

INHUMANE

by

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Fifth Draft

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FADE IN:

INT. WALK-IN CLOSET / DRESSING ROOM - TIME UNKNOWN

The ornate gold-leafed custom closet/dressing room resembles the finest Beverly Hill's boutique complete with a miniature crystal chandelier and a full-length three way mirror.

The few spaces that aren't covered with clothes are decorated with framed BELLE COSMETICS MAGAZINE ADVERTISEMENTS featuring the stunningly beautiful MARIA BELLE (mid-30s and flawless).

Maria's daughter, MIA (12, beautiful, young, and innocent) poses playfully in the mirror in her mom's WHITE FUR COAT.

She mirrors her mom's poses from the ads, one in particular for BELLE COSMETIC'S SKIN CREAM, where Maria's wearing the same fur coat, and little else. Mia delivers the tag line.

MIA

They say that beauty is only skin
deep...

Suddenly, the happy moment's shattered with harsh arguing from out in the hall.

MARIA BELLE (O.S.)

I'm not getting another procedure!

MR. BELLE (O.S.)

You're the face of this company!
It's your obligation -- as my wife
AND my employee!

Maria busts into her dressing room. Mia, startled and wanting to avoid the fight, ducks into the hanging clothes and hides.

MARIA BELLE

No, I'm done with this, Robert! I'm
out!

The aging, tearful beauty tries to close the door, but her husband Robert (early 50s) forcibly holds it open.

MR. BELLE

You're out only when I say you're
out. We have a contract.

MARIA BELLE

Fuck you and your fucking contract!

Maria scratches her angry husband's face, drawing blood, and causing him step back with a GROAN as she SLAMS the door.

MR. BELLE beats against the locked double doors, nearly knocking them off their hinges, as Maria, beaten and broken-hearted, makes her way over to her vanity.

MR. BELLE
 (from out in the hall)
 Elle!! Elle!!! You open this door
 right now!!! If you try to leave me
 or your responsibilities to my
 company, I swear to god I'll sue
 you for everything you've got!
 Everything! Including our daughter!

With desperate determination, Maria tears through the vanity, past the piles of BELLE COSMETICS, to a HIDDEN PLASTIC JUG.

MR. BELLE (CONT'D)
 (from out in the hall)
 You think it'll be hard to get full
 custody from a washed-up, drug-
 addicted fashion model with
 suicidal tendencies!?! No way!
 That's a slam dunk!

Maria opens the jug and looks at herself in the mirror.

MR. BELLE (CONT'D)
 (from out in the hall)
 You open this door now... or you
 kiss your life goodbye!

She gives her reflection a little kiss and then pours the contents of the jug all over her face and into her mouth.

Maria's skin instantly begins sizzling and bubbling as soon as the mysterious, clear liquid hits it.

Within seconds, every trace of her beauty is burned from her face, and her ANGUISHED SCREAM is silenced.

She collapses, lifeless, to the floor.

The jug falls from her hand:

DANGER - SULFURIC ACID

PROPERTY OF BELLE COSMETICS LABS

Only then does Mr. Belle bust through the door.

He freezes at the site of his wife's corpse, and then he sees little Mia, hiding, devastated, among the fur coats.

TITLE: INHUMANE

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. IMMACULATE WHITE BATHROOM - TIME UNKNOWN

HANDHELD VIDEO CAMERA POV. REGULAR FILTER.

A glistening white bathroom with gleaming gold and crystal fixtures. Every inch speaks to extreme wealth and elegance.

The centerpiece of the room is an open, cascading waterfall shower that is truly fit for a queen.

SUPER: Six years later

MIA BELLE (now 18, tan, flawless) glides in, wrapped in a luxurious, but revealing, white towel.

She turns on the shower and peels off her towel, revealing the backside of her exquisitely tan and toned body.

With flowing grace, Mia steps under the cascading waterfall and takes a slow, sensual shower over the opening credits - the camera, an unnoticed voyeur, lingering on every inch of her delicious curves.

When the steamy shower finishes, the flawless beauty wraps the tiny towel around her slender figure and sits upon the edge of the glistening tub like a greek statue.

With her towel fighting to stay on, Mia reaches for a bottle of BELLE COSMETICS BODY LOTION and begins slowly rubbing the silky cream all over her body.

She begins to speak, intimately, to someone off camera.

MIA

They say that beauty is only skin deep...

(she holds up the bottle)

That's why I take care of my skin with Belle Cosmetics Body Lotion.

(pause)

With Belle Cosmetics... you don't have to be a billionaire to look like one.

CAMERA GEEK (O.S.)

Damn, she's hot.

SOUND NERD (O.S.)

(in a hushed whisper)

Dude, shut up!

DIRECTOR (O.S.)
 Hey! What the hell are *they*
 doing in here!?!

Video camera suddenly turns toward the voice, revealing:

INT. COMMERCIAL SOUND STAGE - CONTINUOUS

From VIDEO CAMERA POV we see a DIRECTOR (burly, 40s, Indian) sitting in video village, surrounded by a LARGE COMMERCIAL FILM CREW and equipment.

DIRECTOR
 This is a closed set!

We switch to COMMERCIAL CAMERA POV, revealing CAMERA GEEK and SOUND NERD (20s, awkward). They continue to film as Mia joins them, wearing her towel.

MIA
 They're with me.

We cut between the different cameras as Mia and the Director get into each other's faces.

DIRECTOR
 I don't give a shit, this is *my*
 set! Security! Get them out of
 here!

MIA
 No way, they're here to film me for
 my website! If they go, I go!

DIRECTOR
 You don't get to make that call!

MIA
 Do you know who I am?! Of course
 you do, 'cause I'm Mia Belle and
 I'm fucking famous!

DIRECTOR
 You spoiled little bitch... You
 wouldn't even have this gig if your
 father didn't own the company!
 You're nothing but a third rate
 Kylie Jenner!

MIA
 And you're a fucking nobody!
 (calling out)
 Alan!!

ALAN GOLDRING (40s, paunchy, mussed and moustached, with a thick Brooklyn Jewish accent) rushes to Mia's side.

ALAN GOLDRING

Okay, okay, that's it. My client is done here.

MIA

(to the director)
And so is your career!

ALAN GOLDRING

(pulling Mia back)
Okay. All right. Let's just go.

MR. BELLE (distinguished, severe, mid-50s) enters with austere authority.

MR. BELLE

My daughter's *not* going anywhere.

ALAN GOLDRING

Mr. Belle...?! What-what a delightful surprise.

MR. BELLE

I don't like surprises, Alan.
That's why Mia's going to continue honoring her contractual obligation as the spokeswoman of this company.

Mia scoffs.

MIA

Contractual obligation? You have no idea what day it is, do you?
(off his silence)
It's my 18th birthday.

She smiles wickedly and drops her towel, revealing a sheer flesh-colored thong and two black tape Xs over her nipples.

Alan rushes in and wraps Mia up in a LUXURIOUS WHITE FUR COAT as she continues.

MIA (CONT'D)

Yep, that's right. While you were busy not giving a shit, your sweet little girl became a fucking adult. And what does that mean, Alan?

ALAN GOLDRING

A-any contracts that she signed as a minor are now null and um-- void.

MIA

So fuck you *and* your contract.
 (to the camera crew)
 I think we got what we needed.
 Let's get the hell out of here.

Mia starts to go, but Mr. Belle grabs her arm. She winces.

MR. BELLE

You ungrateful little brat. After
 all I've done for you.

MIA

All you've done is pimp me out to
 sell your bullshit beauty products
 for the last six fucking years!

MR. BELLE

You were continuing a proud family
 tradition that was started by your
 mother! I'm just glad she's not
 alive to see you acting like this.

MIA

(sarcastic, biting)
 Yeah, good thing you drove her to
 kill herself.

Mr. Belle slaps Mia, hard. A tiny dog starts BARKING nearby.

MIA (CONT'D)

(seething, to Camera Geek)
 I hope you got that. I want it
 viral by the end of the day.
 (calling out)
 Where are my shoes!?!

Mia's assistant, DOLORES (meek, 20s, Latina), rushes over
 with a small white dog, BEAST, in one hand, and a pair of
 EXPENSIVE STILETTOS dangling from the other.

DOLORES

Here you go.

MIA

Put them on.
 (beat)
 And shut up that dog!

Dolores kneels down to do as she's told. She gives Beast a
 TREAT from her pocket. The playful pup stops barking.

DOLORES

Shhh... Good boy.

Mia stomps her foot impatiently and Dolores starts putting her shoes on as Mr. Belle whispers into his daughter's ear.

MR. BELLE

You walk out of here now, and it's all over, you understand? Your stock options. Your inheritance. Everything.

MIA

Good. I'm tired of waiting for you to die anyway.

MR. BELLE

That's it. You're finished!

Mia laughs and gestures to the display of Belle Cosmetics.

MIA

You're the one who's finished. You think anyone's going to buy this crap without my tits and ass to sell it? No fucking way! And after I launch my clothing line tonight, I'll be making more money than you could ever give me. So fuck you!

She turns and struts toward the exit with her entourage.

MR. BELLE

Someday you'll pay for your selfishness!

Mia turns back around and smirks.

MIA

I don't give a shit... 'cause I'll be rich, bitch! With my own fucking money!

Mia puts on her oversized sunglasses and grabs Beast away from Dolores before making a dramatic exit from the studio with her crew in tow.

The sunlight blasts into the windowless studio and glares across Mr. Belle's furious face, until the door to the outside world closes and the darkness consumes him again.

INT. LIMO - DAY

Mia quietly stares out the window from the backseat, trying to compose herself. A single tear rolls down her cheek.

Beast pops in and happily licks her face.

Mia grimaces.

MIA

Eww! Someone get this off me!

Dolores reaches in from the side seat where she's sitting past Alan and grabs the dog. The camera crew films everything from their seat on the other side of the limo.

DOLORES

Come here, baby. Who wants a treat?

MIA

Enough with the treats. I want him looking good for the show tonight. If *I* can't eat, *he* can't eat.

Beast WHINES. Mia ignores him and looks back out the window.

ALAN GOLDRING

Um- speaking of the show tonight, we need to swing by the venue to review a-a situation.

MIA

Can't I get ten minutes to myself!? I'm having kind of a moment here...

ALAN GOLDRING

Yeah, sure-sure, of course... after you sign these.

He hands Mia a BIG STACK of CONTRACTS from his BRIEFCASE.

MIA

Are you kidding me!?

ALAN GOLDRING

I-I wish I was. But these are the contracts from the fur suppliers. Now that you're 18, you've got to sign them again. And it's got to happen before the show tonight, or- or we'll have to cancel.

MIA

Ugh. Fine. Whatever.

ALAN GOLDRING

Welcome to the joys of adulthood.

Mia takes Alan's PEN and starts flipping through the contracts, blindly signing wherever there's a sticker arrow.

DOLORES

Um, shouldn't you read those first?

Mia stops and looks right through her assistant.

MIA

Oh, I'm sorry, I didn't realize I had A NEW FUCKING BUSINESS ADVISOR!

Dolores glares at Mia as she continues signing.

MIA (CONT'D)

Call the agency. Get me a new assistant.

ALAN GOLDRING

(as an aside)

The uh- the agency isn't exactly returning our calls.

MIA

Why not?

ALAN GOLDRING

They think you've been a little too... harsh with the last few people they sent.

MIA

Because the last few people sucked ass.

ALAN GOLDRING

I'm just saying, you're getting a bit of a reputation. We're lucky she showed up on Monday, or you-you wouldn't have anyone.

MIA

Oh, come on, Alan, I'll always have you.

(she caresses his cheek)

There's nothing you wouldn't do for money.

Mia's hand slowly trails down Alan's chest toward his crotch.

He squirms. She laughs at his middle-aged awkwardness.

Suddenly, the limo screeches to a dead stop and Mia's thrown from her seat to the floor.

MIA (CONT'D)
 What the fuck!?!

Mia's driver, BRUNO (30s, beefy) lowers the privacy screen.

BRUNO
 We've got a problem.

The VIDEO CAMERA gets a shot through the windshield.

Outside, the street is littered with a dozen bloody bodies.

The TWISTED CORPSES are all wearing FUR ANIMAL MASKS (Foxes, Rabbits, etc.) and old fur coats stained with "blood".

TWO MASKED ACTIVISTS in camouflaged military fatigues hold up a large sign: "FUR IS MURDER".

The whole scene is happening in front of an OLD BRICK SLAUGHTERHOUSE with a banner: "MIA BELLE'S FIERCE FASHION SHOW TONIGHT!"

Everything is being filmed by A CROWD OF TV NEWS CREWS.

ALAN GOLDRING (O.S.)
 This is the uh- the-the situation I was telling you about.

MIA (O.S.)
 What the hell, Alan? I need these animal assholes gone before the show.

ALAN GOLDRING (O.S.)
 Yeah, well, unfortunately, we uh- we don't have enough security to deal with them properly.

MIA (O.S.)
 So get more.

ALAN GOLDRING (O.S.)
 We uh- we can't.

MIA (O.S.)
 Why not?!

The VIDEO CAMERA swings back to Mia and Alan.

ALAN GOLDRING
 There's no more money.

MIA
 There's always more money, Alan.

Alan shakes his head.

ALAN GOLDRING

Everything you had in the bank is tied up in the show already. All the coats, and-and the models, the venue, it's all very expensive.

MIA

(devastated)

So I'm fucking broke...?

ALAN GOLDRING

Only for the uh- the immediate future. After the show tonight, we'll sign some deals with a-a couple big-name stores and you'll be back on top in no time... with- with your own fucking money... as you're so fond of saying.

Alan tries to smile reassuringly. Mia's lost for words.

ALAN GOLDRING (CONT'D)

So, in the uh- in the meantime, I was thinking that we could sneak you in through the back door for uh- for the show tonight. You know, for your-your safety.

MIA

No, fuck that. The cameras are all out front.

Mia grabs Beast from Dolores and throws open the car door.

ALAN GOLDRING

Wait! What are you doing?!

MIA

Showing those assholes who's boss.

Beast gives a BARK as Mia climbs confidently out of the car.

EXT. SLAUGHTERHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

NEWS CAMERA POV on PRETTY FEMALE NEWS REPORTER.

NEWS REPORTER

Someone's getting out of the limo!

The camera zips over to Mia, in her WHITE FUR COAT, stepping over the activists, as she clutches Beast like a purse.

MIA

This is nice. I love the look.
 (calling back to Alan)
 Let's get some masks for tonight!

An ACTIVIST grabs Mia's ankle. She SCREAMS, startled, as he stares at her through the eyes of his animal mask.

MIA (CONT'D)

Let go of me, you fucking freak!

She kicks the activist in the head and he let's go, groaning. Mia gives a satisfied "humph" and continues to the reporters.

NEWS REPORTER

Mia! Are you excited for the launch
 your clothing line tonight?

MIA

You bet my sweet ass I am! I'm
 bringing fur back, baby... 'Cause
 fur is fierce!

She GROWLS at the camera.

NEWS REPORTER

You've received a lot of flack from
 animal rights groups for using fur
 in your work... and yet, here you
 are, hosting your fashion show in
 an old slaughterhouse... Why the
 controversy?

MIA

'Cause I'm at the top of the food
 chain, and no one better forget it.

PROTESTORS

(chanting low)
 Fur is murder! Fur is murder!

MIA

Look, none of what I'm doing is
 illegal. They keep saying "fur is
 murder", but if you ask me, the
 real crime here is anybody trying
 to stop someone from looking this
 fabulous!

(to the dog)

Isn't that right, Beast? Go on,
 speak!

Beast barks and Mia smiles as she strikes a pose in her
 immaculate white fur coat.

Just then, a WEIRD WOMAN (mid-40s, camouflage) runs in and throws A BUCKETFUL OF BLOOD all over Mia's white fur coat.

WEIRD WOMAN
MURDERER!!!

Mia, stunned, drops her blood-splattered dog on the ground.

MIA
Oh. My. God.

WEIRD WOMAN
That's for your crimes against
animals!

Mia's driver, Bruno, rushes in out of nowhere and tackles the Weird Woman to the ground, knocking the air out of her.

The shots jump frantically between the NEWS CAMERAS and Mia's own Camera Crew as Beast runs BARKING to Dolores.

BRUNO
I got her...!

MIA
It's about time! You're supposed to
be my bodyguard!

ALAN GOLDRING
We uh- we should go.

Alan tries to pull Mia away, but the reporter cuts them off.

NEWS REPORTER
Mia! Mia! Is this attack going to
affect tonight's show?

Mia turns back and looks defiantly into the camera.

MIA
Hell no! It's survival of the
fiercest, bitches... And nobody's
more fierce than me!

Mia GROWLS for the cameras and Beast BARKS in Dolores' arm. The Weird Woman GASPS and yells as the cops drag her off.

WEIRD WOMAN
You're going to die! You're all
going to die!!

MIA
At least we'll look good doing it.

Mia winks at the camera and turns, satisfied, to Alan.

MIA (CONT'D)
Now we can go.

EXT. BELLE FAMILY MANSION - EVENING

VIDEO CAMERA POV

The limo sits outside a luxurious Mansion. It reeks of family money and old world tastes. Dolores walks Beast in the lawn.

MIA (V.O.)
Oh my god... I'm so tired of
waiting...!

INT. BELLE FAMILY MANSION - CONTINUOUS

VIDEO CAMERA POV

The entry foyer is huge and opulent.

A GRAND WOODEN STAIRCASE leads up to the second floor, past an ENORMOUS OIL PANTING of Mia's Beautiful Mother (when she was in her mid 20s), the spitting image of Mia.

MIA
I'd like to get out of here before
my fucking father gets home!

ALAN GOLDRING
Yeah, we-we just have to make sure
there are no threats in the house.

MIA
I'm not scared of those animal
rights douch bags. They can suck my
billion dollar dick.

Alan, a bit embarrassed, tries to laugh the moment off.

ALAN GOLDRING
(to the Camera Crew)
Yes, well... while we're down here,
why uh- why don't you boys get some
shots of the house?

He turns the video camera toward the foyer.

ALAN GOLDRING (O.S.) (CONT'D)
It's a great example of French
Neoclassical Architecture.

MIA (O.S.)
 Welcome to the Belle Family Prison.

The camera finds its way back to Mia.

MIA (CONT'D)
 I know it seems all nice and shit,
 but my father's this huge control
 freak, with all these stupid house
 rules... and these fucking
 surveillance cameras:

Shot changes to the POV of SEVERAL DIFFERENT SURVEILLANCE
 CAMERAS. The CAMERA POV jumps as Mia points them out.

MIA (CONT'D)
 (a different camera POV
 with each "here")
 Here... Here... Here, and... Here.
 And that's just in this room.

Back to the VIDEO CAMERA POV.

MIA (CONT'D)
 The whole place is crawling with
 those things. Add that to all the
 bullshit of working with with
 Daddy, and you can see why my
 mother killed herself.

Mia looks up at the oil painting of her mother. The camera
 moves to catch Mia and her mother in a two shot. For the
 first time Mia lets her guard down.

SOUND NERD (O.S.)
 She's beautiful...

MIA (O.S.)
 She's dead. That's why I'm getting
 my own money... so I can get the
 hell out of here before I end up
 like her.

She collects herself and starts playing to the camera again.

MIA (CONT'D)
 'Til then, I can steal a little
 privacy for myself.

Mia opens a hidden control panel in the wall by the door. The
 shot turns into a POV of the PANEL'S SECURITY CAMERA.

MIA (CONT'D)
Daddy loves to change the password,
but I can always get it out of
security.
(fixing her lipstick)
Loose lips, sink ships.

Mia punches seven keys on the KEYPAD, saying a letter with each key punch.

MIA (CONT'D)
F-U-C-K-Y-O-U.

Mia smiles and flips off the panel's security cam right before the image goes black.

The shot changes back to the VIDEO CAMERA POV.

MIA (CONT'D)
We're officially off the grid.

ALAN GOLDRING
You sure that's a good idea? What-
what if we need the police?

MIA
In the words of N.W.A.... fuck the
police.

Bruno comes down the stairs.

BRUNO
The house is secure. I'll go check
the perimeter.

MIA
Why don't you go to hell while
you're at it?

Bruno exits through the front door just as Dolores enters with Beast on a leash and a little bag of poop.

MIA (CONT'D)
(to Dolores)
And you, get me a Mia Mocha.

DOLORES
I'm sorry. A what?

MIA

Are you kidding me?! That's my signature half-caf, no-whip, non-fat, chocolate soy latte with a shot of horse laxitives! It was in your fucking handbook!

DOLORES

Oh, yeah, right, sorry. I'll get that for you right after I get our little Beast some water.

Beast gives a BARK.

MIA

(glaring at Dolores)

No, screw that. The dog can wait. I can't.

Mia snaps her fingers and holds her hand out until Dolores hands her the leash.

MIA (CONT'D)

Good girl. And make it quick. Latte isn't French for late.

(upbeat, to Camera Crew)

Now let's go see my favorite room in the house!

Mia bounds up the grand staircase, pulling Beast on the leash behind her. Dolores scowls as she watches them go.

INT. MIA'S WALK-IN CLOSET / DRESSING ROOM - LATER

VIDEO CAMERA POV

We're in the middle of Mia's huge closet/dressing room. It's a hipper version of her Mom's old closet, with all of Mia's clothes, shoes, accessories, and photographs on display.

Club music is thumping!

Beast sits on a fancy, fluffy personalized DOG BED, gnawing on a SQUEAKY ANIMAL CHEW TOY that Sound Nerd is tugging on.

SOUND NERD

He's soooo cute.

MIA (O.S.)

Enough of the fucking dog! Let's get back to the star of the show!

The camera turns to Mia, who strikes a pose in her SUPER-EXPENSIVE HIGH HEEL SHOES and BLOODY FUR COAT.

MIA (CONT'D)
 (presents for the camera)
 How do I look? Amazing, right? Even
 with all the blood and shit.
 (beat)
 And the best part about wearing a
 Fierce Fur is that it doesn't
 matter what you wear with it...

She pops open the fur and flashes a DIAMOND-STUDED BIKINI.

MIA (CONT'D)
 'Cause everything looks fierce.

Mia GROWLS.

CAMERA GEEK (O.S.)
 ...I think I just came.

CAMERA GEEK (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Shut the hell up.

Alan rushes over and tries to close Mia's coat.

ALAN GOLDRING
 You uh- you sure that's what you
 want to go with? Some people might
 think you uh- you look a little...
 cheap.

MIA
 This is a \$30,000 coat with \$10,000
 shoes!
 (re: Her bikini body)
 And the rest of this shit... is
 priceless.

She looks herself over in the GIGANTIC THREE-WAY MIRROR.

MIA (CONT'D)
 Damn, I look good.

Sincerity sneaks up on her.

MIA (CONT'D)
 When I was a kid, I used to love
 coming up here and playing dress-up
 with my mom. I'd be up here for
 hours, trying on her dresses, and
 her shoes...
 (MORE)

MIA (CONT'D)

And when I got tired she'd lay out one of her big fur coats on the floor, and I'd wrap myself up in it like a cub nestled in the arms of her big mother bear. I felt so safe. Like nothing in the world could ever harm me.

A single tear trails down Mia's cheek but the sweet moment is broken by a LOUD KNOCKING at the door.

Alan and the camera crew JUMPS.

MIA (CONT'D)

Ugh. Finally. My mocha.

(to Alan)

Be a sweetie, Alan, and go get that. I've got to figure out which lipstick goes with all this blood.

Beast starts BARKING at the dressing room door!

MIA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Shut up, you little shit! Or I'll put you in your cage!

Alan opens the closet door. Dolores just stands there with a big mug of Mia Mocha, shaking. Beast keeps BARKING.

MIA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

What the hell is her problem!?

Alan grabs the coffee away from the paralyzed assistant.

ALAN GOLDRING

Are-are you alright?

A trickle of blood drips down her face from a small wound on her forehead.

Then there's a strange sound from just beyond the doorway.

FWOOMP!

Alan grabs his neck and collapses in a heap, as the over-filled mug SHATTERS on the floor.

SOUND NERD (O.S.)

What the hell...!?

Camera zooms in on the object sticking out of Alan's neck.

CAMERA GEEK (O.S.)

Is that a tranquilizer dart?

SOUND NERD (O.S.)
Dude! Door!

The camera swings back to the doorway.

A MYSTERIOUS FIGURE in CAMOUFLAGED MILITARY FATIGUES and an ANIMAL MASK pushes past Dolores and marches into the room with a TRANQUILIZER GUN armed and ready.

SOUND NERD (CONT'D)
Oh, shit!

FWOOMP! Sound Nerd collapses to the floor, a dart in his neck; his BOOM MIC hitting the ground with a loud THUD.

The masked figure aims the gun at the camera.

CAMERA GEEK (O.S.)
Oh shit oh shit oh shit oh SHIT!!!

Camera Geek runs with his camera toward the back of the dressing room, where Mia has opened a secret door in the wall behind her three-way mirrors.

CAMERA GEEK (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Wait!! Wait for me!!!

MIA
Fuck you! Get your own fucking safe room!

There are TWO SHOTS and the camera CRASHES to the ground.

Mia SHRIEKS and jumps into her safe room. There's a LOUD METALLIC SNAPPING SOUND.

Mia SCREAMS above the RATTLE of a HEAVY CHAIN.

The sound is strange, recorded by the mic across the room.

The Mysterious Figure grabs the camera off the floor and slowly walks it over toward the safe room, opening the door.

MIA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
You-you can't come in here...! This is *my* room...!

We follow the VIDEO CAMERA POV into the safe room.

INT. SAFE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A small, secure metal room with an emergency phone and a video monitor. There's a pile of Evian and Protein Bars.

Mia, teary eyed, is on the floor, her left ankle caught in a SOFT LEG TRAP: a bear trap with smooth metal bars, instead of sharp jagged teeth, around the closing "mouth" of the trap.

Mia struggles to pull the trap open and free her leg, but it's no use.

She looks up, angry and confused, at the camera as the Mysterious Figure aims the Tranquilizer Gun at her.

MIA

Why are you doing this to me!?!?

FWOOMP!

The screen slams to black.

SLOW FADE IN:

INT. DIRTY INDUSTRIAL ROOM - TIME UNKNOWN

HANDHELD VIDEO CAMERA POV. LOW LIGHT FILTER.

A dark and dirty industrial room with metal walls and dim lighting.

There are no windows or doors visible through the shadows.

The CRIES of sick and tortured animals fill the air.

The camera focuses on TWO LARGE WIRE MESH ANIMAL CAGES, stacked one on top of the other. Each one is occupied.

A LARGE CREATURE stirs inside the darkness of the bottom cage. It's covered in filthy white fur and blood.

The CAMERA ZOOMS IN as it lunges for the cage door!

It's Mia in her blood-stained fur coat.

She violently shakes the door of her cage and it rattles futilely against its heavy pad lock.

Her SAVAGE SCREAMS of frustration mix with the TORTURED ANIMAL SOUNDS.

A weak voice comes from the cage above her.

ALAN GOLDRING

Mia...? Oh, thank God...

Alan crawls into the dim light.

ALAN GOLDRING (CONT'D)

Are you okay...?

MIA

No, Alan, I'm *not* okay. I'm locked in a fucking cage for fuck's sake. And my fucking ankle is killing me!

ALAN GOLDRING

Shhh... keep your voice down. We uh- we don't want to make them angry.

Alan points toward something nearby. Mia scoffs.

MIA

Fuck them.

The camera turns its focus on the Mysterious Masked Figure who broke into her house. It sits, silently, on a stool.

MIA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

What the hell is your problem anyway? This some kind of sick joke?!?

The Masked Figure silently shakes its head "no".

The Figure then notices the camera and points angrily at it and then back at Mia.

The camera quickly turns back to the cages.

Mia glares right at it.

MIA (CONT'D)

And what the hell are you two doing here!? You a part of this!?

SOUND NERD (O.S.)

(dripping with sarcasm)

Yeah. This was all our big idea. That's why we chained ourselves to the frickin' wall!

CAMERA GEEK (O.S.)

Dude... Shut the fuck up.

The video camera turns to the Sound Nerd, sitting close by with his BOOM MICROPHONE. He's wearing a METAL COLLAR attached to the wall with a HEAVY CHAIN.

The Camera Geek has the same set up - though his chain is slightly longer - allowing him to move a little more freely.

SOUND NERD
Why the hell should I?

CAMERA GEEK (O.S.)
(in a harsh whisper)
If we just play it cool, and do
what they want us to do, they'll
let us go.

SOUND NERD
You don't know that.

MIA (O.S.)
What do they want you to do?

SOUND NERD
This could go bad for all of us.

MIA
What the hell do they want you to
do!?!?

The video camera turns back to Mia in her cage.

VIDEO GEEK (O.S.)
They want us to film everything
that happens in this room.

MIA
Why? What's going to happen...!?

The silence is broken by an ECHOING METALLIC POP.

A LARGE SQUARE DOOR opens on the far side of the room.

There is no light beyond the doorway.

A SECOND MYSTERIOUS FIGURE enters the room.

This one is smaller than the first, dressed in the same
CAMOUFLAGE FATIGUES and wearing a thick set of WORK GLOVES
and a pair of NIGHT VISION GOGGLES.

It takes off the goggles and puts on an ANIMAL MASK.

MIA (CONT'D)
Oh great... Another one of *these*
assholes.

The Larger Figure stands as the Smaller Figure pushes in a
METAL ROLLING CART with a squeaky wheel.

On top of the cart is a SURGICAL TRAY covered by a cloth.

On the middle shelf is a PORTABLE DIGITAL PROJECTOR.
And on the bottom shelf is a medium-sized DUFFEL BAG.
Mia rattles her cage door.

MIA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I'm not scared of you, you know!

The video camera turns back to the cages.

MIA (CONT'D)
You're nothing but a couple of
cowards with tranquilizer guns!
You're just a big fucking joke!

ALAN GOLDRING
Please, Mia, don't... don't yell at
them...

MIA
Why not!?! 'Cause I'll get a
reputation!?

ALAN GOLDRING
Because they'll kill you!

There's a CLICK and the tortured animal sounds stop.

The silence is all consuming.

The camera turns quickly, landing on the Larger Figure
holding an IPOD and a PORTABLE SPEAKER.

Without a word, the Larger Figure brings the items over to
its accomplice, who hooks them up to the cart's projector.

MIA (O.S.)
You want money? Is that what you
want?

The video camera swings back to focus on Mia.

MIA (CONT'D)
You want my father to pay you some
kind of ransom to let me go? Joke's
on you. He won't pay a fucking dime
for me! He doesn't care if I'm
alive or dead!

ALAN GOLDRING
No, no, she's-she's lying!

MIA
 Shut the fuck up, Alan!
 (to the kidnappers)
 If you want money, if that's what
 you really want, you're going to
 have to get it from me...

The Masked Figures continue with their work at the cart.

Mia takes off her super-expensive shoes.

MIA (CONT'D)
 Here! You can have these, for
 starters! They're worth ten grand!
 That's five each!

She tosses them out of the cage onto the floor.

MIA (CONT'D)
 See, they're yours! Now let me out
 of this fucking cage!!!

The Larger Figure stops and look at the shoes, but the
 Smaller Figure kicks them away, off to the side, and after a
 tense second the two kidnappers go back to their business.

MIA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 What?! You don't want the money?!?
 Then what the fuck do you want!?!?

The Kidnappers remain silent as they continue their work.

MIA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Why the hell won't you assholes
 speak to me?!? Is that too much to
 ask?

Camera turns back as Mia shakes her cage door in desperation.

MIA (CONT'D)
 Just answer the fucking question!
 Come on! Speak to me! Speak!

Suddenly there's the muffled sound of BARKING.

It grows louder as Beast pushes his little head out of the
 zippered opening in the duffle bag at the bottom of the cart.

MIA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 What the hell?

Beast keeps BARKING as it pushes out of the bag and runs up
 to Mia's cage. It's white fur is sparkling clean.

MIA (CONT'D)
 Will somebody tell me why my
 fucking dog is here?!?

The Smaller Kidnapper gently picks up Beast and gives him a treat from its pocket. The dog calms down instantly.

DOLORES
 (from behind the mask)
 Shhh... Good boy.

MIA
 (seething)
 You?! Are you fucking kidding me?!
 What the hell are you doing here?!

Dolores slowly turns to Mia and takes off her mask. She stares at the little rich girl with remorseless eyes.

DOLORES
 I'm here to punish you for your
 crimes against animal kind.

MIA
 Why? Because I was mean to the
 fucking dog?

DOLORES
 (to her accomplice)
 Play the footage.

The Larger Figure pushes a button and the PORTABLE PROJECTOR whirls to life on the cart.

A LARGE VIDEO is projected onto the wall beside the cages.

It's a secret-camera expose style video shot inside a rural Chinese fur farm.

The camera records both the savagely brutal footage from the projector and Mia watching it from her cage.

VIDEO: EXT. CHINESE JUNGLE FUR CAMP - DAY

CLOSE ON a sweet and scared RACCOON DOG in a cramped wire-mesh cage that's not unlike the one Mia's in.

MIA (O.S.)
 What the hell is this?

DOLORES (O.S.)
 This is where your fur came from.

A MAN rips the animal from its cage as it fights and CRIES.

DOLORES (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 It's a fur farm. In China. They
 don't have regulations against
 animal cruelty there.

A WORKER with a large stick beats the animal into submission.

MIA
 No, fuck this. We got our shit from
 the Eskimos, or something, from all
 the furs they had left over from
 hunting... It wasn't like this!

DOLORES
 You're wrong. It was exactly like
 this. I was there. I took this
 video myself.

Dolores points to the video as it cuts to a live and very
 conscious Raccoon Dog hanging upside down in a harness.

DOLORES (CONT'D)
 And then I followed the trail of
 blood right back to you.

MIA
 Tell her, Alan! Tell her where we
 got the furs! Tell her the truth!

DOLORES
 Yeah, Alan. Tell her the truth.

ALAN GOLDRING
 I-I tried to work with the Eskimos,
 I really did... But they-they
 couldn't meet our demands. Not in
 time for the show.

MIA
 So you did THIS!?!

The man in the video proceeds to skin the Raccoon Dog as it
 fights against the pain.

ALAN GOLDRING
 I-I didn't know it was this bad.
 Honest.

MIA
 You fucking lied to me!

ALAN GOLDRING

Everything was in the contracts...
Everything. You-you signed off on
all of it!

MIA

You tricked me! This is all your
fault!

DOLORES

No! If you really cared for those
animals... you would have read the
contracts. You would have looked
for the truth. I found it within
five minutes of working for you.

MIA

So *that's* why you took the fucking
job...!? So you could spy on me!?

DOLORES

I wanted to make sure you were
guilty before I punished you.
(beat)
Look at it. Look at the suffering
you brought into this world.

Dolores points to the video again. All that's left are the
writhing, exposed muscles and tearing, mournful eyes where a
cute animal used to be.

MIA (O.S.)

This isn't real!

DOLORES (O.S.)

Yes, it is. All of it.

The video camera shifts it's focus to Mia's cage. Dolores
leans in close, a sharp skinning knife in her hand.

DOLORES (CONT'D)

And it's exactly what I'm going to
do to you.

Dolores runs the blade along the wires of the cage so it
makes an unnerving series of CLICKS.

SOUND NERD (O.S.)

This is so fucked.

DOLORES

(looks toward the camera)
Shut your mouth and do your job!
(to accomplice, re: Alan)
(MORE)

DOLORES (CONT'D)
And you... Get that one ready for
execution.

INT. BELLE FAMILY MANSION - EVENING

SECURITY CAMERAS POV

The image slowly fades in on POV of SECURITY PANEL'S CAMERA.

Mr. Belle has just finished rebooting the system.

MR. BELLE
Damn it, Mia... How many times have
I told you not to touch the
security system?!

The POV changes to that of SEVERAL SECURITY CAMERAS
throughout the mansion as we follow Mr. Belle through the
foyer and into his office.

MR. BELLE (CONT'D)
You're as stubborn as your mother!
Lucky for you, these days I'm
more... understanding!

INT. MR. BELLE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

SECURITY CAMERA POV

The office is very old world class in rich mahogany.

He pours himself a drink from his the bar that's concealed
inside a globe.

MR. BELLE
I've decided to forgive you for the
stunt you pulled at the shoot! I
shouldn't have scheduled something
on your birthday! It was shitty of
me! Even you deserve a day off now
and again!

He takes a sip. The whole house is silent.

MR. BELLE (CONT'D)
Mia!? Mia, are you here!?!

More silence. A cellphone RINGS, startling Mr. Belle.

He pulls out his phone. BLOCKED NUMBER. He answers it.

MR. BELLE (CONT'D)

Yes?

AUTOMATIC VOICE (V.O.)

(on the phone)

Will you accept a collect call from
the Metropolitan Police Station?

MR. BELLE

Ugh... yes.

AUTOMATED VOICE (V.O.)

(on the phone)

Connecting.

The phone CLICKS.

MR. BELLE

Christ, Mia... what the hell have
you gotten yourself into now!?

WEIRD WOMAN (V.O.)

(on the phone)

You have to listen to me! Your
daughter's in terrible danger!

MR. BELLE

Who the hell is this?!

INT. NEW YORK METRO POLICE STATION - EVENING

POLICE STATION SECURITY CAMERA POV

The Weird Woman who threw blood on Mia at the press
conference is talking on a PAY PHONE.

WEIRD WOMAN

I'm not the one you should worry
about. There's a woman who works
for your daughter. Dolores Marquez.
She's an animal rights activist,
and she's very dangerous!

The POV bounces between the police station cameras and the
ones in Mr. Belle's office.

MR. BELLE

Talk to my daughter.

WEIRD WOMAN

Your daughter's going to die!

MR. BELLE

What the hell are you talking about?

WEIRD WOMAN

This Dolores, she's an extremist. She doesn't give a shit about human life! She's going to kill your daughter because of that fashion show tonight!

MR. BELLE

OH, I get it. You're one of those crazies who wants to shut down the show, so you're calling me with this wild story.

WEIRD WOMAN

I'm trying to save your daughter's life!

MR. BELLE

Yeah, well, you can save your breath. There's nothing I or anyone else could say to that stubborn little bitch that would change her mind about tonight.

WEIRD WOMAN

She's going to die!!!

MR. BELLE

This call is finished.

WEIRD WOMAN

You have to save her--

Mr. Belle shakes his head and hangs up his phone as we:

INT. DIRTY INDUSTRIAL ROOM - LATER

HANDHELD VIDEO CAMERA POV. LOW LIGHT FILTER.

The Large Masked Figure uses the KEY attached to its belt to unlock the top cage and drag Alan out.

ALAN GOLDRING

No, no, no... please, don't-don't do this to me! Please, don't!!

A shower of urine sprinkles down onto Mia from the top cage.

MIA

Jesus Christ, Alan. Are you peeing
your fucking pants?!

The kidnapper drops Alan on the ground and binds his wrists
and ankles with rope.

ALAN GOLDRING

Please... what-whatever you're
thinking about doing, don't....
Please... I-I have a kid and-and an
ex-wife--

The Mysterious Stranger ignores Alan's pleas and hangs him
upsidedown by his wrists and ankles from two large hooks that
are attached from the ceiling.

ALAN GOLDRING (CONT'D)

Oh god, oh god, no, please, no...

Alan pees himself again.

MIA

Christ, you're pathetic...

ALAN GOLDRING

They're going to kill me!!!

MIA

No, they're not! They're bluffing,
for Christ's sake! If they were
really going to kill us, they would
have done it by now! Ugh... why
would anybody go through all this
fucking trouble?!

DOLORES

Because we want to show the world
what really happens to an animal
when captured and killed for it's
fur.

Dolores walks toward Mia, caressing Beast as she speaks.

DOLORES (CONT'D)

And I'm going to do that by
recording you suffering through
every excruciating minute of it...

(beat)

Nobody listens to the animals when
they scream. Maybe they'll listen
to you.

SOUND NERD (O.S.)
You're insane!

CAMERA GEEK (O.S.)
(in a desperate whisper)
Shut the fuck up, man.

SOUND NERD
No, screw this! I'm not going to
just stand hand and let this
happen.

Sound Nerd defiantly drops his boom mic on the floor. THUD.
Dolores turns her venomous attention toward the Camera Crew.
She sets the dog down and picks up the boom mic.

DOLORES
(to Camera Geek)
Does your camera have its own
microphone?

CAMERA GEEK (O.S.)
Yeah. It's pretty standard.

DOLORES
Good.

Dolores knocks the Sound Nerd's feet out from under him with
the boom mic.

He's suddenly hanging by the metal collar that's locked
around his neck, choking.

He tries desperately to get back on his feet but Dolores
keeps knocking them out from under him.

Beast starts BARKING at the excitement.

CAMERA GEEK (O.S.)
Hey! Hey!! My microphone...! It's
not as good as his! Not by a long
shot! You want to do this right?!
You want to make it count?! It's
got to have good sound! Like,
really good! I'm fucking serious!

Dolores stops messing with Sound Nerd's feet.

He regains his footing and returns slowly to standing.

She hands the boom mic back to him.

DOLORES

One more word out of you and I'm going with *his* microphone. Got it?

Sounds Nerd nods his head. His neck aches.

SOUND NERD

... yeah ...

DOLORES

Good boy.

Dolores smiles and picks up Beast again.

DOLORES (CONT'D)

(to her cohort)

Prepare the generator!

The Large Masked Figure pulls a white sheet off something in the corner. It's a SMALL GENERATOR with TWO LONG METAL RODS attached by wires.

ALAN GOLDRING

What the hell is that!?

DOLORES

(to Alan)

You'll find out soon enough.

Dolores presents the machine to the Camera Crew.

DOLORES (CONT'D)

Now, one of the tragedies an animal has to endure, when it's been captured for its fur, is watching helplessly from its cage while it's friends and family are killed.

The Large Figure starts up the machine. It begins to hum.

DOLORES (CONT'D)

(speaking above the hum)

Now those animals can be killed in any number of ways! Some are beaten with clubs! Or smashed against a ground! Some are suffocated with car exhaust! And some are just simply choked to death... their life squeezed right out of them.

Dolores gives Beast a sweet little kiss on the head.

DOLORES (CONT'D)
 But the industry standard, because
 it's quick, and cheap, and it
 doesn't damage the fur is... anal
 electrocution.

The Larger Figure, who now wears RUBBER GLOVES, holds up the
 two long metal rods that are attached to the generator.

DOLORES (CONT'D)
 One rod is put in the animal's
 mouth. The other is inserted in the
 other end. And when the circuit is
 completed...

Dolores flips a switch on the generator and her partner
 touches the two metal rods together.

There's a very large SPARK and a BUZZING SOUND.

DOLORES (CONT'D)
 ... the life is extinguished.

MIA
 Is that supposed to scare me?!

DOLORES
 No.
 (beat)
 It's supposed to kill him.

She points to Alan. He begins to CRY.

ALAN GOLDRING
 Oh, God... no, please... You-you
 don't have to do this...!

DOLORES
 (to assistant, re: Alan)
 Insert the rods.

The Larger Figure doesn't move.

DOLORES (CONT'D)
 Go on. Do it. Now!

LARGER FIGURE
 (man's voice, from inside
 his mask)
 You can't be serious...

Dolores takes out her knife and steps toward her accomplice.

DOLORES

You want to test me?

LARGER FIGURE

Look, I thought we were just going to scare them... teach them a lesson... I didn't think we were going to actually hurt anybody...!

DOLORES

We have to hurt them. That's how we're going to make a difference. A life for a life.

LARGER FIGURE

Nah. You're going too far with this! Even a spoiled little brat like her doesn't deserve this shit!

MIA

(recognizing the voice)
Bruno!? Is that you...!?

LARGER FIGURE

(of Mia's accusation)
Aw, shit.

MIA

You fucking asshole!!

LARGER FIGURE

That's it. I'm out of here.
(to Dolores)
You can keep your 50 grand.

Dolores raises her knife.

DOLORES

Drop those rods and I'll kill you!

LARGER FIGURE

Look, a bunch of animals ain't worth this...

She steps toward her accomplice, brandishing her knife and yelling at him at the top of her lungs.

DOLORES

Yes they are!!! They're worth everything!!!

He waits for a beat and then simply reaches out with the two metal rods and touches them to her body.

There's a HUGE ZAP as the voltage sends her flying across the room with Beast in her arms.

She hits the side wall, hard, and collapses unconscious. Beast recovers quickly and WHINES as he licks her face.

CAMERA GEEK (O.S.)

That was awesome!

MIA

Beast, you fucking traitor! After all I've done for you!

The camera swings back to Mia in her cage.

MIA (CONT'D)

(turning to Bruno)

And you're no better, you son of a bitch! You're my fucking bodyguard! You're supposed to protect me!

The Larger Figure turns off the generator, drops the rods and takes off his mask, revealing that he is actually Bruno.

BRUNO

That's what I was trying to do.

MIA

By locking me in a fucking cage!?!

BRUNO

I was trying to scare some sense into you! Look at the way you're living - you're out of control!

MIA

I can't believe I sucked your dick.

BRUNO

You're a bright girl... pretty, rich... you got everything going for you, except common sense.

MIA

At least I'm not dumb enough to kidnap a someone then take my mask off in front of the fucking camera!

BRUNO

Aw, shit... Look, I said I was sorry, all right?! Now, I'm gonna let you go, but you gotta promise not to press charges.

ALAN GOLDRING

Yeah, sure, whatever. Just get us out of here!

MIA

No. Fuck that.

ALAN GOLDRING

Mia, please...!

MIA

No! Shut the fuck up, Alan! This asshole fucked with me, and I'm going to make damn sure he gets what's coming to him!

BRUNO

Shit.

Bruno runs up to the Camera Guy in an extreme close-up.

BRUNO (CONT'D)

Give me the tape from your camera!

CAMERA GEEK (O.S.)

There's no fucking tape, man. This isn't the 80s.

BRUNO

Give me the tape!

A KNIFE BLADE comes into the shot and slices Bruno's throat.

He starts to gargle with a wet, wheezy sound as arterial blood sprays out everywhere.

The shot pulls back revealing Dolores as she finishes cutting Bruno's throat with her hunting knife.

Bruno staggers over to Mia's cage and grabs hold of the wires - his blood spurting all over the spoiled rich girl as she SCREAMS.

Finally, the bloody bodyguard collapses to the floor, falling about a foot away from the cage. His blood sprays all over Beast until the little barking dog is absolutely soaked.

Dolores' savage mood suddenly changes as she puts her knife away and scoops up the blood-splattered animal.

DOLORES

(to Beast - in baby talk)

Oh no, did the big bad man turn my little Beastie into a dirty birdie?

(MORE)

DOLORES (CONT'D)
 (she rubs noses with him)
 You are such a mess. Yes, you are!
 Let's go get you cleaned up all
 nice and shiny again!
 (back to the group)
 The rest of you had better not
 fucking move!

Dolores puts on her night vision goggles and disappears through the door with Beast into the darkness beyond.

CAMERA GEEK (O.S.)
 God, I hope I got all that...

There's a loud THUD!

The camera turns to face the Sound Nerd who is swinging his boom mic toward Bruno's body.

CAMERA GEEK (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 What the hell are you doing?

SOUND NERD
 I'm trying to get the keys.

The video camera turns toward Bruno's body where the boom mic's handle is landing just short of the keys on his belt.

SOUND NERD (CONT'D)
 ...almost got 'em...

Camera Geek knocks the boom away.

SOUND NERD (CONT'D)
 What the hell, man?!?

He tries again and again the Camera Geek knocks the mic away.

SOUND NERD (CONT'D)
 Cut it out! This might be our only
 chance to get out of here!

CAMERA GEEK (O.S.)
 She's gonna let us go! We've just
 got to play by her rules!

SOUND NERD
 Jesus, Alex, we don't know that!

The Camera Geek backs off and lets the Sound Nerd reach out one last time, but it's no use.

SOUND NERD (CONT'D)
 Damn it! It's not long enough...!
 (a beat - to Camera Geek)
 You get 'em.

CAMERA GEEK (O.S.)
 No fucking way.

SOUND NERD
 Asshole.
 (turning to Mia)
 Mia! You're gonna have try to get
 the keys!

The camera swings over to Mia. She looks out at Bruno's body.

MIA
 No, fuck that. They're too far
 away. I won't be able reach them.

SOUND NERD (O.S.)
 You've got to try. It's the only
 way we're getting out of here.

MIA
 Ugh. Fine. Whatever.

Mia frees her right arm out from her fur coat and starts reaching it through the rusty wire mesh of her cage.

But she quickly stops when one of the wires cuts deep into her forearm.

MIA (CONT'D)
 Ouch! Fuck!

She wines in pain and pulls her arm back in.

ALAN GOLDRING
 What's wrong?

MIA
 The cage cut me...!

ALAN GOLDRING
 So what?!

MIA
 So it fucking hurt, Alan! Jesus!
 (to herself)
 I hope it doesn't leave a scar...

ALAN GOLDRING

Who cares about a-a-a fucking
scar!?! I'm about to have a metal
rod shoved up my ass!!!

MIA

And you fucking deserve it, you
cocksucking douchebag! If you
hadn't lied to me about where the
fur was coming from, I wouldn't be
in this fucking mess!

ALAN GOLDRING

You-you wouldn't have changed a
thing, and you know it! Even if you
had seen that video, you wouldn't
have stopped the show! You-you
looked the other way so you could
get your money!

MIA

So did you, you fucking asshole!

SOUND NERD (O.S.)

Cut it out! Both of you!

The camera turns toward Sound Nerd.

SOUND NERD (CONT'D)

If we're all gonna get out of here,
we're gonna have to work together!

MIA (O.S.)

Fuck that. I don't give a shit
about any of you, you got that?!?

The camera turns back to Mia. She puts her fur coat back on.

MIA (CONT'D)

This is my world, not yours!

DOLORES (O.S.)

You're wrong.

Beast BARKS and the camera spins to reveal Dolores' return.

She holding a bright white and slightly damp Beast, wrapped
in her camouflaged coat.

DOLORES (CONT'D)

This world belongs to *all* the
creatures who live upon it.

Beast BARKS again as Dolores returns her goggles to the cart.

MIA

You know what? I've had just about enough of your hippy dippy bullshit! The world isn't a peaceful little playground! It's a fucking war zone - with animals killing animals every fucking day!

DOLORES

But they kill for survival, for food, for protection... not for profit, or sport, or for some stupid fashion show!

(sweetly to Beast)

Come on, baby. Mama's gonna put you away for a little bit so you don't have to see any more nasty business.

Dolores gives Beast a kiss before lovingly putting the dog into the duffel bag with a handful of treats from her pocket.

MIA

You're out of your fucking mind!

DOLORES

Way I see it: I'm the only sane person here.

Dolores takes out her knife and slices a big hole in the back of Alan's pants, right through his boxers.

MIA

Yeah, you're real fucking sane.

Mia grabs a long metal rod and Alan freaks out.

ALAN GOLDRING

Wait!! You don't have to do this! I've-I've got an account with some money in it, lots of money, from-from the business.

MIA

What?!

ALAN GOLDRING

I'd uh- I'd be happy to give all of it to you, and-and-and your cause, you know, to do with as you please.

MIA

Did you fucking steal from me!?!

ALAN GOLDRING
 Just-just let me go... Please...
 And it's all yours.

DOLORES
 Awww... that's a real sweet offer,
 Alan, but I can't take it. You're
 much more valuable to me like this.

Dolores lubes the long metal rod with petroleum jelly.

MIA
 Ha! Now you're going to get what
 you deserve, you fucking thief!

SOUND NERD (O.S.)
 No one deserves this.

Dolores takes a breath and unceremoniously shoves the long
 metal rod deep into Alan. He SCREAMS OUT and starts sobbing.

ALAN GOLDRING
 Oh God! Oh God!! It hurts so much!

Mia looks on, her mood suddenly changed by the brutality.

MIA
 Oh, fuck.

Dolores picks up the other long metal rod and circles around
 to the other side, near Alan's mouth.

ALAN GOLDRING
 Please... I'm-I'm begging you...
 You don't have to do this...

DOLORES
 I imagine that's what the animals
 say when they're in your position.
 (a beat)
 Nobody listens to them either.

Dolores starts up the generator. It begins to HUM.

She comes around to Alan's face, the other rod at the ready.

Alan begins to sob.

DOLORES (CONT'D)
 (to Mia)
 How does it feel to know he's about
 to die and there's nothing you can
 do to stop it?

Mia is speechless.

DOLORES (CONT'D)
Answer the question!

MIA
This... this isn't right. It's not
fair.
(beat)
Why are you doing this to us!?!

Without hesitation, Dolores grabs a handful of hair from the back of Alan's head and pulls, hard.

Alan YELPS in pain and Dolores jams the long metal rod straight down his throat.

He twitches and shakes in powerfully violent convulsions as the electricity from the generator surges through his body.

And then Dolores flips the power switch and everything stops.

Alan hangs from the hooks, dead.

Dolores turns off the generator and the room goes silent.

She turns to the Camera Crew.

DOLORES
Did you get that?

CAMERA GEEK (O.S.)
Yeah, we got it.

DOLORES
Good.

Dolores stands on the stool and uses her knife to cut the cords around Alan's wrists and ankles.

He falls to the floor like a sack of meat.

MIA
You're a monster.

DOLORES
Takes one to know one.

A cellphone RINGS. It echoes through the room.

MIA
That's my phone... Ha! Someone's
going to come looking for me when I
don't answer it!

Dolores calmly reaches into her pocket and pulls out Mia's cellphone as it continues to RING.

MIA (CONT'D)

It's the biggest night of my
fucking life! They're all going to
be wondering where the hell I am!

Dolores casually answers the phone.

DOLORES

Mia Belle's phone. Yes, this is her
assistant.

Mia starts SCREAMING.

MIA

Don't listen to her! She's fucking
crazy!

Dolores plugs her other ear.

DOLORES

Sorry for the noise. It's those
darn protestors. I know, right? Get
a life.

(laughs)

What was that? Oh yes, there *has*
been a change to Miss Belle's
scheduled arrival. I'm so glad you
got the text I sent.

(pause)

What's that? No, I can't tell you
what her big entrance is going to
be, silly. It's a surprise. But
trust me, it'll be worth it.

(laughs)

Okay then, we'll see you when we
see you! Ciao!

Dolores hangs up the phone and throws it, hard, against the wall. It breaks up a bit, but the light stays on faintly.

DOLORES (CONT'D)

(glaring at Mia)

On with the show.

INT. MR. BELLE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Mr. Belle sits at his desk.

He takes a jar of Belle Cosmetics Eye Cream from his pocket, removes the lid and dabs some product under his eyes.

He looks at his watch (8:07pm) and then at his phone.
Something's bugging him.

He sighs and then turns to his computer and types an address
into the search bar: www.MissMiaBelle.com.

A live feed from the fashion show pops up.

FROM THE COMPUTER

INT. SLAUGHTERHOUSE - NIGHT

BROADCAST CAMERA POV

The slaughterhouse has been transformed into a gruesome and
garish sight, with the catwalk and stage surrounded by a
carousel of meat hooks.

The seats are filled with a fabulous and slightly irritated
audience.

DONOVAN and ADRIANNA, two obnoxious fashion commentators,
talk to the camera.

ADRIANNA

And here we are LIVE at Miss Mia
Belle's Fierce Fashion show!

DONOVAN

What an exciting night, Adrianna!
Everyone who's anyone has braved
the trip out here to the dregs of
downtown to see this fiercely
unconventional start to fashion
week!

ADRIANNA

The only one who's missing is Mia
Belle herself!

DONOVAN

Which is a real surprise, since
she's *such* a camera whore.

ADRIANNA

Oh, Donovan, you're so bad.

DONOVAN

I know, right?

ADRIANNA

Well, we've been told that Mia has a very special surprise entrance planned for tonight... so you'd better be ready for anything.

DONOVAN

Whatever it is, it'll be fierce!

They GROWL at the camera. The show switches to mute.

INT. MR. BELLE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

SECURITY CAMERA POV

Mr. Belle picks up his phone and sends a text to Mia- "Late for your own show?"

A red exclamation point shows up next to his message. The text didn't go through.

He dials Mia. The call goes straight to voice mail.

MIA (V.O.)

Give me something good, bitch.

BEEP!

He hangs up his phone and clicks on a "Phone Tracker" APP.

Mia's name is the only one listed. He clicks it and the app starts searching for her phone as he opens his desk drawer and takes out a GUN.

INT. DIRTY INDUSTRIAL ROOM - LATER

VIDEO CAMERA POV

Mia cowers in her cage as Dolores circles it.

DOLORES

And here it is... the moment we've all been waiting for.

(to Mia)

Time to pull off that pretty little skin of yours.

MIA

You-you don't have to do this.

DOLORES

Oh honey, if there's anything I
have to do... it's this.

Dolores takes a RING OF KEYS out of her pocket and unlocks
the pad lock on the bottom cage.

The door swings open with a creak.

Dolores puts the keys back in her pocket and walks off,
taking out her knife and a sharpening stone.

She ignores Mia completely as she sharpens her knife.

DOLORES (CONT'D)

Now the key to a successful
skinning is a very sharp knife.

Mia sees her opportunity and tries to sneak out of the cage.

Dolores ignores her and continues her work.

DOLORES (CONT'D)

A sharp knife makes a clean cut
around the wrists and ankles...
allowing for an easier separation
of the skin from the muscle.

Mia tries to stand up, but her ankle hurts too much and she
collapses onto the floor.

MIA

... fuck ...

Dolores heads over to the cart, as her knife scrapes against
the stone.

DOLORES

I learned all this when I worked at
that fur farm in China.

Mia begins to crawl painfully toward the door, looking like a
wounded animal in her filthy, blood-stained fur.

Dolores remains absorbed in her story.

DOLORES (CONT'D)

I watched the men there skinning
those animals alive. I studied how
they did all those horrible things
to those poor creatures. Absorbing
the subtle nuances of their
techniques...

Dolores pushes a button on the projector.

DOLORES (CONT'D)
And then I practiced on them.

The projector whirs to life and suddenly the image of HALF A DOZEN MEN, skinned to their bare muscles and hanging from ropes in the jungle, appears on the metal wall.

MIA (O.S.)
(re: the image)
... Oh, fuck ...

Mia starts to crawl faster towards the door. The camera bounces between her and Dolores.

DOLORES
I really did a terrible job on the first few. The skin tore. The muscles detached. Hell, the first four bled out and died before I was even finished. But you know what they say, practice makes perfect.

Mia reaches the door and frantically scrambles up on her knees to open it.

DOLORES (CONT'D)
Which is good, because I want this to be perfect.

Dolores grabs Mia's hair, throws her to the ground and sits on top of her. She starts binding her hands with rope.

DOLORES (CONT'D)
My entire life has been building towards this moment. Yours too, come to think of it.
(beat)
Finally some good will come out of you being born.
(beat)
Happy Birthday.

Mia spits right in Dolores' face.

Dolores returns the favor, spiting right back into Mia's face and holding Mia's tied-up hands so she can't wipe it off.

DOLORES (CONT'D)
You should really treat others as you'd like to be treated.

She attaches Mia's bound hands to a metal hook on a cable.

DOLORES (CONT'D)

Now it's time to get what you gave.

Dolores hits a button and a noisy electronic winch starts to raise Mia up off the ground and into the air.

There's suddenly a strange SLIDING SOUND on the audio. Dolores doesn't hear it, but it's clearly audible.

The camera moves to follow it and we see the Sound Nerd using his boom mic to hook the handle of the small duffel bag and drag it towards him.

Beast works his curious head out of the zipper's opening.

CAMERA GEEK (O.S.)

(whispered)

What the fuck are you doing?

SOUND NERD

(re: Dolores and Mia)

Keep filming.

The camera swings back up just as Dolores turns around from the wench. Mia hangs suspended from the hook and chain.

MIA

Let me go, you stupid bitch! This wasn't my fault! It was Alan's!

DOLORES

Using fur was your idea.

MIA

But Alan's the one that got it from that fucking farm! And now he's dead! You got what you wanted!

DOLORES

I want the world to pay attention. Nobody's going to care about some second-rate slimeball manager. Even his family's going to be glad he's gone.

(stroking Mia's face)

But you... you're Mia Belle and you're fucking famous.

Beast YELPS off camera. Dolores turns with shock and alarm.

DOLORES (CONT'D)

What was that?!

The camera pans to Sound Nerd.

SOUND NERD

Let us go or I'll kill the dog!

Beast YELPS again. The camera pans down and we see that Sound Nerd is pressing his foot down on the dog's neck (as it pokes out of the duffle bag).

Dolores takes a step toward him, her knife at the ready, but Beast YELPS ever louder as Sound Nerd presses down harder.

SOUND NERD (CONT'D)

I'm not joking!

Dolores' demeanor changes instantly, becoming that of a scared and passive little girl.

DOLORES

Okay, okay... I'll do whatever you want. Just don't hurt the dog. Please.

SOUND NERD

(re: Mia)

Set her free!

Dolores hesitates, and then slices through the ropes around Mia's wrists with her knife, freeing her.

Mia rubs her wrists and slaps Dolores.

MIA

You fucking cunt!

DOLORES

(smiles)

You'll never get out of here alive.

SOUND NERD

Neither will the dog!

Beast YELPS painfully.

SOUND NERD (CONT'D)

Drop the knife!

Dolores does as she's told.

SOUND NERD (CONT'D)

Search her for other weapons!

MIA

Who? Me!?

SOUND NERD
No, the SWAT Team behind you...

Mia pats Dolores down. She pulls out the ring of keys.

MIA
She's only got these!

SOUND NERD
Throw them over.

Mia hesitates.

SOUND NERD (CONT'D)
What are you waiting for!?!

DOLORES
(laughing)
You actually think she'd help you
get out of here? She doesn't care
about anyone but herself.

SOUND NERD
She's in no shape to get out of
here on her own.

MIA
(under her breath)
... fuck ...

Mia throws the keys over and Sound Nerd catches them.

DOLORES
You're making a big mistake. She's
going to screw you over.

SOUND NERD
Get in the cage!

DOLORES
Let the dog go!

SOUND NERD
Get in the cage and I will!
(a beat, softer)
I promise.

Beast YELPS a little and struggles under Sound Nerd's foot.

Without hesitation, Dolores steps over Bruno's body and
climbs into Mia's cage.

She closes the door and Mia closes the pad lock with a click.

DOLORES

Okay, you got what you want... Now
let him go... Please.

She looks up at the Sound Nerd with pleading eyes.

He hesitates for just a moment and then lets his foot up,
releasing the dog, who runs right over to Dolores.

DOLORES (CONT'D)

There's my boy! There's my sweet
baby! Come to momma!

Beats kisses Dolores through the wire mesh of the cage.

MIA

(re: dog)

Fucking traitor!

CAMERA GEEK (O.S.)

Can you blame him? You treat that
dog like shit.

MIA

Shut the fuck up!

Sound Nerd takes the keys and unlocks his collar.

SOUND NERD

Both of you, shut up! We're on the
same damn side...!

Sound Nerd unlocks Camera Geek's collar.

CAMERA GEEK (O.S.)

Not her! She doesn't give a shit
about us! And I've got the footage
to prove it!

MIA

You were going to let me die for
that fucking footage!

CAMERA GEEK (O.S.)

You're damn right!

SOUND NERD

Shut up! Both of you!

Beast BARKS as Mia and Camera Geek stop fighting.

SOUND NERD (CONT'D)

We've got to get the hell out of
here... all right?!

(MORE)

SOUND NERD (CONT'D)

And we've got to work together.

(to Camera Geek)

We're gonna need to use the light on your camera to get us through the darkness beyond that door.

(to Mia)

And you... you're gonna have to hold on to me and not let go.

MIA

Ugh... Fine. But you can never tell anyone about this. I've got a reputation to uphold

Mia grabs hold of Sound Nerd and cozies up as they start limping toward the door.

CAMERA GEEK (O.S.)

And I'm left holding the camera.

Camera Geek detaches the Boom Mic from his camera and now the sounds shifts so that it's coming from whatever the camera's microphone is picking up.

He picks his gear backpack up off the floor and puts it on as Sound Nerd grabs Dolores' knife and slides it into his belt.

SOUND NERD

Okay, let's go. No, wait... One second.

He goes over to the cage and checks the lock.

SOUND NERD (CONT'D)

Now we can go.

Song Nerd grabs Mia again and they head toward the door with Camera Geek.

DOLORES (O.S.)

You won't get out of here... None of you will...

The camera turns over toward Dolores, grinning from her cage.

DOLORES (CONT'D)

I made sure of that.

MIA (O.S.)

I won't miss that crazy bitch... Or that ball-licking bastard!

Beast BARKS from his spot beside Dolores' cage.

Sound Nerd opens the large metal door and the group ventures out into the unknown of the darkness beyond the door.

INT. CREEPY INDUSTRIAL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

VIDEO CAMERA POV.

Beast BARKS from the room as Sound Nerd closes the door.

Now there's only darkness.

MIA (O.S.)
I can't see a fucking thing.

SOUND NERD (O.S.)
Alex! Turn on your light!

CAMERA GEEK (O.S.)
Yeah, yeah, it's coming. I just wanted to get that awesome shot of the door closing.

MIA
... asshole ...

The light clicks on from the camera - giving a bright glow in the creepy, crumbling, long brick hallway.

SOUND NERD (O.S.)
There we go.
(pause)
Now where do we go?

The camera looks down both ends of the hallway. Something metallic glimmers down at the open end of one side.

SOUND NERD (CONT'D)
(pointing toward glimmer)
This way.

The trio moves slowly down the hall, passing for a brief moment, the open doorway to a small bathroom, the sink stained with pools of wet blood.

MIA
This. Fucking. Sucks.

CAMERA GEEK (O.S.)
We could put you back in the cage if you want.

MIA
Fuck you.

SOUND NERD

You know... you're not as bad as you seem.

MIA

What's that supposed to mean?

SOUND NERD

Everyone calls you a selfish bitch--

MIA

Well, fuck you too.

SOUND NERD

But back there, when they were torturing Alan, you said "Why are you doing this to us?!" To "us". That was... nice.

MIA

What are you, gay?

CAMERA GEEK (O.S.)

Yeah. Gay for you.

SOUND NERD

Stop.

CAMERA GEEK (O.S.)

What? Can't take a joke?

SOUND NERD

No! Stop!!!

Sound Nerd grabs Camera Geek and stops him.

CAMERA GEEK (O.S.)

What the hell, man?!

SOUND NERD

Look.

Sound Nerd points to the floor. The camera follows and its light glints off a large, armed, steel-toothed BEAR TRAP.

Camera Geek's foot is inches away from stepping on it.

CAMERA GEEK (O.S.)

Damn. That was close. Thanks, bro.

SOUND NERD

Don't thank me yet. Look.

The camera follows Sound Nerd's look out into a large shadowy room that's at the end of the hall where they're standing.

The floor of the room, for as far as the light of the camera can reveal, is covered with BEAR TRAPS, ready to snap.

CAMERA GEEK (O.S.)

Holy shit. Look at all those bear traps.

MIA

That's what I got my ankle caught in, one of those fucking things!

CAMERA GEEK (O.S.)

Nah, no way. It must have been a soft trap.

MIA

How the hell would you know?

CAMERA GEEK (O.S.)

I worked on this show called "BEAR HUNTER"... It was really pretty cool.

MIA

Nobody gives a shit.

SOUND NERD

What about the trap?

CAMERA GEEK (O.S.)

Yeah, well, a soft trap is supposed to be more, like, humane. It's got these smooth bars that just sort of hold onto the animal's ankle, like a real shitty hug. But a bear trap has all these sharp metal teeth to tear into the animal's flesh.

Camera Geek grabs a broken piece of wood and taps the center disk that triggers the trap. It closes hard and fast around it. SNAP! The wood breaks in two.

CAMERA GEEK (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Sometimes the leg comes right off.

MIA

Fuck.

SOUND NERD

Yeah. We'd better be really careful going through there.

MIA
You think!?

CAMERA GEEK (O.S.)
Maybe just one of us should go?

MIA
And leave the rest of us behind in
the fucking dark?! No fucking way!

SOUND NERD
She's right. We should get out of
here together.

CAMERA GEEK (O.S.)
More legs, more problems. But hey,
it's your funeral.

INT. LARGE INDUSTRIAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

VIDEO CAMERA POV

The trio carefully make their way through the large room.

Mia and the Sound Nerd limp ahead as Camera Geek follows
close behind, lighting their way.

Everyone's walking extra carefully so as not to touch any of
the bear traps as they inch across the massive room.

CAMERA GEEK (O.S.)
This shit's crazy.

MIA
Why would she go through all this
trouble?

SOUND NERD
To keep us from getting out. Exit's
gotta be close.
(a beat)
Wait. What's that?

Sound Nerd points out into the semi darkness. Camera Geek
adjusts his light. A long, black car is revealed.

MIA
Holy shit, that's my car! We can
drive out of this fucking hell
hole! We're saved!

Mia jumps for joy and her injured ankle gives out.

She stumbles, nearly falling right into a trap, but Sound Nerd grabs her at the last second and saves her.

SOUND NERD

Got you!

MIA

Holy shit. That was close.

He helps her back onto her feet.

SOUND NERD

Yeah. You better be more careful.

MIA

My hero.

She gazes into his eyes and smile. Sparks are flying. The guy plays it cool as he can and steps in closer for a kiss.

SNAP!

Sound Nerd SCREAMS OUT in agonizing pain!

SOUND NERD

AAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!!!!!!!!!!!!

The camera swings down: there's a bear trap closed around Sound Nerd's leg, sharp metal teeth ripping into his flesh.

CAMERA GEEK (O.S.)

What the fuck did you do!?!

MIA

It wasn't my fault! He stepped right on it!

Mia tries to pry the bear trap open with her hands. It won't budge.

MIA (CONT'D)

(to Camera Geek)

How do you open this thing!?!

CAMERA GEEK (O.S.)

How the hell should I know!?!

MIA

You're the fucking expert!

CAMERA GEEK (O.S.)

What, from the show?! Christ, I only shot for a couple days! I never touched the fucking traps!

Sound Nerd moves. A bone CRACKS. He SCREAMS louder.

Mia's face goes white with horror.

MIA

Oh my god, there's a bone sticking
out of his leg...

The camera zooms in on the nasty compound fracture.

MIA (CONT'D)

A fucking bone...!

Beast BARKS.

The camera shifts, revealing Beast standing nearby and wagging his tail.

DOLORES (O.S.)

(sweetly)

Does mama's little boy want a bone?

The camera zooms back revealing Dolores standing right behind Sound Nerd. She's wearing her night vision goggles.

On her forearm there's a deep, bloody gash from the broken wire on the cage.

DOLORES (CONT'D)

Good boy.

MIA (O.S.)

What is she doing here?!

Dolores grabs the knife from Sound Nerd's belt, and plunges it into his stomach before retuning back into the shadows.

MIA (CONT'D)

Oh my God!

SOUND NERD

(woozy)

What? Is it bad?

He looks down and sees all the blood gushing from his wound.

SOUND NERD (CONT'D)

Aw, crap... I better sit down.

CAMERA GEEK (O.S.)

No!

Sound Nerd collapses onto the floor, his jagged leg bone tears through his flesh even more. Mia SCREAMS. Beast BARKS.

MIA

You psychotic bitch!! What the fuck
is wrong with you!?!

DOLORES (O.S.)

What a shame. It's so easy for the
wrong animals to get caught in
these traps.

Mia cradles the Sound Nerd in her arms as Dolores circles in
the dark. He grits his teeth through the pain.

DOLORES (O.S.)(CONT'D)

That's what happened to my dog when
I was growing up.

Dolores puts her knife away and picks up Beast, cuddling him.

DOLORES (CONT'D)

We were walking out by the river
and Snowflake got her little paw
caught in one of my daddy's traps.

Dolores playfully grabs Beast's paw.

DOLORES (CONT'D)

I asked him to let her go, but he
wouldn't do it. Said a three legged
dog was no good for hunting. And
that I had to put her out of her
misery because it was my fault she
got caught in the first place.

(beat - heartbroken)

He made me stand on her neck and
press down until the life ran out
of her. I was nine years old.

Dolores hugs Beast as a tear trickles down her cheek.

MIA

...that's so fucked up...

DOLORES

Yeah, but it taught me the value of
a life. That's the problem with
people these days: they're too far
from the killing. They pay other
people for their food... for their
fur... they never get their hands
dirty. That's why you're going to
kill him.

MIA

What?!

DOLORES
You've got to learn your lesson.

MIA
I'm not going to kill him!

DOLORES
He's in so much pain.

Sound Nerd coughs up blood and moans.

DOLORES (CONT'D)
He could stay like this for days.
Weeks. You could end his suffering
right now.

MIA
No!

DOLORES
Do it...

Dolores puts her knife to Mia's throat.

DOLORES (CONT'D)
Or I'll end yours.

SOUND NERD (O.S.)
(through the pain)
... No

Sound Nerd shakes his head and slowly lays down on the ground
in front of Mia and stretches out his neck.

DOLORES
Awww... a friend to the end. Just
like my Snowflake.

Sound Nerd takes Mia's hand and tries to pull her closer.

The teary-eyed girl resists but he keeps his eyes on hers.

SOUND NERD
(very weak)
... it's okay ... don't be such a
bitch ...

She laughs through the tears as he pulls her closer to him.

With Sound Nerd's guidance, Mia puts her knee on his neck.

He pulls her forward, her weight pressing down on his
windpipe. He begins to sputter and gasp. She doesn't move.

His face turns purple.

His eyes go bloodshot.

And then, after a minute, all the struggling stops.

She lets his hand go. It drops to the floor. She sobs.

DOLORES

It's heartbreaking, isn't it?
Ending a life. But you... you don't
get to cry. Nobody wants to see you
cry. They want to see you suffer.

Dolores grabs Mia's hair and drags her toward the torture chamber. Mia SCREAMS and fights, but she can't break free.

Finally, frustrated from the noise, Dolores yells at Mia.

DOLORES (CONT'D)

Shut your mouth or I'll cut out
your tongue!

Mia settles down to a WHIMPER.

CAMERA GEEK (O.S.)

Fuck this shit!

Camera Geek turns and starts running for the door using his camera to light his way.

DOLORES

Where are you going?! We're not
finished!?!

There's a SNAP from a trap and a SCREAM from the Camera Guy as the camera POV goes tumbling to the floor, followed by more SNAPS and more SCREAMS.

The loud SNAP! of a bear trap echoes through the room.

Camera Geek SCREAMS.

CAMERA GEEK (O.S.)

(faintly)
OH SHIT OH SHIT OH SHIT OH SHIT...!

Another SNAP!

CAMERA GEEK (O.S.) (CONT'D)

FUUUCK!!!

The CAMERA POV tumbles to the ground.

Another sharp, short SNAP!

A series of WET GURGLING SOUNDS.

Mia CRIES. Beast BARKS.

Dolores peers into the camera and grins.

DOLORES
Welcome to the wild.

INT. SLAUGHTERHOUSE- FASHION SHOW - EVENING

BROADCAST CAMERA POV

Adrianna and Donovan are trying to work it for the live broadcast, but their sparkle and pizazz have waned a bit.

DONOVAN
And here we are, still LIVE at Miss Mia Belle's Fierce Fashion show...

ADRIANNA
You know what's great about a live show, Donovan? Anything can happen.

DONOVAN
I sure wish *something* would happen.

Mr. Belle rushes into the shot, smart phone in hand.

ADRIANNA
Oh! And here's Mr. Belle gracing us with his presence! What a surprise!

MR. BELLE
Where's my daughter?

ADRIANNA
That's the billion dollar question on everybody's lips.

DONOVAN
I sure wish she'd show up so we could get on with this hot mess...

BECKY, the stage manager (30s, pudgy) pulls Mr. Belle out of the shot. Donovan urges the camera to follow the scene.

BECKY
Mr. Belle, what are you doing here?
Are you part of Mia's big entrance?

MR. BELLE

What the hell are you talking about?

BECKY

Her assistant called, said she was making a special entrance--

MR. BELLE

Her assistant...? Shit.

Mr. Belle takes off following the his phone. He zips through the audience with Becky at his heels. The camera follows.

BECKY

Mr. Belle! Wait!

INT. SLAUGHTERHOUSE - BACK STAGE - CONTINUOUS

Mr. Belle bursts through the backstage curtains, crashing into SEVERAL MODELS in FUR COATS and ANIMAL MASKS.

It spooks Mr. Belle, who grabs a model. She SHRIEKS.

MR. BELLE

Where's my daughter!?!

Becky intervenes, pulling Mr. Belle off the scared waif.

BECKY

She's not back here, I promise! I would have seen her! And the rest of the building is off limits.

She points to an old metal door marked NO ENTRANCE.

MR. BELLE

You think a psychopath is going to follow the fucking rules!?!
(re: the his phone)

This says she's here! Right here!

In the fucking building!

BECKY

Are you kidding me!?! I've been waiting all day for her to show up!

Mr. Belle throws open the door and disappears inside. The webcast camera starts to follow, but Becky stops it.

BECKY (CONT'D)

(to the camera guy)

No way. We've got a show to put on.

(MORE)

BECKY (CONT'D)
 (into her headset)
 Queen B is in the building! I
 repeat, the bitch is back! Everyone
 to places! Let's give these people
 what they came to see!

INT. DIRTY INDUSTRIAL ROOM - LATER

VIDEO CAMERA POV

The video camera sits on a tripod. It zooms in slowly.

Mia SOBS as she hangs from the hook by her rope-bound wrists.
 She's wearing her dirty, tattered, blood-stained fur coat.

MIA (O.S.)
 Well, that wasn't too bad. Looks
 like we're ready for your close-up.

Beast BARKS, muffled, from inside his bag.

DOLORES (O.S.)
 Hush, baby. Mama's got work to do.

MIA
 (crying)
 You don't have to do this... I've
 learned my lesson...

Dolores walks into the shot and caresses Mia's cheek with her
 knife. It shines, sharp, in the light.

DOLORES
 Good. Now it's time for everyone
 else to learn their's.

She raises the knife. Mia tenses up in horrific anticipation.

Dolores brings the blade down in one swift moment.

Something TEARS. Mia WHIMPERS.

Then she realizes Dolores is only cutting off the fur coat.

DOLORES (CONT'D)
 Do you know how many minks are
 killed to make one of these?
 (slice)
 Sixty. Can you believe that?
 (slice)
 Sixty animals were killed just to
 make this coat...

The sleeves and back open up and the bloody fur slides off of Mia, revealing her shivering, bikini-clad body.

DOLORES (CONT'D)
 ... And you had twenty coats made
 for your show...

She slides the knife into the straps of the bikini top.

DOLORES (CONT'D)
 One thousand, two hundred animals
 lost their lives...
 (slice)
 All because of you.
 (slice)

The bikini top falls off, revealing Mia's perfect breasts.

DOLORES (CONT'D)
 And just think...

She slides the blade down the side of Mia's bikini bottoms.

DOLORES (CONT'D)
 One death might have the power to
 stop all these countless others.

Dolores slices through the side and the bottoms fall off.

Mia hangs naked and vulnerable from the hook and chain.

DOLORES (CONT'D)
 But don't worry... I'm not going to
 kill you. Not at first. That would
 be too easy.

She runs her knife lightly across Mia's flesh.

DOLORES (CONT'D)
 You're going to feel *all* the
 horrible pain that you've brought
 into this world. That's why I'm
 going to skin you alive. Nice and
 slow. So you can feel every
 excruciating moment of it.

Dolores turns the knife and slices Mia's side.

The terrified girl CRIES OUT in pain.

INT. SLAUGHTERHOUSE DOORWAY - CONTINUOUS

CELLPHONE VIDEO POV

We're in a dimly lit and narrow brick vestibule.

Mr. Belle shines the LIGHT from his cellphone's video camera onto the LOCK of an RUSTY METAL DOOR. He tries to open it.

MR. BELLE (O.S.)
Locked. Shit.

Mia's PAINFUL CRY echoes faintly beyond the door.

MR. BELLE (CONT'D)
Mia...!?!

Mr. Belle starts banging on the rusty door with his shoulder.

INT. DIRTY INDUSTRIAL ROOM - LATER

TRIPOD VIDEO CAMERA POV

Mia hangs from her chain, naked and weeping silently.

DOLORES
... I'm sorry... I'm so sorry...

MIA
Shhh... I know.

Dolores jams a syringe into Mia's neck and sinks the plunger.

MIA (CONT'D)
What the hell is that...?

DOLORES
Adrenaline. So you can stay awake
for all the fun.

Mia's eyes open wider and her muscles begin to twitch. The Adrenaline is working.

DOLORES (CONT'D)
Can't have you passing out from all
the pain.

Dolores grabs her knife and brushes it against Mia's cheek.

DOLORES (CONT'D)
They say that beauty is only skin
deep... Any last words.

MIA
...You-you don't have to do this...

DOLORES
How ironic. Neither did you.

And so it begins.

With the control of a surgeon, Dolores starts slicing around Mia's wrists, cutting into the flesh just below the rough rope that binds her hands.

Mia SCREAMS and WAILS in pain, but Dolores ignores it as she continues slowly slicing down the outside of Mia's body -

Down her arms.

Her torso.

Her legs - meticulously slicing around her ankles, before continuing slowly up the inside of her calves and thighs.

With the lower half complete, Dolores wipes off her knife and stands to finish job...

Slicing along the inside of Mia's arms.

Continuing across her shoulders.

Around her two perfect breasts.

And her neck.

And that's when Dolores stops, steps back, and admires her work. She smiles, satisfied, as she puts her knife away.

DOLORES (CONT'D)
That wasn't so bad, was it? And now
for the really fun part.

Dolores spins Mia around on her hook and steps up behind her, grabbing the two flaps of skin hanging right at the edge of the cuts around her wrists.

She leans in close and whispers into Mia's ear.

DOLORES (CONT'D)
Ready?

And then Dolores takes a deep breath and tears Mia's skin down in a one smooth, swift motion.

Mia HOWLS IN AGONY as the skin IS ripped from her arms and back in one agonizing motion in one big, bloody sheet.

DOLORES (CONT'D)
 (smiling proudly)
 They say that beauty is only skin
 deep... They're so right.

Dolores spins Mia around to face her. She shows her the skin.

DOLORES (CONT'D)
 (with upbeat energy)
 It's beautiful, isn't it? So soft
 from all that lotion.
 (beat)
 Ooo, speaking of which...

Dolores drops the skin and digs into A LARGE TUB OF GOOP.

DOLORES (CONT'D)
 We've got to get this antibiotic
 cream on you or else we'll risk
 infection.

She slathers the cream onto Mia's exposed muscles. It burns
 to the touch, the searing pain bringing Mia back into focus.

DOLORES (CONT'D)
 There we go... Now, as the fashion
 expert, I wonder what you think we
 should make out your skin? A scarf?
 A sweater? A coat? H'mmmm... We'll
 need more for a coat.

Dolores savagely attacks Mia again, tearing at her skin as
 the girl SCREAMS louder.

INT. INDUSTRIAL DOORWAY - CONTINUOUS

CELLPHONE VIDEO POV

Mr. Belle continues smashing the door until it finally opens.

Mia's WAILS grow louder FROM THE OTHER SIDE.

MR. BELLE (O.S.)
 Mia!?! I'm coming!

Mr. Belle charges forward, but then a wet, gurgled sound
 stops him. He shines his cellphone's light into the darkness.

INT. - LARGE INDUSTRIAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

CELLPHONE VIDEO POV

The faint light from the open door spills into the large industrial room beyond it, illuminating the mutilated body of Camera Geek.

His right leg, his left arm and his head have all been severely chewed up by the sharp metal teeth of the bear traps that are wrapped around them.

MR. BELLE (O.S.)
Jesus Christ...

Mr. Belle zooms in closer on Camera Geek's fractured, bloody face when it suddenly comes to life with a wet, sputtered COUGH. Mr. Belle jumps back.

MR. BELLE (CONT'D)
Shit!

He staggers back into the blue, lifeless body of Sound Nerd.

Mia's CRIES of anguish spill into the room.

MR. BELLE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Mia!?! Hold on!

Mr. Belle draws his gun from his coat pocket and rushes through the darkness of the dangerous room, making his way around the traps with focused efficiency.

Another CRY from Mia, but this time it's louder.

Mr. Belle spots the faint light from the door to the torture room and heads off at a run down the dark hallway toward it.

INT. DIRTY INDUSTRIAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

TRIPOD VIDEO CAMERA POV

A cold, stationary shot from the back corner of the room.

Mia, bloody and bound by her wrists, hangs from the hook, WEEPING in the shadows. Large sheets of skin have been torn from her arms and body.

Her beautiful golden hair cascades down over her still untouched face. A gag of some sort is tied around her mouth.

The door opens and Mr. Belle rushes in, gun drawn.

MR. BELLE
Mia!?!

He sees his daughter, skinned and shivering, and stops cold.

MR. BELLE (CONT'D)

Oh my god...

He looks around, noting the THREE BODIES on the floor.

MR. BELLE (CONT'D)

Everyone's dead...?

Mia weakly shakes her head as her father puts his gun away.

MR. BELLE (CONT'D)

But not you. Thank god, not you.

Mr. Belle rushes over to Mia and works to untie her gag, it's knot strangely to the side.

MR. BELLE (CONT'D)

I've couldn't bear to lose you like
I lost your mother.

Focused on his task, Mr. Belle doesn't notice that one of the bodies has come to life behind him. It's Dolores.

Mia struggles to warn her dad, but her voice is restricted.

MR. BELLE (CONT'D)

Don't worry. I'll get the best
doctors money can buy. They'll fix
you up good as new.

Dolores quietly picks up her tranquilizer gun as Mia struggles to alert her father.

MR. BELLE (CONT'D)

Shhh. It's going to be okay. You'll
see. You'll be out to the clubs in
no time.

He pulls off the gag and stares at it. Dolores aims her gun.

MR. BELLE (CONT'D)

Is this... your skin?

DOLORES

(calm, cold)

Yes.

Mr. Belle turns and draws his gun, but his shot goes wild as Dolores fires a tranquilizer dart into his shoulder. FWOOMP!

He fights against the effects, struggling to raise his gun.

MR. BELLE

You... you're going to pay for what
you've done...

DOLORES

Not before you do.

Dolores fires another dart into him. FWOOMP!

Mr. Belle collapses. Dolores smiles a proud and wicked grin
and walks over toward the camera.

Mia CRIES. Beast BARKS. The screen goes black.

SLOW FADE IN:

INT. DIRTY INDUSTRIAL ROOM - LATER

CELLPHONE VIDEO POV

Mr. Belle's phone comes to life. Dolores is in the screen.

DOLORES

Oh good, it's working. But this
isn't about me...

She pushes a button and the image flips to the other side of
the phone where Mr. Belle is on his back and bound to the top
of one of the cages. His head is tied down and immobilized.

DOLORES (O.S.) (CONT'D)

This is about Mr. William Belle,
founder and CEO of the Belle
Cosmetics Company.

Mr. Belle's still a little woozy. Dolores slaps him. His
pupils roll down into view.

DOLORES (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Wakey, wakey, Mr. Monster. I don't
want you to miss this.

MR. BELLE

(stirring, sleepy)
... What are you doing ...?

DOLORES (O.S.)

I'm making you pay for your crimes
against animal kind.

MR. BELLE

What the hell are you talking
about...?!

DOLORES (O.S.)
 Belle Cosmetics tests it's products
 on animals.

MR. BELLE
 It's the law...

DOLORES (O.S.)
 Wrong!! The FDA no longer requires
 animal testing. And yet you still
 insist on it.

MR. BELLE
 It keeps people safe...!

Dolores moves with her camera to a small table where Mr. Belle's jar of Belle Cosmetics Eye Cream and the empty syringe from Mia's Adrenaline shot lie.

DOLORES (O.S.)
 What about all the rats who are
 force-fed your makeup until it
 kills them?

She sets the phone up on the table so she can open the eye cream and grab the syringe.

DOLORES (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 What about the monkeys who have
 your chemical peels applied to
 their skin until it burns their
 flesh away to the bone?

Dolores puts the needle in the jar and fills the syringe full of eye cream.

DOLORES (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 What about the rabbits who have
 this cream injected into their eyes
 until they go blind?

She picks up the syringe and points the phone at Mr. Belle.

DOLORES (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Who was looking out for them? It
 sure as hell wasn't you.

MIA (O.S.)
 Don't do it...! Don't hurt him...

The camera phone spins to reveal Mia, skinned and raw, her bloody wrists bound and hanging from the hook in the ceiling. Her hair hangs down, hiding her face.

The video camera is set up on the tripod in front of her.

MIA (CONT'D)

I'm the one in the ads... I'm the reason everyone buys that shit... Whatever you're going to do, you should do it to me...

Dolores sets down the needle and walks over to Mia.

DOLORES

Awww... isn't that sweet? But I'd rather torture him and make you watch. And just so I don't miss a thing...

Dolores turns on the video camera.

The image changes to the VIDEO CAMERA POV.

It's a close-up of Mia's hair-strewn face and the bloody wrists bound above her head.

DOLORES (CONT'D)

There. That's better.

Dolores tries to move Mia's hair away from her face, but Mia tries to bite her, so she pulls away.

DOLORES (CONT'D)

Such an animal. And now back to the business at hand.

From here the image cuts switches between the CELLPHONE VIDEO POV and the VIDEO CAMERA POV.

CELLPHONE VIDEO POV

Dolores turns her camera back toward Mr. Belle, on his improvised lab table. She heads toward him.

DOLORES (O.S.) (CONT'D)

William Belle, for the crime of needlessly subjecting animals to the cruelty of cosmetic testing, I hereby sentence you to suffer the same cruelties.

Dolores leans in with her needle and Mr Belle closes his eyelids very tightly. She stops and SIGHS.

DOLORES (O.S.) (CONT'D)

It seems I've forgotten something.

She puts the cellphone and the syringe back on the table and grabs a scalpel and some tweezers.

Whistling a happy tune, Dolores sits on Mr. Belle's chest and starts slicing off his eyelids.

Mr. Belle SCREAMS and Beast BARKS from his bag.

DOLORES (O.S.) (CONT'D)
(calling out sweetly)
Shhh! It's okay sweetie! Mama's
almost done!

One by one, she drops four small flaps of skin on the table.

DOLORES (O.S.) (CONT'D)
There. That's better.

Dolores returns the scalpel and tweezers and grabs the cosmetics-filled syringe and the cellphone.

She gets a close-up of Mr. Belle's face, his eyelids gone and his eyeballs exposed.

MR. BELLE
Oh god... Oh god... It burns...!

DOLORES
Heh. You ain't felt nothing yet.

Dolores plunges the needle into Mr. Belle's left eye, injecting half the syringe of eye cream right into it.

Mr. Belle SCREAMS through the incredible pain.

VIDEO CAMERA POV

Mia, triggered by the screams, fights hard to pull her hands free from the thick-ropes tied tightly around her wrists.

The rough ropes dig into her flesh and the skin from her hands begins to pull up from the ropes like a pair of gloves.

Mia grits her teeth against the immense pain, as she finally pulls one skinned and bloody hand free from the ropes.

CAMERA PHONE POV

Dolores takes the needle out of the cloudy and irritated eye.

DOLORES (O.S.) (CONT'D)
(cheerfully)
One down, one to go...

She slowly moves the needle toward the other eye.

Suddenly, there's a SAVAGE SCREAM like an angry wild animal and Dolores is tackled and knocked away from Mr. Belle. She drops the phone. There's the sound of a VICIOUS SCUFFLE.

VIDEO CAMERA POV

The camera focuses briefly on the dangling ropes and the bloody, pieces of skin that hang from them.

Then the camera is knocked to the floor with a CRASH!

The picture, now sideways, reveals the bloody abomination that is Mia beating Dolores' head against the concrete.

She crouches over her, GROWLING like a wild beast.

Mia stops and Dolores lets out a weak, wet and raspy laugh.

DOLORES (CONT'D)
... see ... stripped down to the
core ... we're all animals...

Mia grabs the camera and smashes Dolores' face in with it, lens first, until both are broken beyond repair.

Mia stops the beating and lets the camera drop to the ground.

Through the shattered lens we see the former fashion model, red, raw, and exposed, hunched over Dolores' body.

MR. BELLE (O.S.)
Mia? Are you still here? Mia!?!?

The silence is broken by the muffled BARKING of a little dog.

The camera picture goes fuzzy and the screen goes black.

INT. OLD SLAUGHTERHOUSE / BACKSTAGE AT FIERCE FASHIONS SHOW

BACKSTAGE CAMERA POV

The backstage area is buzzing with busyness as DRESSERS and ASSISTANTS put their finishing touches on a dozen MODELS.

Becky enters and looks around, frantically.

BECKY
(into her headset)
No, she's not here yet! 'Cause I
would've fucking told you! That's
it, I'm calling it.
(MORE)

BECKY (CONT'D)
 (calling out to the room)
 Places everyone! Places for the
 finale!

The models and their handlers run to their places. The air comes alive with the thumping bass of CLUB MUSIC, and the models begin to disappear through the curtains, one by one.

Nobody notices the quiet emergence of Mia and her father from the door at the back of the dressing area.

Mia drops the night vision goggles on the floor. Her ragged fur coat is draped over her naked body and her dirty blonde hair is draped over her face.

She's carrying Beast in her arms and leading Mr. Belle, who's wearing a bandage of skin around his eyes.

They all look extremely dazed, like they've arrived on a strange planet, when Becky spots them.

BECKY (CONT'D)
 (into her headset)
 Oh my god, the bitch has landed. I repeat, the bitch has landed. Yes, I'm sure. I'm looking right at her!
 (running over - sweetly)
 Miss Belle, there you are. And just in time for the finale.

She pulls the group over toward the curtains.

BECKY (CONT'D)
 Wow. This certainly is a look. You're right. They'll be talking about this for weeks.
 (into headset)
 We're ready? Fan-fucking-tastic!

Becky pulls Mia away from Mr. Belle and grabs Beast.

BECKY (CONT'D)
 Okay, Miss Belle... Knock 'em dead.

Becky gives Mia a gentle nudge through the curtains.

INT. OLD SLAUGHTERHOUSE / FASHION SHOW CATWALK - CONTINUOUS

BROADCAST CAMERAS POV - cutting back and forth between the different cameras covering the high energy live event.

DONOVAN (V.O.)
And here we are LIVE at the Fierce
Fashion Show Finale!

The CLUB MUSIC is pounding and the video screens surrounding the stage are filled with images of a flawless Mia, dripping with furs and jewels and little else.

The catwalk is crowded with WAFER-THIN MODELS wearing FURS.

ADRIANNA (V.O.)
Fur is back, baby! With a
vengeance!

DONOVAN (V.O.)
I wish someone told me that before
I waxed my chest.

They commentators share a fake laugh.

ADRIANNA (V.O.)
Look! There's Mia Belle! Wow, she
sure knows how to make an entrance!

The camera lands on Mia and the room explodes with CHEERS and APPLAUSE as the models all line-up on either side of her.

DONOVAN (V.O.)
I wonder who she's wearing?

Mia suddenly throws off her coat and flings back her hair.

There she stands, naked and skinned, for the world to see.

The music stops and the room falls silent as the camera zooms in tight on her face, now only exposed muscles and hate, as MIA SCREAMS the savage scream of a thousand murdered animals.

FADE TO BLACK.