



DOLLHOUSE

A Saint-Pierre Collection

Written by
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*In individuals, insanity is rare; but in groups, parties,
nations, and epochs, it is the rule.*

-Friedrich Nietzsche

INT. MANSION - LAKE COMO, ITALY - NIGHT

CLOSE UP ON: Two female hands, dark red fingernails, unsheathing a vinyl record. The hands gently place it on a VINTAGE RECORD PLAYER and drop the needle.

Radiohead's EXIT MUSIC (FOR A FILM) starts to play as we PAN OUT to see -- a BEAUTIFUL WOMAN (30s, brunette), inside of one of the most absurd bedrooms imaginable. A king-sized bed with gold satin sheets. A movie theatre projector. Gold chandeliers. Windows overlooking all of Lake Como.

The woman -- who we'll call ADALENE -- enters her walk-in closet, filled with millions of dollars worth of designer clothes. No emotion on her face.

RADIOHEAD

*Wake from your sleep / The drying
of your tears / Today we escape /
We escape...*

She drags her hand across the expensive, colorful dresses until she finally finds the one she's looking for.

A simple white one, buried far at the end...

LATER --

The melody continues as Adalene sits in front of a vanity, carefully applying RED LIPSTICK and HEAVY, BLACK EYE SHADOW. Her hair is half up, half down.

RADIOHEAD (CONT'D)

*Pack and get dressed / Before your
father hears us / Before all hell
breaks loose...*

She finishes her makeup routine and grabs a LAPEL PIN off of the vanity. It's CRYSTAL and GOLD and says 'SP'. She twirls the sharp end in her fingers, looking out at the lake...

EXT. MANSION - LAKE COMO, ITALY - NIGHT

Adalene exits the mansion, which we finally see in it's entirety -- a massive white house, three stories, right on the edge of the lake.

She walks through the illustrious backyard -- past an IRIDESCENT POOL with 'SP' painted on the bottom, ORANGE trees, a FIRE PIT, a CABANA.

As she approaches the edge of the water, we see BLOOD dripping from her SLIT WRISTS. The crystal 'SP' pin is now affixed to her dress, droplets of BLOOD surrounding it..

RADIOHEAD

*You can laugh a spineless laugh /
We hope your rules and wisdom choke
you...*

The dark water is covered in an eerie mist. She looks over the blackness with hollow eyes before slowly WALKING INTO THE WATER. She keeps walking, not blinking...until the water is up to her WAIST...then her NECK...the music BUILDS...

RADIOHEAD (CONT'D)

*We hope that you choke, that you
choke / We hope that you choke,
that you choke...*

And finally, she disappears under the water. The haunting song fades to silence as we STAY ON THE WATER --

RADIOHEAD (CONT'D)

*We hope that you choke...that you
choke...*

The fog crawls over the water. Adalene is gone.

TITLE CARD: DOLLHOUSE

INT. CASTING STUDIO - NEW YORK CITY - DAY

Two DOZEN MODELS stand side by side in black bras and underwear, the four walls surrounding them nothing but gleaming mirrors. They hold NUMBERED CARDS.

We focus on one of them -- MIA (19, blonde) -- holding NUMBER ELEVEN. The paper slightly trembles in her hand.

At the front of the room, a JAPANESE DESIGNER (50s, female) sits behind a plastic fold out table with by her assistant.

The model holding NUMBER TEN does her runway walk. Whatever "it" is, she has it. The Designer whispers to her assistant, who looks up --

ASSISTANT

Please grab your things and move to
the next room.

Elated, NUMBER TEN grabs her things, shuffling out of sight.

ASSISTANT (CONT'D)
Number eleven.

Mia takes a deep breath, steps to the center of the room. Alone. All eyes on her. Fluorescent lights BLINDING her. It's claustrophobic. A bead of sweat drips down her forehead.

ASSISTANT (CONT'D)
Name?

MIA
Mia Dawes.

ASSISTANT
Measurements?

MIA
Five-ten. One-twenty-one.

ASSISTANT
Go ahead.

Mia turns and does her runway walk to the back of the room. It's nothing like Number Ten -- Mia has a fake confidence, one that can't hide her nerves and insecurities.

She returns. The Designer whispers to her assistant. Mia breathes rapidly, eyes darting back and forth.

ASSISTANT (CONT'D)
You may go.

Crushed, Mia rushes to grab her things...

INT. PENTHOUSE - MANHATTAN - NIGHT

A massive party in the penthouse suite of a Manhattan high-rise. An infinity pool on the outside deck, where Wall Street bros in suits and rich kids in Supreme suck Juuls and try to pitch apps to disinterested, fucked up fashion models.

INT. BATHROOM - PENTHOUSE - SAME

Mia does her makeup in the mirror. ALIX (20, African-American), her best friend and roommate, snorts a line of coke off the sink as their other best friend SOPHIE (20, brunette) throws up in the toilet.

MIA
Why do I keep getting sent on these
bullshit auditions?

ALIX
Who was it for?

MIA
I can't even remember.

SOPHIE
(throwing up)
I think I have alcohol poisoning.

ALIX
Maybe you're pregnant.

SOPHIE
Fuck off.

Alix offers Mia a line. She shakes her head 'no'.

MIA
I haven't booked anything in
months. If I don't get something
soon I'm gonna have to work at a
fucking Starbucks to make rent.

SOPHIE
No way you can make your guys rent
working at a Starbucks --

ALIX
Why don't you talk to Drew?

MIA
Fuck Drew.

ALIX
I don't understand why you hate him
so much. He's not that bad --

SOPHIE
I mean at a managerial level,
maybe. But even then, after taxes --

MIA
Jesus Christ, I was joking.

Sophie throws up again, wipes her mouth --

SOPHIE
Okay, I for sure have alcohol
poisoning.

ALIX
Talk to him. He can help. If you're
not booking, why not?

Off Mia's face. Hating that Alix has a point.

EXT. POOL - PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

Alix lights a cigarette as she and Mia overlook the Manhattan skyline. THE STROKES 'SOMEDAY' play over speakers.

ALIX

You're gonna be fine. Everybody has dry spells.

MIA

I don't know if mine is just a spell.

Sophie arrives with drinks, a MAN (late 20s, covered in tattoos, man bun) helping her. This is DREW.

DREW

Ladies, wonderful to see you.
Thanks for coming.

He makes eye contact with Mia. She barely offers a smile.

ALIX

Of course. What's the occasion?

DREW

Well, you know that place we did your shoots? I finally put a down payment on it. I officially have my own studio now.

Mia gives them an odd look. *What?*

SOPHIE

Ooh la la! Congratulations! What about the job? Did you get it?

DREW

I did. And thank you both so much for helping, seriously.

ALIX

It was fun. What campaign is it?

He puts his finger to his lips and smiles.

DREW

Can't talk about it. Confidential.

SOPHIE

Ah, Mr. Big Shot now, huh?

ALIX
Congratulations, Drew.

DREW
Thank you. And congrats again on Dior. I'm happy I could help.

Mia's face goes white. So do Alix's and Sophie's. Drew senses the tension -- they haven't told her yet.

DREW (CONT'D)
Anyways, uh -- nice to see you guys. Thanks for coming.

He leaves. Mia turns to them --

MIA
Did you shoot with him?

ALIX
Not like that -- I mean, yes, I did. But he was trying to get this new job and I needed to update my portfolio anyways. He said he knew the casting director at Dior and --

SOPHIE
-- we auditions. But they're just auditions. But if he knows these people, why not use him for it?

Mia looks like she's been betrayed. She looks out over the city, and spots a BILLBOARD on a building in the distance.

It's BRIGHT RED with BLACK SPLOTCHES on it that look like DROPLETS OF BLOOD. In BLACK TEXT stretching from the bottom left to the top right, it says -- COMING SOON.

Mia fixates on it for a moment. It's...unusual. But gripping.

INT. UBER - NIGHT

Mia looks out the window, an emptiness in her eyes as Manhattan passes her by. It seems every second there's another fashion billboard -- BURBERRY. CHANEL. YSL. RALPH LAUREN. She stares at the beautiful girls, feeling small.

The radio plays --

NPR (O.S.)
*...is reporting that notorious
 Parisian fashion designer Marceau
 de Saint-Pierre, who suffered a
 mental breakdown five years ago, is
 planning a return to fashion this --*

The driver changes it to a horrible song by The Chainsmokers (all of them). She leans her head back and SIGHS.

INT. BATHROOM - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mia stands naked on a scale. 124. She SIGHS and opens a drawer filled with dozens of PILL BOTTLES. She finds one that's full and swallows three pills dry.

She stares in the mirror, examining her features. Touching the skin on her face, tugging at her waist, messing with her hair, looking at her backside. She hates what she sees.

She climbs into bed and puts in her AirPods, clicking play on a podcast on her phone called 'HOW TO CONQUER YOUR ANXIETY'. A soothing, male voice starts to speak.

PODCAST (O.S.)
*Anxiety is a natural human
 response. It is a positive reaction
 from the central nervous system --
 however, if it begins to intensify
 in everyday situations, it can make
 it difficult to function...*

Her eyes flutter as the drugs kick in.

INT. DR. WOODARD'S OFFICE - DAY

Mia sits on a couch across from psychiatrist DR. HELEN WOODARD (50s) in a Manhattan high rise. She nervously picks at her nails.

MIA
 It's not that they don't deserve it
 but it's just like -- I've been out
 here for three years and haven't
 made a dent. Why isn't anything
 good happening to me?

DR. WOODARD
 That's a very reasonable response.
 You work just as hard, it must be
 tough to see them succeed while you
 struggle.

MIA
It is. It really is.

She glances out the window where a group of CONSTRUCTION WORKERS struggle with a giant, rolled up TARP on top of the high-rise across the street.

DR. WOODARD
How's your weight?

MIA
(lying)
One-thirty.

Dr. Woodard gives her a look. Watches as she bites her nails.

DR. WOODARD
Nails.

Mia sits on her hands. It's clear they've been over this. She looks out the window again -- fascinated as the construction workers secure the tarp with ropes...

MIA
Okay, one-twenty-four. But I've been so stressed lately. I can barely eat, I have no money -- I might have to stop seeing you.

DR. WOODARD
(alarmed)
I really don't think that's a good idea, Mia --

MIA
I might not have a choice.

DR. WOODARD
Let me know if money is too tight and we will figure out a system. How are the night terrors?

MIA
Fine. I haven't had any in a while. But I was wondering if we could increase my medication? With my anxiety so bad I can't sleep.

DR. WOODARD
We could, but the goal of therapy is to conquer your anxiety without depending on a cocktail of chemicals. Have you been listening to the podcast I recommended?

Mia nods as her eyes drift out the window, just as the workers let the tarp go and it UNFURLS TO THE STREET BELOW --

It's the same BLACK and RED COMING SOON billboard she saw the night before. Only this time, it's MASSIVE, covering the entire side of the building.

Dr. Woodard sees she's zoning out.

DR. WOODARD (CONT'D)

Mia?

MIA

What? -- no, yeah, I've been listening to it. It helps.

Dr. Woodard sees something else as her attention. She SIGHS, reaches for the her prescription pad --

DR. WOODARD

We'll increase the dosage to one-point-five milligrams. But please, listen to the podcast. Talk with me. Don't just take the pills.

She hands the script to Mia, eyes still on the billboard --

INT. CASTING AGENCY - DAY

Mia sits across from her agent, AMANDA (30s), in a sleek office with framed fashion magazines on the wall.

MIA

You're firing me?

AMANDA

I'm not *firing* you Mia, I'm just -- thinking that you should start looking for other representation.

MIA

That's what firing means. I've been with you for two years.

AMANDA

I know. And I've -- we've -- loved having you here. But let's just look at it for what it is. You're not getting any work.

MIA

I'm not getting any work because the jobs you're sending me on are bullshit. I'm doing my best --

AMANDA

Right. But you're not booking them.

MIA

But if you sent me on more high fashion auditions, something more tailored to my look --

AMANDA

The auditions aren't the problem, Mia.

Ouch. Mia is visibly upset.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Listen. You're great. You know I love you. But this -- relationship, partnership, whatever you want to call it -- is not lucrative. It has to be lucrative.

MIA

And where am I supposed to go?

AMANDA

There's plenty of smaller agencies that might be a better fit.

Mia looks around -- for the first time, we see the whole office. There's, like, five people there.

MIA

A smaller agency? How much fucking smaller can you get? There's literally five people here.

AMANDA

I'm sorry, Mia. It's nothing personal.

Off Mia's face, panic and dread setting in --

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Dejected, Mia walks into the apartment carrying an iced coffee -- when a man in a HELLRAISER MASK JUMPS OUT AT HER. She SCREAMS, drops her coffee. JOSH (34), Alix's Wall Street frat-bro boyfriend, takes the mask off, laughing.

MIA
What the fuck!

JOSH
I'm sorry. I thought you were Alix.

MIA
Alix is black.

JOSH
What? I know. It's hard to see
behind the mask -- here, let me
clean that up.

He goes to get a mop.

MIA
Don't you have a job or something?

JOSH
I left early to surprise Alix.
We're going to Lavo to celebrate if
you wanna come. My friend Kevin's
gonna be there, you would love him -

MIA
I think your toxic masculinity is
enough for me, thank you.

JOSH
Very funny. You know who else has a
great sense of humor? Kevin. You
should really come.

Mia walks to the kitchen, stepping over the spill --

MIA
I don't even know what I'd talk to
your frat-boy friends about --
Entourage? Coachella?

JOSH
(shrugging)
I mean, yeah, we love both of --

MIA
Wait -- what are you celebrating?

Alix comes in the door --

JOSH
There she is! The new face of Dior!

He picks her up and swings her around. Mia's face goes WHITE.

JOSH (CONT'D)

I'm so proud of you. I'm proud of me too for dating a supermodel, but mostly you.

ALIX

Thank you. What's with the mask?

Josh looks down at the Hellraiser mask in his hand --

JOSH

Oh, I was gonna scare you but I thought you were Mia.

ALIX

Mia? I'm black.

JOSH

Jesus Christ, I know you're black --

MIA

You got it?

Alix notices Mia for the first time.

ALIX

Yeah. I got the call today.

MIA

Congratulations.

Alix walks closer, sympathetic.

ALIX

They should've at least given you an audition, Mia. Some of those girls were so out of place. It was more luck than anything.

JOSH

Luck? It's not luck, you earned this. You work so hard --

ALIX

(snapping)
Shut up, Josh.

He does.

MIA

He's right. You earned it.

Mia smiles and embraces her, trying not to fucking explode --

INT. BACHELOR PAD - NIGHT

Moonlight streams through the window as Mia rides Drew. We CLOSE UP on her eyes -- emptiness. Self-hatred. Desperation.

LATER --

Drew lights a cigarette as Mia lays next to him. Tattoos decorate his chest and stomach.

MIA
I need help.

DREW
I figured.

MIA
What's that supposed to mean?

DREW
I knew there was a catch.

MIA
A 'catch'? Fuck you. I'm talking to you as a friend right now.

DREW
Yeah, a day after you wouldn't even look at me at my own party. I know what you've said about me.

MIA
I was seventeen when I moved out here. You were the first photographer I met and all you did was try to fuck me.

DREW
Fuck you? I *liked* you, Mia. There's a difference.

MIA
Well I didn't know that, okay? I'm sorry. But I'm really struggling right now. My agent dropped me and I haven't booked anything in months.

He exhales smoke. Looks at her for a moment.

MIA (CONT'D)
What about your new job?

He considers. Debating on what to say...

DREW

This new campaign is big. They're not going through agencies or anything, it's all really close to the chest. They're going for a real specific look. I think you could be a good fit but --

MIA

Really?

DREW

Yes -- but it's not a walk in the park. It isn't a normal show.

MIA

Then what is it?

DREW

Marceau de Saint-Pierre's new line. He's calling it Dollhouse.

MIA

Saint-Pierre? I thought he disappeared. Didn't he have some kind of breakdown or something?

DREW

Nobody really knows what happened, but he's coming back.

MIA

And you think I'd have a shot?

DREW

I got a picture of the kind of girl they want. I already submitted Sophie and she got an audition. You'd be great but...

He looks away, voice trailing off. Hesitant.

MIA

What?

DREW

There are stories about him.

MIA

What do you mean?

DREW

He's a perfectionist. Obsessive. He has a history of pushing people too far. And I know you had, you know...you were struggling, mentally, for a while --

MIA

(snapping)

I'm fine.

He nods. Not trying to press, but not sure he believes her.

DREW

Okay. Come by tomorrow.

A look of hope in Mia's eyes --

INT. MAKE-UP ROOM - DREW'S STUDIO - MORNING

Mia sits in a make-up chair as a stylist, HANNAH (late 20s, short hair) does her hair and makeup.

HANNAH

You have beautiful skin.

MIA

Thank you.

HANNAH

You're a stylist's wet dream.
Naturally beautiful. Easy.

Mia blushes. Enjoys getting a compliment for once.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

I'm Hannah, by the way.

MIA

Mia. Nice to meet you.

HANNAH

So how do you know Drew?

MIA

I met him a few years ago when I first moved here. You?

HANNAH

I worked with him on the H&M campaign. I've been doing freelance for him and I'm hoping he can get me on Dollhouse.

(MORE)

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Working for Saint-Pierre would be a dream come true.

(then)

He's had a few girls in here but none are like you. You have *exactly* what they want.

Mia BEAMS.

INT. DREW'S STUDIO - DAY

The studio is pitch black, save for a few BRIGHT LIGHTS set up illuminating a mattress. Drew stands on a LADDER above --

MIA, laying naked in a bed of ROSES. An ode to the iconic scene in AMERICAN BEAUTY. A few petals cover her, her hair sprawled out. She looks exactly like MENA SUVARI.

SLOW MOTION: A few petals rain down on Mia as the cameras FLASH. For the first time, she seems confident. Proud. Like she was born to do this.

INT. DREW'S OFFICE - DAY

Mia wears a robe while Drew pulls up the photos from the shoot on his computer. We see the American Beauty shot, which looks almost identical to the movie.

There's another of her in a WHITE DRESS, smiling at camera, with red lipstick and black eye shadow. Her hair half up and half down. Looking exactly like...ADALENE...

DREW

Amazing. This is exactly what he wants, you look just like her.

MIA

Who?

DREW

The girl. The picture he sent me.

Mia can't take her eyes off herself on screen.

MIA

You'll send them over today?

DREW

As soon as I do some editing.

Mia stares at the computer, a confidence building...

INT. SUBWAY - NIGHT

The train is empty save for four or five passengers. Mia listens to her anxiety podcast and bites her nails. She watches as a HOMELESS MAN across from her scratches at an infection on his neck, laughing uncontrollably at nothing.

PODCAST (V.O.)

*...we have to face our demons and
find the root cause of our
anxieties. And remember, our fears
and insecurities can manifest
themselves in a variety of ways...*

Uncomfortable, Mia looks away from the man when --

A DROPLET OF BLACK INK lands on her hand.

She stares at it when suddenly, ANOTHER DROPLET lands on her thigh. Then on the ground. She looks up and sees --

'DOLLHOUSE' scrawled across the ceiling in WET, BLACK PAINT. Fresh, as if it had just been painted. She looks around but nobody else notices. Suddenly, she sees --

A WOMAN. Staring at her from the end of the car. Her hair half up and half down, wearing a glittery BLACK DRESS with a GOLD MASQUERADE MASK on. Looking very out of place. BLOOD is dripping from her mouth, down her neck. A lot of it.

We recognize her as ADALENE.

They stare at each other for a moment. Another drop of INK lands on Mia's skin. Her stop comes and she rushes out to --

THE PLATFORM --

Where she STOPS IN HER TRACKS.

In front of her are THOUSANDS of BLACK AND RED 'COMING SOON' POSTERS. Covering the subway walls entirely, in every direction. Mia stares at them in a trance.

We linger on her for a moment. When she turns --

ADALENE IS RIGHT THERE, WAITING, GRABBING HER THROAT --

INT. APARTMENT - MORNING

Mia SHOOTs UP on the living room couch, dripping with sweat and gasping for air. She gathers her surroundings.

Alix and Josh are in the kitchen sipping coffee.

JOSH
Damn. Must've been some dream.

ALIX
Get her a towel, will you?

Josh heads to the bathroom. Mia wipes sweat from her face.

MIA
What happened?

ALIX
You were having a night terror. I heard you screaming and found you wandering around the kitchen so I put you on the couch and kept an eye on you until you fell asleep.

MIA
Fuck. I'm sorry.

ALIX
It's okay.

Josh returns with a towel.

JOSH
You know, I heard that sleeping in a bed with another person can really help night terrors. Coincidentally, my friend Kevin is *very available* and --

MIA
Please stop.

He shrugs.

ALIX
Want some coffee?

EXT. HOT YOGA STUDIO - MORNING

Mia and Alix sip green juices and wipe sweat off their faces.

MIA
Wanna get brunch?

ALIX
I have a fitting in two hours.

MIA
How's it coming?

ALIX
It's coming.

She bites her tongue. Not wanting to say. Mia looks concerned when her phone RINGS. She steps away to answer.

MIA
Hello?

CLAUDE (O.S.)
Mia Dawes?

MIA
Yes?

CLAUDE (O.S.)
This is Claude Bordeaux, I'm
Marceau de Saint-Pierre's
assistant.

Mia's heart flutters. He speaks with a thick French accent but very matter-of-factly. No emotion.

CLAUDE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Monsieur Saint-Pierre was very
impressed with your portfolio. He'd
like to invite you to audition for
his new campaign.

MIA
Oh my gosh. Thank you so much --

CLAUDE (O.S.)
The auditions will be tomorrow. See
you then.

CLICK. Mia is stunned. Alix appears behind her --

ALIX
Actually, my fitting got pushed --

MIA
I got Dollhouse!

ALIX
Dollhouse?

MIA
Well I didn't *get it*, I got an
audition but still --

ALIX
What's Dollhouse?

MIA
Saint-Pierre's new line.

Alix looks bewildered.

ALIX
Wait -- Saint-Pierre? Like, Marceau
de Saint-Pierre? He's coming back?

MIA
Yeah. But it's very confidential,
nobody knows yet. Sophie got an
audition and I went to Drew like
you said and I got it!

ALIX
I thought he went insane. Didn't he
pull all of his clothes from stores
and shut down his company?

MIA
I don't think anybody knows what
really happened.

Alix looks like she wants to say something.

MIA (CONT'D)
What?

ALIX
Nothing. It's just, you know --
there are a lot of rumors out
there. About him and why he
disappeared.

MIA
Why can't you just be happy for me?
I finally got an audition for
something I really want. You got
Dior and I was happy for you.

ALIX
I am happy for you.

MIA
You got a weird way of showing it.

ALIX
I'm just saying. Be careful.

MIA
I can handle myself.

INT. WAITING ROOM - CASTING STUDIO - DAY

Mia sits with a group of TWO DOZEN MODELS on matte black couches in a Manhattan high-rise. They all check their looks in the reflection of their phones. Mia bites her nails nervously and listens to her podcast.

PODCAST (V.O.)
*...deep breathing is the most
 efficient way to calm the nervous
 system. When it is on high alert,
 oxygen can calm the muscles...*

Sophie enters the room, signs in, and rushes towards Mia. She takes the seat next to her. Mia takes out her AirPods.

SOPHIE
 Well the secretary's kind of a
 cunt. Are you excited?

MIA
 More nervous.

SOPHIE
 You're going to be great.

Mia nods, trying to convince herself the same. The CASTING ASSISTANT opens the door to the studio and leans out --

CASTING ASSISTANT
 We're ready for you.

INT. CASTING STUDIO - MOMENTS LATER

The same scene we saw before -- two dozen girls dressed in black bras and underwear holding up NUMBERED CARDS, gleaming mirrors all around. Mia holds NUMBER THIRTEEN. A table is set up at the front with just a CAMERA and LAPTOP.

CLAUDE BORDEAUX (40s, bald, glasses) wears a polka-dotted suit and steps in front of the girls.

CLAUDE
 Good morning everyone. My name is
 Claude Bordeaux and I am Monsieur
 Saint-Pierre's assistant.
 Unfortunately, he could not be here
 in person today as he is very busy
 designing the show. However, he is
 monitoring via livestream from his
 home outside the city --

Point to camera --

CLAUDE (CONT'D)

-- and will be making his decisions
in real time. So let us begin.
Number one, please step forward.

Mia takes another deep breath. She's fucking terrified.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

- A REDHEAD MODEL does her walk. We will come to know her as CARA. She fucking crushes it. He stares at the laptop, then nods to her. She heads to the next room.

- A BLONDE MODEL up next. Tilts her head back and does her walk. Claude looks to the computer and shakes his head.

- SOPHIE goes. Does her turn, comes to the middle of the floor. Claude looks to the camera...and NODS.

- A BRUNETTE MODEL goes next. We will come to know her as MELANIE. She stands confidently as Claude gives her a nod.

CASTING ASSISTANT

Number thirteen.

Mia steps to the middle of the room. Again, she's all alone under the lights, all eyes on her. The silence is DEAFENING.

She doesn't see it, but Claude straightens up -- like something about her has caught his eye.

CASTING ASSISTANT (CONT'D)

Measurements?

MIA

Five-ten. One-twenty-one.

CASTING ASSISTANT

Go ahead.

Mia does her walk. The sound of her stilettos CLACKING against the floor is THUNDEROUS. She nails her turn and returns to the center of the room.

Claude is watching her very intensely -- much more intensely than he was the other girls. He takes a long look at the monitor. His eyes DARTING BACK AND FORTH like the person on screen is motioning to him. Finally, he looks up --

And NODS.

INT. NEXT STUDIO OVER - LATER

The girls sit in the next studio over where twelve chairs have been arranged in a circle. Claude escorts in the last MODEL inside. Mia sits next to Sophie, who's losing her shit.

SOPHIE

See? Didn't I tell you? I knew you were going to kill it!

Mia looks too excited to speak, all of it too overwhelming. The buzz dies down as the last model sits. The CASTING ASSISTANT enters, trying to juggle a dozen clipboards --

CLAUDE

Congratulations. You all have been selected to walk for Dollhouse -- the greatest fashion show the world has ever seen, from the greatest designer the world has ever known.

He speaks coldly. Calculated. The Casting Assistant starts handing out the clipboards --

CLAUDE (CONT'D)

These are NDAs. There has been much speculation about Saint-Pierre's return but we have yet to make a formal announcement. And until we do, you are not to speak about this to anybody. This campaign is to remain entirely confidential. If we find out you have spoken to anybody you will be removed from the campaign immediately. Understood?

The girls nod.

CLAUDE (CONT'D)

Wonderful. We start tomorrow.

The girls get up and head to the door. As Mia grabs her things, Claude GRABS HER ARM --

CLAUDE (CONT'D)

Mia.

She looks up --

CLAUDE (CONT'D)

Monsieur Saint-Pierre was very impressed with your audition today.

MIA
Wow -- really?

CLAUDE
He would like you to join him
tonight at his home in Montauk.

MIA
I -- of course. I'd love to.

CLAUDE
We'll send a car.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Mia sits in a chair in front of the TV as Hannah styles her hair. A NEWS REPORT plays.

TV ANCHOR
*...rumors continue to swirl that
notorious Parisian fashion designer
Marceau de Saint-Pierre is prepping
a comeback nearly five years after
he vanished from the public eye...*

HANNAH
I can't believe how much hype this
is getting. I mean I knew he was an
icon but fuck -- it's the only
thing anybody's talking about.

Mia is too focused on the TV to hear her. The report shows
FOOTAGE from five years before -- dozens of NEWS VANS and
REPORTERS swarming the Lake Como house we saw in the opening.

TV ANCHOR
*...the reason for his disappearance
has never been confirmed, although
sources close to him have alluded
to a mental breakdown that sent him
to Sainte-Anne psychiatric hospital
in Paris for nine months...*

MIA
Jesus Christ.

Hannah turns the TV off.

HANNAH
Don't concern yourself with that.
People just love to talk.

MIA

What do you know about him?

HANNAH

Same things everyone else does. He was the biggest thing in the world. People treated him like God so he thought he was. And when he figured out he wasn't, he couldn't take it.

Mia is panicky. Hannah notices, looks in her eyes.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Listen -- who knows what happened? All that matters is that he's back and out of every girl in the world, he picked you.

She smiles at her. Mia forces a smile back.

INT. CAR - HAMPTONS - NIGHT

Mia sits in the back of a Cadillac SUV as it rolls through BILLIONAIRE'S ROW in the Hamptons. Houses that look like castles with courtyards filled with Italian sports cars not on the market yet. Every house has tennis courts and basketball courts and pools and guest houses.

A private getaway for the ultra-rich.

Mia, in a sleek black dress, dry swallows a pill. Breathes.

EXT. SAINT-PIERRE'S MANSION - NIGHT

The Cadillac pulls up to a gate blocking a very long driveway winding through a FOREST. The driver hits the buzzer, says something in French. The gate opens and they pull through.

As they weave through the trees, we notice that this is not like the other houses, designed to flaunt wealth. This one is far away -- specifically designed not to be seen.

The car disappears into darkness as it cuts through the trees. It's eerie. Quiet. And after a moment --

They arrive at SAINT-PIERRE'S MANSION, which is the most unbelievable home we've seen yet. It's white with spiral staircases on the outside and gold fountains. It's literally ON the beach, surrounded by the ocean. It's an estate.

Claude waits on the steps in a VELVET SUIT. Stoic as always.

SUPER: 28 DAYS TO PREMIERE.

INT. SAINT-PIERRE'S MANSION - NIGHT

A ballroom with a massive 'DH' Dollhouse logo on the tile. SERVANTS rush around in BLACK AND RED uniforms with 'DH' on their sleeves. Mia walks to the back of the house, where the floor to ceiling windows reveal the beach just beyond.

MIA
This is amazing.

CLAUDE
Come. Monsieur Saint-Pierre is in
the basement.

He leads her to a staircase...

INT. BASEMENT/STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

And as the two descend, we recognize music playing -- the same as in the opening. EXIT MUSIC (FOR A FILM) by RADIOHEAD. And then we see --

A SILHOUETTE OF A MAN, smoking a cigarette and holding a sketch pad, sketching furiously. In front of him are a line of a DOZEN MANNEQUINS, all dressed in a variety of outfits and arranged in different poses. The one he's focused on now is wearing a plain but gorgeous WHITE DRESS.

The same one we saw Adalene wearing in the opening.

RADIOHEAD
*We hope that you choke / That you
choke...*

The basement is filled with RACKS OF CLOTHES with 'SP' logos - his old line. AWARDS and MAGAZINE COVERS featuring his FACE adorn the walls. And on an old projector, footage from Saint-Pierre's past shows are broadcast on a nearby wall.

Claude lifts the needle from a VINTAGE RECORD PLAYER -- which we also recognize.

CLAUDE
Monsieur. Our guest has arrived.

The Silhouette stands still for a moment. He then sets down his sketchpad and emerges from the shadows, revealing --

MARCEAU de SAINT-PIERRE.

His jet black hair is slicked black, speckled with grey. He's got crows feet, his skin ashen from the smoking. We can tell he was once glowing -- but the years have not been kind.

He smiles and kisses Mia's hand.

SAINT-PIERRE

Mia -- it is a pleasure.

MIA

It's -- an honor to meet you.

SAINT-PIERRE

Welcome to my home.

EXT. BALCONY - NIGHT

A SERVANT arrives with two glasses of red wine. Saint-Pierre takes them, hands one to Mia -- she eyes it for a moment. Hesitant, she takes it at his urging. He offers a toast.

SAINT-PIERRE

To Dollhouse.

She stares at her glass. She doesn't drink normally. But...

MIA

To Dollhouse.

She does this time. He sets his glass down and smiles at her.

SAINT-PIERRE

I must say, I have seen many models over the years but seeing your audition today -- you have something I've never seen.

MIA

Thank you.

SAINT-PIERRE

It's exactly what I want.

He says it like she's a product. She sips her wine.

SAINT-PIERRE (CONT'D)

Tell me about yourself.

MIA

Okay, well, I've been modeling for about three years now. I haven't really been in a lot but --

SAINT-PIERRE

Not work. You. Who are you?

Nervous, she starts picking at her nails. He reaches out, touches her. An ELECTRICITY flows through her.

SAINT-PIERRE (CONT'D)

Relax. You are safe.

She nods. Gathers herself.

MIA

I'm from Indiana. I left home at sixteen and came to New York.

SAINT-PIERRE

Against your parents' wishes, I presume?

MIA

Actually, no. My father was an alcoholic. He was very abusive. My mother supported anything that involved me running away.

SAINT-PIERRE

I'm sorry to hear that. I've had my own -- very publicized -- battles with addiction. It is the devil.

MIA

Yeah. So, I came out here to model.
(then)
What about you? Where did you...go?

A darkness comes over his face. He looks out over the ocean.

SAINT-PIERRE

That is a story for another night.
All that matters is that I am back.

He gives her a smile. She smiles back -- sips more wine. She looks out over the backyard. An iridescent pool with 'DH' painted on the bottom, orange trees, fire pit, a cabana --

An exact replica of the backyard we saw in the opening.

SAINT-PIERRE (CONT'D)

I want you to open and close the show for me.

Mia almost spits out her wine.

MIA

What?

SAINT-PIERRE

Dollhouse is not just another fashion show, Mia. It is my comeback. My rebirth. I have clawed my way back from places so dark they can swallow you whole and this my last collection. My greatest and my final statement to fashion. And I want you to be the face of it.

MIA

This is your last collection?

He nods.

MIA (CONT'D)

Why?

He takes another sip of wine. Chooses his words carefully.

SAINT-PIERRE

Five years ago, I came to the realization that I had nothing left to give fashion. It had given me everything but I had nothing left to say. So I went away. And do you know what happened?

She shakes her head 'no'. His eyes light up, animated.

SAINT-PIERRE (CONT'D)

I got more famous. Because once you take something away from people -- there is nothing they want more than to get it back.

He steps towards her --

SAINT-PIERRE (CONT'D)

And now, I finally have something to say again. The theme of Dollhouse is death. It's about taking control of what we are most scared of and seeing death as a new beginning. This is a new beginning for you, Mia. You are about to be the biggest model in the world. Is that what you want?

Entranced, Mia nods. He caresses her face. She shivers.

MIA

Yes.

SAINT-PIERRE

Then I was right. You are who I
have been looking for.

(then)

Come. I have a gift for you.

INT. BALLROOM - SAINT-PIERRE'S MANSION - NIGHT

Saint-Pierre sits on satin couch as Mia emerges in the WHITE DRESS. She's gorgeous. He stands, almost emotional --

SAINT-PIERRE

You are stunning.

MIA

It's beautiful.

SAINT-PIERRE

It's the first dress I ever
designed. I was twenty-four and
broke. This dress changed my life.

He steps towards her, touches her face again --

SAINT-PIERRE (CONT'D)

Let this mark the beginning of your
ascent to greatness, just as it
marked mine. And one more thing --

He takes out a CRYSTAL and GOLD LAPEL PIN -- 'SP' -- and
places it in her palm.

SAINT-PIERRE (CONT'D)

A gift. For you.

She looks at it, then at him. Transfixed. On cloud nine.

INT. BASEMENT - LATER

Mia has changed out of the white dress. She emerges from the bathroom in her black dress, the white one folded under arm. She takes a look around the basement. The mannequins, racks of the clothes, piles of design books. She starts to wander.

She walks past the dozen MANNEQUINS in different poses, running her hand along their outfits as she goes. One of them is naked -- the one that used to be wearing the white dress.

The projector footage still playing, Mia starts practicing her own runway walk, just like the girls on the wall.

Behind her in the darkness, we see the naked mannequin --

TURN ITS FUCKING HEAD.

Mia reaches the wall. Touches the girls being projected, desperate to be one of them. Behind her, we see THE MANNEQUIN STEP OFF ITS PODIUM -- it moves ROBOTICALLY, GANGLY, LIKE A GIANT INSECT and disappears into the dark...

Mia turns around. Nothing there.

But she notices that the podium where the mannequin was in EMPTY. Confused, she slowly walks towards it. Behind her, the projector footage FREEZES on a FRAME of SAINT-PIERRE and a WOMAN when suddenly --

THE MANNEQUIN'S HAND EMERGES, CLINCHING HER THROAT.

It steps out of the shadows and PINS HER TO THE GROUND. A plain oval face, its neck cocks as it comes closer, as if examining her. Like a wild animal studying its prey. It SQUEEZES HARDER. She CHOKES.

As Mia claws at its plastic face, beyond it, she sees the FREEZE FRAME on the wall...Saint-Pierre and some WOMAN...but her vision blurry, she can't make out who it is...

VOICE (O.S.)

Miss! Miss!

Mia's eyes bulge and her lips turn blue. She desperately tries to flail but she can't. Its grip is fucking strong.

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Miss, what are you doing!

Suddenly, her EYES ROLL BACK INTO HER HEAD and --

EXT. ROOF - DAWN

Then they open.

She's standing on the edge of the ROOF OF HER APARTMENT BUILDING, looking down twenty-two stories below. A CONSTRUCTION WORKER behind her yells --

CONSTRUCTION WORKER

Miss! Get down from there!

She looks back at him. A blank stare in her eyes.

INT. DR. WOODARD'S OFFICE - MORNING

Mia picks at her nails, nervously taps her foot.

MIA

And that was it. I woke up and he walked me back to my apartment.

DR. WOODARD

And this is the first night terror you've had in a while?

MIA

I had one three nights ago. Alix found me screaming in the kitchen.

DR. WOODARD

Your parasomnia shouldn't be this bad with the benzodiazepines you're taking. Did you mix with anything?

Mia looks at the floor.

MIA

Alcohol.

DR. WOODARD

I thought you didn't drink.

MIA

I don't. I felt pressured.

DR. WOODARD

By who?

MIA

Marceau de Saint-Pierre.

Dr. Woodard looks up from her notes, bewildered.

DR. WOODARD

The fashion designer?

Mia nods.

MIA

I got a job. Working for him on his comeback campaign. I'm opening and closing his new show.

DR. WOODARD

That's...very impressive. I had no idea he was...returning.

MIA
It hasn't been announced yet. I was
at his house and he offered me wine
and I got caught up in the moment --

DR. WOODARD
Nails.

Mia takes her fingers from her mouth, sits on her hands.

DR. WOODARD (CONT'D)
Alcohol exacerbates anxiety. Mixing
it with benzos can kill you.

MIA
I know.

DR. WOODARD
He had a pretty publicized mental
breakdown last I heard. Did he tell
you why he left? What happened?

MIA
No. It's not my business.

A beat. Dr. Woodard purses her lips together, forces a smile.

DR. WOODARD
I think we should see each other
more often. Especially with this
new added pressure and stress.

MIA
I can't. I'll be working everyday.

DR. WOODARD
Mia if you're waking up on the roof
of your apartment building --

Her PHONE ALARM goes off.

MIA
Shit. I have to go. I'll see you
next week.

Off Dr. Woodard's dreadful look as Mia heads for the door.

INT. THEATRE - MORNING

The dozen models Saint-Pierre chose are sitting in a large,
empty theatre. An ALL-WHITE STAGE looms in front of them.

Mia and Sophie sit in the second row.

SOPHIE

What was his house like? I bet it was fucking massive.

MIA

It was enormous.

SOPHIE

And him? What was he like?

MIA

He was...incredible.

In front of them, two girls turn their heads. We recognize them as CARA and MELANIE, who we saw at the audition.

CARA

You went to his house already?
Damn, good for you.

MELANIE

Doesn't take long for some to start sleeping their way up the ladder.

They smirk and turn back. Sophie flips them off. SAINT-PIERRE and CLAUDE emerge from the back of the stage and the girls immediately sit up straight.

SAINT-PIERRE

Good morning, ladies. I am Marceau de Saint-Pierre -- and welcome to your new home.

The girls are enraptured by his voice, mannerisms, charm.

SAINT-PIERRE (CONT'D)

It has been five years since I last debuted a new collection to the world. But this isn't just a show -- it is an experience that nobody will ever -- ever -- forget.

He smiles. A look of evil in his eyes.

SAINT-PIERRE (CONT'D)

The theme of the show is always the most important, because it is the vessel that allows you to get your message across. The theme of Dollhouse is death. People will call it a resurrection but it is a rebirth. I am not who I once was. But who I am now is who I was always meant to be.

(MORE)

SAINT-PIERRE (CONT'D)
 I hope your experience is the same.
 (then)
 Fittings will take place shortly.
 And tonight, you will all join me
 at the Metropolitan, which I have
 rented out to officially announce
 my return and unveil you all to the
 world. Welcome to Dollhouse.

He smiles and heads backstage as Claude steps up.

CLAUDE
 Please follow me.

The girls stand. A MODEL near Mia whispers to her friend --

MODEL
 Did he say the theme was death?

INT. FITTING ROOM - DAY

SERIES OF SHOTS:

- SOPHIE stands on a pedestal in the middle of the room, wearing a stylized NURSE'S OUTFIT -- a white gown with a red cross on her breast and BLACK CAP. A team of TAILORS and STYLISTS swarm her as Saint-Pierre looks on.

- MELANIE on the pedestal, wearing a PRIESTESS OUTFIT. A black gown with a red collar and an upside down cross.

- CARA, dressed in a black and red SERVANT OUTFIT -- very similar to the ones we saw the servants wearing in Saint-Pierre's mansion earlier. A 'DH' logo on the sleeves.

Mia steps on the pedestal in a gorgeous, glittery BLACK DRESS. We've seen it before...somewhere...

As the tailors and stylists swarm her, she stares at herself in the mirror. Feeling the dress. *Where have I seen this?*

TAILOR
 It fits perfectly. I don't see any
 changes that need to be made.

SAINT-PIERRE
 I agree. It's outstanding.

Saint-Pierre steps in front of her, smiling. In awe.

SAINT-PIERRE (CONT'D)
 Just one final touch.

He takes out a GOLD MASQUERADE MASK from his jacket. The same one we saw the Adalene wearing in Mia's night terror on the subway. *That's where she's seen it before.* She looks startled, even fearful as he slides it over her face.

He steps back and marvels at her.

SAINT-PIERRE (CONT'D)

Perfect.

INT. MAKE-UP ROOM - LATER

Hannah helps Mia wipe off her makeup. They're the last two.

HANNAH

That dress was incredible.

MIA

I know.

She's staring at herself, lost in her own thoughts.

SAINT-PIERRE (O.S.)

Mia.

She turns. Saint-Pierre approaches.

SAINT-PIERRE (CONT'D)

Can I have a moment?

Hannah politely smiles and leaves. Saint-Pierre sits.

SAINT-PIERRE (CONT'D)

How did you feel about the dress?

MIA

I loved it.

SAINT-PIERRE

I'm glad. It is very special to me.

He stares at her for an uncomfortable amount of time.

SAINT-PIERRE (CONT'D)

I would like you to dye your hair.

MIA

What?

SAINT-PIERRE

The aesthetic of the clothes I have designed to open and close the show were made with a brunette in mind.

MIA

Oh. Uhm -- okay.

SAINT-PIERRE

Every detail of this show has been planned for five years. Everything has to be flawless. You have what I want, but I need you to be a brunette.

Mia sits there for a moment. Unsure of what to say.

MIA

Okay. Yeah. Of course.

INT. BATHROOM - BEDROOM - EVENING

Mia's hair is in a towel as she looks in the mirror. Hannah is behind her, looking at her phone.

MIA

Are you sure we left it in long enough? I don't want it to look like I did it myself.

HANNAH

That's why I'm here. But it's ready, you can take it off now.

Nervous, Mia slowly unwraps the towel -- and her WET, BROWN HAIR falls down to her shoulders.

Mia and Hannah are both TRANSFIXED.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Jesus Christ. You're beautiful.

INT. PRIVATE ROOM - UPSTAIRS - SAME

The models are gathered in a small room the size of a bedroom. They're all dressed in identical WHITE GOWNS with half-sleeves on -- one red, one black.

Mia sits next to Sophie on a satin couch. Her brown hair styled perfectly. She discretely SWALLOWS A PILL.

SOPHIE

Seriously, I've been a brunette for twenty-one years. You look better than I do and you've been one for like forty-five minutes.

MIA
I'm kinda surprised at how much I
like it.

CARA (O.S.)
Already morphing into his dream
girl. Kinda sad.

Cara and Melanie walk past, smirking.

SOPHIE
I think they like you.

Saint-Pierre and Claude emerge from an adjoining room in
tuxedos -- Saint-Pierre in black, Claude in red. Saint-Pierre
smiles at the models as they all STAND.

SAINT-PIERRE
Well then -- shall we?

Claude opens the giant doors leading to the staircase and
Saint-Pierre leads the girls in a single-file line out onto --

A PLATFORM. STAIRS LEADING DOWN TO THE BALLROOM ON BOTH
SIDES.

The crowd ERUPTS in cheers as Saint-Pierre reveals his face
to the public for the first time in five years. Cameras
FLASH. Six of the models take positions on the six stairs to
his left, the other six to his right.

Mia is at the top, closest to him. She looks out over the
room, drinking in the adulation and attention. She spots
HANNAH in the crowd, who's smiling and clapping.

Saint-Pierre holds up his hands. The cheering dies down.

SAINT-PIERRE (CONT'D)
Thank you. It's a pleasure to be
back with you all tonight. I've
waited for this a very long time.

CHEERS.

SAINT-PIERRE (CONT'D)
I have had much success in my life
but over the last few years, I have
finally learned what I am truly
capable of. Ladies and gentlemen --

He opens his arms wide, motions to his models --

SAINT-PIERRE (CONT'D)
-- welcome to Dollhouse.

Behind him, a giant BLACK and RED POSTER is UNFURLED from the ceiling -- but this time, it doesn't say COMING SOON.

It says DOLLHOUSE.

CLOSE ON: Mia, smile on her face as the crowd cheers and cameras flash. A dream being realized.

LATER --

Hannah offers Mia champagne. She declines.

HANNAH

You have to celebrate somehow. Look at this place!

MIA

I know. It's packed.

HANNAH

Everyone's here. Literally, everybody who's anybody. Probably all want to get a look at you.

Mia blushes, brings out her phone. Looks at it -- confused.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

What?

MIA

Nothing.

(then)

I'm gonna go get some air.

She cuts through the crowd towards the door. But just before she reaches it, something catches her eye.

Saint-Pierre and Sophie, talking in the corner, out of earshot of the others. Sophie LAUGHS. He smiles. She watches for a moment. They're just talking...it seems...

EXT. METROPOLITAN CLUB - NIGHT

It's RAINING. Mia stands under the awning and dials her phone. DREW picks up. He sounds EXASPERATED.

DREW (O.S.)

Mia?

MIA

Drew?

DREW

Where are you? I've been trying to get a hold of you all night --

MIA

I'm at the Metropolitan. Why aren't you here?

DREW

Listen to me very carefully, Mia. I fucked up. I made a mistake, you shouldn't be there.

MIA

What?

DREW

You have to leave. You're in danger.

MIA

In danger? Danger of what?

DREW

Saint-Pierre. There are some things you don't know, some things I need to tell you. Meet me at my studio --

MIA

Wait -- what are you talking about? I'm not leaving here.

DREW

Listen to me -- he has a plan. This isn't a normal fashion show. You need to get out of there, now --

MIA

I'm not leaving. You can come here.

DREW

No, I can't. I was fired.

MIA

Fired?

DREW

He knows I know. Claude came to see me. I'm leaving town tomorrow, he's a fucking psychopath. You need to quit right now --

MIA

Claude? Drew, what's going on? I'm not quitting the campaign --

DREW

You're not listening --

MIA

Just because you lost your job doesn't mean I have to quit mine.

DREW

I'm not -- (static) -- Mia, before he -- (static) --

MIA

Drew?

The call DROPS. Mia stares at her phone. A feeling of uneasiness, but she shakes it off. Turns around --

Where CLAUDE is standing in the doorway. She JUMPS -- drops her phone. It's unclear how long he's been there, but he looks intense. He bends down and picks up her phone for her.

CLAUDE

Must've been an important call for you to step out of such a wonderful celebration.

MIA

Oh -- yeah, it was nothing big. Thanks.

She rushes by him. He watches her as she goes...

INT. DREW'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Drew's studio is completely dark, save for the light in his office where he frantically packs his things, zipping up his camera equipment and tossing whatever he can in a suitcase.

Suddenly, the sound of the FRONT DOOR SLAMMING.

Drew FREEZES.

He steps into the darkness, using his phone for light.

DREW

Mia?

HIS POV: We see his iPhone flashlight light up a few feet in front of him as he scans the area.

The light catches one of the studio MIRRORS and we get a QUICK glimpse of a DARK, BLURRY FIGURE BEHIND HIM --

He WHIPS AROUND.

DREW (CONT'D)
Who's there?

Silence. The phone trembles in his hand.

The faint sounds of FOOTSTEPS BEHIND HIM. He whips around again. Sees nothing but darkness.

DREW (CONT'D)
Mia? Stop fucking around --

His office door suddenly SLAMS SHUT. He JUMPS and drops his phone, the light streaming up towards the ceiling. And in the SHADOW OF THE LIGHT, we see a HAND GRAB HIS THROAT, DRAGGING HIM OFFSCREEN --

We hear the brutal sounds of CHOKING in the dark. Drew's boots SQUEAK against the wood floor as he struggles. It's brutal. Disturbing. Almost...intimate.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mia swallows four pills, stares at herself in the mirror. Still in her white gown and black and red half sleeves. She plays with her new brown hair -- and smiles.

She walks to her bed and lies down, waiting for the pills to kick in. The smile on her face still there when --

A FLOORBOARD CREAKS.

She opens her eyes and sees --

ADALENE STANDING OVER HER.

Her body has decomposed. Her eyes black holes, her dark hair stringy -- like she's just RISEN FROM THE DEAD. She's DRIPPING WET in that same WHITE DRESS from the opening. Mia SCREAMS as her DEAD HAND CLASPS OVER HER MOUTH --

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Mia shoots awake, gasping for air and covered in sweat as her ALARM BLARES. She's still in the dress and half sleeves from the night before. Light pours through the windows.

She takes a moment to gather herself. *Another night terror.* She looks at her phone. DREW - 7 MISSED CALLS. As she pulls herself out of bed, she notices --

DROPLETS OF WATER, falling from her bed frame to the floor.

EXT. DREW'S STUDIO - MORNING

Now looking slightly better with an iced nonfat latte in her hand, Mia knocks on Drew's studio door. Nothing.

MIA
Drew? It's me.

She knocks again. Nothing. She sighs and looks down the alley next to the studio and spots a door.

INT. DREW'S STUDIO - MOMENTS LATER

It's pitch black. Mia searches for the light.

MIA
Drew? I got all seven of your
fucking calls, if I don't answer
the first time I probably --

She turns on the light and --

Drew is HANGING FROM THE CEILING, A NOOSE AROUND HIS NECK.
His insides have been RIPPED OUT, his entrails on the floor
in a POOL OF BLOOD.

She SCREAMS BLOODY MURDER, collapsing to the floor...

EXT. DREW'S STUDIO - LATER

SILENT, SLOW-MOTION:

A cascade of POLICE CARS and AMBULANCES. Mia wipes tears from her face as she talks to OFFICER BAILEY (30s, mustache), and OFFICER HOLLOWAY (30s, chubby).

A few EMTs lead Drew's body out of the studio on a gurney, his body covered in a white sheet. Spots of BLOOD have seeped through. As Mia turns away, she looks up and sees...

A DOLLHOUSE BILLBOARD.

INT. MAKE-UP ROOM - MORNING

Mia and Sophie sit in make-up chairs before the fittings start. Both glowing. Hannah sits on the counter between them. Both she and Mia wipe tears from their eyes.

MIA

He was just...*swaying there*...

SOPHIE

Jesus Christ. What'd they say?

MIA

Not much. Just that they'd follow up after the autopsy.

HANNAH

(sniffling)

He was probably my best friend out here. I can't believe this.

A heavy silence hangs in the air.

SOPHIE

Well. Fuck. This sucks. It's all high fashion until somebody dies.

MIA

He called me last night. Told me he was fired and that I was in danger.

HANNAH

Fired? And in danger of what?

MIA

I don't know.

SOPHIE

Drew hangs out with some sketchy people. Who knows what he was really involved in.

Mia notices Hannah sitting on a newspaper.

MIA

What's that?

Hannah lifts her thigh and hands it over.

It's the front page of the NEW YORK TIMES. A picture of Saint-Pierre with his arms out and all the models on the staircase under the headline -- 'NOTORIOUS PARISIAN FASHION DESIGNER SAINT-PIERRE ANNOUNCES TRIUMPHANT RETURN WITH DOLLHOUSE.'

Mia is fixated on her picture. Behind her, Claude approaches.

CLAUDE

Mia.

EXT. ROOF - THEATRE - DAY

Saint-Pierre smokes a cigarette and sips an espresso as Mia looks over the massive concrete jungle of New York City.

They sit at a table, underneath a black umbrella.

SAINT-PIERRE

The papers asked me to comment about Drew. I have yet to come up with the right words. But I am very sorry. I know you were -- *close*.

He says 'close' weird. Like he's alluding to something...

MIA

Thank you.

SAINT-PIERRE

He brought you to me, which I am very thankful for. And he was a very good photographer. It's a shame we had to get rid of him.

MIA

(shocked)

Get rid of him?

Saint-Pierre smiles. Grabs her nervous hand.

SAINT-PIERRE

Poor choice of words. Sorry. Fire him. Let him go from the campaign.

Mia's heart is beating out of her chest. She nods.

SAINT-PIERRE (CONT'D)

Are you familiar with Lucinda Fournier?

MIA

The photographer?

He nods, exhales smoke. Smiles.

MIA (CONT'D)

Of course. Everybody knows her.

SAINT-PIERRE

She is joining the campaign. She will be shooting for us going forward and she found you to be very impressive.

MIA

She did?

SAINT-PIERRE

Yes. She knows the vision I have for the show and she's very excited to work with you.

Mia BEAMS. Trying to make sense of it all.

SAINT-PIERRE (CONT'D)

Now you understand why we had to get rid of Drew.

A smile creeps across her face. She nods. Like all of her sadness has just been washed away...

INT. FITTING ROOM - NIGHT

At the Dior headquarters, Alix stands on a pedestal in her fitting room wearing a tight dress. The tailors obsess over her features. She looks weary.

TAILOR #1

It's right here, see? The hip just kind of...juts out at this weird angle, I don't know why --

TAILOR #2

It's not the hips, it's the upper thighs that are disproportionate.

A knock at the door -- a MODEL slides inside, wearing sweats.

MODEL

Sorry -- forgot my phone charger.

She grabs it from the wall and looks at Alix.

MODEL (CONT'D)

We're all going to the 27 Club if you want to come, you know...whenever you're done.

She gives her a soft, sad smile.

ALIX

Thanks. I might be here for a bit.

The Model nods, departs.

TAILOR #1

If only the legs were a little
longer --

ALIX

Well they're not, so deal with it!

EXT. SOHO - NIGHT

Alix runs down the streets in the pouring rain. She ducks underneath a stretch of sidewalk under construction. The plywood wall is covered in DOLLHOUSE POSTERS. She stops and stares at them, envious.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Alix enters the apartment, dripping wet, where Mia, Hannah, and Sophie are gathered in the living room.

SOPHIE

Hey.

ALIX

Hey. How are you guys holding up?

HANNAH

Alright. Considering.

Alix comes over and sits on the couch, exhaling.

ALIX

What did the cops say?

MIA

They're looking for prints and DNA
at the studio.

ALIX

Fuck.

Alix looks around the room. Debating whether to ask...

ALIX (CONT'D)

Do you think...him getting fired
had anything to do with it?

MIA

What do you mean?

ALIX

He told you that Claude guy threatened to kill him, right? And that you were in danger?

MIA

I mean, yeah, that's what he said. But he sounded out of his mind.

ALIX

You don't think he was telling the truth? Why else would he call you fourteen times in one night?

SOPHIE

He was probably high.

She and Alix catch eyes. Sophie sits up.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Hold on -- you don't think Saint-Pierre had something to do with this, do you?

ALIX

I'm just saying it's not out of the realm of possibility --

SOPHIE

Wait -- Alix, you're talking about *murder*.

HANNAH

(softly)

I saw him throw a chair at a girl earlier today.

ALIX

Last I heard, he went insane.

MIA

Not everything you hear is true --

ALIX

This is. I know it is.

SOPHIE

And how's that?

Alix looks at the skeptical eyes in the room. She SIGHS.

ALIX

I had this stylist once. She styled this girl who was the real deal -- Burberry, Marc Jacobs, Dolce. Then she got the Saint-Pierre job and started modeling for him exclusively. He was going to make her the biggest thing in the world but he was so obsessive and demanding that she had a breakdown. Moved back to Florida, changed her name. My stylist said he threw her into a mirror and choked her in front of everybody. They had to pay her off not to press charges.

Sophie SCOFFS.

SOPHIE

So he's a perfectionist. So is everybody else in this business. I've been verbally abused a hundred times. It's part of the job.

HANNAH

Jesus, he threw her into a mirror?

ALIX

Have you even read the stories about him? Ten models of his have been hospitalized with heart problems after losing weight too fast. Two more killed themselves. He's a fucking serial abuser addicted to drugs who went broke and wants a power trip --

SOPHIE

You don't even know him --

ALIX

Do you?

SOPHIE

You're just jealous because you know Dollhouse is better than Dior and your big break has been ruined by ours.

Silence. Alix's jaw drops. Mia bites her nails. Overwhelmed.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Mia doesn't need to hear this either.

(MORE)

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
She's opening and closing the show.
This has nothing to do with
Marceau.

Alix looks to Mia, who's still biting her nails. She rips off
some skin. BLOOD starts to bubble --

ALIX
Congratulations.

MIA
Thanks.

The mood is heavy. Nobody knows what to say. Then, Alix
stands, heads towards her room and shuts the door. Sophie
SCOFFS, goes to the kitchen, pours a glass of wine.

MIA (CONT'D)
That was kind of harsh.

HANNAH
Have his models really killed
themselves? Is that true?

SOPHIE
She needed to hear it.

She sits back down. Sips her wine.

MIA
What'd you guys do after I left the
launch party?

SOPHIE
Who?

MIA
You and him.

Sophie shrugs.

SOPHIE
Talked. I went home. Why?

MIA
Just wondering.

Sophie sips her wine again. Hannah looks very tense.

SOPHIE
It is odd though, isn't it?

MIA
What?

SOPHIE

The way he looks at you.

Mia doesn't like the look on her face.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mia runs her hand under the faucet, watching the blood pour out of her finger and swirl with the water. She goes to peel back an extra piece of skin when --

She RIPS her ENTIRE NAIL OFF, revealing the raw flesh underneath. She GRITS her teeth in pain as the flesh of her finger GLOWS PINK.

INT. FITTING ROOM - DAY

Mia stands on the pedestal wearing a stylized HOSPITAL GOWN that's been modified as a tight dress. Her eye shadow streams down her face -- designed to look like she's been crying.

SAINT-PIERRE

Needs to be tighter. And shorter.

Mia catches Saint-Pierre's eyes in the mirror. He's intense, focused -- but gives her a smile. She smiles back.

SUPER: 21 DAYS TO PREMIERE.

INT. CHANGING ROOM - LATER

Mia stands behind a makeshift curtain as she prepares to change. Suddenly, the DOOR OPENS.

SAINT-PIERRE (O.S.)

Mia?

She freezes.

MIA

Yes?

SAINT-PIERRE (O.S.)

Sorry to disturb you -- but I have a bit of news.

She waits for him to continue.

SAINT-PIERRE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I have decided to do an interview with Vogue that will come out the day after the show. I will be on the cover, announcing my return.

(then)

I have chosen you to accompany me.

Mia's heart skips a beat.

SAINT-PIERRE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

In addition, you will be the face of the Dollhouse editorial. Lucinda will shoot it.

Mia opens the curtains. Stunned.

MIA

You're serious?

He smiles and nods, walking closer to her. They stand inches apart for a moment, letting the tension build...until...

Saint-Pierre pulls her in and kisses her passionately. He takes off his jacket, she undoes his belt. Her make-up is still on -- runny mascara and eyeliner down her cheeks.

He picks up her legs and shoves her into the MIRROR as he enters her. It CRACKS -- the glass SPIDERWEBS. He puts his hand over her mouth and drives her back into the wall over and over again, the sharp cracks of the mirror DIGGING INTO HER BACK, BLOOD DRIPPING DOWN ON THE FLOOR BETWEEN THEM...

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Mia enters, a smile on her face -- and is surprised to see OFFICER BAILEY and OFFICER HOLLOWAY (the mustached and chubby cop from Drew's death scene) in her living room with Alix.

Her mood instantly changes.

MIA

Oh...hello.

OFFICER BAILEY

Evening, miss. Sorry to stop by unannounced. We just had some questions about your friend Drew.

Apprehensive, she takes a seat. Alix wipes away tears.

MIA

Have you found anything?

OFFICER BAILEY

Unfortunately, no. We found no sign of forced entry and no unexpected DNA. Whoever did this had been there before.

MIA

What happened to him?

The cops glance at each other, hesitant to go into details.

OFFICER BAILEY

He was strangled pretty severely, but it didn't kill him. The official cause of death was hypovolemic shock.

MIA

So he was --

OFFICER BAILEY

He was gutted alive, yes.

(then)

Is there anything you can tell us about the night before? Anything he might have said? Alix has told us he called you a number of times?

Mia turns to her. Alix's face begging her to tell the truth.

She slowly shakes her head 'no'.

OFFICER BAILEY (CONT'D)

We understand he was just fired from his job. You were working together for Mr. Saint-Pierre?

MIA

Yeah.

OFFICER BAILEY

Did they have a falling out?

MIA

He was fired. That's all I know.

OFFICER BAILEY

There's nothing you can recall he was upset about? Nothing he said that alarmed you?

Mia looks at the floor. Avoids their gaze -- and Alix's.

MIA

No.

Alix stares a hole through her, angry.

EXT. ALLEY - THEATRE - DAY

Leaning against the wall, Sophie smokes a blunt as Mia chews her nails, covered in NEON BLUE POLISH. Mia looks upset.

SOPHIE

Can you fucking believe it? The Vogue cover?

MIA

Yeah. I know. When did he tell you?

SOPHIE

This morning. He said we start shooting with Lucinda next week.

Mia nods.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

How are you not freaking the fuck out right now? Two weeks ago you couldn't get an audition for a fucking antique shop and now you're modeling for the biggest designer in the world, for the biggest comeback in fashion history. We're gonna be *on the cover of Vogue*.

MIA

I know, I just -- I don't know. The Drew thing is still upsetting me.

We get the hint that that's not what's upsetting her.

SOPHIE

Look, I don't mean to be cold but Drew was an asshole. You said it yourself. It's not our fault.

(then)

Let's go celebrate tonight. Get our minds off of this and enjoy this.

CARA (O.S.)

Ah yes -- the Vogue cover.

Cara and Melanie appear in the alley, both with cigarettes dangling from their mouths. Cara takes hers away, exhales --

MELANIE

Pretty impressive for a girl who
nobody's heard of.

Mia shrinks into herself.

SOPHIE

Says more about you than us, no?

CARA

I've seen you around. At least
you've done something. As for Mia --
tell us your secret. How are you
swinging this?

SOPHIE

Somebody finally wised up and saw
her for what she is. Now why don't
you both fuck off?

Sophie goes to leave, Mia following. Cara sticks her hand out
and STOPS HER. She leans in --

CARA

Be careful. You never know which
bitches bark and which ones bite.

She smiles and winks. Mia walks away.

INT. CLUB - NIGHT

FLASHING LIGHTS and TRAP MUSIC. The kind of place where you
can literally hear people sweat and the drinks are watered
down. I'm having a panic attack just thinking about it.

Mia and Hannah sit in a booth. The DJ plays TRAVIS SCOTT.

MIA

I'm not upset -- I just don't
really get it.

HANNAH

She's your best friend and you're
going to get to do Vogue together.
That's like a dream come true for
best friends everywhere.

MIA

I know. I just kind of thought it
was my moment. Only me.

HANNAH
Well, that's what fucking the
designer gets you.

Mia's face goes white.

MIA
How did you know that?

HANNAH
Sophie told me.

MIA
Sophie?

An awkward beat. Slowly, they both realize -- they're talking
about different people.

HANNAH
Shit.

MIA
Wait -- Sophie fucked him? What did
she say?

HANNAH
It doesn't matter --

MIA
What did she say?

Hannah SIGHS. Swirls her straw in her drink.

HANNAH
She said they fucked in the Met
bathroom before she left. But
again, she could've lied --

Mia looks like her world has just been turned upside down.
She glances around the club, trying to regain her breath --

And sees ADALENE, dripping wet in the WHITE DRESS, watching
her from the other side of the club. A few people obscure her
vision and suddenly -- she's gone.

SOPHIE (O.S.)
Ladiesssss. How's it goin'?

Sophie has stumbled over, slurring, drunk as fuck.

HANNAH
Are you okay?

SOPHIE

Just took a shit ton of ecstasy in
the bathroom. Never been better.

Mia looks uncomfortable. Bitter. Anxious.

MIA

I'm gonna go. These places make me
anxious. I'll see you tomorrow.

She gives Sophie a kiss on the cheek and then she's already
on her way to do shots with some other razor thin brunettes.
Hannah follows Mia, grabs her hand --

HANNAH

Wait.

Mia turns around.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

You need to be happy for yourself.
It's great that you're so
ambitious, but be proud when good
things happen. If you don't, this
relentless pursuit of something
unachievable will ruin you.

Mia listens. Nods. We're not sure if she got the message.

EXT. CLUB - NIGHT - LATER

Sophie stumbles out on the sidewalk, all sorts of fucked up.
She takes a look around -- it's late. The streets are empty
save for a few parked cars.

She takes out her phone to call an Uber and drops it,
SHATTERING the screen. Cursing under her breath, she begins
the walk home...

As one of the parked car's HEADLIGHTS TURN ON.

EXT. SOHO - NIGHT

Sophie can barely stand upright as she closes in on her
apartment building. She doesn't notice the car following her,
it's headlights OFF as it slowly creeps down the street.

Sophie takes her keys out of her pocket and goes to cross the
street, stumbling over her own two feet.

Suddenly, the headlights TURN ON. Before Sophie even knows what's happening, the car FLOORS IT, SLAMMING INTO HER, sending her sprawling across the concrete...

She lays in agony, COUGHING UP BLOOD, a mess of broken bones as the DRIVER (who we don't see) approaches. Her terrified eyes RECOGNIZE whoever it is as they pick up her KEYS.

A fist GRABS HER HAIR and DRAGS her towards the building, the concrete BURNING the flesh exposed by her backless dress, leaving a TRAIL OF BLOOD as she's dragged up the stairs...

LATER --

The streets are quiet. Serene. Calming. Then, suddenly --

SOPHIE'S BODY SPLATTERS ON THE PAVEMENT.

The sound of a million bones breaking as her body lays twisted and mangled, DARK BLOOD pooling around her...

EXT. STREET - SOHO - NIGHT

Mia listens to her anxiety podcast as she walks home.

PODCAST (V.O.)

*...the most important distinction
we can make in our daily lives is
what we can and cannot control...*

She doesn't see the ADALENE emerge from an alley as she passes, shrouded in darkness.

PODCAST (V.O.)

*...there are certain things that no
matter what we do, we will never be
able to control...*

Adalene walks faster...

PODCAST (V.O.)

*...for instance. Death. We're all
dying. You will die too, Mia. Death
comes for us all.*

Mia stops walking. *What did that just say?*

PODCAST (V.O.)

*Don't fight it. Sometimes, it's
better to give in. Death is coming.*

Mia hits PAUSE on the podcast. It doesn't stop. Adalene gets CLOSER. And suddenly, the podcast spews out a DEEP, DISTORTED, HORRIFYING VOICE --

PODCAST (V.O.)

There is nowhere to run. Death has
come for you.

As she looks down at her phone in shock, she sees a SHADOW MOVING BEHIND HER. She whips around and sees ADALENE.

PODCAST (V.O.)

Tonight, you will die.

Mia sprints towards her building. Adalene races after her. She climbs the steps, unlocks the door, steps inside and SLAMS the door just as Adalene reaches for her, SNAPPING HER WRIST. She lets out a HORRIFYING, GUTTURAL SCREAM --

INT. STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Mia sprints up the stairwell, hyperventilating --

PODCAST (V.O.)

Everything you are afraid of is
coming true.

INT. APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Mia rushes into her apartment and locks the door. She throws her AirPods across the floor where they land at the feet of --

ADALENE. Dripping wet, holding a KNIFE in her hand.

Mia races for the stairs but Adalene POUNCES as she reaches the first steps. She DRAGS her back down and climbs on top of her, dripping water, plunging the knife towards her chest...

Mia grabs Adalene's wrist, desperately trying to fight her. The knife gets CLOSER...PUNCTURING THE SKIN...

INT. KITCHEN - APARTMENT - MORNING

Mia shoots up on the kitchen floor, clutching her chest. Sweating. Disoriented. *What is happening to me?*

She pulls herself up by the counter. Looks at the floor. PUDDLES OF WATER where she was laying. We can't tell if they are sweat...or something else...

SUPER: 17 DAYS TO PREMIERE.

INT. MAKE-UP ROOM - THEATRE - MORNING

Mia leans in close to the mirror as Hannah does her hair. She has bags under her eyes from lack of sleep. She looks pale.

HANNAH

You okay?

MIA

I'm fine. Just not sleeping well.

She reaches in her purse and swallows three pills. She looks down at her nails. She's bitten them down HALFWAY -- they're jagged and raw.

MIA (CONT'D)

Have you seen Sophie?

HANNAH

No. I left right after you did last night. Have you called her?

Mia stares at Sophie's empty chair.

INT. FITTING ROOM - DAY

Mia stands on the fitting room pedestal. She's dressed in the BLACK DRESS and GOLD MASQUERADE MASK again, FAKE BLOOD dripping. More pale than before, she sweats under the lights.

Saint-Pierre stands with the Tailor. Frustrated.

SAINT-PIERRE

It doesn't look the same.

TAILOR

We didn't touch it --

SAINT-PIERRE

I know what I'm looking at. Check.

The tailor grabs tape and wraps it around her waist.

TAILOR

You're right. She went down a size.

MIA

What?

Mia looks concerned. Saint-Pierre puts his hand over his mouth and steps in front of her. A scary look in his eye.

SAINT-PIERRE
You're losing weight. Why?

MIA
I don't know. I'm not trying to --

SAINT-PIERRE
We've already done ten fittings. If you lose weight then we have to redo all of them.

He GRABS and JERKS her JAW. The room is silent, uncomfortable. Mia is terrified as he inspects her face.

SAINT-PIERRE (CONT'D)
You're pale. Why?

MIA
I -- I don't know --

SAINT-PIERRE
This is not what I asked of you. This is not what I want. This is not what Lucinda wants, or Vogue wants, or what the face of Dollhouse should look like.

MIA
I'm sorry --

He GRABS HER THROAT and SQUEEZES. The tailors GASP. Claude, watching in the back, steps forward, concerned. She CHOKES. He is as incensed as any man can be.

SAINT-PIERRE
This has to be perfect. Do you understand me? I am giving you the opportunity of a lifetime. You're the face of a vision that took me five years to create. Five fucking years. You have to be perfect. Bad things will happen if you are not. Do you understand?

Mia nods. He holds for another second as she struggles to breath and releases her. She collapses, gasping for air. He looks at her in disgust. Straightens out his suit.

SAINT-PIERRE (CONT'D)
Good.

A KNOCK AT THE DOOR. Immediately, Saint-Pierre is furious --

SAINT-PIERRE (CONT'D)
(French; subtitled)
*I said I did not want to be fucking
disturbed --*

CLAUDE
(French; subtitled)
I'm sorry. I will handle this.

He opens the door. We hear unintelligible voices as Saint-Pierre LOOMS over Mia. Like the power is a rush to him.

CLAUDE (CONT'D)
(French; subtitled)
Monsieur. It is urgent.

SAINT-PIERRE
Non je suis occupé --

CLAUDE
C'est la police.

Everybody looks up. Saint-Pierre looks at Claude for a moment, then heads for the door. As the door opens, we catch a glimpse of OFFICER BAILEY and OFFICER HOLLOWAY in the hall.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - PRECINCT - NIGHT

Mia's makeup runs as she wipes tears from her eyes. She's still in the black dress. Her GOLD MASK lays on the table as she wipes the fake blood off her neck with a paper towel.

Officer Holloway sits across from her.

OFFICER HOLLOWAY
Again, you are not in trouble. We
just wanted to talk with you away
from...everything else.

Officer Bailey comes in with a glass of water for her.

MIA
Who found her?

OFFICER HOLLOWAY
One of the other tenants heard the
sound. Called it in. You said you
guys were out celebrating?

MIA
Yeah. We had just learned we got
the Vogue cover.

OFFICER BAILEY
Vogue? Damn.

Holloway glares at him. Bailey clears his throat.

OFFICER HOLLOWAY
And there were drugs consumed?

Mia is silent.

OFFICER HOLLOWAY (CONT'D)
You're not here because we want to
lock you up for taking some pills.
We just want to know what happened.

MIA
She had been drinking. Took some
ecstasy, I don't know what else.
But she does that all the time. She
wasn't suicidal. I would've known
if something was wrong.

OFFICER HOLLOWAY
Sometimes we don't always notice --

MIA
She wouldn't have killed herself.

OFFICER HOLLOWAY
So you think she was murdered?

She doesn't know what to say. Or what to think.

OFFICER BAILEY
Tell us about Mr. Saint-Pierre.

MIA
What about him?

OFFICER BAILEY
Has he ever been violent towards
you? Have you felt...unsafe?

Mia has a FLASHBACK TO:

- Saint-Pierre CHOKING HER just moments before.
- Saint-Pierre fucking her as her back is sliced by shards of the broken mirror, his hand CLASPING HER MOUTH SHUT.

MIA
No.

OFFICER BAILEY
And Sophie? What was their
relationship like?

She has another flashback to:

- Sophie bent over a sink in the Met bathroom as Saint-Pierre
PRESSES her face down onto the counter, fucking her --

MIA
I don't know. Normal? Why? You
think he killed the girl he had
just given the cover of Vogue to?

OFFICER BAILEY
You tell us.

MIA
He's a fashion designer.

OFFICER HOLLOWAY
I'm not sure anyone knows what he
truly is.

MIA
What do you mean?

OFFICER HOLLOWAY
This isn't the first time he's been
on our radar. A model killed
herself on his first campaign.
There were signs of foul play but
we could never prove anything.

OFFICER BAILEY
Three girls since then have died on
his campaigns. Two of which he was
allegedly fucking.

OFFICER HOLLOWAY
I don't know where he's been. But I
know that before he left, there
were questions.

Mia wipes the fake blood off her neck. Avoiding their gaze.

MIA
I don't know what you're talking
about. He's been great to me.

Officer Bailey leans closer to her...

OFFICER BAILEY
What happened to your neck?

For the first time, we see BRUISES.

EXT. PATIO - NIGHT

Alix and Mia sit on their balcony. Alix sips Vodka.

ALIX

There has to be something.

MIA

I don't why everyone's asking me
this --

ALIX

Because he likes you --

MIA

Why do you think that? Because I
got Vogue it must be because the
designer wants to fuck me?

ALIX

Two of our friends are dead. And
both of them are working for him
and you don't even seem sad, or
worried, or suspicious at all.

MIA

Don't tell me I'm not sad. I'm not
suspicious because I know him.

ALIX

Do you? Because to me, it looks
like he has you wrapped around his
finger. He's turning you into
something I don't even recognize
anymore.

MIA

He's turning me into a supermodel.

ALIX

What happened to Mia? Don't you
want to be her?

Mia stares out at the lights of Manhattan.

MIA

I want to be somebody.

She plays with her nails -- they start to BLEED. Alix looks
at her with sad eyes. Takes a sip of Vodka.

ALIX
I think I'm quitting Dior.

MIA
What? Why?

ALIX
It's just not fun anymore. Josh got a job offer in Philly and I'm thinking of going with him.

MIA
So, what -- you're just going to leave me here by myself?

ALIX
There's more to life than 'being somebody', Mia. I hope that you'll see that someday soon.

Alix heads inside. Mia sits alone. Emotions overcoming her.

INT. BATHROOM - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mia steps on the scale. 119 lbs. *Shit.*

She dumps five pills in her hand and swallows them dry. She looks down at her hand and sees another one of her NAILS BLEEDING. The blood starts coming faster and faster...

Suddenly, TWO OTHER FINGERNAILS start to bleed. Both bitten down near the cuticle. Mia turns on the faucet and runs water over them, GRIMACING as the water touches the raw flesh.

But the blood doesn't stop -- it just keeps coming, more and more, thicker and thicker until the ENTIRE SINK IS BLOOD RED.

She tries to suck the blood out and another NAIL comes off in her mouth. She spits it out and it gets lodged in the drain. The bloody water then OVERFLOWS THE SINK, seeping onto the counter and dripping down the cabinets --

She goes to remove it when TWO MORE NAILS CRACK and COME OFF HER HAND. She winces in pain. Brings her trembling hand out of the water. ALL OF HER NAILS ARE GONE. Just bright red, raw flesh. Panicking, she looks up in the mirror --

AND SEES ADALENE STANDING RIGHT BEHIND HER.

She SCREAMS and whips around -- but nobody's there.

She collapses on the ground in a panic attack. Her hands trembling, her breathing rapid. She clutches her chest...

INT. DR. WOODARD'S OFFICE - MORNING

All of the fingers on Mia's left hand are wrapped in band-aids. The bags under her eyes have gotten more pronounced -- her cheekbones are visible. She's paler, getting skinnier.

SUPER: 9 DAYS TO PREMIERE.

MIA

I know she wasn't suicidal. I would've known.

She picks at the band-aids. Dr. Woodard watches.

DR. WOODARD

I think we should leave the speculation for the authorities. What I can best help you with is your grief. How are you feeling?

MIA

Awful. Two of my friends are dead. Alix might be leaving me. I can't eat. I can't sleep. And I'm supposed to be on the cover of Vogue in a week.

(then)

Every time something good happens to me, something a thousand times worse follows.

DR. WOODARD

Are you having night terrors?

Mia looks up from her band-aids. Considering telling her...

MIA

I'm seeing somebody. In my dreams. Sometimes during the day, too. A woman. Skinny. Brunette. Pale with dark eyes.

Dr. Woodard sits silently. We realize that the woman she is describing sounds eerily like...Mia.

MIA (CONT'D)

She's dripping wet sometimes and looks like some kind of corpse.

DR. WOODARD

What does she do when you see her?

MIA

She's trying to kill me.

Dr. Woodard stares for a beat. Sets her notes aside.

MIA (CONT'D)

I know it sounds crazy but she's wearing the same clothes I am in the show. She follows me --

DR. WOODARD

I think you should step away from work for a bit.

MIA

What? No. I can't --

DR. WOODARD

Mia, this is something that goes way beyond anxiety. You're experiencing intense trauma from recent events which is very understandable, but it has to be dealt with.

MIA

If you could just increase my meds while I get through this --

DR. WOODARD

I can't do that. You're on a very high dose of benzodiazepines as it is and this has nothing to do with medication. Your emotions are in a tailspin and they're manifesting themselves physically.

MIA

I just need something to get me through the show, then we can --

DR. WOODARD

That's not how this works. I wouldn't be doing my job if I just handed you a bunch of pills.

MIA

Then maybe I should find a new doctor.

Dr. Woodard raises her eyebrows, taken aback. We see something in Mia's eyes. Anger. But also...desperation.

INT. HANNAH'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

The blinds are drawn and room is dark as Mia and Hannah watch AMERICAN BEAUTY. The scene where Mena Suvari performs a dance routine at the basketball game.

Hannah lights a BONG, inhales and exhales. Offers it to Mia.

MIA
I'm good, thanks.

Hannah shrugs, sinks into the couch and eats gummy worms. Mia is waiting for her new NEON BLUE FAKE NAILS to dry. In her other hand, she twirls the 'SP' crystal and gold LAPEL PIN.

HANNAH
I love this movie so much.

MIA
She's beautiful.

HANNAH
Drew really nailed that style for
your shoot.

A heavy silence in the air.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
I helped his parents clean out his
studio yesterday. I have all the
files and hardcopies from your
shoot if you want them.

MIA
Oh -- sure. Thanks.

They watch in silence as the iconic scene unfolds where Mena is isolated on the basketball court, a spotlight illuminating her. Mia's anxiety is through the roof.

MIA (CONT'D)
Fuck it. I'll try it.

She leans over, grabs the bong. Hannah sits up.

HANNAH
You sure?

MIA
You just have to light it for me.

She does -- Mia inhales and starts hacking up a lung.

HANNAH
Have you smoked before?

Mia shakes her head, her trembling hand reaching for water.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
It'll burn for a second. Just keep
drinking.

Mia drains the water. Keeps coughing. Sits back in her chair. Her eyes start getting heavy. In a daze. The coughing slowly subsides. She's high.

She watches in a trance as Mena seductively unzips her cheerleading outfit and the red roses fall out. She watches it all...seeing HERSELF as the center of attention...

HANNAH (CONT'D)
Hey, by the way -- I need to talk
to you about something. I'm --

Suddenly, Mia's PHONE RINGS on the other side of the room, charging on Hannah's vanity. She slowly gets up and goes to grab it. It's CLAUDE. As she picks it up, she notices something underneath...

A PICTURE. STICKING OUT FROM A FOLDER LABELED 'DOLLHOUSE'.

Mia slowly pulls it out, revealing --

A PHOTOGRAPH OF ADALENE. In the white dress, taken some years before. She looks young, vibrant, but in the same makeup.

It looks exactly like the photograph we saw of Mia on Drew's computer after her shoot.

Mia's hands tremble as she holds it. Can't tell if it's real or if she's just really fucking high.

MIA
Who is this?

HANNAH
What?

MIA
(frantic)
This woman. Who is she? Where did
you get this?

HANNAH
Calm down, you're freaking me out --

Mia takes the photo, thrusts it in Hannah's face.

MIA
Who is this!

HANNAH
 I don't know! Saint-Pierre gave it
 to me as a reference for your look!
 Why, what's wrong?

Mia puts her hands over her head, tries to breathe. Then,
 abruptly, she takes the photograph and heads for the door...

HANNAH (CONT'D)
 Mia!

EXT. TIMES SQUARE - EVENING

Mia emerges from the subway in Times Square, photograph in
 hand. Anxious. She looks up and FREEZES in her tracks.

EVERY SINGLE BILLBOARD, TICKER, POSTER, VIDEO is BLACK and
 RED with DOLLHOUSE written on it. Like a million billboards
 in different formats and sizes. A complete overload.

Mia looks around, sees people walking by and tourists taking
 pictures as if nothing is out of the ordinary. She is
 confused -- but completely hypnotized.

INT. THEATRE - NIGHT

Mia enters the theatre where production is almost complete.
 The stage is BRIGHT WHITE, fake RED and BLACK BLOOD
 splattered over the runway and all over THE THEATRE WALLS. A
 dozen BLACK COFFINS standing upright on stage.

The back of the stage is covered with a myriad of enlarged,
 stylized NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS and HEADLINES --

SAINT-PIERRE MODEL FOUND DEAD OF APPARENT SUICIDE...

PARISIAN DESIGNER SAINT-PIERRE CHECKS INTO REHAB...

NOTORIOUS FASHION DESIGNER SUFFERS MENTAL BREAKDOWN...

REPORTS OF SAINT-PIERRE CHECKING INTO PSYCHIATRIC FACILITY...

THIRTY SAINT-PIERRE STORES CLOSE, DESIGNER DISAPPEARS...

It's a FASHION HOUSE OF HORRORS. Unsettling and disturbing.

MELANIE (O.S.)
 Jesus Christ, what happened to you?

Mia turns, sees Melanie and Cara fresh from their fittings. Cara walks closer. Brushes Mia's HAIR out of her face --

CARA
Odd when the dead friend is the
better looking one --

Mia GRABS her wrist. Her fake nails barely puncture the skin, a single droplet of BLOOD running down Cara's wrist. Both girls try to hide their surprise at her flash of violence.

CARA (CONT'D)
This isn't going to end the way you
think it will. I promise.

Mia's eyes show a spark of evil. Like she's transforming...

EXT. ROOF - THEATRE - NIGHT

It's raining. The bright lights of New York in a blurry glow. Claude carries an umbrella for Mia as she approaches the same table as before, where Saint-Pierre sips an espresso.

She sits. Eyes him. A mixture of suspicion and wonder. He grabs her hand and she lights up.

SAINT-PIERRE
I have heard about Sophie. I cannot
express to you how my heart breaks.
I feel a great sense of loss, but I
know it pales in comparison to the
pain you feel.

Mia nods. Trying not to cry.

MIA
Thank you.

SAINT-PIERRE
If you need anything at all, please
-- I am here for you.

She smiles. Feels infinitely better already. He takes a long look at her. Her pale skin, wet, stringy hair, skinny body, jutting cheek bones, dark eyes with bags...

He chooses his words carefully as he cups her hand in his.

SAINT-PIERRE (CONT'D)
Mia, it is very apparent to me that
you are struggling. It is very
important to me that everything in
this show is absolutely perfect.
(MORE)

SAINT-PIERRE (CONT'D)
But right now, you are not perfect.
And I cannot let you be the face of
it.

Her heart shatters. Jaw drops.

MIA
What?

SAINT-PIERRE
I think it's best for us to pull
back on your role in the show. Cara
and Melanie will do the shoot --

Mia stands, infuriated, desperate.

MIA
No! You promised me I could do
this! This is supposed to be mine!

SAINT-PIERRE
Mia --

MIA
The theme of the show is death,
right? I'd think that with all the
shit I've been through since you
brought me on, that makes me a
pretty fucking good candidate.

Saint-Pierre glances at Claude -- his face stoic.

MIA (CONT'D)
I can do this.

Saint-Pierre sips his espresso. Thinks.

SAINT-PIERRE
Okay. I will keep you on the cover.
But let's be clear. If it is not
perfect, or exactly what I want --

MIA
Thank you --

He SLAMS his fist on the table. The coffee cup rattles.

SAINT-PIERRE
Do not fucking interrupt me.

Mia stands terrified as the rain pours around them.

SAINT-PIERRE (CONT'D)
Get some rest and go back to being
who you were during your audition.
That's the Mia I want.

She nods. Alix's words echoing in her mind. She gets up --

SAINT-PIERRE (CONT'D)
One more thing. Hannah came to see
me yesterday. Seems she's quitting
the campaign.

MIA
(shocked)
She's what?

SAINT-PIERRE
What we are doing here is
confidential. And she has already
proven she can get me the exact
look I want with you. She cannot
leave. Not this late.

MIA
I'll talk to her.

SAINT-PIERRE
So will I.

The soft PATTERNING OF RAIN on the umbrella as Mia stares back
at Saint-Pierre, a menacing and threatening look in his eyes.

INT. SUBWAY - NIGHT

Mia hustles down the stairs of the subway. She checks her
phone -- 5% battery. She dials.

It goes STRAIGHT TO VOICEMAIL.

MIA
Fuck!

She hears the *BEEP* as the subway arrives.

MIA (CONT'D)
Hey, it's me. I need to talk to
you. You didn't tell me you were
going to fucking *quit the campaign*,
the show is in three days. I need
you.

Mia moves pushes through the crowd towards the subway door --

MIA (CONT'D)
And Saint-Pierre was really angry.
He said he was going to come and
talk to you but I --

BEEP. Mia checks the phone. CALL FAILED.

MIA (CONT'D)
Shit!

The subway doors close. She slips inside --

INT. HANNAH'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Hannah grabs things from her bathroom, shoving them in a travel bag and into a massive suitcase on top of her bed. Her window is open, rain leaking inside.

HANNAH
Dammit --

She SHUTS IT.

She walks to the LIVING ROOM and to the vanity, where she gathers her stylist supplies. As she grabs her pair of STYLIST SCISSORS, she notices the manila DOLLHOUSE folder. She opens it -- Adalene's picture is gone.

A KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

She freezes for a moment. Checks her watch. 10:41 P.M. She carefully walks towards the door...

HANNAH (CONT'D)
Who is it?

No answer. She walks closer, grabs the doorknob, debating whether to open it...

And finally, she DOES. But nobody's there. Just the rain.

She shuts the door and goes back to her vanity. She gathers her supplies -- but the scissors aren't where she left them. She checks the bag, her pockets. Nothing.

Confused, she turns OFF the living room lights and heads back to her bedroom where she sees --

THE WINDOW IS OPEN. Rain leaking in again.

She stands completely still, terrified. She starts to walk back out of the room when we see --

The SILHOUETTE OF A DARK FIGURE BEHIND HER.

Before she can turn around, a CLEAR PLASTIC BAG is THROWN OVER HER HEAD. She's wrestled to the floor as she suffocates, her limbs flailing and clawing at the bag --

As she struggles, she's able to identify the figure standing over her and her eyes WIDEN with terror. We catch a glimpse of her STYLIST SCISSORS as they are PLUNGED INTO HER THROAT --

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

A crowd emerges from the subway. Mia's frantically trying to call Hannah -- but her phone DIES. *Fuck.*

Exasperated, she looks around and notices a brunette woman just hanging up her phone. Mia rushes towards her --

MIA

Excuse me, ma'am, but could I --

The woman turns around and --

It's ADALENE. Her BLACK EYE SHADOW running down her face, just how it was styled for Mia in the hospital gown. She stares at Mia, CRYING and WAILING...

Mia RECOILS IN HORROR and sprints in the other direction.

LATER --

Mia takes two pills from her pocket and swallows them, hands trembling as she hails a TAXI. She finally flags one down -- on the top of it is a black and red advertisement. DOLLHOUSE.

INT. TAXI - CONTINUOUS

Mia jumps inside the back seat --

MIA

228 East 54th --

The driver turns around. It's ADALENE in the GOLD MASK, BLOOD DRIPPING DOWN HER MOUTH AND NECK. She smiles.

Mia SCREAMS, reaches for the door -- the car is LOCKED. Adalene starts crawling into the backseat, reaching for Mia. Mia KICKS wildly, hitting her in the jaw, blood splattering on the windows and all over Mia.

She frantically reaches for the locks and is able to pull it up. She falls out of the car --

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

-- and races down the street, blood on her face and clothes. She turns a corner, running as fast as she can, runs through an alley, emerges on a street and finds herself at --

The DOLLHOUSE THEATRE.

INT. THEATRE - MOMENTS LATER

It's pitch black. Mia feels her way through the seats and towards the runway. She climbs up and searches for a light on the wing of the stage. She pulls a lever.

EXIT MUSIC (FOR A FILM) starts to play and the entire theatre ILLUMINATES. The fashion house of horrors suddenly feels much more harrowing when she's here by herself. The coffins onstage, the fake blood on the runway and walls...

RADIOHEAD

*Wake from your sleep / The drying
of your tears / Today, we escape /
We escape...*

She walks to the center of the stage. Looking out at all of the empty seats. Suddenly, there is STATIC on the video board behind her. When she turns to see, it changes to --

A picture of ADALENE. The same one she saw on Hannah's desk.

As she stares at it, she doesn't see THE REAL ADALENE, DRIPPING WET in the white dress, slowly walking the runway behind her.

RADIOHEAD (CONT'D)

*Pack and get dressed / Before your
father hears us / Before all hell
breaks loose...*

Mia looks around, confused. Tears in her eyes. On the verge of a breakdown. Under the lights, she looks even skinnier and paler than every before. The blood on her skin GLISTENS.

MIA

What is happening to me?

The hairs on her forearms stand up. She turns around and sees Adalene, standing a few feet away from her. Tears roll down Mia's cheeks. Adalene just stares. Looking dead as fuck.

MIA (CONT'D)

(screaming)

What do you want from me!

Adalene steps towards her, just inches away now. Mia trembles in fear. Adalene touches her hair, brushes it out of her face. Then, just as she's about to finally SPEAK --

INT. HANNAH'S HOUSE - MORNING

She sits up, GASPING FOR AIR. Another night terror. Only this time --

There's still blood on her face.

She looks around -- realizes she's in Hannah's house. Wipes sweat from her face and slowly stands.

MIA

Hannah?

The window is open where rain has leaked in. She looks around the bedroom -- most of her clothes and belongings are gone.

She walks into the LIVING ROOM -- nothing is out of the ordinary. All pristine. But the vanity is clear of all of her stylist supplies.

MIA (CONT'D)

Hannah, are you home?

She looks into the mirror, sees the blood on her face. Rushes into Hannah's --

BATHROOM --

And frantically splashes water on her face. She looks down at her right hand -- a NAIL is hanging off.

MIA (CONT'D)

Fuck. Fuck fuck.

She tries to somehow reattach it but RIPS IT OFF. As it bleeds, she runs it under the water and TWO MORE NAILS RIP OFF, blood swirling in the sink. She grimaces.

MIA (CONT'D)

Fuck! God fucking dammit!

She looks at herself in the mirror. Her lips are cracked and bleeding. Her skin is white as a ghost. Her eyes are black holes. Cheek bones jagged. She touches her face, as if she can't believe it's really her.

She turns around, sees her shoulder blades jutting through her shirt. She lifts it up. Her ribs visible.

She tries to smooth her hair -- and pulls out a CLUMP in her fist. She stares in horror.

She's literally falling apart.

She reaches into her pocket for pills, her bloody hand shaking, and as she pulls it out, the pills go SPILLING ACROSS THE FLOOR along with --

A folded up picture.

She stares at it for a moment, then bends down and picks it up. Opens it. Sees Adalene. She lets it fall to the floor and collapses against the wall. Puts her heads between her knees and tries to breathe. Losing all control.

SUPER: 5 DAYS UNTIL PREMIERE.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Alix pours Mia a glass of water as she sits at the island in the kitchen, wiping tears away.

ALIX

She didn't even tell you?

MIA

No. She was already gone.

ALIX

Jesus. That's kinda fucked.

MIA

I feel like I'm going crazy.

She takes a sip of water. Alix bites her tongue...

ALIX

Josh and I are leaving tomorrow.

MIA

What?

ALIX

You should come with us. We're staying in a hotel while we try to find a place.

MIA

You're leaving already? Why? What am I supposed to do without you?

ALIX

I'm saying you should come with us.
This job is killing you. It's made
you into -- *this*.

That last part stings.

MIA

My job has nothing to do with --

ALIX

Mia.

MIA

He's given me everything! I
couldn't afford rent a month ago
and now I finally have something to
be proud of. He's making me
somebody I've always want to be.

ALIX

This is who you always wanted to
be? Look at yourself!

MIA

You can't leave. Everyone else has
left, you can't leave me too --

ALIX

He's hurting you --

Mia THROWS her glass against the wall. It shatters.

MIA

No! He's not! You don't know him!

There's a scary spark in her eyes. Alix takes a step back.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mia stands on the scale. 111 lbs. *That can't be right, can it?* She gets off, SHAKES THE SCALE, gets back on. 110 lbs.

Horrificed, she walks in front of the mirror. She is
HORRIFICALLY SKINNY. Nothing but bones and flesh. Her eyes
catch the crystal and gold 'SP' lapel pin by the sink. All of
the sudden...

The BONES START BURSTING THROUGH THE SKIN. The flesh starts
to RIP, like it's a piece of clothing that's too tight, and
BLOOD starts to GUSH out of her. Her skin looks like it's
MELTING.

Panicked, she feels her face and watches as the skin **MELTS OFF HER FACE**, like her body is **RAPIDLY DECOMPOSING** in front of her very eyes. She **SCREAMS...**

INT. MAKE-UP ROOM - THEATRE - MORNING

Mia stares in the mirror, touching her face. Examining her ghoulish features and ghostly skin.

Cara and Melanie enter, drinking green smoothies. Cara kneels behind her chair, looking into the mirror with her.

MELANIE

Heard you lost your stylist. Tough break. But don't worry -- I'm sure things will work out spectacularly for you. Again.

She gives a wicked smile and leaves. Mia looks at all the other girls -- their stylists applying make-up, transforming them from normal to supermodel.

Mia turns back to her own mirror. Alone. Pathetically, she starts to apply her own makeup...

INT. FITTING ROOM - LATER

Mia stands on the pedestal in the infamous **WHITE DRESS**. The 'SP' crystal and gold **LAPEL PIN** affixed on the front. Her chest bones visible. Pale. Sweating. As the tailors check her waistline, Saint-Pierre watches in the corner. **FUMING**.

TAILOR

It's falling off of her.

Saint-Pierre just stares. A violence in his eyes.

SAINT-PIERRE

She is closing the show in this.

TAILOR

We need more time --

SAINT-PIERRE

Everybody out.

They don't have to be told twice. Mia's heart lurches into her throat. He walks towards her, slowly...

SAINT-PIERRE (CONT'D)

I'm taking you off the Vogue shoot.

MIA

What?

SAINT-PIERRE

It was a mistake. Melanie and Cara will do it. And they will open and close the show as well.

MIA

No, wait, I can do this --

He PUNCHES THE MIRROR, BLOOD spurting out his hand --

SAINT-PIERRE

No you can't! Look at yourself. You don't have what I need. I need perfection. I thought you could handle this opportunity but you can't. You will walk in the middle of the show with the others.

Mia's eyes bubble with tears.

SAINT-PIERRE (CONT'D)

This dress is the most important part of the show. It is the end to the masterpiece. It is everything I have to say. It is why I fucking chose you. *It's what makes you her.*

MIA

Please --

Mia's eyes glisten with tears. As one rolls down her cheek, he GRABS HER THROAT, YANKS HER OFF THE PEDESTAL, THROWS HER UP AGAINST THE MIRROR --

SAINT-PIERRE

I have given you everything you could ever want. You are never going to be who I thought you could be. This is my fucking magnum opus. *And you are nothing to me.*

He storms out of the room. She sinks to the floor, sobbing.

INT./EXT. HANNAH'S HOUSE - SUNSET

Officer Bailey and Holloway get out of their police cruiser and walk towards the small house.

OFFICER HOLLOWAY

Does her mom live in the city?

OFFICER BAILEY
No. She lives in Portland. Says her
daughter was supposed to fly in
this morning but never did.

Officer Bailey knocks on the door. Nothing. He knocks again.

OFFICER BAILEY (CONT'D)
NYPD! Anybody home?

Nothing. Looks to Holloway, he shrugs. He knocks again,
harder, and the door CRACKS OPEN.

He gently pushes it open --

OFFICER BAILEY (CONT'D)
Anybody home?

They step INSIDE THE HOUSE --

Everything looks normal. Officer Bailey heads to the bedroom.
Notices the open window and streaks of rain. He turns back,
roaming around the room. Opens the closet --

Most of the clothes are gone. But at the bottom -- HANNAH'S
SUITCASE and STYLIST bag. He walks back to the living room,
where Holloway is looking around with a flashlight.

OFFICER HOLLOWAY
Anything?

OFFICER BAILEY
Her bags are here.

OFFICER HOLLOWAY
Maybe she hasn't left?

Bailey thinks. Heads for the GARAGE. Opens the door --

Her car is there. He opens the front door, inspects the
inside. Nothing. As he goes to get out he notices -- the
button for the TRUNK. Presses it.

OFFICER HOLLOWAY (CONT'D)
Anything?

Bailey ignores him, goes to the back of the car. Pauses for a
moment...then lifts the trunk...

And RECOILS IN HORROR. We get a quick glimpse of --

HANNAH, her face covered in the bloody clear plastic bag. Her
eyes are open and her tongue has been CUT OUT.

Her neck has been SLICED from EAR to EAR. Her scissors
STICKING OUT OF HER CHEST.

INT. DR. WOODARD'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Dr. Woodard packs up for the night. There's a KNOCK at the
door. Surprised, she checks the clock -- 9:23 P.M.

She opens the door and sees Mia standing there. Distraught.

LATER --

Dr. Woodard takes out a pill bottle and water bottle as Mia
sits on the couch, rambling, in a panic.

MIA
I know it was him. All of this is
him. He's trying to turn me into
something. Or *someone*.

Dr. Woodard sets down a water bottle and two pills. Mia is
picking at her EYELASHES -- they're coming off.

MIA (CONT'D)
What is this?

DR. WOODARD
Librium. It will calm you down.

She shoves them in her mouth and gulps them down. Dr. Woodard
watches with a keen eye as she takes a seat.

DR. WOODARD (CONT'D)
What do you mean he's trying to
turn you into someone?

Mia reaches into her pocket, pulls out the folded photograph
and hands it over. It's covered in DRIED BLOOD. She opens it.

MIA
I don't know who she is but he
wants me to look exactly like her.
Made me dye my hair, dresses me
like her. He probably did to her
what he's doing to me.

She takes a sip of water. Her vision starts to get a bit
blurry. She shakes her head. Drowsy.

MIA (CONT'D)
He's a monster. And he killed Drew
and Sophie. I know he did.
(MORE)

MIA (CONT'D)

(then)

How strong are these pills?

DR. WOODARD

Where were you the night that Drew died?

MIA

What?

Dr. Woodard says nothing. Waiting for her to answer.

MIA (CONT'D)

I was at the Metropolitan. For the launch party.

DR. WOODARD

And where did you wake up?

MIA

Home?

Dr. Woodard grabs her notes.

DR. WOODARD

According to our session two days after, you woke up on the couch after Alix heard you screaming.

MIA

Oh. Yeah. I'd had a night terror --

DR. WOODARD

And on the seventeenth, you woke up on your kitchen floor. Sophie was found dead that morning.

(then)

You said you woke up at Hannah's last night. Where was she?

Mia is confused. Her brain is foggy. Eyes heavy.

MIA

I've had night terrors my entire life. I don't see how --

DR. WOODARD

They're not night terrors. It's not parasomnia. You're having a psychotic break with reality.

MIA

A psychotic...what?

DR. WOODARD

The human brain has the ability to protect itself from traumatic events that it knows will harm the psyche. What you thought were night terrors are blackouts.

Mia is struggling to keep her eyes open.

MIA

You think...I killed my friends?

DR. WOODARD

I wondered why the benzos weren't working. But when you started losing weight and your physical appearance deteriorated, I realized -- hallucinations. Persecutory delusions. Apathy. This is psychosis. Your mind has conjured up a reality where you are in danger and need to protect yourself. You don't know what you've done.

She goes to her CONFERENCE PHONE. Dials. Mia is barely awake.

MIA

What did you give me?

DR. WOODARD

Extra-strength Haloperidol. It's a sedative-antipsychotic.

Mia tries to stand. She's wobbly. Holds herself up.

VOICE (THROUGH PHONE)

Bellevue Hospital.

DR. WOODARD

This Dr. Helen Woodard. I'd like to request the transport of a patient -

Mia stumbles over a table, makes her way to Dr. Woodard --

MIA

I'm not crazy. Please. Stop.
Put the phone down --

DR. WOODARD (CONT'D)

-- from 184 East 9th Street,
Unit 7B --

VOICE (THROUGH PHONE)

Voluntary or involuntary?

DR. WOODARD

Involuntary. Patient name is Mia --

MIA
I said stop!

Mia LUNGES and WRESTLES Dr. Woodard to the floor. She climbs on top of her, her vision blurry and head heavy, SEIZING HER THROAT and SLAMMING the back of her head into the floor.

VOICE (THROUGH PHONE)
Dr. Woodard?

Dr. Woodard pries Mia's hands from her throat but before she can escape, Mia grabs a LETTER OPENER and THRUSTS it into her eye. She SCREAMS, blindly clawing at Mia's face, ripping off EYELASHES and grabbing a FISTFUL OF HAIR OFF OF HER SCALP --

VOICE (THROUGH PHONE) (CONT'D)
Hello? Dr. Woodard?

Mia YANKS the letter opener out of Dr. Woodard's eye socket and STABS it DEEP into her HEART, DRAGGING IT DOWN HER CHEST. Blood SPLATTERS on her face.

VOICE (THROUGH PHONE) (CONT'D)
Emergency vehicles are on their way. Stay where you are.

Mia stands, grabs the phone off the table and SMASHES it on the floor. Dripping with blood, she stands over her doctor.

CLUMPS OF HER HAIR are on the floor and Dr. Woodard's fist. Her fake nails have fallen off and her eyelashes have been ripped off. Her lips are cracked. Blood on her face.

She is a fucking corpse.

EXT. MANHATTAN - NIGHT

Mia walks out into the busy streets of New York.

Mia's POV: *All of the lights and her surroundings are blurred together. Her breathing is slowing. She's sedated.*

She tries to read street signs but she can't. She uses all her strength to walk but sedation overtakes her and she collapses. Slowly, she crawls to a nearby ALLEYWAY and we --

CUT TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

A CELL PHONE RINGS incessantly. Mia SHOOTs UP in bed her brain foggy. She takes in her surroundings -- *how the fuck did I get back home?* The phone rings -- she grabs it.

MIA
Hello?

CLAUDE (O.S.)
Mia.

Her heart sinks.

MIA
Yes?

SAINT-PIERRE (O.S.)
Something has come up. Are you at your apartment?

MIA
Yes.

CLAUDE (O.S.)
We are sending a car to you now.

MIA
For what?

CLAUDE (O.S.)
The Vogue Shoot. Cara and Melanie have disappeared.

Mia's face falls. She gets up, walks towards the bathroom --

CLAUDE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Monsieur Saint-Pierre is apologetic for how he behaved towards you yesterday. He is under immense pressure. But he would like you to do the shoot.

Mia looks at herself in the mirror -- pale, skinny, corpse-like. Like she's deteriorated into a grotesque monster. She is somebody not even she recognizes anymore.

MIA
I'd love to.

She hangs up. As she goes to the bathroom, we ANGLE ON:

HER NIGHTSTAND. Where BLOOD DRIPS FROM THE CORNER...

EXT. SAINT-PIERRE'S MANSION - DAY

A photoshoot is being set up on the beach just beyond Saint-Pierre's incredible backyard. The infinity pool with 'SP' painted. Orange trees. Fire pit. Cabana.

CREW MEMBERS and ASSISTANTS race around setting up lights and equipment. The design looks almost like...a wedding...

INT. BALLROOM - SAINT-PIERRE'S MANSION - SAME

Mia sits in a chair in the same massive ballroom where she first emerged in the white dress. A full length mirror in front of her as three STYLISTS -- ASHLEY, GABRIEL, and QUINN -- look at the job facing them in horror.

ASHLEY

Alright, well -- you'll be in this chair for a while, just so you know. We're only doing one style but...we have a lot of work to do.

GABRIEL

We'll start with the wig, and then we can move onto the skin...and the lips...and eyes...

He talks like he's about to try and solve world hunger.

Lucinda walks into the ballroom, aggressively speaking on the phone while her assistant follows her with a cappuccino.

LUCINDA

Tell him I'll call him back, I'll be in London after Dollhouse and then we go to Singapore before --

She looks at Mia. Stops in her tracks. Hangs up the phone.

LUCINDA (CONT'D)

What is this?

MIA

I'm Mia --

LUCINDA

No, no -- this is not the same girl Marceau sent me pictures of. What. The Fuck. Is this?

She takes off her glasses, steps forward, examining her --

LUCINDA (CONT'D)

You're to be on the cover of *Vogue*.
With *Marceau de Saint-Pierre*. Is
this some kind of joke?

MIA

He asked me to do it.

LUCINDA

Then maybe he's insane after all,
because I can do fuck all with
this.

MIA

He said he wanted me. Ask him.

A heavy silence. Lucinda SIGHS.

LUCINDA

Okay. Fuck it. But I don't want her
out of that chair for the next
three hours and if she doesn't come
out looking like Marilyn fucking
Monroe, I'm firing everybody.

She leaves in a huff. Her assistant follows. The stylists and
Mia turn back to the mirror -- ready to get to work.

LATER --

Ashley adds some finishing touches to Mia's face. WE ONLY SEE
HER FROM THE BACK, and what we see is a gorgeous, full head
of brown hair. Half-up half-down.

ASHLEY

Alright. I think you're just about
ready. The dress is upstairs in the
hallway bathroom.

MIA

Thank you.

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Still following from the back, Mia walks into the bathroom
where the white dress hangs from the shower. She eyes it for
a moment, running her fingers across the cotton before
carefully undressing and slipping it on.

She turns to the mirror and -- we finally see her.

Her hair is a dark brown, thick with glued-in EXTENSIONS. Her
fake EYELASHES look lush and real.

She has sparkling BLACK EYESHADOW over her eyes, which are now an electric BLUE from contacts. Her cracked LIPS are now full and scarlet red.

She looks IDENTICAL to Adalene's photograph. Her makeup identical, hairstyle identical, and dress identical.

She is entirely fake. But she is flawless.

EXT. HALLWAY - LATER

Mia exits the bathroom, carrying herself with a new sense of confidence. As she walks down the hall, she notices -- a DOOR. CRACKED OPEN.

Her curiosity getting the best of her, she carefully pushes it open and walks in.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

It's Saint-Pierre's bedroom. A gold chandelier above his red satin sheets with the 'SP' logo imprinted on them. Movie screen with a projector. An incredible room that looks like --

THE EXACT SAME ROOM FROM THE OPENING.

Down to the very last detail, from the closet to the vanity, we recognize it as being an exact replica. Mia wanders around, looks out the window and sees Saint-Pierre talking with Lucinda on the beach, where an ALTAR has been set up.

She then notices something on the nightstand. A picture. She carefully picks it up and her face drops when she sees --

ADALENE, cuddled up to a stoic but joyful Saint-Pierre on their wedding day. She's in the exact same makeup, wearing the exact same white dress.

The woman that has been haunting her is his wife.

She turns the picture over and sees a note scribbled on the back -- "TO MARCEAU - I LOOK FORWARD TO WATCHING YOU TAKE OVER THE WORLD. FOREVER YOURS, ADALENE."

She stares at the picture again. Her HEAD is on his chest, smiling, with her LEFT ARM DRAPED OVER HIS RIGHT SHOULDER. They're on the beach, an altar behind them. Just like...

Mia rushes to the window. Sees the altar. The white set. The flower decorations. To her horror, she realizes --

IT'S THE SAME WEDDING.

CLAUDE (O.S.)
What are you doing?

Mia SCREAMS and JUMPS, dropping the picture. It SHATTERS.

Claude rushes to pick up the glass. We can see in the urgency with which he tries to salvage the frame that he is upset.

CLAUDE (CONT'D)
You should not be in here.

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

She watches as Claude carefully picks up the picture --

MIA (CONT'D)
Why am I dressed like her?

Surprised, Claude FREEZES for a moment -- then continues.

CLAUDE
I do not choose the outfits.

MIA
Where is she?

Claude stands and looks her dead in the eyes. Emotionless.

CLAUDE
Marceau is ready for you.

EXT. BEACH - SAINT-PIERRE'S MANSION - SUNSET

IN SLOW MOTION: Mia approaches Saint-Pierre, who's standing in the sand with a stoic but joyful look on his face. Surrounded by white flowers, an altar behind him...

SAINT-PIERRE
You look incredible.

She gives him a faint smile.

LUCINDA
Stylists are heroes, I swear to God. Okay Mia, you're going to be to his left. Head on his chest. Left arm draped across him.

Her heart stops. She doesn't move. Lucinda comes closer with her camera, FLASHING a few to get a feel of the angles.

LUCINDA (CONT'D)
Mia, head on his chest.

Unsettled, Mia gently puts her head on his chest...

LUCINDA (CONT'D)
Put your arm across him.

She puts her arm across but it hovers off of his suit.

LUCINDA (CONT'D)
Closer!

Although not visible to Lucinda, we see Saint-Pierre discretely GRAB the back of her neck and shove her face into his chest. He grabs her arm and jerks it across him, closer. He's not fucking around.

LUCINDA (CONT'D)
There you go! Now give me a look,
Mia. Show me what you're made of.

Uncomfortable, she gives a model stare.

LUCINDA (CONT'D)
Smile! This is fucking Vogue for
God's sake!

Mia offers a faint smile. The CAMERAS flash. She's getting anxious. Overwhelmed. Saint-Pierre still holding her neck.

LUCINDA (CONT'D)
Smile Mia! Come on, Smile!

She looks around at the DOZENS of people watching, crew members holding multi-colored light reflectors, stylists gazing on, tailors at the ready, editors on laptops, assistants, PAs, Vogue executives staring...

Her eyes dart back and forth, panic setting in --

LUCINDA (CONT'D)
FUCKING SMILE!

Terrified, Mia looks at the camera and -- SMILES.

FLASH!

FREEZE FRAME: Mia is wearing the exact same smile that Adalene was. Her posture and look are identical.

It's almost impossible to tell they're different people.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Mia walks in. It's pitch black. She heads upstairs --

ALIX (O.S.)

Mia.

Mia JUMPS. Terrified.

MIA

Jesus fucking Christ.

She walks down a few steps, turns on the light. She's still in the white dress, her hair and makeup still perfect.

Alix and Josh are on the couch. Suitcases nearby.

MIA (CONT'D)

I thought you'd left.

ALIX

Not yet.

MIA

Thank God. I have to talk to you. Everything you said about Saint-Pierre? I think it's true. There's this reference photograph he's been using of this woman and --

ALIX

Mia --

MIA

-- he's dressing me like her, my hair and makeup and in the same dress, like *he wants me to be her*, and it's his *fucking wife*. I looked her up but I can't find anything --

ALIX

Mia.

She notices their faces. Josh stares at her, fear in his eyes. Alix looks like she's been crying.

MIA

What's going on?

Alix can't find the words. Tears falling.

JOSH

The kitchen.

MIA

What?

JOSH

Look in the kitchen.

Confused, Mia goes to the kitchen, turns on the lights --

AND SEES BLOOD SPLATTERED EVERYWHERE. Sprayed across the white cabinets, dripping down the countertops, puddling all over the floor.

She watches, disturbed, as the blood leaks through the crevices in the hardwood, slowly crawling towards her...

ALIX

(tearfully)

What happened to you, Mia?

Mia can't take her eyes off the blood.

EXT./INT. APARTMENT - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Officer Bailey and Holloway walk towards Mia's door.

OFFICER BAILEY

When did the call come in?

OFFICER HOLLOWAY

Twenty-five minutes ago. Said she'd be home soon.

They reach the door. Bailey knocks.

OFFICER BAILEY

NYPD! Open up!

The sound of something METAL hitting the floor inside. Bailey knocks again, placing his hand on his gun -- when suddenly, the door swings open.

Mia stands there, still in her Vogue outfit. She's eating yogurt. Looks eerily calm, but surprised.

MIA

Oh -- hello.

OFFICER BAILEY

Hello, Mia. Is Alix home?

MIA

Alix? Yeah, she's in her room with her boyfriend. Is something wrong?

OFFICER BAILEY
May we come in?

MIA
Of course.

She steps aside as the officers enter. They take a look around. It's dark, but we notice that the kitchen is SPOTLESS. No blood. They try a light switch. It doesn't work.

OFFICER BAILEY
Where's her room?

MIA
At the back. Over there.

Bailey looks to Holloway, nods towards the stairs. Holloway climbs the stairs and Bailey heads back to Alix's room.

OFFICER BAILEY
Did you see your psychiatrist last night? Dr. Helen Woodard?

MIA
Yeah, I did. Why?

OFFICER BAILEY
What time did you leave?

He knock on Alix's door. Nothing. The door is cracked. He pushes it open. There's NOBODY INSIDE.

MIA
I'm not sure. Nine-thirty maybe?

Bailey hits the light switch. It doesn't work.

MIA (CONT'D)
Sorry. Power's out.

OFFICER BAILEY
Was working fine in the hallway.

Bailey takes out his flashlight, glances around the room.

OFFICER BAILEY (CONT'D)
Thought you said she was here.

MIA
I thought she was.

Mia walks into the doorway. Holloway goes to the closet --

OFFICER BAILEY

Dr. Woodard was found stabbed to death last night. There was a lot of DNA at the scene. And your friend Hannah was found in the trunk of her car, her tongue cut out and throat slit --

Opens the closet door -- we notice that Mia has VANISHED --

OFFICER BAILEY (CONT'D)

-- turns out that the DNA on both of them was a match. Same with Sophie and Drew --

And then, ALIX AND JOSH'S DEAD BODIES TUMBLE OUT OF THE CLOSET ON TOP OF HIM. Alix's face has been SMASHED IN and Josh has a KNIFE stuck in his stomach. He's still alive, barely, in excruciating pain, MOANING...

Bailey falls, pushes the bodies off him, crawls backwards --

OFFICER BAILEY (CONT'D)

Jesus fucking Christ --

-- to where Mia now stands. She wraps a GARROT AROUND HIS THROAT and PULLS as hard as she can --

INT. BEDROOM - SAME

Nervous and sweating, Holloway uses his flashlight to look around. He opens a drawer and finds DOZENS of pill bottles -- ALPRAZOLAM, CLONAZEPAM, LORAZEPAM.

He heads back towards the bedroom and sees --

The BLOOD on the corner of the nightstand. Bends down, sees a pool of dried blood leaking under the bed. Carefully, he lifts the comforter and sees --

CARA'S DEAD, GASHED FACE STARING BACK AT HIM.

OFFICER HOLLOWAY

Fuck. Jesus fucking --

He takes a deep breath, reaches under, grabs a fistful of her hair and PULLS HER BODY OUT.

Her shirt is soaked in blood. As he goes to grab her legs, he catches a glimpse of -- MELANIE'S DEAD BODY, TWISTED IN AN UNFATHOMABLE POSITION, HER NECK AND BACK BROKEN.

OFFICER HOLLOWAY (CONT'D)

Fuck me.

(yelling)

TOM! I'VE GOT TWO BODIES UP HERE --

BAM!

He's struck in the face with an UMBRELLA, sending him sprawling backwards. He reaches for his gun but Mia THRUSTS the umbrella into his HEART, then STOMPS on the handle three times until it GOES THROUGH HIS ENTIRE BODY. Impaled.

She stands over him. Still gorgeous. No remorse whatsoever.

EXT. THEATRE - MORNING

Dozens of NEWS TRUCKS and COP CARS block the street, barriers and officers keeping the massive crowds back. There's a line of people waiting to get in, snaking around the block.

VENDORS stand on sidewalks selling knock off Dollhouse clothes already. CHURCH GROUPS stand on corners with signs about how God hates fashion or some dumb shit like that.

A NEWS REPORTER talks to a camera out front --

NEWS REPORTER

...all eyes are on Manhattan today as Marceau de Saint-Pierre prepares to unveil his comeback line Dollhouse to the world. In what is being called the fashion event of the decade, we've been told that hundreds have already been turned away at the door...

Around him, we see several other news anchors for INTERNATIONAL broadcasts doing the same. A worldwide event.

SUPER: DAY OF SHOW.

MIA steps out of her Uber and walks through all the madness. She shows a cop her ID badge and gets through.

She takes it all in for a moment. All of the excitement, the crowds, the anticipation. She stares up at the marquee, which reads -- MARCEAU de SAINT-PIERRE PRESENTS: DOLLHOUSE.

INT. MAKE-UP ROOM - THEATRE - DAY

Mia stares in the mirror, her podcast playing. She looks at her silk skin, perfect makeup, fake nails, fake hair. She feels them -- making sure there is still a person underneath.

PODCAST (V.O.)

*Once you conquer what you're afraid
of, it can no longer control you.
You become the master of your own
life and your own decisions. You
can become...who you really are.*

The Podcast ends. Mia takes out her AirPods as Claude enters.

CLAUDE

Marceau would like to speak to you.
He's waiting in your dressing room.

INT. DRESSING ROOM - LATER

Mia walks into a private room with white satin couches and a glass coffee table. A dozen roses in a vase, a bottle of whiskey. A vanity in the corner.

On the floor is a WHITE TARP. 'DOLLHOUSE' written across it in black, just like the billboard.

All that's missing is the blood.

Saint-Pierre is standing on the far side of the room, inspecting her outfits that have been hung up. The black dress and gold mask. The hospital gown. The white dress.

Claude locks the door behind them. Mia looks terrified.

SAINT-PIERRE

I've decided we won't need the
hospital gown. You'll open in the
black dress and close in the white.

He turns to her. Smiles. Sits on the couch. She doesn't move. He pours himself a glass of whiskey.

SAINT-PIERRE (CONT'D)

I must confess...five years working
on this and it still doesn't feel
real.

He takes a drink. Mia notices Claude looming behind her.

MIA

What happened to Adalene?

Saint-Pierre stares daggers at her, like the mere mention of her name wakes up something vicious inside of him.

MIA (CONT'D)

Why are you dressing me like her?

SAINT-PIERRE

Why do you think I chose you? You didn't think I actually thought you were something special, did you? I chose you because you *looked like her*. You're a nobody.

Mia fights back tears, stands tall --

MIA

What happened to her?

SAINT-PIERRE

The same thing that's about to happen to you. She died.

Mia's face twists in horror. Her breathing gets rapid. Saint-Pierre starts to pace around the room, sipping his whiskey.

SAINT-PIERRE (CONT'D)

I met her when I was twenty-four, working as a shoe salesman in Paris trying to get my own designs off the ground. We fell in love quicker than either of us realized. She was my model, my assistant, my toughest critic -- she was everything.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

A small, cramped apartment outside Paris. Saint-Pierre sits on a dingy couch, nervously tapping his foot.

Suddenly, Adalene emerges in the WHITE DRESS. Spins. She's smiling, elated. He is mesmerized by her.

SAINT-PIERRE (V.O.)

Shortly after, we were married.

EXT. BEACH - LAKE COMO - SUNSET

Saint-Pierre kisses Adalene at the altar as hundreds of wedding guests cheer. We recognize CLAUDE in the front. They turn to the crowd, she leans into him, smiling --

And the PHOTOGRAPH we saw on his nightstand is taken.

SAINT-PIERRE (V.O.)

But before we knew it, I became an overnight sensation. I went from being a shoe salesman to being the savior of fashion in a year.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

-- Saint-Pierre at a KOREAN MAGAZINE COVER SHOOT, flanked by two Korean models in his dresses. He wears a devilish grin.

-- On stage at the BEVERLY HILTON, Saint-Pierre accepts a 'DESIGNER OF THE YEAR' award. The screen behind him says, "WINNER - SAINT-PIERRE - THIRD YEAR IN A ROW."

-- Saint-Pierre presenting a dress to the QUEEN OF ENGLAND at BUCKINGHAM PALACE, Claude by his side. A smile on his face.

-- At the Met Gala, Saint-Pierre stepping out of a limousine in a purple suit. Claude by his side. Hundreds of cameras FLASH as he strides along the carpet. They scream his name.

SAINT-PIERRE (V.O.)

Fashion is a cutthroat business. I tried to keep Adalene away from the ugliness. But she didn't see it that way. And it seeped in anyways.

INT. MANSION - LAKE COMO, ITALY - NIGHT

Adalene sitting at a massive dinner table by herself. Dozens of SERVANTS move around, preparing her meal, all dressed in black and white outfits with 'SP' logos on the sleeves.

Sadness fills her as she looks across the table at nobody.

SAINT-PIERRE (V.O.)

She begged me to be home more. Wanted us to start building the family we never had. But I had become a God. I was the most successful designer in the world and all it did was make me want more.

INT. MANSION - LAKE COMO, ITALY - NIGHT

Adalene and Saint-Pierre are dressed in black, wearing masquerade masks. We recognize Adalene's as the black dress and gold mask Mia is wearing in the show.

They're in the kitchen, arguing. It's getting ugly.

SAINT-PIERRE (V.O.)

Five years ago, we went to a masquerade party. We had both been drinking. We got into an argument about my work, my drug abuse, infidelities. She wanted me to take a break. But I couldn't.

Suddenly, Adalene says something that sends him into a RAGE. He GRABS her throat and THROWS her through the GLASS DOOR leading to the backyard. She SLAMS her head on the pavement.

He stares at her as she sits up, tears streaming, BLOOD on her mouth and neck and gold mask --

Looking just like Mia looked in the outfit.

SAINT-PIERRE

She was pregnant. I didn't know. She'd wanted me to be home because we were starting a family. But I couldn't leave what I had built. She gave me an ultimatum. Leave fashion, or she'd leave me.

(then)

I went to Milan for a show the next day.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Adalene sits in a hospital gown as a doctor stands over her, his face ominous. Explaining something. Suddenly, she bursts into tears. Her black eye shadow RUNNING...

Looking exactly like Mia's hospital gown dress and makeup.

SAINT-PIERRE (V.O.)

We lost the child. And I lost her.

EXT. MANSION - LAKE COMO, ITALY - NIGHT

A REDHEADED SERVANT steps out onto the back porch, lighting a cigarette. She looks just like CARA in her stylized 'DH' servant outfit. As she exhales smoke, she sees...

A BODY. FLOATING IN THE WATER.

She walks closer...her eyes growing WIDE WITH HORROR...

INT. AMBULANCE - NIGHT

The ambulance races through the night as a team of NURSES perform CPR, water SPUTTERING out of her mouth. Desperately trying to restart her heart and clear her lungs.

The nurses look like SOPHIE in her stylized NURSE's OUTFIT.

INT. MORGUE - NIGHT

A priest stands over Adalene's naked body on a cold steel slab. He gives her last rites.

The outfit looking like MELANIE's STYLIZED PRIESTESS OUTFIT.

INT. DRESSING ROOM - THEATRE - PRESENT

Mia stares at Saint-Pierre in horror.

MIA

So this was all some...twisted
fantasy?

SAINT-PIERRE

Fashion gave me everything I
thought I wanted -- but it took
away everything that mattered.
Dollhouse is my farewell to
fashion, to life. My last show, and
a love letter to what I lost.

MIA

You're a psychopath.

SAINT-PIERRE

And what about you? I could smell
your desperation the night I met
you. You'd do anything to become
who you want to be, just like I
did. Think of what your shallow
dreams have made you do. You killed
everybody that stood in your way,
and for what? To *be someone*? You
could've walked away from me at any
point. But you didn't.

A tear starts to roll down Mia's cheek. *What has she done?*

SAINT-PIERRE (CONT'D)

We are both monsters. And tonight,
we will pay for what we've done.

INT. THEATRE - NIGHT

The theatre is packed, buzzing with excitement. Reporters sit up front while hundreds of spectators crowd the aisles.

The VIDEO SCREEN LIGHTS UP -- DOLLHOUSE.

The crowd cheers, the anticipation building, cameras FLASH --

INT. DRESSING ROOM - LATER

Mia is now in the black dress and gold mask, fake blood on her mouth and neck. She stares at herself in the mirror.

Saint-Pierre watches from the couch, drinking another whiskey -- he's getting increasingly drunk.

A KNOCK AT THE DOOR. Claude opens it, then shuts it.

CLAUDE

The show is about to begin.

Saint-Pierre nods. Stands, approaches Mia.

SAINT-PIERRE

Claude will escort you to the stage. After you walk, you will come back here. And we will prepare for the finale.

He smiles at her. Claude comes, grabs her arm. She seems resigned to her fate as she walks away --

SAINT-PIERRE (CONT'D)

And think of it this way. You'll be more famous now than you could've ever imagined.

She looks back at him, then continues to the stage --

INT. STAGE - THEATRE

Mia stands on the wing, shrouded in darkness as Claude hovers over her. A Production Coordinator at her side. MODELS in various outfits lined up behind her. She takes a deep breath.

The stage is macabre and horrifying, but beautiful. Bright white with black and red blood splashes.

PRODUCTION COORDINATOR

Ten seconds.

EXIT MUSIC (FOR A FILM) by RADIOHEAD starts to play and the ENTIRE THEATRE GOES PITCH BLACK. The crowd CHEERS...

PRODUCTION COORDINATOR (CONT'D)
Five...four...three...

RADIOHEAD
*Wake from your sleep / The drying
of your tears / Today, we escape...*

Suddenly, the LIGHTS BLAST ON and Mia walks on stage.

All eyes are on her as she walks, a knew sense of confidence overtakes her. Like she belongs here and she knows it. Like everything else has just faded away.

A smile creeps across her face as she strut the runway. When she reaches the end, about to hit her turn, she sees --

DREW. SOPHIE. HANNAH. DR. WOODARD. CARA. MELANIE. OFFICER
HOLLOWAY. OFFICER BAILEY. All in the front row.

She pauses for a moment, glances back at them -- and they're gone. Random people in their place. As she walks back to the stage, a model wearing the HOSPITAL GOWN passes her --

INT. DRESSING ROOM - LATER

Mia returns to the room, Claude guiding her, and finds Saint-Pierre sitting in front of the vanity. The whiskey bottle empty. He looks drunk, upset, and all around fucked up.

He offers a bleak smile.

SAINT-PIERRE
Fun, isn't it? Room full of people
paying attention to nothing but
you. There's nothing else like it.

He stands, holds the vanity to keep himself upright. Mia watches, horrified, the high from the show coming down --

MIA
What are you going to do to me?

SAINT-PIERRE
Put on the dress. We have fifteen
minutes.

LATER --

Saint-Pierre is collapsed against the wall, his head heavy as he scrawls what appears to be a suicide note.

Mia sits in front of the vanity in the white dress. She finishes straightening her hair with a flat iron and sets it aside. She applies the red lipstick and black eye shadow and gives herself one last stare in the mirror.

MIA

I'm ready.

Saint-Pierre stands. Hands his note to Claude.

SAINT-PIERRE

Lay down on the tarp.

MIA

Tell me what you're going to do to me first. I at least deserve that.

Saint-Pierre walks over to her. Brushes her hair back. Smiles at her, like he's seeing his wife again.

His eyes turn into a RAGE as he clutches her throat and THROWS her down on the tarp. She looks up to see Claude unsheathe a DAGGER from his suit.

SAINT-PIERRE

I am going to kill you. Then, I will take you down the runway to present my final contribution to this glamorized, fucked up world, where I will kill myself. The only way I can escape this hell. And Claude will hang this tarp from the rafters. So nobody will forget.

Claude hands him the dagger. Mia's eyes filled with terror.

MIA

Do you think this is what she would've wanted?

He walks closer, manic, holding the knife out --

SAINT-PIERRE

We'll never know, will we?

He wipes tears from his bloodshot eyes and leans down, the blade inching towards her throat as --

She suddenly THRUSTS THE CRYSTAL AND GOLD 'SP' LAPEN PIN IN HIS THROAT. She DRAGS it across his neck, blood EXPLODING onto her face and the tarp around her.

Mia shoves his body off of her and grabs the knife from his hand. She PLUNGES it into his heart, and RIPS IT BACK OUT --

But CLAUDE comes from behind and GRABS HER. She wrestles free but drops the knife. Claude picks it up as she backs up to the vanity, cornered in, blood dripping down her neck...

CLAUDE

You have no idea what you've done.

He RUSHES towards her -- she DODGES him, throws the chair in his way and then grabs the still-on FLAT IRON and HITS HIM ACROSS the FACE. His flesh burns as he falls to the ground.

She yanks the flat iron chord from the wall and climbs on top of him, HITTING him across the face twice more. He JAMS the knife into her shoulder.

She lets out a HORRIFYING SCREAM before SHOVING THE FLAT IRON INTO HIS MOUTH. His eyes are panicked as his mouth and cheeks literally MELT. Mia uses all her strength to push the iron AS FAR DOWN HIS THROAT AS SHE CAN --

His eyes start rolling into the back of his head. He reaches for the flat iron, dropping the knife -- she grabs it and THRUSTS IT IN HIS STOMACH. He stops moving. His face literally melting off his bones. A horrifying sight.

Mia stands, exhausted. She looks around the room -- Claude's melted face, Saint-Pierre's slit throat, the Dollhouse tarp covered in blood. The deep wound in her shoulder leaks blood.

She picks up the bloody LAPEL PIN from next to Saint-Pierre's dead body. Affixes it to her dress.

She walks back over to the vanity. As she takes a paper towel and starts to wipe the blood away, her makeup starts coming off, exposing the cracks in her skin underneath. She looks at her hands -- her fake nails have been pulled off.

She stares at herself in the mirror again. Feels her hair -- her fake hair. She tugs at the extensions, some of them coming off in her fist. She lets them fall to the floor.

And suddenly, the plastic, doll-like version of herself doesn't hold the same glow it used to. She looks at her half-gorgeous, half-brutally-natural face. It looks like two different versions of herself are fighting for dominance.

She pulls her wig off and reaches for the crystal lapel pin.

She is Mia. And that is all she will ever be.

INT. STAGE - THEATRE - NIGHT

Mia is shrouded in darkness on the wing of the stage again. EXIT MUSIC (FOR A FILM) is playing. An ELATED MODEL who just finished her walk looks at Mia in HORROR as she passes.

We follow Mia from behind as she slowly walks onstage and down the runway. Suddenly, the faces in the audience turn to HORROR. Some stand, alarmed -- others SCREAM.

She has wrapped herself in the white tarp.

RADIOHEAD (O.S.)
*We hope your rules and wisdom choke
 you...*

As we track her down the runway, we see BLOOD DROPLETS falling -- REAL BLOOD mixing with the FAKE BLOOD SPLATTERS.

RADIOHEAD (O.S.) (CONT'D)
*Now we are one / In everlasting
 peace...*

Mia reaches the end of the runway and we SWING AROUND to see -

She's stripped herself of her makeup, wig, fake nails -- it's just her now. The corpse-like, natural Mia with hollow eyes and jutting cheek bones and missing hair and cracked lips and no fingernails. A monstrous sight.

She looks out at the frightened crowd. Her eyes get blurry as she smiles. Finally, her true self -- Mia -- on stage, in front of everybody, captivating an audience...

She spreads her arms wide, unfurling the white, bloodied DOLLHOUSE tarp behind her. She's wearing a BLACK BRA and UNDERWEAR, the exact same thing she wore in that casting studio earlier almost a month before, when she first started this maniacal journey. Blood drips over her underwear from...

The word 'BEAUTIFUL' CARVED DEEP INTO HER STOMACH. She starts hyperventilating, but still smiles victoriously as --

RADIOHEAD (O.S.) (CONT'D)
*We hope that you choke / That you
 choke...*

-- her eyes ROLL BACK INTO HER HEAD and SHE COLLAPSES.

RADIOHEAD (CONT'D)
*-- We hope that you choke / That
 you choke...*

CUT TO BLACK.

EXT./INT. SAINT-PIERRE'S MANSION - DAY

Three massive MOVING TRUCKS are parked in the driveway as dozens of MOVERS carry items out of the house and throw them in the back. We recognize some of them -- the VINYL RECORD PLAYER, the PROJECTOR, old RACKS OF CLOTHES.

A young police officer, OFFICER STARKS (20s), oversees the operation as a MOVER approaches him with a SAINT-PIERRE designer t-shirt in his hands.

MOVER

Hey -- can I take this?

OFFICER STARKS

No. Put it in the truck.

MOVER

But you said he had no next of kin.
Do you have any idea what I could
sell this shit for?

OFFICER STARKS

He had no next of kin so all of
this belongs to the state now. Put
it in the truck.

Annoyed, the Mover heads to the truck, discretely tucking the shirt into his waistband as Starks heads inside...

INT. BASEMENT - SAINT-PIERRE'S MANSION - MOMENTS LATER

Starks steps down into the basement where FOUR MOVERS are packing up the clothes and dismantling the mannequins. It looks bare compared to the last time we saw it.

MOVER #1

Why does he have so many goddamn
mannequins? This place is a fuckin'
haunted house.

MOVER #2

No wonder that girl killed him.

Starks KNOCKS on the wall, announcing himself.

OFFICER STARKS

Hurry up. The trucks are leaving in
a half hour.

The movers grumble as he heads upstairs --

INT. BEDROOM - SAINT-PIERRE'S MANSION - DAY

Boxes are scattered around the bedroom as Starks enters. The chandelier gone, furniture moved, bed bare. He takes a look in the closet -- all the clothes are gone.

He wanders around the room for a moment, getting a sense of how big it is. Then he notices something on the nightstand, still sitting in the corner of the room...

It's a picture. He picks it up and sees Saint-Pierre with a WOMAN, dark black eye shadow, red lips, her head on his chest, left arm across him, smiling --

We can't tell if it's Mia or Adalene.

He turns the picture over.

There is no note on the back.

He turns it over again, looks at it for another moment...

And then tosses it in the box and leaves the room.

We CLOSE IN on the picture, the two smiling people on the beach, the world famous fashion designer and the woman who brought him death and despair...

We just can't tell who she is.

THE END