

EXCERPT

JUST ANOTHER JOURNEY.

2007 - LAGOS, NIGERIA.

INT. ZENDALO'S OFFICE - DAY

Josie walks into the office. Blown away in full admiration, she does her best to act cool and composed. Zendalo, Male, Late 30's, in perfect shape, skin glistening like a commercial product, outlandishly stylish, full blown fro, and heart shaped glasses. This man clearly takes perfect care of himself, and pushes the edge of fashion.

JOSIE

Good Afternoon, Mr Zendalo. It is
such a honor to finally meet you!

Zendalo looks Josie over from head to toes, right from his desk. He is not impressed. He notice she's wearing an exact copy of his design.

ZENDALO

That's my design.

JOSIE

Yes! Yes it is, you noticed! Do you
like it?!

Zendalo is really not pleased with this. Blank stare.

ZENDALO

Why should I?

Josie is determined to change his mind. He has to like it.

JOSIE

It was made in your liking! I loved
seeing you in this, you are so
stylish sir, so stylish!

Blank stare. She continues on her quest.

JOSIE (CONT'D)

My tailor is a huge fan! When I
told her of my appointment, we
decided to make this to show you
how much we admire your fashion
style and sense, sir!

Zendalo thinks about it for a split second. He enjoys compliments every now and then. He smiles, taking it in.

ZENDALO

Mmhmm. Have a seat.

He gestures towards a seat. Josie approaches, Zendalo stops her halfway to seating.

ZENDALO (CONT'D)
Actually don't, where is your model book?

He stretch out his hand towards her, calmly. Josie hands him her paper file. He is dismayed by this.

ZENDALO (CONT'D)
What's this?!

JOSIE
My portfolio.

ZENDALO
In office file?

JOSIE
Yes.

They stare at each other for a brief moment. He proceeds in disbelief. Little mumbles to self as he goes through her paper portfolio.

ZENDALO
Why no color printing?

JOSIE
Only black and white printer.

No comment. He continues.

JOSIE (CONT'D)
I see you met an acquaintance of mine... Anita, we went to school together... she just left your office.

ZENDALO
So?

JOSIE
Oh, nothing, just thought I'd mention... it was good to see her again.

ZENDALO
That's not the impression I got from the conversation outside my door.

Josie is slightly embarrassed.

JOSIE

I'm so sorry, we weren't trying to be loud... we were just ---

ZENDALO

Are you always this apologetic?
It's boring.

JOSIE

Oh...

ZENDALO

I guess that's one of the main difference with you two so far. She's also tall and seems courageous.

JOSIE

Courageous?!

ZENDALO

Don't hate the messenger.

Slightly satisfied with the paper portfolio, he puts the file to the side and stare intently at Josie.

ZENDALO (CONT'D)

You are not as tall as I imagined but... hmmm... how many shows have you done?

JOSIE

A few local shows, I have mostly done studio works for local photographers.

ZENDALO

In Benin?

JOSIE

Yes.

ZENDALO

I see... I have heard there are not a lot of exposure for you girls in Benin.

JOSIE

Clearly, you heard wrong.

ZENDALO

Excuse me?

JOSIE

We don't need to be forcefully exposed to show our worth. We were thought all manners from birth.

ZENDALO

Manners won't take you far, my dear.

JOSIE

Manners teaches one that regardless of the class, competition, or way of life, one must learn to always take courtesy to the one in front of them. Something not every courageous person is aware of.

ZENDALO

Wow... Tell me something! So, she's your competition!

He stands up and reaches for a glass. He pours himself a full glass of sparkling water adding a few drops of bitter into it. He returns to his seat, fully entertained.

JOSIE

I don't regard her as one.

ZENDALO

I see. And your mom prepared you with all the grooming lectures too?

JOSIE

No. I was just --

ZENDALO

Speaking in tongues in my ear and what not! That won't get you far in this business.

JOSIE

I apologize. It wasn't my intention... Can we start again.

ZENDALO

That's not how I work.

JOSIE

Then I guess I will need to prove myself harder.

Zendalo says nothing. He studies her briefly.

JOSIE (CONT'D)
Mr. Zendalo, I really don't want to
give a bad impression --

ZENDALO
What happened to your face?

JOSIE
What?

ZENDALO
Your face. What happened?

JOSIE
Accident.

ZENDALO
When?

JOSIE
Last year.

ZENDALO
Did it hurt?

JOSIE
Ummm... yes.

ZENDALO
Does it bother you?

JOSIE
Not anymore.

ZENDALO
Any more of it?

JOSIE
More of?

ZENDALO
Your scars.

JOSIE
Yes.

ZENDALO
Where?

JOSIE
My arms, stomach, and thighs.

ZENDALO
Show me.

JOSIE
I'm sorry?

ZENDALO
Show me. I want to see your
signature marks... it is what makes
you stand out.

They stare intently at each other. Josie slowly lifts up her top, revealing her belly scar. Next, her sleeves, and then, she reaches for her skirt, showing a little bit of the scar as Zendalo stops her.

ZENDALO (CONT'D)
Stop... I like to leave a little to
my imagination.

Josie couldn't tell if she sensed a little arousal in his voice... it did however, excite her a bit. He gulps the entire glass of sparkling water.

ZENDALO (CONT'D)
Take a seat.

Josie does as instructed. Zendalo clears his throat.

ZENDALO (CONT'D)
I am very particular about the
walk. You have to move elegantly
and sway nicely with a smooth
transition.

He stands up and walks in front of Josie as he continues with gestures and demonstrations.

In fact, I like the comparison to a
cat. You both catwalk with the same
elegance, and meow your way through
the stage.

He gesture her to stand up, she does. He takes her hand and lead her towards the wall as he continues.

Heads up high, broad shoulders, you
wear the dress! My dress refuses to
wear the model, you wear the dress!

Josie stares in astonishment. This is bigger than her... maybe.

ZENDALO (CONT'D)
And you move swiftly, firmly, and
when you turn

He turns, making a swift head flip, back at Josie.

ZENDALO (CONT'D)
You sway, and you stare, right in
that camera, that audience, you are
my bitch!

Josie is blown away. She attempts to clap in full approval.

JOSIE
Yes! Of course!

He silence her with a swift hand gesture.

ZENDALO
This isn't for approval.

JOSIE
Of course, I am sorry.

He recompose himself.

ZENDALO
And those scars, they are your
story.

He walks up close to Josie... very close, she could literally feel his breath on her.

ZENDALO (CONT'D)
You own it, you embrace it, you
work it. It is who you are.

Josie opens her mouth to speak. Her voice suddenly full with desire. She is surprisingly, not embarrassed by this.

JOSIE
Yes, yes it is. I am my scar.

ZENDALO
Exactly.

They stare at each other. Zendalo move back slowly and walks back towards his desk. Josie clears her throat.

ZENDALO (CONT'D)
Well... Let's see your walk.

Josie clears her throat nervously. She close her eyes, takes a deep breath, chest out, and starts her supposed Naomi Campbell walk. She sways in a supposed elegant way. Clearly, not up to par with Zendalo's expectation as he stares in disbelief.

Josie smiles excitedly as she finishes. She adds the swift turn as Zendalo modeled earlier, and nearly loses balance. She regains composure and strikes her final pose. Zendalo grunts in disapproval. This is a lot more work than expected and yet, he seems intrigued by her.

ZENDALO (CONT'D)

We need to work on your walk... Are
you sure you are 5'7?