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Fame -- the Musical  
Music: Stephen Margoshes  
Lyrics: Jacques Levy  
Book: Jos? Fernandez  
Premiere: Saturday, March 25, 1989  
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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 want 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! That's 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 hurryif 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 worl 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 tho 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 to late  
Bring on tomorrow  
We can't wait!

Long, long ago in a world  
We never made  
We wew 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 to 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 to 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 se 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 desperatley 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 Tyrones 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. Serena 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.