

Dance

INT. A DANCE STUDIO

KAREN, THE BALLERINA, IS STRETCHING WHEN PEACHES ENTERS. KAREN IS IN A BLACK LEOTARD AND PEACHES IS IN BRIGHT COLORED DANCE CLOTHES.

PEACHES
Wow, you can really stretch!

KAREN IGNORES HER.

PEACHES (cont'd)
This is the jazz dance class isn't it?

KAREN
(Turning away) Yes.

PEACHES
Oh good! Man, you really are in good shape.

KAREN
Excuse me, I don't really like to talk before class.

PEACHES
Why?

KAREN
Because I need to mentally prepare.

PEACHES
(Laughing) That is the stupidest thing I've ever heard.

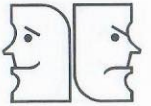
KAREN
I don't care what you think.

PEACHES
I'm sorry, I didn't mean to insult you.

KAREN
You didn't. To be insulted you have to care what someone says. And I could care less about anything you say.

PEACHES
That was mean.

KAREN
Please stop talking!!!



PEACHES
Look we got off to a bad start. (Trying to shake her hand)
My name is Peaches.

KAREN
(Turning away) I don't care.

PEACHES
You will.

THE MUSIC COMES ON AND PEACHES AND KAREN START TO DANCE. PEACHES IS A MUCH BETTER DANCER THAN KAREN. THE DANCE GETS WILDER AND KAREN FALLS DOWN. THE MUSIC STOPS.

KAREN
Ow! I think I sprained my ankle.

PEACHES
Let me see.

PEACHES PICKS UP KAREN'S ANKLE.

KAREN
Oooooooooooooow!!!!!!

PEACHES
Yep, it's sprained.

KAREN
Will you help me up? I need to go see the nurse.

PEACHES
Oh, so now you need me?

KAREN
I'm hurt.

PEACHES
You mean like I was when you wouldn't talk to me?

KAREN
You've got a point. I'm sorry.

PEACHES
That's better. (Helping her up) Now lean on me.

KAREN
Thanks for helping me, Peaches.

PEACHES
I told you you'd need to know my name.