

NONE WILL SLEEP (WORKING TITLE)

Written by

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INT. CONCERT HALL - MORNING

We open on a young man [20], there's something promising in his eyes, dark hair, just starting to come into his own kind of handsome. He's out of breath, sweating, spotlit in the middle of a small stage. His scratchy, technicolored sweater pulses in and out to the cadence of his exhale and inhale. A faint, male vocal note bounces around the auditorium space until it softens to a silence.

A glimmer of delight flashes across his face as his outstretched arms fall. We'll come to know him as Moe DiVincenzo, but...

...scribbling pencils steal his moment and Moe wipes a soft smile off his face. He bashfully nods to the darkness.

No response. Just soul-sucking scribbles.

We pan over a dimly lit auditorium to find a few tweedy, professorial-types jotting notes and whispering to another. Moe looks to the wings and wipes beads of sweat that incessantly form on his forehead. He slowly steps out of the spotlight.

PROFESSOR 1 (O.S.)

Thank you. Exit's on your right.

Moe quickly leans back into the light.

MOE

(Italian accent)

Hi. When will I, uh, hear back?

PROFESSOR 1 (O.S.)

2 weeks.

Moe's frozen on the stage. Another professor looks up from his notes and notices.

PROFESSOR 2

Exit's just on your right there.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

The auditorium's double doors close behind Moe.

MOE

(under his breath)

Shit.

The doors suddenly swing open again. A professor hands him a raggedy backpack.

MOE (CONT'D)

Colpa Mia...

The tweedy professor just nods and goes back inside.

CUT TO: