

SCENE 2: The Audition

MUSIC CUE #5 *(Recorded)* The Nutcracker Overture - Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky

Classical music begins as young dancers enter and begin warming up in the dance studio. All greet friends, chat amongst themselves. Principal actors enter towards the end. Music fades...

Rebecca: *(to Sara)* Hi Sara, what's good? *(Walks over and studies Sara's tights)*

My goodness, is that a tear I see in your tights? Oh, wait—you mended it. *(smirks, turns to Ballet Brigade for laughs)* Wow, I hope Mrs. Love doesn't deduct points from your audition score for looking tacky. And what color is that leotard? Hotdog mustard yellow?!

(Rebecca's friends, Jordan, Heather, and Raina snicker, exchanging knowing looks.)

Raina: Yeah, that's... an odd choice. Are you sure you're at the right audition?

(Ballet Brigade giggles.)

Tyler: Why, you little snob. What gives you the right to talk to her like that?

Sara: *(calmly)* Rebecca, I'm wearing this color because it's beautiful – like the sun. You should try it. Might cheer you up a bit.

Tyler: Mic drop, bestie! *(Tyler makes a "mic drop" motion.)*

Rebecca: Why, you little troll. There is nothing beautiful about you.

(Cam enters early enough to hear "troll" and sees the tension.)

Cam: What's going on here? You know Mrs. Love doesn't like shenanigans in her studio!

Rebecca: Oh, we were just saying hello to Sara—weren't we, girls? *(turns to her Ballet Brigade)*

Heather: For sure, we were just saying hello.

Jordan: Rebecca, I want to buy you a Lava Cake Latte at Dunkin, topped with extra whipped cream when you grab the part of Clara this year!

Rebecca: Perfect! I'll let you. Victory Dunkin for everyone when I snatch the role of Clara.

Tyler: *(shaking her head)* Not so fast! There are other dancers here who can dance just as good as you!

Rebecca: *(mockingly)* Who? You?

Sara: *(softly but firmly)* Tyler, don't waste your breath. They're just being extra. Let's go warm up on the other side of the studio.

Tyler: *(shaking her head)* No way. I'm not letting these copycat, fake ballerinas talk to us like that.

Heather: *(smirking)* Try not to pop a vein, Tippy - toe Tyler.

Sara: *(calmly)* Please, Tyler. Let's go warm up. I need to get them out of my head.

Raina: *(snidely)* Yeah, why don't you go over there with the beginner dancers? Remind me again why you're even at this audition?

Jordan: Can everybody just chill out?! You guys are freaking out before the audition even starts.
(realizing how she came across, Jordan tries to reason with the BB) Let's dial down the drama—congratulations, you're all officially “claws out” for no reason.

Rebecca, Raina & Heather: *(together)* Shut up, Jordan!

(Tyler and Sara start to walk toward the other side of the studio but are stopped by a final taunt.)

Rebecca: *(smirking)* That's right, go over there. Looks like David's waiting for you.

(Rebecca blows a kiss toward David, as all the girls turn to him)

Ballet Brigade: *(in a high-pitched, fake voice)* Hiiiiiii, Daaaaavid! *(David, shrinks in embarrassment)*

(Tyler moves towards the Ballet Brigade, ready to confront them.)