

Silver Lights: City of Dreams

written by

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ACT 1, SCENE 1
LIGHTS- MAIN STAGE NIGHT

INT: SILVER

Music is beating, a heavy dance track. Strobe lights flashing across chrome poles and sequins.

SKYLAR: Hollywood dreamer, caucasian, female, 30's, dancer physique, attractive, carefree, and struggling in the City of Dreams. Her spiritual journey from small town woman to Screenwriter

SKYLAR'S body moves to the rhythm, but her eyes are not there, lost in a dream only she can hear.

SKYLAR (V.O.)
When you're young, you dream of
Disneyland, the Magic Kingdom,
fairy dust, and Ever Afters. Then
you see your first movie, and then
suddenly the dream becomes the
role, the superhero, the spotlight.

She spins, her hair cascades in a soft silver shimmer.

SKYLAR (V.O.)
But you never expect the spotlight
to take you behind the scenes of a
New York Strip Club.

ACT 1, SCENE 2
OF DREAMS- MONTAGE

INT: THE CITY

A rapid rhythm of New York's underworld and upper world colliding.

A) Champagne glasses click. Wall Street men in tailored suits smoking cigars, and dancers lounge on velvet couches.

B) The manager's office- smoke rising through half open blinds.

C) The Dressing room- Dancers line up like a circus painting their makeup.

D) Skylar counting bills, one by one, looking stressed.

E) Times Square- Skylar stands alone. She looks up at a massive billboard that says: SILVER LIGHTS "Where Dreams come True"

Her reflection merges with the advertisement and her face flickers with a silver glow.

SKYLAR (V.O.)
They call it the "City of Dreams"
But Dreams change form. Sometimes
they dance for tips and sometimes
they save a soul.

A flash from the billboard bursts as white lights floods the frame.

The TITLE CARD COMES ON: SILVER LIGHTS

The billboard lights soften to a spiritual shimmering light.

SKYLAR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
This is where the light found me.
Right between Fantasy and Faith.

Silver Lights float like a galaxy of small shining stars.
Opening Credits roll on.

SKYLAR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
But every story has stars long
before the spotlight finds you.

ACT 1, SCENE 3
1993

EXT: PLAYGROUND-

Soft silver light flickers through the trees. A young Skylar Lynn (13) runs across the playground carrying a diary and half a script.

SKYLAR (V.O.)
I called it the Playground of
Dreams. The first place I learned
how imagination felt... how light
could turn ordinary things into
stories.

Young Skylar climbs the jungle gym, pausing at the top to stare at the sunset. A light of silver brushes across the monkey bars.

SKYLAR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
That's when I first saw them. The
Silver Lights. They appeared out of
nowhere, soft, sacred and
different. They told me I wasn't
alone in my dreams.

MATCH CUT: The shimmer becomes sunlight in classroom blinds.

ACT 1, SCENE 4
SCHOOL CLASSROOM-DAY-1993

INT: MIDDLE

Sunlight leaks through the blinds. Skylar sketches stars and stages in the last row.

MRS KASTLE: MIDDLE SCHOOL TEACHER: Middle aged female that likes to pick on the students.

MRS. KASTLE
Miss Lynn. Since you're clearly in another fantasy, can you answer problem five?

SKYLAR
Uh..fifty-two?

MRS. KASTLE
That's question 7. Second time this week you've been caught daydreaming.

Laughter ripples through the classroom.. Skylar blushes, closing her notebook- a US Weekly peeks out with Tom Cruise and Nicole Kidman on the cover.

MRS. KASTLE (CONT'D)
Maybe focus on the real world. Not Hollywood.

Skylar nods, quietly gathers her things.

SKYLAR (V.O.)
Reality was never enough for me. Even when they told me to not dream, the light kept showing up, reminding me something bigger was waiting.

She exits into the school hallway.

ACT 1, SCENE 5
HALLWAY-1993

INT: SCHOOL

Skylar pauses at a trophy case. Her reflection shimmers against the glass fragmented by light.

SKYLAR (V.O.)
They called them trophies. I saw them as mirrors- tiny pieces of light foreshadowing something bigger and brighter, beyond the glass.

The silver lights shimmer fills the frame as Skylar walks away. The camera lingers on the fading shimmers.

SKYLAR (V.O.)
The Silver Lights...They never left
me. They waited...until I was ready
to follow.

MATCH CUT: The Silver Shimmer reflects off the hood of the car.

ACT 1, SCENE 6
SUBURBAN STREET- 1999

EXT: MORNING-

MATCH CUT from the same silver glow is on the hood of the car.

18 year old Skylar loads a a box marked "College or BUST". Her father watches.

DAD
You don't have rush off, Sky.
There's plenty of light here.

SKYLAR
I know, but not my kind.

She closes the trunk and hugs her dad.

SKYLAR (V.O) (CONT'D)
Leaving home looks like act of
courage but really it's an act of
hunger. Hunger for "The Dream", no
one can feed you but you.

She closes the trunk. She gets in the car, starts the loud engine, and looks in the rear view mirror.

She starts driving as the wind catches a title page "City of Dreams."

ACT 1, SCENE 7
CLASSROOM-OFFICE-APARTMENT-ROOFTOP

INT: MONTAGE-

A) INT: COLLEGE CLASSROOM- NIGHT-1999 - Projector shows slides of classroom lecture as Skylar sketches scenes instead of taking notes.

SKYLAR (V.O.)
I took notes on dreams instead of
lectures.

(MORE)

SKYLAR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I passed the tests that didn't
matter and failed the ones that
did.

B) Int: American Greetings Office-Day (2005)

Florescent lights buzz. Rows of cubicles look like a factory. Skylar sits at her desk, editing greeting cards with glossy hearts. Behind her DONNA, SKYLARS BOSS, 30's walks by holding a clipboard.

DONNA
Skylar can I see you for a second?

Skylar nervously clutches a Valentine's Card.

DONNA (CONT'D)
You've got real talent, but these
cards aren't about dreams. We're
selling feelings not fantasies.

SKYLAR
I just thought maybe the words
could mean something more.

DONNA
"More" doesn't sell. Stay inside
the lines That's how we keep the
lights on.

Donna walks back and the words "Lights on" echo. Skylar exhales a sigh of stress as the computer shows subject-"Resignation Letter" not sent.

She minimizes the window and stares at the computer screen, a faint flicker of the silver light appears.

SKYLAR (V.O.)
They told me I was too emotional
for business. Too artistic for
structure. Too much of a daydreamer
for a nine to five job. But they
never understood the dream wasn't a
hobby, it was my destiny.

C) Int: GRUNGY BASEMENT APARTMENT -2028 - A small space lit by flickering candles and the glow of a computer laptop. A water drop from a leaking pipe in a bowl. Skylar types with determination. Surrounded by notebooks, coffee cups, and half written scripts.

SKYLAR (V.O.)

There's a point of no return when
your fate carves itself into your
soul, no matter how bitter the
dream tastes.

Her eyes become teary as she begins to reflect with the
sliver light shimmering near the computer.

ACT 1, SCENE 8
SQUARE- 2012

EXT: TIMES

The city glows like an electric cathedral with neon billboard
screens towering above streets. Skylar Lynn stands still in
the rush of people, clutching her script to her chest. A gust
of wind rips through, a few pages fly from her hands,
swirling upwards into light. She looks up at the massive
billboard tower above her that says:

BILLBOARD: LAND OF ILLUSION- HANDWRITTEN DREAM

SKYLAR (V.O.)

By the time I arrived in New York
City, -The City of Dreams- I was
already a struggling artist.

Beneath the title it plays a video of Hollywood Glamour and
Red Carpets glimmering in camera lights.

Skylar's real face blending with the illusion of the
Hollywood Dream on the Billboard.

Lightning begins to strike the night skyline freezing her
image of her reflection over the billboard Screen. A dreamer
caught between her life and the illusion she's chasing.

SKYLAR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The Silver Lights flickered in..
spotlighting faith in a city of
harsh realities.

The billboard glitches, her face overlays Hollywood glamour.
Then it's gone.

Skylar blinks, and then opens her eyes. The wind comes
harder, the traffic horns louder, and the lightning strikes
again.

SKYLAR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The light finds you...especially
when the world stops believing you
can shine.

MATCH CUT - lightning to hallway light for new scene.

ACT 1, SCENE 9
APARTMENT HALLWAY

INT: NYC

Lightning flashes through the thin blinds of the run down hallway. An EVICTION NOTICE is taped to Skylar's door.

SKYLAR (V.O.)
And just like that...the dream had
a deadline.

INT: APARTMENT-NIGHT

The run down apartment lit by a few flickering candles, and the glow of the old television. Lightning flashes outside.

Skylar Lynn sits on the couch of her 80's run down apartment. Her laptop by her side and pages of her script scattered all over. Her Script "City of Dreams" sit unfinished by Skylar Lynn.

The television is softly playing a Jewish wedding. Joyful music, clapping and the bride and groom smiling under the canopy. Skylar watches quietly, the groom steps down on the glass - CRACK!

Skylar blinks in deep reflection.

SKYLAR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I always loved that moment, how
something breaks, and somehow that
means it's beginning.

Lightning flashes. Skylar looks at her script "City of Dreams" and right next to it was the eviction notice.

SKYLAR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Maybe I was breaking too, so
something real could start.

The tv flickers out. She reflects for a moment before taking her script, placing it in her leather bag, and grabbing her coat.

SKYLAR
Every story needs it's moment of
shattering glass.

She exits.

ACT 1, SCENE 10
SIDE NIGHT

EXT: LOWER EAST

Skylar walks aimlessly through narrow streets.

Storefronts are dark; puddles reflect neon signs that buzz and flicker.

She passes a diner closing, a couple arguing outside a building, and a man selling roses.

The city still alive in the night. Then a sound, a saxophone playing soulful jazz through the alleys. Skylar slows, following the jazzy sound of the saxophone. The camera follows her as she turns a corner, the music reaching her soul.

A faint shimmer of silver lights ahead. She turns a corner, and the notes of the saxophone fade. Her leather bag over her shoulder with a corner of the script showing.

A big burly BOUNCER stands near the entrance- broad shoulders, suit slightly wrinkled, earpiece. He is smoking a cigarette.

BOUNCER

YOU're not from around here.

Skylar tilts her head, a faint smile.

SKYLAR

Where do you want me to be from?

He flicks his cigarette amused.

BOUNCER

Not New York.

SKYLAR

Your right.

He grins, and then pushes the door open.

BOUNCER

Then you'll fit right in.

As she enters she catches her reflection- the Silver Light flickering on the script. She takes a deep breath and steps forward.

ACT 1, SCENE 11
LIGHTS NYC-NIGHT

INT: SILVER

The door behind Skylar closes. The Silver lights spill through in fragments. Skylar takes in her new surroundings—chandeliers, mirrored walls, the smell of cigars and whiskey.

She walks toward the bar area. The bartender greets her.

BARTENDER
You here for auditions?

SKYLAR
The...what?

The bartender gestures toward the stage where a dancer glides under the silver spotlight.

SKYLAR (CONT'D)
(freezes-shock)
Oh my god. I think I am in the
wrong place.

REDMOND'S voice echoes a warm southern voice from behind.

REDMOND: SILVER LIGHTS CLUB FLOOR MANAGER: Former Country Singer from Carolina, 40's, Male Caucasian, Cowboy. Country Twang accent. Part of Skylar's character love arc.

REDMOND appears cowboy boots, and Carolina charm.

REDMOND
(charming)
New York's full of the wrong places
that turn out just right, darlin.

REDMOND (CONT'D)
(smiling)
Name's Redmond. Used to write
country songs. Thought Nashville
was the Royal Castle. Turn out I
ended up running the circus
instead.

He leans closer to Skylar, studying her.

REDMOND (CONT'D)
What about you? You look like
someone with a story knocking to
get out.

SKYLAR
I'm a writer and an actress.

REDMOND

Well look at that, another dreamer
lost in the Big Apple Brule.

Skylar laughs softly.

SKYLAR

Brule?

REDMOND

All the shiny sugar on top, burnt
underneath. But you crack it just
right, and it's still sweet in the
middle.

SKYLAR

Hmmmm. We are all tryin to find
that sweet middle.

REDMOND

That's the trick, ain't it, darlin?
Keep the burn, and don't lose the
sweet.

They both smile.

REDMOND (CONT'D)

Why don't you take a seat darlin',
and watch the performances. I'll be
right back.

He smiles, and his boots echo softly against the floor.
Skylar turns towards the stage.

ACT 1, SCENE 12
LIGHTS CLUB -CENTER STAGE

INT: SILVER

The dancer spins around the pole, graceful and sensual. The
Silver light catches every movement. The glow ripples across
mirrored walls, every movement reflecting another version of
the dream. Skylar stares intensity, and her breathing falls
into rhythm with the music.

SKYLAR (V.O.)

My heart synced with the music-
every beat felt like it belonged to
a story I hadn't lived.

The Silver lights flicker faintly, the same glimmers from the
playground of dreams, circling back like haunted memories.
For a minute Skylar sees herself on stage, same movement as
if time was unraveling. Then SHAY'S hand on her shoulder
breaks her daydream.

SHAY has a clipboard in her hand, and a cigarette in another.

SHAY: HOUSE MOM AT SILVER LIGHTS: FORMER BEAUTY QUEEN, 50'S-60'S, dry humor, lots of make up and flashy jewelry.

SHAY
First time here?

SKYLAR
Is it that obvious?

SHAY
Only to someone who remembers what it's like. Come on honey, lets get you settled.

Shay nods toward the backstage hallway. Skylar glances once more at the stage. The Silver lights fading.

ACT 2, SCENE 1
LIGHTS CLUB-BACKSTAGE

INT: SILVER

The music outside is a low mysterious hum. The backstage hallway glows warm gold- the kind of glow that makes everything feel like a secret.

Skylar follows Shay. Shay's cigarette smoke leaves a faint trail of silver colored smoke. Skylar stops in the doorway, overwhelmed.

The dressing room is its own universe. Racks of lingerie shimmering under vanity bulbs. Glamorous heels lined up against the wall like glimmering trophies. Makeup cases spill open with lipsticks, lashes, and shadows. Stacks of Silver Lights promo cards are perfectly placed upon exit.

Dancers fix their hair, reapply lipstick, and few others are counting stacks of bills.

Skylar drifts through the room, catching different versions of herself in every mirror she looks at.

SKYLAR (V.O)
It felt as if I was transported to the backstage of Victoria's Secret fashion show... except these angels were dancing for rent money and redemption.

Shay watches Skylar like a science experiment, she lights another cigarette.

SHAY
Don't let the glitter fool you.
It's hard work keeping a dream
sparkling.

Skylar nods still taking in the new setting and scene. Shay exhales smoke, giving her a small smile. The shimmer of the silver lights and smoke surround Skylar.

SKYLAR
Behind the sparkle, I can feel it's
real.

SHAY
(smiles)
C'mon Skylar. Redmond is waiting.

Skylar follows Shay through the haze.

ACT 2, SCENE 2
LIGHTS NYC-BACK HALLWAY-STAGE ENTRANCE- NIGHT

INT: SILVER

Shay leads Skylar Lynn down a narrow hallway. The music beats gets louder, the lights brighter. A soft Silver lights glow leaks from between the stage curtains ahead.

SHAY
Don't look so nervous. Redmond just
wants to see if the lights like
you.

Skylar takes a deep breath then exhales. She clutches her leather bag.

SKYLAR
What do I do?

SHAY
Just stand there. The rest will
come to you.

Shay pushes open the curtain.

The room unfolds like a Movie Premiere- glowing chandeliers, whispering customers, and dancers finishing their sets. Redmond stands near the DJ booth arms folded, watching as if he is studying Skylar. Shay nudges Skylar to go onto the smaller stage.

SHAY (CONT'D)
Right there. Center light.

Skylar steps up- Still in her jacket, jeans, and boots. The only one not in lace.

SKYLAR

The moment I stepped into the light... Something happened.

A faint shimmer gathers on her feet. It creeps outward shining across the club walls, the mirrors, and all over the faces. The glow brushes over Redmond's face, he feels it's presence- his face stiffens.

The glow swells into something almost alive, angelic silhouette inside the beam, delicate, and transformational.

SKYLAR (V.O.)

Maybe this is where every story begins..not the applause, but with the light that chooses you.

The music fades, as the angelic glow fades slowly returning the room back to it's state. Redmond approaches carefully, still taken back from what he witnessed.

REDMOND

Well, darlin' looks like you just lit up the whole damn place.

Skylar smiles as the the silver light still shimmers above Skylar to MATCH CUT that light to the city light shining through Skylar's apartment.

ACT 2, SCENE 3
SKYLAR'S APARTMENT-MORNING

INT:

Sunlight filters through the cracked blinds. Skylar sits on the edge of her bed, still in last night's clothes. Her leather bag lies open on the floor and script pages scattered beside a flyer for SILVER LIGHTS NYC.

She stares at the flyer, the bold metallic letters catching a faint shimmer of the Silver lights.

SKYLAR (V.O)

Of all the places the light could lead me.. it chose a strip club.

She picks up the flyer, tracing the metallic letters.

SKYLAR (CONT'D)

I thought the spotlight meant Film sets...Red Carpets.

(MORE)

SKYLAR (CONT'D)
Not champagne rooms and heels line
up like trophies.

A siren cries outside. Her eyes wonder to her script pages on the floor then to unpaid bills.

She picks up a napkin from the club: COME BACK TO THE CLUB
TONIGHT- REDMOND

SKYLAR (CONT'D)
But maybe the light doesn't care
where I think I belong...only that
I follow where it points.

Skylar tucks the napkin beside her script and closes the bag
The light of Silver fades.

ACT 2, SCENE 4
SILVER LIGHTS NYC-DRESSING ROOM

INT:

The dressing room glows of the amber. Dancers move around
Skylar like a perfect choreographed dance routine of chaos.

Shay looks up from the clipboard.

SHAY
Welcome back, Skylar. Every story
needs it's wardrobe. What are you
wearing tonight?

Skylar, pauses and then scans the racks of lingerie.

SKYLAR
(unsure)
Umm..I have a tropical bikini.

SCARLET: SILVER LIGHTS DANCER, female, any race, 20's,
slender and dancer body.

Close by, Scarlet, a dancer in her 20's applying lipstick
chimes in.

SCARLETT
Honey, This isn't a beach. This is
a fantasy.

A few other dancers laugh in the background as Skylar shuts
her comment down with a glare.

SHAY
Scarlet, focus on the floor. Let
the new girl breathe.

Scarlet goes back to putting her lipstick on. Skylar walks to the costume rack as her hands run over the various dance outfits, until her hands stop at a white lace lingerie.

SKYLAR (V.O)

In a circus of performers, I felt
like I missed a beat, like I was
still learning how to dance in
their dream.

Shay notices Skylar's hesitation.

SHAY

(softly)

Take it. Consider it a gift.

Skylar lifts the lingerie from the rack, studying it with intrigue. The Silver Lights shimmer right behind her. The door opens, Redmond steps in, his eyes catching hers before he looks away, trying to be cool.

REDMOND

Well look who came back for Act
2...The Beast of Wall Street,
Charles Marazano is going eat you
up alive.

Skylar blushes caught between embarrassment and attraction, Redmond smirks masking something he doesn't understand himself.

SHAY

(rolls her eyes)

Alright, cowboy. Save the
commentary. She's got orientation
next.

REDMOND

(upbeat)

Right. Tony's waiting. Lion King
himself. He only roars if you steal
his spotlight.

Skylar smiles, eyes meeting his, the chemistry between them undeniable. She steps past him holding the white lingerie. The sound of the bass thumps like a heartbeat in the background. Traces of the Silver Lights are outlining her reflection.

ACT 2, SCENE 5
LIGHTS NYC- OPERATIONS OFFICE-NIGHT

INT: SILVER

Frank Sinatra is softly playing in the background with the sound of the bass beating from the floor. The office looks like a combination of an empire and theatre in one. Vintage show posters, framed burlesque photos, and illuminated playbills plastered everywhere. Silver lights are once again flickering through.

TONY MARINO: GENERAL MANAGER OF SILVER LIGHTS NYC: Italian American Male, 50's-60's. Known as "The Lion King." He is old-school charm yet a sharp business man. He can quote Frank Sinatra and the Godfather. He runs Silver Lights like a Broadway Show. His suits are tailored, and his features are Italian.

Tony sits behind his desk in a fine tailored suit. A man who sells dreams and calls it business. Skylar Lynn stands across him holding the white lingerie.

TONY

So you're Skylar Lynn. Redmond says you got the light. Shay say you got the grace. Two out of three of the things I look for.

SKYLAR

And the third?

Tony leans back with a wide grin.

TONY

Timing. You either got it or you don't. Lucky for you sweetheart, you walked in on cue.

SKYLAR

(mocking)

So is this what a cue looks like? I thought there would be more of an applause.

TONY

(sharp)

Be careful with your dialogue. If you master your character, you'll make a fortune. But if you speak ahead of the scene change, you'll get lost before the curtain even rises.

SKYLAR

Guess I better learn the script fast.

TONY

(loud)

You'll learn it by living it. This ain't your run-of-the-mill titty bar. We're the premiere adult cabaret in Manhattan. Entertainment, Performance, and Seduction wrapped up with a shiny bow.

He gestures toward the wall-photos of showgirls mid-spin, and on the floor.

SKYLAR

(joking)

So Broadway with fewer clothes?

TONY

(chuckles)

Exactly. Every girl's playin a character, and every dance set is a story. You nail your lines and master the moves, you'll make them believe.

TONY (CONT'D)

(leans forward)

That's the trick, angel. They don't come here for the truth, they come here for feeling. And if you can sell that, you'll own the stage .

Skylar glances at the photos- women transformed, powerful, and remarkable.

SKYLAR

Do they all play the same part?

TONY

Not if they're smart. The best ones rewrite the scenes every night, so the audience never catches on.

He stands , adjusting his suit jacket with show biz manager precision, part mob boss, and part maestro.

TONY (CONT'D)

They call me "The Lion King" around here.

(MORE)

TONY (CONT'D)

Not because I roar, but because I know when to cue the curtain. I run this joint like Broadway-big openings, no bad reviews, and everyone hits their cues and lines. Capeesh?

He opens a drawer and hands her a locker tag #38.

TONY (CONT'D)

(places it in her hand)

Locker thirty-eight. Shift starts tomorrow night. Stay in character, and remember these lights make stars, but they will burn you if you forget your lines.

SKYLAR

What if I don't know my part yet?

Tony pauses for a second.

TONY

Then you make one up. That's what all the greats do.

(smiles)

Welcome to Silver Lights, Skylar.

Skylar exhales, nods, and turns down the hallway. In her distraction, she accidentally leaves her script sitting on the corner of Tony's desk.

Tony watches her disappear into the hallway. Silver Lights flickering over her face. As soon as she's gone, he picks up script. Curious the cover reads "City of Dreams" - by Skylar Lynn.

He flips through the pages-eyes widening, impressed but hiding behind it.

INT: SILVER LIGHTS HALLWAY -NIGHT

SKYLAR (V.O.)

He made me feel like I'd joined Broadway except the performances were off-beat from a script, and the scenes were never the same.

She glances down at the locker tag 38 and then walks toward the light in the hallway.

A Silver Light flickers above her- soft, warm and begins to grow brighter. The light floods the scene until everything is white.

DISSOLVE TO: A SHIMMERING CHILDHOOD MEMORY-THE
PLAYGROUND FLASHBACK

ACT 2, SCENE 6

EXT:

PLAYGROUND-AFTERNOON -FLASHBACK-YOUTH

A soft breeze drifts through the air as the sun glows like a pot of gold. The world is hazy, dreamlike, as if a memory is waking up. The shimmer clears and young SKYLAR (7 years old) appears spinning in a Princess dress too big for her, and a plastic shiny tiara sits crooked on her wild hair. Her laugh is bright. The Silver Lights sparkle through her curls, the same lights that follow her as an adult, only in the flashback it's more gentle.

SKYLAR (V.O)

Every costume...Every dance
routine..Every halloween.. I became
someone else..

Young Skylar is twirling around free, barefoot in the grass, no fear, no hesitation-only joy.

SKYLAR (CONT'D)

I kept the light alive even in the
scenes that tried to dim it.

A MONTAGE OF FLASHBACKS OF THE DREAM OF 7 YEAR OLD SKYLAR

- A) A mermaid Skylar flipping her tail by the pool
- B) A Spider Women Skylar chasing kids through the playground
- C) A tiny Queen of Hearts playing barbie with a kid's castle
- D) A slammed door at home.. her mother shouting.. her dad looking exhausted

She starts twirling around in the shadows of the playground again, she puts her plastic tiara back on, reclaiming her crown, twirling again as the Silver light flickers.

MATCH CUT of the Silver Light.

ACT 2, SCENE 7
COFFEE SHOP-PRESENT DAY- AFTERNOON

INT:

The MATCH CUT is the light reflection in the cafe window. The city is bustling-taxis, traffic lights, horns blaring, and rushed New Yorkers. Skylar sits at a small table with a notebook, and a warm cup of coffee. Her locker number #38 rest besides her like a lucky charm.

She gazes out the window for a few seconds.

SKYLAR (V.O.)
Maybe I didn't become the star I
imagined, the one on the movie
posters, the one on the billboards.
But maybe the light doesn't care
what stage it finds you on as long
as you keep running toward it.

She opens the notebook.

A blank page waits like a new beginning.

She looks at it with recognition. A hint of wonder, a hint of destiny, and hint of rebirth.

A soft silver light flicker glides across her face. The same silver light that has been following her since childhood. She smiles. Then writes slowly, deliberately the new title:

"Silver Lights: City of Dreams"

She closes the notebook sacredly, and picks up her locker tag with confidence. Then she rises, slipping the notebook into her bag.

ACT 2, SCENE 8
LIGHTS DRESSING ROOM

INT:SILVER

The door swings shut as Skylar steps back in the dressing room. Vanity bulbs glow in warm golden halos, turning the space into something between a backstage sanctuary and a cathedral of reinvention.

Dancers move with rehearsed rhythm- one stretches, one preps their face and the another is putting on her heels.

SKYLAR (V.O.)
It didn't feel like a dressing
room. It felt like a cathedral...a
temple where everyone painted a new
face for the stage.

Skylar crosses to Locker #38. She opens it slowly

Inside- hanging perfectly as if destiny had magically placed a white lace costume from the night before.

She touches it. She begins to undress, not sexual, but in a transformational way.

Boots off, sweater over her head, jeans placed in locker. She begins to slip into it. Straps kiss her shoulders, the lace fabric molds to her skin like it was made for her. A subtle transformation begins.

Across the room, a dancer returns from the stage, -topless, glowing and radiant from her performance. Skylar studies her reflection in the mirror. Not in admiration but recognition this is a new beginning.

Shay notices. She approaches Skylar.

SHAY

(soothing and remembering)
I remember my first time going
topless on stage.... It wasn't
about showing anything.. It was
lightning. It ignited something
inside of me, I'd shut off.

Skylar meets her eyes.

SHAY (CONT'D)

Soleil, you'll know when it's your
moment. The stage, the lights, the
music, you'll feel the light. It's
aligning.

Shay steps back, giving Skylar space.

Skylar looks at her own reflection in the mirror. For the first time she sees both versions of herself at once. Skylar Lynn and Soleil rising, overlapping in two frames of the same film.

A soft ripple of the Silver Lights drift across the mirror. The same light following Skylar all around.

SKYLAR

I didn't know it yet, but I felt
it. A sign. A rebirth. A stage I
was finally ready to step into.

After a few seconds.

SHAY
(to Skylar)
It's showtime, sugar.

ACT 2, SCENE 9
LIGHTS-STAGE HALLWAY

INT: SILVER

The hallway is dim and velvet-lined, and humming with the soft pulse of the bass from the stage. A faint shimmer of the Silver Lights breathes along the walls, guiding Skylar forward.

Skylar walks slowly, every step with intention. She slips into one heel, then the next. Not nervous nor rushed, just the act of becoming. The woman she is writing her whole life finally steps into the frame.

Skylar pauses at the edge of the curtain.

SKYLAR (V.O.)
There are moments in your story
that don't ask for permission. They
don't wait for the perfect moment.
They just arrive. And if your in
tune with the lyrics of your soul,
you will just dance with the music.

She reaches for the curtain. The music is slow, sensual, and rhythmic, but not for the audience, but for the elevation of the performers.

Over the club speakers a smooth mic voice floods the club.

INT: SILVER LIGHTS STAGE

DJ (V.O.)
(soft, and smooth)
Please join us in welcoming a new
performer to the Silver Lights
Cabaret.....Soleil.

Skylar steps forward, calm, surrendered. She is Soleil now.

SKYLAR (V.O.)
The moment I touched the stage.. I
didn't feel exposed. I felt
discovered.

She places her hand on the pole, not to entertain, but to be seen as herself. The Silver Lights once again meet her at the pole. The room becomes quiet, and softens with the light.

ACT 2, SCENE 10
LIGHTS STAGE

INT: SILVER

Skylar places one hand lightly on the pole. Her first movement is small. Head tilting back as she hooks one leg wrapped against the pole. Her hips sway not to seduce, but to open herself to the light. She starts to twirl around the pole and then she stops center stage. She moves her hips slowly to be more open to the light. She starts to feel the rhythm and dance to an improvised routine. The SILVER LIGHTS respond as a shimmer moves down the pole, across Skylar's skin, like star dust. She dances sensually, but with the light. Her confidence glows as if she is receiving guidance from above. Both Redmond, and Tony are watching from afar.

CUT TO: INT SILVER LIGHTS BACK OF ROOM

Redmond leaning against a pillar, cowboy posture. His arms loose, eyes soft.

REDMOND

(soft, southern)

She ain't dancin like no first-
timer. Lord, she's moving like she
was was born for the stage.

Besides him, Tony watches, with the focus of a man who's spent a lifetime scouting talent. His expression is sharp.

TONY

(smooth, Brooklyn accent)

Kid walks in here like she's been
rehearsin' for this since she took
her first steps.

REDMOND

(concerned, southern
accent)

This place...it will change her.

Tony keeps his eyes peeled to Soleil.

TONY

Everybody changes, Red. The trick
is knowing when it's happening.

Redmond turns to Tony.

REDMOND

She ain't like the others. Don't
treat her like she is.

Tony is already calculating a plan.

TONY
(sinister)
Different is good. Real Good.

Redmond's jaw begins to tighten.

REDMOND
(quiet)
She ain't yours to figure out.

TONY
(soft and dangerous)
We'll see.

BACK TO:MAIN STAGE WITH SKYLAR

She finishes her spin, stepping into the final pose naturally, nothing forced. For a moment, the room doesn't breathe.

The Silver Lights pulse once again in a magical glowing light. Skylar stands in the afterglow, knowing something in her life just shifted.

She steps back into the shadows of the curtain, disappearing from the stage like a dream dissolving.

ACT 2, SCENE 11
BACKSTAGE-HALLWAY-NIGHT

INT:

The curtain falls behind Skylar as she steps offstage.

A faint halo of Silver Light still lingers around her, softening the dim hallway like a glow meant only for her.

Redmond waits near the wall, boots crossed, arms loose, and his posture concealing what he actually feels. When he sees her, something in his eyes settles.

A Quiet moment.

REDMOND
(soft ,southern drawl)
You did something up there. Whole room felt it.

Skylar looks up.

SKYLAR
(soft)
I just let myself be.

They share a quiet moment, and then Redmond hears BARBIE'S voice. Heels sharply clacking in the distance.

BARBIE: REDMOND'S ON AND OFF GIRLFRIEND. EXOTIC DANCER AND DREAMER. Female, (30's), Caucasian, Beautiful but weathered from struggling in the Big Apple. A woman who has lived the dream and survived the fall.

BARBIE (O.S)

Red.

Redmond's body language shifts, not out of guilt, but instinct.

Barbie appears worn out from the night, makeup smeared.

She walks towards them. Skylar takes a step back. Barbie notices far more of what either of them wants her to.

BARBIE (CONT'D)

So..you're the new one.

SKYLAR

(nods)

Soleil.

Barbie turns to Redmond. Years of history in one look.

BARBIE

We came up here chasing dreams in that old Chevy truck.

(to Skylar)

He had the guitar in his lap like it's going to be a ticket.

(to Redmond)

And former beauty queen- thinking I'd be walking red carpets by twenty-five.

Redmond steps forward, firm but gentle.

REDMOND

Barbie... Not here, not now.

Barbie smirks.

BARBIE

(to Redmond)

I'm not asking you to stay.
Just...don't pretend I wasn't part of the climb.

BARBIE (CONT'D)
You know where to find my cowboy
boots.

Barbie with smudged eye makeup, and stripper heels peeping through her bag regains her composure. She turns and walks away. Skylar still quiet looks at Redmond.

SKYLAR
Some endings don't crash, Redmond,
they just fade.

Redmond meets her eyes in silence. A silent understanding regarding the former.

ACT 2, SCENE 12
SQUARE-NIGHT

EXT: TIMES

The electric rush of Times Square washes over Skylar as she moves through the crowd. Neon ads flare, digital screens shimmer like moving stars. Skylar walks with her coat pulled tight, her notebook-script tucked in her bag.

She slows beneath a massive movie billboard.

A glamorous actress looks down at the city from twenty stories high.

The resemblance is uncanny to Skylar's features echoed in a version of the woman she could be one day.

A young couple notices Skylar staring at the movie poster.

GIRLFRIEND
(amazed)
Wait, She looks like you. The
actress.

The Girlfriend points to the billboard.

BOYFRIEND
Yeah, that's wild.

Skylar keeps staring at herself on the billboard but more in recognition.

GIRLFRIEND
You should be up there.

SKYLAR
(softly but not bragging)
I know.

A taxi whips around the corner too fast with a blazing horn, as the couple jumps back, and Skylar intuitively steps aside. The Billboard remains still, and reflective.

She looks at her own face blended into the billboard image. She sees the person she is meant to be.

Skylar turns, slipping back into drama of the crowded streets.

The billboard remains shining behind her, unwavering.

SKYLAR (V.O.)
Some dreams don't shout. They catch
you in an unexpected moments. Right
in front of your eyes.

She walks away as the silver lights trail faintly behind her.

ACT 3, SCENE 1
BUILDING HALLWAY

INT: APARTMENT

Skylar climbs the narrow stairwell. She reaches her door.

A SECOND EVICTION NOTICE taped across the door. FINAL
WARNING (3 DAYS)- STAMPED in RED.

Skylar takes it in, not panicked, but emotionally aware. She peels it off with precision.

ACT 3, SCENE 2
APARTMENT

INT: SKYLAR'S

Her apartment is dim, and quiet. Skylar sets the Eviction notice beside her notebook. She opens her notebook journal to a blank page, and inhales.

She writes:

ACT III - HOLLYWOOD DREAMS

The handwriting is calm, certain, and powerful. A woman rewriting her character.

SKYLAR (V.O.)
Every new character brings a new
story, and mine was just beginning.

She closes the notebook- MATCH CUT to a new scene.

ACT 3, SCENE 3
LIGHTS-TONY'S OFFICE -LATE AFTERNOON

INT: SILVER

TONY snaps a ledger shut.

A knock on the door, and Tony continues to work, without looking up.

TONY
If the liquor guy's back, tell him
I will send him home with the ice
bucket on his head.

Skylar enters, and Tony smiles at her presence.

TONY (CONT'D)
(charming)
Well, Well. Soleil before sundown.
That's a first.

SKYLAR
This may be my last. I got my
second eviction. Three days or I'm
out.

TONY
Sit Kid.

Skylar sits, and Tony opens a drawer, counts cash and sets it in front of Skylar.

TONY (CONT'D)
This keeps you standing. Nothing
more dramatic than that.

SKYLAR
I'll pay you back.

Tony smirks like he has heard this before.

TONY
Of course you will... on the floor.

He shifts into his showbiz persona.

TONY (CONT'D)
About last night, that wasn't a
debut. That was a trailer tease. A
preview.

There is a second pause.

TONY (CONT'D)
Tonight is your first official
night.

SKYLAR
I'm ready.

TONY
Good. Because when you hit that
floor, even the Wall Street sharks
are gonna feel the energy shift.
They always feel it first.
(pulls out her script)
Before you run off..you left this
here yesterday.

Skylar freezes when she sees the title page.

TONY (CONT'D)
(smirk)
Didn't know you were writing the
next big New York hit.

He hands her the script. Skylar takes it softly.

SKYLAR
I didn't even realize I left it.

TONY
Just don't forget it again. Some
things are worth carrying with you.

He opens the office door for her like she is stepping into
her next performance.

TONY (CONT'D)
Go on kid. Shay is waiting.
Showtime starts when your costume
and makeup ready.

Skylar leaves.

ACT 3, SCENE 4
LIGHTS DRESSING ROOM

INT: SILVER

The vanity bulbs glow in warm gold, dancers moving through
the room in a steady, practiced rhythm like a backstage
chorus line tightening into focus before curtain call.

Scarlet is applying lipstick in the mirror when she catches a
glimpse of Skylar slipping back toward Locker #38. Scarlet's
eyes laser focus on her competition with fierce rivalry.

SCARLETT

Well, Well, look who came back, the
small town artist.

Skylar ignores her, focusing on her Locker, staying calm.

Scarlet watches her like a hawk, and then leans toward
Skylar.

SCARLETT (CONT'D)

(smirk)

You probably won't last past
tonight. Girls like you come in as
fast as they exit.

LOLA half way dressed witnesses the confrontation, and
interrupts.

LOLA: An Exotic Dancer at Silver Lights: Asian, Female,
Caucasian. Creative type,

LOLA

And since when were you promoted to
"God"? You don't get to decide who
survives the spotlight.

Scarlet rolls her eyes, and returns to her reflection. Lola
steps closer.

LOLA (CONT'D)

Are you okay?

Skylar nods, taking a breath to calm herself.

SKYLAR

Yeah. Comes with the territory.
Right? Every show needs a little
drama.

LOLA

Drama is easy. Anyone can fake
that. What the Silver Lights
notice... is whatever is real.

SKYLAR

By the way how did you end up here?

Lola resumes getting ready as she continues to speak.

LOLA

Film school. I came to the city to
produce a documentary- Healing
Trauma through performance and
identity on stage.

(MORE)

LOLA (CONT'D)
 But somewhere along the way I
 couldn't study the story but had to
 live it.

Skylar nods with understanding, and both resume getting ready.

SKYLAR (V.O)
 Some people come here to learn, and
 others come here because the
 spotlight caught a new beginning.

Shay enters in a grounded fashion.

SHAY
 Soleil, Hurry up. Stage sets start
 soon.

Skylar finishes her makeup with a final lip gloss touch, and Lola puts her heels on.

DJ (O.S)
 Rotation on Deck. Showtime.

Lola turns to Skylar .

LOLA
 Stay on beat, and don't lose your
 rhythm. The story is yours now, so
 tell it.

Skylar nods, calm but focused for her new beginning. She turns towards the exit and The mirror catches one last overlap of Skylar becoming Soleil.

ACT 3, SCENE 5
 LIGHTS-HALLWAY

INT: SILVER

The hallway pulses with bass. Skylar's heels click in rhythm, each step syncing with the music. The DJ's voice cuts through the sound system smooth and low. Skylar approaches the curtain, the light of Silver spills through the gap.

DJ (V.O)
 Please welcome to the Silver Lights
 New York City Cabaret... Our newest
 performer...Soleil.

Skylar closes her eyes for a beat- anticipation, and surrender. She steps forward.

INT: SILVER LIGHTS-MAIN ROOM

The curtain part open.

A new track rises-slow, sensual, and inviting. A single spotlight drops onto her-a blue silver spotlight. The stage glows with mist-like fog at her feet. Her silhouette appears first, then her full body form- delicate, long, lean body, and hair cascading in the light. The crowd is quiet. Skylar steps toward the chrome pole, fingertips touching the chrome metal.

To Skylar, the pole isn't a prop, but it's her compass. Her guiding star. She circles it once, slow, gliding downward. Then she moves one foot around the pole as she arches her back and runs her hand through her hair, swaying her hips. Her movements appear sensual and choreographed, each one a deliberate stroke of self expression. She lifts herself to twirl completely around the pole as an axis. Her body spinning with the speed of the chrome pole. The she stops. Her foot traces the floor as she maps her steps. Her hips and feet hit each beat with the music.

SKYLAR (V.O.)

The pole wasn't just a prop. It was
my compass, guiding me through a
new world, pulling me in directions
I never dared to explore.

Skylar twirls again with a slower spin. Her hair flowing as she spins. The she moves her body to the floor as she arches her back while looking out to the audience.

CUT TO: AUDIENCE

A group of regulars stop mid conversation. Drinks stop halfway. The room becomes quiet.

In the VIP booth, the three Wall street men watch with laser focus.

CHARLES MARAZANO smokes a cigar, studying her like a market trend.

JOHN "THE BUCK" MARINO can barely breathe.

PHILLIP DELFONTE strategically watches her.

AT THE BAR

Redmond stops dead by Skylar's performance.

NEAR THE VIP ROPE

Michael Donahue watches impressed, popping a champagne bottles with excitement.

BACK IN THE SHADOWS

Scarlet and another dancer glare with jealousy.

CUT TO: STAGE

Skylar returns to the compass, the pole. Her back lightly up against the pole. She is moving her hips in slow sensual movements.

SKYLAR (V.O)

I wasn't lost anymore, but found.
The Silver Lights chose me. For
some reason I couldn't turn my
back. Not now. Not after this
feeling of finally being seen.

She dances around the pole, and then begins to spin one last time. Her head tips back. Silver Lights flicker around her hair like a crown. The routine ends and the crowd erupts in an applause. The Silver Lights wrap around Skylar, holding her, claiming her as she steps off stage.

ACT 3, SCENE 6
STAGE- NIGHT

INT: SIDE OF MAIN

Skylar steps off stage. Her skin glistens under the Silver Light. The performance adrenaline running through her veins as traces of the Silver lights flicker like tiny stars. She takes another step forward- and Redmond is already waiting for her.

His cowboy hat tipped back, southern charm appeal but ruggedly dangerous. But tonight he shaken, and for beat they stare at each other.

REDMOND

(voice-low-intrigued)

Dam darlin'. Your dancin' took my
south Carolina breath away. You lit
the stage up with moves I ain't
never seen before.

Skylar freezes. For the first time someone truly sees her. Their eyes lock.

SKYLAR

Redmond?

He blinks like he slipped out of a dream he didn't expect to be in.

REDMOND

(clears his throat)

I've seen dancers here for ten years...

(shakes his head)

Ain't none of them move with the light, the way you just did.

A wave of deja vu ripples through the air. Skylar feels it in her chest and Redmond in his hands.

SKYLAR

Are you remembering something I'm feeling? Because it doesn't make sense, but it feels like we stood here before.

Her eyes search his, and he feels it too. A past life recognition, he recognizes. His hand unexpectedly twitches towards her.

REDMOND

(soft but honest)

No...it can't be.

(shaking his head)

Hell I don't believe in past lives and all that gypsy stuff, but somethin' in me sure acted like it remembered yours.

SKYALR

(relief)

I felt it. Like we danced on another stage in another life time.

A quiet moment and the voiceover.

SKYLAR (V.O.)

Maybe the light wasn't just guiding me tonight. Maybe it was guiding both of us back to a moment we lost long before this lifetime.

All of sudden MICHAEL DONAHUE steps in.

MICHAEL DONAHUE: CHAMPAGNE VIP HOST AT SILVER LIGHTS- Male, Caucasian, 30's-40's, Charming, Sales like Swagger, and deals with both wall street and mobsters

MICHAEL

(charming)

Well, if it isn't Silver Light's newest star and my favorite cowboy manager getting a little too close for comfort.

REDMOND

(defensive)

She just ended her set, and I was telling her all about the VIP regulars.

MICHAEL

Then let's not keep waiting.

REDMOND

Go on darlin. I'll be right over there.

Redmond pulls back, and Michael gestures toward the VIP section. Skylar steps closer to Michael and they walk into the hallway.

MICHAEL

VIP's been asking for you since your dance number. Charles Marazano. John Marino. Phillip Delfonte. Big names. Big Money.

Redmond watches as they move away. Skylar follows Michael, the Silver Light reflecting off her skin as she walks toward the champagne booth.

ACT 3, SCENE 7
VIP SECTION

INT: CHAMPAGNE

Champagne bottles glitter in ice buckets like liquid gold. Soft Jazz hums under the velvet lights. Suits, rolexes, cigars all abundant. Stacks of hundred dollars bills besides ashtrays like centerpieces.

CHARLES MARAZANO: THE KING OF WALL STREET- NICKNAMED THE "Beast". Male, Caucasian, 50-60's, New York Accent. Head trader of insider trading. Dominating, Corrupt, and Brooklyn Born.

JOHN MARINO: WALL STREET GUY- Male, Caucasian, 40's- Nicknamed the "Buck" of Wall Street. Smooth talking, charming Italian. SKYLAR'S LOVE INTEREST. He portrays the fairytale to Skylar.

PHILLIP DELFONTE: Wall Street Associate, Male ,
Caucasian, 50's, John's go to guy.

The wall street Trio sit in their usual booth talking finance. Charles Marzano sits perfectly like a King. John leaning back enjoying his drink. Philip Delfonte observant.

Scarlet is seated next to John with a drink in hand, and predatory eyes, ready to attack anyone that threatens her territory.

CHARLES

(soft but agitated)

I told you the biotech tip wasn't
going to stay hidden long. SEC's
sniffing for their rat.

JOHN

Relax Marazano. By the time they
catch the scent, the money will be
sunbathing in the Caymans.

PHILLIP

Information isn't illegal.
Mishandling it is. We don't
mishandle it.

They all laugh. The kind of laugh which makes them think they are untouchable.

Michael Donahue enters with Skylar at this side. As she steps into the champagne room, conversation stops. John's eyes become mesmerized by Skylar. Scarlet already seated by him with her arm on his leg, is suddenly invisible.

MICHAEL

Silver Lights' newest star, Soleil.
Thought it was time you gentlemen
met the reason the whole floor
stopped talking.

John stands immediately to greet Skylar .

JOHN

Damn! Now that's an entrance.

Scarlet tightens her grip on John.

SCARLETT

(cold)

Don't lose your mind over another
body.

John ignores her.

JOHN

Soleil.no wonder Redmond's been
stompin around like a bull in a
rodeo.

Skylar blushes.

CHARLES

(to Skylar)

Doll face, please take a seat.
We've got the best champagne. The
Best Booth. The best performers.
You're in the right place.

PHILLIP

(soft)

Your performance had intention.
Most girls dance through
something...but you..it almost
looked like you were being guided.

Skylar can't tell if it's a compliment or warning. Suddenly,
Scarlet slams her glass down.

SCARLET

Give me a break. Every season it's
the same damn story. New girl walks
in, suits act like dogs in heat,
and suddenly the "doll of the
month" becomes yesterdays news.

John tenses.

JOHN

Scarlet, don't..

Scarlet cuts him off.

SCARLET

(hurt)

Don't. I've seen this rerun too
many times.

She grabs her purse and storms out. Michael puts his hands
over his eyes, shaking his head.

MICHAEL

(annoyed)

It's always a soap opera every damn
night. Last thing we need is
another night of the Scarlet show.

He turns to Skylar half apologetic.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
(to skylar)
Drama's included in the bottle
service. You'll get used to it.

Skylar silently nods trying to take in everything that just happened.

JOHN
Look- Doll face.... Scarlet thinks
seniority gives her ownership. It
doesn't. She just hates it when
someone brighter steals the
thunder.

John pulls out a sleek business card from his jacket, and
slides it into Skylar's hand with deliberate ease.

A faint Silver Light shimmers across John's Business card.
Skylar freezes for a few seconds.

SKYLAR (V.O)
Maybe the light wasn't warning me
or guiding me. Maybe it was testing
me to see how far I'd follow it's
flicker into worlds I didn't
belong.

Skylar lifts her eyes. John is already leaning back in the
booth, returning to talk of market trends as if nothing
shifted, but it did.

ACT 3, SCENE 8
LIGHTS-BACK ALLEY--NIGHT

EXT: SILVER

Skylar pushes open the heavy club door. The noise behind her
the sound of the bass, champagne, and chatter all fade into a
soft hum as the door closes.

She steps out beneath the glow of the city. Her shoes hit the
pavement lighter than before, each step grounding her-in sync
with her breath.

In her hand there are two items:

Tony's envelope with money

John Marino's business card

As they shift in her palm, a trace of the Silver Light travels across both surfaces- a sign from the universe itself.

Skylar notices. She pauses, and brushes the finger over the edge of the envelope, and then she smooths the surface of the card. Both shimmer.

Skylar continues to walk until she hears the sound of a saxophone softly rising. It was the same soulful melody she heard the night prior-the Silver Lights first pulled her in. Skylar turns toward the sound of the music.

Across the street, the sound of a distant Saxophone begins to play louder, and soulful.

He nods to her like he is expecting her all along. Skylar steps closer to the curb, watching closely. She looks down once again at the envelope and card. The Silver Lights are shimmering across the edges. The universe giving her a whisper.

SKYLAR (V.O)

Some signs come full circle. And
when they do .. it means you're
exactly where you're meant to be.

Taxi horns cry out of the distance, but everything feels slower. She tucks the envelope and the business card into her bag. Skylar begins to walk with the rhythm of the city, and the saxophone carrying her into the night. She is not sure where her new world is taking her, but all the signs are aligning. Her silhouette moves down the block, alone yet luminous. There is a MATCH CUT with her foot hitting the curb.

ACT 3, SCENE 9
APARTMENT - NIGHT

INT: SKYLAR'S

The MATCH CUT of Skylar's foot hits the curb outside the New York street.. then lands on the worn carpet inside her apartment.

The lights flicker on with their usual tired buzz. The thin walls hum with the city - muffled sirens, a honking cab, and loud neighbors arguing downstairs.

Her world feels small in hindsight to the life she just brushed up against.

She drops her bag on the table.

Two things call out: Tony's envelope of Cash and John Marino's business card.

They land side-by-side, and for a moment The Silver Light from the street lights floats across like fate drawing a line between two opposing worlds. Skylar stares and then her phone starts ringing. She checks the caller ID. Dad. Her shoulders tense. She answers.

SKYLAR
Dad..it's late.

DAD (V.O.)
(over the phone)
Sky, Your sister is not doing well.
She's back in the hospital.

Skylar freezes for a beat.

SKYLAR
Is she alright?

DAD
They won't say much except they
need family here. She keeps asking
for you.

There is a few seconds of silence.

DAD (V.O.)
I know your trying to make a name
for yourself in that city. But
you've got no benefits , no steady
paycheck, and your all alone in a
city full of dreamers. Your sister,
she needs you.

Skylar looks at the scattered script pages all over her tiny kitchen.

SKYLAR
Dad, I just walked in the door. Let
me call you in the morning.

DAD (V.O.)
We don't have the luxury of
waiting, Skylar.

SKYLAR
Dad.... just give me some time.

She hangs up before she starts to cry. Her hand trembling slightly. The apartment falls into silence again.

Skylar sits there torn between family and her new role. The Silver Light is streaming through the window to the wall.

ACT 3, SCENE 10
APARTMENT

INT: SKYLAR'S

The apartment is dim, only the glow of the street lights bleeding through the blinds, and the silver light on the wall.

Skylar stands by her window, still holding the envelope of cash and John Marino's business card tucked beneath it.

The Silver Light on the wall catches both objects – faint, shimmering.

She moves toward her small bedroom that is cluttered with notebooks, books, and a printed copy of her script:

CITY OF DREAMS – By Skylar Lynn

She picks it up gently-holding the script against her chest as she climbs into bed.

SKYLAR

Some scenes aren't planned. They just arrive. And in the middle of drama, you realize your following the cues so well, even the whole world keeps trying to rewrite your story.

ACT 3, SCENE 11
STREET-AFTERNOON

EXT: WALL

A bustling lunch rush. Suits. Phones. Taxis. The chaotic heartbeat of the financial district.

Skylar steps out of the subway station. Her hair softly curled, simple white blouse, black skirt. She looks professional but untouched by the corporate noise around her.

She clutches her purse tighter. She walks towards the restaurant.

INT: CIPRIANI'S WALL STREET

Cipriani's glows with old-money elegance – white tablecloths, crystal glasses, and the quiet cologne of wealth.

John "The Buck" Marino is already seated, leaning back in the booth, espresso in hand, grinning like he's been expecting a new storyline to walk in. His tie hangs loose enough to show confidence.

He rises when he sees her.

JOHN

Drumroll..There she is, the one and only, Soleil. Didn't think Wall Street was ready for you.

SKYLAR

(blushing)

It's just Lunch, John. Not an entrance.

JOHN

Baby, Everything is an entrance. Everything is a big deal- you'll figure that out soon enough.

Skylar sits down. The waiter pours the water. John watches her with deep interest.

JOHN (CONT'D)

So.. tell me why a girl, who reminds me of Dorothy from Oz is dancing in a cabaret instead of running half this town?

SKYLAR

(smirks)

Maybe I am just following where the wind took me.

JOHN

No. Winds don't take people places. People take themselves, and sometimes they sweep those up those around them.

John leans in closer.

JOHN (CONT'D)

You have the presence. The thing you can't fake. Wall Street guys like myself pay millions chasing it, but you walk in a room, and it's just star bright, babe.

INTERCUT WITH:ACROSS THE ROOM

Redmond enters the restaurant carrying a package. He is running an errand when he spots Skylar and John together. Redmond freezes. The camera captures Skylar laughing, John flirting, and two people he didn't expect to be having lunch. Skylar notices Redmond, and he nods, silently hurt. Skylar freezes for a second.

BACK TO: LUNCH WITH SKYLAR AND JOHN

ACT 3, SCENE 12
MAIN FLOOR

INT: CIPRIANI'S-

JOHN
Friend of yours?

SKYLAR
Something like that?

John starts to get jealous, his jaw tightens.

JOHN
That Rodeo is not one you want to gallop in. Your in the perfect New York minute, Soleil. You hear me? I'm the guy who rewrites storylines in sixty hot seconds. The ones that ring the right pitch, not the ones that get trampled by the wrong bull.

Skylar thrown off guard by how personal that sounded.

SKYLAR
John, what did you really want to talk about?

John takes a sip of his drink, his eyes never leaving her.

JOHN
Opportunity. It knocks. Question is.. do you answer it, Skylar?

SKYLAR
(confused-intrigued)
I...guess.

JOHN
If you don't, then another doll face will beat you to the punch.

The WAITER returns with a chilled bottle. He pours champagne into two elegant crystal flutes. The Silver Light flares briefly on the rim- Skylar notices. John watches her with a slow, studying grin. Skylar sits back.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Now, where was I? Oh that's right- opportunities. The kind that don't wait around.

Skylar looks intrigued.

SKYLAR

So what kind of opportunity, John?

JOHN

There's a charity gala this weekend. Big money. Big names. And bigger doors if you know where to stand. I want you on my arm.

Skylar surprised and flattered all at once.

SKYLAR

A gala? Like..black-tie? Champagne-tower kind of gala?

JOHN

Yeah. The kind with crystal chandeliers worth more than people's life savings.

SKYLAR

John...I don't anything like that. My Closet is H&M, TJ Maxx, and Fashion Nova. Not exactly "Wall Street Royalty."

John sets down his glass.

JOHN

Soleil, you could walk in there in a twenty dollar dress , and half the room would still forget their wives names. The clothes don't make an entrance. You do. Let me handle the rest.

SKYLAR

(smiling)

Okay. I'll go.

John sits back like he closed a deal.

JOHN
Good. Then the day after tomorrow.
I'll send a car. You show up.

John lifts his glass toward her, and Skylar follows.

JOHN (CONT'D)
(toasting)
To new entrances.. and new endings
that spark new beginnings.

SKYLAR
To new beginnings.

MATCH CUT with The glasses clinking.

ACT 4, SCENE 1
LIGHTS- DRESSING ROOM-NIGHT

INT: SILVER

MATCH CUT – the clink of champagne glasses dissolves into the crisp snap of a makeup compact shutting in Skylar's hands.

The bright vanity bulbs halo Skylar's face – soft, glowing, undeniable.

LOLA
(teasing, arms crossed)
Okay..What is it? Love?

Skylar plays innocent.

SKYLAR
What?

LOLA
Don't what me? You're glowing like
someone who stepped out of a
romance novel. Something happened.

SKYLAR
Fine. Your right. I gave in. I had
lunch with John Marino at
Cipriani's.

LOLA
(dramatic))
The Buck took you to Cipriani's?

SKYLAR
(excited)
Yes and he invited me to the Spring
NYC Gala tomorrow.

LOLA

Skylar! That's the gala of the season. Everyone who's someone in New York goes to that.

SKYLAR

I know. That's the problem. I have nothing to wear. Not even close to "gala level".

LOLA

Good. Then tomorrow...we shop. Were going dress hunting. Style is my second language.

SKYLAR

Deal. But tonight I still have dance sets to perform.

LOLA

To performances that mark new entrances, and new doors we never saw opening.

A faint shimmer of the Silver Light ripples across the mirror.

ACT 4, SCENE 2
LIGHTS-MAIN ROOM-NIGHT

INT: SILVER

Music thumps through the speakers, low and sultry, the kind that hypnotizes the mind.

Skylar finishes the final stretch of her stage set – a smooth, rhythmic routine that earns a roaring applause, raised glasses, and wide-eyed stares.

She steps off the stage, still glowing with stage-light shimmer, breath soft but steady.

Skylar moves toward the bar.

A Wall Street type CUSTOMER at the bar notices her, gives a friendly nod.

Skylar returns a polite smile and starts to approach. Scarlet steps, blocking her path like a barricade.

SCARLET

(smirk, antagonize)

Well, look at you. Barely two days in and already chasing the big spenders.

Skylar's shoulders stiffen.

SKYLAR

I wasn't chasing anyone. He just said hello.

SCARLET

Sure he did. They say hello to all the girls, Soleil.

Skylar attempts to move forward, but Scarlet slides closer this time, blocking her once again.

SCARLET (CONT'D)

Newsflash-your not special. Your just the season's flavor. And flavors lose their appeal. Fast.

SKYLAR

What makes you God around here?

Scarlet steps closer just as Redmond appears, cutting the tension like blade.

REDMOND

Alright, that's enough.

Scarlet rolls her eyes.

SCARLET

Oh please. Your babysitting now?

REDMOND

Scarlet. Go cool off.
Floor's crowded enough without you pickin' fights.

Scarlet scoffs, turns her chin up, and storms off into the crowd. Skylar exhales, shaken.

REDMOND

(gentle)

You okay?

SKYLAR

Yeah. She just been mad at me since last night.

REDMOND

She ain't mad at you.
She's mad at the whole damn world.

(MORE)

REDMOND (CONT'D)
But don't let her knock you off
your rhythm, darlin.

SKYLAR
I'll try.

REDMOND
Let's get you some air for a
minute.

He guides her towards the backstage hallway.

ACT 4, SCENE 3
LIGHTS-BACK HALLWAY ENTRANCE

INT: SILVER

The noise from the main floor fades behind them as Redmond leads Skylar down the narrow hallway — half-lit full of shadows, buzzing softly with the Silver Light that flickers overhead like a heartbeat.

They stop just shy of the dressing room.

REDMOND
I saw you today. At Cipriani's.
With John Marino.

Skylar catches her breath.

SKYLAR
oh you did?

Redmond's jaw tightens.

REDMOND
John ain't a man of virtue. He's
the kind that plays the filthy hand
of Wall Street. I would hate to see
you thrown out like a bad hand.

Skylar lifts her posture, trying not to break under his warning.

SKYLAR
That's not the man I saw.

Redmond leans a shoulder against the wall, eyes narrowing — not at her, but at the idea of her being hurt.

REDMOND
You know me— just a good old cowboy
from the Carolina's...
(sighs)
(MORE)

REDMOND (CONT'D)
Worried about new prey wanderin'
into the wrong territory. Just... be
careful.

Skylar studies him – the softness beneath the rough cowboy,
the truth behind his warning.

SKYLAR
Why do you care so much?

A rare vulnerability flickers across Redmond's face. He looks
away before it reveals too much.

REDMOND
Because I do. That's all.

He turns around before she can say something. Walking down
the hall with a heaviness in his shoulders that shows he's
carrying the heavy weight of conflicting emotions.

Above them, the overhead lights flicker with the Silver
Lights, a universal sign.

Skylar watches him leave. Then heads to the dressing room.

ACT 4, SCENE 4
LIGHTS DRESSING ROOM

INT: SILVER

The dressing room hums with girls changing out of costumes,
rubbing glitter off their collarbones, counting singles in
neat stacks.

Skylar sits at her vanity, cheeks still flushed from her
stage set, heart quietly racing.

Her phone buzzes.

She picks it up.

JOHN MARINO (TEXT)
Tomorrow. Your fitting is confirmed
at Maison de Lumière. Tell them
your name. Anything you want is
yours. See you at the gala.

Skylar stares at the screen- half disbelief but melting in
excitement.

The silver reflection from the vanity bulb glints across the
screen, catching the word Lumière like it means destiny.

Lola steps behind Skylar with arms folded. She studying
Skylar's expression.

LOLA
(soft, noticing)
Your glowing like a Star. Did
another Wall Street King fall in
love with your light?

Skylar tries to mask her excitement.

SKYLAR
John... set up a dress fitting for
me. At a boutique called Maison de
Lumière.

LOLA
(eyes widen)
That's not just a boutique. That's
where actresses get fitted for film
premieres. Opera stars buy opening-
night gowns there.

Skylar nods, still stunned.

SKYLAR
He said I could pick anything I
want.

LOLA
(worried)
You want me to go with you? We
could make it a girls day out.
Coffee, fittings, and lunch.

Skylar hesitates for a moment.

SKYLAR
(smiling)
I think I should go alone. He
arranged it. Feels like something I
should step into by myself.

Lola studies her in a concerned way.

LOLA
(soft, honest)
Just be careful.
Some doors open to dreams...
While others open to storms.

Skylar nods, holding the phone to her chest.

SKYLAR

I know. But... it feels like an
entrance I'm meant to walk in
alone.

LOLA

(faint smile)
Then shine, Soleil.

MATCH CUT-A soft shimmer of Silver Light shimmers across the
vanity mirror.

Skylar exhales.

ACT 4, SCENE 5
LUMIERE-DAY

INT: MAISON DE

MATCH CUT: The glowing boutique sign dissolves into the
reflection of Skylar's eyes as she steps inside.

As Skylar steps inside the boutique, the world shifts.

The boutique is regal with marble floors glowing like
moonlight, chandeliers dripping in crystal, and hand made
furniture. Fresh rose bouquets arranged in perfect harmony
throughout the store.

For Skylar she was in her own fairytale.

SKYLAR (V.O.)

Growing up, I imagined fairytales
had castles. Turns out... sometimes
they have dressing rooms.

A poised FRENCH STYLIST enters elegant and ageless.

STYLIST

Mademoiselle Soleil? Mr. Marino
said you would be arriving. We have
prepared a selection.

She gestures gracefully to a curtain behind her which reveals
an entire rack of gowns, each one more dramatic than the
next.

Skylar's breath catches.

DRESS MONTAGE — MIRROR TRANSITIONS

At the center of the boutique stands a large gold-trimmed
mirror which stands more as portal than object.

Each time Skylar turns toward the mirror, a flash of Silver Light shifts her into the next gown.

DRESS #1 – THE RED DRESS

FLASH.

Skylar stands in a deep red mermaid gown – fire satin hugging her curves, dramatic, bold, unforgettable.

She steps forward as her heel slips on the rug. She catches herself on the mirror. The stylist rushes forward.

STYLIST (CONT'D)
Careful, Mademoiselle. Bold dresses
demand firm footing.

Skylar laughs softly.

DRESS #2 – MIDNIGHT ILLUSION DRESS

FLASH.

Now she's in a black couture gown, sheer, sequined, dangerously elegant. The kind of dress you wear when you want the room to stop breathing.

Skylar looks at the mirror.

SKYLAR
It's stunning, but I don't think I
could bring the light in this one.

DRESS #3 – The IVORY-WHITE DRESS

FLASH.

The entire boutique goes quiet. Even the soft music seems to stop.

Skylar's reflection stands in a gown that looks crafted from the light itself. The white ivory with pearls embroidered along the bust line are shimmering with traces of silver. Skylar feels like she is floating in the dress.

SKYLAR (V.O.)
Some dresses just don't fit your
body, but they fit your destiny.

The pearls on the bodice catch a beam of afternoon light.
They glitter back like tiny stars calling her name.

The stylist watches her quietly, knowingly.

STYLIST (SOFT)
Oui! This one... it's made for you,
Madame.

Skylar presses her hand to the bodice. The pearls shimmering
as if they are coming alive.

SKYLAR
(whispers)
This is it.

The dress settles on her like it belongs to her..

ACT 4, SCENE 6
LUMIERE- DAY

EXT: MAISON DE

A warm golden-hour glow spills across the boutique's marble
storefront.

Skylar steps out of Maison de Lumière, the gown bag draped
over her arm like she's carrying part of her dream. She moves
with ease like she is in day dream- floating from the
fitting.

She takes two steps, and immediately freezes. Redmond is
across the street walking with Barbie.

Redmond walks with Barbie tucked under his arm like she's the
glossy cover model of a Carolina pageant-too perfect, too
beautiful.

Barbie's glossy curls bounce like a shampoo hair commercial;
her laugh rings out loud, and her heels even louder,

Skylar tries to turn away before Redmond sees her.

REDMOND
(eyes widen)
Soleil?

Barbie studying Skylar's expressions.

BARBIE
Well, if it isn't Soleil. Shopping
for a new storyline?

Skylar forces a fake smile.

SKYLAR
No. Just a new style.

Barbie eyes laser in to the boutique's gold logo on the garment bag.

BARBIE
(eyebrow raises)
Style? That boutique is couture,
sweetheart. Not exactly a
consignment store.

Barbie's tone is sharpened with jealousy. Redmond steps forward.

REDMOND
Skylar, you okay?

SKYLAR
(nods)
Yeah. I'm fine. I'm just heading
home.

Barbie wraps her arm tighter around Redmond.

BARBIE
(smirk)
Perfect. We've got old plans
tonight, don't we babe?

REDMOND
Barbie..

BARBIE
(interrupting)
Relax, cowboy. You don't owe anyone
explanations.
(to Skylar)
Pay attention to all the signs on
your road, sugar. Otherwise you may
get lost in the wind.

Skylar fires back softly.

SKYLAR
I have my Sparkling Slippers... I
can always dance my way to the top.

Barbie's smile drops. She pulls Redmond's arm away. Redmond turns back- a silent apologetic expression on his face. They disappear down the block.

Skylar stands alone on the sidewalk, the dress bag pressed to her chest- a dream in her hands and heartbreak at her feet.

The Silver Light from the boutique window flickers across her, confirming she's still on the right path.

ACT 4, SCENE 7
LIGHTS-MAIN FLOOR- NIGHT

INT: SILVER

Music throbs through the crowded club. The sultry club atmosphere is buzzing with party goers. Skylar steps off the side hallway, dressed for her first set, clutching her stage bag. She's trying to blend in, but she's glowing with the Silver Lights flickering over her.

Redmond is near the bar, clipboard in hand, mid-conversation with security. He notices her instantly. Before Skylar can even greet him.

MICHAEL
(swagger, loud enough for
half the floor)
Well, if it isn't our rising Star.
I heard the news, Doll face.

Skylar pauses. Redmond stiffens.

SKYLAR
(confused)
What news?

Michael grins like a man who knows exactly what he needs is doing.

MICHAEL
Word travels fast in
Manhattan. You're going to the
Spring NYC Gala...
(as if announcing a celebrity)
...as John Marino's guest.

A ripple moves through people nearby – impressed stares, and jealous whispers.

Skylar's cheeks flush in embarrassment. Redmond's grip tightens around his clipboard.

SKYLAR
Michael... I don't need my whole life
narrated to the club?

MICHAEL
Oh relax. Half these performers
wish they were you..
(wink)
(MORE)

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
and half of these suits wish they
were "The Buck."

He smirks and strolls towards the VIP clients. A long,
charged silence lingers between Skylar and Redmond. Redmond
steps closer to Skylar.

REDMOND
(soft, tense)
So it's true then.

SKYLAR
Yes. He invited me.

Redmond looks away for a moment.

REDMOND
John Marino ain't the kind of man
who invites a girl anywhere without
expectin' somethin' in return.

SKYLAR
(defensive)
Maybe he just sees the best in
people. Maybe he wants to help.

REDMOND
Darlin, you ain't charity. Just
watch your cues. Wall Street
characters play a different story.

SKYLAR
Redmond... why does it bother you so
much?

He swallows hard. But he won't go further.

REDMOND
Because it does.

He turns and walks away. Disappears into the lights and crowd
before she can respond. Skylar stands alone-hurt, confused,
and glows with traces of The Silver Lights.

ACT 4, SCENE 8
APARTMENT- MORNING

INT: SKYLAR'S

Soft Manhattan daylight spills through the blinds- a faint golden warmth settling in Skylar's apartment. The city hums softly- taxis, sirens, and chatter.

Skylar sits up slowly, still not fully awake until her eyes land on THE MAISON DE LUMIERE dress bag hanging from her closet door. The bag glows luminously in the morning light like an omen.

She gets out of bed, and her heart is racing with adrenaline.

Her phone BUZZES.

LOLA (TEXT)
Rise and shine, Soleil. Today you
become the girl they write movies
about.

Skylar smiles-nervous and excited.

She moves to her bathroom mirror with a bare morning face. She studies the version of herself in that moment- who survived a broken home, rejection, odd jobs, strip club stages and Silver Lights claiming her.

She rest her hand on the sink.

SKYLAR
(to herself, soft)
Tonight... I step into something new.

She returns to the dress bag - tracing her fingers slowly along the gold lettering:

MAISON DE LUMIÈRE

As she touches it, a faint shimmer of the Silver Light pulses through the fabric-as if the universe is pushing her forward.

Skylar lifts the corner of the bag, her smile trembling with nerves and destiny.

SKYLAR (V.O.)
Some entrances aren't planned. Some
are just written for you... long
before you ever were born.

CUT TO:

A MATCH CUT of the dress bag's shimmer...

Transitions into the glow of the makeup suite in the next scene.

ACT 4, SCENE 9

INT: MAISON DE

LUMIERE- HAIR & MAKE UP SUITE- AFTERNOON

The private suite glows like a star-filled sanctuary – white marble floors, soft floating curtains, crystal chandeliers hanging like frozen moonlight.

The ELEGANT FRENCH STYLIST waits with two assistants behind her, poised and serene.

STYLIST

(smiling)

Bonjour, Mademoiselle Soleil.

Aujourd'hui... you step into your next chapter.

Skylar enters slowly, reverently, as if crossing a sacred threshold.

MONTAGE – THE TRANSFORMATION

1) Silk robes drape over her shoulders, pearl combs glide through her hair, and soft brushes sweep across her skin.

2) Sparkling gems are placed perfectly along her collarbone like stars in the sky.

3) Assistants steam the ivory-white gown. Silver specks catch the light like falling stars.

4) A makeup artist paints her face -soft, glowing, ethereal- a beautiful dream of herself.

5) In the gilded mirror, every glance reveals someone evolving- Not Skylar the dancer, Not Skylar the dreamer, but Skylar Lynn becoming

6) The gown is lifted and gently lowered onto her frame. The pearl-embroidered bustline awakens under the suite's golden light-shimmering like tiny stars.

Skylar steps in front of the full mirror.

Everything stops. Everything becomes still. This isn't the small-town girl who walked in. This is a woman who stepped into the light. The star of her own movie.

The stylist takes the moment all in.

STYLIST (CONT'D)

There she is.

SKYLAR

(quiet)

I feel like.. a Movie Star.

A knock at the door. The assistant peeks in.

ASSISTANT

Mademoiselle... your car has arrived.

Skylar inhales taking it all in. She takes one final look at her reflection – radiant, transformed, and fairy-tale like.

She gathers her breath... and steps toward her destiny.

ACT 4, SCENE 10
LUMIERE

EXT: MAISON DE

Golden hour dusk settles in the boutique block. Skylar steps out of Maison de Lumière- transformed in the ivory-white gown draped over her like a greek goddess in silk. The city wind brushes against her hair, catching the pearls embroidered across her bodice.

A sleek black luxury car waits at the curb - elegant, and ceremonial like the beginning of an entirely new act.

The male CHAUFFEUR (50s, suit and tie) steps out and opens the rear door with a respectful bow.

CHAUFFEUR

Good evening... Soleil. Mr. Marino asked that we bring you directly to the venue whenever you're ready.

Skylar inhales softly, then exhales, studying her own breath-heartbeat, and presence. She is feeling her destiny in that moment. She gathers her bag, her script notebook tucked inside.

She steps into the car.

INT. LUXURY TOWN CAR - CONTINUOUS

The door shuts. Silence.

The city moves outside the window in a golden illusion- the skyscrapers expand upwards like tall angels in the shimmering light. The ride feels like she is almost floating. Her phone buzzes.

JOHN MARINO (TEXT)
 The fairytale begins the moment
 you're on my arm..

Skylar's breath catches. Her fingers hover over the screen as she begins to smile.

The Chauffeur's eyes meet her in the mirror.

CHAUFFEUR
 (first time speaking since
 the drive began)
 You're walking into the big leagues
 tonight, Miss Soleil. Not everyone
 gets an invitation like this.

Skylar turns her gaze to the window, the skyline glowing like a cathedral of glass.

Her hand rests over the front page of her script notebook peeking from her clutch:

CITY OF DREAMS — ACT V: WHERE DREAMS ARE MADE OF

The city lights blink... and the Silver Light that's been following her begins to shimmer across the glass.

MONTAGE - SILVER LIGHTS- SILVER MEMORIES

A sequence of images flicker like film frames across her mind, each one brushed with the same familiar shimmer.

FLASH - INT. SMALL-TOWN - SCHOOL GYM - NIGHT (DANCE RECITAL - 8 YEARS OLD)

Young SKYLAR in a glittering leotard and tiny ballet slippers, center stage under a single silver spotlight. She spins, twirls, and leaps with joy. Her parents watch from the audience, clapping like she just won an Oscar. The Silver Lights appear as a halo above her small figure.

FLASH - EXT. PLAYGROUND OF DREAMS - SUNSET (TEEN YEARS)

Teenage Skylar on the jungle gym of dreams, script pages stuffed in her backpack, hair wild in the wind. She stares out at the sky as the same Silver Lights flicker across the monkey bars, promising more.

FLASH - INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Her reflection in the trophy case, tiny glints of gold catching her eyes as if whispering "you're meant for something bigger."

FLASH - INT. GREETING CARD OFFICE - DAY

Fluorescent lights. Skylar minimizing a resignation email. The Silver Light flickers in the corner of her computer screen like a cursor wanting to hit "send."

FLASH - EXT. TIMES SQUARE - NIGHT

Skylar beneath the glowing billboard, her reflection merging with a movie poster. Lightning freezes her image. A dreamer caught between illusion and faith.

FLASH - INT. SILVER LIGHTS - MAIN STAGE (FIRST DANCE AS SOLEIL)

Her hand on the pole, body moving with the music, the Silver Lights wrapping around her like chosen glowing angel. Redmond watching from the shadows, stunned.

FLASH - INT. SKYLAR'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The eviction notice. Her script on the table. The Silver Light falling across the title page like a blessing instead of a warning.

FLASH - INT. MAISON DE LUMIÈRE - EARLIER

Skylar in the white-ivory gown before the mirror, pearls shimmering like constellations. For the first time, she sees the woman she always dreamed she'd one day become.

The town car glides through traffic, heading straight toward the gala.

BACK TO:

INT. LUXURY TOWN CAR - NIGHT

Skylar presses her hand gently against the car window, watching the skyscrapers shine like constellations she's finally close enough to touch.

SKYLAR (V.O.)

Sometimes the scenes you never
planned... become the ones that
rewrite your whole story.

The car turns the final corner and the Gala lights explode through the windshield, waiting for her like destiny.

ACT 4, SCENE 11
CARPET- NIGHT

EXT: GALA RED

Outside camera flashes explode like silver fireworks across the sky. Reporters shout names, security moves crowds back, and the frame of a Manhattan dream about to come to life.

The luxury town car pulls up slowly to the edge of the red carpet. The world seems to pause- just a breath before the driver steps out- smoothing his jacket with precision. Then opens the door.

Inside, Skylar sits still for a moment, clutching two bags:

- A refined gala clutch

- Her worn street bag - holding her script notebook, her journal, and all the pieces of the girl who fought her way here.

The CHAUFFEUR leans in gently.

CHAUFFEUR

(soft, low)

Madam Soleil...tonight, there must be
no trace of your old story tonight.
Allow me to take your bag and
deliver it to Mr. Marino's
residence. For now... please smile.
And walk as though you are stepping
into a dream.

Skylar hesitates for a second before releasing her bag. The driver takes the bag with a nod of understanding. He steps back.

The door opens wide, revealing a red carpet glowing like a golden river, lined with cameras flashing rapidly like shooting stars.

Skylar inhales deeply.

Her white-ivory gown catches the light - the pearls shimmering like little stars shining across the bodice.

SKYLAR

(quietly to herself)

This is your chance...

Her heels touch the carpet.

A constellation of flashes erupts, swallowing her in light.

Her gown glows – white ivory shimmering like moonlight. The pearls along her bustline sparkle like scattered stars.

Her hair cascades in soft waves, haloing her face in film-star elegance.

Security steps in, parting the crowd for her.

She walks forward – a small-town girl becoming her own legend.

The surrounding voices blur into whispers of admiration:

WOMAN WITH DIAMONDS

Who is she?

WALL STREET GUY

Marino didn't bring a date last year...

SOCIALITE

She looks like someone from a movie. Or a dream.

Cameras continue flashing- fireworks choreographed just for her.

The city glimmers around her, holding its breath.

At the curb, The Chauffeur watches with admiration.

She is no longer a small-town dreamer, but has found the Light.

ACT 4, SCENE 12
CARPET

INT: GALA- RED

A line of silver flashes erupts as Skylar steps deeper into the golden river of the red carpet. The world is vibrating – lights, whispers, glamour-but then...

JOHM MARINO enters the frame.

Black suit razor-sharp, gold cufflinks catching the light, hair perfectly styled – but all of that becomes irrelevant the instant his eyes land on her.

He stops mid-step. His breath catches.

His composure breaks.

JOHN MARINO
 (quiet, stunned)
 My god...

Skylar freezes too. Suddenly aware that she is being seen in a way she's never been seen before.

He steps toward her slowly, being pulled by the magnetic spark of the moment.

Up close, John's stunned expression softens into a kind of reverence.

JOHN MARINO (CONT'D)
 You... don't look like the girl I met
 at the club....You look like
 someone pulled out of a fairytale.

Skylar blushes, looking down at her gown. John gently lifts her chin to look up.

SKYLAR
 Is that a good thing?

John gently lifts her chin so she meets his eyes.

JOHN MARINO
 It's extraordinary.

He leans in slightly, voice lower, more intimate.

JOHN MARINO (CONT'D)
 May I tell you something... Soleil?

Skylar nods.

JOHN
 Back when I was fourteen, I had the
 biggest crush on a movie star. A
 golden-haired legend named Goldie
 Athena. She was magic. She walked
 like she belonged to the light.
 Like the whole world was rooting
 for her.

He studies Skylar's face again this time more fixated than before.

JOHN (CONT'D)
 Tonight... I swear I'm looking at
 her.

Skylar still overwhelmed from the entrance.

SKYLAR
(whispers)
Goldie Athena...

John offers his arm.

JOHN
(smiling)
Yeah. Goldie Athena. Yeah. That's
the name for tonight.

Skylar slides her hand onto his arm. Cameras erupt like fireworks.

Behind them, whispers fill the air.

WALL STREET GUY 1
Who is that?

WOMEN WITH WHITE HAIR
Where did he meet her?

WALL STREET GUY 2
She looks like that actress..

WALL STREET GUY 3
Isn't that the girl Redmond was
with?

YOUNG WOMEN SOCIALITE
I swear she reminds me of a wedding
influencer.

John leads her forward, confident- like he is unveiling a treasure.

They approach a cluster of important people. Standing among them is CLAIRE ROCKFELLER.

CLAIRE ROCKFELLER: New York Heiress and Former Actress.
Caucasian, 50's, blonde or red head. Elegant, refined, and witty. She is New York's top Socialite.

JOHN MARINO
Claire, I'd like you to meet my
date... Goldie Athena.

CLARIE ROCKFELLER
(laughs softly)
A name built for a marquee.

Skylar smiles, eases into the moment.

SKYLAR

Thank you. It's a new one for me.

Claire's eyes reveal she's seen this story far too many times.

CLAIRE

The lights are bright on you
tonight, Goldie. Just remember-
they shine on you until they don't.

Skylar feels Claire's sharp tongue weigh on her. John quickly chimes in.

JOHN

(smooth)

Claire has a unique way of saying
hello.

CLAIRE

(sharp)

Enjoy the evening, Goldie. If you
make a lasting impression then
people will remember you tomorrow.

Claire moves away.

JOHN MARINO

Don't mind her. She is used to
running the show. She thinks she
knows every character in this room.

Skylar exhales, calming herself, reclaiming her poise.
Tonight she is Goldie Athena, and everyone in New York is
watching.

ACT 5, SCENE 1
GRAND FOYER- NIGHT

INT: GALA

A cathedral of chandeliers. Glass archways shimmer like a
dream made from old New York royalty. Guests are dressed in
designer gowns and tuxedos, but all the energy is pushing
toward Skylar and John.

Skylar steps beside him. The faint shimmer of pearls across
her bodice catching every flash of light. Flickers of the
Silver lights are around Skylar's dress.

John gently slows their walk, guiding her aside near a
towering statue with white roses.

JOHN MARINO
(soft)
I want to check something...
(Looking her over)
Yes. I was right.

Skylar tilts her head.

SKYLAR
(unsure)
Right about what?

He steps closer to her.

JOHN MARINO
When you walked into this room..
you'd change the whole temperature
of it....
(eyes light up)
Goldie Athena walks into the light
and suddenly everyone wants to
rewrite their story.

Skylar is overwhelmed as the silver lights flicker on her.

SKYLAR
John... I'm just Skylar.

JOHN MARINO
Tonight, you're whoever destiny
wants you to be.

He offers his arm again. She takes it. The camera pulls back
as they begin moving into the gala floor.

ACROSS THE ROOM

A team of security monitors the entrances.

REDMOND stands among them in a fitted black security jacket,
earpiece in, clipboard in hand. He's scanning guest lists,
giving orders.

Then...he looks up. And his world stops. Across the room,
through the veil of gold light. Skylar appears beside John,
transformed into a "Movie Star". Redmond in complete shock.

ACT 5, SCENE 2
NIGHT

INT: GALA ROOM-

Skylar and John are steps away from the grand archway of the
gala. More whispers spark as they pass:

GUEST 1
Is that John Marino's date?

GUEST 2
Where did he find her?

GUEST 3
She looks like someone the light
invented.

John leans toward Skylar, noticing her nerves.

JOHN MARINO
(soft)
Take a breath, my Goldie. The rest
of the night... we walk together.

Skylar nods and relaxes.

They turn a corner and straight into Redmond's line of
vision. Redmond masks his shock instantly. His eyes show
every feeling of betrayl.

JOHN MARINO (CONT'D)
Good evening. We're looking for the
Marino table.

Redmond's voice comes out low, steady, and rehearsed.

REDMOND
(firm, respectful)
This way, sir.

He steps ahead, guiding them, but his eyes glance once toward
Skylar. A look filled with hurt, pride, and something
unspoken. Skylar sees it.

SKYLAR
(soft)
Redmond...

He doesn't answer. He simply gestures forward.

REDMOND
Your table's waiting.

Skylar lowers her gaze, torn. John gently places his hand
over hers.

JOHN MARINO
Ready?

Skylar forces a smile.

SKYLAR
Yes... I'm ready.

They continue forward, and Redmond stands behind, watching her walk away. Holding everything he has to keep his composure.

ACT 5, SCENE 3
DINNER HALL- NIGHT

INT: GALA-

The symphony music quietly hums in the background. The immaculate fine polished silver plated food and candlelight shines. Servers routinely sweep through marble aisles serving the socialites. Hundreds of guests are seated at circular tables draped in gold linen.

Skylar and John are escorted to the Marino Table, a prime placement near the stage.

EDWARD WALTON: Editor of New York Times and NYC Real Estate Developer: Male, Caucasian, 50's, polished, sharp-suited, a man whose pen can crown or destroy careers. He is charming and sharp.

EDWARD WALTON
(smiling warmly)
John Marino... and this must be your mysterious guest.

JOHN MARINO
Edward Walton, meet—
(faint smile at Skylar)
Goldie Athena.

Edward takes Skylar's hand lightly, studying her with curiosity.

EDWARD WALTON
A pleasure. You have... presence.
(to John)
Where did you find her? Paris?
Milan? A film set?

Skylar forces a polite smile.

Before John can answer, a WOMAN in a diamond collar interrupts.

ELIZABETH WINTERS: NYC Socialite: Female, Caucasian, mid-60s, Refined, Snobby, and articulate.

Leans forward studying Skylar like a project.

ELIZABETH WINTERS

I must say, dear, you
look familiar.

(eyes zooming in)

Are you an actress? An Instagram
model? Or... one of those influencers
my daughter follows?

SKYLAR

(smiling small)

I'm... just Skylar.

ELIZABETH WINTERS

(chuckles)

Oh, darling. No one at this table
is just anything.

(turning to Edward)

Edward, doesn't she look like that
starlet from the Cannes Film
festival last year?

EDWARD WALTON

She reminds me of her charm.

ELIZAETH WINTERS

Hmm. I see it. There's an elegance...
but something inspiring.

(eyes narrowing with
intrigue)

You have a story in you, Miss
Goldie Athena.

Skylar shifts in her seat as she is examined under a
microscope by the table.

JOHN MARINO

(interrupts smoothly)

She's someone I believe the world
is about to discover.

This only sharpens the attention on her. The first
course arrives – caviar on a baguette. Everyone begins eating
except Skylar, who pushes the food around her plate.

ELIZABETH WINTERS watches her closely.

ELIZABETH WINTERS

(tutting kindly)

Nervous? There's nothing to be
nervous about, dear... unless you
feel out of depth.

Skylar nearly chokes on air. John glares at Edward Walton,
but she's unfazed.

EDWARD WALTON

Your not liking the first course
Miss Goldie Athena?

SKYLAR

I've never had caviar before. I'm
just new to all this.

ELIZAETH WINTERS

New is an adventure. Some are ready
to embrace it and others, well..
they hide from it. Tell me Goldie,
what do you hope to become?

Skylar looks quite uncomfortable with the focus on her.

SKYLAR

I'm not sure. I'm just taking it
day by day.

ELIZABETH WINTERS

Well day by day is not how this
city runs. You'll get swept up with
the city's storms if you don't have
a clear direction in sight.

The Silver Lights flicker across the gown. Skylar's cue to
excuse herself.

SKYLAR

Excuse me...I just need a moment.

She stands, and then John reaches for her wrist.

JOHN MARINO

Are you okay? You don't need to
leave.

SKYLAR

I just need some air. I'll be right
back.

She slips away from the table, navigating through the crowds.

ACT 5, SCENE 4
HALLWAY- NIGHT

INT: GALA -

Skylar Steps into the quiet marble hall. The music and the
chatter seem to fade as figure emerges.

Redmond steps closer, concern etched into every line of him.

REDMOND
A hard table?

SKYLAR
Is it that obvious?

REDMOND
Yes. It takes one to know one.
Darlin, we are cut from the same
cloth. Small town values don't soak
up socialite crap.

Skylar's eyes light up and she connects with him. The Silver Light was flickering right in front of them. The same deja vu connection they had at the club is happening again.

SKYLAR
I'm good, cowboy. I just needed a
breath of fresh air.

Redmond looks at her with warmth.

REDMOND
Be careful darlin who you give that
air too.

USHER (O.S)
Seats for the next course.

Redmond steps back, but keeps his eyes steady on Skylar.

REDMOND
Go on. Remember sometimes the
lights need to blind you before
they can bless you.

He turns around. Skylar conflicted heads back to her seat.
She is torn between two worlds.

ACT 5, SCENE 5
GRAND BALLROOM

INT: SPRING GALA-

Skylar slips back into her seat beside John. The tables shimmer under crystal chandeliers, and chatter buzzing around the room as the orchestra quietly hums in the regal background.

John places a hand on her lower back with affection.

JOHN
Everything alright?

Skylar forces a small smile.

SKYLAR

Yeah babe. I just needed a moment.
This is all so new and
overwhelming.

Across the table, Edward Walton, the polished New York Times editor, lifts his glass.

EDWARD

Goldie. We were just discussing
your entrance. Unforgettable.

Skylar nods politely, but her eyes drift to John. Something in his expression looks secretive.

ELIZABETH WINTERS

Of course it was unforgettable.
John always knows how to make a
great impression. He has a way of
introducing his... discoveries.

Skylar looks down at her napkin as she nervously holds to it.
He covers her hand.

JOHN

Ignore her. Some people just don't
know how to give a compliment.

Lights dim, A wave of silence falls over the tables.

The GALA HOST, in a sharp tuxedo steps onto the stage.

GALA HOST

Ladies and gentlemen, tonight, we
celebrate innovation, influence,
and the investors shaping the
city's future. Our next partner is
someone you all know...

Skylar looks to John as he straightens his tie.

GALA HOST (CONT'D)

Please welcome, the John Marino,
Managing Director at Marazano
Capital. Announcing his firm's
newest expansion into media,
entertainment, and emerging
creative talent discovery.

The crowd is in Applause. John stands, nods to the crowd.
Then he sits down. Skylar's smile fades.

SKYLAR
 (softly, to John)
 Media? Talent discovery?

JOHN
 (low voice)
 I was going to tell you. This is
 new. It's good. For both of us.

The stage lights glow brighter — almost too sharp.

GALA HOST
 And tonight...Mr. Marino joins us
 with someone who represents the
 very heart of that initiative. A
 rising star. A face we expect
 you'll be seeing everywhere very
 soon.

Skylar's is in utter shock, realizing what's happening is
 just a second too late.

GALA HOST (CONT'D)
 Goldie Athena.

John Marino's newest creative partner. A spotlight sweeps the
 room and lands...directly on her.

Chatter spreads across the tables.

GUEST 1
 Creative partner?

GUEST 2
 He moved fast on this one...

GUEST 3
 Another Wall Street talent project?

This isn't the fairytale she imagined tonight would be.

SKYLAR
 (whispering to John)
 You didn't tell me I was part of
 this announcement.

JOHN
 (low, sincere)
 I never meant to keep you in the
 dark. I just wanted tonight to lift
 you. Not blindside you. Stay with
 me...Let me earn this moment back.

Skylar voice is quiet, steady, and not angry. She feels hurt.

SKYLAR

(soft)

I just... wish you had told me first.
That's all.

John reaches for her hand.

JOHN MARINO

Let me make the rest of the night
better. Please.

Skylar then places her hand in his. She chooses to forgive for now. As their hands meet the ballroom lights slowly dim. A voice echoes over the intercom speaker.

GALA HOST (O.S)

Ladies and gentlemen...please turn
your attention to the main stage.
Tonight's Spring Gala is honored to
present a special performance by
The New York Ballet Company.

A silent hush ripples across the room. Skylar sits a little straighter as something inside her shifts. John's hand is locked with hers. A single ballerina steps into a spotlight, dressed in white chiffon – almost angelic.

Her first movement is a slow, yet routine. The movements echo Skylar's own journey. A woman dancing between two worlds.

The orchestra rises louder with strings, violins, percussion, and piano chords all playing synergistically.

SKYLAR (V.O.)

Some stories write Acts that end on
a surprise, and other stories write
characters that just rise with
beats.

John still holds Skylar closer. Skylar sees herself in the dancing ballerina.

ACT 5, SCENE 6
BALLROOM

INT: GRAND

The ballerina glides through soft white light. Her chiffon dress floats with each turn, echoing Skylar's own ivory-white gown.

Skylar watches, mesmerized. For a moment, the entire room disappears. It's just the dancer... and her.

JOHN leans closer, his voice warm but steady.

JOHN
(soft, proud)
This is what I always pictured
sharing with someone like you.
Seeing the world the way I do.

Skylar keeps her gaze on the ballerina.

SKYLAR
(quiet)
It's beautiful. I feel lost but
found.

John's hand tightens subtly around hers — a gesture
of possession wrapped in affection.

JOHN
(gentle)
Stay with me, Goldie. I found the
one shining star. I have more
planned for us.

She nods but something shifts as ballerina's performance
mirrors her own life.

Across the room REDMOND watches like a hawk.

A shadow falls over his features as he sees John lean even
closer to Skylar. The ballerina's final moves end the
performance. The audience erupts in applause. Skylar stands
with the crowd clapping.

JOHN (CONT'D)
(leaning in, intimate)
There's someone I want you to meet
after dessert. Someone important.

Skylar's face starts to feel tense as she doesn't know if
it's excitement or warning.

The applause fades. Servers glide between tables with crystal
flutes and gold-rimmed plates.

A USHER leans discreetly toward John.

USHER
Sir, the chairman is ready when you
are.

John nods, never letting go of Skylar's hand.

JOHN
(to Skylar, reassuring)
Trust me. Everything tonight... it's
all for us.

Skylar tries to smile. The Silver Lights glimmer faintly
across her gown.

Redmond still watching from afar.

REDMOND (V.O.)
Sometimes the lights ain't
blessings... Sometimes they blind you
first.

Skylar feels something shift inside her. She squeezes John's
hand anyway.

SKYLAR
(soft, choosing peace)
Okay. Lead the way.

John smiles, and in a triumphant way he rises from the table
with Skylar.

ACT 5, SCENE 7
ROOM-GALA NIGHT

INT: PRIVATE

The Usher guides Skylar and John into a private, candlelit
room.

A beautiful room with crystal water pitchers, floral
bouquets, and gold chandeliers. ELIAS HAWTHORNE Standing with
his back to them, reviewing a leather-bound program

ELIAS HAWTHORNE: Male, Caucasian, 60's, Chairman of Hawthorne
Media Group. Old-money elegance. Immaculately groomed from
head to toe with silver hair. A presence that fills the room
without trying.

He stands to the back of the door reviewing the Gala's
agenda. He turns and his eyes land on Skylar's. He studies
Skylar.

ELIAS
Soleil... or do you prefer Skylar?

SKYLAR
(nervous)
Skylar is fine.

Elias nods.

ELIAS

Of all places, four nights ago you
walked into my club. Silver Lights.
Most gals don't get it, but you
walked in with the light.

Skylar feels uneasy as John moves closer to reassure her he
has her back.

JOHN

Skylar, Elias has an eye for
talent.

ELIAS

Indeed. The best. But what you have
isn't just talent. It's beyond
that. What if it's a sacred gift?
The kind that people study for
years and still can't produce. What
if it's simply a god-lit gift?

He reaches to the side table and picks up a manila envelope –
familiar. Skylar in complete surprise..

He puts down his document and then reaches in a folder for
Skylar's script "City of Dreams."

Skylar's eyes flash to John, then to Elias.

SKYLAR

How did you get that?

ELIAS

Tony sent it to me the moment he
realized you weren't just another
dancer scribbling in a notebook...
but a filmmaker in the making. I
get dozens of scripts a week. It
felt like lightning in my hands.

Skylar's heartbeat begins to race

SKYLAR

But you took my script without
asking me?

ELIAS

(clears his throat)
When your at the top, you don't
need permission, you act.
Permission comes later- on the
dotted line when all pieces fit.

John steps closer to Skylar, placing a calming hand on her back.

JOHN
He's not the enemy, Sky.

ELIAS
This script is a real gem. Uncut.
Pure. Sparkling with visionary
light. You have hands that write
from above.

He sets the script down. He looks directly into her eyes.

ELIAS (CONT'D)
I want to finance it. Push it
further. A Film. A Trilogy. A
franchise. But there is a
condition...

There is a pause and the camera shows Skylar's anticipation.

ELIAS (CONT'D)
Hollywood remembers what shines,
but forgets what blends in. And
Skylar Lynn blends in. Goldie
Athena does not.

SKYLAR
(surprised)
Goldie Athena...Why?

ELIAS
Because legends aren't born.
They're sculpted and chiseled.

John leans in, supportive but with a glimmer of ambition.

JOHN
If you say yes we can rise
together.

Skylar looks between them. The man she's falling for and the man who can change everything in a New York minute. She is taking it all in.

SKYLAR
And what do you get from this,
John?

His body and face tighten up.

JOHN

I get to stand beside an extraordinary woman who's about to set New York on fire. And then maybe if she lets me be part of the next story she writes.

Skylar is flooded with a mix of emotions-overwhelmed, frightened, and excited. Elias watches carefully.

SKYLAR

(softly)

I've dreamed of a moment like this my entire life. I just never imagined it would happen like this.

ELIAS

Think about it carefully. If you're not ready to swing at an opportunity at this level then you will be sidelined forever in this industry.

He closes the script.

ELIAS (CONT'D)

But I promise you, I can spot a flickering star miles away before the world even sees it....

(pausing)

Goldie Athena is the wave of the future. If you want her.

Skylar stands still in complete shock by what she has been offered.

ACT 5, SCENE 8

EXT: GALA BALCONY

Skylar steps outside for a breath. The city glows below like a thousand silver stars. Redmond follows, keeping a careful distance at first. He takes off his earpiece.

REDMOND

You okay, darlin'? Big night for you in there.

Skylar exhales, still processing everything Elias Hawthorne said.

SKYLAR

I don't know. I just feel pulled
between two different worlds.

Redmond steps closer. The softest connection between them.

REDMOND

Then listen to the world that knows
your soul, not the one that wants
to label you, and put you on a
shelf.

She looks at him, emotional but steady.

SKYLAR

You deserve someone who can meet
you in your world...Not someone
halfway in another.

Redmond's heart breaks a bit, but he hides it with a small,
respectful smile.

REDMOND

Then darlin, don't let anyone tell
you who you gotta be. Not me. Not
him. Just don't forget where you
come from. Skylar Lynn.

John appears in the doorway with a strong contrast to
Redmond's cowboy country man appearance. John dressed in a
bespoke sharp suit, ambition glowing around him, but also
softer now.

JOHN

Sky, are you ready?

Skylar hesitates with one last look at Redmond. Redmond nods
once. A blessing. A goodbye that isn't spoken. She takes
John's hand. They go inside together. Skylar has made her
choice to continue the fairytale.

ACT 5, SCENE 9
STEPS- NIGHT

EXT: GALA-FRONT

The gala doors open. A wave of flashbulbs hits them brighter
than before. John moves his hand protectively over hers.

Skylar carries herself differently. Taller. A new star
rising. Across the street—a massive digital billboard flashes
to life. The screen loads...

And it DISPLAYS:

GOLDIE ATHENA
An Upcoming Storyteller. A New York
Original.

"Silver Lights: City of Dreams – In Development"

Skylar stops dead. Her own face—elevated, legendary, glowing ominously over the city.

She turns to John, breath unsteady.

SKYLAR
(soft and shocked)
That's... me?

John smiles, softer than he's ever been.

JOHN
That's who you're becoming.

She looks up again, overwhelmed, but not afraid. The fairytale is no longer something she's stepping into, but it's something she's creating. Behind her, Redmond watches from the gala steps. He sees her shining, sees John holding her hand.

He nods to himself that he must let go. Skylar squeezes John's hand.

SKYLAR
Then let's write the next chapter...

John smiles, impressed, almost in awe. They walk together into the night. The camera moves away from them—focusing on the glowing billboard.

ROLLING CREDITS begin as Golden Gal Records song "I won't Fade" comes on.