

[REDACTED]

TIME CUT TO:

A SHORT TIME LATER. The guy is gone. Mia wears a short robe. She examines her CELL as Claire waits, discomfited.

START

MIA

Thought maybe I'd dodge the roommate bullet this season.

CLAIRE

I'm sorry, Mia. They told me --

MIA

Hey, no worries. That's life in the Corps, right? We're bottom feeders -- take what we can get. My roommate hooked up with a Patron last season. Now the bitch has a penthouse and a baby on the way.

(annoyed)

You're fucking gorgeous -- you'll probably get snapped up in no time.

Mia is comfortably brassy -- no filter. An NYC native who loves to talk.

MIA (CONT'D)

You've got the couch until you can get a bed. It's comfy, though.

Claire looks askance at the sofa.

MIA (CONT'D)

Or you can squeeze in with me but everyone tells me I snore. Then again, if you snore we'll just drown each other out. D'you snore?

CLAIRE

I don't know. The couch is fine.

MIA

You don't know?

CLAIRE

(uncomfortable)

I'm fine on the couch. So where should I put my stuff?

UNTITLED SAUJET PERFECT - CLAIRE

MIA

You can have those shelves. Is Romeo bringing up the rest?

CLAIRE

Romeo?

MIA

The guy who hangs around outside.

CLAIRE

The homeless... looking guy?

MIA

Did he freak you out? Aww, he freaked you out. Romeo's alright. Sometimes I give him a few bucks or whatever to carry groceries and stuff when I'm fucking sick of those fucking stairs which is most of the fucking time. Wait 'til you've rehearsed ten hours straight and then danced a performance. Fucking Nightmare.

CLAIRE

This is all of my stuff.

Claire sways, drops her bag.

MIA

You okay?

Mia reaches out to steady her, but Claire steps away.

CLAIRE

It's been a really long day.

MIA

Blood sugar thing? I have a cookie. I bought it fresh yesterday but I was only planning on staring at it.

CLAIRE

Do you have some ice? No big deal -- lost a toenail.

MIA

Sure. I got O.J., too. Sit.

Claire sits on the sofa and takes off her shoe as Mia goes to the adjacent kitchen and opens the fridge.

UNTITLED EARLIER PROJECT - CLAIRE

2/7

INTERIOR FRIDGE: The bottom half is filled with USED POINTE SHOES. Mia grabs a small bottle of ORANGE JUICE.

MIA (CONT'D)

(prying)

So... how many times have you auditioned for the company?

CLAIRE

Today.

Mia shuts the fridge door.

MIA

Shut-up. Once? Fuck me. I'm not even gonna tell you how many times I tried out.

(can't help herself)

Three. Jesus.

She opens the freezer door.

INTERIOR FREEZER: Many ZIPLOCK BAGS OF ICE and ICE PACKS.

Mia brings everything to Claire and sits down on the sofa.

CLAIRE

Thanks.

Claire elevates her foot and applies ice to her bandaged toe.

MIA

(aggravated)

So where've you been dancing, the frickin' Bolshoi or something?

Mia breaks the cookie and offers half to Claire. Mia eats the other half with tiny, savoring rabbit-y bites, chewing each bite twelve times.

CLAIRE

(eating the cookie)

Just taking class. I had a nice situation at my studio: I cleaned it at night and they let me study.

MIA

Okay, you're making it worse.

Mia, disgruntled, pulls a throw pillow onto her lap. Underneath, an open empty CONDOM PACKAGE is revealed.

Claire stares. Mia tosses it nonchalantly on the end table.

UNTITLED EARLIER PROTEST - CLAIRE

MIA (CONT'D)

So why'd you suddenly bust a move?

CLAIRE

(forced casual)

It was just time. My brother Bryan just shipped back from Iraq so it's his turn to help out at home.

MIA

Ooh, soldier brother. Is he cute?

CLAIRE

Most people think so.

A single sob bursts out of Claire -- sudden and extreme. Just as quickly, she forces herself to stop. Represses it.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

...Blood sugar.

(sincere)

I'm just... really glad to be here.

MIA

(insincere)

Yeah, it's gonna be fun.

(then)

Want me to fill you in on who's who and stuff?

CLAIRE

That'd be great.

MIA

Okay, let's start with the fact that everyone's going to hate you.

END

INT. MIA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - LATE NIGHT

The room is dark except for the perpetual glow of the insomniac city filtering in through the windows. Street sounds and car horns bark like a million stray dogs.

The sofa is made up like a bed and Claire is tucked in, lying on her back. She's awake. Preoccupied. She holds the empty CONDOM PACKAGE in her hands. Toys with it. She pulls it open, peers inside. Sniffs it. Probes the inside with a fingertip. Touches it to her tongue. She sets it aside.

She looks down to the floor. Her clothes are set in neat piles nearby. Next to the sofa is...

CLAIRE'S OPEN SUITCASE. It contains many HARDCOVER BOOKS.

4h

UNWRITTEN DIALOGUE PROJECT - CLAIRE

SCENE 2 OF 2

53.

She makes a decision and strides forward with determination. When she's near Alain she deliberately jams her foot down. Her high heel BREAKS. Claire stumbles into Alain and drops her glass. It SHATTERS. Alain catches her arm. Miffed ballerinas scatter.

START

ALAIN

Why, hello.

CLAIRE

Oh, God, I'm so sorry -- I tripped.

ALAIN

I notice.

A waiter efficiently cleans up the glass.

CLAIRE

Sorry, thank you, sorry.

She pulls off the shoe -- the heel dangles like a broken leg. Alain examines his TIE, holds it out.

ALAIN

I may be challenge to explain this later.

Claire's LIPSTICK has left a LUSH FULL IMPRINT.

CLAIRE

(sincere, thrown)

Oh, no. Oh, God. Uh, let me get some soda water or something.

ALAIN

Quite pretty, really. Perfect.

CLAIRE

Soda might get it out. Or maybe dish soap? I'm not sure. I could get it dry-cleaned for you...

ALAIN

Please, you must stop this worry. Your foot. This is a concern. You should step away in case of glass. Your feet are your trade.

CLAIRE

My feet have had worse, trust me.

Alain guides her over to a chaise -- she limps awkwardly from the height differential -- and they sit down together. Claire pulls off her other shoe. She's now barefoot.

UNTITLED BALLET PROTECT - CLAIRE

5/7

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
 You should avert your eyes -- I
 don't want to do any more harm.
 Seeing a ballerina's feet can
 actually damage retinas.

ALAIN
 (amused)
 You're very charming.

CLAIRE
 I'm very clumsy. But, thank you.
 I'm Claire, by the way.

ALAIN
 Ah. I meet you in the flesh. Paul
 has mentioned you to me.

CLAIRE
 Did he say I'm charming and clumsy?

ALAIN
 He said you are... a revelation.
 (then)
 I said I want to see for myself.

CLAIRE
 (nervous)
 ...See for yourself?

ALAIN
 Paul has invited me tomorrow.

CLAIRE
 Oh. Yes. I hear you love *Giselle*.

ALAIN
 I do. However, it seems there is
 much excitement surrounding you.

CLAIRE
 (the truth)
 Everything's been happening really
 fast. I've only been in New York a
 few days, and...

ALAIN
 Already the city is at your feet.

CLAIRE
 (joking)
 I told you, don't look at my feet.
 (off his laugh, sincere)
 I don't know... I feel lucky.
 (MORE)

UNTITLED SAUSET PROTECT - CLAIRE

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
I can't tell you how long it's been
since I felt that way.

Alain assesses her, charmed by her candor.

ALAIN
But you are so young...

CLAIRE
(embarrassed)
I should really go. Early morning.

ALAIN
Perhaps I'll let you work your
magic tricks on this after all.

He takes off his tie, folds it up small and hands it to her.

CLAIRE
I'd be happy to.

She takes it and tucks it in her purse. Claire smiles and rises. Alain stands. A waiter passes by forcing them to move close to each other...

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
I hope I don't disappoint.

ALAIN
I can't imagine.

Claire grabs her shoes and pads away barefoot. As she goes, she accidentally drops the broken shoe. Cinderella moment? No. Claire picks it up, shrugs and smiles at Alain, goes.

ACROSS THE TERRACE, both Paul and Isabelle note this interaction. Isabelle is not pleased. Paul, on the other hand, might as well be purring with pleasure.

END

~~INT. MIA'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - EARLY NEXT MORNING~~

~~Claire rushes around, dressed and ready to go. She quickly grabs TOE SHOES from her rack in the fridge. Nabs a couple of ORANGES from a bowl. Mia appears, barefoot and bleary.~~

~~MIA
Did I miss a memo?~~

~~CLAIRE
No, I'm just... going in early.~~

~~MIA
Why?~~