

ANGELIKA

I love how much my very being affects you on a daily basis. Let's get it real, Evey...

Eve glares at Angelika, enraged.

ANGELIKA (CONT'D)

...You're a has-been. You were important 3...maybe 4 years ago. You're 26! 20 fucking 6! (condescendingly) Start a podcast or something...I don't know, marry a film producer for crying out loud. You're not meant for this life. Not anymore. There's no point punching up if you're already...DEAD!

EDEM (O.S)

10 SECONDS!

Eve looks absolutely gutted. Tears form around the surface of her eyes. She looks Angelika DEAD in the eye, then GRITS her teeth.

EVE

At least I'm a fucking ARTIST that's worth her salt! I study this work. I BREATHE it! I...FUCKING...FUCKING LIVE it! You're just pretty with no REAL fucking talent, and that must eat you alive. Enjoy it while you still can. Sucks to be you. Cunt.

Angelika looks at Eve, flustered. She then gives her a shrewd smile.

EDEN (O.S.)

SHOWTIME, LADIES.

All the models in the lineup immediately correct their collective postures and slowly make their way through the curtains.

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**INT. CATWALK, DUCASSE'S FASHION SHOW - CONTINUOUS**

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The stage is set. It's a small venue, about one-tenth the size of an average soccer field. The decor is extremely minimal - almost as if no effort was put into organizing it.

The floodlights block out every existing shadow on the catwalk. 6 Audience members seated in chairs fill both sides of the ramp.

THEO DUCASSE (36, FRENCH, PLUMP, RECEDING HAIRLINE) is seated lazily on a chair at the edge of the ramp, towards the end. He has shades on and is casually smoking a cannabis joint.

A couple of photographers are peculiarly standing outside the catwalk, on the ready.

The models EMERGE out of the curtains, Alex opening the show. Number 2 follows momentarily. Then 3. They are bombarded with camera flashes.

The rest follow suit, walking effortlessly, almost robotic. Emotionless. Artificial. FLASH. FLASH. FLASH.

Now, it's Eve's turn. Her walk is PRISTINE. She walks to the end of the ramp. Her confidence is MAGISTERIAL. She then makes a U-turn following the other models.

Now, Angelika walks the stage - The closing act. She is STUNNING. The way she walks and carries her outfit is downright MESMERIZING.

The camera flashes increase sporadically as soon as Angelika makes her entry. She walks to the end of the ramp, then winks directly at one of the cameras in the middle. Subtle applause from the audience follows soon after.

Angelika then makes a sharp U-turn, Eve in front of her. She walks closer to Eve, then SUDDENLY and aggressively TOE POKES Eve's left heel, unbalancing her and causing her to FALL.

Eve LANDS on her back. People in the audience GASP as this happens.

Eve looks embarrassed. Distraught. She glares aggressively at Angelika who's making her way backstage. She now has fully developed ANGER in her eyes.

She skips towards Angelika, inching closer with each heavy step. She then PULLS Angelika by her hair with all her strength causing her to lose her footing.

The audience gasps collectively. FLASH. FLASH. FLASH. Angelika is visibly FURIOUS. She gets up instinctively.

ANGELIKA  
You fucking bitch!

Angelika SLAPS Eve right ACROSS the face. Eve stumbles, holding her face in pain. LOUD gasps and multiple camera FLASHES follow.

ANGELIKA (CONT'D)

You're dead!

Angelika grapples Eve, who instinctively grabs Angelika by her shoulder. The two move around in circles in a non-aesthetic fashion.

EVE

Fuck you!

They continue to grapple each other, moving precariously on their heels. The audience look at them, awestruck with the proceedings. FLASH. FLASH. FLASH.

ANGELIKA

Your career's over, fuckface!

Eve tenses.

EVE

I'm BETTER than you!

ANGELIKA  
(scoffs)

You're going to be joining your poor little brother in Hell when I'm done with you.

Eve is STUNNED by her last remark. Her face now radiates WRATH. She pushes Angelika off, then CLIPS her in the mouth with her right fist - her brass knuckles making direct contact with the flesh.

Angelika falls on the floor of the catwalk - her mouth busted WIDE open, BLOOD gushing out of it like water sprinklers.

Eve sits on top of Angelika's chest and goes on a vicious BEATING rampage - PUNCHING her REPEATEDLY in the face. Her eyes look ANIMAL-LIKE. Her face has now become the very personification of FURY. She has tears in her eyes.

FLASH! FLASH! FLASH! Eve continues to punch her. Blood SPLATTERS on her face with each punch, painting it like a cheap Renaissance mural.

Angelika's face has now become absolutely DISFIGURED. Unrecognizable. Blood gushes out from every orifice of her face. Her body lies there still. Her eyes are cold. Static. Her visage, pale. She is DEAD.

Eve stops punching. She breathes heavily. Then looks around - everyone is shocked. Some models near the backstage curtains are squealing in horror, while others are taking photos. One vomits on the floor, while another comforts her. FLASH! FLASH! FLASH!

Eve looks at her bloodied hands. Her brass knuckles are completely smeared with blood. She then takes a glimpse at Angelika's dead body. Eve looks absolutely SHOCKED. She begins to cry.

EVE

I'm...I'm...Sorry.

She looks at Angelika's body again. She gasps.

EVE (CONT'D)

I d-didn't m-m-mean for th-this to h-happen. Oh dear god.

She breaks down. She's now a crying mess. She slowly gets up. Camera flashes follow.

EVE (CONT'D)

I-I'm so...s-sorry.

She hides her face with her bloodied hands - weeping like a toddler, aghast.

Theo Ducasse walks into the catwalk. He has a blank expression on his face. He slowly walks up to Angelika's body, crouches, then examines it thoroughly.

Eve looks horrible. Her face is an astute mixture of blood, sweat and tears. There's snot coming out of her nostrils. She is having a minor panic attack.

DUCASSE

(to Eve)

Hey, you!

Eve is in a daze. Her attention gets diverted,

EVE

(to Ducasse)

Who? M-M-Me?!

DUCASSE

Come closer.

Eve is unsure at first, then begins to nod excessively. She walks towards Ducasse, who's still examining Angelika's body. Eve is shaking vigorously, traumatized and completely out of it.

EVE  
(muttering to herself)  
I'm going to jail...I'm going to  
jail.

Ducasse joins both his index and middle finger and nonchalantly WIPES off some of the blood from Angelika's DEMOLISHED visage.

Eve, meanwhile is looking around waywardly. She's holding her head in despair.

Ducasse walks up to her.

EVE (CONT'D)  
(to Ducasse)  
I'm s-so sorr--

Ducasse then spreads the blood from his fingers vertically on Eve's forehead and chin; painting her frightened face RED with each stroke of his fingers. Eve is horribly confused with what has transpired.

DUCASSE  
Now pose, Eve.

Eve looks at Ducasse, STUPIFIED.

EVE  
...You...k-know my name.

Ducasse has a wry smile on his face.

DUCASSE  
Pose, *ma couer*.

Eve stops in her tracks. She's trying to understand the gravity of the situation. She nods awkwardly, composes herself and then raises her arms; a nervous smile on her face. Camera FLASHES flood the screen.

DUCASSE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
*Magnifique, ma cherie*. Go on. Go  
on.

Eve continues to pose. FLASH! FLASH! FLASH! Her awry smile grows more and more confident.

DUCASSE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
You're a fucking STAR!

She's swaying like a Russian Ballerina in her prime. FLASH!  
FLASH! FLASH!

Her face, although smeared with blood has a ray of positivity. Her smile grows deeper; her eyes have suddenly lit up, dangerously manic-like.

DUCASSE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
(amped)

THIS. IS. ART!

Eve smiles. She is enjoying herself. She raises her arms seductively, touches her face, raises her arms once again, shakes her head slowly, then looks directly at the camera with a gaping, reassuring smile. Eve is finally in her element. She is now UNSTOPPABLE. FLASH! FLASH! FLASH!

**CUT TO WHITE:**

**THE END**