

The Dance

by
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Based on...you wouldn't believe me if I told you.

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SAMPLE PAGES

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FADE IN:

EXT. THE MALT HOUSE - DAY

Dawn. A dive bar. A semi-suburban locale. Autumn. The door swings open. JIMMY THE BARTENDER, a brawny Irishman leans out of the door; looks up and down the streets.

JIMMY THE BARTENDER
Yeah, I think he's skedaddled by
now. Coast looks clear.

He opens the door wider and holds out his hand for THE LADIES to exit.

One by one, SARA, the rock star leader, Mona, the quirky one, and LYDIA, the shy one, strut out of the bar. Three lovely and fashionable gals who look like they just stepped out of a Fall catalogue, and not a long night of heavy drinking.

SARA
G'Night, Jimmy!

LYDIA
Bye, Jimmy!

MONA
Have a good night, Joe! I mean,
Jimmy!

JIMMY THE BARTENDER
Good night, girls.

Lots of waves.

Jimmy the Bartender closes the door. Locks it.

Time to stumble home.

Mona entwines her arms into Sara's and Lydia's, and turns them left. Toward home.

MONA
Now that's how three classy bitches
close off the night. Am I right?

Lydia burps. Tries hard not to though.

LYDIA
Morning. Actually.

Mona sighs and nods. Loving it.

MONA

It *is* the morning.

Just as they get to the end of the building, THE VERM, a hipster paparazzo, definitely gay, possibly Asian, with thick plastic glasses purely for effect, jumps out from the shadows and starts snapping photos with a DISPOSABLE CAMERA. FLASH!

They all hold their hands up to their eyes, momentarily blinded.

LYDIA

Pinche fucking cabrone!

THE VERM

Ms. Boore! Ms. Boore! What is your response to your father's practices-

Sara hides her face behind her hands; ducks behind the side of the building.

MONA

Fuck you, Verm! It's none of your damn business!

Mona raises her arm as if to strike The Verm in the face.

THE VERM

Yipes!

He jumps back, and drops his camera. Lydia immediately snatches it up, and sticks it in her pocket.

LYDIA

A disposable camera? Dude. Not even trying anymore.

Lydia shakes her head and looks down on the Verm, who is cowering close to the ground with Mona staning over him menacingly.

MONA

Mother fucker, what are you looking at?

LYDIA

Mona. Come on.
What the hell are you even doing out here this late, Gary?

CUT TO:

INT. THE MALT HOUSE - SAME

Jimmy wipes down bar stools. Hears a rhythmic KNOCKING on the door.

SARA (O.S.)

Jimmy. Jimmy, can you come out here? Gary's back.

JIMMY THE BARTENDER

Bloody hell.

Tired and annoyed, he pounces on the door and swings it wide open.

EXT. THE MALT HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Sara turns around, wearing her AVIATOR SUNGLASSES, and smiles brightly up at Jimmy, like a kid asking for a hot fudge sundae.

JIMMY THE BARTENDER

(sighs)

We're did her pop out of this time?

Sara points.

SARA

Just the side. Not very original.

BACK TO:

EXT. THE MALT HOUSE - SAME

Lydia leans down, arm extended, and helps the Verm up.

LYDIA

Come on, Gary, that's not even a fair question to ask somebody.

He brushes himself off, sticking out his butt to get a good look at it.

THE VERM

Freedom of the press, Ms. Sanchez. The people have a right to know.

MONA

Oh, shut your pie-hole! We go to Sarah Lawrence. We're woman! Don't tell us about rights, you little peckered mother fucker.

Jimmy rounds the corner in full attack mode.

JIMMY THE BARTENDER
 Hey! Hey! You! What have I told you
 about harassing the clientele?

Seeing Jimmy push up his sleeves, the Verm goes into flight mode. Dashes off in the opposite direction.

JIMMY THE BARTENDER (CONT'D)
 Yeah, that's right. Run yer sorry
 arse off!

MONA
 And don't come back or I'll feed
 your dick to a cage full of rabies
 infested cabbits!

LYDIA
 Cabbits?

MONA
 Half cat, half rabbit. Saw one on
 YouTube.

Sorry about that, ladies. Have a
 lovely evening.

Jimmy turns the stunned paparazzi back toward the entrance, and walks him off.

SARA
 Thank you, Jimmy!

THE VERM
 Ms. Sanchez what do think about Mr.
 Boores--

Jimmy clamps his hand over The Verm's mouth; muffling him out.

Lydia nods in approval, and wipes the whole mess off her hands.

LYDIA
 Thank you, Jimmy!

MONA
 Fuck you, asshole!

Mona flips the bird at The Verm.

THE VERM

I've got you on tape, Ms. Crawford!

Mona turns away from him. She makes the jerking off motion.

MONA

I've got your dick on tape.

Mona looks around.

MONA (CONT'D)

Where's Sara?

Sara is around the corner, shielding herself from the leering gaze of the Verm as Jimmy escorts him inside. She slips on her AVIATOR SUNGLASSES, and slinks down the wall, back towards her friends.

Sara comes around the corner.

Mona sees her and brightens up. Rushes to Sara, arms wide open.

MONA (CONT'D)

Oh my god, are you alright?!

SARA

Mona! Thank you so much!

Sara grabs Mona by the back of the head and pulls her in; kisses her squarely on the mouth. Releases her just as violently.

SARA (CONT'D)

God, I love you. You're just the fucking bees knees.

Sara runs up to Lydia and gives her an approximation of the treatment paid Mona. Has to visibly pull herself together; take deep breaths to calm herself.

Mona ropes them into a group hug, and turns them to start walking home down the deserted street at dawn.

MONA

You shouldn't have to put up with that shit.
Especially on Coming Out Eve.

SARA

So, so true.
De nada for saving my life, lovey.

Lydia is visibly confused by this turn of phrase.

MONA

N.p., dude, n.p..

Lydia stops; the group stops; she pulls out cigarettes for them all. Passes them around.

LYDIA

Is that how you say it Dallas these days?

SARA

Yeah. *De nada*. Thanks.

Lydia looks around. To Cait. *She's pretty sure that's not what you're supposed to say it.* Cait does not look up to Lydia.

Lydia hands out a cigarette to Sara.

LYDIA

Ironically?

SARA

But of course.

Sara smiles brightly and takes the smoke.

MONA

Fascinating. Anyway, what I wanna know is who ya'll gonna fuck?

SARA

Mona!

MONA

Come on, it's Coming Out. Who ya gonna fuck? Lay it one me big time sausage-like.

SARA

You're ridiculous and I'm never letting you take pills that aren't prescribed for you again.

Lydia lights the cigarette for Sara.

MONA

You gave them to me!

LYDIA

I -- I won't be sleeping with anyone. I'm menstruating.

MONA

Me too!

Sara nods indicating that she is too.

SARA

Least I'm not preggers.

LYDIA

Truth. But -- but still, whichever one of us that's the alpha female, fuck you. I mean, I know it's not your fault. It's nature. But this timing bah-lows.

MONA

Come on girls, let's pick up the pace.

Mona skips ahead.

Lydia cracks up. Looks to Sara. One look at her says "Hell no are they skipping."

LYDIA

Uhg, I'm so tired.

SARA

I know, right?

LYDIA

I'm just like, just keep walking and smoking and you'll be fine. You'll be home soon.

Lydia looks to Sara. *Am I right?*

Sara nods and looks off. She's really beautiful and the light plays beautifully off her face.

LYDIA (CONT'D)

Would you like to see my painting?
I finished it.

SARA

You did?

LYDIA

Yeah.

SARA

That was fast.

LYDIA

Well, it's not perfect. But it gets the basic idea across? I had another idea the other day that might work better? So, I don't know. Maybe you want to see a later version?

SARA

Sure. Whatever you think is best.

Lydia tucks her hands in her pockets. Chews on her lip. *Not really sure what that means she should do.*

LYDIA

Mona? You wanna go look at some art shit?

MONA

Hells yeah I do!

Mona starts doing CARTWHEELS down the street and screaming...

MONA (CONT'D)

Art shit! Art shit! We're going to see Lydia's art shit!

Sara throws her hands up. *I give up.*

SARA

What the hell, girl? Look around you.

Lydia looks around and has to concede. *She's right.*

They pierce through the silence of the sleeping street. The leaves WHISPER in the winds. It's clearly going to be a balmy autumn day.

LYDIA

Yeah, you're right. Never give her Adoral again.

EXT. A CAMPUS LAWN - LATER

Red leaves, brown leaves, orange leaves. CRUNCH, CRUNCH, CRUNCH.

Still dawn. Mona cartwheels across the field.... Lydia chases after her.... Sara is not even trying to keep up.

EXT. ART BUILDING - LATER

Mona stops skipping. Rests her elbows on her knees. Lets herself fall to the ground.

Mona'S POV:

Lydia adds a hop and a skip to get to Mona.

LYDIA
Uh-oh. Somebody's crashed.

Lydia gallops past her.

INT. ART BUILDING - LATER

FWOOSH! The unveiling.

Two tired puppies stare blearily at us.

MONA
Oh, oh, yeah. You got it. With the
arms...

She holds up her arm awkwardly.

MONA (CONT'D)
...And the hair.

SARA
Glasses.

MONA
And the glasses. Yep. And the
glasses.
(beat)
Great, dude. Just great.

SARA
Brilliant.
(beat)

They sit in silence starrng at the painting.

Painting is of Sara in the shower (shoulders and up only), wearing brown aviators, and drinking a 40oz bottle of Olde English.

Lydia looks from the painting to her friends, clearly expecting more of a reaction.

It really is a very well executed painting. Very realistic.

SARA (CONT'D)

How much you going to charge for
it?

LYDIA

Twenty thousand?

SARA

At least.

EXT. ART BUILDING - LATER

And out the door. Mona bursts in front of her friends and
dives ahead.

LYDIA

And there she goes again.