

Synopsis:

Everyone wants it, but it's hard to get your hands on...
Taunted by her friends and even by people she doesn't know.
One woman will do anything to get what she wants and she
wants it bad. Through manipulation and even violence, this
woman finds the salon wax she has been looking for.

EXT. STREET - DAY

A WOMAN walks quickly down the street. She is wearing a gray dress, black stockings, black coat and black short boots. As she walks the voice over plays.

WOMAN (V.O.)

Everyone wants it, but it's hard to get your hands on. People go their whole lives without it, only wishing it was theirs. But then there are the people who will do anything to get it. I am one of those people.

The woman walks towards a coffee shop. She stops for a moment to scratch at her stockings.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

The woman walks into the coffee shop. She looks around and spots her FRIEND sitting at a small round table. She is wearing a short dress and boots. The Friend is drinking coffee. As she puts down the cup, she uncrosses her legs and recrosses them the other way. The woman walks over to her.

FRIEND

Hello, dear. You're late. So, I haven't got long.

The woman sits down opposite the friend.

WOMAN

What did you want to show me?

The friend stands, pulls something from her bag and holds it.

FRIEND

Look at what I got.

The friend turns from side to side showing the woman something but we can't see it.

WOMAN

How did you? When?

FRIEND

Oh, I can't tell you.

WOMAN

You have to! I have to know where you got it.

FRIEND

(smiling)

There are rules, dear. You know that. You'll just have to figure out your own way to get it.

The woman looks angrily at her friend. The friend laughs and grabs her bag, placing the object back inside.

FRIEND (CONT'D)

Have to go, dear. Good luck.

The friend leaves the coffee shop. The woman sits at a small table. Her clenched fist rests on the table.

EXT. STREET 2 - AFTERNOON

The woman walks down the street. She is holding a basket of clothes; on top are many pairs of stockings. She turns a corner and arrives outside a laundromat. She walks towards the door.

INT. LAUNDROMAT - AFTERNOON

The woman walks into the Laundromat and past an INDIAN WOMAN who is sitting at a small rectangular table. The table is covered in a clutter of random objects.

The woman glances at the Indian Woman as she passes; looking her up and down. The Indian Woman is quietly reading a magazine. She is wearing a dress that shows off her legs.

The woman places her basket of clothes on the counter and pulls out multiple pairs of stockings. With each stocking she pulls out, she glances over to the Indian Woman. The Indian Woman drops a pen, it lands next to her feet. She bends down, running her hand over her legs and picks it up. While this is happening a voice over plays.

WOMAN (V.O.)

If you have it, it's at your own risk. People will do anything to have it too. So, you have to be careful.

The woman walks slowly towards the Indian Woman then quickly grabs her and pins against the wall. The Indian Woman looks shocked.

INDIAN WOMAN

What? What are you doing?

The woman presses the Indian Woman closer against the wall.

WOMAN

Now, don't lie to me. Where did you get it?

INDIAN WOMAN

Get what? I don't know what you are talking about.

WOMAN

I said not to lie.

The woman slams the Indian Woman against the wall.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

I can you see you have it,
flaunting it around.

INDIAN WOMAN

Okay, okay.

WOMAN

Tell me where you got it.

INDIAN WOMAN

I'll give you the address, just put
me down.

The woman lets go of the Indian Woman. The Indian Woman looks scared, she walks past the Woman and over to her table. She picks up a post-it and a pen, and she scribbles an address down. The Woman snatches the post-it from the Indian Woman. The Woman throws the stockings back into the basket, picks up and leaves the laundromat.

EXT. STREET 3 - NIGHT

The woman walks down the dark street. She stops outside a warehouse building. The door is illuminated by a single light above it. The Woman looks down at the post-it in her hand. Then she looks up at the door. The woman approaches the door. Looking around to make sure no one is following her, she opens it and walks in.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

The woman walks down a dark corridor. Leaky pipes and flickering lights. She is walking towards the silhouette of a door. As she walks the voice over plays.

WOMAN (V.O.)

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get your hands on. Most people go
their whole lives without it, only
wishing it was their's. But then
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those people.

INT. SALON - NIGHT

The door opens and the woman walks in. The room is small and dimly lit. There is a salon bed in the middle of room. Shelves are placed around the edges of the room. They are covered with different types of waxing products. An ASIAN WOMAN stands by the bed staring at the woman.

WOMAN (V.O.)

The underground waxing salon.
Smoothest finish; shorter, finer
regrowth; and cheaper than any
other salon like it. Few ever get
the chance to see it, let alone use
it. But once you find it you're in
it for life.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

The replay is done in short flashes. Flashes to the coffee shop and replays the scene from before. The woman is actually looking at the friend's legs. The object the Friend pulls out of her bag was a mobile.

INT. LAUNDROMAT - AFTERNOON

The replay is done in short flashes. Flashes to the Indian woman, replaying that the woman was looking at the Indian Woman's legs while she sat at the table.

INT. SALON - NIGHT

Flashes back to the Salon. The Woman sits down on the bed and rolls down her stockings. The Asian Woman spreads the wax on the woman's leg, places a strip over it and rips it off. The woman is smiling.

FADE OUT.