



Written by  
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INT. BATHROOM — HOTEL SUITE — MORNING

Clothes, accessories, makeup, bags, towels, and empty vodka bottles are scattered everywhere.

Amid the chaos lies MIRELLA (27) — messy blond hair, faint wrinkles on her cheek from sleeping on a towel, puffy red eyes. Even in her worst hangover, she looks beautiful, curled up on the bathroom floor in her underwear and a black cropped T-shirt that reads "Jesus Saves, I Spend."

She slowly wakes, groaning through the hangover. Still dazed, she reaches for a water bottle and her phone.

Unread messages light up the screen. She opens one from JUNIOR.

JUNIOR (TEXT)  
Left a gift for you.

She makes a disgusted face, drops the phone, then searches the messy floor. She finds a small makeup bag, opens it, and pulls out a snuff bullet filled with cocaine. She opens the spoon and snorts in.

She stands, steps into the shower still wearing her T-shirt, closes the glass door, and turns on the water.

Her silhouette appears through the fogged glass.

She scrubs herself hard... then stops...

Releases a restrained anguished scream.

TITLE CARD: "NEW FACE"

Mirella now wears a fluffy robe. Hair brushed back, she massages her face in the mirror, finishes with lip gloss. Her skin looks flawless, but her eyes betray her emptiness.

She exits the bathroom while checking her phone, crosses to the nightstand, and calls room service.

MIRELLA  
Hi, can you send breakfast? Yes —  
complete... thank you.

She opens a white envelope stuffed with cash plus a black credit card.

She tosses it into her purse.

She press a button on the night stand and the curtains open, revealing a stunning morning skyline. She walks to the sofa, turns on the TV, still focused on her phone, opens in a video platform.

A soft, dreamy track plays with the add before the video. \*

ANNOUNCER (V.O.) \*  
Your power is the power of beauty. \*  
Discover the colors of yourself! \*  
Fifty new vivid fiery shades from RAV \*  
Beauty. \*

Mirella finally looks up. \*

On the TV: HER FACE in a glossy cosmetics ad. She studies it. \*

Then notices – they digitally erased the small mole near her ear. \*

She touches the spot, confirming it's still there. \*

The commercial ends; she goes back to her phone. \*

A knock on the door. \*

MIRELLA \*  
COME IN! \*

She keeps looking at her phone while a hotel employee enters with a food cart. We follow him as he arranges the dishes with an artistic precision. \*

HOTEL EMPLOYEE \*  
Excuse me, breakfast is served. \*

MIRELLA \*  
Ah, okay. \*

She grabs a crumpled \$5 bill from her purse, walks over, and hands it to him. He leaves with visible disappointment. \*

She sits at the table with the skyline behind her, spreads jam on toast, holds her phone up for framing, takes a small bite, and snaps a bright, happy selfie. \*

The image freezes. \*

A giant red Instagram-like heart appears: <3 \*

INT. STELLA'S HOME – KITCHEN – MORNING \*

A finger flicks across the frozen selfie of Mirella and a heart over it, swiping to the next image. \*

We're now in a modest wooden house kitchen: pastel green walls, clean, simple, worn. \*

STELLA (16) – tall, lean, long brown hair hiding part of her face, wearing an oversized hoodie and cargo pants – sits eating white bread with cream cheese and a cup of chocolate milk.

Her mother, HELENA (38), walks in, dressed in a spotless cleaning-service uniform. Her hair is pulled back, no makeup. She circles the table, pours herself some coffee, and grabs the small cream cheese container in front of Stella. She opens it – it's almost empty.

HELENA  
Unbelievable. The only expensive thing I buy for myself, and you ate it?

STELLA  
I'm sorry... I thought there was more...

HELENA  
"Sorry" That doesn't taste like cream cheese.

Stella stands up put her dishes on the sink.

HELENA (cont'd)  
Make sure to wash everything when you get back from school.

Stella grabs her backpack

STELLA  
Ok.

Stella walks out.

Helena tries to scrape the last bit of cream cheese and spread it on her bread.

EXT. STREET – MORNING

We follow Stella walking down the street. In the background, we see empty houses, and farther back, abandoned buildings. Time has marked this rusty, gray city – once a promising industrial hub, now a dystopian landscape after most factories left.

Stella meets LUANA (17) – brunette, beautiful eyes, fresh makeup, curvy body, wearing a long colorful coat, hair and makeup perfectly done. She waits in front of a small grocery store.

LUANA  
Hey.

	STELLA	*
Hi.		*
They hug and start walking.		*
	LUANA	*
Check this.		*
Luana turns to Stella and strikes a pose, holding her hand in front of her face.		*
	STELLA	*
What?		*
	LUANA	*
(Shakes her fingers)		*
Matching colors – lips and nails.		*
	STELLA	*
Oh... sorry, I didn't notice. I thought that was the same color as yesterday.		*
	LUANA	*
Nooo. That was Vivid Intense Red. This one is Sinner Red.		*
	STELLA	*
Okay... looks nice. Do you have money? I'll give it back soon. I need to buy cream cheese...		*
	LUANA	*
Cream cheese?		*
	STELLA	*
My mom got mad saying I ate hers, but I didn't.		*
	LUANA	*
Did you tell her that?		*
Stella pauses. Her eyes shift, like she's searching for something inside her mind.		*
	STELLA	*
Yes... and I said I was going to buy another one so she wouldn't bother me.		*
	LUANA	*
Right... you know, every time you lie, your eyes move in a weird way.		*
	STELLA	*
No... I'm not lying...		*

LUANA  
See? Just like that.

STELLA  
Shit... I'm sorry, I didn't say  
anything.

LUANA  
Anyway, I don't have money, but my  
mom buys the big economy pack. You  
can refill it – it's the same thing.

STELLA  
Okay, that works. Thank you.

They walk into the public school.

INT. STELLA'S HOME – AFTERNOON

Stella walks in, drops her backpack on the sofa, puts on some  
music, and starts doing her house chores.

A sequence of shots begins:

- Washing the dishes
- Cleaning and organizing the kitchen
- Watering the vegetable garden
- Folding clothes
- Studying on the bed
- Writing on her journal

INT. STELLA'S HOME – NIGHT

Helena and Stella sit on the couch watching TV.

The sofa isn't big, but the distance between them feels huge.

Both are silent.

Stella alternates between watching the TV and looking at her  
phone. Helena watches the show until a commercial break  
begins.

HELENA  
Tomorrow morning we have to go  
downtown. I need to run some errands.

STELLA  
Do I need to go? I have school  
tomorrow.

HELENA

Yes, you need to go. To register your ID and enroll for the student social benefit. You're 16 now, and we need that money. Also, I need to go to the bank.

STELLA

Okay.

Stella looks at her phone, annoyed by the idea. Helena stares at her for a second.

HELENA

What's that face? You're not doing me a favor. This is for you, Stella.

STELLA

I didn't say anything.

The commercial break ends. The show's music starts. Helena turns back to the TV.

HELENA

Shhh. Let me watch, it's back.

Stella looks at the screen. They both focus on the show, it is the final of a reality competition.

TV HOST (O.S.)

I'm sorry, Brenda, but you are going home tonight! The winner is Nadia!

They stare at the TV as the theme music plays and the audience cheers while the eliminated woman sobs on her way to the door.

INT. BUS — MORNING

The bus is crowded with exhausted workers. In the back seat, Stella looks out the window while Helena sleeps beside her.

The bus stops. Stella watches a kite slowly free itself from a tree and drift upward.

The bus moves again, and she watches the kite until it hits an electrical wire and burns.

INT. SOCIAL SECURITY BUILDING — AFTERNOON

Stella and Helena wait for their number to be called. Stella looks at the TV on the wall: #47. She looks at the paper in Helena's hand: #139.

After a long wait, their number is finally called. They stand and walk to Desk 11.

In the clock on the wall time pass, 10minutes later.

CLERK MAN  
Sign here...And here.

Stella signs.

CLERK MAN (cont'd)  
Please don't forget the date.

Stella dates the form and hands it back.

CLERK MAN (cont'd)  
You forgot to add the father's name.

Stella looks at her mother. Helena blushes and gives a small nod. The clerk understands and fills it in.

CLERK MAN (cont'd)  
Okay. Father unknown.  
(looks back at  
Helena)  
All right, this is all set, and in  
about three months...

HELENA  
Three months?? I thought it would be  
three weeks...

CLERK MAN  
No... three months to process  
everything.

Helena is disappointed, she was hoping to receive the money sooner.

CLERK MAN (cont'd)  
Anything else? So she'll receive the  
check in the mail at this address.

HELENA  
Thank you.

They leave.

INT. BANK - AFTERNOON

Helena is speaking with the BANK MANAGER at his desk. Stella waits on the other side of the office partition, charging her phone.



MANAGER

Sorry, but you're too late on your payments.

HELENA

I just need four months. Please.  
Look, I just got approval from social security, and my daughter will start receiving benefits in three months. That will help...

The manager looks toward Stella, sitting in the waiting area with her phone.

MANAGER

I can get a job for her. I need a maid at home.

Helena notices the way he looks at Stella. She recognizes exactly what that means – she's seen that look before.

HELENA

No, thank you. She's going to school to get a real job.

Stella can hear the entire conversation.

Back to the manager. He types something on his computer.

MANAGER

A real job, huh? Aren't you a cleaner?

HELENA (O.S.)

Yes, I am. But she's not like me. She's smart, and she'll have better.

Cut back to Stella's face. She has never heard her mother say anything like that about her.

MANAGER (O.S.)

Okay. You have three months.

He hands Helena a printed page.

HELENA (O.S.)

But this is almost double my monthly payments.

MANAGER

I know. Did you think those three months would come for free? There's interest on it.

Cut to Helena's disappointed, exhausted face.

MANAGER (cont'd)  
This is the best I can do for now. Is  
there anything else I can assist you  
with today?

A smirk creeps across his face.

MANAGER (cont'd)  
Try not to fall behind on your  
payments. And think about my offer.

Helena and Stella leave the bank.

EXT. BUS STOP - DAWN

A long line of exhausted workers waits for the bus. STELLA  
and HELENA stand among them. Behind the crowd, an old bBruno  
factory wall looms.

The BUS pulls up. The crowd pushes forward. Inside, Stella  
and Helena manage to find two seats facing each other by the  
window.

Stella watches her mother. There are so many things she  
wishes she could ask, but she knows none of them would have  
answers.

Helena stares out the window, her expression hollow and far  
away. It's a look Stella will never forget.

CUT TO:

From outside, we see Stella and Helena silhouetted behind the  
glass.

The bus pulls away, leaving only the tall, weathered bBruno  
wall in frame.

EXT. STREET - EARLY AFTERNOON

In front of the school entrance, a 27-year-old man stands  
out-tight black jeans, blue T-shirt, a nice jacket, messenger  
bag. This is WILSON, a model scouter, hunting for new faces.

He walks among the students who are leaving school, scanning  
boys and girls, but none hold his attention.

Suddenly he stops. He's found a target. He quickly approaches  
Stella and Luana, stopping right in front of Stella with a  
business card in hand.

WILSON  
Excuse me! Sorry to stop you like  
this, but have you ever considered  
becoming a model?

STELLA

No.

WILSON

My name is Wilson. I'm a model  
scouter for I.N.T Model Management.

He pulls out a brochure and hands it to Stella. She eyes him  
suspiciously while flipping through the pages. Luana leans in  
to see the brochure too.

WILSON (cont'd)

How tall are you?

STELLA

Five-eight, I guess.

WILSON

How old are you?

STELLA

Sixteen.

WILSON

You are perfect. Can I see more of  
your face? Pull your hair back and  
hold it for one second.

She pushes her hair back, revealing her young face. She  
avoids eye contact. Wilson looks at her from head to toe,  
smiling like he just found a pot of gold.

LUANA

Come on, let's go. This sounds fake.

WILSON

Fake? No.

Wilson shows them his phone, his Instagram profile open, full  
of photos with famous models.

WILSON (O.S.) (cont'd)

See? This gorgeous lady here is  
Dione, INT's owner. She was one of  
the original supermodels. And this is  
me with Kerly, Aimée, Kate, Tatyana,  
Mirella, Sofia, Markus, Pietro...

LUANA

(cutting in)

Mirella is so amazing. I follow her.

STELLA

Really? I love her. She's so elegant  
and powerful.

WILSON

I found her at her school, just like this one. I travel the world looking for faces like yours. Feel free to Google me or call the agency. I know how to spot talent.

(looks at Stella)

You have the genetics. What's your name, dear?

STELLA

Stella.

WILSON

Do you mind if I take your picture to send to the agency?

Stella still holds her hair back. He snaps a few photos. She giggles, struggling to keep a straight face.

CLOSE ON his phone as he sends the pictures to DIONE.

Luana shows Stella a picture in the flyer. Stella drops her hair back down, covering her face.

WILSON (cont'd)

Believe me when I tell you: you have a real chance to be one of these models. You have the look.

STELLA

Me? Are you sure? I'm not good in pictures, and I don't think my mother will let me do this.

WILSON

I have my special way with mothers. Don't worry. I can go to your house later today, and I'm sure I'll convince her. Is that okay for you?

STELLA

Yes. She'll be home around eight, I think.

WILSON

Great. What's your phone number and address?

CLOSE ON his phone as he types. A message from DIONE pops up:

DIONE (TEXT)

If she has all the measurements right, we want her. She is PERFECT!

WILSON

See? I told you.

He turns the phone so she can read it. She smiles. \*

STELLA \*

Okay. I live on 521 Street D. My  
number is 555-2136. \*

WILSON \*

...3-6. Done! Great. See you later. \*

Stella and Luana walk away. Wilson stays behind, eyes on his  
phone, satisfied—mission accomplished. \*

INT. STELLA'S HOME - EARLY NIGHT \*

We see Stella's face. Her cheeks are blushing and her eyes  
are wide and shining as she pays attention to Wilson. She  
releases a shy smile. \*

WILSON (O.S.) \*

Her face is just perfect. I'm sure in  
six months she will be on the best  
fashion shows. \*

Now we zoom out and see Stella's upper body. She has her arms  
crossed in front of her and is wearing leggings and a blue T-  
shirt with a SpongeBob print on it. \*

We see Helena sitting on the right side and Wilson on the  
left side. Both are looking at Stella, who is standing  
upright in the center on the other side of the room. \*

Wilson stands up and walks behind Stella. He pulls a hairband  
from his wrist and gently pulls her hair to the back. \*

WILSON (cont'd) \*

She has a unique face with delicate  
lines. \*

He puts his hands on Stella's shoulders and pulls back,  
fixing her posture. \*

Wilson reaches into his messenger bag on the coffee table and  
pulls out a measuring tape. \*

We close on his hand as he rolls down the metric tape. \*

WILSON (cont'd) \*

(to Stella) \*

Can you lift your arms? \*

Stella lifts her arms wide in the middle of the room. Wilson  
takes her measurements — bust, hips, waist — and he takes  
notes: 32 24 33. \*

WILSON (cont'd)  
 (to Stella)  
 Dear, I need to make a video. Could  
 you walk from there and stop right  
 here, and say your name and your age  
 to the camera?

Stella walks back to the other room while Wilson points his  
 phone and prepares to film her.

WILSON (cont'd)  
 (louder to Stella)  
 Walk, girl!

Stella walks and stops in front of the camera.

STELLA  
 (shy)  
 My name is Stella, I'm 16 years old,  
 and I'm from South Country.

He stops filming.

HELENA  
 I'm not sure about this. Is this  
 safe? Do we need to pay anything? Can  
 we afford it? Who will take care of  
 her?

WILSON  
 I understand you, mom. Lemme explain.  
 I.N.T pays for the flight. She will  
 stay at our models' apartment – only  
 girls, don't worry.

He approaches Helena and gives her a brochure.

WILSON (cont'd)  
 This is 100% safe for her. We'll take  
 good care of her. We give all the  
 support she needs. Trust me, she is  
 in good hands.

HELENA  
 What if the folks there don't like  
 her? She is not a model. They can  
 send her back with nothing?

WILSON  
 The owner, Dione, was a supermodel.  
 She knows better how to spot talent,  
 and she would not invest in someone  
 without being sure of her success.  
 Believe me, she loves Stella.

Wilson hands her the contract.

WILSON (cont'd)  
This is our contract. Read it with  
attention, take your time. I'm going  
outside to smoke a cigarette.

Wilson goes out. Helena looks at Stella and notices an  
expression she hasn't seen on her face for a long time. Her  
eyes are shining and she is smiling.

HELENA  
(to Stella)  
Are you serious about this modeling  
thing?

STELLA  
Yes, I think.

HELENA  
I'm not sure, Stella. You are not a  
model... and if it goes wrong?

STELLA  
I know, but maybe I'm not as ugly as  
you think. What option do I have?

HELENA  
I'm not sure.

EXT. HELENA'S GARDEN - NIGHT

Wilson talks on the phone with Dione.

DIONE (V.O.)  
If her mother is saying no, try to  
offer a financial decision. For these  
people, any money is a fortune.

WILSON  
Are you sure?

DIONE (V.O.)  
Yes, I am. Use your talents and get  
this girl. She is worth it.

WILSON  
Okay.

INT. HELENA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Wilson enters again and he quickly reads the room. Stella is  
sad and Helena is still reading the contract.

Wilson approaches Helena sitting at the kitchen table.

WILSON

Mom, I know how you feel. It is a hard choice, but this is real. It is a great opportunity. You don't want to take this from your daughter, do you?

HELENA

No, of course not, but...

WILSON

She will be safe, trust me.

HELENA

I want her to get a real job.

WILSON

Mom, you can't get more real than this. She will make so much money, and to prove this I'm authorized to give you an advance so you can prepare her documentation, maybe pay some bills. This is the moment for Stella to shine.

Helena looks at Stella. She knows she doesn't have any other option, and that this place is not good for her.

HELENA

All right... but please stop calling me mom.

Helena signs the contract.

INT. PENTHOUSE - LATE NIGHT

Over a glossy half-wood table, a phone vibrates. A message from Dione appears.

A hand wearing an expensive watch reaches for the phone and opens the message. It's Stella's video, the one Wilson recorded. He opens the photos, zooms in, and types a message back.

JUNIOR

I want her. Let's talk tomorrow.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - AFTERNOON

We see Stella walking through the aisles looking for cheap snacks. She has a juice bottle in her hand. She grabs a pack of chips and heads to the cashier, but stops when she notices the aisle with the beauty products and walks toward it.



We see rows and rows of beauty items – lipsticks, makeup, hair products – all displayed on glossy, neat shelves with bright lighting and a single mirror in the center. It looks like a holy aisle inside the simple grocery store.

She stops in the middle of this beauty altar. We see Stella looking at herself in the mirror.

Her reflection is surrounded by images of models and beauty products. On the top of the mirror, there is a bigger horizontal display with Mirella's image holding a lipstick. It reads:

"Your power is the power of Beauty. Discover the Colors of YOURSELF! 50 new Vivid Fiery colors from RAV's Beauty."

She grabs a lipstick, checks the price, and puts it back. She grabs a few others and does the same until she finds one with the right price and walks to the cashier.

INT. HOME – STELLA'S ROOM – LATE AFTERNOON

The bedroom door opens and her mother appears halfway through.

HELENA

Stella!

Helena notices the closet door open and Stella's phone on the stool.

Stella emerges halfway from behind the closet door, wearing a sports bra, a ponytail, and the reddish lipstick on her lips.

STELLA

What?

Helena stares for a few seconds and laughs.

HELENA

Oh gosh. If Wilson saw you right now, he would cancel this flight.

Helena walks in and tosses Stella's passport and the flight info onto the bed.

HELENA (cont'd)

The papers you'll need to travel. And your passport.

She throws a thin roll of money wrapped with a rubber band.

HELENA (cont'd)

This is what the agency sent you. Don't spend everything in one day. Save it. Keep it safe.

INT./EXT. BUS - DUSK

Stella and Helena sit on the bus. At this hour, it's not as full as usual.

Stella holds her backpack, with a small pilot case beside her.

Helena looks out the window. They ride in silence as daylight fades.

Helena turns to Stella, who is sleeping with her head resting on the backpack.

The bus shakes and Stella's head slips, almost falling, but Helena catches it and gently caresses her hair.

EXT. SAINT LEOPOLDO - STREET CORNER - DUSK

The bus pulls away, revealing Stella standing with her bags, facing Helena on the corner.

HELENA

Just go down this avenue, turn after the bridge, and you'll see the airport on the other side. Don't stop. It's like a 20-minute walk or more.

She still has the marks of the backpack pressed into her sleepy face.

STELLA

I got it.

Wide again as Stella turns and starts walking away.

HELENA

Stella!

Stella stops and turns back.

Helena hesitates, searching for the right words.

HELENA (cont'd)

Be careful. Just... don't be stupid.

STELLA

Okay.

Stella turns the corner and walks down the avenue.

Helena stays there for a moment, then slowly walks back the opposite way.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - MORNING

A fluffy cat walks across a fancy wooden nightstand, dodging the lamp and prescription pills. It jumps onto the king-size bed, pads across the indigo duvet, and approaches the long blondish-silver hair spread over the pillows.

The cat begins kneading and purring. The person under the duvet doesn't respond, so the cat stretches out a paw and gently taps the ear beneath the hair.

DIONE  
(muffled)  
No... no...

The person under the sheets stirs.

DIONE (cont'd)  
(loud)  
NO!

She jolts awake, startled, and pushes the cat to the other side of the bed.

This is DIONE (55/60) - messy hair, pillow-smashed face, no makeup, sharp blue eyes, a thin body wrapped in a creamy silk pajama set. She takes a few moments to relax, then notices the cat staring at her from the other side of the bed.

DIONE (cont'd)  
Oh, I'm sorry Gia. Come here.

She opens her arms, and the cat moves toward her.

DIONE (cont'd)  
I told you not to wake me up like that.

She grabs the cat.

DIONE (cont'd)  
(sweet)  
I know you're just protecting me from my nightmares, you silly goddess.

Dione sets the cat down, reaches for her tablet and glasses, and sits up to read the news.

INT. RESTROOM - MORNING

Dione sits on the toilet in her elegant marble bathroom.

She flushes, sprays the air freshener once... then once more... and walks to the shower.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - MORNING

Blue morning light from outside contrasts with the warm yellow bulbs of the vanity table. Dione, in a white robe, examines herself in the mirror.

She peels off a white face mask, opens a bright smile, raises and lowers her eyebrows, and tries a few facial expressions before returning to her usual serious look and starting her makeup.

Once finished, she studies her face from all angles.

She stands, slips off the robe - revealing her body in black lingerie - the window light making her skin and hair glow. She checks herself in the mirror and strikes a few poses.

The cat jumps onto the table. Dione, lost in her reflection, snaps back to reality, then puts on her dress and coat.

INT. CORRIDOR - MORNING

Dione walks down the hallway. Behind her, framed fashion magazine covers line the wall - from her early modeling days to her years as a supermodel. A few business magazine covers read:

"Dione: Beauty and Brains"

"From Supermodel to Businesswoman"

"How I.N.T. Changed the Modeling Industry"

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Dione stands in the kitchen, drinking her coffee. Her phone rings - JUNIOR, CEO of RAV Cosmetics.

She looks annoyed after reading the callers ID.

DIONE  
Good morning...

JUNIOR (V.O.)  
She's perfect. Is she in town?

DIONE  
She's arriving today. I just read in the New's you acquired Daedalus Brand...

JUNIOR (V.O.)

Stop. Listen to me, I want her. I want her to be the face of RAV's new line and to close The Fashion Week this season.

DIONE

She just got here. I sent you other options for the RAV campaign...

JUNIOR (V.O.)

I don't want those models. They're too old.

DIONE

Old? Come on. They're around twenty-five. Mirella is twenty-six.

JUNIOR (V.O.)

Old as hell. Mirella will be on the show, she's old too, but I invested a lot of money in her, she is the face of my main line. I just need more. So my creative director will be at the agency next week to choose one girl for the new beauty line, and make sure she is the one.

DIONE

Don't you think it would be better for your marketing to use older models in the ads. You know the industry is changing.

JUNIOR (V.O.)

Oh please, stop. I've known you a long time. How old were you when you started modeling?

Dione freezes, the memory something she'd rather forget.

DIONE

You know exactly how old I was.

JUNIOR (V.O.)

Fourteen? Fifteen? You were a nobody, and I made you a supermodel, and I'm still doing it, your agency depends on my brands.

DIONE

I know, and I appreciate that...

JUNIOR (V.O.)

I know you do. Just don't tell me how this industry works. I am the industry.

Dione's eyes harden, she can't hide her frustration.

JUNIOR (V.O.)  
I put whoever the fuck I want in my  
ads, understand?

DIONE  
Yes, I understand.

JUNIOR (V.O.)  
Good.

Dione hangs up. She pauses, then, in a sudden burst of anger,  
punches the kitchen cabinet.

She takes a breath, fixes her hair, and walks out.

INT. ELEVATOR HALL - MORNING

Wearing sunglasses, Dione steps into the elevator.

The doors close.

INT. AIRPORT ARRIVAL TERMINAL - DAY

Stella walks through the terminal with a backpack and pulling  
a suitcase. She stops to read the signs, looking for the taxi  
area.

INT. AGENCY - WAITING ROOM - DAY

Stella sits in a black chair. The wall behind her is filled  
with framed magazine pages and comp cards of the agency's  
models. Everything is elegant and meticulously organized.

Behind the tall front desk, the receptionist is barely  
visible. Stella's attention is drawn to a huge black-and-  
white fine art photograph of a semi-nude woman - a stunning  
young model with a blasé expression.

The chair is uncomfortable. Stella shifts, trying to find a  
better position. She is anxious and excited at the same time.  
She stretches her neck to peek down the long corridor that  
disappears into darkness inside the agency.

FRONT DESK (O.S.)  
Dione will see you now.

Stella stands quickly and walks toward the corridor.

STELLA  
Thank you.

INT. AGENCY - DIONE'S OFFICE - DAY

Stella sits in the lounge area inside Dione's office, located on the top floor of the agency. Open terraces, Art Deco details, and a mix of Gothic and Parisian elements surround her. She looks around – she has only seen offices like this in movies.

Through the window, Stella watches DIONE (60) pacing calmly while speaking on the phone, elegant and powerful, like a woman from TV. Stella can't stop staring. Dione ends the call and walks inside with her steady, confident stride. Stella's eyes follow her until she reaches her.

Stella stands, wearing baggy clothes, her hair covering half her face.

DIONE  
Hold on... stop it.

Stella freezes, thinking she did something wrong. Dione studies her for a moment, then steps closer, gently holds her chin, lifts her head, and brushes the hair away – revealing Stella's bright, glowing eyes.

DIONE (cont'd)  
A precious face like this needs to be seen.

Stella blushes. Dione looks her up and down, smiling with discreet satisfaction.

DIONE (cont'd)  
Oh my God... look how tall you are. I can already see you on the runway. You have so much potential, dear.

Dione guides Stella to the sofa and sits beside her, holding her hand.

DIONE (cont'd)  
Did you have a good trip?

STELLA  
Yes...

DIONE  
Great.

Dione leans in, lowering her voice.

DIONE (cont'd)  
I know you're scared. Believe me, I know. I was exactly in your place when I started modeling.

Stella glances toward a framed photo near the entrance.

STELLA

Is that you... in the photo out front?

DIONE

Yes. Shot by the great Bruno Webber.  
Do you like it?

STELLA

Yes.

Dione takes a hair elastic from her pocket and gathers  
Stella's hair into a ponytail. Her touch is gentle. Stella  
isn't used to this kind of softness – she closes her eyes,  
letting her body relax.

DIONE

I want you to feel safe and welcome.  
You don't need to hide anymore, dear.  
We are all here for you. You know...  
you remind me of Mirella when she  
started.

Stella opens her eyes.

STELLA

Really?

DIONE

Yes. And I know you can be just like  
her. Do you want that?

STELLA

Yes. It's all I want. It's my dream.

Dione turns Stella to face her again, placing her hands on  
Stella's arms, then sliding them down to hold her hands.

DIONE

I won't lie to you. This isn't an  
easy job. There's a lot of work  
ahead. You'll need to be strong and  
believe in yourself. Do you?

STELLA

Yes. I do.

DIONE

You have a lot of potential, I know  
that, but you must be professional,  
work hard, have discipline, and trust  
us. I have a whole team of top  
professionals working with me – we  
manage hundreds of successful models  
worldwide. I need to know if you're  
committed to your dream, Stella.



STELLA

Yes, I am. I can do it.

Dione stands, and Stella rises with her.

DIONE

Your future starts now.  
Congratulations on joining our  
casting.

Stella's eyes fill with tears. Overwhelmed, she hugs Dione –  
who hugs her back.

Dione goes to her desk, picks up the phone.

DIONE (ON PHONE) (cont'd)

Dear... I'm sending Stella to you. Get  
her contracts signed, schedule her  
makeover, and take her to the models'  
apartment.

She hangs up and returns to Stella.

DIONE (cont'd)

Aimée is the agency manager. She'll  
take good care of you. If you need  
anything, let me know. Welcome to our  
family.

Stella leaves the room, her ponytail swinging, her face  
glowing with a smile she can barely contain.

INT. AGENCY - AIMÉE'S OFFICE - DAY

In a small office, Stella leans over the table, signing  
several documents.

AIMÉE (31), Dione's assistant, iron-willed, minimalistic,  
elegant in a gray dress, points at a line on the page.

AIMÉE

And sign here.

Stella signs.

AIMÉE (cont'd)

All right. This is the address for  
the apartment. It's close to here,  
but make sure to update your app with  
the local maps. Yvonne is the one who  
manages the apartment. She's waiting  
for you, so make sure you follow her  
rules. Any questions?

Stella shakes her head.

Aimée pulls another paper from a folder and hands it to her. \*

AIMÉE (cont'd) \*  
These are the rules and tips for \*  
social media. \*

Aimée stands and walks toward a side door. Stella stands and follows. \*

Aimée and Stella enter a storage room filled with shopping bags from famous brands, racks of dresses, jeans, jackets, shirts, it looks like a department store packed into a closet. \*

Stella is amazed. She has never seen nothing like that. \*

Aimée starts sorting through the racks. \*

AIMÉE (cont'd) \*  
(grabbing a box of \*  
RAV cosmetics) \*  
Hold this. \*

Stella takes it. \*

Aimée pulls two bags with black jeans and a few more clothes and hands them to Stella. \*

AIMÉE (cont'd) \*  
Try to dress more like a model. Avoid \*  
these baggy things, okay? \*

Aimée crouches to grab a box of shoes. \*

STELLA \*  
Okay. \*

AIMÉE \*  
I think we've got everything we need \*  
for now. Don't forget, tomorrow \*  
morning you need to be here early for \*  
your polaroids and measures. \*

STELLA \*  
Okay. \*

AIMÉE \*  
Great. We're all done for today. You \*  
must be tired. \*

Aimée leaves. \*

Stella struggles to gather all the bags and follows her out. \*

INT. ELEVATOR - AGENCY BUILDING - DAY

Stella stands alone, loaded with bags, luggage, and her backpack.

She leans back, lifts her head, and a huge smile breaks across her face — a burst of excitement she can't contain.

She has never felt like this before.

The elevator stops. The doors open. She walks out.

INT. MODEL'S APARTMENT - LATE AFTERNOON

Stella walks down the corridor. YVONNE (40), a white woman with dark hair, wearing comfy clothes and Crocs, leads the way.

YVONNE

This is my room. Don't go in there.  
Never.

(pointing)

This is the models' restroom. If you leave your makeup there and someone steals it, not my problem. Take care of your things.

They enter a room with four beds. It looks like a hostel. Two dressers. Luggage everywhere. One side of the room is cleaner and organized; the other side is messy, clothes piled on the bed. Most of the drawers have locks. There's a small closet and one window facing a wall.

YVONNE (cont'd)

(points to the  
cleaner side)

This is your bed. This is your key. If someone steals your shit, not my problem. The laundry room is in the building's basement. If you leave your clothes there and someone steals, again—not my problem.

Stella puts her things on the side of her bed.

YVONNE (cont'd)

Don't leave dirty dishes in the sink. Don't leave your washed underwear in the shower. Don't touch the TV. Don't bring boys here. There's space in the fridge, you can cook, but no frying—I hate the smell. Keep your space clean. Don't fight. Dry the shower after you use it or it gets mold.

(beat)

Okay, Isabela?

STELLA  
It's Stella.

YVONNE  
Okay, Stella.

STELLA  
What's the password for the Wi-Fi?

YVONNE  
notmyproblem.

STELLA  
Oh...

YVONNE  
The password is notmyproblem all  
together

Yvonne leaves.

INT. MODELS ROOM- NIGHT

Stella starts putting her clothes away, organizing her  
corner. She sits on the bed and calls her mother.

STELLA  
(on phone)  
Hi mom, it's me... It was good, I love  
it. - I'm okay, at the apartment -  
yeah, it's nice.- She likes me. I'm a  
model. -Yeah, I know - I know.- Okay.  
I will - bye.

Later, DANDARA (21), beautiful, tall and elegant Black model,  
enters the room. She drops her stuff on the floor and climbs  
straight into her top bunk, face-first into the pillow, shoes  
still on.

DANDARA  
(muffled)  
Hi New Face. Nice to meet you. I'm  
Dandara. I'm sorry, I'm so tired, I'm  
just gonna rest my head for a  
second...

A few moments later, Stella is writing on her journal and  
loud snore interrupts her. She has already fallen asleep.  
Stella stands and walks out of the room.

INT. MODEL'S KITCHEN- NIGHT

She walks passes the living room, and sees Yvone asleep in a  
recliner, TV on.

Stella enters the kitchen. She reaches the fridge and pauses, holding her phone. On the fridge door is a note:

"More in your waist is less in your wallet."

Stella opens the fridge. A few bags, some closed Tupperware, lots of water bottles, leftover Chinese takeout. She closes it and opens the freezer. Only a bottle of vodka inside. She closes it - Stella scares - ZOE (18) is suddenly standing right there, staring at her. Dark blonde hair, shorter than Stella, well dressed with jeans and colorful top, nice make up like she is ready for a selfie.

ZOE  
And who are you?

STELLA  
Sorry, I didn't see you... I'm Stella.

ZOE  
Hmm... another New face.  
(points at shelves)  
See this area here? Mine. This Salad?  
Mine too.

She studies Stella.

ZOE (cont'd)  
Are you a fashion model? You must be...  
you look weird. I'm Zoe. Model and  
influencer.

Stella doesn't know how to respond.

STELLA  
ahn...

ZOE  
Good. Hey, I need to go to the mall.  
Want to come with me? It's like two  
blocks from here. You should come,  
you definitely need new stuff. These  
is not model material.

STELLA  
oh, sorry, I'm so tired. And the  
agency gave me some new clothes, so I  
don't...

ZOE  
(cuts in)  
What? They gave you clothes?

STELLA  
Yeah... they did.

ZOE  
Really?

STELLA  
Yes.

Zoe turns away, not happy about this, and walks out.

Stella walks back to the room. Dandara is still asleep.  
Stella goes to her and take her shoes before she lies on her  
own bed and starts typing a message to Luana.

INT. I.N.T. MAKEUP AND DRESSING ROOM – MORNING

AUBREE, 40, wears a loose rose-colored jumpsuit over a white  
T-shirt. Her dark hair is tied up casually, a few strands  
falling around her face. She wears dark-framed glasses,  
layered necklaces, and colorful bracelets.

She sets her phone on a tripod with a small ring light and  
starts filming.

A time-lapse plays on the phone screen: Stella sits in the  
makeup chair as Aubree does her makeup and cuts her hair.

The time-lapse stops.

CLOSE ON Stella as she looks at her reflection – she looks  
beautiful.

STELLA  
(impressed)  
I can't believe that's me! Holy shit!  
You're amazing!

AUBREE  
You're welcome. That was easy –  
you're beautiful.

STELLA  
Can I take a photo to post?

AUBREE  
Sure you can. Let me take it for you.

Aubree snaps a few photos of her.

AIMÉE and DIONE walk in behind Stella.

DIONE  
Now you're starting to look like a  
top model.

AIMÉE  
Great work, Aubree.

AUBREE \*  
She has a natural beauty. \*

DIONE \*  
She does. \*

Stella watches all of this happening behind her through the mirror. \*

DIONE (cont'd) \*  
Now you need to walk like a model.. \*

Stella turns. Her expression: fear. \*

STELLA \*  
I never wore heels before. \*

DIONE \*  
Don't worry, dear. Aimée will set up \*  
the runway classes with you. \*

AIMÉE \*  
Yes – every Tuesday morning here at \*  
the agency. \*

Mirella enters the room, serious, walking straight to Dione as if she has something urgent to say. Stella is shocked to see her in person. \*

MIRELLA \*  
(to Dione) \*  
We need to talk. \*

DIONE \*  
Of course. Let's go to my office. \*  
(to Stella) \*  
This is Stella – our new face. She's \*  
your fan. \*

STELLA \*  
Hi. \*

Mirella looks Stella up and down. \*

MIRELLA \*  
My fan? Do you want some advice? \*

STELLA \*  
Yes! Please... \*

MIRELLA \*  
Quit and go home. \*

Stella is stunned. Dione, clearly annoyed, exchanges a tense look with Aimée before quickly ushering Mirella out of the room. \*

Aimée notices the disappointment on Stella's face.

AIMÉE

Don't worry. She's like that in the  
mornings... that's her way of saying  
you look beautiful.

Stella gives Aimée a timid, awkward smile – but the moment of  
confidence she felt is gone.

INT. ELEVATOR – MORNING

Zoe and Stella stand side by side in the elevator of the  
I.N.T. building.

Stella's hair is in a neat ponytail, and she wears the  
standard model uniform: black jeans and a black T-shirt.

Zoe wears a short black dress, a stylish fluffy jacket, and  
dark shades.

The elevator doors slide shut with a soft metallic sound.

They don't speak – Zoe scrolls through her phone; Stella  
watches the floor numbers rise.

DING.

The doors open on the Agency floor. Together, they step out  
into the corridor.

INT. I.N.T STUDIO – AFTERNOON

We see two pairs of long legs wearing black leather pumps,  
and we follow the slow and careful walk

MIGUEL LALOQUE (OS)

Always take small steps, first the  
heel, put one foot in front of the  
other... Very well, maintain your  
balance Good, now walk Stella

The camera stops with the legs in the foreground, while  
Stella in the background continues to walk

The camera goes up and gradually reveals this shine and well  
shaped long legs until the Runway coach face MIGUEL  
LALOQUE(55) wearing heels with white shorts, a polo shirt and  
a stylish cap.

MIGUEL

Very good, now you know the basic,  
let's fix everything else



INT. I.N.T. BOOKER'S LOUNGE — AFTERNOON

Zoe sits with AIMÉE in a small but comfortable lounge area inside the booking floor.

AIMÉE

We think you have a lot of potential. You've been with us for almost seven months, and we've provided the apartment... but in all these months, we haven't booked any jobs for you. Your account with us is negative.

ZOE

(worried)

Are you taking me out of the agency? Please don't... I need to work. Please.

AIMÉE

No, don't worry. You're still on our board. We can't let a face like yours leave for another agency.

ZOE

(relieved)

Thank you.

AIMÉE

But you will need to leave the apartment in a week. We need the space for another girl, and I can't hold your spot with your debt.

ZOE

(shocked)

What?! No... I don't have anywhere to go.

AIMÉE

I'm sorry, but right now there's not much I can do. I hope you can figure something out.

(stands)

Thanks for coming.

Zoe keeps her head down, crushed, trying not to cry.

AIMÉE (cont'd)

Oh—almost forgot.

Zoe looks up, hopeful.

AIMÉE (cont'd)

I have Fashion Week invitations for you. Third row. It's a good opportunity to network.

Zoe's hope dies. She forces a smile.

ZOE

Thank you.

Aimée leaves.

INT. I.N.T. TRAINING RUNWAY HALL — AFTERNOON

Stella slips on another pair of shoes. In the background, she notices Zoe walking out of the agency.

MIGUEL (O.S.)

(rhythmic, loud)

PA! PA! PA! PA! Move your arms, girl!  
You don't walk only with your feet —  
you need to be articulate. Hypnotize  
the audience with your movements.

Stella stands and starts walking down the runway. She's more confident now, though still slightly awkward.

MIGUEL (cont'd)

Confidence is elegance.

Stella reaches the end of the runway, turns in front of Miguel, and walks back.

MIGUEL (cont'd)

The turn must be fluid. And your walk  
needs to say, "I've got something to  
do."

SEQUENCE — STELLA WALKING IN DIFFERENT SHOES

She tries another pair.

MIGUEL (cont'd)

You have to be aware of your body.  
Close your mouth. Move your arms.

She switches to a pair of odd-looking boots.

MIGUEL (cont'd)

The more dramatic the shoe, the  
greater the danger. People want to  
see you fall — so, girl, you give  
them drama. Let them wait for the  
worst.

Another shoe change.

MIGUEL (cont'd)

Eyes fixed — looking into eternity.  
Never down. Never at the audience.

(MORE)

MIGUEL (cont'd)

On the runway it's: "I came, I saw, I left." You don't have friends anymore. You don't have feelings. You are a perfect fashion machine.

THREE HOURS LATER

Stella, exhausted, tries the last pair of shoes. She stops in front of Miguel – proudly tired.

MIGUEL (cont'd)

(claps)

You improved your walk. Yay! Great job! But no one will hire you with a boring walk like that. Take the weekend, watch a few Naomi videos, and practice like hell for the castings.

STELLA

Naomi who?

Miguel freezes – personally offended.

MIGUEL

Oh gosh! Naomi Campbell! She's like a runway goddess.

STELLA

I'm sorry... I didn't know her.

MIGUEL

Do your homework. Because up there – on the runway – the only thing that belongs to you... is your walk.

Stella turns and walks out.

Her gait reveals how sore her feet are.

INT. MODELS' ROOM – NIGHT

Stella lies in her bed, phone in hand. She calls her mother.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. WAREHOUSE – BACK HOME – AFTERNOON

Helena mops the warehouse floor, exhausted and focused on her work.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. EMPLOYEE LOCKER ROOM — AFTERNOON

A long wall of metal lockers. A phone rings from inside one of them... echoing in the empty room... until it finally stops.

BACK TO:

INT. MODELS' ROOM — NIGHT

Stella lowers the phone, disappointed and turns to sleep.

INT. I.N.T. AGENCY STUDIO — MORNING

A measuring tape tightens around Stella's torso: 32 inches (81 cm).

It slides to her waist: 24 inches (60 cm).

Hips: 33 inches (83 cm).

AIMÉE steps back, still holding the tape, entering the numbers into her tablet.

AIMÉE

Thirty-two, twenty-four, thirty-three.

She walks toward a space between a studio light and a camera on a tripod. Behind the camera stands ALICE (35-40), dressed entirely in black — the agency photographer who handles all the models' snapshots. She stares straight ahead.

On the other side, DIONE also watches Stella.

Stella stands in front of the backdrop, tense and exposed in a black bikini. Her posture reveals her unease, her arms instinctively trying to cover herself.

Alice snaps a photo. The flash pops. Stella flinches, eyes closing. She doesn't know what to do with her hands and crosses them awkwardly. Her shoulders tighten.

DIONE

Alice, wait a moment.

Dione approaches Stella.

STELLA

I'm so sorry... I never—

DIONE

Don't worry love. We know how you feel. I've been there — we all have.

Dione steps behind Stella and gently massages her shoulders.

DIONE (cont'd) \*  
Loosen your arms. Relax. \*

Stella lets her arms fall. Dione moves to her side. \*

DIONE (cont'd) \*  
Let's breathe together... inhale. \*

Dione inhales deeply; Stella follows. \*

Dione exhales, shaking out her arms; Stella mirrors her. \*

They repeat this a few times until Stella starts to relax. \*

Dione steps in front of her, takes Stella's hands, and looks her in the eyes. \*

DIONE (cont'd) \*  
No matter how you feel out there, \*  
once you're in front of the camera, \*  
it's only you. Nothing else matters. \*  
This is the moment to trust yourself. \*

Dione steps back and demonstrates – shifting poses, changing expressions effortlessly. \*

Stella watches, smiles, and begins copying her movements. \*  
Music rises. \*

Dione continues performing, and Stella loosens up, her confidence growing. Dione walks back toward Aimée. \*

DIONE (cont'd) \*  
Yes! Perfect, Stella! Have fun... \*  
that's the secret. Be any woman you \*  
want to be. \*

Alice starts snapping photos again. Stella flows with the moment – every image she's ever saved from Instagram flashes through her mind as she poses. \*

ALICE \*  
Beautiful! Yes! \*

Dione leans close to Aimée by the door. \*

DIONE \*  
(Whisper) \*  
Send me these images as soon as you \*  
get them. \*

AIMÉE \*  
(Whisper) \*  
Okay. \*

DIONE  
(Whisper)  
And make sure she's on every casting  
you can. \*

AIMÉE  
(Whisper)  
Isn't she already set for the last  
show? \*

DIONE  
(Whisper)  
Yes, but let her hustle. \*

AIMÉE  
(Whisper)  
Alright. \*

DIONE  
(Whisper)  
If it's too easy, they don't value  
it... \*

Dione watches Stella – now fully immersed, posing  
confidently, maybe enjoying herself for the first time. \*

DIONE (cont'd)  
(Whisper)  
...why should this be easy for them? \*

Aimée looks at Dione. Dione gives Stella one last glance. \*

AIMÉE  
(Whisper)  
Good thing she's a natural. \*

Dione turns to Aimée with a sharp expression. \*

DIONE  
(sarcastic)  
Natural? \*

She shakes her head, turns, and exits. \*

INT. MODELS' ROOM – NIGHT \*

DANDARA and STELLA sit side by side on Stella's bed. Dandara  
scrolls through Stella's photos on her phone. \*

DANDARA  
Wow. You look so natural. They're  
beautiful. \*

STELLA  
Thanks. I was terrified. \*

DANDARA  
Doesn't show.

STELLA  
Dione helped me.

DANDARA  
Two years at this agency and I've  
never even spoken to her. I only ever  
deal with Aimée.

STELLA  
Really? She's super sweet.

Stella gets up, returning to her bed.

DANDARA  
Big day tomorrow? Castings?

STELLA  
Yeah. They gave me a list.

She hands Dandara the paper. Dandara reads.

DANDARA  
Hmm... I'm at this one.  
(beat)  
And this one too.

STELLA  
Nice.

DANDARA  
We can meet at the first and go  
together after.

She hands the list back. Zoe steps inside, immediately  
clocking the paper.

ZOE  
What's that?

STELLA  
The casting list they gave me.

Zoe takes it-too fast, too sharp.

ZOE  
You're going to all of these?

STELLA  
Yeah.

DANDARA  
Are you going to any?

ZOE

No, Im not weird, I'm going to create content.

Zoe hands the list back. Stella slips it into her backpack.

DANDARA

(to Stella)

Don't forget a black bikini and heels.

STELLA

Okay. Thanks.

ZOE

Most of these are early-career designers. Nothing major.

Zoe kicks off her shoes, changes quickly, and lies on her bed - her expression carrying the quiet fear of someone who might soon have nowhere to live.

INT. CASTING CORRIDOR - MORNING

A long, bright corridor stretches endlessly, flooded with natural light. A single serpentine line of young models stands along it - some in navy T-shirts and jeans, others in lighter clothes or fitted dresses.

They wait with identical tense postures: hands on hips, arms hanging, some talking, reading, checking phones, scrolling tablets, listening to music.

We stop at GISLAINE (24) - stunning brunette, perfect hair, beautiful face, wearing oversized black sunglasses.

Beside her is ZOE, checking her clothes while Gislane scrolls on her phone.

Zoe is a mall rat - she knows how expensive those brands are.

Gislaine wears a designer black skirt and top, typing on her brand-new iPhone.

Zoe sits and opens her bag to grab her phone.

She starts taking selfies, making faces, inching closer to Gislaine with each shot.

Gislaine notices Zoe "taking selfies" and instinctively leans in too - almost like a magnetic pull - until she suddenly catches herself and stops.

GISLAINE

Hey. Wait. Who the fuck are you?



ZOE  
I'm Zoe. Model and influencer.

GISLAINE  
(smirk)  
How many followers?

ZOE  
Almost 100k.

GISLAINE  
Oh shit, only that? You need my help.  
Get your phone ready. Tag me.

Gislaine lifts her sunglasses onto her head, moves close to Zoe, smiles, poses like they're BFFs.

The second Zoe finishes the photos, they each go back to their phones.

Zoe applies a filter and shows her the pic. Gislaine gives the quickest glance possible – approves.

She studies Zoe for a beat.

GISLAINE (cont'd)  
You're cute. Follow me –  
@GISDREAMLANE – and I follow you  
back.

She drops her sunglasses back over her eyes.

Zoe opens Gislaine's profile – her eyes light up.

Exotic trips. Luxury parties. Expensive everything.

ZOE  
Holy... you have two million followers!  
Oh my Dior! You went to the Maldives  
with Mirella! Wow!

GISLAINE  
(calm)  
Yeah, she was there. She's nice. Hey,  
you wanna come to a party tonight at  
Capital Club?

ZOE  
Yes! I mean... I would, but I can't  
afford it right now.

GISLAINE  
Are you crazy? Do you think with our  
looks we need to pay? They pay us to  
be there. Good money girl. Just hang  
out for a few hours, have fun, open  
bar, take cute selfies. It's fine.

ZOE  
Really!? I'm in!

GISLAINE  
Cool. I'm adding you to my list.

ZOE  
Where? What time?

GISLAINE  
Don't worry. I'll call you later.  
What's this casting for?

ZOE  
Fashion Week.

GISLAINE  
Really? Oh, fuck that. I'm not  
staying.

She grabs her purse.

GISLAINE (cont'd)  
Not worth my time. Not good money.  
Hell no. Text you, okay?

ZOE  
Yeah, bye... see you later.

Gislaine walks off.

Zoe stays in line, pulls a black sunglasses from her bag,  
puts them on.

She checks her phone – her follower count and likes explode.

She smiles.

INT. CASTING HALL – DAY

A large hall with red bBruno walls and mirrors all around,  
like a dance studio. Natural light pours in through the tall  
windows, illuminating a long line of models in black bikinis.

The girls stand silently. Some try to subtly cover their  
bodies. As we move along the line, their eyes reveal  
everything they're trying to hide – insecurity, comparison,  
fear. They glance at one another discreetly, measuring  
themselves.

Stella stands among them, nervous.

At the front of the room, a MAN with a radio and a WOMAN with  
a tablet watch the girls walk one by one.

The first model does her runway walk toward them.

	MAN	*
No		*
Another model steps up.		*
	WOMAN	*
Next.		*
Another model.		*
	MAN	*
Too short.		*
Another.		*
	WOMAN	*
Okay.		*
Stella walks. She tries her best – but she almost loses balance. Nerves overwhelm her.		*
	MAN	*
Next.		*
Stella steps aside as another model begins her walk. She is disappointed, but tries to hide it from the other girls. She avoids looking at their faces, and misses how apprehensive they all are.		*
		*
INT. HALL – FIVE-STAR HOTEL – NIGHT		*
The elegant elevator doors open to a plush corridor. Zoe walks to door #11 and knocks.		*
		*
Gislaine opens the door. Zoe steps inside. They hug. The door closes.		*
		*
INT. LUXURY APARTMENT – NIGHT		*
Gislaine walks ahead. Zoe follows, impressed by the apartment.		*
		*
INT./EXT. MULTIPLE LOCATIONS – NIGHT		*
SEQUENCE (INSTAGRAM STORIES STYLE)		*
– Zoe with Gislaine – selfies and videos		*
– Zoe, Gislaine, and other models drinking and partying		*
– Zoe dancing on the balcony		*
– Zoe, Gislaine, and two MEN in their 50s, well-dressed, groomed, wealthy – drinking, laughing		*
		*

- Selfie of Zoe with another model in front of luxury sports cars \*
- Selfie of Zoe with one of the men inside a luxury car \*
- Zoe and the models at a VIP club, partying \*
- Zoe and the models with Gislaine at a VIP table – bottles everywhere \*
- Zoe and one of the men together \*
- Zoe in the hotel suite, exhausted on the sofa; the man behind her \*
- Zoe holding a glass of champagne in a video; a man holds her close, she looks drunk and mellow. He hugs her. \*

INT. FIVE-STAR SUITE – EARLY MORNING \*

Zoe wakes up in a huge, messy bed. She's in black lingerie. \*

She sits up. Light bruises mark her legs. She adjusts her panties. Her face shows soreness, confusion – the weight of a hangover. She tries to remember how she ended up there. \*

She grabs a bottle of water from the nightstand and drinks. Then she sees a white envelope with her name on it. \*

She opens it – a thick stack of cash inside. \*

Surprised, she places it back on the nightstand... then hesitates. It is her name on it. It must be hers. \*

But why? \*

She takes it again, stuffs it into her purse, then rushes to the bathroom. The shower water turns on. \*

INT. BATHROOM – MORNING \*

Zoe stops her shower when she hears the door. She wraps herself in a towel. Her clean face reveals the full hangover. \*

Gislaine walks in and sits on the toilet to pee. \*

GISLAINE \*

I told you those parties are crazy. \*

ZOE \*

I don't remember anything after we got here. \*

GISLAINE

That's good, better forget, you drank  
a lot yesterday. You look like shit.

Gislaine gets up and goes to the mirror. Zoe checks her own  
reflection.

ZOE

God, I look horrible... shit...

GISLAINE

Did you get the envelope?

Zoe freezes – like she's been caught with something that  
wasn't hers.

ZOE

Ah... the one with my name?

GISLAINE

Yes. It's yours.

ZOE

Thank you...

GISLAINE

The guys loved you. They left it for  
you. Are you free tomorrow?

ZOE

I– yeah. I need to find a place. The  
agency told me to leave the  
apartment. I don't know where I'm  
going.

GISLAINE

You don't need those fuckers. I'm  
looking for a roommate. If you want –  
the rent isn't high.

Zoe was about to say no, until she glances at the envelope in  
her bag.

ZOE

Yes. I want it.

Zoe looks at herself in the mirror and starts prepping her  
skin.

Her expression as she starts to take care of her skin, goes  
from a happy smirk alternating with lost confusion on trying  
to process what happens.

INT. SUBWAY — MORNING

A crowded subway car. Standing is Stella and Dandara who talks on her phone in Portuguese.

DANDARA  
Mãe, escuta... lógico que vou passar as férias com vocês, com todo mundo.  
(Mom, listen... of course I'll spend the holidays with you all.)

The train shakes; she holds on.

DANDARA (cont'd)  
Assim que terminar a semana de moda eu já viajo. Eu preciso, sim — tô cansada. (As soon as Fashion Week is over I'll travel. I need to, yes — I'm tired.)

Another jolt of the train; Stella grabs the pole for balance.

DANDARA (cont'd)  
Te amo! Manda um beijo para todos.  
Tchau... (Love you! Send kisses to everyone. Bye...)

She ends the call and turns to Stella with a small smile.

DANDARA (cont'd)  
Moms... they're all the same, right?

The train stops and the doors opens

INT. SUBWAY STATION — MORNING

Stella and Dandara walk toward the exit stairs. Stella stops, surprised, at a Free Book exchange stand.

STELLA  
Wait... is this free? Can I take one?

DANDARA  
Yeah, I guess...

Stella lights up, delighted. She picks a book, holding it like a small treasure.

They head up the stairs and exit together.

INT. MARK EZCARO SHOWROOM — LATE MORNING

A long line of models stands against a mirrored wall.

STELLA reads a book.

DANDARA checks her earnings balance on her phone, marking several amounts with question marks.

The fashion designer MARK EZCARO (39) walks down the line, inspecting each girl on his way toward the door, followed closely by his assistants.

He passes MEIYING (20), a beautiful Asian model, then stops and steps back.

MARK  
Did the agency send you?

MEIYING  
Yes. I'm from Lord Models.

Mark turns to one of his assistants.

MARK  
(to his assistant)  
I told you I didn't want exotic models for this show.

A ripple of attention travels through the line as the other models begin listening.

MARK (cont'd)  
(to Meiyong)  
Thanks for coming. You can go.

MEIYING  
Why?

MARK  
We're going with a normal, classic beauty.

MEIYING  
What? What does that mean? I'm not normal?

MARK  
(defensive)  
No no no, you misunderstood. It's just a conceptual choice. We believe in diversity here.

He points to a large poster on the wall showing four models – Asian, white, Latina, and Black – in a staged group hug.

MARK (cont'd)  
Don't get upset. You're gorgeous.

For the next collection, we're thinking of a more exotic line, inspired by Buddhist monks.

Meiyong is stunned. She turns and walks away.

DANDARA looks disgusted by what she just witnessed. She grabs her things and steps out of the line. Stella stays.

MARK (cont'd)  
Hey! Where are you going?

DANDARA  
I can't wear your ignorance. This  
shit doesn't fit me.

Dandara waves for Stella to join her. Stella hesitates.

Dandara takes Stella's hand, pulling her away. Other models begin leaving as well.

Most of the remaining girls quietly return to what they were doing.

Mark, irritated, storms into his studio, followed by his entourage.

The models who stayed, fill in the empty spaces left behind.

INT. AGENCY — AIMÉE'S OFFICE — AFTERNOON

Dandara's hand holds a printed spreadsheet of her earnings and expenses. In the expense column, the word "FEE" appears repeatedly. Her finger slides over several lines.

DANDARA  
So, I know what some of these fees  
are... but these others, I have no  
idea. Like this one here. And this  
one.

AIMÉE  
Alright. Most of those fees are our  
office fees — sending your portfolio  
to clients, paperwork for overseas  
agencies. The others are fees,  
commissions, and taxes.

DANDARA  
And what about this hundred dollars  
for a haircut? I didn't cut my hair.

AIMÉE  
Okay, I'll ask Finance to check that  
for you.

(beat)  
The good news is I booked your trip  
to Singapore for the day after  
tomorrow. Your passport is valid,  
right?



DANDARA

(worried)

Yes, it is... but travel now? During fashion week?

AIMÉE

Yes, better money. Can you travel tomorrow.

DANDARA

I don't know... I was planning to go home to see my family. I haven't seen them since last year.

AIMÉE

I know how you feel. But – Singapore is great for work. What you make in one month there is like a year here. You'll be able to take an even better vacation with your family when you get back.

Dandara hesitates, then nods.

DANDARA

Yeah... you're right.

AIMÉE

Great, you're the most professional model in our casting. I wish the other girls were more like you.

They stand and hug.

Dandara exits.

Aimée sits back down, looks again at Dandara's statement... then tears the paper in half and drops it into the trash.

EXT. SIDEWALK – MORNING

In front of the building, Stella steps outside rolling a small travel case. Dandara follows her, pulling a larger one. They stop on the sidewalk and hug.

A car pulls up. When it drives away, Stella is alone.

Behind her, Zoe returns home at a slow, dragging pace, sunglasses on. She slips into the building as Stella walks off for another day of castings.

EXT. FASHION DISTRICT STREET – MORNING

We see Stella's silhouette rising on the subway escalator.

She emerges onto the street and hurries toward an old, stylish building. When she turns the corner, she sees a massive line of models.

She walks to the end of the line. Other girls rush in, joining behind her.

Stella stays in place as we continue following the line: very young models of all ethnicities, holding portfolios, phones, books, even game consoles to pass the time.

We move toward the main door, where two staff members with clipboards and walkie-talkies control the entrance.

The line continues inside and up the stairway. Models hold white sheets with their names, sizes, and agencies.

We follow the line into a hall where a MAN (40s) stands with a measuring tape. He waves the first model forward.

INT. CASTING HALL - DAY

Models' feet move in a line from one side of the room to the other. Some walks are shaky, others controlled and precise.

Stella steps forward and stops.

STELLA  
I'm Stella. Five eleven.

A female voice mumbles off-screen.

CLIENT (O.S.)  
(mumbling)  
Her walk isn't very good... but she's gorgeous.

CLIENT and CLIENT #2 sit in chairs. CLIENT takes notes while CLIENT #2 holds Stella's comp card.

CLIENT 2  
Can you work on this walk?

STELLA  
Yes. I will. I can.

CLIENT 2  
You're in. You're stunning.

Stella stays there, smiling.

CLIENT 2 (cont'd)  
You can go now, thank you.

STELLA  
Oh-sorry. Thank you.

Stella turns and leaves the room.

INT. MODELS' ROOM - MORNING

The room is almost empty now. All the beds are cleared, no mess anywhere, except around Stella's.

It's 8 a.m. on Saturday, as shown on Stella's phone screen. Her hand reaches for it, and she slowly wakes up.

EXT. CITY PARK - DAY

Stella wanders through a flea market filled with white tents – small stalls selling crafts, clothes, and handmade jewelry.

She moves toward a quieter area of the park and sits on a bench. She slips off her sneakers and puts on a pair of heels.

She stands, takes a breath, and begins to practice her runway walk.

None of it feels right.

She tries again – a little more balance, a little more confidence – but still stiff, uncertain.

AMIR (O.S.)  
Honey... that walk is not memorable.  
Not even a little.

Stella turns.

AMIR (28), elegant, Black, bald, wearing tight dark jeans, high heels, a white shirt under a customized red jacket – a walking piece of fashion – watches her with a playful smirk.

AMIR (cont'd)  
Model, right? Because if you are, unforgettable is the bare minimum. When you walk, the world should crumble at your feet.

STELLA  
Yes, I am... I was just practicing, I–

AMIR  
Honey, stop. Let me show you.

He steps back, poses for a moment, then turns and walks – elegance, rhythm, posture, expression.

Stella is stunned.

Amir stops halfway, pivots cleanly, and walks off the paved path onto the grass – gliding over the uneven ground as if it were a smooth runway.

Then he returns to her.

AMIR (cont'd)  
Honey, I was a model before I became a designer. Back then? I was dangerous.

STELLA  
(impressed)  
WOW! Please teach me. I can't mess up at Fashion Week. If they send me home, my mom will think I'm just a burden.

AMIR  
Honey don't. No mother drama, I have my own novelas to handle. I've got fifteen minutes. Let's fix that walk before someone gets hurt.

Stella smiles.

Amir stands beside her, demonstrating.

AMIR (cont'd)  
Never put your weight on the heel. Your power is in your toes – like a ballerina.

He shows her the movement.

Stella imitates.

They walk together.

CUT TO:

Later – Stella wanders through Amir's stall, running her hand over racks of vibrant, handmade pieces.

STELLA  
Your clothes are beautiful. Looks like something Dua Lipa would wear...

AMIR  
From your mouth to the universe, honey.

STELLA  
Why aren't you in Fashion Week?

AMIR  
Sweetie, I'm an artist. That thing out there? That's a corporation.

(MORE)

AMIR (cont'd)

Real fashion lives out here – on the street.

He hands her a small flyer.

AMIR (cont'd)

My divas are walking tomorrow in my creations. Come watch – you'll learn what a catwalk truly is.

STELLA

I will.

Stella slips the flyer into her bag.

Amir smiles, already adjusting a piece on the rack as she walks away.

INT. PUBLIC WAREHOUSE – DAY

Stella steps into a huge warehouse that has been converted into a public space.

Dance groups are scattered throughout – near large windows that reflect like makeshift dance studios.

She searches for Amir.

He spots her from a distance and waves her over to a large group of LGBTQ+ women and men, many of them beautifully dressed.

Stella walks over and immediately feels the vibrant energy around them.

Electronic music thumps through the space.

Most people sit on the floor, circling a slightly raised platform – almost like a runway.

AMIR

Sit down, honey. It's about to start.

Stella sits on the floor, front row. Amir leaves her there.

The crowd is diverse, loud, joyful. A lineup of drags, men, women – all sizes, all colors, all genders – getting ready to step onto the catwalk.

The music builds.

MONAKESH steps onto the platform – dressed entirely in black, sheer panels meticulously crafted.

Her long, straight black wig flows into a short black skirt and stunning boots.

She walks like a goddess, her steps rhythmic and controlled. \*

She stops, turns – then suddenly drops to the floor. \*

Stella flinches. \*

In a fluid athletic motion, MONAKESH spins her legs, pushes herself up, and rises with impossible precision. \*

She shifts into voguing, slips into duck walk, and moves into full catwalk. \*

Another DIVA enters. \*

The music peaks. \*

They perform together, battling and dancing with their bodies – on the floor and across the runway. \*

Stella is mesmerized – by the athleticism, the elegance, the happiness. \*

She smiles, swept up by the energy of the crowd. \*

AMIR now steps onto the platform – fully done up, a complete DIVA, wearing a flawless wig. \*

He performs with precision: athletic, rhythmic, commanding. \*

In the middle of a dramatic drop, he glances to the side, spots Stella in the audience and winks at her. She smiles like a kid. \*

EXT. FOOD KIOSK STREET – NIGHT \*

Stella and Amir stand at a tall street-food table, eating Lebanese food from a small kiosk. \*

STELLA \*

This is so good. \*

AMIR \*

I know, honey. I used to eat this back home. \*

STELLA \*

Do you miss it? Home, I mean. \*

AMIR \*

Yeah... but my home country doesn't exist anymore. I came here as a kid with my sister, as refugees. After the war, they even changed the name. \*

Stella realizes her question touched something deeper. \*

STELLA  
Thank you for today. This was... the  
best day of my life.

AMIR  
The best day so far, sweetheart.  
You'll be fine. Don't worry.

STELLA  
I'm just... so scared of failing and  
disappointing everyone.

AMIR  
Girl, please. These people don't know  
half of what they pretend to. Trust  
me, I've seen it. They talk big, but  
if you really listen, nothing makes  
sense. It's all performance — they're  
just as insecure and scared as you  
are.

STELLA  
Yeah, but... on the runway... all those  
eyes...

AMIR  
Okay, listen. This is the mindset you  
need when you walk: you glide over  
those rich bitches. Remember — they  
don't matter. You're the one walking.  
Give them the look.

STELLA  
What look?

AMIR  
The "I don't care, I feel amazing"  
look.

He steps back, straightens his posture, and walks, chin  
lifted.

AMIR (cont'd)  
(walking, dead  
serious)  
I'm better than you. I'm better than  
you.

Stella laughs.

STELLA  
I don't feel better than anyone.

AMIR  
I know, honey. We're all equals.  
You're not less — but on the runway,  
you are the center.

Amir walks back to the table and grabs his food. \*

AMIR (cont'd) \*  
 I'm serious, honey. If you show \*  
 insecurity, they'll eat you alive. \*  
 You have to show your power, because \*  
 they need that. They're not better \*  
 than you. On the catwalk, you glide \*  
 right over them and they panic. \*

Amir takes another bite. \*

Stella absorbs his words, and we see a spark – she feels \*  
 alive in a way she hasn't in a long time. \*

AMIR (cont'd) \*  
 Don't overthink it, love. Just \*  
 remember – in this world, there are \*  
 people who judge and people who \*  
 shine. And we're the ones who shine. \*

INT/EXT. MULTIPLE LOCATIONS – VARIOUS DAYS \*  
 SEQUENCE OF SHOTS \*

Models in lines. \*

Stella fitting clothes. \*

Models on trains and buses. \*

Stella walking, looking for addresses – lost. \*

Models walking the runway. \*

Stella walks the runway and impresses everyone. She feels \*  
 confident. \*

Stella backstage, getting her makeup done. \*

Models in line, all dressed up, about to walk onto the runway \*  
 for rehearsal. Stella walks with confidence and impresses \*  
 everyone. \*

Models with messy hair and heavy makeup on trains and buses – \*  
 exhausted, silent, expressionless. Some sleep. \*  
 SEQUENCE END \*

INT. DIONE'S OFFICE – DAY \*

Stella walks down the corridor behind AIMÉE. They both enter \*  
 Dione's office. \*

DIONE rises from her chair and walks straight toward Stella. \*



DIONE  
Designers are loving you, Stella.  
Congratulations.

Dione hugs her – warm, proud, confident.

DIONE (cont'd)  
And not just the clients. I have  
amazing news.

Stella tenses with anticipation.

STELLA  
Really? What is it?

DIONE  
You've been chosen to be... the face of  
Glo-Up, RAV's new beauty line! Your  
face is going to be everywhere in the  
world.

Stella freezes for a moment, eyes wide, stunned.

DIONE (cont'd)  
A two-year contract. A fee that will  
change your life.

Stella bursts into contained joy – almost childlike.

She did it. Tears of happiness fall from her eyes.

DIONE (cont'd)  
I'm very proud of you. But there's a  
lot of work ahead.

STELLA  
I'm ready!

DIONE  
You have a photoshoot tomorrow, and  
you'll close Fashion Week with  
Mirella in Daedalus's show.

STELLA  
No way! Me and Mirella?

DIONE  
Yes. And afterward, you'll both  
attend a small cocktail at the RAV  
owner's penthouse.

Stella hugs Dione – unexpectedly tight.

Dione doesn't fully return the embrace; her body stiffens,  
her expression quietly worried.

DIONE (cont'd)  
Run to Aimée, she'll give you  
everything – including the contracts  
you need to sign.

STELLA  
Thank you.

Stella exits. Dione remains still.

Her smiling face slowly drops into a serious, troubled  
expression.

She stands there for a moment.

Her phone rings.

She turns and walks toward her desk.

INT. STUDIO DRESSROOM - DAY

Mirella stands in a stunning black dress, her face framed by  
heavy, glossy dark makeup. Around her, three WOMEN work on  
the dress while a hairstylist makes final adjustments to her  
hair.

Mirella's phone rings. WOMAN #1 picks it up and hands it to  
her.

MIRELLA  
Thank you, sweetie.

Mirella unlocks her phone. A notification from Junior  
appears. She opens it – Stella's photo fills the screen.

JUNIOR (TEXT)  
Her name is Stella. She'll be at the  
fashion week Show, after that, Make  
sure to bring her up for a party.

Mirella's smile disappears.

JUNIOR (cont'd)  
She'll be the face for our new Teen  
line.

Replaced by irritation. She types:

MIRELLA (TEXT)  
I can't this time. Get someone else  
for that. Not me.

She locks the phone and her shoulders tense, rising. She  
waits for a reply – nothing.

A moment later, the CREATIVE DIRECTOR enters, looking  
confused and uneasy.

CREATIVE DIRECTOR  
Excuse me, guys... can you give us a  
moment?

The staff exits.

CREATIVE DIRECTOR (cont'd)  
Mirella, my dear... I don't know what  
happened, and I don't even know how  
to say this, but I just got a call  
from the ad agency. They're asking us  
to stop the shoot because they're  
sending another model to—  
(he hesitates)  
They said it came from corporate.  
They're replacing you for the ad and  
the commercial.

Mirella isn't surprised — she knows exactly what just  
happened.

MIRELLA  
This must be a mistake. Don't worry,  
I'll talk to my agency and fix it.

CREATIVE DIRECTOR  
I hope so.

He leaves. Mirella types a new message to Junior:

MIRELLA (TEXT)  
I got your message. I'll take her.  
But I'm not staying.

JUNIOR (TEXT)  
Perfect. See you soon baby

Mirella remains alone. Her hopeless expression now matches  
the heavy makeup and black dress — stark against the white  
tent.

The production staff returns and resumes their work.

INT. BRUNO'S STUDIO - MORNING

Ambient upbeat music plays softly.

The studio is large and bright. The lights glow warmly,  
illuminating Stella's beauty.

A MAKEUP ARTIST finishes her work on Stella's face while a  
PHOTO ASSISTANT adjusts the lights.

Stella stands against a sandy-tan backdrop.

She starts posing with confidence. She looks radiant,  
relaxed, alive.

BRUNO (45), dressed in a black T-shirt and thick glasses,  
watches her from behind the camera. Stella's image appears on  
the large monitor beside him.

BRUNO  
Beautiful, Stella. Amazing. You're a  
natural. Yes... love it!

He keeps shooting. Stella plays with expressions, enjoying  
the moment.

BRUNO (cont'd)  
(loud)  
All right, Stella! I got the photo.

Stella steps off the backdrop. Bruno walks toward her.

BRUNO (cont'd)  
Hey, Stella... I'm doing a personal  
project. Would you want to pose for a  
few shots? If you don't mind.

STELLA  
I guess... yes. Sure.

BRUNO  
Great. Step back onto the studio  
floor.  
(to crew, loud)  
Personal project setup!

The assistant changes the backdrop to a dark gray. The lights  
dim until only one spotlight hits Stella's face.

The studio goes quiet.

Stella stands alone, unsure.

BRUNO (cont'd)  
Stella... can you lose your T-shirt and  
turn your back to me?

STELLA  
Uh... you mean take it off? I'm not  
wearing anything under it.

BRUNO  
Yes, take it off. I don't want to see  
your little tits, just turn your back  
to me.

Stella can see nothing but the light. She hesitates.

BRUNO (cont'd)  
Come on, Stella. Be professional.  
Take it off and turn your back to me.

Stella feels uncomfortable.

BRUNO (cont'd)  
Never mind. I'll call Dione and ask  
for—  
(loud)  
Someone professional, not a fucking  
New Face.

STELLA  
No—please!

Stella turns her back to the camera and removes her shirt,  
keeping her face turned slightly toward him.

BRUNO  
Right. That's okay. But you look like  
shit. Are you afraid of me?

He keeps shooting.

Stella doesn't know what to do. Her confidence is gone.

She looks vulnerable, scared, her back tense.

BRUNO (cont'd)  
Don't worry, this is art, I know what  
I'm doing.

Stella is lost. Her eyes fill with tears. She holds them  
back.

BRUNO (cont'd)  
Down on your knees and Look up.

Stella fights to hold her position. All her joy has  
evaporated.

Stella kneels.

The camera clicks and the strobe flashes – harsh, blinding.

BRUNO (cont'd)  
All right! Lights!

The studio lights come back on.

Stella is still on her knees, she rubs some tears off her  
eyes.

A Makeup Artist hands her the T-shirt; she quickly puts it  
back on and stands, grab her backpack.

Bruno hands his camera to the assistant and approaches her.

BRUNO (cont'd)  
Thank you, Stella. That could be the  
cover for my book. You're amazing.  
Great working with you.

Stella is confused.

STELLA  
It's... done? Can I go now?

BRUNO  
Yes. Thank you.

Stella leaves the studio.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Stella turns the corner onto an old street and sees the  
entrance to the DAEDALUS Fashion Show.

A STAFF MEMBER gestures her forward.

Near the door, several MODELS pose for the press  
photographers, flashes going off in rapid bursts.

Stella slows for a moment, taking in the scene — unsure if  
she should step into the cameras or stay out of the way.

A STAFF MEMBER nudges her forward, efficient and impatient.

Stella nods and keeps walking, slipping past the cameras.

She steps into a large white tent.

INT. BACKSTAGE - FASHION SHOW - AFTERNOON

Stella weaves through a dense crowd of workers, assistants,  
and guests. She looks overwhelmed, trying to make sense of  
the chaotic space around her.

A STAFF MEMBER (#1) spots her, smiles politely, and takes her  
gently by the arm to guide her.

A hand suddenly reaches in front of Stella — it's Mirella.  
Stella lights up and grabs it.

Mirella leads Stella as they're guided through the crowded  
room. They reach a passage leading deeper into the building.

A STAFF MEMBER (#2) greets them, hands each of them a black  
robe, and points them toward a corner.

They walk over and place their personal belongings on the floor.

There are no walls, no privacy – photographers roam freely, snapping pictures.

Stella and Mirella turn their backs to the room, trying to hide in the corner as they quickly change into the robes, shielding each other as best they can.

Across the room, photographers shoot with pro cameras and smartphones.

Back to Stella and Mirella – they finish changing and step out wearing only the black robes.

One photographer keeps shooting. Mirella silently mouths:

MIRELLA  
(no sound)  
Assholes.

STELLA'S POV –

The room is a whirlwind: hair dryers blasting, makeup brushes flying, staff shouting instructions through bullhorns, photographers firing nonstop.

She watches makeup artists powder faces, smooth wet gel into hair, pin bright-colored clips into complex shapes.

A MAKEUP ARTIST approaches and guides Stella to a chair. Another makeup artist leads Mirella to the seat beside her.

CLOSE ON STELLA in the makeup chair – surrounded by hands, brushes, powders. An organized claustrophobic chaos.

CLOSE ON MIRELLA – hair and makeup finished – she stands, and immediately a swarm of press and bloggers attack her with cameras.

A staff member pulls her away.

Stella, now ready, stands – and the same mob shifts, turning their cameras toward her.

She follows Mirella through a doorway into another room.

Inside: fewer people, racks of dresses, a wall filled with Polaroids of models with their sizes.

STAFF MEMBER (#3) leads them to their spots – each dress tagged with a name and photo.

QUICK SEQUENCE

– Hands adjusting fabric

- Pulling, sewing, pinning, smoothing \*

– Corsets tightened \*

- Straps fixed \*

- Skirts arranged \*

FULL BODY - STELLA, now wearing an incredible dress. \*

Other models are fully styled as staff members call them forward. \*

They join a long line of models in stunning gowns, formed  
behind the runway entrance.

A hand rises. \*

A hand rises. \*

STAFF MEMBER (#0) \*

(shouting) \*

FIVE MINUTES! FIVE MINUTES! \*

(shouting) \*

FIVE MINUTES! FIVE MINUTES! \*

At the entrance stands DAEDALUS (37) – elegant, focused –  
adjusting each dress with precision.

adjusting each dress with precision. \*

Music builds. \*

Backstage lights dim. \*

On the runway, colors flicker: white □ green □ yellow □ red. \*

Daedalus makes final adjustments on Mirella, then pushes her forward. \*

forward. \*

Now it's Stella's turn. \*

Daedalus adjusts her dress and steps back. \*

Stella's fingers twitch – a silent snap – trying to steady herself. \*

herself. \*

	DAEDALUS	*
Wait...		*
(beat)		*
Walk.		*

Wait... \*

(beat) \*

Walk. \*

Stella steps onto the runway. \*

CLOSE ON STELLA'S FACE - eyes locked ahead. \*

The noise dissolves. \*

No dress. No people. \*

Only movement. Only rhythm. \*

At the end, she stops, turns with elegance, and walks back. \*



She steps off the runway – her model expression melts into a bright, relieved smile.

DEADALUS  
That was amazing Stella.

STAFF MEMBER (#4) grabs her, already pulling her toward wardrobe for the next outfit change.

INT. ELEVATOR / CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Mirella stands on the right side of the elevator, Stella on the left. Zoe starts in the middle but shifts to Mirella's side.

They ride in silence, faint music playing in the background.

Zoe scrolls calmly on her phone. Stella looks tired, but alert.

Mirella glances at Stella with a hint of apprehension – she knows exactly what's waiting at the top. There's a trace of guilt in her eyes. She turns to the panel, watches the numbers climb, trying to hide her unease.

The elevator doors open.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Mirella steps out first, and the models follow her down the corridor.

A SECURITY GUARD (#1) stands by a small safe box with key drawers.

Mirella places her phone inside. Stella follows.

Zoe hesitates, annoyed, but Mirella gives her a firm look – she finally drops her phone in as well.

They continue down the hallway behind Mirella.

The security guard opens the large double doors to the penthouse.

Zoe and Stella pause for a beat, impressed – it's like the gates of heaven just opened.

INT. PENTHOUSE - LATE NIGHT

They step into a huge living room with floor-to-ceiling windows, wide balconies, elegant sofas, art pieces, plants, and designer chairs – all framed by a breathtaking view of the entire city.

Mirella walks toward the balcony. \*

Stella and Zoe stop at the entrance, taking it all in. \*

Stella looks amazed to be there – especially with Mirella. \*

Behind them hangs a massive painting of a bright lightning bolt striking a small tree. \*

They follow Mirella to the balcony. \*

A well-dressed man in his 70s stands alone in the large outdoor lounge. Fit, groomed, confident. \*

Mirella approaches JUNIOR. He greets her with a kiss and places a hand on her lower back with intimate familiarity, whispering something to her. \*

Mirella heads to the nearby bar. \*

Junior turns to Stella, shakes her hand, and greets her with a kiss on the cheek. \*

JUNIOR  
Stella, I'm glad you accepted my invitation for a toast – and even happier to know you're going to be the face of our new line, Glo-Up. \*

STELLA  
Thanks. This is a dream for me. \*

JUNIOR  
So, it is Better not to wake up from this dream.  
(turns to Zoe)  
And you are? \*

ZOE  
Zoe. Model and influencer. \*

JUNIOR  
Nice. \*

ZOE  
I'm Gislaine's roommate. \*

JUNIOR  
Oh, speaking of the devil – here she is. \*

Gislaine returns with four glasses of champagne. \*

JUNIOR (cont'd)  
Where's Mirella? \*

GISLAINE

She had to go.

Gislaine hands the first glass to Stella, the second to Zoe, keeps one for herself. Junior takes the last one.

JUNIOR

(lifts his glass)

Stella, you now carry a huge responsibility – to follow in the footsteps of beauty icons like Dione and Mirella, and maybe someday, the face of our main line. Now you become one of Rav's faces. A legacy. An inspiration to young women around the world.

(raises his glass higher)

I toast to our partnership – may it be lasting and productive.

They clink glasses.

Stella drinks less than half.

Zoe downs her entire glass.

JUNIOR (cont'd)

Forgive me, but I need to leave.  
Please, make yourselves at home.

Junior goes back inside the penthouse.

ZOE

I miss my phone.

Stella sits beside Zoe. Gislaine sits across from them, leaning into the couch, watching – waiting.

Stella turns to Zoe, who is suddenly asleep.

STELLA

(whispering,  
confused)

Zoe... wake up...

GISLAINE

(shrugging)

Damn, she's weak to champagne.

Stella notices the shift in Gislaine's tone.

She looks at Gislaine, who is now staring at her phone, emotionless.

The lights around Stella seem brighter.

Her body feels strange. \*

Her eyelids grow heavy. \*

She tries to keep them open. \*

Gislaine is no longer there. \*

Stella closes her eyes and collapses into sleep beside Zoe. \*

A moment later, she opens her eyes again – blurry vision –  
and sees Gislaine with Junior at the balcony door. \*

Her eyes close once more. \*

FADE TO BLACK. \*

INT. MASTER BEDROOM – PENTHOUSE – LATE NIGHT \*

FADE IN FROM  
BLACK \*

Stella tries to open her eyes. \*

She is groggy, vision blurred. \*

The ceiling swims above her. \*

She slowly turns her head. \*

Zoe lies on a sofa nearby, in lingerie, unconscious. \*

Junior, in his underwear, is bent over her—like a predator  
hovering above prey. \*

Stella's eyes fill with tears. \*

Her lips tremble. \*

She is terrified – but she cannot move. \*

Her vision blurs again. \*

When she focuses, Junior is no longer over Zoe. \*

He is sitting beside her... watching Stella. \*

He stands. \*

He begins walking toward her. \*

Stella tries to move her body, panic rising, but her limbs  
are heavy and unresponsive. \*

Junior leans over her. \*

She turns her face away. \*

Her hand inches toward the nightstand, searching blindly. \*

Her fingers find the lamp's cord... then the base. \*

She grips it tightly. \*

With a sudden burst of strength— \*

WHAM! \*

She strikes Junior on the head. \*

He grabs his skull in pain. \*

She hits him again — then shoves him off the bed. \*

Stella forces herself upright, stumbling toward Zoe. \*

STELLA \*

(shaking her) \*

Wake up! Zoe... wake up, please! \*

She shakes her harder, even slaps her cheek lightly. \*

Zoe's eyes flutter open. \*

She struggles to lift her upper body. \*

STELLA (cont'd) \*

Come on. We have to go! \*

Stella pulls her up and drags her toward the door. \*

Zoe clings to the doorframe. \*

A hand suddenly grabs Stella's arm. \*

JUNIOR \*

(screaming) \*

Where do you think you're going? You \*

tried to kill me! \*

His other hand clutches his bleeding head. \*

Stella spins around — adrenaline exploding through her. \*

She launches herself at him, striking wildly. \*

He stumbles back and falls beside the bed. \*

She hits him again. \*

And again. \*

He shields himself with his arms, cowering. \*

Stella grabs the bedside lamp and smashes him with it until the lamp breaks apart in her hands.

JUNIOR (cont'd)  
(crying)  
Stop! Please— stop! I'm sorry...

Stella delivers one final hit — a raw scream tearing out of her.

She throws the broken lamp base at him.

He lies on the floor, bloodied, trembling, still in his underwear.

Stella grabs Zoe and pulls her out of the room.

The girls cross the living room.

A SECURITY GUARD (#1) appears.

He takes one look at them — shaken, disheveled, terrified — and realizes something is very wrong.

He rushes down the hallway toward the bedroom.

Stella and Zoe hurry to the elevator, step inside, and the doors close.

EXT. LOBBY - BUILDING - NIGHT

Stella staggers in, holding Zoe, who can barely stand.

People in the elegant lobby look up, startled, as the two girls move toward the exit.

Zoe collapses. Stella struggles to lift her.

An older LADY rushes over and kneels beside them. She gently supports Zoe's head — realizing she's completely unconscious.

STELLA  
Zoe, please... come on. We're almost out. Wake up!

LADY  
She's not waking up. She's not well.

Stella kneels beside Zoe.

The Lady turns toward the front desk.

LADY (cont'd)  
(shouting)  
Call for an ambulance!  
(to Zoe)  
(MORE)

LADY (cont'd)

Miss, don't sleep – wake up!

(looks to Stella)

Did she take anything? She looks like  
she's overdosing.

STELLA

Please... Zoe, wake up...

Stella looks at the Lady – then sees behind her two security  
guards, including Security #1, hurrying toward them.

Stella jolts to her feet, terrified.

The Lady turns, sees the men approaching, then looks back at  
Stella – now frozen, arms stiff, eyes wide.

LADY

(goes low, urgent  
whisper)

Go. Go... Don't worry, I'll take care  
of your friend.

She needs medical attention now!

Stella hesitates only a moment – then runs out of the  
building.

INT./EXT. BUILDING ENTRANCE – NIGHT

Stella runs out of the building, spots a cab, yanks the door  
open, and throws herself inside.

The DRIVER glances back, startled.

STELLA

Please, sir – just go.

(beat)

Main Street. Please... hurry!

The cab pulls away fast.

Stella looks back through the rear window and sees an  
ambulance turning into the building's driveway.

The cab disappears around the corner.

INT. BATHROOM APT MODELS – DAWN

Stella grabs the landline phone over the kitchen and walks  
inside the bathroom, her hair is all messed up, there is a  
few blood drops on her dress, Her make up is all blurry, she  
looks at her reflection on the mirror, and looks to all those  
RAV products on the sink, she loses her self, and pushes  
everything on the floor, she starts to cry unstoppable she  
leans on the back wall and get phone and type with shaky  
hands

Sound of ringing

INT. MODEL APARTMENT - BATHROOM / HELENA'S ROOM - DAWN

INTERCUT - Stella / Helena on smartphone

Stella sits on the bathroom floor, shaking.

STELLA

Mom...

HELENA

Stella? What happened? What is it?

STELLA

Mom, I—

Her voice breaks. She can't speak. She bursts into tears.

HELENA

Stella, what happened? Stella, talk to me—what's going on?

STELLA

Mom...

HELENA

Please, baby... tell me. I'm right here.

Helena starts crying too.

STELLA

I'm sorry... Mom, I'm so sorry...

HELENA

Sorry for what? Stella—what are you talking about?

Stella curls into herself on the floor, phone in hand, sobbing.

CUT TO:

INT. HELENA'S ROOM - DAWN

Helena listens to her daughter's fear and panic through the phone. She understands enough. Tears run down her face.

HELENA

(shaking, gentle)

It's not our fault. It's not our fault baby.



INT. MODELS' ROOM - AFTERNOON

BLACK SCREEN

AIMÉE (V.O.)  
Stella, wake up.

FADE IN:

Stella opens her eyes, still groggy. Her vision is blurred. She notices a figure sitting beside her bed and jolts back in fear, grabs a heavy book and hold as a weapon.

AIMÉE  
Calm down. It's me.

STELLA  
Zoe?

AIMÉE  
Aimée.

Stella rubs her eyes, realizing who it is.

STELLA  
Where's Zoe?

AIMÉE  
She's okay. She's safe. Don't worry.  
Dione asked me to come pick you up.

Stella tries to stand, unsteady and dizzy.

STELLA  
My head hurts... How long was I asleep?

AIMÉE  
Almost two days.

INT. HALLWAY - MODELS' BUILDING - AFTERNOON

Aimée and Stella wait in silence for the elevator. Aimée gives Stella's phone back.

STELLA Do you think Dione can help us? She can go with me and Zoe to the cops.

Aimée looks at her.

AIMÉE  
I hope so.

Stella's eyes fill with tears. Suddenly, she hugs Aimée.

Aimée is caught off guard, but a moment later she hugs her back.

The elevator bell rings. The doors slide open.

INT. DIONE'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

CLOSE ON Stella's face, looking down.

DIONE (V.O.)  
These accusations are really serious.

WIDE - Stella sits across from Dione. Aimée stands quietly nearby.

DIONE  
I'm sorry for what happened. I truly am. I know how you feel - believe me. I've known Junior for a long time, and I don't know how things got out of control. You girls probably drank too much.

STELLA  
No! I wasn't drunk.

DIONE  
Come on, Stella... Zoe went to the hospital with alcohol poisoning.

STELLA  
But-

DIONE  
Anyway... he's sorry for what happened, and-

STELLA  
Sorry? After what he did to us??

DIONE  
What he did? What I know is that you two were so drunk you fell asleep in his room, and when he tried to wake you up, you almost killed him with a lamp... and ran away with Zoe.

STELLA  
It wasn't like that. No - this isn't true. I told you what happened. Don't you believe me?

DIONE  
You said you don't remember and then later you said you were drugged... and woke up with him over you and Zoe.

STELLA

I don't remember how I got to the bed...

DIONE

Nobody will believe this story, Stella.

Stella starts to cry. Dione opens a drawer, takes a tissue box, stands, and approaches her.

DIONE (cont'd)

I want to help you make the right choice. You don't need to live with this pain. Think about you and your career. Look how far you've come – how many girls would kill to be in your place. In a few days you'll start shooting a worldwide campaign.

STELLA

No... I don't want it. Please. I can't work for him.

Dione moves behind Stella, placing her hands on Stella's head, then her shoulders.

Her massage is gentle – but firm, almost controlling.

DIONE (SOFT)

Don't worry, dear. He will never get close to you again – I promise. I know how confused and scared you are right now, and I'm here for you. (presses Stella's shoulders) ) But... as your agent, sometimes I have to do what's best for you.

ON AIMÉE – she reacts subtly, uneasy.

DIONE (cont'd)

Don't be stupid, you worked so hard. You have a two-year contract with us and with Rav. If you break it, you'll be prosecuted and lose everything you and your mother have. You'll never work as a model again... If you don't end up in jail for assault.

Dione returns to her chair.

DIONE (cont'd)

Is that what you want? What will your mother say? Do you think she'll be proud?

(MORE)

DIONE (cont'd)

People will start calling you a whore  
and a gold digger in every post you  
make. Trust me when I say I know  
what's best for you.

STELLA

No! Zoe can confirm. She knows. He  
was over her...

DIONE

Zoe? Wait.

Dione signals to Aimée, who steps out.

A moment later, Aimée returns with Zoe.

Stella brightens – hopeful.

Zoe enters with no makeup, pale, fragile. She stays close to  
Dione.

STELLA

Please, Zoe... tell them what happened.

DIONE

Please, Zoe. Tell me the truth.

Zoe looks uncomfortable, avoiding both their eyes.

ZOE

(quiet, tense)

We... we drank a lot. We fell asleep in  
his room. When I woke up, Stella was  
hitting Junior like crazy. I told her  
to stop, and... she forced me to run  
away with her.

Stella is stunned. She stands, stepping toward Zoe.

STELLA

No! No – why are you lying? This  
isn't what happened! Tell them the  
truth!

Zoe slides her sunglasses from the top of her head to cover  
her eyes, retreats behind Dione, like hiding.

Stella looks down, breaking, alone.

She holds her tears, trembling.

DIONE

Because she knows how much worse this  
can get.

Stella realizes she has no choice.

She looks at Dione with deep disappointment – and disgust. \*

She stands and walks toward the door. \*

Her eyes red, swollen. \*

She stops for a moment and looks at Aimée. \*

Aimée looks down – ashamed – unable to meet Stella's eyes. \*

Stella leaves without a word. \*

Aimée turns back toward Dione. \*

Dione's controlled expression finally breaks – into pain. \*

She leans on her desk, pressing her hands against her temples, like a sudden migraine overtakes her. \*

INT. ELEVATOR – AFTERNOON \*

Stella stands inside the elevator, staring ahead, hollow. \*

She presses the button. \*

The doors slide shut. \*

INT. DIONE'S OFFICE – AFTERNOON \*

Aimée approaches Dione's desk. \*

Dione is still leaning over it, eyes closed, hands pressed to her head. \*

She breathes deeply – a technique she clearly uses often – then sits up straight. \*

She notices Aimée staring at her with a disapproving expression. \*

DIONE  
Don't stay there \*

AIMÉE  
We should report this. \*

DIONE  
Oh Really? And who's going to pay  
your salary? Stella? Don't be naïve.  
You know very well that's not how it  
works. \*

AIMÉE  
She's sixteen. This is not the first  
time he does that. \*

DIONE  
(aggravated)  
And I was fifteen.

Dione leans back in her chair.

A memory hits her hard.

Tears roll down her face.

She fights them back, wipes them away, forces herself to recover.

DIONE (cont'd)  
She will heal.

Aimée stands there, unmoving.

AIMÉE  
Did you?

The question shatters Dione.

DIONE  
Who are you to judge me? If it wasn't  
for me, you'd be living off welfare,  
struggling to pay for your mother's  
treatment. Look at you now... Life is  
hard. There's always a sacrifice. -  
Go do your job, leave me alone.

Aimée walks out.

We see the entire office.

Dione remains alone.

Her phone buzzes - a notification from RAV's offices.

Dione explodes, grabs the phone, and smashes it against the wall.

The screen shows Dione's powerful photo, then cracks - shattered into pieces. It goes dark and the phone slips from her hand, crashing to the floor.

INT. AMIR'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

Amir is working at his sewing machine. When the machine stops, he hears the doorbell ringing.

AMIR  
Just a second!

He gets up and opens the door to reveal Stella. She looks devastated. Amir is stunned – this is not the girl he knows. Stella just stands there.

STELLA  
I'm sorry... I didn't know where else to go.

AMIR  
Oh my god... come in.

INT. STUDIOS - DAY

A close-up of STELLA – her expression dull, almost numb.

She sits in a dressing room while hair stylists and makeup artists work on her, rotating her face like she's an object.

A CREW MEMBER pulls her to the opposite side, where stylists quickly dress her for the shoot.

As soon as they finish, they push Stella toward the studio.

She steps in front of the lens. The flashes begin.

Stella's face remains unchanged – no effort, no spark.

Her expression never shifts.

Every photo looks the same.

The PHOTOGRAPHER and CREATIVE DIRECTOR watch the images appear on the monitor.

They love it – they think this empty and detached look is "fashion," a new trend.

But when we close in on Stella's face, her expression is pure disappointment.

EXT. STREET - AFTERNOON

Stella walks down the street with her head low, her steps heavy. She looks exhausted, a shadow of herself.

A street musician sits on the corner with a guitar, singing "The Whole of the Moon." Stella slows down, letting the music wash over her.

People gather around the musician. Among them, a man in his 50s stands uncomfortably close to her. Even though he's with his wife, his presence feels intrusive. Stella senses it and quietly steps away. The music keeps playing behind her.

As she approaches Amir's building, she freezes.

Standing at the entrance, holding a small suitcase, is  
Helena. \*

Mother and daughter lock eyes – a pause, fragile and  
electric. \*

Stella's lips tremble into a smile. Tears spill. Helena's  
eyes fill too. \*

Stella runs to her and wraps her arms around her mother,  
holding her as if afraid to ever let go. \*

The song continues in the background: \*

"...To get too high  
Too far  
Too soon  
You saw the whole of the moon  
The whole of the moon" \*

INT. STELLA'S NEW APARTMENT – MORNING \*

Stella stands inside a small, empty apartment with HELENA and  
the REAL ESTATE AGENT. \*

She signs the contract. The agent hands her the keys with a  
polite smile before exiting, leaving mother and daughter  
alone. \*

Stella looks around, quietly thrilled by the place. \*

She walks to the window, opens it, and steps onto a narrow  
balcony. \*

The view reveals a worn-out neighborhood – old buildings with  
peeling paint, cracked sidewalks, potholes in the street. \*

It isn't glamorous, but it's hers. \*

Stella steps back inside, but the camera stays on the  
balcony. \*

Voices from the street drift up. \*

Down below, a group of boys fly a kite in a small dirt lot  
between the buildings, beside a broken bBruno wall. \*

The kite's line snaps. \*

The boys chase it, laughing, but the kite rises too high and  
slips away into the sky. \*



EXT. FOOD KIOSK - NIGHT

Stella watches Helena with a tense, expectant expression. She looks anxious, waiting for something.

Helena looks uncertain, suspicious, almost wary.

They are at the same Lebanese food kiosk where Stella once ate with Amir months earlier.

STELLA

Go on, Mom... say it.

Helena takes a bite.

STELLA (cont'd)

Hmm? And? I told you it was good... right?

Helena nods.

HELENA

(chewing)

Yeah. This is really good.

AMIR (O.S.)

(loud)

Still eating? We're going to be late!

Amir rushes toward them, out of breath, carrying several shopping bags. He hands one to Stella, who hugs it like a gift.

AMIR (cont'd)

Here you go, Queen! That's your look. Make it count - here, fashion is the real deal.

Stella beams and clutches the bag with excitement. They start to leave, and Helena sets half of her food down on the counter. Amir notices and stops.

AMIR (cont'd)

Wait-no need to rush. Go ahead and eat, Helena. We always have time to enjoy certain pleasures.

Helena smiles and happily keeps eating.

INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT

Helena sits in the front row. The place is packed with a diverse, roaring crowd - more like a stadium audience than a fashion show. Glitter, wigs, feathers, capes, skirts, corsets. Helena is overwhelmed, unsure where to look first.

The lights dim. \*

A laser cuts through the darkness. \*

A spotlight hits the runway as the music explodes. \*

A QUEEN steps onto the catwalk, moving with electric confidence. The crowd erupts in rhythm with the beat. More Queens appear behind her and their choreography locks together – pow, pow, pow – sharp, flawless. \*

AMIR appears, divine, shimmering like royalty. And right behind him comes Stella. \*

The show takes off – catwalk, duck walk, vogue. Stella approaches Helena's side of the runway just as Amir and the other Queens hit a synchronized drop. Stella drops too, landing right near Helena. \*

Helena jumps, startled by the fall. \*

Stella turns her head, smiles, and gives her a quick wink. \*

Helena breaks into a smile she'd been trying to hold back. Her eyes fill with pride and wonder. \*

The Queens rise and continue dancing, the energy rising again. \*

For the first time in a long time, Helena feels good – maybe even welcomed. Like Stella, she feels embraced by this world. \*

INT. AIRPORT – MORNING \*

Helena rolls her suitcase down the corridor as Stella approaches. \*

STELLA \*

This is your ticket. I'll walk you to the gate. \*

HELENA \*

Forgot I'm the mother here? I know how to handle an airport. \*

STELLA \*

Oh... sorry. \*

HELENA \*

I'm joking. I have absolutely no idea where I'm supposed to go. \*

They reach the gate. Helena turns to face Stella. \*

HELENA (cont'd)  
 Call me. Anything at all. Are you  
 okay, my daughter?

STELLA  
 I'm... no. I'm not okay. But it's  
 getting better. A lot better. It's  
 just... slow.

HELENA  
 I'm here for you. Always.

STELLA  
 I know. And I'm here for you too.

They hug – the kind of farewell that comes with tears, but  
 not despair. A sadness held together by certainty.

HELENA  
 Alright, enough. In a few months  
 you'll be the one visiting me.

STELLA  
 Yes. As soon as my contract ends, I'm  
 coming.

Helena hesitates, holding something back – then decides to  
 say it.

HELENA  
 I love you.

It's the first time Stella has ever heard the words.

STELLA  
 I love you too.

They hug again. Helena heads toward the boarding line. Stella  
 walks away down the corridor.

EXT. STREET – DAY

Stella walks through her neighborhood. She enters a small  
 bookstore, then comes out holding a few books.

EXT. CITY PARK – AFTERNOON

Stella sits on the grass, writing in her journal on a warm,  
 sunny day.

INT. STELLA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Stella sits at her small work desk with her laptop and notebooks. It's her creative corner – books on the shelf beside her, her sofa nearby.

On the laptop screen: a document titled NEW FACE.

The doorbell rings.

STELLA  
(shouts)  
It's open!

Amir rushes inside.

AMIR  
Turn on the TV! Drag Race is on!

Stella closes her laptop and joins him on the couch.

AMIR (cont'd)  
It's done?

STELLA  
Yes. I sent it to the editor. I can't believe it.

AMIR  
(silent claps)  
Uhh, congratulations!

INT. STUDIO - DAY

Stella is back in a studio. People cross in front of her, disappear again, the usual chaos of a shoot.

The Female photographer gives her a quick note, then moves behind the camera.

Stella stands alone under the lights.

Her expression is firm. Confident. Serious.

Flashes fire.

SEQUENCE

– Another day, another makeup chair – Photos

– Another day, another makeup chair

– Photos

– Another day, another makeup chair

– Photos

A full year passes in the rhythm of lights and makeup brushes.

Stella stands while stylists tug at her clothes, at her body, and at each other.

She is exhausted. Finally, she snaps.

STELLA  
Stop! I need space.

She walks off. The stylists freeze, stunned.

STYLIST #1  
(muttering)  
I heard she was difficult. I don't  
get paid enough for this prima-donna  
bullshit. Who does she think she is?  
Gosh, she's just a model.

INT. STUDIO – FRONT DESK – DUSK

Stella walks quickly through the studio hallway, her makeup light, almost washed off – she's ready to leave.

As she approaches the reception area, she sees a blonde girl with oversized sunglasses walking toward her.

At first, Stella doesn't recognize her.

But the girl notices her.

ZOE  
Stella?

Stella lifts her head. Now she recognizes her – Zoe, dressed head-to-toe in expensive designer clothes and accessories.

STELLA  
Zoe? Sorry... I didn't recognize you.

Stella is surprised, but keeps a polite distance.

ZOE  
How are you?

STELLA  
I'm ok.

ZOE  
Was you shooting for RAV today?  
The ads are gorgeous. I keep seeing  
your face everywhere.

STELLA \*  
Yeah... today was my last session. \*

Stella shifts, uncomfortable. Memories creep in as they talk, \*  
but Zoe keeps trying to make conversation. \*

ZOE \*  
Oh, right... Aimée told me you left the \*  
agency. Which one are you with now? \*

STELLA \*  
I'm not with any agency. I'm not \*  
working as a model anymore. \*

Zoe freezes – confused, almost offended. \*

ZOE \*  
You're quitting everything? Going \*  
back home? \*

Stella chooses not to answer. \*

A quiet, awkward moment. \*

STELLA \*  
It was good seeing you. \*

She starts walking. Zoe watches her go, hesitant – then: \*

ZOE \*  
Stella. \*

Stella stops. \*

Zoe lifts her sunglasses. \*

Her eyes reveal a deep vulnerability – something she has \*  
never shown before. She searches for words. \*

Stella waits, and in that moment, she understands exactly \*  
what Zoe is carrying. \*

STELLA \*  
Yes? \*

ZOE \*  
I'm... I... Can you... can you follow me? \*

Stella simply looks at her, grounded, clear. \*

STELLA \*  
No. I don't have a profile. \*

Stella turns and walks out of the studio. \*

Zoe stands there, stunned. \*

Her sunglasses slip slightly down her nose – surprising her –  
as Stella disappears through the exit.

INT. AIRPORT – DAY

Stella stands in front of a bookstore display.

A stack of books sits under a “BESTSELLERS” sign.

On top: her book NEW FACE, with her very first polaroid as  
the cover. It has a place of honor on the pile.

Now Stella sits nearby, waiting.

A boarding call echoes through the terminal.

She stands to leave – and notices a girl, around 12, staring  
at her.

The girl’s expression is that mix of recognition and doubt.

Stella pauses, unsure what the girl sees.

But then she realizes –

the girl isn’t looking at her.

She’s looking at a nearby screen showing the new RAV beauty  
campaign.

The model on the ad is unmistakably AI-generated, flawless  
and empty.

Stella smiles softly.

She turns toward her gate and walks down the boarding  
corridor.

She keeps going.

FADE TO WHITE

END