

LES PETITES GARCES

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TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. BECCA'S "5E ARRONDISSEMENT" APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Cream colored drapes, flowing through the wind. Patchouli incense, burning. A Rococo chandelier dangles from the ornate ceiling. *Bourgeois. Refined. Parisian snobbism* at its finest.

The claw-footed tub's faucet runs. Moonlight reflecting onto its fuming waters.

BECCA FOX (22) (☞), *an ill-looking cheekbone protruding American in Paris*, is on a three-way call...

BECCA FOX

(on the phone)

-- Yeah, no, the mixer was shit.
Everyone basically wanted to kill
each other...

(admiring herself in the
mirror)

They weren't kidding when they said
this school was competitive --

She plucks an eyebrow.

GIRL #1 (25, dry, cold) faintly chuckles, on the other end of the phone.

Becca glances to her right and *grabs* a white gift bag lying on the counter. Rummaging through it.

BECCA FOX (CONT'D)

(on the phone)

-- At least I got this cute little
goodie bag.

GIRL #1 (V.O.)

(through the speaker)

So? -- What did they give you?

Becca pulls out an expensive looking FACIAL CREAM and an ORANGE FLAME-SHAPED BATH BOMB.

BECCA FOX

(on the phone)

A jojoba facial cream and -- *Ooh* --
A cute little bath bomb.

She laughs. Waltzes towards the tub. And plops it in --

Immediately *fizzing* with *thick*. Orange. **Acid-like** bubbles.

GIRL #1 (V.O.)
(through the speaker)
Not bad!

Becca twists the lid open and smells the **CREAM**. She *Grimaces*.

RANCID.

BECCA FOX
What about you, Gemma? What's up? --
You've been real quiet -- *for once*.

GEMMA (23, *dumb, vapid voice*) giggles.

She applies a faint layer onto her face. Struggling with its stickiness.

GEMMA (V.O.)
(through the speaker)
You know, the *usge*...

Becca struts to the tub, disrobes, and grazes the water with her toe when --

STING

She jolts back, *stops*, and slides into the water. *Hmmm...*

GEMMA (V.O.)
(through the speaker)
-- Devon cheated on me with Cara.
Again...

Eye roll. Becca pulls a CIGARETTE out of a case, slides it between her fingers and reaches for her golden ZIPPO.

GEMMA (V.O.)
(through the speaker)
-- I'm so done with him, this
time...

Becca pauses for a second. *Smelling the air.* Drawing her brows together as if something were --

Off.

A **faint. Strange...**almost...**sulfur-like** scent...

GEMMA (V.O.)
(through the speaker)
-- I'd give anything to get rid of
that *bitch*.

Becca chortles, CIGARETTE in mouth -- flicks the ZIPPO open -- and sparks it...*Shit!*

CLICK.

Flames immediately latch onto her *spiked* CREAM. Rapidly setting her face *ablaze* --

Fear instantly *rising* in her eyes. Screaming her lungs out. Repeatedly bashing her face. *Until* --

She *drops the ZIPPO* into the disturbingly *bubbling*, orange-tinted water.

oops.

The water *BURSTS* into flames. *Scorching hot*. Charring Becca's porcelain skin.

GIRL #1 (V.O.)
(through the speaker)
Becca? *Becca?! --*

Squirming, Becca desperately *SLAPS* the fire off her legs. Arms. And hips. Only further *spreading* the flammable oils.

Mechanically. Manically. Primal.

Purple temple veins throbbing. Blood *gushing* from her peeling face with every slap. *Out of control. Charred. On the brink of death* --

She releases a final, *blood-curdling, screech*. Heavy breathing dying out. Staggered movements slowing down.

silence.

The flames die out as her PHONE lies a few feet away on the damp tile floor --

GIRL #1 (V.O.)	GEMMA
(through the speaker)	(through the speaker)
-- <u>BECCA</u> ?! What's happening?!	-- BECCA?! <u>BECCA</u> ?!

Becca's body, limp hand hanging, rests in the tub.

Immobile. Lifeless. With eyes wide open.

Fear still plastered across her ***Barbecued Money-Maker.***

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. LYLA'S APARTMENT - DAY

SUPER: TWO WEEKS LATER

The modest apartment glistens with faint glimpses of golden hour light. Filtering through the curtains. *Smokey. Soothing.*

A *doe-eyed* redhead with vibrant red lips grooves to Cyndi Lauper's "She Bop", blasting on her 80s turntable.

LYLA (25) () , a young Florence Welch look-a-like, twirls around in her flowy mustard floral dress, teacup in hand. *Bold. Subtly vibrant. Mysterious. Scorpio.*

A kettle screeches --

LYLA

Shit!

Lyla pours the boiling water into her floral teacup when --

Phone buzz: Leave now to make it by 9:00AM.

SHIT --

Lyla *jolts* back. Burning her tongue with her tea -- grabs her CAMERA BAG -- and *bolts* out the door.

EXT. SIDEWALK - PLACE DU CARROUSEL - DAY

Sunny. Paris. Louvre. Tourists taking the awkward "pinching the tip of the glass pyramid" illusion picture.

Lyla *dashes* across the paved sidewalk -- glancing left and right -- as if in search of something...

THERE. Arriving in front of gilded ornate gates, she abruptly *stops, sighs,* and looks left. *Double-take --*

SE7EN (27) () rests on the fence. Smoking a cigarette.

Representing Tokyo street fashion, Se7en embodies andro-fluidity. Jet-black aesthetic. Leather Boots. Mullet. With a Stoic. Edgy. Off-putting aura. Aquarius.

She stares Lyla down. Exhaling her fumes -- An *awkward* beat -- Lyla smiles. No reaction from Se7en. Only *fixing.* -- a second *awkward* beat...

Lyla looks away. Takes a deep breath. And walks through the gates. Above the wooden doors, stamped in gilded gold:

FABIENNE DUROC FASHION ACADEMY.

(NOTE: FDFA, for short, from now on.)

Lyla tiptoes through the doors...

INT. FDFA - LOBBY - DAY

Vast. Circular space. Emerald painted walls with faint golden accents. In the middle, a jet-black reception desk. Sitting at the edge, **AURÉLIE - RECEPTIONIST**, stamped on a plaque as --

AURÉLIE (35)(H), behind the desk, jolts down some very *important* notes.

Fierce. Piercing model gaze. Black Goddess. The kind of woman who'd wear Louboutin's on a jog.

Lyla approaches her...

LYLA
Hi. I'm Lyla...
(Aurélie raises a brow)
Lyla Crawford --

Aurélie's *death stare* turns into the warmest of smiles.

AURÉLIE
AH, Yes! Our *second* American.
Stunning portfolio by the way --

Lyla smiles. When suddenly --

The entrance door FLINGS open. À la "Mean Girls". Enter:

ANDRES (21)(Q) & TOSHIO (19)(S) sashay in total synchronicity. Staring Lyla down. *Dead-eyed*. KILLER GAYS (*scratch that, "gaze"*).

Neon green crocodile skin trench coat. Electric pink boots. Andres is Trans Woman excellence. Girly. Vain. Latina Beauty Queen. Jealousy and disdain burning in her eyes. Leo.

Red tinted rectangular glasses. Red blazer. Red dress pants. Toshio exudes queer and Chinese street fashion vibes. With softness & "cry-baby" energy. Cancer.

Andres flips their golden hair as they turn the corner.

Lyla looks back towards Aurélie and smiles. *Mouth closed.*

AURÉLIE (CONT'D)
 Alright. Follow me, please.

Grinning, Aurélie looks her up and down before *springing* upwards ready to strut down the --

INT. FDFA - HALLWAY - DAY

Towering at six foot two, Aurélie parades through the emerald painted hallway as if it were a catwalk. *A woman on a mission.*

Lyla follows slightly behind her, looking around. Totally impressed. *Taking it all in...*

AURÉLIE
 So glad you could make it last minute-
 (pointing mid-air)
 Now, you missed out on orientation...but I'm sure one of your fellow classmates can fill you in...
 (unclipping paperwork)
 Here's your schedule -- key card -- and campus map.

Lyla *struggles* to carry it all. Analyzing the map.

AURÉLIE (CONT'D)
 Trust me, it *will* come in handy.

Lyla glances at her green key card, until --

Someone *bumps* into her. *Clearly on purpose.*

YELENA (26)(☑), in full bra, walks pass Lyla. Fur coat lazily hanging off her shoulder. *Sexual energy.*

Moscow's Russian princess. Yelena: street hooker with a high fashion twist. With a manipulative seductress aura. Beautiful. Confident. A siren in disguise. Sagittarius.

Yelena twirls. Pulls down her shades. And blows a snarky kiss. Lyla briefly looks away, taken by surprise.

AURÉLIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 (in the distance)
 We have a strict no smoking policy.
 But for some reason -- and I don't know *why* it's not obvious -- no one listens --

Yelena laughs. *Rolling her eyes.* And struts away.

AURÉLIE (CONT'D)
 (glaring)
 -- So please, *do*.

Lyla, *back in focus*, nods.

AURÉLIE (CONT'D)
 (pointing right)
That is the Fifth Hall. Do not go.
 It's currently closed --
 Renovations.

Lyla's gaze lingers...**FIFTH HALL** plastered above the
 corridor's blacked out entrance.

AURÉLIE (CONT'D)
 (pointing left)
 Sewing studios to your left. Book
 them in advance, you'll thank me
 later...
 (pointing further down)
 Photography darkroom here -- twenty-
 four hour access -- *Now...*
 (glancing at Lyla)
 You were informed about the
 portfolio requirement?

Lyla nods.

AURÉLIE (CONT'D)
Well, the other students already
 had the chance to develop theirs --
 (pointing to the darkroom)
So, feel free to *leave your camera*
here and use the room anytime today
 -- to catch up with them-

LYLA
 Yeah -- I'll make sure it's done.

Lyla walks into the darkroom and places her CAMERA BAG in a
 cubicle.

AURÉLIE
 (smiles)
 Doors automatically lock -- *so* --
 just use your key card.

Lyla heads out of the *red-tinted darkroom*, just as --

DANA (27)() *creeps in*.

Black Hood. Fingerless gloves. Bowl cut bangs. With a face mask covering half of his face. Definitely a tortured-poet. Mysterious. Dark. A fallen angel. Taurus.

He briefly stares them down, before heading to a tray.

Aurélie and Lyla walk away, passing a huge red door.

AURÉLIE (CONT'D)
 My favorite. Our new showroom. This
 is where the runways happen...
 (stopping mid strut)

Lyla jolts back, avoiding a *full collision*.

AURÉLIE (CONT'D)
 And this is where we part ways --
 The Auditorium. I believe they are
 waiting for you.

Lyla briefly admires the imposing doors. Turns back to Aurélie. And smiles. *Mouth closed*.

AURÉLIE (CONT'D)
 (grinning)
 Welcome to FDFA.

Aurélie nods and struts away.

Lyla breathes in deep. Opens the doors. And tiptoes into --

INT. FDFA - AUDITORIUM - DAY

Small. Private. Refined. Rows of black leather seats sit on different levels. At the base, a gilded PODIUM attracts the eye.

Lyla walks in. Looks up. Swallows. Staring at the --

Fourteen STUDENTS. Staring back. Not a smile in sight. Yet *another* competitor has arrived. When suddenly --

T.Y.N. (20)(☒) *bolts* pass Lyla.

New York Street style extraordinaire. Golden clips in her colored hair. Newspaper-pattern outfit. T.Y.N. gives off FKA TWIGS energy. Flamboyant. Odd. Eccentric weirdo. Aquarius.

T.Y.N. flips around, smiling. Winks at Lyla. And rushes up the stairs past --

MARGOT (23)(☒), sitting at the top row, glaring Lyla down through her oversized black Chanel sunglasses. Pouting. In full "*Scream Queens' Chanel Oberlin*" mode.

Designer blouse. High-waisted leather pants. Slicked back hair. Margot represents everything we hate about "La Bourgeoisie Française". Confident. Elitist. Chiante. Gemini.

To Margot's right --

PHILIPPE (25)(☒), smiling in Lyla's direction. *Blushing.*

Teal turtleneck. Slim build. Scruffy. Philippe exudes "little brother energy". Handsome. Quirky. Spineless. Taurus.

Lyla heads up the stairs towards an available seat next to Philippe, until --

Margot glares him up and down -- ***SNAPS*** -- smirk quickly disappearing, he looks away.

Shit. Lyla stops midway and briefly scans the room for a less awkward seat...

Familiar faces stand out amongst the other strangers. Each more *blasé* than the next. To the exception of one: T.Y.N.

T.Y.N. nods to the seat next to her. *An invitation.* But --

IGOR (25)(☒), vein-throbbing arm latched around Yelena, *blocks* the path.

Covered in face tattoos, Igor's the kind of man who spent his youth as an illegal fight club champion. Brute. Grit. Brawn. One bad look away from breaking a jaw. Capricorn.

LYLA
(to Igor)
Excuse me.

Igor doesn't budge a muscle. *Stoic.* Staring blankly.

Lyla rolls her eyes -- *sighs* -- and strides over Igor, as Yelena smirks condescendingly. Not too long after...

Lyla sits next to a smiling T.Y.N. Slipping her a close-mouthed smile. She looks through her bag.

T.Y.N.
T, Y, N.

Lyla looks up. Frowning.

LYLA
 (confused)
 -- I'm sorry...I'm not familiar
 with that acronym.

T.Y.N.
 (laughing)
 It's my name. T, Y, N -- Or Tin. --
 You get to choose.

LYLA
 (still confused)
 Cool. I'm -- Lyla.

She rummages through her bag. *Going on --*

T.Y.N.
 (*Regina George's voice*)
You're like -- really pretty.

Lyla smirks. Looks back up. And raises a brow.

LYLA
 You're really gonna use a *Means*
Girls line on me?

T.Y.N.
 (smiling)
 Pretty and cultured. *Sweet.*

Lyla smiles as two PROFESSORS walk in. PAUL (42)(Q), 70s
pornstache vibes, approaches the podium.

PAUL
 Welcome back everyone. Thank you
 for your patience. For *those* who
 don't remember me -- my name's Paul
 -- I'm your *photography*
instructor...
 (clearing his throat)
 Now...due to recent events
 surrounding miss Rebecca Fox's
 passing --

Lyla's **lip quivers**. *Looking straight ahead. Tense. As --*

T.Y.N. leans in --

FABIENNE
 Merci, Paul.

Pastel pink blazer. Pearls. Wavy white hair. Devil wears Prada fashion icon realness. Fierce. Elegant. Mischievous. Gemini.

She smiles dauntingly. *Pausing for effect. The dramatics.*

FABIENNE (CONT'D)
 Tomorrow's next generation of
 fierce. Creative. And bold
 designers. *Welcome to FDFA.*

She pauses for a brief moment. *Again with the dramatics.*

FABIENNE (CONT'D)
 As you are all aware, my program is
THE most competitive one. Some will
 be crushed by the pressure. Three
 will drop out. And two *exceptional*
 students will move on to win the
 internship of a lifetime. With...
 (pointing to herself)
 Me.
 (she smiles)
 Now -- for your *first* assignment-

WHAM!

LOIC (22)(☒), *bursts* through the doors. *Wobbly. Drunk.*

*Shoulder-length wavy hair. See-through shirt. Gay as f*ck. Arrogant. Chaotic. Self-indulgent. Sagittarius.*

He finger-guns Fabienne with familiarity, *smirking.*

FABIENNE (SUBTITLE) (CONT'D)
 (in French)
 Loic. Thank you for gracing *me* with
 your presence.

He bows.

LOIC (SUBTITLE)
 (in French)
 You're very welcome, *Madame.*

Fabienne takes a deep breath, withholding her blade-like words as Loic laughs and wobbles to the empty seat next to Lyla. Looking her *up and down.*

FABIENNE

(clearing her throat)

-- As I was saying -- your first assignment will determine whether or not you are fit for *this* program. A test...

(she smirks dauntingly)

Out of every applicant this year, we have selected two lucky souls from different countries --

(her eyes signaling to each duo)

France. Russia. Japan. Argentina. Somalia. Iran. And...the *United States*.

Loic *rolls his eyes*.

LOIC

(whispers to Lyla)

Cut to the chase, Fabienne.

Lyla *glares* him down. Brow raised.

T.Y.N.

(whispers to Loic)

You do realize she's grading our work, *right?*

LOIC

(chuckles and whispers)

Yeah -- I just like to mess with my *mom*.

Lyla's eyes widen. *Surprised*. As Loic smirks --

LOIC (CONT'D)

(pointing to Philippe)

Oh, and Philippe -- that little simp next to Chanel-Zilla...

(short laugh)

Brother.

Paul distributes a LIST to the students.

FABIENNE

You've been paired up by country to design a small fashion show. Showcasing a combination of both you and your partner's styles.

Se7en grabs the LIST and turns to Toshio. *Deer in headlights*.

FABIENNE (CONT'D)
 You have a *week* to come up with
three designs. Total. An
 introduction to who you *really* are.

Margot sneers. Turns to Philippe. And whispers in his ear.

MARGOT (SUBTITLE)
 (in French)
 We're *so* gonna destroy them.

FABIENNE
 Good luck to all. And make sure to
 impress me.
 (Yelena winks at Igor)
 I *cannot* wait to see *all* of your
 marvelous creations.

She smirks -- *dramatic pause* -- and parades off the podium.

T.Y.N. grabs the LIST: **T.Y.N., LYLA CRAWFORD & LOIC DUROC.**

T.Y.N.
 Well, let's set them ablaze, *girls*.

INT. FDFA - PHOTOGRAPHY STUDIO - DAY

Huge windows. Bright. *White*. Lights and tripods are scattered
 across the room. The students are huddled in groups. Some
 playing photographer. Some playing model.

T.Y.N. & Loic, *in full model mode*, stare into the camera as --

Lyla snaps a few pics. *Focused. In her element.*

PAUL
 (walking away)
 Now I want clean shots -- Think
Vogue -- *Bazaar* -- Emotions -- Andres,
 great...

Yelena & Fatma briefly glance at Lyla, *whispering, laughing*.

Lyla ignores them -- breathing in deep.

T.Y.N.
 (to Loic)
 -- Remind me why you're with us,
 Frenchie?

Yelena & Fatma's condescension *intensifies*.

Lyla rolls her eyes -- *Inhale* -- And snaps a pic --

CLICK.

Exhale.

LOIC
Well, being the son of *the*
Chairwoman has its perks...

He smirks looking towards Margot ordering Philippe around --

LOIC (CONT'D)
And I *really* can't stand those two.

T.Y.N. rolls her eyes and slips a smile.

Lyla takes a look at her snapshot of the two as --

Paul *creeps* in on her. Peeking at her camera screen. *Standing a little too close...*

PAUL
(impressed)
Nice job, Miss Crawford-

He turns to the class.

PAUL (CONT'D)
*Everyone take note. I believe we
found our star photographer --*

Yelena & Fatma stare, arms crossed. *Sneers & laughs gone.*

Lyla stares back and smirks.

PAUL (CONT'D)
(to Lyla)
Great skills.

He strokes her shoulder, *almost predator-like.*

Lyla forces a smile as Paul walks away. She glances around...

Yelena glares her down -- for a second -- and returns to her camera.

T.Y.N.
(to Lyla)
So, "Miss Crawford" -- what's your
story?

Lyla's **lip quivers**. Face tensing up. Jaw clenched.

LYLA

(dry)
My *story*?

T.Y.N. fiddles with her box braids and draws closer.

T.Y.N.

(teasing)
Yeah -- *like* -- What's the *haps*?
Big-Time Photographer? -- *Rich*
parents? -- The *quiet* girl with a
dark past?-

Lyla swallows.

LYLA

(dry)
I don't have a -- *wild* past.
(briefly looks away)
I'm just...*a girl in Paris*.

T.Y.N. *smirks*. Raises a brow. And turns to Loic --

T.Y.N.

Alright...I'll go with --
mysterious hippie then...

Lyla scans the room -- *desperately trying to change the subject* -- and falls on --

Se7en, who's awkwardly *staring* at Toshio.

LYLA

Who's *that*?

T.Y.N. catches Lyla's sneaky gaze.

T.Y.N.

Tokyo Squad? -- *Seven* and *Toshio*-
(smacking her head)
Oh shit! Right -- You missed the
mixer -- You know, *like*, no one.

Lyla nods. *Cueing a clique presentation...*

T.Y.N. (CONT'D)

Well, **Toshio** -- Tokyo's *youngest* up
and coming designer -- And **Seven**...
(pursing her lips)
A little...*odd*...Stayed in her
corner the entire night -- didn't
really talk to anyone -- she was
just...*staring*...anyways...

She signals to Yelena, who's *sensually head-locking* Igor.

T.Y.N. (CONT'D)
 (rolling her eyes)
Yelena and **Igor** -- *Moscow's mules* --
 Competitive idiots. Here to fight.
 Don't even bother...

T.Y.N. points right to CARO (22)(II), next to Andres.

Red harness. Leather Choker. Caro embodies the BDSM fashion aesthetic. A Plus-Size Dominatrix, lusting for power. Loud. Intimidating. Audacious. Gemini.

T.Y.N. (CONT'D)
 But there. **Caro** and **Andres** -- *My*
 Argentinean girlies -- Love them-

LOIC
 (laughs)
 The Dominatrix and the *jealous*
 beauty pageant runner-up? Really?..
 Lame...

Loic signals to Dana, who's *lost in thought*.

LOIC (CONT'D)
 Here -- **Dana**. *Persian Squad. Always*
 in a face mask -- I heard he fled
 Iran after receiving a death
 sentence for -- *who knows what...*
 (winks)
 My bet's on a closet case. My
 favorite.

He signals to FATMA (23)(III), who's taking a selfie.

Monochromatic beige flowy dress. Cream-colored hijab. Makeup artist-level mug. Fatma is your typical Persian Princess. Refined. Vain. Corrupt. Leo.

LOIC (CONT'D)
 Next to him, **Fatma Hosseini** --
Socialite -- Daddy got caught for
 human trafficking, last year. Made
all the headlines...

Loic points further down the room to KESI (26)(IV), modeling next to Team France.

African Woman. Confidently Bald. Bold orange-tinted lips. Nyakim Gatwech's beauty meets Naomi Campbell's hot headed energy. Confidence. Poise. Rage. Capricorn.

LOIC (CONT'D)
 And you have the Somali models --
Kesi and **Chane** -- *Lying low...*

CHANE (20)(☹) fiddles with a pen. Balancing his chair on two legs.

Black Albino Supermodel Realness. White dreads. White wide-brim hat. Iconic. Stylish. Blasé. Cancer.

LOIC (CONT'D)
 I don't really know much, but-

MARGOT (O.S.)
 (bursting in)
Salut!

Lyla and T.Y.N. swiftly turn around as Loic *rolls his eyes*. Standing behind them, grinning *dauntingly...*

MARGOT (CONT'D)
 (snarky)
 Fun game...but I prefer to personally introduce myself.
 (reaching out to Lyla)
 Margot De Lacroix. France.

T.Y.N.
T.Y.N. -- or *Tin* for-

MARGOT
 We've met, *chérie*.

She turns back to Lyla, grinning. *Awaiting a response.*

LYLA
 Lyla-

MARGOT
Crawford -- right?

Lyla's **lip quivers** -- *pauses* -- and nods.

MARGOT (CONT'D)
Hm...Pretty name.

She looks Lyla up and down.

LOIC
 (mumbles)
Pétasse.

Obviously hearing him, but choosing to play nice, Margot removes her sunglasses.

MARGOT
 (grinning)
 Moving on -- I'm throwing a second.
Unofficial. Mixer tonight.
 (glances at Lyla)
 I'll see you there? -- Would love
 to get to know you.

LYLA
 (hesitating)
 Yeah, sure. I can be-

MARGOT
Parfait! -- Loic can fill you in on
 the address. -- See ya.

Margot rushes away. Glasses back on. *Bitch face re-activated.*

The trio give each other uneasy gazes; the "what have we done" look. *Shit.*

INT. FDFA - LOCKERS - NIGHT

Somber. Sinister. Lights out. The students leave FDFA.

T.Y.N.
 So, *Superstar* -- wanna get ready at
 my place?

LYLA
 (smiling)
 Would love to -- but I *really* have
 to develop my portfolio -- FDFA
 orders.

T.Y.N.
 (smiling)
 Suit yourself, *goodie two shoes.*
 (walking out with Loic)
 Catch ya later, Lyla.

LYLA
 (smiling)
 See ya.

Loic *finger-guns* her. *Winks.* And turns the corner with T.Y.N.

Lyla shuts her locker -- *sigh* -- and ambles towards the
 darkroom, BUT...

Notices the door of the photography darkroom slightly open.
 Red light ON -- STOPS --

She knocks. Carefully pushes the door. And peaks in.

LYLA (CONT'D)
Are you almost done in here-

No one in sight.

She looks around. Frowns. And walks in...

INT. FDFA - PHOTOGRAPHY DARKROOM - NIGHT

Eerie. Quiet. A red light dangles from the ceiling. Trays filled with water are scattered. A string goes from one end of the room to the other.

Lyla grabs her CAMERA BAG from the cubicle. Pulls her NEGATIVES out. And *develops* her portfolio PHOTOS...

Models in colorful outfits. Sashes. Hats --

She hangs her PHOTOS, *on the string*, to dry. But --

As Lyla develops the *third* PHOTO, she notices something odd...*unfamiliar...*

Drawing closer -- *analyzing it* -- she frowns --

A half developed *paparazzi-style* PHOTO of a woman in a tub...

This isn't hers...

Lyla hangs it and does the same with the *fourth...*

Same style. A PHOTO of a woman with box braids...

Not hers.

Fifth...

Still not hers...

Until she is left with --

Fifteen paparazzi-style PHOTOS, drying on strings.

Her eyes suddenly *widen...*

Lined up, printed on the fully developed PHOTOS, are --

The **fifteen students of FDFA.** With --

Their ***name*** and an ***ominous death sentence*** at the bottom...

THE DEATHLIST. To the extreme left: A photo of...

Becca's charred corpse. A huge RED **X** is stamped onto it.
Handwritten at the bottom: **BURN BABY BURN**. Next to it --

T.Y.N. No RED X's. Handwritten at the bottom: **BLOODY MARY**.

Jaw-dropped, Lyla glances at the other ones and pulls them all down. *Quivering. Rushing.*

Reaching the last PHOTO, Lyla jolts back. *Eyes growing wide.*
Stamped in black ink --

LYLA. I KNOW WHO YOU REALLY ARE.

Staring at the PHOTO, her **lip quivers**. When --

CLICK.

A camera? ***Shit!***

Lyla *stops* moving and looks behind, to find --

Nothing. Silence.

She swallows. Quickly shoving the **DEATHLIST** into her bag.
And bolts out of the darkroom. *Panicked.*

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. LYLA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Quiet. Dark. Ominous. A wooden platform base bed lies in the middle of the room. Neon lighting bathes the room in shades of magenta and turquoise.

Green 60s mod dress. 2000s white platform boots. Pink beret. Twiggy makeup. Lyla, rigid, sits on her bed as --

The PHOTOS are laid out on the bed sheets. **THE DEATHLIST:**

First: **BECCA FOX. BURN BABY BURN**

Second: **T.Y.N. BLOODY MARY**

Lyla stares at Becca's PHOTO and swallows --

Third: **DANA. BLADE RUNNER.**

Fourth: **MARGOT. LET THEM EAT CAKE.**

Fifth: **FATMA. MIRROR, MIRROR.**

She reaches for her phone and dials T.Y.N.'s number --

Sixth: **TOSHIO. 孝女白菊の歌.**

Seventh: **SE7EN. OD.**

Eight: **CHANE. 20FT.**

Ninth: **CARO. 3-4-1-7.**

Tenth: **YELENA. TWEEDLE DEEP.**

Eleventh: **IGOR. TWEEDLE DUMP.**

RING.

Twelfth: **KESI. AGATHA.**

Thirteenth: **ANDRES. KINDER UND HAUSMARCHEN. PP.119.**

Fourteenth: **PHILIPPE. 101°.**

Fifteenth: **LOIC. SIZE QUEEN.**

RING.

Lyla takes a deep breath. Picks up the final PHOTOGRAPH. And swallows.

Sixteenth: **LYLA: I KNOW WHO YOU REALLY ARE**

Straight to voicemail:

T.Y.N. (V.O.)
Hey girlies, You've reached Tin.
Shoot me a message and I'll call
you back. Ciao!

Jaw clenched. Staring at the PHOTO of her, she hangs up.

Lyla shoves the PHOTO into a drawer. Snaps a pic of **THE DEATHLIST**. And rushes out to --

EXT. MARGOT'S APARTMENT - COURTYARD - NIGHT

Imposing. Pompous. Snob. Cherry blossoms in full bloom. If Margot's apartment complex could talk, it would scream "*I'm rich. Deal with it.*"

Lyla ambles past the golden gate and walks into the *Viper's nest* --

INT. MARGOT'S APARTMENT - VESTIBULE - NIGHT

White marble. An over exaggeration of *Jackson Pollock's* across the walls. Surprisingly modern in aesthetic.

Lyla creeps in -- looks around -- and opens double doors.

INT. MARGOT'S APARTMENT - BOUDOIR - NIGHT

Opulent. Designer. A rust colored leather couch lays on top of a cowhide rug. Wooden accents. Glass chandelier. The fourteen competitors mingle, *barely noticing Lyla.* When --

Se7en walks past her, *staring,* towards the bathroom.

Lyla waves, forcing a smile, as Se7en keeps on walking. *Staring. Poker face* -- Lyla looks away. *Awkward.* -- grabbing a glass of champagne, until...

T.Y.N.
(over the music)
LYLA! COME!

T.Y.N., sipping champagne, next to Caro & Andres, waves.

Lyla joins them.

LYLA
(to T.Y.N.)
Where's Loic?

T.Y.N.
(laughs)
He said he'd rather die than be at
Margot's --

She gulps her drink.

T.Y.N. (CONT'D)
Well, y'all know *Lyla* already --
(she points to them)
Caro -- and *Andres*.

LYLA
Nice to meet you.

They both force a smile.

LYLA (CONT'D)
(whispers to T.Y.N.)
Tin, we really have to talk-

ANDRES
(cutting her off)
I love your look by the way. Very
Versace.

Caro slips a brief smiles.

LYLA
(turning towards Andres)
Thank you. It's mostly thrifted-

CARO
It's nice to see some actual human
beings here...

She sneers at Yelena, who's mid *lap dance* on Igor.

CARO (CONT'D)
And not just rich -- vapid
Pendejos.

Lyla chokes on her drink and clears her throat.

LYLA
(to Andres)
I heard you were into pageants?
That's...pretty sweet.

Andres' smile quickly fades -- *lips pursed. Brows raised -- as Caro withholds a laugh.*

ANDRES
(looking away. Hair flip)
Yeah. Once upon a time...

LYLA
(genuinely smiling)
I'd love to see pics.

Andres' jaw clenches as Caro *bursts* into laughter --

CARO (SUBTITLE)
(in Spanish)
She's really out to get you Andres.

ANDRES (SUBTITLE)
(in Spanish)
Caro. No. Don't you dare-

CARO
(to Andres)
Sensitive subject?

CARO (CONT'D)
(to Lyla)
Andres got blacklisted from
pageants, after stabbing a
competitor --
(Lyla contains her
reaction)
The Tonya Harding of the pageant
world -- Quite the scandal
actually.

LYLA
(searching for words)
I'm. Sorry. I shouldn't have asked-

ANDRES
(sneering)
The Bitch deserved it --
(Lyla stares, dumbfounded)
Anyways...if you'll excuse, me. I
have to powder my nose.

Andres angrily springs upwards. Rushing to the bathroom as Caro follows, *rolling her eyes.*

CARO (SUBTITLE)
(in Spanish)
Andres, don't be such a bitch.

Andres flings the door open. Briefly revealing Se7en *snorting the thickest of lines.*

Lyla stares for a few seconds before turning back towards T.Y.N.

LYLA

Take a look at this...

She pulls out her phone. On the screen:

The ominous PHOTO of Becca's charred corpse. **BURN BABY BURN** stamped at the bottom.

T.Y.N.

What the-

She sits up straight -- spilling her drink -- *Mouth gaping.*

T.Y.N. (CONT'D)

(shocked)

Who is that? Becca Fox?

Lyla nods and swipes left to --

A snapshot of the fourteen darkroom PHOTOS. **THE DEATHLIST.**

T.Y.N. yanks the phone and stares at the picture.

LYLA

They were part of my negatives when I was developing my portfolio...

(glancing at the pic)

Someone *tampered* with my camera roll -- and took *these.*

T.Y.N.

I mean, it's clearly a prank -- you know -- for the *New Girl.*

(teasing)

You can't really believe someone is *hunting us down?*-

LYLA

(dry)

Of course not.

(looking down)

It's just. *Odd.*

T.Y.N.

Listen -- it's just someone messing with you, *like*, it makes sense.

Everyone here is completely mental.

Lyla smirks. Looks away. And nods.

T.Y.N. (CONT'D)
 (joking)
 Who's next on *this* list?

Lyla swallows. *Hesitating*. Jaw clenched.

T.Y.N. (CONT'D)
 Lyla, who's next?

Lyla doesn't answer.

T.Y.N. zooms in on THE DEATHLIST and spots:

T.Y.N. BLOODY MARY.

T.Y.N. (CONT'D)
 (loud. Outburst)
 Shit! What does it even mean? --
 Bloody Mary? -- Who the shit is
 that-

LYLA
 (shushing her)
 I'll take them to Fabienne,
 tomorrow-

T.Y.N.
 (loud whisper)
 What? No! D'you want a bigger
 target on your shoulders? Just
 forget about it -- It's a prank --
 Don't let them win, Lyla.

Lyla stares. *Nail pressed against her index*. And nods.

T.Y.N. springs up. Grabbing her EMPTY GLASS.

T.Y.N. (CONT'D)
 B.R.B.

She walks past Margot, who's strutting out of the bathroom,
fiddling with her nose.

MARGOT
 (eyes widening)
 Miss *Lyla Crawford*.
 (draws closer)
 Care for a drink?

She hands her a glass of *Ruinart*.

MARGOT (CONT'D)
 (wink)
 Only the *good* stuff here.

LYLA
 Thanks.

Margot, *smirking*, stares Lyla down. *Regina George activated.*

MARGOT
 So how's it like? Getting in after
 being on the wait list for so long?

She creeps closer. Raises her glass. And waves to Yelena.

LYLA
 (frowning)
 Um. I'm grateful? I guess-

MARGOT
 (grinning)
 Of course! You *must* be.

She looks Lyla up and down. *Smirking.*

MARGOT (CONT'D)
 You know -- I tried to look you
 up...

Lyla's eyes faintly widen. *Uh-Oh.*

MARGOT (CONT'D)
 But -- you're nowhere to be found
 on social media.

Lyla swallows.

LYLA
 I don't have social media --
 It's...too *time-consuming*.

MARGOT
 (nodding, unconvinced)
 Huh...*Right.*

Margot licks her upper lip and puts her hand to her face --
ready to pounce...

MARGOT (CONT'D)
 So...did you, do *it*?

LYLA
 Excuse me?

Margot rolls her eyes. Closing in on Lyla.

MARGOT
You know...

She glares into Lyla's pupils & smirks. *From saint to viper.*

MARGOT (CONT'D)
Did you *kill* Becca?

A few heads turn. Voices dying down. *Eavesdropping.*

Lyla's lip quivers. Jaw clenched. Pulse-racing.

LYLA
Are you for real?

T.Y.N. returns, drink in hand. Behind Margot.

MARGOT
(laughing)
Well come on -- *perfect reason*. I mean -- you're *not* good enough to get into FDFA the first round --
(swirls her drink)
You fly to Paris early -- get rid of Becca -- and *looky here* -- a spot *just happens* to open up for this semester...

Lyla's mouth slightly opens. Brows raised.

MARGOT (CONT'D)
Convenient, *non*?

Lyla releases a short. *Flabbergasted*. Laugh.

LYLA
Unbelievable.

MARGOT
Oh -- don't be *mad*. We're all thinking it.

The other competitors side-eye each other. Until --

SMASH.

T.Y.N. *drops* the CHAMPAGNE GLASS. Shattering. Splashing. Spilling all over Margot's YSL blouse. *Catharsis.*

T.Y.N.
("take that" voice)
Oops. I think I spilled something.

Margot, soaked, rises. Lips pressed. Smirking. *In a complete dominance glare-off with T.Y.N.*

T.Y.N. (CONT'D)
Come on Lyla. Let's bounce.

Lyla grabs her bag. Stands. And follows T.Y.N. out.

MARGOT
Well, it's lovely to meet you Lyla-

T.Y.N.
(flipping her off)
Suck it, Margot!

T.Y.N. SLAMS the door. *Pissed.* They turn the corner.

INT. FDFA - SEWING STUDIO - DAY

The Trio. Alone in the studio. Working on their runway. T.Y.N. aggressively cuts through some cream-colored fabric while Loic fiddles with cream tulle.

LOIC
(bursting into laughter)
-- Are you for real?!

T.Y.N.
Yeah -- *it's lovely to meet you Lyla* -- Like who. WHO does that?

LOIC
Well damn. Looks like I missed quite the show.

Philippe peeps in. Shyly glancing at Lyla. And sneaks in on her.

PHILIPPE
Hi. Um-

LOIC
Sup, Bro.

T.Y.N.
Gross.

Philippe briefly looks down and smiles at Lyla.

LYLA
(smiling, mouth-closed)
Hey.

She keeps sewing pearls onto her garment.

PHILIPPE
Listen. I heard about yesterday...
I'm so sorry --

LYLA
It's fine. It had, *literally*,
nothing to do with you.

Loic chortles. Drops the tulle. And struts towards Philippe.

LOIC
(mocking)
Awn. Little lap dog coming to
apologize for his master?

Lyla turns to Loic. *Glaring*. And sighs.

PHILIPPE
She's not a bad person you know.
She's just a little...competitive.

Loic rolls his eyes. Twirls around. And waltzes to the table
as Philippe pulls a matte black **ENVELOPE** out of his teal
jacket.

PHILIPPE (CONT'D)
Anyways, Aurélie said it came in
this morning --

Lyla grabs the **ENVELOPE**. Analyzes it. And frowns.

PHILIPPE (CONT'D)
-- I told her I'd help out. And
just give it to you.

LYLA
(looking back up)
Thanks.

They smile at each other a *little too long*. *Locking eyes*.

PHILIPPE
(walking out)
Take care, Lyla.

Lyla, *snapping out of it*, tears open the black **ENVELOPE** and
discovers, written in typewriter font: **LOCKER 215. 8PM. BUT --**
SNIP!

T.Y.N.
FFF-

T.Y.N. *cuts* herself with the FABRIC SCISSORS. Pressing on her hand. Holding back a *hurricane of swears*. Clearly *pent up anger*.

T.Y.N. (CONT'D)
This is MENTAL! How the HELL are we supposed to come up. Construct. And deliver. All of these. In A WEEK.

Lyla subtly hides the ominous ENVELOPE behind her back and takes a *deep breath*.

LYLA
(to Loic)
Grab her some bandages -- I'll clean it up.

Loic rolls his eyes. *Sighs*. And nods. Walking out.

T.Y.N.
(brow raised)
Lyla -- it's fine -- it's not that big a cut-

LYLA
I don't trust Loic. Not yet.
(pulls out the ENVELOPE)
Look. They're *still* toying with me.

T.Y.N. analyzes the *message*.

T.Y.N.
(containing laughter)
Well. Well. Well. -- We're *obviously* gonna be there -- See how far they're ready to go with this *prank*. *Right?*

LYLA
(reluctantly)
Right.

Loic returns. A single *Spongebob Band-Aid* in hand.

LOIC
(snarky)
Will this do?

INT. FDFA - LOCKERS - NIGHT

Loic slams his locker shut. Twirls around. *Finger Gunning*.

LOIC
 (walking out)
 See ya.

The girls wave him off.

T.Y.N.
 (whisper)
 Alright. So you remember the plan?

Lyla nods as T.Y.N. looks up at the clock:

7:45PM.

T.Y.N. (CONT'D)
 (smirking)
 Here we go --
 (clears her throat)
 Alright. See ya tomorrow, Girl.

She struts away, turning a corner and --

STOPS.

Staying put. Hiding. She pulls out her --

PHONE. Ready to record any *upcoming incident.*

Lyla, *focused*, prowls down the row of lockers...

...197. 198. 199...

Inhale. Exhale. She looks around. *No one.*

...205. 206. 207...

Her temple veins *throb.*

...212. 213. 214...

Not a soul in sight. When suddenly --

STOPS. In front of her: **LOCKER 215.**

She fiddles with the handle. It is unlocked.

She slowly opens the locker. *Screeching from the rust.* And frowns --

Inside: A set of **VOYEURISTIC PICS.** All of Lyla in the darkroom. Walking in and out. Holding the photographs. In a way that makes her look guilty of hanging them. The culprit.

Lyla grabs the PICS and finds, hidden under them --

A RECORDER. With a note: **Play me. Alone.**

She glances around -- *coast clear* -- and plays it...

RECORDER (V.O.)
(distorted)
*Liar. Liar. Lyla -- Are you gonna
tell them? -- or should
I?..remember...we've got an eye on
you...*

The cassette stops.

She hides the recorder and slams the locker shut, when --

JUMP SCARE.

A SHADOWED FIGURE (?)(?). Tall. Lanky. *With an eyeless skin
imitation full-face mask. Stands. Still. Creepy.*

T.Y.N.
(yells)
LYLA!

The shadowed figure briefly looks back -- SLAMS the door
across Lyla's face making her fall to the ground -- and
escapes -- T.Y.N. sprints towards a *bruised up Lyla...*

T.Y.N. (CONT'D)
(out of breath)
What the shit was that?! -- you
okay?

Lyla *stares* at the scattered **VOYEURISTIC PICS** on the floor.
Hand to her bruised forehead. *Lost in thought.*

LYLA
(to herself)
Someone's setting me up --

Loic comes running...

LOIC
(out of breath)
What the actual f-

T.Y.N., eyes wide open, rapidly turns around.

T.Y.N.
(outraged)
What the HELL are you still doing
here?

LOIC

WHAT?! I was at the bathroom and heard screaming. OBVIOUSLY I was gonna check it out-

She closes in on Loic. Veins throbbing.

T.Y.N.

(threatening)

Oh. And you expect me to believe THAT dude wasn't you-

LOIC

WHAT?! Can you stop for a sec and just explain to me what's going on-

LYLA

(out of breath)

Dana.

(The duo turn around)

Dana was in the darkroom -- after I left my camera there --

She looks up -- Panting -- And reveals:

LYLA (CONT'D)

It's him. -- He tampered with it.

*T.Y.N. looks to her phone: A **VIDEO**, on replay, of the scene. Smirks. And turns to Loic.*

T.Y.N.

Gotcha.

Lyla squeezes the RECORDER, hiding in her pocket...

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. FDFA - FABIENNE'S OFFICE - DAY

Black walls. Burgundy accents. The room oozes with *Cruella De Vil* vibes. Plaques. Awards. And self-portraits are scattered across the room.

At the mahogany desk: *Fabienne*. Black leather blazer. Open blouse. French manicure. Hands intertwined. With the --

EVIDENCE scattered across her desk.

Standing in front of her, *still, heart racing*, is Lyla.

Next to her, in full black, with half his face covered by a mask, is Dana. *Blasé. Poker face*.

Fabienne glances left and right. Shakes her head. And smiles.

FABIENNE

-- Now. Miss Crawford. This is quite the accusation-

LYLA

I know what I saw.
(glaring)
Dana was in the darkroom. The day I found the photographs --

She points to the ominous **PHOTOGRAPH OF BECCA** -- and then to T.Y.N.'s **VIDEO RECORDING**.

LYLA (CONT'D)

-- And now, someone's trying to frame me with these --

Pointing to the **VOYEURISTIC PICS** found in LOCKER 215 -- glaring Dana down -- She swallows as Fabienne gazes into Dana's eyes. Leaning in.

FABIENNE

(smiling)
Mister Shafiei?

DANA

Not me. I was there to develop my portfolio-

WHAM!

Lyla SLAMS her hand on the desk. *Veins throbbing*.

LYLA
Don't play that-

FABIENNE
(cutting her off)
Miss Crawford. Mister Shafiei is
not lying --

She clears her throat and turns her laptop around to reveal --
Security footage of the darkroom. In acceleration. We see --
Lyla dropping off her camera. Dana walking in. Out. Then --
No one. Until Lyla walks back in at 8PM.
With a piercing gaze and a smirk, she stares Lyla down --

FABIENNE (CONT'D)
No one entered after you, *Miss
Crawford.*

Lyla swallows. Staring right into Fabienne's eyes.

FABIENNE (CONT'D)
I don't know what happened or what
you're trying to prove, *but...*
(clears her throat)
How about we all forget about this -
- *childish situation* -- and focus
on the important things. Such as
impressing me with tonight's
runways --

They both stand. Still. Quiet. *Staring.*

FABIENNE (CONT'D)
-- Now. You may go. Grab
your...things on your way out.

Fabienne slowly rises. Turning her back to them. Admiring her
mural of awards as Dana bolts out. *Rushing. Head down.*

Lyla slams the **EVIDENCE** into her bag. Leaving **ONE VOYEURISTIC
PIC** on Fabienne's desk.

FABIENNE (CONT'D)
Oh. And Miss Crawford...

She briefly glances behind. Smirking. *Out for blood.*

FABIENNE (CONT'D)
Please. Don't ever start unnecessary drama -- in my school -- again. This isn't America.

Lyla presses her teeth together and bolts out of the office.

Fabienne, alone, with her permanent smirk stamped to her face, slowly turns around. Noticing the **VOYEURISTIC PIC.**

Smirk vanishing. Licking her teeth. She grimaces.

FABIENNE (CONT'D)
 Ugh.

She sneers and *hurls* it into the nearest bin.

INT. FDFA - HALLWAY - DAY

Dana dashes away, as Lyla rushes out -- T.Y.N. and Loic, arms crossed, *glare* him down.

T.Y.N.
 AND?

Lyla takes a short. *Strenuous*. Breath. And shakes her head.

LYLA
 No one touched my camera...
 (frowns, confused)
 I just watched security footage.

T.Y.N. rolls her eyes. Puts her hand to her head. And sighs.

LOIC
 (under his breath)
 Maybe if I had been included from the start we wouldn't be in this mess.

T.Y.N.
 (ignoring Loic)
 -- It doesn't make any sense...But
 Someone is still out to get you --
So it doesn't make Dana less
 innocent-
 (realizing)
OR it might actually be Margot-

LYLA
 (sighs)
 It can be anyone at this point...and -- we can't really prove anything right now...

T.Y.N., arms crossed, briefly looks down. Loic leans on the wall, *lost in thought*.

LYLA (CONT'D)

Let's just...grab our outfits. The runways are gonna start soon.

They idle for a second. Sigh. And bolt out...

INT. FDFA - DESIGN STUDIO - DAY

Bright vanity light bulbs. Makeup brushes scattered all over the place. Eyeshadow stains on tables. Last minute prep realness. *Stress. Anxiety. Adrenaline.*

Kesi paints one of her model in bright yellow eyeshadow and vibrant pink lips. *Opulence.*

Chane sits next to her, looking up. Balancing two legs of his chair, while throwing a small ball in the air.

To their left: *The Trio*. In full creative swing, dress up their models. **NEW YORK STREET FASHION** meets **VERSAILLES**. Pearls. Frills. Nose rings. Golden Accents.

T.Y.N. sticks half pearls onto her model DAVID's (21) (☑) white powdered face -- On the other side of the room:

Margot tends to her model's hair game. Yelena observes --

YELENA

(to Margot)

So you ready to reel in those sponsors? --

She smirks. Adjusting her neon pink fur coat. Sensually *stroking* it.

T.Y.N., eavesdropping, abruptly turns to Lyla, *open-mouthed*.

T.Y.N.

(whispers)

Sponsors?

Lyla shrugs as she dresses a gilded pearl headpiece onto her model. Loic turns to T.Y.N., mouth slightly gaping. *Nervousness seeping through his gaze.*

MARGOT

(to Yelena)

Of course. But Philippe and I GOT this. I already personally know Andrei Guldiev -- You know.

(MORE)

MARGOT (CONT'D)

Big-Shot photographer -- So, we're good.

Impressed, Yelena nods up and down. Lips pursed. Margot, smirking, turns to T.Y.N. and Lyla.

She winks. *Claps twice*. And heads to the stage with her models and Yelena. *Once they're out of earshot*:

T.Y.N.

(whispers)

What was that about?
Sponsors?!

LOIC

(whispers)

I wasn't aware of that.

Kesi *rolls her eyes*, finishing up her model's makeup.

KESI

The audience.

The Trio turns around. *Gobsmacked*.

Kesi puts the brush down. Waves her model off. And turns.

KESI (CONT'D)

(exasperated)

This isn't just a little class
assignment --

She grabs a pair of EARRINGS --

KESI (CONT'D)

The school doesn't tell us
directly, but...Photographers.
Models. Investors. That is our
audience tonight.

(draws closer)

They'll pick out the teams they
like -- *and fund* the rest of their
FDFA projects.

T.Y.N. inhales. *Short. Nervous. Breath.*

T.Y.N.

Shit.

LOIC

No way!

Kesi raises her brows. Purses her lips. And nods.

KESI

Just, make sure to impress them --

She glances at each one, for a brief second, and rises. *About to head out...*

KESI (CONT'D)
 Margot *leaked* it to everyone on the
 group chat. -- You guys should
really start reading it...

They stare. *Brows raised. Blankly.*

LYLA
 What group chat?

Kesi slowly turns around.

KESI
 (frowning)
 Margot didn't invite you to join?..

T.Y.N. rolls her eyes. Sneers. And laughs. *Snarkily.*

T.Y.N.
 What do you think?

KESI
 (briefly looking down)
 Ah. Right...I'll add you in --

Lyla slips a close-mouthed smile.

KESI (CONT'D)
 Anyways, here-

Handing them a set of vintage amber EARRINGS as Loic's eyes
 shimmer. *The Gay COMPLETELY living.*

LOIC
 Oh. Hell. Yes.

Loic yanks the earrings from Kesi's hands.

KESI
 (laughs)
 I figured it would go well with
 your designs.

She smiles and waves to Chane.

KESI (CONT'D)
 (strutting out)
 Good luck, girls.

Team Somalia swaggers to the stage followed by their models.

T.Y.N., *licking her teeth*, shakes her head.

T.Y.N.
 (outraged)
 I'm gonna end up killing that lil'
French Bitch-

LYLA
 (sighs)
 Come on. Let's go.

T.Y.N. rolls her eyes and sluggishly rises.

LOIC
 Time to *kill* it.

Smiling. Pumped. Driven. They walk out towards the RUNWAYS.

INT. FDFA - BACKSTAGE RUNWAY SHOWROOM - NIGHT

Cables. Lights. Velvet drapes. Students and models run from outfit to outfit for last minute touch-Ups. *Chaos. Nervousness. Excitement.*

Caro and Andres touch-up their model's makeup while Fatma asks her model to adjust her vibrant silk hijab.

Lyla glues the final pearls onto the partitions of her model's slicked back weave, when --

Loic struts in, twirling, *wearing T.Y.N.'s DESIGN.*

Eyes widening. Blood rushing to her face. T.Y.N. *bolts* towards him.

T.Y.N.
 (pissed and confused)
 Loic?! Why are you wearing my
 outfit? Where's David?

She looks around the room, *frantically*, as Loic laces his beige corset pants.

LOIC
 David?

T.Y.N.
 (outraged)
 My model!

LOIC
 (grimaces)
 Ugh. Horrendous Garbage. He could
 never pull *it* off -- I fired him --
 (MORE)

LOIC (CONT'D)
 (he stands up)
 You want sponsors -- *don't you?*

T.Y.N. stares blankly. Arms crossed. Looking him up and down.

LOIC (CONT'D)
 (snarky)
And -- you know I rock it.

He winks. *Smirks*. And draws next to her ear.

LOIC (CONT'D)
 (whispers)
 You're welcome.

Loic struts to a mirror, clipping on Kesi's EARRINGS.

LOIC (CONT'D)
 And besides, it's more fun to
 prance ourselves.

Lyla adjusts his frilly neck piece. Takes a deep breath. And glances right:

THREE MODELS are lined up in front of *Team France*. Margot, *dictator-like*, instructs them on how to walk as --

Philippe, adjusting a model's laces, turns around. Locking eyes with Lyla. He smiles.

Blushing, Lyla looks away. Turns around. And rushes out to --

INT. FDFA - RUNWAY SHOWROOM - NIGHT

Narrow runway strip. Photography flashes. A medium-sized crowd comprised of Designers. Photographs. Potential Contacts. Make up the audience. *Intimidating. Imposing.*

Aurélie, grinning, can barely sit still, next to Paul and two other judges at the podium. To their left --

Fabienne. Permanent smirk stamped across her face. Fiddling, in anticipation with a red pen. *Ready to judge the night away.*

"My Body Hurts" by *Soffi Tukker* blasts. Beginning the --

RUNWAYS.

Aurélie clears her throat and taps the mic.

AURÉLIE
 (through a mic)
 First up, Team France --

MONTAGE

- Three models walk back-to-back. Baroque influences. Turtleneck dresses. Pearl seams. *Straight. Classic.* Eh... French. **ANDREW GN** meets **MOSCHINO** -- Crowd cheering.

- Margot smirks from backstage. Turns around. And *glares* Lyla down.

AURÉLIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Up next. A combo USA France --

- Three models. Cream. Tulle. Frills. A perfect combination of Versailles high fashion and streetwear influences. **ITSPAIN** meets **HERMES**.

- Dozens of sponsors cast down their votes.

AURÉLIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Brilliant! Next, Team Japan --

- Se7en struts in. Disheveled. Red torn outfit. Chains. Halfway through, flinging her arms backwards, she kicks mid-air. **YOHJI YAMAMOTO** meets **TOKYO GRUNGE STREETWEAR**.

AURÉLIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 I think I see Team Somalia making its way on stage --

- Kesi and Chane strut side by side. Kesi: vibrant colors. Chane: black & white. As they part, a third, black model, appears. Dressed in a perfect balance of black & white with a splash of color. **IRIS VAN HERPEN** meets **TONGORO**.

- Fabienne stares, smirking.

AURÉLIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Hah! Love it! *Privet*, Team Russia --

- Yelena confidently struts the runway in a vivid pink fur bomber. Followed by Igor wearing a tattoo full-face mask -- Yelena reveals a second, *Die Antwoord-esque* outfit -- she winks. **VETEMENTS** meets **GIAMBATTISTA VALLI**.

AURÉLIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 WOW! Team Argentina --

- Caro, dead-eyed, struts. Red harness adorned by Swarovski crystals. Red 2000s platform boots. She cracks a red leather whip on her thigh. **YEHA LEUNG** meets **VERSACE**.

END MONTAGE

INT. FDFA - BACKSTAGE RUNWAY SHOWROOM - NIGHT

Three monitors project a live feed of the runways. Above it, a SPONSORS BOARD, showcasing each team's score.

T.Y.N. stands, arms crossed. Staring at Caro on the monitor.

T.Y.N.
 (to Lyla)
 Damn. They're pretty good.

The SPONSORS BOARD updates. *Top three:*

FRANCE: 12

IRAN: 11

JAPAN: 11

Fatma, standing next to Dana, rolls her eyes. And snaps.

FATMA
 (to T.Y.N.)
 Right? You can both learn a thing
 or two from us --
 (looks up and down)
 Like -- *maybe* -- how to stand out
 from the crowd?

DING.

The SPONSORS BOARD updates. *Top three:*

USA: 15

FRANCE: 12

JAPAN: 12

T.Y.N.
 (snarky)
 You were *saying*?

Fatma presses her lips together and bolts away, followed by Dana, who briefly glares Lyla down.

T.Y.N. waves them off and smirks as --

Caro and Andres strut in from the stage. *Grinning. Proud.*

Loic wobbles towards T.Y.N. Wrapping his arms around them --

LOIC
Here, loves! Well deserved.

He pulls out a flask from his blazer and passes it to Lyla.

LYLA
I'm good. Thanks.

He shrugs. Smirks. And offers the booze to T.Y.N.

T.Y.N.
Loic. You son of a bitch --

T.Y.N. yanks the flask. Tanks it. And exhales.

LOIC
Alright. None for me I guess...

He spots Dana next to a buffet table. *Smirks.*

LOIC (CONT'D)
Oh-BRB. Duty calls --

He grabs the empty flask. Winks. And waltzes towards Dana.

LOIC (CONT'D)
(fading out)
Yo Dana. Amazing looks. Now, where
did all this inspiration come from...

T.Y.N. watches them walk out the room. Laughs. And shakes her head.

T.Y.N.
(joking)
More like *booty calls*...

Lyla smirks. Letting a laugh slip through. When *suddenly*,
Margot. Strutting in. Grinning. *Ready for a full swing* --

MARGOT
Tin! Wow. That was quite the
runway. *Loved* the looks. Very-
(she thinks)
American.

T.Y.N.
(sarcastic)
Thanks, *love*.

Students pop in. Eavesdropping. *Thirsty for gossip.*

Margot stares T.Y.N. down. Grinning. And draws closer...

MARGOT

You know. I did a little digging
after our little...*mishap* --
(she grimaces)
And imagine my surprise when I find
out that Tin -- is actually short
for Tinashe. *Tinashe Williams*.

T.Y.N. swallows. A *twitch* in her forehead.

Caro and Andres, waving their models off, draw near. *Curious*.

T.Y.N.

-- Your point, Margot?

Margot smirks. Looking around --

MARGOT

Well it got me thinking -- *Wait?*
Isn't that the girl who set West
Middleton High on fire two years
ago? After some guy-

She briefly tilts her head. *Fake thinks*. And raises a finger.

MARGOT (CONT'D)

-- Chris. Right? Yeah --
(clears her throat)
After Chris leaked -- her nudes --
to the entire school?

Lyla jolts back. Staring at T.Y.N.

Andres briefly turns to Caro, mouth dropped.

ANDRES (SUBTITLE)

(whispers in Spanish)
That was her?!-

Caro nods. Looking down. Lost in thought.

T.Y.N. clenches her fist. Looking left and right. *Completely*
Embarrassed.

MARGOT

And if I'm not mistaken, Chris
burned down with the school...
(she pouts)
Right?

Dewy forehead. *Flushed*. T.Y.N. glances around.

LYLA
 (frowning)
 That's *enough*. Margot.

MARGOT
 Oh *looky here* -- Miss Lyla
 Crawford...
 (looking her up and down)
 Joining forces with the psycho.

Yelena's mouth drops. Eyes wide open. She laughs.

T.Y.N.
 (controlled outrage)
 You. Bitch-

MARGOT
 You know -- now that I think about
 it, that other American girl -- *Um*.
 Becca was it? -- also died
 completely charred...

Lyla's **lip quivers**. As --

T.Y.N. grinds her teeth. **Inhale**. Temple vein throb. **Exhale**.

MARGOT (CONT'D)
 Funny coincidence? *Or...is that*
 just your trademark?

Caro and Andres, jaw dropped, look T.Y.N. up and down.
Terrified. Stepping back.

MARGOT (CONT'D)
 Ladies and gentlemen, I present you
 FDFA's very own -- *crazy little*
pyromaniac.

T.Y.N. shakes her head up and down. *Smirking*. Ego-struck.

She turns around, *jaw clenched*. And bolts pass Lyla.

LYLA
 Tin-

T.Y.N. raises her hand. ***Silencing her***. Rushing out the room.

Margot smirks. Looks Lyla up and down. And struts away --

Frown. *Sigh*. Lyla scurries out...

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. FDFA - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Lyla creeps into the bathroom...

White. Run-down. Wet. Forest green stalls are lined up along the white brick wall. Three fluorescent lights hang above. Flickering. *Holding on for dear life.*

Lyla briefly looks down and slowly draws closer to T.Y.N.

T.Y.N., perched at the edge of the window, gazes outside. Cigarette in hand. *Inhale.*

LYLA
(breaking tension)
A little cliché, no?

T.Y.N. smiles, mouth-closed, and lets a silent laugh slip through. *Exhale.*

T.Y.N.
Guess so.

She sniffs. Dries a tear. And turns around, staring at Lyla --

T.Y.N. (CONT'D)
You think I'm crazy?

T.Y.N. looks away. Drifting off. *Inhale.*

Lyla shakes her head and draws closer.

LYLA
Margot only wants to get to you.

T.Y.N. slips a short laugh. *Exhale.*

T.Y.N.
(mockingly)
Yeah. I know.

She swallows. Looks down. Smile fading away --

T.Y.N. (CONT'D)
Chris -- He was my boyfriend. At the time -- I trusted him. And when we broke up...
(she purses her lips)
He just -- went for it.

Lyla stares. *Compassionate. Quiet. Listening.*

T.Y.N. (CONT'D)
I just wanted to scare them-

She looks back up, teary-eyed.

T.Y.N. (CONT'D)
But then it started to spread. And
in the span of -- *like*, five
minutes...everything was on fire...

Lyla, head tilted, slowly draws closer.

T.Y.N. (CONT'D)
It was crazy. Margot's right about
that. And it -- haunts me. *Every*
day.

She inhales.

T.Y.N. (CONT'D)
Didn't think Chris would get caught
in it. I just-

She exhales.

T.Y.N. (CONT'D)
I didn't think.
(looking back up)
So I changed my name. To escape it.

She ashes her cigarette on the window sill as Lyla approaches her. Putting a hand to T.Y.N.'s shoulder when --

T.Y.N. flees Lyla's affection. Drying a tear. Sniffing. She heads towards the sink.

Running the water, she passes her **PHONE** to Lyla. Face Splash.

T.Y.N. (CONT'D)
Anyways, I managed to get these.
You like em? We can use it
for...social media or something.

Lyla grabs T.Y.N.'s phone and scrolls through a set of pictures:

BTS from their runway. Looks. Models. Loic taking selfies.

LYLA
Tin, I haven't been honest either.

T.Y.N. stares, brow raised.

LYLA (CONT'D)
 My name isn't *really* Lyla Crawford.
 (swallows)
 It's Lyla -- **Fox** -- Crawford.

T.Y.N.'s eyes widen.

T.Y.N.
Fox? -- *Wait* -- That means-

LYLA
 (withholding tears)
 Becca was -- my *half-sister*.

T.Y.N.'s mouth opens wide. She laughs.

T.Y.N.
 (shocked, smug)
 You sneaky bitch.
 (sneers)
 I knew you had a *twisted* story.

LYLA
 (detached, cold)
 I was on the phone with her and a
 friend -- the night she died...

T.Y.N. stares, *serious*.

LYLA (CONT'D)
 One of the last things she told me
 was how this school was *competitive*
 -- how students would do anything
 to be the best -- *So...*

She digs her nails in her palms.

LYLA (CONT'D)
 (cold, detached)
 I'm here to figure out --
 who *killed* her.

T.Y.N. stares for a second. And chortles --

T.Y.N.
Jesus, Lyla...

Lyla doesn't move a muscle.

T.Y.N. (CONT'D)
 Didn't feel like telling me sooner,
BEFORE I got involved in this.

T.Y.N., facing the mirror, *clasps the faucet's handles* with both her hands -- ***abnormally tight*** --

LYLA
I'm sorry. You can walk out whenever you-

BUZZ.

T.Y.N.'s phone vibrates. A *TEXT*.

Message: **Gotcha.**

Sender: **Maybe: H.**

Lyla frowns.

LYLA (CONT'D)
Who's *H*?

No response.

LYLA (CONT'D)
Tin?-

Lyla looks back up towards T.Y.N. When suddenly --

COLD SWEAT.

Eyes instantly widening. Brows raised. Mouth gaping --

T.Y.N.'s entire body is in **FULL SPASM**. Hands firmly clasped to the running faucet's handle.

LYLA (CONT'D)
(panicked)
Tin?! What's-

T.Y.N.'s body collapses -- jerking -- *Breaking the faucet with her fall. Water gushing from the sink.*

Blinded by the jets, Lyla crouches, dropping the phone.

It **LOCKS**.

LYLA (CONT'D)
(distressed)
Tin!

She looks around the room desperately patting T.Y.N. down. Fighting the water. When suddenly --

BLOOD LEAKS OUT OF T.Y.N.'S EYES.

Seeping through her shirt. Tainting it red. Mixing in with the damp floor.

Lyla eyes widen. She sits on top of T.Y.N. *And holds her spasming head down --*

LYLA (CONT'D)
(louder)
HELP!

T.Y.N.'s spasms worsen. *Intensifying.*

Lyla firmly clasps onto T.Y.N.'s head.

Squeezing tighter --

And tighter --

And --

CRACK. Neck. Snapped.

The spasms stop.

Cold. Lifeless.

T.Y.N.'s body bathes in a diluted pool of its own blood.

Silence.

Lyla, soaked, sits completely still --

INHALE.

Bloodied palms wide open. Drifting in and out of focus --

EXHALE.

LYLA (CONT'D)
(panicked)
No-

Lyla stares at T.Y.N.'s body. Jaw-dropped. Heaving.

She frantically pats her hands onto her outfit, attempting to rid herself of the blood.

Disconnected. Panicked. Temple veins throbbing. When all of a sudden...

A ***slow. metallic. SCREECH*** -- A stall's door creaks open.

Lyla abruptly stops her heaving. Completely *still* --

Heart stopped...

Holding her breath, Lyla carefully turns around...

Her eyes growing wider...

Clasped to the stall's door frame, leaning out, is a --
Tall.

Grunge-looking.

Enchantress.

Staring directly into Lyla's doe eyes, cigarette in hand:

SE7EN.

END OF ACT FOUR

TAG

INT. FDFA - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Tense. Silent. Smokey.

A puddle of leaking tap water mixed with blood reflects the flickering fluorescents. On one end of the bathroom --

Se7en, hand gripped to the stall door. *Still. Wide-eyed. Poker face.* Shifting her gaze from T.Y.N.'s lifeless body to the culprit, a few feet away --

Lyla. Crouched. Bloodied hands. Sweat dripping down her forehead. *Speechless.*

A stare-off. Gazes locked and loaded.

Lyla swallows. Forehead vein throbbing. Heavy breathing. When suddenly --

LYLA

I-

SE7EN

(traumatized, screaming)

NANTEKOTTA?! -- Dō **YATTE?! --**

Dōshite?!-

SCREAMING. *Neurotic.* Eyes growing even wider.

LYLA

Shh-Please!

Lyla puts her shaking hand to her mouth. On the verge of puking, when all of a sudden --

Se7en abruptly **STOPS** screaming --

Stands up straight --

And bursts into *laughter.*

SE7EN

(proud of her prank)

You should've seen your face!

Lyla stares. *Dazed and Confused.*

SE7EN (CONT'D)

Geez...Chill out -- Don't worry...

Se7en closes in on Lyla. Blinks. And crouches. *Slowly.*

SE7EN (CONT'D)
...I've got this.

Lyla frowns. *Confused.*

Se7en winks and takes a long drag of her cigarette. Snarkily *exhaling* her poisonous smoke onto Lyla's --

Drenched.

Bloodied.

Traumatized face.

And **smirks**.

SE7EN (CONT'D)
Welcome to the club, *love.*

Lyla's **lip quivers**. As she stares and swallows.

Shit.

FADE OUT:

END OF PILOT