

GHOSTFEET

written by

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FADE IN:

INT. A LONDON THEATRE - NIGHT

YOUNG EDWARD stands behind the curtains and waits for them to rise.

He is 10 years old, with slicked-back dark hair, a fancy suit, shiny dancing shoes and round glasses. He's confident and proud and has a million-pound smile.

He fixes his bow tie. He's nervous but excited.

From in front of the curtains, we can hear an audience clapping for the previous act that has just finished.

TITLE CARD: 'LONDON, 1921'

ANNOUNCER

Ladies and Gentlemen, and now the moment you've all been waiting for. Please welcome your favourite newcomer Tap Dancing phenomenon: Edward Kurt Lang Jr.!

The curtains rise. The announcer leaves the stage.

We follow Edward on stage. Against the foot lights, he's just a silhouette.

Edward looks at the audience. The theatre is booked out and the audience applauds. The Foot Lights go out and it remains dark and quiet for a few seconds.

A top spot light turns on and shines down on Edward. He stands still. He takes a deep breath and looks over to the big band, signalling them to start playing.

The saxophone player nods lightly and then hits the first note. The band joins in playing an energetic Charleston Song.

Edward starts to tap his feet light-footed to the rhythm. He smiles broadly.

The band and Edward complete each other's melodies. The audience laughs rapturously.

The faces of the audience are enthusiastic and amazed. They love Edward.

For a moment we get to see THEODORE (~8) and his father (both dressed a little shabby compared to most of the other people), both with equally happy faces. Theodore wears a slightly too big beret cap and pushes it up to uncover his amazed eyes.

Theodore taps his feet, a little out of rhythm.

As the last few notes of the song are played, Edward finishes his performance with an elegant bow.

He looks up and has now turned into a handsome young man (~22).

The audience gives a standing ovation and thunderous applause.

Grown up Theodore is shown, now without his father, still wearing his beret cap and still looking amazed by the performance.

Edward's face is sweaty but happy as he bathes in fame and glory.

DISSOLVE TO

EXT. OUTSIDE THE LONDON THEATRE - DAY

GROWN-UP EDWARD'S happy face is printed on a poster on the wall of the building with a text printed on it, saying: 'In loving memory of tap dancing phenomenon Edward Kurt Lang Jr.'

ADULT EDWARD (23 years old, still wearing round glasses) is now DEAD and a GHOST (slightly translucent, desaturated, and legless. From the waist down ghosts end in smoke and can only float around). There's a shot wound on his chest. He is stuck in the INBETWEEN-WORLD, a place for unsatisfied souls, passionless hearts, and unfulfilled dreams after death.

He looks at the poster with weary and sad eyes.

A few cemetery candles and flowers lie on the floor underneath.

TITLE CARD: 'LONDON, 1935'

Edward watches TWO passing OLD WOMEN stop to look at the poster.

OLD WOMAN 1

Oh, look! So sad. He was murdered a year ago and people still leave him flowers.

OLD WOMAN 2

He was so young, wasn't he? I used to go to his performances all the time with my daughter.

OLD WOMAN 1

Me, too. It's a tragedy. He stopped performing in the last few years. Ever since he married it got quiet around him.

OLD WOMAN 2

His poor widow. What was her name again?

OLD WOMAN 1

Irma. At least her career's doing fine now.

OLD WOMAN 2

She'll be alright. When I was young I was a real head-turner, just like her.

The two women laugh and walk on. Edward looks after them frowning.

EDWARD

If only you knew.

We see the world of the living and the Inbetween-World coexisting. Edward is not the only ghost, but he's alone.

TITLE CARD: 'GHOSTFEET'

Edward leaves and we see adult and alive THEODORE carefully placing flowers under the poster. He's 21 years old, dressed in shabby clothes, and wears a worn-down beret cap. His red hair peeks out from underneath. His eyes are full of hope even though life hasn't been nice to him. The freckles on his face make him look even younger than he is.

Theodore looks sad. He shakes his head in grief and walks on.

INT. CIRQUE FANTÔME - NIGHT

Edward watches the local ghost circus from the last row, far away from the others. In the centre of it, a ghost-woman floats up a high ladder.

A YOUNG BOY with a dog comes up to Edward and sits down next to him. He's about 8 years old and wears very shabby clothes. There are little snowflakes on his eyelashes and his cheeks are frost burnt.

Edward turns away annoyed.

YOUNG BOY

She's about to jump from that platform up there.

The boy points to the pool on the stage excitedly.

Edward doesn't answer. He doesn't want to be here. He hates being stuck in this ghost world and he doesn't want to make friends.

YOUNG BOY (CONT'D)

I've seen you float around London a lot, you know, Sir?

His dog jumps up on the boy's lap and they cuddle. Edward still doesn't answer.

YOUNG BOY (CONT'D)

I always liked that ladie's performances. She seems so happy.

The woman climbs up the ladder. She looks excited to perform.

YOUNG BOY (CONT'D)

Her husband and son died in a terrible accident. And a year after that she took her own life by jumping off a bridge.

DOWN IN THE FIRST ROW SITS A YOUNG GHOST-MAN WITH HIS LITTLE SON. THEY CHEER THE PERFORMING WOMAN ON. IT'S HER FAMILY.

Edward feels terrible due to the woman's horrific fortune. He finally turns to the boy.

EDWARD

And what happened to you?

YOUNG BOY

I froze to death... But now I have
a home and a family.

The two watch the woman jump with a six-time twist dive and two flips. It's a spectacular performance. The ghosts in the front rows give floating ovations and her husband and son float onto the stage to hug and celebrate her.

YOUNG BOY (CONT'D)

Listen! If you want to, I could ask
if there's a free spot for you here
in the circus. A few of our
longtimers have recently
transitioned to Eternity and we
could use some new talents. Is
there anything special you're good
at?

Edward stares down at the applauding ghosts with empty eyes.
The sound of the clapping turns dull.

EDWARD

There was something I was good
at...

Edward stares down at his missing feet.

EXT. STREETS OF LONDON - NIGHT

Edward leaves the centre of London to go to the outskirts. He comes across a cinema and looks up at the display saying:
GRAND OPENING 8 PM - 'THE MANY LIES OF SANDRA SMITH' WITH
RISING STAR IRMA LANG.

For a few seconds, his eyes remain on the display, before turning away with a broken look to his face and floating on.

Edward comes across many lost and sad-looking ghosts, all by themselves. Maybe this is where he belongs. His sadness and loneliness take him further and further. It's getting late and the lights in the houses he passes by turn off.

He stops at a shabby-looking restaurant which is the only still lit-up place around. He looks inside through the glass facade.

A film poster of 'The Many Lies of Sandra Smith' is pinned to the wall. It shows Irma Lang crying, looking up at a light source.

EDWARD

You will always haunt me, won't you? No matter where I go... I thought I was the ghost.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Theodore cleans up the stove top lost in thoughts. He wears his slightly dirty work uniform and looks very tired. He wipes his sweaty forehead.

His boss MR. LEWIS enters the scene. He's big and angry looking.

Theodore jumps out of his skin.

MR. LEWIS

I need you to be here early tomorrow. And on time. I don't want to have to curtail your wage again... or fire you.

Theodore doesn't dare to look up to him. He seems frightened of his boss.

THEODORE

Yes, sir.

MR. LEWIS

And I'll say it again: You need to man up!

THEODORE

Yes, sir.

The boss leaves the restaurant. Theodore's eyes follow him until he can't see him any more and then slides his back down the counter and sighs. His hands are shaky and he takes a deep breath.

EXT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Edward watches Theodore hang up his work uniform and leave the restaurant. He follows him.

EDWARD

Your boss seems like an asshole.

Theodore can't hear him through the dimensions.

THEODORE

Such an asshole.

Theodore starts moving his feet to an inaudible rhythm. First with discernible anger, then more at ease. He looks around. The streets are empty. He grabs the pole of a street lamp and starts tapping his feet and dancing around it unskillfully. He quietly starts singing 'I've got my captain working for me now' by Al Jolson.

THEODORE (CONT'D)

I've got the guy who used to be my
Captain working for me/ He wanted
to work so I made him a clerk in my
father's factory/ And by and by I'm
gonna have him wrapped in work up
to his brow/ I make him open the
office ev'ry morning at eight/ I
come around about four hours late.

Edward watches his dancing with surprise. At first, he's on the brink of laughing about Theodore's missing skills and awkwardness.

Edward joins Theodore at the pole and floats around it to the rhythm of his singing.

Theodore doesn't know Edward is there.

Edward looks down to where his feet used to be and where now there's only smoke. He's reminded he can't dance any more. All he can do is float around. A sad expression takes the place of scorn. He would do anything to have feet again. He's jealous of Theodore, even though he's bad at dancing.

Edward lets go of the pole and watches Theodore move on, still humming the melody and putting a dance move in between his steps every now and then.

EXT/INT. THEODORE'S HOME - NIGHT

Edward follows Theodore as he enters his home. It's a flat on the highest floor of an old and shabby house.

Theodore tiptoes through the dark hallway and peeks through an open door into his mother's bedroom.

ELEONORE is an older, sickly-looking woman.

There's a picture of Theodore's passed away father on the night stand.

Theodore looks at his mother for a few seconds, smiling, but with a hint of concern.

He moves on to his room. Edward keeps following him.

The room is small and the wallpaper peels off in a few corners. There is a small bed, a standing mirror, and a dusty record player. It's obvious - Theodore and his mother live a lower-class life.

Theodore puts his jacket over the bed frame, plunks himself onto the bed, stretches and yawns.

Edward notices the posters on Theodore's wall. A worn down poster of Fred Astaire, one of Ginger Rogers and one of himself with his own signature: 'To Theodore. E.L.Jr'.

He moves closer to it. He remembers the day he signed this.

Edward goes back to this moment.

DISSOLVE TO

EXT. LONDON THEATRE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

It's winter.

Edward is 21 years old, alive and smiling. Camera flashes reflect on his face.

Edward exits the theatre with his wife IRMA on his side. She's slim and classically beautiful with fair skin and dark water waves but there's a shifty look to her. She seems distant and a little drunk. The theatre headline says: 'Merry Christmas with Edward Lang Jr. - World's greatest tap dancer'

Outside the theatre there's a red carpet for them, surrounded by paparazzi and fans calling for Edward. The couple poses for the cameras and Edward moves on to sign some posters.

A REPORTER leans over the barrier and reaches out to Edward with a microphone.

REPORTER

Mr. Lang! BBC News. Tell us about why you started to dance!

EDWARD

It all started with my mum, actually. She bought me tap dancing shoes when I started walking and I refused to wear any other shoes. It came to me pretty naturally.

REPORTER

And what about your father?

EDWARD

Well. He knows a lot of important people in Hollywood and when he set up a dinner to introduce me to his friend Fred Astaire, I completely fell for the idea to be a dancer, too. I think I was 8 years old at the time but I remember it like it was yesterday.

REPORTER

That sounds like a perfect fairytale.

EDWARD

Yes. I consider myself a very lucky man.

Edward puts an arm around Irma and looks at her, deeply in love. She smiles at the reporter.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

Especially now that I have this wonderful woman by my side.

REPORTER

Thank you, Mr. Lang.

The reporter doesn't seem to care about Irma and her smile fades.

We see Theodore behind the barrier, looking at his then healthier-looking mother and his father with hopeful eyes.

THEODORE'S FATHER

Go on, take a chance!

Theodore pushes his way through a few people to the front and reaches out with a pen in his hand.

THEODORE

Mr. Lang! Mr. Lang, I'm your biggest fan! Please, would you sign this for me?

Edward notices him and takes the pen.

EDWARD

I'm glad to, my friend! What's your name?

THEODORE

Theodore.

EDWARD

Theo-dore.

Edward signs the poster: 'To Theodore. E.L.Jr'

In the background, Irma attempts to pose for the cameras by herself, but the paparazzi focus on Edward only. She notices and a sullen look replaces her radiant smile.

THEODORE

I want to be a dancer, too. Just like you. You're my greatest inspiration.

EDWARD

Well then, my friend. Good luck! Keep those feet moving!

Irma moves next to Edward and pulls on his arm.

IRMA

Honey, can we go now, please?

She puts on a fake-looking smile and tugs at his sleeve. Edward hands the pen back to Theodore.

Theodore smiles broadly and his sparkling eyes follow Edward.

DISSOLVE TO

INT. THEODORE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Edward turns around to Theodore on the bed, now sleeping and quietly snoring.

EDWARD

I guess I'm never gonna dance again
and you'll never ever even start.

Edward leans against his poster and closes his eyes.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
(sighing)
We're lost causes, you and I.

EXT. STREETS OF LONDON - DAY

The sun rises.

Theodore is on his way to work. Edward is still by his side. He talks to him, even though he knows Theodore can't hear him.

EDWARD
...and when I met Ginger, Ginger Rogers, she told me she had never seen anyone dance like me before. From that moment on I knew that dancing would be my purpose in life.

Theodore suddenly stops, his eyes pinned to something on an advertising pillar.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
What is it? Did you spot a ghost?

Edward turns to the pillar, too.

Theodore looks at many posters with Edward's face on it and an advert saying: 'Take this once-in-a-lifetime chance! Take part in the competition and win a scholarship to become a professionally trained dancer at the Edward Lang Dance Academy!'

EDWARD (CONT'D)
Wait! They named a Dance Academy after me? Not too bad.

Edward then turns back to Theodore.

Theodore looks like he just had a brilliant idea.

Edward shakes his head.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
You can't be serious.

Theodore's eyes are filled with hope. He looks around - no one's there. He tears off the information off one of the posters with the address and date on it and puts it in his jacket pocket.

The church bell strikes 6 o'clock.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

Oh boy! You're about to get fired.

Theodore wakes up from his little daydream and rushes off.

THEODORE

Shit! I'm gonna be late.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Mr. Lewis prepares food and looks up angrily as Theodore rushes into the restaurant heavily breathing.

THEODORE

I'm so sorry, Mr. Lewis! I didn't mean to be late. I left early enough but-

Theodore hastily puts down his jacket and reaches for his uniform.

Mr. Lewis is faster and pulls it away.

MR. LEWIS

You're fired, boy.

THEODORE

No. Please, sir! I promise I won't be late ever again.

MR. LEWIS

You heard me! I've had enough.

EDWARD

I told you.

MR. LEWIS

Now get out of here!

Theodore grabs his jacket and glares at Mr. Lewis for a moment before turning around and leaving the restaurant.

Edward follows.

EXT. STREETS OF LONDON - DAY

Theodore is on his way back home, wearing his jacket, nervously fiddling around with his fingers, tapping his feet, talking to himself.

Theodore sticks his hands into his jacket pockets. He stops walking, pulls out the strip of paper he tore off from the poster, and looks down on it.

Edward stops floating and looks back at Theodore.

EDWARD

You really can't be serious. Have you seen yourself dance?

THEODORE

It's my only chance.

Theodore looks very determined.

INT. THEODORE'S ROOM - DAY

Theodore's hand leads the needle of his record player onto a vinyl.

It crackles for a few seconds and then starts playing Charleston music.

Edward floats onto Theodore's bed and watches him.

Theodore looks into the mirror and slowly starts dancing awkwardly.

EDWARD

You have to put more hip in there!

INT./EXT. MONTAGE - THEODORE PRACTICES DANCING

A Charleston plays.

-- Streets of London - Theodore dances around a street lamp. Edward laughs at his bad dancing but immediately apologizes.

-- A meadow - Theodore twirls around but stumbles. Edward shakes his head and float-twirls as if Theodore could see him and learn and adapt.

-- Theodore's room - Theodore hopefully looks up at his posters and salutes them. Edward wrinkles his forehead but smiles a little bit.

-- The meadow - Theodore awkwardly tries to dance a Charleston, and Edward sits in a tree watching him.

-- Theodore's home - Theodore sneaks through the hallway and peeks into his mother's room. She's asleep. Theodore smiles sanguinely. He wants to make her proud.

-- Streets of London - Theodore and Edward dance next to each other.

-- Theodore's room - Theodore twirls around without falling and stops in front of his mirror. He smiles at himself. Edward gives him a surprised look. He's seen this kind of passion before - in himself.

DISSOLVE TO

INT. THEODORE'S ROOM - DAY

The record player needle lifts off at the end of the song.

Theodore nervously puts on a bow tie in front of the mirror. He wears an outdated suit. It's the day of the competition.

Edward floats up behind him.

EDWARD

I'm gonna be brutally honest with you now, because you can't hear me anyway. You, my friend, are a terrible dancer. But... it's very entertaining.

Edward smiles at him.

Theodore looks up to the three posters of his dancing idols.

THEODORE

Thank you.

INT. THEODORE'S HOME - DAY

Theodore steps out of his room and attempts to tiptoe out of the apartment but he stops when his mother comes out of her room, inspecting his wardrobe from top to bottom and smiling kindly.

She wears a worn off sleeping gown, has her head up in a bun and looks sickly and weak.

ELEONORE

Look at you, Theo! How handsome you are. My little boy all grown up.

She walks up to Theodore and fixes his bow tie.

THEODORE

Thank you, mum.

ELEONORE

Where are you heading? I thought you lost your job? Are you meeting a girl?

Theodore winds out of his mother's embrace and smiles nervously.

THEODORE

I'm taking part in a competition. If I do well today, that could change everything.

EDWARD

Don't give her high hopes, man without hips!

Theodore kisses his mother on the forehead and leads her hand to her room's doorknob, so she has something to hold on to for balance.

THEODORE

I'm going to make you proud!

He heads down the stairs.

THEODORE (CONT'D)

Wish me luck!

EXT. STREETS OF LONDON - DAY

It's very early in the morning. The sun rises behind London's fog-covered roofs. Theodore rides his bike to the Dance Academy. He's got his old dancing shoes tied around the handlebars.

Edward floats next to him. His spitefulness is gone. He now seriously worries about Theodore.

EDWARD

With a little bit of luck, you won't give your mum a heart attack after you come back home from this and tell her how miserably you've failed. You're going to embarrass yourself - and that's it.

We follow Theodore on his bike as he rides through the streets, greeting a few strangers and enjoying the wind on his face.

Theodore eventually stops in front of the Dance Academy. It's a very large building. Up the stairs a few people wait, chat, and stretch outside. The sun has fully risen.

Theodore gets off his bike and locks it to a tree. He looks nervous and slowly walks up the stairs while in awe of the massive building.

Edward stays behind and looks at the big sign above the entrance saying: 'Edward Lang Jr Dance Academy'.

A foreign ghost enters the scene. It's a teenage girl in a practice ballet dress. She floats up beside him and stares at him for an uncomfortable moment.

TEENAGE GIRL

Wow, it's really you.

Edward turns to her, a little absent-minded.

EDWARD

Yes... yes, it's me.

TEENAGE GIRL

Meeting you has always been a dream of mine. Sadly we meet now, that we can't dance any more.

EDWARD

Thanks for reminding me.

Edward angrily turns away and follows Theodore up the stairs.

The young woman floats after him.

TEENAGE GIRL

No, please wait, sir! I feel like we share a similar fate. If only Eternity hadn't such strict admissions. I imagine it to be a place where-

Edward turns around and interrupts her.

EDWARD

Eternity? That's the second time I hear this word. What does that mean?

TEENAGE GIRL

I can't believe I get to explain Eternity to Edward Lang. Well, it's where you go when you've found peace within yourself and where the soul is finally set free. I'm very far from being at peace. And since you're here, too, I assume you aren't any close either.

Edward crosses his arms in disbelief.

EDWARD

How dare you assuming such a thing about me?

TEENAGE GIRL

I'm dead, Mr. Lang. I got nothing to lose.

EDWARD

Fair enough. What happened to you?

TEENAGE GIRL

I was stabbed. By a jealous girl from my ensemble last summer. She wanted to play Clara Stahlbaum. But I got the part.

The girl turns around and shows Edward a stab wound on her back. She shrugs her shoulders.

Edward seems alarmed. He's reminded of his own death.

The girl looks at Edward's stab wound and points at it.

TEENAGE GIRL (CONT'D)

What about you, sir? Who was it?

Edward struggles with words.

EDWARD

I... you... wouldn't believe me.

He looks after Theodore, who's now up on the stairs.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

I have to go.

TEENAGE GIRL

Well, it was nice meeting you.
Enjoy watching the dancers. I
couldn't do that. Seeing them makes
me sad.

The girl floats away and waves at Edward.

Edward looks after her for a moment and then joins Theodore
in front of the door.

The mumbling of the people around them gets louder.

Theodore is now visibly nervous. He's sweating and his
breathing gets faster. He runs his hands through his hair and
takes a deep, shaky breath before stepping through the
entrance.

INT. EDWARD LANG JR DANCE ACADEMY - DAY

Theodore and Edward find themselves in the big entrance hall.
Edwards spots two film posters of 'The Many Lies of Sandra
Smith' with Irma printed on them.

EDWARD

Enjoying the spotlight, Irma?

It's very loud in the hall. There are a lot of people of all
ages and looks. Some sit in rows of chairs along the walls.
Some practice, stretch, talk and laugh.

A serious-looking DOORMAN next to the entrance, wearing a
suit, pins a piece of paper with a number on it to Theodore's
jacket.

DOORMAN

Your name?

THEODORE

Theodore Oscar Harris, sir.

The doorman adds his name to a list.

DOORMAN
You will be called up.

THEODORE
Thank you, sir.

Theodore wipes his sweaty forehead with the back of his hand and walks into the hall, shyly evading a few dancers doing pirouettes.

He quickly walks up to a chair, sits down, unties his worn down dancing shoes, and nervously looks around the room while putting them on.

Edward follows him and looks him over with concern.

EDWARD
You look a little sick, my friend.

Another dancer, an ELDERLY WOMAN in an excessive golden robe, prances along and looks down on him.

ELDERLY WOMAN
Young man, you look sick. Are you alright?

She hands him a handkerchief.

Theodore looks up and takes it.

THEODORE
Thank you, miss! I'm alright.

He takes a deep breath.

DISSOLVE TO

INT. EDWARD LANG JR DANCE ACADEMY - DAY - MONTAGE

-- The hall gets emptier. More and more people get called up and go into a separate room, where the auditions take place.

-- Theodore watches the other contesters practice and looks worried. Most of them are very good.

-- Theodore nervously taps his feet.

-- Some people come out of the audition room smiling and optimistic, others sad looking. One person is crying and hugging their mother.

-- Theodore gets up on shaky legs and tries to do a little turn, but he slips and catches himself awkwardly before noticing his dizziness. He looks around nervously, hoping nobody saw it.

INT. EDWARD LANG JR DANCE ACADEMY - DAY

ISABELLE steps out of the audition hall. She is 21 years old, has black hair and fair skin. Her similarity to Irma Lang is uncanny. She carries a notepad and looks up from it.

ISABELLE

Number 52.

Theodore is frightened. He gets up on his shaky legs and smoothes out his trousers.

THEODORE

That's... that's me!

EDWARD

Oh no. Your time has come. You can still go home, Theo! Just turn around! We can act like it never happened.

Theodore walks through the remaining crowd towards Isabelle.

THEODORE

(whispering)

Man up!

Isabelle looks Theodore over and smiles at him friendly. She notices his nervousness.

ISABELLE

No need to be nervous-

She looks down at her notepad.

ISABELLE (CONT'D)

-Mr. Harris.

Theodore smiles back and blushes a little. He keeps standing and looking at Isabelle a little too long.

Edward does the same, but with a rather serious look on his face. Isabelle reminds him of his wife Irma.

Isabelle nervously looks away.

JUROR ELIZABETH WALTERS (O.S.)
Isabelle, next one, please!

Isabelle flinches.

ISABELLE
Yes! Yes, of course, Miss Walters.

She leads Theodore through the door.

Edward follows.

ISABELLE (CONT'D)
Good luck, sir!

She then closes the door.

INT. AUDITION HALL - DAY

We follow Theodore in front of the jury table.

Edward stays by the door.

Isabelle walks over to a gramophone on a separate table and takes a seat.

JUROR ELIZABETH WALTERS is an elderly, very elegant-looking lady with white hair and a narrow pair of glasses, far down on her nose. She doesn't move a single face muscle as she looks up to Theodore.

She points to a marking on the floor and Theodore quickly moves up to it.

JUROR ELIZABETH WALTERS
Whenever you're ready, Mr. Harris.

Theodore's heart beats loud and fast. Sweat drips down his face. His view gets slightly blurred and his hands start shaking. His breathing gets faster by the second. He just can't move. Theodore suffers a panic attack.

Edward floats up to him.

EDWARD
Theo, are you alright?

Juror Walters leans over her table and then nervously looks over to Isabelle.

JUROR ELIZABETH WALTERS
Are you okay, boy?

Isabelle gets up and rushes towards Theodore.

He starts hyperventilating.

Isabelle puts an arm around him for support.

THEODORE
(weakly)
I... I am so sorry! May... may I
get some fresh air and... come back
again... later?

He looks up to Juror Walters with watery eyes.

She looks concerned.

THEODORE (CONT'D)
Please!

Juror Walters sits back down and pushed her glasses up her nose.

JUROR ELIZABETH WALTERS
Mr. Harris, if it wasn't for the
fact that we haven't seen a single
promising dancer today to this
point, I would send you home
immediately. This is an exception.
Do not take it for granted! You may
come back later.

She turns to Isabelle.

JUROR ELIZABETH WALTERS (CONT'D)
Isabelle, lead him outside! And
send in the next one!

On the way through the hall, Isabelle calls for number 53, a young boy who gets visibly nervous as he passes Theodore.

Edward follows them.

Isabelle pushes open the entrance door.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE DANCE ACADEMY - DAY

ISABELLE

Have you eaten anything this morning, Mr. Harris?

Isabelle leans Theodore against the banister.

The people on the stairs stare at Theodore, some whisper to each other, which makes his anxiety even worse.

EDWARD

We should leave, Theo. This is no place for us.

THEODORE

(weakly)

I'm... okay, Miss. Thank you!

Theodore drags himself down the stairs. His breathing gets faster again.

Isabelle stays behind.

ISABELLE

Are you sure you don't need any help?

On the last few steps, he turns around to her, trying to smile, and shakes his head. He steps on the pavement backwards, not noticing the MAN ON THE BICYCLE approaching.

ISABELLE (CONT'D)

Look out!

Last second Theodore manages to stumble out of his way.

MAN ON THE BICYCLE

Idiot!

Theodore continues stumbling backward onto the street.

A car approaches.

THEODORE

I'm sor-

Theodore realizes too late.

The car hits him right in the back and he falls, hitting his head on the asphalt.

For a split second, before his eyes fall shut, he sees Edward's ghost hovering above him.

EDWARD
 (distorted)
 Theo!

CUT TO BLACK

EXT. STREET IN FRONT THE DANCE ACADEMY - DAY

Theodore lies on the ground. He doesn't move, he doesn't breathe. His body looks strangely dislocated.

Edward floats next to him, unable to help from the dimension he's in.

The DRIVER exits his car, shocked and desperately looking around, as a crowd forms around the body.

DRIVER
 Oh god! Somebody help! Please! I'm
 so sorry! I didn't see him. I'm so
 sorry!

EDWARD
 Please! Somebody help him!

Isabelle pushes her way through the cluster of people and falls on her knees next to Theodore.

Edward watches in disbelief as a ghostly smoke exits Theodore's skin. A foggy, slightly translucent and desaturated copy of Theodore with a pointy end instead of legs, slowly floating up.

Theodore's ghost opens his eyes.

Edward looks up at him.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
 Theo!

Theodore stares down at his body on the ground, then looks at his hands, then looks to Edward.

THEODORE
 What...?

The two watch Isabelle roll up her sleeves.

Isabelle listens for Theodore's breath. She shakes her head and starts performing CPR on him.

Edward floats up to Theodore and reaches out for him.

He backs away.

THEODORE (CONT'D)
What is happening to me? Who are you?

EDWARD
I think you might be dead.

THEODORE
Dead? No! I can't be. I was just-

He takes a closer look at Edward.

THEODORE (CONT'D)
Wait! Why do you look like Edward Lang?

EDWARD
I am Edward Lang.

THEODORE
That's impossi-

Isabelle pushes down on Theodore's chest and for a brief moment, Theodore's ghost gets pulled towards his body by an invisible force.

Theodore and Edward look at each other.

THEODORE (CONT'D)
Isabelle, do that again!

EDWARD
I'm afraid, she can't hear you.

Isabelle ventilates Theodore.

Again, Theodore gets pulled closer to the ground.

He touches his ghostly lips.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
I have an idea.

Edward rushes to Theodore, puts his hands on his shoulders, and starts pushing him towards his body.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
Let's get you back to life.

Theodore reaches out for his body as Isabelle continues performing CPR on him.

A sudden, final pull drags the two towards Theodore's body.

FADE TO WHITE

EXT. - STREET IN FRONT THE DANCE ACADEMY - DAY

The distorted mumbling of the crowd slowly gets louder and clearer.

Isabelle lets go of Theodore and stares at him with a relieved look on her face.

Theodore opens his eyes and lifts his hand to rub the back of his head. There's blood on his hand.

Edward is nowhere to be seen.

Isabelle helps him sit up.

THEODORE

What happened?

ISABELLE

You were hit by a car, Mr. Harris.
It's a miracle you're alive.

The driver falls on his knees next to Theodore.

DRIVER

Thank god, you're alive, sir! I
can't tell you how sorry I am. I...
I didn't see you.

ISABELLE

Somebody call an ambulance already!

Isabelle and the driver help Theodore to his feet.

THEODORE

No! No need to.

DRIVER

How do you feel, sir?

ISABELLE

Any pain?

Theodore finds his balance and frees himself. He looks around.

THEODORE
I feel... strange.

DRIVER
Strange?

ISABELLE
A concussion maybe!

She reaches for Theodore's arm to support him, but he takes a step back.

THEODORE
No. Strangely... good!

Theodore looks down to his feet and wiggles them.

THEODORE (CONT'D)
Amazing actually.

The crowd whispers in delight. Some people clap.

Theodore turns to Isabelle.

THEODORE (CONT'D)
Thank you, Miss, for saving me!

She looks at him with big, disbelieving eyes.

ISABELLE
My pleasure.

Theodore takes a few steps through the crowd.

ISABELLE (CONT'D)
Where are you going, sir?

THEODORE
I just came back from the dead. I
really feel like dancing now.

He continues walking towards the stairs.

Isabelle looks after him, shaking her head in disbelief.

INT. ACADEMY BATHROOM - DAY

Theodore hastily closes the bathroom door behind him and takes a deep breath. The toilet doors are open - he's by himself.

He walks up to the sinks and looks at himself in the mirror suspiciously, touches his face carefully. Something has changed. Something is new about his appearance. But he cannot make out what it is.

He touches the wound at the back of his head, but there is no blood. And there is no wound any more.

Theodore washes the remaining blood off his face and looks up again.

EDWARD

Hello?

Edward's words echo in Theodore's head and he winces.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

Can you hear me?

Again, the voice seems to be right inside Theodore's head.

Theodore looks around in panic.

THEODORE

Where are you? Who are you?

Theodore slowly turns to the mirror. But sees only himself.

Theodore holds onto the sink.

THEODORE (CONT'D)

Why are you inside my head?

He stares into the mirror. Smoke starts exiting his skin.

THEODORE (CONT'D)

What the-

Theodore watches frightened as the smoke detaches from his body and starts taking the shape of Edward's ghostly upper body which is connected to his own chest by a thread of smoke. He turns his head to him and screams. He stumbles backward and falls to the ground.

THEODORE (CONT'D)

Are you... real? Am I dead?

EDWARD

I am real and you are very much alive.

THEODORE

You are Edward Lang!

Edward nods.

THEODORE (CONT'D)

What the hell is happening?

EDWARD

I don't know. When I tried to help you back into your body I must have somehow gotten stuck to your ghost. I didn't mean for this to happen.

Theodore gets up on his feet again.

THEODORE

Well, you have to get out again!

Edward looks at him with pity.

EDWARD

I'm afraid, I'm not sure if that's a good idea, Theo. When I entered your body, there was something... wrong with it.

THEODORE

Wrong? But I feel fine. There's nothing wrong with it. Do you mean my head? It's nothing! It doesn't even hurt.

EDWARD

No. There was something wrong with your legs. They felt numb. I think I somehow took control over them.

THEODORE

What are you talking about? Leave my body! Now!

Edward closes his eyes and concentrates. His ghostly figure slowly detaches completely and disappears before Theodore's eyes.

All of a sudden his legs collapse like those of an abandoned puppet and he hits his head on the sink.

Theodore tries to use his legs, but he can't.

THEODORE (CONT'D)
No! No, no, no, no! This can't be.

He tries to pull himself up by the sink, but his arms are too weak.

THEODORE (CONT'D)
No, this isn't real.

He looks around in panic and despair. He can't see Edward any more.

THEODORE (CONT'D)
Come back! Please! I beg you!

EDWARD
I'm here, Theo.

Theodore slowly stands up.

THEODORE
This is a nightmare. What am I gonna do now?

He leans on the sink and watches Edward detach himself halfway again.

EDWARD
I'm so sorry about your legs.

He slowly starts walking around the bathroom, gets a little faster, and then starts hopping and turning.

He stops and looks at Edward.

THEODORE
So this is all you?

Edward nods.

Theodore seems to have an idea.

THEODORE (CONT'D)
So... I can't move my legs without you?

Edward shakes his head.

THEODORE (CONT'D)
And... you are Edward Lang. THE Edward Lang.

EDWARD
Yes.

THEODORE
World's greatest tap dancer of all
time.

EDWARD
I was, yes.

THEODORE
Do you think you could make my legs
dance?

Edward stares at him.

EDWARD
I... I could try.

INT. EDWARD LANG JR DANCE ACADEMY - DAY

Theodore leaves the bathroom and fixes his shirt and jacket as he walks through the hallway, back to the waiting area. It's emptier than before, but still crowded enough for Theodore to feel everybodys' eyes on him. People whisper to each other.

The room gets quiet as Theodore walks in and takes a seat. Sweat drips down his forehead and he looks around nervously.

THEODORE
I'm good!... I'm good.

He stiffly smiles at the people around him and then sinks his head in shame.

THEODORE (CONT'D)
(whispering with closed
teeth)
I don't think I can do this. I'd
rather die.

EDWARD
You should watch your choice of
words, my friend.

THEODORE
I'm so sorry! I just really don't
think I belong here.

EDWARD
Let me help you! It can only get
better.

THEODORE
You saw my audition?

EDWARD
Ugh... yes.

THEODORE
Oh no.

Theodore burries his head in his hands.

The big door of the audition room opens and Isabelle steps out with a board in her hands. She looks down at it and then up again, into the remaining crowd of waiting people.

ISABELLE
Number 52. Theodore Harris.

Theodore flinches in his chair and looks up. He swallows and whipes his sweaty hands on his trousers.

He gets up and slowly walks towards Isabelle.

EDWARD
Your heart is so loud, I hope I'll
be able to hear the music.

Theodore stops infront of Isabelle.

She kindly smiles at him.

ISABELLE
Glad to see you're doing well, Mr.
Harris. You really scared us
earlier.

Theodore smiles back awkwardly.

EDWARD
Say something?

THEODORE
Uhm... Yes.

Isabelle leads Theodore into the audition hall.

EDWARD
You tried.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. EDWARD LANG JR DANCE ACADEMY - DAY

Isabelle takes a seat next to the record player.

Juror Walters sits at her long table and takes notes.

Isabelle points to a marking on the floor and Theodore moves up to it.

Juror Walters looks up.

JUROR ELIZABETH WALTERS
You caused quite a stir. Good to
see you back up on your two feet,
Mr. Harris.

Theodore nods and smiles anxiously.

JUROR ELIZABETH WALTERS (CONT'D)
So. Whenever you're ready.

Theodore just stands there. Seconds pass.

EDWARD
You need to give them a sign, Theo!
The music!

Theodore flinches, turns around to Isabelle and nods.

Juror Walters writes something down, shaking her head slightly.

Isabelle puts the needle on the vinyl and a Charleston begins to play.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
Just relax everything. Let me do
the work.

One foot starts moving. Then the other. Theodore's arms begin to move to the beat. A twist, a turn.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
You need to put on a smile! Do you
want to win this or not?

Theodore puts on a shaky, awkward smile. His face is sweaty. But he's not alone any more.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
Uhm, okay. Maybe don't smile!

As the beat gets faster, so do Theodore's movements. The more he moves, the better he gets, until Edward fully returns to his element and lets Theodore glide and float over the floor in pure grace and elegance.

They finish the performance with Edward's typical elegant bow.

Theodore looks up to Juror Walters.

Isabelle looks at him in surprise, then looks over to Juror Walters expectantly.

Juror Walters slowly looks up from her notes and pushes her glasses up her nose.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

Well... I might be a bit rusty. I haven't moved any legs in a while.

JUROR ELIZABETH WALTERS

Mr. Harris.

THEODORE

Yes, Ma'am.

JUROR ELIZABETH WALTERS

That was absolutely-

ISABELLE

Wonderful!

Theodore and Juror Walters turn to Isabelle.

ISABELLE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, Mrs. Walters.

JUROR ELIZABETH WALTERS

No. You are right.

Juror Walters smiles at Theodore.

EDWARD

I still got it, I guess.

JUROR ELIZABETH WALTERS

I am beyond happy I gave you a second chance, young man. I didn't expect you back. Isabelle told me about that little accident.

Theodore casts a glance at Isabelle. She smiles back lightly.

JUROR ELIZABETH WALTERS (CONT'D)
You turned out to be a real
surprise. And your style... it
seems unusually familiar to me. Who
taught you?

THEODORE
I... I went to see Edward Lang a
lot when I was younger.

Juror Walters walks up to Theodore and shakes his hand.

JUROR ELIZABETH WALTERS
I saw that. We will get in contact
with you, Mr. Harris.

She smiles at him.

EXT. STREETS OF LONDON - SUNSET

Theodore pushes his bike home.

Edward is detached halfway. The people passing by can't see
him.

THEODORE
So... you've been with me all this
time?

EDWARD
Yes.

THEODORE
That's kind of... strange.

EDWARD
I know. I'm sorry. It just kind of
happened.

THEODORE
Well, I'm not mad about it. Who can
claim to be haunted and possessed
by the ghost of Edward Lang?

The two walk on silently for a bit.

THEODORE (CONT'D)
I don't mean to be nosy, Mr. Lang-

EDWARD
Edward. Please.

THEODORE

Edward. The whole world wonders...
how did you die?

Edward stops moving Theodore's legs. Theodore looks at his feet, then at Edward with an apologetic expression.

THEODORE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry! Did I go too far?

Edward moves on.

EDWARD

No... no, it's fine. It's just hard
to talk about it. I was shot as you
can see.

He points at his shot wound.

THEODORE

Yes.

EDWARD

It was... Irma.

THEODORE

Your wife?

EDWARD

My ex-wife. Death did us part.
Luckily.

THEODORE

But... how come she's a famous film
star now and not behind some iron
bars? And she's having all these
interviews, telling everyone how
much she mourns you.

The two come across some more film posters of 'The Many Lies
of Sandra Smith'.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. IN FRONT OF A DANCE STUDIO - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Irma looks up into the light of a street lamp, crying.

It's night. It's raining.

EDWARD (V.O.)

She must have gotten rid of any
evidence. She left me bleeding to
death in front of the dance studio.

Edward lies on the ground in the rain in front of a dance studio. Blood pours from a shot wound in his chest and he's breathing heavily.

Irma looks down on him. She's clearly drunk, with an insane look to her face and dark circles under her deep-set eyes.

The gun dangles off her right hand.

Irma and Edward look at each other for a moment before Edward takes his last breath and rises from his human body as a ghost in the Inbetween-World.

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

The next thing I remember is being
a ghost without feet, stuck in a
strange dimension without any
purpose or hope.

Irma falls on her knees next to Edward's body, letting her hands flutter over his body as if searching for a sign of life.

She gets up, looks around panicky, and runs from the crime scene.

Edward's ghost looks after her.

Sadness reflects in his eyes.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STREETS OF LONDON - SUNSET

Theodore and Edward stop in front of Theodore's home.

THEODORE

The many lies of Irma Lang.

EDWARD

Ironic, isn't it?

THEODORE

I'm so sorry, Edward. It was like the world suddenly stopped turning when we heard the news of your death. Mine sure did.

EDWARD

So did mine. Irma's started spinning faster.

THEODORE

But why would she kill you?

EDWARD

She had a serious drinking problem and we fought a lot. I tried everything to make her happy. She always said that she came from a family with high expectations. She wanted to be in movies like I was. I knew all these famous people and I always introduced her and always put in a good word but nobody would hire her.

THEODORE

So it was an act of envy?

EDWARD

It might have been. In the very end, I couldn't recognize her any more. She longed for fame so much, it destroyed her. I think she wanted to show her family that she could be... someone. She never introduced me to them.

THEODORE

Does anyone know she killed you?

EDWARD

You do now.

THEODORE

Do you want me to tell anyone? I could go to the police and put an end to this.

EDWARD

An end to what? I am dead. This is the end. And you have no evidence. They would think you're insane.

THEODORE

Right. But there's got to be a way-

EDWARD

Let's just go inside, Theodore.
You've been through a lot today. I
can tell your body's tired. We've
got a lot to process, you and I.

Theodore yawns.

THEODORE

You're right.

INT. THEODORE'S HOME - NIGHT

Edward and Theodore sneak through the hallway.

The lights are on in Eleonore's room, the door is slightly
opened.

Theodore peeks into the room.

His mother sits in a rocking chair, holding a knitting set in
her hands. She looks up to him.

Theodore walks in.

ELEONORE

Theo!

THEODORE

Hey, mum. How are you? Why are you
still up? It's late.

ELEONORE

Oh, is it? I missed you. Where were
you?

THEODORE

I told you this morning, mum. I
participated in a competition.

Eleonore looks at him questioning, but then smiles.

ELEONORE

Right. Of course. Good for you,
son.

Theodore helps her on her weak feet.

THEODORE
Let's put you to bed.

He helps her lie down on her bed, puts the blanket over her and gives her a kiss on the forehead.

THEODORE (CONT'D)
Sleep well, mum!

He dims the lights.

INT. THEODORE'S ROOM - NIGHT

The moon lightly shines through the roof window.

Theodore lies in his bed and looks up to it.

Edward's upper body floats next to him, still connected to Theodore's chest.

EDWARD
Is something wrong with your mum?

THEODORE
She suffers dementia. Some days are good, others are very bad. The bad ones have been predominating lately.

EDWARD
I'm sorry.

A Beat.

THEODORE
When I go to sleep, where will you be?

EDWARD
Roaming London, as I always do, I guess. Maybe stopping at the Cirque Fantôme. I haven't slept since the day I died. But sometimes I wish I could escape into a dream. Any dream. Nothing could be worse than this.

THEODORE
When I watched my father die, I hoped he would go to a nice place.

EDWARD

Maybe he is in a nice place. There
is a place beyond my dimension.
Ghosts call it Eternity.

THEODORE

How does one get there?

EDWARD

You have to be at peace with
yourself.

Theodore smiles tiredly.

THEODORE

Then father might be there.

EDWARD

Yes.

THEODORE

Will... you be here when I wake up
tomorrow?

EDWARD

Count on me, Theodore Harris! You
gave me legs to dance. I owe you.

Edward detaches himself from Theodore and disappears before
his eyes.

Theodore turns to the side and closes his eyes.

CROSSFADE TO:

INT./EXT. THEODORE'S ROOM/THEODORE'S HOME - DAY

The doorbell rings.

Isabelle waits in front of Theodore's house.

Theodore opens his eyes.

ELEONORE (O.S.)

THEO!

THEODORE

COMING!

Theodore tries to get up but he can't use his legs. He falls out of the bed on the ground.

THEODORE (CONT'D)

OUCH!

He looks around panicky and pushes himself up on his arms.

THEODORE (CONT'D)

EDWARD!... EDWARD!... EDWARD, ARE YOU HERE?

It's completely quiet for a few seconds. Tears well up in Theodore's eyes.

EDWARD

I'm here.

Edward voice echoes in Theodore's head.

Theodore exhales heavily.

THEODORE

You... scared me to death.

EDWARD

Don't jinx it, Theo!

Outside, Isabelle rings the doorbell once more.

ELEONORE (O.S.)

THEODORE!

Edward gets Theodore on his feet.

THEODORE

ON MY WAY, MUM!

He rushes through the hallway and down the stairs.

He opens the door.

Isabelle turns around to him and smiles.

ISABELLE

Oh, Mr. Harris. You're home. I was about to leave. I'm glad to meet you. I came to deliver a message.

Theodore smiles back and nervously plays around with a curl of his hair.

THEODORE

Yes, ... I'm here, Miss-

ISABELLE
Menteur.

THEODORE
Menteur.

EDWARD
MENTEUR?

Theodore flinches.

ISABELLE
But you can call me Isabelle.

EDWARD
That was Irma's surname before she
took mine.

THEODORE
SHH!

ISABELLE
I'm sorry?

THEODORE
Shhhh... shockingly beautiful
morning, isn't it?

EDWARD
They must be related! I always
thought she looked like Irma.

ISABELLE
I guess so.

EDWARD
Would you mind asking her if-

THEODORE
Isabelle, your surname... are you
in any way related to-

ISABELLE
Irma Lang?

Theodore nods.

Isabelle's smile disappears.

ISABELLE (CONT'D)
I get that question all the time.
Yes, I am her sister. I prefer not
to talk about her.

EDWARD

Her sister... I didn't even know she had a sister.

THEODORE

I'm sorry. I didn't mean to be nosy.

ISABELLE

It's fine.

THEODORE

So... you came to deliver a message?

ISABELLE

Oh, right!

Isabelle pulls a letter out of her bag and hands it to Theodore.

ISABELLE (CONT'D)

It's from Juror Walters.

Theodore holds it in his hands for a moment, his eyes fixed on Isabelle.

EDWARD

Well then, open it!

ISABELLE

Don't you want to open it?

Theodore opens the envelope with shaking fingers and pulls out the letter. He carefully unfolds the paper.

Edward detaches halfway.

EDWARD

Dear Mr. Harris. Congratulations! We are pleased to inform you that you have proven your skills and won the scholarship at the Edward Lang Dance Academy. You will become a professionally trained dancer. If you remain proficient, we promise a-

THEODORE

(whispering)
Bright future.

EDWARD

We're looking forward to working with you. Kind regards, Juror Elizabeth Walters... We did it, my friend.

Theodore looks up to Isabelle and smiles.

She smiles back.

ISABELLE

Is it good news?

THEODORE

The best. We won.

ISABELLE

We, sir?

THEODORE

I mean... I won. Of course.

He laughs it off.

THEODORE (CONT'D)

We... my feet and I.

Edward taps them playfully.

Isabelle laughs.

ISABELLE

I knew you'd win.

She shyly strokes a strand of hair behind her ear and smiles.

Theodore looks at her.

For a moment nobody talks.

EDWARD

Ugh, would you stop staring like a creep? She's a Menteur. I know these flirts. We can't trust her.

Theodore grits his teeth.

ISABELLE

I better go now. Training lessons are from 8 to 3. I'll see you there... tomorrow?

THEODORE

Tomorrow.

Theodore watches Isabelle leave and goes back inside.

EDWARD

You should stay away from that
Menteur girl.

THEODORE

Don't worry, Edward. I've never
been a ladie's man.

Theodore closes the door behind them.

INT. THEODORE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Eleonore sits at the kitchen table.

Theodore does the dishes.

ELEONORE

You make me very happy, Theo. I
didn't know you're a dancer.

THEODORE

Yes, you do. Do you remember how
dad used to go to the theatre with
me each year for my birthday? I
always knew I wanted to dance.

ELEONORE

Yes... right.

Theodore turns around to look at her.

THEODORE

You do remember, don't you?

Eleonore smiles. But it doesn't reach her eyes.

Theodore sits down at the table next to her and holds her
hand.

THEODORE (CONT'D)

Everything's gonna be alright, mum.
I promise.

INT. THEODORE'S KITCHEN - LATER

Theo still sits at the table lost in thoughts, his head is resting on his hands.

Eleonore has left the room.

Edward detaches halfway.

EDWARD

You take good care of your mother.

THEODORE

Do you think so? I'm worried I'm not doing enough.

Theodore seems distant.

EDWARD

You're doing your best... I wish I could see my parents.

THEODORE

They're not in London?

EDWARD

They're in Hollywood. They're film producers. Irma's with them.

THEODORE

Can't you pay them a visit?

EDWARD

No. I tried to leave London many times. But I can't. For some reason... Where you die, you stay. It's like a rule of death.

THEODORE

I'm sorry.

Theodore buries his face in his hands.

EDWARD

Are you alright?

THEODORE

I'm not sure.

EDWARD

What's wrong?

THEODORE

It's nothing... I'm just... scared.
Confused. Overwhelmed.

EDWARD

Why?

THEODORE

Why? Look at us! This is...
madness. You're a ghost from
another dimension. My legs are
paralysed without you. How... how
are we gonna move on, Edward? Will
you stay with me until I die?

EDWARD

Let's take it slow.

THEODORE

You say that so easily... and don't
take it personally... but you have
nothing to lose. My life depends on
this. Not only mine, but my
mother's, too. This is not a game.

EDWARD

I actually took that a little bit
personally... And I have no answers
to these questions. But i have
never heard of a connection such as
ours. I don't believe in fate,
Theodore. But this... this is
special. And I think we will just
have to see where it takes us.

Theodore and Edward look at each other.

INT. AUDITION HALL - DAY

Isabelle sits by the record player. A Charleston plays and
she lightly sways along, watching Theodore perform.

Theodore tap dances to the rhythm, but his face looks
strained.

EDWARD

Jesus, Theo! At least try to smile!
I'm giving it my all in here and
you're ruining the picture.

Theodore puts on a stiff smile.

Juror Walters signals Isabelle to stop the music and gets up from her table.

Theodore and Edward stop dancing.

JUROR ELIZABETH WALTERS
 Alright, Mr. Harris. Thank you.
 So... let's say everything was
 perfect from the shoulders
 downwards. You need to work on
 your... aura a little bit.

THEODORE
 Yes, Juror Walters.

Theodore quickly looks over to Isabelle who smiles at him uplifting.

JUROR ELIZABETH WALTERS
 Let's try that again!

She snaps her fingers, Isabelle leads the needle of the record player onto the vinyl. The music starts again.

Edward starts leading Theodore's feet and spins around.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT/EXT. MONTAGE - EDWARD AND THEODORE PRACTICE DANCING

A Charleston plays.

-- It's dark outside the windows of the audition hall. Theodore's feet spin around and he tries to put on a convincing smile. Juror Walters nods approvingly. "You can do better than that", she says and Theodore nods ambitiously.

-- It's dawn in the streets of London. Isabelle walks Theodore home. Theodore picks a daisy from a garden and hands it to Isabelle.

-- Theodore jumps out of bed. He washes his face in the bathroom sink. Edward (halfway detached) teaches him a show smile in the mirror and Theodore tries to imitate it.

-- Juror Walters claps to the rhythm, watching Theodore perform with a concentrated nod. Theodore stops and wipes his exhausted face with his sleeves. Juror Walters signals him to smile.

-- Theodore and Edward return home late. Eleonore sits at the kitchen table, looking sickly and weak with a bowl of untouched soup in front of her. Theodore strokes her head, kisses her on the cheek and looks at her worriedly. "Sorry, I'm late again", he whispers.

-- It's daytime in the audition hall. Theodore spins around multiple times, stops and smiles like Edward taught him to. Juror Walters and Isabelle celebrate him with applause.

-- A stage in a London theatre. Theodore smiles broadly as Edward moves his legs to a quick Charleston song a big band plays in the corner of the stage. A spotlight shines down on Theodore. He finishes his performance with Edward's typical elegant bow and then looks up to the applauding audience in front of him. The theatre is almost booked-out. Theodore's eyes and teeth sparkle in the dim light as he breathes heavily.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. A LONDON CEMETERY - DAY

It's winter and raining.

Theodore's smile has disappeared. His eyes are wet. A tear rolls down his cheek. He holds a black umbrella and watches as his mother's coffin is lowered into the ground slowly.

Next to his mother grave there's his father's one, with a gravestone saying: 'Oscar William Harris - beloved father and husband'

There's no one else. Theodore was her only family.

EXT. A LONDON CEMETERY - LATER

Theodore sits on a park bench in the rain with a view on his parent's graves. He doesn't move, he just looks at the small bouquet of flowers he's left where his mother is buried. His expression is empty.

Edward detaches halfway and Theodore looks at him, watches how the rain falls right through Edward's ghostly body.

Edward looks back at him with a deeply sad face.

EDWARD

I'm so sorry, Theo.

Theodore looks back at the grave, visibly trying to hold back more tears.

THEODORE
I don't feel like talking.

EDWARD
You don't need to talk. I just want you to know that I'm here for you... always.

THEODORE
Thank you, Ed.

For a moment it's quiet.

EDWARD
Death is not the end.

Theodore looks up at Edward with watery eyes and reaches out his arms, trying to embrace him, but his arms pass right through him. Theodore lets them linger where they fell.

THEODORE
Did you see her anywhere?

Edward looks around for a moment. A few ghosts float around the cemetery.

EDWARD
I think she's gone to Eternity. She's free now. She's lived a happy life, Theo. You were there for her.

Theodore pulls his eyebrows together.

THEODORE
Not in the end, Ed. Not when she needed me most.

EDWARD
You made her happy by being happy.

Theodore wipes his eyes and gives Edward a weak and shaky smile. But it's a real, honest one.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
And wherever she is now... Whatever Eternity is... she would want you to continue to be happy.

THEODORE
I don't know how.

EDWARD

I know. For now... give yourself
time to grieve.

They remain silent for a few moments.

THEODORE

(whispering)

You won't leave me, will you?

Edward shakes his head and fully returns to Theodore's body.

CROSSFADE TO:

INT. A LONDON THEATRE - NIGHT

TITLE CARD: 'FOUR MONTHS LATER'

Theodore and Edward come backstage after a show. The applause
still goes on from in front of the curtains.

Theodore sits down in front of a mirror and dabs the sweat
off his face. He seems distant.

Edward detaches halfway.

EDWARD

Hey, Theo. We did well today, don't
you think? The smile was missing,
but I don't think the audience
noticed.

THEODORE

(slightly bitter)

Yes. Everything was perfect from
the shoulders downwards.

EDWARD

Hey, that's not fair. I said nobody
seemed to notice it. In the end you
get the applause. Nobody knows I'm
there.

THEODORE

Are you blaming me?

EDWARD

What? No, I'm not blaming you.

THEODORE

We both agreed to this. I give you my legs, you give me your skills.

EDWARD

I never denied that, Theo.

THEODORE

No... you just wish you'd have all to yourself. It's not like you had all of this your whole life.

EDWARD

UNTIL IT WAS CRUELLY TAKEN FROM ME BY MY OWN WIFE, YOU DAMN FOOL!

Isabelle comes around the corner.

ISABELLE

Hi Theo... Did I interrupt you at something?

Theodore watches in the mirror as Edward fades back into his body.

THEODORE

No... No, I was just... fooling around.

Isabelle smiles and sits down next to him.

THEODORE (CONT'D)

What are you doing here? Were you in the audience?

Isabelle nods. She's seemingly nervous.

ISABELLE

You were fantastic as always.

Theodore smiles.

THEODORE

Well, thank you. I didn't feel so fantastic today.

ISABELLE

That wasn't noticeable. You really are a professional by now.

Theodore turns to the mirror again.

THEODORE

Thank you.

ISABELLE
Uhm... Actually, I came to ask you something.

Theodore grabs a comb and brushes his hair.

THEODORE
What is it?

ISABELLE
Are you free?... I mean now? To have dinner?

Theodore stops brushing and turns to Isabelle with a slightly puzzled expression.

THEODORE
You mean with me?

Isabelle laughs.

ISABELLE
Of course with you.

THEODORE
Yes, I'd love to.

Isabelle smiles and gets up.

ISABELLE
Okay, let's go then.

THEODORE
Sure, I-

He tries to stand up. But Edward blocks his legs.

Theodore looks down on them baffled.

THEODORE (CONT'D)
I... I...

He smiles at Isabelle nervously.

THEODORE (CONT'D)
Uhm... would you mind waiting outside? I need to take these stage clothes off.

Isabelle gives him a confused look but then nods friendly and leaves.

Theodore looks after her to make he's alone with Edward and then looks back at the mirror.

THEODORE (CONT'D)
 Okay, what was that?

Edward appears next to Theodore.

EDWARD
 She's a Menteur.

THEODORE
 (angrily)
 So?

EDWARD
 Will you just trust me for once?

THEODORE
 Just because she's your maniac ex-
 wife's sister, doesn't mean she's
 just like her.

EDWARD
 But-

THEODORE
 You can control my legs, Edward.
 But you can't control my life.

EDWARD
 Theo...

THEODORE
 Just let me go out with her...
 Please. I'm not very lucky when it
 comes to these things.

For a moment they just look at each other, as if both are
 trying to convince the other of their opinion.

Then Edward returns to Theodore's body and lets him stand up.

EDWARD
 Enjoy the dinner.

Theodore smiles at himself in the mirror.

EXT. MONTAGE - THEODORE AND ISABELLE DATE

Charleston Music plays.

-- There's a thunderstorm outside the theatre. Theodore now
 wears a more casual suit and meets Isabelle outside.

A few people are waiting with her, asking Theodore for autographs. He signs them happily. Isabelle hooks her arm around his and the two walk on through the streets of London.

-- The two sit at a dinner table in a restaurant, joking around, laughing, having a great time together.

-- Irma hands him a little gift wrapped box. He opens it. It's a camera.

-- They walk through the night, playfully dancing around street lights. Isabelle performs a very impressive tap dancing choreography and Theodore joins her.

-- They stop in front of a dance bar and Isabelle pulls Theodore inside. The two slowly and closely dance together.

-- Isabelle says goodbye to Theodore in front of his house. She kisses him on the cheek and Theodore closes the door behind him baffled.

INT. THEODORE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Theodore lies in his bed, smiling, unable to sleep from the overwhelming feeling of being smitten with Isabelle.

He sighs.

Edward detaches halfway and floats up to the window to look at the lightning over London's roofs.

THEODORE

Thank you for letting me dance with her.

EDWARD

She actually did seem quite nice. I admit it. And she wasn't anything like Irma.

THEODORE

I think she's the nicest person I ever met. And the funniest.

EDWARD

I'm sorry I doubted your knowledge of human nature. Maybe there's a reason Irma never told me about her sister.

THEODORE

What do you mean?

EDWARD

I'm not sure. Isabelle is an incredibly talented dancer. She works with Juror Walters who's a famous dance coach. I know what talent looks like. If she wanted to, I'm sure she could dance on stages all over the world and... have fame. That's all Irma ever wanted. Maybe she's jealous of her. Maybe she was scared to have to share the spotlight.

THEODORE

And without you, Irma wouldn't even have any spotlight.

EDWARD

Mh.

Edward stares at the thunderstorm, lost in thought.

A lightning strikes in the distance and lights up their faces.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. A CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Camera flashes reflect in Theodore's face. He looks overwhelmed, a little uncomfortable.

He sits at a table. Next to him on each side Isabelle and Juror Walters.

The room is full of reporters, some taking pictures, some waving their hands to ask questions.

JUROR ELIZABETH WALTERS

Next question, please!

Juror Walters points at a REPORTER in the middle of the room, energetically waving his hand.

REPORTER 1

Mr. Harris, what does it mean to you to be called the next international Tap Dancing phenomenon?

THEODORE

Well, I... uhm... it's a nice compliment.

He puts on a shy smile.

Walters points at another reporter.

REPORTER 2

Newspapers around the globe are calling you "the next Edward Lang - but better". What is it like to be welcomed so warmly into the show business?

EDWARD

(angrily)

Warmly? That's offensive.

THEODORE

It's... rather offensive.

The room goes quiet for a split second before the mumbling starts again.

REPORTER 2

What's offensive about it, Mr. Harris?

EDWARD

(angrily)

How would you be better than me? That's ridiculous.

Theodore looks around nervously, looking for words.

Juror Walters looks at him in disbelief.

THEODORE

Who... who would be better than Edward Lang? He's a legend.

REPORTER 2

You, sir. According to quite a few significant names in the industry. What do you say to that?

EDWARD
 (angrily)
 What names exactly? Ask them!

THEODORE
 I-

JUROR ELIZABETH WALTERS
 Mr. Harris is just a little
 nervous. I think that's enough for
 today. Thank you for coming,
 everyone.

Theodore mouths a "thank you" to Juror Walters as the three of them get up and leave the room under more camera flashes and mumbling.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE THE CONFERENCE ROOM/BATHROOM - DAY

Theodore, Isabelle and Juror Walters walk down the hallway.

JUROR ELIZABETH WALTERS
 Were you alright in there, Mr.
 Harris? We need to work on your
 expression urgently.

THEODORE
 Will you give me a moment? I need
 to use the bathroom.

ISABELLE
 We'll wait in the academy.

Isabelle softly pushes Juror Walters onward and gives Theodore an uplifting smile.

Theodore looks after them for a moment and then enters the bathroom.

He leans on the sink and watches Edward detach halfway.

Edward is visibly angry.

EDWARD
 How dare they?

THEODORE
 Ed, I-

EDWARD

"The next Edward Lang". Like I'm replaceable. Like there's no legacy to my name whatsoever.

THEODORE

Ed, we both know the truth. Of course you're not replaceable. But you said it yourself. We can't tell anyone. This is our life now.

EDWARD

Don't tell me anything about our life, Theodore! This is YOUR life. I'm just a lost... imprint of energy. I'm dead. Nobody cares about me.

THEODORE

I care about you.

EDWARD

Yes. Because you depend on me. None of this would have ever happened to you without me. But still you get all the attention... and love.

THEODORE

Now you're being unfair.

EDWARD

Unfair? You think I'm being unfair? How many times do you need to hear the story of how my own wife murdered me and how everything I ever cared about was taken from me in a second?

THEODORE

You're not the centre of the universe, Edward. Everyone has to carry their burden.

Edward gives Theodore an incredibly angry look.

EDWARD

You know, I could just leave you here to rot, do you?

Theo stares at Edward, visibly shocked by his words.

THEODORE

You said... you'd never leave me.

They look each other in the eyes through the mirror until Edward lowers his eyes in shame.

THEODORE (CONT'D)
Edward... please! Don't leave!

Edward returns to Theodore's body without another word.

INT. THE DANCE ACADEMY - DAY

Isabelle and Juror Walters sit at a table, organising the vinyl collection.

JUROR ELIZABETH WALTERS
Isabelle, put the Savoy Havana Band on top, please.

ISABELLE
Yes, of course...

Isabelle carefully stacks the vinyls.

ISABELLE (CONT'D)
Mrs. Walters?

JUROR ELIZABETH WALTERS
Yes?

ISABELLE
When do you plan on telling Theodore about the job?

JUROR ELIZABETH WALTERS
Right when he-

Theodore walks into the room.

JUROR ELIZABETH WALTERS (CONT'D)
-returns.

THEODORE
Did I miss anything?

ISABELLE
We've got big news for you.

Isabelle's face doesn't fit her words. She doesn't look too happy about it.

Theodore takes a seat at the table.

THEODORE
Good ones I hope?

JUROR ELIZABETH WALTERS
The best, Mr. Harris. Isabelle, why
don't you tell him?

Isabelle hesitates.

THEODORE
What is it?

ISABELLE
Well, Theo... you've probably seen
the posters of 'The Many Lies of
Sandra Smith' everywhere in town?

INT. IRMA MENTEUR'S DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

Irma stands in front of a mirror, looking at her face from all angles. She wears a deep red, pompous night gown. The lighting makes her look strange, old and tired.

INTERCUT DANCE ACADEMY/IRMA

THEODORE
Uhm... yes, they're everywhere.

ISABELLE
You've been invited to meet...

EDWARD
Oh no. Don't say it.

Irma turns away from the mirror, grabs a glass of red wine from a table and picks up the newspaper next to it.

ISABELLE
...Irma Lang. In Los Angeles.

JUROR ELIZABETH WALTERS
Hollywood is calling.

Irma's newspaper shows a picture of Theodore with the caption 'Did the world find the next Edward Lang?'.

A tear rolls down Irma's face. She wipes it away and make-up comes off. She goes back to the mirror and puts on a smile. It's wooden. It doesn't reach her eyes.

Juror Walters smiles at Theodore proudly.

Irma looks at him with concern.

EDWARD

Oh shit. There's no way.

THEODORE

Wh... What? Why?

IRMA

(to her reflection)

It's nice to meet you, Mr. Harris.

JUROR ELIZABETH WALTERS

The news spread quickly, Mr. Harris. When Mrs. Lang heard of your enormous talent and people comparing you to her husband, she immediately got in touch with the company.

THEODORE

But... why?

IRMA

I've heard so much of your talent.

JUROR ELIZABETH WALTERS

Oh, Mr. Harris, it's time to become aware of your gift! She's working on a big picture with her parents in law. And they want you to star alongside Mrs. Lang.

IRMA

Welcome...

EDWARD

(whispering)

What?

IRMA

... to Hollywood!

Irma takes a big sip of wine.

Theodore doesn't say anything. He stares at the table.

Isabelle reaches out for his hand.

ISABELLE

Are you okay?

JUROR ELIZABETH WALTERS
I know that's big news, Mr. Harris.
You might want to let it set and
give me a final answer by tomorrow.

THEODORE
Yes... Of course.

JUROR ELIZABETH WALTERS
But this is a once in a life time
chance.

Theo takes Isabelle's hand.

THEODORE
Isabelle, will you walk me home?

She nods.

JUROR ELIZABETH WALTERS
Don't let me down, Mr. Harris!

She smiles and waves as the two get up and leave.

Irma leaves the dressing room.

EXT. BY THE RIVER THAMES - DAY

Isabelle and Theodore sit on a park bench.

ISABELLE
So... what are you gonna do?

THEODORE
I don't know... It's not up to me
to decide.

ISABELLE
Oh, Juror Walters can't make you
go. But you just might want to
consider taking this... once in a
lifetime opportunity.

She doesn't sound too convincing.

Theodore turns to her.

THEODORE
What's the relationship between you
and your sister, Isabelle?

ISABELLE

I told you I'd rather not talk about Irma.

THEODORE

But you seem unhappy about my invitation to Hollywood.

Isabelle turns to him and grabs his hands.

ISABELLE

First, I don't want you to go because I'll miss you. And secondly... I don't want you to meet Irma. She's not a good person.

EDWARD

Damn right.

THEODORE

What did she do?

ISABELLE

She terrorized me all my childhood. She always wanted to be better than me, aim higher than me. She was always envious. When you grow up being told that you're worthless and talentless by a person you love and admire, ... it breaks you.

THEODORE

She told you that?

ISABELLE

No... my mother told her. I was the talented sibling. I got all the support, all the words of love. Irma didn't get any of that. She couldn't dance, she couldn't sing. She wanted to be an actress but instead, our parents sent me to dancing classes. Irma turned... bitter and manipulative over time. Fame and glory was all she desired. And ever since Mr. Lang died... she disappeared from my life completely. Theo, I don't blame her. She doesn't know any better.

A beat.

THEODORE

Sounds like a tough childhood.

ISABELLE

For her, yes. We were quite poor, you know? My parents put all the money into my education. They left Irma behind as soon as I had spun my first pirouette. It took me a long time to understand that she's only a product of my mother's behaviour and her morbid compulsion to have perfect daughters. When I realized that, it was already too late. We never talked or saw each other again. It's the one thing in life I regret. I love her very much. There's nothing quite like a sister's bond. No matter what comes between them.

THEODORE

It's not your fault, Isabelle.

ISABELLE

It's not hers either.

Isabelle puts her head on Theodore's shoulder and he hesitantly and gently kisses her hair.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BY THE RIVER THAMES - LATER

Isabelle has left.

Theodore sits on the bench by himself.

THEODORE

So... what are we gonna do?

Edward takes a moment to speak.

EDWARD

I don't have all the answers, Theo.

THEODORE

But we have to make this decision together. This is more about you than it is about me.

EDWARD

How so?

THEODORE
I am just your host.

EDWARD
You're my friend, too.

THEODORE
You haven't been treating me like a
friend lately.

Edward doesn't speak.

THEODORE (CONT'D)
Listen... if we go to Hollywood,
we're going to meet your parents.
You said you haven't seen them for
years.

EDWARD
Yes.

THEODORE
But we're also going to meet Irma.
We're going to be stuck there with
her, dancing with her, acting with
her.

EDWARD
Maybe.

THEODORE
Maybe?

EDWARD
Nobody said we have to agree to any
contracts.

THEODORE
Right... But it's still Irma.

EDWARD
This is not about her. I'd die a
second time to see my parents
again, Theo.

Theodore nods understandingly.

THEODORE
We're in this together.

CROSSFADE TO:

EXT. SHIP - DAY

A giant passenger ship approaches the harbour.

Theodore and Edward lean over the railing.

Edward excitedly points at the city sky line in the distance.

Theodore snaps a picture with his camera.

EXT. HARBOUR - DAY

The sun is shining, blue skies, not one cloud in the sky.

Theodore and Edward get off the ship.

The harbour is busy and loud, but there's a big, black limousine waiting for Theodore.

A tall, serious looking man, the DRIVER, stands next to it and opens the passenger's door as Theodore approaches.

THEODORE

Thank you, sir.

The driver takes his luggage and puts it in the back of the car.

Theodore gets in the back seat.

INT. LIMOUSINE - DAY

As the driver manoeuvres the limousine through Los Angeles, Theodore stares outside the car window in awe and Edward explains the sights to him while watching the ghosts passing in his dimension.

Theodore snaps more pictures through the car window.

The city is big and intimidating.

EXT/INT. THE LANG STUDIOS/CONFERENCE HALL - DAY

So is the Lang Studios building. It casts a big shadow over the street.

Theodore gets out of the car.

THEODORE

Whoa!

EDWARD

Wait and see. It's even bigger on the inside.

The driver leads Theodore through the massive entrance.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

I used to act like these halls were haunted as a kid. Now they are... and I'm the ghost.

Theodore looks around. The foyer is marbled white with the highest ceilings he's ever seen and a double stair case. A big sparkly chandelier hangs from the ceiling. Their steps echo.

This place is the opposite of the tiny shabby flat he's lived in all his life.

THEODORE

(whispering)

I've never seen a place like this. I only ever dreamed of it.

DRIVER

Come now, Mr. Harris. Mrs. Lang will meet you later in the conference hall.

EDWARD

Which Mrs. Lang?

THEODORE

Which Mrs. Lang, sir?

DRIVER

Mrs. Irma Lang of course. That's why you're here, isn't it?

Edward sighs.

THEODORE

(whispering)

It will be alright.

Theodore follows the driver up the stairs and into another big, bright room with a long table and many chairs. One wall is entirely mirrored.

DRIVER

Take a seat! Mrs. Lang will join you soon.

THEODORE

Thank you.

Theodore sits down opposite the mirror wall and watches Edward detach halfway.

Theodore takes a picture of their reflection.

THEODORE (CONT'D)

This is a beautiful place.

EDWARD

It holds a lot of memories. We came to this house all the time whenever I was filming or performing in LA as a child. This was like our second home. But now that I'm here again, it's so different. It seems cold to me. It's like Irma hides in every corner and behind every wall.

IRMA (O.S.)

It's nice to meet you, Mr. Harris! I've been looking forward to this moment.

Theodore turns around, startled.

Isabelle stands in the doorway, smiling.

EDWARD

(whispering)

Irma!

THEODORE

Mrs. Lang!

Theodore gets up.

Irma walks towards him. She looks tired. The wooden smile doesn't reach her eyes.

She reaches out her hand with the sparkling diamond wedding ring on her finger.

Theodore nervously takes her hand and shakes it.

EDWARD

Snake! I wish I could rip that ring off her finger.

Sweat drips down Theodore's forehead as the two take a seat opposite each other and he wipes it away.

IRMA

Absolutely no need to be nervous, Mr. Harris. No one is going to bite you.

EDWARD

But shoot you, maybe. I can smell the booze in her breath from my dimension.

IRMA

I was nervous when I started in the business, too. It's quite overwhelming.

THEODORE

Yes. Quite so.

IRMA

But there's something that connects us. We're both here because of the same person, aren't we?

Theodore swallows.

THEODORE

How so?

Irma leans over the table.

From this distance Theodore notices the lines and dark circles around her eyes and the attempt to cover them up with lots of makeup.

IRMA

When I heard that there's a young man in London who dances just like my beloved Eddie...

She puts a hand on her heart and sighs.

IRMA (CONT'D)

... I knew it was a sign. I needed to make sure we meet.

EDWARD

(angrily)
"Beloved Eddie?"

THEODORE

Well... I'm here.

IRMA

And we're utterly happy about it. The Lang family would love to work with you on our upcoming project, a major motion picture. Written and directed by Mr. Lang Senior and me.

An OLDER MAN enters the room. It's ANDREW LANG, Edward's father. He's tall and lanky, like Edward used to be, with full, white hair. He looks very elegant and kind.

EDWARD

(whispering)

Dad!

ANDREW

Irma, my dear.

IRMA

Andrew.

Irma gets up and hugs him. He kisses her on the cheek. Then Andrew turns to Theodore and they shake hands.

ANDREW

Mr. Harris, it's an honour to meet you.

THEODORE

Likewise, sir.

ANDREW

We really hope we can convince you to work with us. We've been looking for the perfect main actor for quite a while now.

THEODORE

Oh... I... don't know if I could-

IRMA

It's a very special story. The story of my love with Edward.

EDWARD

This has to be a joke.

Theodore stares at the two opposite him.

IRMA

A tragic drama. But with a lot of dancing involved of course.

EDWARD

Ask her if she's going to tell the whole story!

IRMA

And of course we took some artistic freedom while writing.

EDWARD

HA!

Theodore gets noticeably more nervous.

Irma gets up.

IRMA

Now if you'll excuse me. Mr. Lang will stay with you and explain everything.

Edward looks after her with suspicious eyes as she leaves the room.

EDWARD

Theo, stay calm! I'll leave you for a moment.

Theodore tries not to show any emotion in front of Andrew.

Edward leaves Theodore's body and floats after Irma.

Theo looks after him anxiously.

INT. THE LANG STUDIOS - DAY

Irma walks down a long hallway until she finally walks through a door and closes it behind her. A key is turned from the inside.

Edward follows her. He comes across a ghost with in a little storage corner, wearing a maiden dress.

It's an OLD LADY.

OLD LADY GHOST

Oh, what a miracle. Edward! Is that you?

EDWARD

Mrs. Brown?

The lady nods friendly and Edward leans in for a hug.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
But... you're dead!

MRS. BROWN
So are you.

They laugh.

EDWARD
But... did you die here? While
cleaning up?

She nods again.

MRS. BROWN
I always knew I'd be here for the
rest of my life. And I've always
been okay with that. You know I
love your family, Eddie. I never
had one myself.

EDWARD
You've always been a part of our
family, Emma!

EMMA
Not any more. Not since Irma joined
it.

EDWARD
She didn't. Not really.

EMMA
To be honest with you, it's like
she took it over. Made it hers
where it has always been yours and
yours alone.

EDWARD
She was the one who killed me.

Emma stares at him, shaking her head in disbelief.

EMMA
Then she's even worse than I
thought she was. I've seen her at
her worst in the last few months.
Most days she spends in this room
right there. Nobody goes in there.
Nobody dares to ask questions.

She points at the door where Irma had vanished.

EMMA (CONT'D)

She just sits there and drinks and sniffs white powder up her nose. She cries a lot. And then she covers it all up, puts on a smile. It's always the same.

EDWARD

Do my parents know about this?

EMMA

I think everybody here does. But everyone simply started to... accept it. She's traumatized and desperate.

EDWARD

She suffers?

Emma nods and shrugs her shoulders.

EMMA

As much as I dislike her, now even more than ever, I can't help myself but feel sorry for her in a way.

Edward looks to the ground, his eyebrows tense.

EDWARD

Why would you feel sorry for her? She killed me!

EMMA

We are still talking about the woman you decided to marry. Because you loved her.

Edward closes his eyes in pain.

EDWARD

But that's not her. There's nothing left of that woman.

EMMA

But the memories!

Edward looks at her again.

EDWARD

They're being overshadowed.

He floats on, closer towards the door.

EMMA

If I were you, Eddie, I wouldn't go
in there.

He hesitates, but then floats through it.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. IRMA'S ROOM - DAY

The room is a mess. The curtains are closed and dust is illuminated by a fine strip of light shining through a gap. There are empty bottles of alcohol scattered all over the floor.

Irma lies on a couch with an half-empty bottle of red wine in her hand, cocaine dusted around her nostrils. She's not asleep, but motionless, with swollen and red eyes. Tears have left behind streaks in her makeup.

Edwards stays by the door for a moment, unsure about his emotions seeing Irma like this.

EDWARD

I've seen you drunk many, many
times.

He comes closer to her, stops right before the couch and reaches out a hand towards hers.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

But never like this.

His hand passes right through hers.

A ghostly tear rolls down Edwards face.

Irma props herself up and takes a big gulp of wine before wiping her nose with her arm and getting on her feet.

She walks over to a makeup table and pushes a few whisky glasses off it as she takes a seat. A picture of Edward's and her wedding lies on the table with a broken frame.

She stares at herself in the mirror.

Edward floats behind her and looks at their reflections.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
 (getting angry)
 Why did you do it?

Irma takes a powder puff and starts covering up the streaks.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
 (angrily)
 Why did you have to kill me?

Irma gives herself a cold smile in the mirror.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
 (calmer again)
 I loved you.

INT. CONFERENCE HALL - DAY

Andrew, still sitting opposite Theodore, claps his hands together excitedly.

ANDREW
 So. That's basically all I can tell you about the project for now. I'll leave you a copy of the script to read. "Love without limits", starring Irma Lang and Theodore Harris. What a headline.

Theodore is visibly drained by now and tries to put on a convincing smile.

ANDREW (CONT'D)
 We want you to take your time to think about our offer, Theodore. But i can only speak for the entire crew when i say that you are the perfect cast and it would be a massive loss to not have you on board.

THEODORE
 I promise, I'll think about it.

ANDREW
 Great. Now, dinner's being served in the dining room soon. We'd love you to join us.

He gets up and walks to the door.

Theodore wiggles around in his chair, unable to use his legs.

THEODORE

I... I'll be right behind you, sir.
It's just...

He looks around in panic for a solution. He grabs the camera and shows it to Andrew.

THEODORE (CONT'D)

It's just that I love this room's architecture. I'd love to take a few pictures as long as the light shines in.

Andrew laughs.

ANDREW

Of course, Theodore. We'll be waiting for you downstairs. Just follow the delicious smell of pasta.

Andrew leaves the room and Theodore slumps down in his chair with a sigh.

THEODORE

(whispering)
What a nightmare.

EDWARD

I'm about to tell you a truly horrific story, my friend.

His voice echoes in Theodore's head and he jumps out of his skin.

INT. HOTELROOM - NIGHT

Theodore unpacks his suitcase.

Edwards upper body floats next to him.

THEODORE

So... she truly mourns you?

EDWARD

No. I don't think she cares. She's always been an addict. It just got a lot worse.

THEODORE

You don't think it's because she might be missing you and regretting her crime?

EDWARD

If she ever cared about me she shouldn't have killed me, don't you think?

THEODORE

I don't think it was her real self that killed you.

EDWARD

What?

THEODORE

The booze and the drugs... her sad childhood without any love and attention... failing to prove her worth over and over again...

EDWARD

Is that supposed to be an excuse?

THEODORE

No. Of course not, Edward. I just think that... it is really hard to find justice in this case. We can't undo what's happened.

EDWARD

Which side are you on?

THEODORE

I don't really get to choose that, do I?

Edward ignores him.

EDWARD

I know how to get my justice. I have a plan. And I'll need you for it.

Theodore looks to Edward with a concerned look on his face.

There's something about Edward's expression that makes him look sinister.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

Take your camera with you tomorrow.

INT. CONFERENCE HALL - DAY

Theodore puts down the screenplay. He sits at the long table again.

THEODORE

I could never play you... play
Irma's lover. Isn't it strange that
your parents are okay with this?

EDWARD

I don't think they are. It's all
Irma brainwashing them into
thinking this is a good idea.

A beat.

THEODORE

Do you still want to do this plan?

Edward makes him stand up.

EDWARD

Grab your camera!

Theodore takes his camera and lets Edward lead the way out of the conference hall.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE THE CONFERENCE ROOM/IRMA'S ROOM - DAY

Theodore sneaks through the hallway, towards Irma's room.

THEODORE

(whispering)

What exactly are we doing, Ed?

EDWARD

Wait and see!

Theodore leans his head against the door.

THEODORE

(whispering)

I can't hear anything.

Edward detaches halfway and passes through the door with his head.

EDWARD

She's here. Oh, this is going to be fantastic.

He returns to Theodore.

THEODORE

Who's here?

EDWARD

Is the camera ready?

Theodore nods. He holds it up to his chest, the finger on the trigger, the other hand on the doorknob.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

On the count of three I will open the door and pull the trigger.

THEODORE

You will-

EDWARD

Three... Two... One!

Edward uses Theodore's body to rip open the door. A camera flash lightens the room and Irma, lying half on the couch, half on the floor with vomit all over her nightgown, the key in her hand.

As the flash disappears she flinches and wakes up, looking around frightened. She notices the key in her hand.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

She was too drugged to even lock the door.

THEODORE

What did you do?

EDWARD

We'll expose her to the world.
We'll show everyone who she really is.

Irma desperately leans on the sofa and tries to get up.

THEODORE

No. I won't do that.

He walks towards Irma, who keeps falling to her knees.

IRMA

N... no! Please!

Tears run down her face.

EDWARD
I thought we were in this together?

THEODORE
(loudly)
I don't want to do this, Edward!

It's entirely quiet for a moment.

Theodore and Irma stare at each other motionless.

IRMA
Ed... Edward?

THEODORE
No. No no no no.

IRMA
You just said "Edward".

Theodore shakes his head.

THEODORE
I didn't.

He puts the camera on the ground.

THEODORE (CONT'D)
I want to help you.

Theodore reaches out to her, but he's too far away to help and Edward doesn't let him move his feet.

EDWARD
No.

THEODORE
Let me help!

Irma finally gets on her feet and finds her balance.

EDWARD
Take the camera or I'll do it for you!

THEODORE
Do that one more time and you've overstayed your welcome.

IRMA
What?

She carefully moves towards Theodore.

IRMA (CONT'D)

That picture you just took... I'm begging you... don't show it to anyone! I can buy it. I have money- I'll do whatever it takes.

She stumbles forward and holds on to Theodore's sleeve weakly.

THEODORE

You would do whatever it takes.

Irma nods, crying.

THEODORE (CONT'D)

That's why you killed Edward.

EDWARD

What are you doing?

Irma stares into Theodore's eyes.

IRMA

I... How...?

THEODORE

You had to do it to get what you wanted. To get fame and fortune. Because just being married to him didn't give you any of that. Was it worth it?

Irma bursts into tears.

IRMA

I didn't mean to do it. The second I did it, I regretted it. I... I love him. So much. If I could have him back...

Theodore holds on to her.

EDWARD

What would you do?

Edward's words suddenly don't echo in Theodore's head any more. They speak through him with Edward's voice.

Theodore's face turns blank.

Edward has taken control of his whole body.

IRMA

What...?

EDWARD

What would you do? If you could
have me back?

IRMA

Edward?

She reaches out a hand to his cheek.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT./EXT. FLASHBACK - IRMA AND EDWARD GET TO KNOW EACH OTHER

Edward's and Irma's story is played out before their eyes as she touches Theodore's face.

-- A restaurant in the streets of Paris. A young and handsome Edward sits at a table with his parents. Irma works there as a waitress and serves them their food. Edward looks up to her, mesmerized by her beauty, and they smile at each other.

-- Edward writes down his postal address on a napkin and hands it to Irma as he leaves. Irma looks at it blushing and tucks it to her apron. She looks after him.

-- The two write each other love letters from Paris to London, from Paris to Los Angeles.

-- Irma picks Edward up at the Paris airport.

-- Edward and Irma dance together closely in a star lit summer night in Paris.

-- Edward proposes to her under the Eiffel Tower and she accepts.

-- They get married in a chapel in London. Only Edward's family is there.

-- A gunshot.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. IRMA'S ROOM - DAY

IRMA

It's... it's really you!

EDWARD

Answer me! What would you do if you could have me back?

A beat.

IRMA

(sobbing)

I'd... tell you how sorry I am and... that I'm dying of remorse, every day... That I'd rather be dead to be with you... I'm so sorry.

Theodore's empty eyed face remains still.

EDWARD

(bitterly)

Then why did you do it?

IRMA

I... I wasn't myself. I'm... not myself. I was blinded.

Beat.

EDWARD

It is scary... what people do for attention and applause. You are... corroded by envy and obsessed with glory... And just as you decided about my death, i can now decide about your life. I could crush it all in a fraction of a moment. Like a bullet that pierces a heart. Tell me,... how does it feel?

Irma just stares at him, motionless, scared.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

(softer)

You took everything from me... Your fame in exchange for my everything. Isn't that a fair trade?

Irma's face is distorted with pain.

ANDREW (O.S.)

What is going on here?

Edward's father and MOTHER enter the scene with alarmed expressions.

Edward spins Theodore's body around and lets go of Irma, who falls to the floor.

EDWARD

Mom!

The two rush past Theodore and help up Irma.

EDWARD'S MOTHER RUTH LANG

What did you do to her?

EDWARD

I...

RUTH

(to Irma)

Are you alright, my dear?

IRMA

It's Edward! It's him, it's Edward.
In there.

Irma points at Theodore.

Andrew and Ruth stare at him, then back at Irma.

ANDREW

(to Ruth)

She's drugged again.

They help her walk past Theodore into the hallway.

Andrew turns to him.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

You better leave now!

EDWARD

Why would you help her?

Ruth freezes.

RUTH

What?

EDWARD

Why would you help her?

She recognizes his voice.

RUTH
Stop that!

She lets go of Irma.

ANDREW
Ruth!

Edward walks towards Ruth.

EDWARD
It is me, mum.

Ruth shakes her head in confusion.

RUTH
It's impossible. Edward's dead.

EDWARD
Death is not the end.

Andrew stares at him.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
Just let me...

He moves closer and reaches out Theodore's hand to touch Ruth's.

ANDREW
Back off!

EDWARD
Dad!

ANDREW
I'm not your da-

Andrew lifts his arm to keep Edward from reaching Ruth's hand, but they meet halfway and all three hands touch.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT./EXT. FLASHBACK - EDWARD GROWS UP WITH HIS PARENTS

-- Edward is a child, 5 years old, playing with a couple of wooden cars. His mother, then younger, bring him a piece of birthday cake with a candle on it.

-- Child Edward unpacks a pair of tap dancing shoes and smiles.

-- Andrew shows him his first dance moves and Edward clumsily tries to follow along. His mother applauds.

-- Ruth kisses young Edward on his hair. He is about to perform for the first time. He's nervous and holds on to his mother's hand.

-- A few years later (Edward is now a Teenager) they stand in front of their L.A. home. They look proud and happy.

-- Ruth and Andrew walk along a beach and read a letter Edward sent them. He also sent a portrait of his, holding a dancing trophy. They smile.

-- Edward's parents sit in the front row at his and Irma's wedding.

-- Edward's coffin gets lowered into the ground. Ruth and Andrew lie in each others arms.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. IRMA'S ROOM - DAY

Andrew lowers his hand, frozen, in shock. He stares at Theodore. So does Ruth.

EDWARD

It is me. Your son. You know my voice. You've seen these memories.

Ruth hugs him.

RUTH

(sobbing)

But how is it possible?

EDWARD

I don't know. But I wouldn't be here without the man this body belongs to.

Andrew joins the hug and they remain motionless for a moment.

Irma watches them, still crying.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
I'm sorry I couldn't say goodbye.

RUTH
Who did this to you?

They separate.

Edward looks at Irma.

She stares back, desperation in her eyes.

EDWARD
I...

RUTH
Who?

EDWARD
I... don't know.

He lowers his gaze.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
It was dark and rainy that night.

RUTH
So... what is going to happen now?

ANDREW
Will you stay? Here with us?

Edward puts an arm around each of them.

EDWARD
You should call an ambulance for
Irma. She'll need to go to rehab.

RUTH
Where will you go?

EDWARD
Home.

ANDREW
Will you wait for us?

Edward nods and they hug once more.

Theodore takes over his body again and awkwardly wiggles out
of the embrace.

THEODORE
I... I'm sorry.

Theodore looks down to the camera and hands it to Irma and then walks away without another word.

The three look after him.

INT. SHIP - DAY

Theodore sits at a table by himself and looks out the ship window to watch the waves. He seems to be lost in thought.

A YOUNG GIRL comes along and awkwardly stops.

YOUNG GIRL
Are you... Theodore Harris?

Theodore turns to her and puts on a polite smile. He nods.

YOUNG GIRL (CONT'D)
Would you mind signing my "Life Magazine"?

The girl puts his "Life Magazine" on the table, along with a pen. The cover shows a picture of Theodore.

Theodore stares at it for a moment, but then gives the young girl a smile.

THEODORE
What's your name?

YOUNG GIRL
Jennie.

Theodore signs the Magazine and hands it back to Jennie.

JENNIE
Thank you, sir! I'm a big fan. I want to become a dancer, too.

THEODORE
Keep those feet moving!

Jennie smiles broadly and leaves.

Theodore looks outside the window again and watches the waves crash against the side of the ship.

THEODORE (CONT'D)
(whispering)
Will you talk to me, Edward?

It remains completely quiet.

THEODORE (CONT'D)
 (slightly desperate)
 Please talk to me!

He realizes that Edward won't speak and buries his head in his hands.

INT. A LONDON THEATER - NIGHT

Theodore dances on stage. His performance is flawless, as always and the crowd is mesmerized and applauds as Theodore takes a bow and smiles towards the blinding stage lights.

He walks backstage.

STAGE WORKER
 Great work, Theo!

THEODORE
 Thank you, Liz!

LIZ hands him a towel and he wipes it across his forehead.

In the back at the make up station Isabelle waits for him. She gets up and gives him a big hug and a kiss.

Theodore smiles and sits down. He leans back into the chair, exhausted.

THEODORE (CONT'D)
 Ugh, I'm tired.

Isabelle sits down on his lap and runs her fingers through his hair.

ISABELLE
 You've been working harder than ever since you've come back. I've barely seen you.

THEODORE
 I know. I'm sorry.

Isabelle smiles forgivingly.

ISABELLE
 As long as you're not too busy to look at a flat tomorrow, I am willing to forgive you.

Theodore kisses her hand and nods.

Isabelle gets up.

ISABELLE (CONT'D)

Then I'll see you tomorrow.

She leaves.

Theodore turns to the mirror and searches his background for people. Nobody's there.

THEODORE

Please, Edward. You can't stay quiet forever. You can't act like you're not there. Please talk to me!

It remains quiet for a moment. Then Edward's voice echoes in Theodore's head. But Edward stays hidden.

EDWARD

I... I'm sorry, Theo. You're my best friend, you really are. And you lend me your legs each and every day. I'm thankful for that.

THEODORE

You're my best friend, too, Ed. But best friends talk. You've been quiet for months.

EDWARD

I know... It's just... what happened in L.A. was just too much. Seeing my parents... and Irma. I didn't know how to deal with that.

THEODORE

You could have talked to me.

EDWARD

I needed to think.

THEODORE

(louder)

And what's your conclusion after two months of thinking?

Edward slowly detaches halfway.

The two look at each other in the mirror.

EDWARD

(blue)

That I need to leave.

THEODORE

(inaudible)

What?

EDWARD

Theo... I've been so lonely... until I met you. We went on this incredible adventure and that changed... everything. I need to understand what all of this means.

THEODORE

I... I can ask for days off. Why do you have to leave?

EDWARD

I've lost everything, Theodore. I need to be without your body and your life that is just like mine once was. I... need to be me. Just me. I am so sorry, Theo.

Theodore, now realizing that he's telling the truth, starts crying.

THEODORE

Will... you come back?

They look each other in the eyes through the mirror.

Edward gives him the slightest hint of a smile and then vanishes, like the smoke of a blown out candle.

Theodore leans forward and lays his head on the table, hiding his face.

CROSSFADE TO:

INT. CIRQUE FANTÔME - NIGHT

TITLE CARD: 'SIX MONTHS LATER'

Edward sits in the last row of the circus. The tent is empty, except for a little ghost girl in the centre practising juggling. He watches her but seems absent.

The young boy he once met here sees him from the seating area across the stage and walks towards him. He takes a seat next to Edward and joins him watching the girl.

YOUNG BOY

My name is Billy. We forgot to introduce ourselves last time.

EDWARD

Edward.

BILLY

I thought it was you. Edward Lang, right? The ghosts have told me about you.

EDWARD

So? What did they tell you?

BILLY

You were a famous dancer.

EDWARD

Anything else?

BILLY

What would you like them to say about you?

A beat.

EDWARD

Where is your dog?

BILLY

She left.

EDWARD

To Eternity?

Billy looks incredibly sad. He cries without tears and nods.

BILLY

She fulfilled her life.

Edward slowly and carefully puts his hand on Billy's shoulder.

BILLY (CONT'D)

We were playing, racing through the streets. And suddenly she sat down and looked at me and her face... she looked so happy.

EDWARD

You made her happy.

Billy looks up to him and then falls into his arms. Edward embraces him carefully.

BILLY

I miss her. I think she was my only
hope to fulfill my life. I
thought... we would leave together.

Edward stares into nothingness, softly patting Billy's back.

EDWARD

I'm sorry.

They stay in the embrace.

INT. ISABELLE'S AND THEODORE'S HOME - DAY

Isabelle and Theodore live in a nice place now. It's light,
filled with bookshelves and plants hanging from the ceiling.

A newspaper lies on a little coffee table and flutters in the
wind which blows through the open balcony door.

It shows a picture of the Lang Studio's building in L.A. With
the caption: "Irma Lang talks about her addiction, says she
will go back to her roots and move back to Paris to recover".

Isabelle tightens Theodore's bow tie.

ISABELLE

You look confident.

THEODORE

I don't feel confident.

ISABELLE

I married a performer. You will be
able to act it out.

Theodore looks at her, anything but confident.

She kisses him on the slicked back hair and pushes his
wheelchair out the door.

Theodore sits in it, a blanket over his legs.

INT. EDWARD LANG JR DANCE ACADEMY - JUROR WALTER'S OFFICE - DAY

Theodore nervously fumbles around with his hands as Isabelle pushes his wheelchair into Juror Walter's office.

Juror Walter's get up and looks surprised.

JUROR ELIZABETH WALTERS
Mr. Harris!

THEODORE
Mrs. Walters! How are you?

JUROR ELIZABETH WALTERS
I should ask you the same. I know broken bones take a while to heal but I haven't seen or heard from you in months... and you're still in a wheelchair!

Isabelle pushes Theodore to her office table, sits down on the chair next to him and takes his hand in between hers.

THEODORE
I am terribly sorry.

JUROR ELIZABETH WALTERS
Is this a permanent state?

Theodore nods without looking at her.

JUROR ELIZABETH WALTERS (CONT'D)
How long?

THEODORE
It might stay like this. I... won't be able to dance any more.

JUROR ELIZABETH WALTERS
What does that mean? What exactly happened?

THEODORE
It was an accident. After I went off-stage.

JUROR ELIZABETH WALTERS
This is a tragedy.

Juror Walters covers her face with her hands in shock.

Isabelle squeezes Theodore's hand.

EXT./INT. STREETS OF LONDON/THEODORE'S FLAT - DAY

Edward flies through the streets of London in a rush. He's on his way to Theodore's old flat.

He stops in front of the shabby house for a second and then floats through the entrance up the stairs to the last floor. He sticks his head through the door.

It's empty. No furniture, no Theodore.

Edward floats inside, through the hallway, into Theodore's old bedroom. All that's left are the posters on the wall. His own face, his own signature.

He crouches in the corner of the room and stares up at himself on the poster.

INT./EXT. LANG DANCE ACADEMY/STREETS OF LONDON - DAY

Isabelle pushes Theodore's wheelchair through the hallway of the Lang Dance Academy on their way out.

They don't speak for a moment.

ISABELLE

How do you feel?

THEODORE

I've been dreading to tell her. I feel terrible. She was so disappointed.

ISABELLE

It was necessary.

THEODORE

What are we gonna do now?

Isabelle opens the entrance doors and slowly and carefully pushes the wheelchair down the stairs.

It's a late summer day and the wind blows around some fallen leaves.

ISABELLE

I would like to see a smile on your face again. One that isn't forced.

At the base of the stairs Isabelle stops and kneels in front of his chair to look at Theodore.

ISABELLE (CONT'D)
 We could go to Paris. I'd like to show you my home town. We could pay Irma a visit.

Theodore puts on a little soft smile and nods.

ISABELLE (CONT'D)
 You deserve a break from this place.

THEODORE
 There's nothing holding me here.

Isabelle smiles back at him kindly, gets up and keeps on pushing the chair.

EXT. STREETS OF LONDON/LANG DANCE ACADEMY - DAY

Edward slowly floats through the streets on his way to the Dance Academy where Theodore's and his adventure had once started.

He stops in front of the building and looks up to his name that that decorates its front.

EDWARD
 (whispering)
 It feels like a lifetime.
 A life wasted. Death... wasted.

TEENAGE GIRL (O.S.)
 I am spotting a familiar but rare face! I'm Norah. I didn't get the chance to introduce myself last time.

Edward turns around to where the voice came from.

It's the young ballerina he had once met here on the day of Theodore's first competition.

EDWARD
 You're still here?

NORAH

I've been all over London, but there's no place quite like this one. A place where you can find anything from hopes, passion and happiness to shattered dreams and broken legs... or severe spinal cord injuries.

Edward smiles lightly.

NORAH (CONT'D)

But you haven't been here for quite a while, Mr. Lang. The ghosts have been talking. Some said you left to Eternity, some said you managed to leave London and travelled the world.

EDWARD

Not exactly the world. But I went across the big pond. So much is true.

NORAH

How did you do it?

EDWARD

I had help from a friend.

NORAH

I see. Keep your secrets to yourself.

The two quietly float next to each other and watch the leaves chase each other across the pavement.

Then Edward suddenly seems to have an enlightenment.

EDWARD

Norah, what did you say about the things you can find here?

NORAH

You mean the hopes and shattered dreams?

Edward nods energetically.

EDWARD

You said something about broken legs... and-

NORAH
And spinal cord injuries?

EDWARD
Yes. What did you mean by that?

NORAH
Well, that famous guy was here,
maybe 10 minutes ago. The one that
apparently dances like you. He was
in a wheel chair.

Edward turns to her.

EDWARD
(tensely)
Did you see where he went?

NORAH
Uhm sure. He went down Arthur
Street.

She points in the direction.

EDWARD
Thank you!

NORAH
Any time.

Edward rushes away.

EDWARD
(yelling)
I'll see you here.

The girl stays behind waving him goodbye.

NORAH
Sure!

EXT. ARTHUR STREET - DAY

Edward rushes down Arthur street, looking for Theodore. The street is crowded with people and ghosts.

He looks around panicky.

Edward turns to the ghost of an old woman talking to a little child.

EDWARD

Excuse me ma'am, have you seen a young man in a wheelchair?

The woman nods and points down the street.

OLD WOMAN

Just a minute or so ago.

EDWARD

Thank you, ma'am!

He keeps rushing down Arthur Street.

Until he finally spots the wheelchair and Isabelle through a gap in the crowd at the end of the street.

He follows them as fast as he can.

And catches up as Isabelle stops walking to look through the windows of a plant shop.

ISABELLE

I know we already have so many plants, but the balcony lacks colour. What do you think?

THEODORE

The orange ones are nice.

Theodore points at a bouquet of orange flowers.

ISABELLE

Zinnias. I'll go in and get some. Do you want me take you inside?

THEODORE

It's fine. I'll wait here.

Isabelle enters the shop.

Edward floats up to Theodore who watches the people walk by.

Theodore closes his eyes and sinks his head. He looks tired and sad.

Edward reaches out a hand towards Theodore's shoulder but doesn't go all the way as if he's scared Theodore wouldn't want him to.

EDWARD

(whispering)

Theo...

Edward slowly overcomes his doubts and lets his hand sink into Theodore's shoulder. Piece by piece he melts into Theodore's body.

Theodore opens his eyes.

Edwards voice echoes in Theodore's head.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

Theo...

Theodore looks around with watery eyes and trembling lips.

THEODORE

Edward?

EDWARD

I'm here.

Isabelle exits the plant shop with a big bouquet of bright orange Zinnias and presents them to Theodore who is completely absent-minded.

THEODORE

You're here.

A tear rolls down his face and he hastily wipes it away before Isabelle can see it.

ISABELLE

Where else should I be? Always by your side, my love.

She laughs and hands the flowers to Theodore to hold them. She starts pushing the wheelchair.

EDWARD

Always by your side... From now on.

CROSSFADE TO:

EXT./INT. A LONDON THEATRE - NIGHT

Posters decorate a London theatre, showing Theodore's face, saying: "Celebrating the miracle come back of Theodore Harris"

Theodore sits at a make up table back stage, nervously tapping his bare feet. Edward is detached half-way and the two practise their show smile in the mirror.

Theodore puts on his tap dancing shoes and ties them close.

Isabelle comes back stage to wish him luck and kisses him.

An announcer on stage introduces Theodore and leaves.

The lights dim down as the curtains open and reveal Theodore's silhouette. He steps into the beam of light and looks up to the audience, breathing heavily. The theatre is sold out.

Theodore and Edward perform a flawless, powerful choreography accompanied by an energetic jazz song. It's their best performance ever.

They finish with their typical elegant bow and the audience applauds like never before.

Theodore looks down to Juror Walters and Isabelle in the first row. They're applauding and smiling proudly.

Theodore then disappears behind the closing curtains.

INT. BACK STAGE - NIGHT

Theodore combs through his hair.

EDWARD

You did so well today, Theo.

THEODORE

The smile? I had all reason to smile.

EDWARD

Not just the smile. The dancing, too.

Theodore puts down the comb and rolls his eyes.

THEODORE

Are you complementing yourself here?

EDWARD

No. I mean it. I used to control everything. Today... I only controlled your legs. Your arms and shoulders and torso... that was all you.

THEODORE
 What? Why? That could have gone
 terribly wrong, Ed.

EDWARD
 I knew you could do it.

THEODORE
 How?

EDWARD
 I learned to understand that you
 don't need me.

THEODORE
 But I do... I need you as a friend.

EDWARD
 And I need you as mine. We meet in
 the middle.

Theodore smiles and nods and unties his shoes and takes off
 his bow tie.

It's quiet for a few moments.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
 I'm sorry I left. It never felt
 right. But when I finally
 understood how wrong my decision
 had been, I couldn't find you.

THEODORE
 It's okay.

EDWARD
 No. I was so stupid.

Theodore's face turns serious and calm.

THEODORE
 I said it's okay, Ed. I learned to
 understand that there's a life
 outside this dream. Another one I
 never knew I had. Even though I'm
 in a wheelchair. Even though you're
 not there. I know now, that... even
 though I want you close, I can be
 without you. So if you ever want to
 leave... letting you go will be
 easier.

A beat.

EDWARD

I don't know if it's my choice to leave to Eternity.

THEODORE

I didn't talk about Eternity. If you want to leave... to the In-Between; if you decide to just wander around and live that ghost life to finally give it a chance..., I will understand.

EDWARD

And you'll be okay?

THEODORE

I will have had the best, most remarkable life. How would I not be okay?

EDWARD

So... what are we gonna do now?

THEODORE

How about a trip to Paris?

CROSSFADE TO:

INT. THEODORE'S FLAT - DAY

TITLE CARD: 'MANY YEARS LATER'

Theodore is an old, wrinkly man now. He sits at the breakfast table and butters a toast. He takes out the tea bag from his mug, like he's performing a ritual.

The wind blows through the open window and makes the curtains dance.

A pop ballad plays on the radio.

Isabelle enters the room. Her hair is grey.

She sits down next to Theodore, puts on a pair of glasses and reads a newspaper.

Theodore takes a bite from the toast. He chews it, lost in thought. Then he looks up to Isabelle.

THEODORE

Love!

ISABELLE

Yes?

THEODORE

We don't go for walks that much any more.

ISABELLE

You know I have arthritis in my knees.

THEODORE

And we danced all our life.

She looks up to him and puts the paper down.

ISABELLE

Yes, we danced a lot. Where are you going with this?

THEODORE

Do you remember the time... when I was paralysed?

Isabelle nods.

ISABELLE

I think that wheelchair is still in the basement.

THEODORE

I might need it again.

Isabelle stays quiet for a moment. Then she reaches out her hand for Theodore's and softly caresses it. She understands.

ISABELLE

Alright, love. I'll ask the maid to get it for you.

Isabelle gets up and leaves the room.

EDWARD

What are you doing?

THEODORE

It's time for us to move on, don't you think?

EDWARD

Why now?

THEODORE

We've lived life to the fullest,
you and I. But I'm old now. And
tired. You're still young and
there's a whole world waiting for
you to find happiness in.

EDWARD

I'm scared.

THEODORE

Do you remember the story you told
me about the... what was this
circus called?

EDWARD

Cirque Fantôme.

THEODORE

Yes. I always thought that sounded
like a lot of fun.

EDWARD

I never watched a whole show.

THEODORE

You should.

EDWARD

Yes. Maybe.

THEODORE

You told me the story of that
little boy you met there. What was
his name?

EDWARD

Billy.

THEODORE

He might be in need of a friend
like you.

Edward doesn't speak.

Theodore keeps sitting there.

A few moments quietly pass.

THEODORE (CONT'D)

It's okay. You can leave now. I'll
be alright, my friend.

EDWARD

My friend.

Edward slowly detaches. First his hands, then his head, then his torso.

THEODORE

Goodbye.

EDWARD

Goodbye.

But Theodore already can't hear him any more. A tear quietly runs down his cheek.

He doesn't wipe it away as Isabelle returns to the room with a MAID who's pushing the wheelchair. She's wearing an 80s hair-style and dungarees.

The maid helps Isabelle to get Theodore into the wheelchair.

ISABELLE

Thank you, Laura.

LAURA

My mum's in a wheelchair. I'm used to taking her outside for walks through the park. We might just need to get you a new one, Mr. Harris. This one is quite... outdated.

Isabelle looks at Theodore.

ISABELLE

Is that something you'd like?

Theodore nods and smiles.

Laura sits down next to him and starts talking.

The three laugh.

Edward watches them from the In-Between-World, one hand still resting on Theodore's shoulder. A melancholic smile is on his face.

He lets go of Theodore's shoulder and floats through the wall of the room backwards, into the outside.

He takes one last glance at Theodore through the open window and then turns away and floats on towards the busy street, filled with 'modern' cars and people dressed in 80s fashion.

FADE TO BLACK.

ROLL CREDITS

INT./EXT. MID-CREDIT SEQUENCE - CIRQUE FANTÔME - NIGHT

TITLE CARD: '3 YEARS LATER'

Edward, his parents (now ghosts) and Billy sit in the middle of the circus tent, together with the other ghosts of Cirque Fantôme. They tell stories and laugh.

Edward smiles. A true, happy smile. His thoughts drift away. The sound of the talking gets dull. He gets up.

BILLY

Where are you going?

EDWARD

Outside to watch the stars.

Billy grabs his hand.

BILLY

Will you come back?

Edward smiles.

EDWARD

Of course I will. I promise.

Billy smiles back and lets go of his hand.

Edward leaves the tent.

Outside he looks up to the sky. The stars shine bright. There's no cloud in the sky.

He takes a deep breath, closes his eyes and lets the silence settle over him.

THEODORE (O.S.)

I wonder if Eternity is that beautiful.

Edward opens his eyes in surprise.

Theodore is a ghost now. The ghost of a very old man.

EDWARD

Theo!?

THEODORE

My old friend!

EDWARD

I was sure you'd leave to Eternity
straight away.

THEODORE

And I knew you'd be here.

EDWARD

So... you had the choice?

Edward shrugs his shoulders.

THEODORE

Yes, I think so.

EDWARD

And you chose this?

THEODORE

I guess I did.

Edward floats towards Theodore.

He smiles and leans in for a hug.

The two embrace each other.

EDWARD

So... now that you're dead, what
are you gonna do with your life?

FADE OUT.

TITLE CARD: 'GHOSTFEET'

THE END