

VANITY FARE

Written by

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FADE IN.

INT. PHOTOGRAPHY STUDIO - DAY

TANYA (25) stands in front of a white background, photography lights glowing her young beautiful face. Wearing loud and ludicrous clothing, she poses in various positions as a PHOTOGRAPHER (30) takes pictures.

CUT TO:

INT. PHOTOGRAPHY STUDIO - LATER

Tanya and the photographer stand in front of a computer monitor looking at a series of photographs of Tanya laid out in a grid. The photographer smiles as he scans them.

PHOTOGRAPHER

I think I did a really good job.

Tanya raises her eyebrows incredulously.

TANYA

You did a good job? All you do is point the camera and click. I'm the one putting myself out there, risking my reputation. People don't even know your name.

The photographer grits his teeth, holding back his anger. Tanya is oblivious to this as she points out three of the photos.

TANYA (CONT'D)

I like these three. They best capture my essence. Send those.

Tanya turns and walks away. The photographer selects the three photos and clicks 'Delete'. He smirks to himself as the photos disappear.

INT. AGENT'S OFFICE - DAY

Tanya lounges in a chair. Opposite her a large overweight AGENT (40) sits at a desk leafing through paperwork.

AGENT

We have been inundated with offers. Everybody wants to work with you.

TANYA
(grinning)
Can you blame them?

AGENT
You're going to have to turn some
of these down.

TANYA
Well, I don't like to disappoint
people, but if that's what it
takes.

The Agent puts on a pair of glasses.

AGENT
I'll run off some of the names, you
say 'yay' or 'nay'. Estelle Moda?

TANYA
Sure.

AGENT
Burwitz?

TANYA
No way.

AGENT
Vicewood?

TANYA
Definitely.

AGENT
Luciano?

TANYA
Maybe.

AGENT
Paulo Vicenti?

Tanya leans forward in her chair.

TANYA
Wait, Paulo Vicenti wants me?

The agent reads the document more closely.

AGENT
Uh yeah, he wants you for his
Christmas campaign. But it's an
exclusive contract.

TANYA
Are you serious?

AGENT
That's what it says.

TANYA
Reject everything else. I want that job.

AGENT
Are you sure? It would be better to spread yourself across multiple brands. It would be more lucrative for us...I mean, for you.

TANYA
I don't care about the others. I want Paulo Vicenti. Tell them I'll do it.

AGENT
If you're sure.

TANYA
I'm sure.

The agent picks up the phone and dials.

INT. TANYA'S STUDIO APARTMENT - DAY

Tanya enters through the front door and finds a flyer on the floor. She picks it up and reads it. It reads 'Maintain your youthful looks. We provide a variety of products at our new store, Au Naturel. Never age a day!'

Tanya sniggers as she screws up the flyer and chucks it across the room into the bin.

As Tanya makes her way through the apartment, we see the walls are covered with either pictures of herself or mirrors. Everywhere she goes, everything she does, she can watch herself while she does it.

CUT TO:

INT. TANYA'S STUDIO APARTMENT - LATER

Tanya sits on the sofa eating a light salad as she watches a cooking programme. She stares longingly at a chocolate cake being baked on screen as she crunches lettuce.

CUT TO:

INT. TANYA'S STUDIO APARTMENT - LATER

Tanya is sweating as she rides a cycling machine. She stares intently at a reflection in front of her.

CUT TO:

INT. TANYA'S STUDIO APARTMENT, BATHROOM - NIGHT

Tanya enters the bathroom and flicks on the light. She runs the tap and splashes some water on her face. She looks up at her reflection in the mirror and is stunned. She moves in closer to look at a small wrinkle in the corner of her eye.

She opens the medicine cabinet and takes out some wrinkle cream. She rubs a small amount on the wrinkle and exits the bathroom.

INT. TANYA'S STUDIO APARTMENT, BEDROOM - DAY

Tanya awakes looking up at a mirror above her bed. She slides out from under the sheets and heads into the en suite bathroom.

INT. TANYA'S STUDIO APARTMENT, BATHROOM - DAY

She looks in the mirror only to find the wrinkle is still there. Tanya panics and pulls open a cupboard under the sink full of beauty products. She grabs a load.

CUT TO:

INT. TANYA'S STUDIO APARTMENT, BATHROOM - LATER

A load of opened tubs and tubes fill the sink. Tanya is leant in close to the mirror still analysing the small wrinkle that remains.

Her eyes glow with an idea and she rushes out of the bathroom.

INT. TANYA'S STUDIO APARTMENT - DAY

Tanya approaches the bin and reaches in taking out the screwed up flyer. She unfolds it and reads the address of the shop.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Tanya walks along the street with large sunglasses covering her eyes. She stops by the shop 'Au Naturel' and heads inside.

INT. SHOP - DAY

Tanya enters and looks around the dark rustic shop. Shelves full of strange products of varying colours and consistencies. Some in jars, some in vials.

She picks up a jar of what looks like pickled worms.

VOICE (O.S.)

They're very good for keeping your skin soft.

Tanya almost jumps out of her skin. She turns to see a beautiful gypsy-like WOMAN (30) standing behind her smiling.

The woman takes the jar from Tanya and studies it.

WOMAN

It's amazing what nature can do for us if only we look past the grotesque.

She puts the jar down on the shelf and turns to Tanya.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

How may I help you?

TANYA

I'm looking for something that can get rid of wrinkles.

WOMAN

What kind of wrinkles?

Tanya whips off the sunglasses and points at her eye.

TANYA

This kind.

The woman leans in close to look at the small wrinkle.

WOMAN

Ah yes. I have just the thing.

The woman makes her way over to a counter and disappears behind it. Tanya cautiously approaches. The woman reappears with a small tub in hand. She passes it to Tanya.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Apply a small amount to the wrinkle.

Tanya opens the tub and immediately pulls back her face.

TANYA

It doesn't smell too pleasant.

WOMAN

Trust me.

Tanya dips her finger into the green coloured cream. She rubs it gently onto the wrinkle. The woman holds a small mirror in front of Tanya

Tanya stares into the mirror and watches the wrinkle disappear completely.

TANYA

Oh my God. What is this stuff?

WOMAN

A special blend I created myself. It will keep your remove all wrinkles as long as it's applied every 24 hours, otherwise it will wear off.

TANYA

How much is it?

WOMAN

Consider it a gift.

TANYA

Really? Why?

WOMAN

A woman of your beauty shouldn't have to worry about wrinkles. But a word of warning. You must read the instructions carefully. Never apply more than necessary.

TANYA

Yeah, sure. Thank you.

Tanya exits the shop.

INT. TANYA'S STUDIO APARTMENT, BATHROOM - NIGHT

Tanya wears a tight dress showing off her curves. She applies cream to her wrinkle and watches it disappear. She grins. She sprays some perfume on herself and adjusts her hair before leaving the bathroom.

INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Tanya sits in a VIP section of the club flanked by two other beautiful female MODELS (20s). They drink champagne.

TANYA

Paulo Vicenti himself says he wants me in his Christmas campaign. I'm going to become a household name around the world. People will be tripping over themselves to get my face on their adverts.

The small and timid, MARY (18) watches Tanya from a distance. She sips at a glass of wine.

EXT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Tanya exits the nightclub with the two other models. They approach the edge of the road and giggle as they wait for a car. Mary appears from the shadows and approaches Tanya.

JOSH

Excuse me, Tanya?

Tanya turns to look at Mary with contempt.

TANYA

Yes, do I know you?

MARY

Um, no. My name's Mary. I just wanted to say I'm a huge fan of yours and hope to one day be like you. I was wondering if you had any advice on how to make it as a model.

TANYA

Yeah, here's my advice. Don't bother.

(MORE)

TANYA (CONT'D)

It's dog eat dog out there babe and just by looking at you I can see you'd be eaten alive.

MARY

What?

TANYA

You don't have what it takes, babe. Your cheek bones are too sharp, your jaw too wide. You'd probably need to get a nose job. It just wouldn't be worth it. Do something else with your life, something that doesn't require looks.

MARY

I just thought maybe you could help me.

TANYA

Sure, why don't you come to my apartment tomorrow.

Mary's eyes light up.

TANYA (CONT'D)

And you can clean my toilet.

Tanya and the two models laugh as Mary's delight is turned to disappointment.

A car pulls up and Tanya climbs in with the two models. Mary watches them drive off before skulking away into the night.

INT. AGENT'S OFFICE - DAY

Tanya lounges on a sofa. The agent sits behind his desk.

TANYA

This girl just approached me in the street. She could have been some crazy lunatic and tried to kill me. It's not safe for me out there anymore. Do you know how many people would benefit from my death? So many models are snapping at my heels right now.

AGENT

Maybe you should get yourself a bodyguard. It can't hurt to be too careful.

TANYA

I might just do that. Keep these people away from me.

AGENT

Anyway, the reason I called you in, I heard back from Vicendo.

TANYA

Vicenti!

AGENT

Yeah, him. He wants to do the shoot tomorrow. I'll email over the details.

TANYA

Tomorrow?

AGENT

Is that going to be a problem?

TANYA

No, tomorrow is fine. I just need to prepare. I'd better go. I only have a few hours.

Tanya rushes out of the office.

INT. TANYA'S STUDIO APARTMENT - DAY

Tanya is on the cycling machine spinning her legs much faster than usual. Sweat dripping off of her.

CUT TO:

INT. TANYA'S STUDIO APARTMENT, BATHROOM - NIGHT

Tanya approaches the mirror and smiles at her reflection.

TANYA

This is it. Tomorrow you become the biggest model in the world.

Tanya's smile disappears as something grabs her attention. She leans in closer to the mirror to find two wrinkles near her eye.

TANYA (CONT'D)

What the-

Tanya grabs the tub of cream and dips her finger in. She pauses.

TANYA (CONT'D)

Follow the instructions? Whatever.

She then dips all her fingers in loading them up with a thick blob of cream. She starts rubbing it over her entire face.

She watches the wrinkles disappear and her smile returns.

INT. TANYA'S STUDIO APARTMENT, BEDROOM - DAY

Tanya wakes and slides out of bed. Her hair covering her face. She heads to the bathroom.

INT. TANYA'S STUDIO APARTMENT, BATHROOM - DAY

Tanya pushes her hair aside and looks at her reflection in the mirror. She is stunned by what she sees looking back at her.

Tanya's face is covered in warty lumps and is all crusty and flaking. She screams in terror.

She tries to wash her face clean, but the hideous monstrosity continues to look back at her.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Tanya hurries down the street her face covered by a scarf and sunglasses. She reaches the 'Au Naturel' shop only to find it closed and empty. She peers through the window, but there is no one inside. She bangs on the door, but nobody answers.

She rushes back down the street.

INT. TANYA'S STUDIO APARTMENT - DAY

Tanya steps back inside the apartment and pulls the scarf and sunglasses from her face. Her mobile phone starts ringing. It's her agent. She cancels the call and sees she has 25 missed calls from him.

She looks around at all the mirrors reflecting back her face. She throws the mobile phone at one of the mirrors shattering it into pieces. She then picks up an umbrella from a nearby stand and proceeds to go around the room smashing all the mirrors until she can no longer see her reflection.

She collapses to the floor exhausted and starts crying.

There is a knock at the door. Tanya halts the tears and looks up toward it.

TANYA

Who is it?

The agent's voice comes through the door.

AGENT

Who do you think it is? Open the door.

Tanya stands and approaches the door cautiously.

TANYA

I can't.

AGENT

Why not?

TANYA

I just can't.

AGENT

Tanya I've been getting calls all morning. Why aren't you at the shoot?

TANYA

I can't go.

AGENT

Well, you need to explain why. Open the door.

Tanya takes a deep breath and unlocks it. She pulls open the door. The agent stares at her in shock.

AGENT (CONT'D)

My God. What happened?

TANYA

I don't know. I was fine yesterday. I applied some cream to get rid of a wrinkle and I woke up like this.

AGENT

Well, whoever you got the cream from you might want to complain.

TANYA

I tried, but the shop is no longer there. I don't know what to do. I can't go out like this.

The agent places his hands on Tanya's shoulders to calm her.

AGENT

Don't worry, we're going to fix this. Let me make some calls. I'll be back.

The agent exits the apartment. Tanya closes the door.

INT. APARTMENT BLOCK HALLWAY - DAY

As the agent walks down the hallway he dials on his phone.

TANYA

Judy, call Vincenzo...whatever. Tell them Tanya won't be the face of their campaign anymore. Also take Tanya off the books, I don't think she'll be working again anytime soon.

INT. TANYA'S STUDIO APARTMENT - DAY

Tanya walks around the room sulking. She looks around the room at the broken pieces of mirror. She sits down on the floor and picks up one of the shards.

She holds it up staring at her reflection. A tear runs down her cheek. She places the shard on her wrist and closes her eyes. She slices down her arm. Blood drains from her.

We look up to a clock on the wall. It changes from 11:00am to 10:00pm.

INT. TANYA'S STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT

We move back down to Tanya's body laying dead on the floor, a pool of blood around her.

As we move up to her face we see it has gone back to normal with only the two wrinkles by her eyes remaining.

FADE OUT.