# SCRIPT – THE DANCER

***POLICE STATION INTERVIEW ROOM***

***INT (EVENING)***

**Jackie** I flung on an old jacket and a pair of snow boots and stomped out into the grey afternoon. I don’t know how long I wandered around, but I ended up outside the dance studio. I went in, past the practice room, and then into the big auditorium where they hold the recitals. And there was Chris. All alone on the stage in a black leotard. He was beautiful. Sounds corny, huh? He was, though. The leotard emphasized the long muscles on his legs and the broadness of his shoulders. He was just standing there, under the pitiless spotlight, his head bent and his hands folded in front of him. And then there was music pouring out of the speakers. With the first lilting, heartbreaking strains, Chris began to dance. Not a ballet, really, but a combination of jazz and ballet and something I couldn’t name, merging into movements which celebrated the song and glorified the dancer. When it was over, I was crying. I got up from my seat and walked slowly toward the stage. Chris was wiping his face with a towel and he looked out. He wasn’t startled, although I’m almost sure that he hadn’t seen me till then. I stood there, looking up at him, those ridiculous tears on my face. I wanted to thank him, to apologise, say something – anything – but the words wouldn’t come. *Pause…* Two days later he was dead. His car went into a ditch.