

SCRIPT TITLE

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A YOUNGER DANCER, male, 18-25, awkward and nervous, hurries to catch up with TEACHER.

YOUNGER DANCER
Ah... Excuse me?!

Teacher turns back. Younger Dancer can't look her in the eye.

YOUNGER DANCER
Hey, hi, yeah, so... I'm really...
sorry...
(whispering)
But I can't do this.

TEACHER
(stepping closer)
Sorry, I can't really hear you.

Teacher smiles. As he's about to speak again, an OLDER DANCER, female, 55-80, steps up. She nods at Teacher - "I got this".

OLDER DANCER
(to Younger Dancer,
gentle)
Come. Come here a moment, sweetie.

She takes his HAND and pulls him toward a back corner. He's all nerves, a lamb being led to slaughter.

Reaching the corner, she turns. Grabs his shoulders, rotates him to her, so his back is to the other dancers adjusting costumes and practicing moves. She stares up at him.

OLDER DANCER
Listen to me, okay? My husband died
two years ago--

YOUNGER DANCER
Oh, really? I'm so sorry--

OLDER DANCER
Just listen--

YOUNGER DANCER
Okay, yeah--

OLDER DANCER
Died two years ago tomorrow. So I'm
a widow. No kids. In many ways, a
shell of my former self.

He nods, wide-eyed, concerned.

OLDER DANCER

I was radiant. And passionate. A
passionate lover. And a grab-em-by-
the-balls business woman--

YOUNGER DANCER

Okay, I can see--

OLDER DANCER

And a dancer all my life! All kinds
of dance--

YOUNGER DANCER

And, honestly, that really shows--

OLDER DANCER

But now, here, at my age, I'm
invisible. To almost everyone. It's
as if I don't even exist--

YOUNGER DANCER

Really?

OLDER DANCER

Yes, really! I'm lucky to be asked
to dance maybe once or twice at
these socials. I'm a charity case--

YOUNGER DANCER

I don't think--

OLDER DANCER

But guess what?!

He shakes his head, has no idea.

OLDER DANCER

I'm here anyway!

YOUNGER DANCER

Yeah--

OLDER DANCER

Damn fucking right! I'm here taking
a risk, so you can too--

YOUNGER DANCER

Okay, except--

OLDER DANCER

No, you *can* and will!

He blinks down at her, shocked at her adamance.

OLDER DANCER
Jesus, I mean take a look at
yourself!

He blinks. Peers down, confused.

OLDER DANCER
Like an Adonis! Have the beautiful
hair. A decent jawline. Almost like
a leading man.

Younger Dancer is deeply confused. Older Dance is on a roll.

OLDER DANCER
So maybe you were bullied in middle
school, I can see that. You were
probably chubby, a chubby
introvert. We all were. But that's
behind you!
(she adjusts his
shoulders)
So you're going to rotate your
shoulders back like so. Good...
(she adjusts his chin)
And lift the chin. Good. And now
begin to command the space you
enter! Learn to own the floor!

He maintains the posture, but is unsure.

OLDER DANCER
Because you have the right, just
like anyone else.

YOUNGER DANCER
The right... for... ?

OLDER DANCER
For love! Laughter! Passion that
leaves you completely exhausted in
the morning, yet desperately
wanting more! You understand me?

He shakes his head.

OLDER DANCER
Yes you do! And you will! You need
to be open to something spontaneous
happening that will change the
course of your life. Some magic.
And doing this, tonight, increases
the odds. Trust me on that.