

Script Title: *A Dancer's Odyssey: The Turning Point*

Scene 1: **Amiens, France - FRE's First Ballet Lesson**

Visuals: A charming French town. FRE and her mother walk hand in hand, the girl clutching a small dance bag. They approach a modest building with a sign reading "Cours de Ballet Abbeville Pascal Rimbert." Children's voices echo faintly from within.

INT. COURSE BALLET SCHOOL - DAY

The corridors are alive with the sound of piano music and muffled laughter. FRE's mother adjusts her daughter's hair as they enter a studio where children and parents gather.

MOTHER

(whispering to FRE)

It's just a class, ma chérie. Try your best,
that's all.

INSTRUCTOR

(clearly but warmly)

Parents, please take a seat by the wall.
Dancers, come join me in the center.

The instructor, a poised woman in her fifties with an elegant bun, moves to the middle of the room. Her movements are precise, her tone inviting but firm.

****INSTRUCTOR****

(to the children)

Bonjour, mes petits. Today, we begin a journey. Ballet is not just about movement—it is about feeling. Now, watch me.

She glides into first position with fluid grace, demonstrating the stance with outstretched arms.

****INSTRUCTOR****

This is first position. It's the foundation of all we do. Françoise, come here.

FRE hesitates, glancing nervously at her mother. She steps forward and awkwardly mirrors the instructor's position.

****INSTRUCTOR****

(crouching slightly to meet her gaze)

Good. Hold your arms softer, like clouds.
Yes...now your feet. Point them a little more.

The other children watch, some whispering to each other. One giggles. FRE's mother exchanges glances with another parent.

****PARENT 1****

(to FRE's mother)

Your daughter looks so serious!

****MOTHER****

(smirking)

She's always been like that. Did your daughter want to try ballet, or was it your idea?

PARENT 1

A bit of both. My cousin said this school is one of the best. What about you?

MOTHER

She begged me for weeks. I couldn't say no.

Meanwhile, other children take their turns attempting first position. Some stumble, some giggle, some follow closely. The instructor patiently adjusts them.

INSTRUCTOR

(to the class)

First position is like planting a seed. If you care for it, it will grow into something beautiful.

FRE's gaze softens. She smiles slightly as she sits back down.

FRE (V.O.)

Can I really do this?

Scene 2: **Cannes, France - Rosella Hightower Academy**

Visuals: The bustling streets of Cannes. FRE, now 15, runs past her favorite café, waving to the café owner as she hurries along.

EXT. CAFÉ - DAY

****CAFÉ OWNER****

(shouting after her)

Françoise! Toujours pressée! How are the classes?

****FRE****

(turning briefly)

Good progress! Wish I had time for an espresso and croissant!

****CAFÉ OWNER****

Soon, bientôt! You'll need your energy to dance all day!

She waves and hurries off, arriving at the academy. The changing room is filled with laughter and chatter from teenage girls.

****INT. CHANGING ROOM - DAY****

****STUDENT 1****

(dramatically)

Did you see Clara's new leotard? So chic.

****STUDENT 2****

(snickering)

Chic? She bought it because she thinks Jean-Pierre will notice her.

****STUDENT 3****

(rolling her eyes)

Jean-Pierre doesn't notice anyone unless they're holding a baguette.

The group laughs as FRE ties her ballet slippers.

FRE

(smiling)

At least you don't have to worry about pointe.
My feet are killing me.

STUDENT 1

Wait until Pas de Deux class. The boys will
either lift us properly or drop us on our
heads.

The instructor enters, clipboard in hand.

INSTRUCTOR

Class, today we start contemporary dance.

*The chatter dies down as the students look at one another,
confused.*

STUDENT 2

(whispering)

Contemporary? What even is that?

FRE

(raising her hand)

Monsieur, how is it different from ballet?

INSTRUCTOR

Good question. Ballet is about structure,
rules, precision. Contemporary is...freedom.
Feeling.

He demonstrates a fluid, emotive move.

****INSTRUCTOR****

You must unlearn what your body knows and trust your instincts. This will be difficult for some of you. Françoise, will you try?

FRE hesitates, then follows his movement. It feels awkward, and her expression shows her uncertainty.

****FRE (V.O.)****

Is this why I came here? I love ballet. What if I don't like this?

Scene 3: ****Mercury Ballet - *The Ice Queen****

Visuals: FRE stands stage left, peering out at the set. Her face is a mixture of focus and anxiety. Fade to a rehearsal scene.

****INT. REHEARSAL STUDIO - DAY****

****REHEARSAL DIRECTOR****

No, Françoise, not like that. You'll hurt yourself. Again.

FRE tries a complex move, landing better this time.

****REHEARSAL DIRECTOR****

Yes, better. Now add the emotion. You're not just dancing; you're commanding winter itself.

Fade back to the stage. FRE shifts her weight nervously. Harrison approaches.

HARRISON

Remember, every move must be perfect. No mistakes.

FRE (V.O.)

Does it always have to be like this?

She steps into the spotlight as the music rises. Her movements are precise but strained. The weight of expectation is palpable.

Scene 4: **Kansas City - The Concavity** (Expanded Script)

INT. STAGE LEFT - NIGHT

The stage is alive with tension. FRE stands in the wings, wearing a striking costume. The faint hum of the orchestra tuning fills the air. Harrison strides over, clipboard in hand, his demeanor sharp and unyielding.

HARRISON

Françoise, listen carefully. This performance has no room for error. The audience expects perfection, and so do I.

FRE

(turning sharply to him)

Why is it always about perfection with you, Christopher? Why can't you ever trust me to deliver?

HARRISON

(frowning)

Because trust is earned every night, Françoise. And lately, you've been too emotional, too...distracted.

FRE

(angrily)

Emotional? Distracted? I've given everything to this role—to this art. What about you? Have you forgotten what it's like to be up there?

HARRISON

(leaning in)

I haven't forgotten. That's why I know what it takes to stay at the top. And you're not there anymore, are you?

FRE

(clenching her fists)

Maybe I'm not perfect in your eyes, but that doesn't give you the right to treat me like this.

HARRISON

(cutting her off)

Enough, Françoise. Save the drama for the stage. Just do your job.

FRE glares at him but says nothing, her chest rising and falling with suppressed anger. The stage manager signals her entrance. She takes a deep breath, steps onto the stage, and the music swells.

INT. STAGE - NIGHT

FRE moves gracefully, her performance a mixture of strength and vulnerability. The audience watches, captivated. As she prepares for a grand leap, slow-motion sequences show her past performances: soaring through the air, being carried by partners, and landing flawlessly. Her face is calm but determined.

Suddenly, her foot slips. Her body twists awkwardly midair, and she crashes to the floor. The music halts. Gasps ripple through the audience as the other dancers freeze, unsure of what to do.

INT. STAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Chaos erupts. Crew members and dancers rush to her side as FRE lies motionless on the stage. Her eyes flutter open, her breathing shallow. Harrison kneels beside her, his face a mixture of concern and frustration.

HARRISON

(softly but curtly)

Françoise, can you hear me?

FRE

(weakly)
Yes...what happened?

HARRISON

You fell during the leap. It's over now.

FRE

(struggling to sit up)
Over? It was one fall.

HARRISON

(looking away briefly)
Maybe it's more than that. Maybe it's a sign...

FRE

(a flash of anger)
A sign of what? That I should give up?

HARRISON

(slowly)
That it might be time to consider...other paths.

FRE's expression hardens, but before she can respond, the house physician arrives.

INT. STAGE - NIGHT

HOUSE PHYSICIAN

(kneeling beside her)

Françoise, don't move too much. Where does it hurt?

FRE

(struggling)

My ankle...and my back.

HOUSE PHYSICIAN

(pressing gently)

Do you feel any tingling or numbness?

FRE

(panicking slightly)

No...just pain.

HOUSE PHYSICIAN

Okay, that's good. Let's keep you still. The medics are on their way.

FRE

(looking around)

What about the performance?

HOUSE PHYSICIAN

(firmly)

Forget the performance. Right now, it's about you.

The murmurs of the crowd grow louder as the curtain closes. FRE glances toward Harrison, who stands silently, his arms crossed. The medics arrive with a stretcher.

INT. STAGE - NIGHT

The medics assess FRE as the house physician briefs them.

MEDIC 1

(to FRE)

Can you wiggle your toes for me?

FRE

(slowly)

Yes.

MEDIC 2

Any sharp pain when you breathe?

FRE

No...just my ankle and back.

MEDIC 1

Okay, we're going to lift you onto the
stretcher. It might hurt, but we'll be as
gentle as we can. Ready?

FRE

(nodding)

Ready.

*As they lift her, FRE winces, her eyes
filling with tears.*

MEDIC 2

You're doing great. Hang tight.

They secure her on the stretcher and wheel her offstage. FRE catches Harrison's gaze one last time before being taken away.

INT. AMBULANCE - NIGHT

The siren wails as FRE lies on the stretcher, staring at the ceiling. The medics work efficiently around her.

MEDIC 1

(to FRE)

You're stable. We'll be at the hospital in a few minutes.

MEDIC 2

Do you feel any dizziness or nausea?

FRE

No...just fear.

MEDIC 1

That's normal. You've had a shock, but you're in good hands.

FRE

(whispers)

Is this the end?

The medics exchange glances but say nothing. FRE closes her eyes, memories of her dancing days flashing through her mind. Her first ballet lesson, her triumphs, her struggles—all culminating in this moment.

EXT. HOSPITAL ENTRANCE - NIGHT

The ambulance pulls up to the ER. FRE is wheeled inside, her face pale but resolute.

FRE (V.O.)

What is going to happen?

Fade to black. The sound of the siren fades as the screen goes dark.

TITLE CARD: *"A Dancer's Odyssey"*

End of Scene.