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Save the Last Dance 2

By Duane Adler

I wanna be a ballerina.
That's always been my dream.
My mom always said that I did
pirouettes before I even started walking.
And I did them and I fell on my butt.
I had a little ballerina on my nightstand,
and I think this was my first idea
why I wanted to become a ballerina,
'cause I never knew that ballet existed.
I love hip-hop.
Missy, Jay-Z, Common,
N.W.A., Kanye West.
Hip-hop allows you to let go
and follow the beat.
I think the biggest difference between
ballet and hip-hop is the posture.
That settling into your body in hip-hop,
whereas ballet,
it's just about flying and flowing.
I love kissing.
Stuffed pizza, are you kidding?
Wrigley Field.
Maybe dancing and kissing,
the same time.
The lake, my friends and my dad.
Oh, my God, my dad, Roy...
Trumpet. He's a trumpet player.
Trumpet.
And this necklace. It's from my mom.
She gave it to me for luck.
It's not too much leaving home,
'cause I'm really excited
to go to New York,
but it's the not knowing.
Not knowing what's gonna happen,
not knowing the people
who are gonna be in my life.
My boyfriend and I decided
to see other people,
because he's studying somewhere
and I'm here in New York,
and it's probably better this way.
My ankles are a little weak,
and my turnout could be

probably a little better.
Oh, it hurts so much.
Don't you want me to do, like,
a pirouette or something?
This is what I've been doing
my whole life,
and honestly I don't think
I had time to do anything else,
besides kissing.
I'm gonna be working really,
really hard to be the best.
And you won't be disappointed in me.
There are not gonna be
better dancers than me there.
I'm going to be the best.
And if there are,
they should just wait and see.
That's right.
That's right.
Hey, that was awesome.
- What do you call that?
- An attitude.
Oh, neat.
- Are you Zoe?
- Uh-huh.
I'm Sara.
Yes, you'll do.
Okay...
You brought this
all the way from Texas?
Yes.
In Texas,
we have something called "gentlemen."
I think I got something called a "hernia."
How did you get it here
in the first place?
Some horny cellist.
Why don't we take some stuff out?
It will be easier to carry.
Yes, that is an excellent idea.
Why didn't I think of that?
Okay, that's my jewelry,
that's my top hat.
That's Hamlet.

I've always suspected
Ken was a serial killer.
Each of you has been blessed
with a unique gift.
- Trombone.
- What?
I got this thing where I can look at
somebody, I can tell what they do.
And you are a trombonista.
Well, maybe your thing is broken,
'cause I'm here for ballet.
What? You trying to be a ballerina?
I am a ballerina.
I'm trying to become a prima ballerina.
Well, you are kind of prima,
but you don't look like a ballerina.
You've got the soul
of a trombone player.
It's in the eyes.
I...
I'm Miles and you are...
From our ballet department,
Miss Monique Delacroix.
- You mind?
- I mind what?
Turning that down.
I'm trying to hear Miss Delacroix.
And by the way, the remix is way better.
Although I'm sure it's true
you're the best and brightest
that your former schools
and teachers had to offer,
I regret having to dash
your dreams of a meteoric rise
to the pinnacle of artistic success
and world renown.
By Juilliard choosing you,
the bar's been raised.
the bar's been raised.
For the next four years,
you must strive for perfection.
Please look to your left
and your right.
Only one in three of you

will go on to a life of fulfillment
in the mastery of your art.

The other two will probably end up
stocking books at Barnes & Noble
or working behind a cosmetic counter
in Buffalo.

Welcome to Juilliard.

Thanks.

Oh, my God!

How pretentious can you get?

I mean, I know she's your idol, you have
the poster over the bed and all but...

Monique Delacroix has danced the lead
with every major ballet company
in the world.

She was a principal
at the American Ballet Theatre
for 15 years.

- Whatever.

- What?

You wanna wind up working
in a cosmetics counter in Buffalo?

The women in my family don't work.

They drink martinis,
and they get face-lifts.

Me, I just wanna act
and leave the world domination
to you and Mistress Delacroix.

Oh, my God. There's my mentor.

He's beautiful. I hate him.

I better go and pay my respects.

See you.

- Hi.

- Hello.

Hi. I'm Sara, your mentee.

Well, sit down
before that tray tips you over.

- So, Sara, you any good?

- Yes. But isn't everybody?

We wouldn't be here if we weren't.

See you.

- Bye.

- Okay.

I'll watch out for you as best I can.

But for the most part,
you're on your own.
So we're all
totally freaking wasted, right?
And guess
who gets on the freaking elevator?
- Do you pluck your eyebrows?
- What?
Your eyebrows,
where do you get them done?
Round the corner on 9th,
at the Chinese place.
Cool.
Never ever date an actor.
All they wanna do is screw ballerinas.
It's like a fetish.
Besides, when you dump them,
they're such drama queens.
So do you have a boyfriend?
Yes. Well, no.
He's in premed at Georgetown,
and I'm here.
We decided we could date
other people...
Forget about him. It's for the best.
Honestly, there's
maybe seven ballet companies
worth dancing for in the world.
That means you have to stay focused.
Boyfriends, they just get in the way.
My God, this summer in Paris,
I was like the ugly American
because my sissonne ouverte
wasn't grande enough.
Who'd you take class with?
- Me?
- Yes, you.
The Chicago Ballet with Uri Pell.
Oh, I know him. He's kind of out there.
If you mean progressive,
yeah, he's kind of out there.
He did the thing where everybody
was like keys on a typewriter.
Were you in that?

Sara, come with me for a moment.

- Stand here.
- Why?
- What's your name?
- Sara.

Sara Johnson.

You'd all do well to follow
Miss Johnson's example.

Class begins at 9:30 sharp,
which means that 9:29 you should all
be stretched and waiting for my arrival.
And you, what's your name?

- Marcus.
- Marcus, what is this place?
- A dance studio?
- No, it's a cathedral.

In this room dwells the entire
spiritual history of our species.

How can you hope
to be part of that, Marcus,
while wearing trousers that go "whish,
whish" every time you take a step?

- I...
- You can't.

Not one article of vinyl clothing
is to cross that threshold.

- Are we clear?
- Yes.
- Morning, Bella.
- Morning.

Morning.

You will be divided into three lines
based on your abilities.

We will do this in every class.

If you find yourself in line number three
more than five weeks,
you will be asked to leave the program.

Please line up at the long bar.

Marcus,
third line.

Bella. Please.

We'll begin with plis.

What happened to your eye?

I was in circus class, I fell off my stilts.

Is that something you should be doing
on a first day?

Welcome to

Introduction to Hip-Hop Theory.

Oh, my God.

Oh, my God.

What? You're the one
who made us take this class.

My name is Miles Sultana,
and I am not your professor.

Your actual professor was trying to ball
with us young bucks up in the Bronx,
decided to go all half-man,
half-amazing to the hole.

Needless to say he pulled his hammy.

I laughed 'cause it was funny
until he fell to the ground,
and his leg bent backwards
and snapped in three places.

This school is dangerous.

So here I am filling in for him until he...

Well, if he gets back.

So with the help of my good friend
Franz here and his instrument,
we are going to explore
the nature of hip-hop within us all.

All right. So, hip-hop theory.

What is hip-hop?

Ah, Trombonista.

Hip-hop is the convergence
of the electronic musical movement
and urban youth culture
which happened after the world
discovered that disco sucked.

Good answer.

I ain't giving up my Bee Gees.

Hip-hop is...

- It's rap.

- You know what I'm saying?

Hip-hop is...

Soul.

Hip-hop is...

R & B.

Hip-hop is...

Funk. For most people today,
hip-hop is about bling-bling.
But what was before the bling-bling?
What was before the Escalades,
and the nine millys and the hoochies?
Hip-hop is...

It's a form
of cross-cultural communication.

- Hip-hop is...
- It's a lifestyle, a language, a fashion.
- Hip-hop is...
- It's simple and complex.

It's about a individual
questioning the establishment.

It's about recombining, combining
everything that came before.

Hip-hop is about finding a new voice.

But what hip-hop really is can be
summed up in three simple words.

I am here.

It was so rad
the way you like looped
my roomie's words,
then you made a song out of it.

Thanks.

So did your roomie think so, too?

You could have told me
you were a teacher.

- I'm not.
- Okay, a guest lecturer then.
- I thought you were an actor.
- An actor. Why?

Never mind.

How tall are you?

- 5'10".
- You wanna wrestle?

Okay, let's go.

Hey, you guys should come
to the club I'm spinning at tonight.

I have a class in the morning.

I can put you two on the list, plus one
so you can bring your boyfriend.

I don't have a boyfriend.

All right, cool.

So just the two of you then.

- We'll see.

- Cool.

Zoe.

Second line.

Second line.

Line one.

What is that?

It felt more natural that way.

You're not here to be natural.

You're here to learn ballet.

Second line.

Must be all that fine Chicago training.

Wow. Well, look at this place, momma.

Only a few minutes in New York

and already we're on the list

at the hottest spot in town.

- Okay. Momma?

- Okay, I'm exploring my range.

- "Momma" is not in my range?

- No.

- Hey.

- Hi.

- Hi.

- Let's go.

Okay, remember,

we can't stay up too late.

I know, I know. Hey, chill, momma.

- Jeez! Ballerinas.

- I don't really... None of...

- I don't really dance.

- Hey.

- I knew you'd come.

- Hi.

- Who's this?

- Hello to you, too.

- Sara, Candy.

- Nice to meet you.

- I'm sure it is.

- Okay...

Hey, don't mind her.

She's like that with everybody.

Come on.

What about my drink?

- Where are we going?

- To the pit.

Pit?

Wow! This is a whole other level.

Yeah, I used to have to sneak out
and take the 9 train up to
the South Bronx to see stuff like this.

It's funny, 'cause most of these kids,
they don't even realize
that there's a history there,
a shadow behind every move.

Every step they make
is into a footprint bigger than their own.
Kind of like ballet.

Professor!

I'm paying you to spin,
not stand still, man.

This is Mixx,
he's the father of this party.

- And who is this pretty distraction?

- This is Sara.

- She's one of my students.

- Should have stayed in school.

- Nice to meet you.

- Nice to meet you, too.

Yes, yes, yes, yes.

- That's my girl, Candy.

- Yeah, we've met.

It don't get much flyer than Candy.

Anything she do, you can bet,
next week,

see 100 kids doing the same thing.

- Or at least trying.

- Know what I'm saying, right?

Yo, honor and pleasure to meet you,
little lady.

I have to go be the man.

Y'all enjoy the party.

You, over here wasting my money,
go do your thing tonight, man.

- All right, man.

- All right, man.

- I got to go spin. Straight?

- Yeah.

- You sure?
- Yeah.
- You're not scared?
- You ever audition for Juilliard?
We gonna heat it up for you.
That's in case you decide to go in.
Yo, what's going on?
This is your boy, Daddy Mix.
Hey, I'm about to bring my man
out on the ones and twos right now.
But we gonna have to bring him out
the right way.
I'm gonna need y'all to repeat after me.
We gonna do it like this. Yo! Say,
Hey, one, two, check it out
Hey, one, two, check it out
Hey, one, two, check it out
Hey, one, two, check it out
Do your thing, boy
Yo, this is your boy, Mike L-E-S.
Yo, big show tonight.
Time for wylin' out Chi-town style.
Y'all know what to do.
So what are you waiting for?
Come on, girl!
What's up? Can you take it?
Yeah.
She's really good!
Oh, my God!
- What was that?
- Dude, that was awesome!
What?
- That's not water.
- I know. It's vodka.
Hey, Sara.
Hey, yo, I'm sorry I couldn't get back.
This other kid was supposed to spin,
but he didn't show. But, yo...
I saw you killing them in the pit all night.
- What? You were amazing.
- Thank you.
You weren't too bad yourself.
We were gonna go get some breakfast
if you wanted to...

I can't. I've got class in, like,
three-and-a-half hours.

Looks like Franz found a friend.

Oh...

I should probably get my roommate
home before she hurts somebody.

Okay, see you.

Okay, let's go.

- Okay.

- See ya.

No...

- Oh, my God! Oh, my God!

- What?

Allegro.

Please wake up.

You're thinking too much.

It's not your job.

Thought was put into these steps
hundreds of years ago.

It's simply your duty to execute it
as it was handed down.

Faster.

Stop.

What are you doing?

- I'm sorry, Miss Delacroix.

- You what?

I'm sorry.

Look at me.

You smell of alcohol.

Did you need a drink
to prepare for class?

- No.

- Then why do you smell like a tavern?

I went out with some friends.

Oh, did you now?

Where did your friends take you?

- To a club.

- To a club?

Was it a ballet club?

No.

Do you know
what's behind the third line?

Nothing.

There's nothing behind the third line.

That nothing's a... It's a magical place
where you can eat what you want,
and you can sleep in
and have ice cream
and cheeseburgers and candy and...
And you can...
And you can wear what you want.
And you can drink whenever you like,
and then you can come in here,
and you can pretend that there are
no consequences to your actions.
But that nothing
does not reside within these walls.
Third line.

Bella.

"I've often been asked
what is the key to my success.
"The answer is always the same.
"I have never allowed anyone
to stand in the way of my heart."

What did I do?

- I don't know. What did you do?

- I don't know.

You just been jetting out of here
every day like you stole something.

See you.

I need to spend more time practicing,
get focused.

Well, I know this place
around the corner.

Best cannolis on the Upper West Side.

Maybe we could...

I really don't have time to go anywhere.

So I got these friends
that own a art gallery downtown,
and they're doing this big show
on street art.

Graffiti, tag and all the way
from the beginning till now.

They asked this guy Nigel,
who's a video director,
real creative cat, to pull together
a video installation/performance piece
for the exhibit.

And he asked me to handle the music,
and I was hoping that maybe
you could help me out.

- How?

- Choreograph a dance piece.

- Me?

- Yeah, you.

Why me?

What you did back at the club, that was
some of the illest stuff I've ever seen.

Look, I'd love to help you out.

But I'm doing everything I can
just to keep my head above water...

- Sara.

...in my classes, okay?

- I'm sorry.

- Hey.

- What's this?

- Just some beats I been working on.

It's kind of off the bubble.

None of that Hot 97 rah-rah.

You know what I'm saying?

Just listen to it.

Was that you humming just now?

It's beatboxing. It's humming 2.0.

- It's odd.

- It's part of my culture.

That's not what I meant. What I meant,
that most people
wouldn't be able to revisit
the site of their greatest failure
with so much ease.

What is it about you that
makes you so comfortable with defeat?

You seem pretty relaxed.

What was the last dancer
you got into ABT?

San Francisco? Joffrey?

- Losing your touch, huh?

- No.

I'm just maintaining my standards.

Morning, Bella.

I can't even get out of the third line.
She's making an example of you.

Lucky me.

I'm, like, this close from Monique
presenting me as her protg.

Oh, my God.

I've never been so sore in my life.

Get used to it.

I don't think I've slept
more than four hours since I got here.

If there's one thing in life
I could get rid of, it'd be sleep.

It's such a waste of time.

Such a waste.

I don't do drugs.

It's not heroin, Sara.

Just remember,

Xenical is your pal

when you want to keep the weight off.

Percocet's best for the knees
that want to fall off.

And Ambien is your friend
when you just need to doze off.

You want to get out of the third line,
don't you?

I don't want to be
the goddamn quirky brunette.

- What?

- Every play I've ever been in,
I wind up playing this witty-yet-lovable,
slightly insane girl
with the plaid skirt and weird laugh.

Yeah, you're right.

That doesn't sound like you at all.

So we're doing this play,
and the lead character is this quirky,
well, homicidal brunette type,
and of course
they want me to read for it.

- Wow, the lead. That's great.

- No, that's not great.

Jeez, are you even listening to me?

If I do this now, it will never stop.

That'll be it for me. I'll always be
the goddamn quirky brunette.

- Then don't do it.

- No. I can't not do it.
This could be my big break.
I could get an agent.
So why don't you just read
for another part?
I'm not gonna quit
no matter how hard you push me,
or how much you single me out
as an example of what not to do.
I worked too hard to get here.
And I am prepared
to do whatever it takes to be the best.
You're gonna have to pack my bags
if you want me gone.

- Are you done, Sara?

- Yes.

- So...

- Jesus!

Sure you don't want to get a cannoli?
I'm doing some research.
Trying to get inside
the master's head, huh?
But I hear it's a scary place.
You seem to know a lot
about this school for a guest lecturer.
Well, that's 'cause I used to go here.

- What?

- You heard me.
You went here?
Hey, I may not look like it,
but I'm a pretty cultured cat.

- What were you here for?

- Piano. Composition actually.

- You must've been good.

- Damn straight.

- So I dropped out.

- What?

Why would you give this up?
It just wasn't for me.
So did you listen
to those tracks I gave you?
Look, you're gonna have
to get somebody else.

- I don't want anybody else. I want you.

- You don't even know me.
I know what I saw at the club that night.
- Get Candy to choreograph it.
- Forget Candy.
Nigel said it'll take one day.
We can shoot this weekend.
- This weekend?
- It'll be fun.
I'm not here for fun.
This Sara Johnson,
what do we know about her?
Well, she studied
at a few small princess academies
and then last year with Uri Pell.
Her father's a musician.
I've never heard of him, though.
- And her mother?
- She died last year.
Actually, around the same time
she first auditioned for Juilliard.
I read her file. I'm her mentor.
- Here you go.
- Thanks.
Here you go.
Monique wants to see you.
- You feeling okay?
- Yeah. I'm just a little tired.
- Marcus, are you okay?
- I just had my review.
She dropped me.
She made me work my ass off.
How can I just go home?
I'm sorry.
Close the door.
Come.
I've observed some things
that are distressing me.
You need to work on your turnout.
Your arms are overly expressive.
You keep turning...
Sara?
- I think I'm going to be sick.
- Oh, my God.
Kleenex. Kleenex. Kleenex.

Here you go.

- I'm sorry.

- No. It's all right. Are you all right now?

- Can I take it?

- Yes.

Oh, God.

You're taking pills.

I've never taken them before.

I swear. Just, my body hurts.

I can't sleep, can't eat.

I just... I don't know what to do,
and this is the first time it happened.

It's just hard.

Sara, it's supposed to be hard.

It wouldn't be worth it if it weren't.

Now we have to focus

on strengthening your ankles.

I'm not being cut?

Why would you think that?

Very good.

Please clear the studio

for the next class.

- How did I do?

- You were brilliant.

But I'm not your frigging cheerleader,
so in the future,

if you're curious about

your performance, look in the mirror.

That's what they're there for.

I was pretty surprised you found time
to fit me and my cannoli in.

Well, it kind of threw me there.

That whole Juilliard drop-out thing.

- Why didn't you tell me earlier?

- Dunno. It never came up.

Guess I was being a little harsh.

You have no idea how intimidating

Monique Delacroix can be.

- Listen, Sara, about that...

- No. It wasn't you. I'm sorry.

I just didn't realize how intense

Juilliard would really be, you know?

It's so important to me.

Why?

Since I was little,
my mom and I always dreamed about
me becoming a famous ballerina.
The day of my
first audition for Juilliard,
she really wanted to be there.
I really wanted her to be there.
It was my turn to dance.
So I looked around,
and I knew something was wrong.
I was right. She died in a car accident
trying to get to my audition.
Here.

- What about you?

- Me?

I was raised by wolves.
And are you
and your wolf parents close?
My mom and dad split when I was three.
I lived with my grandfather till he died,
and then I went to school.
Now I'm on my own, struggling, striving.
Do you miss him?
Yeah. He was wild.
Mad old-school but a real cool cat.
He bought me my first record.
Speaking of which,
did you listen to that CD I gave you?

- I did.

- Really?

It's hot. You got promise.

Okay. So, what's it gonna take
for Sara Johnson to help me out?

- You are not gonna make me beg.

- Yes. Yes, I am.

Sara, please help me do this.

- It's just one day, right?

- Just one day.

And there will absolutely be no fun
involved at all, guaranteed.

I'll think about it.

You'll think... What?

What're you talking about,
you'll think about it?

Class, I'm sure you're all waiting
to hear about the fall production.
This year, we'll be dancing
the classic romance, Giselle.
I recommend
that you all study it closely.
Giselle is possibly
one of the greatest works in the canon.
Giselle requires
uncommon technical virtuosity.
Its beauty is uncompromising.
And I shall be equally uncompromising
in my choices.
All the roles are open. Class dismissed.
What a bitch! She's a jealous bitch.
Katrina is, like, this close to being
presented as Monique's protg.
She has no reason to be jealous.
Yeah, everyone's paranoid,
'cause they know
if they make one mistake,
or somebody better comes along,
they're out.
This isn't a school. It's Survivor.
Where you guys going? I thought
you were coming with me to Miles'.
Oh, we'll be back later.
Franz has to go down to Canal Street
for a defibrillator.
- Modulator.
- Modulator. And I really need a new hat.
Ciao.
That was beautiful.
Yeah, my man Satie's no joke.
This place is amazing.
Not exactly struggling.
Yeah, I consider it a consolation prize
from parents who don't speak.
Everybody should be here a little later.
So I figure we should get right
before they start showing up, yeah?
Look, those beats you gave me?
They're good. I like them.
- But they're abstract.

- What do you mean, abstract?
They're not really danceable.
Not danceable? What are you...
You sound like them bubblehead cats
down at the club.
I'm trying to push it.
That's why I wanted to work with you.
You want people to like it,
and you want me to dance to it, right?
- You can't dance to that?
- I can dance to anything.
But not that?
Wow.
All right. All right. So, cool. Tell me
what you want, and I'll work with you.
- Hey, this was your idea.
- No, it's cool.
- You sure?
- Yeah, I'm sure.
Okay. Track four.
Can you make it faster?
Bloody long trek from that train.
This is Nigel,
the director I was telling you about.
It's a pleasure to meet you.
Miles tells me you're a genius.
Are you sure
he wasn't talking about himself?
All right, boys. Let's go.
- What's up, man?
- 50 bucks in Chinatown, baby.
So Nigel thinks we have something hot.
There's no way I could've done that
without you.
- It was fun. You were right.
- I know.
I wish I had more time
to do stuff like that.
What?
You have all the time in the world.
Not if I'm going to be
a prima ballerina by 21.
That's really what you want to do, huh?
That's the plan.

Damn. All right.

I was really hoping that, I don't know...
me and you could,
maybe...

We could what?

Get a cannoli or something?

- A cannoli?

- Yeah, a cannoli.

- I should get some rest.

- Yeah.

I got my Giselle audition in the morning.

Yeah, definitely.

Good night.

- What part are you auditioning for?

- Giselle.

Whenever you're ready.

Yo, Nigel showed me the edits.

It is coconuts. You rocked it, girl.

I can't wait to see it.

- You look beat.

- I am beat.

Well, give up them feet. It's time for
Dr. Miles' famous foot massage.

- No, they're awful.

- Oh, no, no, no, no.

My man Stef got feet

that look like monkey hands,

so yours can't be that much worse.

Come on.

- Come on.

- Okay.

- Oh, my...

- I told you.

Just playing.

Feels good, right?

So why you dancing ballet?

What do you mean?

I don't know. It's just so rigid.

You could do so much more.

Oh, right.

I have the soul of a trombone player.

Yes.

I used to dream

about being this classical composer.

I mean, pounding out notes
on the piano, hour after hour.
I read every book
written on music theory.
I wanted to write a symphony
by the time I turned 18.
What happened?
Wrote the sketches for my symphony.
Got it into Juilliard and got accepted.
But you ended up quitting.
Why?
Dreams change.
Oh, my God! Oh, my God!
Oh, my God! Oh, my God!
- I got the part in the play.
- The quirky brunette?
- No, the dumb blonde.
- Oh, my God. That's great!
God, gross.
You're touching her ballerina feet.
Okay, you know what?
If you guys are going to do that,
one, wear gloves.
And two, just...
How do you know when you're
performing a movement perfectly?
You feel perfect. You are the
movement.
Everything is working within you
and through you.
All effort falls away.
You disappear into the dance.
And all that's left
is the purity of the spirit
and emotion.
Bella.
Sara, first line.
Katrina, could you get the bars please?
Well, I'd love Giselle.
I'll be anything
as long as it isn't a peasant.
I can't stand being a peasant.
But I'd be happy
with the Queen of the Wilis.

- Have you ever been a peasant?

- No.

Well, it's all these
little folksy steps and this...

I just can't bear it again.

- Oh, my God.

- There it is.

Katrina got Giselle.

Well, no surprise there.

But you got Queen of the Wilis.

Looks like I'm going to be doing this
for the next six weeks.

- Okay, see you.

- Oh, where are you going?

I gotta get to my opening.

- In a minute. Just a minute.

- Come on.

In a minute.

- Look at you.

- What do you think?

I like it. It's hip.

- There's a little hop in there, too.

- They're about to start again.

Come on. Let's go.

Can't wait to see your new dance piece.

I need to get some fresh air,
so you guys go ahead.

- Okay.

- I'll see you inside.

Be in there.

You're one of Monique's girls.

Sara, isn't it?

Yes, that's right.

Simone Eldaire. I head
the Modern Department at Juilliard.

I know who you are.

It's an honor to meet you.

I saw your piece. You were quite good.

- Who choreographed it?

- I did.

Congratulations.

Thank you.

You've put quite a spell on Monique.

Whenever I see her,

she just goes on about you.

Really?

Our secret.

I'm down to just one a day.

Oh, the things we dancers do
to our bodies.

Ms. Eldaire, if it's okay,
can we just keep this between us?

- I'm really not supposed to...

- Deal.

Stop by my office

if you ever want to just talk
about dance, boys, whatever.

I know Monique can be a bit severe.

Thank you. I will.

It was a pleasure meeting you, Sara.

I look forward to seeing
more of your work.

Yes.

What? Oh, my God!

Are you kidding me?

The Vibe is at our party.

Do you know what this means?

This means... This means exposure.

This means I'm not gonna

have to spend 25 minutes

explaining my music to people, they just
gonna hear it and they gonna feel it.

- I'm so happy for you.

- By me, you mean us, right?

Miles, this was supposed to be
a one-time deal. I've got school.

Wow! Right.

Hey, can't do it, can't do it, right?

Okay, I've got Giselle rehearsals

four times a week,

and if I drop Intro to Hip-Hop,

since I get private tutoring anyway,

- I could do it.

- That would be dope.

The Vibe guys said

we could have all the time we need.

Wow.

- What's all this?

- That is my entire life on tape.
- How many are there?
- I lost count.
Over 8,000 hours at least.
How did you...
I just always carry around
a tape recorder.
Started when I was young.
I was just a kid.
First sound I remember
was the sound of rings jingling
on the shower-curtain rod
when my mom was giving me a bath.
- You got a tape of that?
- No. I was four.
Let me see.
Let me see. Let me see. Let me see.
Come on.
Have a seat.
- What are we...
- Just listen.
What is that?
New York City, East River.
February 27, 1989.
After five weeks below freezing,
the ice finally breaking.
Concentrate.
- You're okay.
- Yeah, I'm all right.
Watch your turnout.
Straighten up the line.
Oh.
- Katrina.
- You okay?
- Get away from me. I'm fine.
- You sure?
- Fine.
- Let's get you up gently.
- Are you okay?
- I'm fine.
- Can you take her to the clinic, please?
- Sure.
I'm fine.
So, in line. Let's go on.

Bella, and...

- What?

- Wake up, man.

Seriously, you've been all
Barney & Friends
ever since what's-her-name
scrambled your brains.

- Am not.

- You two are like Bonnie and Clyde,
Pam and Tommy Lee,

- Bert and Ernie.

- All right.

- Lewis and Clark.

- What?

- Britney and Justin.

- They broke up.

Seriously, man, you are so hooked.

It's like watching Bassmasters
on late night cable.

"And for tackle today,
we're using an eight-pound test line
"and a blonde ballerina as bait."

- Get out of here, man.

- You're hooked.

All right, whatever.

- You're hooked.

- All right, Eraserhead.

Hooked

Hooked on

Oh, that sells.

The doctor said it was just a sprain.

The doctor told me

you have permanent ligament damage.

But Miss Delacroix...

I'm sorry, Katrina. You can't dance.

So who gets Giselle?

It's Sara, isn't it?

She's making a fool of you.

Ask your son.

Five, six, seven, eight.

Yo, stop, stop. Hold up.

We can't even hear the drums with all
these horns blaring all over the place!

Okay. You know what?

I'm really sick and tired of all your...

Hey, why don't we just take a break?

I really don't know, man.

Who does she think she is?

- What?

- You're amazing.

So are you.

There's something I need to talk to you about, actually...

Can we not take so many breaks here today?

Some of us have a life.

What is it?

It's nothing.

All right, let's take it from the top.

Five, six, seven, eight.

- You really did a job this time.

- This has nothing to do with you.

You're right.

It has everything to do with her.

Jesus, you don't care about her!

- You need her...

- She's gifted...

...more than she needs you.

...the way you were.

- But you threw yours away.

- Please.

For what? So some kids on the street could know your name.

My dream changed. That's all.

I think you're just ashamed of where you come from.

No. I'm ashamed that you can't accept that my history is out there and not inside this white marble mausoleum.

- You sound like your father.

- Fancy that.

You're angry at me, be angry at me.

But let her alone.

I love her.

Well, good.

Let her live her dream.

Don't destroy hers, as well.

So just remember...

- Sara.

- Yes?

Could you do me a favor and get me
my notes from the last design meeting?

They're on my desk.

- Sure.

- Bye.

Sara, I...

I tried. I tried to tell you in the park,
in rehearsal...

I wanted to tell you.

I just didn't know how to step to you.

I still don't.

I was afraid I'd lose you.

And I knew if it came down to me
or ballet, you'd choose ballet.

- I love you...

- Don't say that.

I believed you.

I believed that someone who can
create music as beautifully as you
had to be telling the truth.

You know what, Miles?

You're just another player.

Yes, I know Miles was a total jerk, but...

You know, it's not like his mother
is a freaking saint, either.

Okay.

This happens to me way too much.

I'm a dumb blonde.

I'm gonna go now.

Sara.

I want you to dance Giselle.

Everything all right?

- I feel like such an idiot.

- Don't.

Miles has never cared what effect
his actions have on other people.

I've arranged for you to be moved
to a single room,
so you can concentrate
on your preparation.

- I don't need to.

- You need to rest. Get some sleep.
Stop! Paul, just cut it out!
You know you're not supposed
to stick out.
You're supposed to blend.
You're a peasant.
I'm coming up there.
Sara. Hey, Miles doesn't know
I'm telling you this so...
And he'd probably beat me up
if he found out,
so, please don't tell him, okay?
- Okay.
- He needs you.
The dancers won't listen to him,
everything's falling apart.
Luckily, the guys...
I can't do anything, okay. I have Giselle.
I'm sorry.
Okay, fine. That's cool.
No. No, that's not cool.
Look, whatever happened
between you and Miles
doesn't mean you can't help out.
- You just don't want to.
- That's not fair.
You're like mini-Monique. Jet, jet.
- Zoe.
- I feel like I swallowed a bug.
Sara, we can't come to your ballet.
It's not 'cause of Zoe or anything,
it's just we have dress rehearsal
that night and...
Well, we need all the rehearsal
we can get.
Sorry.
I understand.
Sara, can you come up on stage,
please?
Yes.
Watch that rouge.
Ta-da!
- Isn't it lovely?
- What's it for?

I'm having a dinner party
after the performance at my home.
Absolutely everyone will be there,
even the Chairman of the board
of American Ballet Theatre.
Are you pleased?
- Are you nervous?
- Yes.
You shouldn't be. You're my student.
Now remember to watch
those extensions and think up.
Merde.
Excuse me, you can't go...
Yeah, yeah, yeah, I know her.
Thank you.
- Wow, look at you.
- Hey, okay, no, no, no.
Don't be nice yet, okay?
There are two things. No.
"I just wanted to say that I'm sorry
"and that I love you so much.
"Because no matter how stupid or crazy
I act, you've always been there for me.
"And I'm sorry. Break a leg. Love, Zoe."
- It's okay.
- No, no, no, it's not okay,
'cause I was such a bitch and...
God, I am so proud of you, Sara.
You did it. You know, you did
what you said you were going to do.
- You're so rad.
- You're the rad one.
- And so blonde.
- I know.
I kind of like being a dumb blonde.
You know I think Franz likes it, too.
Men are so easy.
Fifteen minutes to places, please.
Fifteen minutes.
You have some twirling to do.
I'm gonna try and not whistle too loud.
Wait. You said two things.
Please don't hate me.
I nearly killed Franz

when he asked me to do this.

It's from Miles.

Wonderful!

Giselle!

Oh, great job.

- It was great. It was wonderful.

- Good, good, good, thank you.

Sara, there you are.

What on earth are you doing here?

Everyone wants to congratulate you.

What's the matter?

Is something wrong?

Oh, you must be exhausted.

I can remember coming off stage
after a performance,
barely able to walk.

You leave everything on the stage.

It's the best feeling in the world.

- Did you ever wonder if...

- What?

- If it was enough?

- Enough?

Dear girl, once you get a taste for it,
it's never enough.

In time, there are better sets,
lovelier costumes...

No.

Did you ever wonder
if this was all you'd ever do,
all you'd ever be?

Let's go. Everyone's waiting.

Miss Delacroix, I don't think
I want to be just a ballerina.

- It's just nerves.

- You're not listening.

I can't give up everything for ballet.

No one's asking you
to give up everything.

But you will.

Maybe not on purpose,
maybe not all at once.

Listen to me, Sara,
there are hundreds of thousands of girls
who would kill to be in your position.

Your gift means nothing
without hard work, discipline
and yes, sacrifice.
You just have a child's idea
of happiness.
And to be great you have to...
You have to let that go.
Why?
I'll wait for you in the limo.
I'm sorry. I can't go to your party.
- You changed the song again!
- I had to.
And I'm just supposed to redo
all the steps?
This is your mess, you fix it.
- Candy, please.
- No.
You holler when you sort it all out,
Mr. Control Freak!
You know the number,
unless you changed that, too.
Miles, what are we gonna do now?
I don't know, man.
Just give me a minute.
- Sara, I...
- No, don't say anything.
Please just listen.
I danced the best
I've ever danced tonight.
It was close to perfect.
When I was done, I closed my eyes
and I felt such peace.
But when I opened them,
everyone was standing and clapping.
And I felt nothing.
Just numb.
And I thought to myself,
"That's an odd thing to feel."
"I've worked my whole life
to get to this place,
"and I feel nothing?"
And then there you were.
You popped into my head.
I couldn't stop thinking about you.

Your face, your smile,
and what you said that day in class.

"I am here."

And I realized this whole time, I've been
trying to perfect someone else's steps
instead of finding my own.

Well, I wanna be here, too.

I wanna paint with ballerinas, b-boys
in point shoes and high-tops.

If my dream of dancing ballet
doesn't have enough room for all that,
my friends,

and you with a cannoli once in a while,
then I'm gonna have to find a dream
big enough that does.

And all I was gonna say was,

"I'm sorry."

So, looks like you're having
some trouble with your dancers.

Yeah. We got 24 hours to get right,
and we looking kind of wrong right now.

You know what I'm saying?

You want some help?

You're not gonna make me beg,
are you?

Miles, please let me help you.

All right.

I'm out.