

FAME

"To Soar And Never Falter"

Prod. #2713

by

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FIRST DRAFT

November 10, 1981

FAME

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CAST LIST

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

ANGELO MARTELLI  
BRIDGET MURPHY  
MR. RUTLEDGE  
DR. WEXLER  
NURSE  
MRS. MURPHY  
CRANDALL

ATMOSPHERE

STUDENTS  
ORDERLY  
STUDY HALL TEACHER  
BRASS ENSEMBLE

FAME

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SET LIST

INTERIORS:

SCHOOL OF THE ARTS  
CORRIDOR  
DANCE CLASSROOM  
LOBBY  
OFFICE  
ENTRANCE HALL  
MUSIC CLASSROOM  
CAFETERIA  
MAKEUP ROOM  
ORCHESTRA CLASS  
TEACHER'S LOUNGE/  
CONFERENCE ROOM  
STUDY HALL  
DRAMA CLASSROOM  
FRONT STAIRCASE

SHERWOOD'S APARTMENT

NURSES' STATION

HOSPITAL EMERGENCY AREA

TREATMENT ROOM

BRIDGET'S HOSPITAL ROOM

MARTELLI BASEMENT

EXTERIORS:

STOCK:

EXT. CENTRAL PARK -  
FOUNTAIN AREA

SHERIDAN SQUARE

FAME

"To Soar And Never Falter"

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

1 INT. ORCHESTRA CLASS - ON SHOROFSKY - DAY 1

as he counts off an opening downbeat, using a pencil as baton. He gives eight in the clear, and then:

2 WIDER ANGLE - A BRASS ENSEMBLE 2

is gathered in his class and they enter into a spirited REFRAIN as the CREDITS BEGIN and Shorofsky concentrates on drawing the best out of them, relishing the results of his, and their, combined efforts. After a few seconds of dealing with the brass players, Shorofsky's attention moves off to:

3 ON BRUNO 3

on piano, striking an occasional supportive chord, little more than subliminal grace notes, and very obviously dissatisfied and bored out of his bird.

4 BACK TO SCENE AND SHOROFSKY 4

Noting Bruno's displeasure and filing it away before he turns his thoughtful attention once again to the musicians involved with the Brass Choir, which continues as CREDITS END and we watch them for a few melodious seconds more until the BELL RINGS.

5 ON SHOROFSKY 5

looking to the O.S. BELL with a personal sense of affront.

SHOROFSKY

Key of G!

The bell fades and the students start to pack up their instruments and move on to the next class, Shorofsky eddying back to his desk, replacing the sheet music in its proper pile.

SHOROFSKY

On to your next ordeal, my friends. We'll attack the same piece tomorrow. Maybe in a few days we'll play it, but right now, we're attacking. Martelli, I need you.

Bruno, who was nearly out the door, reacts with baffled irritation. He knows that tone and knows it doesn't bode well. He makes his way to the desk, fighting an upstream battle past the students leaving the room.

BRUNO

Yes, sir.

SHOROFSKY

You seemed bored, Mr. Martelli.

BRUNO

I would hope so.

SHOROFSKY

You would hope so?

BRUNO

Well, if I felt challenged by three chord changes in eighty minutes, I'd be a little worried about my mental health.

SHOROFSKY

You feel...underused.

BRUNO

Mr. Shorofsky...marching bands were invented by piano players as a way to get the brass section out of earshot.

SHOROFSKY

(instantly agreeing)

I have been making a terrible mistake and I appreciate your pointing it out to me.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

6

Bruno has been around this track more than once; he surveys Shorofsky with distrust. Likes him, just doesn't trust him.

BRUNO

What do you mean... 'mistake'?

SHOROFSKY

You are studying the wrong major. We will allow you to change at once.

BRUNO

Change my major...to what?

SHOROFSKY

(looks him up and  
down slowly, then)

Mr. Martelli, you were born for  
The Dance.

Bruno regards Shorofsky properly as one who has taken leave of his senses, as we HOLD a beat, and then we:

DIRECT CUT TO:

7 INT. DANCE CLASS - ON DANCERS - DAY

7

going through what appears to be the tail-end of a heavyweight jazz dance number, their movements supported by a hard-driving PIANO ACCOMPANIMENT. Featured in the front ranks of the dancers are COCO and LEROY. Seen also is BRIDGET MURPHY, an intense and gifted performer, looking to be about sixteen or so. She need apologize to no one in regard to her dancing skills: she's an artist.

8 ON LYDIA

8

watching all her charges with that fierce pride that won't let them deliver less than their personal best, centering her attention slightly on Leroy and Bridget.

9 BACK TO DANCERS

9

As the number builds to its finish and our CAMERA MOVE TAKES US TO A CLOSE SHOT of the pianist, one Mr. Bruno Martelli. He looks a good deal more involved, interested, than when seen in Shorofsky's camp.

As the dance comes to an end and the group collapses on the floor, laughing, gasping for breath, whipped to frazzle. Lydia looks on them with affection. Edgar Bergen was affectionate to Charlie McCarthy, too.

LYDIA

Okay, pretty good. We'll take a minute or two to get it together, then we'll try it again.

Groans of dismay, cries for mock mercy from the floor dwellers.

LEROY

Miss Grant, I don't think I can do it again. I truly don't.

LYDIA

Leroy -- don't litter this nice clean floor with that kind of garbage.

LEROY

I'm serious. It's really hard to do that kind of dancing when the tempo keeps changing all the time.

The others in the dance class kiddingly pick up on this at once. Really hard to dance when the music was like that. And Bruno just nods, smiles, knowing he's the one music major here, he can anticipate taking a lot of good-natured lip. He can hack it.

LYDIA

Now, now. Ease off on Mr. Martelli. He's doing fine. Besides -- until Mr. Tillman gets over the flu, this poor child is all we got!

(nicely)

What about it, Martelli? What's your impression of your first dance class?

BRUNO

I think it's good that society provides facilities like this for these kind of people.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

Squeals of laughter, outrage combined with an appreciation of an opponent's well-placed counterpunch. Lydia grins, waves the response back to decent levels.

LYDIA

All right. Enough. On your feet. We'll it again. From the bridge.

This draws what it always draws, pleas for a few more minutes respite, but Lydia's not buying any. She gestures the group on their feet, moving to the front of the room.

11 CLOSER ANGLE - BRUNO

11

turns a few pages of the sheet music, reaching the bridge. He glances up as some of the dancers deposit their mop-off towels on top of the piano. One of them doing so is Bridget, and her smile and Bruno's touch lightly before she goes back to resume her position with the class. No heavy import in the smile, just casual future possibilities.

12 DIFFERENT ANGLE

12

as Lydia surveys the kids, satisfying herself that they're ready. Before she can get them started, a student enters from the hallway, bearing a folded-over slip of paper. She hands it to Lydia, who nods her "thank you" as she opens the piece of paper and reads. Her reaction is a pleased smile.

LYDIA

Bridget...stick around after class a few minutes. I want to talk to you.

She crumples up the paper and is about to slam-dunk it into a wastepaper basket, when another thought strikes her. She chews it over a beat, then looks to the piano and:

LYDIA

(continuing)

Mr. Martelli -- why don't you stick around, too?



13 ON BRUNO

13

Puzzled. He's only been here one session and he's already been singled out. And he's not even sure if that's good or bad. He doesn't get much time to ruminate on it, as we HEAR:

LYDIA

All right -- sweatin' it and  
gettin' it -- one and two and  
three and --

DIRECT CUT TO:

14 INT. SCHOOL OFFICE - ON SHERWOOD - DAY

14

standing behind the counter, fighting her way through a new avalanche of memos and schedules and regulations, then looking up as she hears:

CRANDALL

Amatullo -- I've been saying  
'no' for the past ten minutes.  
When are you going to start  
hearing it?

15 WIDER ANGLE

15

as CRANDALL comes in, trailed by a distraught but determined DANNY AMATULLO. Crandall stops at his box, taking out some correspondence, then seeking sanctuary behind the counter.

DANNY

Mr. Crandall -- it's for your  
own good. I am trying to stop  
you from making a big mistake.

CRANDALL

Your concern breaks my heart.

DANNY

But I'm right, I really am.  
Ask Sherwood; she'll tell you.

SHERWOOD

Leave me out of this, Danny.  
Whatever it is.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

Which Danny naturally takes as an invitation to explain to her precisely what "it" is.

DANNY

See, Mr. Crandall just doesn't know me as well as you do, Miss Sherwood. You know I'm a flake and a jerk, don't you.

SHERWOOD

I know no such thing.

DANNY

I'm always clowning and making jokes, aren't I?

SHERWOOD

Yes, but --

DANNY

Well, that's the same thing, see? And Crandall --

(quick adjustment)

Mr. Crandall has put me into this real serious love scene with Julie Miller, and it's just not what I do.

Sherwood smiles, glances at Crandall. He's been through these wars too many times to panic.

CRANDALL

Help.

SHERWOOD

Danny -- don't you want to develop some versatility?

DANNY

(honestly)

No.

CRANDALL

Amatullo -- this is not a debating team. You've got the assignment. You and Julie Miller. I expect to see it on its feet by the end of next week. Curtain. Applause. Get out of here.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (2)

15

Danny backs away, not in the least mollified.

DANNY

Okay...fine. Try to do a guy a favor, tell him he's making a mistake...does he listen to you? No way...I tried. Not my fault if the man won't listen listen...

And he's out the door.

16 CLOSER ANGLE - SHERWOOD AND CRANDALL

16

looking after Danny as he leaves.

SHERWOOD

What do you think the hangup is?

CRANDALL

It's a love scene. Kissing, hugging. All that good stuff. Maybe he feels awkward about it.

SHERWOOD

(a wry smile, and)  
Mr. Crandall...the concept of 'sweet sixteen and never been kissed...'

CRANDALL

Prehistoric of me. I beg your pardon.

He moves off to find a place at one of the desks and deal with his ration of paperwork. Sherwood dumps hers into the wastebasket and starts out, as we:

DIRECT CUT TO:

17 INT. DANCE CLASSROOM - ON BRUNO - DAY

17

Looking o.s. with a puzzled kind of politeness as we HEAR Lydia and Bridget SCREAMING with delighted excitement o.s.

Bridget can barely contain herself as she hugs Lydia, who shares equally in her exuberance.

BRIDGET

I can't believe it! I simply can't believe it!

LYDIA

Calm down, child -- it's just tryout for the company. There's nothing guaranteed about it.

BRIDGET

But it's not 'a' company -- it's the Rand Tyler dance troupe! They're the best! Just -- the best!

She turns to Bruno and notes his restrained half-smile.

BRIDGET

(continuing)

What's the matter with you?

BRUNO

Nothing, except that I don't know what we're talking about or what I'm doing here.

LYDIA

You don't know about the Rand Tyler dance troupe?

BRUNO

Well, obviously...they're very good. I picked up on that much. And...Bridget has a tryout with them, and that's very nice and I'm happy for her...and I still don't know what I'm doing here.

Bridget's look swings slowly to Lydia.

BRIDGET

Uh...neither do I. What is he doing here?

Lydia grins, motions both of them closer.

(CONTINUED)

LYDIA

Martelli -- the Tyler dance troupe is numero uno, the best. There isn't a young dancer who wouldn't kill to be picked to tour with them. The people on their audition board have heard every classical piece, every semi-classical piece, and every possible variation on 'You Light Up My Life.'

BRUNO

So?

LYDIA

So...how would you like to compose an original number for Bridget to use when she tries out? It's a little thing, but any edge you can get when the competition's this tough...

BRIDGET

(intrigued, hopeful)

Would you...?

Bruno glances at her, smiles uneasily.

BRUNO

I don't know. I mean, I'm not sure what kind of music you'll be wanting. And I've never done anything like dance music... but I'll give it a shot, if you want me to.

BRIDGET

Oh, I want! Believe it! Look, we'll talk in the cafeteria, okay? And figure out how to put this all together...

BRUNO

Sure. Whatever you say.

Bridget starts out of the room in a rush, then reverses course and gives Lydia a grateful hug. Bruno moves back to the piano and starts to gather up the music there.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: (2)

18

Bridget exits swiftly, and Bruno nods farewell to Lydia as he heads out the door himself. Lydia watches his cross with a knowing smile.

LYDIA

(sweetly)

Oh, Bruno...

BRUNO

Yeah.

LYDIA

Why was it...before you answered whether or not you could compose something...you looked at Bridget with a look that started at the toes and went right on up to the top of her head. Why do you suppose you looked at her like that?

BRUNO

(beat, and)

Can I refuse to answer that question?

LYDIA

Honey...you just did answer.

So he did and his roguish grin admits to it as he starts once again and moves out into the hallway, Lydia's smile following him the whole way, as we:

DIRECT CUT TO:

19 INT. CAFETERIA - ON BRUNO - DAY

19

as he moves along the foodline, looking over the offerings and wondering if they're leavings. He takes a container of milk and a sandwich as DORIS closes the gap and pulls in next to him.

DORIS

You're about to save my life.

BRUNO

How?

(CONTINUED)

DORIS

By helping me with the Social Studies project I'm supposed to have finished by the end of the week.

BRUNO

Sorry, no.

She looks genuinely distressed. They're at the cashiers stand now.

DORIS

Why not?

BRUNO

I've got a whole bunch of 'projects' going right now. Too many, in fact.

DORIS

How about if I buy you lunch?

BRUNO

Threatening me with bodily harm is no way to get me to help you.

He moves off, eyes sweeping over the o.s. area, obviously searching for a specific someone. Doris reacts with accustomed steel, steps up to the cashier.

DORIS

Do I have to pay extra for the hair on my cottage cheese?

As Bruno moves away from the foodline and heads for the group of dancers gathered about the piano, working out a rough sequence of steps, beat provided by using the top of the piano as a bongo. Leroy, Coco, and Bridget are featured in the effort. Bruno stands off to one side and soon Bridget's eye finds him and she immediately separates herself from the others and moves to him. She nods to the far end of the cafeteria.

BRIDGET

There's room down there; we can talk.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

Bruno falls in behind her and they leave as the ANGLE TIGHTENS ON Leroy and Coco, Leroy's smirk grows.

LEROY

Love! Can't stand it! It's all too beautiful!

COCO

Leroy, stop it. They were assigned to work together.

LEROY

And I bet it ends up the same 'assignment' the Lord gave Adam and Eve!

Coco strikes out at Leroy playfully and Leroy responds with his version of the rope-a-dope.

21 ANGLE TO BRUNO AND BRIDGET

21

as they arrive at one of the tables near the far end of the cafeteria, a place where there is as much "privacy" as these surroundings ever afford. He starts unwrapping his sandwich and popping the lid on the milk container during:

BRUNO

I have to warn you up front, I don't claim to be any kind of miracle worker when it comes to dance stuff. I --

BRIDGET

(interrupting)

I know that, and that's one of the reasons I think we should tell Miss Grant it won't work, with you and me.

BRUNO

Shortest job I ever had. Why won't it work?

BRIDGET

Well...after I left class I started thinking about you not even knowing who the Rand Tyler dance troupe is...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



21 CONTINUED:

BRIDGET (CONT'D)  
...and I just think that anyone  
who doesn't know that kind of  
stuff...which is pretty basic...  
couldn't help me put together  
an original number.

BRUNO  
(beat, and)  
You like music?

BRIDGET  
I love music.

BRUNO  
Then tell me who Paul Della  
Robbia is.

BRIDGET  
I...don't know.

BRUNO  
Only arranger and composer ever  
to work for Stan Kenton and Duke  
Ellington. The only white  
composer-arranger to ever work  
for both Basie and Ellington.  
Leonard Bernstein commissioned  
Della Robbia to compose an  
original Jazz Mass and Requiem.  
Now, I could say your not  
knowing about Della Robbi means  
you don't really love music.  
Would that be fair?

BRIDGET  
(getting the point)  
No...it would not be fair.

BRUNO  
It certainly would not.  
(beat, and)  
Even if any of what I just said  
was true.

A beat as his words register and his smile is a question,  
which her smile answers nicely. We HOLD ON the pair of  
them a beat, and then we:

DIRECT CUT TO:

22 INT. CORRIDOR - ON SHERWOOD - DAY

22

emerging from her room, bearing a portfolio of homework and assignments that will undoubtedly cause her to miss Cavett's interview on PBS. As she moves down the hallway, our ANGLE ADJUSTS TO FIND JULIE MILLER at her locker. She sees Sherwood approaching.

SHERWOOD  
(off-handed)  
See you tomorrow.

JULIE  
Uh...Miss Sherwood...do you  
have a minute to talk...?

A slight reaction from Sherwood. She'd rather be on her way to a couch and chablis, but this comes as part of the package. She smiles at Julie.

SHERWOOD  
Sure. What can I do for you?

Julie closes her locker, closing the hasp on the lock.

JULIE  
We can walk; I'm heading home,  
too.

23 DIFFERENT ANGLE - TRUCKING - JULIE AND SHERWOOD

23

as they move along the corridor.

SHERWOOD  
What's the problem?

JULIE  
Well...I'm just not sure of  
what...I guess you'd call it  
'protocol.'

SHERWOOD  
Fire when ready.

JULIE  
Well...in music class, if Shorofsky  
assigns me to something and I  
don't think I'm ready for it...  
I can ask him for another choice  
and he'll give it to me, usually.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

SHERWOOD

You're asking me to change one of your assignments?

JULIE

No...actually...I was wondering what you think Mr. Crandall might say if I asked him to change one of my assignments...

SHERWOOD

What...kind of assignment are we talking about here?

JULIE

(vaguely)

Oh...an acting sort of thing. And the thing of it is...even if Crandall does agree to the change ...that I might be hurting somebody else's feelings.

Sherwood smiles, starting to feel a little bit like Dear Abby Meets Mr. Chips, but willing to play it out as far as she's able.

SHERWOOD

Tell you what: I'll talk to Mr. Crandall -- very informally -- and I'll see if I can't find out how he feels about this kind of thing.

JULIE

Thanks a lot, really. Sometimes you just seem to understand more than other teachers.

SHERWOOD

(beat, and)

It's a gift.

DIRECT CUT TO:

24 INT. DANCE CLASSROOM - FULL SHOT - DAY

24

Bruno is at the piano, looking on as Bridget does a series of quick dance moves that then segue into something slightly more lyrical and more studied. When this second portion starts:

(CONTINUED)

BRIDGET

And then...you have to look for places where I can breathe...

BRUNO

That rules out Los Angeles. I'm told Aspen is nice.

BRIDGET

I'm serious.

BRUNO

I know you are, but I don't know what you're talking about.

BRIDGET

Look -- dancing is supposed to look effortless, but it's not. And if you go with a tempo that is nonstop and a melody line that builds and builds and builds, I'm going to end up sounding like a steam engine.

BRUNO

It's a weird way to write music. Why can't I just write a thing and and you put whatever steps in that go with it?

BRIDGET

You are missing the point. I am not dancing to your music; you are composing to the needs of my routine.

The looks between them are unyielding on both sides. Bruno nods understanding, then starts to collect some of the music strewn across the top of the piano.

BRUNO

Working with you has helped me understand the popularity of video tape.

BRIDGET

How so?

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: (2)

BRUNO

Because on tape, people like you  
can be erased.

BRIDGET

Look, if this is what it's going  
to be like to work with you,  
I'd rather put on a cassette  
of 'The Nutcracker.'

BRUNO

Very appropriate, I'd say.

BRIDGET

Bruno, you can make all the  
wisecracks you want --

BRUNO

(overlapping)

I doubt that.

BRIDGET

(overlapping)

But the dancing comes first!

BRUNO

Fine! But you remember that  
nobody ever left a concert  
hall humming a jump!

BRIDGET

(starting to laugh)

Humming what?

BRUNO

A jump...or whatever dancers  
call them.

Bruno can't hold his anger for too long, knows how  
lame that last rejoinder sounds.

BRIDGET

The term is a \_\_\_\_\_.

BRUNO

I knew that; I was just testing  
you.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: (3)

24

BRIDGET

Look...our problem is, we are too much alike. To you, nothing can be more important than the music. I feel exactly the same about dancing. Now: how do we work this out?

BRUNO

By...that. By working it out.  
(a beat, and)  
Show me how you'd like to start off and I'll see if it doesn't... trigger something.

ANGELO (O.S.)

Hey, Bruno!

Bridget and Bruno look off to:

25 DIFFERENT ANGLE

25

Angelo Martelli stands in the doorway, cap tilted on the back of his head, cardboard container of coffee in hand. His look is perplexed, slightly bugged, though nothing major.

ANGELO

Where you been? I been waitin' out front for fifteen minutes.

BRUNO

Oh, Pop...I'm sorry...I just forgot about the time.

Angelo moves to Bridget, extending his free hand, his smile impossible to not like.

ANGELO

I'm Angelo Martelli. I'm his father. He's got no manners. Reflection on me, actually. Seeing you, I don't blame him for losing track of time.

BRIDGET

(liking him)  
Hi. I'm Bridget Murphy.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

ANGELO

(to Bruno)

What are you doing in here?  
This is a dance room, right?

BRUNO

Well, Bridget's got a kind of  
audition coming up and I'm  
supposed to help her out with  
some original music. We were  
just starting to put it together.

ANGELO

Can I watch? I've never seen  
anything like that. I won't  
say a word, swear.

BRIDGET

Aren't you afraid you'll get a  
ticket?

ANGELO

Sweetheart...I already got a  
ticket. I might as well get  
my money's worth out of it.

Bruno looks a question to Bridget, who smiles easily.

BRIDGET

Find a seat, Mr. Martelli.

Angelo moves at once to comply, speaking as he crosses  
to the nearest folding chair.

ANGELO

Won't say a word. Just want to  
watch. You two go ahead. Don't  
mind me at all.

Angelo seats himself and Bruno hops up on the piano  
while Bridget moves to the far end of the room in  
order to make her "entrance" for the dance number.  
She speaks as she takes position "offstage."

BRIDGET

Okay. If there's going to be a  
build to the routine...the entrance  
should be simple...

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED: (2)

25

She moves onto the performing "center" of the room in a series of simple moves, graceful, understated.

BRIDGET

(continuing)

But just about the time they think it's going to be all lace and la-de-dah...

She then executes a spectacular move which leads to a flamboyant leap, and:

26 EFFECT SHOT - BRIDGET - THE FALL

26

The IMAGE SLOWS AND MULTIPLIES AS WE DOUBLE PRINT IN the instants prior to Bridget's coming down from her leap. Her foot slips on impact and a look of surprise and agony flashes across her face. She hits the floor with frightening impact and lies motionless.

27 FLASH CUTS - BRUNO AND ANGELO

27

Each frozen for a split second, then darting toward the fallen girl.

28 ANGLE - BRIDGET

28

Her hands go reflexively to her knee, her head arched back with pain. Her sounds are guttural and deep and not pretty to hear. Bruno is to her side instantly, Angelo flanking him.

BRUNO

Bridget -- don't move! Lie still.

BRIDGET

Oh..it hurts...it really hurts  
...something...tore inside...

ANGELO

(to Bruno)

Come on. We can get her to St. Vincent's in the back of the cab. Gimme a hand.

(CONTINUED)



28 CONTINUED:

28

Together, they bend and, taking great care to support the injured leg and keep it as immobile as possible, they lift Bridget, Angelo taking her in his arms as Bruno moves to open the door to the hallway, and we HOLD as they move to the door, and then we:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

29 INT. HOSPITAL EMERGENCY AREA - NURSES' STATION - ON 29  
NURSE - DAY

She has a number of patients' casefiles in front of her and is placing them into proper order in the rolling cart provided, all the while carrying on a conversation with the person on the other end of the phone she has clenched between shoulder and cheek.

NURSE

Bonnie, I don't care what the side effects of the medication are supposed to be, I am telling you the man is all hands. Let one of the male orderlies deal with him. Though, you probably ought to warn them, too, just in case.

ANGELO (V.O.)

Little help here?!

30 DIFFERENT ANGLE 30

as Bruno and Angelo come in through the swinging doors from the arrival dock, Bruno carrying Bridget. A gurney stands near the wall and Bruno gently places Bridget on top of it. The Nurse at the station instantly ends her phone conversation and comes out around the Nurses' station. As she moves to them:

ANGELO

It's her right knee. She took a really bad fall dancing. She said it felt like something tore.

NURSE

Okay. We'll take care of her.  
(to approaching orderly)  
Treatment three. Dr. Wexler.  
(to Angelo)  
There'll be some paperwork.

ANGELO

(to Bruno)  
You stay with her --  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ANGELO (CONT'D)

-- I'll take care of the other stuff.

Bruno nods and falls into step with the gurney as the Orderly guides it on down the corridor. Angelo moves with the Nurse to the Nurses' station, looking all the while after the departing gurney and Bruno.

NURSE

What's the girl's name, please?

ANGELO

Uh, Murphy. Bridget Murphy.

NURSE

And you are...?

ANGELO

(considers, and)

Her father. Angelo Murphy.

The Nurse looks up at this, her expression the sort of no-nonsense look that comes from being on the front lines and dealing with human beings in stressful situations.

NURSE

Angelo Murphy...

ANGELO

Yeah.

NURSE

Mr. Whoever-you are...we are not going to throw the child out into the parking lot because you don't happen to be her father. We may be tired, but we're not monsters.

ANGELO

Well...you know...you hear stories...

NURSE

And I've heard yours. Now: what's your name?

ANGELO

Angelo Martelli. Really.

DIRECT CUT TO:

as we WIDEN the ANGLE TO REVEAL Bridget on the treatment table, Bruno standing uneasily by the door. DR. WEXLER, in his late twenties, is gently checking the mobility of Bridget's knee. This causes some discomfort for her, but nothing that approaches agony.

WEXLER

How long ago did this happen?

BRIDGET

Ten minutes. Fifteen, maybe.

WEXLER

Okay...scale of one to ten...how much does it hurt...?

BRIDGET

Five. Five and a half.

WEXLEY

Well, something's screwed up in there. Let's get you down to X-ray and see what it is.

BRIDGET

Can you tell how bad it is?

WEXLER

(shakes head)

That's what the X-rays are for. I'll get them moving on it. Who's your family physician?

BRIDGET

Dr. Nagel. East Seventy-Sixth Street.

WEXLER

Relax if you can. It won't be long.

He moves on out into the corridor past Bruno. Once the door is closed, there is an awkward stillness. He moves to the side of the treatment table, reaching out to take her hand. Not a romantic feel, just saying I'm here.

BRUNO

Want me to call your parents?

BRIDGET

No...I don't want to be alone.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

After the X-rays get taken.  
Maybe then.

BRUNO

They'll want to know.

BRIDGET

I know that...but there's no  
point in calling them till we  
know how bad it is... It's not  
like I'm dying or anything. It's  
just that...I might miss the  
audition...

Tears threaten her composure and her grip tightens on  
Bruno's hand.

BRUNO

Hey...there'll be others...

32 TIGHT ON BRIDGET

32

Looks to Bruno with an unaccustomed edge and hardness.  
Little youth in the look.

BRIDGET

Right. There'll be others.  
You bet.

33 ON BRUNO

33

hearing the tone clearly and puzzled by it. His words  
aren't hype for the sickroom; he's just being honestly  
optimistic.

BRUNO

Bridget, I've seen basketball  
players go down with knee injuries,  
and the pain is incredible. I'm  
not trying to say you're not  
hurting right now...but it sure  
doesn't seem to be the same thing.

34 WIDER - BRUNO AND BRIDGET

34

BRIDGET

Is that your expert opinion,  
Dr. Martelli?

(CONTINUED)

BRUNO

I didn't say I was an expert.  
I just --

BRIDGET

(interrupting, a  
softening manner)  
Hey...I'm sorry. It hurts and I'm  
not handling any of this like a  
champ. Bear with me, okay.  
Be a friend.

BRUNO

(nicely)  
What else are composers for?

Bridget lifts his hand to her cheek, then holds them  
away, studying them.

BRIDGET

Good hands...

BRUNO

Piano player or wide receiver.  
Can't make up my mind.

This results in the first real smile that we've seen out  
of Bridget since arrival in the hospital. Bruno's reaction  
is obviously pleased about that as we HOLD ON them both,  
and then:

DIRECT CUT TO:

INT. NURSES' STATION WAITING AREA - ON ANGELO - DAY

Seated on one of the institutional chairs in the small  
area, not looking up as Bruno arrives with two cups  
of vending machine coffee. He hands one to Angelo,  
then takes a seat nearby. His answer comes as a reply  
to Angelo's questioning look.

BRUNO

Still up in X-ray.

Angelo nods, takes a sip of the coffee, stares into  
the steaming liquid a beat, then:

ANGELO

That's what did it.

(CONTINUED)

BRUNO

What?

ANGELO

I'll bet I spilled a little bit of coffee on the floor when I introduced myself. That's what her foot hit when she went down, I'll bet that's what it was...

BRUNO

Or maybe...she just fell.

ANGELO

(shakes head)

The coffee.

Bruno regards his father thoughtfully, then:

BRUNO

Is there something about being a parent that makes a person automatically take on responsibility for everything that happens -- good and bad?

It takes a second, but Bruno's words help Angelo regain a touch of objectivity.

ANGELO

Yeah, there is...  
(beat, and)  
They're working on a vaccine, though.

DIRECT CUT TO:

presently displaying two X-rays of Bridget's knee, front and side view. As we WIDEN the ANGLE we see that the blinds are tightly drawn in order to allow the X-rays to be seen. We can make out a number of figures in the room, but they are silhouettes and little more at this stage.

WEXLER

If there's any ligament damage, any tear, it doesn't show up here.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

WEXLER (CONT'D)

There's some swelling, but not a big deal. We'll take a look in there tomorrow to make sure.

The lights are turned on by Wexler, revealing Bridget in bed, garbed in her own bedjacket or equivalent. Standing next to the bed is MRS. MURPHY, an appealing-looking woman in her mid-forties, a likable straightforward quality about her. Bruno and Angelo stand near the doorway.

MRS. MURPHY

You're talking about an operation?

WEXLER

Barely qualifies for the term. Procedure's called an arthroscope. Make an incision about half an inch long, look inside the knee with a small fiber optic device. Close it with a bandaid. Takes twenty minutes.

BRIDGET

I'm going to hold you to that.

WEXLER

I'll deliver. See you in the morning.

Wexler moves to the door, smiling his farewell to Angelo and Bruno, who take his leavetaking as their cue.

ANGELO

Well...everything's under control here. We'll be leaving, too.

MRS. MURPHY

Mr. Martelli...I can't thank you enough for your help. You and your son.

ANGELO

Least we could have done. Bridget, you be good, now. Do what they tell you.

Bridget nods agreement, speaks to Bruno as he moves out after Angelo.

(CONTINUED)



BRIDGET

Bruno...?

He turns back at the door.

BRIDGET

(continuing)

Don't stop writing...okay?

BRUNO

Okay.

He smiles to Bridget and Mrs. Murphy, then steps out of the room, pulling the door shut after him. As soon as the others have left, Mrs. Murphy and Bridget look to each other. They both seem to understand at once what the other is thinking.

BRIDGET

I just fell. It happens to other dancers all the time.

MRS. MURPHY

(unconvinced)

If you say so.

BRIDGET

You don't believe me.

Mrs. Murphy moves to her daughter's bedside. There's love between these two. There's also an ambient sadness.

MRS. MURPHY

Baby...I just think we've made a mistake, that's all. I wonder if we shouldn't...rethink our decision.

BRIDGET

No...we should not.

MRS. MURPHY

Bridget --

BRIDGET

(low and hard)

It's my life, mother, and we should not rethink a thing.

Mrs. Murphy regards her daughter with profound devotion and respect.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. MURPHY

Whatever you say, baby...  
whatever you say.

Her hand lightly strokes a stray tendril of hair from Bridget's forehead, and we HOLD a beat, until we --

DISSOLVE TO:

One of the large foot-tall variety. It's being signed, as we WIDEN, by Crandall. Standing next to him waiting her turn is Sherwood. Shorofsky is on the couch, going over what paperwork the new day has brought him. The exchange between Sherwood and Crandall is testy, out of key with signing a get-well card.

SHERWOOD

You could sit them down and talk it over.

CRANDALL

No.

SHERWOOD

Does it occur to you that you're being bullheaded?

CRANDALL

It occurs to me that I do not comment on how you run your English classes. That's what occurs to me.

SHERWOOD

Okay. Maybe I'm out of line, but both Danny and Julie are asking for help, and I think --

CRANDALL

They're not asking for help. They're asking out. When they come to me and explain what the problem is, then, we'll see. But until then -- you're talking to Simon Legree.

He finishes his scribbled get-well wish and hands the pen to Sherwood and heads for the doorway. Sherwood looks after him then to what he's written. She smiles back at him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHERWOOD

Oh, Mr. Legree?

Crandall turns back, and:

SHERWOOD

(continuing)

There's an 'I' in the name  
'Bridget'.

CRANDALL

(beat, and)

Then dot one of the 'E's'  
for me.

And he steps on out of the office, untroubled and unswayed by Sherwood's comments and pressure. Shorofsky moves to Sherwood's side as she composes her greeting for the card.

SHOROFSKY

(re: the card)

Room for one more?

SHERWOOD

Soon as I'm done.

SHOROFSKY

How is she?

SHERWOOD

Strained ligaments, they say.  
Nothing torn.

SHOROFSKY

And the upcoming audition?

SHERWOOD

Lydia's trying to get them to  
postpone it. Three weeks or so.  
If they do, Bridget can still  
try out.

SHOROFSKY

If not?

SHERWOOD

Then I guess Leroy comes in off  
the bench.

LYDIA (O.S.)

Not if I can't help it, he doesn't.

as Lydia comes in, dance bag over her shoulder, demeanor dour, in need of three weeks in the Bahamas or a cup of strong black coffee. She heads for the latter. Sherwood and Shorofsky exchange a puzzled glance.

SHERWOOD

Leroy isn't a good enough dancer?

LYDIA

He's plenty good. Maybe not as well schooled in some fundamentals as Bridget, but close enough.

SHOROFSKY

Then why not let him audition if she can't?

Lydia casts a knowing look to her two friends.

LYDIA

You ever been on the road with a touring company?

Negative muttered AD LIBS from Sherwood and Shorofsky. Lydia takes a sip of her coffee, then:

LYDIA

(continuing)

When I was talking about fundamentals just now...I wasn't just talking dance. The road is the loneliest kind of life you can imagine. A new town every three or four days...motel rooms that all look alike. It is six months of blood, sweat, tears...and temptation. Now, Bridget might be able to handle that all right. Her head's on pretty straight. But Leroy... I got my doubts.

SHOROFSKY

She's ready to leave the nest, and he isn't.

LYDIA

That's about it.

(CONTINUED)

38

CONTINUED:

38

SHERWOOD

I hate to sound like 'Catch  
Twenty-Two', but Leroy's able  
to dance for the audition, and  
she isn't.

LYDIA

Unless someone gets them to  
postpone the audition.

SHOROFSKY

(to Sherwood)

I'll bet we are talking to  
someone who can get them to do  
just that.

39

TIGHT ON LYDIA

39

Takes a sip of her coffee and a smiling determination  
appears in her gaze.

LYDIA

That's a pretty good bet.

DIRECT CUT TO:

40

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - FOUNTAIN AREA - ON BRUNO - DAY  
(SECOND UNIT NYC STOCK)

40

He sits on the edge of the fountain, the small Casio  
keyboard in his hand. As WE PUSH IN SLOWLY TO him, we  
start to HEAR the opening strains of what will become  
BRIDGET'S DANCE. We HOLD as he stops, takes it once  
again from the top, this time with a change or chord  
addition, and then we --

DIRECT CUT TO:

41

INT. SCHOOL - FRONT STAIRCASE AREA - ON BRUNO - DAY

41

The Casio keyboard rests across his knees and he continues  
to work on the DANCE THEME. His look is to the keyboard,  
but his words are tossed back over his shoulders.

BRUNO

Hey -- no resting up there!  
Come on back down!

42

WIDER ANGLE

42

as Bridget appears around the the top of the steps, puffing as she comes down limping slightly on the right leg. A band of leg weights are fastened about the right ankle. It is about forty-five minutes prior to first bell; the halls are empty. As Bridget nears the bottom step.

BRIDGET

I am not 'resting'. How many is this?

BRUNO

(shrugs)

Who's counting?

BRIDGET

You're supposed to be.

She reaches the bottom step, then turns, heading back on up, expression grimly set.

BRUNO

Twenty-three times when you get to the top this time.

BRIDGET

Twenty-five and I'll call it quits.

She is around the corner and out of sight.

BRUNO

Thirty and you call it quits.

BRIDGET (V.O.)

(calling back)

Okay.

He smiles at her willingness to add on more work, continues to noodle out his theme on the Casio keyboard.

LEROY (V.O.)

Pretty sound.

43

DIFFERENT ANGLE

43

as Leroy comes in through the lobby doors, wearing sweats and a loose shirt, dance bag carried over one shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

LEROY

What's it called?

BRUNO

Nothing, yet. What are you doing here so early?

LEROY

(a shade evasive)

Just thought I'd come in and get in some extra rehearsal time. Same question for you -- what are you doing in here this time of the mornin'?

Before Bruno can reply, Bridget appears around the landing, moving on down the steps, then slowing a bit as she takes in Leroy's presence.

LEROY

(continuing)

Morning.

BRIDGET

Hi.

LEROY

How's the knee?

BRIDGET

Not great, but...a little better every day.

LEROY

Good. Terrific.

(beat, and)

You heard anything about the tryout?

BRIDGET

No. Have you?

LEROY

No.

They regard each other honestly. Friends. Competitors. Both fearful, both hopeful. Too much contradiction in the air for either of them to handle with ease.

LEROY

(continuing)

I got lots of stuff to do. See you later.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED: (2)

43

Bruno and Bridget AD LIB their farewells as Leroy shoulders the dance bag and moves on down the corridor away from them.

44 CLOSER ANGLE - BRUNO AND BRIDGET

44

as they look after the departing Leroy. Bruno notes the semidamper the veiled exchange has placed on Bridget's mood and tries to get back to the business at hand.

BRUNO

Better get back at it. You don't want to cool off while you're all sweaty.

She looks at him with a grin and adopts a mock formal attitude.

BRIDGET

Mr. Martelli -- men sweat.  
Women perspire. Dancers glow.

He nods accepting the correction. His look holds hers a beat.

BRUNO

Miss Murphy -- you glow.

Neither moves for a second and the attraction is a palpable force between them. She smiles softly, a moonlight smile, then turns and once again resumes her therapy stair climbing as Bruno watches her go and we HOLD ON him a beat before we --

DIRECT CUT TO:

45 INT. DANCE CLASSROOM - DAY

45

as the dance class finishes up an exercise, one that will not be mistaken for a spinoff of the first number seen earlier. (NOTE: Coco and Leroy are not in this class.) As the number draws to its finish, Lydia moves to the cassette player and snaps it off with:

LYDIA

Okay. Not bad. Little ragged toward the end there, but that'll come. Hit the showers. Take off.

(CONTINUED)



45 CONTINUED:

45

The dancers gather up their towels and dance bags, heading for the doorway, Lydia AD LIBBING comments to one or two of the individual dancers as they move off, then noting:

46 ANGLE TO DOORWAY - MR. RUTLEDGE

46

A man in his late forties, dressed in well-worn three piece suit, carrying a thick briefcase under his arm, a placid half-smile on his face. He's a classic middle-management person, nice, unassuming, unremarkable. He started inquiring about his firm's pension plan when he was twenty-three. The ANGLE ADJUSTS as he moves past the dancers to Lydia.

RUTLEDGE

Miss Grant?

LYDIA

Yes...?

He produces a business card and hands it over to her, then moves past her as she reads it, surveying the room and the floor.

RUTLEDGE

Marvin Rutledge. Franconia Insurance Group. We're the carriers for the school's health and accident policy.

LYDIA

Uh...am I supposed to know why you're here?

RUTLEDGE

Oh, there are some forms you have to sign. In regard to the accident the Murphy girl had, you being the dance teacher. And I'm supposed to make sure there was no negligence on the school's part about keeping the flooring safe.

LYDIA

Mr. Rutledge --

RUTLEDGE

Which there obviously isn't, as the flooring looks fine to me.

(CONTINUED)

Lydia smiles with some relief, having anticipated a red-tape donney-brook and finding that not to be the case. He pops open his briefcase and produces a number of forms, extracting a pen from his breast pocket and handing it over to her with:

RUTLEDGE

(continuing)

This will authorize payment to the hospital for the emergency room care and the one night stay and so forth. I've 'X'd' the places where you should sign.

Lydia nods and starts to comply, as Rutledge obligingly flips back the pages after each signature. Making casual conversation:

RUTLEDGE

(continuing)

Really does seem a shame. Was the Murphy girl a good dancer?

LYDIA

The Murphy girl is a good dancer. Stretched ligaments don't end careers, Mr. Rutledge.

RUTLEDGE

But multiple sclerosis does.

Lydia writes a letter or two more then stops. Her head lifts, gazelle at the watering hole having heard a threatening noise in the darkness of the brush.

LYDIA

Please...?

RUTLEDGE

It was in the information her family physician sent over to the emergency hospital. Bridget was diagnosed a year ago as being in the initial stages of M.S. It might take five, six years for the symptoms to really surface, but...that girl's never going to be a dancer, Miss Grant. No way.

Maturity involves that instant when you don't even ask the question because you know damn well you won't like the answer, if in fact an answer even exists. Doesn't make it a bit easier, just saves you some question asking, is about all. Lydia says nothing and that say smuch, as we HOLD ON her a beat, and then we --

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

48 INT. SHERWOOD'S APARTMENT - FULL SHOT - NIGHT

48

As we HEAR the SOUND of the DOOR BUZZER as it's depressed a couple of times. Elizabeth rouses herself from her book and the sanctuary it represents, using a scrap of paper as a bookmark, then crossing to the door. Before she starts to unlock one of the three locks there, being an experienced New Yorker:

SHERWOOD

Who is it, please?

LYDIA (O.S.)

It's me, Elizabeth.

Not unhappy to see her friend drop in, but puzzled, as this friend isn't one who "drops" in, Sherwood swiftly throws the locks open and swings the door wide, revealing Lydia standing out in the hallway. She walks in past Sherwood, handing her a slip of paper as she moves by. Sherwood closes the door and opens up the folded sheet of paper, quickly perusing what's written there.

SHERWOOD

They've agreed to postpone the tryouts; that's wonderful.

Lydia sinks wearily into the closest chair, looks to Sherwood evenly.

LYDIA

Elizabeth...would you happen to have a glass of wine or something like that?

SHERWOOD

But you never have wine...  
(instantly)  
Comin' up.

And she moves quickly for the kitchen as Lydia tries to express her thanks with a weary smile, but that's a lot of effort for where she's coming from right now. We HOLD a beat, and then we:

DIRECT CUT TO:

As the door from the ground level is opened and the LIGHTS are SNAPPED ON, REVEALING Bruno, Bridget, Doris and Montgomery as they come down the steps, Montgomery carrying a large take-out container of pizza, Doris with cans of soft drinks and napkins. The pizza is opened up and portioned out during:

DORIS

Look, Crandall is not going to let either one of them off the hook until they come clean about what the problem is.

MONTGOMERY

That won't happen; they're both too hung up about it to level with him.

BRIDGET

So, one's short and the other's tall. That didn't stop Napoleon and Josephine.

DORIS

Yeah, but look at the kind of mood it put Napoelon in.

BRUNO

Well, he's not going to grow and she's not going to shrink, so they better make their peace about it.

DORIS

It's always easy to offer solutions when you don't have the problem.

BRIDGET

They ought to just play the scene as well as they can and stop feeling sorry for themselves.

It's said with some force, with more venom than Bridget usually exhibits. Looks from the other three underscore this.

MONTGOMERY

Thank you, General Patton.

(CONTINUED)

BRIDGET

Well, it's true. Everybody has... problems. No one gets everything; we've all got some kind of... handicap or something. The thing to do is just...charge. Get it over with.

DORIS

Then you think I should continue my efforts to break into the National Basketball Association... in spite of the fact that I'm white.

Smiling AD LIBS from the others as Doris starts to hand out slices of pizza, AD LIBBING her reply in regard to her battle to overcome prejudice.

MONTGOMERY

Okay, we've all got problems, hangups...what's Bruno's hangup?

DORIS

(at once)

Hangs onto his music forever.  
Won't let anybody hear it until it's triple perfect.

BRUNO

No, I don't.

MONTGOMERY

The heck you don't.

(to Bridget)

Has he let you hear what he's composing for you?

BRIDGET

He has not.

Their looks challenge him and Bruno's smile acknowledges the fact that he's seemingly been nailed. He nods, moves toward the musical setup.

BRUNO

Well -- he is about to.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED: (2)

Reactions from the three kids as Bruno slides behind the synthesizer and keyboard. They "settle" themselves as he flips a switch or two and verifies that the instrumentation is in working order, then:

BRUNO

(continuing)

This is not...what you'll be dancing to. That's not ready yet. But it is something I composed for you, so...

DORIS

So play it, jerk.

Bruno smiles and agrees, his hands going to the keyboard and striking the opening chords of BRUNO'S LOVE SONG. It's a simple and straightforward presentation, jade moving by the evident devotion within the lyrics as well as by Bruno's obvious love affair with any melodic line he ever brought forth. When it's over, there is a stillness, a hush. The look that crackles between Bruno and Bridget is loud enough and fills the room.

DORIS

(continuing:  
to Montgomery)

Let's you and me go upstairs and wash the dishes.

MONTGOMERY

There aren't any dishes.

DORIS

We'll find some. Move.

They move up the steps and the door is quickly opened and then closed, leaving Bruno and Bridget by themselves. A beat, then she rises and moves to him. After a beat:

BRUNO

You didn't limp when you walked over.

BRIDGET

Dope...that's because my feet didn't touch the ground.

Their lips touch lightly. A soap bubble wouldn't be affected by the initial pressure. A granite wall wouldn't stand up to its penultimate stage. We HOLD as long as safety film will allow and then we:

DIRECT CUT TO:

50 INT. SHERWOOD'S APARTMENT - ON LYDIA - NIGHT

50

The glass of wine she holds in her hand has a mere sliver of gold in the bottom. Lydia stares out the window, her voice soft with enervating frustration. Elizabeth is seated nearby, watching her friend, caring, and, as an objective new eye, seeing.

LYDIA

...haven't spent that long in a library in quite some time... certainly never in the medical section...

SHERWOOD

Find anything...hopeful?

LYDIA

Not really. Symptoms vary a lot from person to person. Mild. Severe. Onset early. Onset late.

SHERWOOD

You aren't going to let her audition, are you?

LYDIA

I certainly am.

SHERWOOD

Lydia -- she can't be a dancer and you --

LYDIA

(exploding)

She can dance now, damnit!  
And "now" is all I know about!

SHERWOOD

But what the future is going to be --

LYDIA

I don't know what the future is going to be, Elizabeth, and neither do you! All I know is that the girl can dance and I'm not going to take that away from her!

SHERWOOD

What about the things you are taking away from her?

(CONTINUED)



This brings Lydia up, uncertain about what Elizabeth's referring to.

LYDIA

(quietly)

Like what?

Elizabeth frames her words with thought and obvious care.

SHERWOOD

Look...I liked 'Rocky' as well as the next person and everytime I see 'Peter Pan' I applaud forever trying to bring Tinker Belle back to life...but this isn't a story. It's real. And the hand that girl has been dealt...it isn't fair to let her dream dreams that can't come true. Part of our job is to prepare these kids for life...and Bridget's life is not going to have dancing as a part of it.

LYDIA

(grasping)

Well, you know medicine... they're always finding some new drug or treatment or...

SHERWOOD

Lydia...you always tell me...to be hard on kids in order to make them do the best they can. It's good advice from you to me. It's just as good from me to you.

(beat, and)

You can't let her build a life on "maybe." She's too good a kid.

Lydia nods after a long stillness, downs the remainder of the glass of wine.

LYDIA

She's such a good dancer, Elizabeth...she is just so fine...

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED: (2)

50

SHERWOOD

Go ahead.

LYDIA

Go ahead -- 'what'?

SHERWOOD

Cry.

Lydia shakes her head, but even as she does so, her composure starts to go. Sherwood leans over to the end table and grasps a box of facial tissues. She tosses it to Lydia, catches the box easily. She pulls a tissue free and dabs a bit at her eyes.

51 FULL SHOT - THE ROOM

51

A beat, then Lydia becomes aware of a sniffle from Sherwood and flips the box of tissue back toward the couch, after making certain she's kept an adequate supply for herself. A mutually sympathetic sharing smile moves between them as we HOLD a beat before we:

DIRECT CUT TO:

52 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - ON CASSETTE RECORDER - DAY

52

As the "record" button is pushed and we HEAR:

SHOROFSKY (O.S.)

Meeting of the Faculty sub-committee on operations now called to order as of Wednesday the nineteenth, seven-thirty a.m.

53 WIDER ANGLE

53

Coffee is being prepared and cups passed as Crandall pushes the recorder out into the middle of the table after he finishes his "for the record" opening statement.

SHOROFSKY

Members of committee present include Miss Sherwood, Miss Grant, Mr. Crandall, and Mr. Shorofsky.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SHOROFSKY (CONT'D)  
 (conversationally)  
 Where's Wyler?

CRANDALL  
 His back went out; he's in  
 traction.

SHOROFSKY  
 He's lucky. Meeting called to  
 order.

CRANDALL  
 Can you tell us why this meeting  
 had to be scheduled at this hour?  
 I mean, the muggers aren't even  
 out yet.

SHOROFSKY  
 There is one item on our agenda  
 -- Bridget Murphy.

Lydia and Sherwood both look sharply to each other, then  
 to Shorofsky. He reads the expressions of the three at  
 the table with an expert's unerring eye.

SHOROFSKY  
 (continuing; re:  
 Sherwood and Lydia)  
 You two obviously know, and you --  
 (re: Crandall)  
 -- do not.  
 (for Crandall)  
 Bridget Murphy has multiple  
 sclerosis and she's going to  
 have to leave the school.

LYDIA  
What?!

Shorofsky's look to Lydia is a laser of purpose. He is  
 committed to his course and nothing she can say is going  
 to turn him around. He knows how you pull a tooth and  
 it's no act of compassion to take your time.

SHOROFSKY  
 Miss Grant, I was on the phone last  
 night for three hours with a Mr.  
 Rutledge from the insurance company!  
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED: (2)

53

SHOROFSKY (CONT'D)

They will not cover us if she continues in the dance program! Without that insurance, the Board will not permit us to stay open! No options! No alternatives!

LYDIA

Then may I please ask what the purpose of this meeting is, if it's all decided?

SHOROFSKY

(beat, and)

The purpose of this meeting is to decide who tells the girl and how we can do it with the most humanity.

54 ON CASSETTE PLAYER

54

PUSHING IN ON it slowly as we HEAR OVER THIS:

CRANDALL (V.O.)

What about if she switched majors? Into drama, say, or music?

LYDIA (V.O.)

No. She wants to be a dancer and that's all she wants to be.

SHOROFSKY (V.O.)

We are getting off the track.

SHERWOOD (V.O.)

Lydia should tell her.

LYDIA (V.O.)

Oh, come on...not me. I love her; I can't...

And as the discussion o.s. builds and the tones of angry defeat and frustration start to take over from sweet reason, we:

DIRECT CUT TO:

55 INT. SCHOOL STAIRCASE - FULL SHOT - DAY

55

as the currents of the first hour have the students filling the stairwell heading toward their various destinations. Julie comes into view, heading up, but finds herself latched onto, her heading reversed by a bouncily bright-eyed Doris. She guides Julie back on down the stairs and over to the wall.

DORIS

Come with me; I'll read you  
your rights later.

JULIE

What?

56 CLOSER ANGLE - JULIE AND DORIS

56

standing over near the wall out of the traffic pattern, though an occasional rusher jostles them throughout the conversation.

DORIS

I was talking to Montgomery about  
the problem you and Amatullo  
have with the scene. You know  
what I'm talking about?

JULIE

Yeah...

DORIS

He and I figured a way out for  
you, but first you've got to  
pay me back.

JULIE

'Pay you back'? You haven't  
done anything yet.

DORIS

Have I lied to you yet today?

JULIE

(laughing)  
No...not today...

JULIE

Okay. So look: I've got study  
hall first period.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED:

56

JULIE (CONT'D)

How about you temporarily  
snitch a couple of cassettes  
off Shorofsky's desk so I can  
listen to something besides  
Leroy's Aretha Franklin rejects...  
I'll put them back right after  
first period...

Doris cocks her head hopefully to one side, absolutely impossible to resist. As Julie's smile builds and her sales resistance starts to flee, we:

DIRECT CUT TO:

57 INT. SCHOOL CORRIDOR - ON SHOROFSKY - DAY

57

as he trundles down the hallway, mind on weighty matters, passing by Doris who leans nonchalantly against the wall outside his door. His entrance into the classroom is counter-matched by Julie's exit from the room, her hands secretively held behind her. Making sure Shorofsky is intent on classroom business, she slips Doris three or four cassettes, which the latter hides in her jacket pockets as she goes racing off to first hour study hall. Julie smiles, then moves back into Shorofsky's classroom.

58 INT. SHOROFSKY'S CLASS - ANGLE ACROSS DESK - DAY

58

As Julie reenters the room, then draws up apprehensively on seeing Shorofsky standing behind the desk, expression of perplexed irritation on his face. He lifts books, rummages through papers. Julie moves a step closer.

JULIE

Did you...lose something, Mr.  
Shorofsky?

SHOROFSKY

Creeping stupidity. I had the  
cassette with the faculty minutes  
on it and who knows what I did  
with it...

Julie, realizing the import of that, starts to retrace her steps, then the BELL RINGING forces her to reconsider. Shorofsky gestures to the students' chairs.

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED:

58

SHOROFSKY

(continuing)

Sit, Miller. Sit. We've got  
work to do.

Julie smiles uneasily and moves to comply, as we:

DIRECT CUT TO:

59 INT. STUDY HALL - TRUCKING SHOT - DAY

59

As we MOVE PAST a couple of chairs in the study hall to come to a REST ON Doris. A glance to the study hall "teacher" and Doris knows she'll be unobserved as she takes out a cassette and slips it into the "walkman" sort of cassette player she's got hidden in her notebook. She drops it into place, puts the earphones on and then hides them under a knit funky-looking cap. She hits the "play" button and opens her book, really intending to make proper use of her time.

60 TIGHT SHOT - DORIS

60

As the sound of the tape comes over the headset and she reacts with puzzlement that builds into a mischievous smile. We PUSH IN SLIGHTLY as she takes it all in, then her gaze moves off to:

61 POV - BRIDGET MURPHY

61

A couple of rows away, working studiously on an assignment, unaware of Doris' gaze.

62 TIGHT ON DORIS

62

Her young face a mirror of abrupt conflicting emotions as the information rushes over her in the most intimidating and overwhelming. She is surely almost wholly unaware of the fact that tears have sprung to her eyes as she swings her look slowly over toward Bridget.

63 POV - BRIDGET

63

Turning a page or adjusting her posture, she looks up and reacts on meeting Doris' stare with alarm.

64 HER POV - DORIS

64

mesmerized by what she's hearing, twin channels of moisture streaming down her cheeks. Suddenly aware that Bridget has seen her, she fairly bolts from her seat.

65 FULL SHOT

65

As Doris darts up the aisle past the bewildered study hall teacher and sprints out of the room into the corridor.

DIRECT CUT TO:

66 INT. MAKEUP ROOM - ON DOORWAY - DAY

66

As Doris yanks the door open and steps inside, still crying, though a bit more under control. She pulls the door shut, standing there with her hand on the knob, struggling for control, then:

BRUNO (V.O.)

What's up?

67 WIDER ANGLE

67

REVEALING Bruno at one of the small tables, a screwdriver and soldering iron in view, a pream or some such piece of equipment spread out in front of him. He notes Doris' tears and appropriate concern is shown.

BRUNO

What's wrong...?

Doris debates whether or not to retreat and rejects the option. She moves away from the door and crosses to Bruno. Wordlessly her arms go around him and her gentle instinctive emotion is to rock him back and forth in the most basic sort of comforting gesture. Bruno understands what she's doing, and can surmise the "why" will come in the next few moments as we HOLD ON these two, and then we:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE



ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

68 INT. DRAMA CLASSROOM - FULL SHOT - DAY 68

Crandall is at his desk, poring over some incidental paperwork, an early morning thermos of coffee resting on the edge of the desk. He takes a sip, looks up as the SOUND of the DOOR OPENING o.s. draws his attention.

69 WIDER ANGLE 69

Danny Amatullo stands there, beaming with relief and pride.

DANNY

Morning, Mr. Crandall. Just stopped by to give you the good word.

CRANDALL

Which is...?

DANNY

Which is that me and Julie Miller will have that scene ready for you to see by the end of the week.

CRANDALL

(mild surprise)

And you came in here before first period to tell me that?

DANNY

(nods, and)

That, and to rehearse. It's okay if Montgomery helps us stage it, isn't it?

CRANDALL

Whatever works...

DANNY

You don't look happy about this.

CRANDALL

I'm...suspicious.

(beat, and)

It's my nature.

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED:

69

Danny grins, shrugs, then retreats under the pressure of Crandall's acerbic scrutiny, and we --

DIRECT CUT TO:

70 INT. DANCE CLASSROOM - FULL SHOT - DAY

70

There are a number of dancers at the barre warming up prior to the start of class. Lydia is on the stool near the piano, making some notes about class plans and progression. She doesn't see Bridget, dressed in "non-dance" mufti, enter from the corridor and approach. Bridget puts a piece of paper in front of Lydia, her smile almost impossible to restrain.

LYDIA

What's this...?

BRIDGET

Doctor's report on my knee.  
He says I can get back to work again.

Lydia fingers the slip of paper, searching for words, a better setting.

LYDIA

Bridget...there's a problem...

BRIDGET

It's all right, Miss Grant.  
I understand.

LYDIA

You understand what?

Bridget's attack is adult, reasonable, mature.

BRIDGET

Nobody...including me...knows exactly how strong my knee is yet. And having someone in the Tyler Dance Troupe is a big deal for the school. And that's why Leroy's been putting together a routine, in case I can't cut it. And that's okay...honestly. If he's better than I am, then let him have the tryout.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

(beat, and)

But you know what...? He won't be better, Miss Grant. Nobody in the world could be better than I am right now. You'll see!

Smiling, she turns and moves back toward the hallway, Lydia watching her go until:

LYDIA

Bridget...

She stops at the doorway, looking back at Lydia. Once again, Lydia can do nothing. Wrong setting. Too populated. All she can do is inwardly ache.

LYDIA

(continuing)

I'm glad your knee's better.

Bridget accepts this with a beaming agreement, then continues on out into the corridor. Lydia stands there looking at the mirror, seeing nothing. Her move back to the piano to resume the paperwork lacks the dancers' energetic snap.

DIRECT CUT TO:

Fairly flying with optimism as she darts in and out of the growing numbers of kids now filling the area. She spies what she's been looking for o.s. and peels off, the ANGLE ADJUSTING as she comes to a halt at Bruno's locker, where he stands, gathering the material he'll need for the day.

BRIDGET

What do you want -- good news or money? Better warn you, though -- I'm broke.

BRUNO

Then I guess I'll take some good news.

BRIDGET

You are looking at a person with two perfect knees who is ready to go back to work --

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED:

71

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

-- assuming my flaky composer  
didn't go on vacation.

BRUNO

Your flaky composer has finished  
his composition. When do you  
want to hear it?

BRIDGET

Right after school.

(at once)

No. Not 'right after'. I've  
got a conference with Shorofsky.

BRUNO

(growing concern)

What's the conference with  
Shorofsky about?

BRIDGET

I don't know. Wyler told me in  
homeroom I had to meet Shorofsky  
in his room right after sixth  
period.

Bruno's expression turns somber. He reaches out, touching  
Bridget's face lightly, struggling to meet her look.

BRIDGET

(continuing)

What's the problem...?

BRUNO

Bridget...they know. And so  
do I.

72 TIGHT ON BRIDGET

72

For just a split fraction of a second, her good spirits  
allow her to be confused about what he's referring to.  
It's a very short fraction of a second.

BRIDGET

What do you mean? They know  
what...

And it comes to rest like the closing of a cushioned door.  
The kind they put on caskets. Her look to Bruno is a plea  
and we HOLD ON her a beat, and then we --

DIRECT CUT TO:

as we TILT UP slowly TO FIND Bruno and Bridget alone in the room. There are a couple of apples, a container of cottage cheese. None of the luncheon ingredients have been touched. Bridget's hands are interlaced across her forehead. Bruno is seated close at hand, just waiting. She'll speak when she's ready to speak, and he'll be there to listen.

BRIDGET

...and I told my Mom and Dad  
 ...I wanted to go as far as I  
 could, as long as I could. Until  
 this thing I've got makes me stop...

BRUNO

Maybe you better start...thinking  
 about...a long term view...lowering  
 your sights a little.

She looks at him. No tears there. She went by that stage a year or so earlier. There's a soul of Toledo steel there.

BRIDGET

(shakes head)

Hey...I'm a butterfly, okay...  
 you don't want butterflies  
 worrying about what's going to  
 happen when winter comes...  
 That's not what a butterfly's  
 about. A butterfly's about  
 spring and summer and being  
 pretty...not about taking 'long  
 term views.'

BRUNO

(simply)

Sorofsky's going to kick you  
 out of school, Bridget.

She shakes her head slowly back and forth, dead certain about her reply.

BRIDGET

He's going to try...but he  
 won't be able to do it.

BRUNO

How are you going to stop him?

(CONTINUED)

73

CONTINUED:

73

BRIDGET

Because I won't let anybody  
judge me on what's going to  
happen. They've got to judge  
me on 'now.' And right now --  
I belong in that dance troupe.

Bruno regards her with a faint smile, then:

BRUNO

(simply)

I love you, you know that...

BRIDGET

(nods, and)

For now.

BRUNO

For now, yeah...

(beat, and)

Though it might last into fifth  
period if you play your cards  
right.

She laughs and their gazes touch with smiling disregard  
for facts and tomorrows, as we HOLD a beat, and then we --

DIRECT CUT TO:

74

INT. DANCE CLASSROOM - FULL SHOT - DAY

74

as the last few seconds of a simple movement are ended  
by the SOUNDING of the BELL o.s., melding into Lydia's:

LYDIA

That's it. Little lazy today.  
Get rid of that stuff tomorrow.  
No place for that around here.

(and)

Leroy -- come talk.

Leroy breaks off from the others departing the room and  
moves to Lydia, his expression guarded. Lydia's manner  
with him, which is usually either friendly or coming-  
down-hard, is oddly remote.

LYDIA

The Rand Tyler people want  
to come by Thursday night.  
You ready for that?

(CONTINUED)

LEROY

Guess so.

LYDIA

Eight o'clock, Thursday, then.  
In here.

LEROY

(sarcastic and sour)

Great...

He turns and starts away. Lydia isn't allowing that to pass.

LYDIA

Hey!

He turns back to find himself confronted by ninety-three pounds of pissed.

LYDIA

(continuing)

Don't you give me attitude,  
Mr. Johnson! You got a problem,  
then let's hear about it -- but  
don't you ever give me  
'attitude'!

LEROY

How about a question, then?

LYDIA

What?

LEROY

Am I getting this tryout 'cause  
I'm the best dancer in school?

Lydia can act, but not lie. The seconds tick by while she struggles to concoct an answer. Too much time in the huddle.

LEROY

(continuing)

That's what I figured.

And he whirls angrily, stalking out of the room, as we --

DIRECT CUT TO:

75 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - ON SHOROFSKY - DAY

75

as the SOUND of the DOOR OPENING o.s. brings his head up. His demeanor is subdued, colored with reluctance and an underlying desire to be anywhere but here doing anything but his assigned task.

SHOROFSKY

Good afternoon, Miss Murphy.

76 WIDER ANGLE

76

as Bridget comes into the room. She closes the door quietly and moves to the single chair provided at the other end of the long table. Her emotional stance is not frightened or fearful; she's a mouse in front of an oncoming locomotive and put your money on the mouse.

BRIDGET

Is this going to be like those 'evaluation' interviews we had a couple of months ago?

SHOROFSKY

Well, not exact --

BRIDGET

Because, as a music teacher, there are a couple of things you might not know about me that you really ought to know.

SHOROFSKY

Well, actually, the purpose of --

BRIDGET

Dancing is the most important thing in my life, and there's not even a close second. I guess musicians must have that too, in a way. When a chord or a note is hit and you don't want it ever to end. There are times when I'm dancing and I leave the ground... and I feel like I'm never coming down. That I could just go on and on...soaring... That doesn't happen, of course...but that doesn't mean I give up trying. Because I won't...not ever.



77 TIGHT ON BRIDGET 77

Her look on Shorofsky could not be more direct.

78 ON SHOROFSKY 78

He knew it wouldn't be easy, but he was unprepared for her courage and grit. The wheels are turning within as he struggles to extricate himself from an untenable position, and we --

DIRECT CUT TO:

79 INT. OFFICE - FULL SHOT - DAY 79

as Shorofsky seemingly charges in, head down, throwing some papers into his "out" box and heading back for the door, the nature of his entrance and imminent exit drawing an astonished glance from Miss Sherwood.

SHERWOOD

Mr. Shorofsky -- what's wrong?

SHOROFSKY

Nothing is wrong! I am simply heading for a bar on Fourteenth Street that knows how to serve schnapps and then everything will be fine!

SHERWOOD

Oh. You had your meeting with the Murphy girl.

SHOROFSKY

And I helped her change her major.

SHERWOOD

You what?

SHOROFSKY

She is now a temporary music major, Miss Sherwood, and if she stops into a dance class from time to time, who am I to stop her?!

SHERWOOD

A music major -- what instrument?

SHOROFSKY

Tambourine.

(CONTINUED)

SHERWOOD

But at the meeting you said --

SHOROFSKY

(interrupting)

At the meeting I said foolishness. I said rules were rules and we had to obey the rules, follow the orders...regardless. A man with my background ought to know what terrible things can be done in the name of 'following orders'.

SHERWOOD

But you were the one giving the orders.

SHOROFSKY

Tuesday a nincompoop -- today, a man. I'm on my way to schnapps. I'll see you tonight at the auditions.

And he nods a curt farewell and moves on out through the doors, Sherwood looking a pleased smile after him, as we HOLD a beat, and then we --

DIRECT CUT TO:

INT. DANCE CLASSROOM - FULL SHOT - NIGHT

as the doors from the corridor are opened and Lydia comes in, trailed by Sherwood, Shorofsky, and Crandall, along with three representatives of the Rand Tyler Dance Troupe. Crandall has them all in an amiable and pleasant frame of mind as he finishes with:

CRANDALL

Montgomery and Doris were terrific. If Danny was seated, they had Julie standing. When she sat down, he popped up. Never once were they standing next to each other.

SHERWOOD

Creative staging saves the day.

She glances a smile to Lydia, but the latter is standing in the middle of the room looking o.s. with a grim visage. The others follow her look.

81

POV - LEROY

81

standing in the side doorway of the classroom. His answering look is settled and straightforward. We TILT DOWN SLOWLY TO FIND that one of Leroy's ankles is wrapped in a large elastic bandage.

82

WIDER

82

as Lydia takes a step or two toward him.

LEROY

I can't try out; I sprained my ankle.

LYDIA

You could have told us.

LEROY

Just happened a few minutes ago.

(to the others)

Maybe next year.

And Leroy turns, hobbling out of the room and into the darkness. Lydia turns back to the Rand Tyler representatives, mortified.

LYDIA

David, Edgar...I...

SHERWOOD

There's still coffee in the faculty lounge, if anyone's interested.

Shorofsky and Crandall follow Sherwood's cue, stepping in with swift AD LIBS and guiding the visitors back out into the corridor. Elizabeth waits, watching Lydia. The latter just groans with anger and frustration, then moves for the corridor. Sherwood trails after her, and we --

DIRECT CUT TO:

83

INT. FIRST FLOOR CORRIDOR - NIGHT

83

as the four teachers round the corner, the three reps of the Dance Company with them. Crandall is in the lead and it is he who first slows, looking off to a point in front of them.

(CONTINUED)

- 83 CONTINUED: 83
- CRANDALL  
There's a flag on the play...
- 84 THEIR POV - THE LOBBY 84
- A septet of chairs have been arranged at the "T" of the lobby. Montgomery and Doris stand in the center of the area.
- DORIS  
Would you kindly take your seats, please?
- 85 LONG SHOT - THE CORRIDOR 85
- as the fixtures illuminating the main corridor are switched off, making the light in the lobby seem to positively shimmer in contrast. Montgomery and Doris move forward. He offers his arm to Lydia, Doris offers hers to Shorofsky. Sherwood and Crandall match the move and cross toward the chairs, taking care to escort the dance troupe representatives as they go.
- 86 ANGLE TO CHAIRS 86
- as the adults seat themselves, still bewildered and wondering, Doris and Montgomery move back to the center of the lobby, facing the small audience with grave and proper formality.
- DORIS  
Tonights' auditioner will be Miss Bridget Murphy.
- MONTGOMERY  
Miss Murphy will dance to an original composition by Mr. Bruno Martelli.
- 87 ANGLE TO BRUNO 87
- Keyboard and synthesizer located in an area that the dictates of the dance will determine.
- 88 BACK ON FACULTY GROUP 88
- as an o.s. CLEARING of THROATS takes their looks to;

89

## ANGLE TO STEPS - JULIE AND DANNY

89

She stands a step down from Danny, he stands one up. In this manner did Prince Charles grow to Lady Di's height.

JULIE

Miss Murphy's performance will be aided by the sophomore and junior students from Miss Lydia Grant's advanced classes.

DANNY

We trust you'll enjoy tonight's presentation.

90

## ANGLE TO TEACHERS

90

properly impressed and preapred, they swing their gazes away from the steps to the lobby area, as Doris and Montgomery move off, and:

91

## BRIDGET'S AUDITION - PRODUCTION NUMBER

91

starts simply and builds as the corps of dancers from Lydia's class move onto stage to back and accentuate Bridget's routine. Leroy is her male "support" dancer, helping her in lifts and turns, etc. The moves are intricate, always keeping Bridget in the forefront of the audience's focus, leading to a final portion in which all the dancers fall away, leaving the performing arena to Bridget, allowing her to carve graceful shapes from thin air, in concert with Bruno's music, until we create a build which culminates in:

92

## THE LEAP - EFFECT SEQUENCE

92

With use of multiple cameras and overchanked effects, we put together a moment, still backed by Bruno's score, of a leap that goes on and on, a primal defiance of all that's grave and gravity, an answer to childhood dreams which never go away, but which we all ignore until they atrophy and fade...

93

## END OF NUMBER

93

as the onlookers burst into applause and the surrounding dancers move forward to congratulate Bridget. Also moving forward, their faces alight with eagerness, are the three representatives of the dance troupe.

- 94 ON BRUNO 94  
 seated at the keyboard. He switches the synthesizer off, looking to:
- 95 HIS POV - BRIDGET 95  
 surrounded by well-wishers, her face glimpsed only in brief snatches as the plaudits are poured upon her. She's radiant and in a place you'll want her to stay. Her gaze senses Bruno's and she fights to make eye contact with him. She does so for a second, just as one of the dance troupe reps starts to guide her away, through the dancers milling about.
- 96 ON BRUNO 96  
 as he meets her look with a gentle smile. He speaks, though it's not vocalized. We can read his lips. The word spoken was: goodbye.
- 97 ON BRIDGET 97  
 as she looks to Bruno, then is forced to respond to another plea for her attention, responding with a delighted smile at the compliment paid.
- 98 BACK ON BRUNO 98  
 watching the commotion with Bridget and the others o.s. We PUSH IN ON him slowly and then we --  
 DISSOLVE TO:
- 99 EXT. SHERIDAN SQUARE - DUSK (NYC SECOND UNIT STOCK) 99  
 Bruno is seated with his back to a tree in Sheridan Square. The fading light of day is a golden haze about him as he plays a gentle version of the LOVE BALLAD on his trombone. The pigeons concentrate on a quest for seed. Bruno plays for a few seconds more, a placid sort of acceptance in his look and posture. He lowers the instrument and looks out, smiling slightly in retrospect, as we HOLD and then:  
 FADE OUT.

THE END