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# Fame

By Christopher Gore

I worry maybe people aren't  
gonna like me when I go to a party.  
Isn't that crazy?  
Do you ever get kind of a sick feeling in  
your stomach when you dread things?  
I wouldn't wanna miss a party,  
but every time I go to one...  
...I keep feeling like  
the whole world's against me.  
See, I've spent my whole life  
in military academies.  
My mother doesn't have a place for me  
where she lives...  
...and she doesn't know  
what else to do with me.  
You mustn't misunderstand about  
my mother. She's really a lovely person.  
I guess every boy thinks his mother  
is beautiful, but my mother really is.  
She tells me in every letter how sorry  
she is that we're not together more...  
...but she has to think of her work.  
One time we were together, though.  
She met me in San Francisco once...  
...and we were together for two whole  
days, just like we were sweethearts.  
It was the most wonderful time  
I ever had.  
Then I had to go back  
to the military academy.  
Every time I walk into that barracks,  
I get a kind of...  
A kind of a...  
I'm sorry.  
Kind of a depressed feeling.  
It's got hard, stone walls.  
You know what I mean?  
I guess I've bored you enough,  
telling you about myself.  
Thank you.  
Sorry about that. I goofed up the last  
couple of lines. I guess I'm nervous.  
That's okay. You did very well.  
I'm sorry.

Thank you. You play very well.

Now Mrs. Tossoff's gonna play notes for you. Sing them back to us. Like so:

La, la, la, la, la, la, la

- It's too low for me.

- You're a tenor? You want to start here?

La, la, la, la, la, la, la

Louder, please.

I'm so nervous.

- I'm not singing.

- But you have to.

- But I came to dance.

- You have to sing too.

- And act, and play an instrument.

- All three?

It says "performing arts. "

- You don't have to do everything.

- Sure as shit helps, baby.

- Thank you. Next group, please. Hurry.

Oh, I like your nose ring.

- I'm into culture.

- Does that hurt, or is that ethnic?

Music, please, Mrs. Snell.

Please pay attention.

We have a lot to do today.

- I hate my legs.

Yeah. Me too.

- I've tried every diet in the whole world.

- Really? Me too.

But you can't help your glands.

I'm sorry! I'm just so nervous.

Relax! Come on, use your body.

- Careful. That's 7000 worth of machine.

Dollars or pounds?

- Don't touch the rotary pots.

- What pots?

I got it set on sawtooth.

Why can't he play piccolo? Something sensible. Or the accordion, like Papa did.

Same reason you drive a checker and not a Roman chariot. It's progress.

My son's head is into the future.

And Papa could never play the accordion.

- Do you think you're talented?

- You swine! You coward! You cad!  
You dare judge me in my misfortitude?  
You dare to ask me the question  
who is the father of my child?  
- You! You! I point to you, Nigel!  
Next, please.  
The next group of musicians can  
go to the fifth floor now, please.  
- Name?  
- Excuse me, miss.  
You don't need his name. He's not here  
for the audition. He's my partner.  
- What school's he from?  
- He ain't into school.  
He's just helping me out with my  
dancing. But it's me who's auditioning.  
Mulholland, Shirley. I'm all fixed up.  
I filled in all your papers and all.  
He doesn't go upstairs  
without filling in his name.  
Leroy's his name, but I'm auditioning.  
Shirley Mulholland. That's two I's.  
- And don't ask him to do no writing.  
- Doesn't he talk, even?  
He ain't into conversation  
until you get to know him.  
- Leroy what?  
- Leroy Johnson. Can we go up now?  
He's not going up  
until he checks his knife.  
We ain't staying long enough for  
no trouble. He's just helping a friend.  
He's not helping out anyone  
unless he checks his knife.  
This is the High School for Performing  
Arts. We don't cut each other up here.  
- You want it?  
- I want it.  
- You sure you want it?  
- Yeah, I'm sure.  
- Promise you won't steal it, now?  
- I promise.  
Thanks, ma'am.  
Name?

Don't worry, baby. I got lots of knives.

What are you going to do?

- I was gonna sing.

- You don't have to sing, honey.

- We know our rights.

- You can't refuse her an audition.

- She's not supposed to sing her audition.

Please, excuse me, if you don't mind.

Honey, you don't have to sing for us...

...because this is the drama department.

- When she sings, it is drama.

- What's your name, honey?

Finsecker.

Doris Finsecker.

- Hi.

- How do you do?

- What's your name?

- Ralph Garci.

- Who was your teacher?

- Well, my father taught me.

He's doing work for the government.

I'm not supposed to talk about it...

...but my father played some of the

most beautiful symphonies...

...in the whole world once.

- What did he play?

Trombones.

And French horns.

English horns.

- Saxophones.

- Anything else?

Yeah.

- Bongos, maracas, that sort of stuff.

- What did he teach you?

Why don't you

try the dance department?

- Why do you want to go to school here?

- Should I tell him?

Yeah, tell him.

We can't afford a professional

children's school.

Okay. If you want to sing, go ahead.

Then we'll look at your acting.

I'm a little nervous.

Don't be shy, Sheila. Come over here.

What are you going to do?

- I'm doing The Towering Inferno.

- What?

- You know, the movie?

- Oh.

All right, I'm playing O. J. Simpson.

I'm in this building.

There's fire all around, right?

So I go to the elevator.

- Think of it as a concentration exercise.

- Concentrate.

Just sing to Michael...

...and don't worry about anybody else.

- I don't think I can. I can't just stare.

He won't mind.

- Waiting for the elevator.

Press the button, Doris.

Her brother Harvey.

Memories

Like the corners of my mind

Misty water-colored memories

Doesn't come, so now I'm getting mad.

Of the way we were

Scattered pictures

Of the smiles we left behind

Smiles we gave to one another

Of the way we were

Can it be that it was all so simple then?

Or has time rewritten every line?

If we had the chance to do it all again

Finally it comes, so I get in.

Okay, and there's people all around.

And they're looking right at me.

Memories

May be beautiful and yet

What's too painful to remember

We simply choose to forget

So it's the laughter

We will remember

Whenever we remember

The way we were

The way we were

Yeah, my father taught me. I'm not

supposed to talk about him right now.  
He's doing a little bit of work  
for the government, but...  
My father is very, very famous.  
He danced with the Rockettes.  
Sure. Would you begin, please?  
- I'll be doing "Swanee River" for you.  
- Okay.  
And...  
Hon? "Swanee River," please.  
Hit it.  
Doris, what would you do  
if you don't make it?  
We'll make it.  
Next, please.  
But I that am not shaped  
for sportive tricks...  
...nor made to court  
an amorous looking glass...  
...I that am- Cheated of-  
Oh, I'm sorry.  
Why don't you try  
the drama department?  
If again "it was not well cut,"  
he'd answer, I spake not true:  
This is called the Reply Churlish.  
Nobody talks about it,  
but there's a quota system.  
Your chances are better if you're black,  
Puerto Rican or everything, like me.  
- I am Puerto Rican.  
- Not on your paper you ain't, Garci.  
- Your daddy doing government work.  
- That's the truth.  
And he left you his tap shoes, right?  
Does he work for Pepsi-Cola too?  
Be careful.  
- To the left. Left.  
- Come the other way.  
All right.  
Easy, now. Straight back, Bruno?  
- Where do you want this at?  
Far corner.  
How do you do?

Okay. Fine.

Great. Look, I'll do that. You just go and get the rest of the stuff, okay?

Oh, Martelli. Bruno Martelli.

Would you like to set up your equipment, Mr. Martelli?

Who taught you?

Who taught me? My father taught me.

He's in Spain. He makes Westerns.

- Why do you want to go to school here?

- Because Freddie went here.

- Freddie?

- Freddie Prinze. He's the best.

- So you want to be an actor, huh?

- Yeah, sure, I want to be an actor.

Judy, Judy, Judy.

Top of the world, Ma.

We don't want you to perform. We want to see who you are. You understand?

- Right.

- Use your own experience.

Be simple, be honest, but most of all, be yourself.

- Be honest. Be simple. Be yourself?

- Be yourself.

I'm God, see? And God

is Puerto Rican, you got that? Now.

God works in a casa de steam,

you know. It's a steam bath, right?

And he's talking to this angel. This angel

is a computer. An electronic computer.

I'm God, see? That's why I'm standing

on this chair, you got that? Good.

Does he wanna be a musician

or an airline pilot?

Mr. Martelli. We are ready when you are.

Would you care to begin?

Oh, okay. Sure.

Mr. Martelli.

Mr. Martelli.

Mr. Martelli!

Thank you. One instrument

at a time will be quite sufficient.

I could do it in 4/4



if you prefer a disco beat.

She's a disaster.

Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo?

Deny thy father and refuse thy name.

Or, if thou wilt not,

be but sworn my love...

...and then I'll no longer be a Capu-

Capu- Capu-something.

Capulet.

- Like Cappelletti, the football player?

- Something like that.

- That's what I mean.

- Where's his application?

- He doesn't have one.

Well, get him one.

- What do you call that?

- Wicked.

Thou art thyself.

Thou art not a Montagoo-

Montagazz- Who knows?

This is the last day of auditions. We've

seen a lot of students. We're punchy.

- We're gonna take a break.

- Ah, yeah.

Go next door to Mrs. Shime.

Have her audition you.

Right next door.

- I tell her that you sent me?

Yeah.

- All right.

By the way...

...you were reading the girl's part.

- Shit.

You're not into high school.

I'm into dancing.

You're into ass, you mean. You don't

have to go to high school for that.

Who asked you to work my audition anyway?

- I was doing you a favor, remember?

- Some fat fucking favor.

Take your things to the third floor.

Give your forms to the senior there.

Okay, you go downstairs, change

in the girls' room and wait for him.

I'm through?  
I don't have to dance anymore?  
Where you going, Leroy?  
He's in and I'm out, right?  
Fuck you, Leroy! This was my audition,  
remember? You're not into high school.  
We were rehearsing to get me into this  
school, not you, you fucker! It's not fair!  
I didn't want to come here anyway.  
This school sucks.  
You've done me a favor, shithead.  
You saved me four fucking years  
from this ass-licking school!  
You looking at one happy lady!  
Who wants to go to a fucking school  
to learn to dance, anyway?  
Yeah, hello?  
No, it isn't. This is Naomi Finsecker  
speaking. Her mother. Who is this?  
Replacement?  
What do you mean, replacement?  
So is she in or is she out?  
Theresa!  
I got in! I got in!  
I got into Performing Arts!  
Doris, we're in!  
Get her out of there!  
Hey, later on.  
All right. All right!  
See y'all later.  
Hello.  
Hey, mama, get in the car!  
Baby!  
Come on, baby, come on.  
Don't go to school.  
Martelli, Bruno.  
- Bruno. Come on.  
Garcia, Raul.  
- Garcia, Raul?  
- It's Ralph.  
- It says Raul.  
- I don't relate to that.  
- Garcia, Ralph.  
- It's Garci.

Ralph Garci. I think they spelled it wrong on the application.

- Garci, Ralph.

- Here.

- MacNeil, Montgomery.

- Here.

- Monroe, Lisa.

- Yes?

Johnson, Leroy.

Johnson, Leroy?

In future, Mr. Johnson, I'd like you to leave your ghetto blaster at home.

I'd have left it home

if it wasn't so goddamn boring in here.

This is a classroom, Mr. Johnson. You're going to be here for four years...

...with your eyes open,

homework done, pencils sharpened...

...and all food, cigarettes and radios outside. Do you understand me?

- Why are you here, Mr. Johnson?

- Because I's young and single...

...and I loves to mingle.

Speak English.

- I speak like I likes.

- This is my room. You'll speak as I like.

I teach English. Now, if that's

a foreign language, you're gonna learn it.

This is no Mickey Mouse school. You

won't get off easy because of talent.

- I don't care how well you dance...

- Bitch run her fucking mouth.

...or how many colored tutus you have.

If you don't give academic subjects...

...equal time, you're out.

- Bullshit.

You have to arrive earlier

to get dressed and warmed up.

You have to take outside classes

in your major field...

...and study ballet, modern, folk,

jazz, tap and historical dance here...

...as well as dance history,

supported adagio...

...variation class, makeup, hairstyling  
and even acting for dancers.  
50,000 people call themselves actors,  
and maybe 500 are making a living at it.  
Most of those do commercials to  
pay the rent. The rest wait tables...  
...clean other people's apartments,  
living on welfare and hope.  
Don't think talent's enough  
to get you through.  
You gotta have a strong technique,  
a good agent, and most of all, thick skin.  
Now you're part of an underprivileged  
minority, and you're going to suffer.  
Pulled tendons, shin splints,  
swollen toes, smelly tights...  
Cattle calls, the humiliation,  
the rejection...  
Melodic dictation theory, keyboard  
harmony, piano, piano literature...  
...music history, orchestration,  
conducting, symphonic band...  
When do we have lunch?

**Lunch is at 11:**

...and then you'll have everything else.  
- What's everything else?  
Biology, chemistry, algebra, English,  
French, physics, history, et cetera.  
Dance is not a way  
of getting through school.  
It's a way of life, plus school.  
The school part is easier.  
You better like yourself a lot.  
Because that's all you got to work with.  
Use yourself.  
Your voice, your experiences.  
Wanna accumulate some experiences?  
I got plenty of experiences to spare.  
You know what?  
I live with two chicks.  
Dance is the hardest  
department in the school.  
Acting is the hardest

profession in the world.

Music is the hardest profession of  
them all. Isn't that right, Mrs. Tossoff?

Indeed.

Okay.

No fighting. Stay in line, please.

Okay, okay, okay.

Who's next?

That's good.

Excuse me.

- I'll be doing my scene Thursday...

- I'll be right back.

Get out of my seat!

- Shady Sadie

- Shady Sadie

- Serving lady

- She's a serving lady

Don't pay her no mind, no

She'll take every dime

She's got a one-a-day lunch

Good for all the bunch, yeah

Hot lunch, yeah

Macaroni and baloney

Tuna fish, our favorite dish

Hot lunch, hey

If it's yellow, then it's Jell-o

If it's blue, it could be stew

She's got a one-a-day lunch

Good for all the bunch

Hey, now

- Hot lunch

- Hot, hot lunch

Oh, no

Yeah

Hot lunch, hot lunch

Hot lunch, hot lunch

Hot lunch, hot lunch

Hot lunch, hot lunch

Oh, yeah.

- Hi.

- Hi. That's too wild for me.

- I'm in your acting class.

- I know.

Montgomery MacNeil.

- Doris Finsecker.

- Hi. Wanna sit down?

All right. Is your mother really  
Marsha MacNeil, the actress?

- That's right.

- She does wonderful work.

- Have you seen her?

- But I've heard.

Oh.

- I didn't know she lived in New York.

- She doesn't. Officially, she does...

...but she's been on the road forever.

She gets paid to stay in hotels...

...but she stays with friends. Sends her  
per diems home to me and Dr. Golden.

- Is that your stepfather?

- My analyst.

What's wrong with you?

It's pretty technical, really.

I have problems.

- What kind of problems?

- With women.

Fine. Swaying with a nice humming  
sound, please. And:

Let the arms go.

Good, good, good.

And chew.

Faster.

Speed.

Tongues out. Down.

Side. Side.

And round, round. Come on.

More energy!

Do it together, please.

Keep moving.

Much better.

Much, much better now.

Reach for the jete!

**And:**

Impulse to impulse.

Relax.

Relax.

Sense the floor against your bodies.

Feel it against  
the backs of your legs.  
Your arms.  
Your shoulders.  
Let your senses remember...  
...this feeling of heaviness.  
Relax and breathe.  
Relax and breathe.  
All right, let's go. Thank you.  
Don't be late. Come on. Don't be late.  
- Should you be on this floor?  
I have a note.  
- Miss Berg wants a tambourine.  
- Fine.  
Excuse me? Excuse me?  
You speak English?  
- Bruno Martelli?  
- He's across the hall.  
Thanks.  
- Hi.  
- Hi.  
- What kind of music notes are those?  
- Laser beams.  
- It's a requiem for Buck Rogers.  
- Great.  
- You ever thought of doing real music?  
- This is my music.  
- I mean a band.  
- I don't like bands. They crowd me.  
- I prefer my basement, no people.  
- There's money though, in summer trade.  
- If we get together in time.  
- I'm really not interested.  
There's tea dances and parties,  
weddings and bar mitzvahs.  
Those things are steady. People always  
get married and grow up.  
- I don't need the hassle.  
- I'll take care of everything...  
...just like a regular business manager.  
I'll look after the bookings, travel,  
costume designs, for 10 percent off the top.  
Then a straight split  
of the performing cut.

- What costume designs?  
- Nothing fancy, just sequins and stuff.  
See-through for me, maybe low-cut.  
We gotta give them visuals.  
The sound might be wicked, but when  
you get down to it, tits book bands.  
- I think I'll stay in my basement.  
- Bruno, this is our chance.  
- Don't you want success?  
- Sure. I don't think our tits are up to it.

Why?

Oh, why?

God will punish you,

Yuri Yajeyopeyonoff.

What crime is this unborn  
child guilty of...

...that it should not drink of  
the milk of paradise?

- You warned me, Elena.

- No!

Not one ruble have I lost, not one.

Oh...

- Can we try this again? It sounds phony.

- I don't wanna try this again.

- There's nothing wrong with you.

- I know. That's what's wrong with me.

Everybody here is colorful or eccentric  
or charismatic. I'm perfectly ordinary.

My nose is ordinary. My body's ordinary.

And my voice, it's- Yuck!

- I don't know why I'm here.

You want be an actress.

Yeah, but actors and actresses  
are colorful, flamboyant beings.

I'm about as flamboyant as a bagel.

Hi.

Hi.

- Hi.

- Some people like bagels.

- Some people don't.

- Some people are too old for you.

- He smiles at me.

- He smiles at everyone.

- Yeah, but he winks too.



- I think it's a nervous habit.  
- He talks to me, often.  
- Really? What's he say?  
- Hi.  
That's serious. Have you set the date?  
I'm sorry.  
- I'm sorry.  
- I feel stupid.  
So get into it.  
Study it. Try to remember it  
so you can-  
Hey, M and M.  
Seen your shrink lately?  
- Yesterday.  
- You got a special delivery?  
How you doing? How are you?  
Oh, good. That's very good.  
You're a good man.  
They're not for me.  
They're for a friend of mine.  
Who's the lucky fella, huh?  
Looks like somebody finally  
corked up old Finsecker.  
It can't be Gloria over here.  
He's not into chicks.  
Hmm? Hmm? You're- Oh, oh, oh.  
Shut my mouth.  
Bye.  
I hate Ralph Garci, I really do.  
I must remember this feeling  
and use it in my acting.  
I'm scared.  
I'm scared I won't be able to live up  
to their expectations of me.  
- You must take-  
- Flashing images of passion-  
- And hurl you to the ground  
and make mad, passionate love.  
I forgot it!  
For two weeks?  
- I told you, I done it and I forgot it.  
- My hearing's fine.  
It's your homework that's missing.  
And these pages are unintelligible.

It's a secret language.  
It ain't meant for whiteys.  
- This isn't a joke.  
- I got lots of jokes.  
- This is garbage!  
- My pen broke.  
- It's in pencil.  
- That broke too.  
You can't learn to read,  
you can't learn to dance.  
You're flunking out.  
I can read.  
Terrific! Go ahead, surprise us.  
Give him your book.  
Pay attention.  
Mr. Johnson is gonna read.  
- I said I can read!  
- Then read.  
- No.  
- Read!  
- No!  
- Read!  
No, you fucking bitch!  
What the fuck you want me to do,  
asking me to read all the fucking time?  
I hate your guts. You read,  
you fucking bitch!  
It's not natural.  
Get off my case, huh, Papa?  
When I was your age, Bruno,  
I had a lot of girlfriends.  
- I had a different girlfriend every day.  
- I got music.  
Same to you, pal! Go ahead.  
Go ahead! Oh, sure, you got music,  
okay. But for what? For yourself.  
For your headset.  
I mean, do I hear it anymore?  
Does your mama hear it?  
Do your friends hear it?  
Bruno, do you have friends?  
- I don't have time. I told you.  
- You told me. You told me.  
It's not natural. When I was your age,

I'm telling you-  
You're not my age. Nobody's my age.  
I'm ahead of my time.  
Maybe I don't think  
people will like my stuff.  
How do you know what people will like?  
How do they know if they don't hear it?  
Bruno, how do they recognize your talent  
and give you scholarships...  
...and record contracts, son,  
and awards?  
Maybe I die undiscovered,  
and my ghost gets the Grammy.  
Maybe! Look, did I build you a studio  
in the basement for a ghost?  
Did I spent \$7000 on equipment  
for a ghost?  
Does your mama cook and clean and  
wear old clothes for a ghost? A ghost?  
Elton John's mom has got  
six mink coats.  
"Wei- Wei- Welcome to...  
...the wo- Won-  
Wonderful...  
...world of...  
...Ma- Maytag...  
...wash- Wash- Washing...  
...mach- Ma-  
Machines. "  
Talk about Shorofsky.  
Mr. Shorofsky does not understand any  
music past Mozart when he was 2.  
They're all the same.  
What do you expect?  
Graduating from P.A. is no Academy  
Award. You know what I mean.  
It is better than real school. It's free,  
and you don't get raped in the hallways.  
But it's still small change.  
I'm just killing time here,  
waiting for my opportunity.  
It might be a movie  
or a Broadway musical.  
But it's coming. I keep my eyes open.

I read Back Stage, Show Business  
and Variety.  
You see, I do the whole thing.  
Dancing's just the tip  
of this iceberg.  
A friend of my sister,  
she tells fortunes and stuff.  
She says I'm doing my last dance  
on this dark little planet.  
So it's gotta be spectacular, you know?  
How bright our spirits  
go shooting out into space...  
...depends on how much we contributed  
to the earthly brilliance of this world.  
And I mean to be a major contributor.  
A sure-as-shit major contributor.  
Can someone just-?  
She's cleaning her cleavage.  
She's taking out the lint. Oh,  
that's beautiful. I wish I had a camera.  
There she is. Get out of the way.  
She's gorgeous.  
Oh, now turn around, please.  
Oh, please.  
Oh, look at those tits.  
Oh, you could drown in those.  
/ want you to observe yourself  
doing ordinary, everyday things.  
You'll be asked to duplicate  
those here in class.  
An actor must develop  
an acute sense memory...  
...so concentrate on how you deal  
with things in your world...  
...how you wash your face  
or hold your fork or lift your cup...  
...comb your hair. Observe and study  
your own mechanicalness.  
See if you can catch yourself in the  
very act of doing or saying something.  
See if your actions and reactions fall into  
patterns and what those patterns are.  
And in particular, pay close attention  
to the physical world.

Isolate and concentrate on the details.

Oh, mamacita!

Ay, caramba!

No! No! No! Give me that!

You must hold your bow like this,  
not like that.

It's not your dick you're holding.

Excuse me, miss. It's a violin bow.

Hold it with a little respect, like-

Like your dick?

Shut up. Again.

Watch your plie, Coco.

Turn out the arch, Leroy.

Nice, Neisha.

I want to see the leg, Patrick.

And stretch.

Good.

Keep it together now.

Where's the sweat, Lisa?

You're not even trying.

- Michael, congratulations. I heard.

- Oh, thank you.

Don't thank me. You deserved  
the award and the scholarship.

- You are the best actor in the school.

- Oh, well...

Well, you were the best actor  
in the school.

I mean, we'll miss you.

Well, I'll miss you too.

- You will?

- Yeah, sure.

- We'll keep in touch, I guess, huh?

- Yeah.

Would you sign my yearbook?

Yeah, all right. Do you  
want me to sign my picture?

- That'd be great.

- Oh, okay.

- I forgot. What's your name?

- Doris Finsecker.

- Oh, right. Doris.

- But Doris is enough.

Oh, okay.

- Have you decided where you're going?
- California.
- I mean to college, the scholarship.
- I can't use it.
- How come?
- William Morris has got big plans for me.
- They saw me in that Senior Day show.
- You're kidding?
- They wanna represent me.
- They're the biggest agents.
- Yeah.
- Well, that's great!

There's a couple of series  
they think I'm right for.  
I've had a lot of really good meetings.  
Everyone's very excited.

That is so great!

I mean, Hollywood, that's like-

Yeah. Well, here I go,  
off into the sunset.

Hey, good luck. Oh, sorry.

I mean, break a leg,  
or whatever they say.

See you.

Hey!

We'll see you at Schwab's.

Oh, God, Doris!

She's new.

I saw her arrive in a limousine.

A limousine? No kidding?

I hope to fuck she's in drama.

No way. Dance department.

She's too beautiful. Look at that ass.

I don't know about her tits.

What? What kind of tits?

- Tits... Pointy ones?

She looks kind of flat.

She's gorgeous!

Little-bitty ones

with nips like raisins?

She's turning around. Look at that ass.

Oh, she is a dancer.

Let me up. Let me up!

Let me see, you fuckers.

Last year, we worked  
on simple observations.  
This year, we're going to turn  
that observation inward...  
...and work on re-creating  
emotional states:  
Fear, joy, sorrow, anger.  
And it'll be more difficult because you'll  
have to expose more of you...  
...what's on the inside of you.  
For your first acting exercise  
this year, I want you...  
...to re-create a difficult memory...  
...a painful moment when you learned  
something about yourself that hurt.  
And I mean really hurt.  
And reach.  
And through. And drop.  
And back.  
Hi, I'm Lisa Monroe.  
Hilary van Doren.  
I love your coat.  
I saw that in Bendel's window.  
- My stepmother bought it for me.  
Really?  
I wouldn't mind that kind of stepmother.  
She didn't do it for me.  
She wants my father to think she cares.  
Besides, she loves shopping.  
She gets multiple orgasm  
every time she buys something.  
Sounds great. I think I like her.  
You can have her.  
- Where's all the sweat, Lisa?  
- I'm working on it.  
You're not working on it hard enough.  
Get rid of the gum.  
Watch me.  
Lift the bow off the string, Martelli.  
Mozart wouldn't do this today.  
- Do what?  
- This bowing business.  
He'd plug his keyboard into an amp...  
...and he'd have string quartets

coming out of his fingers.  
And who would play all these  
science-fiction symphonies?  
- He would.  
- All by himself?  
He'd overdub and mix, of course.  
He wouldn't make the same old noise.  
Noise?  
He'd sound electric.  
He'd have spacier strings and horns  
and computerized bassoons.  
- One man is not an orchestra.  
- Who needs orchestras?  
You can do it all with a keyboard,  
an amp and enough power.  
You're going to play all by yourself?  
You don't need anybody else.  
That's not music, Martelli.  
That's masturbation.  
See, I'm not naturally graceful.  
Grace doesn't run in our family.  
It's our genes. I've had to work  
so hard to come this far.  
- God, I've been at it since I was 4.  
Me too.  
I started out with tap and stuff.  
Then my mom kept buying me pretty  
ballet tutus, and I got hooked on it.  
Less lip, Monroe! More sweat!  
- She's just a bitch.  
- She hates me.  
This is a dance class, Lisa,  
not the Charles Atlas plan.  
- Shut your mouth.  
Where are your tights?  
I told you I got them.  
I just forgot them.  
What's he talking about?  
Tights. He won't wear them.  
Look, Leroy, I told you, if you don't have  
tights, you don't dance. Now go!  
Oh, I love your accent.  
What did you say?  
I dig his black ass.



- It's taken, Goldilocks.

- Don't count on it.

A painful memory.

What does he mean by

a painful memory?

I don't know. I can't find

a painful memory.

I know I have them.

I mean, my pain's as good

as anybody else's.

I have lots of them. You can borrow

one of mine if you want.

Like, I used to wet my bed. There, that

was painful. You can have that memory.

No, thank you.

Then there was the last time my father

packed his bags and left us.

That really was painful.

Or the first time my mother flew to L.A.

And didn't come back for six weeks.

- Oh.

- Or the first time I fell in love.

Where'd that come from?

I'll buy you a cup of coffee.

You're gonna tell everybody that?

It's the most painful memory

I can think of.

He didn't say the most painful.

He just said painful.

- We're supposed to expose ourselves.

- Imagine what Ralph Garci will say.

A pie in the face comes with the job.

That's what my mom says. She knows.

I don't get it.

A real artist must never be afraid of

what other people will say about him.

It was a time when I realized

something about myself.

- Maybe you didn't realize it right.

- What do you mean?

Well, I mean, everybody falls in love

with their analyst.

There's a word for that, isn't there?

Homosexual.

That's my music.  
That lunatic stole my tape.  
Wow, that's me.  
That's my son's music!  
My son Bruno. Bruno Martelli!  
He wrote the music.  
Today, 46th Street...  
...tomorrow, Madison Square Garden.  
- Papa. Papa.  
- Bruno!  
What are you doing?  
You've lost your mind. You're crazy.  
Those tapes aren't ready.  
Look at the people.  
They don't know it's not ready.  
Look at it, they like it!  
Bruno, they like it! Bruno!  
Hey, yo!  
Move your fucking parade!  
What do you think this is, 5th Avenue?  
Back it up!  
I'll get your ass, buddy!  
Who do you think you are?  
You're next, you hear me?  
Get away from there.  
What are you doing?  
How do you like that?  
Pick that up, you son of a bitch!  
I thought I was just  
going through a stage.  
That's what everyone told me.  
And it never  
worried me when I was 10.  
Except they told me the same thing  
at 12 and 14.  
So finally, my analyst  
leveled with me.  
He said it was probably a life choice.  
It's funny.  
"Gay" used to mean  
such a happy kind of word once.  
Not that it bothers me.  
I'm pretty well-adjusted, really.  
I mean...

...never being happy...

...isn't the same as being unhappy.

Is it?

Dr. Golden explains it real well.

He explains everything well.

I've had a lot of help.

Hey, Doris, you wanna go to

The Rocky Horror Show tomorrow night?

That sounds great.

It starts at midnight, so you better

check it out with your mom.

Calling Montgomery MacNeil.

Oh, Montgomery.

I suppose that a fuck

is out of the question?

There he is, Ralph Garci,

right on the button.

Nice.

- Get off!

- I warned you this would happen.

- It's your case, man. I don't give a fuck.

- It's a joke. It just came out.

- Like me.

Yeah. Hey, Doris, listen,

I meant to tell you.

There's an open call for a movie  
at the Diplomat Hotel.

- Oh, yeah?

- They're looking for your type.

- What's my type?

- You know, your type.

- Irishy, Jewishy, paranoid.

- What's the name of this movie?

- / Was a Teenage Fag Hag.

- You shit!

Stop it!

I never knew it would

be like this, Doris.

Oh, come closer, sweetheart.

Oh, my, such embrace.

The Silbermans know

some very important people.

They really have connections.

They're mishpoche with Soupy Sales.

Oh, listen.

Your nice white blouse is ironed.

Or you could wear your pink dress  
with the ribbons.

- You look so pretty in that.

- I hate that pink dress.

- So don't wear your pink dress.

- I'm not going, Mama!

- Then gargle.

- I'm going out to dinner!

- It's a catered affair.

- It's not the food!

This is an opportunity to perform.

- Take advantage of it.

- I promised Montgomery!

Well, I promised the Silbermans!

It's a party, Doris.

They need a singer.

And you, you need exposure.

So you're going.

I'm not!

Happy birthday to you

Happy birthday to you

Happy birthday, dear Sidney

Happy birthday to you

Happy birthday to you

Happy birthday to you

Happy birthday, dear Sidney

Happy birthday to you

Very good, Doris.

What did you realize about yourself?

I don't like birthday parties.

Or pink dresses.

Or the Silbermans. Or Brooklyn.

Or even being Jewish.

I mean, it's not bad...

...but it's not all I am.

I don't know who I am,

and I never will if I don't assert myself.

I'm 16 years old.

I've got to assert myself sometime.

Don't I?

Okay, Doris. Ralph?

I was coming home from

school one day.  
As usual.  
I had a couple of pieces of business  
to attend to in the neighborhood.  
It was January.  
It was snowing like crazy.  
Santa Claus just ripped  
everybody off.  
He split for Toy Town or Igloo City...  
...or the North Pole  
or wherever the hell he goes.  
So anyway...  
I was going home, and...  
I found this note.  
It said my two chicks were in church.  
What the hell are my two chicks  
doing in church?  
Somebody die or something?  
That was... That was a joke.  
That was supposed to be a joke.  
Anyway, I went home.  
I dropped a little incense like  
I always do, just to unwind a little bit.  
And I put on the TV set.  
And there was  
this guy on the TV.  
And he was talking  
about Freddie.  
He... He said that...  
He said that Freddie Prinze  
put a gun to his head...  
...and he killed himself.  
You know, it was an accident, man.  
Shit, I mean, he was fucking...  
He was very gifted.  
You always laughed at him  
because he was very fucking talented.  
And sometimes you didn't even  
wanna laugh at him...  
...and you laughed at him anyway.  
But those motherfuckers...  
...they had to say that  
he was depressed...  
...and he was suicidal,

and that he was fucked up.  
They wanted his fucking ass, man.  
They wanted to nail his ass.  
Because he didn't think living  
was such a happy trip, you know?  
We can't have happy people  
walking on this planet.  
Everybody's gotta be  
so goddamn serious.  
Everyone's gotta stay in business...  
...and suffer so the witch doctors  
and the deodorant-spray people...  
...and plastic surgeons  
could stay in business.  
And we can all go fucking pray  
to the asshole God up there...  
...that fucked it up  
in the first place!  
Does all this make you  
realize anything about yourself?  
- What?  
- How does it affect you?  
How does it affect me?  
I'm here,  
and I'm in this fucking school.  
And I'm fucking everybody back  
for Freddie!  
Take it easy, Ralph.  
You want them laughing  
with you, not at you.  
I don't want them laughing.  
Leroy?  
Ma'am?  
What are you wearing, Leroy?  
- A hat.  
- On your feet, Leroy.  
Oh, those. You like them? They get me  
to class quicker, get more learning in.  
- What about your book report?  
- I done it.  
- You did it.  
- 1000 words. I counted them too.  
- The Best of Playboy isn't a book report.  
- It's reading, ain't it?

So is 1984, Huckleberry Finn,  
Great Expectations. You heard of those?  
I seen a couple of the movies.  
If you don't read,  
you're missing so much.  
- I don't like reading. It's not my style.  
- Then try Othello. He's black.  
- 1000 words in two weeks.  
- Or what?  
Or you'll skate right out of  
this school, Mr. Johnson.  
Come in.  
Miss Berg, you wanted to see me?  
- Come and sit down, Lisa.  
You're not working hard enough, Lisa.  
Well, I've been sick.  
Dancers don't get sick.  
Well, my doctor told me...  
...to take it easy  
for a week or two until I feel okay.  
- So now it's the doctor's fault?  
- Don't you believe me?  
I believe you, Lisa.  
But I don't have room  
for you in this class anymore.  
But I brought a doctor's note.  
There are too many other girls  
who take dance seriously...  
...to waste time and space  
on someone who isn't dedicated.  
- But I am dedicated.  
- I'm sorry, Lisa. I don't see it.  
I got into this school, didn't I?  
We made a mistake.  
Sometimes it just doesn't work out.  
- You'll get over it.  
- I'll work harder.  
- Maybe.  
- I promise I'll be better.  
Better isn't good enough.  
I don't think you'll ever  
be good enough. You don't have it.  
That's a hard thing to hear, and it's not  
pleasant to say, but it's the truth.

I'm saving you a lot of time and pain  
by saying it now.

I don't wanna be the best.

- Well, you won't be.

- I just wanna dance.

- Well, you'll never be a Mikhail, Lisa.

- I can't fail, Miss Berg.

- I only ever wanted to be a dancer.

- You'll get over it.

- What do I tell my mother?

- Have her call me and I'll explain.

Shit.

I'm singin' in the rain

Just singin' in the rain

What a glorious feeling

I'm happy again

I'm laughing at clouds

So dark up above

The sun's in my heart

- And I'm ready for love

- For love

Let the stormy clouds chase

Everyone from the place

Come on with the rain

I've a smile on my face

/ walk down the lane

With a happy refrain

Just singin' and dancin'

In the rain

I'm sing in' in the rain

Just singin' in the rain

What a glorious feeling

I'm happy again

I'm laughing at clouds

I'm ready for love

Fuck it. If I can't dance,

I'll change to the drama department.

I tell you,

you're a fucking good actress.

I heard the bitch came down

on her real hard.

- So? Life comes down hard.

- She just took a real bad dump, kid.

Better she realizes it now



than OD in some motel room at 30.

You might show

a little more sympathy, dear.

- I'm not "dear. "

- Evidenment.

You're not tres sensitive either.

I'm a professional.

A few unkind words aren't

going to bother me none.

- I know it won't all be standing ovations.

- Certainly not for you, my dear.

Look, I'm not "my dear. "

You can fuck "my dear. "

Well, thank you. That might be fun.

And that might be impossible.

He's not into vanilla.

Might be a nice change

from black cherry.

The darker the berry,

the sweeter the juice, honey.

Yes, but who wants diabetes?

I mean, you don't understand.

Listen to me, man.

Diction. Watch your diction, Ralph.

You're slurring your words.

Wait a minute. Wait a minute.

Marlon Brando slurred his words.

Montgomery Clift and

James Dean slurred their words.

They were the greatest actors in the

world. Nobody could understand them.

Wait a second. What's so funny?

Hey, it's Raul.

Where's my two chicks, huh?

Look at you! You got so big!

Where is Mom? Is she home?

Hey! Hey!

Hey, cupcake. Come here, cupcake.

Faggot.

That's what you are now, man.

What you doing? Whoa! Damn, man.

Faggot! Faggot!

- valley

I'm treading the road of care

My feet entangled with briars  
Ready to cast me down  
He'll never leave you alone  
Martelli! Bruno Martelli!  
Shit!  
I think she's in love.  
In the beginning  
she's not in love with him-  
- God, you live here, Montgomery?  
- Yeah.  
- This is a great pad.  
You like it?  
It's great. What happened to all  
your furniture? You get ripped off?  
- It closed in Cincinnati.  
- What's that mean?  
My mom kept saying she was gonna  
fix it up when she got into a long run.  
- She's got a lousy choice in plays.  
- It's perfect.  
We don't need nothing for rehearsal.  
Ready when you are, Mr. Director.  
- All right, page one, Act 1.  
- All right, page one, Act 1.  
Raul?  
Raul?  
If you're kicked around enough,  
you get to be a real professor of pain.  
I know how you feel.  
But I'm having a real good time now.  
I'm enjoying myself.  
So you see, you're not such  
a dog as you think you are.  
I'm having a very good time too.  
So there you are. I'm not such a dog  
as I think I am.  
I think you're a very nice guy.  
I don't know why  
a girl hasn't grabbed you.  
Yeah, I don't either. I am a nice guy.  
I'm also a real smart guy too.  
Wait. There's a whole speech yet.  
You're not supposed to kiss yet.  
Ralph. Doris. Ralph, you have a whole

speech here you haven't even done.  
Ralph, you're not supposed to kiss yet.  
My mother was French  
and very beautiful.  
Straight out of some chateau.  
She danced every night for hours.  
Daddy was in Washington  
or out to dinner with clients...  
...while Mom was with Tchaikovsky,  
Ravel, Mantovani.  
You'll meet my stepmother, Claudia.  
Trainee witch.  
No cracks about being Chinese.  
She's had her eyes fixed.  
She recuperated in Palm Springs,  
where she had her purse stolen.  
She lost all her credit cards.  
Dad doesn't want to report it, though.  
The thief is spending less than she did.  
Hi, Daddy.

Hi.

Oh, this is Leroy. Homework.  
Sometimes I wonder  
Where I been  
Who I am  
Do I fit in?  
Make believin'  
Is hard alone  
Out here on my own  
We're always provin'  
Who we are  
Always reach in'  
For that risin' star  
To guide me far  
And shine me home  
Out here on my own  
When I'm down and feelin' blue  
/ close my eyes so I can be with you  
Oh, baby, be strong for me  
Baby, belong to me  
Help me through  
Help me need you  
Until the morning  
Sun appears

Making light  
Of all my fears  
/ dry the tears  
I've never shown  
Out here on my own  
But when I'm down and feelin' blue  
/ close my eyes so I can be with you  
Oh, baby, be strong for me  
Baby, belong to me  
Help me through  
Help me need you  
Sometimes I wonder  
Where I've been  
Who I am  
Do I fit in?  
/ may not win  
But I can't be thrown  
Out here  
On my own  
Out here  
On my own  
That was nice. Really.  
Sentimental shit.  
That was beautiful!  
That was beautiful.  
It was beautiful.  
- Yeah, this is it here.  
- You live here?  
My sister lives here.  
I'm always welcome.  
- Very nice.  
- Yeah.  
They're very fancy, huh?  
I'll wait till you get inside.  
No. It's okay. Really.  
- Okay.  
- It's a good neighborhood.  
- It's not much, but-  
- Please, come on. That's not necessary.  
I should pay you.  
You know, I play your tapes  
for my customers, you know.  
They love that stuff.  
My tips go up 20 percent, at least.

- And my son is happy.  
- He's writing some good shit too.  
We're gonna be all over the charts  
one of these days.  
- You make him happy, you know that?  
- We're a hot team, you know.  
- You make him hotter. You know?  
- Sure.  
I seem to have that effect on people.  
What can I do? Thanks again.  
- Good night, Bruno.  
- Night. Take it easy.  
Good night.  
You're crazy.  
You call a doctor?  
I don't think she's hurt.  
Since when are you  
in the thinking business?  
She's frightened.  
- She's 5 fucking years old!  
- Please keep your voice down.  
Raul!  
- You're in a church.  
- You're in the Dark Ages!  
You kiss my ass, Padre.  
She needs a doctor! A doctor!  
Not the goddamn Holy Ghost!  
Is she all right?  
You're not attacked by a creep  
at 5 years old and all right.  
I'm sorry.  
Doris, I wasn't there!  
I wasn't fucking there!  
What about your father?  
I happen to be between  
fathers right now.  
What does that mean?  
You got to understand something.  
You got to understand  
the Puerto Rican woman.  
She thinks about the kids...  
...how they gotta have a father.  
Love has nothing to do with it.  
My mom has an extra room.

She rents it out.  
Next thing you know,  
I've got a new father.  
They're all right, mostly.  
They may stay a day...  
...or a week or a month,  
if we're lucky.  
Sometimes they even pay the rent.  
They keep out all the rats.  
Not animal-type rats.  
I'm talking about real rats...  
...the junkies and the winos...  
...and the shitheads  
and the people who beat up...  
...little 5-year-old kids.  
I got three sisters, see?  
One of them, Maria, she's  
in kind of a special place.  
We see her a couple times a year.  
She's got a birth defect.  
That's a goddamn lie.  
That's a goddamn lie!  
Want to know about my father?  
My first fucking father?  
He ain't no special shit.  
He's in New York State Penitentiary.  
He's doing time.  
I remember this one night  
he got bothered...  
...because I was making her laugh.  
I was telling her stories.  
It was just kid stuff.  
Flying carpets and dragons.  
And he got mad  
because she was laughing!  
And he said I was telling her lies.  
And this one night...  
...he got bothered.  
He's beating me  
and coming down on me...  
...I said, "I make her laugh. "  
That's not a lie, that's a gift,  
goddamn it.  
He can't do it.

He said if he can't do it,  
he sure as shit's gonna stop it.  
And he went for me, and...  
...she got in the way  
all of a sudden, and...  
...he put her head inside a fucking wall.  
If it was my fucking head,  
it would've been all right...  
...but it wasn't. It was hers!  
If it was my fucking fat head,  
it would've been all right.  
She's a beautiful kid.  
She's 5 fucking years old.  
She's got a pretty little laugh.  
She still laughs, as a matter of fact.  
Barbra Streisand didn't change her name.  
I don't want to talk about it.  
- I'll call you Doris, like always.  
I won't answer.  
It's a perfectly good name.  
- For a perfectly good person.  
A skinny, boring, nondescript,  
perfectly good person.  
I have a lot of friends named Doris,  
and they are none of those things.  
- Yeah, but they're all  
- What?  
No, no, no. Say it. Go ahead. Say it!  
I would like to know what my daughter  
thinks is wrong with my friends.  
I don't want a middle-aged name.  
I can't relate to it.  
You can call me Dominique.  
Dominique.  
- That's ridiculous.  
- It's French.  
- I know what it is, but it's not you.  
I'll grow into it.  
Dominique Finsecker?  
- No. Dominique Dupont.  
- Sounds like a hooker.  
- Oh, Mama.  
I don't know what's happening to you.  
Tell me what's happening to you.

Where did my Doris go?  
Something wonderful is happening  
to me, Mama. I'm growing up.  
You're becoming somebody else.  
- I'm becoming an actress.  
- I want you to be the Doris that I know.  
That I love. That helps  
me with the groceries.  
Makes me birthday cards...  
...out of Cheerio packets, huh?  
Not Dominique...  
...who stays out all night.  
Oh, Mama.  
And gets pregnant.  
Or has an abortion, God forbid.  
Now, Dominique, she'd be smart.  
But my Doris...  
...she's dumb enough  
to get knocked up-  
Mama, it was just one night!  
That's all it takes.  
We'd like to welcome everyone to  
The Rocky Horror Picture Show...  
...here at the 8th Street Playhouse!  
And our regulars would  
like to wish a warm welcome...  
...to all you virgins!  
We have some special occasions tonight.  
Tonight is Gail's birthday.  
We have a special button  
for a special young lady.  
Tonight is Christine's 150th time!  
Let's hear it for her! Come on!  
Now, we have a special warning  
from the management.  
No lit candles. No throwing  
food at the screen. Understand?  
Get on with the show!  
This is the fucking show!  
If you don't like it...  
...you can go see the movie  
in Staten Island!  
Boy, is he in for a surprise tonight.  
All right, for the cheers!



- Give me an R!

R!

- Give me an O!

- O!

- Give me a C!

- C!

- Give me a K!

- K!

- Give me a Y!

- Y!

- What's it spell?

Rocky!

- I can't hear you!

- Rocky!

- One more time!

- Rocky!

- Give me an E!

- E!

- Give me an A!

- A!

- What kind of time we gonna have?

- E-A!

What does that mean?

Is it okay if I call you mine?

Just for a time

And I will be just fine

If I know that you know that I'm

Wanting, needing your love

Oh

If I ask of you, is it all right

If I ask you to hold me tight

Through a cold, dark night

'Cause there may be

A cloudy day in sight

And I need to let you know that I might

Be needing your love

Oh

And what I'm trying to say

Isn't really new

It's just the things that happen to me

When I'm reminded of you

Where did that

motorcyclist come from?

/ guess we'll have to turn back.

- What was that bang?  
Must have a blowout.  
Damn it!  
- / should have gotten that spare fixed.  
Asshole!  
Stay here and keep warm.  
I'll go for help.  
Where will you go  
in the middle of nowhere?  
What's white and sells hamburgers?  
Didn't we pass a castle down the road?  
Maybe they have a telephone.  
I'm going with you.  
Kick it!  
Hey, Janet! How about fries  
to go with that shake?  
Take the risk!  
Hey, Riff, show us your mother!  
It's astounding, time is fleeting  
Madness takes its toll  
But listen closely  
Not for very much longer  
Watch the film.  
I've got to keep control  
Lose it!  
- / remember  
- A lot.  
- Doing the Time Warp  
- One, two.  
Drinking those moments when  
The blackness would hit me  
And the void would be calling  
Let's do the Time Warp again  
Let's do the Time Warp again  
How's it go?  
It's just a jump to the left.  
And then a step to the right  
With your hands on your hips.  
And bring your knees in tight  
But it's the pelvic thrust  
That really drives you insane  
Oh, my God.  
Let's do the Time Warp again  
Let's do the Time Warp again

- You did what?

- I got stoned.

Took her top off,  
played with her bongos.

- I did not!

- It was incredible!

It was more than incredible, it was fun.

I felt naked when people looked at me  
before. But they weren't looking at me...

...they were looking at someone

I put on. Like a costume.

If I don't have a personality, so what?

I'm an actress.

I can put on

as many personalities as I want.

- To schizophrenia!

- Abso-fucking-lutely!

- Abso-fucking-what?

- You kids ready to order now?

- Michael?

- Yeah.

You don't remember?

Two years ago. I'm Doris Fin-

I was Doris Finsecker, when  
you were a senior at P.A.

- Yeah. Around the corner.

- You remember Montgomery MacNeil...

...and Ralph Garci.

- Sure. Good old days.

How was Hollywood?

Slow.

I met some people,  
went to some parties.

- I did a pilot for a series.

- I didn't see it.

Nobody saw it.

Sorry.

I did a couple of days as a male nurse.

- Oh, yeah?

- Did you?

- On a soap.

- Oh.

- I didn't like L.A. Too much.

- It sucks out there.

- Are you studying?  
- I catch a class when I can.  
Hard times, you know?  
- I read for a showcase.  
- Oh, really?  
I got a callback next week.  
- Hope you get it.  
- Hey, good luck.  
Yeah.  
Yeah. Well...  
What you kids having?  
Got a special today on fried clams.  
- Fried clams sound great.  
- Yeah, that's fine.  
- Fried clams is great.  
Yeah, sounds good.  
Of course.  
Welcome to Catch a Rising Star.  
Tonight is Monday night.  
Did anybody know it was Monday night?  
Monday night is audition night.  
Anybody from anywhere...  
...can come up here and do  
what they want.  
You should see what walks in the room.  
Some of the people that started here  
were David Brenner...  
...Jimmie Walker...  
...Gabe Kaplan, Freddie Prinze.  
Maybe this next young man might...  
...watch them on television.  
Please welcome the comedy stylings...  
...of Ralph Garci, ladies and gentlemen.  
Yay, Ralph!  
Thank you.  
Like Richard said,  
my name is Ralph Garci.  
I'm a professional asshole.  
I see we have a few  
amateurs in the audience.  
That's very good. I have some-  
Some. I have all of my friends here  
tonight. From P.A. Graduating class.  
From P.A.!

It's very important to have friends.  
I live in the South Bronx.  
That's the country just north of Harlem  
and west of Puerto Rico.  
It's a very tough neighborhood.  
The dogs carry knives. Right.  
Did you ever see a baby  
with a zip gun?  
You gotta have friends. You can't  
alienate anybody up there. Nobody.  
Black people, white people, Chicanos,  
Puerto Ricans, cockroaches.  
You gotta respect cockroaches.  
They got a good union.  
Last week, 15,000 marched down my  
block demanding better housing.  
But I love the South Bronx.  
Everywhere you go from there is up.  
Everybody has dreams in the  
South Bronx. I had dreams.  
Stop your average boy  
on a South Bronx street...  
...and ask him  
what he wants to be.  
"I want to be an ex-junkie, man. "  
You can see them every day.  
You can't drive because of the dreams  
on the streets being seen by cokeheads.  
The minute that white line's laid down  
the street, you got somebody going:  
It's true.  
And then there is sex.  
Oh, yeah.  
Kids are into sex earlier in South Bronx.  
Like about 6 a. m.  
You were wonderful.  
No.  
- Really.  
- I was good. I felt more than good.  
- The guy wants me back.  
- You're kidding!  
He wants to book me regularly.  
- Great!  
- That's not great...

...it's fantastic! It's like electricity.  
You're out there. Those faces are  
out there, staring at you...  
...and you draw them in, then  
you hit them with the juice.  
And bam! They fucking explode!  
And that power goes back and forth.  
Next thing you know,  
you're making them laugh.  
That is the meanest high there is.  
That beats dope. That beats sex.  
I love fucking acting!  
With my money, we can get  
a place. We can get married maybe.  
I'll have \$20,000 a week, a hit  
TV series, my face on TV Guide!  
- Wait!  
- What?  
- What about me? Don't I get a career?  
- A career? I'll give you a career.  
How about Shakespeare in the Park  
and you get to win 17 Tony awards?  
- All right. Bye.  
- All right. Okay. Bye.  
- Bye!  
- Don't mug anybody.  
- Don't rape anybody.  
- I'll rape you.  
Don't rape anybody, okay?  
I'll see you later. Take care.  
You see...  
...I've been offered this place  
with the San Francisco Ballet.  
I haven't told anyone yet,  
but I'm gonna take it.  
I don't care what they think.  
I'm a good dancer. Better than good.  
Maybe even the best in the school.  
That's not conceit.  
It's just simple honesty.  
If I stay in New York, everybody will  
think I bought my way into ABT.  
I'm not starving myself to death  
for Balanchine's City Ballet.

Not that I mind doing  
the corps de ballet bullshit.  
I'd sooner do it out of town.  
I'll pay my dues on the West Coast.  
Come back to New York as a star.  
You see...  
...I've always had this crazy dream...  
...of dancing all the classical  
roles before I'm 21.  
I want Giselles and Coppelias  
coming out of my feet.  
And Sleeping Beauties...  
...and the Swan.  
I want bravos in Stuttgart  
and Leningrad...  
...and Paris.  
Maybe even a ballet  
created especially for me.  
You see...  
...there's no room for a baby.  
Will this be Master Charge  
or American Express, honey?  
Excuse me.  
You're an actress, aren't you?  
I might be.  
A Chorus Line, right?  
Aren't you the one that does that  
hot, smoky number in the red dress?  
I'm right, ain't I? I knew it.  
Boy, let me tell you, you are  
the best thing in that show.  
I guess you get tired of hearing that.  
Excuse me.  
No, I don't.  
You don't belong there.  
If you don't mind my  
saying so, you're a star.  
You need a show all to yourself.  
- You've got a lovely face, a great figure.  
- I sing too.  
- No.  
- And play the piano.  
That's what I mean. But it's  
more than just talent...

...it's a certain quality.  
You're the kind of girl that  
stands out in a room.  
This might sound a little  
presumptuous of me...  
I should probably  
just call your agent.  
- I don't really relate to agents.  
- Don't blame you at all.  
Listen, my name is Franois.  
Franois Lafete.  
Coco.  
Coco? Coco? That's terrific!  
Listen, Coco, I'm doing this picture  
down in the south of France, you know?  
I was wondering if...  
...maybe you'd like to do  
a screen test for me.  
Are you serious?  
Lost in what I overheard  
My little princess lay  
- It sometimes annoys me  
- Bunsy.  
- But I know it enjoys me  
- Hey, Bunsy.  
You seen Sherwood?  
She's with her husband.  
- I didn't know she had a husband.  
- He's sick, Leroy.  
He'd have to be to be her husband.  
He's quite bad.  
In the hospital, anyway.  
- Hospital?  
- Apparently.  
Okay, Schlepstein.  
Leroy. What are you doing here?  
You ever heard of Alvin Ailey?  
Alvin Ailey?  
He's a...  
He's a choreographer?  
He wants me to join his company.  
I'm sorry, Leroy, but I don't think  
this is the time-  
I can't if you flunk me out.



I have to pass.  
You should've thought of it  
four years ago.  
Where I come from  
it don't pay to read and speak white.  
Don't lecture me, Leroy.  
Maybe I didn't say it right, but you  
been down hard on me since day one.  
Whatever you say, Leroy. Go home.  
I stopped going home!  
You never knew that, did you?  
You make a big deal about pulling us out  
of the gutter, yet you won't eat with us.  
You know where that leaves people  
like me? Nowhere!  
- It isn't the time. I don't wanna hear it.  
- You're going to hear it!  
- I'm gonna be a good dancer!  
- Just get out of here, please!  
- You will not keep me down...  
- Leave me alone!  
...because I can't read stories!  
- Don't you think of anyone but yourself?  
Hey.  
How's your old man doing?  
Shit.  
Here.  
Thank you.  
- Coco.  
- Hi.  
Bonjour. You made it. Come on in.  
- Am I early?  
- Don't be silly. Let me take your coat.  
- Where's the crew?  
- You're looking at him.  
I must have total control of  
the creative product.  
Like Godard.  
- Jean-Luc Godard? Ever hear of that guy?  
- French?  
Ah, oui. Like me.  
- You ever see any of his pictures?  
- Sure.  
- Then you know what I'm talking about.

- Yeah.

You see, I belong, sort of, to the  
auteur school of filmmaking.

It's like the-

It's like the Mediterranean  
approach, you know what I mean?

- Do you want a beer?

- No, thanks. I'm okay.

- It might relax you.

- It's all right. I have a lot on my mind.  
I understand.

- What?

- Come here.

- Oh.

- That's it. I want you to sit right here.

We're gonna do a lovely close-up  
of that beautiful face.

I get nervous at first with cold readings,  
but then I'm all right.

Don't worry about that.

We'll get to the dialogue later.

- So, you like art movies, huh, Coco?

- Antonioni and those people? Sure.

It beats watching Laverne & Shirley.

Coco, you don't know  
what you're doing to my lens.

You have a natural rapport  
with the camera.

It's unbelievable. Some performers  
can make love to the camera.

Garbo did.

Monroe did.

So could you.

- Yeah?

- Oh, yeah.

Could you take your top off, please?

- What?

- Could you take your blouse off?

- Are you kidding?

- No, I'm not kidding.

What's the matter?

You're acting like some dumb kid.

- I thought you were a professional.

- I am.

Well, then what's the problem?  
I can't.  
That's better.  
That's lovely.  
Oh, yeah.  
Yeah. Could you arch your back?  
Arch your back a little, Coco.  
It's tres jolie, Coco, it's tres jolie.  
Smile for me, Coco.  
Come on, Coco. Smile, smile.  
Smile for me.  
Now take your thumb...  
...and put it in your mouth...  
...like a little schoolgirl.  
You ever notice  
black news reporters...  
...get hired because  
they have white accents?  
They should hire a more natural guy,  
a dude from the street.  
"This is Rufus X with the news... "  
I need something.  
Sleep.  
- Something to keep me flying.  
- Like what?  
Like by way of your witch doctor.  
I don't see Dr. Golden anymore.  
You know that.  
Anyway, you've been taking too much.  
- Thanks, Marcus Welby.  
- I know what I'm talking about.  
Why don't you get off my fucking case?  
- I'm your friend.  
- You're my friend? Really?  
I know what you've been  
after, you goddamn faggot.  
I gotta go to the bathroom.  
Good. You do that.  
Hi. You got a problem?  
Yeah, I do.  
- We never see you anymore.  
- You see me plenty.  
Drinking with your new friends  
after the show.

After the show is when  
all the big names come in.  
You meet people. That's what counts.  
I hate drinking. I'm doing this  
for my future. For our future.  
You're doing this for some image,  
for Freddie because he did it.

- Yeah? Maybe.
- Yeah? Well, he died doing it.
- He could have been a real actor.
- He was!

He was funny and charming  
and he made people laugh. That's it.

- That's plenty!
- That's not enough! Not for you!
- Jesus Christ!
- You are good, Ralph.
- You're seriously really good.
- Jesus.

You're full of rage and pain and love.  
Not just jokes. You're an original.  
The original Ralph Garci.

- You don't have to be somebody else.
- You're bringing me down!

Don't be somebody else.

- You're bringing me fucking down!
- I'm sorry!

I gotta go make people laugh, and  
you're talking about rage and pain.

- I said I'm sorry!
- It takes fucking wings.

Miss Seriously, let me tear flypaper, huh?  
Give me a fucking break, honey!  
Give me a fucking break.  
Okay, pal? Thank you.

- What's happening to you?
- What's happening to me? Success.

Now, you either hang on or hang up.  
All right?

It's a great pleasure to introduce  
a young man who's funny and loud.  
Especially during my act.  
Please welcome the comedy stylings  
of Ralph Garci, ladies and gentlemen.

That's right. My name is Ralph Garci,  
and I'm a professional asshole.  
That's right. I see we have a couple  
of amateurs in the audience tonight.  
Don't we?  
I see. How about sign language?  
We have a standing ovation  
over there.  
That's great. Hon, where you from?  
Okey-dokey. That's my best friend.  
Yeah, friends are important.  
You know, I...  
I live in the South Bronx, and up there,  
you got the Harlems of  
Shit! I'm sorry.  
Excuse me. Fuck it.  
That was supposed to be...  
The north- The countries north  
of Harlem and west of Puerto Rico.  
That's what it was supposed to be.  
Yes, indeed it was.  
Anyway, there's lots of things there:  
Rats, cockroaches,  
and, you know, little bugs.  
You know what cockroaches are?  
Little things that crawl in the night.  
Listen, I don't mean to alarm you,  
but if you don't laugh, you'll get cancer.  
Sorry. That was probably in bad taste,  
and I didn't really...  
Excuse me. Fuck it.  
Thank you very much.  
What do you want?  
Pizza sounds good.  
You wanna eat?  
Could you give me a break, all right?  
We could split a special,  
with anchovies, maybe.  
Fuck anchovies. I died out there,  
you're talking about fucking pizzas?  
- No, I'm talking about eating pizzas.  
- Oh, that's very funny. You're a howl.  
You should have been out there.  
The audience hated me.

- You had a bad night. That happens.  
- Not to me, it doesn't.  
What do you want? Insurance?  
You're in the wrong business.  
Performers aren't safe.  
We're pie-in-the-face people.  
Look, don't lecture me.  
All right, Sir Laurence?  
All anyone ever promised you was  
seven classes a day and a hot lunch.  
The rest is up to you.  
Back in the Middle Ages, actors,  
they didn't even want to bury us.  
Well, they do now.  
Not if you're good.  
How do you know?  
How do you know if you're good?  
Maybe you never know.  
You just hang in, I guess.  
You know the weirdest thing...  
...is Freddie.  
When he made it, he realized  
it was everything he hated.  
Cadillac Eldorado.  
Pocketful of Quaaludes.  
Johnny Carson.  
It was no special shit.  
You're not Freddie, Ralph.  
I know that. I know.  
Know something else about Freddie?  
Freddie didn't even want to be Freddie.  
- No?  
- No. He wanted to be Joe Namath.  
You laughed.  
- Guess I'm funny.  
- Let's get out of here.  
5'7"?  
Okay, you're finished.  
Stand over there.  
Go on. Keep the line moving.  
Come on.  
I sing the body electric  
I celebrate the me yet to come  
I toast to my own reunion

When I become one with the sun  
And I'll look back on Venus  
I'll look back on Mars  
And I'll burn with the fire  
Of 10 million stars  
And in time, and in time  
We will all be stars  
I sing the body electric  
I glory in the glow of rebirth  
Creating my own tomorrow  
When I shall embody the earth  
- And I'll serenade Venus  
- And I'll serenade Venus  
- I'll serenade Mars  
- I'll serenade Mars  
- And I'll burn with the fire  
- And I'll burn with the fire  
- Of 10 million stars  
- Of 10 million stars  
- And in time, and in time  
- And in time, and in time  
- We will all be stars  
- We will all be stars  
Yeah  
- Ooh, yeah  
- Yeah, yeah  
We are the emperors now  
And we are the czars  
- And in time  
- And in time  
We will all be  
- I sing the body electric  
- Stars  
I celebrate the me yet to come  
- I toast to my own reunion  
- My own reunion  
When I become one with the sun  
- And I'll look back on Venus  
- Look back on Venus  
- I'll look back on Mars  
- Look back on Mars  
- And I'll burn with the fire  
- Burn  
Of 10 million stars

- And in time, and in time
- And in time
- And in time, and in time
- And in time
- And in time
- And in time

We will all be

Stars