

FAME

"Passing Grade"

Prod. #2707

(Formerly "For Those Who Can Teach")

By

Lee H. Grant

EXECUTIVE PRODUCER:
William Blinn

PRODUCER:
Mel Swope

EXECUTIVE STORY CONSULTANT:
Hindi Brooks

FINAL DRAFT

October 8, 1981
Revised 10/15/81 (Blue)

FAME - "Passing Grade" - 10/15/81

FAME

"Passing Grade"

Prod. #2707

CAST LIST

LYDIA GRANT
BRUNO MARTELLI
COCO HERNANDEZ
SHOROFSKY
DANNY AMATULLO
ELIZABETH SHERWOOD
DORIS SCHWARTZ
MONTGOMERY MacNEILL
LEROY JOHNSON
JULIE MILLER

ANGELO MARTELLI
ROBERT SUMMERS
STAGE MANAGER
PRODUCER (SILENT)
PRODUCER'S PROTEGE (SILENT)
MISS DOUGLAS
MAITRE D'
SINGER

ATMOSPHERE:

STUDENTS
RESTAURANT PATRONS

"THE LOCKERS"

FAME

"Passing Grade"

Prod. #2707

MUSIC CUES

MUSIC #1 - Sc. 30	BRUNO COMPOSES P.B. #2707-1-NV (:30)	
MUSIC #2 - Sc. 41	"THE SHOW MUST GO ON" P.B. #2707-2-V (2:55)	*
MUSIC #3 - Sc. 73	ND PIANO ACCOMPANIMENT (PD) P.B. #2707-3-NV (3:00)	
MUSIC #4 - Sc. 100B	"I STILL BELIEVE IN ME" P.B. #2707-4-V (3:23)	*

FAME

"Passing Grade"

Prod. #2707

SET LIST

INTERIORS:

SCHOOL OF THE ARTS
LOBBY
ENGLISH CLASSROOM
DANCE CLASSROOM
MUSIC CLASSROOM
REAR CORRIDOR
FIRST FLOOR CORRIDOR
STAIRWELL
TEACHERS' LOUNGE
MUSIC PRACTICE ROOM
CAFETERIA
OFFICE

THEATER STAGE

THEATER WINGS AREA

GINO'S RESTAURANT

GINO'S MEN'S ROOM

EXTERIORS:

NEW YORK STREET
(STOCK)

NEW YORK CORNER
(COCO'S PICKUP)

THEATRE DE LYS (STOCK)

VEHICLES:

MR. MARTELLI'S CAB

FAME
"Passing Grade"

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

- 1 INT. SCHOOL LOBBY - ON BRUNO - DAY 1
- As he comes in from the street, attention taken immediately by the staccato SOUND of HEELS RAPPING out an irresistible beat. START OPENING CREDITS OVER this as BRUNO moves forward, ANGLE WIDENING, to join in a small semicircle of onlooking students. Bruno falls into place next to LEROY, both exchanging nods of greeting, though their focus is upon:
- 2 POV - "THE LOCKERS" 2
- Three young men in the midst of their routine, the cadence kept by the HANDCLAPPING of the STUDENTS gathering around. CREDITS CONTINUE.
- 3 ANGLE TO CROWD 3
- As LYDIA passes on her way in and slows, smiling, taking a few seconds to admire the work being done. SHERWOOD is by her side, but she has more important matters to deal with it seems. She watches a second or two, then moves on, smiling her farewell to Lydia.
- 4 ANGLE TO THE LOCKERS TROUPE 4
- The routine more intricate, the steps more flamboyant.
- 5 ANGLE TO ROBERT SUMMERS 5
- An attractive and well-groomed black man in his middle to late-thirties. He's wearing casual sport clothes and a fairly heavy outerwear jacket. He comes out of the office with a clerk, who points o.s. in the direction of the crowd gathered about the spectators. He nods his thanks and moves off in the direction of the crowd.

6 ANGLE TO LYDIA 6

Watching with delight, unaware of Robert's presence as he edges up behind her, smiling puckishly. He places his hands over her eyes, momentarily cutting off her vision. She spins away, smiling, then reacts with delight when she sees who it is. We may or may not HEAR her "Robert!" as she throws her arms about his neck.

7 ON BRUNO AND LEROY 7

So...teachers have private lives, too. They exchange a look, then a WARNING BELL sends them on their way, along with the other students who have been watching the Lockers' routine.

8 ANGLE TO LYDIA AND ROBERT 8

As the students file past them, the glances not exactly furtive.

ROBERT
(re: the looks
from students)
I feel like I'm under a
microscope.

LYDIA
I think that's because they've
guessed.

ROBERT
Guessed what?

LYDIA
Honey...you're not my long-lost
brother!

DIRECT CUT TO:

9 INT. ENGLISH CLASSROOM - DAY 9

Sherwood hasn't arrived yet and chaos reigns supreme. DORIS is reading a copy of "Backstage." As CREDITS END, DANNY leans over.

DANNY
Don't tell me you actually
read that stuff.

(CONTINUED)

DORIS

And what do you read?

DANNY

Cereal box tops. Manhole covers.
Anything I can get my hands on.

DORIS

Wakka-wakka-wakka.

DANNY

Didn't anybody ever tell you
reading the trades is the sign
of an amateur?

DORIS

What are you talking about?
Every actress reads the trades.
It's how you find out what's
going on.

DANNY

You find out what's going on
by meeting the right people.
It's not what you know, it's
who you know.

Bruno enters from the hallway, moving to a nearby
desk.

DORIS

What about talent? Ever hear
of that?

DANNY

If all it took was talent, I'd
be doing the Carson show
tomorrow night and Vegas the
week after. It's not what
you know, it's who you know.

(turns)

Right, Bruno?

BRUNO

I don't know what you're
talking about.

DANNY

We're talking about show business.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JULIE threads her way into the room, picking up on the conversation as she moves to her desk.

BRUNO

I'm not interested in show business; I'm a musician.

DANNY

(turning back)

I'm sorry I asked.

(to Doris)

I'm telling you, you're wasting your time with that stuff.

JULIE

(referring

to Danny)

Don't pay any attention to him.

DORIS

(still perusing
the trades)

Easier said than done.

DANNY

I was just offering a little friendly advice.

DORIS

(for Julie's
benefit)

He's telling me the trades don't have any value.

DANNY

They have great value if you happen to be selling them. Then people give you money for them. But as far as information goes -- nothing.

Doris' eye has fallen on an item on the page she's reading.

DORIS

Oh, yeah...shows how much you know!

DANNY

What?

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED: (3)

9

Doris is rising from the desk, waves the trade paper past Danny's face like a matador performing a double veronica. He couldn't read it if he'd been Evelyn Wood's clone. Doris is moving for the door leading to the hallway.

10 ANGLE TO DOORWAY

10

As Miss Sherwood enters, about to pull the door shut, just as Doris comes churning past her, trade paper held on high.

SHERWOOD

Two minutes till final bell,
Doris...

DORIS

(as she goes)
I'll make it!

And she's gone. Sherwood moves after her.

11 INT. REAR CORRIDOR - FULL SHOT

11

The corridors at about half their capacity now as the students move to their first hour classes. Doris moves along the corridor at full speed, not looking back to reply to Sherwood's:

SHERWOOD

If you're late, it's an extra
book report!

DORIS

Make it 'The Sensuous Man'!
Please!

DIRECT CUT TO:

12 INT. DANCE CLASSROOM - ON COCO - DAY

12

Warming up with some gentle stretching exercises at the barre, though her gaze is, like Leroy's, who is located next to her, on the interesting scene being played out in the reflection of the mirror, where Lydia can be seen talking with Robert Summers.

13 CLOSER ANGLE - LYDIA AND ROBERT

13

Lydia's expression is one of combined disbelief and delight. Robert's look is appealingly proud and pleased. Their tones are restrained. The students cannot eavesdrop.

LYDIA

You mean it's set? It's for real? They can't back out?

ROBERT

Signed the contract this morning. They're stuck with me, like it or not.

LYDIA

My ex-boyfriend -- the director.

ROBERT

Had to put 'ex' in there, huh...

LYDIA

(ill at ease)

Uh, Bob...I've got a class to teach. This isn't really the time or --

ROBERT

Fair enough. That isn't why I stopped by, anyway. I stopped by because there's a part in the show you'd be right for, and I think we ought to talk about it.

LYDIA

You...came by to offer me a part in your show...?

ROBERT

Hey...they just hired me to direct. They didn't make me King. You'd have to audition. But you're perfect for it. Really.

His gaze is directed to her with affecting intensity and Lydia can't swiftly come up with anything that's sufficiently offhand to maintain the lightness of the conversation. Therefore, she's probably just as glad for the interruption provided by:

14 DIFFERENT ANGLE - DORIS

14

charges through the doorway like an agent from the Bureau of Narcotics raiding the Playboy Mansion. She spots COCO and heads for her, smiling an uneasy apology to Lydia.

DORIS
Won't take a sec!

She thrusts the trade paper into Coco's hands, speaking with the same speed with which she entered the room.

DORIS
(continuing)
Page twelve. Third column.
Fourth ad down.

COCO
(baffled)
What...

Doris reverses course instantly, calling back as she moves for the corridor.

DORIS
Page-twelve-third-column-
fourth-ad!

And she trizles on out of the room, pulling the door closed behind her.

15 ANGLE TO LYDIA

15

Her first line a soft throwaway to Robert, the next delivered with authority and projection to her class.

LYDIA
We'll talk.
(to the class)
All right, people. In lines of
two. The same combination that we
worked on yesterday.

As she starts to put the class through its paces, Robert smiles and picks up his coat, moving slowly toward the door to the hallway, as we:

DIRECT CUT TO:

16 INT. FIRST FLOOR CORRIDOR - STAIRWAY - ON DORIS - DAY 16

In a kind of controlled fall, moving down the stairs, grabbing onto the bannister to halt her head-long rush, then avoiding a collision with another student out to beat final bell and racing on her way once more.

17 DIFFERENT ANGLE - THE HALLWAY 17

As Doris sprints away from us. Her time in the forty would put Walter Payton to shame.

18 CLOSER - CLASSROOM DOOR 18

As she skids to a semi halt, yanks the door open and rockets inside just as the first SOUND is HEARD from the final BELL.

19 INT. MUSIC CLASSROOM - ON DORIS - DAY 19

Laughing triumphantly at having dared the Wrath of the Gods and once again coming out clean. She nearly vaults her way to her seat and takes her place, looking to the front of the room and:

20 HER POV - SHOROFSKY 20

He regards her in the same way he'd look at a serving of creamed spinach next to a plate of bagels and lox. Not bad. Not good. Just doesn't happen to belong there.

21 BACK ON DORIS - HOLDING SHOROFSKY 21

Her grin deflating anemically.

DORIS

This is the second floor, huh...

Shorofsky nods.

DORIS

(continuing)

Miss Sherwood's class...is on the first floor.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

SHOROFSKY

When you're hot, you're hot.

Doris smiles painfully and slowly rises from the chair, being as the floor refuses to open and swallow her up, as we PAN her TOWARD the door and then we:

DIRECT CUT TO:

22 INT. DANCE CLASS - EXTREME CLOSEUP - COCO'S FACE - DAY 22

In the b.g., we HEAR a PERCUSSIONIST and the VOICE of LYDIA * counting "...one and two and three and..." Although we only see her from the neck up, the strain of the exercises is apparent in her face as we see an occasional twitch and grimace. CAMERA BEGINS SLOW PULL BACK TO FULL SHOT. One might note that the trade paper Doris delivered is tucked into one of Coco's leg warmers. Lydia is at the head of the class pacing back and forth as her students continue the exercises under her watchful eye.

LYDIA

...more lift, Alisa...

She continues to pace.

LYDIA

(continuing)

Coco, you're not extending far enough...

23 CUTAWAY TO COCO

23

She looks exasperated.

24 CUTAWAY TO LEROY

24

The exercises continue. Leroy goes through his paces staring at something off camera.

25 ANGLE - POV LEROY

25

The ass of the girl in front of him.

26 BACK TO LEROY

26

staring. CAMERA PULLS BACK TO WIDER ANGLE as Lydia approaches, unseen by Leroy.

LYDIA

Pay attention to form, Leroy...

LEROY

Oh, I am...

LYDIA

I'm talking about your form.

LEROY

My form is perfect.

LYDIA

Your form is perfect when I say it is. More arch.

Lydia moves on. Leroy frowns but does what he's told. As Lydia continues she catches a glimpse of her own form in the mirror and gives herself a look that says "not bad."

27 ANGLE TO COCO

27

stretching to floor in a limbering-up movement, then surreptitiously sliding the trade paper out from its hiding place and starting to open it up. She locates the targeted page and finds the place Doris referred her to, as we:

DIRECT CUT TO:

28
and
29

OMITTED

28
and *
29

30 INT. MUSIC PRACTICE ROOM - MID-AFTERNOON - FIRST DAY

30

MUSIC #1 BRUNO COMPOSES
P.B. #2707-1-NV (:30)

The room is crammed full of electronic music equipment. Bruno sits amidst it all, composing a new piece of music. Coco, carrying "Back Stage" enters the room, almost careening into a large amplifier.

*

BRUNO

You ever heard of knocking?

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

30

COCO

I don't have time to knock.
This is business.

BRUNO

It's always business.

COCO

Martelli, we've got a job.
Listen to this.

(reading from
"Back Stage")
'Auditions for musical.
Open roles for...
(skims down
the list)
...talented ethnic actresses.
Must sing, dance and play
eighteen to twenty-five years
old.'

Bruno shakes his head.

BRUNO

'Ethnic' could mean Jewish.

COCO

I'll convert.

BRUNO

You don't look it.

COCO

I'll wear extra make-up...
(again reading
from "Back Stage")
'Must provide material for
vocal audition.' Broadway,
here we come.

BRUNO

No.

COCO

Oh, you don't have to create
anything original. You'll
just play some of the stuff
we have.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED: (2)

30

BRUNO
Coco...watch my lips.
(beat, and)
No way.

COCO
(not discouraged)
You sure about that...?

BRUNO
Never been more sure of
anything in my life.

DIRECT CUT TO:

31 EXT. NEW YORK STREET - CAB RUNBY - DAY (SECOND UNIT STOCK)

31

As the cab makes its way through the crowded Manhattan streets, we HEAR OVER THIS:

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

ANGELO (V.O.)
 You sure she isn't using you?
 You sure about it?

32 INT. ANGELO'S CAB - ANGELO AND BRUNO - DAY

32

Angelo is behind the wheel, dividing his attention between Bruno in the back seat, glimpsed from time to time on the rear-view mirror, and guiding his dinged-up vehicle into openings in adjacent lanes. Most of the openings are about two inches shorter than the cab is long.

BRUNO
 She is not using me.

ANGELO
 Well, it's her audition, not yours. Somebody gets a job, it's going to be her, not you, right?

BRUNO
 Right.

ANGELO
 I mean -- what are you getting out of it?

BRUNO
 Peace and quiet.

ANGELO
 How you getting peace and quiet?

BRUNO
 You know how dogs can hear frequencies that we can't? How you can blow on a dog whistle and not hear anything, but a dog will respond?

ANGELO
 Yeah...

BRUNO
 That's the way it is with Coco, kind of.
 (beat, and:)
 She is unable to hear the word 'no'.
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

BRUNO (CONT'D)
(looking o.s.)
There's the corner she said
she'd meet us at.

Angelo checks the traffic behind him and starts to
pull over.

33 EXT. STREET CORNER - FULL SHOT - DAY

33

As Coco spies the taxi pulling to a halt and quickly
makes her way to the passenger door and clambers on
inside.

34 INT. THE CAB - FULL SHOT - ANGELO, BRUNO, COCO - DAY

34

As Coco settles in, smiling with energy and gratitude.

COCO
Mr. Martelli, it's really so
sweet of you to give us a ride.

ANGELO
No big deal, honey. Now, just
where we goin'?

COCO
121 Christopher Street.

Angelo starts to pull out into traffic, then the
address hits home.

ANGELO
That's just around the corner.

COCO
(brightly)
That's right.

ANGELO
You could've met us there.

COCO
But it looks much better to
pull up in a cab. Don't you
think so?

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

34

It's said with such wide-eyed earnestness, that neither father nor son can take serious exception to her point. Angelo's gaze meets that of Bruno in the rear-view mirror. He nods.

ANGELO

Dog whistle.

Bruno smiles agreement, then notes Coco looking back and forth between the two men curiously. Bruno smiles some reassurance her way.

BRUNO

Family joke.

Coco nods, uncertain but trusting, as Angelo puts the car into gear and pulls out.

35 EXT. THEATRE DE LYS - FULL SHOT - DAY (STOCK -
SECOND UNIT)

35

As the cab rolls to a halt in front of the stage door and Bruno and Coco emerge. OVER THIS:

ANGELO (V.O.)

Don't sign anything without
checkin' with me first!

They wave understanding of his Consumers Union byword, then move on into the theatre, several performers in audition garb moving on out of the theatre as the two youngsters move on in.

36 INT. THEATRE ENTRANCE - DAY

36

A mix of actors, dancers, actresses waiting to audition cram the narrow hallway immediately inside the theatre entrance. The door opens and Coco and Bruno enter.

Annoyed looks from the other actors as Coco and Bruno try and push their way through, Coco flashing embarrassed smiles, as the caravan of equipment passes. O.S., we can HEAR a SINGER assaulting a song from a vintage MGM MUSICAL.

COCO

Excuse us...sorry...

37 ANGLE - STAGE MANAGER

37

standing with a clipboard. He sees Bruno and Coco.
The STAGE MANAGER'S attitude is efficient and off-handed, not rude or callous.

STAGE MANAGER

Help you?

COCO

Yes. I'm looking for Mr. Summers.

STAGE MANAGER

Here for the vocal auditions,
or dance chorus? *

COCO *

Uh -- vocal.

STAGE MANAGER *

Just under the wire...Miss...?

COCO *

I'm Coco Hernandez. This
is Mr. Martelli, my accompanist.
Are you Mr. Summers?

STAGE MANAGER

(not unkindly)

No -- Mr. Summers is the director
and I'm the stage manager, and the
way it works is you have to go
through me. You sign in and we'll
get you out there in a few
minutes.

He hands the clipboard over to Coco, then tries to return
his attention to the stage, but:

COCO

Mr. Martelli prefers to use
a synthesizer.

BRUNO

Coco...

COCO

(riding over)

Is there one available for
him?

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

37

STAGE MANAGER

(beat, and:)

Sure. But we've also got this
weird thing called a piano.
Can he handle one of those?

COCO

Mr. Martelli can handle anything.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

37

BRUNO
 (to the Stage
 Manager quickly)
 Whatever you have will be
 fine. Thank you very much.

The Stage Manager nods and moves off, our ANGLE
 TIGHTENING ON Bruno and Coco.

COCO
 Can't let 'em push you around,
 baby. We've got to stay in
 charge.

BRUNO
 You know, I could have been
 at the dentist's today,
 instead of here helping you
 out.

COCO
 You'd rather be at the dentist?

BRUNO
 At least he gives Novocaine.

STAGE MANAGER (V.O.)
 (calling o.s.)
 Coco Hernandez, please?

A look between them, each encouraging the other. A
 beat, then the SINGER who was auditioning earlier
 crosses past them with:

SINGER
 Take some armor out there,
 toots. Those people are
tough.

That does little to help Coco's mental stasis. She
 gears up and moves on out toward the stage, Bruno
 following after.

38 INT. STAGE - FULL SHOT - DAY

38

As Coco emerges from the wings, shading her eyes
 see out into the house. Bruno finds the stairs lead-
 ing down into the pit and makes his way as quietly
 as possible to the piano. The Stage Manager is off
 to one side.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

38

STAGE MANAGER

(out toward
the house)

This is Miss Coco Hernandez.

COCO

(plunging in)

Thank you. I'd like to do an
original number by Mr. Bruno
Martelli, entitled --

SUMMERS (V.O.)

Miss Hernandez...?

COCO

Yes...

SUMMERS (V.O.)

Like to tell us a little bit
about yourself, please?

COCO

(thrown)

Like...what?

SUMMERS (V.O.)

Your training. Your professional
experience. Where you've worked.
Who you've worked with.

39 TIGHT ON COCO

39

For all the bluff and bluster, that coverup is a thin one, especially when standing alone on a stage and talking to an unseen interrogator.

COCO

Uh...sure thing.

But no fabrication comes forth. Bluff and bluster is okay, but lying isn't something Coco feels particularly at ease about.

40 TIGHT ON BRUNO

40

Looking to Coco, feeling for her. He looks out toward the darkened auditorium.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

40

BRUNO

Hey, can we do this thing?
I've got another gig on the
West Side and that crosstown
traffic is going to murder me
if we don't get this thing
over with.

41 DIFFERENT ANGLE - FEATURE COCO

41

MUSIC #2 "THE SHOW MUST GO ON"
P.B. #2707-2-V (2:55)

:00 INTRO

:10 VERSE #1 (COCO)
IT'S NO BIG DEAL TO CALL THE COAST
WHEN YOU'RE IN L.A.
NOW YOU MIGHT FEEL THAT IT'S THE MOST
BUT IT JUST AIN'T THAT WAY
A' HOLLYWOOD'S NO MYSTERY
WHEN IT'S JUST UP THE STREET
AND MEETIN' STARS IS NO BIG DEAL
'CAUSE STARS ARE ALL YOU MEET

:42 CHORUS (COCO)
AND THE SHOW MUST GO ON AND ON AND ON
YOU'VE HEARD IT ALL BEFORE SO HERE'S A NEW ONE
IF IT'S HOT WE'LL TAKE A SHOT AND MAKE A DEAL
'CAUSE THE SHOW MUST GO ON AND ON AND ON

1:10 BRIDGE

1:24 VERSE #2 (COCO)
A' TOUCHIN' FAME BY NAMIN' MANES
IS THE GAME YOU GOT TO PLAY
I JUST WROTE THE HOOK OF LIFE
IT'S A KILLER TUNE YOU'LL SAY
I SPOKE TO PAUL AND LINDA
BUT THEY MIGHT NOT HAVE HEARD
MY FULL-PAGED SPREAD IN BILLBOARD
IS SCHEDULED AUGUST THIRD

1:56 CHORUS (COCO)
AND THE SHOW MUST GO ON AND ON AND ON
YOU'VE HEARD IT ALL BEFORE SO HERE'S A NEW ONE
IF IT'S HOT WE'LL TAKE A SHOT AND MAKE A DEAL
DOES ANYBODY EVER KNOW HOW ANYBODY FEELS?

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

41 *

2:28 AND THE SHOW MUST GO ON
BUT NO ONE CARES UNLESS YOUR NUMBER ONE
AND THE SHOW MUST GO ON AND ON
AND THE SHOW MUST GO ON AND ON

2:47 ENDING

2:55 OUT

She looks out to the darkness, shrugging apologetically in regard to her tag-along buddy at the keyboard. She might be close to verbalizing an excuse, but Bruno pre-empts that possibility by starting into a hard, driving intro to her song. She glances to him, taking the cue, and abruptly turning away from the darkened house, her back to the footlights.

42 ON BRUNO

42

Looking to her, building the intro, allowing her a few measures to prepare for the initial burst into the number.

43 ON COCO - ANGLES TO COVER

43

As she spins around, transformed from the uncertain kid we saw just a few seconds ago into an electric, vibrant dynamo of a performer.

44 ANGLE INTO HOUSE - REACTION CUTAWAY

44

Robert Summers sits with the producer. He's in his late forties, a shade overweight without being immense. The producer's expression changes not one whit as Coco performs. Robert, on the other hand, leans forward slightly impressed, intrigued.

45 ON COCO

45

Taking some encouragement from Bruno and taking even more from the fact that she's a very good judge of her own skills and knows full well that she's on target this time around.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

45

The number ends and there is a hopeful beat of silence as she looks out into the darkness.

SUMMER (V.O.)

Do we have your number, Miss Hernandez?

COCO

Yes...I put it on the sign-in sheet.

SUMMER (V.O.)

Okay. You'll probably be hearing from us.

Those words: "probably be hearing from us" are magic. Coco beams her thanks and moves to the wings as Bruno leaves the pit and moves off after her.

46 WING AREA - BRUNO AND COCO - DAY

46

As he comes off she can barely contain her excitement. His gaze has fallen on a point o.s.

COCO

Did you hear what they said? They said they'd probably be calling!! That's not 'Don't-call-us-we'll-call-you'! That means they're really --

She stops, following his look to:

47 WIDER ANGLE - REVEALING LYDIA

47

standing there, dancebag close at hand, wearing a loose tie-around skirt over tights. Lydia smiles, though there's a strain there.

LYDIA

Hi, Coco.

COCO

Hi, Miss Grant...

LYDIA

(beat, and:)

What are you doing here...

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

47

COCO

I just...auditioned. For the
lead.

BRUNO

(to Lydia)

Why...why are you here?

LYDIA

(simply)

I'm auditioning, too.

(and...)

For the lead.

Their gazes hold for a count, then Lydia smiles an
"excuse me" and moves around Coco and Bruno on her way
to the stage. We HOLD ON the two students a beat, and
then we:

FREEZE FRAME.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

48 INT. FIRST FLOOR CORRIDOR - FULL SHOT - DAY 48

as Elizabeth Sherwood comes down the corridor, just having entered the building. She's carrying some books, balancing a styrofoam container of coffee, and attempting to unbelt her coat as she goes. She passes by a janitor involved with polishing the floor and AD LIBS a "Good morning" to him, then stops as she passes by one of the classroom doors. She goes closer to the door, looking in.

49 POV - LYDIA 49

at the barre, stretching, working with a particularly intense manner.

50 INT. DANCE CLASSROOM - FULL SHOT - DAY 50

as the door is opened by Elizabeth, who comes in quietly and closes the door behind her. The "click" of the lock draws Lydia's gaze to the new arrival. She stops working, grateful for the respite and moves to locate a "mop-off" towel.

SHERWOOD

How'd it go? *

LYDIA

You heard? *

SHERWOOD

Everyone in school heard... *

So?

Lydia crosses to Sherwood and sits down. They share sips from the cup of coffee as the scene progresses.

LYDIA

You won't believe it...

SHERWOOD

Try me.

LYDIA

Well, I'm called back for the dance auditions, so I guess the vocal auditions went okay...

(CONTINUED) *

SHERWOOD

That's wonderful...

LYDIA

Wait... I haven't gotten to the good part yet. The dance auditions are on Friday. Guess who one of my competitors is.

SHERWOOD

Who?

LYDIA

Coco.

SHERWOOD

You're kidding...what was she doing there? She knows the school rules.

LYDIA

Oh, she isn't doing anything that half the student body doesn't do around here.

SHERWOOD

Is that going to be a problem for you?

LYDIA

I don't know. We didn't get a chance to talk much. Maybe she thinks I might blow the whistle on her.

SHERWOOD

Well, maybe you should.

LYDIA

No.

SHERWOOD

You'd be doing her a favor. You know as well as I do that if she gets the part she can't take it. Don't you think you ought to make that clear to her?

LYDIA

Elizabeth...I think you're missing the point...

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED: (2)

50

SHERWOOD

The point is, how it will look if she gets the part and then you tell her she has to turn it down?

Lydia's look to Elizabeth is not a cruel or angry one. But it's dead certain and assured.

LYDIA

The point you're missing is that Coco is not going to get the part.

And it dawns on Sherwood that she's crossed over into that world that's inhabited by performers only. That field is unknown territory to Elizabeth. Judging from the look in Lydia's eye, it's also a field that's mined.

SHERWOOD

I just meant...I don't know the play or anything...but all sorts of things can enter into who gets a job...

LYDIA

(agreeing with the thought)

All sorts of things...talent's one. Experience is another.

SHERWOOD

What about...age? How old is the character supposed to be?

LYDIA

(aware of the irony)

Coco's about six, seven years too young. I'm about six, seven years older than the character's supposed to be.

(beat, and)

Tie.

(straightforward and direct)

Look: there are enough problems in this school without creating ones that don't exist. The fact is, Coco isn't going to get the part.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED: (3)

50

LYDIA (CONT'D)

And the other fact is...I
don't know if I want it.

SHERWOOD

But you auditioned.

LYDIA

It was impossible not to.
Auditioning becomes a kneejerk
response.

SHERWOOD

But...you're not sure you want
to perform?

LYDIA

At one time...I was sure that
was all I wanted to do... And
then, I was sure all I wanted
to do was teach... And now...

SHERWOOD

What?

LYDIA

...I'm not sure of anything...
(and, from
the gut)
Oh, Elizabeth, I want to dance!

And she starts back to the barres.

LYDIA

(continuing)
I'd better not cool off.

She moves back to one of the barres set up in the center
of the room and resumes her stretching exercises. Sherwood
holds a beat, studying her friend with careful thought,
then turns and moves for the door and exits the room.
We watch Lydia as she works on her instrument: herself.
And then we:

DIRECT CUT TO:

51 INT. FIRST FLOOR CORRIDOR - MONTGOMERY AND AMATULLO 51
- DAY

moving upstream against the tide of morning arrivals
to the school.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

51

Montgomery's listening politely to Danny's enthusiastically delivered spiel, but it's clear he has little or no belief in Danny's scheme. Danny refers to a folded up newspaper, "The Post", as he speaks.

DANNY

Look, it's right in here.
Johnny Carson is going to be
in New York for a week and Gino's
is one of his favorite restaurants!

MONTGOMERY

So?

DANNY

So I get into Gino's and get one
of my jokes to Carson. He uses
it in his monologue! That's how
careers get started, man!

MONTGOMERY

Look, you know what an entourage
is?

DANNY

Sure. It's like a ballet dance step.

MONTGOMERY

It's a bunch of people who travel
around with the biggies, the stars.

DANNY

Why?

MONTGOMERY

So that twerps won't come up to
the star in the middle of a meal
and try to make the guy listen
to a joke.

(re: the paper)

Besides -- I thought you didn't
believe in that kind of stuff.

DANNY

I don't believe in the trades.
This is a gossip column. It's
different. Besides, remember
what I always say: it's not
what you know -- it's who you know.

MONTGOMERY

Okay -- who do you know?

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED: (2)

51

DANNY

(a certain
smugness)

My old man is a member of
the Knights of Saint Anthony.
You know who else is a member
of the Knights of Saint Anthony?

MONTGOMERY

I am not 'up' on the Knights
of Saint Anthony. Who else
is a member?

DANNY

The guy who owns Gino's restaurant.
Johnny Carson's favorite
restaurant in New York City.

(simply)

Montgomery -- I'm telling you
-- I got my way to get my stuff
to Johnny Carson.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED: (2)

51

Positively beaming, Danny moves along the corridor as Montgomery watches him go, not at all swayed or affected by Amatullo's guileless optimism. He shakes his head and moves off in a different direction.

52 DIFFERENT AREA - CORRIDOR - BRUNO

52

is at his locker, sorting out the mess within. Among the passersby in the first flush of the new schoolday is Doris. She doubles back, eager to ferret out what news there is to ferret.

DORIS

That must have been some audition yesterday.

BRUNO

(playing dumb)
What audition?

DORIS

What audition... Your audition for 'Mister Nordic', that's what audition. You know what I'm talking about. Coco and Miss Grant.

BRUNO

(dismayed)
How'd you find out about it?

DORIS

I saw your Dad out front after he dropped you off. 'Hey, Mr. Martelli -- what's new?' Doesn't take much, you know.

BRUNO

I love him, but sometimes...

DORIS

Lighten up. Trying to keep something secret around here just doesn't work. It's like being a smuggler in a nudist camp. So tell me about it.

BRUNO

So you can tell everybody else.

(CONTINUED)

DORIS

We all have our roles to play.
What did Miss Grant have to say?

BRUNO

We didn't stick around to talk
with her.

DORIS

Are you going to?

BRUNO

What's to say?

DORIS

Well, what if she reports you
guys?

BRUNO

I don't think she'd do that.

DORIS

Well...I guess you can afford
to cross your fingers. You weren't
really auditioning yourself; you
were just helping out. But if
I was Coco -- I'd sure want to know
what's coming up, wouldn't you?

Her look nails the question's importance for Bruno, then Doris heads on down the corridor. Bruno looks after her with some concern, then closes his locker, as we:

DIRECT CUT TO:

Lydia is at her desk, in dance gear but presently concentrating on lesson plans and grading sheets, the mundane side of her particular coin. It takes her a second or two to realize she is being observed. She looks up as the ANGLE ADJUSTS and we find Coco standing just inside the door. She wears school arrival gear.

LYDIA

(not unkindly)

How long have you been standing
there?

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED:

53

COCO

Just a minute or two...I wanted
to talk to you before class.

LYDIA

Coco, I'm not sure what's on your
mind, but I can tell you that
anything that goes on outside
of the school stays outside of
the school as far as I'm concerned.

COCO

You mean you won't report me?

LYDIA

No.

COCO

Even if I get the part?

LYDIA

(diplomatically)

Why don't we cross that bridge
when we come to it...

COCO

Sure. I just thought we should
talk. I wanted you to know that
no matter what happens, no hard
feelings.

LYDIA

(smiles, and)

No hard feelings.

Coco's smile is a real one, filled with relief and a certain appreciation of the real warmth that exists between she and Lydia. She holds her look to the teacher for a beat, then nods farewell and moves on back into the hallway. Lydia stares at the door a beat, a trace of misgivings, there, then:

DIRECT CUT TO:

54 INT. FIRST FLOOR CORRIDOR - ANGLE TO TELEPHONE BANK

54

where Danny is engaged in a heartfelt conversation, with the man on the other end of the line, the owner of Gino's. Danny's manner, like a lot of youngsters when out to impress adults, tends to be a little bit better and more polite than is his normal style.

(CONTINUED)

DANNY

Mr. Imperale, I've heard my Dad talk so much about you and how much he respects you and what you've done with your restaurant, that I thought I'd just take a chance and call you direct. My Dad's always talking about how all the Knights of St. Anthony's stick together, you know, and I thought that if maybe there was some opening at your establishment, such as a bus boy or something like that where I could get to see how your fine establishment is run, I --
(listens, and)

Okay operator. Hang on. Hang on. Don't go way, Mr. Imperale!

Danny starts clawing for a coin, digging frantically through his pockets, coming up with a useless crumpled bill, then catching sight of Shorofsky trudging up the steps, expression one of deep thought and preoccupation.

DANNY

(continuing)

Mr. Shorofsky -- you got a dime?
A quarter? I'll pay you back,
I swear.

Shorofsky, ever eager to be accommodating, starts looking for some change.

SHOROFSKY

I think maybe...somewhere...

DANNY

I wouldn't ask if it really wasn't important.

(to phone)

Mr. Imperale? You there?

(to Shorofsky)

He's still there!

Shorofsky finds a quarter and hands it over to Danny with a smile. Danny slams the coin into the proper slot.

DANNY

(continuing)

Mr. Imperale -- I'm back!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED: (2)

54

DANNY (CONT'D)

(listens; then)

Hey, don't worry about a salary,
Mr. Imperale! I'll be a busboy
for nothing! That's fine with me!

This last bit of altruism stops Shorofsky from proceeding on his way. He looks back to Danny, puzzled, listening intently.

DANNY

(continuing)

Mr. Imperale -- you're a prince,
is what you are! I'll be by after
school! Report to the kitchen.
I got it. Thanks a lot. Knights
of St. Anthony forever. Right.

He hangs up the phone, his grin sunup bright. He looks to Shorofsky, eager to share the good news.

DANNY

(continuing)

I got the job. How about that...

SHOROFSKY

You got a job that doesn't pay
anything. Those jobs aren't too
hard to get, usually.

DANNY

Hey, if you're worried about the
quarter, don't sweat it. I'll
pay you back out of my first paycheck
from the 'Tonight Show.'

SHOROFSKY

From the what?

DANNY

The 'Tonight Show.'

(off Shorofsky's
uncomprehending look)

Johnny Carson.

(Shorofsky's look
doesn't change)

You don't know who Johnny Carson is?

SHOROFSKY

I suppose he's a television
person, yes?

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED: (3)

54

DANNY
 (can't believe it)
 You could say that, yeah...

SHOROFSKY
 (explaining
 nicely)
 I don't know television persons.
 I don't own a set.

Danny looks at Shorofsky in total incomprehension. How can a man function in this day and age without a television set? Impossible. The BELLS SOUNDS SHRILLY, sending Shorofsky on his way once again, after an offhanded and well-meant:

SHOROFSKY
 (continuing)
 You'll be late for first class
 if you don't hurry.

He moves off as the ANGLE TIGHTENS ON Danny, still regarding Shorofsky as if he were floating three feet off the floor. Danny shakes his head.

DANNY
 (softly)
 Wackos...we're being taught by
 wackos...

But then the realities of getting to class edge their way forward for Danny and he takes off, not willing to be late for his appointment with Biology II. We watch him thread his way through the other pedestrians, and then we:

DIRECT CUT TO:

55 INT. CAFETERIA - FULL SHOT - ON LEROY - DAY

55

moving off the foodline and looking about for a place to light. His tray holds pre-wrapped sandwiches and a couple of containers of milk. He spies an open space at one of the tables where Bruno, Montgomery, Doris and Julie are in mid-meal. The ANGLE ADJUSTS as Leroy nears the table and we HEAR:

JULIE
 I just want to know what it was
 like, that's all.

(CONTINUED)

BRUNO

It was an audition. You've been through auditions before.

JULIE

Here, sure. But never in a 'real' place. I mean, is it exactly the same, or are parts of it different, on what?

BRUNO

Well, the place is bigger, but the process is still the same.

JULIE

Coco must have been scared to death.

MONTGOMERY

Scared she wouldn't get it, or scared about what might happen if she did get it?

JULIE

Both, probably.

DORIS

Miss Grant, too.

LEROY

Turkey. She ain't in any trouble if she gets the part.

DORIS

(right back)

Turkey, she can't keep teaching if she's got Wednesday matinees every week.

This brings Leroy's attention to a renewed peak. His expression is one of apprehensive concern.

LEROY

She'd leave school, you think...

MONTGOMERY

Have to. Wouldn't have any choice.

LEROY

(distressed)

Aw, man...

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED: (2)

55

BRUNO

Hey, would everyone stop assuming that Miss Grant got the part? I saw Coco's audition and she was good. She was really very, very good.

LEROY

Yeah, but her boyfriend ain't directing the thing.

BRUNO

Her...what?

DORIS

Didn't you see the director when Coco auditioned?

BRUNO

(shaking his head)

It was pitch black out there. All we heard was a voice.

LEROY

Man, the director is the guy Miss Grant was climbing all over out in the lobby -- he's an old boyfriend of hers!

*

*

56 TIGHT ON BRUNO - DORIS BY HIS SIDE

56

reacting to this news with a disspirited sigh, an anger at the lack of justice.

BRUNO

She's going to be wiped out when she hears that.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED:

56

BRUNO

She's going to be absolutely
wasted.

(beat, and)

Who's going to tell her?

DORIS

You just did.

Bruno's look goes to Doris, then to her o.s. point of focus
and:

57 TIGHT SHOT - COCO

57

standing at the end of the table, tray in hand. The look
isn't one normally associated with one so young. It's cold
and angry and deeply hurt. We HOLD ON her a beat, and then
we:

FADE OUT.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

58 INT. OFFICE - FULL SHOT - DAY

58

Shorofsky is at the pigeonhole mailboxes, struggling with a number of envelopes, fanning through them, not pleased with the number of contents. Sherwood enters, like Shorofsky showing the effects of a long day. She regards him with a smile as she deposits some forms in an OUT box located on her counter.

SHERWOOD

I see you got the pension plan forms, too.

SHOROFSKY

And the sick leave forms. And the dental care forms. I hope some of these things cover terminal writers' cramp, because that's what I'm going to have by the time I finish filling them out.

SHERWOOD

It's not that bad.

SHOROFSKY

No. It's worse. The wounds of the nation are being bound up with red tape.

Sherwood smiles as one of the outer doors is opened by Lydia, crammed dance bag over one shoulder, headed for a hot bath, a long sleep, and utter blissout.

SHERWOOD

I hope you feel better than you look.

LYDIA

What a morale builder you are.

SHERWOOD

Well, I'm sorry, but you look exhausted. Are you okay?

LYDIA

Apart from being insane, I'm fine.

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED:

58

SHOROFSKY

Why do you think you're insane?

(a smile, and)

I have my own reasons; I'm
just curious as to yours.

Lydia dumps some busywork papers into the OUT box, places
the dance bag on top of the counter.

LYDIA

I'm teaching five periods a day.
I'm trying to get ready for my first
dance audition in two years...and
instead of going home like a human
being and sleeping till the turn
of the century -- I've got a date
tonight and I'm afraid to break it.

59 ANGLE TO UPSTAGE DOOR

59

as Coco enters quietly, closing the door, expression ten-
tative, yet determined to do what it is she came to do.

SHOROFSKY (O.S.)

You get my vote. You're crazy.

SHERWOOD (O.S.)

Who's the date with?

LYDIA (V.O.)

Bob Summers. And normally I'd
say great, but I'm so --

COCO

Excuse me?

60 WIDER ANGLE

60

as the three teachers turn to see Coco standing near the
doorway. Her manner is polite, calm, yet with an implied
tension.

COCO

I'm sorry to interrupt, Miss Grant,
but I really need to talk to you
for a few minutes.

LYDIA

Could it wait till tomorrow
before class?

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED:

60

COCO
(simply)
No.

The simplicity and directness of the reply tends to chill the room a bit. Shorofsky and Sherwood need no additional motivation.

SHOROFSKY
Miss Sherwood -- it's time for
our promenade.

He extends his arm formally and she accepts the gesture with a smile. They AD LIB their farewells and move on out into the corridor. Lydia and Coco study each other, evaluating.

61 INT. LOBBY - SHERWOOD AND SHOROFSKY - DAY

61

*

emerging from the office, dropping the "promenade" pose as they move down the hallway.

SHOROFSKY
That's going to be some teacher-
student conference back in there.

SHERWOOD
I just hope it is a conference.
(off his
questioning look)
I'm afraid it's a war.

62 INT. OFFICE - FULL SHOT - DAY

62

Lydia moves around the counter and slips wearily into one of the chairs behind an abandoned desk. Coco moves a shade closer, but stays on the other side of the counter.

LYDIA
Coco, I hope this won't take
a long time. I'm really not
up to --

COCO
You won't be late for your date;
don't worry.

An unaccustomed edge to her tone and Lydia picks up on it.

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED:

62

LYDIA
 (beat, and)
 It's your dime.

COCO
 What you said about what goes on
 outside of school is going to
 stay outside of school...

LYDIA
 Still applies.

COCO
 Why?

LYDIA
 (a grin)
 Maybe it's just because I'm one
 of the good guys.

COCO
 Or maybe it's because you know
 I don't have a chance of getting the
 part and after the dance audition,
 it'll all be over, anyway.

Lydia reacts uneasily, not certain that she wants to level directly with Coco at this point in her development.

LYDIA
 Coco -- I'd never say that any
 performer doesn't have a chance
 in an audition situation.

COCO
 Even when one of the people
 auditioning is dating the director?

Zap. Lydia's look locks onto Coco's. There's not much give on either side. Lydia takes several deep breaths, needing a few seconds to sort through the replies that would have her fired and/or arrested. Then:

LYDIA
 Coco...I'm tired...and maybe not
 in the best shape to reply to that
 kind of question. But it seems to
 me...that some questions don't deserve
 a reply because the question itself...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED: (2)

62

LYDIA (CONT'D)
 ...is a damned insult. And that's
 why you just got all the reply
 you're going to get.

Coco holds a beat, tears of confusion and anger building in her look. A beat, then she whirls, racing out of the office.

63 WIDER SHOT - THE CORRIDOR

63

as Coco tears out into the empty hallway and speeds away, seeking any kind of solitude she can find. We HOLD ON her as she dashes away from us, then darts out of sight around a corner. Then, Lydia comes out of the office, her pace a direct contrast to Coco's. Slow. Saddened. Depressed. The DANCE BAG drags on the floor as she moves, creating a sporadic WHISPER on the linoleum, as we hold a beat, and then:

DISSOLVE TO:

64 INT. GINO'S RESTAURANT - ON ROBERT SUMMERS - NIGHT

64

Gino's isn't ultra anything. It's a simple straight-forward place with a bar, good wine list, and pleasantly bustling atmosphere. It's fairly crowded now, though it doesn't do a double for The Palm on Saturday night. We PICK UP Robert as he makes his way away from the bar, holding two drinks on high. His is white wine, Lydia's looks to be sparkling water of some sort with lime. He nods to a few of the habitués who know him, then slides into his place across from Lydia at their table. She smiles her thanks as he places the drink in front of her.

ROBERT

Cheers, and how was your day?

LYDIA

Cheers, and the pits.

ROBERT

Well, don't let it get to you.
 You've got a big day tomorrow,
 remember?

There is a pause.

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED:

64

LYDIA

Robert, I've been having second thoughts...

ROBERT

About what?

LYDIA

About doing the show...

ROBERT

What's the matter? Didn't you like the script?

LYDIA

(shakes head)

It was wonderful.

ROBERT

Then what's the problem?

LYDIA

I don't know...there are a lot of 'complications' cropping up. There are other things involved.

ROBERT

Other things?

LYDIA

And people... The school...the kids...my job... Do I want to give all that up?

(and before he
can answer)

And...if I do want to... Do you really have a job to offer me?

ROBERT

There are only three people up for that part. You, a friend of the choreographer, a kid named Fernandez, or something like that.

(laughs)

And some chick who heads up the aerobic dance classes at the producer's health club.

He notes that his words aren't exactly allaying Lydia's uneasiness. His hand reaches out, gently brushing her cheek.

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED: (2)

64

His look is level, strong, a good gaze to hang onto and trust.

ROBERT

Now listen to me, lady...I'm the director. You're my candidate for the lead. It's that simple, and no reason to feel bad about anything...no reason at all.

It's said nicely, gently, in a way that Lydia needed to have it said. Her hand touches his lightly, then:

DANNY (O.S.)

Get you folks some bread and butter here?

65 DIFFERENT ANGLE

65

REVEALING Danny standing by the side of the table in a bus boy's mess jacket with a bread and butter set-up for the table. He smiles awkwardly, places the bread and butter set-up down, then moves off. Lydia groans, knowing there are no secrets in this circle. Robert hands one of the simple menus across to her, opening his own.

ROBERT

Let's see if some food won't help matters a bit.

He starts reading down the bill of fare. Lydia opens her menu, but her gaze is on the departing Danny. It's safe to say she'll eat very lightly.

66 ANGLE TO ENTRANCE

66

where the Maitre D' stands at a small podium, seating chart in front of him, phone close at hand. He glances up from his chart on seeing Danny approach. The PHONE RINGS discreetly.

MAITRE D'

Table eighteen needs coffee refills.

Danny starts to ask which one is table eighteen, but is prevented by the Maitre D's swift response in picking up the phone.

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED:

66

MAITRE D'
(continuing; into
phone)
Good evening, Gino's.

Danny edges to the podium, looking to the seating chart to find out which is table eighteen.

MAITRE D'
(continuing;
into phone)
Mister Carson's party. Yessir.
Tomorrow night, seven o'clock.
Party of six. We'll be expecting
you.

In the words of the poet, Danny doesn't know whether to shit or go blind.

The Maitre D' notes his presence with disapproval.

MAITRE D'
(continuing)
Table eighteen needs coffee
refills, I said.

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED:

66

DANNY

Right on it. Yes, sir.

He turns away, mesmerized by the possibility of seeing his idol. We HOLD as Maitre D' looks after him quizzically, and then we:

DIRECT CUT TO:

67 INT. CAFETERIA - ON DANNY - DAY

67

A yellow tablet of newly scribbled material in hand, he carries a half-eaten sandwich in one hand, off in a world of his own as he paces down one of the aisles, silently going through his routine, waving off the thunderclaps of applause that only he can hear. His move takes our PAN TO a group gathered in the corner, gathered around Coco. The group consists of Julie, Montgomery, Bruno, and Doris. They are debating the merits of two leotards of contrasting colors. Coco holds one up to her torso, then the other.

COCO

Which one? Come on. Help me make up my mind.

DORIS

The blue's too baby-ish. The red looks like you're trying too hard.

BRUNO

If you need any more help, don't hesitate to call on us.

MONTGOMERY

Go with the blue. Emotionally, it's a more comforting color. Red can be threatening.

JULIE

Who told you that?

MONTGOMERY

I read a book. Healthy Colors For A Sick World.

BRUNO

I'll wait for the movie.

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED:

67

COCO

(making her choice)

Well, Montgomery says 'blue' and he sounds like he knows, so blue it is.

JULIE

What time is the audition scheduled for?

COCO

Four thirty.

JULIE

You scared?

COCO

I'm too nervous to tell.

DORIS

I wish I was Catholic, so I could stop off at St. Pat's and light a candle for you.

(smiles)

I'll go home and toast a bagel in your honor; how's that?

COCO

That's fine.

BRUNO

(nicely)

So are you.

68 TIGHT ON COCO

68

needed that bit of encouragement. Looks with gratitude to them all, then starts with adrenalized excitement as the period BELL RINGS throughout the cafeteria. She laughs at her reaction, as we:

DIRECT CUT TO:

69 INT. STAIRWELL AREA - FULL SHOT - DAY

69

The stairwell crowded with students fighting their way toward their next class. We PICK UP Lydia moving down the steps as Leroy passes her, headed in the opposite direction. He stops in front of her, his gaze troubled.

*

70 CLOSER ANGLE - LYDIA AND LEROY

70

as the eddies of swarming students ripple out around them.

LEROY

You goin' to that audition? *

LYDIA

Sure am. You going to wish me luck? *

Leroy's look to Lydia is level, a trace of displeasure there. *

LEROY

You don't want me to be a hypocrite, do you?

LYDIA

(puzzled, and)

No...

LEROY

Then I can't wish you luck.

LYDIA

Why not?

LEROY

(beat, and)

Because I don't want you to get the job...because I don't want you to be leavin' here...

(directly)

I'm selfish, but I ain't no hypocrite.

And he moves on his way, Lydia looking up the staircase after him, her expression torn and contradictory. A quick beat, then she starts on down the steps once more as we:

FREEZE FRAME.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

A71 INT. GINO'S - MAITRE D'S PODIUM AREA - NIGHT A71

The Maitre D' is on the phone, scribbling in a new reservation. As Danny moves INTO FRAME, just buttoning the mess jacket, straightening the clip-on bow-tie.

MAITRE D'

(into phone)

Thank you very much. We'll look forward to seeing you.

DANNY

Not very busy tonight.

MAITRE D'

Too early yet. The before-theater crowd will be showing up in half an hour or so.

DANNY

Any...cancellations?

MAITRE D'

Not so far. Some of the Carson party have arrived already. They're in the small banquet area.

Danny nods understanding, edging off toward the dining room.

B71 ON DANNY B71

standing to the side of the entrance, properly positioned for bus boy duty, but also striving to see:

C71 POV - BANQUET AREA C71

A table seating ten or so, presently occupied by six or seven people. The area is screened off by a lattice-work frame, and we can't make out any faces.

D71 ON DANNY - TIGHTER D71

zeroing in on:

E71 POV - THROUGH LATTICEWORK E71

One of the gentlemen at the table is thin and has a well-groomed head of gray hair.

F71 ON DANNY F71

So near, yet so far. No matter. The evening isn't over yet.

DIRECT CUT TO:

71 INT. THEATER - FULL SHOT - THE STAGE - DAY 71

The STAGE MANAGER is seated off to one side of the stage, feet up on a chipped and battered table, sipping coffee from a take-out container. A ribbon of cigarette smoke climbs toward the fly gallery. The image is stark. It should convey: The Arena.

72 INT. BACKSTAGE AREA - ON THIRD AUDITIONING DANCER - DAY 72

in her middle-twenties, attractive and capable. She's going through a series of warm-up exercises. The fact that she's wearing a shiny red leotard does nothing to help the confidence of Coco, who, as we WIDEN is REVEALED to be doing the same sort of exercises a few feet away. But abstracted. Ill-at-ease. Can't keep her eyes off the competition.

73 DIFFERENT ANGLE 73

as Lydia moves into the backstage area, dropping her dance bag nearby, doing some easy preliminary stretches. Coco and she eye each other uneasily.

LYDIA

Hi.

COCO

Hi.

Not much else to say at this point. Their awkward non-communication is broken by the appearance of the Stage Manager, his words directed to the Third Auditioner.

STAGE MANAGER

Miss Douglas --

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED:

73

STAGE MANAGER (CONT'D)

-- you want to give our pianist
a hand with the music you picked?
He's not quite sure what you're
after.

MISS DOUGLAS

Glad to.

She starts on out toward the stage, reacting with a
pleasant smile to Lydia's:

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED:

73

LYDIA

Good luck.

COCO

(quickly)

Yeah. Good luck.

And Miss Douglas and the Stage Manager are gone, moving through the curtains. Lydia takes a paper tissue from the dance bag and dabs quickly at each palm. Coco takes this in with surprise.

COCO

(continuing)

Are you nervous?

LYDIA

Sure.

COCO

I would have thought...after a lot of auditions...that goes away.

LYDIA

It better not go away, child... not if you want a chance at getting the job.

COCO

Do you ever...just want to turn and leave? Not go through it at all?

LYDIA

Almost every time. But that's just being scared, and being scared...that's as much a part of dancing as shuffle-brush-step, shuffle-brush-step. You learn to live with it.

COCO

Being scared...makes people say dumb things sometimes, too.

The look from Coco to Lydia is hopeful. The answering look is understanding and forgiving.

LYDIA

(joking)

I wouldn't know, honey.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED: (2)

73

LYDIA (CONT'D)

I never say anything dumb,
myself.

(and)

We better warm up.

Coco nods agreement and resumes her stretching exercises. Lydia moves away a few steps toward a free-standing barre. As she takes her position and is about to start:

ROBERT (O.S.)

Okay, Miss Douglas. Whenever
you're ready.

MUSIC #3

ND PIANO ACCOMPANIMENT PUBLIC DOMAIN
P.B. #2707-3-NV (3:00)

The o.s. PIANO starts its intro, taking Lydia's attention idly to that portion of the stage she can see from her present vantage point.

74 HER POV - FRAMED BY SIDE CURTAINS

74

As Miss Douglas starts into her dance routine, our ANGLE FEATURES the corpulent producer seen earlier as he moves along the wings on the other side of the stage. Clinging to his elbow is a stunning black girl in her early twenties. If she has a flaw, it is that she is too perfect, too flawless in both face and form. Her garb isn't flashy, but neither is she striving to hide her assets.

75 ON LYDIA

75

Antennae up. She moves away from the barre slightly in order to keep the producer and his protege in view as they move toward the downstage steps.

76 POV - PRODUCER AND PROTEGE

76

Miss Douglas moving in the foreground of the SHOT, but our focus holding the producer and the protege as they edge along the side of the stage and then attempt to be discreet as they move down the steps which lead to the house level of the theater. The PIANO MUSIC THUNDERS on.

77 BACK ON LYDIA

77

Stops any efforts at warming up.

(CONTINUED)

- 77 CONTINUED: 77
- She circles around one of the wing curtains, attention concentrated in the direction of the house.
- 78 HER POV - LONG LENS 78
- Miss Douglas' routine takes her repeatedly IN and OUT OF FRAME as we FOLLOW the producer and the protege up the aisle to where Robert Summers is seated, next to a gentleman we can assume is the show's choreographer. Robert rises and shakes hands with the protege. The producer is doing the talking. We cannot hear what he's saying. He puts his arm about Robert's shoulder. He starts walking him on up the aisle, the protege remaining in place.
- 79 TIGHT ON LYDIA 79
- watching this drama play out with a reasonably adult perception of how it's likely to develop. Doesn't hurt any less. It's just no surprise. The PIANO MUSIC pounds away o.s.
- 80 POV - PRODUCER AND ROBERT 80
- Robert turns away from the producer angrily, then back, beseeching, wheedling. The producer places both hands on Robert's shoulders, nailing him with his gaze. No big gestures from the producer. Just a level, calm tone. He who holds the cards doesn't have to yell. They start back down the aisle toward the protege.
- 81 ANGLE TO LYDIA 81
- The o.s. PIANO accompaniment to Miss Douglas' routine building. Lydia's gaze sparkles briefly, and she glances o.s. toward:
- 82 POV - COCO 82
- working with single-minded dedication at the barre, unaware of Lydia's look to her.
- 83 BACK ON LYDIA 83
- as a faint FEMALE OUTCRY takes her look back toward:

84 POV - TOWARD THE HOUSE

84

Miss Douglas spinning past CAMERA as her routine nears its conclusion. The producer and Robert are standing with the protege. She's jumping up and down delightedly, the kind of reaction associated with runner-ups for Miss Teenage America. She and the producer, now arm-in-arm, move up the aisle toward the back of the theater.

85 ON LYDIA

85

Her eyes slip shut for just a second. O.s., the MUSIC backing the dance routine comes to a halt. A beat, then:

 STAGE MANAGER (O.S.)
Miss Grant? Ready for you, please?

86 WIDER ANGLE

86

as Miss Douglas, puffing and dotted with a sheen of healthy sweat, gathers her music from the outstretched hand of the pianist and moves toward the wings, passing by Lydia with:

 MISS DOUGLAS
Good luck, yourself.

 LYDIA
 (remotely)
Thank you.

Lydia moves directly down to the apron of the stage, shading her eyes slightly as she looks out into the seating area.

 LYDIA
 (continuing)
Robert -- could I ask you a question, please?

 ROBERT
Sure thing.

 LYDIA
 (indicating
 footlights)
Down here.

87 DIFFERENT ANGLE

87

as Robert reacts to the request, not eager to comply, but unwilling to say no.

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED: 87

He unfolds out of the chair and moves down the aisle toward the apron of the stage, his FOOTSTEPS ECHOING in the cavernous hall.

88 ANGLE TO COCO 88

Drawn by the stillness out front, she leaves off the warming-up exercises and moves to peek out at the stage area proper.

89 CLOSER ANGLE - LYDIA AND ROBERT 89

She kneels down to a closer eye level as he draws to a halt on the house level directly before her.

ROBERT
(breezily)
What's the question?

LYDIA
Am I about to get all hot and
sweaty and out of breath for
nothing?

ROBERT
I don't know what you mean.

LYDIA
(quietly)
The hell you don't.
(low and hard)
If you look me in the eye and tell
me that part isn't cast, I'll
dance my feet into bloody stumps
to get it. But you're going to
have to look me in the eye and
tell me.

His gaze lifts like lead fighting free of quicksand.
He takes a breath.

ROBERT
This isn't an easy racket, you
know...

LYDIA
Yeah. I know.

(CONTINUED)

ROBERT

This is my first directing job.
This is...a breakthrough for me.

LYDIA

Know that, too.

ROBERT

(a plea)
I'm human.

LYDIA

Well...if I didn't know that
before, Robert...I surely do
know it now...don't I?

He can't hold the look to her much longer. His eyes survey the floor.

ROBERT

No point in your auditioning.

He turns away abruptly, striding up the aisle. Fleeing. He calls to the Stage Manager.

ROBERT

(continuing)
Jimmy -- we're done here. Let's
go get a drink.

90 ON LYDIA

90

who slowly straightens up, looking out at Robert's bail-out. The ANGLE ADJUSTS as Coco moves out onto the stage, baffled, lost, looking to Lydia for an explanation.

COCO

Are they on a break...?

Lydia looks to her thoughtfully, bittersweet smile there.

LYDIA

Pretty leotard.

COCO

Thank you...

LYDIA

Buy it for this...the audition?

Coco nods.

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED:

9

LYDIA

(continuing)

Well...let's go put it in
your locker at school. We'll
talk on the way.

Lydia moves on past Coco, heading for the wings. Coco,
still at sea, can do little more than tail after her,
throwing a glance back toward the empty auditorium, as
we:

DIRECT CUT TO:

91

thru OMITTED

99

100

OMITTED

91

thru

99

OMITTED

100 *

100A. INT. GINO'S - NIGHT - ANGLE TOWARD MAITRE D'S PODIUM

100A.

The Maitre D' looks up with a combination of relief and irritation as he notes Danny passing by, Danny's expression is glazed, on Cloud Nine.

MAITRE D'

Amatullo -- where you been? They need butter on twelve and ice water over at--

DANNY

(emphatically)

I'm sorry, I really am---but he talked to me!

MAITRE D'

Who talked to you?

DANNY

Johnny Carson. He actually talked to me!

MAITRE D'

(apalled)

You bothered Johnny Carson at his table?

DANNY

Of course not! What do you think I am, a jerk or something? I just noticed he wasn't there for coffee refills so I checked out the Men's Room to see if he wanted to listen to my material.

MAITRE D'

You got to be kiddin'....

DANNY

He was washing his hands, he didn't have anything else to do. Then he had to wait till the hot air machine dried 'em off. But he actually listened and actually talked to me!

MAITRE D'

What'd he say...?

DANNY

(ecstatic)

He said... "buzz off, kid".

(and)

Butter on twelve. Gettin' right on it.

He moves off as the Maitre D' looks after him with astonishment, no doubt contemplating a midlife career change, as we ---

DIRECT CUT TO:

*1002A INT. FIRST FLOOR CORRIDOR - FULL SHOT - NIGHT

1002A **

as Lydia and Coco trudge along the corridor. Coco has had the happenings of the audition explained to her, judging from the set, guarded tension of her expression. They stop in front of a classroom door and go in.

100B INT. DANCE CLASSROOM - FULL SHOT - NIGHT

100B **

as Lydia, then Coco move into the room. Lydia holds briefly by the door, snapping the overhead lights on. Only darkness on the other side of the windows. Coco moves into the room a few steps. She hurls her dance bag against the wall. Lydia watches her, waiting.

COCO

It's not fair!

LYDIA

Right.

Lydia moves pensively to the piano, fiddling with the metronome that rests atop the uppermost lid. Coco still attempts to stem her outrage, finds it nearly impossible.

COCO

I could have played that part!

Lydia fiddles with the metronome, gaze on the device. Her tone is gentle, not deflating, just honest.

-(CONTINUED)

100B CONTINUED:

100B

LYDIA

No, you couldn't.
(off Coco's
questioning
look)

The understudy's part...for sure.
But the lead...not yet.

(a tone of
great love)

Child, you've still got some
stuff to learn.

And Coco takes that in with some pleasure after a beat.
Kind of good to know there's more of that good stuff to
assimilate. Her smile to Lydia is a healing between
them.

COCO

I guess that's why there's
teachers, then...

LYDIA

(nods, and)

I guess that's why...

Lydia puts the METRONOME down and in so doing releases
her hold on the arm. It starts to TICK a slow and stately
tempo. She moves away from the piano and moves into a
simple dance movement, one that initiates --

MUSIC #4 "I STILL BELIEVE IN ME" DANCE DUET - VOCAL
OVER - COCO AND LYDIA
P.B. #2707-4-V (3:23)

:00 INTRO

VERSE #1 (LYDIA)

I THOUGHT I HAD IT THIS TIME
I THOUGHT THE DREAM WOULD BE MINE
HOPING TO FLY I FALL
OH HOW I WISH I JUST DIDN'T CARE AT ALL
'CAUSE WHEN YOU DON'T CARE YOU DON'T CRY
IT WON'T HURT IF YOU DON'T TRY

:46

CHORUS (LYDIA)

BUT I STILL BELIEVE IN ALL MY DREAMS
AND ALL THAT I CAN BE
I'LL LEARN FROM MISTAKES
DO ALL THAT IT TAKES
TO MAKE IT EVENTUALLY
'CAUSE I STILL BELIEVE IN ME

(CONTINUED)

100B CONTINUED: (2)

100B

1:13 BRIDGE

1:23 VERSE #2 (COCO)
I'LL FIND AN UNBREAKABLE HEART
TO HELP ME GET THROUGH HIS PART
AND I SWEAR I'LL NEVER REST
UNTIL I AM STANDING UP THERE WITH THE VERY BEST

1:47 BRIDGE (LYDIA)
OH BUT THERE'S NO HEART THAT WON'T BREAK

(COCO)
AND SOMETIMES IT'S A HEARTACHE

2:00 CHORUS (COCO AND LYDIA)
BUT I STILL BELIEVE IN ALL MY DREAMS

(COCO)
AND ALL THAT I CAN BE
I'LL LEARN FROM MISTAKES
DO ALL THAT IT TAKES

(COCO AND LYDIA)
TO MAKE IT EVENTUALLY

(COCO)
'CAUSE I STILL BELIEVE

2:26 KEYCHANGE (LYDIA)
I STILL BELIEVE IN ME

2:32 CHORUS (COCO AND LYDIA)
I STILL BELIEVE IN ALL MY DREAMS
AND ALL THAT I CAN BE
I'LL LEARN FROM MISTAKES
DO ALL THAT IT TAKES
TO MAKE IT EVENTUALLY

2:52 (COCO)
'CAUSE I STILL BELIEVE

(LYDIA)
I STILL BELIEVE

(COCO AND LYDIA)
YES I STILL BELIEVE IN ME

3:10 ENDING

3:23 OUT

FAME - "Passing Grade" - Rev. 10/15/81

59A.*

100C ENDING ON - COCO AND LYDIA

100C

As the music fades slowly and the relationship re-
establishes itself, and we:

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END