

THE GIRL FROM PARIS

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EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

CU. SOLID CONCRETE. Fills frame. Then...

Drops of RED patter on the concrete, staining it. PULL UP to find...

A GIRL pass by.

EXT. DOORSTEP - DAY

BLURRED FRAME.

A GIRL approaches. And we slowly rack focus on...

MOIRA STEPHENS. A young, but stoic girl. She raises her hand to...

KNOCK on the door.

CU. MOIRA. She is nervous, but determined.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

MOIRA sits across from a beautiful young woman, ELIA, in conversation.

ELIA

Where did you say you were from,
again?

MOIRA

I was born in Bulgaria. But I grew
up in Paris. Spent most of my life
there. So I always count that as
home.

ELIA

Paris. That's beautiful.

MOIRA

(a beat,)
For a tourist, yes.

A beat. Elia waits to start another topic...

ELIA

So what do you do here then?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A beat. As Moira takes that question in...

MOIRA

I'm not sure if that's a question
I want to answer yet.

Elia studies her carefully, noticing something.

ELIA

Why are you scared?

MOIRA

I'm not.
(then,)
I'm just not sure.

Off Moira...

INT. MOIRA'S HOME - DAY

MOIRA is writing in her journal.

MOIRA (V.O.)

Life is a cruel place to live in
sometimes. It's dark, unsteady,
and not what I expected.

Moira is now counting bullets and meticulously
positioning them out on the floor.

MOIRA (V.O.)

I'm trapped.
(then,)
In a corner that I have no way out
of. And I want to escape so bad.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: PARIS COUNTRYSIDE, SEVEN YEARS AGO

MOIRA is training with her mentor ANDRE.

They are engaged in combat. HAND to HAND. Moira lifts her
left hand, it's blocked. She lifts her right hand, it's
grabbed and crunched.

Andre takes one of her punches and TURNS it on her. He
then turns her around, has her arms locked.

ANDRE

Your eyes are distracted.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MOIRA

I'm getting better at it.

ANDRE

It doesn't seem so.

Moira BACK KICKS Andre and FREES herself from his grip.

MOIRA

What about now?

Andrew RISES from his fall.

ANDRE

I saw it coming. I just wanted to see your strategy.

MOIRA

You didn't strike back.

ANDRE

I didn't. Most of them won't be me.

EXT. STEETS - DAY

MOIRA exits a store. She makes her way down the street, but with an odd feeling. She turns. No one is behind her.

CU. Moira's hands. She is wearing BLACK LEATHER gloves.

Her lips are painted with bright RED LIPSTICK.

She is wearing a BLACK HEAVY COAT.

Moira continues to make her way down the street with eyes everywhere. She is somewhat paranoid while walking.

INT. MOIRA'S HOME - DAY

MOIRA puts a can of tomato soup to boil.

CUT TO

Moira tastes the soup. She adds BLACK PEPPER to it.

She then grabs a KNIFE.

She begins to cut STRAWBERRIES.

CUT TO

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Moira continues to write in her diary.

MOIRA

I've had moments of doubt. Moments where I am conflicted... of what I was... and what I've become.

INSERT CUT:

Moira stares at the EIFEL TOWER...

MOIRA (V.O.)

I will admit that the life I chose was not one that I had hoped for.

CUT TO

There is a knock at the door. Moira answers. Nobody is out there.

On the doorstep there is a yellow envelope left at the door. Moira stares at it.

EXT. STREETS - DAY

MOIRA crosses the streets. Once she makes it to the other end, she turns behind her.

No one is there.

MOIRA (V.O.)

There is this constant fear that reigns... that what I've done to others... will eventually be done to me.

INT. MOIRA'S HOME - DAY

Moira is writing in her journal. She stops. Thinks.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

ANDRE and MOIRA are walking the field.

ANDRE

But it's your job to pacify yourself in those moments. To tell yourself that there is no one that can best you. That you're the smarter one in the situation.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANDRE (CONT'D)

No matter how weak you think of yourself as.

Moira looks off.

MOIRA

I thought they say it's okay to give into your feelings.

Andre takes THE GUN and places it into Moira's hands.

ANDRE

You're going to have so many moments of self doubt. Moments where you think you should be locked up, where you should be dead.

(then,)

Moments where you should leave this life behind.

(then,)

But you can't. Because this was a choice you made. And you need to stick with it.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY

MOIRA enters the alleyway discretely. She stops. A BEAT. She notices something. FEELS it. She turns, as do we with her to see...

A MAN who has followed her. He stands at the other end of the alleyway.

ANDRE (V.O.)

You need to prove to them what you are... and more importantly, why you chose this life.

MOIRA and THE MAN clash and ensue in hand to hand combat.

Moira bests him and PINS him to the brick wall.

CU. Moira's hands. She pulls out A KNIFE.

A BEAT. The Man is scared. Moira contemplates her decision.

MOIRA (V.O.)

But the feeling always comes.

INT. MOIRA'S HOME - DAY

Moira writes in her diary...

Moira is cutting strawberries. She looks at the knife stained with red juice.

She wipes it with her finger.

MOIRA

The one where I want to run away.
Hide. And never come back.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY

Moira walks away from the alley, leaving a dead body behind. Her knife in her hand is covered in blood. Her gloves as well.

MOIRA

Only I know that I cannot.

EXT. DOORSTEP - DAY

Moira knocks on the doorstep.

MOIRA (V.O.)

Instead I suffer the
repercussions.

The door opens. It is Andre.

MOIRA (V.O.)

I suffer from fear.

INT. MOIRA'S HOME - DAY

Moira is on her phone.

She downloads "HER," a dating app for women.

MOIRA (V.O.)

Fear that the next one is going to
break me.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

ELIA and MOIRA at dinner --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELIA

How can I get to know you if you
won't tell me anything?

A long beat. Moira studies Elia.

MOIRA

I don't believe I'm the only one
holding back.

ELIA

I'm not sure I understand.

MOIRA

It can't be that hard.

(then,)

Sometimes when I want to know what
I'm hiding, I think of all the
wrong I've done in my life.

A beat. Elia looks away. Her face hardens. Almost as if
it's crystallizing into realization. And then she back at
Moira --

ELIA

Are you here to kill me?

ON MOIRA. She is still.

INSERT CUT:

In Moira's home, she examines the envelope. Opens it.
Pulls out a photograph of Elia.

BACK ON MOIRA.

She does not answer.

INT. BATHROOM - ANDRE'S - DAY

MOIRA washes the blood off of her black leather gloves.
She stares at herself in the mirror.

ANDRE (V.O.)

You're scared.

INT. LIVING ROOM - ANDRE'S HOME - DAY

MOIRA and ANDRE sit face to face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MOIRA
You don't know that.

ANDRE
Then why are your hands trembling?

Moira stops shaking them.

ANDRE
Why are you here?

MOIRA
I want to leave.

ANDRE
No you don't.

MOIRA
Yes I do.

ANDRE
No you don't.

MOIRA
Yes I do.

ANDRE
No you --

MOIRA
I WANT TO LEAVE.
(a beat,)
I've had enough of this. Who I
chose to be, who I was meant to be
-- it's all bullshit. I want out.

Andre leans forward.

ANDRE
But we both know that's not true.
(then,)
This is just you paranoid.
Panicking to convince yourself
you're living this life out of
fear, as some sort of mistake you
made.

(then,)
Mistakes don't always justify your
choices, Moira.

MOIRA
I've accepted all my mistakes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ANDRE

Is that so?

MOIRA

Yes.

ANDRE

Then put those gloves back on, and wait for your next mission.

INT. MOIRA'S HOME - DAY

Moira answers the door. No one is there. She stares at the yellow envelope left at her doorstep.

ANDRE (V.O.)

Because when it comes, you need to be ready.

CUT TO

MOIRA puts on a red dress.

She glosses her lips with red lipstick.

She packs a gun in her purse.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

ELIA is against one wall, on the phone, while MOIRA is against the other, silent. She has A GUN gripped with her leather gloves.

ELIA

I know honey. Well, how about we just listen to daddy and put the iPad away, okay? You have a spelling test early tomorrow that you're going to do great on, right?

(then,)

Okay. Goodnight, baby. Can you give it to daddy now?

(a beat,)

Hi. Yeah. I'm just --

(off Moira,)

I'm just about done here. No. Don't wait for me. I'll... be late. Just make sure you disable the security alarm, okay?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELIA (CONT'D)

I always forget the code, and then
it wakes Molly --

(then,)

Okay. I love you. Goodnight.

Elia puts the phone down.

MOIRA

Power it off please.

ELIA

Wouldn't you want to just take it
from me?

MOIRA

Just power it off.

Elia powers her phone off. A beat. She notices Moira's
gloves... her hands are shaking.

ELIA

You can't do it, can you? You
don't have it in you.

Moira looks at Elia.

MOIRA

How are you so sure?

ELIA

Your hands are shaking.

Moira stop shaking her hands.

ELIA

You've got to be kidding me. This
can't be *that* emotional for you.

MOIRA

This is a job for me. That's all.

ELIA

Just a job?

MOIRA

If it makes you feel any better,
this could be my last one.

ELIA

(chuckles,)

I'm honored, then.

(then,)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ELIA (CONT'D)

But something tells me you won't
do it.

And now Moira raises her gun at Elia who doesn't shudder.

MOIRA

And how about now?

Elia shakes her head.

CU. MOIRA. She keeps the gun aimed at Elia.

INSERT CUT:

In the Paris countryside, Moira trains with Andre. She is practicing shooting.

ANDRE (V.O.)

Remember... this was your choice.

Moira fires.

BACK ON MOIRA. She pushes on the trigger.

MOIRA (V.O.)

I will admit that the life I chose
was not one that I had hoped for.

INSERT CUT:

Moira is writing in her journal. She stops.

MOIRA (V.O.)

*But often we make choices that
define us.*

INT. ANDRE'S HOME - DAY

MOIRA puts her black gloves on and leaves the living room area, revealing to us...

ANDRE'S BODY. Dead.

MOIRA (V.O.)

...And that's who we become.
Regardless of whether we want to
or not.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

BACK ON MOIRA. She contemplates a shot at Elia.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELIA

You won't.

Moira keeps her eyes fixed on Elia.

INSERT CUT:

Moira slices strawberries.

CU. The knife cuts through the red fruit with ease.

MOIRA (V.O.)

But I wanted to be different. I
wanted to be better than this.

BACK ON MOIRA.

She takes in Elia's look, who is scared.

MOIRA (V.O.)

And now I think I've realized...
that this is who I am.

She keeps the gun aimed ahead of her.

Off Moira...

CUT TO BLACK

THE END