

GINA!

A Jukebox Musical Fantasia in Six Parts
Featuring the Songs of the Great Australian Songbook

"But I'm Holding On For Dear Life"
(PILOT)

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OVER BLACK:

We hear the indistinct but hushed noises of a crowd: a dull low din of SNIFFLES and COUGHS and THROAT CLEARINGS and SNEEZES and BLESS YOUS and SIPS and CHEWING and RUSTLING and CRUMPLING and MURMURS and WHISPERS and LAUGHTER, only ever punctuated by the quick, low shuffle of late-arriving FOOTSTEPS and the accompanying profusions of SIGHS, and SORRYS and EXCUSE MES and PARDON MES.

Suddenly, then lights drop and the room is submerged in darkness. SILENCE prevails.

A beam of light pierces through the darkness and illuminates a WOMAN. Her head and shoulders are framed by a circle of light.

1

INT. SOME STAGE - ANYTIME

1

WOMAN 1

She's an unbearable bore.

A second beam of light shoots out and similarly illuminates ANOTHER WOMAN.

WOMAN 2

She's impossibly tedious.

A third beam of light, a THIRD WOMAN.

WOMAN 3

She's wildly self-obsessed.

Back to Woman 1.

WOMAN 1

She's a goddamn troublemaker.

Back to Woman 2

WOMAN 2

She's a bloody conniving bitch.

All three women remain illuminated. Their words begins to overlap slightly.

WOMAN 3

She's nosy. She's pushy. She has absolutely no boundaries...

WOMAN 1

She's dim. She's dull. She's fatally banal...

WOMAN 2

She's odd. She's off-putting. She's completely unlikeable...

WOMAN 3

She's unsophisticated. She's unrefined. She's appallingly uncouth...

WOMAN 1

She's staggeringly un-self aware, completely un-self possessed, and entirely lacking in self respect.

WOMAN 2

She's just...

WOMAN 3

She's just...

WOMAN 1

She's just...

WOMAN 2

She's just...

WOMAN 3

She's just...

BANG!!! The lights cut out and from somewhere in the shadows, an ELECTRIC GUITAR begins to play the opening chords of a familiar song...it's AC/DC's "Thunderstruck." As the guitar riff reaches a crescendo, an unseen CHORUS begins a call:

CHORUS (O.S.)

(singing)

Nah-nah-nah-nah-nah-nah-nah

To which the 3 women, a veritable GREEK CHORUS of spitefulness, castigation, and vituperation repeat:

GREEK CHORUS

(snarling)

GINA!

The call-and-repeat repeats.

CHORUS (O.S.)

Nah-nah-nah-nah-nah-nah-nah

GREEK CHORUS

(rabid)

GINA!

And again.

CHORUS (O.S.)

Nah-nah-nah-nah-nah-nah-nah

GREEK CHORUS
(positively frothing)

GINA!

The guitar riff continues to play, growing more and more insistent, pleading, frenzied. Suddenly a deafening CRASH OF THUNDER. Then silence. The lights cut. Blackness.

A spotlight hits centre stage. A solitary figure emerges. She makes her way toward the mark – her mark. This is Gina. She stops. Looks to her left, to her right, above her, below her, behind her, then finally, in front of her: out at the audience. A sly smile creeps across her face.

GINA

Did somebody say my name?

AND THEN! THUNDER CRASHES, lightening flashes, and sparks pour out from the rafters as the frenetic GUITAR RIFF resumes.

Beads of sweat pour down Gina's flushed face streaking her heavy stage makeup. Veins in her neck tense and strain. Her breath is quick and short. She closes her eyes, throws her hands up in the air, tosses back her head in euphoria and we:

CUT TO:

TITLE CARD: GINA!

CUT TO:

It's Gina. Again. Her eyes are still closed. But now she's barefaced. Her hair is every so slightly unkempt and a few wirey greys spring up from the crown of her head. She breathes slowly, deeply, evenly. In and out; in and out. She's bathed in soft, warm, honey-coloured light.

ELIZABETH GILBERT (O.S.)

*Every quest begins with a question.
And the question's always the same:
what did I come here to do with my
life?*

(beat)

*That's the question that begins
every single quest.*

(beat)

*What have I come here to do with my
life? There's no one who hasn't had
that question come to them. That's
the call.*

OPRAH WINFREY (O.S.)

*One of my greatest gifts is that I
was obedient to the call. You know?
So the call to understand that, oh
gee—*

WOMAN (O.S.)
 (slightly muffled)
 Gina?

OPRAH WINFREY (O.S.)
 -I was meant to be more than just a
 reporter-

WOMAN (O.S.)
 (a little louder)
 Gina??

OPRAH WINFREY (O.S.)
 -I was meant to be more than just
 on TV-

WOMAN (O.S.)
 (really quite loud)
 GINA???

OPRAH WINFREY (O.S.)
 -I was meant to be more than just-

Gina's eyes blink open and she turns around with a start to the direction of her name.

2 INT. GINA'S BEDROOM - MORNING

2

It's LEDA, Gina's housekeeper. She's holding a tray with a plate of orange slices, a boiled egg, toast points, a french press of coffee, and the day's Financial Times.

Gina sits cross-legged on an enormous, plush pillow on the floor looking out a large picture window to a posh-looking residential London street. The room - the suite, really - is enormous and exquisitely decorated: extremely chic, extremely spare, extremely expensive minimalism at its very finest.

(Also, just to say: Gina's Australian. Aggressively, emphatically, completely Australian)

GINA
 Oh! Leda!

Gina pushes back her hair to reveal she's had earbuds in. She removes them...and immediately drops them.

GINA (CONT'D)
 Oh pooh! Every time...

LEDA
 Here - let me...

Leda bends down and deftly manages to balance the tray with one hand while she retrieves the ear buds with the other and hands them to Gina.

GINA
Thank you, doll. I'm hopeless!

Leda remains pointedly silent.

LEDA
I'm sorry to interrupt your, uh,
routine, but I know you have a-
(clears throat)
-very full day and need to get a
start, so I-

GINA
You're an angel!

Gina looks at the time on her phone and GASPS.

GINA (CONT'D)
It's going to be absolutely manic!

Leda is still standing expectantly with the tray.

GINA (CONT'D)
Oh! Just put that anywhere! I'll
have a quick nibble after I shower.

Gina grabs a toast point and takes a bite.

GINA (CONT'D)
(with a full mouth)
I'm already exhausted!

3 INT. GINA'S BATHROOM - A LITTLE LATER

3

Gina sits at her bathroom vanity. Her hair is damp and slicked back. Her face, though still bare, looks plumper and dewier than before c/o the array of creams and serums that litter the counter. The space beyond is a meditation on exotic marble: more extremely chic, extremely spare, extremely expensive minimalism at its very finest.

A handsome, muscular younger man approaches Gina from behind. This is BEAU, Gina's hair stylist. He's also Australian, just FYI. His hands come to rest on Gina's shoulders. After a second, he begins to massage her scalp in big, slow, generous looping motions. Gina's eye's flicker shut and she exhales deeply.

BEAU
So doll: what are we doing today?

GINA
Oh, just the usual: quick and easy!
I've got a million and one things
to do. Busy busy busy.

Beau begins to clip up portions of Gina's hair and brush out other pieces.

BEAU
So what's on for today?

GINA
Well, first thing I've got—

Beau turns the hair dryer on, rendering Gina's speech inaudible.

BEAU
Stunning!

Either Beau can still hear her, or "stunning!" is just his blanket response to everything that comes out of Gina's mouth...

GINA
Then after that I've got to zip
right over to—

Again, the hair dryer drowns out Gina.

BEAU
How stunning!

It seems like "stunning" might just be Beau's blanket response to everything that comes out of Gina's mouth...

GINA
Then I have the quickest reprieve
before jumping right into—

The hair dryer strike again.

BEAU
Just stunning!

"Stunning" is definitely just Beau's blanket response to everything that comes out of Gina's mouth.

Gina's hair is mostly dry now, so Beau starts unpinning and brushing and ever-so-judiciously applying various serums and mists.

GINA
And would you believe in the midst
of all this, I'm having a new light
fixture installed in the—

BEAU
Dining room?

GINA
Yes!

BEAU
I took the sneakiest peek on my way
up...

GINA
And???

BEAU
Stunning.

Gina SHRIEKS with delight.

GINA
(conspiratorially)
I won't even tell you what that
costs...

Beau cocks his eyebrow and turns his ear toward Gina expectantly. Gina mouths "five hundred thousand" then covers her mouth, as if scandalised by her own profligacy.

BEAU
(blasé)
Good lighting is so important.

GINA
This is what I've been saying!
(sighs)
But it's such a lot of work, these
old houses. You know, I sometimes
think we should just do what the-

Gina looks to and fro furtively.

GINA (CONT'D)
(whispering)
-Russians do...
(beat)
And just completely gut it, then
build back fresh and new in the
shell of the old.
(ponderously)
But I'd miss the charm...the
warmth...the history...

BEAU
(distractedly)
I'm obsessed with history.

Beau steps back to appraise Gina's coiffure: it's silky, shiny, slightly bouncy rich lady perfection.

BEAU (CONT'D)
Stunning.

Gina appraises herself in the mirror and runs her fingers approvingly through her hair.

GINA

Oh Beau! It's just divine! I don't know how you do it!

BEAU

Darling, it's just the two universal cure-alls: time and money. Nothing that can't be made better with a little of both.

(beat)

And always better together.

A notification PINGS on Gina's phone: "In 15 Minutes: Dr. Teddi"

GINA

Oh! Doll, I've got to run!

Beau gives Gina's hair one last spritz and smooth-over.

BEAU

Et voila!

4

INT. GINA'S FRONT HALL - MOMENTS LATER

4

The space is a symphony of whites, off-whites, beiges, ecrus and taupes. Art that's so expensive it's started to look cheap again adorns the wall. Fresh floral arrangements that will never be noticed much less appreciated punctuate the space. Like the rest of the house, it's impeccable.

Hurried FOOTSTEPS descend the stairs. It's Gina: she's really very late now. At the foot of the stairs she stops to quickly examine herself in the mirror: all good. She dashes to the front door, grabs the handle, and just as she's about to pull the door open, it swings open from the outside.

Standing there is CHIP: Gina's louche, lovely, thirty year-old man-about-town son who's terribly devoted to his mum. Born in Sydney but raised mostly in London, Chip comes across as a bit of posh twat at first (because he is), albeit a charming one (because he is). He's been up all night and it shows. Even so, at the sight of him, Gina beams.

GINA

Chip!

They embrace warmly on the precipice.

CHIP

Mummy. You're looking divinely well-rested as always.

GINA

If only! I barely slept a wink last night worrying about the million and one things I have to do today before your father gets back tonight!

At the mention of his father Chip winces.

CHIP

Well, do let me know if there's anything I can do to help?

GINA

Oh Chippy! You know what would be fabulous actually?

CHIP

(sighs)

Mother, that was a transparently insincere offer of help that I had no intention of ever following through on...

GINA

You'll help your mother and that's that!

(beat)

The new chandelier is being installed in the dining room this afternoon. If you could just look in and make sure everything's alright that would be such a help!

CHIP

(sighs)

I'll try, but I really don't know where I'll find the time! I've got to sleep and bathe and eat, then call everyone I know to tell them all the dreadful things that everyone *they* know said about them last night, then get ready to do it all over again tonight.

GINA

You'll make time.

CHIP

Time can never be made! Only wasted!

Gina gives Chip a kiss on the cheek.

GINA

I'm going.

She breezes past him and dashes off down the street.

CHIP

(shouting after Gina)

You're cutting into valuable hours
that I had earmarked for
misspending the few remaining
months, days, hours, and seconds of
my youth!

(beat)

You're lucky I love you as much as
I do!

5 INT. DERMATOLOGIST'S OFFICE. - DAY

5

Gina sits on the edge of an examination table dressed in a paper surgical gown. A constellation of blue dots are drawn across her face.

A rail thin woman with a completely immobilised face and a cascading mane of blonde hair extensions examines Gina's face at close range, every so often adding a new blue dot with her marker. It's DR. TEDDI: Gina's dermatologist.

The office is decorated with countless framed before-and-after photos of Dr. Teddi: she's her own best customer. Eventually Dr. Teddi stops applying blue dots to Gina's face and steps back. A concerned look passes across her face.

GINA

What's wrong, Dr. Teddi?

DR. TEDDI

Gina, you look exhausted.

GINA

I barely slept at al-

DR. TEDDI

Existentially, I mean.

GINA

Oh...well, I suppose it has been a
lot to manage lately, what with Max
being away...

Dr. Teddi stands back to appraise Gina.

DR. TEDDI

(solicitously)

How is that husband of yours?

GINA

Good! Good! He's good!

DR. TEDDI

Good...

(beat)

Frown.

Gina frowns.

DR. TEDDI (CONT'D)
 (still distracted)
 Mmm. And how are you, Gina?

GINA
 Fine! Fine! I'm fine!

Dr. Teddi makes several more dots on Gina's forehead then EXHALES pointedly.

DR. TEDDI
 I'm very troubled by what I'm seeing, Gina.

GINA
 What's wrong?

DR. TEDDI
 Gina, the skin is literally responsible for filtering out our trauma. At the cellular level, I mean.

GINA
 (painfully credulous)
 Really?

DR. TEDDI
 Mmm.

Dr. Teddi pokes and prods at Gina's face, still unhappy with what she sees.

DR. TEDDI (CONT'D)
 This half millimetre-thick membrane is the only thing separating you from the outside world.
 (beat)
 All of you. Body. Mind. Spirit.

GINA
 (still entirely credulous)
 I had no idea...

Dr. Teddi shakes her head in disappointment.

DR. TEDDI
 People just don't educate themselves anymore.
 (beat)
 And smile for me please.

Gina smiles.

DR. TEDDI (CONT'D)
 And release.

Dr. Teddi makes several more dots around Gina's mouth.

DR. TEDDI (CONT'D)
 Physically. Psychologically.
 Emotionally. Spiritually...
 (beat)
 Everything that comes out...
 (beat)
 Everything that goes in...
 (beat)
 It's all held in the skin.

GINA
 Fascinating!

DR. TEDDI
 Science always is.
 (beat)
 That's why we have to take such
 care with what we do here...
 (beat)
 I'm not just looking for wrinkles,
 Gina. Or fine lines. Or slackening
 skin. Or discolouration.

Dr. Teddi traces her finger disapprovingly over all of the
 aforementioned, then comes to rest on a slightly red patch of
 skin.

DR. TEDDI (CONT'D)
 (even more concerned)
 Or rosacea.
 (beat)
 No...what I'm really doing is...
 (beat)
 Creating a map of your trauma.

Dr. Teddi steps back to assess her "map." Then she places one
 last dot right in between Gina's eyebrows

DR. TEDDI (CONT'D)
 (the most concerned yet)
 Mmm-mmm-mmm.

GINA
 Is everything okay?

DR. TEDDI
 You tell me, Gina...

GINA
 I'm fine! Fine! Just fine!

Dr. Teddi picks up Gina's right hand and presses it over
 Gina's heart.

DR. TEDDI
 You know what's not fine?
 (beat)
 Grief.
 (beat)
 Pain.
 (beat)
 Trauma.

GINA
 (confused)
 Of course...

DR. TEDDI
 What we do here is so much more
 than just the treatments, and the
 procedures, and the *superficial*
stuff, you know...

GINA
 Of course...

DR. TEDDI
 You and I Gina? We're going deep.
 This is spiritual, emotional,
 psychological warfare *writ large*
across your face, okay?

GINA
 Oh...

DR. TEDDI
 But luckily...

Dr. Teddi brandishes a botox needle in front of Gina's face.

DR. TEDDI (CONT'D)
 I came prepared for battle.

Dr. Teddi pulls the skin above Gina's eyebrows taut and plunges the needle into the first of many blue dots. She retracts the needle and flicks the tip.

6 EXT. LONDON STREET - MOMENTS LATER

6

Gina emerges from Dr. Teddi's clinic looking appropriately plumped and frozen.

She looks down the street: it's a bonanza of luxury brands. Gucci, Louis, Fendi, Prada, Escada, Dolce and Gabbana, all proudly fly their flags, beckoning out to those who can afford to heed the call.

Gina fishes out her earbuds and pops them in. She taps at her phone and begins to walk.

MUSIC starts to play: effervescent, synth-heavy, 80s pop perfection.

MUSIC CUE: "The Loco-Motion" by Kylie Minogue

KYLIE MINOGUE (O.S.)
(singing)
**Everybody's doin' a brand new dance
now...
(Come on baby do the locomotion)
I know you'll get to like it if you
give it a chance now...
(Come on baby do the locomotion)**

Gina strolls down the street in time to the music. She shakes her head and taps her hand against her hip and mouths along to the lyrics.

KYLIE MINOGUE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
**My little baby sister can do it
with ease...
It's easier than learning your A B
C's...**

Suddenly we:

MATCH CUT TO:

7 INT. NO-PLACE - ANYTIME 7

Hold for a split second. It's stage set version of the same London street we were just on. Potemkin storefronts uncannily align with their real-world counterparts. Professional dancers assume the position of pedestrians and passersby, and move impeccably in time to the music.

KYLIE MINOGUE (O.S.)
**So come on, come on, do the
loco-motion with me!**

8 RESUME - LONDON STREET 8

Back to reality. What was that? A fantasy? A dream sequence? Or perhaps...*a preview of things to come?*

KYLIE MINOGUE (O.S.)
You gotta swing your hips now...

Suddenly Gina stops dead in her tracks. She pulls out her earbuds and peers in the window of a shop. It's Prada.

Gine removes her earbuds and tosses them in her purse.

END MUSIC CUE

She walks over to the entrance and just as she's about to grab the handle, the door swings open. From within we hear:

SALES ASSOCIATE (O.S.)

Gina!

9

INT. PRADA BOUTIQUE - CONTINUOUS

9

Gina swans into Prada. Sales associates stop what they're doing and look at her with a mixture of trepidation, curiosity, deference, and contempt - Italian style. A particularly handsome man, LORENZO FROM PRADA, glides over to greet Gina.

GINA

(kiss kiss)

Lorenzo, my love!

LORENZO FROM PRADA

(kiss kiss)

Ciao, Gina!

He steps back to appraise her outfit and mutters a bunch of approving indistinct ITALIAN SOUNDS.

LORENZO FROM PRADA (CONT'D)

Bellissima...

(beat)

You're well?

Gina melts into Lorenzo From Prada's flattery.

GINA

Fabulous!

LORENZO FROM PRADA

Va bene!

(beat)

And your handsome husband?

GINA

Also fabulous! He's been away for a month, can you believe! But he's getting back tonight!

LORENZO FROM PRADA

Then we must pick out the most fabulous welcome home gift for the most fabulous man!

Gina leans in and clutches Lorenzo From Prada's arm.

GINA

Darling, I've already been working 'round the clock on the most divine surprise...I've run myself ragged with the preparations!

LORENZO FROM PRADA

(expectantly)

Allora...

GINA

A heavenly new chandelier for the dining room!

LORENZO FROM PRADA

(deathly serious)

Gina: I say it once, I say it a thousand times: good lighting is so important!

GINA

I know!

LORENZO FROM PRADA

Here, in Prada, look:

Lorenzo From Prada tilts his chin up and traces his profile.

LORENZO FROM PRADA (CONT'D)

Molto bello. But outside? *Molto brutto!*

GINA

Stop! You're gorgeous! Divine! Perfection!

Lorenzo From Prada flushes with pride.

LORENZO FROM PRADA

Dai. I must show you the most sensational new piece for my most sensational customer!

Lorenzo From Prada grabs Gina by the hand and leads her to the fine jewellery case at the centre of the boutique. They pass by a FEMALE SALES ASSOCIATE and Lorenzo From Prada leans over to address her.

LORENZO FROM PRADA (CONT'D)

(whispering)

Valentina! *Un caffè e un'acqua frizzante per la signora!*

Valentina From Prada rolls her eyes.

VALENTINA FROM PRADA

(muttering)

Si, si...

LORENZO FROM PRADA
 (hissing)
Ora!!!

VALENTINA FROM PRADA
 (shouting)
Basta!!!
 (muttering)
Ah Madonna...culattone...

10 INT. PRADA BOUTIQUE - JEWELLERY COUNTER - CONTINUOUS 10

Lorenzo from Prada retrieves a necklace from the case. It's a thick, heavy gold chain, simple but exquisite. He holds it up ceremoniously.

LORENZO FROM PRADA
Ecco qui...

Gina GASPS.

GINA
 Oh, Lorenzo! It's stunning! Just
 stunning!

Lorenzo walks behind Gina and fastens the necklace around her neck. He spins her around so she can appraise herself in the mirror.

LORENZO FROM PRADA
Allora...

Gina GASPS even more pointedly. She runs her fingers over the necklace.

GINA
 Oh, it's just DIVINE!

Lorenzo pops his head over Gina's shoulder and smiles cheekily in the mirror...

LORENZO FROM PRADA
 Hand-made...
 (beat)
 One of a kind...
 (beat)
 The finest gold. Pure, you
 understand? Nowhere will you find a
 piece like this.

Gina's utterly transfixed by herself wearing this necklace...just then, Valentina From Prada arrives with her coffee and water.

VALENTINA FROM PRADA
Signora. Your coffee. And water.

GINA
 Oh! Thank you!
 (painfully bad Italian)
 Grazie!

VALENTINA FROM PRADA
 (sneering)
Prego.

Valentina From Prada slinks back into the abyss of
 condescension from whence she came.

Gina returns her gaze to her reflection in the mirror.

GINA
 (dreamily)
 But how could I ever justify it?

LORENZO FROM PRADA
 How could you not?

Gina continues to admire it, and herself.

GINA
 It is stunning...
 (beat)
 Oh I don't know...

Lorenzo From Prada winks at her in the mirror.

GINA (CONT'D)
 Oh fine! I'll take it!

LORENZO FROM PRADA
Bravo! Eccola!

Lorenzo From Prada removes the necklace from Gina's neck and
 starts to pack it up. On Lorenzo From Prada's iPad we glimpse
 the price – unspoken, of course. £45,000.

Gina examines herself in the mirror, running her fingers over
 all of Dr. Teddi's many, many, many injection sites. Suddenly
 something behind her catches her attention. Her eyes widen
 and she spins around.

GINA
 (shouting)
 Dr. Burton! Dr. Burton! Dr. Burton!

An painfully austere middle aged woman further down the
 jewellery counter looks up. This is DR. JANE BURTON: Gina's
 psychiatrist. At the sight of Gina, she flinches. Gina bounds
 over and embraces her, very much against her will.

DR. BURTON
 Gina...how...*funny* to bump into
 you...

GINA

Isn't it?

(affectedly, like Bogart)

Of all the Prada stores, in all the towns, in all the world, she walks into mine...

DR. BURTON

Oh...

GINA

Like in "Casablanca"...

DR. BURTON

Right...

Gina grabs Dr. Burton's hand.

GINA

Dr. Burton, I just have to tell you: I've really been working on everything we were talking about with regards to...

(whispering)

Setting boundaries...

DR. BURTON

(incredulously)

Oh good...

GINA

And it hasn't been easy...because as you well know...

(whispering)

Max...

(normal volume)

...doesn't like boundaries...

DR. BURTON

Mmm...

GINA

He doesn't like limitations...

DR. BURTON

Right...

GINA

He doesn't like constraints...

DR. BURTON

Gina, I-

GINA

But what I've finally realised is...

Gina leans in for dramatic effect.

GINA (CONT'D)

Neither do I.

Gina steps back and gestures broadly with her hands as if to say "behold this revelation!"

DR. BURTON

Right.

(beat)

Um, I—

Gina notices the ring Dr. Burton is trying on. It matches the necklace she just bought.

GINA

Oh, how divine!

DR. BURTON

Oh, I—

(beat)

Yes, it is rather lovely, isn't it?

GINA

It's so becoming!

DR. BURTON

You think?

GINA

Oh, it absolutely becomes you!

DR. BURTON

I do quite like it, but is it, I don't know...just another bauble?

GINA

Absolutely not! It's divine! You must!

Sensing her hesitation, Gina again clasps Dr. Burton's hand.

GINA (CONT'D)

Dr. Jane, I tell you what: let's make a deal. You buy yourself that ring and in exchange, I'll call my mother back in Sydney and ask her why she ever had children if she never wanted to be a mother...sifting through the emotional fallout will pay for the ring ten times over!

DR. BURTON

(concerned)

Oh, Gina...

Just then, Gina's phone PINGS: a calendar notification that reads "In 1 Hour: Gym w/ Minas"

GINA
 Oh God! It's just one thing after
 the next! Relentless! Life is just
 relentless!

Gina waves goodbye to Dr. Burton as she heads out.

GINA (CONT'D)
 (shouting)
 Buy the ring!
 (beat)
 And I'll see you next week!

Dr. Burton waves back, slightly stunned; slightly numb. She examines the ring on her finger for a moment then signals to Valentina From Prada that she'd like to take it.

11 EXT. LONDON STREET - DAY

11

Gina speed walks down the street. She's breathless: both from her pace, and from the rush of her little impulse purchase.

Suddenly, something from across the way catches her eye. She stops dead in her tracks and stares intently at a restaurant terrace across the street. More specifically, a table of three WOMEN and a YOUNG MAN. She makes an excited little SHRIEK and immediately darts across the road.

GINA
 (shouting)
 Girls! Girls! Girls!

The WOMEN look up. They're some of Gina's oldest and dearest "friends"...though they might not characterise themselves as such...There's HELEN who's also a rich Australian expat living in London (though orders of magnitude less wealthy than Gina and *doesn't she know it*). There's CYNDI, another rich Australian who's slightly, ahem, *looser and freer*, which is to say less bitchy, more scantily clad, and persistently quite drunk. Then there's LAURELLE, yet another Australian (are we sensing a theme yet?) whose entire personality is fawning over her famous popstar son - TROYE SIVAN - who has joined the ladies for lunch.

12 EXT. RESTAURANT TERRACE - CONTINUOUS

12

The ladies and Troye all look up. Helen's face falls. Laurelle grimaces. Cyndi refills her champagne flute. And Troye smiles broadly and waves.

Gina bounds up to their table and greets them excitedly. There's a planter box that separates them; Gina tries to lean over it to initiate hugs with everyone, but she can't quite reach over the plants and no one gets up to reciprocate the gesture.

GINA

Oh, it's so good to see you girls!

(beat)

Helen: you're looking so well!

HELEN

Hi Gina...thanks...

GINA

And Cynthia! You're scandalously tan and even more scandalously thin!

CYNTHIA

Gina, you wouldn't believe: I picked up a nasty UTI in Gstaad...

(stage whisper)

...all that sugary riesling, you know...

(beat)

So now I'm on a strict-strict-strict diet of bone dry champagne...what an ordeal!

GINA

Terrible!

CYNTHIA

(stage whisper again)

Meanwhile I've lost five kilos...

Cynthia tugs up her top and smooths her hands appreciatively over her slender torso.

GINA

How divine!

Gina turns to Laurelle.

GINA (CONT'D)

Laurelle! How are you my love? I feel like I haven't seen you in so many moons!

LAURELLE

(sighs, self-satisfied)

Well, we just wrapped the world tour so as you can imagine, I'm in an absolute state!

Laurelle clasps Troye's hand and beams with unearned pride.

LAURELLE (CONT'D)

Gina, when I tell you the fans were rabid...they would have torn him limb from limb if they could have!

Laurette shoots her gaze at two massive BODYGUARDS, standing indiscreetly at the edge of the terrace.

LAURELLE (CONT'D)

I so hate to draw attention...

(beat)

But what must I do?! Safety first!

Gina beams and turns her attention to Troye.

GINA

Oh! How fabulous! Troye, my boy: we are just in awe of your success!

Troye flashes Gina a warm smile then gets up to give her a hug: pointedly the only one at the table who could be bothered to do so...

TROYE

Gina: you're looking fabulous as ever...

GINA

You lie!

TROYE

I'm not! You're always so...so...

(beat)

So Gina.

GINA

(squealing)

You absolute flirt! Shameless!

TROYE

But really: how are you?

GINA

I'm good! I'm fine! Fine fine fine!

(sighs)

Well, I suppose in all honesty, just between us girls—

Gina grabs Troye's arm and winks.

GINA (CONT'D)

—I'm a little run ragged at the moment. We're right in the home stretch of *big big big* refresh of the dining room — finally! I simply must have you girls over for dinner when it's don—

Just then, Gina spots a stack of presents piled at the far end of the table.

GINA (CONT'D)

Ooh! What are we celebrating?

HELEN
Oh, nothing in partic—

CYNTHIA
Helen's birthday.

Cynthia refills her champagne flute and toasts herself.

GINA
NO!!!

Gina clammers over the planter box partition and makes a beeline for Helen.

GINA (CONT'D)
I cannot believe I forgot your birthday!

HELEN
It's really fine Gina...it's just a last minu—

Gina clasps Helen's hand.

GINA
No it's not fine! And I'm going to make it up to you!

HELEN
Gina, that's really not—

GINA
A toast!

Cynthia snaps in the direction of their SERVER.

CYNTHIA
(shouting)
Another bottle of Pol Roger!

GINA
Fabulous!

CYNTHIA
Phenomenal value for the money.

Gina's still holding Helen's hand, and suddenly she notices the bracelet on her wrist. She GASPS. It's from Prada - and it matches the necklace she just bought.

GINA
Helen! This is— I can't—
(beat)
Where did you get this DIVINE little bracelet?

Helen relaxes slightly into the flattery.

HELEN

(smugly)

Lovely isn't it? It's from Laurelle and Troye...

GINA

You're not going to BELIEVE wha-

LAURELLE

(affectedly Italian)

Gina, let me tell you: we were whipping through *Milano*, and one afternoon when we had half a second to spare we were strolling through the *Galleria Vittorio Emmanuele* and Troye spotted this bracelet in the Prada store - the original one, mind you; there since 19...-

TROYE

Thirteen.

LAURELLE

1913! Can you imagine! Anyways, he spots this, and he says to me "Mummy: isn't this just the most divine? Mustn't we get it for Auntie Helen?" And of course it was, and of course we did.

GINA

Fabulous! Just fabulous!

(to Helen)

You're absolutely not going to BELIEVE-

HELEN

Meanwhile, I'm absolutely DYING to get the matching necklace but it's IMPOSSIBLE to find, and-

Gina SHRIEKS and thrusts her Prada bag in front of Helen.

GINA

(euphoric)

I HAVE IT!!!

HELEN

(confused)

What?

GINA

The NECKLACE!!!

HELEN

(even more confused)

What???

Gina starts rummaging through the Prada bag and ripping through all of the very delicate wrapping.

GINA
 (muttering)
 I cannot believe...
 (beat)
 Of all the days...
 (beat)
 The luck of it all...
 (beat)
 It's impossible...
 (beat)
 Just impossible!!!

Gina finally produces a small leather-bound box in an exquisite shade of robin's egg blue – *Prada Blue* – and thrusts it into Helen's hands

GINA (CONT'D)
 (shrieking)
 PRA-DAAAAAAA!!!!

HELEN
 Gina, what...

GINA
 (breathless)
 Happy birthday Hel'!
 (beat)
 Oh I can't even believe the sublime coincidence of it all!!!

Helen tentatively, confusedly begins to open the box.

HELEN
 Gina, when did you even...*how* did you—

Helen sees the necklace inside. The necklace.

HELEN (CONT'D)
 Oh my God.
 (beat)
 Gina...I—
 (beat)
 Wait, what??

Meanwhile Laurelle leans over and sees the necklace. Her face crumples in judgement slash inadequacy. Cynthia peers over too and just shrugs: in her state, a necklace is a necklace. Troye also cranes his head over to catch a glimpse – he looks bemused; impressed.

TROYE
 Damn, Gina.

LAURELLE
 (hissing)
 Gina, that necklace costs—

GINA
 Shh!!!

Gina excitedly claps her hands. Helen reminds paralysed by confusion.

GINA (CONT'D)
 This is just the most divine coincidence!!! Helen: you must try it on!!!

Gina reaches for the necklace but Helen stops her.

HELEN
 Gina...did you even know it was my birthday? I mean who...
 (beat)
 Did you buy this for...yourself?

GINA
 But don't you see? I didn't actually buy it for me! Oh sure, I thought I was in the moment, but actually, I was buying it for you!

HELEN
 What?

GINA
 I was being led to buy it. For you! By...I don't know...fate!

HELEN
 Gina I can't accept it. It's too much. It's...

GINA
 It's nothing!

HELEN
 It's too much...

GINA
 But I want you to have it!

HELEN
 Gina, I can't take it...

GINA
 But it was meant for you!!

HELEN
 Gina, really: no.

GINA

Oh, but Hel' don't you see? This is one of those once-in-a-lifetime written-in-the-stars kind of things! It was, well, destiny for me to buy it and destiny for me to bump into you here! I could have walked that way or that way, or bought something else or nothing at all, but instead I bought this necklace, and walked this way, then I saw you! And then you-

HELEN

(shouting)

GINA!!! I CAN'T TAKE THE FUCKING NECKLACE. I CAN'T. I WON'T. I DON'T WANT IT. JUST NO. NO. FUCKING NO!!!

Helen SLAMS the case closed and pushes it away from her.

HELEN (CONT'D)

(slightly calmer)

Take it. Just take it. Okay???

(exhales)

Thank you, but no. Okay?

Gina takes a step back.

GINA

Of course! Of course...it was just...just a funny little coincidence...

(sheepish)

Well, if you change your mind, or...well, you can always just give me a ring, or pop round the house, or...

Gina trails off. Helen stares at her blankly: some strange emotion between fury and pity colours her expression.

GINA (CONT'D)

(softly)

Only if you want...

HELEN

(eerily calm)

I'll keep that in mind. Thank you, Gina...I...yeah.

The SOMMELIER arrives with the bottle of champagne. He presents it ceremoniously to the table.

SOMMELIER

Ladies. A bottle of Pol Roger Brut Réserve.

(MORE)

SOMMELIER (CONT'D)

An exceedingly subtle cuvée with a delicate texture and the charm of white flesh fruit flavou-

Cynthia grabs the bottle and swats him away.

CYNTHIA

I'm sure. Thank you!

The Sommelier walks off, dejected.

Cynthia POPS the bottle, refills her flute, takes a big sip, then raises her glass.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

To Helen!

EVERYONE

(tepidly)

To Helen...

A dense silence prevails. Everyone shifts and fidgets uncomfortably. Gina reluctantly takes the necklace back.

After a moment, Gina's phone PINGS. She picks it up. The notification reads: "New Message from Chip: SOS Mummy! Some mean man in a scratchy-looking jumper needs to know something about something about the chandelier? Where r u???"

Gina GASPS and tosses the phone back in her purse.

GINA

Well, I've got to run! Chip just texted that there's some situation that's come up at the house...

At the mention of Chip's name, Troye perks up; a mischievous grin appears on his face.

TROYE

(coily)

How *is* Chip doing?

13

INT. GINA'S DINING ROOM - AFTERNOON

13

The room is swarming with CONSTRUCTION WORKERS, all of whom are tending to the install of the chandelier. Chip is in the corner supervising, which is to say preening and scrolling mindlessly through his phone. With him is his best friend Sissy: a beautiful, waif-ish, wayward minor aristocrat, also preening and scrolling mindlessly through her phone.

Eventually Chip looks up to check on the progress of the chandelier install. He squints and leans forward, straining to see something - or rather, someone - more clearly.

CHIP

Siss'?

Sissy doesn't look up from her phone.

SISSY

Mmm?

CHIP

(annoyed)

Sissy!

Sissy looks up.

SISSY

What!

CHIP

I think I might have slept with one of these—

Chip nods in the direction of the WORKERS.

CHIP (CONT'D)

—way back when.

SISSY

Darling, I'd only be shocked if you hadn't. *Plus ça change...the sun also rises...the only constant is change...ing-room fellatio...shall I go on?*

(beat)

Now which brute had his way with you?

Sissy glances out at the sea of Workers.

CHIP

Wouldn't you like to know?

SISSY

I'd say spare me, but I know that would only spur you on to greater-still pinnacles of erotic imagination.

(beat)

Now: who?

Chip points to a MUSCULAR WORKER who's halfway up a ladder fiddling with some minute element of the chandelier. His torso strains against his t-shirt, as does his ass against his jeans, as does, well, his *everything* against his everything.

Sissy leans forward and gazes appreciatively at the man.

SISSY (CONT'D)

(impressed)

Darling.

CHIP

But I can't be certain if it's him...it's going to drive me to distraction.

SISSY

Well surely you could just breeze past once or twice and see if the very particular swish of your hips jogs anything in that beautiful head of his?

CHIP

Oh darling: men like that never remember their encounters. For them, it's all still positively drenched in shame.

(beat)

Lucky them.

SISSY

(concerned)

Darling...

CHIP

Oh pooh Siss'! Did we or didn't we? Did we or didn't we??? It's going to drive me just mad!

SISSY

Process of elimination: in which fetid cruising ground, virtual or actual, could you two have met?

Chip gestures wildly as if to suggest all the vastness of the entire universe across all of space and time!

CHIP

Oh, we're never going to get anywhere with this! The sheer frustration is almost enough to make me reconsider being such a prolific, entirely unreconstructed whore!

SISSY

Don't change a hair.

Just then Gina bursts into the dining room. Chip sees her and springs up to greet her.

CHIP

Mummy!

Chip melts into Gina's warm embrace.

GINA
My Chippy! You're looking gorgeous
as ever!

Gina steps back to admire his outfit. Chip does a spin and a twirl.

CHIP
(affectedly)
A gift from the designer...

GINA
No what's this about some
emergency???

CHIP
(sighs)
Entirely a false alarm, I'm afraid.
Something-something about needing
to rewire something-something? But
then they found the wire in
question, and they did whatever the
very knowledgable-looking man in
the very scratchy-looking jumper
said to do, and all was well!

GINA
Oh good! What a relief! I simply
couldn't handle one more thing
today!

Gina sees Sissy and breezes over to say hello.

GINA (CONT'D)
Sissy, my angel: how are you???

SISSY
Tired. Bored. Fabulous. And you?

Sissy rises and languidly gives Gina a kiss-kiss-mwah-mwah.

GINA
Delirious! So tell me...

SISSY
Well: Chip was just regaling me
with tales of some of his
recent...*pursuits*...

GINA
Oh! Chippy! Have you found a job?

CHIP
(horrified)
Nothing as ghastly as all that!
(beat)
(MORE)

CHIP (CONT'D)

No, we were actually picking out a new boyfriend for Sissy from the all-you-can-eat buffet!

Chip gestures to the WORKERS beyond.

GINA

Oh how lovely! Sissy, you've been single for far too long! As wonderful a companion as my Chippy is, you'd do well to find yourself...

CHIP

What, mother? A real man?

GINA

Oh stop that nonsense Chip! You know what I mean!

Sissy slumps back down in her chair and lounges poutily.

SISSY

But everyone's such a dreadful bore, Gina...not least of all myself...

GINA

Stop that nonsense! You're a kind, loving, beautiful girl!

SISSY

Only one of those things was ever true, and the bloom is decidedly off the rose...

GINA

Stop it! Any man would be lucky...

SISSY

And sex is such an ordeal...my libido only comes around once every four or five years...

CHIP

Like recessions.

GINA

Oh! Are we in one?

Sissy shrugs.

Gina turns her attention to the chandelier, which is almost installed. White-gloved workers on ladders tend to the ten-thousand-odd crystal bits and bobs: shining, polishing, tweaking, perfecting.

GINA (CONT'D)
Isn't it just divine?

SISSY
Stunning.

CHIP
Mother, you couldn't burn through money faster if you set light to the entire house and used the Koons as kindling!

GINA
Do you think your father will like it?

CHIP
Well, inasmuch as it's neither a sex worker nor an under-regulated financial instrument, I doubt he'll pay it much mind.

Gina looks perplexed.

CHIP (CONT'D)
(flatly)
But I'm sure he'll love it!

SISSY
Gina, don't listen to word that comes out of the mouth of this wincing, whinging, sniping cautionary tale you call your son: it's fabulous; it's perfect; it's a triumph.

CHIP
Mother, I'm sure he'll love it.
(muttering)
Or something!

GINA
I hope so...

Chip notices Gina's Prada shopping bag.

CHIP
But more importantly: Prada!!!

Gina blushes.

GINA
You caught me red-handed! I did pop in to peruse the bits and bobs...

CHIP
Outstanding bits. Superlative bobs.

GINA

Then I bumped into the girls at
lunch...

Chip rolls his eyes and throws his head back in disgust.

CHIP

Honestly, mother: those women are
awful. The worst! I don't know why
you bother with them!

SISSY

Truly, Gina: they're objectively
terrible people.

Gina swats her hand to-and-fro as if to swat away their
entirely valid points.

GINA

They're good people...

CHIP

They're hateful, vengeful cunts
incapable of empathy, compassion,
joy or any of the other pre-
requisites of even rudimentary
goodness...

GINA

They're my friends!

CHIP

They're a malicious coterie of
overmedicated gorgons whose
capacity for cruelty is only
eclipsed by their staggering,
unrelenting, complete and total
banality...

GINA

They're fabulous!

CHIP

Well no one said they weren't!

GINA

Oh! I almost forgot to tell you who
was having lunch with them!

(beat)

Troye! Laurelle's boy!

CHIP

(spitefully)

That little faggot?

GINA

He even asked about you, Chippy...

CHIP
 (solicitously)
 That little faggot!

GINA
 You should call him!

CHIP
 Oh please! For what, mother? What could two utterly vain, completely self-interested, twinks possibly have in common?

GINA
 Just call him, Chip. He's always looked up to you.

CHIP
 Mother, I promise you: no one's ever looked up to me.

SISSY
 (aside)
 It's difficult to look up at someone who's so persistently found on his knees...

Just then, Gina's phone PINGS: a calendar notification that reads "In 15 minutes: Gym w/ Minas"

GINA
 Oh pooh! This day is honestly just relentless! I've got to drop everything, get changed, and sprint over to gym!

CHIP
 You're the very picture of resilience! I don't know how you do it!

GINA
 And remember Chip: your father's back this evening! I'm planning a special dinner to christen the new dining room...join us!

CHIP
 Oh I'd love to, but I'm...

SISSY
 He's coming out with me. Girls' night.

Sissy winks at Chip.

14

INT. PRIVATE GYM - MOMENTS LATER

14

Gina stands alone in large, beautifully designed, impeccably lit space before a wall of mirrors. Gym equipment, free weights, medicine balls and the like – all uniformly matte black – are arranged in thoughtfully curated vignettes: untouched; pristine.

She looks fixedly at something beyond the edge of the mirror. Or rather, someone: MINAS, a mincing, prancing, deliriously campy Greek man strides into frame, taking unnaturally long, slow steps on the balls of his feet. As he approaches Gina, he makes piercing eye contact with her.

MINAS
(enunciating very slowly
and affectedly)
Walk-A-Mile-In-These-Lou-Bou-Tins.
(beat)
Okay?

He looks at Gina for confirmation. She enthusiastically nods her head.

Minas turns on a dime and starts marching in the opposite direction.

MINAS (CONT'D)
(still enunciating very
slowly and affectedly)
*But-They-Don't-Wear-These-Shits-
Where-I'm-From.*
(beat)
See?

Minas looks at Gina again. She again nods enthusiastically.

Minas/turns around sharply again.

MINAS (CONT'D)
(even more slowly and
affectedly)
*I'm-Not-Hating-I'm-Just-Telling-
YOU.*

Minas points and thrusts his finger in Gina's direction. Gina flinches. He turns around again.

MINAS (CONT'D)
(rapid-fire)
*I'm-Tryna-Let-You-Know-What-The-
Fuck-That-I-Been-Through.*

Minas stops and turns to face Gina.

MINAS (CONT'D)
You see, Gina? You have to feel the
music as you move...

GINA

Right, yes, right...

Minas turns and grabs Gina by her shoulders and stares deeply into her eyes.

MINAS

Being exceptional doesn't come naturally...

(beat)

Being brilliant doesn't come naturally...

(beat)

And being the thing that we endeavour to be...

(beat)

Is the most unnatural thing of all.

(beat)

Against nature, against society, against the laws of man...against God himself!

(beat)

It's outrageous, monstrous, blasphemous to want what we want...

(beat)

We reach up into the heavens, and down into the murky depths of some primal current...and we grasp and grab and take something of the divine.

(beat)

We take it for ourselves.

(beat)

Selfishly. Greedily. Covetously.

(beat)

And we anoint ourselves with this strange holy water. And we stand on a stage, or in front of a camera, or underneath the klieg lights and we say to the world – DEMAND of the world – look at ME! Gaze upon ME! Behold ME! For I have transcended. I am not like you. I am awash in a radiance that exists beyond time and space and comprehension. I am no longer merely mortal...I am...a STAR.

Minas's strange, tawdry, messianic mania infects Gina. She gets a faraway look in her eyes, and a curious half-grin spreads across her face.

MINAS (CONT'D)

We have to earn this shit, Gina! We have to WORK for it!

(beat)

From the top!

Minas taps his phone and MUSIC begins to play. It's "Work" by Iggy Azalea. Minas and Gina assume their positions.

MUSIC CUE: "Work" by Iggy Azalea

IGGY AZALEA (O.S.)
(rapping)
Walk a mile in these Louboutins...

Minas and Gina strut to and fro...

IGGY AZALEA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
**But they don't wear these shits
where I'm from...**

Strut to...

IGGY AZALEA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
**I'm not hating, I'm just telling
you...**

Strut fro...

IGGY AZALEA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
**I'm tryna let you know what the
fuck that I've been through...**

The beat drops, and Minas springs into some decidedly more advanced pop-and-lock style choreography. Gina follows along reasonably well, if not slightly out of time and missing a step here and there. Minas carefully watches Gina's form in the mirror.

IGGY AZALEA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
**I've been up all night
Tryna get that rich
I've been work, work, work, work
Workin' on my shit
Milked the whole game twice
Gotta get it how I live
I've been work, work, work, work
Workin' on my shit**

CUT TO:

15

INT. NO-PLACE - ANYTIME

15

Gina continues the same choreography. But she's somehow infinitely more adept and polished than she was a second ago. Is this even Gina? It looks like her, sort of, but she's moving too quickly to make out her face...

Oh, and there's backup dancers now. Lots of them. Like 20. All popping and locking with exquisite military precision.

IGGY AZALEA (O.S.)
 (Now get this work)
 (Now get this work)
 (Now get this work)
 (Now get this work)
 Work, work, work, work
 Workin' on my shit

16 RESUME - PRIVATE GYM

16

The MUSIC cuts. Minas does a little twirl and a curtsy then CLAPS enthusiastically in Gina's direction.

END MUSIC CUE.

MINAS

Bravo!

GINA

(breathless, incredulous)
 How was it?

MINAS

A little clumsy. But you've been practicing.

Minas flashes her a proud smiles. Gina blushes.

GINA

Oh!

MINAS

(approvingly)
 Work, work, work, work, working on
 your shit, Gina. Take five.

Minas glides away to towel off. Gina takes a sip of water and stares at herself in the mirror coolly, objectively, as if seeing herself (or a part of herself) for the first time.

17 INT. GINA'S DINING ROOM - THAT EVENING.

17

The installation of the chandelier is complete and it's spectacular. A lavish dinner is arrayed on the table below.

Gina sits alone at the head of the table. She pours herself a glass of wine from a freshly opened bottle and takes a sip. She looks around the room contented. Expectant. A clock STRIKES on the hour. 8 o'clock.

18 INT. GINA'S DINING ROOM - LATER 18

Gina is still seated at the head of the table, still alone. The bottle of wine is visibly emptier, and some of the dishes have started to look ever so slightly picked over. The clock STRIKES. 9 o'clock.

19 INT. GINA'S DINING ROOM - LATER 19

Gina is still seated at the head of the table, still alone. The bottle of wine is completely empty, and the dishes are entirely picked over now. The clock STRIKES 10 o'clock.

Gina gets up from the table, takes a long look around the room, then heads for the door. She turns around and takes one last look at her chandelier, then flicks the switch.

20 EXT. GAY CLUB - LATER THAT EVENING 20

A sea of beautiful YOUNG QUEERS mill in the street in front of a nondescript warehouse in a dodgy part of London: talking, smoking, laughing, crying, hugging, kissing, screaming, whispering, and most of all staring into the blueish abyss of their phones.

A black cab pulls up near the entrance. Chip gets out. He looks around at the scene and the crowd admiringly, if not a little detachedly. He heads straight for the front door. A split-second, wordless exchange and he's in.

21 GAY CLUB - A WHILE LATER 21

Safe to say this isn't girls' night with Sissy. It's seedy, it's dingy, it's positively drenched in bodily fluids. It's all thrillingly illicit and raw and debauched, which is to say, decidedly un-Chip. What's he doing here? Well, cocaine, at present.

Chip lays out a line on a corner of the bar. He snorts it and immediately seems to spring to life. He retrieves the residual powder from the bar top with his pinky finger and rubs it across his gums.

Chip steels himself: wipes around his nose, fusses with his hair, smooths his shirt. Then he plunges into the glistening, rancid, irresistible crush of bodies. The music swells to a prolonged crescendo and the crowd seems to pulse and throb in time: a strange organism of beautiful fucked up bodies.

Chip's gaze darts in every direction as he allows himself to be moved by the currents of the crowd, looking for everything and nothing; everyone and no one. As he makes his way through the crowd, countless gazes alight on him: hungry, ravenous, consumptive gazes.

Finally, Chip comes to clearing in the crowd. He pauses to get his bearings. He locks eyes with a towering, muscular, menacingly HANDSOME MAN who's naked but for a pair of briefs that leave precisely nothing to the imagination. They hold each other's gaze. The man takes a step toward Chip. Chip takes a step toward the man. They're only a few centimetres apart now, face to face.

HANDSOME MAN

Hi.

22

GINA'S SALON - LATER

22

The room is quiet and dark. The only sources of light are the streetlights outside that cast a faint, yellow-ish pall over the space.

At the far end of the room is a grand piano. Its black laquered surface catches the light. There's someone seated at the piano...it's Gina.

She strikes a few keys idly. The NOTES cut the silence.

Her left hand strikes a simple piano CHORD, while her right hand slowly and tentatively taps out a soft sweet, simple MELODY.

Gina repeats the soft, sweet, simple MELODY, but quicker and more confidently this time. At this tempo, it's also more familiar. It's "Making Love Out of Nothing At All" by Air Supply.

MUSIC CUE: "Making Love Out of Nothing at All (Instrumental)" by Air Supply

Gina continues to play. With each successive bar of music, she becomes more and more confident. Eventually, her whole body begins to heave and sway in time to the music. As she reaches the chorus, she closes her eyes and we:

CUT TO:

23

INT. GAY CLUB - DARK ROOM - LATER THAT EVENING

23

The space is cloaked in near-total darkness. All that can be made out are hazy, shadowy forms groping at each other: pounding, thrusting, throbbing, choking.

The door to the space swings open, temporarily illuminating the scene. Chip is bent over getting fucked by the Handsome Man. He braces himself against the wall. He looks neither happy nor sad; aroused nor repulsed. He's just there.

24 RESUME - GINA'S SALON

24

Gina's eyes blink open. She softly PLAYS the song's inimitable refrain once more time. She repeats it, but her playing slows, with each note further apart. The final NOTE rings out and lingers in the air.

END MUSIC CUE.

25 INT. GINA'S BEDROOM - EVENING

25

Gina lies in bed. The room is entirely dark; the only source of light is the glow from the screen of her phone. She taps PLAY on a podcast - the same podcast she was listening to earlier.

OPRAH WINFREY (O.S.)

-you are here to honour your calling. Whether you're paid for it or not. If you can get paid for it, that makes life exponentially better, but if you are not paid for it, that is also-

Gina sniffs and coughs.

OPRAH WINFREY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

-really just fine. Because honouring the calling feeds everything else you do in your life. Honouring the calling makes everything else better.

(beat)

And I would say that the best way to begin to figure out who you are really meant to be is to ask the universe, God, that question.

Gina shifts more upright and closes her eyes. She mouths along to the next part.

OPRAH WINFREY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

God, how can I be used in service to myself first, and how can I then use that service to serve the world? Use your life to serve the world, and you will find that it also serves you.

A commercial interrupts the podcast. Gina pauses it and stares off into the distance. A strange expression spreads across her face, somewhere between consternation and illumination; somewhere between sorrow and joy. After a few more seconds, the phone screen shuts off and blackness consumes the room.

26

INT. GAY CLUB - LATER

26

Chip stumbles out of some particularly dim corner of the club. A second later, the Handsome Man emerges and follows Chip into the crowd. After a few seconds Chip begins to be swallowed by the crowd and the Handsome Man reaches out to grab on to his shoulder. Chip turns with a start and bumps into..Troye Sivan. What's he doing here?

TROYE (O.S.)

Chip!

Chips stares at him, confused.

TROYE (CONT'D)

It's Troye...

Chip still says nothing.

TROYE (CONT'D)

Laurette's-

Chip snaps out of his confusion.

CHIP

No I know! Of course. Hi. What are-

TROYE

Doing here?

Troye cocks his eyebrow and looks toward the Handsome Man then at Chip.

The Handsome Man stares back at Troye, then over at Chip.

Chip's gaze flits between the two men uncomfortably.

CHIP

Well, yes?

TROYE

Practically my local. More to the point: what are you doing here?

The Handsome Man pointedly CLEARS HIS THROAT.

CHIP

Yes?

The Handsome Man stares back at Chip for a beat, as if to give him the chance to stop him from leaving, then scowls and huffs off.

HANDSOME MAN

(muttering)

Fucking twink...

CHIP
 (shouting after him)
 You have a beautiful cock! But an ugly sense of entitlement!

TROYE
 (archly)
 Sorry to interrupt...

CHIP
 Oh, hardly. We've gotten what we wanted from each other.

Troye cranes his head to catch another glimpse of the Handsome Man as he retreats into the crowd.

TROYE
 Bravo. He's a rather spectacular specimen...

Chip extends his hand graciously.

CHIP
 By all means...

Troye continues to track the Handsome Man's movements throughout the crowd for a few more seconds then turns back to face Chip.

TROYE
 Not tonight.
 (beat)
 Tonight I'm here strictly for research.

Chip SCOFFS.

CHIP
 You can dispense with the cute little euphemisms...

TROYE
 Really!

CHIP
 (dismissively)
 Troye...

TROYE
 (cheekily)
 Christopher...

Chip startles at the use of his proper name. Troye smiles warmly and ever so slightly solicitously.

TROYE (CONT'D)
 I'm preparing for a role...

CHIP
 (sighs theatrically)
 Some strung out ageing queen, no
 doubt?

TROYE
 Well, yes actually.
 (beat)
 I seem to have aged out of
 "ingenue" and firmly into
 "cautionary tale..."

CHIP
 Sounds familiar...

Troye examines Chip thoughtfully.

TROYE
 Then perhaps I've found my muse?

Chip gestures at himself incredulously.

CHIP
 I couldn't think of a less
 interesting subject...

TROYE
 False modesty doesn't suit you...

Chip shakes his head.

CHIP
 What you see is emphatically what
 you get. I'm nothing but a walking,
 talking agglomeration of lazy
 clichés...
 (beat)
 Nothing beneath the glossy surface.
 (beat)
 No *there*, there.

Troye keeps his gaze trained on Chip. Chip eventually looks
 up and meets his gaze.

TROYE
 Hmm.

A MESSY FASHION GAY stumbles into Chip, the force of which
 presses him up against Troye. Nothing separates them now.

After a tentative few seconds, Chip's hands instinctively
 creep up the side of Troye's torso and come to rest on the
 divot between his hipbone and ribcage. Troye's hands do the
 same and come to rest in the same place on Chip.

They begin to move in time with the music, stiffly and hesitantly at first, but gradually they become looser and freer. As the music SWELLS, so do they. And they melt into the crowd; into the night; into each other.

27 INT. GINA'S HOUSE - VARIOUS - THE NEXT MORNING 27

The front hall is gleaming and impeccable. The day's papers have already been arrayed on a console by some unseen hand.

The salon is empty and cloaked in hazy golden light. Everything is just so, except for the piano bench which has been pushed out at an angle.

The dining room is quiet and still. No traces of last night's meal remain; swept away by some other unseen hand. Soft beams of early morning light dance and play across the chandelier, breaking the visual monotony.

In the kitchen, an untended kettle gurgles and bubbles and emits a lazy swirl of steam. On the island opposite, a plate of orange segments sits on a silver tray next to a single boiled egg perched in its ceramic cup and an empty french press. The kettle begins to WHINE then WHISTLE. Soft FOOTSTEPS draw nearer. It's Leda. She removes the kettle from the hob and pours the water into the french press. Just then, Leda's phone PINGS. She finishes pouring then retrieves her phone from her pocket. She takes a look at the notification and blanches.

LEDA
(muttering)
Shit.

Leda leaves the coffee and sprints out of the room.

We follow her down the hallway, past the dining room, past the salon, to the main staircase.

28 INT. STAIRCASE - CONTINUOUS 28

Leda runs down the staircase.

LEDA
(muttering)
Shit shit shit.

29 INT. FRONT HALL - CONTINUOUS 29

Leda rounds a corner and hurries down the final flight of stairs to the front hall.

From outside, the sound of car doors SLAMMING and FOOTSTEPS. Leda smooths her shirt and swings the front door open. Standing opposite her is MAX. The man himself.

He looks perplexedly at Leda.

LEDA

Mr. Davis. Welcome home.

MAX

Thank you sweetheart.
(beat)
Everything's good?

LEDA

No complaints.

MAX

Good girl.

Max's mood suddenly seems to darken.

MAX (CONT'D)

Leda honey: where's Gina?

LEDA

She's still upstairs in her room, I believe.

MAX

Fucking hell.

Max peers up the staircase.

MAX (CONT'D)

(shouting)
Gina! Gina! Gina!

There's no response.

MAX (CONT'D)

FUCK!

Max heads for the staircase.

30 INT. STAIRCASE - CONTINUOUS

30

Max storms upstairs, getting more impatient with every step.

MAX

(shouting)
Gina!

A few more steps...

MAX (CONT'D)

(shouting louder)
Gina!!

A few more steps...

MAX (CONT'D)
 (screaming)
 GINA!!!

Max turns a corner and comes face to face with Gina. She's wearing a flowing silk robe and house slippers. Her hair is disheveled and her face isn't made up. Gina motions to embrace him but Max takes a step back.

GINA
 Darling!

Max appraises Gina with alarm.

MAX
 Christ, Gina...

Max gestures disgustedly in Gina's direction.

MAX (CONT'D)
 ...Whatever Happened to Baby Jane?
Here she is...

Gina misses the reference.

GINA
 (confused)
 Jane Who?

MAX
 Just an old friend of mine.

Gina's still confused but she lets it go.

GINA
 So how was your trip back? You're early.

MAX
 Some asshole offered me a lift back on his jet. He was bringing some...companions to London for a holiday...
 (archly)
It's not human trafficking if it's on a Gulfstream, right?

Max pushes past Gina and continues walking upstairs. Gina follows behind.

MAX (CONT'D)
 Gina, you wouldn't believe how I had to sing for my supper for this guy. I mean really just degrading and debasing myself the whole six and a half fucking hours.
 (beat)
 (MORE)

MAX (CONT'D)

From wheels up, I was just one of those singing, dancing monkeys with the tim-tam-whatever-the-fucks!

GINA

Cymbals?

MAX

Exactly. I was on fucking fire the entire flight banging the fuck out of my fucking cymbals.

(beat)

It was disgusting how good I was at jerking that fucker off, Gina. You wouldn't believe it. I fucking hate myself for how good I was at it.

(beat)

But he fucking loved me. By the time we touched down at Heathrow: Two billion straight in the fund. No questions asked.

GINA

Oh Max! That's fabulous! Congratulations! We'll have to celebr-

MAX

Thank fucking God he came through. I spent a goddamn month lubing that fucker up, then-

(shouting)

BAM!!!

(beat)

I shoved it in raw and he shot his wad straight into my greedy little hands.

GINA

Fabulous! Just fabulous! I'm so proud of you, my love!

Max and Gina arrive at the top of the stairs. Max grabs at his shirt and sniffs it.

MAX

Fuck I need a shower.

He starts off down the hallway in the direction of his bedroom.

GINA

Before you do, I've got a little surprise for you...

MAX

Christ, Gina...what is it now?

GINA
Just a little something...

Gina gestures to the door nearest her.

Max sighs.

GINA (CONT'D)
One minute! Quick quick! In and out!

Gina opens the door to the dining room and gestures for Max to go inside. He does so, reluctantly.

MAX
(muttering)
Fuck, Gina...

31 INT. GINA'S DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

31

Max looks around confusedly: right past the massive, glittering, unmissable chandelier. Gina slides up next to him and gestures toward it.

GINA
(sing-songy)
Ta-daaaaa!!!

MAX
What?

GINA
Max!

Gina nods exaggeratedly in the direction of the chandelier. Max looks past it.

MAX
Fuck Gina! What is it???

GINA
(whispering)
The chandelier...

Max finally registers the chandelier.

MAX
What? Oh.
(beat)
Is it new?

GINA
That's the surprise!
(sing-songy)
Surprise!
(beat)
Isn't it stunning?

MAX

Yeah, sure. Life changing stuff,
Gina.

Gina grabs his hand and tries to pull him closer to the chandelier.

GINA

Come and see it up close! It's
exquisite...each of the crystals
was made by hand and-

Max violently jerks his hand away.

MAX

Gina, I gotta go take a shower and
take a shit and get to the office.
It's a light...great.

Gina looks quietly crushed.

GINA

It's just...you said the other
month how we never eat dinner at
home, and I-

MAX

Gina, the reason we never eat
dinner at home isn't because we
didn't have a hand-fucking-made
chandelier...

GINA

Well, I just-

MAX

The reason why we never eat at home
is because you never fucking make
dinner.

(beat)

Which is fine! You don't need to be
a housewife who spends her days in
the kitchen. But what you could do
is hire someone and tell them to
make us dinner...

GINA

But I-

MAX

And if you didn't even want to
exert the bare minimum of effort
required to hire someone that you
could tell to make us dinner, you
could hire someone else to tell the
person making dinner to make us
fucking dinner!

GINA
Well, I tried—

MAX
But you didn't do that. You didn't
do a god damn thing.
(beat)
Because you're—you're—you're—

GINA
What?

MAX
(sighs)
Nevermind
(beat)
I mean, what the fuck is this even?

GINA
It's from Italy, and every piece is
hand—

MAX
I'm sure it fucking is! And I'm
sure whatever asshole sold it to
you painted a beautiful fucking
picture for you.
(beat)
Am I right?
(beat)
Of course I am.

GINA
Well, I like it.

MAX
It's a fucking light, in a fucking
room that we don't fucking use!!!

GINA
Well, we can use it; we will use it
now...

MAX
No we won't!

GINA
We will!

MAX
We won't!

GINA
We...will...

Max turns abruptly to face Gina. She shrinks from him.

MAX
 (shouting)
 We WON'T!

Max walks up to the chandelier. He bats it violently and a few of the crystals fly off.

MAX (CONT'D)
 Actually, you know what, Gina?
 You're right: it's stunning. Just
stunning.

GINA
 Max, I didn't...I just thought you
 might—

MAX
 And how much did this stunning
 piece cost, Gina?

The colour drains from Gina's face.

GINA
 Um...

MAX
 (menacingly)
 How much, Gina?

Gina stares at the ground and plays with her fingers like a chastened little girl.

GINA
 (muttering)
 It was five...

MAX
 Five what?

GINA
 (still muttering)
 Five...hundred.
 (beat)
 Thousand.

Max freezes in place.

MAX
 Pounds?

Gina nods.

MAX (CONT'D)
 Five hundred thousand pounds.
 (beat)
Five. Hundred. Thousand. Pounds.
 (beat)
 I—I—

GINA

I—

MAX

(shouting)

FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND FUCKING
POUNDS???

Max again swats at the chandelier and dislodges a few more crystals. Gina looks up with a start.

GINA

(whispering)

We can afford it...

MAX

Oh!! We can afford it! Great!

(snarling)

Of course we can fucking afford it!
The money isn't the point!!!

GINA

Well what is the point???

MAX

That it's stupid, Gina!!! That you
are—

The accusation triggers something in Gina. She glowers at Max.

GINA

That I'm stupid?

MAX

(hissing)

Don't interrupt me.

(beat)

Fine. You want to hear me say it?
I'll say it. Yes, Gina: I sometimes
think you're a little stupid. A
little Dumb. A little frivolous. A
little vapid. A little
uninteresting. And uninterested. In
anything outside of your stupid,
dumb, frivolous, vapid
uninteresting little bubble.

GINA

(sheepishly)

I was just trying to do something
for us.

MAX

Oh! You wanted to do something for
us!

(sneeringly)

Thank you Gina.

(MORE)

MAX (CONT'D)

And what a selfless act it was!
What a hero! What a saint! What a
fucking angel you are!

GINA

I did it for us!

MAX

Like hell you did! This isn't for
us. This is for you, Gina. This is
all about you!

YOU feeling important!

(beat)

YOU being busy!

(beat)

YOU having a little trophy that you
could run to all your little
friends with and say:

(mocking Gina's
intonation)

*Oh you girls must come over and see
the chandelier!!! Isn't it just
stunning??! Isn't it just
fabulous???! Isn't it just
DIVINE????!!!!*

(beat)

This doesn't have anything to do
with us, Gina. It's all about you.
Just like it always fucking has
been.

This unleashes something in Gina.

GINA

(raising her voice)

It's never been about me, Max! I'm
completely incidental! Which is
fine. I chose that. And I continue
to choose that. And I'd gladly give
it all up agai—

MAX

I'm sorry? Give what up, exactly?
What have you given up, Gina? What
is it that you've had to sacrifice?

Gina looks at him pointedly.

MAX (CONT'D)

Oh ho! That! That!!! I'm sorry
Gina, that's right...

Max LAUGHS cruelly.

MAX (CONT'D)

Well, what's stopping you now?
Here:

Max gestures to the table.

MAX (CONT'D)

A stage!

He gestures to the chandelier.

MAX (CONT'D)

Lights!

(crazed)

Sing Gina, SING! Dance, Gina,
DANCE! Show me what I've deprived
the world of! Make me beg for your
forgiveness! Be that good, Gina!
Show me!!! SHOW ME!!!

GINA

(screaming)

It's not about that Max! It's never
been about that!

MAX

Then what is it about Gina??? WHAT
THE FUCK IS IT ABOUT???

GINA

(shouting)

It's about...it's about...*my*
calling!!!

MAX

(incredulously)

Your calling? Your calling??!

Max laughs viciously.

GINA

Yes! My calling! My purpose. My—

MAX

Gina.

(beat)

You want to know what your calling
is? Here's you go: it's to squander
the rest of your life, walking up
and down the same few blocks, going
in and out of the same few shops,
having lunch with the same few
people, all of whom despise you,
spending my money, and—

GINA

My money.

MAX

What?

GINA

My money.

Max blanches. A shock of vulnerability pierces his bravado.

MAX

That's—

Gina slowly begins to walk toward Max.

GINA

It's my money, Max.

(beat)

It's always been my money.

MAX

Your family gav—

GINA

They did. You're right. Fine.

(beat)

But it was still mine. Not yours.

Never yours.

(beat)

It was my money when you started the fund. It was my money when we bought this house. It was my money when you came to me, broke, ruined, disgraced

(beat)

It was my money that kept you out of prison. My money that laundered your reputation. My money that bailed you out again when you fucked it all up — again.

(beat)

That was my money. And it was my money that bought this chandelier. My money! Mine. Not yours.

Gina pauses near the middle of the table.

MAX

I—

GINA

I kept my money. I still have my money.

(beat)

And what do you have? A promissory note from some billionaire? Nosing around for his scraps? Like a dog? Like a *very good boy*? I bet he promised to take very good care of his very good boy.

(baby talk)

His handsome, charming, very good boy!

MAX

Gina, you're—

GINA

Oh, I'm sorry. How silly of me. You said it yourself: you're not a dog...

(beat)

You're a monkey.

(beat)

A silly little monkey who's always had to sing for his supper.

(beat)

Maybe that's your calling, Max?

(beat)

Maybe you're the showman, not me?

MAX

Gina, I—

GINA

You're actually a wonderful little performer, come to think of it. All the world's a stage for a man like you! So why don't you put on a little show for me?

Gina shakes the chandelier, sending more crystals flying. Max cowers and attempts to dodge them.

GINA (CONT'D)

A little razzle dazzle for you.

MAX

Gina, what the fuck...

GINA

Dance, monkey, dance.

Gina claps her hands together in the exaggerated manner of a cymbal-banging monkey. Max just stares at Gina, stupefied.

GINA (CONT'D)

What's the matter my love? Are you having a spot of stage fright? Do you need me to warm up the crowd for you?

MAX

Gina...

GINA

Oh, if you insist...

Gina climbs atop the table and stands looming over Max. She clears her throat...

GINA (CONT'D)
 (shout-singing)
**One, two, three, one, two, three,
 DRINK!**

On "DRINK!" she STOMPS down on the table...

GINA (CONT'D)
**One, two, three, one, two, three,
 DRINK!**

She STOMPS again..

GINA (CONT'D)
**One, two, three, one, two, three,
 DRINK!**

Another STOMP...

GINA (CONT'D)
Throw 'em back 'til I lose count...

Gina then grabs ahold of the chandelier and starts to swing...

GINA (CONT'D)
**I'm gonna swing from the chandelier
 From the chandelier...
 I'm gonna live like tomorrow
 doesn't exist...**

She drops to her knees and bangs her fist on the table to punctuate every word...

GINA (CONT'D)
Like! It! Doesn't! Exist!

She stands up, outstretches her arms, and pantomimes a gentle flying motion as she runs up and down the length of the table...

GINA (CONT'D)
**I'm gonna fly like a birth through
 the night...**

She touches her dry cheeks gently with both hands...

GINA (CONT'D)
Feel my tears as they dry...

She again jumps up and grabs ahold of the chandelier and starts to swing

GINA (CONT'D)
**I'm gonna swing from the
 chandelier...
 (sotto)
 From the chandeliierrrrrrr...**

She lets go of the chandelier. Fallen crystals litter the table top. She gets down from the table and walks over to Max.

GINA (CONT'D)
Well, what'd you think? Be honest.
Needs work, I know.

Max stares blankly at Gina. The colour has drained from his face.

GINA (CONT'D)
(taunting)
What's the problem? Monkeys don't
talk?

Gina pokes Max in the chest with her index finger.

Suddenly Max's eyes roll into the back of his head and as if in slow motion, he slumps down and collapses to the ground.

GINA (CONT'D)
(whisper)
Max?
(louder)
Max.

Gina drops down and begins to shake Max.

GINA (CONT'D)
(louder still)
Max!

She shakes him more insistently now.

GINA (CONT'D)
(screaming)
MAX!!!

She starts to fumble with the buttons on his shirt with one hand as she smacks his face with the other.

GINA (CONT'D)
(whispering)
Max. Max. Max. Max. Max-

32

CUT TO: 32

Gina. Her eyes are open. Her gaze is downcast. She's impeccably made up, and her hair is coiffed to perfection. She breathes slowly, deeply, evenly. In and out; in and out. She's bathed in crisp white light.

DR. BURTON (O.S.)
Gina?

Gina's gaze flicks up.

DR. BURTON (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(beat)

Tell me what happened next?

GINA

Oh. Well...he was lying there. And I was shaking him and shaking him and shaking him; and he was just limp, like a rag doll.

(beat)

And I'm screaming his name, begging him to wake up...And then...

Gina trails off.

DR. BURTON (O.S.)

And then?

GINA

He opened his eyes. And the colour came rushing back into his face. And he looked up at me with this strange vulnerability that I've never seen before and he opened his mouth as if to say something...

DR. BURTON (O.S.)

And then?

GINA

And then I woke up.

33

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - DAY

33

Gina sits opposite Dr. Burton's in her office. The space is impeccable and austere, like Dr. Burton herself. Gina is dressed all in black.

DR. BURTON

And what was the first thought you had when you woke up?

GINA

Honestly?

DR. BURTON

(nodding)

Mmm.

GINA

Thank God.

(exhales)

Thank God he's fucking dead.

Dr. Burton looks vaguely distressed at this remark.

DR. BURTON

Gina I want to try something else with our remaining time if that's alright?

GINA

Okay.

DR. BURTON

Okay. Can I ask you to sit back and close your eyes. Make yourself comfortable. Breathe.

Gina follows Dr. Burton's instructions.

DR. BURTON (CONT'D)

And tell me what you see.

Gina's breath remains short. She fidget and shifts in her seat.

GINA

Okay...

DR. BURTON

Don't worry about making sense of it...just the first thing you can see in your mind's eye.

Gina's face scrunches in concentration.

DR. BURTON (CONT'D)

Do you have something?

Gina's eyes flicker open and shut. She squeezes her eyelids shut and exhales pointedly. Her breath slows.

GINA

Okay.

DR. BURTON

And? What is it?

GINA

A sign.

DR. BURTON

(confused)
Like an omen?

Gina smiles.

GINA

No a sign.

Gina shakes her head "no."

GINA (CONT'D)

Like a...

DR. BURTON

A marquee?

GINA

Exactly.

DR. BURTON

And what does it say? The sign?

A big, broad smile spreads across Gina's face. She closes her eyes and begins to lazily trace out letters in the air with her index finger.

GINA

G...I...N...A...

Gina freezes in place, her finger still outstretched. Then with a sudden flourish her hand falls in a sharp, striking motion as if slicing the air, then her index finger thrusts forward with pinpoint precision.

GINA (CONT'D)

Exclamation mark.

CUT TO BLACK.

END.