

MODEL'S WANTED

Written by

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INT. MEGAN'S HOUSE - MEGAN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Dance music with a heavy repetitive bass echoes around them bouncing off the walls.

MEGAN, 17, long wavy brown hair and beautiful with a pile of clothes at her feet takes off one pair of jeans and replaces them with another.

LOUISE, 17, green eyes, slim and pretty watches on, dressed in high end fashion. Smoking an electric cigarette. A huge cloud of vapor spilling out of her mouth.

Megan prances around the room, modelling. She puts on a leather biker jacket and strikes several different poses for Louise who excitedly applauds them all.

LOUISE

Alright, come on lets change the song.

Megan comes to a stop.

MEGAN

No, I've told you whilst we're in my bedroom we only listen to good music.

LOUISE

But this isn't good. It sucks.

MEGAN

And how would you know? You like Taylor Swift.

LOUISE

Yeah and so does the rest of the world.

There's a gentle knock at the door. The handle is pulled down and it begins to open.

Louise quickly turns off and puts away her electric cigarette. The door opens fully.

SARAH, 47, short and a little over weight smiles in at them. She stays in the doorway, doesn't enter the bedroom.

SARAH

Megan I need you downstairs with me real quick.

Megan flings her head back and her arms into the air, overreacting.

MEGAN

For Christ sake mom how many times do I have to tell you? You can't just keep barging into my bedroom like this.

SARAH

OK but I've got a car full of groceries that I need bringing in. If you would just help me it would get done twice as fast.

MEGAN

Mom I'm busy. I've got things to do. You can't just tell me to drop everything just because you're feeling lazy. Just go away. What's the point in knocking if you're just going to open the door anyway?

Sarah lets out a long deep breathing before turning to Louise. Forcing a smile.

SARAH

This is nothing personal but can you please not smoke inside the house? If you've got to do it can you do it outside?

Louise blushes embarrassed.

Megan moves over to the door, grabbing a hold.

MEGAN

Oh mom for Christ sake, she's not smoking. That's water vapor. It's harmless.

Sarah jabs her finger at Megan, pointing at the tip of her nose.

SARAH

Stop saying that, how many time do I have to ask you? You know I don't like it.

Megan slams the door in her face. Turns back to Louise.

MEGAN

And now I'm in a bad mood. And yet again it's all because of my mom.

INT. JAMES'S CAR - NIGHT

An old three door hatchback. JAMES, 21, tall and good looking in the drivers seat. He looks up into the rearview mirror and looks back at Megan and Louise.

Both in high heels and cool fashionable clothes. Dressed to impress.

JAMES

So neither of you wanted to sit up front with me?

Megan and Louise share a look.

Megan stares at the back of James's head.

MEGAN

Listen I don't know how to sugar coat this so I'll just say it. I couldn't get you in.

JAMES

What? But you promised? All three of us together. That's what you said.

MEGAN

Please don't complain it's so annoying when guys do that.

JAMES

I've been looking forward to this all month and now you decide to tell me?

MEGAN

Well I thought I could get you in but I guess I was wrong.

Louise looks out of the window. Nudging Megan with her elbow she points outside.

LOUISE

Look, we're here. Get him to stop.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Loud thumping music can be heard in the distance. A party.

Megan walks around to the drivers side as James winds his window down.

MEGAN

You can come and pick us up later if you like?

JAMES

No, that's OK. I'll give that a miss.

MEGAN

Fine whatever, just don't act like a baby.

James watches her walk away.

JAMES

Megan you know you're beautiful, but on the inside you're ugly. You're not a very nice person but you don't even care do you?

Louise catches up with her.

Megan glances over her shoulder back at James.

MEGAN

Well the first part is all that matters. It's all anyone cares about.

INT. HOUSE PARTY - NIGHT

Deafening thumping music, strobe lights flashing. The party is in full swing.

Megan and Louise are in a corner, each with a drink in hand and moving to the music.

LOUISE

Come on, let's go find some guys to talk to.

Megan stays where she is. A shake of the head.

MEGAN

No. Lets just stay here for a bit.

She quickly scans the room, points at an overweight WOMAN, 30.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Look at how fast she is.

Her eyes scan for another victim, spots a GUY, 26, with a receding hairline.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Makes me sick seeing guys like him. Just shave it all off for Christ sake. You just look ridiculous.

She scans the room again. Spots a GIRL, 18, around five foot tall. Points her out.

MEGAN (CONT'D)
Girls with little fat legs
shouldn't wearing dresses.

Louise laughs and playfully hits Megan on the shoulder.

LOUISE
You're such an awful bitch.
Hilarious.

Megan tries to smile along with her, but can't.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE PARTY - NIGHT

In the middle of the room Megan and Louise are dancing together. Both drinking heavily.

PHILIP, 50, grey hair and in a suit comes over. He blows kisses to both of them.

PHILIP
Your outfits, your hair, your
makeup. I love everything about you
girls. There's something special
about the both of you. And believe
me I've got an eye for talent.
You're both beautiful.

LOUISE
Thanks but you're a little bit too
old for us.

MEGAN
Who are you? Should we know you?

Reaches into his pocket.

PHILIP
No, but that doesn't matter.
(hands them both a
business card each.
They're for a modelling
agency)
The world never tires of looking at
beautiful things.

INT. MEGAN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Severing up a cooked breakfast onto a large plate. Bacon, eggs, fried tomatoes, mushrooms and toast.

Sarah brings it over to the table where Megan sits watching her.

Megan slides Philip's card over towards her, tapping a finger against it.

MEGAN

This could be my big break. He's the real deal. You know what this means. I've actually been talent spotted.

SARAH

You've already shown me. I just want you to be careful.

(grabs and brings over cutlery)

This guy could be anybody.

MEGAN

He's not just anybody he's somebody. He finds models and he's found me. Why can't you be happy for me?

SARAH

How do you know he's not a lair. Just doesn't want to take advantage of you?

MEGAN

I didn't expect you to understand so I'm not surprised now.

SARAH

It's too early in the morning to be arguing. I don't want to do this right now. Please just eat something.

Megan pushes the plate away from her. Some of the beans spill from it and splash down onto the table.

MEGAN

Are you crazy. I'm not eating this.

SARAH

Megan don't do that you're making a mess. Let me find out who this guy really is and then you can go.

Megan stands up from the table.

MEGAN

Is it just jealous or is it that you actually hate me?

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Overgrown with weeds and long since abandoned. Megan and Louise stand in front of Philip.

DRESDEN, 30, huge arms and shoulders and dressed in a suit similar to Philip's is beside him. They each have an expensive looking camera in their hands.

PHILIP

Today I want to do a photo shoot. You're both going to look great, believe me. You're going to remember this day for the rest of your lives. The first big step in your modelling careers.

(gestures to Dresden)

This is Dresden. Louise, I want you to go off with him and you're going to love the way he shoots you today. And Megan you're going to be with me. But don't worry I'm just as good if not a little better.

MEGAN

No, why does it have to be that way? I wanted us to do it together, why sperate us?

PHILIP

It's to show you both off individually. You being together is worthless. I want to sell these picture to a magazine that I've already got lined up. I've told them about you, you're fresh look. Now they're just waiting to see. So it'll be faster if we just split up the work. I shoot you, Dresden shoots her. We'll be finished at the same time and we'll celebrate.

Megan and Louise share a look before they come back to Philip.

MEGAN

These pictures are going to end up in a magazine, for real?

PHILIP

That's why you're here. I'm going to transform you both into things of beauty.

Megan's and Louise's faces both light up.

INT. WAREHOUSE - OFFICE - DAY

The floor is covered in dirt and glass. A broken table and couple of chairs in the middle of the room.

Philip opens the door and guides Megan inside.

PHILIP

Just wait for me here and I'll be with you shortly.

Standing in the far corner with his back to them GREG, 17, stylish hair, muscular body and very good looking quickly puts on his underpants.

MEGAN

Wow, what the hell. What is this?

PHILIP

I thought you would at least be dressed by now?

James glances over his shoulder.

JAMES

Sorry, a couple of seconds and I will be.

Megan goes to walk back out but Philip puts an arm out across her chest stopping her.

PHILIP

No. You need to wait here.

Philip exits the room, leaving Megan where she is.

Megan lifts her hands up to her face, blushing. She doesn't know where to look. But despite trying to resist she can't help but watch James as he continues to get dressed. Now putting on jeans and a T-shirt.

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE - OFFICE - DAY

With all of his clothes back on, Greg now sits crossed legged on top of the broken table

Megan comes over to him.

JAMES

Well I've never done a photo shoot quite like that one before.

MEGAN

Why, because you got naked?

He laughs her off.

JAMES

No, I've done that lots of times before. It's never fazed me really. What I mean is I've never worked with him before. But it was just odd.

MEGAN

I've never worked with him before either. In fact this is going to be my very first photo shoot ever.

JAMES

You're kidding? Well welcome to the world of weird. Modelling turned out to be nothing like how I expected it. It's all so stupid.
(reaches out his hand)
My name's James.

She shakes it.

MEGAN

I'm Megan. But you're wrong you know.

JAMES

Really, how so?

MEGAN

This isn't stupid. It's always been my dream to be a model. I want to be beautiful. I want to be in a world of beauty and surrounded by people who want to be beautiful too. There's nothing stupid about wanting to be beautiful. Do you know when I first got introduced to makeup. I was six years old. I would help my mom cover up the marks that my dad would leave on her.

(James is horrified)

When he would punch her in the head that's a black eye that needs covering up. When he would wrap his hands around her throat and strangle her, leaving red finger marks. They had to be gotten rid of. When he slapped her and her lip swelled up it was up to me to conceal it.

JAMES

Jesus, I'm so sorry. Do you still live with your dad now?

MEGAN

He's dead. Started a fight in a bar and literally got his neck broken. I never want to have to go back to any of that. I want to be beautiful. It's not stupid.

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE - OFFICE - DAY

Now on her own with Philip, Megan rests against the broken table and begins to pull in rapid succession several elaborate model poses. Or at least what she thinks are poses a model would do.

MEGAN

I can't believe this is actually happening. This is amazing.

PHILIP

Just stand still for me. As perfectly still as you can manage.

She stops, standing stiff.

MEGAN

Oh OK. Like this?

PHILIP

Now take off your shoes and socks.

She's hesitant but does as she's told.

Philip now takes pictures of her hands and feet. All close up from lots of different angles.

MEGAN

What magazine is this for anyway?

INT. WAREHOUSE - SHOP FLOOR - DAY

The light from outside pours in through the open doors.

James with his arms crossed leans against the door frame. Looking outside.

Megan pushes open a door on the other side of the room. Entering she sees James and quickly moves over towards him.

Hearing her footsteps he turns to face her.

MEGAN

Have you seen another girl? Her name is Louise. She came here with me.

JAMES

No idea who that is sorry. But I'm getting a lift into the city if you want to join me?

MEGAN

No. I'll make my own way home thanks.

JAMES

Philip was pretty serious. He ordered me to stay right here.

MEGAN

Well he didn't say anything to me. Just took pictures and left.

JAMES

I think you were supposed to wait for him to come back. The pictures were weird right?

MEGAN

Yeah. Just my hands and feet. The same for you?

JAMES

No. My chest and arms. All close ups.

MEGAN

This doesn't feel right to me. I need to find her.

JAMES

Can I help?

INT. WEARHOSE - CORRIDOR - DAY

Long, narrow and dirty. Megan and James push through one door and head towards another on the opposite side.

MEGAN

She wouldn't have left without me there just absolutely no way. We'll find her in here.

JAMES

She might still be getting her pictures done.

(MORE)

JAMES (CONT'D)

There's no time limit. Sometimes
photo shoots can take forever.

Philip now appears behind, following them. With a bang he
lets the door close shut behind him.

PHILIP

Where do you think you're going?
Both of you stop, right where you
are.

Both Megan and James glance over their shoulders to see him.

MEGAN

Where is Louise? I'm not leaving
here without her.

PHILIP

Just stop.

Megan keeps going towards the door in front of her.

James looks over at her, seeing that she hasn't stop he
continues on too.

As Philip speeds up so do they.

INT. WAREHOUSE - STORE ROOM - DAY

A hospital bed squeezed into a tight boxed room. Several
large lights over the top of it. Powered by a noisy
generator.

Megan and James burst inside. Louise is tied down to the bed.
Blindfold on. A gag in her mouth. Her wrists and ankles
strapped tight to the bed.

She's not moving. Either unable, or just unconscious.

Dresden armed with an axe doesn't hesitate. He chops off
Louise's right hand. And instantly dumps it down into a
bucket of what looks to be thick white paint.

He moves around to the left side of the bed, blood pouring
out of her.

Megan screams.

Dresden with a relaxed clam swings again and chops off
Louise's left hand. Doing the same, dropping it into another
bucket filled with that thick white paint.

More blood sprays out. The floor filling up, a pool of her
blood.

James sees a surgical tray by Louise's feet. On it more weapons. Saws, axes and knives.

He picks up an axe and holds it ready. His face drained of color, drenched in sweat.

JAMES

Stop. Get against the fucking wall.
I'll crack this into your fucking
head. Get away from me now.

INT. WEARHOSE - CORRIDOR - DAY

His heavy footsteps slap and echo around him. Philip sprints as fast as he can, reaching out both hands for the door in front of him.

INT. WAREHOUSE - STORE ROOM - DAY

Like he's going for a home run James swings his axe at Dresden as hard as he can, just missing.

Dresden backs away, pressing himself up against the wall.

The room is tiny, there's no where for him to go.

Megan stares down at Louise, the blood still pouring out from her wrists where her hands have been removed.

MEGAN

What the fuck is this? What have
you done to her?

Philip now runs inside. Grabbing a knife from the surgical tray and without a moments hesitation he buries it deep into Greg's back.

James gasps, dropping his axe he collapses to the floor.

Dresden and Philip quickly share a look and before James has even stopped breathing they're both on top of Megan grabbing a hold of her. Knocking her down, pinning her to the floor.

She screams.

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE - STORE ROOM - DAY

On the hospital bed her wrists and ankles strapped to it Megan is unable to move.

She looks up at the ceiling and sees hands and feet from mannequins hanging down.

Philip and Dresden stand over her.

She struggles to get free.

MEGAN

Let me go. You don't have to do
this. Please. I don't deserve this.

Dresden puts a blindfold over her eyes. She tries to wriggle
and shake her head but he ties it tight.

PHILIP

I'm a creator of beautiful things.
You'll be used to display great
work of art. Your hands and feet
just like your friends will be sold
to the most prestigious fashion
houses around the world. My
mannequins parts are second to none
because they contain the essence of
human beauty within them. However
those part have to be removed
first.

Megan breaks down crying. Utterly exhausted.

MEGAN

I want my mom. Please. I want to
talk to her. I want to tell her.

Dresden now applies a gag to her mouth. Silencing her, almost
choking her.

Dresden inspects her hands. Coming down to her feet he takes
off her shoes and socks. Bends down for a closer look.

He takes a step back and looks at her whole body.

DRESDEN

She really is beautiful.
(to Philip)
I would hate to waste what god has
given her.

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE - STORE ROOM - DAY

Megan is now naked on the bed.

Drystone and Philip each with a large bucket of the thick
white paint pour it over her. Covering her whole body.

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE - STORE ROOM - DAY

More hands and feet hang down from the ceiling.

Now on the hospital bed there's a full sized mannequin. It was once Megan. But she's now forever entombed within.

FADE TO BLACK

THE END