

**FOSSE/VERDON**

**Episode 108**  
**"Providence"**

Teleplay by  
Steven Levenson

Story by  
Joel Fields & Steven Levenson

Directed by  
Thomas Kail

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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?

(CONTINUED)

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?

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.

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..."

(CONTINUED)

NICOLE

Fine. Fine.

She crosses the room. Bob motions for her to get on with it.

BOB

Whenever you're ready.

Nicole puts her full weight on Bob, who groans.

BOB (CONT'D)

You're getting heavy.

NICOLE

Are we done yet?

BOB

No, no. Put your leg in an arabesque.  
Follow my hand.

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.

(CONTINUED)

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.

(CONTINUED)

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.

(CONTINUED)

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)

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.

(CONTINUED)

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.

(CONTINUED)

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?"

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.

(CONTINUED)

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.

(CONTINUED)

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  
BENEFACTOR (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.

INT. GWEN'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT (1981)

Gwen chops vegetables in the otherwise empty apartment.

INT. GWEN'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - MINUTES LATER - NIGHT (1981)

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

INT. GWEN'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - LATER - NIGHT (1981)

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.

INT. GWEN'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - LATER - NIGHT (1981)

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.

CAROLINE  
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.

(CONTINUED)

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)

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)

BOB

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  
maitre 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  
maitre 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)

(CONTINUED)

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)

(CONTINUED)

- 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)

SEAN

It is.

Text continues on screen:

**Gwen moved in with her daughter in August, 2000.**

**Two months later, Gwen died in her sleep.**

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

NICOLE

Seatbelts...

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