

FLETCHER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 (to Bassist)
 Thank you.

We CUT back to Fletcher. He looks over the band once more. We see the MUSICIANS' faces -- scared, but hopeful. Then--

FLETCHER (CONT'D)
 Drums. Come with me.

Ryan's heart starts speeding. His excitement visible, he--

FLETCHER (CONT'D)
 Other drums.

Ryan freezes. Andrew is stuck in place for a moment. Then, eyes wide -- *is this really happening?* -- he rises and approaches the doorway... There, Fletcher hands him an ORANGE PAPER SLIP.

FLETCHER (CONT'D)
 Give this to Admin for re-scheduling. We meet 6am to 1pm every day. Room B16.

And with that, he EXITS.

In a daze, Andrew drifts back toward the band. Kramer looks at him. Andrew answers the look with a defiant smile. Vindicated.

MR. KRAMER
 Ok fellas, let's...let's take it back from the top..

He claps off. The band plays **SECOND MASSAU BAND REHEARSAL CHART (RYAN)**. Andrew pretends not to notice Ryan's eyeing him in shock. Just sits down, lets it all settle.

And -- ever so slowly -- Andrew's face dissolves into a GRIN...

17

INT. PIZZERIA - NIGHT

17

NICOLE
 This is a nice place.

We're at a cheap pizzeria now. Nicole is seated, two half-eaten slices of pepperoni in front of her. An old jazz track is playing -- **PIZZERIA CHART**.

Seated across from Nicole is Andrew -- echoes of the earlier grin still on his face, a brightness in his eyes.

ANDREW
 Yeah, I come here a lot.

Beat. Then -- clicking back to reality -- *this is not a nice place, did I fuck up?* --

ANDREW (CONT'D)

They have good music, so I -- it's not just the food...

(points, re: the tune)

This is Jackie Hill, "When I Wake", July 17th, 1938, Bob Ellis on drums.

NICOLE

Are you trying to impress me?

ANDREW

No -- sorry -- I didn't mean -- they have like -- ten songs they loop through. They're always playing the same thing.

NICOLE

And you know the dates to all ten?

ANDREW

...Yeah.

Nicole smiles. A moment. Andrew fidgets. Nervous.

NICOLE

You know every time I saw you in the theater you always had your eyes pointed to the floor.

ANDREW

Really?

NICOLE

Like you were fascinated by the soda stains on the carpet.

ANDREW

My dad tells me I have a problem making eye contact.

NICOLE

My parents like to criticize me too. When I was growing up my mom told me my chin was too big and that that's why guys wouldn't like me. 'Cause my dad had cursed me with a big chin.

ANDREW

What?

NICOLE

Yeah, it's -- look --
(she turns, points her chin up)
It's Jay Leno.

Andrew laughs. Nicole looks prettier to him than ever.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

She keeps asking me if I have a boyfriend
yet, and then blames it on the chin.

ANDREW

She sounds insane.

NICOLE

She wanted to be an actress when she was
my age.

ANDREW

And you? What do you do?

NICOLE

Other than serving you popcorn?

ANDREW

What do you want to do with your life?

NICOLE

(thinks; wasn't prepared for
a question that direct)
I go to Fordham... I'm not sure...

ANDREW

What's your major?

NICOLE

I don't have one yet.

ANDREW

Well what did you come here to study?

NICOLE

I just came here for a general education.

ANDREW

Right, but you picked Fordham for a
reason. Why Fordham?

NICOLE

I applied to a bunch of schools, Fordham let me in. Why'd you pick Shaffer?

ANDREW

It's the best music school in the country.

Beat. Nicole shrugs.

NICOLE

Well Fordham was Fordham.

A moment.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

I don't love it there to be honest...

ANDREW

No?

NICOLE

I mean -- the people there... I don't think they like me. I'm from Arizona and -- I don't know, I think they see it in me.

A beat. Andrew thinks about this, then--

ANDREW

I don't like the people at Shaffer either. But I think it just takes time... Things change, you know.

NICOLE

I know.

(then, opening up more than she expected, more fragility in her voice now)

I feel homesick sometimes. You know? I hate how people in college pretend they never feel homesick. Or maybe I'm literally the only one, but... I don't think so.

A moment of silence. She looks at Andrew. He looks at her.

ANDREW

I know exactly how you feel.

(then, he smiles)

I still go to the movies with my dad.

Nicole nods. Smiles back. Andrew said it playfully, but she can tell he also meant it to reach out to her.

She scoots her legs. Her knee happens to touch Andrew's. He notices. So does she. They look at each other.

NICOLE

...I like this song.

ANDREW

Yeah -- this part is great -- here --

Nicole smiles. Looks at Andrew. He looks back. Their knees stay still, just barely touching.

And, on this moment, just as the song ends --

18

INT. DORMITORY - ANDREW'S ROOM - PRE-DAWN

18

Andrew's in bed -- fast asleep. Seems stress-free for once -- his body totally relaxed, his mind deep in a dream. His arm hits his night stand -- WAKING him up. His eyes open. He looks at his alarm clock. It reads: 5:17.

ANDREW

Shi--

18A

INT. DORMITORY - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

18A

Andrew bursts out of his room and RACES down the hall.

19

EXT. DORMITORY - NEW YORK STREET - MOMENTS LATER

19

Andrew DASHES across the green. It's still pitch black outside, the city cold and menacing.

20

INT. GEHRING HALL - STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

20

Andrew busts inside, runs down the STAIRWELL -- and SLIPS. Falls full-throttle down a whole flight, hands smacking against the tile. Rises sore, and keeps running.

20A

INT. GEHRING HALL - BASEMENT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

20A

Andrew reaches ROOM B16 -- pushes open the doors--