

EDEN ✎ (

Vernoff "Grace" 2nd Revised Network Draft 01.07.11 10.

5 INT. MICHAEL'S STUDIO -- LOBBY -- DAY ONE 5

EDEN RUIZ, 18, mixed-race, beautiful, vulnerable and tough, is watching the dress rehearsal through the window, mesmerized, when Nicky emerges.

Sci START →

NICKY

This is a private studio. You like to watch? I know an old guy who likes to dress up in a bear suit.

EDEN

I-- Sorry. I need to talk to Michael Grace.

NICKY

Regarding?

EDEN

It's...personal.

NICKY

This is a dance studio, Sweetie, nothing's personal.

EDEN

It's... he's right in there. Can I just talk to him for a minute?

NICKY

No.

EDEN

Look, it's -- it's like, a legal thing, okay?

With a sigh, Nicky moves to the desk...

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NICKY

The older he gets, the younger they get.

(hands her a business card)

Sarah Grace handles all of Michael's "legal things."

But Eden's eyes are on the dance again.

EDEN

What are they rehearsing?

NICKY

He does a monthly show at Royce Hall.

EDEN

Right. ...Is it true he had an affair with Madonna? And she wrote "Crazy For You" about him?

NICKY

Everything you hear about Michael Grace is true. Except his last name. His real last name is Gracinski.

And he escorts Eden out the door.

END

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EDEN #2

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20 INT. HOT DANCE STUDIO -- EDEN'S REHEARSAL ROOM -- DAY TWO 20

Eden is alone in her rehearsal studio, dancing. She's incredible, passionate, alive. Her style is younger than Michael's. Jazz-influenced with some Street mixed in. On a spin, she spots a face in the doorway and stops. It's Michael. She catches her breath. She's stunned, but she's tough and good at covering.

SC2 START →

EDEN

(defensive)

How much did you see? I was just marking it.

He approaches smiling, all charm.

MICHAEL

That was some marking. I'm Michael Grace.

EDEN

I know who you are.

MICHAEL

I'm putting together a retrospective. And I'm expanding my company.

EDEN

Okay...?

MICHAEL

Would you like to dance for me?

She takes him in a long beat. She's so fucking confused and what comes out of her mouth is--

EDEN

Yes.

MICHAEL

Come tomorrow. Three o'clock.

He turns to go.

EDEN

I tried to just talk to you, y'know. Your assistant wouldn't let me in.

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MICHAEL

Nicky. He's such a bitch, isn't he?

And he's gone. And we are on Eden, who looks a little like she just got run over by a train.

END

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EDEN #3

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29 INT. MICHAEL'S DANCE STUDIO -- DAY THREE

29

Eden is still learning the choreography from the dancers when Michael approaches.

SC3. START →

MICHAEL

Okay. Let's see it. 5,6,7,8...

With two of the dancers flanking her, Eden performs the routine. She's a little messier than the dancers, but promising.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Alright, now to music. Nicky.

Nicky hits the music. Eden does a decent job.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

(to Eden)

Take it up a notch -- let's see your heat. Make them all doubles and then reverse the last section.

Eden dances with the other dancers but can't keep up with the pace -- and the speed with which they've learned to take his adjustments. Hair is whipping, legs are flying, the girls are generating some serious heat but Eden loses her focus and falls out of a spin.

EDEN

Damnit. Can we start over?

MICHAEL

No need.

EDEN

I can do it. Let me try again.

Michael offers her a hand, helps her up.

MICHAEL

There's no need. You were excellent. You have a spot in my company if you want it.

Sarah and Nicky exchange a look like, oh no. This is going nowhere good. Eden blinks, stares at him -- suddenly furious.

EDEN

I was not excellent. I was crap.

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MICHAEL

Alright. You were crap.

EDEN

Can I just dance again? I don't want you to coddle me.

MICHAEL

You want to dance again or you don't want to be coddled? Which is it?

She stares at him, blinking back tears. Michael speaks quietly, patronizingly, like she's a young child who understands nothing about how the world works.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Smile, Eden. Smile and thank me and walk out. Then call your lawyer, drop the lawsuit and show up for rehearsal tomorrow night at eight.

Eden takes it like a punch in the gut.

EDEN

You can't buy me off with a spot in your stupid company. You're famous and you're rich and you owe me and you owe my mom. And I don't have a lawyer yet, but now I'm gonna hire the BEST one in L.A. And God -- you're an even bigger bastard than my mom said.

And she storms out, right past Sarah.

~~SARAH~~

~~Nicely done, Dad. Way to take a bad situation and make it catastrophic.~~

~~Off Michael, knowing she's right...~~

END

6/6