FOSSE/VERDON

Episode 108
“Providence”

Teleplay by
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Story by
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Directed by
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TEASER

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY (1978)

BOB and PADDY walk through the Mall in Central Park, neither man much interested in the bucolic scene around them.

Paddy is huffing and puffing from the exertion.

PADDY
Thirty minutes a day of exercise. I can’t smoke. I can’t eat anything that tastes good. I can only work regular hours.

CHYRON: New York. Pre-production for All That Jazz, Week 7. 9 years left.

BOB
What does that mean, regular hours?

PADDY
Who the hell knows?

Paddy spies a bench.

PADDY (CONT’D)
This is miserable. I’m done. We’re sitting.

Paddy sits on the bench. Bob joins him.

BOB
It’s pretty lousy of you, I’ve got to say. I have a heart attack, so then you try to upstage me by having your own heart attack...

PADDY
Shove it up your ass.

Bob laughs as they sit there.

PADDY (CONT’D)
When do you start shooting?

BOB
A month.

PADDY
How’s the script coming?

Bob shakes his head.

(CONTINUED)
BOB
I think I need a new writer. I want someone to start over.

PADDY
A month from production...

BOB
You said it the first time you read it -- it’s unsatisfying. It doesn’t build to anything.

PADDY
Well, that’s because your ending is shit. I told you that.

BOB
The ending, I like.

PADDY
The problem with your movie is very simple, Bobby. Your hero doesn’t change.

BOB
Lenny didn’t change. Charity didn’t change.

PADDY
Exactly. None of your characters ever change. That’s why your endings are always shit. I say this as a friend.

BOB
I disagree.

PADDY
It’s storytelling 101 -- your hero needs to grow, he needs to transform over the course of the picture. It’s called catharsis.

BOB
It’s called bullshit.  
(Paddy sighs)
I want to make something real here, not a fairy tale.

PADDY
Who’s saying fairy tale? Look, here’s your story -- you want your story?
BOB
What’s my story?

PADDY
Your story is -- Bobby meets a young dancer --

BOB
The character’s name is Joe.

PADDY
Yeah, that’s really going to throw them off the scent. They’ll never guess the choreographer/director who can’t stop popping pills and fucking broads is supposed to be you. Because his name is Joe.

BOB
Just tell me the story.

Paddy turns to pitch the story to him.

PADDY
Act One, Joe meets a young dancer. Let’s call her... I don’t know, Annie?

Bob chuckles along.

PADDY (CONT’D)
Joe falls in love with Annie, even though he’s still all tied up with his ex-wife, whom we’ll name Gwen for no reason at all.

(then)
Act Two, Joe ruins everything with Annie because he’s too selfish and he can’t stop screwing around. Joe winds up with a heart attack. Faced with the prospect of his own death, in Act Three, he suddenly realizes that it was Gwen all along -- she was the one for him from the start.

Bob looks at Paddy, surprised by the twist.

PADDY (CONT’D)
Gwen was the only woman who was truly on his level. As an artist. As a creator. And he knows that he squandered his chance with her, but now he’s ready to change. He’s ready to give up the other women.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
PADDY (CONT’D)
Ready to get his act together and spend the rest of his life with his soul mate, his collaborator, the mother of his child... as soon as he gets out of this damn hospital bed.

(then)
But it’s too late. Because he doesn’t make it. He dies in the hospital. Roll credits.

Paddy looks to Bob -- not bad, huh?

PADDY (CONT’D)
There it is. Transformation and tragedy. That’s moving. That’s a story.

Bob slowly shakes his head.

BOB
He already knows all that. He knows he should have been with her. It doesn’t matter what he knows. Knowing doesn’t change anything.

(then, shrugs)
It’s just more bullshit. It’s a nice story but that doesn’t make it true.

PADDY
I didn’t say it was true. I said it was a satisfying ending. You want true, go to a priest, not a playwright.

END OF TEASER
ACT ONE

INT. BOB’S APARTMENT – NIGHT (1978)

Bob sits, script pages splayed out on the coffee table, marked in red pen. He stares at the pages, deep in concentration, as he listens to a tape of himself interviewing GWEN.

BOB (V.O.)
Testing one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten. June 3rd. Interview with Gwen Verdon for All That Jazz.

Bob lights a cigarette as he listens.

BOB (V.O.)
Do you think you were angry with me?
In some sense?

GWEN (V.O.)
For what?

BOB (V.O.)
For not taking care of myself. For putting myself in that sort of situation, with my health.

GWEN (V.O.)
I was worried. I was terrified.

BOB (V.O.)
Do you remember the mood in the rehearsal room? When everyone heard I was in the hospital?

As Bob continues to listen, INTERCUT with --

INT. BOB’S APARTMENT – DAY (1976)

Bob sits across from Gwen, the tape recorder between them.

GWEN
People were stunned. Sadness.

BOB
I heard Chita was crying, hysterical.

GWEN
Who did you hear that from?

BOB
Chita.

(CONTINUED)
They laugh at this. Bob pulls out a cigarette from the pack.

GWEN
Nicole told me you quit.

BOB
I did.

GWEN
What happened?

BOB
Annie left.

Bob lights the cigarette, waiting for Gwen to press further. She doesn’t.

BOB (CONT’D)
She moved out a month ago. (Gwen nods)
Nicole told you?

GWEN
Annie told me.

BOB
When did you talk to her?

GWEN
At rehearsal. I’ve been working with her on the part.

BOB
Is that strange? Having Annie replace you?

GWEN
(a tart smile)
It’s pretty familiar, I’d say.

Bob laughs at this -- touché.

BOB
She’s in love.

GWEN
I’m happy for her.

BOB
He’s gay. You know that, right? This guy she’s with? Charles?

(Continued)
GWEN
Well, apparently he isn’t.

BOB
Yeah, he and Annie, they’re the only two people in the world who don’t realize it...

Gwen just stares at Bob, waiting for him to get back to the subject at hand.

BOB (CONT’D)
When I left the hospital, did I seem different to you?

GWEN
In what way?

BOB
A lot of people, they say I changed. I was... they think I was meaner. I was harsh with people. With you, in particular.

GWEN
Do you think you changed?

BOB
I’m interviewing you.

GWEN
I don’t think you changed at all. I think you became more yourself. You stopped pretending to be anything else.

She lets this hang there.

BOB
Did you hate me?

GWEN
(a beat)
Yes, at times.

BOB
Do you still?

GWEN
No.

BOB
What do you feel?

(CONTINUED)
GWEN
About you?

A long moment as Gwen contemplates. She sighs.

GWEN (CONT’D)
To tell you the God’s honest truth...
I don’t feel much of anything about you anymore, Bob.

Bob takes this in, his face impassive, as --

INT. BOB’S APARTMENT - NIGHT (1978)

Bob sits there, listening to the interview.

BOB (V.O.)
Well, I appreciate you being so honest.

The sound of a key TURNING in the door.

BOB (V.O.)
That’s what I was hoping for.

NICOLE (15) enters -- her eyes slightly bloodshot -- and Bob shuts off the tape, tries to clean up the mess of pages.

BOB
Hey, you’re twenty minutes early for curfew. Should I be concerned about you?

NICOLE
(laughs)
I can stay out if you want...

BOB
No, no, I’ve got a job for you. Take off your shoes.

NICOLE
Are you serious?

Bob goes to the record player, flips through LPs, looking for the right one.

BOB
I need help with a scene. You want to keep living here, you’ve got to start earning your keep -- no such thing as free rent.

(CONTINUED)
NICOLE
Child labor is illegal, you know.

BOB
Hey, if you’d rather move back in with Mom...

NICOLE
That’s not even funny.

Bob smiles, gestures to a set of glass doors.

BOB
Stand right here. On this side of the door.

As she does, Bob puts a record on the hi-fi: Jerry Jeff Walker’s “Mr. Bojangles.” Bob dims the lights.

BOB (CONT’D)
Can you see your reflection?

NICOLE
Barely.

BOB
Good.

He comes and stands beside her, both of them facing their reflections in the glass doors.

BOB (CONT’D)
I had this idea. I want you to do what I do but the ballet version, okay?

NICOLE
I don’t get it.

BOB
Just watch...

Bob does a simple series of tap steps. Nicole watches his reflection.

NICOLE
What am I supposed to do?

BOB
Port de bras.

Nicole imitates Bob’s steps but in a ballet vernacular.

CONTINUED
BOB (CONT’D)
Arch your back now.
(she does)
That’s good. Do you know who Bill Bojangles Robinson was?

She shakes her head as they continue to dance.

BOB (CONT’D)
He was huge. Best tapper in vaudeville. They put him in the movies dancing with Shirley Temple. Here. Sit down.
(she does)
Jump up. Bend your knee.
(she does)
Then he went out of style. He died without a cent. Couldn’t even pay for his own funeral. You really don’t know who he is?

She shrugs.

BOB (CONT’D)
Do a head roll. Straighten your leg.
(she does)
You’re getting good.

Nicole pretends this doesn’t mean the world to her to hear.

NICOLE
Not really...

BOB
I wish you were lousy. I’d rather you were a sword swallower in the circus than a dancer. At least the applause lasts longer.

Nicole laughs at this.

BOB (CONT’D)
Turn around. Relevé and do a dip.

Nicole gives him a look. Bob mimes speaking on the telephone.

BOB (CONT’D)
“Gwen, it’s Bob. Nicole really misses living at your place. She misses not being able to go anywhere, she misses arguing with you all the time…”
Nicole puts her full weight on Bob, who groans.

Bob
Whenever you’re ready.

Nicole does as Bob holds her.

Bob (cont’d)
We start casting the movie next week.

Nicole
Isn’t Richard Dreyfuss playing you?

Bob
He got nervous about all the dancing, dropped out. He wasn’t right for it anyway. It should be someone tall. Handsome. Lots of hair. Tom Selleck?

Nicole
I thought it was supposed to be realistic.

Bob laughs as he puts her down.

Nicole (cont’d)
Don’t you worry about telling your life story to the whole world?

Bob
It’s not my life story.

Nicole
Yes, it is.

Bob
There are differences.
NICOLE
Like what?

BOB
The character in the movie, he doesn’t make it out of the hospital. He dies. That’s a big difference.

NICOLE
Who’s going to play me?

BOB
Who do you want?

NICOLE
I don’t know.

BOB
You could play it.

Nicole takes this in, imagining it.

BOB (CONT’D)
You think that’d be fun? To play yourself in a movie?

Nicole shrugs it off, playing it cool.

NICOLE
It might be sort of weird. But... I don’t know. Maybe fun.

BOB
I’ll put in a good word with the director...

NICOLE
I’m going to sleep now.

BOB
You know, your eyes are pretty bloodshot there.

Nicole hesitates for a moment, caught.

NICOLE
It’s allergies.

BOB
Yeah. It must be hereditary. I get the same thing.

He plays it all so dry she can’t tell if he’s joking or not.

(CONTINUED)
BOB (CONT’D)
Next time, try Visine. But get your
own. It’s not sanitary to share.

Nicole stands there for a moment, then turns and goes.

INT. RUSSIAN TEA ROOM – NIGHT (1978)

Gwen sits across from MEL (late 60s), her longtime talent
agent, his hair grayer, his former swagger slightly diminished.

GWEN
What about the play you sent me? Gamma
Rays -- or whatever it’s called? You
told me you’d submit me. I never heard
another word about it.

MEL
Well, I did submit you.

GWEN
I’m walking down the street last week
and there’s Shelley on the poster.

MEL
The playwright had already offered
her the role. They didn’t end up
auditioning for the part at all.

Gwen sighs, frustrated.

MEL (CONT’D)
Do you think Chicago will tour?

GWEN
They haven’t decided yet.

MEL
Because the royalties, that could be a
very healthy revenue stream for you.

GWEN
I’m an actress, Mel. I need to act.

MEL
Look, I hate it more than anyone,
but... L.A. is where the work is right
now.

GWEN
I grew up in Los Angeles. That was
plenty for me.
CONTINUED:

MEL
You could be booking a different guest
spot every week.

GWEN
As what? The dying grandmother? The
old lady whose purse gets snatched?
I’d rather quit.

Mel shrugs -- not unsympathetic.

MEL
It’s a mean business, Gwen.

Gwen takes a sip of her wine, looking away.

INT. REHEARSAL ROOM – HALLWAY – DAY (1978)

ANN (29), nervous, sits in a folding chair with six other WOMEN
who look eerily like her, all holding audition sides, several
of them mouthing dialogue to themselves. Among the women is
BRIDGET (25) -- whom we will meet later.

Ann just waits, annoyed to be here, annoyed to feel as nervous
as she does.

The CASTING DIRECTOR (40s) steps out of the room.

CASTING DIRECTOR
Annie? We’re ready for you.

Ann takes a deep breath, smiles tightly.

INT. REHEARSAL ROOM – MINUTES LATER – DAY (1978)

Ann sits in a chair in the middle of a small room. Across from
her, a folding table. Bob sits there, smoking, next to the
Casting Director, headshots and resumes in front of them.

Ann reads from the sides with SAM (20s), a handsome reader, the
two characters in a tiff.

Ann’s reading is tentative, restrained, stiff.

ANN
“You can go out with any girl in
town --”

SAM
“That’s right. I go out with any girl
in town. I stay in with you.”

(CONTINUED)
ANN
“Oh Joe, it’s not fair.”

Ann pantomimes knocking over a cup of coffee.

ANN (CONT’D)
“Shit, I’m spilling everything. The coffee. It’s all wrong —”

BOB
(interrupting her)
Hold there, please.

Ann stops, looks at Bob, staring daggers at him.

BOB (CONT’D)
It’s good, Annie. It’s very good.
(then)
I’d like to give you an adjustment, if I could. The character in the film — Katie...

Ann does her best not to roll her eyes.

BOB (CONT’D)
... she needs to really let him have it. Don’t hold back. Don’t be polite.
(Ann nods)
From the same place. Give her the line, Sam.

SAM
“Who is Michael Graham?”

ANN
“He’s a dancer in my ballet class.”

SAM
“Straight or gay?”

ANN
“What do you mean?”

BOB
You know what it means.

She looks at him, taken aback by the interruption.

BOB (CONT’D)
That’s not a real question. Try it again. Same place.

Ann takes a breath, trying to swallow her growing frustration.
SAM
“Who is Michael Graham?”

ANN
“He’s a dancer in my ballet class.”

SAM
“Straight or gay?”

ANN
“What do you mean?”

BOB
Stop acting.

ANN
Excuse me?

BOB
Stop bullshitting. Go again. Same place.

Ann feels her temper building.

SAM
“Who is Michael Graham?”

ANN
“He’s a dancer in my -- “

BOB
I don’t believe a word you’re saying. Go again.

Ann can now barely keep it together.

SAM
“Who is Michael Graham?”

ANN
“He’s a dancer -- “

BOB
Come on, Annie.

ANN
I don’t know what you want from me.

Bob reaches for the script from Sam, the reader.

BOB
Give me the thing.
Sam gives it to him. Bob puts on his reading glasses, looks at Ann.

BOB (CONT’D)
Same place. I’ll give you the line.

As Ann girds herself for this...

INT. BOB’S APARTMENT – NIGHT (1978)
Nicole, alone in the apartment, dims the lights.
A SERIES of QUICK SCENES through the apartment:

- In the kitchen -- Nicole opens the fridge, foraging for food. It’s empty, save for some bottles of white wine.

- In the bathroom -- Nicole rummages through Bob’s medicine cabinet, looking at the labels on the various prescription bottles.

- In the kitchen -- Nicole stands by the fridge, swigging white wine straight from the bottle.

- In the bathroom -- Nicole shakes a green pill into her palm, swallows it.

INT. REHEARSAL ROOM – NIGHT (1978)
Hours have passed. Ann sits in exactly the same position, doing the dialogue from memory now, seething. Sam, the reader, has long since disappeared, and it is only Bob and the Casting Director there.

ANN
“Ah Joe, I don’t want to go out with Michael Graham, I don’t want to date.”

Bob shakes his head in frustration.

BOB
What is that? Go again.

ANN
“Ah Joe, I don’t want to go out with Michael Graham --”

BOB
Yes, you do. Go again.

ANN
“Ah Joe, I don’t want to go out with Michael Graham, I don’t want to date.”

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

BOB
No. Same place.

ANN
“Ah Joe, I don’t want --”

BOB
It’s getting worse. Same place.

ANN
“Ah Joe --”

Bob stands, at his wit’s end.

BOB
Goddamnit, Annie.

The Casting Director is frozen, wishing he could just disappear.

BOB (CONT’D)
Same place.

ANN
“Ah Joe, I don’t want to go out --”

BOB
What are you doing?

ANN
“Ah Joe, I don’t want to go --”

BOB
Why can’t you do this scene like it means anything to you?

Ann finally explodes, unable to hold it back.

ANN
Because this isn’t a scene. Because this is a fucking -- these are my words. You took our life and you turned it into a fucking scene in a movie.

A long moment as Bob just stands there, staring at her.

BOB
Same place.

Ann doesn’t need to look at the sides. Her reading now is heartbroken, raw.
ANN
"Ah Joe, I don’t want to go out with
Michael Graham, I don’t want to date. I
have no more small talk left. I
don’t want to fool around. I don’t
want to play games, and I don’t want
to fight. I just want to love you."

A beat. Bob looks at the Casting Director, shrugs.

BOB
Well, that was it. That’s what we were
looking for.
(turns to Ann)
Congratulations, Annie. You got the
part.

Ann just stares at him, nothing left for her to give.

END OF ACT ONE
ACT TWO

INT. BOB’S APARTMENT - NIGHT (1978)

Nicole lies on the sofa, barely watching the television, half-awake -- drowsy from the alcohol, but too amped up from the amphetamines to sleep.

Bob walks in the door with Bridget, one of the actresses from the audition, the two of them drunk and laughing.

    BOB
    I can teach you, I’m telling you, I can teach anybody...

    BRIDGET
    I’ve got no rhythm, I never have.

    NICOLE
    You’re pretty late.

Bridget stops laughing as she sees Nicole on the sofa.

    BOB
    What are you doing still up?

Bob sees the half-finished bottle of wine on the coffee table.

    BOB (CONT’D)
    You’ve been drinking?

    NICOLE
    Just a little.

Bob picks up the bottle.

    BOB
    This is going to leave a ring, you know? You need to use a coaster.

Bob sets the bottle down on a coaster, as Bridget stands there, uncomfortable, unsure what to do.

    NICOLE
    I took one of your green pills.

    BOB
    You’re going to have a hell of a time trying to fall asleep tonight.

    NICOLE
    Don’t you have a pill that will help me sleep?

(CONTINUED)
BOB
You’re not getting one.

BRIDGET
Maybe I should go...

BOB
You just got here.
(to Nicole)
Bridget’s an actress. I’m casting her in the movie. I don’t know what part yet, but... we’ll find something.
(back to Bridget)
This is Nicole.

BRIDGET
How do you do?

BOB
I think it’s time for everybody to go to bed.

Bob takes Bridget’s hand, pulls her toward the bedroom.

NICOLE
You’re just going to leave me?

BOB
Hey. You want to act like a grown-up?
I’m going to treat you like a grown-up.

Nicole is left alone, drunk and on speed and unable to sleep.

EXT. GWEN’S APARTMENT – TERRACE – NIGHT (1978)

Gwen stands on the terrace, staring out at the city. RON comes out, bringing two glasses of wine.

RON
It’s going to be down into the fifties over the weekend. So we should enjoy the weather while we can.

She keeps staring out at the city. Finally:

GWEN
What if we left New York?

RON
For the weekend?

She turns to face him.

(CONTINUED)
GWEN
Every year you say the same thing. It’s the last week of August, we’re at the beach, hundreds of miles away from the nearest Broadway theater, happy. And you always say, “Why don’t we just... stay? Get a house on the water.” And then every year, the Monday after Labor Day weekend -- we load up the car, drive back to the city, and forget all about it.

RON
Well, because you have a career.

GWEN
I haven’t worked since Chicago closed.

RON
That’s going to change...

GWEN
What if it doesn’t?
(a beat)
What’s keeping us here?
(then)
We could go anywhere. Get a house in the country. Get a dog. Have a normal life.

A long moment. Ron looks out at the city. He nods.

RON
Okay.

GWEN
What, okay?

RON
Let’s do it. Why not?

Gwen smiles. She kisses him as they stand there, looking out together.

INT. SOUNDSTAGE – BROADWAY ARTS SET – DAY (1978)

Gwen and Nicole stand in a corner of a dance studio film set -- almost the spitting image of the Broadway Arts Dance Studio -- surrounded by CREW MEMBERS, waiting to start shooting.
In the center of the studio floor, Bob stands with the DP, watching ROY SCHEIDER (mid 40s), playing Joe Gideon, and ERZSEBET FOLDI (12), playing his daughter Michelle Gideon rehearse a scene.

Roy coaches Erzsebet in the scene, dancing with her -- almost exactly as Bob coached and danced with Nicole.

Nicole watches it, stunned, disbelieving.

    BOB
    (to the DP)
    I think we shoot it in pieces.

    ROY SCHEIDER
    “Let me try something. Stand over here. And then jump up on my shoulders.”

    BOB
    (to the actors)
    Nice and easy now...

Erzsebet jumps in his arms.

    BOB (CONT’D)
    Is that comfortable?

    ROY SCHEIDER
    It’s fine with me.

    BOB
    Good. Let’s keep going.
    (to the DP)
    Start in this direction?

The DP nods. Roy groans in character.

    ROY SCHEIDER
    “God. You’re getting heavy. All right, put your leg in an arabesque.”
    (she does)
    “All right, here we are. How are things at home?”

    ERZSEBET FOLDI
    “They’re pretty good.”

    ROY SCHEIDER
    “All right. Arch your back now.”
    (she does)
    “Anything you want to tell me?”

(CONTINUED)
Gwen looks at Nicole, senses that something is wrong. She decides not to say anything.

A P.A. (20s) with a walkie-talkie walks over to where Gwen and Nicole and assorted Crew Members are standing.

P.A.
I need to clear this side of the room.
You’re in the actors’ eye-lines.

The Crew Members begin to disperse. Gwen and Nicole stand there for a moment, hesitant. The P.A. has no idea who they are.

P.A. (CONT’D)
Hey, sorry, I really need everyone out, please.

GWEN
Yes, of course.

Gwen and Nicole step over to stand behind some directors’ chairs. The scene on the set proceeds.

ROY SCHEIDER
“Bend your knees. What is it you keep wondering?”

ERZSEBET FOLDI
“Why don’t you get married again?”

ROY SCHEIDER
“Do a head roll. I don’t get married again because I can’t find anyone I dislike enough to inflict that kind of torture on.”

Nicole talks quietly to Gwen.

NICOLE
Can I move back in with you?

Gwen looks at Nicole. Nicole just stares straight ahead at the scene, her face impassive.

GWEN
Of course.

Bob turns to his assistant director, PAUL GRANTNER, his A.D. from Cabaret.

BOB
Okay. Let’s start gathering everyone for marking.
INT. BOB’S APARTMENT BUILDING LOBBY - DAY (1978)

Bob hands Gwen a suitcase.

BOB
Here’s all her stuff.

GWEN
Thanks.

BOB
She okay?

GWEN
(shrugs)
I’m sure she’ll be sick of me again in a week.

(Bob nods)
I think she’s smoking.

BOB
Yeah?

GWEN
She thinks she can open the window and I won’t be able to tell.

(then)
She had such nice friends last year. I don’t know what happened. These New York private schools... these kids have too much time on their hands.

BOB
We could send her to public school.

Gwen tries to present all of this as casually as possible, as Bob stands there.

GWEN
Ron and I... we’ve been talking about getting a place outside of the city.

BOB
For the summer...?

GWEN
For the whole... year-round.

Bob just looks at her, shocked.
GWEN (CONT'D)
I think it would be good for Nicole.
Have her in school with children whose
parents aren’t all actors and stock
brokers.

Anticipating his judgment, Gwen preemptively defends the
decision.

GWEN (CONT'D)
I’d still be auditioning, obviously,
if I find the right part, and doing
appearances... It just... it feels
like time for a change. For all of us.

BOB
I wanted you to do Roxie.

Gwen isn’t sure what he means.

BOB (CONT’D)
Bobby and Joe just started booking the
tour. I was going to wait and ask
until it was all official, but...
(then)
It’d be a big draw. To have Gwen
Verdon over the title. We’d probably
sell out the whole thing.

Gwen doesn’t know what to say.

BOB (CONT’D)
It’s your show. It’s always been your
show.

As Gwen considers this...

END OF ACT TWO
ACT THREE

INT. GWEN’S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT (1978)

Ron reads in bed as Gwen moisturizes her hands at the mirror.

RON
Where’s Nicole?

GWEN
Out with friends.

RON
Which ones?

GWEN
I don’t ask anymore. It always leads to an argument. As long as she’s back by twelve.

RON
What happened to eleven?

GWEN
Twelve was our compromise.

Ron nods, clearly not thinking this was a great idea.

GWEN (CONT’D)
I got the rest of her things from Bob.

RON
He’s probably thrilled to have her out of his hair.

GWEN
There’s going to be a tour of Chicago, he said.

RON
That’s great.
  (she nods)
I bet it’ll do well on the road.

GWEN
He offered me Roxie.

RON
  (laughs)
Right. Because you had such a great experience the first time...

(CONTINUED)
GWEN
I said yes.

Ron now looks up, stunned.

GWEN (CONT’D)
It’s only for the first six months. Just to get it on its feet.

RON
You were miserable doing that show. It was the worst experience of your life.

GWEN
That’s because it was brand new. Now I know what it is. There’s no fighting over which numbers to cut, who has what line...

RON
What about our plan? What about getting out of the city?

Gwen takes some umbrage at this.

GWEN
I didn’t realize it was a plan.

RON
What did you think it was?

GWEN
We were just talking. It was an idea.

Ron nods, taking this all in.

GWEN (CONT’D)
We could still do it. We’d just have to wait six months.

RON
No. Because then it’s going to be, “Oh, you know what? He really needs me to do nine months now.” And then it’s, “Never mind. Now it’s a year, but he asked me so nicely, so I agreed to eighteen months.”

GWEN
What does that mean?

RON
You can’t say no to him.
GWEN
I don’t want to say no to this. I want to work.
(then)
And I don’t know why you’re getting so upset. It was my idea to leave the city...

RON
I don’t care about leaving the city. I just want to be done with him. I’m sick of being in a three-way relationship. I’m tired of always being the consolation prize to Bob Fosse.

Ron stares at her for a long time. She stares back.

RON (CONT’D)
If you go on this tour... I won’t be here when you come back.

Gwen doesn’t believe a word of it.

GWEN
Don’t be absurd.

RON
I mean it, Gwen.

As they stare at one another --

BOB (PRELAP)
...and... ACTION.

INT. SOUNDSTAGE – “BYE BYE LIFE” SET – NIGHT (1978)

A recorded BEN VEREEN sings “Bye Bye Life” on playback, as dozens of people, standing in bleachers, erupt into rapturous applause. (Vereen himself is not present for the filming.)

Roy Scheider (playing Joe Gideon) runs into the bleachers, taking in the adoration -- embracing, kissing, shaking hands with the important people in his life.

Bob stands with the camera, watching, as Roy is wrapped in a heartbroken hug by Erszebet (his daughter). Roy smiles at LELAND PALMER (playing his wife). She has tears in her eyes.

ROY SCHEIDER
“At least I won’t have to lie to you anymore.”
CONTINUED:

Leland playfully sticks out her tongue at him.

Bob steps away from the camera, just watching, moved.

After a moment, playback stops, shaking Bob from his reverie.

   BOB
   Cut, please.

The bell RINGS. Paul calls out to the crew and cast.

   PAUL
   Let’s reset from the top.

Roy, out of breath, exhilarated, stands there, a MAKEUP
ASSISTANT touching him up as Bob approaches.

   BOB
   We’re going to do another just like
   that...

   ROY SCHEIDER
   Great.

   BOB
   It must feel pretty good.

   ROY SCHEIDER
   (laughing)
   You know, Bob, it really does.

   BOB
   I bet.

   ROY SCHEIDER
   You should try it.

Bob shakes his head, laughing.

   ROY SCHEIDER (CONT’D)
   Come on. You’ll love it.

   BOB
   No.

Roy calls to Paul.

   ROY SCHEIDER
   Hey. We’re going to run it with Bob.

The actors all cheer, thrilled, as Bob looks down, smiling
sheepishly.
EXT. FIRE ESCAPE - NIGHT (MOS) (1978)

Nicole and three FRIENDS her same age -- two boys, one girl -- sit on the railing of a fire escape, legs dangling over the side, passing a joint, laughing. They’re seven stories up, but don’t seem to notice the height or the danger as they get high.

INT. SOUNDSTAGE - “BYE BYE LIFE” SET - NIGHT (MOS) (1978)

With no cameras rolling, Bob runs through the crowd in the bleachers, receiving hugs, kisses, slaps on the back, handshakes, and endless, ecstatic applause.

INT. GWEN’S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT (MOS) (1978)

Gwen stands in the doorway, watching as Ron empties “his drawer” into an overnight bag.

EXT. FIRE ESCAPE - NIGHT (MOS) (1978)

Nicole reaches for the joint as it’s passed to her, but it slips through her fingers. Nicole grabs for it --

INT. SOUNDSTAGE - “BYE BYE LIFE” SET - NIGHT (MOS) (1978)

Bob takes in the adoration from the actors playing the people in his life.

It feels better than speed, better than sex, better than anything he can imagine.

EXT. FIRE ESCAPE - NIGHT (MOS) (1978)

Nicole grabs the joint as it falls, almost losing her balance -- Nicole catches herself at the last moment.

INT. GWEN’S APARTMENT - NIGHT (MOS) (1978)

As Gwen sits on the sofa, smoking, Ron walks out the door with his overnight bag. He’s not coming back. The MUSIC of “Mr. Cellophane” cuts out abruptly as SOUND returns with the door SLAMMING shut.

EXT. FIRE ESCAPE - NIGHT (1978)

Nicole leans back, legs dangling still, and takes a deep drag of the joint, laughing.

INT. GWEN’S APARTMENT - NIGHT (1978)

Gwen sits there, alone, in the silence.
INT. SOUNDSTAGE – “BYE BYE LIFE” SET – NIGHT (1978)

Bob stands there in the middle of the bleachers, euphoric, breathless, feeling truly loved in a crowd of strangers. Abruptly, the bell RINGS on the stage.

PAUL
Okay. Back to one. We’re going to do the real thing this time.

Bob stands there, as the assembled crowd goes back to their starting positions, no longer paying attention to him at all.

END OF ACT THREE
ACT FOUR

INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT (1981)

Gwen stands at a podium, holding an award, taking in a roomful of applause. A black-tie affair in an ornate ballroom, tables filled with guests -- all of them on their feet in a standing ovation for Gwen. DANNY sits at a grand piano on one side of the stage.

CHYRON: Gwen Verdon. 10 months after her final Chicago tour performance. 7 years left.

Gwen
Thank you. Please sit down. That’s plenty of applause for one night. You’re going to wear yourselves out.

Laughter as the guests slowly take their seats.

Gwen (CONT'D)
I’m just so delighted to be here with you. And to be recognized for the work I’ve been so passionate about for all of these years... I don’t know quite what to say. You’ll have to forgive me, I’m an actress -- usually the lines are written for me.

Laughter and applause.

Gwen (CONT'D)
Like all of you, I believe it is vital that we continue to provide low-cost, high quality psychiatric care to the most vulnerable in our city. And the Postgraduate Center for Mental Health has been doing just that for over thirty-three years.

Applause rings out.

Gwen (CONT'D)
As you know, tonight isn’t just about celebrating all that’s been accomplished. It’s also about planting seeds for the future, by which I mean... getting you marvelous people to open your wallets.

(laughter)
Now, I know it can be impolite to talk about these sorts of things...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
GWEN (CONT’D)
But when it comes to raising money for a good cause... well, I’ll tell you my secret...

On cue, Danny strikes a note. The audience cannot believe its luck as Gwen begins singing “A Little Brains, A Little Talent” from Damn Yankees.

GWEN (CONT’D)
You've gotta know just what to say and how to say it
You've gotta know what game to play
And how to play it
You gotta stack those decks with a couple of extra aces
And this queen has her aces
In all the right places
I've done much more than that old bore, Delilah

Gwen pulls off a glove, dangling it seductively over a giggling BENEFACCTOR (70s) in the front row, with his wife.

GWEN (CONT’D)
I took the curl out of the hair of a millionaire
There is no trick, getting some hick who is cool

She drops the glove in the Benefactor’s lap with a wink. He turns scarlet.

GWEN (CONT’D)
Just a little warmer
A little talent, a little brains
With an emphasis on the former

As she finishes, the audience leaps once again to its feet, erupting in massive applause. Gwen soaks it in.

GWEN (CONT’D)
Oh, you’re too kind. Thank you.

For a moment, it feels just as good as if she were taking her bow on a Broadway. Almost.


Gwen chops vegetables in the otherwise empty apartment.


Gwen pulls some leaves from a basil plant in the window.

The sun has just set, as Gwen stirs her sauce in a pan at the stove. She uses a spoon to taste. She adds a dash of pepper and continues stirring.


Gwen sits at the table. She eats her dinner, sipping a glass of red wine, alone.

INT. BOB’S APARTMENT - NIGHT (1981)

Bob, in bed alone, immediately post-coital. He lies on his back, breathing heavily, his shirt still on, wiped out from the exertion.

The toilet flushes in the other room.

CAROLINE (19) comes into the bedroom, fully dressed, straightening her clothes, gathering her things.

    BOB
    You hungry?

    CAROLINE
    I have class tonight, remember?

    BOB
    Skip it.

    CAROLINE
    We’re doing our scene.

    BOB
    You want me to call the teacher for you?

    CAROLINE
    (ignoring this)
    I’ll be home late. We’re all getting drinks after.

    BOB
    I’m not invited?

    CAROLINE
    It’s just the class.

    BOB
    Where?

(CONTINUED)
CAROLINE
I don’t know yet.

BOB
Is that kid I met going? What’s-his-face?

CAROLINE
Eddie?

BOB
Yeah, is Eddie going for drinks, too?

CAROLINE
I’m not sure.

BOB
He’s a good looking kid.

CAROLINE
Let’s not do this. Please.

BOB
Maybe you should go home with him after.

The telephone RINGS.

CAROLINE
You’re such an asshole.

BOB
He’s a good lay, I bet.

GOODNIGHT.

Caroline turns and goes, leaving Bob lying there.

BOB
Can you get the phone?

Caroline calls from the other room.

CAROLINE
I’m late.

He listens as the front door shuts. The phone continues to ring.

Bob gets to his feet, walks over to the phone. He answers it.
BOB

Hello?
(listens)
What’s wrong?
(silence on the other end)
Neil? What is it?

Bob’s face falls as he hears the news.

INT. MEMORIAL CHAPEL - DAY (1981)

The pews of a small Jewish chapel, packed with mourners in black, including Gwen.

Standing on the dais in front of them, also dressed in black, Bob Fosse.

Bob speaks quietly into the microphone, struggling to contain his emotion.

BOB
As most of you know, Paddy and I were friends...

He needs a moment to regain his poise. He continues.

BOB (CONT’D)
I hope this won’t offend anyone.

Bob walks to the center of the dais.

He stares at the ground. He begins to do a quiet, simple soft shoe. It is slow, delicate.

After half a minute, he stops.

He speaks quietly into the microphone.

BOB (CONT’D)
I can’t imagine my life without you, Paddy.

He turns and walks down the steps, off the dais.

END OF ACT FOUR
ACT FIVE

INT. BAR - NIGHT (1983)

Bob and Gwen sit over drinks. Bob lights a cigarette.

BOB

Have you heard from Nicole?

GWEN

I’m not sure she’s speaking to me these days. It’s hard to keep track.

CHYRON: Bob Fosse. 3 years after All That Jazz received 9 Oscar nominations.

BOB

We talked last week.

GWEN

How is she?

BOB

(shrugs)

The same.

CHYRON: Bob Fosse. 2 months after his next film, Star 80, opened to the worst reviews of his career. 3 years left.

GWEN

She was going out for that tour...

BOB

(shakes his head)

I called Jerry, but... he said, she just wasn’t right for the part.

Gen takes this in, disappointed for her daughter.

BOB (CONT’D)

I was flipping channels the other night... I saw Ron on some police show. Big car chase.

GWEN

He actually had a couple lines in that, too. I was impressed.

(a beat)

He and Sue... they just had another baby. A little boy. Spitting image of his father. Same chin.

They smile. A long beat.

(CONTINUED)
BOB
I talked to your old pal Joe Harris this afternoon.

GWEN
How is Joe?

BOB
He wants to do a revival of Charity.

GWEN
You’re kidding.

BOB
(shakes his head)
Start out of town, bring it in next season, maybe the season after...

GWEN
That’s wonderful.

BOB
Yeah. I told him to find another director. I’ve got too many other things on my plate.

GWEN
You trust somebody else to direct it?

BOB
If you were there to supervise.

Gwen stares at him.

BOB (CONT’D)
Joe wants to keep all the original steps. You know them better than anyone.

GWEN
I don’t know, Bob. I’m busy, too.

BOB
You’d only need to be there for a few weeks of rehearsals, early previews...

GWEN
I could think of ten people off the top of my head who could do that job as well as I could. Better, even.

Bob looks at her.

(CONTINUED)
BOB
This is not just... it’s Charity, 
Gwen. That show was... it’s our baby, 
that show.

GWEN
Well, if that’s how you feel, then I 
don’t see why you’re not directing 
it...

BOB
I can’t do a revival, Gwen. I’m not 
that old.

GWEN
Oh yes, you are.

A smile between them.

BOB
You start directing revivals of your 
own shows, you might as well announce 
to the world, my career’s finished. 
(then) 
I’m not done yet. Not even close.

INT. BOB’S APARTMENT – NIGHT (1985)

Two years later.

Bob sits on the sofa, smoking, holding a tape recorder, drunk, 
looking suddenly much, much older. His hair and beard are gray 
and he has a bit of a potbelly. He speaks into the recorder.

BOB
One, two, three, four, five, six, 
seven, eight, nine, ten. 
(then)
These are just random notes on this 
project called The Ladies’ Man, or 
Second-Hand Ladies’ Man, or Used 
Ladies’ Man, or... probably a better 
title.

He reaches for the glass of wine on the table, takes a sip.

BOB (CONT’D)
Question the Lady Mans -- 
(correcting the slur) 
-- the Ladies’ Man keeps asking 
himself, and of course does it with 
humor, but as with all humor there’s a 
certain truth behind it...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
BOB (CONT’D)
he asks himself: would you trade a lady who really cared about you, who knew how much sugar and cream you took in your coffee, or knew exactly when your birthday was... rubbed Vicks on your chest when you had a cold, babied you when you were losing, celebrated with you when you were winning... uh, dealt with all of your infantile emotions...

(a beat)
If you had such a lady, would you trade her for a strange piece of ass?
Just a girl who came along, a one-night stand that you might never see again, never hear from again? Would you trade that for that? One for the other?

(then)
His answer was... yes. I would.

The telephone begins to RING in the other room, as Bob laughs.

BOB (CONT’D)
Autobiographical again. Ah shit.

PHOEBE (22) calls from the other room.

PHOEBE (O.S.)
Bobby?

Bob stops the recorder.

BOB
What is it?

Phoebe enters, holding the phone.

PHOEBE
It’s for you.
(sees the cigarette)
That’s your last one for the day.

He waves this aside, as she hands him the phone. He takes it without a thank you.

BOB
Hello?

INTERCUT:
INT. LOS ANGELES THEATER - LOBBY - DAY (1985)

Gwen is on a payphone in the lobby, speaking quietly, careful not to be overheard.

She’s older, too, but still in great shape, still with that air of effortless glamorous (all that health food has paid off).

    GWEN
    It’s me.

    BOB
    How’s it going?

    GWEN
    It’s not working.

CHYRON: Los Angeles. Sweet Charity Revival. Pre-Broadway rehearsal, Day 29. 16 months left.

    BOB
    What’s not working?

    GWEN
    The whole show. It’s all a big joke. A Saturday morning cartoon. There’s no edge. No heart.

    BOB
    That’s why you’re there, Gwen. You’re supposed to be supervising.

    GWEN
    The choreography. The choreography is fine. It’s everything else.
    (then, sighs)
    It’s fine. It’ll be fine. I’ll keep working with them. I just don’t want you to have unrealistic expectations.

    BOB
    It’s not unrealistic to expect it to be great. That’s what we always expect.

    GWEN
    I know, I just... If we were at Broadway Arts, I would tell you to get in a cab and come down here for two hours to get your eyes on it, but obviously...

Bob looks across the room at Phoebe. She sits reading a script, highlighting her lines. Bob sighs.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

BOB
What time do you start rehearsal
tomorrow?

INT. LOS ANGELES THEATER – DAY (1985)

Bob and Gwen sit in the back of a darkened house watching a
dress rehearsal.

Designers are scattered at tech tables, the DIRECTOR (30s) sits
in the middle of the house, whispering notes to his ASSISTANT,
and stealing frequent, nervous glances back to Bob and Gwen.

Onstage, the Fandango Ballroom. The iconic line-up of Fandango
GIRLS in various mangled postures, staring blankly ahead --
precisely the same tableau Bob and Gwen created on the set of
the film *Sweet Charity* in Episode 1.

FANDANGO GIRLS
The minute you walked in the joint,
I could see you were a man of
distinction,
A real big spender
Good looking, so refined
Say -- wouldn't you like to know
What's going on in my mind?

There is something off about the number -- the sexuality is
cartoonish, played for laughs. There is nothing menacing about
the women, no hint of darkness beneath their sales pitch.

Bob watches the scene, a cigarette on his lip, his expression
unreadable, a blank.

INT. LOS ANGELES THEATER – LOBBY – LATER – DAY (1985)

Bob stands in the lobby with Gwen, pacing, speaking quietly.

BOB
What the hell are we going to do?

Gwen shrugs -- that’s why he’s here.

BOB (CONT’D)
What am I -- supposed to give a half
hour’s worth of notes and hope for the
best?

GWEN
I’ve been giving notes for a month.

(CONTINUED)
The sad thing is, it actually... it’s a decent cast.

Gwen
It’s a great cast.

Bob
Debbie’s good.

Gwen
And if you could work with her...

Bob
Everything up there now, though...

Gwen
The poor director’s doing his best. He just... he’s not you.
(then)
You’d have to start from scratch.

Bob
You’d have to get in there with me, though. The character work...

Gwen
Of course.

A moment as they both let it all sink in.

Bob
The last time we worked together...

Gwen
It went so well.

Bob
Yeah.

They smile. Bob looks at her.

Bob (Cont’d)
What do you think?

**END OF ACT FIVE**
ACT SIX

INT. LOS ANGELES THEATER - DAY (1985)

Bob and Gwen stand onstage, watching DEBBIE ALLEN (36) perform the choreography for “If My Friends Could See Me Now” out of costume, using a top hat and cane, work lights on, accompanied by the PIANIST (30s) in the orchestra pit.

DEBBIE ALLEN
If they could see me now
Alone with Mr. V.
Who's waiting on me like he was a maître d'
I'd hear my buddies saying:
"Crazy, what gives?
Tonight she's living like
The other half lives!"

Debbie performs the number ably. Bob, though, shakes his head.

BOB
Let’s hold there, please.

Debbie and the pianist stop. Bob looks at Debbie.

BOB (CONT’D)
What are you doing?

Debbie gives him a look -- not going to take crap from him.

DEBBIE ALLEN
Dancing.

BOB
That’s not dancing.

DEBBIE ALLEN
They’re your steps...

BOB
What are you saying with the steps, Debbie? What’s the story? There’s no story right now.

Bob turns to Gwen.

BOB (CONT’D)
Gwen, why don’t you step in?

GWEN
(scoffs)
Oh, Bob...

(CONTINUED)
BOB
You don’t remember it?

GWEN
Debbie doesn’t need me to show her...

BOB
(to Debbie)
Give her the hat, please, and the cane.

A beat. Gwen sighs, reaches for the props. Debbie graciously hands them to her.

BOB (CONT’D)
Let’s take it from the same place.

PIANIST
I’ll count you in. 6, 7, and --

Gwen begins to do the steps and sing.

GWEN
If they could see me now

She’s not as agile as Debbie, not as polished, but there is a desperation just underneath the joy of her smile, a hunger.

GWEN (CONT’D)
Alone with Mr. V.
Who’s waiting on me like he was a maître d’
I’d hear my buddies saying:
“Crazy, what gives?”
“Tonight she’s living like
The other half lives"
To think the highest brow
Which I must say is he
Should pick the lowest brow
Which there’s no doubt is me
What a step up, holy cow!

Bob stands there, watching her, frozen, mesmerized.

GWEN (CONT’D)
They’d never believe it
If my friends could see me --

The sound of a KNOCK on a door interrupts her as we CUT TO --
INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT (1987) [FOOTAGE FROM EP. 101]

Bob opens his hotel room door to find Gwen standing there in a
tasteful evening dress.

BOB
You’re early.

CHYRON: Washington, D.C. Sweet Charity National Tour. Opening
Night. 8 minutes left.

GWEN
Curtain is at seven.

Bob nods, he’d forgotten.

BOB
You look magnificent.

GWEN
(a beat)
We should go. It’s time.

They stand there, eyes locked. A moment. Then, Bob follows Gwen
into the hallway, as the door shuts behind them.

EXT. HOTEL - MINUTES LATER - NIGHT (1987)

The hotel DOORMAN holds open the door for Bob and Gwen, as they
exit. Bob points across the street with a wink.

BOB
Theater, thataway...

The Doorman tips his hat, as Bob and Gwen wait on the corner
for the light to change.

BOB (CONT’D)
We have to look at the spacing in
“Frug” for Boston.

GWEN
I haven’t seen the dimensions yet.

BOB
It’s tight.

They continue walking, turning a corner...

EXT. D.C. STREET - MINUTES LATER - NIGHT (1987)

As the light changes, they begin to cross the street.

(CONTINUED)
BOB
Did you ask Todd about sales?

GWEN
We’re sold out for the rest of Washington. He thinks, once we start advertising in Boston...

Gwen realizes that Bob is not beside her.
She turns back, sees him hunched over, hands on his knees.

GWEN (CONT’D)
Bob?

BOB
Something’s wrong...

GWEN
What do you -- ?

He collapses onto the street.

GWEN (CONT’D)
Oh my God.

Gwen rushes to him, kneeling beside him, cradling him in her arms.

GWEN (CONT’D)
It’s okay. Listen to me. You’re having a seizure. It’s okay.

Gwen puts his head in her lap, as she calls out to passersby.

GWEN (CONT’D)
Somebody call an ambulance please! He’s an epileptic!

Bob tries to say something, but the words won’t come out.

GWEN (CONT'D)
We just need to get you your Dilantin. That’s all.

Bob knows it’s not the epilepsy. He looks at Gwen, unable to speak, fear in his eyes. She refuses to acknowledge any of it.

GWEN (CONT’D)
They’ll hold the curtain for us as long as they have to. Nobody’s starting without you.

(MORE)
GWEN (CONT’D)
I don’t want you worrying about that at all. We’ll get there when we get there.

Bob, weak, fumbles for her hand. He finds it, takes it.

Bob squeezes Gwen’s hand tightly.

As he does, he gives her a look -- and, in an instant, Gwen realizes this is the end.

GWEN (CONT’D)
Oh, Bobby.

She holds Bob, his head in her lap, as he begins to lose consciousness, eyes locked into hers.

As they look into one another’s eyes, Bob’s breathing slowing, a SERIES of FLASH CUTS, the love story of Bob and Gwen playing in rapid reverse. The cuts may include --

- Gwen dancing “If My Friends Could See Me Now,” Bob moving alongside her. (EXISTING FOOTAGE FROM EPISODE 8)

- Gwen sitting by Bob’s bedside in the hospital, before heart surgery, holding his hand. (EXISTING FOOTAGE FROM EPISODE 6)

- Bob and Gwen kissing, taking off their clothes in the living room of the beach house. (EXISTING FOOTAGE FROM EPISODE 5)

- Gwen looking up at Bob in disappointment in the mirror of her dressing room on the opening/closing night of Children! Children! (EXISTING FOOTAGE FROM EPISODE 4)

- Bob and Gwen in the editing room, working on Cabaret. (EXISTING FOOTAGE FROM EPISODE 3)

- Gwen trying to comfort Bob after the devastating failure of Sweet Charity (EXISTING FOOTAGE FROM EPISODE 1)

- Bob and Gwen laughing at the Sweet Charity opening weekend party. (EXISTING FOOTAGE FROM EPISODE 1)

- Bob putting a gum wrapper engagement ring on Gwen’s finger. (EXISTING FOOTAGE FROM EPISODE 7)

- Bob and Gwen beginning to put together the steps of “Who’s Got the Pain?” (EXISTING FOOTAGE FROM EPISODE 2)

- Bob leading Gwen through the choreography of “Whatever Lola Wants.” (EXISTING FOOTAGE FROM EPISODE 2)
- Gwen, standing just outside of the doorway of the dance studio, meeting Bob Fosse for the first time. (EXISTING FOOTAGE FROM EPISODE 2)

- Finally: Gwen, holding an infant Nicole, sharing a smile across the room with Bob. (EXISTING FOOTAGE FROM EPISODE 7)

BACK ON THE D.C. STREET, Gwen holds Bob, as an ambulance begins to sound from blocks away. Bob’s breathing slows even further, and the light in his eyes begins to dim.

    GWEN (CONT’D)
    I’m here, Bobby. I’m right here.

Gwen feels Bob’s hand begin to slip from hers. She holds it tighter.

    GWEN (CONT’D)
    I’m here...

But Bob is gone.

Gwen holds him in her arms.

WIDE SHOT: Gwen with Bob in her arms. Beyond them, just on the other side of the street, the National Theatre. On the marquee: Sweet Charity, Directed and Choreographed by Bob Fosse.

As the sound of the ambulance grows closer and closer, we slowly FADE TO WHITE.

Over white, black text appears:

Bob Fosse was pronounced dead in the emergency room.

12 years later, a revue of the work that Bob and Gwen created together opened on Broadway.

It was called: FOSSE.

Gwen was credited as “Artistic Advisor.”

We DIP to BLACK.

Over black, white text appears:

Bob and Gwen’s daughter, Nicole, pursued a career in dance, appearing on Broadway and in film.

She spent many years struggling with drugs, alcohol, and other addictions.

CUT TO:
EXT. NEW ENGLAND FARMHOUSE - DAY (2002)

A high, wide, static SHOT of a bucolic house in the country, bathed in bright sunlight. A perfectly ordinary day. From high above we see four small figures, a mother and her three children...

NICOLE (39) holds open the front door of the house, corralling her three boys, SEAN (11), NOAH (6), and LEIF (3) -- and their dog -- toward the station wagon in the driveway.

We can barely hear the dialogue from the mother and children below as we stay in the static shot high above --

SEAN
We don’t have school that day anyway.

NOAH
Where’s my shovel?

NICOLE
I put all the sand toys in the trunk.

Text continues on screen:

Nicole left New York in 1995. She fell in love, got married, and raised three sons on a farm in Vermont.

Below us, in the wide-shot, we see the kids get in the station wagon, one by one. The camera does not move.

SEAN
They’re going to take us back on the bus.

NOAH
Can I bring my bike?

NICOLE
You can ride your bike later.

NOAH
(calling the dog)
Come here, Mousse.

LEIF
Here, Mousse.

NICOLE
Make sure the water bowl’s back there, Sean.

(CONTINUED)

Two months later, Gwen died in her sleep.

With the boys and the dog in the car, Nicole gets into the drivers’ seat.

She shuts the door, and we hear the engine start. The station wagon backs slowly out of the driveway and out of frame, and then it’s gone. All we can hear is wind in the trees. We HOLD there on the farmhouse. Finally --

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END