

IVORY STEPS

We open on Jon Batiste inside the luxe cabin of his Nautilus, having just parked on a downtown city street. Before he gets out, he hums a few last bars to one of his new tracks playing on the Revel audio system. He steps out of the vehicle dressed cool as ever, wraps his scarf around his fashionable suit and walks home through NYC's village on a crisp winter day.

As he approaches a corner at the end of a block, he stops and notices the traditional lines in the crosswalk look familiar. Like a piano. JB sees music everywhere and in everything. In fact, he feels it, too. He gently steps onto the white line in the crosswalk—a note in C rings out. He steps back, smiles and dances into the middle of the crosswalk, stepping on all the keys (and black spaces in-between) to recreate the melody of his latest hit single, last heard in the car. His movements are choreographed and fluid. The music is uplifting. The scene is magical. JB finishes in a dramatic slide across the notes to the other side of the street. There's silence, save for the usual din of the bustling city. He pauses, pleased with his performance, he adjusts his scarf and continues walking home and out of frame.

SUPER:

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