

SCRIPT TITLE

Written by

Name of First Writer

Based on, If Any

Address
Phone Number

EXT. COMMUNITY CENTER - NIGHT

VISITOR, female, 25-35, has made it across the street and stands outside the community center, arms crossed, phone in hand. Her DISTORTED REFLECTION stares back at her from the louvered windows.

A BACHATA remix plays from within -- slow and sensual, the rhythm insistent.

LOCAL DANCER (O.S.)
Coming in or just judging tonight?

Visitor looks over to find LOCAL DANCER -- female, male or non-binary, 22-35 -- standing in the doorway. Visitor smirks.

VISITOR
Judging. Obviously.

Local Dancer grins, leans against the doorframe.

LOCAL DANCER
You dance?

VISITOR
Yeah, no... I mean only if I'm wasted. And I gave up drinking last month, so...

Local Dancer studies her. A slow nod.

LOCAL DANCER
Alright. C'mon.

Local Dancer offers Visitor an OPEN HAND.

VISITOR
What?! No way! I'm just--

LOCAL DANCER
You'll regret it if you don't at least try.

VISITOR
Wow. Bold assumption.

LOCAL DANCER
Nah, science, actually. Studies show that like ninety percent of voyeurs like you, they end up coming inside and loving it.

VISITOR
And the other ten percent?

LOCAL DANCER

End up back home in bed, staring up
at the ceiling, consumed by self-
loathing. It's not healthy.

Local Dancer's HAND is still extended.

LOCAL DANCER (CONT'D)

Let's go. I'll lead, unless you
want to.

Local Dancer smiles, charisma strong. Visitor drops her head
and extends her hand. Lets herself be pulled inside.

As Local Dancer pulls a TWENTY from their pocket and hands it
to the Elderly Woman at the door...