

The Re-invention Of A Wallflower

Written by

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FADE in: I was looked at, but I wasn't seen.

ALBERT CAMUS, THE MISUNDERSTANDING

DISSOLVE

TO

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

A woman running down a wide hallway. We hear the sound of her heels slamming into the floor. She turns one corner and then another each one with the same wide hallway, almost like a labyrinth. She is getting winded so she stops to catch her breath. She's bent over but trying to maintain her composure. She reaches inside her bag and takes out her compact. She checks her makeup and her hair. She takes a deep breath looks up at the ceiling and then back down. She rolls her neck from side to side and then in a circular motion.

THE WALLFLOWER

Okay

(deep exhale)

She closes the compact and puts it in her bag and continues her journey through the hall to find the auditorium for her audition.

INTERCUT WITH: A ROW OF WOMEN AND STANDING IN LINE POSING
AND SMILING LIKE PAGEANT QUEENS. ONE BY ONE THEY
DEMONSTRATE THEIR TALENTS FOR AN AUDIENCE THAT IS EQUAL
PARTS CAPTIVATED AND DISINTERESTED.

INT. THEATRE - BACKSTAGE

Dancers, singers, actors are all here, gathered anxiously. They quietly go through their paces, stretching, yawning, scaling. They smile, chatter, they hum, they monologue, they practice dialogue. They are eagerly over prepared to give whatever is asked of them. Here we will find a wallflower, making her way and nervously wondering how she is to outshine those who already outshine her.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DANCE STUDIO - DAY

A vibrant Wallflower walks into a room. The room is well lit and mostly empty except for a table, a chair, and a camera on a stand. There's a stool in the middle of the floor where she is to sit. There is a man seated at the table. They exchange glances and cool smiles. He nods towards the stool in front of her. She walks towards it. As she walks with precaution towards the stool.

Once she is closer to the stool the man gets up to adjust the camera so that when she finally sits she'll be in frame. Marguerite Lafayette aka Maggie aka "Maggie the Wallflower" is ready to come off the wall, she is ready to make the world her stage. Even the camera could see that beneath her wallflower exterior, there was a woman who was far more volcanic than she led people to believe.

CASTING DIRECTOR

Hello, my name is David Anthony, thank you for being here, I need you to stand on the X, right there.

He points to it.

THE WALLFLOWER

Oh sorry

Marguerite gets off of the stool and looks to the floor for the X that he pointed out. She finds it and stand there and wait for further instruction.

DAVID ANTHONY

That's okay.

He gets up to look into the camera to make sure she is in frame. He makes adjustments with the stand. She sits there patient and nervous, silently reminding herself of what not to do as she sits there waiting to introduce herself.

DAVID ANTHONY

Can you turn left?

THE WALLFLOWER

Yes

Marguerite turns left.

DAVID ANTHONY

Great, now turn right.

Marguerite turns right.

DAVID ANTHONY

Good, good! Now turn and face forward again.

She faces forward again.

DAVID ANTHONY

Introduce yourself, you know tell us something about you. Something that's interesting, something that will blow us all away. Please don't be shy and don't hold back.

THE WALLFLOWER

(smiles nervously)

My name is Marguerite Lafayette. I've long forgot my place of origin. I guess I would call it nowhere but New York City is now my home. If you like you can call me Maggie. When I was in school they use to call me "Maggie the Wallflower" because I would cling against the wall. I would watch from the world from the wall. I would watch

as the room around me moved and took shape. There were so many shapes, colors, rhythms and movements. It was melodic, harmonic and it at times melancholic. I would watch as their eyes looked right through me. There were some instances when I would I want to participate. Sometimes I did, sometimes I held back. There were times when I wanted to speak up but I didn't feel like my voice was strong enough. So I was the fly on the wall. I was the self captive princess in the tower. Watching the world go by with all my secrets kept behind my eyes.

DAVID ANTHONY

Beautiful, interesting but a little cliché. No family, no friends?

MARGUERITE

Well, I don't mean to be cliché. Like most people I would like to be understood but I usually find myself being misunderstood. As far as my family and friends, most of family is pretty scattered about. I do have a few friends that support me but some of them are also scattered about.

DAVID ANTHONY

(condescendingly)

Well, Maggie as an aspiring actress or a uh "thespian", who do you look up to the most and what do you hope to accomplish as a performer?

MARGUERITE

There are so many actors that I admire I really couldn't name them all. When I was younger, I spent a lot of films from every period of Hollywood, I even watched foreign films with my mother. I'm a huge fan of Dorothy Dandridge, Judy Garland, Barbra Streisand, Marilyn

Monroe, Bette Davis, Greta Garbo,
Marlon Brando, and Lena Horne

DAVID ANTHONY

And... what do you hope to accomplish
as a performer?

MARGUERITE

I would like to be cast the lead in the
plays that I am auditioning for. I
would like to prove that I am more than
just a "wallflower". I'd like for
people to see and hear what I can do.

DAVID ANTHONY

Did you really come here with the hope
that you would be the one plucked from
the bowels of obscurity? Do you ever
get tired of dreaming your life away,
dreaming impossible things? I mean how
many of these auditions do you go to on
a daily basis, with your hopes high?

MARGUERITE

I haven't been out too many auditions
but I have been to a few. I didn't get
the part but I did get some good
feedback and tips on what I should work
on.

DAVID ANTHONY

Why are you? What sets you apart from
all of the others?

MARGUERITE

Well, I... umm I am an actress. I can
sing. I can dance too. I'm... I am an
artist. Art, well the performing arts,
especially theatre have been apart of
my existence for as long as I can
remember. Getting this part or any part
would be a big break for me. Acting on

stage have always been something that I dreamed of.

DAVID ANTHONY

And that sets you apart from all of the others? I'm sure they can all sing and dance and act just as well as you can.

MARGUERITE

I've been dreaming about a moment like this-

DAVID ANTHONY

Dreaming? What good are dreams when they present such impossibilities, improbabilities. Some dreams are just plainly impractical.

MARGUERITE

I don't think so. I think dreams are wonderful. Everything starts with a dream and then you set out to build it from there.

DAVID ANTHONY

What's wrong with letting dreams just be dreams. Why set yourself up for disappointment and having endless doors slammed in your face?

MARGUERITE

(confused)

Huh? Umm... because I want to do more than just dream it. I want to be it, live it.

DAVID ANTHONY

Do you ever think that you're in love with an impossibility?

MARGUERITE

(pauses)

No, I don't. I don't believe that I am being impractical. I don't believe that my dreams are impossible.

DAVID ANTHONY

Are you in love with the impossibility?

MARGUERITE

(repeats slow)

In love with an impossibility. No, I'm not. Maybe, but then again if my dreams are impossible then so are everyone else's.

DAVID ANTHONY

Yes, well you, I guess you have a point. Maybe we all dream impossible dreams but what becomes of us when those dreams come true?

MARGUERITE

I don't know but I will try. I'll try my hardest. I'll give my all. And if I fail hopefully I don't become bitter and jaded.

DAVID ANTHONY

Well, best of luck to you in all of your efforts and endeavors. Thank you for your time and have a wonderful day.

MARGUERITE

Thank you for having me. Best of luck to you and I hope you have a wonderful day.

The interview is over and Marguerite walks over to shake the hand Mr. David Anthony.

DISSOLVE

TO

INT. MORNING - BEDROOM

MARGUERITE LAFAYETTE waking from her usual dream-nightmare of the night. She looks at the alarm clock on her nightstand. She's up earlier than her intended alarm. She looks around the room and she lets out a sigh of relief, and proceeds to unravel and untangle herself from the comforts of her bed. Her room is messy and cluttered. There are posters and pictures of her favorite

performers and vintage movie posters. There is some light coming in through the windows. She has a keyboard facing a wall. A guitar in a corner. Her meticulously picked out outfit is draped over a chair by her makeup vanity. There are several stylish wigs on wig heads. Books are displayed all around her tight room. Once she has managed to get out of bed she rushes to the bathroom and begins to prepare for her day.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

MARGUERITE

Hello gorgeous!

(inhale)

(exhale)

(inhale)

She repeats this 3 times while standing in front of the mirror; stretching her arms, back, neck then she stops and turns to look over her shoulder.

MARGUERITE

Hello, gorgeous!

She looks at her reflection, smiles and then she frowns. She studies herself and straightens her posture.

She turns to her right profile then her left, she then turns to face her reflection again and then she exits the bathroom again.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Marguerite enters her bedroom and looks around her room both exhausted and amused by its messiness.

MARGUERITE

What a dump, what... a... dump...

Marguerite laughs and shakes her head bemused at the memory of watching an old films with her mother. She walks over to her vanity and grabs her makeup case.

MAGGIE, THE WALLFLOWER - Reenters the bathroom with her makeup case and sits it on the floor near the sink She then stands above the bathroom sink, opens the mirror cabinet and grabs her toothbrush, her toothpaste and a few of her skin care item. She

brushes her teeth first and then washes her face. She looks in the mirror and in a low and smoky voice begins to sing "Feeling Good".

MARGUERITE

Birds flying high, You know how I feel
sun in the sky, You know how I feel,
Reeds driftin' on by, You know how I
feel.

Marguerite stops again to scrutinize her reflection.

MARGUERITE

No, you don't know how this feels. You
don't know how I feel.

INT. Shower - CONTINUOUS

MARGUERITE steps inside the shower and begins to sing one vocal scale after another, once she figures her voice is sufficiently warmed up she begins to sing "Call Me Irresponsible"

MARGUERITE

Call me irresponsible, call me
unreliable, throw in undependable too

As she sings she imagines that she is no longer simply in a shower but onstage giving a command performance singing her favorite Jazz standards to a captivated, enraptured applauding invisible audience.

MARGUERITE

Do my foolish alibis bore you? Well,
I'm not too clever, I just adore you.
So, call me unpredictable.
Tell me, I'm impractical. Rainbows, I'm
inclined to pursue.

Marguerite continues on singing to her audience transitioning from one standard to another this time it's "God Bless The Child".

MARGUERITE

Them that's got, shall get, Them that's
not shall lose, So the Bible says, and

it still is news, Mama May have, Papa
may have but God bless' the child,
that's got his own, that's got his own

Once she is done performing she is transferred back into her reality of her setting is: her shower and her cluttered apartment.

She turns off the shower and exits, grabs a towel from the rack and stands in front of the mirror. After examining her reflection, she kneels down to grab her makeup case and opens it. She begins taking out the items that she will be using to her makeup. Color corrector, foundation, concealer, contour kit, eyeliner, brow gel, eyeshadow, bronzer, blush, highlighter, lip liner, a bright red lipstick. As she proceeds in her routine, she studies each item, reading the ingredients. Then she begins her pep talk and makeup routine.

Marguerite applies her makeup in an orderly, meticulously and almost theatrical fashion. First, she applies a one of those expensive moisturizers, then it's her primers, one for her face and one for her eyes. The first makeup that she applies her eye makeup first. Eyeliner, next eyeshadow. She is quick to color correct all of her blemishes and under eye circles. Then it's on to foundation, concealer, contouring, bronzer, blush, and finally her look topped off with a glittery highlighter which she slathers all over face. Then she lines her lips, and grabs a bright red lipstick and then finally her setting spray. Once she is done, she looks at herself admirably almost transfixed by her transformation. As she turns her face left, right, chin up and then chin down.

MARGUERITE

(rubs her lips together)

That's it. Mmmhmm. This
is the look.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Maggie looks at the clock.

MARGUERITE

Shit!

She quickly grabs a wig off of the wig head and some bobby pins and hurries back into the bathroom to complete her look. She hurries back into her bedroom to finish dressing and gather her things. She grabs her pants and pulls them on

MARGUERITE

(deep exhale)

Why today... why today of all days? Why, today?

She grabs her blouse and begins to frantically button the buttons on blouse. She looks down and realizes that she's buttoned it unevenly, she then unbutton it and frantically buttons her blouse again.

MARGUERITE

(whispers)

Fuck!

She stumbles around her cluttered room looking for shoes, her keys. She grabs her backpack and stuff it with a notebook, a black portfolio, a play, and a script. She moves to her vanity and grabs her makeup bag and stuffs it into a bag. She hurries out of her bedroom and into the living room with her backpack and puts it on a chair. She looks around, still searching for one of her shoes and her keys.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

MAGGIE stands in the middle of the living room and searches into the corners with her eyes.

MARGUERITE

(to herself as she looks around)

Where is my shoe?... Where's my shoe?... Where is my shoe?

MARGUERITE

(stomps her foot in frustration)

She hurries back to her apartment building. She enters and heads to the elevator and pushes the button. She watches as the numbers go from floor to floor.

Her eyes narrow in on the Elevator number panel

MARGUERITE
(impatiently)
Come on... come on... come on...

She checks her phone for the time as the elevator arrives, she jumps on not even bothering to wait for or even notice the people getting off. She pushes the button and it takes her to her floor. She gets off the elevator and runs to her apartment unlocks the door, enters and heads over to the living room, spots the chair with her backpack, she jets over to grab and throw it over her shoulders and heads back out the door. She runs back to the elevator and presses the down button. She takes out her phone and checks the time again.

MARGUERITE
(breathlessly)
Come on...

The elevator arrives she gets on and pushes the button for the lobby. She impatiently watches as the elevator descends from floor to floor.

MARGUERITE
(breathlessly)
Come on... come on... come on...

The elevator arrives in the lobby.

MARGUERITE
(excitedly whispers)
Yes!

INT. LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

She steps out of the elevator and swiftly moves through the lobby exits through the entrance way and out into the New York streets.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Marguerite walks speedily through the fast crowding streets of NYC.

INTERCUT WITH: A ROW OF WOMEN AND MEN STANDING, STRETCHING,
REHEARSING IN A DANCE STUDIO. THEY ARE EAGERLY CHATTING
ABOUT AS THEY DEMONSTRATE DANCE COMBINATIONS. .

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Marguerite breathlessly makes her way through the streets with her destination seeming farther and farther away from her grasp. When she finally arrives to her destination, she quickly heads inside.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Marguerite heads to a restroom to freshen up and dab away sweat and oil and retouch her makeup as needed. She looks herself over and exits

INT. DANCE STUDIO - DAY

As Marguerite walks into the room it is buzzing with energy, laughter and chatter concerning: auditions, gossip, minor scandals, day to day shenanigans. Marguerite eagerly takes it all in but she doesn't join in and they make no effort to include her. Some greet her with a chorus of hi's, hello's, and good morning's. Other's look at her with cool smiles. And some just look at her with cold, silent eyes. She continues on quietly through the room until she finds a corner to put her bag down. She sits down and opens the bag and takes out her dance shoes. She quickly changes out of her shoes and into the ones suitable for dance. After she puts away her old shoes, she gets up to find a spot amongst the other dancers just as the Director of Choreography and assistant choreographers walk in.

DANTE GRIGORI

(claps hands together)

Good morning, listen up...

(He gestures for them to come
closer to him)

The dancers quickly gather and give him their undivided attention. Some are sitting and some are standing but they are focused on his words.

DANTE GRIGORI

I'm sure most of you are excited to be featured performers in our upcoming cycle of shows. As you already know we are looking to the Ancient Greeks this season. We have selected two Greek tragedies for this season. "Antigone" by Sophocles and "Medea" by Euripides. We will be doing eight shows per week but instead of doing one show eight times per week. We'll perform "Antigone" four times and "Medea" four times.

THE COMPANY
(in unison)
YES!

THE COMPANY
WOO!

Followed by scattered chatter of absolutely's, omg's and wow's.

DANTE GRIGORI

(He clears his throat to bring attention back to him)

These shows will run for twelve weeks. Rehearsals will be long. They will be grueling. You're going to have to push yourself even harder than we push you. As artist, as members of this theatre company you should already know what's required of you as performers. This is not your first time at the rodeo. You should know how to ride by now. Are there any questions, concerns, reservation

Dante Grigori waits to see if anyone of the performers will speak up. They do not so he moves on.

DANTE GRIGORI

Très bien, très bien! Now let
us begin.

They begin. The dancers disburse and they begin to be led through a series of warm-ups. After they are warmed up, they begin to go through dance routines beat by beat. As the dances become more technical and more quick paced, Maggie feels herself struggling to keep up. As she struggles she can feel the eyes of the choreographers judging her as they move through the room.

DANTE GRIGORI

It shouldn't matter what role you have be it the lead, principal, supporting player, chorus line or an understudy. There are no small parts Every role is equally important. As an ensemble you must move together. No one can be offbeat or out a place. If so everything will be ruined. All those hours of rehearsals, where all for what? Nothing. Your precious time, my time, the director's time all wasted.

He moves directly behind Marguerite and his words almost seem to be only intended for her to hear. For a moment they lock eyes. Then he turns and walks away.

DANTE GRIGORI

This is going to be grueling. You have twice as much to learn. Twice as many cues. Neither show will have the exact same staging. Obviously the lines will be different and so will the character. So you must be prepared. We need you to give everything, all of yourself. This is theatre. This isn't something you can do half ass. You will toil. You will sweat. You will bleed. Some of you may even cry.

Some of the dancers laugh and Dante joins them. They continue to go through the dance routine. As they go through their paces, the door is opened and in walks the Artistic Director. She looks around the room, quietly sizing up everyone in sight. The energy of the room quickly shifts from laid back and relaxed to tense and high strung. She makes eye contact with Dante and motions

for him to come over to her and he dances over to her. He gestures to his assistants to take over in leading the session for him.

DANTE GRIGORI

Be mindful of what is required of you
as far commitment and such. Keep your
backs straight and your minds open.

Once he is next to the Artistic Director they quickly greet one another. And begin to engage in an animated conversation. Each time she gestures to a dancer, Dante whispers something in her ear. She responds with a head nod. Marguerite is watching them closely too closely. Right after she misses a step she looks up and locks eyes directly with Director. She is shaken but quickly gets back into her place. As they continue the dancers are instructed that they will be demonstrating the dance routine and that they will be paired into groups of three except Marguerite.

PAUL (ASSISTANT 1)

Okay! How is everyone feeling. Good I
hope

ENSEMBLE

(in unison)

Good!

PAUL

Alright! So now I want to find a group
of no fewer than three. We're going to
take it from the top.

The dancers quickly move to partner up except Marguerite. She finds a spot at the end where there two dancers. She nervously approaches the. She smiles at them and they smile at her.

MARGUERITE

Is it okay if I join y'all.

DANCER 1

(while the other dancer nods
in agreement)

Sure!

Both of dancers make room for her. They silently watch as groups of dancers go group by group. Soon Marguerite and her group are up next. When it is their turn they quick take their places in the center of the studio facing the Dante and the Creative Director. They wait for their cue from Paul.

PAUL

Five, six... five, six, sev-

ARTISTIC DIRECTOR

No, no. She'll go solo. You two will go as a duo.

(points to Marguerite)

She, will go solo.

Marguerite looks tries to not look as flustered as she feels. She feels the eyes of the room fall upon her. All the other dancers at the other dancers. They exchange glances with her before leaving Marguerite's side. Marguerite takes a place in the center. As she waits for her cue from the assistant choreographer, she looks over to where the Creative Director and Dante are standing. The music begins and Marguerite looks straight ahead as she is counted in.

PAUL

Five, six... Five, six, seven, eight

Marguerite takes action

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - LATER

Marguerite hurries down the street. Out of breath she stops to sit down and rest. Her mind wanders back to the studio. She was asked to perform choreography repeatedly, while the eyes of the room felt glued to her.

FADE INTO:

ARTISTIC DIRECTOR

Again

Marguerite performs the choreography again without being counted in.

ARTISTIC DIRECTOR

Again

Marguerite takes another deep breath and begins the choreography again.

ARTISTIC DIRECTOR

And... again.

Marguerite looks both flustered and confused but she performs the choreography again.

ARTISTIC DIRECTOR

Again

Marguerite inhales again and launches into the choreography again.

ARTISTIC DIRECTOR

That's enough.

The Creative Director turns and walks out of the room. The room is silent. Marguerite is exhausted by not only the dancing but from all the eyes trying their hardest not to gawk at her as they whisper about what they just witnessed. In an attempt to take back control of the room the Dante collects their attention.

DANTE GRIGORI

Attention please! That was good.

Everyone.

((looking over at Marguerite))

Très bien, très bien.

FADE TO: MARGUERITE SITTING ON A BENCH.

EXT. PARK - LATER

Marguerite looks around at the world around her. Despite the weather, the park is fairly a buzzed with activities, music and people. She hears the sound of music and gets up walks toward it. As she walks along the path she notices the comings and going of people, people engrossed in conversation The birds flying about and the seasonal changes in the trees. She looks on with keen eyes as takes in her surrounding. The music grows

louder as she moves closer to it. Once she finally finds the source of the sounds that drew her off of the bench and out of her thoughts, she stands and listens. There is a small crowd but to her, it feels like they're only singing to her. She hums along. Once the song is over, Marguerite moves keeps moving along through the park. She continues to move through the park with her mind leaping from thought to thought. In the distance she sees a familiar figure and out of curiosity moves to get a closer look at the familiar figure.

MARGUERITE

Hello

The person turns to look at her, they look confused. It isn't who she thinks it is.

MARGUERITE

Oh, sorry, I thought you were someone else.

The stranger walks off, leaving Marguerite just standing there until she goes back to wandering through the park.