

FAME

"The Crazies"

Prod. #2720

by

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FINAL DRAFT

January 21, 1982  
Rev. 2/ 2/82 (Blue)

FAME

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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

CRANDALL  
MRS. BERG

MICHELLE  
MONITOR  
NURSE  
NIGHT NURSE  
GIRL  
PIANO PLAYER

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SET LIST

INTERIORS:

SCHOOL OF THE ARTS

DRAMA CLASSROOM - DAY  
CORRIDOR - DAY/NIGHT  
DANCE CLASSROOM - DAY/NIGHT  
SHOROFSKY'S MUSIC CLASSROOM - DAY  
REAR CORRIDOR - DAY  
SHERWOOD'S CLASSROOM - DAY  
OFFICE - DAY/NIGHT  
CAFETERIA - DAY  
TEACHER'S LOUNGE - DAY  
MUSIC PRACTICE ROOM - DAY  
LOBBY - DAY/NIGHT

MARTELLI BASEMENT - DAY

HOSPITAL WAITING AREA - NIGHT

HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY/NIGHT

HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

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MUSIC CUES

MUSIC #1 - Sc. 7      STATELY DANCE  
P.B. #2720-1-NV (1:00est)  
Temp track - To be post recorded

MUSIC #2 - Sc. 12     BACH MUSICAL OFFERING  
P.B. #2720-2-NV ( :30est)  
Pre-Scored

MUSIC #3 - Sc. 37     HOT LEROY NUMBER  
P.B. #2720-3-NV (2:00est)  
Temp track to be Post-Scored

MUSIC #4 - Sc. 39     IRISH WASHERWOMAN  
P.B. #2720-4-V (1:00est)  
Hummed - Recorded live on set

MUSIC #5 - Sc. 56     CLASSICAL SHOROFSKY  
No Playback (Post)

MUSIC #6 - Sc. 57     UHURU DRUMS  
P.B. #2720-5-NV (1:30est)  
Temp track - To be Post-Scored

MUSIC #7 - Sc. 57     SHERWOOD JAZZ BOOGIE Pt. I  
P.B. #2720-7- NV (1:30est)  
Temp track - To be Post-Scored

MUSIC #8 - Sc. 68     I WAS ONLY TRYING TO HELP  
P.B. #2720-8-V (3:13)  
Pre-Recorded

MUSIC #9 - Sc. 87     SHERWOOD JAZZ BOOGIE Pt. II  
See P.B. #2720-7- NV (1:30est)  
Temp track - To be Post-Scored

MUSIC #10- Sc. 93     CARNIVAL  
P.B. #2720-10-V (3:22)  
Pre-Recorded

FAME  
"The Crazies"

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

1 INT. CRANDALL'S ROOM - TIGHT ON CRANDALL - DAY 1

LOOKING O.S., expression set and without playfulness. Though "Day," the look is darkened, as the shades within the room are drawn. A beat, then:

CRANDALL  
Tell me the truth.

2 REVERSE - TIGHT ANGLE - DANNY AMATULLO 2

meets Crandall's look with unflinching conviction.

\* DANNY  
Gregory Andrew Crandall, I love  
you.

3 WIDER ANGLE 3

REVEALING that Crandall is seated at his desk and that the room has been darkened to enhance the mood for the acting exercise taking place. Danny goes back to his seat as DORIS, the next in line, leaves hers and walks to Crandall's desk. CREDITS START HERE.

CRANDALL  
Tell me the truth.

DORIS  
(an embarrassed smile)  
Gregory Andrew Crandall, I love  
you.

And a slight giggle tarnishes the end of Doris' speech. She blew that and she knows it. Not pleased with herself. JULIE MILLER is the next one on the firing line. CREDITS CONTINUE.

CRANDALL  
Tell me the truth.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

JULIE

Gregory Andrew Crandall, I love  
you.

\*

Julie moves back to her seat and a black female student  
(GIRL) approaches the desk.

CRANDALL

Tell me the truth.

GIRL

Gregory Andrew Crandall, I love  
you.

Straightforward. No break in her concentration.  
MONTGOMERY is the next and last student to run the  
gauntlet. He takes his place in front of Crandall's  
desk. A smile hovers about his expression.

CRANDALL

Tell me the truth.

MONTGOMERY

Gregory Andrew Crandall, I love  
you.

But halfway through the smile took over and gave lie  
to Montgomery's statement. He heads back to his seat.  
Crandall gets up from his chair, moving around to lean  
on the front of the desk.

CRANDALL

(as he moves)

Somebody get the blinds, please?

Two students move to the windows and raise the blinds,  
creating a light change. As this is taking place, the  
CREDITS END.

CRANDALL

(continuing)

Okay...any ideas about what we  
might learn from this?

Danny's hand goes up.

CRANDALL

(continuing)

Amatullo?

(CONTINUED)

DANNY

We learn that you probably had a really bad night last night and your ego needed a lot of stroking. I hope you feel better now.

Some smiling AD LIBS support this assertion.

CRANDALL

The purpose of the exercise is to get you used to the idea that as actors you're going to be called upon to do things, say things that society says you shouldn't do. Like: you don't tell someone you love them with fifteen other people looking on, right?

DORIS

So, we all passed.

CRANDALL

Nope. Because what was requested of you was 'the truth.' Tell me the truth, I said. Some of you giggled. Some smirked and couldn't look me in the eye.

MONTGOMERY

Hey, wait...you said tell the truth. Well, the truth was a lot of us were embarrassed and felt silly.

CRANDALL

Montgomery -- that kind of truth relates to an eight-year-old in a Thanksgiving pageant. 'Tee-hee, I'm a make-believe pilgrim.' But the reality I expect out of you is the emotional truth -- and you don't tell someone you love them with an embarrassed grin on your face. That is the truth.

(beat, and)

Though I must admit, Amatullo, I do feel a lot better.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: (3)

3

The BELL SOUNDS ending the class, as Crandall's closing remarks lightens the mood all around. Books are gathered up and the group heads for the doorway.

4 ANGLE - DORIS AND MONTGOMERY

4

as they collect their things, moving with the others toward the corridor.

DORIS

He's right.

MONTGOMERY

That he feels better? Of course he's right. Who wouldn't feel better after all that?

DORIS

Montgomery, this is not funny. I mean, an actor can't get hung up about little stuff like getting embarrassed about what they're asked to do. Suppose you or I had to do a nude scene?

MONTGOMERY

I don't see that as being much of a likelihood for either one of us.

5 INT. HALLWAY - DORIS AND MONTGOMERY - DAY

5

as they emerge from Crandall's class.

DORIS

You can make all the jokes you want, but the fact is you and I were the only ones in that class who chickened out. Everyone else looked him in the eye and told the truth. We acted like school kids.

MONTGOMERY

Have you forgotten we are school kids?

(CONTINUED)



DORIS

More jokes.

MONTGOMERY

Give it a break, will you? Don't make such a big deal about it all.

Doris stops walking, swings about to face Montgomery head-on. She's all business, directed and goal-oriented.

DORIS

You ever see an English movie -- 'Four Feathers'?

MONTGOMERY

No.

DORIS

It's about cowardice and the nature of courage, and I am formally calling you and me cowards when it comes to the kind of stuff Crandall was talking about.

MONTGOMERY

Telling the truth?

DORIS

(nodding)

Instead of being 'cute' and likable. You and me both cop out all the time.

MONTGOMERY

Okay. What do you recommend?

DORIS

We take a pledge.

MONTGOMERY

To do what?

DORIS

(glances to her watch)

It is now ten o'clock. From now until the end of the school day, you and I will not say anything that isn't the absolute truth.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: (2)

5

DORIS (CONT'D)

No matter how much we might want to sugarcoat it or tell a white lie -- we tell the absolute bottom line truth. And nothing else but.

(a long beat, and)

The longer it takes you to answer, the more I'm becoming disappointed in you.

MONTGOMERY

Doris -- have you thought this through?

DORIS

Of course not.

MONTGOMERY

Well, don't you think we --

DORIS

Montgomery -- you are standing on the end of the high board of life -- are you going to 'think it through' -- or are you going to jump?

\*

Her look is a steel challenge and Montgomery eventually has to deal with it. A beat, then Doris extends her hand. Montgomery screws his courage to the sticking place and moves to shake.

6 CLOSER ANGLE - THE HANDS

6

as they touch and then move in one formalistic shake, and we:

DIRECT CUT TO:

7 INT. LYDIA'S DANCE CLASS - FULL SHOT - DAY

7

The majority of the dance class going through warming up exercises, LYDIA is at the piano, perched on the stool, clearing up some paperwork. She's smiling as she goes over some of it, a quizzical smile from Doris, as she moves to the piano to deposit a mop-up towel there.

(CONTINUED)

DORIS

Hi...what's so funny?

LYDIA

Oh...I'm just looking at the tentative lineup for the Faculty show that Mr. Shorofsky drew up.

(softly)

Miss Sherwood's down for an African tribal dance. Good luck.

*Ballet?*  
*JAZZ/WAMBO*

Doris smiles in appreciative agreement as COCO and another dance student, MICHELLE, move up to the piano. Michelle is garbed in an avante garde and rather revealing dance outfit. Coco indicates the costume with pride.

COCO

Miss Grant -- what do you think? For Michelle in the ' \_\_\_\_\_ ' number?

LYDIA

Turn around, Michelle. Well... that's very...different. Original. Doris? What do you think?

COCO

Yeah. Second opinion. What do you think?

Doris, having placed herself on the End of the Highboard of Life, takes a quick breath and plunges in.

DORIS

It's a puke-y color and it makes her look incredibly hippy.

MICHELLE

What?

Michelle moves away a few feet, looking into the mirror, regarding her trim hips as if she was turning into the Elephant Tusch.

MICHELLE

(continuing)

(a beat, and)

It does...oh, look at me...it makes me look huge.

(CONTINUED)

COCO

It does not; you look sensational.

MICHELLE

I'm not wearing this. No way.

COCO

This morning you liked it.

MICHELLE

No...there was always a little bit of doubt and Doris spelled it out.

(to Doris)

It makes me look hippy, right?

DORIS

(simply)

Incredibly.

LYDIA

Doris...shouldn't you be doing some warming up exercises, sweetheart...?

DORIS

On the way.

She moves off to comply, while Lydia tries to keep the angry brushfire from spreading.

LYDIA

Michelle -- you're over-reacting. The costume is fine...just fine. If anything, it makes your hips look smaller.

MICHELLE

So my hips are too big.

Tears are threatening Michelle's composure as the spectre of hips starts to loom large on her personal horizon. Lydia claps her hands, not willing to allow this kind of sidebar nonsense to rule her class.

LYDIA

All right, everybody! Places for the '\_\_\_\_\_ ' number! We're going to hit it right and get it right first rattle out of the bag!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

7

CONTINUED: (3)

LYDIA (CONT'D)

(placatingly  
to Coco)

You did fine, honey. It'll work  
itself out.

Lydia moves to the front of the class, looking to the piano player, who takes his place at the bench as the corps of dancers assume their starting positions about Michelle, whose confidence is still on tenterhooks. Lydia indicates a start to the pianist and the STATELY DANCE is initiated.

MUSIC #1 - STATELY DANCE

P.B. #2720-1-NV (1:00est)

Temp track - To be post recorded

It's delicate and dainty in tone, with the exception of Michelle, who, instead of maintaining an ethereal lighter-than-air expression, is going through the routine while steadily gazing at her image in the mirror, concern reflected on her face. Lydia views this with disapproval.

LYDIA

(continuing)

Concentrate, Michelle...concentration...

8

ON MICHELLE

8

executing a turn away from Lydia and the mirror, then turning back to:

9

INTO MIRROR - EFFECT SHOT

9

as we DISTORT MICHELLE'S IMAGE OPTICALLY so that she looks as if she will need a mooring line to tie her down in a stiff breeze.

10

WIDER ANGLE

10

as Michelle emits a wail and dashes from the line of dancers, leaving the number in utter disarray. Lydia signals "cut" to the pianist and the room is silent.

11

ON DORIS

11

one of the background dancers. She realizes she's on the receiving end of a look from Lydia. She glances off to one side and finds she's in a crossfire of looks with Coco on the other side. She becomes interested in studying the ceiling, as we:

DIRECT CUT TO:

12 INT. SHOROFSKY'S CLASS - ON KEYBOARD - DAY 12

MUSIC # 2 - BACH MUSICAL OFFERING  
P.B. #2720-2-NV (:30est)  
Pre-Scored

as Bruno strikes the first chord of the BACH NUMBER incorporating an offbeat sort of instrumentation which we see as we WIDEN. Julie on cello, a couple of violins, and Montgomery on flute. The tone is contrapuntal in nature, not designed to hit any charts. \*

13 ON SHOROFSKY 13

listening with a professional's ear, evaluating each note, and finding the overall result a degree short of perfection. Disappointed, rather than angry, he taps his pencil on the music stand nearby.

14 FULL SHOT 14

as the ensemble comes to a halt, looking to Shorofsky for input. He shakes his head.

SHOROFSKY

You are on key and in tempo, but that's not enough. Counterpoint involves sensitivity to the other players. Minute adjustments of one to the other. This is missing. I don't know why, but it is missing. Was there enough time for all of you to get together and rehearse?

BRUNO

(beat, and)

Yeah...we rehearsed for a couple of hours last night.

SHOROFSKY

Well...I would appreciate someone telling me why it didn't come together, then.

MONTGOMERY

.Because...we didn't spend time rehearsing this number.

Bruno can't believe Montgomery has done this to him.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

SHOROFSKY

(to Bruno)

You did not rehearse the assignment given you?

BRUNO

Well...maybe not as much as we should have.

SHOROFSKY

How much time did you spend on it, please?

MONTGOMERY

About fifteen minutes. Tops.

The others are aghast. Montgomery is well-aware of their reaction and is doing what he can to tough it out.

SHOROFSKY

(to Bruno)

What Montgomery says is true?

BRUNO

Uh...yes, sir.

SHOROFSKY

And the rest of the time was spent on what, please?

BRUNO

...new song I wrote.

SHOROFSKY

You concentrated on a new song of yours instead of a variation from Bach, yes? \*

BRUNO

Yes, sir.

SHOROFSKY

And what is the title of this song that is so much better than Bach? \*

BRUNO

I didn't say it was --

(CONTINUED)

SHOROFSKY  
 (interrupting with  
 real anger)  
 What's the title, Martelli?!

It's like heading for a curve at a high rate of speed and knowing you're going to lose it and being unable to reach the brake pedal. Bruno sighs, and:

BRUNO  
 ...'My Baby Mine Never Babies  
 Me'...

Shorofsky stands in front of Bruno for several long seconds. It's a painfully awkward stillness. Nothing comedic coming out of Shorofsky.

SHOROFSKY  
 Go. Get out. You're all  
 dismissed.

He moves back to his desk. Looks. puzzled, uncertain, go back and forth between the kids.

BRUNO  
 ...dismissed? But the period  
 isn't over.

SHOROFSKY  
 It's over as far as I'm  
 concerned. Get out.

JULIE  
 Mr. Shorofsky...if we leave now  
 and don't have hall permits,  
 we'll all get written up by  
 the hall monitors.

SHOROFSKY  
 Give them my regards.

He starts into some sheet music, obviously ending the topic. The kids rise slowly, starting to put away their respective instruments. The looks Bruno's giving Montgomery is normally seen spilling over the edges of active volcanoes.

JULIE  
 Do we...have any assignment  
 for tomorrow?

(CONTINUED)



14 CONTINUED: (3)

14

Shorofsky looks up from his perusal of the music.

SHORFOSKY

Your assignment is to learn to play the Bach as it was intended to be performed. If you are unable to accomplish that, your second assignment is to be honest about it and not betray my trust.

(beat, and)

I'm sorry to say that today you failed miserably at doing either.

BRUNO

Mr. Shorofsky --

SHOROFOSKY

Out.

Reluctantly, the group moves to the door and out into the corridor. No glance from Shorofsky after they've left the room. His anger and hurt aren't to be mitigated by warm solitary afterbeats.

15 INT. SCHOOL CORRIDOR - OUTSIDE SHOROFOSKY'S ROOM - FULL SHOT - DAY

15

as the group emerges from his room. In the far b.g. at the intersection of the next corridor, we can see a hallway MONITOR seated at a chair, faithfully manning his post. He looks up as they start talking.

BRUNO

(to Montgomery)

I can't believe what you just did -- what's wrong with you?!

JULIE

Yeah. Neat thing to do, Montgomery.

BRUNO

Couple more rehearsals, we could have had that variation down okay. What was the point of --

MONTGOMERY

No, we couldn'tve.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

BRUNO

Who says?

MONTGOMERY

(beat, and)

Julie said. She said your keyboard technique isn't really good enough for the really complex parts of the variation.

BRUNO

(to Julie)

When'd you say that?

MONTGOMERY

This morning before first bell.

Bruno's looking to Julie. The look is an accusing question and her silence is a confessional reply. In the b.g., the hallway MONITOR has moved away from his chair and is closing in on the group.

MONITOR

Excuse me...you people have hall permits?

BRUNO

No...we do not have hall permits.

MONITOR

Going to have to write you all up. You're Martelli, aren't you? We have Chemistry together.

BRUNO

(glaring at Montgomery)

I'm Martelli, yes, and, yes, we have Chemistry together. Not the kind of chemistry that Robert Redford and Jane Fonda have, of course, but still --

MONITOR

Now, don't get smart with me. I can write you up for that, too, you know.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (2)

GO TO PAGE 15

15.

15

Bruno looks over at the hallway Monitor, the sort who prays for accidents so he can get the benefit of his clean underwear. A beat, then the BELL SOUNDS, signalling the end of the period. The doors of the various classrooms open and the students start to file out, filling the corridors with pulsing life once more. The Monitor views this development with concern, knowing he no longer has time to write up all culprits as he ought. His gaze settles on Bruno.

MONITOR

You and I are in Chemistry next hour. I'll write you up on the way there. The rest of you -- well, just don't be out here again without a hall permit, that's all.

He sort of takes Bruno in tow and they move off in one direction. Julie stays just a beat, glaring at Montgomery, making sure he's got her message before she stalks off in the other direction. He looks after both of them, then:

MONTGOMERY

Going to be a long day.

DIRECT CUT TO:

16 INT. SHERWOOD'S CLASS - FULL SHOT - DAY

16

As the incoming class files into their seats, Sherwood is at the blackboard completing some preliminary work outlines. As Doris files in, Sherwood, reaching for the top of the slate, winces slightly. She rubs her shoulder, the source of minor discomfort. Doris notes this with genuine concern.

DORIS

Miss Sherwood...you okay?

SHERWOOD

(dismissing it)

Oh...sure. It's nothing. I think I pulled a muscle last night.

DORIS

When you were working on your dance...?

Sherwood looks to the other students nearby, then moves to Doris.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

SHERWOOD

Doris...how'd you find out about that? That was supposed to be a surprise for the Faculty Show.

DORIS

Miss Grant...kind of let it slip.

SHERWOOD

(smiling)

How much did she tell you?

DORIS

Her exact words were: 'Miss Sherwood's down for an African Tribal dance. Good luck.'

The final BELL SOUNDS, sending Doris blithely on her way to her seat. Our ANGLE CLOSES ON Sherwood as she replays what Doris just told her and finds it several degrees short of complimentary, and we:

DIRECT CUT TO:

17 INT. SCHOOL OFFICE - FULL SHOT - DAY

17

as Shorofsky trundles into the area from the lobby, a man in high grumble. He stops to check his box, is spotted by MRS. BERG, who moves to the counter on:

MRS. BERG

Oh, Mr. Shorofsky?

SHOROFSKY

What now?

MRS. BERG

One of your first hour students was written up by a Hall Monitor for not having a pass, but the student says you ordered him out of the room. And if that's true, we can't justify the summons.

SHOROFSKY

May I ask a question?

MRS. BERG

Of course.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

SHOROFSKY

Why was only one student written up? I sent five of them out. \*

MRS. BERG

You can't do that.

SHOROFSKY

I already did it.

MRS. BERG

It's unfair to the student involved.

SHOROFSKY

The student was not involved! That was precisely the problem! He was rehearsing 'Beat My Baby' or something like that!

MRS. BERG

What?

Shorofsky draws himself up, a man so full of dignity it hurts.

SHOROFSKY

Mrs. Berg -- the papers today told of an earthquake in Chile. Hundreds are missing. There is famine in India. There is injustice everywhere. These things are important. But this twaddle about a hallway monitor is not worth my time or attention. Therefore, you can take the summons and --

MRS. BERG

(equally dignified)

Don't...you...dare.

He freezes, the "s" of his next word poised on the tip of his tongue. The door behind him opens and Lydia comes in, flipping through some paperwork, barely aware of Shorofsky and Berg in mid-confrontation. Shorofsky turns on his heel and starts out of the office. Mrs. Berg's look follows him every step of the way. He looks back.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: (2)

17

LYDIA

Mrs. Berg, do you have the forms for --

SHOROFSKY

(at the door)

Stuff it!

Lydia looks back at Shorofsky, but he's already moving on out the door. Mrs. Berg emits a squeal of moral outrage and storms off in the other direction. Lydia knows better than to ask.

LYDIA

(to Mrs. Berg)

Never mind...I'm sure I can find them myself...

Lydia moves on around behind the counter and starts to rummage through a stack of forms and papers at one of the desks, barely glancing up as Sherwood comes in. Sherwood does not 'happen' to be in the office; she's come looking for Lydia and homes right in on her.

SHERWOOD

Like to talk to you, please.

LYDIA

(pleasantly)

How about lunch?

SHERWOOD

How about now?

Amiable, but noting there is grit in Sherwood's look and tone, Lydia moves to her.

LYDIA

What can I do for you?

SHERWOOD

I'd like to know if I'm in the Faculty Show as some kind of comic relief.

LYDIA

Of course not. You're doing a dance, right?

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: (3)

17

SHERWOOD

The quote that was reported to me was: 'Sherwood's doing an African Tribal Dance -- good luck.'

LYDIA

Who told you that?

SHERWOOD

Doris.

LYDIA

I'll kill her.

SHERWOOD

So you did say it!

Lydia adjusts at once, backing and filling, attempting to keep the friendship flying.

LYDIA

Hey...well, not the way you said it. I mean, you had to be there. I was just...I was... I was just wishing a fellow performer good luck.

SHERWOOD

You were wishing me good luck when I wasn't even in the room!?

LYDIA

It's like if I heard Mr. Shorofsky was going sky diving, and I heard about that and I might say something like: 'Mr. Shorofsky's going sky diving. Well, good luck.'

She winces. It still didn't come out in a way that would get her off the hook.

SHERWOOD

And you think the comparison between Shorofsky going sky diving and me dancing is a fair one, do you?

Lydia sags, hoist on her own petard.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: (4)

17

LYDIA

I am digging my grave with my mouth...

(new tack)

Elizabeth...all I meant to say is that you're not a dancer... a trained dancer...and that it might present some...obstacles for you. I mean, all you do is teach English.

SHERWOOD

'All I do is teach English'?  
Oh, terrific.

LYDIA

All I'm saying is that it would be a lot easier for me to do your thing than for you to do my thing, that's all.

18 TIGHT ON SHERWOOD

18

laser-eyed. A beat, and:

SHERWOOD

Fat chance.

19 TIGHT ON LYDIA

19

never ducked a challenge or that tone of voice in her life. Not starting now.

LYDIA

What do you have fourth period?

20 TIGHT TWO SHOT - SHERWOOD AND LYDIA

20

Bat and Billy the Kid were never as committed as these two.

SHERWOOD

Comparative Contemporary Literature.

LYDIA

Sounds like fun.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



LYDIA (CONT'D)

I've got Modern Jazz Trends in  
Choreography.

SHERWOOD

I'll be there.

Sherwood turns and is out the door. Lydia takes a deep breath to let the argument settle, then glances up as Mrs. Berg moves past her, targeted for the privacy, no doubt, of the Ladies Room. She has a handkerchief to her face, dabbing away.

MRS. BERG

He's never talked to me like  
that...never...twenty years...  
not once did he ever...

As Mrs. Berg goes out, Michelle enters, carrying some teachers' reports to place in an IN box atop one of the filing cabinets. Except that Michelle now wears a long and bulky coat, obviously intended for winter outerwear. She evades Lydia's curious perusal as she deposits the papers in the box. Lydia is almost afraid to ask the question, but:

LYDIA

Michelle...sweetheart...why  
are you wearing your coat  
inside...?

Michelle's composure once again heads for the Land of Oz.

MICHELLE

Because...I have incredibly  
huge hips and I hate myself!

She races out the door, fighting back tears, leaving Lydia to look around the empty office.

LYDIA

Time out...somebody...anybody...  
Time out...

And as she forms a futile "T" with both hands, we:

FREEZE FRAME.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

21 INT. CAFETERIA - FOOD LINE - ON LEROY - DAY

21

Moving quickly along the foodline, picking out a sandwich and some fruit juice. He reaches the cashier and waits as Michelle pays for the miniscule salad, the sole item on her tray. Leroy notes the single item with off-handed interest.

LEROY

That all you're having for lunch?

MICHELLE

(savagely)

Yes!

And she moves off, feeling like Pavoratti. Leroy looks after her, then includes the cashier as he hands over the money for his lunch.

LEROY

Dancers. They're so weird.  
They've got no shame -- none.

\*

Smiling, he takes his sandwich and juice and moves off, looking for a place to sit.

22 ANGLE TO TABLE

22

where Doris and Montgomery are seated with Danny. The latter appears severely crestfallen.

DANNY

But you always laughed. You  
laughed at my jokes a million  
times.

DORIS

Mostly to be polite. We didn't  
want to hurt your feelings.

DANNY

What do you think you're doing  
now?

MONTGOMERY

Just telling it like it is.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

MONTGOMERY (CONT'D)

Look -- we're not saying you never tell a funny joke. And your delivery is good. But you need better material.

DANNY

People are just being polite when they laugh at my jokes...?

DORIS

(the magnanimous)

Most of the time. Not all the time, though. Every once in a while you get a good one.

"Every once in a while" isn't what Danny was shooting for. With a groan of depressed despair, he shoves his chair back and moves away for some solitary solace. Doris and Montgomery take a beat to look after him, then do some sharing.

DORIS

(continuing)

You know...this is not as hard as I thought it'd be.

MONTGOMERY

Aren't you getting people mad at you?

DORIS

Some, yes. Some, no. Michelle thanked me for being honest about her costume. Miss Sherwood was grateful, she said. It all averages out.

MONTGOMERY

(looking O.S.)

Deidre Maxwell.

Doris turns to see:

23 POV - DEIDRE MAXWELL

23

A stunning looking dancer in the mid-teens. DEIDRE MAXWELL is obviously the object of incredible lust on the part of any red-blooded male student here. She's stretching, limbering up. It's her hobby.

24 BACK TO DORIS AND MONTGOMERY

24

Doris turning back.

DORIS

What about her?

MONTGOMERY

I've been kind of...working on her for that past couple months... and: nothing. Maybe I should drop all the game playing and just do what we've been doing... be straight. Level with her.

DORIS

Montgomery, we're onto something. I really think we are. Give it a shot.

He contemplates his next move for a beat, then nods agreement. He starts away from the table.

25 DIFFERENT ANGLE

25

as Leroy approaches the table, heading for the chair just vacated by Montgomery. They exchange casual hellos as they pass. The ANGLE CLOSES as Leroy slides into the chair adjacent to Doris. He looks about, curious.

LEROY

Where is everybody?

Doris looks over the O.S. terrain, her eye picking out:

26 POV - COCO

26

talking earnestly with Michelle, who is avoiding eye contact and still wearing the bulky outerwear coat.

DORIS (V.O.)

Well, Coco's over there having a wardrobe conference.

27 POV - BRUNO

27

seated at the piano munching enthusiastically on a sandwich.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: 27

DORIS (V.O.)  
Bruno's composing something,  
looks like.

28 POV - JULIE 28

Her cello by her side. Clearly the sole friend she's  
got left in the world.

DORIS (V.O.) \*  
Julie's buying her cello  
a bite to eat.

Danny moves up to Julie and starts to tell a joke. Wrong  
audience to pick. Doesn't have a prayer of even getting  
a smile.

DORIS (V.O.)  
Danny's providing the floor  
show...

29 POV - MONTGOMERY 29

chatting in a most animated fashion with the alluring  
Deidre Maxwell. She is listening politely.

DORIS  
Montgomery's --

Deidre Maxwell doubles up a fist and pops Montgomery  
squarely in the nose. His head snaps back and he moves  
to the nearest table, groping for a napkin to stem the  
flow of blood.

30 BACK ON DORIS AND LEROY 30

Both grin and stifle some laughter as they see the out-  
come of Montgomery's foray.

LEROY  
Never mind about Montgomery.  
I can see that for myself.

DORIS  
Well, I guess the 'group' is  
kind of into solitude today.

(CONTINUED)

30

CONTINUED:

30

LEROY

You're my test audience, then.

DORIS

(eagerly)

For what?

LEROY

My uncle sent me a new aftershave lotion the company he works for puts out. Aftershave isn't something a person can judge by himself.

DORIS

Lemme sniff.

Leroy leans in and Doris becomes the Faberge quality-control lady. She takes a generous whiff, then sits back, looking at Leroy with an expression that prays he's not about to say:

LEROY

Well -- what's it smell like to you?

And Doris fights the urge to do an Oliver Hardy look into the lens. We HOLD a beat, and then we --

DIRECT CUT TO:

31

INT. TEACHERS' LOUNGE - FULL SHOT - DAY

31

as Crandall opens the door, pokes his head in and reacts with a smile on seeing Shorofsky there. Shorofsky has a small luncheon of tea and some fruit laid out. He is writing a note between bites.

CRANDALL

Just the man I want to see.

SHOROFSKY

What a limited social life you must have.

CRANDALL

I know you're in charge of the faculty show, and uh -- I'm not sure if you know it or not, but I play a little jazz piano.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

SHOROFSKY

Just how tall an instrument  
are we talking about?

It takes Crandall an instant to tune in on the joke and he's helped along the way by the sudden outburst of laughter with which Shorofsky responds to his riposte. He immediately quells his respons with:

SHOROFSKY

(continuing)

I'm sorry; I'm sorry. Forgive  
me. It happens near the end  
of every year. The crazies.  
We're all crumbling.

CRANDALL

I don't follow. \*

SHOROFSKY

I've been here longer than  
you, Mr. Crandall.

(reflects, and)

I've been here longer than the  
furnace, for heaven's sake.

(back on track)

At the end of every year...we  
all start to go just a little bit  
crazy. The faculty puts on shows.  
The students start sniffing spring  
and freedom. For instance, you  
no doubt heard about Miss Sherwood  
and Miss Grant switching classes...

CRANDALL

Yeah...?

SHOROFSKY

(the proof)

The crazies strike again.

DIRECT CUT TO:

32 INT. SHERWOOD'S CLASSROOM - ON BLACKBOARD - DAY

32

as the words PROSE STYLES are printed in block  
letters on the blackboard. However, when WE WIDEN  
we find that the class is being taught by Lydia.  
Her manner in teaching literature is much the same  
as it is in dance class. \*

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

No nonsense, no backtalk. She turns to face the class. Dotted throughout those assembled are Doris, Julie, Bruno, Danny, and Montgomery.

LYDIA

Now -- let me have some names of writers with contrasting styles. Don't give me anybody too far out. We'll get to those people later.

DANNY

Ernest Hemingway.

Lydia turns to the board approvingly, scribbles a kind of version of the name HEMINGWAY. Her handwriting is what we call freeform. A few looks between the students confirm the fact. She turns back to them.

LYDIA

Another one.

COCO

Thomas Wolfe.

LYDIA

Good. Thomas Wolfe. Fine.

And she writes his name on the blackboard, too. In her style, that is. Back to the attentive students.

LYDIA

(continuing)

Now those are both good examples because their writing styles were so different. Hemingway's was short phrases. Crisp rhythms.

And without being aware of it, she sets up a boom-chakka, boom-chakka beat, spinning into some jazz motions to illustrate her point.

33 ON THE CLASS

33

It's a little hard to take notes when your teacher is throwing boom-chakka, boom-chakka at you.



34 FULL SHOT

34

as Hemingway is dismissed and Lydia moves onto:

LYDIA

Thomas Wolfe, though...different  
sound altogether...very ornate,  
very legato...

And she sweeps into a flowing, graceful set of movements.

35 ANGLE TO CLASS

35

Legato or boom-chakka, still a tough way to take notes.

36 FULL SHOT

36

Lydia's rather enjoying all this; it's a new way to  
approach a concept.

LYDIA

Now, you take someone like James  
Agee, he's got some of both  
parts in his stuff, so that what  
you get from him is a kind of --

And she starts to demonstrate what the Agee-dance would  
look like, but she's quickly stopped by the sight of  
Doris' hand raised on high.

(CONTINUEE)

LYDIA

Doris....?

DORIS

Miss Sherwood said we'd work on  
conjugating verbs this period  
(before Lydia can  
respond)

I mean, I know you're running the  
class, but I just thought you'd like  
to know what's supposed to be hap-  
pening.

LYDIA

You pretty good at conjugating  
verbs, Doris?

DORIS

Yeah

(the truth)

Actually, I'm the best in class.

LYDIA

Really?

DORIS

Really.

LYDIA

(beat, and...)

Conjugate the verb 'freeze'.

DORIS

(quickly)

Conjugate the verb 'squeeze'.

DORIS

Squeeze, squo-

Whoops. Doris stops at once. She nows that's not right.  
But all that's resonating within is freeze, froze, frozen.  
She backs up and takes another run at it.

DORIS

Squeeze, squo---

Gridlock. Her look is one of confusion and frustration. A  
small light of triumph appears in Lydia's look. Her smile  
is so sweet.

LYDIA

Squeeze. Squeezed. Squeezed.

36

CONTINUED (2)

36

The BELL SOUNDS and the class immediately starts to gather itself, moving en masse for the door.

DIFFERENT ANGLE

Still smiling, Lydia turns to the blackboard, starts to erase the writing there. In the B.G., the students start to file out. She notes Doris holding by the door, regarding her with a sour gaze.

LYDIA

Squeeze, squoze, squozen.

(beat, and...)

Inventive, Doris....but wrong.

Doris reacts with a look, then stalks out after her compatriots, as we HOLD on Lydia, then we---

37 INT. DANCE CLASSROOM - FULL SHOT - DAY

37

MUSIC #3 - HOT LEROY NUMBER  
 P.B. #2720-3-NV (2:00est)  
 Temp track to be Post-Scored

\*

as the dance troupe fills the area, starting ROCK NUMBER that features Leroy in the forefront of the action. The dance is raw and raunchy and fun. Leroy is having a wonderful time performing it.

38 ANGLE ON SHERWOOD

If Lydia was out of her element, Sherwood is nearly out of her species. She watches the dance with a combination of marvel and disorientation.

39 THE MINI-NUMBER - ANGLES TO COVER

39

MUSIC #4 IRISH WASHERWOMAN  
 P.B. #2720-4-V (1:00est)  
 Hummed - Recorded live on set

\*

as it builds to a rousing climax, a tour-de-force beat which serves Leroy's skills to the nth degree.

(CONTINUED)

39

CONTINUED:

39

When the music comes to an end, the dancers give themselves up to the floor and to getting their breath back after their efforts. Sherwood moves out onto the floor, wending her way in and out among their sprawled forms.

SHERWOOD

That was very, very good. It really was. I think once you get some of the rough edges off, it will be spectacular.

MICHAEL

What 'rough edges'?

SHERWOOD

Oh...maybe that's too strong a term, but right now it's a little...usual, it seems to me. No real surprises.

LEROY

Tell us, teacher. What'cha talkin' about?

An undercurrent of playful mockery there, but it's nicely meant and Sherwood has no trouble dealing with it.

SHERWOOD

Well...I was thinking while I was watching you...it's all very jazzy, isn't it...jazz sounds, jazz moves...maybe something could be injected that isn't so jazzy. Like using the body the way they did in Irish clog dances.

She says it with enthusiasm. They regard her as harmlessly aberrant.

SHERWOOD

(continuing)

Watch now.

They wouldn't look away if she was Sodom and Gomorrah and they were a collective version of Lot's wife. Sherwood "sets" herself, arms down to her side, then starts humming a rendition of "THE IRISH WASHERWOMAN".

MUSIC #4 IRISH WASHERWOMAN

P.B. #2720-4-V (1:00est)

Hummed - Recorded live on set

\*

The moves are precise, a little still perhaps, but that's the nature of this kind of dancing.

40 ON LEROY AND DANCERS

40

As far as they're concerned, she could be log-rolling or stamping out a fire or a whole bunch of things, but it surer than hell isn't dancing.

41 BACK TO SCENE

41

Sherwood's clog dance doesn't so much "end" as it does simply tail off. The looks aren't impolite or cruel, but what she's suggesting, these kids aren't buying in the least. There is a short beat.

LEROY

Never...seen anything like that before. Real interesting.

Sherwood smiles at Leroy's effort, then is saved by the BELL RINGING to signal the end of the period. The group gathers themselves off the floor and start to collect their gear as they depart the room. Sherwood watches Leroy a beat thoughtfully, then:

SHERWOOD

Leroy -- hang on a second. I'd like to talk to you.

Leroy nods, moves to the barre to mop off his face. Sherwood waits until the classroom has emptied out, then:

SHERWOOD

(continuing)

Leroy -- you've heard about this faculty show that's coming up -- ?

LEROY

Sure.

SHERWOOD

Well...Lydia...Miss Grant... apparently thinks I'm in a little bit over my head. What do you think?

LEROY

(looking for a way out)

Uh...well...everybody's got a right to their own opinion... It's...uhh...your dancing is... that clogged stuff...

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

41

SHERWOOD

(taking him off  
the hook)

Thank you for that combination  
of tact and honesty. I think  
I've got a question for you, then...

LEROY

Waiting.

SHERWOOD

(a small  
smile, and)

Leroy...can you teach me how  
to dance?

42 TIGHT ON LEROY

42

stunned, then breaking into a delighted giggle. It's  
absurd and silly and trippy, as far as he's concerned.

LEROY

Oh, lady...that's crazy. I  
mean...

(beat, and)

Lady...you're crazy! I'd love  
to!!

And his laughter grows and he claps his hands delightedly  
as we HOLD ON him a beat, and then we:

FREEZE FRAME.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

43 INT. SCHOOL - ANGLE TO WALL CLOCK - DAY 43

reading 2:59. A couple of seconds tick off, then the minute hand clicks over to "12" straight up and the BELL SOUNDS shrilly.

44 INT. HALLWAY - LONG SHOT - DAY 44

As the classroom doors open after a count or two and the corridor starts to fill with the departing horde.

45 INT. HALLWAY AREA - ANGLE TO LOCKERS - DAY 45

As Doris comes up, a small smile playing over her face, a day passed that obviously wasn't wasted. As she starts to work the combination lock, the ANGLE ADJUSTS as Montgomery moves up to her.

DORIS

Innkeeper - more wine for my men!  
We are victorious!

MONTGOMERY

The question is -- are we done?  
(off her question-  
ing look)

I mean, is this pledge supposed  
to last all day or just through  
the school day?

DORIS

Do you know...I'm not really sure  
if I want to give this up at all.  
I feel we accomplished a lot  
today. We helped a lot of people  
open up lines of communication.

DIRECT CUT TO:

46 INT. MUSIC CLASSROOM - BRUNO AND JULIE - DAY 46 \*

He is at the synthesizer, but there's no music in his soul at present.

BRUNO

Fine! I don't have the technique  
for Bach. Then get yourself  
somebody else!

(CONTINUED)



46 CONTINUED:

46

JULIE

All I said was your technique  
could stand improving!

BRUNO

But not yours, right? Perfection!  
Why don't you change your name to  
Nadia Commenic!

JULIE

If you can't stand a little  
constructive criticism --

BRUNO

When Leonard Bernstein says it,  
it's constructive criticism.  
When you say it -- not quite the  
same thing.

DIRECT CUT TO:

47 INT. HALLWAY - DORIS AND MONTGOMERY - DAY

47

ambling along the halls, both dressed for the going home  
portion of the day, still awash in the afterglow of their  
Good Works.

MONTGOMERY

A few people didn't quite know  
how to handle it at first, but as  
soon as they realized we were  
doing it for their own good, I  
think they got past all that.

Doris nods sage agreement, as we:

DIRECT CUT TO:

48 INT. CRANDALL'S CLASS - FULL SHOT - DAY

48

Crandall is packing up his things, doing his best to do  
the impossible, which is to ignore the impassioned  
entreaties of Danny Amatullo.

DANNY

But you could do it, I know you  
could!

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

48

CRANDALL

Danny, I am not going to write comedy material for you...

DANNY

But you're always saying funny things. Kids think your class is the funniest one in school!

This stops Crandall and he glances over to see how he ought to read that. Danny doesn't let the look stay him from his appointed rounds.

DANNY

(continuing)

Is it pay? Is that it?

CRANDALL

Pay has nothing to do with it. It's just that I have a full schedule already.

DANNY

Okay -- how about this? If I hear you say anything funny, I get to use it in my act, but I give you credit for special material, so it's not like I'm stealing.

CRANDALL

Terrific compromise.

Crandall takes his briefcase and heads for the door leading to the corridor. Danny is no more than half a pace behind, like a semi-emancipated Korean housewife. Crandall holds up, one hand on the knob.

CRANDALL

(continuing)

In all fairness, I ought to tell you, I don't plan on saying anything funny between here and the subway.

DIRECT CUT TO:

49 INT. SCHOOL - ANGLE TO LOBBY STEPS

49

As Doris and Montgomery move down the stairs, Montgomery stopping at the base of the staircase to tighten the laces on one of his shoes.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

49

DORIS

I know it sounds corny, and you're probably the only one who'd understand, because we were both in this together, but I feel good about the people we helped today.

DIRECT CUT TO:

*Booties !!!*

50

50 INT. DANCE CLASSROOM - FULL SHOT - DAY

A rack holding a number of dance outfits has been pulled into the room and Coco is attempting to find something that can possibly mollify the still crestfallen Michelle. She holds an outfit up to her, doing what she can to be a cheerleader.

*\*ACTION  
WARDROBE  
ALL by MARILYN*

COCO

Now, take a look at that...picks up the green in your eyes.

MICHELLE

No one will be looking at my eyes.

COCO

Michelle...

MICHELLE

They'll be looking at my hips and wondering if I'm wearing a new kind of water wings.

COCO

Michelle, I've heard the boys talking. They all think you've got a really cute figure.

MICHELLE

Yeah...the figure 'six'. Skinny on top and big and round on the bottom.

Coco's support system is giving way to frustration, but she hasn't abandoned her efforts yet. She puts back the first outfit and takes another one off the hanger.

COCO

Let's try this one...  
(checks label)  
No...too small.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

50

Michelle reacts as if stabbed in the back. Her face twists in hapless dismay and she starts to cry. Coco just sags, close to the end of her rope, as we:

DIRECT CUT TO:

51 INT. LOBBY AREA - DORIS AND MONTGOMERY - DAY

51

heading for the steps leading to the exterior. As they cross:

MONTGOMERY

I wasn't sure we could stick it out. I'm kind of proud about that.

DORIS

You've got every right to be proud. We did good.

DIRECT CUT TO:

52 INT. SCHOOL OFFICE - ON SHERWOOD - DAY

52

looking o.s. with a certain ire in view.

SHERWOOD

What do you mean -- you gave them an assignment?!

53 WIDER ANGLE

53

Lydia, of course, is the lady on the receiving end of Sherwood's angry question. No backup in Lydia's reply, however.

LYDIA

When a class is taught properly, the class is given homework.

SHERWOOD

I have a lesson plan that's laid out for an entire semester.

LYDIA

Well, it ought to include homework.

SHERWOOD

It does include homework, and you know it. My I ask what the assignment was that you gave them?

(CONTINUED)

LYDIA:

Essay.

SHERWOOD

On what?

LYDIA

'The Importance of Dance in Society'.

Sherwood groans in response, drawing a fiery look from Lydia.

LYDIA

(continuing)

Well, at least it's better than trying to put 'clog-dancing' into a modern jazz number.

SHERWOOD

Just trying to give the number a little pizazz.

LYDIA

Numbers that I choreograph do not need any additional 'pizazz', my girl.

SHERWOOD

Well, that's a matter of opinion, isn't it.

The doorway from the lobby is opened and Leroy pokes his head in, spotting Sherwood and moving into the room.

LEROY

You about ready?

SHERWOOD

Yes.

(needing to explain to Lydia)

I'm doing some extra tutoring for Leroy.

LEROY

(a little surprised)

You're tutoring me...

SHERWOOD

Yes.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED: (2)

53

Leroy reads the cover story, but isn't very thrilled about it.

LEROY

Right...

An expression of curiosity flits across Lydia's face.

LYDIA

What's that smell...

LEROY

It is soap and water, that's what it is! I showered after dance class and what you're smellin' is just plain old soap and water! Got that?

LYDIA

I just wondered, that's all.

LEROY

(to Sherwood)

You ready to tutor me now?

Sherwood nods that she is, gathers her things and moves after Leroy out toward the lobby. As she reaches the door:

LYDIA

Elizabeth...

Sherwood turns back.

LYDIA

(continuing)

You suppose we can start fresh tomorrow?

Sherwood's expression is still one that has sharp edges.

SHERWOOD

We'll try.

Lydia nods, accepting that much. Sherwood moves out into the lobby.

54 INT. LOBBY - FULL SHOT - DAY

54

The lobby emptied out of kids now. Sherwood moves across the area after Leroy, then draws to a halt about halfway across.

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED:

54

Leroy looks at her, quizzically, waiting. A beat, then Sherwood reverses course with:

SHERWOOD

Be just a second.

She moves back toward the office.

55 INT. THE OFFICE - FULL SHOT - DAY

55

Lydia looks up, slightly surprised to see Sherwood again. Sherwood puts her stuff on the counter. Her smile is a needing one.

SHERWOOD

We both deserve a kick in the butt,  
but let's give each other a hug  
instead.

Lydia's smile is answer enough and the two ladies embrace warmly, probably unable to recall what all the fuss was about in the first place. The hug ends and Sherwood reclaims her gear with:

SHERWOOD

(continuing)

Well -- got to go help Leroy. See  
you in the morning.

She moves again out of the office. We HOLD ON Lydia a beat as a scintilla of suspicion registers. Sherwood keeps underscoring how much she's going to tutor Leroy. Both protest too much...as we:

DIRECT CUT TO:

56 INT. SHOROFSKY'S CLASS - FULL SHOT - DAY

56

Shorofsky has a CLASSICAL RECORDING PLAYING as he works on completing the note we saw previously in the lounge scene with Crandall. As he writes, expression serious and intent, the ANGLE ADJUSTS TO FIND Bruno as he arrives at the classroom door. He knocks on the doorjamb to announce his presense. Shorofsky looks up, gestures for Bruno to come in. He TURNS DOWN the VOLUME on the CLASSICAL PIECE.

BRUNO

I just wanted you to know...we'll  
be ready with the Vivaldi thing by  
Friday.

(CONTINUED)

SHOROFSKY

Good I look forward to hearing it.

Bruno nods, starts for the door, is stopped by Shorofsky, who delivers his line while he resumes his efforts on the note.

SHOROFSKY

(continuing)

You can forget about the hall permit problem. I have cleared you with the 'authorities'.

BRUNO

Appreciate it.

SHOROFSKY

Martelli...do you think I am too hard on you sometimes...?

Bruno gives his reply the thought it deserves.

BRUNO

Well...I think...sometimes you get angrier with me quicker than you do with other kids.

SHOROFSKY

You may be correct.

(amending)

You are correct.

BRUNO

Is that likely to change?

SHOROFSKY

I will stop being hard on you when you start being hard enough on yourself. That has not happened yet. I have writing to do. Good day.

And his concentration goes back to the writing. Bruno holds in the doorway a beat, seeming to have more to say, then he opts not to and steps out into the corridor, as we:

DIRECT CUT TO:



57

INT. THE DANCE CLASSROOM - FULL SHOT - DAY

57

MUSIC #6 - UHURU DRUMS  
 P.B. #2720-6-NV (1:30est)  
 Temp track - to be Post-Scored

\*

Leroy and Sherwood, backed by a RECORDING of DRUM ARRANGEMENTS, are going through the African Tribal Dance. Her dedication is evident on her expression. Leroy is about half a move behind, following her lead, but even without anticipation of each move, there's no question about who's the teacher and who's the student in this setting. After a few seconds, Leroy breaks off the routine and moves to the record player, lifting the arm and stilling the music.

SHERWOOD

Okay... What's the expert opinion?

LEROY

How come you want to do an African Tribal Dance?

SHERWOOD

You don't think I should?

LEROY

Well, you're not exactly Watusi.

SHERWOOD

Thank you. I noticed.

LEROY

No, now...I don't mean nothin' by that. I just know that when everybody hears...

(cultured announcer)

Miss Sherwood will now honor us with an African Tribal Dance...

(himself)

It's check-out-the-water-fountain-time, 'cause no one's sticking around for that.

SHERWOOD

I'm open to suggestions.

Leroy starts flipping through some of the LP albums that are stacked nearby the record player.

LEROY

Well, see...if you just change the music to something good and funky, you can keep on doing the same steps and all...just you add a little boogying to it, and it'll be fine.

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED:

57

He has found the album he wants and pops it on the turntable. As the arm lifts and moves over to the first cut on the album, Leroy moves back on out to the floor, taking his place in proximity to Sherwood.

MUSIC #7 - SHERWOOD JAZZ BOOGIE Pt. I \*  
 P.B. #2720-7-NV (1:30est)  
 Temp track - To be Post-Scored

The JAZZ MUSIC starts and Leroy and Sherwood once again start into the dance, though the steps are no longer executed with such formality or dignity. There is, indeed, some boogying going on, and Leroy can hardly believe his eyes.

58 ANGLE TO DOORWAY

58

As the SOUND of the MUSIC draws Lydia to the window.

59 HIS POV - THROUGH DOOR WINDOW

59

Sherwood and Leroy doing a pretty damn good job of it.

60 BACK WITH LYDIA

60

Reacting with a smile as to who is tutoring who, as we:

DIRECT CUT TO:

61 INT. SCHOOL CORRIDOR - FULL SHOT - NIGHT

61

As Shorofsky appears at the end of the corridor, briefcase in hand, obviously having had a day that was a shade more full than he had hoped for. He makes his move TOWARD CAMERA, the SOUND of his FOOTSTEPS ECHOING slightly in the cavernous surroundings.

62 INT. LOBBY AREA - CLOSER - NIGHT

62

As he pads across the lobby, allowing himself a well deserved yawn. A METALLIC CLANK takes his look off the direction of the office.

63 HIS POV - TOWARD OFFICE

63

There is no light within the office, but there appears to be a shadowy sort of movement that flashes across the window of the door.

64 BACK ON SHOROFSKY

64

brow creasing with concern. He moves to the office, bulldogged scowl setting into place. He wields the thick briefcase as if it were a bludgeon of some kind. He tries the knob, turning it carefully. It gives and he pushes the door open slowly.

65 INT. THE OFFICE - FULL SHOT - NIGHT

65

No lights burning, the few shafts of illumination coming from the windows off to one side. Shorofsky moves forward, starting to feel just a bit silly. Superman chasing shadows. He stops about halfway into the area, smiling at his spookiness.

66 DIFERENT ANGLE

66

as a Shadowy Figure leaps out from the other side of the counter, landing behind Shorofsky, pushing him to the floor. There is a cry of pain heard from Shorofsky's throat, and the Shadowy Figure starts striking out at him, though the action is masked by the counter. The Shadowy Figure lands a number of blows and Shorofsky cries out no longer as we:

FREEZE FRAME.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

67 INT. MARTELLI BASEMENT - ON DORIS - DAY 67

LOOKING O.S., deeply and sincerely distressed.

DORIS

I didn't have any idea...

68 WIDER ANGLE 68

REVEALING Bruno and Coco seated amidst the scattered history within the Martelli basement. The mood isn't angry; it's settled and honest and generally healthy.

BRUNO

I didn't have any idea, either, until I started calling around and finding you and Montgomery at Ground Zero of everything that came up all day.

COCO

Michelle is really down on herself, Doris.

DORIS

And she's the lead dancer in your choreography final. \*

COCO

On the money.

DORIS

I'm going to have to apologize to half the Western Hemisphere.

BRUNO

Just those people whose last name starts with a letter of the alphabet.

DORIS

I feel so dumb.

COCO

(placatingly)

Now, Doris. Don't get --

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED:

68

BRUNO

(breaking in)

Hey, let her alone. She's  
entitled to be proud when she's  
good. She's just as entitled  
to feel dumb when she's dumb.

Doris smiles lamely at that, her expression agreeing.  
She gets up and moves around, taking her place next to  
Bruno at the keyboard of the synthesizer. He smiles at  
her sympathetically.

DORIS

I was just trying to make things  
better.

\*

COCO

Doris, if something is working --  
you don't have to fix it.

\*

Bruno picks out SEVEN SINGLE NOTES approximating the  
meter in which Doris spoke. She smiles, a bit more  
strongly, and starts into DORIS' BALLAD.

MUSIC #8 "I WAS ONLY TRYING TO HELP"  
P.B. 2720-8-V (3:13)  
Pre-recorded

\*

:12

VERSE 1 (DORIS)

Show me how  
To make it right  
Or should I just stay out of sight

:27

I've said too much already  
There's nothing left to say  
All my good intentions went astray

:43

CHORUS

I was only trying to help  
I wasn't acting selfishly  
I know you'd do the same for me

I didn't know the truth would hurt  
'Till I saw you crying  
I was only trying... to help

1:22

VERSE 2

Love's gone wrong  
Fallen apart  
When I've said what's in my heart

1:37

I've learned the truth about honesty  
It isn't always kind  
You've gotta think before you say  
what's on your mind

68 CONTINUED

68.

1:53

## CHORUS

I was only trying to help  
I wasn't acting selfishly  
I know you'd do the same for me

I didn't know the truth would hurt  
'Til I saw you crying  
I was only trying... to help

2:25

## CHORUS

I was only trying to help  
I wasn't acting selfishly  
I know you'd do the same for me

2:39

I didn't know the truth would hurt  
'Til I saw you crying  
I was only trying to help

2:59

I was only trying to help

3:05

End

3:13

Out

It's a wry, semi-serious lament regarding loves gone wrong, relationships astray, all of which were bolstered by the best of intentions. Mrs. O'Leary milking the cow for her husband the morning of the Chicago Fire, the restaurateur who gave a job to poor starving Typhoid Mary, the guy who convinced Nixon that the tapping was essential for historical reasons -- all just trying to help. When the MELODY is ESTABLISHED, Coco moves to the synthesizer and joins in, helping to re-cement a shaky and crumbling relationship. After the last note has faded, Bruno gives Doris a forgiving hug, just as the PHONE located near the bottom of the steps starts to RING. As he crosses to answer it:

## BRUNO

It's probably Jacob Marley;  
wants to borrow my chains.

69

CLOSER ANGLE - BRUNO

69

as he picks up the phone:

## BRUNO

Hello...?

We PUSH IN SLIGHTLY AS his light-hearted expression changes slowly and markedly. A count of three or four.

## BRUNO

(continuing)

I'm on my way.

70 WIDER ANGLE

70

as Bruno slams the phone down on the hook, turning and heading up the steps, taking them two at a time. A look of concern and alarm goes between Doris and Coco.

COCO

Bruno...? What...?

But he's gone. And Doris and Coco aren't about to let him, wherever it is that he's going, go alone. In unison the two girls break for the stairs, as we:

DIRECT CUT TO:

71 INT. HOSPITAL WAITING AREA - ON LYDIA - NIGHT

71

staring down into the tepid contents within the styro-foam coffee container she holds in her grasp. As we WIDEN THE ANGLE WE FIND Bruno, Coco and Doris as attentive and caring listeners. Lydia's tone is weary, empty in a way. She's all cried out, in effect.

LYDIA

According to the police, the man  
was after money for drugs...  
figured there must be some  
petty cash in the office...  
he was looking for it when  
Mr. Shorofsky happened by...

\*

DORIS

(a statement that  
is a question)  
Mr. Shorofsky.

LYDIA

Lot of bruises. Cuts. They  
had to take some stitches.  
Maybe a broken rib.

(beat, and)

The man was kicking him  
the police said.

\*

That almost does her in again, but she hangs on tight.

72 DIFFERENT ANGLE

72

as a NURSE comes up, looking to Lydia, referring to conversations held before the three young people arrived on the scene.

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED:

72

NURSE

He's back in his room now;  
he'll probably sleep through  
the rest of the night.

LYDIA

Could we see him?

NURSE

Not all of you...and besides,  
he won't know you're there.

LYDIA

But we'll know we were there.  
And that matters.

NURSE

(reiterating)

Not all of you.

COCO

(quietly,  
firmly)

Miss Grant and Bruno.

DORIS

Yeah.

It's silently agreed to by the other two. The Nurse nods and starts down the corridor, Lydia right behind her and Bruno bringing up the rear.

73 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - ON DOOR - NIGHT

73

as the Nurse opens the door, ushering first Lydia, then Bruno into the room. Each glances down at Shorofsky lying on the pillow o.s. Their reactions help prepare us for his condition. They move around to the end of the bed.

74 THEIR POV - SHOROFKSY

74

face bruised, purple splotches attesting to the savagery of the attack. His sleep is drug-aided and profoundly deep. A nasal cannula is assisting his breathing.



75 TWO SHOT - BRUNO AND LYDIA

75

gaze at Shorofsky, trying to soak up some of his pain for him, knowing it's a doomed hope. Helplessness is a country whose border starts at the edge of hospital beds. A long beat, and:

BRUNO

Is he going to be okay...?

LYDIA

They think so.

BRUNO

'Think so...!' What's that mean?

LYDIA

Just what it says. They think he's going to be fine. Take a while, though.

BRUNO

He's got to get better.

(beat, and)

The last thing that happened between us...was me lying to him and getting caught...and not having the guts to apologize.

(simply)

Miss Grant, I love that old guy.

LYDIA

He knows.

Bruno takes a deep breath, turns away momentarily as the Nurse opens the door, pointing to her watch. Lydia's reply is not angry, but is definite.

LYDIA

(continuing)

We need a minute more, please.

The Nurse replies with a nod and pulls the door shut. Lydia looks back at Bruno, his form still turned away. She waits a few counts, then:

LYDIA

(continuing)

You okay?

Bruno nods and turns back. Lydia moves to the door, holds just a count near the bedside looking down at Shorofsky.

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED:

75

She places a hand lightly on the man's shoulder, a touching grace, then moves on out into the hallway. Bruno moves to the place near the bedside where Lydia stood. He studies Shorofsky's battered visage for a count, then bends close to the man's ear.

76 TIGHT SHOT - BRUNO

76

speaks in a gentle whisper.

BRUNO

For God's sake -- get better. I need someone to fight with.

\*

He kisses his beloved opponent lightly on the cheek, then opens the door and leaves the room. We HOLD ON Shorofsky for a short moment, then we:

DIRECT CUT TO:

77 INT. FACULTY LOUNGE - ON CRANDALL - DAY

77

pouring himself a cup of coffee, speaking to listeners who are o.s.:

CRANDALL

I am not being heartless. I am being pragmatic and realistic.

78 WIDER

78

REVEALING Sherwood and Mrs. Berg on the other side of the area. Mrs. Berg seems close to speaking a number of times during the exchange, but Sherwood and Crandall and their intensity seem to intimidate her somewhat, though the intimidation is unintended on their part.

SHERWOOD

Greg, no one cares a tinker's dam about the faculty show now!

CRANDALL

That's not the point.

SHERWOOD

Well, then you better educate me, because I'm not hopping on this bandwagon.

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTINUED:

78

CRANDALL

(not unkindly)

I am not being callous and I am not a believer in shows going on in the face of somebody's anguish. However: we have kids working in the band who are getting credit for their efforts. They're getting graded and that affects their finals. Which affects getting scholarships.

\*

(beat, and)

We cancel the show, we blow some of our seniors right out of college.

Sherwood reacts with disappointment, but also hears the reality underpinning Crandall's logic. She nods after a beat.

SHERWOOD

Can I at least get on your bandwagon one step at a time?

DIRECT CUT TO:

79 INT. SCHOOL OFFICE - ON LYDIA - DAY

79

Phone crammed between shoulder and ear, she attempts to carry on her conversation while completing some attendance cards.

LYDIA

Mr. Shorofsky, forget it. Morale is at a low point.

DIRECT CUT TO:

80 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - ON SHOROFSKY - DAY

80

The bed raised to a forty-five-degree angle. He is still weak, but not playing the last scene from "Pride of the Yankees." INTERCUT BETWEEN Shorofsky in the hospital room and Lydia in the school office.

SHOROFSKY

You're being sentimental and foolish. I hate sentimental things.

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED:

80

LYDIA

We are simplifying the show and making it like an exam presentation. The kids will get their grades and we won't feel like hypocrites singing and dancing while you're laid up in the hospital.

SHOROFSKY

You should write greeting cards for a living! This is embarrassing!

LYDIA

Mr. Shorofsky -- you're not getting a vote in this. I am simply informing you about what's been decided.

\*

SHOROFSKY

Sentimental twaddle.

LYDIA

I'm glad to hear you're getting better. 'Cause the nastier you get, the more I recognize you. I'll talk to you tomorrow -- let you know how it went. Bye!

And she hangs up with a smile.

81 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - FULL SHOT - DAY

81

Shorofsky glares at the phone, then replaces it on the cradle, contenting himself for a beat with simply glaring into thin air. A beat, then the door is opened by a sweet young nurses' aide. She carries a shiny chrome bedpan prominently in view. Shorofsky looks at her evenly.

NURSES' AIDE (Cheerfully)

\*

Good morning.

SHOROFSKY

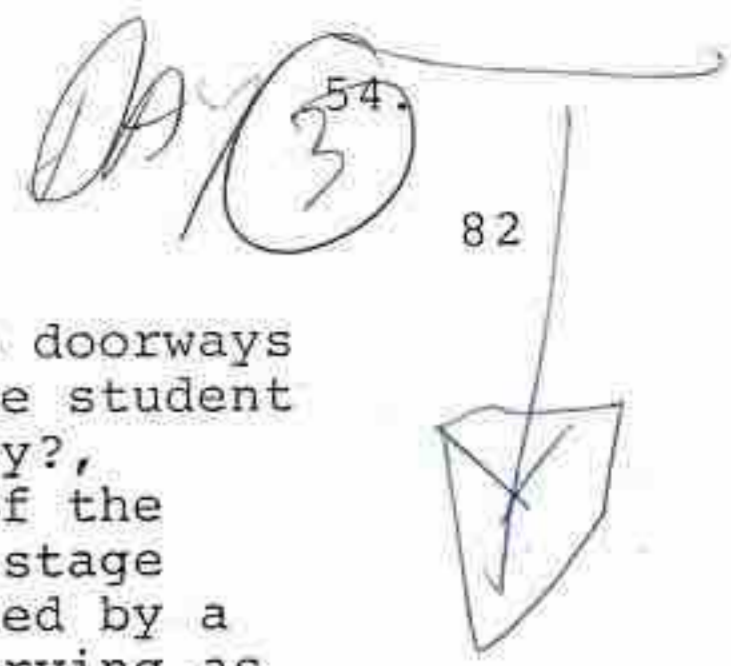
Someone stole the geranium out of your planter. Get out of my sight.

The nurses' aide retreats under the seniority and expertise of The Look. We HOLD ON Shorofsky as he contemplates his present state and finds it lacking and starts to dwell on how to improve it, as we:

DIRECT CUT TO:

82

INT. LYDIA'S CLASSROOM - FULL SHOT - NIGHT



A few chairs have been set up near one of the doorways holding the teachers involved with grading the student musicians. Bruno and his support group (Danny?, Montgomery? \* are organized to the far side of the room). Presently being set up in the center stage area is Mr. Crandall at a small upright, backed by a bass player and drummer. Lydia moves out, serving as organizer, but not really playing it as she would if her duties entailed being mistress of ceremonies.

LYDIA

Mr. Crandall is first. He's backed by Jeffrey Cummings on bass and William Yates on drums.

Crandall strikes a chord or two, not starting a piece, but really just supporting his opening patter as a cocktail pianist might.

CRANDALL

Hi...Crandall here...hope to find a few of the oldies that might set your toes to tapping.

83

ON DANNY AND BRUNO

83

Danny has a notepad in his hand, is hanging on every word.

84

BACK ON CRANDALL

84

has a fantasy life in which he's Bobby Short.

CRANDALL

Something old, something new,  
something borrowed, something  
blue.

(a grin)

Probably an old fuse.

*Post Scored -*

85

ON DANNY AND BRUNO

85

Danny flips the notebook shut and puts it in his pocket. Bruno nods profound approval of his taste. They both listen politely as we HEAR Crandall start into some arcane rag, and we:

DIRECT CUT TO:

as Shorofsky approaches the nurses' station, wearing suit and tie, a conservative topcoat over this. He carries his hat in one hand. He carries himself with a certain stiffness, that can also be taken for authoritative command. He stops at the nurses' station, addressing the NIGHT NURSE presently on duty.

SHOROFSKY

Nurse?

(as she turns  
to him)

I am Dr. Westheim. We've not met before, I believe.

NIGHT NURSE

No, Doctor.

SHOROFSKY

I have a patient in 316. Mr. Shorofsky. You should notify your superiors. He is gone.

NIGHT NURSE

Oh, I'm so sorry.

SHOROFSKY

Did everything we could, but he...slipped away. No pain. Went very quickly.

NIGHT NURSE

I'll call Dr. Stanley.

SHOROFSKY

Wait fifteen or twenty minutes. All his family is in there with him now.

NIGHT NURSE

(understandingly)

Of course, Doctor.

Shorofsky nods his thanks, and as he moves slowly off toward the elevators:

SHOROFSKY

He just slipped away...very quietly.

NIGHT NURSE

Probably for the best.

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED:

86

SHOROFSKY

I thought so for sure.

And something in that chipper tone takes the Night Nurse's look to the good departing Doctor, but there are other matters more pressing on her agenda, and she turns her attention to them, as we:

DIRECT CUT TO:

87 INT. DANCE CLASSROOM - FULL SHOT - NIGHT

87

MUSIC #9 SHERWOOD JAZZ BOGGIE Pt. II \*  
See P.B. #2720-7-NV (1:30 est)  
Temp track - To be Post-Scored

Sherwood's African Dance has been translated with help from Leroy in a perfectly fine JAZZ TURN, and she's acquitting herself very well, thank you.

88 ANGLE TO DOORWAY

88

where Coco, Julie and Leroy stand looking on. He's using as much body English as he can get away with, and when he catches two girls watching him with smiles, he breaks into a sunburst of a smile.

DIRECT CUT TO:

89 INT. THE LOBBY - ON SHOROFSKY - NIGHT

89

as he reaches to Lobby level from the street stairs. He's puffing, but we're not playing "Sunrise at Campobello" here, just a little tough climb for one recently "slipped away" from the hospital. We PAN HIM AS he moves across the floor and reaches the marble staircase. He stands at the base of the steps looking up, surveying those steps as other men regard Kilimanjaro. A beat, then Shorofsky swings about and gently seats himself, butt on about the third step. He moves himself, rump leading the way, up to the fourth step, then the fifth and so on and so on. In this gently non-taxing way does Shorofsky ascend the heights as we HOLD and then:

DIRECT CUT TO:

90 INT. THE DANCE CLASSROOM - FULL SHOT - NIGHT

90

as Sherwood, beaming with delighted accomplishment, takes her bow to the generous amount of applause her turn draws from the onlookers. Lydia moves into the center of the room again as Sherwood reaches the "wings."

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED:

90

LYDIA

Well, there's really only one more presentation, and --

MRS. BERG (V.O.)

I would like to take part, please.

91 DIFFERENT ANGLE

91

as Lydia and the others assembled look to Mrs. Berg with surprise and a few suppressed smiles. Lydia doesn't quite know how to react.

LYDIA

You want to do something in the show, Mrs. Berg...?

MRS. BERG

Yes. If I may.

Who is going to say no to Mrs. Berg. Nobody. No way. Lydia smiles permission and moves off to take her place next to Sherwood. Mrs. Berg dons glasses and moves to the center of the room, unfolding a piece of paper as she does so.

MRS. BERG

(continuing)

I believe one would say this is in the nature of a dramatic reading. When Mr. Shorofsky was injured, one of the things the police found on the floor was a letter he had written. He wrote it to me. I'd like to share it with you.

(reading)

'Dear Mrs. Berg: we have reached that time of the school year when tempers get short and voices are raised in anger. Some say this is because this is a school for artists and that we are 'different.' This is not true. There is art and creativity in any task that is done with love. If a file is kept with love and not despair, then the person who keeps that file is worthy of our respect and our compassion.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



91 CONTINUED:

91

MRS. BERG (CONT'D)

I denied you both those things with my anger and I humbly beg your forgiveness. I am among the most fortunate of men to be able to do what I love with those whom I love. You are an important part of a world I never wish to change. Please accept my apology. Your devoted friend, Benjamin Shorofsky.

There is a long beat of admiring silence, then:

SHOROFSKY (V.O.)

Someone get the diabetics out of this room before it's too late.

92 DIFFERENT ANGLE

92

as those in the room react with an explosion of good feelings on seeing Shorofsky standing in the doorway, leaning somewhat shakily against the doorjamb. Sherwood and Crandall move to him at once as others obtain a chair and provide him some resting place. Lydia looks over to Bruno and nods, sending him and his minions into gear. Lydia moves to the center of the floor, speaking OVER THE OPENING CHORDS of her INTRODUCTION.

LYDIA

Mr. Shorofsky -- you got here late, but you also got here just in time. One last act, and it's dynamite!

(a smile)

It's me.

93 LYDIA'S DANCE

93 \*

MUSIC #10 CARNIVAL  
P.B. #2720-10-V (3:22)  
Pre-Recorded

:00 INTRO

:13 VERSE 1 (LYDIA)

Every day is a great day for carnival  
Little boys and little girls are having fun  
There will be dancin' in the street  
Ain't no tellin' who you'll meet  
Everyday is a great day for carnival

1:10 RHYTHM BREAK DOWN

1:37 BRIDGE  
 And ev'rybody will stand high  
 As the carnival is passing by  
 Everyday is a great day for carnival

1:52 BRIDGE II (KEY CHANGE)  
 There will be dancin' in the street  
 Ain't no tellin' who you'll meet  
 Everyday is great day for carnival

2:06 FALSE ENDING  
 Everyday is a great day for carnival

2:16 RHYTHM BREAK II

2:30 MODULATIONS  
 Carnival  
 Carnival  
 Carnival  
 Carnival

2:40 VERSE 3  
 Everyday is a great day for carnival  
 So come one everybody and have some fun

2:54  
 And if you stay a little while  
 You'll be dancin' in style  
 Everyday is a great day for carnival

3:11 Carnival

3:15 Carnival

3:17 End

3:21 Carnival

3:22 Out

But builds to a sequence where Lydia, having more or less finished with the formal part of her tap dance, reaches out and gets Leroy, starting into a series of kicks. Then Coco is picked up, and then Doris, and then Julie. They detour to the band area and kidnap Bruno, Danny and Montgomery. Sherwood can't escape, either, and by now it's sloppy and silly and giggly. Dopey fun. A lot of loving laughter blended in.

94 ON SHOROFSKY

94

leaning back, taking it in, his smile an indication of how much good this present prescription is doing for him.

95 ANGLE ON THE CHORUS LINE

95

The Rockettes they're not, but who the hell wants the Rockettes, anyway? We HOLD a beat, and then we:

FREEZE FRAME.

FADE OUT.

THE END