

Film Script

Script Title: The Jordan James Bridge Backstory

Key Points

1. Jordan's journey from a hesitant 14-year-old to a determined 17-year-old.
 2. Key figures who doubted and believed in him.
 3. Moments of self-discovery and resilience that defined his path.
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Scene 1: High School in Tildesley, England

Location: School Hallway and Gymnasium

EXT. TILDESLEY HIGH STREET - DAY

The small village of Tildesley is nestled in the rolling hills of northern England. Redbrick houses line the narrow streets, and the distant sound of church bells fills the air. The camera pans across a modest school building surrounded by green fields. A faint drizzle adds to the moody atmosphere, with students in uniforms rushing inside.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

The hallway is bustling with energy. Lockers clang open and shut, and the murmur of teenage voices echoes off the tiled floors. Posters for upcoming school events hang on the walls, along with artwork created by students. The camera follows JORDAN JAMES BRIDGE (14), a lean boy with an intense gaze, as he adjusts his sneakers near his locker.

A group of boys approaches him, jostling each other playfully.

BOY 1

What's this PE dance class about? Some kind of punishment?

BOY 2

Why do we have to do two dance classes?
It's not football!

The boys laugh and push each other, their voices echoing. Jordan watches them, a mix of curiosity and uncertainty crossing his face.

CUT TO: INT. GYMNASIUM - DAY

The gymnasium is cavernous, with high ceilings and sunlight streaming through large windows. Basketball hoops hang at each end, and the faint smell of wood polish lingers. A portable speaker sits on a table near the teacher's bench.

KEELEY SLACK, mid-30s, with short-cropped hair and a dancer's posture, stands in front of the boys. Her voice is firm but inviting as she surveys the skeptical group.

KEELEY SLACK

Alright, lads. Imagine you're on a football field. Today, we're dancing through practice.

The boys exchange incredulous glances before bursting into laughter.

BOY 3

Boys don't do this stuff!

KEELEY SLACK

Yes, you do. And yes, you will. Positions, everyone!

Reluctantly, the boys scatter around the room, their sneakers squeaking on the polished floor. Keeley moves among them,

correcting their postures and urging them to loosen up. Her eyes keep returning to Jordan, whose movements, though hesitant, have a natural flow.

The music begins: a rhythmic instrumental piece with a strong beat. The boys laugh and stumble at first but gradually fall into the rhythm. Keeley watches Jordan closely, a small smile forming as she notices his instinctive grace.

As the class ends, the boys shuffle out, muttering about wasting time. Keeley calls out to Jordan.

KEELEY SLACK

Jordan. Wait a second.

Jordan stops, turning back, surprised.

KEELEY SLACK

You've got something. A natural talent.
Come back tomorrow. Let's explore it.

JORDAN (uncertain)

What did you see?

KEELEY SLACK

Come back tomorrow.

The camera lingers on Jordan's thoughtful expression as he leaves.

Scene 2: Same Room - Keeley and Jordan

Location: Gymnasium, Afternoon

EXT. TILDESLEY VILLAGE - LATE AFTERNOON

The village is quiet now. Sheep graze in a nearby field, and smoke rises from chimneys. The sound of distant birdsong accompanies the scene.

INT. GYMNASIUM - LATE AFTERNOON

The gymnasium is empty except for Jordan and Keeley. The fading daylight casts long shadows across the wooden floor. Keeley is setting up a portable speaker, scrolling through her playlist.

KEELEY SLACK

Close your eyes. Take yourself to a place where you feel free. Let the music guide you.

She selects "Take Me to Church" by Sinead O'Connor. The haunting melody fills the room, echoing off the walls. Jordan hesitates, his eyes darting to Keeley for reassurance.

JORDAN

Am I doing it right?

KEELEY SLACK

There's no "right." There's only you and the music. Let it take over.

Jordan begins to move, his steps awkward at first. Slowly, his movements become more fluid, more expressive. The camera captures close-ups of his feet, his hands, his face—concentration turning into freedom. Keeley watches intently, her expression softening into pride.

KEELEY SLACK (quietly)

Yes, yes. That's it, Jordan.

Scene 3: Jordan's Home in Ashley

Location: Family Home, Evening

EXT. ASHLEY VILLAGE - EVENING

Ashley is a quaint, picturesque village with cobblestone streets and flower-filled gardens. The sun sets behind the hills, casting a golden glow over the rooftops.

INT. JORDAN'S BEDROOM - EVENING

The room is small but cozy, with posters of dance icons on the walls. A pair of worn-out dance shoes sits by the bed. Jordan is packing a large duffle bag, neatly folding his clothes. His younger sister peeks in, holding a book.

SISTER

Are you taking this?

JORDAN (smiling)

Nah, you keep it.

His mother enters, holding a raincoat.

MOM

Do you need this? London's always raining.

JORDAN

I've got one, Mum.

She pauses, looking at him wistfully.

MOM

Jordan, I don't know whether you remember, but we do. When you were four, you'd grab my heels and pearls, run down the stairs half-naked, and dance for us. Your dad and I would watch, saying, "He just loves to move."

They look at each other. She touches his cheek. Jordan turns, looks at the floor, then looks at his image in a mirror, looks back at his mom as she who exits the room. Jordan's father steps in, leaning against the doorframe.

DAD

This is a tough road, son. Not many make it. But you? You're different.

JORDAN

Pop, but what if I fail?

DAD

Look at me. This above all I know about you, Jordan: you may start as a fish, but you always leave as a shark. It's going to work.

They hug. Jordan looks out the window, the camera pulling back to show the village bathed in twilight.

Scene 4: London Contemporary Dance School (LCDS)

Location: Studio, Morning

EXT. LONDON STREET - MORNING

The bustling city comes alive with honking taxis, cyclists weaving through traffic, and pedestrians hurrying along the pavements. The LCDS building stands tall and modern, a stark contrast to the historical architecture around it.

INT. LCDS LOCKER ROOM - MORNING

Students chatter as they prepare for class. The room is filled with laughter and gossip. Jordan, seated in a corner, rummages through his bag, his expression distant.

STUDENT 1

Did you hear about Arturo and Sophie? Total disaster yesterday.

STUDENT 2

Mateo got smashed last weekend.

Jordan finds his phone and checks it for messages from home. He smiles faintly at a text from his mom.

CUT TO: INT. STUDIO - LATER

The studio is spacious, with mirrors lining one wall and a barre stretching across another. Students move to the center, chatting nervously. CELIA, an elegant and commanding teacher, approaches Jordan.

CELIA

Heard you're auditioning for Wayne McGregor. Ambitious.

JORDAN

You think I'm not ready?

ADRIANNA, another teacher, overhears and interjects.

ADRIANNA

You can't be serious! Wayne McGregor doesn't take just anyone.

Jordan's confidence falters.

JORDAN

Why not? What makes me any less?

Adrianna laughs, shaking her head.

ADRIANNA

Give it up, Jordan. You're talented, but not that talented.

The camera captures Jordan's determination hardening. A voiceover from his father echoes:

DAD (V.O.)

This above all I know about you, Jordan:
you may start as a fish, but you always
leave as a shark.

MONTAGE:

- Jordan practicing alone in the studio late at night.
- Shots of the Wayne McGregor website featuring Jordan's name.

FADE OUT.