

DANCE, DANCE

series bible



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Author's Note:

Any resemblance to persons living or dead is purely coincidental.

The events in this series are entirely *fictional*.

Welcome to the world of **Irish dancing**.

Where parents bully children on anonymous message boards.

Where the judges of competitions are corrupt and also probably all sleeping together on the side.

Where dancers spar with each other on the stage and off.

Where everybody knows everything about everybody and won't let you forget it.

Where nobody has an eating disorder.

Where there is no sexual abuse.

United through it all by the pursuit of one thing:
becoming the best Irish dancer in the **world**.

Damséire is the world's most well known Irish dance company, founded by enigmatic and possibly delusional Irish dance star, Orson McCarthy.

The company tours the world, performing in venues big and small. From China to Australia, the show is seen and loved by audiences everywhere.

The company accepts only the most **elite** dancers, all of whom are experts at their craft. The dancer's selected are often high achieving individuals who will do whatever it takes to be the best.

Every few years, Orson McCarthy will have rehearsals for a show that never gets made. This is a known secret amongst creative director Luke, and choreographer, Dominik. While they go into rehearsals knowing that the show may never see the light of day, they get paid way too much to not put their full heart and soul into the new show.

The dancers selected for rehearsals in Budapest range from regular Damshéire members who have toured with the show for years to eighteen-year-olds fresh off the competition circuit.

Ivy Quinn sits somewhere in the middle of all of this.

Ivy - has an innate desire to win no matter what the cost, believes in destiny and will go wherever life takes her, will push herself past her breaking point if it means she gets to be the best, loves film photography and good music

Ciara - has lots of trauma from her past Irish dancing teacher, lets herself be controlled, is hyper-aware of how people perceive her, has very few *real* relationships and is an extremely hard worker

Fionn - wants people to think he doesn't really give a shit about things when he actually cares *deeply*, effortlessly talented, picked on by Orson throughout rehearsals, has passions (music) outside of Irish dancing that keep him grounded in reality

Una - Ivy's best friend (kind of), very easy going, generally good vibes but can be two-faced

Luke - in need of a life change, *big time*, has been with Damsheire for twenty years and doesn't really know who he is outside of it, brilliant choreographer, but gets put in his place by Orson

Orson - a little (maybe a lot) of a narcissist, surrounded by yes-people his whole life, commands a certain level of respect for his contribution to the Irish dance world, takes ownership of every room he walks into and is stuck in his glory days

Elijah - this is his first professional show, he is shy and reserved and doesn't really know his place among the rest of the cast but is so talented that (almost) everyone respects him

Conor - has gotten stuck after touring since he was eighteen, is scared of what he'll become if he stays in the show for too long but doesn't see any other way out,

One - Unsure whether or not she should continue her career as a professional dancer four years after retiring from competition, Ivy Quinn is at a cross roads. Upon receiving an offer to join world-renowned Irish dance company, Damshéire, she considers her next steps. After driving around her hometown and running into an old high-school acquaintance, she decides to join the company's rehearsals for a new stage production in Budapest, Hungary. At breakfast the morning after arriving, Ivy meets faces old and new from her competitive past, including Ciara Cunningham, her once rival who is now her roommate for the month. Our pilot episode concludes with the group of dancer's hearing a piece of music for the first time. While the audience can't hear what they are hearing, their visceral reactions to the piece will leave us with many questions as to where the series is headed.

Two - The Irish Dancing World Championships. 2018. This episode will flash back and forth between the World Championships, where Ciara and Ivy last competed against one another, and the present day, where Irish dance superstar Orson McCarthy is arriving in Budapest for rehearsals.

At the World Championships, Ivy and Ciara are focused on their individual goal of becoming World Champion.

After being impressed with Ivy's confidence, Orson selects her to learn a dance piece performed in Damsheire's touring show entitled, "The Garden of Earthly Delights," a role that Ciara performs in the regular touring show. Manager and creative director of the company, Luke, enlists Ciara to teach her the choreography.

At lunch that day, Fionn and Elijah bond over their mutual confusion of Conor, one of the regular members of the company, who Fionn was once close with.

Back in the studio, Ciara and Ivy connect over their mutual love of the original Damsheire show. The episode ends with Orson picking Ivy to be the lead of the new show, much to Ciara's chagrin.

Three - Ivy grows uncomfortable in her new role as Orson pushes her. Ciara is jealous of the attention that Ivy is receiving from Orson and management, making things tense in their shared room. Elijah gets singled out by some of the older lads while Fionn defends him. Luke and Dominik are under pressure from Orson.

Four - The cast enjoys their first night out in Budapest together, with a day off the next day. Ivy watches from the sidelines while at a ruin bar, as some of the new cast members work the room. While drunk, Elijah kisses Fionn before running away into the night.

Five - Tensions grow between Ivy and Ciara as rehearsals resume. Orson's behavior starts to grow increasingly manic as he arrives later and later to rehearsals. Rumors begin to spread that he is receiving some kind of treatment in the mornings before he comes in to rehearse. Fionn celebrates his birthday.

Six - After his birthday celebrations, Fionn wanders Budapest on the anniversary of his brother's death. Ivy connects with local art in Budapest, inspiring her role in the show.

Seven - Information regarding the contents of the new show is leaked via an anonymous message board, breaking the NDA the dancers signed at the beginning of rehearsals. Luke and Dominik set out to find the mole. Orson pushes Ivy to her breaking point...literally.

Eight - The cast enjoys a day off at the beach—Ciara and Ivy bond over their past trauma from the world of competitive Irish dancing.

Nine - Orson hosts a drinks reception at a fancy hotel. Everyone gets drunk. Truths are revealed.

Ten - The Final Performance. Ivy, Fionn, and Elijah are offered permanent positions in the company, with immediate effect. The mole is revealed to have been Conor, who is fired from Damsheire. Ivy and Ciara have become friends, but Ciara makes the tough decision to take a step back from Damshéire in order to pursue her dream of becoming an Irish dance teacher.

Season 2 - The second season of Dance, Dance will explore the social and political dynamics of a touring Irish dancing show., featuring many of the characters introduced in Season 1.

Dance, Dance, will be the first narrative fictional television series to be made about the world of Irish dancing. This project is especially important to me because of my involvement in the Irish dancing world for more than 20 years. It is my hope that this series will open up the insular world of Irish dancing to the general public, shining light on many issues that face the community.

DANCE, DANCE

PILOT
"Damhséire"

by
Owen Luebbers

INT. THEATRE

A collection of twenty focused male and female dancers dressed in all black stand in two horizontal lines on a simply lit stage that sits at the front of a darkened theatre.

Three men watch from the center of the front row. LUKE (30s), DOMINIK (40), and ORSON MCCARTHY (60s).

CLOSE UP ON DANCER'S SHOES

The dancer's are all wearing HEAVY IRISH DANCE SHOES.

Silence. And then: TICK, TICK, TICK, TICK.

A metronome sounds.

BANG BANG.

The front line of dancers stamp their feet.

BANG.

The back line of dancers stamp their feet.

A call and response continues between the two lines, evolving into a symphony of juxtaposing rhythms.

The competing rhythms become one as the three men in the front row look on in awe. The twenty dancers are moving together as one living, breathing entity.

The dancers begin to move around one another in a swirl of controlled chaos. They all dance off the stage except for one.

IVY (20s) looks small but strong as she stands alone in the center of the stage. Ethereal music begins to play. She is more runway model than Irish dancer. In her eyes, a fire.

TITLE CARD: DANCE, DANCE

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

A SEDAN rolls to a stop at the curb. Ivy exits the vehicle wearing sunglasses. She grabs a backpack out of the passenger seat side.

As Ivy walks towards a classically American house, she drops the backpack, taking out an OLD FILM CAMERA. We see the house from the viewfinder of the camera.

SNAP.

As she takes the photo, the front door of the house opens and a small dog bounds over to her. She greets the dog warmly.

KATH (60) stands in the doorway.

KATH
He's missed you.

Ivy run-walks up to the front door and embraces Kath tightly. The dog follows her.

KATH (CONT'D)
How was Dublin?

The two women step inside the house.

INT. SUBURBAN HOME - DAY - CONTINUOUS

IVY
It was good, yeah.

KEVIN (O.S.)
Hey stranger!

KEVIN (60s) stands in the kitchen. Ivy hugs him warmly.

IVY
Hey, Dad.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME - PATIO - LATER

Kath and Ivy sit at a table on a patio cradling wine glasses. The patio is adorned with flowers thriving in the summer heat. Kevin waters the plants.

KATH
How's Fionn?

Ivy sips her wine.

IVY
He's good! Just started a new job.

Kath looks impressed.

IVY (CONT'D)
He broke up with his boyfriend though.

KATH

Henry?

Ivy nods.

IVY

It was his first relationship so - you know - he's doing *fine* considering. His friends are super nice.

KATH

You remember how your sister was after Paul.

IVY

Not good.

KATH

Not good.

The family sit in comfortable silence for a while. Kevin finishes watering the plants. Ivy and Kath scroll on their phones.

KATH (CONT'D)

Have you thought about taking that contract?

Ivy looks up from her phone.

IVY

The show in Virginia?

Kath nods. Ivy looks back down at her phone.

IVY (CONT'D)

Yeah, maybe.

KATH

It's work.

Ivy sighs.

IVY

I just - I don't know.

KATH

Did you get new shoes while you were over?

Ivy shakes her head.

IVY
I think I still need a break from
dance for a while.

Kath gazes at her with soft compassion in her eyes. She
doesn't want to push too far.

KATH
Don't you miss it?

Ivy shrugs. Goes back on her phone.

IVY
I miss like the physical act of
dancing but - I don't know - I
don't miss the all the bullshit.

Kath lifts her glass in a cheers gesture.

KATH
Did you hear about Liam?

IVY
No?

KATH
He's shutting the school down, I'm
surprised Fionn didn't say
anything.

Ivy looks shocked.

IVY
I had no idea.

Kath nods. She sips her wine.

KATH
I still think you should make your
own show.

Ivy smiles bashfully.

KATH (CONT'D)
I'm serious! It would be amazing.
You and Fionn. Una. Doesn't Jack
have a studio at their house
upstate?

Ivy finishes her glass of wine.

INT. SUBURBAN HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

Ivy sets her empty wine glass down on the counter. She uncorks a bottle and pours some in her glass. A text notification pops up on her screen.

FIONN (TEXT)
did u see this yet?

INSERT: IVY'S PHONE

Ivy opens the messaging app on her phone. There's a screenshot of an email attached. She scans it.

INSERT: EMAIL

The subject line reads, "BUDAPEST REHEARSALS"

She locks her phone and takes a long sip from the wine glass.

INT. SUBURBAN HOME - NIGHT

Ivy sits on a couch in a warmly lit living room, the little dog beside her. Her parents across the room. A competition reality show plays on the TV. Something like, "The Bachelor."

IVY
I think I might go down in the
basement.

Ivy stands. Kath and Kevin watch her walk out of the room. Kath attempts to hide the delight in her eyes. They say nothing.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Ivy flicks a light on before descending down a set of stairs. She carries a pair of OLD HEAVY IRISH DANCE SHOES.

There's clutter nearly everywhere. Books. Old records. The rest of the basement is dark until she turns a lamp on, illuminating a simple covered dance floor.

There are mirrors on one side of the floor. Trophies and a rainbow of multicolored sashes all around. Photos of Ivy and her sister wearing ugly curly wigs and old style dance dresses embroidered with Irish knot work adorn the walls.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT - LATER

The shoes are laced on Ivy's feet as she walks across the floor towards a speaker in the corner. She plugs her phone in.

Something like *"Everything Is Embarrassing,"* by Sky Ferreira begins to play from the speaker.

Ivy stands in the center of the floor. She taps her feet slightly - not *quite* dancing but something close. She does this for a bit, growing more confident as she does.

She begins dancing a rhythmic step. These aren't steps she already knows - she's clearly attempting to choreograph something new.

She has an effortless confidence while dancing, like this is her natural form.

Just as she's really getting into it, the music stops.

RING.

She sighs, walking over to the speaker.

INSERT: IVY'S PHONE

"Fionn"

She slides to answer the call. It's a FaceTime.

FIONN (O.S.)
You know you have read receipts on,
right?

FIONN (20s) is in a bar and it's loud. Ivy rolls her eyes.

IVY
I was just - where are you?

FIONN (O.S.)
You have to go.

Ivy is playfully annoyed.

IVY
Whyyyyy?

Somebody says something to Fionn off the screen of the call.

FIONN (O.S.)
Wait, let me go outside.

Fionn steps outside the bar.

FIONN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I think it'd be fun.

Ivy sighs.

IVY
I like - *hate* those people, you
know I hate those people.

FIONN (O.S.)
I mean, they can't *all* be bad,
right?

Ivy sits cross legged on the floor.

IVY
Hanna Francis called me ugly when
we were ten.

FIONN (O.S.)
Yeah? Conor called me a faggot like
last year and we're still friends.
I'm not seeing your point.

They laugh.

IVY
I just don't wanna like - get
wrapped up in the cult of it all or
- become an alcoholic or something,
I don't know.

FIONN (O.S.)
Wait you're not already an
alcoholic?

IVY
Fionn!

He laughs.

IVY (CONT'D)
I haven't properly danced in
months.

FIONN (O.S.)
Who cares? You're obviously still
amazing, I mean the pay is absolute
trash but I think we'd have funnn.

Ivy smiles. She considers the possibility.

IVY
I don't know, I don't know. Maybe.

FIONN (O.S.)
They need to know by tomorrow.

Ivy's eyes widen.

IVY
I'll think about it.

FIONN (O.S.)
Fine. Text me.

He kisses the screen and hangs up. Ivy stares at the battered shoes on her feet.

I/E. IVY'S CAR - NIGHT

BEGIN MONTAGE

Ivy drives through a small and quiet suburban town. The night is hazy and humid. The roads are nearly desolate. "*Setting Sun,*" by *You'll Never Get To Heaven* plays.

The windows are down and she has one arm out the window.

These are familiar sights. She's comfortable on these roads. She stops the car to take a photo of a gas station. A neon sign outside a nail salon. A small train station. The main street of "downtown." A car dealership. It's not glamorous but it's *home*. We see these sights through the viewfinder of her camera.

She hits a vape, blowing the smoke out the window.

END MONTAGE

Ivy pulls into an empty parking lot, a few street lamps are the only thing illuminating the area.

EXT. RUNNING TRACK - NIGHT

She exits the car with her camera and walks towards a running track. It appears to be empty.

She carefully positions the track in the frame of the camera. The track is lit with orange-ish lights. SNAP.

KYLE (O.S.)
Ivy?

Ivy jumps. Startled, she turns around.

IVY

Jesus.

Her eyes widen with confusion.

IVY (CONT'D)

Kyle? Oh my god, you scared me.

They hug.

KYLE

God, it's been a while.

IVY

What are - what are you doing here?

He gestures to the track. She nods.

IVY (CONT'D)

Right, like a totally normal person.

He laughs.

KYLE

It's quiet at night, you know?

She nods.

KYLE (CONT'D)

When'd you get back into town? Last I saw you were - Dublin right?

IVY

Oh, yeah, I was just - staying with some friends for a bit.

He smiles.

KYLE

Look at you - still tap dancing? We all thought you were gonna be the first like, *really* famous person to come out of high school.

She shifts uncomfortably. Looking anywhere *but* at him.

IVY

Irish dancing - yeah -

He touches her arm.

KYLE

Oh my god, I'm so sorry, that must
be so annoying.

She brushes him off.

IVY

But yeah, no, it's going well!
Really good, yeah.

Kyle smiles at her.

KYLE

I'm so happy to hear that.

Ivy hesitates.

IVY

I'm actually going to
Budapest for a month -

KYLE (CONT'D)

Look, I better -

Ivy is shocked at the words that just came out of her mouth.

KYLE (CONT'D)

Budapest, wow! I don't even think I
know where that is.

Ivy attempts to act nonchalant about it.

IVY

Yeah, it's like kind of a big deal
or whatever.

There's an awkward space between them.

KYLE

Well, it was really good to see
you!

They fumble a hug.

IVY

Yeah, you too.

KYLE

Good luck with everything.

Ivy watches him depart. She turns around and silently
screams, burying her face in her hands.

I/E. IVY'S CAR - NIGHT

Still sitting the parking lot of the track, Ivy opens her phone and types a message to Fionn.

IVY (TEXT)
Where is Budapest again?

I/E. AIRPORT - DAY

Quick cuts of Ivy's travels. Her saying goodbye to her parents at the curb. Kath tears up as Ivy walks into the airport.

Ivy goes through security. She puts headphones in after she gets through and walks through the airport towards her gate.

She drinks a beer at an airport bar, conversing with an older man sitting next to her. We don't hear the conversation.

She boards the plane.

INT. BUDAPEST AIRPORT - MORNING

Ivy exits the plane into a different airport. She walks through the airport, reading signs that are written in Hungarian and English.

She stops to buy a coffee before continuing through the airport. She checks her phone.

FIONN (TEXT)
what time do you get in?

IVY (TEXT)
now lol.

FIONN (TEXT)
hahaha okay. text me when u get to the hotel, i wanna know how it is!!

INT. BUDAPEST AIRPORT SEATING AREA - MORNING

The airport bustles around Ivy as she sits. She checks her phone and looks around. She's antsy. Nervous. She checks her phone again.

Her eyes and body lighten as she sees someone approaching. An excited girly scream.

UNA

IVYYYY!

Ivy stands as UNA (20) runs over to her with open arms.

They rock back and forth.

IVY

You have no idea how happy I am to see you.

Ivy tries to get out of the hug but Una squeezes her tighter.

UNA

No, no. A little longer.

Ivy is playfully annoyed. They hug for a bit longer before Una finally releases her. Ivy looks nervously around.

IVY

When is everyone else getting in?

UNA

I think we're the first.

She checks her phone.

UNA (CONT'D)

There should be...

She scans the crowd of people.

UNA (CONT'D)

...a man somewhere, oh!

She waves excitedly. Across a sea of people, a serious looking OLDER HUNGARIAN MAN wearing a suit stands with an iPad that reads: "IRISH DANCERS"

UNA (CONT'D)

Come on!

The girls walk over towards the man. Una extends her hand, he accepts.

OLDER HUNGARIAN MAN

You the Irish dancer?

She nods her head, gesturing towards Ivy.

UNA

We both are.

Ivy extends her hand.

IVY

Hi.

He shakes it in awe.

OLDER HUNGARIAN MAN

You look like model.

She blushes.

UNA

You should see what she can do with
her feet.

Ivy hits her.

IVY

Una!

OLDER HUNGARIAN MAN

I take you to hotel.

She follow him out the door of the airport. Ivy leans her
head into Una.

IVY

I've missed you.

INT. HOTEL CHECK-IN DESK - MORNING

Ivy and Una approach a check-in desk. The hotel lobby is
simple, but nice. There's nothing specifically Hungarian
about it - it could be anywhere.

FRITZ (40) looks up from a computer as the two girls arrive
at the desk.

FRITZ

How can I help you?

IVY

Just checking in, it should be
under -

She looks to Una for assistance.

UNA

We're with the Irish dancers?

Fritz raises his eyebrows. He looks on his computer.

FRITZ
Ah! Damn, sara?

Una laughs.

UNA
Douse-air-a. It's Irish.

Fritz laughs.

FRITZ
Ahh, of course, of course. And your names?

UNA
Una Kennedy and -

IVY
Ivy Quinn?

Fritz goes back to his computer.

IVY (CONT'D)
Wait who are you rooming with?

Una rolls her eyes.

UNA
Ugh, Alice.

IVY
Really?

UNA
She's like my only friend on tour.
I know she seems like such a bitch
but it's all projection, you know?
Wait why, who are you with?

Ivy shakes her head.

IVY
I guess we'll find out.

Fritz hands them two envelopes.

FRITZ
Here are your keys. 11th floor.
Lifts are just behind you there.

He gestures behind them.

FRITZ (CONT'D)
And breakfast is from 7 to 10 just
over there.

He gestures to another part of the lobby.

UNA
Thank you!

Ivy smiles as the girls walk towards the elevator. Una
squeezes Ivy's hand.

UNA (CONT'D)
I'm so glad you're here.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - DAY

Ivy and Una walk in opposite directions. Una calls after her.

UNA
Text me when you wake up!

Ivy checks the numbers of the doors as she makes her way
towards the very end of the hall.

INSERT: HOTEL ROOM DOOR

"1117"

She laughs to herself, pressing the key to the door and
walking into the room. She drags her suitcase behind her.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Ivy flicks a light on. Nothing. She tries again before
noticing a slot for the room key beside the light switch. She
inserts her key, the lights illuminating the small room.

There are two single beds barely separated.

Ivy pulls her suitcase through the room to the other side.
She pulls the shade up, revealing a window that leads out
onto a small terrace. Hungarian architecture across the way.

She opens the door, stepping out onto the terrace which is
barely big enough for a singular body. She types a text on
her phone to Fionn.

IVY (TEXT)
hotel is nice!

Ivy throws her phone on the bed and herself after it.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - EVENING

The room is exactly as it was, except it is now shrouded in darkness.

Ivy lays asleep on the bed before waking with a start.

She glances at a clock on the table. It reads, "8:15 PM"

Ivy searches for her phone, finding it somewhere in the tangled mess of bedsheets.

She types a text to Una.

IVY (TEXT)
lol just woke up...

Ivy stretches. She rises and walks to the bathroom.

She washes her face, grabs her phone, wired headphones, camera and room key before leaving the room.

EXT. BUDAPEST STREETS - EVENING

Ivy puts headphones in as she walks out of the hotel. She has a mapping app open on her phone.

As she walks, she checks her phone periodically.

We see the streets of Budapest for the first time through the lens of Ivy's camera. Dusty and old but beautiful buildings rise up on either side in the light of the yellow street lights.

Ivy slows her walk as she approaches a restaurant, checking her phone to make sure it's the right place.

INT. INDIAN RESTAURANT - EVENING

Ivy hesitantly approaches a counter. A friendly looking INDIAN MAN smiles at her.

INDIAN MAN
(in Hungarian)
Sit in or takeaway?

Ivy blushes.

IVY
Uhhh -

INDIAN MAN
 (in English)
 For here or to go?

Ivy laughs.

IVY
 Takeaway, please.

INT. INDIAN RESTAURANT - LATER

The Indian man hands Ivy a plastic bag. She walks out of the restaurant and out onto the streets. She walks back to the hotel the same way she came.

INT. HOTEL - EVENING

Ivy still has headphones in as she re-enters the hotel. A group of people with suitcases and backpacks are gathered in front of the check-in desk.

Ivy doesn't seem to notice them as she stands waiting for the elevator.

One of the girls taps one of the boys in the group. She points to Ivy, whispering something to him. He raises his eyebrows.

The elevator DINGS and opens. Ivy steps in. As she turns around, she sees the group. Shocked, she quickly presses the CLOSE button furiously.

As the door closes, she locks eyes with a pretty, petite blond girl. CIARA (20s).

INT. HOTEL ROOM - EVENING

Ivy eats her Indian takeaway at the desk in the room. The TV plays a program in Hungarian. Her phone BUZZES on the table.

FIONN (TEXT)
 breakkie tomorrow?

Ivy types a response.

IVY (TEXT)
 yessss!! can't wait to see u :)

Ivy opens another message thread. A group-chat called, "BUDAPEST REHEARSALS"

She clicks into the group members and scrolls. She taps on one of the unsaved numbers with a "+353," prefix.

INSERT: IVY'S PHONE

Ivy taps on a small, circular profile photo. It's the girl from the lobby. Ciara. She looks different in the photo than she did in real life. Happier.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

RING. Ivy wakes with a start. The room's phone is ringing.

She groggily picks up the receiver.

FIONN (O.S.)
Good morning, beautiful.

IVY
Ughhhh.

Ivy looks over to the other side of the room. There's a suitcase there that wasn't there last night. The other bed is still perfectly made.

FIONN (O.S.)
Breakfast ends in like 15 minutes.
Everyone is meeting down there.

IVY
Wait, do you know who my roommate
it?

FIONN (O.S.)
Why would I know who your roommate
is.

IVY
I don't know.

FIONN (O.S.)
Just - meet me at breakfast. Like,
now.

He hangs up.

Ivy gets out of bed, throws a multicolored sweatshirt on, grabs her key and walks out of the room.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - MORNING

Ivy exits the elevator, making her way over to the breakfast area.

INT. BREAKFAST AREA - CONTINUOUS

She scans the tables for Fionn but doesn't see him anywhere. She stands in front of a coffee machine and presses the Americano option. The machine WHIRS to life.

As the coffee is made, she looks towards the seating area. There are a few tables with young people dressed in black sportswear.

Ivy makes her way through the glorious breakfast buffet, piling her plate with eggs, meats, and potatoes.

She walks back towards the coffee machine where her Americano is waiting patiently for her.

LUKE (O.S.)
You alright, Ivy?

Luke appears at the coffee machine next to her.

LUKE (CONT'D)
We're glad you could be here.

IVY
Yeah! Thanks for having me, I'm -
excited.

She's not totally convinced that she's excited. Luke lets out a chuckle.

LUKE
It's gonna be an interesting one
for sure. How was the journey?

IVY
Good, yeah. Long. Tiring.

Ivy is lingering. She scans the tables again for Fionn but still doesn't see him. She smiles softly at Luke.

LUKE
See you in a bit.

She hesitantly makes her way towards an empty table in the back corner of the breakfast room carrying coffee and breakfast. It's like trying to find a seat in the high-school cafeteria.

On her way to the empty table she passes a table full of girls with heavy makeup, big hair and all black clothes. They look like a foreign species compared to Ivy.

None of them seem to be eating anything but fruit and black coffee.

A few of them smile softly at her as she passes, but there's something insincere about it.

She continues around the corner towards the empty table before seeing Fionn waving her over, Una in the seat beside him. The two of them are also wearing blacks.

Her body relaxes. Relief.

FIONN
Hey, girl.

IVY
Thank god.

Fionn rises to hug her.

IVY (CONT'D)
Breakfast looks good.

As she starts to eat, she notices that Una has nothing in front of her but half a grapefruit and a glass of lemon water.

IVY (CONT'D)
(to Una)
Did you eat already?

Una picks at the grapefruit.

UNA
(matter of factly)
I'm on the double d.

IVY
(naïvely)
What's the double d?

FIONN
Damsheíre diet.

Ivy laughs.

IVY
You can't be serious. Una.

Ivy looks at her sympathetically. Una shrugs.

UNA
It's not *that* bad. I just need to
look skinny for Orson. And *you* need
to bulk up.

Una grabs Fionn's bicep.

UNA (CONT'D)
Oh - that's actually -

IVY
Sorry, for Orson? McCarthy?

She squeezes it.

UNA
You're kinda ripped, Fionn.

Fionn looks proud.

UNA (CONT'D)
If you weren't gay I'd try to shag
you.

IVY
Una!

Una lets go of his arm.

UNA
Did you not know?

Ivy looks shocked.

IVY
How would I know?

FIONN
It was in the group.

UNA
It was in the group.

Fionn opens his phone, scanning a message from the group.

FIONN (CONT'D)
"All blacks for
rehearsal...Breakfast and lunch
provided..." Blah, blah, blah,
"Please be prepared for the arrival
of Orson McCarthy on July 2nd."

Ivy looks like she's suddenly lost her appetite.

IVY
 God, I'm really out of the loop.
 (to Fionn)
 How did you know all of this?

FIONN
 Conor.

IVY
 Since when do you talk to Conor?

Fionn shrugs.

UNA
 We better go.

She nods towards the large table, the patrons of which have gotten up and started walking towards the lobby. They all carry bags.

FIONN
 Bus call.

Ivy gulps down her coffee and rises to walk with them.

IVY
 Shit, I didn't bring my stuff.

Fionn checks his phone.

FIONN
 You're fine, we have like ten minutes.

Ivy rises and makes her way quickly through the lobby towards the elevator.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

She presses the call button, impatiently watching the numbers go down on a display above the elevator doors. When the display reaches "0," the doors open and Ivy steps in.

As the elevator doors are closing...

CIARA (O.S.)
 Wait!

Startled, Ivy sticks her hand through the closing doors but the automatic sensor reacts slowly and her arm is caught awkwardly in the door for a second before it pops open.

Ciara steps into the elevator looking genuinely upset over the possibility that Ivy might be hurt.

CIARA (CONT'D)
Oh my god, Ivy! Are you okay?

She touches her arm softly where the door had hit it. Ivy laughs.

IVY
No, yeah, I think I'm fine.

CIARA
Are you sure? We can get some ice for it.

Ivy shakes her head. The elevator hasn't moved. Ciara presses the 11th floor button.

CIARA (CONT'D)
What floor?

IVY
Same.

There's something between awkwardness and comfortability between them as the elevator rises. After a few moments...

IVY (CONT'D)
Also, like - hi.

Ciara smiles.

CIARA
Hi!

IVY
How has tour been - this is crazy right? Like, we're in *Budapest*?

The elevator DINGS and the doors open. Ciara exits first, standing so that the doors can't close. She nods Ivy through.

CIARA
Just to be be safe.

Ciara follows after Ivy walks through the doors. They walk down the hallway.

CIARA (CONT'D)
Tour's been amazing!

Ciara's not convinced.

IVY
Yeah?

CIARA
It's a lot.

IVY
I can imagine. Did you know Orson
was coming?

Ciara nods. They're nearing the end of the hallway.

IVY (CONT'D)
Have you met him before?

CIARA
A couple of times. He's very - uh
- *"old fashioned."*

IVY
Isn't that just another way of
saying that he's a misogynist?

Ciara puts a finger to Ivy's lips playfully.

CIARA
Shhhh.

The girls stop in front of Room 1117.

IVY
This is me.

Ciara looks at the door number.

CIARA
Me too.

Ivy can't tell if she's joking or not. She pulls out a room
key and presses it to the sensor. It CLICKS open.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - LATER

Ivy exits the elevator, now wearing all blacks with simple
makeup. She walks towards Una and Fionn who are standing with
ELIJAH (18) and FRAN (19). Their eyes light up gleefully as
she approaches.

IVY
Hey guys.

Warm, somewhat shy greetings from Fran and Elijah. Ivy gives
them both a hug.

IVY (CONT'D)

I'm Ivy.

FRAN

We know who you are.

Elijah nods.

ELIJAH

Your slip jig at the All Ireland's
in 2019 made me like - *sob*.

Ivy blushes.

IVY

Oh - thank you.

FRAN

Seriously, you're like - a legend.

IVY

Aw. Thanks guys.

The group starts walking towards the front doors to the hotel. Ivy holds Una and Fionn back from the rest of the group.

IVY (CONT'D)

(whispering)

Guess who my roommate is?

UNA

(normal volume)

Oh my god, who?

FIONN

Shhh!

IVY

Shhh!

UNA

(whispering)

Oh my god, who?

IVY

Ciara. Cunningham.

They both gasp.

FIONN

(normal volume)

SHUT UP!

IVY

Shhh!

UNA

Shhh!

FIONN
 (whispering)
 Shut up!

IVY
 I haven't seen her since - what,
 2017?

UNA
 She's changed a *lot* since then.

EXT. BUDAPEST HOTEL - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

The trio has left the front doors of the hotel to see the sea of dancers ahead of them boarding two coach busses.

ALICE
 Una!

Una peers up ahead to see ALICE (20s) waving her over from the front bus.

UNA
 I'll see you guys there!

Una runs up to the first bus.

IVY
 Can we -

Ivy looks at Fionn.

FIONN
 Bus one is for, "main cast."

Ivy rolls her eyes as they board the second bus.

INT. BUS - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

Ivy and Fionn talk in hushed voices as they search for a seat on the bus.

IVY
 I didn't think she liked me.

FIONN
 Who, Ciara?

Ivy nods.

IVY
She was just always so - *cold*. I
don't know.

The bus starts to move.

FIONN
We kissed on the lips once.

Ivy looks shocked.

FIONN (CONT'D)
At the All Scotland's in Glasgow. I
was super fucked up.

IVY
I thought she doesn't drink?

FIONN
She doesn't.

Ivy laughs.

INT. STUDIO - DAY

The dancers shuffle into a bright and open studio space.

Luke is chatting quietly to a small but muscular man. This is DOMINIK (40s). Luke counts the sea of black. He holds a stack of papers.

DOMINIK
No shoes please!

A few of the dancers slip off their sneakers and slides at the entrance to the studio. There's an excited energy in the air. Nervous anticipation.

LUKE
Right, that looks like everybody.

A hush falls in the room.

DOMINIK
Welcome, guys! We're really happy
to have you all here.

Dominik speaks in perfect English with a slight Hungarian accent. Soft smiles from the dancers. Ivy, Una and Fionn stand closer to the back of the small crowd.

DOMINIK (CONT'D)

I'm especially proud to have you all here in my home city. Call me biased, but I think it's the greatest city in the world.

A slight laugh from the dancers.

LUKE

Yeah, so, I know we've been a bit cryptic about the nature of these rehearsals, but we just wanted to get everyone here first before disclosing any information about the new show.

Some curious glances are exchanged in the crowd.

DOMINIK

But, before we do, we have some pretty standard NDAs for you all to sign. A request from management.

LUKE

It's nothing too crazy, you just can't say anything about the contents of the show on social media, et cetera.

A skinny red-head girl raises her hand from the front of the group. HANNA (19).

LUKE (CONT'D)

Yeah, Hanna?

HANNA

Can we still *post* on social media?

Luke looks over at Dominik.

DOMINIK

Of course. Just nothing about *why* you're here. It's all outlined in the document.

He waves one of the papers.

LUKE

We'll leave these here, just make sure to sign them by the end of the day.

He sets the stack of papers down on a small desk.

LUKE (CONT'D)

So - I'm sure you're all wondering
what this new show is all about.

DOMINIK

But before we begin, we wanted you
to hear a bit of the music.

A quiet, but excited energy stirs among the cast as Luke reaches towards the table to where his phone is plugged in. He taps the screen.

A low RUMBLE and then...deafening silence. We see the faces of the dancers, but hear none of what they are hearing.

Some are visibly disgusted. Some are awestruck. Fionn looks upset, bordering on tears. Ciara looks blissful. As Ivy's face comes into focus, a knowing smile appears on her face.

DANCE, DANCE

EPISODE 2
"EARTHLY DELIGHTS"

Written by
Owen Luebbers

EXT. BELFAST WATERFRONT HALL - MORNING

The concert hall looms on the edge of the River Lagan in the clouded light of the early morning. A behemoth.

TITLE CARD: BELFAST, NORTHERN IRELAND

INT. BELFAST WATERFRONT HALL - MAIN AUDITORIUM - MORNING

An empty auditorium is being readied for a day of competition. A few workers scattered throughout the hall cleaning. One runs a large broom across the stage.

Above the stage hangs a massive multicolored banner.

INSERT: BANNER

A globe logo with the words, "An Coimisiún Le Rincí Gaelacha World Championships Belfast."

In front of the stage are five, small tables, all empty save for a desk lamp. A neatly dressed STAGE ATTENDANT walks out from behind the stage with an armful of pads of paper and pens. She places them with care on each table. After placing the paper and pen on the last table, she adjusts the pen to be perfectly straight.

INT. BELFAST WATERFRONT HALL - FOYER - MORNING

A security guard unlocks and opens the front door. Outside, a line of people begin to enter. Teens in tracksuits wearing tall wigs and full faces of stage makeup walk into the building, an air of focus amongst them.

INT. BELFAST WATERFRONT HALL - PRACTICE AREA - MORNING

The room is seeping with nervously excited energy. Dancers, parents and teachers float around the room. It's crowded and there are a few practice floors which are full of girls and boys alike warming up.

The CLATTER of heavy shoes throughout the space.

The dancers move across the stage, each fighting for their own space. It's chaotic. Twenty dancers on one stage moving in twenty different directions. Teachers drink out of coffee cups while watching their dancers, giving out corrections from afar.

INT. BELFAST WATER FRONT HALL - MAIN AUDITORIUM - MORNING

From behind, we see a girl entering the auditorium. Her wig is full with loose curls. She pauses to look around the room before choosing a direction.

It's a younger Ivy. She looks completely different in this setting. She has a look of focused determination. Fire in her eyes.

She paces confidently over to a row of seats where Kath, LIAM (30s, handsome) and a younger Fionn are sitting. They look relieved to see her.

Kath rushes over to her.

KATH
Thank god!

She hands her a piece of card stock with a number on it.
"117"

KATH (CONT'D)
Did you warm up? They've called the first group back already.

The girl shakes her head.

LIAM
Do you want me to -

IVY
I'm okay.

She places her bag down next to the row of seats, removing a pair of OLD HARD-SHOES from inside.

KATH
(to Liam)
I thought she was wearing the new ones.

He shrugs and sighs, letting out a slight laugh.

LIAM
You're on with Ciara.

IVY
I know.

TITLE CARD: FOUR YEARS LATER

TITLE CARD: BUDAPEST, HUNGARY

INT. GIRLS DRESSING ROOM - DAY

Ivy has the same look of focused determination on her face as she applies lipstick in the mirror. A group of wildly beautiful 20-something women hurriedly prepare themselves in the simple dressing room. The room is hazy with hairspray as the girls finish their makeup and spray perfume. In the midst of the chaos, Ivy seems comparatively calm.

Alice laces up a pair of Irish dance shoes that look like stilettos. Ivy glances at her through the mirror as she finishes touching up her simple, bare faced makeup look.

IVY

How do you even dance in those?

Alice looks over towards her. She shrugs.

ALICE

You get used to it.

A voice from outside the room.

INT. BOYS GREEN ROOM - SAME TIME

LUKE (O.S.)

Five minutes!

The boys room is a different kind of chaos. No one inside seems to be in any kind of hurry to get themselves ready.

AIDAN (20s) and CONOR (20s, British) face off using a football made out of balled up electrical tape. Conor dribbles from one end of the room towards the other, where Aidan is playing goalkeeper. They are both wearing hard shoes.

CONOR

It's coming home, it's coming home!

Conor shoots the ball. Aidan flinches, covering his face. Before it can hit him, CAELAN (30, Irish) grabs the "football," and tosses it in the bin. Both Conor and Aidan groan.

CAELAN

It's never coming home you colonizer.

Harry rolls his eyes.

CONOR

Colonize this.

He holds up his middle finger. They pretend scrap.

In the corner of the room, Elijah sits quietly next to an open window. He bites his fingernails nervously.

Fionn lies on the floor with his feet up on a chair next to him, eyes closed. A KNOCK on the door. Fionn opens his eyes. They all look towards the door.

INT. GIRLS GREEN ROOM

The activity halts.

LUKE (O.S.)

He'll be here in 1 minute!

Ivy sits on a chair, the same pair of OLD HARD SHOES on the floor in front of her. She picks them up. There's a hole in the side of one of them. She sighs and begins to lace them up.

INT. BOYS GREEN ROOM

Fionn stands in the front of a small mirror and fixes his hair.

FIONN

I need a haircut.

It's like they're all getting ready to go on a date. The rest of the boys in the room spray themselves with cologne and deodorant before making their way towards the door.

INT. STUDIO HALLWAY - DAY

The boys and girls shuffle out of their respective green rooms and make their way down a darkened corridor. They all wear black. A light emanates from an entrance at the end of the hall.

Conor and Alice walk towards the light at the end of the pack. Ivy lingers behind them.

ALICE

I've heard he's a bit mad.

CONOR

Yeah but he's a genius, they're all like - a little bit crazy, right?

Ivy laughs from behind them. Conor glances behind him.

CONOR (CONT'D)
Something funny?

IVY
I just don't think he's a genius.

Conor and Alice exchange a knowing glance.

ALICE
Don't let *him* hear you say that.

They reach the end of the hall which opens up into a large professional dance studio.

INT. STUDIO - DAY

Luke looks stressed. He paces at the front of the studio as twenty dancers shuffle in.

LUKE
Let's all work on the steps from
yesterday, yeah? He'll want to see
the new numbers.

The BANGING of hard shoes on the floor as the dancers begin to rehearse. Ivy is the last into the room. She makes her way over to the corner where Fionn is practicing an arm movement. They talk in hushed voices.

IVY
Weird vibes.

FIONN
Seriously, it's like they're
waiting for Jesus or something.

Ivy smiles and joins Fionn in practicing the arm movement.

LUKE
And just - look busy.

Luke looks around the studio, noticing Ivy practicing in the corner.

LUKE (CONT'D)
Ivy?

He gestures towards her. She jogs over.

LUKE (CONT'D)
What are those?

He glances down at her battered hard shoes.

IVY
Oh. My heavies?

LUKE
You don't have another pair?

She shakes her head. He sighs.

LUKE (CONT'D)
It should be fine, I wouldn't -

The pattering of feet begins to taper off. Luke's eyes widen as he notices someone enter the room behind Ivy. They both turn.

Orson McCarthy (60) saunters into the room like the resurrected Jesus wearing all white. He looks like he just got off a boat.

LUKE (CONT'D)
Orson! How was Monaco?

Luke leaves Ivy standing at the front of the room and makes his way towards the doorway, greeting him warmly.

INT. BELFAST WATERFRONT HALL PRACTICE AREA - MORNING

Ciara stretches on the side of the floor. GERALDINE (50s, intense) stands beside her.

GERALDINE
Just make sure you don't let her
take the front.

Ciara nods.

GERALDINE (CONT'D)
Are you wearing tape?

CIARA
I don't think it's slippery.

GERALDINE
You should put tape on.

CIARA
I don't usually -

Geraldine looks at her intently, grabbing her arm. Ciara stops her stretching routine.

GERALDINE
Do you want to ruin this for me?

Ciara shakes her head.

GERALDINE (CONT'D)

Good girl.

INT. BELFAST WATER FRONT HALL - MAIN AUDITORIUM - MORNING

A trio of musicians plays a lively HORNPIPE on the side of the stage.

Three girls wearing intricate, borderline gaudy dresses, dance on stage together doing totally separate choreography.

The tables in front of the stage are now occupied by a mix of serious looking men and women wearing suits and dresses.

Ciara jumps in place at the back of the auditorium. MAUREEN (50s) holds her hands as she jumps.

MAUREEN

Did you take the rescue remedy yet?

CIARA

I think I'm okay.

Maureen looks at her questioningly.

MAUREEN

Isn't that part of your routine?

Ciara stops jumping and swings her legs effortlessly above her head.

CIARA

I'm good.

Maureen nods. Ciara walks past her to a row of chairs where Geraldine sits.

GERALDINE

Ready?

Ciara nods. Geraldine stands and exits the row. Ciara gives Maureen a hug. It lingers as Maureen whispers something into her ear, squeezing her tight.

CIARA

Love you.

Maureen squeezes Ciara's hand. Geraldine and Ciara make their way towards the side of the stage. As they walk, one of the girls on stage takes a fall. The entire audience GASPS. Geraldine is startled by it.

GERALDINE

Jesus christ. You put tape on
right?

Ciara nods. They stop at the entrance to the backstage area.

GERALDINE (CONT'D)

Three solid rounds. That's all we
need.

Ciara nods. A man struts past them wearing a suit. FRANK
(50s). He grabs Geraldine's arm softly as he passes. They
interact as if Ciara isn't standing there.

FRANK

Good luck today, Ger.

GERALDINE

Thanks, Frank. Let's just hope she
stays on her feet, these stages are
ridiculous!

Frank agrees. He leaves.

GERALDINE (CONT'D)

(to Ciara)

You're the winner.

Ciara smiles softly. Geraldine fake kisses her on the cheek.
Ciara disappears backstage, walking with quiet confidence.

INT. STUDIO - DAY

Luke and Orson talk in hushed voices at the back of the
studio alongside DOMINIK (40) as the dancers slowly return to
practicing.

Ciara practices a piece of a step in front of the mirror. Her
stiletted heavy shoes banging the floor with force. She does
the same part of the step again. And again. And again.

She's *amazing*. Every step is perfectly placed.

Ivy and Fionn are practicing in the back corner. They watch
the men talking in the mirror.

IVY

God, what is he wearing?

FIONN

I'm telling you - second coming of
Christ.

LUKE

Hey guys!

The clatter of hard shoes tapers off. Fionn and Ivy stop dancing. Ciara continues to practice in a world of her own.

LUKE (CONT'D)

Ahem.

She stops, apologizing with her eyes. Orson steps out in front of the other two men.

ORSON

Thanks for being here everybody,
isn't this cool?

Orson speaks with a faux, borderline offensive Irish brogue even though he was born and raised in downtown Chicago.

ORSON (CONT'D)

And in Budapest of all places -
they love me here. Did you know we
sold out the arena here for - what
was it?

He looks towards Luke and Dominik. They look at each other.

LUKE

Three - seven -

ORSON (CONT'D)

Seven nights?

LUKE (CONT'D)

(quietly)
Seven nights.

He scans the room and begins to walk slowly through the scattered dancers throughout the floor, examining his subjects.

ORSON

Alice! Good to see you sweetheart.

ALICE

So good to see you, Orson.

He reaches towards Alice, pulling her into him with a long kiss on the cheek. She blushes. Conor stands beside her seething silently.

ORSON

And Conor, how's Mom?

He extends a hand towards him. Conor is slightly flustered. Orson shakes his hand *firmly*, making uncomfortably direct eye contact the entire time.

CONOR
Uhh - she's good, yeah.

ORSON
That's great. Just great.

Orson makes his way around the room in this manner. Firm handshakes for the lads, uncomfortably long kisses and hugs for the ladies. Dominik and Luke follow him around like puppy dogs in tow.

There's something almost ceremonial about the whole thing.

IVY
(hushed)
This is weird, right?

FIONN
Well, yes.

IVY
He like - makes my skin crawl.

She shivers. Giddy and girlish forced laughter from the other side of the room as HANNA (19) introduces herself to Orson.

ORSON
Beautiful, just beautiful.
(to the rest of the room)
Isn't she stunning? Look at that smile.

Nods of agreement from around the room. Ivy looks at Fionn who is nodding. Ivy nudges him.

FIONN
Like, I'm obviously not attracted to her, but she is like *objectively* pretty.

Ivy rolls her eyes. Orson seems to soften when he sees Ciara.

ORSON
Ciara.

He's more gentle with her than the others, towering over her petite frame.

ORSON (CONT'D)
How's Gerry?

CIARA
Good. The operation went well.

ORSON
I'm so happy to hear that.

IVY
(hushed)
What happened to Gerry?

FIONN
Cancer.

IVY
God.

FIONN
I don't know, it was probably karma
for giving an entire generation of
dancers an eating disorder.

Orson approaches Elijah who stands just off to the side of
Ivy and Fionn. They tense up as he approaches.

ORSON
What's your name, son?

Elijah doesn't make eye contact.

ELIJAH
(quietly)
Elijah - Eli.

ORSON
And where are you from?

ELIJAH
Melbourne.

LUKE
Elijah is an undefeated World
Champion.

Orson's eyes light up.

ORSON
World champion, huh?

Orson lifts Elijah's chin up. Elijah looks at him with
trembling eyes.

ORSON (CONT'D)
You know that doesn't matter here,
right?

Elijah nods, an expressionless strangle in his eyes.

ORSON (CONT'D)

Good lad.

Orson lets him go. Elijah lets out a short, strained breath as if he's been holding it for the entire interaction. Fionn looks over at Ivy.

Orson swaggers over to Ivy and Fionn, eyeing Ivy's shoe's the whole way.

ORSON (CONT'D)

And you are?

Ivy stands confidently, hands clasped behind her back.

IVY

Ivy.

ORSON

Ivy.

IVY

Quinn. Ivy Quinn.

There's something game-ish about the interaction. Orson walks around Ivy, inspecting her like a specimen. Ivy grows uncomfortable.

ORSON

Hmm. Do you know the Garden of Earthly Delights solo?

She hesitates.

LUKE

Oh - she's new, we haven't -

Suddenly determined.

IVY

I can learn it.

Orson nods.

ORSON

And the shoes?

He gestures to her feet.

LUKE

We'll sort a pair for her.

Orson moves on to Fionn who has been standing silently beside them. He extends a hand. Fionn shakes it firmly; excitedly.

Maybe too excitedly. Orson cringes, removing his hand in pain.

FIONN

Fionn. I dance for Liam. We both do.

He nods towards Ivy.

ORSON

Liam Gray?

Fionn nods.

ORSON (CONT'D)

Great guy, brilliant performer. That's not an Irish accent I'm hearing.

FIONN

American.

ORSON

Me too, if you'd believe it. From?

FIONN

Philadelphia. Well - west of Philadelphia.

(singing)

In West Philadelphia born and raised -

No response from Orson. Fionn is rambling.

FIONN (CONT'D)

Not really *West* Philadelphia, more like the suburbs. The "burbs." But I live in Dublin.

Orson cracks a smile. He turns to Luke and Dominik.

ORSON

I like this guy.

Fionn is chuffed with himself. Ivy rolls her eyes. Orson walks to the front of the room, all eyes focused on him as if hypnotized.

ORSON (CONT'D)

Amazing, just amazing. Isn't this cool? So much talent. We're going to create something special, right?

Nods and fake smiles from around the room.

LUKE

Thanks, Orson. Let's get started,
yeah? Can we go to the end
positions of the opening number?

The hypnosis is broken and the dancers walk into position.

INT. BELFAST WATERFRONT HALL - BACKSTAGE - MORNING

A dimly lit backstage area. Frank and BERNIE (70s) sit at a table lit by the warm light of a desk lamp. There are three girls dancing on stage. We see them in flashes of sparkling crystals from the wings.

They finish, bow, and walk to stand at the back of the stage. A bell rings from one of the judges tables. They bow again and make their way off.

There is a line of girls nervously anticipating their turn on stage.

Bernie struggles to turn on a wireless handheld microphone. Frank helps her.

BERNIE

(in Irish)

Competitors 110, 111, and 113.

(in English)

Competitors 110, 111, and 113.

There is no competitor number 112.

The next three dancers walk onto the stage.

Ivy walks up a set of stairs and enters the backstage area. We follow her to a back corner, away from the rest of the girls. She still has headphones in.

Something like, "*Section 1*" by Steve Reich plays through her ear buds.

In the corner, she shakes her legs and runs in place in an attempt to stay warm.

Bernie approaches her. She takes her earbuds out.

BERNIE (CONT'D)

117?

Ivy nods.

BERNIE (CONT'D)

Good luck. You're at the end so
it'll just be the two of you.

IVY

Thanks.

Bernie walks over to a girl behind Ivy.

BERNIE (O.S.)

118? Great. Good luck.

Ivy turns around revealing Ciara, who stands behind her. She smiles softly at Ivy. Ivy smiles back.

CIARA

I think we're on together.

IVY

Where do you go?

Ciara gestures with her hands to demonstrate where on the stage her steps travel.

CIARA

Just up and to the right and then across.

IVY

I go into the middle and then to the left, across and then back.

Ivy looks like she's casting a spell in the air.

CIARA

And for the two steps just back and forth across.

IVY

Me too.

CIARA

Should be fine.

Ivy nods.

IVY

Good luck.

CIARA

Thanks.

The girls walk forward towards the entrance to the stage.

CIARA (CONT'D)

You too.

Only one set of three remains before them. Ciara jumps up and down a few more times. Ivy blesses herself. Closing her eyes, she takes long *deep* breaths like she's meditating.

Time slows. Ciara rubs the bottom of her shoe which is covered in gaffers tape. The group of girls on stage finishes and walks to the back of the stage. They bow.

BERNIE

On you go, good luck girls.

Ivy takes one more breath before opening her eyes.

BERNIE (CONT'D)

And our final competitors for this round are

(in Irish)

One hundred seventeen and one hundred eighteen

(in English)

One one seven and one one eight.

Ivy plasters a huge smile on her face and walks out onto the stage in carefully placed steps. Ciara follows behind her.

TITLE CARD: ROUND ONE

INT. STUDIO - DAY

The sound of triumphant music. The dancers are lined up on either side of the studio. There's a rectangular "stage," outlined on the floor in white tape.

The music picks up and they begin to dance out onto the stage in two straight lines.

Orson, Dominik, and Luke watch intently from the front.

Flashes of feet performing intricate steps. The two lines form a V shape which collapses into one straight line at the front of the stage.

They finish the routine with their arms raised, sweat pouring down their faces.

No one dares move.

Orson whispers something to Luke.

LUKE

That's great, everyone, really good.

The dancers release their finishing pose, panting.

ORSON
Let's just - can we do it one more
time?

DOMINIK
I think that's -

Dominik checks his watch.

DOMINIK (CONT'D)
Lunch actually.

ORSON
Right, of course.

DOMINIK
(to the dancers)
Go - go eat! We'll meet back here
at 1.

They disperse. Ivy walks to the back of the studio and takes a drink of water. She watches as Orson whispers something to Luke before heading out of the studio.

LUKE
Ivy?

Ivy walks over to where Luke stands.

IVY
What's up?

LUKE
Oh, and Ciara? Where's Ciara. Could
someone grab her?

Alice, who stands at the back of the room chatting to Conor, nods and jogs out of the room. Ciara comes jogging back into the studio from outside.

LUKE (CONT'D)
Ciara, would you be able to teach
Ivy the good girl solo?

CIARA
Good girl?

Luke nods. He looks around before lowering his voice. Ciara looks pissed.

LUKE
Orson's request.

Ciara nods.

LUKE (CONT'D)

Thanks.

INT. GIRLS GREEN ROOM - DAY

Ciara and Ivy sit on opposite sides of the green room. Ivy unlaces her hard shoes and takes them off. Ciara does the same but with the stiletto hard shoes that the rest of the girls wear.

CIARA

When do you wanna do this?

Ciara winces as she pulls the heels off her bare feet to reveal a heel rubbed raw from the shoe.

IVY

Oh my god, that looks bad, are you okay?

Ciara nods.

IVY (CONT'D)

Do you need a band-aid or -

Ciara shakes her head.

CIARA

I'm okay, really. Do you wanna just do it now and get it over with?

Ivy looks at a clock on the wall.

IVY

Uhhh - sure, yeah. I kind of need to eat but -

Ciara pulls a protein bar out of her bag and tosses it to Ivy.

IVY (CONT'D)

Oh. Thanks.

Ciara rises half limping her way out the door.

INT. STUDIO - DAY

Ciara is stretching in the center of the studio as Ivy walks in.

CIARA
Have you seen the show?

Ivy sits on the floor, assuming a butterfly pose stretch.

IVY
I used to watch it on VHS.

Ciara smiles as she walks over to a sound system in the corner.

CIARA
Me too.

IVY
Like, I was deranged. The tape
literally wore out.

Ciara plugs her phone in.

CIARA
Well - lucky for you - the
choreography hasn't really changed
much since then. You know Jackie
Henegan?

Ivy nods.

CIARA (CONT'D)
This is the same solo that she
performed when the show premiered.

Ciara walks back into the center of the studio beside Ivy.
Ivy stands beside her.

CIARA (CONT'D)
The steps are pretty simple - it's
the acting that really brings it to
life. Do you know the story?

Ivy shakes her head.

CIARA (CONT'D)
Well, you've heard of Eve?

Ivy looks confused.

IVY
Like -

CIARA
Of Adam fame, yes.

Ivy laughs.

CIARA (CONT'D)
Then you know the story.

Ciara assumes her starting position, her eyes darkening as she looks at herself in the mirror with her arms crossed above her head.

CIARA (CONT'D)
This slip jig is meant to be a physical representation of the seduction nature of the fruit of knowledge.

Ivy follows suit, imitating the same position.

Ciara slides her arms down her body seductively.

CIARA (CONT'D)
It's *all* about seduction.

Ivy copies her. Ciara spins, high on her toes. Ciara dances forward into a leap.

CIARA (CONT'D)
Good. Let's try it again.

The girls re-assume their starting position.

CIARA (CONT'D)
Five, six, seven and eight.

INT. BELFAST WATER FRONT HALL - STAGE - MORNING

Ivy and Ciara begin dancing from opposite sides of the stage, Ciara on left and Ivy on the right. They are moving with immense speed across the stage. Like beautiful, sparkling Joan of Arc's riding into battle.

Ivy reaches the corner of the stage at the same time as Ciara.

The judges watch the two girls intently from their tables.

In the corner, before moving, Ciara trips slightly while doing a rhythmic piece.

INT. BELFAST WATERFRONT HALL - MAIN AUDITORIUM - SAME TIME

Liam, Kath and Fionn watch nervously from the aisle.

Geraldine stands in the very front row, bouncing up and down with Ciara as she moves across the stage. She makes hand signals.

The entire audience is transfixed by their performance.

INT. BELFAST WATER FRONT HALL - STAGE - SAME TIME

Ivy and Ciara begin their third and final step from opposite sides of the stage.

As the girls dance in towards each other, Ciara stops in the center of the stage to do a footwork section.

Ivy begins to move into the center of the stage towards where Ciara is. As Ivy comes out of an intricate sequence of spins, Ciara begins to move towards her.

The two girls come face to face running into one another before continuing on into opposite corners.

INT. BELFAST WATERFRONT HALL - MAIN AUDITORIUM - SAME TIME

Geraldine cringes audibly as the two girls collide.

GERALDINE

Fuck!

INT. BELFAST WATER FRONT HALL - STAGE - SAME TIME

The girls finish dancing on opposite sides of the stage.

Cheers sound from the crowd as they bow and return to their starting positions at the back.

INT. BELFAST WATERFRONT HALL - MAIN AUDITORIUM - SAME TIME

Geraldine furiously walks down the aisle past where Liam and Kath are standing.

Geraldine forces a smile as she passes.

GERALDINE

Well done.

Liam acknowledges her.

LIAM

Love the new dress.

INT. BELFAST WATERFRONT HALL - BACKSTAGE

Ciara and Ivy exit the stage, both breathing heavily.

CIARA

Sorry.

Ivy brushes off her apology.

IVY

No, it's okay.

INT. BELFAST WATER FRONT HALL - MAIN AUDITORIUM - CONTINUOUS

Ivy and Ciara re-emerge into the auditorium.

BERNIE (O.S.)

That completes round one of the Ladies 18 to 19 championship. Let's give a round of applause for all the competitors.

The audience applauds. Ciara and Ivy go their separate ways. As we follow Ivy back to the row of seats where Liam and Kath wait, a YOUNG MOM approaches her.

YOUNG MOM

Sorry - I know you just finished, but my daughter is a huge fan, could we get a photo?

IVY

Yeah, of course!

A LITTLE GIRL steps out from behind her mom shyly. Ivy leans down to her height.

IVY (CONT'D)

Did you dance this week?

The little girl nods.

IVY (CONT'D)

How did you do?

YOUNG MOM

She didn't recall, it was her first Worlds.

IVY

Well, I didn't recall at my first Worlds either.

The little girl looks at her with wide, adoring eyes.

LITTLE GIRL

Really?

Ivy nods.

IVY

Really.

LITTLE GIRL

You look like a princess.

Ivy laughs.

YOUNG MOM

Come on sweetie, let's get a photo.

They pose.

YOUNG MOM (CONT'D)

1, 2, 3. Thank you so much.

IVY

Of course.

Ivy walks over to Kath, Liam and Fionn.

IVY (CONT'D)

How was it?

LIAM

Yeah, really good. Strong.

IVY

She just *stopped*. I was blind coming out of those spins.

LIAM

I thought it was fine.

Ivy looks over to where the young mom and daughter are now taking a photo with Ciara in the back of the auditorium.

Liam gestures for Ivy to come closer.

LIAM (CONT'D)

That panel won't be good for her.

Ivy nods.

KATH

Will you be on with her for the light round?

Liam checks a list of competitors.

IVY
I don't think so.

INT. BELFAST WATER FRONT HALL - MAIN AUDITORIUM - SAME TIME

The young mom and daughter depart from Ciara. Maureen sits in the row of seats beaming.

CIARA
Can you unzip me?

Maureen unzips the back of her dress.

CIARA (CONT'D)
Did she say anything?

Maureen shakes her head.

MAUREEN
She left right after.

Ciara looks stressed.

CIARA
Was it okay?

Maureen smiles softly, touching her arm.

MAUREEN
It was beautiful.

Ciara sits taking a long breath.

EXT. OUTDOOR SEATING AREA - DAY

The bright sun of a Budapest summer shines brightly. Conor, Aidan, Caelan and a few other LADS sit with their shirts off, upbeat pop music playing from a speaker. Some of the girls sit around them wearing sunglasses and taking selfies.

Elijah sits under an umbrella at the other end of the seating area. He watches quietly as Aidan spreads sun cream on Conor's back.

FIONN (O.S.)
God it's hot.

Elijah looks startled. Awoken from a dream.

ELIJAH

Oh - I'm not - I wasn't -

Elijah laughs nervously. Fionn glances over towards the other lads. He smiles, gesturing towards the sun.

FIONN

I meant the weather. Can I sit?

Elijah nods. Fionn sips an iced drink. They both watch as the lads lean back in their chairs, basking in the rays.

FIONN (CONT'D)

I just think like - I don't know.
They're just too masculine.

ELIJAH

Conor used to stay with my family
in Australia.

Fionn looks over at Conor.

ELIJAH (CONT'D)

He came down for workshops with his
teacher.

FIONN

Yeah?

Elijah nods.

ELIJAH

We got along really well actually.

FIONN

We were like *best* friends when we
were kids and then -

Fionn is lost in a memory.

FIONN (CONT'D)

I don't know. Something changed.
Are you doing the Worlds this year?

ELIJAH

Haven't decided yet.

FIONN

Fair. I guess when you've won so
many times it starts to get boring.

Elijah blushes.

ELIJAH
What about you?

Fionn sighs.

FIONN
Loaded question.

ELIJAH
What do you mean?

FIONN
Like - I love competing but with everything going on - I don't know if you know.

Elijah looks curious.

FIONN (CONT'D)
I was blacklisted after I transferred schools. Between the Worlds that I won and this past one, I wasn't able to compete for five years.

ELIJAH
I had no idea.

Fionn nods, taking a sip of his drink.

FIONN
I just don't know if it's worth it, you know?

Elijah shifts in his seat. He smiles to himself.

ELIJAH
I used to be obsessed with you.

Fionn smiles.

ELIJAH (CONT'D)
I don't know if you remember but -

FIONN
The Instagram account?

Elijah hides his face. They both laugh.

ELIJAH
I was so weird.

Fionn brushes him off.

FIONN

You were like, what, thirteen?
Everyone's weird when they're
thirteen.

DOMINIK (O.S.)

Let's go guys!

A collective groan from the entirety of the seating area. The group of dancers apathetically start making their way towards the door back to the inside.

INT. STUDIO - DAY

Ivy begins dancing from the same starting pose as earlier. She floats gracefully around the studio. It's effortless. Like magic. Ethereal music plays loudly from the speakers as she dances.

Ciara stands at the front of the studio watching intently.

As Ivy performs, the other dancers as well as Luke and Dominik trickle into the studio behind her, returning from lunch.

Fionn and Elijah stand together with Una in the back. All captivated by her performance.

UNA

I still think she should've won in
Belfast.

Fionn and Elijah nod in agreement.

Orson emerges from the dark of the hallway into the light of the studio. His face shifts as he notices Ivy dancing.

She's in a world entirely of her own and doesn't notice him come in.

He makes his way towards the front of the studio, watching her the whole time like a lion stalking its prey.

Ivy finishes in a pose on the floor. She's sweating and out of breath but still looks beautiful.

Applause trickles in from around the studio. Ivy looks in the mirror to see the entire cast in the studio. She's embarrassed, letting out a slight laugh.

Ciara smiles like a teacher admiring their pupil's work.

CIARA
That was really good - just one
thing - that jump -

Ivy looks at her curiously.

IVY
Which -

Ciara nods towards the corner.

CIARA
You just need to land more, like,
pulled up.

Ciara marks through the jump, demonstrating the section of
the dance she's referring to.

ORSON (O.S.)
Don't be jealous, doll.

CIARA
Oh, I -

Orson puts his hand on Ciara's arm. She is stilled.

Orson approaches Ivy who is in her ending pose on the floor.
He reaches a hand down to help her up. She reluctantly
accepts.

ORSON
I think we found our leading lady.

Ivy looks shocked as she stands.

IVY
What, no, I -

ORSON
What do you all think?

Ivy locks eyes with Fionn. Una smiles at Ivy with pride. Nods
from around the room.

Ivy blushes, her face bright red. Ciara looks slightly
defeated. Orson leans over to Ivy.

ORSON (CONT'D)
(whispering)
You're exactly who I've been
looking for.

INT. GIRLS GREEN ROOM - LATER

The girls are packing their things. Everyone looks utterly exhausted.

The last few girls depart the room - just Ciara and Ivy remain.

Ivy glances over at Ciara.

IVY
Thanks for earlier.

Ciara looks up and smiles softly.

CIARA
Not at all.

Ciara rummages around for something in her bag. Ivy bites her nails.

IVY
I feel really bad.

Ciara doesn't respond.

IVY (CONT'D)
I just feel like that was *your*
part.

Ciara pulls something out of her bag.

CIARA
Here.

It's a pair of the stilettoed HARD SHOES.

IVY
Oh no - I -

Ciara insists, handing her the shoes.

CIARA
He's chosen me before.

Ciara finishes packing up her bag.

CIARA (CONT'D)
Just be careful.

Ciara walks out of the room, leaving Ivy behind.

Ivy is dumbstruck. She looks at the shoes as if they are cursed.