

VICTOR LEBLANC

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(c) 2025

FADE IN:

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

Silence. Mist creeps between headstones.

A mound of earth shudders.

A HAND BREAKS THROUGH.

Pale. Dirt-streaked. It flexes once, then claws upward, dragging something with it...

VICTOR LEBLANC (late 20s), tuxedo rotted but stylish, drags himself out of the grave.

Mud clings to his face and collar. His eyes flick open, confused... but focused.

He sits up. Breathes in, or tries to. A low wheeze rattles out.

He looks down at himself. One shoe. Bones show through a sleeve.

A ballroom boutonnière crushed against his chest.

He doesn't know who he is. But his body... remembers something. He rises. Slowly. Broken, but with poise.

Something flutters past in the wind. It catches on a nearby gravestone. Victor turns. Limping, curious. He pulls it free.

INSERT - A FLYER:

"WALTZ INTO LIFE! Beginner Ballroom Class - First Class Free!
Tuesday @ 7PM - Margo's Dance Studio"

He stares at it.

In the distance, wind picks up. Somewhere far off, the faint sound of a waltz drifts on the breeze, warped and ghostly.

Victor looks toward the sound, then the flyer.

His hands are dirt-covered and trembling.

He straightens his spine and takes a step.

But his leg gives out.

He falls -

But lands in a perfect kneeling ballroom flourish pose, one arm extended like the end of a performance.

He tilts his head, thinking.

He stands again and begins walking.

VICTOR
(soft, hoarse)
One more time.

He disappears into the fog.

INT. MARGO'S DANCE STUDIO - EVENING

A mirror runs the length of one wall, its surface cracked and cloudy. The room's seen better days.

MARGO LANE (40s) adjusts a vase of fake roses.

She checks her watch. 6:54.

MARGO
They say "first class free" and
still no one shows.

BEV (60s) Margo's assistant drags a folding chair across the floor. She drops into it. A puff of dust lifts off the cushion and hangs in the air.

BEV
Looks like the only thing dancing
in here is the dust.

MARGO
You're in rare form tonight.

BEV
It's the bourbon.

She flashes a flask and watches Margo reset the "Welcome New Dancers" sign with taped-on glitter letters.

MARGO
All I need is one student. One.
Then word of mouth does the rest.

DING. The bell above the door jingles.

They both freeze. The door creaks open.

VICTOR stands in the entryway.

Dirt-caked shoes. Black suit jacket barely hanging together.

His eyes, vacant but focused, take in the room like he's seen it before.

MARGO (CONT'D)
You here for the beginner class?

VICTOR
(slowly)
Begin...ner. Yes.

BEV
(to herself)
Well... that's unsettling.

MARGO
Ignore her. Come in, we were just about to start.

As Victor steps forward, a clump of dried cemetery soil drops from his cuff and hits the floor with a thud.

Margo notices. Hesitates.

Then forces a smile.

INT. DANCE STUDIO - MOMENTS LATER

Victor stands among a few stragglers, other beginners: awkward and bored, but alive.

Margo claps her hands.

MARGO
Alright. Let's line up. Partnered or solo, doesn't matter, we're all here to move.

BEV
(Lifting her flask)
Speak for yourself.

Margo shoots her a look.

MARGO
Let's begin with posture. Spine up. Chin proud. Heart open.

Victor stands straighter than the rest. His spine pops back into place. The student next to him scoots away.

MARGO (CONT'D)
Very good, mister...?

VICTOR
...LeBlanc. Victor LeBlanc.

Bev nearly drops her flask.

BEV
(to herself)
Nope. Nope. I need to Google this.

MARGO
Alright, everyone, we'll start with
a basic box step. Slow, slow, quick
quick...

She begins demonstrating. The class follows, some more
successfully than others.

Victor moves stiffly at first. Then something clicks. His
feet find the beat like they remember it.

Across the room, Bev squints at her phone.

BEV
(reading)
"Victor LeBlanc, 1938 Ballroom
Champion. Died mid-performance
under mysterious..."

DING. The studio door opens again.

TYLER (mid-20s), baseball cap, guarded posture, messenger bag
slung over one shoulder, steps inside.

TYLER
Is this the right place for the
dance class?

MARGO
You're just in time.

TYLER
I thought I was late.

MARGO
Late's just a matter of tempo.

Tyler smiles.

Victor turns. Eyes him, curious. Something like recognition,
though they've never met.

MARGO (CONT'D)
Find a partner, or join the
rotation.

Tyler looks around. Most of the students are already paired.
Victor steps forward. Offers his hand.

VICTOR
May I?

Tyler blinks.

TYLER
Uh... sure.

He takes Victor's hand.
They move to the open floor.

MARGO
Good. Connection starts here.
Trust. Lead gently. Follow with
intent.

They begin. It's awkward. Tyler's unsure. Victor's precise, a
little too much at first.
Tyler trips slightly.

TYLER
Sorry. I'm... new.

Victor adjusts. Slows down.

VICTOR
So am I.

They try again. And this time... it works. Their steps fall
into rhythm.

BEV
(to herself)
Okay. That's new.

Margo watches with a quiet kind of interest.

MARGO
That's enough for today, everyone.

Same time next week.

The class begins to pack up. Some leave quickly. Margo
disappears into the back room.

Tyler lingers, pulling on his hoodie.

Victor stands by the mirror, staring at his own reflection. Not admiring. Studying. Like it might vanish if he blinks.

TYLER

You're, uh... really good. Been dancing long?

Victor's eyes stay on the mirror.

VICTOR

A long time ago. Yes. It feels... familiar.

Tyler half-smiles, nervous.

TYLER

Yeah. That's how I feel when I'm near Trader Joe's.

Victor glances at him.

VICTOR

Thank you. For not stepping on my feet.

Tyler shrugs, warming a little.

TYLER

You're welcome. I'm Tyler, by the way.

Victor nods.

VICTOR

Victor. I think.

Tyler tilts his head.

TYLER

Cool. See you next week?

Victor gives the faintest nod. Almost a bow.

Tyler lingers a moment, then exits.

Victor turns back to the mirror. His reflection is slightly delayed, half a beat off.

INT. MAINTENANCE CLOSET - NIGHT

Not a grave. Just a forgotten room in the back of a crumbling building, maybe even the same one that houses the dance studio.

A single bulb over head, casting harsh shadows over:

An old mirror, cracked. A stack of dusty ballroom trophies shoved in a corner.

A rolled-up mat. A candle burned low.

Victor sits on the floor, back against the wall. Jacket folded neatly beside him. One foot bare. The other still in his tattered dance shoe.

In his lap, he holds an old photo, the image barely visible beneath grime and age.

A couple, dancing. Only his half of the couple remains clear.

He runs a finger over the woman's side, her face a blur.

His hand shakes. He sets the photo down.

Looks up.

The mirror stares back, but something's off. His reflection lags just a hair behind. Still. Watching.

He stands. Takes a deep breath that isn't breath at all.

And steps into a slow, solitary waltz.

No music. Just the faint scuff of his foot on concrete.

Step... step... turn. Step... turn... stop.

He falters. Catches the edge of a table. Steadies himself.

Stares into the mirror again.

VICTOR

Thank you. For not stepping on my feet.

A beat. Then he repeats it like he's practicing language.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

Thank you. For not stepping... on my feet.

Another step. Another stumble.

He collapses to his knees.

Hands braced on the floor. Breathing hard, even though he doesn't need to.

His voice cracks.

VICTOR (CONT'D)
What did I forget?

No one answers.

The light bulb flickers above him.

His reflection finally catches up.

INT. MARGO'S DANCE STUDIO - EVENING - A FEW DAYS LATER

Warm lamplight glows through dusty windows. The music tonight is livelier, a classic swing beat playing over an old speaker.

Tyler is already here, stretching awkwardly near the mirror.

Margo calls out corrections to other students while she floats between couples, adjusting arms, tapping shoulders.

The front door creaks. Victor steps in.

This time - cleaner. More intact. Hair slicked back. Same tuxedo, but the dust has been shaken off. A single rose tucked under one arm.

Everyone stares. Not because he's weird, but because he carries himself like he belongs in a better room than this one.

TYLER smiles when he sees him.

TYLER
Hey. You came back.

VICTOR
So did you.

Tyler laughs.

TYLER
Yeah, well. Cheaper than therapy.

Victor offers the rose.

VICTOR
This is for you.

Tyler freezes. Laughs again, but this time... nervous.

TYLER
I think you're supposed to give it
after the dance, not before.

VICTOR
I don't know the rules anymore.

Tyler takes it.

Victor steps closer.

VICTOR (CONT'D)
Will you dance with me?

Tyler nods.

Bev, sitting behind the front desk, sees them step onto the floor together. She narrows her eyes.

BEV
(to herself)
That tux. That name. That face...

She pulls out her phone and starts searching again.

Margo cues a waltz. The lights dim slightly. The mirror glows.

Tyler and Victor begin to dance.

It's smoother this time. Real connection forming.

Margo watches them, surprised. Maybe even... moved.

Victor guides Tyler through a turn.

Tyler stumbles, catches himself, laughs.

TYLER
Still better than high school gym
class.

VICTOR
Still better than 1938.

Tyler stops.

TYLER
What?

Victor doesn't answer. They keep dancing.

INT. FRONT DESK - SAME TIME

Bev stares at the screen of her phone.

On it: a black and white photo. A ballroom competition. A man mid-spin, elegant, striking, unmistakably Victor.

CAPTION:

"Victor LeBlanc, 1938, vanished mid-performance."

BEV

You've gotta be kidding me.

INT. DANCE STUDIO - NIGHT - ONE WEEK LATER

Upbeat music echoes off the walls, a cha-cha remix.

MONTAGE

Victor and Tyler spin in near
perfect sync.

Tyler laughs, Victor's got unexpected hip action for a guy whose leg literally creaks when he moves.

Margo claps encouragement, finally seeing life in the studio again.

Tyler tries teaching Victor a modern move. Victor tries. Fails. Looks vaguely offended by it.

TYLER

You just invented interpretive
dying swan.

INT. STUDIO - LATER THAT NIGHT

The studio is mostly empty. Just Victor and Tyler, still on the floor, catching their breath.

TYLER

Okay, not to be weird, but... you
ever, like, trained professionally?

VICTOR

Once. A long time ago.

TYLER

Right. You said 1938. That a joke
I'm too Gen Z to get?

Victor says nothing. Just smiles. A bit too sad.

TYLER (CONT'D)

You really don't remember much?

VICTOR

Sometimes I do. The music helps.

Tyler's smile fades just slightly. A little more vulnerable
now.

TYLER

Yeah. Me too. After my dad died,
dancing was the only time I didn't
feel like I was floating away.

Victor turns to him. There's a beat of silence.

Then -

VICTOR

Maybe that's why we found each
other.

Tyler swallows. His voice softens.

TYLER

Maybe.

They begin another slow waltz. The studio's lights dim.

They don't notice. They're somewhere else now - together.

INT. FRONT DESK - SAME TIME

Bev is still there. Still watching.

Still scrolling through old newspaper scans and missing
persons reports.

She clicks open a yellowed document:

"Midtown Ballroom Curse, Local Champion Dies Mid Performance"

She zooms in on the photo of the couple.

The man... is Victor.

The woman's face is burned out by flash glare.

BEV
(to herself)
You poor thing.

She looks up. Through the glass, Victor and Tyler are still dancing, silhouetted, quiet, and somehow glowing just a little.

BEV (CONT'D)
(softly)
He doesn't even know.

INT. MARGO'S DANCE STUDIO - NIGHT - DRESS REHEARSAL

Lights up. Music loud. The class is running a mock showcase, Margo's way of preparing for the Midtown Invitational, now just days away.

Tyler and Victor are front and center. They've been working on a new routine, old-school smooth with a touch of modern.

They're electric.

Margo watches from the sidelines. Her face is tight but impressed. Bev leans in beside her, murmurs:

BEV
You realize he's not just good.
He's... done this before.

MARGO
I know.

Tyler and Victor nail a series of turns, then drop into a final pose.

Applause from the small crowd. Students. Friends. One bored teen claps with earbuds in.

Tyler beams.

TYLER
We did it!

VICTOR
Yes.

Victor smiles, a real one. He looks... alive.

But then:

A FLASH. A strobe of light, a memory crashes through.

The music distorts, slows...

VICTOR'S POV - 1938 BALLROOM

A crowded room. A woman in yellow. Laughing. His hand in hers.

They spin. He dips her.

Applause.

Then:

His foot slips. She falls. Her head hits the floor. The music stops. Someone screams. Blood on tile.

BACK TO PRESENT

Victor stumbles back, dazed.

Tyler rushes to him.

TYLER

Hey. Hey. What's wrong?

VICTOR

I... remember. Her name was Anna. I dropped her.

INT. STUDIO OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Victor sits on the couch, shaken. Tyler paces. Margo and Bev enter, quiet.

BEV

We looked it up. You're in a bunch of old papers. 1938. You died during a dance competition.

Victor says nothing.

MARGO

They said it was an accident. But the papers said more.

Bev pulls out a photocopy of a clipping:

"Tragic Collapse at Midtown Invitational, 'The Final Waltz,' Unfinished."

BEV

They said you never got to finish
the routine. That you vanished
before your body was found. They
think -

MARGO

- They think you've been stuck.

VICTOR

Cursed. Until I finish the dance.

INT. DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

Victor stands alone again. The studio dark now. Everyone
gone.

He closes his eyes.

Spins.

Dips.

Stops - the same exact moment he dropped Anna.

He looks down. His hand is fading. Slightly translucent.

His time is running out.

INT. TYLER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Dimly lit, warm, slightly messy. A couch, a record player,
half-eaten pad Thai on the counter.

Tyler sits on the floor, back against the couch. He's
scrolling through news articles on his laptop.

On-screen:

"Victor LeBlanc: The Man Who Died Mid-Dance"

Photos flash by:

Victor.

The woman in yellow.

A dance hall, charred and forgotten, burned down decades
ago.

Tyler stares at the screen. A soft knock behind him.

He hesitates, then rises and opens the door.

VICTOR stands in the hallway – pale, shaky.

TYLER
You shouldn't be out like this. You
look -

VICTOR
- Faded?

He lifts a hand. Light passes faintly through the edges of his fingers.

VICTOR (CONT'D)
It's getting worse.

Tyler stands.

TYLER
Then we stop. You don't have to
finish the dance. We'll find
another way.

VICTOR
There isn't one. I've been dead for
eighty years, Tyler. I'm not afraid
of vanishing. I'm afraid of leaving
the floor before the music ends,
before the dance is done.

Tyler looks away.

TYLER
Yeah, well... I don't want to be
the guy who helped you die twice.

Victor stares at him, hurt, but quiet. He nods once. Then turns and leaves – alone.

INT. DANCE STUDIO - NEXT NIGHT

Victor dances.

The studio is empty. No music, just the sound of his shoes scraping the floor.

He tries the dip again. Over and over. Each time he falters – his form perfect, but something's missing.

He looks into the mirror.

His reflection is gone.

But then... A soft voice behind him.

MARGO

You're not broken because you fell,
Victor. You're broken because
you're dancing alone. Ask him to
come back.

INT. TYLER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The rose Victor gave him sits in a cup on the counter.
Wilting. Tyler looks at it, torn.

He opens a text. Types:

"You don't have to do this alone."

Deletes it.

Starts again:

"I'm scared too."

Still doesn't send it.

Just stares.

INT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

Victor walks through the rows. Stops at one headstone, the
name weathered away.

He kneels. Pulls a folded photo from his coat, the same one
from earlier.

It's clearer now.

The woman in yellow, her face finally visible. He touches it
gently.

VICTOR

Anna.

His voice breaks.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.

A breeze moves through the trees.

His hand is nearly gone.

INT. DANCE STUDIO - NIGHT

The lights are off. The room is still. Victor sits alone in the center of the floor, legs outstretched, jacket folded beside him like a ritual he's tired of repeating.

One hand, the left, is already translucent, drifting into nothing just past the wrist.

The record player beside him spins silently. A needle hovers, waiting.

MARGO enters from the back. She stands in the doorway. Doesn't move closer.

MARGO
I called him.

Victor doesn't respond.

MARGO (CONT'D)
He said he wasn't coming.

Still nothing.

MARGO (CONT'D)
I think that scares you more than
the curse.

A long silence.

VICTOR
I never wanted to be remembered for
how I left. I wanted to be
remembered for how I moved.

He closes his eyes.

VICTOR (CONT'D)
But all anyone saw was the fall.
Maybe that's what I am now. Just
the fall.

MARGO
Then dance it again.

Victor shakes his head.

VICTOR
Not without him.

INT. TYLER'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Tyler sits on the edge of his bed. Still in street clothes. Shoes still on. The untouched text to Victor still open on his phone.

He hits delete. Throws the phone on the pillow.

He's not okay, and he doesn't know why it hurts this much.

His eyes fall to the wilting rose in the cup. The petals are turning black. He picks it up. Holds it carefully.

INT. STUDIO - LATER THAT NIGHT

Victor tries to stand, but can't. His leg gives out. He crumples.

This time, no grace. Just gravity. All Is Lost.

But then... The front door creaks open.

TYLER enters. He says nothing. Walks across the studio. Kneels down in front of Victor.

Holds out the rose.

TYLER
You dropped this.

Victor doesn't look at it. Just stares at him.

VICTOR
Why are you here?

TYLER
Because I don't want to miss the
end.

A long beat.

Tyler stands, offers his hand.

TYLER (CONT'D)
One more time?

Victor reaches up. His hand is nearly gone.

But when Tyler touches him, it solidifies. Just slightly. Enough.

Victor exhales, relief.

VICTOR
One more time.

EXT. MIDTOWN BALLROOM - NIGHT

The old theater looks like a memory come back to life. A new neon banner hangs above cracked art deco doors:

"Midtown Invitational - 100th Anniversary"

Inside: music, laughter, sequins, high heels, and nerves.

INT. BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

The air buzzes with anxiety.

Dancers stretch. Margo paces. Bev holds a clipboard.

Victor stands in the shadows. A new jacket, still vintage, still him.

His reflection in the mirror is steady now.

Tyler adjusts his collar. Tries to hide how hard his hands are shaking.

TYLER
If we do this... what happens to you?

VICTOR
I don't know. But if we don't, I disappear anyway.

Tyler nods. No more doubts.

INT. BALLROOM FLOOR - LATER

The stage lights come up.

EMCEE
And now, representing Margo's School of Ballroom Art... please welcome Victor LeBlanc and Tyler Hayes.

Whispers ripple through the crowd. They walk out together.

No one breathes.

The music begins, a hauntingly elegant waltz. A new arrangement of the same song Victor died dancing to.

The floor beneath them creaks. The lighting flickers. Shadows crawl along the walls.

It's like time is bending, 1938 folding into now.

The dance, they begin.

It's rough for the first few steps, nerves, pressure, ghosts. Then: rhythm. Trust. Flow.

Victor leads like he was born to. Tyler follows, confident and present.

Their hands never break. Their turns are perfect. Their hearts are in sync.

The crowd disappears. It's just them.

They reach the final sequence, the one where it all went wrong in 1938.

Victor's breath catches. He starts to slip, but then -

Tyler catches him and lifts him back into place.

They complete the turn. The dip. The final pose.

Silence.

Then, APPLAUSE. Deafening. A standing ovation.

ON STAGE

Victor's breathing hard. Light glowing from within him.

TYLER

You did it!

Victor turns to him. Smiles, small, real, sad, grateful.

VICTOR

No. We did!

Light begins to radiate around him, a warm, golden shimmer that grows brighter.

TYLER

Wait...

VICTOR
Don't be afraid. You helped me
remember who I was. And that was
enough.

TYLER
I'm not ready.

VICTOR
You are.

He touches Tyler's cheek.

And then — he's gone.

Lifted. Freed. Dissolved into soft light and floating petals.

EXT. MIDTOWN BALLROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

The crowd disperses. Margo and Bev stand outside. Bev sips
from her flask.

BEV
I swear to God if the next one's a
vampire, I'm retiring.

MARGO
Please, you'd be holding the garlic
and selling tickets.

They both smile.

INT. STUDIO - DAYS LATER

The floor is polished. The light is warmer. Tyler leads a
beginner's class. He's unsure, but committed.

At the back of the room, on the wall above the mirror: A NEW
PHOTO - Tyler and Victor, mid-pose, glowing.

Underneath, a plaque:

"Everyone deserves one last dance."

THE END