

MADE UP

Written by

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EXTREME CLOSE UP

A WOMAN'S FACE. Distinct and unique features. Her face is a blurred canvas. A healthy layer of matte foundation has been applied. Her face is seamless and smooth.

A HAND comes into the frame with a makeup brush. With a sure touch, she starts applying a pale blue color on the eyelids.

In montage: The hand draws on sleek eyebrows. A little bit of dark powder in the contours of the cheek. A light pink blush. A nude lip.

We zoom out to

INT.RUNWAY BACKSTAGE-EVENING

The backstage area is nothing short of professional chaos. It's the Chanel Spring 2025 runway show.

Designers, models, and artists are rushing pre-show to get everything perfect. Vanities and clothing racks piled high crowd the space.

The makeup artist whose hand we were following is ERICA ANDERSON, 45, a workhorse of a woman. The way she moves is near mechanical.

(V.O.)

Ten to places everyone! Ten for places!

ERICA

(to model)

Whose face is next? NEXT!

The model in Erica's chair gets up. A NEW MODEL sits in the seat. Erica scrutinizes the model's face. Her makeup base is flaky and patchy. It's not nearly as smooth as the previous one.

ERICA (CONT'D)

Who the FUCK did this base??

A silence falls over the room. Erica scrutinizes the base of the other models waiting to get their makeup done by Erica. Erica is not pleased.

ERICA (CONT'D)

Is this a joke? There are TEN MINUTES until these models go on stage, and I need someone to be fucking competent.

She is met with more silence.

ERICA (CONT'D)
WHO DID THIS BASE??

A SHEEPISH ASSISTANT, 20s, steps up and raises her hand.

ERICA (CONT'D)
Does this peeling drywall look good
to you?

The assistant shakes her head.

ERICA (CONT'D)
Where's Indrani? It is TEN MINUTES
to the curtain! I need a fucking
assistant who knows how to DO THEIR
JOB.

Silence. No one moves.

ERICA (CONT'D)
WHERE THE FUCK IS INDRANI????

CUT TO:

INT.STORAGE CLOSET-EVENING

INDRANI, 23, a suave nepo baby, is pushing HAILEY, 25, a
sweet model, against the wall. Indrani is kissing down her
neck. The two are in the heat of it, pulling at each other's
clothes.

Hailey buries her face in Indrani's hair, but Indrani pulls
away.

INDRANI
Watch the makeup, baby. I did your
base perfectly. Don't fuck up my
work.

HAILEY
It's *my* face.

INDRANI
Not when it has *my* makeup on it.

O.S.
Ten minutes to places!

HAILEY
Maybe we should go back out?

INDRANI
Don't worry, I work well under a
deadline.

HAILEY
Less than 10 minutes?

INDRANI
Baby, just give me 5.

Indrani puts her hand under Hailey's dress. Hailey moans-
unable to resist.

HAILEY
Indrani, we gotta get to places.

At that moment, Erica bursts in, taking in the scene of
debauchery before her eyes.

Hailey attempts to look presentable, pushing Indrani away and
buttoning up her shirt. Indrani just smiles at Erica, still
in her (almost) sex haze.

INDRANI
Oh. Hi Erica. Sorry.

ERICA
Hailey. Get out there. 8 to places.
Look...more presentable.

Hailey pushes past Indrani and exits the storage closet.
Indrani runs a hand through her hair, fixing it.

INDRANI
Back to work, then?

ERICA
Indrani. You cunt.

INDRANI
Right back at ya?

ERICA
God. I wish you were even a little
bit likable.

INDRANI
Nobody's perfect.

Indrani tries to walk past Erica. Erica stops her.

ERICA
I'm firing you, Indrani.

Indrani looks at her, puzzled. She pushes past Erica and exits the closet

INT.RUNWAY BACKSTAGE-CONT.

Indrani walks to Erica's vanity and looks at the model with the patchy base. Indrani grimaces and picks up a sponge, spritzes it, and gets to work on the model's face. Erica comes up behind her.

INDRANI

Half your team can barely tell a color corrector from a concealer. They don't know contour from bronzer! I mean, who did this? It looked like peeling drywall.

MODEL

Your fingers smell like pussy.

Indrani ignores her and brushes some powder on the model's face. Studies the face and smiles, satisfied. Indrani steps back to present a seamless, smooth face to Erica.

ERICA

I'm firing you anyway.

INDRANI

You have 8 minutes til places.

Erica starts applying the rest of the makeup on the model Indrani just fixed.

Erica gestures for Indrani to fix the models waiting to be seen by Erica. Indrani gets to work immediately at the vanity next to her.

ERICA

I need someone who doesn't try to fuck one of the models during my biggest show of the year.

INDRANI

But I'm-

ERICA

I don't give a shit who your mommy is.

INDRANI

I was going to say I'm good at my job.

ERICA

Would you like me to applaud?
I am a friend of your mothers, so I
took you in, and you've done
nothing but fuck around since you
got here. I don't care how talented
you are if you don't do shit.

INDRANI

Ok. Ok. I should have been working,
so it won't happen again.

ERICA

I want you out by the end of the
show.

INDRANI

You can't do that!

ERICA

Yes, I can. I'm Erica fucking
Anderson. And who are you?

Indrani looks down, nose flaring. A long moment as Erica
continues to work makeup.

INDRANI

I can still come to the after-
party, right?

INT.RUNWAY WINGS-NIGHT

The runway show is in full swing. Electronic music thumps.
The looks on the runway are polished, sexy, sleek.

In the wings of the stage, Indrani watches, a box full of her
belongings in her arms.

Hailey struts onto the stage. Indrani's eyes track her.
Hailey stops at the end of the stage and poses for the
cameras. A flurry of flashing cameras.

Indrani watches on, the flashing lights reflecting in her
eyes.

Indrani spots the Sheepish Assistant from earlier and leans
towards her.

INDRANI

Dampen your sponge with alcohol
spray instead of water and use a
concealer brush for primer. It
won't be patchy then.

Indrani pats the assistant on the shoulder and exits.

EXT.DESIGNER'S MANSION-LATE NIGHT

The after-party for the runway show is bumping from inside the mansion. House music is pumping from the inside. A long line of people waits to get in. Indrani is at the front of the line, deep in argument with THE BOUNCER.

INDRANI

I should be on the list. Under the guests for Erica Anderson.

BOUNCER

Nah. I don't see you.

INDRANI

Could you maybe look under the designer's name?

BOUNCER

Nope. Next!

INDRANI

Sorry. I'm Indrani *De Silva*.

The bouncer looks at her blankly.

INDRANI (CONT'D)

Daughter of Naomi De Silva?? She worked for Chanel for 10 years.

BOUNCER

Lady, I just get hired for these things. I don't know you.

INDRANI

Okayyy well...

Indrani drags a finger down the Bouncer's arm and bats her eyelashes.

INDRANI (CONT'D)

You could get to know me?

BOUNCER

I'm married. NEXT!

Indrani rolls her eyes and steps to the side. The bouncer lets the next people in line in. Behind them is Hailey with her fiancé, BRADLEY, 32, a clueless C List actor.

Indrani spots them and lights up.

INDRANI
Hailey, heyyyyy baby! Hey!

Hailey's eyes widen, mortified. She doesn't say anything.

BRADLEY
Who's this, sweet cheeks?

HAILEY
Ahh-

INDRANI
A friend from work.

Indrani holds out her hand to Bradley.

INDRANI (CONT'D)
Indrani De Silva.

Bradley shakes her hand. He looks between Hailey and Indrani. Hailey doesn't make eye contact with Indrani.

BRADLEY
Bradley Johnson.

INDRANI
You look familiar.

BRADLEY
Oh shit, really? I was actually
just in this new film-

INDRANI
-uh huh. (to Bouncer) I'm with
them! I'm her friend. I did her
base for the show. It looked really
good.

The bouncer looks at Hailey. Hailey looks down and doesn't say anything.

BOUNCER
Sorry. Still no.

He lets Hailey and Bradley in. Hailey looks over her shoulder and mouths "I'm Sorry". Indrani flips her off.

The bouncer gestures for Indrani to move to the side.

INDRANI
Yeah yeah. I'm going.

Indrani stands to the side of the entrance. At a loss.

Then, she notices a balcony on the side of the house. She glances at the bodyguard, who is preoccupied, and slips to the side of the house.

EXT.MANSION BALCONY-NIGHT

The balcony is less than one story off the ground. It is full of beautiful people drinking, smoking, and mingling.

Indrani looks around-no staircase to the balcony. There is a grill next to the balcony, however. Indrani looks from the grill to the balcony, back at the grill.

Indrani climbs onto the grill in her heeled boots, ankles wobbling. She grabs onto the siding of the balcony, but she is still a little too short. She tries to hoist herself up but loses her footing and dangles from the side of the balcony.

Panicked, she looks at the people on the balcony for help, but none of them notice her. Suddenly, she sees someone she recognizes, eyes widening.

INDRANI

Mom?!

Her mother, NAOMI DE SILVA, 60, a fabulous hair designer of the 90's, is on the balcony chatting up two YOUNGER MALE MODELS and smoking a cigarette.

Naomi looks at Indrani and lights up.

NAOMI

Indrani darling! I thought you'd be here! Why are you...dangling?
You'll get splinters.

INDRANI

Can you help me up!?

NAOMI

Honey, I'm 60. I haven't carried you since you were three.

NAOMI (CONT'D)

MOM!

NAOMI (CONT'D)

Right. Boys, lift her up here, would you?

The two Male Models pull Indrani up by her arms. She stands on the balcony and dusts herself off.

INDRANI

Thank you...

Indrani looks to Naomi for the models' names. Naomi shrugs—she doesn't know them.

INDRANI (CONT'D)

Thanks, guys.

The models smile, looking at Naomi.

MODEL 1

Anything for Miss Naomi.

Naomi giggles.

NAOMI

How'd the show go, baby? Honestly, I found Erica Anderson's look for Chanel a bit... understated, but I suppose she's the visionary.

INDRANI

I got fired.

NAOMI

Oh?

INDRANI

Yeah. Actually, can we talk, Mom?

Naomi looks between the two men. Then back at Indrani.

INDRANI (CONT'D)

Alone.

Naomi resigns herself.

NAOMI

I'll see you back inside, boys.
Don't go far.

The male models walk into the house.

INDRANI

They are like half your age, Mom.

NAOMI

Well, it's not like I'm trying to marry them.

(MORE)

NAOMI (CONT'D)

Besides all the men my age in this industry are designers. And they are all gay. Or pedos. Or gay pedos. So. No interest in me, I fear. Lord, being my age is truly a gift, isn't it? I had to reapply lubricant TWICE last time I was with one of those models. It's embarrassing. I'm getting all...dry...

Naomi drifts off. Indrani looks like she would rather be dead than speak with her mother.

INDRANI

I don't want to hear about your ...dryness, mom.

NAOMI

It's going to happen to you one day, too, darling. You can never be too prepared for the cruelty of time.

Naomi runs her hands on Indrani's jawline and neck.

NAOMI (CONT'D)

Have you been doing those neck and jaw exercises I sent you? The decollate and jowls are the first to show age.

Indrani pushes Naomi's hand away and glares at her.

NAOMI (CONT'D)

What do you need, darling? I've got... business to attend to.

INDRANI

Erica fired me.

NAOMI

Yeah, so...What did you do?

INDRANI

What did *I* do? She was having a full tantrum.

NAOMI

No, she didn't. I know Erica. She didn't do that.

INDRANI

Ok, I was, like, flirting with one of the models. She was being like, homophobic or whatever.

NAOMI

Indrani. Erica's a lesbian. You know Erica is a lesbian. Everyone knows that.

INDRANI

I know, I know. Still...

Naomi looks at Indrani for a long moment.

INDRANI (CONT'D)

Ok. I made a mistake. Could you talk to Erica for me?

NAOMI

No.

INDRANI

No?

NAOMI

I've told you this last time. I got you the job, I can't keep it for you, Baba.

INDRANI

But this is Erica Anderson we're talking about. I can't just lose this job.

NAOMI

It seems like you just did, baby girl. Should have kept it in your pants. I really can't stick my neck out for you again; my reputation has been tainted enough over the past 20 years.

Indrani looks at Naomi with desperation. Naomi just shrugs and hands her the cigarette she's been smoking. Indrani takes it and takes a hit. She sputters a cough.

INDRANI

W-what's in this shit?

NAOMI

Tobacco, rose petals, oregano, cloves, and ganja.

Indrani looks at the cigarette for a moment, considering it. She takes another long hit.

NAOMI (CONT'D)

You smoke that and you'll be right
as rain. I am going to go back to
...my previous commitment. But
listen, baba-

Naomi caresses Indrani's face. And squeezes it.

NAOMI (CONT'D)

Don't let the bitches get you down.
You are singular and you are
special, and you will find another
job. Just maybe...keep your
extracurriculars in the bedroom? Or
I have found that a nice marble
kitchen counter is

INDRANI

-Could I have some cash to tide me
over? I need money for rent. And
like food. And gas. And some new
palettes for my kit.

NAOMI

I'm not a bank, dear. I am actually
retired.

INDRANI

I'm your only child!

NAOMI

And I love you *so* much.

Naomi squeezes her face again. Hard.

NAOMI (CONT'D)

Keep up with those face exercises,
ok? Jowls won't help the
unemployment. Ta!

And with that, Naomi leaves to find her beau's. Indrani
watches her incredulously.

She takes a few hits of the cigarette before recognizing
someone across the party. A willowy ASIAN WOMAN (20s) is
chatting with a group and smoking.

Indrani eyes her and takes a deep breath before approaching
her.

Then, the Bouncer from the front shows up on the balcony and stops Indrani with a hand on her shoulder.

INDRANI

You don't get paid enough to do all this.

The bouncer shrugs.

INDRANI (CONT'D)

Ok, I'm going, I'm going.

Indrani hands the bouncer the cigarette and walks into the house. The bouncer takes a hit of the cigarette and coughs. Hard.

EXT.DESIGNER'S MANSION-NIGHT

Indrani is escorted out the front by the bouncer. From the journey from the balcony out to the front of the house, she has acquired two glasses of champagne. She downs one and hands the empty glass back to the bouncer.

INDRANI

The party's lame anyway.

Indrani wanders into the front yard. She goes to check her watch, but accidentally tips her other champagne in the process, getting it on her shirt.

INT.PANDORA'S BOX BAR-LATE NIGHT

Indrani is drowning her sorrow with a Negroni in the West Hollywood lesbian establishment. Baile music is playing a little too loudly.

Indrani looks up and down the bar, in search of someone to go home with. A SEXY WOMAN is leaning against the bar. Indrani eyes her up and down. The woman looks back at Indrani and smirks.

Indrani gets up to approach the sexy woman. Just then, the woman's GIRLFRIEND comes up to her and makes out with her. Indrani groans and goes back to her seat. She holds her ice-cold Negroni to her head.

O.S.

Giving up so quickly? Things must be bad.

Rounding the table is ADAEZE, 22, a Nigerian American hippie makeup artist and Indrani's best friend.

INDRANI

ADAEZE! Thank god. For a second, I was afraid this world was full of losers and cunts.

ADAEZE

Not quite just yet. What's going on? The Indrani I know would have approached those two about a threesome.

INDRANI

The bitch fired me. Erica Anderson fired me.

ADAEZE

What did you do??

INDRANI

Why does everyone think *I* did something?

ADAEZE

Did you fuck a model?

INDRANI

Well, yes, but-

ADAEZE

Was it Mira or Klaire? Sara? Ciara?

INDRANI

Hailey.

ADAEZE

Old habits die hard, I guess.

INDRANI

Erica walked in. And fired me.

ADAEZE

Dude...at the show?

INDRANI

Neither here nor there. She's fake as fuck. Ever since her divorce, she's been a sellout. She's not authentic with her art.

ADAEZE

Oh, so you worked for Erica for the authenticity of her art?

INDRANI

Sure.

ADAEZE

Not for the models and the parties
and the drugs and the fame and the
models and the pussy?

INDRANI

Ok, you're not better than me for
being a freelance artiste.

ADAEZE

I never said that?

INDRANI

How's that going by the way?

ADAEZE

Well, not great. I had to pick up
shifts at the Mac counter in
Macy's. It's ok though because-

INDRANI

-and the thing about Erica is that
like, her and...What's Erica's ex-
wife's name?

Adaeze appears to be used to being interrupted by Indrani.
She sighs and shifts the conversation.

ADAEZE

Fiona? ... no... Florence.

INDRANI

Yeah Florence. When they were
married, I'm sure they fucked
during a show. She can't punish me
for doing the same thing.

ADAEZE

I met Florence once when I worked
at fashion week. She was actually
really nice. Didn't give me fucking-
on-the-clock vibes.

INDRANI

What am I supposed to do now?

ADAEZE

Get a job?

INDRANI

Well obviously. My mom, like, cut me off, and I spent my paycheck on bottle service last week.

ADAEZE

Do you know how to get a job? Have you EVER applied for a job before?

INDRANI

Yes. Well. No. But I can get one. A better one.

ADAEZE

There is an opening at the Mac counter. I could talk to my boss. It could be fun, we could work together!

Indrani laughs. Adaeze narrows her eyes.

ADAEZE (CONT'D)

What?

INDRANI

I'm not going to work at Macy's. No offense, I'm just not into color-matching senior citizens.

ADAEZE

Damn, I wouldn't be able to tell you got laid tonight, considering you're being a bitch.

INDRANI

I told you Erica walked in so...

ADAEZE

I don't care if you do this for the pussy and the parties, but if you wanna work on runway, then you have to work. The whole 'my-mom-used-to-be-famous-thing' isn't like cute anymore

INDRANI

Yeah, well, have fun sucking old lady tit to get a commission at the Macy's counter.

Adaeze looks at Indrani for a long moment. If Indrani regrets what she said, it's not apparent on her face. Adaeze nods and gets up, leaving Indrani. Indrani watches her go.

INDRANI (CONT'D)

Adaeze...

The door slams behind Adaeze. Indrani downs the rest of her drink.

INDRANI (CONT'D)

Fuck!

She takes a deep breath and shakes herself. She looks around the busy bar. She makes eye contact with LONG HAIREW WOMAN. Indrani winks at the Woman. The woman rolls her eyes and walks away.

Indrani bangs her head on the table.