

SCENE 3: The Rehearsal

Lights up on the studio. It's early morning.

MUSIC CUE # 13 (LIVE)

Instrumental Music plays softly in the background

*Dancers enter from various sides, greeting each other,
stretching, warming up.*

(optional scene based on talent)

Zoe: *(Whining)* My feet hurt! I bet class today is going to be brutal!

April: Stop complaining, Zoe — you are always complaining.

Zoe: Not complaining. Just facts. My feet hurt.

Jett: *(very matter-of-fact)* No pain, no gain. Mrs. Love always says that some pain is a requirement to reach your artistic achievements. It's really a small price to pay. *(Not giving her any sympathy)*

Zoe: *(groaning)* Well, I think they should lower the price — because my feet hurt!

Jett *(laughing)* Hang in there, Zoe. You've got talent.

April: Yeah! Be strong, girl — BullCity strong!

(They flash the Durham Bulls hand sign.)

Zoe: Speaking of bulls... what did y'all think of that bully Rebecca Walker yesterday?

Jett: That was a full-blown soap opera.

Zoe: Truuuuue that!

Jett: She is sooo mean! But I gotta say, Sara handled it like a pro.

April: I'm telling you — Mrs. Love is not going to put up with that attitude. Rebecca needs to check herself.

Zoe, April: Yeah — check! *(They do a playful "check" gesture with their fingers and laugh.)*

(Cue dramatic shift — the Ballet Brigade approaches. The air changes instantly.)

Rebecca: *(with an overly sweet tone)* Hi guys. Exciting news about me snagging the part of Clara this year, don't you think?

Jett: *(measured, polite but firm as he keeps stretching)* I think both you and Sara did a good job. Could've gone either way.

Zoe: *(smirking)* Yeah, Rebecca. If I were you, I'd stay healthy.

April: Yep, might wanna get a doctor's check-up before you start rehearsals.

(They all stifle giggles.)

Rebecca: *(snapping)* What are you little trolls laughing at?

(Ballet Brigade walks toward them menacingly prepared to attack. Jett is the least affected by the girl drama... Mrs Love interrupts...)

Mrs Love: *(Clapping her hands to gather attention. Other dancers enter the dance studio. The energy is focused, a mixture of excitement and nerves. Mrs. Love stands at the front, clipboard in hand. Rebecca is center stage, stretching. Sara is nearby, attentive but quiet.)* Alright, dancers. For the first combination, I'll be working with a few of you while demonstrating the movement phrases. Rebecca, Sara—front and center, please.

Rebecca: *(Rising with confidence, moves forward quickly. Then notices Sara joining her. A beat.)* But Mrs. Love, I don't need an understudy. I can do this part with my eyes closed... right now. Sara will only be in my way.

(A few dancers exchange glances. The room grows tense.)

Mrs Love: *(Stops, calmly but with authority)* Excuse me, Ms. Walker, but my casting decisions are final. *(Pause)* There will be no further discussions.

Rebecca: *(Softly, with forced casualness and rolled eyes)* I was just sayin'...

(The other dancers take notice and realize she has crossed the line)