

FADE IN:

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT

"1976"

The brilliant stars in the sky are mirrored by the majestic cityscape. The energy of NYC is palpable.

PUSH IN to STUDIO 54. The heyday. DISCO music blares.

A line of DISCO PEOPLE streams down the block. Waiting to get in? **No.** They're watching a kid dancing in the street...

STUEY PEPITONE, 6. Cute, brown eyes and feathered hair. Dressed in a three-piece white suit. This kid is **good**.

A GIRL, 6, ogles the jewelry on hands as she walks by the line. This is CC. Holding hands with her weathered MOTHER.

She spots Stuey and she's transfixed. The look in her eyes says she won't let him get away.

STEVE RUBELL emerges from the club. He sees Stuey.

RUBELL

That kid is dy-no-mite.

An idea. Rubell grabs Stuey. Carries him in the club.

CC pulls her hand free from her mother's.

CC'S MOTHER

CC come back! I'm hungry! You know my hands are too fat to get candy from the machines!

CC darts through the line, as she sneaks under the velvet rope, not gonna let Stuey get away.

INT. STUDIO 54

Rubell deposits Stuey in the middle of the lit dance floor.

RUBELL

Now dance 'til you drop.

ANYONE who is ANYONE is here. More STARS than the night sky. Even a young JOHN TRAVOLTA, pre *Saturday Night Fever*.

They're all watching Stuey, waiting for something thrilling to happen. And it does when...

Stuey dances. Inventing moves. The point. The hustle. The Russian kick. Born to dance. Not just good. **INCREDIBLE**.

DISCO DUDE (O.S.)
He's a dance machine!

CROWD
(chanting)
Dance machine! Dance machine!

Travolta mimics Stuey. Stealing moves he will make iconic.

Stuey struts to CC. Showered with: adulation, adoration, perspiration. Men want to *be* him and women want to be *with* him. And he's 6.

CC smiles and takes Stuey's hand and wraps it tight into hers. With that - Stuey's hooked.

CC
You're gonna be rich.

STUEY
You're gonna be foxy.

CC kisses Stuey's cheek and pulls him in tight. It's on.

INT. RECORDING STUDIO - 1977

Platinum records on walls as STEVIE WONDER 'looks' into camera. Swaying back and forth as he does...

STEVIE WONDER
Stuey Pepitone is outta sight, man!
Like staring straight into the sun.
(points at his shades)
How do you think this happened?

STEVIE'S MEMORY

Stuey discos so well he becomes a blinding ball of light.

CUT TO:

SUPER 8 FOOTAGE

Grainy, black and white images of Stuey, 10, at a ballet recital. Perfect moves as GIRLS in tutus watch - awestruck.

He hoists a trophy twice his size over his head. A gap-toothed grin. Winner. The trophy so heavy he falls over.

EXT. THE BRONX - STREET CORNER - DAY

"1983"

LOCAL KIDS dance on cardboard. The birth of breakdancing.

A BLACK KID with a big clock around his neck glares at...

Stuey Pepitone, 13. Fauxfro, parachute pants, sleeveless Samurai shirt. With CC, 13. Carrying a Gucci bag.

BLACK KID

Yo, whitey! Get down on the brown!

Stuey jumps onto the cardboard and drops sick moves. The worm. The wave. The headspin. Poppin' and lockin'. Like he invented it all... Because he just did.

A CROWD forms. Blown away.

BLACK KID

He's a dance machine! Yeah boiiii!

CC peddles T-shirts with Stuey's face on them. Selling like hotcakes as she pockets the cash. Loving it.

The black kid buys one and puts it on over his clock when...

Stuey starts the moonwalk. Shock. A WOMAN passes out.

A white limo pulls up. The window rolls down. A black sequined glove points at Stuey.

MALE VOICE

(high pitch)

I like that move.

EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE - 1985

LL COOL J licks his lips repeatedly, with an old school Kangol and his massive boombox.

LL COOL J

Stuey P? He was bigger *and* deffer.
How do you think I got my name?

LL'S MEMORY

Stuey robots over an alphabet, graffittied on the street. Spells 'LL COOL J'. LL pulls out a pad and writes it down.

CUT TO: