

She's not crying, but she's frozen, numb, unsure what to do to move forward.

CUT TO:

INT. MARKOS COMPANY, BLANC'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

Madame Blanc is at her desk, writing a letter, when a small KNOCK comes at her door.

BLANC

*Entre.*

It is Susie. She steps in and shuts the door. Blanc sees she is at a turning point. Susie takes off her coat.

BLANC (CONT'D)

Do you want to talk or dance?

SUSIE

Dance.

Madame Blanc gets to her feet.

START

INT. MARKOS COMPANY, BLANC'S STUDIO -- NIGHT

Blanc takes Susie into her private studio, adjacent to her office. It's the small, circular studio, with all the lacquered screens. There are no mirrors visible. Susie takes off her sweater. Says to Blanc, oddly affectless tonight:

SUSIE

Show me something new.

We see Blanc dance for the first time and she talks as she shows Susie some new movements.

BLANC

Movement is never mute. It is a language. Most dance is illegible, made by people who cannot read it.

(beat)

But, in fact, it is a series of energistic creations written in the air. Like words forming sentences. Like poems. Prayers.

SUSIE

Spells--

Blanc ignores this literal nudge for now.

BLANC

And like sentences, a few letters can be off, or badly written, and the meaning is still there. And that is the difference between you and your sisters here, Susie. I have no trouble reading you, nor do the other matrons.

(beat)

We all see you, Susie. All of us.

SUSIE

All of you.

BLANC

To the very top.

Blanc watches Susie react to this with a simple nod. As they are talking, Blanc begins showing Susie how to move, getting close to her.

BLANC (CONT'D)

You could be a great, great dancer. But whose dances you chose to dance and why will mean everything. Which-ever dance you choose, you will create in yourself the image of its creator, who will need you to empty yourself out so she can be radical to her creations and work *through* you. Do you understand? Who you do it for must be your choice, and a choice you can cherish. Forever.

Blanc moves behind her and raises her arms.

BLANC (CONT'D)

You're in a company now. You must find your right place. What part of the company do you want to be? Not its feet. Other girls can be its feet. Its head? Its heart? Back-bone? Its sex?

SUSIE

Its hands. I want to be this company's hands.

Blanc seems to like this answer.

CUT TO:

END