

[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 BULLET PROJECT - MIA

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 GAUDET PROJECT - MIA

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.

UNTIMED MUST PROTECT - MIA

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.

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PATRICE
 HIIIIIII! Welcome!

All the girls *AD LIB* big, overly-cheerful greetings. Claire, with pasted-on smile, offers her own small *hellos*.

As she passes through the room heading for Mia, all of the women appraise her. Many smiles fall from many faces.

Claire sets her stuff down next to Mia and Daphne.

DAPHNE
 Well, you look like a Bambi.

CLAIRE
 What?

MIA
 This is Claire.

CLAIRE
 Hi.

DAPHNE
 Hi. I'm Daphne.
 (sweetly, to Mia)
 And you're a *douche*.

MIA
 Daphne's a demi-soloist. And a spoiled brat. You should see her apartment -- it's sick. So's her closet.

DAPHNE
 (to Mia)
 I like what you're wearing, it's a nice color on you. What's it called, "Bitter Bitter Jealousy"?

MIA
 That's why I love this girl. She's not afraid to be an out loud bitch. She's the only one here I trust.

~~Across the room, a naked ballerina, MONA, grabs a TAMPON and shoves it in her crotch, exclaiming --~~

MONA
 Goddamn it! Does anyone have a tampon?

SUZANNE
~~Will you get your period? Poor thing.~~

UNTITLED CAUSTIC PROJECT - MIA

CLAIRE

(rummages in her bag)
Um, I might have one. Somewhere.
(holds out a crushed box)
They've been in here a while...

MONA

Can I just keep the box? I'm
bleeding like road kill.

CLAIRE

Uh, sure. No problem.

Mona grabs the box and strides away, cursing.

PATRICE

Shove in two at a time or you'll
never make it through the barrel

MONA

Why does God hate me?!

Daphne grins and gets up to go. Many dancers are leaving.

DAPHNE

Welcome to the fray, new girl. Try
not to fit right in unless you want
to spend your whole salary on
shrinks.

(indicates Mia)

This one. Watch out. Bat shit
crazy. And a total whore.

MIA

(grinning)

Fuck off. I'm not crazy.

Daphne and Mia head out with the last of the dancers.

MIA (CONT'D)

See you in the shark tank.

CLAIRE

Let me just grab my stuff --

The door closes. The room is empty except for Claire.

END

INT. MAIN REHEARSAL HALL - DAY

Claire hustles in. All the MALE DANCERS check her out.

She sets down her bag, sits on the floor and starts to
quickly sew elastic and ribbon onto her new toe shoes.

7/7

UNTITLED BAZZET PROTECT - MIA