

MOTION

Written by

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"What You Lose In The Fire..."

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To view the accompanying series bible, "Headache."

INT. STUDIO ROOM D - EARLY MORNING

Large black CURTAINS cover the length of an entire wall, well, *almost*. Where its two halves are supposed to meet lies a thin line of silver. Push in on it to find-

SENA PAEK (late 20s) draws the curtains shut.

Barefoot save for a wrapping of TAPE on the right and draped in a light sheen of sweat, she walks to the center of the empty studio.

She double checks her work- the curtains stay closed.

Mollified, she closes her eyes and assumes a curious position: straight spine, right arm curling upwards, fist resting on the center of her chest, left arm mirroring behind her, head craning as far up as her neck will allow.

Inhale.

Her eyes open.

BARITONE MALE CHOIR (V.O.)
VENEZ!

She looks up, searching the ceiling for something. Anything.

Nothing.

She exhales, closing her eyes.

ALTO MALE CHOIR (V.O.)
VENEZ!

Our perspective shifts, we see her now from above, from where she was looking earlier. She inhales and then-

She erupts.

CUE: [SALTARELLE OP. 74](#) BY CAMILLE SAINT-SAËNS (0:14 - 0:40)
/ [BUSK](#) BY ASZURE BARTON (1:30 - 1:56)

To the now harmonized choir chanting French in rapid tempo she flows with technical grace.

Shifting from restrained tight positions to unconfined large ones at breakneck speeds, she executes grand battements, jetés, interspersed arabesques.

More often than not, her hands remain locked behind her back but intermittently they sweep out with her legs and her body unfurls like a sail catching wind.

The camera, static, clashes against the dynamism of its subject, as if she were trapped by the frame itself.

She continues, oscillating between a body confined to itself and the body open to the world. Off of a slide on the floor and a leap back up she-

STOPS.

Once again in the pose we met her in, looking up. She almost seems to see us looking down. Almost.

She releases.

Sitting on the floor, she sips water and blindly rummages in her dance bag, her brow furrows and she pulls out a LIGHTER. She looks at it for a moment then drops it back in the bag, trading it in for a TOWEL.

She wipes her face and looks down into her open, cloth-covered palms.

A final inhale and-

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Muted by the glass of a window, Sena's face is buried in the towel, as if screaming into it.

PRELAP - A CLATTER OF COINS

INT. COMMON AREA - LATER

We look up at Sena and FLORA (late 20s) looking down at us.

FLORA
Hm. That's...

On the table between them a QUARTER, PENNY, and NICKEL lie next to a smoking stick of PALO SANTO and an open TOME porcupined with post-it notes. Flora consults a diagram on her PHONE which sits between the tome's pages.

FLORA (CONT'D)
(off the phone)
Three tails is... broken Yin.

Flora scrawls a broken line into her NOTEBOOK.

SENA
What does that mean? Broken Yin?

FLORA
(a sore subject)
Right?

SENA
Why are you doing this if you don't even know what any of it means?

FLORA
Only way to learn. Besides you sat with me. You know the rules.

Sena, defeated, slouches down even further, resting her forehead on the table.

SENA
Yeah...

Flora finishes writing, sweeps the coins into her palm, and sees the facedown Sena.

FLORA
How'd it go this morning?

BANG - Sena hits her head lightly against the table, the coins tremble.

FLORA (CONT'D)
Still nothing, huh.

Bang.

FLORA (CONT'D)
What are you going to do?

Bang.

FLORA (CONT'D)
I know the interviews are today but it's still not too late to-

Sena lifts her head up, plopping her chin on the table.

SENA
I'm not doing a different piece.

FLORA
All they said was show *something*, they didn't say what. With how specific they were you could probably even get away with doing an improv.

Sena barks a dry, single laugh.

FLORA (CONT'D)

Hey, I'm not saying winging it's a good idea. She's gonna be in charge of, like, a third of the rep for the next two years. I'm just saying... you have options.

SENA

I'm not doing a different piece.

FLORA

(backing off)

Okay. If you say so.

Sena sits all the way up.

SENA

That was *my* piece, *my* solo. You saw me.

(fizzling)

And if I can't even do that anymore then...

Sena reverts to the slump and bangs her head again.

FLORA

Sena, there is no *your* piece. You know this. There's the piece and then there's you.

A beat.

SENA

(face down)

Just throw your stupid coins.

Flora does, she tallies them and begins scribbling.

FLORA

(then, nonchalant)

I heard they removed Ryan's profile from the website yesterday.

Another beat- Sena picks herself up, only barely.

SENA

Yeah, well. It was going to happen eventually.

FLORA

I don't think he's going to be the last.

SENA
(re: the coins)
Is that what they say?

FLORA
Don't need to consult the cosmos to
see what's right in front of me.

SENA
I heard there were a lot of empty
seats last season.

FLORA
Mmhmm.

SENA
Mm.

Sena looks at the smoke, curling its way upwards and sighs.

SENA (CONT'D)
No paycheck, no contract. Not even
a picture on a website to prove
that you were. Just one moment
you're there, the next you're...

Sena opens a closed fist- *poof, gone.*

FLORA
He was cut, it's not like he died.

SENA
Yeah, but... didn't he?

Flora puts her pen down and looks at Sena for a moment, torn.
She wavers, wanting to say something but-

PETER (O.S.)
Hey.

PETER (late 50s) stands in the doorframe.

PETER (CONT'D)
If either of you see Theo can you
send him my way. I need to get with
him before morning barre.

They both acknowledge with thumbs up. Peter looks over
Flora's shoulder.

PETER (CONT'D)
Flora, what is that?

FLORA
The I Ching.

PETER
The yee-what? Never mind, just-
(re: palo santo)
Just put that out.

Peter exits. Flora casts the coins and studies the results, making no move to do what he said.

SENA
I feel like he's been prickly lately.

FLORA
(anxious)
Yeah. That's another thing.

A silence settles as Flora scribbles. Sena picks up a coin and aimlessly toys with it, examining each face before putting it down and looking back at the smoke. Gently waving and curiously hypnotic, it draws her in, gradually filling our screen until-

INT. WOMEN'S BATHROOM - MORNING

An EXHALE- it clears, revealing QUINN MARTIN (late 20s), fully clothed and vaping in the bathroom stall. On her phone she watches the interview of a FRIZZY HAIR woman.

FRIZZY HAIR woman
... It just had such a raw desperation to it. It breaks my heart. And the way it uses repetition to really pull that feeling out. It's a classic for a reason...

Quinn takes a pull of her vape and then, brows furrowed, tries to inhale deeper. She mashes the button and bangs it against her thigh- dead.

She pauses the video, stands up, opens the BAG that hangs on the hook in front of her and a MINT TIN falls out.

Bending down to retrieve it she sees, tucked away in a bottom corner of the stall, a STICKER OF A DANCING SKELETON. She looks at it, then, almost playfully, she raises her hands above her head, mirroring the skeleton's pose.

As she holds the position, a finger on her hand seems to flicker in the light, as if it were glitc-

BUZZ. BUZZ. BUZZ.

She pulls the phone out of her hoodie pocket and silences the alarm, - 10:33 labelled "LATEEE." She looks at the door in front of her for a moment and-

Sits back down, resuming the video.

INT. WOLF STREET MAIN STUDIO - LATER

A door opens and Quinn, now wearing an oversized t-shirt and shorts, enters.

THEO (O.S.)
Ket, watch your alignment. Remember we're engaging the spine a lot this season.

In front of another, even larger wall of closed, BLACK CURTAINS* is THEO (late 30s). An OLDER MAN (late 50s) sits on a chair in the corner, observing.

THEO (CONT'D)
Flora, grounding. As always. But...

In the center of the cavernous studio, Sena, Flora, KET (late 20s) and a MAN (mid 20s) stand evenly spaced in a single row, each in varying states of exhaustion. Around a dozen others, the remainder of the CORPS, hover on the perimeter, watching. Quinn joins their ranks, standing next to BAILEY (mid 20s).

THEO (CONT'D)
Sena.

Theo gives a look - *come on.* Sena's hands ball into fists.

BAILEY
(sotto Quinn)
You're late.

QUINN
(sotto Bailey)
I missed barre right?
(off of Bailey's nod)
Then I'm not late.
(re: the man in the corner)
Who do we got?

BAILEY
Potentially staging a piece next season.

*For script purposes, the curtains are present in each studio space and are CLOSED unless otherwise specified.

THEO

Next group! We have Andrea, Mia,
Bailey and... Quinn.

QUINN

(playful tone mimic)

Theo.

The group in the center swaps out, Sena and Quinn pass, each staring straight ahead, as if pointedly so.

THEO

We missed you this morning. What was it today? Phone die or was the L late?

QUINN

Are they mutually exclusive?
(a glance at the corner)
Sorry, sorry. Won't happen again.

THEO

I'll hold my breath.
(then, to the quartet)
Alright, from the top of where we ended yesterday. Back in the body.

The quartet takes up a kneeling positions. Quinn sneaks a glance to her left to see ANDREA (late 30s), focused.

THEO (CONT'D)

Bon? Bon. Then. Here. We. Go. And-

We swing to the quartet, a droning sound rises as we push in on their backs-

CUE: DRUM AND DRONE BY JUSTIN HURWITZ (0:00 - 0:38) / THIS, THAT, AND THE THIRD BY RENA BUTLER (0:00 - 0:38)

As the sound builds, the edges of the room seem to darken. The kneelers slowly rise, turning around as they do. By the time they stand we can see each are bathed within their own squares of light. They look upwards, towards the source of their illumination.

For a moment we're close on Quinn, looking up, holding a hand in front of her eyes, she seems to recognize something behind the blinding light, with the kick of the drum they all-

COWER - downwards, each in their own way. From there they sync to each other, staccato movements slowly opening to larger actions until they are turning, sweeping, swiveling, occasionally a pantomime, a quick isolated oscillation of a specific part of the body.

On one of the isolations, Bailey's light flickers for a moment, he stabilizes but it remains dimmer than the rest. Despite the wide range of motion, their position in the room seems confined to their boxes of light.

All the while, the periphery continues to grow dimmer, the four dancers brighter. It is clear that Quinn and Andrea outshine their neighbors now. Perhaps its a trick of their brighter light but their shirts seem to seep, bleach-

The drum cuts and they **FALL**.

The room, back to its normal lighting, clothing the same as when they began.

Theo considers their performance for a moment.

THEO (CONT'D)
 ... It's a start.
 (to Bailey)
 Bailey, the isolations start from a specific place, not the entire body. If it's not contained you're convulsing, not dancing. Mark it.

Bailey, exploring, marks through a head swivel motion.

THEO (CONT'D)
 You're thinking too much.

Bailey does it again, smoothly, noticeably better lit.

THEO (CONT'D)
 (to the room, teaching)
 Good.

Theo gestures to the Corps.

THEO (CONT'D)
 Remember, thinking has its place but only for when you're back there. When you're up here you don't have time to think through every isolation or arabesque, you feel them. You embody the motion, the role, the piece. You become it.
 (to the room)
 And to us watching, how can we tell? The proof is in the what?

CORPS
 The presence.

THEO

Bon. The one thing a person can't hide. Either you are connected to the moment or you are not. Its degree is its depth.

(to Bailey)

Comprehends?

Bailey nods, suppressing annoyance.

THEO (CONT'D)

Good.

(to the remaining three)

Mia, watch your travel. Andrea, good. Quinn... good.

Quinn gives a proud look to Andrea- *watch out*. Andrea waves her away as if shooing off a fly.

THEO (CONT'D)

Okay. What are we standing around for! That was only the first round so lets take it again. Vite, vite, keep the momentum, keep the pa-

INT. COMMON AREA - LATER

Quinn and Bailey, drying sweat, sit at a table eating lunch, the former a candy bar, the latter a salad. Quinn, with an earbud in watches something on her phone. The room is bustling now over the lunch hour. Bailey puts his fork down.

BAILEY

I hate when I get made a lesson. Be honest, was it bad?

Caught in her phone, Quinn says nothing. Bailey clears his throat.

BAILEY (CONT'D)

I said, "I hate when I get made a lesson was it bad."

QUINN

What? Oh. You know he likes to give that spiel when there's a rando in the room. Communicates his philosophy, makes him look good. That's just the game.

BAILEY

But still, why me? You were the one who was late.

QUINN

Yeah... But not in a way that
matters.

BAILEY

Ugh. He *loves* you.

QUINN

He *loves* that I can handle the
choreo. I just make his life
easier, that's it.

Bailey sits silent as he realizes what it implies about him.

BAILEY

(changing subject)

What are you watching?

Bailey leans over. Quinn pulls away. Bailey leans further and finds Quinn watching a grainy video of an elaborate dance piece-

BAILEY (CONT'D)

(semi-struck)

Is that the piece you're doing?

QUINN

Maybe.

(then, off Bailey's face)

What?

BAILEY

Nothing. I don't know. It's just,
i've never seen you...

Bailey gestures vaguely at Quinn.

QUINN

Watch dance videos?

BAILEY

... prepare?

QUINN

By watching dance videos? You do
know we work in a dance company,
right?

BAILEY

You know what I mean.

QUINN

Why are you focusing on me so much?
Isn't your interview today too?

(MORE)

QUINN (CONT'D)
Maybe focus less on what I'm doing
and more on what you can be doing.
Unless you were happy with this
morning then...

Quinn spies something in the distance, a woman walks past the door frame holding a large PAPER TUBE and a small stepladder.

BAILEY
So it was bad!
(chews a knuckle)
Shit. But it was just morning class
so it shouldn't *really* matter,
right?

QUINN
I don't know how to break it to you
but everything matters.

Quinn stands up, slinging her bag over her shoulder.

QUINN (CONT'D)
Been that way for quite some time.

BAILEY
Where are you going? We're still on
to rehearse our solos later, right?

QUINN
Yeah, maybe. We'll see if I can
squeeze you in.

BAILEY
(whine)
Quinn.

QUINN
(mimic)
Bailey.

Quinn exits.

BAILEY
Okay I'll see you later then!

On the table, Bailey notices the CANDY WRAPPER Quinn left behind. After a moment, he grabs it and crumples it up.

INT. RECEPTION - MOMENTS LATER

Quinn steps out into the modern reception area and spies the object of her earlier notice, a WOMAN (early 30s), stands on the stepladder, pinning up a large PROMOTIONAL POSTER.

Quinn walks up to the poster- a woman, dramatically frozen in mid-motion. The last corner, not yet pinned drapes over the woman's face, obscuring her, the text, "*WOLF STREET, SEASON 43 - OF RELEASE*" tastefully frames the figure.

QUINN
Again?

WOMAN
(shrugs)
What can you do?

Off Quinn's face, as if considering how to get out of a parking ticket-

INT. STUDIO ROOM C - LATER

A tape-wrapped foot SLAMS floor. A familiar chanting of French.

CUE: SALTARELLE OP. 74 BY CAMILLE SAINT-SAËNS (0:42 - 1:02)
/ BUSK BY ASZURE BARTON (1:58 - 2:18)

The foot leaves with a backwards step but the music stays. We pull back to find Sena engaged in new phrases of the same first piece she was bashing her head against.

She stutters backwards and threatens a fall but she catches herself and turns, opening up her body and sweeping it forward across the floor to execute a grand jeté.

She lands and holds a hand over her eyes, as if searching for something on the horizon. Then, as if exhausted, her body melts into a slouch. She forces herself back up and shakes a limp arm across her body once, twice, three times, four.

On the fifth, she puts her arms behind her back and spins, arching her body upwards before falling on her knees, head pointed down, hands behind her back. The music ENDS.

She looks up at the ceiling, searching.

Off her face, finding nothing-

INT. MAIN HALLWAY - LATER

Quinn scans a whole WHITEBOARD-CORKBOARD situation, an intricate scheduling system separated into rows and columns of information, each box filled with information.

After some searching, she finds what she is looking for. She opens her phone and navigates to the alarms app.

There seems to be an alarm for nearly every minute of every hour. She scrolls down its extensive list and walks into-

INT. OFFICE SPACES - MOMENTS LATER

The most utilitarian wing of the company, where a row of glass offices surround a larger bullpen. She peeks into the latter and sees Sena sitting across from Theo. Quinn pauses outside, eavesdropping-

THEO

Your lines are clean, each move flows into the next, maybe a little off with timing but on a technical level you seem fine.

SENA

Sooo...?

THEO

I don't know, it just feels like you're...

Theo waves his fingers out into space - gone.

SENA

Isn't that - (*Sena repeats the gesture*) - good?

THEO

(tricky)

Yeah, it can be, but... have you considered doing a different piece? Something new? Maybe a fresh start could spark something.

SENA

No. I don't... I don't think that's a good idea.

Theo checks his watch and winces.

THEO

Yeah. Fair. Well, there's been a lot going on but if you want I could try to swing by for a few minutes later? Take another look?

SENA

No that's okay. I was just hoping for... I don't know. Thanks anyways.

Sena gets up and walks out, Quinn shrinks herself against a wall, narrowly avoiding discovery.

Quinn watches Sena as she turns the corner and exits. Quinn's gaze falls on a nearby office. Through its window she sees Peter facing a MAN (mid 40s) behind a desk, the pair locked in discussion. A STACK OF FRAMED POSTERS on the floor bely the fact that the occupant is still moving in. While interested, Quinn tears herself away and struts into the bullpen, grabbing a seat.

QUINN
(re: Sena)
She okay?

THEO
Tough to say. You could ask her
yourself.

QUINN
Yeah. Maybe...
(then)
I'm sure she'll be fine.

Theo notices his bowl of salad sits relatively untouched. He picks it up and starts eating, ravenous.

QUINN (CONT'D)
Busy day, huh.

THEO
These interviews. Everyone's worried and the schedules in shambles. Not to mention the gala and all the other stuff that's been...

Theo silences himself, realizing who he's talking to.

QUINN
You know, if you're ever discussing
who to cut next I've got some
thoughts I'd be more than happy to
share.

Theo takes a bite and draws a circle in the air with a finger—*move it along*.

QUINN (CONT'D)
You're no fun. Fine. "Rite of Spring." What's, like, the whole... deal with that one.

THEO

Oh. Wow. When I said everyone I
didn't mean *everyone*.

Quinn shrugs.

QUINN

I want to do a good job. Is that a
crime?

Theo studies Quinn for a moment, noting her closed body language.

THEO

Remind me, why'd you pick that one?

QUINN

I don't know. I heard about it and
I thought it was... interesting.
Strong choice, leaves a strong
impression.

THEO

Yeah, it is strong... But, I don't
know, isn't it a bit... heavy?

QUINN

You don't think I'm good enough to
do heavy?

THEO

I'm not saying that. I'm just
saying. It's... heavy.

QUINN

Look, can you help me or not? I'm
doing it either way.

Theo, stops eating and looks at Quinn, weighing scales.

QUINN (CONT'D)

You're the one who keeps saying I
should take this more seriously.

The scales tip, he swallows his food.

THEO

I've never staged it.

QUINN

(earnest)

That's fine. I'll take broad
strokes. Whatever you got.

THEO
(surprised)

Huh.

(then)

Okay. Well, I'm assuming you're talking about Pina's version of "Rite" which, again, I can't speak to but I do know about the general ballet of it all. You know the story, right?

QUINN

Yeah, basically. It's winter, some pagan dudes are afraid spring is never going to come, so a girl gets chosen, girl gets sacrificed, and spring comes.

(sarcastic)

It's a classic for a reason.

THEO

Like I said, heavy. Not necessarily a fun piece. When it debuted in Paris it literally caused a riot.

QUINN

Sounds like the French.

THEO

(a wistful pride)

The French.

(back)

But that's just the reaction and we're talking about the action here. The question for you as "girl" is: what are you dying for?

QUINN

What am I dying for?

(then, chewing on it)

What does that even mean? It's so... vague.

Theo shrugs.

THEO

Hey. That's kind of up to you.

He takes a bite.

INT. HALLWAY - LATER

Sena fills her water bottle at a station. She looks down and sees the wrapping on her foot is coming undone.

INT. RECEPTION AREA - LATER

Sitting on a chair in the deserted reception area Sena wraps A WHEEL OF TAPE around her foot.

She looks at the chair beside her, on its seat are the remains of the previous wrapping, nestled in it, a small BANDAGE, flecked with a singular spot of dried blood.

As she looks, frowning, we hear a FAINT CRACKLING sound-

She forces her head away- silence. Having finished the wrapping she brings the tape to her teeth and notices-

Now fully hung, a large promotional poster of Andrea frozen in mid-motion.

She tears the tape.

INT. PRODUCTION WORKSHOP - CONTINUOUS

Sena enters a jungle of chaos- props, costumes, tools and the like litter the area.

SENA

Hey, Andrea do you have a second?

In one corner Andrea is being measured by PEN (late 30s, a memory of punk) who rotates between writing down measurements and performing internal calculations.

ANDREA

(lightly pointed)

Apparently I have all the time in the world.

PEN

Divas. I swear.

ANDREA

You love it.

(to Sena)

What's up?

SENA

Okay. So. Has there ever been a piece where...

Sena tries to find the words, she thinks loudly but physically.

SENA (CONT'D)
Like it just felt...

The silence grows.

ANDREA
It just felt...

Sena sighs and stops thinking.

SENA
Right. It just felt right. Like your natural instincts and the choreography just kind of...

Sena brings her hands together, interlocking them.

ANDREA
Sure. I can think of a few.
(wistful)
Those are nice...

SENA
Well. Have you ever gone back to one after awhile and did it ever feel... different?... Off?

ANDREA
Oh. Yeah. Of course.

SENA
(relieved)
Really?

ANDREA
Sure. It's out of the body, right?
But you warm it up a few times,
shake out the dust, sweep out the cobwebs and before you know it-

Andrea moves her upper body and hands - *voila*.

ANDREA (CONT'D)
(to Pen)
Sorry.

PEN
That's okay. I'm done with you anyways. Go on. Shoo.

Pen waves them away and Sena and Andrea walk to the door.

SENA
(disappointed)
But what if you've been doing it
for awhile and it still feels...

ANDREA
Off?

SENA
Like nothing.

ANDREA
Which piece are you talking about?

SENA
"Rafters."

ANDREA
Ah. You did that one with Martin
awhile back, right? It was good on
you. Or you were good on it. That
whole chicken and egg.

(then, considering)
You want my advice? If it's not
working, move on. Do something
else.

Sena sighs.

SENA
Yeah. I keep hearing that.

ANDREA
It's not like you're giving up or
anything, just doing something new.

SENA
That sounds like giving up.

ANDREA
(considering, torn)
I mean, I see that side but... it
doesn't have to be that side.

Andrea checks her watch.

ANDREA (CONT'D)
Shit. Sorry I'm up soon. Look, with
this kind of thing there's no wrong
choice, just inauthentic ones. An
old teacher told me that.

Andrea studies Sena, her words didn't move much. Andrea puts a hand on Sena's shoulder.

ANDREA (CONT'D)
You're young, you'll be fine.
(then, slightly awkward)
And i'm sure you're probably going
through a lot with the whole-

Sena moves away from Andrea's hand.

SENA
That's okay. Really.

ANDREA
Yeah... I get that too.
(then)
But still, merde and all that.
It'll work itself out, sometimes
just takes a second. You're gonna
be okay.

Andrea exits, leaving Sena alone. Her hand balls into a fist.

PEN
Oh, Sen, I needed to measure you
for something, right? "The Hunt?"

SENA
No.

PEN
(slightly embarrassed)
Oh. Yeah. Sorry. Pre-season. A lot
going on.

SENA
Tell me about it.

INT. STUDIO ROOM D - LATER

Quinn, wearing a WHITE SHIFT and covered in a light sheen of sweat, holds a pose in the center of the room. She releases.

QUINN
So?

Bailey sits against a wall, watching.

BAILEY
It's good.

Back to Quinn now wearing her normal dance clothes.

QUINN
Just good?

BAILEY
(sarcastic)
Oh. Sorry. It was spectacular.
Mahvelous. The best i've ever seen.

QUINN
Yeah, yeah. Did you get... "death?"

BAILEY
It *looked* intense but mm-

Bailey wobbles his hand and makes a face- *not really*.

QUINN
(like something sharp is
stuck between her teeth)
Shit...

BAILEY
Okay. My turn.

Bailey stands up and they swap places.

BAILEY (CONT'D)
I need you to watch how I come down
after the last chassé, I want it to
really - (*pantomimes chomp*) - bite.
Also watch my spacing, I think i'm
traveling more than I want to but
don't know for sure.

QUINN
Mmhm.

BUZZ. BUZZ. Quinn's phone vibrates on the floor- an alarm for
2:48. She quickly silences it.

QUINN (CONT'D)
But gimme a minute to grab some
water. I'm out.

Quinn rummages through her bag and grabs her water bottle and
the mint tin.

BAILEY
Okay but don't take too long. I'm
up in like, ten.

QUINN
I'll be quick.

She exits and Bailey watches the door shut behind her. He
centers himself, takes a breath and-

INT. STUDIO ROOM C - LATER

Andrea, in the center of the room, raises her arms and-

CUE: I'VE BEEN IN LOVE BY JUNGLE (1:05 - 1:32) / I'VE BEEN IN LOVE BY SHAY LATUKOLAN (1:17 - 1:44)

JUNGLE (V.O.)
I've been in love...

Breaks it down. The style and tone, certainly different from the two pieces we have seen thus far, but this is *her* piece, *her* choice.

There is a funk, a groove, and in that groove Andrea mixes hard textures with soft *almost* effortlessly. She's a professional but this is not the style she normally participates in. But for the slight bit she lacks in technical familiarity she makes up for with feeling, her face a dance in and of itself as she drapes, rises, stomps-

The camera swings to the left and she is there, now wearing a COLORFUL KERCHIEF, a ball of energy travels across her chest, momentum bringing her to spin, a brush off, a dip, a glide and a stop but the camera swerves to the right-

And still she is there, now wearing a DARK PRINTED SUIT. This phrase a play of pace, a rapid criss cross into planted feet, her body falling to earth on the upbeat while she picks herself up on the down. Then- a pose, her tongue sticks out, then- a whip back up, a sudden stop and she melts downwards, the light of the room turns RED as she picks herself up, rises slowly and sinks rhythmically, once, twice, a **THIR**-

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Quinn, bathed in that red light, watches through a sliver of window.

She turns and stalks away, sucking air through her teeth. She passes a door and through its own sliver of window we see Bailey marking his way through a piece.

INT. WOMEN'S BATHROOM - LATER

Once again, Quinn sits on the bathroom stall, fully clothed and reading off her phone, although we can't fully see the fine print over her shoulder if one zoomed in they would see it to be a transcribed interview. A message dings at the top from Bailey- "Where'd you go?"

She puts her phone down and stares aimlessly, brows furrowed.

A DOOR OPENS.

WOMAN #1 (O.S.)
Like she was intense but I don't
know, I couldn't get much of a
read. Ugh, these fucking contacts.

A faucet turns on.

WOMAN #1 (O.S.) (CONT'D)
When are you going again?

WOMAN #2 (O.S.)
Tomorrow. One of the first ones.

WOMAN #1 (O.S.)
You ready?

WOMAN #2 (O.S.)
I hope so. I didn't get that many
parts this season but if I nail it
and she likes me, i'll be - (*tongue
click*).

WOMAN #1 (O.S.)
Everyone's always choosing their
people, aren't they?

The faucet turns off.

WOMAN #2 (O.S.)
I just need more roles. Like, with
whatever's going on up there... I
do not want to follow in Ryan's
footsteps.

WOMAN #1 (O.S.)
Yeah. Literally.

They laugh.

WOMAN #1 (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I mean, I love him as a person but
like, as a dancer? We were in that
piece a few seasons ago and let me
tell you that was not...

We hear the door open and close as they exit.

Quinn glances at the skeleton sticker, it seems to look back.
This time she does not mirror it.

She exits the stall and turns the faucet on. She looks
herself in the mirror and, after a beat, turns around.

The water still runs behind her as she leans against the sink's edge.

She pulls out her phone, and navigates to the WOLF STREET COMPANY WEBSITE. She selects the COMPANY DANCERS page and scrolls down. She doesn't find what she's looking for so she types into the search bar, "RYAN" and hits enter.

No results.

Lost in thought, she puts her phone away and pulls out the mint tin.

She looks at it, torn. Then opens it and shakes something onto her palm. It seems bigger, softer, more colorful, than a normal mint-

She pops it, chews, swallows and turns back to the sink.

In the mirror, we see her reflection disappear as she bends down to wash her face.

INT. STUDIO ROOM D - LATER

A CLOCK- *TICK. TOCK. TICK.*

Quinn, determined, looks at it from the center of the room, alone, lightly sweating. With feet firmly planted she raises her arms above her head and begins to lean back. Further... and further... until she loses her gravity and falls-

CUE: RITUAL OF ABDUCTION BY IGOR STRAVINSKY (0:02 – 0:48) / RITE OF SPRING BY PINA BAUSCH (7:09 – 7:55)

Quinn's arms catch around something invisible, but substantive enough to keep her aloft, then, with the momentum of the invisible force, she slides backwards as if being dragged by what she clings to. Then, an earthquake of twirling arms, bows, poses, contracts, releases, and with her arms once again raised above her head, she hops and-

The lights are dim and centered, Quinn now wears a white shift.

The motions become larger, spread out, wellsprings of longing. It looks as if she might cry, scream, break.

Her head pushes backwards as her body pulls itself forwards and, like a rubber band, they snap back to each other. Using the force of the tension released she converts it into a jump-

And lands on DIRT, now covering a square of the entire floor, the light, perfectly matching its perimeter.

With a twirl, she kicks it up and then travels across the room. There with eyes closed she spins herself once and after the rotation begins a fall- only to use the momentum to travel again and repeat this motion, spin, rotation, fall- and then a third travel to another location where we repeat, spin, rotation and on a pose she **HOLDS**-

The dirt gone, the room just a room, Quinn just a girl in an oversized shirt. She looks up at the ceiling and, after a moment, smiles, triumphant.

INT. HALLWAY - LATER

Sena sits on the floor near a closed door. She absently massages her foot, her attention somewhere far, far away.

The door opens to Quinn who looks down at Sena, surprised.

QUINN
Oh. Shit. Sorry.

SENA
It's okay. Seemed like you were in it.

Sena stands, grabbing her bag.

SENA (CONT'D)
And I know today's a big deal for
you so...

QUINN
(sheepish)
Yeah, well... For everyone.

They stand there, silent, unsure. Quinn realizes she is standing in Sena's way.

QUINN (CONT'D)
Ope.

She moves out of the way and Sena walks past her. Something seems to rise out of Quinn, she tries to choke it back but-

CHILD QUINN
Sena?

Sena turns around. Quinn normal again.

QUINN
Are you... okay?

A silence settles for a moment.

QUINN (CONT'D)
I noticed your foot.

SENA
Oh. Yeah. I'm fine.

QUINN
Well... That's good.
(quickly)
I mean, that its... fine.

SENA
Yep.

Sena looks at her for a moment, inscrutable.

SENA (CONT'D)
Okay.

Sena shuts the door, leaving Quinn alone in the hallway.

INT. STUDIO ROOM D - CONTINUOUS

On the other side of the door, Sena takes a second, steeling herself against something. Then-

She moves on.

QUICK CUTS

A dance bag falls on the floor.

Sena drinks from her bottle.

A a series of small stretches and a cracking of knuckles.

As we first met her, Sena stands in the center of the space-arms curled into fists, one resting on her torso, the other on her back. Head craning towards the ceiling, eyes closed. Inhale.

Eyes open.

BARITONE MALE CHOIR (V.O.)
(faint)
VENEZ!

As if knocked off balance, she takes a step back, confused.

She steadies herself and gets back into position. She closes her eyes. Inhale.

Eyes open.

BARITONE MALE CHOIR (V.O.)
(barely audible)
VENEZ!

She stands still, resigned to her loss. She looks down and notices the curtains in front of her.

A beat.

She drops the position, walks to them and flings them open, revealing-

Her reflection in a WALL OF MIRROR.

She studies herself and, after a moment, the FAINT CRACKLING returns.

The longer she looks, the louder it gets-

She closes the curtains. Silence.

In the center she resumes the pose, lifts her head to the sky, and closes her eyes.

INT. HALLWAY - LATER

Quinn paces, stretching as she does.

Muffled laughter.

Quinn looks at the closed door in front of her and checks the time on her phone- 5:06.

Frustrated, she leans against the wall and slides to sit.

She opens her text conversation with Bailey, the most recent message from Bailey, a follow up "?". Quinn closes the phone.

The door opens to Andrea and, holding a CLIPBOARD, a familiar woman with frizzy hair, LYRA (late 30s).

Quinn stands back up.

ANDREA
Always great seeing you.

LYRA
It's been too long. Tell Mike I say hi. Lets get dinner or something soon.

They hug.

ANDREA
I'd love that.

Andrea exits and Lyra turns to Quinn.

LYRA
Sorry. You must be Sena...

She looks at Quinn- *that can't be right*. She checks the clipboard.

LYRA (CONT'D)
Or... Quinn?

QUINN
That's the one.

LYRA
Ah. Sorry. So many names today.
It's all like- ah!

QUINN
That's okay. I'm terrible with
names. If it helps you can call me
whatever you want. Quinn, Marty,
I've been trying to get Mad Dog to
stick for ages but...

LYRA
(amused)
Is that right?

INT. STUDIO ROOM A - CONTINUOUS

With OPEN curtains and another wall of mirrors, Quinn and Lyra sit opposite the other in the second-largest studio. Lyra flips through a stack of papers while Quinn fidgets.

LYRA
(muttering to herself)
Juilliard... Jacob's Pillow...

LYRA (CONT'D) QUINN
It says here- Sorry, can I just say-

LYRA (CONT'D)
You go.

QUINN
Oh. Yeah. You probably get this a
lot but I just wanted to quickly
say that I really am such a huge
fan of your work.
(MORE)

QUINN (CONT'D)
"Up, Up, DownDown," was incredible
and "Tempestuous" was, I mean is...

Quinn makes a gesture with her hands- *transcendent*.

LYRA
"Tempestuous?" That's a deep cut.
It's been a while since that one's
been run. When did you see it?

QUINN
When I was a kid. I actually saw it
here. I mean, when Wolf Street put
it up.

(slightly sheepish)
I think it was one of the first
pieces I ever saw, like *saw saw*. It
kind of got me into all...

Quinn swirls her finger upwards, broadly.

QUINN (CONT'D)
This.
(quickly, weak joke)
But don't worry, I don't hold that
against you or anything.

LYRA
Well, that's good I suppose. There
are worse things than a life of
dance.

(then, moving on)
It says here you're doing "Rite of
Spring?"

QUINN
Oh. Yeah. It's one of my favorite
pieces.

Lyra writes that down.

LYRA
(pleasant surprise)
Yeah? Why's that?

QUINN
I mean, it's a classic. But like,
the way it uses repetition? It
really feels like something is
being pulled out of you when you're
doing it, you know?

LYRA
It does... doesn't it?

Lyra studies her for a moment.

LYRA (CONT'D)
Why do you dance?

QUINN
(off guard)
Oh. Uh. Hmmm. Is that on the board?

LYRA
No.

QUINN
Well... Um... I mean I think it
really did all begin with "Tempes-"

LYRA
No no. Sorry. That's what got you
started-

Lyra mirrors Quinn's earlier broad gesture.

LYRA (CONT'D)
Why do you dance...

Lyra points her finger down, at the floor.

LYRA (CONT'D)
Today?

Quinn thinks about this.

QUINN
Well... it's not the money. That's
for sure.

Lyra gives a look- *so? Then what?*

QUINN (CONT'D)
I guess... I want to be great. I
want to be... the best.

LYRA
And how do you be great? How does
one become the best?

QUINN
I think... by being like you.

Lyra studies Quinn, one last time.

LYRA
Do you love what you do?

QUINN
 Yeah, well, of course. I get to
 dance for a living...
 (a touch of... something)
 What's not to love?

INT. HALLWAY - LATER

Sena sits on the floor facing the door to studio A. She checks her phone- 5:32. She puts the phone back into her dance bag. Her hand feels something within and, curiously, she withdraws the lighter.

She stares at it for a moment, then - FZZT - clicks it on.

Hypnotic, the tiny flame draws her in. Swaying to tiny, errant breezes, almost subconsciously, Sena sways with it-

LYRA (O.S.)
 Careful with that.

Lyra stands in the now open doorway. Sena stands up and shoves the lighter back in her bag.

SENA
 Oh. Sorry. I was just...
 remembering something.

Lyra looks at her for a moment, intrigued.

LYRA
 Lyra. Nice to meet you.

They shake hands.

SENA
 Sena. Sorry, I would have knocked
 but I didn't know if you were...

LYRA
 (neutral)
 We ended early. Anyways, shall we?

INT. STUDIO ROOM A - LATER

Sena now sits opposite Lyra, the former casts a nervous glance to the mirror while the latter reads off the clipboard.

LYRA
 Sena... Paek? Pa-ek? Am I saying
 that right?

SENA
Paek.

LYRA
Sena Paek. Okay let's see here.
Glorya Kaufman... Jacob's Pillow...
Hm. And you're doing "Rafters?"

SENA
(displeased)
Yeah.

Lyra notes that too.

LYRA
Why "Rafters"?

SENA
We performed it earlier this year.
Spring.

LYRA
So, because it's recent?

SENA
No... It just... It felt like the
right piece to do.

Lyra looks at her for a moment, and writes this down.

LYRA
Okay. What techniques would you say
you feel comfortable with? I'm
guessing at least Graham, Horton?

SENA
Horton, Graham, Jazz. Limon...ish.
Some tap, some hip hop sometimes
but that's more for fun...

Lyra writes on the clipboard.

LYRA
It's hard not to be a little
renaissance in these modern times.
It's good. Opens you up, makes you
explore. What would you say- ugh.
(forcing herself to read)
What would you say is your biggest
weakness?

SENA
As a dancer? Or...

LYRA
Is there a difference?

Sena thinks about this- *fair*.

SENA
Someone... someone once told me I expect too much out of myself and when I fall short I make up the difference by taking it out of others.

A beat as Lyra processes this.

LYRA
You know, most people say fouettés.

SENA
Oh. Sorry. I guess if I had to pick a technical-

LYRA
No no. It's good.

Lyra looks at her clipboard, then looks up at Sena. She puts her pencil down.

LYRA (CONT'D)
Why do *you* dance?

SENA
Why do *I* dance?

Sena thinks about it, deeply considering the question.

The silence stretches onwards.

LYRA
What are you holding on to?

SENA
I'm sorry?

LYRA
There. You're-

Lyra gestures to Sena's hand and imitates her closed fist.

LYRA (CONT'D)
Your knuckles were white.

SENA
Oh.

Sena looks and sees her hand in a fist, she opens and closes it as if seeing it for the first time.

Lyra looks at the clipboard then at Sena, one is more interesting than the other.

LYRA

Actually...

MOMENTS LATER

Sena now stands in the center of the room, and looks at Lyra sitting, waiting, expecting.

She forms the pose and looks up at the ceiling, searching for something, anything.

She brings her gaze down to her fist. She opens it. She closes it, knuckles white. The sound of a familiar, faint CRACKLING.

SENA

Actually, is it okay if I do something else?

Lyra picks up her pencil.

LYRA

Sure. What's the name?

SENA

None.

LYRA

"None?" By who?

SENA

Me? I guess?

Lyra processes for a moment- then it clicks.

LYRA

Oh. Okay.

Lyra puts down her pencil again.

Sena, free of the pose, stretches, loosening herself up and notices something across from her. She grimaces at it.

In the wall of mirrors, where Sena should be is a FIGURE ENGULFED IN FLAME. We hear the ROARING OF AN INFERNO.

In the real world, she looks down at her now open hand- completely fine but the sound remains.

Sena looks up one last time, closes her eyes, and inhales.

In - out. The inferno roars, louder than before. She clenches- a pain passing behind her eyelids.

She breathes again. In - out.

Louder and louder and louder and louder until suddenly-

A vacuum of total silence.

In - Out. On her exhale, smoke trails out of her nose.

In - Out. Something shifts within her - *a relief*.

She opens her eyes.

INT. CHILDHOOD HOME - CONTINUOUS

Sena now dressed in a black HANBOK stands in a hyper-sanitized living room, dust motes float in dusky light.

This is what we've been building towards. This is MOTION.

CUE: Hëllæ Kittÿ BY ALICE LONGYU GAO (0:00 - 0:03)

Struck by vertigo, she reaches a hand out to the couch to steady herself but the moment she makes contact-

SILENCE.

She stands there with bated breath. Desperate, her grip tightens, knuckles white.

It is too late. It has come and it is simply beyond her now.

With a resigned sigh, she relaxes her grip and-

CUE: Hëllæ Kittÿ BY ALICE LONGYU GAO (0:08 - 0:53) / ORIGINAL CHOREOGRAPHY

ALICE LONGYU GAO (V.O)
GO TO THERAPY OR ELSE YOU'RE GONNA
GO TO JAIL.

The world explodes and Sena with it. Possessed, primal, she hurls herself around the room.

Staggering.

Crashing into walls.

She recovers for a moment.

Then her body leaps forward as if the axis of gravity itself shifted.

ALICE LONGYU GAO (V.O.)
BOOM, BOOM, BOOM, BOOM, BOOM

EACH. BOOM. A. NEW. POSITION. Jerking, explosive. She repeats the phrase but this time, with each boom, a piece of the room EXPLODES with her- a VASE, a CHAIR, the TELEVISION, a PAINTING, a PICTURE. She stumbles out of the room and-

INT. FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Into the foyer. Confronted by a staircase, she tries to walk up it but her legs give out and she falls on the second step. She picks herself up, and repeats. Stand. Step. Fall. Stand. Step. Fall. She stays down and resigns herself to something.

With an animal barbarity she claws her way up on hands and knees.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

As she arrives in the hallway she picks herself up off the floor but seems to be stronger than she knows, with too much force she careens into a WALL. The entire thing falls down exposing a larger space outside. She peers out for a moment but it's pure darkness. Then- as if by someone or something, she is yanked backwards and into-

INT. CHILDHOOD BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

A bedroom with a boyish feel. We don't spend time with it, but if one paused here they might notice a small HOLE in the drywall and underneath it SHARDS OF CERAMIC PLATE, ROTTING FRUIT, and a FRAMED PHOTO, lying face-down on the floor.

MUSIC CUE: JUMP TO SECOND CHORUS (1:49 - 2:06)

The music shifts into the bridge, the romantic air of an Italian night and her movements match. Gone is the primal nature, in it's stead, elegance, grace. With a ballet-esque smoothness she pantomimes the pouring of a liquid from a heavy, grand vase that must be about the size of her torso.

As she pours, douses, she closes her eyes and our world shrinks with her, to her - to the dance that takes place solely behind the mask of one's face.

ALICE LONGYU GAO (V.O)
Ciao Bella, Ciao Bella, Bellissimo.

She shudders at the guitar - **Anger.**

ALICE LONGYU GAO (V.O) (CONT'D)
Ciao Bella, Ciao Bella, Bellissimo.

She sways to the accordion - **Relief.**

ALICE LONGYU GAO (V.O) (CONT'D)
Ciao Bella, Ciao Bella, Bellissimo.

All together now the music builds and her heart breaks.

ALICE LONGYU GAO (V.O) (CONT'D)
Ciao Bella, Ciao Bella, Bellissimo.

AND-

INT. APARTMENT BEDROOM - EARLIER MORNING (FLASHBACK)

In the silence of early morning Sena stands in a semi-spartan bedroom, *her* bedroom. Foot untaped, she wears the clothes we've seen her in all day. On the dresser in front of her is a CERAMIC BOWL filled with sand and an upright, unlit STICK OF INCENSE. Beside it, a PLATE OF FRESH FRUIT, and behind both, a FRAMED PHOTO- Sena shaking hands with a YOUNG MAN, he gives an awkward, strained smile. She gives a real one.

A homemade memorial.

Sena looks down to find a lighter, *the* lighter, in her hand. She lights the incense and blows it out.

She focuses on the glowing line of red that crowns it now. It burns its way downwards, leaving nothing but ash in its wake.

She exhales.

And violently sweeps everything off the surface- the frame knocks a HOLE in the wall, ceramic shatters, fruit tumbles onto the floor, the lighter careens into an open dance bag.

She looks at the mess and, with guilt, steps forward to-

A CERAMIC SHARD sinks into the bottom of her right foot. She hisses an inhale and just as she's about to scream out, we-

CUT TO BLACK.

MUSIC CUE: 2:24 - 2:27

ALICE LONGYU GAO (V.O.)
CIAO BELLA, CIAO BELLA, BELLISSIMO.