

ABBY'S BEDROOM

Abby drops the laundry basket and is reaching the climax of her dance.

PAIGE (O.S.)

MOM!

The music drops out.

Abby turns, surprised to see Paige holding her iPad.

PAIGE

I need the charger.

Of course. Abby fetches the charger from her nightstand as-

PAIGE

What were you doing?

ABBY

Nothing.

PAIGE

Looked like you were dancing with the laundry basket.

ABBY

You know what, I was dancing. With the laundry basket.

PAIGE

But, you can't dance.

This stops Abby in her tracks.

ABBY

Yes, actually, I can.

PAIGE

But, you always say I'm the dancer in the family.

Abby thinks about this for a moment.

ABBY

I do say that, don't I? Actually, I was a dancer for a really long time. I started younger than you, even.

PAIGE

(incredulous)
Really?

START

ABBY

Mh-hm.

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~~ABBY'S BEDROOM - LATER~~

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~~Abby and Paige sit on Abby's bed, the laundry basket between them, though Abby is the only one folding.~~

ABBY

Your Nana and Grandpa were getting divorced and my dance class was the first place I felt like me again. And I couldn't get enough; ballet, modern, jazz, hip hop.

Paige giggles at this.

ABBY

You don't think I can do hip hop.

Paige shakes her head "no".

ABBY (CONT'D)

Jokes on you, missy, because I was a hip hop queen. The Hippest and the Hoppest.

Paige rolls her eyes.

PAIGE

Why'd you stop.

A beat as Abby looks at her daughter.

ABBY

Just got too busy.

PAIGE

You should start again.

ABBY

You think?

PAIGE

Mh-hm.

And just like that, the laundry is done. Abby looks the time-

ABBY

It's late! Brush your teeth and go to bed.

Paige hops off the bed, then-

END