

the *Beautiful* life

“Pilot”

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THE BEAUTIFUL LIFE

"Pilot"

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. PHILLIP LIM RUNWAY SHOW - DAY

FLASHBULBS, THROBBING BEATS, and of course, a parade of gorgeous MODELS, with long legs and narrow hips, strutting their way to the end of a catwalk. We find RAINA, a fresh young model with the face of an angel, making her way towards us, PAST the designer, PHILLIP LIM, seated in the CELEBRITY ROW, along the side of the stage. Raina is practically bubbling over with sprite enthusiasm as the crowd applauds what they see. And even with her wild makeup and girlish smile, Raina's big doe eyes express a rich depth and a glimpse at the old soul hiding behind them.

We follow Raina, flashbulbs popping with every step, as she exits the runway and hurries backstage...

INT. RUNWAY SHOW / BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS

Skin everywhere, and no time for modesty. Lounging in a chair in front of a mirror is the Alpha-male-model, an impossibly good looking guy named KAI.

EGAN (O.S.)

You realize we're nothing but accessories tonight, right?

Off to the side, we find EGAN, angular, with a wild head of hair, and his perpetual side-kick, ISAAC, black, from London, with a Lenny Kravitz vibe, taking in the room full of girls, scrambling around in various stages of undress.

ISAAC

Coupla talking handbags...

A HALF NAKED MODEL bends over, right between Isaac and Egan.

ISAAC (CONT'D)

You got a problem with that?

EGAN

Not at this exact moment.

ISAAC

Clear the check and you can call me Louis Vuitton all night.

Raina scurries up, still buzzing from the catwalk...

RAINA

Oh my God, you guys won't believe
who's out there-- Gwen and Gavin,
Ashton, Renee, Fergie...

EGAN

And they're all snapping for you.

RAINA

For the design.

ISAAC

Modesty will get you nowhere, baby, you
crushed it out there.

RAINA

(genuine)
Thanks, Isaac.

RUNWAY COORDINATOR (O.S.)

Chloe, Gabriel, Kai, Marissa!

A RUNWAY COORDINATOR, with headset and clipboard, zips up--

RUNWAY COORDINATOR (CONT'D)

I need everyone in line for the
finale in twelve minutes.

The Coordinator gives a once over to GABRIEL, 19, a great
looking kid, but he's obviously sketched out on something.

RUNWAY COORDINATOR (CONT'D)

Gabriel. Who cut your hair?

GABRIEL

I did. Cool, right?

RUNWAY COORDINATOR

No, not cool. You so much as trim
the hair on your ass, you're in
breach of contract.

(to a nearby "hair girl")
Christine, fix this.

Christine pulls Gabriel away. Isaac and Egan take note.

ISAAC

Man, that boy is tweaked.

The Coordinator hears that, steps over to Egan, Isaac, and
Raina.

RUNWAY COORDINATOR

Anyone not in the finale needs to move their asses. Now!

ISAAC

I think he means us, E.

The Coordinator shoots them a look.

EGAN

Definitely us.

RUNWAY COORDINATOR

Move, move, move!

Egan snags a bottle of Champagne from a nearby dressing table. And as Egan, Raina and Isaac hustle out of the way...

INT. TAVERN ON THE GREEN - NIGHT

The iconic and pricey Central Park restaurant is filled to capacity with a mix of well heeled New Yorkers and wide eyed tourists. PICK UP on a BELEAGUERED BLONDE WAITRESS, hustling her way through the busy restaurant.

MAN'S VOICE

Waitress?

The harried Waitress spins around to face SIMON TISDALE, 30's, a slight, expertly coiffed man in black framed glasses, seated with his Male Companion.

SIMON

Our Peakytoe Crabcakes?

The Waitress speaks with the THICK EASTERN EUROPEAN ACCENT of a recent immigrant.

WAITRESS

Of course. Just let me drop this check off quickly.

SIMON

I'm not sure the word "quickly" means the same thing in your language as it does in ours.

The deeply weeded Waitress exhales, turns and rushes over to a small table near the kitchen, where the DRESSED DOWN, BLUE COLLAR ANDREWS FAMILY stares at the remnants of a single dessert they all obviously shared, some time ago...

WAITRESS

Here you are sir, thank you very
much for your patience tonight.

The Waitress sets the check down in front of BILL ANDREWS, a Mack Truck of a man, who grumbles something inaudible and unpleasant. The Waitress knows she's blown it, but offers her best conciliatory smile anyway, which is kindly returned by the STRIKING YOUNG MAN at the table, CHRIS ANDREWS, 18, square jawed and wholesome, with sturdy shoulders and a disarming smile.

CHRIS

Dinner was terrific.

The Waitress takes a moment to appreciate Chris' gesture before rushing back to her demanding customers. KAREN, the dutiful and observant wife and mother to the Andrews clan, reaches into her purse and pulls out a laminated card.

KAREN

Need the tip chart?

BILL

Two hour wait for an over cooked
Pork Chop? I don't think so.

Bill proceeds to count out exact change for the tab, as DANIELLE ANDREWS, 12, whip smart, spirited, and proudly sporting a lobby-fresh "WICKED" sweatshirt, pipes up.

DANIELLE

You can't just stiff her, dad,
that's totally embarrassing.

KAREN

Danielle...

BILL

You have any idea how much this
little vacation has cost this family?
How 'bout a little gratitude?

Chris is a pro at diffusing this particular brand of family tension.

CHRIS

Thanks for everything, dad. It's been
a great week.

Danielle glares over at her big brother, but he gives her a firm look of his own that says: follow my lead. After a minor huff, Danielle crosses her arms, and manages:

DANIELLE

Thanks.

Bill grunts something that kinda sounds like "you're welcome."

INT. BACKSTAGE AT THE FASHION SHOW - NIGHT

MARISSA, a confident, ambitious model, applies finishing touches to her makeup in the mirror. As the fussers finish their fussing over Kai, seated next to her...

RUNWAY COORDINATOR

Two minutes people!

MARISSA

Show time.

The Runway Coordinator leans in...

RUNWAY COORDINATOR

Where the hell is Sonja? She's wearing Phillip's signature piece and he's asking for final touches.

KAI

Haven't seen her.

MARISSA

(a little mischief)
Anyone check the bathroom?

The Coordinator moves off, Kai looks over at Marissa in the mirror, knows her game...

MARISSA (CONT'D)

What, Kai?

KAI

Nothing. Looking good, Marissa.

MARISSA

Like you'd know...

INT. BACKSTAGE BATHROOM - SAME

In a tiny bathroom we find SONJA, a beautiful veteran of the high fashion circuit, desperately trying to pull a bold and dramatic designer dress up across her bust line. It won't go. She looks panicked. A POUNDING ON THE DOOR.

RUNWAY COORDINATOR (O.S.)

Sonja!

SONJA

Give me three minutes!

RUNWAY COORDINATOR (O.S.)

You have ten seconds-- don't make
me break down this door!

SONJA

All right! All right!

Sonja takes a good, hard look in the mirror.

SONJA (CONT'D)

You can do this.

And as she sucks in her breath, makes one last attempt to
squeeze into that dress--

INT. TAVERN ON THE GREEN - NIGHT

The Andrews family makes its way to the exit. But just as
they reach the doors, Chris holds up.

CHRIS

I'm gonna run to the restroom, meet
you out there.

BILL

Hurry up, cabbies start the meter the
second they pull over.

As his father heads out the door, Chris gives his little
sister a soothing wink before heading to the restroom. But
as soon as he arrives at the MEN'S ROOM DOOR, Chris glances
back to make sure his family is safely out of sight, and
doubles back towards the restaurant.

OVER AT THE TABLE the Immigrant Waitress counts out the cash.
When she realizes there's no tip, her eyes well with tears.

CHRIS (O.S.)

Excuse me.

The Waitress turns to see Chris standing behind her, holding
out a twenty dollar bill.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

My pop just realized he forgot to
add in your tip. Here you go.

The Waitress looks up at Chris, amazed at his simple
kindness. He doesn't want to make a big deal out of it.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Have a good night.

SIMON (O.S.)

(snapping his fingers)

Waitress-- you do understand
English, don't you?

Chris and the Waitress turn to see Simon, fed up with the
crappy service, sniping in their direction.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Our crab cakes?

WAITRESS

(totally forgot)

Of course. It's my fault, I'm sorry.

And as the Waitress rushes off to the kitchen...

SIMON

Where do they find these girls,
mail-order waitress catalog?

CHRIS

She made a mistake, lighten up a
little.

SIMON

You have any idea how much I spend
at this restaurant every month?
Enough to buy her and her entire
family first class tickets back to
Poland or wherever the hell she's
from.

CHRIS

Look, I don't know what your job
is, buddy, but walk a mile in her
shoes, I bet you wouldn't last five
minutes.

SIMON

In those shoes, you're damn right.

Chris just shakes his head, turns to leave. Simon can't help
but crack a smile, calls after him...

SIMON (CONT'D)

Hey, Clark Kent.

(Chris stops)

Turn around.

Chris turns as Simon stands, walks over, does a spin around Chris, sizing him up. Chris postures, ready for a fight.

SIMON (CONT'D)
I'm a modeling agent.

CHRIS
Huh?

SIMON
That's my job. I make beautiful people very rich. What's your name?

CHRIS
Chris Andrews.

SIMON
From... Kentucky?

CHRIS
Iowa.

SIMON
Of course. Chris Andrews from Iowa, this is your lucky day...

And off Chris...

INT. BACKSTAGE AT THE FASHION SHOW - NIGHT

Egan and Isaac pass the bottle of Champagne between them as the A-list models gear up for the finale. Raina watches the action, rapt with excitement.

A pixie-faced MODEL approaches Egan.

MODEL
I need a pick me up.

EGAN
Step into my office...

Egan hands the Champagne bottle to Isaac, leads the Pixie over to a corner, where Raina can see Egan pull a small bag of white powder out of his pocket, spoon out a bump for the girl. The whole exchange happens with little fanfare, ending with a kiss on the cheek. Isaac offers Raina the Champagne--

RAINA
(no judgment)
No, thanks.

GIRL (O.S.)

It's not my fault!

WHIP PAN to SONJA, in a thong and little else, holding the spectacular finale dress, she couldn't fit into. She's flanked by the Runway Coordinator as they come up on VIVIENNE HUGHES, master seamstress and dress builder, who's pinning back a model's dress nearby with the help of two assistants.

RUNWAY COORDINATOR

Vivienne, we have an emergency.
Sonja's dress doesn't fit.

SONJA

You must have measured wrong. It's the only explanation.

Vivienne glares at Sonja, takes the dress.

VIVIENNE

Not the only one.

They arrive at DESIGNER PHILLIP LIM, who does his best to stay cool under the circumstances.

PHILIP LIM

(to the seamstress)

Is there anything we can do?

VIVIENNE

Turn a size zero into a size 2 in under two minutes?

Marissa steps up...

MARISSA

I'm a size zero.

Phillip looks at Marissa, it's an option. Sonja stares daggers.

RUNWAY COORDINATOR

(checks his watch)

It's your call, Mr. Lim.

A beat. Everyone is hushed. Phillip scans the room full of hopeful models until his eyes land on...

PHILIP LIM

Her.

He's looking directly at RAINA. Marissa's face falls, as Sonja dashes off, humiliated.

RUNWAY COORDINATOR

Hair! Make up!

(the dress she's in)

Get that off, get this on. We have
ninety seconds people! Let's go,
let's go!

Raina's eyes go wide as a veritable Beauty Pit Crew instantly descends on Raina, stripping, pinning, brushing, spraying... And off Raina, terrified and exhilarated, we...

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREET - NIGHT

The street is alive with activity. Groups of partiers, young couples in love... The Andrews family waits on a curb, looking out of place, as A HANDSOME CAB trots up.

DANIELLE

Can we ride back in the Handsome
Cab, dad? Please???

BILL

No.

At that moment, Chris comes jogging up...

BILL (CONT'D)

Where the heck have you been, we've
been waiting out here ten minutes.

CHRIS

This guy wanted to talk to me about
something.

BILL

What guy?

CHRIS

(beat, then)

What time does our plane leave tomorrow?

And OFF Chris, his thousand watt grin revealing itself for the first time--

SMASH TO:

INT. THE RUNWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Kai, Marissa, and the rest of the A-list models as they sashay down the runway, turn, and disappear the way they came.

After the last model crosses backstage, the audience applauds what appears to be the end of the show, when suddenly, the MUSIC STOPS, and the lights BLACK OUT.

A beat later, the roar of an AIR RAID SIREN shakes the room, and miniature Kleig lights zip back and forth across the stage. The energy in the place LEAPS a dozen notches, as the curtains part, and a spot light hits the threshold, revealing...

RAINA -- HAIR TEASED TO THE SKY, A DRAMATIC RAINBOW OF MAKE-UP SPLASHED ACROSS HER FLAWLESS FACE, eyes forward, expression frozen in a dramatic thousand mile stare.

A DRIVING BEAT KICKS IN and joins the AIR RAID SIREN, and just at the right moment, in lock step, Raina begins STOMPING HER WAY down the catwalk, seizing the moment for all it's worth. THE CROWD GOES CRAZY, leaps to its feet, and it's obvious to everyone watching, a star is born.

And as Raina marches down the runway in perfect synch with the music, the lights, and the roaring applause, we...

LAUNCH INTO:

"THE BEAUTIFUL LIFE" OPENING CREDITS...

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. FOCUS MODELS AGENCY / LOBBY - DAY

Spacious and modern. FRAMED ADS and MAGAZINE COVERS line the walls, many are of Sonja, one more recent and more prominent one is of KAI... The waiting area is filled with female MODELS, all dressed down in flats and minimal makeup, most of whom are staring at, and whispering about... RAINA, who fidgets in her chair, uncomfortable with the attention.

GIRL'S VOICE

Get used to it.

Raina looks over to see Marissa, perched nearby.

RAINA

Used to what?

MARISSA

Every model in New York hating you.
You're having your "moment."

RAINA

I am?

MARISSA

Uh, yeah. Might be time to drop
the "gee whiz" act.

On that, THE DOUBLE DOORS fly open and SIMON bursts into the lobby.

SIMON

Marissa, you're up. C'mon, c'mon,
Franco is totally jetlagged, you do not
want to keep him waiting.

RAINA

Good luck.

Marissa gives Raina a look as she heads back with Simon. After they disappear behind the doors, Raina looks around at the other models, staring daggers at her. Decides she's had enough catty scrutiny, and moves over to the window sill, leans against the wall, looks down to the city below...

THE ELEVATOR DOORS OPEN and CHRIS and his FAMILY step into the lobby. Danielle takes it all in, like Dorothy stepping into a Technicolor OZ.

DANIELLE

This is by far the coolest thing
we've done in New York. Way cooler
than Wicked...

Bill and Karen look up at all the half-naked photos of young
men and women that line the walls, clearly uncomfortable.

CHRIS

You guys wait here.

Danielle, Karen, and Bill shuffle over to the windows.
Danielle steps up to Raina.

DANIELLE

Are you a model?

Raina takes a beat before turning from the window to look at
Danielle, whose eyes are full of stars. Then, owning it,
proudly:

RAINA

Yeah, I am.

DANIELLE

I'm Danielle. That's my brother,
Chris. He's gonna be a model, too.

RAINA looks over at Chris as he checks in with the
Receptionist, handing over Simon's business card to confirm
his appointment. As the Receptionist begins speaking into
her headset, Chris looks back to his sister, with a hopeful
shrug. Raina can't help but smile at his easy charm... At
that moment, the

ELEVATOR DOORS OPEN and,

SONJA storms into the lobby, a model on a mission, not
stopping to acknowledge the other models, the receptionists,
and least of all Raina, as she barrels through the double
doors into the back office. Danielle matches Sonja to her
photographs lining the walls.

DANIELLE (CONT'D)

(to Raina)

Was that?--

RAINA

(a little wistful)

Yeah. It was.

And OFF RAINA...

INT. FOCUS MODELS / MAIN ROOM - DAY

It's a much faster pace back here with ASSISTANTS clamoring about, answering phones, pulling Zed cards from the wall.

At a large circular desk in the center of the room is CLAUDIA DIMETEO, the agency owner, a fiery, former 80's Supermodel, barking into her headset. Behind the desk is a series of Vintage VOGUE, and ELLE COVERS featuring Claudia, back in the day.

CLAUDIA

Why wasn't Celine in the package for Anna Sui?! I need her book over there now--

GIRL'S VOICE

Claudia!

Claudia looks up to see Sonja, pissed, bee-lining for her.

CLAUDIA

Son of a bitch.

Claudia is expert at dealing with irrational models, she practically invented the category. She forces a smile as she takes off her headset, it doesn't look natural on her.

CLAUDIA (CONT'D)

Sonja, sweetheart, how are you?

SONJA

Why wasn't I called in for this job?

CLAUDIA

Honey, they're looking for an unknown, I didn't want to waste your time.

SONJA

No one knows what they're looking for until it walks through the door, that's what you taught me.

CLAUDIA

Calvin Klein would be the exception to that rule. It's a brand new line of sheath wear and Franco was very specific about wanting a fresh face for the campaign.

SONJA

Franco Falcone is shooting this? I'm
the reason Franco even has a career--

At that, the door to the conference room opens, and out steps
Marissa and Simon. Marissa can see Sonja's fragile state,
can't help but throw one more kick in...

MARISSA

(so sad)

Sonja, you're back to doing cattle
calls?

Sonja's had enough. She marches past Marissa and Simon, into
the conference room, shuts the door behind her. Simon looks
at Claudia.

SIMON

Should I--

CLAUDIA

No. If this is the way she wants
to go out, better to just stand
back and let her do it.

Off a faux-concerned Marissa...

INT. FOCUS MODELS / CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

FRANCO FALCONE, chain smoking Euro-trash photographer, sits,
feet kicked up on the conference table, a pile of Zed cards
in front of him. A handful of agency suits flank him. He
doesn't look up from the photo of Marissa in his hand.

FRANCO

Let's put this girl on avail. But
call Vivienne to verify her
measurements. That dress has to
fit like second skin.

SONJA

Hello, Franco.

FRANCO

(stands, for an air kiss)
Sonja, love.

SONJA

I just stepped out of a meeting with
Claudia and heard you were here...

FRANCO

Tell me, where have you been hiding?

SONJA
(hiding???)
Milan, Berlin, Tokyo...

FRANCO
And you did not call me? I am very
wounded.

SONJA
My schedule has been insane, you
know how it is. I hear you're
doing Calvin's latest?

FRANCO
You have good ears.

SONJA
(touching the dress)
This must be the piece?

FRANCO
The one and only, as you say. But
come this time next season, every
teenager in the free world will be
wearing it.
(Sonja scrutinizes the dress)
What do you think?

SONJA
I'd say it's definitely missing
something.

FRANCO
And what is that?

SONJA
Me.

And as Sonja holds the dress up to herself, making a play...

INT. LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

Danielle talks to Raina by the window.

RAINA
So, where are you from, Danielle?

DANIELLE
Iowa.

Raina grins.

RAINA

Where in Iowa?

DANIELLE

Center Point. No one's ever heard of it.

RAINA

I'm from Waterloo.

DANIELLE

Get out!

RAINA

I did. Is this your first time in the Big Apple?

DANIELLE

It's our first time anywhere.

CHRIS (O.C.)

Danielle, quit bugging her.

Raina turns to see Chris approaching.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Sorry, we're... not from here.

The attraction between these two is immediate and magnetic.

RAINA

It's no problem. Your sister was keeping me company. I always get nervous before a look-see.

CHRIS

What's a look-see?

RAINA

"Look?" "See?"

Raina points two fingers at her two eyes, then back at his, he still doesn't get it--

RAINA (CONT'D)

You're on one.

(then)

Mind if I make a suggestion?

Raina steps up to him, reaches her hands over his shoulders, musses up Chris' hair, it's a little close for comfort...

RAINA (CONT'D)

I'm Raina.

Raina un-tucks his well-worn flannel shirt, thinks better of it, and tucks one half of it back in to expose his belt.

CHRIS

Uh. Chris...

BILL CLEARS HIS THROAT as he and Karen walk up.

BILL

How long this gonna take? I wanna get to the airport early.

CHRIS

Not sure. They told me to wait here.

Simon comes out of the double doors. Looks at Marissa, completely ignores Chris.

SIMON

Raina, lets go.

Simon stands there at the door as Raina collects her stuff.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Leave all that.

DANIELLE

We'll watch it for you.

CHRIS

(as Raina takes a breath)
Good luck.

And as Raina heads through the door, Simon finally looks at Chris.

SIMON

You too, Farm Boy. Follow me.

Simon turns back, disappears behind the doors. Chris looks at his family, who give him a "you heard him-- GO!" look. And as Chris chases after them...

INT. FOCUS MODELS / MAIN ROOM - DAY

Simon marches through the main room with Raina, as Chris hustles to catch up.

SIMON

Heard you brought the house down last night. The whole town's buzzing.

RAINA

Just a lucky break.

Up ahead, they see Sonja coming out of the conference room, air kissing Franco.

SIMON

Not for Sonja.

Head high and working it, Sonja struts right past Claudia's desk, past Simon, Raina, and Chris... And as they arrive at the conference room door, Simon gives Raina a once over.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Okay, Raina, nice and confident, lots of energy...

And with that Simon opens the door, looks to Chris.

SIMON (CONT'D)

You wait here. Don't speak.

With that, Simon follows Raina into the "look-see," and we stay with Chris, his back to the wall, watching the flurry of assistants chasing down Comps and Zeds. About twenty feet away, he watches Claudia launch into a phone-fit.

CLAUDIA

(into headset)

A verbal contract is still a contract, Aaron... You try it and I'll have our lawyers down your throat so fast you'll be eating through your ass the rest of your miserable life... No, you listen to me-- poach this girl away from Focus Models, and the only picture you'll be seeing of her is on the back of a goddamn Milk Carton!

And as Claudia slams the phone down, the conference room door swings open, and Simon and Raina exit, nearly as quickly as they entered. Chris snaps out of his Claudia-trance.

CHRIS

That's it? How'd it go?

SIMON

They loved her.

RAINA

How do you know?

SIMON

Because everyone loves the next Big Thing.

(to Chris)

Come on.

And as Simon drags Chris off, Chris looks to Raina...

CHRIS

See you later?

Raina beams, then turns for the lobby, but not before taking one more glance over her shoulder for Chris...

PICK UP ON SIMON, LEADING CHRIS TO... Claudia, who's in no mood from the events of the day.

SIMON

Claudia, this is Christopher. The boy I told you about.

CHRIS

Actually it's just Chris. Only my mom calls me--

CLAUDIA

Push your hair back.

(Chris does as he's told)

Strong hairline. Good bone structure. Do you have a book?

(off Chris)

Any pictures I can look at?

CHRIS

(beat)

My sister's got some from a photo booth at the Statue of Liberty.

CLAUDIA

(to Simon)

Are you kidding with this?

SIMON

(to Chris)

Go stand over there and wait for me.

Chris shrugs, heads back to his spot along the wall. Once he's out of ear shot, Simon leans in to Claudia.

SIMON (CONT'D)

I know he's green--

CLAUDIA

Green? That kid's Kermit the Frog.

SIMON

Let me order a few test shots,
Carlos said he'd squeeze him in
today at half rate as a favor.

CLAUDIA

We're in the business of making
money, Simon, not spending it.

SIMON

I'll pay for the proofs myself.
Take the whole thing out of my
expense account.

(beat, he's serious)

I've got a feeling on this one, Claudia,
there's something about him...

FRANCO and the Calvin Klein Execs step out of the conference
room. Franco drops three photographs on Claudia's desk.

FRANCO

You have two girls in consideration,
Make sure they're both at the club
tonight.

He takes Claudia's hand, kisses it.

CLAUDIA

They'll be there.

And as he leaves, Claudia looks down at two pictures and
separates them: Marissa and... Raina.

CUT OVER TO:

CHRIS - UP AGAINST THE WALL, watching... Franco and company
ignore him as they pass by. A beat later, Simon makes his
way over from Claudia, unreadable.

CHRIS

What'd she say?

SIMON

She agreed to let me hip-pocket you.

CHRIS

What does that mean?

SIMON

It means you have exactly seven
days to book a job, or I'm about to
waste a lot of time and money...
Either way, prepare yourself for
the ride of your life.

And off Chris...

SMASH TO BLACK:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. FOCUS MODELS - DAY

The double doors open and Chris walks out with Simon.

SIMON

(to the lobby of girls)
Sorry girls, client's seen what they
needed to see today. The rest of
your meetings are cancelled.

Chris steps over to his expectant family.

DANIELLE

Well?!?!

Raina waits with the ANDREWS, a hopeful look on her face...
But as Chris approaches, he's shaking his head.

CHRIS

(crestfallen)
Looks like they're gonna...
(playing with them)
... Give me a shot!

Danielle immediately starts screaming, jumping up and down
and hugging her brother. Bill looks to Karen, worried, but
also... proud. Raina smiles, it's been a good 24 hours.

SIMON

(calling from the door)
Raina-- I need to speak to you.

Raina steps away from the celebrating family. As she arrives
at Simon's side...

SIMON (CONT'D)

You like Chris, right?

RAINA

Yeah, I mean... I just met him.

SIMON

Claudia doesn't see it, I really had
to stick my neck out, and I'm gonna
need your help.

RAINA

What do you want me to do?

He hands her an ONYX AMERICAN EXPRESS CARD.

SIMON

Buy him a wardrobe. La Croix, D&G,
Rag and Bone. I've got him booked
with Carlos Vasquez at two o'clock.
I want you there, make sure he's
relaxed in front of the camera.
These pictures need to blow
everyone away. After that, take
him to the residence and introduce
him around.

RAINA

Simon...

SIMON

My reputation is riding on this.
Wasn't so long ago you were in the
exact same spot. You owe me...

Raina nods, turns.

SIMON (CONT'D)

One other thing.
(she turns back)
You're on avail for Calvin Klein.

A wink from Simon, as he turns, heads back through the doors.
And OFF Raina, thrilled...

INT. VIVIENNE'S STUDIO / MAIN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

... a design studio, bustling with people. We see racks of
clothes, sewing machines, mannequin forms. Sketches line the
walls and an air of success fills the room. Isaac, Egan and
Gabriel (looking like shit, no sleep, too many drugs the
night before) wait while a cluster of activity circles around
KAI, our Alpha-male model, being fitted for a suit.

ISAAC

(to Gabriel)
Dude, you stink. You even make it
home last night?

VIVIENNE (late 40's) the seamstress/fashionista/clothes
builder we met back stage at the Phillip Lim show, stands off
to the side, dictating instructions, while BOBBY, her
effeminate right-hand man, makes the actual adjustments.

VIVIENNE

Still tighter, Bobby. I really
want to see his silhouette.

BOBBY

If we go much tighter than this,
Kai won't be able to lift his arms.

VIVIENNE

Kai, you'll be gorgeous, darling, I
promise.

BOBBY

When isn't he?
(and then)
We're good here, sweetie, you can
slide this off.

As Kai carefully removes the jacket. Bobby gestures toward
Isaac and Egan--

BOBBY (CONT'D)

(to Vivienne)
Ready for the chorus boys?

VIVIENNE

(re: Isaac)
Put that one in the suit up in my
office. I want to take care of him
personally.

Bobby grins, has an idea what that means. Vivienne steps
over to Gabriel, disgusted.

VIVIENNE (CONT'D)

You, go home and sleep. I can't
use you looking like this.

Too tired to care, Gabriel gets up, saunters out. Off
Vivienne, watching Isaac ascend the stairs...

INT. VIVIENNE'S STUDIO / OFFICE - SAME

We find Isaac, with his sculpted chest and washboard abs,
changing in Vivienne's office. The space is well adorned,
with walls of glass, giving it a bird's eye view of the
design floor. A SLEEK, TIGHT-FITTING BEADED DRESS is
displayed on a dress form. Isaac slips on a pair of suit
pants as Vivienne enters, watching him as if it were a show
meant just for her.

ISAAC

(re: the beaded dress)
New design you're working on?

VIVIENNE

This is the Calvin Klein dress.
Hand-beaded, couture. Twenty-
thousand dollars.

ISAAC

And I thought the suit you got me
in is nice.

VIVIENNE

It is. I was thinking you might
like to wear it to the Purple Party
tonight. As my companion, of
course.

ISAAC

(cautiously)

Are you asking me on a date?

VIVIENNE

You make it sound like a death
sentence. Who knows, you might
even enjoy yourself.

Vivienne flips a switch and the privacy glass frosts over,
secluding them from any of the onlookers below.

ISAAC

I'm not sure what to say.

VIVIENNE

There are only two answers,
darling. I've had my eye on you
for a while, now. I can give you
things most models only dream of.
Access to designers and magazine
editors... beautiful clothes...

Vivienne circles around Isaac, letting her fingers drag
across his naked torso.

VIVIENNE (CONT'D)

The arrangement is simple-- you
take care of my needs, I'll take
care of yours.

ISAAC

Vivienne, I'm flattered but... I
can't. I don't need to--

(then)

I have a career.

VIVIENNE

Do you? I mean, sure, you'll book a few jobs here and there but you're never going to be Kai. Another year and you'll end up taking a day-job or being dropped by your agency and quitting altogether. I can make this city a lot more enjoyable for you. And I know you can do the same for me.

A beat, then--

ISAAC

I'm sorry, I can't do that.

VIVIENNE

Your choice.

She heads for the door, says without looking back--

VIVIENNE (CONT'D)

Hang up the suit before you leave.

Vivienne exits. Off Isaac, wondering what just happened...

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREET - DAY

Chris and Raina stand on the curb as a Cabbie fills the trunk of the car with The Andrews' luggage. Chris gives Danielle a hug. Danielle, pulls out her journal and a pen. Aims them at Raina.

DANIELLE

Can I get your autograph?

RAINA

(smiling sweetly)

Sure.

Raina takes the book, signs, hands it back. Danielle then turns to her brother, holds the book out for him.

DANIELLE

You, too. Just in case.

Chris grins takes the book, writes something. Hands it back to his proud little sister. She reads what he's written: **"You're the special one Dani, don't ever forget that." Love, Chris.** Tears well in her eyes, as she steps into the cab. Bill steps up to his son.

BILL

I can only hold your job one week.

CHRIS

That's all I'll need, pop. Thanks
for everything.

Bill grumbles something like, "good luck," gets in the cab. Chris then turns to look at his mom, who's eyes are filled with tears.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

C'mon, don't cry.

KAREN

I'm just so proud of you.

CHRIS

Don't be. Chances are I'll be home
for Sunday dinner.

Karen holds out a fifty dollar bill for him.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Ma, I can't take this. If dad
found out, he'd kill us both.

KAREN

Who do you think asked me to give
it to you?

With that, Karen grabs her son in a mother-bear hug, gets in the cab. And as the cab pulls away, we can see that Chris is emotional, himself. Raina gives him a comforting smile.

RAINA

Come on.

CHRIS

Where're we going?

RAINA

Shopping.

"Good Life" by Kanye West feat. T-Pain kicks in, and we...

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - SHOPPING MONTAGE - DAY

Chris and Raina outside Dolce and Gabana on Madison Avenue. Raina is pointing at a male mannequin in the window, sporting the latest in high fashion. Chris makes a face, shakes his head "no". Raina nods, "oh, yes," grabs his shoulder, pushes him into the store... and as Kanye and T-Pain roll us into...

INT. MEN'S BOUTIQUE - DAY

Chris stands on a box in front of a three way mirror, while the store tailor measures Chris' shoulders and neck. Raina watches from a nearby chair, enjoying the show. The tailor then drops to his knees to get Chris' inseam. As he creeps the tape ever closer to his crotch, Chris raises his eyebrows uncomfortably. Raina laughs. And then we're...

INT. MEN'S SHOE STORE - DAY

Chris sits in a chair, surrounded by dozens of open boxes of expensive leather shoes. A salesman shoe horns Chris' foot into a perfectly good looking shoe. But Raina is shaking her head, not having it. She points to another box. And as the beleaguered salesman soldiers on..

INT. ANOTHER MEN'S BOUTIQUE - DAY

Chris exits a dressing room in a funky club shirt and skinny jeans, looking very uncomfortable. Raina looks at him, uh... no. Hands him the next group of outfits to try on...

QUICK CUTS:

Chris exits the dressing room in something too trendy... then, too retro, too Businessman-y, too Euro...

Raina hangs more and more shirts and jeans over the top of the dressing room door, as Chris tosses more and more outfits back over the door at her. One lands on her head.

Chris, goofing around, exits the dressing room in a Seersucker suit, complete with fedora, and funky eyeglasses. Raina laughs.

Finally, Chris steps out of the dressing room in an Italian cut suit, simple, handsome white button down. He looks like a million bucks. Raina smiles. "Mission accomplished." And as Kanye and T-Pain roll out...

INT. CARLOS VASQUEZ PHOTO STUDIO - DAY

A large, open freight elevator arrives, and Chris and Raina step into this airy Tribeca loft/photography studio, with state of the art lighting equipment, Cyclorama, and, of course, sound system. A handful of arty young camera assistants amble around, setting up equipment in the staging area where CARLOS VASQUEZ, 40, tests his expensive-looking camera. The lights POP each time he clicks the shutter.

CARLOS

Feather the light a little from the beam and I think we're good to go.

As the Camera assistant launches into action, Carlos spots Raina and Chris at the door, approaches.

CARLOS (CONT'D)

Raina, kiddo. Good to see you.

RAINA

You too. Carlos, this is Chris Andrews.

CARLOS

Great. Ready to do this, Chris?

CHRIS

Should I change first? I got all these new shirts and pants... Italian suit...

CARLOS

What are you most comfortable in?

CHRIS

Uh, what I'm wearing, I guess.

CARLOS

Don't change a thing. Point is to capture your authentic image. We're not selling clothes today, we're selling you. What kind of music do you like?

And off Chris...

CUT TO:

DEF LEPPARD - ARMAGEDDON IT - BLAST THROUGH THE SPEAKERS

As Chris tentatively steps onto the staging area, makes his way to the center of the Cyc.

CARLOS

Okay, Chris, we're gonna start with a few tests to make sure we have the right lighting.

Carlos starts snapping away, and the flashbulbs pop behind the diffusers. Chris isn't sure what to do.

CARLOS (CONT'D)
(calling to camera
assistant)
I'm catching some ambient fall-off
towards the back of the Cyc. Close
the barn doors on four.

CHRIS
What should I do?

CARLOS
(the light adjusts)
Right there.

CHRIS
Right here?

CARLOS
That's perfect.
(to Chris)
Okay, Chris, you ready to try a few?

Chris nods, confused and nervous. Raina offers a supportive
"go get 'em" look. Carlos starts shooting. Chris puts his
hands on his hips and smiles, the way you would for a high
school football photo. Stands there, frozen.

CARLOS (CONT'D)
Okay, Chris. Let's just tone the
wattage on that smile down about a
hundred and ten percent. And hands
off the hips.

Chris does as he's told, but is left fidgeting, staring into
camera like a deer in head lights. Carlos looks to Raina,
who can see this is not going to go well. She gets up, walks
off. Carlos leans to an assistant:

CARLOS (CONT'D)
Let's get him a chair.

The assistant rushes in with a chair.

CARLOS (CONT'D)
Go ahead and try sitting down.
(he does)
Lean forward... No, no, back.
Drop your shoulder. Other one.
Look right into the lens. Don't
smile.

After a few more snaps, it's obvious none of this is working. Carlos stands up from his camera, not sure what to do. Just the SOUNDS OF DEF LEPPARD mercifully STOPS, and we,

CUT TO:

A HAND, SWIRLING THROUGH THE LIBRARY OF SONGS IN AN IPOD ATTACHED TO THE STEREO.

Widen to see the hand belongs to Raina...

She chooses a song, turns and walks back towards the photo shoot. Takes the scrunchy out of her hair, and lets it fall around her shoulders. As Raina arrives on set, we hear **MARY J. BLIGE, "TALK TO ME"** KICK IN. The mood in the room instantly changes as she approaches Chris, behind the chair. Leans in.

RAINA

Just relax, listen to the music.

She smooths her hands over his shoulders and down his arms. She whispers --

RAINA (CONT'D)

Close your eyes. Pretend you're in the shower--

Chris turns to ask a question, she turns him back, smooths his shoulders again.

RAINA (CONT'D)

(whispers)

You're in the shower and the water is warm... very, very warm... feel that?

CHRIS

Sort of.

RAINA

(whispers)

It's pouring own on you... and it's getting hotter... it feels good... you breathe in the steam and the heat...

Chris' breathing changes, he's visibly relaxing, his body moving with Raina's sensual description. She's right behind him, whispering in his ear. Carlos begins to see what he's looking for and starts shooting, circling Raina and Chris.

CARLOS

Touch him, Raina.

Raina runs her fingers gently through Chris' hair, he opens his eyes and turns to face Raina. SHUTTER CLICKS.

CARLOS (CONT'D)

Oh, that's good. That's so good...

Chris looks into Raina's eyes, drawn to her and she to him. He pulls Raina closer to him and she bends with his touch until they are face to face, so close and then... their lips are touching and they are lost in a kiss while SHUTTER CLICKS surround them. The moment goes on... until --

CARLOS (CONT'D)

Okay! Got what I need. Fantastic, you two.

Chris and Raina part, stunned by the pull between them and unable to let it go. Off this tableau --

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. RESIDENCE / HALLWAY - SAME

It looks like Spring Break in here, with beer bottles and trash, pretty people and a yellow caution sign on the wall that reads, "DON'T FEED THE MODELS." Chris follows Raina off through the dorm-like residence, wide-eyed to the party that unfolds before him. The residual sexual tension between them, still palpable.

RAINA

So, this is the residence.

(points)

My room's down there. Yours is...

She leads him to a particular door, opens it.

RAINA (CONT'D)

Here.

Raina may be blushing just a little as she enters...

INT. GUYS' APARTMENT / COMMON AREA - NIGHT

Raina and Chris enter to find Isaac and Egan, on a small couch, taking turns smoking from a bong. Gabriel hovers over them, fidgety. The common room is cramped, barely furnished, and anything but luxurious. There's a small attached kitchen and two doors that lead to adjoining bedrooms.

RAINA

(pointing to --)

Isaac, Egan and Gabriel.

(re: Chris)

This is Chris. He's Simon's new find and he's staying in here.

EGAN

In here? This ought to be good.

CHRIS

They said it's the only spot available.

GABRIEL

(to Egan)

E, can we do this thing?

CHRIS

If it'll get you out of my face, man.

Egan opens a box, pulls out a small packet of white powder, hands it to Gabriel in exchange for a wad of bills.

GABRIEL

(to Chris)

Welcome to the jungle, man.

Gabriel exits. Raina shoots a look to Isaac and Egan.

RAINA

I have to get ready for the Purple Party so be nice, okay?

(to Chris)

See you later?

CHRIS

Yeah.

The chemistry here does not go unnoticed by the other guys. Raina exits, Isaac gets up.

ISAAC

(to Chris)

You want a beer, brother?

CHRIS

More than you can imagine.

Isaac cracks open a bottle, hands it to him. Egan takes another hit off the bong, offers it to Chris, but Chris shakes him off, swigs from his beer.

EGAN

I can't believe they assigned Kai a roommate.

ISAAC

He's gonna be off his head.

Chris looks around, confused, takes another swig from his beer.

CHRIS

Who's Kai?

INT. RESIDENCE / GIRL'S ROOM - DAY

Raina enters to find Marissa on one of the beds, painting her toenails.

RAINA

Hey.

Marissa barely looks up. We HEAR someone THROWING UP in the bathroom.

 RAINA (CONT'D)
Who's that?

 MARISSA
Sonja. For the third time.

Raina goes to the bathroom door, pushes it open to see Sonja, wiping her face with a towel.

 RAINA
 (concerned)
Are you sick?

 SONJA
Are you an idiot?

Sonja slams the door shut.

 MARISSA
She's trying to get her weight down
for the party.

Sonja comes out of the bathroom, heads to the closet, starts flipping through clothes.

 MARISSA (CONT'D)
 (yelling to Sonja)
Everything in there is size zero.

 SONJA
Not a problem.

 MARISSA
 (under her breath)
It was last night...

Sonja comes out of the closet.

 SONJA
I heard that, you bitch.

Marissa smiles.

 SONJA (CONT'D)
Your closet is a disaster, anyway.
I'll have Vivienne dress me.

 RAINA
See you at the party--

Sonja ignores Raina, exits.

RAINA (CONT'D)

Is she mad at me about last night?

MARISSA

Of course she's mad at you. She's also mad at me for booking the Calvin Klein job.

RAINA

You booked it?

MARISSA

They put me on avail.

RAINA

So you didn't book it.

MARISSA

I'm using "the Secret" to bring it to me. Apparently it's down to me and one other girl.

RAINA

That would be me.

Off Marissa...

INT. RESIDENCE / HALLWAY - DAY

Sonja waits at the door to the guys' room. Egan appears.

EGAN

Here.

He hands her a bottle of pills.

SONJA

You're sure they burn fat?

EGAN

Like a mother. But be careful, if you take too many, they can stop your heart. Don't mix and match.

SONJA

Whatever. Thanks, Egan.

She shoves several bills into his hand. The ELEVATOR opens and Kai gets out.

SONJA (CONT'D)

Hold the elevator, Kai.

He does, she runs to catch it.

INT. GUYS' APARTMENT / COMMON AREA - DAY

Kai enters, heads to his room without bothering to say hello to Isaac, Egan or Chris. Chris jumps up.

CHRIS

Hey, are you Kai? I'm your new roommate.

Kai stares back at him with contempt.

KAI

I don't have a roommate, it's part of my deal.

CHRIS

This is the only empty room, and Simon said--

KAI

Oh, you're one of Simon's boys.

Kai picks Isaac's cellphone off the couch, begins to dial --

KAI (CONT'D)

I don't know what your buddy Simon told you, but you're not sleeping in my room. They call guys like you bottom dwellers. And guys like Simon, prey on guys like you, every day of the week.

CHRIS

Is that right?

KAI

(into phone)

Simon. This guy's not staying in my room, end of story...

Kai hands his phone to Chris.

KAI (CONT'D)

For you.

Chris takes the phone, as Kai goes into his room, shuts the door.

CHRIS
(into phone)
Hello?...

Off Chris...

INT. SIMON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Chris walks in, carrying his bags. The apartment's retro yet swank, lit with dozens of candles.

SIMON
The guest room is just down the hallway to the right. You have time to shower before the party. You want something to drink?

CHRIS
No, I'm good.

SIMON
Purple Magazine only has two issues a year, so the who's-who of fashion should be out tonight...

Simon starts rifling through Chris' bags...

SIMON (CONT'D)
Let's take a look at what you and Raina picked up today.
(rifling through shirts)
Not bad, not bad, going back immediately... take your clothes off, put this on.

He lays a shirt and pants out for Chris.

CHRIS
Right here?

Chris hesitates, wary.

SIMON
Don't tell me you're modest? At castings and shows, you're gonna be in front of fifty, sixty people, in a whole lot less than your skivvies. Come on.

Chris begrudgingly undresses down to his boxers.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Not bad. A bit beefy, and those sad little chest hairs will have to go, but we can work with this... Your neck's a little big, so's your waist.

Simon reaches his finger tips into the pants above the top of his crotch; Chris reflexively FLINCHES.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Calm down, cowboy, this isn't my first time at the rodeo.

CHRIS

Sorry, I'm just not really used to all of this.

SIMON

If I'm going to be helping you, you're gonna need to learn to trust me...

Simon drops down to his knees, much like a tailor would, looks up at Chris as he says...

SIMON (CONT'D)

You're gonna need to walk, talk, dress, and act the way that I tell you to. Now, come on, open up.

Chris widens his stance and Simon reaches up between his legs to measure his inseam. Chris FLINCHES again.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Okay, this is getting annoying... Believe me, if I wanted to touch you, I'd just touch you...

Chris, normally quick with his fists, can't believe what's happening. Simon stares back at him, daring him to react.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Do you have something you want to say? Because we can just stop right now?

Chris remains frozen, forced to swallow his pride.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Great, seems we have an understanding.

Off Simon, pleased with his little experiment...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

EXT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Swarms of people jostle around outside a trendy nightclub, the Paparazzi is there, flashing and filming. Find Chris, wearing a very model-esque outfit, following Simon through the crowd towards the red velvet rope. Chris remains an arm's length behind Simon, still not really sure what he's gotten himself into. The BOUNCER lets Simon right in, but stops Chris before he can enter.

BOUNCER

Private event.

SIMON

He's with me.

The bouncer gives Chris a once over, makes up his mind what Simon means by "with me," unclips the rope...

INT. NIGHTCLUB - MOMENTS LATER

Chris is in awe as he enters. The club is a large warehouse styled space, with multiple bars and a whisper lounge which are now decorated for The Purple Party. Large mock-ups of the latest issue of *Purple Magazine* are scattered about the room. Power players and pretty people mingle in booths and on cushioned sectionals.

The dance floor is packed with models and fashionistas from all over the world. We see every type and every color, from classic beauties, to exotics, to the ugly-chic. Chris follows Simon through the crowd, and into...

INT. NIGHTCLUB / WHISPER LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS

... the whisper lounge. It's small and dark, with booths and cocktail tables, but it's still close enough to the dance floor to hear the pump of the music. Simon smiles, puts his arm around Chris and gestures discreetly to the notables in the room.

SIMON

(gesturing discreetly)

Stella McCartney...

(then)

Tom Ford...

(then)

Betsy Johnson...

Simon spots designer ZAC POSEN, moves toward him.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Zac! Hi.

They give each other a kiss-kiss. Chris watches on.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Claudia absolutely loved the handbag you sent.

ZAC POSEN

Have her call me. I have a new campaign ramping up.

SIMON

First thing in the morning. Zac Posen, this is Chris Andrews--

Chris offers his hand to shake, which Zac Posen finds almost quaint.

CHRIS

Hi. Zac, is it?

ZAC POSEN

(amused)

Yes.

Zac smiles to Simon, *"where'd you find him?"*

SIMON

Chris is fresh off the farm.

ZAC POSEN

Enjoy corrupting him.

SIMON

Oh, I will.

Simon LAUGHS and ushers Chris across the room.

INT. NIGHTCLUB / ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Raina enters, looks around, knows no one. Spotting Marissa at the bar, she heads over.

INT. NIGHTCLUB / BAR - NIGHT

Marissa takes a sip of her martini as Raina walks up.

MARISSA

Martini?

RAINA

No, thanks. Who ARE all these people? I don't recognize anyone.

MARISSA

You will, once you've worked a little more.

Raina feels that dig, but sees Sonja enter the club, WEARING THE ONE OF A KIND CALVIN KLEIN DRESS FOR FRANCO'S SHOOT.

RAINA

Oh, my god.

MARISSA

What?

(sees Sonja)

Are you kidding me? How did she get that dress?

Sonja walks toward them, working that dress and enjoying the moment.

MARISSA (CONT'D)

You stole the Calvin Klein? Are you psychotic?

SONJA

Vivienne told me to go through her stock and take whatever I wanted. This one called out to me.

Sonja stretches her arm out on the bar, smiles seductively at Franco, who is approaching, with Claudia. Franco arrives with a wicked smile on his face; more turned on than outraged.

FRANCO

Sonja, you bad, bad girl. That dress looks like it was made for you.

SONJA

Say the word, and it was.

FRANCO

(leaning in, whispering)

I didn't know you had it in you.

(then, for Claudia's benefit)

I may just have to re-think this campaign. We may need a recognizable face after all.

Claudia plays it off. Off Sonja smiling, vindicated,

INT. NIGHTCLUB / ENTRANCE / COAT CHECK AREA - NIGHT

Isaac checks his coat while Egan checks his hair in a mirrored wall.

ISAAC

Afraid you're too ugly to get laid?

EGAN

At least you've got Vivienne to fall back on. Literally.

Isaac shoots him a 'fuck off' look as Gabriel skitters up to Egan. He's fidgety; his eyes are wet and a little wild.

GABRIEL

Yo, Egan, hook me up.

EGAN

I know you are not asking me what you seem to be asking me, right here at the front of club. I know you are not that dumb.

GABRIEL

Come on, dude. It's time to party.

EGAN

Looks like you started the party too early.

Egan discreetly pulls a vial of powder from his pocket, slides it to Gabriel.

GABRIEL

I'll get you back at the residence.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)

Thanks, man.

Gabriel disappears into the crowd. Isaac shoots Egan a disapproving look, as they move into the party.

INT. NIGHTCLUB / BAR - NIGHT

Chris and Simon take drinks from the bartender, scope out the crowd. Simon spots HARVEY COMSTOCK, 50's, across the room, talking with Claudia.

SIMON

There's Harvey Comstock, the
Editorial Director of VOGUE.

(hands Chris his drink)
Watch for my signal, then bring
over the drinks.

Simon moves away. Marissa slides up next to Chris, who is
now holding two drinks.

MARISSA

Enjoying your date?

CHRIS

It's not a date. Simon's just
helping me get started.

MARISSA

I'm pretty sure you're the only one
in this room who believes that.
Simon's been telling everyone he
has you living with him, now. I'm
Marissa.

Chris isn't crazy about the smirk on Marissa's face. He
looks over to see Simon chatting up HARVEY COMSTOCK with
Claudia. At that moment, Simon waves to Chris and motions
for him to come over.

MARISSA (CONT'D)

Better hop to it. Simon hates for
his boys to keep him waiting.

Chris is about to fire back at Marissa, but instead, heads
over to

SIMON... who takes his drink from Chris with a smile.

SIMON

Oh, baby, thank you.
(to Harvey)
Come meet Harvey--

CHRIS

Don't do that.

SIMON

Do what?

CHRIS

I'm not your baby.

Simon exchanges uncomfortable looks with Harvey and Claudia.

CLAUDIA
Excuse me, Harvey...

Claudia heads off, but as she does, leans into Simon.

CLAUDIA (CONT'D)
Get a grip on that kid, Simon.

SIMON
We're fine.
(as she goes, to Chris)
Loosen up, we're here to have fun,
have a sip of that drink.

Simon places his arm on Chris' back but Chris throws Simon's arm off, pushing him away.

CHRIS
Quit touching me--

Simon falls back into Harvey, spilling Harvey's drink all over his suit.

SIMON
(turning on Chris)
Have you lost your mind?

CHRIS
I'm not your boyfriend. If that's
what this is about, forget it.

SIMON
Oh, believe me, any interest I had
is forgotten. Now leave before I
have you thrown out.

Chris turns and goes. Simon hurries to Harvey, begins wiping the alcohol off his trousers.

SIMON (CONT'D)
I'm so sorry Harvey--

HARVEY
Get your hands off me, Simon. And
get that client of yours back here.
He's the first kid I've met all
night who isn't just another pretty
boy.

SIMON
Harvey, all due respect--

HARVEY
(to Claudia)
Can you get him for me or not?

CLAUDIA
Absolutely.
(to Simon)
Simon?

Simon is mortified and angry, but he does as he's told. Off Simon's exit,

INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Chris pushes angrily through the crowd, passing Raina without speaking to her. Raina's confused by the snub but then sees Sonja coming out of a private curtained booth, disheveled and upset. Sonja runs to the women's room. A moment later, Raina sees Franco exit the curtained booth, straightening his shirt and looking around, pissed. Raina follows Sonja to --

INT. NIGHTCLUB / COMMUNAL BATHROOM - NIGHT

Raina enters, HEARS SOBS, follows them to the end stall. Raina knocks on the door --

RAINA
Sonja...

Unlocked, the stall door swings open to reveal Sonja, crying uncontrollably.

SONJA
Could you please leave me the hell alone?!

RAINA
What's wrong? What happened with Franco?

Raina notices that the side zipper on Sonja's \$20,000 dress is ripped.

RAINA (CONT'D)
Oh, my god, Sonja... the zipper is almost out. What did he do?

SONJA
He said if I was desperate enough to steal the dress, I was desperate enough to let him take it off. No one's ever treated me like that. I'm through...

RAINA

No, Sonja. You're a star--

Raina tries to touch Sonja, but Sonja pulls away, violently.

SONJA

Don't you dare feel sorry for me.
This is going to be you in a few
years, just wait.

Raina sees the fear in Sonja's eyes. Sonja slams past her
and exits the bathroom. Off Raina,

INT. NIGHTCLUB / ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Chris pushes his way toward the entrance as Simon catches up
to him, grabs his arm.

SIMON

Chris--

CHRIS

I don't want to talk to you--

SIMON

Do you want a job? Because Mr.
VOGUE Magazine is back there
drooling over you for manhandling
me.

Off Chris, confused,

INT. NIGHTCLUB / COMMUNAL BATHROOM - NIGHT

Egan and Marissa enter together as Raina is leaving the
bathroom.

MARISSA

Having fun?

Raina ignores her, exits. Marissa looks to Egan, who shrugs,
pulls out a vial of coke.

MARISSA (CONT'D)

(kidding)

You're not going to charge me for
this, are you?

EGAN

Actually, I am.

Egan kisses Marissa. It's a good one. Marissa's surprised by how good. Just then, Gabriel enters, holding hands with a KATE MOSS LOOK-A-LIKE.

GABRIEL

(to Egan)

I need a little more, bro.

EGAN

You already blew what I gave you?

GABRIEL

Got a lot of friends. Had to share. Come on, I'm good for it. I'm on avail for Hugo Boss and Roberto Cavalli.

Egan considers for a beat. He's more upset about having his time with Marissa interrupted. He slips Gabriel another packet of powder.

EGAN

Take it somewhere else. This is a private party.

Gabriel looks to Marissa. Smiles.

GABRIEL

Egan's moving up in the world. Or you're moving down...

MARISSA

Bite me, loser--

EGAN

(to Gabriel)

Just go, okay?

GABRIEL

Sure, bro.

Gabriel takes the coke and the girl, moves down the row of stalls, heads into one, laughing and flirting. Egan looks back to Marissa, who is now hyper aware of being affiliated with someone beneath her status.

MARISSA

I'm going back to the party--

Egan grabs her arm, pulls her to him. They hold the moment, close together before Egan kisses Marissa deeply. Again, it's good. Marissa pull away slightly, considers, then leads Egan into a stall and closes the door.

INT. NIGHTCLUB / COAT CHECK ROOM - NIGHT

Raina sees Sonja take a long black coat from the COATCHECK GIRL, drape it around herself and hurry out the door. Raina turns and scans the crowd until she spots Franco. A beat, she makes a beeline for him.

INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Raina approaches Franco.

 RAINA
 (seductively)
 Got a minute?

 FRANCO
 Depends. What do you want?

 RAINA
 (leans in, whispers)
 The job.

He smiles at her.

 FRANCO
 Why don't we step into my office
 and discuss it.

He opens the curtain to the private booth, Raina saunters in.

INT. NIGHTCLUB / PRIVATE BOOTH - NIGHT

It's dark, cozy as Franco follows Raina in. He slides his hands onto her hips and turns her toward him.

 FRANCO
 Now, exactly how much do you want
 the job?

 RAINA
 That's hard to put into words.

 FRANCO
 Then show me.

As he lifts her up onto the table and lays her back, we see that Raina has her cellphone out and is recording.

 RAINA
 Is this how all the girls book
 campaigns?

FRANCO

It's how you will. I'm about to make some lucky girl a star. Why not you?

Franco kisses her neck, takes down the straps of her dress. It's then he notices the cell/camera.

FRANCO (CONT'D)

You like to take pictures, dirty girl?

RAINA

Video, actually.

FRANCO

Even better. Send me a copy.

RAINA

I will. Right after I email it to a friend for safe keeping.

She hits 'send' on her phone.

RAINA (CONT'D)

I'm fifteen.

Franco stops pawing her.

FRANCO

Is this a joke?

RAINA

Am I laughing?

Franco realizes she's serious, grabs her phone but the file has been sent.

RAINA (CONT'D)

So. Here's what's going to happen...

Off Franco, trapped,

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

FADE IN:

INT. NIGHTCLUB / COMMUNAL BATHROOM / STALL - NIGHT

Egan has Marissa up against the wall, kissing her passionately. They're both into it when suddenly, we hear a SCREAM.

KATE MOSS LOOK-A-LIKE
Help! Oh, my god! Somebody help!

Egan and Marissa run to find Gabriel on the floor of the bathroom, having a seizure. His wispy girlfriend is high and freaking out. Egan checks Gabriel.

EGAN
(to the girl)
Call 9-1-1.

KATE MOSS LOOK-A-LIKE
Oh, my god...

EGAN
Do it!

KATE MOSS LOOK-A-LIKE
I can't be involved in this.

She runs out. Egan looks to Marissa.

EGAN
We gotta get out of here.

MARISSA
We can't leave him like this-- he's having a seizure or something.

Egan takes Marissa's hand and pulls her out of the stall.

EGAN
They'll take care of him. We can't be here.

MARISSA
I'm calling for help.

And as Marissa dials 911...

INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Simon follows Chris as he approaches Claudia and Harvey Comstock. Claudia sees Chris coming, is overly friendly --

CLAUDIA

There he is!

CHRIS

(defensively)

You wanted to talk to me?

CLAUDIA

Harvey's intrigued by you. He thinks there may be something for you down the road at VOGUE.

CHRIS

(to Harvey, skeptically)

Really.

HARVEY

I'd like you to come by the magazine next week, meet some people. Claudia will set it up.

Chris looks to Claudia, whose smile confirms what Harvey said.

CHRIS

Well, that would be... that sounds great. Thank you.

HARVEY

And wear your own clothes.

Chris looks at the clothes Simon insisted he wear.

HARVEY (CONT'D)

I want to see *you*. Not some stylist's idea of who you are.

CHRIS

Yes, sir.

Harvey kisses Claudia on the cheek, exits. Simon stares daggers at Chris.

SIMON

(to Claudia)

I won't work with him.

CLAUDIA

Don't be stupid. Of course you will. Enjoy the fact that you were right about him having something special and take the commission.

(MORE)

CLAUDIA (CONT'D)

Otherwise, I'll be forced to hire
an agent who will.

Simon is seething. He exchanges a look with Chris as Franco
walks up to the group.

FRANCO

(agitated)

Claudia, I need to talk with you
about the campaign. I've made a
decision.

CLAUDIA

Fantastic. Who's the lucky girl,
Marissa or Raina?

FRANCO

Sonja.

CLAUDIA

I'm sorry. Did you say *Sonja*?

FRANCO

You heard me. Is she available?

CLAUDIA

Yes. Of course. But why--

FRANCO

Are you really going to argue with
me about hiring your most expensive
client?

CLAUDIA

I'll have her at your office first
thing in the morning. I think
Sonja's a dynamite pick.

FRANCO

That's better.

(then)

Good night.

Franco walks away.

SIMON

What the hell was that?

CLAUDIA

Something must have happened to
change his mind. But if he wants
to pay four times the money, I'll
be happy to take it.

Chris watches Franco exiting. An unfriendly look passes between Franco and Raina on Franco's way out. Chris wonders what that was about when suddenly, PARAMEDICS rush into the club. Chris heads in the direction of the disturbance, sees Marissa and Egan coming toward him.

CHRIS

Did somebody get hurt?

EGAN

I don't know, man. We're heading out.

Marissa barely looks at Chris as they pass. Chris joins the crowd of onlookers outside of the bathroom, which includes Isaac.

ISAAC

It's Gabriel. I think he overdosed or something.

CHRIS

Or something.

The crowd pushes back to make room for paramedics to wheel Gabriel out on a gurney. As the gurney passes Claudia, Isaac hears her tell Simon - -

CLAUDIA

That's it. Take him off the board.
He's finished.

(then)

But first find a suitable
replacement for the Hugo Boss job.

Off Isaac, absorbing the callousness of this world,

INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Vivienne is sitting in a booth with a GORGEOUS YOUNG MALE MODEL when Isaac comes up.

ISAAC

(to Vivienne)

Sorry to interrupt, but I need to
talk to you.

Vivienne doesn't move a muscle.

VIVIENNE

Call my office and make an
appointment.

She's fucking with him and he knows it. He's going to have to earn it. He leans on the table, getting closer to her.

ISAAC

Afraid it can't wait, love. It's urgent.

Vivienne keeps eye contact with Isaac as she loops her arm through the gorgeous male model's --

VIVIENNE

I don't want to be rude to Jeffrey.

ISAAC

Then allow me.

(to the male model)

Move or I'll take your bloody arm off.

Unsure of how to react, the male model looks to Vivienne, who's suddenly turned on...

VIVIENNE

Take a walk, Jeffrey.

Jeffrey exits, Isaac takes his place.

ISAAC

I've been thinking about your offer.

VIVIENNE

The position's been filled.

ISAAC

You mean Jeffrey? I wouldn't have walked away from you just now.

VIVIENNE

No, you walked away from me earlier, so crawling back now--

Isaac stops her with a kiss full on the mouth. When they part, Isaac says --

ISAAC

Send Jeffrey home.

A wicked smile spreads across Vivienne's face. Off which,

INT. RESIDENCE / BATHROOM - NIGHT

Find Sonja taking off her makeup in the bathroom mirror. The harsh light only serves to reinforce her insecurities.

As the reality dawns on her that it really might be over, Sonja begins to cry. She can't do this anymore. Going a little mad, she flings open the medicine cabinet, rifles through pill bottles until she finds the ONE. She looks at it soberly for a moment before unscrewing the top and pouring out a HANDFUL OF PILLS. As she contemplates her next move, the PHONE RINGS. AND RINGS. Sonja finally looks at the caller ID, it's CLAUDIA --

SONJA
(hoarsely)
Hello?...

EXT. NIGHTCLUB / VALET LINE - NIGHT (INTERCUT)

Claudia hands a ticket to the valet.

CLAUDIA
(into phone)
Sonja, darling. I'm so glad I caught you. Get a good night's sleep, baby, you have a fitting tomorrow morning.

SONJA
A fitting? For what?

CLAUDIA
Calvin Klein. You got the campaign.

Sonja can't believe what she's hearing.

SONJA
I don't understand...

CLAUDIA
Franco was very clear. He wants you. Be at FOCUS at ten a.m., we'll go over the details before the fitting.
(then)
Congratulations, you're back in the game.

Claudia hangs up.

SONJA

Takes a hard look at herself in the mirror: mascara-smudged eyes, tear stains running down her face, holding a handful of pills. As she meets her own eyes in the mirror, dumps the pills down the drain...

INT. NIGHTCLUB / BAR - NIGHT

Raina sits on a barstool, sipping a Coke. Chris walks up, gets the bartender's eye.

CHRIS

I'll have what she's having.

Raina looks up to Chris.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Crazy night here.

RAINA

I hope Gabriel is going to be okay.
I heard Claudia dropped him from
the agency.

CHRIS

Tough room.

RAINA

Tell me about it.

CHRIS

So, word is, Sonja's getting that
big campaign.

RAINA

(feigning ignorance)
Really? Good for her.

CHRIS

You threw it, didn't you?

RAINA

I don't know what you're talking
about.

CHRIS

I saw the look Franco gave you on
his way out. You threw it.
(their eyes connect)
You're nothing like all these
people, are you?

RAINA

Look who's talking.

Chris smiles. So does Raina.

CHRIS

Walk you home?

RAINA

I'd like that.

Chris offers his hand, Raina takes it and stands. Off the two of them, making their exit, hand-in-hand, through the beautiful, ambitious crowd and...

EXT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

... onto the New York City street, alive with fashionably-dressed people on their way and in a hurry to get there. In the midst of the hustle and chaos, Chris and Raina take their time, enjoying the walk, together.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE BEAUTIFUL LIFE