

BALLERINA

Written by

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Address
Phone Number

INT. DANCE ROOM - LATE NIGHT

A faint MELODY fills dimly lit DANCE ROOM. LEATHER JACKET, BIKE HELMET, and DANCE BAG are thrown at corner of room.

A FLYER taped to mirror READS: BALLET AUDITIONS MARCH 31ST.

LILY (early 20s), performs ballet in leotard and ballet shoes in center of the room. She executes a turn, she falls.

BRANDON (O.S.)
You're doing it wrong.

Lily looks back. BRANDON (early 20s), a fit guy leans against doorway with arms crossed.

LILY
I don't need help.

Brandon takes off his shoes and stands center of room. He performs same move Lily tried. He finishes with a perfect stance.

BRANDON
Like that.

Lily scoffs and turns her head.

Brandon glances at flyer and then at the helmet.

BRANDON (CONT'D)
You're going to have to get out of your head if you want to get this move right.

LILY
And what do you know about what's in my head, huh?

BRANDON
I know enough.

Lily forces herself up, grimacing from pain and soreness.

LILY
Well, don't.

Lily positions herself in ballet form. She performs a move.

Brandon observes Lily's performance. He nods and walks towards door.

Brandon puts on his shoes.

BRANDON

I know you act tough, but somewhere
deep down, you want the help.

Lily does not lose focus.

LILY

I don't.

BRANDON

Then take it anyways. A bad girl
like yourself will get eaten alive
in this prissy, high-maintenance hell
hole.

Lily loses balance.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

You know where to find me.

Brandon passes through door.

DOOR CLOSES.

Lily collapses on ground. She notices her stuff at the
corner.

LILY

What the hell am I doing?