

FASHION BEAST

a screenplay by

ALAN MOORE

from a story by

ROBERT BOYKIN

MALCOLM MCLAREN

&

ALAN MOORE

FADE IN.

INT. SALON - CELESTINE'S ROOM -EARLY EVENING

FULL SCREEN CLOSE UP OF HAND MIRROR, DISTORTED GLASS. CELESTINE'S EYE REFLECTED.

As Celestine tilts the mirror, different features become visible, distorted and freakish. He is in his late thirties, bestubbled and dirty.

PULL BACK, SLOWLY REVEALING WHOLE OF CHAMBER.

First we see Celestine's hand, then the desk he sits at. On the desk are a sketchpad with a half completed image of Celestine's MOTHER, a pencil stub, a half eaten candy bar, a deck of tarot cards and a pocketwatch. SOUND: Ticking. Pulling back across a floor littered with candy bar wrappers and sketches of his mothers face, we see Celestine, hunched and shapeless, lit only by the lights beyond the horizontal strip window bisecting the dark and spacious b/g.

CUT TO:

CELESTINE'S POV, TABLETOP AND B/G STRIP WINDOW VISIBLE

Celestine puts down the mirror and picks up the tarot deck, dealing them one by one onto the desk before him. He lays down THE FOOL, followed by THE CHARIOT, THE TOWER STRUCK BY LIGHTNING, THE LOVERS and DEATH. Here he pauses, picking up the pocketwatch. It's 7.57 P.M. He puts it down, then sighs, rising and crossing to the horizontal strip window in the b/g.

CUT TO:

CELESTINE'S NEW POV, LOOKING DOWN THROUGH WINDOW AT SALON BELOW.

We see some menial workers preparing for the night shift. MADAME S. and MADAME D. stand halfway up a flight of stairs, supervising. Celestine's hand raps the glass sharply with a dirty knuckle. The women look up at us.

CUT TO:

O/S STRIP WINDOW, LOOKING IN AT CELESTINE, AN INDISTINCT MASS IN THE DARK.

He waves, slowly and ponderously as we PULL BACK AND DOWN into the Salon,

coming to rest between the two Madames at waist level, the distant waving figure of Celestine visible as we look up between them.

MADAME S.

Oh look. Poor Patron, he is waving to us.

(PAUSES TO DRAW ON CIGARETTE. EXHALES SMOKE INTO FRAME.)

MADAME S.

Why must the keepers of these beautiful lace gardens always be such ugly men in such lonely rooms? It seems rather cruel, don't you think?

CUT TO:

HALF FIGURE FRONT ANGLE ON MADAMES.

Both gaze up at the slit window, off frame. Madame S. is lethally sweet. Madame D., larger and red faced, seems perpetually on the verge of anger.

MADAME S.

..but then, perhaps these things are cut according to their own peculiar pattern.

(PAUSE)

I rather suspect he wants us to switch on the sign, dearest, don't you?

MADAME D. SWIVELS HEAD TO GLARE OFF FRAME LEFT. SHE BELLOWS FEROCIOUSLY.

MADAME D.

Girl!

CUT TO:

LEVEL OF STAIR PLATFORM, THE MADAME'S FEET BRACKETING THE SHOT.

Looking between their feet down one of the salon's vast aisles we see a harrassed-looking female worker named CHLOE cross the aisle towards us, trotting nervously and buttoning her work coat as she comes. She stops in front of the Madames, who stand half way up the staircase, and locks up at them apprehensively

CHLOE

Oh, Madame D, I'm sorry, I just arrived. It's these evening shifts, I...

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CUT TO:

CHLOE'S POV, LOOKING UP AT TOWERING MADAMES, WINDOW SLIT IN UPPER B/G.

MADAME S.

Evening work is economical. Power comes most cheaply by night. Le Patron directs us to see that the Salon's sign is illuminated punctually. The city tells its time by us, as it deduces its seasons from our hemlines. Please attend to it.

MADAME D. (Glares, bellows ferociously)

Sign!

CUT TO:

REPEAT OF SHOT LOOKING AT CHLOE BETWEEN MADAMES' FEET, AISLE IN B/G

CHLOE

Uh, yes. Yes, right away. Madame D...Madame S...

CHLOE BACKS A FEW PACES, TURNS, THEN RUNS AWAY DOWN AISLE, DIMINSHING INTO B/G

MADAME S.

These contemporary girls. Such dear little things, don't you think? Have her begin clearing the stockrooms during tonight's Mannekin auditions, and when she's finished that...

S. DROPS CIGARETTE INTO FRAME, GRINDS IT OUT WITH HER TOE. CHLOE VISIBLE, FAR B/G

MADAME S.

..I think we'll fire her.

CUT TO:

INT. LARGE MACHINE ROOM, CONSPICUOUS HANDLE IN F/G, IDLING WORKERS IN B/G.

Chloe runs in from entrance, left of b/g, and consults with workers. One checks his watch then strides dramatically across to the lever in the f/g. Grimacing with effort he pulls it down, switching on.

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CUT TO:

INSERT OF CELESTINE'S HAND LAYING DOWN ANOTHER TAROT CARD. IT IS 'THE STAR'

CUT TO:

EXT. SALON, NIGHT. CLOSE UP OF WORD 'CELESTINE' IN NEON, LIGHTING UP.

As sign lights up we PULL BACK from the Salon down a nearby avenue, with bars and diners etc lighting up as we pass, cued by the Salon's sign, with workers moving chairs and tables outside. we PULL BACK up into the sky, looking down on the city as its lights come on, radiating out from the Salon.

CUT TO:

SHOT LOCKING DOWN DIFFERENT AVENUE, SEEDIER PART OF CITY.

We CLOSE IN past brothels and dives which light up as we pass upon a rooming house set across the avenue's far end, a barking Rotweiler tethered outside. A sign above the door saying 'ROOMS' lights up, followed by the individual windows, in sequence. We continue to CLOSE IN on the house as a black boy named DENNIS in the upper left window switches on the lamp above his T.V. Two upper right windows light up simultaneously as two SOLDIERS in adjacent rooms switch on bare overhead bulbs. Continuing to CLOSE IN, the upper floor is excluded. On the lower left a feminine figure named JONNI TARE switches on the ring of bulbs around her starlet-type mirror. Finally we CLOSE upon the lower right window where a masculine figure in T-shirt and jeans named DOLL SÉGUIN switches on an anglepoise lamp in her spartan room.

CUT TO:

INSERT: CELESTINE'S HAND LAYING ANOTHER TAROT CARD. IT IS 'THE WORLD'.

CUT TO:

INT. SALON, CLOSE UP ON MADAME D'S RED AND ANGRY FACE.

MADAME D. (Ferocious bellow)

Machines!

PULL BACK RAPIDLY FROM MADAME D.

across the floor of the machine room seen earlier, until the worker who pulled the lever switching on the sign is again visible in the f/g, another lever in hand. Grunting, he yanks it downwards.

CUT TO:

SHOT OF SALON MACHINERY, LOOMS ETC., STARTING TO LIFE. SOUND: RYTHMIC MACHINE NCISE
The percussive beat of the Salon's machinery is constant throughout the next sequence as other sound are added to it to build the movie's opening theme music.

CUT TO:

INT. DENNIS' ROOM.

He switches on a T.V. News show.

T.V. VOICE

..and yet the question remains, "Are we facing a nuclear winter"? While scientists debate, the fighting continues.

CUT TO:

INT. SOLDIER'S ROOM.

In f/g, one soldier places a needle in the groove of a military march recording. The SOUND of a military band beat is added to the Salon machinery's percussive beat. As he does this the other soldier enters through a connecting door and starts to undress. A prominent wall poster reads "WE'VE GOT A WAR ON..HAVE YOU GCT A UNIFORM ON?"

CUT TO:

INSERT OF CELESTINE'S HAND LAYING ANOTHER TAROT CARD . IT IS THE FIVE OF SWORDS.

CUT TO:

INT. JONNI'S ROOM

Softly lit and feminine. We see Jonni's red-painted fingernails as she presses the 'play' button on a reel-to-reel tape deck. The SOUND of an ethereal woman's choral piece is added to the mix of the soundtrack.

CUT TO:

INT. DOLL'S ROOM.

Shadowy, stark and spotlighted. She switches on a radio, a metallic, robotic street-beat joining the mix. In the b/g, through Doll's window, we see Celestine's distant neon sign.

CUT TO: *

INSERT OF CELESTINE'S HAND LAYING ANOTHER TAROT CARD. IT IS 'THE DEVIL'.

CUT TO:

C/U OF DOG, BARKING OUTSIDE ROOMING HOUSE.

FREEZE FRAME ON DOG'S SLAVERING, BARKING JAWS. SUPERIMPOSE TITLE OF FILM: FASHION BEAST. TITLES START HERE.

CUT TO:

SHOT OF SALON'S MACHINERY POUNDING.

CUT TO:

INT. DENNIS' ROOM, HIS POV.

He opens a wardrobe to reveal a rack of fabulous, gaudy clothes and his reflection in the wardrobe mirror. The SOUND of his T.V. wells up on the soundtrack.

T.V. VOICE

A garment factory on the East bank has closed, laying off two hundred workers. The government, who claim to be shaving down unemployment figures...

CUT TO:

INT. SOLDIER'S ROOM.

In f/g we see a reflection of one soldier in his shaving mirror as he shaves. Across

the room, his comrade is still undressing.

CUT TO:

INT. JONNI'S ROOM, HIS POV.

He studies his reflection in the bulb ringed mirror, wiping away make-up. On the dressing table we see a fabulous array of cosmetics.

CUT TO:

INSERT: CELESTINE'S HAND LAYING DOWN ANOTHER TAROT CARD. IT IS 'THE MAGICIAN'.

CUT TO:

INT. DOLL'S ROOM, HER POV.

She looks out through the window into the dark, studying her shadowy reflection in the glass as she slicks down her boyish hair. Outside, through the glass, Celestine's distant neon sign is visible.

CUT TO:

INSERT OF CELESTINE'S MIRROR FILLING SCREEN.

The distorted reflection of one huge eye swims across it.

CUT TO:

INT. DENNIS' ROOM, HIS POV.

Studying himself in the wardrobe mirror, he undresses.

T.V. VOICE

..presenting an ugly picture, with municipal funds gradually stripped away...

CUT TO:

INT. SOLDIER'S ROOM.

One is naked, one still undressing. The naked one takes a military uniform from a closet.

CUT TO:

INT. JONNI'S ROOM.

We see him half figure from the rear as he lets his robe slip to reveal soft,

feminine shoulders.

CUT TO:

INT. DOLL'S ROOM.

We see her from the rear, half figure as she stares out her window. she pulls the T-shirt off over her head, boyishly.

CUT TO:

INT. SALON.

Chloe, looking very harrassed, is undressing a dummy torso.

CUT TO:

INSERT OF SALON MACHINERY POUNDING.

CUT TO:

INT. DENNIS' ROOM.

We see him half figure from the front as he puts on a gaudy blue suit. Behind him, on T.V., we see marching feet footage.

T.V. VOICE

..and even with recruitment figures at an all-time high, conscription may still be necessary..

CUT TO:

INT. SOLDIERS ROOM.

They are both dressing in their smart military uniforms.

CUT TO:

INT. JONKI'S ROOM.

Half figure front view, we see him pull on a baggy masculine sweatshirt with the word 'TOMBOY' on the front, very large.

CUT TO:

INT. DOLL'S ROOM.

We see her shadowy form from the front as she pulls a Monroe-like filmstar dress

down over her slim, boyish body.

CUT TO:

INT. SALON.

We see Chloe redressing the torso in different clothes.

CUT TO:

INSERT OF SALON MACHINERY, HAMMERING THE BEAT.

CUT TO:

INT. DENNIS' ROOM.

He is carefully trimming the geometric topiary of his hair with nail scissors.

T.V. VOICE

...minister explained that with current disease scares, those not cut out for military service included indulgers in promiscuity and sexual perversion...

CUT TO:

INT. SOLDIER'S ROOM.

In f/g, one soldier squirts a blob of white hair cream into his palm, obscenely.

In the b/g, his comrade is already slicking back his own greased hair.

CUT TO:

INT. JONNI'S ROOM, HIS POV.

In the mirror, we see him tuck his long hair up into a cap.

CUT TO:

INT. DOLL'S ROOM, HER POV.

Reflected in the darkened window, she puts on a luxuriant blonde wig.

CUT TO:

EXT. PROCMING HOUSE, C/U OF DOG BARKING.

CUT TO:

INT. DENNIS' ROOM.

He gives his appearance a final appreciative check in the mirror.

T.V. VOICE

..which they hope will have the economy looking ship-shape, after a fashion.

CUT TO:

INT. SOLDIER'S ROOM, ONE SOLDIER'S POV.

He checks himself in the mirror while his comrade finishes dressing behind him.

CUT TO:

INT. JONNI'S ROOM, HIS POV.

Now a boyish urchin, he checks the dressing table mirror to see how he looks.

CUT TO:

INT. DCLL'S ROOM, HER POV.

Now a glamorous starlet, she checks her reflection in the windowglass. Celestine's neon sign is visible in the far distance

CUT TO:

INSERT OF CELESTINE'S HAND MIRROR, FILLING SCREEN.

Another distorted eye swims across its concave surface.

CUT TO:

INT. DENNIS' ROOM.

Now fully dressed, he crosses to the television.

T.V. VOICE

..while tonight, design king Jean Claude Celestine will audition mannequins for his Spring collection.

DENNIS SWITCHES OFF T.V., THEN LAMP.

PULL BACK through his window until we can see the soldier's windows as well. The military music is removed from the SOUNDTRACK with a scratch, and in each of their windows the lights click off. Continuing to PULL BACK we reveal the lower storeys of the house with the dog still tethered outside. The SOUND of the ethereal woman's choral piece is removed from the diminishing soundtrack, and then Jonni

switches off his lamp. The front door of the house then opens, and Dennis leaves the building, coming towards us. As he passes the Rotweiler it flings itself at him, barking, to the end of its chain, he skips sideways, avoiding it, continuing towards us until vanishing off to one side of the f/g.

As he does this, in the lower right window Doll switches off her radio, the SOUND of the robotic streetbeat being removed from the mix. She next switches off her light.

As Doll does this, the soldiers emerge from the door of the coming house, in step, and cross to the dog, untying it. Happily, it licks their hands as they slip it onto a leash, then lead it away to one side of the f/g, its happy barking fading from the SOUNDTRACK.

Next, Jorri exits the house, adjusting the last few items of his boyish garb and hurrying as if late, exiting in the f/g. As his hurried footsteps die away on the SOUND, so too does the background beat of the Salon machinery, leaving comparative silence punctuated by distant city night and traffic noises.

In this dramatic pause, Doll steps out of the coming house, a glamorous blonde starlet. After briefly testing the air, she teeters towards us on high heels and exits off in the f/g.

CUT TO:

INSERT OF CELESTINE'S HAND, LAYING DOWN ANOTHER CARD. IT IS 'THE FOOL'.

CUT TO:

STREET EXTERIOR, SEEDY NEIGHBOURHOOD.

In a street-level shot we see Doll's high heels cross the screen, right to left in the f/g. Beyond this, we see the whorehouse noted earlier, two hookers lounging outside, following Doll with their eyes. They call out above the STREET SOUND.

1st. HOOKER

Hey girl, what's happening? You down here lookin' for work?

2nd. HOCKEY (Sneering)

Shit, that ain't no girl.

CUT TO:

HEAD AND SHOULDERS FRONT SHOT OF DOLL, WALKING TOWARDS US DOWN STREET.

Down the street beyond Doll as we track along with her we see the hookers, still shouting. Doll's cheeks burn with embarrassment.

1st. HOCKEY

Dresses like a girl.

2nd. HOCKEY

Aah, you can always tell. They overdo it.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET. NIGHT.

We have a street level shot of Doll's high heels walking away from us down another avenue. We keep these in the f/g with the b/g creeping nearer. We see that Doll is approaching a club, left, with a line of youngsters waiting outside. In the b/g to the right, opposite the club entrance, there is a small Army recruiting stand, the two soldiers manning it with their now-silent dog tied up near the stand.

CUT TO:

HEAD AND SHOULDERS C/U OF DOLL, PROFILE.

She crosses the screen from right to left. Looking past her we see the line of teenagers leading to the club's entrance. They include Dennis, and, further back, Jonni. He follows Doll with his eyes as she exits frame left, smirking at her obvious preterensions.

CUT TO:

POV. BEYOND CLUB ENTRANCE AND RECRUITING STAND, WATCHING DOLL APPROACH.

1st. SOLDIER

Jesus Christ, willya look at him?

2nd. SOLDIER

Heheh. Almost swear he was the real thing, right?

CUT TO:

SHOT OVER SOLDIER'S SHOULDERS AS THEY SIT FACING THE CLUB ENTRANCE.

As they talk, Doll enters frame right, walking towards the centre.

1st. SOLDIER

You're damn straight. I've sure been out with worse-looking quiff.

2nd. SOLDIER

You're welcome. Hell, I ain't never been even half way drunk enough for that.

HEARING THIS, DOLL PAUSES CENTRE FRAME, TURNS TO COOLY REGARD SOLDIERS.

DOLL

You know, you shouldn't laugh. I'm only this way because I have a disability. I was born without a penis.

CUT TO:

POV BEHIND DOLL AT WAIST LEVEL, LOOKING PAST HER AT SOLDIERS.

The soldiers look confused and ashamed, looking at each other, then apologetically at Doll.

1st. SOLDIER

Christ, fella, I'm sorry. We didn't know.

CUT TO:

REPEAT OF SHOT FROM BEHIND SOLDIERS, LOOKING AT DOLL WITH CLUB DOOR BEYOND HER.

DOLL

It's hereditary. I got it from my mother.

DOLL SMILES, TURNS, WALKS TO CLUB DOOR, UNLOCKS AND ENTERS, HER HIGH HEELS CLICKING.

CUT TO:

INT. CLUB.

We are looking down a short flight of stairs to the lobby area. To the left, at the bottom of the stairs, is a cloakroom, behind a swing-gate wooden counter. Beyond that, also to the left, there is the box office window, and just beyond that the box office door. Doll enters through the glass door at the lobby's end, calling a greeting to the unseen JULIETTE in the box office as she passes.

DOLL

Hi, Juliette.

JULIETTE

Hi Doll.

DOLL WALKS TO F/G CLOAKROOM, REMOVING HER COAT. OPENS SWING GATE AND STEPS THROUGH.

CUT TO:

INT. CLOAKROOM

We are looking out towards the lobby over the counter as Doll enters. Hanging her overcoat she takes tickets and pins from a drawer, placing them on the counter. A cashbox she places below counter level. She sits, back towards us, and leans across the counter into the lobby, craning left to shout to Juliette, off.

DOLL

Juliette? I'm ready for the herd of peacocks. You can let 'em in.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLUB, LOOKING AT DOOR OVER HEADS OF LINE.

Tiny and elderly, we ^{see} Juliette through the glass door as she unlocks. The crowd surge forward into the lobby, carrying her peeved, protesting form before them.

JULIETTE

Okay, okay, don't push! Let me get back into the office!

CUT TO

SHOT FROM JUST BEYOND CLOAKROOM, LEFT, LOOKING TOWARDS CLUB ENTRANCE IN B/G.

Now back in her office, Juliette takes money as people enter, the first having already reached the cloakroom. It is a Japanese boy. He hands a gorgeous feather cloak to Doll. She tears off ticket number one from her book, pinning it to the cape before hanging it., indulging in banter with the customers.

DOLL.

Good evening. Welcome to the catwalk. Can I take that? Let me just pin a number on it..my God, it's fabulous! What did you do, poison an aviary?

CUT TO:

INSERT OF DOLLS HAND TEARING OFF ANOTHER NUMBER, THIS BEING NUMBER 12.

DOLL.

Okay, madame, here we are, the lucky number twelve. One for each year you've had it, huh?

CUT TO:

DOWNSHOT OF CLOAKROOM MOUTH AND CROWD.

Doll pins number 45 to a burly man's fur coat.

BURLY MAN

Make sure you take care of this, okay?

DOLL

Sure. What does it eat? No, I'm only kidding...

CUT TO:

INSERT OF DOLLS HAND TEARING OFF THE NUMBER 67.

DOLL

Okay, lady, just hand it over here..

CUT TO:

C/U OF DOLLS HAND TEARING OFF NUMBER 98

We PULL BACK for a rear view of Doll. Feigning dazzlement she pins number 98 to the electric blue coat of Dennis, who we saw earlier. Jonni is behind him in line.

DOLL

Jesus, do you mind if I switch this off? I got some tired old rags trying to sleep back here.

CUT TO:

SHOT O/S CLOAKROOM, LOOKING IN OVER COUNTER.

Dennis is in the left of the f/g, Jonni, on the right.

DENNIS

Oh, heartface, you can't switch it off. It glows because its radioactive. We're all gonna be radioactive pretty soon. They say we may be headed for a nuclear winter*..

DOLL

Yeah, well, just so long as everybody dresses up nice and warm for it, huh?

DENNIS EXITS LEFT, CHUCKLING. DOLL TURNS, SMILING, TO GREET JONNI, ENTERING RIGHT.

DOLL

Good evening, sir, welcome to the catwalk, can I take that?

CUT TO:

DOLL'S POV, LOOKING UP AT JONNI.

He has a superior smirk.

JONNI

You know, as a woman you're not terribly convincing. You try too hard. Why can't you just relax and be yourself?

CUT TO:

JONNI'S POV, LOOKING AT DOLL.

His arm and coat are visible. Doll pauses, glaring.

DOLL.

Why should I? Look where it got you. Now can I have your coat, sir, madame, whatever..

SHE REACHES OUT FOR JONNI'S COAT.

CUI TO:

DOLL'S POV, LOOKING AT JONNI.

Smiling, he jerks the coat back out of her reach. We PULL BACK as Jonni taunts Doll, until we are behind her in the cloakroom looking out.

JONNI

Y'know, I've seen you. I just moved into your rooming house, across the hall. Daytimes, you're totally average, but at night...at night you come down here dressed like some big model just 'cause you got this lousy hatcheck job.

FROSTY, IRRITATED, DOLL SHOVES JONNI TOWARDS OPPOSITE WALL, TURNING TO NEXT IN LINE.

DOLL

Uh huh. I see. Excuse me, could you just stand over there for a moment?

Can I take that, sweetheart?

DOLL PINS NUMBER 99 TO WOMAN'S COAT. JONNI SLOUCHES AGAINST WALL, SNEERING.

JONNI

I mean, what's so great about working in this place? Jerks strutting by, showing off their jerky outfits. It's like they know they can't handle the world, but they think they can handle their wardrobe.

DOLL (To woman customer)

Thank you so much, madame. Are you enjoying the floor show? He's actually a brilliant performance artist, and right now he's being a dick.

WOMAN EXITS RIGHT. DOLL TURNS TO NEXT CUSTOMER, PINS NUMBER 100 TO HIS COAT.

DOLL

Welcome to the Catwalk, sir. Can I take that?

JONNI

Do you ever listen to yourself, keeping up this stream of crap? You're just ^{like} every

failed stand-up comedian who ended up serving in a delicatessen. You're insignificant, you're insincere..

CUT TO:

JONNI'S POV, LOOKING AT CLOAKROOM.

Doll hangs the man's coat, and he exits left. She turns to Jonni, cold and venomous.

DOLL

I'm also in work, in here, and totally indifferent to you. Now, as you can see, I'm all out of tickets. That means the club's full, and that means there's no more room for you or your coat.

SHE TURNS TO ADDRESS REMAINDER OF LINE, WHO GRUMBLE DISAPPOINTEDLY.

DOLL

I'm sorry, but that goes for the rest of you as well. Please collect your refunds from the box office as you leave.

CUT TO:

POV JUST BEYOND CLOAKROOMS, LEFT, LOOKING ALONG LOBBY TOWARDS ENTRANCE.

In the b/g, the kids collect their refunds and leave. Jonni loiters. Locking away the cashbox, Doll steps through the swing gate, not looking at the coldly furious Jonni, and poses head and shoulders facing us in the left of f/g, with Jonni behind her, glaring at her back in cold disgust as he speaks.

JONNI

God, you know, you're a prize bitch.

SMUGLY, DOLL PRIMPS HER WIG AND SMILES, NOT LOOKING ROUND AS SHE SPEAKS.

DOLL

Well, at least that's one feminine quality I handle convincingly.

IN B/G, JULIETTE LEANS FROM OFFICE WINDOW AND SHOUTS TOWARDS THEM, OTHER KIDS GONE.

JULIETTE

Hey, c'mon. Any more up there?

JONNI GLANCES AT HER, THEN BACK AT DOLL.

She ignores him. he turns, walking away to entrance. As he passes the box office, Juliette waves some money at him.

JULIETTE

Wait! Your refund! Don't you want your money?

IGNORING JULIETTE, JONNI SLAMS OUT OF THE DOOR. WRILY, DOLL MURMURS COMMENT IN F/G.

DOLL

Hm. Loved the sweatshirt, hated her.

CUT TO:

SHOT BEHIND DOLL AS SHE WALKS UPSTAIRS TO GLASS CLUBROOM DOORS, WHERE SHE PAUSES.

She stands looking into the clubroom through the door. SOUND: Muted clubnoise.

CUT TO:

INT. DARK CLUBROOM, LOOKING OUT AT DOLL IN C/U THROUGH GLASS DOORS.

As she peers in at us, we PULL BACK into room until the back rank of the club crowd faces us in the f/g. We see a woman and a couple of men, including Dennis. Doll is visible in the b/g through the glass door as we come to rest.

WOMAN CLUB-GOER (To escort)

I told you we should have arrived earlier. I can't even see who's supposed to be singing.

FEMALE CLUB SINGER (Off)

Thank you. thank you very much. Okay, now here's a little something you might find familiar..

MALE CLUB-GOER (Responding to woman)

I can see her arm. She's wearing a lot of rings. Looks Spanish or something.

OFF FRAME, THE SINGER BEGINS HER SONG.

The song, known as 'DOLL'S SONG' henceforth, is elegantly ironic, with imagery

that relates both to dressing up and to death, perhaps with an 'After The Masquerade' type theme. As singer begins her song, off, Doll starts to lip-synch it through the glass in the b/g, writhing her body stage-seductively. Dennis, in the f/g, turns and notices her, excitedly alerting the other club goers.

DENNIS

My Goodness! Look at that!

WOMAN CLUB GOER

Hey! All right!

CUT TO:

FULL FIGURE SHOT OF DOLL FROM BEHIND AS SHE STANDS MIMING AT THE DOOR.

We PULL BACK down the steps, past the cloakroom, across the lobby and out through the glass door. Doll is still visible in the b/g. Jonni's hand rests upon the glass door in the f/g, his angry face reflected in it.

CUT TO:

INT. LOBBY, LOOKING OUT AT JONNI THROUGH GLASS DOOR.

He looks furious. Gently he opens the door and starts to come through it towards us, the noise of his movements drowned out by Doll's song on the soundtrack. We PULL BACK along lobby ahead of Jonni as he creeps in, under the ticket window, to the cloakroom. We continue to PULL BACK until Doll faces us in the f/g, lip synching obliviously as Jonni enters the cloakroom unnoticed behind her.

CUT TO:

INT. CLOAKROOM, LOOKING TOWARDS COUNTER AS JONNI ENTERS.

Stealthily crossing to the coat rack he removes the nearest coat, smiling.

CUT TO:

INT. CLUBROOM, LOOKING TOWARDS DOOR, CLUBGOERS IN F/G, DOLL IN B/G.

The figures in the f/g look away from us, entranced by Doll's beautiful mime.

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CUT TO:

INT. CLOAKROOM, CLOSE ON JONNI'S HANDS.

He is removing numbers from the coats: 100, 99, 98.

CUT TO:

INT. CLUBROOM.

We are closer to the door, with Doll facing us, performing half figure through the glass door.

CUT TO:

INT. CLOAKROOM, AT FLOOR LEVEL.

We see Jonni's feet, tickets fluttering down: 45, 44, 43.

CUT TO:

INT. CLUBROOM.

Closer to the door now we see Doll performing head and shoulders on the other side. As the song reaches its end she runs both hands wantonly through her hair then spins theatrically, facing away from us. We PULL BACK SHARPLY into the clubroom until we can see the clubgoers facing away in the f/g, with Doll motionless in the b/g, her back to us through the glass, arms lowered, fingers spread, dramatically still. The clubgoers begin to applaud spontaneously, whooping and cheering Doll.

CUT TO:

INT. CLOAKROOM.

We see Jonni's hand take ticket number one from the feathered cape. He drops both cloak and ticket to the off-frame floor.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLUBROOM

We look at Doll c/u from the front as she stands with her back to the clubroom door.

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She stands poised for a moment, drinking the applause filtering through the club door behind her with satisfaction. We PULL BACK down the stairs into the lobby, stopping just beyond the cloakroom, right. Straightening her skirt after her performance, Doll walks towards us down the stairs and enters the cloak room through the swing gate.

CUT TO:

INT CLOAKROOM, CLOSE ON DOLL AS SHE ENTERS.

Still smiling, she has not yet noticed the state of the room. As she looks up we PULL BACK across the room to show all the racks empty save for a few nude hangers. Doll looks stunned as we pull back until the jumbled pile of coats is visible in the f/g with the feathered cloak on top of the pile. Doll, from the b/g, stares motionless and uncomprehending at this coat mountain.

CUT TO:

BEHIND DOLL, LOOKING PAST HER AS SHE WALKS SLOWLY TOWARDS PILE OF COATS.

There are scattered numbers on the floor. We follow Doll a few paces then close slowly over her shoulder upon the mountain of coats.

CUT TO:

INSERT OF CELESTINE'S HAND LAYING DOWN A TAROT CARD: IT IS 'THE MAGICIAN'.

CUT TO:

INT. CLOAKROOM, SAME SHOT SHOWING MOUNTAIN OF COATS.

We hold on this briefly, and then, in a sudden slow-motion eruption, Jonni bursts up from beneath the coats. The feathered cloak seems to explode, feathers raining everywhere. As He erupts, Jonni roars ferociously, the SOUND distorted on the soundtrack to the roar of some savage, primal beast, Doll's screams mingling with it.

CUT TO:

C/U OF DOLL, SITTING AGAINST CLOAKROOM WALL IN SHOCK, STARING, BREATHING RAGGEDLY.

PAGE 23.

We hear the ragged SOUND of her deep, shuddering breaths as we PULL BACK across the devastated cloakroom until we are behind Jonni, at waist level as he stands facing away from us in the f/g. Doll stares at us from the b/g.

CUT TO:

DOLL'S POV, LOCKING UP AT JONNI.

He smiles. A final few feathers tumble down about him.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLOAKROOM, LOOKING IN. JONNI AND DOLL VISIBLE.

Turning, Jonni runs towards us and then vaults over the counter top. He runs off frame left and we hear the SOUND of his footsteps racing towards the club entrance, which we hear him bang through noisily as Juliette calls out from off frame right. Doll sits alone and speechless in the wrecked cloakroom.

JULIETTE (Off)

Hey! Hey you! What's all this screaming?

WE HEAR THE SOUND OF THE CLUB DOOR BANGING SHUT, OFF FRAME RIGHT..

JULIETTE (Off)

You come back here! I'm gonra fetch the manager!

CUT TO:

INT. CLOAKROOM. C/U FRONT ANGLE ON DOLL.

Looking dazed and heartsick, Doll shifts position to her hands and knees and starts to pick up random items of clothing and random fallen tickets, trying hopelessly to match them. We PULL BACK as Doll crawls towards us on hands and knees across the cloakroom floor, futilely trying to match coats and tickets, until we are just behind the feet of Juliette as she stands facing away from us in the f/g. Doll reaches the feet, and, as she notices them, starts to lift her head and lock up to see who they belong to.

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CUT TO:

DOLL'S POV, LOOKING UP AT JULIETTE TOWERING OVER HER,
Into shot behind Juliette after a moment's pause, steps the club's MANAGER,
a huge and portly man with a red face, wearing a dinner jacket and towering
much more than the wizened Juliette seems to. He glares down angrily.

CUT TO:

MANAGER'S POV, LOOKING DOWN AT DOLL ON HER HANDS AND KNEES.

Looking up at us, Doll laughs uncertainly.

DOLL

Ahahahahaha.

(PAUSE)

You can't possibly hold me responsible for this.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLUB, REAR EXIT, NIGHT.

The rear wall of the club and its rear door are over to the right, looking out
onto a colorfully corroded inner urban wasteland. The door opens and Doll is
shoved unceremoniously out into the cold night air. She yelps in outrage.

DOLL

Oww!

THE DOOR SLAMS BEHIND HER. ANGRILY, SHE TURNS AND STARTS TO WALK TOWARDS US.
She picks her way over the rubble and junk on her high heels, looks furious.
Behind her, the club's rear door opens again. The Manager leans out and whistles.
Turning, Doll goes back to the door. The Manager thrusts some official tax
documents into her hand then slams the door again. Doll gives the door the finger
before resuming her walk towards us. We PULL BACK from Doll as she walks down the

side of the club towards the front. Dennis is talking to the Japanese boy off camera in the foreground, outside the front of the club. He sounds excited.

DENNIS (Off)

... I mean, isn't that just incredible? I come along here to fritter away my welfare money on accelerated living; I end up getting a cloakroom job!

CONTINUE TO PULL BACK UNTIL WE SEE DENNIS AND JAPANESE BOY TALKING IN F/G.

They stand on the corner, the Japanese boy wearing the bedraggled remains of his feather cloak, smoking and listening to Dennis enthuse about his new job.

DENNIS

When the manager pulled me to one side, I almost died! I thought he was going to eject me! Oh God, just imagine! Employment!

DOLL CONTINUES PICKING HER WAY TOWARDS US FROM B/G. THE TWO BOYS IGNORE HER.

JAPANESE BOY

Nice. I've thought about enlisting. I mean, they're going to introduce conscription soon, so what's the difference?

DENNIS

Oh, but you'll get hurt! You shouldn't do that! Have you thought about becoming a model?

JAPANESE BOY (Dismissive)

Oh, fuck off.

BY NOW DOLL HAS REACHED THE TWO BOYS, WHO BLOCK HER PATH IN THE F/G..

DOLL (Restrained bitterness)

Excuse me. Can I get through here?

SEEMINGLY OBLIVIOUS TO HER HOSTILITY, DENNIS STEPS BACK TO LET HER PASS.

DENNIS (Sweetly)

Mais certainment.

DOLL WALKS BETWEEN TWO MEN, PAUSING IN F/G TO LISTEN AS THEY CONTINUE TALKING.

DENNIS

No, I'm serious. Celestine is auditioning for mannequins tonight. Didn't you know?

IN F/G DOLL'S FACE REGISTERS INTEREST.

JAPANESE BOY (Dismissive)

Ah, come on. That isn't for guys.

WE PULL BACK FROM DOLL ACROSS STREET UNTIL RECRUITING STAND IS IN LEFT F/G.

We see the dog snuffling around the poster-decked stand, but the soldiers are leaning back out of frame here. The two boys are talking outside the club, with Doll in the centre of the street. Away down the dark avenue behind her, Celestine's neon sign is burning in the distance. As we pull back from Doll the SOUND of the boy's conversation grows fainter, eventually becoming inaudible.

DENNIS

My angel, Celestine takes anyone: Boys; girls; inbetweens. Isn't it better than getting your pretty arms blown off? He'd dress you in silk, in ermine, in velvet...

AS CAMERA COMES TO REST, BOYS CONVERSATION BECOMES INAUDIBLE.

Doll stares at the army stand in the f/g, then turns to look away from us towards the distant neon sign. Making up her mind she turns and walks away from us towards the sign. Outside the club, the boys conversation breaks up and Dennis leaves. The Japanese boy walks across the street towards us until he stops in front of the recruiting stand, speaking to the soldier behind it, off frame left.

JAPANESE BOY

Those jackets come with the job, right?

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SOLDIER LEANS FORWARD INTO FRAME, ELBOWS ON STAND TOP, SMILING AT JAPANESE BOY.
The boy smiles uncertainly back. On cue, the Rotweiler starts to lick his hand affectionately. In b/g, Doll is almost out of sight. It begins to rain.

CUT TO:

EXT. SALON, NIGHT. C/U RIPPLED PUDDLE, CELESTINE'S SIGN REFLECTED IN IT.

There is the SOUND of high heels approaching, and then Doll's feet appear in frame, toes just breaching the rain-rippled puddle. We PULL UP AND BACK until Doll and the puddle are framed by one neon loop of Celestine's sign, up in the f/g. Doll looks up at the sign for a moment or two, then walks through the puddle toward's the Salon.

CUT TO:

EXT. SALON, BEHIND DOLL AS SHE APPROACHES THE DARKENED BUILDING.

There are a crowd of hopefuls gathered outside the Salon, some peering in the windows to detect some sign of life inside. Amongst the crowd are many fabulous grotesques. Doll wanders through the crowd, looking about her wonderingly.

1st. CROWD MEMBER

Are you sure it was tonight?

2nd. CROWD MEMBER

It was on the T.V. It said the auditions started at eleven...

3rd. CROWD MEMBER

Well, it's eleven o'clock now, and it looks awfully spooky and dark..

CUT TO:

INT. SALON, MACHINE ROOM. C/U MADAME D'S FACE AS SHE BELLOWES

MADAME D.

Lights!

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WE PULL BACK TO SHOW A WORKER YANKING DOWN UPON ANOTHER LEVER.

CUT TO:

EXT. SALON.

We are looking at the front of the building from behind the crowd as the lights come on spectacularly, throwing the crowd into silhouette. All of them gasp in wonderment and appreciation. The now-illuminated glass doors are opened by costumed menials from the other side and the crowd surge forward, entering the building with Doll struggling along with them at the rear.

CUT TO:

INT. SALON.

We are close on Doll as she enters. We then PULL BACK from Doll past the audition crowd, leaving Doll and the rear of the chattering horde.

MADAME S. (Off, f/g)

Please..no more noise. No more talking. Le Patron prefers always to have silence in the Salon.

WE CONTINUE TO PULL BACK, STOPPING A FEW YARDS IN FRONT OF CROWD AS CHATTER SUBSIDES

MADAME S. (Off, f/g)

The auditions will proceed quietly and quickly. Le Patron's time is expensive. For him, each passing second has the smell of burring money.

MADAME S. EXHALES SMOKE INTO F/G, LOWERS HAND HOLDING CIGARETTE INTO FRAME.

MADAME S. (Off, f/g)

Therefore, after taking a number from Madame D, you will each parade along the catwalk to the far end, turn, and walk back. You will do this in strict sequence.

CUT TO:

DOLL'S POV, SHOT OF MADAME S FROM FRONT.

Behind Madame S we see Madame D, in profile, glowering off left and holding a box

of numbers. We PULL BACK from Madames over the heads of the audition crowd, now facing away from us in the f/g.

MADAME S.

..and please, do not suppose to better your chances by dragging your performance out to extraordinary lengths.

CONTINUE TO PULL BACK UNTIL DOLL'S HANDS ARE VISIBLE IN F/G.

Doll is holding a compact mirror in which we see the reflection of her nervous face as she hurriedly adjusts her make-up.

MADAME S.

We are certainly experienced enough to see through such cosmetic contrivances, and you would do well to reflect upon this. Now..form a line and collect your numbers.

MADAME D. (Belcws)

One!

IN F/G, DOLL SNAPS THE COMPACT SHUT.

CUT TO:

INT. CELESTINE'S ROOM, LOOKING DOWN ON DOLL AND SALON THROUGH WINDOW.

Celestine's black-nailed hand rests on the windowsill in the f/g, stroking it lovingly. We begin to CLOSE IN slowly and lingeringly upon Doll, watching voyeuristically as she straightens her dress and her hair. The only SOUND is celestine's pocketwatch, ticking. When we are very close on Doll she turns her head sharply and looks straight at us with a startled expression.

CUT TO:

EXT. CELESTINE'S ROOM, LOOKING IN THROUGH WINDOW.

Celestine's dark and amorphous shape is visible behind the tinted glass.

MADAME D. (Off)

Five!

PULL BACK AND DOWN FROM O/S WINDOW UNTIL DOLL AND MADAME D. FACE EACH OTHER IN F/G. Doll is gazing distractedly up at the dark window of Celestine's room in the high b/g. Madame D. glares at the daydreaming girl impatiently.

MADAME D.

Five!

DOLL, NOW AT HEAD OF LINE, LOOKS STARTLED AS SHE TURNS TO MADAME D, TAKING NUMBER.

DOLL.

Oh. Uh, I'm sorry. Right. Thanks.

DOLL TAKES NUMBER, WALKING OFF FRAME RIGHT, MADAME D. HOLDS UP NEXT NUMBER.

MADAME D.

Six!

GIRL TAKES NUMBER SIX. MADAME S. ENTERS SPOT IN B/G, LANGUIDLY ADDRESSING CROWD.

MADAME S.

Please hurry. the auditions begin immediately. After all, one doesn't wish to keep le Patron waiting...

MADAME D.

Seven!

MADAME S.

Does one?

CUT TO:

INT. SALON. C/U ON NUMBER ONE, HELD BY FIRST APPLICANT ON CATWALK.

It is a girl with burn-scarred arms. We PULL BACK from her as she walks towards us down the catwalk, rolling her hips like a hooker.

MADAME S. (Off, f/g.)

Oh, my dear, just look at the poor creature. Is she walking, do you suppose, or having sex with a mirage?

WE PULL BACK UNTIL, WITH MODEL, WE REACH THE END OF THE CATWALK.

Madame D. sits facing away from us towards the end of the catwalk on the left. The model reaches the end of the catwalk, turns, and walks back along it. In the f/g, madame S. lowers her cigarette into frame and exhales, with smoke billowing.

CUT TO:

REVERSE ANGLE.

Madame D. now faces us, with Madame S. sitting beyond her. Madame S. looks bored and languid while Madame D. glares ferociously and unblinkingly.

MADAME S.

No. No, I don't think she's quite the thing for us..although I did think those radiation burns were rather fun. Assuming they weren't real, naturally. Real would be a little too tacky, don't you think?

MADAME D.

No good! Next!

CUT TO:

OTHER END OF CATWALK, LOOKING AT WAITING LINE OF MODELS FACE ON.

Number one, looking disappointed, exits right. Smiling confidently, Number 2, a man in drag, walks forwards and out of frame in the f/g. We CLOSE IN past number 3, a pretty boy, upon numbers 4 and 5. 4 is female and very bizarre, with molten plastic hardened upon her face, freezing it into an artificial cheery smile. Number 5 is Doll, who speaks hesitantly and nervously to the freakish number 4.

DOLL

Wow. They don't keep you waiting around for a decision here, huh?

NUMBER 4.

Oh, are you kidding? I've seen them stop people halfway along the catwalk and tell them to go home...fat people, people with limps and like that. I mean, why do they bother, losers like that?

DOLL

Uh, do you come to many of Celestine's auditions?

NUMBER 4.

This is my ninth. You know, he watches every audition, all alone up behind that slit of glass. He never comes out because he has this deformity. You come to a lot of auditions, you find these things out.

MADAME D. (Off, bellows)

No good! Next!

EMBITTERED, NUMBER 2 EXITS. NUMBER 3 ADVANCES SMILING, GOING OFF FRAME IN F/G.

DOLL

What do you mean, "deformity"?

NUMBER 4.

Well, I dunno. I guess he's just all lumps and pus and kind of crushed up. I have this friend, Elaine, and, like, she heard that he was born with this kinda soft skull, you know? So, like, he doesn't have any bones in his head and it just sort of sits there on his shoulders like a big squashy water melon. You know when they go rotten in the sun?

DOLL

Well, I don't see what's so funny about it.

NUMBER 4.

What? Oh, you mean this?

SHE TOUCHES HER FIXED, SMILING FACE.

NUMBER 4.

This is just some melted plastic I has applied, because I figured he might be sympathetic to people with weird faces. Once it sets you can't move your face, so you have to make sure you have exactly the right expression, and not change your mind halfway through or anything. Does mine look okay? It's supposed to say "Confidence".

SHE TURNS HER HEAD TO DOLL TO DISPLAY HER EXPRESSION. DOLL LOOKS ALMOST STARTLED.

DOLL.

Oh, it's great. No, really. Just great.

MADAME D. (Off, bellows)

No good! Next!

CUT TO:

SHOT FROM BEHIND DOLL, LOOKING PAST HER TOWARDS FAR END OF CATWALK.

NUMBER 4.

Here goes. This time I'm going to make it. I have this feeling.

DOLL.

Good luck.

NUMBER 4 WALKS TO FAR END OF CATWALK AND BACK. IS APPROACHING F/G WHEN:

MADAME D.

No good! Next!

NUMBER 4 FACES US, EYES TRAGIC AND TEARFUL, UNABLE TO STOP HER STUPID GRINNING.

NUMBER 4.

Oh God, not again! I'm so depressed. I might just as well go home and kill myself.

MADAME D. (Impatient bellow, from b/g)

Next!

NUMBER 4 EXITS LEFT. HESITANTLY, DOLL STARTS TO WALK DOWN THE CATWALK AWAY FROM US.

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CUT TO:

REVERSE ANGLE, DOLL WALKING TOWARDS US DOWN CATWALK.

There is suddenly no SOUND except the ticking of Celestine's pocket watch. We PULL UP AND BACK from Doll, over the Madames' heads, until we look down on whole Salon through Celestine's viewslit. Doll reaches end of Catwalk, turns, and starts to walk back. Celestine's hand enters the frame and raps sharply on the glass. The Madames both turn and look up at the viewslit in surprise. Doll keeps walking.

CUT TO:

EXT. CELESTINE'S ROOM, LOCKING IN THROUGH SLIT WINDOW.

Celestine's dark, vague figure is visible. It waves to us. The SOUND of normal Salon noise resumes as we PULL DOWN AND BACK until madame D faces us to the right of the f/g with Madame S behind her, looking away up at Celestine's window, in b/g.

MADAME S.

oh dear. I rather think he likes her. Is the constant pressure affecting his judgement, do you think? Every day when I collect the latest sketches from his room he seems a little more withdrawn, a little quieter..

MADAME D. (Bellows)

Stop!

PULL BACK ALONG CATWALK UNTIL DOLL IS VISIBLE IN F/G, FREEZING AT SOUND OF VOICE.

MADAME D.

Come back here.

DOLL TURNS AND WALKS NERVOUSLY BACK ALONG THE CATWALK TO THE TWO MADAMES, IN B/G.

Reaching them, madame S. says something inaudible to Doll, eliciting a squeal of delight in response.

DOLL (Excited, loud)

Really? Ohhh! That's great!

MADAME D.

Shhhhh!

MADAME S. POINTS TO A DOOR, OFF LEFT. DOLL LEAVES CATWALK, WALKING TOWARDS IT.

Halfway there she turns and thanks the women in a stage whisper. They ignore her.

DOLL.

Thank you.

MADAME D.

Next!

CUT TO:

CORRIDOR DOLL HAS BEEN DIRECTED TO, LOCKING DOWN IT TOWARDS MAIN SALON.

In f/g, Chloe is loading mannequin arms from a sideroom onto the corridor floor.

Doll approaches from the b/g, looking curious.

DOLL.

Uh, excuse me? I just got chosen, y'know? At the auditions? They told me Mr.

Celestine would want to see how I locked in one of his designs next.

CHLOE CONTINUES STACKING SEVERED LIMBS, BEYOND, DOWN CORRIDOR, MADAME D. BELLOWES.

MADAME D. (Off)

No good. Next!

DOLL (To Chloe)

I mean, do you have any idea who I should see about that? They sent me along here...

CHLOE, HOLDING AN ARM IN ONE HAND, PAUSES AND LOOKS WEARILY AT DOLL.

CHLOE

Lock, I'm sorry, I'm supposed to be clearing out the stockrooms right now. What you need is the fitting rooms. They're right along here.

SHE TURNS AND POINTS TOWARDS US, USING SEVERED ARM, THEN TURNS BACK TO DOLL.

CHLOE

You'll find somebody there to give you a hand.

DOLL LOOKS DOWN AT THE HAND ON THE ARM CHLOE IS HOLDING, THEN AT CHLOE, DISQUIETED.

DOLL

Uh, right. Thank you.

SHE SMILES AT CHLOE THEN TURNS, THE SMILE DROPPING, TO EXIT IN THE F/G.

CHLOE (Indifferent)

You're welcome.

CUT TO:

INT. FITTING ROOM.

We are looking at the door, close up. Doll leans round it, looking towards us.

DOLL

Hello?

WE PULL BACK INTO THE FITTING ROOM. JONNI'S VOICE COMES FROM OFF FRAME IN F/G.

JONNI

Yeah?

DOLL

Uh, my name's Doll Seguin. I just got chosen, at the audition? They sent me along to you, said I had to get dressed in something more classic. Is this the right place?

CONTINUE TO PULL BACK UNTIL WE SEE JONNI'S TOMBOY SHIRT AS HE FACES US IN F/G.

DOLL

I mean, are you the person who's supposed to do that for me?

CUT TO:

REVERSE ANGLE. DOLL'S HAND RESTS ON DOORKNOB IN F/G. BEYOND, JONNI TURNS TOWARDS US.

JONNI (Darkly amused)

Yes. yes, I'm the person who's supposed to do that for you.

IN F/G DOLL SCREWS HAND INTO FIST, BANGS IT ONCE ON DOOR. JONNI APPROACHES.

DOLL

Aw shit..

JONNI

So, what happened to the cloakroom comedian? You decided to trade being a coat hanger for a clothes hock?

REACHING DOLL HE PICKS DISDAINFULLY AT HER CHEAP DRESS.

JONNI

Well, I guess I better get you out of this thing for openers. Will you be wanting it back, or should I burn it? I mean, it's hardly...

CUT TO:

PROFILE SHOT, WITH DOLL LEFT FACING JONNI RIGHT. SHE SNATCHES HER ARM AWAY, FURIOUS.

DOLL

Get you goddamned dyke hands offa me! Just don't touch me, okay? You just shut up and get me dressed and leave me alone.

JONNI SPREADS HANDS HOPELESSLY AND PULLS FACE. PICKS UP SLIP FROM NEARBY TABLE.

JONNI

Well, you have to put on a slip. How can I dress you without touching you? I can't...

DISCUSTED, DOLL SNATCHES THE SLIP FROM JONNI.

DOLL

Oh, give me that. Where are the changing rooms?

JONNI INDICATES CHANGING ROOMS WITH HIS THUMB.

Glaring, Doll turns, crosses to changing cubicle in b/g and pulls curtain shut.

Jenni, in f/g stands talking amusedly over his shoulder to the closed door.

JONNI

Of course, you know this is pointless? I mean, it's not like you're fooling anybody. It's not like anybody here cares who you are, if you're a boy, or a girl, or what. Who gives a shit? It's totally irrelevant. I mean, the world could be looking at a fucking nuclear winter. Believe me, the last thing anybody is interested in is your dick.

CHANGING ROOM DOOR OPENS. DOLL EMERGES, STAKS TO F/G WEARING SLIP, HIGH HEELS, WIG.

DOLL

Where's the outfit? They said I had to be classic.

JONNI

Oh, you're classic, all right .

HE TAKES AN ELEGANT DRESS FROM ITS HANGER, RETURNING TO DOLL.

JONNI

Here, you better have this one. It's all that's around right now. But listen, get your fingers on this, mess it up or anything, and you're finished. While it might look to you or I like a piece of over-rated, ostentatious shit, this is priceless. Okay, lift up your arms.

DOLL LIFTS ARMS. JONNI PULLS DRESS OVER HER HEAD THEN CIRCLES HER, CHECKING FIT.

JONNI

Uh-huh. Needs tacking in a little here. Let me find a pin...

HE FINDS PINS THEN TACKS IN DOLL'S DRESS, ACCIDENTALLY JABING HER.

DOLL

Oww!

JONNI (Smiling)

Oh, I am sorry. There. Now, we better get this thing laced up...

DOLL FACES US. MOVING BEHIND HER, JONNI STARTS TO LACE UP HER DRESS.

She winces and grunts as he pulls the strings tight, smiling over her shoulder.

JONNI

You're not enjoying this, are you?

DOLL (Seething)

No. I'm not enjoying this.

JONNI CONTINUES MAKING ADJUSTMENTS, TALKING WHILE HE DOES SO. UNBLINKING, DOLL GLARES

JONNI

But you're gonna take it. Wanna know why? You're gonna take it because you've got no more class than those jerks whose coats you used to check. You'd crawl through a sewer for work, any work, just like all the rest. Well, you can lick ass here all you want, it won't make any difference. You ain't never gonna be a big model, because to do that, you gotta look like you're worth more than your clothes.

HE PAUSES, STEPS BACK AND APPRAISES HER. SHE GLARES AT US, SEETHING.

JONNI

Hmm. Now, why don't you be a good boy and stay there. I'm going to see if I can find you some decent shoes, so you don't trip over those heels while you're jumping through hoops for Celestine.

PICKING UP ARTIFICIAL FLOWER HE PINS IT IN HER BLONDE WIG, SMILING INGENUOUSLY.

JONNI

I mean, we wouldn't want you to look stupid.

HE SMIRKS THEN TURNS AND WALKS AWAY, EXITING THROUGH DOOR IN B/G BEHIND DOLL.

She stands motionless for a second, seething, then snatches the flower from her wig and flings it to the floor in disgust. Turning, she walks to the door and peers out.

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CUT TO:

SHOT OVER DOLL'S SHOULDER, THROUGH DOOR, DOWN CORRIDOR.

The corridor is empty, leading to a junction at the far end. Doll walks away from us down corridor, occasionally catching her high heel upon her hem.

CUT TO:

OTHER SIDE OF JUNCTION, LOOKING DOWN STAIRS AND ACROSS CORRIDOR, DOLL APPROACHING.

As Doll approaches the junction there is the SOUND of a trolley approaching down the junction's left arm. Doll flattens herself against one wall, freezing. Chloe enters left along corridor, pushing a trolley laden with mannequin arms. She doesn't notice Doll, and exits to right of frame. As SOUND of trolley fades, Doll darts across the corridor and comes up the stairs towards us, looking furtive.

CUT TO:

TOP OF STAIRS.

The top of the stairs is seen through a glass panel in a door across the landing. There is the SOUND of many sewing machines. Doll comes up stairs into shot, she crosses the landing towards us, as if puzzled, peering in through the glass. We PULL BACK from the door into a huge room, showing rank after rank of women seated at sewing machines, heads bowed, working dilligently. No one looks up. Through the glasspanel in the b/g, Doll stares at this surreal multitude of drones, then exits.

CUT TO:

INT SALON, A HIGHER STAIRCASE, LOOKING THROUGH THE BANNISTER BARS.

On the other side of the bars we see a limbless mannequin staring at us sightlessly like a prisoner in a cage. Other mannequins stand behind it. Doll's feet enter the left of the foreground as she runs up the stairs with the dress frothing about her ankles, before she exits right, leaving the dummy staring us through the bars.

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CUT TO:

EXT. SALON, NIGHT, ROOFTOP.

It is still raining. We look towards a small bunker on the roof where the steps from below emerge. From behind the bunker's closed door we hear her high heels mounting the stairs. We PULL BACK as she emerges. On one side of the roof near Doll there is the top of a fire escape. We PULL BACK until the whole scene is framed in one loop of Celestine's neon signature. Doll glances across at the neon sign, then crosses to the fire escape top and starts to descend.

CUT TO:

ALLEY AT REAR OF SALON.

Looking up we see Doll descending the rusty fire escape in her beautiful gown. Reaching the bottom she crosses towards us then turns and gives the Salon the finger before turning back towards us and continuing on her way, exiting.

CUT TO:

INSERT OF CELESTINE'S HAND, LAYING DOWN A TAROT CARD: IT IS 'THE FOOL'.

CUT TO:

MAIN STRIP OF CITY, NIGHT.

We see, at sidewalk level, many feet walking. We track amongst them until we find Doll's, the hem of her fabulous gown frothing about them as she walks, then track along with her. There are appreciative whistles and catcalls from off.

1st. MALE BYPASSER

Hey! All right!

CUT TO:

HEAD AND SHOULDERS SHOT OF DOLL, WALKING TOWARDS US, STREET RECEEDING BEHIND HER.

People in the street behind her are turning to call out as she passes.

2nd. MALE BYPASSER

Who's that? Is that the Duchess of Earl?

3rd. MALE BYPASSER

Shit! Hey, Momma, over here...

FEMALE BYPASSER

Oh, isn't that just elegant?

4th. MALE BYPASSER (to friend)

Hey Sonny, lookit this..

IN F/G, WALKING TOWARDS US, DOLL SMILES AND PRIMPS HER HAIR, PROUDLY

CUT TO:

DARKER ADJOINING STREET, LOOKING DOWN IT TOWARDS THE MAIN DRAG.

It is deserted, a blind shop window over to the left. We hear the last few appreciative catcalls from the main street as Doll walks round the corner into view, coming down the dark sidestreet towards us, pausing as she catches sight of her reflection in the shop window. She stops and turns towards it.

CUT TO:

DOLL'S POV, LOOKING AT REFLECTION IN SHOP WINDOW.

She stands there pouting and preening, going through Movie star moves. Gradually, without Doll noticing, other reflections enter the picture behind her, women in severe forties and fifties style clothing. They stand watching Doll. When she notices them she stops posing very suddenly.

CUT TO:

HEAD AND SHOULDERS OF DOLL FROM THE FRONT, WOMEN FACING US FROM BEHIND HER.

Doll looks startled, then turns away from us to face the women. They walk forwards slowly.

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CUT TO:

GROUND LEVEL SHOT LOOKING UP AT DOLL.

Women's feet enter in the foreground while other women walk around Doll menacingly in the b/g; circling; staring.

DOLL (Nervous)

Uh, hi.

CUT TO:

HALF FIGURE FRONT ANGLE ON DOLL.

She looks nervous as the stone-faced women circle her, criss-crossing in the foreground and background as if perfectly choreographed.

DOLL

Like it? I mean, it's not my best, obviously. It's just, y'know, some old thing, been in the family for years....

MEANEST LOOKING WOMAN IS NOW IN F/G, FACING AWAY TOWARDS THE SICKLY-SMILING DOLL.

DOLL

It, it's nice material. You wanna touch it?

WOMAN REACHES OUT, TESTING MATERIAL NEAR COLLAR BETWEEN THUMB AND FOREFINGER.

Doll smiles nervously. Suddenly, the woman rips the shoulder of Doll's dress off.

DOLL

Aaaaa!

RECOVERING FROM SHOCK, DOLL GRABS WOMAN IN RETALLIATION.

DOLL

You fucking bitch, you..

WOMAN SLAPS DOLL HARD ROUND FACE. ANOTHER, BEHIND HER, GRABS HER WIG. THEY ATTACK.

As they start to beat her up we CLOSE IN upon the reflection of the fight in the store window in the b/g. Eventually, reflected in the glass, we see Doll sprawled

in the street's centre, crumpled and still. One by one, the dark reflections of the women run off and leave her alone. After a moment, Doll stirs and starts to crawl painfully towards the window reflecting her. As her reflected image reaches the f/g, Doll's real hand reaches up from below in f/g, clutching for purchase on the glass of the window. She drags herself up into frame, resting against glass. Her wig is gone, her dress is torn and she is bruised and bloodied. She rests there whimpering softly. From off, there is the SOUND of footsteps approaching. Reflected in the window, a lone figure enters the b/g and runs towards us. It is Jonni. He stops just out of frame, his reflection visible up to the neck in the window. Doll turns slowly and looks up at him without expression.

CUT TO:

DOLL'S POV, LOOKING UP AT JONNI, TOWERING ABOVE US AND STARING DOWN.

CUT TO:

FRONTAL SHOT OF DOLL AND JONNI, BOTH FIGURES VISIBLE.

Doll gazes bleakly up at Jonni for a moment then turns back to face us, resting her cheek against the cool glass of the window. Slowly, Jonni crouches beside her. He reaches out and touches her bruised cheek. She flinches away, not looking at him. One of Doll's small breasts has been exposed by the tearing of her dress. Lowering his eyes, Jonni looks at this then reaches out one hand to touch the breast lightly and wonderingly. Doll stares down at his hand, unresponsive. He lifts his gaze to her face. She looks up and meets his eye, glaring through her tears defiantly into his speculative, wondering gaze.

JONNI

You're a girl.

DOLL

What is that, is that relevant now or something?

HIS FACE GROWING RESENTFUL, JONNI RISES TO HIS FEET, STARING DOWN BITTERLY.

JONNI

No. No, it's not relevant.

IGNORING HIM, DOLL STRUGGLES PAINFULLY TO HER FEET WHILE HE WATCHES, CONTEMPTUOUSLY.

JONNI

In fact, your entire life is irrelevant compared to the mess you made outta that gown. I mean, Jesus Christ, do you know what you just did?

IGNORING HIM, DOLL STARTS TO LIMP TOWARDS US, ONE BROKEN HEEL DRAGGING.

We PULL BACK to the other end of the street as she limps forward, Jonni following.

JONNI

When Madame S sent me to get this back in one piece she said my future prospects at the Salon, my whole career depended on it! My career! I mean, those clothes, they were my responsibility and look at them!

TIRED OF THIS, DOLL STOPS AND TURNS, SPITTING HER WORDS VENOMOUSLY AT JONNI.

DOLL

Well I'm goddamned sorry if I spoiled some clothes you were looking after and messed up your career prospects!

PULL BACK RESUMES. DOLL CONTINUES WALKING TOWARDS US. ANNOYED, JONNI FOLLOWS.

JONNI

What? You're talking about that cloakroom thing? Listen, that's in a completely different league. There's just no comparison.

BY NOW WE HAVE REACHED THE END OF THE STREET, OBSERVING THE PAIR ACROSS THE JUNCTION

In the wing mirror of a car parked in the f/g we see Celestine's neon sign reflected, very tiny. Doll and Jonni reach the middle of the street, where Doll turns and confronts Jonni, angered by his attitude.

DOLL

What do you mean "No comparison"? Like your job's more important, your life's important and mine's not or something? I mean, is that it, what you're saying? DISGUSTED, SHE TURNS HER BACK ON JONNI, WHO SPEAKS TO HER TURNED BACK, ASSERTIVELY.

JONNI

Yeah. Yeah, that's exactly what I'm saying. You're damn straight it's more important. I mean, a couple more years racking up experience, working on my own designs...who knows? Maybe I coulda got money behind me, started my own Salon like Mr. Jean-Claude Kingshit Celestine, name up in lights...

CUT TO:

HEAD AND SHOULDERS FRONTAL OF DOLL, ANGRY, WITH JONNI FACING US BEHIND HER.

JONNI

Ha. Well, so much for that. All that goes straight down the toilet the moment I walk in holding this!

HE TOUCHES TATTERS OF DOLL'S RUINED DRESS AND THEN DROPS THEM, DISGUSTED.

JONNI (Petulant)

I mean, okay for you, right? You can just carry on with your shitty little life and write this off as another night's entertainment. You don't have to go back to Celestine with...

HE GESTURES HOPELESSLY TOWARDS THE RUINED GOWN.

In the f/g, Doll's face grows calm with dawning understanding. She almost smiles.

DOLL (Simply, stating fact.)

You're scared.

JONNI

No shit, Sherlock! No shit I'm scared! This is Celestine we're talking about. Ten years ago, right, he ruined an entire family over a suspected plagiarism.

JONNI

Three years back, a journalist asking questions about where Celestine got his fabric from during war time got fished out of the East River. Celestine! Christ...

HE TRAILS OFF HOPELESSLY. IN F/G, DOLL'S LIPS SET INTO LINE OF GRIM RESOLVE.

DOLL (Calm, measured.)

I'll take it back.

JONNI STARES AT HER, SHOCKED AND UNCOMPREHENDING.

JONNI

What?

CUT TO:

JONNI'S POV, LOOKING AT BACK OF DOLL, CELESTINE'S NEON SIGN IN DISTANCE BEYOND HER.

Doll turns around to face us and Jonni, her eyes contemptuous slits.

DOLL

I said I'll take the dress back. What's Celestine? He's some guy with a mashed-in face, too screwed up to come out of his room, and that's what you're scared of?

SHE SNEERS

DOLL

I'll take it back. I wouldn't want to think of you suffering on my account. I wouldn't give you the satisfaction.

SHE TURNS AND STARTS TO LIMP AWAY FROM US TOWARDS THE DISTANT NEON SIGN.

JONNI (Calling after her)

Are you insane? You go back to Celestine after running out in that dress, you're gonna end up dead.

IN THE MIDDLE DISTANCE NOW, DOLL PAUSES AND TURNS TO SHOUT AT JONNI.

DOLL

So? Way this nuclear winter shit is shaping up, we're all gonna end up dead!
SHE TURNS AND RESUMES HER TRUDGE TOWARDS THE DISTANT SIGN. JONNI SOUNDS DESPERATE.

JONNI

Listen, there won't even be anybody at the Salon this late. You're wasting
your time!

DOLL IGNORES HIM AND KEEPS WALKING, VANISHING INTO DISTANCE. EXASPERATED, HE EXHALES

JONNI

Shit.

THERE IS THE SOUND OF RECEEDING FOOTFALLS AS JONNI TURNS AND WALKS AWAY.

We hold briefly on the empty street and the distant neon sign.

CUT TO:

EXT. SALON. CLOSE UP OF PUDDLE WITH NEON SIGN REFLECTED.

We hear the SOUND of Doll's limping single heel approaching from the distance,
then PULL BACK until the puddle is on the ground in the f/g before us. Looking
beyond it we see the lower halves of the picket line of women who stand between
us and the Salon's glass doors, the stems of their picket signs resting on the
ground at their feet here. Doll's feet enter from left of the the f/g and come
to rest standing in the puddle, shattering the reflection of the sign. The
ripped hem of her gown trails in the puddle as she faces the motionless picket line

CUT TO:

C/U OF DOLL FROM FRONT.

Her wig is gone, her face bruised and wet, but determined. We PULL BACK past
the picket line, facing away from us, and through the glass doors until we
are on the

INTERIOR OF SALON, LOOKING OUT AT BACKS OF PICKET LINE, DOLL FACING US BEYOND.

CUT TO:

DOLL'S POV, HALF FIGURE SHOT OF THE PICKETTING WOMEN, FACING US.

We PAN ACROSS the row of women as they stare at us with brutish stupidity. They are the same women who beat up Doll earlier, only now they carry placards with slogans like "Victory before Vanity: Boycott Celestine"; "Fallout Shelters Not Fashion Shows"; "We've Got A War On: The Enemy Is Extravagance!" and "Wasted Linen = Wasted Lives!" Panning across, we reach the sullen woman on the far right, where we stop. It is the woman who began the assault earlier. She stares, coldly

CUT TO:

REPEAT SHOT OF DOLL'S FEET STANDING IN PUDDLE, WOMEN'S FEET VISIBLE BEYOND.

After a second's pause, we see Doll's feet limp away from us towards the picket line

CUT TO:

INT. SALON, REPEAT SHOT LOOKING OUT THROUGH GLASS DOORS AT PICKET LINE AND DOLL.

We see Doll, through the door, walking towards us, being jostled by the pickets. We can see her mouthing angry words at them but not hear her. She reaches the doors and shoves them open, pushing her way through. As the doors open we hear the tail end of what Doll is saying to the women as she steps inside and the doors swing shut behind her. Her voice is angry and scathing.

DOLL

...so why worry? Buncha dogs, your clothes look like they already got nuked!

WOMEN SCOWL THROUGH GLASS THEN TURN AWAY. DOLL TURNS TOWARDS US.

She gazes at the silent, empty and softly lit Salon stretching all around her.

We PULL BACK to the opposite side, emphasising the Salon's vastness and her smallness and isolation. In the f/g we come to rest upon a bald wig stand, a fallen wig lying beside it. The wig stand stares at us blindly. Doll's voice is tiny, hushed and awed as she speaks into the vastness.

DOLL

Hello?

(PAUSE)

Anybody there?

CUT TO:

INSERT OF CELESTINE'S HAND LAYING A TAROT CARD: IT IS 'THE DEVIL'.

CUT TO:

INT. SALON, BEHIND DOLL AND LOOKING PAST HER AT THE HUGE, EMPTY SALON.

Doll takes two or three steps away from us with the SOUND of her broken heel suddenly very ugly and grating. She pauses and takes the shoes off, before continuing into the silence, carrying them in her hand.

CUT TO:

SHOT FROM FAR SIDE OF SALON.

In the f/g, on a worksurface, we see an ashtray with three or four of Madame S' lipstick-marked cigarettes in it, perhaps with some personal effect of Madame S, like a single glove or a fur stole lying nearby. In the middleground, we see a collection of pastel-colored figurines, like flowers in a garden. Entering left just beyond these, Doll crosses the screen gazing about her wonderingly before exiting right. She reappears after a moment from the right of the foreground, only her mid-section visible, and pauses by the ashtray, picking up one of the cigarette butts to examine before replacing it and moving on to exit left.

CUT TO:

SHOT BEHIND DOLL'S SHOULDER AS SHE WALKS TOWARDS STEPS LEADING TO DESERTED CATWALK
We follow her up these steps until we are on the catwalk with her, behind her as she looks down the catwalk's length to the far end, where we see a single

dummy standing, a head and torso on a stand with no limbs. Doll turns from this towards us, still rubberneacking at the empty Salon, and starts to walk backwards away from us slowly towards the far end of the catwalk.

CUT TO:

BEHIND DOLL, TRACKING BACK AS SHE BACKS TOWARDS US, VIEWING SLIT VISIBLE IN B/G. We CLOSE IN upon the horizontal viewing slit from DOLL'S POV, then pan back and forth across it. There is no sign of life visible behind the glass.

CUT TO:

REPEAT SHOT OF DOLL, FROM BEHIND HER HEAD, LOOKING UP AT VIEWING SLIT. Suddenly, she turns towards us, presenting a head and shoulders facial closeup. We PULL BACK from this to the end of the catwalk until the lone dummy torso stands facing us in the f/g. Facing us from beyond it, Doll stares at it for a moment and then starts to undress. Removing the ruined gown, leaving only the modest slip beneath she walks to the f/g and dresses the armless dummy in the ruined gown.

CUT TO:

OVERHEAD ANGLE ON DOLL, LOOKING DOWN.

We are quite close above her as she finishes dressing the dummy. She gives a small smile of satisfaction then turns and starts to walk back along the catwalk. She has taken only a couple of steps when the amplified and distorted SOUND of Celestine's voice suddenly booms and echoes through the Salon, distorted by the hidden amplifiers until its sounds like snarl of some terrible animal.

CELESTINE (Amplified, distorted.)

Don't move!

PULL RAPIDLY UP AND BACK FROM DOLL, LOOKING DOWN UPON HER FROM NEAR ROOF.

We swing wildly around the upper Salon, holding Doll in central shot below,

following her as she spins around in blind terror, trying to figure out where the giant voice is coming from.

CUT TO:

DOLL'S POV, LOOKING UP AT VIEWSLIT.

We swing back and forth looking for life behind the glass, finding none.

CELESTINE

You've returned my dress.

CUT TO:

SHOT CLOSE ON DOLL FROM ABOVE, AS SHE LOOKS UP AT US PLEADING AND TERRIFIED.

DOLL

I-I'm sorry. I'm really sorry...

CUT TO:

SHOT BEHIND DOLL, WITH DUMMY IN F/G DRAPED IN RUINED DRESS.

CELESTINE

My beautiful dress. My beautiful baby; that I gave birth to; that I nursed through its infancy and sent out into the world. My poor, lovely child.

HEARING VOICE, SEEMINGLY BEHIND HER, DOLL'S TURNS TOWARDS US AND THE DUMMY.

DOLL (Voice trembling, trying to explain.)

There were some women, from this picket line. They beat me up. They beat me up because of my dress...

CUT TO:

ELEVATED ANGLE, LOOKING DOWN FROM BEHIND DOLL.

As Celestine's voice booms out angrily, this time from behind her, Doll wheels round to face both the sound and us. Celestine sounds furious, terrifying.

CELESTINE

Not your dress! My dress!

FACING US NOW, DOLL COVERS HER EARS AND WHIMPERS IN TERROR. HER VOICE IS SQUEAKY.

DOLL

Your dress! Your dress! I'm sorry..

CELESTINE (Calmer tone)

They beat you for wearing my dress. Their world is fragile. They cannot bear to see its transience flaunted.

HE MAKES HORRIBLE DISTORTED SOUND, LIKE AMPLIFIED RUEFUL LAUGH. DOLL SHUDDERS.

CELESTINE (Reflective, nostalgic)

They would always beat my very loveliest mannequins, tear up their clothes. At my first showing there was a riot. Did you know that?

DOLLS STANDS SHIVERING, STARING AT GROUND, NOT DARING TO LOOK UP AT US.

DOLL

No. No, I didn't. I didn't know that. Please, I...

CUT TO:

SHOT BEHIND DOLL WITH MANNEQUIN STARING AT US IN F/G.

Beyond this Doll faces up away from us, spreading her trembling hands in an appeal to the invisible presence haunting the upper b/g. Her voice is shakey.

DOLL

Look, I didn't mean to take the dress. It's just, somebody said I'd be prepared to crawl through shit just to work here, and I was just pissed off is all. I just wanted to show them that..

CELESTINE'S VOICE BOOMS OUT SUDDENLY, INTERRUPTING, SEEMINGLY FROM BEHIND DOLL.

CELESTINE

What is your name?

DOLL WHELPS IN TERROR TO FACE US. THE BLIND DUMMY STARES IN THE F/G.

DOLL

DOLL

My name. Doll. It's Doll. Doll Seguin.

CELESTINE (Musing, thoughtful)

Doll.

(PAUSES)

My mother gave me dolls. She liked me to play with them. I think you shall be my doll. I think we shall play a game together.

DOLL LOOKS UTTERLY BEWILDERED BY THIS. SHE GAPES UP AT US, MYSTIFIED.

DOLL

Mhuh?

CELESTINE (Businesslike)

Your tenure as my principal model begins tomorrow morning. Your starting salary will be fifty thousand dollars American. I take it that is acceptable?

DOLL LOOKS STUNNED. HER HEAD NODS IN RESPONSE AS IF MESMERIZED.

CELESTINE (Dismissive, disinterested)

Good. That is all. You may go now.

DOLL GIVES A WEAK AND DOPEY SMILE, REELS BRIEFLY, THEN TOPPLES TO THE FLOOR, FAINTING. As she falls she reaches out and clutches at the dummy, dressed in the ruined gown. As we hear the sound of Doll's body crumpling to the catwalk off frame below, the dummy rocks a couple of times on its base, jogged by Doll, then settles back into position staring sightlessly out of the picture at us. We hold on this briefly.

CUT TO:

INT. SALON. DAY.

SAME SHOT AS ABOVE, except that it is now day, and Doll's head and shoulders in CLOSE UP face us where the dummy's were previously. She wears a white slip, simple makeup and boyishly styled hair. Jonni's hand enters right, fits fake

chignon atop Doll's head. She swivels her eyes upwards, as if striving to see it, then looks at Jonni, off right. His hands re-enter and fit an ear-ring to her left ear. It tugs slightly and she winces.

DOLL

What's that?

JONNI

What's what?

DOLL

What's that thing you just stuck on top of my head?

JONNI'S HANDS WITHDRAW, RE-ENTERING WITH SINGLE LONG-STRAPPED BLACK GLOVE.

He rolls it up ready to fit on her left arm.

JONNI

It's a chignon. All Celestine's models are wearing their hair twisted up like that for the Spring collection, but you get an artificial one because your hair's so short. It looks like somebody put Agent Orange in your styling mousse. Lift your arm.

DOLL LIFTS ARM, ROLLING EYES. JONNI FITS GLOVE THEN CROSSES F/G, A DARK SHAPE.

DOLL

Chignon. What is that, french for "Shaped like a dog turd"?

JONNI'S HANDS ENTER LEFT, FIT OTHER EAR-RING, WITHDRAW AND RE-ENTER WITH OTHER GLOVE.

JONNI

Other arm.

DOLL SIGHS, LIFTS ARM. JONNI FITS GLOVE, BUTTONS GLOVESTRAPS BEHIND DOLL'S NECK.

Jonni then kneels, Doll's eyes following him as he does so, to help her step into a long black dress. Her shoulders bob as she lifts her feet to step into it.

Jonni is off frame below here until he pulls the dress up and back into shot.

JONNI (Off)

Lift your foot.

DOLL LIFTS HER FOOT, LOOKING BORED.

JONNI

Other one.

SHE DOES THIS, THEN WRIGGLES AS JONNI STARTS TO PULL DRESS UP INTO FRAME.

DOLL

"Please."

JONNI RE-ENTERS SHOT, PULLING BLACK DRESS UP OVER DOLL'S BOSOM.

JONNI

What?

HE REACHES BEHIND DOLL, FASTENING THE DRESS AT THE BACK. SHE IS SNOTTY, IRRITATED.

DOLL

"Please". When you ask me to do something you should say please, and not just like you're shoving some little seamstress around.

IRRITATED, JONNI'S HANDS START TO SMOOTH DOWN THE DRESS.

We TRACK DOWN with him to Doll's feet. On hands and knees he starts to cram one of them into an elegant black shoe. Doll is only visible from the waist down.

DOLL

I mean, just in case nobody thought you were important enough to tell, Celestine made me his principal model. That means number one, okay? And he..

JONNI

I know what "principal" means! Listen, if Celestine wasn't too screwed up and senile to recognize a spent piece of toxic waste when he saw one, you wouldn't have this job!

DOLL

Yeah? Well, he is , and I have, and you better get used to it. In fact the way Madame Snake's-eyes chewed you out for losing me, I'd say you're the one who's lucky to be in work around here.

CUT TO:

JONNI'S POV.

We are looking up at Doll, eyes narrowed and hostile as she glares down at us.

DOLL

Maybe when I'd just walked through the door you could get away with all that ordering me around, jabbing me with pins, all that Nazi shit you were giving me, but that was yesterday, and things ain't like that now, okay?

CUT TO:

SHOT OF DOLL'S FEET, JONNI KNEELING BY THEM.

He stares morosely as she wiggles her bare toes, understanding his situation.

DOLL

Now the jackboot's on the other foot.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON BOOTED FEET OF FOUR FOOTMEN

They are marching through a snowstorm along gray, slushbound streets.

CUT TO:

INT. SALON. CATWALK.

CLOSE ON Doll's foot, now fitted with another shoe. Jonni pulls a long black coat onto Doll, its hem trailing into shot here.

DOLL

What are you doing?

JONNI

I'm putting on your coat.

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JONNI DOES UP COAT BUTTONS FROM BOTTOM. WE TRACK UP WITH HIM. HE FASTENS HER BELT.

DOLL

I know you're putting on my coat. Why does this outfit need a coat?

JONNI

Because it's cold.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET, DAY.

CLOSE ON BOOTED FEET OF FOOTMEN.

We TRACK UP past gloved hands holding the poles of a sedan chair, then up to their eyes, squinting against the sleet. Their breath is visible in the chill air.

CUT TO:

INT. SALON, CATWALK.

We are behind Doll, looking past her at Jonni as he faces us, adjusting her collar.

DOLL

"Because it's cold." Well, of course it's cold! It's winter! Unless we're real lucky, it's going to be winter for the next ten years: One long, miserable, uninterrupted run with hail and ice and snow...

CUT TO:

EXT. SALON.

We look at the building from some distance away. The footmen enter in the f/g, carrying the sedan chair between them, running away from us through the snow towards the Salon.

CUT TO:

INSERT OF CELESTINE'S HAND, LAYING A TAROT CARD. IT IS 'THE CHARIOT'.

CUT TO:

INT. SALON. CATWALK.

We look at Doll from the front. Jonni's hands adjust her collar from off.

JONNI

So it's cold. So what?

DOLL

So what are you doing holding a Spring collection when it looks like we're on the brink of a nuclear god-damned winter?

JONNI WITHDRAWS HANDS. THEY RE-ENTER HOLDING A BLACK TULLE HAT, LARGE CENTRAL JEWEL

JONNI

Don't be stupid. We don't have nuclear winters here in the Salon. Here there's just Spring and Autumn. Listen, I'm trying to get this hat straight, will you quit jogging around?

(PAUSE)

Please?

CUT TO:

INT. SALON, LOOKING OUT THROUGH GLASS DOORS.

The sedan arrives outside. The two Madames climb out, walking towards the doors.

CUT TO:

INT. SALON, CATWALK, DOLL'S POV.

Jonni is holding up a full length mirror in which Doll's reflection preens.

DOLL

Hey! Look at that! I've arrived! What do you think, it looks perfect doesn't it?

JONNI

No. Even if you like that kind of thing, it doesn't look perfect. For one thing that big jewel shouldn't be in the centre of the hat. It just looks vulgar.

DOLL

Oh really? Well, Mr. Celestine happens to think it should go in the centre. Those

DOLL (From over)

Were the Madame's specific directions,

CUT TO:

EXT. SALON, LOOKING IN THROUGH GLASS DOORS.

From the f/g, the Madame's enter the picture and shove through the swing doors, heading in a straight line away from us across the Salon lobby, leaving the doors swinging in the f/g.

CUT TO:

INT. SALON. CATWALK.

We are looking up at the catwalk in the b/g, from the Salon's floor.

JONNI

I'm about this interested in the Madames' directions, okay? Those two wouldn't know from good taste if it bit them on the ass. The whole idea behind this outfit is obviously the oblique line. See? Can you see that? If the jewel went on the right it would hold the whole thing together.

DOLL

Well listen, who the hell are you to disagree with Mr. Celestine?

CHLOW ENTERS F/G PUSHING TROLLEY LADEN WITH DUMMY HEADS.

JONNI

Can you hear yourself? What you're saying? For your information, disagreeing with "Mr. Celestine" has yet to be made a capital offence.

IN F/G, TROLLEY LURCHES AND SOME HEADS FALL OFF, CLATTERING. JONNI LOOKS ROUND.

CUT TO:

INT SALON. C/U OF MADAMES AS THEY WALK TOWARDS US.

CUT TO:

INT. SALON, LOOKING UP AT CATWALK FROM FLOOR, CHLOE IN F/G.

Looking icily at Jonni, Doll dismounts the catwalk and crosses to Chloe, who is reloading the heads in the f/g. As she speaks, Doll's tone is sweet, patronizing.

DOLL (To Chloe)

Excuse me, have you seen Madame S. or Madame D. around here anywhere? I have to report to them when I'm dressed.

CHLOE (Indifferent)

They just arrived outside. They've been out at the boutiques, announcing layoffs.

DOLL

Why, thank you. You're so kind.

CHLOE JUST STARES. DOLL TURNS AND EXITS. JONNI DISMOUNTS CATWALK, CROSSING TO CHLOE

Jonni's eyes follow Doll as she departs, off screen. He is fumingly angry.

JONNI

Y'know, I just can't believe it. I can't believe he'd give a job like that to some slutty cloakroom attendant.

CHLOE, PAUSES, HOLDING A DUMMY HEAD BETWEEN HER HANDS AND LOOKS AT DOLL, OFF PICTURE

CHLOE (Knowing, worldly-wise)

Maybe she's blackmailing him.

JONNI LOOKS AT CHLOE AND FROWNS, PUZZLED AND SURPRISED.

JONNI

Blackmailing him?

UNWITTINGLY, CHLOE LOWERS THE DUMMY HEAD UNTIL ITS FACE RESTS IN HER CROTCH.

CHLOE

Probably he got some sexual perverted thing she found out about. Guy like that, all alone in a big dark room, what he might be doing...I mean, who knows, right?

JONNI STARES AT HER, MYSTIFIED, THEN GLANCES DOWN AT THE DUMMY HEAD IN HER CROTCH.

CUT TO:

INT. SALON.

The two Madames stand in centre Salon, with Doll approaching from b/g. Pausing before them she twirls proudly, displaying her outfit. She smiles at them.

DOLL

Well? What do you think to it?

MADAME D. REMAINS STILL WHILE MADAME S. CIRCLES DOLL, INSPECTING.

From the b/g a middle aged photographer carrying equipment is laboriously approaching. Madame S. sniffs, distant and superior.

MADAME S.

"It"? My dear, the yellow dog in the street is an "it". Diseases and infant children of the lower orders, these are "its".

VOICE COLD AND LOFTY, SHE LIFTS THE FABRIC OF DOLL'S COAT DEMONSTRATIVELY.

MADAME S.

This is a look, and deserves something rather better, don't you think?

DOLL (Nervous, not so confident.)

Uh, well, what do you think of the look?

MADAME S.

The look? The look was created by Le Patron, and is quite obviously immaculate. SHE REACHES OUT ONE GLOVED HAND, CUPPING DOLL'S CHIN, TILTING FACE TO LIGHT.

MADAME S.

You, on the other hand...

CUT TO:

MADAME S. POV, LOOKING AT DOLL, MADAME S. HAND CUPPING HER CHIN.

MADAME S.

You were only created by God, and you are passable.

THE MADAMES TURN, READY TO LEAVE.

The photographer arrives and starts taking light readings of Doll as she glares, angry and resentful, after the departing Madames.

MADAME S.

Our Mr. Muybridge will need to take some photographs before you change. Please try not to look sulky.

BOTH MADAMES WALK TOWARDS US, DOLL STARING AFTER THEM FROM B/G, PHOTOGRAPHER FUSSING

DOLL (Loudly)

I don't think this look is so immaculate. Actually, it has some pretty major design flaws in my opinion.

IN F/G, MADAMES STOP DEAD IN TRACKS, SHOCKED, THEN SLOWLY TURN TO FACE DOLL.

MADAME S. (Incredulous)

What?

CUT TO:

DIFFERENT ANGLE, DOLL IN F/G WITH MADAMES APPROACHING FROM B/G.

Doll, in profile, stares dead ahead of herself as the Madames approach, not looking at them.

DOLL

I mean, look at this brooch, on the hat. Stuck in the centre like that it just looks incredibly vulgar.

MADAME S. PAUSES IN FRONT OF DOLL, PEERING UP, IRRITABLE AND FLUSTERED, AT THE JEWEL

MADAME S. (Dismissive)

Don't be stupid. The jewel is placed perfectly.

DOLL

No, really, I mean this whole look, it has to do with the oblique line, okay? To balance the whole thing out the jewel should go over on the right, like this....

DOLL UNPINS JEWEL AND MOVES IT TO THE RIGHT. OUTRAGED, MADAME S. SHRIEKS.

MADAME S.

How dare you? Le Patron is the greatest designer in all history and you presume to disagree with him?

UPSET AND FURIOUS SHE CROSSES TO MADAME D, BEHIND DOLL.

Madame D places a comforting hand on her friend's shoulder while glaring murderously at Doll. Facing us in the f/g, Doll is off-hand and airy as she replies.

DOLL

Listen, for your information, disagreements with "Le Patron" ain't no capital offence.

MADAME S., WHEN SHE SPEAKS, IS RED FACED AND HISSING, ALMOST SPEECHLESS.

MADAME S.

We'll...see!

DOLL'S COMPOSURE SLIPS A LITTLE AT THE VEHEMENCE IN THE WOMAN'S TONE.

MADAME D. (Bellowing, enraged.)

Upstairs!

AS MADAME D. ROARS TWO INCHES BEHIND DOLL'S EAR SHE JUMPS AND FLINCHES.

CUT TO:

DOLL'S POV AS SHE MARCHES ALONG BETWEEN THE WOMEN.

The Photographer smiles at us eagerly towards the foreground. Beyond him in the background the stairs to the upper levels of the Salon are visible. Peering through his viewfinder the photographer backs away from us as we approach him..

PHOTOGRAPHER

All righty, I think I'm just about ready...Uh-uh. Woah. Not so far forward. Whoa...

MADAME D, ENTERING FROM F/G, SHOVES PHOTOGRAPHER OUT OF THE WAY, NOT LOOKING AT HIM.

Our POV stops advancing. Doll and Madame S. enter the f/g and accompany Madame D. as she walks away from us towards the stairs, the two Madames flanking Doll like a prisoner. In The f/g the photographer dusts himself off and calls after them without response.

PHOTOGRAPHER

You'd like me to do the pictures later? Okay. Okay, no problem.

(VOICE RISING TO SHOUT)

Whenever you're ready, that's fine by me!

ABOUT AT THE STAIRS, WE SEE THE PHOTOGRAPHER CALLING

CUT TO:

SHOT OF DOLL'S AND MADAME'S FEET MOUNTING SALON STAIRS.

CUT TO:

DOLL'S POV AS SHE MOUNTS STAIRS, LOOKING APPREHENSIVELY UP AT THE VIEWING SLIT.

CUT TO:

SHOT LOOKING DOWN AT DOLL AS SHE MOUNTS THE STAIRS, FLANKED BY MADAMES.

Behind her, at the bottom of the stairs, we see Chloe enter carrying a trashcan filled with the heads of dummies. She looks up at Doll and the Madames with dull-witted interest.

CUT TO:

INT. LOWER SALON, SHOT THROUGH JONNI'S EYES.

In the f/g we see his hands sketching as he works on a design of his own, for a radical-looking mini skirt. Looking up over the sketchpad we see the balcony running along the upper floor, leading to Celestine's door. The Madames and Doll are walking along it from the far end.

CUT TO:

SHOT LOOKING DOWN ON JONNI AS HE STOPS SKETCHING AND LOOKS UP AT DOLL, OFF FRAME.

He smiles.

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CUT TO:

WOMEN'S POV AS THEY APPROACH CELESTINE'S DOOR ALONG BALCONY.

They reach the door, which fills the frame with the three women's shadows falling upon it. Madame D's hand enters frame, poised and ready to knock on the door.

CUT TO:

INT. CELESTINE'S ROOM, LOOKING AT DOOR FROM WITHIN.

There is the SOUND of a KNOCK at the door. We PULL BACK until we reach Celestine's desk, his POV. The tarot cards are still arranged across it. We can also see the mirror, the watch and Celestine's dirty hands resting on the table. To one side of the desk top there stands a lamp, which is switched off. SOUND: KNOCKS AGAIN.

CELESTINE

You may open the door.

DOOR OPENS IN DARK B/G, WOMEN FRAMED IN IT, SALON LIGHT BEHIND THEM.

CELESTINE

Well?

MADAME D. SHUFFLES A PACE OR TWO FORWARD INTO THE DARK ROOM, SQUIRMING, FIDGETING.

MADAME D.

Uh, Patron, this girl...

LOOKING AT HER FEET, SHE SUBSIDES INTO MUMBLES.

CELESTINE (Growing impatient)

Speak up, woman!

HURRIEDLY, MADAME S. TAKES A PACE FORWARD, TAKING CHARGE.

MADAME S.

The new model, Patron, she has been making trouble. She rearranged her outfit, moving the jewel in her hat to one side. Apparently, your own placement of the jewel was not considered good enough. She...

CELESTINE (Interrupting gruffly)

That's enough. Come in properly, so I can see you. Why do you hover at the door as if there's a corpse in the room? Come in.

CUT TO:

SHOT FROM BEHIND WOMEN, LOOKING PAST THEM INTO DARK ROOM AS THEY SHUFFLE IN.

CELESTINE (From darkness)

Wait a moment.

THERE IS THE SOUND OF A CLICK AS THE LAMP IS TURNED ON, ITS BEAM DAZZLING. It moves haphazardly around the darkened room. It sweeps the wall, revealing a photograph of Celestine's mother, behind glass, and plays across the litter-strewn floor, with its candy wrappers and crumpled sketches, also of his mother's face. Finally it swivels right at us, its glare filling the screen.

CELESTINE (From glare)

There.

CUT TO:

CELESTINE'S POV, LOOKING AT THE SQUINTING WOMEN, PINNED IN THE GLARE.

His voice is very deep and threatening as he speaks to Doll.

CELESTINE

Come forward, girl. More. there.

DOLL INCHES FORWARD AND STOPS AT HIS COMMAND, SQUINTING HOPELESSLY INTO THE GLARE.

CELESTINE

Turn your head. Let me see.

DOLL TURNS HER HEAD. THE JEWEL FLASHES IN THE LIGHT. CELESTINE GRUNTS.

We CLOSE IN to half figure on the three women as they stand there staring apprehensively into the spotlight.

CELESTINE (Matter of fact, dismissive.)

CELESTINE (Matter of fact, dismissive)

That's enough.

OBEDIENTLY, DOLL STEPS BACK A PACE, REJOINING THE MADAMES.

CELESTINE (Matter of fact.)

Move the jewel to the position she suggests. She's right, of course.

CELESTINE SWITCHES OFF THE LIGHT. THE WOMEN ARE LEFT STANDING IN SHADOW.

As she speaks from the darkness, Madame S. sounds stunned and incredulous.

MADAME S.

f course.

CUT TO:

EXT. CELESTINE'S ROOM, ON BALCONY.

Doll walks towards us in f/g, smiling and triumphant. Behind her, along the balcony, the Madames stand glowering outside Celestine's now-closed door. Preening triumphantly as she walks, Doll touches the jewel on the side of her hat.

CUT TO:

SHOT LOOKING DOWN AT JONNI FROM BALCONY.

He sits looking up at us and Doll, his eyes following her along the balcony. He looks incredulous and bitterly disappointed. Looking down at his pad his face grows angry. He rips out the page he is working on, crumples it and throws it into a litter bin, disgusted.

CUT TO:

BOTTOM OF STAIRS, LOOKING UP. CHLOE STANDS WITH BIN OF HEADS IN F/G.

She watches while Doll descends the stairs towards us and then exits right of f/g.

CUT TO:

SHOT FROM BEHIND DOLL AS SHE WALKS PROUDLY AWAY FROM US ACROSS SALON.

All the incidental menial workers in the Salon have stopped to gape at Doll.
Stepping into the f/g with his back to us, behind Doll, we see the photographer.
he calls out to Doll.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Excuse me? Miss Seguin?

DOLL STOPS AND LOOKS ROUND AT PHOTOGRAPHER, STILL SMILING, QUERYING EXPRESSION.

CUT TO:

DOLL'S POV., LOOKING AT PHOTOGRAPHER. HE RAISES CAMERA, SMILING.

The flashbulb flashes, whiting out the screen briefly.

CUT TO:

INSERT OF PHOTOGRAPHER'S HAND AS POLAROID EXCRETES A PHOTO OF DOLL INTO IT.

CUT TO:

INSERT, FLASHBULB GOING OFF AGAIN, FOLLOWED BY ANOTHER POLAROID, ANOTHER OUTFIT.

CUT TO:

INSERT:FLASH EXPLODES AGAIN. ANOTHER POLAROID EMERGES, DOLL IN YET ANOTHER OUTFIT.

The polaroid DISSOLVES into live shot of Doll in same dress, posing on Catwalk.

She turns and poses for the photographers as we PULL back until we see Jonni
in the foreground, sketching an extravagant design for an ostrich feather hat.
Chloe enters in the f/g carrying an armful of black wigs which are starting to
slip out of her control. She pauses, struggling to control the surreal mass of
hair. Doll continues to pose for the cameras in the b/g throughout all this.

CHLOE

Excuse me? Can you help me with these? They're slipping?

PUTTING PAD DOWN, JONNI STARTS TO HELPFULLY REDISTRIBUTE THE WIGS FOR HER.

JONNI

Sure. You still have much of the stockrooms to clear out? Uh..where should I...?

CHLOE LIFTS ONE ARM IN RESPONSE. JONNI TUCKS SOME WIGS BENEATH IT.

CHLOE

Oh, under here. Yeah, those stockrooms are just huge. I figure I got another two weeks work easy. After that, madame S. says she's got a big surprise for me.

JONNI TUCKS MORE WIGS UNDER OTHER ARM.

She holds another bunch ingenuously at crotch level, mapping out her body hair unconsciously as she casts disapproving glances at Doll, posing in the b/g.

CHLOE

Hm. Looks like the new model is settling in pretty good.

PICKING UP HIS PAD TO RESUME SKLETCHING, JONNI GRIMACES, REPLYING WITH INDIFFERENCE.

JONNI

That's fine. The more attention everybody pays her, the more I get left alone to work on my own designs.

CHLOE PEERS AT THE PAD AND THE PICTURE OF THE OSTRICH PLUME HEADPIECE.

CHLOE

Uh-huh. This your own stuff here?

JONNI

Oh, this? Yeah. Its just this ostrich plume headpiece. It's part of..

CHLOE

And this is meant to be her face, huh? It's pretty good drawing.

JONNI (Pausing from sketch, puzzled.)

Her? Who are you talking...oh, what, you mean her?

HE POINTS WITH PENCIL TOWARDS DOLL IN B/G, STILL POSING AMIDST FLASHBULBS.

He laughs, ridiculing the idea he should be drawing Doll, whom he despises.

JONNI

No, this isn't meant to be her. Of course it's not. Why would I ever want to draw...

CHLOE (Butts in stubbornly)

Well, it looks like her. That's her nose...

JONNI (Growing disproportionately irritated)

It doesn't look anything like her!

CHLOE (Sniffs, unconvinced.)

Oh, well, whatever. I gotta take these outside. Thanks for your help.

JONNI (Surly)

Sure.

CHLOE EXITS. JONNI SITS WATCHING DOLL POSING IN B/G. HE DOESN'T RESUME SKETCHING. After a moment or two of this, he angrily tears the drawing from the pad, crumples it and throws it away.

CUT TO:

INSERT OF FLASH EXPLODING, FOLLOWED BY ANOTHER POLAROID EMERGING.

The polaroid shows Doll in another different outfit, then DISSOLVES into a live shot of Doll posing on the catwalk. She flashes us a condescending and dismissive smile.

DOLL

Thank you so much, Mr. Muybridge.

SHE TURNS, LOOKING FOR CIGARETTES AND HOLDER. JONNI MOUNTS CATWALK BEHIND HER.

Looking disgruntled, he starts to remove her hat. As she fits the cigarette into the holder she ingenuously fishes for ideas under the guise of lofty musing.

Looking sullen, Jonni starts to remove her outer layer.

DOLL

Hm. Do you think this outfit needs anything?

JONNI

The crap he turns out these days, they all need something. I dunno..some

JONNI (From over)

accessory on the left, maybe. A silk handkerchief poking from the sleeve..

DOLL, FACING US IN F/G, PAYS THIS CAREFUL ATTENTION, MEMORIZING IT, UNSEEN BY JONNI.

DOLL (Feigning derision)

Ha! Jesus, that's a stupid idea. My aunt Clarissa, she used to walk round with her handkerchief shoved up her sleeve and she was just totally gross.

SCOWLING AND BELLIGERENT, JONNI CONTINUES TO UNDRESS HER.

JONNI

Yeah, well, obviously, if Celestine didn't insist on designing his clothes around his sex problems, I'd say what this dress really needed was tearing off at thigh level.

ABOUT TO LIGHT HER CIGARETTE, DOLL LOOKS EROTICALLY STARTLED FOR A MOMENT.

She lowers the cigarette and stares at Jonni, a slight flush rising.

DOLL

What? And you talk about Celestine having sex problems...

JONNI

Yeah. Sure I do. I see it in every line, in every fold..you know why he uses so much fabric in his designs, why I really think he does that? Because the more satin there is, the less skin. The more fabric, the less flesh. It's not sex that he finds erotic..its the buttons and stays that get in the way of sex!

JONNI TALKS FORCEFULLY, WHILE CONTINUING TO UNDRESS DOLL.

The erotic nature of their situation seems to have occurred to Doll, who looks progressively more uneasy and flustered as Jonni's talk grows more explicit.

JONNI

His clothes don't allow any sexual access, reducing people to a lot of furtive

JONNI (From over)

groping under layers of gown for something they're not even allowed to see! Their whole sexuality ends up as perverted and claustrophobic as Celestine himself, everybody afraid of their own bodies the way he is, everybody left gasping and fumbling in the dark.

DOLL IS NOW FLUSTERED TO THE POINT OF LOSING HER COMPOSURE.

To mask her discomfiture and change the subject she turns towards Jonni, with the cigarette firmly fitted in its holder.

DOLL (Flustered)

Got a light?

CUT TO:

INSERT OF FLASHBULB EXPLODINGH, FOLLOWED BY ANOTHER POLAROID EMERGING.

This shows Doll in a different, lighter outfit. Again, it DISSOLVES into a live shot of Doll on the catwalk, being photographed. From f/g, the Madames enter, with Madame S fussing around Doll while Madame D. looks on, glaring jealously. In the b/g, unobtrusive here, Jonni leans against a wall and watches all this sourly. Madame S. turns and speaks to us, dismissing the off-frame photographer, before turning with insidious flattery and sweetness towards Doll

MADAME S.

All right, that will do for now. More pictures later, after she's changed. SHE TURNS BACK TO DOLL AND KISSES HER CHEEK. MADAME D. GLARES JEALOUSLY.

MADAME S.

My dear, you look adorable. Congratulations.

DOLL

Why, thank you.

DOLL TURNS TO MADAME D, SMILING BRIGHTLY.

Glaring resentfully, Madame D. stiffly shakes Doll's hand.

MADAME D.

Gratulations.

WE BEGIN TO CLOSE IN PAST THEM ON JONNI.

After staring at the f/g group sullenly for a moment he turns and starts to walk away from us towards the entrance of the Salon's dye shop in the far b/g. We can still hear the dialogue of the women in the f/g, from off if needs be.

MADAME S.

Now, concerning yesterday's outfit, have you any more interesting suggestions?

Any modifications?

IN THE B/G, JONNI IS NOW WELL OUT OF EARSHOT. DOLL IS BRIGHT AND PERKY IN THE F/G.

DOLL

Well, yes, I do actually. I thought something on the left, poking from the sleeve? Maybe..oh, I don't know..a handkerchief or something? It's just an idea...

CUT TO:

INT SALON. DYE SHOP.

In the f/g, machines drag lengths of material through brightly colored vats. An elderly male worker adds red dye to the vat, squirting the concentrate from a tube and then adding blue liquid from a pot, both of these standing on the vat's edge as the resultant violet torrent swirls around. The worker's skin and clothes are stained with dye. Behind this worker as he faces us across the vat is the dye shop entrance through which we see Jonni enter, walking dejectedly towards the f/g. Jonni pauses, watching the man stir the dye with a long and multi-colored pole. Entering from off, Chloe appears pushing a trolley laden with dummy buttocks.

Noticing Jonni, she attempts to engage him brightly in conversation, without succes

CHLOE (Engaging)

Hi.

JONNI GLANCES ROUND AT HER, THEN BACK AT THE DYE MACHINE, UNINTERESTED IN HER.

JONNI

Hi. Awk

UNDAUNTED, CHLOE AWKWARDLY ATTEMPTS TO START A CONVERSATION.

CHLOE

Isn't this weather great? I mean, for people who like ice skating an' doing outdoor stuff like that. Me, y'know, I love it. I guess I'm what you'd call a very natural person. I been skating down on the East River every afternoon this last six months. I just hope this weather holds is all. You like ice skating?

JONNI

No.

CHLOE

Oh.

(PAUSING, STUDYING JONNI)

Y'know, you sound pretty pissed off.

JONNI (Sullen, still not looking at Chloe)

I'm just sick of everybody swarming all over that rag-hag like flies around dogshit. I mean, what is it? What is it she's got? She's just like some little opportunist walked in off the street, and right away even Madame Siamese and Madame Dobermann just roll over onto their backs as soon as she opens her gutter mouth.

CHLOE (Nods wisely)

Yeah, well, that's because of Celestine. He's, like, totally infatuated with her, y'know? I heard this rumor...

JONNI (Uninterested)

Really.

CHLOE

Yeah. Well, see, what I hear is that she really impressed him with what she knew about clothes and stuff...

JONNI, TOYING WITH THE TUBE OF RED DYE, LAUGHS SCORNFULLY IN DISBELIEF.

JONNI

Oh yeah. Well, that sounds pretty likely, I guess...

CHLOE

No, seriously. Way it was told to me, she marched right up to him and told him to move this jewel from the middle of some hat over to one side, and Madame S. was just furious, but Celestine...

DUMBFOUNDED REALIZATION SPREADS OVER JONNI'S FACE AS CHLOE SPEAKS.

From the b/g we see Doll enter the dye room and walk towards us while, in the f/g, Jonni turns incredulously to stare at Chloe, who seems pleased by his suddenly awakened interest, growing very animated and enthusiastic.

JONNI

She told him to do what?

CHLOE

To move the jewel to one side, so that the whole thing would look more..what was that word? Obsolete? Obese?

RED FACED, JONNI EXPLODES FURIOUSLY, WAVING THE TUBE OF DYE FOR EMPHASIS.

From the b/g, Doll is still approaching, unaware that she's been found out.

JONNI (Furious, spluttering.)

Shit, that..that's plagiarism! That..

CHLOE (Frowning thoughtfully)

No. No, it began with an 'o', I'm positive...

APPROACHING FROM THE NEAR B/G NOW, DOLL CALLS OUT TO JONNI AS SHE WALKS UP.

DOLL

Hey! Hey, you! What the hell are you doing in here? I'm waiting to get changed!

JONNI, SEETHING, HAS HIS BACK TURNED TO DOLL AS SHE STANDS BEHIND HIM.

Oblivious to his mounting anger, Doll continues to put on airs, affectedly.

DOLL

I mean, God, I've been looking like this for over two hours. I think its time I looked different.

SLOWLY AND DELIBERATELY, JONNI TURNS TO FACE HER.

Looking her in the eye, he squirts red dye over one of her breasts while she gapes at him, utterly stuned and speechless. There is barely supressed fury in Jonni's voice as he speaks.

JONNI

How's that ?

HE SQUIRTS MORE OVER DOLL'S ARM, SIDE AND LEG WHILE SHE STANDS STUNNED AND STARING.

As he squirts the dye, Jonni is becoming slightly manic.

JONNI

..y'know, just a little over to one side like that, emphasise the oblique line...

CHLOE, NERVOUSLY WATCHING ALL THIS, PIPES UP EXCITEDLY, THEN SUBSIDES.

CHLOE

Oblique! That was it! I...oh. I'm sorry..

RECOVERING FROM HER SHOCK AND INERTIA, DOLL FLINGS HERSELF AT JONNI.

She is yelling and clawing. He rocks back with the impact and upsets the pot of blue dye, which topples to the floor. Doll screams at him in unpunctuated and

incoherent rage.

DOLL

What the fuck are you doing you god damn stupid shit you bastard...

DOLL CLUTCHES AT JONI, WHO SLIPS IN THE BLUE DYE.

His fall swings Doll around so that she crashes into the racks containing other dye pots, upsetting the lot. Both fallen, they roll and struggle and claw in the centre of the dye pool.

CUT TO:

OVERHEAD SHOT, LOOKING DOWN ON DOLL AND JONNI

They struggle in the middle of the multicolored and spreading pool, something very sexual about their physical hostility. They grunt and gasp as they fight.

JONNI

You cunt. You fucking...

CUT TO:

FLOOR LEVEL SHOT, DOLL AND JONNI ROLLING IN THE DYE.

DOLL

Fuck you fuck you fuck you...

SUDDENLY, MADAME D'S VOICE BOOMS OUT VERY LOUD FROM OFF-FRAME IN THE F/G,

MADAME D.

Boy!

WE PULL BACK AS DOLL AND JONNI STOP GRAPPLING AND LOOK UP TOWARDS US.

Pulling back, we can see the feet and legs of the two Madames standing framing the f/g, with Doll and Jonni visible beyond her.

CUT TO:

DOLL AND JONNI'S POV., LOOKING UP AT THE TWO MADAMES, GLARING DOWN.

MADAME D. (Bellows)

Upstairs!

CUT TO:

DIFFERENT ANGLE, SHOWING ALL FIGURES, DYE SHOP ENTRANCE VISIBLE IN B/G.

Standing, Doll steps to one side, glaring accusingly at Jonni. He stands, keeping his eyes on the Madames, both him and Doll breathing very hard, almost post-coitally. He turns and walks away from us and the group towards the Salon beyond, shoes squelching and leaving a line of multicolored footprints behind him as he walks. Doll watches him go, and turns to look towards the Madames, who stand in the f/g. Her face is both puzzled and surprised.

DOLL

Boy?

CUT TO:

INT SALON, MAIN AREA. STAIRS IN F/G, JONNI WALKING TOWARDS US FROM B/G.

Shoes full of dye, Jonni squelches as he walks. All the Salon workers follow him with their eyes. He reaches the f/g and begins to squelch up the stairs. We hear the SOUND of his feet mounting the stairs, mostly off.

CUT TO:

INT SALON, TOP OF STAIRS.

We are staring down at Jonni's colored footprints at the top of the stairs as we hear the SOUND of Jonni walking along the landing, off. We TRACK along the balcony, following the footprints until we catch up with Jonni's stained and now motionless feet as he stands dripping outside Celestine's door.

CUT TO:

INT. CELESTINE'S ROOM.

It is pitch black. The sound of a knock at the door comes from the darkness.

CELESTINE (from darkness)

You may enter.

IN THE PITCH DARK, A DOOR OPENS, JONNI FRAMED IN IT, SURROUNDED BY DARKNESS.

CELESTINE (From dark)

Well?

JONNI SHUFFLES A FEW MORE PACES INTO THE ROOM, DOOR SWINGING SHUT BEHIND HIM.

JONNI

I..I was sent here by the Madames. I had a fight with Seguin. I messed up her clothes.

CELESTINE

My clothes.

IN F/G, THERE IS THE SOUND OF A CHAIR SCRAPING BACK AS CELESTINE RISES.

In the b/g, Jonni ducks his head and looks increasingly uncomfortable.

JONNI

Yeah. Yeah, I know. Look, I'm sorry, it's just that she provokes me, y'know? I mean, she steals my ideas and pretends they're hers. She comes to work here and it's just opportunism is what it is. Just street-rat opportunism! She doesn't give a shit about clothes. Not the way I do. Not the way you once used to. It's just her whole attitude, her whole cheap, talentless...look, it's no good. I just can't work with her is all.

SLOWLY, OUT POV STARTS TO CLOSE IN UPON JONNI ACROSS THE PITCH DARK ROOM.

There is the SOUND of heavy feet shuffling, rustling through a litter of crumpled paper.

CELESTINE

Then you must learn to do so. She is useful to me, and will remain at the Salon for as long as you yourself are employed here.

JONNI

But all her ideas, that moving the jewel stuff and whatever, those are my ideas!
OUR POV CONTINUES TO CLOSE IN MENACINGLY UPON JONNI THROUGH THE DARKNESS.

CELESTINE

I know. There is not a stitch dropped within my Salon but that I hear it fall.
Of course I know.

JONNI (Outraged incredulity)

And you don't care?

CELESTINE

She has her part to play, as do you. It is in the cards.

(PAUSE)

No. I don't care.

WE ARE NOW CLOSE IN ON JONNI AND GETTING CLOSER.

He stands there getting more angry by the minute. From the way that he glances haphazardly into the darkness surrounding him, we are aware that he cannot actually see Celestine as the designer approaches him through the darkness.

JONNI

Then what they say is true? That you're infatuated with her? So everybody else sees how worthless she is, but not you, and they're laughing at you behind your back and you don't care? You know what they're saying? That you've been cooped up too long with all this fortune-telling, all this mystic shit, and you don't know what you're doing any more. You're letting this piece of gutter trash seduce you! Jesus Christ, Jean Claude, you're worth more than that and it makes me sick to look at the way your humiliating yourself!

WE ARE NOW RIGHT UP CLOSE TO THE ALMOST FEVERISH AND HYSTERICAL JONNI.

The footsteps halt. Jonni is reaching the peak of his fury.

JONNI

It was better when you were just shut in here gazing at your fucking mother! I..
FROM THE DARK, CELESTINE LASHES OUT AND HITS JONNI HARD ON EITHER SIDE OF THE FACE.
Jonni's head whips left then right under the sudden and vicious force of the
unexpected and invisible blows. He crumples to the floor, nursing his face and
groaning, trying to rise. By the light from the partially open door out onto
the balcony we see Celestine's Feet standing in the f/g. He kicks Jonni once,
viciously, in the ribs. Crying out, Jonni writhes and rolls over, tears on his
cheeks. Celestine's grubby hands reach down into shot and grab Jonni by the
lapels, hauling him up to his feet as Jonni moans and gasps with pain. We
see Jonni head and shoulders as Celestine's hands slam him back against the
wall, pinning him there. Jonni is shaken and dazed, drawing big, sobbing breaths.
From the darkness, Celestine's delivery is frighteningly precise and measured.

CELESTINE

You overstep yourself.

AFTER A PAUSE, CELESTINE'S HANDS RELEASE JONNI, WHO SLUMPS AGAINST THE WALL.

CELESTINE

You will wash, change your clothes, and then return to your labours. That is all.
SHAKING AND UPSET, JONNI WIPES A DYE STAINED HAND ACROSS HIS BRUISED MOUTH.

JONNI

Why don't you just fire me? I mean, you know I don't even like your work any more.
These days I hate everything you stand for. Why don't you just put me out of my
misery?

CELESTINE

I tolerate you because you despise my work...and because yours is not the misery
most in need of an ending. Please go now.

LOOKING HURT AND BEWILDERED, JONNI CROSSES TO THE DOOR.

he looks back at us briefly then steps out, closing it behind him with a soft click.

CUT TO:

EXT. CELESTINE'S ROOMS, ON BALCONY.

We are looking at the line of colored footprints on the balcony. From off we hear the SOUND of Celestine's door shutting and then Jonni's footsteps coming towards us. Entering the frame from one side he walks across and exits, adding a second line of dyed footprints to the first. We hear the SOUND of his feet receding and going down the stairs. After a moment we hear a muffled exchange of voices from off-screen below, above which we hear the sound of Doll's voice suddenly rising in a aggravated shriek. We hold upon the footprint spattered patch of balcony.

DOLL (Outraged, from off)

Whaaat?

WE HEAR THE SOUND OF DOLL'S FOOTSTEPS MOUNTING STAIRS, APPROACHING.

She enters the screen and walks across it leaving yet another line of colored footprints before vanishing off the other side. From off we hear the SOUND of her footsteps stop in front of Celestine's door. We then hear her KNOCK upon it.

CUT TO:

INT. CELESTINE'S CHAMBERS. DARKNESS.

CELESTINE (From darkness)

You may..

BEFORE CELESTINE CAN FINISH THE DOOR OPENS, AN ANGRY DOLL FRAMED IN IT.

She stands there lit from behind, her dress spattered with predominately red dye to prefigure Celestine's later suicide. She looks furiously angry.

DOLL (Quiet anger)

You didn't fire him.

CELESTINE (from dark)

No.

DOLL TAKES A COUPLE OF STEPS INTO THE ROOM, HOLDING OUT DRESS FOR CELESTINE TO SEE.

The door swings almost shut behind her as she speaks, furiously indignant.

DOLL

Well look what he did! I want him fired!

CELESTINE (from dark, growing annoyance.)

You are not in a position to make such demands. Now I must ask you...

DOLL (Explodes angrily)

Well, what's the point? What's the point of being a principal model if you can't
get anybody fired? I might as well be checking coats! I might as well be working
out of Macy's Meat-Filled Fancywear all the respect I get. I mean, is this it?
Do I have to take this shit forever, no matter what kind of job I have, no
matter what I do....

CELESTINE (Sudden, terrifying roar from darkness)

Be silent!

DOLL STOPS MID-RANT AS IF SLAPPED. SHE LOOKS SUDDENLY LESS CONFIDENT.

CELESTINE

I prefer always to have silence in the Salon. Move to the right.

NUMBLY, DOLL TAKES A PACE TO HER RIGHT.

CELESTINE

Further.

DOLL MOVES A PACE FURTHER.

CELESTINE

A little more.

DOLL MOVES A LITTLE FURTHER.

CELESTINE

Sit down.

DOLL SITS IN THE DARKNESS, SURPRISED TO FIND A CHAIR BENEATH HER.

There is a pause during which we hear the SOUND of Celestine fumbling with something, and then the lamp on his desk is switched on and Doll flinches away from its sudden brightness as the beam searches for her then finds her.

CELESTINE

There.

THERE IS A PAUSE, AND THEN, SLOWLY AND REASONABLY, CELESTINE BEGINS HIS MONOLOGUE.

CELESTINE

You ask me "What is the point?" I shall tell you: The point is your survival. The point is your evolution. There is no other point, not for any of us. This is a constant, throughout the natural world.

PULL BACK UNTIL CELESTINE'S DESK IS IN THE F/G, WITH HIS HANDS VISIBLE, RESTING ON IT. Visible on the desk are the tarot cards, the lamp, the mirror and a set of the polaroids of Doll that we've seen the photographer taking throughout the movie so far. Celestine picks up the mirror in one hand. One monstrous eye is briefly reflected in it before he puts it down.

CELESTINE

In Japan there were crabs with fierce samurai faces tattooed by nature upon their shells. Believing them to be reincarnated warriors, the fishermen threw them back.

HE PUTS DOWN THE MIRROR AND PICKS UP THE POLAROIDS OF DOLL.

CELESTINE (Continuing)

..to live and bear young, so ensuring that crabs thus decorated would become the successful mutation.

CUT TO:

DOLL'S POV, LOOKING AT CELESTINE'S DESK FROM FRONT.

Behind the light, Celestine stands up, invisible to us, and then crosses around the front of the desk, a dark and indistinct silhouette against the glare. Crossing the beam of light he walks across the room to the wall opposite his mother's portrait. There is some sort of noticeboard there. Celestine begins to pin up the polaroid pictures of Doll.

CELESTINE

There are moths that embroider their wings with owls eyes, and flowers that can reproduce the inviting hindquarters of a queen bee...

HE STROKES THE POLAROIDS BRIEFLY THEN STEPS TO CENTRE STAGE, BACKLIT POWERFULLY. He is a dark imposing figure against the light. The tone of his monologue seems to mount suddenly in passion and emphasis as he speaks.

CELESTINE

..but the bald ape invented fashion! Sheathing its featherless, furless paw within a glove of animal velvet it took evolution by the throat and shook it 'til it screamed, for in the image there is power!

CUT TO:

CELESTINE'S POV, LOOKING AT DOLL.

His shadow, tall and distorted and wild, dances across the wall behind her as she sits there staring at him in mesmerized attentiveness. As he speaks, Celestine's voice is passionate and powerful and rivetting.

CELESTINE

The men that wore antlers and beads knew this, dancing like dogs in the light of the first fires. The men in high black boots knew it, marching through the burning rubble of Europe, their gait as stylized as the chorus line in a musical screen spectacular. It was the gospel of the new urban tribes that flourished as this century's shadows grew longer...

CUT TO:

DOLL'S POV, LOOKING AT CELESTINE FROM FRONT.

The light behind him is blinding and messaianic as we start to CLOSE IN.

CELESTINE

The children that eviscerated cinema seats and gave bouquets to riot police; who waged wars over shirt labels along cold, off-season English beaches and wore the cigarette burns on their arms like jewelry. They knew it! They knew the meaning of glamor; its oldest, original meaning. Glamor means magic. Glamor is magic!

CELESTINE IS NOW IN CLOSE UP, HIS HANDS RAISED AND THE LIGHT SHINING BEHIND HIM.

CUT TO:

SHOT OF CELESTINE'S MOTHER'S FRAMED PORTRAIT.

As Celestine continues to orate, off, we TRACK from this through the shadows of Celestine's room, moving past the large shadows of Celestine and Doll on the walls.

CELESTINE

Our affectations, our vanities, these are the devil-masks that give us power, that make us loved or feared. It is our images, these lantern-ghosts that we project..these phantoms are the important things, the things that run the world. HAVING CROSSED ROOM WE TRACK DOWN PAST POLAROIDS OF DOLL TO THE FLOOR.

CELESTINE

Our clothes are bigger than we are, are beyond the petty lusts and difficulties of the creatures that inhabit them. If this winter should indeed prove to be endless, as the doomsmiths say, perhaps our clothes are all that will survive.
WE TRACK ACROSS THE LITTER OF SKETCHES ON THE FLOOR.

There are some shots of empty clothes, and then sketches of Celestine's mother.

CELESTINE

I hear from the furthest war zones that empty suits guided by computer are re-colonizing the irradiated territories for us, and I look forward most eagerly to a sublime and immaculate future of clothing unhindered by people. To be a mannequin is to be the empty page on which that future is scrawled, the bare stave for its inconceivable music...

WE TRACK UP, COMING TO REST UPON DOLL, SITTING STUNNED IN CELESTINE'S SHADOW.
As he concludes, celestine's tone begins to grow calmer, and more reasonable.

CELESTINE

..the doll through which its voodoo is worked. That is the point of being a model.
DOLL STARES AT HIM FOR A MOMENT, BLINKING.
When she speaks her tone is flat, yet not without some apprehension. She speaks calmly, stating an obvious fact.

DOLL

You're completely nuts.

SHE RISES FROM HER CHAIR, GATHERS HERSELF AND STARTS TO LEAVE, CONFUSED AND UPSET.

DOLL

I oughtta...I oughtta just get out of here...

CELESTINE (Booming commandingly from dark)

Stay where you are! I am your employer, and you will...

DOLL SHAKES HER HEAD FIRMLY, WAVING HIS PROTESTS ASIDE AS SHE CONTINUES TO THE DOOR. We CLOSE IN on her slightly as she does this, ending in a head and shoulders profile. When she speaks her voice is shakey and disturbed, but she is firm and emphatic.

DOLL

Uh-uh. No more. I mean, this is too weird. I just can't buy into that..that whole vision. I mean, all I want, y'know, is , like, a job, and, and, maybe a little respect. I mean, putting on clothes, that's fine, but if this is what's behind it, what's at the heart of it then I...I just can't get in that deep is all. I just can't. And, and you can fire me, you can shout at me, it doesn't matter. I...

CELESTINE (Quietly, from dark.)

Please.

DOLL STOPS DEAD AS CELESTINE CONTINUES.

this was the last thing she was expecting. She stares at us in mystified incredulity as we PULL BACK until the desk is once more visible in the f/g.

CELESTINE

I...I am alone. I need your company.

(PAUSE)

Need you. Please.

IN THE F/G, CELESTINE'S HANDS REST ON THE DESK. IN B/G, DOLL PAUSES, UNCERTAIN. After a moment she brings the chair over to the desk and sits down facing us. As she speaks she is guarded, nervous and suspicious.

DOLL

I...I thought you liked being alone.

CELESTINE ANGLES LIGHT SLIGHTLY SO THAT IT DOESN'T BLIND DOLL SO MUCH.

CELESTINE (Quiet, reflective.)

No. Not really. But she thought it best I did not inflict my disfigurement upon others and I cannot in all fairness disagree with her. She...
PUZZLED, DOLL GLANCES TOWARDS THE FRAMED PORTRAIT IN THE B/G.

DOLL

She? Who is this? That woman in the picture? Is she...?

CELESTINE (Reverent)

My mother. She was the most perfect, elegant woman that ever lived. All that I know of style is what she taught me. She was so ethereal, she did not distract you from her clothing for so much as an instant. She was like the very spirit of La Belle Epoque; a ghost; hardly there at all...

AS CELESTINE TALKS WE HAVE CLOSED IN ON MOTHER'S PICTURE, WHERE LAMPLIGHT FALLS.

CUT TO:

CLOSE UP OF DOLL, ECHOING CLOSE UP OF MOTHER'S FACE.

We PULL BACK until we see the desk in the f/g and Doll seated in b/g. Celestine enters the shot and walks across to his mother's picture, his face turned away from both Doll and ourselves, shadowy and hidden.

DOLL

You had no brothers, sisters..?

CELESTINE

No. She would not have girls for fear their beauty might eclipse hers, as if it could. As if anything could. It is my shame that one so grotesque as I should have squirmed forth from one so angelic.

DOLL

Your..your face. Is it very...?

CELESTINE (Matter of fact atrocity, like a coroner)

CELESTINE

My brow balloons forward horribly, and beneath it my eyes are blobs of gelatine; my mouth a crooked gash.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON BACK OF CELESTINE AS HE STUDIES HIS MOTHER'S PICTURE, DESK & MIRROR IN F/G.

CELESTINE

Such is my deformity that my mother would not permit me to use her looking glass, lest I should contaminate it, warping it until it reflected only my ugliness. She gave me a smaller mirror, for my private use.

IN F/G, DOLL'S HAND ENTERS, TENTATIVELY PICKING UP THE MIRROR, FACE REFLECTED.

CELESTINE (Admiringly, to portrait.)

She tutored me herself, schooled me in the fundamentals of design so that her strict notion of beauty should live on through my creations when she herself was gone. She provided splendidly for her ugly child, appointing Madame D. and Madame S. to take her place as my protectors and undertake to keep the world from me. Those brave women, who gaze daily upon the unspeakable and never start, never flinch...

IN F/G, DOLL HAS BEEN STUDYING HER FACE IN THE DISTORTED MIRROR. SHE PUTS IT DOWN.

CUT TO:

REVERSE ANGLE, CELESTINE FACING US IN F/G, FACE SHADOWED: DOLL IN B/G, RISING.

As she turns to stare at Celestine's back Doll is frowning, bewildered.

DOLL

Everything looks ugly! In this mirror. Everything looks horrible.

CELESTINE (Unsurprised)

You see? All those years of reflecting my hideousness have scarred the glass, just

CELESTINE (From over)

as she said.

DOLL STARTS TO CROSS THE FLOOR BEHIND HIM, WILLING HERSELF TO APPROACH HIM.

CELESTINE (Apologetic, afraid he's boring her.)

But please..do not think that I complain. I have been allowed to atone for my monstrosity with a life spent in the service of elegance. A deformed Atlas, I've born the weight of all the beauty in the world upon my shoulders, and though its weight is terrible, I've born it gladly. Gladly. It is my fate, child, and you are a part of it, more than you could possibly imagine. That is why I need you.

DOLL (Nervous but assertive, deadly serious.)

Am I as important as the Madames?

CELESTINE

Of course. Of course you are.

DOLL (Staring defiantly, setting mouth.)

Then I want to see.

CELESTINE (uncomprehending)

What?

DOLL

I want to see your face.

CUT TO:

REVERSE ANGLE, DOLL FACING AWAY IN F/G, CELESTINE WITH BACK TO US IN NEAR B/G.

Startled by Doll's request, Celestine seems disturbed. He hunches himself up.

CELESTINE

No. No, it would bruise your dreams and drive you from me. This face...this face is a private thing, to be born in solitude. I cannot...

TAKING A STEP CLOSER, DOLL IS DEFIANT AND DETERMINED.

DOLL

You let them see it!

CELESTINE (Rising panic.)

Only them. Only those two and my mother. You don't understand...

ROUGHLY, DOLL GRABS HIM BY ONE OF HIS SHOULDERS.

DOLL

I want to see! I have to see how bad it is, this thing that's scaring the shit out of me, or I can't stay here, you understand? I go and I don't come back. Now show me your god damned face.

SHE WRENCHES AT HIS SHOULDER VIOLENTLY, HIS BACK AND GREASY HAIR LIT BY THE SPOTLIGHT

DOLL (Angry shriek)

Show me!

CUT TO:

REVERSE ANGLE, CELESTINE FACES US, FACE SHADOWED, IN F/G, DOLL FACING US BEYOND HIM. His shoulders slump, and when he speaks he sounds defeated and resigned to his fate.

CELESTINE

All right...

HE TURNS AWAY FROM US, TOWARDS DOLL, WHO LOOKS STARTLED AND INCREDULOUS.

CELESTINE

All right.

DOLL APPROACHES, WONDERINGLY, AND LIFTS HER HAND TO TOUCH HIS FACE, UNSEEN HERE.

CUT TO:

DOLL'S POV.

We see her hand, touching his face. Grubby and unshaven, it is nevertheless extremely beautiful. His eyes look scared, and his speech is hesitant and afraid.

CELESTINE

Am I very ugly?

CUT TO:

CELESTINE'S POV, LOOKING DOWN AT DOLL.

Tears are brimming in her horrified eyes. Badly upset, she nods slowly through the tears.

DOLL

Yes. Yes, you're very ugly. Please excuse me...

SHE TURNS AND RUNS AWAY FROM US TOWARDS DOOR IN B/G, OPENS DOOR AND RUNS OUT.

As the door swings shut behind her, Celestine cries out in anguish, facing the door.

CELESTINE

Doll?

CUT TO:

INT. SALON- DOWNSHOT.

We are looking down from the ceiling on the whole Salon area including the balcony, the stairs and the main floor of the Salon. We see Doll run out of Celestine's door beneath us, along the balcony and down the stairs and across the Salon floor, where she almost bumps into the PHOTOGRAPHER, who she pauses to ask inaudible directions of. He responds by pointing to a door off to one side, upon which Doll shoves him angrily aside and storms towards the door in question. The photographer starts to follow her, raising his camera as if trying to get a shot, then gives up and lowers it again dejectedly.

CUT TO:

INT. SALON -SIDECHAMBER.

We are looking towards the double doors of the chamber from inside as Doll suddenly flings them wide and bursts through them, looking wildly angry and tearful

DOLL

Why? Why didn't you tell him?

PULL BACK UNTIL THE GLAZED EYES OF MADAME S' STARING FOX FUR HANG DOWN INTO SHOT.

From off, she exhales smoke into frame, then lowers her hand into view, holding her cigarette. When she speaks its is languid, innocent and disingenuous.

MADAME S.

Tell him what, dear?

CONTINUE TO PULL BACK UNTIL WE SEE MADAME D IN PROFILE IN THE F/G, STARING GRIMLY.

Beyond her stand Madame S and beyond them both Doll faces us grimly from just within the closed doors, angry tears in her eyes.

DOLL

That he's beautiful! That he isn't some sort of freak! Why do you let him go on believing that garbage, that stuff he's had beaten into him by his mother? My God, his mother! She did that to him, crippled his mind, her own son. She was the monster!

IN F/G, MADAME D TURNS THE BACK OF HER HEAD TO US SUDDENLY, LOOKING AT DOLL.

CUT TO:

REVERSE ANGLE, DOLL FACING AWAY IN F/G, MADMES FACING US IN B/G.

While Madame D stands there fixed and glaring, Madame S. approaches, smiling faintly

MADAME S.

A monster? Yes. Yes, she was a monster. A fabulous monster. An extraordinary woman.

MADAME D. (Sudden and deadpan)

Extraordinary.

MADAME S.

She shaped her son into the greatest artist of his kind that has ever lived, and

MADAME S. (from over)

she did it entirely without weakness, without sentiment. I think that's really rather admirable, don't you? You see, his genius comes only from his pain. Without suffering, he would be nothing.

MADAME D.

Nothing.

MADAME S. HAS REACHED DOLL, IN THE F/G.

Madame S. seems very amused, while Doll seems uneasy, uncomfortable and unsure of her ground.

MADAME S.

Should we tell him now? Let him know that his whole life has been no more than a cruel joke, rather than the triumph over adversity that he believes it to be? My dear, it would destroy him...and us, and you, and all this pretty house of cards. We should all come tumbling down.

CUT TO:

REVERSE ANGLE, MADAME D'S HAND HANGING DOWN IN F/G, MADAME S AND DOLL IN NEAR B/G.

Madame S. smiles, catlike. Doll lowers her eyes.

MADAME S.

But then, you will have realized this allready.

(PAUSE)

You didn't tell him either, did you?

DOLL (Ashamed, barely audible.)

No

MADAME S. TOUCHES DOLL'S FACE WITH EXAGGERATED, MOCK CONCERN.

MADAME S.

Oh, but don't be sad. You did the right thing. It means we can trust you, that

we see that the photo is in fact on a magazine cover. On the SOUNDTRACK, slow and vaguely threatening 'Music For A Nuclear Winter' commences. We continue to PULL BACK until we can see a whole rack, all filled with the same magazines, all showing Doll's face staring at us. Snow continues to fall past the streetside magazine display as we PULL BACK until the real Doll is visible in the f/g, against a b/g of her repeated image. She looks tense and uncomfortable, and she is signing autographs, wearing an expensive fur coat. A flock of ragged autograph hunters gather around her in the f/g while she keeps shooting anxious glances up the street.

CUT TO:

INSERT OF CELESTINE'S HAND LAYING A TAROT CARD. IT IS 'THE STAR'.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET

We cut back to the same shot, with Doll signing autographs. The BLACK SEDAN ENTERS behind Doll and then stops, Madame S. leans out and says something to Doll, who excuses herself from the autograph hunters and climbs gratefully inside the sedan carriage. The Sedan exits on the other side of the screen.

CUT TO:

INT. SEDAN, DOLL IN F/G GAZING OUT OF WINDOW IN IMMEDIATE B/G.

Outside, the sky darkens towards twilight. As Doll gazes from the sedan window we see the long unwinding frieze of a fence outside, the Sedan chair being carried parallel to this. Stuck up all along the fence are posters with Doll's face on, reproducing the magazine cover. They flash by in a stream of blurred images. Suddenly we glimpse two figures, seemingly pasting something over one of the images of Doll. They flash by in an instant, but Doll leans away from us out

of the Sedan window, craning her neck back to catch a glimpse of the figures she's just passed.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET, JUST OUTSIDE SEDAN LOOKING BACK AT DOLL, LOOKING OUT AT US.

Her expression is puzzled and mystified. We PULL BACK as sedan is carried away from us until in the f/g a shabbily dressed man and a boy, possibly his son, are employed pasting up new posters over the images of Doll's face. The new posters have the simple red message 'IT'S CONSCRIPTION'. The two pause, watching the sedan vanish away from us, then resume their work, sticking up the new posters.

CUT TO:

INT. SEDAN.

In the f/g Doll sits gazing away from us, troubled, as the 'IT'S CONSCRIPTION' posters flash by in an unending stream outside. In the f/g, madame S. lights a cigarette, lowers it into the picture and exhales, with smoke billowing.

CUT TO:

EXT. SALON, WATCHING SEDAN APPROACH FROM B/G.

In the f/g we can see Salon security men armed with batons dispersing a crowd of demonstrating women with signs, as seen earlier, pushing them back to either side to clear a path through which we can see the black sedan carriage approaching through the swirling snow from the b/g. reaching the f/g, it stops. Doll and the two madames are helped out, then start to come towards us.

CUT TO:

PROFILE SHOT OF DOLL, WALKING LEFT TO RIGHT TOWARDS DOORS ACROSS SCREEN.

We see the security men holding the demonstrators back in the b/g as we track across the screen following Doll. One woman..the big woman who attacked Doll earlier..suddenly lunges from the b/g towards Doll, only to be clubbed across the

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side of the head by one of the security men, drawing blood. She reels back away from us while Doll, in the f/g, pauses to watch, looking horrified. Other security men pile in upon the woman, now fallen.

CUT TO:

EXT. SALON, REVERSE ANGLE.

We are down on the ground with the fallen woman, the security men beating at us with their batons. Looking up we see Doll standing frozen, staring down at us in horror before Madame S. hurries her up, preopelling her forward.

CUT TO:

EXT. SALON ENTRANCE, BEHIND DOLL AND MADAMES, FOLLOWING THEM AS THEY ENTER.

As we follow Doll and the madames through the door the two madames veer sharply off to left and right as if choreographed, leaving Doll to walk straight into a large crowd of press reporters and photographers. We move through the flurry of flashbulbs and thrusting sea of microphones behind Doll, and out through the other side into the Salon proper.

CUT TO:

SHOT LOOKING DOWN AISLE.

Chloe struggles precariously across the f/g with her arms filled by a pile of plastic dummy torsos. DOLL ENTERS in f/g, walking straight away from us, and Chloe narrowly misses colliding with her, keeping torsos balanced precariously. When Doll has passed, Chloe pauses in centre aisle to gaze away from us after Doll. The herd of pressmen enter in the f/g and practically trample Chloe flat, with dummy tosos rolling everywhere.

CUT TO:

INT. SALON; SHOT LOCKING AT STAIRS AS DOLL'S FEET ASCEND, FOLLOWED BY FEET OF PRESS.

CUT TO:

INT SALON, CELESTINE'S BALCONY.

The door is in the foreground, and beyond that we look along the balcony at Doll as she approaches, followed by the Press. Reaching the door in the f/g she produces a key, unlocks the door and steps inside. As the Press reach it she slams it shut behind her. The Press stop, crestfallen.

CUT TO:

INT. CELESTINE'S CHAMBER, DIM AND SHADOWY BUT NOT PITCH BLACK.

We see a CLOSE UP of Doll as she stands leaning with her back to the door she's just closed behind her, looking emotionally exhausted. We PULL BACK until Celestine's desk is visible in the f/g, his hands resting on it, along with the cards, mirror, etc. Standing between us and Doll is a dummy torso dressed in celestine's latest creation, a long black dress that looks very formal.

CELESTINE

Welcome home

DOLL TAKES HER COAT OFF AND SLINGS IT CARELESSLY TO ONE SIDE. SHE LOOKS FED UP.

CELESTINE

Did you enjoy getting out of the Salon and meeting your public?

DOLL FITS A CIGARETTE INTO HER HOLDER, IRRITABLY, AND LIGHTS IT.

DOLL

Huh. If I'm meeting my public, I'm not getting out of the Salon..I'm carrying the Salon around with me on my back like, I dunno, some kinda drag queen snail.

CELESTINE (Concerned)

If the weight of your duties becomes oppressive, you must tell me. Of all people, I shall understand. This Salon requires but a single hostage locked up in its darkness, and there is no reason why a beauty such as yours should

CELESTINE (From over)

be forever cloistered here. We could perhaps arrange a night out for you at the opera or kinematograph quite soon...

RECOVERING HER GOOD HUMOR, DOLL SMILES WEAKLY, WAVING HIS CONCERN ASIDE.

During the preceeding speech Celestine has risen from his desk and stepped towards Doll, but at her protestations he stops, somewhere in the vicinity of the dressed dummy torso.

DOLL

Nah. Look, it's okay. Just forget it, I was only bitching 'cause I had to wade through a murder of security cops to get in here, and then I get a whole bunch of flashbulbs coming in my face, and... ahh, skip it. Like I say, just bitching. I don't wanna go no noplace. It's cosy in here, and it's Winter outside.

EXTINGUISHING HER CIGARETTE SHE STEPS TOWARDS HIM AND SMILES BRIGHTLY, STRATING OVER

DOLL

So..what did you say we were working on this evening? I know you were having that black outfit remade. Did the final designs turn out okay?

CELESTINE (Briefly puzzled by her choice of phrase)

Final designs?

UNDERSTANDING, HIS FINGERS WANDER TO THE DRESS UPON THE DUMMY, LIGHTLY CARRESSING IT.

CELESTINE

Oh, yes. Yes, the final designs are perfectly satisfactory.

TURNING FROM THE MANNEQUIN TOWARDS DOLL HE ADOPTS A MORE BUSINESSLIKE TONE.

CELESTINE

Well, if we're ready to begin, you may as well undress. There are hangers in the bathroom, I believe.

SMILING IN ACKNOWLEDGEMENT, DOLL CROSSES TO LIT BATHROOM DOOR IN B/G AND GOES INSIDE

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM, BRIGHTLY LIT.

Setting her handbag upon a bathroom stool she takes out some makeup and begins to apply it, touching up her make up here and there, looking around for a mirror. Finding none, she opts to use her compact mirror, calling out to Celestine who is off frame in the next room.

DOLL

You don't have any mirrors in here.

CUT TO:

EXT. BATHROOM.

Celestine is visible in the f/g, adjusting the clothing on the dummy with the brightly lit bathroom door in the b/g beyond him. His mirror rests on his desk, f/g.

CELESTINE

No. One mirror is enough for any man.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM.

Finished with making up, Doll starts to undress. This should be fairly hurried and perfunctory, performed unflatteringly in bright light to deaden the erotic content at this point. Doll taking her clothes off should look mundane and not at all sexual. Undressing, she calls out to Celestine in the next room.

DOLL

Jean Claude? What you were saying, about this Salon needing a hostage...I mean, I like it here. I've never been anywhere like this in my whole life, and I know I can go out if I want to, but...well, what about you? Sometimes I look at you, you just look so trapped, like an animal or something. You know, madame S. and Madame D., they'll keep you here forever if you let them.

CUT TO:

EXT. BATHROOM.

In the f/g, Celestine takes a set of ladies underwear, a pair of shoes and a hat and puts them on his desk tops while he replies to Doll, out of sight in the bathroom. His tone is one of regretful and self-deprecating amusement.

CELESTINE

Oh, I don't think so. Every cage has a way out. It's just that it becomes so easy to procrastinate when one's confinement is as comfortable as mine. Its such a lovely prison, and its exits seem so very grim. And so I wait. I bide my time within this scented gaol and glance uncertainly once in a while towards its unlocked doors. I'll know. When it is time to leave, I'll know.

IN THE B/G, DOLL STEPS INTO THE ILLUMINATED DOORWAY, LIT FROM BEHIND, NAKED.

DOLL

I'm ready.

CUT TO:

SHOT BEHIND DOLL, LOOKING PAST HER AT CELESTINE AND HIS DARK ROOM..

In the b/g, Celestine looks up at her sharply for a moment, then, resuming his businesslike manner, walks towards her.

CELESTINE

Good. Then we'll begin.

USING ONLY HIS HANDS AND EYE HE EVALUTES THE WIDTH OF HER BUST, WAIST AND HIPS. When he speaks his manner is brusquely appraising, with no hint of any desire or erotic interest in it. Her nakedness clearly does not interest him, although as his hands move down her body, Doll looks down at them, conscious of them.

CELESTINE

Hm. I don't think your body will be too far out of line to suit the garment's

CELESTINE (From over)

requirements. It would perhaps be better if in future you could contrive to add a little more to you hips. Perhaps Madame D. could reccomend an appropriate regimen of excercises.

STARTING TO BECOME AWARE OF THE SEXUAL NATURE OF THE SITUATION, DOLL LOOKS UP. Moving her gaze from his hands to his face, she stares at him. He doesn't notice.

DOLL

Jean Claude?

(PAUSE)

Did your mother have a good body?

HE STOPS DEAD, PUZZLED, AND LOOKS UP AT HER WITH A FROWN OF INCOMPREHENSION.

CELESTINE

My mother? From the neck down, my mother had no body at all. I met no-one who claimed to have seen it, and had no reason to suppose that such a thing existed. HE CROSSES TO HIS DESK IN THE B/G AND PICKS UP THE UNDERWEAR AND SHOES, THEN RETURNS. As he does this, Doll perseveres with her questioning.

DOLL

But..well, beneath her clothes. Didn't you ever wonder what he body was like?

HE LOOKS AT HER, SURPRISED BY THE QUESTION.

CELESTINE

No. Of course not. No-one did. She made sure of it.

CHANGING THE SUBJECT HE HANDS HER THE UNDERWEAR, INCLUDING PEARL GRAY STOCKINGS.

CELESTINE

Here...I think the pearl gray hose rather than the black. Please..put them on.

LOOKING A LITTLE EMBARRASSED, DOLL BEGINS TO DRESS.

She pulls on black bikini briefs and then the pear l stockings and accompanying

garter belt. Her self consciousness and Celestine's silent watchfulness add an erotic element to the putting on of clothes that their removal did not possess. When she has done this, she looks up at him as she reaches for the bra.

DOLL

Uh, how's that? Is that...?

WHILE DOLL PUTS ON THE BRA, CELESTINE KNEELS AND STUDIES HER LEGS.

CELESTINE (Mounting enthusiasm)

Yes. yes, that's very good. Opaque black hose gives one no sense of contour, no impression of the way a woman's leg is sculpted, and yet these...

HE TRACES THE HIGHLIGHT DOWN THE PACK OF HER CALF WITH ONE FINGER.

CELESTINE

..the liquid highlight trickling across the roundness of the calf, the lustre and the color, like limbs made of mist or smoke. Yes...gray was best.

HE STANDS. DOLL NOW HAS THE BRA FITTED.

Celestine appraises its fit, his hands moving and adjusting the straps while not actually touching the breasts themselves. Doll is starting to look aroused and slightly flushed.

CELESTINE

Is the brasierre comfortable? It's wired to tilt the breast so that their profile angle complements the pelvic inclination. Once the shoes are on the effect of body-masses in exquisite balance will become more evident. It does not pinch, or hurt?

DOLL SHAKES HER HEAD, HER EMBARRASSMENT AND AROUSAL INCREASING.

She starts to slip her shoes on as she answers Celestine.

DOLL

No. No, it's fine. It feels fine.

CELESTINE, PLEASED, CROSSES TO THE DUMMY AND REMOVES ITS BLOUSE, BRINGING IT TO DOLL.

CELESTINE

Excellent. And next, I think, the blouse.

HE HANDS IT TO DOLL AND SHE BEGINS TO PUT IT ON.

CELESTINE

Its blackness is relieved by the material. Silk holds the light in every crease and fold. Look: See the way it hangs, the way each sensuous, elliptic line will draw the eye towards the pinch-points...here...

HE INDICATES HER SHOULDER, THEN HER BREAST.

CELESTINE

..and here. Crinkled across the belly when you sit, like ripples on a flat, black pool...

HE BREAKS OFF AND LOOKS BRIEFLY EMBARRASSED. DOLL LOOKS MESMERIZED.

CELESTINE

I'm sorry. I'm afraid I grow carried away with my appraisal. There is nothing so wearying as another's enthusiasms.

TONGUE-TIED, BREATHLESS AND INCREASINGLY AROUSED, DOLL PROTESTS.

DOLL

No. No, what you're saying it's fascinating. I..

(SHE FLUSHES)

..I'm very enthusiastic myself. Please, don't apologise.

CELESTINE LOOKS AT HER. SHE MEETS HIS EYE AND DOES NOT LOOK AWAY.

There is a sudden intimacy and understanding between them. Celestine smiles.

CELESTINE

You are most gracious.

HE CONTINUES TO HOLD HER GAZE. WHEN HE NEXT SPEAKS, HIS VOICE HAS A COMMANDING EDGE

As he speaks, his command has the same erotic effect upon Doll as if he'd suddenly told her to remove her skirt. The sexual tension between them is mounting, becoming more claustrophobic by the moment.

CELESTINE

Put the skirt on.

DOLL LOOKS AT HIM, STARTLED BY HIS TONE, THEN PUTS ON THE SKIRT AS INSTRUCTED. Pulling it up over her hips and fastening it she smooths it down. Celestine just stands there and watches her do this. Aware of his gaze, her hands rise unconsciously to cover her breasts, even though they're already covered.

CELESTINE

And the jacket.

STARTING TO BREATHE A LITTLE RAGGEDLY, DOLL PUTS ON THE JACKET. SHE IS TREMBLING. Celestine walks around her until he is facing her again, quite close to her. They stare at each other.

CELESTINE

Its perfect. Perfect.

HE PAUSES. HIS EYES DART AWAY THEN LOOK BACK AT HERS. HE SEEMS HESITANT.

CELESTINE

Would...would you allow me to put on your gloves?

DOLL'S THROAT IS CONSTRICTED. SHE CAN HARDLY SPEAK. SHE NODS.

When her voice eventually comes it is only a strangulated whisper.

DOLL

Yes.

LINGERINGLY, AND IN CLOSE UP, CELESTINE BEGINS TO PULL ON THE GLOVES.

He smooths the gloves down over each finger, his black nailed digits moving suggestively to the junctures between her long fingers, stroking and carressing.

Doll appears to be in a kind of sexual trance. She is openly aroused, her eyes almost closed, her head tilted back. Eventually, the gloves are fitted. Whispering as he speaks so as not to break the spell, Celestine steps back and studies her.

CELESTINE

Oh yes. Yes

HE REACHES OUT GENTLY TO TOUCH THE SIDE OF HER FACE.

CELESTINE

And now, the final piece...

WHEN HE TOUCHES HER CHEEK, THE CONTACT IS TOO MUCH, AND DOLL CRIES OUT, FLINCHING.

DOLL

Oh!

RECOVERING, REALISING THE STATE SHE HAS BEEN DRAWN INTO, SHE LOOKS SUUDENLY OVERCOME.

DOLL

Jean Claude, I..look, excuse me, I...I think I need to get some air, okay?

I just feel..I dunno..a little faint or something. I...

CELESTINE (Concerned)

It isn't the clothes? They aren't too tight?

STILL FLUSTERED DOLL STARTS TO ANSWER, THEN SHAKES HER HEAD.

DOLL

no; they're...the clothes are fine. I just need to stretch my legs is all. Take a walk round the Salon, out on the balconies. Most everybody will have gone home by now, so it'll be nice and quiet. We can finish putting on the outfit later.

CELESTINE

Whatever you wish.

SMILING HER THANKS, DOLL CROSSES TO THE DOOR.

She seems anxious to leave the sexually oppressive atmosphere. At the door,

Celestine calls out to her.

CELESTINE.

Doll?

SHE STOPS AND TURNS ROUND, LOOKING APPREHENSIVELY TOWARDS HIM.

CELESTINE

You look very beautiful.

FINDING HIS APPRECIATION TOO INTENSE TO TAKE, DOLL'S REPLY IS AGAIN CHOKED, STRANGLE

DOLL

Thank you.

SHE GOES OUT THROUGH THE DOOR, CLOSING IT BEHIND HER.

CUT TO:

SHOT THROUGH CELESTINE'S VIEWING SLIT, LOOKING DOWN ON SALON.

We watch as Doll makes her way hurriedly across the deserted Salon, eventually breaking into a run as she heads towards one of the entrances that lead out on to the Salon's balconies. Into the f/g we see Celestine's hand enter, resting on the window sill as he watches Doll run across the Salon. When she has almost gone from sight, he closes the blinds upon the horizontal strip windows, shutting out the light and reducing the screen image to pitch blackness.

CUT TO:

EXT SALON, ON BALCONY, LOCKING UP AT COMPLETELY BLACK NIGHT SKY.

We PULL DOWN AND BACK until we can see Doll standing looking out over one of the Salon's balconies, facing away from us as she gazes up into the unrelieved blackness. On the balcony, snow is piled here and there. Behind Doll, a rectangle of light falls out through the off-frame doors leading back to the lighted Salon, pointing like a finger of light at Doll's back as she stands staring out over the balcony and cooling down. Suddenly, into this patch of light

falls the shadow of Jonni. Doll doesn't hear him approach until he suddenly speaks from off-frame behind her.

JONNI (off)

Cassiopeia.

DOLL JUMPS, STARTLED, AND WHEELS ROUND TO FACE US.

Seeing that its Jonni, her fingers harden to indignation and she turns huffily back away from us.

CUT TO:

EXT. SALON, BALCONY.

We reverse the last shot so that Doll now faces us across the balcony wall in the f/g while jonni wanders out smiling onto the balcony behind her. She looks moody and bothered, and as if she really desn't need Jonni bugging her right now.

JONNI

Cassiopeia, the Lady in the Chair. That's the constellation you were looking at... or at least, it would be if you could see it. Too much shit in the air. That's why the sky's so goddamn boring these days..no more moon, no more stars...

JONNI STOPS JUST BEHIND DOLL'S SHOULDER, STARING AT HER MEANINGFULLY

JONNI

I guess the only stars are down here now.

CUT TO:

REVERSE ANGLE, BEHIND JONNI, WITH DOLL FACING AWAY OVER BALCONY BEYOND HIM.

Beyond Doll, we can see the lights of the city stretching away into the dark, radiating out from the salon.

JONNI

Ground constellations, stretching right to the horizon, all revolving around the

JONNI (From Over)

hub, around this Salon, Celestine..all trapped in their own little orbits.

(PAUSE)

Is it nice? Being a star?

PROVOKED BEYOND ENDURANCE, DOLL TURNS TO SNAP AT HIM, LOOKING CONFUSED AND IRRITABLE

DOLL

I'm doing just great. Listen, leave me alone, okay?

DOLL TURNS BACK AWAY FROM JONNI

CUT TO:

REVERSE ANGLE, DOLL FACING US IN F/G OVER BALCONY, JONNI BEHIND HER.

Sensing Doll's disorientation and confusion, he twists the knife.

JONNI

Well naturally you're doing great. I mean, this is what you always wanted: The autograph hunters; Security men clubbing people out of your way. All those big empty rooms with just you and your clothes and nobody else to spoil it. I mean, my God, remember when you had the cloakroom job? Actually having to talk to people? How the Hell did you manage?

SMILING, HE TURNS AND TAKES A PACE OR TWO AWAY, THEN PAUSES AND LOOKS BACK.

JONNI

But listen, don't worry. You're way past all that now. You fit in just perfectly here, with all this empty glamor; this whole morbid, claustrophobic denial of bodies, denial of sex. You fit just like a glove.

IN THE F/G, DOLL WINCES AT THIS REMINDER OF THE SEXUALLY CHARGED SCENE EARLIER.

JONNI

Plus, you finally got to be a star..just as all the stars start going out.

HE TURNS AND WALKS AWAY THROUGH THE BALCONY DOOR INTO THE SOFTLY LIT SALON.

In the f/g, Doll turns her head away from us, watching him go.

CUT TO:

INT. SALON, LOOKING OUT THROUGH BALCONY DOORS AT DOLL.

We see her gazing in towards us from the balcony as we hear Jonni's footsteps dying away, off. She turns back away from us and gazes up once more into the starless black sky. We CLOSE IN upon her, closing past her and into the unrelieved blackness of the night sky.

CUT TO:

INT. CELESTINE'S ROOM.

We cut from the total blackness of the night sky to the blackness of Celestine's room. In this wall of solid black, Celestine's door suddenly opens, letting in the light from the Salon beyond in a hard, bright bar. Framed in this we see Doll standing silhouetted against the light beyond.

DOLL

Hi. I'm back. We can finish fitting the outfit.

PULLING BACK INTO DARKNESS, WE HEAR CELESTINE FUMBLING ON HIS DESK IN THE F/G.

CELESTINE

You're feeling better now?

IN THE F/G, HE TURNS THE DESK LAMP ON, ILLUMINATING DOLL AND THE ROOM.

The light reveals Doll as she walks into the room. She looks uneasy and restless, unsure of herself and the world she's becoming involved in.

DOLL

Yeah. yeah, I guess. Listen, Jean Claude, maybe you were right. maybe I do need to get out of here, to go someplace by myself..

IN THE FOREGROUND, CELESTINE CASUALLY PICKS UP THE TAROT DECK AND STARTS TO DEAL. He does this almost by habit, with no real significance. We see the same cards that we've seen before repeated..The Fool, The Magician, the Chariot, The Devil. In the b/g Doll sinks into a chair set beside Celestine's intercom system, where she idly sits flicking the switch back and forth restlessly.

CELESTINE

Of course, if that is what you wish. I have heard of an opera currently showing upon the West bank which is reported to be very amusing. Tickets are scarce, but I should be able to arrange...

DOLL SHAKES HER HEAD IN DENIAL, LOOKING FIDGETTY AND RESTLESS.

DOLL

No, that's not it. I don't want to go to an opera. I just want, I dunno, to check on the places I used to hang out, stuff like that. I just need to touch base with that whole scene is all. Its not that I don't like this place. It's just that I need some background noise before I start screaming just to prove I haven't gone deaf. I promise that I wouldn't be gone long.

IN THE F/G, CELESTINE LAYS 'THE CHARIOT' THEN PAUSES.

He taps his finger pensively upon the edge of the tarot deck as he replies, in a thoughtful, slightly 'grave tone.

CELESTINE

I see. Your old neighbourhood. Do you miss it very badly.

RESTLESSLY, DOLL STARTS UP FROM HER CHAIR AND TAKES A PACE TOWARDS HIM, PACING. Her face is beseeching as she tries to explain to him her needs.

DOLL

No. No, I don't miss it. I..I just need to know that that whole world is still

DOLL (From over)

there, that it's still the place I came from, even if I'm into something different now. I don't want to live there. I mean, you needn't worry that I wasn't going to come back or anything..

IN THE F/G, CELESTINE LAYS DOWN A CARD. IT IS 'THE DEVIL'

CELESTINE

Oh no. I know that you'll come back. It's in the cards.

(PAUSE)

When would you like to make this excursion?

DOLL

Would tomorrow evening be okay?

CUT TO:

INT. CELESTINE'S ROOM. REVERSE ANGLE.

Doll is now in the f/g, with Celestine visible beyond her, at his desk. He looks up and shots her a questioning glance.

CELESTINE

Tomorrow evening? As short a time as that before you go?

THINKING THAT SHE HAS HURT HIM, DOLL TRIES TO CCNSOLE HIM.

DOLL

Oh Jean Claude, look, it doesn't matter. It's just me being selfish. If you don't want to be left alone, then that's okay. Its not like I really need to go out tomorrow. I could..

CELESTINE WAVES ASIDE HER PROTESTS, EXPLAINING HIMSELF.

CELESTINE

No, no, tommorow will be fine. Indeed, I've tasks that I've been putting off

CELESTINE

until I could accomplish them in solitude. Your night out will provide the perfect opportunity. Its simply that I had not thought that the occasion would present it self so soon.

NOT EXPECTING SUCH EASY SUCCESS, DOLL IS STILL TRYING TO CONVINCHE HIM.

DOLL

I wouldn't be gone long.

CELESTINE (Smiling, kindly)

Take as long as you wish. I shall not expect you home until the small hours of the morning. That will give me time to perform my undertakings in peace.

HE CLAPS HIS HANDS, CHANGING THE SUBJECT AND RISES FROM HIS DESK.

CELESTINE

Now..should we fit the last piece of the outfit and see how the ensemble looks complete?

CELESTINE CROSSES TO HIS DESK AND PICKS UP THE LAST ACCESSORY.

We CLOSE IN upon Doll's face as she stands there waiting to be fitted. She looks relieved and radiantly happy as she stands there in her severe black outfit.

DOLL

Sure. Boy, you know, I'm so relieved that you're taking it like this. If I'd thought I was leaving you cooped up back here all miserable, then I could never have enjoyed myself. No matter how loud the bar music was it would have been like going to a wake.

CELESTINE WALKS UPO BEHIND HER. HE LAUGHS GENTLY, GOOD HUMOREDLY.

CELESTINE

Ha ha. Well, we certainly couldn't have that...

CELESTINE'S HANDS ENTER SHOT AND BLACK A SMALL BLACK HAT ATOP DOLL'S HEAD.

The hat has a dark veil that hangs down over Doll's face. For the first time we realise that the outfit is a funeral outfit. Radiantly happy with the prospect of a night out, Doll doesn't appear to see any significance in this as Celestine's dirty fingers smooth the veil lovingly so that it hangs properly.

CELESTINE

...could we?

CUT TO:

EXT SALON, EVENING.

It is now the following evening, with twilight falling, and we are just outside the Salon. In the f/g here we see a footman facing us, stone faced and unblinking, roughly where Doll was in our last shot. Madame S' hands enter the picture making a few final adjustments to his cravatte and uniform just for the sake of the Salon's appearances. The footman doesn't react. We PULL BACK from this until we see the whole sedan carriage waiting outside the Salon with its attendant bearers. Madame D. is standing by its door. Leaving the footmen to their own devices, Madame S. steps round to join her friend, standing on the opposite side of the door. As we PULL BACK from them, they both look towards us. Madame S. smiles while Madame D. glares. DOLL ENTERS the f/g, pauses for a moment then walks decisively towards the Sedan. Madame D. opens the door for her, then sticks out one hand stiffly. Doll shakes hands with Madame D with absurd solemnity. As she prepares to climb into the Sedan, Madame S leans across and gives Doll an affectionate peck on the cheek while Madame D glares at both of them. The door is closed and the Sedan sets off, heading away from, us towards the city lights gleaming in the b/g. Watching it go, Madame S.

waves her handkerchief while Madame D just stands glaring icily after the departing carriage. Madame S turns and walks towards us, putting away her handkerchief. Passing Madame D., who is closer to the f/g, she looks up at her and smiles sweetly before going out of frame in the f/g. Standing paused for a moment, madame D. first looks away from us towards the receding coach, then looks towards us with an angry scowl before following her friend and walking towards us to vanish out of shot in the f/g. In the b/g, the sedan vanishes out of sight.

CUT TO:

EXT SALON, EVENING.

We are looking down a neon-lit street towards the Salon at the far end in the b/g, with Celestine's sign visible. In the centre of the street, a child is playing, dressed in clothes handed down from a bedlam of different sources. As the sedan hurries towards him from the b/g his mother darts into the road and snatches the child up out of its path, watching as the black sedan passes her to vanish out of the f/g.

CUT TO:

INT. SEDAN.

Doll sits, looking happy, adjusting her makeup in her compact mirror. Looking out the window beyond her we see endless posters of her face flashing by again. This time, a message has been sprayed across them in giant red letters, so that it scrolls by outside the window while Doll is making up and we read it one word at a time. It reads "MAKE WAR, NOT WARDROBES". Suddenly, outside through the sedan window, the fence falls away and we are looking across a firelit town square by night. Doll glances up and away from us at this.

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CUT TO:

EXT. TOWN SQUARE, NIGHT.

In the f/g, part of the small crowd of figures gathered in the town square is visible, with the sedan approaching us from the background at an angle. In the f/g, we see lavishly dressed young people being rounded up by figures in radiation suits. One suited figure runs a Geiger-counter over the youths, another strips off their clothes and hands the clothing to a third who throw it onto the central blazing bonfire which illuminates the square, on which we can see many fabulous and exotic costumes blazing beautifully. A fourth man herds the chilly-looking naked youngsters in the direction of a cattle truck. From the b/g, the sedan approaches and crosses the picture. Before it vanishes out of the f/g we glimpse Doll's face through the window, looking out. She looks bewildered and horrified.

CUT TO:

INT. SEDAN.

Doll turns her face away from the window, looking shocked. As the dark streets roll by outside, she finds herself staring at her own reflection in her compact mirror and snaps the compact shut angrily, shoving her make-up kit away.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET, NIGHT.

We are looking straight down a street in the run-down area, looking towards the rooming house where Doll used to live, which stretches across the end. We pass between the dives and whorehouses with the sullen hookers following us with their eyes as they stand outside their various establishments, our POV jiggling to simulate the moment of the Sedan chair. The rooming house sign gets nearer and nearer. When it looms right up close, we hear Doll call to the footmen, from off.

DOLL

Okay, that'll do.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOMING HOUSE, NIGHT.

We see the Sedan stop outside. The door is opened and Doll steps out. She looks up at the rooming house and then back at the footmen.

DOLL

You just wait here. I won't be a moment.

SHE TURNS AND WALKS UP THE STEPS AND INTO THE ROOMING HOUSE.

CUT TO:

INT. ROOMING HOUSE.

We follow Doll as she walks along the hall towards her old room, pushing the door open to reveal it, bare and mostly unlit save for the light from the door Doll has just opened.

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM.

We are looking towards the door as Doll enters. She walks around the room, which is still mostly spartan and empty. There is one of her old boyish t-shirts lying on the bed. She picks it up and sniffs it, then puts it down. On the dresser is a jar of haircream. She picks it up and looks at it, then turns towards the window, looking out from her room into the night.

CUT TO:

DOLL'S POV, LOOKING AT WINDOW.

We see her reflection in the darkened window, and Celestine's distant neon sign in the distance. Looking at the jar of hair cream in her hand she sits down and removes her wig. Unscrewing the jar and greasing up her fingers, she starts to

run her greased fingers through her hair. Unnoticed, we see Jonni's reflection enter the room behind her, silhouetted in the doorway. His voice comes from off, and Doll jumps, startled.

JONNI

Now that's what I call searching for your roots.

WE PULL BACK UNTIL JONNI IS VISIBLE FACING AWAY FROM US IN THE F/G.

In the b/g, Doll wheels round to face us, furiously angry as she hastily pulls her wig back on.

DOLL

What the hell are you doing here?

JONNI

I live here, remember? The way you used to before you got your own kennel up at the salon.

GRIMACING WITH FURIOUS DISGUST DOLL PICKS UP HER BAG TO LEAVE.

Coming towards us she angrily shoves past Jonni in the f/g, muttering in disgust at his intrusion upon the situation.

DOLL

Shit..

CUT TO:

INT. ROOMING HOUSE, HALLWAY.

We follow Jonni and Doll along the hallway and down into the street, with Doll leading without looking back and Jonni following her, attempting to wring the lasy few insults out of the situation.

JONNI

So, to what to we owe the pleasure of your illustrious company? Did you get sick of all that Chanel-scented air conditioning back at the ivory tower and decide to

JONNI (From over)

sample the bracing airs of catshit city? Y'know, I'm sure if you'd let every body know in advance we coulda had the band here, maybe a little ticker tape...

BY NOW THEY ARE OUT ON THE SLUSHBOUND SIDEWALK OUTSIDE THE ROOMING HOUSE.

Stopping dead in her tracks, Doll turns to confront Jonni, her eyes blazing.

DOLL

look, I've had it! What do I have to do, huh? What do I have to do to be in the god damned right? I stay at the Salon, you tell me how far away I'm getting from where I started out; I come back where I started out to take a look around, you make it sound like I just did it to show off! Well fuck you! I don't live and fucking die for your approval, okay?

SHE TURNS AWAY FROM HIM, BACK TOWARDS THE SEDAN.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOMING HOUSE, REVERSE ANGLE.

Here, Doll faces us in the f/g with Jonni facing us behind her. He shifts about and looks at his feet and then looks up at us and Doll. He looks genuinely apologetic.

JONNI

Look, I'm sorry.

BACK TURNED TO HIM, DOLL ROLLS HER EYES UPWARDS BUT DOES NOT RESPOND.

JONNI

Listen, if you really want to take a look and see how things are out here these days, then I could maybe show you around.

IN THE F/G, DOLL DOES NOT LOOK ROUND AS SHE SPEAKS, HER EYES FLASHING AND ANGRY.

DOLL

I used to live here. I don't need showing around.

JONNI

It's changed since you were here. Stuff's happening.

(PAUSE)

Look, come on. I'm trying to make up for getting on your case. How about it?

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOMING HOUSE, REVERSE ANGLE.

We are now behind Jonni again, looking past him at Doll's turned back. The Sedan waits by the curb beyond her. After a moment she turns round and shoots a suspicious glance at us, suspecting some trick.

DOLL

I can't. I have the sedan waiting on me.

JONNI

Tell 'em to go get a brew. They can pick you up at the Catwalk club or somewhere later. I mean, shit, you remember how to walk, right? You can't check out the street from a sedan chair. Not if you're looking for the hardcore.

DOLL GLANCES AT THE SEDAN UNCERTAINLY THEN BACK AT HIM.

After a moment's deliberation she walks across to the Sedan and has a word with the lead footman. As she turns and walks back across towards us and Jonni, the footmen pick up the sedan and start to run away with it down the street away from us.

DOLL

This better be fucking good.

JONNI SMILES AT HER IN REPLY.

CUT TO:

EXT STREET, NIGHT.

We are now in a different sector of the city, fairly low life but colorful in decor. From the b/g, Jonni and Doll are walking towards us along a street. Various kids, young girls and old people mill around in the street, heading towards

an impromptu street flea-market held in centre street, off frame here in the f/g. As Doll and Jonni get nearer, Jonni gestures grandly towards the off-frame flea market in the f/g, looking cheerful and enthusiastic. Doll looks unconvincing.

JONNI

Come on, admit it. haven't you missed all this? The heat coming off the sidewalks? The smell of half the planet cooking its dinner and the sound of fifty radios at once?

DOLL

This is the pits of the world.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET, NIGHT, REVERSE ANGLE.

Now we are behind Doll and Jonni, looking past them at the lights and bustle of the street market. Most of the people visible seem to be young people, but the boys are all seventeen or younger. There are no young men. The kids visible are dressed in a wild mixture of different youth culture styles..fifties biker, sixties hippy , seventies glam-chic, punk, mod, teddy boy, pachucho, zoot-suiters and B-Girls..all these styles existing magically at the same time. We follow Doll and Jonni as they move through the crowd, talking.

JONNI

No, no, no. This is the cradle of civilization. I mean, look at all this, all these different people, all these different styles...

DOLL

It looks like the last forty years of western civilization all tangled up in a bad traffic accident.

JONNI

No. You don't see it. You have to look at them. Look at the way they wear their clothes...

DOLL

What, you mean for too long?

JONNI

I mean they wear their clothes like flags. All their politics, all the things they expect out of life, all summed up by a certain cut, a certain color, y'know? And you see how they all gather under their different banners, and sure, sometimes they change their minds. Sometimes they wander off, they switch sides..but most of these kids will be marching behind these same flags for the rest of their lives, whether they know it or not. Just in the way they think, their whole attitude.

CUT TO:

EXT STREET, NIGHT. REVERSE ANGLE.

We are now ahead of Doll and Jonni again and they are coming towards us.

JONNI

See, all this, this is where it starts. In a couple decades, these kids will be running the world, and its like you can see the future, every war and moral panic and recession, all spelled out right here if only you know how to read between the hemlines. Out here, people's clothes say something! It's been twenty years since Celestine's clothes said anything to the world.

DOLL TURNS TO HIM HAUGHTILY.

DOLL

Well in that case, all I can say is the world must have offended ^{his clothes} pretty damn badly.

TURNING SHE WALKS OFF IN F/G, LEAVING JONNI STARING AFTER HER, DUMBFOUNDED.

After a moment he runs to catch up with Doll, also exiting in the f/g.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET, NIGHT.

We are now in another of the city's zones, this one seemingly the red light and rough trade area. We see Doll and Jonni coming towards us. All around them the streets seem suddenly full of bizare undesirables, many of them dressed provocatively if not downright outlandishly. Doll looks uncomfortable.

JONNI

You really don't see it, do you? You don't see all the vitality that's out here. IN DOLL'S PATH ARE TWO PEOPLE WHO HAVE HUMANS IN BONDAGE GEAR ON DOG LEADS. The "owners" are chatting casually about the weather. Meanwhitem their 'dogs', on hands and knees and wearing harness and muzzle, are sniffing round each other. Having to step around these 'dogs' Doll looks down at them in wild disgust. Jonni takes no notice at all.

DOLL (Looking at 'dogs')

Christ.

"DOG" OWNER (To "dog")

Sheba, stop that.

JONNI (Continuing his monologue)

..of course, I guess that's understandable. I've seen what they do to vitality up at the Salon. What they do, they hold a bale of silk over its face 'til it stops moving.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET, NIGHT, DIFFERENT ANGLE.

DOLL

In this neighbourhood, I bet there are people who'd pay for that kind of

DOLL (from over)

treatment. What the Hell are we doing down here?

JONNI GESTURES TO THE HOOKERS PARADING PAST, AND THEIR EQUALLY EXOTIC CLIENTS.

Once again, there seem to be very few young men of draft age.

JONNI

We're watching the show. This is the street's Fall collection, with a new collection every day, and every showing free to the public.

DOLL

This is a bunch of hookers with their tits falling out. All the clothes down here are about is sex.

JONNI

And Celestine's aren't? Christ, all clothes are about sex. Its just a matter of what kind. You can have honest sex, like this, with all the stains left intact, or you can bury sex in mummy-wrappings the way Celestine does.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET SCENE, FRONT ANGLE ON DOLL AND JONNI, DOLL FACING US IN F/G.

As Jonni talks about Celestine's sexuality, unwittingly hitting a nerve, Doll grows flushed and angry as she faces us in the f/g, walking towards us.

JONNI

See, that's his whole problem. Mommy dropped dead before he hit puberty and he's been humping her shroud ever since.

HE LOOKS SHREWDLY AT DOLL FROM BEHIND AS HE WALKS BEHIND HER.

JONNI

' Course, I guess a person could get a taste for all that after a while, all that necrophile stuff. I guess for some people, all that darkened-mausoleum-winding-sheet stuff gets 'em kinda horny.

AS JONNI SAYS THIS, DOLL'S FACE GROWS FURIOUS IN THE F/G.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET, REVERSE ANGLE.

We are behind Jonni now as Doll stops and wheels to face him, bringing him up to a sudden stop. Her eyes flash as she snarls at him.

DOLL

That's it. I've had enough of this. I just asked to shown around, I didn't asked to be dragged face first through a sewer. Which way is the Catwalk club from here?

JONNI (Trying to calm her)

Hey, don't panic..its just down this street and then left. I can walk along that way with you.

DOLL (Cold and hostile)

Oh, please don't put yourself to any trouble. I can find my own way.

DOLL TURNS AND STARTS TO WALK AWAY FROM US AND JONNI. AFTER A MOMENT HE FOLLOWS HEI

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET, REVERSE ANGLE.

Doll is coming towards us while Jonni walks along just behind her, protesting as he keeps up with her.

JONNI

Hey, come on. There's no need to take off for the club so early. It's not the same there any more, and besides, you're missing all the real action.

DOLL LOOKS AT HIM INCREDULOUSLY.

Action?

DOLL

Action? What, excuse me , did I blink or something?

SHE LOOKS AWAY AND CARRIES ON WALKING. LOOKING EXASPERATED, JONNI FOLLOWS.

JONNI

I'm talking about streetlife! I'm talking about all the energy that's out here waiting for someone to transform it into a whole ^{new} concept, a whole new style.

I'm talking about the energy that comes from real working people...

DOLL STOPS DEAD IN THE F/G, CLOSES HER EYES AND TIPS BACK HER HEAD, TEETH CLENCHED.

As she begins to talk, her tone grows increasingly angry and passionate, with Jonni left speechless before its vehemence.

DOLL

Oh Jesus Christ, spare me the real working people!

CUT TO:

DIFFERENT ANGLE, CLOSE UP AS DOLL TURNS TO JONNI AND STARTS TO LECTURE HIM.

DOLL

Y'know, you make me sick. I mean, I look at you, I see Art College, I see mom and dad out in suburbia paying your fees..did you have to grow up with any of these real working people that you love so fucking much?

JONNI LOOKS AWAY. HE CANNOT ANSWER. EYES NARROWING, SHE CONTINUES.

DOLL

Yeah, well I did. I heard 'em teaching their kids to say "nigger". I saw 'em grabbing their dicks and grunting when any girl over thirteen walked past, had 'em shouting "fucking queer" and "fucking lesbian" every time I changed my haircut. I know all about what kind of energy comes from real working people, and if you can transform it into anything that's worth a shit then you must be some kind of magician.

JONNI STANDS STARING AT HER. SHE LOOKS DOWN, CHECKS HER WRISTWATCH, LOOKS AT JONNI.

DOLL

Say, doesn't your evening shift at the Salonm start pretty soon?

1st. SOLDIER

Shit! I gotta get a closer look at that!

2nd. SOLDIER (To dog)

Me too. Listen, you stay, okay? Just stay. Good dog.

LEAVING DOG SITTING OBEDIENTLY IN F/G THEY CROSS STREET TOWARDS DOLL.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET..OUTSIDE CATWALK CLUB.

Over on the other side of the street now, the soldiers jostle on the sidewalk outside the club for the best position to see Doll. They don't recognize her from earlier, such is her new elegance. Crossing towards the club, Doll pauses and looks down at the gutter full of slush that bars her way. Following her gaze down and noticing the slush the first soldier, struck by sudden inspiration, takes off his jacket and lays it at her feet, to walk over. His comrade holds the door of the club open for Doll. Staring at them both with incomprehension and distaste Doll walks over the coat and through the door into the club. The soldiers beam at her schoolboyishly as she does so, quite smitten.

CUT TO:

INT. CLUB, LOOKING AT DOLL AS SHE ENTERS.

Doll takes a step or two towards the ticket office, peering inside.

DOLL

Juliette? Am I too late to get a ticket?

CUT TO:

DOLL'S POV, LOOKING IN THROUGH THE WINDOW.

Inside the ticket office, the portly manager sits, staring out glumly as he passes a ticket out beneath the aperture to us. He doesn't recognize Doll either.

MANAGER

Juliette isn't here any more. She got burned.

DOLL

Burned? Oh no! Not badly?

STONE FACED THE MANAGER REPLIES AS DOLL DIGS IN HER PURSE FOR MONEY.

MANAGER.

At the crematorium. That'll be twenty five dollars American, and I'm afraid we can no longer accept Euro-Dollars, I'm very sorry.

CUT TO

INT. TICKET OFFICE, LOOKING OUT THROUGH WINDOW AT DOLL.

Doll, gazing in at us, looks vaguely horrified as she pays and takes her change.

DOLL

Thank you.

MANAGER

You're welcome.

THROUGH WINDOW, DOLL TURNS AWAY AND EXITS RIGHT.

The manager takes out a battered paperback.."Cold Wind In August".and begins to read. He looks miserable and bored.

CUT TO:

INT. CLUB, DOLL'S POV AS SHE WALKS UP STAIRS TOWARDS CLOAKROOMS.

Dennis sits behind the counter looking bored. As he hears Doll approach he looks up with some measure of surprise and then switches on his professional smile.

DENNIS

Oh hel-lo! Welcome to the Catwalk, can I take that for you?

DOLL HANDS HIM HER COAT. HE FEIGNS STUNNED ADMIRATION, PURSING HIS LIPS.

DENNIS

Ooooh, but you poor lamb, this is gorgeous. You must have had to do something absolutely unnatural to get a coat like this. Let me just put a number on it.
HE PINS THE NUMBER 33 ON TO THE COAT.

CUT TO:

INT. CLOAKROOM, LOOKING OUT, WITH DENNIS IN F/G, DOL IN B/G.

DOLL (Incredulous)

Thirty three? You mean there are only thirty two other people here?
DENNIS LOOKS SYMPATHETICALLY PAINED.

DENNIS

I know! Isn't it terrible? It's this whole conscription thing. The only customers we get here now are people who can't fight because they're, you know, women; or because they're likely to have sexually transmitted diseases.
HAVING HUNG UP HER COAT HE TURNS AND SMILES INGENUOUSLY AT DOLL.

DENNIS

Hope you enjoy the cabaret.

DOLL LOOKS AT HIM CURIOUSLY, NODS, THEN EXITS RIGHT. HE SITS DOWN AGAIN, BORED.

CUT TO:

INT. CLUB, IN MAIN CLUB ROOMS, LOOKING OUT THROUGH GLASS DOORS AT DOLL, APPROACHING.

Doll reaches the doors and then stands there with her face pressed to the glass. We PULL BACK from the doors until we see some of the club in the f/g. Its almost empty save for a few bored-looking girls dancing alone. They are all wearing cheaper versions of Doll's pale evening dress, and dance listlessly to the band. They clap half heartedly as the band finish a number, off frame in the f/g.

CUT TO:

DOLL'S POV, LOOKING THROUGH GLASS DOORS INTO CLUB.

The club looks dead. The band and singer look weary and pathetic.

SINGER

Thank you. Thank you so much. Here's one that some of you might remember. An old tune, sure, but old tunes, like old clothes, sometimes they get a little more appropriate every day...

CUT TO:

INT. CLUB, LOOKING OUT AT DOLL THROUGH GLASS DOOR.

The Singer commences a lacklustre rendition of "Doll's Song". Through the glass Doll commences a half-hearted performance of her lip synching routine from earlier. The club is emptier now, however, and all the customers can see the band, Nobody is looking at Doll.

CUT TO:

INT. CLUB, REAR VIEW OF DOLL AS SHE FACES AWAY FROM US THROUGH THE DOORS.

One hand is raised above her head as part of her routine. Dejected, she lets it fall and abandons the lip synching and turns dejectedly towards^{us}, walking away from the club doors towards us, the sound of the band growing fainter.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLUB, LOOKING IN THROUGH GLASS ENTRANCE DOOR AT DOLL, IN FAR B/G.

We see Doll collect her coat from the cloakroom, then carry on towards us and the door in the f/g. as she reaches it, a soldier's arm reaches into shot from off, outside the door, and opens it for her.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLUB, BEHIND DOLL AS SHE LEAVES.

She walks over the other soldier's coat again and out into the street, ignoring both of the beaming soldiers as they try oafishly to impress her.

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CUT TO:

EXT.: CLUB, ACROSS STREET BY RECRUITING STAND.

The Dog sits patiently in the f/g. Across the street we see the club with Doll standing outside it being ogled by the soldiers as she gazes hopefully up the street, looking for her sedan. Away down the street the other way we see Celestine's distant neon sign. After a moment, the sedan enters from one side and Doll climbs in before the sedan carries on, heading away towards the distant neon sign. The black dog watches it go disinterestedly from the f/g.

1st. SOLDIER

Heel boy. Heel.

THE DOG LOOKS AT THE SOLDIERS AND THEN CROSSES THE FRAME TO THEM.

In the b/g, we can still see the sedan carrying Doll towards Celestine's neon sign.

CUT TO:

EXT. SALON, ON ROOF, LOOKING THROUGH LOOP OF CELESTINE'S NEON SIGNATURE.

Down below we see the sedan approach from the b/g and stop outside the Salon.

Doll climbs out, glances up at the sign, then walks towards the door, off here.

CUT TO:

INT. SALON, LOOKING TOWARDS ENTRANCE DOORS IN THE B/G AS DOLL ENTERS.

Madame S. and Madame D, are talking in the f/g as Doll enters behind them.

MADAME S. (To Madame D.)

..so do be an angel and see if that stupid girl has finished clearing the stockrooms yet. If she has, tell her that I'd like to see her. I...

MADAME S. NOTICES DOLL AS SHE WALKS PAST THE TWO MADAMES.

MADAME S. (Surprised, concerned)

Oh, my dear, back so soon? The visibility wasn't too bad for the footmen, I hope..?

DOLL (Without breaking pace)

No. Everything was crystal clear, thank you.

SHE EXITS IN F/G, LEAVING THE MADAMES GAZING AFTER HER, BEWILDERED.

Madame S. answers Doll a couple of seconds after Doll has left the shot.

MADAME S.

Oh. How nice.

CUT TO:

INT. SALON, ON STAIRS, LOOKING THROUGH STAIR RAIL AS HE SITS, SKETCHING SOMETHING.

We hear the SOUND of Doll's high heels approach, then see her feet mount the stairs in the f/g. Beyond, Jonni looks up and follows Doll's ascent with sullen, bitter eyes

CUT TO:

INT. SALON, SHOT ALONG BALCONY WITH CELESTINE'S DOOR VISIBLE IN F/G.

Doll approaches from along the balcony. Reaching the door she opens it with her key and enters, closing it.

CUT TO:

INT. CELESTINE'S CHAMBERS. CLOSE ON DOLL AS SHE LEANS RELIEVED, BACK TO THE DOOR.

DOLL (Calls out into semi darkness)

Well, I'm back. I revisited my roots. I saw all the bright lights, and the action and the ordinary working people, and here I am and its still only...

SHE LOOKS AT HER WATCH. WE BEGIN TO PULL SLOWLY BACK FROM HER, REVEALING THE ROOM.

DOLL

..twenty five to ten. Where are you?

THE OPEN BATHROOM DOOR IS NOW SOMEWHERE IN THE F/G, LIGHT SPILLING OUT INTO C'S ROOM

CELESTINE (Voice subdued, weak)

I'm in the bathroom

REMOVING HER COAT AND HANGING IT DOLL STROLLS IDLY ACROSS THE ROOM, GLAD TO BE HOME. She pauses to play idly with the intercom in the f/g, flicking the switch back and forth. Celestine's mother's portrait is visible to one side here.

DOLL

Uh-huh. Aren't you gonna ask why I'm back so early? Well, I'll tell you. It's because out there...

(SHE GESTURES ANGRILY TOWARDS OUTSIDE WORLD)

..out there is just, like, nothing. I mean, on the streets theres just kids and old people and nothing's happening. I went to the club, there's no boys and all the girls, they're just dressed in stuff that's a sloppy imitation of your designs, dancing round their bags, y'know? It's like this whole town, the whole world out there, its just this faint, distorted echo of the Salon. This is the only place that's real any more.

IN HER MEANDERINGS ROUND THE SALON, DOLL HAS PAUSED, LOOKING UP C'S MOTHER'S PICTURE

CELESTINE (From off, through bathroom door)

So. You came back. I hadn't expected you so early.

CUT TO:

INT. CELESTINE'S CHAMBER. WE ARE BEHIND DOLL, LOOKING PAST HER AT MOTHER'S PICTURE.

The glass in the picture has been smashed. It looks deliberate. Doll gazes up at the smashed glass, puzzled and disturbed.

DOLL

Oh, don't worry, it's okay. Don't let me interrupt your bath.

SHE RUNS FINGERS LIGHTLY OVER THE BROKEN GLASS THEN TURNS TOWARDS US, PUZZLED.

DOLL

Uh, Jean Claude? have you been all right, while I was away? I hope it didn't upset you, me being selfish and taking off like that.

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CUT TO:

INT. CELESTINE'S ROOM, BEHIND DOLL AS SHE WALKS AWAY TOWARDS BATHROOM DOOR, OPEN, B/C

DOLL

I mean, I know it's not fair. You're stuck in here with no company and for you, it's not like there's any way out or anything...

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM -BRIGHTLY LIT-LOOKING OUT AT DOLL.

We cannot see Celestine, the bath tub, or indeed much of the room at all.

CELESTINE

Please..don't pity me. I have been privileged in my life to serve the most savage and elegant deity of all. I have had your company for a short time...and there is always a way out.

DOLL APPROACHING FROM B/G, NOW PAUSES IN THE DOORWAY, STARING INTO SPACE, MUSING.

DOLL

You think so? I'm starting to wonder. I mean, outside the Salon there's a ghost town haunted by women and other health hazards. Beyond that there's fighting and beyond that there's just empty-remote controlled uniforms raising flags in empty, luminous craters. I mean, where is there to go? I just.. SHE NOTICES A TINY SPECK OF RED ON THE BATHROOM WALL AND FROWNS AT IT.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM, DOLL'S POV., LOOKING AT SPECK ON WALL.

She dabs at it with her fingertip, speakingly chidingly to Jean Claude, off.

DOLL

Oh, Jean Claude, look at this!

AS DOLL STARTS TO TURN TOWARDS CELESTINE, WE PAN AROUND, MAINTAINING HER POV.

The more we pan around the bathroom, the more red specks we see.

DOLL

Seriously, I wish to God you'd get a mirror in here for when you shave. Then you wouldn't keep cutting yourself all the goddamned...

THE MORE SHE TURNS, THE MORE HORRIBLY VISIBLE THE BLOOD SPLASHES BECOME.

Her voice trails off. The blood is densest above the tub. We stop there and track down, finally showing the bath tub and Celestine. He lies, naked, in a tub full of blood, having slashed his wrists with a shard of the glass from his mother's portrait, which he still clutches. He is clearly almost dead.

CUT TO:

INT BATHROOM, REACTION SHOT, LOOKING AT DOLL FACE ON.

She stares down at us, speechless, and just shakes her head from side to side in disbelieving horror. Celestine speaks weakly from off.

CELESTINE

I'm sorry...I didn't want you to be the one who found me...

DOLL (All but speechless with shock)

A..A..Ambulance. I'll, I'll get...

CELESTINE (Gently calming her)

No. I should be dead before you reached a telephone. Leave it. Just leave it be..

WE PULL BACK FROM DOLL AND DOWN UNTIL CELESTINE'S PROFILE IS VISIBLE IN F/G.

Doll sinks to her knees beside the bath tub and gently removes the piece of glass from his hand. She weeps, unable to take it all in.

DOLL

Oh Jean Claude, why did you do it? Why...

LIFTING HIS HAND TO TAKE THE GLASS FROM HIM SHE STARES AT HIS WRISTS IN HORROR.

DOLL

Oh God. Oh God...

CELESTINE (Calmly)

I did it to be free of this dark life that is all I am permitted. I have served at the altar of style for long enough, and I am so very tired...

CUT TO:

INSERT OF CELESTINE'S HAND LAYING ANOTHER TAROT CARD. IT IS 'DEATH'.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM, SHOT AS BEFORE..

DOLL

But why this? You, you could have just left, just walked out...

CELESTINE (Shakes head weakly)

No. No, that was never in the pattern that fate had cut for me, for that would harm the Salon, harm the work. The work is bigger than any of us. It must continue.

DOLL (Crying harder)

It can't. It can't continue without you. Oh Jesus, Jean Claude...

SOBBING SHE CLUTCHES HIS HAND TO HER FACE, STREAKING HER FACE WITH BLOOD.

CELESTINE

It must continue. In my will, I have delivered this establishment into hands that will keep it safe...

DOLL (Mumbling through sobs)

You're giving it to madame S.

CELESTINE

No. I am giving it to the boy, Jonni Tare.

WE CLOSE IN UPON DOLL'S FACE. SHE LOOKS UP AT CELESTINE, STUNNED AND STARING.

CELESTINE

He will continue the work, guided by his muse, as I have been guided by mine...

DOLL

You're kidding.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM, DOLL'S POV, CLOSE UP OF CELESTINE'S FACE.

He looks weak, delirious and bloody as he speaks.

CELESTINE

No. He will destroy everything I stand for, and the greater work will thus be continued. He is the fire..to my phoenix...

HE BLINKS, TRYING TO FOCUS ON DOLL, DESPITE HIS FAILING VISION.

CELESTINE

Doll? It is so..very quiet in here. She insisted that it was always silent. Noise Noise drew attention to the audible, you see, while she..she was concerned only with the look. And I have respected her wishes..honored her every day of my life, never sketched a woman's form that did not have her face....and yet, at this moment, I should very much like..to hear music...

(PAUSE)

Can you sing, Doll?

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM, C/U PROFILE OF DOLL, KNEELING BY BATH. WE PULL BACK SLOWLY.

Doll shakes her head. She is choked and tearful.

DOLL

No. No, really, I can't. I...

CELESTINE'S HAND REACHES UP FROM OFF, TENDERLY TOUCHING DOLL'S CHEEK, LEAVING BLOOD.

Doll..please. I promise... CELESTINE

Doll..please. I promise..that I shall make..no further demands..upon your time.

WE PULL BACK TO OUTSIDE BATHROOM DOOR, DOLL KNEELING, CRADLING CELESTINE'S HAND.

Doll swallows and nods, then shakily starts to sing "Doll's Song", soft at first and then louder. We PULL BACK across Celestine's chamber until Celestine's intercom/ P.A. system is visible in the f/g, where Doll was playing with it earlier.

CUT TO:

INT. SALON, MAIN FLOOR AREA.

Various activities are going on, with Madame S. standing somewhere central. Up behind her, Celestine's viewing slit is visible. CHLOE ENTERS, flustered. and approaches Madame S, wiping her hands. She looks optimistic and hopeful.

CHLOE

Madame S? Madame D. said you wanted to see me. I finished clearing out the stockrooms.

MADAME S. SMILES AT CHLOE WITH HEARTLESS AMUSEMENT.

On the Soundtrack, building up from the background over the Salon noise, Doll's song starts to get louder. Madame S. speaks to Chloe with gloating satisfaction.

MADAME S.

oh good. Then, ny dear, in that case I have the not inconsiderable pleasure of informing you that as of tonight, you are dis...

MADAME S. SUDDENLY NOTICES DOLL'S SINGING, NOW LOUD ON THE SOUNDTRACK.

She turns away from Chloe and stares up at the viewslit.

CUT TO:

INT. SALON: JONNI'S POV. AS HE SITS SKETCHING, OTHER WORKERS VISIBLE IN B/G.

We only see Jonni's hands, sketching a design with Doll's face. Beyond this we see the other workers gradually stop what they're doing and look up as Doll's song, with its "Masquerade Is Over" theme gets louder and louder. Slowly, Jonni stops sketching and puts down his pencil.

CUT TO:

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CUT TO:

INT SALON, MADAME D. IN PROFILE C/U IN F/G, OTHER WORKERS VISIBLE IN B/G.

As she hears Doll's Song welling up on the scundtrack she turns her head sharply away from us, presenting the back of her head. Beyond, the other workers are also stopping work and looking up in suprise.

CUT TO:

INT SALON, OVERHEAD SHOT LOOKING DOWN ON MADAME S. AND CHLOE.

We PULL UP AND BACK until we are looking down at almost the ntire Salon.

Everyone that we can see has stopped work and is staring mutely up at us as Doll's song rings aroundq the building. We continue to pull back until we see the whole scene through Celestin'e viewslit. Nobody moves until suddenly, Madame S. breaks and runs towards the bottom of the atair, Madame D. following after a moment.

CUT TO:

INT. SALON, LOOKING THROUGH STAIR RAIL AT JONNI AS MADAMES' FEET RUSH UP STAIRS, F/G.

CUT TO:

INT . SALON, ON BALCONY WITH CELESTINE'S DOOR IN F/G, LOOKING TOWARDS STAIR-TOP

We see the two Madames as they reach the top of the stairs and come rushing towards us and the door. They reach the door. madame S. tries it, but it is locked. Madame D. retreats off screen left, and then charges back into shot and straight at the door, her burly shoulder thrust forward.

CUT TO:

INT. CELESTINE'S ROOM, LOOKING AT DOOR AS MADAME D COMES CRASHING THROUGH.

We PULL BACK from the door and across the sketch-littered room until we can see the light spilling from the open bathroom door in the f/g. We can hear Doll, very loud , as she winds up the song. The Madames tiptoe to the door and look in.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM, LOOKING THROUGH DOOR AT CLOSE UP OF MADAMES.

They stare at us, stupid and cod-eyed with shock as we PULL BACK until Doll is visible in the f/g, holding Celestine's dead hand as she kneels by the bath, just finishing the last line of the song.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM, JUST BEHIND MADAMES, LOOKING PAST THEM AT DOLL.

In the sudden silence, after a pause, Doll turns and looks up at us and the madames.

DOLL

He's dead.

SHE TURNS HER HEAD BACK TO GAZE DULLY AT THE BODY IN THE BATH.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM, CELESTINE IN F/G, PROFILE, DOLL KNEELING FACING US BEYOND HIM.

Doll kneels, sobbing, while the Madames slowly and incredulously enter the bath room behind her, straining in disbelief at all the blood. Madame S touches the fabric of Doll's pale dress, which is absolutely soaked in blood. Madame S. appears dazed or shocked as she examines the bloodied dress.

MADAME S.

Ruined. It's ruined.'

SUDDENLY GROWING UPSET SHE STARTS TO SHAKE DOLL BY THE SHOULDER, ALMOST SHOUTING.

MADAME S.

What happened? What did he say to you?

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM, SHOT LOOKING DOWN PAST MADAME S. AT DOLL AND THE TUB.

Doll turns to look up at Madame S, slowly rising to her feet and facing her, moving like a train wreck survivor, dazed and bloodied as she speaks.

DOLL (Mumbling, stupid with shock)

He..I don't know. I, I just came in and found him, there was this little speck of red on the wall...

MADAME S. TAKES DOLL BY THE ARMS, SHAKING HER, AS DOLL FACES HER, LOOKING STUNNED.

MADAME S. (Fiercely)

What did he say about the Salon?

DOLL (Starting to cry, looking wretched.)

I..I can't remember. I just came in, he was saying stuff that didn't make sense and all that blood, it was hard, you know? Hard to con..hard to concent...

SHE BREAKS DOWN, SOBBING, ON MADAME S.' SHOULDER, MADAME S. PATS HER MATERNALLY.

MADAME S.

here. It's all right. take your time. Nobody's hurrying you.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM, REVERSE ANGLE, BEHIND DOLL, LOOKING PAST HER AT MADAME S, FACING US. As Madame S. faces us, comforting Doll, madame D. just stares in disbelief at Celestine in his bath tub, off frame here. Doll still sounds confused.

DOLL

He was talking about..about wanting to be free of all this, but wanting it to continue, the work to carry on, in safe hands...

MADAME S. (Smiles. Fond, indulgent melancholy)

Yes, yes. Dear Patron.

DOLL

..and so, he..he said he'd left it all to the boy, to Jonni what's his name, and there was some stuff about a phoenix and...

MADAME S., GROWING GRADUALLY MORE ASHEN AS SHE HEARS THIS, SUDDENLY SHRIEKS.

MADAME S.

To the boy? He's leaving it to the boy? The entire Salon?

FLINCHING FROM MADAME S' SHRIEK, DOLL LOOKS AT THE TUB, THEN BACK AT MADAME S..

Doll looks sick and sound; very weak and trembly.

DOLL

Yes. That's what he said. Look, please, can I get out of here?

SHE MOVES PAST THE MADAMES AND OUT OF THE BATHROOM. WE FOLLOW HER.

Madame S. starts to follow Doll out of the bathroom, still looking thunderstruck.

MADAME S.

But that's ridiculous! The boy will make a mess of everything! He can't have been in his right mind..

DOLL TURNS AND LOOKS AT MADAME S, SUDDENLY VEHEMENT THROUGH THE TEARS.

DOLL

Isn't it a little late to start worrying about his *mind?*

MADAME S. DOES NOT ANSWER. WEARILY, DOLL SITS AT THE TABLE.

As Doll faces us across the table with Madame S. behind her, the cards, mirror and pocketwatch are visible. Doll slumps, face in hands.

DOLL

Anyway, that's what he said. First it was "The work must be in safe hands", then he said "He'll destroy everything I stand for"...

MADAME S' GROWS VERY COLD IN HER EXPRESSION, LOOKING AT DOLL.

When she speaks, her voice has a civilized iciness that is chilling.

MADAME S.

Ok, I don't think we can permit that, dear, can we?

DOLL GLANCES UP, CONFUSED, THROUGH HER TEARS.

DOLL

It's in his will. We can't change his will.

MADAME S. SMILES ICILY, COMPOSURE REGAINED, BACK IN CONTROL OF THE SITUATION.

MADAME S..

Perhaps not. But can we have that insufferable child running the Salon, telling us...telling you what to do, humiliating you beyond endurance?

MISERABLY, DOLL SHAKES HER HEAD.

MADAME S.

Then I think we'd best take steps to prevent that, don't you?

SMILING CONFIDENTLY SHE TURNS HER BACK UPON DOLL AND TAKES A STEP OR TWO AWAY.

CUT TO:

INT. CELESTINE'S ROOM, REVERSE ANGLE, MADAME S PAUSED FACING US IN F/G, DOLL BEYOND.

Doll turns slowly towards us in the b/g, starting to look shocked.

DOLL

You mean...you're talking about having him killed? Listen, I..I won't, I...

COMPOSING AN INNOCENT FACIAL EXPRESSION CAREFULLY, MADAME S TURNS TOWARDS DOLL.

MADAME S.

Killed? Oh, goodness, no! No, I thought perhaps we could arrange some other employment for him, somewhere too far away to claim his inheritance

WE BEGIN TO CLOSE IN, PAST MADAME AND DOLL, UPON C'S MIRROR.

The mirror reflects the whole scene distortedly in its warped glass.

MADAME S.

I imagine it might be achieved quite easily with the briefest of phone calls. That is, of course, assuming you agree; that you have no misgivings about this.

CUT TO:

INT. CELESTINE'S ROOM, DOLL FACING US ACROSS TABLE, MADAME S. BEHIND HER.

Doll, while still uncertain and suspicious, is warming to the idea.

DOLL

Who'll run the Salon?

MADAME S.

We will. After all, no-one ever saw Patron. Who really cares if there's a man inside the darkened room or not? We have enough of his discarded designs to last for years, ensuring that his spirit, at least, will always be with us... assuming of course that we have your support in disposing of the boy.

DOLL (thinking it over)

Just find another job for him, somewhere else?

MADAME S. (Reassuring, gentle.)

That's all.

DOLL

All right.

MADAME S., DELIGHTED, KISSES DOLL ON THE HEAD BEFORE TURNING AWAY; VERY HAPPY.

MADAME S.

You've made the right decision. Now, what sort of flowers, do you think?

DOLL (Bewildered)

What?

MADAME S. TURNS BACK TOWARDS US IN THE NEAR B/G AND BEAMS HUGELY AND BRIGHTLY.

MADAME S.

For the funeral!

CUT TO:

EXT. CEMETERY, NIGHT, FLOODLIT. CLOSE UP OF RED FLOWERS PROPPED AGAINST STONE ANGEL. Snow is falling as we PULL BACK from the statue and flowers along the floodlit graveside, revealing the mourners one at a time, their breath foggy on the cold air.

First we see Jonni, grim and intense. Next madame D., stunned and weeping silently, completely out of character. Next madame S, who smiles softly; and then Doll, who looks dazed. Finally, the back of the priest's head is in the f/g ^{wearing funeral attire seen earlier,} and we look past, past grave and mourners, at the stone angel and flowers in the b/g. On the SOUND throughout is the priest's voice concluding the burial service, while in the far b/g we can hear a dog barking. As the service finishes the mourners all slowly turn and walk away from the grave except for Jonni who stands staring down into the open grave with a grim intensity. In the b/g the SOUND of the dog barking seems to be getting slightly louder and closer.

CUT TO:

EXT. CEMETERY, LOCKING TOWARDS THE GRAVE WITH DOLL AND MADAMES APPROACHING US. Locking past them as they walk towards us away from the grave, where Jonni stands alone. While madame S. talks to her, doll keeps darting nervous glances back towards the graveside and Jonni.

MADAME S.

What a wonderful service. **I** don't think the floodlights detracted from the atmosphere at all, do you?

THEY PAUSE TO CHAT IN F/G. DOLL KEEPS GLANCING AT JONNI IN B/G.

On the soundtrack the barking of the dog continues to grow closer and louder.

MADAME S. (To Doll, proudly)

And you..you were marvellous, or course. You held up admirably.

DOLL

Uh, thank you. **I** just..I...

DOG BARKING VERY LOUD NOW. DOLL TURNS TO LOOK TOWARDS B/G, SEEKING SOURCE.

We ZOOM rapidly past Doll, past Celestine's grave and across cemetery beyond to where two soldiers are approaching, marching between graves with their Rotweiler.

MADAME S. (Off, concerned)

What's the matter, dear? Feeling faint? You poor child, this has all been such a strain...

CUT TO:

EXT. CEMETERY, HALF FIGURE FRONTAL SHOT OF MADAME S. AND DOLL.

Doll gazes towards us, confused.

DOLL

No. no, I'm fine. Who..who are those soldiers?

MADAME S. LOOKS AT DOLL, AS IF PUZZLED, THEN TOWARDS US.

MADAME S.

Soldiers, dear?

CUT TO:

EXT. CEMETERY, REVERSE ANGLE WITH DOLL AND MADAME S. FACING AWAY IN F/G.

Beyond them we see the grave, Jonni and the soldiers, Doll and Madame S only partly visible up in the f/g. Madame S, lighting a post-funereal cigarette, lowers it into the shot here and exhales. In the b/g, the two soldiers approach Jonni and start to talk to him. He looks surprised.

MADAME S.

Oh. You mean those soldiers. Well, it's just as we agreed, dear: A different job, somewhere far away.

IN B/G, THE SOLDIERS AND DOG LEAD A PROTESTING JONNI AWAY FROM US.

In f/g, Madame S. turns towards us and shivers, adjusting her fox fur. Doll remains staring at the b/g.

MADAME S.

It's rather cold, isn't it? I think I'll be getting back to the Salon.

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CUT TO:

EXT. CEMETERY, OTHER SIDE OF GRAVE WITH JONNI AND SOLDIERS APPROACHING IN F/G. He looks pale and stunned. The Rotweiler barks triumphantly. We CLOSE IN past Jonni and the soldiers upon Doll, staring at us from the b/g. She has walked a few paces towards us so that we see her standing roughly head and shoulders by the angel that marks Celestine's grave. In the b/g, madame S has joined madame D. over by the black Sedan. Madame D. climbs in. As Madame S. follows she calls back to Doll, who is still straining through the snow at us in the f/g

MADAME S.

Well, dear? Aren't you coming to claim your inheritance?

AFTER A PAUSE, DOLL WALKS AWAY FROM US TOWARDS THE SEDAN AND CLIMBS IN.

The sedan heads away from us towards Celestine's neon sign, visible in the far b/g, leaving the angel roughly head and shoulders in the f/g. It has the face of Celestine's mother. It stares at us serenely through the snow as the Sedan vanishes into the b/g. As the sedan recedes into the b/g we hear the SOUND of a radio news bulletin overlaid on the soundtrack.

RADIO ANNOUNCER

..and, while fears of a protracted nuclear winter grow increasingly distant, this year's cotton crop has none the less sustained serious damage...

CUT TO:

INT. SALON, DAY, WEEKS LATER. CLOSE UP OF RADIO ON WORKBENCH.

RADIO ANNOUNCER

..prompting further layoffs in the garment industry, shares in which have fluctuated since the death of design king Jean Claude Celestine six weeks ago. WE PULL BACK TO SHOW CHLOE WORKING NEAR BENCH, MADAME S. APPROACHING FROM B/G.

RADIO ANNOUNCER

Meanwhile, in the irradiated territories, use of the controversial "Stuffed Shirt" bodiless uniforms has been stepped up as more and more human recruits succumb to radiation related illnesses.

WE PULL BACK FURTHER, OUT THROUGH BALCCNY DOCR UNTIL DOLL IS VISIBLE, FACING IN F/G. As Doll stands on the balcony locking up at the dark sky, through the oper. balcony doors behind her we see the workbench, Chloe and the radio.

RADIO ANNOUNCER

Latest figures give young draftees an even chance of developing symptoms during the first three month tour of duty.

AT THIS, SOLL TURNS AND LOOKS BACK AT SALON. THROUGH DOCR, MADAMES . NEARS CHLOE.

MADAME S. (Calling irritably from b/g)

You! You there!

RADIO ANNOUNCER

In the inner cities, those who wear clothing for too long, allowing contamination to accumulate, run the risk of having clothing confiscated and burned...

MADAME S. GRABS CHLOE'S SHOULDER, SHOUTING ABOVE THE NOISE OF THE RADIO.

MADAME S.

My dear girl, whatever are you thinking of? Turn this thing off at once!

RADIO ANNOUNCER

..by the recently-formed "Dirty Laundry" division of the security forces...

MADAME D. (Bellows)

Off!

STARTLED, CHLOE TURNS OFF RADIO. DOLL IN F/G, HAS MEANWHILE APPROACHED BALCONY DOOR.

CUT TO.

INT. SALON, REVERSE ANGLE, MADAMES AND CHLOE IN F/G, DOLL BEYOND DOOR IN B/G.

MADAME S. (To Chloe)

As you are well aware, le Patron prefers always...

SHE LOOKS UP SUDDENLY, AS IF STARTLED BY SOMETHING, TOWARDS CELESTINES VIEWSLIT.

CUT TO:

INT. SALON, MADAME S.' POV, LOOKING UP AT VIEWSLIT.

We PAN BACK AND FORTH as she scans the darkness behind the viewslit as if looking for any movement, but finding none.

CUT TO:

INT. SALON, PREVIOUS SHOT LOOKING DOWN AT MADAMES AND CHLOE IN F/G.

Madame S. recovers and turns back towards Chloe. Doll approaches from the b/g.

MADAME S.

...preferred always to have silence in the Salon, and I don't see any reason to change that, do you?

SHE TURNS DISMISSIVELY FROM CHLOE TO LOOK AT DOLL, APPROACHING FROM B/G.

MADAME S. (Sweet and charming)

Ahh..Mademoiselle Seguin. Out taking the breeze? Non-toxic, one hopes. I'd intended to discuss the fall collection with you..

CHLOE (Interrupting)

Madame S.?

MADAME S. TURNS BACK TOWARDS CHLOE, IRRITATED.

MADAME S.

What is it?

CHLOE

Uh, before Mr. Celestine committed, uh, committed his accident, you were going to tell me something. You said it gave you great pleasure.

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CUT TO:

INT. SALON, REVERSE ANGLE. MADAMES, DOLL AND CHLOE IN F/G, VIEWING SLIT IN B/G.

Madame S looks puzzled at first and then smiles, struck by an idea.

MADAME S.

Did I? Oh yes...yes, I was going to suggest that you took over young Mr. Tare's former position as wardrobe supervisor.

SHE GLANCES AT DOLL AND SMILES CONSPIRATORIALLY. DOLL LOOKS UNEASY.

MADAME S.

I hardly think he'll be needing it where he is at the moment, do you? Having laid down his tape measure and taken up arms as it were?

CUT TO:

INSERT OF CELESTINE'S HAND LAYING DOWN A TAROT CARD. IT IS THE FIVE OF SWORDS.

CUT TO:

INT. SALON, BACK TO PREVIOUS SHOT.

Chloe, overcome with gratitude is almost bowing to Madame S.

CHLOE

Oh! Thank you. Thank you!

MADAME S. (Frozen smile, barely concealed distaste)

Charming. Now, do be 'a dear and go away.

NODDING MUTELY AND BOWING AGAIN, CHLOE RUNS OFF INTO B/G, TAKING RADIO.

Madame S. turns to Doll and smiles sweetly. Madame D. looks on, glaring at Doll.

MADAME S.

Now, Mademoiselle seguin. We can talk about the fall collection in detail later, but I did want you to know that things are running every bit as smoothly as when dear Patron was alive. Call it foolish, but I like to think that he's still..

MADAME S. (From over)

..I don't know, watching over us in some way.

DOLL (Uneasy)

Wouldn't he be angry? That his will didn't work out how he wanted?

MADAME S.

Perhaps. But we are beyond reach of his anger now. We need not fear the bellowing, tormented creature trapped behind those doors ever again.

SHE KISSES DOLL LIGHTLY ON THE CHEEK, WHILE MADAME D JUST STARES, FURIOUS.

MADAME S.

Goodbye, my dear. perhaps we can discuss the collection over dinner this evening?

DOLL (UNEASY, DISTANT)

Yes. yes, goodbye.

MADAMES EXIT RIGHT. DOLL STARES UP AT VIEWSLIT IN B/G. NOTHING MOVES BEHIND IT.

CUT TO:

INT. CELESTINE'S ROOM, LOCKING DOWN THROUGH VIEWSLIT AT DOLL.

She gazes up at us uncertainly, then crosses to the stairs and mounts them.

CUT TO:

INT SALON, BALCONY. CELESTINE'S DOOR IS IN THE F/G. DOLL APPROACHES FROM THE B/G.

Reaching the door she produces a key and opens it, entering.

CUT TO:

INT. CELESTINE'S ROOM, LOOKING ACROSS IT AT DOLL AS SHE ENTERS, WARILY IN B/G.

The room is as Celestine left it, with drifts of crumpled sketches on the floor.

Doll crosses to bathroom door, reaches in and switches on the light.

CUT TO:

INT. CELESTINE'S ROOM, DOLL'S POV AS SHE GAZES INTO BATHROOM. IT IS SPOTLESSLY CLEAN.

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CUT TO.

INT. BATHROOM, LOOKING OUT THROUGH DOOR AT DOLL.

She sadly withdraws from the bathroom, closing the door behind her.

CUT TO:

INT. CELESTINE'S ROOM, LOOKING ACROSS TOWARDS BATHROOM.

In the f/g we have a drift of sketches of celestine's mother's face piled up on a desk top. Doll crosses towards us from the b/g, picking things up and looking at them. Reaching the f/g she digs under the crumpled sketches until she finds a phone and a phone book. Checking a number in the book, she lifts the receiver and dials. There is a pause.

DOLL (nervously)

Hello? Is that the Army administration headquarters? My name's Seguin. I have information upon a recent recruit, a Mr. Jonathan Tare? He was inducted a month or so back. Yeah. Yeah. That's the one.

(PAUSE)

He's a homosexual.

(PAUSE)

Yes, yes, I'm quite sure. Just thought you'd like to know, what with everyone being so nervous about that right now. Yes. Yes, I'm sure they will. Thank you. Goodbye.

SHE REPLACES RECEIVER, CROSSES TO B/G AND EXITS.

In the F/g a sketch of Celestine's mother's face stares out at us, enigmatically.

CUT TO:

INSET OF FLASHBULB EXPLODING, FOLLOWED BY POLAROID OF DOLL EMERGING.

Head and shoulders to echo the picture of C's mother in our last shot, Doll is beautifully dressed. There is another FLASHBULB EXPLOSION, followed by another

picture emerging, this time showing Doll full figure in another creation, posing on the catwalk. We REPEAT this process two or three times, the final full figure polaroid of Doll DISSOLVING TO LIVE SHOT.

CUT TO:

INT SALON, NIGHT, CATWALK.

The Madames walk into the shot in the f/g, Madame S applauding as she mounts the steps to the catwalk while Madame D. follows, glaring.

MADAME S.

Wonderful! My dear, you were absolutely breathtaking.

DOLL (Uneasy, uncomfortable)

Uh, thank you.

MADAME S.

I really think our fall collection should be received quite warmly, all things considered. None of it is quite up to the standard of le Patron's best work, of course...

AS SHE TALKS, WE SEE A DARK FIGURE MOVING SLOWLY ACROSS BEHIND THE B/G VIEWSLIT.

MADAME S.

He would never have allowed things like this to see daylight. Docdies, he called them. but they're immeasurably better than anything else currently available.

THE FIGURE IS NOW MID SHOT, BEHIND MADAME S.' HEAD, DARK AND UNIDENTIFIABLE.

Doll appears to have suddenly noticed it, lifting her head to look at it.

We CLOSE IN past the madames upon the viewing slit as Madame S continues to enthuse.

Very slowly, the dark figure begins to wave to us..

MADAME S. (off, oblivious)

Also, a successful showing would be a clear signal to both the media and the shareholders that we were still very much alive. We've been down ever since the

MADAME S. (From over)

funeral, but **I** think we might yet stage quite a spectacular recovery. I think..
SHE TRAILS OFF, SOUNDING PUZZLED AND CONCERNED. THE DARK FIGURE WAVES.

MADAME S. (Off)

Mademoiselle?

CUT TO:

INT SALON, CATWALK, MADAMES FACING AWAY IN F/G, DOLL FACING US FROM B/G.
She is staring up at us and the viewslit, pale and stunned.

MADAME S.

Mademoiselle Seguin, are you all right? My dear, you are so pale, you look as if
you have...

DOLL (Almost scared speechless, just staring)

He waved.

MADAME S. (Uncomprehending)

What?

DOLL (Still string fearfully up at slit, off)

He, scmebody waved. I've got to go and..excuse me...

SHE TURNS AND RUNS FROM THE CATWALK, HEADING TOWARDS THE STAIRS.

Madame S. shouts after her, bewildered.

MADAME S.

Wait! Who waved? Where did they wave from? Did...

SHE TRAILS OFF, AND THEN TURNS TO LOOK UP AT US AND AT THE VIEWSLIT, OFF.

CUT TO.

INSERT, LOOKING UP AT VIEWSLIT, MADAME S' POV, PANNING BACK AND FORTH. NOTHING MOVES.

CUT TO.

INT. SALON, CATWALK, LOOKING DOWN AT MADAMES. BOTH ARE NOW GAZING UP AT VIEWSLIT.

MADAME S. (Awed, slightly frightened.)

My God.

SHE TURNS AND RUNS FROM CATWALK, FOLLOWING DOLL. AFTER A PAUSE, MADAME D. FOLLOWS..

CUT TO:

INT. SALON, BOTTOM OF STAIRS.

Dolls feet run up the stairs with the Madames following shortly after.

CUT TO:

INT. SALON, DOLL'S POV, HAND HELD SHOT LOOKING UP AT VIEWSLIT, DOLL MOUNTING STAIRS.

We continue with Doll's POV along the balcony until we reach Celestine's door.

Her hand enters the shot and tries the door. It opens. She pushes it wider.

CUT TO:

INT. CELESTINE'S ROOM.

It is dark and there are drifts of sketches everywhere, including a big drift in the f/g. Doll moves across the dark, empty room towards us and the pile of sketches, from which Celestine's mother's face is gazing. Doll looks very scared. CHANGE TO SLOW MOTION as JONNI suddenly erupts up from under the pile of crumpled sketches, his triumphant ROAR distorted on the SOUND TRACK. Paper rains all over. Doll screams.

CUT TO.

INT. SALON, ON BALCCNY, OUTSIDE CELESTINE'S DCCR..

We see the two Madames just approaching the door as Doll's scream rings out through the open door from within. They exchange looks, then rush into the room.

CUT TO:

INT. CELESTINE'S RCOM, JUST INBSIDE DOOF. LOCKING OUT AT THE TWO MADAMES.

They freeze in the doorway, facing us, staring, stunned with surprise. We PULL BACK to show Doll sprawled on the floor, gulping with shock. We continue to pull

back until one of Jonni's hands is visible in the f/g, hanging down.

MADAME S.

You came back.

CUT TO:

INT. CELESTINE'S ROOM, FRONTAL SHOT OF JONNI. QUITE CLOSE UP.

He looks older, his hair cut to a crew cut, his hands grubbier, face more lined. When he speaks he is quiet and calm and self possessed.

JONNI

Yes. Despite your best efforts, I came back. They discharged me for...health reasons. I'm free now to return and take charge of my inheritance.

CUT TO:

INT. CELESTINE'S ROOM, JONNI'S HAND VISIBLE IN F/G, MADAMES AND DOLL VISIBLE IN B/G.

MADAME S.

Well, I assure you, you will do nothing to disrupt plans for the fall collection, which are already well-advanced. We will be using some of Patron's earlier, ah, less polished pieces...

JONNI (Interrupting, calmly stating simple fact.)

We'll be using my designs for the fall collection.

CUT TO:

INT. CELESTINE'S ROOM, BEHIND MADAMES, LOOKING PAST THEM, AT JONNI AND DOLL.

Doll, between the two parties, looks from one to the other. Jonni sits calmly behind Celestine's desk and listens while Madame S talks, outraged and angry.

MADAME S.

Don't be ridiculous! Having been left a Salon by a man not in his proper senses and possessing the expertise to run one are two entirely different things...

AS SHE TALKS WE STAFF TO CLOSE IN UPON JONNI, STARING AT US, EYES STEELY.

MADAME S.

To arrange something as complex as a showing requires experience. One must be sensitive to the temperament of the market place. You are hardly qualified to....
WHEN WE ARE VERY CLOSE IN ON JONNI HE SUDDENLY ROARS WITH ANGER, DEEP AND SCAREY.

JONNI

You will be silent and do as I say, and I say we will use my designs!

CUT TO:

INT. CELESTINE'S ROOM, JONNI'S GRUBBY HAND IN F/G, MADAMES AND DOLL VISIBLE IN B/G.
All three women are startled by this echo of Celestine. The door is behind them.

MADAME S. (Gradually recovering frosty demeanour)

A-as you wish. We will, of course, keep our selection to hand in case your own designs are..less popular than anticipated. Good Day.

THE TWO MADAMES TURN, GO TO THE DOOR AND EXIT. DOLL MOVES TO FOLLOW THEM.

JONNI

Not you.

DOLL STOPS AT DOOR AND GLANCES ROUND AT HIM, WARY.

JONNI

Close the door.

AFTER A PAUSE DOLL CLOSES THE DOOR AND THEN TURNS BACK TO FACE HIM, SUSPICIOUSLY.
We PULL BACK until we are behind Jonni, seated at his desk.

JONNI

Sit down.

SUSPICIOUSLY DOLL TAKES A CHAIR AND SITS OPPOSITE JONNI, EYING HIM WARILY.

DOLL

They cut off your hair.

JONNI. (Quiet, serious)

I'm lucky that's all they cut off. The last two weeks before I was discharged were unbearable. The ridicule, the humiliation...was it you who told them I was gay?
DOLL, UNCOMFORTABLE, LOOKS DOWN AT THE TABLE, CARDS MIRROR AND WATCH VISIBLE HERE.

DOLL

I wanted to get you out of the army.

JONNI

Really? Unless I'm mistaken, you had a hand getting me into it in the first place.

DOLL

The Madames, they said they were going to find you a job somewhere else. I didn't realise they meant..

SHE PAUSES, RECOVERING HER COMPOSURE. SHE SEEMS RESOLVED AND RESIGNED.

..well, anyway, you're out now, and the Salon's yours, and if you want to fire me, that's fine. Go ahead. I don't care, because..because this industry, Celestine's whole vision, at the heart of it there's something big and old and creepy, and if I stick around here too long he's just gonna suck me in. If I stick around here too long, I'm not going to care when he does it.

JONNI

Celestine's dead.

DOLL

Yeah. So they tell me..but his clothes are still being made. His name's still on the label. Half the public don't believe he's really dead and I'm not sure I believe it either.

JONNI (Quietly and confidently, stating fact.)

When you've seen my designs, you'll believe it. When the public see my fall collection, then they'll know for sure that the beast is dead.

DOLL (After pause, cynical and dismissive)

You're full of shit.

WITHOUT RPLYING JONNI PRODUCED A SHEAF OF SINISHED DRAWINGS, PASSING THEM TO DOLL.

Doll takes them. On the top is a design for a mini skirt.

DOLL

What is..is this a skirt? For going out of doors in. If you just leaned forward, eveyone could see your ass.

JONNI

That's the idea.

DOLL LOOKS UP AT US, SHOCKED, FAINTLY EMBARRASSED, THEN LOOKS BACK AT THE DESIGNS.

After looking through a few of the drawings she seems to grow delighted despite herself.

DOLL

These..some of these are so funny, and they have such a lot of..a lot of sex and dancing and stuff in them, they're...listen, are you serious? You're really putting these in your fall collection?

JONNI PASSES A FINAL DESIGN ACROSS THE TABLE. ITS A WEDDING DRESS.

JONNI

You've yet to see the piece de resistance. We'll end the show with it, naturally.

DOLL STUDIES THE DESIGN, THEN LOOKS UP, VOICE QUIET AND AWED AND REVERENT..

DOLL

It's beautiful.

JONNI

Do you mean that? Would you ever think of wearing something like that?

DOLL LOOKS UP AT HIM, STARTLED. IT SOUNDS LIKE A PROPOSAL, AND HER VOICE FALTERS.

DOLL

I..I might.

SHE SWALLOWS AND LOOKS BACK AT THE DRAWINGS, CHANGING THE SUBJECT HURRIEDLY.

DOLL

Listen, this show..are you sure you know what you're doing? I mean, you don't have much time to publicize it. What if nobody shows up? Sometimes, these things can be real quiet...

JONNI (Faintly amused.)

Oh no. That is one thing it most certainly won't be. Not quiet.

CUT TO:

EXT. SALON, NIGHT, LOCKING AT CELESTINE'S NEON SIGN, ILLUMINATED. SNOW FALLS.

We pull back and down until we see the huge crowd milling around outside the Salon's entrance, surging through the Salon's doors. Moving amongst the crowd we too enter into the noisy Salon, crammed with people. The sound throughout this sequence is loud and noisy music..maybe a version of the title music..that Jonni is playing through the Salon's P.A. system. Moving through the crowd towards the catwalk we pass many exotics, extravagantly dressed. A woman in fabulous lumettes turns and smiles at us. We are heading for a distinguished woman fashion reporter near the catwalk, who talks into a tape recorder.

REPORTER.

..and, in a manner unprecedented at the House of Celestine, the styles on display here today are daringly brief and sparing in their use of materials. The raised hemline is perhaps an unconscious response to the war in more ways than its concession to austerity.

WE CLOSE IN PAST REPORTER ON CATWALK, WHERE MODEL IN MINI SKIRT PARADES TO MUSIC.

REPORTER

Does the implicit sexuality mirror the human tendency towards the erotic in times of darkness and uncertainty? For my part, I find these designs profoundly repellent and nihilistic, and yet...

REPORTERS VOICE FADES AS WE CLOSE PAST THE CATWALK ON THE MADAMES, ACROSS ROOM.

MADAME S. (Shouting over noise, disgusted.)

Music! My Gcd! That sacreligious young thug, this is nothing short of desecration..

CUT TO:

INSERT:DOLL'S HANDS LIFTING A BRIDAL HEADPIECE FROM A FACELESS DUMMY.

CUT TO:

INT. SALCN, LOCKING AT MADAMES AS BEFORE, WATCHING SHOW IN DISGUST. MADAME S IN F/G.

MADAME S.

It's a defilement of all Patron stood for. Worse, he's invited the whole world to witness it. I've been eavesdropping. Everyone simply hates his work, naturally, but there's an unhealthy air of excitement. I'm worried about damage if people become to upset. Have you seen Mademoiselle Seguin?

CUT TO:

INSERT: DOLL'S LEG AND HANDS AS SHE PULLS UP A SINGLE WHITE STOCKING.

CUT TO:

INT. SALON, SHOWING MADAMES AS BEFORE. BEHIND MADAME S, MADAME D LOOKS SULLEN, HURT.

MADAME D. (Hurt, sulky)

Don't need her.

MADAME S. (Snape, angrily.)

I rather think that I will be the judge of that..and you know how much I hate it when you're possessive. Now go and find her. I need her here with me.

MADAME D. LOOKS AGONIZED AND GENUINELY UPSET. BRIEFLY, SHE LOOKS HUMAN.

MADAME D.

Madeline, please...

MADAME S. (Cold, snapping commandingly)

Find her!

AFTER STARING AT MADAME S. WRETCHEDLY, MADAME D TURNS AND WALKS OFF, AS DIRECTED.

Left alone, Madame S. sniffs in haughty disgust at the music.

MADAME S.

It's so decadent. So impure!

CUT TO:

INSERT: DOLL'S HANDS, SMOOTHING DOWN THE BODICE OF THE WEDDING DRESS.

CUT TO:

INT. SALON, LOKING DOWN CORRIDOR, SALON MUSIC FAINT IN THE B/G.

Madame D. walks towards us, a grim stalking figure, until she exits in the f/g, her feet large and up close, floor level shot.

CUT TO:

INSERT: DOLL'S FEET. SHE IS SLIDING ON A WHITE SHOE, STANDING BEFORE A MIRROR.

CUT TO:

INT. SALON.

Madame D is walking away from us down the corridor. We track along with her as she heads towards an open door in the b/g leading out into a dark yard. All we really see of her is her clenched fist hanging down in the f/g, bunched and angry.

CUT TO:

INSERT: DOLL'S HANDS AS SHE PULLS ON A SET OF WHITE LACE GLOVES.

CUT TO:

EXT. SALON, IN SEMI DARKENED YARD.

We see Chloe. She is fitting a cigarette awkwardly into a holder in clumsy imitation

of Madame S. This done, she turns to the forest of reassembled dummy's that she has privately arranged in this obscure rear yard of the Salon. Chloe wears a light coat against the snow that is falling. She addresses the dummies in affected and superior tones.

CHLOE

You probably wondering why I've called you here. Well, now that I'm in charge, things are going to be different around here. Very different...

ONE OF THE DUMMY'S ARMS FALLS OFF. LOOKING ANNOYED, CHLOE RETRIEVES IT.

As she is putting it back on, Madame D. bursts out of an open door leading to the Salon in the b/g, walking straight towards us. Turning and noticing Madame D's approach half way through fitting the arm back on the dummy, she yelps, startled.

CHLOE

Oh. I'm sorry! I know I shouldn't have reassembled them, but it seemed such a waste, with the war and everything, I couldn't bear to throw them away. Listen, I'll take them apart right now. I'll..

MADAME D. BARGES PAST CHLOE, IGNORING HER, HEADING FOR A LIGHTED DOOR ACROSS YARD.

Brushed against in passing, one of the mannequins rocks, its wig coming askew. Staring after Madame D. in incomprehension, Chloe reaches out and straightens the wig. In the b/g, Madame D. goes through the lighted door.

CUT TO:

INSERT OF DOLL, FIXING DECORATION TO HAIR OR HEADPIECE OF WEDDING DRESS.

CUT TO:

INT SALON, ANOTHER CORRIDOR.

We follow Madame D as she stomps along the corridor to where we see the open door of a brightly lit wardrobe room at the far end, light spilling out. On a work surface to one side of the gloomy corridor are some scissors. Madame D. pauses

and picks up the dressmakers scissors in passing, then continues towards the door.

CUT TO.

INT. WARDROBE ROOM, DOLL IN F/G, DOOR IN B/G.

In the f/g, Doll is just picking up a bouquet of white roses, hands only visible. Madame D suddenly appears in the doorway in the b/g and stops dead, scissors in hand and face clenched in fury as she stares at us.

CUT TO:

INT. WARDROBE ROOM, MADAME D'S POV, LOOKING AT DOLL.

Dressed in full bridal attire, Doll turns to face us as the door flies open and Madame D. enters. She looks startled, but radiantly beautiful.

CUT TO:

INT. WARDROBE ROOM, REVERSE ANGLE, LOOKING AT MADAME D.'S FACE.

Her face looks shocked, then outraged before finally settling into the stone mask of an executioner. Her voice is cold and contemptuous.

MADAME D.

Traitor.

CUT TO:

INT. WARDROBE ROOM. WE ARE BEING MADAME D. LOOKING PAST HER AT DOLL.

Raising the scissors she rushes at Doll, attacking. The wardrobe room is starkly lit with elongated and threatening shadows. As Madame D. charges, Doll reaches for the Dummy torso and head that her bridal costume was on, for protection.

DOLL

Oh shit. Help! Eeeeeee!

CUT TO:

INT. SALON, BY CATWALK. THE REPORTER FACES US, TALKING INTO TAPE, CATWALK IN B/G.

Startlingly dressed models parade along the catwalk. The SOUND of the loud music drowns Doll's distant cry.

REPORTER.

..and as this alarming show moves rapidly towards its inevitable conclusion, one cannot help but sense, in the obvious desire to shock, a certain aesthetic violence...

CUT TO:

INT. WARDROBE ROOM.

As Madame D. swings the scissors down, Doll blocks with the dummy torso, the scissors embedding themselves between its breasts. As Madame D. struggles to free the scissors we PULL BACK towards the room's door. Dodging round the struggling Madame D., Doll rushes towards us to make her escape.

CUT TO:

INT. SALON, ON CATWALK.

There is a mini skirted model on the catwalk, parading, while the reporter continues her monologue from off.

REPORTER

..and yet, at the same time, one notes an adolescent yearning to escape; to be free of sexual restraints; to touch and be touched...

CUT TO:

EXT. SALON, REAR YARD, NIGHT.

In the f/g, Chloe gently screws the arm back on the mannequin. Standing amidst the falling snow in her forest of naked women, Chloe turns round in alarm towards the door in the b/g as first Doll then Madame D rush out of it towards her. Startled and guilty, she stands holding the dummy arm.

CHLOE

I...I wasn't putting it on. I was taking it off...

BARGING PAST HER, DOLL GRABS THE DUMMY ARM IN PASSING, MADAME D. THUNDERING AFTER.

CUT TO:

INT. SALON, CATWALK.

A model wearing stunning face paint walks down the catwalk towards us until she is close up head and shoulders in the f/g, the reporters voice coming from off.

REPORTER

Finally, however, it is confrontation for confrontation's sake...

CUT TO:

EXT. SALON, REAR YARD.

In falling snow, Doll and Madame D fight viciously in a garden of frozen, naked women. Madame D. slashes, cutting Doll's shoulder with the scissors, drawing blood. Doll screams. Recovering, she starts to beat Madame D. with the dummy arm, delivering savage blows to Madame D's head and face. All around them the dummies topple like dominoes.

CUT TO:

INT. SALON, CATWALK.

A model walks away from us down the catwalk and vanishes behind the curtains at the far end. The reporters voice comes from off.

REPORTER

Will the bridal outfit in the final presentation make amends for the general vulgarity of today's showing? I doubt it. One dreads to imagine Mr. Taré's views upon the institution of marriage...

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CUT TO:

EXT. SALON, REAR YARD.

We see Madame D and Doll r_olling on the ground amongst the snow and fallen dummies as they fight. Doll is on top, clubbing Madame D with the dummy arm. Madame D. grunts.

CUT TO:

EXT. SALON, REAR YARD, DOLL'S POV, LOOKING DOWN AT MADAME D.

Locking up with blazing malevolent eyes through the blood, Madame D draws back the scissors to strike.

CUT TO:

EXT. SALON, REAR YARD, MADAME D'S POV, LOOKING UP AT DOLL.

Towering above us, face clenched in rage, Doll raises the dummy arm above her head, ready to bring it down upon us.

CUT TO:

INT SALON, MAIN FLOOR. CLOSE UP OF MADAME S' HAND STUBBING OUT A CIGARETTE.

We pull back to show her, full figure, nervously checking her watch, waiting for Madame D. to reappear with Doll. The music is loud. The reporter speaks from off.

REPORTER

..and the tension here is extraordinary as we wait for the last act, as it were, in Mr. Tare's comedy of horrors. Ahh. They're announcing it now...

P.A. ANNOUNCER'S VOICE.

And now, finally, we have the bridal presentation.

CUT TO:

INT. SALON, HALFWAY UP STAIRS.

Jonni stands watching the show, looking faintly nervous.

REPORTER

Even the designer himself looks understandably apprehensive as he waits for the figure to appear on the catwalk.

(PAUSE)

They do seem to be taking rather a long time, actually...

CUT TO:

INT. SALON, CATWALK.

We are looking along the empty catwalk towards the closed doors at the other end. Of, the audience murmurs faintly, restless and impatient. Nothing moves.

REPORTER

Anyway, everyone here is waiting expectantly for...I do hope nothing's gone wrong. THERE IS A PAUSE. THE MURMURING OF THE AUDIENCE INCREASES SLIGHTLY.

REPORTER.

Uh, everybody here is waiting as excitedly as I am to learn what kind of statement Mr. Tare will make with his matrimonial offering. We, uh...

(THERE IS ANOTHER PAUSE. WHEN THE REPORTER SPEAKS AGAIN, IT'S AS IF TO AN AIDE.

REPORTER

Larry? Is everything okay? They seem to be taking...

THE CURTAINS ARE SUDDENLY FLUNG OPEN AND DOLL STANDS AT THE END OF THE CATWALK.

There is blood on her wedding dress, which is torn in places, with her hair in disarray. She is breathing hard, smiling in a sort of wild triumph. There is dead silence throughout the Salon.

CUT TO:

INT. SALON, REACTION SHOT OF MADAME S. SHE JUST STANDS THERE, STUNNED.

CUT TO:

CUT TO:

INT. SALON. REACTION SHOT OF JONNI AS HE STANDS ON STAIRS. HE TOO LOOKS STUNNED.

CUT TO:

INT. SALON, LOOKING AT DCCR LEADING IN ONTO SALON AREA.

Madame D. limps through it, bloodied and beaten. She pauses and looks up dully at Doll, off frame on the stage.

CUT TO:

REACTION SHOT OF WOMAN REPORTER, STANDING THERE FROZEN WITH HER JAW SLACK.

After a stunned silence, the reporter erupts into an outraged shriek.

REPORTER

That's pornography!

CUT TO:

INT. SALON, CATWALK. WE LOOK ALONG THE CATWALK AT DOLL AS SHE COMES TOWARDS US. At the shriek of the reporter, the whole place goes up in an uproar of outraged voices. Some people rush the catwalk, including the outraged reporter, only to be shoved roughly back by the security men. Doll seems oblivious to this. She smiles in triumph as she walks along the catwalk towards us in her bloodstained and ragged bridal gown. Twirling occasionally and parading, she ignores the riot.

REPORTER (Mounting catwalk, screeching)

What are you trying to say? That it's wrong to be a virgin until you're married, is that it? Huh? Is that..

A SECURITY MAN KNOCKS THE REPORTER BACK INTO THE MILLING CROWD.

Walking towards us, Doll reaches close up status in the f/g before turning and smiling at someone off frame here.

CUT TO:

INT. SALON, STAIRS, LOOKING AT JONNI, QUITE CLOSE UP.

He looks at us for a moment, dumbstruck, and then he smiles in response.

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CUT TO:

INT. SALON, CATWALK. STILL SMILING, DOLL RESUMES HER SLOW WALK TOWARDS US. We PULL BACK from the catwalk to show the whole Salon. People are rushing everywhere, and a full scale riot seems to be blooming. Doll walks through this all, a beautiful and savagely erotic apparition in her torn wedding dress.

CUT TO:

CATWALK LEVEL SHOT.

Doll's feet walk by in the f/g. Looking past this we see the milling crowd, with all of the fashion reporters rushing to file their stories. Still standing facing towards us we see the dazed-looking woman reporter, and a male accomplice, a cameraman who is shaking her by the arm, trying to rouse her from her state of aesthetic shock.

CAMERAMAN

Georgina, pull yourself together. This is like a goddamned scene from the revolution here and we have to file the story...

BEHIND THEM THE CROWD ARE BUSTLING TO LEAVE THE SALON, MILLING IN CONFUSION.

CAMERAMAN

Look at them! They hate this stuff! there hasn't been a riot like this since Celestine's first show. Come on...

STILL LOOKING DAZED THE REPORTER ALLOWS THE CAMERAMAN TO LEAD HER AWAY INTO THE MOB.

CUT TO:

INT. SALON, JUST INSIDE DOORS, LOOKING TOWARDS THEM.

Madame S stands somewhere central. Madame D. limps on, bloody and bedraggled from one side, to join her friend. Madame S. immediately turns on her, savagely berating her.

MADAME S. (Furious)

What happened? You stupid cow, how could you let her do that? You..

SUDDENLY SHE TURNS AND LOOKS TOWARDS US, GROWING PALE. MADAME D. TURNS ALSC.

Into the f/g surge the herd of pressmen. The Madames shriek as the surging crowd sweep them away and out through the door's of the Salon, out into the snowy night outside. We PULL back from the crowd as they rush out of the building until we see Jonni's hand visible, resting on the stair rail in the f/g. After a moment, Doll's hand enters the picture and places itself gently on top of his.

CUT TO:

INT. SALON, ON STAIRS, BEHIND DOLL'S SHOULDER AS JONNI TURNS TOWARDS HER.

CUT TO:

INT. SALON, STAIRS, JONNI'S POV AS HE LOOKS AT DOLL. SHE SMILES.

CUT TO:

INT SALON, DOWN ON MAIN FLOOR, LOOKING UP AT STAIRS.

We see Jonni lift Doll up in his arms, bridegroom style, and start to carry her up stairs.

CUT TO:

INT. SALON, ON STAIRS, DOLL'S POV. AS JONNI CARRIES HER UP AND ALONG BALCONY.

As Jonni carries her towards Celestine's room, we can see the fashion riot still continuing spectacularly in the Salon below.

CUT TO.

INT. CELESTINE'S ROOM. THE DOOR OPENS AND JONNI CARRIES DOLL IN, SETTING HER DOWN.

They smile, both knee deep in sketches of Celestine's mother and face each other, very close together.

CUT TO:

INSERT: CELESTINE'S HAND LAYING DOWN A TAROT CARD. IT IS "THE LOVERS".

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CUT TO:

INT. CELESTINE'S ROOM, DOLL AND JONNI STANDING CLOSE TOGETHER.

DOLL

You did it. You turned street trash into sapphires and you just blew the whole thing apart. Those people out there, they looked so pale and shocked, like they'd just seen a massacre or something. The old ways are dead. Celestine's whole vision, it's dead. It means nothing now. Now, it's yours. Your Salon. Your vision. All yours.

CUT TO:

INSERT: CELESTINE'S HAND LAYS DOWN ANOTHER TAROT CARD. IT IS "THE WORLD".

CUT TO:

INT. CELESTINE'S ROOM, JONNI AND DOLL STANDING CLOSE TOGETHER, AS BEFORE..

JONNI (very serious)

All ours. The beast is dead, and it's all ours.

DOLL STARES INTO HIS EYES, TRYING TO READ THEM. THEY KISS, LONG AND SLOW, THEN BREAK. Doll takes a step back from Jonni, staring at him unblinkingly as she starts to take off her wedding clothes.

CUT TO:

INT. CELESTINE'S ROOM, REVERSE ANGLE BEHIND DOLL, LOOKING PAST HER AT JONNI.

As Doll undresses, Jonni starts to follow suit, pulling off his shirt, turning and wandering idly away as he does so towards Celestine's desk in the b/g.

CUT TO:

FRONT ANGLE ON DOLL, MOSTLY UNDRESSED NOW.

She relaxes back upon a deep bed of crumpled sketches, all of Celestine's mother's face, and waits for Jonni to make love to her. We PULL BACK across the room until

the desk is visible in the f/g, with Jonni approaching it from beyond, pulling off his shirt while Doll watches him, reclining on her bed of crumpled paper. On the desk are the cards, the pocketwatch and the mirror. Only one card is face up and visible. It is "The Devil". Reaching the desk, Jonni notices the mirror, and, picking it up, starts to check his hair in it. He pauses, frowning, and looks at the mirror as if suddenly disturbed by something. We start to close in upon his face. There is a growing uneasiness on it, not quite fear, as he gazes into the mirror.

CUT TO:

INT. CELESTINE'S ROOM, BEHIND JONNI AND LOOKING OVER HIS SHOULDER AT THE MIRROR. We start to CLOSE-IN over Jonni's shoulder upon the image in the mirror, until the mirror image fills the whole screen, as it did at the opening, with Jonni's face now reflected in its concave surface. As Jonni tilts the mirror this way and that in his hands, the sound of the ticking pocketwatch seems to become almost unbearably loud in the sudden silence. Across the surface of the mirror, deformed features swim: An eye like a blob of jelly, a twisted mouth. Jonni stares into the mirror. The pocket watch ticks.

FADE TO BLACK. ROLL CREDITS.

END.