

Fame

Fame -- the Musical

Music: Stephen Margoshes

Lyrics: Jacques Levy

Book: Jos? Fernandez

Premiere: Saturday, March 25, 1989

Act One

Pray I Make P.A./Hard Work.....Company

I Want to Make Magic.....Nick

Dance Class*.....Miss Bell and Students

Can't Keep it Down.....Joe and The Boys

Tyrone's Rap.....Tyrone

There She Goes!/Fame.....Carmen and Students

Let's Play a Love Scene.....Serena

Bring on Tomorrow.....Schlomo and Carmen

The Teacher's Argument.....Miss Bell and Miss Sherman

Hard Work (reprise).....Students

Act Two

I Want to Make Magic (reprise).....Students

Mabel's Prayer.....Mabel and The Girls
Think of Meryl Streep.....Serena
Dancin' on the Sidewalk.....Tyrone and Students
These Are My Children.....Miss Sherman
The Pas de Deux (Dance)**.....Tyrone and Iris
In L.A.Carmen
Let's Play a Love Scene (reprise).....Nick and Serena
Bring on Tomorrow (reprise).....Company
Curtain Calls: Hard Work/Fame.....Company

* - After Beethoven's Spring Sonata

** - Music by Mark Berman

ACT I

HARD WORK!

Pray, Pray, Pray

I pray I make P.A.

I pray I make

I pray I make P.A.

Pray, Pray, Pray

I pray I make P.A.

I pray I make

I pray I make P.A

Pray, Pray, Pray

I pray I make P.A.

I pray I make

I pray I make

P.A.

Pray...pray

I pray I make P.A.

I pray I make

I pray I make P.A

This ain't no

Movie show

Playin in a theatre

Or a video

Fantasy

I was always hot to see

On the T.V.

I'm so hot

hot to trot

I can hardly wait to show them

What I got

Wonder who'll

Come out shinin' like a jewel

In the "Fame" school

I'll be gone

Where's the John?

Man they got me runnin'

In a marathon

Can't slow up

I'll go home and not show up

Maybe throw up

Class to class

Tryin' to pass

Learnin' who the teachers are

who bust your ass

Feelin' small

Feelin' up against the wall

During role call!

Here we are

So bizarre

This is where they show you

How to be a star!

I can't wait

I cant even concentrate

I just pulsate!

I'm alive

And I will survive

Show the world that I can take it

When I hit the heights

Put my name in lights

Show the world that I can make it

By doin'

By doin'

Doin'

Doin'

By doin'

Doin'

By doin' hard work

Acting is the hardest profession in the world. Hard work!

The hardest profession in the world

Dance is the hardest profession in the world.

The hardest profession in the world. Hard wrok!

Music is the hardest profession in the world.

The hardest profession in the world. Hard work!

The hardest profession in the world,

The hardest profession in the world. Hard work!...etc.

I'm alive and I will survive

Show the world that I can take it

When I hit the heights

Put my name in lights

Show the world that I can make it

By doin' ... doin' ...

doin' ... doin' ...

By doin' hard work

By doin' hard work

By doin' hard work

Hard work!

I WANT TO MAKE MAGIC

I want to make magic

I want to be bigger than I am

I wan to make people really care

Really give a damn

I want to make magic

I want to breathe fire on the stag

I want to make every single line

Jump right off the page

I want to make magic

I want to do it all from A to Z

I want to do "The Lion in Winter"

Brecht and Harold Pinter

Sophocles, Eugene O'Neil

I want to really see what I can be

Antoher Jason Robards or De Niro

Play a tragic hero

Go for it all and really show the way I feel

i want to make magic

I want to electrify the place

I want to be more than just a fool

With make up on his face

I want to make magic

Magic!

Magic!

CAN'T KEEP IT DOWN

You know what it's like

When you wake up in the mornin' and it's hard,

Standin' up straight at attention

Like the changin of the guard?

Or how it is in a porno shop

When you put your quater in the slot,

And you try to look coool

So that nobody know's that you're hot?

You go a club and you're high

On some fine marijuana
And the singer in the band
Copped all of her moves from Madonna...and you wanna
Or late at night, you're at home in bed alone,
And it's cold out,
You put your hand where it's warm
While you open up Miss January's fold-out
Well thats how it is, when she's around,
And I can't, no I can't,
I can't keep it down!
I can't keep it down when that girls around
I can't keep it under my control
I can't k-k-keep it down, no, no, I can't!
I wanna, I wanna, I wanna rock and roll!
I'm thinkin' bout the time in my life
When I first learned what cryin' was,
The first time I ever had to come face to face
With what dyin' was
The relatives gathered all in black
To mourn for my great aunt Juanita
When who comes through the door to pay her respects
But our cousin Conchita,

The tears in her eyes only make them look
Even more Spanish,
As I watched her I swear I could feel the floor
Under me vanish
She goes to them all, then she fin'ly
Come over to me
And she kisses my cheek and I lower my eyes,
I can hardly believe what I see!
'Cause I'm lookin' down the front of her gown,
And I can't, no I can't, I can't
I can't keep it down!
I can't keep it down when that girls around,
I can't keep it under my control,
I can't k-k-keep it down, no, no, i can't
I wanna, I wanna, I wanna, rock and roll
Rock and roll!

TYRONE'S RAP

Don't need no rich bitch, to tell me which
Fork to use, I paid my dues
In a rap-trap building called New York
Livin' off beans, greens, and pork
In a basement, tenement,

no one's got to tell me what it meant

To be black, jack

Ace of spades

All the car-wash washers and day-work maids

Can't wash it off, it never fades,

It's who you are until you're dead

Now ain't that a kick upside the head?!

Yeah, I know about Pryor and Portier,

Can't get higher than Sugar ray

Muhammed Ali and Doctor J

And 90% of the N.B.A

Reggie Jackson, Jesse Jackson

Michael and Mahaliah Jackson,

Now what's that got to do with me?

On the street the only thing I see is:

Crack dealers, pocketbook stealers,

Coke snorters, Times Square daughters,

Eight year olds who dance for quaters,

And tokes and two-line blows

New Adidas and stereos!

That's us! Thats it!

So don't be tellin' me all that shit!

THERE SHE GOES! / FAME

There she goes!

Ain't she the picture of a real live star?

You want to follow her wherever she goes!

She's passin' you!

You'd better hurry if you want a look

Maybe you'll get her in your autograph book

She's passin' you!

Reach out to touch, don't be shy

There ain't no reason to be scared

No, it's too much I can't look her in the eye

No... I'm not prepared!

I'm on top of the charts!

I'm on top in their hearts!

Look at them all!

Look at the crowds!

everything is beautiful up here in the clouds!

Fame!

I'm gonna live forever

I'm gonna learn how to fly

High!

I feel it comin' together

People will see me and cry

Fame!

I'm gonna make it to heaven

Light up the sky like a flame

Fame!

I'm gonna live forever

Baby, remember my name

Remember, remember, remember

Remember, remember, remember

Voy a vivir pa' siempre

Voy a llegar a volar

Fame!

Estrella en todo el cielo

Que empezara a brillar!

Fame!

Voy a vivir pa' siempre

Voy a llegar a volar

Estrella en todo el cielo

Mira!

Mi-ra!

Quiero brillar!

I'm on top of the charts!

Wo, wo

I'm on top in their hearts!

Wo, wo

Look at the crowds!

Look at them all!

Mamacita mia

i'm havin a ball!

There she goes!

There she goes!

now wouldn't anybody wish they were her

And there she goes

Remember, remember, remember, remember

Remember

Remember my name!

LETS PLAY A LOVE SCENE.

We always seem to be

Sister and brotherly,

It's such a lovely way to be,

And I want to say what it means to me,

How I could be the same without you,

And something more that I know

Though I never could show,

How it kept right on growing,
The way I know I really fell about you
The way I know I'll always feel about you,
Why can't we, why can't we, why can't we try ...
To play a love scene,
We don't need the violins to play a love scene
Where we see how love begins,
If we could find a way to start
And learn to play the part,
A perfect scene from a play unknown,
Let's play a love scene, love scene of our own
And I want to say what it means to me,
how I could never be the same without you,
And something more that I know
Though I never could show
How it kept right on growing,
The way I know I really feel about you
the way I know I'll always feel about you
Why can't we, why can't we, why can't we try ...
To play a love scene,
We don't need the violins to play a love scene,
Where we see how love begins

Find a way to start,
And play it from the heart
Let's play a love scene ...Love scene
Of our own

TEACHERS ARGUMENT.

Artists are special celestial fools
Blessed with a talent for breaking the rules
Unfit for confinement in cubical schools
Artists are special.
Artists are people, not primitive fools
They learn what to do before breaking the rules
They know that the brain is the finest of tools
Artists are people
Whether in theatre or music
or dance
They have to be given the chance ...
To fly by the seat of their pants!
To develop their minds!
to be nurtured like plants
Artists are part of the same human race
As everyone else in this same bloody place
you learn to survive or you fall on your face

Artist or not! Artist or not!

I've seen them come and go for all these years

Kids with no talent for anything more

Than carrying spears

Another year, another shipment

Lacking the drive, or the style, or the basic equipment

This one is different!

And I can see me, then...unremarkable me

The kid in the ballet class, the princess I wanted to be

Tutu and point shoes, hair in a bun,

Completely unnoticed, as if I were no one...

This one is different, I tell you,

This one can dance,

This one is special, I tell you

Give him a chance

What did they tell me when I was a girl

Learn!

Day after day when I was a girl

Learn!

The land of dreams waits over the meadow,

If you can find your way out of the ghetto

Learn! Learn!

Put your faith in books

That will protect you

Put your faith in books

And a mind of your own

Neither charm nor looks

Will make them respect you

you must learn to stand, you must learn to stand alone!

Picture a little girl in glasses and braids

A little starched dress, at the end of the corridor

She's holding to the wall, waiting for the bell to ring

Praying for the day to end

Forcing herself to go back to her class again

Hearing her mama's words "put your faith in books"

This one is different

Put your faith in books!

This one can dance

Put your faith in books

Artists are special

Artists are people

This one must have a chance

This one must have a chance

ACT II

I WANT TO MAKE MAGIC (reprise)

I want to make magic

i want to strike lightning in the sky

I want to do things you can't believe anyone would try

I want to make magic

I want to make magic

Make every moment a surprise

I'll capture your senses in a spell

right before your eyes

I want to make magic

i want to make you think it's really real

I want to make you love the noblest roman

Weep for Willy Loman

Dream the dreams of Blanche du Bois

I want to make you laugh and roar and squeal

I want to guillotine the villain's neck off

Take a shot at Checkov

Make it a rollercoaster ride up to a star!

I want to make magic

i want to take chances that are bold

I want to tell stories no one knows

That no one's ever told

now the audience is still

And the house lights are gone

Curtain going up

And I am on!

I want to do it all from A to Z

I want to do "The Lion In Winter"

Brecht and Harold Pinter

Sophocles, Eugene O'Neil

i want a chance to see what I can be

Another Jason Robards or De Niro

Play a tragic hero

go for it all and really show the way I feel.

I want to make magic!

I want to make magic!

Magic!

I want to make magic!

Magic!

A thousand chances we can take

But it's all worth it when we make...

Magic!

Magic!

Magic!

Magic!

Magic!

Magic!

Magic

Magic

MABEL'S PRAYER.

Oh Lord, give me a sign

give me a call on your heavenly line

Tell me, oh Lord, what it is that you want from me

Keep me from eatin whatever's in front of me

Oh Lord, give me a sign

give me a call on your heavenly line,

Tell me, oh Lord, what it is that you want from me

Keep me from eating whatever's in front of me

Oh Lord, give me the answer

Save me from being the world's fattest dancer!

THINK OF MERYL STREEP.

Think of how to use it, use it on the stage

Think of Glenda Jackson, think of Gerry Page,

Think of all the feelings wasted on this creep

Think of how to use them...

Think of Meryl Streep!

why should I be crazy, spilling out my guts,
Make a big explosion, go completely nuts?
These are my emotions, mine alone to keep,
I know I could use them,
Think of Meryl Streep!
Inside me there's a world of colors and light,
Nothing has to be wrong, nothing has to be right,
Inside me are treasures that glow,
An actresses job is to know what she's willing to show,
And then hide all the rest, so no one's the wiser
Save up the best, like Midas the miser,
Keep every moment under control,
Always in charge playing a role...
Smile and shrug your shoulders, make believe it's fine,
Come up with an answer, or a witty line,
Though your heart is breaking, never start to weep,
Someday you can use it...
Someday you can use it...
Someday you can use it...
Think of Meryl Streep!
Oh I could just kill him!

DANCING ON THE SIDEWALK

Everyday I'll wake up in the mornin'
Splash my face to keep myself from yawnin'
Get dressed and get my bones together,
Open up the window to check out the weather,
Then like I seen a ghost, man, I'll be movin' my feet,
Just like the postman, in the cold or the heat,
No time to talk,
And I go dancin'
On the sidewalk
Dancin' on the sidewalk!
Dancin' on the sidewalk!
Dancin' on the sidewalk!
Lunchtime is music to my ears
I'm down on Wall Street with all them financiers,
South Street Seaport I am the action
The number one tourist attraction
Hip-hop to the west side
Where I do myself proud
The west side is the best side for drawin' a croud
The cabbies squak, yeah
When I am dancin'
On the sidewalk

Dancin' on the sidewalk!

Dancin' on the sidewalk!

Dancin' on the sidewalk!

Dancin' on the sidewalk!

Dancin' on the sidewalk!

Dancin' on the sidewalk!

Uptown, I do my boogaloo,

Stoppin' traffic on Seventh Avenue

Night time the corner to be on

Times Square, under the neon

And for my finale I'll be doin' my thing

In Shubert Alley they're gonna crown me the King

Of all New York

When I am dancin'

When I am dancin'

Dancin'

Dancin'

On the sidewalk!

Dancin' on the sidewalk!

Dancin' on the sidewalk!

Dancin' on the sidewalk!

Dancin' on the sidewalk!

Dancin' on the sidewalk!

Dancin' on the sidewalk!

Dancin' on the sidewalk!

Dancin' on the sidewalk!

Dancin' on the sidewalk!

Dancin' on the sidewalk!

THESE ARE MY CHILDREN.

In times of trouble

When all the world seems, oh, so dark,

and I can't find a way to cope,

When deep inside me

I can no longer feel the spark,

And I can see no ray of hope

when I am lost,

What makes it all worthwhile,

One simple thought

To make me smile

These are my children,

My saving grace,

I see my calling in every face,

These are my children, my family tree,

and I thank God for choosing me

I wasn't blessed

As other women in this life

to have my own, to be mother and wife,

But i was blessed

Beyond where wildest dreams can reach,

for I have the privilege

Yes, the privilege to teach,

These are my children,

My saving grace,

I see my calling in each and every face,

These are my children, my family tree

And I thank God,

I thank God

Yes, I thank God

For choosin' me,

For choosin' me,

These are my children

IN L.A.

Out in L.A. and broke on the ticket that

This fellow sent me

One change of clothes in the suitcase that my girlfriend Anna

Lent me

I stayed for a while in his place, runnin' with
This crowd of his,
Partyin' day after day and meetin' everybody in the biz
Oh they know how to do it in L.A.
They know how to make it seem brand new
Though it's true what they say, that it's only a dream,
And a dream is a wish you wish for you,
In L.A. the dream may come true
After the booze and the coke, the visions of the blue pacific
After the two-hundredth time I'd told him he was just terrific,
I woke up one late afternoon and didn't know quite where I was
Leftover taste in my mouth, and with a morning after buzz,
I packed my bag and found myself a dancin' job
Worked the bar for tips and stripped for every lonely slob,
Counted every minute as the hours went by,
Then fell in bed and cried till there were no more tears to cry,
You try to stop the thought from coming that it never ends
You think about how far you are from home and friends
You get through one day at a time, you find a way of stayin'
numb
and don't look in the mirror to see what you've become
But they know how to do it in L.A.

They know how to make it seem brand new,
Though it's true what they say, that it's only a dream,
And a dream is a wish you wish for you
In L.A. the dream may come true
Yes they know how to do it in L.A
They know that somewhere up there the sky is blue
So smile when they say it's only a dream
And you'll get what's comin' to you

In L.A.

In L.A.

In L.A. the dream may come true

LET'S PLAY A LOVE SCENE (reprise).

You were the honest friend

I was the great pretender

I hid my feelings to the end

Now I want to say what it means to me

How I could never be the same without you

The way I know I really feel about you

The way I know I'll always feel about you

why can't we

Why can't we

Why can't we try

To play a love scene

We don't need the violins to play a love scene

Where we see how love begins

Find a way to start

And learn to play the part,

A perfect scene from a play unknown

Let's play a love scene

Let's play a love scene

We don't need the violins to play a love scene

Where we see how love begins

Find a way to start

and play it from the heart

A perfect scene from a play unknown

Let's play a...

Let's play a...

Let's play a love scene

Of our own!

BRING ON TOMORROW.

We have arrived

At a moment in our lives

When the future passes into our hands

We will find out

Are we really strong enough
To fulfil what the future demands?
We can stand on the edge
And look out into space
And be awed by the wonders we see
We can all make a pledge
That the whole human race
Will become what we want it to be!
Bring on tomorrow
Let it shine
Like the sun coming up on a beautiful day
It's yours and mine
We can make a difference
It's not too late
Bring on tomorrow
We can't wait!
Long, long ago in a world
We never made
We were children
Who were making believe
Closing our eyes
We were travelers in air

to a land we would not want to leave

But this fairy tale land

But this fairy tale land

Goes away as we grow

And we all have to say our goodbyes

And we now understand

That this world that we know

Can be ours if we open our eyes

Bring on tomorrow

Let it shine

Like the sun coming up on a beautiful day

It's yours and mine

We can make a difference

It's not too late

Bring on tomorrow

We can't wait

Bring on tomorrow

We can't wait

Bring on tomorrow

Let it shine

Like the sun coming up on a beautiful day

It's yours and mine

We can make a difference

It's not too late

Bring on tomorrow

We can't wait

Bring on tomorrow

We can't wait!

FAME*

I'm gonna live for ever

I'm gonna learn how to fly

I'm gonna make it to heaven

Baby remember my name!

Baby look at me and tell me what you see

You ain't seen the best of me yet

Give me time, I'll make you forget the rest

I got more in me, and you can set it free

I can catch the moon in my hand

Don't you know who I am?

Remember my name, Fame!

I'm gonna live forever

I'm gonna learn how to fly - high!

I feel it comin' together .

People will see me and cry. Fame!

I'm gonna make it to heaven

Light up the sky like a flame. Fame!

I'm gonna live forever

Baby remember my name

Remember, remember, remember, remember, remember,

remember, remember, remember

Baby hold me tight, 'cause you can make it right.

You can shoot me straight to the top.

give me love and take all I got to give

Baby, I'll be tough. Too much is not enough, no

I can ride your heart 'till it breaks,

Ooh, I got what it takes

WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT

Fame The Musical follows the last class to graduate from the "old" building at 46th street from

audition to

graduation. There are three main groups The Dancers, The Actors and The Musicians (check out character

profiles).

Fame shows young talented performers desperately seeking Fame.

ACT ONE.

The show opens with the auditions which are performed behind a screen on to which NYC scenes are

projected (London

production only). You then see the cast praying that they have got into P.A. The characters are then

introduced to us in

Hard Work, where each student also finds out what will be expected of them in their chosen subject.

In I Want to Make Magic, Nick reveals his dreams of becoming a serious actor to Serena - his best

friend.

In drama class Nick recalls some painful memories when exploring method acting. Joe is then picked on

to do the

same, instead he describes the pain of his attraction to Carmen and his cousin Concita(!)

In music Lambchops, Goody and Schlomo consider forming a band but are prevented by Mr Scheinkopf.

In dance Tyrone - who is Carmen's partner in dance - is paired with Iris Kelly, a new girl who has

trained in ballet. They

argue over dance style and Tyrone tells her that she doesn't understand him and his life in Tyrone's

Rap.

At lunch Carmen sings There she Goes/Fame* and fantasises about being a star.

Serena and Nick are rehearsing and Serena explains that she would like to try a more romantic scene.

When she

reveals her true feelings for him they argue and she assumes that Nick is gay.

Carmen shows Schlomo some lyrics that she has written to fit a melody she has heard him play, they toy

with the

lyrics and come up with Bring on Tomorrow. They soon become best friends.

Miss Bell and Miss Sherman argue over whether to keep Tyrone in the school or not. He has not been

giving full

attention to his academic subjects and has fallen behind. We also find out that he cannot read.

Tyrone frustrated with everyone arguing over what is best for him storms out of the school.

ACT TWO.

The second act opens with the school's Autumn festival, where the students celebrate theatre.

Mabel - who has continuously been made fun of because of her size - asks God to give her the strength

to say no to

food. She then decides to give up dance and move in to acting.

Carmen walks in on Nick doing Tai Chi. She shows him how she relaxes, ie. kissing. Unfortunately

Serena walks in at

that point. She tries to find a way to use the emotion in her acting.

Carmen is told that she cannot take an audition outside of the school and leaves for L.A.

Tyrone is dumped by Iris who says "I don't need a loser for a boyfriend". Tyrone leaves the school.

Serean has got the part of Juliet, and Joe the part of Romeo. Nick gets annoyed with Joe's portrayal of

the character and

decides to show him how to do it. He kisses Serena and she runs off confused and angry.

Miss Sherman argues over Tyrone's well-fare with the school board and sings These are My Children.

Carmen returns in the winter. She is hanging around outside the school and sees Schlomo. She insists

that she has

not returned to drugs but schlomo does not believe her. Joe walks in and starts arguing with Carmen,

he too does not

believe her and searches her bag. After finding her drugs he leaves. Carmen begs Schlomo for some

money to keep her

alive, and explains that the dream of L.A fell through. Schlomo gives her some money and she leaves.

At the school graduation party Nick and Serena finally make up. They talk about college, and come to

terms with their

relationship.

Schlomo breaks the news that Carmen has died and dedicates their senior song to her. They sing Bring

on Tomorrow,

certain that they will make a difference.

Questo copione è stato visto: