

**"Famous"**

TRACY glides in singing while HILARY sits paging through a dictionary...

TRACY

*(singing)*

Sen-sational! Famous and sen-sational. I'm gonna be hotter than hot! Like it or not! Sen-sational!

HILARY

Hey. Hot stuff. Can you sing "Far, far away"?

TRACY

I'm not sure I .... oh, I get it. You're clever. When I'm a star will you write stuff like that for me? Because I AM going to be famous.

HILARY

Good for you.

TRACY

Oh, don't be jealous. We'll still be friends when I have thousands of adoring fans. I'll be on tv, in magazines, photographers will be taking my picture everywhere...

*"Famous" (2)*

HILARY

Yeah, think about that. People will always be running after you, cameras always clicking, and ... they might take bad pictures of you on purpose. Happens all the time.

Tracy considers the horror of a bad picture of her in a magazine. Then, ...

TRACY

Nah. Besides, I can have my agent photo-shop them for me. Think of it, Hilary—you can write songs for a famous singer.

HILARY

Yeah. And when you walk down the street and all the people rush past me to mob you, the only one who'll be running to me, is you. I'll have the songs, you'll have all the autograph hounds.

TRACY

Won't it be great!?!

*(dancing away, singing)*

I'm going to be a shining star. Super hot, brightest star in the galaxy....

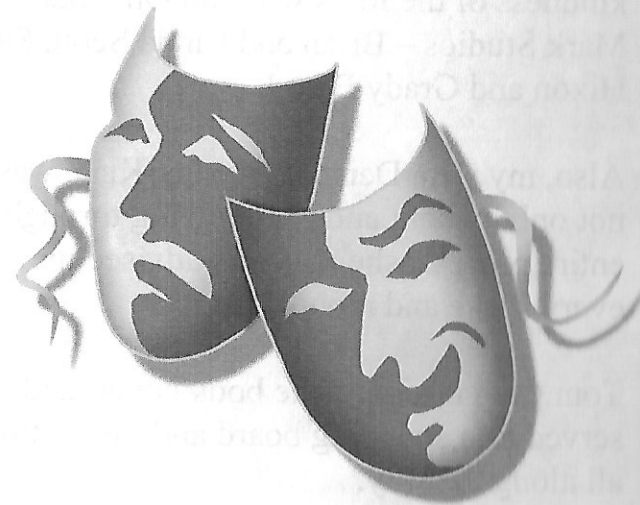
“Famous” (3)

Tracy dances away. Hilary pages through her dictionary.

### HILARY

Hmm. Star: noun. A ball of gas held together by its own gravity.

She shakes her head ‘yes’ in agreement. Nothing needs to be said. She closes the book, looks off to where Tracy has gone, smiles to herself and walks away.



“Whether he’s playing big and broad, or small and understated, an actor has to be believable.”