

MADAME X

FINAL DRAFT
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Written by

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Mel turns her attention back to Lane.

MEL (CONT'D)
 (to Lane)
 I'm sorry. May I be excused.

LANE CALDWELL
 Why yes, of course. I'll speak with Edward and arrange a time for us to meet.

MEL
 (distracted)
 Yes, yes. Please do.

Mel hastily gets up from the table and reenters the larger portion of the lounge.

She watches as Michael and Callie continue to talk. Callie looks excited to hear what Michael has to say.

Mel's eyes are focused and concerned.

Then, to Mel's horror, Michael takes Callie by the hand, turns her to face the other direction and points toward the Italian photographer Olmi and his two translators Kenji and Charlie. They're on the opposite side of the lounge.

Callie waves to them and they wave in return.

Callie takes a step toward them, but before she can get very far, Mel emerges and grabs Callie roughly by the arm.

Mel forcibly leads Callie toward the RESTROOM DOOR.

CUT TO:

INT. RESTROOM - NIGHT

Mel whips Callie into the bathroom. Callie pulls away angrily.

CALLIE
 What the hell do you think you're doing?

MEL
 (intimidatingly)
 Where did you come from?

Callie immediately realizes she has power over Mel in the situation. This influences her posture and her anger becomes devious sultriness.

CALLIE
Your past, it would seem.

MEL
Don't get cute with me.

CALLIE
I can't help it if I'm cute.

MEL
You don't seem to be intimidated.
That's a misstep.

CALLIE
(coily smiling)
Ever since you laid eyes on me,
it's been a quiet game of daggers.

MEL
(offended)
What does that mean?

CALLIE
I may be younger than you, but it
doesn't take long to figure out the
rules... You were the most popular
girl at the pep-rally... And then I
came along.

MEL
I've seen girls like you before.

CALLIE
(taunting)
Are you sure?

There is an awkward pause as Mel and Callie stare into each other's eyes.

CALLIE (CONT'D)
It doesn't matter anyway. None of
this means anything. "Oh, let me
take your picture. Let me sketch
you." Just schemes to get us into
bed. The only time I've met an
artist in my life is when I visited
Van Gogh's grave.

MEL
Then why do you come around?

CALLIE
(sincerely)
I like to get my picture taken...
(MORE)

CALLIE (CONT'D)

I get what I want and they get what they want.

MEL

(suggestive)

Do they?

CALLIE

They get what they think they want.

MEL

You have a whore's shame. None.

CALLIE

(chuckling)

Is that what feminism has been working toward? The verbal assassination of each other? ...What's a 'whore' anymore? I was born with certain advantages. Why not use them?

MEL

While they last anyway...

Mel moves closer to Callie, gently taking her by the shoulders and turning her toward one of the MIRRORS in the bathroom.

Mel and Callie stare into their reflections.

MEL (CONT'D)

You **are** beautiful, Callie. It's all in the bone structure. You can't get anywhere in life without bone structure. Those high cheekbones. Your well-defined jaw. Your pouty lips like a seashell, whispering the secrets of the ocean. And your eyes. Your blue eyes that show the depth of that ocean... Your flawless skin stretched tightly across your face. Not a blemish to be found... But soon, sooner than you might think, this beautiful face will begin to betray you. Slowly at first, and then seemingly all at once. You will undergo the natural, inevitable decay of age. And slowly-but-surely you will become..."normal." ...You know what I see when I look at you Callie? ...An hourglass.

Callie looks legitimately shaken by Mel's words. She then recomposes herself.

CALLIE

Is it experience that makes your words so compelling?

Callie subtly shifts her position. Now she is behind Mel and they are examining Mel's reflection.

CALLIE (CONT'D)

You are still so gorgeous, Mel. Probably more beautiful than you've ever been. Made so by experience. There is a genuine darkness about you. A darkness I would never be able to achieve. It's made you a magnet for men and women alike. They're drawn to you inexplicably... Your once wonder-filled eyes now peer suspiciously. And crow's feet inch out like winter branches on a tree against your flesh. I'm sure you once approached all things with an innocent, gentle beauty. Now you scowl. Little worry-lines fill in around your eyebrows and mouth... Oh, your mouth. A tantalizing place to be sure. Wet with passion. Now a hole used to spew gossip and petty disparages. Even your exquisite bones bear the weight of sadness and bitterness. And your skin, plastered with makeup to conceal the hatred you feel for me, for everyone, but mostly for yourself... You are beautiful, Mel. Stunning. Was it worth it?

Tears fill Mel's eyes. She turns toward Callie and they linger in front of each other silently for several seconds.

Mel slowly leans in for a kiss. Callie smoothly moves out of the way.

CALLIE (CONT'D)

(smirking)

Is that was you think you want?

Mel is stunned by Callie's coldness.

MEL
(in disbelief)
Where did you come from?

CUT TO:

INT. ELEGANT LOUNGE - NIGHT

Mel storms out of the restroom and heads directly for the exit.

She forcefully bursts out of the lounge.

The Stalker, appearing to Mel (and the audience) as just another lounge-guest, stands by the door and watches Mel storm out.

He then looks back toward the restroom, seeing Callie emerge in the doorway and looking after Mel.

Callie smirks victoriously.

INT./EXT. MEL'S CAR - NIGHT

Mel violently sifts through the center console of her parked CAR. She finds PILLS and quickly ingests them.

INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Mel enters a darkly lit nightclub, filled with many darkly dressed CLUB-GOERS.

She snakes through the crowd and smokey atmosphere.

There is a large PROJECTION of a sexy woman dancing being shown on the back wall of the room.

Mel puts her back up against the back wall and let's the projection wash over her.

Her eyes are rolling in her head as the drugs begin to take hold.

She slowly grooves to the music, gyrating her body seductively, but with a base, animal quality.

Out of the darkness, a conventionally handsome CLUB-GOER emerges and dances with Mel, pressing his body up against hers.

Mel is unaware of his presence for a few moments.