

FAME

"Street Kid"

Prod. #2706



**MGM**  
**TELEVISION**

FAME

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FIRST DRAFT

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CAST LIST

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

CRANDALL  
TRACY  
MRS. SCHWARTZ  
DETECTIVE DELLINGER  
PARTNER

ATMOSPHERE

STUDENTS/FACULTY  
DANCERS  
TWO WOMEN  
WAITRESS  
TWO GIRL STUDENTS

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SET LIST

INTERIORS:

SCHOOL OF THE ARTS  
CORRIDOR  
LOBBY  
CAFETERIA  
DANCE CLASSROOM  
MUSIC CLASSROOM  
DRAMA CLASS  
MAKEUP ROOM  
OFFICE  
CONFERENCE ROOM/  
TEACHER'S LOUNGE

SCHWARTZ LIVING ROOM

COFFEE SHOP

POLICE STATION HOLDING ROOM

PARKING STRUCTURE OR LOT

MIMI THEATRE (Stage 26)

EXTERIORS:

SCHOOL OF THE ARTS

TIMES SQUARE - NYC

NEW YORK CITY STREET

SUBWAY TUNNEL

PARKING STRUCTURE OR LOT

FAME

"Street Kid"

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

1 EXT. SCHOOL OF THE ARTS - ESTABLISHING SHOT - DAY 1  
(STOCK)

PUSHING IN PAST the subway entrance toward the school entrance and we HEAR:

CRANDALL (V.O.)

And...curtain, Danny.

DIRECT CUT TO:

2 INT. DRAMA CLASS - ON DANNY - DAY 2  
*16 ATM*

He's lying on his back on the floor, writhing spasmodically, making cracking silibant sounds, curling up slowly in a ball. Around him are gathered the members of this particular drama class, including DORIS, MONTGOMERY, and JULIE. They're included in the onlooking students, all of whom are attempting to guess what the hell it could be that Danny's portraying.

CREDITS OVER THIS.

MONTGOMERY

(calling out)

A turtle trying to get off its back!

DORIS

I know! A garden hose going out of control!

JULIE

A balloon losing its air!

And by now, Danny has curled up into a small ball and the CRACKLING HISSING NOISES have come to an end. As have our CREDITS. He lies motionless.

CRANDALL

Are you done, or taking a nap?

(CONTINUED)

DANNY

Done.

CRANDALL

Okay. Mind telling the class what you were doing?

DANNY

I was a piece of bacon frying.

Some reaction to this, very much like a group of party-goers having flunked at a charade challenge.

DORIS

How is a Jewish girl from Brooklyn supposed to guess that? I was thirteen before I knew that BLT didn't stand for Bagel, Lox, and Tsoursis.

Laughter from the kids, which Crandall rides out with goodnatured authority.

CRANDALL

Okay, okay. What does everyone think about that?

MONTGOMERY

About what Doris said, you mean?

CRANDALL

Yeah.

DANNY

It was a good line; I wished I would have thought of it.

CRANDALL

Yeah, it was a good line; it was also an attitude. A very prevalent attitude.

DORIS

Hey, it was just a joke...

CRANDALL

On one level, yeah. On another level, it was what we call schtick. The thing you do, and do well, that's safe and secure and easy. Amatullo does one-liners and impressions.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: (2)

2

CRANDALL (CONT'D)

Montgomery analyzes everything  
to a fare-thee-well. Julia wants  
to play every quiet sensitive  
ingenue ever written.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: (2)

2

CRANDALL (CONT'D)

(beat, and)

No risk. No stretch. No guts.

JULIE

I'm not sure what you mean about 'stretch.'

CRANDALL

If you're really looking to be the best actress you can be, you ought to be bugging me to let you play Tugboat Annie, not "Camille".

\*

JULIE

You're kidding...

CRANDALL

Let me show you how much I'm kidding... In three weeks, I want each of you to come in with a scene or an improv where you portray a character as far away from you and what you think you are as possible.

DANNY

Sounds like a contest. What's the winner get?

CRANDALL

(simply)

A little more knowledge about how talented they are.

(and)

Or are not.

3 REACTION CUTS - DANNY, JULIE, MONTGOMERY, DORIS

3

That's real and heavyweight stuff being thrown out. Their smiles are a shade more tentative and yet also intrigued as we HOLD a bit and then we:

DIRECT CUT TO:

4 INT. MAKEUP ROOM - FULL SHOT - DAY

4

The acting contingent of Doris, Danny, Julie, and Montgomery has been joined by BRUNO, COCO, and LEROY.

(CONTINUED)



4 CONTINUED:

4

There are sandwiches and cottage cheese containers IN VIEW, though the lunchtime activity o.s. pointed toward more conservation than consumption of the barfeteria's wares.

DANNY

I mean, the man wants us to stretch, he says, but he doesn't tell us what we're supposed to do exactly. Leaves it up to us. That's a hard choice, when you're as good at everything as I am.

BRUNO

Why not try playing someone humble?

BRUNO

That kind of stretch could give him a hernia.

DANNY

Maybe you've got something. Maybe I could do an improv as a priest.

DORIS

Talk about a stretch.

JULIE

I don't mind playing against type -- but I'm going to have to have some questions answered.

BRUNO

Like what?

JULIE

Like who's 'Tugboat Annie?'

A few looks exchanged with no one apparently having the definitive answer, until:

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: (2)

4

DORIS

She was a tough old lady who ran a tugboat her husband was captain of when he was alive. She had a parrot and smoked a pipe sometimes.

Leroy concentrates on his food for a beat, then realizes he's getting some profoundly shocked looks from the others.

DORIS

(continuing)

You can look it up, you don't believe me.

Before anyone can voice their trust of the accuracy of Leroy's answer, the class BELL RINGS and starts the scurry of movement which will send them onto their next class. Leroy, rather enjoying the surprise on the expressions of the others, grandly leads the way out of the room. Among the last to gather their various books and gear are Doris and Montgomery.

MONTGOMERY

I got it, what I'm going to be.

DORIS

What?

MONTGOMERY

(indicating himself)

Paul Bunyan.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: (3)

4

Doris gives that a second or two of consideration and comes up liking it. No double edge in her reply: she's being straight.

DORIS

That's good. It really is. I hate you.

MONTGOMERY

Why?

DORIS

Well, I mean, he just laid it on us, and you come up with this terrific idea just like that. How? What's your secret?

MONTGOMERY

Just go for opposites. I'm a short city-type person. So, who's the biggest country-type person ever? Ta-da: Paul Bunyan.

With a pleasant smile and a jaunty wave, Montgomery collects his stuff and moves on out into the hallway, allowing our ANGLE TO CLOSE ON Doris, her expression determined and thoughtful. She speaks as she moves slowly to the door.

DORIS

Okay. Middle class semi insecure female with establishment upbringing. Opposite of middle class is upper class or lower class. Opposite of semi insecure is secure. Assertive. Opposite of establishment is --

And this takes Doris to the door, where she snaps the lights off, and we:

*Light change*

DIRECT CUT TO:

5 INT. THE OFFICE - FULL SHOT - DAY

(7) ATMO 5

SHERWOOD, operating at full frazzle, is sorting out a number of papers and busywork folders at the counter. She has the look of someone who's been ten minutes late for each appointment all day.

(CONTINUED)

She gets her stuff more or less sorted out and starts for the door, only to be headed off by Shorofsky, who enters, expression reflecting relief on seeing her. She moves to one side, he counters and there is that awkward shifting back and forth until:

SHOROFSKY

The reason this isn't working is that you are the person I am looking for. I really don't want to let you by.

SHERWOOD

I'm flattered, but I'm also late. Couldn't we put this off till lunch -- whatever it is?

Shorofsky produces a piece of paper and hands it over to Sherwood.

SHOROFSKY

We don't have to put this off at all -- because now it's done.

SHERWOOD

(reading quickly)  
Loan application for the credit union...

(the punchline)  
For a car, Mr. Shorofsky? You  
are going to buy a car?

SHOROFSKY

Why is this such a shock?

SHERWOOD

Well -- for starters, do you know how to drive?

SHOROFSKY

They have schools, courses. They teach you.

SHERWOOD

But...why do you need a car? I mean, we're subway people around here.

(CONTINUED)

SHOROFSKY

Friends of mine are moving to someplace called Cody, Wyoming. I don't know why. They seem perfectly fine, otherwise. The point is, they want to sell their car which is twenty years old and a classic. It goes up in value every year.

SHERWOOD

(getting  
the picture)

An investment.

SHOROFSKY

And a way to see the leaves turn in the fall in Connecticut. A way to visit the Berkshires when students are appearing in the music festival. And...a way to get a lazy old man out and about and doing.

SHERWOOD

(a smile)

Okay. I'll get it into the Credit Union and get the wheels turning.

Shorofsky chortles, reacting to what he views as Sherwood's incredibly quick humor. Sherwood just smiles lamely. Easier to accept the credit than to explain it away. A light appears in Shorofsky's merry gaze.

SHOROFSKY

Miss Sherwood -- you know how to drive?

SHERWOOD

Yes...

SHOROFSKY

And you obviously know how to teach. Why should I give my money to strangers when there is a friend close at hand who could help...?

SHERWOOD

(demurring)

Mr. Shorofsky...

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: (3)

5

## SHOROFSKY

Assuming, of course, that there  
is a friend close at hand who's  
willing to help...?

His look is a plea, an appeal, and Elizabeth doesn't have it within her to deny that look. She smiles at him warmly.

## SHERWOOD

Mr. Shorofsky -- fasten your  
 seat belt.

And his eager smile grows more enthusiastic, as we HOLD a beat, and then we:

DIRECT CUT TO:

6 INT. SCHOOL

40 AT 10

6

Classes are in midchange and the corridor is filled with kids, locker doors being opened and closed busily. Doris, brow still creased with thoughtful puzzlings, moves slowly along the corridor, not at all in tune with the hustle and bustle going on around her. And then she stops. Dead in her tracks, absolutely galvanized, frozen by the idea that just took shape within. Her eyes sparkle with the "rightness" of it all, with the strength the idea continues to exhibit as she examines and reexamines it. She moves quickly now on down the hallway and moves into the first classroom door.

7 INT. CRANDALL'S CLASSROOM - FULL SHOT - DAY

7

Crandall is at the blackboard, cleaning off a lesson plan. He glances up, puzzled then intrigued as Doris moves on into the room, making a beeline for the windows which overlook the street.

8 EXT. ANGLE - DORIS

8

as she comes to the window, looking down toward the street and:

9 HER POV - THE OPPOSITE CORNER - DAY

9

Two flashily-garbed women are working the corner across the way from the school.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

One is conducting negotiations with a car that's pulled over to the curb, while the second displays her wares in a slow insolent strut designed to draw the renter's attention.

10 INT. CRANDALL'S ROOM - FULL SHOT - DAY

10

Crandall stands at the blackboard, still not sure what in hell Doris is doing standing there at the window.

CRANDALL

Doris -- unless there's a giant ape crawling up the side of the building, I don't know what you're doing over there.

Doris hasn't heard or registered a thing when she turns to face him.

DORIS

Mr. Crandall -- do you think I'm a nice girl?

CRANDALL

Sugar 'n spice. Everything nice.

DORIS

But dull.

CRANDALL

Never.

DORIS

But not a femme fatale. Not a seductress.

CRANDALL

(the diplomat)

Well -- not your standard model, let's say.

DORIS

Then that's it.

\*

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

And Doris, quite pleased with herself, heads back for the doorway to the corridor. She pops out of the room, then is instantly back in.

DORIS

(continuing)

And you do believe in research?

CRANDALL

(beat, and)

And motherhood and the Flag.

Doris nods understanding and once again disappears. He looks at the door for a second, then turns his attention to the blackboard.

CRANDALL

(continuing)

Once again returning from the  
Bermuda Triangle known as  
Doris Schwartz...

And he resumes cleaning off the blackboard, as we:

11 EXT. TIMES SQUARE - ON DORIS - NIGHT (NEW YORK -  
SECOND UNIT)

11

as she moves into a CLOSE SHOT standing on the sidewalk of a crowded Times Square intersection, looking o.s., at something with great interest. A beat, the decision reached, and Doris moves, the ANGLE ADJUSTING as she strides purposefully into an East Coast version of Frederick's of Hollywood. The ANGLE CLOSES ON the display window as a clerk removes a gold lame outfit, and we HOLD a beat before we HEAR:

MOTHER (V.O.)

Doris, it's a school night.  
Where are you going on a school  
night?

DIRECT CUT TO:

12 INT. THE SCHWARTZ LIVING ROOM - FULL SHOT - NIGHT

12

The home is comfortable and neat, perhaps a shade too neat, a bit wired up. You would not put your feet up on that coffee table. The arms of the sofas carry those shiny plastic protective covers.

(CONTINUED)



No one knows what they're supposed to protect against, unless your brother-in-law is the Elephant Man. MRS. SCHWARTZ is seated on the couch filing family slides in a storage case, lifting the slides to the light, then dropping them into the appropriate slot. Doris is filling her all-purpose carryall bag with her needed support items for the night to come.

DORIS

I'm going over to Julie Miller's.  
We're going to rehearse.

MOTHER

What time are you coming back?

DORIS

It won't be late.

MOTHER

I didn't ask if you were going to be late. I asked what time you're coming back. That way we avoid the what-is-and-what-is-not late discussion tomorrow morning. Let's say ten-thirty. Nice round number.

DORIS

Ma -- rehearsals are a vital part of an actress' training.

MOTHER

I know that. I was in the chorus --

MOTHER

(unison)  
-- of 'The Music Man' for  
three seasons.

DORIS

(unison)  
-- of 'The Music Man' for  
three seasons.

MOTHER

-- and the only time I saw anyone get in real trouble with the director was when she was late for a performance. So being on time is important, too.

(sweetly)

You be on time coming home and it'll be like good training for when you're a professional actress.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: (2)

12

Doris stands in the entryway regarding her mother with deadpan thoughtfulness.

DORIS

You're remarkable, y'know that?

MOTHER

I try.

DORIS

How you could make the connection between me being home at ten-thirty and training for the theater...I mean, that's truly awesome.

MOTHER

Have a nice rehearsal, sweetface,  
and I'll see you at ten-thirty. \*

Doris turns to go, then looks back at her mother a beat, not all that casual about lying to her. She weighs her options for a beat and finds she doesn't really have all that many. Her mother senses her look and glances up.

DORIS

(quietly)

Ten-thirty. If the trains are running on time.

MOTHER

The New York City Subway System is the best in the world. They're always on time.

And that obviously settles that. Doris shrugs, giving way with years of expert practice, and heads silently out of the room, as we:

DIRECT CUT TO:

13 EXT. STREET

- ON FEET - NIGHT

13 \*

sporting high-heels and showing the bottoms of some gold lamé slacks under the hem of the long coat being worn by Doris. We WIDEN the ANGLE as she approaches, her apprehension obvious. She keeps the coat tightly closed and avoids making eye contact with any of the pedestrians passing her by. She swallows uneasily and looks off to:

## 14 POV - ACROSS THE STREET

14

The duo of ladies has now been increased to a mini-platoon. All shapes, sizes, garbs, and races are represented.

## 15 BACK ON DORIS

15

who is growing less and less sure about the wisdom of the idea. She turns her back to the crowd across the street and moves to a nearby shop window. A look to the left, a look to the right, then she hurls the coat open in a brief flash, to get a glimpse of her image in the gold lame outfit. Whether it gives her the courage or not is hard to say, but the Rubicon is inwardly crossed. A deep breath and she moves to the crosswalk, opening the coat and heading into battle. Unfortunately, as she steps off the curb, being unused to high heels, one of her shoes twists awkwardly and by the time she's found her balance and righted herself, she's wearing high heel, singular, and has developed a walk that looks like Peg Leg Bates just rolling out of bed. Still, she continues on gamely.

## 16 ANGLE TO FAR SIDE OF STREET

16

as Doris gets there, walking on the bias still and holding the snapped-off heel in hand. A FLASHILY GARBED WOMAN in her late twenties moves past, eyeing Doris with suspicion. Doris tries to smile without losing her tough exterior veneer.

DORIS

I...I'm new here.

FLASHILY GARBED WOMAN

Yeah...I probably would have remembered if you'd been hanging out here before.

DORIS

Actually, I was looking for some information.

FLASHILY GARBED WOMAN

Yellow pages, sweetheart. That's not my style.

And she moves on past Doris, the drawbridge pulled up, the moat much too wide to cross.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

Doris waits until she starts back, then bravely tries again.

\*

DORIS

Actually...in reality...I'm an actress.

FLASHILY GARBED WOMAN

Which one? Lassie?

And she keeps on going. Doris looks about thoroughly miserable and unhappy with her gameplan. A passing male pedestrian glances at her. He's not shopping for companionship, merely perusing a scared kid in a funny looking outfit and not quite knowing what to make of it. As far as Doris is concerned, he is an axe murderer with a toothache. She moves to step away from him and bumps into a girl somewhat younger than the others we've seen. Her garb is semi-provocative, but not to the overt degree seen worn by the other ladies working the corner. Her name is TRACY.

17 CLOSER ANGLE - DORIS AND TRACY

17

as Doris tries to stammer an apology for bumping into Tracy, at the same time starting to pull her coat around her to hide the neon sign she's wearing.

DORIS

I'm sorry. I wasn't looking where I was...I've only got one heel, and --

TRACY

(not unkindly)

Does Johnny Love know you're here?

DORIS

(baffled)

Does who?

TRACY

Johnny Love. This is his corner. He controls it. He'll be really mad if he finds somebody new working it...

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

DORIS

'Working' it...well, there you are. See, I'm not 'working' it. Uh-huh. I'm just down here... well, it was a dumb idea, when you think about it, and I've decided I'll just take my one heel and head on --

TRACY

(interrupting)

I heard you tell Shirley you're an actress. Is that true?

DORIS

Yeah...

TRACY

(beat, and)

You're young to be an actress.

DORIS

I'm sixteen...

TRACY

Me, too.

DORIS

Isn't that young to be a...

The word hangs in the night, unspoken very loudly.

18 TIGHT SHOT - TRACY

18

Six years ago she was concentrating on Double-Dutch jumprope. Now she's wearing too much makeup and warily regarding Doris. Still a lot of kid under that counterfeited Estee Lauder.

19 TIGHT ON DORIS

19

There comes a moment in relationships, new ones, where you make the move to communicate or you walk away. Doris makes the move, with every finger crossed.

DORIS

Could I...buy you a cup of coffee?

She waits for the reply. Those crossed fingers are starting to cramp when we:

DIRECT CUT TO:

19A EXT. STREET-NIGHT

\*

Doris and Tracy walk along the bustling sidewalk.

TRACY

You could have gotten in a bad scene if Johnny Love had come around. He's got a mean streak.

DORIS

This Johnny...he's the...uh...  
he's your uh...

TRACY

He's the man in charge.

Doris agrees readily. No need to get hung up on awkward labels.

20 INT. COFFEE SHOP - FULL SHOT - NIGHT

20

The warmth of the place is accurately reflected in its decor of formica and stainless steel. The air smells of Pinesol and the coffee is out of that shipment that Yuban wouldn't buy. We MOVE WITH a weary waitress as she collects an order from the pickup window and moves to a table, her cross taking our CAMERA TO the small table where Doris and Tracy are seated. Coffee and English muffins in front of them.

TRACY

(continuing;  
beat, and)

So: what do you want to know?

DORIS

Well, I'm not sure just how to begin...

TRACY

How about you begin by opening up your purse and showing me you don't have some police I.D. in there?

Doris gapes, then laughs loudly. In a sense, it's almost a compliment. But it's such a bizarre concept: Doris Schwartz, undercover cop.

DORIS

You think I'm a cop? Me?

Tracy is a little puzzled, but is also reading that laugh as one that doesn't come out of Hill Street Blues.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

TRACY

Look, not every cop looks like  
Angie Dickenson, you know?  
Maybe it's silly --

(correcting herself)

Okay. It is silly, no maybe about  
it. But if I start trusting  
everybody on the street -- well,  
a person like me just can't  
trust people like that. Just  
can't.

Doris, still reveling in the silliness of being sus-  
pected of being an undercover cop, up-ends her purse  
willingly in front of Tracy.

DORIS

Look: fair enough. You want  
to check me out, check me out.  
Library card. Student ID.  
House keys. Gum. Half a candy  
bar. Must have been there since  
last summer. Don't touch it.  
Student bus card.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

Anything in there says you're  
over eighteen?

Tracy and Doris both look off to:

21 NEW ANGLE - DETECTIVE DELLINGER

21

A weary man in his forties, his suit ruffled as an  
elephant's butt. He has his wallet flipped open and  
the NYPD shield is hard to ignore.

DELLINGER

Dellinger. Juvenile vice. I'm  
going to need some ID from both  
you girls.

22 DIFFERENT ANGLE

22

Tracy's reaction is instantaneous. She scrambles out  
of her seat and heads down the aisle for the rear door.  
Dellinger starts after her and Doris, reacting only  
to his size and strength compared to Tracy, reaches  
out to slow him.

(CONTINUED)

As Tracy reaches the back door, it's opened from the outside and Dellinger's PARTNER heads her off.

PARTNER

Far enough!

DELLINGER

Get the matron in here!

DORIS

Let her go! I can explain everything! This is all a really funny kind of mistake! You're really going to laugh when you hear what this is all about!

PARTNER

(controlling  
Tracy)

Matron's coming in! Wagon's out back!

DORIS

The wagon??!!!

And as she attempts to free herself from Dellinger's grip, which is a forceful but not heavy-handed one, we:

FREEZE FRAME.

[Police  
CAR ONLY]

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE



ACT TWO

FADE IN:

23 INT. SCHWARTZ LIVING ROOM - ON SLIDE SCREEN - NIGHT 23

as a slide is thrown on the screen. It shows us a view of Doris and her father, standing on the edge of a lakeshore, holding up a string of fish, none of which would fill an anorexic pygmy.

OVER THIS:

MOTHER (V.O.)

...and this is Doris and Harry at Lake Ronconkama. They each caught their limit, but you-know-who ended up having to scale and clean those icky things.

*Lights Prod. marks*

24 REVERSE ANGLE - MRS. SCHWARTZ 24

She has a reel to reel tape recorder set up next to the slide projector and is recording the narration that is to accompany the slides at the next family showing. She presses the button which advances the slide to the next picture.

MOTHER

Here is Harry and Doris at the picnic table eating their catch. Not only did I have to clean the fish, I had to take out all the bones, too. But if that's what it takes to get Doris off junk food, I'll gladly pay the --

O.S., the SOUND of the DOORBELL RINGING. Mrs. Schwartz puts the microphone down, then starts for the entry to the front door. Before she's able to get there, the PHONE starts to RING. She stops, caught between the two summoning sounds, dancing back and forth for a second, then hurries to the phone, picking it up and speaking into the receiver. \*

MOTHER

(continuing)

I've got somebody at the door. Don't go 'way. I'll be right back!

(CONTINUED)

24

CONTINUED:

24

And seh puts the phone down, hurrying then to the doorway, checking the peephole swiftly, opening the door then to REVEAL JULIE MILLER standing there, smiling nicely.

JULIE

Hi, Mrs. Schwartz. I'm Julie Miller. Is Doris at home?  
I stopped by to --

MOTHER

Honey, I've got someone on the phone. Come on in and tell me when I'm done with them.

25

DIFFERENT ANGLE

25

as Mrs. Schwartz moves away from Julie and heads for the phone. Julie moves in behind her, closing the door. Mrs. Schwartz speaks as she moves to pick up the receiver.

MOTHER

If you're here to see Doris or pick up a homework assignment, or anything, well, Doris isn't here. She's over rehearsing at Julie Miller's.

She picks up the phone, but stops lifting it to her mouth about halfway there, her gaze holding on Julie.

MOTHER

(continuing)  
You're Julie Miller.

JULIE

(no way out)  
Uh...right.

The phone call now takes on a shade more portent than it had just a few seconds before. Mrs. Schwartz lifts the receiver to her lips now.

MOTHER

(into phone)  
Hello...  
(listens, and)  
Matron Preston...Hello... \*

no...I'm sure there's some kind of mistake...

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

But she knows she's looking at Julie Miller and that's where Doris is supposed to be right now.

MOTHER

(continuing)

Sure. I'll hang on...

DIRECT CUT TO:

*12 ATM 0*26 INT. HOLDING ROOM - POLICE STATION - ON UNIFORMED MATRON 26 \*  
- NIGHT

as she frees the length of phone cord attached to the receiver, then extends the device across the table, taking our PAN TO A TIGHT SHOT of Doris. Eating the first oyster was nothing compared to the guts required for:

*FOR SAC  
2 HOOKERS \**

DORIS

Hi, ma. It's me. 'I'm in jail'.

She winces as a primal cry of motherhood gone wrong comes thundering over the line. She listens a count or two more then the connection is apparently broken at the other end. With an anemic smile, she hands the phone back to the Matron. \*

DORIS

(continuing)

She's...on her way.

DIRECT CUT TO:

27 INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL - NIGHT (STOCK SHOT)

27

With a THUNDERING ROAR a SUBWAY TRAIN goes exploding past CAMERA, BRAKES SQUEALING loudly. One imagines Mrs. Schwartz with a knife to the throat of the motor-man.

DIRECT CUT TO:

28 INT. POLICE HOLDING ROOM - DORIS AND TRACY - NIGHT

28

There's a coffee pot in the room and Doris is standing there, pouring herself a cup and adding sugar as if her aim was to blot up the liquid, rather than just sweetening it.

(CONTINUED)

28

CONTINUED:

28

Tracy is seated on a bench nearby, her expression somber, eyes downcast. Doris speaks to the room, not really attempting to initiate any conversation.

DORIS

She'll kill me. That's if she's in a good mood. I am in such trouble...

TRACY

(beat, and:)  
If you hear a dripping sound,  
it's my heart bleeding for you.

\*

It's said easily, off-handedly. Doris realizes that her definition of "trouble" is in quite another league from that of Tracy's. She moves closer to the other girl, her smile on twofers.

\*

DORIS

It's weird...us being the same age...and being so different.

\*

TRACY

(simply)  
You think we're that different?

DORIS

Well, I mean...I'm sort of doing make believe...and you're...

TRACY

Finist that sentence without making me feel like a piece of meat and I'd say you're some kind of talker.

\*

\*

DORIS

What'll happen with you now?

(CONTINUED)

TRACU

Johnny Love'll find out where  
I am. Come and try to post  
bail.

DORIS

He's the one with a mean streak,  
you said.  
(off Tracy's nod)

\*

But they won't let him take you,  
will they?

TRACY

(veteran at this)

No. They see if there's room  
at Father Ritter's. That's like  
a kind of halfway house for  
street kids. If he's filled up  
-- and I heard he is -- they'll  
look around for a foster home.

DORIS

Why a foster home...why not  
your home?

\*

\*

TRACY

Because I've run away every time  
they've sent me back there and  
I'll do it again, and they know  
it.

DORIS

Don't your folks want you to -

\*

TRACY(breaking in, with an edge)

You sure ask a lot of questions.  
You any good at answering them?

\*

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED: (3)

28

DORIS

I'll try...

TRACY

When we were back in the coffee shop and the vice was trying to stop me, you tried to slow the guy down...why?

TAKEN  
in BY MATRON

The straightforward nature of the question makes it difficult to answer, because the answer involves saying a lot of words that we all laugh at, involves voicing sentiments that tremble under cynical scrutiny. Doris' look goes past Tracy to:

29 HER POV - MRS. SCHWARTZ

29

just entering, looking about for guidance and finding none. She's wholly at sea.

30 TRACY AND DORIS

30

Tracy follows Doris' look and spies the middle-aged woman. It doesn't take Sherlock Holmes to make a connection.

TRACY

Your mother.

Doris nods, rises slowly, wheels clicking, looking back and forth between Tracy and her mother.

TRACY

(continuing)

Nice meetin' you. Have a nice life.

MATRON  
TAKES  
HER  
OUT

Doris holds just a beat, then moves with purpose toward her mother at the other end of the cluttered area.

31 ANGLE ON MRS. SCHWARTZ

31

as we WIDEN ON Doris reaching her. Doris is under a full head of steam, charged up with determination. Her mother barely has a chance to get out her daughter's name before Doris has it going in high gear.

MOTHER

Doris, what in Heavens' --

(CONTINUED)

DORIS

Ma, I don't want to be mean,  
I really don't, but it's real  
important right now for you to  
shut up and just listen to me  
for a minute.

MOTHER

Well, I'm not sure I --

DORIS

(rolling on)

You remember Van Cortland Parkway  
three years ago last Thanksgiving?

Her mothers' baffled expression replies most clearly to the  
question, so Doris obliges by filling in the gaps.

DORIS

(continuing)

We were stopped at a light next  
to the park on our way over to  
Uncle Jack's and Aunt Ada's for  
Thanksgiving dinner. And I was  
looking out the window to the  
park by the river and I told  
you and Dad I saw a baby bird  
fall out of a nest and it looked  
like it had a broken wing and  
it'd die. And Dad said we couldn't  
stop, there was too much traffic  
and you said Aunt Ada'd be furious  
if we were late and we drove on...  
and I kept talking about it and  
talking about it and sniffing all  
through dinner and finally you  
said okay and you and me went  
back after dessert and found it  
and got it better and gave it to the  
nursery school on Riverside and  
the kids there raised it as a pet  
...and you remember what you said  
about that...?

MOTHER

I probably said a lot of things...  
what in particular...?

DORIS

You said next time something  
like that happened...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: (2)

31

DORIS (CONT'D)

...you weren't going to waste  
your breath arguing 'cause  
I'm as stubborn as Dad when it  
comes to stuff like this.  
Remember saying that...

MOTHER  
(tentatively)

Yes...

DORIS

Well, ma...

(and)

I just found another baby bird  
with a broken wing.

*hook of  
school*

32  
and  
33

OMITTED

*3 KIDS BASKET STATCH  
3 SIDELINE MUSICIANS  
30 KIDS TOTAL*

DIRECT CUT TO:

*3 DANCERS*

32  
and \*  
33

34

RELOCATED AS SCENE 41A

*SIDE LIN*

*DORIS  
OTHER  
DANCERS*

34 \*

35

INT. SCHOOL LOBBY - CIRCLE OF STUDENTS

*INT. DANCE STUDIO*

*AT 110  
How  
MANY*

35

What is going on is the School of the Arts version of the Step Brothers: a circle of kids keeping up a hand-clapping tempo, which in turn supports the individual dancers who move into the center of the circle and do their best to outdo the previous performer. The feel and look is casual, funky, loose. ~~Lobby~~ is among those on the sidelines of the group.

36

ANGLE TOWARD ENTRANCE

36

as Doris and Tracy enter. Tracy wears something culled from the back of Doris' closet. Tracy is looking all about her, seeing something incredible on all sides. Doris' look is more focused, with a definite goal and target in mind. Then she spots what she's been looking for.



37 HER POV - TOWARD MARBLE STAIRWAY

37

A group is gathered near the bottom of the stairway, engaging in some unheard early morning byplay. The group consists of Bruno, Montgomery, Coco, and Danny. They're listening to Julie and enjoying whatever tale she's sharing with them.

38 BACK TO DORIS AND TRACY

38

as Doris makes her decision. Tracy is only half-listening to her, more interested in the activity going on all about them.

DORIS

You wait here; I'll be right back.

She moves off toward the stairway. Tracy nods absently, homes in on the dance routine o.s.

39 ANGLE TO STEPS

39

as Julie nears the end of her story and Doris approaches, expression etched with determination.

JULIE

Manhattan is easy to find your way around. It's all right angles north and south, east and west. But how does anyone find their way around the Bronx? or Brooklyn?

MONTGOMERY

That's why all those people are there. They can't figure out how to leave.

There are a number of agreeing AD LIBS that are overridden by Doris' arrival. She's not about to be ignored or put off.

DORIS

Okay. Let's just lay it on the line so there won't be any misunderstandings. Regardless of what my mother told Julie, I was not arrested for soliciting.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

39

CONTINUED:

39

DORIS (CONT'D)

My friend Tracy and I were  
pulled in for being underage,  
nothing else.

Tracy  
isn't what you think and even  
if she is, she's my friend and  
that's all any of you  
have to know. Got it?

BRUNO

(long beat, and)

Doris...what are you talking  
about?

Doris is a bit like the Wily Coyote slowly realizing he  
has overrun the edge of the cliff and is standing in  
mid-air. Her look goes to Julie.

JULIE

I didn't tell anybody anything  
about last night.

DORIS

What kind of a thing is that  
to do?

JULIE

You didn't want me to say  
anything, did you?

DORIS

Of course not, but you're human,  
aren't you? How could I know  
you'd keep quiet?

DANNY

Slow down a second. You got  
arrested for soliciting?

DORIS

No, I didn't --

(to Julie)

Look: you fill them in.

(summation)

Bottom line: I've got a friend  
over there; her name is Tracy;  
she's going to be sitting in on  
classes and you're all going to  
be nice to her, period.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED: (2)

39

MONTGOMERY

Who said it was okay for her to  
sit in on classes?

DORIS

Me. Just now.

And she leaves the stairway, heading back in the direction  
of Tracy's location. The eyes of the group swing to  
Julie.

JULIE

Well -- remember the assignment  
Crandall gave out -- about finding  
a character way far away from you?

40 ANGLE TO TRACY

40

as Doris comes to her side. Tracy is fascinated with the  
AD LIB dance activity that's taking place.

TRACY

This kind of thing go on here  
all the time?

DORIS

Sure. I told you -- School of  
the Arts. Music, dancing, acting.  
Plus all the regular stuff.

TRACY

(entranced)

It's like a combination  
kindergarten and zoo.

DORIS

(considers, and)  
Close enough.

DIRECT CUT TO:

41 OMITTED

41

41A INT. SHOROFSKY'S CLASSROOM - SHERWOOD AND SHOROFSKY - DAY 41A

are seated side-by-side in two straightback chairs.  
Shorofsky is pantomiming a steering wheel. Elizabeth  
is, as good passengers and teachers ought to, looking  
straight ahead at their imaginary road. They are  
silent for a beat, then:

(CONTINUED)

41A CONTINUED:

41A \*

SHERWOOD

School zone.

SHOROFSKY

(appropriate miming)

I am slowing to twenty miles  
an hour.

Sherwood nods approvingly. They "drive" for a few  
seconds more.

SHERWOOD

School bus ahead.

SHOROFSKY

Any light flashing?

SHERWOOD

No.

SHOROFSKY

I proceed at a safe rate of  
speed.

SHERWOOD

Turn left at the next corner.

Shorofsky's left arm extends itself in the correct signal.  
Sherwood's response is one of restrained parental approval.  
After the "car" has negotiated the turn:

SHERWOOD

(continuing)

Fire engine behind us with  
siren going.

SHOROFSKY

I stop and pull over.

SHERWOOD

(correcting)

You pull over and stop.

His look to her is a little miffed. He hasn't been  
"corrected" by anybody in three decades.

SHOROFSKY

You knew what I meant.

SHERWOOD

I knew what you meant, yes,  
but it was still the wrong  
answer.

(CONTINUED)

41A CONTINUED: (2)

41A \*

SHOROFSKY

Do you think that I believe  
it possible to first stop the  
car and then pull to the curb?

SHERWOOD

Of course not. But the answer  
was still wrong.

SHOROFSKY

I pull over and stop.

SHERWOOD

Don't forget to signal your  
stop. And use your parking  
brake.

Shorofsky regards her with thoughtful interest. This is  
a side of her he didn't know. And isn't too damn thrilled  
about.

SHOROFSKY

With my left hand I signal  
stop. With my right hand I  
pull on the parking brake.  
Should I steer with my chin?

SHERWOOD

Sarcasm is not going to help  
matters, Mr. Shorofsky.

Shorofsky takes a deep breath, calming himself, then commits  
to seeing this thing through. He nods grimly.

SHOROFSKY

Has the fire engine passed?

SHERWOOD

It has.

He nods again, Teutonic tirade put on hold. By the  
numbers:

SHOROFSKY

I check for oncoming traffic.  
It is safe. I signal I am  
pulling out. I check the rear  
view mirror. I slowly and  
carefully pull out into traffic.

SHERWOOD

You forgot to disengage the  
parking brake.

(CONTINUED)

41A CONTINUED: (3)

41A \*

SHOROFSKY

Gott in Himmel! Are you like  
this with your students?

SHERWOOD

I am thorough with my students  
and they learn!

SHOROFSKY

(muttering)

No wonder they call you what  
they call you...

It takes a beat or two, but now he has Sherwood's full and  
undivided attention.

SHERWOOD

What did you say?

SHOROFSKY

Don't bother me while I'm  
driving.

SHERWOOD

Who calls me what?

SHOROFSKY

What's coming up? Railway  
crossing? Stop sign? Divided  
highway? What?

SHERWOOD

I asked you a question.

SHOROFSKY

I am pressing down on the  
accelerator and exceeding  
the speed limit.

SHERWOOD

Who calls me what, I said.

SHOROFSKY

I am making a left hand turn  
and to hell with the signal.  
I am driving through the playground  
for handicapped orphans at a high  
rate of speed.

SHERWOOD

Mr. Shorofsky, you stop this car  
right now and answer my question!

(CONTINUED)

41A CONTINUED: (4)

41A

Shorofsky, now in the catbird seat, takes a certain sard-  
 istic joy in taking his time about the calling out the  
 steps required to slow their "vehicle".

SHOROFSKY

I signal I am slowing. I check  
 to make sure the cars see my  
 signal. I pull off onto the  
 shoulder of the road. I come to  
 a complete halt. I turn off  
 the engine. And I fully engage  
 the parking brake.

SHERWOOD

(clenched teeth)

Well done. Now: what do they  
 call me?

SHOROFSKY

(reveling in it)

Captain Queeg. \*

SHERWOOD

They do not.

Shorofsky shrugs amiably.

SHOROFSKY

Whatever you say.

And he salutes her. Before she can go for his throat,  
 the BELL RINGS O.S. They share a beat of angry confront-  
 ation, then she rises, collecting her gear and moving  
 for the door.

And she steps out into the hallway. Shorofsky watches  
 her go, then turns around in the driver's seat, once again  
 miming his handling of the wheel. He starts to allow his  
 fantasy a bit more presence by the addition of making  
 growling engine noises, shifting through the gears like  
 Jackie Stewart in Le Mans. He doesn't notice the two girl  
 STUDENTS who come in from the hallway.

ATMO

STUDENT #1

Heavy duty car, Mr. Shorofsky.

STUDENT #2

Bet you get great gas mileage.

(CONTINUED)

41A CONTINUED: (5)

41A

Once he realizes he's being observed he attempts an image saving adjustment, turning the growls into a baritone melody line and the steering wheel pantomime into motions of conducting an orchestra. It wouldn't fool a gerbil and he knows it, as we:

DIRECT CUT TO:

42 OMITTED

42

42A INT. CRANDALL'S CLASS - TOWARD CLASS - DAY

42A

We are SHOOTING OVER Crandall as the class listens intently to his thoughts. His delivery is straight-forward, simple, none of the sardonic humor that usually serves as his umbrella. We PUSH IN SLOWLY TO the rear of the listening group where Doris and Tracy are seated, soaking it in.

CRANDALL

Each of you is unique and irreplaceable. Keep that in the back of your mind... so when you look at a Pacino or Robards or Bacall...and you start thinking 'I don't think I could do that'...bear in mind that they might not be able to do what you do, either... We're not looking to make you into copies of anybody...we're looking to create originals.

42B CLOSER - TRACY AND DORIS

42B

Tracy leans over, whispers.

TRACY

Are all your teachers this kind?

DORIS

(a smile, and)  
Not...exactly...

DIRECT CUT TO:

43 OMITTED

43



43A INT. DANCE CLASS - TIGHT ON LYDIA - DAY 43A

Rommel would have surrendered months earlier if faced with the kind of determination etched on this lady's features.

LYDIA

That was the sloppiest, dumbest,  
laziest performance I have  
ever seen in my life!

43B WIDER ANGLE 43B

Revealing the DANCE TROUPE facing La Jefe. Doris and Tracy are looking on from one of the corners of the room, Doris with a stack of books nearby. Lydia moves into the group of dancers, singling one girl out. (NOTE: NOT one of our established dancers.)

LYDIA

Sit over there and watch,  
child. You can strut on  
your own time -- what we're  
doing here is dancing.

The chastized performer moves off to one side as Lydia takes her place amid the dance troupe.

43C TIGHT ON TRACY 43C

Kid in a candy store.

43D ANGLE TO DANCERS 43D

MUSIC #2 - "LIFE IS A CELEBRATION - P.B. 2706-2-V (3:04)

as the MUSIC starts and the PRODUCTION NUMBER begins. The featured performers are 'COCO', DANNY and LYDIA. The overall tone of the presentation is one of overwhelming energy and affirmation. \*

(CONTINUED)

"LIFE IS A CELEBRATION"Words and Music  
by Rick Springfield

P.B. #2706-\_\_\_-v (3:04)

:00 INTRO

VERSE 1 - COCO

:07 I WAS LOST ON A WINDING ROAD  
I THOUGHT THAT LIFE HAD NOTHING LEFT TO GIVE  
AND YOU CAME ALONG AND SHOWED ME THAT JUST TO LIVE  
WAS THE GREATEST GIFT OF ALL

CHORUS - COCO AND CHORUS

:30 AND YOU SHOWED ME LIFE IS A CELEBRATION  
LORD I'M GONNA CELEBRATE  
DON'T YOU KNOW THAT LIFE IS A CELEBRATION  
SO COME ON NOW AND CELEBRATE, CELEBRATE  
LIFE IS A CELEBRATION, LOOK IT'S A REVELATION  
:51 SO CELEBRATE NOW, CELEBRATE LIFE! YEAH!  
CELEBRATE NOW, CELEBRATE LIFE! YEAH!  
CELEBRATE NOW, CELEBRATE LIFE! YEAH!

VERSE 2 - DANNY

1:07 HOW COULD I HAVE BEEN SO BLIND  
JUST TO THINK THAT WE WERE LIVING A LIE  
YOU CAME ALONG AND I WAS NO LONGER ALONE  
AND YOU LEAD ME TO THE LIGHT

CHORUS - LEROY, COCO, AND CHORUS

1:32 AND YOU SHOWED ME LIFE IS A CELEBRATION  
LORD I'M GONNA CELEBRATE  
DON'T YOU KNOW THAT LIFE IS A CELEBRATION  
SO COME ON NOW AND CELEBRATE, CELEBRATE  
LIFE IS A CELEBRATION, LOOK IT'S A REVELATION

43F CONTINUED:

43F

When the number ends, there is a moment when the dancers hold a tableau.

43G DORIS AND TRACY

43G

Tracy's instinct is to applaud. Doris stops that with a gesture and slight shake of the head.

43H WIDER - THE DANCE ROOM

43H

Lydia moves to the barre, where a towel is located and glances to the dancer she replaced with a warm smile.

LYDIA

Now -- you come in here  
tomorrow and show how good  
you can do this, so I don't  
have to work so hard, you  
hear?

The BELL SOUNDS o.s. and the troupe gratefully heads for the door.

43J ANGLE TO DORIS AND TRACY

43J

as they scramble to their feet, Doris slowed slightly by having to collect her books and assorted carry-along gear.

DORIS

Magic time is over. Biology  
next period.

TRACY

Can I ask you a question?

DORIS

Now?

TRACY

Yeah.

DORIS

What?

TRACY

(beat, and)  
Could...someone like me...  
get into your school?

44 OMITTED 44

45 TIGHT ON DORIS 45

surprised by the question, then intrigued. And growing determination.

DORIS

Sure...sure you could.  
(beat, and)

No problem.

\*

It's a promise she intends to keep. If she can. And as that "if" balloons in size and weight in her gaze, we HOLD and then we:

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

46 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - TIGHT ON LYDIA - DAY

46

She's looking o.s. with a determined air.

LYDIA

Doris, I'm assuming you're  
here to apologize and to  
explain.

47 WIDER ANGLE

47

REVEALING Doris on the other side of the conference  
table, looking uncertain and uneasy, a condition not  
helped by Lydia's opening salvo.

DORIS

To apologize and explain...

LYDIA

That's correct.

DORIS

To...apologize why...and  
explain what?

LYDIA

Yesterday you had a friend  
here observing some of our  
classes. You told Miss  
Sherwood I approved it. You  
told me Mr. Shorofsky had  
given the okay. You told Mr.  
Crandall that Miss Sherwood  
had given permission. In  
fact -- you hadn't talked to  
anybody, had you?

DORIS

Not...officially, no.

LYDIA

How about 'unofficially?'

DORIS

Well, no...I guess I didn't  
do that, either.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DORIS (CONT'D)

(brightening)

But that's why I asked to see you today, to kind of make up for not talking to anybody yesterday.

LYDIA

How?

Doris pastes on a smile intended to carry the day.

DORIS

Well...I thought I'd talk to you about arranging an audition for my friend. She's my cousin, actually. She just moved here.

LYDIA

From where?

DORIS

Cleveland.

LYDIA

Where are her parents?

DORIS

(a deep breath,  
then)

Her father was a policeman. He was killed going after a bank robber. And when that happened, his wife had a nervous breakdown, and that's why Tracy came to live with us.

LYDIA

Doris, how terrible for your family. Is it your mother's brother who was killed, or your father's?

Doris can sense she's headed into that gray area of lies where you can easily and quickly get tripped up in the logistics and complexities of the story you're creating. She casts about for a way out, and:

DORIS

It happened pretty recently. Kind of hard to talk about.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED: (2)

47

Lydia isn't certain, but there's something slightly out of sync about this. Nothing she can nail or presently challenge without running the risk of being insensitive in the face of this tragedy.

LYDIA

Well...there are procedures for auditioning, Doris, and I don't think we can make exceptions just because --

DORIS

I hope you're not building up to say 'no,' because I just don't know what it'd do to her. She doesn't know anybody except me in New York and she even had to leave her puppy back in Cleveland, too.

48 TIGHT ON LYDIA

48

That last bit of overkill is about all she needs. She regards Doris with a knowing smile.

LYDIA

Does the puppy have some terminal illness I should feel bad about?

49 WIDER ANGLE

49

as Doris accurately reads Lydia's expression.

DORIS

Too much, huh...?

LYDIA

Not if you were writing an opera, maybe. Now let's not waste each other's time, Doris. What are we talking about here?

DORIS

(beat, and)  
We're talking about helping a kid. Isn't that what a school is supposed to be about?

---

DIRECT CUT TO:

50 INT. MAKEUP ROOM - ON TRACY - DAY

50

A certain combination of hope and fear in her gaze.

TRACY

I know it was just choir, but  
I was second alto. That must  
count for something, doesn't  
it?

51 WIDER ANGLE

51

REVEALING Bruno and Coco are present with Tracy, Bruno  
with the small portable keyboard resting across his  
knees.

BRUNO

Well, it certainly means you  
can carry a tune, and that's  
a good place to start.

COCO

Do you know what your key  
is? Or your range?

*LIVE*

TRACY

No...should I?

BRUNO

It'd help, but we'll figure  
it out. Start singing  
something.

TRACY

What?

COCO

Anything you know and think  
your voice handles okay. It's  
just so Bruno can find your  
key.

Tracy nods understanding and gathers herself. She smiles,  
ill at ease, embarrassed.

TRACY

I'll probably be awful.

COCO

You'll probably be sensational.

(CONTINUED)



51 CONTINUED:

51

BRUNO

And if you're terrible -- well,  
it won't be a first as far as  
this school's concerned.

Tracy takes some encouragement from the obvious support offered by Bruno and Coco. She takes a breath, needs a second or two to settle upon a song, then starts to sing. Her voice is on key, the lyrics on tempo, but the quality of the voice is wholly unremarkable. Thin, a shade on the uneven. Bruno finds her key and lays down some simple accompanying chords, but the occasional seconds when his gaze meets Coco's establishes that they both are coming to the same conclusion in regard to Tracy's vocal gifts.

52 ON DOOR

52

as Doris enters, smiling. She registers Tracy's singing and takes care to be especially quiet, closing the door with care and leaning back against it as the song comes to its conclusion.

53 WIDER ANGLE

53

as Tracy's song finishes. There is just a second of stillness. Her need to receive a positive reaction is palpable.

TRACY

Well...

DORIS

Dynamite.

Bruno and Coco manage to conceal the fact that their vote might not be so enthusiastic. Surely not so positive.

TRACY

Really?

DORIS

Of course 'really'. No, you  
are not Barbra Streisand  
but there are times when  
Barbra Streisand isn't  
Barbra Streisand, either.  
(to Bruno and  
Coco)

Right?

(CONTINUED)

53

CONTINUED:

53

BRUNO

How did it go with Miss Grant?

It's meant to avoid answering or lying, but Doris isn't in any place to realize that now. She's on a high, hearing what she wants.

DORIS

Miss Grant thinks it's the dippiest idea since Billy Beer, but she promised she'd talk to the audition committee about it!

Tracy cries out with delight and Doris rushes forward to hug her.

54

ANGLE TO BRUNO AND COCO

54

smiling uneasily as Doris and Tracy react o.s. Coco and Bruno make eye contact, then:

BRUNO

(quietly)

Maybe...she's a terrific dancer.

DIRECT CUT TO:

55

INT. DANCE CLASS ROOM - CASSETTE PLAYER - DAY

55

as Leroy's hand drops a cassette into the machine and the "play" button is pressed. A ROCK NUMBER is heard.

56

WIDER ANGLE

56

REVEALING that Leroy has been appointed the logical choice to guide and assist Tracy in her dance efforts. Bruno, Coco, Montgomery, Julie and Doris are the rooting section present. Tracy listens to the music for a few seconds, then starts to dance. It's okay, but would not draw much attention save for the fact that Tracy's a pretty girl. But that spark of something extra, that ingredient that sets okay apart from truly special...that something is missing. Leroy dances a few moments with Tracy. A diamond and shiny glass have the same relationship.

DIRECT CUT TO:

57 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - ON CRANDALL - DAY

57 \*

pouring himself a cup of coffee, speaking to listeners  
O.S. \*

CRANDALL

I mean, I was thinking of  
scheduling a production next  
semester of Aristophanes'  
'The Frogs', but now I'm afraid  
if I do, Doris is going to take  
off for the swamps.

As he turns away from the coffeemaker, we WIDEN THE ANGLE  
TO REVEAL Lydia, Shorofsky, and Sherwood are listening to  
Crandall. They're not taking as lighthearted an attitude  
as Crandall.

LYDIA

I don't think it's anything  
to joke about.

CRANDALL

Look -- that thing about 'give  
me your tired, your poor' is  
on the Statue of Liberty, not  
on the front of this place.

SHERWOOD

Greg's right. We're not social  
workers, Lydia. We're not trained  
for it.

LYDIA

So we just turn our backs on  
the girl?

CRANDALL

We run the school the way the  
school is set up to be run,  
the way it's supposed to be  
run. The kid wants to audition,  
we let her audition the next  
time around.

LYDIA

The next scheduled auditions  
are three months from now.

CRANDALL

I'm well aware of that.

(CONTINUED)

SHOROFSKY

What is it that the girl does?  
She sings, dances...what?

LYDIA

(uneasily)  
I'm not sure Doris knows.

CRANDALL

Oh, for Pete's sake...

LYDIA

Would the damn world come to  
an end if we bent one of our  
precious rules and let the girl  
audition a couple of months  
early?

SHERWOOD

No, but if we are going to bend  
the rules we ought to have a reason  
for doing it. Someone's going  
to ask what makes this kid so  
special; we ought to have an  
answer.

CRANDALL

An answer that isn't draped in  
well-meaning intentions and  
wanting to be a do-gooder.

LYDIA

(after a beat)  
Well, I'm afraid that's the kind  
of answer I can't deliver.

This reply draws some surprised looks from the other three.  
Lydia's compelled to offer further explanation.

LYDIA

(continuing)  
I'm not sure why wanting to 'do  
good' is such a terrible thing.  
If this girl heads back for the  
streets because we wouldn't show  
some flexibility -- well, I'm not  
going to be the one who explains  
it to Doris...because I don't think  
I could look her in the eye.

(CONTINUED)

There's a stillness, an uneasy one, then:

SHOROFOSKY

Could we possibly agree on the following?

(quiet firmness)

We allow the girl to audition early. But we do not lower our standards in the slightest. We have a reputation that is based upon excellence, not on being 'nice'. If she qualifies, wonderbar. If not -- we will explain to Doris as best we can, and proceed to concentrate on those who truly belong here.

Looks among them, Crandall nods, as does Sherwood. Lydia goes along but her expression reflects a degree of reluctance.

LYDIA

Okay...but I get the feeling this kid's going to have to be incredible to satisfy you.

SHOROFOSKY

Miss Grant -- that feeling is probably correct. As I said, this school is based upon excellence, and that is more important than any one person.

Lydia nods sad understanding. Crandall glances at his watch, drains the dregs of the cup of coffee, places it by the machine.

CRANDALL

Well --

That signals the exodus from the room, mutually understood by the four occupants.

LYDIA

I'll go tell Doris.

CRANDALL

See you guys tomorrow.

Crandall and Lydia leave, a certain coolness between them.

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED: (3)

57

Not enemies, just allies with differing philosophies. They go out, closing the door after them, leaving Sherwood and Shorofsky.

SHERWOOD

Pretty chilly between those two.

SHOROFSKY

A compromise never receives a standing ovation.

(beat, and)

However, I have some good news to possibly brighten your mood.

SHERWOOD

What's that?

SHOROFSKY

Tomorrow I take delivery on my car. We can take our first test drive.

58 TIGHT ON SHERWOOD

58

smiling the kind of smile Nixon used a lot during the last few days.

SHERWOOD

Something to look forward to.

---

 DIRECT CUT TO:

59 INT. SCHWARTZ LIVING ROOM - ON DORIS - NIGHT

59

wearing a robe that says HOME as much as the four walls around her. As we WIDEN THE ANGLE we find that she and Tracy are combining vocal lessons with an N.D. equivalent of Famous Amos and milk. The sofa bed is open, the sleeping bag in view nearby.

DORIS

You call it 'belly breathing'.

60 WIDER ANGLE - DORIS AND TRACY

60

Tracy's stance one that soaks up Doris' educational advice.

(CONTINUED)

TRACY  
'Belly breathing?'

DORIS  
Well, in the old days they talked about 'supporting the tone' or using the diaphragm, but I guess everybody started to giggle about that kind of thing, so our teacher calls it 'belly breathing'.

TRACY  
And what's it help you do?

DORIS  
Sustain a note.  
(off Tracy's  
confused look)  
Hold it longer and make  
it sound more steady.

TRACY  
(discouraged)  
I wish I had more time before  
I had to audition.

DORIS  
You're going to do fine.

TRACY  
You hope so or you think so?

DORIS  
(beat, and)  
Both.

Their eyes meet and hold in a common admission of a shared goal, then they react to the o.s. SOUND of the FRONT DOOR OPENING.

as Mrs. Schwartz enters, bundled up against the night's chill. She smiles at the girls as she pulls off her coat and hangs it in the hall closet.

DORIS  
Hi, Ma. How was Grandma doin'?

(CONTINUED)

61

CONTINUED:

61

MOTHER

Okay. Her age, even the sniffles you have to worry about a little bit. But she was complaining about me not visiting her enough so I guess she's getting better. You check the bulletin board in the kitchen?

DORIS

Forgot. Was there a message?

MOTHER

Not for you. For Tracy.  
(nicely meant)  
Tracy, you didn't let any grass grow under your feet when it came to finding a boyfriend, did you?

Mrs. Schwartz doesn't note the apprehensive looks that flash between Doris and Tracy.

TRACY

Mrs. Schwartz did...the person who called leave a name...?

Mrs. Schwartz sets sail for the kitchen, speaking as she crosses out of the room.

MOTHER

He certainly did. Said his name was Johnny Love, if you can believe that.

Mrs. Schwartz' smile is based upon kids and their notions of romance. She barely glances back to Tracy and Doris as she leaves the room.

DORIS

(after a beat)

If you want, I could probably get my folks to change our number.

TRACY

(quietly)

You don't have to; he won't call back.

(CONTINUED)



61 CONTINUED: (2)

61

DORIS

He won't?

Off Tracy's headshake:

DORIS

(continuing)

Then why'd he call the first  
time?

TRACY

Just to let me know he's still  
out there. And if things don't  
work out for me at the school  
...that he'll still be out there.

Doris regards Tracy for a count, looking for words but rejecting the ones that come to mind as more suitable to a Notre Dame Pep Rally. She goes with her instincts, then, and moves to Tracy and puts her arms about her, offering what support and encouragement she can with simple physical presence. We HOLD ON the two of them standing near the window, and then we:

62 OMITTED

62

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR \*

63	FADE IN:		63
and	OMITTED		and *
64			64
65	INT. EXT. PARKING STRUCTURE OR LOT - (SCHEDULE TO DETERMINE)		65

as Sherwood and Shorofsky move TOWARD CAMERA and come to a halt. Shorofsky glances to her with pride, then moves forward o.s., as we TIGHTEN ON Sherwood.

SHERWOOD

Mr. Shorofsky -- it's beautiful

66	DIFFERENT ANGLE - SHOROPSKY AND THE CAR		66
----	---	--	----

It's something along the lines of a class MG or Morgan and Shorofsky is already halfway through with the process of removing the tonneau cover. From the look on Shorofsky's face it's safe to assume he found the vehicle in a manger. Sherwood moves closer, regarding its luster with an appreciative gaze.

SHOROPSKY

Thank you very much. I do believe it has some...merit.

Closer now, Sherwood also notes something else.

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED:

66

SHERWOOD

Uh...it also has the steering wheel on the right hand side.

SHOROFSKY

Is this a problem?

SHERWOOD

I'm...not sure. Let's get in.

Shorofsky folds the cover and places it atop the back ledge. He squeezes himself in behind the wheel as Sherwood negotiates herself into the fairly tight area on the passenger's side.

67 CLOSER ANGLE - SHERWOOD AND SHOROFSKY

67

Both take a second or two to settle in, checking the dashboard and instrumentation, then, as Shorofsky places his hands on the steering wheel:

SHERWOOD

Mr. Shorofsky...this has a four-speed stick shift.

SHOROFSKY

I see that.

SHERWOOD

Well, we have been doing our lessons assuming there'd be an automatic transmission.

SHOROFSKY

A second problem, yes...?

SHERWOOD

Could be...

SHOROFSKY

You told me you knew how to drive.

SHERWOOD

I do know how to drive, Mr. Shorofsky.

SHOROFSKY

Two tiny changes seem to have you panic stricken, if I may say so.

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED:

67

SHERWOOD

These are not two tiny changes,  
Mr. --

SHOROFSKY

(interrupting)

However, I think we will not  
give into this panic. We are  
bigger than that.

Sherwood resists the temptation to quarrel about whether or not there's any panic present and opts to simply go along. Shorofsky once more places his hand on the wheel and the "lesson" is clearly underway. He nods; she begins the scenario.

SHERWOOD

Driving along...residential  
street...

SHOROFSKY

Thirty miles an hour...

SHERWOOD

Intersection coming up...you  
want to make a left hand turn...

Mr. Shorofsky, a creature of conditioning, dutifully extends his left arm, which places his wrist at about third button level of Sherwood's blouse. Sherwood regards him with a look you could hang on barbed wire.

SHERWOOD

(continuing)

Make that a right turn.

Shorofsky's left arm hinges upward, the palm directly in front of her face.

SHERWOOD

(continuing)

There's a stop sign at the  
intersection.

Shorofsky, the complete pupil, complies with the change of situation. There is a beat, and:

SHERWOOD

(continuing)

Get your hand off my knee.

(CONTINUED)

Shorofsky obeys and they both sit there, staring straight ahead.

SHERWOOD

(continuing)

Mr. Shorofsky -- have you finalized this transaction regarding the car? I mean, is it yours, legally? One hundred percent?

SHOROFSKY

(grimly)

All of it. Every nut and bolt. Mine.

(beat, and)

I even bought a little cap. Tan. Leather piping. Has a little insignia on the bill. Matches the one on the hood ornament there.

SHERWOOD

Is it waterproof?

SHOROFSKY

Waterproof... Why?

SHERWOOD

Because it is my considered opinion that you will swim the English Channel before you learn how to drive.

SHOROFSKY

(a question)

Some of us got it...and some of us don't...?

SHERWOOD

(nods)

And maybe you own it...but you don't got it.

He takes this in good humor, looking to the car fondly, a dream that couldn't materialize. Not all of them do, and he can handle that.

SHOROFSKY

No buyer wants a car with too much mileage anyway.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED: (3)

67

SHOROFSKY (CONT'D)

(gallantly)

How about one last spin around  
the park?

SHERWOOD

I'd love to.

Shorofsky takes charge of the steering wheel, even shifting gears as he goes zipping, Sherwood by his side, through their own particular version of Oz.

68 WIDER ANGLE

68

Shorofsky's vocalized ENGINE NOISES coming over.  
HOLD a beat, and then:

DIRECT CUT TO:

69 INT. SCHOOL OF THE ARTS MINI THEATRE - FULL SHOT - DAY

69

Lydia is seated out in the house, a clipboard and pen resting in her lap. Crandall is seated a few places away, suitably equipped, as are the three other teachers dotted in nearby rows. There is a period of semi-awkward waiting, throat clearing, moving about in their seats.

LYDIA

Whenever you're ready...

70 ANGLE TO STAGE AREA

70

as Bruno comes out, carrying some sheet music. He smiles uneasily out toward the teachers as he takes his place at the battered upright piano that stands off to one side of the performing area. A beat or two and Tracy moves into view from the wings. She's so nervous, so terrified, it pains to watch her. Auditions are always terrible. First time auditions possibly the worst. First time auditions performed with the suspicion that you may not in truth have any talent to offer are their own special brand of hell. Tracy moves to the piano, takes a rather stiff posture. Hands folded. Feet in first position.

TRACY

For my audition I'd like to sing  
(MGM Library selection).

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Lydia's friendly smile and nod give permission for Tracy to start. The girl looks to Bruno and he plays a simple intro. Tracy begins to sing and the pressure of the situation has obviously inflicted a substantial wound on Tracy's self-confidence. Her voice is thin, reedy, and slides uneasily about the key. Bruno attempts to help her as best he can, but there's only so much he can do. Those in the audience ache for what's happening, but there's little they can offer save silent prayers, and auditions are exempt from miracles, anyway, and they know it. After a few painful seconds, Tracy falls silent. Lydia glances to Crandall. He may be on the other side of the fence in this, but he is not a heavy.

CRANDALL

The first one's for free, Tracy.  
Try it again. Take your time.  
We'll be here.

Tracy nods, eyes downcast. She starts to sing again, not signalling Bruno for the intro. He starts to accompany her, but it's a lost cause. Her voice has become almost a monotone. There's no melodyline to accompany anymore. Her eyes are brimming with tears. The song has now become the musical equivalent of a 10K run for a fat lady. The point is not to win, but to finish, in any way possible, just get it done with, which is what Tracy finally does. Silence.

LYDIA

Thank you very much, Tracy.

Tracy turns and dashes out of sight into the wings. Bruno rises, looking after her, collecting the sheet music, then glancing out into the house.

LYDIA

(continuing)

You did everything you could,  
Martelli. We appreciate it.

Bruno accepts the well-meant compliment with a half-hearted smile, then moves quietly offstage. The teachers in the auditorium remaining unmoving.

LYDIA

(continuing;  
after a beat)

There are times when I'd do  
this job for free.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED: (2)

70

LYDIA (CONT'D)

(and)

This is not one of those times.

DIRECT CUT TO:

71 INT. HALLWAY - TRUCKING SHOT - DAY

*40 ATWO*

71 \*

We MOVE WITH a band of chattering students until we reach an area where there is no conversation at all. Seated there are Doris, Coco, Montgomery, Danny, and Julie. They're waiting. Some staring into space. Leroy and Danny are playing checkers on a small portable gameboard. Julie looks o.s., and gaze holds on a specific point o.s.

JULIE

Here he is.

72 DIFFERENT ANGLE - ON BRUNO

72

He makes his way through the other kids and stands at the end of the table. Though it's clear they're all waiting, Bruno's look is directed to Doris.

BRUNO

(simply)

Not even close.

DORIS

(beat, and)

Your opinion.

BRUNO

Doris -- she was terrible.  
But even if she sang as well  
as she could -- there's no  
way she belongs in this  
school.

COCO

It's a real average voice,  
Doris. Nothing more. Real  
average.

LEROY

Her dancing's the same. For  
sure.

(CONTINUED)



72 CONTINUED:

72

DORIS

Well -- how come nobody said anything before?

MONTGOMERY

Probably because you wouldn't have been able to hear it.

Doris looks to them all and it's quite obvious there are no dissenting votes. She can't even crank up a convincing counter argument. Even dreams are finite. She looks to Bruno.

DORIS

Where is she now?

BRUNO

I don't know. She took off right after. Wasn't in the hall when I got out of the auditorium.

The alarm and fear grow in Doris' gaze until:

DORIS

We've got to find her. We've got to find her real quick.

DIRECT CUT TO:

73 INT. LOBBY AREA - PHONE BANK - DAY

73

where Doris is talking on the phone. On the stairway behind her, Lydia appears, heading out after an especially trying day. She draws to a halt at the bottom of the steps, slowed by overhearing Doris' conversation.

DORIS

(into phone)

Ma -- the janitors are going to kick me out of here at eight o'clock, but if she shows up at the house before then I'll be at this number, okay? or if she calls or anything, you give her this number and tell her I really need to talk to her, okay...no...Ma, I've got other people out looking around the streets, and they're going to check in with me here, too, so I've got to wait...

(MORE)

*Janitor**3 KIDS*

(CONTINUED)

DORIS (CONT'D)

...I'll be home when I'm home.  
That's all I know for sure.  
Yeah. I will. Goodbye.

She hangs up the phone and turns away to see Lydia standing there, watching her with a small smile.

LYDIA

Want some company while  
you're waiting?

Doris smiles, pleased by the offer, but just as certain that her reply is the right one.

DORIS

No, thanks. I got into this  
by myself. Might as well try  
to get out the same way.

Lydia accepts this, not hurt or put off by the rejection. She starts off, then stops, turning back.

LYDIA

You know...I hope you aren't  
going to get down on yourself  
about this thing with Tracy.

DORIS

I sure made some promises  
I couldn't deliver on.

LYDIA

Hey...if Tracy could have  
gotten in here, she'd have been  
the happiest kid in the world.  
She'd never want to leave.  
You couldn't give her your  
talent, Doris. You gave her  
what you could -- a chance.

DORIS

A dumb thing to do...

LYDIA

A 'Doris' thing to do...  
and that's very special.  
Don't you forget it.

(CONTINUED)

She smiles some cheer in Doris' direction and while Doris appreciates the offer, she's still not exactly buoyed up. Lydia moves toward the door, then is stopped by:

DORIS  
(suddenly  
galvanized)  
You're right...

LYDIA  
What?

DORIS  
She'd never leave the school,  
you said, and you're  
right!  
(and)  
Cover the phones! I'll be  
-right back!

And Doris is streaking across the lobby toward the doors leading to the auditorium. Before Lydia can inquire as to how or why she got phone duty, the PHONE starts RINGING and she's left with no one to inquire to as Doris leaves the area.

Lydia puts down some of the stuff she's carrying and hustles across the lobby, taking the receiver off the hook.

LYDIA  
Fun house.  
(beat, and)  
Bruno, child...does this  
sound like Doris Schwartz  
to y'all?

---

DIRECT CUT TO:

as Doris comes in, a shade out of breath from her sprint.

(CONTINUED)

74

CONTINUED:

74

She closes the door, looking o.s. toward the makeup table area. A beat, and:

DORIS

How long you been there?

75

ANGLE TOWARD MAKEUP TABLES

75

Tracy is seated there in partial darkness. The makeup lights are not turned on. She is in silhouette.

TRACY

Most of the afternoon.

She throws a switch and the makeup lights come on, revealing that Tracy's added makeup to her look, too much makeup. The look is tough and challenging. It's a street look. It's a blanket to cover a scared kid.

DORIS

Why are you made up like that?

Tracy says nothing. Watches her image in the mirror, doesn't look to Doris.

DORIS

(continuing)

You're thinking about goin' back to that guy, aren't you...the guy who runs the corner...

Tracy nods, still studying what her look is, evaluating it.

It's a kind of time machine.

DORIS

(continuing)

But if you've been here all afternoon and haven't left... you don't want to go back there. Not really.

TRACY

Where else is there...?

(CONTINUED)

DORIS

How about your home...your  
folks...?

TRACY

They wouldn't talk to me.

DORIS

Won't know that till you try  
to talk to them.

TRACY

(beat, and)

I'm scared...and I'll tell you  
something else...I'm getting tired  
of being scared all the time.

Doris moves toward Tracy, taking one of the battered  
chairs and pulling it close.

DORIS

Okay. My turn to tell you  
something. You asked me why I  
tried to help you when the vice  
cops were after us...

(small smile)

My ma...she calls me the world's  
Twin Sister...'cause when one  
twin feels bad, lots of times  
the other twin does, too. And  
she says when I see somebody in  
pain, I start hurtin'...and  
that's true a lot of times...  
and I'm really tired of hurting  
for you, Tracy...I tried to  
make it better and I only made  
it worse and I'm really tired  
of the hurt.

She digs in her pocket and comes out with a few coins  
which she places on the makeup table in front of Tracy.

DORIS

(continuing)

You can call your folks; you  
can call that slime who runs  
the corner. I don't care which.  
But call.

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED: (2)

75

She rises, moving for the door. Her hand encircles the knob. She speaks before opening the door. Does not turn back to Tracy.

DORIS

(continuing)

Part of what I just said is a lie.

(and)

I do care who you call.

And she steps out as our ANGLE TIGHTENS ON Tracy. She looks down at the coins in front of her, then at her reflection in the mirror. We HOLD a beat, and then we:

DIRECT CUT TO:

76 INT. LOBBY AREA - FULL SHOT - DAY

76

Lydia is near the phones as Doris emerges from the auditorium area, crossing to her as she speaks.

DORIS

It's okay, Miss Grant. You don't have to watch the phones anymore. I found her. She was in the makeup room.

LYDIA

Is she all right?

DORIS

(considers, and)

I don't know.

The SOUND of one of the auditorium DOORS OPENING takes their look to:

77 DIFFERENT ANGLE

77

as Tracy comes out of the auditorium. She meets the questioning looks she's receiving from Doris and Lydia, then crosses the large area and moves to one of the phones. She lifts the receiver and drops in a coin.

78 ON DORIS AND LYDIA

78

motionless. Making no attempt to mask their interest.

2 ATMs  
KIDS

79 WIDER ANGLE 79  
 as Tracy waits a beat, then:  
 TRACY  
 (into phone)  
 Like to place a collect call  
 to Cleveland, Ohio, please.  
 I don't know the area code.

80 ON DORIS 80  
 Sometimes being twin sister to the world is not such  
 a bad thing to be.

81 TIGHT ON TRACY 81  
 as her tears trail down her cheeks, creating dark  
 channels of moisture and washed away makeup. There's  
 a kid under there now, starting to look like a sloppy  
 trick or treater on a late Halloween.

TRACY  
 Mrs. John Alexander...just  
 say it's Tracy calling.

---

DIRECT CUT TO:

82 INT. CRANDALL'S CLASS - ON CRANDALL - DAY 82  
 Behind him, we can see the students of the drama class  
 looking intently, as is Crandall, in the direction of  
 the stage.

CRANDALL  
 Okay, Doris -- what's your name?

83 ANGLE TO STAGE - DORIS 83  
 is different not in makeup or garb, but is clearly dif-  
 ferent. It's in eye contact and the set of the mouth.

DORIS  
 My name doesn't matter, because  
 half the time people don't  
 remember my name anyway and the  
 other half the time I change it,  
 so let's just pass on the name-thing.  
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

## DORIS (CONT'D)

What you'd call me is a runaway,  
and that doesn't get it, either,  
because kids like me most of the  
time are trying to run to something  
as much as we're running away.  
We're trying to run to somebody  
who'll listen to us...and not judge  
us everytime we foul up...we're  
supposed to be allowed to foul  
up, I thought...that's how you  
learn...but when you're working  
all the time to be Daddy's Little  
Princess and Mommy's Pride and  
Joy...that sometimes you just  
scream to be left alone...and you  
scream and nobody hears and you  
want a place where you can just  
be you and it'll be okay...where  
you can be scared...or short...  
or dumpy...or just be quiet...  
and whatever you are will be okay  
...because it's you and that's  
what you want 'em to love...the  
you part of you.

(beat, and)

That's why my name doesn't  
matter...'cause till you love me  
...neither do I.

The class is silent, deeply affected by Doris' performance. A beat, then Crandall gets to his feet and moves to the apron of the small stage. He indicates Doris should bend closer. Puzzled, she does so, and receives a light kiss on the cheek from Crandall. Before she can react with more than a surprised grin:

CRANDALL

A-plus, Doris. Take a bow.

And he moves back to his seat, leading the APPLAUSE that builds, a sincere tribute to Doris and her skills.



85 TIGHT ON DORIS

85

Touched for a beat, then the gentle edge is taken away as the exuberant genes take over and Doris allows herself to really react and respond to the fact that she pointed to the center field bleachers and actually did pound that thing out of the park! And as her dazzling smile blossoms and builds, we --

FREEZE FRAME.

FADE OUT.

THE END