

WEST SIDE STORY

Written by

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Based on the book for the musical by

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EXT. LINCOLN CENTER, MANHATTAN - DAY

No overture: In the darkness, someone whistles the "shofar call" tritone: Da-dee DAH.

The camera travels over mountains of rubble and debris, stopping at a sign on a construction fence: **PURCHASED BY THE NEW YORK HOUSING AUTHORITY FOR SLUM CLEARANCE.**

Above the sign, a beautiful architect's rendering of the soon-to-be constructed Lincoln Center, captioned: **LINCOLN CENTER FOR THE PERFORMING ARTS.**

The camera rises over this gleaming billboard vision to reveal what lies beyond it: A vast wasteland of demolished and partially demolished tenements, crisscrossed by streets, mountains of detritus, concrete shards and the remnants of peoples' homes. Cranes, wrecking balls, steam shovels, trucks and clearance crews are busy pulling buildings down and carting the ruins away. The devastation stretches for blocks, all the way to the Hudson River. Here and there, tenements stand, still densely populated, the remaining, doomed slum neighborhoods of Lincoln Square and San Juan Hill.

EXT. AN ALLEY BETWEEN WEST 64TH AND WEST 65TH STREETS - DAY

("PROLOGUE" BEGINS:) ICE - 17, smart, disciplined, a natural leader - opens the doors of an alley cellar.

Ice tosses a paint can up to A-RAB, 17, Italian. Then two more. A-Rab throws the extra cans to DIESEL, 16, a bruiser who's decent and smart, and ACTION, 16, powerful, edgy, wound too tight. Then he hauls Ice out of the cellar with a can of his own.

The foursome make their way down the alley with the paint cans. They stop at a gutted tenement, in front of which there's a vandalized wrecking crane. One of the treads has been crowbarred off, the engine's been looted.

A whistle from the group summons RIFF from inside the cab - 18, smart, tough, wild-eyed/manic. His hair's tousled, lipstick smeared across his mouth.

GRAZIELLA, 18, tough, watchful, guarded, emerges behind Riff, smirking at the Jets. Riff kisses her, then hops down to the pavement and helps her down. She sashays past Ice, who offers an appreciative wolf whistle that's cut off by -

RIFF

Jets!

They head off down the mostly deserted street, jogging, ambling, clowning around but intent on a destination. They kick over a sawhorse with a MEN WORKING sign, then calmly split to allow a police patrol car to cruise between them.

As they pass Doc's Drugstore, Riff raps on the window and four more Jets bound out onto the street: SNOWBOY, 18, druggie-thin, bedraggled, spacey; TIGER, 15, a fighter, eager to rise in the ranks; MOUTHPIECE, 15, a noisy showoff; BIG DEAL, 17, a little dull but dependable.

Some buildings they pass are inhabited, but many are boarded up, chained, signs warning **CONDEMNED!** and **DANGER!**

EXT. BROADWAY FROM WEST 65TH TO WEST 68TH STREET - DAY

Riff leads the other Jets, swinging their paint cans, from behind the crane to Broadway, past abandoned and ruined tenements, shops, diners. PEDESTRIANS clear out of their way, as other Jets jump up from stoops, out of doorways, drop from windows to fall in step: BALKAN, NUMBERS and SKINK, 17-18, veteran footsoldiers; LITTLE MOLY and BABY JOHN, 13 or 14, eager to belong; Little Moly's hardened; Baby John's unlikely to be. One rides a fire escape ladder down to the street. Another ditches his GIRLFRIEND as he's about to light her cigarette. They all fall in alongside Riff.

Now they're complete, THE JETS! They toss paint cans back and forth, intimidate pedestrians, move off the sidewalk and take over the street, threading in and out of Broadway traffic.

They pull up short as several black pedestrians cross the street in front of them, then step into the intersection, crossing a boundary into a new neighborhood. The store signage has shifted into Spanish: **¡DELICIAS DE LA ISLA! ¡COMIDA FRESCA PARA LLEVAR O CENAR! VENDEMOS CAFÉ YAUCONO, EL COQUÍ, EL RICO. ALCAPPURIAS, ARROZ CON GANDULES, TOSTONES, EMPANADILLAS, RELLENOS DE PAPA, PASTELES, PASTELEON, PLANTANOS MADUROS, FLAN, ARROZ CON DULCE!**

Beyond the restaurant, a bodega at the corner of W. 68th St., Puerto Rican flags fluttering, baskets of mangoes, plantains, yautia, guanabanas, cassavas on the sidewalk. The Jets stare suspiciously at the fruit, which is strange to them. Then Riff signals, and...

The Jets spread out through San Juan Hill, a teeming Puerto Rican neighborhood, largely intact and alive, Spanish signs, bilingual posters protesting the demolition of the neighborhood and the relocation of its residents.

Baby John hesitates, nervously rooted in place. Riff throws a supportive arm over his shoulder.

RIFF

C'mon.

The RESIDENTS, Nuyoricans and Puertorriqueños of all ages, clear out of the Jets' way, some yelling at them, some going indoors, some running for the cops.

Tiger and Balkan try to tear down a new restaurant's banner, **COCINA CRIOLLA**, which covers the old harp-and-clover sign for an Irish bar. The Puerto Rican RESTAURANT OWNER, wielding a broom, comes out to chase the boys away. Another store owner emerges from his shop.

RESTAURANT OWNER

¡Oye, deja la mierda!

RESTAURANT OWNER (CONT'D)

STORE OWNER

¡Por muchachitos como ustedes es que este mundo está lousy!

¡Déjennos en paz!

The Jets invade an asphalt playground bounded by a chain link fence and suddenly pull up short. On the opposite fence there's a mural of a giant Puerto Rican flag. Next to the mural, the words:

ANYBODYS, 15, who today would be described as non-binary/trans-masc, fierce, strong, street tough, smart, bounds onto the scene, eager to join in, but Riff snarls at him (again, today other pronouns would be available, but in 1957 Anybodys has settled on he/him):

RIFF

(to Anybodys:)

Beat it!

Riff snaps his fingers; the other Jets shove Anybodys aside as paint can lids are popped open.

Riff hoists a can and flings a arcing slash of orange paint splattering across the flag mural. The others join in, paint covering the mural. They're having a blast.

A dozen teenage Puertorriqueños emerge from the throng of angry locals and race towards the scene - THE SHARKS! They're led by two powerful 18-year-olds, BRAULIO, Nuyorican, serious, political, and QUIQUE, lively, bemused, both shop clerks; CHAGO, MANOLO, SEBAS and ANÍBAL, 17-18, street-wise Nuyoricans used to fighting; CHUCHO, JULITO, JOCHI and PIPO, 17-18, in working clothes, recent arrivals in New York, nervous about trouble; FLACO, JUNIOR and TINO, 14-15, high school students excited to belong to the Sharks, happy to cut classes. OTHER SHARKS, in their teens, a few in boxing workout clothes, follow behind. They charge towards the Jets. The people on the street cheer for the Sharks.

QUIQUE

Vámonos, chicos, ¡vamos! ¡Por acá, por acá!

CHAGO

¡Ven acá, blanquito! ¡Estate quieto!

Anybodys wolf-whistles twice at the Jets, who turn just as the Sharks arrive. Braulio knocks Anybodys aside and plunges amid the marauders. The Jets and the Sharks go at each other, an ugly fight with fists, feet and cans. They're smeary with paint, sliding on the paint-slippery sidewalk.

Manolo lunges for Baby John, who swings his paint can wildly, clouting Manolo on the head. Manolo falls, his head bleeding.

Outnumbered, the Jets run, the Sharks giving chase. There are skirmishes up and down the street as the retreating Jets turn and fight.

Three Jets race up some narrow alley stairs with some Sharks behind them. They hurl trash cans down at their pursuers.

Aníbal is being chased by A-Rab, Big Deal, and Diesel.

A-RAB
Hey! Hey, you!
(to the other Jets:)
C'mon!

As the Jets give chase, Aníbal hauls himself onto the bed of a passing melon truck and unlatches the gate. A cascade of watermelons smash into the street, tripping up the Jets.

EXT. AN ALLEY OFF WEST 68TH STREET - DAY

Baby John runs, pursued by Chago, Manolo and Sebas, down the three sets of fire escape stairs. Baby John jumps into the alley before Manolo and Sebas arrive. He immediately starts climbing a high chain link fence that forms one side of the alley; beyond the fence is a vacant lot. As Baby John crests the top of the fence, Manolo and Sebas slip through a loose seam in the chain link below him - they know the neighborhood. They slip into the vacant lot and wait for Baby John at the base of the fence. Seeing them, Baby John starts back down the other side of the fence, but Chago's there, climbing towards him. Baby John climbs back over the top to the other side of the fence, where he tries to hang on as Chago punches him through the fence and Manolo and Sebas grab his feet. They pull him off the fence. As he falls, he shouts:

BABY JOHN
JETS!!!!

The Sharks slam Baby John to the ground. Ice, Action and Diesel rush into the lot, whistle-calling to the other Jets who enter the lot, through and over the fence. Sharks and Jets spread through the lot, engaged in a wild melee.

On the ground, Baby John is pinned by several Sharks. He screams out in pain.

A new Shark arrives on the scene: BERNARDO, 18, a boxer's physique and authority.

He immediately fixates on Riff and the two alphas zero in on each other, shoving aside other combatants as they come together in the center of the scrum. But just as they both cock their fists at each other --

("PROLOGUE" ENDS:) A police whistle! Two squad cars race into the lot, disgorging OFFICERS led by SERGEANT KRUPKE, Irish-American beat cop.

SERGEANT KRUPKE
ALRIGHT NOW, ALLA YIZ, SEPARATE!
(hauling fighters aside)
Separate! Separate!

The boys, bruised, panting, separate into Sharks and Jets.

SERGEANT KRUPKE (CONT'D)
(wheezing)
Yiz're drivin me to my grave, ya pack a jackals!

RIFF
Watch yerself, Sergeant Krupke, yer gonna inflame your asthmer, shoutin' like that.

SERGEANT KRUPKE
Why'nt ya leave the Puerto Ricans alone, Riff?!
(wincing from a stitch in his side)
Christ almighty...
(to Bernardo:)
And you lot! Yer in New York now, ya got a problem, ya *call* the cops, yiz can't play at *bein* cops yizselves!

BERNARDO
Pero, we call the cops, you show up and arrest us! You're never around when these little hijueputas mess up our stores and our streets -

RIFF
I get confused when you say "*our* streets," seeing as how these streets? They're ours -

MOUTHPIECE	RIFF (CONT'D)
The Jets!	- by right of bein' born here, amigo.

BERNARDO
(to Riff:)
¿Tu crees que tu mandas aquí? ¡Ven acá canto'e mama'o, pa' decirte quién es jefe!

RIFF
How many times do I got to tell you, Bernardo? I don't speak Spic.

Bernardo lunges at Riff. Krupke steps in between. He tries without success to push them apart; Riff's grabbed Bernardo's shirt, and Bernardo's about to punch him, when --

More police whistles and the groups separate as a new figure arrives.

Everyone's instantly uneasy as LIEUTENANT SCHRANK, a detective, flanked by two COPS, hands on nightsticks, walks up to Baby John.

LIEUTENANT SCHRANK

Jesus wept, Baby John. Who did that to your ear?

Schrank moves Baby John's hand from his ear and fingers a nail stuck in his earlobe.

LIEUTENANT SCHRANK (CONT'D)

Which one of them nailed you?

Baby John shrugs. Schrank moves him along the line of Sharks, awaiting an answer. He notices Manolo's head wound.

LIEUTENANT SCHRANK (CONT'D)

Who cracked your head open, hombre?

MANOLO

A mí no me preguntes nada.

LIEUTENANT SCHRANK

In English.

CHAGO

(to Baby John:)

Same guy who nailed your ear, maybe?

BABY JOHN

Maybe, I don't remember.

LIEUTENANT SCHRANK

I realize if any of you helps me out, you might spoil your chance to murder each other over control of this earthly paradise.

BALKAN

The Jets control it and you know it!

LIEUTENANT SCHRANK

Uh huh yeah but golly gee, Balkan, not according to the New York City Committee for Slum Clearance, which has decided to pull this whole hellmouth down to the bedrock, and you're in the way.

Schrank abruptly pulls the nail out of Baby John's ear. Baby John screams. Schrank tosses the nail at Bernardo, who catches it.

LIEUTENANT SCHRANK (CONT'D)
Nice reflexes, muchacho! So any day now,
all of you are gonna be evicted. You'll
have to vamoose, as we say in Spanish.

BERNARDO
We're not relocating.

QUIQUE
Nosotros vivimos aquí.

BRAULIO
We have rights!

LIEUTENANT SCHRANK
Rights, huh? Where are they?

He slaps Braulio hard in the face. A few people in the crowd shout at Schrank. Bernardo moves towards Schrank with menace; Schrank draws back his jacket to reveal a holstered gun.

BRAULIO
(to Bernardo:)
Déjenlo. No vale la pena.

SERGEANT KRUPKE
Back down, Bernardo. Don't be
stupid.

BERNARDO
(to Schrank:)
Some night, "muchacho," maybe you'll get
to see me fight.

RIFF
'Course you'll have to leave your gun at
home, Lieutenant.

Without looking at Bernardo:

LIEUTENANT SCHRANK
Evict yourselves off my crime scene,
Bernardo.

Bernardo stares at Schrank for a moment, then --

BERNARDO
¡Vamos!

The Sharks start to move off as the Jets tauntingly whistle at them. But Bernardo pauses before leaving the lot and starts to sing "La Borinqueña".

BERNARDO (CONT'D)
**¡Despierta, borinqueño -
- que han dado la señal!**

LIEUTENANT SCHRANK
A boxer *and* a singer!

The Jets smirk.

BERNARDO

**¡Despierta de ese sueño
que es hora de luchar!**

Quique and Braulio join Bernardo (continuous from above:)

BERNARDO, QUIQUE AND BRAULIO

**A ese llamar patriótico
¿no arde tu corazón?
¡Ven! Nos será simpático
el ruido del cañón.**

ALL THE SHARKS

**Nosotros queremos la libertad
y nuestros machetes nos la
darán.**

LIEUTENANT SCHRANK

(to the Sharks:)
You want me to book the whole
bunch of you? Keep up the
serenade and see what -

CHAGO

(raised fist:)
¡Viva Puerto Rico libre!

Bernardo and the Sharks begin to leave, walking backwards, singing even louder. The residents of San Juan Hill cheer for the Sharks, some joining in the singing. The smirks have faded off the faces of the Jets. Schrank shouts after the Sharks:

THE SHARKS

**Vámonos, borinqueños,
vámonos ya,
que nos espera ansiosa,
ansiosa la libertad.
¡La libertad, la libertad!**

LIEUTENANT SCHRANK (CONT'D)

(to the Sharks:)
*I am ordering you clowns to
disperse. NOW!!!*

The Sharks are gone, absorbed into the cheering crowd. Schrank turns from this to face the Jets.

LIEUTENANT SCHRANK (CONT'D)

We're outnumbered, boys. Thousands more
are on their way, and once they're here,
they pop out kids like crazy. Am I right?

He looks around. The Jets avoid eye contact with him.

LIEUTENANT SCHRANK (CONT'D)

Tell me which one nailed Baby John's ear
and I'll put him out of circulation.

(he waits:)

Work with me, fellas! Or they're gonna
drive you off your turf!

RIFF

You said it was the Slum Clearance
Committee was drivin us off, now its the

PRs. You gotta get your story straight,
Lieutenant Schrank. We're impressionable.

LIEUTENANT SCHRANK

(A weary sigh, then:)

Most of the white guys who grew up in
this slum climbed their way out of it.
Irish, Italian, Jews: nowadays their
descendants live in nice houses and drive
nice cars and date nice girls you'd want
to marry. *Your* dads or your granddads
stayed put, drinking and knocking up some
local piece who gave birth to you: The
last of the Can't-Make-It Caucasians.

(turning to leave, then:)

What's a gang without its terrain, its
turf? You're a month or two away from
finding out, one step ahead of the
wrecking ball. And in this uncertain
world, the only thing you can count on is
me. I'm here to keep the civil peace
until the last building falls, and if you
boys make more trouble on *my* turf, Riff?
Hand to heart you're headed to an upstate
prison cell for a very long time. By the
time you get out, this will be a shiny
new neighborhood of rich people in
beautiful apartments with Puerto Rican
doormen to chase trash like you away.

As Schrank starts to walk back to the car:

RIFF

Wait, I got a question for ya,
Lieutenant: How tall did you used to be
before you, you know, shrank?

The Jets laugh. Schrank stops, almost turns around, then
doesn't. As he continues towards the car, he says to Krupke:

LIEUTENANT SCHRANK

C'mon, Sergeant, ride with me.

SERGEANT KRUPKE

Long as I know you, Riff, you ain't had
the sense God give a pigeon.

Krupke follows Schrank to the car. It drives away.

RIFF

(to Baby John:)

C'mere, let's see what he done.

As Riff examines Baby John's ear, careful not to hurt him:

RIFF (CONT'D)

That's gonna scar, buddy boy.

BABY JOHN
 (delighted:)
 Ya think so?

RIFF
 Frankenstein-time!

ACTION
 They can't make us up and leave! We're
 here, ain't we?

A-RAB
 American citizens, which them spics
 ain't! *Them* they can chase off, not us.

DIESEL
 Porto Ricans are Americans, ya ignoramus.

A-RAB
 Ah, go eat a green banana!

SNOWBOY
 Porto Rico's like a state.
 Ain't it? So Deez is right,
 they're -

BABY JOHN
 No, it's somethin else, I
 forget what they call it,
 like a -

MOUTHPIECE
 (to Snowboy:)
 There're only forty eight
 states, ya dead battery, 'n
 whatever Porto Rico is -

BALKAN
 And whatever they are, citizens or who
 gives a fart, what we know is -

MOUTHPIECE
 They. Ain't. *Us*.

ICE
 (to Riff:)
 So spill it, Krazy Kat, what're you
 thinkin?

RIFF
 I'm thinkin it's past time for a rumble.
 For a all-in all-out once-and-for-all
 winner-takes-all high-noon-shootout-at-
 the-OK-Corral rumble.

A-RAB
 Thermo-nuclear!

BALKAN
 Wild blue yonder!! About
 time!!

RIFF
 We do 'em like we done the Egyptian
 Kings!

ICE
 And the Emeralds!

TIGER
 And the Bishops!

RIFF

Alright, so, Tony and me will sit down
with Bernardo -

ACTION

Tony?

ACTION (CONT'D)

What's this got to do with
him?

RIFF

Tony, who else, who knows
rumblin better'n him?

A-RAB

He's been out a prison for what?

BALKAN

Like five months.

A-RAB (CONT'D)

He aint stood with us once
since he got out.

RIFF

He's on parole, he's gotta be careful is
all, he -

BALKAN

Tony's done with the Jets, Riff.
Everybody knows it but you.

RIFF

He ain't done with the Jets. Like that's
even a thing! You can't be done with the -

SNOWBOY

Maybe it wasn't a thing before, but now,
Riff? The Lieutenant's right! What're the
Jets if we got no territory?

RIFF

Schrank doesn't know his ass from his
elbow. Look, Tony and me started the Jets
'cause none a us would even be here if it
wasn't for all a us. 'N alla you know it!

("Jet Song" begins:) Riff goes up to each of the Jets,
telling them truths they already know, asking them to come
back to themselves:

RIFF (CONT'D)

**When you're a Jet,
You're a Jet all the way
From your first cigarette
To your last dyin' day.
When you're a Jet,
If the spit hits the fan -
You got brothers around,
You're a family man!**

Ice joins in, admonishing the others:

ICE

You're never alone!

RIFF

You're never disconnected!

ICE AND RIFF

You're home with your own!

ICE

When company's expected -

RIFF

You're well-protected!

CUT TO:

The Jets are on the median strip on Broadway and West 66th. Heavy traffic is zooming past.

RIFF (CONT'D)

**Then you are set
With a capital J**

Riff goes out into the street, cars swerve to avoid him. As he sings, other Jets join him playing chicken in the traffic as they cross the street.

RIFF (CONT'D)

**Which you'll never forget
Till they cart you away.
When you're a Jet**

Multiple cars slam on their brakes to avoid the strutting Jets!

RIFF (CONT'D)

**You stay
A
JET!!!!**

Honking horns merge with Riff's last "JEEEEEEETTT!" Riff gets on the sidewalk and starts walking downtown; the others follow.

RIFF (CONT'D)

So meet Tony and me at the Dog Days Dance at the gym tonight. The Sharks're goin.

ACTION

We can't rumble at the gym, it'll be lousy with cops.

MOUTHPIECE

Hey, maybe we've had enough trouble with the Puerto Ricans for one day?

Anybodys walks up, lurking on the periphery of the group.

RIFF

Relax, it's a social mixer, so we'll mix
until the time's right to fix the rumble
for tomorrow night. Be there 10PM
punctual-like! Dressed to kill, walkin
tall!

A-RAB

We always walk tall! WE'RE JETS!

RIFF

The greatest!

They cheer!

RIFF (CONT'D)

**When you're a Jet
You're the top can in town -**

Riff points to Diesel. They playfully square off with each other:

DIESEL

**You're the gold-medal kid
With the heavyweight crown!**

RIFF

When you're a Jet -

Riff points to Big Deal.

BIG DEAL

You're the swinginest thing -

Big Deal turns to Baby John:

BIG DEAL (CONT'D)

Little boy, you're a man -

Riff spins Baby John around.

ALL THE JETS

Little man, you're a king!

Baby John is delighted, of course, as they haul him along, leaving Anybodys on his own. Riff and the gang continue walking with a newfound strutting pride and joy!

RIFF

The Jets are in gear!

BABY JOHN

Our cylinders are clickin'!

Riff turns to Diesel and Balkan, suddenly dead serious:

RIFF
The Sharks'll steer clear -

RIFF, DIESEL AND BALKAN
 (out for blood!)
'Cause every Puerto Rican

RIFF, DIESEL, BALKAN, BABY JOHN, ICE AND
 ACTION
'S a lousy chicken!

Riff takes off down the sidewalk, the rest of the Jets behind him, their pride and joy now giving way to aggression.

They walk past an open hydrant as pedestrians retreat off the sidewalk.

THE JETS
**Here come the Jets
 Like a bat out of hell -
 Someone gets in our way,
 Someone don't feel so well!**

A MAN getting out of a taxi sees the boys coming and eyes them warily.

THE JETS (CONT'D)
**Here come the Jets,
 Little world, step aside!
 Better go underground,
 Better run, better hide!**

LITTLE KIDS draw with chalk on the sidewalk; their PARENTS pull the children away as the Jets scuff their shoes over the drawings.

THE JETS (CONT'D)
**We're drawin' a line,
 So keep your noses hidden!**

The Jets pass through a row of gutted tenements.

THE JETS (CONT'D)
**We're hangin' a sign
 Says "visitors Forbidden" -**

RIFF
And we ain't kiddin'!

The Jets advance across this formidable terrain towards a mountain of ruin piled against the rear tenement walls.

THE JETS
**Here come the Jets,
 Yeah! And we're gonna beat
 Every last buggin' gang
 On the whole buggin' street!**

Led by Riff, the Jets scale the rubble mountain.

THE JETS (CONT'D)

**On the whole!
Ever!
Mother!
Lovin'!**

They turn out to howl their defiance to the world!

THE JETS (CONT'D)

Streeeeeeeeeeeeet!

THE JETS (CONT'D)

YEAH!

(*"Jet Song" ends.*)

Riff throws the brick he's holding towards the camera. Just as it flies past, cut to:

INT. DOC'S DRUGSTORE AND BASEMENT - LATE AFTERNOON

A can of kidney beans sails through the air and is caught by TONY, 18, Polish-American, powerful, smart, survivor of tough experiences. He puts the can in a open wooden crate in which there are many other cans. Holds his hand out for another.

TONY

Can?

Riff stands by a neatly-made cot in the corner. Next to the cot, a small lamp and crates holding old paperbacks and folded clothes: this is where Tony lives. Above his bed, pictures from magazines of outer space.

RIFF

Come on, just for a hour, only a little hour, you used to like dancin'! No monkeyshines -

TONY

C'mon, Riff. Can.

Riff blows a cloud of thick white dust off a can as he walks it over to Tony.

RIFF

Christ almighty, there's dust on everything, ever since -

Tony reaches for the can, but Riff pushes his arm aside.

RIFF (CONT'D)

I swear on what's holy, it is just girls sippin' punch and music and -

TONY
And the Sharks, and -

TONY (CONT'D)
- a rumble. You're on your own, pal-o-mine, you don't need me helpin ya screw up your life.

RIFF
And the spics, right, which all you gotta do is help me haggle over the terms of the rumble - you know how I get, I'll start runnin my mouth. You, you got *command*, you are West Side legendary! And *Tony! The Jets!* I give em my word you'd show!

TONY (CONT'D)
Why would you do that?

RIFF
Because, because it's a *rumble!* We need you if we're goin to war, you can't refuse us now. Because I know you, or I *thought* I did, before you got all... unlike yourself, before you went upstate.

A woman's voice calls from above through the cellar door:

VALENTINA (O.S.)
¡Tony, muévete!

TONY
(calling up:)
I'm comin'!

RIFF
It's like you're still in prison, and the old witch is the warden.

TONY
She gave me a job and a place to stay. She's always been there for me, like nobody else. So don't call her a -

RIFF
Oh, nobody, huh?

RIFF (CONT'D)
Thanks, pal, thanks a big fat lot -

TONY
You know I didn't mean you wasn't there. You was always there. Womb to tomb.

RIFF
Sperm to worm. So come with me to the dance, huh?

Tony tries to push him aside. Riff mockingly spins them into a brief waltz. Tony disengages and pulls a box from a shelf.

RIFF (CONT'D)

(beat)

Is it Graziella? Is that what's eatin you?

TONY

(a laugh)
No, it ain't Graziella. It's good you're keepin her company. Really.

RIFF (CONT'D)

She said that you said you and she was done even before you got, you know, locked up, and -

TONY (CONT'D)

It's cool, don't get all -
(gestures "obsessed, crazy")

- the way you get. Grazie's a great girl. And the Jets are the greatest, and you - you're like... you know, blood to me. But I'm scared of myself, Riff. What I done to that kid. What I almost done -

RIFF

You gotta get over that! What is the point in beating yourself up -

TONY

I wanna be... unlike how I was. Cuz I was disappearin down a sewer and takin you and everything with me.

TONY (CONT'D)

I had time, lots of it, locked up like that, and for the first time ever, I took a look inside, and that was rough, doin that, but - I gotta stay with myself. Know what I mean? Maybe stay by myself, just for -

VALENTINA (O.S.)

Tony? You comin?

RIFF

(calling up:)
He heard ya!

RIFF

Know what? You're just too deep for me, kid.

He blows dust off another can, walks with it towards the stairs with Tony trailing.

RIFF (CONT'D)

I don't know who I am, and who cares who I am? Nobody, includin me. I know that this dust that's covering everything now? That's the four-story buildings that was standing here when you went upstate a year ago. I wake up to everything I know

either gettin sold or wrecked or bein
taken over by people that I don't like.
And they don't like me. Know what's left
outa alla that? The Jets. *My guys*. My
guys who're just like me.

He slams the can down on a table in front of Tony.

RIFF (CONT'D)

Who are just like you.

Riff climbs the stairs leading up into the drugstore, leaving
Tony to call after him in frustration.

TONY

I can't go to the dance, Riff! My parole
officer said no goin out!

INT. DOC'S DRUGSTORE - NIGHT

The pharmacy this once was is evident from a wall of little
drawers behind a battered marble counter, but Doc's sells
mainly sodas, candy and notions, comics, magazine and
newspaper. There's an old jukebox and an older pinball
machine.

VALENTINA, careworn, elegant Puertorriqueña, 70s, is up on a
rickety ladder, is making room among other old cans for new
inventory.

VALENTINA

I told you I don't want you in my store.

RIFF

I'm a payin customer!

VALENTINA

You've been stealing from me since you
were six. Now get out, I mean it, and
leave Tony alone. He's not allowed to
associate with criminals.

Riff picks up a Milky Way bar and unwraps it as he saunters
towards the front door.

RIFF

Don't fall off that ladder. At your age?
Brittle bones, that's all I'm sayin -

Tony comes up from the cellar with a crate of merchandise
which he puts on the counter.

VALENTINA

You pay for that candy! Five cents, on
the counter!

RIFF

(taking a big bite, to

Tony:)

Stand me for a Milky Way, huh? Least you can do.

(opening the door:)

Womb to tomb. That wasn't never a joke for me.

TONY

Don't be like that! Just cause I can't go to a dance?!

Riff leaves. Valentina descends from the ladder.

VALENTINA

I don't tell you who to hang out with, but...

TONY

(caricaturing her accent:)

"Bu' dose boyssss are yuvenile delinquen'! Dey'rrrrrrre no goo' for jou and jou better wash ou'!"

VALENTINA

(making a fist, caricaturing his accent:)

"Hey, you make funna da way I tawk one more time, blondie!"

TONY

I'll gonna "tawk" to Riff, and tell him that he can't come in here and not pay.

VALENTINA

(tough, admonishing:)

Tony! Wake up. I know you love Riff. But he hates Puerto Ricans. That's not you.

TONY

Riff don't hate you.

VALENTINA

I married a gringo, he thinks that makes me a gringa. Which it don't. And I ain't.

TONY

Guys like Riff and me, when things ain't familiar we just got this instinct to, you know...

He punches his hand with his fist, then busies himself with the inventory.

VALENTINA

You, even as an angry little boy, somehow there was this... promise that you couldn't keep hidden, not from you. And sometimes I see you smiling like you're waiting for the, what do you call, Irish Sweepstakes instead of sweeping the floor like I pay you to do.

TONY

I sweep as good as you pay.

VALENTINA

Yeah?

TONY

Lookit.

He points to the shiny floor. Valentina looks down at her reflection in the polished floor, enchanted.

VALENTINA

Ooh. See? Promise! You bring dead floors back to life.

Tony's reflection joins hers.

VALENTINA (CONT'D)

Keep looking for better, mi milagro, like you always done.

As they look at their reflections, Tony is torn: She's right, he feels a new kind of hopefulness; but he's also afraid to give in to it because in his whole difficult life, nothing great has ever come his way before. He's caught between possibility and doubt.

("Something's Coming" begins:)

TONY

**Could be?
Who knows?**

Tony stands.

TONY (CONT'D)

**There's something due any day;
I will know right away -**

Valentina climbs the ladder, resuming her restocking.

TONY (CONT'D)

Soon as it shows.

Tony goes to Valentina and, hands around her waist, lifts her off the ladder, spinning her around:

TONY (CONT'D) VALENTINA
It may come cannonballin' (laughing, shouting:)
Down through the sky, ¡Espérate! ¡Para! ¡Ya!
Gleam in its eye,
Bright as a rose!

Tony gently sets Valentina down.

TONY (CONT'D)
Who knows...?

He goes to the counter and picks up the box of cans, then carries it to the ladder.

TONY (CONT'D)
It's only just out of reach,
Down the block, on a beach,
Under a tree.

Valentina watches as he strikes the floor with his sneaker and skateboards on the ladder the length of the store.

TONY (CONT'D)
I got a feeling there's a miracle due,
Gonna come true,
Coming to me!

Tony stops his glide near the end of the shelves. He begins placing cans, one by one, on an empty shelf.

TONY (CONT'D)
Could it be? Yes, it could.
Something's coming, something good,
If I can wait!

With his left foot he pushes against a shelf and sails on the ladder back towards the window, holding the now-empty crate.

TONY (CONT'D)
Something's coming. I don't know what it
is
But it is
Gonna be great!

The ladder jolts to a stop against the end of its track. Tony follows the ladder's trajectory, holding on with his right hand, pivoting out to his left, jumping down and landing on his left foot. He heads to the front door and pulls up the shade to look out at the city.

TONY (CONT'D)
With a click, with a shock -
Phone'll jingle,
Door'll knock -

He snatches up another crate and places it on the ladder, then pulls out a stool for Valentina to sit by him.

TONY (CONT'D)

**Open the latch!
Something's coming, don't know when, but
it's soon -**

He takes her hands in his.

TONY (CONT'D)

**Catch the moon,
One-handed catch.**

Tony starts to dance Valentina in a circle.

TONY (CONT'D)

**Around the corner,
Or whistling down the river,
Come on, deliver -**

He releases her and she sits, dizzy, catching her breath, on a chair at one of the tables.

TONY (CONT'D)

- To me...

He looks out the window past the neon sign at the darkening street.

TONY (CONT'D)

(quietly:)
**Will it be?
Yes, it will.
Maybe just by holding still
It'll be there.**

Tony hops up onto the pinball machine by the window. He pulls the ball-shooter-plunger on the pinball machine as he hops down and walks towards Valentina. As he moves towards her, the pinball machine behind him flashes its colored lights and sounds its bells and buzzes as the ball he's launched ricochets inside.

TONY (CONT'D)

**Come on, something, come on in, don't be
shy -
Meet a guy,
Pull up a chair.
The air is humming -
And something great is coming...**

He returns to the door and throws it open.

TONY (CONT'D)

(a grin, a shrug, spoofing
himself a little:)
Who knows?

INT/EXT. DOC'S DRUGSTORE - NIGHT

He turns and goes out the front door, leaving it open. She follows, watching him through the window.

TONY
**It's only just out of reach
 Down the block, on a beach...**

As Tony pulls the scissor-gate across the right-hand window.

TONY (CONT'D)
Maybe tonight...

As he pulls the gate across the left-hand window.

TONY (CONT'D)
Maybe tonight...

He steps just inside the store and pulls the third scissor-gate across the doorway, locking himself inside.

TONY (CONT'D)
Maybe toniiiiight...

Valentina pulls the cord, switching off the neon sign in the front window, and the store goes dark.

(*"Something's Coming" ends.*)

EXT./INT. FIRE ESCAPE, MARÍA'S BEDROOM AND THE REST OF ANITA'S AND BERNARDO'S APARTMENT, WEST 69TH - EVENING

MARÍA, 18, wearing a slip, on the fire escape outside her small bedroom, looking up at the sliver of sky banked by tenement rooftops.

From inside the bedroom:

ANITA (O.S.)
 ¡María!

María gives the city a last look, then climbs through the window into her bedroom.

ANITA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 ¡María, ya vienen por ahí! They're gonna be here in five minutes!

She picks up a party dress from her bed, then closes her window so she can see herself and the dress in the reflection. She makes a face and tosses the dress over her head and then flops down on the bed with it.

MARÍA
 Anita...

ANITA, 21, dressed to the nines, appears in the doorway to the bedroom, trying to fasten a necklace. She sees María, recumbent on the bed.

ANITA

Didn't you hear me?! What are you doing?

Anita drops the necklace on the bed and hauls limp, pouting María to her feet.

MARÍA

No, no, no. It looks like a shroud, it's so big and so white.

MARÍA (CONT'D)

It wouldn't look like a shroud if it was red.

ANITA

(crossing herself:)
No digas esas cosas, niña.
¿Qué te pasa? Con los muertos no se juega, ¿ah?

She pulls the dress over María's head. It's a little too big.

MARÍA (CONT'D)

¡Ay, este es el traje más ancho y más feo que he visto en mi vida!

ANITA

Sí. Trágica. Speak English.

MARÍA

In Gimbels there are lots of dresses that fit me.

ANITA

And you don't shop in Gimbels, you clean in Gimbels.

Anita zips up the dress and guides María back to the mirror.

ANITA (CONT'D)

Ahorrar tus chavitos, fancypants.

María sees her reflection and covers her face in frustration.

ANITA (CONT'D)

Ah, si... Ay, turn around!

Anita makes a couple of expert adjustments, then, inspiration: She takes off a broad red belt she's wearing and cinches it around María's waist. Instant improvement!

ANITA (CONT'D)

¡Mira qué bella!

She spins María back to the mirror. María checks herself out in the reflection.

María can't help herself; her scowl gives way to a huge grin. She throws her arms around Anita's neck.

MARÍA

¡Ay, Anita! ¡Me has salvado la vida!
¡Eres una santa!

ANITA

(wriggling loose:)

¡Ay! Don't mess up my hair!!! I just got it to act right. Okay. Get your shoes on, Bernardo will be so mad if we make him late. And I want to *dance*!

Anita leaves the room. María grabs the necklace and goes into the living room, past a boxing poster featuring a glowering "BERNARDO VASQUEZ" hanging above the sofa. María glances at it as she goes into Anita's and Bernardo's bedroom:

MARÍA

Bernardo's always mad. ¡Necesito lipstick! I'm too short. I need please, please, some lipstick and maybe some eyeliner!

Anita sits at her vanity, checking her hair. María comes up behind her and puts on the necklace.

MARÍA (CONT'D)

The boys think I'm a kid.

ANITA

You *are* a kid, kiddo.

MARÍA

I'm 18! I have a job! I've been taking care of papí since I was six! Bernardo thinks I'm a baby! I'm not a -

ANITA

Who cares what Bernardo thinks? Chino is the only boy who counts.

MARÍA

¡Ay, Chino! Mi primer baile en Nueva York and I have to go with that, that, that zángano and I don't want to.

ANITA

Not nice. Chino is a very sweet boy.

MARÍA

¡Y Bernardo es un dictador!

Anita gets up from the vanity, puts on a belt to replace the one she gave María. María takes Anita's place at the vanity. She tries on some of Anita's lipstick.

ANITA

You can't take that personally, he's got to be like that, it's how he got to be a great boxer. Everyone's afraid of him -

MARÍA

But I'm not.

BERNARDO (O.S.)

Anita, we're home.

The front door opens. María snatches a kleenex and hurriedly wipes the lipstick off. Anita looks over her shoulder in the vanity mirror.

In the other room, Bernardo comes through the front door, trailed by CHINO, shy, serious, early 20s.

BERNARDO (CONT'D)

Are you ready? Chino's here.

Chino lingers in the doorway, nervous.

BERNARDO (CONT'D)

Dale, entra. You gotta dance with her ¡Júralo! Pero no te vayas a echar pa'trás como -

CHINO

I don't know how to dance.

BERNARDO

¡Ay! She's bossy, she's gonna show you how. Pero tú tienes que -

(he looks critically at Chino:)

¡Coño, Buddy Boy! Lo abotonaste mal. Don't move.

Bernardo hastily fixes Chino's shirt, which is misbuttoned. As he does:

CHINO

You always look out for me, you're the best friend I ever had.

CHINO (CONT'D)

I owe you so much. But I just wish -

BERNARDO

You're the *smartest* friend I ever had. María needs to meet smart guys like you.

CHINO (CONT'D)

Let me join the Sharks.

BERNARDO
 Ay, muchacho, not this again.
 No.

CHINO (CONT'D)
 Por favor, let me help you
 protect our people, let me do
 like you do -

BERNARDO (CONT'D)
 You keep out of that. It's stupid. We
 gotta do it, but it's stupid.

CHINO
 María can't like a lambeojo who just
 works day and night and never stands up
 like her brother does.

BERNARDO
 She says all the time she doesn't want
 anyone like me!

He heads to the fridge and pours a glass of water for Chino.

BERNARDO (CONT'D)
 Just be Chino, but be a Chino who dances.

Anita and María enter and Bernardo smoothly takes the glass
 from Chino.

ANITA
 (to the guys:)
 Preciosa, ¿ah?

BERNARDO
 (pleased, to María:)
 ¡Sí! ¡Bien linda! You look like Mami.

ANITA
 And Chino, ¡qué quapo!

Chino looks down.

BERNARDO
 He took off from night school just so he
 could take you to the dance.

As Anita ties a scarf around her hair, gets her purse, checks
 inside:

MARÍA
 (to Chino:)
 Gracias, Chino.

ANITA
 Sí, night school accounting and, and -
 Chino, what else are you learning about?

CHINO
 Adding machine repair?

ANITA

And just think, how many adding machines
in New York City? Chino's gonna be rich!

CHINO

Well, not exactly pero -

BERNARDO

Boxers get rich!

MARÍA

Boxers get their brains knocked out.

BERNARDO

(to Chino:)

Bossy, como te dije, y una wiseass.

(to María)

Óyeme bien: the gringos tonight, they
stare because -

ANITA

Oh like you don't stare?

BERNARDO (CONT'D)

- because our girls make
their girls look lousy.

(darkening:)

Si alguno de ellos te falta
el respeto - The first gringo
boy who smiles at you? I'll -

He feints and jabs; it looks lethal. Anita rolls her eyes.

ANITA (CONT'D)

¡Ay, Mr. Juvenile Delincuente!

Anita pulls Bernardo out the door.

BERNARDO (O.S.)

Vamos. I told you she likes him.

Once they're gone, María runs to the vanity and reapplies her
lipstick. Chino, bolder now that Bernardo's gone, waits by
the door, then unexpectedly executes a ridiculous/charming
formal bow, gesturing for her to precede him through the
door. María laughs, surprised.

(The introduction for "Dance at the Gym" begins:) María flips
off the light switch and leaves. Chino closes the door.

INT. A NARROW HALLWAY LEADING TO THE GYM - NIGHT

Anita, Rosalía, Luz and María are now joined by the other
Shark girls, Puertorriquenas and Nuyorican women mostly in
their teens, including CHARITA, CONCHI, CLARY, ILI, CUCA,
TATI, JACINTA, PILI, MONTSE, TERE, and ISA; the Sharks are
behind them. The whole group is moving towards closed double
doors. They burst through the doors and enter the gym.

**(The music explodes into the first dance section, "The
Blues":)** In front of bleachers, near the punchbowls and
snacks, a few male and female SOCIAL WORKERS in their 20s and
30s keep watch, along with four PATROLMEN positioned around

the hall. Krupke, in charge, stands by the door, drinking coffee.

On a stage opposite the doors, African-American, Puerto Rican and white MUSICIANS, *The San Juan Hill Serenaders* painted on a drum. The BAND LEADER's a cool Puerto Rican guy.

The JET GIRLS and the Jets are already there, jitterbugging athletically, fingers snapping. Riff and Graziella hold the center of the floor.

The Puerto Ricans stand near the door, unsure of what to do with themselves, not liking the music or the dancing or the dancers. Bernardo leads Anita towards the dance floor.

Meanwhile, Anybodys tries to move in to dance among the Jets. At the edge of the group, he invites a GIRL to dance, only to have A-Rab and Big Deal stop dancing with their girlfriends to push him off the floor.

Krupke shoulders past the Sharks, snagging a glass of punch from one of the women. He sniffs it for alcohol. Finding none, he offers it back, but she refuses and the Sharks move off.

As the Jets continue to occupy the floor, the other Sharks start openly imitating what the gringo kids are doing.

It starts to get crowded on the dance floor, Diesel bumps shoulders with a Shark and squares off with him.

DIESEL

How 'bout you gimme some room?!

BRAULIO

Tú estás metido en el medio, ¿qué te pasa?

Diesel's GIRL separates them and Bernardo and Anita move into the gap, followed by Chino and María.

A moment later, Bernardo and Anita take over the center of the dance floor with some athletic moves. Anita finishes a spin with a flourish and a smirk towards Graziella.

Jets and Sharks each lay claim to half the gym. Anita and Bernardo now share the center with Graziella and Riff. The boys bump and turn on each other, glowering.

RIFF

You wanna dance with me?

BERNARDO

¿Pero qué carajo quieres, gringo estúpido?

And now both groups surge forward. Krupke and other officers blow their whistles and try to separate everyone along with -

GLAD HAND, 30s, veteran social worker, hurries to the center of the floor. As he talks, the band leader slows down the music until it stops.

GLAD HAND

Everyone keep calm now! Contain the aggression, okay?!

Krupke joins him.

SERGEANT KRUPKE

Whatsa matter with you guys? Pretty girls wantin' a dance, 'n all yiz can think of is to beat up on each other?

GLAD HAND

Thank you officer. Alright, *alright!* So tonight is a social experiment, boys and girls, brotherhood and all that, and you're the guinea pigs.

Oinking from the kids.

GLAD HAND (CONT'D)

Thank you, right on cue. Be nice to each other, give us some hope, just for a little bit. Then you can revert back to your true feral selves. Now: Boys get into a big circle facing in -

Groans, booing. They all know how this works and hate it.

GLAD HAND (CONT'D)

- and girls make a smaller circle on the inside, facing out -

FLACO

(to Glad Hand:)

¡Pérate, 'pérate! ¿Y a usted dónde le toca?

Laughter from Sharks.

GLAD HAND

(to Flaco:)

Speak English at school-sponsored functions. Now everyone please -

SERGEANT KRUPKE

You heard the man! All yiz FALL IN!

Bernardo and Anita come forward; Bernardo looks mockingly at Riff. Riff and Graziella take their places next to Bernardo

and Anita. The two gangs follow their leaders, forming circles.

María moves to join the circles, but a nervous Chino, holding her hand, retreats to the periphery of the gym. Stranded on the outside, María pulls her hand from Chino's grasp.

With everyone in place, Glad Hand cues the BANDLEADER and the music starts.

(*"The Promenade" begins:*) Everyone complies with Glad Hand's bellowed instructions:

GLAD HAND
(over the music:)
Boys step it right, girls left, and when
the music stops, you dance with whoever's
in front of you.

On the periphery, a FEMALE SOCIAL WORKER and COP hassle Anybodys for trying to get into the boys' circle.

The music stops, and everyone pauses, awkwardly paired up with partners from the rival gangs. Anita breaks the moment by calling out to Javi, the drummer/bandleader:

ANITA
¡Oye, Javi! ¡Ponle fuego, vamos!

Javi launches into a hot bongo solo. The couples pair up, unmixed as before. The Puerto Ricans move to the drum; the whites parody or imitate them.

(*The "Mambo" section begins:*) The Puerto Ricans know the steps and take over the floor.

GLAD HAND
Come on, give it a chance!

He's hustled out of the way as the two groups square off.

THE PUERTORRIQUEÑAS
¡MAMBO!

JET GIRLS
(imitating them:)
MAMBO!!

SHARKS AND PUERTORRIQUEÑAS
¡GO!

Both groups take to the floor, dancing aggressively. Suddenly, Riff spots someone off to the side.

RIFF
TONY!

He races over to Tony, but Anybodys gets there first. He beams as Tony greets him with a hug.

TONY
Anybodys!

Then Riff rushes in to embrace his friend.

TONY (CONT'D)
Whoa!

RIFF
I knew you'd come, buddy boy. I knew you'd come!

Graziella's flustered; it's painfully clear that she still has a thing for Tony. She's about to say something, only to be pulled onto the dance floor by an oblivious Riff.

RIFF (CONT'D)
(to Tony)
Hey, come and dance, yeah? Yeah!

Tony finds a spot on the sideline, next to Krupke, Glad Hand, and the Female Social Worker, with Anybodys in his orbit. He begins to enjoy himself, watching as the Puertorriqueñas sweep across the floor in a line.

THE PUERTORRIQUEÑAS
¡MAMBO!

The Sharks charge across the floor in a line, just like the Shark girls.

SHARKS
¡MAMBO!

RIFF
Alright, let's go boys.

With a roar the Jets and their dates rush the floor. The Sharks retreat as the Jets take a turn. As the Jets withdraw, Riff lingers and is immediately fronted by two Quique and Braulio.

RIFF (CONT'D)
Hey, I just want to give him a talk real quick. Hey, Bernardo!

GRAZIELLA
Riff!

She leaps into Riff's arms and into a spin, "accidentally" kicking Braulio.

BRAULIO
¡Conmigo no!

Quique has to hold him back from retaliating.

María watches from the side, enthralled by the energy, while Chino skulks behind her. The two gangs form circles around their lead couples as they display their finest moves.

Chino turns back to María; he summons his nerve, and suddenly strips off his jacket!

He throws it down at her feet and starts to do a a goofy/ballsy rooster dance, head bobbing, hands clapping, more flamenco/jitterbug than mambo. María is astonished, thrilled. Bernardo, Anita and the other Puertorriqueños encircle Chino and María, clapping hands; even some of the gringo kids join in, then -

The Sharks and some Jets pick up Chino's moves, the girls improvising moves of their own, and the floor becomes thoroughly mixed. María dances with a triumphantly-beaming Chino; she's enjoying herself.

Tony stands with Anybodys, who smiles, happy to be in his company - Tony's always liked and accepted him.

Then: For the first time, Tony sees María, dancing with Chino. Something about her, the way she's moving to the music, the sense that she's trapped with this other guy - she makes an impression on him. Tony drifts away from Anybodys on the periphery of the dance floor, focused on María. Riveted.

And now María sees Tony, fixed on her. She's struck by him as well. Their eyes lock as bodies surge between them. She smiles, then for a moment seems troubled by something, a fleeting shadow across her happiness. The two lock eyes and start walking along the edge of the crowd, pacing each other, both heading for the bleachers at the end of the hall.

Under the bleachers, standing among folded-up collapsible platforms, María and Tony face one another. Neither knows what to say or do.

(The "Cha-Cha" starts:) María moves to the music, showing Tony the steps, which he picks up quickly. They pause to take each other in.

TONY

Funny, I wasn't plannin on showin up tonight.

MARÍA

You don't like dancing?

TONY

No, I mean, yeah, I like it, I like it a lot, dancin with you. It's just...

(a beat, staring at her:)

You're, um...

MARÍA
You're *tall*.

TONY
Yeah I know. You're... not.

MARÍA
You're not Puerto Rican.

TONY
You just figurin that out?

MARÍA
From down here I wasn't sure.

TONY
Is it OK? That I'm not?

MARÍA
I don't know. Creo que sí, pero...como yo nunca - Since I never seen you before. This is my first time dancing in New York City, so you tell me. Is it OK?

TONY
Not much I can do about it, but -

María suddenly tries to kiss Tony. Startled, he pulls back.

TONY (CONT'D)
Sorry, you just, caught me by surprise is all. I'm a by-the-book type, so -

MARÍA
By the book?

TONY
Try me again?

They move in. They kiss. They're interrupted by Luz, hissing at María from outside the bleachers.

LUZ (O.S.)
¡María! ¡María! ¿Qué haces? ¡Sal de ahí ahora mismo!

Luz steps back, concerned, as Bernardo charges towards the bleachers.

BERNARDO
¡María!
(to Luz:)
¿Dónde está mi hermana?

Under the bleachers, María pulls away from Tony and races out to intercept her brother. Tony doesn't move, stunned, unsteady.

TONY
 (to himself:)
 María.

As if waking up, he goes in pursuit of her.

INT. THE GYM - NIGHT

(“Dance at the Gym” continues in the background under the following:) María emerges from the bleachers and tries to move past Bernardo, who takes her arm.

BERNARDO
 ¿Estás bien?

MARÍA
 Sí, estoy bien. ¿Y Anita?

But then Tony casually ambles out and Bernardo darkens. Tony strolls up and extends a hand to shake.

TONY
 Oh, I’m glad to meet ya.

Bernardo angrily shoves Tony hard against the bleachers.

BERNARDO
What were you doing under there with my sister?!

María puts herself between Bernardo and Tony as others start to converge.

MARÍA
 ¡Bernardo! No, no, no, ino me María!
 hizo nada!

BERNARDO (CONT'D)

ANITA
 (to María, a quiet but
 intense warning:)
 Déjalo quieto. No digas nada.

Bernardo advances towards Tony, fists doubled. María gets in between them, standing against Tony to protect him. Krupke steps in between, pushing Bernardo back.

TONY
 I wasn’t doin’ nothin.
 (to Krupke:)
 Back off, asshole.

BERNARDO (CONT'D)
 ¡Oye! ¡No me toques! ¡No me toques!

SERGEANT KRUPKE
 (to Tony:)
 You oughta know better! Aint you learned nothing?

BERNARDO (CONT'D)
 (to María:)
 ¿Tú conoces al pendejo ese?
 ¿Tú no sabes lo que él quiere?

TONY

(to Bernardo:)

I didn't mean no disrespect, I just wanted to dance with her.

BERNARDO

She don't wanna dance with you,
American!!

BERNARDO (CONT'D)

Keep away from her!
(spitting:)
¡Hijueputa!

GLAD HAND

Aww, come on, we're all
Americans, right?

SERGEANT KRUPKE

Now that sounded kinda rough, Bernardo.
Yiz gonna fight or yiz gonna dance, cuz
if its fightin you want -

ANITA

(to Bernardo:)
Ya, tranquilo, que no pasó
nada.

GRAZIELLA

I wanna dance, goddammit!!!
Goddammit Riff! You swore to
me you wasn't startin nothin,
you promised we could dance
first and *then* you was only
gonna challenge 'em peaceable
to a -

RIFF

(cutting her off)
I'm here to dance, girly
girl, ain't that what we been
-

SERGEANT KRUPKE

(to Graziella:)
Challenge who to what?

CHINO

(to María:)
María, ¿te quieres quedar o
te llevo a la casa?

MARÍA

(turning to Tony:)
Gracias por bailar conmigo.
Thank you for the dance.

GRAZIELLA (CONT'D)

(realizing she's said
too much:)
Like *I* know? Like he tells me
anything? Like I give a -

TONY

Sure, I mean, thank *you* for the dance and
for -

Bernardo lunges again at Tony. Riff gets in between them,
then whispers to Bernardo:

RIFF

What say... What say we visit the head? A
little pow-wow, friendly-like? You, me,
and -

(to Tony:)
- my trouble-makin buddy here?

Bernardo exits with Quique and Braulio in tow. Krupke eyes them suspiciously as they go.

Riff follows with Ice and Action. He stops when he sees that Tony has drifted away, back towards María. Anita smoothly steps in between them, saying to Tony:

ANITA
Do you wanna start World War Three?

As she takes María's arm, Anita shoots Tony an appraising glance; liking what she sees, she says to María:

ANITA (CONT'D)
¡Ay, María, María, María, me quedo boba!

Anita guides her out with Chino trailing behind them, leaving Tony smitten. Riff and the Jets wait for him at the doors.

RIFF
Tony, c'mon.
(after no response)
Tony. C'mon.

Tony looks to Riff, then back to where María just exited. He decides to follow her.

RIFF (CONT'D)
You walkin' away?! Hey, c'mon, man!

(*"Dance at the Gym" ends.*)

EXT. OUTSIDE THE SCHOOL - NIGHT

Tony runs out onto the sidewalk. He looks in both directions for María. She's gone. Frustrated, Tony loosens his tie and walks off into the night.

INT. IN THE BOYS BATHROOM - NIGHT

Bernardo, Braulio and Quique; Riff, Ice and Action.

QUIQUE
You want to fight, right?

ICE
Not here. We gotta set it up.

BERNARDO
Set it up? You mean... Like a date?

RIFF
Alla you, and alla us.

BERNARDO

We're busy guys, we got jobs. Why should we play on the playground with a buncha little -

RIFF

Control a your territory, that's what you get. We keep clear outa yer way, yer Jet-free. *If* you win. We win, you see us comin - and we will keep comin - you Sharks make like the rats and skedaddle.

BERNARDO

Where?

RIFF

The river.

BERNARDO

The docks.

RIFF

The underpass.

BERNARDO

The railyards.

RIFF

The salt shed.

BERNARDO

(to Braulio and Quique:)
¿Dónde queda eso?

RIFF

Donde esta 57th and the river.

QUIQUE

Hey!

Quique steps up to Riff, offended. Bernardo restrains him. Riff extends his hand to seal the deal.

RIFF

Midnight tomorrow.

Bernardo shakes.

RIFF (CONT'D)

Weapons?

BERNARDO

Fists.

RIFF

Rocks.

BERNARDO
Bricks.

RIFF
Pipes.

BERNARDO
Chains.

RIFF
Knives?

ICE
We don't need no -

RIFF (CONT'D)
You boys love your knives.

BERNARDO
(to Braulio:)
Tanta mierda que hablan estos gringos que
si navaja, que si mierda, pero cuando ven
sangre se cagan encima.
(to Riff:)
Better without knives.

RIFF
Better for who is the
question comes to mind but -
No knives. And no jazz till
then. Copasetic?

ICE
Then it's settled, no -

Riff holds out his hand; with some reluctance, Bernardo
shakes it. Bernardo, Braulio and Quique leave the bathroom.

ICE (CONT'D)
Riff, I don't know, that
about knives, that was -

ACTION
Them spics sleep with their
switchblades in their teeth,
they ain't gonna leave their
knives at -

RIFF
Action, Action -

Bernardo puts his head back in and says to Riff.

BERNARDO
Your friendly friend?

RIFF
What about him?

BERNARDO
I'll see him tomorrow night?

RIFF
You bet your ass.

BERNARDO
Tell him...

RIFF

Tony.

BERNARDO

Tell *Tony* I look forward to that.

EXT. A BASKETBALL COURT - NIGHT

The basketball court is enclosed by the school and a high fence. Tony's outside, clutching the fence, staring in at the empty court. He gives it a fierce shake and hangs from it, pressing against it. He closes his eyes and quietly calls:

TONY

María...

("Maria" begins [When her name appears in the songs, "Maria" is unaccented, as it is the published lyrics:])

TONY (CONT'D)

The most beautiful sound I ever heard.**María.**

(a little louder:)

María!

(a little louder:)

María!

He listens, and from the opposite wall:

A FAINT ECHO

María...

TONY

All the beautiful sounds of the world in a single word:**María!**

ECHO

María!

TONY

María!

ECHO

María!

TONY AND ECHO TOGETHER

María! María!

The floodlights on the basketball court come on!

TONY

María!**I've just met a girl named María!**

A SCHOOL CUSTODIAN, 50s, opens the doors, broom and ashcan in hand. Tony announces his astonishingly great news!!

TONY (CONT'D)

**And suddenly that name
Will never be the same
To me.**

The custodian looks at this crazy kid, slack-jawed.

TONY (CONT'D)

**Maria!
I just kissed a girl named Maria!
And suddenly I've found
How wonderful a sound
Can be**

He turns away from the custodian, and finds himself...

EXT. VERDI SQUARE, WEST 72ND AND BROADWAY - NIGHT

It's Needle Park, grim, littered. Tony's at the base of the Verdi memorial, next to the statue of Leonora. An OLDER WOMAN on a park bench feeds the pigeons. The birds scatter as Tony approaches.

TONY

**Say it loud and there's music playing...
Say it soft and it's almost like praying.
Maria...
I'll never stop saying Maria!**

He comes to a locked chain link fence, climbs over it and leaps from the top.

EXT. AN ALLEY BEHIND TENEMENTS OFF WEST 68TH STREET - NIGHT

Tony runs down a narrow alley, calling up, searching for her:

TONY

**Maria!
Maria!
Maria, Maria!**

From windows up and down the alley, several PUERTORRIQUEÑAS of various ages, all named Maria, look out from windows.

TONY (CONT'D)

**Mariiiiiiiiiiiiiiaaaaaaaaaa!
Mariiiaaa!!!
Mariiiaaaa!!!
Mariiiiiiiiiiiiiia,
Maria!
Say it loud and there's music playing,
(getting quiet)
Say it soft and it's almost like
praying...**

Some of the women have gone back inside, giving up on this crazy guy.

TONY (CONT'D)
 (closing his eyes:)
Maria...
I'll never stop saying Maria!

EXT. AN ALLEY, WEST 69TH STREET - NIGHT

Tony walks down the alley:

TONY
The most beautiful sound I ever heard.

Two stories above Tony, unseen by him, a light comes on in a small window.

TONY (CONT'D)
Maria....

("Maria" ends:) And María steps onto the fire escape outside her bedroom, still in her dance dress. She shivers in the cold.

Tony is about to climb back over the chainlink fence when -

MARÍA
 (startled:)
 ¿Quién es?

TONY
 It's me!

MARÍA
 Are you crazy? You can't - what are you doing, spooking around como si fuera una rata! ¿Cómo supiste dónde vivo?

TONY
 Come down! Meet me on the corner.

MARÍA
 ¡Tú no puedes estar aquí!

TONY
 What's that mean?

MARÍA
 It means go away!

TONY
 Can I come up?

MARÍA
 No!

TONY
 But I found you!

MARÍA

Please. My brother's so angry now, he might -

TONY

I'll make him like me. Everybody does.

MARÍA

There's nobody who everybody likes.

TONY

Yeah, but... So long as you like me, I'm OK with that.

MARÍA

¡Shh! ¡No hables! Tienes que... Please, you have to go.

Instead, Tony doffs his jacket and starts to climb the fire escape.

MARÍA (CONT'D)

¡Ay Dios mío! ¡No, no, no, no...!

In the apartment behind María, the door opens and shuts, then:

BERNARDO (O.S.)

María! We're home!

She immediately goes in through the window, tiptoes to her bedroom door. She hides behind it, listening:

ANITA (O.S.)

Need a little rum? It'll help you sleep.

BERNARDO (O.S.)

Who needs to sleep? Oye, nena, ven pa'cá.

ANITA (O.S.)

(a laugh, then:)

Not out here, in the bedroom.

Bernardo and Anita go into their bedroom, closing their door. María's closes her door quietly, then goes back out on the fire escape. She looks around, but she can't see Tony.

MARÍA

¿Dónde estás? Where are you? ¡Ay!

She looks down; Tony's on the landing below hers. He shakes the gate with a rusty old padlock that bars entrance to María's landing.

TONY

Locked?

María kneels. They speak through the iron slats of the landing.

MARÍA

Sí, but there's no key.

TONY

That's against the law, you oughta report that.

MARÍA

OK I will. Please, go, or something bad will happen if you don't -

TONY

Run away with me.

María laughs.

TONY (CONT'D)

I'm serious! Don't laugh!

MARÍA

(mock-serious)

Sí. Serious! Maybe tomorrow I'll run away with you!

TONY

Tomorrow. Deal.

He reluctantly starts to descend.

MARÍA

Wait!

He stops and immediately returns. He tries to see her through the grate.

MARÍA (CONT'D)

Tomorrow...where?

TONY

I can't...see you.

He looks around then sees that an old plank's been laid between the landing's railing and the railing of an adjacent fire escape. He starts across the plank.

MARÍA

Careful!

He turns and looks up at her, standing on the adjacent fire escape's railing. She leans over, looking at him.

MARÍA (CONT'D)

What's your name?

He smiles - her asking is important. He presents himself to her.

TONY

Tony.

MARÍA

(a beat:)

I'll see you tomorrow, Tony.

TONY

Promise me?

MARÍA

What?

TONY

You gotta see me tomorrow. Nobody else.
Only me.

("Tonight" begins:)

MARÍA

(lightly teasing him)

**Only you, you're the only thing I'll see
Forever.
In my eyes, in my words and in everything
I do,
Nothing else but you
Ever!**

TONY

**And there's nothing for me but Maria,
Every sight that I see is Maria.**

MARÍA

Tony, Tony...

Tony walks as he sings to her, back across the plank, stopping midway.

TONY

**Always you, every thought I'll ever know -
Everywhere I go, you'll be.**

MARÍA

All the world is only

TONY AND MARÍA

You and me!

Tony reaches the railing of María's fire escape.

MARÍA

**Tonight, tonight,
It all began tonight,
I saw you and the world went away.**

He makes it back to the grate and reaches up through it.
María interlaces her fingers with his.

MARÍA (CONT'D)

**Tonight, tonight,
There's only you tonight,
What you are, what you do, what you
say.**

Tony grabs hold of the sides of María's railing, and using the brace, hoists himself till he's holding on to her railing, his feet on the brace, chest high above her railing.

TONY

**Today, all day I had the feeling,
A miracle would happen -
I know now I was right.**

For both of them, excitement and danger and proximity start to move their playfulness gradually into something bigger, wilder, scarier, more wonderful.

TONY (CONT'D)

**For here you are
And what was just a world is a
star,
Tonight!**

Tony pulls himself up, climbs over the rail till he's standing on María's landing with her. They gaze at each other through the steps of the ladder.

MARÍA

**Tonight, tonight,
The world is full of light...**

TONY

With suns and moons all over the place.

María steps around the ladder to take Tony's hands. They stand in the shadows at the farther end of the landing.

MARÍA AND TONY

**Tonight, tonight,
The world is wild and bright,
Going mad, shooting sparks into space.**

TONY

**Today the world was just an address,
A place for me to live in,
No better than alright...**

MARÍA

**But here you are
And what was just a world**

MARÍA AND TONY

**Is a star
Tonight!**

They kiss, deep, hungry, passionate. Then María hears a voice, calling through María's bedroom door:

BERNARDO (O.S.)
¡María! ¡Vente pa'dentro!

MARÍA
¡Sí, ya voy! ¡Me estoy vistiendo!

María pulls slowly away from Tony.

MARÍA (CONT'D)
Tomorrow.

TONY
Tomorrow.

MARÍA
Sí.

Reluctantly he climbs over the railing and starts to descend. She calls to him:

MARÍA (CONT'D)
Wait!

He's back instantly, hanging off her railing, again supported by the brace.

MARÍA (CONT'D)
What time?

TONY
Tomorrow night?

MARÍA
I work.

TONY
2 o'clock! PM! 72nd Street subway
station. Uptown side.

MARÍA
Sí, sí. Ok...

He starts to lower himself again. Again, as soon as she loses eye contact, she calls:

MARÍA (CONT'D)
Wait! Wait!

And he clambers back again. He waits.

MARÍA (CONT'D)
I forgot why I called you.

TONY
I'll wait till you remember.

MARÍA
Tony is... Antonio?

TONY
Anton.

MARÍA
Te adoro, Anton.

He's pierced through.

TONY
Te adoro, María.

TONY AND MARÍA
**Good night, good night,
Sleep well and when you dream,
Dream of me,
Tonight...**

They kiss, then separate, and:

(*"Tonight" ends:*)

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAWN

Buildings stand in stark silhouettes against the rising sun.

GARBAGE MEN go about their rounds. A SHOPKEEPER sweeps the street. A PAPERBOY walks up the stairs to deliver a paper to an OLDER WOMAN on her stoop.

INT. MARÍA'S BEDROOM, BERNARDO AND ANITA'S APARTMENT - EARLY MORNING

María is asleep atop her covers, still in her dress from last night. Her window's still open, the thin curtains hanging limp in front of it.

(*The "Scherzo" from Bernstein's Symphonic Dances from West Side Story:0:00-0:11:*) A light summer breeze catches the curtains, making them lift and fall. The breeze gets stronger, playing with María's hair.

0:12-0:17: She opens her eyes, looking around the room, waking up from a very nice dream. She sits up, excited.

0:18-0:28: She gets out of bed, stretches, looks down at her dress, wrinkled now, but seeing it makes her very happy. She hugs herself.

0:29-0:34: She goes to the window and looks out at the fire escape. She cups her face in her hands, overwhelmed, blushing.

0:35-0:37: She twirls wildly around the room, and then stops when -

0:38-0:47: from outside her closed bedroom door she hears:

ANITA (O.S.)
¡María! Breakfast, niña!

0:48-0:54: María scrambles out of her party dress and into a nightgown, mussing her hair to look even more like she's just woken up, then she rolls around on her bed to muss the sheets and hurries out her bedroom door. (*The "Scherzo" ends.*)

INT. SEWING ROOM AND KITCHEN, BERNARDO'S AND ANITA'S APARTMENT - EARLY MORNING

Anita, an apron stained with dye colors covering her housedress, wearing rubber gloves, lifts several yards of dyed silk from their cool water dye-setting bath in the kitchen sink.

BERNARDO
Last night I dreamed I was back in Puerto Rico. In my dream we had six kids.

ANITA
Six kids? Marry a cat.

Anita carefully wrings water from the silk, and then carries it to her sewing room, hanging it from clothesline she's stretched from wall to wall; other yards of drying silk are already hanging about the room - she's been at this for a couple of hours. Pages of *El Diario* are strewn on the floor under the silks to catch the dripping water.

On the stove and elsewhere in the kitchen, big aluminum pots containing the now-cold dye baths, and boxes of Rit dye. Bernardo has cleared two burners on the stovetop; water is heating in a small pot for coffee as he scoops a spoonful of lard into a pan.

There's a smaller apron draped over one of the chairs at the table.

As he retrieves eggs from the refrigerator and places them on the table:

BERNARDO
I've been asking you for five years!

ANITA
Ha ha ha you want to marry me? Then leave the gringos alone.

María enters in her bathrobe. She goes to the stove and, without looking or speaking to Bernardo, takes the eggs from the table to the stove. Bernardo goes to Anita, who's hanging up the silk, smoothing out the wrinkles.

BERNARDO

I'm gonna make quick work of the Jets.

ANITA

You sound like the funny papers. "The Jets!"

BERNARDO (CONT'D)

- y después - Poquito a poco te voy a hacer todo eso, esas cositas que te encantan.

He embraces her from behind and whispers into her ear:

BERNARDO (CONT'D)

...Anita María Teresa
Josefina Etcetera...

ANITA (CONT'D)

(succumbing to him:)
English. We gotta practice.

They kiss. It gets hot. The pot on the stove boils. María scoops ground coffee into the boiling water and returns to the eggs.

MARÍA

Good morning?
(they keep kissing)
I'm right here.

Before she lets him go, Anita whispers seductively, imploringly to Bernardo:

ANITA

Hazme feliz esta noche. Stay here and don't fight?

He kisses her again.

MARÍA

(to Anita:)
What fight?

Anita removes her rubber gloves.

BERNARDO

Don't worry about that.

MARÍA

You don't have a fight till next week, the match with that Thompson guy, what was his name?

ANITA

(to María:)
Your brother has something to say to you.

As María carries the pot with the coffee to the table and pours it through a cheesecloth over the mouth of a coffee

pot, Anita gestures to Bernardo: "Tell her!" Then, removing the apron and gloves as she goes, Anita heads into her bedroom, leaving the door partially open.

BERNARDO

(to María:)

I apologize. For behaving last night like a, like a, a -

ANITA (O.S.)

(shouting from the bedroom:)

Like a gangster!

BERNARDO

Sí, como un gángster.

María goes back to the eggs.

MARÍA

It was embarrassing.

ANITA (O.S.)

(calling from the bedroom:)

And he's apologizing.

BERNARDO

Perdón.

MARÍA

I'm a grown up now, Bernardo. I can dance with anyone I like.

BERNARDO

As long as he's Puertorriqueño.

MARÍA

But *why*? Tony's a nice boy!

BERNARDO

"¡Tony!"

(to Anita:)

¿Oíste eso? "¡Tony!"

MARÍA

Tony. Who cares if he's a - I don't know what he is, a, a yanqui -

As Bernardo sits at the table, pouring himself a cup of coffee, he says to María:

BERNARDO

He's a Polack. That's what he is. A big dumb Polack!

Anita puts her head partly through the crack in the door.

ANITA

Polack! Says the Spic! Now you sound like a real American!

Anita retreats into the bedroom to finish dressing.

BERNARDO

I don't want you to marry a gringo.

MARÍA

Marry him?! I danced with him, Bernardo! For a, a *minute* until you - You're crazy, I can't talk to you anymore!

(to Bernardo:)

¡Ya no lo soporto! ¡No soy una bebé! I was okay on my own, just me and Papí for five years without you while you came here, where you do everything you want, you study, you make money -

Anita comes out of the bedroom in her dress.

ANITA

And he boxes.

MARÍA

¡Sí! And you have your boxing!

ANITA

And he fights in the streets!

MARÍA

(to Bernardo, severely:)

Don't fight with the Jets. ¡Mami estaría avergonzada!

BERNARDO

(to María:)

I want you to be happy. Te quiero mucho y tengo que proteger -

Anita slams a plate of eggs on the table in front of him.

ANITA

Here! Dead man! Eat your eggs! And everyone, speak English!

MARÍA

Yo también te quiero mucho. But I'm here too, and I want to make a life, a home, maybe go to City College like Rosalía's cousin Virginia. I want to be happy here!

BERNARDO

Pero Nueva York no te hace feliz -

ANITA

English!

BERNARDO

Puerto Rico, sí.

MARÍA

That's what you think! I'm gonna think for myself!

BERNARDO

(snapping!)

You keep away from him! Mientras tú vivas

-

(catching himself)

As long as you're in my house -

ANITA

This ain't your house! She pays rent here same as me and you!

BERNARDO

(to Anita:)

This is about family. Tú tienes que respe-

ANITA

Ah, ¿y ahora yo noy soy parte de la familia? ¿Y por qué? ¿¡Porque soy prieta!?

BERNARDO

¡Eso no es lo que quise decir! Anita, eso no -

(to María:)

¡Te prohíbo ver a ese estúpido Polack!

MARÍA

Maybe Chino and your friends fall down at your feet and maybe you scare the Americanos when you make fists and angry faces, pero yo no estoy interesada ni en boxeo ni en peleas. ¡Y tú no eres mi jefe! And I'm not interested in what you have to say.

María goes to her bedroom and slams the door. Bernardo, angry, dumbfounded, looks at Anita. She shrugs, takes the apron draped over the chair and puts it around her waist. Then, turning her back to him, she says:

ANITA

Amárrame eso.

As Bernardo complies, knotting the apron strings:

ANITA (CONT'D)

You want to know where my home is? It's where I pay rent. Right here, where I work my fingers raw mending pants and hemming neckties so that I can earn enough money to pay other girls to sew for me so that someday I can rent a shop of my own in this great big beautiful *Nueva York!*

Bernardo tries to kiss her neck, but she brushes him off.

ANITA (CONT'D)

Ah.

(turning to him)

And if you think that I'm going back home to Puerto Rico with six kids that I put to bed hungry every night, *amor de mi vida*, you're dreaming!

She passes through the silks back into her work room.

BERNARDO

In Puerto Rico our kids won't get fat like the kids in New York!

("America" begins:) The alley outside Anita's and Bernardo's bedroom. Clotheslines strung between pulleys are being reeled, laundry is being clothespinned in time to the opening beats of the song. There's a whole community waking up, women are doing laundry, people having coffee, reading papers, kids playing.

Anita steps out onto the fire escape, pulling in clean laundry, including some of Bernardo's boxing clothes. As she retrieves each item of laundry she drops it into a basket at her feet.

She's still angry, taking it out on the laundry.

ANITA

**Puerto Rico,
You lovely island,
Island of tropical breezes.
Always the pineapples growing,
Always the coffee blossoms blowing...**

Anita looks over to a PUERTORRIQUEÑA holding her CHILD on the fire escape of the building next to Anita's.

PUERTORRIQUEÑA WITH CHILD

And the money owing!

An older PUERTORRIQUEÑA one floor up above the woman and child leans out of her window:

OLDER PUERTORRIQUEÑA
And the babies crying!

One floor above Anita in her own building, a third PUERTORRIQUEÑA leans over her fire escape railing, fanning herself with a big paper fan:

PUERTORRIQUEÑA WITH FAN
And the people trying.

Anita sings up to her.

ANITA
I like the island Manhattan!

Rosalía, from her window one floor above Anita, calls out:

ROSALÍA
 I know you do!

Anita turns back into the bedroom, holding the last item from her clothesline: Bernardo's boxing trunks. Bernardo enters from the kitchen. Anita sings, loud enough to shut him up:

ANITA
Smoke on your pipe and put that in!

Anita throws the boxing trunks at Bernardo, then leaves the room. Bernardo throws the trunks on the floor and follows her out of the room.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING HALL - CONTINUOUS

Anita, Rosalía and Luz, dressed for shopping and errands, meet by the stairs and head down the hall together.

EXT. WEST 69TH IN FRONT OF THE APARTMENT BUILDING - MORNING

The women come out of their building, descend the stoop and start walking down the sidewalk. Anita's still caught up in the fight with Bernardo, who follows behind her.

ANITA
I like to be in America!

Illi, Conchi and Montse, dressed for shopping and work, are descending the adjacent stoop; they join in with Anita, Luz and Rosalía.

ANITA, LUZ, ROSALÍA, ILLI, CONCHI AND
 MONTSE
OK by me in America!

A third stoop: Tati, Clary, Charita descend and join:

ALL THE PUERTORRIQUEÑAS
Everything free in America!

The group pushes ahead. Bernardo, coming up behind Anita with Braulio and Quique, whispers to her:

BERNARDO
For a small fee in America.

Anita pushes him away and continues her walk, as two COPS approach behind the Sharks, patrolling their beat. They regard Bernardo and the others suspiciously. The Sharks, carrying boxing gear for the gym, hustle away.

EXT. A NEIGHBORHOOD FABRIC STORE - MORNING

Fabric is being packed into shopping bags by a WHITE STORE OWNER, who's set up a table displaying his wares on the sidewalk outside his shop. He beams at Anita as she signs a credit slip, picks up several of the bags, and joins Rosalía and Luz looking at bolts of fabric nearby.

ANITA
Buying on credit is so nice!

Bernardo picks up the receipt, looks at it, and brandishes it at the Shopkeeper.

BERNARDO
One look at us and they charge twice!

The Shopkeeper snatches the receipt from Bernardo and, scowling, stuffs it in the remaining bag for Anita.

ROSALÍA
I have my own washing machine!

BERNARDO
What do you have though to keep clean?

Anita shoves her bad into his arms and walks off.

Rosalía sticks her tongue out at Bernardo as the three women turn on their heels and march off down the street.

EXT. BROADWAY AND WEST 67TH STREET - MORNING

Anita, Luz and Rosalía dance in the middle of Broadway. Anita points out marvels to Bernardo:

ANITA, ROSALÍA AND LUZ
Skyscrapers bloom in America!
Cadillacs zoom in America!
Industry boom in America!

The Sharks suddenly swoop in to closely surround Anita.

THE SHARKS
Twelve in a room in America!!

Anita pushes past them and heads to the opposite corner, at a long plywood fence emblazoned with **LINCOLN TOWERS APARTMENTS AVAILABLE MAY 1958**; atop the sign is a plywood skyline of the new developing West Side. Behind the fence the beginnings of construction are visible.

ANITA

Lots of new housing with more space.

In front of the fence, Puerto Rican community activists are demonstrating, holding signs **BASTA DESALOJO NO! LA COMUNIDAD NO SE VENDE! /NO MORE EVICTIONS! OUR COMMUNITY IS NOT FOR SALE! ¡ROBERT MOSES FUERA DE SAN JUAN HILL!; LUCHEMOS HASTA EL FINAL/FIGHT TO THE END! SHELTER BEFORE CULTURE! JUSTICIA PARA LOS INQUILINOS/JUSTICE FOR TENANTS!**

COMMUNITY ACTIVISTS

Lots of doors slamming in our face!

Anita gestures to the plywood skyline, showing Rosalía and Luz where she hopes to live:

ANITA

I'll get a terrace apartment.

From the other side of the facade, Bernardo pops up; he sings to Anita, parodying a thick Puerto Rican accent:

BERNARDO

Better get rid of your accent.

Bernardo hops over the facade as the ladies march past him on the street. Braulio and Quique join him as he follows the girls past the Lincoln Towers fence.

Anita, Luz and Rosalía cross in front of a squat two story building, adjacent to the Lincoln Towers site, untouched by the demolition and construction surrounding it. The door is bracketed by a sign - **GIMNASIO DE LOS HERMANOS RIVERA** - and a big cheaply printed poster advertising a boxing match, Bernardo prominently featured, mouthguard in, gloves raised.

On one side of the door, Anita, Rosalía and Luz turn to face Bernardo, Quique and Braulio. Anita sings to Bernardo:

ANITA, ROSALÍA AND LUZ

Life can be bright in America.

Chago, Manolo, Junior, Tino and Pipo pop out of the gym's doorway, joining in with Bernardo, Quique and Braulio:

BERNARDO, BRAULIO, QUIQUE, CHAGO, MANOLO,
SEBAS, JUNIOR, TINO AND PIPO

If you can fight in America!

Anita gestures to Bernardo to enter the gym:

ANITA
Life is alright in America!

Bernardo gestures for her to enter:

BERNARDO
If you're all white in America!

Anita laughs at this.

ANITA
 ¿Ah sí, Señor, y tu no eres hincho?

Their blocking and evading becomes a dance - their annoyance with one another giving way, though not entirely, to their enjoyment of their partnership. The other Sharks and Puertorriqueñas join in with them. Traffic comes to a standstill.

EXT. RIVERA BROTHERS GYM - MORNING

Quique holds focus mitts for Bernardo, who fires off a brisk combination.

BERNARDO AND QUIQUE
La la la la la America!

BERNARDO
America!

Anita shoves Bernardo aside and punches the mitts herself, finishing with a flourish.

PUERTORRIQUEÑAS
La la la la la America!

ANITA
America!

Quique shakes out his hand, stung by the blow.

QUIQUE
 Ay ay ay!

INT. RIVERA BROTHERS GYM - MORNING

Puerto Rican guys are working out with punching bags and jump ropes; in the ring a pair of YOUNG BOXERS spar. One knocks out the other as the ladies take up a position outside the ring.

ANITA AND LADIES
Here you are free and you have pride!

Bernardo follows her; Chago, Braulio and Quique follow him.

BERNARDO AND MEN
'Long as you stay on your own side.

Anita smirks at Bernardo and flounces away.

ANITA AND LADIES
Free to do anything you choose!

Bernardo and the men follow the women.

BERNARDO AND MEN
Free to wait tables and shine shoes!

EXT. THE BACK ALLEY OF THE GYM/WEST 68TH STREET MARKET - DAY

Anita walks briskly past trashcans, piles of garbage, Luz and Rosalía with her. Bernardo comes forward, pushing past Luz, Rosalía, Chago, Braulio and Quique, counting more reasons he hates America one his fingers.

BERNARDO
Everywhere grime in America!

ANITA
 ¡Cierto!

BERNARDO
Organized crime in America!

ANITA
 ¡Lo sé!

BERNARDO
Terrible time in America!

Anita stops abruptly, pivots to him, and puts one finger up against his lips.

ANITA
You forget I'm in America.

Anita turns again and resumes her determined walk. Luz and Rosalía walk past Bernardo, grinning now, nailed to the spot by his helplessness in the face of what she's said.

Anita, Rosalía and Luz turn off the alley onto a large ad hoc market that's spontaneously assembled itself on one of the leveled lots on West 68th Street, a smorgasbord of produce, especially Puerto Rican produce, fish, chickens, a couple of live goats, bootleg clothing and appliances. The Shark guys and Puertorriqueñas are there, shopping and browsing. Anita and Bernardo do a dance of shopping and teasing.

Suddenly he starts to move away, his turn to cross the street:

BERNARDO
I think I go back to San Juan.

ANITA
I know a boat you can get on!

SHARK LADIES
 BYE BYE!

BERNARDO
Everyone there will give big cheer!

SHARK MEN
 HEY!

Everyone cheers!

ANITA
Everyone there will have moved here.

SHARK LADIES
 Ooooo!

Anita and the girls flounce away, leaving the Sharks to comfort him over Anita's burn.

ANITA AND PUERTORRIQUEÑAS
 (taunting Bernardo:)
Ow! Ow! Ow!
Ow! Ow! Ow!
Ow! Ow! Ow!

The Sharks and Bernardo watch, enjoying the gotcha. The boys join in with the girls, moving up Amsterdam to West 69th Street. The street is crowded now with mostly PUERTO RICAN PEOPLE going to work, on errands - the daily life of the neighborhood. The dancers move in and among their neighbors.

SHARK MEN AND WOMEN
 Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey!

A great gathering of the residents of the neighborhood, a communal dance that expands till it overflows the street and the sidewalks! At the center of it all, Anita and Bernardo, orbiting one another, their opposing incommensurable dreams demanding space alongside their enormous love for one another, their fierce mutual need to conquer one another and their ferocious desire for one another, loss and anger and hope and joy all elements in the friction they generate, sending sparks shooting through the whole population of San Juan Hill, setting it afire!

The dancers block an intersection and the drivers of the stopped cars get out to join the impromptu party. Bernardo and Anita take center stage, finishing with a huge flourish and a passionate kiss. ("**America" ends.**")

INT. DOC'S DRUGSTORE - AFTERNOON

Valentina and Tony face each other in one of the booths. The coin trays for the jukebox and the pinball machine are on the table between them. Valentina counts the nickels by tens, then slides them towards Tony, who's putting them in rolls. There's a scrap of paper in front of him and a pencil behind his ear.

TONY

"I'm happy to see you again."

VALENTINA

"Me alegre verte de nuevo."

Tony takes the pencil and writes it down.

TONY

"Me... alegre..."

TONY (CONT'D)

"...verte... de nuevo."

VALENTINA

So, who are you so happy to see again?

TONY

Last one: "You look beautiful."

VALENTINA

¿De veras?

TONY

"De...veras."

VALENTINA

¿Una puertorriqueña?

Tony grins, shrugs. She looks very concerned.

TONY

I wanna do like Doc, find me a Puerto Rican gal!

VALENTINA

(shaking her head:)

Ay, Tony. You don't have enough troubles?

TONY

I don't want to jinx it but maybe I'm done with trouble?

VALENTINA

Oh, you are never done with troubles.
¡Nunca!

Her warning deflates him, but he pushes past it.

TONY
 "Nunca." "Nunca" means never?

VALENTINA
 Uh-huh.

She nods, resuming counting.

TONY
 What's forever?

She doesn't answer.

TONY (CONT'D)
 Like "I wanna be with you forever."

VALENTINA
 (rolls her eyes)
 You don't want to start maybe with "I
 like to take you out to coffee?"

TONY VALENTINA (CONT'D)
 No, come on, tell me how to - "I want to take you to Chock
 Full O Nuts for a cream
 cheese sandwich on raisin
 bread?"

TONY (CONT'D)
 This ain't casual like that!

VALENTINA
 "I want to be with you forever." Quiero
 estar contigo para siempre.

TONY
 (writing:)
 "Quiero estar con... con...?"

VALENTINA
 Contigo. "With you." Para siempre.

TONY
 (writing "contigo para,"
 then, as he writes the
 last word, he speaks it
 aloud:)
 Siempre.

VALENTINA
 Siempre. Forever.

INT. THE UPTOWN IRT PLATFORM, WET 72ND STREET STATION - DAY

Tony and María head down the stairs, arm in arm, to a crowded
 platform.

TONY

I want to show you something. It's a surprise, uptown.

María smiles faintly, nods vaguely. Tony's immediately concerned.

TONY (CONT'D)

You seem sorta -

MARÍA

There's a fight. Tonight. Between my brother and his friends, and your -

TONY

News to me.

MARÍA (CONT'D)

Your friend? Who helped you when Bernardo...

TONY (CONT'D)

Oh. Riff.

MARÍA (CONT'D)

Tell him - Riff - tell him not to.

The train pulls in.

MARÍA (CONT'D)

It's because of us they're gonna fight, ¿verdad?

As the train comes to a halt.

TONY

Get your brother to call it off.

The doors open. Tony gets on the train. María remains on the platform, hesitating. Tony nervously puts his hand on the door, ready to hold it open or step back out.

MARÍA

Bernardo's too angry.

The doors start to close; Tony blocks them.

TONY

Well Riff's angry too, so -
Come on.

María looks at him, then gets on board.

INT. ABOARD THE #1 TRAIN - DAY

María sits. Tony joins her. They ride in silence; then:

TONY

This place we're going? It's up past Harlem. It's practically at the tip of the island.

MARÍA

My brother, there's so much more against him than Riff, he's angry because -

TONY

The whole world has been against Riff since he was born.

MARÍA

Do you think it's easier for us?

TONY

Ah well, I think you come from families, homes. You and Bernardo, you have *hope*. You think Riff has that?

MARÍA

Riff *could* have hope if he didn't try to take hope from people he doesn't know!

TONY

Riff didn't start this, it was Bernardo, he came after *me* -

MARÍA

After Riff y su pandilla -

TONY (CONT'D)

- just 'cause I wanted to dance with you!

MARÍA (CONT'D)

Tony, if someone gets hurt because of what we do.

TONY

What'd we do to anyone?!

MARÍA

We don't do anything wrong, liking each other, pero -

TONY

María. I don't just *like* you.

MARÍA

We can't pretend what we do doesn't cause trouble!

They sit in silence.

TONY

I can't talk my guys out of makin trouble. Trouble is what they're made of.

INT. NYPD 21ST PRECINCT STATION HOUSE, WEST 82ND STREET - DAY

On pegs on the wall near the door, police raincoats, detectives' fedoras and jackets. In one corner, a mop in a

bucket. Krupke sits at the Day Sergeant's desk in the center of the main room, drinking coffee and talking to A PATROLMAN.

Anybodys is being led by a cop towards a bench on which a STREETWALKER sits, painting her nails. On the opposite bench sit Diesel, Big Deal, Baby John, who's terrified, and A-Rab, who watches with glee as Anybodys tries to sit with the other Jets but is forced by the cop to sit next to the streetwalker. The streetwalker offers Anybodys her nailpolish. Anybodys glares at her. A-Rab cackles.

ANYBODYS

(to A-Rab:)

Why don't you go suck a pickle?

BABY JOHN

You think we're goin to jail?

DIESEL

They're fishin is all, askin questions.

A-RAB

(pointedly to Baby John:)

Which we aint answerin.

In a cubicle behind the benches, DETECTIVE ONE is interrogating Balkan.

DETECTIVE ONE

So, you gonna tell me where and when the rumble's happening!

Balkan casually flips a coin. The Detective grabs him.

DETECTIVE ONE (CONT'D)

Or I'm gonna send you straight to the Tombs!

BALKAN

I don't know where the rumble is. I don't even know *what* a rumble is.

The Detective angrily slams down his file. Balkan just flips his coin while smirking at his boys in the main room.

In another cubicle, DETECTIVE TWO grills Mouthpiece.

MOUTHPIECE

Nah, they don't tell me nothin. They know I can't keep secrets.

DETECTIVE THREE

They tell you when to show up, right?
They -

MOUTHPIECE

No they don't, I just hang around until somebody says let's go.

DETECTIVE THREE

And then?

MOUTHPIECE

I go.

Back on the boys' bench:

BABY JOHN

(shaky voice:)

I can't go to jail, Deez!

A-RAB

Dry up, weepy, or else go sit on the ladies' bench with the other dickless wonder.

ANYBODYS

(to A-Rab)

Get stuffed, why doncha?

DIESEL

(to A-Rab:)

Leave her be! Jesus, A-Rab, just -

A-RAB

Go back to the zoo why doncha?

ANYBODYS

Go suck on your sister's titty, why doncha, ya guinea hyena.

A-RAB

(calling to Krupke at the Day Sergeant's desk:)

Hey Krupke! You made a mistake! She aint a Jet! She nags us all the time but -

ANYBODYS

I oughta be a Jet! Tony told me I could take on any four a you in a -

A-RAB

She aint a Jet, she ain't even a boy, she's a dumb girl who -

SERGEANT KRUPKE

Pipe down, A-Rab, nobody needs to hear from -

ANYBODY

I aint a girl!

A-RAB

She looks like some kinda biological disaster, but I pantsed her once and under oath, she's a GIRL!

ANYBODYS
 (jumping to his feet:)
 I SAID I AIN'T NO GODDAMNED GIRL YA
 SHRIVELDICK DAGO PANSY!

Anybodys runs at A-Rab, tackles him and punches his head, *hard*. Diesel tries to pull him off A-Rab, but he hangs on to A-Rab's hair, punching. Baby John tries to help; he gets a pushed away with a backfist in his nose. Krupke and the Patrolman plunge in, trying to pry Anybodys, A-Rab and Diesel apart.

SERGEANT KRUPKE
 (to Anybodys:)
 Get offa him! Cut it out now!
 (to Diesel)
 Yer gonna break her arm, ya Godforsaken -

Anybodys gets loose from Diesel, but Krupke grabs him from behind. A SECOND COP joins the fracas. Anybodys leans into Krupke to plant both his feet into the Second Cop's chest. Then he elbows Krupke in the gut.

SERGEANT KRUPKE (CONT'D)
 THAT'S A FECKIN' FELONY, ASSAULTING A
 OFFICER!

As he raises his arm for a punch, the Second Cop snaps cuff around his wrist. Anybodys wriggles free and, swinging the loose handcuff as a weapon, he escapes and blasts out the front door, Krupke, the cops and the detectives scrambling to catch him. Krupke stops at the door and wheels on the Jets.

SERGEANT KRUPKE (CONT'D)
 Sit yizselves someplace and don't move a
 muscle till I get back! Don't even sweat!
 Yiz hear me?!

Krupke pulls the doors shut behind him, then emphatically turns a knob on the deadbolt, locking the Jets in with a reverberative THUNK.

Mouthpiece goes to the door and tests it - it's locked alright - as A-Rab pulls a bloody finger from his nose.

A-RAB
 Hey! A girl gimme a nosebleed!

THE STREETWALKER
 She just bought herself a ticket to the
 House of Detention.

BABY JOHN
 What about us?

The streetwalker gathers her things and heads for a nearby holding pen.

THE STREETWALKER
Rikers, most likely.

BABY JOHN
RIKERS?!?!

THE STREETWALKER
You ain't never been arrested before?

A-RAB
He ain't never been nothin' before.

BABY JOHN
That'd kill my ma!!

Unmoved, the Streetwalker enters the holding pen, closes the gate and locks herself in, safe from the Jets.

BABY JOHN (CONT'D)
I can't go to jail!

DIESEL
You won't. Long as you remember two things. One, tell 'em what they wanna hear -

A-RAB
And two, don't tell 'em *nothin*.

Mouthpiece is at the Day Sergeant's desk. He puts on Krupke's hat, then slams his hand down on the heavy day ledger.

MOUTHPIECE AS KRUPKE
Hey garbage!!!

He kicks a rolling chair over to Diesel, who leans on it.

DIESEL
Who me, Officer Krupke?

MOUTHPIECE AS KRUPKE
(raising the ledger, ready to throw it:)
Lookit yiz, ya feckless friggin' disappointments. Gimme one good reason I shouldn't throw the book atcha!

("Gee, Officer Krupke" begins, without the "oom-pah" intro, slowly and a capella:) Diesel leans against the rolling chair:

DIESEL
**Dear kindly Sergeant Krupke,
You gotta understand,
It's just our bringin' upke
That gets us out of hand.**

BIG DEAL
Our mothers all are junkies -

A-RAB
Our fathers all are drunks.

DIESEL
Golly Moses!
Natcherly we're punks!

Diesel, A-Rab and Big Deal pass the chair around, then seat Baby John in it. They slowly wheel him forward, beseeching.

DIESEL (CONT'D)
Gee Officer Krupke, we're very upset!
We never had the love that every child
oughta get!
We ain't no delinquents!
We're misunderstood!
Deep down inside us...there is good.

A-RAB
There is good!

Diesel, A-Rab and Big Deal surround the chair, singing to Baby John, other Jets and the streetwalker.

DIESEL, A-RAB AND BIG DEAL
There is good,
There is good,
There is untapped good,
Like inside, the worst of us is good.

(Now the "oom-pah" section plays and the song's tempo accelerates:)

MOUTHPIECE/KRUPKE
 Aw, that's a touchin good story.

DIESEL
 Let me tell it to the world!!

Mouthpiece points to Balkan, reading a comic book on another bench.

MOUTHPIECE/KRUPKE
 Just tell it to the judge!

Mouthpiece/Krupke hoists Diesel by the back of his collar. A-Rab hoists Balkan to his feet. Balkan/Judge assumes a stern, judicial mien, as...

Diesel drops to his knees and sings up to Balkan/the Judge:

DIESEL/DEFENDANT
Deeeeeeeear
kindly Judge, your honor -

My parents treat me rough!
 With all their marijuana
 They won't give me a puff!
 They didn't wanna have me
 But somehow I was had.
 Leapin' lizards!
 That's why I'm so bad!

Balkan skips off the wall and hops onto the bench, skating it across the floor to frown magisterially at the others.

BALKAN/JUDGE

Right!

(turning on
 Mouthpiece/Krupke:)

**Officer Krupke,
 You're really a square!
 This boy don't need a judge
 He needs an analyst's care!
 It's just his *neurosis* that oughta be
 curbed!
 He's psychologically disturbed!**

DIESEL/DEFENDANT

I'm disturbed!

Baby John gets tossed into the arms of the others. They serenade him before dumping him on the ground. A-Rab pops up, shrieking in mock insanity.

DIESEL, MOUTHPIECE, A-RAB, SNOWBOY AND
 BIG DEAL

**We're disturbed, we're disturbed -
 We're the most disturbed.
 Like we're psychologically disturbed!**

Balkan and Mouthpiece jump up onto the Day Sergeant's desk. Mouthpiece wears Krupke's hat and grabs a Patrolman's raincoat for Balkan, who puts it on backwards, making a judge's robe. Diesel runs up to the desk and Mouthpiece swats him in the head with a rolled up paper, sending him back into the arms of the other Jets.

BALKAN/JUDGE

Hear ye hear ye! In the opinion a this court, the boy's depraved on account of he ain't had a normal home!

DIESEL

Hey, I'm depraved on account of I'm deprived!

BALKAN/JUDGE

(to Mouthpiece/Krupke:)
 So take this nut to a headshrinker!

MOUTHPIECE/KRUPKE

Sure, why not?

Big Deal and Snowboy lift up one end of the bench Baby John sits on. Baby John jumps off. Balkan tosses the ledger to Big Deal, then he rolled up raincoat/robe to Diesel. Big Deal slides the ledger up the raised end of the bench to make a "pillow". Diesel hops on the bench and reclines against the ledger, placing his feet up on Balkan, who kneels as an impromptu footrest. The bench is now an analyst's couch. A-Rab dons some bifocals and sits on the bench next to Diesel, flipping open a patrolman's notebook in "analyst" mode.

DIESEL/PATIENT

My father is a bastard!
My ma's an S.O.B!
My grandpa's always plastered!
My grandma pushes tea!
My sister wears a mustache!
My brother wears a dress!
Goodness gracious!
That's why I'm a mess!

A-Rab/Shrink turns to him.

A-RAB/SHRINK

YES!

(to Mouthpiece/Krupke:)

Officer Krupke, you're really a slob.
This boy don't need a doctor, just a good
honest job.

The Jets tilt the bench upright to send Diesel back to his feet. They replace the bench and A-Rab surfs down the slope to the floor.

A-RAB/SHRINK (CONT'D)

Society's played him a terrible trick,
And sociologically he's sick!

Diesel pops up between A-Rab and Mouthpiece.

DIESEL

I am sick!

The other Jets join the trio in a huddle, spinning in the center of the room.

BABY JOHN, MOUTHPIECE, SNOWBOY, BIG DEAL,
 BALKAN AND DIESEL

We are sick!
We are sick!
We are sick sick sick!
Like we're sociologically sick!

The Jets fling file pages all over the room. The Streetwalker watches the boys trashing the room and growing increasingly wild.

A-Rab confronts Diesel punctuating each comment with a slap - each slap harder until Diesel starts to get steamed.

A-RAB/SHRINK

In my professional opinion what we got here is a run-a-the-mill juvenile delinquent, and juvenile delinquency is a *social* disease.

BALKAN

Eeeuw Diesel you got a social disease!

A-RAB/SHRINK

(to Mouthpiece/Krupke:)
Bring him to a social worker!

MOUTHPIECE/KRUPKE

Can I catch it by touchin' him?

A-Rab and Balkan lift one bench and place it on top of the other bench. Snowboy stacks towering piles of newspaper on the upper bench: piles of bureaucratic paperwork. Mouthpiece/Krupke drags Diesel to face the bench/desk. Big Deal rises up behind it, ready to play the social worker.

DIESEL

Dear...

But suddenly Baby John pushes Diesel aside and takes over the lead. The other Jets are impressed!

BABY JOHN

**... kindly social worker,
They say go earn a buck,
Like be a soda jerker!
Which means like be a schmuck!
It's not I'm antisocial,
I'm only antiwork!**

DIESEL AND SNOWBOY

**Glory!
Oskey!**

DIESEL, A-RAB, BALKAN, BABY JOHN,
MOUTHPIECE AND SNOWBOY

That's why I'm a jerk!

BIG DEAL/SOCIAL WORKER

(singing in falsetto)
**Officer Krupke, you've done it again!
This boy don't need a job -**

The Jets hoist a small ladder horizontally in front of Big Deal to act as prison bars.

BIG DEAL/SOCIAL WORKER (CONT'D)

**He needs a year in the pen!
It ain't just a question of
misunderstood.
Deep down inside him, he's no good!**

BABY JOHN

I'm no good!

He hops up on the bench and the other Jets twirl him in place.

BABY JOHN, DIESEL, MOUTHPIECE, BALKAN,
SNOWBOY, A-RAB, BIG DEAL

**We're no good!
We're no good!
We're no earthly good!
Like the best of us is no damn good!**

Baby John "flings" the Jets off and they scatter on the ground. He leaps up. Mouthpiece grabs him.

MOUTHPIECE/KRUPKE

The trouble is he's crazy!

Mouthpiece roughly hurls Baby John to Balkan/The Judge:

BALKAN/JUDGE

The trouble is he drinks!

Balkan tosses Baby John, even more aggressively, to A-Rab/The Shrink:

A-RAB/SHRINK

The trouble is he's lazy!

With a shove and kick, A-Rab sends Baby John flying towards Big Deal/The Social Worker.

BIG DEAL/SOCIAL WORKER

The trouble is he stinks!

Their rough-housing is bordering now on out-of-control violence. Baby John is enjoying it but he's starting to look nervous as Big Deal tosses him to Snowboy.

SNOWBOY

The trouble is he's growing.

Baby John angrily wrestles free of Snowboy.

BABY JOHN

The trouble is he's grown!

All the others face Mouthpiece/Krupke.

BABY JOHN, DIESEL, A-RAB, BALKAN, BIG
DEAL, AND SNOWBOY

Krupke, we got troubles of our own!

They drop to the ground and start the final verse; their clowning now fails to disguise their anger and aggression.

BABY JOHN, DIESEL, A-RAB, BALKAN, BIG
DEAL AND SNOWBOY

**Gee Officer Krupke,
We're down on our knees!**

DIESEL

**'Cause no one wants a fella with a social
disease.**

BABY JOHN, DIESEL, A-RAB, BALKAN, BIG
DEAL AND SNOWBOY

**Gee, Officer Krupke,
What are we to do?**

Mouthpiece sees something behind the other Jets. He hauls Baby John up beside him and points, drawing everyone's attention back to the doors -

MOUTHPIECE AND BABY JOHN

Gee, Officer Krupke:

The doors swing open as Krupke himself re-enters just in time for all of the Jets to turn to him with -

BABY JOHN, DIESEL, MOUTHPIECE, A-RAB,
BALKAN, BIG DEAL AND SNOWBOY

KRUP YOU!

Krupke stands in the doorway, exhausted, sweaty, bruised and empty-handed, staring gape-mouthed at the chaos and the mess. The Jets scramble to their feet and scuttle out the unlocked door. As Mouthpiece is leaving he hands Krupke his own hat.

MOUTHPIECE

This is for you.

And Mouthpiece is gone with the others, leaving Krupke alone.

(*"Gee, Officer Krupke" ends.*)

INT. THE CLOISTERS - AFTERNOON

This is the medieval museum of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Tony and María walk through the one of the cloisters, a cruciform path with a fountain at the center.

TONY

This is the surprise. You like it?

MARÍA

It looks like a church.

TONY

I know but it ain't, it's a museum.

CUT TO:

María is walking in the little cloister from Saint-Guilhem-le-Désert. Tony watches her intently, then goes towards her. She looks up and smiles at him, but she's thoughtful, serious. He sits on one of the low stone walls of the arcade.

TONY (CONT'D)

The first time I saw this place? I was on a prison bus. Up to the state prison, in Ossining.

He stops, afraid. María looks at him and nods.

TONY (CONT'D)

There was a rumble. And I busted up this kid, he was in the Egyptian Kings. He only didn't die because of luck, like, one more punch and he probably woulda died. And I woulda done it, I woulda murdered this messed-up kid who wasn't no different from me. And for a year, in prison and, and since I got out, I can't quit thinkin about what I almost done - I think about killin him, and it's like I'm always just about to fall off the edge of the world's tallest building. I stopped fallin the second I saw you.

María looks sad, then she takes his hand and smiles. The Cloisters bells start to ring.

INT. THE GOTHIC CHAPEL IN THE CLOISTERS - AFTERNOON

María walks among the funerary figures on the sarcophagus lids. The afternoon sun sets stained glass windows ablaze. She turns to Tony.

MARÍA

I shouldn't have asked you to stop the fighting. I don't want you to go anywhere near the fighting.

He searches for the words, then he finds them. He gives the Spanish lesson crib-note a quick glance, and:

TONY

Quiero estar contigo para siempre.

She looks at him, surprised, then laughs.

TONY (CONT'D)

Don't laugh! It means I wanna be -

MARÍA

I know what it means.

She leans against him comfortably, then steps away to kneel before the four tall, gloomy saints in the apse. She crosses herself and prays. Tony stands near her. Tony stands near her. María takes Tony's hand, guiding him to kneel down beside her. They both look at the saints, the stained glass, then María, smiling to cover up embarrassment, says quietly:

MARÍA (CONT'D)

Yo, María, te recibo a ti, Anton.

TONY

I don't know what that -
 (getting it, grinning with
 surprise:)
 Oh! Oh, that's -

MARÍA

Don't laugh!

TONY

I, Tony -
 (catches himself)
 I, Anton, take you, María. Rich or poor -

MARÍA

I'm poor.

TONY

I'm poorer.

MARÍA

En la prosperidad y en la adversidad.
 Para amarte y respetarte. To love you and
 respect you.

TONY

Siempre.

("One Hand, One Heart" begins:) Tony gently takes María's hand and turns to stare into her eyes. He sings:

TONY (CONT'D)

**Make of our hands one hand.
 Make of our hearts one heart.
 Make of our vows one last vow:
 Even death won't part us now.**

MARÍA

**Make of our lives one life,
 Day after day, one life.
 Now it begins, now we start.**

**One hand, one heart.
Only death will part us now.**

Again, some intimation, dark and sad, passes across María's face. Tony sees this. María stands and walks towards the staircase at the other end of the chapel. He looks up; the colored light from the stained glass windows dims as, outside, clouds cover the sun. Then he goes to the stairs. María's climbed partway up, and is waiting for him. Tony stops at the foot of the stairs, looking up.

TONY

You're worried, but... They're still my guys. They'll listen to me.

MARÍA

But what if you can't.

TONY

We can't be together while they're brawlin all around us, *because of us*. I swear to you, María, there won't be any fight.

She takes his hand; he goes up a couple of steps and kisses her hand. Then:

TONY AND MARÍA

**Make of our lives one life,
Day after day, one life.
Now it begins, now we start:
One hand, one heart:**

TONY

Even death won't part us now.

MARÍA

Death won't part us now.

("One Hand, One Heart" ends.)

They kiss.

MARÍA (CONT'D)

Come see me tonight.

She exits up the stairs.

INT. AN OLD IRISH BAR IN THE DOCKLANDS - AFTERNOON

A revolver is tossed onto a bar in front of Riff. Ice, Action, Tiger and Numbers stand behind him, nervously looking around the dark, dilapidated room. Behind the bar, the unshaven Belfastian owner, RORY, 40-50 years old, stares challengingly at Riff, daring him to pick up the gun. Seated at the bar, next to Riff, is ABE, a black guy in his 40s, tough-looking, a colleague of Rory's. Abe grins at Riff, skeptical, unfriendly.

ABE
You ever fired a gun before?

RIFF
Of course.

ABE
What kind?

RIFF
A Colt. Revolver.

ABE
That so? What'd it shoot?

Bullets! ACTION RIFF .32s.

ABE
Colt shoots .22s.

RIFF
We got money.

Riff puts a roll of bills next to the gun.

RORY
I don't sell heaters to unscrubbed boys.

RIFF
These guys, the ones we're rumblin' with,
they're bringin' heat -

ICE
- cuz they think we're bringin' heat -

RIFF
- so we gotta bring heat so they know
that we ain't defenseless, and vice
versa.

ABE
Mutually Assured Destruction.

RIFF
I don't know what that is.

ABE
(to Riff, nodding at the
gun:)
That's a Smith and Wesson Model 10.
Classic of its kind.

RORY
(nodding at the gun:)
Take it, why doncha?

Riff tries for the gun. Rory snatches it with magical speed and points the barrel at Riff's forehead. The other Jets start forward. Abe yanks Action's stool out from under with his foot; Action sprawls on the floor.

ABE

Fires trey eights. Makes quite a hole for a little gun.

RORY

It's loaded. You don't gotta cock it, even. You just squeeze the trigger, and -

Riff leans forward, placing his forehead against the barrel.

RIFF

Might as well.

Rory's impressed. He flips the gun and offers it to Riff.

RORY

You remind me of your dad.

Rory puts the pistol back on the bar. Riff proffers the roll of bills to Rory, who doesn't take it.

ABE

Leave it on the bar.

EXT. THE DOCKLANDS NEAR 11TH AVENUE AND WEST 53RD ST -
AFTERNOON

Riff runs into the dockyards; Ice, Action, Tiger and Numbers chase him. Riff waves the gun in the air, the turns and calls:

RIFF

Whatcha got?!
(aiming at Action:)
POW! POW! POW!

Action ducks, then pops out, shoots at Riff with his finger.

ACTION

POW! POW!

The other Jets race around, miming guns of their own, popping out to fire at Riff.

ICE

Frickin' chicken! Chicken!
Chicken! Chicken!

RIFF

POW! POW! POW!

Riff dives, shoots back. He slips through a gap in the chain link fence, turns back to the others.

RIFF (CONT'D)
POW! POW! POW!

Some fall, pretending to be hit. But then, from behind Riff:

TONY (O.S.)
Pow.

Riff spins, aiming the gun, stopping short when he sees Tony sitting on a crate next to the cargo ramp of a dilapidated pier stretching out, crazily askew, into the Hudson. Tony raises his hands.

TONY (CONT'D)
Gee whillikers, Batman! Since when you carry a rod?

RIFF
I don't got magic powers like you, Superman. So I had to get this.
(the gun:)
Promise to be with us tonight, I'll let you hold it.

Tony playfully grabs at the gun. Riff tries to snatch it away, but Tony seizes the barrel. Both boys hold on.

TONY
When are you gonna grow up?

RIFF
Never, probably. Born to die young, daddy-o.

Riff tries to pull the gun back. Tony tightens his grip on the barrel.

Hey -	RIFF (CONT'D)	TONY
		They catch you with this, it's 15 years in Attica.

Riff laughs, still tugging on the gun.

TONY (CONT'D)
Call it off.

RIFF
Call what off?

TONY
Tell Bernardo the cops found out about the rumble, tell him a raincheck.

RIFF
 You know we wouldn't even need a gun if you was with us. But you ain't, so leggo my goddam gun. I paid for it.

TIGER
 Why should we call it off?! We got a gun!
 ICE
 Shuddup, Tiger. Stay outa this.

TONY
 You *paid* for it? Oh, okay, well in that case: Oopsadaisy!

Tony pops the gun out of Riff's hand, then backs away up the ramp, holding it. Riff follows Tony up the ramp.

RIFF
 Tony! Gimme the gun!

TONY
 Call off the rumble.

RIFF (CONT'D)
 C'mon. It's *mine*.

TONY (CONT'D)
 It's *yours*?
 (to the others:)
 Hey fellas, does it look to you like this is his gun?

Riff stalks him. The others follow.

TONY (CONT'D)
 Let's grab some beer and weed and head to the zoo.

RIFF
 Like the old days huh?

TONY
 I will if you will.

("Cool" begins:)

RIFF
 You know me, brother. I don't look back.

TONY
 Why not? Afraid of what you're gonna see?

RIFF
 I look ahead, I wanna be prepared in case they come prepared. So gimme the gun, Tony, I mean it. *Now!*

Tony looks at Riff, then moves backwards out onto the pier's skeletal plank flooring, in which there are huge gaps, through which the river can be seen, far below. Tony taunts Riff as he walks backwards:

TONY
**Boy, boy, crazy boy,
 Get cool, boy!**

Riff looks down at the water, then pursues cautiously. Tony lets Riff get close.

TONY (CONT'D)
**Got a rocket in your pocket?
 Keep coolly cool, boy!**

Riff snatches at the gun.

RIFF
 C'mon!

Tony darts away, leaping over a hole in the wood flooring.

TONY
**Don't get hot,
 'Cause man, you've got
 Some high times ahead.**

Tony starts skipping sideways, backwards. Riff, mad, pursues him, less sure-footedly.

TONY (CONT'D)
**Take it slow and, Daddy-o -
 You can live it up and die in bed!**

RIFF
 Cut the crap!

TONY
**Boy, boy, crazy boy -
 Stay loose, boy!
 Breeze it, buzz it -**

Riff jumps at Tony and almost falls.

TONY (CONT'D)
- easy does it!

Riff kneels, glaring at Tony, who dances away.

TONY (CONT'D)
Turn off the juice, boy!

Tony slide, jumps, bounces off a steel beam, showing off - his moves look like parkour.

TONY (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
**Go man, go!
 But not like a yo-
 Yo school boy!!!
 Just play it cool, boy!
 Reeeeeaaaal coooool!**

Tony snaps his fingers. Riff advances.

TONY (CONT'D)
Careful, buddy.

("Cool" dance break:)

Tony steps over a gap in the floor, crouches and places the gun at the lip of the hole. He steps back, enticing Riff, who lunges for the weapon. But Tony snatches it up and smoothly dances away.

Riff rises, smirking at Tony, warming to the game. He imitates Tony's moves and, increasingly, his fearlessness.

RIFF
Careful yourself, Superman.

The two boys are more in sync, Riff growing bolder, till it's a game of chicken and a dance. Riff stays angry, Tony's determined to keep the gun away, but they can't help it: they enjoy this camaraderie and one-upsmanship.

RIFF (CONT'D)
C'mon...

Riff gets close and nearly snatches the gun. The dance/game continues, but the power dynamic shifts: Riff's more aggressive, more of a threat to Tony.

Tony's near the end of the pier. Riff closes in. On each percussive chord, Riff grabs for the gun, which Tony barely manages to keep away. It's intimate now, a struggle in earnest.

Riff grabs the gun barrel. Tony pries the gun away and turns to throw it in the river. Riff throws a punch, knocking Tony off-balance. Riff grabs the gun away from Tony. The other Jets cheer as Tony tries and fails to get the gun back.

	ICE
Cool!	
	TIGER
Go!	
	NUMBERS
Crazy!	
	ICE
Cool!	
	TIGER
Go!	
	NUMBERS
Crazy!	

ICE, TIGER AND NUMBERS

Go!

Tony and Riff face each other, panting. Then Riff turns and walks off the pier, handing the gun off to Ice. Tony comes after them, trying to get the gun back.

ICE, TIGER, NUMBERS

COME ON!

Riff, Ice, Action and Tiger toss the gun between themselves, a game of keep-away from Tony.

THE JETS

I'm open!
Tiger, toss it!
C'mon, let's go!

All are off the pier now, winded. Riff and the Jets face Tony. Riff walks up to his friend, singing:

RIFF

**Boy, boy, crazy boy,
Stay loose, boy.
Breeze it, buzz it, easy does it -
Turn off the juice, boy!**

Riff does a furious, frantic series of moves, never taking his eyes off Tony. Then he returns to his gang - it's *his* gang now!

RIFF (CONT'D)

Just play it cool, boy.

Riff holds out his hand and Action obediently places the gun in it. The Jets surround their leader:

RIFF (CONT'D)

Real cool...

Action shoots at Tony with his finger.

ACTION

Pow!

TIGER

Pow!

ICE

Pow!

TIGER AND NUMBERS

Pow! Pow!

The Jets run off. Alone, Riff looks at Tony, shrugs, then:

RIFF

Pow.

Riff leaves. Tony stands still, watching him, defeated.

INT. THE SQUAD ROOM IN THE 21ST PRECINCT HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Lieutenant Schrank, with Krupke standing behind him, addresses a large group of PATROLMEN.

LIEUTENANT SCHRANK

It's happening tonight. That's all we know. The morning papers filled with stories about dead kids? Not on my watch.

("The Quintet" starts.)

LIEUTENANT SCHRANK (CONT'D)

Every block of Lincoln Square, every inch of San Juan Hill. I want the west side locked down.

INT. THE CHOP SHOP/JETS HQ - NEAR SUNSET

The Jets dump out the junk they've gathered to use as weapons - bats, bricks, chains, saps, rebar, car antennae, wrenches - onto the floor of the chop shop, raising dust. Everyone grabs a weapon from the pile. Riff holds a bat and addresses the gang:

JETS

**The Jets are gonna have their day
Tonight!
The Jets are gonna their way tonight!**

RIFF

**The Puerto Ricans grumble: Fair fight!
But when they start to rumble,
We'll rumble 'em right!**

EXT. THE ROOF OF AN OLD WAREHOUSE ON WEST 69TH STREET - SUNSET

The Sharks have gathered and distributed their weapons, which they're stowing out of sight in pockets, waistbands. They watch as Bernardo wraps his hands in boxers' protective wrap.

THE SHARKS

**We're gonna hand 'em a surprise tonight.
We're gonna cut 'em down to size tonight.
We said OK no rumpus, no tricks,
But just in case they jump us,
We're ready to mix.**

BERNARDO

Tonight!

EXT. OUTSIDE THE CHOP SHOP - SUNSET

Riff leads the Jets out of the chop shop and into the surrounding ruins.

THE JETS

**We're gonna rock it tonight,
We're gonna jazz it up and have us a
ball.**

EXT. AN ALLEY OUTSIDE THE WEST 69TH STREET WAREHOUSE - SUNSET

Bernardo and the Sharks explode out the double doors of the warehouse which open onto an alley and head towards the street.

SHARKS

**They're gonna get it tonight,
The more they turn it on, the harder
they'll fall!**

EXT. DEMOLISHED BUILDINGS, WEST 64TH ST - SUNSET

The Jets march with speed and determination through the demolition.

THE JETS

Well they began it!

EXT. AN ALLEY OUTSIDE THE WEST 69TH STREET WAREHOUSE/WEST 69TH STREET - SUNSET

The Sharks move with equal speed and determination down the alley.

THE SHARKS

Well they began it.

They turn out of the alley onto West 69th Street and head towards the river and the sunset.

THE SHARKS (CONT'D)

**And we're the ones to stop
'em
Once and for all!**

THE JETS (V.O.)

**And we're the ones to stop
'em
Once and for all!**

EXT. WEST 64TH BETWEEN WEST END AND 12TH AVENUE - SUNSET

The Jets march towards the river. Behind them, the steeple of a Catholic Church.

RIFF

Tonight!

INT. A CATHOLIC CHURCH ON WEST 64TH TREET - SUNSET

Anita, Rosalía and Luz, veils on, kneeling in a pew among a sparse mostly female CONGREGATION, Puertorriqueñas of various ages and some elderly Irish- and Italian-American women. At the altar, an elderly PRIEST, attended by two ALTAR BOYS, is celebrating the mass. Behind her prayerbook, Anita sings to her friends:

ANITA

**Anita's gonna get her kicks
Tonight.**

Rosalía and Luz, shocked, hush her.

ROSALÍA

Shh!

ANITA

**We'll have our private little mix
Tonight.**

LUZ

Shh!

ANITA

**He'll walk in hot and tired,
So what?
Don't matter if he's tired,
As long as he's hot!**

ROSALÍA AND LUZ

SHHH!!

ANITA

Tonight!

Anita bows her head with a smirk.

INT. THE CELLAR, DOC'S DRUGSTORE - SUNSET

Tony heads towards the ladder that leads to the alley behind the drugstore.

TONY

**Tonight, tonight
Won't be just any night.**

Tony looks up. The sky is aflame with clouds turned red by the setting sun.

TONY (CONT'D)

Tonight there will be no morning star.

EXT. THE ALLEY BEHIND DOC'S - SUNSET

Tony padlocks the cellar door and walks down the alley towards the street.

TONY
**Tonight, tonight,
 I'll see my love tonight -**

Tony turns onto the street, facing the river. The sun turns everything molten gold as it sets.

TONY (CONT'D)
**And for us, stars will stop
 where they are.**

EXT. WEST 69TH STREET - SUNSET

María is walking towards the subway in her working clothes. She seems to emerge out of the brilliant orange flare of the setting sun.

MARÍA
**Today,
 The minutes seem like hours,
 The hours go so slowly
 And still the sky is light...**

CUT TO:

Tony's face is half in sunlight, half in shadow as the sun sinks.

TONY
Oh moon, grow bright -

MARÍA (V.O.)
Oh moon, grow bright -

Tony's face is engulfed in night.

TONY (CONT'D)
And make this endless day -

MARÍA (V.O.)
And make this endless day -

CUT TO:

María walks as the sun sets behind her.

MARÍA
Endless night!

TONY (V.O.)
Endless night!

INT. 21ST PRECINCT GARAGE - DUSK/NIGHT

Cops pile into their patrol cars, turn on their headlights and drive out into the night.

EXT. WEST SIDE HIGHWAY OFF-RAMP AND BENEATH - NIGHT

A river of cars, headlights on. Beneath the highway...

Riff leaps up on a dumpster, the Jets surrounding him. He's their undisputed leader now. Riff's moved. He delivers his St. Crispin's Day speech:

RIFF
**The Jets are comin' out on top
 Tonight!**

The Jets cheer!

RIFF (CONT'D)
**We're gonna watch Bernardo drop
 Tonight!**

More cheers!

RIFF (CONT'D)
**That Puerto Rican punk'll
 Go down!**

Riff jumps down.

RIFF (CONT'D)
**And when he's hollered Uncle?
 We'll tear up the town!**

Riff leads them, they follow him, cheering.

EXT. SUBWAY ENTRANCE, 72ND STREET - NIGHT

María is heading into the subway entrance.

MARÍA
**Tonight, tonight,
 Won't be just any night -**

ICE (O.S.)
We'll be in back of you boy!
 RIFF (O.S.)
Right!

ICE (O.S.)
We're gonna flatten him good!
 RIFF
RIGHT!

María descends into the subway as the Jets swarm around the entrance from behind.

RIFF
WOMB TO TOMB?!
 ICE
SPERM TO WORM!
 RIFF
**And then we'll have us a
 ball!
 Tonight!**

MARÍA (V.O.)
**Tonight
 There will be no
 Morning star.**

EXT. THE RAILYARDS - NIGHT

The Sharks straddle the top of a tall wooden fence.

MARÍA (V.O.)
Tonight -

THE SHARKS MARÍA (V.O.)
We're gonna rock it tonight! - tonight -

ANITA (V.O.)
Tonight -

They drop down onto the railroad tracks.

SHARKS MARÍA (V.O.)
We're gonna jazz it tonight! I'll see my love tonight. -

ANITA (V.O.)
- tonight.

INT. ON THE DOWNTOWN 2 TRAIN - NIGHT

María sits on the subway, leaning against the window, looking at the tunnel lights flying past.

MARÍA ANITA (V.O.)
And for us, stars will stop Late tonight -
where they are.

SHARKS (V.O.)
 (simultaneous with María
 and Anita above:)
They're gonna get it tonight!

INT. ANITA AND BERNARDO'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

María holds her last note on "stars will stop where they are"
 as Anita closes her bedroom window.

ANITA
We're gonna mix it tonight.

THE JETS (V.O.)
Tonight!

INT. LIQUOR STORE ON BROADWAY - NIGHT

Tony passes by outside the storefront window. Fire truck lights flash behind him in the busy Broadway traffic.

TONY MARÍA (V.O.)
Today the minutes seem like Today the minutes seem like
hours - hours -

ANITA (V.O.)
 (simultaneous with above,)
Anita's gonna have her day -

THE SHARKS (V.O.)
 (simultaneous with above:)
They began it -

EXT. THE RAILYARDS - NIGHT

The Sharks walk down the rail lines past a tall slatted fence.

THE SHARKS
They began it!

JETS (V.O.)
They began it -

MARÍA
The hours go so slowly -

TONY (V.O.)
The hours go so slowly -

ANITA (V.O.)
 (with María & Tony above:)
Anita's gonna have her day -

EXT. A CHAIN LINK FENCE UNDER THE HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The Jets walk along the fence.

THE JETS
**And we're the ones to stop
 'em once and for all.**

THE SHARKS (V.O.)
They began it -

EXT. RAILYARDS - NIGHT

The Sharks walk past container cars queued up on the rails. A semaphore looms above them.

THE SHARKS
We'll stop 'em once and for all!

MARÍA (V.O.)
 (simultaneous with
 above:)

TONY (V.O.)
 (simultaneous with
 above:)

- and still the sky is light- - and still the sky is light -

ANITA (V.O.)
 (simultaneous with above:)
Bernardo's gonna have his way tonight!

EXT. ANOTHER PART OF THE RAILYARDS - NIGHT

The Jets approach the tracks as a diesel train roars by.

JETS
**We'll stop 'em once and for
 all!
 The Jets are gonna have their
 way!
 The Jets are gonna have their
 day!**

SHARKS (V.O.)
**The Sharks are gonna have
 their way!
 The Sharks are gonna have
 their day!**

<p>MARÍA (V.O.) (simultaneous with above) Oh moon, grow bright And make this endless day - Endless night!</p>	<p>TONY (V.O.) (simultaneous with above:) Oh moon, grow bright And make this endless day - Endless night!</p>
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ANITA (V.O.)
(simultaneous with above:)
**Tonight! Tonight! Tonight! This very
night!**

EXT. THE RAILYARDS BY THE RIVER - NIGHT

The Sharks run down the tracks between tanker cars.

THE SHARKS
We're gonna rock it tonight.

JETS (V.O.)
(simultaneous with above:)
We're gonna rock it tonight!

ANITA (V.O.)
(simultaneous with above:)
We're gonna rock it to -

EXT. SUBWAY CAR - NIGHT

María, Luz, Rosalía, Charita and PROVI, 17-18, Nuyoricán, exit the subway car and hurry along the platform among other SUBWAY RIDERS. The train behind them pulls away.

<p>Tonight!</p>	<p>MARÍA ANITA (V.O.) (held over from above:) - night!</p>
------------------------	--

JETS, SHARKS, TONY(V.O.)
(simultaneous with above:)
Tonight!

Under the last notes of the song...

EXT. RAILYARDS - NIGHT

Tony crosses the railroad tracks, a freight train barreling by behind him.

INT. ANITA AND BERNARDO'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Anita, in her nightgown, mists the pillows of their bed lightly with perfume.

EXT. PERIMETER FENCE SURROUNDING THE SALT SHED - NIGHT

The Sharks leap up onto the chainlink fence and begin to climb over it.

EXT. PERIMETER FENCE SURROUNDING THE SALT SHED - NIGHT

The Jets hoist themselves up and over the chainlink fence on the opposite side of the shed.

EXT. SUBWAY PLATFORM - NIGHT

The subway pulls away behind María as the song comes to an end, leaving her and her friends in near darkness.

("The Quintet" ends:) CUT TO BLACK.

INT. THE SALT SHED - NIGHT

In the darkness, The Jets and the Sharks face each other. The two gangs size each other up for a brief moment, uneasy, silent. Then Riff snaps his fingers - and a bright light comes on from above, blinding everyone! Ice stands by the door, his hand on a big lever.

ICE
(to the Sharks)
Welcome to the North Pole.

The Sharks look around - the light illuminates mountains of white salt rising up on every side, a salt truck by the wall.

ICE (CONT'D)
It's salt. For when the streets ice up.

BRAULIO
(to the Sharks:)
Dice que es sal, pa' derretir la nieve en la carretera.

MOUTHPIECE
(to the Jets, imitating Braulio:)
Deechuhkuh deechuhkuh ababadabaduh-

The Jets laugh. Big Deal and Numbers close the door nearest them. Bernardo signals to Braulio:

BERNARDO
La puerta.

Braulio closes the opposite door.

RIFF
Kill the lights.

Ice pulls on the lever and the shed is dark again. Up near the ceiling a few small dirty windows let in some moonlight and the occasional car headlights from the West Side Highway.

Anybodys slips into the shed, unnoticed. He crouches behind a mound of salt.

EXT. THE SALT SHED - NIGHT

Tony arrives at the shed. The heavy roll-down door is closed. Tony tries to raise it, but it's too heavy.

Chino crouches down next to Tony. They look at each other, then they nod at each other and together they raise the door. Chino passes under it, then holds it up for Tony to follow.

INT. THE SALT SHED - NIGHT

The Jets and Sharks are crowded closer now, a circle around Bernardo and Riff.

BERNARDO

You promised your buddy was gonna be here. If you don't keep your word, jefe, how am I gonna believe you'll keep out of our territory after -

Riff sees something behind Bernardo. Bernardo turns. Chino moves past the Jets to join the Sharks. Tony stands near the door, looking at Bernardo and then at Riff.

BERNARDO (CONT'D)

¿Que haces aquí? ¡Te dije que te quedaras fuera de esto!

CHINO

Lo sé, pero quiero ayudar. Me quedo.

Riff walks towards Tony:

RIFF

And just when all hope is lost...

Riff pulls/pushes Tony a little distance apart then says quietly:

RIFF (CONT'D)

So is this The Shot Heard Round the World, or just, y'know, more of yer bullshot?

TONY

Don't ask *me* about shootin, pal, *you're* the one with the gun.

RIFF

That's who I am, but who're you? Friend or foe?

TONY

You're outa control -

He tries to push past Riff, but Riff spins him back.

RIFF

Hey! I don't need it if you stand with us. Here. Take it.

Tony looks down. Riff's holding the gun between them.

RIFF (CONT'D)

Go on, it'll be safe with you, and you pitch in.

TONY

I wanna talk to -

RIFF

I'm doin the talkin.

Riff shoves the gun into Tony's jacket pocket. Before Tony can say anything, Riff turns to Bernardo.

RIFF (CONT'D)

Let's do it!!

TONY

(quietly, to Bernardo:)
Hey. Can I talk to you?

RIFF (CONT'D)

(to Tony:)
Anything you need to say you can say it through me!

BERNARDO

(to Tony:)
We talked enough. Let's try something else.

TONY

You and me, we just got off on the wrong foot is all.

The Sharks shoot glances at one another, confused, amused, incredulous. The Jets exchange uneasy looks, casting embarrassed glances at the Sharks.

BERNARDO

I always know which foot I'm on.

Bernardo takes a mock swing at Tony, purposely missing.

TONY

We all know you can fight, Bernardo, so, so can you just quit dancin for a second and -

RIFF

And can you stop whisperin in his ear -

TONY (CONT'D)

- just listen to what I came here to tell you. I got nothin against you. And if I - If somehow or other I offended you, I apologize.

Tony holds out his hand. Bernardo swats it away. The Sharks laugh.

 JOCHI
¿Qué carajo está pasando?

 QUIQUE
 (to Ice:)
Oye pana, I thought we were going to fight.

 ANÍBAL
¡Ten cuida'o, jefe! ¡Te puede dar la puñalá por la espalda!

 JULITO
¡Te lo dije, son un chorro de huele pegas!

 CHUCHO
¡Esto es un relajó! ¡Ellos no van a pelear!

On the Jets side, when Bernardo slaps Tony's hand away, A-Rab and Numbers laugh. Diesel barks at them:

 DIESEL
Shut it, idiot.

 ACTION
 (to himself, mortified:)
Jesus. Jesus.

 RIFF
 (to Tony:)
Didja bring him flowers too? C'mon, quit flirtin' with him. Close his eyes!

 TONY
 (to Riff:)
Hey! Can't you shut up for a single goddamn second?

 RIFF (CONT'D)
What're you afraid of, your parole officer? You're breakin my heart with this shit! C'mon!

 BERNARDO
A convict.

Bernardo walks towards Tony. Tony stands there, till Bernardo is close.

 BERNARDO (CONT'D)
How long in prison?

 TONY
A year.

 BERNARDO
In prison, there were Puerto Ricans, Dominicans?

 TONY
Sure, Puerto Ricans, Dominicans, Cubans -

 BERNARDO
They love locking up us brown guys.

TONY
 (the Jets, the rumble)
This ain't about skin, it's about -

RIFF
It's about territory!

TONY
*None a us would be here if any a us
 believed we had anyplace else to be.*

BERNARDO
*What'd you do to get yourself locked up,
 primo?*

<p>TONY (to Bernardo:) I don't wanna - (to Riff, shutting him up:) It don't matter what I did!</p>	<p>RIFF He beat the snot outa someone <i>exactly like you!</i></p>
---	--

TONY (CONT'D)
 (back to Bernardo:)
*I'm different now. And you don't gotta
 worry about me bein with María.*

At the mention of María's name, Bernardo starts circling again.

BERNARDO
*So you told God and Jesús when you get
 out, you're gonna become somebody new? Am
 I right, pendejito? And then you came to
 that dance and you see my sister, and you
 think -*

Bernardo jabs at Tony's gut, landing a wicked punch, then he resumes circling, waiting for Tony to fight back. But Tony keeps his fists down.

BERNARDO (CONT'D)
"How about I get myself a brown girl!"

Bernardo jabs, striking Tony again in the stomach.

BERNARDO (CONT'D)
*"I never spent time with a little
 Puertorriqueña before."*

Bernardo jabs again, and again connects.

BERNARDO (CONT'D)
*"If I can be with a colored girl like
 her, I'll be somebody better than I was,
 somebody I never been before."*

Bernardo hits Tony in the face, under his left eye. Tony struggles to control himself.

BERNARDO (CONT'D)
¿Pero con mi hermana? No.

Just as Bernardo closes in for another blow, Riff shoves Tony aside.

RIFF
(to Bernardo:)
He won't fight you! Fight someone who will!

Tony gets in between Riff and Bernardo.

TONY
I love her, Bernardo.

Instantly Bernardo hits Tony again under his left eye, opening a cut, which bleeds profusely. Tony staggers back towards Riff. Riff deposits Tony in Ice's arms, then turns to Bernardo, fists at the ready. But Tony grabs Riff and pushes him back, screaming at Riff:

TONY (CONT'D)
STAY OUT OF THIS!!

Tony faces Bernardo, fists doubled, ready to fight. (**"The Rumble" begins:**)

Tony takes a jab at Bernardo, who ducks, then punches Tony again, twice. Tony swings again. Bernardo easily evades his punches. The Jets loudly encourage Tony; the Sharks cheer for Bernardo. Bernardo hits the cut above Tony's eye again, and more blood pours down, blinding him. He wipes the blood from his eyes while trying to avoid Bernardo's fists.

Bernardo moves in, dancing around more elaborately, when suddenly he slips on the salt, loses his balance, and Tony decks him with a powerful punch to his temple. Chino and Quique rush forward but Bernardo angrily waves them off.

BERNARDO
¡No se metan! ¡No se metan!

Bernardo instantly scrambles to his feet. He swings at Tony, who hits him in the nose. Bleeding, Bernardo lunges at Tony, who wraps him in a bear hug. Sliding on salt and blood, they fall to the floor, rolling and clawing. Tony gets on top. He hits Bernardo in the face. Bernardo's head thuds against the cement. Tony raises his fist...

And he freezes, unable to strike, unable to let go of Bernardo. No one moves. Bernardo, concussed, tries to focus, to regain his bearings.

Riff starts to say something then stops, staring at Tony paralyzed over Bernardo. Something inside, some understanding about his best friend, his brother, breaks open inside Riff. Sadness and love overwhelm the anger and hurt he's been feeling, and this overwhelms him. He doesn't know what to do.

Tony lets go of Bernardo, then stands and walks towards the door. Riff doesn't follow him. Some of the Jets call after Tony: "What are you doin? Tony! What the hell?! Finish him!"

Bernardo scrambles unsteadily to his feet and stumbles after Tony.

BERNARDO (CONT'D)
HIJO 'E PUTA! PENDEJO!

Tony keeps walking. Chino goes to Bernardo, who shoves him away and continues after Tony.

Riff gets in front of Bernardo, pushing him back. Bernardo surges past everyone and shoves Tony.

BERNARDO (CONT'D)
¡VENTE!

Bernardo stops at an unmistakable metallic CLICK coming from somewhere behind him. Instantly he spins around to see an open switchblade skittering across the floor. Everyone sees it. Bernardo pulls out his own knife.

BABY JOHN
Riff!

Baby John snatches the knife from the ground and tosses it to Riff. Riff catches it. Riff turns to Bernardo and they circle each other.

Both gangs move to encircle to the two leaders.

Bernardo and Riff lunge and jab at each other. It's clear each is equally terrified of stabbing or of getting stabbed.

They dart and slash at each other. Bernardo manages to lock up Riff's arm, knocking the switchblade loose. Tony lunges into the circle to try to retrieve the blade, but the Jets hold him back and Riff snags the knife first.

They start to close in again, angry, dangerous. They lock up again. Bernardo shoves Riff away, sending him into Tony's arms.

TONY
That's enough! THAT'S ENOUGH! RIFF
Let go! LET GO!

Riff breaks free of Tony and lunges at Bernardo - impaling himself on Bernardo's knife. Bernardo jumps back, holding his

now-empty hand as if it was scalded. He looks at Riff, horror-struck, shaking his head in shock.

Everyone stares at the knife, its blade in Riff's stomach.

Riff, in shock, looks around the shed until he finds Tony, immobile, his face rigid. Riff looks at Tony and seems oddly surprised. A black curtain that's always been there lifts up for him, and for the first time in his life, Riff sees what might be a future; as soon as he sees it, he realizes that it's too late. He smiles, shakes his head, tears in his eyes. He cups a hand around Tony's neck and pulls him close.

RIFF (CONT'D)

It's okay... It's okay...

In a weirdly calm voice:

RIFF (CONT'D)

Take it out.

Tony looks at Riff, frightened, then pulls the knife out. Riff slumps and Tony eases him to the ground, the knife now in his hand. He looks at it: Bernardo's knife. He scrambles to his feet. He runs at Bernardo, who stands there, frozen. Tony plunges the knife into Bernardo's chest.

Tony and Bernardo seems to be embracing. No one moves. The two boys stare into each other's eyes. Bernardo's pupils widen, slacken. He looks down at the knife, hilt-deep in his heart. He sinks to his knees, then topples sideways into the cement.

Bernardo dies.

And all hell breaks loose. Sharks and Jets fall on each other in a murderous frenzy. Chino cradles Bernardo's body amidst the chaos. Then: A siren wails. Red and blue lights start to flash in the upper windows.

The Sharks and Jets panic, escaping through doors or up the salt mountains to the ventilator windows. Several of the Sharks break a window and climb through it.

("The Rumble" ends:) Anybodys races up to Tony, who kneels over Riff's body. Riff's gun rests limply in Tony's hand. Anybodys flings the gun away as he hauls Tony to his feet and drags him from the scene.

ANYBODYS

Tony, c'mon! C'mon! TONY, C'MON!

They race past Chino, protectively shielding Bernardo's body. Tony stops and looks at them. Chino looks up, lost.

ANYBODYS (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Tony! Now!

The sirens are closer. Anybodys pulls Tony away. Chino gently lays Bernardo down to the ground.

CHINO

Que Dios te bendiga.

Chino, suddenly aware of police cars pulling up outside, radios and doors slamming, gets clumsily to his feet and runs towards a door. He stops, turns and retrieves the discarded gun as the doors of the shed clatter open.

The COPS enter. The beams of their flashlights reveal the two bodies lying near one another in pools of blood.

EXT. GIMBELS DEPARTMENT STORE - NIGHT

María, Luz, Rosalía, Charita, and Provi approach the entrance to the massive department store, then make their way inside.

ROSALÍA

Yo tengo una prima que tiene una amiga,
que trabaja en el Housing Department, y
ella me dijo que we're gonna get
apartments in the new buildings right
where we live now.

CUT TO:

INT. THE WOMEN EMPLOYEES LOCKER ROOM, A BACK HALLWAY, AND THE FIRST FLOOR, GIMBELS DEPARTMENT STORE - NIGHT

María, Luz, Rosalía, Charita, and Provi are in the womens' locker room, talking as they store their purses, jackets, scarves in lockers, locating their individual polyester regulation cleaning smocks among a multitude hanging from pegs on the wall, then putting them on. They're joined by MECHE, a Nuyorican about María's age; LLUVIA, a Puertorriqueña in her mid-50s; and FAUSTA, the forewoman, in her 50s, who stands by an open supply closet, handing out equipment to her crew.

LUZ

Ay, nena, we're gonna get evicted nos van a botar como bolsa.

CHARITA

¡Así mismo! The new apartments, the Metropolitan Opera and the orchestra hall? Not for us. ¡For the gringos!

MECHE

¡Pero claro! That's why I cashed my relocation check, inmediatamente!

MECHE (CONT'D)

Antes que lo me quiten.

PROVI

Before they take it back.

FAUSTA

You cashed the check? I tore *mine* up.

LUZ

Good for you!

MECHE

You tore up a \$500 check! ¡La riquita!

FAUSTA

Once you cash the check, *mi'jita*, they can evict you!

ROSALÍA

They can evict you, con cheque o sin cheque.

LLUVIA

I mailed mine right back to the Public Works!

The women head onto the semi-lit floor and begin mopping, wiping, dusting. Fausta joins them with an electric buffer.

LLUVIA (CONT'D)

Si nos vamos, que sea con dignidad.

MECHE

Pues yo prefiero irme con 500 pesos.

LUZ

(to María:)
Bernardo ain't keeping their dirty money. ¿Verdad, María?

María doesn't respond, dusting a display of gringa mannequins in cocktail dresses, martini glasses in a fancy modern apartment, on the wall above: **WITTY WEAR WITH BRIGHT AUTUMN FLAIR!** María's examining a mannequin's brocade stole.

MECHE (CONT'D)

¡María, Luz te esta hablando!

FAUSTA

Get down from there! ¡Solo los del sindicato tocan eso! We have eight floors to clean! ¡María!

María slips the stole off the mannequin. She tries it on.

MARÍA

(posh gringita accent:)

Oh, I am terribly sorry, Señora Fausta, but I do not clean floors. No, no, I wear my \$17.98 silk shawl and -

FAUSTA

¡Ja, ja! Muy graciosa. Now get down!

FAUSTA (CONT'D)

¡Si estrujas ese chal, te van a botar!

CHARITA

She's dreaming about her boyfriend.

ROSALÍA

Chino.

LUZ

Chino, sí, she's in love with Chino -

MARÍA

Lo único que voy a decir es que I'm happy
in my fancy rich lady apartment!

("I Feel Pretty" begins:)

MARÍA (CONT'D)

**I feel pretty,
Oh, so pretty,
I feel pretty and witty and bright!**
(returning the martini
glass to the mannequin:)
**And I pity
Any girl who isn't me tonight.**

María steps down off the dais. She dances like a fancy rich lady to Provi and Meche.

MARÍA (CONT'D)

**I feel charming,
Oh, so charming,
It's alarming how charming I
feel!**

PROVI

Zsa Zsa Gabor!

FAUSTA

¡Si estrujas ese chal, te van
a botar!

María returns to the dais and re-drapes the stole.

MARÍA (CONT'D)

**And so pretty -
That I hardly can believe I'm real.**

She jumps off the dais, goes to a display case Luz is polishing. María points to the mirror above it.

MARÍA (CONT'D)

**See that pretty girl in that mirror
there:
Who can that attractive girl be?**

Luz spritzes the glass with Windex in time with the music. María takes the bottle to spritz, as well.

MARÍA (CONT'D)

(Posing for the mirror:)

**Such a pretty face,
Such a pretty dress,
Such a pretty smile,
Such a pretty me!**

Luz swats her away from the case with the shammyskin rag. María twirls away, down the aisle, with Provi and Meche dancing behind her, egging her on. The other women either watch with amusement of disapproval, or ignore them.

MARÍA (CONT'D)

I feel stunning -

MARÍA (CONT'D) PROVI
And entrancing, ¡Eso, María!
Feel like running and dancing
for joy!

María stops in front of a painted sunny sky emblazoned with **RIO BY THE SEA-OH!** Gringa mannequins in swimsuits and straw hats frolic with a beach ball on sand.

MARÍA (CONT'D)
For I'm loved -

She steps up onto the display, where she's lit by a brilliant yellow sun!

MARÍA (CONT'D)
By a pretty wonderful boy!

ROSALÍA
 (to Fausta:)
Have you met my good friend Maria?

LUZ
The craziest girl on the block?

ROSALÍA
 (to Fausta:)
You'll know her the minute you see her -

LUZ
She's the one who is an advanced state of shock.

María borrows a straw hat from a mannequin. She grabs a beach ball from the display and tosses it to Luz.

PROVI AND MECHE
She thinks she's in love.
She thinks she's in Spain!

LUZ
She isn't in love.

FAUSTA
She's merely insane.

María dons sunglasses and a bag to go with her hat.

MECHE
It must be the heat!

CHARITA
Or some rare disease?

PROVI AND MECHE
Or too much to eat!

María throws handfuls of sand at the other girls, then jumps off the dais.

MARÍA
Or maybe it's fleas!

María chases Luz, who runs behind Rosalía.

LUZ
Keep away from her!

Luz takes the Windex spray can from her smock pocket and sprays it at María like insect repellent.

ROSALÍA
Send for Chino!

María sticks out her tongue.

LUZ AND ROSALÍA
**This is not the Mar -
Ia we know!**

Lluvia snatches the sunglasses off María.

LLUVIA
Modest and pure!

Charita snatches off the hat.

ROSALÍA
Polite and -

CHARITA
- refined!

Lluvia hands María a broom.

FAUSTA
Well-bred and mature!

María grabs the broom and dances away with it down an aisle.

FAUSTA, PROVI, ROSALÍA, CHARITA, MECHE,
LUZ AND LLUVIA
And out of her mind!

At the end of the aisle, María disappears around a corner. Provi appears immediately, announcing to the other women, who are watching:

PROVI
Miss America!

Meche steps out, joining Provi. They gesture to a circular rack of dresses.

PROVI AND MECHE
Speech, speech, ¡por favor! ¡Que hable!

María steps out through the dresses. The stole from the first display is draped across her like a "Miss America" banner.

MARÍA
**I feel pretty,
Oh so pretty -**

Provi, behind her, places a rhinestone tiara on María's head. Meche and Luz applaud.

MARÍA (CONT'D)	PROVI AND MECHE
That the city should give me its key.	¡María, la alcaldesa!

Luz hands María a feather duster; she holds it like a bouquet of roses.

MARÍA (CONT'D)
**A committee
Should be organized to honor me.**

LUZ, MECHE AND PROVI
La-la-la-la la la la la-la!

FAUSTA
(clapping her hands,
sternly:)
¡Ok, ya! ¡Hasta aquí llegó la comedia! ¡A
trabajar to' el mundo!

The women start cleaning, except María, who dances towards Fausta.

MARÍA
**I feel dizzy,
I feel sunny -**

María grabs Fausta's hands and starts dancing with her.

MARÍA (CONT'D)	FAUSTA
I feel fizzy And funny And fine! And so pretty Miss America can just resign!	Ay, pobrecita. ¡Está loca! Whoever he is, I hope he's not gonna be trouble. ¡Los hombres, Santo Dios! ¡Yo sí tengo historias!

EVERYONE EXCEPT MARÍA
(as they clean:)
La-la-la-la la la la la-la la-la!

CUT TO:

The cleaning crew enters a fancy ladies' changing and alteration room of floor-to-ceiling 3-panel mirrors. Provi

flips a switch and the room is lit in flattering pale pink light. María steps onto the platform before one of the great mirrors and points to her reflection, multiplied over and over.

MARÍA

See the pretty girl in that mirror there?

ROSALÍA

(looking all around)

What mirror where?

MARÍA

(to the others:)

Who can that attractive girl be?

The other women dart into the mirrors, their reflections joining with María's.

CHARITA

Which?

LUZ

What?

LLUVIA

Where?

ALL

Whom?

MARÍA (O.S.)

Such a pretty face -

Whom?

ALL (O.S.) (CONT'D)

MARÍA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Such a pretty dress -

Whom?

ALL (O.S.) (CONT'D)

MARÍA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Such a pretty smile -

Such a pretty me!

All the women join with María in admiring themselves!

PROVI, FAUSTA, MECHE, CHARITA, LLUVIA,
ROSALÍA AND LUZ

Such a pretty me!

Such a pretty me!

Such a pretty me!

María, Provi, Meche and Luz spin around María in turn.

MARÍA

I feel stunning -

PROVI AND MECHE

I feel stunning -

MARÍA
And entrancing!

PROVI AND MECHE
And entrancing!

MARÍA
Feel like running -

MARÍA (CONT'D)
And dancing for joy!

PROVI, FAUSTA, MECHE,
 CHARITA, LLUVIA, ROSALÍA AND
 LUZ
**Feel like running and dancing
 for joy!**

THE WHOLE CLEANING CREW!!
**For I'm loved
 By a pretty wonderful boy!**

FAUSTA
 Get back to work!

The women move back out to the show floor and resume dusting.

(*"I Feel Pretty" ends.*)

EXT. GIMBEL'S LOADING DOCK, WEST 33RD STREET - NIGHT

It's very late. Along the wall of the loading dock opposite the employees' entrance, there are large bins filled with the store's accumulation of collapsed boxes, excelsior, discarded receipts, cast-out signage and displays.

Charita and Lluvia, Meche and Provi come out of the employees' entrance, dressed to go home, chatting as they walk through the loading dock past Gimbel's delivery trucks towards the street.

Rosalía, Luz and María follow them, also talking. María is searching in her purse for a subway token. Just before they go through the door leading out to the exterior dock and the street, María stops abruptly.

MARÍA
 ¡Ay, espera! I didn't punch my time card!

ROSALÍA
 Eso es lo que le hace el amor a tu cerebro. ¡Voy a fumar!

LUZ
 ¡Perdida en las nubes! ¡Dale, te esperamos. ¡Avanza!

Rosalía, taking out a pack of cigarettes, goes through the door to the outer dock, Luz following.

María runs back towards the employees' entrance. Just before she goes back inside the store, she stops suddenly and turns back, looking around and calling out to the now-empty interior dock.

MARÍA

¿Hola?
¿Quién está ahí?

CHINO (O.S.)

Soy... Soy yo.

MARÍA

¿Chino?

No answer. María looks behind her, then all around, confused, starting to feel afraid:

MARÍA (CONT'D)

¿Chino, eres tú?

Behind her, from where he's been hiding between two of the bins, Chino stands up, swaying, his eyes huge, dark, glassy.

CHINO

María...

She turns, badly startled; then stares at him, her fear catching fire.

MARÍA

¿Que pasó?
Chino, ¿qué pasó?

She steps towards him.

MARÍA (CONT'D)

Tú estabas llorando.

He can't speak. She waits, then:

MARÍA (CONT'D)

Dime.

Chino shakes his head.

CHINO

(fast:)

There was a fight, con los Jets, y me fui con ellos, y ... Y hubo un accidente, María, like it was over before, before anyone could stop him, fue tan rápido que nadie... and Riff, he got stabbed, and -

MARÍA

¿Tony?!

He can't believe she's said his name.

MARÍA (CONT'D)

¿Tony estaba allí?!

Chino glares at her. Then he looks down. María shakes him.

MARÍA (CONT'D)
¡Chino! ¿Le pasó algo?

CHINO
 (shouting at María:)
 ¡EL MATÓ A TU HERMANO! TONY KILLED
 BERNARDO!!

Chino runs towards the open loading dock. María pursues him.

MARÍA
 ¡Eso no fue el! ¡CHINO! LIAR!!

Chino leaps off the edge of the loading dock and runs out past Rosalía and Luz, who stare at him, horrified. They look up to see María standing at the edge of the loading dock, blind, blank.

An OLDER SECURITY GUARD strides onto the loading dock.

SECURITY GUARD
 What's going on down there?

María stands, stricken, as Rosalía and Luz go to her.

INT. CITY MORGUE, COLD STORAGE ROOM - LATE NIGHT

There is a corpse on a gurney covered with a plastic sheet. Anita enters the room. A DETECTIVE watches her as an ASSISTANT CORONER uncovers the body to the neck. It's Riff. Anita turns away and shakes her head "no" - that's not Bernardo.

The coroner covers Riff, then leads Anita to a second gurney. He uncovers Bernardo to the neck. Anita looks. Her grief washes over her and carries her away.

INT/EXT. - MARÍA'S BEDROOM AND THE FIRE ESCAPE - NIGHT

María enters her bedroom. The lights are off. She notices movement on the fire escape and moves towards the window to find Tony climbing through it. María shudders violently, then:

MARÍA
 ¡No, no entres!
 (screaming:)
 ¡SI ENTRAS, TE MATO!

TONY
 I didn't - I didn't mean for it -

He starts to come inside.

MARÍA

You promised you would stop this.

María runs at the window.

MARÍA (CONT'D)

YOU PROMISED YOU WOULD STOP THIS!

María runs into Tony, who slowly stands.

TONY

I tried. I tried -

MARÍA

And then you murdered him! *You murdered me!*

(screaming)

YOU'RE A KILLER! KILLER! KILLER! KILLER!

She slams her fists into him as hard as she can. He makes no move to stop her or defend himself.

Exhausted, María collapses to the floor. Tony turns back to the window, starts to climb through it, then stops.

TONY

I'm going to the cops. I just had to see you first.

He resumes his exit, but María snatches at the jacket in his hand, holding him back.

MARÍA

You let them take you from me, how do I forgive you for that?

She pulls herself up by his jacket to stand by him. She pulls him back into the room. He sinks to his knees. They cling to each other.

INT. DOC'S DRUGSTORE - NIGHT

The lights are off, the gates are partially closed. Outside, the street's empty. Then Mouthpiece, Balkan, Action, Little Moly and Skink run breakneck-fast past the window, pause to regroup, but only for a second: Lights and sirens approach and the Jets scatter down nearby alleys with two squad cars in pursuit.

Anybodys follows behind, alone as always. He lingers, peering in through the drugstore window. He's startled by the sight of Valentina inside the dark store, looking out. Anybodys bolts down the street.

A moment later, Braulio, Tino, Pipo, Julito, Junior and Manolo race down the street, fleeing the cops.

BRAULIO

¡Yo no quería que esto pasara, yo no quería que esto pasara!

Valentina runs out of the store and stops them.

VALENTINA

¡Párense! Braulio, ¿qué está pasando?
¿Qué está pasando aquí?

BRAULIO

Los Jets, quisieron pelear.

Everyone starts talking at once, their attention torn between Valentina and keeping a frightened eye out for cops.

JUNIOR

(to Braulio:)
Vamos, nos tenemos que ir.

VALENTINA

¿Los Jets? ¿Quiénes estaban ahí?

JULITO

Bernardo está muerto.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)

(to Braulio:)
¡Dale, hombre! ¡Vámonos, que nos van a arrestar!

VALENTINA

(crossing herself at
Julito's news:)
¡Ay, Dios Todopoderoso! No puede ser...

PIPO

Y Riff. También está muerto. Riff también está muerto. Nos tenemos que ir. Nos tenemos que ir.

Some of the Sharks start to move away.

VALENTINA

¿Dónde está Tony? ¿Dónde estaba Tony?

BRAULIO

El fue el que mató a Bernardo.

A squad car rounds the corner onto the block.

SHARKS

¡La jara, la jara! ¡Vámonos! ¡Vámonos, vámonos, vamos!

Braulio pulls Julito away from Valentina, and the Sharks run away, leaving Valentina speechless, lost in horror. She starts blindly towards the store.

She goes to the left storefront window to pull the gate across. She stops, overwhelmed, and goes inside.

INT. DOC'S DRUGSTORE - LATE NIGHT

Valentina retrieves a bottle of rum and a shot glass. On the wall behind the counter, there is a photo of young Valentina standing beside Doc, older than Valentina but also young, in

front of the drugstore; both look proprietary-proud and happy. Valentina sits at the counter, looking up at the photo. She pours herself a drink with shaking hands.

("Somewhere" begins:)

VALENTINA
**There's a place for us,
 Somewhere a place for us.
 Peace and quiet and open air
 Wait for us
 Somewhere.
 There's a time for us,
 Someday a time for us -**

INT. 21ST PRECINCT POLICE STATION - LATE NIGHT

Krupke hands Anita some paperwork, offering advice or information. Anita nods slightly, looking small and utterly lost.

VALENTINA (V.O.)
Time together with time to spare -

INT. DOC'S DRUGSTORE - LATE NIGHT

Valentina looks up at the photograph.

VALENTINA
Time to learn, time to care,

INT. MARÍA'S BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

María, sitting on her bed, faces Tony.

VALENTINA (V.O.)
**Someday!
 Somewhere!**

INT. DOC'S DRUGSTORE - LATE NIGHT

Valentina looks out at the street.

VALENTINA
**We'll find a new way of living, We'll
 find a way of forgiving -**

EXT. OUTSIDE THE PRECINCT HOUSE, WEST 82ND ST - LATE NIGHT

Anita leaves the station house, walking slowly, painfully east, towards her building.

VALENTINA (V.O.)
Somewhere...

INT. MARÍA'S BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

María stands over Tony, seated on her bed. Gently, she wipes the blood from his face. They kiss and she leans into his embrace.

VALENTINA (V.O.)
**There's a place for us -
 A time and place for us.**

INT. DOC'S DRUGSTORE - LATE NIGHT

Valentina looks back at the photograph, and then off into a distance.

VALENTINA
**Hold my hand and we're halfway there.
 Hold my hand and I'll take you there
 Somehow,
 Someday,
 Somewhere...**

She folds into herself, cradling her head in her arms.

INT/EXT. ANITA'S AND BERNARDO'S APARTMENT/ALLEY - LATE NIGHT

("Somewhere" ends:) Tony and María are naked in bed together, clothes strewn about. In the distance, a siren howls. Tony sits up abruptly, waking María.

MARÍA
 (whispering)
 Vente a la cama.

TONY
 I should go.

MARÍA
 Where?

He doesn't answer. She understands he means: to the cops.

He gets out of bed and pulls on his underwear and pants. María starts to pull on her own clothes.

MARÍA (CONT'D)
 Ay, no.

María goes to him.

MARÍA (CONT'D)
 Go to Doc's. Valentina will know what to do.
 (a beat, no answer, then:)
 Tony. Promise me you will.

He nods silently.

They look up at the sound of a key in the front door lock.
The door opens.

In the front room, Anita enters.

Back in the bedroom, they hear:

ANITA (O.S.)
María?

MARÍA
(calling to Anita:)
Sí, me acabo de despertar, salgo ahora.

Anita paces in the kitchen, trying to pull herself together.

ANITA (O.S.)
Sal, mi amor, que tenemos que hablar.

In the bedroom, Tony pulls María to him.

TONY
Come with me now.

MARÍA
I can't. I can't.

Anita's outside the bedroom door. She knocks.

ANITA (O.S.)
María, ¿puedo entrar?

MARÍA
Sí, I'm almost - I'll come out in -

She kisses Tony quickly, then pushes him towards the window.

MARÍA (CONT'D)
Go, go.

He's halfway out the window when the door opens. Anita enters, then freezes. No one moves. Then Tony goes out through the window and scrambles recklessly down the fire escape, finally dropping to the ground.

Anita watches him run. She closes the window and turns to stare with blind, burning eyes, first at María, then slowly she turns to stare at the rumpled bed. She sleepwalks to the bed, then, in a hoarse whisper:

ANITA
¿Pero qué es esto?

MARÍA
(a beat, then:)
I love him.

Anita slaps María, hard.

("A Boy Like That/I Have a Love" begins:)

They stand, shocked by the slap. María turns and moves towards the bedroom door.

ANITA

**A boy like that, who killed your brother?
Forget that boy, and find another!**

María turns back to face Anita.

ANITA (CONT'D)

**One of your own kind!
Stick to your own kind!**

Anita goes to María.

ANITA (CONT'D)

**A boy like that will give you sorrow.
You'll meet another boy tomorrow.
One of your own kind-
Stick to your own kind!**

María turns again and, shoving open the door, flees the bedroom. Anita follows.

ANITA (CONT'D)

**A boy who kills cannot love,
A boy who kills has no heart.
And he's the boy who gets your love
And gets your heart?
Very smart, Maria, very smart!**

In Anita's workroom, María retreats between some dressing dummies.

ANITA (CONT'D)

**A boy like that wants one thing only
And when he's done he'll leave you
lonely.
He'll murder your love; he murdered mine.**

Anita presses in and María retreats to the hall.

ANITA (CONT'D)

**Just wait and see -
Just wait, Maria,
Just wait and see!**

María stops and faces Anita.

MARÍA

**Oh no, Anita, no,
Anita, no!**

Anita looks away.

MARÍA (CONT'D)

It isn't true, not for me,
It's true for you, not for me -
I hear your words -
And in my head
I know they're smart -
But my heart, Anita,
But my heart -

Anita glares at María:

ANITA

A boy like that who killed
your brother,
Forget that boy, and find
another,
One of your own kind,
Stick to your own kind!

MARÍA (CONT'D)

- knows they're wrong...
And my heart
Is too strong,
For I belong
To him alone -

MARÍA (CONT'D)

- to him alone.
One thing I know:

Anita stalks through the living room, trying to control her wild rage.

ANITA

A boy who kills cannot love,
A boy who kills has no heart.
And he's the boy who gets
your love
And gets your heart?
Very smart, Maria, very
smart!

MARÍA (CONT'D)

I am his,
I don't care what he is.
I don't know why it's so,
I don't want to know.

María covers her ears to block out Anita.

MARÍA (CONT'D)

Oh no, Anita, no -

Anita forcefully pulls María's hands from her ears.

MARÍA (CONT'D)

You should know better!
You were in love -
- or so you said.

Anita looks shocked at this. María's shocked too; she's hit too hard, but she doesn't back down:

MARÍA (CONT'D)

You should know better...

Anita's fire dies. She seems to grow weary, to age.

MARÍA (CONT'D)

I have a love, and it's all that I have.
 Right or wrong, what else can I do?
 I love him.
 I'm his.
 And everything he is
 I am too.

Anita walks into the bedroom she shared with Bernardo. María follows.

MARÍA (CONT'D)

I have a love, and it's all that I need,
 Right or wrong, and he needs me too.

Anita can't hold back her tears anymore. She sinks to the bed as María kneels before her. Anita looks down at María, forcing herself to listen, to hear as María pleads for understanding.

MARÍA (CONT'D)

I love him, we're one;
 There's nothing to be done,
 Not a thing I can do
 But hold him,
 Hold him forever,
 Be with him now, tomorrow
 And all of my life.

Despite her agony, Anita's moved by María's need, her fear, her grief and her love; she seems to Anita a child who must be protected. Anita takes María's hands and stands, raising her.

MARÍA AND ANITA

When love comes so strong,
 There is no right or wrong.
 Your love is your life!

(The instrumental ending of the song plays through the following:)

ANITA

It will never be safe for him here.

MARÍA

Sí, lo sé.

ANITA

And no one will ever forgive him.

MARÍA

Will you?

ANITA

You can't ever ask me that.

MARÍA
Will you forgive me?

ANITA
Te quiero, mi niña. But he will have to go away. And you will have to go with him.

("A Boy Like That/I Have a Love" ends.)

INT. GIMNASIO DE LOS HERMANOS RIVERA - LATE NIGHT

The gym is empty and dark. Flaco, Chago and Chucho sit or kneel, watching as Quique places a glass votive candle in the center of the boxing ring.

Suddenly, the lights come on. The boys scramble to their feet.

QUIQUE
¿Quién está ahí?

A figure walks up outside the ring. They recognize Chino, his face unnervingly calm.

QUIQUE (CONT'D)
¿Estás bien, hermano?

CHINO
Bien, bien, Quique. ¿Y tú?

Concealed in the shadows, Anybodys is watching.

QUIQUE
(shaking his head, terrible
sorrow coming through:)
Mal, muy mal. It got so bad so fast. Y
Bernardo...

He stops, overwhelmed, trying very hard not to cry.

CHINO
Bernardo está muerto.

No one responds to this.

CHUCHO
Bernardo era el alma de to's nosotros. El más fuerte.

QUIQUE
He was a hero. I know people say that about a lot of people, pero Bernardo -

CHINO
Pero cayó de pendejo. Bernardo was a fool. What did he die for?

CHAGO

(angry!)

¡Murió luchando por su dignidad, and for
pride, mi hermano, orgullo
puertorriqueño!

CHUCHO

Bernardo, he died to show those gringos
how tough Puerto Ricans are, más fuerte
que to' ellos -

CHAGO

- and if they push us too far -

CHINO

(a little laugh:)

If those nobodies can take your pride
away from you, tú eres más estúpido que
Bernardo.

Chago lunges for Chino, who steps back and pulls the gun out
from behind him. He holds it at his side. No one moves.

QUIQUE

Eso es verdad. It's a big world. Bernardo
let the gringos tell him there's only
this barrio, these twenty bad blocks.

Quique steps out of the ring and lays a restraining hand on
the gun, imploring Chino.

QUIQUE (CONT'D)

Pero Chino, pana, don't you do what
Bernardo did. You kill a gringo, they'll
kill you.

CHINO

Sooner or later, the gringos kill
everything.

He starts to walk out. Quique tries to hold him back.

QUIQUE

Chino, Chino, por favor, Bernardo no te
dejaría hacer eso. Y, y María...

Chino stops, stricken. Without even looking at Quique -

CHINO

Don't follow me.

He walks away. The darkness swallows him.

Anybodys watches Chino leave; his quick eyes register alarm.
He follows.

INT. ANITA AND BERNARDO'S APARTMENT - LATE NIGHT

María sits in a chair. Anita stands behind her. Schrank stands near the door, facing them. He says to Anita:

LIEUTENANT SCHRANK
Bernardo was your husband?

ANITA
Yes.

LIEUTENANT SCHRANK
Well, close enough.

Schrank smirks. Anita fights to remain composed.

LIEUTENANT SCHRANK (CONT'D)
Your brother was angry you danced with a white boy at the mixer last night.

MARÍA
No, I don't think so.

LIEUTENANT SCHRANK
You don't think the boy you danced with was white? Or you don't think Bernardo was angry?

MARÍA
I wouldn't dance with a white boy.

LIEUTENANT SCHRANK
Yeah? I heard you came with a date, some Puerto Rican boy, goes by the street name...
(consulting a notebook:)
Chino. Word is Chino's got a gun.

He watches to see if María reacts. She doesn't. He looks at Anita, who stares at him, stricken. He says to Anita:

LIEUTENANT SCHRANK (CONT'D)
That's what the word is, anyway.

Anita, fighting to remain composed, turns and goes to her sewing machine. With her feet pumping the treadle, blindly running fabric through the feed dog. Schrank follows Anita to the doorway, raising his voice to speak to her over the machine's clatter:

LIEUTENANT SCHRANK (CONT'D)
He's armed and hunting for this white stranger, who she danced with -

Anita works the treadle harder, increasing the racket. Undeterred, Schrank shouts at her:

LIEUTENANT SCHRANK (CONT'D)
Who we think killed your boyfriend.

Anita stops the machine.

ANITA
 Bernardo told me about you.

LIEUTENANT SCHRANK
 I'm flattered.

ANITA
 The way you talked to him.

María steps into the room.

MARÍA
 (calmly, deliberately:)
 Chino is gentle. He doesn't have a gun.

LIEUTENANT SCHRANK
 Apparently, now he does.

Anita fires up the machine again, running a new row of stitches.

MARÍA
 I have...
 (to Anita:)
 ¿Cómo se dice migraña?

LIEUTENANT SCHRANK
 A headache?

ANITA
 (nodding, a beat, then:)
 She has her monthly. You know -

LIEUTENANT SCHRANK
 I get the picture.

MARÍA
 I need for this... um, medicine? Anita,
 she can go for me?

Before Schrank can answer, María turns to Anita:

MARÍA (CONT'D)
 Mamita, ve a Doc's y dile a Valentina -

LIEUTENANT SCHRANK
 In English.

MARÍA
 Sí, sí, *English*, is hard to, to -

LIEUTENANT SCHRANK

Yeah I bet it is.

(to Anita:)

She wants you to go to Docs drugstore,
ask Valentina for -

Anita cuts him off by ripping some fresh stitches from the fabric.

LIEUTENANT SCHRANK (CONT'D)

(to María:)

Hot tea is how my wife handles it.

MARÍA

(to Anita:)

Y dile a Valentina que -

LIEUTENANT SCHRANK

What did I say?

MARÍA

Tell Valentina I hope her cousin arrived safe. From Santurce. And I'm sorry I can't be there to meet him like I promised.

LIEUTENANT SCHRANK

And all of a sudden, fluency!

MARÍA

Dile que ya voy.

(to Schrank:)

That means I'll come as soon as I can.

Anita stands, gets her purse and a scarf, and looks at Schrank blankly.

ANITA

I can go?

He shrugs.

LIEUTENANT SCHRANK

You're not his widow or anything. I'm done with you.

Schrank opens the door for her and she exits.

Alone on the apartment stairs, Anita's composure starts to give way. She gathers herself and heads down the stairs.

Back in the apartment, Schrank pulls up a chair to sit with María at the kitchen table.

LIEUTENANT SCHRANK (CONT'D)

It must be tough, losing a brother.

(pulls out his notebook)

So. Let's start from the beginning.

INT. DOC'S DRUGSTORE - PRE-DAWN

The outside shutters over the storefront windows are down, and the accordion grate across the door is partially drawn.

The Jets sit and stand all around the shop; shock is giving way to a sharp, scary, unfamiliar grief that sets them all on edge.

Baby John sits apart from the other Jets, pulled into himself. Tessa sits next to him, unsure of what to do.

Graziella sits at a table, head in hands, sobbing, a rosary wrapped tight around her right hand. Velma sits with her. Graziella looks up and turns to Ice, stationed at the head of the stairs to the basement.

GRAZIELLA

I wanna go see him, talk to him!

ICE

Tony just wants to be alone right now, he don't want to see us.

A-RAB

He ain't alone, the old lady's down there with him!

VELMA

Does he know we're up here? Me and Grazie?

GRAZIELLA

Does he know *I'm* here? Tony cared about me once.

ICE

He don't wanna see you, Grazie. Go home.

DIESEL

We left him lyin' there.

Ice and Graziella stop at this.

DIESEL (CONT'D)

In the salt shed. Ice.

ICE

I know.

DIESEL

That's botherin me.

ICE
 Bothers me too, Deez.

ANYBODYS
 He ain't there anymore.

Everyone spins around. Anybodys is standing at the front of the store.

ACTION
 Jesus Christ!

ICE
 Where'd you come from?

ANYBODYS
 Down the chimney like Santy Claus. What's Tony gonna do?

She moves to the basement door, but A-Rab blocks her.

A-RAB
 Go pop yerself, ya blister.

ANYBODYS
 (ignoring them, to Ice:)
 How long's he figure on holin up down there?

Everyone looks to Ice. Baby John stands, moves towards him.

ICE
 Till the heat dies down.

BABY JOHN
 When's that gonna happen?

ANYBODYS
 Two guys died, so: Never ever.

Silence for a moment, then:

ANYBODYS (CONT'D)
 Bernardo's friend Chino, he has Riff's gun.

BIG DEAL
 Aw Jesus.

ANYBODYS
 And he's huntin for Tony.

MOUTHPIECE
 (to Ice:)
 What're we gonna do?

ICE

I dunno.

Anybodys heads towards the door.

ICE (CONT'D)

Where are you goin'?

ANYBODYS

Keep track of Chino.

ICE

Yeah, yeah good, you do that. In and out of shadows.

ANYBODYS

That's how.

Anybodys turns to leave.

ICE

Hey.

Anybodys stops.

ICE (CONT'D)

You done good, buddy boy.

Anybodys can't help it; he smiles at Ice, but it's a sad smile - he's finally getting something he no longer wants. He moves to the door, reaching it just as the accordion gate across the door slides open and Anita stands in the doorway.

Anybodys freezes. All the Jets stand. Velma and Graziella stay seated.

Anita stops in the doorway. Anybodys looks back at the Jets, who are sneering, incredulous, alert to danger at Anita's appearance. Anybodys turns again to leave. As he goes past Anita, he says, very quietly, in a tone of urgent warning:

ANYBODYS

Leave.

Anita glances at Anybodys as he leaves. Then she steps inside the store.

ANITA

I want to see your friend. Tony. He's here? He's supposed to be.

Ice shrugs.

ANITA (CONT'D)

I have a message for him. Where is Valentina?

The Jets shift forward with an air of menace.

SNOWBOY
You're Bernardo's girl.

A-RAB
We saw ya at the gym.

BIG DEAL
You wanna dance, chiquita banana?

BALKAN
Dancin up a storm you was, dippin them
hips...

Taking tentative steps towards the cellar stairs, Anita calls out:

ANITA
¡Valentina! ¡Es Anita! ¿Puedes subir, por
favor, que tengo que -

Graziella stands up and goes towards Anita.

GRAZIELLA
Spanish?! You come here speakin Spanish?!

ANITA
(to Graziella:)
I wasn't talking to you.

BIG DEAL
No Spanish! Not with us, not today!

Anita moves for the door, but A-Rab steps in front of it. She turns to leave. Tiger and Big Deal block her way.

ANITA
Let me pass.

ICE
You heard her, boys. She wants to pass.

A-RAB
Mmmm, she's too dark to pass.

GRAZIELLA
Let her go!
(to Anita)
No one wants you here!

BALKAN
Why doncha dance for us first?

Big Deal drops a dime in the jukebox; music starts to play.
**(The music for the attempted rape of Anita, which starts with
a violent version of "America":)**

NUMBERS

Dance with me dolly, like you danced at
the gym!

Numbers starts to dance around Anita, an obscene parody of
the mambo.

GRAZIELLA

Stop it, Numbers. Stop!

BALKAN

(to Numbers)
Cutting in.

Balkan joins in with Numbers, dancing around Anita, rubbing
against her, pulling at her clothes. Graziella pulls Balkan
away, but Mouthpiece swoops in and snatches Anita, pulling
her into the midst of the Jets, pulling off her scarf.

A-RAB

Come on, ya pig, let's see your moves!

SNOWBOY

Bernardo's black pig.

Anita slaps Snowboy, hard. This gets the other Jets excited.
One by one, they start to join in the dance.

ANITA

Don't do this! No! Let me go!

All the Jets except Diesel and Baby John are now dancing
violently around Anita, shoving her back and forth.

GRAZIELLA

Let her go! ICE! ENOUGH!

Graziella tries to get to Anita but Diesel grabs her by the
arm and pulls her towards the door. Velma sees this and grabs
Tessa by the hand, following. Diesel opens the door and
shoves Grazie out on to the street, then roughly pushes Velma
and Tessa out after her. Then he slams the door on them and
locks them out. Graziella bangs on the window.

GRAZIELLA (CONT'D)

Open the goddamn door!

Diesel joins the other Jets, ignoring Graziella's shouting
and banging on the window:

Anita lashes out, striking several Jets with her purse, her
feet, her hands. But they surge back in and quickly overwhelm
her. Graziella keeps hammering at the door.

GRAZIELLA (CONT'D)

Don't! Please!

Suddenly, the cellar door flies open and Valentina enters the
room.

VALENTINA
OH MY GOD! OH MY GOD!

She grabs the nearest Jet, hauling him off Anita by his hair, then grabs another by his shirt and pulls him away. She grabs a broom and starts clubbing the boys, *hard*, yelling all the while:

VALENTINA (CONT'D)
WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING YOU
DISGUSTING PIECES OF SHIT?!

She manages to drive the Jets away from Anita. They stand, some ready to attack again, some of them already feeling shame. Anita is huddled on the floor, pulling the torn fabric of her blouse to cover herself. Valentina goes to her.

VALENTINA (CONT'D)
¡Pobrecita! Mi'ja... Mi'ja...

When Valentina puts her hand on Anita's shoulder, Anita recoils, badly startled. She struggles to her feet, then pushes Valentina away.

ANITA
¡Yo no soy tu hija, traitor! Tú les das
techo a estos puercos.

Anita starts towards the door. The Jets let her pass. Then:

A-RAB
Go back where ya came from.

Anita turns and fixes him with a scary smile.

ANITA
You think I want to stay here in a city
full of ugly little animals like you?

Anita looks at all the Jets; some glare, some look away, some stare down at the ground.

ANITA (CONT'D)
No, gracias. Yo no soy americana.
(She spits on the ground.)
¡Yo soy puertorriqueña!
(A beat, then to
Valentina:)
Tell Tony... You tell that *murderer* María
ain't coming. Chino... He found out about
them. Tony and María.
(a breath:)
He shot her. María is dead. You tell him
that.

Anita leaves the store. The Jets remain motionless. Valentina stares at the floor; then, with a great effort, she addresses the Jets, speaking to them one by one, quietly, flatly:

VALENTINA

I know you. I know all of your names.
Since you was born; I watched you grow
up. And you have grown into rapists.

She walks past them to the basement stairs. As she descends:

VALENTINA (CONT'D)

You dishonor yourselves. You dishonor
your dead.

The Jets watch her go. For a moment, none of them speaks and no one looks at anyone else. Ice starts to walk towards the door. As he does, Diesel asks him:

DIESEL

What do we do now?

Without turning around, Ice shrugs, then answers:

ICE

We're done.

He leaves.

INT. THE BASEMENT OF DOC'S DRUGSTORE - PRE-DAWN

Tony is stripping the walls, putting his possessions in a hobo roll as Valentina comes down from the shop.

TONY

What was that? What was that?! You can't
never hear nothin from down here. Was it
the cops?

VALENTINA

No, no, it was not police. No, it was, it
was - Now it's alright. It's -
Let's sit down for a second.

But Tony is darting everywhere, packing quickly.

TONY

Listen, I got somethin' to
ask and - and it ain't easy
to ask this, so let me just
go, OK?

(a beat, then:)

You give me so much already,
but when she gets here, just
if you could help us out with
the bus fare.

VALENTINA (CONT'D)

No, no, I got something to
tell you -
Wait, wait, I have something -

VALENTINA (CONT'D)

Tony, I -

TONY

I got no idea what it costs to get far enough away, out west someplace, a hundred bucks for both of us? And we'll get work when we get there, we'll pay you back, every cent. I know you ain't got money, so if it's too much.

VALENTINA

No, no, no. It's not too much. It's not -

Tony's overcome with feeling for her. He kneels by the cot where she's sitting.

TONY

We're gonna name all our girls Valentina! 'Cause if you hadn't've cared for me like you always done, I wouldn't even be here, alive, which...

(grief rising up)

...maybe I shouldn't be -

VALENTINA

Don't you ever say that. Life matters. It matters even more than love.

TONY

(shaking his head,
disagreeing:)

They're the same thing. Before María, maybe I woulda said they ain't, but now - It's all life is. Even if it lasts no time at all, a month, a day even.

VALENTINA

That was Anita upstairs.

TONY

(a beat, then:)

What's wrong?

VALENTINA

Chino...

TONY

What?

VALENTINA

Chino has a gun.

Chino, he...

He shot María.

She reaches out to caress his face.

VALENTINA (CONT'D)

He killed her. She's, she's dead.

Tony stares deep into Valentina's eyes, and he whimpers, then he recoils as if an electric shock propelled him as far away from her as he can get. A cry rises up inside him, he grabs his hair, he crushes his forehead against one of the rough-hewn beams supporting the cellar. He looks briefly at Valentina, his eyes crazy, and he bolts, running up the stairs that lead to the back alley. Valentina watches, unable to move.

EXT. THE STREET OUTSIDE DOC'S DRUGSTORE AND STREETS NEARBY -
PRE-DAWN AND THEN DAWN

Tony runs out of the alley onto the street. He looks up and down the street, not knowing which way to run. His resolve flags for a moment as a crushing weight bears down on him. He pushes it away and runs.

Tony turns onto a street that's barricaded to traffic at both ends. All the buildings on either side have been razed to the ground. At the barricade at the end of the street, Tony stops, wheeling around, his eyes searching in every direction. He calls:

TONY

CHINO!!!! CHINO!!!! WHERE ARE YOU?!!

He waits, breathing hard, then calls again, even louder.

TONY (CONT'D)

CHINO!!! I'M RIGHT HERE!!! CHINO!!!

Tony runs up the empty street, calling, his voice growing hoarse.

TONY (CONT'D)

*CHINO!!! COME ON, MAN!!! I'M RIGHT
HERE!!! I'M LOOKING FOR YOU!!!*

Anybodys appears out of nowhere. He grabs Tony by his arm and frantically tries to drag him towards the nearest ruined building.

ANYBODYS

*Come on. Come on with me! I know how to
hide you! I've a place that the cops'll
never look, just PLEASE!!*

Tony shakes loose of him, still calling for Chino.

TONY

DON'T LEAVE ME HERE!!!

Anybodys grabs at him again and Tony whirls on him.

TONY (CONT'D)
GET OFFA ME!

Anybodys steps back, looking at Tony, stunned by his fury, by the fixed, insensible determination in his face, his eyes.

TONY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
CHINO, KILL ME! KILL ME TOO, CHINO!!!

Tony runs around a corner and he's back where he began: Doc's drugstore is ahead. And just past the drugstore, Tony sees a figure, carrying something. He stops, staring ahead, seeing something he can't comprehend. And then he can.

The figure has come closer. It's María, suitcase in hand. She stops. They look at one another. She starts to run towards him. Tony walks slowly towards her, as if moving through disbelief.

Behind Tony, out of the ruins, Chino emerges, holding his gun.

María pulls up short in horror.

MARÍA
NO!!!

The first bullet from Chino's gun hits Tony from behind, in his shoulder. It knocks him forward, but he doesn't fall; he stumbles a few steps towards María, then stops, confused.

Chino aims his gun again.

MARÍA (CONT'D)
DON'T!!!

The second bullet hits Tony between his shoulders. He falls to his knees, then forward.

María drops her suitcase and runs to Tony. His blood is already pooling out. He raises himself, trying to find her. María kneels as he begins to sink back to the pavement. She catches him and cradles him. He tries to speak, but he can't.

MARÍA (CONT'D)
Mi amor, mi alma, mi corazón.

The Jets emerge from the nearby alleys, hanging back.

Tony smiles at María alive. There's something tranquil, accepting in the smile.

TONY
 (nearly inaudible)
 María...

María leans in close, and in his ear, as if singing a lullaby:

MARÍA

Only you, you're the only thing I'll see
 Forever.
 In my eyes, in my words and in everything
 I do,
 Nothing else but you,
 Ever...

As she holds him, quiet in her arms, he reaches up to hold her arm, then his hand falls limp.

Tony dies.

Lightly, she brushes his lips with her fingers. She holds him in silence, then carefully places his head on the pavement. She stands. She turns to face Chino. He's in the middle of the street, gun at his side, eyes closed.

Anybodys is also there, in the street behind Chino. Ice and Diesel stand beside Anybodys. Tiger and Big Deal are on an adjacent street. María looks back at Tony, then at the opposite corner, where Braulio, Chago, Chucho and Quique are watching.

María gets to her feet and walks to Chino. She holds out her hand and says, gently and firmly:

MARÍA (CONT'D)

Give it to me.

Chino doesn't move. María takes the gun.

MARÍA (CONT'D)

How do you fire it? Just... pull this?!

María points the gun at Chino's heart. He draws back, an involuntary movement. She keeps the gun trained on him. She gives him a cold, appraising look. He starts trembling, eyes closed. Keeping the gun pointed at him, María comes closer. Quietly she says:

MARÍA (CONT'D)

How many bullets are left? Enough for you?

Suddenly she swings the gun from Chino to point it at Ice.

MARÍA (CONT'D)

And you?

Ice stands, helpless. María keeps the gun on him a long beat, then moves the gun towards Diesel and the other Jets.

MARÍA (CONT'D)

All of you?
I can kill now because I hate now.

She points the gun at Quique and the other Sharks.

MARÍA (CONT'D)

I hate now.

Then she faces Chino again.

MARÍA (CONT'D)

How many can I kill, Chino? And still
have one bullet left for me?

María stares at the gun, then she forces herself to look back at Tony's body. It's very hard for her to do this. She drops the gun and runs back to him. She throws herself over him and kisses him.

MARÍA (CONT'D)

Te adoro, Anton.

Ice goes to Tony's body. Tiger, Big Deal and Diesel approach, then hesitate and stop as Ice tries to help María stand. She pulls away and throws herself protectively across Tony.

MARÍA (CONT'D)

No, don't touch him!

Ice steps back. Braulio comes forward, leans down to María and whispers to her.

BRAULIO

María, ya es tiempo. Vente con nosotros.

She lets him help her to her feet.

Anybodys goes to Ice and leads him back to Tony's body. As Anybodys kneels by Tony's head and lays his arms across his chest, Ice looks to Big Deal, Tiger and Diesel. They join him in lifting Tony. Anybodys supports Tony's head, Ice and Tiger his shoulders, Big Deal and Diesel his lower torso and legs.

As they carry him, one of his arms slips, dangling lifeless and heavy at his side. Chago moves in, carefully raising Tony's arm and returning it to his chest. Then Quique joins to support Tony's legs, next to Big Deal, while Chucho moves in next to Diesel to do the same.

Braulio walks in front as Chago, Anybodys, Ice, Big Deal, Chucho, Quique, Tiger and Diesel carry Tony's body down the street, past the ruined buildings. María follows behind.

Valentina walks slowly in the other direction; as she passes the cortege, she crosses herself. As she passes the gun, she picks it up and puts it in her coat pocket.

She goes to Chino, who remains rooted in place, trembling, frightened. Valentina puts her hand through his arm and he lets her lead him down the street. The two walk slowly behind María, who walks behind the Jets and Sharks, carrying Tony's body.

They turn and bring Tony into the drugstore. María follows them. A police car turns onto the street, siren flashing. Valentino and Chino keep walking till they reach the police car. Policemen close in on Chino, handcuff him and put him into the back of the car.

The final notes of "Somewhere" sound three times.

THE END