

The Dance

an original script
by Daniel Robinson

Note:

Current time is filmed in black and white

Flashbacks are filmed in color

Fantasies are filmed in color, but look like Maxfield Parrish paintings

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FADE IN

EXT. SCOTT'S CAR - DAY (B & W)

It is a bright summer evening, around 6 PM.

SCOTT is parked by the street in front of Julie's townhouse and is talking on a cell phone. There is a backpack on the passenger seat.

Scott is about 25, wears glasses and his hair in a pony tail. He is wearing chinos and a denim shirt.

While talking on the phone, Scott opens the pack with one hand and takes out a book of poetry.

SCOTT

She acted, man, I don't know how she acted. I can't remember. I can't remember what we really said to each other.

He drops the book on the seat and reaches into the pack, coming out with another poetry book.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

She just seemed ... she just seemed like she just didn't care.

He drops the book and reaches in, pulling out a flat brown paper bag. He dumps out a Cosmopolitan magazine, a new pack of cigarettes and a new lighter.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Like, ..., I wrote it about her!

It is the Cosmo "Relationship Issue". He opens it, props it against the steering wheel. There is a perfume scratch and sniff advert. He scratches. He sniffs.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

She just ... I just thought it was so good. With her.

Scott turns the pages, leafing past quizzes and perfume ads, stopping to scratch and sniff.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Yeah, man. Maybe this is the end.

He stops on an article titled "Are You Getting TRUST and RESPECT?"

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Yeah, man, like, what did she want?

CUT TO:

INT. JULIE'S TOWNHOUSE - FLASHBACK I - THAT MORNING (COLOR)

Scott is standing at the table in a breakfast nook shaking his head and putting things into his backpack.

JULIE is sitting at the table. She wears a bath robe and pajama bottoms. She is 25 and puzzled.

JULIE
I just said it was nice.

SCOTT
A cat is nice, you know? A car is nice. I read you something I wrote for you. Like, you inspired me to write it.

JULIE
And I was thinking about work. I'm sorry. Can you read it again?

Scott looks composed.

SCOTT
Look, I gotta go.

CUT TO:

EXT. JULIE'S TOWNHOUSE BUILDING, EVENING (B & W)

Scott looks at the page with the bold TRUST and RESPECT title again.

SCOTT
Yeah, I don't know what she wanted. I gotta go and do this thing. I'll call you later, man.

Scott hangs up the cell phone, closes the magazine and gets out of the car, starts to close the door, pauses, reaches in for his backpack, closes the door and crosses the street.

While walking to Julie's door, he opens the cigarettes and puts one in his mouth.

Scott presses the doorbell button.

The mailbox has a permanent plate with the name Julie Evers and an adhesive label for Dawn Childs.

He waits for a minute and then knocks uneasily on the door.

He puts the cigarette to his mouth and flicks the lighter.

DISSOLVE TO:

FANTASY I (MAXFIELD PARRISH)

And then Scott is not wearing glasses and his smooth dark hair falls in waves. He starts to knock authoritatively on the door. He handles the lit cigarette aggressively.

The door opens, framing JULIE. She is mid 20's in blouse and skirt, poised like the after for an anti-perspirant advert.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Guess you got the door bell fixed.

JULIE

Yeah, it just started working again.

They make and break eye contact.

SCOTT

Listen...

JULIE

The door bell works okay now. That's what you were going to say, right?

SCOTT

Yeah, and we don't. Listen, I left a book here.

Julie picks up the book from a table near the door and hands it to him. They make eye contact as he takes the book.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

That's what I came for.

Scott turns and starts to walk away.

JULIE

Didn't you tell me that stopping smoking was the best thing you ever did? You gonna start smoking again?

Scott looks back.

SCOTT

Yeah.

CUT TO:

FANTASY II (MAXFIELD PARRISH)

Scott is poised with hand raised to knock on the door. He is wearing glasses, chinos and a denim shirt.

The door opens, framing Julie. She is a dream date, dressed in a short, clingy, scoop necked dress and pumps.

Scott cups the lit cigarette behind his back.

JULIE

The door bell works. John, this neighbor guy, fixed it. He said that his doorbell broke too. Said it was just a loose wire.

Julie seems anxious, watches the house across the street.

JULIE (CONT'D)

I thought that book was one of mine and dropped it off on the way to work.

Scott notices where she is looking and starts looking over his shoulder.

SCOTT

I was wondering (if we could talk).

Julie is cooler and more confident.

JULIE

This isn't a good time. Should've called. I'm sorry that it didn't work. I don't know what else to say. Take care and I hope you find someone.

Scott takes the cigarette from behind his back and puffs defiantly, blows smoke in her face.

SCOTT

Yeah, you too.

She pulls back and slams the door. The doorbell rings.

CUT TO:

FANTASY III (MAXFIELD PARRISH)

Scott is poised with hand raised to knock on the door. He is wearing glasses, chinos, and a denim shirt. He doesn't have a cigarette.

The door opens, framing Julie. She is wearing a denim shirt, chinos and hiking boots.

They both put hands in pockets, take them out, twitch nervously, almost in unison.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

I didn't know if you would be home from work.

JULIE
Yeah, I just got home.

SCOTT
I didn't know if the doorbell worked.

JULIE
I saw you walking up.

SCOTT
I came from work.

Their eyes make contact.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
I left a book.

She picks it up from a table near the door.

JULIE
Yeah, I saw it.

SCOTT
I don't know what to say. I guess
we just don't have that much in
common. I think you're a nice person
and I wish you the best.

JULIE
Yeah, I guess we just don't, you
know. Good luck.

They make eye contact. They are both misty eyed. She pulls
back and slowly closes the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. JULIE'S TOWNHOUSE, DAY (B & W)

Scott takes the unlit cigarette from his mouth and looks at
it.

He flicks the lighter again.

CUT TO:

INT. JULIE'S TOWNHOUSE - FLASHBACK II - NIGHT BEFORE (COLOR)

Scott is wearing jeans, Hawaiian shirt and carries a back
pack.

Julie opens the door. She is wearing a knee length bathrobe.

Scott is holding flowers with one hand and points at the
other name on the mail box.

Julie shakes her head.

Scott steps in the door.

Scott steps close to her. He hands her the flowers.

Their eyes make contact. They kiss, embrace, and start to kiss deeply.

Scott slides a hand into Julie's bath robe.

LATER

Julie lies atop Scott on the floor in front of the door, covered by her bath robe.

The flowers lay off to one side.

His pants are gathered around his ankles.

JULIE

(like Lucy)

Oh, Reeckie, you came ... home.

They both crack up.

They nuzzle each other.

Scott's cell phone rings. They nuzzle.

It rings again. They nuzzle some more.

It rings again.

JULIE (CONT'D)

You ought to get that and I'll get a vase for those flowers. You know who it is.

The phone rings again.

SCOTT

Oh, man ... Yeah. Okay.

Julie gets up and Scott slides into his jeans while the phone rings again. He buttons his pants. It rings again.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Hi, Mom.

He gets the phone from his pants pocket and answers it.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Yeah, Mom.

Scott stands up, buttoning his shirt with one hand.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
Yeah, Mom, I'll be at Aunt Irene's
birthday tomorrow night.

Julie's townhouse is newly decorated. There is a couch and a coffee table near a fireplace. There are family pictures on the fireplace mantle.

Julie puts a water filled vase on a table in back of the couch.

Scott walks to the couch and sits.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
I'm at a friend's house.

Julie walks up with the flowers and Scott's shoes.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
Just a friend's house.

Julie starts to put Scott's shoes on the floor next to the couch.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
Mom, if I met someone that I wanted
to bring over, I would.

Julie stops for a moment, then pushes Scott's shoes into his lap.

Scott looks up at Julie, taken by surprise. She walks behind the couch.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
Yeah, Mom, if I want her to respect
me, I need to bring her home.

Water drips on Scott's head and he looks up.

Julie is holding the flower vase over Scott's head.

Scott gets up and walks around the end of the couch to Julie.

Julie is putting the flowers into the vase.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
Yeah, Mom, I love you too. Bye.

Scott hangs up and embraces Julie from behind.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
Jeez, Jules, I blew it.

She pushes an elbow at him playfully.

JULIE
Did I say anything? (leans in to
the flowers) These are nice flowers,
Scott. Thank you.

SCOTT
(nuzzling) You're welcome.

Julie pulls away, walks around the sofa and sprawls in the
corner of the sofa.

JULIE
You know, Dad knows that I'm dating
someone.

Scott follows her and reclines into her.

SCOTT
Is that okay?

JULIE
Well, I hadn't told him I'm dating
you, you know?

Scott focuses on a picture of Julie's dad with a rifle and a
collection of trophy cups.

SCOTT
Did he seem okay with it?

JULIE
I don't know. He gets moody
sometimes. I think he just wants
the best for me, but you know how
that can go.

Scott is looking intently at the picture. Her father seems
to be scowling directly at him.

SCOTT
Did you say that he still do a lot
of shooting?

JULIE
Yeah. He's still a great shot. I,
ah, didn't tell my father I was seeing
you. I told him that I met someone.

SCOTT
Oh?

JULIE
Yeah.

SCOTT
Oh.

JULIE

Yeah, he always surprises me. He said that he was getting into poetry.

SCOTT

The rifleman?

She jostles him.

JULIE

Go figure. He says that he's in that truck all day, all week, and radio is too boring. So he gets poetry on cassette from the library.

SCOTT

Poetry about guns?

She jostles him again.

JULIE

Just about everything, I guess. With Mom gone, he has to do something. Why not poetry?

SCOTT

Yeah, why not?

Julie seems to be holding her breath.

JULIE

Why not meet him?

SCOTT

Well, why not meet my mother?

JULIE

Yeah, why not?

Now Scott and Julie are both holding their breath.

EXT. JULIE'S TOWNHOUSE, DAY (B & W)

Scott takes the unlit cigarette from his mouth and looks at it. He puts it in his mouth and flicks the lighter.

INT. JULIE'S TOWNHOUSE - FANTASY IV (MAXFIELD PARRISH)

Julie is on a telephone headset and doing her nails.

JULIE

Scott's here. I'll have to go.
Yeah, Scott was okay. I just wanted him to give me a chance.... You know
(MORE)

JULIE (CONT'D)
 how guys are with sex, and that was
 okay, but I was hoping, you know?

CUT TO:

INT. JULIE'S TOWNHOUSE - FLASHBACK III - THAT MORNING
 (COLOR)

Scott and Julie are sitting at a breakfast table and Scott is reading from a notebook. Julie is in a bath robe and fiddling with a work report.

SCOTT
 ...In your blue rivers.
 (beat)
 Blue rivers rise, Blue rivers fall;
 Blue rivers rage, Blue rivers quiet;
 And I see the end of time
 In your blue rivers.

JULIE
 That's nice.

Scott jumps up and starts stuffing things into his backpack angrily.

SCOTT
 NICE???

JULIE
 I just said it was nice. I liked
 it.

Scott is angry.

SCOTT
 A cat is nice. A car is nice. I
 read you something I wrote for you.
 You inspired me to write it.

JULIE
 And I was thinking about work. I'm
 sorry. Can you read it again?

SCOTT
 I gotta go.

Julie looks puzzled.

CUT TO:

EXT. JULIE'S TOWNHOUSE, DAY (B & W)

The lighter is burning and Scott yelps, drops the lighter and blows on his fingers.

FANTASY IV (MAXFIELD PARRISH)

Scott is standing in front of the door. He is wearing a leather jacket, a t-shirt with the neckband removed and tight faded jeans. Several earrings adorn one ear. He is very artful with his cigarette.

Julie opens the door. She is HOT!, wearing a white double-breasted dinner jacket, and white pumps. She sees who it is. She can't be bothered.

SCOTT
I left a book here.

JULIE
Yeah, the poet wants his "Only **I**
know what it means" poetry book.
Here.

She pushes it into his hands.

Scott does his best James Dean.

SCOTT
I wrote that poem about you.

She starts to roll up the sleeves on the suit coat.

JULIE
Whatever.

Scott notices.

SCOTT
Do you know what a muse is?

JULIE
Well, a-muse me.

Is she wearing anything under the coat?

Scott is wounded, back to wearing chinos and a denim shirt.

SCOTT
But, I wrote it about you.

Julie holds up two thongs, black and white.

JULIE
Oh, fur shur. Wha-da-ya think? The
black or the white?

CUT TO:

EXT. JULIE'S TOWNHOUSE, EVENING (B & W)

Scott looks at his cigarette and bends to pick up his lighter. He puts the lighter and cigarette into his backpack.

He starts to knock again and the door opens, framing Julie. She is wearing gray sweats and plain glasses.

SCOTT

Hi.

JULIE

Hi, come in.

Scott takes a step inside.

SCOTT

I didn't know if your doorbell still didn't work. I brought some tools.

She starts up the hallway, Scott follows, closing the door.

JULIE

Can you take a look at it? Dad said he would look at it next weekend when he comes but he isn't very good at those things.

SCOTT

It's probably just a loose wire.

She turns to him.

JULIE

Yeah, probably. Are you wearing cologne?

SCOTT

Me? No.

JULIE

Listen, I've been reading this book you left here.

SCOTT

Yeah?

Julie sits on the sofa and Scott sits a little apart from her.

JULIE

No cologne? (Scott shakes his head)
That book was pretty heavy going, so I went to the library on my lunch hour and got a different book.

Julie starts to read "Sonnets from the Portuguese" by Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Scott can't see the title or author.

JULIE (CONT'D)

I thou must love me, let it be for nought
Except for love's sake only.
Do not say "I love her for her smile - her
look - her way
Of speaking gently, - for a trick of thought
That falls in well with mine, and certes brought
A sense of pleasant ease on such a day."
(looking up)
What is that about?

SCOTT

I think that he is saying, ah, he's
saying, you know, saying ... that he
is going to take a chance on love,
that maybe he can learn to work things
out and that they can learn to treat
each other with trust and respect.

Julie slides closer to him and sniffs.

JULIE

(in his face) Are you sure you're
not wearing cologne?

SCOTT

I..

Face to face, they look, eyes, eyes, lips and they kiss,
break, glasses are pushed up, kiss again and kiss deeply.

FADE OUT