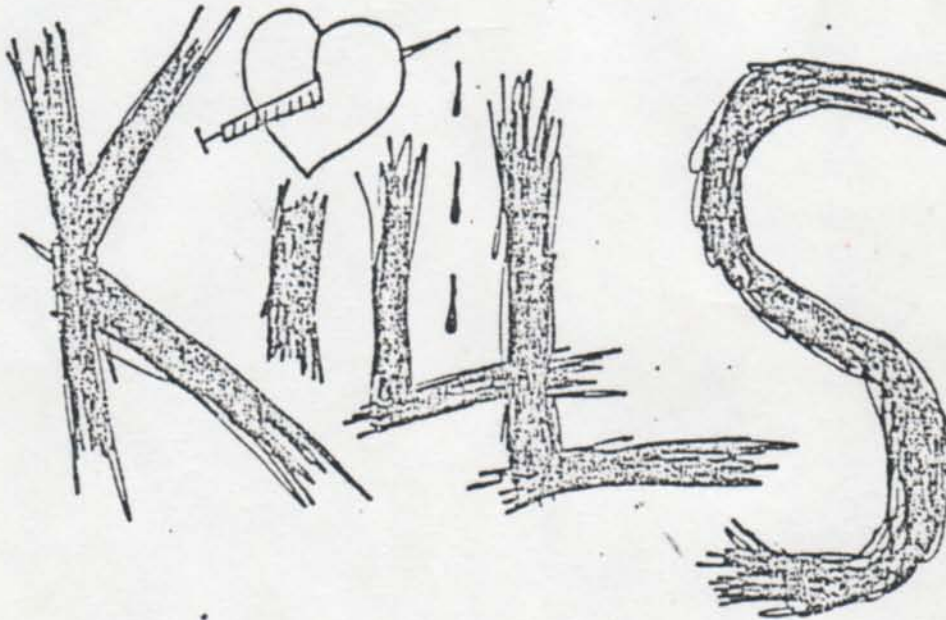
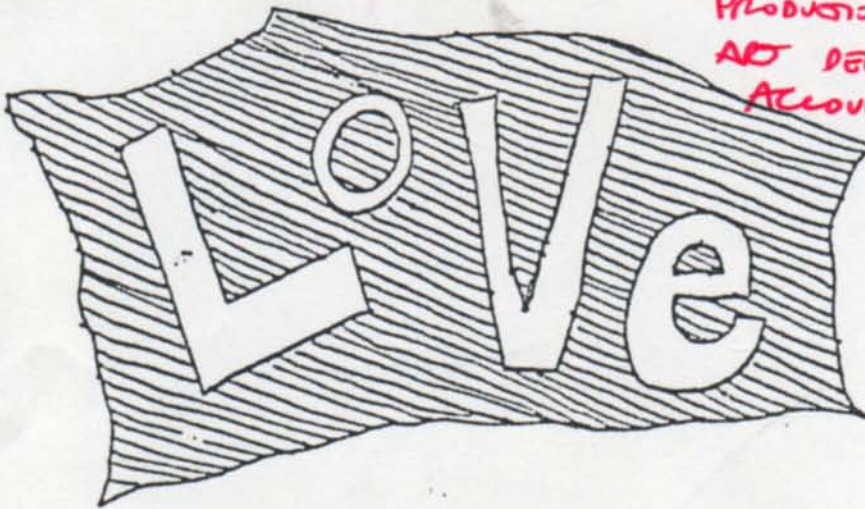


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BY ALEX COX
& ABBE WOOL

3 RD DRAFT

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REG. WGA-W.



FRIDAY 13 OCTOBER 1978

1. CHELSEA HOTEL, ROOM 100 INTERIOR DAY

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

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

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

DETECTIVE
Who called 911?

SID
Huh?

DETECTIVE
Did you call 911?

SID
What's 911?

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

2. CHELSEA LOBBY INTERIOR DAY

*ARTISTS, ORGANISMS,
DOGS, (2)*

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

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

Suddenly FLASHBULBS start to pop.

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

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

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

The DETECTIVE shoves SID thru the lobby doors. FLASHBULBS.

3. CHELSEA HOTEL EXTERIOR DAY

3

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

The balconies are packed with people, watching him.

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

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

PUNKETTE

It's just the coolest thing. I mean, you know, I liked her and I'm kinda sorry, but it's just so kool Sid Vicious killed his girlfriend and she's DEAD!

~~4. CHELSEA LOBBY INTERIOR DAY~~

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

4

~~COP~~

~~Spungen. Nancy Laura. Who was she?~~

~~RESIDENT~~

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

5. ROOM 100 INTERIOR DAY

5

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

OBVIOUS JUNKY

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

DESK CLERK

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



6. HALLWAY INTERIOR DAY

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

FROM WAX MAX'S

GRETCHEN

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

TRACE SUN, "Fidy" "budge..."

(MAX FEEL RN 100!! BUT FEEL WAX MAX'S)

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

BARGY

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

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

7. INTERVIEW ROOM INTERIOR DAY

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

7

COPS

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

COPS COMING IN & OUT - STANDING IN DOORWAYS - WATCHING HIM - MOSTLY PLAINCLOTHES ALSO SEC'S, & UNIFORMS...

SID

NO!!

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

COPS

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

THE BITCH PROBABLY HAS IT COMING TO NOW.

KINDLY COP

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

DON'T REWRITE. IMPROV...

"WE ALL KNOW SHE WAS A FUCIN' WHORE. YOU PROBABLY HAD A GOOD REASON. TELL US ABOUT IT!!"

GET OUT OF HERE RILEY! HOW MANY SO TENSE, KID?

SID I met her at Linda's. COP Linda? Who's Linda?



FEBRUARY
FLASHBACK - SPRING 1977

8. TIMES SQUARE EXTERIOR DAY

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

9. TOPLESS BAR
~~BLUE FOX~~ INTERIOR DAY

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

NANCY crashes in. Runs towards the ladies room.

TRELL
(totally spaced)
Hey. Nancy.

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

GRETCHEN
Nancy. What's wrong?

NANCY
DUKE! He left town! He HATES me!

TRELL
Who?

NANCY
DUKE. My BOYFRIEND!

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

TRELL
Oh... yeah ...

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

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

GRETCHEN
(to TRELL)
Yeah.

GRETCHEN
(to NANCY)
You sure, Nance?

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

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

The GROSS MANAGER appears from the stock room.

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

NANCY continues to gulp and sob.

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

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

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

GRETCHEN
Yeah. Nancy, STOP CRYING.
Here --

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

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

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

10 DAYS
LATER

FLIP TO

10. LINDA'S PAD INTERIOR DAY

10

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

NANCY

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

IT'S NOT LIKE
I WASN'T A LITTLE
INCONVENIENT
BY THIS YOU KNOW.

LINDA
I HATE THE SMELL
OF MEN. THEY
REALLY FUCKING SMELL.
MEN. CUNTS. FORGET IT.

SID'S VOICE O/S

Lindaaaa!!!!

LINDA

Here. →

NANCY

(taking the drugs)

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

I HATE THIS FUCKING
COUNTRY - I NEARLY
GET KILLED EVERY TIME
I CROSS THE STREET.

JOHN'S VOICE O/S

LINDAAAAA!!!

11. BUCKINGHAM PALACE ROAD EXTERIOR DAY

(11)

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

SID

LINDAAAAAAA!!!

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

12. LINDA'S PAD INTERIOR DAY

(12)

NANCY exhales, lowers the cigarette. Pinpoint pupils.

NANCY

Fuck him and his pink guitar
anyway ...

CRASH. A PAVING STONE flies thru the window.

LINDA

I wonder who that is.

drags away

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

LINDA
NAUGHTY BOYS!

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

13. STAIRCASE INTERIOR DAY

(13)

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

SID
Think Linda's heard yet?

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

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

*Boys
WORKS
IN HANDS*

14. LINDA'S PAD INTERIOR DAY

(14)

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

The SOUNDS of SID and JOHN carry up the stairs.

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

Pissed
LINDA

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

The door opens. SID and JOHN plough in.

SID
Ey Linda guess what.

LINDA (LOOKING WORSE)



LINDA
You guys got married?

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

LINDA
What about the other bloke?

JOHN *change him to Paul McCartney & he*
We fired him. He washed his feet too much. Sid doesn't wash his feet at all.
WHAT'S FOR TEA?

LINDA
Baked beans or champagne.

JOHN
Both, PLEASE!

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

LINDA
Nancy, this is --

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

SID
He's John. I'm Sid.

*scripps up beans w/ hand
John leans out
scripps & pants
Sid scratches...
John ~~scripps~~ Sid Boreas*

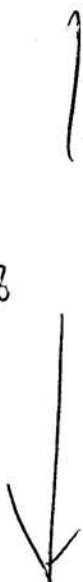
LINDA thrusts a half-eaten plate of beans at SID. She starts opening a warm bottle of champagne.

NANCY
Playing a gig tonight?

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

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

PASSING BY



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

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

MALCOLM winks and ushers them inside.

17

17. PARADISE CLUB INTERIOR NIGHT

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

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

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

NANCY
English beer tastes really weird.

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

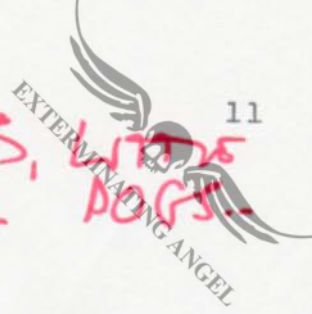
JOHN laughs. NANCY frowns. The gig ends.

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

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

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

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



Paul Royce's, LITTLE DOGS

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

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

PHOEBE *TIMS TO*
~~Get up there and~~ fulfill our contractual obligation.

SID starts for the stage. JOHN grabs his arm.

JOHN
Ey, Sid. Nick Kent.

THERE'S THAT JOURNALIST THAT SAID RUDE THINGS ABOUT U.S.

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

JOHN
Go, Sidney, go. Good boy!

PHOEBE
John --

NANCY
Who's Nick Kent?

PHOEBE
This journalist that doesn't appreciate the Pistols.

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

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

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

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

STEPPING STONE...

NANCY WATCHES SID TRIP THE SEAM DANCING. ALL OTHER NOISES FADE AWAY

18. LINDA'S PAD INTERIOR NIGHT

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

CLIVE'S VOICE
Is it in yet?

GLORIA'S VOICE *No. Well, maybe...*
~~I don't know. I think so.~~

JOHN
You're not getting anythink.

NANCY
What?

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

NANCY
You're insane.

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

JOHN
Gimme me blanket.

NANCY
Fuck you.

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

SID
(muffled)
No fuckin' ... ugly ...
slurpin' ...

NANCY
Jesus Christ!

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

2 WEEKS
LATER

13
19
EXTERMINATING ANGEL

19 ~~THE OLD MAHON~~
~~MAN IN THE MOON PUB~~ INTERIOR DAY

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

STEVE
Who lost?

JOHN
Paul did.

SID
Maths genius. Choirboy.

STEVE
Go on, Paul. Get the darts.

PAUL
Let me see your hands ...
(backs toward the wall)
... Keep 'em where I can see
'em ... Bastards ... I'm
watching you.

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

ALL
AHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!

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

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

JOHN
Can't play 'em anyhow!

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

SID
Speaking of cunts who can't play!

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

V/O
PAUL
"I COULD
OF BEEN
TO DEATH!"

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

STEVE
Hello girls! Where'd you get your perms?

GLITTER BOYS
(dimly)
Er - fuck you!

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

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

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

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

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

...UNLIKE YOUR SEWERS HE'S NOT A BORN-OLD BASTARD HAPPY FART...

PAUL
Four more pints, Sids!

STEVE
Four more pints for me, too!

20. KINGS ROAD EXTERIOR DAY

20

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

SID
Whatsa matter?

NANCY
Those fuckers ripped me off for fifty quids! Cocksuckers!

She scrapes her knuckles up and down the wall.

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

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

She hits the wall again. SID grabs her hands.

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

SID
Junkes, are they?

NANCY
Isn't everyone?

SID
Think you can get ME
some?

NANCY
Maybe. Let go of my
hands.

SID pulls out some money. Eyes her bleeding hands.

SID
That looks like it hurts. *DOESN'T THAT HURT?*

NANCY
It does. *YEAH.*

SID
So does this. *HE NUTS THE WALL TOO.*

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

NANCY
Give me twenty. I'll be back
in an hour. *ALL YOUR MONEY.*

*(SID produces
Crutcherson
of Biles &
change)*

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

SAME DAY



21 CREST HOTEL ROOM INTERIOR DAY

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

- Mr LOOKIN' GOOD.
- I know...
- So...

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

MIRROR
AVIATOR
SMALLS;

NANCY: You can't do all that
He takes out tiny scales and weighs a bag. ~~YASSO~~

HARDYMAN

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

- You look GREAT.
- Yeah, RIGHT.

NANCY
Can I have two dimes?

ROCK
TWO? Gee, I don't know. These are BIG DIMES. I'm really shafting myself letting you ~~have~~ ^{go} of even one.

NANCY
Come on, Rock. For old times sake.

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

NANCY
So how 'bout those dimes?
~~OR - SO HOW ABOUT IT?~~

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

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

NANCY
Deal.

RAIN starts to hit the window.

THAT NIGHT



THE OLD MANON

22. MAN IN THE MOON EXTERIOR NIGHT

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

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

RED BLACK

BILLY

Wotcha, Sid. Coming for a pint?

SID

Nah. I'm waitin' for this bird.

BILLY

Fuckin' A. What's her name?

SID

Nancy.

BILLY

Nancy. You mean that American bird? The junky?

SID

She ain't a junky.

BILLY

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

SID

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

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

LANDLORD'S VOICE

Let's have your glasses please!

A WEEK LATER

23. CAMBRIDGE CIRCUS EXTERIOR DAY

THE SPICE OF LIFE

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

& HAS RED HAIR.

23

WALLY HAIRSTYLE

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

BILLY
Really? Is this really true?

SID
YEAH! I think so...
YOU WANNA' THAT JACUZZI FOR A BET?
BILLY and SID plod unsteadily along. A BENTLEY with
blacked-out windows cruises past.

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

CADILLAC

The BENTLEY turns a corner.

24. BENTLEY INTERIOR DAY

24

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

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

The BENTLEY pulls up.

NANCY
I got a broken heel --

He pushes NANCY out into the street.

BLONDE
And don't get BURNED!



25. SOHO EXTERIOR DAY

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

BILLY

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

*WALLY'S
STARTING
HIS OWN
CLUB ...
"WALLY'S CAFF"*

~~XXXXXXXX~~

SID

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

BILLY

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

26. BENTLEY INTERIOR DAY

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

ROCK

I hate ... to wait ...
(SIRENS. A white POLICE JAG hurtles round the corner. *IT GETS STUCK BEHIND THEM*)
GET ME OUT OF HERE!

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

BLONDE

What about her ~~stuff~~ *JUNK?*

27. SOHO EXTERIOR DAY

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

*MY STUFF!
? OF MY CLOTHES!*

~~stuff~~ NANCY
~~clothes~~ MOTHERFUCKERS!
(starts picking up her things. Thumps BILLY)

Aren't you going to HELP ME?

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

FUCKING DRUGS!
V

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

She ignores him.

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

HE WILL TOO.
I'VE SEEN 'IM
MURDER PORN.

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

SID
What about my DRUGS ---

What about my HEROIN?

Oh here. NANCY

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

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

SID
I'm Sid --

BILLY (brightly)
Wanna use my gaff?

28. CLISSOLD ROAD EXTERIOR DUSK

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

HIGH ON
GLUE.

29. BILLY'S PAD INTERIOR DUSK

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

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

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

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

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

She finishes hitting up. Prepares another shot.

NANCY
Who's next? *indicates? - "After you."*

BILLY and SID exchange a glance. SID ~~indicates~~. BILLY extends a healthy arm.

NANCY
You've both done this before, right?

BILLY & SID
Oh, yeah ...

NANCY
Okay. I'll give you a good hit.

30. BATHROOM INTERIOR DUSK

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

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

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

SID
Fuck off.

She helps him anyway.

BLACKOUT

31. BATHROOM INTERIOR NIGHT

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

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

BLACKOUT

32. BEDROOM INTERIOR NIGHT

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

BLACKOUT

33. BEDROOM INTERIOR NIGHT

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

34. BEDROOM INTERIOR EARLY MORNING

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

NANCY

Well, I guess I better go.

SID

Why?

NANCY

I'm bad news. Everybody says so.

SID

Fuck it.

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

2 WEEKS

35. BASEMENT INTERIOR NIGHT

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

SID tries to sing the chorus at the same time

SID

And we don't fuckin' care!

JOHN

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

NANCY
"You Silver
tongued devil."
OR 5TH EDITION
FUNNY...

↓
Sweetly funny
if you must ↓

NOT

Sarcastic

X
A.

THE
NEXT
DAY

~~BRENDA~~
~~Sorry. But you're going to look lovely.~~

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

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

NANCY
Pizza time!

SID drops the bass immediately. He embraces NANCY. PAUL relieves her of her load. (PIZZA, CHOC & BANANAS)

SID
Mm-mm Pizza my favourite food!

GLORIA
(jumping off the ladder)
Mine too!

NANCY sees JOHN's bandages. She is shocked.

NANCY
Oh my God, Johnny! What happened to you?

JOHN
None of yer business.

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

CLIVE
Shock horror of punk!

~~PAUL~~
~~SID~~ ABBY.
It happened to ~~Siouie~~, too.
She got duffed up. Her a mother, too.
(opening another package)

PAUL & STEVE
improvise with
BANANAS

SID: What's in 'ere?

NANCY
Chocolate.

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

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

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

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

NANCY
Don't you want any pizza, Johnny?

SLAM. BRENDA follows him.

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

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

GREAT SHIT. WHAT TIME IS IT?
Pubs on closing in 5 minutes!

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

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

SID
He don't like anyone. Fuck 'im

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

SID
Want me to?

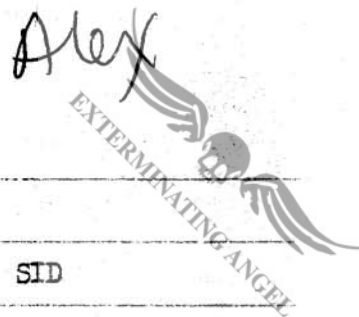
NANCY
Yeah.

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

36. ~~SHEPHERD'S BUSH JUBE STATION~~
~~WAREHOUSE~~ EXTERIOR NIGHT

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

SCENE 35: INT. RECORDING STUDIO. NIGHT.



STEVE TRIES TO TEACH SID THE BASS LINE TO 'PRETTY VACANT'. SID TRIES TO SING AT THE SAME TIME.

SID: And we don't fuckin' care!

JOHN: No! No fuckin' It's "We don't care". Ow! Careful! Ow! Pathetic.

BRENDA: Shut up John. You're going to look lovely.

STEVE: No, no, no. You got four strings on a Bass, Sid. 1,2,3 —

NANCY ENTERS WITH PIZZA, CHOCOLATES AND BANANAS.

NANCY: Pizza time!

SID DROPS THE BASS IMMEDIATELY, EMBRACES NANCY. STEVE & PAUL GO FOR THE FOOD.

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

STEVE: (CHEWING) Yes sir, Malcolm. Half a mo.

NANCY: So! How many tracks have you laid?

PAUL: None! Haven't done no songs either!

ABBY: They haven't done anything. Steve's still showing Sid where to put his fingers.

SID: (EATING) Mmmm Pizza. My favourite food.

NANCY: Sidney! What are you doing?

SID: Eatin'.

NANCY PULLS THE PIZZA OUT OF HIS MOUTH. STEVE & PAUL ARE EXCITED BY THE BANANAS

NANCY: You can't have any Pizza, Sidney. Not until you've done your work.

SID: Ah, fuck off —

NANCY: No way! I'm serious What are you doing here? You're in the studio. These places cost like 50 grand a minute. You guys could be shinin' out but what! You're wunking off!

JOHN: Wanking.

NANCY: Johnny! What happened to you!

JOHN: None of yer business. Call me Pinky Doyle.

BRENDA: John got beaten up by Fascists.

SCENE 35 - cont'd.

NANCY: Sid, stop eating. Back to work. (PUSHING STEVE & PAUL)
You too.

STEVE: Fuck off.

JOHN: Leave 'em alone. We don't have to work if we don't want to. We
don't pay the bills.

BRENDA: That's a stupid attitude. You sound like fucking Rick Wakeman.

JOHN: Bollocks

ABBY: This is really boring. What do you think we are, your fans?
Excite me or I'm leaving.

STEVE: I'll excite you darlin'.

ABBY: Ha ha ha ha ha.

PAUL: Ha ha ha ha ha ha. Casanova Scotia.

STEVE: Wot? You taking the piss?

PAUL: Who me? No. Don't have to.

GLORIA: (WAKING UP) Shit. What time is it? 5 minutes till the pubs close!

GLORIA LEADS AN EXODUS FOR THE ALEHOUSE.

NANCY: Don't you want some Pizza Johnny?

SLAM. BRENDA FOLLOWS HIM.

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

SID AND NANCY SHARE A LONG PIZZA/CHOC/LIPSTICK KISS.
STEVE AND PAUL PACK UP. HURRY OUT.

PAUL: Fuckin' cabbies, that's what we should be. Make 200 quid a week
being a cabby ...

NANCY: (ALONE WITH SID) I don't think Johnnly likes me.

SID: He don't like anyone. Fuck 'im.

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

SID: Want me to?

NANCY: Yeah.

SID DROPS DOWN BEFORE HER AND PULLS OFF HER BOOTS. DELIBERATE AND
SENSUOUS, HE STARTS TO KISS HER TOES. NANCY LEANS BACK AGAINST THE WALL.

VOICE
Fuckin punks! TRAITORS!

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

1 WK LATER

37. THE SILVERY THAMES EXTERIOR DAY

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

38. QUEEN ELIZABETH EXTERIOR DAY

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

BILLY, CLIVE and CO. are tossing lifebelts overboard.

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

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

SID tries to
SIDE PAST.
MUM grabs him
"When are you going?"
etc etc.
LOOK AT THE STATE
OF THE ARMS scene.

39. BELOW DECKS INTERIOR DAY

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

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

REPORTER
Is this your girlfriend, Sid?

SID
Which one?

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

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

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

MORE CONTRADICTIONS

PAUL
hand
bandaged
too

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

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

SID
Kool. Where's the key?

NANCY
What key?

SID
Hahahahahahaha

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

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

SHE ALWAYS STICKS UP FOR ME.

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

PHOEBE
John. Malcolm wants you upstairs.

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

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

JOHN
Sid! Hey, STUPID!

SID
What?

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

JOHN
Sid. Upstairs.

NANCY
Why bother?

JOHN
What?

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

IT'S GONNA RAIN.
* YOU'LL GET
ELECTROCUTED.
NO ONE'S GONNA
LISTEN ANYWAY.

JOHN
Who the FUCK are you?

? (~~BRENDA
Fuck off, John, she's his
girlfriend? Just cause you
can't keep one --
SID
Yeah, huh huh. Fuckin'
homosexual.~~)

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

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

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

SID
Don't fuck with my hair!

40. QUEEN ELIZABETH EXTERIOR DUSK

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

POLICE LAUNCHES close in.

41. GENTS INTERIOR DUSK

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

NANCY

But, Sid, I love your hair --

SID

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

NANCY

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

SID

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

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

(OR DO WE SHOW SID & NANCY FLYING WHILE THE BRUTALITY GOES ON OUTSIDE?)

42. DOCK EXTERIOR NIGHT

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

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

1 MONTH LATER

43. LINDA'S PAD INTERIOR DAY

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

LINDA

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

SID

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

LINDA

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

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

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

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

NANCY
My BONES hurt

SID gets up - sits down - gets up again -

SID
Oh shit --

44. KINGS ROAD EXTERIOR DAY

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

45. SEDITIONARIES INTERIOR DAY

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

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

BRENDA
The BONDAGE ITEMS! Yes sir.
In the back!

MALCOLM
What do you want, Sid?

*NICE SUIT, MALCOLM
NICE SHIRT.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

(affecting a Harrod's accent for a customer, CLIVE)
Nyoss, sir?
(Clive indicates a t-shirt depicting TWO GAY COWBOYS BUMPING COCKS)
Twelve pound ninety nine!

SID WASTES CLIVE FOR MONEY TOO...

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

SID
Can I have a bit of money, Malcolm?

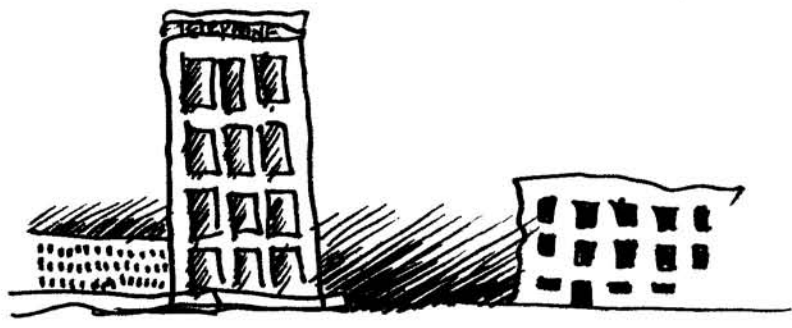
MALCOLM
You going deaf? You're out of order, lad. I know all about you. Laying in bed all day, dissipating your manly strength. Got your PASSPORT PHOTOS yet?

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

MALCOLM
Fine. Here's 40p.

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

CLIVE STEPS INTO THE STREET & IS IMMEDIATELY POUNCED ON BY 2 COPS. MR WATERFS.



()

()

()

MALCOLM

No money. Not until the tour.

46. PHONE BOX INTERIOR NIGHT

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

NANCY

(shouting)

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

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

NANCY

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

SID

We would.

NANCY

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

SID

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

NANCY

GOOD!

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

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

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

SID
(brightening)
Of me?

NANCY
No, of me. I've been so much trouble for them all. 5 I tried to kill my mother with a hammer. 4 I tried to kill my babysitter and my cat. 3 They used to lock me in the basement so I wouldn't hurt my brother and sister. 1 I got kicked out of all my schools. 2 I didn't know what I was doing half the time. They had me on THORAZINE when I was NINE --

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

*SID HOW?
NANCY:*

SLASHED MY WRISTS

*(SCANDINAVIAN TOUR)
3 WEEKS*

COUNTRY LANE

47. OUTSKIRTS OF UXBRIDGE EXTERIOR DAY

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

Van streaks thru pastoral idyll...

48. VAN INTERIOR DAY

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

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

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

JOURNALIST

Are you a groupie, Nancy?

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

SID

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

NANCY

(kissing him)

Thank you, Sid.

49. UXBRIDGE COLLEGE EXTERIOR

DUSK NIGHT SKY LINES OF COLLEGE W/VAN. LIGHTS ON.

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

~~97A *THE ENTRANCE CHAIR CLIVE, BRENDA, ABBY, PASTOR O'CONNOR...*~~

50. UXBRIDGE COLLEGE INTERIOR NIGHT

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

CLIVE

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

I'm NOT GOING TO BE A PUNK ANY MORE.

BRENDA

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

- WHAT YOU GONNA BE DOIN A SKANKERS CURE!

GLORIA

Boorish, obnoxious, dirty and arrogant.

- NO BE A PUNK BOY LIKE ME DAD.

ABBY

(holding a baby with a tiny mohican)

We eat babies.

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



MALCOLM

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

PHOEBE

No way!

MALCOLM

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

PHOEBE

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

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

~~LAST DAY~~

FOUR DAYS LATER

51. SID'S MUM'S HOUSE INTERIOR DAY

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

SID

Fuck. Fuck it. FuckfuckFUCKIT!

NANCY

What's the matter?

SID

Can't find my ACTION MAN!

NANCY

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

MAYBE HE'S STILL IN THE BED.

SID

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

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

NANCY

Suck on this.

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

SID

Aaaah, he's ~~drowned~~ -----

drowning! (MAKES DRAMATIC
NANCY DROWNING SOUNDS)

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

BARBIE DOESN'T LOOK LIKE THIS.

**RED TO BLONDE BUT
IF YOU MIXED UP THE
SOLUTIONS YOU COULD
MAKE IT TURN PURPLE**

SID

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

NANCY

WHAT? WHAT DID YOU SAY TO ME?

SID

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

NANCY

Something wrong, Sid? Did you
do some SPEED?

SID

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

NANCY

Up your ass.

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

SID

NANCY! Me mum'll be home soon!

SID starts picking up the butts.

NANCY

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

**WHAT
DIFF. DOES
IT MAKE?**

**cf JOE
STEVENS
Funeral story...**

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

SID

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

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

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

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

52. MUM'S BEDROOM INTERIOR DAY

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

NANCY
Can you believe this shit?
YEEAACH!!

SID
Put that back. That's me mother's

NANCY
Oh really? I thought it was yours.

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

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

53. STREET EXTERIOR DAY

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

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

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

SID
YEAH, I DO AND ALL!

MA VICIOUS roars past
on her HONDA 750
MA V: H: son! Is the KETTLE ON?
SID: Yes Mum.

NANCY
~~FUCKS!~~ (epussy?)

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

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

SID
(laughing)
You look nice, Nance.

NANCY
AAGH! AAGH! AAGH!

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

~~MA VICIOUS roars past on her HONDA 750~~

54. LINDA'S PAD INTERIOR DAY

2 WASTES

54

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

LINDA is REALLY AMAZED THAT JOHN IS AWAKE!!!

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

LINDA: ~~What?~~ WHAT ARE YOU DOING UP ~~SO EARLY~~ SO EARLY IN THE P.M.?

JOHN: Come to see me best mate Sid.

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

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

"FUEUR ELISE"
plays on piano next door...

JOHN
SHADAAAP!!

55. KITCHEN INTERIOR DAY

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

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

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

SID grunts and rolls off NANCY. Does not wake.

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

SID STILL HAS HIS BOOTS ON!

JOHN walks around the mattress, kicks SID.

SID
Fucking' STOP IT!

JOHN
Surprised you can even FEEL IT!

NANCY
Leave us alone.

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

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

(to NANCY)
-- and he's all the better for it!

NANCY
I know Rock Head.

Know what tracks are?
2 tickets to see
Rock Head at the
Roxy. I bet you know
and if you will
perfect the bass line
of BODIES by this
afternoon --

IF you'll ~~stop~~
PERFECT THE
BASS LINE TO
BODIES I'll
let you have
ONE.

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

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

SID
Let's go see ROCK HEAD!

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

NANCY
Like the new BLACK BRA Sid bought me!

56. BELGRAVIA HOTEL EXTERIOR ~~DAY~~ ~~RECK~~

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

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

~~SID~~
~~Rock Head, man. She knows~~
~~Rock Head.~~

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

57. BELGRAVIA LOBBY INTERIOR ~~DAY~~ ~~RECK~~

NANCY stamps up to the BUTLER at the reception desk.

NANCY
The SEX PISTOLS for MR. HEAD!

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

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

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

NANCY leads them into the LIFT --

~~INTRO~~
~~HUGO IS~~
~~staring~~
~~at them.~~

KEEP
LOBBY

58. CONTINUED: (1)

ROCK

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

NANCY

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

ROCK

Drugs? Do we have any drugs, boys?

TRAINER

Rock Head does not do drugs.

~~Belches.~~ ^{SID} GIVE US FIVE POUNDS.
(belches)

RIGHT. NANCY
Don't be so fuckin' stingy.

ROCK

Look. You want water? I've got some with bubbles in it.

JOHN

How about some ROOM SERVICE?

ROCK

Ah, Jennifer. Ring for the cart.

NANCY

Fuck him, Sidney. His drugs were garbage, anyways.

ROCK

They were NOT!

SID

Lend us a fiver.

W/CAP GUNS,
BIG WAD OF GUM
TONGUE

59. ROCK HEAD'S SUITE INTERIOR LATER

59.

ROCK HEAD on his exercycle. JOHN sits on one sofa. SID and NANCY go at it on the other. JOHN chugs ~~Jack Daniels.~~ Rock sips Perrier.

SEA BREEZES

ROCK

(pedalling)

So. It appears we are related.

JOHN

Eh?

Continued:

59. CONTINUED (1)

ROCK

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

(glancing at SID & NANCY)
Lovely couple.

JOHN

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

59. CONTINUED: (2)

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

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

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

60. HOTEL CORRIDOR INTERIOR EVENING

60.

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

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

ROCK
Hey man, what can I say? Here's
seven pounds. Take it.
(JOHN rages on)
What's the matter?

JOHN
Him! In there!

ROCK
Your friend? He seems pretty kool.

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

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

ROCK pats JOHN's cheeks, attempts to calm them
down. ROCK'S TRAINER hovers in the doorway with
the TELEPHONE.

ROCK
Look, Johnny. John. Your buddy
seems like a real natural.
(MORE)

Continued:

60. CONTINUED: (1)

ROCK (Cont)

But ... people do what they want to do. If that's the way he's gonna go, there's nothing you can do about it. If I was you, I'd distance myself from him.

JOHN

Just like that?

ROCK

Yeah
(glances at his TRAINER)

TRAINER

Long distance.

ROCK

Gotta go --

61. MALCOLM'S OFFICE INTERIOR NIGHT

61.

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

JOHN

We have to be shot of him.

& that is it.

PAUL

I know WE'RE not great shakes, Malcolm, but Christ - t'bass player has to keep the beat.

STEVE

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

MALCOLM

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

JOHN

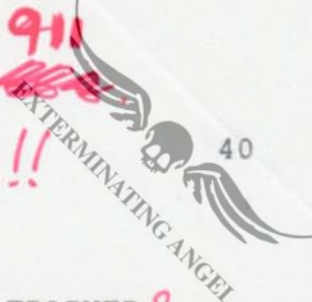
Fuckin' mental.

MALCOLM

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

The phone rings. PHEOBE picks it up.

Continued:



NANCY BANGS ON ~~THE~~ DOOR TO SUITE
HARVEST NANCY
SEX PISTOLS FOR MISTER HEAD!!

58. ROCK HEAD'S SUITE INTERIOR DAY

UPTOWN GROUPIES

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

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

THEY ARE ALL BATHED IN A BEATIFIC BACKLIT GLOW: POSED LIKE RELIG. TABLEAU

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

"FEEL LUCKY, PUNK?"

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

ROCK
Drugs? Do we have any drugs, boys?

I don't have any drugs!
TRAINER
Rock Head does not do drugs.

HIS ENTOURAGE
... no ...

SID Bolloches (Bouches)
NANCY: Sorry, I don't do drugs. I've got some bubbles in it!

ROCK
So sorry. Care for some eau minerale?

N: BULLSHIT WHAT IS THIS, R.H. DON'T YOU DO ANY DRUGS? YOU MEAN YOU DON'T DO DRUGS? (LOOKING IN LILLY'S STASH PLACES)
ROCK
I DON'T DO DRUGS. I DO BUBBLES.

SID & NANCY
NO.

SID PLAYS RUSSIAN ROULETTE WITH HIS CAP GUNS

JOHN
How about some FREE DRINK?

ROCK
(to his secretary)
Ah, Jennifer. Ring for the cart.

SID
WHAT? NONE AT ALL?
SID: I DON'T DO DRUGS. I DO BUBBLES.
NANCY: NOT A ONE!
SID: FUCK HIM, SIDNEY! DRUGS WERE GARbage AMIRRENS!
R.N: THAT WERE NOT!!

59. ROCK HEAD'S SUITE INTERIOR LATER

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

ROCK
(Pedalling)
So. It appears we are related.

"I don't believe you. LEND US A FIVER?"

JOHN
EY!

ROCK
The press. They're calling me the GODFATHER OF PUNK. Your ROLE MODEL. (glancing at SID & NANCY)
Lovely couple.

BIG DADDY

SPANCY Fudge him Sidney. His drugs were garbage, Anyways
Rock: They were NOT!
SID: Lend us a fiver.

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

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

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

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

60. HOTEL CORRIDOR INTERIOR ~~EVENING NIGHT~~

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

JOHN
BORING! OLD! FART! PATHETIC! *HAPPY!*
DISCO! WANKER!

ROCK
Hey man, what can I say? Here's
seven pounds. Take it.
(JOHN rages on)
What's the matter?

JOHN
Him! In there!

ROCK
Your friend? He seems pretty kool.

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

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

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

appears in the doorway, (Princess?) Phom in hand.
1
? ART DEPT *TRAINER*
Long Distance.

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

JOHN
Just like that?

ROCK
Yeah
(glances at his TRAINER) *T: Long distance.*
Gotta go --

THAT NIGHT

61. GLITTERBEST INTERIOR NIGHT

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

JOHN
We have to be shot of him.

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

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

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

JOHN
Fuckin' mental.

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

The phone rings. PHEOBE picks it up.

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

*PAUL: I want a wife too.
STEVE: What's a wife?*

NANCY SCREAMS "STOP IT! STOP IT! SID,!! ~"

SID CALMS DOWN. ~~GRINS~~ GRINS.

SID: "THIS DIRTY FILM YOU MADE -
CAN I SEE IT?"

NANCY: "WHY DO YOU MAKE ME HATE
MYSELF WHEN I LOVE YOU SO MUCH!"

PAUSE. →

SID: "I DON'T KNOW."

THEY LOOK AT EACH OTHER. (& ARE VERY SAD)

2 DAYS LATER

ROOF...?

RED DANCING

SMALL PORTABLE TV ON TOP OF BURNED-OUT COOR ONE ABBA ON CD ONE. "DANCING QUEEN"



43

62. SID AND NANCY'S SUITE INTERIOR DAY

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

~~IN NO WAY~~

BIG BOX OF GERMAN CHOCOS, READ THE LABELS

SID

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

NANCY

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

SID

I don't want to hear about it! I don't need to know about the PRICKS ... etc ... YOU'VE FUCKED! I'VE FUCKED MORE PEOPLE THAN YOU.

you DON'T NEED TO TELL ME. I DON'T NEED TO KNOW THAT. WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM ME?

NANCY

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

SID

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

-I DIDN'T MEAN ANYTHING

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

NANCY

Don't do that!

SID

This dirty film you made - can I see it?

63. BELGRAVIA HOTEL EXTERIOR DAY

PHOEBE and CLIVE emerge from a TAXI

CLIVE

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

CLIVE WEARS HIS TRILBY SMOKER RING & BOY ATTIRE.

PHOEBE

Too late to back out now.

They enter hotel.

TILT UP

64. BELGRAVIA CORRIDOR INTERIOR DAY

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

STBT.

HANGING OUT THE WINDOW...
he's pissed; she's not, the day, both to the... the other way...





3

3

3

TAPS ON DOOR.
NO ANSWER
UNLOCKS IT.

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

PHOEBE
Oh what nonsense.

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

65. SID & NANCY'S SUITE INTERIOR DAY

~~650/500~~
The suite is empty. One window is open. OUTSIDE hangs
NANCY, laughing and screaming, upside down.

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

(LOVEY
DOVEY
in the
BATH...
SHAMPOO
CIGARETTES
RUBBER DUCK

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

PHOEBE
Sid, be careful!

THEY WEAR EACH
OTHER'S CLOTHES
~~SHAMPOO~~

66. HOTEL ROOF EXTERIOR DAY

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

BALANCING ON A "LEDGE" (FALSE EDGE)

SLOW MOTION
CAP OVER RIGHT

PHOEBE
Nancy. Are you all right?

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

~~WAS NOT~~
GOT US SOME TEA!
SID
4 SUGARS!

(TO MANAGER!)
PHOEBE
We haven't got time for tea,
Nancy. Sid's got a DENTAL
APPOINTMENT.

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

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

WELL BEAM
GONNA DO IT!
PHOEBE: NO!
NANCY
YEAH!

THEY JUMP
BACKWARDS,
FALL ~~OFF~~
6 INCHES TO
THE ROOF.

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

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

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

PHOEBE
SHOPPING, anyone?

67. STREET EXTERIOR DAY

*Sid sports a H&S
T-SHIRT.*

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

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

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

68. HARRODS EXTERIOR DAY

68

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

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

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

NANCY
Not if you're paying for it!

That can look at it.

N - This is for Donna. ~~and this is for that~~
~~And this is for Donna~~ And this - I thought
this was for me - but no this is for gramma.
I love my gramma. ~~It's not a son for you~~
~~to be a son for you~~. I wrecked her car, she never
even yelled at me. Is this KNIGHTS BRIDES?

P - Almost. Can't you drive a both way? - - -

N - ~~Oh damn~~ What ^{is it} ~~is it~~ with oh my you
drive in England. ~~It's not a both way~~ ^{Everybody's} on the wrong
side of ~~the road~~ ^{the road} & nobody does anything. step off oh
Kerb - INSTANT DEATH. Whether way you look
it's the wrong way. ~~For~~ I mean you can't
look both ways at once.

Think my Grandpa could use this?
(Puts out A BIG ~~stick~~ or 5771.)
CLEARER in its block

P - Nancy, how long are you staying in England?

N - Oh, I'm never going back. WHY?

P - Oh, ~~it's~~ nothing. I just, that is MALCOLM,
he & I were...

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

PHOEBE
Heathrow airport, please.

69. DENTIST'S INTERIOR DAY

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CLIVE
No thanks. ~~I don't do drugs.~~
STET?

SID should be more eloquent. It was on a hippy fab in Wales 1967?

70. TAXI INTERIOR DAY

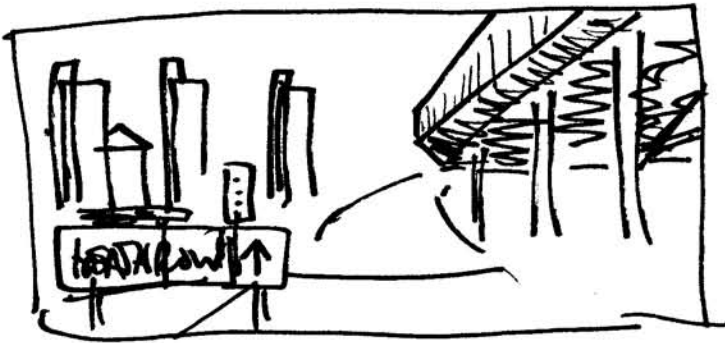
70

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

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



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



"HE'LL TEAR YOUR FUCKING
HEART OUT MAN AND EAT IT!"

N: - HEATHROW.
WHY ARE YOU
DOING THIS?



P: - (very quiet)
DOING WHAT? I'M
NOT DOING ANYTHING.

(Sees
Heathrow
Sign)

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

NANCY
DRIVER! Where are you going?

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

NANCY
SIDNEY! SIDNEY! AAAAAAAA!!!!

HOW DARE YOU!
HOW FUCKING
DARE YOU!
WHAT DO YOU
THINK I AM
A FUCKING
CANNIBAL?
STUPID?

71. DENTIST'S INTERIOR DAY
SID wakes up with a mouth full of dental tools.

SID
Nancy?
CLIVE
Give 'im some more gas!

~~BRISTOL PASS~~ TRAFALGER SQ

72. MARBLE ARCH EXTERIOR DAY
NANCY marches thru DANGEROUS TRAFFIC, hefting Harrods bags,
pursued by PHOEBE. ~~CARS COLLIDE~~ NANCY is still and
furious, eyes glazed.

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

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

~~an very good for one another~~

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



73. GLITTERBEST INTERIOR DAY
The door flies open. SID VICIOUS storms in. He wields a



72A. KING'S ROAD EXTERIOR DAY (WAS SC.44)

A conservatively-attired GENTLEMAN enters SEDITIONARIES walking past TWO POLICEMEN.

73. SEDITIONARIES INTERIOR DAY (WAS SC.45pt.) 73.

GENT

Do you have any of the SPECIAL STUFF?

BRENDA

The BONDAGE ITEMS! In the back Sir!

MALCOLM

Santa's grotto straight through there Sir. Don't let the crack of whips put you off.

BRENDA lights a MATCH. MALCOLM blows it out.

MALCOLM

Brenda, my dear, you're love affair with pyromania will get you nowhere, except perhaps thrown into the roaring fires of hell by my own fair hands including, if you're not careful, your Grandmother. You're in charge of a very expensive Designer wardrobe. Our future is in your hands. If I'd wanted a kinder box for a shop assistant I would have advertised for one. Behave yourself!

MALCOLM takes BOX OF MATCHES from BRENDA.

PUNK

How much is this T shirt?

MALCOLM

Yes Sir! This cheeky cheeky little item will set you back £11.99 including punk discount IF that's a REAL safety pin thru' your cheek.

PUNK'S GIRLFRIEND

Course it is.

PHONE rings.

MALCOLM

Phoebe!

BRENDA

She isn't here.

MALCOLM

Brenda!

Continued:

73. CONTINUED: (1)

BRENDA

I'm serving a customer.

MALCOLM picks up the phone testily, says nothing, looks frightened and drops to hide behind the counter.



73A. PHONE BOX INTERIOR DAY

73A.

We hear the PIP PIP PIP of the telephone.

CLIVE

(Hammering the antique instrument)

Hello! Malcolm! Fuck it!

(jams coin thru' again)

Hello! It's Clive! Malcolm! You've got five seconds to Fuck it!

73B. SEDITIONARIES EXTERIOR DAY

73B.

SID slams along the street, knocks over TWO POLICEMEN and dives into SEDITIONARIES.

73C. SEDITIONARIES INTERIOR DAY (WAS SC.73pt.)

73C.

SID storms in. He throws the PUNK and PUNK'S GIRLFRIEND out of the door.

SID

Where is he? Where is he?

BRENDA

Who?

SID

Malcolm!

We see the GENT being thrown out. SID starts knocking the shop up and pulling CLOTHES off RAILS. MALCOLM is still hiding behind the counter.

BRENDA

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

SID

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

SID rages up and down.

Continued:

73C. CONTINUED: (1)



SID

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

(crying now)

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

SID snuffles, wipes his eyes. BRENDA, crying too,
puts her arm round SID.

BRENDA

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

SID

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

BRENDA

Yeah.

BRENDA reaches for a MATCH in her pocket. Can't find one.

BRENDA

Would you believe it! I haven't got a light!

BICYCLE CHAIN. A SECRETARY follows at a distance.

MALCOLM is nowhere to be seen.

SECRETARY

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

SID

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

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

SID

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

(crying now)

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

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

him.

SECRETARY

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

SID

Yeah, well you tell him, 'kay?.

Got a cigarette? ~~HE'S A FIVE?~~
 (takes it) ~~us a five?~~

74. EGG 'N' CHIPS CAFE INTERIOR NIGHT

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

MALCOLM

Four words. No Women On The Tour.

PHOEBE
 SWIGS FROM
 BOTTLE...

PHOEBE
That's five words -

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

SID
Yeah, right. No way.

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

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

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

JOHN
HA!

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

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

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

JOHN
How lovely for you.

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

3 NIGHTS
LATER

BELGRAVIA
~~BERLIN~~

PLANES FLYING
~~PLANE~~ OVER
50
EXTENDING ANGEL

75. HOTEL BEDROOM INTERIOR NIGHT

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



NANCY

Sid. Don't go to sleep.

SID

Unh. I gotta get up in two hours.

NANCY

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

SID

What for?

NANCY

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

SID

We ARE together. Gimme a break.

NANCY

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

SID

(turning over)

Fuck you.

NANCY

(clouting him)

Fuck YOU!

LIGHTS ON.

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

NANCY

Where are you going?

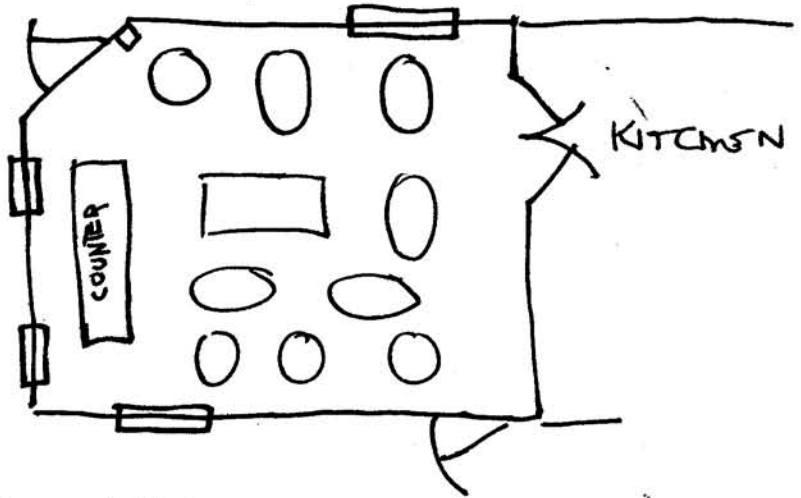
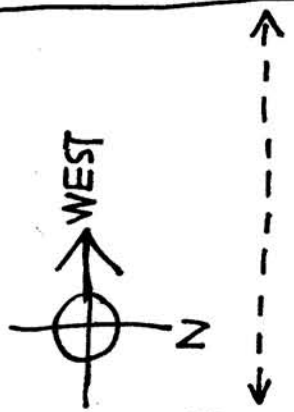
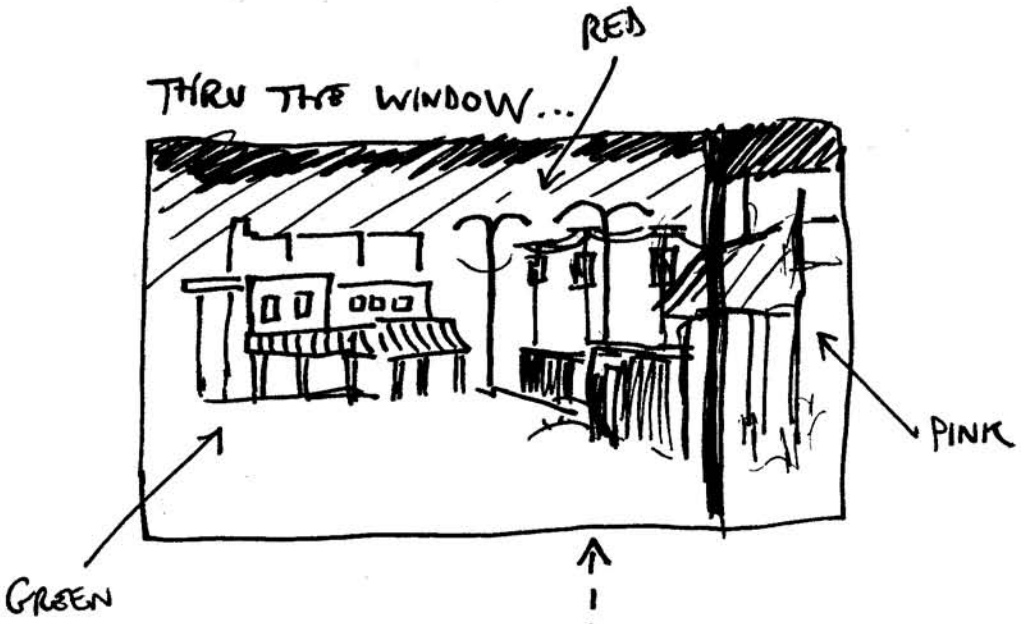
SID

To the airport. Gonna be early for once.

NANCY

What about the FAREWELL DRUGS?

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



TED'S RESTAURANT
496 State St El Centro

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

NEXT DAY

76. AMERICAN AIRLINES AIRBORNE DAY

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

CAPTAIN V/O
Ladies and gentlemen of this
particular group. You have
joined a very special and
unique club here at Amerikan
Airlines. Along with ~~Marlon
Brando, Lucille Ball and
Rod Stewart~~ -- **JANICE JOPLIN,
Jimi HENDRIX, BRIAN JONES
& RICHARD NIXON --**

77. PLANE INTERIOR DAY

The dapper CAPTAIN ~~KIRKPATRICK~~
dodges flying food.

CAPTAIN ~~THE FRIENDLY SKIES~~
-- you will NEVER FLY ~~AMERICAN~~
AGAIN!!

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

78. ATLANTA AIRPORT EXT DAY

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

WASTED PRESS MEN reel around.

SIMULTANEOUS

79. GREAT SOUTHEAST MUSIC HALL
ATLANTA

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

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

THAT NIGHT

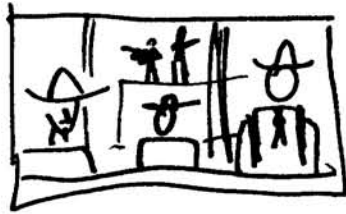
80. ON STAGE **Great
Southeast
Music Hall**

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

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

**STAFFS BLK
GUITAR**

~~Texas~~
sc 84.



COWBOYS IN P/G AT BAR
(CAMERA BEHIND BAR)

BAND & STAGE IN B/G — COVER SID
& FIGHT



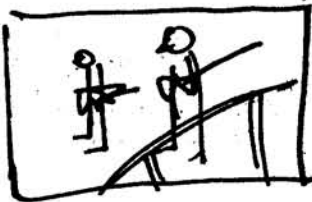
sc 80



SID NUTTED BY PUNKETTE

(

sc 80



HIGH ANGLE
FROM LEFT
BALCONY

SONG ENDS.
BANG IN FOR SID.

sc 80



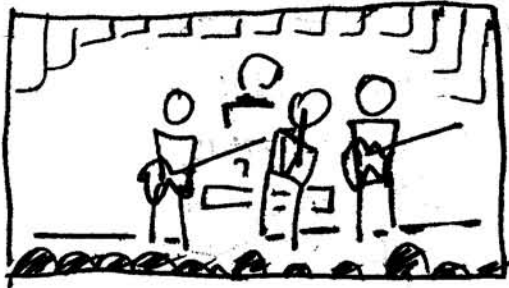
SUNSHINE INN needs new
+ MATCHING DRAPES
BEDCOVERS (4 colours)
ART ON WALLS
Gideon Bibles;

GT SOUTHEAST MUSIC HALL

SC 80

"HOLIDAYS IN
THE SUN"

TERMINATING ANGEL



FRONT VIEW OF BAND



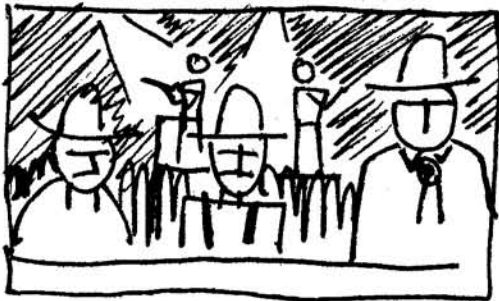
CROWD

SID IN F/G NUTTED
BY PUNKETTE.

JACK RUBY'S OLDE TOWN

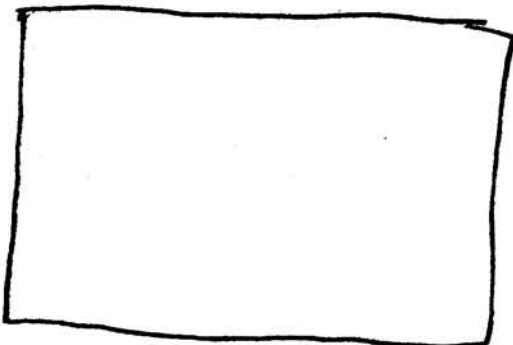
SC 84

"PRETTY
VACANT"



COWBOYS IN F/G
AT BAR

BAND IN B/G



COVER FIGHT
BETWEEN JOHN,
SID & COWBOY...

CAIN'S BALLROOM

SC 90

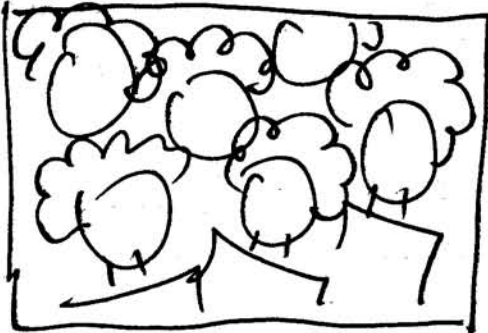
EXTERMINATING ANGEL



HIGH ANGLE FROM
LEFT BALCONY
SONG ENDS.
SID WAVES TO
END OF STAGE.



CU SID



LOTS OF STRAIGHT
LOOKING GIRLS
WHO WANT TO FUCK HIM.

TED'S RESTAURANT, EL CENTRO

MIGUEL IS flatteringly
FNU

81. FRIED CHICKEN INT NIGHT

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

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

SID slams the phone down.

82. TEXAS EXTERIOR DAY

82B

3 DAYS
LATER

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

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

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

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

83. BUS INTERIOR DAY

JOHN sneezes, wipes his nose.

Bollocks.

CANNI
TULSA Oklahoma

84. ON STAGE

PAUL: How do you sell a deaf man a chicken?

WANNA BUY A CHICKEN?

How do you sell a blind man a chicken?

Wanna buy a car?

The band does ~~stuff~~
PRETTY VACANT.

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

MALCOLM
Get a picture! Cover of the
DAILY MIRROR!

STEVE'S WHITE GUITAR

JACK RUBY'S

OWE TOWN.

SAME
NIGHT

RANDY'S
RODEO

85. ALLEY EXTERIOR NIGHT

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

ANGEL
Sure can't fight worth shit.

STEVE
He likes it.

HE WAS
NAMED AFTER A
HAMSTER.

86. SUNSHINE INN EXT NIGHT

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

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

The MOTEL FORECOURT is in ruins.

87. SUNSHINE INN INT NIGHT

CU of SID in bed, carving "NANCY"

N - Hello,
3935.



S - Hello, Nancy?

N - Sid! When are you?

S - I'm in America.

N - I can't believe you called. I thought you'd hate me forever. I was going crazy for you. I miss you so much.

~~L - NANCY!~~

S - I miss you too.

N - How do you like America?

S - Fucking boring. I'm really sorry about the fight with Sid.

N - Me too. I never want to fight with you again. I love you

S - I love you too

~~I - NANCY!~~

N - ~~7 EAM?~~ Did you buy me any presents yet?

N - Didja? Oh good! What?

S - Some pills & a bra.

N - I wish I was with you were here, Nancy. I really do I love you

N - ~~NANCY!~~ I can't talk. Linda's got a customer.

S - (whynings) → You can't go. I'm really bored, Nancy. etc etc

~~L - NANCY!~~ + Love..

N - Sid, I've got to go. We're working

S - I wish we could have a bunk up, Nancy.

N - I wish we could too - but ~~the bank~~ I'm kind of in England ~~but~~ → America - ~~do~~ I supposed to put it in a box & send it?

S ~~L - NANCY~~

N - I'd really like to have it off w/you Nancy - I'm sorry Sid - put it box + send it

S - But I wanna...

on his chest. Much off-screen
BEDLAM.

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

(TRACK AROUND - REVERBS)
(from SID'S BOOTS -> HIS FACE--)

SID
Don't know where she is.

88. LINDA'S PAD INTERIOR DAY

88

NANCY answers the phone. She wears dominatrix gear.

- 3935.

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

LINDA O/S
Nancy.

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

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

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

LINDA O/S
NANCY!

SID: Frickin' hurry I am...

NANCY *what am I supposed to do?*
I'm sorry, Sid, but ~~we can't~~ *put it in a box*
You'll just have to have sex with *and send it?*
someone else!

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

ANOTHER RICH MASOCHIST hangs from the wall.

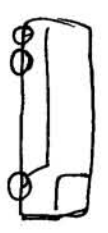
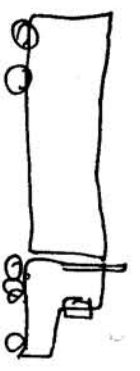
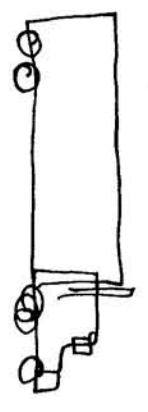
LINDA hands NANCY a whip.

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



LOVE KILLS SEX PISTOLS USA CROSS COUNTRY TOUR

1985

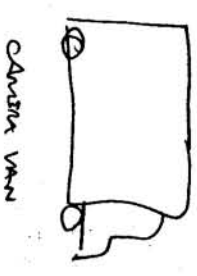
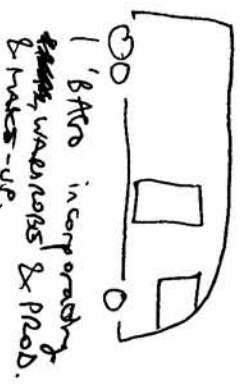
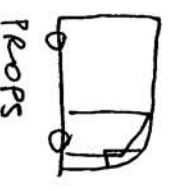
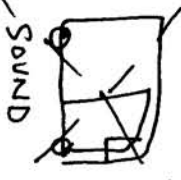
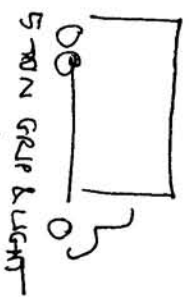


PETERS 2

PETERS 1

TOUR BUS

SIX HOGS + SIX MORE HOGS



return to 1st. Mon a.m.?

return to 1st. Mon a.m.

1 'BATH' in company ~~baggage~~ washrooms & PROD. trucks-up.

PLUS ABOUT 20 OTHER VEHICLES, M/C TEARERS, PRIVATE CARS, COPS, ETC...



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

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

89. TOUR BUS INT DAY

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

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

JOHN looks on with intense disdain.

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

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

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

ONE DAY LATER

90. ON STAGE

-- at the end of a song.

SID
Who's gonna FUCK ME, then!

SID'S ANGEL MINDER

91. SUNSHINE INN ROOM INT NIGHT

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

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

SID jumps out the window

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

92. LINDA'S PAD INT DAY

The phone rings. No one there.

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

LINDA V/O
Better than being dead.

THAT'S THE ONLY POINT, OR ELSE ... WHAT'S THE POINT?

L: - WHAT? SOMEONE WATCHING EVERY MOVE? PICKING UP ON EVERY LITTLE THING?

N: - YEAH, THAT WAS IT. ONLY IT'S PROBABLY OVER ~~THE~~ ALREADY & I DON'T KNOW IT, RIGHT. PTO

RANDY'S ROOM CAN'T BE SEEN

THAT NIGHT

1010 AM INN, Rm 108 & 110...

90.

91.

~~NO, BUT WE'RE GONNA BE
HELL GONNA GO OUT IN A
BLAZE OF GLORY, ME & SID.~~

~~L: DON'T START FEELING SORRY FOR
YOURSELF. ~~WE'VE GOT TO GO OUT~~
~~TO LIVE MY DREAM YET.~~~~

93. BUCKINGHAM PALACE EXT DAY

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

N: NO, BUT I'M GONNA BE
& IT'S GONNA BE GOOD
NANCY
~~Depends on how it happens.~~
I want to go out in a BLAZE OF GLORY, Linda. I want people to remember me. Think the Queen's home? ~~YES.~~

LINDA
Nah... They put out a flag.

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

LINDA
Mrs. Thatcher trying out the beds.

NANCY: Who's that?

(*how
somebody's
home.
WHO'S THAT?*)

94. MEXICAN BAR, DALLAS INT NIGHT

~~SID STAYS & RAVE ON~~
SID is attached to an ELECTRIC SHOCK MACHINE. He is surrounded by a pack of admiring MANLY MEN. S & P give up...
The MANLY MEN disappear and are replaced by admiring TRANSVESTITES.

*LIGHTNING
FRASER
(wide dissolve...)*

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

*SID & JOHN
fight. Then*

SID V/O
Fuckin' stupid hat, John. Got some FLARED TROUSERS too?

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

SID V/O
Piss off, Liberace!

95. LINDA'S PAD INTERIOR DAY

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

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

SID'S VOICE
Nah. A T.V.! You know.

NANCY
Linda. Sid's doing it with a TRANSVESTITE.
(into phone)
Is she a T.V. or a SEX CHANGE, Sid?
Does she have a cock?

*ONE
NIGHT
LATER*

96. SUNSHINE INN BEDROOM INT NIGHT

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

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

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

97. LINDA'S PAD INTERIOR DAY

LINDA gets up, boils water for tea.

NANCY
I love you too Sid.

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

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

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

FADE UP sounds of WINTERLAND ---

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

98. WINTERLAND, SAN FRANCISCO INTERIOR NIGHT

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

STEVE
Is this Johnny Rotten?

SID
Nah. I've only used it twice!

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

SID
Shut up and SING!

They launch into Problems.

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

99. LIMO INTERIOR NIGHT

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

SID
Coming to the party then?

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

SID
Typical

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

100. MIYAKO BALLROOM INTERIOR NIGHT

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

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

PISTOLS
Fuck off!

The ANGELS say their goodbyes to SID

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

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

(to JOHN)
I'M TALKING ON
JONNY. YOU DO
NOT NEED THESE
GUNS. YOU ARE
THE CONTROLLING
INTELLIGENCE OF
THIS COMBO.
ETC.
JOHN: Really?

70 PLANE INTERIOR DAY

The DRUNK REPORTERS hand the SEX PISTOLS their trays of food. The PISTOLS oblige by throwing them. The dapper CAPTAIN KIRKPATRICK glides down the aisle.

CAPTAIN

Ladies and gentlemen of this particular group. You have joined a very special and unique club here at Amerikan Airlines. Along with Marlon Brando, Lucille Ball and Rod Stewart, you will NEVER FLY AMERIKAN AGAIN!!

LAUGHTER. Meatballs hit him in the face.

71 ATLANTA AIRPORT EXTERIOR DAY

The plane - covered with Pistols grafitti - is parked in a far corner of the landing field. The shellshocked PASSENGERS are loaded onto little trolley karts and towed away. WASTED PRESS MEN reel around.

FOUR LIMOUSINES arrive. Their occupants - WARNER BROS. EXECUTIVES and HELLS ANGEL BODYGUARDS - enter the plane.

The ANGELS drag the unconscious PISTOLS to the cars. One PISTOL per LIMO. The EXECs pile in behind.

72 GREAT SOUTHEAST MUSIC HALL, ATLANTA

Located in a SHOPPING MALL. A HUGE CROWD of young Atlantans, REPORTERS, VICE COPS, SOCIOLOGISTS with questionnaires, and PROTO-PUNKS, await admittance. The show is over-sold.

73 BACKSTAGE INTERIOR NIGHT

Doubling as a bakery stockroom. Crammed with W.B. EXECs, HELLS ANGELS, UNKNOWN QUANTITIES, THREE SEX PISTOLS and a PERUVIAN FILM CREW.

EXEC

Kids, we're looking forward to a good show. Everybody out there's real excited and I want you to --

PISTOLS

Fuck off!!

PAUL

Where's Sid?

The door flies open and two yellow-shirted SECURITIES drag SID in. SID's left arm is deeply gashed and bleeding. MEDICS pounce.

ALL
What happened to YOU?

SID
Fell out a window...

74 ON STAGE NIGHT

74

The PISTOLS perform Submission to a house filled almost entirely with SCRIBES. This is their first U.S. gig and they SHINE. Even fucked-up and out of it, SID is becoming the FOCUS OF THE BAND.

MALCOLM and PHOEBE arrive late. The W.B. EXECS tell the HELLS ANGELS to throw them out.

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

75 FRIED CHICKEN INTERIOR NIGHT

75

STEVE and PAUL sit with several local PROTO-PUNKS. They are depressed. They get nasty looks from the LONGHAIR REDNECKS. SID is on the pay phone.

SID
(into phone)
Nancy. Nancy Spungen. I mean Richie. Mrs John Richie. Mrs Vicious. She was stayin' there yesterday. Well can't you - FUCKIN' BASTARDS! CUNTS! Hello?

PUNK 1
I wish I'd seen you. My buddy said you were real good.

PUNK 2
I heard you were great.

PAUL
Didn't any of you see us?

PUNK 3
There weren't no tickets.

PUNK 2
I had a ticket, but they wouldn't let me in.

cont'd

SID hangs up, confused. He goes and sits down.
The PAY PHONE rings and rings and rings.

STEVE
We weren't that good. We bin much better.

PUNKETTE
I heard you were great. The best
band that ever played the Mall.

SID swigs back a mighty draft of Peppermint Schnapps.
The PUNKS are impressed. He belches and PASSES OUT.

PUNKETTE
What's the matter with Sid?

PAUL
Oh, he's just tired.

STEVE
Tired and emotional.
(to PUNKETTE)
Want to help us carry him?

76

SUNSHINE INN EXTERIOR NIGHT

76

STEVE, PAUL and the PUNKETTE heft SID homeward.
The HOTEL FORECOURT is strewn with broken glass and destroyed
televisions. The ANGELS ride their Hogs thru the wreckage.

SID
Fuck... did we do all this?

STEVE
Nah. It was the Roadies.

The ROADIES run past, spraying them with fire extinguishers.
MALCOLM sprays insults on the CHARTER BUS.

77

TEXAS EXTERIOR DAY

77

The TOUR BUS sweeps past. On it is written "FUCK AMERICA"
and "SEX PISTOLS FUCK AMERICA TOUR." Pursued and preceded
by a convoy of Peterbilts and Hogs. HELICOPTER following.

78

BUS INTERIOR DAY

78

SID and JOHNNY sit at opposing windows in the front. PAUL
and STEVE sit in the back, surrounded by passed-out ROADIES.

STEVE

I'm not sleeping with him again.
Whimpered all night long he did.
Fuckin' 4 a.m. he turns the light
on, starts writing a LETTER...

JOHNNY watches SID's laborious attempts to write postcards.
SID keeps getting stuck and screwing them up --

JOHNNY

(has a cold)
Lacking in communication skills?

SID

Fuck off. I'm an ace communicator.
Me and Steve was talking to some kids
after the show. They think you're
stuck up. You don't talk to anybody.

JOHNNY

Neither do you. You just sit
there smacked out and drooling.

SID

Yeah well I've still got ten times
more charisma than you. Nick
Kent said so. So did Malcolm.

JOHNNY

Bollocks. Malcolm never said that. Did he?

79

RANDY'S RODEO, SAN ANTONIO INTERIOR NIGHT

79

A PUNKETTE's head collides with SID's. SID smears the
blood all over himself, strides up to the mike --

SID

You're the ones that paid ten bucks
to see us - SO FUCK YOU!

JOHNNY

Shut up, Sidney, you're holding
up the show! COWBOY FAGGOTS!

The PISTOLS lurch into Liar. A gang of REDNECK SHEEPDIPS
try to storm the stage. One of them breaks thru the
frontline BOUNCERS and grabs JOHNNY's leg --

SHEEPDIP

I'm the one that's gonna KILL YUH!

89 could

SID whacks SHEEPDIP with his guitar.

MALCOLM

Get a picture! Cover of the Daily Mirror!

SID whaps the OFFENDER again. The ANGELS rush out of the wings, grab SID and drag him struggling off stage. The ANGELS and the BOUNCERS run riot. MALCOLM, PERUVIAN FILMMAKERS and FANS go down under a rain of blows.

80

ALLEY EXTERIOR NIGHT

80

The HELLS ANGELS bounce SID back and forth. They are not impressed by his passive resistance.

ANGEL 1

If he's your buddy how come you're not helping him?

STEVE

He likes it.

ANGEL 2

Sure can't fight worth shit.

MALCOLM

Now now now, please stop this. Sid is not especially vicious. He is a sick boy. He needs... to be TAKEN CARE OF. If you will just watch out for him, make sure he doesn't get too WASTED --

Chastened, TWO ANGELS set SID on his feet. Now that they have demolished him, they feel warm and protective.

ANGEL 1

When I see someone looks like you, I wanna kill his granma. But you know what? You and me, we're the only COMMUNISTS left. Now...

(mimes KARATE PASSES)

Someone comes at you like this, you do THIS. Ready?

WHAP! WHAP! SID falls down again.

81

SUNSHINE INN ROOM INTERIOR NIGHT

81

SID lays on the bed, shirt off, TV on. Whole pizza, uneaten, sits beside him. He carves "N" on his chest with a switchblade.

31 cont'd

PHOEBE enters. Sounds of merriment outside.

PHOEBE
(sighing)
Oh, Sid. C'mon, let's clean you up...

PHOEBE gets cotton balls and band aids from the bathroom. Douses SID's new scar with Jack Daniels.

PHOEBE
What's the matter?

SID
Nuffink.

PHOEBE
Come on, Sid. It's not like you to be sitting by yourself with all this fun and devastation going on. What is it?

SID
I miss her, Phoebe.

PHOEBE
Why don't you call her?

SID
Don't know where she is.

PHOEBE
Have you tried Linda's?
(SID shakes his head).
Why don't you ring up and see if she's there?

SID
Okay. Do you know the number?
Could you dial it for me?

82

LINDA'S PAD INTERIOR DAY

82

NANCY answers the phone. She wears dominatrix gear.

NANCY
Hello? SID! Where are you? I'm so glad you called me. I thought you'd hate me forever. I was going crazy without you. I needed something to do so I moved here. I miss you, too. How do you like America? I'm doing fine. No, no. I miss you. And I love you. I never want to fight with you again. Did you buy me any PRESENTS yet?

82 cont'd

LINDA O/S

Nancy!

NANCY

I wish I was there, too, Sid. I really do. I love you. Look, I can't talk now. We've got a customer.

SID goes on talking on the other end.
LINDA calls again. NANCY gets antsy.

NANCY

Sidney, I have to go. I'm working. Sid, I wish we could. But I'm in England and you're in America --

LINDA O/S

NANCY!

NANCY

I'm sorry, Sidney, but we can't. You'll just have to have sex with somebody else!

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

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

LINDA

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

She and NANCY take alternate swipes at his hairy white back. LINDA's swipes are light and delicate. NANCY flogs him viciously

LINDA

(whispering)

Not so hard. Not so HARD. NANCY!

83

TOUR BUS INTERIOR DAY

83

They pass thru cactus and falling snow. Shirtless, SID throws punches at STEVE's head.

SID

I've shagged more women than you've had hot dinners.

STEVE

What?

82 cont'd

SID
I'm a better fighter, too.
Come on, hit me - OOPS!

One of SID's blows connects with STEVE's nose. STEVE tries to clout him. The ANGELS growl. PHOEBE hastily intervenes.

PHOEBE
Stop it! Stop it! Why are you being such a wind-up, Sid?

SID
Sexual tension, I spose. How about it, Phoebe? Give us a portion.

PHOEBE
Why pick on me, Sid? There are 100,000 girls out there that want to do it with Sid Vicious.

SID
Really?

PHOEBE
At the very least.

84

LONGHORN BALLROOM, DALLAS INTERIOR NIGHT

84

The gig ends in a brawl between DUDE COWBOYS and beefy SKINHEAD PUNKS. SID drags several GIRLS on stage.

SID
Who's gonna FUCK ME, then?

85

SUNSHINE INN INTERIOR NIGHT

85

SID has inveigled FIVE PROTO-PUNKS - teenage Texas belles in leopard skin - into his room.

The GIRLS are really excited about SID. Taking off his boots, doing little Salome dances to Sex Pistols tapes, ripping their pristine "Heaven" t-shirts, washing his feet.

SID is very nervous. He goes thru an elaborate ritual of HEATING WATER IN A SPOON.

GIRL
Aren't you supposed to put SOMETHING in the spoon, Sid?

SID
Nah, nah, 'sokay. This is good stuff.

8-ant'd

SID shoots the water into his arm. He lays back on the bed. The GIRLS wait expectantly. SID rolls over on his side and starts to snore. The GIRLS gather their clothes and leave.

GIRLS
Sex Pistol. PAH!

The door shuts. SID immediately opens his good eye. He grabs the phone and dials. It rings and rings --

86 LINDA'S PAD INTERIOR DAY

86

The phone rings on. No one there.

87 BUCKINGHAM PALACE EXTERIOR DAY

87

NANCY and LINDA sit on a bench with a bottle in a bag. They are both strung out. They read the music papers. NANCY's eyeliner runs.

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

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

NANCY
Because I love him, too. I've never
been with anyone this long. Linda,
I don't LIKE to feel this way.
I feel like everyone HATES me.

LINDA
Perils of a rock star girlfriend, dear.
You're Mrs Sid Vicious. Forget that
rubbish Johnny says about there being
no rock stars any more. What's he?

NANCY
Sid's more popular than Johnny anyhow.
I miss him. I HATE missing him so much...

LINDA
It's better than being dead.

NANCY
Huh? You think the queen's home?

87 cont'd



LINDA
Nah... They put out a flag.

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

LINDA
Mrs Thatcher trying out the beds.

88

CAIN'S BALLROOM, TULSA BACKSTAGE NIGHT

88

SID is wasted. His left arm is a mess of bandages.
A PHOTOGRAPHER sets up elaborate umbrella strobes.

W.B. EXEC
Great show, teens. You were FAB --

SEX PISTOLS
Fuck off!

INTERVIEWER
Why do you think the CIA is following you?

JOHNNY
It's not hard to spot 'em. They're
FAT PIGS who try to look kool and
fit in. Now if you'll excuse me I -

STEVE & PAUL
VANT TO BE ALONE! . AHAAAAHAH!!

PHOTOGRAPHER
Let me take a picture of you, Johnny.
(JOHNNY gets up)
With Sid.
(JOHNNY sits down again)
Sid will you go and sit with Johnny?

SID
NO!!

A tall busty platinum BLONDE enters. SID pays attention.
STEVE and PAUL approach MALCOLM.

STEVE
Can we go with you on the plane
tomorrow, Malcolm?

MALCOLM
What's the matter with the bus?

PAUL
We don't like the bus.

88 cont'd

MALCOLM

But, lads. The bus is where the fun is. Merry pranksters. Happy youth pack spirit. OPEN ROAD. The BAND.

All glance at SID and JOHNNY, yelling at each other as SID exits with the tall BLONDE --

STEVE

The PLANE.

89

SUNSHINE INN BEDROOM INTERIOR NIGHT

89

SID lays in bed with the SUSPICIOUS BLONDE on top of him. It isn't working. He dials long distance on the phone.

SID

(into phone)

Hello? Nancy? It's me, Sid.
Guess what. I'm in bed with a TV.

90

LINDA'S PLACE INTERIOR DAY

90

NANCY and LINDA at the breakfast table, wearing LINDA's kimonos. LINDA smokes a lot.

NANCY

(into phone)

That's nice, Sidney. Anything good on?

SID'S VOICE

That's the problem. I can't GET it on.

NANCY

What? You're fucking a television?

SID'S VOICE

Nah. A T.V.! You know.

NANCY

Linda. Sid's doing it with a TRANSVESTITE.

(into phone)

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

91

SUNSHINE INN BEDROOM INTERIOR NIGHT

91

SID chats with NANCY, getting more relaxed.

SID

I don't know.

91 cont'd

NANCY'S VOICE
Well take a look.

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

92

LINDA'S PAD INTERIOR DAY

92

LINDA gets up, boils water for more tea.

NANCY
I love you too Sid. How you doing?

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

NANCY
Have you touched her cock yet, Sid?
Well go on. Touch it. Pretend she's you and you're me.
(lights another cigarette and listens. To LINDA -)
Is this perverted? Do you think I'm WEIRD?

FADE UP sounds of the WINTERLAND --

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

93

WINTERLAND, SAN FRANCISCO INTERIOR NIGHT

93

On stage. The SEX PISTOLS' last gig. The band all hate each other. SID plays bass with only one string. The PERUVIANS film the gig astride the shoulders of their own ARMED BODYGUARDS --

STEVE
Is this Johnny Rotten?

SID
Nah. I've only used it twice!

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

SID
Shut up and SING!



3 cont'd

They do Problems. All you can hear is JOHNNY singing and PAUL's drums. Everyone screams at everybody else, backstage and front. The song ends.

JOHNNY
Ever get the feeling you've been CONNED?

94 LIMO INTERIOR NIGHT

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

94

SID
Coming to the party, then?

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

SID
Typical.

SID slams the door. JOHNNY coughs blood into his hand.

95 MIYAKO BALROOM INTERIOR NIGHT

95.

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

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

PISTOLS
Fuck off!

INTERVIEWER
The band was terrible tonight.

MALCOLM
I know. I'm quite bored with 'em.
They get worse and worse. We're flying to Rio in the morning. Going to shoot some film with Ronnie Biggs.
The train robber, an old hero of mine --

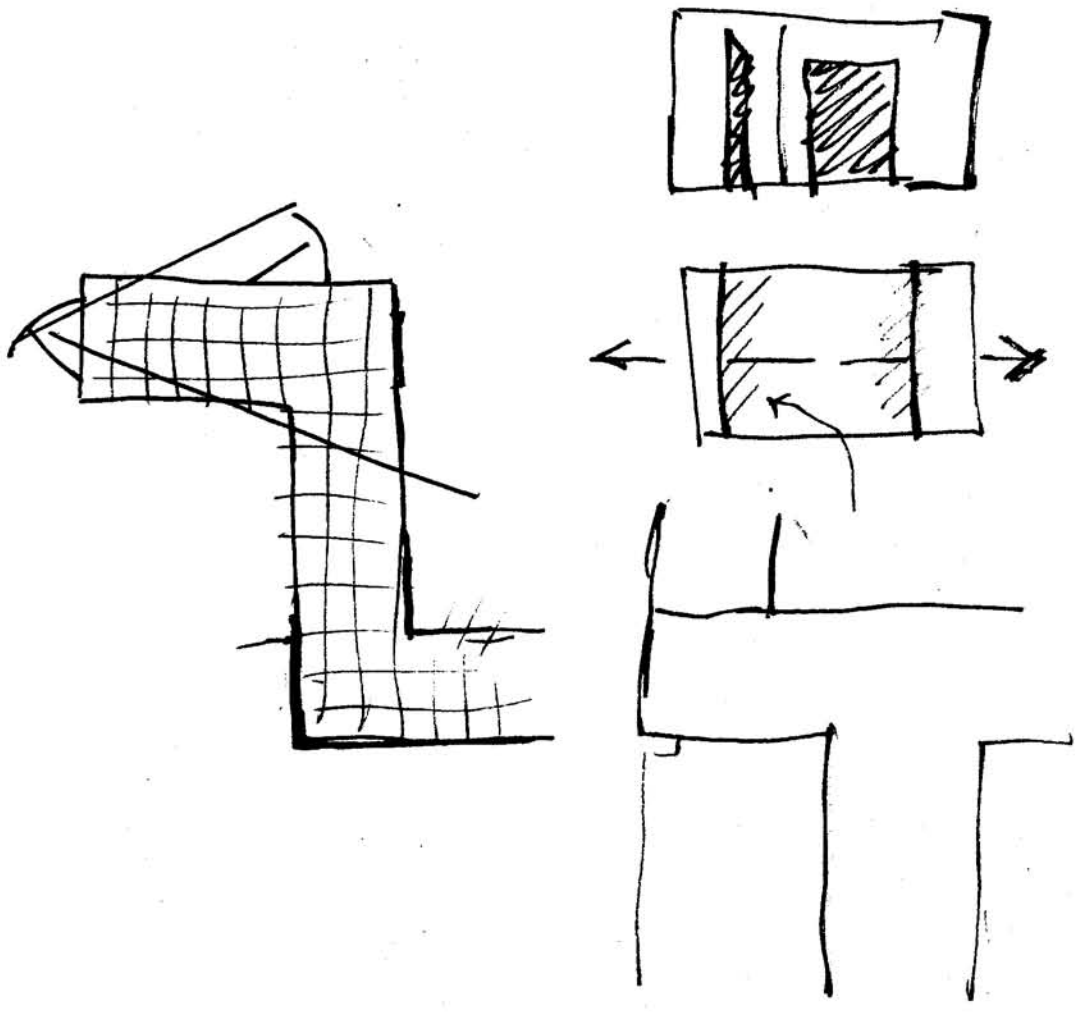
The ANGELS say their goodbyes to SID.

ANGELS
You take care, now, kid.
Don't pull no silly shit.

cont'd

SID
Oh, I won't --

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



101. HOTEL EXTERIOR NIGHT

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

JOHN
Typical.

"LANCE
BOYLES, M.D."

102. BEDROOM INTERIOR NIGHT

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

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

JOHN
Tell that fucking woman to
SHUT UP!

STEVE
Tell 'er yourself, twerp!

PHOEBE
SHUT THE FUCK UP!
(they do)
It's time somebody came out in
the open.

PAUL
I want to leave the band.

STEVE
Me too.

JOHN
Fine! The sidemen split.
GOOD BYE!

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

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

STEVE
He's your friend, John.

JOHN
NO THANK YOU!

2 DAYS
LATER

103. HAIGHT ASHBURY EXTERIOR DAY

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

104. YELLOW CAB INTERIOR DAY

SID, still heavily bandaged, consumes chocolate eggs.

SID
Wish we wasn't breaking up.

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

SID
Where am I going then?

PHOEBE
Wherever you want. ~~You're on your own.~~ YOU'RE A FREE AGENT NOW...

SID
~~I want to go to London and see Nancy.~~ CAN I GO TO LONDON & SEE NANCY?

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

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

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

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

PHOEBE
Does that include destroying yourself?

SID
(shrugs)

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

PHOEBE

SID. Who do you think I am, a REPORTER? I've known you ~~for~~ since you were 13! ~~7 years~~. If you love Nancy, you should be looking out for her. (You're only 20.) You're too smart to be so stupid. Will you PLEASE try to get off heroin?

SID

Yeah, maybe --

PHOEBE

Come on, promise me.

SID

Oh, okay --

PHOEBE

Pills too. No more pills.

SID

Okay

PHOEBE

And a bit less drinking.

SID

Yeah. Okay. I promise.

105. 747 INTERIOR DAY

FIRST CLASS? Stew comes up the winding stairs?

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

STEW

Your double brandy, sir.

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

106. JFK AIRPORT EXTERIOR DUSK

The 747 lands against a backdrop of storm clouds.

RADIO VOICE

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

107. LIMO INTERIOR NIGHT

JOHN listens to the radio. SNOW falls outside.

SID'S VOICE

(on radio)

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

RADIO VOICE

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

108. HOSPITAL INTERIOR NIGHT

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

The door opens.

SID

Hello? Who is it? Nurse?

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

- NANCY follows it in.

THEY EMBRACE.

109. HOSPITAL ROOM INTERIOR LATER

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

SID and NANCY are in bed shooting up.

DARK (LIGHTS OUT)

S&N
SHOOT UP
IN TOTAL
SILENCE,
surrounded by a
SEA OF WRAPPING
PAPERS...



NANCY
You ought to ask 'em for this.

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

NANCY
You ARE, aren't you?

SID
Nah. I can take it or leave it.

NANCY
So can I have your hit too?

SID
FUCK YOU!

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

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

JOHN
SIDNEEEE!

JOHN wears
his pitch helmet.

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

JOHN
What the fuck are you doing here!

NANCY
What's it look like?

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

MODELS
Oooh! Drugs! Any left!

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

NANCY
Time for Sid's interview!

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



WANT OUT
SID
YOU WANT TO SEE 'em for what?
SID
What's the deal 'em 'n' what?
NANCY
YOU ARE, aren't you?
SID
What? I can't take it or leave it.
NANCY
So can't I have your hit too?
SID
FUCK YOU!
SID
SID grabs her hair. They kiss for a long time. NANCY
picks it for him. SID rubs his arm. She puts out the
light -

and the door flies open. JOHN and TWO NEW WAVE MODELS in
pink halston dresses burst in. A bottle of gin and tonics.

JOHN wants
the girl behind:

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

JOHN
What the fuck are you doing here!

NANCY
What's it look like?

JOHN
(picking up a bottle)
Just what I'd expect.

- 1300 NOTRE DAME
- 1345 RAT SHOP
- 1415 TOUR EIFFEL
- 1500 LINGERIE
- 1700 SACS COEUR
- 1800 MOUN COEUR
- 1545 METRO

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

NANCY
Time for Sid's interview.

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



NANCY

Yes we DO.

JOHN

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

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

SID'S VOICE

I left 'em.

INTERVIEWERS VOICE

Seems like everybody left.

SID'S VOICE

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

JOHN STARES AT SID. SID LOOKS AWAY, REVEALING INTO NANCY. NANCY SMILES AT JOHN. JOHN RAISES HIS BOTTLE. PVM FOCUS TO THE N.Y. SKYLINE...

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

SID

Oh shit.

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

NANCY

Good riddance to bad rubbish!

SID sighs and turns his back on her.

discharged next day - fly back to England to them... 2 months later (to Gay Paree)

110. PARIS, FRANCE MONTAGE

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

VISIT A LINGERIE SHOP where NANCY models FRUITS SCANTIES and SID APPROVES THEM BOTH FALL DOWN IMPROVISEDLY.

SID V/O

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

NANCY V/O

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

THAT MOST

HUGH KARES!!!

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

is all French. Pierre Clementi. You would love it here. Lots of love from Nancy and Sid. XXX000

HUGH KAPLAN MOUNTAIN ROUGE SCENES... See pg 67.

111. THEATRE INTERIOR DAY
one week in Paris before doing My Way

END UP W/ BIG BAGS OF STUFF, STOLEN BOTTLES OF WINE, PERFUMES, JEWELRY...

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

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

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

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

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

~~DIRECTOR
CUT!~~

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

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

~~MALCOLM
I doubt it.~~

~~A.D.
Quiet please! Ready for another take!~~

NANCY: SHHH!!!

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

~~A.D.
Roll sound. Playback. ACTION!~~

LOTS OF CUTAWAYS TO CAMERA CREW, DIRECTOR W/MONITORS,

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

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

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

~~ASST. DIRECTOR~~

CUT!

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

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

6 weeks later or 2 months goes by plus 2 weeks

112. FLAT, MAIDA VALE INTERIOR DAY

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

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

CROSS LOOKING IMAGE.

N scratching inside of her thigh.

SID wants up.

LOTS & LOTS of CUTTINGS on the WALL.

NANCY
(into phone)

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

(hangs up)

FUCKHEAD! Anything in there?

(SID shakes his head)

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

SID

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

NANCY

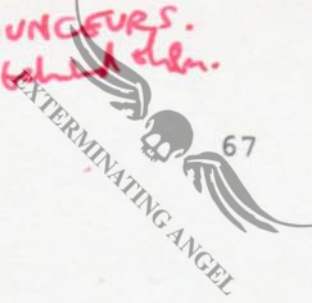
I don't mean a JOB job. I mean a gig. Singing.

SID

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

NONLIN ROUGE EXT

SID & NANCY being refused admittance by the BOUNGERS.
HUGH KARES guide his ASSHOLE wife to a halt behind them.



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

NANCY
No I don't --

HUGH
So. Who's HANDLING you these
days?

NANCY grabs his balls.

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

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

NANCY
~~I am.~~ Piss off.

SID
You are?

NANCY
Yeah. You just said so, Sid.

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

part-
At La Coupole, Paris
~~looking up next time~~
~~Paris is New York:~~

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

Things are really crazy
for me right now.
600, hey, I'll make
time for you. I LOVE YA!

SID
We are?

NANCY
Yeah.

HUGH SLAPS SID on the BACK.
SID DOUBLES UP & VOMITS.

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

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

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

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

~~NANCY throws money at the SALESGIRLS, drags SID out the door.~~
HUGH & HIS WIFE hurry up the RED CARPET. HUGH: LOVE YA!

114. STREET EXTERIOR DAY

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

SID
Where are we going?

NANCY
Where are we ALWAYS going? TAXI!

SAME day as Maida Vale
115. FLAT, ALBION ROAD INTERIOR AFTERNOON

TWO BEARDED JUNKIES sit on orange crates watching Blue Peter. No furniture. SID stands in the window flexing his arm. ← NANCY is shooting up. *"100" SCREAMED ON THE WALL BEHIND HIM.*

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

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

fell from Cornwall

*MAKE THIS BETTER.
I had 15 action men (OR) w/GARY*

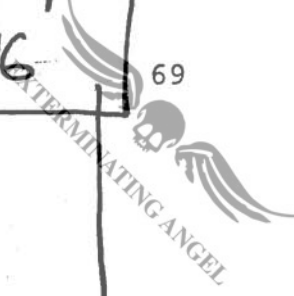
JUNKY
We chopped it up for firewood.

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

BRENDA V/O
Linda

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

UVERDAVE RD
SWG



A WEEK LATER (or so)

BRENDA V/O
No. She died.

116. JUBILEE STREET PARTY EXTERIOR DAY

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

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

NANCY
Oh...

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

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

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

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

NANCY
That sucks.

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

BRENDA
What, so you can die rich?

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

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

N.B. NOV
SPOT ON
OVER PAGE.



UNIVERSITY
2WC

"YEAH. I MEAN LIKE OVER HERE I'M JUST
THE OTHER FEWER THAT WAS IN THE PISTOLS.
THE LAST ONE. IF I'M GONNA MAKE IT
PROPERLY I'M GONNA HAVE TO MAKE IT
IN AMERICA -- "

SKIN:

FUCK OFF. WE AVTER MOVE
THOSE TABLES FOR THE GOAL
POSTS... "

~~SID: " **FUCK IT.**
I'M NEVER GOING TO MAKE IT LIKE
I'M JUST THE OTHER FEWER THAT WAS
IN THE PISTOLS. ONLY I WENT
~~IN THERE FROM THE BEGINNING.~~
I WAS THE LAST ONE. IF I'M GOING
TO MAKE IT PROPERLY I'M GOING TO
HAVE TO GO TO LIKE AMERICA... "~~

UNIVERSITY
2WC



NANCY

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

SID

~~Don't know. Couldn't live without you.~~ ^{WHAT WOULD I DO?} ~~without you.~~ ^{without you...}

NANCY

Would you kill yourself? ~~and die?~~

SID

Spose I'd have to .

NANCY

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

SID

Look, love. This is just a bad patch. Thing'll be much better when we get to America. ~~You'll see.~~ ^{I PROMISE.}

NANCY

~~We're in New York is IN America~~ ^{AMERICA} ^{you free}

SID

What?

NANCY

~~Dumbshit~~ We've been here a week. ~~in New York~~ ^{NEW YORK, AMERICA.}

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

SID

Gerraway.

SID hesitates before going to the curtained window.

NANCY

Five days, a week. What day is it?

SID throws the curtains open - WHITE OUT -

^N
WOULD WE BE BURIED OR CRUSHED?
^S
I WANNA BE BURIED.
~~CRUSHED~~
^N
I LIKE FIRES.
I WANNA BE CRUSHED. SHIT.
I HATE THIS FROM LIFE

118. TWENTY THIRD STREET, NEW YORK EXTERIOR DAY

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

NANCY'S VOICE

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

119. TRAILWAYS STATION EXTERIOR DAY

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

GRANMA
This'll be the bus.

GRANPA
Ayup

GRANMA
It's two minutes late.

GRANPA
Ayup.

GRANMA
Oh my god.

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

GRANPA
(putting an arm around GRANMA)
It's only for two days.

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

Next day to Granma's

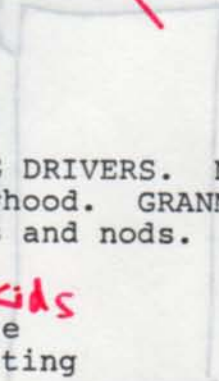
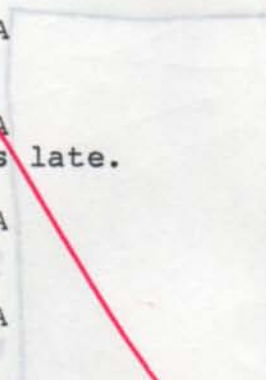
120. COUNTRY SQUIRE INTERIOR DAY

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

GRANMA
Aunt Bette, ~~and~~ *& the kids* Uncle Andy are coming by at 6:30. We're eating at 7:15.

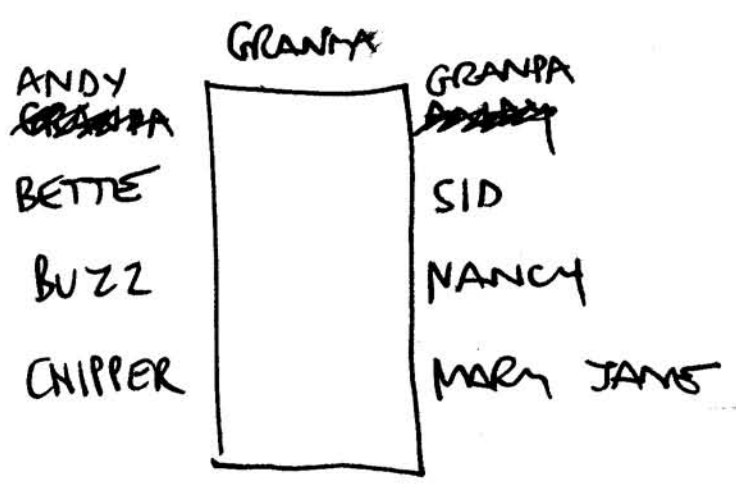
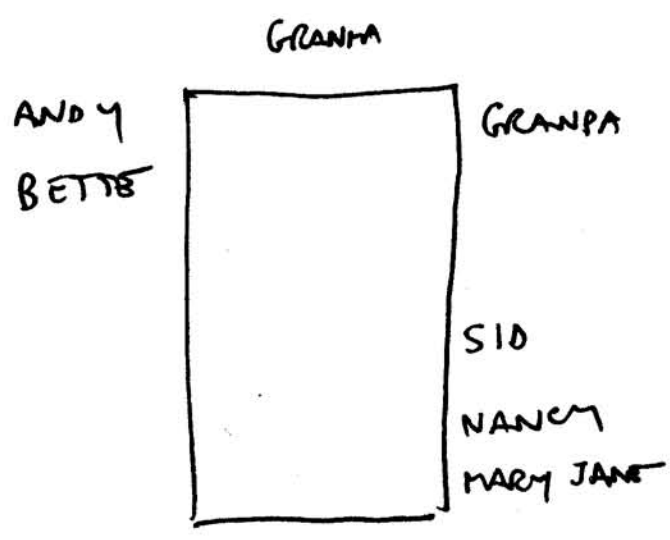
NANCY
I don't want to see them, Granma. They're a fucking drag. I came to see YOU GUYS, not them.

Handwritten notes:
UNCLE ANDY
AUNT BETTE
GRANDPA
GRANDMA
BUS
MAYBE JANE





SID
NANCY
UNCLE ANDY
AUNT BETTE
CHIPPER
BUZZ
MARY & JANE
GRANMA
GRANPA



GRANMA

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

NANCY

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

SID

(whispering in
NANCY's ear)

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

GRANPA

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

NANCY

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

GRANMA

Nancy, don't fib.

NANCY

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

SID

This is a fuckin' paradise ...

1. DINING ROOM INTERIOR NIGHT

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

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

BUZZ

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

AUNT BETTE

Shhh!

NANCY

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

SID

We both are.

NANCY

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

(pushes SID's plate
away)

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

CHIPPER

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

AUNT BETTE

CHIPPER!

NANCY

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

GRANPA

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

SID

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

GRANPA

But what are your, mm, intentions?

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

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

122 REC ROOM INTERIOR NIGHT

? HISTORICAL?
ERROR

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

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

SID
No I'm not. Glen is --

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

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

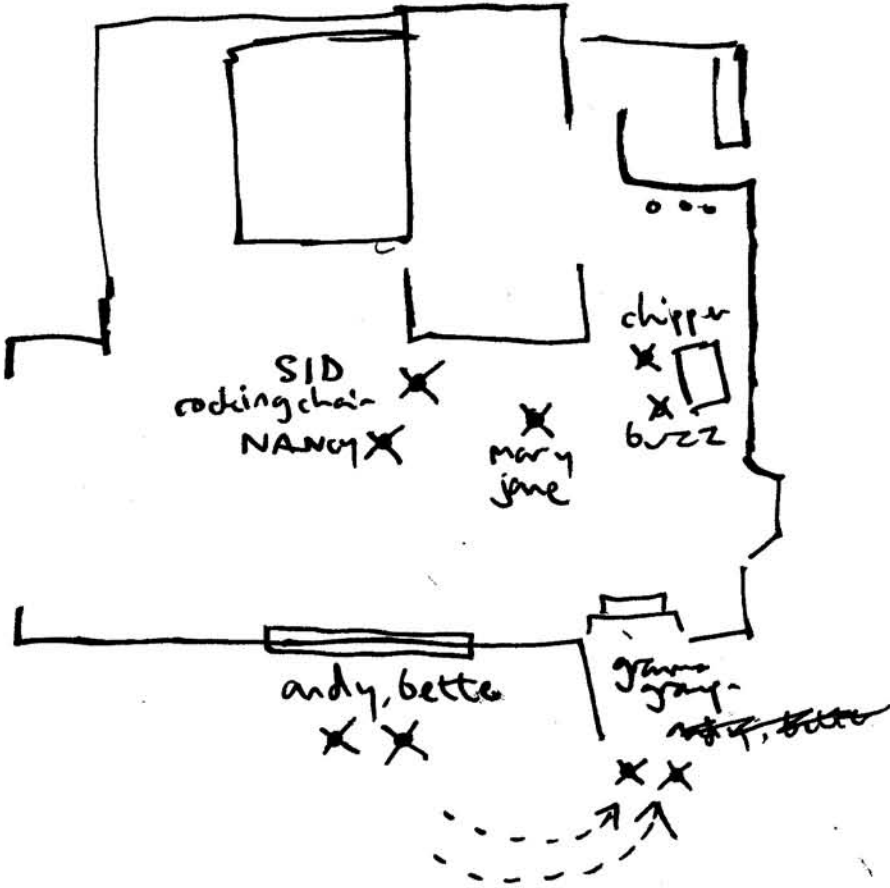
NANCY
She was a girl from Birmingham,
She just had an abortion.
BODIES - I'm not an animal -
(in unison with SID)
I DON'T WANT A BABY THAT LOOKS
LIKE THAT!

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

NANCY
Which one shall we do next?

THAT'S MORE OF SID'S OLD STUFF.
HIS NEW STUFF'S NOT ON TAPE YET!

SID
I'm tired. Can we go to bed?



☺

☺

☺

NANCY

For sure! What room are we sleeping in?

GRANMA

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

NANCY

What? But what about French toast and blintzes?

GRANMA

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

NANCY

But we ~~are~~ going to stay another day... *WFR*

GRANMA

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

NANCY

Can't we come too?

GRANMA

I sorry Nancy. You just can't.

NANCY

Will you at least take us to the hotel?

GRANMA

Of course, dear.

GRANPA

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

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

123

SUNSHINE INN ROOM

INTERIOR

NIGHT

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

SID

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

NANCY

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

SID

I thought I did that to you.

NANCY

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

I USED TO BE REALLY W/ SAME, SID.

SID

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

CHANGES

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

(THIS IS ALL NANCY EVER WANTED. WHY SHE LEFT HOME IN THE 1st PLACE.)

124.

METHADONE CLINIC

INTERIOR

DAY

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

77
MAKE MAKE OF THIS!
EXTERMINATING ANGEL

123.

CONTINUED

NANCY

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

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SID

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SID wraps his arms around her. They embrace. A streets-of-New-York COP SHOW ON TV.

123V.

ALLEY

EXTERIOR

NIGHT

(COP SHOW)

123V.

SID and NANCY tear through the alley, brandishing GUNS. Two COPS - one male, one female - jump out of their PATROL CAR.

GUN BATTLE ensues. NANCY shoots down one of the COPS. He "begs for mercy."

An INNOCENT PASSERBY is the victim of further GRATUITOUS VIOLENCE.

124.

METHADONE CLINIC

INTERIOR

DAY

124.

SID and NANCY stand at the counter. Their CASEWORKER prepares their doses. SID and NANCY's eyes are focused on the little paper cups.

CASEWORKER

You know about the Golden Triangle? That's where the heroin comes from. Found out about it when I was in the NAM. You heard of Viet Nam, right?

(MORE)

Continued:

CASEWORKER
(measuring out their
Methadone)

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

THE CIA WAS
FLYIN' THE SHIT
OUT OF THERE
ON OUR PLANE
—

SID and NANCY fill in forms.

SID

~~Know what he's on about?~~

WHAT'S HE ON ABOUT?

NANCY

Just a bunch of bullshit politics.

CASEWORKER

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

He gives them their doses. They quaff them down.

125. METHADONE CLINIC EXTERIOR DAY

THURSDAY

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

NANCY

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

SID

What does he know, he's OLD.

FUCKIN' GROWN UP

ADDICTS

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

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

SID
NANCEEEEEEEEEEE --

126. MAX'S KANSAS CITY INTERIOR DAY

FRIDAY
(NEXT DAY)

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

TREL
Vito, C'mon. Wants
you even drink
about it?

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

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

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

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

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

NANCY
Deal. Can we have an advance?

MANAGER
Okay. ~~Don't spend it all in one place --~~ *Don't spend it all on groceries.*



127. CHELSEA HOTEL, ROOM 201 INTERIOR DAY

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

COCKROACHES

NANCY (ds) - See you, trell.

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

SID
(nodding)

Yeah...

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

SID
(guilty)
Just smokin' a joint ...

NANCY
Oh YEAH?

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

+ COCKROACHES

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

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

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

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

MAX
Later, y'all.

NANCY

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

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

128. STAIRCASE INTERIOR DAY

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

TRELL

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

NANCY ~~Just him, the fuck.~~

NO! HE'S A FUCKING ASSHOLE!
JUNKIE!

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

BARGY

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

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

BARGY

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

128A MAX MAX'S Rm Trell makes coffee. SID is passed out on the bed...

129. SUBWAY INTERIOR DAY

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

SID

My bones hurt ...

NEXT DAY

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

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

130. 4TH STREET & AVENUE D EXTERIOR DAY

*Bowery is abopping
KID around SB Napper.
Bowery*

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

NANCY drags SID out of the SUBWAY STATION.

BUCKET

NANCY
Yo, Bowery!

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

131. CHELSEA HOTEL, ROOM 201 INTERIOR DAY

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

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

*DAY OR 2
LATER...
SAME
CLOTHES*

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

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

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

*Bowery
Proos
His Arm
W/ N'S
NEEDLES.
BLUNT.
B STARTS SHARPENING
IT ON A
MATCHBOX
COVER...*

② **NANCY**
Don't give him
any Sid. We
need that. Go
away, Bowery.
(DROPS OFF
SID PROSDRIVES
FROM NANCY'S HANDS)

③ **Bowery**
Did I learn a lot of money
here when I was here last time?
I left a lot of money somewhere
Think I left it here. How about
a little bit of that for later?
SID WAS MOBBED
OUT. Bowery gets
DRUGS FROM
SID'S HANDS... **SAME DAY...**

① **BOWERY**
Smart move. Can I have a little
bit for later?

132. CHELSEA HALLWAY INTERIOR NIGHT

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

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

BOWERY ducks downstairs. Fade up SIREN SOUNDS.

133. MAX'S KANSAS CITY EXTERIOR NIGHT

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

**2 WKS
LATER**

~~1 NIGHT
LATER...~~

134. MAX'S INTERIOR NIGHT

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

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

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

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

NEW WEVERS
Bollocks! Where's Johnny?!

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

"FREE! KITTENS! CUTE!"

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

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

135. THE NURSERY INTERIOR NIGHT

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

NANCY
You were fucking great, Sid!

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

TRELLE *That's what fans are supposed to do.*
~~That's cause they love you. They're your fans!~~

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

THEY WENT HOME LIKED US BETTER IF WE'D PRACTISED MORE.

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

SID
Yeah. A natural fuck up.

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

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

SID
Yeah. My WAY ...

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

~~NICK~~ *NICK HIDES BEHIND HIS NAME.*
(TRD' NOT ON STAGE.)
SUGGEST PACE

APPROACHING
TEENY PUNKS



NANCY'S LEGS

BOOTH
& SID

EXTERMINATING ANGEL

SCENE 135: INT. NURSERY. NIGHT

NANCY: You were fuckin' great Sid, fuckin' great.

SID: I don't know Nance. There were a lot of people booing and yelling for John. They threw drugs and shit at me.

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

MICK: ~~They might have liked us~~ ^{We might have gone over} better if we'd practised ~~here~~.

NANCY: Sid doesn't need to practise. He's a natural.

SID: Yeah. A natural fuck up.

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

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

SID: Yeah. My WAY ...

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

NANCY: What the fuck do you know about work Wax Max?

WAX MAX: Nancy, be kool. I'm just trying to help Sid Man...

NANCY: Fuck you. Everybody likes Sid's stuff. Nobody likes the shit you do.

WAX MAX: Nancy, be kool. People won't be into my stuff until 1985 or 86.

NANCY: Fuck you. You're lucky to be in Sid's band. You all are!

MICK: Nancy be kool --

NANCY: Shut up! Shut up! You don't know what Sid and I have gone thru' to get him where he is now. You don't understand being misunderstood! (SHE STARTS TO CRY) NO ONE DOES!

SHE GRABS SID, DRAGS HIM TOWARDS THE DOOR. THE BAND ARE SPEECHLESS. A GROUP OF TEENY PUNKS APPROACH SID.

PUNKETTE: We saw your show at Max's Sid.

SID: What d'you think?

PUNKETTES: (IN UNISON) YOU SUCK!!

THE KIDS LAUGH and CONGRATULATE THEMSELVES ON THEIR MORE THAN VICIOUS ATTITUDE.

NANCY:



③ FUCK YOU. ^{from NANCY:} ~~EVERYBODY LIKES~~
 SID'S STUFF. NOBODY LIKES ~~WHAT~~ SHIT YOU DO.
 WM: NANCY BE KOOL. PEOPLE WON'T BE INTO MY STUFF
 UNTIL 1985 OR 86.
 NANCY FUCK YOU; ~~YOU'VE~~ ^{about work,} ~~LOVE~~ TO BE IN SID'S BAND!

WM: ②
 NANCY BE KOOL.
 I'M JUST TRYING TO
 HELP SID ~~GET~~ ^{OUT} THE BAND TOGETHER.

① What the fuck do you know, ^{about} ~~about~~ you don't know what Sid and I have gone thru to get him where he is now. You don't understand being misunderstood!
 (starts to cry)
 NO ONE DOES!

←
 FUCK YOU
 MUCK:
 NANCY BE KOOL -
 NANCY SHUT UP!
 SHUT UP!
 CUT AWAY TO
 DOOR AS KIDS
 COME IN.
 LOW ANGLE
~~SHOW~~ ^{THEIR} POV of
 Nancy dragging
 SID UP (long shot)

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

PUNKETTE
 (coily)
 We saw your show at Max's, Sid.

SID
 What'd you think?

PUNKIES
 (roughly in unison)
 YOU SUCK!

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

NANCY
 (screaming to a boulder)
 I want them 86'd PERMANENTLY!!!!!!

136. BIG TAXI INTERIOR NIGHT

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

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

SID
 Right.

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

SID
Wish we had some more coke.

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

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

137. CHELSEA, ROOM 201 INTERIOR LIGHT

NEXT NIGHT

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

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

SID
Ahhh...

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

SID
Ahhh...

A LOUD BANGING ON THE DOOR.

SID and NANCY react slowly. **SLOW MOTION**

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

Zoom IN ON DOOR - fade to BLACK

138. MAX'S INTERIOR NIGHT

SLO' MO' SHOT OF DOLLARS FALLING sideways...

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

NO BAND

1 HOUR LATER...

NOT
BY...

139. CHELSEA, ROOM 201 INTERIOR DAY

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

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

SID
Where you going?

NANCY
Get some more ...

140. 4TH ST AND AVENUE B EXTERIOR DAY

SAME DAY...

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

VOICES
Lucky 7? Black tape? Colt 45?

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

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

KID
He owes us three dollars, man.

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

NANCY
C'mon Sid.

KID
Who the fuck are you?

SID
Sid Vicious.

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

NANCY ~~WANTS TO~~
TAKES RE CREDIT CARDS

NANCY: I know they are TRADING
CARS. NO KIDNEY
JUNK

~~1 WEEK LATER~~
COMPLETELY DIFFERENT
OUTFIT 88
NATING ANGEL

141. CHELSEA, ROOM 201 INTERIOR SUNSET

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

SID goes &
takes a shot.

GRETCHEN

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

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

142. CHINESE RESTAURANT INTERIOR SUNSET ?

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

MANDARIN LINDA ...

143. CHELSEA, ROOM 201 INTERIOR NIGHT

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

SID

When was the last time we
fucked?

1 WEEK
LATER.

NANCY

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

SID

Nah. Just give us a kiss.

SLOW
MO'

They kiss - their phone rings, distant and ignored -

RESTAURANT

144. MAX'S ~~GRANDS~~ CITY INTERIOR DAY

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

PIANO BAR
"MY WAY"

ONE LATER...

NANCY
Look, Sid.

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

145. CHELSEA, ROOM 201 INTERIOR DAY/NIGHT **SLO MO'** NEXT DAY--

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

146. VIVISECTION LAB INTERIOR NIGHT 2 DAYS LATER...

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

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

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

147. CHELSEA, ROOM 201 INTERIOR DAY

dur GARBAGE BURNS.

NANCY ...OTTO...

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

SLO' MO'

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

148. STAIRCASE INTERIOR DAY (TRUCK LEFT ON RIGHT OF BUILDING AS THEY DESCEND STAIRS...)

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

SAME DAY

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

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

DWARF CHILD
Shoppin! I want shoppin!

The CHILD is dragged back into a room --

SAME
DAY

149. ROOM 100 INTERIOR DAY

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

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

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

SID
Where's the TV?

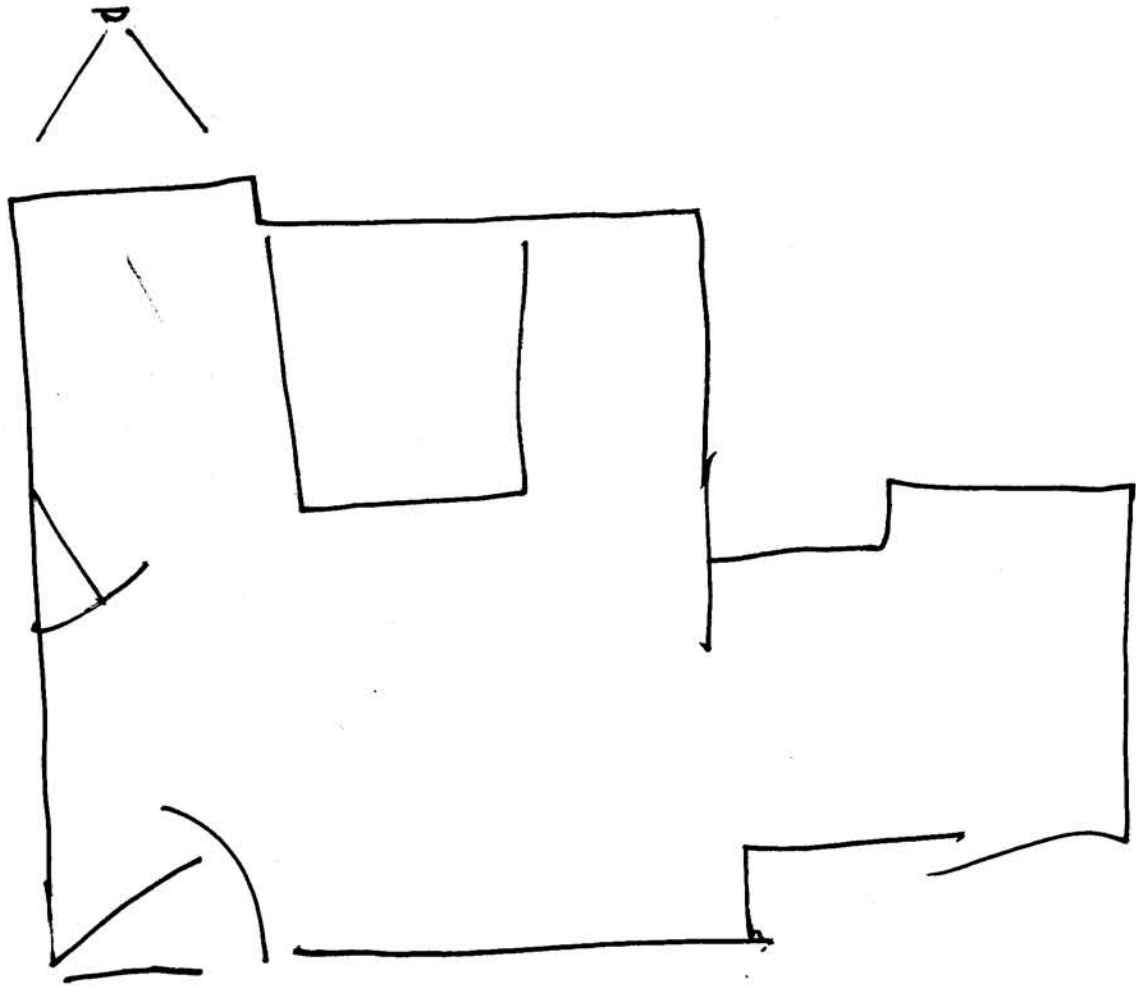
BARGY
Oh, there isn't a TV in here? Well,
why don't you run back up and get the
one from your old room.

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

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

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

(HE SNIFFS. THAT SMOEL
REALLY BAD)



#153



NANCY
My kidney's hurt. Would you put it, Sid
SID
I CAN'T REMEMBER!
NANCY
Scamsucker. You did it without me.

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

NANCY
LIAR! AAAGH!

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

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

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

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

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

154. HALL INTERIOR NIGHT

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

155. ROOM 100 INTERIOR NIGHT

SID shuts the door.

NANCY
Is it Bowery?

SID
Nah. It's just that dwarf.

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

SID: WHAT DO YOU KNOW.
LITTLE BOYS DON'T DRESS
LIKE YOUR GRANPA.

NANCY: FUCK YOU!

SID FUCK YOU.

SID
What do you know. Stupid
bitch.

NANCY
FUCK YOU!

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

NANCY whimpers. SID bends over and kisses her.

SID
Wish we had something to hit.

NANCY
Wish we could get out of here.

More kissing. Possibility of passion.

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

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

BOWERY
Not much.

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

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

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

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

NANCY
Bowery. What have you got?

BOWERY
Tuies. Tuinal. SID.

NANCY
Is that ALL? You said you
had DILAUDID.

OR

SID
What do you know
Little boys don't dress
like fuckin' Winston
Churchill.
They ~~have~~ ^{STARS} ~~got~~ ^{GIORGIO} ~~the~~ ^{ARMY} ~~subside~~ ^{THEN} ~~into~~ ^{DEPRESSION.}

EXTERMINATING ANGEL
94

THE BOWERY SCENE



^{WANCY}
BOWERY!
^{SID}
WHAT YOU GOT?
BOWERY
NOT MUR...
^N
DONT FA ...

(N INTERRUPTING THROUGHOUT...)

^{BOWERY}
ISLAND/BROOKLYN/HATE THAT F'IN TOWN...

^N
DID YOU GET THE DIALOGUE?

^{BOWERY}
HE WASN'T HOME. I TRIED.

^N
O TVG MY HEARSTUNTS.

^{BOWERY}
WHAT'S THAT SUPPOSED TO MEAN? HUH? HUH?
YOU RAFFER IN ON ME?

~~WANCY'S DANCE~~

^{SID}
OY!
WHAT'S ALL THIS? GIVE US THE DRUGS OR
FUCK OFF OUT OF HERE! GO ON!
THERE'S THE DOOR.

^{SID:}
WHAT YOU GOT?
~~WANCY'S DANCE~~
YOU WANT ME TO FUCK OFF? I'LL FUCK OFF. ^{YOU WANT} GET ME AGAIN.
(BOWERY PRODUCES CANDY BAR)

^{SID}
YOU GOT RAG — — —
VICIOUS GOES FOR BOWERY. BOWERY PUSHES SID APART.

^{BOWERY}
DONT GET UP SID. I WAS JUST LEAVING.

^N
WAIT WAIT WAIT!

^{BOWERY}
DONT YOU FRONT TALK ME!
YOU 2 ARE FRONT TALKS.

I'm sorry.

^{BOWERY}
MAYBE. ~~WHERE'S~~ YOUR PHONE.

(SID LOOKS AROUND) → ^{WANCY}
IT'S IN THE LOBBY.

^{BOWERY}
YOUR PHONE IS IN THE LOBBY.

~~TO GO~~ FOR YOU GUYS - MY FRIENDS - I'LL GO
THE EXTRA MILE.

(IN DOOR)

YOU GUYS ARE GOING ANYWHERE, ARE YOU?

^{BOWERY}: WOH, AN REACT HERE

^N: WHAT IS THIS?

^B: TV SETS. & SOME LOUHY SPOTS.

^{SID}: YOU WANT THIS? ^N: YEAH.

^B: YOU ARE OUTSIDE... ^N: THINK YOU

^{ON}
GET US
SOME DIALOGUE TO

BOWERY
Call her off, man!

SID
We'll take 'em.

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

SID
What's that?

BOWERY
Just a little of the good SPEED.

SID
Sulphate? Give us some of that too.

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

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

~~SID says to Nancy Sid stop taking the~~

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

NANCY convulses slightly. She groans, suffering from cramps.

SID
What is it? You all right?

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

SID
You wanna puke?

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

SID
Nah, 's all right.

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



SCENE 155

PART 2: Bowery Snax.

PART 3:

~~##~~ SID SITS ON BED STRUMMING BASS. NANCY STARES AT TV.

NANCY: My eyes hurt. The TV's so bright it hurts my eyes. You think ~~Bowery's still there?~~ THINGS'LL EVER CHANGE?

SID: Yeah. Nah. What do you mean?

NO ANSWER. A FUSE BLOWS. THE AMP & ROOM LIGHTS DIE. ~~THE BATHROOM~~ BATHROOM LIGHTS REMAIN.

SID: Fuck it.

PART 4:

SID & NANCY SIT IN A CORNER OF THE ROOM.

SID: This bloke in Germany he lost his head in a motorway accident. Thses scientists - surgeons - kept his head alive for about 12 days. They could communi- cate with him by blinking. After 12 days his brain

NANCY: Shut up. Listen to me.

SID: You're not saying anything.

NANCY: Shut up and listen.

PART 5:

SID IS STANDING AT THE WINDOW. NANCY IS ON THE BED.

SID: I don't want to.

NANCY: Why not?

SID: I don't know. Because.

NANCY: Because what? What're you waiting for? Bowery?

SID: Bowery doesn't fucking matter.

NANCY: ~~What~~ What does?

SID: You.

NANCY: And?

SID: ~~Get out in a blaze of glory~~ You.

TIME HAS PASSED.

Sid playing guitar on the bed. NANCY alone

EXTREMELY NASTY ANGEL 26

BOWERY exits. SID and NANCY are alone.

~~SID
How do you feel now?~~

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

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

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

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

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

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

*(ever)
You think...
You think...?*

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

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

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

LATER

SID at the window.

SID: That guy's gone.

NANCY: They moved.

SID: When? Where they go?

both
(So we can be strong
out till we're old?)

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

BY JUNKIES?
~~BY JUNKIES?~~

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

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

SID
Bein' with you forever.

NANCY
And - ?

SID
And going out in a **B**laze of glory.

YANKS

156. CHELSEA LIQUORS INTERIOR NIGHT

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

SID
Why don't we just O.D.?

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

SID
We don't have a motor.

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

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

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

SALESMAN
They're cold.

NANCY
Are you sure?

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

SALESMAN
Having a party?

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

157. WAX MAX'S ROOM INTERIOR NIGHT

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

NANCY
Will you hold this stuff for us?

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

MAX
Sure. What's up?

SID
Uh - we just - you know -

NANCY
Don't want to get ripped off.

MAX
I hear that.

NANCY looks at SID. SID stares into space.

SID
Got a joint?

NANCY
Come on, Sid. We got to pack.

SID
Oh. See yer.

~~NANCY
Embroidery
9/20/18~~

NANCY: Sid. Th jackets.

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

They stand holding each other for a while.

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

NANCY
I love you, Sid.

SID
I love you, too, Nancy.

NANCY
Count to three.

SID
One...two...2½...

NANCY
(urgently)
Don't fuck around!

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

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

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

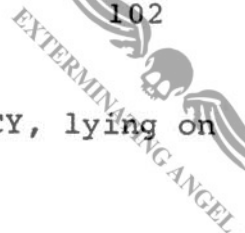
SID
Nancy. Stab me. Stab ME...

NANCY
I can't. I love you.

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

160. ROOM 100 INTERIOR EARLY MORNING

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



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

BOWERY

Jesus...

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

He's out the door.

161. 23RD STREET EXTERIOR MORNING

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

BOWERY

(affecting an English accent)

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

- WRITE OUT -

- WRITE IN ON N'S HEAD ZIPPED INTO BAG -

162. CHELSEA LOBBY INTERIOR DAY

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

163. RIKER'S ISLAND INTERIOR DAY

2 DAYS LATER

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

Another JUNKY occupies the single bench, shaking. A naked lightbulb shines. A PRISON GUARD arrives.

GUARD

You're out, Richie. Somebody paid the fifty grand.

(164

165. F. LEE BAILEY'S OFFICE INTERIOR DAY

SID sits with MALCOLM, his MUM and the GREAT LAWYER. They're on the 28th floor of the Empire State Building.

(MUM...?)
THE NEXT DAY

MALCOLM

This is Mr. F. Lee Bailey, Sid. He's a famous barrister. He's agreed to take your case.

(V/07)

(F.L.B.
Pleased to meet you ... Sid.)

SID
What do I need a lawyer for?

MUM
Because you're not guilty,
Simon. You're not guilty.

(SID
How do you know?)

F.L.B. coughs uncomfortably, looks away.

F.L.B.
Dammed pigeons.

(MALCOLM
Let's have none of that now
Sidney. Paul and Steve are
coming out here. For the
REUNION. You're about to be a
busy boy.)

SID
(crying, mumbling)
Fuck it.

F.L.B.
Pardon me.

SID
All I want is Nancy..

MALCOLM
Don't be so fucking silly, Sid.
Nancy's gone. You're still
around. You've got to start
behaving SENSIBLY --

MUM
He's a bit upset right now,
Mr Bailey. He doesn't know
what he wants. You tell him
what to say. He's a GOOD
BOY.

Wings flutter outside. SID looks away.

165. WINDOW EXTERIOR DAY

SID watches pigeons landing on the window ledge. Clouds and the Chrysler Building reflected in his face.

CHRISTMAS
TIMES

104
EXTERMINATING ANGEL

2 MONTHS
LATER

166. MAX'S KANSAS CITY EXTERIOR NIGHT

A line around the block. Graffiti on the walls reads, SID VICIOUS IS INNOCENT - NANCY R.I.P. Lots of noise.

167. MAX'S KANSAS CITY INTERIOR NIGHT

HE IS WEARING A HAND-HELD
DOWN JACKET, WHITE BELT,
LOOKS LESS LIKE SID THAN
THE SID CLONES...

The crowd parts as SID appears. Everyone looks at him. There are lots of SID and NANCY clones. T-shirts that say No More Nauseating Nancy and I'm Alive. She's Dead. I'm Yours. Worn by the Bridge and Tunnel crowd.

STRANGERS thrust drinks into SID's hands. He sits down at his old table, two beers in each hand. Someone comes and sits down beside him. BILLY from long ago. BILLY is older and blonder. Speaks with a midatlantic drawl.

SID
Billy. All right.

BILLY
Shit, Sid. I'm real sorry.
Everybody ... I was in London ...
you know ...

HAND-HELD;
TRACING;

SID
Living out here now?

BILLY
Yeah, I got a band. Guess who I saw? Gloria. That real DRASTIC bird.

SID
Oh yeah. She still alive?

BILLY
Yeah. She's off smack. She's like all pink and real pretty. Got a kid. She's living with her boyfriend's parents and ... You want another beer?

HIS BAND,
HIS RESTAURANT
IT'S REALLY
BITCHIN' I WEAR
THESE STUDDO
OUTFITS. & I'M
SHININ' OUT...

SID nods. BILLY heads for the bar. HUGH KARES sits down.

HUGH (interrupting)
SO. Long time no see, Sid. Real cut up about the news, man. Hey, my condolences, you know.

SID looks away. ~~BILLY returns with a beer mug.~~

HUGH

So. Who's handling you these days?

SID grabs the MUG and lashes out with it. BEER splashes all over HUGH. The MUG hits BILLY in the face HUGH flees. SID rises, stares at BILLY writhing on the floor.

BOUNCERS jump SID. SIRENS sound.

168. JAIL CELL INTERIOR NIGHT

1 WK LATER

SID stares at the naked lightbulb. He gets up and unscrews it. Darkness. SID smashes the bulb, saws at his wrists. Blood spatters the floor.

169. JAIL HOUSE INTERIOR DAY

3 WKS LATER

SID stands at a counter, getting his possessions back. His wrists are thickly bandaged. He faces TWO COPS, one keen and young, the other old and wise.

YOUNG COP

(planting things on the counter)

A candy bar. A piece of string.
A piece of paper.

OLD COP

Look, kid. You're out on bail again. Why don't you give yourself a break? I know you think you're kind of tough ...

(searching for SID's name on the roster)

Richie. But there's a lot of guys tougher than you that wish they was wearing your shoes right now.

YOUNG COP

Six books of matches. One pack of cigarettes. One safety pin.

OLD COP

Once you're out that door you can stay out for good or you can turn around and walk back in.

YOUNG COP
A stick of gum. A subway
token. Sixty-seven cents in change.
(takes a breath)
And \$540 cash. Sign here
please.

SID signs and stuffs his pockets. He hasn't heard a word.

OLD COP
It's up to you, son. I don't see
no braces on your legs.

*(Y.C.: ~~THE~~ WOULD
YOU SIGN THIS FOR
ME AS WELL?
(picks PISTOL REC)
IT'S FOR MY KID
BROTHER)*

SID nods and starts to limp away - as if he had braces on his legs.
The TWO COPS shake their heads. In the doorway, SID turns around.

SID
Oh yeah. One thing ...

OLD COP
What is it, SON?

SID
Where can I get a pizza?



170. DOCKS EXTERIOR DAY

Gray, dark, cold day. SID gets off the boat from RIKER'S ISLAND. The first thing he sees is a glowing neon PIZZA place.

171. PIZZA PLACE INTERIOR DAY

SID sits in the window, finishing an entire pan. Steam pours from the subway vents outside. THREE CHILDREN watch him thru the glass.

172. DOCKS EXTERIOR DAY

SID wipes his mouth and steps into the strange twilight. The THREE KIDS approach him. They have a GHETTO BLASTER.

KID 1
Dance with us, Sid.

SID
Nah. I'm not dancing with
no little kids..

KID 2
Don't be so stuck up fuckhead.
Dance with us.

SID looks up and down the street. It is deserted. He bops a few steps with the KIDS, self-consciously.

A CHECKER CAB appears. The door opens.

NANCY IS SITTING IN THE BACK. She looks very pretty. Healthy, hair a glowing platinum, no track marks on her arms.

She smiles at SID. SID gets into the CAB.

The door closes. Thru the back window, we see SID and NANCY kiss. The TAXI rolls away.

KIDS
Boo! Kissing! Yuck!

The KIDS bop on. The sky turns slowly pink and green.

ROLL TITLE

SID VICIOUS DIED OF A ~~HEROIN~~ *STBT.*
OVERDOSE ON FEBRUARY 2ND 1979

NANCY & SID R.I.P.