

THE DARK TOME
SEASON 1, EPISODE 3

Featuring "BREATHE MY NAME"
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Draft 1

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MUSIC - Theme of THE DARK TOME, eerie, sense of mystery,
wonder...

INT. SCHOOL - DAY

FX - bell ringing

CROWD
(students going about their
business)

PA
Remember tonight is the Senior
Prom, starting at 7pm in the
gymnasium. The shuttle bus will be
leaving at 9pm for the lock-in
party held at the Legion. See you
then!

CASSIE
(sighs)

CARTER
Hi, Cassie.

CASSIE
Mr. Carter. Here to harass me about
my choice of friends again?

CARTER
No. I was going to ask, are you
going to the prom?

CASSIE
Why, you asking me out?

CARTER
Cassie.

CASSIE
Sorry Mr. Carter.

CARTER
I shouldn't pry. But I just wanted
to let you know... it's okay to not
go with a date, you know. I did.
(chuckles) Not that you want me as
a role model. But, don't feel
excluded, okay? It's an important
event.

CASSIE
Sure. I just - I've got homework,
okay? I'm pretty busy.

CARTER
Okay. Of course.

CASSIE walks off.

CASSIE
The prom, the freaking PROM?!

FX - Door bursts open

INT. TRANSITION FROM SCHOOL TO GUSSY'S BOOKSHOP

CASSIE
So there I was again, the only girl
in the high school class who was
about to spend the night of the
prom with a Book. Of course, it
wasn't school book, it was the Dark
Tome. And I was fine with it.
Really. They could have their loud
music and their cliques and their
stupid drinking. They couldn't go
where I could go.

FX - Door jingles as Cassie enters Gussy's bookshop

CASSIE (CONT'D)
Mr. Gussy? (beat) Mr. Gussy? Where
the hell is he? (takes a few steps)
Oh. Hm. There's a note.

(reading) I'm out. Important
business. Fill you in later.

FX - puts down note.

CASSIE (CONT'D)
Well (sighs) I've been stood up. My
only friend for the prom is a ma
who could be my grandfather, and he
stood me up. Great.

Cassie collapses into a chair. She starts addressing the
Tome.

CASSIE (CONT'D)
But not you, good friend... The
Dark Tome is always ready for me...
What are you, anyways?
(MORE)

CASSIE (CONT'D)

Where did you come from? Was it really gypsies who carried you to London after the book was found - miraculously - still intact after Abbey Carola burned to the ground? Were you really found washed ashore in Virginia, after the slave ship that sailed to the new world sank? And was that how you found your way from a tobacco farmer to a reputed vampire and then to an eccentric bookkeeper in New Orleans? And from that eccentric bookkeeper... Here? (chuckles) Oh, what do I know. No one knows anything about you, do they? Only... Mr. Gussy might know something. Don't you think? (sighs) But he's not letting on. Hey. We don't need him, do we. We didn't the first time, and we don't now. I need an adventure, Dark Tome. I need to go somewhere.

FX - Cassie opens up the book, flips through some pages. As she starts to treat the book like a confessional, the walls begin to warp around her...

CASSIE (CONT'D)

(takes deep breath, thinks) Maybe we do this like we did it with Mr. Gussy. Like a... a seance, right? I can start to think about a place I might like to go.

Well, tonight is the night of the prom. Do you know what this, book? It's a... it's a thing we do in the spring. Like, a rites of spring thing, I guess. I get the feeling it is some sort of coming of age thing, something that maybe goes back real old, like, teenagers who get made aware that they're going to marry off and make babies and whatever. You're not supposed to have babies as a teenager anymore, though, and now mostly people use it to drink and have sex. Wait, am I making any sense? What I'm saying is, book. I'm not going to that party. I don't want to - well, it's not that, it's just. I don't want to feel stupid, okay, I just want --

INT. GUSSY'S BOOKSHOP - SIDE WORLD

FX - Whoosh

CASSIE

Oh. Oh wait. Now I've done it.
I'm...

FX - Door opens (jingling)

CASSIE (CONT'D)

(confused) I'm still in the
bookshop.

FX - steps come in

CASSIE (CONT'D)

Uh, hello? We're closed.

Kora is an extremely enigmatic one.

KORA

Hi there. I have a letter for you.

CASSIE

You have. What?

KORA

It's an invitation. Open it.

FX - letter passed to Cassie.

CASSIE

I... I'm not sure.

KORA

Sure, you've heard the rumors?
They've been everywhere this fall,
blown on the wind along with the
golden fans of fallen ginkgo
leaves. Everyone knows someone
who's been invited, don't you?

CASSIE

I don't think so.

KORA

Well you know someone now, don't
you? Oh, but no one has managed to
speak of anyone who's been, only...
there are those stories, aren't
there? The masks. The decadence.

(MORE)

KORA (CONT'D)

A play, perhaps a bacchanalia, of something that was not a play at all, but rather - an enfleshed dream masquerading as a drama. Of impossibility made concrete and stone in the condemned hallways of an abandoned building.

Go on, open it.

CASSIE

It's... this is quite old-fashioned, don't you think? The blood-red wax?

KORA

It's printed on the finest stock. It must be intended for you.

CASSIE

Yes. Of course...

FX - Cassie cracks the envelope.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

There's an address. But... no time.

KORA

Oh darling, there's no need. The time? Midnight, of course. Ever the hour of the impossible. Come now, we must not be late.

MUSIC - Playful, mysterious

VOICE

(orating to a crowd,
dreamlike)

Sleep is dying, and has been for a long time now, through uncounted ticks of clocks and the flickers of thousands of too-brief candles. Sleep is dying, a slow exsanguination of dreams, a storm-tossed suffocation of nightmares. Sleep is dying, and she is not alone in her throes.

EXT. OLD MANSION

CASSIE

Hey, wait for me, okay? What's your name again?

KORA

Kora.

CASSIE

Kora - I'm Cassie. And we're going... there?

KORA

Yes.

CASSIE

It's rather spooky looking don't you think?

KORA

Naturally.

Kora starts walking again, Cassie follows, occasionally they step on broken glass

CASSIE

Seriously, this is like the kind of place you see in a Ghost Hunters TV show. Or maybe the places kids break into to make out and - uh - other stuff. To me, it looks like MC Escher. You know him?

KORA

Whoever designed this place must have a fondness for Cocteau, don't you think?

CASSIE

Huh?

KORA

French Filmmaker. The torches, there? See how they're designed to resemble white-gloved hands.

CASSIE

Oh.

KORA

Our evening awaits.

FX - Doors creak open. Footsteps follow.

CASSIE

More torches.

KORA

Come in.

FX - BAM! Door slams.

CASSIE
(shrieks!)

KORA
Come now. See? More torches.

CASSIE
Yes...

FX - steps down the hallway, then stop.

CASSIE (CONT'D)
What now? It's, uh, a pair of
hands, sticking out of the wall.

KORA
It seems to me it beckons you,
Cassie.

CASSIE
It beckons me... Wh - oh! It wants
the invitation. Yes.

FX - Cassie digs up the invitation, hands it to the hand.

DOOR
(groans with pleasure)

FX - with an elastic-like sound the hand crumples the
invitation, snaps, then opens again.

CASSIE
Oh! It... um.. Traded me a deck of
cards? What should I do, just...
take one?

FX - card flipped.

CASSIE (CONT'D)
It's a tarot cards.

KORA
The Lovers, reversed. From the
Marseilles deck. The young man is
pinned by the gazes of two women he
was to choose between as much as he
is pinned by Love's arrow in his
chest.

CASSIE
Great. And that means what,
exactly?

FX - Hand snaps, opens again

KARO

It means the door is ready for you to open.

CASSIE

Oh, right. The hand... Is a handle?

FX - Cassie grips handle, twists, door grinds open - like big monumentous castle door type.

They take a few more steps in.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

(delighted)

It's a room of masks.

KARO

You like masks?

CASSIE

Look at them... They're beautiful... And - oh! - some are quite hideous.

KORA

Choose one. For me? The Venetian mask of tarnished silver, filigree wings at the temples. Tied with ribbon the violet-red of seeds at the heart of a pomegranate.

CASSIE

Yes, okay. And for me... A jaguar? Hand-painted, by the looks of it. And - Oh! - It fits like it was made just for me.

KORA

It was. Continue.

FX - Door opens

We are now firmly entering the dreamlike masquerade world, somewhere off there is charming flute music.

CASSIE

Look at all the doors...

CASSIE (CONT'D)
 (narrating) As I entered the hallway, what struck me first was all the doors! Some shut, some cracked open, some gaping like mouths. I could hear fragmented conversations, tingling jauntiness of a circus organ. Ice blue light burned beneath one door, and my fingers ached from cold when I placed them on the handle.

CASSIE (CONT'D)
 Oh!

WOMAN
 (giggles)

FX - Door opens, light footsteps trot past

MAN
 We shall get you!

WOLFMAN
 (seductive growl)

FX - steps all charge down stairs

CASSIE
 This place...

KORA
 Smell that? It's wonderful, isn't it? Burnt caramel? Or is it - dark clouds at the heart of a storm.

CASSIE
 It's... down here...

FX - steps down stone stairs

CASSIE (CONT'D)
 And here...

FX - pushes through cobwebs

CASSIE (CONT'D)
 (Sneezes) through here.

FX - rustling of curtains

INT. BASEMENT OF STRANGE BUILDING

MUSIC - Seductive waltz

CASSIE

(Gasps)

KORA

Extraordinary, isn't it?

CASSIE

Dancers spun by, no darkling
throng, but color and light and
texture glittering in kaleidoscope.
Flames flickered in the air,
without even candle beneath them.
The air was scent and sound, and I
barely had time to breathe it in
before..

KORA

Let's dance.

CASSIE

Whooa!

CASSIE (CONT'D)

Kora flung me into the dance, and I
was caught by a partner with a mask
horned like a stag, and it seemed
for a moment that I heard the
baying of distant hounds somewhere
beneath the music as we danced. And
then, there was only the dance.

As I became accustomed to the
hectic pace, I was able to see the
wonders Kora had pushed me into...

On the walls was a celestial map,
the stars and planets moving across
it in a stately progression. In the
center of the room was a fountain,
bubbling with a liquid the pale
green of perfect porcelain. When we
danced closer to it, I could smell
the sunburned darkness of
butterflies.

At the head of the room was a
banquet table.

(MORE)

CASSIE (CONT'D)

Upon it, a pastry burst into flame,
and from the flame arose a phoenix,
which circled the room, dropping
rubies in its wake.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

(in scene)

It's like the inside of a dream

KORA

It's made of dreams. Sleep's
abandoned children, all gathered
home and called to their revels.

CASSIE

Kora?

KORA

Keep dancing.

CASSIE

Keep dancing. And we did. Other
dancers were unpartnered, or
gathered into ecstatic knots, but
no one walked, and none remained
unmoving. It seemed, as we crossed
over a mosaic floor, past a woman
with owl's wings whose mask was
made of flowers, that the room had
grown larger. Vines crawled over a
wall, and they were thorned about
with roses, the air near them thick
with the scent of raspberry jam.
Among it all - a snake?

CASSIE (CONT'D)

(in scene)

How long have you been here?

KORA

Have you seen clocks or shadows in
this place? Or any other devices
used to capture time, and parcel it
out in captive bits? Time is only
breath and heartbeat, only now,
only tomorrow and tomorrow and
tomorrow.

CASSIE

Wait, how long have I been here?

KORA

Sssh. Look

CASSIE

Kora pointed to the ceiling, where snails, delicate and jeweled, fell from the ceiling. And suddenly, it didn't matter. And so, the dance continued... partner to partner, mask to mask.

I gazed upon Medusa, and did not turn unfeeling to stone. I spun in the arms of a woman whose mask was a living butterfly, its acid-green and black wings gently and closing on her face. I watched as the liquid in the fountain turned to poetry, and calligraphied sonnets and cinquains unfurled from it.

I had dreamt something similar once, ink running like water from a fountain, drying in splashes of iambic fragments.

Then, the music stopped.

CROWD FX, all confused and muttering.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

What? Wait - hold on... I ... Where did the door go?

VOICE

Won't you stay?

CASSIE

This is... the land of fairy, right? I've followed the rules - right? I have neither eaten nor drunk. I have spoken no promise, no insults, no prophecies.

VOICE

To stay is not a trap, but a choice. Will you choose to remain?

CASSIE

It was the horned man. I saw that it was not a horned mask, after all. The horns climbed from his head.

KORA

You are supposed to say no. To lie, and cast aside your mask.

(MORE)

KORA (CONT'D)

To weep for lost mundanity, mourn
for ordinariness, and beg for me to
send you home. Back to broken glass
and shit-smearred streets.

CASSIE

Are you... Are you the Book?

KORA

You are supposed to walk from here,
and into the harsh light of the
ordinary, and never once look back.

CASSIE

Are there any who actually do?

KORA

Most. The comforts of known life
are powerful.

CASSIE

That's... That's not how it's been
for me.

FX - zip, she removes card from pouch.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

See this? The card? I choose to
remain.

KORA

(smiling)
Very well, Cassie.

FX - Heavy menacing clock rings, and rings, and rings.

VOICE

(ethereal)
Sleep is dying. This is no longer
secret. Nights full of twitches and
wakefulness fall like curses upon
unslept beds. Night's hours stretch
into fire-eyed forever.
Somnambulists pace, and pace, and
pace.

MUSIC - changes, orchestra

CASSIE

(as if waking, gasps) Oh!

CASSIE (CONT'D)

(narrating)
I was dancing again.
(MORE)

CASSIE (CONT'D)

I was dancing again, in the arms of the horned man. In the air above us, an unseen orchestra. Passion sobbed from the strings of violin and cello, and drums counted the time between steps, between heartbeats, but no musicians could be seen.

So close to my partner, I could smell the deep green fragrance of forests, the pleasant rot of leaf-mould and loam, and the vague musk of some great furred beast. Again, in counterpoint or descant, I could hear the baying of hounds.

And, then...

FX - the orchestra comes apart, creaking and falls apart, crowd starts mumbling around

CASSIE (CONT'D)

(dazed)

Unnhhhh....

CASSIE (CONT'D)

(narrating)

A man lay on the floor, a tidy figure, in neat black velet, dark hair a disarray of curls. His mask, sly and vulpine, had cracked down the center. A snake curled, green and jewel-like, in the empty socket of his eye.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

What happened to him?

CASSIE (CONT'D)

(narrating)

I felt the floor beneath me sway, as if the building stood on fault lines shifting sideways from each other. The other dancers in the room were turning away, deliberately cutting the fallen figure from their line of vision. A scream tore the air, and the phoenix burst, once more, into flame

FX - Phoenix flare

CASSIE (CONT'D)

(narrating)

Beneath the burning feathers, the body on the floor burned as well. As the flames died, only the mask was left. The fact of a fox, cracked in half, the ribbons that had held it on the dead man's head still knotted.

KORA

Will you help me?

CASSIE

How?

KORA

I need to take the mask outside, into the air, so that it might speak. But if I touch it, I cannot be certain of its answers, I am too close to require truth.

CASSIE

I, uh... Will I need to wear it?

KORA

No. No. Such a thing would be an abomination. Like dressing yourself in someone's skin without asking them first. No, it will serve for you to carry it.

CASSIE

Okay. Then... I will help.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

(narrating)

So I gathered up the pieces of the mask, and followed Kora out through the door - which had reappeared - past the horned man and onto into the night sky

EXT. NIGHT

FX - cicadas, etc.

CASSIE

(narrating)

The night sky was stranger and more star-filled than any I had ever seen.

(MORE)

CASSIE (CONT'D)

The waxing moon seemed close enough to touch, if one were brave enough to risk the silver pinpricks of the stars that thorned around it.

Some other time, if I didn't carry such a burden in my hands, I would have liked to stop. To look at what other wonders might be in the small pool where a ghost-white octopus roiled, to revel in the sharp scent of rosemary and lemon thyme that rose from beneath my feet as she walked, to stroke the leonine flanks of the sleeping gryphon. Those things would wait for some other when.

I hadn't known the man who had chosen for himself the face of a fox, but I owed him the respect of my attention. In the midst of such overwhelming presence, I would mark his absence, I would not look away.

The mask in my hands shuddered and strained, and the rent edges slipped over and under each other, until the mask was again whole. The strings unknotted, and coiled tight, tight, tight around my wrists.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

Unnkk!

CASSIE (CONT'D)

(narrating)

My hands grew heavy and numb, but not before I felt blood drip through the lines of my palms to fall on the ground. Carnelian starfish bloomed where the drops landed.

KORA

Very nice, Cassie. Now, ask.

CASSIE

What?

KORA

You have questions, right? If you would like to ask answers, now is the time. I think he'll answer.

FX - owl howls in distance, snake hisses, dogs howl... a cool night ambience

CASSIE

Did you choose the mask for yourself?

FX - weird whoosh, and we briefly have a recollection of a fox running, snarling. Then snap out of it.

VOICE

I did.

CASSIE

Was there any who sought to influence your choice?

VOICE

I was swayed by nothing other than the memory of my lady, a fair vestal throned in the east, and the burning glory of her hair.

CASSIE

Did you tell the cards for yourself, before entering?

VOICE

The ace of cups, reversed. I read my own destruction, carried it in my hand.

CASSIE

Did you - hey, hey!

FX - mask dissolved and crumples to the earth.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

It broke - and the octopus! The octopus is eating the starfish! Get out of here!

FX - Cassie kicks at the dirt, Kora calms her.

KORA

Touch him, he is warm.

CASSIE

(narrating)

Kora knelt, then, and the octopus blushed, then rose, blood red and suctioned onto her hand then braceleted her wrist color flooding and drowning from its surface in syncopation with her pulse.

KORA

It's time

FX - Bell tower style bell clangs again.

VOICE

(ethereal)

Even eternal places change.

INT. BEDROOM

KORA

Drink this. It will help the pain.

CASSIE

(groans)

My head... (sniffs) What is this? It's... It seems like apricots. And summer meadows. (sips) It's like honey. It's...

KORA

He is dead because he chose a card and a mask.

CASSIE

I chose a card and a mask. (contemplates) No, he is dead because he was murdered, cracked open so that his dreams might spill out and populate the air.

KORA

Oh, Cassie... We asked for his card and his mask because they were the reason he came, and who he was when he was here. His dreams of himself deserved to be remembered, to be spoken, to be known to all the ghosts of this place. Does that make sense to you?

FX - Hounds howl louder, wild rattles windows.

CASSIE

No... No it doesn't.

KORA

Ah. More poetry, then. He is the best.

VOICE

(ethereal)

Sleep is dying, and does not want to be. So sleep steals here and there, from wreck and ruin, from blood and dream. Small pieces, never missed. Until they are.

Every paradise has a serpent.

CASSIE

(narrating)

I can see here now, Kora. With the octopus, ghost-white, taking residence in her hair, wrapping the strands around itself like sea wrack. It seems content to perch there, as Kora dances her way through the strange party that has become... life. A never-ending and sleepless night.

I see her, as she dances with a woman, a woman wearing the mask of a white hound, with ears red and wet with blood. As they dance, the woman's eyes shade from a warm brown to a bright poison-green. Serpent green.

The woman's face trembles, her feet falter in the dance. It's then, that Kora reaches up, holding the woman's head in her hands, fingers pressed against the mask. Fur prickles beneath them, and the urge to chase, to hunt, quivers against her skin. Kora's skin.

Kora reaches up, holds the woman's head in her hands, fingers pressed against the mask. Fur prickles beneath them, and the urge, to chase, to hunt, quivers against her skin.

(MORE)

CASSIE (CONT'D)

The phoenix rises, burning, and Kora hears, as if from some great distance, the belling of the hounds.

The hiss of a serpent. The strings of the woman's mask untie from her head, and wind themselves instead around Kora's hands, and still she holds to the mask of the woman's face. She can smell the forest, fecund and dark, she can hear the inexorable chime of a clock. A small green snake, whip-like, slithers across her foot. Poison-green, like the snake coiled in the dead man's eye. Kora steps, once, twice, crushing its skull.

The woman sinks to the ground. There is no body where she falls. Instead, a white hound with ears of blood red, the incarnation of the mask that dangled from Kora's hands. Not dead... but... translated.

And then the room is filled with the howling of the hounds of hell, the red-eared hunters, full, too, of the souls they carry. One more join their number, as they harry the steps of the masked dancers. In the center of the room stands the horned man, the phoenix mantle on his shoulder, the hunt wild around him. He meets Kora's eyes. And Bows.

VOICE

Even eternal places change.

KORA

Cassie?

CASSIE

(narrating)

She looks at me and ...

KORA

Cassie?

CASSIE

(confused whether she's
narrating or in the
scene)

She looks right through me. I am...
here. I am in the dance. I am with
the hounds.

KORA

Will you stay with us, Cassie?
There is another dance. There are
more dreams. There are more visions
we must crack open and drink like
the full fatted milk of the moon.

CASSIE

The door... I don't see the door.

KORA

You have a card, Cassie. Would you
like to play it?

FX - wolves surround, snarl at her.

CASSIE

I have seen enough. I will leave
here. I have not eaten, I have not
drunk, but... I will not go back,
either... Because there *is* a door,
isn't there? There is a door that
is past this, on the far side from
mundanity, into the realm of
dreams, and past it, it's the door
the Dark Tome has opened for me.

KORA

(smiling)

Yes, Cassie. I think that's right.
I think we'll see you here again
soon.

CASSIE

Perhaps

KORA

Just, here.

CASSIE

What?

KORA

It's an invitation. Send someone to
us, would you?

CASSIE

Of course.

FX - magical sparkle as portal opens, then, Sonic whoosh!

INT. GUSSY'S BOOKSHOP, BASEMENT

FX - Cassie charges into the basement of Gussy's again. Thop!
Onto the floor

CASSIE

Holy, cow... If it's not evil
birds, or demons posing as witches,
it's people that devour the dreams
of the unsuspecting. Just another
day with the Dark Tome.

FX - Door opens

GUSSY

(muttering to self) Ah dangnabb
stupidamuttaruggaluffaguss... Oh!
Cassie! Don't you have someplace to
be?

CASSIE

I, uh, I've sort of been there
already.

GUSSY

(raising an eyebrow)
You been messing around with the
Dark Tome on your own again,
haven't you?

CASSIE

You think?

GUSSY

What you got in your hand there?

CASSIE

What - I... Oh... Yeah... here...

FX - uncrinkling of package

GUSSY

It looks like an... invitation.

CASSIE

Open it if you'd like, I can't really guarantee it'll make any sense to you. Or that you'll come back.

GUSSY

Sounds like every story we've read so far.

CASSIE

Yeah, maybe, well...

GUSSY

Cassie?

CASSIE

Yeah?

GUSSY

You look good.

CASSIE

I... huh?

GUSSY

I don't mean anything funny by it. Just... you have a little twinkle to the eye. You going somewhere?

CASSIE

Maybe. What time is it?

GUSSY

Uh... Ten past seven. Why?

CASSIE

There's a little dance tonight. I might still be able to get there, if I hurry.

GUSSY

Oh, well. Enjoy yourself then. You know where to find me.

CASSIE

Yes, I most certainly do. See you, Mr. Gussy!

GUSSY

See you later.

FX - Door jingles, closes

INT. SCHOOL GYMNASIUM

FX - Pop heavy drum thump music

DJ

And that was 'love your madness' by
DJ Rackbottom, coming up next, "run
like a fox'

FX - drum/bass theme rises up

COUNSELOR

Oh, hi, Cassie, you made it.

CASSIE

Mr. Carter, the chaperone, of
course.

COUNSELOR

I'm a little surprised. That -
outfit. (raises eyebrow) You know
this is a semi-formal, right? Not a
Halloween dance?

CASSIE

It's all a dance, Mr. Carter,
relax. I've got this thing.

FX - Crowd cheers as Cassie weaves into the crowd.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

It was just a high school dance,
but, underneath the hum of the
thrumming bass, underneath the
smell of the rented tuxes and the
clip-on corsages, was the salty
musk of a much older ritual. I wove
right into the dance floor -
between the kids who would never
meet my eyes in the hallway but
couldn't take their eyes off my
jaguar mask. I felt the drum beat
thrum into me like the beat of the
earth's pulse, felt sweat trickle
down my neck and rope around my
flesh like the curious octopus. The
shouts of the jock boys who were
heckling on the outskirts of the
dance floor were like the baying of
the hounds of hell. And like in my
dream - that cavern of murdered
sleep - I would outrun them.

CASSIE (CONT'D)
(in scene)
(yips, howls, growls, etc.
the dancing throng joins
right in with her)

MUSIC - Dance pulse, up, over.