



FAME

"Friendship Day"

Prod. #2747

By

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EILENNA CORPORATION  
In Association With  
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER FILM CO.

FINAL DRAFT

December 20, 1982

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CAST LIST

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

ANGELO MARTELLI  
MRS. BERG  
DWIGHT  
MICHAEL  
MICHELLE

CHARLOTTE MILLER  
WAITER  
MAGUERITE

ATMOSPHERE

STUDENTS  
DANCERS  
RESTAURANT LUNCHEON CUSTOMERS

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SET LIST

INTERIORS:

SCHOOL OF THE ARTS

SHERWOOD'S CLASSROOM - DAY  
DANCE CLASSROOM - DAY  
SHOROFSKY'S CLASSROOM - DAY  
MUSIC CLASSROOM - DAY  
SCHOOL OFFICE - DAY  
TEACHERS' LOUNGE - DAY/NIGHT  
DRAMA CLASSROOM - DAY/NIGHT  
CAFETERIA - DAY/NIGHT  
CORRIDOR - DAY/NIGHT  
MUSIC CUBICLE - DAY  
HOME ECONOMICS CLASSROOM - DAY  
LOBBY - DAY/NIGHT  
THEATER - HOUSE - DAY STAGE - NIGHT  
OUTSIDE MUSIC CUBICLE - DAY

MILLER APARTMENT

LIVING ROOM - NIGHT  
KITCHEN - NIGHT

RESTAURANT - DAY

MARTELLI BASEMENT - NIGHT

EXTERIORS:

SCHOOL OF THE ARTS - DAY

FAME

"Friendship Day"

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

1 INT. SHERWOOD'S ENGLISH CLASS - DAY 1

(NOTE: The following three scenes are butted up against one another as if this speech was being read continuously by the same character. They should flow directly from one to the other.) SHERWOOD is enjoying the total attention of her students as she reads this announcement:

SHERWOOD

(reading)

Ladies and gentlemen... Friendship Day is upon us. The one day each semester students come to school in costume, dressed as a 'Famous Friend' or someone you would like to be friends with. The spirit of Friendship shall be continued throughout the day and --

2 INT. DANCE CLASS - ON LYDIA - DAY 2

as she reads and paces in front of her students.

LYDIA

(reading)

-- into the evening with the Friendship Dance at 8:00 Friday night. The dance is semi-formal and...

(aside)

... this is the fun part... the girls will ask the boys to be their dates.

This gets a big reaction from the room as we can see the guys starting to puff up for the girls already.

LYDIA

(continuing)

All right, all right! Let me finish now.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

LYDIA (CONT'D)

(reading)

There will be live music,  
refreshments, loads of fun, and --

CUT TO:

3 INT. SHOROFSKY'S CLASS - DAY

3

ON SHOROFSKY, doing his best to get this frivolity out  
of the way and done with.

SHOROFSKY

(reading)

-- there will be security at the  
door. In short, the day is  
about fun, good spirits and  
camaraderie, but please remember  
that school business will  
continue as usual.

DWIGHT

Mr. Shorofsky? Will some of  
the faculty wear costumes like  
last year?

SHOROFSKY

Dwight, I can only speak for  
myself. Which is to say -- not  
on a bet.

DIRECT CUT TO:

4 INT. MUSIC CLASSROOM - ON FINGERS - DAY

4

THUMPING atop the piano that seems to be producing a  
lovely melody. As we PULL BACK and SUPER OPENING  
CREDITS, we see that the fingers belong to DORIS and  
she's thoroughly enjoying the song. BRUNO'S lazily  
pounding out on the keyboard. One look around the room  
and it would appear that the bulk of the nation's  
energy crisis is contained within these four walls.  
Along with JULIE and COCO, we have the familiar faces  
of some of our dancers and various other students  
trying very hard to look awake and interested. They're  
not very convincing. Bruno brings the song to a  
finish and Doris is the only one who shows any genuine  
enthusiasm for his work. END OPENING CREDITS here.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

DORIS

Terrific, Bruno! It's got just the right amount of pizazz. I mean, it'll --

The door opens and LEROY and DANNY try to sneak into the room unnoticed. Doris takes a quick look at the boys, a look to the clock, then back to the boys before she continues. She made her point.

DORIS

(continuing)

-- be the perfect song for the dance. I've got just a couple of notes I'll give you later... just to take the glitches out, you know?

BRUNO

Glitches...?

DORIS

Just a few. But it's almost perfect now.

She picks up her clipboard and moves to the front of the classroom to address the group. Everything about her demeanor suggests she might be a graduate of the General Patton School of Public Speaking:

DORIS

(continuing)

Okay now, people, listen up!

The group is doing all they can to try and wake up.

DORIS

(continuing)

Michael, have you finished the copy for all signs yet?

MICHAEL

Doris, we've gone over the copy three times. And you've changed it three times.

DORIS

So?

MICHAEL

So when you decide what it is you want to say, we'll make the signs.

(CONTINUED)

DORIS

Now you see? That's just what I'm talking about! Do I have to follow everybody around to make sure things get done? Coco, what about the decorations?

COCO

Which ones? The ones you decided should be soft and subtle or the ones you wanted to have 'zip' and 'pizazz'?

DORIS

Didn't we decide to go with bright, sun-shiney colors?

COCO

We did until you changed your mind.

DORIS

Well, okay. Just make sure we get plenty of texture. I'll give you some ideas later. Maybe we should schedule another meeting for after school.

Groans from all at the prospect of yet 'another meeting.'

JULIE

Doris, you've assigned all the jobs. Now, why can't you just let people do their work?

COCO

Yeah, we feel like you don't trust us to do anything.

There are a number of AD LIBS supporting Coco's point, and Doris surveys her charges with an untroubled conscience. The epitome of forceful reason.

DORIS

Of course I trust you. But obviously you have some doubts. So: I have a question.

(and)

Why do you find it so difficult to trust me to trust you? Because I do. And I'm telling you I do.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



4 CONTINUED: (3)

4

DORIS (CONT'D)

So if you don't buy that, it means  
that you're the ones who don't  
have enough trust.

That bit of circular syllogism takes a count or two to  
sort out and frame, and before the replies can be  
voiced, the BELL RINGS, sending many of them to obtain  
their stuff. Doris takes the absence of reply as some  
kind of vindication as she sets sail for the hallway,  
and we:

DIRECT CUT TO:

5 INT. SCHOOL OFFICE - DAY

5

It's the usual early morning, pre-school hubbub and  
MRS. BERG is all smiles as she digs around for whatever  
it is she can't seem to find at the moment. Patiently  
waiting at the counter is CHARLOTTE MILLER, Julie's  
mom.

MRS. BERG

Now, I know I put that list in  
a very special place. Wherever  
could it be?

CHARLOTTE

Do you think you might have filed  
it?

MRS. BERG

(considers, and:)

What a good idea!

She toddles off to the file cabinet in the corner, just  
as ANGELO MARTELLI enters the office and calls to her:

ANGELO

Mrs. Berg!

MRS. BERG

Oh, good morning, Mr. Martelli!

ANGELO

I'm here to get my assignment  
for the parent's participation  
at the Friendship Dance.

MRS. BERG

Oh, good!

(CONTINUED)

She moves back to the counter.

MRS. BERG

(continuing)

So is Mrs. Miller. Mrs. Miller,  
do you know Mr. Martelli?

Angelo removes his hat and extends his hand.

ANGELO

Hello. You're Julie's mother,  
aren't you?

Before Charlotte can answer:

MRS. BERG

That's right.

ANGELO

I see they trapped you into being  
a chaperone at this shindig  
too, huh? What have they got  
you doing?

CHARLOTTE

I haven't found out yet.

And her look to Mrs. Berg is a gentle reminder of the  
business at hand.

MRS. BERG

Oh... here we are! Mr. Martelli,  
you're supposed to take care of  
the refreshments. And Mrs. Miller,  
you're in charge of the security  
for the evening.

ANGELO

Well, refreshments. That's punch  
and cookies and stuff like that?

MRS. BERG

And maybe some brownies. Or even  
a nice crumb cake.

ANGELO

But that's woman's work. It  
should be a man who keeps watch  
on the doors. Make sure there's  
no trouble. Mrs. Miller can't  
handle that.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. BERG

Oh.  
(beat, and)  
Why not?

ANGELO

Well, because. It just makes more sense. Why don't we just switch assignments?

CHARLOTTE

(feeling challenged)  
Mr. Martelli, I'll stick with what I've been assigned.

MRS. BERG

Good for you.

ANGELO

But that's not --

CHARLOTTE

(cutting him off)  
Very nice meeting you, Mr. Martelli.  
Mrs. Berg, I'll check in with you later!

She takes her leave and Angelo feels he never stood a chance with these two. He studies Mrs. Berg for a beat:

ANGELO

Aren't you two supposed to call each other 'sister' or something like that?

MRS. BERG

No... I don't think so. We're not even related... why, I think I'm old enough to be her --

ANGELO

(interrupting)  
Never mind, Mrs. Berg. Just... never mind... I'll be seeing you. Thanks.

And he exits, leaving Mrs. Berg trying to figure out whatever it is he meant.

DIRECT CUT TO:

6 INT. TEACHERS' LOUNGE - DAY

6

Mr. Shorofsky is going over some papers and chuckling to himself as REARDON enters. He's attempting to balance a cup of coffee and a danish with his books, papers and what-all but doesn't make it. The stuff flies all over the place and the spilled coffee narrowly misses Shorofsky.

SHOROFSKY

You drama teachers just love to make dramatic entrances, don't you?

REARDON

Can't help it... I'm starving for some attention.

Shorofsky gets up and helps Reardon pick up the mess. The door opens and Lydia and Sherwood enter and stop in their tracks at the sight of Shorofsky and David on the floor.

LYDIA

It looks like they've got a case of it, too, wouldn't you say?

SHERWOOD

Hmmm... definitely!

They step over the mess, put their bags on the table and move over to the coffee set-up.

REARDON

A case of what?

LYDIA

'Friendship Day-itis.'

SHERWOOD

Lydia and I were just talking about it. We're starting to see tell-tale symptoms cropping up already.

SHOROFSKY

Ah, yes. I've noticed them too.

He's done his share of the clean up and settles back in his seat. David gets some paper towels and continues to mop up the coffee.

(CONTINUED)

REARDON

Since this is my first experience with this 'gala event', maybe you could tell me what to expect. What signs?

SHERWOOD

Haven't you noticed anything different with your students? Any 'abnormal' behavior?

REARDON

There's been some courtesy.

SHOROFSKY

Around here, that's abnormal.

SHERWOOD

And Dwight wearing his bow tie to school every day? His tuba even looks spit-shined!

REARDON

And all this because the girls have to ask the guys to the dance, right?

LYDIA

You got it.

SHOROFSKY

And wait till you conduct classes with the kids dressed in costumes. I once had to give an oboe exam to Norman Benzer when he was dressed as a pineapple!

One by one they pack up. Reardon is putting the finishing touches on his mess. He sits himself down at the table with a fresh cup of coffee just in time for everyone else to pack up and make their exits.

LYDIA

I think the whole day has a really nice feeling to it. Do you think Mrs. Berg is going to dress up again?

Sherwood is the last to exit.

SHERWOOD

Oh, I hope so. Wouldn't miss that for the world.

(CONTINUED)

REARDON

Elizabeth?

She sticks her head back in the doorway.

REARDON

(continuing)

I've got a favor to ask.

She slows up for just a minute.

SHERWOOD

A quick favor, I hope.

REARDON

Very quick.

(a deep breath  
for courage)

I've been trying my hand at  
writing some poetry and I'd like  
you to take a look.

He hands her a small notebook and she tries to find a  
place for it with the rest of her stuff.

SHERWOOD

I didn't know you wrote poetry.

REARDON

(a little embar-  
rassed now)

Well, it's kind of been a  
secret -- until now. I'd really  
appreciate it if you could tell  
me what you think.

SHERWOOD

I'd be glad to.

And she's moving out the door.

REARDON

(calling after her)

And I want an honest reaction,  
okay?

SHERWOOD (O.S.)

(calling back)

You got it!

David smiles as he seats himself, relieved that the  
awkward favor was so readily granted. The door is  
reopened by Sherwood as we HEAR the BELL RING O.S.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED: (3)

6

SHERWOOD

I haven't read anything yet,  
David, so don't you think you  
ought to consider staying with  
teaching for the time being?

Her gesture indicates the peeling BELL and Reardon  
snaps to as quickly as he's able, slopping a bit of  
coffee on his shirt in the process and watching Sherwood  
move out to her class, as we:

DIRECT CUT TO:

7 INT. DRAMA CLASS - DAY

7

Bruno and Julie are busy with some other students  
arranging the chairs in a circle for the start of the  
class.

JULIE

Bruno, why is Doris being so  
uptight about this Friendship  
Day thing?

BRUNO

It's because of what happened  
last year.

JULIE

What happened last year?

BRUNO

Well, she volunteered to head  
up the whole event and made a  
big deal out of how she didn't  
need any help. Her motto was:  
'No problem... Just leave every-  
thing to me!'

JULIE

And?

BRUNO

And no decorations, no refreshments  
and... no music. Except Dwight  
trying to save the evening by  
playing Devo's Greatest Hits  
on his tuba.

JULIE

So she messed up last year and  
she's trying to make up for it?

(CONTINUED)

BRUNO

I think it's a little more than that. See, Doris has always had a complex when it comes to any kind of leadership or authority trip. She works real hard at always being liked... all the time. By everybody. And nobody gets that but puppies with remarkable self control.

JULIE

(a sudden thought)

She needs to know that she's doing okay. Why don't we get her some sort of 'Thank You' gift? Something to let her know that she's done a good job. And it's appreciated.

BRUNO

(considers, and)

Doesn't make you a bad person. As a matter of fact, it's a good idea. Any idea about what to get her?

JULIE

I don't know yet, we'll think of something.

Reardon enters, closes the door, crosses to his desk. His manner is brisk, all business, suiting a man with coffee stains on his shirt, who's late for his own class.

REARDON

All right, everybody. Let's get the chairs in a circle please, and we'll begin.

He puts his things on his desk, turns to see that the class is way ahead of him.

REARDON

(continuing)

Thank you very much.

(beat)

Now let's pick up where we left off yesterday with our discussion on character motivation.

The class take their seats and Julie leans over to Bruno:

(CONTINUED)



7 CONTINUED: (2)

7

JULIE

(whispering)

We'll talk tonight -- decide  
what to get her.

BRUNO

Right.

REARDON

For instance, what's Julie  
Miller's motivation for whispering  
in class?

Julie's embarrassed, the class enjoys her being caught,  
and we:

DIRECT CUT TO:

8 INT. CAFETERIA - ON SNAPPING FINGERS - DAY

8

Which belong to Leroy and are joined IN FRAME by another  
set of fingers, attempting to emulate Leroy's style.

We PULL BACK to REVEAL Leroy moving slowly and easily,  
with Danny behind him, imitating his every move with a  
great deal of concentration. The cafeteria is in the  
process of being decorated by the appointed committee.  
A few people are on step ladders as they string crepe  
paper bunting. Michael is perched on a nearby table,  
working hard at watching. A cassette player rests next  
to him, providing the SOUNDS behind Danny and Leroy's  
"number."

LEROY

That's it... just stay loose.

DANNY

Loose...

LEROY

Right.

Leroy changes the routine slightly and Danny tries to  
keep up. Michael has been enjoying watching and now  
joins in.

MICHAEL

Keep it moving easy... don't  
look like you're trying too  
hard.

(CONTINUED)

DANNY

Easy...

He's trying real hard not to look like he's trying hard.

LEROY

See, the secret of dancing cool  
is not what you put out there...  
it's what you hold back.

DANNY

Hold it back...

MICHAEL

Yeah. Don't give 'em all of  
it. Let 'em know you got more.

Danny closes his eyes and concentrates, holding back, hanging loose and looking like he's in great pain. Leroy and Michael, on the other hand, are into the MUSIC coming from the cassette player. They are hardly paying attention to Danny and the three look like Hines, Hines and Bad.

DANNY

I've got to get Michelle to  
ask me to that dance. Do you  
know a better way to get a hot  
dance major to notice me than  
by being a hot dancer myself?

LEROY

Oh, she's going to notice you  
all right... looking like a  
flamingo riding a bicycle always  
makes you stand out.

DANNY

Wait... show me that move again!

LEROY

(to the heavens)  
Give him moves, Lord. I can't  
do it by myself.

The dancers and jam session continues with everybody getting their two cents in with instructions to Danny. Lots of fun and laughs until Doris marches in, almost oblivious to what's going on around her.

DORIS

Okay, listen you guys! I need  
those posters up right away!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DORIS (CONT'D)

Michael... just because you're my date for the dance, doesn't mean you don't have to pull your share of the load, you know!

The music, and fun, stops. Everyone's got that "Here we go again" look. Michael takes Doris aside.

MICHAEL

Hey, Doris, Darryl is putting them up right now. You've got your posters, okay?

DORIS

Okay, but don't you think you should be helping him?

MICHAEL

I took two floors, Darryl's doing the other two.

DORIS

(interrupting)

Wait a minute! You've put them up without my seeing what they look like?

MICHAEL

(ticked off)

They say: 'Everybody come to the Friendship Dance! See the terrific party! See the terrific band! And see Doris Schwartz! She's the only one there without a date!'

And he stomps off, leaving Doris speechless -- and dateless. The rest of the kids decide this is a good time to quickly get back to bunting detail. Danny and Leroy share a sympathetic look, seeing the distress on Doris' face.

DANNY

Don't worry, Doris. He'll cool off.

DORIS

It's okay. Who wants to go to the dance with somebody who's tall, great-looking, extremely popular and one of the best dancers in the school anyway?

(CONTINUED)

B CONTINUED: (3)

8

LEROY

Doris... Maybe you should just lighten up a little?

DORIS

(tense)

There isn't time to 'lighten up!' Nothing's getting done! Have you gotten the Thank You plaques for the parents yet?

DANNY

We're still trying to find something in our budget that's...

DORIS

See! That's just what I mean! When are you planning to do it? The dance is Friday, you know!

LEROY

Doris -- we've got it covered! Just chill out, okay?

DORIS

Sure, and I suppose everything's going to take care of itself? Look, just do the job you're supposed to do, okay? And I'll do everything else.

(moving off and imitating)

'Just chill out'... great...

And she's off, leaving Leroy and Danny steaming as we:

DIRECT CUT TO:

9 INT. MILLER APARTMENT - NIGHT

9

as Charlotte is in the middle of her aerobics routine, attacking it with a fierce dedication. The PHONE RINGS, and she moves to answer it without losing her count or breaking the rhythm.

CHARLOTTE

(still moving)

Hello?

(beat)

Hi, Bruno. Yes, hold on, I'll get her.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

Putting the receiver down, she aerobics over to the hallway and calls:

CHARLOTTE  
(continuing;  
calling)  
Julie! Phone!

JULIE (O.S.)  
Coming!

Julie comes out of the bedroom, dances around her mother to get to the phone, while Charlotte, still aerobicing, jogs over to the stereo to lower the volume.

JULIE  
Hello?  
(beat)  
Oh, hi.  
(listening)  
No, not yet.

Julie looks back at her mom who really isn't paying any attention to the phone conversation, but just to be on the safe side, Julie decides to move into the kitchen.

10 INT. MILLER KITCHEN - NIGHT

10

Feeling a little safer now, Julie leans up against the kitchen door and continues:

JULIE  
I don't know. I'm just not  
sure.  
(listening)  
Yeah... well... I'm beginning  
to think we're making a big  
mistake.

CUT TO:

11 INT. MILLER LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

11

Charlotte has moved closer to the kitchen so she can hear the stereo so she won't disturb Julie's phone call. As she does, she's distracted by Julie's conversation, which just happens to be a little louder than the music. Charlotte's still exercising, but OVER her MUSIC, we HEAR:

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

JULIE (O.S.)

No, of course I haven't told my mother. She doesn't know anything about this!

Charlotte overhears this and, suddenly, she stops her aerobics and becomes totally fixed on Julie's end of the conversation.

JULIE (O.S.)

(continuing)

Bruno, it's just that I've never done anything like this before.

(beat)

I know, it doesn't make me a bad person.

(beat)

Of course I trust you!

(beat)

You think your dad suspects anything? Good. We have to be very careful.

(beat)

Friday's starting to look very exciting.

(beat)

Okay, see you tomorrow. Bruno? Do you think we're doing the right thing?

It's not the exercise that's just made Charlotte start to gasp for breath but that's what she pretends as Julie comes bouncing out of the kitchen and sees her mother still giving it all she's got. Julie stops and turns the music back up and then runs back to her bedroom, calling as she goes:

JULIE

Great, Mom! Go for it!

CHARLOTTE

Right...

Her smile quickly dissolves into confusion and concern as we:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

12 EXT. SCHOOL OF THE ARTS - DAY 12

Contrary to popular belief, some of us happen to like that stupid horse.

13 INT. SCHOOL CORRIDOR - DAY 13

Danny, Leroy, Coco, Michael and a group of kids are hanging out in the lobby just before first bell. Leroy, wearing earphones, is moving to a beat only he can hear and he's totally oblivious to his "shadow" imitating his every move. Michael and Coco are more than amused by Danny's fortitude. Michelle passes by and Danny stops moving behind Leroy and starts moving on Michelle.

DANNY

Hey, Michelle! How ya' doin'?

MICHELLE

(moving right  
back)

Hi, Danny.

They move to a more intimate corner of the group. Coco starts to head down the hall when Michael stops her.

MICHAEL

Uh, Coco? Can I talk to you?  
I've got a big favor to ask.

COCO

Sure. What is it?

MICHAEL

Well... you're friends with  
Marguerite, right?

COCO

(suspicious)

Yeah...

MICHAEL

I'd really like her to ask me  
to the dance but I just can't  
come out and say that, you know?

COCO

So?

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

That's where you come in.

COCO

Oh, no...

MICHAEL

Please, Coco. If you could just drop a little hint, you know? I'd really appreciate it.

COCO

Michael, I don't know. That's...

And right in the middle of the group, clipboard in hand, barges Doris:

DORIS

(interrupting)

Coco! Coco! I'm glad I caught you. Did you get the sound system from the audio-visual department?

COCO

Argh!... I forgot.

DORIS

Oh, that's just great!

COCO

It's okay, they know we need it. I just haven't officially signed it out yet. I'm sorry, I've been so busy cramming for...

DORIS

Forget it. I'll do it myself! That way I'll be sure it gets done!

She marches off again, and what was just a minute ago a happy little group is now beginning to look like a lynch mob.

COCO

(calling after)

Doris -- the day is called 'Friendship Day,' you know? It's about 'friends'? That mean anything to you?

(CONTINUED)



13 CONTINUED: (2)

13

DORIS  
 (calling back)  
 Of course it does! Who do you  
 think I'm doing all this for?

The look that flashes between Michael and Coco signals that they're of one mind as to who Doris is doing "all this" for. They look after her a beat, then we --

DIRECT CUT TO:

14 INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

14

The restaurant, Joe Diamond's, is buzzing with luncheon customers. We find Angelo and Charlotte at a table for two. Angelo is looking disappointed. A WAITER approaches with a tray of food.

ANGELO  
 But on the phone I sorta got  
 the feeling you might be  
 willing to switch jobs and...

WAITER  
 (interrupting)  
 Double cheese with fries.

CHARLOTTE  
 Here.

The Waiter sets the loaded plate down in front of Charlotte. Angelo watches longingly.

CHARLOTTE  
 (continuing)  
 I didn't mean to make you think...

WAITER  
 (interrupting  
 again)  
 Salad with diet dressing.

Angelo gives the Waiter an "I'm the only other one here, stupid" look and says:

ANGELO  
 How 'bout here?

The Waiter sets the salad in front of Angelo and leaves. Angelo eyes his lunch with disdain. Charlotte is digging into her burger.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

CHARLOTTE

It's just that I've been doing punch and cookies since Julie was three. It'll be nice to do something different for a change.

Angelo picks at his lettuce.

ANGELO

Cook. I barely know how to buy cookies, much less having to make some.

CHARLOTTE

I could give you a terrific recipe, if you'd like.

Angelo brightens a little, but very little.

ANGELO

Thanks... but make sure it's an easy one...

After an uncomfortable beat:

CHARLOTTE

Actually, the real reason I wanted to see you was because I'm worried.

ANGELO

About the security? I knew it...

CHARLOTTE

(interrupting)

No. I'm worried about our kids.

ANGELO

What do you mean?

CHARLOTTE

Well, I'm not sure... but from the little bits of telephone conversation I accidentally overheard... well... I think they may be planning something.

ANGELO

So?

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: (2)

14

CHARLOTTE

I think it might be... sexual.

ANGELO

(too loud)

Sexual?!

CHARLOTTE

Shhh! That's right.

Angelo's not doing too good a job at covering his fatherly pride here.

ANGELO

Well, what do you know!

CHARLOTTE

Mr. Martelli!

ANGELO

Well, you know... boys will be boys!

The look he's getting from Charlotte would singe ice.

ANGELO

(continuing; off that look)

Oh, come on, Mrs. Miller. I don't think Bruno and Julie are planning an orgy!

(making a joke)

You need a whole bunch of people for one of those.

CHARLOTTE

Mr. Martelli -- they're being very secretive about something.

ANGELO

Bruno never keeps secrets from me. Especially something like this.

CHARLOTTE

(shocked)

You mean he'd tell you if he and Julie were going to...

(CONTINUED)

ANGELO

No, no. I don't mean he'd tell me, actually. But it's like I could kind of get to the topic... and I could tell what's going on. He'd sort of open up to me. We've got that kind of communication. You've probably got the same kind of thing with Julie.

CHARLOTTE

Well, in a sense. I mean... I think some things are different between a mother and daughter as opposed to a father and son.

ANGELO

(a small smile)  
I suppose so.

They eat in silence for a beat. Then:

ANGELO

(continuing;  
considering)  
Bruno and Julie, huh...?

CHARLOTTE

Mr. Martelli!

ANGELO

Uh, right. I'll check it out.  
(beat)  
Do you think I could maybe have just one of those french fries?

She pushes her plate towards him.

CHARLOTTE

Here. Stuff yourself.

He does.

DIRECT CUT TO:

is at the SYNTHESIZER playing a complex JAZZ MELODIC LINE when the door is opened abruptly by Julie, whose anger and frustration isn't difficult to read.

(CONTINUED)

JULIE

You wouldn't believe what she's doing now.

BRUNO

I would believe anything.

JULIE

She's put an egg timer on the phone in the office. Anything that goes over one message unit comes out of our own money!

BRUNO

Go ahead and scream if you want to; the place is soundproof.

Julie takes a deep breath as if to take Bruno up on the thought, but he holds up a quick cautionary hand.

BRUNO

(continuing)

Wait. The place is soundproof, but I'm not. Hold it for a little bit. You still want to go ahead with this present for her?

JULIE

Of course. I also want to kill her.

BRUNO

You seem to have your priorities in order.

JULIE

Maybe somebody ought to tell her. She's got good intentions but the wrong attitude.

BRUNO

We tried, remember? I don't think she's able to take any 'constructive criticism' right now.

JULIE

Well, what should we do? Just go ahead with it?

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (2)

15

BRUNO  
 (nods, and)  
 We're past the point of no  
 return.

JULIE  
 We're going to have to be more  
 careful with the phone calls  
 and stuff. It was a close  
 call last night with my mom.

BRUNO  
 You should do what I do. Go  
 down to the basement, flip the  
 rhythm switch on my synthesizer,  
 and my dad never hears me when  
 I'm on the phone.

They reach the end of the corridor and stop, each about  
 to go their separate ways.

JULIE  
 Bruno?

BRUNO  
 Yeah.

JULIE  
 I don't have a basement or a  
 synthesizer.

BRUNO  
 (considers, and:)  
 Too bad. They make sneaking  
 around a lot easier.

DIRECT CUT TO:

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

16

The classroom is set up in its multi-piano mode and  
 Shorofsky is pacing about the group playing the instru-  
 ments, finger tapping out the tempo as he goes. After a  
 count or two, he stops, looking off to:

17 HIS POV - DORIS AT THE DOOR

17

Her expression is businesslike and urgent and clearly it  
 requires a conference.

18 BACK ON SHOROFSKY

18

He casts a glance to the players, all of whom seem not to be struggling with the selection, and this apparently gives him permission to cross to the door and deal with whatever has compelled Doris to come seeking him out.

19 ANGLES TO COVER - SHOROFSKY AND DORIS

19

As he comes to the door and opens it, stepping out of the room slightly, one hand on the knob, still monitoring the piano players behind him with half an ear.

SHOROFSKY

You called... more or less.

DORIS

You have Dwight on performance probation. You've got to take him off.

SHOROFSKY

Why do I 'got' to take him off?

DORIS

I need him for the Friendship Day dance.

SHOROFSKY

You're putting a sousaphone player into a rock band?

DORIS

It's not his sousaphone I need; it's his body.

Shorofsky stares at her a beat. Another beat.

SHOROFSKY

Wanting his sousaphone I understand a little. Wanting his body, on the hand...

DORIS

You know what it's like to be on top?

(SHOROFSKY

(beat, and:)

Not answering that. Keep talking.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

DORIS

Because I am in charge of this Friendship Day thing, I'm having a tough time getting a date, and I know the reason is that a lot of the guys are kind of put off by my being in charge.

SHOROFSKY

(of course...)

What other reason could there be...

DORIS

But Dwight I can get, and still not have to worry about, but he won't go anywhere without the sousaphone, so I need you to take him off performance probation.

SHOROFSKY

Miss Schwartz... is having a date really all that important... ?

Nothing cute, flip, comedic or light in Doris' answering tone.

DORIS

Yes.

And as Shorofsky looks at Doris with a new awareness, a recollection of what it's like to be a certain age and feel that vulnerable and afraid, the BELL RINGS. Doris uses that as reason to retreat from the admission just made and turns abruptly on her heel, moving off down the corridor, rapidly lost from view in the melee of kids pouring out of class. Shorofsky holds there looking after her a beat, until we --

DIRECT CUT TO:

20 INT. MILLER LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

20

ON drumming fingers. We PULL BACK to reveal Charlotte sitting on the couch with an abandoned crossword puzzle in her lap. Her mind is a million miles away but the SOUND of her FINGERS THUMPING on the coffee table is a reminder to Julie, who's sitting in the chair and working on her Friendship Day costume, that they're right here in the room together.

(CONTINUED)



JULIE

Mom, could you hand me the pins?

(beat)

Mom?

(no answer)

Hello?

CHARLOTTE

Hm? Oh, I'm sorry, honey.

What did you want?

JULIE

The pins. They're right by  
the tape measure.

Charlotte fishes through all the sewing gear on the coffee table and comes up with the box of pins.

JULIE

(continuing)

Thanks.

CHARLOTTE

Sure.

JULIE

You sure look distracted.  
What are you thinking about?

CHARLOTTE

Oh... my mother, I guess.

JULIE

Grandma?

CHARLOTTE

Yes. She was always great at  
helping me with costumes. We  
had some fun times creating  
the greatest outfits.

Julie's attention is fixed on the costume she's sewing so she's half listening to her mom.

CHARLOTTE

(continuing;  
carefully now)

Yes... she was great at sewing  
but not too terrific at  
listening.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: (2)

20

JULIE

What do you mean?

CHARLOTTE

Well, it was always very hard for me to talk to her... you know what I mean?

JULIE

I think so.

CHARLOTTE

I was convinced that she didn't know anything at all about being a teenage girl, and how hard it is growing up sometimes. And you know what?

JULIE

What?

CHARLOTTE

When I got married and had you, I was amazed at how much my mother had learned in just a few short years. She was always there for me to talk to, but I was just too afraid to let her in on my own feelings. All that time she could have been my best friend, but I was too scared to let her.

JULIE

Yeah, I think Grandma knows a lot, too. Could you help me with the hem on this, Mom?

So much for Charlotte's reconnaissance mission. Her frustrated sigh has "What's a mother to do?" written all over it as she resigns herself to the fact she's getting nowhere with her Mother-Daughter talk and helps Julie start to hem her costume.

DIRECT CUT TO:

21 INT. MARTELLI BASEMENT - FULL SHOT - NIGHT

21

Bruno is at the synthesizer, setting out a melodic line we will recognize at a point later on in the story.

(CONTINUED)

A beat, then Angelo appears at the top of the staircase, moving down with an exaggerated sense of casualness, carrying a small glass of generic, red liquid in a jelly glass. As he crosses down:

ANGELO

Dinner be ready in a few minutes.

BRUNO

Great. I'm starving.

ANGELO

And how was your day?

BRUNO

Underwhelming.

ANGELO

Anything special happen?  
Anything good to report?

BRUNO

No.

ANGELO

Any... problems?

BRUNO

(concentrating  
on the music)  
Just trying to figure how to  
convince a stubborn girl how  
to make a big change in her  
lifestyle, is all.

Angelo takes a sip of wine that puts Gallo into profit for the year. A beat, and:

ANGELO

(carefully)

You know, Bruno, I really like  
the time we take to talk to  
each other... to share things,  
you know?

BRUNO

Uh huh.

ANGELO

It's important. How many  
fathers and sons do you know  
that aren't afraid to talk  
things over... get things off  
their chests sort of? Not  
many, I'll tell ya!

(CONTINUED)

He checks to see if he's got Bruno's attention. He doesn't, but he perseveres anyway.

ANGELO

(continuing)

And I think it's really great that, no matter what it is, we're not afraid to talk about it.

(beat)

Anything that's bothering us.

(beat)

Anything at all.

(casually)

Like... girls and stuff like that. We can just put it right out there with each other.

He checks for any reaction, but his son's nose is heavily buried in a lead sheet.

BRUNO

Right...

ANGELO

Not like the way it used to be with my father and me. No, sir.

(beat)

I couldn't talk about what was bothering me without always getting jumped on, or criticized.

(beat)

'That's stupid!', or 'Don't feel that way!' is what I'd always get. Isn't that a dumb thing to tell a kid? I mean, the way you feel is the way you feel, right? Boy, he sure didn't make communication easy. And that's tough when you're a kid and got things on your mind. Right?

Angelo hasn't made what we'd term substantial impact on Bruno at this point. Therefore, the RINGING of the TELEPHONE is greeted by Angelo with a shading of relief. Bruno, as a matter of course when there's a phone conversation going on, flips a switch and places the ear-phones over his head, cutting out the sound as he continues to work on the keyboard.

as he moves to the phone and lifts the receiver.

ANGELO

Hello?

INTERCUT between Angelo in the Martelli basement and Charlotte in the Miller kitchen. She keeps her voice relatively subdued.

CHARLOTTE

Mr. Martelli, it's Charlotte Miller. I was just wondering whether or not you've had time to talk to your son.

ANGELO

Uh, yeah, I did.

CHARLOTTE

And was there... a lot of communication?

ANGELO

Well, you know... you got to listen between the lines a little bit... you talk to Julie yet?

CHARLOTTE

Yes, I did.

ANGELO

Lot of communication?

CHARLOTTE

Oh, you bet.

There is a stillness on both ends, then:

ANGELO

Mrs. Miller -- are you lying as much as I am?

In the Miller kitchen, Julie comes in from the living room, tossing her mom a casual smile as she crosses to the refrigerator for an evening snack of some sort. Charlotte smiles back at Julie weakly, then:

CHARLOTTE

Oh... you bet.

23

SPLIT SCREEN IMAGE - ANGELO AND CHARLOTTE

23

As they each react with dispirited pessimism. Then slowly hang up their respective phones, each looking off pensively at their respective kids as we HOLD a beat, and then slowly:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

24 INT. TEACHERS' LOUNGE - DAY

24

Shorofsky, and Lydia are finishing their coffee. Reardon has a notebook open and is having difficulty writing in it. Shorofsky helps Lydia gather her things to leave. On their way out:

LYDIA  
(to Shorofsky)  
Are you really giving a quiz  
on Friendship Day?

SHOROFSKY  
It'll be a friendly quiz.

LYDIA  
(smiling)  
I'm glad something's going to  
be friendly around here.

Sherwood brushes past them as they exit.

SHERWOOD  
Hi, everybody. 'Bye, everybody.

Lydia and Shorofsky AD LIB farewells as they move on out into the corridor, Sherwood closing the door after them and then moves to the coffee set-up, pouring herself a morning heart-starter. She takes a seat and notes that Reardon's look to her, the quizzical uneasy smile isn't exactly standard. Then she tumbles.

SHERWOOD  
(continuing)  
I... haven't had a chance to  
read them yet.

REARDON  
Okay. Fine. No pressure.  
Whenever you get around to it.

He returns his attention to the book he's been perusing, and Sherwood attempts to busy herself with some masking activity or other. But she's an honest and straight-forward lady, a combination that eventually results in:

SHERWOOD  
I've read your poems and didn't  
like them.

(CONTINUED)

He looks up, taking it in stride as best as one can, but no doubt puzzled by the abrupt 180 on her part.

SHERWOOD

(continuing)

I shouldn't've lied just now, but I didn't want to hurt your feelings.

REARDON

Hey... I'm a big guy. I can take it. I'm trying to learn, that's all. What exactly didn't you like about them?

SHERWOOD

(simply)

Everything.

That's getting a little close to the bone and Reardon's stiffening expression shows it.

SHERWOOD

(continuing)

They were nicely typed.

REARDON

Want to move on to the spelling and punctuation?

SHERWOOD

David, I'm trying to be honest about this; I'm not trying to start an argument.

REARDON

You have any idea how long it took me to work up the courage to ask you?

SHERWOOD

Do you have any idea how long it took me to work up the courage to tell you?

REARDON

Besides, who are you to judge another person's poetry, anyway?

SHERWOOD

Look, buster -- you asked me, remember?

(CONTINUED)



24 CONTINUED: (2)

24

There is a long pause as Reardon looks for a graceful way out of that one. There is none.

REARDON

Well. Yes. There is that.

He collects his few books and starts for the doorway. Before he gets to the door, Mrs. Berg comes in, fairly glowing with good spirits and energy. She greets him with a delightful smile.

MRS. BERG

Are you excited?

REARDON

(beat; and)

Beg pardon?

MRS. BERG

It's almost Friendship Day.  
It's such a magical time!

Reardon looks over to Sherwood levelly, then:

REARDON

It had better be.

And he moves on out into the lobby as Mrs. Berg looks after him pleasantly, and Sherwood registers storm warnings on the horizon, and then we:

DIRECT CUT TO:

25 INT. DANCE CLASS - DAY

25

We're in the middle of a body movement class where we see mostly drama majors and minors. Some of the dancers are here, but they're the minority as Lydia has her class at attention.

LYDIA

Let me repeat what I said at the beginning of the year. You are not in this class to be a dancer. This is a body movement class.

The CAMERA PANS the room as Lydia continues her speech:

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

LYDIA

(continuing)

Even though some of you are  
dance majors, the point here  
is not to move like a dancer  
... it's to move like a person.

On the word "person," the CAMERA STOPS on Dwight. He looks about as comfortable in his leotard as Nixon did when he told us he "took responsibility for Watergate."

LYDIA

(continuing)

Now I want you to just walk...  
and look natural. When you're  
on stage, that's not as easy  
as it sounds. Okay... go.

All the kids start walking around. The exercise continues throughout the scene. Some of them handle it fine. Others look like they've forgotten how... like Dwight. He can't seem to remember which way to swing his arms. Lydia goes to help him.

26 ANOTHER ANGLE - COCO AND MICHELLE

26

as they continue their walking assignment.

MICHELLE

The guys are all so weird about  
being asked to the dance.

COCO

I don't know what the big deal  
is. I ask guys out all the  
time.

MICHELLE

Really?

COCO

Sure. This is the Eighties,  
girl. It's okay.

Danny self-consciously "walks" over to the group.

DANNY

Coco?

COCO

Yeah?

(CONTINUED)

DANNY  
 Could I talk to you for a  
 second?

COCO  
 Sure.

DANNY  
 Alone?

COCO  
 Oh.

She moves off with Danny, still "walking" as to not bring  
 on the wrath of Miss Grant.

DANNY  
 Uh... Coco?

COCO  
 Yeah?

DANNY  
 Uh... Coco?

COCO  
 This is real stimulating,  
 Amatullo.

DANNY  
 ... Do you think you could put  
 in a good word for me... with  
 Michelle? I'm not sure she's  
 gonna ask me to the dance and --

COCO  
 (interrupting)  
 Why does everybody make me the  
 middle man... person?

DANNY  
 What do you mean?

COCO  
 Put in your own good word.

She leaves. Danny looks disappointed. Then he spots  
 Leroy. He hurries over to him.

DANNY  
 Leroy, you gotta help me.

This is really starting to annoy Leroy.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED: (2)

26

LEROY

Amatullo!

DANNY

Please! I've almost got it.

Leroy looks to see what Miss Grant is doing.

27 LEROY'S POV

27

She's still helping Dwight.

28 ANGLE - LEROY AND DANNY

28

LEROY

(resigned)

Okay.

Leroy does some quick dance moves. Danny follows and feels pretty good about himself. Michelle walks by and Danny shows off the dance step he just learned but Michelle seems unimpressed and keeps walking.

DANNY

(to Leroy)

I think we need some more work.

CUT TO:

29 INT. HOME ECONOMICS CLASSROOM - FULL SHOT - DAY

29

Mrs. Berg stands near the doorway, a ring of keys in hand, looking on as Angelo and Charlotte busy themselves near the aged oven and food preparation area.

MRS. BERG

I suppose when the building was used for a school for normal people, this was a home economics class. Now, we just use it for plays that have eating scenes in them, mostly.

CHARLOTTE

We'll only need it for a little while, Mrs. Berg. Thank you very much.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

29

MRS. BERG

I'll be right outside, you just  
call me if you need anything.

ANGELO

We will.

Mrs. Berg smiles sweetly and moves on out into the cor-  
ridor.

30 CLOSER ANGLE - ANGELO AND CHARLOTTE

30

Charlotte starts to dollop out portions of cookie dough  
on the large cookie sheet. Angelo watches as if she  
were giving Barney Clark a lube job.

CHARLOTTE

Now you put these little globs  
on the cookie sheet about an  
inch apart, like this.

Looking like the veritable bull in the china shop, Angelo  
unhappily does as he's told. Charlotte seems a little  
anxious as they're working:

ANGELO

How much of this stuff do I  
need?

CHARLOTTE

What?

ANGELO

The globs... how much do I  
need to feed the dance crowd?

CHARLOTTE

How do you expect me to think  
of globs when our children may  
be facing a crisis?!

ANGELO

(annoyed)

I also am facing a crisis. I  
have to make cookies for  
thousands of people.

CHARLOTTE

Thousands?

(CONTINUED)

ANGELO

Well... hundreds. But hundreds of people can eat thousands of cookies.

CHARLOTTE

(barely controlled)

Listen... I will help you with the rest of your stupid cookies if you will help me with our stupid children.

(at once)

I didn't mean to say that.

ANGELO

(insulted)

Well, you did say it!

CHARLOTTE

(losing it)

Well, I didn't mean to!

There is a beat as they glare at each other, the confrontation averted by:

MRS. BERG (O.S.)

(sweetly)

Something's starting to smell absolutely scrumptious in there!

Both Angelo and Charlotte look down to the cookie sheet and its contents, none of which are within a foot of the oven. Charlotte lets her anger abate, adds a few more dollops, then:

CHARLOTTE

That should be enough.

She puts the tray in the oven.

ANGELO

You sure you don't want to change jobs?

CHARLOTTE

No thanks. I like the one I have.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED: (2)

30

ANGELO

(sighing)

But you will help me with the cookies?

CHARLOTTE

Will you help me with the kids?

ANGELO

I would if I thought there was anything to worry about.

CHARLOTTE

(raising her voice)

If our children are going to have sex, then I think there's something to worry about!

MRS. BERG (O.S.)

I should say so.

Angelo and Charlotte turn slowly away from each other and direct their attention toward:

31 ANGLE TO DOOR

31

As a shamefaced Mrs. Berg appears, her smile a hopeful apology.

MRS. BERG

I'll just leave the keys here.  
You can lock up when you're done cooking.

(and)

The cookies, I mean.

She moves back out of sight. Retreats, really.

32 BACK ON CHARLOTTE AND ANGELO

32

mulling on the reality that cookies make strange bed-fellows. None possibly as strange as Mrs. Berg. We HOLD on them a beat, and then we:

DIRECT CUT TO:

33 INT. LOBBY - ON MISS SHERWOOD - DAY

33

as she moves along the hallway and passes by the doors to the theater as they are opened by a dance troupe led by a deeply angered Coco Hernandez, trailed by Michael, and Michelle and the others. There is a generalized hubbub and there's no doubt that the overall tone is one of anger.

COCO

Nobody's going to talk to me like that! I mean no one!

MICHELLE

Especially someone who isn't even a dancer!

MICHAEL

We ought to get up a petition or something, let her know how we feel.

A chorus of agreement on that as the dancers sweep past Sherwood and on down the corridor. She watches them go with some concern and curiosity, then crosses slowly toward the doors leading into the theater proper.

34 INT. THEATER - ON DOORWAY - DAY

34

As Sherwood opens the door and steps into the theater, looking off to:

35 HER POV - DORIS

35

facing away toward the stage in about the third row, unmoving. Looks like a kosher version of "Christina's World." The ANGLE ADJUSTS as Sherwood moves on down the aisle slowly and slides into a seat nearby Doris, who greets her presence from the bottom of a deep, emotional trough.

DORIS

What do 'Friendship Day' and a three week vacation in the Bahamas have in common?

SHERWOOD

I don't know.

DORIS

Not a damn thing.

Sherwood attempts to adopt a conversational tone.

(CONTINUED)



SHERWOOD

I hear the kids have been working pretty hard.

DORIS

So have I. That's what it takes.

(beat; and)

You tell us that all the time. All the teachers do.

SHERWOOD

And it's true. But when people are working hard, they need a little praise along with the criticism.

DORIS

I just want so much for the whole thing to work out.

SHERWOOD

I know. But sometimes a pat on the back works a lot better than a slap in the face. Sometimes... that's an easy thing to forget.

DORIS

They hate me.

SHERWOOD

No. They're mad at you; they don't hate you.

DORIS

How do you know?

SHERWOOD

Because I used to think Leroy hated me. He didn't. Doesn't. He's just got a lot to be angry at.

DORIS

You just ended a sentence with a preposition.

SHERWOOD

Keep my secret.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED: (2)

35

DORIS

(beat; and)

What do I do?

SHERWOOD

I think you probably know.

Doris mulls that a beat, then nods decisively and gets up, moving on up the aisle as the ANGLE CLOSES slightly on Sherwood. A beat, and:

SHERWOOD

(continuing)

I think I probably know, too.

DIRECT CUT TO:

36 INT. HOME ECONOMICS CLASSROOM - DAY

36

There is an egg timer in evidence now, ticking away busily. Charlotte and Angelo are conducting a war council while waiting for the cookies to graduate.

CHARLOTTE

I couldn't hear everything, but I definitely heard her say something about 'what they would be doing later Friday night.'

ANGELO

You sure she was talking to Bruno?

CHARLOTTE

She called him by name.

ANGELO

That'd be a giveaway, yeah...

CHARLOTTE

And I always thought Bruno was such a nice kid.

Once this registers:

ANGELO

What is that supposed to mean?

CHARLOTTE

Well, I'm sure this wasn't Julie's idea.

(CONTINUED)

ANGELO

What makes you so sure?

CHARLOTTE

Because I know Julie.

ANGELO

And you don't think I know  
Bruno?

CHARLOTTE

I don't know. Do you?

Angelo's angry now.

ANGELO

I do... and if anything is  
going on, I'm sure it's because  
he was talked into it.

Charlotte is shocked out of her skull.

CHARLOTTE

Mr. Martelli -- no young man  
would have to be 'talked into...'  
(searching for  
the phrase)  
... being attracted to my  
daughter.

ANGELO

(he read it in  
the barbershop)  
You never heard of 'peer  
pressure'?

This somehow conjures up images of a symposium regarding who hits on Julie that is about to blow Charlotte's cork, but the sounding of the EGG TIMER'S BELL. Charlotte opts out of the argument and moves to the oven, taking up a pair of potholders on the way. She opens the oven door and removes the sheet of cookies, placing them carefully on the nearby workspace. Angelo moves to the cookies and breaks off a piece of one of the morsels. He pops it into his mouth and chews quickly. Charlotte looks to him speculatively. A beat, and:

ANGELO

(continuing)  
Needs a little something...

Charlotte looks at him with enough fire to roast China's marshmallows for the year. Angelo smiles quizzically as we HOLD a beat, and then we:

DIRECT CUT TO:

37 INT. SCHOOL - OUTSIDE MUSIC CUBICLE - DAY

37

We are SHOOTING THROUGH the window of the music cubicle. Inside the room are Coco, Michelle, Michael, and a complement of dancers who fill the area like a teenage version of "Room Service." Coco is clearly in charge and there is a great deal of angry give and take. A sheet of paper is in view and it seems clear that what's being drawn up is a petition of one sort or another. Obviously, this is all pantomime; we cannot hear a word that's being said. As we WIDEN SLIGHTLY, the gloss of a sousaphone momentarily FILLS the SCREEN, as we FIND Dwight leaving one of the rehearsal areas. He stops, then, his progress slowed by:

38 HIS POV - DORIS

38

leaning against the wall, staring in at the unheard tumult that's taking place on the other side of the double pane of soundproof glass. Her look is solemn and reflects inward injury.

39 DIFFERENT ANGLE

39

As Dwight crosses to her, following her look and noting the explosion.

DWIGHT

Wonder what that's about?

DORIS

It's about me.

Dwight looks at her, baffled.

DWIGHT

How can you tell?

The following from Doris is signed with sign language as she speaks, her gaze never leaving to confrontation taking place in the music cubicle.

DORIS

When I was little, my Uncle Jack lived with us for a couple of years. He was an outpatient at the VA Hospital. He lost his hearing during the Korean War. Something exploded too close to him. So I learned sign language.

(beat; and)

Learned how to read lips, too.

She turns and moves away as the ANGLE CLOSES on Dwight as he looks back to:

40 ANGLE TO MUSIC CUBICLE

40

Where Coco and the contingent of dancers continue to hassle over the wording of their protest petition, and we HOLD a beat, until we: FREEZE FRAME.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

41 INT. SCHOOL LOBBY - ON MRS. BERG - NIGHT

41

dressed in a brightly colored frock of some sort, carrying a clipboard, bustling out of the office and crossing the lobby area toward the faculty lounge, taking in all the various costumes that adorn the kids as they arrive for the Friendship Dance. At the top of the steps, she's confronted by Dwight, who is dressed as an angel, complete with halo.

DWIGHT

'Evening, Mrs. Berg.  
(re: his costume)  
What do you think?

MRS. BERG

Don't tell me now... you're  
supposed to be... don't tell  
me...

DWIGHT

An angel.

MRS. BERG

Oh. Well, that's one way to  
go with it, I suppose.

And she moves off toward the faculty lounge, leaving Dwight to dwell on his apparent heavenly shortcomings as we:

DIRECT CUT TO:

42 INT. FACULTY LOUNGE - SHERWOOD AND LYDIA - NIGHT

42

are present and dressed for a social occasion, but both have wisely passed on any attempt to beat the students at their own game. Lydia is making a cup of tea while Sherwood brings her up to date on the latest combat report.

SHERWOOD

I mean, the man hasn't spoken  
a civil word to me. He carries  
a grudge and a half.

LYDIA

Maybe you weren't diplomatic  
about it.

(CONTINUED)

SHERWOOD

No maybe needed. I let him have it right between the eyes. Which is why I've got some major league fence mending to do.

Mrs. Berg pops in, still beaming with a contact high from the youth and energy presently pouring into the lobby.

MRS. BERG

I just wanted to let you all know that everything is going right on schedule.

SHERWOOD

Mrs. Berg, have you see Mr. Reardon?

MRS. BERG

Any number of times.

SHERWOOD

I meant tonight.

MRS. BERG

He's in his room. Asked me to come get him when the dance started.

Sherwood looks to Lydia, whose answering look has an element of challenge in it.

LYDIA

No time like the present.

MRS. BERG

Isn't that the truth, though.

SHERWOOD

(to Lydia)

Wish me luck.

MRS. BERG

Certainly. Good luck.

Sherwood accepts these good wishes with a smile and moves out into the lobby past Mrs. Berg.

43 INT. LOBBY - ON SHERWOOD - NIGHT

43

as she crosses out of the faculty lounge, passing by Shorofsky as she does so, exchanging AD LIBS of evening greetings with him. We STAY WITH Shorofsky as he moves to the doorway to the faculty lounge. He stops briefly at Mrs. Berg, taking in her outfit in a brief top to toe whippan.

SHOROFSKY

Nice costume.

And he moves on by her, oblivious to:

MRS. BERG

Thank you very much, but...  
I'm not wearing a... oh, well  
... thank you very much.

44 DIFFERENT ANGLE

44

As Mrs. Berg spots Charlotte and Angelo just reaching the top of the stairs, Angelo carrying several cardboard boxes obviously stacked to the top with cookies.

MRS. BERG

Hurray. Now I can check off  
the last two items on my list.  
(to Charlotte)  
You're security.

CHARLOTTE

I certainly am.

MRS. BERG

(re: Angelo)  
And you're cookies.

CHARLOTTE

He certainly is.

Charlotte moves off toward the cafeteria, well aware of the sour look her words create from the Martelli side of the line. He moves after her, as we:

DIRECT CUT TO:

45 INT. SCHOOL CAFETERIA - NIGHT

45

The dance is actually happening.



46 ANGLE ON DANNY AND MICHELLE 46

Danny actually has a date with Michelle. Danny is actually dancing with Michelle. Danny actually thinks he looks good dancing with Michelle. Actually, he doesn't.

47 ANGLE ON LEROY 47

He's watching Amatullo and can't believe all that teaching went down the tubes.

48 ANGLE TO COCO 48

as she moves through the growing number of kids, finds a place to seat herself at one of the tables. MAGUERITE is among the kids seated there.

COCO

Hi.

MAGUERITE

Hi. Who'd you bring?

COCO

Nobody.

MAGUERITE

There isn't anybody you wanted to ask, huh?

COCO

Sure there is. Plenty of guys. But I got so involved with asking people that other people were too chicken to ask that I forgot to ask anybody for myself. And by the time I realized that, the guys I wanted to ask had already accepted when I had asked them for other people.

(beat; with a wry smile)

Being an independant female in the Eighties isn't as easy as I thought.

Maguerite's pleasant grin understands and agrees with Coco's point as we HOLD a beat, and then we:

DIRECT CUT TO:

Where Bruno is working on setting up the synthesizer and necessary musical acoutrements required for the number upcoming. The ANGLE ADJUSTS as Julie comes up to him. She's wearing a nurse's outfit. Bruno is wearing the outlandish and bizarre look he normally sports.

JULIE

Why aren't you in costume?

BRUNO

This is it. I'm my own best friend.

JULIE

Have you seen Doris yet?

BRUNO

Nope.

JULIE

I'm worried about her. I'm afraid she might not show up.

BRUNO

She'll show up.

JULIE

(with an edge)

You might show a little concern. We're supposed to be her friends.

Bruno looks at Julie directly, not arguing, but not about to be framed on a bum rap, either.

BRUNO

I know that, Julie. And I also know that Doris is too professional not to show up tonight. She might be bummed out, but she'll be here.

Julie's manner softens somewhat as she relents in tone. She nods, granting Bruno's point.

JULIE

I'm sorry... this whole thing has got me on edge.

BRUNO

Doris, you mean?

JULIE

Partly Doris.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

49

BRUNO

What else?

JULIE

My mom's been acting kind of weird all week.

BRUNO

Must be contagious; my dad's been the same way.

A beat, then both of them make the identical connection, one that seems hard to believe, but one that's even harder to dismiss. As their gazes meet and make contact, we:

DIRECT CUT TO:

50 INT. REARDON'S ROOM - FULL SHOT - NIGHT

50

Sherwood doing her level best to smooth the troubled waters. Reardon's trying to be adult about this whole thing, but that attitude has a short shelf life.

SHERWOOD

No, that is not how I give criticism to my kids, but I didn't think you would react like a kid. I assumed you were an adult.

REARDON

It's just that I put a lot of myself on the line in that stuff and --

SHERWOOD

And I understand that.

REARDON

I don't think you do, or you wouldn't have responded like that.

SHERWOOD

David, I have written enough poetry of my own to know the emotional investment involved.

A certain glint surfaces in Reardon's look to Sherwood.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

50

REARDON

What was that again?

SHERWOOD

I said, I've written enough poetry of my own to know...

The wrong thing to say, and she knows it at once.

REARDON

So... you write poetry, too...  
going to give me a chance to  
look some of it over... get a  
chance at seeing how it 'ought'  
to be done?

Sherwood isn't a lady whose inclination is to go into retreat at times like this.

SHERWOOD

Well, it probably couldn't hurt. But somehow I doubt that it would get the most objective of opinions.

REARDON

Come on, now, Elizabeth.  
Fair's fair.

DIRECT CUT TO:

51 INT. CORRIDOR - ON MRS. BERG - NIGHT

51

In her errand-running mode, moving briskly along the corridor. As she nears Reardon's classroom, she and we hear:

SHERWOOD (O.S.)

It is not a question of being fair.

REARDON (O.S.)

Then maybe it's a question of courage.

SHERWOOD (O.S.)

Is that some kind of adolescent challenge?

REARDON (O.S.)

Take it anyway you want.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

51

REARDON (O.S.) (CONT'D)

But the fact of the matter is:  
I showed you mine, now it's  
your turn to show me yours!

The outcry from Mrs. Berg as this registers on her is one that speaks volumes. This is what the term "vapors" is all about. She moves around in a circle, then wisely decides to retreat when she then hears:

SHERWOOD (O.S.)

Okay. You got it!

And she is well on her way to humiliation as we watch her flee down the corridor for a beat until, we:

DIRECT CUT TO:

52 ANGLE ON CAFETERIA ENTRANCE

52

Doris has walked in and, if one didn't know better, one might actually think she was with -- Dwight. Julie crosses to her and starts to speak:

JULIE

Uh...

DORIS

(cutting her  
off)

Don't ask!

53 ANGLE ON ANGELO

53

Leroy and Coco are eating Angelo's cookies.

COCO

These cookies are great, Mr.  
Martelli.

LEROY

Yeah. Terrific!

ANGELO

You really like them?!

LEROY

Best I've ever had.

ANGELO

(beaming)  
Well... thank you.

She watches Angelo and starts to soften. She turns to Mr. Shorofsky who is standing nearby.

CHARLOTTE

Mr. Shorofsky...

SHOROFSKY

Yes?

CHARLOTTE

Would you mind watching the door for a few minutes?

SHOROFSKY

It would be my pleasure. But bear in mind -- you may have a black belt -- mine is light pink.

CHARLOTTE

Thank you.

She makes her way over to Angelo.

CHARLOTTE

(continuing)

Excuse me. Would you like to dance?

Angelo is genuinely surprised.

ANGELO

Are you serious?

CHARLOTTE

Of course.

ANGELO

You want to dance with me?

Charlotte smiles warmly.

CHARLOTTE

I want to dance with you.

Angelo smiles a little and starts to lead her to the dance floor. Then he remembers his apron. He takes it off quickly and puts it under the table. Charlotte laughs and the two go out to join the other dancers.

55 ANGLE - JULIE AND BRUNO 55

They are watching their parents dance; a kind of numb disbelief in their looks.

56 BACK TO CHARLOTTE AND ANGELO 56

They dance in silence for a few beats. Then:

ANGELO

You know, I've been thinking. We make a big deal out of our kids not talking to us about what's bothering them, and we're afraid to talk to them about what's bothering us.

Charlotte smiles at his logic.

CHARLOTTE

Mr. Martelli -- You're absolutely right...

Angelo smiles at Charlotte. She might not be so bad after all.

57 ANGLE ON JULIE AND BRUNO 57

JULIE

She's been trying to talk to me all week.

BRUNO

Same with my dad.

JULIE

I just kept cutting her off.

BRUNO

Me, too.

The looks between them are mutually fearful and uneasy, as we:

DIRECT CUT TO:

58 INT. LOBBY AREA - ON MRS. BERG - NIGHT 58

taking a deep sip of water from the drinking fountain, allowing this to help calm her severely beleaguered nerves. As she straightens up, she glances toward the stairs and reacts to:

Just reaching the top of the stairs, her downcast manner in distinct contrast to her costume, that of a fair god-mother sort of person. Mrs. Berg, ever the efficient and on duty, moves toward her.

MRS. BERG

Doris... there you are.

DORIS

Hi, Mrs. Berg.

MRS. BERG

You should be very proud. Everything is just going wonderfully.

DORIS

(a small ray  
of hope)

Really...

MRS. BERG

Absolutely. Of course, the night is still young.

DORIS

Of course...

Mrs. Berg takes Doris by the arm and starts her toward the cafeteria.

MRS. BERG

Come along and have one of Mr. Martelli's cookies.

DIRECT CUT TO:

As Charlotte moves off from the dancing area and Angelo, taking a sip from her glass of punch as Julie comes up, manner urgent.

JULIE

Mom -- we've got to talk.

CHARLOTTE

I couldn't agree more. I've been trying to talk to you all week.

(CONTINUED)



JULIE

About... what?

CHARLOTTE

About what you and Bruno have planned for later on tonight.

JULIE

You know about it? Oh, doggone it.

"Doggone it" seems like overkill in understatement as far as Charlotte's concerned.

JULIE

(continuing)

We wanted it to be a surprise.

CHARLOTTE

A surprise...?

JULIE

Sure. It'd be more fun that way. With all the kids watching and everything: Cheering. Applause. The whole bit. I suppose that just sounds too sentimental to you.

There is no chapter in the Parents Effectiveness Training manual to help Charlotte through this one. She takes a long pull at her punch, cursing the fact that it's neutered, then turns to her daughter.

CHARLOTTE

Julie... are we talking about the same thing?

JULIE

The Thank-You plaques?

CHARLOTTE

Thank-You plaques?

JULIE

You're not talking about the Thank-You plaques?

CHARLOTTE

What Thank-You plaques?

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED: (2)

60

JULIE

That's what Bruno and I have  
been trying to keep secret all  
week.

It all becomes clear to Charlotte. She starts laughing,  
partly because she thinks it's funny, but mostly because  
she's relieved. She hugs Julie.

CHARLOTTE

I'm sorry, honey.

JULIE

For what?

CHARLOTTE

For not... communicating.

61 ANGLE ON ANGELO AND BRUNO

61

ANGELO

(shocked)

Dating Mrs. Miller?!

BRUNO

Well?

Angelo smiles.

ANGELO

No.

He looks over at Charlotte.

ANGELO

(continuing)

But maybe that's not such a  
bad idea.

He warmly puts his arm around Bruno.

ANGELO

(continuing)

It's amazing how mixed up  
things can get if you don't  
keep them honest and out there.

BRUNO

(smiling)

It sure is!

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED:

61

ANGELO

You have my permission to give me a swift kick if I'm ever not straight with you again.

BRUNO

You have my solemn promise.

ANGELO

Seventeen years of lip, and the first time I get a 'solemn promise,' it's to kick my behind. Great kid.

62 ANGLE TO DOORWAY

62

As Mrs. Berg and Doris come in from the corridor and Coco spots them.

COCO

Hey, Doris -- how come you didn't make rehearsal this afternoon?

DORIS

I figured you guys had it under control, didn't really need me.

COCO

No way. You need somebody on the outside looking in. That's what directing's about.

The ANGLE ADJUSTS as Julie comes up, Mrs. Miller close behind.

JULIE

Doris! Hi! We've been looking for you.

DORIS

Well, you found me, but look quick. I'm just going to make sure it's going okay and then split.

JULIE

You can't.

DORIS

Watch me.

An O.S. FANFARE takes the attention of all of them toward the staging area.

63 ANGLE TO LEROY AND DANNY

63

sharing a microphone, clowning around and enjoying themselves no end. Onstage is onstage, even if it's only in a cafeteria.

LEROY

Okay, now! Shut up!

DANNY

No class. Shut up, please!

LEROY

Before we get down to some serious dancin', we've got some serious thankin' to get out of the way. So, Miller -- Martelli -- let's get it done.

64 WIDER ANGLE

64

As Bruno and Julie move through the crowd, onto the stage on each side of the microphone, which Danny now controls.

DANNY

First awards go to Mrs. Charlotte Miller and Mr. Angelo Martelli!

Well meaning applause as Charlotte and Angelo make their way toward the mikes.

65 ANGLE TO DOORWAY

65

As the APPLAUSE starts to wind down slightly, Doris edges through the group at the door and out into the hallway.

66 ANGLE TO STAGE

66

As Charlotte and Angelo get to the acceptance arena.

DANNY

These two people gave a lot of time and effort to bring this whole deal off and this is our way of saying thanks!

Everyone APPLAUDS as Julie gives a plaque to Angelo and Bruno hands one to Charlotte. They AD LIB thank you's to the kids, then:

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED:

66

DANNY

(continuing)

And this last one is for the kid who worked so hard to put this all together... and who drove us bananas in the process...

(looking about)

... where is she... where'd she go?

DIRECT CUT TO:

67 INT. SCHOOL CORRIDOR - ON DORIS - NIGHT

67

as she moves slowly away from us down the corridor, almost to the stairway, then:

DANNY (V.O.)

(miked echo effect)

Hey, Schwartz! Come get your prize!

A beat as Doris stops at the top of the stairs, still looking away. Very slowly, she starts to turn back.

68 TIGHT SHOT - DORIS

68

as she turns TOWARD CAMERA, a smile blossoming on her face and gathering strength with each second. A beat, and:

69 WIDER - CAFETERIA - THE PRODUCTION NUMBER

69

The area has been cleared and the number uses every inch of needed space. The kids sing and dance the wonderments of friendship and even if we know in our hearts of hearts most of us wouldn't want to be sixteen again (author's opinion talking there); times like these may serve as the exception.

70 ON ANGELO AND CHARLOTTE

70

His cookies are mere crumbs of memory now. She didn't have to contend with one gate crasher.

71 ANGLE TO DOORWAY

71

As Mrs. Berg stands watching the final number with a pleased smile, then reacts as Sherwood and Reardon enter, both of them smiling, too. And Mrs. Berg isn't at all surprised about that, either. She knows very well why they're smiling.

72 ANGLES TO COVER - THE NUMBER

72

A booming finale of energy and fun, sure and certain proof that Friendship Day didn't turn out so bad after all. We hold on the ending tableau and then we: FREEZE FRAME.

FADE OUT.

THE END