

27A.

CC stares at her as if she is a rare species of bird, then quickly jumps out of the car, slams the door and runs into the building.

INT. TENEMENT - MORNING

CC walks past a couple of doors in the dark, seedy corridor, the muzzle sitting on her head, checking apartment numbers. She stops in front of a door and rings the bell, then slips the muzzle on her face. Inside we hear a couple of crashes, a number of locks being undone and the door is finally pulled open by JOHN CHASE, an extremely attractive, intense-looking man in his early thirties who looks as if he just woke up from a sound sleep after a very late night. He is barefoot and wearing hastily pulled on jeans and t-shirt. She smiles brightly.

CC

Good morning! I have a birthday message for you from your darling bunny girl Barbara!

JOHN

(dazed, horrified)

My what..?

CC

I don't make the stuff up, pal. I just deliver it.

(singing)

Happy birthday to you
happy birthday to you
happy birthday darling bunny boy
happy birthday to you.

Without a second's hesitation, she begins to sing "CRAZY HE CALLS ME." John listens, transfixed by her lovely voice, then when she finishes he leans against the wall.

JOHN

You have a great voice.

CC smiles flirtatiously as she removes the bunny muzzle.

CC

Do you really think so?

(light laugh)

Of course I'm not the type to believe flattery, but some critics have even called me a genius.

JOHN

(amused)

Oh, I see. You're a pro.

CC

(grand)

My last engagement was in
a divine little supper club
in mid-town called The Dew
Drop Inn.

JOHN

(taken aback)

The what?

CC

(quick)

Never mind.

(holding out hand,
flirtatious smile)

CC Bloom.

JOHN

(shaking it)

John Chase. So, CC Bloom,
where are you appearing now?

CC

(evasive)

I'm in between club dates.
I'm at a turning point in
my career, you know? And
I have to be very, very selec-
tive.

There is an awkward pause.

JOHN

Well. Nice meeting you, CC.

CC looks at him with a slightly desperate look on her face,
wanting to prolong the moment.

CC

Yeah...nice meeting you...

She hesitates, then with a little, reluctant wave turns
and starts walking away, trying to think of some reason
to turn back. John is watching her with a thoughtful
expression on his face.

JOHN

(sudden)

Wait a minute.

CC

(turning, excited)

I'm free tonight and all weekend!

~~He ignores her remark as he walks over to her~~

JOHN

Have you ever acted?

CC

(startled)

No. Why?

JOHN

I run a little repertory company and we need someone with a strong voice. Interested in auditioning?

CC

(shrugging)

Well...I don't know...what's the name of the company?

JOHN

The East Side Players.

~~She stares at him.~~

CC

Are you serious? The company that sends all those shows to Broadway?

(he nods; astonished)

Jesus. And you still live in a place like this?

(sudden, panicky)

Forget it. I'm just a singer, you know? I don't know the first thing about...

JOHN

(impatient)

You don't have to. You're obviously talented...

CC

(thrilled)

You think so..?

JOHN

You've got great natural timing and you can learn the rest. Anyway, it's just an audition. All either one of us has to lose is a little time.

~~She stares at him adoringly, falling in love.~~

CC

When?

JOHN

Next Friday at
3:00 sharp.

CC

(soft, thrilled)
You know, the second I saw
you in that doorway I had
a feeling we would...

At that moment, the street door opens and Hillary walks in.

HILLARY

If you want me to drive
you home, CC we have to
leave now!

CC turns to her with a radiant smile.

CC

John Chase, my roommate,
Hillary Whitney.

When Hillary's eyes meet John's it is electrifying for both.
They stare at each other, then Hillary quickly walks for-
ward and holds out her hand with an awkward smile.

HILLARY

Hello. Sorry to be so
abrupt, but I'm running
late for an appointment.

They shake hands, transfixed by one another.

JOHN

An audition..?

HILLARY

An audition..?

(sudden, laugh)

Oh, no! I'm not a performer.

JOHN

The way you look...I just
assumed...

HILLARY

(handing him a leaflet)
I'm running for city council.

JOHN

I'll vote for you.

HILLARY

Wrong district.