

FAME

"Come One, Come All"

Prod. #2715

by

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FINAL DRAFT

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Revised 1/20/82 (Blue)

FAME

"Come One, Come All"

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CAST LIST

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

ANGELO MARTELLI  
MELINDA MacNEILL

CLERK  
HALLWAY MONITOR

FAME - "Come One, Come All" - Rev. 1/25/82

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MUSIC CUES

MUSIC #1 - Sc. 1	LIMBO MUSIC P.B. #2715-1-NV (:45-1:00est) Percussion - to be recorded live on the set
MUSIC #2 - Sc. 30	ROCK OUT LEROY P.B. #2715-2-NV (1:00est) Temp track - To be post-scored
MUSIC #3 - Sc. 34	SWEET SUE P.B. #2715-3-NV ( : ) Pre-recorded
MUSIC #4 - Sc. 47	MONTGOMERY'S ELECTRIC GUITAR P.B. #2715-4-NV ( :20est) To be recorded live on this set
MUSIC #5 - Sc. 48	BLACK BOTTOM P.B. #2715-5-NV (2:30est) Temp. track - To be post-scored
MUSIC #6 - Sc. 75	FINALE P.B. #2715-6-V (3:00est) Temp. track - To be post-scored

FAME

"Come One, Come All"

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

1 INT. DANCE CLASSROOM - FULL SHOT - DAY

1

MUSIC #1 LIMBO MUSIC

P.B. #2715-1-NV (:45-1:00est)  
Percussion - to be recorded live on set

The dance troupe is at work on a limbo-like number, LYDIA looking on with a smile as the MUSIC, provided by DRUMS, supports the efforts of the dancers to move under the limbo bar, the kind of activity that brings out the best, and the worst, of the competitive juices in the group. It's quickly down to two dancers, LEROY among the duo. CREDITS OVER THIS AS the dancers gather around, cheering for each one as the bar is lowered another notch. Leroy's competitor moves the bar down to a seemingly impossible level and somehow manages to snake under the barrier without knocking it off. Leroy takes this challenge with an air of bravado, lowers the bar even more. He sets himself and begins to edge toward the bar. There doesn't seem any doubt that there is no way in the world he can make it. Then the BELL RINGS and Leroy leaps up at once, grinning, but trying to hide it. \*

LEROY

Aw, shoot! Just when I was  
going to get under that thing!  
Ain't that always the way!

Mocking AD LIBS from the others, Lydia included, as the class gathers up the needed dance bags, towels, and moves for the doorway.

LEROY

(continuing;  
laughing)

I could have done it! You know  
I could. I'm Spaghetti Man, I  
tell you! All I had to do was --

He stops on seeing MISS SHERWOOD enter the room. He's stopped by the unmistakable look of volcanic anger that's coloring her expression. Sherwood, carrying a bulging manila file folder under one arm, fixes Lydia with a fierce gaze.

SHERWOOD

You don't have a class in here  
next period, do you?

(CONTINUED)

1

CONTINUED:

1

LYDIA

No...

(to the  
departing students)  
Out-out-out. Move it, now.

The students, who clearly see that something is up, nevertheless comply with Lydia's urgings, and move on out the door. Lydia trails after them and pulls the door shut, affording her and Elizabeth some obviously much desired privacy. Sherwood crosses to the cassette player. \*

LYDIA

(continuing)

Elizabeth...

Sherwood waves off any conversation with a peremptory gesture. She finds a cassette that suits her needs and slams it into the machine. She fiddles with the volume control a beat, then when a BLARING CLASSICAL PIECE THUNDERS out into the room, Elizabeth uses this as "cover" and allows herself to shriek as loudly as she possible can. It only takes a second or two, then the moment is passed and Sherwood switches the cassette player off. A beat, and:

LYDIA

(continuing;  
sweetly)

Good morning, Elizabeth. And how are we today?

SHERWOOD

Greg Crandall is in traction.

LYDIA

His back again? I'm sorry to --

SHERWOOD

(interrupting)

He will be in traction for at least two to three weeks.

LYDIA

Elizabeth, I'm sorry about Greg, but --

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: (2)

1

SHERWOOD

Do not feel sorry for Greg!  
Feel sorry for us!

LYDIA

Why?

Sherwood moves to the piano, Lydia moving with her.  
Sherwood speaks as she spreads out the papers across  
the top of the piano.

SHERWOOD

Greg is in charge ...was in charge  
-- of Parents' Night, right?

\*

LYDIA

Right...

SHERWOOD

He ran the tryouts, he made the  
selections. The whole project was  
his idea, his baby...right?

LYDIA

Right. So...you take over for him,  
that's all.

SHERWOOD

No, we take over for him.  
(indicating papers)  
Here are his notes.

LYDIA

(backing off)  
Me? I'm right in the middle of  
student evaluations, and...

As she looks at one of the pieces of paper, then another  
and another...Her expression is resigned but not destroyed,  
as:

\*

LYDIA

(cont.)  
Besides, I don't know how to read  
shorthand.

\*

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED (3)

1

SHERWOOD

I do. But I can't read that.

(explaining)

This isn't shorthand as the  
civilized world knows it. It's  
a code Greg made up when he was  
stage managing on Broadway.  
Only he knows how to read it.

LYDIA

So, we call him and --

SHERWOOD

Already called him.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: (4)

1

SHERWOOD (CONT'D)

The nurses' station warned me that he was heavily sedated with muscle relaxants for his back. When he came on the line, it took me three tries before he remembered who I was. He does not remember who he selected for the show and who he rejected. I asked him if he had done anything about getting a celebrity guest. He said he had that covered.

LYDIA

Good. Who'd he get?

SHERWOOD

He said he had been in touch with Spencer Tracy. 'Spence' was very flattered by the invitation and promised to be at the show.

Sherwood's look invites Lydia to get on board her boat of bitching. Lydia goes over their predicament a beat, then:

LYDIA

Sounds like Greg has bought himself a condominium in the Twilight Zone.

SHERWOOD

Leaving us -- on the end of a long, trembling limb.

LYDIA

No -- you.

SHERWOOD

No -- us.

Lydia nods, her manner calm and thoughtful. She moves away from Sherwood, hands clasped to the small of her back, eyes studying the floor, the perfect image of rationality coming to the rescue. She stops next to the cassette player and bends gracefully, hitting the "play" button.

2 CLOSE ON LYDIA

2

as the CLASSICAL MUSIC BLARES forth once more.

(CONTINUED)



2 CONTINUED:

2

She opens her mouth wide and joins Sherwood as a disciple of the positive primal scream, and we:

DIRECT CUT TO:

3 INT. SCHOOL OFFICE - DAY

3

A couple of clerks work in the b.g. as MONTGOMERY sits at a desk, folding flyers about the open house, and stuffing them into envelopes. Leroy sits on the desk, folding a flyer into an elaborate "airplane."

MONTGOMERY

Leroy, if you don't want to help me with these invitations, just say so.

LEROY

I am helping. I'm sending them air mail.

And he sails a folded flyer across the room.

LEROY

(continuing)

This one's to my Mama in Detroit...telling her since she won't make it to the big event...neither will I.

(starts to fold another "airplane")

Want me to send one to your Mama?

MONTGOMERY

Yeah...same message.

(then smiles with an idea)

No, wait a minute.

Montgomery finds the envelope addressed to his mother.

MONTGOMERY

(continuing)

I am going to send one to my mother... She won't come but at least she'll know I'm doing something else with my time besides cashing the checks she sends me.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

He finds the envelope and stuffs it.

LEROY

What makes you so sure your Momma won't be here for the thing?

MONTGOMERY

Because I know her...and I know her schedule. She starts a picture pretty soon. She's too busy to fly here, then on back to the coast. Says flying all night gives her crow's feet.

LEROY

When you're out in California with her, you travel around in limousines and go to Beverly Hills parties and all that?

MONTGOMERY

No. My Mom's...pretty well known, but she's not one of the biggies anymore.

LEROY

For a while she was, though.

MONTGOMERY

(subdued)

For a while.

LEROY

You ever get your picture in the paper with her?

MONTGOMERY

(growing uncomfortable)

Couple of times.

LEROY

Hey, man -- you're famous.

MONTGOMERY

(with an edge)

That's not being famous -- that's standing next to somebody when the flashbulb goes off in your direction.

(MORE)

CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: (2)

3

MONTGOMERY (CONT'D)

That's not exactly the same thing.

Leroy hears the tone and knows when to back off.

LEROY

'Scuse me. I'm not here to bug you, my man. Just trying to help out. Better I just get out. Later, turkey.

And Leroy moves off for the corridor as our ANGLE CLOSES ON Montgomery. He clearly regrets his snappiness with Leroy, but a sore point's a sore point, and his is still fully operative. He continues to fold invitations into envelopes, as we:

DIRECT CUT TO:

4 INT. SHERWOOD'S ROOM - FULL SHOT - DAY

4

Sherwood is at her desk, patiently dealing with the problem, all the while entertaining fantasies of a man in traction on a flying trapeze. There is a line of kids leading up to Sherwood's desk and snaking on out into the hallway. Presently at the head of the line is DORIS, with DANNY right behind, peering over her shoulder.

SHERWOOD

Did Mr. Crandall give you any indication which one of your auditions he preferred?

DORIS

The singing.

DANNY

The comedy. He loved the comedy.

DORIS

He did not.

DANNY

He laughed till he cried.

(CONTINUED)

DORIS

There was no laughter. There was just crying.

DANNY

That's not --

SHERWOOD

(breaking in)

Look, you two -- go off somewhere and settle this thing. You're either in the show as a two-person comedy skit, or Doris is in as a solo singer -- not both.

Doris and Danny move off, obviously not pleased with having to reach their own compromise. Sherwood looks up to see COCO standing there, next in line. Sherwood starts leafing through some three-by-five index cards.

SHERWOOD

(continuing)

Okay, Coco...on your audition application, you're down here for a soliloquy from 'The Merchant of Venice,' and a blues ballad. One or the other, but not both.

COCO

(beat, and)

Uh...actually, it was more like one number.

SHERWOOD

A Shakespearean soliloquy that just sort of 'flowed' into a blues ballad...

COCO

You got it.

Sherwood doesn't deign to dignify that with any verbiage. Just a steady, unwavering look. Coco tries to hold her hopeful grin.

COCO

(continuing)

Mr. Crandall said it was really a breakthrough concept.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: (2)

4

COCO (CONT'D)  
Blues and the Bard, he called  
it. He was knocked out.  
Really. Blew him away...  
course... I suppose...if the  
show's running long or  
something...that I could  
probably just do the ballad.

SHERWOOD  
Miss Hernandez, we appreciate  
your sacrifice.

DIRECT CUT TO:

5 INT. CORRIDOR - DORIS AND DANNY - DAY

5

moving along the corridor in heated discussion, and not  
in any way closer to having resolved their problem.

DANNY  
So what you're really saying  
is -- I'm not going to be in  
the show.

DORIS  
What I am really saying is, I  
don't want to be in the show  
doing some dumb, moth-eaten  
routine. If the stuff was really  
funny, then terrific, but it's  
all so cornball, I --

\*

DANNY  
So we change it.

DORIS  
You can't audition with one  
skit, and then change it for  
the show.

DANNY  
Why not? Who's going to know?  
Crandall's in the hospital and  
won't be back for the show.  
He's the only one saw us  
audition.

DORIS  
That would be underhanded.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

DANNY  
 (beat, and)  
 It would also get me in the  
 cast.

This brings Doris up. She stops, looking at him a beat, then, making a decision, she grabs him by the wrist and reverses course, heading back toward the door leading into Sherwood's class, as we:

DIRECT CUT TO:

6 INT. SCHOOL OFFICE - FULL SHOT - DAY 6

A number of clerks, including Mrs. Berg, are clerking behind the counter and we find SHOROFSKY going through the correspondence clogging his mail cubbyhole. His method of dealing with it involves a number of forms and letters that are dumped into the nearest wastebasket. The ANGLE ADJUSTS AS the door is opened from the lobby and BRUNO enters, trailed by his father, ANGELO. \*

BRUNO  
 Dad, I've got stuff to pick up  
 from my locker for first hour --

ANGELO  
 So go, I can handle myself.  
 (re:  
 Shorofsky)  
 Already see the man I need to  
 talk to.

Bruno waves his farewell and moves on out into the lobby, the ANGLE CLOSING AS Angelo moves to Shorofsky, his manner respectful, even deferential.

ANGELO  
 (continuing)  
 Mr. Shorofsky -- I'm Angelo  
 Martelli, Bruno's father.

SHOROFSKY  
 Of course, Mr. Martelli. I  
 remember you very well.

ANGELO  
 Well -- I wasn't sure. You meet  
 so many parents.

(CONTINUED)

SHOROFSKY

There are many parents -- only one Angelo Martelli. What can I do for you, sir?

ANGELO

This 'Parents' Night' thing. I have to work that night. I'm trying to switch off with some of the other guys at the garage, but it's pretty hard.

SHOROFSKY

Two weeks notice...you can't find someone to take your place?

ANGELO

(as an explanation)  
Perez and Goldman.

SHOROFSKY

These are two of your co-workers who won't cooperate...?

ANGELO

No...they're two middleweight fighters who are fighting for the championship that night. And nobody who's off wants to miss the fight. And that's why I can't get anybody to take my shift.

SHOROFSKY

You don't want me to drive for you, I hope...

ANGELO

(grinning)  
No. I want an okay for me to come to the dress rehearsal the night before, that's all.

An O.S. BELL takes Shorofsky's gaze to the clock on the wall and commitments of the next hour. He gathers his things from the counter, moving for the door as he speaks.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED: (2)

6

SHOROFSKY

Mr. Martelli -- you have my permission, but that doesn't mean a thing. The operation has been willed to Miss Sherwood. I suggest you leave a note in her box.

ANGELO

Okay. Thanks a lot.

Shorofsky waves off the gratitude and heads out the door. As he leaves, JULIE enters, smiling a passing greeting to the teacher, then reacting as she spies Angelo at the counter, carefully writing a note to go into Sherwood's box.

JULIE

Hi, Mr. Martelli.

ANGELO

Hi, sweetheart. Aren't you in a class like everyone else?

JULIE

I'm a Room Monitor first year. What that means is I run errands.

(to Mrs. Berg)

Miss Sherwood needs the SAT reports.

MRS. BERG

(bemused)

...SAT reports...

JULIE

She said you knew where they were.

Mrs. Berg moves to search out the items requested by Julie. She waits as Angelo concentrates on his request for dispensation.

7 ANGLE TO LOBBY DOOR - MELINDA MacNEILL

7 \*

A striking-looking woman in her middle years, MELINDA MacNEILL, looking in uneasily. It takes a beat, then she gathers her composure and enters the office, an echo of uncertainty still in her manner.



8

WIDER ANGLE

8

as Melinda moves to the counter, standing next to Angelo, who glances up at her off-handedly, then reacts more deeply. MRS. BERG looks up from her search, and her look, in its own way, matches Angelo's.

\*

MELINDA  
(to Mrs. Berg)  
Could you please help me?

\*

MRS. BERG  
(remembering what she  
was doing, flustered)  
Oh, yes...in a minute.

Melinda fidgets a bit after noting Angelo's scrutiny.

ANGELO  
It's driving me crazy. Where'd  
we meet?

MELINDA  
I...don't believe we've ever  
met.

ANGELO  
Yeah, we have. I got a memory  
for faces you wouldn't believe,  
but names I'm terrible at. It  
was a PTA thing, maybe.

MELINDA  
No, it was not at a PTA thing.  
I'm sure we've never --

ANGELO  
At one of the shows here.

MELINDA  
No...I think probably you might  
have seen me...on the screen.

ANGELO  
You mean, like you're an actress?

Julie looks up from the other end of the counter, a slow recognition taking place. Melinda nods in reply to Angelo's question, looking over the counter in hopes Mrs. Berg will rescue her. Angelo shakes his head after a beat.

\*

(CONTINUED)

8

CONTINUED:

8

ANGELO

(continuing)

No...I hardly ever go to the movies. I mainly watch movies on...

Angelo backs off a step, squinting his eyes as one might do when confronted by an old master.

ANGELO

(continuing)

...I mainly watch movies on the tube...and you were in 'Good News', weren't you?

\*

MRS. BERG

You did the Varsity Drag.

ANGELO

(Surprised)

You're June Allyson?

JULIE

No, she's Melinda MacNeill -- you're Montgomery's mom!

MELINDA

Not the best billing I ever received -- but factual.

MRS. BERG comes forward, handing Julie a thick sheaf of papers, as per Sherwood's request, her mind - and eyes - still on Melinda - still awed. Julie backs toward the door, deeply impressed.

\*

JULIE

Montgomery's going to flip...  
He's in my class right now...  
he's...oh, wow!

And she turns, bolting out of the office and out into the corridor. Angelo is folding the note for Sherwood and goes to place it in the appropriate cubbyhole.

ANGELO

Hope you're not put out I didn't know your name?

MELINDA

(nicely)

Why should I be...I didn't know yours, either.

It takes Angelo a count to sort that out, then he smiles back at her, grateful for the ease with which she smoothed over an awkward beat for him, as we:

DIRECT CUT TO:

9

INT. CORRIDOR - FULL SHOT - DAY

9

The corridor, with classes in session, is empty, save for a HALLWAY MONITOR located at the intersection of the corridor. The Monitor looks up as he hears the oncoming FOOTSTEPS of a sprinting Julie Miller. The ANGLE ADJUSTS AS Julie speeds by, going at a flatout rate, never breaking stride or responding in anyway to the following:

HALLWAY MONITOR

Hallway pass?  
 (louder)  
 You have to have a hallway pass!  
 (and)  
 Don't run!

Julie disappears around the next corner. The Hallway Monitor looks after her departed form for a count, then, forlornly:

HALLWAY MONITOR

(continuing)  
 Habla Usted Espanol...?

DIRECT CUT TO:

10

INT. SHERWOOD'S CLASS - FULL SHOT - DAY

10

heads down for the students as they labor over what appears to be a difficult essay question. Sherwood is at her desk, using the "down" time to sort through some of the three-by-five index cards regarding the Parents' Night talent show. She glances at the door as it's opened by Julie, puffing slightly. Julie deposits the papers on Sherwood's desk, then moves to her seat.

SHERWOOD

Thank you, Julie...  
 (a look  
 at her watch)  
 Five minutes, people...

And her attention goes back to the three-by-five index cards.

11

ANGLE TO JULIE

11

who takes a small sheet of paper from a spiral notebook and quickly writes a few words on it.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

She folds the piece of paper over, then passes it to the student behind her, taking care that this isn't observed by Sherwood. We MOVE WITH the note as it goes from student to student, each reacting with careful caution as they glance at the addressee and then pass it on until it reaches Montgomery. He reacts with curiosity, looks to make sure Sherwood isn't spotting any of this, then he unfolds the note and starts to read.

12 TIGHTER - MONTGOMERY

12

reads the few words in a second or two. When his head lifts, it's clear that the information has produced a conflicting rush of emotions. Confusion, apprehension. And bottom line: hope. As he refolds the note, we:

DIRECT CUT TO:

13 INT. TEACHER'S LOUNGE - TIGHT ON LYDIA - DAY

13

having been summoned from dance class and accordingly garbed. She's looking o.s., smiling, excited, still a little puzzled. \*

LYDIA

And Montgomery doesn't know  
that you're our celebrity  
guest?

14 DIFFERENT ANGLE

14

REVEALING Melinda seated on the couch, stirring in some ersatz cream into her cup of coffee. She's doffed her coat, looks a little less freshly arrived.

MELINDA

Well, when Mr. Crandall wrote  
me...I just thought it might  
be a nice surprise for  
Montgomery as well as a change  
of pace for me.

LYDIA

A change of pace it will be  
for sure. But you don't have  
to put off starting a picture  
or anything like that...?

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

MELINDA

Miss Grant...my son's more important than any picture. ...And I've always wanted to see some show he was doing.

\*

LYDIA

Well, it's going to be a far cry from the kind of shows you're used to.

MELINDA

I understand. It's school

LYDIA

But we usually do exciting... good work. So, when Mr. Crandall's back went out...well, a lot of our preparation went out, too... I just don't want you to think we're usually so disorganized.

MELINDA

Miss Grant, I'll love the show, just because my son is a part of it.

(the modesty bit just a bit too much)

Please, just consider me another parent.

LYDIA

(buying it all)

But you're not. You're...you're someone I've always...I don't want us to look bad to you.

MELINDA

Look, if there's anything I can do to help...

LYDIA

No...really?...could?...would you?

MELINDA

Well, it's been a while, but I used to be pretty good at putting things like this on their feet...

LYDIA

You mean you'd...would you...?

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: (2)

14

MELINDA

(helping her say it)

Take over for Mr. Crandall? Yes if  
you'd like.

\*

O.S., the CLASS BELL SOUNDS. Lydia can't believe the offer that's been made. She has to move, reluctantly, toward the door.

LYDIA

Miss MacNeill....I've got to  
get to my class, but if you're  
serious about that...I mean,  
we'd be tickled pink to...

\*

(a laugh)

I sound like Julie Eisenhower!  
Yes! We'd love you to take  
over! We'll talk about it in  
an hour! Lunchtime! Cafeteria,  
okay?

MELINDA

I'll find it.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: (2)

14

Lydia explodes with exuberance as she takes up a sweater and heads on out the door, laughing with triumph. Melinda holds just a beat, then puts down her coffee and moves toward the lobby area on the other side of the entrance.

15 INT. LOBBY AREA - MELINDA - DAY

15

The area crowded with the class-changing process. Melinda moves out into the milling maelstrom, looking on with a small half-smile, interested, buoyed up by the youth and infectious energy. A few of the kids passing by glance at her with curiosity. Others react at once, recognizing her, a fact not wholly lost upon her, not one that's at all displeasing.

16 HIGHER ANGLE - MELINDA

16

shooting from the steps leading down to the lobby. We PULL BACK slightly TO REVEAL we are WATCHING Melinda's meandering progress from over Montgomery's shoulder.

17 REVERSE ANGLE - TIGHT ON MONTGOMERY

17

watching his mother with an enigmatic, guarded expression. After a beat, he makes a decision and turns on his heel, moving up the stairs and away from any meeting possibility on the lobby area, as we HOLD a QUICK COUNT, and then we:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

17A INT. CORRIDOR - SMALL STAIRWELL AREA - DAY

17A

The tide of students is one headed from upper floors down to the ground floor. Montgomery approaches the stairway and decides he's not much of a salmon and will pass on attempting to swim upstream. He moves off to one side, letting the others pass. Doris moves down the steps, strides past him, then his presence registers and she reverses course.

DORIS

Congratulations.

MONTGOMERY

What for?

DORIS

Julie said your mother's here.

MONTGOMERY

Yeah, that's what she said.

DORIS

'She Said'? Haven't you checked to find out for sure? Haven't you seen her?

MONTGOMERY

(shakes head)

We'll run into each other sooner or later.

DORIS

Well, being as it's lunch hour and being as that's where the world is going right now, have you considered the off chance that she might be in the cafeteria?

MONTGOMERY

Hey, I'll catch up with her when I catch up with her.

DORIS

Montgomery -- you're not being fair.

Montgomery's look, for just an instant, flashes with some anger.

MONTGOMERY

Look -- you don't know what the history is, okay? So, ease off on telling me who's being fair and who's being unfair. I know her a little bit better than you do.

(CONTINUED)



17A CONTINUED

17A

DORIS

You mean your mother, right?

MONTGOMERY

Right.

DORIS

I wasn't talking about your mother. I was talking about you not being fair to me.

MONTGOMERY

Doris...how am I being unfair to you?

DORIS

Montgomery -- the closest I have ever been to a star in my life was when Jan Peerce sang "The Bluebird of Happiness" at my Aunt Lillian's wedding. Now there is a real live star-person on the premises, and I am talking to someone who could pave the way with an introduction. You. I'm asking a favor, in other words. If you want to turn me down, then turn me down, but you ought to consider it as practice, because an awful lot of people are goin to be asking.

They just stare at each other a beat, and Montgomery's silence serves to deliver the message. Doris nods firmly, a kind of so-be-it, and moves off. We HOLD on MONTGOMERY as he looks after her, then moves for the steps.

WIDER ANGLE - THE STAIRWELL

One or two kids, the stragglers, now moving down the steps. Montgomery moves past them and OUT of SIGHT. We HOLD on the empty staircase a beat, and then:

MONTGOMERY'S VOICE

(w/slight ECHO)

Ah, the Hell with it.

A beat, then he reappears, coming down the steps with the air of one who might as well get it over with as quickly as possible.

\*

FADE IN:

18 INT. CAFETERIA - FULL SHOT - DAY

18

as Melinda is ushered into the cafeteria by Lydia and Sherwood, both of them thoroughly pleased to have such a lady at their beck and call. The kids milling about react to the trio with curious looks and furtive whispers. Sherwood is speaking as they enter:

SHERWOOD

Actually, it's not for me, but my mother...she lives in Tennessee...she's always been one of your biggest fans. It would really be a big thrill for her.

MELINDA

(nicely)

Could it wait a while? Say, till after lunch? I'm famished.

LYDIA

That's a statement only first time visitors make here. This is not gourmet style, I'm afraid.

MELINDA

Well, that's all to the good. Maybe it'll help me drop a pound or two. They always say you can't be too rich, too thin, or --

She stops, looking toward the far end of the cafeteria.

19 HER POV - FORESHORTENED

19

We catch a glimpse of Montgomery as he enters the cafeteria through the door at the other end of the room. He nods, smiling, to some of the kids, then seems to sense the scrutiny he's receiving from the opposite end of the area. He looks to Melinda. His smile has the vitality of a balloon with a small leak.

20 BACK ON LYDIA, SHERWOOD, AND MELINDA

20

as Lydia and Sherwood follow Melinda's look and register her small wave to Montgomery.

SHERWOOD

Haven't you seen Montgomery yet....!

MELINDA

I didn't know where to find him...

(beat, and)

...till now. Excuse me.

They nod their understanding and watch as Melinda, her smile growing, heads away from them toward Montgomery o.s.

21 ANGLE TO MELINDA

21

as she wends her way through the lines of youngsters. The sense of her cross is the kind of thing one associates with Ann Miller greeting Tony Martin when his troop ship docked. She's receiving a few looks.

22 ON MONTGOMERY

22

smiling uneasily, moving toward her, wishing there was a more private area for this reunion to take place. The ANGLE WIDENS as he reaches Melinda and she embraces him warmly. He responds as best he can, breaking the embrace before she does. She steps back, taking him in.

MELINDA

You've gained weight.

MONTGOMERY

No, I haven't, actually.

(beat, and)

You look fine.

MELINDA

(shaking head)

Actually -- I've gained weight.

MONTGOMERY

Shows how well we keep in touch, I guess.

MELINDA

I wanted to surprise you.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

MONTGOMERY

Well, you accomplished that.  
How long are you here for?

MELINDA

(smiling with  
pride)

About two weeks.

MONTGOMERY

You're kidding...

MELINDA

Young man -- you are speaking  
to the guest celebrity and  
director of the Parents' Night  
Show. I am in charge.

MONTGOMERY

How did you get to be --

MELINDA

Timing and talent. The  
unbeatable combination.

MONTGOMERY

But, your new picture...

MELINDA

...is not as important as  
seeing you and your friends.  
What will you be doing in the  
show?

MONTGOMERY

Stagehand.

Melinda's smile develops a list. She tries to keep it  
floating, but it's an uphill struggle.

MELINDA

Well.

23 ANGLE TO LYDIA AND SHERWOOD

23

setting out their calorie conscious lunches at the  
teachers' table, glancing to the other end of the cafe-  
teria, then both reacting with smiles as Shorofsky  
appears, a cup of tea in one hand, a brown bag lunch  
in the other. As he seats himself:

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

SHERWOOD

Mr. Shorofsky -- guess who is directing the Parents' Night Show?!

SHOROFSKY

Don't know.

LYDIA

Take a look.

He follows Lydia's glance and peers to the other end of the room.

24 POV - MELINDA AND MONTGOMERY

24

as they move off to one of the side tables where we might note Bruno, Julie, Danny, Coco, Leroy, and Doris are seated, along with some other kids.

25 BACK ON SHOROFSKY, LYDIA, SHERWOOD

25

His vision isn't that of an eagle, but it's sufficient.

LYDIA

You know who that is? \*

SHOROFSKY

It's Melinda MacNeill \*

SHERWOOD

It certainly is.

SHOROFSKY

(beat, and)

Years ago...she toured with a nightclub act...and she came to a place where I was working nights and I was her accompanist for two weeks. The Commodore Perry Hotel. Toledo, Ohio.

(beat, and,  
with a smile)

I spent a number of nights with her in her room and we had a very pleasant time. \*

Dismissing that reverie, he starts to unwrap his brown bagger, concentrating on the intricacy of removing a shell from a hard-boiled egg, oblivious of the astonished looks moving back and forth between Sherwood and Lydia. He looks up, unconcerned.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

SHOROFSKY

(continuing)

Who's got the salt?

As it's handed over to him:

26 ANGLE TO MONTGOMERY AND MELINDA

26

standing at the end of the table where the Core Group is having lunch, all of them looking on Melinda with interest and respect, though it's not as if they were in awe of being in the presence of a bona fide professional.

MELINDA

Look, now -- he runs on and on about all of you in his letters. I know you better than you know yourselves.

MONTGOMERY

Mother --

MELINDA

Well, it's so. I do. I'll prove it. Which one is Mr. Johnson?

Before Leroy can respond.

BRUNO

That's me.

MELINDA

(beat, and)

You're the dancer.

BRUNO

It's my life.

MELINDA

I can tell. The way you're coiled there...that's a dancer's body.

BRUNO

Thank you.

Her gaze swings quickly to Danny.

(CONTINUED)

MELINDA

That means you're Mr. Martelli.

DANNY

(enjoying it)

If you say so.

MELINDA

Have you managed to overcome some of your problems?

DANNY

What...problems?

MELINDA

Well, Montgomery's written me about your drinking problem, about your father's tie-in with organized crime, and about your confusion over your sexual preference.

There is a beat of non-plussed stillness at the table, then Melinda's look swings meaningfully to Bruno. He glances at Montgomery.

BRUNO

She's good, Montgomery...she's really good.

AD LIBS from the others acknowledging that Melinda wasn't fooled one whit by Bruno's put-on. It's good-natured and loose. Only Montgomery reacts with some restraint. A response, or lack of one, noted by Doris.

MONTGOMERY

Well -- look -- I'll let you guys all get to know each other. I've got some reading to do in the library.

MELINDA

I'll be in the school office after school. We'll arrange something for dinner.

MONTGOMERY

Sure thing.

Montgomery moves off, the others, except Doris, turning their attention to Melinda once again.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED: (2)

26

MELINDA

Okay -- I'm going to tackle the food line over there? Anybody volunteer to be my guide. I'm told it's pretty treacherous.

Julie and Coco react with laughter, rising, AD LIBBING their willingness to act as pilot fish through these dangerous waters. The two girls and Melinda move off toward the foodline as we TIGHTEN ON the four left at the table.

LEROY

I heard she might be in charge of part of the show on Parents' Night. That right?

BRUNO

I think so.

Leroy reacts with anger, rapping a fist against the table.

LEROY

And I didn't even try out! That's just my luck...get a chance to work with someone like Montgomery's Momma -- who's worked with everybody -- and I decide not to even try out for the show!

Doris rises quietly from her seat and moves off, her move not noted heavily by the three remaining young men.

DANNY

Hey...do like me and Doris. Only Crandall knows who tried out.  
Go do your thing for her.  
She'll never know.

Leroy is uncertain. He looks to Bruno.

BRUNO

That's very devious.  
(beat, and)  
It'll also probably work; I'd try it if I were you.

And on Leroy's growing smile of nefarious intrigue, we:

DIRECT CUT TO:



27 ( INT. SCHOOL LIBRARY - MONTGOMERY - DAY 27

did, indeed, have some reading to do in the library, but has also carried his mood on up the steps with him. He pulls out a book from the shelf, glances at the title tentatively, then puts the book back in place.

28 CLOSER - MONTGOMERY - TOWARD BOOKSHELVES 28

as he pulls a second book free and finds himself looking through the empty space at a Schwartz eye.

DORIS

Put that book back, Mister.  
We're dressing in here.

29 DIFFERENT ANGLE 29

as Montgomery puts the book back and moves to the end of the aisle where he rendezvous with a beaming Doris and they move to one of the small reading tables nearby. There are no QUIET signs, no greying librarian. The conversation is conducted in quiet tones, but not in hushed whispers. None of the passing students ever look up to "shush" either one.

MONTGOMERY

You followed me up here.

DORIS

Sexual harassment. Sue me.

MONTGOMERY

Seriously -- why'd you follow me?

DORIS

I'm curious.

MONTGOMERY

About what?

DORIS

About why someone is bummed out about having a parent who is bright and pretty and funny and talented. There are worse curses to have, you know.

Montgomery views her for a beat, not angry at the prying, just having had a little more experience at this game than has Doris.

MONTGOMERY

You ever see 'Citizen Kane'?

DORIS

Of course.

(CONTINUED)

MONTGOMERY

More than once?

DORIS

Three times.

MONTGOMERY

Why not four?

DORIS

Well -- after a while --

MONTGOMERY

(finishing for her)

You know what 'Rosebud' is.  
You know the twists and turns.  
You know what's coming.

DORIS

Yeah.

MONTGOMERY

Same thing with me and my mother.  
I've seen the act before. I know  
what's coming; I know how it's  
going to turn out.

DORIS

(beat, and)

Why do you think it's an act?  
Why not...she was just talking  
to some people her kid hangs  
out with and she was being  
nice. Why not that?

MONTGOMERY

Because I've seen her do it  
with agents and lawyers and  
boyfriends and...you name it.  
I've seen it enough times;  
I know how it'll turn out.

DORIS

How?

MONTGOMERY

It'll end up with her centerstage  
in a spotlight...and the rest  
of the world watching from the  
wings.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: (2)

29

MONTGOMERY (CONT'D)

(quietly)

I've been there almost all  
my life with her. And I hate  
it.

He doesn't want to go on, doesn't want to leave, so simply opens the book on top of the pack and starts to read. Doris studies him for a count, then rises, her hand brushing lightly on his arm as she leaves, a farewell and a contact all in one. We HOLD ON Montgomery as he looks at the printed page, not really reading, and then we:

DIRECT CUT TO:

30 INT. DANCE CLASS - FULL SHOT - DAY

30

MUSIC #2 ROCK OUT LEROY

P.B. #2715-2-NV (1:00est)

Temp. track - To be post-scored

as a DRIVING ROCK NUMBER fills the air and Leroy seemingly responds by filling the room itself with movement. It's Mister Johnson at his utmost, a portrait of youth and fun and delight.

31 REVERSE ANGLE - LYDIA AND MELINDA

31

Lydia regarding Leroy's efforts with a certain justifiable pride. Melinda is also intrigued, and impressed, but there's a modicum of questioning doubt in the look, too.

32 BACK TO LEROY - ANGLES TO COVER

32

as the short dance comes to an end, Leroy holding a stunning sort of tableau pose at the climax. Lydia and Melinda applaud, but there is still a difference in their response.

LYDIA

Leroy, that was wonderful.

LEROY

Yeah, I know.

(to Melinda)

What'd you think?

MELINDA

It was...really nice.

LEROY

'Nice?'

(CONTINUED)

MELINDA

Really.

LEROY

Well, does doin' 'really nice'  
get me into the show?

MELINDA

(evading)

I'll...have to talk to Miss  
Grant. We'll let you know.

Leroy is surprised and disappointed, as is Lydia, though her reaction is tempered with some curiosity as well. Leroy snatches up a towel from the piano and heads for the corridor, speaking as he goes.

LEROY

I been called 'bad', and I been  
called 'fierce' and I been called  
'fantastic'!

(beat, and)

But: 'nice'? Leroy the Kid --  
nice?

And he's out the door, throwing one last look to Lydia, a look that demands some kind of reparation for being called "nice". Melinda goes to the cassette player, starts to look through the dance bag located nearby. Lydia watches her, and:

LYDIA

You're not sure if Leroy's  
good enough to be in the show?

MELINDA

Well, he's fine at that kind of  
dancing, but I wanted to ask you  
how versatile he is.

LYDIA

Leroy's able to handle anything  
I can throw at him.

MELINDA

You don't think the twenties  
motif will give him too much  
to cope with?

LYDIA

(beat, and)

What...twenties motif?

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: (2)

32

Melinda takes an appropriate hat out of her dance bag and places it jauntily on her head, as: \*

MELINDA

Our show needs a theme, Miss Grant.

LYDIA

(still not too upset,  
but - )

It has one. We're showing the parents what we're doing here.

MELINDA

That's not a theme...that's...an excuse.

Lydia's back goes up, but she says nothing, and keeps smiling...though the smile is growing a bit forced. Melinda vamps a few 20's steps as:

MELINDA

(continued)

My guess is that these parents have seen the things you usually do with their kids...But not something they've never done before...something new.

LYDIA

Something new....like...Charleston  
(insert names of tap  
steps as she does them)

MELINDA

Exactly.

Lydia smiles uneasily, attempting to be the diplomat.

LYDIA

Well...maybe we could do this: show the steps as they've evolved. From the... old days to the present time. A sort of dance progression.

She moves to the cassette player and finds an applicable cartridge, pops it into the machine.

LYDIA

(continued)

I think the audience might like it and it'd give the kids a chance to do more than just...  
(the diplomat)

To do more.

34 As the MUSIC STARTS:

34

MUSIC #3 SWEET SUE  
P.B. #2715-3-NV ( : )  
Pre-recorded

MELINDA

I certainly agree that dance has changed, Miss Grant...but I'm not sure how much of that change is progress. I mean...what kind of improvement is anyone going to make on this?

And she executes a familiar, albeit appealing, old fashioned turn. At the end of that turn, her look to Lydia is both a challenge and a question. Lydia's dance response is to start off with a piece that has the same 'feel' as Melinda's, then expands into something very much its own thing. Melinda answers with a step of her own, a little more complex, though still from another time. Lydia's enjoying the challenge now and responds with a series of moves that are relayed, but represent an expansion. Thus is the M.O. established, both determined to carry the day, yet swept up in the zest of being pushed to the limits of their own prodigious skills. When the dance is finished, they hold their looks to one another. Their smiles are respectful, friendly, but neither has converted the other.

LYDIA

Well....I suppose it's something we'll just have to work out as we go along.

MELINDA

Well...you're so busy with your student evaluations....I wouldn't want to take you away from them. But I'll definitely keep your suggestions in mind...dear.

She did everything with that tone but pat Lydia on the head and send her off for naptime. Lydia supresses an angry retort and just moves for the door, slamming it with an admirable amount of energy, as we--

35  
thru OMITTED  
40

35  
thru  
40

41 INT. OFFICE - ON LYDIA - DAY

as she moves into the office, her dance bag over her shoulder, clearly heading home after a long and wearying day. There are a few clerks in view, as well as SHERWOOD, who is leaning against the counter. They exchange a grim look, THEN:

\*

LYDIA

Don't ask.

\*

SHERWOOD

I wasn't going to. I have my own problems....New wardrobe, new comedy skits, new...

(can't resist)

What's your story?

LYDIA

(shrugs, as if she doesn't want to talk about it, then explodes:)

She wouldn't listen to a word I said!  
She is the most pig-headed, most difficult,

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED

41 \*

LYDIA  
(continuing)  
most demanding woman I have ever  
met!

SHERWOOD  
Takes one to know one.  
(at once)  
Joke. Funny joke.

Lydia looks at her sharply, then they both grin, and  
Lydia bursts out laughing.

LYDIA  
Thanks, I needed that.

SHERWOOD  
Here's another laugh for you.

Sherwood hands Lydia a folded up piece of paper. As  
Lydia unfolds it and starts to read:

SHERWOOD  
(continuing)  
Our erstwhile impressario stopped  
in to give me her autograph for my Mom.  
She also gave me that. It's a list of  
special guests she'd like us to invite  
to Parents' Night.

When Lydia lifts her head, her expression mirrors the  
suspicions building inside Elizabeth.

LYDIA  
These names are all agents and produ-  
cers' representatives.

SHERWOOD  
(quietly)  
I wonder if our 'celebrity guest'  
isn't using this show as her own  
private New York City audition...

And as the problems inherent in that possibility sink in,  
we:

FREEZE FRAME.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO



ACT THREE

42 FADE IN:

42

INT. DRAMA REHEARSAL ROOM - FULL SHOT - DAY

Danny and Doris stand onstage, both looking ill-at-ease. Scattered about the room as "audience" are Bruno, Julie, Leroy, and Coco. They're trying to like what's going on onstage, but trying, whether in comedy or sex, doesn't always make it happen.

DANNY

Morning. I'm looking for the Lady of the house. I'm here to inspect your plumbing.

DORIS

Did you bring a plumbers helper?

DANNY

I asked, but he was busy.

DORIS

Well, honey, our plumbing's fine. Hot water's hot, cold water's cold.

DANNY

But have you thought about getting a washer?

DORIS

There are some jobs a girl ought to do for herself.

DANNY

But I'll be happy to replace the washer you've got now.

DORIS

You wait here; I'll call him.

DANNY

What do you mean -- call "him?" Washers don't have a sex.

DORIS

Ats-a depend onda the temperature of-a da water!

She can't maintain. Doris throws up her hands in despairing dismay.

42 CONTINUED:

42

DORIS  
Forget it, creep! No way!

DANNY  
(honestly  
concerned)  
Did I hit you too hard?

DORIS  
Don't you understand, you lump?  
The pain is from the material!  
This is the unfunniest stuff  
I have ever heard!

DANNY  
They laughed at this stuff  
in the old days!

DORIS  
(fervently)  
Danny -- they have this rule  
in burlesque -- when the person  
who writes the joke dies, the  
joke dies with him. It's only  
fair. An act of consideration  
for coming generations.  
(to the onlookers)  
Is any of what we just did funny?

BRUNO  
Depends on how warped your sense  
of humor is, I guess.

DANNY  
Leroy -- what do you think?

LEROY  
Don't come to me looking for  
sympathy, man. Montgomery's  
momma told me I have to learn  
some dance called 'The Black  
Bottom'. I almost flattened  
the woman.

A moment of AD LIBBED reaction to this, then:

COCO  
Amatullo -- face it. That  
stuff isn't funny. It's grim.  
Dated. Boring. Corny.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED: (2)

42

DANNY

But apart from that --

DORIS

I'm going to go back to my solo singing spot.

DANNY

Doris, come on, now! You said --

DORIS

I said I'd try. Well, I have! But this stuff lays there like white rhythm; I am telling you this is a lost cause!

MELINDA (V.O.)

That's because you're not giving it a fair chance.

43 DIFFERENT ANGLE

43

as Melinda sweeps into the room, Montgomery trailing in behind, his apologetic smile to his compatriots hard to miss. As Melinda crosses to the stage:

MELINDA

You're still doing the "Plumbers  
Pleasure" skit, yes? \*

DORIS

Yes, the "Plumbers Pleasure" skit. \*

(to the cosmos)

Can you believe what I just  
said...?

Melinda moves to the stage, taking Doris' place at Danny's side. Doris moves gratefully into the audience segment of the room.

MELINDA

(to Danny)

Cue me. \*

Danny nods, assumes character, then:

DANNY

I'll be happy to replace the --  
washer you've got now. \*

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

43

MELINDA

(Betty Boop)

You wait here -- I'll call  
him!

\*

And she punctuates this with a grind that would make  
Tempest storm. The kids watching feel as if the Wax  
Museum is coming to life before their very eyes.

MELINDA

(continuing;  
to Doris)

You won't get the laugh if  
you don't punctuate it.  
Needs a ta-da.

DORIS

Ta-da. Gotcha.

MELINDA

Any of you other girls want  
to try it, see if you can get  
the hang of it?

There are a number of things that Coco and Julie would  
like to do before learning "ta-da's" for a burlesque skit.  
Jumping into a pile of sea urchins comes to mind, for  
example.

JULIE

No, thank you. I've got to  
get my books for first hour.

Forgetting the fact that she has her books in her lap.

COCO

Nice of you to offer, but...  
no. Thanks, anyway.

The WARNING BELL for First Hour allows all of them to  
head for the door and some kind of escape. As they start  
out, Bruno is the last to exit and is therefore stopped  
by:

MELINDA

Uh, Bruno...

BRUNO

(dreading this)

Yes ma'am...?

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED: (2)

43

MELINDA

I noticed on the sheet your  
musical composition is entitled  
"Carved Smiles".

BRUNO

Yes, ma'am.

MELINDA

That doesn't sound very twenties  
to me.

BRUNO

Uh...it isn't. But...I like  
it...and the dancers like it.

MELINDA

But it's not...in theme.

BRUNO

We'll wear straw hats. Red-and-  
white blazers. Would that  
help?

MELINDA

(a beat, and)

What would 'help' is for you to  
ditch that sarcasm and come up  
with a twenties number or consider  
yourself out of the show.

BRUNO

My father's coming to see me...

MELINDA

(beat, and)

Your father is coming to the  
show. Whether or not he's  
going to see you remains to  
be seen.

Zap. Gunfighter time. Bruno looks at her evenly, then  
his glance goes off to Montgomery just for a beat.  
Montgomery would pick any spot on the earth to be but  
where he is right now. A beat, then Bruno simply turns  
and leaves the room. Melinda turns back into the room  
to collect the bags and whatnot that she dropped when  
first entering the room.

MONTGOMERY

Mom...you're going about some  
of this all wrong...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED: (3)

43

MONTGOMERY (CONT'D)

...if you don't mind my saying  
so.

MELINDA

No. I love being told I'm  
wrong. What are you talking  
about?

MONTGOMERY

Well, it's just that this  
twenties thing is kind of  
getting in the way.

MELINDA

(wryly)

Said the stagehand to the  
director.

MONTGOMERY

(quietly)

Said the son to the mother.

MELINDA

Montgomery, I was making a  
joke.

MONTGOMERY

So was I. Just... \*

didn't know it at the time...

With that, Montgomery turns and strides from the room,  
pulling the door shut with some force. Melinda stands a-  
lone in the center of the room, not exactly knowing what  
to make of his exit as we HOLD a beat, and then we:

DIRECT CUT TO:

44 INT. SCHOOL OFFICE - ON SHERWOOD - DAY

44

using one of the phones located on the Clerk's desks.  
Shorofsky is at his mail cubbyhole going through the  
effluvium of the day thus far, then he moves to the  
counter to check something on the day's schedule.  
Though he can hear Sherwood's side of the conversation,  
it's not something very important to him and draws no  
large reactions. He just goes about his business.

SHERWOOD

Well, don't get mad at me,  
damnit...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

44

SHERWOOD (CONT'D)

I'm just delivering the message. The truth is, we are getting more publicity on this show than we did on last year's. Or the year before that.

(listens, and)

How is your back?

(beat, and)

I'm sorry to hear that. No, I mean I'm really sorry to hear it. Not just sympathy talking, at all.

In the b.g., Melinda comes in, moving to the counter and starting to go over some of the paperwork she's collected in the logistics of putting on the show, trying to straighten things out as best she can. Shorofsky looks over at her with a courtly smile. Sherwood, unlike Shorofsky, becomes most interested on the exchange that develops between Melinda and Shorofsky after the conversation with Crandall is concluded.

SHERWOOD

(continuing)

I'll keep you posted. You do what they tell you. Bye, now.

45 INTERCUT BETWEEN

45

Shorofsky and Melinda at the counter and Sherwood as she tunes in while seated at the desk.

SHOROFSKY

Good morning.

MELINDA

(polite, but casual)

Hello.

SHOROFSKY

You don't remember, do you...

MELINDA

I beg your pardon...

SHOROFSKY

My feelings aren't hurt. It's been a number of years.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

45

MELINDA

I'm not sure what we're talking about.

SHOROFSKY

We are talking about Toledo, Ohio...the Commodore Perry Hotel ...we are talking about seeing the sun come up over the Maumee River...

She has started to look at him now with a combination of disbelief and growing interest. He beams and basks in her change of listening attitude.

SHOROFSKY

(continuing)

Imagine...no beard. Jet black hair. A waistline not quite as...imposing.

MELINDA

(long beat,  
and)Benjamin.

And Sherwood is planted firmly in the Twilight Zone.

SHOROFSKY

Those were good times, weren't they?

MELINDA

The best...when I think of how much you taught me.

SHOROFSKY

Oh, if it wasn't me, it would have been somebody else. And don't forget -- you taught me, too.

MELINDA

But you were so patient with me. I've always remembered those nights with...oh, with such fond thoughts of you. It really was special.

(beat, and)

Could we do it again, do you think?

(CONTINUED)



45 CONTINUED: (2)

45

SHOROFSKY

How about lunch hour?

\*

MELINDA

Your class room?

SHOROFSKY

Students might come in.  
How about the teachers' lounge?

MELINDA

The teachers' lounge it is. And  
I don't want you to show me any  
mercy. I want the old Benjamin  
Blitzkrieg.

SHOROFSKY

No promises...but I'll do what  
I can.

Melinda beams at this, collects some of the papers she's  
been sorting through, then moves for the door.

MELINDA

Okay, then. Don't you disappoint  
me, now.

SHOROFSKY

Never.

With a jaunty wave, Melinda is out the door. Shorofsky  
watches her go with a small smile, then senses Sherwood  
looking at him. The look is one of stunned speculation.

SHOROFSKY

(continuing)

Nothing brightens the day more  
than having something to break  
the tedium.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED: (3)

45

SHOROFSKY (CONT'D)

Don't you find that to be so?

SHERWOOD

I...well...I suppose so.  
Depends on what it is...I  
guess.

SHOROFSKY

The classic challenge of penetrating  
defenses...I love it.

With that explanation apparently sufficient, Shorofsky  
smiles his farewell to Sherwood, then moves on out the  
door and into the corridor.

46 CLOSER - SHERWOOD

46

They didn't tell her about this at Hunter. She continues  
to stare after Shorofsky. Her expression is such that  
it draws a wondering look from Mrs. Berg, who's passing by.

MRS. BERG

Miss Sherwood -- are you all  
right?

SHERWOOD

(abstracted)

Yes...I'm fine...

MRS. BERG

Oh...(unsure) is there anything I can do  
for you?

SHERWOOD

(considers, and)

Could...you possibly check  
my file...see if I've got  
any sick leave coming?

Off Mrs. Berg's bemused reaction:

DIRECT CUT TO:

47 INT. MUSIC PRACTICE ROOM - ON GUITAR - DAY

47

MUSIC #4 MONTGOMERY'S ELECTRIC GUITAR

P.B. #2715-4-NV ( :20est)

To be recorded live on this set

as a number of CHORDS are struck and we WIDEN TO FIND  
Montgomery playing the instrument with a driven kind of  
intensity. We watch this angry RIFF (Not from "THE DESERT  
SONG") for a beat, then note Doris as she appears in the  
window looking into the room.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

47

A beat as she studies Montgomery and also cranks up some gumption on her part, then she moves out of view momentarily and then slips in through the door. At first, he doesn't realize she's there, so she announces her presence by the simple expedient of pulling the plug on his guitar. He looks over and reacts to seeing her with a small smile.

MONTGOMERY

The music was that bad?

DORIS

The music was fine, but it can wait and I can't.

(beat, and)

I think...I'm going to have a problem.

MONTGOMERY

Which means you hope that I'm going to have a solution.

DORIS

Yeah...see...I'm bowing out of this thing with Danny. Which sort of leaves him in the lurch and out of the show. It does, that is, unless...uh...

MONTGOMERY

...unless you can find a replacement.

DORIS

Yeah. I was sort of thinking along those lines.

MONTGOMERY

And you were wondering if I knew anybody.

DORIS

The thought crossed my mind.

(beat, and)

And it'd be a nice surprise for your Mom.

MONTGOMERY

Not tell her, you mean...?

DORIS

Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED: (2)

47

MONTGOMERY

But that material is rotten,  
Doris. I mean, that's why  
you're asking out, right?

DORIS

But you've got the perfect  
excuse to change the material  
now. You're going from a boy-  
girl skit, to two guys. You  
can do anything you want to do  
and justify it.

This last seems to strike a spark in Montgomery. He looks  
at Doris for a beat, the wheels turning, then:

MONTGOMERY

I suppose that's true, isn't  
it...we could change that  
number to almost anything we  
wanted it to be...

(beat, and)

She's never seen me do anything  
on stage...

(firmly)

Count me in.

And he's moving for the door and out of the room. Doris is  
a little concerned by his commitment and the shading  
his decision seemed to have. She looks after him, and:

DORIS

Montgomery...what are you going  
to do?

MONTGOMERY

I'm going to talk to my Mom--  
but I'm not going to say a word.

And he heads on out the door, as we:

FREEZE FRAME:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

48 INT. DANCE REHEARSAL CLASS - FULL SHOT - DAY 48

MUSIC #5 BLACK BOTTOM  
 P.B. #2715-5-NV (2:30est)  
 Temp. track - To be post-scored

The dance troupe is going through their paces on a Melinda-choreographed version of "The Black Bottom." The moves are precise and they're doing the best they can with it, but it's a bit "cute", a bit kitschy, and their expressions tend to reflect how they feel about that.

49 ANGLE TOWARD PIANO - JULIE AND BRUNO 49

He's playing accompaniment for the dance and feels rather like a traitor to the cause. Julie's expression is equally as unenthusiastic as she turns the page of the sheet music for him.

50 ANGLE TO FRONT OF CLASS - MELINDA 50

watching the dancers with intense approval, willing them with her own body English, mimicing some of the steps unconsciously. We PAN OFF her TO FIND Lydia standing in the doorway. This is not the kind of excellence she had in mind. We HOLD ON her a beat, and then we:

DIRECT CUT TO:

51 INT. CAFETERIA - LYDIA AND SHERWOOD - DAY 51

moving along the chowline, finding little that excites anything but a need to join Meals for Millions. Lydia's exasperation also has her attention split. She barely looks at the food, concentrating instead on mentally kicking herself as:

SHERWOOD

I mean -- you can see it on their faces. They hate what she has them doing.

LYDIA

Me and my big mouth! I had to go and offer her the job. Now we can't back out of it. And even if we could, it would blow the Parents' Night Show. Face it, Elizabeth, we're stuck.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED

51

SHERWOOD

There has to be something we  
can do.

\*

LYDIA

Probably not...  
(on a sigh)  
But I'll try.

SHERWOOD

Try what?

LYDIA

To get through to her...see if I  
can't straighten her out about how  
things run around here.

They are at the cashier now, and Sherwood notes that there is not one item on Lydia's tray. She indicates this with a nod.

SHERWOOD

Okay. You go talk to her;  
I'll even buy your lunch  
as a thank you.

A mock curtsy from Lydia, who moves off toward the exit to the corridor. Sherwood waits for the cashier to total her order, then hands her a bill and waits for her change.

52 CLOSER - SHERWOOD

52

waiting patiently, gaze moving casually over to;

53 ANGLE TO TABLE

53

A few teachers seated at the table, chatting quietly. The last few seats at the table are vacant.

54 BACK ON SHERWOOD

54

as a prior conversation surfaces.

SHERWOOD

Mr. Shorofsky...

CLICK.

55 WIDER ANGLE

55

as Sherwood turns away from the cashier, looking about hopefully, then realizing that Lydia has left the cafeteria area. A look of alarm flows over her face and she starts for the doorway, detouring slightly to deposit her food tray on a convenient table, then takes off for the hallway.

- 56 INT. HALLWAY - FULL SHOT - DAY 56  
 as Sherwood emerges from the cafeteria and executes a swift careening turn that starts her down the corridor in the direction of the lobby area.
- 57 ANGLES TO COVER 57  
 Sherwood doesn't break into a run, but her walk is one that's motivated by a need to combine decorum with speed. A few of the kids she passes by glance at her with puzzlement.
- 58 LOBBY AREA 58  
 as Sherwood comes into the area, looking off to:
- 59 HER POV - LYDIA 59  
 Just now pulling open the door to the faculty lounge. The window shade has been lowered. She quickly steps inside, pulling the door shut.
- 60 SHERWOOD 60  
 arrived too late at the crossing. She sags against the wall, then once again she reacts to something o.s.
- 61 HER POV - LYDIA 61  
 comes out of the Faculty Lounge, expression noncommittal. She starts back in the direction of Sherwood's locale.
- 62 TWO SHOT - LYDIA AND SHERWOOD 62  
 Sherwood's voice is somewhere east of the moon. Her look is a question and Lydia replies with some offhanded disappointment.

LYDIA

Wasn't the time or place for any kind of conversation; she and Shorofsky are having at it in there.

SHERWOOD

(beat, and)

Having at...it...?

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED

62

She moves past Lydia, opens the faculty door lounge a crack, and:

\*

62A ANGLE - OVER SHERWOOD'S SHOULDER INTO THE FACULTY LOUNGE

\*

where Melinda and Shorofsky are in deep concentration on opposite sides of the table -- on which a chess game is in progress. Sherwood closes the door and looks back to Lydia.

SHERWOOD

Chess...They're playing chess...

Sherwood is relieved, and both of them are stunned as they move back toward the cafeteria...EXITING THE FRAME. We HOLD ON some students in the lobby area who are just now hoisting into position a banner which reads: PARENTS' NIGHT - COME ONE, COME ALL. We HOLD ON the operation a beat, and then we:

DIRECT CUT TO:

63 INT. LOBBY AREA - MATCH CUT - NIGHT

63

The difference in the lighting telling the passage of time. We come OFF the banner as Bruno, Angelo, and Julie come in from the exterior. Angelo wears a suit, lapels a shade too narrow and the tie a bit too wide. As they move Angelo is excited, and hurries the kids along - no mean feat, as they schlep along with him unwillingly. As they move through the lobby area, we note a few dancers going through some warmup routines while off in one of the corners a few other students have a platform on its back and are doing some last minute adjustments in that department.

\*

ANGELO

Listen, if you kids did it, it's great.

\*

BRUNO

Well, it's just not the kind of thing we normally do, Pop.

JULIE

So, don't get your hopes up, Mr. Martelli.

ANGELO

Don't undersell yourselves. Listen, how can you miss? Everyone loves Melinda MacNeill...

(on a shrug)

(CONTINUED)



63 CONTINUED

63

ANGELO

(continuing)

Except, maybe, the guys who'd rather  
see Perez and Goldman. \*

BRUNO

That's what we should do tomorrow  
night - go see Perez and Goldman.

JULIE

Yeah...

And as they continue down the corridor, away from CAMERA

JULIE (V.O.)

(continuing)

Who're Perez and Goldman?

DIRECT CUT TO:

64 INT. DANCE ROOM - MAKE-UP MIRROR - NIGHT

64

containing the image of Doris Schwartz. She's applying some eye makeup regarding herself with a combination of appraisal and undemanding adoration. At some point in time, Doris Schwartz will be in her trailer till it's perfect.

There are two or three other makeup tables that have been brought into the area and all are occupied by various of the performers for the dress rehearsal. As Doris surveys her handiwork, Lydia steps into view, a look that's loaded for bear on her face.

LYDIA

Doris -- have you seen Mrs.  
MacNeill?

DORIS

She's in the star's dressing room. \*

LYDIA

(puzzled)

We don't have a star's dressing room.

DORIS

Wrong. What we don't have - anymore -  
is a teacher's lounge.

Lydia does a slow burn as she absorbs this.

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED

64

LYDIA

(Imitating Doris'  
tone for)Wrong. There are no stars in this  
school...and no star dressing rooms...  
and...very frequently...

\*

(as her tone says, 'as in  
right now')a desperate need for a teachers'  
lounge.

Lydia turns moving off, destination clear. A beat, then  
Danny comes up, wearing a great looking suit and tie,  
none of it in the twenties mold. It's dark in color,  
almost formal. He looks after Lydia, then his gaze meets  
Doris' in the mirror.

DORIS

Montgomery all set?

DANNY

Coming out in a couple minutes.

\*

Danny stops, looking off to:

65 POV - LEROY

65

wearing white slacks, shirt, bow tie, and a striped  
blazer. He also sports a straw hat. He moves to Doris  
and Danny, his look one that dares them to make any  
crack, any comment. Both of them simply meet his gaze.

DORIS

(dryly)  
You look dapper.

\*

DANNY

Great hat, too.

LEROY

(hopefully)  
You really think so...?

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED:

65

Danny and Doris exchange a look, then Doris reaches out and brings Leroy closer to the mirror and allows him to regard what they've done to him. His expression is somber, then finally he just groans and falls in a phony faint against the table as Danny and Doris laughingly support him and we:

DIRECT CUT TO:

66 INT. TEACHERS' LOUNGE- ON MELINDA - NIGHT

66 \*

working on her makeup carefully, using a magnifying mirror to assure she's got every possible edge. There's tightness, an edge to her expression as she works. She glances up as the door is opened and Lydia comes in.

MELINDA

Are they ready?

LYDIA

(shakes head)

Five minutes or so.

She moves to Melinda, who resumes her makeup chores.

LYDIA

(continuing)

You look very nice, Mrs. MacNeill.

MELINDA

Don't you think I need more base?

LYDIA

(studying her)

No...

MELINDA

(looks, decides)

Just a little.

She starts to apply more base. Lydia watches, then, carefully...

LYDIA

May I ask you something while you are doing that?

MELINDA

Um-hum.

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED:

66

LYDIA

Have we forgotten who we're putting this show on for?

MELINDA

We're putting it on for the parents of the students. I haven't forgotten that.

LYDIA

But the parents want to see the kids doing their best, doing whatever it is they think they do best.

\*

MELINDA

Miss Grant - they have to be able to dance everything a choreographer wants them to dance - they have to know it all.

\*

LYDIA

They'll know it all, Mrs. MacNeill... by the time I finish with them they'll be able to work for any choreographer - anywhere!...But right now...right now they're showing what they've learned so far...and that's not burlesque skits and razz-ama-tazz dance numbers. That's not what they do best - right now...

\*

(quietly)

It's what you do best.

MELINDA

(a little uneasy)

I didn't have to do this, you know. Helping out in an amateur production like this... when I got the letter asking me to be celebrity guest...I was just doing a favor, and for you to say things like that...

LYDIA

Is that why you asked so many agents to come see the show... because you were doing us a 'favor'?

(simply)

There wasn't any movie, was there...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Melinda says nothing for a long beat. She looks from Lydia to the mirror. She regards her image there for a count. She can lie to the press and the people all day and all night. That damned piece of silvered glass is simply impossible to fool. Her face seems to sag and her hands lift, covering her eyes. Very little sound emerges, but the movement of her shoulders tells Lydia some long bottled up tears are being shed. Lydia moves around behind her, resting her hands lightly on Melinda's shoulders. No words. Just touch. Just not leaving.

DIRECT CUT TO:

67 INT. CAFETERIA - ON DANNY - NIGHT

67

as a spotlight hits his face, the tight circle of light illuminating him brightly.

DANNY

Presenting: a fable...for  
parents.

68 MONTGOMERY'S PANTOMINE

68

with ANGLES TO COVER, we find Montgomery in front of a somber backdrop. He is garbed in a version of Chaplain's tramp meshed with Marceau's Bip. He portrays the fable that Danny reads off to the side of the performing arena. The movements are classic and stylized. And innocently moving.

DANNY

Once there was a lonely man who lived high on top of a lonely hill. He spent his days looking at the horizon and listening to his heart beat. Then, one day, he saw a tiny speck in the blue sky. It grew larger and larger as it came near and soon the man saw it was a small seed. The man quickly dug a hole and gently placed the seed within it. He watered the spot every day. Not too much, not too little. He made sure the sun shone upon the spot. And then he waited. And he waited. And he waited. And a miracle happened. The earth trembled and moved aside and a beautiful flower appeared. It grew and grew, reaching toward the sky, and one day it was actually as tall as the man who lived on top of the hill. And the day after that -- it was taller than he was. And when he looked down, he saw that what had been roots were no longer deep in the ground. And when he looked up, he saw that what was once his flower, needing his care and love, and attention, was now a magnificent soaring eagle, flying free and high, carving its own world in clouds racing high above.

\*

\*

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED:

68

DANNY (CONT'D)

And for just a time...the man was lonely again...until he realized he had helped a flower learn how to fly...and he was content with watching the miracle he has raised fly through a far away sky high above his lonely mountain. Which was never as lonely again.

And as Montgomery blows a kiss to the imaginary eagle soaring high overhead, the spotlight irises down and then blacks out.

69 DIFFERENT ANGLE

69

The onlookers from the other end of the gym, teachers including Sherwood and Shorofsky, students including, Bruno, Coco, Julie, and Doris, and the single parental representative of Angelo Martelli, all award Montgomery's efforts with generous and heartfelt applause.

70 ON MONTGOMERY

70

grinning, his look now able to scan the other end of the room, not having to look directly into the spotlight anymore.

71 PAN SHOT - THE SPECTATORS

71

No Melinda MacNeill in sight.

72 ON MONTGOMERY

72

His expression setting with apprehension. He darts towards the hallway.

73 INT. HALLWAY CAFETERIA AREA - FULL SHOT - NIGHT

73

as Montgomery comes out into the hallway, dabbing at his face, wiping away the makeup from his visage. He looks back and forth and heads down in the direction of the lobby, eyes still looking about. As he passes one of the doors leading into the cafeteria, it's opened and Angelo pokes his head out. Angelo's eyes are damp.

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED:

73

ANGELO

Hey, Montgomery, that was terrific. I'm a sucker for that kind of stuff.

MONTGOMERY

Thanks...uh...was my Mom in there just now?

\*

ANGELO

Haven't seen her.

Montgomery nods perfunctory thanks and continues on his way toward the lobby. Lydia rounds the corner, heading in the other direction. She starts to speak to him, but he's obviously a man with a mission, and she thinks better of it.

74 LOBBY AREA - PHONE BANK

74

where Melinda, in street clothes and make-up, is in mid-conversation.

MELINDA

First class...Bill the studio...Any through flight, tonight. No, tomorrow is too late.

(a quiet order)

Then bump someone....

(satisfied)

I'll be there, just don't take off without me.

She hangs up, turns and sees Montgomery standing there.

MONTGOMERY

Where were you?

MELINDA

(confused by his fury)

I had to make a phone call.

MONTGOMERY

. You always have to make a phone call!

MELINDA

(still not understanding)

Montgomery, you have to help me.

(CONTINUED)



74 CONTINUED:

74

She takes his arm and leads him back toward the front door. He holds back. \*

MONTGOMERY

Help you what?

MELINDA

Find a cab. I have to get back to the hotel, get my stuff...My plane leaves at 11:30. \*

MONTGOMERY

Tonight?...You're not going to be in the show? \*

MELINDA

I can't. The picture is going to start, and I have to get back. Right away.

MONTGOMERY

You said...I was more important than any picture!

MELINDA

Well, darling, you're not in the show, so it doesn't really matter, does it?

Melinda starts toward the front door again. \*

MONTGOMERY

It matters!

He's so upset he can't talk. They stand several feet from each other, alone in the lobby, and stare at each other.

MELINDA

Why are you so upset?

MONTGOMERY

Why are you so...so...dense?!

MELINDA

Whatever is bothering you, Montgomery MacNeill, don't bottle it up. Tell me.

MONTGOMERY

What's...bothering me...is...is...

(CONTINUED)

MELINDA

That I'm missing your show?

MONTGOMERY

(quietly)

That you're missing my life...

A beat. He's beginning to get to her...but she can't let go of her own needs, so she's back to...

MELINDA

Montgomery, darling, if there was any way I could --

MONTGOMERY

I know! You can't. You can't catch a plane tomorrow night, instead of tonight. You can't make them wait for you one day!

MELINDA

...They won't wait... They'll give the part to someone else.

MONTGOMERY

They're going to give the lead in a movie to someone else because of one --

MELINDA

Not the lead...a...a supporting part...the mother.

Now, she can't look at him. She turns away, takes a few breaths before she can continue:

MELINDA

(continuing)

The reason I came here instead of doing the picture...was that they wouldn't give me the lead... And then...I came here...and I saw...what young really is...and...it's not me, Montgomery...it's not me any more.

Montgomery is finally calming down. Latching on to her problems faster than she can latch on to his...because he's the gentler person.

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED: (3)

74

She's near tears, now. Montgomery goes to her, stands close...but isn't ready to hold her -- yet.

MONTGOMERY

It's really important...that you get the part...isn't it?

MELINDA

It's important that I have some part. There aren't many now...I have to hold on until I can play grannies... there are more of those... Montgomery, I'm sorry I'm missing your show...I know it's important to you, even if you're not in it.

MONTGOMERY

(deciding finally,  
not to tell her)

...Yeah...it is.

MELINDA

...I'm not much of a mother, am I?

MONTGOMERY

And...maybe I'm not much of a son...

(beat, and)

But we're all we've got.

Melinda smiles and moves to him embracing him in a warm hug. For her, it's a nice, gentle moment. It's a lot more than that for Montgomery, but he can't really say how much more. She steps back, touching his cheek lightly.

MELINDA

Got makeup on your cheek...been hugging those good-looking chicks again, huh...

MONTGOMERY

(beat, and)

You got it.

MELINDA

Well-- let's go find that cab.

\*

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED: (4)

MONTGOMERY

Mom...about the finale...

MELINDA

Oh, that's right...

(deciding)

I'll find a cab. You go in  
there, and...be my representative...  
You can handle it.

MONTGOMERY

(with new resolve, but nicely)

Yeah, I can...our way...It'll  
be our finale, Mom...not yours.

A beat, and Melinda accepts that.

MELINDA

...Right...It should be yours,  
darling.

(one last hug, then)

Break a leg.

And she hurries out. Montgomery watches until she disappears  
from sight. We HOLD ON HIM A BEAT MORE, and then we:

75 INT. CAFETERIA - FULL SHOT - FINALE PRODUCTION NUMBER - 75  
NIGHT

MUSIC #6 FINALE  
P.B. #2715-6-V (3:00est)  
Temp. track - To be post-scored

featuring Leroy as lead dancer with the dance troupe  
supporting. Their costumes are still those picked out  
by Melinda, but the verve and spirit and talent are  
strictly of their own making and design. REACTION CUTS  
tie in Montgomery, more sure of himself and smiling more  
widely than he ever has before...along with Bruno and  
Angelo...and Lydia, Sherwood and Shorofsky all offering  
approving looks. It's a concussive assault and a cele-  
bration, leading to an exuberant and victorious:

FREEZE FRAME.

FADE OUT.

THE END

34 CONTINUED

34 \*

LYDIA

(joining her)

Right, but if we added a little  
bit of this...

And she does a Lydia type variation.

What follows is that two of them do battle. Melinda  
working for pure 20's - Lydia trying to improvise. (Dia-  
logue to come out of the dance). Then, as they finish:

LYDIA

See what I mean?

MELINDA

(doesn't mean it for  
a minute, but she  
smiles, sweetly, for)  
Well...we'll try it and see what  
happens.

Lydia's reaction...the anger is ready to erupt, as:

DIRECT CUT TO:

35  
thru OMITTED  
40

35  
thru  
40

41 INT. OFFICE - ON LYDIA - DAY

as she moves into the office, her dance bag over her  
shoulder, clearly heading home after a long and wearying  
day. There are a few clerks in view, as well as SHER-  
WOOD, who is leaning against the counter. They exchange  
a grim look, THEN:

LYDIA

Don't ask.

SHERWOOD

I wasn't going to. I have my own  
problems....New wardrobe, new comedy  
skits, new...

(can't resist)

What's your story?

LYDIA

(shrugs, as if she doesn't  
want to to talk about it,  
then explodes:)

She wouldn't listen to a word I said!  
She is the most pig-headed, most difficult,

(CONTINUED)