

ALL THOSE WOMEN. ALL THOSE CLOTHES. ALL THAT FLESH.

Written by

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Photograph: Anne-Christine Poujoulat/AFP/Getty

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INT. STUDY - GRAND PALAIS - DAY

A tight, dark room, dominated by a wide, floral rug and a green chaise longue, upon which lies CLAUDE (63, port-faced, in a paisley dressing-gown and slippers).

CLAUDE

It's my mother, right?

Sat in a chair nearby, notepad in her lap, is DÉNISE (37, shrunken, taking up as little space as possible).

CLAUDE (CONT'D)

That's what you want me to say?

Azealia Banks' *Anna Wintour* HUMS apart in underwater funk.

CLAUDE (CONT'D)

That's where this is going?

DÉNISE

If you think it should.

Claude pauses, hears the music outside, hears the *bodies*.

CLAUDE

We're selling.

Claude sits up, stands, eases over to the window, peers out.

CLAUDE (CONT'D)

The expenses are killing us.

He watches, lost, as *Anna Wintour* comes to a rousing end.

CLAUDE (CONT'D)

She would have hated this.

Mabel's *Don't Call Me Up* drops into outdoor nothingness.

CLAUDE (CONT'D)

So *inelegant*.

Claude stares, lingering.

CLAUDE (CONT'D)

All those women. All those clothes.
All that *flesh*.

Dénise checks her watch.

DÉNISE

And that's -