

FAME

"A Big Finish"

(Formerly:  
"A Couple of Swells")

Prod.#2721

by

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FAME

"A Couple of Swells"

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MUSIC CUES

- MUSIC #1 - Sc. 16 "BALLET EXERCISE #1" (CHOPIN NOCTURNE E<sub>b</sub> Op.55 #1) \*  
P.B. 2721-1-NV (1:00est)  
Pre-Recorded  
(To play under Scenes 16-25)
- MUSIC #2 - Sc. 27 "BALLET EXERCISE #2" (Tchaikovsky Nutcracker \*  
Chinese Dance)  
P.B. 2721-2-NV (:30est)  
Pre-Recorded
- MUSIC #3 - Sc. 107-108  
"FANFARE"  
P.B. 2721-3-NV (:05est)  
Temp Track / To be Post-Scored
- MUSIC #4 - Sc. 113 "INSPIRATIONAL CLUMPY"  
P.B. 2721-4-NV  
(To play under Scenes 113-116)
- MUSIC #5 - Sc. 118 "YOU'RE THE REAL MUSIC" \*  
P.B. 2721-5-V (3:17est)  
Pre-Recorded
- MUSIC #6 - Sc. 124 "A COUPLE OF SWELLS"  
P.B. 2721-6-NV (1:51est)  
Pre-Recorded

FAME

"A Couple of Swells"

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CAST LIST

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

TIM O'BANNION  
BIRDIE WHELAN  
MICHELLE  
MRS. PEYTON-SMYTHE

CLUMPY

FAME

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SET LIST

INTERIORS:

SCHOOL OF THE ARTS  
LOBBY - DAY  
HALLWAY - DAY  
CORRIDORS - DAY  
DANCE CLASSROOM - DAY  
SHERWOOD'S CLASSROOM - DAY  
BASEMENT CORRIDOR - DAY  
JANITOR'S OFFICE - DAY  
MUSIC REHEARSAL ROOM - DAY

LODGE HALL

ENTRYWAY - NIGHT  
STAGE - NIGHT  
PIT - NIGHT

EXTERIORS:

SCHOOL OF THE ARTS -  
DAY (STOCK SHOT)

FAME

"A Couple of Swells"

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

1 INT. SCHOOL OF THE ARTS LOBBY - FULL SHOT - DAY 1

as SHERWOOD comes up the steps, wearing her early morning jogging gear, still puffing a little bit from her run, but obviously able to handle the exertion with ease. She stops just inside the entryway and bends over, a final postrun stretch. START TITLES here.

2 ON SHERWOOD - CLOSER 2

stretching out, holding a beat, then reacting to the o.s. SOUND of a DOG BARKING. That's very much out of context in these surroundings. She straightens slowly, looking off to:

3 POV - "CLUMPY" 3

Clumpy isn't the sort of dog normally associated with the streets of New York City. Clumpy is fairly large, of indeterminate parentage, and has never known the touch of a groomer or even a collar.

4 WIDER 4

Seeing that the animal is absolutely no threat at all unless petting can be hazardous to your health, Sherwood starts to move toward it, her smile reflecting puzzlement.

SHERWOOD

Good morning...what are you doing here...sir or madam as the case may be.

CLUMPY responds with a BARK as Sherwood nears. The tail is wagging happily throughout. TITLES CONTINUE.

SHERWOOD

(continuing)

Let me guess...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

## SHERWOOD (CONT'D)

...You're either wearing the most incredible pair of legwarmers I've ever seen...or you're a dog. And if you're a dog...you're getting out...now!

Sherwood reaches out to get control of Clumpy, but that's not part of the scenario the dog has in mind. It BARKS happily, ever eager to play and chase, darts past Sherwood's outstretched hands and takes off down the hall at an easy lope.

5 DIFFERENT ANGLE - THE HALLWAY

5

Sherwood reacts with a kind of what-the-hell and takes out after the dog, deciding she might as well extend her morning run a few more paces in a good cause. As she goes, she AD LIBS entreaties to the fleeing canine, not one of which do the slightest bit of good.

END CREDITS HERE.

The dog disappears around the corner at the far end of the corridor. Sherwood reaches the corner in full pursuit and moves out of sight.

6 TIGHT SHOT - SHERWOOD

6

as she comes around the corner and reacts with an outcry of comedic alarm, then abruptly drops OUT OF FRAME.

7 WIDER ANGLE - THE FALL

7

The floor around the corner of the intersecting corridors is well marked with DANGER: WET FLOOR pylons, and the glistening surface attests to the truth of the warning. Sherwood's feet go out from under her and she goes down heavily, though not in any way so spectacular a fall that we might worry about her well-being.

8 CLOSER ANGLE

8

as Sherwood checks herself out, finds she's still in one piece, though there are areas that will be multi-colored by mid-day, for sure. She looks up on hearing:

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

TIM (V.O.)

Miss Sherwood -- you all right?

THE ANGLE ADJUSTS TO INCLUDE TIM O'BANNION. Tim is a beaming spritely man who manages to combine the maturity of his years with an unflagging youthful enthusiasm. He's wearing janitorial garb, has a New York Mets baseball cap perched jauntily on his head. He quickly crosses to Sherwood, helping her to her feet.

TIM

Here, now...take it slow...  
Easy, now...

SHERWOOD

Thank you, Tim...I'm fine...  
Really...

TIM

You better watch doing your jogging inside like that. I usually do the floors around this time of the morning, before the kids get here.

\*

SHERWOOD

I wasn't jogging. I was trying to collar that darned dog.

TIM

What dog?

SHERWOOD

The dog that was -- you didn't see a dog go tearing past here about three seconds before I made my graceful entrance?

TIM

No dog. Not me.

SHERWOOD

But weren't you out here?

TIM

Sure was. And I didn't see any dog.

Sherwood knows Tim well enough to know that he'd never lie, and she also knows she isn't hallucinating, so she finally decides to dismiss it and deal with her bruised bod, leaving the dog catching to experts.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED: (2)

8

SHERWOOD

Well...okay. Thank you for your  
help, Tim. Take care.

TIM

(nicely)

You be the one taking care;  
I wasn't the one who fell down.

Sherwood takes this with a smile, nods acknowledgement  
as she moves back around the corner on her way back to the  
lobby.

9 ON TIM

9

His smile fades a bit, replaced by a look of rogueish  
relief. He looks down at the floor to:

10 POV - THE WET FLOOR

10

Clearly showing the pawmarks caused by the dog's passing  
through the damp surface of the floor.

11 BACK ON TIM

11

He quickly reaches out to the nearby bucket and starts to  
mop away the incriminating evidence. It takes only a  
second or two, then he reacts to the SOUND of a DOG  
WHINING pitifully o.s.

12 HIS POV - ANGLE TO BACK STAIRS

12

Looking very much the culprit, Clumpy peeks his head cau-  
tiously around the edge of the wall of the stairwell.

13 ON TIM

13

Looks about anxiously, speaks in an urgent whisper.

TIM

Go find Birdie, you jerk...  
where's Birdie...? Go on...  
go find Birdie...



14 ON CLUMPY

14

Not a canine mensa member, it takes Clumpy a few beats to assimilate the message. Once it sinks in, Clumpy reacts quickly, moving back out of sight, apparently heading for the lower depths of the building.

15 ON TIM

15

Fond of the dog, but there are limits. He takes a breath and resumes working on the mopping that remains to be done as we HOLD a beat, then we:

DIRECT CUT TO:

16 INT. DANCE CLASS ROOM - FULL SHOT - DAY

16

MUSIC #1 - "Ballet Exercise" (Chopin Nocturne Eb Op. 55#1)  
P.B. 2721-1-NV (1:00est)  
Pre-Recorded  
(To play under Scenes 16-25)

\*

The dance troupe is in the middle of a classically themed NUMBER, which LYDIA watches from the front of the room, eye alert for any error or misstep. LEROY is in the center of the number, acquitting himself with the usual charismatic style.

17 DIFFERENT ANGLE

17

as SHOROFSKY opens the door from the corridor and quietly slips in.

18 ON LYDIA

18

catching sight of him and smiling a greeting which is also a question as to why he's here.

19 ON SHOROFSKY

19

Signals he's not going to be any trouble at all. He'll not be in the way. He moves along the wall toward the windows, pulling a small tape measure out of his pocket.

20 ON LYDIA

20

Attention drifting slowly from the progress of the dance number to whatever it is that Shorofsky has in mind.

21 ANGLE TO SHOROFSKY 21

unreeling the tape from the container and starting to measure off a pre-determined length along the wall.

22 BACK ON LYDIA 22

Now really curious. She moves along the front wall, slowly, catlike, closing in.

23 ON LEROY 23

noting that Lydia's attention is now almost exclusively on Shorofsky and his project. The dance move takes him and several others of the troupe of the area of the side door. A mischievous smile plays across his face and he starts to surreptitiously organize a mass exodus.

The ANGLE ADJUSTING TO INCLUDE Shorofsky as Lydia nears him, her back turned now to the rehearsal area behind her. Shorofsky greets her arrival with a smile. He reels in the tape measure, having completed his mission. They speak over the MUSIC still playing o.s.

LYDIA

Mr. Shorofsky -- what are you --

SHOROFSKY

(overlapping)

I'm measuring, and your room is perfect.

LYDIA

Thank you very much. Perfect for what?

SHOROFSKY

My doctor says I need exercise. Yours is the only room in the school where I can store my equipment.

24 ANGLE TO SIDE DOOR 24

The MUSIC PLAYS ON and Leroy continues to hustle the dance troupe out the side door, taking advantage of the diversion provided by Shorofsky.

Lydia not eager to ask the next question, but neither is she able not to ask it.

LYDIA

Mr. Shorofsky...exactly what 'sort' of equipment are we talking about here?

SHOROFSKY

Table tennis. Folds right up against the wall when I'm not using it. Be no trouble at all.

LYDIA

You're talking about a ping pong table?

SHOROFSKY

(the purist)

Please. Table tennis. Not 'ping pong'.

LYDIA

Well...yes. But will that be enough exercise for you? What about real tennis? They have places with indoor courts.

SHOROFSKY

Table tennis is very 'real', thank you. And what you call 'real' tennis is bad for pianists. Builds up the forearms in the wrong way. Loses flexibility.

LYDIA

Well, I'm just afraid it's going to start looking like a summer camp around here, if we're not --

The music supporting the classical dance routine ends and Lydia reacts to the sudden silence. She turns back to the dance area, speaking as she does so.

LYDIA

(continuing)

All right, that was pretty good now. We'll take five and --

And she stops, confronted by an empty room.

26 ANGLE TO SIDE DOOR

26

A beat, then LEROY'S O.S. LAUGH tips what's been engineered. A beat, then all the dancers appear, laughing and enjoying themselves no end. Not often they get to pull one off so cleanly.

27 WIDER ANGLE - LYDIA AND SHOROFSKY

27

She moves toward the dancers, smiling ruefully, but with a look in her eye that clearly spells out there will be some revenge meted out in very short order.

LYDIA

Well, aren't you all the cute ones, though? Why, you're all just so funny!

SHOROFSKY

(still on the topic)  
It's all right with you, then?

LYDIA

(attention elsewhere)  
Sure. Fine. Whatever.

SHOROFSKY

Blessings! I'll tell them to bring it on up!

And he is on his way toward the hallway. Once his words and their meaning have registered on Lydia, it's too late. He's on his way out the door and gone.

LYDIA

Mr. Shorof --

Long beat, then to the dancers and Leroy.

LYDIA

(continuing)  
I hope you enjoyed your little joke. I mean, I hope it was the high point of your day. Because, believe it...the low point is heading your way right now.

And she becomes Captain Bligh in Danskins.

LYDIA

(continuing)  
In line!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

27

CONTINUED:

27

LYDIA (CONT'D)

Now! Don't want to hear any talking and if there's one step that's less than perfect, you're all going to be wishing for heart transplants -- but don't come to me, 'cause I ain't got one!

(and:)

Five! Six! Seven! Eight!

And they all respond, well trained and well-motivated. Terror can work wonders occasionally.

MUSIC #2 - "BALLET EXERCISE #2" (Tchaikovsky Nutcracker Chinese Dance) \*  
P.B. 2721-2-NV (:30est)  
Pre-Recorded

We HOLD ON their efforts and Lydia's unbending resolve and then we:

DIRECT CUT TO

28

INT. SHERWOOD'S CLASS - DAY

Stark contrast from the explosion taking place in Lydia's room. All heads are down and the level of industry and concentration is a high one. Sherwood is working at her desk, glancing up from time to time at the kids, then back to more mundane concerns. She looks up as MONTGOMERY MacNEILL quietly approaches the desk.

SHERWOOD

(surprised, softly)

Done already?

Montgomery shakes his head, leans into Sherwood, keeping his tone subdued.

MONTGOMERY

No, I'm not...but something's wrong.

SHERWOOD

About what?

MONTGOMERY

About Doris.

Sherwood looks past Montgomery to:

29

POV - DORIS

29

Her eyes are red and teary. She has a tissue in hand with which she periodically dabs at her nose. She sniffles, she blows. Dabs at her eyes.

30 BACK ON MONTGOMERY AND SHERWOOD

30

Sherwood shares Montgomery's concern and puzzlement.

MONTGOMERY

She's been like that the whole class. I ask her what's wrong, she just waves me off.

SHERWOOD

Thank you, Montgomery...you get on back to your seat now; I'll take care of this.

Montgomery moves to do as instructed. Sherwood puts the paperwork aside and starts for Doris.

31 DIFFERENT ANGLE

31

as Sherwood comes to Doris' side, sliding into the adjacent chair. Doris glances up, smiles bravely.

SHERWOOD

Doris....are you all right?

DORIS

Sure.

SHERWOOD

Doris...level with me.

DORIS

Well...I'll admit I'm kind of mad. Little sad. Confused.

SHERWOOD

Why?

DORIS

It's...that time of the year.

SHERWOOD

(thrown)

Time of the year?

Doris nods, then waves for a second's timeout as she deals with an imminent sneeze.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

DORIS

I get...I get...I get...  
 (sneezes)  
 Allergies.

Sherwood nods, smiles, as the picture comes a bit more into focus.

SHERWOOD

Oh, I see...that's what the tears and sniffles are about.

DORIS

(nods, and)  
 Anytime I get around...

And she inhales sharply, eyes closing, the sneeze building like a forest ranger's orgasm. As she waits for it to hit, Sherwood attempts to keep open the lines of communication.

SHERWOOD

...people who grow flowers...?

A shake of the head from Doris.

SHERWOOD

(continuing)  
 ...places that are very dusty...?

A second shake of the head.

SHERWOOD

(continuing)  
 ...certain kinds of materials...?

And the sneeze occurs.

SHERWOOD

(continuing)  
 Bless you.

DORIS

Dogs. Or anybody who's been around dogs. I just go...

Once again, the building tension in nostril city silences Doris for a few seconds.

SHERWOOD

Then there was a dog.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: (2)

31

Doris sneezes, recovers in time for:

SHERWOOD

(continuing)

Bless you.

DORIS

I've got to go to my allergist  
this afternoon...I've got to get  
some shots...

SHERWOOD

Doris... Before you get those  
shots...I wonder if you could do  
me a favor...?

DORIS

If I can.

SHERWOOD

(the conspirator)

In the old days, miners used to  
take canaries down into the mine  
with them, the theory being that  
any poison gas would knock the  
little canary out long before it'd  
affect a grown man, giving the miners  
time to escape.

DORIS

All this has something to do  
with the favor? \*

SHERWOOD

I wan to get you with Mr. O'Bannion,  
the janitor...and be my canary  
in the mine. \*

Doris begins to nod agreement, but is once again blind-  
sided by the irresistible impulse to sneeze, and she manages  
to turn the preamble into a spastic sort of a nod before  
we:

DIRECT CUT TO:

32 INT. CORRIDOR AREA - FULL SHOT - DAY

32

Classes being changed as we FIND JULIE MILLER moving along  
the corridor heading for one of the corner stairwells.  
She slows, her way blocked by:



33 POV - SHOROFSKY

33

guiding a duo of moving men as they jockey the folded up ping-pong table around the narrow corner of the small stairwell. From the care Shorofsky is demanding, they might as well be moving The Pieta.

SHOROFSKY

Easy now...easy...lift that end  
higher...that's it...fine...  
straight ahead now...good...

The movers edge the table out into the clear and start to place it on top of a small dolly. Shorofsky oversees this portion of the process, too. Julie moves INTO FRAME, looking on with bemusement. Other students continue to move past them throughout.

JULIE

Mr. Shorofsky...is that a ping  
pong table.

SHOROFSKY

It is a table tennis table.  
(to the movers)  
Around the corner. Third door  
on the right.

Julie has started to move on, but Shorofsky isn't ready for that to happen just yet.

SHOROFSKY

(continuing)

Miller.

(as she turns back)

Sixth period. You have a rehearsal  
hour scheduled. This is correct?

JULIE

Yeah. I was going to go over the  
NAME OF SELECTION.

SHOROFSKY

Nonsense. A waste of time.  
You have that down pat.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED

33

JULIE

Well...what do you want me to  
work on?

34 CLOSE ON SHOROFSKY

34

Fishermen get this sort of look in their eyes when they  
set the hook.

SHOROFSKY

Miller...have you ever played  
table tennis?

\*

And as his smile grows ever more cheshirely, we HOLD and  
then we:

DIRECT CUT TO:

35 INT. SHERWOOD'S ROOM - ON REGISTER - DAY

35

The hot air register set into the wall. A yardstick with  
a piece of crepe paper pinned to the end of it is placed  
in front of the air vent and flutters feebly as the meager  
breeze acts upon it.

TIM (V.O.)

Look at that...you're getting  
plenty of air through there.

36 WIDER ANGLE

36

REVEALING the classroom is empty except for Tim O'Bannion, Miss Sherwood, and Doris, the sole student, who would appear to be serving some kind of punishment detail, going over a workbook and filling out questions, the very picture of student dedication.

SHERWOOD

Well, I'd appreciate if you'd check the registers at the back of the room, too. It seems to take forever for us to get any heat once the thermostat kicks in.

TIM

(as he moves there)

Well, maybe it does take forever, but this is an old building. Things slow up when you get older. People and things. Fact of life.

SHERWOOD

Just check it out, please.

Tim nods compliance, then moves to the back wall of the room, now in some proximity to Doris. He starts to check the airflow on the nearby vent.

37 ON DORIS

37

Sniffles. Waits. Sniffles again, a little more seriously. Then she nods, pointing to O'Bannion o.s. Guilty as charged according to the Doris detector. Ah-choo!

38 WIDER ANGLE

38

That's enough for Sherwood. She gestures Doris toward the doorway and the corridor, a gesture Doris responds to promptly, gathering up her books and heading for the door. Tim barely notes her move, concentration on his job with the register.

TIM

I suppose I can call somebody to really check this out, but I think it's doing just fine the way it is, you want to know the truth.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

38

SHERWOOD

Yes, I do want to know the truth.  
But I'm not talking about anything  
concerned with the register, *yes*

Tim turns to her, a certain growing undercurrent of  
apprehension there.

TIM

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

39 INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE OF SHERWOOD'S ROOM - ON DORIS - DAY

39

Closes the door, but not exactly all the way, leaving it  
just enough ajar so that she can pick up on the conver-  
sation taking place within as she hugs the wall in order  
to stay out of sight.

SHERWOOD (V.O.)

We're talking about the dog I  
saw in here this morning.

TIM (V.O.)

A dog being in school is that big  
a deal to you?

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

40

Sherwood isn't angry, but is determined to state her case  
and get it resolved or, failing that, at least out in the  
open.

SHERWOOD

I couldn't care less about a dog  
in school. What I do care about  
is somebody I work with lying to  
me. And I think that's what you  
did this morning, and I'd like  
to know why, please.

Tim's expression sets stubbornly.

TIM

You think Tim O'Bannion is a  
liar, is that what you're saying?

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

40

SHERWOOD

Tim, for heaven's sake, if you're keeping a pet, I don't --

Tim's responding anger is large, maybe a shade too large for the topic being discussed and for Sherwood's non-threatening manner in all this.

TIM

(interrupting)

It's not 'Tim'! It's 'Mister O'Bannion', thank you very much! If you're 'Miss Sherwood', then I'm 'Mister O'Bannion' to you.

SHERWOOD

Very well. I'm just trying to --

TIM

And I don't own a dog. I never owned a dog, and I don't plan on owning a dog! And I don't like being called a liar by anybody, no matter what the reason is! We're done!

And he heads for the door, steaming from every pore.

41 INT. CORRIDOR AREA - FULL SHOT - DAY

41

as Doris attempts a covering retreat on realizing Tim is headed her way. Her execution leaves a little bit to be desired, however, and a couple of her books fall from her grasp. She kneels down attempting to gather them up in time, but coming up a few seconds short. She looks to the door and:

42 CLOSE ANGLE - TIM O'BANNION

42

as he storms out of Sherwood's classroom and stops, leaning weakly against the wall. The anger displayed inside the room is replaced now by fear and despair. Even a shimmering of tears in the look. Then he becomes aware of:

43 DORIS

43

There are people in our world who aren't real.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

43

They just perform functions for us. Faceless, most of them. Toll booth fare takers. Garbagemen. Washroom attendants. And janitors. We're not used to seeing them close to tears.

44 WIDER ANGLE

44

as Tim turns and stalks away, once again using anger as a mask, albeit a flawed one. He moves to the corner and is out of sight.

45 ON DORIS

45

Idly gathering the fallen books up, still looking down the hallway after Tim, her expression thoughtful and curious and caring.

45A INT. CORRIDOR AREA - DAY - FULL SHOT

45A

Bruno is at his locker, pulling out jackets, stowing some books, obviously heading out and home. The ANGLE ADJUSTS as Doris comes up to him, sticking her arm into the unoccupied armhole of Bruno's jacket.

DORIS

I think Mr. Barnum will pay a fortune for our act.

BRUNO

Doris, come on...

DORIS

Are you in a hurry to go somewhere?

BRUNO

I'm in a hurry to go home. I live there. I go there; I recognize my father. He remembers who I am. It's really kind of nice.

DORIS

You won't put off going home for half an hour?

BRUNO

Why?

DORIS

To help me overcome a childhood that was blighted by sexist attitudes.

BRUNO

I gave at the office.

DORIS

Listen--- when I was a little girl, all I played with were dolls and stuffed animals and be-a-wife-and-mother-things. No one ever taught me how to sneak.

BRUNO

Where do you have to sneak to?

DORIS

The janitor's office.

BRUNO

How come?

CONTINUED

45B CONTINUED:

45B

As Danny ENTERS FRAME, moving to his locker and starting to unlock it. As Doris continues to speak to Bruno, Danny tunes in, making no attempt at trying to hide his listening activity.

DORIS

Because Mr. O'Bannion turned into a person this morning.

DANNY

Probably the full moon.

DORIS

No, I'm serious... there are some people you never think of as people. They're just... always there. Parking lot attendants. Ticket takers at a movie. And school janitors. It's just "Good Morning, Mister O'Bannion. How ya doin'?" And I never even slow down to hear what he says.

BRUNO

And this morning, this transformation happened...?

DORIS

(nods)

He looked like he was going to cry. And that was right after he lied about something to Miss Shwerwood.

DANNY

Is somebody going to tell me what we're talking about?

BRUNO

Doris needs lessons in sneaking. She had a deprived childhood.

DANNY

Into O'Bannion's office?  
(off Doris' nod)

Pass.

DORIS

Okay. What are friends for, right? Friends are for turning you down, that's what they're for! Ciao.

And Doris moves on down the corridor, gimlet eyed and determined. Bruno and Danny look after her solemnly, then slowly to each other. They know they're being put through a guilt trip. They also know it's a tawdry manipulative ploy. They also acknowledge that it works as they nod gamely and move off in pursuit of Schwartz, and we---

DIRECT CUT TO:



BRUNO

And if we get caught in there...

DANNY

O'Bannion's on the third floor, waxing. He'll be there for a couple of hours, at least.

DORIS

And if he's got a dog, he shouldn't keep it cooped up in a little place like that office. It's not fair.

BRUNO

Doris, life is not fair. God put Bo Derek on earth to prove that.

DANNY

Doris, it is a lot like breaking and entering.

DORIS

Whose side are you on?

DANNY

I'm committed to freedom.

(beat, and)

My freedom. Let's get out of here.

DORIS

Okay. Go. I'm going to break and enter. You guys just cut and run. Suits me.

And Doris moves ahead, leaving Bruno and Danny alone together in a momentary gloom. Their gazes meet, then:

DANNY

You've heard of the 'Birdman of Alcatraz?'

(off Bruno's nod)

This is our chance to be the 'Dogmen of Singsing'.

A look confirms their reluctant decision and the pair of them move after Doris down the gloomy corridor.

48 DIFFERENT ANGLE

48

as Danny and Bruno close in on Doris in front of a door bearing the faded letters identifying it as JANITORS OFFICE. Doris points to the door, her eyes tearing up.

DORIS

We're deep into dog territory.  
Take my word for it.

They do so, and they also freeze as Doris reaches out and gently turns the knob on the door. It turns slowly, but turn it does. Doris pushes it open as one might place a feather atop a high wire.

49 INT. THE JANITOR'S OFFICE - FULL SHOT - DAY

49

In the depths of the basement, there obviously is no "day" or "night". What there is now is darkness pierced by the shaft of illumination from the flashlight until Doris reaches in and locates the lightswitch next to the door. After the light change has occurred, we can see the room is reasonably large, and has much more about it that is living space than office. A small TV set is in evidence, as is a half refrigerator and a two-burner hotplate. Stacks of books and magazines are in view, as is a somewhat aged radio-phonograph. One end of the room is masked off by a theatrical drape that's used as a kind of room divider. Our old friend Dog Clumpy pokes his head out from under the curtain. He's a watchdog with the combative spirit of a butterfly. Doris snaps off the flashlight and they all take a beat to assimilate the area.

DORIS

Told you there was a dog.

BRUNO

(sarcastically)

Yeah, and look how unhappy and mistreated the poor thing is.

DANNY

What's all that over there?

He indicates the wall directly opposite the doorway.

50 POV - PHOTO WALL

50

The wall opposite the doorway is literally covered with old black and white photos, some glossies, some from newspapers.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

50

A number of the photos show closeups of a three decades earlier Tim O'Bannion. The other photos reveal a second man, leaner of visage, but equally debonair and stylish.

51 DIFFERENT ANGLE

51

as the three young people slowly cross to the photo wall, drawn and mesmerized by the faded years of history thumb-tacked before them.

DANNY

Look -- that's O'Bannion. He was a dancer. A real dancer. This is Broadway stuff here.

BRUNO

Who's this...  
(reading)  
Birdie Whelan.

DORIS

My Grandma told me about him. He was the best, she said. I mean, she said there wasn't even a close second.

(a little saddened)

He must be gone by now.

BIRDIE (V.O.)

Not quite, young lady.

They all look off to:

52 POV - TOWARD DRAPE

52

as it's pulled aside by the present day BIRDIE WHELAN. Spare and somehow distinguished even in the rumpled trousers and tattered cardigan. It might be the faded Ascot that makes the difference. His gaze is soft and kind.

BIRDIE

I'm very much here and quite pleased about it, if I do say so myself.

(beat, and)

Would you all care to join me in a cup of tea?

53 ON BRUNO, DORIS AND DANNY

53

into some kind of time warp, but not in the least unhappy about that fact as they exchange looks and we HOLD a beat, until we:

FREEZE FRAME.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

54 INT. JANITORIAL OFFICE - ON TEACUP - DAY

54

as some hot water is added to the time-worn melmac cup and a teabag is added to the mix. We WIDEN TO FIND Doris the recipient of the teabag, which she dutifully bobs up and down in the steamy water as she looks o.s. with interest and surprise.

DORIS

You've been down here how long?

55 WIDER - THE ROOM

55

as Birdie, a very gracious and proper host, moves to Danny and Bruno, pouring hot water from the kettle into their cups, then moving to the rumpsprung easy chair and proceeding to serve himself. \*

BIRDIE

About three months. Ever since I got booted out of my room.

(explaining)

Couldn't come up with the rent. Had to spend the money on medicine. \*

(change of subject)

Who wants cream or sugar?

AD LIBS of thanks, but no takers from the three young people.

DANNY

What'd you need the medicine for?

BIRDIE

Well, I fell down and broke my hip. \*

DORIS

And Mr. O'Bannion...he fixed up this place here for you?

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED:

55

Birdie moves back to his chair gingerly, lowering himself onto the cushion, reaching out to fondly stroke his dog.

BIRDIE

No, not at first. First thing he tried to do was get me in with him at his place, but they don't take people with pets.

(a look to the dog)

And Clumpy's been with me...or I've been with Clumpy...ever since I stopped dancing. That's...too many years to throw away because of what some lease says.

BRUNO

I think that's terrific.

BIRDIE

To break a hip and get thrown out of your room? Not really, young man.

BRUNO

No...to have a friendship with someone, like you and Mr. O'Bannion have had...something that lasts for decades.

BIRDIE

We weren't friends till I broke my hip.

\*

DORIS

Why not?

BIRDIE

Because producers would always try to play us off against each other. If they wanted me for a part, they made sure to let me know Timmy was available. When they really wanted Timmy, they made sure to mention my name as a possibility.

\*

DANNY

And when you broke your hip?

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED: (2)

55

BIRDIE

When I broke my hip...God love  
him...he came to me and...

Birdie falls silent, looking at the floor, his voice momentarily not answering muster. The three young people wait, and:

TIM (V.O.)

I came to him and said...

56 DIFFERENT ANGLE

56

REVEALING Tim O'Bannion standing in the half-open doorway. He steps into the room and closes the door, leaning back against it.

TIM

...I said, 'you and I have gone through times and done things that few other human beings have known. There are tales we can tell that only you and I can truly understand. Seems a shame for each of us to ignore the only audience either one of us has got left.'

BIRDIE

(fondly)

That's what he said. That's what got me and old Clumpy here.

TIM

The question now is...are you going to get to stay here...?

Tim moves into the room, comes to take his place at Birdie's side, turning to face the three kids.

TIM

(continuing)

If any of the teachers upstairs find out about Birdie's staying here...he's out on his ear and I'm out of a job.

DORIS

Well, but...you can't expect to stay here forever.

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED:

56

BIRDIE

Just until we raise another three thousand dollars, that's all.

TIM

Friend of Birdies runs a trailer camp down in Bradenton, Florida. With what we've got so far, plus another three thousand dollars, we can make a down payment on a trailer and a place in the park there...

BIRDIE

Put our tootsies in the sand and our hooks in the water...

TIM

As long as no one upstairs finds out about what's going on down here.

BRUNO

They won't.

DANNY

Count on it.

DORIS

(all business)

We better get back before someone comes looking for us.

Bruno and Danny move to comply at once, very much enlisted in this conspiracy of silence. As they move to the door and out into the corridor, Doris holds, looking back for:

DORIS

(continuing)

Is there anything we can get you? Anything we can do?

BIRDIE

(considers, and)

Tell Leroy not to argue with Miss Grant so much.

DORIS

(baffled)

What?

(CONTINUED)



BIRDIE

I can hear the dance class through the vents. She's a good teacher, knows what she's talking about. All he's got to do is listen a little bit harder.

DORIS

Okay...I'll pass it on.

She smiles at the two men, both of whom return the look with restrained warmth, then Doris leaves them, closing the door. A beat, and:

BIRDIE

Hope your feelings aren't hurt, but it sure felt good to talk to somebody besides you.

TIM

I can handle it.  
(beat, and)  
Might have some making up to do with Clumpy, though.

Tim moves to the small refrigerator as Birdie reaches out to Clumpy, who moves forward for a small session of maintenance petting, as we HOLD a beat, and then we....

DIRECT CUT TO:

57 INT. DANCE CLASSROOM - ON JULIE - DAY

57

standing at the end of the ping pong table, paddle in one hand, ball in the other.

JULIE

Serving. Zip-zip.

And she serves, an easy patty-cake kind of serve.

58 WIDER ANGLE

58

as Shorofsky deigns to return the ball, simply snatches it out of the air.

SHOROFSKY

What was that?

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED:

58

JULIE

Opening serve.

Shorofsky tosses the ball back to her.

SHOROFSKY

It was a floating insult. Now  
serve properly, please.

JULIE

Mr. Shorofsky...what I said  
before...I really am pretty  
good at this.

SHOROFSKY

(a steaming  
pause, then)

Humor me.

Julie shrugs, not eager to initiate a one-sided contest, then serves, with a good deal more on the ball this time. It comes back at her like a rocket, the ball bouncing behind her all the way to the wall. She looks at Shorofsky with shock, then goes to retrieve the ball. She picks it up.

59 HER POV - SHOROFSKY

59

moving back and forth on the balls of his feet, paddle at the ready, his smile with a touch of sadistic eagerness about it.

60 ON JULIE

60

has determination of her own.

JULIE

Zero serving one.

And as she moves back toward the arena of conflict, we:

DIRECT CUT TO:

61 INT. SCHOOL CORRIDOR - ON SHERWOOD - DAY

61

The corridors empty at the end of the day, Sherwood heads for home and a hot tub with or without company and glances over with some idle curiosity as she sees Doris just getting things out of her locker for her own day-ending exit.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED:

61

SHERWOOD

Late rehearsal, Doris?

DORIS

Yeah. You got it.

(beat, and)

Miss Sherwood?

Sherwood turns back, but it seems clear from her manner that she's not about to undertake to change the character of Western Civilization this late in the day.

DORIS

(continuing)

I just remembered after class...  
it's not dogs I'm allergic to;  
it's cats.

SHERWOOD

You just remembered this...

DORIS

Well, I heard you and Mister  
O'Bannion talking and he seemed  
so sincere when he told you he  
wasn't lying about there being  
no dog, that I started to think  
over what I said to you and that's  
when I remembered it's cats I'm  
allergic to, not dog.

SHERWOOD

Just happened to come to you  
after hearing us, huh...

DORIS

(firmer  
footing needed)

Actually, I'm allergic to both,  
but dogs give me a cherry rash.  
It's cats that make me sneeze.  
And you have to admit, he did  
seem sincere when he told you he  
wasn't lying.

SHERWOOD

He never told me that, Doris.

DORIS

Sure he did. I heard.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED: (2)

61

SHERWOOD

Doris, I'm quite careful with words and their meaning. What Mister O'Bannion said was that he didn't own a dog, that he wouldn't own a dog, and that he didn't like being called a liar by anybody. And I believe that last part...he didn't like it one little bit, because he was lying.

Doris looks at Sherwood with a combination of irritation and admiration.

DORIS

You'd have made a terrific lawyer.

Sherwood nods sage agreement, then:

SHERWOOD

I think I'd have been especially good at spotting perjury.

That's Doris' cue to slam her locker shut and then slam the lock closed, beating as hasty retreat as she can without giving the appearance that an all-out rout has taken place. She moves off in one direction, Sherwood regarding her appraisingly. Sherwood smiles musingly, then resumes her previous course on down the hall.

62 DIFFERENT ANGLE

62

as Sherwood rounds a corner and is nearly run down by an angry and frustrated Julie Miller, obviously not used to undergoing what she's just undergone.

JULIE

Twenty-one-three! He killed me!  
That old...twenty-one to three!  
And I think he let up on me toward  
the end! I could die!

No explanation other than that forthcoming. Julie just moves on down the hallway, leaving Sherwood to look after her, then continue toward the lobby and relative sanity.

63 ANGLE PAST DANCE CLASSROOM

63

as Sherwood moves past the doorway just as Shorofsky trundles out, beaming like a Saltzburg sausage salesman.

SHOROFSKY

(exuberantly)

See you tomorrow! Have a nice evening!

And he executes a mock sweeping forehand smash, then heads on down the corridor ahead of Sherwood. She follows slowly, a woman who's going to use and savor every second of sanctuary that's coming to her, as we HOLD, and then we:

DIRECT CUT TO:

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

64

As the ever-present mounted policeman ambles by right to left on his rusty steed, we PUSH IN ON the front of the building as we HEAR:

LEROY (V.O.)

How's he know whether or not I listen to the woman?

DIRECT CUT TO:

65 INT. HALLWAY - LEROY AND DANNY - DAY

65

moving off from their lockers, both loaded down for the first half of the academic day. The halls are busy, pulsing, energetic.

DANNY

He can hear through the vents.

LEROY

(intrigued)

He can tell that much just by listening?

DANNY

That's what he says. And both of them were really pretty big in the old days.

LEROY

That's sad...guys like that having to hide out in a little room in the basement.

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED:

65

DANNY

Well, the main thing is not to let everyone know they're down there. Don't be telling anyone else about 'em.

On Leroy's dutiful nod, we:

DIRECT CUT TO:

66 INT. LOBBY AREA - DORIS AND MONTGOMERY - DAY

66

just entering from the outside, making their way through the crowded area, heading toward the marble staircase. As they cross:

DORIS

I went down to the Forty-second Street Library yesterday afternoon and looked them up.

MONTGOMERY

Did they check out?

DORIS

They were the best. I mean, either one of those guys could fill a theater. Lot of choreographers still study the stuff they did in the forties.

MONTGOMERY

Does Miss Grant know that one of the janitors in school is --

DORIS

(breaking in)

Of course she doesn't know. And don't tell her. It's very important that the whole school doesn't realize what's going on downstairs.

On Montgomery's dutiful nod, we:

DIRECT CUT TO:

67 INT. MUSIC ROOM - BRUNO AND JULIE - DAY

67

He's striking an "A" on the PIANO to help her in fine-tuning her cello.

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED:

67

Their conversation, however, is the focus for both of them.

BRUNO

My Dad said there's no one today who's even close to what they were. He said he stood in line for hours to see them.

JULIE

Did they ever dance together?

BRUNO

(shakes head)

They were always rivals, he said.

JULIE

First rivals, last friends...

(beat, and)

That's sad. We ought to try to do something for them. Help them raise the money they need.

BRUNO

The main thing we can do is to not noise this whole thing around. We don't want too many people finding out about this.

On Julie's dutiful nod, we:

DIRECT CUT TO:

68 INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE CAFETERIA - FULL SHOT - DAY

68

The SOUNDING of the BELL fills the halls with students pouring out of various classrooms. We PICK UP Doris as she threads her way in and out of the maelstrom, heading for the cafeteria. She's just about inside, when she's headed off by MICHELLE, an enthusiastic smile wreathing her face.

MICHELLE

Hey, I don't want to be pushy, but if I can help, I want to help. Onstage, backstage, wherever you say.

DORIS

Thank you. What are we talking about?

(CONTINUED)



68 CONTINUED:

68

MICHELLE

The benefit. For Tim O'Bannion  
and Birdie Whelan.

Doris reacts like Reagan learning hairdye is a carcinogen.

DORIS

How'd you find out about them?

MICHELLE

Montgomery mentioned it in biology  
and then Julie was talking in  
history about raising some money  
for them, and Danny...well,  
everybody knows, Doris.  
Absolutely everybody.

LYDIA (V.O.)

Everybody knows what?

69 DIFFERENT ANGLE

69

as Lydia approaches, smiling nicely, not wanting to intrude,  
just wanting to share. That's not what Doris has in mind.

DORIS

Nothing. Everybody knows nothing.  
Not a thing. That's why we're  
here, right? To learn? And I'm  
learning and I'm really proud to  
be here.

LYDIA

Doris, are you practicing up to  
accept an award, sweetheart?

(dismissing it)

Michelle, come on. I need you to  
help out with a freshman class  
after school. I'm going to bribe  
you with some yoghurt.

Lydia takes Michelle in tow and moves off, failing to note  
the eye contact signalling esprit de secrecy between the  
two girls. The ANGLE TIGHTENS ON Doris as she leans back  
against the wall, reacting to the near-miss aspect of the  
last encounter. A beat as she dwells on this, oblivious  
to the other students moving into the caf.

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED:

69

DORIS

A benefit.

(beat, and)

Dopey idea.

(beat, and)

Adolescent.

(beat, and)

So who better to pull it off  
than a bunch of dopey adolescents?

And in-for-a-dime-in-for-dollar, Doris' grin starts to blossom as she turns to head into the cafeteria, and we:

FREEZE FRAME.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

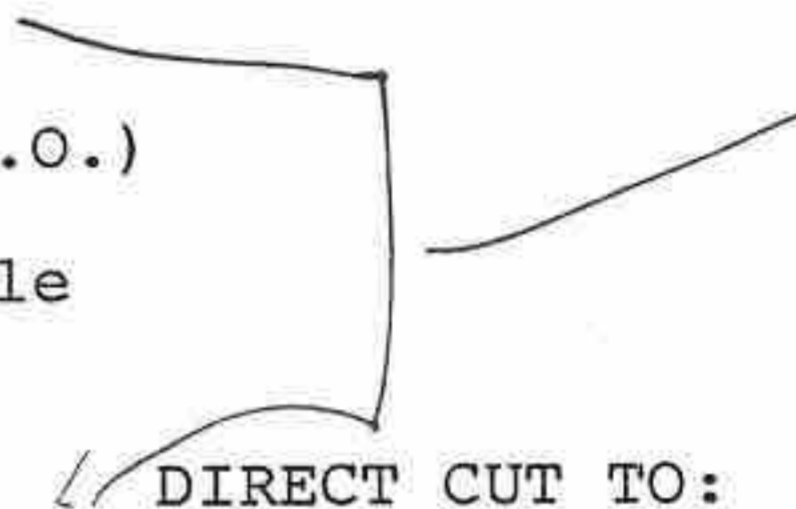
ACT THREE

FADE IN:

70 EXT. SCHOOL OF THE ARTS - FULL SHOT - DAY (STOCK) 70

as the faithful mounted policeman on his great horse, Halvah, moves across the screen from left to right. As we PUSH IN ON the facade:

MONTGOMERY (V.O.)  
According to these figures,  
financially we should be able  
to make it work.



DIRECT CUT TO:

71 INT. MAKEUP ROOM - FULL SHOT - DAY 71

Present at a coffee and danish orgy are Bruno, Julie, Doris, Montgomery, Leroy, and Danny. Montgomery has a small hand held calculator with which he's presently working.

MONTGOMERY  
Five dollars a ticket is not out of line for something like this, and if we could get a place that seated five, six hundred people, we'd be home free.

DANNY  
The Knights of St. Anthony seats about that. Little less, maybe.

JULIE  
So, a few people have to stand.

MONTGOMERY  
But the main thing is, we could deliver the acts. I mean, there are clearly enough people interested in this to fill out the evening.

BRUNO  
There's something wrong with all this.

DORIS  
It's running too smoothly.

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED:

71

BRUNO

Precisely.

DANNY

Why do you two always look for trouble? There are two old guys who need help. Everybody around here wants to help. And I can get my dad's lodge hall for free. Everything is folding right in. Why look for problems?

LEROY

Why ignore them when they're looking you right in the face?

MONTGOMERY

Like what?

LEROY

When we going to rehearse for this thing? There's stuff we've got to do for school.

JULIE

You think the teachers would refuse to let us help two people like Mister O'Bannion and Mister Whelan?

DANNY

Any one of the teachers would do anything to help guys like --

DORIS

(breaking in)

Hold it! Cut! Leroy is right and Bruno and I aren't as cynical about all this as you think.

MONTGOMERY

The teachers would not try to stop us.

DORIS

(right back at him)

The teachers would not have a choice.

(by the numbers)

We say we want to put on a benefit. Who for, they say, and we tell them.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DORIS (CONT'D)

Once they find out that Birdie Whelan is living in the janitor's office in the basement, they'll have no choice but to ask him to leave. Those are the rules; they've got to live by them.

The straightforward delivery has taken some of the steam out of those on the other side of the issue.

JULIE

And he can't move back in with Mr. O'Bannion because of the dog.

MONTGOMERY

Right...

BRUNO

And if he tries to find a place of his own, that just eats up part of the savings they want to use to get to Florida.

There is an awkward stillness as they all contemplate a plight that seems to have no immediate remedy.

LEROY

Seems like there's more and more rules lately to keep folks from helpin' other folks.

BRUNO

And the trains still don't run on time.

Another stillness, then:

DORIS

Look -- we are all being very logical and realistic and we are about to let logic and reality talk us out of something we all really want to see happen. Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney were never logical when they wanted to put on a show.

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED: (3)

71

MONTGOMERY

Doris -- my Mom does not have an attic full of costumes. Your 'pop' does not have a barn. The times have changed. You were the one who pointed out all the stuff about rules.

DORIS

For once in your life, ignore me.

BRUNO

Well, I don't know which way we're all going to come out on this, but... We either build a bridge or build a wall...

The pause takes a number of waiting looks to him. After a beat:

BRUNO

(continuing)

Those two old guys used to be us. Someday, we're going to be them. I'd like to think there'll be someone there to help me when I get to the short end of the string. Someone who cared enough not to let rules tell them what to do.

Looks move back and forth between those listening. The smiles that build are small but foundationally sound. We HOLD ON a growing unanimity, and then we:

DIRECT CUT TO:

72 INT. HALLWAY - ON LYDIA - DAY

72

moving down the corridor with dispatch, nodding a morning greeting to those few students and teachers who are also making their way to various first period responsibilities. She reaches the doorway to her classroom, then reacts with a sort of resigned irritation as she looks to:

73 HER POV - THE ROOM

73

The table tennis table is in the middle of the dance floor.

74 BACK ON LYDIA

74

as a couple of First Hour dance students make their way to her and start to move on into the room.

LYDIA

Michael, Darryl...move that out of the way up against the wall there, would you...?

Both young men nod assent and go on into the classroom. Lydia looks off in exasperation, then her gaze falls upon:

75 WIDER ANGLE - SHOROFSKY

75

in overcoat and hat, carrying a bulging briefcase under one arm. His manner is preoccupied, but cheerful. Lydia homes in on him like an incoming missile.

LYDIA

Mr. Shorofsky!

SHOROFSKY

Yes, good morning. How are you?

LYDIA

I'm fine, and you left the ping pong table standing in --

SHOROFSKY

Table tennis.

LYDIA

Whatever you call it, it was supposed to be stored against the wall; that was our understanding.

SHOROFSKY

Not my fault. Sorry.

LYDIA

Not your fault?

SHOROFSKY

I played Mr. Crandall last night. Beat him three straight. Twenty-one four, twenty-one five, twenty-one three. He just stormed out after the last game. I couldn't move the table by myself.

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED:

75

LYDIA

Well, Mr. Shorofsky...sometimes I come in early in the morning to rehearse and the table's too big for me to move, too. Now, what are we going to do about that?

He mulls this a beat, then:

SHOROFSKY

Do you happen to play?

LYDIA

No, I do not.

SHOROFSKY

I thought possibly we could settle it, play two out of three, winner gets to --

LYDIA

I do not play, Mr. Shorofsky.

SHOROFSKY

(considers, and)

Pity.

And he moves on along the hallway, tipping his hat politely, leaving Lydia to look after him, heading for full boil. Then, after a count or two, she starts to become aware of the distinctive SOUND of a PING PONG BALL being batted back and forth at a pretty good clip. She spins, heading back for the doorway to the dance class with:

LYDIA

Michael! Darryl! I told you to put that thing away!

And as she disappears around the corner into the classroom, we:

\*



87 INT. JANITOR'S OFFICE - ON POT - NIGHT

87

as a fork is dipped into the boiling water and lifts out a clump of half-cooked spaghetti. As the ANGLE WIDENS, we FIND Tim in charge of the cooking detail while Birdie is going over the day's entry in the spiral notebook.

TIM

(re: the spaghetti)

Another two or three minutes yet.

BIRDIE

Want to know what happened on that soap opera you like so much?

\*

TIM

You bet.

BIRDIE

(reading)

Cindy died.

TIM

What?

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED:

87

BIRDIE

Well, I told you yesterday she was in intensive care.

TIM

But you didn't make it sound like she was going to die...

BIRDIE

Well, she didn't look that sick, to tell the truth.

TIM

And couldn't you build up to it a little bit -- not just: 'Cindy died.' A little tact or something?

BIRDIE

(growing irritated)

Okay. Cindy entered a contest to see who could hold their breath the longest. She won and she's still competing!

TIM

Birdie --

A soft TAPPING at the DOOR stills the brief confrontation. Both men look at each other. Birdie edges back toward the curtain concealing the sleeping area. Tim moves a step or two closer to the door.

TIM

(continuing)

Who is it...?

DORIS (V.O.)

It's okay, Mister O'Bannion. Friends, out here.

Both men react with some relief, then Tim moves to open the door and Birdie stows the spiral notebook, turning down the heat under the spaghetti as well.

88 DIFFERENT ANGLE

88

as Tim opens the door and admits Doris, Julie and Leroy.

(CONTINUED)

88 CONTINUED:

88

The latter is unusually quiet and restrained. They move in quickly, Tim closing the door behind them. As they enter:

DORIS

Mr. O'Bannion, Mr. Whelan...  
these are my friends. Julie  
Miller and Leroy Johnson.

Both Birdie and Tim show some reaction to Leroy's name.

BIRDIE

You're the dancer I've heard  
so much about.

LEROY

(quietly)  
Yes, sir.

TIM

I've watched him sometimes from  
the light booth. He's good.

LEROY

Really...

TIM

You bet.

There is a silence, one that's a bit strained. Both Doris and Julie are looking to Leroy with some expectancy.

DORIS

Well...go ahead.

JULIE

That's why you came with us,  
Leroy. Now, come on.

Tim and Birdie both look to Leroy. The young man looks at the floor, then looks up, shyly.

LEROY

Well...I don't want to make no  
bother...but could I ask you  
both a question...?

BIRDIE

Of course.

(CONTINUED)

TIM

Fire away.

LEROY

Well...I'm just sort of getting started in this dancing thing... and I wanted to ask you...did either of you ever regret bein' dancers...ever in all those years...?

Birdie and Tim exchange a look, each giving the other permission to speak first. Then:

TIM

Never.

Tim looks over to Birdie; he's said all he has to say.

BIRDIE

Not once.

That's hard for a man of Leroy's young years to cope with. He looks with unconcealed intensity at each.

LEROY

(quietly)  
You're sure...?

TIM

Leroy...all dancing is...is the ability to move the way children imagine angels must move. Who could ever regret being able to do something like that...?

BIRDIE

It's being able to carve a statue out of thin air...and you're the statue and the sculptor...all at the same time...and even if the routine is always the same...that statue you're making changes with each new performance.

Leroy studies them, feeling that bridge Bruno spoke of earlier.

LEROY

At the benefit...I'm going to dance my butt off for you guys.

(CONTINUED)

88 CONTINUED: (3)

88

TIM

(beat, and)

Don't do that. You need it for  
counterbalance on spins.

Leroy's smile isn't a glib, "fun" thing. It comes from  
way deep; it comes from communication with those who've  
been to the mountaintop. Doris and Julie are onlookers  
to this moment, and careful not to bruise or break it with  
anything heavier than glimmering eyes and good thoughts.  
We HOLD ON the occupants for a beat, and then we:

DIRECT CUT TO:

88A INT. DANCE CLASS - DAY - FULL SHOT

88A

Lydia is seated on the stool by the piano, going over some paperwork. The door from the corridor is opened and Leroy comes in wearing something appropriate for a dance workout. His manner is "up", his tone of voice a shade louder than usual. That's because he's addressing his remarks to the heating vent as much as he is to Lydia. The whole exchange is being played out for Birdie's benefit in the basement of the building.

LEROY

Morning, Miss Grant -- how are you today?

LYDIA

(offhandedly)

I'm fine, thank you.

LEROY

I thought I'd come in here early and do some rehearsing. You don't mind if I do that, do you?

LYDIA

(puzzled)

No...

LEROY

You're always on my case to rehearse more and here I am, bright and early, here to rehearse, just like you're always telling me to.

LYDIA

Leroy... why are you shouting?

Leroy moves out into the center of the dance floor, directing his remarks to the air vent.

LEROY

I guess I'm talking loud because I'm full of energy, that's all. Didn't you ever wake up so full of energy you just couldn't wait to get in and rehearse?

LYDIA

Sometime, sure...but...?

Leroy sets himself and performs a rather elaborate and complicated step and jete.

CONTINUED

88A CONTINUED:

88A

LEROY

How about that? Wasn't that pretty good?

LYDIA

(still baffled)

Fierce...

LEROY

And what do you call what I just did... in French, I mean.

LYDIA

That'd be a (Debbie Allen will supply)

LEROY

(to the vent loudly)

So I just did a really fierce and I came in early to do it, too. How about that!

LYDIA

(returning to her paperwork)

Very impressive, Mr. Johnson...

LEROY

Yeah, I'm going to keep working on all that stuff, so I can-

The SOUND of CLUMPY BARKING come through the vent. By the time Lydia looks up to see what's what, Leroy has started "coughing". Another bark, another "cough".

LEROY

Shoot, I thought I was over that cold. I better ease off on these morning rehearsals. Air's too damp or something.

Another bark, another replying cough.

LYDIA

Leroy---you take something for that, now.

LEROY

Oh, I will. For sure! Count on it!

He moves out into the hallway, waving a farewell as he closes the door. Another HIGH PITCHED BARK sounds. Lydia calls after Leroy.

CONTINUED

88A CONTINUED: (2)

88A

LYDIA

Bless you!

But it didn't really sound like a sneeze and Lydia's expression of momentary confusion underscores this as she looks after Leroy, then puts that topic aside and moves on to her paperwork, as we---

DIRECT CUT TO:



89 INT. TEACHERS' LOUNGE - FULL SHOT - DAY

89

Shorofsky is silently going over a score when the door is opened by Lydia, who is not entering for a casual respite, but has come seeking Shorofsky himself. He looks up as she crosses to him, all business, and hands him a slip of paper, her smile containing an element of sweet satisfaction in it. Shorofsky regards the piece of paper with curiosity.

SHOROFSKY

What's this, please?

LYDIA

Lady who lives in my building. She heard me talking about this exercise kick you're on. Asked me if I could set up a match between you two. That's her name; she's going to be calling you.

SHOROFSKY

(reading)

Mrs. Peyton-Smythe...sounds English.

LYDIA

It is. Her husband's with a trade delegation at the U.N.

SHOROFSKY

Is Mrs. Peyton-Smythe a good sport? Because I'm likely to beat her, you know.

LYDIA

Well, she said she played some ping pong --

(CONTINUED)

SHOROFSKY

Table tennis.

LYDIA

(not missing a beat)

-- when she was in school, but that was ten or fifteen years ago and she hasn't played since then.

Shorofsky's laugh is what a shark must sound like when confronted with a hemophiliac swimmer developing a cramp. He gathers up the score he was studying and heads for the door.

SHOROFSKY

Fine. Have her give me a call, by all means. I'll do my best to keep it close.

LYDIA

You're so considerate.

He opens the door just as Sherwood was about to enter from the corridor. Shorofsky beams a greeting to her, which she returns in distinctly subdued fashion. Shorofsky moves on out of the room, pulling the door shut. Sherwood crosses to the coffee maker, her look one that's hard to ignore.

LYDIA

(continuing)

Who rained on your parade?

Sherwood opens up her purse and hands Lydia a folded-up piece of paper, eleven by fourteen in size. As Lydia's gaze sweeps over the paper:

SHERWOOD

I picked up my dry cleaning this morning. That was in the window. It talks about a benefit featuring performers from the School of The Arts.

LYDIA

Well, if it's for some kind of charity...

SHERWOOD

I'm sure that's how the kids are looking at it...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

89 CONTINUED: (2)

89

SHERWOOD (CONT'D)

...but I called around, did some checking.

(beat, and)

Anyone of our people sets foot on that stage Saturday night... they're out of this school like a shot.

She gazes out the window, her back to Lydia, who returns her attention to the ad for the benefit, as we:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

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

90

Sherwood in front of the class, reading from her assignment book, handing out the homework for the weekend. Spotted within the class are Doris, Julie, Leroy and Danny.

SHERWOOD

...no more than a thousand words  
and no less than five hundred.  
And please take some care with  
your handwriting. Half the time  
I can't tell if I'm reading an  
essay or trying to break a secret  
code.

There is a semi-light reaction to this which is overridden by the SOUNDING of the BELL. As all assembled rise and move for the door, Sherwood, in a manner that is clearly planned, slows some of the evacuees with:

SHERWOOD

(continuing)

Schwartz. Miller. Johnson.  
Amatullo. Stick around.

The rest of the class moves out into the corridor, a few curious looks being thrown back at the quartet detained. Once the doors to the room are closed, Sherwood deposits a small slip of paper in front of each youngster.

JULIE

Tardy slips...what for?

SHERWOOD

Because you're going to be late  
for your next class. We have  
some talking to do.

DANNY

What about?

SHERWOOD

About how you're going to cancel  
this so-called benefit for  
tomorrow night.

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED:

90

LEROY

(on the rise)

I ain't gonna be late for my next class, 'cause I'm not listening to any of that talk.

SHERWOOD

(definitely)

You have anything to do with that benefit, you are out of the school, period.

This slows Leroy.

DORIS

Why? For trying to help somebody?

SHERWOOD

No. For breaking a rule of the school. A rule that's there for a reason, and a rule that won't be changed or appealed, regardless of good motives.

\*

DANNY

And the rule is...?

SHERWOOD

Mr. O'Bannion is an employee of the Board of Education. Students raising money for an employee to use for personal benefit is not allowed under any circumstances. It looks as if you're courting favor, as if it could be a bribe.

DORIS

It's kind of hard to 'court favor' from a janitor, isn't it?

SHERWOOD

An employee is an employee. The rule doesn't make any differentiation between a janitor or a supervisor or a teacher. No employee accepts money from any student for any reason.

LEROY

And you think we'd get expelled?

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED: (2)

90

SHERWOOD

I think there's a good chance of it, yes.

LEROY

Well, then I got no homework this weekend, 'cause I'm doing that benefit.

SHERWOOD

Leroy -- that's very noble, but --

LEROY

(flaring)

Look -- you know who Mr. O'Bannion and Birdie Whelan are? You know who they used to be? Man, they were special! You can look it up! They were --

SHERWOOD

(interrupting  
forcefully)

I know what Mr. O'Bannion used to do, and I do not want to hear any of you mention the name of Birdie Whelan, because I do not want to know anything about him or where he might happen to be living at the moment. Because if I knew I might have to do something about it, but being as I don't know, there's nothing I can do -- do I make myself clear?

DANNY

You really were talking to the people at Knights of St. Anthony, weren't you?

LYDIA

Yes.

DORIS

And....you're in a box, right?

SHERWOOD

(nods)

And if we were having this conversation, I would tell you I don't see any way for you to do what you're trying to do without jeopardizing your place here.

DORIS

But...being as we're not having this conversation...you're not officially telling us that.

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED: (3)

90

SHERWOOD

Because I do not officially know  
about anybody named Birdie Whelan.

A stillness which reflects the impasse, then an O.S. BELL SOUNDS and one of the doors to the class is opened by the first wave of students for the next period. Sherwood nods toward the corridor and the four young people head out of the room, spirits dragging. Sherwood moves back to her desk, preparing for the next hour of dilemmas.

91 DIFFERENT ANGLE

91

As Sherwood moves behind her desk and Leroy, the last of the four to leave, reaches the door. He pulls the door shut with considerable force, RATTLING WINDOWS and composure. A beat, then he reopens the door, eyes holding Sherwood.

LEROY

I wasn't slamming the door.

SHERWOOD

Sort of sounded like it...

LEROY

I was slammin' the situation.

(beat, and)

I wasn't slammin' you.

Sherwood's smile is small, but real.

SHERWOOD

Thanks for clearing it up.

He nods and moves back into the bustling corridor as we HOLD ON Sherwood for a count or two, and then we:

DIRECT CUT TO:

92 INT. CORRIDOR - FULL SHOT - DAY

92

as Leroy moves off in one direction, catching up with Julie, and Danny falls into step next to Doris, our ANGLE MOVING WITH the latter dynamic duo. Their mood is mutually shared and somber and needs no words to make itself felt. They move along the hallway for a few steps, then are drawn up by:

TIM (V.O.)

Hey, you two!

93 DIFFERENT ANGLE

93

as Tim approaches Danny and Doris. He's in janitorial togs, carrying a large dustmop. He produces a colored brochure from the breast pocket of the khaki workshirt. He hands the brochure over to them with a pride that approaches the parental.

TIM

What do you think?

94 INTER - THE BROCHURE

94

showing a medium-sized trailer, definitely a towable vehicle, as opposed to the mammoths that get set up on cinderblock foundations.

TIM (V.O.)

Thing of beauty, isn't she...?

95 BACK TO SCENE

95

as Danny and Doris hand the brochure back, both ill at ease.

TIM

Birdie and me signed the papers on it last night.

DANNY

(a note of regret)

Mr. O'Bannion...

DORIS

(interrupting)

It's gorgeous. Never saw a better one. Congratulations to you both.

DANNY

Doris --

Doris takes Danny by the elbow, while attempting to seem as if the reverse was happening.

DORIS

I know; we're going to be late for next period. Let's go.

(on the move)

Thing of beauty, Mr. O'Bannion!  
A definite 'ten'!

Tim nods, smiles, puts the brochure back in his pocket and moves on his way.



96 DIFFERENT AREA - HALLWAY - DANNY AND DORIS

96

as they come around the corner.

DANNY

What're you -- crazy? You heard  
what Sherwood said!

DORIS

(true believer)

There's a way; there's a way.  
There's always a way. All we've  
got to do is find it!

And she continues dragging Danny along in her wake, as we:

DIRECT CUT TO:

97 INT. DANCE CLASSROOM - FULL SHOT - DAY

97

Shorofsky is alone in the room, with the table tennis table set up in the middle of the floor. The side of the table away from him is raised to the perpendicular, affording Shorofsky an opportunity for solitary practice, which is what he's presently doing. He's quite good, and not above an occasional chuckle when a shot is especially well-retrieved.

98 ANGLE TO DOORWAY

98

as a pleasant-looking Oriental lady (MRS. PEYTON-SMYTHE) opens the door and steps inside. She's nicely dressed, carries a handbag over one arm. She watches Shorofsky for a few seconds, her placid exterior revealing little.

99 DIFFERENT ANGLE

99

as Shorofsky becomes aware of the lady's presence and, ever the gentleman, stops his practice to offer what aid might be required.

SHOROFSKY

May I help you?

MRS. PEYTON-SMYTHE

Are you Mr. Shorofsky...?

SHOROFSKY

Yes?

(CONTINUED)

99 CONTINUED:

99

MRS. PEYTON-SMYTHE  
I'm Mrs. Peyton-Smythe. I believe  
Lydia Grant mentioned me to you.

SHOROFSKY  
You're Mrs. Peyton-Smythe?

100 DIFFERENT ANGLE

100

as Lydia sails in at flank speed, beaming from ear to ear, heading for the raised end of the table tennis table. She's dressed for the trip home, has obviously detoured to "help."

LYDIA  
I was on my way home, Benjamin,  
but I'll be happy to give you  
a hand getting the table ready.  
I'll get this side.

Sensing the trap about to spring, Shorofsky moves about to the other side of the table and prepares to free the necessary latches, all the while looking back and forth between Lydia and Mrs. Peyton-Smythe, who is taking off her coat and draping it over one of the nearby chairs.

SHOROFSKY  
(sotto voce)  
You told me she was English.

LYDIA  
No...you told me her name  
sounded English and I told you  
her husband was with an English  
trade delegation to the U.N.  
He was doing the same kind of  
work when he met his wife a few  
years ago.

SHOROFSKY  
(dreading the reply)  
Where...did he meet her?

LYDIA  
(enjoying it)  
Canton, China.

Something drops out of the bottom of Shorofsky's stomach; there's a new gunfighter in town and that dude is swift.

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED:

100

SHOROFSKY

I'm told...the Chinese...are very  
good table tennis players.

LYDIA

Do tell...

They lower the uplifted half of the table, then Shorofsky  
reacts to:

101 HIS POV - MRS. PEYTON-SMYTHE'S PURSE

101

as she takes out a table tennis paddle in its own leather-  
ette carrying case.

102 ON SHOROFSKY

102

His expression one usually seen on first time riders of  
roller coasters as they go over the initial dip.

103 WIDER ANGLE

103

Lydia, having accomplished all she needs to, collects her  
dance bag and heads for the corridor.

LYDIA

Well, you two kids have fun now.  
I look forward to hearing how it  
all came out!

And she is out the door as Shorofsky and Mrs. Peyton-Smythe  
move to opposite ends of the table, each eyeing the other  
warily.

104 INT. THE CORRIDOR - TRUCKING - ON LYDIA - DAY

104

She moves along the corridor, listening to:

SHOROFSKY (V.O.)

You serve.

A rapid TWO TAPS of the PING PONG BALL striking the table's  
surface.

SHOROFSKY (V.O.)

(continuing)

Nice serve. One to nothing.

(CONTINUED)

104 CONTINUED:

104

A second TWO CLICKS as the second serve is cannonaded across the net. Shorofsky's tone is distinctly sour:

SHOROFSKY (V.O.)  
(continuing)  
Two-nothing.

The third serve.

SHOROFSKY (V.O.)  
Gott in Himmel...three-nothing.

And the serves continue and we HEAR SHOROFSKY'S VOICE intone the massacre taking place as Lydia's smile grows and grows as we MOVE WITH her and then we:

DIRECT CUT TO:

105 ENTRYWAY - LODGE HALL - ON SIGN - NIGHT

105

advertising the benefit featuring performers from the High School of the Arts. We COME OFF the sign TO FIND a Lydia and Sherwood just making their appearance, both women dressed for a casual, as opposed to a dressy evening. There is a small table set up to accept tickets, which have been purchased outside. As they hand over the tickets, they survey the gathered crowd.

LYDIA  
Good turnout.

SHERWOOD  
More's the pity. If the place was empty we might be able to look the other way.

Lydia looks o.s., reacting with an inner response of sentiment, being touched.

LYDIA  
Oh, look...

Sherwood follows her gaze to:

## 106 THEIR POV - O'BANNION AND BIRDIE

106

seated at an area that's been roped off, possibly placed on top of a small platform to single the pair of them out as the centerpiece for the evening's activities. A number of students from the school are stopping by, chatting, and clearly the two gentlemen being singled out are enjoying the attention no end.

## 107 BACK ON LYDIA AND SHERWOOD

107

Both women are moved, and both are equally as ill at ease with their role as possible enforcer of policy they object to. A beat, then both respond to an O.S. FANFARE, obviously signalling the start of the evening's program.

MUSIC #2 - "FANFARE"

P.B. 2721-3-NV ( :05est)

Temp Track / To be Post-Scored

\*

They start forward, looking for some seats.

## 108 ANGLE TO STAGE OR PIT AREA - (LOCATION TO DETERMINE)

108

as Bruno finishes leading the BAND in the FANFARE, and cuts it off. He leans in to a nearby mike and does the PR job he hates so much.

BRUNO

Ladies and gentlemen -- your host  
for this evening's festivities  
-- Mr. Montgomery MacNeill!

## 109 DIFFERENT ANGLE - ON MONTGOMERY

109

He moves from the wings out into the centerstage area, a pin spot picking him up as he reaches the MICROPHONE. He taps it a couple of times, reacts to a brief bit of FEEDBACK, then gets down to cases with:

MONTGOMERY

Some of you may not know what the purpose of this evening is. Well, it's my job to tell you. We're here to honor courage tonight. And loyalty. And love between two kindred spirits. Love that accepts and forgives. Tonight, we have the great good fortune to honor...

(beat, and)

Clumpy.

110 DIFFERENT ANGLE 110

as Doris leads Clumpy onstage. Clumpy has a natural stage manner. Very direct. Doris makes her way to the mike, speaking to all those assembled, though her gaze very clearly keeps returning to:

111 ANGLE TO LYDIA AND SHERWOOD 111

having found a place down close to the action.

112 ON DORIS 112

as she stops. Clumpy, a non-obedience beast, does not sit.

DORIS

Some of you may not be aware of the fact that Clumpy has an arthritic right hip. You can't see it when Clumpy walks. That's what Montgomery meant by courage. He's moving on all fours...but he's only got three to work with.

113 ANGLE TO BRUNO 113

as he signals the ORCHESTRA to strike up a SOFTLY-BUILDING inspirational melody to support Doris' plea.

MUSIC #3 - "INSPIRATIONAL CLUMPY"

P.B. 2721-4-NV

(To play under Scenes 113-116)

114 CLOSE ON DORIS 114

She's seen Jerry Lewis' telethon. She knows what to do.

DORIS

So we're raising money tonight to send this gallant veteran to a warmer climate. A place where the sun can ease his pain and let him roam the fields as he should.

(a look to  
Sherwood and Lydia)

Obviously, we can't send Clumpy alone. Obviously, we wouldn't be honoring Clumpy very much if we just dropped him off at Kennedy and with a tourist ticket in his mouth.

(CONTINUED)

114 CONTINUED:

114

She looks over in the direction of Birdie and Tim.

DORIS

(continuing)

Those two gentlemen over there  
have graciously agreed to serve  
as Clumpy's travelling companions  
and...watchdogs.

(quickly)

But it's Clumpy we're honoring.  
That's what the money's for.  
Not a teacher or person, even...

(formally)

You have the honor of attending  
the first annual Clumpy Fund...  
okay?

115 ON LYDIA AND SHERWOOD

115

They wear you down, is what they do. They keep coming at  
you and coming at you and coming at you. And pretty soon,  
you end up doing just what Lydia and Sherwood are doing  
now. You smile. You nod. You feel good.

116 ON DORIS AND MONTGOMERY

116

Both breaking into dazzling smiles, then looking a cue to  
Bruno and the gathered orchestra.

117 ON BRUNO

117

Eager to dispense with the Milk Fund Falala, he turns the  
page of the music, gives the downbeat, and:

118 THE PRODUCTION NUMBER -

118

MUSIC #5 - "YOU'RE THE REAL MUSIC"

P.B. 2721-5-V (3:17)

Pre-Recorded

\*

:00

INTRODUCTION

VERSE 1 (LEROY)

:16

Makin' music has been my claim

Day after day it can sound the same

Look for the hook is the name of the game

Goin' for the fortune and fame

(CONTINUED)

118

CONTINUED:

118

VERSE 1 (LEROY) - Continued

:31 And even when it is soundin' good  
 There's something that should be understood  
 Even though I'm doing what I wanna do  
 I really got to share it with you, cause

CHORUS (LEROY)CHORUS (GROUP)

:47 You're the real music in my life  
 You're the song that gets me singing  
 Right out loud

You're the real music

1:02 With two heartbeats in time  
 We make the perfect rhyme  
 You're the real music in my life

VERSE 2 (LEROY)

1:17 So many people work nine to five  
 And say they're doin' it to stay alive  
 And though I'm writin' these melodies  
 You're the one that I want to please

1:33 So many times when it isn't there  
 The music's playin' but it's goin' nowhere  
 Seems like I'm trying but I don't really care  
 'Til I get to share it with you, cause

(CONTINUED)



118 CONTINUED: (2)

118

1:48	<u>CHORUS (LEROY)</u>	<u>CHORUS (GROUP)</u>
	You're the real music in my life	You're the real music
	You're the song that keeps me singing	
	Right out loud	
2:04	With two heartbeats in time	
	We make the perfect rhyme	
	You're the real music in my life	
2:20	<u>INSTRUMENTAL DANCE VERSE</u>	
	<u>MODULATION</u>	
2:44	OOH	
	<u>CHORUS (LEROY)</u>	<u>CHORUS (GROUP)</u>
2:46	You're the real music in my life	You're the real music
	You're the song that gets me singing	
	Right out loud	
	Two heartbeats in time	
	We make the perfect rhyme	
3:08	You're the real music in my	
	<u>ENDING</u>	
3:14	Life	
3:17	<u>OUT</u>	

Led by Leroy and the dance troupe, the sense of the number is directed both toward Birdie and Tim, teachers of the specifics of artless grace and style, as well as to Lydia and Sherwood, whose teaching blends a number of disciplines, academic, performing, and the plain grace of living through each day with some pride. At one point, Leroy might persuade Lydia to join in. That honestly doesn't take an incredible amount of coaxing. She doesn't hate it, after all. And looking on throughout, enjoying more than anyone else, are Birdie and Tim, their eyes sparkling with delight and appreciation.

(CONTINUED)

118 CONTINUED:

118

When the number ends, the dancers and audience break into spontaneous applause and a few of the dancers make so bold as to urge the two men to their feet and from there out onto the center of the dancing area, clearly looking for some kind of acceptance speech.

It's very quiet for a time. Birdie and Tim aren't really speechmakers. Each hopes the other will take the lead. Finally:

## BIRDIE

You know...a few nights ago,  
this young man asked Tim and  
me...asked us about dancing...  
and how we felt. I forgot to  
mention one thing to him.  
Because of dancing...we feel young.  
Because as long as a dancer can  
tap his toe and count up to four  
in the clear...he'll be a dancer  
and dancers are always young.

(a small smile)

There are some that are smooth  
and some that are wrinkled...but  
we're all young.

119 ON LYDIA

119

standing on the outer edges of the dancers assembled. Here an idea is born and Lydia takes a battered top hat off of one of the members of the dance troupe. Another provides her with a cane.

120 BACK ON TIM AND BIRDIE

120

Both men a little choked up.

## TIM

One of the problems with being  
a hooper in situations like this...  
we never have an ending for the  
act. There's no such thing for  
guys like Birdie and me...no such  
thing as talking your way to a  
big finish. That isn't the  
way we were taught, and --

Tim is interrupted by a CLATTERING SOUND. Both he and Birdie look down to:

- 121 POV - THE CANES 121  
 rolling across the floor, a cane coming to rest flat on the floor in front of each man. A count or two, then twin battered top hats are tossed on top of the canes.
- 122 ON DANCERS - VARIOUS CUTS 122  
 Their young faces hopeful, attempting to will what will be.
- 123 ON JULIE, MONTGOMERY, DANNY AND DORIS 123  
 When you stand tiptoe on top of a wish, you're probably talking prayer.
- 124 ON BRUNO 124  
 at the keyboard. He STARTS to PLAY a quiet intro, a repetitive riff, a quizzical and respectful musical invitation.

MUSIC # 6 - "A COUPLE OF SWELLS" \*  
 P.B. 2721-6-NV (1:43est)  
 Pre-Recorded

:00 PIANO INTRO

:08 FINGER SNAPS

:12 DRUMS ENTER

:18 VERSE 1 (TIM & BIRDIE)  
 SCAT & HUMMED

:32 PIANO & BASS ENTER  
BRIDGE

:36 The Vanderbilts have asked us up for tea  
 We don't know how to get there, no siree

CHORUS

:52 We would drive up the avenue  
 But we haven't got the price  
 We would skate up the avenue  
 But there isn't any ice

1:10 We would ride on a bicycle  
 But we haven't got a bike

1:18           So we'll walk up the avenue  
                   Yes we'll walk up the avenue  
                   And to walk up the avenue's  
                   what we like

VAMP

1:35           A couple of swells  
                   Just a couple of swells  
                   Just a couple of ...

ENDING

1:49           ...Swells

1:51    OUT

125    ON BIRDIE AND TIM 125

Their eyes meet and communication takes place. Together they bend down. Each picks up a cane and top hat.

126    ON LYDIA 126

as Sherwood moves up to join her. Sherwood is moved and touched, but that doesn't approach the place where Lydia is right now. She's looking at history, where a part of her soul was germinated and nurtured.

127    ON TIM AND BIRDIE 127

They smile gently and their movements take on a sense of grace and style that we can only watch and be grateful for. The top hats are put atop their heads and cocked at the precise angle at which top hats are meant to be worn. The CANES are TAPPED a couple of times on the floor and then tucked under the outside arm. They interlock arms and begin to walk, a slow, stately tempo, their feet in step, straightening their legs with a snap and flair.

128 ON LEROY

128

He's dabbing at his eyes not because he wants to hide the fact that he's crying, but because he doesn't want anything to blur his vision and steal a second of this memory away.

129 ON BIRDIE AND TIM

129

moving in their measured strut, moving TOWARD CAMERA, bringing with them a sweetness and humanity that never seemed to make it to the present age and time. As they FILL OUR FRAME and the MUSIC BUILDS, we allow ourselves a beat to savor their word confounding glory, and then we:

FREEZE FRAME. And HOLD: And FADE TO BLACK.

FADE OUT.

THE END

88 CONTINUED: (3)

88

TIM

(beat, and)

Don't do that. You need it for counterbalance on spins.

Leroy's smile isn't a glib, "fun" thing. It comes from way deep; it comes from communication with those who've been to the mountaintop. Doris and Julie are onlookers to this moment, and careful not to bruise or break it with anything heavier than glimmering eyes and good thoughts. We HOLD ON the occupants for a beat, and then we:

DIRECT CUT TO:

89 INT. TEACHERS' LOUNGE - FULL SHOT - DAY

89

Shorofsky is silently going over a score when the door is opened by Lydia, who is not entering for a casual respite, but has come seeking Shorofsky himself. He looks up as she crosses to him, all business, and hands him a slip of paper, her smile containing an element of sweet satisfaction in it. Shorofsky regards the piece of paper with curiosity.

SHOROFSKY

What's this, please?

LYDIA

Lady who lives in my building. She heard me talking about this exercise kick you're on. Asked me if I could set up a match between you two. That's her name; she's going to be calling you.

SHOROFSKY

(reading)

Mrs. Peyton-Smythe...sounds English.

LYDIA

It is. Her husband's with a trade delegation at the U.N.

SHOROFSKY

Is Mrs. Peyton-Smythe a good sport? Because I'm likely to beat her, you know.

LYDIA

Well, she said she played some ping pong --

(CONTINUED)