we will never know how Moulin Rouge actually became their program, but here's an attempt at it

It came to him in a dream. His greatest ideas usually do. And most of the time he wakes himself up in the moment to write them down so he doesn't forget by the time the sun threatens to break through his dark curtains in the morning.

He doesn't have to write this one down. He won't forget this one.

It's a week after worlds and he's back in his bed in Ilderton, taking a well deserved break before the grind of training resumes in a couple weeks. There is no specific series of events that leads him to this dream other than the fact that it's a good memory.

"I know this probably isn't your thing, but do you want come over and watch Moulin Rouge with me? It's one of those movies I've always wanted to see, but never had the chance to watch."

"I guess so"

"Maybe you'll even like it, Scotty!"

In his dream world, he's immediately transported to their early Canton days where the only people they know and trust are each other. He's sitting on her host family's couch pressed against one end, and she's pushed up the arm of the other end. The movie is playing and Tessa is transfixed on the motion picture rolling across the screen. Her eyes are wide and have a twinkle in them that he hadn't seen in a while. He knew something about this movie spoke to her, so he started to pay more
attention to the movie, rather than just watching his partner, but it was a dream, so he could do whatever he wanted.

"So, what did you think?" She asked in her cheerful voice.

"I really liked it!

She sighed in relief from his genuine answer. "I'm so glad! I think that's one of my new favorites"

As he's still sitting on her couch, she recalls her favorite parts of the movie, what made her feel the most emotional, and admitting what she didn't like. He looked at her, talking with such passion about a movie, and knowing that someday this movie would have a use.

The dream transitions into more of a realization. It's an unfamiliar scene playing out in his head with a blurry resolution. Tessa is floating around the ice wearing deep red, as he skates closely behind, catching her when she falls. He feels himself embody the characteristics of Christian in one of the final scenes of the movie. He feels his emotions transition to those of jealousy to sorrow. She is limp in his arms, his head lowering further and further into the crook of her neck as he breathes heavily, hoping and wishing that the moment would last forever. The crowd erupts in the background and applause takes over the space they are in. The moment lingers and it starts to become all too real, as if the universe is giving him a sign.

As soon as he wakes up in the morning, he goes to the computer and looks up the soundtrack from the movie. He plugs headphones into his ears and listens to every song, paying close attention to rhythm and lyrics, finding commonalities and the ones that make him feel something. He replays El Tango De Roxanne and immediately reaches for a note pad and pen. He scribbles down ideas that naturally come to him. Little nuances in the music with the times for future reference and choreographic movements that could go along with them. He continues to write notes as the soundtrack moves on, jotting thoughts about certain lyrics or patterns in the music. In between songs, he pauses to review his notes and rips the headphones out of his ears in frustration, finding that none of his notes really make sense. Maybe this idea wasn't as seamless as his dream played it out to be. He lets his hands rub up his cheeks and through his hair and looked back at his computer screen. He took a deep breath, and decided to give it one more try, and there was only a few songs left. He put his headphones back in his ears, hit play, and the first notes of Come What May rang through.

He thinks of Tessa. He thinks of lifting her high into the air, and slowly lifting her back down into the safety of his arms. He thinks about how she excitedly described all the feelings this song gave her, from love, to desperation, to longing, and all that fell in between. He writes out the lyrics he loves the most.

Never knew I could feel like this
Like I've never seen the sky before
I want to vanish inside your kiss

Come what may
I will love you until my dying day

Sing out this song I'll be there by your side
Storm clouds may gather
And stars may collide
But I love you until the end of time

This was right. He knew it, because he was really starting to feel it too.

And some way, some how, his sleeping subconscious helped gave him a clear vision to an event that would be the biggest of their entire career. He was never more sure of an idea, now it was just translating this from dream to reality.

Tessa is in Paris with her mom, so his dream is stuck in his own head until he sees her next. He could text her, but this is something he should tell her in person. He needs to see her reaction, and hopefully it's everything she has ever wanted.

A week goes by and he's starting to go mad. He finds himself feeling like Christian again. Slowly going stir crazy without her, without anyone to talk to. But unlike Christian, he doesn't go to a typewriter to write it all down. He knows they have a different way of telling the story. He was supposed to meet Tessa for the first time since worlds back in Montreal next week to resume training, but this can't wait another week. He gives in and texts her.

"I need to get something off my chest. You're back, right?"

"Everything okay? I can meet up tomorrow if that works?"

"Tomorrow is perfect. I'll come over, and I'll bring coffee."

He barely sleeps that night, anticipating Tessa's reaction to his picture perfect concept. All he wants at this point is for her to love it and believe in it as much as he does. When he does sleep, he goes back to that same image. A blurred Tessa, moving ever so gracefully along side him. A deep red complimenting her complexion in the most beautiful way. And then she collapses, and he catches her and lifts her back onto her feet before she collapses again. He holds onto her for dear life, his breath quick and powerful against her cheek as she's fully pressed into him, limp but strong, he feels lost.

He stops at a small coffee shop just on the outside of London that they frequent whenever they are back in town and picks up a coffee for both of them before going another ten minutes to her house. He knocks his three knock pattern before letting himself in. He hasn't waited for her to let him in in years, and this was no exception.

"Tess?"

"I'm just in the laundry room" she shouts from across the bottom floor as he already is making his way in that direction. He sets the coffees on the kitchen table, anticipating a hug upon their 'reunion'.

"Hey" he spots her before she notices him in the doorway, and she drops the shirt she was folding and immediately brings him into a fully encompassing hug, her arms finding a place around his neck as he takes his time moving his hands onto her hips and slowly around to her back.

"Are you okay?" she whispers against his ear, pulling him in closer, and he reciprocates by readjusting his grip to match her strength.

"I'm great. How was Paris?" he voice calm and content.

"It was amazing. I have lot's of time to tell you about it, but it's your turn to talk" she redirected the
He pulled out of their embrace and kissed her cheek before leading her out into the living room, stopping for their coffee on the way to the couch. Tessa showed her gratitude when he brought her an all time favorite as they sat together and took their first sips.

"I've got it" he states, simply. She cocked her head slightly, knowing that his thought was not finished. "Moulin Rouge" he continues.

A smile immediately takes over her face as her eyes lock to his, afraid to let them go anywhere else and he knows that she understands what he's thinking. She's always been able to finish any of his thoughts and this was no exception. Her smile is mirrored by him as he leans back into the couch a little further, taking pride in his idea.

"How did you think of that one?" she asks him.

"A dream. All of my best ideas come out of a dream." he tells her as he shrugs his shoulders. "When I think of our Olympic moment, my dream highlighted it perfectly."

"What did it look like in your dream?" she asked calmly.

"Well the first thing I saw was you. And when I hear that music I think of you, and now I think of skating. You were blurred, but you look beautiful in red, but the you're falling into my arms and I'm there to catch you. As we take our ending pose, you fall one last time but I hold onto you so tightly, afraid to let go. And the crowd goes wild, it's epic, and I never want that moment to end. That's how I knew it was our Olympic moment."

She's silent for a minute, listening to his every word. She breathes in deeply through her nose before she starts. "Come what may" her voice soft.

"Exactly." He is shocked by her response and how she is always spot on with him. "Come what may is our Olympic moment" he affirms.

"I think Marie and Patch are going to hate it. But I know, we know that this is right. It has to be" Tessa states boldly.

"It will be" he says as she moves in closer to wrap him once again into her embrace.

He goes to bed that night feeling more fulfilled than he has in a long time. As sleep takes him immediately, he enters into a dream. This one is clear. He lifts her up from their ending position as he hears the crowd roar behind him. Suddenly it's silent as if they are the only two to exist. The green of Tessa's eyes look up into his, her smile curves up softly, and his head dips down to meet her lips with his. He didn't expect to do what he did in his dream, but that's what felt was right in that moment. That was his ultimate Olympic moment.

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