

**THE BUTTERFLY SYMPHONY Excerpt**  
**By Cindy Yantis**

FADE IN:

An ornate butterfly ring on a woman's hand.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LARGE ORCHESTRA HALL, ON STAGE -- NIGHT

The hand moves to the beat of a Brahms Concerto, as if dancing. Both hands lead to beaded sleeves on the arms of an exquisitely dressed woman, CANADA LARK, 40's, conducting a symphony.

When the music ends, Canada faces the orchestra. Sophisticated. Beautiful. Statuesque. With a controlled presence she has perfected on her climb to being the associate conductor of an International Symphony.

Satisfied she nods to the musicians. Winks.

CANADA  
(stage whisper)  
Bravo.

Thunderous APPLAUSE breaks the brief silence. Canada turns toward the elegant audience, bowing dramatically, radiating in the glory. The audience is on its feet.

A flash of light catches her eye in the third row of the audience. Music critic CLIFTON SEGER, 30's, a serious bird-like man with an Andy Warhol flop, has lighted pen and paper in hand. He gives her an encouraging nod.

ORCHESTRA HALL/ BACKSTAGE -- LATER

Canada smooths a hand over her perfectly coifed hair.

There's a collective breath from everyone as Canada absorbs the energy from the room.

CANADA  
Just think people, tomorrow we get  
to do it all again.

Around the corner limps JENSEN COHN, 72, the flamboyant Musical Director and Top Conductor of the symphony. He is dashing with longish gray hair, and looks at home in an Armani tuxedo. He leans fairly heavily on a cane.

JENSEN

Well done, Everyone.

He continues toward the hallway.

CANADA

Maestro.

HALLWAY

She catches him.

CANADA

When you have a moment, I'd like to talk to you about your endorsement.

JENSEN

My retirement won't be announced until the end of the summer season. As you know.

Smiles at her. They know each other well.

CANADA

Well, I know it can take months for the Trustees to make a decision but, but--

JENSEN

You're positioned well as the resident guest conductor this summer. You have several opportunities to impress.

CANADA

How did the Board receive my proposal? I mean, wouldn't you agree my vision would take the company to new places?

JENSEN

There's no question. There's much to consider.

He hedges slightly.

CANADA

What aren't you telling me?

He pulls her aside.

JENSEN

They see you as a composer first. And, a brilliant one at that. Frankly, they see it as an unorthodox move.

CANADA

I made the decision this is the direction I want to take. I've always wanted to have my own symphony, Jensen. I have so many ideas for expansion locally as well as globally for this organization and I can't do that in my previous capacity --

JENSEN

Agreed. But, you can't serve two masters and right now they see you in one light. And, Canada, you're underestimating the International impact you have and could have as the our composer-in-residence.

CANADA

I just want to make sure you and the board are aware of my desire.

JENSEN

Well aware.

EXT. ORCHESTRA HALL/ STREETSIDE -- CONTINUOUS

A muggy Summer night. A town car pulls up. As the DRIVER opens the door, Canada slips into the back seat.

Orchestra Hall is very majestic and inhabits an entire city block. They pass under the marquee:

INSERT: MARQUEE:

MAESTRO JENSEN COHN PRESENTS THE SUMMER NIGHT SERIES -  
FEATURING JENSEN COHN AND GUEST CONDUCTOR CANADA LARK

EXT. CHICAGO STREETS -- CONTINUOUS

An expansive, aerial view of Michigan Avenue leading to Lake Shore Drive, alongside Lake Michigan.

INT. TOWN CAR, BACK SEAT

She puts her head back. A sigh of exhaustion.

Canada reaches into her perfectly organized bag for her cell. Presses automatic dial.

CANADA

Hi Suzanne...Oh, it went as expected. The Schubert dragged, the Chopin put them to sleep, and the Brahms brought them to their feet. How is she?

SUZANNE (V.O.)

Oh, she's just fine. She did her new dance for me.

A smile.

CANADA

Is she asleep yet?

SUZANNE (V.O.)

She's in bed, pretending as usual. Waiting for you.

Canada looks blindly out the window at the passing, busy city.

EXT. CITY STREETS

The town car drives through a nice area of Chicago, posh boutiques lining the walk. Enters an elite residential area, lined with brownstones and high rise condominiums that look out over Lake Michigan.

CANADA

Alright. I'm on my way. Don't tell her though, I want to surprise her.

EXT. HIGH-RISE CONDOMINIUM

The car stops in front of the building. The efficient driver jumps out to open the door for Canada.

But she's already through the building doors, opened by a uniformed doorman, SAM, who is the jovial, prodigal father of the building.

CANADA

Evening, Sam.

SAM

(to Miss America theme song)  
There she is.

CANADA

Here I am. Ready for bed. Good night.

She sweeps toward the elevator, pushing the PENTHOUSE button.

INT. FOYER OF PENTHOUSE APARTMENT -- NIGHT

SUZANNE, mid-50's, is a heavy-set woman with a nurturing demeanor, a bosom made for bear hugs and a rollicking twinkle in her wise eyes. Opens the front door.

Canada gives her a quick peck, and immediately heads down the

HALLWAY

SUZANNE

You're clenching your jaw again.

CANADA

(catching herself)

Am I?

SUZANNE

Any word yet?

CANADA

No. But, I'm starting to get a bad feeling. They've been interviewing candidates for the last four months. And, based on the conversation I just had with Jensen, I just don't know.

SUZANNE

Well, is there anything you can do about it right now?

CANADA

No, Suzanne.

Suzanne smirks at her I've-heard-this-before tone.

CANADA

Except to wish I were back at Julliard.

SUZANNE

Oh, and you had no issues back then?

CANADA

Comparatively, no. Except maybe to make it to an 8 AM class on time.

Canada waves behind her, and she turns into a bedroom lit by a night light.

JULIA'S BEDROOM

Canada tiptoes toward a small girl, JULIA, 11, lying in the bed.

Canada's expression and demeanor are transposed to one of quiet mischief. Julia rolls over and opens her eyes. She's a total spark plug in PJ's.

CANADA

Hey, little butterfly. You're supposed to be asleep.

JULIA

How was the concert, Mommy? Did you get a standing "O"?

CANADA

Yes, we did, You.

Canada tickles her and smothers her with hugs and kisses. Julia curls up in a fit of giggles.

CANADA

I heard a rumor there was a beautiful dancer here tonight.

JULIA

I showed Suzanne my Sleeping Beauty. Oh, I hope I get the part. I think I really was the best. Miss Isabelle told me I was.

CANADA

Did you corner Miss Isabelle again?

Julia nods.

CANADA

Julia Lark! What have I told you about asking for compliments?

JULIA

I know.

CANADA

Now, I want you to act like a real Sleeping Beauty.

She tucks her in.

CANADA

But, I do want to hear everything  
she told you. Over breakfast.

JULIA

Okay. Mama, can we play our park  
game tomorrow?

CANADA

This weekend, for sure. Now,  
sleep, Sweetness.

Canada kisses her good night, tucks her snug like a bug in a  
rug and leaves the room, shutting the door behind her.

KITCHEN -- LATER

A cupboard door opens.

INSIDE CUPBOARD

Canada's HAND meticulously opens a box of tea bags, selecting  
one. She reaches for a china teacup and saucer. On the  
bottom shelf, she finds a single cigarette, with the tip  
stubbed neatly. Shuts the cupboard door.

KITCHEN

Canada lights her cigarette, allows herself one delicious  
long drag. Blows the smoke slowly into the stove fan,  
watching it disappear. Satisfied, she opens the cupboard.

Sequesters the stub in its place. Closes the cupboard.  
Darkness INSIDE the cupboard as the FAN shuts off.

LIVING ROOM -- LATER

The lights are dim. Canada opens the piano bench to her baby  
grand, retrieving roughly assembled music composition paper.

INSERT MUSIC

The handwritten title reads: UNTITLED SYMPHONY by Canada  
Lark.

BACK TO SCENE

Hesitates. She removes selected pages and puts them on the piano. Sits and starts to play her ORIGINAL melody. This settles her. As always.

On top of the piano, her eyes land on a child's DRAWING of a butterfly wearing ballet shoes, with Julia's signature on it.

INT. ORCHESTRA HALL OFFICE -- DAY

It's the edge of chaos. Canada is on the phone at her desk which is beyond orderly. Her back to two staff members, LISA, 20's, a slightly overweight bookworm with a nose for gossip, and ANDRE, 30's, a tall, thin Frenchman with a free spirit and pony tail to prove it.

Visibly upset, Canada wheels around.

CANADA

Novak has had a heart attack.

LISA

Oh, dear God.

CANADA

I know. Lisa, let's send something?

Lisa makes a note.

CANADA

We can't premiere the Brahms tonight without a pianist.

In walks Jensen, and another man, GERARD WELLS, late 30's, a stunner with eyes that know it. Carries himself like an elitist.

They have heard the end of the conversation.

JENSEN

Is there a problem?

Not wanting to appear frazzled--

CANADA

Oh, Jensen. No, nothing we can't handle. We just need to find a replacement for Novak--

Jensen appears to ponder for a brief moment. Opens his iPhone.

GERARD

Jensen, we just did the Brahms in Boston.

Canada notices him for the first time.

CANADA

And, you are --

Her shoulders stiffen.

JENSEN

Canada, meet Gerard Wells. Gerard, this is Canada Lark.

Resigned. She's been going through these introductions all month. This one's a bit different.

CANADA

Of course. I know your work, Mr. Wells.

She shakes his hand.

GERARD

It's a pleasure. I'm a great admirer of your music.

CANADA

Thank you.

GERARD

I actually had the pleasure of conducting your Third Symphony in New York. Very fresh. Are you composing anything new?

Canada nods in thanks. Collects herself, back in control.

CANADA

My focus is as a conductor  
now. (pause) Forgive me, are you in  
town for business or pleasure?

GERARD

A little of both, actually. I have  
friends here --

JENSEN

Which was lucky for me. We toured  
together a few years ago and I've  
been watching his meteoric rise --

CANADA

We all have.

JENSEN

So, when I heard he was in town I  
invited him for a visit.

CANADA

A happy coincidence, to be sure.

Jensen takes over.

JENSEN

Alright. Bartok is our understudy,  
but I know for a fact that he's in  
San Francisco this week.

GERARD

Seriously, I can make a call for  
you if it would help. I just went  
through this in Boston.

Jensen glances at Canada as if checking in with her. She's  
speechless in this quick moment.

JENSEN

Yes, please Gerard. Please do. My  
run-through is at five. And, we'll  
be ready for the Brahms at --  
(to Canada)  
5:30?

Canada nods, none to happy with herself. Gerard heads out, scrolling through his phone.

JENSEN

(to Canada)

I know you're conducting the Brahms this evening. But, if he can quickly help --

CANADA

By all means.

She grits her teeth. Jensen circles back.

JENSEN

Don't make more of this than it is. Okay?

CANADA

I was on top of it.

JENSEN

I know. But, he had an easy solution so you won't have to scramble.

He leaves, cane in hand.

CANADA

(to herself)

Why didn't I say something?

Canada gathers her bags and pushes her chair in squarely behind her desk.

CANADA

(to her team) )

So, I guess that's it. I've got charts to prepare. Be back later.

HALLWAY -- MOMENTS LATER

Gerard leans in the corner ready to dial his cell phone.

Lisa and André come from Canada's office and notice him.

ANDRÉ

Who is on your short list? Let me know if you need a phone number.

GERARD

I've worked with Bartok, Ruby Emerson and Noel Marcus.

LISA

Just not Ruby Emerson.

GERARD

Why's that?

Gossip mode for Lisa.

LISA

I'm not exactly sure, but there's definitely history there with Canada.

ANDRÉ

Too bad. When it comes to the Brahms, she's the best.

GERARD

That she is.

Gerard scrolls through his iPhone again. Dials a different number.

INT. CANADA'S APARTMENT FOYER - SAME DAY

Canada packs up her work, preparing to leave; her mind is elsewhere. Suzanne and Julia are with her. Julia practices her various ballet positions down the hallway.

JULIA

Do you really have to work all day?

Canada's frustrated sigh.

CANADA

Julia. I have to re-work these charts for tonight.

SUZANNE

You've been working too hard.

CANADA

I'm a woman. You know, if I'm going to get that promotion I can't work hard enough.

SUZANNE

Well, that's all well and good. But, if you don't balance things out a bit you won't be good for anyone. (pause) I know you don't want to hear it but I'm going to say this again. It's time for you to get out more. Start dating again. Your going to fall off the vine.

CANADA

That's the last thing I need.

SUZANNE

How do you know until you give it a shot? It's been a year.

CANADA

Suzanne, please, just keep your attention where it belongs, not on my life!

Canada gather her bags. Suzanne turns to Julia.

SUZANNE

What do you want for lunch, Sweetie?

Julia squeezes her hand.

SUZANNE

How about a grilled cheese sandwich?

They walk hand in hand down the hallway.

JULIA

And a strawberry milk shake.

SUZANNE

Only if I can have one too.

Canada comes up behind them and puts her chin on Suzanne's shoulder.

CANADA

I'm sorry I snapped.

SUZANNE

I know.

CANADA

Save me a milk shake?

INT. ORCHESTRA HALL/ BACK STAGE -- LATER THAT DAY

Canada marches toward the stage. She's dressed casually and carries a garment bag, which she passes off to her DRESSER, a woman in her 60's. Some tardy MUSICIANS mill in, all in rehearsal attire. Piano MUSIC comes from center stage. Canada heads toward it.

ORCHESTRA HALL/ ON STAGE

The grand piano is open at center stage, obstructing the view of the pianist. Musicians are seated for rehearsal, tuning their instruments. Canada makes sure her music is set on the podium, then approaches the piano.

CANADA

Ah, and who do we have...

At the piano is RUBY EMERSON, late 40's, a polished woman with cashmere elegance and a warmth in her demeanor. She sees Canada and stops playing. Veiled anger from Canada.

CANADA

Ruby?

RUBY

Canada. I was surprised to get the call today. Surprised, but pleased.

CANADA

I would agree with half your  
sentiment.

Awkward moment. Some of the musicians notice.

CANADA

(quieter)

Who called you?

RUBY

Gerard Wells. He called me this  
morning on behalf... Why am I  
getting the feeling this was not  
your idea?

CANADA

I really don't--

RUBY

Naddy--

Canada flinches at the familiar nickname.

RUBY

Oh. I don't believe this.

No response.

RUBY

(tries for all business)

Look. I'm here to do a concert.

Searching.

RUBY

What do you want to do?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. STAGE -- NIGHT

It's the end of the Brahms Third Movement and Ruby's fingers  
ON THE PIANO appear to have a purpose of their own, as if  
their perfection will make everything else perfect.

The concert is now in progress.

Canada conducts with angry force, completely absorbed in the moment. Ruby's solo reaches its peak. Perspiration beads on the foreheads of both women. The orchestra joins in for a climactic finish.

The audience is on its feet. Everyone on stage is moved by their own performance.

The baton in Canada's hand shakes. She swallows hard and faces the audience. Bows and motions toward Ruby and the musicians. They all applaud Ruby as she bows. Her smile is on her lips, but not in her eyes. The curtains close.

BACK STAGE

Canada rushes off stage. She steadies herself, gaining control.

Jensen preps himself to go on stage for the next Act.

JENSEN

Canada. Bravo.

CANADA

Thank you.

Gerard enters the back stage area from the audience.

JENSEN

And, Gerard. What a coup. To get Ruby Emerson. Brilliant.

GERARD

We all agreed. She is the best.

He looks to Andre and Lisa who give him a deer-in-headlights look back.

Ruby comes off stage, a flush of energy. Gerard greets her.

GERARD

Ruby, superb as always.

He kisses her cheek.

RUBY

Thank you.

Canada and Ruby notice each other. Tension. Jensen breaks it as he approaches Ruby.

JENSEN

Ruby, absolutely sublime.

RUBY

Thanks, Maestro.

From across the tension...

CANADA

Ruby. We all appreciate your stepping in at the 11th hour.

RUBY

Canada --

CANADA

No one does the Brahms like you do.

Ruby wants to say more. Steps toward her.

RUBY

Thank you. Can we talk for a minute?

Canada backs away from her. Hurt covered by disdain.

CANADA

No, actually we can't. I have somewhere I have to be.

With that she leaves. At the last moment, Canada looks over her shoulder and watches Ruby, unobserved.

An unsettled look on Ruby's face.

AUDITORIUM -- MOMENTS LATER

The huge, elegant audience murmurs as they settle into their seats following intermission.

BACKSTAGE

Jensen gets ready to enter the stage to continue the concert.

JENSEN

(to Ruby)

We'd be pleased to have you back  
for the remainder of the series.

Ruby ponders the request.

RUBY

I leave for Rome soon.

The auditorium is quiet. Andre hands Jensen his baton.  
Jensen takes a moment, then enters the stage to loud  
APPLAUSE.

INT. CANADA'S APARTMENT, HALLWAY -- LATER

Canada enters Julia's dimly lit bedroom.

JULIA'S BEDROOM

She looks lovingly down at Julia, who is asleep on top of the bed, wearing her nightgown and toe shoes. Canada removes the shoes, takes Julia's feet in her hands and rubs them for a moment, then tucks her in, snug like a bug in a rug.

Reaching for the bedside lamp, her eye catches a framed photograph of Julia and her dad, STEVE, in an embrace. Fingers graze the frame that's inscribed, "Dads Rock".

She turns off the lamp, strokes Julia's hair, kisses her forehead, then her cheek.

FAMILY ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Canada turns on the stereo. Chopin's Polonaise fills the room. She leaves the room, humming along with the music. In a matter of seconds, the kitchen cupboard SHUTS, a lighter CLICKS, and the exhaust fan BLOWS.

CANADA'S KITCHEN -- NEXT MORNING

Canada and Julia eat breakfast together.

CANADA

So, I thought we could spend the morning together and then we'll go to the park after my matinee.

Canada starts to clear the table.

JULIA

Will Aunt Ruby be there again?

CANADA

How did you know about that?

Canada raises Julia's plate and there, underneath, is the Sunday newspaper.

INSERT - THE PAPER

The front of the Arts Section carries a photograph of the previous night's concert. Ruby and Canada stand a distance from one another on stage in front of the orchestra.

Canada sits as it registers.

JULIA

She comes to watch me dance sometimes.

CANADA

She does?

Julia nods.

CANADA

Julia, why didn't you tell me?

JULIA

I don't know. I thought you'd be mad.

CANADA

You could have told me, Honey.

JULIA

I miss her. Why doesn't she come  
over any more? Don't you miss her?

This hits Canada like a waterfall. Fights back tears. Julia  
wraps her arms around her neck.

JULIA

Mama. I'm sorry. Why are you  
crying?

Canada brings Julia to her lap.

CANADA

I'm not, Sweetness. It's okay.  
There are too many things for you  
to understand.

JULIA

I'm sorry I didn't tell you.

CANADA

Okay, Darling.  
(pause)  
Don't you worry.

A quiet moment with her daughter. She looks out the window  
at the high-rise view of the city. Strokes Julia's hair.

CANADA

Hey, let's call Nana.

JULIA

Can we go visit her?

CANADA

What a great idea.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE -- EVENING

The rolling hills of Northern Michigan escort Canada's car  
down a two-lane country road.

The sun is setting as the car pulls in the driveway of a  
large farmhouse with a welcoming front porch.

EXT. COUNTRY HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

The property abuts woods, is expansive and colorful with gardens and a white picket fence.

Julia jumps out of the car and skips through the unlocked front door of the house.

Moment, while Canada removes their overnight bag from the trunk. Julia comes back out.

JULIA  
She's not in there.

CANADA  
I think I know where to find her.

The both look toward a GREENHOUSE off the side of the yard. The greenhouse windows are LIT brightly.

INT. LARGE GREENHOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

The greenhouse is full of various forms of foliage and trees, in full bloom.

Bright clips of color flit by as several types of BUTTERFLIES make their way around the greenery. Busy HUMMINGBIRDS protect their turf as well.

A pair of elderly woman's HANDS strokes a plant, pushes the soil, clips buds. The owner of the hands, MAY, 80'S, places the plant into a box. She has a confident, happy presence and is at home in the nature surrounding her.

The door opens and Julia runs in. May jumps slightly, laughing at herself.

JULIA  
Hi, Nana!

Canada comes in after her.

CANADA  
Hello!

May's face brightens. She spreads her arms out to embrace. Julia flies into them nearly knocking the older woman down.

MAY

Oh! How are my two treasures?  
What a nice surprise.

CANADA

We were missing you.

JULIA

Aunt Ruby and Mom did the concert  
last weekend.

CANADA

Julia!

May pauses. A surprised look crosses her face.

MAY

Hmm. That's a development, to be  
sure.

CANADA

I know, Nana. But we don't need to  
dwell on it.

MAY

Good friends are like jewels, my  
Sweet. Even tarnished, they're  
still precious.

CANADA

Right. And, we all make choices in  
life, Nana. Ruby did and so did I.

Julia dances around the greenhouse.

MAY

Well, you'll know when the time is  
right to re-examine your choices.

Canada cringes. Changes subject.

CANADA

Julia, tell Nana about your dance  
audition.

Julia leaps in the air, touching her toes.

MAY

Oh, don't tell me, show me.

Julia uses a butterfly net as a dance partner.

JULIA

(slightly out-of-breath)

I know I'm gonna get it, Nana.  
Miss Isabelle said my jumps are so  
high I fly...

MAY

And, you do, Dear.

May lightly blows on a butterfly perched on a tree.

CANADA

You'd be amazed, Nana. She really  
does seem to sprout wings.

Julia spins around and knocks over a plant.

CANADA

But, NOT in here.

JULIA

Oh, Mom.

May points out a couple of portable butterfly cages, filled  
with Monarch butterflies.

MAY

Julia, you're here just in time to  
help me.

JULIA

What are you doing?

MAY

Now, what do we prepare all year  
for here?

CANADA

Oh, no. Nana.

Julia jumps up and down.

JULIA  
The Cherry Festival!

MAY  
The Cherry Festival.

JULIA  
I love cherries!

There's a quick knock at the door as it opens.

In walks KEN STONE, 40's. With a rumpled attractiveness, he carries himself with the confidence of one who feels comfortable in his skin. That well-read professor look, with a permanent crease in his nose from reading glasses. He carries two wicker butterfly cages.

KEN  
Hey, hey, butterfly lady. Brought  
you these for tomorrow--  
(sees Canada and Julia)  
Oh, didn't know you had company.

MAY  
Kenny. Come here. Meet the loves  
of my life.

KEN  
Ah.

MAY  
My granddaughter, Canada, and her  
Julia. This is Ken Stone. He's in  
charge of the fair tomorrow.

KEN  
So these are the city girls I hear  
so much about.

Canada looks sideways at him. Didn't expect this.  
Handsome... but a bit rough around the edges.

CANADA  
Right, the city girls. That would  
be us.

JULIA

(to Ken)

Do you like cherries?

KEN

I make a mean cherry cobbler.

CANADA

Maybe it will win the cobbler contest.

KEN

That's the plan.

CANADA

(sarcastic)

Oh, there actually is a cobbler contest.

MAY

Oh, Naddy. You know there is.

(to Ken)

She thinks we're so quaint here in the north country.

Canada busies herself by putting a plant in a box. A hummingbird dive bombs her head.

CANADA

Aaaaa.

May waves it away.

KEN

Is that Attila the Hum?

Canada laughs in spite of herself. Julia chases after Attila, who is ferocious in her tiny way.

MAY

The one and only.

KEN

So, Julia, how'd you like to be my assistant and official taste tester tomorrow?

JULIA

Oh, that would be so cool!

CANADA

I don't know. We have to start  
back before too late. Long drive.

JULIA

Oh, Mom! Please? Can we please?

She appeals to Canada with hugs and kisses.

CANADA

Alright. For a bit.

KEN

Pick you girls up at 7 a.m.

He heads out before they can change their minds.

JULIA

Yea!

Canada gets a kick out of Julia's excitement.

EXT. TOWN OF TRAVERSE, MAIN STREET -- DAY

Ken's bench seat pick-up truck takes them down Main Street,  
which is very clearly decked out for the Annual Cherry  
Festival. A WELCOME BANNER hangs over the town square.

It's a jubilant atmosphere.

All around the square are cherries, cherries, cherries.  
People with red lips and sticky fingers mill about, tasting  
the various temptations.

INT. TRUCK

Canada and Julia are in the cab next to Ken.

JULIA

Mom, isn't it cute?

CANADA  
(absently)  
It really kind of is.

Reflective moment as she looks at the town. She checks her watch.

Ken catches Canada's eye. Winks at her. Julia squeals and bounces on the seat with delight.

CANADA  
Honey, sit back.

One more connective glance between Ken and Canada. She blushes and looks away.

EXT. CHICAGO -- DAY -- SAME TIME

Skyline of downtown Chicago.

INT. ORCHESTRA HALL/ JENSEN'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Jensen sits in his ornately appointed office. He's in conference with Gerard and BETSY MOORHEAD, 60's, the well-heeled, polished Board of Trustees president. She's a woman who tries very hard to be noticed.

GERARD  
Yes, that's my theory. An organization centered on tradition.

JENSEN  
I couldn't agree more.

BETSY  
It's of course imperative that it continues to grow and be enticing to our patrons.

GERARD  
It goes without saying that that's the cornerstone of any sound organization. I have a group of well-financed benefactors who also agree with me.

A look exchanged between Jensen and Betsy.

BETSY

Well, that aside, I know I speak for the rest of the selection committee by saying we would be fortunate to have someone with your stature and talent at the helm.

GERARD

Thank you.

Gerard and Betsy exchange a conspiratorial look.

EXT. TRAVERSE TOWN SQUARE -- LATER

In the center of the action, May's butterfly cages are prominently arranged. Children blow in the cages and scream at the fluttery creatures.

Canada stands nearby, checking her iPhone, not really engaging in the whole scene. May observes her from across the square as Canada has to hold herself back from slapping an obnoxious KID's hand away from the cages. May comes to gently shoo the child back.

CANADA

I'm sorry, I told you I was the wrong person for this job. You're the one with the patience of Mother Teresa.

MAY

You're doing fine.

Julia bounds toward them, with cherry sauce all over her face. She pulls Canada with her.

JULIA

Come on, Mom. You have to taste this.

They arrive at

KEN'S COBBLER STAND

Julia pops another piece in her mouth.

JULIA  
You're gonna win.

KEN  
(to Canada)  
I saved you a piece.

CANADA  
I'm not a big cherry fan.

He hands her a a small piece on a plate. She takes a bite. Surprises her. She savors it.

CANADA  
Oh. My.

JULIA  
See?

Julia watches Ken and her Mom with quiet interest.

Canada holds her plate out to him. He raises his eyebrows toward a bigger piece.

CANADA  
Yes, please.

KEN  
Ah, the city girl has taste.

CANADA  
Have you ever thought of trying to sell this?

KEN  
Oh, that's not for me. I do it...

Julia stuffs her face with another piece, oblivious to anything else.

KEN (CONT'D)  
For that.

Canada shakes her head in amusement. People around them in colorful costumes start to form a dance line.

Canada stiffens. Ken follows her sight line, chuckles.

CANADA

Julia, it's time to gather our things.

KEN

Oh, not without a dance.

CANADA

No, no, no. Not me.

But, Ken takes Julia to join the dance line. Her embarrassment fades when she watches Julia relish in her element. A moment of joy. Canada's grateful eyes rest on Ken.

May joins her.

MAY

Remember how much this place used to inspire you?

Canada puts her arm around May.

CANADA

Hmmm. My darling Nana. You never give up on me. It's hard now for me to steal even a moment for that.

MAY

Stolen moments add up. Don't they?

INT. CANADA'S LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Canada is at the piano, surrounded by sheets of music, her composition in progress. It seems to be a rare indulgence, but Canada relishes in it. Julia leaps in toe shoes behind her. She wears a CHERRY FESTIVAL T-shirt.

Suzanne walks through with her suitcase.

SUZANNE

I hate to rush out.

CANADA

Don't be silly. You're on vacation. You have a plane to catch.

SUZANNE

I know you're working. Steve should have been here twenty minutes ago to get Julia.

Canada sighs.

CANADA

I know. It's fine. Julia's helping me. Go.

SUZANNE

I'll be back in a few days.

CANADA

Go. You'll miss your flight.

Julia and Canada hug her good-bye and Suzanne leaves.

CANADA

Alright, Jules, where were we?

She searches for a place in the music.

CANADA

Let's try that passage again. And, this time I'll add the third harmony that you so strongly suggested!

JULIA

I'm right. See? I just feel it.

Canada smiles down at the piano as she plays the high, light notes.

Julia pauses then glides to the music. In a matter of seconds, her face takes on a trance. She dances beyond her years.

Lost in it, Julia dances out through the open door, onto the balcony.

JULIA

I'm flying!

Behind her, Julia climbs onto a lounge chair next to the balcony railing. She kicks her leg up as high as her head. The chair SCRAPES on the cement, startling Canada.

The seconds appear to drag as Canada turns her head toward the balcony.

CANADA

No, Julia!!

She watches the lounge chair collapse backward as Julia loses her footing.

Julia falls over the side of the balcony, her arms raised above her head. Canada sucks in air as she hears Julia SCREAM. A split second.

EXT. BALCONY

She rushes onto the balcony and leans over the railing. Afraid to look.

CANADA

JULIA!!! No!... My... My.

No more words will come out. Silence.

Canada on the penthouse balcony. Helpless. Small.

An aerial view of the city skyline makes her appear even smaller.