me out. Some nice courts up there though.

KEVIN

I hear. People smoke weed?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JIM
Nah. Bunch of fat-assed Irish
beer drinkers.

ANGLE - Suddenly, Pedro and his Big Brother come tear-assing
down the street. They have to vault over the furniture being
moved out of Jim's home.

JIM
Hey Pedro! Whattya doing?

Right on their tail comes Herbie, with his OLDER BROTHER and
his brother's BIG FRIEND. They chase the first two guys...ready
to kill them. The mover's practically get knocked down.

KEVIN
(shaking his head)
This is gonna turn into a gang
war. Whaddya say we get a bum
to score us some wine?

JIM
Good idea. A farewell toast.

ANOTHER ANGLE - An AMBULANCE comes pulling up to the building
next to Jim's. Beacon revolving.

JIM
Now what?

They watch TWO MEN in white coats rush up the front stoop into
the building.

ANGLE - A moment later, the men in the white coats re-appear.
Leading old Mrs. McNulty out the door...fastening a
straight-jacket around her back. She curses a blue-streak.

JIM
Jesus. I'm gonna miss the old
neighborhood.

"WINTER '64"

The SINGING NUN sings her hit, "DOMINIQUE":

"CATHOLIC SCHOOL"

FADE UP

MONTAGE - MOS. As the Music plays.

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CONTINUED: (2)

A PROCESSION OF NUNS walk along the school hallways. Jim and a PAL come running around a corner, chasing each other...practically bowling the nuns over. They make it by the sisters, only to SMASH into a stern BROTHER, carrying stacks of paper...knocking them all over the place.

JIM - pants down to his knees, bending over as the BROTHER belts him with a rubber belt.

A CLASSROOM

Class takes a test, as another BROTHER walks the room. He tells the boys to pass their tests up as he checks his watch.

ANGLE - The boys start to pass their papers up from the back. The KID behind Jim picks his nose and places it on his test, then passes it to Jim. Jim is disgusted...but then thinks its funny. He does the same and passes his test plus, to the next boy. Everyone in his row digs into their nose for a little treat for the teacher.

THE BROTHER - gathers all the papers from the rows, looking self-satisfied until he gets the ones from Jim's row. The top sheet is a disgusting mess. He stares down the aisle.

THE BOYS - perfect angels.

JIM - Again with his pants down. This time getting smacked on the ass with a bible.

JIM - stands in front of a school showcase. There's a hologram of the Virgin Mary. As he moves back and forth, her eyes open and close and she smiles.

ANOTHER CLASSROOM

Taught by a very attractive SISTER. Her womanhood trying to bust out from the habit. Full lips. Seemingly full body. She teaches.

JIM - like the rest of the class...enamored by this woman. He gets an idea.

ANGLE - A paper airplane comes zinging up to the front. The Sister is angry. Wants to know who's responsible.

JIM - Cannot tell a lie. It was he.

ANGLE - This time Jim voluntarily starts to pull his pants down for a beating. The Sister yanks them back up, pulls out his hands. She delivers the blows with a huge ruler...right on the palms.

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CONTINUED: (3)

A CHAPEL

JESUS - beatitudinal on the cross. CAMERA ADJUSTS to reveal a PRIEST delivering a sermon.

PRIEST

It's a fire that burns as dark as pitch! Flames thousands of times hotter than that of your ordinary earthly fire. Hold your finger over a match. Now imagine one thousand times that heat over your entire body for all Eternity!

THE BOYS - sit in rapt attention. Across the aisles from them are their female counterparts. The Catholic school GIRLS.

JIM - Stares at the nubile females in their plaid uniforms.

ANGLE - A BROTHER catches Jim staring at the girls and glares at him.

JIM - Looks away...back to the Priest.

PRIEST

And what about Eternity? Can a human being even grasp such a concept?

JIM - Goes off in one of his dazes...drifting off-

ANGLE - Suddenly a platoon of NAZI SOLDIERS BURST into the small chapel- MAUSERS BLAZING! The Priest is CUT DOWN! All the girls and boys, Brothers and Sisters scatter. Bullets FLY!

JIM - Reaches under the pew and extracts a machine gun. HE LEAPS INTO ACTION! Shell casings spew. Jim leaps over the rows...wading in...saving the girls. He lays into the Hun. His ferocity is irresistible. The Germans are pushed back.

ANGLE - The others watch this heroic action in gracious awe-

THE GIRLS - smile like Madonnas. Swarm all over Jim...opening up their uniforms for Jim to feast.

ANGLE - A BROTHER nudges Jim from his reverie. Jim snaps awake.

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CONTINUED: (4)

PRIEST (CONT.)
 the leering, ghoulish faces
 prodding and cajoling...never
 letting the lost souls be, for
 even one second of that terrible
 eternity.

FADE.

"COUSIN KEN'S PARTY"

FADE UP

INT. UNCLE JOE'S APARTMENT - DAY

A decent, middle-class apartment in Inwood. Belongs to Jim's Uncle Joe and Aunt Clara, who are out of town. Cousin KENNY and Jim have commandeered the joint for the week-end...taking advantage of Joe's well-stocked little bar with real bar stools. Outside, it's blistery cold. Inside, Jim, and a pal CHRIS, line up their glasses for bartender Ken.

Chris approaches the bar, doing a Frankie Fontaine, 'Crazy Guggenheimer' imitation.

KEN

Yeah, you look like him too.

JIM

Hey Ken, isn't your old man gonna miss all this booze?

KEN

Nah. He's got cases of this shit. As long as fifty people don't show like last time. My old lady still can't get the smell of Fat Eddie's puke from the sofa.

CHRIS

Let's go...start pouring.

The BUZZER SOUNDS.

KEN

There's my boy Willie. He better have some o.j. Buzz him in Chris.

ANGLE - Chris goes to the door buzzer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JIM

We gotta get some chicks up here.
This lame Catholic school's
putting a cramp in my sex life.

Ken goes through his father's liquor selection.

KEN

Yeah. What's Frangelica?

JIM

Gimme a taste.

ANGLE - WILLIE, a tall good looking kid enters. Nose red from the cold, carrying a shopping bag.

WILLIE

(pulling out some o.j.)
Hey you punks. Let's get those
screwdrivers goin'. It's cold
as shit out there.

KEN

Willie, this is my cousin Jim.
He just moved up here.

WILLIE

Jim! Shit, we played against each
other down at Minnisink.

JIM

Yeah! Pretty weird. How's it
going man?

They shake hands.

WILLIE

Good. Yeah. Jim ate us up.
We'll have a tough-ass Summer
League team up here boy.

CHRIS

- C'mon Kenny, make them
screwdrivers.

ANGLE - Ken pours a round for everybody...adding a shitload of vodka in each glass.

KEN

(toasting)
Salute the Army, Salute the Navy,
kill those Japs!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

They drink. Wincing at the burning vodka.

SHORT TIME LATER

SUPERMAN - Bullets bouncing off him as he strikes his silly pose on the tube. Knocks a couple heads together, removes Jimmy's gag.

ANGLE- The boys are pretty drunk. Eating munchies. Chris is in the bathroom. Willie drinks way too fast.

WILLIE

We gotta go find some pussy. I'm dying, I swear, I'd fuck Perry White right now.

JIM

Next year I'm nailing every private school bitch in Manhattan.

WILLIE

Ooh yeah. You're set up. How'd you hustle this scholarship thing?

JIM

Benny Greenbaum...the queer College Scout. Been watching me play since I was eleven.

WILLIE

Man...I hear Trinity has mink toilet seats so all the little rich kids don't get sore heinies.

ANGLE - Chris stumbles out of the john. A little acting perhaps.

CHRIS

I am fucked up!

KEN

How? Everytime you go piss you pour half your drink in the toilet.

CHRIS

Yeah, you wish. Pour me another.

JIM

Hey, I got a better idea. You got a pipe Ken?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ANOTHER ANGLE - Jim extracts a nickel bag of pot from his picket. The other boys are taken aback. Grass is taboo up here still.

KEN
(scared)
Shit! Is that marijuana? Jim,
c'mon don't bring that in the
house.

CHRIS
Your cousin's a dope fiend.

WILLIE
Lemme see that.

KEN
Are you an addict?

JIM
You guys sound like my old lady.
We been smoking reefer for a long
time downtown.

CHRIS
What do you want to get us hooked
for free so we'll give you all
our money for our next fix?

JIM
(laughs)
Oh god.

WILLIE
I'll try it. Light it up.

JIM
Need a pipe or some rolling paper.

KEN
Shit, not in here. I read about
a guy who threw his baby sister
out the window after smoking
marijuana.

JIM
Ahh monkey puke. Think I'd be
so good in basketball if I was
hooked? And anyway...you ain't
got a baby sister.

KEN
That's true.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

WILLIE
Let's get a pipe.

CHRIS
I'm gonna go home.

WILLIE
Good...you pussy.

JIM
Kenny, your sister got any Tampex?

CUT TO

JIM WORKS ON A TAMPEX 'PIPE'.

He has cut a little bowl towards one end and covers it with a foil screen that he now puts pin-pricks in. One end is stopped up with another ball of foil.

ANGLE - The others watch. Chris stands in the back...really worried. Willie is excited...still slugging down the booze.

JIM - Takes a pinch of pot and puts it in his "pipe". He sticks it in his mouth...picks up a match and fires it up. The pipe works perfectly. Jim holds in the pot smoke. Passing the Tampex to Willie.

JIM
Not like a cigarette...you gotta take it into your lungs and hold it.

ANGLE - Jim holds a match over the bowl for Willie. Willie sucks in a tremendous amount. Jim laughs.

JIM
Now hold it in.

He passes it to Ken.

CHRIS
You better not Kenny.

JIM
Don't do it if you don't want to.

KEN
It smells good. I'll just have a little.

Jim holds the match again. Ken takes a tiny puff.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

JIM
Well that won't do shit.

WILLIE
I don't feel a thing.

JIM
Man are you guys fucking square!

CUT TO.

THE ROLLING STONES play loudly.

Jim and Willie play broom and baseball bat guitars to the new Bad Boys from England. Singing along. Feeling fine. Willie still imbibes...intent on unconsciousness. Ken sits at the bar laughing at them. Chris sullenly watches t.v.

JIM
Will, you're gonna get sick
drinking so much.

WILLIE
Not me. Hey...what's he look
like.
(pointing to Chris)

THEIR POV - Chris. Watching the tube. He has a large nose.

JIM
What?

WILLIE
That's Heckle, man. Heckle and
Jeckle...he's a fucking magpie!

Chris turns and makes an annoyed face. He IS a magpie.

ANGLE - Stoned Jim loses it.

JIM
Holy shit! Heckle. It IS Heckle!

They start laughing like crazy. The STONES get LOUDER. Willie is getting carried away. Bouncing off walls. Jumping on the couch. He is totally fucked up.

WILLIE - screaming with the song. Leaping on a chair. Jim cracks up.

KEN - not laughing anymore.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

ANGLE - Willie is out of control. He smashes into a table with a statue on it. It flies off the table and explodes in a million pieces. Willie is flat on the floor. He looks up from the rubble...eyes rolling back in his head.

KEN
Fucking asshole! Fucking asshole!
My father brought that back from
Turkey. I'm dead. I'm fucking
dead! I'm gonna kill you!!

WILLIE
(stupid smile)
Thing was a piece of shit.

OUTSIDE

Jim and Ken try to walk Willie around the streets, hoping the cold air will straighten him out.

KEN
Walk, prick.

WILLIE
I can't. I can't.

ANGLE - A neighborhood girl, DEBRA DUCKSTER, passes by the boys. Young and pretty. Carrying a portfolio.

KEN
Hey Deb.

DEBRA
Hi Kenny. What's wrong with him?

KEN
Drunk. This is my cousin Jim.

ANGLE - Jim is turned on by this girl.

JIM
Hi. What'ya got in that case?

DEBRA
It's my modeling portfolio.

JIM
Yeah? You a model?

WILLIE - breaks loose from Jim and Ken..lunges for Debra.

WILLIE
Are those tits real!?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

ANGLE - Debra lands a perfect kick smack into her assailant. Right in the nuts. Willie hits the ground like a sack of shit. Doesn't move.

DEBRA
Omigod. I killed him.

WILLIE - Motionless on the curb.

JIM
Hey Will, you okay?

ANGLE - They crouch over the inert inebriant. Slapping him. Kicking him.

DEBRA
He's not breathing.

JIM
Yeah he is. I think.

KEN
I think I feel his pulse. Shit.

DEBRA
Call an ambulance.

WILLIE
(softly)
Will you sit on my nose?

Ken smacks him.

KEN
Jerk-off.

ANGLE - Jim and Debra look at each other.

JIM
Where do you go to school?

DEBRA
PCS. Professional Children's
School.

JIM
Really? I'm going to Trinity next
year.

DEBRA
Oh I know lots of guys from there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (8)

JIM
Well c'mon, Ill walk you home-

ANGLE - Jim steps over Willie, taking Debra by the arm.

JIM
What kind of modeling? Hey you
like rice pudding....

KEN
Hey...where you going? Hey I'm
not staying here with this
asshole!

ANGLE - Jim and Debra are disappearing down the block.

KEN
HEY!

WILLIE
(from the ground)
How come I'm so hungry?

Ken kicks him in the ass.

FADE.

"FIRST SHOT"

INT. BUILDING HALLWAY - DAY

Jim is visiting his old neighborhood. Big Tony leads him through the downstairs hall of his downtown Tenement building. He pushes open a door and they walk down the mildewy steps to the buildings cellar.

ANGLE - Bunch of guys sitting around on crates and old chairs. Crouching over a candle. Couple of guys look asleep.

CLOSER ANGLE - Guys cook up over a candle. Tied up and ready to get off. Scag. Needle poised over a blackened cooker like a dragonfly.

JIM - stands with Tony and this guy PUDGY, buying a bag of H.

PUDGY
How's the new neighborhood?

JIM
Decent enough.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TONY
(to Pudgy)
We use your gimmicks?

JIM
Ahh, I'm just gonna snort this.

PUDGY
First time?

Jim nods. Nervous.

PUDGY
I didn't know that.

TONY
He might as well pop it...I mean
what the fuck.

PUDGY
That's true. Economically
speaking of course.

ANGLE - Pudgy arranges his works. Uses a little jar cap as a
cooker.

JIM
Yeah, okay.

PUDGY
Here. Gimme.

Pudgy takes half of Jim's bag. Starts the ritual. Guys murmur
around them. A drop of water to the powder.

PUDGY
Course if your gonna put a needle
in, you might as well mainline
the shit.

JIM - watches the mixture melt. His eyes reflect the flame.

JIM
Fuck. I don't know. Mainline.
Shit.

PUDGY
Like I say...once the needle's
in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TONY
I don't got a habit. Don't make
no difference. Besides, it's like
comin' in your pants a thousand
times.

Jim is very hesitant.

PUDGY
I'll just pop it for you.

ANGLE - Pudgy draws the H. into a raunchy needle. Tony whips
a hunk of rubber around Jim's arm.

TONY
You don't gotta do it.

JIM'S POV - The needle. A guy nods off in the corner. Pudgy.

ANGLE - Jim swallows hard.

JIM
Fuck it. Main it.

ANGLE - Pudgy bangs it in good for him. Bingo.

PUDGY
Bye Bye nice virgin veins.

JIM
Shit.

CLOSE ON JIM - That first time Heroin rush. Courses through
his young body in waves of orgiastic...comfort. When he opens
his eyes again...his pupils are tiny pins lost in the intense
heat.

FADE.

"SHOPPING AND FREDDIE C."

FADE UP

INT. ALEXANDER'S DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY

The huge store on Fordham Rd., the Bronx. A bespectacled
SALESPERSON leans over an enclosed wallet display.

SALESPERSON
Yes?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGLE - Jim leans over the counter...looking at the wallets. He wears an old baggy overcoat.

JIM

Does that brown one have a picture compartment? It's for my father and he likes to carry shots of me and my dog.

SALESPERSON

Oh, yes it does. Would you like to see it?

CAMERA ADJUSTS to SHOW - Willie, also wearing an overcoat, grabbing watches off a rack as Jim distracts the sales guy.

JIM

(inspecting)

Jeez. Is this real leather? I bet it's expensive.

SALESPERSON

Well, we have the less expensive models in this row here.

JIM

I'd better find my mom and ask how much I can spend. Be right back!

CLOTHING DEPARTMENT

The boys casually shop through the racks. Picking out nice wool turtlenecks, cool pairs of pants, shirts.

DRESSING ROOMS

The boys walk into the dressing room area, laden with items to try on.

ANGLE - The boys walk out of the dressing room area, their loose overcoats and pants busting at the seams. They nonchalantly stroll by a suspicious FLOOR PERSON.

FORDHAM ROAD

Jim and Willie waddle down the sidewalk like a couple of stuffed dermas, yukking it up. They each pull records from underneath their coats...excited over their take. Suddenly, SIRENS. A COP CAR comes screaming towards them.

WILLIE

Shit, we're dead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He starts to take off. Jim grabs him back.

JIM
Hold it, hold it...it ain't us.
Look!

ANGLE - The cruiser drives by them and pulls up to a crowd gathering on the sidewalk.

THE CROWD - Painted Bronx ladies with bee-hives, laughing kids, an embarrassed old couple tries to avert their eyes from the cause of this commotion.

THE COMMOTION - A tall, thin, NUT, leans against a building laughing like crazy...and swinging something around and around that hangs below his belt and out his fly. His name is FREDDIE C. A guy from Downtown, famous for his enormous penis.

A SALVATION ARMY WOMAN rings her bell...face flushed.

JIM
That's Freddie C. from the old neighborhood!

WILLIE
Holy fucking shit! Lookit the size of that thing!

JIM
That's it man. I seen him play stickball with that baby...I swear to Christ.

WILLIE
Should be on a leash.

FREDDIE C. - waves his cock like a lasso. A dog snarls and barks. A butcher looks on longingly from his shop window. Men try to pull their wives away. The COPS wade through with a pair of handcuffs. Jim calls out:

JIM
Freddie! What're you doing way up here!

ANGLE - Freddie yells back as the cops cuff him.

FREDDIE
Just doing my thing baby.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

The cops realize somebody has to put away his 'thing'. The crowd eggs the embarrassed officers on. They finally uncuff Freddie and let him do the honors. The crowd ROARS its approval. Freddie takes a deep bow.

JIM

Gotta appreciate a talent like that.

FADE.

SPRING AND SUMMER '64

"SAINT BILL"

FADE UP

EXT. INWOOD PARK - DAY

Jim has just finished playing ball, and walks to a favorite spot in the park to drink a Pepsi and smoke a joint. It's a beautiful day. Off in the distance, the George Washington Bridge spans the Hudson.

ANGLE - Jim sits down on a small hill and lights up. His ever lengthening hair blows in the gentle breeze. A boat cruises by the Palisades. STRANGE FLUTE MUSIC filters around the hills. Jim looks around to see where it's coming from.

HIS POV - A squirrel. A Robin red-breast. Trees. Again the FLUTE.

ANOTHER ANGLE - seemingly out of nowhere, an OLD MAN steps from over another hill. Scraggly grey beard, dressed in rags, tossing nuts to a huge flock of birds and squirrels following him. He carries a jug. The old man pulls out a wooden flute and plays some strange notes on it.

OLD MAN

Ho there.

ANGLE - Jim stubbles out the joint. Not quite ready for this sight.

JIM

Hi.

The old man and his entourage move to Jim, who's a bit uncomfortable with all those bushy tailed rats so close.

OLD MAN

Name's Bill.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JIM

I'm Jim.

BILL

Don't worry...squirrels won't bite you. Anyways I know all of 'em. Known their moms, pops, and grandpops and great-grandpops too. Say, you want some Cider?
(indicates a jug)

JIM

Uh...no thanks.

BILL

Make it myself. Go on...nice and fresh.

JIM

Okay.

ANGLE - The old man hands Jim the jug and sits down next to him. The squirrels hang around the perimeter. Jim gingerly takes a swig. Cider. It's great.

JIM

Wow. This is delicious.

BILL

You betcha.

JIM

Where do you make this?

BILL

In my house. Under those cliffs there.
(gestures over the hills)

JIM

Around those old Indian Caves?

BILL

Right in em. Been livin' there forever. How all these folks here know me.
(points to squirrels)

JIM

Seriously. You live there?

Bill nods. A huge ship sounds its deep HORN.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BILL
What do you do?

JIM
Me? I don't know. Go to school.
Play basketball. Screw around
a lot. Lot of bullshit.

BILL
Yep.

A butterfly dances and flutters by them.

OLD MAN
Well, one thing's for sure Jim.
You gotta follow your heart.

ANGLE - Jim looks at this beautiful old man.

OLD MAN
More cider?
(Jim declines)
Gotta go. Got things to do.
(gets up)
Nice meeting you Jim. C'mon back
up and we'll sit some more. See
you.

JIM
See you. Thanks for the cider.

ANGLE - Bill nods and takes off back over the hill. Playing the
flute. His coterie of animals in tow. He disappears over the
small ridge and into the trees...the last NOTES of the flute
lingers...then fades.

JIM - Watches where he disappeared. Feeling the magic of a
spring afternoon.

FADE.

"ANOTHER FRIDAY NIGHT"

FADE UP

EXT. INWOOD PARK - NIGHT

A little cove surrounded by bushes. Jim and Willie sit taking
tokes on a humongous water pipe which they scored down in the
Village. Both are very stoned, and keep dumping heaps of grass
into the industrial sized pipe. They also split a six-pack.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JIM - Takes a tremendous hit. Willie lets out a huge FART. Jim coughs out a ton of smoke...choking with laughter.

JIM
(in between coughs)
You suck. You're disgusting.

He lets fly with a beauty of his own. The two of them fall over in uncontrollable fits of laughter. This goes on for a while, then-

WILLIE
Oh man...am I fucked up. This is good pot.

JIM
African Black Jungee.

They giggle at that. Then sit in the relative hush of the park night. Muted SIRENS wail downtown.

JIM
We should just leave tonight. Right now. Hitch across the bridge and we're gone.

WILLIE
Yeah.

JIM
The whole country. Wherever we want to go. Do what we want. We can fuck chicks in Iowa.

WILLIE
Arkansas.

JIM
Yeah. And California man, you know what the girls look like in California?

WILLIE
Like my cousin Peggy. She lives there. She's a fucking porcupine.

Again they start cracking up. Suddenly they hear a MOTOR approaching.

WILLIE
Shit. The cops!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JIM

Shhh.

ANGLE - Jim puts his mouth over the pipe's bowl to stop the smoke. Willie hunches over.

A COP - on a motor scooter cruises slowly by...patrolling the area. The tip of his head glides over the bushes where the boys scrunch over. Finally he passes.

ANOTHER ANGLE - Jim brings his head back up. Eyes tearing.

WILLIE

God I hate that guy. Shit.

JIM

Hold it. I think he's coming back.

They scrunch down again. Can't tell if the motor is coming. Suddenly there is a SHAKING in the bushes. They JUMP>

WILLIE

Jesus! I bet he smelled it.

JIM

Yeah. Maybe. Let's get outta here.

CUT TO.

INT. FORSTERS BAR - NIGHT

The CLANCY BROTHERS scream from a juke-box. A local dive around 207th St. Lots of blue collar Irish. Drinking whiskey and singing along with the music.

POV - MOVING through the bar. Ruddy drunken faces stare and mutter as we pass by.

ANGLE - Jim and Willie stumble towards the back, where a bunch of minbrs can hang and drink. They all greet each other. Willie goes up for a couple of beers.

The CLANCY BROTHERS tune is over. A new song comes on. Raspy voice and a guitar. BOB DYLAN. "IT AIN'T ME BABE".

ANGLE - Faces look up in annoyance from the bar. They were getting set for another round of SWEET MOLLIE MOLLOY. This is a MAJOR intrusion on their routine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JIM - Longhaired teenager...standing in front of the juke-box.
Head bobbing...digging Dylan.

ANGLE - A couple of TOUGH GUYS are pissed off and approach Jim.

TOUGH GUY 1
Hey you little long haired punk!
Did you put this shit on?

Jim ignores them.

TOUGH GUY 2
Hey little girl, we're talking
to you.

Jim flips them the Finger.

ANGLE - Tough Guy 1 jumps at Jim. Jim throws his beer in his
face. Tough Guy 2 leaps in. Willie and a few younger guys go
help their friend.

THE FIGHT - The rest of the bar jumps in. A chaotic scene
growing larger and larger. Barroom brawl.

ANGLE - Jim and Willie squirm, kick and slip their way towards
the front door...trying not to get killed.

JIM - leaps up on the bar. Vaulting over drinks. Landing a
few shots with his sneakers. He hurtles his way to the
door...briefly turning around to give his pursuers a taunting
Finger once again...then he and Willie bolt to safety.

ANGLE - The fight goes on as Dylan sings.

CUT TO.

EXT. WASHINGTON HEIGHTS STREET - NIGHT

Bruised and wasted, Jim and Willie walk the streets.

WILLIE
- Donkey bastards. Wellp, another
Friday night down the tubes.

JIM
Yep.

WILLIE
I'm going home.

JIM
See ya.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILLIE
What are you doing?

Jim shrugs.

WILLIE
You okay?

JIM
Just don't feel like going in.

WILLIE
Okay. Speak to you tomorrow.

They wave. Willie cuts down a street.

ANGLE - Jim walks along the late night Avenue by himself.

BASKETBALL COURTS - DAWN

The dawn mists hover around the Hudson and the fields of Inwood Park. Jim sits underneath a basket, back against the pole. Saturday sneaks in...invading the comfort of the darkness.

CUT.

"PROFILES IN COURAGE"

EXT. THE CIRCLE DAY LINER - DAY

The famous tour ship...loaded with Japanese day trippers, families trying to entertain their little brats on a hot summer's day. Placidly cruising down the Harlem River. Suddenly, the people on deck all start pointing towards the cliff on the Bronx shore.

ANGLE - Standing on the very top of the cliffs are three NAKED FIGURES, waving to the boat's passengers.

CLOSER ANGLE - The naked kids are Jim, Willie and a hirsute teenager named DANNY. They are nude except for sneakers. Waving and laughing at the boat.

DANNY
Hi you stupid suckers.
(to Jim and Willie)
You guys ready to prove
yourselves?

ANGLE - They peer over the cliffs. It looks a million feet down to the sluggish river. Jim and Willie are scared.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DANNY

Make sure you jump out from that ledge...and time it between those lines of brown stuff there. That's shit. Crap from a million toilets in Harlem.

THE RIVER - A line of discoloration floats by.

DANNY

Ready? Okay, here I go!!!

ANGLE - Danny the veteran, jumps into the sky.

FROM THE BOAT - The people GASP! Danny's figure pops to the surface. The people applaud. More and more gather by the railings.

ON THE CLIFF - Willie and Jim look at each other.

WILLIE

Why are we doing this?

JIM

Cause we got to.

WILLIE

Oh shit. Okay. I'm going. I'm going. Okay-

Willie leaps.

FROM THE BOAT - Willie kicks around in the air - terrible form.

JIM - covers his eyes. There is a SMACKING SOUND as Willie HITS. Jim peeks through his fingers.

CLOSE ANGLE - Willie pops through the surface, screaming.

WILLIE

OW MY FUCKING BALLS!!! JESUS!!!

DANNY ² - laughs hysterically from the shore.

DANNY

Look out! Here comes a shit line!

WILLIE - still in pain, looks up-

A SHIT LINE - An encroaching viscid island of brown.

WILLIE - screams and swims for all he's worth. One stroke ahead of the fecal fleet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JIM - totally cracks up. Screams down...until he realizes he's next.

THE CIRCLE LINER - Into this side-show. They CHEER Jim to jump.

JIM - Nervous. Looking at the water below. Says a quick prayer. Then LEAPS -

ANGLE - EFX. Jim hurtles through the air. Against the sky. Body rigid...hands straight at his side. He hurtles some more. Then some more. Still hurtling. This takes an inordinate amount of time. Wind HOWLS around him.

JIM - opens his eyes. What the hell is taking so long. Like he's jumped into a bottomless void.

THE RIVER - Finally rushes up. IMPACT! SPLASH!!

UNDERWATER - Bubbles. Underwater SOUNDS. Very peaceful.

DANNY AND WILLIE - Stare worriedly from the shoreline. Where is he?

THE CIRCLE LINER - Almost passing downriver. The onlookers fearfully stand by the railings.

JIM - finally pops up. Gives a two handed victory sign...starts to swim out.

THE CIRCLE LINER - A wild ovation.

THE BOYS - Jim pulls himself out...they flash the boat three MOONS as a finale to the day's special presentation.

CUT.

"STAR MACHINE"

INT. JIM'S ROOM - NIGHT

Late night. Jim lays awake in bed. Sirens DOPPLER down the city streets. Curtains dance in the summer breeze. He listens if all is settled down in the apartment. Satisfied, Jim quietly slips out of bed, pulls on some jeans, and tiptoes from his room. WE FOLLOW him through the small sleeping apartment, past his parents room, to a screen window in the livingroom. Jim slowly lifts up the screen window...gives another cautionary check around...then crawls out the window onto the fire escape. His bare-feet are the last thing we see as he ascends the face of the building.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUILDING ROOFTOP

Jim pulls himself to the roof. Mid-sized apartment building tall. A view of the chaotic night jumble of New York City.

JIM - feels a spiritual freeness up here. Standing beneath a summer sky, where stars actually wink through the glare of the City. He looks down to the Streets below.

POV STREETS - A person stumbles around. A cab drops someone off.

ANGLE - Jim takes off his pants. Becoming totally naked. The balmy breeze caresses his body. Warm tar underneath his toes. Below him, New York fitfully sleeps. Above, the night sky, the Star Machine, powerful and sensual. Jim moves his hand to his stirring erection. Begins to masturbate.

JIM'S FACE - A young boy having sex with Creation. Beyond carnality. His eyes close in ecstasy.

FADE.

"SUMMER TOURNAMENT"

FADE UP

INT. LONG BEACH N.Y. GYMNASIUM - EVENING

Jim's Summer League team, SHINE'S BAR AND GRILL, against Orlando's Furniture. Regular sized gym and baskets. It is the LONG BEACH LONG ISLAND CHAMBER OF COMMERCE BASKETBALL TOURNEY, SENIOR DIVISION. Middle of the Fourth period. A see-saw game.

ANGLE - Willie pushes the ball downcourt and hits Jim on a breakaway. Jim's bucket puts Shines ahead by 1. The clock ticks. Both Jim and Willie have long hair now.

THE STANDS - Full of local kids and families. A fourteen year old girl, ALICE, and her thirteen year old sister, PATTI, watch Jim. They giggle as he struts up and down the court.

JIM - not unawares of his admirers. Steps up the fury of his game. Starts to dominate. Ignites from the outside.

A GUY IN THE STANDS - Infamous queer and college scout, BENNY GREENBAUM, watches the game, taking notes. He's a guy who is all over the area..helping kids into various basketball programs and scholarships. Also helping himself to whatever flesh he can hustle.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE GAME - Only a minute or so left. Jim puts up another shot. It's short. Orlando has a break. They can go ahead. Jim races downcourt and with a LEAP, PINS the guy's shot against the backboard. The crowd goes WILD. Shine's holds for the last shot. The clock ticks down...they feed Jim who takes a running one-hander. GOOD! BUZZER! Game.

ANGLE - People swarm the winning team. Slaps on Jim's back. Very happy boys. Trophies are passed out.

JIM AND WILLIE - arms around each other. Talking to their teammates.

WILLIE

Oh are we gonna get fired up tonight!

ANGLE - Alice and Patti work their way through to the boys.

ALICE

(to Jim)

I remember you from Tommy's party. You came in my mouth and it tasted like strawberries.

Willie cracks up.

JIM

Yeah, I eat lots of fruit. How are you Alice. Willie, Alice Celia.

ALICE

This is my little sister Patti. Why don't you guys meet us on the beach later.

JIM

We will be there.

WILLIE

We will definitely be there!

LOCKERROOM

The team changes into their streetclothes. Raucous. In their underwear. A night away from the City. Party time at the beach.

ANGLE - Benny Greenbaum enters the lockerroom. A player yells-

PLAYER

Grab your cocks, it's Benny!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BENNY

Funny, funny. Nice game fellahs.
Shouldn't have been that close.

He approaches Jim, who is pulling on pants.

BENNY

Jimmy, you play like that at
Trinity next year, I'll get you
into any program you want.

JIM

Thanks Benny.

BENNY

This is Willie, right? Good game
son.

JIM

Benny's a college scout. Got me
my scholarship next year.

BENNY

Keep up the work, we'll see what
we can do Will.

ANGLE - Gawky Center, TOM MCNULTY, approaches Benny in his
underwear.

TOM

Hey Benny, I'll let you blow me
for fifteen bucks.

Benny gets a fell light in his perverted eyes.

BENNY

Can't put out the money till I
see the meat.

Tom pulls down his underwear.

BENNY - His eyes go wide. He reaches into his back pocket,
takes out some cash. Takes a deep breath as the team roots him
on, then blissfully sinks to his knees.

ANGLE - Jim and Willie shake their heads in disgust as Benny
gasps for air. They finish getting dressed, grab their stuff
and split.

WILLIE

Disgusting.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JIM
 What a fucking pervert. Jesus.
 I'm gonna fuck every girl in Long
 Beach tonight.

EXT. LONG BEACH BOARDWALK - NIGHT

Ocean breezes. Crashing surf. MUSIC pumps out of an amusement center. Jim and Willie stumble down the boardwalk. Laughing and carrying on. Drunk. They carry a spent bottle of Early Times...calling out to the beach-

JIM
 Oh Alice!

WILLIE
 Oh Patti!

JIM
 Oh Patti!

WILLIE
 Oh Alice! The Ball brothers are
 here.

JIM
 Left and Right! Where are these
 chicks?

ANGLE - People hang out on the boards. Clusters of them.

BEACH STEPS - A line of guys stand in the darkness. About twenty of them. It leads down the steps to the sand. Their cigarettes glow...they speak in hushed tones.

JIM AND WILLIE - curiously walk by the line-up. Trying to figure out what's going on.

SOMEONE
 (to them)
 Hey...get in line!

JIM
 What's going on?

SOMEONE ELSE
 The Celia sisters are giving out
 blow jobs. Wait your turn
 fuckheads.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jim and Willie look at each other and shake their heads...assessing the amount of sperm to be consumed by their dates.

JIM

I think we better find new dates.

WILLIE

How come everyone's gettin' laid tonight except us?

They walk off in disgust, disappearing down the boardwalk, as another satisfied customer emerges from below.

CUT.

"ANOTHER SISTER ACT"

FADE UP

INT. LONG ISLAND RAILROAD CAR - DAY

Jim is taking a day trip out to see Kevin Dolon at the Dolon's little summer beach bungalow.

ANGLE - The train speeds past ugly Queen's tenements, shimmering in the summer heat.

JIM - furtively looks around the empty car...then sneaks a small bottle to his mouth and takes a long sip. It is ROBETUSSIN CODEINE cough syrup. And he doesn't have a cough. Draining the bottle, he shoves it under his seat and settles back for a nice traintime nod. The codeine comes on like a warm blanket over his brain.

ANGLE - A little OLD LADY has gotten on at the next stop. She plops herself down right on a seat directly across from Jim. Frowns terribly at the sleeping long-haired youngster.

JIM - sensing trouble, opens a bleary eye.

OLD LADY

Why you got that red shirt and all that hair? No good's gonna come to you, no good commie sonofabitch.

Jim is not in the mood.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OLD LADY

I have visions. Visions. I can see within a month a giant clock's gonna fall off a building, hit you in the head and kill you. There's no escape.

JIM

Fuck off.

Bad mistake.

OLD LADY

Dirty little bastard! Killed by time! Tell Ivan! No escape!

JIM - hides his face in his hands as the tirade continues.

THE DOLON'S BEACH BUNGALOW

Kevin sits on a couch smoking hash with two incredible blonde twins, WINKIE AND BLINKIE. Dressed identically. Denim cut-offs up to the crotch. Teased hair, glossy lipstick. Giant breasts.

KEVIN

This is Winkie and this is Blinkie. Winkie and Blinkie, this is Jim.

JIM- has just entered. His eyes pop open, even through the codeine.

BLINKIE

(to Jim)

Oh I saw you in the big championship game last week. I like you.

She hands the hash pipe to a delighted Jim.

KEVIN

Welcome to my parents beach house son.

SHORT TIME LATER

ANGLE - MUSIC blasts away. Jim is flopped on a mattress next to Blinkie. Still in and out of the codeine head. Kevin and Winkie make out on the couch. Winkie's huge tits hang out of her shirt.

JIM -looks up stupidly at Blinkies chest...gives her breast a flick. She looks down, smiling...licking her lips.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WINKIE - stands up...starts to do a strip tease to the music. Off with the shirt. Down to skimpy tiger striped underwear.

ANGLE - Jim gets turned on despite the drugs. Kevin dives for the undulating Winkie and pulls her into another room.

JIM AND BLINKIE - look at each other. Jim lifts off Blinkie's shirt. She too has on the same underwear and bra. Incredible tits.

BLINKIE

Like these?

JIM

You have very nice tits, and I am going to squeeze them right now.

And so he does. Fitting his mouth over them. Blinkie moves her hand into his pants.

BLINKIE

Something the matter?

JIM

Hold it. Be right back.

He gets up. Blinkie screws up her face.

THE BATHROOM

Jim stands over the toilet, finger down his throat, throwing up the codeine. After the purge, he washes his mouth out, checks out his face, splashes some water, takes a deep breath, and-

BACK ON THE MATTRESS

Jim leaps onto Blinkie. They roll over each other. Consuming tongues and mouths and frantic hands. Blinkie rolls around on top...slipping off Jim's pants-

BLINKIE

Now that's a nice cock. If I rub it on my pussy, will it get larger and larger?

JIM

There's a good chance of it.

ANGLE - Winkie tests the situation. Seems to work.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BLINKIE

And how bout if I suck it?

JIM - eyes roll back into his head. This might be the crown of his fifteen year old career.

SERIES OF SHOTS

MUSIC blaring. Fifteen year olds going crazy on each other in a seemingly endless stream of sexual energy. Positions that give older folks cricks and cramps. All over the room, every piece of furniture. Blinkie is INSATIABLE. Which is fun...for a while.

JIM - Collapses on the mattress. Twenty pounds lighter. Cheeks sucked in. He has his arms draped over his eyes. Blinkie lays next to him, wide awake...singing at the top of her lungs. Disappears out of frame, headed once again for Jim's inflamed nether regions. Jim is terror stricken as he feels her ravenous appetite descend once again.

JIM

Oh Jesus God no!!!

ANOTHER ANGLE - Blinkie bounces on top of poor Jim like a giant misfiring piston. Perpetual motion. Jim's face is a mask of horror.

WINKIE

(calling o.c.)

Blink! It's time to go home sweetheart!

Blinkie is very disappointed, but she pops right off, grabs her stuff and say-

BLINKIE

Come over to our place tomorrow, that was fun.

Whips on her shorts and is out the door.

ANGLE - A sweating wreck of a Kevin staggers through the door...collapsing onto the mattress next to his friend. They will never have boners again.

JIM AND KEVIN - lay there. Speechless. Finally-

KEVIN

Well. What do you think of Winkie and Blinkie?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Jim is sound asleep.

CUT.

FALL '64

DREAM SEQUENCE

EXT. CITY HOOP COURT - DAY

Same inner-city "cage" as the Opening Scene. Iron rims they don't even bother putting net hooks on. A game. Being played in SLOW soupy MOTION. People are gathered around the cage, watching.

JIM - Steals the ball and drives by his man at halfcourt. He pulls up at the top of the key...stops, pops, a beautiful arc of a shot. Suddenly we hear SIRENS. AIR RAID. A terrible MOANING.

ANGLE - All the players run off the court. The spectators pulls away from the fence. Panic. This is IT. THE BIG ONE. The SIRENS wail horribly.

ANOTHER ANGLE - The ball swishes through the hoop. Jim is deserted on the court. He runs for the opening...but can only move in dreamy quicksand motions. Someone has locked up the court. He is PENNED IN.

ANGLE - The streets are emptying. The SIRENS get LOUDER AND LOUDER. People are rushing into Bomb Shelters.

JIM - Jumps onto the fence. He'll have to climb over.

THE STREET - deserted. Except for one MAN running by.

THE MAN - Turns around. It is NIKITA KRUSCHEV.

JIM - claws his way up the fence. Only seconds left. Suddenly the sirens STOP. SILENCE. TOO LATE.

ECU JIM'S FACE - Suddenly ILLUMINATED by the FLASH of the A-Bomb. Caught halfway up a fence. He watches in fascination as the world is blown to smithereens.

CUT.

"THE GOOD LIFE"

FADE UP

INT. TRINITY SCHOOL LIBRARY -DAY

One of the better New York City private schools. All boys. Blazers, grey slacks, white shirts. Big Time Money. 257 years of fine academic tradition.

JIM - Fifteen years of his own kind of tradition. Still looking a bit disheveled, even in his Trinity tie, as he peruses the rows of books in the library. Past paintings of old Headmasters, glowering from the wooden walls.

ANGLE - Seemingly well-mannered boys sit at tables deep in study. Jim wanders along. Hands in pockets. Pulling out a book here and there. Killing time during study period.

JIM - Finds a TIME magazine laying on a table. He sits down to read...looks around him.

ANGLE - Everyone actually works here. Jim shrugs and flips through the magazine.

ANOTHER ANGLE - A nerdish fellow approaches. Name's LARRY.

LARRY

Hey I was reading that!

Jim looks up at the annoying wimp.

JIM

Nice try champ, but I've been sitting here for ten minutes. See?

LARRY

That's my magazine!

Larry actually tries to pull the magazine away. Out of pure reflex, Jim takes a swing at the goofball. Bop! Suckers him right on the nose.

LARRY - Stunned. Whimpers once. A trickle of blood courses down his lip. He runs out of the Library.

ANGLE - Every boy in there stares at this new street kid.

CUT TO.

DINING HALL

Not a cafeteria. A dining hall. Nice tables, nice lunches. Jim sits by himself. Feeling very much a fish out of water.

ANGLE - A small pretentious but likeable kid, EGGIE BAUMGARTEN, and a young Marxist, BUNTY GARGEN, walk over to Jim's table with their lunches.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EGGIE
Mind if we sit here?

JIM
Nope.

They sit.

EGGIE
My name's Eggie. This is Bunty.

JIM
Jim.

BUNTY
Nice shot on Larry before.

EGGIE
Right on the asshole's proboscis.
I loved it.

The ice is broken. They all smile.

BUNTY
You're a basketball player huh?
That's cool.

EGGIE
Say Jim, you like art? I'm a
collector. Got a few Renoirs at
my house. C'mon over for dinner
sometime and check them out.

BUNTY
Guy's only fifteen and the biggest
capitalist I know.

EGGIE
It's art you cretin.

BUNTY
Your old man buys it to sell for
a profit.

EGGIE
Mr. Marxist fuckhead...he gets
them for me. I'm a collector.

ANGLE - MR. BELT, the Headmaster, enters the diningroom and
makes a bee-line for Jim's table.

EGGIE
Uh-oh.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MR. BELT
Gentlemen. How is lunch?

BUNTY
Superb sir.

MR. BELT
Finding it to your satisfaction
Mr. Carroll?

JIM
Yeah. It's great.

Mr. Belt gives a chuckle, then shakes his head. He pulls up a chair next to Jim. Mr. Sincerity.

MR. BELT
Mr. Carroll...here at Trinity,
it's proper to answer, 'Yes sir'
to the faculty. Just a rule of
etiquette we follow here. We also
keep our hands out of sight while
dining.

ANGLE - Jim looks down at his hands grabbing everything on his plate. He looks around him. Everyone else has one hand on their laps. He sheepishly follows suit.

BELT
I'm also told you had a little
scuffle in the library.

EGGIE
Pardon me sir, but Larry
instigated the entire affair-

BELT
Please Mr. Blaumgarten. Mind your
own affairs. Now Jim, I realize
you come from a different
background than most of the boys
here. And this is all new. But
we find the rules of conduct just
as important as our academic
standards. Coach Doolittle is
very excited about having you
here...as we all are. You should
think of this as an entree into
whole new worlds. This means just
being patient and allowing
yourself to be malleable. Do you
know what I mean by malleable?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JIM

Yessir I do. Although my family
has no money...it does not mean
I'm retarded. Sir.

Mr. Belt smiles like an old friend.

BELT

Yes. Good.
(he rises)
Well, carry on gentlemen.

Mr. Belt exits the diningroom.

JIM

What the fuck does malleable mean?

ANGLE - Bunty raises his milk in a toast.

BUNTY

Welcome to American Society Mr.
Carroll. Right hand on your fork,
and left hand on your dick.
Yessir, nossir-

EGGIE

May I pass wind sir?

BUNTY

Certainly sir.

Eggie lets fly a beauty.

EGGIE

Thank you sir.

They all crack up. Jim stares at them.

JIM

(can't help laughing)
You rich people are nuts.

CUT.

"DEATH"

FADE UP

INT. DOWNTOWN FUNERAL PARLOUR - DAY

The old neighborhood. An ornate tasteless funeral parlor,

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

packed with all of Jim's old pals and neighbors. There is a line of mourners slowly filing by the open casket.

ANGLE - Jim is on line with Kevin, Tony and Herbie. They are not relishing looking at their first corpse. People sob. The boys get closer to the coffin.

JIM

Oh man...why do they have an open coffin?

KEVIN

Did you hear the priest? Sayin' he was fixing a t.v. antennae and fell? What bullshit.

JIM

What did happen?

ANOTHER ANGLE - It's their turn at the casket. Jim feels faint.

KEVIN

He was sniffin' glue and jumped off the roof.

THE BODY - It's the Spanish kid PEDRO. Dressed in a pathetic suit, made up nice and neat. Except for the cracked side of his head. That's still a terrible color.

HERBIE

Little P.R.

JIM - wonders how this little doll was once alive, as Pedro's Mom wails in despair.

CUT.

"A NEW MUSIC"

FADE UP

INT. LATIN CLASSROOM - DAY

Jim has been kept after class by his Latin teacher, MR. BROTHERS. Brothers is an Oxford educated man, very proper. very rigid. But with real heart. He stands over Jim's desk. They are alone in the room. Reading over a quiz paper of Jims.

MR. BROTHERS

Your writing skills are actually quite good. Again, it's the
(more)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MR. BROTHERS (Cont'd)
preparation and presentation.
I fully understand you haven't
been exposed to this literature
before. Do you enjoy Dante?

JIM
Yeah. He's pretty good.

The teacher looks at him.

JIM
I mean yes sir. He is okay.

MR. BROTHERS
Okay, hmmm? Do you like to read
poetry?

JIM
I don't know.

Mr. Brothers walks to his desk-

MR. BROTHERS
It's the language of the soul.
You essays are structurally
abysmal...but there is a certain
poeticism in you writing. Very
rich. Have you written much?

JIM
I've been keeping diary for a
couple years.

MR. BROTHERS
That's wonderful. Maybe I'll see
it some day. Writing, art, is
all discipline. Like basketball
I suppose. A fellow has the god
given ability. And then it's pure
work. All great artists and I'd
say athletes are strict self
disciplinarians in their craft.
(he has pulled out a
book)

Here...let me read you a poem.
It's by Frank O'Hara, and it's
called "To The Harbormaster".
And it's not in Latin. May I?

Jim nods. Mr. Brothers begins reading O'Hara's poem in his
perfectly proper diction. Words roll off his tongue.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JIM - fidgety at first. Then starts to HEAR what is being read to him. The WORDS grab his mind...work their way to his soul.

MR. BROTHERS

(reading)

"I wanted to be sure to reach you:
though my ship was on the way it
got caught in some moorings. I
am always tying up and then
deciding to depart. In storms
and at sunset, with the metallic
coils of the tide around my
fathomless arms, I am unable to
understand the forms of my vanity
or I am hard alee with my Polish
rudder in my hand and the sun
sinking..."

CUT TO.

JIM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

By his small reading light. Jim CONTINUES reading to himself O'Hara's poem. He is entranced.

JIM

(to himself)

To you I offer my hull and the
tattered cordage of my will. The
terrible channels where the wind
drives me against the brown lips
of the reeds are not all behind
me. Yet I trust the sanity of
my vessel; and if it sinks, it
may well be in answer to the
reasoning of the eternal voices,
the waves which have kept me from
reaching you.

CUT.

"KARL MARX AND BIG TITS"

FADE UP

EXT. GREENWICH VILLAGE - DAY

MacDougal Street. Heart of the Village. Jim cruises around stuffing a hot dog down his throat, on his way to meet Bunty, Bunty's girlfriend, LEE, and a blind date.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGLE - They stand waiting in front of Mamoun's Falafel shop. All wearing ratty jeans and workshirts. Jim feels overdressed.

BUNTY

There he is. Hey Jim, you look like Arnold Palmer. This is my friend Melody.

MELODY - dressed like a Worker of the World. Pretty, with giant breasts.

MELODY

Hi.

JIM

(pleased with this date)
Hi there.

BUNTY

C'mon, it starts in ten minutes.

ANGLE - They head down the street towards the Bleeker St. Theatre.

MELODY

This is my tenth time seeing it. Have you seen it before?

JIM

Uh...I think I saw part of it on t.v. once.

ANOTHER ANGLE - They approach the theatre. The marquee reads-
TEN DAYS THAT SHOOK THE WORLD.

MELODY

It's a testimony to the spirit of the oppressed Proleteriat...I get filled with such rage...god my eyes tear up just talking about it.

JIM

Yeah, I know what you're saying.

CUT TO.

INT. BLEEKER CINEMA

Jack Reed's struggle fills the small revival house screen. Bunty, Lee, and Melody are transfixed by the picture. Jim pops Milk Duds into his mouth.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGLE- Jim chews...sneaking glances at Melody and her endowment. On screen, the masses rise. Jim snakes his arm around this scrumptious girl. Melody pushes his arm off. Turns and reprimands-

MELODY

God, there's a time and place for everything!

Jim sits rebuked. Makes a face. Watches the movie. What a shit date.

CUT TO.

VILLAGE STREETS

After the show. The kids walk around, burbling about the flick.

BUNTY

C'mon, we'll go up to my place and listen to some music.

Everyone agrees.

ANGLE - Once again Jim tries a move. Once again, Melody shrugs him off.

MELODY

C'mon. There is a time and a place for everything.

BUNTY'S PARENT'S APARTMENT

West Village Townhouse. Huge and beautiful. They sit around smoking cigarettes, listening to Phil Ochs. Jim has given up on his date, and sits digging the records. Bunty and Lee cuddle on a sofa. Melody sits off in space.

ANGLE - Jim looks up as Melody approaches him-

MELODY

I think we'd better talk-

Jim is not very excited about the prospect of a dissertation on DAS CAPITAL. He slowly follows her into a bedroom.

THE BEDROOM

Melody closes the door behind them, rips open her workshirt and exposes the largest tits this kid has ever seen

JIM - Eyes pop open. She gives him an incredibly sexy kiss, chest smashing into him-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MELODY

See, there's a time and a place
for everything. And this is the
time and place.

Up the worker.

CUT.

"KARL MARX AND DAD"

FADE UP

INT. CARROLL KITCHEN - DINNERTIME

Mom has made hamburgers. Dad sits at the table reading the paper.

MOM

(yelling)

Jim! C'mon, dinner's on the
table.

ANGLE - Jim comes clomping in. He's wearing torn jeans, beat up work shirt, work boots.

MOM

My god...I think it's time you
changed that shirt. It's filthy.
I can smell it.

JIM

I wanna wear it. It symbolizes
the government's oppression of
the Proleteriat.

ANOTHER ANGLE - Mr. Carroll looks at his son over the top of his paper.

MR. CARROLL

We are the Proleteriat you dumb
bastard and I think those
motherfuckers are off their
rockers. Now go the hell to your
room and change your shirt!

CUT.

WINTER '65

"HEADQUARTERS"

FADE UP

INT. WASHINGTON HEIGHTS APARTMENT - EARLY MORNING

A complete battlezone of an apartment. A crash pad for all the neighborhood heads and addicts. Mattresses with inert bodies cover the floor. Ripped couches. A junkie sleeps in his drool on a gutted chair. This place is lovingly referred to as "Headquarters". Grey morning light seeps in. Reveille for the undead.

Someone puts a.m. CARTOONS on. COURAGEOUS CAT takes out his Ball and Chain gun.

JIM - drapes across a couch, awakens from a night of hash binging.

ANGLE - Two guys, BRIAN and SLOPPY, enter this hell-hole. They lug about thirty loaves of bread and a metal crate of milk.

SLOPPY

Look what we found in front of
the Grand Union!

A couple of other guys wake up. They all converge on the food. Ripping huge hunks of bread off. Slurping milk.

BRIAN

(to Jim)

Jim, let's do the rest of that
hash.

JIM

(mouth full)

Didn't they have any baloney?

ANGLE - Brian retrieves a hash pipe from behind a chair.

BRIAN

It's unbelievably warm today.
Can't believe it's February.
Here, toke up.

He passes the smoking bowl to Jim. Jim takes a hit.

BRIAN

We're on a mission today. Got
an address of a guy on 163rd who's
selling codeine. Whaddya think?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JIM

Sounds like my kind of Sunday.
But I hope we can clear some of
these yahoos out. They'll bum
us right out if we cop nods.
Isn't there any jelly left in this
whorehouse?

CUT TO.

HARLEM STREETS - DAY

It really is exceptionally warm for mid-winter. Jim and Brian walk along 165th St. and Nicholas Avenue. The sun warms their bones.

ANGLE - There is a large crowd of dressed up black people milling around a large building. Everyone seems excited...in good moods. A MAN sells BLACK AMERICA. He hands one towards Jim and Brian-

MAN

Support the cause?

BRIAN

What's going on here today?

MAN

Malcolm X is speaking.

JIM

Hey...dig it. I'll buy one of those.

Jim reaches for a coin.

MAN

Thank you brother.

ANGLE- Brian and Jim walk on, looking through the paper. CAMERA HOLDS, then REVEALS the Marquee over the building. AUDUBON BALLROOM.

INT. OLD PHARMACY - DAY

An ancient DRUGGIST stands behind a counter. Nose and ear hairs.

ANGLE - Brian walks in nonchalantly...approaches the counter.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRIAN

One bottle of Robetussin please.
AC.

Almost like he knew what was coming...the old man reaches for a bottle and bags it.

DRUGGIST

Minors must sign the book please.

Brian nods, picks up a pen and signs an old notebook. the druggist reads:

DRUGGIST

Two dollars please, Mr.?

BRIAN

Bond. James Bond.
Brian pays the old guy and bolts.

ANGLE - Now Jim approaches.

JIM

I need a bottle of Robetussin AC please.

DRUGGIST

Minors must sign the book please.

Jim signs. The man reads.

DRUGGIST

I'm sorry, Abe Lincoln picked up a bottle this morning.

JIM

Oh. No...this is my name.

He writes again.

DRUGGIST

Thank you Mr. Chamberlain. Two
dollars.

ANGLE - Outside the pharmacy. The boys have copped three bottles each. They're laughing their heads off.

JIM

Thank you Mr. Mantle, thank you Mr. Bogart! We coulda gotten ten more apiece.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BRIAN
That would be greedy. What a
fucking dealer!

SOUND OF SIRENS. Lots of them. Converging close by.

BRIAN
Jesus. Lots of cops.

JIM
Around the corner...where those
black dudes were. Maybe we should
check it out.

BRIAN
Fuck it. I don't want to get
busted. Let's go back and get
smashed.

THE SIRENS MULTIPLY. Something MAJOR has happened.

INT. HEADQUARTERS - DAY

The joint is pretty empty now. Jim and Brian sit on the ravaged
sofa in front of the t.v. They unscrew their own personal
"Robies" take long hits of the thick syrup, then chase it with
a beer. They light cigarettes.

THE T.V.- Wonderama with Sonny Fox. Little kids run around
going crazy as Sonny eggs them on.

JIM AND BRIAN - Eyes rolled back into their heads. Chins to
their chests. Neglected cigarettes with foot long ashes.
Codeine dreams.

BRIAN
(dopey)
Feel anything yet?

JIM
I think it's coming on.

CUT.

"IDENTITY"

FADE UP

INT. JIM'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Jim has just stepped from the shower. Soaking wet. He dries himself off, watching his naked reflection in the full length mirror on the door. It's fogged up...he rubs it clear. Stares at his face. Appraises his nakedness. Turns to the side. Takes a little jump shot. Watches the effect. He picks up his Mom's small vanity mirror, and checks himself out from behind. Flexes his butt. There he is. Jim Carroll. Right in the mirror. It feels like he can't focus on the image without it shifting or distorting a little. Like he can't really see what he looks like. It starts to freak him. Once again, the mirror steams up.

CUT.

"HIGH SCORING"

INT. HIGH SCHOOL LOCKERROOM - NIGHT

Big Private School rivalry. Jim's Trinity School against Horace Mann. The stands are full in the gymnasium. CHEERING. Inside the Trinity lockerroom, the team is tense as they dress.

ANGLE - Jim and his new pals, MARC CLUTCHER, DAVID LANG, (two more poor scholarship slobs like himself), and ANTON NEUTRON dress next to each other. They have other things on their minds beside the game.

JIM

Alright, me and Clutch copped in the Park. We got twenty pills.

LANG

Let's see.

ANGLE - Clutch has a pile of pills in tin foil. Ten pink ones and ten red and black.

CLUTCH

So we take the ups for the game...then we do the downs after and go to the party at Headquarters.

ANTON

Cool, let's go. Coach is coming in. Which ones are the ups?

JIM AND CLUTCH - look at each other.

JIM

Which ones did the guy say?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLUTCH
I thought you knew.

LANG
The red and blacks are up and the
pinks are downs.

JIM
Lang, you know for sure?

LANG
No. But I think so.

ANTON
The pinks are ups.

CLUTCH
Why?

ANTON
Cause I associate pink with
lightness and the others seem hard
colored, like they might knock
you out.

CLUTCH
Anton's got a point.

JIM
On his head. What a lamebrain
theory. Nembutols are light
yellow and they put you on your
ass!

LANG
Maybe they're faded Seconals.

CLUTCH
Too light. If they were, they'd
be sticky.

ANTON
That's bullshit.

CLUTCH
Fuck your mother.

ANGLE - COACH DOOLITTLE enters the lockerroom for his pre-game
pep talk.

COACH
Alright fellahs! Let's bring it
in!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

THE FELLAHS - Clutch takes the lead.

CLUTCH

Fuck it. Red and blacks are ups.
Let's do it.

JIM

Right.

ANGLE - They hurriedly grab two red and black pills each...swallow them, pull up their socks and run to join the team psyche meeting.

COACH

Okay. This is our year! We own this team. Pay 'em back for last time. Just go out and play our game! Forty minutes at a hundred percent. Ready, TEAM?!

They all put their hands in and give a big..."GOOOOOOO!!!"

THE GAME

Trinity is on the attack. A well-oiled machine. Jim Carroll is having a dream half. Both ends of the court. Popping from outside. Working give and gos with Clutch. Anton is a terror inside.

ANGLE - The Horace Mann fans, and some lovely young ladies are impressed with this dynamo Trinity squad.

JIM - makes eyes with some of his fans. SWISH! Hits a fifteen footer. The Trinity machine rolls into the second period with a good lead. THEN

ANGLE - Jim drives inside and is fouled. Two shots. Fans jeer and cheer. Jim cockily saunters to the line.

CLOSE ON JIM - Takes a few dribbles...poises for the shot.

THE SHOT - Like a dying duck. Falls five feet short.

ANGLE - Everyone looks at the player in surprise. HOOTS AND HOLLERS.

JIM - shakes it off. Sets for the second shot. It's even shorter. Hits the Horace Mann center on the head.

ANGLE - Lang, Clutch, and Anton look at Jim with concern.

JIM - his eyes have drooped to half mast. He weights 100 tons.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

THE GAME - takes on new momentum. Horace Mann's. Meanwhile, four of Trinity's stars are more downed out than they've ever been in their lives.

ANGLE - A man blows by Clutch...he tries to jump but his feet seem nailed to the floor.

LANG AND ANTON - run into each other and go down like a sack o' potatoes. They don't feel a thing.

THE BALL - smacks Jim in the lip...bloodying it. He us unawares.

COACH DOOLITTLE - Murderous.

SCOREBOARD - Horace Mann has taken the lead. The Home crowd goes nuts. Laughing deliriously at the Trinity players.

THE ONE STRAIGHT PLAYER - heaves a pass to Jim. It bounds off his chest into the stands. THE BUZZER. HALFTIME. A Standing Ovation from the crowd.

HALFTIME LOCKER

COACH - Face blotchy white with rage. Paces back and forth. Trying with all his might not to strangle the four assholes.

THE FOUR ASSHOLES - Melt into themselves. Lang is actually asleep.

COACH

(measured)

I am going to bring each one of you sonofabitches down to the Police and let them deal with it.

JIM

(slurred)

Coach...we don't take drugs. We all had fried Halibut sandwiches before the game, and I think we got poisoned.

Snorts of laughter from the other guys. Coach narrows his eyes at the stupid excuse. He almost wants to believe it.

COACH

Halibut, hmmm? Yeah? Well you four get dressed, go to the emergency ward...and

(more)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

COACH (Cont'd)
 monday morning I will meet you
 in the Headmasters with your
 doctor's notes. The rest of you
 let's go out and try to salvage
 this disaster.

ANGLE - Coach and the rest of the team file out.

THE FOUR ASSHOLES - sit on the bench. Doomed and wasted.

ANTON
 Fried Halibut?

JIM
 This must be what gravity is like
 on Jupiter.

LANG - snores next to them.

CLUTCH
 We took the wrong ones.

Jim looks at him.

JIM
 Remind me to kick your ass in
 tomorrow.

CUT.

SPRING '65

"PLAYIN' HOOKY"

EXT. FORTY SECOND STREET -DAY MOS.

Roger Miller's "KING OF THE ROAD" plays.

Jim has decided to take this nice spring day off from school.
 Goof around Forty Deuce. He cruises around...checking out the
 little stores selling giant knives, dirty marquees, the street
 hustlers, etc. etc.

ANGLE - A thirty year old FOX hangs in front of a Porno theatre.
 Makes sexy eyes at Jim.

JIM - cannot resist a pretty face. He walks up and starts to
 rap. They decide to take in a movie.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MOVIE THEATRE

BORN FREE is playing. Jim and the Fox take seats in the empty balcony. They light up a joint. He shotguns it in her mouth. This impromptu pick-up is getting sexy.

ANGLE - Jim and the Fox start to make out. Squirming with passion in the seats. The fox puts her hands on Jim's crotch. He reaches over to grab her pussy.

JIM - Head snaps back in SHOCK. The Fox laughs hideously. Jim LEAPS UP like he's seen a ghost...literally leaping over the seats and smashing out the balcony door.

ANGLE - The TRANSVESTITE can't stop laughing as cute lions fill the screen.

CUT.

INT. TRINITY DINING HALL - DAY MOS.

MUSIC STILL PLAYS. Lunchtime again. Jim, Clutch, Eggie, Bunty, Lang and Anton sit at a table. Mr. Belt takes his daily cruise through the room to assert his presence and wish good afternoon to all the gentlemen. As soon as he splits, Jim and Lang jump up from the table and head for the first floor window. Everyone else at the table shrugs...not knowing what's up. Lang and Jim disappear...dropping down to the street.

EIGHTY-NINTH STREET

A tenement building. Jim and Lang knock on the basement door. It opens just a peep. Eyes peer out. Jim says something and the person lets the boys in.

BUILDING BASEMENT

Heroin melts in a cooker. Drawn up a spike. CAMERA ADJUSTS to reveal Jim with his arm tied up with his school tie. Two PUERTO RICAN dealers watch as he and Lang get off. Boom! Shit blasts through his body. Stomach convulses, and Jim immediately boots off to the side. Very serious H.

LANG - already in nodsville.

ANGLE - outside on the street, the boys wave goodbye to their hispanic playmates.

TRINITY SCHOOL

Jim and Lang check to see if it's clear. They boost their way into a side Gym door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MATH CLASS

Class files in. Teacher is at his desk. Jim and Lang jump on line with the rest of the kids...eyes glazed as they take their seats.

ANGLE - Clutcher and Anton shoot dirty stares at their pals, but the latter two can only smile stupidly as paralellograms dance across the blackboard.

CUT.

"A FRECKLE FACED GENIUS"

FADE UP

EXT. INWOOD STREETS

Jim walks along the neighborhood streets. Wearing army surplus clothes...hair getting longer and longer.

ANGLE - An adorable litle ten year old gir, full of freckles and dressed in her Parochial school jumper stares at him.

GIRL

How come your hair is so long?

JIM

(smiling)

Cause I like it like this.

GIRL

Oh. I bet you're against the war, huh?

JIM

Yep.

GIRL

Well, do you believe in God?

JIM

Don't really think about it the same way as you.

GIRL

Don't you think that Christ was God?

JIM

Do you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GIRL

Yes.

JIM

Do you think Christ would fight
in the war?

GIRL

Yep.

JIM

Did you ever read about Christ
killing or using a gun?

GIRL

No.

JIM

Well, do you think he would fight
in the war?

GIRL

I guess not.

The girl just walks right on. Jim calls to her-

JIM

Tell that to your nuns and your
friends!

The cute little girl smiles. So does Jim. They wave and walk
on.

CUT.

SUMMER '65

"SUMMER EMPLOYMENT"

EXT. SECOND AVENUE -DAY

"The Rack". As in meat rack. A three block area in the
mid-fifties where young boys hustle queers in Chevys. Most of
these kids aren't gay...they just parlay blow-jobs into drug
money.

JIM - hangs on a corner. It's a hot day. He wears cut-offs.
The fags in their cars like that. His friend, JIMMY MANCOLE,
talks to a john who has stopped his car. Jimmy gets pissed off
and yells-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MANCOLE

-The fuck outta here before I
break your ass you fucking queer!!

He kicks the scared queen's door as the car zooms away. Mancole
walks back to Jim.

MANCOLE

Fucking guy had a skirt and high
heels on in there. I swear to
god, I mean I'll suck a little
dick for some money but there's
a goddamned limit!

Jim is not too sure about this enterprise.

JIM

Well...this isn't working. Maybe
we should just stick up a couple
old ladies or something.

MANCOLE

Gotta give it a chance...these
queers are rich. You wanna do
dope you gotta pay the price
right?

ANOTHER ANGLE - A Caddy slows down...cruising by the you
chickenhawks. Zeros in on Jim.

MANCOLE

Hold it...here you go. You got
this one. Just do what I told
you-

Jim is freaked by this...

MANCOLE

Go ahead...

He slowly saunters over to the car...knees shaking.

MANCOLE

If your private school friends
could see you now-

JIM - At the car window.

JIM

Hi there.

CUT TO.

INT. POSH APARTMENT - DAY

Jim's 'John' lets them into his expensive penthouse. Great view. Nice furniture. Perverted paintings on the wall. A lonely guy who makes money. A ripe one.

JOHN

You can wait here, Spiro. I have to go to the bathroom.

(a pause)

You sure don't look Greek.

JIM

Southern Greece. Lots of blondes.

ANGLE - The John disappears into another room. Jim immediately roams around the joint. Looking for stuff to steal. He finds a bottle of pills on a table. Empties some into his pockets. Considers pocketing a little porcelain figurine.

JOHN (O.C.)

Oh Spiro! Can you come into the bathroom please?

Jim rolls his eyes. Takes a deep breath-

THE BATHROOM

Jim's mouth drops. The John lays in a great foamy bubblebath...suds to his chin. And worse than that, he has tied up a CAT to the toilet. The pitiful animal SCREECHES away.

JOHN

Now here is what you're to do. I want you to pee on me and make all these bubbles disappear - then you're to whip the cat with this-

ANGLE - The pervert unveils a tiny cat whip he's holding underwater.

JOHN

Cat o' nine tails! Right when it's almost dead...jerk-off in my mouth. Is that okay with you?

JIM - Horrified. Speechless. Looks at the mewling cat. The smiling gross pervert covered with Mr. Bubbles.

JOHN

Hmmm?

ANGLE - Jim leans over and unties the cat. The John starts to get up from the tub-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHN

What are you doing?

Jim can't help but NAIL the pervert with a ROUNDHOUSE...knocks him splat back into the tub...head cracks into the wall. The John moans-

JIM

You fucking pervert! I oughtta drown you!

ANOTHER ANGLE - Jim grabs the man's pants, pulls out the wallet and grabs a huge roll of cash. The John tries to get up - crying pathetically.

JOHN

Sppiiiiirooo-

JIM

I ever hear you're torturing animals again, I'll come up here with my friends and cut your fucking throat! C'mon kitty.

Jim picks up the kitten and splits. The John keeps crying out for Spiro...Spiro.

CUT.

"THE BASKETBALL DIAIRES"

FADE UP

INT. EGGIE BLAUMGARDEN'S APARTMENT - LATE NIGHT

Clutch, Eggie, and Deborah Duckster sit around the floor, passing a joint and listening to-

JIM

(reading O.C.)

"I'm riding Uptown on the A train tonight, half on the nod and half trying to read a sports magazine. There's this chick that gets on at 175th St.-

ANGLE - Jim sits on a couch, reading from his worn notebook to the gang.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JIM (CONT.)

- a real secretary-stewardess type with big tits and a beehive hair job. She's right across the way from me, hardly any people in the car, and she is tossing this spread towards me so wide I can see her powder blue panties. What do these faces want out of me, an athletic youth, trying to enjoy a nice heroin head and harmless magazine? -

His friends laugh.

JIM (CONT.)

Finally, I got up and went over to her and asked if she could please close her legs. I'm just fifteen years old and it's distracting and frankly lewd."

He looks up, sort of embarrassed.

ANGLE - his friends dig it. They want to hear more.

DEB

Wow. You've been keeping a diary like this?

JIM

For over two years.

CLUTCH

Shit, guy's gonna bribe me.

JIM

Nah, I've changed everyone's names.

EGGIE

Yeah? What's mine?

JIM

I'm calling you Eggie.

EGGIE

Eggie...where'd you come up with that?

JIM

You look like an Eggie.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CLUTCH

Read another.

JIM

I'm starving. Let's go to
Ratners.

DEB

Just one more, then we'll go.

JIM - Flattered. Thumbs through some pages.

JIM

Alright...this is something I was
just thinking about last night.
Didn't finish it-

(he reads)

"Now there's a big peace movement
growing in this country and my
old man and the rest are calling
me a creep, sayin' it's all some
commie who's brain-washed us all.
I say fuck your dream dreamed up
to take the rap for you. The
Russians are drags too, you're
all old men, drags, scheming
governments of death and blinding
white hair."

CLUTCH

(enthused)

Fuckin' A right!

CUT TO.

LOWER EAST SIDE

It's very late. People still hang out in the hot night. The
four friends walk along Second Avenue to munch out at Ratner's
Deli. Deb speaks with Jim.

DEB

...I'm totally serious. You're
really a great writer. What are
you going to do with all those
Diaries?

JIM

I don't know. Right now I'm just
writing...you know?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DEB
I bet you could publish them.
(a pause)
Are you really messing around with
Heroin like that?

JIM
(lies)
Nah. I've just sniffed it once
or twice.

DEB
You're too smart for that shit.
We have fun just smoking dope
don't we?

JIM
Yeah. I'll never get addicted
to it.

Suddenly, there is a very large, horrible THUD! from around the
corner. They all speed up to see what the sound is-

EGGIE
Oh my god!!

ANGLE - laying on the pavement, in a widening pool of blood,
is a totally naked young woman.

DEB
(crying)
Jesus...Jesus oh god -

CLUTCH
She dry dived.

JIM
Call the cops...Clutch, call them!

ANOTHER ANGLE - A few more people crowd around this terrible
scene.

JIM - ~~steps~~ shakily up to the broken figure on the pavement.

THE SUICIDE VICTIM - A beautiful woman. Tanned. Bikini-lines.
Her body broken...but still alive. She looks up at Jim with
painted Angelic eyes. She moves her hand to grab his-

JIM - Freaked. Hold the woman's hand.

WOMAN
(softly)
I let them...I let them...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

JIM
Shhh. I know. It's okay.
Everything's gonna be okay.

ANGLE - The woman gives a little smile and dies.

JIM - still holds her hand. Sobs with his eyes closed. SIRENS.

CUT.

"ONE ON ONE"

FADE UP

EXT. UPTOWN HOOP COURT - EARLY EVENING

Late summer heat. Only one backboard has a rim. Another City cage. Yellow stalks of grass bust up half-court. Jim walks through the gate with his ball to just shoot around. Ugly Projects jut up around the court.

ANGLE - A BUM lays propped against the cage on the nod. Nothing unusual. Jim ignores him and begins taking nice lazy jumpers from the perimeter. No-ones around. This is nice.

JIM - working out the toxins of the summer. Sweating. Pop. Pop. Misses a shot, grabs the bound and lays it through.

VOICE

Could I shoot with you?

ANGLE - It's the Bum. Standing at the foul line. He's a black guy, could be twenty or fifty. A junkie. Wears old greasy chinos and a stupid shirt. Jim doesn't feel like dicking around with the guy.

JIM

Well, gotta practice. New season coming up.

BUM

Yeah...I dig that.

Jim continues shooting. The bum just stands there...chuckling as Jim works out. A very annoying chuckle.

ANGLE - Jim takes a corner J. Short, hits iron. The Bum laughs again. Jim shoots him an annoying glance.

BUM

Short.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JIM
(retrieving the ball)
No shit.

Jim misses again. This guy is pissing him off.

BUM
Long.

JIM
Thanks for the play by play.

JIM - Dunks the ball.

BUM
(imitating a crowd)
Oooh! Aaah! The boy is serious!
But how serious?

Jim looks at him.

BUM
Think you can keep up with me
slick?

Jim smiles. Who is this asshole?

JIM
C'mon...just let me be here -

BUM
My man is scared to get down.

JIM
Alright...one game to eleven.

BUM
Fifteen baby. Winners, everything
back. I'll hit or miss.

ANGLE - Jim passes him the ball.

THE BUM ← Takes a soft perfect Jump shot from the top of the key. Old sneakers land in perfect form. Swish. The bum laughs.

BUM
Yessir. My ball. A game for your
soul, baby. Winner walks off this
court. Loser's got to stay in
this cage forever. The way it
is.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ANGLE - Jim knows he's being hustled. He and the bum look at each other. There is an eerie silence on the court. The air is heavy.

JIM
(getting spooked)
Yeah. Your ball slick.

The bum takes it out. Immediately takes that little perfect J. Swish again. He cackles.

BUM
One.

ANGLE - Jim comes up to defend him closer. The bum drives right, pulls up. Bingo.

BUM
Two. And you thought ball was
your ticket outta this mess.

The bum drives by Jim, throws up a left hander.

BUM
Three.

ANGLE - Jim is sweating. Pissed. He looks around.

POV - People have started gathering around the Cage. Peering in at the game.

ANGLE - Again the bum goes up for a Jumper. In and out. Jim grabs it, takes it back.

BUM
What you got?

JIM - backs him up. Spins and shoots. Yes.

JIM
I got that.

BUM
Three - One.

THE GAME - This becomes a grueling ONE ON ONE DUEL. Two very good players. Banging, spinning street moves. A dogfight in the air. Grunts, groans, sweat flies.

ANGLE - more and more people have gathered around the fencing. Staring at the Battle Royale inside.

THE BUM - jams one down...rim quivers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JIM - Banks it.

THE BUM - nails a hook shot.

BUM

Point game. Fourteen, thirteen.
I own you.

JIM - Out of breath. Sucking it up for this point.

THE CROWD - Oddly silent throughout the game. Holds their breath.

THE BUM - Puts the ball on the floor. Starts backing Jim up. Jim plays savage D. The bum drives closer and closer. Finally, he turns, fades and shoots. Jim gets a PIECE. Retrieves the ball. The bum is angry.

JIM - Fires it right up. Rims and IN.

JIM

Tied. Point game.

The bum breathes snot. Eyes blaze.

ANGLE - Jim gears up...starts with a fake. The bum's right with him.

CROWD - watching.

JIM - drives. Bum's all over him. White on Rice. Goes right, goes left, finally pulls up for a righty scoop...the Bum is right on the ball.

ANGLE - At the last moment, Jim pulls the ball back, switches lefty while hanging in the air, and flicks the ball to the hoop. ROUND AND ROUND the rim...like it'll never stop. Finally, drops - IN. The game is over. Jim has won.

ANOTHER ANGLE - Exhausted. Jim extends his hand to the bum. The guy just looks at him. Sadly. Defeated. Looking like a wasted bum again. Doesn't take the offered hand...starts to walk away.

JIM

Great game.
(no answer)
What's your name?

THE BUM - heads back towards his spot along the fence.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

BUM

Don't matter.

He reaches his spot. Slumps down. Goes back into his nod.

JIM - tired and a bit freaked. Looks at the guy, shrugs, then takes his ball and walks out towards the gate. The Crowd makes room for him. Watching. Still no-one says a thing.

JIM

(asking anybody)

Who is that guy?

Only a little kid answers.

LITTLE KID

That's Earl Harper.

JIM

Earl Harper? Shit, I knew he looked familiar. Used to be the best in the whole City. I'll be fucked.

Jim shakes his head. Looks back.

POV - There's Earl Harper. Curled up like a foetus in his cage. Never to come out.

FADE.

FALL '65

"PRIVATE SCHOOL GIRLS"

FADE UP

MONTAGE - Jim, Eggie and Clutch give an OFF SCREEN commentary over SHOTS of various types of young Private School girls walking around the neighborhood.

A Skinny girl, with a bun. Walks funny.

EGGIE (O.C.)

Ballet Dancer. Yumm. Great fuck.

Buxom, talkative, with curly brown hair-

JIM (O.C.)

Loves to give head.

A Tall girl, with long legs, high cheekbones.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

CLUTCH
Model. A slut. Lookit those
legs.

Fair haired, tanned preppy.

EGGIE
Kisses like a cow. Only fucks
Daddy.

Earth Momma. Granny glasses.

JIM
Screws six at a time.

A Big Athletic girl.

CLUTCH
Carpet muncher.

A beautiful young brunette - carrying manilla envelopes.

JIM
Hmmm. An actress. Gotta get to
know this one.

ANGLE - The boys are hanging around a local BLIMPES on the Upper
West Side...checking out the babes. They eat subs. Jim takes
off after the last one...the 'Actress'.

CLUTCH
(calling after him)
Tell her what a big star you are!

CUT TO.

INT. SUTTON PLACE APARTMENT - NIGHT

A lavish diningroom. JULIA, the FRENCH HOUSEKEEPER, picks up
the silver desert plates from in front of Jim and the 'actress'
HEIDI. Obviously a successful score at Blimpies.

HEIDI
Thank you Julia...that was
delicious.

JULIA
You're welcome. Would you like
another, Jim?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JIM

No thank you Julia...I think five is enough.

They all laugh.

HEIDI

We're going to go upstairs and watch television.

JULIA

Okay. I leave the tartartain covered in the refrigerator.

PARENTS SPACIOUS BEDROOM

The twinkling bouroughs of New York City below. On a bed that goes on forever. Jim and Heidi lay naked on crisp sheets, smoking hash.

HEIDI

You really are a big Basketball star?

JIM

Well I did get picked on the All-City All Stars to play in D.C. The only white guy.

HEIDI

Wow. I have a call back for a commercial on Wednesday.

JIM

We'll be a couple of celebrities.

HEIDI

I think we make a nice couple. I'm glad you decided not to be shy the other day. You were so cute.

JIM

Yeah. When do your folks get back?

HEIDI

Not till sunday.

ANGLE - Jim puts his head in her lap. They smooch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JIM

Ummm. You really think Julia left
some fo that tartanian for us?

HEIDI

Tartartain.

JIM

Right. Man...

(taking it all in)

You ever think one day you ever
really know who you are?

HEIDI

What do you mean?

JIM

I mean do you ever wake up one
day and say..."Oh...I'm this and
I'm going to do these things"
or doyou always feel like a ping
pong ball? Bouncing around
wherever the paddle hits you?

HEIDI

I don't know.

JIM

Me neither. I don't fucking know.

FADE.

"DAY TRIPPERS"

EXT. ST. MARKS PLACE -AFTERNOON

Jim, Clutch, and Anton walk around crazy St. Marks Place.
HUMMING loudly on Kazoos. Laughing hysterically. Wierdos and
kooks pass them by. The boys are zonked on ACID.

Beautiful faces smile.

Gargoyles leer from the cornices above.

Mr. Softie plays CALLIOPIE music and gushes out concupiscent
Custard into perfect cones.

They talk to gorgeous girls.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK -

In the center 'Ring' of the park, a MAN riffs away on a saxophone. Another cat plays a trap set. People toss some coins...but these guys aren't really playing for money.

THE SAXOPHONIST - wails away. Just playing. Getting off on creating music.

JIM -with saucer-sized pupils. Transfixed by the pure sound of the jazz. He can see notes floating out of the sax. Then linger around his head like fragile bubbles...bursting on his ears.

JIM

Sparks man. All around. See them? That's the music. This is it. It's all poetry...dig it? It's pure. Look at him play. I just want to be pure like that. Pure. Like music.

The sax IS pure. And plays on.

CUT.

"THE EVENING NEWS"

INT. THE CARROLL LIVINGROOM - EVENING

Mr. Carroll sits in his chair, shoes off, feet up, reading the newspaper after a day at work.

JIM - comes walking into the room. His father lowers the paper...looks at his son dressed in second hand clothes, long-haired. They don't speak. The tension is palpable. Jim flicks on the t.v. WALTER CRONKITE.

TV - Anti-war protests in forty cities. MARTIN LUTHER KING speaks.

MR. CARROLL

Turn that nigger off.

JIM - sits on the couch. Refuses to be baited.

MR. CARROLL

Let em all go to Russia...who needs any of em.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JIM
(suckered)
You know how many guys have died
over there? Over One Thousand
already.

MR. CARROLL
So? No-one said war was safe.
You sound just like all these
pinko-assholes. Is this what they
teach you at that Private School?

JIM
You sound like all the assholes
sitting at your bar. All your
friends who wear their wives
panties under their clothes.

MR. CARROLL
I'm sick of looking at you - you
look like a goddmaned gorilla.
What is the purpose of that?

The volume of these diatribes rise steadily.

JIM
To show I'm not a part of your
sickass fucked up society!

MR. CARROLL
Don't you use that word here!
You're not to big to get smacked!

JIM
(rising)
Neither are you!

MR. CARROLL
You little sonofabitch get the
hell outta here before I break
your neck! Go stay with your new
Jew friends, maybe they can talk
to their parents like this...but
not in my house they can't.

ANGLE - Father and son stare. Quivering with age-old rage and
hate that manifests in modern dilemma. Jim spins around and
storms to the front door. Whips it open, then SLAMS it shut
as he leaves. Mr. Carroll still stands with his paper. Hands
trembling. He sits back down...burying his face.

CUT.

EXT. INWOOD PARK - EVENING

Jim swings on the swings. Back and forth in the dusky park. No-one else around.

ANGLE - Jimmy Mancole walks up to the swings. Jim drags his feet to stop himself.

JIM
Jesus, where'd you go?

MANCOLE
They were busting everyone off the street. I had to find Fudgy to score.

JIM
Fucking Fudgy?

MANCOLE
Hey, beggars can't be choosers. Let's go. All those cops around made me nervous.

BEHIND THE FIELD HOUSE

The two boys go to a hiding place where they keep a set of works wrapped under a small tree. Jim lays it out. Mancole sets out a couple of bags of smack.

MANCOLE
Shit, look how rusty this spike is.

JIM
Yeah.

ANGLE - The needle is indeed overused and ugly looking. The boys hesitate.

MANCOLE
What do we do?

JIM
Fuck it. Clean enough.

ANOTHER ANGLE - Mancole needs no further assurance. They cook up.

THE SWINGS

Both of them listlessly swing. Gently rocking and nodding back and forth as night falls.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JIM
You think we're junkies?

MANCOLE
Nah.

JIM
Good. Cause I don't ever wanna
be a junkie. I'll shoot myself
first.

They swing into the night.

FADE.

WINTER 66

"RANDOM ENTRIES"

JIM'S ROOM

Jim reads to himself something he just wrote in his Diaries.

JIM
"The more I read, the more I know
it now, heavier each day, that
I need to write. I think of
poetry and how I see it as just
a raw block of stone ready to be
shaped, that way words are never
a horrible limit to me, just tools
to shape. I get images from the
upstairs vault and fling 'em
around like bricks..."

MONTAGE DURING READING

Jim's v.o. continues over pictures:

JIM - sits in a terribly boring Math class.

JIM - watches his teammates go through basketball practice
drills. A ball is thrown to him, snapping him from his daze.

HIS OLD MAN - slurps food down at the dinner table.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JIM

(v.o. cont.)

..."sometimes clean and smooth and then sloppy and ready to fall on top of you later. Like this house where I got to sometimes tear out a room and make it another size or shape so the rest makes sense...or no sense at all. And when I'm done I'm stoned on whatever you got in your pockets right now, dig? I got these diaries that have the greatest hero a writer needs, this crazy fucking New York. Soon, I'm gonna wake a lot of dudes off their asses and let them know what's really going down in the blind alley out there in the pretty streets with double garages.

MORE MONTAGE.

FORTY DEUCE - Pimps, hookers, junkies. The American Dream. A pimply faced kid stands on the corner with a sign - BOMB HANOI NOW.

JIM

(v.o. cont.)

I got a tap on all your wires folks. I'm just really a wise ass kid getting wiser and I'm going to get even somehow for your dumb hatreds and all them war baby dreams you left in my scarred bed with dreams of bombs falling above that cliff I'm hanging steady to. Maybe someday just an eight page book, that's all, and each time a page gets turned a section of the Pentagon goes blast up in smoke.

ECU - Jim watches it all...his eyes pinned and drug heavy. The V.O. ceases. Jim starts to nod-

INT. JIM'S BEDROOM - MORNING

His eyes snap open. He is shivering. Cannot get out of bed. Jim lays wrapped in sheets and blankets. Cold sweats.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGLE - He forces himself out of bed. Pads over to his closet-lifts up a section of carpet inside.

ANOTHER ANGLE - He has a set of works hidden there. But no smack. He moves over to his desk.

JIM - Holds a lighter under his jar cap cooker. Tries to see if there's enough sediment for a shot. His hands shake so much to even hold the lighter. Nothing doing. He flings the top across the room.

CUT TO.

INWOOD PARK - AFTERNOON

A Swishy guy walks two Pomeranians in the Park. He dyes his mustache.

ANGLE - Jim and Mancole wait behind some bushes. They see the guy coming and nod to each other. Both of them flip ski-masks over their faces. Jim flicks out a switchblade.

ANOTHER ANGLE - The dogs stop and pee. Suddenly, the masked kids leap out...scaring the crap out of the dogs and their owner. Jim holds a knife to his throat.

JIM

Just keep very still or this knife will cause a leak. My friends got a gun.

GUY

Please don't hurt me....please-

ANGLE - The dogs YAP like crazy. Nip at Mancole's heels as he rips out the guy's wallet and takes his watch.

MANCOLE

Shut these little fuckers up.
OW! Little prick dog!

GUY

(to dogs)
No Suzy! Gwendolyn stop!

JIM

(to Mancole)
Just get the stuff.

The dogs won't shut up.

MANCOLE

Got it!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JIM
 (to guy)
 You yell for the cops, I'll be
 back and cut your throat.

GUY
 I won't I wont.

ANGLE - They push the guy to the side and take off. Pomeranians going crazy.

CUT.

INT. HEADQUARTERS - AFTERNOON

Jim sits on the couch. Got his fix. Nods off in buzzing dreams. Everything's cool.

DISSOLVE TO:

JIM - still on the couch. All of a sudden, there is a Wild Party around him. It's night. He comes up out of it-

ANGLE - A MAJOR PARTY at HQ. LOUD MUSIC, whites, blacks, drunks, heads, junkies, nymphets, everyone in the neighborhood is partying. Big Buckets of acid-laced punch. People cram junk food down. Guys passed out all over the place.

THE BACK ROOM - A miasma of pot smoke and pot smokers.

ANOTHER ANGLE - Mancole makes out with a girl next to Jim. He takes her hand and leads her into the back room. Jim smiles in his nodding. A very fucked up guy named JOE shuffles up- he's got a voice like a buzz saw-

JOE
 Yo.

JIM
 Joe.

JOE
 I got that taste I owe you
 brother. Brown.

ANGLE - Joe pulls out a paper of smack.

JIM
 No...not here. Too many assholes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE
 Fuck em. I'll kill 'em if they
 touch it.

Joe clears a space on the coffee table and takes out his kit. A fat spade named SAMMY eyes it over -

SAMMY
 How bout a little for the kid?

JOE
 Fuck off you tub.

JIM - can't help but lean over while Joe cooks up the H. Like a dog at a dinner table.

THE PARTY - Full tilt, Babylon. A dull THUDDING on the front door. Someone is KNOCKING. No-one pays attention.

JOE - draws the juice into the needle -

THE FRONT DOOR - Knocking is LOUDER. Still no-one answers. Suddenly the door is KICKED WIDE OPEN! Sends a couple sprawling. COPS. THREE OF THEM.

THE PARTY - slowly freezes.

ANOTHER ANGLE - Jim and Joe shit a brick. The needle sticks out of Jim's arm - not even shot yet.

COPS - spot Jim. Heroin. Start to draw pistols.

ANGLE - Joe bolts like a shot from the couch. Jim is right behind him. They charge into the back room.

COP 1
 FREEZE!

They don't. The cops chase after them.

THE BACK ROOM

Leaping over oblivious pot heads. Jim and Joe head for the window - A fire escape. The window is painted shut. Joe SMASHES it open with his bare hand and dives for the escape. Blood. Jim is right behind.

ANGLE - The cops bust in as Jim's feet clamber up the fire escape.

OUTSIDE

Like monkeys, Jim and Joe pull themselves towards the roof. The Police pursue.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

THE ROOF

A cold clear night. The jumble of buildings everywhere. Joe flips out...running in circles.

ANGLE - The cops attain the roof-

COPS

HOLD IT!!

ANOTHER ANGLE - Only one place to escape. A LONG JUMP to the roof of another building. A very long jump. That...or Rikers.

JOE

I can't I can't!!

JIM - Makes his decision. Takes a running start and LEAPS.

ANGLE - Lands safely on the adjacent roof.

JOE - No choice. Holding major amounts of narcotics. Takes the run-

ANGLE - Joe SLIPS as he takes off. His jump is short. Banging against the side of the other building. He SQUEALS in horrible animal fear...as his body drops like a stone...smashing onto the alley ten stories below.

JIM - Sick with fear. Stares over the side of the building.

THE COPS - Stare too.

ANGLE - A dark dead shape, way below.

JIM - Looks at the cops. Spins to escape.

ANGLE - Two more Police bust through the door of the stair-well on the building Jim is on...guns drawn. Jim freezes. All over. Busted.

FADE.

FADE UP

INT. RIKERS PRISON CELL - DAY

Ugly, claustrophobic. Surrounded by the dregs of life. PRISON SOUNDS. A young Puerto Rican CELLMATE carves crude initials into his arm with a dull fork.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JIM - Lays on a sweat soaked bunk. Hair plastered to his face. Scratchy blanket up to his chin, shivering uncontrollably. A sixteen year old, kicking a heroin habit, in the septic tanks of the City.

FADE.

SPRING '66

The strains of the SOUND OF MUSIC come up-

SERIES OF SHOTS

Newsfootage of ghetto riots. Chicago, Harlem, Newark. White cops with hoses, clubs, dogs. Blacks with rocks, guns.

Megatons of bombs drop from Jet planes, shitting over Hanoi and Haiphong.

Pocked marked killer Richard Speck is led from a Chicago courthouse.

"REHAB"

FADE UP

INT. SMALL GROUP THERAPY ROOM -DAY

A rap session for Junkies, led by a youngish woman, DR. ELLENTUCK. An old couch, couple of chairs, bookcases with shrink books. Jim sits on a chair in the room with four other junkies.

DR. ELLENTUCK
...what about fear?

JUNKIE 1
What fear?

DR. ELLENTUCK
The fear of the whole drug scene.
Aren't you afraid?

JUNKIE 2
No man...cause if you wanna play,
you got to pay, like the Man says,
"take a hard look down that long
corridor." You dig?

The other guys nod in agreement.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JUNKIE 3

There it is.

JIM - just sits. Getting more and more fed up as he listens.

DR. ELLENTUCK

But what about guilt. Watching the rest of society function around you...does this evoke any guilt feelings?

ANGLE - The guys roll their eyes. Jim gets angrier and angrier.

DR. ELLENTUCK

What about it Jim? You haven't said anything. What about guilt?

JIM

I'd rather not say.

DR. ELLENTUCK

Why? Speak your mind.

JIM

It's a load of shit.

DR. ELLENTUCK

What is?

JIM

Guilt. I'm supposed to feel guilty because I'm not working nine to five on Madison Avenue or someplace, swindling people for billions of dollars, or because I'm not some white haired old man smoking in an armchair, sending kids into some jungle to get his nuts shot off? I swim in a river and have to duck huge attacks of shit and miracle fibers because those smokestack companies don't give a flying fuck. I don't carry a gun and keep black people from going to college. See, I don't do any of that shit...and frankly that's why I don't feel too guilty about this right now.

A long pause.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DR. ELLENTUCK

Then how can you expect to fight
all that stuff if you keep
yourself incapacitated all the
time?

Jim opens his mouth. Then shuts it. The doctor seems to have a
point.

CUT.

INT. HEADMASTER BELT'S OFFICE - DAY

Good old concerned liberal Headmaster Belt sits at his desk,
across from his reclamation project, Jim Carroll, freshly sprung
from a month at Rikers.

BELT

Well Jim-

JIM

Sir.

BELT

How do you feel?

JIM

Like a newly hatched chick sir.
Blinded by how bright everything
seems. Hungry for everything.

A pause. Belt stares at him.

JIM

I feel good. I'm not
bullshitting.

BELT

Good. That's good. I believe
you. If I didn't, I wouldn't have
gone out on a limb to get your
sentence suspended. One month
of that hellhole was more than
enough.

Another pause.

BELT

Mr. Brothers says you are sending
some poetry out to a Literary
magazine?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JIM
(embarrassed)
Yeah. I mean yes sir.

BELT
That's wonderful. Has writing
taken precedence over your
basketball aspirations?

JIM
I love to write. I love to play
ball. Sometimes I think they're
the same thing.

BELT
Hmmm. Have to think about that
one. In any case, I want you to
feel like you have a real home
here Jim. If temptation strikes,
when you feel the pressures of
your old street life-this is a
place you can turn to. We're
going to put the past behind us.

JIM
I appreciate all you've done.

BELT
It's because I believe in Jim
Carroll.

Headmaster Belt stands and offers his hand. Jim stands and they
shake.

CUT.

"THE LONG JOURNEY"

INT. TENEMENT APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Jim walks up a run-down staircase...spiralling up into dim
squalor. Muted music from somewhere. Baby cries. He is
walking up to Headquarters. Jim walks flight after flight.

HEADQUARTERS

Jim walks in. Just as he left it. A pit. One guys lays passed
out in the corner.

ANGLE - Mancole sits on the couch with the t.v. on as usual.
He empties a paper of Heroin into his cooker. Looks up and sees
Jim.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MANCOLE
Hey Jim! Welcome home!

JIM
Mancole. What's happening?

MANCOLE
This is what's happening. Finest scag in Upper Manhattan.

ANGLE - Jim is very nervous looking as Mancole expertly prepares a shot. He's been clean since the bust. Over a month.

MANCOLE
-And it just so happens, I have an extra homecoming shot for my boy. Sit down son.

Jim sits. The Sirens of Heroin sing their powerful song.

JIM
Gotta stay clean, man.

MANCOLE
Yeah...well it's here if you want it. Tell me about the joint-

MANCOLE - with a full syringe...tied up. Finds the least painful spot on his tortured veins. Hits it.

JIM - Watches intently. Practically drooling.

THE SYRING - Pushes Heroin into the vein. A little blossom of blood backwashes.

MANCOLE - Unties and pulls out the spike. The smack is heavy and rushes him out immediately. Mancole almost loses it. Erratic breathing. Finally gains control. Then -

MANCOLE
(incoherent)
Yeah...tell me all about the joint.

Poppyland. Just talking shit.

JIM - The H. on the table calls to him. He knows where Mancole is and wants in. He looks at the table.

THE SMACK - Pure and white.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JIM - fighting himself. Being torn in every direction by elemental forces. He reaches for the smack...mechanically pouring the rest into the cooker. His body moves by itself.

MANCOLE - Eyes closed, head bobbing, no neck muscles. A streamer of spit hangs from his lip.

ANOTHER ANGLE - The other Junkie in the room hasn't moved. He lays on a mat, his hands shoved down his ratty pants.

JIM - Holds a match under the cooker. The Heroin melts smoothly.

THE TV - Blares away. Gene Rayburn cracks a funny.

JIM - Pulls an old stocking tight on his arm. Looks at his healed veins. Ripe for the sticking.

ECU - Jim's face quivers from the inner fight. Sweating. Tiny MOANS in the back of his throat. What he wants and doesn't want most in the world.

ANOTHER ANGLE - He pulls the H. into the syringe. There it is.

WIDER SHOT - Jim sits in a crummy rat hole. His friend unconscious next to him. SIRENS AND CITY NOISE from outside. The tv. His body shakes as he stares at the loaded needle in his hand.

CLOSE - Jim draws the needle up to his arm. His jaw clenched...grinding his teeth. Right before he sticks it...Jim stops the needle over his arm. With a horrible grimace...he STOPS. Instead, shoots the heroin HARMLESSLY all over his arm. He sits. Completely out of breath...sweaty. Heroin dripping down his bicep.

CUT TO.

EXT. GEORGE WASHINGTON BRIDGE

Slate grey clouds rush in from Jersey. The wind makes the bridge sway. Cars and trucks rush by.

JIM - stands over the walkway. Looking out into the abyss.

ANGLE - The choppy Hudson churns way below.

JIM - Eyes tearing in the wind. Cold. Leans over the iron grating. Crying. Sixteen years lod. Standing on the bridge, afraid he will not be able to stop himself from jumping off. It would stop all the noise.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jim SCREAMS. A LOUD IMPASSIONED PRIMAL SCREAM.

WIDE SHOT - The huge Superstructure of the Bridge, spanning the mighty Hudson. A tiny figure way up high SCREAMS AND SCREAMS.

FADE.

FADE UP

EXT. WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK - DAY

Late Afternoon. Same day. It is now starting to rain. Big drops. The SAXOPHONE PLAYER and his trap man still stand in the middle ring of the park. They play away. Like they never stop.

ANGLE - Jim sits on the lip of the ring. Watching the musicians. The Saxist wails.

ANOTHER ANGLE - Somebody walks into the other side of the ring. Takes a seat. Listens to the music. Looks kind of familiar.

CLOSER - It's PEDRO. The dead kid. Still in his burial suit, all rouged up. He waves to Jim.

JIM - slightly stunned. The musicians play on.

ANGLE - Someone else takes a seat by Pedro. It's the STYLISH WOMAN who was robbed in the first scene.

ANOTHER PERSON - This time it's YOGI AND KEVIN. They wave to Jim too.

JIM - waves back.

MORE PEOPLE - Here comes cousin KENNY. Old MRS. MCNULTY. THE CELIA SISTERS. PUDGY, BUNTY, MOM AND DAD, The FOX - still laughing. DEBRA DUCKSTER, WINKIE AND BLINKIE. They're ALL HERE. Sitting, milling about, waving to Jim and listening to the Music. A menagerie of Young Jim's life. HEADMASTER BELT. MANCOLE. The DRY DIVE woman, she dances around with BOG TONY. EARL KAPPER.

WIDE SHOT - The ring is filled with people and experiences. A procession of his life. Jim watches it all unfold. Happy to see them all. Laughing. Trying to understand what it's all about.

THE MUSICIANS - Play to their audience. Riffing away. The drummer sizzles his hi-hat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WIDE SHOT - The Ring is EMPTY again. Just Jim and the Musicians. The rain picks up. Spattering the pavement. The musicians stop.

SAXOPHONIST

(bows)

Thank you.

He walks to Jim, instrument around his neck, holding a hat out for money. Jim tosses in a coin. The drummer uses his cymbals as an umbrella. They nod to Jim and rush out of the encroaching downpour.

ANGLE - Jim remains in his spot. Thinking. Wind blows garbage and dust around. The rain really starts. The drummer runs back, picks up a forgotten snare key, then leaves again. Jim stands...walks to the center of the ring where the musicians were playing. He looks around. Then looks up-

ANOTHER ANGLE - A basketball drops out of the sky. Right into Jim's arms. He looks at it. Then starts to dribble. Picking up momentum. Through his legs. Around his back. Tossing and spinning it on his thumb. It's POURING now. Jim starts to laugh. Feeling something real and strong in himself. He rolls the ball down his arm, tosses it, kicks it back into his hand and stops. Takes a bow. Then walks through the downpour, OUT OF FRAME.

FADE OUT.

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