

Étoile

Episode #101

"The Swap"

Written by

Daniel Palladino and Amy Sherman-Palladino

Directed by

Amy Sherman-Palladino

16th Revision 2ND BUFF: 10/11/24

15th Rev. 2ND GOLDENROD: 10/10/24

14th Revision 2ND GREEN: 6/19/24

13th Revision 2ND YELLOW: 6/18/24

12th Revision 2ND PINK: 6/10/24

11th Revision 2ND BLUE: 6/7/24

10th Revision 2ND WHITE: 6/7/24

9th Revision TAN: 5/29/24

8th Revision CHERRY: 5/29/24

7th Revision SALMON: 3/19/24

6th Revision BUFF: 2/26/24

5th Revision GOLDENROD: 2/23/24

4th Revision GREEN: 2/22/24

3rd Revision YELLOW: 2/19/24

2nd Revision PINK: 2/14/24

1st Revision BLUE: 2/9/24

REV. PRODUCTION DRAFT: 1/30/24

© 2024 AMAZON CONTENT SERVICES LLC All Rights Reserved

This material is the exclusive property of AMAZON CONTENT SERVICES LLC and is intended solely for the use of its personnel. No portion of this script may be performed, or reproduced by any means, or quoted, or published in any medium without prior written consent of AMAZON CONTENT SERVICES LLC.

Episode #101 - "The Swap"
16th Revision 2nd Buff

10/11/24

REVISED PAGES

2ND BUFF REVISED PAGES:

18, 18A

2ND GOLDENROD REVISED PAGES:

Set List, 59, 59A

2ND GREEN REVISED PAGES:

Set List, 7-8

2ND YELLOW REVISED PAGES:

78, 78A

2ND PINK REVISED PAGES:

65

2ND BLUE REVISED PAGES:

Cast List, 64, 65

2ND WHITE REVISED PAGES:

Cast List, 5, 7-10, 13, 14, 38, 43, 44, 76, 76A

TAN REVISED PAGES:

41

CHERRY REVISED PAGES:

Set List, 30-34, 37, 40, 41, 41A, 44

SALMON REVISED PAGES:

51, 51A

(CONT'D)

Episode #101 - "The Swap"
16th Revision 2nd Buff

10/11/24

REVISED PAGES (CONT'D)

BUFF REVISED PAGES:

5, 38, 55

GOLDENROD REVISED PAGES:

24, 50, 55, 59

GREEN REVISED PAGES:

39, 55

YELLOW REVISED PAGES:

Cast List, Set List, 32, 33, 43, 82

PINK REVISED PAGES:

Set List, 26, 52-55A, 57-59A

BLUE REVISED PAGES:

Set List, 8, 13, 25, 26, 32-34, 64, 65, 68-70A, 74, 81

Episode #101 - "The Swap"

16th Revision 2nd Buff

10/11/24

CAST

JACK MCMILLAN Luke Kirby
GENEVIEVE LAVIGNE Charlotte Gainsbourg
CRISPIN SHAMBLEE Simon Callow
CHEYENNE TOUSSAINT Lou de Laâge
TOBIAS BELL Gideon Glick
GABIN ROUX Ivan du Pontavice
MISHI DUPLESSIS Taïs Vinolo
NICHOLAS LEUTWYLEK David Haig
RAPHAEL MARCHAND Yanic Truesdale
SUSU LI LaMay Zhang

RONALD T. Oliver Reid
FEI Christine Chang
MARIE LOCKE-CONNOR Leslie Fray
ALAIN Axel Gallois
MIA Ellie Sanchez
JOSIE Irina Dvorovenko
KATE Dawn McGee
JULIAN Omar Maskati
YANA Zuzanna Szadkowski
NANCY Lisa Naso
ALICIA WanTing Zhao
STEVEN Brooklyn Mack
CURT Etai Benson
MARK Eric Berryman
JULIE Unity Phelan
GEORGIA Christian Burse

(CONT'D)

ÉTOILE

V

Episode #101 - "The Swap"

16th Revision 2nd Buff

10/11/24

CAST (CONT'D)

MORTON Connor Ratliff
ANTOINE GUILLAUME Roman Mejia
ANNA Lyrica Woodruff
HARMONY Susie Buisson
EVA CULLMAN Tiler Peck
JANICE Maine Chernjavsky
SANDER Alex Gemignani
SABRINA Holy Fatma
LULU Micheline Roussel
BRUNA TOUSSAINT Marie Berto
LUCIEN Victor Lafrej
LARRY Robbie Fairchild
DR. SPEER Ambrose Martos
L.J. Matisse Love
LADD Alasdair Flagella
THOMAS Diego Lucano
BALLET UNION REP Aurélien Boyer
GUY IN CAR Andre Da Silva
ANOTHER GUY Aaron Joshua
CREW MEMBER ONE Gaëtan Caillot
CREW MEMBER TWO Valentin Dubois
POLICE CHIEF Renaud Castel
POLICEMAN Diong-Kéba Tacu
SECURITY GUARD..... Michael Everett Johnson
CONTRACTOR Mike Massimino

Episode #101 - "The Swap"
16th Revision 2nd Buff

10/11/24

SETS

INTERIORS

METROPOLITAN BALLET THEATER
 STUDIO #1
 STUDIO #2
 MEN'S DRESSING ROOM
 ENTRYWAY
 LOWER HALLWAY
 CHILDREN'S LEVEL HALLWAY
 COSTUME DEPARTMENT
 JACK'S OFFICE
 OUTER AREA
 THERAPY ROOM
 CLASSROOM
 BATHROOM
 SECURITY GUARD ENTRYWAY
 BATHROOM
 HALLWAY
 THEATER
 LOBBY
 STAGE
THE MARQUEE DANCE CLUB
 SEATING AREA
 BY A BAR

INTERIORS (CONT'D)

BRUNA'S APARTMENT BUILDING
 HALLWAY
 BRUNA'S APARTMENT
LE BALLET NATIONAL
 THEATER
 WINGS
 WOMEN'S DRESSING ROOM
 OFFICES
 HALLWAY
GENEVIEVE'S OFFICE
 OUTER AREA
CAR
 MANHATTAN
LINCOLN RISTORANTE
ANTOINE'S DANCE SPACE
ANNA'S DANCE SPACE
HARMONY'S DANCE SPACE
FRENCH JAIL CELL
MARSEILLE POLICE STATION
NEW YORK AIRPORT
SUBWAY CAR

(CONT'D)

ÉTOILE

vii

Episode #101 - "The Swap"
16th Revision 2nd Buff

10/11/24

SETS (CONT'D)

EXTERIORS

METROPOLITAN BALLET THEATER

STUDIO #1

PLAZA

THEATER

NEW YORK STREET

LINCOLN RISTORANTE

OFF THE COAST OF FRANCE

ECO-WARRIOR BOAT

MARSEILLE DOCK

ÉTOILE

viii

Episode #101 - "The Swap"
16th Revision 2nd Buff

10/11/24

DAYS & NIGHTS BREAKDOWN

<u>DAY/NIGHT</u>	<u>SCENES</u>
NIGHT 1	1-10
DAY 2	11-29
NON-CHRONO NIGHT 1	30
DAY 2	31
NON-CHRONO DAY 1	32
DAY 2	33
NON-CHRONO DAY 2	34
DAY 2	35
FLASHBACK DAY 1	36
FLASHBACK DAY 2	37
DAY 2	38
FLASHBACK DAY 3	39
DAY 2	40-44
DAY 3	45-50
DAY 4	51-59
DAY 5	60-68
NIGHT 5	69-72

ÉTOILE

Episode 101 - "The Swap"

FADE IN:

1 INT. MBT - NIGHT (N1) 1

A hallway - empty. We hear the mysterious creaks a building makes late at night. A taxi honks outside...

2 INT. MBT - STUDIO #2 - NIGHT (N1) 2

A medium-sized space with an upright piano. Barres. Some folding chairs. A couple of hoodies left behind. But no people.

A cleaning lady appears in the hallway, with a mop and bucket. She makes her way down the hall, mopping as she goes.

3 INT. MBT - MEN'S DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT (N1) 3

Dark, unoccupied - you can almost smell the place. But now we hear a bit of music. It's tinny, just discernible. A piano?

4 INT. MBT - ENTRYWAY/STUDIO #1 - CONTINUOUS (N1) 4

The tinny piano is louder now as the camera slowly moves into this larger rehearsal space, with its New York skyline out the window. The lights are off and the space is lit only by the ambient light of the moon and city. There's a grand piano in here, more seating. This is the big studio.

We hear the sound of feet hitting the floor, some breaths. Then we see her - a 10-year-old girl at a barre in the middle of the room, alone, a tiny silhouette in this immense space. Her name is SUSU. Occasionally, we hear a ballet master, RONALD, on top of the rehearsal piano and we will probably catch a glimpse of him in the class.

RONALD (ON PHONE)

Change change change stop. Try to keep your toe on the floor, other side. One and two and on the floor...

Susu is good. Strong. Confident.

ANGLE ON a cell phone, propped on a chair, and playing a single, wide angle shot of a ballet morning class in progress, with all the adult dancers at the barre.

RONALD (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)
 Coupé the foot. Good... Rond de
 jambe en l'air.
 (to the class)
 Reversing...

The cleaning lady we saw before appears at the door, breaking the spell. Her name is FEI.

FEI
 苏苏! 我在干一层咱就回家啊!
 Susu! Wǒ zài gàn yìcéng zán
 jiù huíjiā ā.

FEI
 Susu! I'm going up a floor,
 then home!

SUSU
 (exasperated)
 我还没练完frappé呢.
 Wǒ hái méi liànwán frappé ne.

SUSU
 (exasperated)
 I've barely gotten to
 frappés.

FEI
 就一层咱就走!
 Jiù yìcéng zán jiù zǒu!

FEI
 One more floor, then home!

Fei exits. Short on time, Susu shoves the portable barre out of the way, hurries to the phone and forwards the video by twenty minutes. Susu runs to the middle of the room and begins her jumps.

RONALD (ON PHONE)
 One and two and three and four -
 changement - changement,
 changement, changement.

5 EXT. MBT - STUDIO #1 - CONTINUOUS (N1)

5

We continue to watch Susu through the windows, continuing her jumps.

Another type of music begins to bubble up underneath, competing with the tinny piano. It's a pounding techno dance song which gets louder and louder, propelling us from the delicacy of Susu's steps and into...

6 INT. THE MARQUEE DANCE CLUB - NIGHT (N1)

6

... Where a large crowd is jumping and exploding in sound and movement. There are bodies everywhere - dancing, drinking, and the music is deafening.

We focus on a group of six, a little older than the rest of the crowd. At the forefront is JACK MCMILLAN. He seems like the host of the group. He is focused on GENEVIEVE LAVIGNE. She is close to his age, French, classy, suave, a better dancer than him. She is equally focused on Jack, as the rest of their group satellites around them. One is NICHOLAS LEUTWYLEK, an older man who moves a bit stiffly.

JACK
(yelling to Geneviève, re:
the DJ)
Have you heard of this guy? He's
one of the hottest DJs in the
country!

GENEVIEVE
He's wearing a styrofoam head!

JACK
That's his professional name!
'Styrofoam Head!'

Geneviève just shrugs and keeps dancing, as Nicholas shoves ripped-up napkin pieces into his ears to deaden the sound.

ANGLE ON the DJ, grooving to his music and wearing a ridiculous styrofoam head, with a Magic-Marked face drawn on the front.

7 INT. THE MARQUEE DANCE CLUB - SEATING AREA - LATER (N1)

7

Another song blasts away, as we find our group (Jack, Geneviève, Nicholas, MARIE LOCKE-CONNOR (American, 30), and Geneviève's guy ALAIN huddled together, drinking, talking, and still having to yell.

JACK
Tchaikovsky or Aaron Copland?!

GENEVIEVE
Tchaikovsky, no question!

JACK
No-no, Copland was from Brooklyn!
He learned to fight on the streets!
He could totally take Tchaikovsky!

GENEVIEVE

But Tchaikovsky had that Russian
thing going! Upper body strength!

JACK

And syphilis!

GENEVIEVE

What?!

Geneviève's Deputy, RAPHAEL MARCHAND, also French, takes a
spot next to Geneviève.

RAPHAEL

Who has syphilis?!

JACK

Tchaikovsky! He was dripping with
syphilis!

RAPHAEL

Tchaikovsky didn't have syphilis!

JACK

I'm pretty sure he did!

NICHOLAS

Didn't they all have syphilis?!

GENEVIEVE

They didn't all have syphilis!

RAPHAEL

Schubert had syphilis!

MARIE

Schumann had syphilis, too!

NICHOLAS

And Paganini!

RAPHAEL

So much syphilis!

GENEVIEVE

(to Jack)

Tchaikovsky with syphilis could
still take Copland in a fight!

JACK

Only if Copland had syphilis!...
Hey Nicholas, you went to school
with Tchaikovsky! Did he or did he
not have syphilis?!

NICHOLAS
(takes tissue out of ear)
What?!

As they all laugh, Jack grabs Nicholas and pulls him toward him - he was just kidding!

8 INT. THE MARQUEE DANCE CLUB - LATER (N1)

8

Another techno tune. Now it's just Jack and Geneviève on the floor, dancing together. The dancing is a little sexier, booze-fueled. Jack makes a flirtatious grab for her and she flirtatiously evades him.

GENEVIEVE
(smiling coyly)
No, no, no...

JACK
Come on!...

She continues to dance around him, totally in charge.

9 INT. THE MARQUEE DANCE CLUB - BY A BAR - LATER (N1)

9

Nicholas is talking to a young clubgoer, MIA, shouting over the music.

NICHOLAS
None of us have syphilis! We were
just discussing famous composers
who had syphilis!

MIA
That's really weird!

NICHOLAS
Well, we're in the ballet.

10 INT. THE MARQUEE DANCE CLUB - LATER (N1)

10

Another song blares as the group of six is back dancing together, sloppier, drunker. Jack is acting silly now as he dances a specific step.

GENEVIEVE
What are you doing?!

JACK
Agnes de Mille!

The group laughs and does their best to join in. He changes to another silly step.

GENEVIEVE

And that?!

JACK

Jerome Robbins!

They all gleefully try to copy his move. He begins to do an even sillier step.

GENEVIEVE

Who's that?!

JACK

Clyde! Not a well-known
choreographer! But very good!

They all dance like the not-so-famous choreographer Clyde, as the revelries continue.

CUT TO:

TITLE SEQUENCE:

"ÉTOILE"

11 EXT. MBT - MORNING (D2)

11

The streets of the Upper West Side are bustling with people who all seem to have somewhere to go. Quite a few people hustle into the elegant home of Metropolitan Ballet Theater.

12 INT. MBT - STUDIO #1 - SAME TIME (D2)

12

The company is gathering for daily class. Some warm up, some layer clothing on, some peel clothing off. Dancers are bringing the portable barres out into the middle of the room and people are finding their places. There's gossiping, some arguing... Some shove protein bars in their mouths. Amidst the hubbub, unnoticed by anyone in the room, Fei, the cleaning lady, comes in and quietly grabs the trash can. She empties it and as she is putting it back, she carefully sets up her iPhone and positions it so it will see the entire room. The ballet mistress, JOSIE, over it, smoker's voice, comes in and claps her hands to get everyone's attention.

JOSIE

To the barre! You know what to do!

The dancers take their places at the barre. Fei presses record on her phone and then quickly disappears out of the room. The pianist starts to play and the class begins.

13 INT. MBT - JACK'S OFFICE - OUTER AREA - DAY (D2)

13

Jack, hair perfect and dressed spiffy but a little hungover from the previous night's dance-off, sits on the side of his assistant Julian's desk. JULIAN is there as well. They are in the middle of a speakerphone meeting with HR.

KATE (V.O.)

An hourly employee claimed they were asked to work off the clock. They want an apology and five thousand dollars.

JACK

You know what needs five thousand dollars? Our Sunday matinees.

KATE (V.O.)

Another employee lodged a complaint about a toxic work environment and bullying...

JACK

(scoffs)

Sounds like a real sissy...

KATE (V.O.)

(unhappily)

Excuse me?

JACK

Kate - that was a joke. You know, I was pretending to be a bully?

KATE (V.O.)

We really should be doing this in person, Jack.

During the following, Jack mimes fashioning a noose and hanging himself, to the delight of Julian and others around him.

JACK

I know, Kate, and you know I love visiting HR in person, but my schedule today is jam-packed. There's no time.

JACK (CONT'D)
(to Julian)
Get me some aspirin?

KATE (V.O.)
I'm down the hall.

JULIAN
(heads off)
Coming up.

KATE (V.O.)
You tie one on last night?

JACK
Like I would tell you?

KATE (V.O.)

So - twelve of your dancers have not completed their online sexual harassment course. They're months overdue...

JACK

I'll get on 'em...

KATE (V.O.)

Plus, two of the administrative staff.

JACK

(covering)

Are you kidding me? I told everybody... Goddammit. I'll take care of this, Kate. Some people, huh?...

14 INT. MBT - LOWER HALLWAY - LATER (D2)

14

An annoyed Jack moves down the hall with Julian.

JACK

You were supposed to do it for me.

JULIAN

The skit on snack shaming was so poorly acted, I had to turn it off.

JACK

Well, that's unprofessional, Julian, okay? Very unprofessional.

JULIAN

Sorry.

They pass a water fountain.

JACK

They still haven't fixed that?

As they walk out of frame, the camera lands on a sign on the drinking fountain: "Out of Order."

WOMAN (V.O.)

No, Jack! No!

15 INT. MBT - COSTUME DEPARTMENT - LATER (D2)

15

CLOSE ON a formidable woman in her 50s - the stern-looking Costume Designer YANA.

YANA

It's this, or nothing!

WIDEN to reveal the costume department of the ballet. There's a table with drawings and fabric and swatches on it. A dress-form has a tutu in progress on it, and a young female dancer is wearing a mocked-up version of the costume. Yana is showing Jack the potential wardrobe for an upcoming piece. Julian stands nearby.

YANA (CONT'D)

You see, this moves like air. Like the wind.

(to the ballerina)

Turn, turn...

The dancer does a soutenu.

YANA (CONT'D)

No! More turn! Sell it, idiot girl!

The dancer does a double pirouette.

YANA (CONT'D)

See? Like air.

JACK

Yana, it's beautiful, I'll concede that, but it has no lifespan.

A wardrobe assistant, NANCY, approaches Julian and hands him a glass of fizzy liquid.

NANCY

Alka-Seltzer.

JULIAN

Perfect.

(intrigued)

Hey, you're new.

JACK

(takes the Alka-Seltzer)

Really?

YANA

Hungover?

JACK

(adamant)

No. The costumes need to last for
years of revivals. Or the season.
Or at least for the matinee.

YANA

If they don't last, we'll just make
new ones...

Jack grabs at his chest in pain.

JACK

Aah! Oh my God! Oh my God!

YANA

(alarmed)

What is it?

JACK

You're killing me, Yana!
Dial 9-1-1! This is serious. Call
my ex-wives! Tell them I used to
love all of them, especially the
last three...

YANA

(laughing)

Jack, stop!

JACK

(kneels, takes her hands)

Please, my lovely, something
beautiful, but durable - like you.

YANA

(giving in to the charm)

Okay, okay. I'll think on it.

JACK

Thank you, Principessa!

Jack heads off, hooking up with Julian. He turns serious.

JACK (CONT'D)

(to Julian, sotto)

Make sure it's cheaper. Fuck air.

JULIAN

Got it.

They're gone.

16 INT. MBT - JACK'S OFFICE - LATER (D2) 16

Jack is alone in his spacious, well-appointed office. He stands in front of a massive board with the upcoming season's tentative schedule on it. He studies opening night. He ponders, thinks...

17 INT. MBT - STUDIO #1 - LATER (D2) 17

With a pianist accompanying, a ballerina (ALICIA) and her partner (STEVEN) rehearse a piece. We find Jack sitting with Nicholas, watching.

NICHOLAS

Alicia's a bullet. She just gets stronger every day. You as hungover as me?

JACK

That's what I'm saying. Do we swing for the fences... Feature her opening night. Premiere a new face.

NICHOLAS

(to Steven)

Steven, you look like you're nodding off! Fall forward with the chest. Lead with it. Yes.

JACK

Marketing would love it.

NICHOLAS

So will the audience. I say let's do it.

(to Steven)

Your head is a feather, not a bowling ball!

JACK

(smiling)

Great. Great. First good thing I've heard all day. I'm going back to my office and popping her on the board.

Jack grabs Nicholas' arm.

NICHOLAS

Ow. Too hard.

JACK
I'm excited, Nicholas!

NICHOLAS
She will be, too. It's the second
piece of good news for her this
week.
(to Steven)
That's it, Steven! Breathe...

JACK
What, she win the lottery?

NICHOLAS
No - the baby.

Jack's face falls. Nicholas notices.

NICHOLAS (CONT'D)
You knew about that, right?

18 INT. MBT - JACK'S OFFICE - LATER (D2) 18

Jack has written Alicia's name into opening night, but next
to that he puts: "U/A after 01/2025." He sighs, frustrated.

19 INT. MBT - THERAPY ROOM - DAY - INTERSTITIAL (D2) 19

A pilates machine, massage benches, etc. Various dancers are
massaged, examined, etc. as part of their day.

MARIE (V.O.)
The mayor cancelled.

20 INT. MBT - JACK'S OFFICE - LATER (D2) 20

Jack sits at his desk, with Marie across from him. They go
over Jack's schedule.

JACK
Again?

MARIE
I'm getting a vibe like - they
think you're planning to run
against him.

JACK
I have no plans to run for mayor.
Yet...
(off his phone)
(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)

Wait - is this right? I've got an hour-long with Geneviève and her team today?

MARIE

At three.

JACK

I wined and dined them last night. She rebuffed my advances, twice... What's left to do?
(realizing)
Was that sexual harassment?

MARIE

Yes. The meeting's been on the books for weeks. Geneviève was very specific about it. One hour.

JACK

(shrugs)
An hour? What the fuck?

Julian appears at the door, holding something.

JULIAN

Jack? You read Arts and Leisure yet?

JACK

(wary)
Should I?

21 INT. MBT - UPPER HALLWAY - MINUTES LATER (D2)

21

An annoyed Jack comes around the corner, the Times in hand, reading an article and becoming ever-more annoyed. Julian is at his side.

JACK

(reads)
'Despite promising stars and well-placed intentions, the reimagined piece proved low on actual imagination.'

JULIAN

That's just mean.

ALICIA

Hi, Jack.

JACK
(heart's not in it)
Hi, Alicia. Congrats on the baby.

ALICIA
So excited.

They pass a dancer reading the same piece in the Arts and Leisure. Jack grabs it from her as he passes.

JACK
Reviews don't matter!

He and Julian disappear around a corner.

22 INT. MBT - THEATER - LOBBY - LATER (D2)

22

CLOSE ON Jack - rubbing his tired eyes.

JACK
Where are they going?

WIDEN to reveal we are at the lobby bar with two company employees - CURT, a deferential bartender, and MARK, the impatient Food and Beverage manager.

JACK (CONT'D)
Are they growing legs and walking out on their own? What's happening?

CURT
Hard to say.

MARK
Not that hard. They're going in purses. Pockets.

JACK
They're being stolen?

CURT
Not necessarily... There's some breakage... Most are stolen.

MARK
(adamant)
Yes... Stolen... Absolutely.

MARK (CONT'D)
Last week, I went to a cocktail party at Ainsley Perdue's house. She has a set of six. We don't sell these, Jack.

JACK

I know.

CURT

I mean, in a way, it's kind of
flattering...

An upset Jack holds up a champagne flute, which features a beautiful etching of a pair of ballet shoes with the company's initials below it.

JACK

So what do we do - frisk these old
ladies as they walk out the doors?

CURT

Oh, I really don't--

MARK

We need another hundred.

JACK

Another hundred.

MARK

And they're a hundred and ten each.

JACK

A hundred and ten? Who's doing the
etching? Degas?

CURT

Plus tax and shipping.

MARK

It's the etching. The etching is
costly.

JACK

(blowing up)

Then screw it! Skip the etching!

MARK

We can't do that!

JACK

I'm not paying ten thousand fucking
dollars because the fucking Perdues
are fucking kleptomaniacs!

(heads away)

Skip the etching!

Jack is gone. Mark yells after him.

MARK

But they won't match! What are we?
Cleveland?!

23 INT. MBT - JACK'S OFFICE - LATER (D2)

23

Jack is in his office's seating area, flanked by Marie and Nicholas. Geneviève is there with her corresponding people, Raphaël and Alain (Alain speaks very little English). Jack watches as Raphaël whispers something in Geneviève's ear, and she nods in agreement. Geneviève looks super serious now - not like the fun-loving woman from the night before.

JACK

(breaking the ice)
So... Last night was...

JACK (CONT'D)

GENEVIEVE

Fun.

Loud.

GENEVIEVE (CONT'D)

Fucking loud.

JACK

(taken aback by her
attitude)

Loud, yes. They do play the music
quite loud.

During the following, Geneviève continues to look straight at him, as if sizing him up.

MARIE

It was one scotch too many for me.

NICHOLAS

I threw up all night.
(to the French side)
Anyone else throw up all night?

RAPHAEL

(with a shrug)
We're French.

Geneviève continues to stare at Jack.

JACK

So I thought we said our au
revoirs.

GENEVIEVE

I'm sorry, you think my team and I
flew all the way from Paris to
drink watered-down vodka and dance
to DJ Foam Head?

JACK

Qu'est ce qui se passe ici ?

JACK

What the hell's going on
here?

GENEVIEVE

(emphatic)

You're in trouble.

JACK

What?

GENEVIEVE

Your company. It's in trouble.

JACK

No, it's not.

RAPHAEL

Yes, it is.

GENEVIEVE

Mine is, too.

Geneviève takes some papers from Raphaël.

GENEVIEVE (CONT'D)

The audience is dead and dying,
so's the funding... I've got union
issues...

JACK

You're French...

GENEVIEVE

Then there was the mighty reign of
King Covid.

NICHOLAS

I've got long Covid.

GENEVIEVE

Our dancers sat idle for months,
losing muscle mass, fucking and
eating...

RAPHAEL

And eating, and eating...

GENEVIEVE

Some quit. Four of mine did. How many for you?

NICHOLAS

JACK

Six.

(trying to cut Nicholas off)

There are some...

JACK (CONT'D)

On sabbatical.

RAPHAEL

(scoffs)

Sabbatical. Come on, Jack, where's Lorraine Stroh? She wasn't on stage last night.

MARIE

She makes plant-based doughnuts in Memphis.

NICHOLAS

They're terrible, by the way. You need lard! You just need lard, there's no way around it.

GENEVIEVE

(with attitude)

Plant-based doughnuts... Face the facts, Jack - a lot of our dancers have abandoned toe shoes for Tik-Tok. The dressing rooms are filled with screaming babies and asshole rescue dogs. A generation of young people was lost. The pipeline is ruined, the seats are empty...

JACK

Not ours.

NICHOLAS

That's right. Once we closed off the balconies, our house filled right up.

Geneviève glares at Jack. He glares right back a beat.

GENEVIEVE

(to Jack)

We have to fix this. Our jobs are on the line - yours, mine. Every person in here, their heads are on the chopping block.

*

*

*

*

*

*

*

JACK

Okay, fine - big talk. What do we do?

*

GENEVIEVE

I propose a swap. We trade our top talent - yours for ours.

JACK

Wait a minute...

NICHOLAS

I'm cautiously intrigued...

GENEVIEVE

Launch a massive trans-Atlantic marketing campaign to bring the audience back to us. Get people interested in dance again. Put fresh faces out there. Maybe do a documentary, or a reality show about the swap. Do you like Pink?

JACK

The color?

GENEVIEVE

The singer. She can host.

JACK

You're kidding me, right?

RAPHAEL

(dead serious)

We don't joke about Pink.

During the following, Nicholas quietly falls asleep.

JACK

(stands, agitated)

Okay now, back up. Back up.
Point of logic: if... And I say if... We were in that much trouble, how in the world would we pay for this massive 'trans-Atlantic marketing campaign?' It's... It's counterintuitive! C'est contre-intuitif.

GENEVIEVE

Your accent is terrible.

JACK

Do you have any idea what marketing costs cost in New York City?

GENEVIEVE

(confused)

Costs cost?

JACK

What costs cost - costs cost.

GENEVIEVE

Why do you keep saying it twice?

JACK

You know what I'm saying.

GENEVIEVE

My company's in Paris, Jack, not
Pooptown.

JACK

Pooptown?

GENEVIEVE

I know what marketing costs cost.
But I've secured the financing.
For both of us. You're welcome.

JACK

Oh really... How?

She motions to an underling by Jack's door. This person opens the door and motions to someone... And in walks a dashing gray-haired man, with a big smile on his face. This is CRISPIN SHAMBLEE, 70, an avuncular-seeming Brit in a crisp suit. He has eyes that can go from impish to intimidating at the drop of a hat. Right now, he's all bonhomie as he makes a big entrance.

CRISPIN

Hello, hello! What a glorious day
to be meeting.

Jack looks to Geneviève in utter disbelief. Even the confident Geneviève looks a little sheepish.

JACK

(to Geneviève, quietly)

No.

Crispin plants himself in front of them.

CRISPIN

(excited to report)

I just had a hot dog! Out in the
park. It was sublime!

JACK

No.

CRISPIN

You must forgive me for barging in
like this.

(MORE)

CRISPIN (CONT'D)

Awfully dramatic, but blame dear Geneviève - she thought you should hear this directly from me.

(turns to Jack, attitude enters his tone)

Hello, Jack.

JACK

(almost in shock)

No.

CRISPIN

Well, your vocabulary has improved immensely. So - this swap. Brilliant idea. And all Geneviève's.

CRISPIN (CONT'D)

(to Geneviève)

Vous êtes aussi intelligente que belle, ma chère.

CRISPIN (CONT'D)

(to Geneviève)

You are as smart as you are beautiful, my dear.

CRISPIN (CONT'D)

And it's true - I will sponsor the whole thing. Travel. Lodging. Pointe shoes. Pink... The entire marketing campaign. Any and all publicity. And I will even go beyond that and pay for all capital improvements on your facilities.

JACK

We don't need capital improvements...

CRISPIN

(chuckles condescendingly)

Dear boy, you do.

JACK

(to Crispin)

How did you get in here? You're not allowed in the building...

CRISPIN

(sharper, cuts him off)

Jack.

Crispin pauses - his pleasant demeanor disappears, replaced by something edgier.

CRISPIN (CONT'D)

... I've tried working with you in the past.

(MORE)

CRISPIN (CONT'D)

You've turned down the many, many contributions I've offered.

(more intimidating)

You've been quite dismissive, in fact. I'm not used to that.

(all smiles again)

But as they say - water under the bridge. What's in front of us is all that matters.

(to Jack)

Go ahead and tell them to etch the new champagne flutes. And double the order.

Jack turns to Geneviève and continues to stare bullets at her.

CRISPIN (CONT'D)

I'll conclude by saying...

(to the group, rhapsodic, sincere)

... Ballet, to me, is the most perfect form of expression. What was it Mr. Balanchine said? 'Real life is what we cannot explain with words.' This art form will survive and prosper. I'll make sure of it.

And with that, he turns and heads out the door.

Jack has turned white, as if he's seen a ghost. He paces a bit, trying to calm down.

JACK

Anyone else smell sulfur?

NICHOLAS

(awakens)

Sorry - did I miss something?

GENEVIEVE

(to Jack)

It was the only way, Jack.

JACK

(turns to Geneviève)

You... You befriended the devil and you brought him into my house...

GENEVIEVE

He's not my friend, Jack. He's my purse.

JACK

Don't let the 'Ooh, I'm so cute,
I'm so cuddly, I ate a hot dog and
it was scrump-dilly-uptious'
demeanor fool you. That man
manufactures weapons and sells them
to God knows who, that man is a
friend of tyrants, that man is a
noxious chemical manufacturer...

GENEVIEVE

None of us are perfect.

JACK

That man delivered the eulogy at
Rush Limbaugh's funeral! That
man... Rapes soil. He's a soil
raper! That man is Beelzebub.

GENEVIEVE

(calm, assured)

Yes. That's all true. And ballet
needs his money.

JACK

Blood money.

GENEVIEVE

Yes.

Beat.

JACK

I want a sidebar.

GENEVIEVE

(confused)

A sidebar?

GENEVIEVE (CONT'D)

(to her people)

**Qu'est-ce que c'est ? Une
'barre latérale' ?**

GENEVIEVE (CONT'D)

(to her people)

What is this? A 'sidebar?'

RAPHAEL

(shrugs)

Ce type est un imbécile.

RAPHAEL

(shrugs)

This guy is an idiot.

JACK

(heading toward the door)

Just follow me, Geneviève.

(to Raphaël)

I speak French, dummy.

Jack heads to the door. Geneviève gets up and follows him.

24 EXT. MBT - MOMENTS LATER (D2)

24

Jack is out first and Geneviève joins him.

GENEVIEVE

Oh, it is a beautiful day.

JACK

Why are you doing this?
Coldcocking me in front of my
staff?

GENEVIEVE

Because if I had suggested the idea
in an email, you would have
stalled, delayed, fiddled while
Rome burned...

JACK

Is this because of our thing? Is
that it?

GENEVIEVE

Our thing?

JACK

**Notre aventure ? On a couché
ensemble ?**

JACK

The affair? We slept
together?

JACK (CONT'D)

Are you punishing me for that?

GENEVIEVE

No.

JACK

It broke up your marriage.

GENEVIEVE

(shrugs)

I never really liked that husband.
Plus, I was seeing someone in Paris
as well.

JACK

(a little hurt)

You were seeing another guy?

GENEVIEVE

I didn't say 'guy.'

Jack looks hurt and confused by this.

JACK

Well, thank you for thinking so much about my company, Geneviève, but I want no part of this. You wasted your time.

GENEVIEVE

Jack--

JACK

Need help arranging travel back to Paris? No? Good. Have a safe trip.

GENEVIEVE

Jack!

But he's already heading to the building. As he reaches the entrance, he stops, beyond frustrated. He looks back at Geneviève, who is already on the phone and not paying any attention to him. He walks off.

25 INT. MBT - LOWER HALLWAY - MINUTES LATER (D2)

25

A still-annoyed Jack comes around the corner. He passes a rehearsal room and we catch a glimpse of the corps dancers rehearsing in practice tutus - in perfect unison.

He passes a door to another room, where one ballerina (JULIE) is giving advice to another (GEORGIA) about how to clean her pointe shoes.

JULIE

You need baking soda for blood. Or bleach. And you have to scrub them super hard.

GEORGIA

Or get new ones. Hello.

JULIE

They're supposedly backordered. Guess they got the order in late. But bleach should do it.

Jack heads toward a staircase.

26 INT. MBT - CHILDREN'S LEVEL HALLWAY/CLASSROOM - MOMENTS LATER²⁶
(D2)

Jack comes upstairs and heads down the hall. We hear the sounds of kids making strange whooping noises. A male teacher's voice (MORTON) floats above it all.

MORTON (O.C.)
Open to the world! Open! What
does it sound like? To open up to
the world!

KIDS (O.C.)
(making "opening" noises)
Whoooooooo-whaaaaaaaaaaa...

MORTON (O.C.)
And silly face, silly face!...
Silly walk with silly face!
(beat)
That's it - dancing is discipline!
Expression is openness!

Jack steps into the room and finds 20 kids, boys and girls, ranging in age from 10 to 14, all students in the Metropolitan School of Ballet, and all making silly faces and doing silly walks.

MORTON (CONT'D)
(to the kids)
Now fall back! Get little...

All the kids pull their hands to their bodies and back up, giggling as they do it.

MORTON (CONT'D)
Be little... Be little...

Morton spots Jack at the door.

MORTON (CONT'D)
(to the kids; fake alarm)
It's Mr. Jack! Oh no! Look at
that face! That serious, serious
face! Attack! Attack!

All the kids scream and sprint toward Jack.

JACK
(waving them away)
No!

All the kids playfully attack and pummel him. A giggling Jack falls to the floor and they continue to pounce.

JACK (CONT'D)

No! This is a new suit! Custom-made! Stop! I'm calling my lawyer! And my tailor! And he's scarier than my lawyer!

MORTON

The face is gone! The battle's won! Fall back!

All the kids get up and head back to their places. As Morton resumes the class, a smiling Jack, still on the floor, continues to watch them.

MORTON (CONT'D)

(to the kids)

Now everybody join hands and stand as far away from each other without losing contact.

Jack watches as all the kids grab each others' hands and spread apart. His smile slowly fades to worry. He walks off as we hear:

MORTON (O.C.) (CONT'D)

There's plenty of time to be serious! But to dance is to play...

27 INT. CAR - MOVING - MANHATTAN - DAY (D2)

27

A disheartened Geneviève sits next to her deputy, Raphaël, staring out the window. Raphaël holds a phone up (it's on speaker mode) and is in the middle of a conversation. (We can hear a live orchestra playing on the other end.)

BALLET UNION REP (V.O)

Ecoutez, les négociations se passent très bien. Les danseurs apprécient vos concessions.

BALLET UNION REP (V.O.)

Well, the negotiations are going very well. The dancers are very happy with the concessions.

RAPHAEL

On peut tout finaliser alors? Empêcher la grève?

RAPHAEL

So we can finalize this? Call off the strike?

28 INT. LE BALLET NATIONAL THEATER - WINGS - CONTINUOUS (D2)

28

From here in the wings, we can see that a performance of "Giselle" is taking place on stage.

The BALLET UNION REP has his phone on speaker as well, and he holds it out so that a large group of dancers, men and women, in full stage makeup and costumes, can hear. (Throughout the call, we see the performance on stage.) We will INTERCUT for the remainder of the scene.

BALLET UNION REP

Plus que deux ou trois points à régler. Ils voudraient qu'on leur rembourse le fil qu'ils achètent pour coudre les rubans sur leurs pointes. A chaque production, une nouvelle couleur, ça fait beaucoup.

RAPHAEL

C'est le dernier point ?
Après ça, on est bon ?

BALLET UNION REP

On sera bon, oui.

RAPHAEL

(relieved)
Eh bien, ça semble--

GENEVIEVE

(suddenly, testily)
Pour le fil, c'est « non ».

BALLET UNION REP

Quoi ?

RAPHAEL

Quoi ?

GENEVIEVE

C'est trop.

RAPHAEL

C'est du fil.

GENEVIEVE

Ils se doutaient bien, en devenant danseurs classique, qu'il y aurait une histoire de fil.

BALLET UNION REP

We are literally down to the last couple of points. They would like to be reimbursed for the thread they buy to sew on the toe shoe ribbons. So many colors, a different one for each ballet. It adds up.

RAPHAEL

And that will be it? That's the final point?

BALLET UNION REP

That would do it, yes.

RAPHAEL

(relieved)
Well, that seems--

GENEVIEVE

(suddenly, testily)
'No' on the thread.

BALLET UNION REP

What?

RAPHAEL

What?

GENEVIEVE

It's too much.

RAPHAEL

It's thread.

GENEVIEVE

They knew when they became ballet dancers there would be thread involved.

The huddled dancers look confused, as some of them hear their cue and run on stage. Raphaël mutes the phone and speaks to Geneviève in English.

RAPHAEL

What are you doing? Do you know
how long I've been negotiating with
this motherfucker?

GENEVIEVE

If they strike, I don't have to pay
them.

RAPHAEL

What?!

GENEVIEVE

Just a tiny strike, two, three
weeks tops.

RAPHAEL

I thought I was trying to stop a
strike.

(super annoyed)

We need a better system of
communication - memos, hand
signals...

BALLET UNION REP

Allo ? Vous êtes là ?

BALLET UNION REP

Hello? Are you there?

RAPHAEL

(unmutes)

On est là. C'est « non »
pour le fil.

RAPHAEL

(unmutes)

We're here. 'No' on the
thread.

BALLET UNION REP

Si je leur dis ça, ils
risquent de trouver la
direction mesquine.

BALLET UNION REP

If I tell the dancers this,
they'll feel management is
being petty.

GENEVIEVE

On l'est, mesquins. Ils ont
qu'à la faire leur grève.

GENEVIEVE

We are. So they should
strike.

BALLET UNION REP

Pour du fil ?

BALLET UNION REP

Over thread?

RAPHAEL

Geneviève--

RAPHAEL

Geneviève--

GENEVIEVE

D'abord, c'est le fil.
Ensuite, les épingles à
cheveux. Et après, des
vacances en Espagne avec
toute leur famille aux frais
de la princesse. A quel
moment ça s'arrête ?

GENEVIEVE

First, it's thread. Then,
hair pins. Next, it's
summers in Spain for them and
their entire families. When
does it stop?

BALLET UNION REP

Enfin là, vous vous envollez
madame.

BALLET UNION REP

That's quite a leap.

GENEVIEVE

C'est le monde du ballet, on
s'envole souvent.

GENEVIEVE

Well, it's the ballet.
There's lots of leaping going
on.

A few dancers finish their parts on stage, come back and join
the huddle.

BALLET UNION REP

Ils vont être furieux.

BALLET UNION REP

They are going to be very
angry.

Another phone in the car rings. Geneviève checks her phone,
recognizing the number.

GENEVIEVE

Yes?

JACK (OVER PHONE)

Come back.

Geneviève hangs up and smiles broadly. She turns to Raphaël.

GENEVIEVE

Accepte.

GENEVIEVE

Settle.

As Raphaël happily settles with the Ballet Union Rep,
Geneviève addresses the driver.

GENEVIEVE (CONT'D)

Change of plans.

29 INT. LINCOLN RISTORANTE - DAY (D2)

29

An elegant restaurant with a large, impressive glass-walled
dining room overlooking Hearst Plaza. The restaurant is
empty except for a few workers setting up for the dinner
service. Several tables have been pulled together to form a
makeshift conference table. Jack sits on one side of the
table, flanked by Marie and Nicholas.

Geneviève sits on the other side, flanked by Raphaël and Alain. They are ready to talk business.

JACK
Shall we begin?

GENEVIEVE
Yes. Let's begin.

CRISPIN (O.C.)
This is so exciting!

We reveal Crispin sitting way far away at the very opposite end of the "table." Everyone turns to him.

CRISPIN (CONT'D)
Don't mind me, I'm just here to listen. And thank you so much for having me. Such fun!

GENEVIEVE
So who goes first?

CRISPIN
I'd say ladies go first.

JACK
No - I do.

GENEVIEVE
Why? Why do you go first?

JACK
Because this is my house and I graciously consented to this idea and I insist on going first.

GENEVIEVE
Fine.

RAPHAEL
Infant.

JACK
I have a name. And this is not an ask. This is a demand.

GENEVIEVE
(a bit nervous)
Yes?...

JACK
You know we need a strong male principal dancer.

NICHOLAS
Definitely.

JACK

Someone charismatic, who can sell tickets and is tall enough to partner Julie. Oh, you're going to hate me...

GENEVIEVE

My God, just say the name, Jack.

JACK

I want... Antoine Guillaume.

30 INT. ANTOINE'S DANCE SPACE - NIGHT (NC-N1)

30

Alone on stage, the powerful dancer ANTOINE GUILLAUME begins to dance for about ten seconds, culminating in an impossible series of tour en l'airs, one after another. We cut out on him in the middle of a final perfect turn at an impossible height.

31 INT. LINCOLN RISTORANTE - CONTINUOUS (D2)

31

Geneviève seems to be seriously considering Jack's request. She then shrugs.

GENEVIEVE

(insouciant)

Okay.

JACK

(nervous)

Wait, what?

RAPHAEL

He's all yours.

NICHOLAS

(happy)

Great.

JACK

No.

(to Geneviève)

Why'd you agree so quickly?

GENEVIEVE

Because I'm a guest in your house.
I'm being polite.

Geneviève can't help but smile. Raphaël snickers and Alain is smiling, too.

JACK

Is he injured? Tell me if he's injured! What did he pull?

GENEVIEVE

Jack, you asked and I graciously consented. Say thank you, take the victory, and let's move on.

CRISPIN

One down. Terrific.

GENEVIEVE

Now it's my turn. I want Anna.

JACK

Anna?

32 INT. MBT - ANNA'S DANCE SPACE - DAY (NC-D1)

32

ANNA, a ballerina in her early 20s, is in the middle of executing her thirty-two fouettés in Act III of "Coppélia." She is graceful, powerful, perfect.

33 INT. LINCOLN RISTORANTE - CONTINUOUS (D2)

33

GENEVIEVE

You're about to promote her to soloist. Yes?

NICHOLAS

Yes.

JACK

Maybe.

GENEVIEVE

Give her to us. Let us promote her. It'll be a good story.

CRISPIN

Yes, that would be a wonderful story. Very good, Geneviève. Smart.

Jack glares at Crispin then turns to Geneviève.

JACK

I want to stick a pin in this.

Geneviève and the French side look confused.

GENEVIEVE

What does that mean - stick a pin
in her?

RAPHAEL

Like a voodoo doll?

JACK

No, just - stick a pin in her, set
her aside, and let's see where we
go from here.

GENEVIEVE

I said yes to you.

JACK

Too quickly!

GENEVIEVE

You're impossible.

JACK

I have another name. And this one -
this one's going to hurt for sure.

GENEVIEVE

Say it.

JACK

Harmony.

34 INT. HARMONY'S DANCE SPACE - DAY (NC-D2)

34

We're on a ballerina, about to dance. The second she begins,
a voice cuts in:

GENEVIEVE (V.O.)

You got it!

And we hard CUT TO:

35 INT. LINCOLN RISTORANTE - CONTINUOUS (D2)

35

JACK

(super frustrated)
Oh, now come on!

GENEVIEVE

My turn.

NICHOLAS
(obliviously pleased)
We're doing very well here.

GENEVIEVE
I need a choreographer. Someone
young, new, exciting. And you have
one. Someone I want to stick a pin
into...

JACK
That's not the correct use of the
phrase...

GENEVIEVE
We want... Tobias Bell.

36 INT. MBT - STUDIO #1 - DAY (FB-D1)

36

We are on the back of a young choreographer as he watches a group of 8 dancers perform his latest ballet ("Piece 1"). This is TOBIAS BELL - late 20s, an introvert, a seer, a man often lost in his own head. He inexplicably has a big set of headphones on, even though there is a pianist accompanying the dancers, including Julie and EVA CULLMAN. He spots something he doesn't like.

TOBIAS
Stop!

He takes the headphones off and we hear the sounds of THRASHING METAL MUSIC blasting from them as he sets them down and addresses the dancers in his own odd, inimitable shorthand.

TOBIAS (CONT'D)
It's swoop down, duck duck...
(just sounds)
Shuuuueeeesh, pueesh, sjhooooooooo,
beetle move, kite up, with full
extension. Understand?

EVA
I think so.

TOBIAS
Again.

EVA
(hesitant)
Tobias... Can I...

TOBIAS

What...

EVA

Can I try landing on my left foot
instead of the right? After the
sjhooooooooo and before beetle move?

TOBIAS

(considers)

That doesn't make it better.

EVA

Can I just show you?

TOBIAS

(affably)

Okay.

Tobias exits frame and Eva backs up a bit, to get a run on showing him what she was talking about. When she turns, she and the company watch as Tobias walks out of the room. They stand there, confused.

EVA

Is he... Is he coming back?

37 EXT. NEW YORK STREET - ANOTHER DAY (FB-D2)

37

Tobias is crossing a busy street, a frown on his face. Suddenly, he stops dead in the middle - something has occurred to him. He closes his eyes and begins to work out some choreography that has suddenly popped into his head. People brush past him, looking at the weirdo. The light changes. There's honking, as cars struggle to get around him.

GUY IN CAR

Hey, out of the fucking street!

ANOTHER GUY

Fucking weirdo!

Others yell at him, but Tobias doesn't hear them. WE CUT WIDE as traffic backs up and Tobias continues to work out the movement in his head.

38 INT. LINCOLN RISTORANTE - CONTINUOUS (D2)

38

CRISPIN

Another really fine choice,
Geneviève. Tobias is a star on the
rise. Brava.

JACK

Hold it!
(to Geneviève)
We raised him from a pup.

RAPHAEL

Applauding emojis!

GENEVIEVE

(to Jack)
We need him.

JACK

Guess Paris is coming up short on
developing decent choreographers.

GENEVIEVE

Fuck you.

ALAIN

(to Geneviève, upset)
Qu'est-ce qu'il a dit ?

ALAIN

(to Geneviève, upset)
What did he say?

JACK

(to Geneviève)
We're sticking a pin in this one,
too.

GENEVIEVE

What is with you and your bloody
pins?!

RAPHAEL

Nicholas, you know you can spare
him for a while. You've got a new
piece from him ready to go. We
want his next one.

NICHOLAS

Maybe...

JACK

Whoa whoa, Sonny Corleone - never
tell anybody outside the family
what you're thinking.

GENEVIEVE

Give him to me.

JACK

Why? You got the hots for him,
Geneviève? Is that why you're so
dead-set on Tobias?

GENEVIEVE

If I was, I wouldn't tell you. I'd
tell him, and he'd be mine.

JACK

My God - the arrogance!
(to Nicholas)
Are you hearing this?

NICHOLAS

I'm not sure, I'm still rather deaf
from that music last night.

CRISPIN

We're way off topic, chaps.

JACK

Fine.
(to Geneviève)
I need a conductor, and you've got
one of the best.

GENEVIEVE

You want Henri?

JACK

Yes.

GENEVIEVE

You got him.

JACK

Motherfucker.

Crispin giggles.

CRISPIN
This is certainly a show.

GENEVIEVE
(to Jack)
My last ask... Jack - I want her
back.

JACK
Who?

GENEVIEVE
You know who.

JACK
(he does know)
Oh, really...

GENEVIEVE
Yes.

JACK
You kicked her out of your program
with a year left of her schooling.

GENEVIEVE
We discovered her. Trained her.

JACK
Then cut her. That's the point.

GENEVIEVE
Doesn't matter. We want her
back... We want our Mishi.

39 INT. MBT - STUDIO #1 - DAY (FB-D3)

39

Dancers are rehearsing a piece from Balanchine's "Jewels" (Rubies). We move down a line of exhausted and frustrated dancers - sweaty, sore. We land on 19-year-old MISHI DUPLESSIS - looking perfect, fresh, as if she hasn't been dancing for four hours. We reveal Nicholas sitting by a vaporizer, frustrated by how things are going.

NICHOLAS
Okay, okay - we've hit a wall.

He gets up, a bit of a struggle for a guy with bad knees.

NICHOLAS (CONT'D)
You're tired. I am, too. Tell you
what - let's switch back to
'Emeralds.'

(to a dancer, JANICE)
Got anything left?

JANICE
I'm out of gas.

MISHI
(eager to please)
I'll do it. If you need someone to
fill in for now.

NICHOLAS
You know her part?

MISHI
I know everyone's part.

The other dancers sigh - of course she does.

40 INT. LINCOLN RISTORANTE - CONTINUOUS (D2)

40

JACK
Well... I say we--

GENEVIEVE
If you tell me we're sticking a pin
in her, I'm going to rip your
fucking head off!

Jack gets up, frustrated.

JACK
Do that! Put me out of my misery!
Crispin, you've employed assassins.
You put me out of my misery, too.
I'll stand by my picture window
tonight. Give you a clean shot.

CRISPIN
I've never employed an assassin...

Jack heads to the restaurant entrance.

GENEVIEVE
Where are you going?

JACK
I'm just shy of ten thousand steps.

Jack heads out.

41 EXT. LINCOLN RISTORANTE - MOMENTS LATER (D2) 41

Jack comes out of the door and storms past the window, where we see the group assembled inside. He stops for a beat, frustrated, and then takes off, heading toward the theater.

42 EXT. MBT - THEATER - MOMENTS LATER (D2) 42

Jack enters the building.

43 INT. MBT - THEATER - MOMENTS LATER (D2) 43

A full dress rehearsal of "Romeo and Juliet" ballet is in progress - lights, costumes, orchestra. Jack comes in towards the end of the party sequence and takes his seat, tenth-row center. He watches for a while, soothed by experiencing the very thing that all his strenuous efforts are for - the pure beauty of dance.

The party scene ends and the balcony scene begins. Romeo stands at the base of the balcony, beckoning Juliet to come down. Juliet joins him and they dance a bit. As she turns toward the audience, it is no longer the same principal dancer - Jack is now watching (and remembering) the Danseuse Étoile CHEYENNE TOUSSAINT. Back when she danced the role as a guest ballerina a few years ago. She is 32, beautiful, perfect, passionate. She's not just great - she's in a whole class by herself. She pauses and reaches out toward the audience, seeming to look and reach out directly to Jack. The camera lands on Jack as he stares at this visitation.

44 INT. LINCOLN RISTORANTE - MINUTES LATER (D2) 44

Everyone is still at the "table" talking amongst themselves as Jack suddenly rushes up.

JACK
Cheyenne!

A beat, as the name hangs in the air.

CRISPIN
(chuckling)
Oh my, this is getting very
interesting.

JACK
(sits)
I want Cheyenne.

Geneviève looks horrified.

RAPHAEL
That's preposterous.

GENEVIEVE
She's our biggest star.

JACK
I know.

NICHOLAS
She's poetry in motion, to quote
Mr. Thomas Dolby.

GENEVIEVE
A national treasure.

ALAIN
Tu ne peux pas avoir
Cheyenne.

ALAIN
You cannot have Cheyenne.

RAPHAEL
She's on postage stamps.

JACK
I've licked the stamps.

RAPHAEL
Don't make it weird.

GENEVIEVE
(to Jack)
You despise her.

JACK
I don't.

GENEVIEVE
When she guested with your company,
you threatened to deport her.

JACK
But I didn't! And she sold
tickets.

GENEVIEVE
Absolutely not!

RAPHAEL
(to Jack)
You're crazy!

JACK

You want Tobias and Mishi, you give me Cheyenne.

GENEVIEVE

I'll give them back. Take them. I don't want them.

JACK

Keep Guillaume.

GENEVIEVE

You can't have Cheyenne.

JACK

So the whole deal's off. Is that what you're saying?

GENEVIEVE

No... Yes.
(more sure of it)
Yes.

CRISPIN

(loud, adamant)

No.

Crispin gets up and moves closer to the group.

CRISPIN (CONT'D)

Dear Geneviève, you cannot derail these talks. We are too far in.

GENEVIEVE

Il demande la lune.

GENEVIEVE

He's asking for the moon.

CRISPIN

Et vous lui donnerez la lune, ma chère, parce que l'homme semble tout à fait catégorique.

CRISPIN

And you will give him the moon, my dear, because the man seems quite adamant.

JACK

I missed two or three words in there, but I think I agree.

CRISPIN

(to Geneviève)

You must see it from Jack's point of view - what he's asking for is not unreasonable. For God's sake, what's the poor man got? A dancer with hip problems, an alcoholic ballerina and a deaf conductor.

JACK

What?

GENEVIEVE

Mr. Shamblee--

CRISPIN

(cuts her off)

Geneviève - this deal must happen.
For ballet's sake.

Geneviève looks from Crispin to Jack, who awaits her answer.

GENEVIEVE

Fine.

CRISPIN

Good.

Crispin turns to Jack and winks at him. Crispin heads to the exit.

CRISPIN (CONT'D)

(calling back)

Get into the details and send me
the bill! Thank you, everyone!

Crispin is gone. Jack looks at Geneviève, pleased with himself.

GENEVIEVE

Cheyenne...

JACK

Cheyenne.

Jack smiles confidently as the sound of thundering, crashing waves fades up and becomes louder, as we:

CUT TO:

45 EXT. OFF THE COAST OF FRANCE - ECO-WARRIOR BOAT - DAY (D3) 45

It's a rough day at sea. The sky is cloudy, it's raining, and the waves are tossing the boat around. The crew rushes around, trying to steer their boat into the path of an illegal fishing vessel. A bunch of the crew have managed to reach the nets with long poles with hooks on the end. They are trying to cut the nets to set the captured fish free. There's chaos on the other ship as they try to pull their nets back.

In the middle of it all is the fiery Cheyenne Toussaint. She runs over to the Captain, SANDER. He is Greek so they speak English to each other.

CHEYENNE

Come on! They are cutting the nets too slow!

SANDER

Cheyenne, get back to your post!

CHEYENNE

Ram the ship! If we sink it, the nets will release!

SANDER

We can't do that!

CHEYENNE

Why not!?

SANDER

Because if we ram the ship, we would go down, too!

CHEYENNE

So what? This is war! No?

SANDER

Focus on the nets!

CHEYENNE

But they will get more nets! We need to stop the boats! We need to stop...

(screaming to the other boat)

... Those motherfucking criminal bastards! Murdering fucks! You, asshole! I'm talking to you!

SANDER

I don't think he knows what you're saying!

CHEYENNE

Oh, I think he does!

A crew member (CREW MEMBER ONE) approaches.

CREW MEMBER ONE

Captain, Jasper's overboard!

SANDER

Shit.

CHEYENNE

(to Crew Member One)

Who cares?! Leave him!

SANDER

We are not leaving him! And you
are not in charge!

CHEYENNE

If he's too stupid to not fall off
a boat, that's Darwin saying don't
take an idiot like Jasper on the
boat!

SANDER

(to some crew members)

Get Jasper!

CREW MEMBER TWO

Every available man is on the net!

SANDER

Forget the net!

CHEYENNE

What do you mean 'Forget the net?'

SANDER

Cheyenne, take a break! Over
there!

Sander heads away from her.

CHEYENNE

'Take a break.' Oh, I'm so
sorry... I didn't realize it was
swing dance lesson time on the Lido
Deck! They are breaking laws!
They are killing animals! Do you
hear me?

Frustrated, she turns to the opposite ship.

CHEYENNE (CONT'D)

You won't get away with this!
Assholes!

Cheyenne looks around in frustration and reaches into a
basket of oranges and starts throwing them at the other boat.

CREW MEMBER TWO
We eat those oranges, Cheyenne!

CHEYENNE
Well, what weapons do we have?
Harpoons? Crossbows? Where are
the torpedos?!

CREW MEMBER TWO
We don't have torpedos.

CHEYENNE
Why would we come out here without
torpedos! What kind of eco-
warriors are you people?!

46 EXT. MARSEILLE DOCK - LATER (D3)

46

What looks like a fleet of police cars, lights flashing, are lined up as Cheyenne comes off the eco-warrior boat. Many police await her, including the POLICE CHIEF.

POLICE CHIEF
Cheyenne Toussaint ? Vous
êtes en état d'arrestation.

POLICE CHIEF
Cheyenne Toussaint? I'm
placing you under arrest.

CHEYENNE
Pourquoi ?

CHEYENNE
Why?

POLICE CHIEF
Mains dans le dos, s'il vous
plaît.

POLICE CHIEF
Hands behind your back,
please.

CHEYENNE
(not complying,
astounded)
J'y crois pas ! Ils portent
plainte contre moi? Le
bateau de pêche illégale?
Juste parce que j'ai balancé
quelques fruits ?

CHEYENNE
(not complying,
astounded)
I don't believe this - they
get to press charges against
me? The illegal fishing
boat? Because I threw some
fruit?

POLICE CHIEF
(firmer)
Mains dans le dos, s'il vous
plaît.

POLICE CHIEF
(firmer)
Hands behind your back,
please.

CHEYENNE
Vous savez, il y avait tout
un équipage à bord avec moi.
Il ne manquait que Jasper.

CHEYENNE
You know, there was a whole
crew of people on the boat
with me. Except Jasper.

POLICE CHIEF

Justement, c'est votre équipage qui porte plainte contre vous.

POLICE CHIEF

It was the people on your boat who are pressing charges.

CHEYENNE

(disbelieving)

Mon équipage...

CHEYENNE

(disbelieving)

The people on my...

She looks over at her boat, where several guys are watching her. They immediately duck out of sight.

POLICE CHIEF

Vous menaciez d'utiliser des armes, des harpons, des torpilles...

POLICE CHIEF

You were threatening to use weapons, harpoons, torpedos...

CHEYENNE

Bah on a essayé d'envoyer des bonbons et des fleurs, mais ça n'a pas marché.

CHEYENNE

Well, we tried sending candy and flowers and it didn't work.

POLICE CHIEF

C'est vrai ?

POLICE CHIEF

You did?

CHEYENNE

Non ! Évidemment que non !

CHEYENNE

No! Of course not!

CHEYENNE (CONT'D)

(yelling to the men on the boat)

You think you're unsafe now?! I'm going to hire my own boat and use it to ram your boat!

(spots the Captain on board)

Sander, you coward! You cheating, sniveling coward! Face me, Sander! Come down here and face me!

POLICE CHIEF

Le capitaine et l'équipage préfèrent rester à bord tant que vous ne serez pas maîtrisée.

POLICE CHIEF

The captain and crew have chosen to remain on the boat until you have been restrained.

CHEYENNE

Il y a quinze hommes de plus de 130 kg là-haut. Dont un qui a traversé la Manche à la nage en tirant un remorqueur entre les dents...

CHEYENNE

There are fifteen men over three hundred pounds each on that boat! One of them swam the English channel pulling a tugboat in his mouth...

POLICE CHIEF

Toulouse, oui. Il refuse de
sortir de la cambuse.

POLICE CHIEF

Toulouse, yes - he won't come
out of the galley.

One of the POLICEMEN starts to put cuffs on her.

CHEYENNE

(yelling to the men on the
boat)

You are an embarrassment! All of
you!

POLICEMAN

(as he cuffs her)

Il faut que je vous le dise,
ma femme et moi on est fans.
On vous a vue dans « Manon »
il y a deux ans et on en
parle encore.

POLICEMAN

(as he cuffs her)

I just have to say, my wife
and I are very big fans. We
saw you dance 'Manon' two
years ago and we still talk
about it.

CHEYENNE

C'était pas mal cette
création.

CHEYENNE

That was a good production.

POLICEMAN

(pulls out his phone)

Vous permettez ?

POLICEMAN

(pulls out his phone)

Would you mind?

**He takes a picture of the two of them and starts leading her
away.**

POLICEMAN (CONT'D)

Ça va trop lui faire plaisir.

POLICEMAN (CONT'D)

She is going to be thrilled.

**Applause and cheers are heard from the boat as Cheyenne is
led away.**

47 INT. FRENCH JAIL CELL - LATER (D3)

47

**Cheyenne sits, still wearing her stained and rumpled
jumpsuit. A couple of other rough-looking women sit, lean,
and pace around. The one sitting nearest to Cheyenne,
SABRINA, is smoking.**

CHEYENNE

Comment on fait pour arrêter
des salauds sans torpilles ?
Écoguerriers, pff ! Ecomou-
du-genoux, oui. Eco-donneurs
de leçon.

CHEYENNE

How do you stop bad people
without torpedos? Eco-
warriors. Eco-nudgers they
should be called. Eco-finger
waggers.

SABRINA
Les torpilles, c'est pour les
militaires, non ?

SABRINA
Torpedos are for the
military, aren't they?

CHEYENNE
Et ?

CHEYENNE
So what?

SABRINA
Ça doit pas être facile d'en
trouver.

SABRINA
Wouldn't they be hard to
find?

CHEYENNE
Ah ! Parce qu'on veut la
facilité ? Ben, faisons tout
de suite des nuggets de
poulet. Ça c'est facile, non
?

CHEYENNE
Oh, so we want something
easy? Why don't we just make
chicken nuggets. That's
easy.

SABRINA
Vous énervez pas contre moi.

SABRINA
Don't get mad at me.

CHEYENNE
Je m'énerve pas contre vous.
(sigh)
C'est juste que... Je veux
être avec des battants. Je
veux me battre. Je veux que
les choses comptent.
(she glances)
Vous fumez. C'est bien. La
surpopulation, ça détruit la
planète.

CHEYENNE
I'm not mad at you.
(sigh)
I just... I want to be with
fighters. I want to fight.
I want something to matter.
(she glances)
It's good you're smoking.
Overpopulation is killing the
Earth.

Sabrina stares at Cheyenne, trying to figure out if that's a
joke. It's not.

48 INT. MARSEILLE POLICE STATION - LATER (D3)

48

Cheyenne is on a pay phone. There's an impatient line behind
her. She dials and waits.

49 INT. BRUNA'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME (D3)

49

We are in a large, stately, at one time grand apartment with
moldings and mirrors, large windows and views. However, the
place also has peeling paint, scratched-up floors, water-
damaged walls and third-hand furniture. A large table sits
in the middle of the living room, littered with tools and
rusty parts of ancient toasters, and pieces of car engines.
From the hallway, we hear a voice yelling:

LULU (O.C.)
Bruna ! Téléphone !

LULU (O.C.)
Bruna! Phone!

Cheyenne's mother, BRUNA TOUSSAINT, drops what she was working on and ambles out the front door.

50 INT. BRUNA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS (D3) 50

Bruna takes an older model cell phone from LULU.

LULU
Charge-le avant de me le
rendre cette fois.

LULU
Charge it before you give it
back this time.

Lulu exits. We will INTERCUT for the remainder of the scene.

BRUNA
Ouais, ouais, ouais...
(into phone)
Oui ?

BRUNA
Yeah, yeah, yeah...
(into phone)
Yes?

CHEYENNE
Je suis à Marseille. J'ai
été arrêtée.

CHEYENNE
I'm in Marseille. I've been
arrested.

BRUNA
Encore ?

BRUNA
Again?

CHEYENNE
Oui, encore. Faut que tu
m'apportes de l'argent pour
l'avocat.

CHEYENNE
Yes, again. I need you to
bring me money for a lawyer.

BRUNA
J'en ai pas ici.

BRUNA
I don't have any money here.

CHEYENNE
T'as des billets sous ton
matelas, dans tes
oreillers...

CHEYENNE
You have money under your
mattress, in your pillows...

BRUNA
Non...

BRUNA
No...

CHEYENNE
Dans la théière, sous le pot
de fleur de droite...

CHEYENNE
In the teapot, under the
flower planter on the
right...

BRUNA
Non...

BRUNA
No...

CHEYENNE

**Sous le pot de fleur de
gauche, dans ton soutien-
gorge du dimanche...**

CHEYENNE

Under the flower planter on
the left, in your good bra...

BRUNA
Ça, c'est pour les urgences.
J'irai te chercher du fric à
la banque.

BRUNA
 That is money for
 emergencies. I'll go to the
 bank.

CHEYENNE
Merci, maman.

CHEYENNE
 Thank you, Maman.

BRUNA
 (remembers something)
Au fait, y a les tutus qui te
cherchent.

BRUNA
 (remembers something)
 Oh - the tutus are looking
 for you.

CHEYENNE
Ah bon ? Pourquoi ?
 (Bruna has hung up)
Allô ?

CHEYENNE
 What? Why?
 (Bruna has hung up)
 Hello?

Cheyenne hangs up. Beat. She picks up the phone and starts dialing again. The line in back of her gripes and complains loudly. Cheyenne ignores them. Then, into the phone:

CHEYENNE (CONT'D)
Passez moi Geneviève.

CHEYENNE (CONT'D)
 Get me Geneviève.

51 INT. LE BALLET NATIONAL OFFICES - HALLWAY - DAY (D4)

51

The hallway is crowded with dancers, costume racks being rolled through, people talking, smoking, drinking coffee. They all sense her before they see her... And then Cheyenne comes bolting around a corner, on a mission. She is wearing the same clothes she wore on the fishing boat and in jail. Clearly there is a smell, as people recoil as she passes. Cheyenne ignores them and marches into Geneviève's office.

52 INT. GENEVIEVE'S OFFICE - OUTER AREA - CONTINUOUS (D4)

52

Geneviève's assistant, LUCIEN, sits at a desk. He looks up, startled.

LUCIEN
Excusez-moi...
 (the smell hits him)
Oh my God.

LUCIEN
 Excuse me...
 (the smell hits him)
 Oh my God.

Cheyenne ignores him, marching past him.

53 INT. GENEVIEVE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS (D4)

53

Geneviève is on her computer as Cheyenne marches in.

CHEYENNE

Snake!

GENEVIEVE

Cheyenne! I have been trying to...

(gets a whiff)

Oh my God...

Geneviève gets up and goes to a window. During the following, she tries to open it but is unsuccessful.

CHEYENNE

Snake with rattles and fangs. Like the Bible. In a tree. Hanging there waiting, quiet. And then suddenly here's some fruit. Enjoy it on your way to America.

GENEVIEVE

It's not America. It's New York. Sit, please. Let us talk this out like--

CHEYENNE

Talk? Talk is wonderful. What should we talk about? About how you fired me?

GENEVIEVE

I did not fire you!

CHEYENNE

I save your pathetic 'Rite Of Spring,' go off for two weeks and come back fired.

GENEVIEVE

You did not save it and I did not fire you!

CHEYENNE

He wanted it cheerier. 'Rite of Spring.'

GENEVIEVE

He never said cheerier, Cheyenne, he just changed the costumes.

CHEYENNE

Fluffy skirts. Like the Can-Can.

GENEVIEVE

(calling out)

Lucien, does this fucking window
not open?

LUCIEN (O.C.)

It does not!

CHEYENNE

'Rite of Spring!' It's about human
sacrifice! You don't carry out a
human sacrifice in a fluffy skirt!

GENEVIEVE

And you refused to wear the skirt.
You exchanged it for a t-shirt with
a cat giving the finger.

CHEYENNE

And that's why you're firing me?

GENEVIEVE

I am not firing you. Things
happened while you were gone.

CHEYENNE

All these years I am here - I gave
up everything - family, children...

GENEVIEVE

(tries to open the window
again)

You hate children.

CHEYENNE

Because they are a drain on the
world and are boring to talk to.
But that doesn't mean I did not
give them up, and Geneviève, stop!
This is a ballet company, the whole
place smells like one big yeast
infection!

Geneviève gives up on the window and sits back down.

CHEYENNE (CONT'D)

(hurt)

You didn't even call. You just gave me away.

GENEVIEVE

I couldn't call! You were on a bloody ship in the middle of the ocean!

The door flies open and a young dancer named GABIN ROUX enters. Early 20s, handsome, masculine, incredibly arrogant and fishing to become famous.

GABIN

(dramatically)

Et voilà ! Je suis là !

GABIN

(dramatically)

And here I am!

CHEYENNE

(frustrated)

Oh vaffancol!

GENEVIEVE

Gabin...

Gabin slams the door and takes his place next to Cheyenne.

GABIN

Tu sembles surprise ?
Excitée ? Extatique ?
Super. Maintenant, parlons
de comment moi je me sens.

GABIN

You seem surprised? Excited?
Elated? Wonderful. Now,
let's talk about how I feel.

CHEYENNE

T'as besoin qu'on change ta
couche ?

CHEYENNE

Like you need your diapers
changed?

GABIN

Je viens d'apprendre que
j'pars pas à New York. C'est
vrai?

GABIN

I have just heard that I am
not going to New York, yes?

GENEVIEVE

Non. Enfin si. Tu ne pars
pas.

GENEVIEVE

No. Yes. You are not.

GABIN

Je peux savoir pourquoi ?

GABIN

May I ask why?

CHEYENNE

Peut-être qu'ils veulent pas
de toi. C'est l'Amérique.
Ils en ont plein des petits
cons prétentieux.

CHEYENNE

Maybe they don't want you.
It is America. They're full
up on cocky little shits.

GENEVIEVE

Gabin...

GENEVIEVE

Gabin--

GABIN

Tu m'as fait entrer dans
cette compagnie parce que je
suis exceptionnel. Alors à
quel moment, j'avais avoir le
droit d'être exceptionnel?

CHEYENNE

Moi je te trouve exceptionnel
à chaque fois que tu ouvres
la bouche.

GABIN

Tu pues encore plus que
d'habitude.

CHEYENNE

(to Geneviève)
J'y vais pas.

GABIN

(to Geneviève)
Moi, j'y vais.

GENEVIEVE

(to Cheyenne)
Toi t'y vas...
(to Gabin)
Toi t'y vas pas.

GABIN

(re: himself)
Les gens disent qu'ils n'ont
pas vu un tel talent depuis
Baryshnikov...

CHEYENNE

Personne n'a jamais dit ça.

GENEVIEVE

La danse classique t'a
beaucoup apporté.

CHEYENNE

Non - j'ai beaucoup apporté à
la danse.

GENEVIEVE

La danse existait avant toi.

CHEYENNE

Ça se discute.

GABIN

You put me in this company
because I am amazing. So
when do I get to be amazing?!

CHEYENNE

I find you amazing every time
you open your mouth.

GABIN

You smell worse than usual.

CHEYENNE

(to Geneviève)
I'm not going.

GABIN

(to Geneviève)
I am going.

GENEVIEVE

(to Cheyenne)
You are...
(to Gabin)
... You're not.

GABIN

(re: himself)
People say not since
Baryshnikov have they seen
such talent...

CHEYENNE

No one has ever said that.

GENEVIEVE

Ballet has been very good to
you.

CHEYENNE

No - I have been very good
for ballet.

GENEVIEVE

There was ballet before you.

CHEYENNE

That is debatable.

GENEVIEVE

Non ça ne se discute pas. Ça doit se faire. On en a besoin. La compagnie en a besoin. La danse en a besoin.

GENEVIEVE

It's not debatable. This must happen. We need this, the company needs this. Dance needs this.

GABIN

J'étouffe ici.

GABIN

I am suffocating here.

GENEVIEVE

Tu n'as qu'à ouvrir cette fenêtre de merde !

GENEVIEVE

Then you open that goddamn window.

CHEYENNE

Send him. Send Baryshnikov.

GENEVIEVE

They want you.

CHEYENNE

Impossible. Jack hates me.

GENEVIEVE

Many people hate you. He asked for you. He insisted. There was no negotiation.

GENEVIEVE (CONT'D)

(to Gabin)

Gabin, retourne en répétition.

GENEVIEVE (CONT'D)

(to Gabin)

Gabin, get back to rehearsal.

GABIN

En répétition ? Debout à regarder un Roméo de quarante-cinq ans draguer une Juliette de trente-neuf. Debout, un pichet de vin à la main. De temps en temps, j'en bois une goulée. Ma touche personnelle.

GABIN

Rehearsal? I am standing around watching a forty-five-year-old Romeo flirt with a thirty-nine-year-old Juliet. I stand and hold a jug of wine. Occasionally I sip from it. I added that part myself.

GENEVIEVE

Tu auras ta chance, quand tu seras prêt.

GENEVIEVE

You will get your chance when you are ready.

GABIN

C'est la prison ici. Même les assassins sont mieux traités que moi. Je ne suis pas un assassin.

GABIN

This is jail! Murderers are treated better than me. I am not a murderer.

CHEYENNE

J'ai vu ta « Tarentella » la
saison dernière...

CHEYENNE

Well, I saw your 'Tarantella'
last season...

GABIN
Je t'emmerde en long, en
large et en travers.

GABIN
Fuck everything about you.

GENEVIEVE
It's a year, Cheyenne. One year.

CHEYENNE
They're going to make me do 'Stars
and Stripes.'

GENEVIEVE
(to Cheyenne)
They probably will. And you will
have to do it. And 'The
Nutcracker.' And you'll have to go
to the galas, and donor parties,
and you are going to have to teach
a master class.

CHEYENNE
No.

GENEVIEVE
And you are going to have to
participate in the marketing
campaign.

CHEYENNE
What, you want me to go on TV and
sell pasta noodles?

GENEVIEVE
No. Who said anything about pasta
noodles.

CHEYENNE
Isn't that where this is headed?

GENEVIEVE
To pasta noodles? No. It's not.

GABIN
J'suis sous-exploité ici.
Laisse moi aller là où ils
apprécieront mon talent.
J'suis jeune, j'suis fort et
mon anglais est aussi bon que
le sien :

GABIN
I am wasted here! Let me go
somewhere where they will use
my talents! I'm young, I'm
strong, and my English is
just as good as hers:

GABIN (CONT'D)
'What are the specials today?' 'I
have no smaller bills.'

Cheyenne realizes she's getting nowhere. She goes to the window, opens it with one yank, then turns and storms out the door.

GENEVIEVE
Cheyenne!
(she's gone)
Shit.

GABIN
Parfait. Maintenant qu'elle
est partie, je peux te
montrer ce qu'ils me font
faire dans mon dernier rôle?

GABIN
Oh, good. Now that she's
gone, let me show you what
they have me doing in my
latest part.

He picks up a vase of flowers.

GABIN (CONT'D)
Disons que c'est un pichet de
vin.

GABIN (CONT'D)
Pretend it's a jug of wine.

Gabin strikes a pose and stands there a beat.

GABIN (CONT'D)
Fascinant, non ?

GABIN (CONT'D)
Riveting. No?

Geneviève just rubs her tired eyes.

CUT TO:

53A INT. LE BALLET NATIONAL - WOMEN'S DRESSING ROOM - MOMENTS 53A
LATER (D4)

We are close on a locker. Cheyenne's arm comes into frame
and opens the locker. She pulls out her dance bag and exits
out of frame.

54 INT. BRUNA'S APARTMENT - LATER (D4)

54

Bruna is plugging a now-fixed ancient toaster into a plug. She shoves a piece of toast into it and watches carefully. The door opens. Cheyenne enters and opens a coat closet packed with broken vacuum cleaners waiting for her mother to fix. She pulls out an old army duffle bag and heads to her room.

CHEYENNE

Ils m'expédient aux États-Unis.

CHEYENNE

They are shipping me to America.

BRUNA
(matter of fact, eyes
still on toaster)
D'accord.

BRUNA
(matter of fact, eyes
still on toaster)
Okay.

Cheyenne disappears into her room. A piece of partially burnt toast pops up. Bruna nods, satisfied.

55 INT. MBT - STUDIO #1 - DAY (D4)

55

A group of ten dancers is rehearsing "Piece 1" as Tobias watches. The pianist is playing but as usual, Tobias has headphones on. He stands far away from the dancers and when they make any move toward him he recoils a bit. Julie fronts the group and Eva and a dancer named LARRY are there as well.

Jack and Nicholas quietly slip into the room. They watch for a beat. Julie does some piqué turns and then grande jetés in Tobias' direction.

TOBIAS
Whoa! Why are you coming so close
to me?!

JULIE
(still dancing)
Sorry, Tobias.

TOBIAS
You have the whole room to dance
in. You don't have to aim it right
at me.

JULIE
I won't do it again, Tobias...

TOBIAS
I can't hear you. Just don't do it
again.

Tobias suddenly notices Jack and Nicholas. Jack gives him a little wave. Tobias waves to the pianist.

TOBIAS (CONT'D)
Stop. Everybody stop.

The pianist stops playing and the dancers stop dancing. (Eva quietly consults with a mystery man, who we later find out is her full-time psychologist, DR. SPEER.)

Tobias stares at Jack and Nicholas. He pulls the headphones off and we hear his heavy metal music blaring.

TOBIAS (CONT'D)
We're rehearsing.

NICHOLAS
And it's wonderful.

JACK
I just need a quick chat with you
at some point.

TOBIAS
About what?

NICHOLAS
The headline? Opportunity.

JACK
(to Tobias)
Just come find us when you take a
break.

LARRY
He doesn't take breaks.

JACK
Well, when you're done.

TOBIAS
Tell me now.

JACK
I'll tell you when your rehearsal
is over.

TOBIAS
I can't rehearse until you tell me.

LARRY
(to Jack)
Please just tell him.

JACK
(to Tobias)
It can wait.

TOBIAS
I won't think about anything else
until you tell me what it is. I'll
just stand here. For hours.

NICHOLAS
Well, we can speak now, but how
about in the hall?

TOBIAS

Why?

JACK

Do you want to ask the dancers to
step into the hall?

TOBIAS

Am I dying?

JACK

What? No. Of course not. I mean
honestly, I don't know if you're
dying. But you look very healthy.
Why? Are you dying?

TOBIAS

I don't know! I don't know why you
want to talk to me, I don't know if
I'm dying, I don't know why Julie
aims right for me every time she
does that jeté - there's many
things I don't know, Jack.

He looks around the room at all the dancers, who are now very
interested in what Jack has to say.

JACK

Well... Okay.
(looking around a little
self-consciously)
... Le Ballet National has
specifically requested you as part
of the swap.

Nothing from Tobias.

JACK (CONT'D)

To go.

Still nothing.

JACK (CONT'D)

To Paris.

Tobias stands there a long beat, then simply walks out of the
room. Jack looks after him, confused.

JACK (CONT'D)

(to the dancers)
Is he... Is he coming back?

56 INT. MBT - JACK'S OFFICE - DAY (D4)

56

Jack, Marie and Nicholas sit with the radiant Mishi. They have news that they think she is going to like to hear.

JACK
You're going home, Mishi.

MISHI
(confused)
Home?

MARIE
Paris.

NICHOLAS
Great story. Hometown girl gets
dreams dashed in France, finds
acceptance with the Yanks, and
returns home a star!

MISHI
I'm not a star.

JACK
Oh, you're a star, Mishi. Trust
me.

MISHI
Paris. Wow.

JACK
You always talk about how much you
miss it.

MISHI
I still haven't found a good
baguette here.

Jack and Marie laugh.

JACK
And now you'll have to give up
pizza. Until you come back to us.

MISHI
(team player)
Well, this is such a wonderful
thing. And I'll be the best
ambassador I can be for you. I
promise.

MARIE
We have no doubt.

JACK
Your parents will be happy you're
coming home.

MISHI
They'll be ecstatic. Yes.

NICHOLAS
Good. Marie will help you with all
the details.

Mishi stands.

JACK
Hey - we're gonna get you back. So
don't get too comfortable.

MISHI
(smiles)
I won't.

JACK
Promise?

MISHI
Promise. Thank you, Jack. Marie.
Nicholas.

JACK
I'll be in touch.

NICHOLAS
I can't wait to see how this story
ends!

Mishi exits.

57 INT. MBT - LOWER HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER (D4)

57

Mishi comes downstairs from Jack's office, looking happy as a
clam. She passes a couple of fellow dancers she knows and
likes, including Larry.

MISHI
Hi, guys.

LARRY
Hey, Meesh...

She passes Georgia.

MISHI
Your tag is out, Georgia!

GEORGIA
Thanks, Mishi!

Mishi continues on, heading into the bathroom.

58 INT. MBT - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS (D4) 58

There's one other girl in the bathroom - another dancer, L.J.

L.J.
Meesh, what's up?

MISHI
Looks like I'm going to Paris.

Mishi starts filling a sink with cold water.

L.J.
Oh my God - you're going home. You
must be so excited.
(hugs her)
Catch me before you go.

MISHI
Will do.

L.J. exits, leaving Mishi alone in the bathroom. She suddenly bends down and violently dunks her face in the cold water, leaving it there for several long seconds. When she straightens up, head and face dripping, she stares at herself in the mirror and we see that she is not happy with the news. In fact, she looks absolutely terrified.

59 INT. MBT - MEN'S DRESSING ROOM - DAY (D4) 59

Jack is with two 16-year-old American boys - LADD and THOMAS. They both look very concerned, serious.

JACK
It would be for a year, at least.
You'd train with them, learn the
Paris way...
(beat)
A lot to ingest, I know.

THOMAS
(intimidated)
A year.

LADD
Wow...

JACK

I think you can do it. You are two of our top students. You've got the poise, which is crucial, because there'll be press. You'll be representing Paris, but you'll be representing New York, too.

(beat)

Well?

THOMAS

(super doubting)

I don't know.

LADD

All our friends are here.

JACK

You'll make new friends...

THOMAS

I was going on a driving trip with my family. Through the National Parks. It's kind of a yearly thing.

JACK

You'd have to skip that.

LADD

And my brother's graduating middle school...

JACK

You'll miss some things, for sure. But give it a think. Okay?

THOMAS

We will.

LADD

Thanks, Mr. McMillan.

Jack gets up and heads off. As soon as he's gone, Thomas and Ladd both jump up, exploding with excitement.

THOMAS

Dude, we're going to Paris!

THOMAS/LADD

Whoo! / Yeah!

THOMAS

French girls!

LADD

And the drinking age is, like,
twelve there!

THOMAS

I don't have to pretend to give a
shit about Yosemite!

LADD

I'm gonna smoke pot and eat snails!

They begin to do a little dance and sing a silly song.

THOMAS/LADD

(singing)

WE'RE GOIN' TO PARIS, YEAH! / WE'RE
GOIN' TO PARIS, YEAH!...

60 INT. NEW YORK AIRPORT - DAY (D5)

60

A livery driver in a black suit and hat stands holding a very official sign reading "Cheyenne Toussaint." A group of passengers fresh off their flight from Paris head toward the baggage carousel. Cheyenne trails behind them. She sees the driver standing there. She walks right past him and out of the frame.

61 INT. SUBWAY CAR - LATER (D5)

61

Cheyenne sits slouched down on a crowded subway car, her rucksack at her feet. A four-man doo-wop group make their way through the car singing. One holds out his hat for donations. As they pass, Cheyenne pulls some bills out of her pocket and throws them into the hat. The singer nods his thanks. Cheyenne calls after him.

CHEYENNE

You're off-key.

The slightly offended and confused man moves on. Cheyenne settles back into her slouch.

62 EXT. MBT - PLAZA - DAY (D5)

62

Cheyenne, rucksack over her shoulder, walks toward the main building. She glances up and slows down when she spots something.

CHEYENNE'S POV - An angry as hell Jack stands waiting for her.

JACK
You missed your car.

CHEYENNE
They pollute.

JACK
I thought maybe you'd been abducted
by aliens.

CHEYENNE
I wasn't.

JACK
There was a whole welcoming
presentation awaiting you. All the
young girls from the school were
lined up to meet you. They had a
special dance planned for you.
They were so excited.

CHEYENNE
Oh. Where are they now?

JACK
They stood out here for two hours.
They had to go back to school.
Half of them were crying.

CHEYENNE
They'll toughen up. Or they'll
quit. One or the other. I need a
toilet.

Cheyenne heads into the building. A furious Jack heads after
her.

63 INT. MBT - SECURITY GUARD ENTRYWAY - CONTINUOUS (D5)

63

Cheyenne walks past the security desk.

SECURITY GUARD
You need a pass, Miss!

JACK
She's with me.

Jack rushes to catch up with her.

JACK (CONT'D)

I called you. I left messages: 'Do you need anything, is the seat on the plane okay, is there anything in the paperwork that was confusing.' And I got nothing. No answer at all.

CHEYENNE

Sometimes no answer is your answer.

JACK

No text, no smoke signals, it's like I lit the beacons of Gondor and then Rohan just went 'Oh, that's pretty' and then went back to gardening.

CHEYENNE

I got your messages and I understood your random 'Lord of the Rings' reference, so we're good?

Cheyenne heads into a bathroom.

64 INT. MBT - SECURITY GUARD ENTRYWAY - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS 64
(D5)

Cheyenne drops her bag and heads into a stall. Jack comes in.

JACK

Stop walking away from me.

CHEYENNE

(from inside the cubicle)
Are you serious?

JACK

I'm talking to you.

CHEYENNE

Get the fuck out of the ladies' room, Jack.

JACK

It's gender neutral. Read the signs.

The cubicle's door flies open. Cheyenne grabs her bag.

CHEYENNE

I pee with an audience? No.

Cheyenne exits. Jack follows.

65 INT. MBT - SECURITY GUARD ENTRYWAY - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS 65
(D5)

Jack emerges just in time to see Cheyenne disappear around a corner.

JACK
You're being ridiculous.

Jack goes after her.

65A INT. MBT - JACK'S OFFICE - OUTER AREA - MOMENTS LATER (D5) 65A

Cheyenne comes up the staircase with Jack following.

JACK
Cheyenne! Stop it! Use the
bathroom, I'll wait out here.

CHEYENNE
I am fine. And if I can't hold it,
I won't. That's what pets do.

Cheyenne heads toward Jack's Office.

JACK
Wait, did you just threaten to pee
on my rug?

Jack follows her.

66 INT. MBT - JACK'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS (D5) 66

Cheyenne throws her bag on Jack's couch and turns to face him.

CHEYENNE
(demands)
Why am I here?

JACK
You know why.

CHEYENNE
You don't need me here. You don't
want me here. I was very happy
where I was.

JACK

You were never happy anywhere.

CHEYENNE

My life. I decide.

JACK

See, this is why I thought we
should have a phone call and
discuss--

CHEYENNE

I don't need a phone call. I'm
standing right here. I want to
know why you insisted that I come
here. To this place. With the
blinding light everywhere.

(MORE)

CHEYENNE (CONT'D)

Why is there so much light? You think these are such wonderful people to look at? You think their dancing needs to be highlighted by so much wattage? Do you make anyone take class here? Are they all Rockettes?

Jack presses the intercom button on his desk.

JACK

(to his assistant, over the intercom)

Julian, does anybody need me to be somewhere?

JULIAN (V.O.)

No.

CHEYENNE

I don't like being a chess piece.

JACK

(into intercom)

Anybody at all?

CHEYENNE

I am not chattel.

JULIAN (V.O.)

You're good. Schedule's clear.

JACK

(into intercom)

Could you double check?

CHEYENNE

No one needs you! There are no rich ladies to make you see their panties for a donation!

JACK

Okay, first of all, fuck you.
Second of all, fuck you.

CHEYENNE

Tu m'as kidnappée !

CHEYENNE

You kidnapped me!

JACK

Je ne t'ai pas kidnappée !

JACK

I didn't kidnap you!

CHEYENNE

Packed up and tossed out of my country...

JACK

You were not tossed out of your--

CHEYENNE

Told I am to be in New York in two days. Forced onto a plane. A plane uses four liters of fuel every second! Every second, Jack! And now that's on my head!

Jack sighs and heads over to the couch.

JACK

Sorry about the plane.

Jack lies down on the couch, exhausted by her. Cheyenne wanders over to the window and stares out for a long beat. She takes a deep breath - she's clearly out of steam and is feeling a bit vulnerable. Finally:

CHEYENNE

(quietly)

You know, the smoked salmon cinema closed. On Broadway. I walked by it on my way here.

JACK

(wistfully)

It did.

CHEYENNE

Too bad.

Beat.

CHEYENNE (CONT'D)

How you can sell smoked salmon at a movie theater...

JACK

It was a surprising menu item.

CHEYENNE

I liked that theater, though. They were so mean to the old people.

Jack smiles to himself, remembering.

CHEYENNE (CONT'D)

The world can break your heart in so many ways, you know?

Jack sits up.

JACK

Look, Cheyenne - this swap is very important. To me, to my company...

Cheyenne looks at him, then back out the window.

CHEYENNE

I have approval over all my pieces.

JACK

You have consultation and right of refusal, yes.

CHEYENNE

No - approval.

JACK

Right of refusal. It's the same thing.

CHEYENNE

Says who?

JACK

Your lawyer.

CHEYENNE

What lawyer?

JACK

Ben. Ben Friedman.

CHEYENNE

He's a lawyer?

JACK

Yes. What did you think he was?

CHEYENNE

I don't know. He always handed me a cappuccino. I thought he was the cappuccino man.

JACK

He's been negotiating on your behalf for a week. He's killing us over the parking space.

CHEYENNE

I don't drive.

JACK

You should tell him that.

CHEYENNE

I don't know how much is left in me, Jack. I don't know what I'm supposed to be doing right now.

JACK

Well, while you figure it out, be here. Change of pace. New faces.

CHEYENNE

I don't need new faces.

JACK

What do you need?

Cheyenne has no answer to that question.

JACK (CONT'D)

To watch you dance is like dying and finding out there actually is a heaven. You know that?

CHEYENNE

(shrugs)

Well, in the right part...

JACK

I know you hate the bullshit. Let me deal with the bullshit. You just dance. Do what you love. You do love to dance, don't you Cheyenne?

CHEYENNE

(matter of fact)

No. But it's who I am. So, there is no choice.

Cheyenne grabs her rucksack and exits.

67 INT. MBT - LOWER HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER (D5)

67

Cheyenne walks and looks at the framed pictures lining the walls. Some feature performances, some feature dancers posing for publicity pictures, and one is of Cheyenne five years ago, in a studio and clearly arguing with the choreographer. Behind the battling duo, Jack stands, head in his hands but obviously finding the fight amusing. Cheyenne leans in, never having seen this picture before.

68 INT. MBT - STUDIO #2 - MOMENTS LATER (D5)

68

Cheyenne stands there, her rucksack still over her shoulders. She looks around the room.

A SERIES OF SHOTS

CHEYENNE DIGS HER POINTE SHOES OUT OF HER BAG.

CLOSE ON CHEYENNE'S HORRIFYING FEET, NOW COVERED WITH PAPER TOWELS AS SHE SHOVES THEM IN HER SHOES.

CRUNCHING HER FEET IN THE ROSIN BOX.

CHEYENNE WALKS TO THE CENTER OF THE ROOM.

ON CHEYENNE'S FEET. SHE TENDUS OUT TO THE SIDE AND BRINGS HER FOOT INTO A PERFECT FIFTH POSITION. SHE THEN TENDUS TO THE SIDE, ROND DE JAMBE TO FOURTH POSITION AND PIROUETTES. AS SHE DOES, THE CAMERA MOVES UP HER BODY UNTIL IT LANDS ON HER FACE. WE CUT WIDE AS SHE FINISHES HER LAST ROTATION AND LANDS PERFECTLY. SHE FROWNS.

CHEYENNE

Well, that was embarrassing.

She preps to try again.

69 INT. MBT - STUDIO #2 - LATER (N5)

69

Cheyenne is now drenched in sweat. She's finishing up a last combination. She's clearly worked the anger out of her system for the moment. She drops down on her back and lays there sprawled out, breathing in and out. After a beat, she sits back up and starts to take one shoe off. She examines it. It's completely trashed.

CHEYENNE

Désolée, ma petite. Ta mort
est insignifiante.

CHEYENNE

So sorry, little one. Your
death was meaningless.

She tosses it and it lands perfectly in a trashcan.

70 INT. MBT - THEATER - STAGE - NIGHT (N5)

70

Cheyenne walks to the middle of the stage and takes in the empty theater. She hears something - voices. She looks up and sees, all the way at the back of the theater, Crispin Shamblee leading a group of contractors in from the lobby.

CRISPIN

So, you open the lobby door and you walk right into this. You see what I'm talking about? The chairs, which look like we borrowed them from a church basement, the cheap laminate floors, don't even look at the sconces. You'll have nightmares. This whole room is an abomination. A ballet theater is a sacred space. When you walk in here it should feel like church.

CONTRACTOR

Church. Okay.

CRISPIN

I want to re-do everything. Make it more La Scala, less Odd Fellows Hall.

CONTRACTOR

Does Jack know about this? Because, you know, he just brought us in to put some shelves in the storage closet.

CRISPIN

Let me handle Jack. You just click your heels together and get us out of Kansas.

Crispin glances over to the stage and is pleased to see Cheyenne standing there.

CRISPIN (CONT'D)

Cheyenne Toussaint, Danseuse Étoile and queen of Le Ballet National. Gentlemen, you should know that you are currently in the presence of greatness.

CHEYENNE

It's nice to see you're still completely full of shit, Crispin.

CRISPIN

Yes, well, I am a big believer in consistency.

Crispin makes his way down the aisle toward the stage.

CRISPIN (CONT'D)

I heard they overnighted you from
France.

CHEYENNE

Bubble-wrapped me and everything.

CRISPIN

You look wonderful.

CHEYENNE

Let's not pretend to be friends,
hmmm? It's beneath us.

CRISPIN

You haven't softened any of those
rough edges of yours, I see.

CHEYENNE

Why are you here? I didn't know
you had anything to do with this.
Jack never even let you in the
lobby of this place.

CRISPIN

Well, he was doing himself a favor
because that lobby is terrible.
I'm fixing it, though. It's going
to be a marvel. I just Venmo'd
Santo Loquasto. And to answer your
question, I am here to make sure
this swap succeeds. In fact I was
very instrumental in getting you
here.

CHEYENNE

You are a liar and a criminal.

CRISPIN

But I also love a good 'Coppélia.'

CHEYENNE

I must go.

CRISPIN

I think it's wonderful you're here.
It's going to be a big boost for
the company and it desperately
needs a boost.

CHEYENNE

And you truly care?

CRISPIN

You don't think I do.

CHEYENNE

No. I don't think you truly care
about anything but power. Control.

CRISPIN

There you are wrong. Not about the
power and control. I do love that.
(pointedly)
Who doesn't, right Étoile?

Cheyenne says nothing. Crispin has climbed the stairs to the
stage.

CRISPIN (CONT'D)

But you are not completely wrong in
your feelings about me. I have
done many things in my life that I
am not proud of. Well, that's not
true. I'm actually very proud of
them but I know I shouldn't be, so
there's a little self-awareness.
However, when it comes to dance,
there my love is pure.

CHEYENNE

(scoffs)
Please...

CRISPIN

There's nothing on this Earth that
can compare to it. Talk about
power. The power to control a
person's heart and soul. To
transport them someplace magical.
I am utterly devoted to it. It's
my one true love.

CHEYENNE

And you think giving money to the
ballet absolves you of your sins?

CRISPIN

Well, why not? It's certainly a
lot more concrete than 'Give me
five Our Fathers and ten Hail
Marys.'

CHEYENNE

You just like your name on
buildings.

CRISPIN

I like knowing that if my name is
on a building, then this wonderful
thing is still alive. If something
bad goes to something good, it's
sort of a wash, isn't it? You
certainly understand that.

CHEYENNE

Me?

CRISPIN

Yes, you.

He starts walking slow circles around her.

CRISPIN (CONT'D)

You know, Cheyenne, you and I are very similar.

CHEYENNE

No.

CRISPIN

We are both exacting, determined. Ruthless when we have to be. We know who we are. And we won't even try to change. And I understand how isolating that is. In fact, I may be the only person in the entire world who truly understands you. Who understands your constant search for meaning in what you do. Why are you here on Earth? Is it to dance? There's no one better at it, but is that it? Is that enough? You are a true artist. Artistry comes at a cost.

CHEYENNE

Oh, and you are an artist now?

CRISPIN

In my own way, yes, I am. I'm also the best at what I do. To be the best, you must be uncompromising. And that comes with guilt.

CHEYENNE

I have no guilt.

CRISPIN

Anthony Bricks never recovered from his time working with you.

Cheyenne freezes.

CRISPIN (CONT'D)

He was an up-and-coming choreographer. The next big thing. And then, like a dream, he got handed the greatest ballerina in the world to build a ballet around. And she fought him, refused to do what he asked, and then humiliated him in front of the entire ballet world.

Cheyenne turns away from Crispin.

CHEYENNE

It was a terrible piece. He was a mediocre talent at best.

CRISPIN

But all you had to do were the steps. That's it. And you could've made them look wonderful. But you didn't. You did your own steps. And then you let everyone know it. You let everyone know that Anthony was a fraud. And he's never tried to choreograph anything ever again. Has he.

CHEYENNE

(beat; a little guilty)

No. He runs a tchotchke store in Arles. Sells bobblehead Van Gogh dolls.

CRISPIN

Oh, well that's just as good as being a celebrated choreographer.

Cheyenne looks at her feet. She's genuinely ashamed.

CRISPIN (CONT'D)

Being an artist is not generous. Or kind. Therefore, sometimes we need to pay penance. To do something to keep our humanity from floating off into the ether. Be useful to other people. And if we do that, maybe someday the angel will overtake the devil and we will finally find our place in this world.

Crispin smiles at her and heads off the stage and back down the aisle.

CRISPIN (CONT'D)

Oh, by the way, that was one of my boats you attacked the other day. We'll talk about that another time, hmm?

Crispin heads back to the group of waiting contractors.

71 INT. MBT - LOWER HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER (N5)

71

Cheyenne walks down the darkened hallway. She hears something coming from one of the rehearsal studios. She stops and peeks in through the glass window in the door. She sees Susu in the middle of the room working on a combination while staring at the iPhone propped up on the piano. Susu's back is to the door so she doesn't notice Cheyenne. Susu is having trouble with her penché and keeps falling out of it. Frustrated, she backs up the phone and starts the routine again, only to fall out of the penché. She's angry at herself and would clearly kick something if there was anything around to kick. She backs the phone up again and starts over. Cheyenne quietly steps into the room.

72 INT. MBT - STUDIO #1 - CONTINUOUS (N5)

72

Cheyenne stands there a beat and then closes the door loudly. A startled Susu turns around, frozen, caught. Cheyenne studies her for a moment, then walks over to the piano and looks at the cell phone that is continuing to play the secretly-filmed class.

CHEYENNE

This is Josie's class.

(turns to look at Susu)

How did you get this?

Susu doesn't answer.

CHEYENNE (CONT'D)

What are you doing here - in the middle of the night?

Susu doesn't answer.

CHEYENNE (CONT'D)

Are you in the school here?

SUSU

(quietly)

No.

CHEYENNE

What?

SUSU

(a little louder)

No.

CHEYENNE

(pointing to the phone)

How did you get that?

SUSU

My mother got it for me.

CHEYENNE

Who is your mother? She dances here?

SUSU

She's the cleaning lady.

CHEYENNE

So this is stolen?

SUSU

The phone?

CHEYENNE

The footage.

Susu doesn't say anything.

CHEYENNE (CONT'D)

So where do you study?

SUSU

Nowhere.

CHEYENNE

Nowhere. You came out of your mother's womb with feet like that?

SUSU

My grandmother taught me some things when I was little.

CHEYENNE

You've never been to class?

SUSU

No money for class.

CHEYENNE

(points to the dance shoes
on her feet)

But there's money for shoes?

Susu doesn't answer.

CHEYENNE (CONT'D)

(still nothing)

If I looked inside of them, would I see some other girl's name?

SUSU

I always put them back when I'm done.

Cheyenne nods and steps closer to Susu.

CHEYENNE

What's your name?

SUSU

Susu. Am I in trouble?

Cheyenne gives her one more long look, taking the young girl in. There's clearly something special about her. Cheyenne finally turns and starts for the door.

CHEYENNE

Meredith's classes are better.
Tell your mother.

Cheyenne walks out the door, leaving Susu standing there wondering what the hell just happened, as we:

FADE OUT:

END OF SHOW