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The Rink

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FINAL THESIS
TELEVISION PROJECT DESCRIPTION

Student Name: Noura Alavi

Thesis Logline:

The Rink

Title

A teleplay written and produced and presented to the faculty of
the Writing and Producing for Television MFA Program in the
School of Film & Television at Loyola Marymount University of
Los Angeles, California

In partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree

Master of Fine Arts

Writing and Producing for Television

By

Noura Alavi

Student Name

 [2 11:57 PDT](#)

Student Signature

APPROVAL TO ADVANCE TO CANDIDACY

The following student has met all the criteria to advance to candidacy for an M.F.A. in Fine Arts with an emphasis in Writing and Producing for Television:

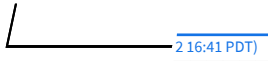
Noura Alavi

Student Name

Apr 28, 2022

Date

SCWR 680 Instructor Signature

 2 16:41 PDT

SCWR 681 Instructor Signature

Graduate Director Signature

The Rink

by

Noura Alavi

A thesis/dissertation/research paper presented to the

Faculty of the Department of
The School of Film and Television
Loyola Marymount University

In partial fulfillment of the
Requirements for the Degree
Master of Fine Arts in Writing and Producing for Television

May 3, 2022

FADE IN:

INT. SKATE RINK ONE - DAY

The blade of an ICE SKATE delicately scrapes the ice until it finds its place and freezes. The white shoe accompanying the blade sparkles against the ice. This shoe belongs to NAT.

INT. SKATE RINK TWO - SAME TIME

Another ICE SKATE enters frame, this time sharply piercing the ice below it. In stark contrast to the previous shoe, this white shoe seems considerably scuffed. This scuffed shoe belongs to CORINNE.

INTERCUT

Suddenly, the SHARP sound of MUSIC rings in the air. Both skates lift up at the same time and GLIDE through the ice.

First, only the shoes can be seen on the ice. Gliding, cutting into the ice with each landing, and lifting back off again. Then, we trade in skates for a CLOSE-UP of faces.

Nat's smile screams "show-girl," but her eyes look fiercely determined. Nothing can get in her way right now.

Corinne has the same show-girl smile, but her eyes look unsteady... Unsure of her every move, no matter how perfect her next landing may be.

Finally, each girl's face goes into a BLUR as they complete their finally JUMP then SPIN.

As each SPINS, we travel down their body until we reach their skates. Spinning, spinning, spinning until...

Both skates abruptly STOP as one foot perfectly picks into the ice.

Back to CLOSE-UP of both girls, breathing heavily, looking relieved.

INT. SKATE RINK TWO - SAME TIME

Corinne (17), long and lean, with a smile that looks painfully painted on, lowers her arm and swiftly glides towards the rink exit. Undeniably PISSED, the audience's claps fade as Corinne takes off her skates and THROWS them to the side of the rink.

INT. SKATE RINK ONE - SAME TIME

Nat (17), small in stature but a force to be reckoned with even if she doesn't want to admit it, looks over to... ELLIOT (17), her skating partner, and if "sparkle" was a person.

They take a bow in front of a cheering AUDIENCE in the rink's bleachers. Then, Nat leaps into Elliot's arms for an embrace that only says one thing: we won.

INT. SKATE RINK ONE - A LITTLE LATER

Atop a platform placed just on the edge of the rink, Corinne lowers her head to accept a SECOND PLACE AWARD. She smiles weakly as the judges and audience clap, but it fades as a hand pats her on the shoulder.

LILA (O.S.)
Nice job, Cor.

The hand belongs to LILA (17), with sharp eyes like a cat and talons to match, who stands next to Corinne and bends her own head down to receive her FIRST PLACE AWARD. She maintains vicious eye contact with Corinne the entire time.

Corinne rolls her eyes.

CORINNE
(to JUDGE)
Can I go now?

The JUDGE looks confused, but Corinne barely waits for them to give an answer before she hops off the platform, takes off her second place medal, and STORMS off towards the lockers.

Most of the AUDIENCE stares in shock, but Lila simply smirks.

INT. SKATE RINK TWO - SAME TIME

Nat and Elliot smile as BRIGHT LIGHTS flash in their face. They post effortlessly, as if they've done this a million times before. Their FIRST PLACE MEDALS dangle off of their necks in synchrony.

As the pair steps off the podium, a REPORTER stops them.

REPORTER JENNA
Hi, Jenna Kiminski from Skating Magazine. Can I ask you a few questions?

Elliot looks eager while Nat's excitement begins to fade. She doesn't like the attention, not this close-up.

ELLIOT
Yeah, of course.

NAT
Sure...

REPORTER JENNA
Great.

Jenna takes out a recorder and points it towards the pair.

REPORTER JENNA (CONT'D)
So, how did this last performance together feel?

NAT
It was good.

ELLIOT
Fantastic! Just like always.

REPORTER JENNA
Are you going to miss skating together? I mean, it looked absolutely effortless on the rink. The chemistry between you too...

Nat looks confused... Elliot looks... Like a deer caught in headlights. He hangs his head low.

REPORTER JENNA (CONT'D)
You've gotta be scared you won't make it far without each other.

NAT
I'm sorry, what did you say?

REPORTER JENNA
How do you feel now that you're going your separate ways?

Nat looks directly at Elliot, her confusion slowly turning into a look of betrayal.

CUT TO:

INT/EXT. PARKING LOT - CAR - LATER

Elliot sit inside a luxury sedan, his head in his hands. Nat sits in the passenger's seat, her head about to explode.

NAT

How could you not tell me? H-how could you even do this to me?!

ELLIOT

I told you, it was... It was a last minute decision!

NAT

It was supposed to be me and you. Always.

Elliot looks up.

ELLIOT

Come on, Nat. We only have a few more years left in our careers. You know that. It was never "always." It was just... Until we retire.

NAT

So, what? You're gonna... You're gonna go off and find someone new? You're just gonna leave me?

ELLIOT

It's not like that. Look, I'd never hurt you. I just... I need to try something new. And Isaac said--

NAT

Isaac?! So, this is about Isaac. I told you not to--

ELLIOT

No. It's about me. It's about trying something for me for once. Isaac thinks I'm stronger on my own. And I have to try it, Nat. I have to see how far I can go.

NAT

We were supposed to go far together. We just won first place, for fuck's sake!

ELLIOT

No. You won first place. It's always about you. I'm just the guy who lifts you up in the background. I'm tired of being your shadow.

This hits Nat harder than anything else Elliot has said. She looks out the window for a few seconds, contemplating her options. Then...

NAT

Fine. If that's how you want it.
Then, find a new best friend while
you're at it.

Nat opens the car door to exit but leans over to deliver one final blow.

NAT (CONT'D)

And find a new BEARD.

Nat slams the door shut and walks off. Elliot groans and slams his head on the steering wheel out of frustration.

INT. DUTCHER TRAINING RINK - DAY

Still in her show costume, Corinne makes her way towards the ice at the Dutcher Training Rink, a large, historic ice skating facility with exceptionally high ceilings and lined with floor-to-ceiling windows. It's fairly busy at this time, but Corinne's steps still echo across the giant facility.

FREDDY DUTCHER (40s), Nat's father, the owner of the facility, and a burly man with a permanently furrowed brow pokes his head out of his office as Corinne walks by.

FREDDY

Corinne! How'd it go?

Corinne stomps right past Freddy, barely acknowledging his existence. Freddy looks more amused than insulted.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

Well, alrighty then.

Freddy turns on his heels and heads right back into his office while Corinne laces back up and heads to the ice.

Corinne steps onto the ice and glides over to a section at the end covered with small, orange cones where two LITTLE GIRLS (8) are practicing their one-foot spins.

CORINNE

Time's up.

The GIRLS stop their spinning and look up at Corinne with skepticism.

LITTLE GIRL ONE
But we booked the ice!

Little Girl Two nods her head in solidarity with her friend and points towards a white board hanging off the edge of the rink. It lists "SARAH C. & TRINITY K. - 5PM-7PM - SOUTH END."

Corinne skates over to the board and wipes off the entire entry. She looks over at the girls who look back at her in terror.

CORINNE
Whoops.

The Girls begrudgingly skate off the rink.

LITTLE GIRL TWO
(sotto)
She can't keep doing this.

LITTLE GIRL ONE
My mom says she's a bitch.

CORINNE
(shouting over to them)
Your mom's right!

The girls squeal over being caught and rush off the ice. Corinne smirks to herself before taking off on the ice.

INT. FREDDY'S OFFICE - DUTCHER TRAINING RINK - LATER

Freddy sits at his computer, sorting through schedules on his computer when his phone BUZZES on the table. He looks down for a second then does a double take and grabs his phone.

FREDDY
(into phone)
Where the hell have you been?

EXT. PARKING LOT - SAME TIME

SONIA (30s), a disheveled mess with frenetic energy, walks towards the front doors of Dutcher Training while talking into her phone.

SONIA
(into phone)
Hello to you too.

INTERCUT

FREDDY
 (into phone)
 You were supposed to be here over
 an hour ago. I had to tell Irina to
 come back tomorrow. And where were
 you today? Corinne looks--

SONIA
 (into phone)
 Whoah, slow down there cowboy.

Sonia rifles through her bag for cigarette.

SONIA (CONT'D)
 (into phone)
 I had something to take care of.

FREDDY
 (into phone)
 This is your job. Right now, this
 is all you have to take care of.

Sonia lights her cigarette and takes a long drag.

SONIA
 (into phone)
 Will you just relax?

Freddy rubs his temples.

FREDDY
 (into phone)
 Get here. Now.

Sonia swings open the doors of Dutcher Training Rink.

INT. DUTCHER TRAINING RINK - SAME

Sonia looks over to Freddy, through the window of his office,
 with a smug look. Freddy rolls his eyes, hangs up his phone,
 and waves her into his office.

INT. FREDDY'S OFFICE - DUTCHER TRAINING RINK - CONTINUOUS

Sonia walks into Freddy's office and plops down in a leather
 armchair - far too fancy for an athletic director's office.

SONIA
 Hey boss.

She takes another drag from her cigarette before Freddy snatches it out of her hand and stubs it out on the underside of his shoe before throwing it away.

SONIA (CONT'D)

That was rude.

FREDDY

That's the least of your problems.
You lost another skater this week.
That makes four.

SONIA

Less than five.

FREDDY

Four this month.

SONIA

Listen, I can't control when
creative differences disrupt a
session.

FREDDY

You work with seven year-olds! And
the only elite skater on your
roster is just as big of a mess as
you are!

SONIA

Hey, Corinne is a star.

FREDDY

How many stars do you know of that
have never placed first in a
competition?

SONIA

That's not fair.

FREDDY

No, what's not fair is your
dedication to these skaters.

SONIA

Oh, fuck off with that. My
"dedication?" I'm here, aren't I?

FREDDY

Yeah, you are. And if you lose one
more skater you'll lose your
coaching position here too.

Sonia leans back in her chair, staring into Freddy's eyes as if to see whether this is an empty threat or a loaded gun.

SONIA

Fine.

FREDDY

Sonia. I need you to try. Please.

SONIA

I said, "fine!"

Sonia gets up to leave and almost makes it out the door before Freddy calls after her.

FREDDY

Wait.

Sonia pauses in the doorway.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

About last night...

Sonia closes her eyes and takes a deep breath. She doesn't look back before she replies:

SONIA

Forget it. It never happened.

Freddy watches her leave, unsure whether he's relieved or worried for what's about to come next.

INT/EXT. NAT'S CAR - PARKING LOT - DAY

Still in her over-the-top, sequined show-costume, Nat sits in her car as she SCROLLS through photos of herself and Elliot on her phone, tearful.

The photos don't contain the Elliot and Nat pair we're used to seeing. They're not in fancy show-costumes. They're in CLASS, and the BEACH, and out DANCING. Evidence of years of friendship, quickly and furiously scrolled through.

Nat slams her phone down into the seat and turns up the radio. Already tearful, she begins to mouth the lyrics to "**Dreams**" by **Fleetwood Mac** until she begins to full on sob.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - DUTCHER TRAINING RINK - DAY

Elliot stands at his locker, putting away his skates and unbuttoning his sequined show-shirt.

ISAAC (30s), with perfectly quaffed hair and arrogance oozing out of his pores, watches Elliot from a bench.

ISAAC

It was the right thing to do.

ELLIOT

Was it? Cause it feels pretty fucking wrong right now.

ISAAC

That's because you couldn't break it to her yourself. But Nat's strong. She can handle this.

ELLIOT

You don't know her like I do.

ISAAC

I've been with both of you for ten years. I think I know you both better than you think.

Elliot finally looks over to Isaac. He looks like a scared puppy.

ELLIOT

What if I don't make it? What if it's all for nothing? What if--

Isaac leaps up from the bench and hurries over to comfort Elliot. A little too close for your typical coach-student relationship...

ISAAC

Hey! It's going to be okay. You trust me, right?

Elliot looks up at Isaac, tearful. He nods his head.

ISAAC (CONT'D)

Good. Cause you're gonna go farther without her. I promise you.

Elliot buries his head into Isaac's shoulder as Isaac attempts to calm him down. He finally releases Elliot and looks him straight in the eyes.

ISAAC (CONT'D)

You finish up here. I'm gonna go reserve some time on the ice for you. Alright?

Elliot nods and wipes his tears. As Isaac heads out of the locker room, Elliot catches a glimpse of himself in the mirror. He looks hollow.

Elliot forces a smile on his face, similar to his show-smile.

INT. DUTCHER TRAINING RINK - LATER

With tear-stained mascara all over her face, Nat enters the training center, looking ready to strip off her costume.

Through his office window, Freddy and Isaac can be seen having a heated conversation only interrupted when Freddy spots his daughter, Nat.

Freddy rushes out of his office and stops Nat in her tracks.

FREDDY

What is going on?! Isaac just reserved the ice for solo training with Elliot?

Nat yanks her arm away, her tears threatening to well up again.

NAT

I don't wanna talk about it.

Nat makes her way straight towards the locker room, not noticing Corinne exiting through the doors. The two SLAM into one another.

CORINNE

What the fuck? Watch it, Dutch.

Corinne's last word hangs in the air like a threat. Nat doesn't back down from Corinne's threatening posture, but doesn't try to fight her either. Instead, Nat quickly ducks into the locker room as Corinne shakes her head in disbelief and heads for the Rink exit.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - DUTCHER TRAINING RINK - SAME TIME

As she walks towards the mirror, Nat TEARS off her costume piece by piece, without any concern over the damage she's doing to her own clothes. Sequins fly everywhere.

Crying, she RIPS off every last piece of her costume until she's left in her sports bra and underwear. Nat breathes heavily, catching sight of herself in the mirror.

Then, she unleashes a heart-wrenching SCREAM.

ACT TWO

INT. DUTCHER HOUSEHOLD - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

A table filled with various dishes for dinner. A pair of hands delicately places a piece of salmon on a plate, then loads up the plate with potatoes, asparagus and a dinner roll.

The hands belong to JENNY DUTCHER (early 40s, high-powered lawyer constantly in a blazer), the matriarch of the Dutcher family and the only non-skater of the group. The plate belongs to Nat, who eyes her mother with disdain for the extra serving of carbs. Jenny doesn't notice.

Jenny takes a seat across from her husband, Freddy. Nat sits next to her sister, ARIANA (23, athlete turned influencer).

FREDDY

It's absolutely ridiculous. We made that boy.

JENNY

Hey! Be nice.

(to Nat)

Don't worry honey, I'm sure you're relationship will be fine.

Ariana snorts. Freddy and Jenny give her a look while Nat shovels food nervously around her plate.

ARIANA

What? Oh my god, you can not be serious.

FREDDY

Jen... You know Elliot is...

JENNY

Oh my gosh, that's right. I keep forgetting.

(to Nat)

But I really think you too made such a sweet cou--

NAT

GUYS. Can we just move on?

The table goes silent. The only people eating are Freddy and Jenny. Nat smashes a few potatoes with her fork while Ariana scrolls through her phone.

FREDDY
Listen. Whatever happened between
you...

NAT
Nothing happened! I told you. He
just wants to... Do it on his own.

FREDDY
Fine. Then so will you.

Everyone whips there heads towards Freddy.

What?! ARIANA What?? NAT

JENNY
Honey...

FREDDY
It's time for you to go solo.

NAT
No... It's not. I can't--You know I
can't do that.

FREDDY
Yes. You can. We'll coach you the
whole way.

Freddy tries to encourage Ariana to agree with him.

ARIANA
Who is "we?"

FREDDY
Ariana.

ARIANA
Oh, absolutely not.

NAT
There is no way I'm going to let
her coach me. Are you insane?!

JENNY
Uh, hello?!

NAT
(to Jenny)
Sorry.
(back to Freddy)
Are you **deranged**?! It's Ariana.

JENNY

Well, here we go.

NAT

She couldn't even coach your peewee class!

ARIANA

Um, I can't explain advanced calculus to kids who don't even know fractions yet. So, obviously it wasn't going to work.

FREDDY

Guys! Would you just listen to me for a second?

All the girls calm, and Freddy takes a breath. But he's confident in his plan.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

We'll use Ariana's gold-medal routine from worlds--

ARIANA

Hah! Good luck.

NAT

Okay, so you're actually losing your mind. Cool.

FREDDY

--BUT **I** will coach you.

Ariana breaks into laughter again and Nat finally bursts.

NAT

I am NOT a solo skater. I do **pairs**. And if I can't find another partner, then I can't find another partner. Oh well! But you can **not** just treat this house like your own little gold medal factory!

Jenny reaches for Nat's hand, the only person on Nat's side, but Nat shrugs it off.

FREDDY

Natalie.

NAT

No. I'm **done**.

Nat gets up from the table and storms out, while Jenny gives Freddy a look of death.

INT. CORINNE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A tiny studio with barely any furniture other than an old, ripped up futon, a rickety coffee table with a laptop and some old napkins on top, and a mattress with a simple duvet and a couple deflated pillows in the corner.

The sounds of KEYS jingle just outside the door, then a long CREAK of the door opening.

Corinne enters with her gym bag, which she immediately dumps onto the couch. She heads for the fridge, grabs a yogurt cup from the otherwise empty shelves, and rummages in a drawer for a spoon.

CORINNE

Fuck.

Corinne turns to a sink piled high with dishes, digs around for a spoon at the bottom, quickly rinses it off, then dips it into her yogurt.

After a couple bites, she leaves the yogurt on the kitchen counter top and heads for a small closet beside her "bed."

She peels off her gym sweats, revealing bruises all over her body. Some fresh, other days or weeks old.

Corinne throws on an over-sized sweater and shorts, grabs her yogurt, and slumps down on the couch. Finally, a moment of peace...

But a loud series of KNOCKS startles her. Corinne sighs before getting up to open the door.

Sonia, smoking a cigarette and holding a half-empty bottle of Vodka, stares back at her with a sly grin.

SONIA

So, how'd it go?

CORINNE

Are you serious?

Sonia makes her way into the apartment without Corinne's invitation, as if she's done it a million times before. Corinne follows her to the couch.

SONIA

Look, I'm sorry. Something came up.

CORINNE

What, were you at another coaching session? Cause, last I checked, I'm the only kid on your roster.

Sonia peers up from the kitchen cabinets she's been rummaging through, producing a mug and one of those souvenir cups you get at Six Flags.

SONIA

That's technically not true.

CORINNE

Whatever.

Sonia finally sees the look of defeat on Corinne's face.

SONIA

Hey. She still hasn't called?

Corinne doesn't look up from the couch. She just simply shakes her head. As hard as she tries, Corinne can't hide all the broken pieces inside of her.

Sonia makes her way over with the cups of Vodka.

SONIA (CONT'D)

Well, last I checked Jolene is a cunt, so... I wouldn't worry about it, okay?

CORINNE

Yeah, I'm not. Listen, can we just skip this whole "let me check in on you" shit?

SONIA

Right. Well, let's see it then.

Corinne leans over to open her laptop, loads up her performance from the competition earlier that day, and the two watch Corinne's solo skate - the colors of the video dancing on their faces in the dark.

INT. ELLIOT'S HOUSE - ELLIOT'S BEDROOM - DAY

A perfectly organized room with not a single item, piece of clothing, or trophy out of place. Elliot sleeps soundly until a series of TEXT ALERTS stir him awake.

He grabs his phone from the night stand.

ON PHONE SCREEN: Three texts from ISAAC -

"We have the ice from 2-7 today. Skip your last period."

"I'm thinking we start with the Romanov."

"And don't forget the cleanse! No carbs, salt, dairy, or gluten."

Elliot slams his head back into his pillow, not ready to face the day. Another TEXT ALERT rings through the air. Elliot unleashes a low, long GROAN into his pillow.

He looks at his phone again. Another text from Isaac:

"Also, you wanna stay at mine's tonight? It's been awhile."

This wakes up Elliot a bit more. He thinks for a moment, then types:

"Can't. I have a family dinner thing tonight."

Elliot hesitates. Then deletes the entire message. He types:

"Sure. See you at 2."

He tries to lay his head back down to sleep a bit more, but he's wide awake now. A few seconds later, his ALARM rings. Elliot unleashes another GROAN then gets up from bed.

EXT. BELMONT PREP - DAY

An impressive school building that looks more like the town's City Hall than it does a high school.

Large willow trees decorate the lush green lawn leading up to the ornate front doors. TEENAGERS dressed in private school uniforms, mostly khaki pants, dark blue and white plaid skirts, and freshly ironed polos, linger around the entrance.

The SCHOOL BELL RINGS, causing the Students to disperse and head inside.

INT. BELMONT PREP - HALLWAY - DAY

A pristine hallway lined with lockers in between classrooms. Students walk towards their first class of the day, some more leisurely than others.

Nat opens her locker door and his hit face first with pictures of her and Elliot. She stares at them for a few seconds before RIPPING them off and stuffing them at the back of her locker.

LILA (O.S.)
 Trouble in paradise?

Nat whips her head around to see Lila at her own locker, with a sly smile painted across her face.

NAT
 Something like that.

Nat shuts her locker closed and turns on her heels to escape Lila, but only ends up running straight into Elliot.

NAT (CONT'D)
 Oh, uh... Hi.

ELLIOT
 Hi...

The two play a game of who can avoid the other's gaze the longest before Lila breaks the ice.

LILA
 Why are you guys being so weird?

NAT
 Uh, I gotta go.

ELLIOT
 Wait, Nat, I wanted to--

Nat practically sprints away from the conversation, leaving Lila to deal with a guilt-ridden Elliot. Elliot looks over to Lila for sympathy, or direction, or SOMETHING.

But Lula coolly closes her locker and gives Elliot a condescending tap on his shoulder.

LILA
 Don't worry, sweetie. I'm sure
 you'll make a great coach...

Elliot rolls his eyes and begrudgingly walks away.

INT. BELMONT PREP - CLASSROOM - LATER

Second period AP LIT. Students sit in pairs all across the classroom, happily chatting away while MS. PETERS (42) prepares a powerpoint for the class.

Nat is the only one sitting by herself, but she doesn't seem to notice. She's lost in her own world, flipping through a paperback copy of *I Think I Love You*.

HAZEL (O.S.)
This seat taken?

Nat doesn't look up.

NAT
Uh, sure.

HAZEL (17), with fiery red hair and a vintage fleece pullover swallowing her whole, stands above Nat.

HAZEL
It is??

Nat finally looks up, but as soon as she locks eyes with Hazel she looks like she's seen a ghost.

NAT
Oh, uh.. I meant. No. It's not taken. You can--Here.

Nat motions towards the chair and Hazel plops down. Nat looks shaken by Hazel's presence, and Hazel can sense it. Nat tries to bury her head back in her book but she can feel Hazel's eyes on her.

HAZEL
Sorry. I stare.

NAT
It's... Okay.

HAZEL
Do I know you from somewhere?

NAT
Nope. I don't think so.

HAZEL
Hmm. Weird.

Hazel finally stops staring at Nat and starts to unpack. Feeling like she's safe, Nat peers up from her book.

NAT
So, are you new here?

HAZEL
(sarcastic)
How'd you know?

NAT

It's November and I've never seen you in this class before. Plus, ya know... It's a small school.

Hazel looks around with a mixture of pity and boredom.

HAZEL

Yeah, I can tell.

MS. PETERSON

Alright, everyone! Let's get started with last week's homework--

Corinne tries to sneak into the classroom and find a seat in the back, but Ms. Peterson steps right in her path.

MS. PETERSON (CONT'D)

Hi Corinne.

CORINNE

Hey... I'm just gonna--

Corinne attempts to scoot around Ms. Peterson to the last empty seat but Ms. Peterson gently stops her.

MS. PETERSON

What's today's excuse?

CORINNE

(dry sarcasm)

Oh, you know. Daddy's Mercedes broke down. So...

MS. PETERSON

Well if it breaks down again, that'll be detention.

CORINNE

I'll let him know. Excuse me.

Ms. Peterson finally lets Corinne around her to find a seat. Students try to hold back their laughter. Corinne locks eyes with Nat as she takes her seat on the other side of the class. Nat immediately diverts her gaze. Hazel notices.

HAZEL

Well, this is going to be more interesting than I thought...

INT. DUTCHER TRAINING RINK - ICE RINK - DAY

Sonia stands just outside of the rink, leaning over the edge as she watches IRINA (7, if Jojo Siwa was raised by Russians) attempt a Camel Spin.

Other Students and Coaches skate by in the background while Irina's mother, KATHRYN (40, with a permanent scowl and Gucci tracksuit), watches from the bleachers with intensity.

Irina begins strong, with a tight, strong spin, but somehow loses balance, causing the spin to wobble as she slows down.

Losing her footing, Irina ends the spin in the nontraditional position of... Landing face first on the Ice.

Sonia groans while Irina quickly gets up and dusts off her sparkly leggings.

SONIA

We have been over this! Arms have to be tight, tight, tight!

IRINA

I'm TRYING.

SONIA

No, you're not trying. Because if you were trying, we would have been able to move on from a Camel Spin a month ago.

IRINA

I'm sorry. Maybe you should talk to my coach about getting me up to speed. Oh, wait!

Having had enough of Irina's attitude, Sonia comes around the barrier, takes off her skate covers, skates up to a few feet away from Irina, then demonstrates a perfect Camel Spin.

She lands directly in front of Irina and the two have an intense stare down - 7 year old to 35 year old.

SONIA

You see? That's how you do a Camel Spin.

IRINA

(sarcastic)
Great. Can you coach too?

KATHRYN
 (scolding)
 Irina!

IRINA
 (yelling up to her mother)
 What?! She sucks!

SONIA
 Okay, that's it.

Sonia skates off towards the rink exit. Irina looks after her in bewilderment.

IRINA
 Where are you going?

SONIA
 We're done for today.

IRINA
 Great, she's good at quitting too.

SONIA
 You're lucky you're seven.

IRINA
 Oh, is that a threat?!

Sonia is about to make her way back onto the ice and show this little kid who's boss before Freddy intercepts.

FREDDY
Sonia.

Sonia looks up to see Kathryn standing behind Freddy, arms crossed and wearing an even more prominent scowl.

SONIA
 Oh, come on. This is not my fault.
 I mean, look at her!

Sonia, Freddy, and Kathryn all look towards the ice, just in time to see Irina attempt one last Camel Spin, only to immediately lose balance and fall on the ice. Kathryn rushes over to help her daughter.

IRINA (O.S.)
 I'm okay!

Sonia looks back at Freddy with a look of "See?!"

INT. DUTCHER HOUSEHOLD - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Nat arrives home from school, exhausted and ready to head straight up to her room but Ariana, lounging on the couch and scrolling through her phone, stops her.

ARIANA

You're really stupid, you know.

NAT

Says the girl who still lives on her parent's couch.

ARIANA

Um, I make \$10,000 a week from brand deals alone and I actually like living with Mom and Dad.

NAT

Great, then you can leave me alone.

Nat starts moving back towards the stairs, but Ariana sits up and stops her again.

ARIANA

He never fought that hard for me.

NAT

What are you talking about?

ARIANA

Dad. All he wants is for you to see how good you are. And you're fucking **good**, Nat. Why can't you just let him fight for you to win?

NAT

Because I can't win. Not without--

ARIANA

Oh, stop. He was holding you back.

(beat)

Listen. You need to suck up whatever phase you think you're about to enter right now because you have work to do.

Ariana lays back down on the couch and returns to her phone.

ARIANA (CONT'D)

Just sayin.

Nat really contemplates her sister's words. Maybe Ariana is right...

INT. DUTCHER TRAINING RINK - ICE RINK - DAY

Corinne exits the locker room and walks towards Sonia who stands waiting by the edge of the rink.

SONIA
Hey, she's early!

CORINNE
I'm always early.

SONIA
Sure. Listen, I wanna run something
by you.

Sonia hovers over Corinne as she takes off her skate covers and tightens her laces.

SONIA (CONT'D)
I think we should consider pairs.

Corinne immediately starts laughing to herself.

SONIA (CONT'D)
No, I'm serious.

Corinne continues laughing as she gets up and enters the rink. Sonia, annoyed, takes off her own skate covers and races after Corinne on the ice.

Corinne does a few quick laps around the ice to get warmed, Sonia easily able to catch up and force Corinne to have this conversation. Nearby, Lila is warming up and doing her own laps around the ice, only she's skating backwards.

SONIA (CONT'D)
I just think we need to start
looking at your performance
seriously and--

CORINNE
What, you think I've been joking
this whole time?

Corinne switches to skating backwards herself as Lila, who Corinne is watching carefully, begins jump practice. Sonia, again, tries to keep up and skate alongside Corinne.

SONIA
No, of course not. But let's face
it, solos--against her--

Sonia and Corinne both glance at Lila just as she lands a perfect Salchow jump.

SONIA (CONT'D)

Let alone the rest of the Eastern conference...It's just not working out the way we thought it would. But, with a strong pairs partner, and Nat and Elliot out of the game--

Corinne comes to a sudden stop, right in front of Sonia, nearly causing her to lose her balance and trip.

CORINNE

I said no. It's solos or nothing. Got it?

Sonia, looking intimidated for the first time, especially under Corinne's tall frame, resigns.

SONIA

Okay... Got it. Let's uh, let's get to work then.

Corinne nods and skates over to the far left edge of the ice to begin work on a new routine. Sonia skates off the ice and takes her place at the edge of the rink.

Sonia takes out her phone to record Corinne's practice. She looks behind her and sees Irina watching from the stands. Irina sticks out her tongue. Sonia, unafraid of showing her inner-child, sticks out her tongue right back.

After a few warm up jumps, Corinne gets ready for an Upright Spin. But the sharp sounds of Lila landing jump after jump only a few yards away is breaking Corinne's concentration.

She looks over at Lila, who only gives Corinne a sly smirk. Corinne shakes it off, then begins her Upright Spin. Only...

Corinne immediately BOMBS the spin and loses her balance.

Sonia looks confused.

SONIA (CONT'D)

You good? That's a skill for 6-year olds. We shouldn't be tripping on an Upright Spin right now.

CORINNE

Sorry, yeah, I just... I got it.

Corinne takes a beat to regain her composure, then begins her Upright Spin again. A few seconds later, she's BOMBED again. This time, she loses balance and trips over her own skates.

Lila snickers in the corner while Irina boos from the stand. Sonia snaps back at Irina immediately.

SONIA
 (to Irina)
 You want me to play the footage
 from your last practice??

Irina immediately settles down. Sonia turns her attention back to Corinne.

SONIA (CONT'D)
 Come on, kid. We don't have all
 day. Let's move it.

Corinne dusts herself off again, then attempts one last Upright Spin. But before she can even get started, fear takes over and she stops herself.

SONIA (CONT'D)
 Uh... What's going on, Corinne?

Corinne looks up at a confused Sonia, then sees Irina laughing from the stands and Lila whispering to her coach on the other side of the rink, clearly gossiping about Corinne.

The pressure is mounting and Corinne can't take it anymore. She BURSTS.

CORINNE
 I'm DONE.

Corinne starts skating towards the rink exit as Sonia laughs.

SONIA
 Alright, just take 5 and let's
 start fresh.

Corinne unties her skates and throws them practically into the bleachers as she walks away from the ice, barefoot.

SONIA (CONT'D)
 Whoah, whoah, what do you think
 you're doing?

Corinne whips around and makes herself crystal clear:

CORINNE
 I'M. DONE.

Corinne walks off as everyone on and off the rink watches her exit. Sonia looks the most shocked out of everyone there.

INT. DUTCHER TRAINING RINK - FREDDY'S OFFICE - DAY

Freddy works on a training schedule on his computer, when a soft KNOCK comes through the door.

FREDDY
Come in!

Nat gently pushes open the door, dressed in her school uniform with her backpack hanging off of one shoulder.

FREDDY (CONT'D)
Hey! What are you doing here?

NAT
Um, you left this morning before I could--I just wanted to...

FREDDY
Here, take a seat.

NAT
No. It's okay. I have class in fifteen. But I just... I'll do it.

FREDDY
Do what?

NAT
I'll train with you. For solos.

Freddy studies his daughter's eyes to see if she's serious, but Nat's squirming too much in anxiety for him to get a proper read on her.

Freddy gets up from his chair, grabs a binder from his desk, and heads for the door.

FREDDY
Great. Let's go.

Freddy leaves a confused Nat in his office as he heads out.

INT. DUTCHER TRAINING RINK - CONTINUOUS

Nat stares from the doorway at her father, who marches straight towards the rink.

NAT
Wait, what?

Nat hurries to catch up with Freddy until he arrives at his usual spot at the ledge of the rink. He sets down his binder, flips a few pages, then stares at Nat.

FREDDY

Well, come on. Get out there.

Nat looks at her father in utter confusion.

NAT

I have school... And I'm not--

Nat gives herself an up-and-down, to indicate her uniform and lack of proper footwear.

FREDDY

Your extra pair of skates are in my office.

Freddy looks down at his watch.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

We have 45 minutes before next period.

Freddy looks back up at Nat, clearly paralyzed.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

C'mon, let's go!

Nat shifts into gear and runs towards Freddy's office, her backpack bouncing behind her as she sprints.

Freddy turns to the ice, a small smile creeping on his face.

INT/EXT. CORINNE'S CAR - DAY

Corinne, in a worn plaid skirt and an over-sized Belmont Prep hoodie, swings her backpack into the backseat before climbing into her beat-down car.

She starts the car, then takes a moment to herself. Then, something catches her eye in the rearview mirror.

Corinne reaches into the back to retrieve a polaroid. An old photo of Corinne, age 7, with a woman who looks strikingly like present-day Corinne. Young Corinne looks absolutely delighted, but the older woman has something darker behind her eyes.

Corinne places the photo back where she found it. Then, she takes out her phone, opens her contacts, and types in JOLENE.

She pauses for a second, then hits dial.

A few RINGS later, she gets a voicemail message.

JOLENE (V.O.)
Hey, it's Jo. Leave a message.

Corinne takes in a long breath as a long BEEEEEP goes off.

CORINNE
Hey Mom... It's me.
(beat)
I uh... I need to see you. So, call
me back. Okay?

Corinne reluctantly hangs up. Then, a loud BANG from outside the car makes Corinne JUMP out of her seat.

Sonia appears practically out of nowhere, attempting to stop Corinne from driving off.

CORINNE (CONT'D)
What the fuck are you doing?

SONIA
(through the window)
What the fuck are YOU doing?! Let
me in.

CORINNE
Uhhh... No?

Sonia gives Corinne a stern look. Caving, Corinne rolls down the window and lets Sonia rest her arm on the ledge.

CORINNE (CONT'D)
What do you want?

SONIA
Hmm, how about a talk about the
little hissy fit you threw
yesterday?

CORINNE
Sorry, busy.

Corinne tries to roll up her window, but the manual crank isn't fast enough for Sonia.

SONIA
Hey. I know what you're doing and
I'm not gonna let you do it.

CORINNE

Do what?!

SONIA

Quit!

CORINNE

Look, I appreciate you pretending to care, but there's no need. I'm done! So, ya know, thanks for everything or whatever... But I gotta go.

Before Sonia can get another word in, Corinne peels away and drives off. Sonia stands in an almost empty parking lot, completely alone. Reality sets in.

SONIA

Shit.

INT. DUTCHER TRAINING RINK - ICE RINK - DAY

Elliot trains on the rink as Isaac looks on. Elliot remains focused, somehow managing a perfect balance between being delicate and sharp on the ice.

Elliot lands a TOE LOOP jump, then a LUTZ jump back-to-back with utter perfection. Not a step out of place.

Isaac SLAMS his hands on the edge of the rink barrier with pride and excitement.

ISAAC

Now THAT'S what I'm talking about!

Elliot smiles back at Isaac, but his attention becomes diverted as he spots Nat leaving the locker room from the corner of his eye. The two make eye contact, but Nat quickly averts her gaze, passing by her father on her way out.

Elliot then catches Freddy's eyes from the office window. Freddy's look of disappointment pierces through the glass, causing Elliot to look down at his skates in guilt.

ISAAC (CONT'D)

Hey. Hey!

Elliot looks up at Isaac who gives him a stern look.

ISAAC (CONT'D)

You don't need to worry about them anymore. Okay?

Elliot nods sheepishly.

ISAAC (CONT'D)
Let's run it again.

ELLIOT
I already missed first period, I
can't--

ISAAC
They'll understand.

ELLIOT
But--

ISAAC
I'll call them. One more run -
Let's go.

Elliot obliges and takes off on the ice.

INT. BELMONT PREP - CLASSROOM - DAY

Hazel sits in the same spot as last class, but the spot next to her, along with Corinne's seat, are empty. Ms. Peterson commands the room with a lecture on *Beloved* by Toni Morrison, which she holds a copy of in one hand.

MS. PETERSON
Now, in *Beloved*, Morrison turns away from the contemporary scene that has been her focus in previous works. Instead, we are transported to America during the Civil War.

Nat interrupts the class as she arrives through the door in a rush, hair out of place and face flushed. Ms. Peterson looks less than pleased.

MS. PETERSON (CONT'D)
Thank you for joining us, Ms. Dutcher.

NAT
(sotto)
Sorry.

Nat sits down in her seat, attempting to minimize the attention on her at all costs while Ms. Peterson resumes her lecture. But Hazel leans over to whisper in excitement.

HAZEL
I know where I know you from.

Nat's eyes grow wide while Hazel boasts a cheeky smile.

HAZEL (CONT'D)
 Look, I'm sorry I ghosted you, but
 I just didn't realize--

NAT
 Can we not do this here.

Hazel looks at Nat and sees her face glowing red with embarrassment. She follows Nat's gaze to nearby tables, making sure no one heard anything. It dawns on Hazel.

HAZEL
 They don't know?

NAT
 Of course they don't know.

HAZEL
 God, you guys are so conservative
 over here.

MS. PETERSON
 Ladies!

Nat and Hazel immediately perk up.

NAT
 Sorry, Hazel was just asking me
 where the bathroom was.

HAZEL
 Yeah, I have a small bladder
 situation.

Ms. Peterson sighs.

HAZEL (CONT'D)
 But I can hold it!

Ms. Peterson goes back to her lecture, and Hazel leans back over once more.

HAZEL (CONT'D)
 I'm just saying, I'm open to it now
 if you are. We could--

NAT
 I'm not interested.

HAZEL
 Okay...I deserve that.
 (beat)
 (MORE)

HAZEL (CONT'D)

Then the least you can do is show me around.

Feeling Ms. Peterson's eyes on her, Nat reluctantly obliges.

NAT

Fine. Just... Stop talking to me.

Hazel looks extremely pleased with herself as she starts taking notes, while Nat melts further into a puddle of embarrassment and disarray.

INT. CHURCH - MEETING ROOM - DAY

A dingy room that serves as a cross between a kitchen and a meeting space. Half a dozen PEOPLE of various ages and walks of life fill the room. Some are in seats which form a circle in the middle of the room, while others mingle around the kitchen table, poking at pastries or pouring coffee.

Sonia walks in, a little unsure of herself. She tries to blend in, heading straight for the pastries to avoid small talk.

She settles for a donut, and begins to pick at it nervously when MAX (35, suited up in Business Casual) walks up delicately behind Sonia and whispers in her ear.

MAX

Long time, no see...

Sonia closes her eyes, takes a deep breath, then turns to face Max. She turns on her confidence like a flip of a switch.

SONIA

Thought I owed you guys a visit. Wow, look at you. He's gone corporate.

MAX

Well, it was only a matter of time.

Max gives Sonia a warm smile, with a hint of sexual tension... Then, he turns to everyone in the room.

MAX (CONT'D)

Alright guys, let's get started.

He turns back to Sonia and beckons her to join the group.

MAX (CONT'D)

After you.

Sonia takes a seat and Max sits besides her.

MAX (CONT'D)
Anyone wanna lead us today?

Max looks over at Sonia, who reluctantly begins the Serenity Prayer before everyone chimes in:

ALL
God, grant me the serenity to
accept the things I cannot
change...

INT. BELMONT PREP - HALLWAY - DAY

Hazel follows Nat out of Ms. Peterson's classroom, struggling to keep up with Nat's quick stride.

NAT
Alright, let's make this quick.

As Nat gives her tour, she vaguely points in different directions, with no enthusiasm whatsoever.

NAT (CONT'D)
That's the lunch hall, that's the
auditorium, that's private lounge
for Seniors, that's the--

HAZEL
The bathroom, yeah I know. Listen--

Hazel forces Nat to stop in her tracks.

HAZEL (CONT'D)
I don't actually care about this
place. And I've also been here long
enough to know where the bathroom
is.

NAT
Then why did you ask for a tour?

HAZEL
I didn't ask for a tour. I asked
you to like, I don't know, catch me
up! Bring me in the loop.
(looking around)
What do I need to know about these
people?

NAT
"These people?"

Hazel completely disregards her own sentiment and leans in with excitement.

HAZEL

And, I heard there's like some secret society here. Is that true?!

NAT

Oh my god.

From her locker, Lila calls out to Nat.

LILA

Hey, where's your boyfriend? He missed Calc this morning.

NAT

He's not my boyfriend.

LILA

I mean obviously not, have you seen him?

ELLIOT (O.S.)

Seen who?

Nat turns around to face yet another nightmare.

LILA

There he is! The new solo prince!

ELLIOT

Don't call me that.
(to Nat, sotto)
Hey, can we talk?

NAT

No!

Nat tries to escape the whole situation, but turns to find Hazel practically salivating over the dynamic before her. Unable to handle it anymore, Nat finally implodes.

NAT (CONT'D)

Oh my god, why won't you leave me alone?! Look, you want someone to show you around, introduce you to everyone?? Fine.

(gesturing to Lila)

This is Lila Jacquart, she's an ice skater that currently ranks number one in the state and number five in the nation.

LILA

Actually, I just moved to number four.

NAT

Whatever. She's also a bulimic with a God complex.

(gesturing to Elliot)

This is Elliot Smits, he just abandoned his pairs partner and best friend because he has a hard-on for his coach and only thinks of himself.

(back to Hazel)

How was that?

HAZEL

That... Was helpful.

NAT

Great.

Nat pushes past the group and heads down the hall. Hazel turns to a stunned Lila and Elliot, incredibly amused.

HAZEL

Well, this was fun.

Hazel pats Elliot on the back before heading in the opposite direction.

EXT. JOLENE'S HOUSE - DAY

Corinne stands outside of a tiny, rundown house. She looks unsure of herself, glancing around as if trying to figure out how she got here.

Corinne finally steps up to the door and knocks. No answer.

She knocks again. Still no answer.

Then, after a few seconds, a muffled voice calls out.

JOLENE (O.S.)

I'm comin'!

Corinne holds her breath as the front door cracks open.

JOLENE (39, not exactly put together but not quite falling apart either) stands in the door way, looking immediately annoyed upon realizing who was at the door.

Corinne puts on her best smile, suddenly transformed into that beaming, hopeful Little Corinne from the polaroid.

CORINNE

Hi mom.

JOLENE

What do you want?

And just like that, Little Corinne disappears. Corinne tries her best not to crumble beneath her mother's gaze.

CORINNE

I need your help.

EXT. JOLENE'S HOUSE - DAY

Corinne stares at her mother with shame-tinged desperation.

CORINNE

I wanna come back home.

JOLENE

Well you're shit outta luck.

CORINNE

Mom.

Jolene steps out from her doorway, but closes the door behind her. She wraps her coat tightly around her and looks directly into Corinne's eyes with intensity.

JOLENE

I don't know where you're gonna go, hon, but it's not here.

CORINNE

What am I supposed to do?

JOLENE

Not my problem.

Corinne looks shocked but Jolene maintains her detachment.

JOLENE (CONT'D)

So, tell me somethin': When you were in that courthouse, talkin' to that fancy, young lawyer... Signing those papers... What did you think "emancipation" meant? What did you think was gonna happen?? That was your choice, Cor. No goin back now.

On the verge of tears, Corinne shifts her weight and escapes her mother's glare.

CORINNE

You know why I had to do that.

JOLENE

Mhmm. And you know why I have to do this.

Jolene turns on her heels and heads back inside, leaving Corinne frozen in place, her stuffed duffle bag barely hanging on her shoulder.

Jolene turns back for one last word.

JOLENE (CONT'D)

If you need money, you know who to call. But don't come back here again. Got it?

Corinne, tears finally falling, nods solemnly. Jolene slams the door behind her, causing Corinne to slightly jump.

With a quick swipe of her hand, Corinne brushes away the tears and puts back on her armor.

EXT. AA PARKING LOT - DAY

On her way to her car, Sonia's phone RINGS. She stops in her tracks as soon as she sees who's calling. Sonia answers the call with a smirk.

SONIA

Well, well. Look who it is.

INTERCUT WITH

INT. CORINNE'S CAR - MOVING - SAME TIME

Corinne plays the call on speakerphone as she weaves in and out of traffic.

CORINNE

Where are you?

SONIA

Uhhh, where are you?

CORINNE

Can you meet me at the rink in an hour?

SONIA
What happened to "I quit??"

CORINNE
What happened to "I'm sober?"

Sonia looks taken aback by Corinne's boldness, but smirks. That's her girl.

SONIA
I am sober.

CORINNE
Sure thing, Jack. Look, can you meet me or not? Cause I can find someone else-

SONIA
You gonna pull that shit again?

CORINNE
No. I was just... No. I'm serious this time. I want to keep going.

SONIA
You sure? Cause it's only been 24 hours...

CORINNE
Sonia. I'm sure.

SONIA
Good. Then let's do this.

A light bulb goes off in Sonia's head. She checks her watch.

SONIA (CONT'D)
Meet me at six.

CORINNE
You got other plans?

END INTERCUT.

Sonia smirks as she climbs into her car.

SONIA
Yes I do.

INT/EXT. NAT'S CAR - PARKING LOT - DAY

Nat gives herself a pep talk in the rearview mirror.

NAT

Okay. You can do this. You can do this alone. Because you can do anything.

Nat's voice breaks a bit on the last line, but she gathers herself and repeats her mantra with more confidence.

NAT (CONT'D)

You can do this. You can--AHHH!

A figure at the window causes Nat to jump. On the other side of the window, Hazel keels over from laughter.

Nat catches her breath, slightly rolling down the window.

HAZEL

That was incredible. You should have seen your face!

NAT

What are you doing here?

Hazel digs in her pocket for a piece of paper. She slips the paper through the window for Nat to take.

NAT (CONT'D)

(reading)

You can't be serious.

HAZEL

It was the only job I was qualified for around here. What? You don't think they'll hire me?

NAT

No, trust me, they'll hire you.
(sotto)
They'll hire anyone.

HAZEL

Amazing. Then you can introduce me to my future boss. Come on.

Hazel marches ahead through the lot while Nat heaves a heavy, agitated sigh.

INT. DUTCHER TRAINING RINK - A LITTLE LATER

Nat shows Hazel around the rink. Hazel looks around, not exactly impressed.

NAT

Locker rooms are through there, and there's a concession stand on the weekends but that position is already filled so I don't--

HAZEL

Yeah, I know. When I called they said they're still looking for a Zamboni driver so I should be able to do that.

NAT

Do you even know what a zamboni is?

HAZEL

Nope.

NAT

(sotto)

Jesus.

Nat walks Hazel over to the corner of the training center, opens a side door, enters...

INT. DUTCHER TRAINING Rink - ZAMBONI GARAGE - CONTINUES

...an industrial-looking garage. Nat points to a massive, ice-tractor known as a ZAMBONI.

Hazel's eyes go wide.

NAT (CONT'D)

That is a Zamboni.

HAZEL

She's beautiful.

Hazel wastes no time climbing up and onto the Zamboni. She takes a seat behind the wheel.

NAT

Wait--No, we're not supposed to--

HAZEL

Come on! I got a seat for ya right here.

Hazel seductively pats the passenger seat. Nat can't help but laugh. She reluctantly climbs up while Hazel looks around the dashboard.

HAZEL (CONT'D)

How to do you start this thing?

NAT
I really don't think we should--

FREDDY (O.S.)
There you are.

Nat and Hazel freeze, then slowly turn to find Freddy standing in the doorway. His eyebrows are raised, looking at Nat with a mix of curiosity and disappointment.

Nat and Hazel immediately climb down.

NAT
Sorry, we were just--

HAZEL
You must be Freddy.

Hazel defuses the tension by extending her hand to Freddy.

HAZEL (CONT'D)
I'm Hazel. We talked on the phone?

FREDDY
Right! Hazel. You left off "self-starter" on your resume.

HAZEL
I'm more of a "show don't tell" kinda gal.

Freddy finally eases up.

FREDDY
Of course you are. Listen, today's a bit busier than I thought but let me just show you around a bit and we can do a quick interview while we walk. Sound good?

HAZEL
Sounds great! Lead the way.

Hazel and Freddy head out of the garage door, but Freddy peeks his head back in before Nat can follow them.

FREDDY
Get warmed up. I'll be on the ice in 20.

Nat nods, shoulders a bit slumped.

INT. DUTCHER TRAINING CENTER - MENS LOCKER ROOM - LATER

Lost in her own thoughts, Nat enters the locker room hallway but abruptly stops in her tracks when she sees two men, intertwined. She promptly TURNS on her heels to walk away.

But as Nat stands there, frozen, it dawns on her what she just walked in on.

Nat slowly turns back to see Elliot sitting on a bench, half-dressed, and Isaac standing above him, passionately kissing.

Nat backs away, keeping as quiet as possible, before she makes it far enough down the hallway to RUN.

Hearing footsteps, Elliot breaks free from Isaac in a panic.

ELLIOT
Did you hear that?

Isaac tries to pull Elliot back towards him, but he refuses.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)
(panicked)
Someone saw us.

ISAAC
It's fine.

Elliot looks back down the hallway, worried.

INT. DUTCHER TRAINING RINK - WOMEN'S LOCKER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Nat hurries into the room, out of breath. In one of the bathroom stalls, the sound of PURGING can be heard. Then a FLUSH. The door of the bathroom stall opens to reveal Lila.

Lila notices Nat's pale face as she washes her hands.

LILA
You look like death.

NAT
Thanks.

LILA
Hey, you hear about Corinne?

NAT
Of course not.

LILA
Riiight... I forgot you guys had
that... Whatever.

Lila laces up her skates while Nat puts on leggings,
pretending not to be rattled.

NAT
What about her?

LILA
Hmm?

NAT
Corinne.

LILA
Oh, yeah. Apparently she's goin'
over to pairs. Insane, right?

NAT
Who's her partner?

LILA
No clue. But good fucking luck to
whoever he is.

Lila touches up her makeup then heads for the exit, leaving
Nat to unpack everything in her head.

Then, another FLUSH from a bathroom stall. The door bangs
open and Corinne marches out.

Nat and Corinne make eye contact in the mirror, but Nat
quickly averts her gaze.

CORINNE
Is the little princess sad without
her prince?

NAT
It wasn't like that.

CORINNE
Oh, yeah?

Corinne flicks the water off of her hand, then gets
dangerously close to Nat's face. Is it flirtation or
intimidation?

CORINNE (CONT'D)
Then what was it like?

NAT

I guess you'll never know.

Nat gets up, brushes past Corinne, and exits the locker room.

INT. DUTCHER TRAINING RINK - ICE RINK - LATER

Corinne arrives on the ice to find Sonia and group of five, eager young MALE SKATERS lined up behind her.

Sonia looks smug, while Corinne looks like she's trying to swallow a large pill.

SONIA

Mama brought her cub fresh meat.

CORINNE

Ew.

Corinne turns to the line of Male Skaters, sizing each of them up. She stops in front of the tallest skater.

CORINNE (CONT'D)

You. Let's go.

Corinne turns on her skates and immediately skates away.

Sonia stares at the Male Skater Corinne picked.

SONIA

Kyle. Go.

KYLE (17) abruptly turns and skates off, but trips almost immediately. Sonia sighs.

SONIA (CONT'D)

Kyle. Come back.

Kyle gets up and skates back. Corinne, practically half the rink away, looks over at Sonia.

CORINNE

Hello??

Sonia points to another Male Skater.

SONIA

You're up, Jack.

JACK (16), short but muscular, skates flawlessly but timidly towards Corinne. An aspiring hockey player, Jack looks like he doesn't know how he ended up at these auditions.

SONIA (CONT'D)

The rest of you, sit on the bench.

(beat)

Not you, Kyle. You're done.

Kyle hangs his head as he skates off the ice.

BEGIN MONTAGE

- Corinne and Jack skate alongside one another, Corinne's pace steadily increasing until Jack falls behind.

- Corinne attempts a life with JAMIE (17), but he can barely hold her for more than 2 seconds

- Corinne and XAVIER (13) stand side by side, Xavier clearly being smaller and younger than Corinne. Corinne looks at Sonia.

CORINNE

Is this a joke?

- Corinne watches as Xavier performs a flawless Camel Spin. Corinne looks barely impressed.

CORINNE (CONT'D)

I mean sure, the kid's talented,
but... He's a kid.

Corinne walks over to Xavier and whispers something in his ear. Xavier nods, then Corinne hops onto Xavier's back, piggy-back style. Xavier immediately collapses under her weight.

END MONTAGE

Corinne skates up to the last Male Skater left on the bench: MATT (18). He looks slightly terrified of Corinne.

CORINNE (CONT'D)

Alright, you're up.

MATT

I respectfully decline.

CORINNE

What? No.

Matt stands up, looking as if he found his voice for the first time.

MATT

I said, no.

Matt gets up from the bench and skates off the rink.

CORINNE
What the fuck?

Corinne looks back at Sonia, but Sonia has already moved on.

SONIA
Okay, so Harrison or Jamie?

CORINNE
Are you kidding?

SONIA
No. Harrison or Jamie? I'm kind of leaning towards Harrison. I think if I do separate sessions with him, I can get him up to speed with--

CORINNE
Forget it.

Corinne turns to the boys, Jack, Jamie, and little Xavier, who are patiently waiting on the bench.

CORINNE (CONT'D)
Listen - Thanks for coming, I guess, but uh you can go now.

Corinne turns to skate off the rink but Sonia stops her.

SONIA
I don't know whether you realize it but they are your last chance.

CORINNE
That's impossible.

SONIA
Then getting any farther in this sport is impossible.

The threat of no longer continuing a skating career seems to finally break through to Corinne.

SONIA (CONT'D)
So, who's it gonna be?

She looks back at the bench, then spots Nat warming up as Freddy coaches from the sidelines. Corinne turns back to Sonia in resignation.

CORINNE
Whoever you choose. Boss knows best, right?

Corinne skates off the rink. Sonia watches her go with disappointment, then turns to the bench.

SONIA
Congrats, Jack. You got yourself a
new partner.

JACK
Do I have to?

INT. DUTCHER TRAINING RINK - ICE RINK - LATER

On the other side of the rink, Nat performs a wobbly rendition of her sister's routine to depressing classical music as Freddy watches on.

Freddy looks frustrated as Nat struggles with every jump.

In the stands, Sonia watches Freddy and Nat. She looks exhausted, but there's still a glimmer of hope in her eye as she watches Freddy coach.

Corinne steps out from the locker room and sits next to Sonia in the stands.

SONIA
See that? That could have been us.

CORINNE
You sayin' you wanna be my mommy?

Sonia gives Corinne an annoyed look.

SONIA
I'm saying if you just trusted me,
we could actually go far.

CORINNE
And I'm saying you're not exactly
giving me gold-medal options.

SONIA
Fine. I'll keep looking. But for
now...

Sonia and Corinne both look over to the far corner of the rink, watching Harrison run simple skating drills.

CORINNE
Is it too late to pick the kid?

Back on the opposite of the rink, Nat fumbles again. Freddy looks frustrated beyond belief.

FREDDY
 Alright, let's take a break.

Not hearing her father, Nat continues skating and launches into a spin.

FREDDY (CONT'D)
 Nat!

Nat tries to stop herself mid-spin, wobbling to a halt.

NAT
 (out of breath)
 What? What's wrong?

Freddy, noticing others watching from the stands, motions for Nat to skate over to him.

FREDDY
 What's going on?

NAT
 What do you mean?

FREDDY
 We're not doing new skills here,
 Nat. You used to do these jumps in
 your sleep.

NAT
 I just--I just feel off balance...
 Like, without him--

FREDDY
 There is no "him" anymore. It's
 just you. So, whatever you have to
 do to get that through your head,
do it.

Nat looks taken aback by her father's harsh words, but has no choice but to nod solemnly.

FREDDY (CONT'D)
 Good.

Freddy notices Sonia watching from the stands.

FREDDY (CONT'D)
 Okay, I need to go take care of
 something. Take 5, then run it
 again from the top.

Nat simply nods as she takes a water break. Freddy walks over to Sonia.

FREDDY (CONT'D)
Gotta sec?

SONIA
Sure thing, boss.

Sonia steps down from the stands and follows Freddy into his office. Corinne sits back and enjoys the "Nat Show" in front of her as Nat picks back up in her routine practice.

As Nat fumbles her way through the routine, Corinne becomes more and more amused.

CORINNE
I thought she was a Dutcher...

Nat hears Corinne's comment and immediately stops skating.

NAT
(calling up to the stands)
What did you say?

Corinne, unafraid of a challenge, stands up straighter.

CORINNE
Oh, I said "I thought you were a Dutcher." Would you like the translation?

Nat, fuming, attempts to ignore her and continues skating. She gets ready for a big jump when...

CORINNE (CONT'D)
Ooo, already on a bad foot there.

Thrown off, Nat barely lifts off the ground and lands clumsily on the ice. She looks up at Corinne from the ice, but Corinne only shrugs.

Nat gets up and dusts herself off.

CORINNE (CONT'D)
There ya go! That's the Dutcher spirit. Get back on that horse.

Nat starts her routine from the top, this time getting through 30 seconds of the routine before fumbling the landing on another jump.

CORINNE (CONT'D)
See, what your problem is--

NAT
Okay, what is your deal?!

CORINNE
I'm just tryna help.

NAT
You wanna help? Why don't you come
down here and show me?

Thinking Corinne wouldn't take her seriously, Nat turns back around and begins to skate.

Corinne, looking smug, walks down the stands, takes off her skate covers, and glides over to Nat.

NAT (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

CORINNE
Showing you how it's done.

Corinne glides right past Nat and begins her own rendition of the routine Nat was working on. And it's flawless.

Nat watches as Corinne literally skates circles around her, landing perfect jumps, performing mesmerizing spins, and gliding effortlessly across the ice.

Corinne finishes her last jump and glides to a stop right in front of Nat.

CORINNE (CONT'D)
And that's how it's done.

NAT
How do you even know this routine?

CORINNE
Sonia. I spent a whole weekend
learning it before I realized who
she stole it from.

Corinne starts to skate away backwards, still facing Nat.

CORINNE (CONT'D)
Now I have a perfect routine down-
pat that I can never use. Lucky for
you though... You're a "Dutcher."

Corinne pivots and skates away.

NAT
Wait.

Nat struggles with what she wants to say.

NAT (CONT'D)

Show me.

CORINNE

What?

NAT

I need you to show me. Every step.
I need to get it right or...

Nat looks down, helpless. Corinne, feeling sorry for her, skates back up to Nat.

CORINNE

Come on. Let's do this.

Corinne takes the lead and Nat follows closely behind. Corinne guides Nat through the routine. It's the first time we've seen Corinne soften, and the first time Nat feels at ease and comfortable on the ice since Elliot.

INT. DUTCHER TRAINING RINK - FREDDY'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

Freddy sits behind his desk as Sonia leans against the wall, waiting for whatever slap on the wrist is coming next.

FREDDY

I spoke with Kathryn. She's done.

SONIA

Okay... And what about Irina?

FREDDY

Don't get smart with me, Sonia.

SONIA

What! I'm just saying, seven year olds have a voice too.

FREDDY

And I'm sure if you asked Irina she'd say much worse things than her mother.

(beat)

Look... You officially have one student on your roster. ONE. And it's not looking so great there--

SONIA

Don't worry about Corinne.

FREDDY

-- So, I think it's time to pivot.

SONIA

I said, don't worry about her. I have it under control.

Freddy leans in.

FREDDY

You sure about that? Because one more slip up--for either of you--and... You're done.

Freddy gets up and gently approaches Sonia, who turns her head as tears begin to well up. Freddy gently touches Sonia's face, brushing the hair out of her eyes, but Sonia swerves.

SONIA

Then I guess we're done, too.

Sonia heads out of the door.

INT. DUTCHER TRAINING RINK - ICE RINK - SAME TIME

As she leaves Freddy's office, Sonia spots Nat and Corinne skating and pauses to watch them skate.

As Nat gets the hang of the routine, she and Corinne skate side by side, flawlessly in sync.

They land every jump together, spin in perfect unison, and glide as mirror images of the other.

Sonia, now at the ledge of the rink, pulls out her phone and begins to record. She looks like she's struck gold.

Nat and Corinne land their final jump, then skate to their closing position, only inches away from one another.

Everything goes perfectly still. They stare at each other in awe, their faces dangerously close.

Both Nat and Corinne are completely out of breath, but share a look as if to say "Did you just feel what I felt?"

At the sound of Sonia's APPLAUSE, the two girls break apart.

SONIA

Holy fuck!!! That was incredible!

NAT

I've never skated like that before.

CORINNE

Yeah, uh... Neither have I.

Sonia spots Freddy standing outside of his office, watching. She gestures towards the girls.

SONIA
Did you see that?!

FREDDY
She's amazing.

Corinne, realizing Freddy is only talking about his daughter, brings herself back down to earth. Without another word, she skates away from Nat and off the rink.

NAT
Wait! Where are you going??

But Corinne ignores Nat, putting on her skate covers, grabbing her duffle, pushing past an excited Sonia, and heading straight out the door.

Nat, watching Corinne leave and feeling a chemistry she's never felt before, kneels down on the ice and catches her breath.

Her face reads: What did I just do?

END OF PILOT