

The Runway Model

Written by
Samuel Teyssier

Copyright (c) 2022

Draft
information: Aquamarine

Contact
information

EXT. FASHION STUDIO - AFTERNOON

The camera pushes into an open window of a bricked building. The sound of a beautiful but untrained singing voice of a woman leaks through the crack that recites the lyrics to the song *I Points To Myself* by Burl Ives.

As the camera gets closer, a figure of above-average height is formed through the blinding sun rays. The glare subsides for a moment and we see JAMIE AUSTEN (22F) hunched over a tall design desk.

INT. FASHION STUDIO - AFTERNOON

Jamie continues singing and intermittently humming as we see a CLOSE UP of her using an X-ACTO KNIFE to cut a large pattern out on the fabric. She completes the cut, removes the extracted piece, and moves it off to the side.

We switch and see Jamie's full figure as her focus remains on the fabric below her. Her style brightens up the room and is the embodiment of fashion forwardness, but still blended with her own uniqueness. She adjusts the fabric to a clean area, traces a guideline in pencil, and pierces the grain of the fabric.

She begins to drive the knife along the gray line of the pencil until...

A mixture of SCREECHING and THUMPING is heard from the back of the room.

In shock, she loses control of her hand holding the X-Acto Knife. Its sharp edge cuts through her fabric (ruining it) and drives into her other hand's finger.

The knife falls onto the table as her hand immediately wraps around her pierced index finger. She grimaces with pain as she looks back to the source of the unnatural disturbance.

KAY EDWARDS (18F) sits behind a prehistoric sewing machine that violently rattles as it works.

Irritated, she releases a heavy sigh and turns her attention back to her finger still shaking her head from anger. She continues to apply pressure to her finger and looks for any material to cork the hole.

The entrance to the fashion studio opens and GRETA BELL (22F) a shorter, glasses-wearing, wearing neutral-colored clothes woman enters carrying a briefcase.

Her joyous expression suddenly turns serious as she's Jamie in obvious pain and clutching her finger. Greta places her briefcase onto an empty table and hurries it over to Jamie.

Greta places her hand on Jamie's side.

GRETA

Are you okay?

Eyes closed, Jamie shakes her head.

JAMIE

Paper towels. Please.

Greta runs over to the nearby sink and rapidly pulls the lever to the paper towel dispenser down. Only a small amount of paper towels descend with each pull of the lever. She gets frustrated and removes the face of the dispenser and takes the entire roll to Jamie.

Kay glances up from her machine and watches Greta take the paper towel roll. Kay turns off the sewing machine and it slows to a halt.

KAY

Hey, is everything alright?

Kay moves closer to Jamie to get a better visual of her injury.

KAY (cont'd)

I'm so sorry if I made you jump
Jamie!

Neither Jamie nor Greta acknowledge Kay's previous comment.

Greta rips off a large sheet from the roll and holds it near Jamie's hand.

GRETA

Okay, show me the damage.

Jamie slowly removes her hand from around her finger revealing...

That there was no blood at all! There is not even a knick, gash, or scratch. Her finger is in pristine condition.

Rolling her eyes, Greta looks at Jamie and begins to ball up the sheet of paper towel. For a moment, Jamie is quiet and gently strokes her index finger with her other hand, massaging it.

JAMIE

(laughing)

Sorry, I honestly felt something slide into my skin. God, I hate being dramatic.

GRETA

You had my heart bursting. We have the show tonight. Can you please just keep your distance from knives and all of the other things that will slice an appendage? Just wait until tomorrow morning, you can go fingerless with clubbed hands.

JAMIE

It must be the adrenaline but I swear to you that I actually felt the metal touch my bone. But there's nothing!

Greta places the paper towel roll down next to the sink without inserting it back into the dispenser.

GRETA

That's how it happened right? You jumped again right?

JAMIE

Of course, I did. I won't deny it. When I'm listening to my playlist lasered into the zone I'm in a different plane of existence-

GRETA

-The "Jamie Dimension"-

JAMIE

-Whatever you call it. Designers are prone to "Jumping". When that "Jamie Dimension" collapses from external powers that sounds like a lawnmower being strangled to death. Jumpiness is a tick that plagues all designers. When you have a job that requires you to enter the "The Zone" and you're ripped from it, "Jumping" happens. I thought that I outgrew it after last time-

GRETA

-At least there's no blood this time or... stitches. There's an improvement.

Greta crosses back to the table to which she laid her briefcase and takes it to the table that Jamie is working at.

KAY

My gosh, Jamie I was so worried. I check and make sure next time-

JAMIE

-No it's fine, it's my fault. I'm jumpy. We just don't really use that machine. It's kind of a relic. Honestly surprised that it still even works.

Greta pulls up and nearby stole and sets her briefcase on the table and unlocks it.

KAY

What are you working on?

Greta takes out a BLUE FOLDER and a RED PEN and closes the briefcase.

JAMIE

It's something personal that I had written in my backlog for a while. This semester it's been one project after another so I finally have a moment to do something for myself for a change.

Kay gets closer to Jamie and hovers over her table. Kay then places a hand on Jamie's material. Greta watches the ongoing conversation, uninterested in concealing her enthusiasm.

KAY

Wow! Where did you find this pattern? I love its look. And is that... is it silk?

JAMIE

Yeah... Good eye.

KAY

Where did you find this? Did you get it at The Tapestry or just the fabric warehouse in town? Or was it somewhere online?

GRETA

Hey, Kay I really like the material that you were using over there, where you were working. I can't wait to see to what you make with it-

KAY

It's actually a-

GRETA

No no no! Could you keep working on it please, over there, and surprise us? We're really looking forward to it.

An impish smile grows on Kay's face.

KAY

I really like that material too "G".

She turns around and begins to head back to her work area.

GRETA

Oh and can you please use a different sewing machine.

Kay sticks a thumb straight in the air to signify her confirmation.

Greta pushes the blue folder and pen over to Jamie. Jamie's and Greta's eyes meet and Greta rolls her eyes.

JAMIE

(hushed)

Be nice to her.

Greta is frozen and long off into the distance. Her hands slide down her face as if she is losing grip on something. She suddenly erupts over with anxious emotion.

GRETA

Shoot it was good, I should have written it down, after the train station I thought of it while I was driving back here.

JAMIE

What do you mean?

GRETA

I had some idea, when I came in here I was going to tell you all about it. God, it was a ten out of ten.

(MORE)

GRETA (cont'd)

It's a thought that is a once a year type deal. I should have pulled over and written it down while I was driving back here.

Jamie opens the folder. It contains only a single stapled packet with three pages.

Greta takes the pen and makes marks next to several spots inside of the packet.

JAMIE

Give it time, it'll come back.

GRETA

God, I hope so. So sign here, here, here, and here.

Jamie begins to sign her name in the indicated places with the RED PEN.

JAMIE

(energized)

You didn't forget why you went on the drive to the train station I hope?

GRETA

I'm not completely insane yet.

JAMIE

Thank you so much for doing it again, this has really been one of the first times in a long time that I was to get into the zone with a project that was personal.

Jamie flips to the next page to sign her signature and looks up at Greta.

JAMIE (cont'd)

So how'd it go?

GRETA

It went well... Have you gotten used to that name yet?

JAMIE

I guess I haven't had to say it too much yet. It's hard to forget so there's that.

GRETA

I don't know why it's just hard for me to call a guy with a straight face... "Angel".

Each time Greta says the name Angel she makes quotations while her fingers.

JAMIE

It's just a stage name.

GRETA

I know but I've never even heard of models having stage names.

JAMIE

Me either, but it's working for him. You watched the videos I sent you right? His shows in New York go on and on. I couldn't believe it when he reached out.

GRETA

Yeah we're really fortunate. Don't you think it's ironic that someone who goes by the name "Angel" is scared of flying?

JAMIE

Maybe he was just trying to be polite, you know, save us some money. Train rides can be a very meditative experience for some people.

GRETA

No, I asked "Angel" and he said that he has had Aerophobia since he was a kid.

JAMIE

Don't get into a habit of finger quoting.-

GRETA

-I can't help it right now! If I have to say it later I'll put my hands in my pockets.

JAMIE

Okay, it seems that he's a bit eccentric, that didn't really translate over our messages, but it's just this night really.

(MORE)

JAMIE (cont'd)
And for the big picture it would be a good idea to keep him as a contact probably though.

GRETA
I don't think he likes me. I called him by his actual name when I first met him.

Jamie shoots her an aggressive look.

GRETA (cont'd)
By accident, I didn't know how strict he was about it.

JAMIE
An accident. An honest mistake. You apologized, why is he mad at you?

Greta solemnly shakes her head.

GRETA
I called him "Donald Dunn" again when we were driving back here. I was a slip of the mind. I apologized again but he didn't say anything.

Jamie releases an annoyed sigh. She flips the packet again and signs her final signature.

JAMIE
Yeah, I guess I'll do most of the talking. He's downstairs, right?

GRETA
Yep, he signed his release forms and I gave him the garment. He said he had to make a few phone calls, he's probably still in the "Big Changing Room" still.

Jamie closes the packet, drops it back onto the folder, and closes the pen.

JAMIE
That's it?

GRETA
That's it. You're going down?

Greta begins to pack up her possessions back inside of her briefcase and Jamie starts to clean up her work area.

Kay crosses behind their table, to the side of the room looking for supplies.

JAMIE

Yeah. Oh! Is the case still in your car?

Greta's face cringes and visually contorts.

JAMIE (cont'd)

The case of drinks?

GRETA

I'm sorry! I know I promised, I was never at the train station before, and I was looking for him; I was so distracted.

JAMIE

It's fine. It would have been nice to celebrate after the show but it's whatever. We'll make do. I'm really glad we found that spot next to the station. I swear it's the only place that they sell it, I'm so glad that we found it last year.

Kay listens closely to the two as they speak.

Greta takes a small daily planner out of her briefcase, flips through it, and begins to write something with her pen.

GRETA

I'm making a note about it right now, okay? I'll stop at that grocery store and get you two cases when I take "Angel" back there next week.

JAMIE

Thanks, guess I can wait a few more days. I still don't understand why they only carry them there. I can't be the only one who's addicted.

Greta closes her planner and puts it back into her briefcase.

GRETA

In those videos that you sent me, did you notice anything... unusual about "Angel"?

JAMIE

I guess his height, his structure,
his form-

GRETA

Anything about how he walked
specifically?

JAMIE

Nothing. It looked extremely
professional like he's been doing it
for years.

Greta closes and locks her briefcase. She begins assisting
Jamie pack up her fashion supplies.

GRETA

It's just... It's hard to say but his
walking wasn't normal. It seemed so
awkward.

Jamie chuckles. She stops what she's doing and looks at
Greta.

JAMIE

Would you say that he was in...
discomfort?

GRETA

Definitely. He seemed to be in a
hurry. Anxious and on edge the whole
time.

Jamie, with the assistance of Greta, finishes packing the
supplies away. They stand up from the table and begin to
walk towards the exit.

JAMIE

If you had to say, where his
discomfort was specifically... What
would you say?

Greta shakes her head; confused at her prodding.

JAMIE (cont'd)

Could it have been in the "midway
area"?

BANG! Greta lets go of her briefcase and it falls to the
ground. The disturbance causes Kay to jump from her station,
and ruin her work. She looks at her ruined work with sorrow.

GRETA

Do you think he was constipated?

JAMIE

The guy was on the train all day sitting down, probably had a meal from New York to here, hey and sometimes when you sit down it doesn't hit you until you get up and gravity can finally do its job.

GRETA

I guess you're right that adds up...
Shit I didn't tell him where the bathroom was.

INT. FASHION BUILDING ELEVATOR - AFTERNOON

A uniquely modern track is heard as the elevator music. A finger stabs at a button that reads "1" and it lights up. The sound of doors sliding closed is heard.

JAMIE

(sarcastically)
Hopefully, he doesn't pop while he's wearing the garment.

Jamie smiles at Greta as they stand inside of a large elevator carrying their bag and briefcase respectively.

GRETA

That was it! Yes! The underwear!

JAMIE

You want him to... What?

GRETA

No, that's what my idea is. The billion-dollar idea! Okay, listen to this... "Scented Underwear".

JAMIE

Why'd you start thinking of that? Was Angel stinking up your car?

GRETA

No? I don't think so? It's one of those ideas that I've had running around for a while and just never written down and always forget and sometime months later it pops up again.

(MORE)

GRETA (cont'd)

How hasn't it taken off yet? Almost all of those people out there stink and I swear that hardly anyone nowadays wears deodorant especially the guys. And scented underwear could localize the source of the fragrance to a certain area and counteract the smell they're putting out.

JAMIE

I'm sure someone has released it already it seems just so... obvious that someone had to.

GRETA

That's where I think you're wrong. It's like the invention of the wheel. There had to be dozens if not hundreds of people who said the same thing in Mesopotamia, "Oh it so obvious that someone already made it", and they never did anything with the idea and only remembered it when they saw it out on the street for the first time, because that one person just made it.

The elevator doors slide open and the music fades out. The two women step out of the elevator and we follow them as they walk to an unspecified location.

JAMIE

So you actually want us to create scented underwear as one of our first products?

GRETA

I think it would be irresponsible for us to not even consider the idea. Just by living life with a properly functioning nose, I know that there's a market for it.

JAMIE

Okay, we'll put it on the list. Let me get through tonight before I even have to think about anything else.

Jamie's eyes light up and she struggles to maintain her smile as she sees OLIVIA (22F) waving as she approaches the two of them with confident strides.

GRETA

Awe shoot I really don't want to talk to her today.

JAMIE

Oh, I don't either.

The distance closes to where the two parties are too near to each other to hide conversation.

JAMIE & GRETA

Hey Ollie!

OLIVIA

Hey girls! All set for tonight? I am so ready to see what you've been working on Jamie after you won last year!

GRETA

Yeah same here, we're both excited. Yours is going to be special too.

Both parties have used their greeting and are out of material. They stand, looking at each other for a moment.

EVERYONE

I'll see you tonight.

The two parties walk past each other and take their separate directions.

GRETA

Gosh, she really kills my mood. It never fails. What a bitch.

JAMIE

Yeah, she's a headache and a half.

They turn the corner of the hallway and slow to a halt. Both Jamie and Greta's mouth and eyes grow wide. Speechless. Time slows down as they watch a true Adonis, ANGEL (28M), strut down the runway with an inhuman jaunt.

His hips excessively sway to his left and right, with each step, that it looks as if he is pushing through a major injury. The state of his body fails to match his facial expression; he is stoically focused on a single point at the end of the runway with each of the muscles in his face perfectly arched.

JAMIE (cont'd)
I guess he didn't find the bathroom yet.

GRETA
Yeah... I'll go tell him. But why's he look so confident?

We get even closer into the confident face of Angel which is filled with unwavering stoicism. After a moment the camera tilts down to his waist area to show his awkward walking.

He stops at the end of the runway and holds a pose. His gaze locks onto Jamie, who is now inside of the Runway Auditorium.

INT. RUNWAY AUDITORIUM - AFTERNOON

ANGEL
Greetings Ms. Austen. It is a pleasure to finally meet you in the flesh.

It is obvious that Angel is forcing out an impression of David Bowie. Only slightly tilting his head down, Angel looks at the two girls.

His eyes slide over to Greta.

ANGEL (cont'd)
Hello there Greta... again.

Greta nods and counters with a weak wave of her hand.

JAMIE
Thank you so much for coming! How was the train ride here?

ANGEL
Ever since I was young I've found trains a rather meditative, maybe even a slightly religious experience. The constant sound of the engine, the privacy, the images of passing rural America, all bring me back to then. After years of being in the city, it was a joy to return to that place.

JAMIE
I'm glad we gave you that excuse to experience Amtrak again and return to you Alma Mater.

(MORE)

JAMIE (cont'd)
How do you think it fits? I made some adjustments on the upper waist based on the last numbers you sent me.

He looks thrown off by Jamie's prior comment, almost slightly offended.

ANGEL
Yes... I do hope that this will be a nice change of pace.

A crack of Angel's stoic face shows a hint of pleasure in the shape of a smile.

ANGEL (cont'd)
As far as I can tell it fits perfectly. I seldom get a fit this good the first time.

JAMIE
Thank you. That's great to hear.

GRETA
I'm sorry "Angel", I'm a terrible host. I forgot to show you where the nearest restroom was. It's down the main hall behind us and on your left.

ANGEL
No problem at all, I did some exploring and found it, thank you though.

JAMIE
Hey, now that you mention it, I'll meet in the changing room and I can look over, I actually have to run to the bathroom.

Angel nods and watches the two college students.

Jamie STEPS ON Greta's foot and turns around and walks to the exit of the Runway Auditorium.

Greta thinks for a moment and looks at Angel. She holds her hands out towards him.

GRETA
My hands are sticky. I gotta go wash them... I ate something.

Puzzled, Angel nods in approval and watches as Greta turns around and follows Jamie's path.

INT. FASHION BUILDING BATHROOM - AFTERNOON

GRETA

I told you that I knew something was wrong with him the first second I saw him at the station hobbling towards me. It didn't look anywhere this bad before even.

The bathroom is clean and empty. Jamie paces near the sinks and Greta leans against a stall door.

JAMIE

I can't believe that I just walked out on him... Why did you have to follow, it looks even worse.

GRETA

You stepped on my foot. I thought that was your covert way of saying "follow me".

JAMIE

It was just an accident. My body is shaking so much after seeing him that I scraped your shoe.

GRETA

Well, I'm here now.

JAMIE

I don't know what to do.

GRETA

There's no way that he can walk tonight like that. I can't even tell you what he was even wearing! That walk consumes every thought in my mind!

JAMIE

Oh my gosh, you're right! Was he even wearing the garment? He could have been wearing a tux or a t-shirt for all I remember.

GRETA

We are screwed. No one will be able to recognize the garment. They'll all be distracted. He mine as well be naked... not like anyone would notice.

JAMIE

Maybe he just has a rock in his shoe?
Messing up his foot and his movement.

GRETA

Usually, if I'm walking and feel a
rock in my shoe, I stop and take it
out. He's been moving like this since
the train!

Jamie stops and looks at Greta straight in her face.

JAMIE

Can "Pins and Needles" be a chronic
disease? Do you think he just has to
move around a bit, before each show
and he gets the kinks out?

GRETA

I seriously doubt that he has a
condition where every time he sits
down his legs get numb and he has to
move around for an hour to cure it.

Someone knocks on the door that Greta is leaning on. Greta
stands up, moves out of the way, and the door clicks open. A
girl, STALL GIRL (20F), looks at the two with an annoyed
look and walks to the sink to wash her hands.

JAMIE

I don't know what we're going to do.

The two think for a moment, the only sound heard is the
running sink from the stall girl.

GRETA

I could ask my cousin if he could
wear it tonight. He's the same
height, about the same build. I would
only really be minor adjustments.

JAMIE

You mean Travis? I've never even seen
him wear a button-up. And doesn't he
have a beard?

GRETA

Shit, I might have to pay him to
shave. I'm going to call him.

Jamie rubs her face with the hand that she believed was
stabbed with the X-Acto Knife. She notices something on her
index finger and her face turns frantic.

JAMIE

No, no, no. I really did cut myself.

She holds her finger to Greta's face. There is a faint red mark running down the center of the tip of her index finger.

GRETA

You're fine. It's nothing.

JAMIE

I cut myself. That's a bad sign. This whole thing is going to be a disaster!

Greta takes out her cell phone and calls her cousin. She places her phone to her ear.

JAMIE (cont'd)

This changes everything. I don't know what is going to happen now. Everything's in flux.

Greta holds her index finger to Jamie and mouths the words "One second".

GRETA

(to her phone)

Hey Travis, how are you doing... That's great... What are you up to tonight?

JAMIE

We can't just ditch Angel. We got him to come all the way from New York.

She takes her phone away from her ear and taps the screen to mute the microphone.

GRETA

(to Jamie)

So what do you think we should do? Everything's in flux.

Jamie is about to speak but freezes.

JAMIE

Maybe it's his shoe size. Could be too small, I'll get him another pair.

Greta rolls her eyes, unmutes her microphone, and places it back near her ear.

GRETA

Can you do me a favor tonight?...
You're going to have to shave... Yes,
I'll pay you.

INT. DRESSING ROOM OUTSIDE HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

The sound of CLICKING heels echoes through the hall. Jamie and Greta walk down a hallway.

GRETA

That's how they're supposed to walk.

JAMIE

I know how models walk. I've seen and
been to dozens of these. I just don't
get what happened. He's a
professional.

They stop outside of a door.

GRETA

It doesn't matter, we only have a few
hours until the show and we still
have to go "Pretty Woman" all over my
cousin. You brought him here. Just
got to rip the band-aid off.

Jamie nervously holds her hand up to knock on the door and
pauses before she makes contact. Seeing this, Greta
aggressively pounds on the door FIVE TIMES.

ANGEL (O.S.)

(light, jovial)

Oh, hey come on in!

Jamie opens the door and the two step inside.

INT. DRESSING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

As they enter they can see Angel's reflection from the
mirror of the vanity desk. He's wearing a wife-beater,
playing solitaire, and has an unlit cigarette in his mouth.

The garment is hanging inside of a translucent plastic
garment cover bag on a hanger.

JAMIE

Hey, I'm sorry Angel but you can
smoke in here-

ANGEL

I'm sorry, I don't smoke.

He takes the cigarette out of his mouth and holds it between his fingers. He continues to casually play solitaire as he talks.

ANGEL (cont'd)

I like fiddling with things; just having it in my mouth keeps me busy. And to be honest I like the way they look. Oh and call me Don. And I'm sorry how I acted out there, with all of the attitude and overall abrasiveness. It's unprofessional but until Angel comes out, with the poise and confidence that he brings, I can't perform. Donald Dunn, this guy here, might be as good as one of your cousins who has never stepped foot near a runway.

JAMIE

It's nice to formally meet you then Don. You're the guy that I have been messaging? Not the one who was out there?

DON

Yeah, that was all this guy. I'd hate it if he got a hold of my phone. Using him is just something I have to do. Angel would walk a runway that was made of smoldering embers to get the job done.

Greta is waiting impatiently and watching Jamie.

GRETA

That was a great idea that you just had out there, in the hall, should I remind you what it was?

JAMIE

Oh yeah so, Angel-Don, I was wondering if you ever get pins and needles, you know like in your feet or your legs? Cause it happens to my feet, without fail, almost every time I sit down and I have to move around for like an hour to fix it.

DON

Funny you ask since that's one thing about me, I don't think that any part of me has ever "fallen asleep". My circulation must be like the train that got me here. It just doesn't stop. I never knew that there was a condition where every time you sit down your legs get numb and you have to move around for an hour to cure it. That's fascinating.

JAMIE

Yeah, it can be a struggle. Can't sit down too much-

GRETA

-Was that your idea? I swear you said something else.

JAMIE

Actually, you're right, that's what it was! I have to double-check your measurements.

DON

Of course.

Jamie takes a small SEWING MEASURING TAPE from her bag and starts his shoulders.

DON (cont'd)

It felt perfect out there. I really like it, nice work.

JAMIE

Thank you.

Jamie moves to his back to measure its width.

DON

Oh, Greta. I was hoping after this that you could drive me to my parent's house. See them and drop off my bags. I haven't seen them in person for a few months and coming home is a surprise to them. They haven't seen one of my shows in a while.

Greta slowly nods. Her face holds a grim expression compared to the rest of the room. Her eyes turn to Jamie then face him.

GRETA

Definitely. The thing is I don't think that we will need you anymore tonight-

Jamie stops measuring and steps in between Jamie and Don's line of sight.

JAMIE

-So yeah, Angel. Sorry Don, I was wondering if you need another pair of shoes if those are too tight at all?

DON

No, no these are pretty new and they feel great.

He bends down to his shoes, quickly unties them, pulls one of his shoes off ... and a large rock falls out!

He holds the tongue of the shoe in Jamie's direction.

DON (cont'd)

See size twelve. Right size.

JAMIE

Did a rock just fall out of your shoe?

DON

That's what was inside of there? I thought that there was just some sand.

Greta bends down to pick up the rock. It has the radius of a fifty-cent piece making it impossible that it could accidentally slip into anyone's shoe.

DON (cont'd)

Wow, that must've slipped into my shoe at the train station. My feet are so rough and calloused I can't feel much down there anymore.

GRETA

There was nothing like this at the train station.

He begins to collect his deck of cards and place them back into their paper case.

DON

No, not this one. I mean the one in New York. I know exactly where it happened. That's crazy.

Greta stares at the rock in confused awe.

JAMIE & GRETA

Yeah...

JAMIE

(to Don)

You feel good? I have everything I need.

He nods to Jamie and slides his shoe back on.

DON

I'm so excited for tonight. I can't wait to finally walk that stage.

He jumps up from the chair and walks to the door. He turns around and points to Greta.

DON (cont'd)

(to Greta)

I'll meet you at your car.

Don leaves the room and closes the door.

Both Jamie and Greta look into the mirror and watch their reflections.

JAMIE

How could someone walk around with that under his foot all day?

GRETA

How could someone ride a train for fourteen hours, ride forty-five minutes in a car, change into your garment, and still not take their shoes off?

JAMIE

I'll see you tonight.

Jamie walks to the garment that is hanging inside of the covering and picks it up.

Greta does not move; she is stuck staring at the reflection of the rock in the mirror.

JAMIE (cont'd)

You okay?

Jamie places her hand on Greta's arm.

GRETA

I think I have a headache. Probably
an aneurysm. I need a drink

She blinks herself out of the trance and picks up her bag.
The two women head to the door.

JAMIE

Oh, are you going to call Travis
about not needing to come anymore-

GRETA

-Oh my God, I hope he has shaved yet!

Greta reaches into her pocket and pulls out her phone and
Jamie shuts the door behind them.

INT. RUNWAY STAGE - BEHIND THE CURTAIN - EVENING

The backstage of the fashion show is in a frenzied state.
Models and their designers make last-minute adjustments to
their garments and await for the SHOW ORGANIZER (24M) to
call them onto the deck.

The energetic pulsing of electronic beats is heard cyan and
magenta lighting lingers from the other side of the curtain.

SHOW ORGANIZER

Showcase three, Gianna Lane! You're
on deck!

JAMIE

He looks great and is walking fine.
Thankfully. Angel is back so please
call him whatever he wants.

GRETA

Of course, whatever. We're here, it's
going to go great. Did you see
Olivia's garment?

JAMIE

Yeah, it's nice.

GRETA

See the average person would have trouble reading through your tenderness but when I hear "Yeah it's nice" I hear "It looks like she just drove down to GoodWill today, found a rag from the 90s, made some quick adjustments and made her cousin wear it".

JAMIE

(laughing)
I didn't say that.

GRETA

You're being a real bitch today, you know that?

JAMIE

I don't think that I told you already but, thank you for everything you've done today; picking him up, driving him around, calling Travis. Is everything okay with him? He didn't shave at all, did he?

SHOW ORGANIZER

Showcase three, Mayleen Vance! You're on deck!

GRETA

Oh, he did. I have a picture. When I told him fifty dollars. He ran to the bathroom.

Greta takes her phone out of her jacket pocket and opens up her photos. She shows Jamie an image of TRAVIS (25M) with a half-shaven face lathered with shaving cream and an expression boiling with anger.

GRETA (cont'd)

He still wants that fifty dollars.

From behind Jamie and Greta, Kay approaches. She is dressed in a formal server's uniform and carrying a silver tray.

KAY

Hey Jamie! Are you ready? I'm still so sorry about what happened this morning.

JAMIE

It's no problem. Everything turned out fine.

GRETA

Hey Kay, shouldn't you be out there?

KAY

(to Greta)

Yeah I guess.

Kay lowers the tray more into the view of Jamie and Greta and reveals to them and the camera that there are three cups of an orange carbonated drink.

KAY (cont'd)

(to Jamie)

I went and got you the Aquaia drink that you like. It's orange and carbonated, I think? I haven't tried it yet. I just had to be safe and to be safe and apologize.

Kay offers Jamie a cup, as her face beams with a smile.

JAMIE

Thank you. I left the rest of the case with you things in the back.

She takes a cup from the tray and takes a sip with Kay still watching. Jamie nods at Kay to show her thanks and approval.

JAMIE (cont'd)

You went all the way to that store in Cecil to get this?

KAY

Yeah it's nothing. Don't mention it. My day was free until this evening. It was a nice drive. How do you think it's going to go?

GRETA

Shouldn't you be out there in the lobby?

KAY

Oh no, I just got on break, I still have about ten minutes.

Jamie looks at her finger and a smile begins to grow on her face. She rubs her "cut" index finger with her other hand.

JAMIE

I must've been your pen! I never cut myself! It's rubbing off now.

GRETA

Do you feel better finally?

JAMIE

Oh yes, my whole body feels at ease. Thank god.

GRETA

(sarcastic)

Well, that's great.

Greta's eyes dart away from Jamie as if she sees something out of place from the corner of her eye.

GRETA (cont'd)

(to Jamie)

Why's Angel coming over here? Shouldn't he be almost on deck?

JAMIE

Yeah I know. I'm not sure.

Angel closes the distance to the group of girls and is not in earshot.

JAMIE (cont'd)

Hey, Angel you still look great, is everything okay?

ANGEL

Spectacular, Jamie, Spectacular.

He turns his face to Greta.

ANGEL (cont'd)

The parents wanted to take a photo. I had to oblige.

Angel offers his phone to Greta. Greta accepts it and begins to unlatch her briefcase.

SHOW ORGANIZER

Showcase three, Donald Dunn! You're on deck!

Angel suddenly turns in the direction of the Show Organizer and his face turns a shade of red.

ANGEL

(sharp loud whispers)

That is not my name. When I am on stage I go by Angel. Say it again. The right way.

No response can be heard from the Show Organizer.

Greta drops her briefcase on the ground. The impact creates a sharp heavy echo off of the wood. In response, both Jamie and Kay "Jump" from the loud, sudden noise. Jamie simply produces a small hop and shakes her now empty glass, but Kay hops and sends the contents of the orange drink flying all over the back of Angel and Jamie's garment. The back of her dress gets soaked with the orange liquid.

SHOW ORGANIZER

Showcase three, Angel! You're on deck!

Angel turns to the group.

ANGEL

I'm ready. Thank you, my spine is tingling. I haven't felt this way in years.

He turns and walks to the Show Organizer, near the curtain.

With their eyes piercing Jamie and Greta turn to Kay.

GRETA

What the hell?

JAMIE

Why'd you have to make her "Jump"?

GRETA

Me? I just put it on the ground!

KAY

I am so, so sorry! I'll run and get a napkin, right away.

Kay sets the tray down on a nearby table and runs off to the exit to find napkins.

GRETA

She can't go out like that! Get her over here!

JAMIE

I know, I know a white garment with orange dribble on the back!

GRETA

There's no time to wait for her!

JAMIE

They won't pause the whole show just for us... I wish he was still limping like he was before. No one would even see the dress let alone the carrot barf.

Kay hurries back in with a stack of napkins.

GRETA

Wait. That's right. We can do that.

JAMIE

What? Do you have another rock?

GRETA

No, not quite.

She goes to Kay's tray and pours the remaining two cups into each other. One cup is empty but leaves the other filled to the brim with the orange carbonated liquid.

JAMIE

What?

GRETA

Trust me.

Kay enters the group with the napkins.

KAY

Should I just go over there or do you want to take them Jamie?

Greta takes the large stack of napkins out of Kay's hands.

GRETA

Actually, we talked. Don't worry about it. No worries. Angel actually said that he wanted you to bring this cup over to him. He wanted to try it.

Greta takes the filled cup from the tray and offers it to Kay. Kay gives her an uneasy, confused smile and accepts the cup.

Kay carefully walks over to the curtain, balancing the liquid to make sure that a single drop doesn't fall from the brim.

GRETA (cont'd)
(offering Jamie the
suitcase)

I think you should be the one to pull
the trigger.

Jamie takes the briefcase holding it by its sides with both of her hands.

JAMIE
I am gonna hate myself after this.

She drops it and it collides with the stage with a BANG.

Kay "Jumps" and half of the orange drink splashes onto the floor of the stage. An orange puddle forms

JAMIE (cont'd)
Hey Angel come over here! I have to
fix something really quick!

Angel walks to Jamie. He moves past Kay and onto the orange puddle. Angel's entire body flies sideways into the air and lands on his hip.

On the floor, his body is sprawled out and hair is ruffled; completely disheveled. He releases painful groans.

Jamie and Greta run over to Angel and help him stand up.

GRETA
Oh God, Angel are you alright?

Angel weakly stands tall with great posture.

ANGEL
Why is this floor wet? I am perfectly
fine.

JAMIE
Really?

ANGEL
Of course. And nothing would ever
stop me from walking tonight.

Angel holds a stoic pose following her final word.

ANGEL (cont'd)
(to Jamie)
What did you have to tell me?

JAMIE
Oh ah, I just had to tell you that
there was lint on the

Jamie pretends to pick something from the back of the garment. She makes a fist to conceal the complete nothingness in her hand.

Angel nods to Jamie.

ANGEL
Thank you. I will see you on the
other side.

His limp has returned and it is back and better than ever. Angel walks to the curtain and the PREVIOUS MODEL walks returns from the front of the curtain and Angel immediately has the PREVIOUS MODEL's place.

INT. DRESSING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The room is empty but the remnant and artifacts from recent usage are clearly visible.

Greta pulls two cans of the orange carbonated drink out of the case and offers one to Jamie. She accepts it.

JAMIE
You don't think we're going to win?

GRETA
Heck no. We won't be the worst
either. Eh, somewhere in the middle.

They CRACK open the cans of orange carbon drink.

JAMIE
I know, I just wanted you to lie to
me for once.

They CLINK their cans.

JAMIE (cont'd)
I think I cut myself on the tab.

Greta puts her index finger into her mouth. She takes it out and looks at the tip of the finger.

GRETA

Me too.

They look at each other with shock and awe.

SAMUEL TEYSSIER