

Gentle Reminder

By

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INT. ESTELLA'S APARTMENT - DAY

A model named ESTELLA (20), is doing her makeup. She looks at herself through a handheld mirror, analyzing her eyes, then her teeth. She fusses over herself anxiously.

She's sat on a bare mattress on the ground, with no other furniture besides an old gray folding chair in the corner. Her phone plays classical music at a low volume.

She gets a TEXT MESSAGE from her agent:

GENTLE REMINDER: WE DO NOT PROVIDE TRANSPORTATION. ALL GIRLS MUST GET THEIR OWN RIDE TO AUDITIONS TODAY.

Estella reads it and sighs, panicking. She frantically calls her fellow model friend, RAI. It rings a few times.

ESTELLA

Rai, are you there?

RAI (V.O.)

Are you on the way to casting already?

ESTELLA

No, not yet. I was wondering how you're planning on getting a ride.

RAI (V.O.)

You haven't got a ride worked out?

ESTELLA

No. I completely forgot. And I can't exactly afford an Uber right now.

She pauses to look around her tiny barren apartment. She gazes at the storm outside through the one small window.

ESTELLA (CONT'D)

Sure as shit can't walk there.

RAI (V.O.)

God, Estella. Well, let me ask, how much money you got?

ESTELLA

Like, 4 bucks. Literally.

RAI (V.O.)

I have this friend, Molly. She's an IMG girl now, but just a few months
(MORE)

RAI (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 ago, she was way broke too. But any
 time she needed a ride, she'd call
 this guy, August. Says he'd drive her
 anywhere in the city for 3 bucks. I'll
 send you his number right now. Just
 hit him up and tell him you know
 Molly.

ESTELLA
 Rai, you know I get anxious about this
 kind of thing. Stranger Danger?

RAI (V.O.)
 Babe, c'mon. It's less than a 10
 minute drive. He's not creepy or
 anything. He just does this for
 cigarette change. Trust me.

Estella still looks concerned, but pushes it away.

ESTELLA
 Shit, ok. Thanks Rai. I'll see you.

Rai hangs up. Estella receives the text with his number and
 stares at her phone for a second, hesitating.

CUT TO:

INT. ESTELLA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Estella stumbles through the apartment door, barefoot with
 heels in hand.

Her face is then revealed, bloody with mascara stains on her
 cheeks. Her sweater is torn and her hair is soaking wet. She
 has a shell-shocked expression and is shivering.

She puts her purse down on the gray folding chair. It is
 slightly open, showing a small DAGGER inside. Estella walks
 over to the mattress, lying down shakily.

She takes a few shuddering breaths, when suddenly her phone
 begins vibrating. She answers and holds it to her ear.

RAI (V.O.)
 Stell! Where the hell are you? They're
 calling everyone to walk right now!

ESTELLA
 Why would you let me get into the car
 (MORE)

ESTELLA (CONT'D)
with him? He was such a nice man...
such a nice car...

RAI (V.O.)
What are you on about? Did something
happen with August?

ESTELLA
I told you, I told you I didn't like
strangers... they make me nervous... I
told you...

Estella hangs up the phone, then she taps to play her
classical music on full blast. She sits up and begins
wringing her hair out with her bloody hands, the water
dripping onto the floor.

She rubs the blood all over her face, laughing softly, tears
in her eyes.