

PLEA - BLUE REVISION

Written by

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1 INT. BROADWAY STAGE(DREAM) - NIGHTSOFT GOLDEN LIGHTS 1
ILLUMINATE THE STAGE. JASMINE, A YOUNG AND GRACEFUL
BALLERINA, GLIDES EFFORTLESSLY ACROSS THE STAGE IN AN
ETHEREAL SOLO. THE AUDIENCE, OF WELL-DRESSED INDIVIDUALS,
SITS CAPTIVATED BY HER PERFORMANCE. THE MUSIC PLAYS AS
JASMINE SPINS FASTER AND FASTER, HER MOVEMENTS TRANSCENDENT.)

2 CUT TO: INT. JASMINE'S BEDROOM - MORNING (*THE RINGING OF AN* 2
ALARM CLOCK JOLTS JASMINE AWAKE. SHE REACHES OUT TO SILENCE
IT. HER MOTHER'S VOICE ECHOES FROM THE HALLWAY.)

MOTHER/BRENDA
(*firm but caring*) Jasmine! Get
up, sweetheart! Jasmine, come on
now you going to be late.

(*Jasmine blinks, reality settling in. The dream fades,
leaving She sits up slowly.*)

JASMINE
I'm up...

(jasmine stretches and jumps out of bed)

3 INT. CUT TO: INT. JASMINE'S BEDROOM 3
(*Music plays softly in the background as Jasmine brushes her
teeth and washes her face. She ties her hair into a neat bun,
her eyes lingering on her reflection—a hint of weariness but
determination too.*)

4 EXT. INNER CITY OF CHICAGO - DAY 4
(Jasmine walks briskly, clutching her dance bag. The streets
are alive with the sound of traffic and chatter. She reaches
a modest but welcoming dance studio.)

DANCE STUDENTS
good morning misses Jasmine

JASMINE
Good morning, girls. I hope
everyone is ready. Today where
going to practicing plie-ay. I know
you all have been practicing so
hard. Everyone gathers around

(*Jasmine stands at the front of the room, her students
gathered around her. She demonstrates a sequence of
movements*)

JASMINE
 Just Like we practiced...One and
 Two and three and four. One and two
 and three and four.

The students mirror her motions, admiration evident in their expressions.

JASMINE
 (Jasmines walks down the row of students making minor
 adjustment to their form)
 That's it, everyone! Feel the
 rhythm, let it guide you.

*(As the class continues, Jasmine's steps become slower. Her
 breath quickens. Suddenly, she collapses to her knees. Her
 students gasp and rush to her side.)*

STUDENT 1
 Miss Jasmine! Are you okay?
(Jasmine musters a weak smile and nods.)

JASMINE
(She stands shakily and heads to the bathroom.)

5 INT. DANCE STUDIO BATHROOM - DAY 5

*(Jasmine leans over the sink, breathing heavily. She catches
 sight of her reflection. A trickle of blood flows from her
 nose. She stares, alarmed but composed. Taking a tissue, she
 cleans herself up and exhales deeply, steeling herself.)*

6 FADE OUT. 6

7 INT. DOCTORS OFFICE 7

(walking in, holding a folder)

DOCTOR
 Hello, Jasmine. Thanks for waiting.

JASMINE
 (sits up, hopeful)
 No problem. Did my results come
 in?

DOCTOR

(sighs, sitting across from her)

They did. I'm really sorry, but it looks like we've found a tumor.

JASMINE

A... what? But how? This doesn't make sense.

DOCTOR

I know this is a lot to take in. I truly wish I had better news.

JASMINE

(shaking her head, processing)

What am I supposed to do? I'm leaving for dance school in two weeks.

DOCTOR

Jasmine... with this tumor, you're not going to be able to dance.

(A long, painful silence fills the air.)

JASMINE

Are you serious?

DOCTOR

(softly) I'm afraid so.

8 INT. JASMINE'S HOME-NIGHT

8

Jasmine walks through the front door, her movements sluggish. Her dance bag hangs off her shoulder, dragging slightly as she sets it down.

BRENDA

You okay, sweetheart? You look drained.

JASMINE

Just a long day, Mom.

Brenda walks over, concern etched on her face.

BRENDA

Well, we did it. We finally saved enough for Juilliard. You're really going, Jasmine. Two weeks from now, you'll be dancing in New York!

JASMINE

Yeah... it's crazy, isn't it?
(Jasmine forces another nod, fighting back the turmoil inside her. She turns away, grabbing her bag.)

BRENDA

I'm so proud of you. This is everything you've worked for

JASMINE

I think I'll head to my room. Just need to lie down for a bit.

(Brenda watches her go, sensing something is off but saying nothing. Jasmine enters her bedroom, closes the door, and falls onto the bed. Her eyes stare at the ceiling, the weight of the news in weighing down on her.)

9 INT. BROADWAY STAGE- DREAM

9

Music plays. The audience is silent, captivated by her every move. She glides across the stage, she looks down and sees blood dripping onto the polished stage floor. Her breathing quickens, panic setting in. The music distorts

JASMINE

No... no, this can't be happening.

10 CUT TO: INT. JASMINE'S BEDROOM - MORNING (*THE RINGING OF AN ALARM CLOCK JOLTS JASMINE AWAKE. SHE REACHES OUT TO SILENCE IT.*)

10

JASMINE

(*muttering to herself*) It was just a dream..

Swinging her legs over the edge of the bed, she stands and stretches stiffly before heading to the mirror. She studies her reflection, her face showing exhaustion.

11 INT. DANCE STUDIO-DAY

11

Jasmine enters, her posture strong, hiding the weight inside her. The studio buzzes with energy—young dancers warming up, chatter filling the air.

STUDENT 1

Miss Jasmine! Are we learning something new today?

JASMINE

Of course. Let's get started

12 EXT. INNER CITY CHICAGO - NIGHT

12

Rain pounds the pavement, the city shimmering under the glow of neon signs and streetlights. A car pulls up beside her, its tires splashing water onto the curb. The window rolls down, revealing KEVIN (mid-30s, rugged, yet kind-eyed), leaning over the steering wheel.

KEVIN

Hey, you look like you could use a ride.

JASMINE

I'm fine.

KEVIN

Come on, it's pouring out here. Where you headed?

JASMINE

(Jasmine studies him—his face is familiar, but trust isn't easy. She exhales, shivering.)

...Home.

KEVIN

Then let me take you. Just trying to do a good deed tonight.

Jasmine looks up at the rain hammering down, then back at Kevin. After a beat, she sighs and reaches for the door handle.

INT. KEVIN'S CAR - NIGHT

Jasmine sits stiffly in the passenger seat, gripping a pamphlet in her hands—a Juilliard brochure, messed up crumpled from the rain

Kevin glances over, catching sight of it.

KEVIN

Juilliard? You thinking about
heading there?

Jasmine tenses, realizing he's seen it. She hesitates before
quickly folding the pamphlet and slipping it into her bag

JASMINE

It's nothing.

KEVIN

Doesn't seem like nothing.

JASMINE

(forcing a shrug) Just an old dream.

KEVIN

Big dreams, huh? You know... I might
have something that could help you
out.

JASMINE

Help me how?

KEVIN

A business opportunity in New York
good money. No dancing involved,
but it might be exactly what you
need right now.

JASMINE

What kind of business?

KEVIN

Let's just say it's fast-moving.
High stakes. But the payout? Life-
changing.

JASMINE

you must think I'm stupid, I know
who you are.

KEVIN

Who am I?

JASMINE

someone I shouldn't be in the car
with

Without another word, she pushes open the door and steps out into the rain. and walks inside the house.

14 INT. JASMINE'S ROOM - DAY

14

Sunlight shines through the blinds. She sits on the edge with her phone in hand, staring at Kevin's contact on the screen. she takes a deep breath, then she presses "call."

A few rings. Kevin picks up.

KEVI (V.O.)

Didn't expect to hear from you this soon.

JASMINE

(firm, but hesitant) I've been thinking. If I do this... I need it to be temporary. I just need ten thousand. Enough to cover my operation.

KEVIN (V.O.)

That's all you want? Too easy.

JASMINE

That's all I need. Once I hit that number, I'm out.

KEVIN (V.O.)

Alright. I can make that work. But you better be sure about this.

JASMINE

(quietly) I am.

KEVIN (V.O.)

see you in New York

15 EXT. O'HARE AIRPORT - DAY

15

BRENDA

(holding back tears) I still can't believe it. My baby, off to Juilliard.

JASMINE

Yeah... it's happening.

BRENDA

I'm so proud of you.

Jasmine swallows, the truth become to come out, but she can't bring herself to say it.

JASMINE
I better get going now.

BRENDA

(sniffles, pulling her into a hug) Go make your dreams happen.

16 INT. BRONX APARTMENT - NIGHT

16

Dim light from a flickering bedside lamp casts long shadows across the worn-out walls. Jasmine kneels by the bed, pulling a shoebox from beneath it. She opens it to see a few loose coins, a few bills, it's everything she has. Kevin walks in.

KEVIN
how's everything?

JASMINE
everything is good just taking it in, so when do we start.

KEVIN
Tomorrow.

17 MONTAGE - JASMINE & KEVIN RUNNING THE BUSINESS

17

A SERIES OF SHOTS:

- **INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY** Kevin shows Jasmine the drugs shipments, numbers. She learns fast, adapting quickly to the world she's entered.

- **EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT** Jasmine steps out of a car, exchanging a firm handshake with Kevin. She looks more confident, more in control.

- **INT. BRONX APARTMENT - NIGHT** Jasmine counts a stack of bills, her shoebox growing heavier with cash.

- **INT. BRONX APARTMENT - NIGHT** Jasmine opens the shoebox again. The money has doubled, then tripled. She stares at it, her fingers tightening around the edges.

- **EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT** Jasmine stands overlooking the city, taking in the view.

- INT. BRONX APARTMENT - NIGHT *She closes the shoebox but struggles because it overfull.*

18 INT. NYPD STATION - DAY

18

lights buzz overhead as detectives shuffle through reports and files. The narcotics division is in full swing

CAPTAIN RODGERS

Alright, listen up! We've got a new case one that's moving fast, and we need it locked down. Detective Brian, this one's yours. High-stakes operation happening right under our noses--movement between Chicago and New York. We need to know who's pulling the strings.

DETECTIVE BRIAN

what all do we got on this?

CAPTAIN RODGER

Enough to know it's big, but not enough to take it down. Whoever's running this, they're Careful.

DETECTIVE MARTINEZ

Or either someone no one expects.

CAPTAIN RODGERS

Alright, lets get to work

19 INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

19

Detective BRIAN sits at a corner table, dressed casually, blending in. He stirs his coffee, scanning the space. His gaze lands on JASMINE as she steps up to the counter to order.

A moment later, Brian casually moves toward the station just as Jasmine does

DETECTIVE BRIAN

Busy morning, huh?

JASMINE

Yeah. Just grabbing something before heading out.

DETECTIVE BRIAN

You visiting, or are your local?

Brian picks up a sugar packet, tearing it opens slowly.

JASMINE
Chicago originally. Just here for
business. Heading back soon. im here
for business

DETECTIVE BRIAN
that's neat my son is going to
school for business.

JASMINE
really where I was supposed to go
to Julliard for dance.

DETECTIVE BRIAN
I guess you do kind of look like a
ballet dancer, I can see it.

JASMINE
Thank you, not anymore though.

DETECTIVE BRIAN
So, what kind of business do you
do?

Jasmine hesitates for just a second—but before she can
answer, her phone buzzes. She checks the screen. KEVIN.

JASMINE
nice meeting you but I have to go.

*She grabs her cup and rushes toward the exit, watching as she
disappears into the street. Brian narrows his eyes, with
suspicion settling in.*

20 INT. BRONX APARTMENT - NIGHT

20

*Jasmine sits on the edge of the bed, staring at the shoebox
tucked beneath it.*

*The door suddenly swings open—KEVIN rushes in urgent. He
shuts the door behind him, locking it.*

KEVIN
We've got a problem.

JASMINE
What kind of problem?

KEVIN

(paces, running a hand through his hair)

Cops. I think they're watching us.
We need to move fast—one last
transaction, then we're done.

JASMINE

Jasmine exhales

cops are you serious, I can't go to
jail.

KEVIN

well, that's not how it works, and
we will if we don't get out of
here.

JASMINE

what am I gonna tell my mom, this
was never was supposed to drag this
long.

KEVIN

everything will be fine, like I
said one last time and were gone.

JASMINE

one last time?

KEVIN

One, then well disappear.

The weight of the situation settles in. Jasmine glances at
her shoebox

21 INT -COFFE SHOP - DAY

21

Conversations fill the café, but Jasmine barely hears them.
She sits at a corner table stirring her drink, her mind is
elsewhere.

DETECTIVE BRIAN sits down, uninvited.

DETECTIVE BRIAN

I think you already know.

JASMINE

What you are talking about.

DETECTIVE BRIAN

Okay, this is how you want to play.

He pulls a badge from his jacket, setting it on the table between them

JASMINE

You were a fucking cop, Kevin is gonna kill me.

DETECTIVE BRIAN

Here's the thing. I'm giving you an out. Right now. No repercussions. You walk away, this all disappears.

JASMINE

I can't.

DETECTIVE BRIAN

but you can.

JASMINE

so, you just gonna let me free? why should I believe you. how do I know you not just lying like you have been.

DETECTIVE BRIAN

all I can give you is my word.

JASMINE

why are you doing this?

DETECTIVE BRIAN

I know this isn't you! I see people get in too deep all the time. And I see how it ends.

Jasmine sits frozen, staring at the phone screen. "Mom" flashes across the screen. Her fingers move like she might answer, but she doesn't. Detective Brian watches her, he exhales, pushing his chair back.

DETECTIVE BRIAN

Think about what I said.

pulling a card from his pocket and setting it on the table beside her drink.

DETECTIVE BRIAN

Just in case you change your mind.

Jasmine stares at the card, before she can respond, Brian turns and walks away, disappearing into the crowd of café customers.

22 EXT. MANHATTAN- DAY**22**

bright lights flicker across Broadway, taxis honk, conversations fill the streets.

she sees a large theater marquee. "AN EVENING OF DANCE: A RECITAL ON BROADWAY." she takes a deep breath then steps toward the box office.

23 INT. BROADWAY THEATER - NIGHT**23**

Jasmine slips into a seat near the back as the theater curtains raises

Jasmine watches, the rhythm of the music gives her memories, reminding her of what she once dreamed of and what she was supposed to be.

A tear slides down her cheek as she watches, lost in reflection.

she gets a text from Kevin telling her to meet her at the "spot"

24 INT. BRONX APARTMENT - NIGHT**24**

KEVIN stands by the table gripping a duffel bag, his fingers twitching as he double-checks inside. then hears a sudden knock at the door.

KEVIN
finally, she should have been here
45 minutes ago.

The front door bursts open

OFFICERS
NYPD! HANDS IN THE AIR!

Several officers swarm inside, guns raised, voices commanding.

KEVIN
Bitch.
(utters under his breath
in disbelief)

25 BRONX APARTMENT- OUTSIDE -NIGHT**25**

The back door of a police car swings open. Officers lead Kevin forward with his hands cuffed, Kevin is filled with frustration.

Jasmine watches from afar next to Detective Brian.

26 INT. AIRPORT-DAY

26

Jasmine steps out from the arrival gate, her duffel bag slung over her shoulder. *She looks in the crowd and spots her mother near the baggage claim. Her mother's face lights up.*

BRENDA
there she is!

27 JASMINE BEDROOM-DAY

27

Jasmine reaches into he duffel bag and begin to unpack, as she almost done emptying it she pulls out a shoebox full of cash.