

## **FALL FASHION**

Written by

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**INT. ENGLISH COTTAGE - NIGHT**

NATHAN SIMS (23) 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 (25) cradles a puppy.

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

**EXT. SHEFFIELD TERRACE - DAY**

Jo and the two Maids walk. Jo's puppy 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 (25).

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 display 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 only 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 (50) 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.

(MORE)

HODGESON (cont'd)

He abandoned formal education at age sixteen, choosing fashion design in its stead. 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 may need 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 smoothes 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. They each bring something into the world that wasn't there before --

HODGESON

"And they're each 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.

(MORE)

HODGESON (cont'd)

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), observed the interaction.

MRS. MILLER

I'm sure Mary appreciates your help.

(MORE)

MRS. MILLER (cont'd)

(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 Allison?

JO

Oh, 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.

(beat)

That came out wrong. "Odd" is great.  
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.

(MORE)

HODGESON (cont'd)

(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 --

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.

JO

Who doesn't love chocolate, right?

(beat)

Do you like 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 towards stupid.

JO  
I want to see your collection.

ELEANOR  
Look: Privilege incubates talent.  
(MORE)

ELEANOR (cont'd)

Poor people don't have the luxury  
of studying philosophy or pottery.  
You aren't this naive... Are you?

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. 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 (28), 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 family's house is exquisite.

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 gulix.

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 percale.

JO

Burn them.

**INT. GARAGE - DAY**

Jo feeds a long length of clothes line 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 reservation.

**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?

**BEDROOM**

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 towards 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 colours.

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.

(MORE)

JO (cont'd)

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 sit.

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.  
(best)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, emphasised 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 advanced 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 model's 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 commiserate, 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 well-heeled BUYERS, incl. LETITIA (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

Do you want to take passive-aggressive swipes at me, or do you want 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

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

Hodgeson lies, given his earlier conversation with Jo.

#### 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 here 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**

LOUISE WILSON (51), course director of the MA programme,  
stands at a podium and addresses the packed house.

LOUISE

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, and CLASSMATES drink and chat. Jo notices a  
CUTE BOY looking at Eleanor.

JO

Heads up. Boy with the red hair.

ELEANOR

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

Jo nods towards 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 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**

"Jo Miller" and "Saint Martins" is Googled. Jo toggles through blogs: 1 Granary, Face Hunter, et al. The sites chronicle and explore her thesis win.

**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 raise up in deliverance of 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 the 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...  
(MORE)

ELEANOR (cont'd)

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 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 puppy 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 smiles.

JO  
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. 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. 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 magnificent office. Buyer 1, previously unnamed for clarity, is CAMILLE DOHERTY (40).

CAMILLE

With most designers, it's one of two qualities that make the work shine.

(MORE)

CAMILLE (cont'd)

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 Victor & 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 that he'll 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.

(MORE)

ALEX (cont'd)

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.

(MORE)

ALEX (cont'd)

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. 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 Bendlcks  
and Chapman. New office mates.  
Mr. Chapman is in Forensics and  
Mr. Bendlcks...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 Rassells 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 - DAY**

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.

**INT. FLAT - MORNING**

Again, "Jo Miller" + "Saint Martins" is entered into Google.

This time, it's Eleanor who looks for blog posts. Jealously 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?

As the others follow Jo as she paces and evaluates the room, Eleanor evaluates 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's 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 effects 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. 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 sucked 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

Wait, 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 feeds to 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 your 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

No. The cape is terrific. That's why  
I chose to show you it. But the word  
genius is applied to women who start  
wars and unravel DNA... Great design  
is only for men.

JO

Men are the worst.

ELEANOR

People are the worst. Men are  
incredible.

JO

Speaking of which, 'member the cop?  
Alex? He wants me to come to this  
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. Let's get after it.

**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.

(MORE)

ALEX (cont'd)

Now, I'm joking, but had I known the amount of math, chemistry, and physics I'd use, I never would've became 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 ambition leading to that dead marriage we're all so afraid of? It seems men want passionate women, 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 29?

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 smiles.

ALEX

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.

(MORE)

JO (cont'd)

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  
having been spending time together.  
I don't mind, just so you're aware.

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.

Jo plants a seed, knowing Eleanor will eventually water it.

**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. 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... 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 something 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.

(MORE)

JO (cont'd)

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.

Colours 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  
taking care of children 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.

A moment.

JO

My dad has always worked overseas.

(beat)

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 Googles "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 smokes crack 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 thumb prints.

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

Pretends to be engaged. He takes a handkerchief, moves his hand towards 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

I 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 awhile 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 jewellery 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 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... 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 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... 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. 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. 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-halfs?

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 Programmes and Files." Types  
in: "Application." Finds nothing. "Saint Martins." 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 quickly types. He then tries to close the lid, but Jo stops him.

JO  
Don't touch my laptop.

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

ELEANOR  
You like chat models?

She smiles.

ELEANOR  
Pervert.

**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 Bendlricks 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 good thing that's come out of this fuck-a-day. I have the name of her dealer. If nothing else, Mr. Tony Muzzatti is gonna 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.

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

What are you even talking about?

(beat)

Camille's husband wasn't enough?

ELEANOR

That was for sport. 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, enter Jo's puppy.

He approaches Alex with a bone in his mouth. Alex pets him.

Then, the puppy drops the bone on the ground between them.

Alex stares at 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 didn't think I'd be nervous. I've  
been on a plane, but here we are.

MR. JAMES

Make me proud for once. Just try.

ELEANOR

Don't I already make you proud?

**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 in to the tiny 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 imparts 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 share some thoughts that will guide all of us in the continued pursuit our shared, artistic mission. So I want to close tonight, and welcome you to Fashion Week, with decent, 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**

Night turns to day. The city comes to life.

**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.

(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.

LEANOR

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?

LEANOR

Always. Listen: Change of plans.

MODEL 4

Really?

LEANOR

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 are strutting down the runway.  
They make no impression. JOURNALISTS, disinterested.**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 colours. Red to OYGBIV.

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.

(MORE)

JO (V.O.) (cont'd)

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 Bendlricks.

**INT. OFFICE - DAY**

Alex and Bendlricks. 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 certain it  
isn't some animal's ribs instead.

ALEX

... What?

BENDRICKS

Rudolph. Donner. Blitzen. Bambi.

(beat)

It's a deer, Alex. Nothing more.

Alex turns pale.

BENDRICKS

Next time...dig a little deeper.

**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 of, well, interesting.

(beat)

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 vigour.

**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. Bendlricks 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.

A moment. Alex pushes Jo against a car, kisses her.

They separate then kiss again. Passion and disdain.

**INT. CARD - DAY**

Aghast and horrified, Eleanor watches from her car.

**INT. ALEX'S ROOM - DAY**

Jo and Alex romp between the sheets.

**INT. CAR - DAY**

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

VOICE

Hello?

ELEANOR

Is this Tony Muzzatti?

VOICE

Who's this?

ELEANOR

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

VOICE

How did you get this number?

ELEANOR

His name is Fulham.

VOICE

... 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... 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. 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 English  
tabloids will eat me alive.

MRS. MILLER

... What didn't we give you?

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. Lies, deception, and  
flat-out theft. Alexander the Great  
raped and pillaged his way across  
Europe and Africa. 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.

**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 HOUSE - 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.

Jo bends her head. She unhooks the clasp on her necklace.

JO

Now, as long 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**

An large fish tank. Salt-water specimens. Jo stares at it.

Looks at the OWNER, busy with CUSTOMERS. Jo moves towards  
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. 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 - DAY**

Jo walks her dog with her only friends, Maid 1 and Maid 2.

**INT. FLAT - NIGHT**

Eleanor takes out Jo's concoction. Spreads cocaine on a black plate. Produces a small straw. Sniffs three lines.

Her system floods. Cardiac arrest and a seizure.

Eleanor stands up, then collapses on the dingy linoleum.

She dies without dignity, alone on the floor.

**EXT. BOUTIQUE (TWO YEARS LATER) - DAY**

Jo enters a tasteful building. A sign out front reads, "Jo Miller." It features "London & New York" below it.

The beginnings of a fraudulent empire.

**EXT. SAINT MARTINS - DAY**

STUDENTS on the grass. Jo walks among them, sees CHRIS (25) sitting, sketching. Standing over his shoulder, 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.

They shake hands.

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**