

SAM  
 Thanks, Jeff.  
 (turns to Michael)  
 Happy birthday, Michael.

MICHAEL  
 Thanks.

Sam starts toward the door.

SAM  
 Great party.

MICHAEL  
 Thank you, Sam.

Michael sees Linda heading to the door, with a young man. Jeff slides onto the couch, to sit next to Diane. Michael gives Linda a questioning look.

MICHAEL (cont'd)  
 Hey!

Linda waves to him as she leaves with the other fellow. Sandy walks up to Michael, leans on the pillar.

SANDY  
 Well...good night, Michael. It was a wonderful party. My date left with someone else. I had a lot of fun. Do you have any second?

MICHAEL  
 Come on. I'll walk you home.

**FYI**

EXT. THE APARTMENT - SANDY & MICHAEL

They come out and begin walking.

SANDY  
 I really had such a good time.

MICHAEL  
 Dammit, I didn't borrow cab fare!

SANDY  
 That's okay. It's cheaper to get mugged. The fares are really insane now.

She suddenly burst into tears.

MICHAEL  
 What's wrong?

SANDY  
 Nothing. I don't feel bad. Really. I just cry. It's like a tic.

MICHAEL  
(flat)  
Tell me what's wrong or I'll kill  
you.

SANDY  
Nothing. In fact, I'm very "up."

MICHAEL  
You're worried about the audition,  
aren't you?

SANDY  
No, I'm not. Because I know I won't  
get it. I'm completely wrong for  
it.

MICHAEL  
What's the part ?

SANDY  
(crying)  
A woman!

MICHAEL  
Could you be a little more  
specific?

**START** INT. SANDY'S APARTMENT - MICHAEL & SANDY

Michael sits on the couch, feet up on the coffee table,  
script on his lap. Sandy stands near him.

MICHAEL  
Now concentrate. Concentrate. Cue:  
"You don't have a man so you want  
to act like one."

SANDY  
"You're wrong, Dr. Brewster. I'm  
very proud of being a woman --"

MICHAEL  
Sandy, wait! This guy is treating  
you like dirt. Why? 'Cause he's a  
doctor and you're a woman and he  
can get away with it. You stand up  
to him! Get your juices going!

SANDY  
Show me what you mean.

MICHAEL  
"You're wrong, Dr. Brewster. I'm  
very proud of being a woman..."

SANDY  
I can't do it as good as you.

MICHAEL  
Yes you can. Turn the tables on me.  
Do it in your own way.

SANDY  
 "You're wrong, Dr. Brewster. I'm  
 very proud of being a woman..."  
 Where am I off?

MICHAEL  
 I can't tell what you're playing.

SANDY  
 I'm playing rage. I'm enraged. I'm  
 trying to turn the tables. Isn't  
 that what you said?

MICHAEL  
 That's rage?

SANDY  
 I have a problem with anger.

MICHAEL  
 (legs down, leans forward)  
 You certainly have! But there are  
 100 other actresses reading for  
 this who don't!

SANDY  
 Don't get mad at me.

MICHAEL  
 Why don't you stop acting like a  
 doormat!

SANDY  
 I'm not a doormat!!

MICHAEL  
 Now! Do it now!

SANDY  
 "You're wrong, Dr. Brewster. I'm  
 very proud of being a woman..."

MICHAEL  
 More!

SANDY  
 "But I'm also proud of this  
 hospital. And before I let it be  
 destroyed by your petty  
 tyrannies..."

MICHAEL  
 Have the anger, but don't show it.

SANDY  
 (quietly)  
 "I will recommend to the board that  
 you be turned out into the street.  
 Good day, Dr. Brewster."

Sandy turns and walks away.

MICHAEL  
You're a second rate actress.

SANDY  
(turns back, glares)  
"I said good day!"

MICHAEL  
Gettin' there.

SANDY  
Did you feel how much I hated you?

MICHAEL  
Yes, in fact, why do you think I'm leaving?

Michael gets up, starts putting coat on as he heads away from couch. Sandy runs toward him.

SANDY  
Wait a minute! You can't leave! How am I gonna get it back tomorrow? I can't ask a total stranger to enrage me!

MICHAEL  
What time's your audition?

SANDY  
Eleven.

MICHAEL  
Ok, I'll pick you up at ten and enrage you.

**END**

EXT. NATIONAL T.V. STUDIO - DAY

People going in and out. Busy

INT. T.V. STUDIO - OUTER WAITING ROOM - DAY

The room is dominated by a colorful mural featuring caricatures of the leading players on "Southwest General." Looming above them is a woman wielding a whip. A receptionist, BILLIE, sits behind a desk. There are SIX WOMEN waiting to audition. They are 40ish, heavy, thick-browed.

SANDY  
(softly, to Michael)  
God... I feel pretty.

MICHAEL  
(softly)  
Shut up, you dumb bimbo.

SANDY  
(softly)  
Thank you.