

MAKE IT THROUGH

By

Agata Dziamka

adziamka@gmail.com

Distributed by Scriptflix  
Usage info available at [scriptflix.co.uk/legal](http://scriptflix.co.uk/legal)

FADE IN:

INT. THEATER

Blackout. Dance floor. Feet in ballet shoes. Lights turn on. First those on the floor. Feet become more visible. As the lights go up, the whole silhouette of the dancer emerges. It is MANDY, 18. She takes a deep breath. Her eyes closed.

EXT. IN FRONT OF THE SHOP - EVENING

A variety of people wait for someone. They hold bags filled with variety of food and alcohol. Unintelligible conversations buzz around.

Mandy runs towards them. They wave at her. She joins the group, and struggles to catch her breath.

DEAN, 18 frowns at her.

DEAN

What took you so long?

MANDY

Sorry, I was... Practicing.

DEAN

As always. God, you really have no life... Whatever. Can we go to the party now?

Mandy gazes around, frowns.

MANDY

Is Ann here yet?

DEAN

She'll meet us there.

Mandy nods.

They walk away from the shop. Mandy stays behind, her expression unreadable. She joins them after a moment.

INT. THEATER

The music starts. This is not a classic ballet song. Mandy begins to dance.

The lyrics follow :

*You're not alone, together we stand...*

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Mandy stands in front of the open fridge. She pulls out a bottle of vodka.

DEAN (O.S.)  
Where's the alcohol?

Mandy jumps. She puts on a smile and heads out of the kitchen with the bottle in her hand. Her eyes remain emotionless.

INT. THEATER

*When it gets cold, and it feels like the end*

*There's no place to go you know I won't give in.*

Mandy jumps, twirls. She dances with her body but we can see that her soul is sold to this dance.

*Keep holding on, 'cause you know we'll make it through...*

INT. DINING ROOM

The air is polluted with the smoke. You can barely see through the thick fog. People laugh.

Mandy sits in the corner. Her eyes closed, her face focused. She moves her hands, her mind in the dance. She moves her body slightly.

DEAN and ANN, 18 whisper to each other and gestures towards her. Ann stands up with a grin. She holds a cup in her hand. She walks towards Mandy. She walks confidently despite being drunk.

She drops on a chair next to Mandy.

(CONTINUED)

ANN

Hey you.

Mandy's eyes snaps open. She awakes from her trance.

MANDY

Oh, hey. Do you need more alcohol?

ANN

That's not the only thing we need  
you for.

She offers her her own cup.

ANN (CONT'D)

Here. Drink some. Have some fun!

Mandy looks at the cup, terrified.

MANDY

No... I'm sorry. I can't. I have  
practice tomorrow.

ANN

C'mon! Live a little!

Mandy bites her lip. She hesitantly takes the cup. There is  
triumph on Ann's face.

INT. THEATER

*So far away, I wish you were here...*

Mandy's dance becomes more rapid, expressive. She is  
separated from the world. Only she and the dance exist.

*Just stay strong, 'cause you know we'll make it through...*

INT. DINING ROOM

Mandy's face is vacant. She sways a bit. She is devoted to  
her cup. She drinks more and more.

Ann enters with something in her hand. Mandy looks at it. It  
is a white powder.

ANN

Wanna try some?

She asks with a wide smile. Mandy looks at it, horrified.

(CONTINUED)

MANDY

But this is illegal!

ANN

So?

(beat)

Okay. It's up to you. Be boring.

Mandy's terrified expression changes into anger.

MANDY

I'm not boring. Give me that.

Ann grins.

INT. THEATER

*Hear me when I say, when I say I believe,*

*Nothing's gonna change, nothing's gonna change destiny.*

A sadness in Mandy's eyes. But she keeps dancing.

*Whatever's meant to be, we'll work out perfectly.*

Mandy does three twirls and falls intentionally. She dances slowly on the floor, when the singer sings calmly.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Mandy sways. People scream her name.

Ann runs and joins her. She laughs.

ANN

What are you doing? Come back  
inside, you little party girl!

Mandy's face shines with tears.

A shadow of fear crosses Ann's face.

ANN

Come on Mandy... Get back inside.  
It's okay.

Her voice is not comforting. She is scared.

Mandy starts trembling.

(CONTINUED)

MANDY

It's not okay! She's gone...  
She's... And I'm useless.

Ann grasps Mandy's hand, but she shakes it off and runs away.

INT. THEATER

Mandy rises up from the floor. She jumps high.

Her face is covered with tears.

She doesn't stop dancing.

*Keep holding on...*

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

ANN

Mandy! Mandy stop! For God's sake,  
stop right now!

Mandy keeps running. She sobs hysterically.

She stops for a while. She looks up.

She takes a few more steps.

Ann covers her mouth with her hand. Tyres SCREECH. A hollow THUMP.

INT. HOSPITAL - MANDY'S P.O.V.

Ceiling.

NURSE #1 (O.S.)

Is that her?

NURSE #2 (O.S.)

Yes... Poor girl. Lost her mum a  
year ago. Apparently she wanted her  
to be a dancer.

NURSE #1 (O.S.)

Well, there's little hope for that  
now...

(CONTINUED)

NURSE #2 (O.S.)  
Um.. Ma'am? I think she can hear  
us...

NURSE #1 (O.S.)  
Don't be ridiculous John...

NURSE #2 (O.S.)  
Look!

NURSE #1 (O.S.)  
My God, she's crying...

Two faces appear. A worried woman and a frowning young man.  
They look into her eyes.

NURSE #1  
Call for the doctor, John...

The face of the man disappears.

NURSE #1  
Mandy? Mandy, can you hear me?

She waits a while.

NURSE #1  
If you hear me, please let me know.  
Can you blink?

She waits again. After a couple of minutes she sighs and her  
face disappears.

INT. HOSPITAL

Ann sits in the corner of the room. She holds a pair of  
ballet shoes. She sobs quietly.

ANN  
Wake up. Please. Wake up. I'm so  
sorry...

The hand of the patient.

A small twitch of a finger.

FADE OUT.