

"LAST GIRLS"

pilot

FADE IN:

EXT. PARIS - NIGHT

Paris at twilight. LINNEA is Swedish, thoughtful, practical.

LINNEA (V/O)

They say everybody has their own
Paris.

Bateaux-mouches; la Tour D'Eiffel; a sculpture garden on the
Seine.

LINNEA (V/O)

That Paris of the mind is the city
of bright lights - of youth,
color, strong coffee, romance,
infinite promise.

Now we're over a 4-storey apartment building, one WINDOW of
which has 2-D ANIMATION within the PHOTO frame. The animation
is the BACK of a 20-ish GIRL who's bent over, laughing...

INT. THE GIRLS' LIVING ROOM - DAY

[CHARACTERS and PROPS animated - everything else PHOTO.]

The laughing girl is YOKO. Staring back, very *unamused*, are
KATE, NICO and LINNEA. Linnea holds the handle of the kitchen
door, which is being BANGED on the other side by something
ferocious.

LINNEA (V/O)

... but that picture almost never
includes four girls trying to get
a vicious psychotic dog out of
their kitchen.

LINNEA

Yoko, it's not funny. It's
destroying all our stuff!

SOUNDS of pots crashing. Yoko just laughs.

YOKO

I don't care, I get my art from
chaos! I'm a deconstructionist.

Nico indicates an overflowing ashtray.

NICO

Well I hope you're also part goat
because all we've got for dinner
is this carpet and twenty-seven
cigarette butts.

The dog's NOSES into the crack in the door. They force it back.

LINNEA

I know! We put a wedge under the
door, tie a string to the wedge,
we all climb up on chairs, then we
pull the string!

LINNEA (V/O)

That's me. I'm the practical one.

NICO

Linnea, dogs can jump eight-foot
chain-link fences. I want to lose
weight, but not by having a dog
chew it off me.

STAY ON Nico.

LINNEA (V/O)

Nico; radical agrarian-socialist.
She only hates the rich, so the
rest of us are safe for the
foreseeable future.

KATE

Maybe he'd like us better if we
give him some meat!

All eyes on Kate.

LINNEA (V/O)

Kate. *Model.*

Linnea points to the kitchen.

LINNEA

Kate, all our food is *in there*.

NICO

If you can call that unhealthy
crap you guys eat "food." You do
know it's sliced from the sides of
screaming baby...

Kate puts her hands over her ears. They've all heard this.

KATE

Hummm! I'm not listening! Hummm!

YOKO

(still laughing)
How'd he get in there anyway?

Kate uncovers her ears.

KATE

The poor little poochie had a cut
on his leg. I brought him up here
to put alcohol on it? but all we
had was this whiskey...

Yoko abruptly stops laughing.

YOKO

What? My whiskey??

KATE

I poured it in a bowl then the
phone rang and when I got back
he'd drank it. He's really very
sweet when he's sober.

NICO

He's drunk?! We have a drunk
savage dog in our kitchen?!

The O.S. renews his door-battering and glass-smashing. As Kate,
Linnea and Nico blockade the door a FLASH goes off. Yoko is
taking photos of them. Kate tries to hide.

KATE

Yoko!! I haven't done my hair!

PULLING OUT...

LINNEA (V/O)

These are my friends and this is the story of how we met and why we stayed together. We're kind of like The Beatles; four different people brought together by a love of the same thing - in their case, music, fame and riches... in our case, not wanting to sleep on a bench in the Metro.

... and we're back OUT THE WINDOW...

LINNEA (V/O)

I guess when you get right down to it your friends are the people you spend the most time with because they annoy you the least. Kind of the opposite of your family.

... pulling OUT over the CITY.

LINNEA (V/O)

I spend a lot of time these days thinking about friendship. We flatter ourselves that we pick our friends but there's so much randomness involved, you know?

EXT. PARIS - AIRPORT - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Daytime. [In FLASHBACK for most of the episode.] In this shot we're over Charles De Gaulle AIRPORT.

LINNEA (V/O)

For instance I read somewhere if you're a single professional? there's a thirty-three percent chance the person you marry will be one of your clients. Slightly less if your job is de-lousing prison inmates.

PUSHING In to the airport terminal.

LINNEA (V/O)

When we all met, Kate had only been in Paris for a day. But what a day. For all of us.

INT. AIRPORT - DAY

Kate exits an aircraft jetway, looking around in wonderment. She turns on a handheld tape recorder.

KATE (dictating)

This is future supermodel Kate Winslow on my first morning in "Paree," capturing my thoughts, feelings, hopes and dreams as they occur to me, for my memoir; "Just Kate." I'm so excited. I wonder what unexpected glories my future will hold!

She stops the tape, looks around expectantly. Her POV: A grotesquely old and grumpy-looking MAN sitting on a suitcase HORKS into a handkerchief. She turns it on again.

KATE (dictating)

Nothing yet. Wait!

Kate's POV: In SLOW-MO, a tall beautiful WOMAN across the concourse. She tosses her hair model-ishly.

KATE (dictating)

Omigod I've spotted my first French model! Her face says, "Sure I'm beautiful, but I've earned it."

Kate trips across the concourse after the woman, who enters the women's toilet. Kate stops at the (standard) international symbol for "WOMEN" on the door.

KATE

Even the cartoon toilet woman is gorgeous!

INT. AIRPORT - WOMEN'S TOILETS - DAY

The woman checks her lipstick in the mirror. Kate walks up.

KATE

Excuse me. You're so gorgeous and obviously successful and I wonder if you'd spare a moment to give a beginner some advice on this crazy business of ours.

AIRPORT WOMAN

(short pause)

Okay...

As she talks, the woman goes to a stall, puts on an APRON and starts SCRUBBING the toilet.

AIRPORT WOMAN

The trick is to grab the scrubber tight and jam it in the U-bend as hard as you can. In the Men's don't bother - they take them out every six months and bury them.

Kate stares, a bit of her naïve optimism fading away.

EXT. MONTMARTRE - DAY

A beautiful old neighbourhood filled with beautiful old buildings. Pick one and ZOOM on an upstairs window.

LINNEA (V/O)

Here's where I was living. No, that's not my Benz in the driveway, those aren't my 100-year-old rose bushes in the garden...

INT. LINNEA'S ROOM - DAY

TIGHT ON a blouse with two enormous underarm SWEAT PATCHES.

LINNEA (V/O)

... but these are my very own personal sweat patches.

Linnea lowers it, sitting in bra and panties, staring aghast at the blouse. Behind her, her tiny attic room.

LINNEA

I am calm. I am composed.
 (deeeeeeep breath)
 I am a leaf in a pond. I'm
 certainly as wet as a leaf in a
 pond. Ow!

Standing, she whacks her head on the slanted roof, throws the blouse on her cot-sized bed next to another equally sweaty blouse and crosses to the dresser.

LINNEA

I've got to learn to relax or
 start buying sweat-coloured
 clothing.

She lifts her arm and blows. No good. She spots the hair-dryer on her dresser, turns it on and dries her armpit. With her free hand she takes the photo of her PARENTS from the mirror frame.

LINNEA

Mom, Dad - I promise you I'm gonna
 do good on this exam - on *all* my
 exams - and I'm going to pay you
 back all the love and the trust
 and the 20,215 Krona you gave me.
 Although you'll probably get the
 love and the trust back first...

She switches hands and dries the other armpit. Her overweight and overbearing employer, MME DuBON, appears in the doorway.

MME DuBON

Linnea, I know I said you could
 have the day off but I'm leaving
 for a massage and I need you to
 watch Alfonse and Marie.

Linnea's eyes and mouth pop WIDE with terror and we FREEZE.

LINNEA (V/O)

I'm not great at dealing with the
 unexpected. Madame Dubon is my
 employer, but she breaks her word

almost as often as she breaks
opera seats.

UN-FREEZE Linnea.

LINNEA

No!

MME DuBON

(deadly)

"No"?

LINNEA

I don't mean "no," I mean you
can't! I have my French lit exam
at one!

MME DuBON

Young lady as long as you live
under my roof you will be where I
want you to be, when I want you to
be there.

LINNEA

But -

MME DuBON

There's plenty of time for your
little test - I'll pick up the
children in the Jardins Luxembourg
at 12:30. Oh and don't go around
undressed. The last time Monsieur
DuBon saw a semi-naked woman I had
to put sleeping pills in his
dinner wine for a month.

She leaves. Linnea does a rapid mental calculation.

LINNEA

The exam's at one, it's a twenty-
minute walk. So ten minutes to
spare, no problem. I'm fine.

Another deep breath. She feels behind her legs.

LINNEA

So why are my leg-pits sweating?

She uncaps a stick deodorant and rubs it behind her knees.

INT. DE GAULLE - BAGGAGE CLAIM - DAY

Kate goes to the baggage claim carousel, dictating into her recorder. (A few mis-matched bags dribble out.)

KATE

First pang of insecurity, readers!
If a woman that beautiful is in
the public hygiene trade, becoming
a top French model could be harder
than I thought. Oh, I hope she's
insane or has a drug problem!

MAN AT CAROUSEL

Excuse me, are you a model?

KATE

(1000-watt smile)
Why yes I am!

MAN AT CAROUSEL

Wrong carousel. Model luggage
over there.

ANGLE: Beautiful SKINNY GIRLS stand beside a second carousel, their Vuitton and Gucci makeup cases and garment bags tumbling off by the hundreds. They sneer at her. Kate's face drops.

EXT. SIDEWALK / CAFÉ - DAY

PAN from a telephone pole with a poster, "MEAT IS MURDER" - to a second pole with the poster "SPAM IS SORT OF MURDER" - to where Nico and two of her friends, ARMIN and JANINE, sip espressos, smoke and talk politics next to their rolled-up posters and glue pots. Nico speaks with the fire of the true believer. They've only bought one coffee.

NICO

Rainer says after the revolution
everybody will get a free bicycle,
an acre of land, a cooking pot and
a canoe!

ARMIN

Right on. (beat) Why a canoe?

Nico takes the coffee and sips.

NICO

The canoe is non-polluting; it's
the bicycle of flood zones.

Now Armin takes the coffee and sips.

ARMIN

What if you don't live near water?

NICO

Rainer's thought of that. After
the revolution, on all buses -
which'll be free - we're going to
put canoe racks.

Janine takes the coffee and sips.

JANINE

If the canoes are in the racks,
where do we put the free bicycles?

NICO

It's all spelled out in Rainer's
book, "We Need No Leaders, Just
Listen To Me." I'll do the 5th
Arrondissement this afternoon.

ARMIN

(insinuatingly)

Not so you can go home, see Rainer
and "caress his Bolshevics"?

NICO

Don't be superficial, Armin. The
cause always comes first.

She surreptitiously sniffs her armpits. Janine notices and
whispers, reassuringly.

JANINE

Don't worry, you smell very
socialist. (sniff) Almost Marxist.

At this, Nico looks worried. On the sidewalk, Linnea runs frantically by with the two Dubon children, ALFONSE, 8, and MARIE, 6. Nico looks disgusted.

NICO

Two kids, at her age! I'm not gonna end up with a houseful of brats, enslaved to some guy.

(proudly)

All agrarian socialist women use contraception and are bisexual.

Armin looks up, interested. Nico qualifies this bold statement.

NICO

... only when it serves our revolutionary cause.

JANINE

How do you know when it serves the cause?

NICO

Rainer tells me.

EXT. OUTSIDE AIRPORT - DAY

The sidewalk outside Baggage Claim. Kate has 5 heavy bags and is talking to two disreputable-looking YOUNG MEN. Porters and a few other passengers in b.g.

KATE

I can't thank you guys enough for watching my bags and purse. You never know who to trust in a strange city. The stories I've heard!

She runs off, carrying only her DUTY FREE bag. They wait until she's out of sight, pick up her bags and RUN.

Kate runs back, rolling a cart. The guys are gone. She asks a PORTER:

KATE

Excusez-moi. Did you see two young men, *deux jeunes gars*, avec

five or six bags?

PORTER

(haughty)

They went that way. "Avec" your bags.

KATE

They must be getting me a taxi.

PORTER

Taxis are that way.

KATE

But then, so... what's *that* way?

PORTER

Two guys selling your luggage?

Kate gapes as the dread realization creeps over her.

EXT. CHEAP BAR - DAY

PUSHING IN on a low-rent bar.

LINNEA (V/O)

If Yoko drank paint like she drinks booze, she could have pissed Chagall's entire output by now. Until I met Yoko I thought art was about painting and sculpture.

INT. BAR - DAY

PAN various DRUNKS lounging about.

LINNEA (V/O)

I went to her first show; 200 toothpicks stuck in a pile of dead seagulls on a long white table. Which was also the hors d'oeuvres for the evening. I believe Yoko is driven by the dread of being conventional.

In a booth, Yoko - wild clothing, different colour hair from

when we last saw her - and friends MARC and CAROL, knock back tequila.

YOKO

Don't talk to me about Basquiat.
The agave worm at the bottle of
this bottle has more artistic
integrity than a Basquiat.

She picks up the bottle and glugs the worm. Tastes it. Second thoughts. She SPITS it out. The worm flies through the air and into another patron's beer. One senses this isn't the 1st bottle she's drained today.

YOKO

All these "artists" chasing money
- *this* is what I think of money!

Yoko tears a 100-Euro note in half and throws it to the floor. Her companions aren't too drunk to notice where the pieces land.

ANGLE: 6 legs BELOW the table. Marc's and Carol's feet scoop the sundered money surreptitiously aside.

MARC (O.S.)

So... what are you working on now?

BACK ABOVE THE TABLE: Yoko sways a little from the tequila.

YOKO

I was thinking of becoming a
heroin addict. Imagine, to think
the same thoughts as Lou Reed,
Jean Cocteau, William Burroughs!
(thinks)
Whoopie Goldberg...

Yoko suddenly turns sad and lonely, the way only drunks can.

YOKO

So you guys want to come back to
my place for a while? Hang out,
whatever?

UNDER the table: Carol and Marc retrieve the 2 parts of the bill.

MARC (O.S.)

Um no, we've gotta go sneer at the
new Hockney exhibit.

ABOVE the table: Carol nods along with Marc.

YOKO

Oh right. Sure, okay fine.

INT. STAIRWAY, YOKO'S BUILDING - DAY

Yoko staggers up the stairs to her apartment. JARVIS, her drag
artist friend, passes her, lipstick on, wig off, carrying his
makeup case. He loud-whispers:

JARVIS

Yoko!

YOKO

Hey.

He grabs her arm and mimes, POINTING urgently UPSTAIRS. Then he
mimes SCREWING something in with a screwdriver. Yoko drunkenly
looks UP, and at Jarvis's "turning" hand motion.

YOKO

(confused)

God can't start his car?

JARVIS

(giving up)

Oh, you'll see.

INT. HALL OUTSIDE YOKO'S APARTMENT - DAY

Yoko steps into the landing. The landlord, M. BALLARD, finishes
attaching a PADLOCK HASP to the outside of Yoko's door. He
turns, his enormous belly poking out under his t-shirt.

BALLARD

There you are.

YOKO

That's a very attractive stomach,
do you know who the father is?

BALLARD

Do you see what I have in my hand?

YOKO

Well I know we can rule out
mouthwash.

BALLARD

A padlock. Because what I *don't*
have in my hand is your rent
cheque.

He snaps the padlock on her door.

YOKO

What are you doing? I don't pay
the rent, my father does.

Ballard hands her an opened letter. She reads it.

BALLARD

Apparently not any more. He also
sent you a plane ticket back to
Tokyo. If you don't have my money
by five o'clock, I suggest you use
it.

YOKO

What do I care about money? I am
an artist!

BALLARD

Then you'd better paint yourself a
new apartment.

Ballard heads for the stairs.

YOKO

I have a starving kitten in there
- that needs *cat insulin!*

BALLARD

Nice try. You don't have any
animals in there, it just *smells*
like you do.

He heads downstairs. Yoko slides to the floor. She calls out:

YOKO

Did you mop this hall today?

BALLARD (O.S.)

Yes I did!

YOKO

Good.

She throws up on the floor.

INT. TAXI - DAY (TRAVELLING)

In the back of a taxi, Kate clutches her Duty Free bag and sobs. There's a magazine on the cab seat with a beautiful MODEL in an ad, holding up a bottle of perfume. The model speaks:

MODEL

Don't cry. You'll smear your
makeup and your face will get all,
like, ucky.

KATE

(sniff) I'm not wearing makeup.

MODEL

Really? You have fantastic
cheekbones.

KATE

(brightens)

Yeah?

(who is she kidding?)

A lot of good that'll do me. I've
been in Paris two hours and I've
been robbed and I don't even know
where I'm staying tonight.

The model sympathizes but this is outside her expertise.

MODEL

Wow. Sorry I can't help you.

(brightening)

Want to buy some perfume? I don't
use it myself, it's too fattening.

EXT. PARIS STREET - DAY

The cab stops at a light.

INT. CAB - DAY

Kate wipes her nose and looks out, seeing the SAME MODEL on a billboard, posing in front of a new car. Kate turns accusing.

KATE

You know, this is your fault! You inspired me to come here and follow my dream and now it's just all turned to poop!

MODEL

You've only been here 2 hours. I was here a whole morning before I signed my first multi-million dollar contract. Wanna buy...
 (looks at it, big smile)
 ... some kind of car?

The cab pulls away - Kate flips the magazine page so she won't have to look at the girl. But there she is in another ad.

MODEL

How about some toothpaste?

Kate tosses the magazine petulantly out the cab window.

MODEL (O.S.)

(screams)

EXT. JARDINS DE LUXEMBOURG - DAY

The Dubon children sit on a bench. Linnea paces, checking her watch.

LINNEA

Twelve forty-one.
 (trying to hold it together)
 She said she'd be here.

MARIE

Did something bad happen to Mommy?

LINNEA

No no sweetie. Sometimes big people like your mother -
 (aside)
sometimes not even as big as that
 - they get busy with adult things and forget other people's important things they promised they'd be there for.

MARIE
 (comforted)
 Really?

Linnea checks her watch.

LINNEA
 Absolutely. So I don't want either of you to worry your cute little heads when I tuck you under my arms and run like a bat out of hell two miles to the Sorbonne.

She grabs the children under her arms and runs.

INT. CAB - DAY (TRAVELLING)

Kate is on her cell phone.

KATE
 No, Mom, I can't stay in a four-star hotel, take a long bath and "bubble my troubles away."
Because I was robbed and I don't have any money!

The cab SCREECHES to a stop and Kate's face slams into the seat in front of her.

EXT. BRIDGE - DAY

The cab stops on a bridge.

KATE (O.S.)
 Not the face!

The cabbie kicks Kate out and drives off. Kate looks up at a sign on the bridge: "BIENVENUE À PARIS." On the bus bench next

to her is a Vespa poster with the same Model. Kate slumps onto the bench, drops her bag and sits down.

MODEL

You could pawn that bracelet.

Kate is wearing a gold bracelet with white and red stones.

KATE

My mom gave me this on her deathbed.

MODEL

Weren't you just talking to her?

KATE

She didn't *die*. But it looked like she was going to. She kinda wanted it back after she recovered, but a gift's a gift. I just *can't* sell it. Maybe I could sell my...

The wind from a passing TRUCK blows Kate's Duty-Free bag off the bridge. It sinks into the Seine. She watches it go. Beat. She finishes her sentence.

KATE

... Duty-Free cosmetics.

EXT. THE SORBONNE - OUTDOOR DINING AREA - DAY

Linnea, breathing like Darth Vader, runs up with the kids. She drops them but her arms remain bent in the same shape. She drops a handful of coins on a table.

LINNEA

Okay. I have two minutes. I'm fine. Here's money, buy yourselves some nice healthy food...

HER POV: machines with potato chips, chocolate bars, sodas.

LINNEA

... from those machines, and if there's an emergency I'm in Room

eleven-hundred.

She limps off, arms still bent. Marie and Alfonse look at each other. A GUY distributing advertising flyers from a pouch around his waist puts one on the kids' table and moves on. Alfonse picks up the flyer. Whatever it is, his eyes widen.

INT. MARC and CAROL'S APARTMENT - DAY

Yoko's friends Marc and Carol stand inside the door of their shitty apartment with bags of groceries, taking off their coats. KNOCK KNOCK. Marc opens the door. It's Yoko, sobered-up.

MARC

Yoko! We've been talking about you. Come in! Cheque Day, right? Where you wanna go tonight?

YOKO

Uhhhh I was actually wondering if you could front me some cash.

CAROL

Why? You need cabfare to the bank? We'll drive you there.

MARC

Sure! Let's go!

YOKO

No, uh, see - my Dad cut me off. I need 800 Euros by five o'clock or I lose my apartment.

CAROL

(awkward silence)

Wow.

YOKO

Yeah, tell me. So, could I hang out here, make some calls?

CAROL

Now's not good for us. We were gonna work on Marc's sculpture tonight. Right honey?

Marc nods. Yoko can't believe her ears.

YOKO

Wait a minute. When you thought I had money you were gonna go out clubbing with me, and now I can't use your *phone*? You useless shallow two-faced pieces of shit.

MARC

Don't call her that you pretentious talentless alcoholic!
 (a worried thought:)
 Are you sure it didn't just get lost in the mail?

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE RAINER'S - DAY

NECK-UP: Nico does something to her body...

WIDER: her clothes lie at her feet. Nico, wearing only shoes, glues her breasts and finishes plastering her naked body with the Meat Is Murder posters. She bends a little and we hear a RIP. She adjusts her hair, opens the door with her key and goes in.

NICO (O.S.)

(sexy)

Rainer! Special Delivery!

WE SEE some KIDS run by and steal Nico's clothes.

INT. RAINER AND NICO'S AP'T - DAY

Nico's just inside the front door. RAINER, dressed in radical chic - a red beret - stands at the entrance to the bedroom. He looks like he's been caught at something.

RAINER

I thought you were out spreading the message.

NICO

All spreading-the-message and no play makes Nico a dull girl. Wanna rip down my posters, Mister fascist oppressor?

She steps seductively towards him. Rainer backs up.

RAINER

I'm glad you came home.
Unexpectedly. There's something
we must discuss. You're my best
student...

NICO

Why, thank you. Do I get a big
red lollipop?

RAINER

You've (ahem) learned a lot, and I
think it's time I shared my
revolutionary wisdom with others
who aren't as enlightened.

NICO

What do you mean?

VOICE (O.S.)

Who's the bitch?

Two gorgeous twins, SVETLANA and NASTASJA, stand in the bedroom
door wrapped in bedsheets.

RAINER

This is Svetlana and Nastasja.
They just got off the train from
Russia, and they have a lot to
learn...

NICO

(very small)

Oh.

RAINER

... so I'm going to teach them for
a while.

NICO

(brave face)

Well. You two must be tired,
coming all the way from Russia
wrapped only in our bedsheets.

I'll leave you to your "studies."
 (turning back)
 Oh and Rainer, don't worry about
 me, I got that ointment and my
 herpes sores are down to the size
 of your bald spot.

The girls gasp in horror. Rainer self-consciously adjusts his beret.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Nico leans against the hallway wall, sobbing into her hands.

EXT. RAINER'S PARTMENT BUILDING - ALLEY - DAY

Rainer's Lada is parked in the alley: "Meat Is Murder" bumpersticker, "Anarchy" sticker, etc. Nico walks up with her glue bucket, opens the gas tank cap and pours...

NICO
 Up your revolution, asshole.

INT. EXAM ROOM - DAY

20 students scribble silently. Linnea writes, all her pens and pencils lined up in perfect symmetry. A GIRL beside her blows her nose loudly. Perfect Linnea shoots her a dirty look. The girl looks ashamed. Linnea goes back to writing. There's a TUG on her elbow. It's Marie.

MARIE
 Linnea! I have to pee!

LINNEA
 In *here*?

MARIE
 I can't find the bathroom, you
 have to come with me.

LINNEA
 Pee anywhere; it's *France*.

Now Nose-Blowing Girl stares superior daggers at Linnea. The Exam SUPERVISOR crosses over.

SUPERVISOR
What's going on here?

MARIE
I drank four sodas. (buuuuurp)

Linnea stands up.

LINNEA
She's only six. I'll just be a second.

SUPERVISOR
No you don't. I've seen students try this before -- get an excuse to leave, check your answers. You step outside, you fail.

TIGHT ON Marie:

MARIE
Linnea! P-minus ten seconds!

EXT. HALL OUTSIDE EXAM ROOM - DAY

STILL TIGHT on Marie, but now with a huge smile of relief.

WIDER: She's sitting astride a janitor's bucket outside room 1100. A mop leans against the wall. Linnea lies ON HER BACK on a bench, feeling her pulse and her forehead.

LINNEA
Okay I failed an exam. No big deal. People fail all the time. Madame Bovary failed. Then she died and foam came out of her mouth. I feel faint.

MARIE
I feel *wonderful*.

Linnea raises her legs on the bench.

LINNEA
Elevate the legs, loosen the collar... breathe slowly through -
(looks around)

- where's Alfonse?

MARIE

Oh he saw one of those cards on
the table and he left.

Linnea jumps up and grabs one of the flyers off a table. INSERT
IT: a flyer for a club, LE STRIP.

LINNEA (O.S.)

"Live Girls"??

MARIE

I don't know why he was so
interested - I'm a live girl, and
he hates me.

She's YANKED out of frame as Linnea takes off once again.

EXT. PAWN SHOP - DAY

A low-rent pawn shop.

INT. PAWN SHOP - DAY

The usual pawn shop mix of instruments, jewellery, TVs. At the
back, Yoko holds up a painting to a sceptical female PAWN
BROKER.

YOKO

It's beautiful isn't it? Just a
thousand Euros!

PAWN BROKER

It's fake.

YOKO

Okay, 800.

The Broker turns away.

YOKO

What makes you think it's not a
real Picasso?

PAWN BROKER

For one thing the paint's still

wet and two you spelled his name wrong.

YOKO

He was real old when he painted it.

DING DING! - the store bell. Kate steps trepidatiously inside and looks around.

YOKO

Could you just for once in your life do something decent and give me 50 Euros?

PAWN BROKER

How about I do something semi-decent and give you twenty-five?

Defeated, Yoko nods. The broker slams a bill on the counter and puts the "Picasso" away. Yoko takes the money and runs. The Broker notices Kate dawdling near the front of the store.

PAWN BROKER

Buying or selling?

KATE

I'm just looking, thank you.

PAWN BROKER

You like fine art? I just got a rare Picasso in.

INT. TRAVEL AGENT'S SHOP - DAY

Travel poster for exotic destinations. Yoko sits on the customer side of a desk across from a TRAVEL AGENT.

TRAVEL AGENT

Where are you interested in going?

YOKO

I don't want to fly. I want to sell this ticket.

She hands it over and the woman checks it on her computer. Yoko relaxes a little and looks up at the posters.

YOKO

I'm going to go to all these places one day. Except the Middle East. No booze, no drugs, they stone you to death for having sex, you might as well be living with your parents.

TRAVEL AGENT

I'm sorry, this is a non-refundable ticket.

YOKO

What?? That un-trusting bastard!

EXT. SIDEWALK OUTSIDE TRAVEL AGENT'S - DAY

Yoko steps outside. It has started to RAIN. She looks at the ticket in disgust, then despair. It's getting wet. She shouts up at the drizzling sky.

YOKO

This isn't a ticket to Tokyo, this is a ticket to *failure*. This is ticket to giving up and going home with my tail between my legs!

Then she sees an ad stapled to a telephone pole: "Appartement à partager - trois chambres. / 3-bedroom FURNISHED apartment to share. 250 Euros." And an address. She gets an idea. She takes out a pen. She blacks out the address and writes on the poster. She looks up...

A young woman is walking away from her down the sidewalk, wrapped only in posters...

YOKO

Jesus lady, leave art to the artists, okay?

NEW ANGLE: Nico sees another copy of the same ad on the next telephone pole. She heads towards it with her pen.

FURTHER ALONG: Nico walks, shivering. A CAR goes through a puddle and splashes her. Her posters start to peel.

ANGLE: an alleyway behind a strip club: "LE STRIP." Nico ducks into the alley. The rain picks up.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Some trash cans, garbage, 3 steps up to a stage door with a small LANDING and a handrail around it. Nico looks in a large trash can for something to wear. Some fabric! She grabs the end and pulls and pulls... it's attached to a filthy HOBO inside the can.

HOBO

Hey!

He pulls it back. Nico's teeth chatter.

NICO

S-sorry. You know, after the revolution you won't have to s-sleep in a trash can.

HOBO

I can barely get to sleep in one now. Get lost!

She turns sees a dry newspaper on the top of the steps leading to the stage door. She walks up, picks up the paper. On the front page: Jean-Marie Le Pen. She drops it in disgust.

The stage door opens and a burly stagehand steps out.

STAGEHAND

Hey Poster Girl, you're next.

He yanks Nico into the building.

INT. PAWN SHOP - DAY

Kate is pretending an interest in the items for sale. She casually returns to the counter. The Broker reads a paper.

KATE

So is jewellery worth a lot in Paris?

PAWN BROKER

Depends if you're buying or

selling.

As Kate puts her bracelet on the counter the STORE BELL RINGS.

KATE

It's solid gold - and that's diamonds and rubies all around there. It was my grandmother's, then my mother's. I guess it's real hard to determine the value of something like this.

PAWN BROKER

Nope.

She plonks it on a SCALE.

PAWN BROKER

Six-fifty.

KATE

But... the diamonds and rubies!

PAWN BROKER

That's the fifty.

Kate picks up her bracelet to look at it sadly one last time. The THIEVES who took Kate's luggage drag her bags to the counter.

THIEF # 1

How much for these bags? It's mostly chick's clothing, but there's also a real nice pair of stuffed rabbits in the blue one.

Kate looks up in shock.

KATE

Mr. and Mrs. Bunn-Bunn?!? You!

She picks up the first thing she sees - a clarinet - and holds it over her shoulder like a baseball bat.

KATE

Back away from the luggage and nobody gets hit with -

(looks at it)
- uhhhhhh *this!*

THIEF # 1
You kidding? I'm s'posed to be
scared of a 32-pound woman with a
clarinet?

PAWN BROKER
No boys, you're supposed to be
scared of this.

The Broker brings out a GUN from behind the counter. The
thieves raise their hands. To Kate, indicating the luggage:

PAWN BROKER
Those yours?

KATE
Yes!

PAWN BROKER
(to the thieves)
Where's the cash from whatever you
sold?

She cocks the gun. Thief # 2 throws a roll of money on the
counter.

PAWN BROKER
Now get out.

They run.

KATE
You're just gonna let them go??

PAWN BROKER
I'd call the cops, but they're two
of my best suppliers.

KATE
Wow! Narrow escape for Kate! So
- do you get a lot of real
desperate people in here?

The Pawn Broker puts an entire tray of FALSE TEETH and GLASS

EYEBALLS on the counter.

PAWN BROKER
What do you think?

INT. STRIP CLUB - BACKSTAGE - DAY

Loud STRIP MUSIC from a 3-piece band. A curtain and bright lights. The Stagehand manhandles Nico to the edge of the OFFSTAGE area.

STAGEHAND
We pay ten a dance, plus you keep
your tips.

Nico wrests herself free.

NICO
I am an agrarian socialist you
pig, I'm not interested in playing
your little sexist exploitation
fantasy!

Her poster peels a bit. The MUSIC ends and there's APPLAUSE from OFF - a NAKED GIRL walks past.

Nico's POV: the discarded fantasy clothing on the stage - a Little Bo Peep hat, a plaid schoolgirl skirt, a bustier, a pair of cowboy chaps.

Nico gets an idea.

OUT FRONT: DRUM ROLL. Drunk men sit around the small stage, which has the obligatory pole and coloured lights.

STAGEHAND (P.A.)
Please welcome the lovely Karla
Marx!

MUSIC STARTS. Nico comes out, dancing as sexily as she can without her posters shredding.

The MEN whoop and start laying their money on the stage.

AT THE BACK: Alfonse sits at a table as a waitress walks past. He dumps Linnea's soda money on the table and winks.

ALFONSE

Cola, please. And keep a little something for yourself.

On Stage, Nico has picked up the bustier. She turns her back to the men and peels the posters off her chest...

MEN IN AUDIENCE

(whistling, hollering)

She puts the bustier ON and turns around. The guys seem a little confused but hey, it's a girl - they cheer anyway.

AT THE DOOR: Linnea enters with Marie, holding the flyer, looking around for Alfonse.

ON STAGE, Nico, again with her back to the men, wiggles her butt to whoops and hollers... and pulls up the skirt, ripping off the posters as she goes. She's now in skirt and bustier. The Stagehand stands near the stage. He shrugs, to a patron.

STAGEHAND

Maybe it's some kinda fetish thing.

ON STAGE, Nico puts on the Chaps / Pants.

ALFONSE can't believe his eyes.

ALFONSE

She's putting clothes on? *This* is what I've been waiting to see since I was seven?

Linnea's hand yanks him out of his seat.

LINNEA

Come here, you!

ALFONSE (going O.S.)

Wait! I didn't get to throw any money.

ON STAGE: Nico, now fully dressed, with the Bo Peep hat on, picks up the tip money and the Bo Peep shepherd's staff...

NICO

Thank you, gentlemen. I'll accept
this as a donation to the cause.

She does a sexy hand-on-hip thing - and RUNS. Guys get up and
chase her.

MEN

Hey! / Where's she going?

STAGEHAND

Stop that cowboy-schoolgirl-
shepherd!

EXT. STRIP CLUB ALLEY - DAY

Nico bursts out the alley door, and wedges Bo Peep's shepherdess
crook between the door and the railing of the landing. BANGING
on the door.

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF STRIP CLUB - DAY

Nico runs out in her odd clothing, passing Armin and Janine
postering a pole. She doesn't see them but they see her.

ARMIN

Typical Nico: this morning
radical socialist; this afternoon,
Madonna impersonator.

Nico's eye is caught by an ad on a pole: Apartment To Share.

FIFTY METERS AWAY Linnea brushes off Alfonse's clothing and
smoothes his hair while Marie watches.

MARIE

Pyew! Alfonse, you smell of beer
and cheap women.

LINNEA

Your mother's going to kill me.

In her imagination Mme DuBon APPEARS over Linnea's shoulder.
Linnea SPEAKS the words Mme DuBon is mouthing:

LINNEA

"Young lady if you're living under
my roof twelve-thirty is whenever

I say it is! Blah blah blah
blah."

Mme DuBon FADES OUT. Linnea visibly wearies.

LINNEA

I need a life! I need freedom. I
need another place to live.

ALFONSE

I just needed *ten more minutes*.

Linnea looks up and sees one of the Apartment To Rent ads.

EXT. YOKO'S BUILDING - FRONT STEPS - EVENING

Yoko sits on the steps staring at the wet crumpled plane ticket and drinking from a bag, drowning in self-pity. She calls to a RICH WOMAN walking by in a thick FUR COAT.

YOKO

You look like you got eight
hundred Euros, wanna move in with
me?

(no reaction)

I'll let your bear ride my
bicycle!

YOKO'S WATCH: it's 4:45.

INT. YOKO'S BUILDING - UPSTAIRS HALL - EVENING

Yoko slumps to where her landlord guards her duffel bag of clothes. Jarvis is there, his drag makeup washed off. Yoko wordlessly GRABS her clothes.

JARVIS

(emotionally)

I packed you a lunch for the
plane. Be well, honey!

Jarvis hands Yoko a small bag and hugs her.

BALLARD

(mockingly)

Sayonara.

EXT. YOKO'S BUILDING - FRONT STEPS - EVENING

Yoko steps outside and sighs. She looks up.

There are Kate, Linnea and Nico. Kate has all her bags. Nico is in the mismatched stripper clothing.

LINNEA

Hi. We saw your ad.

KATE

Is the apartment still available?
I brought this Picasso to hang up.
Apparently it's real valuable
because he spelled his name wrong.

It's Yoko's "Picasso." Yoko can't believe her eyes or her luck. For the first time today we see her SMILE.

INT. OUTSIDE YOKO'S DOOR - EVENING

Ballard, defeated, counts a fistful of money. Yoko rips up the plane ticket.

YOKO

Mail this to my father, would you?

She drops the pieces on the floor and throws open the door.

YOKO

Girls, feast your eyes on your new
home!

The girls look in. Their smiles turn to horror. It's a MESS.

YOKO

I didn't get a chance to clean
before I left today.

M. BALLARD

... or since she moved in.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE GIRLS' LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

OUT OF the FLASHBACK, back to the PRESENT. The girls are

gathered around the door to the kitchen. The dog is silent.

LINNEA (V/O)

So that's how we met. I don't know how to explain it - they're so different from me, and from each other - but for the first time since I left Västerås I feel like I'm home.

KATE

I think he fell asleep.

YOKO

Passed out on my booze, you mean.

LINNEA

Shhhhh. Open the door very slowly.

They sneak the door open.

IN THE KITCHEN: The BIG DOG is passed-out like a bearskin rug, legs splayed, with a smile on its face.

NICO

Is he - *smiling*?

KATE

How cuuuute. Let's keep him!

NICO

Yeah!

YOKO

No way. When he wakes up he's going to be angry, he's going to be hung-over and he's going to be violent.

They all think.

LINNEA

Isn't tomorrow the first of the month?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GIRLS' LIVING ROOM - DAY

Next day. Daylight pours in. The girls aren't there; the kitchen door is propped shut with a chair. A KEY in the lock - M. Ballard sneaks quietly inside.

BALLARD

Hello? Rent! Anybody home?
Where's my couch? And my TV?

ANGLE: a SPACE where the COUCH was.

He's distracted by frilly girly underthings hanging near the kitchen door. He walks over, checks again that he's alone, runs his hand over them. Then he sees the kitchen door.

BALLARD

Cooking something, eh?

He licks his lips, removes the chair and tiptoes into the kitchen. SNARRRL! The Dog is upon him like jam on a croissant.

BALLARD

Aaaaaaarr!

ANGLE: There's a videocamera on a tripod, pointed at the door. A cord goes from the camera OUT THE WINDOW...

EXT. ACROSS THE STREET - DAY

Ballard's SCREAMS echo over the courtyard. The CORD goes down the wall and across to where all 4 girls and Jarvis sit ON THE COUCH on the sidewalk eating ice cream and watching the Manager get savaged on his own TV.

KATE

See? I told you he comes in the apartment when we're not there.

YOKO

You were right.

Kate and Yoko "toast," clicking their ice cream cones.

NICO

Thanks for the ice cream, Jarvis.

Jarvis indicates the TV screen he's watching intently.

JARVIS

Thanks for the dream of a
lifetime.

And we're PULLING BACK.

LINNEA

Nico, that has *dairy* in it.

NICO

Hey I'm starving.
(rationalizing)
Besides, cows are vegetarians...

LINNEA (V/O)

Maybe you don't have to have
everything in common with your
friends. I guess it's like the
Beatles said: all you need is
love.

Linnea puts her arms around her pals and as they watch the TV on
the sidewalk, we:

FADE OUT.