

FALL FASHION

Written by

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

JO MILLER (28) -- An American fashion student in London who orchestrates her way to the top.

ELEANOR JAMES (28) -- A gifted, English designer whose partnership with Jo devolves from creative collaboration to destructive power struggle.

ALEX FULHAM (30) -- A sharp, idealistic Scotland Yard detective whose investigation of Jo's drug connections leads him to murder and romance.

CAMILLE DOHERTY (40) -- A fashion buyer who bankrolls Jo's line and sends the pair to Tokyo Fashion Week.

ROGER BENDRICKS (40) -- Alex's supervisor at Scotland Yard, a decent man compromised by Jo's manipulation.

WILLIAM FINLAY (50) -- A forensic technician at Scotland Yard whose chocolate addiction is matched only by his expertise.

AL HODGESON (60) -- A professor at Central Saint Martins who worships McQueen's ghost while failing to see the talent in front of him.

VICTORIA MILLER (55) -- Jo's icy, puritanical mother, a woman who clawed her way from poverty to wealth and quietly recognizes the monster she raised.

HAROLD JAMES (65) -- Eleanor's ill father, a man too proud to compliment his daughter and too frail to protect her.

NATHAN SIMS (26) -- Jo's murdered friend, a designer whose stolen portfolio and shallow grave haunt the narrative.

TOM DOHERTY (40) -- Camille's neglected husband, whose affair with Eleanor sets a chain of professional and personal destruction in motion.

LETICIA (30) -- A buyer aligned with Camille who provides the corporate polish to Jo's artistic ambition.

LUKE LEDVA (45) -- An Australian designer and Tokyo keynote speaker whose speech about hope becomes the cruelest irony.

FRED (30) -- Jo's disposable boyfriend, discarded the moment he asks for something real.

MRS. SIMS (60) -- Nathan's hollowed-out mother, still living with her dead son's pet and the ghost of his room.

MAID 1 -- Jo's loyal household staffer and unlikely confidante, the closest thing Jo has to a friend.

INT. ENGLISH COTTAGE - NIGHT

NATHAN SIMS (26) runs for his life. Dark blood, hot and thick, surges from his throat. A KILLER is in pursuit.

Nathan barrels over a stack of hardcovers on his way out of one room. He overturns a lamp on his way into another.

A knife slashes through air, advancing with haste, before brutally stabbing Nathan. His legs tremble, then give way.

Nathan Sims collapses in a pile. He gurgles and chokes on his own blood, then unceremoniously passes away.

EXT. WYCOMBE SQUARE - TWO YEARS LATER - DAY

London's Royal Borough of Kensington and Chelsea.

Neo-Georgian houses, among the finest in England.

MAID 1 exits one such home with a dog on a leash.

MAID 2 exits another home. She, too, leads a dog.

They look towards a red door with gold numbering.

Slowly, it opens. JO MILLER (28) cradles her dog.

She steps out. Thick hair, arguing with the wind.

EXT. SHEFFIELD TERRACE - DAY

Jo and the two Maids walk. Jo's corgi wags an eager tail. While both Maids wear matronly, black-and-white uniforms that express civility and compliance, Jo Miller wears an outfit that reveals capacity and competence. Also, style.

There is a fine line between fashion and style, and Jo is effortlessly navigating their shared border. She sports a linen apricot dress with gold buttons, plus gold peep-toe heels to match. Jewelry from Verdura, though almost as an afterthought. She is an American in London. She is bright.

Her appearance, her nationality, and her privilege: Three reasons why Jo Miller so intrigues one ELEANOR JAMES (28).

The Englishwoman grips laundry bags, studies the American from the next block. Eleanor is conventionally attractive, though it's obscured by a regimen of ill-applied eyeliner and burgeoning mental illness. Her socioeconomic struggle starkly presents: dry and matted hair, dull and thin skin.

Eleanor stands in judgment of Jo. Adjusts an unwieldy bag.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Jo enters. She releases her dog; he scampers to a bowl.

Jo heads up a staircase and continues into her bedroom.

Lined up are ten mannequins. Each displays garments of Jo's own clever invention. She paces left to right, as if a drill sergeant evaluating a platoon. Pleased with herself, she photographs the collection.

INT. LAUNDERETTE - DAY

Eleanor works. Sweeping and sewing, ironing and folding.

INT. ELEANOR'S FLAT - NIGHT

Drab, tenement housing. On Eleanor's sole mannequin rests a firebrick blouse. Eleanor's laser-like, almost athletic focus is trained on the garment: Lapels. Pockets. Buttons.

Eleanor shifts her attention to the kitchen sink, where a German roach waits patiently on the dull, stainless steel.

The bug's curious antennae: they wave crisp figure eights.

INT. CENTRAL SAINT MARTINS - DAY

Jo and Eleanor are in studio, graduate students finishing their Master's in Fashion at Central Saint Martins School of Fashion and Textiles. AL HODGESON (60) boldly lectures.

HODGESON

History will remember that Alexander McQueen was born right here in London. A cogent argument can be made, however, that he was born right here: at Central Saint Martins. In any event, McQueen was born naked, without the clothes he would come to admire. Unfortunately, McQueen died naked, hanging in the closet with the clothes he had come to love.

Hodgeson talks to hear himself talk, and Jo listens with rapt attention. Unstirred, Eleanor sketches evening wear.

HODGESON

When McQueen was alive, so too, was his imagination. He abandoned formal education at age sixteen, choosing fashion design in its stead.

(MORE)

HODGESON (cont'd)
 He learned tailoring on Savile Row, and pattern-making from costumiers Angels and Bermans. Then, in 1990, McQueen arrived at Saint Martins. Once here, he worked tirelessly. In this studio, in that seat. His thesis collection was acquired by Isabella Blow; his eponymous line by Gucci Group shortly thereafter.

Jo smiles in the wake of his garish poetry.

HODGESON
 Today, years later, McQueen is gone. He has left our hallowed halls...he has left our hollow lives. Tomorrow, I ask that you bring one piece from your thesis collections. Allow us the opportunity to improve upon one piece in your collection that could use outside input. Collaboration worked for McQueen; now let it work for you. Because the fact remains, Alexander is gone, but we are here.

(beat)

Embrace opportunity... Embrace it, for tomorrow you will die.

INT. HALL/OFFICE - DAY

Jo negotiates a crowded hall. Knocks on Hodgeson's door.

HODGESON
 Jo, yes. Have a seat.

She sits, demurely smooths her skirt to avoid creasing.

HODGESON
 How's the collection coming along?

JO
 It's going well. I actually finished a few weeks ago, so it's more about making adjustments at this point.

HODGESON
 Congratulations. Finishing accounts for 90% of success. In any endeavour.

JO
 I just read that Vivienne Westwood once said, "Finishing a collection is like having a child."

(MORE)

JO (cont'd)
They both bring something into the world that wasn't there before."

HODGESON
"And they're both a terrific pain in the ass."

They share a smile, dispense with formalities.

HODGESON
Jo, I'm curious about your plans.

JO
Well, like everyone else, I hope my collection makes an impression so I can continue doing the work.

HODGESON
Do you intend to stay in London?

JO
I do. I love it here. My parents have settled in nicely, so I want to split time between New York and London. But that's a bit ambitious.

HODGESON
There's no such thing as being "a bit" ambitious. A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Woman is either willing to kill for her vision or is not. Degrees of want are silly to quantify, so in that regard... Have you ever considered teaching?

JO
Teaching? Like a professor?

HODGESON
Like an adjunct.

JO
I mean, that would be amazing, but again, I'm looking to establish my own line. It's flattering, but I'm really looking to get backing.

HODGESON
I understand. But be practical, Jo. The fashion landscape is cluttered with once bright lights now dimmed by expired filament. To be certain, your output is commendable.

JO

But...

HODGESON

I don't know if it's inspired.

JO

In my last review, you said that my work is "consistently excellent."

HODGESON

It is. Unfortunately, "consistently excellent" gets you into this school. "Occasionally transcendent" catapults you out of it.

JO

Wait. Do you think I have a chance to show the best collection?

HODGESON

I do.

JO

Just not a good chance. Like, steel yourself for disappointment.

HODGESON

Life is full of disappointment, dear. The fashion business is no exception.

JO

I think I see what you're saying.

(beat)

There's a very fine line between grade A work, and A+ work.

HODGESON

... It's actually a very thick line.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

The STAFF prepare the house for a formal gathering. Along with MAID 1, Jo sets the vast, ornate dining room table. She places a crab fork. Maid 1 slightly adjusts it. Jo smiles. Her mother, prim and proper VICTORIA MILLER (55), observes the interaction.

MRS. MILLER

I'm sure Mary appreciates your help.

(beat)

We pay her well for her work, Jo.

JO

I'm sure she appreciates the help.

Mrs. Miller tries another tack.

MRS. MILLER
Were you out with your dog earlier?

JO
Eben is "our" dog, Mom. And yes, I was out. He's keeping me in shape.

MRS. MILLER
May I ask that he keep you in line?

Jo fumbles a place fork.

JO
Is it out of line to walk my dog?

MRS. MILLER
When you pick up after it, then set the table, it's not exactly civil.

JO
If your concern was about hygiene, you'd have a point. But it's not. It's about "What Will People Think?"

MRS. MILLER
We've been here over two years and the closest friends you have are the staff. What will people think?

JO
Maybe that I'm down to earth and a relatively well-adjusted human.
(beat)
The British know we're rich, Mom. We don't need to rub their noses in shit every chance that we get.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The party in full swing. MOVERS and SHAKERS wear black tie.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jo fits a thesis dress on MODEL 1. Jo pulls, prods, twists.

MODEL 1
Your parents have a lot of parties?

JO
More or less. When they leave town on weekends, I have my own parties. You should come by Friday night.

She makes a final adjustment, steps back to evaluate.

JO
What do you think?

MODEL 1
It's nice, Jo. But I'm not the
Saint Martins graduate student.

JO
Oh, stop. Studying fashion at
Saint Martins is like playing
soccer -- football -- at Cambridge.
Maybe one player at Cambridge goes
pro, and only one designer at CSM
gets their thesis bought. The rest
of us slave away for the big houses.

MODEL 1
Sounds worse than modeling... Are
you friendly with Mark and Steve?

JO
Hm. I'll invite them, too.

MODEL 1
They're a great night out.
(beat)
Do you know Eleanor James?

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Eleanor threads a chenille needle. Pins a dress on MODEL 2.
She guides the needle through thick gingham. It breaks the
surface like a dolphin, submerges, and reappears once more.

The needle pierces skin. Draws a pearl of blood and a yelp.

ELEANOR
Sorry.

MODEL 2
It's okay.

ELEANOR
That hurt. Do you need a minute?

MODEL 2
No, it's the job. Besides, Eleanor,
if I'm gonna get stabbed by anyone,
I'd rather get stabbed by you.
Everyone with taste loves your work,
even if other people think it's odd.
(MORE)

MODEL 2 (cont'd)

(beat)

That came out wrong. "Odd" is good.
You're ahead of your time.

Eleanor ignores this, cuts fabric with steel pinking shears.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

In the shadows, Jo and Maid 1 watch the party from a balcony.

MAID 1

Look at your mother. When she was
your age, her best friend was the
mirror. Now she's 30 years past a
prime she can't bear to let go of.

JO

There are only so many ways one can
eat foie gras, there are only a few
variations on the way Figaro can be
married... I used to think of her as
an Ice Queen. But at least ice melts.

Mrs. Miller mingles. Yellow diamonds and no hint of a smile.

JO

My mom grew up poor. Not lower-
middle class poor, but poor-poor.

(beat)

She always wanted the life that
every girl gets to live. I want
the life that no girl gets to live.

MAID 1

You already have that life.

JO

I do. Do you want to trade?

MAID 1

No. Not in two million years.

Jo smiles, and Maid 1 places a motherly hand on her back.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Tossing and turning, Jo combats a restless, fitful sleep.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Jo places flowers at a granite headstone -- NATHAN SIMS.

A tear works its way down her face. Followed by another.

INT. LAUNDERETTE - DAY

Eleanor sweeps and mops linoleum tile. Back and forth.
Exhausted, she looks at the spin cycle. Over and over.

INT. BANK - DAY

Eleanor is received by a slovenly TELLER (50).

ELEANOR
I was hoping to speak to someone
about getting an extension on my
student loan payments.

TELLER
What are you studying?

ELEANOR
Art. Design, specifically.

He picks up a phone, dials.

TELLER
You shouldn't be carrying loans if
you're studying the arts, you know.

ELEANOR
Sorry to let you down.

TELLER
You let your father down, not me.
(beat)
Student loans. More like "student
groans," innit?

Teller laughs obnoxiously at her. Eleanor lowers an eye.

INT. FLAT - DAY

Uninspired, Eleanor evaluates a blouse on her mannequin.
She casually tears it off. Then, she sees another roach.
Eleanor weaponizes the blouse, the button now a warhead.
She closes in on the roach, then strikes. It limps away.

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

Eleanor eats alone. Watches Jo hold court with STUDENTS.

INT. STUDIO - DAY

For peer review, Jo presents a gown from her collection.

JO

My thesis aims for dramatically constructed pieces that combine elements of Welsh tailoring and French couture. Most of my looks include billowy dresses cut into hourglass silhouettes, and frock coats paired with sharp, angular suiting. As you can see here, I'm still focusing on dark, classic gowns that are covered by intricate embroidery and lace.

HODGESON

You give us intricate embroidery and lace, we ask for intelligent embroidery and life.

The color drains from Jo's eyes.

HODGESON

When I asked for the weakest link in your collections, I did expect works-in-progress. Now, the key word is "progress," as the goal is progression and not regression.

(beat)

Okay, next up... Eleanor James.

ELEANOR

I don't have anything to preview.

HODGESON

Will you be finished by show time?

ELEANOR

I don't know if I'm ever finished.

(beat)

Honestly, Sir: My work is rubbish.

HODGESON

Your work is exceptional, Eleanor. It's your attitude that's rubbish.

(beat)

There is a lot more to the clothes than simply "the clothes." There's also the human, and their humanity.

He stares her down.

HODGESON

"Art without the artist...is not art at all."

ELEANOR
Who said that?

HODGESON
I did.

ELEANOR
We can tell. It's a shit quote.

Classmates laugh. All but Jo, who studies Eleanor intently.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Eleanor walks home, flanked by distressed brick and mortar. Jo follows her. Corner after corner, she keeps up the pace. Then, walking around a final corner, Jo loses track of her. Ready to give up the chase, Jo turns straight into Eleanor.

ELEANOR
Why are you following me?

Jo, startled.

ELEANOR
You're a long way from Wycombe Square.

Eleanor feels the lapel on Jo's blazer. Jo swats her hand.

JO
Seriously...? When I see you around my neighborhood, spying on me, do I stop you and say, "You're a long way from East London"? No, I don't, because that would be horrible and classist and fucked. Don't you ever put your hands on me again.

Eleanor recedes, unnerved by a calm, cold-blooded delivery.

ELEANOR
I was just getting clothes.

JO
There are no fabric stores near me.

ELEANOR
I was only getting clothes.

JO
I know. There aren't any --

ELEANOR
Clothes... To wash.

A wave of embarrassment passes over Jo.

JO
 I'm sorry. For what it's worth,
 I think you're the best designer
 in school. So today you may be
 washing people's clothes, but
 tomorrow you'll be making them.
 Talent and tenacity always win.

ELEANOR
 That's a fallacy. It assumes class
 mobility and a level playing field.

JO
 Sure. But the arts are a roll of
 the dice, anyway.

ELEANOR
 ... Not when the dice are weighted.

Jo's focus shifts to a candy shop. She nods at the display.

JO
 Do you like candy?

ELEANOR
 Chocolates, mainly. Milk and dark.

JO
 Who doesn't love chocolate, right?
 (beat)
 Do you enjoy other types of candy?

ELEANOR
 ... I like taffy, I suppose.

JO
 You're not hearing me.
 (smiling)
 Do you like candy, Eleanor?

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

A thick line of cocaine, mashed with a Harrods gift card.

JO
 Hodgeson is always going on and on
 about McQueen, right?

ELEANOR
 When he's not drooling over Stella.

JO

McQueen's father was a taxi driver.
No one at Saint Martins knows that.
Now, Stella McCartney's father was
a Beatle, so...all of us know that.

ELEANOR

What's your point?

JO

No matter how humble our beginnings,
our endings won't be determined by
birth, but by talent.

ELEANOR

Do you honestly believe that, or is
it some talking point you've read?

JO

Both.

Eleanor's eyes narrow, taking in the American.

ELEANOR

I can't determine whether you're
stupid or cunning.

JO

I want to see your collection.

ELEANOR

I'm leaning toward stupid.

JO

I want to see your collection.

ELEANOR

Look...privilege incubates talent.
Poor people don't have the luxury
of studying philosophy or pottery.

JO

... I need to see your collection.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

The collection is vividly displayed by ceiling hangers.

JO

You're gonna get this bought.

ELEANOR

Hodgeson hates me. And he has pull
with the committee.

Jo examines a pleated blouse and purple sheath.

JO
With my work, it's 99% perspiration,
and 1% inspiration. With your work,
it's 99% inspiration, and 1%
perspiration.

ELEANOR
I work hard.

JO
No. I work hard. You work smart.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Jo sprinkles cocaine on a pot-packed pipe.

ELEANOR
Buyers want a presence. They're not
gonna champion the dowdy local girl.

JO
You're gorgeous -- you just don't
spend all your time watching makeup
tutorials. And it's not like I'm
who they want to back, either.

ELEANOR
You're exactly who they want. Not
"what" they want, but "who" they
want. An American in London? Check.
Daddy is a highly esteemed
commodities broker? Check. Handing
his fresh-faced progeny the golden
ticket? Checkmate.

Jo's silence confers agreement.

ELEANOR
Do you know what they call me?
The other designers?

JO
They don't call you anything.

ELEANOR
I'd respect you more for answering.

They face off.

JO
Eleanor Smell-anor... It's mean.

ELEANOR

It gets hot where I work. Then I go straight from work to class.

JO

Those people aren't my friends.

ELEANOR

... Do you know what they call you?

JO

They call me something?

Eleanor lights the pipe.

JO

What do they call me?

Jo forces a smile.

JO

Seriously, what do they call me?

Eleanor exhales a plume of smoke.

ELEANOR

Miss America.

EXT. WESTMINSTER BRIDGE - DUSK

A cold sun sets over London.

ELEANOR

Your parents can't bankroll a line?

JO

They see fashion as frivolous. Some families go from rags to riches, and some go from riches to rags. Both my parents' families went from riches to rags, and then again back to riches. So they never, ever want to go back.

ELEANOR

They're wealthy and want to stay wealthy. Keep the candle burning.

JO

Right. Major in economics, marry well, Design is Strictly a Hobby.
(beat)

I don't care about the money, I care about the credit... My name.

ELEANOR

Oh, I'm the opposite. I don't care
about the credit, I want the money.
(beat)

Nah. I care a lot about the credit,
but it's just not happening for me.

The two look out at the water. Ships pass in the night.

JO

Your work, my name.

ELEANOR

What?

JO

Let's pair my name, my face, and
my pedigree, with your skill set.

Eleanor studies a ship, not entirely opposed to the idea.

JO

It's not happening for you; you
said it yourself. If you're gonna
slave away in corporate, why not
take a shot to be my A.D.? Design
what you want, spin off, and then
eventually start your own line.

(beat)

How many 2nd-placers ever get that?

ELEANOR

None. Winner takes all. It's a
zero-sum game.

JO

Try thinking of me as the P.R. rep
for your designs. I'll be the face.

ELEANOR

... My friend Melissa works in P.R.

JO

Right.

ELEANOR

I can't stand my friend Melissa.

JO

I understand.

ELEANOR

You don't understand. I hate my
friend Melissa.

JO

I do understand. I hate all my female friends.

ELEANOR

It would be a huge risk for me. I have student loans and can't risk a last-minute expulsion.

JO

I can pay your loans. Out of my own pocket, even. I can also give you a serious amount of money. We have an attorney here; we have three of 'em. We can figure out a non-disclosure agreement and be on our way.

ELEANOR

I dunno... Though it would be fun to see Hodgeson soil himself over a two-headed monster of sorts.

JO

Let's do it, then. Let's make a deal.

Jo extends a hand.

JO

Partners?

Eleanor considers. From a distance, a striking, handsome man, Detective ALEX FULHAM (30), has been shadowing them.

INT. FATHER'S FLAT - MORNING

Steam rises as a cup of tea is poured. Eleanor is in her father's home. She brings him the tea as he rests in bed.

HAROLD JAMES (65) employs an oxygen mask, a respite from his emphysema. Eleanor switches out his oxygen canisters.

ELEANOR

Someone has a birthday coming up.

MR. JAMES

Let's celebrate. Only a few left.

Eleanor hides her dismay.

ELEANOR

What would you like me to get you?

MR. JAMES

Maybe just...a close shave.

ELEANOR
A trip to the barber?

MR. JAMES
Just cartridges. Shaving cartridges.
A four-pack of the ones Gillette
makes for their buzz-buzz razors.

ELEANOR
That's hardly a suitable present.

MR. JAMES
A four-pack is twenty pounds.

ELEANOR
That is steep.

MR. JAMES
At the shops, they keep them locked.
It's easier to steal a Picasso.

INT. SHOP - DAY

A CLERK scans a pack of razors. Eleanor swipes her card.

CLERK
It was declined.

ELEANOR
It's okay; I don't need 'em.

CLERK
You wanna try another card?

ELEANOR
No, that's okay. I'm sorry.

INT. CHEMIST - DAY

A chrome, circular lock guards razor blades behind plastic.
Eleanor removes a bobby pin. Her hair falls to her shoulders.
She looks left, looks right, then picks the lock with ease.

EXT. CHEMIST - DAY

As Eleanor exits, she's accosted by a GUARD. He takes her bag;
a struggle ensues. Eleanor falls down. Guard finds the razors,
spits on her, leaves. Eleanor licks her lip, finds some blood.

INT. LAUNDERETTE - DAY

Once again, Eleanor stares blankly at the endless spin cycle.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

The doorbell rings. Jo walks to the door, waves off Maid 1, opens it up. She sees a defeated Eleanor, who nods briskly:

ELEANOR

Partners.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Eleanor appreciates the 12 ft. ceilings, intricately carved.

ELEANOR

Your house is a work of fine art.

JO

I don't know. It's growing on me.

(beat)

Money doesn't buy happiness, but
it sure as hell tries to.

ELEANOR

... If you're taking ownership of
my work, and I'm taking ownership
of yours, it might be a problem
when the collections don't match
up with what people expect from us.

(beat)

See, everyone at school knows...

Eleanor raises a piece of guipure.

ELEANOR

I'm not fond of embroidery.

JO

Okay.

ELEANOR

I find it tacky.

JO

Okay.

ELEANOR

I find it very tacky.

JO

I can imagine.

ELEANOR

You can't.

JO

I mean, it's not something I've given a whole lot of thought to.

ELEANOR

Yes, we've established that. I just think that if the wool is gonna be pulled in any sort of convincing way, whatever I put forward can't show even a hint of embroidery. Full-stop.

JO

It's not a big deal, but it obviously is to you. At the same time... Embroidery has been thriving in China since 2000 B.C.

ELEANOR

So has the one-child policy and female infanticide, but I don't see you carrying that torch, Madam Secretary.

JO

... No embroidery. What else?

Eleanor rubs a sash between her fingertips.

ELEANOR

We call these doilies.

JO

That's what we call 'em, too.

ELEANOR

Doily? You use the same word?

JO

With almost as much contempt.

ELEANOR

So you know they're terrible. And yet you persist. Strange.

JO

Yeah. My mom always liked them, but she's also not like most American moms. She's really cold and puritanical, Mayflower-ish about life. Hasn't accepted Irish people and Italians as actual Americans yet.

Eleanor looks at Jo's output. Twelve months of hard work.

ELEANOR
How do you make Jo's designs look
like something Eleanor would make?

Jo searches for an answer between the paisley and percaline.

JO
Burn them.

INT. GARAGE - DAY

Jo feeds a long length of clothesline into a gas can.

EXT. YARD - DAY

10 feet from Jo, her collection hangs on the line. She nods.
Eleanor puts a match to the line, and fire whizzes across it.
As soon as flames reach the collection, Jo directs Eleanor.

JO
Now.

With a hose, Eleanor douses the collection, left to right.
Flames are extinguished, replaced by rising trails of smoke.

JO
What do we call it?

Eleanor, confused.

JO
The title we give it for the show.
What do we call it?

ELEANOR
An improvement.
(beat)
You name it. They're your clothes.

JO
Nope. You broke it, you buy it.

Eleanor thinks. Calls back to Jo's lineage.

ELEANOR
Rags to Riches.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Jo walks, her face the picture of reserve.

INT. NATHAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jo looks at a framed photo of a long-dead Nathan Sims.

MRS. SIMS (60) is a hollowed out, empty vessel of a mother.

MRS. SIMS
You said that you would visit.

JO
Mrs. Sims... I'm really sorry.

MRS. SIMS
You told me so at the funeral.

Jo stares at the framed photo of Nathan. He died too young.

JO
Can I see his room?

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mrs. Sims stands with Jo, looking at Nathan's walls.

MRS. SIMS
Most mothers keep their children's
room a shrine. Turn them into some
awful mix of diorama and dollhouse.

JO
We all grieve differently, right?

MRS. SIMS
I suppose. But they need to get on
with it. The heart doesn't move on,
but the house does.

Jo peers into a cage. Sees a snake.

MRS. SIMS
That's Anabella.

JO
Is it poisonous?

Jo and the snake lock eyes.

MRS. SIMS
She's wondering the same.

Anabella's tongue tastes the air.

MRS. SIMS
I'll leave you two alone.

She leaves. Jo eyes the cage. A toy treasure chest is inside.

Jo lifts the top of the cage. Exhales. She puts her hand in, then slowly lowers it. Anabella doesn't move.

Jo's hand moves toward the treasure chest. Anabella hisses.

Jo takes out the chest. There's a drawer in its body. She opens it, sees a stash of designer drugs in bright colors.

Jo steals them, places the chest back in. A second, hidden snake bites her. Jo screams. Anabella, still frozen, watches.

INT. STUDIO - DAY

Jo and Eleanor prepare the latter's work for the thesis show. Eleanor scans one piece with a magnifying glass.

ELEANOR
There's an errant stitch.

JO
Where?

ELEANOR
There.

JO
... Where?

ELEANOR
Here.

Jo squints through the magnifying glass.

JO
Eleanor, no one's gonna notice that.

ELEANOR
I noticed. It stands to reason that others will as well... Just because your eyes aren't sharp doesn't mean --

JO
Relax.

ELEANOR
I can't relax. Relaxing and being unconcerned with the stitching is what accounts for the gap between us. One you've just stumbled into.

JO
Perfection is the enemy of good.

ELEANOR
Good is the enemy of great.

JO
Fine. You're calling the shots.

ELEANOR
Am I?

JO
Yes... Speaking of which, I had a
non-disclosure agreement drawn up.

Jo opens a satchel.

ELEANOR
Oh, goody. Secret, cloak-and-dagger
documents that toe the line between
manipulative and exploitative. I bet
you noticed the stitching on this one.

JO
Touché.

ELEANOR
Used a magnifying glass, did you?

JO
I actually went with the fine-toothed
comb. So here it is: Your student loan
balance will be paid prior to the show.
Sign today, give them your routing
number or however it works here, and
you'll be wired the money tomorrow.
You'll also get 50,000 in cash. If I
lose -- if we lose -- obviously you
keep the money, plus the collection.
(beat)

It's a fair deal. Talk to a lawyer,
but yeah -- sign now or sign later,
and the student loan money will be
wired tomorrow... The 50,000 I can
give you tonight.

ELEANOR
Really?

JO
Really.

ELEANOR
In actual dollars?

JO

In actual pounds. Now, if the collection is officially bought --

ELEANOR

I want 100,000. I'm firm on that.

JO

Eleanor, if this gets bought, I'm giving you 250,000 pounds. You're basically carrying a baby to term, then giving it up for me to adopt.

ELEANOR

You can pay 250,000 for 7 pieces?

JO

Our cars cost that much. My mom's Mercedes is 300 grand, and she doesn't know how to drive... The reason I'm offering you £250,000 is because you're worth 800.

ELEANOR

... Do you have a pen?

JO

You're not going to read it?

They face off.

JO

You should have someone read it.

(beat)

Why, because if I'm gonna cheat you, I'm gonna cheat you anyway?

ELEANOR

Nah. Look at the psychology of it. You don't want to cheat me out of money, you just want your clothes delivered and for me not to squeal.

JO

Will you?

ELEANOR

What, deliver?

JO

Squeal.

ELEANOR

I'm sure a serious penalty is waiting if I do... Should we?

Jo gets a pen. Hands it to Eleanor, who reads the document.

ELEANOR

I always dreamed I'd sign a design contract. Not like this, but still. It feels so grown up and important.

(beat)

It feels like we should sign it in blood.

INT. LAW OFFICES - DAY

A manila envelope on a mahogany desk. The NDA. Jo pushes the envelope, literally and figuratively. ATTORNEY examines it.

JO

Sorry if this is insulting, but how do we know you're not going to say anything? Does attorney-client privilege apply in the U.K.?

ATTORNEY

It does. Though even if it didn't, I've been practicing for 30 years.

(beat)

I've seen agreements far more complicated and complex than this.

JO

Got it. And not that you'd tell me given the context of NDAs, but... Does my father do things like this?

ATTORNEY

Like what?

JO

Like this... You say "complicated" and "complex." I say "duplicitous" and "vicious."

ATTORNEY

"Vicious" is a strong word.

JO

... Unseemly.

ATTORNEY

Your father does not engage me in unseemly business practices.

JO

Right... I was just curious.

ATTORNEY

He never will. I assure you.

(beat)

You get it from your mother.

EXT. RIVER LEA - SUNRISE

A FISHERMAN (40) reels in his catch, the pole bending at an extreme angle. It suggests a heavy weight on the line.

The catch breaks the surface. The Fisherman's eyes widen.

INT. ANDERSON & SHEPPARD - DAY

While Jo and Eleanor negotiated on Westminster Bridge, Detective Alex Fulham was watching them. Now he shops.

Alex looks at shirts. After finding one to his liking, he searches for a price tag. A SALESMAN (60) presents.

SALESMAN

Need a price on the shirt, Sir?

ALEX

No. I'm curious about the material.

SALESMAN

... They're a thousand pounds each.

ALEX

That's a bargain, isn't it?

SALESMAN

At 50% off, I'd say it is.

ALEX

So it's 500 for the shirt?

SALESMAN

They're 1,000 after the reduction.

(beat)

They're regularly priced at £2,000, so £1,000 per shirt is a bargain. £500? That is theft.

ALEX

It certainly is.

SALESMAN

May I help you with anything else?

ALEX

I'm looking to buy a suit.

SALESMAN
Business or pleasure?

ALEX
Business.

SALESMAN
Terrific. What do you do?

Detective Alex smiles, ignores the question.

ALEX
I'm looking for a suit that can
impress at a new job. I want to look
good, but not too good. I prefer to
do the heavy lifting on my own.

SALESMAN
All the great ones do. Let's see
what we have.

EXT. SOMERSET HOUSE - DAY

Central Saint Martins MA Fashion Show: A Kentucky Derby of
sorts, only with larger horses and more ostentatious hats.

BENCH

Blood-red ketchup is spread upon cardboard and newspaper.

Jo and Eleanor wear fine outfits, in contrast to their fish
and chips dinner. They watch the CROWD across the way.

JO
Somerset House is gorgeous.

ELEANOR
It's the rich man's Lincoln Center.

JO
Funny. Have you been to New York?

ELEANOR
I haven't. I shouldn't be knocking
your city when I've never even been
out of England. Hell, I don't get
out of Hackney-Shackney beyond CSM.

JO
Hackney-Shackney? That's hilarious.
Is that what people call it?

Eleanor watches cameras flash.

ELEANOR

Just me.

JO

Well, with all the money you're getting, you can visit whenever.

ELEANOR

About that. You were supposed to pay me before the show.

JO

I'll bring it to the after-party.

ELEANOR

You'll bring 50 to £300,000 to a pub? I wasn't born after you, Jo.

JO

I'm on it. I didn't want you to haul it around all night. Keep in mind, I have to make you something to store it in. You can't put that much cash in the bank without getting flagged, and can't put it under the mattress.

Eleanor dips her fish in ketchup.

ELEANOR

Any magic in that bag of tricks?

Jo rifles through her clutch, produces a vial. She dips a hard gel nail, lifts it, and sniffs. Passes it to Eleanor.

From a distance, Detective Alex Fulham watches, curiously.

INT. SOMERSET HOUSE - DAY

DESIGNERS tuck, twist, and tear.

INT. AUDITORIUM - DAY

STAGEHANDS and SECURITY prep their clipboards and earpieces.

FASHION EDITORS and FASHION MAVENS take their seats.

BACKSTAGE

Models line up like chorus line dancers, stretch their legs.

RUNWAY

As MUSIC rises, the first collection is unveiled. Models file out: deliberate, confident, and militant in stride.

COLLECTION 1

Androgyny is taken to its limits, with male models dressed in fishnets, brogues, and baize shirts. Eleanor watches.

COLLECTION 2

Pleats take the stage. A cobalt-blue collection featuring well-placed grafts of thistle and salmon.

COLLECTION 3

Models march in pairs. Tailored outerwear veiled in clouds of transparent tulle. The postmodern theme of reveal and conceal runs through the designs, emphasized by round, cutaway panels.

Jo and Eleanor continue to watch from separate vantage points as designs flood the senses. Some are pragmatic, others lofty.

ELEANOR'S COLLECTION

Eleanor's adopted designs get their close-up. We see a streamlined aesthetic of 40s-inflected tailoring, mermaid-esque gowns, complemented by adventurous cocktail frocks.

JO'S COLLECTION

Jo's hired gun of a collection staccatos its way on the stage. A kaleidoscope prism of enameled copper wires and bold color.

There is lavish layering, featuring transparent fabric strips on the models' form. The patterns are more reminiscent of cheap acrylics than quotidian, high-fashion prints.

INT. RECEPTION ROOM - NIGHT

Post-show, Designers, Models, Editors, PATRONS, PHOTOGRAPHERS, and DONORS. They mingle, fueled by wine and cheese. Professor Hodgeson accosts Eleanor.

HODGESON

Burn it all down while you're at it.
You're so transgressive. Subversive
is what you really are... And brave.

ELEANOR

It's my best work.

HODGESON

It is an embarrassment. Burning the
clothes? If you meant it in earnest,
why not lay the designs on the grass
and treat them one-by-one...? 'Cause
that wouldn't make for a provocative
picture. Of fabric burning on a line.

On the walls, he sees colorful pictures of the collection.

HODGESON

Style over substance. That's all it is. Did you think I wouldn't notice shoddy craftsmanship? Shabby design? Fire and flame will not obscure the fact. It is an avant-garde atrocity.

ELEANOR

I'm proud of my efforts.

HODGESON

It was gimmicky and unoriginal.

With English wit and clean cocaine, Eleanor holds serve.

ELEANOR

It's not original, but it is good.

(beat)

It smells like labour and triumph.

HODGESON

It smells like butane and mildew.

ELEANOR

I do the best I can with the tools I've been given... What about you?

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Post-Hodgeson, Eleanor turns to cocaine for support.

INT. RECEPTION ROOM - NIGHT

Beaming, Eleanor brings Jo up to speed.

ELEANOR

He was furious. He yelled at me.

JO

Hodgeson?

ELEANOR

He was angry because of the work.

JO

This is good.

ELEANOR

This is great. Everyone's talking about you. Why aren't you excited?

JO

I am.

ELEANOR

You're supposed to be the happy one.
Where has my American princess gone?

JO

I'm very happy. I just...expected
this. I know how talented you are.

ELEANOR

You're happy?

JO

I'm thrilled... It's all going
according to plan.

A pang of discomfort hits Eleanor. She sips her drink.

THE BAR

Jo holds court with BUYERS, including LETICIA (30).

LETICIA

Are you looking for a position in
corporate, or to make your own way?

JO

Well, I did three years in New
York with Ann Demeulemeester. Then
two at Proenza Schouler. I loved
both places, but I'm ready to fly.

BUYER 1

You're too good to be working for
someone else. Do you have backing?

JO

No. That's what we're all killing
each other for, right?

LETICIA

I see the tears and smell the sweat,
but no blood just yet.

JO

Wait for it. It's coming.

The three laugh, while envious Designers eavesdrop.

DESIGNER 1

It makes no sense. She had help.

DESIGNER 2

Elements of early Saint Laurent.

Jo and Buyers hear this, as they were meant to.

JO
 (NYC fast)
 You wanna take passive-aggressive
 swipes at me, or would you prefer
 to engage me like an adult?

DESIGNER 1
 We think you had help.

JO
 We all need help.

DESIGNER 2
 What happened to your preview
 clothes? You talked about French
 couture and Welsh tailoring.

JO
 Bait and switch. You think I'd
 spill trade secrets a week before
 the show?

Buyer 1 and a concerned Hodgeson join the group.

DESIGNER 1
 There's no through line between
 this collection and your usual
 work. You had help. And you steal
 from YSL.

JO
 I don't steal from anyone.
 (beat)
 I steal from everyone.

Buyer 1 laughs. Designer 1 turns to Hodgeson.

DESIGNER 1
 Tell me I'm wrong.

HODGESON
 (lying)
 Sorry, dear. I've been a champion
 of Jo since the day she came here.

CHEESE STATION

Eleanor talks with a STYLIST while nibbling on cheese.

STYLIST
 You helped with Jo's collection?

ELEANOR
 Pattern-making, yeah.

STYLIST

Now, your work. It's daring. To me,
and correct me if I'm wrong, but it
exemplifies failed states... Greece?

ELEANOR

Spot on.

STYLIST

It's very avant-garde.

ELEANOR

So I've heard.

STYLIST

Your camlet is indigenous to Spain.
It wasn't just a critique of Spain
or the U.K., it's an indictment of
all European imperialism... I see
what you're saying. It's obvious.

ELEANOR

The decline of the Spanish Armada
began a decline for all of Europe?

STYLIST

Exactly. Your efforts delight.

ELEANOR

Thank you.

STYLIST

It's brilliant.

ELEANOR

Thank you.

STYLIST

You're brilliant.

ELEANOR

I am.

Stylist hands her a business card.

STYLIST

If she's ever interested in a great
opportunity, have Jo call me. Do me
that favor, and I'll have your back.

Eleanor, a bit sheepish and hurt.

INT. ATRIUM - NIGHT

HARRIET HILL (50), course director of the MA programme, stands at a podium and addresses the packed house.

HARRIET
The L'Oreal Professional Creative
Award belongs to... Ms. Jo Miller.

Jo closes her eyes in disbelief. MUSIC rises as we SMASH TO:

INT. HAWKSMOOR SEVEN DIALS - NIGHT

Jo, Eleanor, STUDENTS drink and chat. Lights GLOW on Jo's tan skin. CUTE BOY admires her. Jo, acting magnanimously, makes Eleanor think the boy's interest is in her, not Jo.

JO
Heads up. Boy with the red hair.

ELEANOR
It's England. They all have red
hair... Oh, I see him.

Jo nods toward FRED (30), entering.

JO
My lesser half is here. Hold on.

ELEANOR
Before you go over there, did you
bring the 300,000 from home?

JO
I still have to give you something
to store it in. Tomorrow morning,
okay? Just sit tight.

BOOTH

Later, Jo is in talks with Fred.

FRED
I'm not big on titles, but what do
you think about making us a bit
more exclusive?

Jo winces.

FRED
I think I've treated you well.

JO
I'm not looking for a relationship.

Fred is wounded at first. Then, he lashes out.

FRED

You're an American girl with English sexual proclivities. I just expected something more...carnal from you. You can be frigid at times, as if your work is more important than love.

JO

You're right. You're 100% right. No one wants to be labeled as "frigid," but I can be cold. That said, I do care more about design than I care about love... But with you? You're lucky to be my friend.

FRED

Jo, the only thing more tedious than fashion is time spent with you.

Jo flings the wax from a candle at his coat, leaves.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The next morning, Eleanor walks through East London.

INT. KURT GEIGER - DAY

Jo walks through Kensington. Later, in the shops, she studies a luxurious shoe chandelier. Not for consumption, but for appreciation. The art of Design, but in shoes.

EXT. HYDE PARK - DAY

Eleanor approaches a bench. Jo sits with a shoebox.

JO

I got you something.

Eleanor sits down. Jo places the shoebox on her lap.

A beat, and Eleanor lifts the lid: a pair of wedges.

JO

Look closely at the soles when you get home. Ridiculous craftsmanship.

Eleanor feels the thick soles.

JO

They're redwood. The cut is well done. I spent a good hour on 'em.

ELEANOR

Shoes are nice, but I was supposed to be paid. I need the money.

JO

I'm having a party tonight. Come by.

Jo stands, walks away. She then turns around, calls back.

JO

Look closely at the soles when you get home... I spent an hour on 'em.

INT. ELEANOR'S FLAT - DAY

Eleanor rushes through the door, puts the shoebox on the bed. She opens it, tosses tissue paper, then looks at the soles.

They've clearly been scored. She sees a rectangle, as if a trap door has been built into floorboards. Eleanor hops up, then rifles through her supplies. She finds an X-Acto knife.

She traces the rectangle along the edge. It won't open. Eleanor finds a lighter, heats up the knife's blade.

Next, she cuts through the hardened glue. Pops off a thin slice of the 6-inch wedge. A 5-inch stack of bills falls out.

INT. JO'S BEDROOM - DAY

At her laptop, Jo looks up "Jo Miller" and "Saint Martins." She toggles through blogs: 1 Granary, Face Hunter, et al. The sites chronicle and explore her thesis win. Jo gets up, walks to a luxurious, illuminated fish tank. Jo feeds fish.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Jo's party. The halls are filled with GUESTS.

DRAWING ROOM

Eleanor explores various rooms. Guests smile at inside jokes which Eleanor will never be part of. She approaches a piano.

Lifts the fallboard. Feels keys with the pads of her fingers. Just as her tendons rise up in preparation for a key strike:

ALEX

Excuse me, Miss?

Sitting among Guests on the floor, Eleanor sees Alex.

ALEX

We need another.

A Trivial Pursuit board covered with cash.

ALEX
Are you smart?

ELEANOR
Isn't that subjective?

ALEX
(nodding)
You're smart. Empty your purse
and let's balance out the game.
You'll need to help their team.

CELLAR

18-year-old soccer HOOLIGANS step with 80-year-old DIPLOMATS.

DRAWING ROOM

Eleanor rolls a die. Moves her Trivial Pursuit playing piece.

GUEST 1
Who is the Sun God of Egypt?

ELEANOR
Do over. That is beyond obscure.
Give me a question about sports.

GUEST 1
Trivial Pursuit isn't a game that
lends itself to "do overs." And the
sports question was just as hard.

ELEANOR
Fine. Who is the Sun God of Egypt?

ALEX
Ra.

Guest 1 flips the card.

GUEST 1
The Sun God of Egypt is Ra.

ELEANOR
How did you know that?

ALEX
I memorised the cards as a child
to impress someone I liked...
Tell me you haven't been tempted.

Alex rolls, lands on a square. Eleanor reads the card.

ELEANOR
Which New York town is the
birthplace of American feminism?

GUEST 1
I say Manhattan. Maybe Brooklyn.

GUEST 2
Those are boroughs. It's Albany.

Eleanor looks at Alex for his take.

ALEX
Seneca Falls.

Eleanor flips the card: He's right.

ELEANOR
I see. The fastest way to a woman's
pants is through her brain... You
know nothing about feminism, except
that it's a loaded word. So you
spin it to your advantage.

ALEX
It's possible that I answered
correctly cuz it wasn't the most
difficult question in a box full
of incredibly difficult questions.

GUEST 1
... We should've played Monopoly.
I said twenty times that we
should've played Monopoly.

Guests laugh, while Eleanor and Alex maintain eye contact.

ALEX
Stick to sports.

POOL ROOM

Behind a bar, Jo pours drinks for Guests.

GUEST 3
Congratulations on Saint Martins.

JO
Thank you so much.

GUEST 3
What's your endgame?

JO
Affordable clothing. People need
affordable housing, and they can
also benefit from the dignity that
dressing well affords them. Design
shouldn't be exclusive to the rich.

GUEST 3
You're kidding... You're going to
burn your artistic capital on the
...soft underbelly of society?
Don't be ridiculous.

JO
I'm not the one being ridiculous.

Guest 4 cuts in, all smiles.

GUEST 4
Jo: Are we going back to New York?

JO
Actually, I have my eyes on Paris.

GUEST 3
Oh, my. Please take me with you.

JO
I'll squeeze you in my suitcase.

GUEST 3
Speaking of which. How in God's
name do you stay so thin?

STUDY

Jo rips cocaine in one fell swoop. Her nails grip the straw.
They glisten like an eagle's talons. Alex enters. Eleanor
notices, unconsciously fixes her hair.

Jo's dog chews his bone. She pets him, then sings.

JO
This old man, he played one / He
played knick-knack on my thumb /
With a knick-knack, paddy-wack /
Give a dog a bone / This old man
came rolling home.

Alex sits at a coffee table. Books, flowers, and drugs.

JO
I'm Jo.

ALEX
 Alex. Fulham.

GUEST 4
 Who are you with?

ALEX
 It's just me tonight.

A CRADLE-ROBBER (40) with a TEENAGER (19) on his thigh:

CRADLE-ROBBER
 What do you do?

GUEST 4
 He's an art dealer.

GUEST 5
 He's a venture capitalist.
 Maximizing shareholder value.

GUEST 6
 You're both wrong... He's a
 pediatric cardiologist.

ALEX
 I'm a police officer.

GUEST 4
 ... You're a cop?

Alex smiles.

ALEX
 Detective.

The cocaine on the table holds its breath.

CRADLE-ROBBER
 Aren't you a little young?

ALEX
 Isn't she?

Everyone laughs.

GUEST 5
 What division are you in, Alex?

GUEST 6
 Terrorism. Domestic.

GUEST 7
 Missing Persons. Runaways.

JO
... Sex Crimes.

Alex wipes cocaine from the table, rubs it on his tongue.

ALEX
Narcotics.

EXT. BALCONY - NIGHT

Away from Guests, Jo fields questions from Alex.

ALEX
Your parents leave for the country every weekend and you host parties. Drug parties. They don't find out?

JO
I have a loyal staff.

ALEX
You pay them well.

JO
I treat them well.

ALEX
And the neighbors. Stodgy, stiff upper-lip types. They keep quiet about raucous, weekly parties?

JO
The neighbors are the first to arrive...and the last to leave.

Alex drops his payload.

ALEX
I've been reading up on Nathan Sims.

JO
... Nathan was a great designer. He was a better friend.

ALEX
The relevant parties gave statements after he disappeared. But I was hoping you may know some details that might have been missed.

(beat)
We came across something of interest.

JO
A friendship bracelet?

ALEX

No.

JO

A promise ring?

ALEX

Not this time.

JO

Sorry. I make jokes when I'm nervous.

ALEX

Bad ones at that.

JO

(smiling)

So what did you find? His diary?

ALEX

His laptop.

JO

... Where did you find it?

ALEX

The River Lea. In Hackney.

Eleanor watches through the window.

JO

Can you salvage the hard drive?

ALEX

It takes time to recover the drive,
and longer to go through it.

JO

... I should probably answer these
questions with an attorney present.

ALEX

I only asked you two questions.

(beat)

You've since asked six of them.

JO

I have.

ALEX

Consecutively.

(beat)

I know you have nothing to hide.
But by all means, retain counsel.

JO

How do you know I have nothing to hide?

He nods at the party.

ALEX

Fix me a drink. And I'll spill all.

JO

Please do. My carpet holds secrets.

GAME ROOM

The pair play miniature golf. Alex lines up a putt, misses.

JO

So how do you know I'm innocent?

ALEX

You immediately requested counsel. The first thing they teach you in the academy... Well, the last thing they teach you, is that when someone requests an attorney that soon during a line of questioning, they are the most innocent person in the room. Guilty people look to justify or argue their innocence. They think "If I can convince this one cop that I'm not involved, he won't take it any further." People who invoke counsel do it cuz they have nothing to hide. The guilty man believes that asking for an attorney makes him look more of a guilty man. It's the innocent wanker who jumps to an attorney as quickly as you did.

JO

I'm not a wanker.

ALEX

I have my doubts.

JO

... Am I in trouble for the drugs, or are you here for the statement?

ALEX

Ultimately, both. At the same time, I just moved from Bath and I don't have a very active social calendar.

(MORE)

ALEX (cont'd)
I was hoping to abuse my power and
have a good time. Maybe meet a girl.

He misses a second putt. Puts his coat on, approaches Jo.

ALEX
Will you have dinner with me?

JO
Do you always ask women out when
working?

ALEX
I don't ask women out in general.

JO
... I'm gonna say "no" to dinner.

ALEX
I understand, and I respect that.

Alex extends his card.

ALEX
Let me know if you have a change
of heart.

He leaves. Jo sees his card. Feels the Scotland Yard emblem.
She sees his contact info. Raised letters. Det. Alex Fulham.

INT. HIGH-RISE - MORNING

Jo and Eleanor in an elevator, about to meet Buyers.

JO
It's just really sad. After we
moved here, Nathan was the first
friend I made. He would come over
every day, and we were excited to
go to CSM together... It's been
two years, but nothing. We don't
know if he's missing or dead.

ELEANOR
They have no leads?

JO
The night he disappeared, I had a
party. When the police came by to
investigate, I told them that I saw
Nathan take off with a guy he was
hooking up with.

(MORE)

JO (cont'd)
 But he left his phone in a car, so
 they don't know where he ended
 up... It's just sad. You would've
 liked him.

ELEANOR
 I don't like anyone.

JO
 Neither did Nathan. That's why you
 would've liked him.

The doors open. They head out.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Jo and Eleanor in Buyer 1's sleek office. Buyer 1, from the
 CSM thesis show, is CAMILLE DOHERTY (40).

CAMILLE
 With most designers, it's one of two
 qualities that make the work shine.
 Some designers have personality, but
 the work is a bit mechanical. Other
 designers are quiet in demeanor, but
 the clothes can sing and dance. Now,
 both designers have talent. But you,
 Jo, have a gift.

JO
 Wow. Thank you.

CAMILLE
 My favorite designers make clothes
 that sing and dance, but they have
 the personality to match. We believe
 in your ability, but also in you.

ELEANOR
 As a man once said, "Where the
 money is, the jackals will gather."

CAMILLE
 Are we the jackals?

ELEANOR
 No. We're the jackals.
 (beat)
 You're the vultures.

CAMILLE
 ... What was your name?

ELEANOR
 Eleanor. Eleanor James.

CAMILLE

Just "Eleanor" is fine. So you're going to take notes so Jo doesn't lose track of what we discuss?

JO

Eleanor has an offer for assistant designer at Viktor & Rolf. It's in Jersey, Knit, and Graphics, so it's a great opportunity. But we figured if you folks are financing the line, I need an AD, too. Someone I trust.

Camille nods a condescending chin.

LETICIA

What's your training, Eleanor?

ELEANOR

I also just finished up with CSM.

LETICIA

Oh. We didn't see you on Tuesday.

ELEANOR

I must've been in the background.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Jo and Eleanor are splashes of color against ominous skies.

ELEANOR

That was humiliating. What a twat.

JO

She was like, equal parts haughty and judgmental. Agreed. But maybe you should tone it down a little.

ELEANOR

Oh, stop. It's one thing to climb to the top of a mountain, Jo. The trick is staying there. You don't have the skills to go at it alone.

JO

I'm aware. Just don't be abrasive.

INT. MAY FAIR HOTEL - NIGHT

The cheek and belly of Middle White pork. Jo works a knife.

JO

Are you the type of cop who's just waiting to retire, or is it the kinda thing where they're gonna have to pry the uniform off?

ALEX

My mum was a cop for 25 years, and my dad was a cop for 38. His entire life, he always said he'd serve his 25 years, earn his gold watch, then retire right away.

He shows Jo his phone's homescreen pic. A gold Rolex.

ALEX

The same one for over eighty years.
(beat)

My mum reaches her 25 years on the job, retires right away, earns her gold watch. My dad stays on for 13 years more, dies of a heart attack while cooking. So, now my mother wears her watch, my sister has got dad's watch, and the morning I get to 25 years, I'm trading the badge and the service weapon for my watch.

JO

So that gold Rolex is your freedom?

ALEX

... Dad loved his job. I love mine, too. But it's not about "Oh, life is too short." That's obvious. See, it's more that...being a cop gives you that pension. What other young person can get a job, retire young in their 50s, and yet still draw a salary for life? It allows us to pursue anything we want. We can garden, paint, eat, drink, or just sleep. Whatever we want. Sure, too many cops make for crap colleagues, but co-workers can be bad anywhere.

(beat)

Yeah. The day I get my watch, it's a paid vacation and smooth sailing.

Having previously declined and since accepted Alex's offer for dinner, Jo now allows herself to pick from his cabbage.

ALEX

You Americans are not a shy people.

JO

Sorry. I get a little aggressive.

ALEX

I just wish you hadn't ordered the cheapest entrée on the menu is all.

JO

Never take a woman to a fancy place on a first date. The good ones will never judge a guy over a restaurant.

ALEX

Only rich men have the luxury of taking their dates to a pub.

Jo disagrees.

ALEX

Either way, this is hardly a date. I'm staying here and get my meals for free. You're dining on the tax largesse of her Majesty's subjects.

JO

You're living here?

ALEX

Just for now. Scotland Yard keeps a few floors in rotation so officials and new hires have a place to stay. From what I've heard, it's also where senior personnel have affairs.

JO

Scandalous. And even worse, you're breaking the blue wall of silence.

ALEX

Oh. You know your law enforcement.

JO

No, I'm just from New York. It's got a police presence, so there's a familiarity with how cops operate.

ALEX

Sure. But whether it's an oath on the Bible, Omertà, or in your case, the blue wall of silence, those all deal with big picture details. If I see one of my own strangle your grandmother, for example, I'm not going to say anything.

(MORE)

ALEX (cont'd)

But when it comes to someone on the job going to the mat with another woman? To me, that's ripe for gossip. So, I'm here till I find a decent flat. Or at the very least, until my informants burn through my expense account.

JO

Am I an informant?

ALEX

Technically, no. Hopefully, soon.

JO

I'm an official police informant?

ALEX

It's nothing to be proud of.

JO

Of course it is. Are you serious? I'm gonna put this on my résumé.

ALEX

Don't say résumé, say "C.V." I'm European; even I don't say "résumé."

JO

Be nice. Or I'll tell your friends about you blowing lines at my party.

ALEX

Don't do that; they'll be jealous. But if you insist? Now's the chance.

ROGER BENDRICKS (40) and DETECTIVE 1 approach Alex and Jo.

BENDRICKS

Evening, Alex.

ALEX

Jo Miller: Detectives Bendricks and Chapman. New office mates. Mr. Chapman is in Forensics and Mr. Bendricks...my memory fails.

BENDRICKS

Homicide. Good to meet you, Jo.

They linger on one another. An obvious, mutual attraction.

EXT. GARDEN CENTRE - NIGHT

Jo and Alex at Rassel's of Kensington. Plants are unloaded.

JO

So, do you think the discovery of Nathan's laptop means it could be like, foul play or whatever?

ALEX

Do I think a laptop fished from a river, far from a missing man's home, is indicative of anything at all? No. When murderers dispose of evidence -- laptops or otherwise -- they use dustbins and landfills, not rivers. Evidence in a landfill blends in. In a river, it sticks out.

Jo, curious as to where Alex is headed.

ALEX

I think Mr. Sims left his laptop on the tube. Someone took it, then got frustrated that it wasn't a Mac, so it was thrown in the river. Kidding. Sims may have killed himself, so it's only a matter of time before his body turns up. Two years is too long. It's a bad look for Scotland Yard.

JO

But why's a Narcotics cop involved?

ALEX

After the discovery of the laptop, everyone on the job brushed up on Nathan's case file. Yet no mind was paid to the fact that a Jo Miller has weekly powder parties.

JO

That's overstating it. And I can't control what's brought to my house.

ALEX

Regardless, while everyone focuses on Mr. Sims, I'm with your fashion friends. I couldn't care less about Nathan. But I do care a great deal about cocaine.

INT. RONNIE SCOTT'S - NIGHT

The pair finish their date at a Jazz club. During a break:

JO

Why do I feel like this night's gonna end with me in handcuffs?

ALEX
It only will if you want it to.

JO
You're looking to make a bust.

ALEX
Whether you buy three ounces or
three kilos per week, arresting
you won't help my career.

JO
Arresting my dealer will.

ALEX
Arresting his dealer will.

The BAND begins to warm up.

JO
You're very like, cavalier about
being a police officer. You share
details about the case, you flirt
like it's your job... Maybe it is.

ALEX
What I tell you about my work is a
smokescreen for what I don't tell
you about my work. Beyond that?
(beat)
We do things differently in Europe.

JO
Oh, wow.

ALEX
They're ready to go.

JO
Gag me with a spoon.

ALEX
Stop.

JO
"We do things differently in Europe."

They graduate to laughter as Jazz begins to play.

EXT. WYCOMBE SQUARE - NIGHT

Jo and Alex stand on the block near Jo's family townhouse.

JO
Do you want to come over?

ALEX
I need to get some sleep.

JO
 You should come up. It's a really big house, and my parents are two hundred miles away... Two hundred kilometers -- same thing.

He smiles at her stumble.

JO
 If you're hoping to play the both of us, I won't tell Eleanor. I'm trying to keep her happy as it is.

ALEX
 Why are you keeping her happy?

JO
 Come up. Nothing's gonna happen.

Jo draws another Alex smile, though no (immediate) response.

ALEX
 Goodnight, Jo.

EXT. LONDON - SUNRISE

Night turns to day. COMMUTERS hustle in coats and pantsuits.

EXT. WYCOMBE SQUARE - DAY

Jo opens the red door with gold numbering. TONY MUZZATTI (40) stands on the stoop in a navy peacoat. Clean-shaven, fit, stern. He holds a small paper bag, presumably drugs.

MUZZATTI
 Good morning.

JO
 Hi, Tony.

She takes the bag. Muzzatti looks past her into the hall. He sees a mannequin displaying a new piece.

MUZZATTI
 It's lovely.

JO
 She's getting there.

MUZZATTI
 How's Eben doing?

JO
 Healthy and happy.

MUZZATTI
Wealthy and wise.

As if summoned, the corgi comes trotting to the door. He sniffs Muzzatti's hand, then bolts outside onto the stoop.

JO
Eben -- no.

Muzzatti steps out, catches him by the collar. Scoops him up, carries him back inside.

INT. HALL - DAY

Muzzatti sets the dog down. As he straightens up, his eyes land on the entry table. Alex's card is on it, face-up. Muzzatti sees the Scotland Yard emblem. Det. Alex Fulham.

JO
Same time next week?

MUZZATTI
... I hope so.

She nods, he leaves. Jo locks the door behind him.

INT. FLAT - DAY

Laptop: Again, "Jo Miller" + "Saint Martins" is searched.

This time, it's Eleanor who looks for blogs. Jealousy rising, Eleanor studies the life that Jo has bought herself.

INT. STUDIO - DAY

Jo, Eleanor, Camille, and Leticia circle around a workspace.

JO
This is for me?

Jo paces and evaluates the room, the others in tow, while Eleanor studies the floral pattern on a sofa.

Jo sits in front of a sewing machine. She steps on the pedal under the table. The needle CHARGES up and down.

JO
I can't believe this is happening.

CAMILLE
We've seen your portfolio. You're exacting, Jo. Similar to athletes who transcend their craft, to a point where they don't enjoy it. It's almost clinical.

Eleanor inspects the finish on a pillow.

LETICIA

We all have egos in this business.
At every level. But very few of us
have the attendant humility.

ELEANOR

Humility is overrated. Humility is
just the most noble form of vanity.

JO

... This is a dream come true, and
I swear I'm not having a "Come to
Jesus" moment, but is studio space
necessary? I'll work from home if
I'm diverting resources.

LETICIA

We all struggle with the importance
of fashion. Especially these days.

CAMILLE

Look... Here's how I sleep at night.
Millions of people can carry a tune,
and millions can produce a painting.
Far more can write a paragraph. But
very few people can design clothing.

Eleanor moves to a curtain. She admires the material.

CAMILLE

Humans have been wearing clothes for
roughly 170,000 years. Monkey became
man, man became modest. Now, clothes
define our appearance. Consider the
word a moment: Appearance. Literally,
it is how we appear. The moment we
present, an observer discerns gender,
ethnicity, and clothing. Of the
three, clothing marks one aspect of
our appearance we can easily alter.

(beat)

Its significance, you see, can be
important. I admire you, Jo, because
out of the eight billion people on
Earth, you're one of a few who can
influence how we appear to others.
And it affects so much: From work
and play to warmth and comfort.

JO

Okay, I think I just needed to hear
that. Thanks. I've actually annoyed
Eleanor with some of the same ideas.

(MORE)

JO (cont'd)

The fashion world, it can be narrow in scope, at least when it comes to the numbers pursuing design. But it also offers an opportunity for what we all need... For what we all want.

LETICIA

Respect.

JO

True, but more than that.

CAMILLE

Adulation. Fame.

JO

Sure. Fame might look good on me.

CAMILLE

It would look incredible on you. What more could a Jo Miller want?

ELEANOR

... Immortality.

Eleanor sucks the air out of the room. Camille turns to Jo.

CAMILLE

Yes, well, along those lines, the business is moving much faster at all levels. Margins are shrinking.

(beat)

I don't think we have time to nurture designers. Instead, we have to launch designers. This business has no patience, neither does the consumer, and neither do we. Get ready, Jo. We're going to introduce you to the entire world.

JO

Thank you.

CAMILLE

I don't mean that we're going to introduce you to the world in the abstract. We're going to formally introduce you to the whole entire world... Let's show your top five.

JO

What?

CAMILLE

Japan. Fashion Week. Get moving.

JO
I'm going to Japan?

CAMILLE
Get this space together and make it
your own. Tear down the walls, blow
out the windows, do whatever else.
Just get moving, and get busy.

JO
We're going to Fashion Week?
(beat)
We're going to Japan?

Camille smiles.

CAMILLE
We're going...to Tokyo.

EXT. TENNIS COURT - DAY

At Jo's house, a ball machine SHOOTs at Eleanor, who's
unskilled with a racket. Jo stands next to the machine.

JO
Low to high.

Eleanor shanks it. The machine shoots. Another miss-hit.

JO
What's the weather like in Tokyo?

ELEANOR
Reckon it's the same as in London.

JO
Fuck me. Of course it is.

Eleanor flubs a third feed. Jo turns the ball machine off.
The pair meet at the net.

JO
I'm gonna have everything I've
ever made shipped here. Like, the
clothes I've made going back to
9th grade... Maybe you go through
the stuff you've got, pick out the
pieces you're proudest of, and we
combine our talent... If Camille
wants my top five, let's figure
something out.

Eleanor, uncertain.

JO

I could do three of mine, two of yours, or three of yours, two of mine... I'm serious; I can pay.

ELEANOR

Maybe wait till the shipment comes.

JO

Actually, why mess with success?

ELEANOR

What do you mean?

JO

I've got a lot more cash, Ellie. Maybe we show them your top five.

ELEANOR

... Ellie?

JO

It's just one option; think about it for a minute. We can always show them my five, just keep it in mind.
(beat)

Then again, I want to make something new just for Tokyo. We both should. Like, maybe we pick up three older pieces, then we make two new ones. Or do four old, one new. Any combo.

Reluctantly, Eleanor nods.

JO

Get all your clothes tonight.
(beat)
I'll have mine shipped today.

INT. STORAGE FACILITY - NIGHT

Eleanor unzips, unpacks clothes. Her entire body of work.

EXT. WYCOMBE SQUARE - MORNING

Jo walks her dog, the landscaping as confident as she is.

INT. UNDERGROUND - DAY

With several garment bags, Eleanor struggles on the tube.

INT. STUDIO - DAY

Eleanor sets out her five favorite designs. Jo evaluates.

ELEANOR

I made the cape when I was 15, and
then the blouse when I was 22.

JO

You made that cape at 15?

ELEANOR

And did the blouse at 22.

JO

Can you make it wider and longer?

ELEANOR

It's a cape. Wider and longer turns
it into the train on a wedding dress.

JO

This pattern is incredible.

(beat)

We should really use this in Japan.

ELEANOR

What about new work? One shot each.

JO

You're a genius.

ELEANOR

The cape is terrific; that's why I
chose to show you it. But the word
"genius" is used for women who start
wars and unravel DNA... Great design
is reserved for men. It's not fair to
the talented men, and it's definitely
not fair to me.

JO

Men are the worst.

ELEANOR

People are the worst. I do well with
men, and I'm sorry to hear you don't.

JO

Speaking of which, the cop -- Alex?
He wants me to come to an underground
spot. It seems sketchy, but do you
want to go?

ELEANOR

You know me by now. Does it sound
like something I want to do?

JO
 Kind of, yeah. You seem like a
 carpe diem kinda girl. So am I.
 (beat)
 What's the best that can happen?

EXT. STREET - DAY

Alex and Jo, parked in his car. Eleanor leaves her flat.

INT. TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

Alex leads Jo and Eleanor through an underground casino.

LATER

Alex plays roulette. He puts his chips on red, but Eleanor shakes her head. Alex then slides the chips over to black.

The DEALER spins. The ball hops, skips, settles on black.

Alex turns to Eleanor and smiles.

ALEX
 The Sun God of Egypt is Ra.

EXT. ROOF - NIGHT

Alex, Eleanor and Jo drop pebbles on the heads of POLICE.
 Off-duty Police shake hands with hat-wearing on-calls.

ALEX
 Are science and art linked? I read
 that today and thought of you two.

ELEANOR
 Hm. I notice that in science,
 studies are often illegitimate cuz
 scientists start with a false
 premise. They form a false thesis,
 then apply the scientific method.
 (beat)
 Designers reverse that, and use the
 scientific method to dream up a
 bullshit thesis. Science begets art.
 It's really all angles and geometry.

ALEX
 It's the opposite with police work.
 It's not about intuition -- the way
 I thought it would be -- it's about
 science, as you said. Now, I'm
 joking, but had I known the amount
 of math, chemistry, and physics I'd
 use, I never would've become a cop.

ELEANOR
You'd be a scientist.

ALEX
Yeah. In Forensics, it's all blood,
bullets, and murder. The fun stuff.

Alex and Eleanor exchange smiles. Jo drops a pebble on a
Policeman's hat. He looks up, and the three duck for cover.

INT. STUDIO - MORNING

Jo and Eleanor roll out long, unwieldy cylinders of carpet.
Next, they dig in with scissors.

LATER

Eleanor sews. She stabs herself and winces in pain. Camille
walks in, crooks a finger.

INT. OFFICE - MORNING

In Camille's office, Eleanor stands in front of a design.

CAMILLE
We need a second opinion on the
sequins. Too few or too many?

ELEANOR
Honestly? I think it's just right.

CAMILLE
How do you figure?

ELEANOR
I don't know. It just passes the
eye test for me. It's quite chic.

CAMILLE
So be it. Thank you, Eleanor.

ELEANOR
Anything else?

CAMILLE
Yes, we have the lunch order.

Eleanor, disappointed. Camille hands her a piece of paper.

CAMILLE
Are you coming for drinks tonight?

ELEANOR
Is Jo going?

CAMILLE

Naturally. It's why you're invited.

Camille smiles. Eleanor absorbs the thinly-veiled insult.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Eleanor pays for gum at a stand. *Women's Wear Daily* catches her eye. She picks it up and flips through pages. Sees a story on Jo and her L'Oreal award. Eleanor's mouth parts.

INT. STUDIO - NIGHT

With a needle and thread, Eleanor is the last to leave. One-by-one, the light panels above her begin turning off.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

As part of a group gathered for after-work drinks, Eleanor sits with a FRIEND. She sees Camille with her husband, TOM DOHERTY (40), along with Jo, Leticia, and COLLEAGUES.

Eleanor watches Camille kiss Tom. Soon, Camille and Jo leave.

LATER

Eleanor and Tom, alone at the bar. They laugh, flirt, touch.

TOM

I love Camille. Always will.

(beat)

I just don't necessarily...like her.

An awkward smile.

ELEANOR

Is this what I have to look forward to? My artistic goals leading to the dead marriage we're all so afraid of? It seems guys want passionate girls, but not women who have a passion.

TOM

You're young, and you're idealistic. Take what you need, need what you take. But don't sell them your soul.

ELEANOR

What if I already have?

TOM

... Maybe we can get it back.

INT. FLAT - NIGHT

Exacting revenge on Camille, Eleanor and Tom get into it.

LATER

Now alone, Eleanor purifies her cocaine, then smokes it.

INT. STUDIO - DAY

Jo and Eleanor sort through a pile of white ratiné, working on their one-off designs for the show. Eleanor's nose drips blood. She hides it. Jo notices, and offers a box of tissue.

JO

You need a Kleenex.

ELEANOR

I'm fine.

JO

... It wasn't a question.

Eleanor, taken aback.

ELEANOR

I might be a horse pulling your cart, but I don't need to be whipped... If there's a reason you're being bratty, just tell me.

JO

Kelly said you were all over Tom after we left. And Kelly said you went home with him.

ELEANOR

Get the fuck out of here with "Kelly said..." Kelly is a huge bag of shit.

JO

Even if she is, get a grip. You're fucking this up for the both of us, and you're fucked up all day. I know I brought it by in the first place, but you've gotta reel it in.

ELEANOR

I've used cocaine for some time now. It aids the work, and happens to be a good time. If I have a problem with it, are you under the impression it's because you brought it around? Christ, will you take credit for that, too?

JO
I'm a little worried; that's all I'm
saying. Let's focus on the work.

ELEANOR
I'm doing the best I can.

JO
I know. I appreciate that.
(beat)
But you have to do better.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Eleanor mixes jam and yogurt. Her buzzer sounds.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Eleanor and Alex talk while standing by his car.

ALEX
If you're up for it, let's go.

ELEANOR
Yeah, no; I'd like to hang out. I'm
working and partying a bit too much,
so a low-key night sounds fun.

They get in the car.

ALEX
Don't mind my speed. I'm hungry.

ELEANOR
Shouldn't we get Jo first?

ALEX
Get her for what?

ELEANOR
Jo's not hungry?

ALEX
Jo's not coming.

ELEANOR
Why not?

ALEX
... Why?

Eleanor blushes. Alex drives.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The pair eat dinner.

ELEANOR

Is it normal to make Detective by 30?

ALEX

No, but for those of us who do, it's nothing special. We always want more. Going to CSM probably isn't special, either. At least to people who get in.

ELEANOR

Oh, no, it's incredibly special.

(beat)

I'm joking; it's our normal, too. But we are lucky, in that most people don't have an overarching goal in the first place... Life is tough as it is, so it helps to have a North Star.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Eleanor and Alex play Skee-ball. Eleanor rolls a ball into a 50-point ring. Tickets emerge in succession.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Alex drives Eleanor home.

ELEANOR

When I was a kid, I would go to galleries. I thought most of the art wasn't very good, but I figured that the art dealers knew something I didn't. Turns out, it's just hard to find great art, so most of the pieces really are lacking... By the way, art dealers take 50% of the sale. Can you believe that?

ALEX

(smiling)

We're very similar, Eleanor.

ELEANOR

You like Jo.

ALEX

I don't. I want her dealer's name.

ELEANOR

Alex, you went on a date together.

ALEX
It wasn't a date.

ELEANOR
Did it begin with dinner?

ALEX
Did it end with a kiss?

ELEANOR
She didn't say.

ALEX
Well, there's your answer. Do you
really think Jo would give up the
chance to turn your screws?

He looks back to the road. Eleanor allows herself a smile.

INT. FLAT - NIGHT

Eleanor and her one mannequin. She packs it into a box.

EXT. STREET - MORNING

Car and DRIVER (50) drop Jo off at the studio.

INT. STUDIO - DAY

Jo and Eleanor repair an open sewing machine.

JO
Some of the tools we need are at
home. We should move this there,
anyway -- I could use it at night.

ELEANOR
I have to return Alex's jumper.

JO
Tell him to come by. We'll have
lunch.

Eleanor, wary of the proposal.

JO
Let's go -- my shipment came in.
Time you see my top five, right?

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Eleanor and Jo evaluate. Ten mannequins stand at attention.

ELEANOR
They're good, but they're not great.

JO

Sure they are. It's not Shakespeare, it's not your work, but I know how I measure up. They're great pieces.

ELEANOR

There's a reason I'm here.

JO

You don't have to be so blunt.

ELEANOR

How should I be?

JO

I'm grateful for all you've done for me, and you can be a little grateful for all I've done for you. And on a certain level, our work is the same.

ELEANOR

Uh, on no level is our work the same.

JO

It's harder to impress professors at Saint Martins than anyone else. The difference between us doesn't matter as much at this level.

ELEANOR

It matters. You are not talented.

JO

Fuck you. Let's see you be judged in Tokyo. Grad school's a small pond. If we show five of your designs, they're gonna love them, but if they see five of mine, they'll love them, too.

ELEANOR

No, they wouldn't.

JO

My work's gonna be talked about, and would be just as highly regarded as yours would've been... Okay, almost.

ELEANOR

Jo, you're wrong.

JO

Maybe. I guess we'll never know.

Through a window, Jo sees Alex pulling up in the driveway.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Jo arranges a fruit plate. Alex, post-arrival and knife in hand, cuts a watermelon. Jo looks at Eleanor, who sets up a table outside.

JO

So, I know that you and Eleanor have been spending time together. I don't mind -- just so you know.

ALEX

Why would you mind?

JO

It's a little touch-and-go right now in terms of working on a new piece for Tokyo.

ALEX

Got it. We won't be out late.

JO

I'm just a little nervous, because Eleanor can be...unstable.

EXT. BACK GARDEN - DAY

Jo, Eleanor, and Alex rest on the grass. Maid 1 and her SON (9) fly a kite. Jo joins the pair. Eleanor and Alex observe.

ALEX

"Let me tell you about the very rich... They are different from you and me."

ELEANOR

Hemingway?

ALEX

Fitzgerald... Does playing second fiddle bother you?

ELEANOR

I don't love how people treat me. Like that parasitic fish that swims with the great white shark.

ALEX

Candiru?

ELEANOR

Remora... They humor me, so as not to upset Jo.

(MORE)

ELEANOR (cont'd)
Though I can spin off and start my
own line if she pulls this off.

ALEX
That is one big "if."

The kite CRASHES down.

ELEANOR
Life is one big "if."

In the distance, Jo handles the damaged kite.

ELEANOR
One has to go into the arts with
the understanding that x seats
will go to nepotism, y seats to
cronyism, and most will go to
people who are undeserving in
general. If there's one seat left,
that's what you're competing for
instead of the fifty seats that
seem empty. They may not be
filled, but they're definitely
reserved.

ALEX
That's a good attitude to have.

ELEANOR
It's the only attitude to have.

ALEX
Police work sees a lot of nepotism.
My folks weren't "high level" cops.

ELEANOR
Does it bother you?

ALEX
Nepotism doesn't bother me. Not
as much as the dedication with
which its beneficiaries set about
denying its very existence.

ELEANOR
Funny... And where would a level
playing field find you?

ALEX
Forensics. Or Homicide. Narcotics
is dangerous.

ELEANOR
Narcotics is more dangerous than
Homicide?

ALEX
In Narcotics, the bad guys look to
protect their investment. Homicide?
About half the bad guys are on the
run, while the other half are dead.

He looks out at the sprawling landscape.

ALEX
Are you excited for Fashion Week?

Eleanor offers a perfunctory smile.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Fog and rain descend upon the city. A cold wind blows.

INT. STUDIO - DAY

Jo watches as Eleanor presents a new piece for Tokyo.

ELEANOR
It's a tribute to Japan. People love
their national flag, so I figured I
would pay respect by using the white
flag background, plus the red circle.

JO
Cool. You made a white dress.

ELEANOR
It's more than a white dress.

JO
With red polka dots.

ELEANOR
It's more than a dress. You'll see.

Jo places a stack of bills on the table.

JO
Let's present this as mine.

ELEANOR
Jo...

JO
Let's go with your best. We'll bring
mine as a back-up...
(MORE)

JO (cont'd)

I don't want people seeing all my moves, you know what I mean? I gave you 300, and I'll pay 200,000 more... This is 10,000. You've got something that's obviously unique.

ELEANOR

I don't know. I need money, but at some point it is just money. White shoe law firms pay you well, but at what cost...? They say that it's like a pie-eating contest, but the only prize is more pie.

JO

Okay, then teach me how to fish.

ELEANOR

Pardon?

JO

Teach me how to fish, so I can start over with my dress.

A keen play-calling strategist, Jo goes to an end-around.

JO

Forget about Tokyo a minute. Let's show the world your work, you pocket 200,000 pounds more, and I save what I've made for later. I also don't leave anything to chance, because your work is airtight. But after we do this, I wanna know where your inspiration is coming from. I know architecture's a big influence...but let's go fishing.

Jo reaches for her bag. She adds £190,000 to the £10,000.

JO

10,000, and this is 190,000 more.

ELEANOR

You want me to teach you how to fish.

JO

I want you to teach me...how to hunt.

ELEANOR

Please. As if you don't already know.

EXT./INT. LONDON - MONTAGE

Music builds. Eleanor leads Jo on creative expeditions. They flip through magazines from decades past. They sort swatches which will form the basis for Jo's one-off.

Colors abound. Markers, pencils, paints, thread, chalk. Pattern books, lookbooks, style guides, and travel guides.

Eleanor descends further into drugs. Snorting and smoking.

Jo and Eleanor sketch with pencils and computers.

Eleanor and Alex at rifle shows, zoos, ping-pong clubs.

Jo and Alex at exotic car auctions, museums, and galleries.

Alex's time is platonic with Jo, romantic with Eleanor.

INT. CLUB - NIGHT

A DJ spins records as REVELERS dance. Jo, Eleanor, and Alex watch from a soundproof, VIP lounge set high above the mix.

Jo reaches into her bag, grabs two boxes, turns to Alex.

JO

I don't want anyone feeling left out, Alex, so I'm not gonna give Eleanor a birthday present, then not pick something out for you. I spent like, so much more on hers, so please don't say thank you.

ALEX

Jo? In advance? Thank you.

She hands him a gift-wrapped box, then turns to her left.

JO

Happy birthday, Eleanor James.

Jo presents a red box. It features a Cartier logo.

JO

Open it.

Eleanor complies, reveals a flawless, diamond bracelet.

ELEANOR

This must have cost 10,000 pounds.

JO

18,000. Enjoy the hell out of it.

ELEANOR
There's no way I can accept this.

JO
You have to.

ELEANOR
I can't.

JO
You can.

ELEANOR
I can. I'll find a way. I have to.

Eleanor matches Jo's broad smile, then sees Alex, stunned.
He looks at a gold watch. The one he'd earn upon retirement.

ALEX
Jo... It's extraordinary.

Eleanor unnerved, wary that Jo has sunk her claws into Alex.

INT. FATHER'S FLAT - MORNING

Eleanor changes her father's oxygen canisters.

MR. JAMES
Your mum would've loved to have seen
you taking care of kids of your own.

ELEANOR
I don't want kids.

MR. JAMES
Why not?

ELEANOR
They can hold you back in life.

MR. JAMES
Lots of things can hold you back
in life, Eleanor. A child might as
well be one of them.

Eleanor adjusts his pillow, then dutifully tucks him in.

INT. STUDIO - DAY

Jo cleans lint from a new design.

JO
It's a little black dress.

ELEANOR
Yeah, I can see that. Why?

JO
Because. It's timeless.
(beat)
And now it has pockets.

ELEANOR
... Pockets.

JO
For carrying things. Items.

Eleanor grits her teeth.

ELEANOR
Pockets.

She takes a closer look.

JO
How's your dad doing?

ELEANOR
Why do you ask so many questions?
How's your dad doing?

JO
... What did I do wrong?

ELEANOR
Sometimes when people ask how I'm
doing, they're not asking me how
I am, they're letting me know how
they're doing better.

JO
Oh, God -- it's not a conspiracy.

ELEANOR
No, it is not. It's right there
in front of me. Bright as the sun.

JO
(softening)
My dad has always worked overseas.
He doesn't talk to me. He works.

ELEANOR
My father doesn't work at all.
(beat)
Well then. I guess we're even.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Alex and Eleanor dine. Eleanor writes notes in a sketchbook.

ALEX

What are you writing?

ELEANOR

The buyers requested that I put together a biography of Jo that they can use in press materials.

ALEX

Seems awfully personal for someone else to write... Put it away and finish your dessert. You haven't been eating much lately.

Eleanor picks at her plate.

ELEANOR

Are you gonna make an arrest?

ALEX

Of who?

ELEANOR

Of Jo, of her supplier, of anyone.

ALEX

There aren't any grounds. If you meant night one, arresting Jo leads to her suppliers by cutting a deal afterwards. But girls like Jo prove useful, in that the rich have their hands in a lot of pots.

ELEANOR

You don't owe me anything, but I have to ask. Do you like Jo?

ALEX

... Do you?

Eleanor lowers her eye.

ALEX

A certain amount of professional jealousy is expected.

ELEANOR

I'm not jealous.

ALEX

I would understand if you are.

ELEANOR

I'm a Sagittarius. We don't get jealous. We have a high opinion of ourselves.

ALEX

One moment, your classmates are equals, until one takes her slight advantage in talent, then strikes.

ELEANOR

Jo is no more talented than the rest of us.

ALEX

It appears the market disagrees.

Eleanor sets her silverware down.

ELEANOR

Central Saint Martins is the best institution of its kind. Jo has promise, but isn't as good as you think. To be honest, I don't even know how she got into CSM.

With his fork only inches from his mouth, Alex hesitates.

INT. SCOTLAND YARD - DAY

Alex at his computer. He looks up "Jo Miller."

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Alex sits with Bendricks (from the May Fair Hotel), as well as forensic technician WILLIAM FINLAY (50), plus DETECTIVES.

BENDRICKS

Next on the docket: Sims, Nathan. Probable suicide, but have at it.

FINLAY

Nathan Sims: Four distinct sets of prints were pulled from his laptop. One from the missing, one from his mother, one from the fisherman who hooked the laptop...and one unknown.

ALEX

Were the others wiped or dissolved?

FINLAY

Can't say. They're sebaceous prints. Far more tricky than eccrine prints.

ALEX
How long was the laptop underwater?

FINLAY
I'm sorry -- who are you again?

ALEX
Alex Fulham. Just got in from Bath.

FINLAY
Oh. Welcome to Scotland Yard, Alex.

ALEX
Thank you.

FINLAY
Fuck off -- your enthusiasm grates.
(beat)
You've never fired a gun, have you?

ALEX
Only the one in your mother's pants.

Against their will, Detectives chuckle.

ALEX
Sorry. I hoped we could figure out a time frame here. We know galaxy SXDF-NB1006-2 is the most distant galactic body at 12.91 billion light years. We can date plankton microfossils from a two billion-year-old rock. But we can't tell if a laptop went overboard in August?

FINLAY
You're smarter than you look.

Detectives laugh. Alex studies the report: 3 out of 4 prints.

INT. HALL - DAY

Alex approaches the forensics lab. Sees Finlay in his chair.

Alex hesitates. He spots a TECH, then pulls the woman aside.

ALEX
Hi. I'm new here and a bit nervous.
(beat)
What can you tell me about Finlay?

TECH
He's...ornery.

ALEX
You don't say.

TECH
He is obsessed with Toblerone.

ALEX
All about Toblerone. Terrific.

TECH
He has two sons, he plays chess,
and I think he roots for Chelsea.

ALEX
I appreciate it.

TECH
... He's ornery.

INT. LAB - DAY

Finlay works an electron microscope. He turns to see Alex.
Who is now interrupting his work.

ALEX
Hi. The Sims case: I'm going to
nab some prints. I'm hoping you'll
compare them to the fourth set.

Finlay, unmoved.

ALEX
Right. So, one theory I have is that
Sims may have gotten tangled up with
his friend's drug dealers. Maybe he
owed a large debt. Only now, it's
Sims' friend who's raising interest.

FINLAY
I need more.

ALEX
I'm cozying up to the suspect under
the guise of getting information. I
wanted their narcotics contact, but
now I think they may be involved in
the Sims case. That said, the
suspect is wealthy, and an American
at that. If I bark up the wrong
tree, the leaves might bite back.

FINLAY
... What's in it for me?

Alex holds still. Two Toblerone bars drop onto the table.

Finlay stares at them. He deliberately places a newspaper over them, as if covering a gun or a bribe. Slides them off.

ALEX

I'll bring you the prints tomorrow.

FINLAY

We'll see if he matches our unknown.

ALEX

... Never assume it's a "he." Crime-fighting or otherwise. Never assume it's a "he."

INT. FLAT - DAY

Eleanor freebases from a pipe. Her addiction peaks.

INT. HOTEL - NIGHT

Jo drinks from, then sets down, a wine glass. Alex homes in on it. Jo's lipstick lies above two thumbprints.

Alex looks at the crew: Jo, Eleanor, and FASHIONISTAS.

Pretends to be engaged. He takes a handkerchief, moves his hand toward the glass. Jo reaches for her clutch.

Alex calls an audible and wipes the bar free of liquid.

FASHIONISTA

Have you been to Tokyo before?

JO

I've been to Seoul, I've been to Shanghai, I've been to Beijing...

ELEANOR

A simple "no" would suffice.

JO

... What is your problem?

ELEANOR

She asked whether you've been to Japan, and you listed three cities in Korea and China. Sorry, but when someone asks me if I've been to the US, I don't list all the small towns in Mexico I love.

JO

Well, you've never been anywhere.

ELEANOR

No... And I have you to remind me.

ALEX

Hey, Jo. My cousin is thinking about applying to Saint Martins. Do you have your application materials so I can give her a target to shoot at?

JO

Sorry, I deleted them a while ago.

ALEX

Maybe on a computer somewhere?

JO

I'll check; I don't think so, though.

Jo turns away. Alex studies her glass. As he's about to pick it up, the hand of a BUSBOY snatches it.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Alex bursts through the swinging doors. A DISHWASHER is about to feed a rack of glasses to the steriliser.

Dishwasher closes the machine's door, and a cascade of water descends, as if a man-made Niagara Falls. Alex rushes the steel machine and raises a lever, opening it.

Boiling water streams out. Alex puts his hands into the mess and takes the rack out.

The confused Dishwasher looks on. Alex fumbles the rack. It crashes to the ground as shattered glass flies. Alex dives into the pile, slices a finger.

He identifies a section of glass with Jo's red lipstick.

Alex holds it up to the light. He sees a flawless print.

INT. ALEX'S ROOM - NIGHT

Alex sits at a desk. He places the glass in a drawer. Behind him, unaware, Jo and Eleanor mix drinks.

JO

Last call for me. I gotta go.

EXT. HALL - NIGHT

After Jo leaves the room, she's surprised upon knocking into Bendricks. His bucket of ice almost falls.

JO

I didn't mean to scare you.
Detective Bendricks, right?

BENDRICKS

Are you visiting Alex?

JO

Yeah, I was just leaving. He's having a drink with my colleague if you're up for some fun... Do you stay here? He mentioned that senior personnel have rooms that are in rotation or what have you.

BENDRICKS

I have tenure, so I can reserve a room one weekend a month. My wife and I try to use it to get away from the kids every now and then.

JO

You can get a room once a month?

BENDRICKS

It's actually a suite.

JO

Wow, really? I'd love to see it.
(beat)
I bet it's big.

INT. SUITE - NIGHT

Jo and Bendricks at his bureau. A string of pearls on a hook.

BENDRICKS

My wife knows this is a place for funny business and that sort. She comes with her jewelry on Fridays, and even if we leave Saturday, she keeps them here through Sunday so I can bring them home. The pearls are a marking of her territory. In a way, I suppose I'm flattered.

JO

Well, I think if someone wanted to sleep with you, they wouldn't be a deterrent.

BENDRICKS

My wife is...unsatisfied. Always complaining about my salary...

(MORE)

BENDRICKS (cont'd)
This pearl necklace is an albatross
around my neck.

JO
Blame Coco Chanel. She made pearl
necklaces a must-have for women...
How'd you end up being a cop?

BENDRICKS
I've always been one of the good
guys. Picked first for sports; I
stood up for the weaker boys... And
that's the side of the ledger a man
wants to be on, but women also like
men who have a touch of evil... But
that's not me. We are who we are.

JO
The good guy look suits you.

BENDRICKS
Which code do you abide?
Heaven and Hell? The Golden Rule?

JO
I'm always wondering whether I'm a
good person, who is capable of lots
of bad, or if I'm a bad person, who
is capable of lots of good.

BENDRICKS
What's the verdict?

JO
The jury's still out... Let's put
it this way: I don't know if Heaven
and Hell exist, but if they do...
I definitely know where I'm going.

INT. ALEX'S ROOM - NIGHT

Eleanor and Alex drink, the former skimming a hotel Bible.

ELEANOR
Are men interested in Jo because
of her family's money, or would
she get the same attention if she
were pretty without the money?

ALEX
With Jo... I sense some distance
there. She's cold. Americans, for
all their flaws, are warmer than
us. They hug a lot. Always with the
hugging...

(MORE)

ALEX (cont'd)

They care for America in a way we don't care for England. Revolution is something that came to pass because -- like the classic underdog -- they wanted it more.

ELEANOR

You're probably right. And Jo's winning the design game for that same reason. She wants it more.

The clock ticks, then tocks.

ELEANOR

I'm falling for you, Alex.

Alex smiles, but does not respond in kind.

ALEX

I think I'm starting to as well.

INT. SCOTLAND YARD - DAY

Alex at his computer. Finlay appears, then drops a file.

FINLAY

Prints from the glass. They match the fourth set from Nathan's laptop.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Alex and Finlay have just handed the prints to Bendricks.

ALEX

The final set of prints are from Jo. The prints from the laptop are Jo's.

Bendricks opens the file, then regards Alex suspiciously.

BENDRICKS

Did you sleep with her?

ALEX

I'm in my 20s, Bendricks. There are plenty of women to choose from.

BENDRICKS

All that ambition and wealth and your proximity to both. What I wouldn't do.

ALEX

Quite seedy and dramatic, isn't it?

FINLAY

So are your 20s.

The three share a smile.

FINLAY

Alex, in a Narcotics investigation, you can break a few rules and some laws, even. But if you take down a young woman in stretching it out to a Homicide case, be careful.

ALEX

I know I have dues to pay, but I have my sights set on Homicide. My parents didn't get there -- I will.

(beat)

Jo's captivating, but she's also a shark. If she's committed a crime, I won't do anything to jeopardise the investigation for Homicide.

BENDRICKS

I think you know what we're saying. Have your cake...just don't eat it.

INT. STUDIO - DAY

Eleanor looks up from her desk. Stares intently at Jo.

ELEANOR

I want more drugs. I've earned them.

JO

I gave you a lot. And I told you to take it down a notch -- we're coming down to the wire.

ELEANOR

Just give me the number.

JO

No. They're not some dorm room drug dealer, where they're just dabbling in crime. They're like, serious men with wives and children. They have something to lose.

ELEANOR

Then why do they talk to you?

JO

Because I buy an ounce every Monday.

ELEANOR

That's a lot.

JO

It's the third most in London on any given weekday. Bankers buy the most, then real estate agents, then Jo, then athletes and doctors.

ELEANOR

You owe me. How quickly we forget.

INT. CENTRAL SAINT MARTINS - DAY

Alex stands before a STUDENT receptionist.

ALEX

I'm looking to get the application file for one of your alumni. Her name is Jo Miller.

STUDENT

It's alumnus, if you so insist, and that's private information.

ALEX

It is private, though if you insist on being such an excruciating prick about it, it's alumna.

STUDENT

... I can't help you, and even if I could, I wouldn't.

Alex produces his shield. Flips it open, brass shining.

STUDENT

Revealing your badge is the most satisfying part of your day, huh?

ALEX

You should feel the strength of my erection after a cop pulls me over.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Eleanor in line. Her phone rings.

ELEANOR

Hello...? Oh, my God. Where is he?

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Eleanor at her father's bedside. She heads to the curtain separating his bed from another. Pulls it. Sees pill bottles on a bureau. She steals them.

INT. SCOTLAND YARD - DAY

Alex studies Jo's application file. In a photograph from the file, a blue dress shines.

INT. LAB - DAY

Alex directs Finlay while they scan the latter's computer.

ALEX

Pull every file on his hard drive
that touches upon fashion design:
sketches, schemes, doodles.
Anything that looks like a dress.
Then transfer whatever's there to
a floppy disk.

Finlay closes his eyes. Inhales, exhales. Opens his eyes.

ALEX

Three-and-a-halves?

FINLAY

We no longer use floppy disks.

ALEX

Okay, but can you prep one for me?

Alex, joking. Finlay, unaware. Counts to 5 with his fingers.

FINLAY

Computers haven't had disk drives
for years now. We use flash drives.

ALEX

... That's a USB, right?

FINLAY

Oh, for fuck's sake. You're half
my age and twice as slow.

ALEX

Hm. If it makes you feel any better,
I also make three times your salary.

Alex taps him on the shoulder with Jo's file, heads off.

INT. STUDIO - DAY

Eleanor returns from the hospital. Finds a photography CREW
taking over the studio, Jo being doted on by MAKEUP ARTISTS.

CREW

Apologies, Miss; you can't be here.

INT. SCOTLAND YARD - DAY

Alex opens and closes the files which Finlay pulled for him. Sketch after sketch, design after design, Alex has no leads. He then clicks the Windows button at the bottom-left corner. Alex sees the bar for "Search Programs and Files." Types in: "Application." Finds nothing. "Saint Martins." Also nothing. Then "CSM." Still nothing. A moment passes. He enters "Blue." One file pops up: "Little Blue Dress." Alex's pupils dilate. He double-clicks, sees the same dress from Jo's application.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Alex consults with Bendricks and Finlay about his discovery.

ALEX

The same dress, the same collection,
the same portfolio which Jo applied
with...is on Nathan Sims's computer.

(beat)

She killed him, then stole his work.

BENDRICKS

I doubt it.

Alex beckons.

BENDRICKS

Chances are, they were her designs,
but being a good friend, he helped
her out with them. That's why
they're on his computer.

ALEX

Except for this: I told Jo that my
cousin was applying to CSM. Then, I
asked about her application
materials, and she said she deleted
the files. No artist would do that.

BENDRICKS

Drill it down. What is the motive?
Gaining admittance to grad school?

ALEX

Why not? People kill for far less,
and it's resulted in her own line.

BENDRICKS

Why not cut out grad school and have her parents establish the line?

ALEX

One, I don't think they support her. Two, it's like having your mother complain that you didn't make the rugby team, no? You'd rather make it on your own merits. It's not serious if Daddy buys it.

BENDRICKS

But your assumption is that she didn't make it on her own merit.

ALEX

Maybe she just wants people to think she did. Or the ends justify the means, and she covets a fashion line that exists 200 years from now. Prada was founded by a man, now it's run by his PhD-wielding granddaughter. Maybe she wants that power and legacy... Or maybe she just likes killing people.

BENDRICKS

That makes two of us.

ALEX

Three.

They smile. For the first time, Finlay speaks up.

FINLAY

Alex: If Jo said that she deleted the application file, but actually does have it on her computer...

ALEX

That would be damning.

FINLAY

Circumstantial, but damning.

(beat)

Maybe instead of focusing on his laptop...you might focus on hers.

EXT./INT. CAR - DAY

Alex drives. Eleanor responds to a text from Jo.

ELEANOR
Can we stop by Jo's a minute?
I want to choose her samples.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jo and Eleanor sort samples. Alex helps by stacking them.

JO
I'm gonna head down to the wine
cellar and grab a bottle of red.

Jo leaves. Alex eyes her laptop. After a beat, he walks to it, presses the "Start" button. Searches a few terms.

"Blue" returns nothing. "Application," "Saint Martins," "CSM," they all return no results. Alex tries "Nathan."

"Nathan_Hello" pops up. Alex clicks. The blue dress appears.

Jo enters, so Alex navigates to a new site. Jo draws closer.

JO
Don't touch my laptop.

She walks out. Eleanor approaches, sees an adult site.

ELEANOR
You like chat models?

Through her thick English accent, she smiles.

ELEANOR
Pervert.

Alex exhales. *He went to porn to distract from his snooping. Better to be caught for something embarrassing and distract.*

INT. CELLAR - NIGHT

With Jo having left once more, Alex now looks for her.

Through the dark, he walks between racks of wine.

Jo appears with a flashlight. Alex, startled. After a beat:

ALEX
We need a name, Jo. It's time.

JO
I don't buy drugs. I use them.

ALEX

The reason I'm after your dealer isn't just to bring him in, and then grab others higher up on the food chain... I think Nathan killed himself, but there is the chance that he got tangled up with your guy. I think he could've been done in by a drug deal gone wrong if he was buying that night.

Jo purses her lips.

JO

You're right. I wanna see Nathan rest peacefully, so... It's Tony Muzzatti. Anthony Muzzatti.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Eleanor enters. Opens the fridge, takes out orange juice. She pours a glass, then sees Jo's phone on a table.

Eleanor scrolls through the contacts, looks for Jo's drug dealer. She sees "Barry," "Bobby," and "Boo."

Eleanor then sees "Colombia" and "Columbia." She pauses, saves the former number on her own phone.

Eleanor turns to leave. In the dark, Jo's mother speaks.

MRS. MILLER

How's your father been doing?

ELEANOR

(startled)

He's stable. Thanks for asking.

MRS. MILLER

Well, I'm happy you're here. Jo doesn't have many friends, and as much as you need her during tough times, she needs you.

ELEANOR

Right.

MRS. MILLER

I don't pretend to be a patron of the arts. Design in particular. But I do admire your drive. Most people don't have the will or the means to dive headlong into the arts... Only the very rich and the very poor are ever truly free.

ELEANOR
I was telling Jo how it's one thing
to climb the mountain, the trick is
staying there.

MRS. MILLER
And the fall is often...

ELEANOR
Precipitous?

MRS. MILLER
Painful. Not for you, though.
(beat)
You're going to be just fine.

Eleanor indicates the hall with her glass.

ELEANOR
Back to work.

Mrs. Miller doesn't move. The designer leaves.

MRS. MILLER
Eleanor.

Unnerved, the designer turns around.

MRS. MILLER
You're going the wrong way.

EXT. LONDON - NIGHT

Night finds the day. Streets are swept, deliveries made.

INT. SCOTLAND YARD - DAY

Alex takes the latest evidence to Bendricks and Finlay.

ALEX
Jo's application is on her computer.

FINLAY
You still have no proof. I'm the
one who suggested you catch her in
a lie by searching the drive. Yeah,
she appears guilty, but she may
have just thought she deleted it.

Alex throws up his arms.

FINLAY
I'm just playing devil's advocate.
Let us assume she killed him. How?

BENDRICKS

Nathan leaves Jo's party at 4 a.m. He loses his phone, so we lose his whereabouts. Maybe he walked back later, angry and drunk, and he confronts Jo about stealing. I don't know how he found out, but they fight. Maybe Nathan hits her, and maybe she pushes him off the roof in a moment of anger.

FINLAY

... Maybe in the garage, she gassed him with carbon monoxide.

ALEX

Yes, and maybe she bludgeoned him to death with a gold-plated bust of Stalin -- it's not the point.

FINLAY

(beat)

If Nathan came after Jo, wouldn't she just claim self-defense? After all, she's a rich girl. She'd find the courts agreeable to her plight.

ALEX

After a murder, the killer isn't thinking straight. They just want the problem to go away. Literally. Also, when people commit a murder, they're usually quite careless in their execution.

FINLAY

It's my belief that murderers are rather precise in their execution.

ALEX

Self-defense wasn't an option, as after an investigation, she'd have problems with school. She was also using drugs, on foreign soil, with mum and dad away. If she killed him, she'd be afraid.

BENDRICKS

Habeas corpus. Where's the body?

ALEX

Probably buried in the backyard. Easiest, most common place.

BENDRICKS

Bottom line, you have no proof.

ALEX

I have motivation and desire,
circumstance and happenstance.

BENDRICKS

But no proof.

ALEX

There is one one thing salvageable
about today. I got the name of her
dealer. If nothing else, Mr. Tony
Muzzatti is going to do cold, hard
time.

Bendricks ruffles his hair, trying to cover all angles.

BENDRICKS

If Jo killed Sims, why would she
willingly spend time with you?

ALEX

Because she likes me, Bendricks. I
admire her talent, not her looks.
It also makes sense for her to keep
me where she can see me.

BENDRICKS

How pretty is she? Scale of 1 to 10.

ALEX

I don't follow.

BENDRICKS

Jo and her friend: Eleanor... How
pretty are they? Scale of 1 to 10.

ALEX

I dunno. I'm not in the business
of rating women on their looks.

Bendricks, confused.

ALEX

I just don't see the value in
assigning a numerical figure to a
woman's physical appearance... Sir.

BENDRICKS

They're not very likable, are they?

ALEX

No. But they are very interesting.

BENDRICKS
Just be careful.

ALEX
Unfortunately, I'm never careful.

BENDRICKS
Well this is London, Alex. Start.
(beat)
It's entirely possible that Miss
Miller is two steps ahead of you.

INT. STUDIO - DAY

Jo and Eleanor operate a fusing press. Steam rises.

ELEANOR
I want credit. I want property...

Jo rolls her eyes.

ELEANOR
First you took my clothes and now
you're after Alex. I suppose that
next is my Bishop, then the Queen.

JO
Are you that self-absorbed?
Framing our relationship as chess?
A game of strategic sacrifice?

ELEANOR
I am. Except now it appears I'm
not the opposing player. I'm the
piece being sacrificed.

JO
What are you even talking about?
(beat)
Camille's husband wasn't enough?

ELEANOR
That was for fun, and for revenge.
This counts.

JO
1) You signed up for this shit, 2)
There's nothing going on with Alex.

ELEANOR
The two of you have nothing in
common: You're perfect for one
another. He's beautiful, while
you're breathtaking.

JO
Between the two of us... A lot
of people would say that
you're much prettier.

ELEANOR
I agree.

JO
... He doesn't like me.

ELEANOR
Everyone likes you.

JO
You're going crazy.

ELEANOR
I was crazy before you met me.
I've had my share of problems.

JO
Huh. I never would've guessed.

Eleanor leans in.

ELEANOR
Tell people that they're my clothes.
I'll give you back your money. Say
we were subverting this or that, do
whatever you have to do in order to
save face. But at some point, be
honest or I will expose you.

JO
Calm down. We'll talk after Tokyo.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Jo dials her phone. She stabs a pin cushion with needles.

JO
Alex, hi. I have to talk to you
about Eleanor.

ALEX
What's wrong?

JO
I'm still a little...unnerved by
her, especially cuz we're leaving
tomorrow. Maybe I should swing by
your hotel. We'll get a drink.

ALEX
I don't know when I'll be off.

JO
Can you come by the house?

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Alex waits for Jo in the baroque living room. Maid 1 appears.

MAID 1
Jo will be ready shortly.

ALEX
Thank you.

MAID 1
Hair and makeup, you see.

Alex smiles. Maid 1 leaves. After a beat, Jo's dog enters. He stares at Alex with a bone in his mouth. Alex pets him. Then, the puppy drops the bone on the ground between them. Alex studies the bone.

INT. BEDROOM - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

Jo's party. The dog chews his bone. Jo shows off her voice.

JO
This old man, he played one/He
played knick-knack on my thumb/
With a knick-knack, paddy-wack/
Give a dog a bone/This old man
came rolling home.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Back in present time, Alex is fixed on the bone. A moment passes, until the dog runs out of the room. It takes a few seconds for Alex to respond, but soon, he chases after him.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Rain pours. The dog runs across the lawn, Alex pursues.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

The dog runs through the dense growth, Alex far behind. The dog stops in a meadow. Thunder claps. Alex arrives. He looks at what the dog is circling in the mud: Bones.

The tips of Nathan's fingers, emerging from the ground.
 The dog jumps and barks. The thunder follows lightning.
 It illuminates Alex against a dark sky. Rain soaks him.
 Alex crouches down, then begins to dig around the hand.

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Given the impending Tokyo trip, Eleanor visits her father.
 She brings a glass to his lips.

ELEANOR
 I've never been on a plane. I didn't
 think I'd be nervous, but here I am.

MR. JAMES
 Make me proud. Just try.

ELEANOR
 Don't I already make you proud?
 (beat)
 Dad...? It wouldn't kill ya to
 give a compliment.

EXT. HOUSE - SUNRISE

Maid 1 puts suitcases in an SUV. Jo helps. Eleanor appears.

INT. AIRPORT - DAY

Eleanor stands in line, waiting to be scanned by an AGENT.
 She empties pockets, sees a vial of cocaine. She thinks
 quickly, then tucks the vial in her bra.

Agent scans her body, and the wand beeps near her chest.

ELEANOR
 The buttons are made of steel.

As he waves the wand again, his sausage-like fingers make
 intentional contact with her skin. Eleanor grabs his wrist.

ELEANOR
 The buttons are made of steel.

INT. PLANE - DAY

Eleanor sits in coach. She looks up the aisle, sees Jo in
 first-class. Eleanor tries to settle into the small space.
 Jo gets up, joins her.

JO
 Why are you sitting in coach?

ELEANOR
That's what my ticket says.

JO
Switch seats.

ELEANOR
I'm fine.

JO
You work for me now. If you work
for me, you're flying first-class.

LATER

A STEWARDESS brings Eleanor dinner. Pours a glass of wine.

LATER

The plane experiences turbulence. It gradually gets worse. Eleanor makes eye contact with a creepy-looking PASSENGER in the next row. He smiles at her, enjoying the distress.

INT. LAB - DAY

After his gruesome discovery at Jo's, Alex follows up. Holding out a clear plastic jar, he stops Finlay.

ALEX
How long would it take to have
bone fragments tested?

FINLAY
48 hours. But first you have to
get Bendricks to sign off on it.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Alex stands in front of Bendricks, who sits at his desk.

BENDRICKS
Really, Alex? Bone fragments are
not the way to find Nathan Sims.

Alex sets down the jar.

ALEX
It fucking is Nathan Sims.

BENDRICKS
... How sure are you?
(calling back)
Scale of 1 to 10. How sure are you?

ALEX
It's a 10, Sir.

EXT. JAPAN - NIGHT

The lights and sights of Tokyo. Jo and Eleanor explore.

INT. HOTEL - MORNING

Eleanor wakes up. Opens the blinds. Sunlight pours in.

INT. UNIVERSITY - DAY

Alone, Eleanor wanders the hallway of a school. Festivities for Fashion Week include guest speakers, and Eleanor checks in on a speech through a half-opened door. The room is full.

INT. AUDITORIUM - DAY

Australian designer LUKE LEDVA (45), in front of a podium. Eleanor stands in the back. Jo and Camille sit together.

LUKE
When they asked me to give the keynote address, I was honored. I was also nervous, as I didn't want to be one of those people who impart advice, because far too often, it's self-serving and unhelpful. Now, while this isn't a university graduation, it's still a rite of passage in many ways. And I wanted to share some thoughts that will guide all of us in the continued pursuit of our shared artistic mission. So I want to close tonight, and welcome you to Fashion Week, with actionable, practical advice.

Eleanor stands tall. Jo leans in.

LUKE
Don't let them break your spirit. People may break your will...but don't let them break your spirit.
(beat)
Hold on to your dreams, tight as you can, and never let go. Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to Tokyo Fashion Week. God bless you all.

The AUDIENCE rises and claps with enthusiasm.

INT. BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

Jo and Eleanor unpack four of Eleanor's best designs, along with the red polka dot dress. They place them on mannequins.

INT. AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

On a break, Eleanor wanders on the stage. The empty auditorium is cavernous. Eleanor is soon joined by two young girls, SIBLINGS who come running and jumping. A beat, until their MOTHER appears. She's holding hands with her husband, keynote speaker Luke Ledva. Eleanor admires the love between the four of them. After a moment...

ELEANOR

I appreciate what you said. About not letting them break your spirit.

LUKE

I didn't know anyone was listening.

ELEANOR

I like a simple, uplifting message. Better than telling us to find the right networks or the right mentor.

LUKE

That's nice of you to say. That said, I should've revised it, because my spirit gets broken all the time, and I'm doing well. It's hope that's important.

(beat)

People can break your will, they'll break your spirit, but always hold on to hope. It can get us through anything when we've got nothing else.

Luke and his wife watch the girls play. Eleanor smiles.

EXT. TOKYO - NIGHT/DAY

After hours leads to metro hour. Colorful CITIZENS commute.

EXT./INT. CAR - DAY

Jo and Eleanor are driven to the university. They wear gray, stoic game-faces. Signage, storefronts promote Fashion Week.

INT. AUDITORIUM - DAY

A collection debuts. MODELS walk and stalk the runway.

INT. BACKSTAGE - DAY

Jo and Eleanor take Eleanor's old pieces off the mannequins, then place them in garment bags. Eleanor notices a pained expression on Jo's face.

ELEANOR

What's wrong?

JO

Camille said she's ready for us.

ELEANOR

Let's put on a show.

JO

You're not nervous?

ELEANOR

Should I be?

JO

What do I tell her?

ELEANOR

Tell her that you have four old pieces you made as an undergrad. You tell them that you wanted to go on Safari your whole life...but it was never gonna happen. Your parents, they used to fight a lot. You weren't going to ask for a trip while their screaming shook the walls and your mum was lit.

INT. SHOW ROOM - DAY

Jo picks up where Eleanor left off. The four pieces are lined up in front of a focused Camille.

JO

My parents, they used to drink a lot. I never wanted to ask for a trip while their yelling shook the walls. But my dream was to go on safari, so I designed four dresses instead. One is inspired by a lion, another by a zebra, the third's a giraffe, and the fourth is from a leopard. And to be honest, my art came from pain, because if I couldn't get them to stop drinking, I could channel my sadness into design.

(MORE)

JO (cont'd)

(beat)

I thought art could ease my pain.

Camille is moved by the sentiment.

CAMILLE

I love this. I really love it, Jo.

JO

Thanks. But please know that this is the past. I can do much better than this... This is child's play.

Eleanor seethes from the affront.

INT. BACKSTAGE - DAY

Jo and Eleanor are back to work. Their pieces are now fitted on MODELS. Four Models, and a fifth in the red polka dot dress. Eleanor watches Jo and Model 3.

JO

Have fun, okay? I'll see you in 30.

Jo kisses her, joins Eleanor.

ELEANOR

It's show time; where are you going?

JO

I'm not watching my own show -- that's obnoxious. Be back in a sec.

Jo walks off. MODEL 4 appears.

MODEL 4

Excited?

ELEANOR

Always. Listen: Change of plans.

MODEL 4

Really?

ELEANOR

Yeah. We're going to Jo's back-up collection. Everyone change it up, but the polka dot dress? It stays.

INT. AUDITORIUM - DAY

Jo's four, old pieces strut down the runway. They make no impression. JOURNALISTS are uninterested.

INT. BAR - DAY

Jo and Luke Ledva sip drinks. Luke grabs a cherry.

JO
My one new piece is a red polka
dot dress. It's a mystery piece.

INT. AUDITORIUM - DAY

Eleanor's red polka dot dress is last, and as Model 5 is walking, the red polka dots change colors. From Red to R.O.Y.G.B.I.V.

JO (V.O.)
It's actually a plain white dress,
but it refracts lights, interacts
with each individual's eyes, then
an optical illusion results. My
white dress has red polka dots as
a default, but some people will
see orange dots, yellow dots,
green ones, and so on. It's all
retinas, rods, and cones. You hope
that your work lands, but we also
aim for that audience of one.

Camera flashes go off. Necks crane. Heads nod.

INT. BAR - DAY

Jo and Luke Ledva talk. Eleanor approaches with a smirk.

JO
I just want to show respect to
Tokyo, respect to Japan, and I
think the way to do it is with
a dress that shows respect for
their flag. The white flag and
the red circle are super chic.

Eleanor draws close. Jo doesn't see her, Luke does.

Eleanor sees Luke's (married) hand on Jo's thigh.

Luke winks at Eleanor. She is disgusted.

INT. PLANE - NIGHT

Miserable, Jo sits alone. A beat. Locks eyes with Camille.

INT. LAVATORY - NIGHT

Eleanor preps cocaine. Her nose drips blood on white tile.

EXT. STREET - MORNING

Alex walks to Scotland Yard.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Alex rides up. An OFFICER and his CHILD stand next to him.

OFFICER
Sing it. Sing for the detective.

CHILD
Daddy, you're embarrassing me.

He tries to encourage the Child by singing first.

OFFICER
Rudolph the red-nosed reindeer/Had
a very shiny nose/And if you ever
saw him/You would even say it glows.

INT. SCOTLAND YARD - DAY

Alex walks to his desk, passing CO-WORKERS along the way.

CO-WORKER 1
Hi, Alex.

A subdued greeting. Alex nods, walks on. Smiles and nods at others. Some avoid his glance, and Alex looks concerned.

CO-WORKER 2
Morning, superstar.

CO-WORKER 3
Great work, Fulham.

Alex, confused. He soon arrives at his office and sits down.

He then attends to papers and coffee. Finlay comes KNOCKING.

FINLAY
If you need to talk to someone,
come see me after you're settled.

ALEX
What's going on?

FINLAY
... Talk to Bendricks.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Alex and Bendricks. The latter inhales, deeply exhales.

BENDRICKS

Results came back on Nathan Sims.

(beat)

If you break a bone fragment off
a barely exposed tip, presumably
a finger or a toe, be sure it
isn't an animal's rib instead.

ALEX

What?

BENDRICKS

Rudolph. Donner. Blitzen. Bambi.

(beat)

It's a deer, Alex. Nothing more.
Next time...dig a little deeper.

Alex pales. The bones, a physical manifestation of his hubris.
His audition for Homicide blinded him. His assumption that
he's the smartest guy in the room hurts.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Jo and Eleanor before Camille, whose face portends doom.

JO

I know you don't want to listen to
excuses, but that's not what I set
aside for the walk. I'm sorry.

CAMILLE

Prefacing your apology by telling
me I don't want to hear an excuse,
and then immediately following up
with an excuse, is not an apology.

JO

I didn't mean to embarrass you.

CAMILLE

It wasn't a total loss.

Camille takes off her glasses, folds them deliberately.

CAMILLE

The press may have thought the
first four were quite dull, but
I thought the polka dots were
nothing short of...remarkable?

(beaming)

And Jo -- I'm not the only one.

She spins her laptop. Jo and Eleanor see the headlines.

INT. FLAT - NIGHT

Pills and vials abound. After a moment, Eleanor throws up.

INT. DRAWING ROOM - DAY

Jo sits in silence with a violin. She turns on a metronome, sets the winder. Clicking begins. Jo stares at the pendulum, waits to get her timing down. Then, like a runner exploding from the starting blocks, she begins to play with vigor.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

In the London suburbs, a POSTMAN ambles up the stairs. He rings the doorbell. He rings it twice. The Postman Always Rings Twice. A drop of liquid lands on his shirt... Blood.

Another drop lands on his hand. Postman sees that it's red. He looks up, then sees a dark mass pooling on the overhang.

LATER

Squad cars and ambulances. A sullen Alex watches the action from across the street. A body bag on a stretcher emerges. Bendricks joins Alex. Nods at a cop car, the Killer in back.

BENDRICKS

Killer's name is Patrick Terence Blankford. He lured four gay men, with Sims being the last. He was stabbed, then gutted like a fish.

Alex's phone rings. He sees that Jo is calling. Answers.

ALEX

Hi... I could use a drink.

INT. CAR - DAY

Eleanor drives from Camille's office. Dark clouds gather.

INT. CAR - DAY

Alex and Jo arrive, park in the lot of the May Fair hotel.

ALEX

He's not a serial killer unless he killed within a relatively short period of time. If he killed them over decades, he's just a standard-issue, garden-variety sociopath.

Alex exits, Jo as well. Alex sorts files in the trunk.

JO

Eleanor's threatening to expose me.
Help me talk her down from the ledge.

ALEX

Expose you for what?

JO

We all have secrets in life.

ALEX

Some have more than others.

JO

I have more than most.

She maintains eye contact.

JO

I stole Nathan's portfolio.

(beat)

The night he disappeared, Nathan left his laptop at my house, and he left his designs on the mannequins. I have ten of them in my room, and we worked there a lot... After he went missing, the writing was on the wall after a point. That he was probably dead... I applied to Saint Martins with his designs, and got in.

Alex rubs his temples.

JO

If I see a flaw in the system or a fault in the plan, I have to exploit it. It's almost primal.

ALEX

It is primal.

JO

No, it's almost primal. Animals don't feel guilty about the sins they've committed.

ALEX

Neither do you.

Alex's humiliation over the bones compromises his judgment. This professional failure makes him emotionally vulnerable, and he kisses her.

They separate, and kiss again. Passion and disdain.

INT. CAR - DAY

Aghast and horrified, Eleanor watches from her car.

INT. ALEX'S ROOM - DAY

Jo and Alex romp between the sheets. Keep it PG-13.

INT. CAR - DAY

Enraged and high, nearing psychosis, Eleanor dials her phone.

MUZZATTI

Hello?

ELEANOR

Is this Tony Muzzatti?

MUZZATTI

Who's this?

ELEANOR

Sir, a detective from Scotland Yard is closing in on you.

MUZZATTI

How did you get this number?

ELEANOR

His name is Fulham.

MUZZATTI

... Are you sure?

ELEANOR

Alex.

She hangs up. All is quiet. Eleanor then slams the phone into the windshield. It cracks. Fault lines spread forth.

INT. BAR - DAY

With her having conquered Alex, Jo continues her confession.

JO

Just before graduation, it became obvious that I wasn't getting my collection bought. I didn't want to spend my life on the fashion design treadmill, and since Eleanor doesn't have the right stuff in terms of mental makeup, but does have a gift...

(MORE)

JO (cont'd)
 We made a pact: I gave her money so
 I could take ownership of her
 collection, then submitted the
 collection as my thesis. It worked,
 and the ship set sail.

A reluctant smile forms on Alex's face.

JO
 Please talk to her. She sabotaged
 us in Tokyo, and now she wants to
 see me... I'm scared.

EXT. WYCOMBE SQUARE - DAY

Jo draws close to her house, past neo-Georgian treasures.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Wrapped in a towel, Jo steps out of the shower. She sees
 an outlet with nothing plugged in. She grabs moisturizer.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Mrs. Miller reads the newspaper. Jo enters, looks around.

JO
 Have you seen my hair dryer?

She looks some more. The counter here, the counter there.
 The table near, the table far. She stops at the dog bowl.

JO
 Where's Eben?

MRS. MILLER
 Around.

JO
 His food is still in the bowl.
 (beat)
 Why is his food still in the bowl?

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jo finds neither the hair dryer nor the dog. A moment. The
 power and lights dim low. Jo, confused. They swell back on.

JO
 Mom?

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Jo enters. Sees water dripping onto the cherry wood floor.

She looks up. The paint on the ceiling is wet. Drops fall.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

Jo rushes into the room. The carpet outside of the bathroom is soaking wet. She steps on it, and with each further step, water emerges from the fibers as if it's a saturated sponge.

Before Jo enters the bathroom, she catches something in her peripheral vision. She looks out the window -- sees Eleanor walking away from the house. Eleanor turns. They match eyes.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

On the Italian marble floor, Jo stands in an ocean of water. The tub's faucet runs, but Jo is too shocked to turn it off. She looks toward an outlet, spots her hair dryer plugged in. The cord leads to the tub and the business end is submerged. Terrified, Jo inches towards the tub. She then sees her dog. Its four legs are fully extended, stiffened by rigor mortis.

The dog neither floats nor sinks, suspended for her viewing displeasure. Jo screams in terror. She pulls the plug, then picks up the wet mass. Water sloughs off in sheets, running away from the dead, lifeless body. Jo screams bloody murder.

EXT. WESTMINSTER BRIDGE - DAY

A grim and cloudy sky. Jo waits for a meeting with Eleanor. She watches CHILDREN singing. Their music TEACHER conducts.

CHILDREN

London Bridge is falling down,
falling down, falling down;
London Bridge is falling down,
My fair lady! London Bridge is
broken down, broken down, broken
down; London Bridge is broken
down, My fair lady!

CHILDREN

Build it up with silver and gold,
silver and gold, silver and gold;
Build it up with silver and gold,
My fair lady!

Jo wears a pained expression as the creepiness accelerates.

CHILDREN

Silver and gold will be stolen
 away, stolen away, stolen away;
 Silver and gold will be stolen
 away, My fair lady!
 Set a man to watch all night,
 watch all night, watch all night;
 Set a man to watch all night,
 My fair lady!
 Give him a pipe to smoke all night,
 smoke all night, smoke all night;
 Give him a pipe to smoke all night,
 My fair lady!

LATER

Jo and Eleanor gaze at the water. Neither wants to blink.

JO

I understand you have problems, but
 this isn't the way to solve them.

ELEANOR

We all have problems, Jo. I'm not
 the only one struggling with demons.

JO

(softening)

Of course. But at least you struggle
 with them... They're like a distinct,
 opposing force... With me... I don't
 know where the demon ends and I begin.

ELEANOR

Sunday night, I'm writing a letter.
 Monday morning, I'm sending it to
 CSM, Camille, and the press.

(beat)

I wanted credit before you went and
 fucked Alex. I'm gonna take pity on
 you now? No. It's going out Monday.

JO

You can come forward with the truth,
 but I can do the same. You fucked
 the husband of one of the most well-
 liked buyers in Europe, so you will
 get blackballed for that. I'll tell
 people that you're an awful addict.

ELEANOR

I hate you.

JO

You hate me because I'm rich.

ELEANOR

I hate you because you're stupid.

JO

Eleanor... I was given a lot of advantages in life...and I took advantage of them. I was also given a lot of disadvantages in life... And I took advantage of those, too.

ELEANOR

Tell everyone. Blackball me; I don't care. It's a frivolous, repulsive business filled with frivolous, repulsive people... We'll see you in the tabloids.

JO

... Why would you want to meet up if we can't negotiate a little?

ELEANOR

So I could offer you some hope.
(beat)
And then quickly extinguish it.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Jo sits with her mother.

MRS. MILLER

Who else knows?

JO

Just Alex. He knows about the pact, and knows that I stole from Nathan.

MRS. MILLER

Maybe you should come forward.

JO

We're American. The tabloids will eat me alive.

MRS. MILLER

... We gave you everything!

For the first time, Mrs. Miller has lost her icy cool.

MRS. MILLER

You can't build a company on lies.

JO

Oh, get a grip. Entire empires were built on lies.

(MORE)

JO (cont'd)
 Lies, deception, and flat-out theft.
 Alexander the Great raped and
 pillaged his way across Asia and
 Persia. The Roman Empire was built
 upon the backs of men and the bodies
 of women... History is written by
 winners.

MRS. MILLER
 Life isn't about winners and losers.

JO
 What's it about, Mom, relationships?
 Family? Love? Community and charity?
 We have none of those boxes checked.
 (beat)
 Don't find God over two simple lies.

MRS. MILLER
 ... Your life is over. People don't
 come back from things like this.

INT. ANDERSON & SHEPPARD - DAY

Alex wears the suit that Salesman previously sold him.

SALESMAN
 You look great. Promise me you
 haven't been wearing it in the rain.

ALEX
 Rain? I wear this in the tub.

SALESMAN
 You're a cheeky one. Now get out of
 here before I report it stolen, son.

INT. FLOWER SHOP - DAY

FLORIST writes "Eleanor" on a card. Alex fluffs sunflowers.

FLORIST
 Good choice. These are very peppy.

ALEX
 Hm. She's not quite the peppy one.

FLORIST
 Keep her. That means she's sharp.

ALEX
 She's extremely sharp. Thank you.

EXT. FLOWER SHOP - DAY

Alex exits. Looks triumphantly left, then victoriously right. A van pulls up, and a MASKED MAN steps out. He calmly shoots Alex twice in the head, execution-style. Alex collapses hard.

The sunflowers and glass cry out. Masked Man jumps in the van, slams a door. The van takes off. Presumably, Eleanor thought Alex might get roughed up a bit. Stop coming around.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAYS LATER

Alex's casket is lowered into the ground as a proper police burial is afforded to him. Bendricks, seething, looks at Jo.

INT. ALEX'S FAMILY HOME - DAY

MOURNERS circulate. Eat cold pea soup, drink warm white wine. Jo sits alone. Bendricks presents, sits down across from her.

JO

How's the soup?

Silence. Bendricks sips his wine. Sets his glass down.

BENDRICKS

I know that you slithered into CSM on the back of Nathan Sims. I also hold you responsible for this tragedy... You are a foul creature.

JO

I'm sorry... But at the same time?
(beat)

Alex was charming, but he was also green. He was in way over his head.

Jo bends her head. She unhooks the clasp on her necklace.

JO

Now as long as you keep your anger in check... I think you'll be okay.

Stolen pearls swing like a pendulum. Bendricks is thrown.

JO

I wouldn't want your wife finding out...that someone's been wearing her pearl necklace.

Bendricks, cornered and aghast.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jo tosses and turns, worried that Eleanor will go public.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Jo makes coffee. She adds sugar. She stirs, then pauses.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

Online, Jo reads about Levamisole, used as a de-worming agent for fish enthusiasts. It's also used as a cutting agent that's been linked to overdoses and fatalities.

INT. PET STORE - DAY

A fish tank. Saltwater specimens. Jo stares at it. She's familiar with exotic fish, as she previously fed her own.

Looks at the OWNER, busy with CUSTOMERS. Jo moves toward the counter. She hurries to the Owner's station, sees a bottle: Levamisole. No one is watching, so she steals it.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Jo tends to a batch of cocaine laid out before her. She dumps half the bottle of Levamisole, mixes it well.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Jo waits outside Eleanor's flat. In time, Eleanor leaves.

INT. ELEANOR'S FLAT - DAY

Jo breaks in, heads to Eleanor's bedroom. She takes Eleanor's coke, then replaces it with a proprietary blend.

EXT. SHEFFIELD TERRACE - HOURS LATER - DAY

Jo walks the area with her two friends: Maid 1 and Maid 2.

The wind picks up. Jo buttons her coat, the gesture precise, unhurried. She checks her watch. Then checks it again.

INT. ELEANOR'S FLAT - NIGHT

Eleanor sits cross-legged on the floor, sketching. Not for Jo, not for Camille, but for herself. Around her are fabric swatches, colored pencils, strewn pages. The work is the most colorful we've seen from her: loose, alive, unburdened.

She sets down a pencil, reaches for a black plate. Taps out Jo's concoction, spreads the powder. She produces a straw. Eleanor sniffs one line. She sniffs the second.

She picks up the pencil. Returns to the sketch. Her hand is fluid and fearless. This is the Eleanor that Hodgeson saw. The Eleanor that Jo bought. She sniffs the third line.

Nothing happens.

Then, Eleanor's hand stops. The pencil line wavers, trails off the edge of the paper. Her fingers tremble.

She grabs her chest. Looks at the cocaine, then the plate.

She tries to stand, but her legs go. She CRASHES into the mannequin, and the firebrick blouse falls across her body.

Eleanor crawls on the dingy linoleum. Not toward her phone, but to her sketch.

She grips the pencil. Her hand convulses, but she holds it firmly. She writes on the margin of her sketch:

"Jo di." From there, a seizure takes her. The pencil drops. Her body contracts, extends, then goes still.

On the kitchen sink, a German roach waits patiently on the dull, stainless steel. Once again, its curious antennae wave crisp figure eights.

INT. ELEANOR'S FLAT - MORNING

POLICE. PARAMEDICS. Blue and red lights strobe through dirty lace curtains. A DETECTIVE photographs the scene. The black plate. The straw. The sketch pad.

He flips it over, sees two words in Eleanor's handwriting.

"Jo di." He thinks "Jo did it" is "Jodi," the girl's name.

INT. JO'S HOUSE - DAY

Mrs. Miller sits in the living room with perfect posture.

Jo brings her tea. They sit facing each other in silence.

MRS. MILLER
Was it an overdose?
(beat)
Was it just an overdose?

JO
... Drink your tea.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAYS LATER

Jo watches Eleanor's casket, lowered into the afterlife.

MOURNERS are dressed in black. Eleanor's father, Harold, stares Jo down. Jo's lips curl into a proud, evil smile.

EXT. BOUTIQUE - TWO YEARS LATER - DAY

Jo enters a tasteful building. A sign out front reads "Jo Miller." It displays "London & New York" below it.

The humble origins of a fraudulent empire.

EXT. SAINT MARTINS - DAY

STUDENTS on the grass. Jo walks among them, sees CHRIS (25) sitting, sketching. Standing over him, she admires his work.

JO
You're so talented.

CHRIS
Thank you.

JO
I love the way you introduced
marbling to the waistcoats.

CHRIS
It's risky; I know. Especially
on the chubby fur... I'm Chris.

JO
I'm Jo. I actually went here.

CHRIS
Oh, great... Did you like it?

JO
I loved it.

She looks down on him as music crescendos.

JO
Can I ask you a question, Chris?

CHRIS
Of course.

Jo smiles, baring her wicked white teeth.

JO
Do you like candy?

FADE OUT.

THE END