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Gia

By Jay McInerney

At that time,
everybody was tall, thin and blond.
Everybody posed,
everybody gave you a look.
But Gia was different.
She was the first one who-
who moved.
They all try to do it now-
give you an attitude-
but she invented it.
She always followed her instincts...
no matter
where they took her.
It was probably the best
and the worst thing about her.
With Gia, it was always
about the sex-
every look, every move,
every minute.
Every day.
Sex.
They were jealous of her.
They still are.
That's why they say those things.
She would come on to everybody,
but it was really innocent.
I mean, nobody was ever
really offended by it.
I don't think it had anything
to do with sex.
Even when she was sleeping around,
sex was not the goal.
Sex wasn't really an issue.
Yeah, I knew about the drugs.
I was afraid of the drugs,
the way people used them.
It all just happened so fast.
You know, all of a sudden,
her face was just everywhere.
Every model has a moment-
I mean, the ones who make it at all.
And being of the moment
is everything in fashion.
Fashion is not art.

Fashion isn't even culture.
Fashion is advertising...
and advertising is money.
And for every dollar you earn,
someone has to pay.
Once upon a time,
once upon a time.
It was a fairy tale.
It was.
It was a fairy tale come true.
I had two boys, you know,
but boys you lose.
They go away, they marry other women.
They're gone.
A girl you have forever.
When Gia was born,
I said, "This one is mine.
- Look at you.
- All mine. "
Look at me.
Look at us.
Look how pretty we are.
Do I be- Do I be
the prettiest, prettiest girl?
You do.
You do be the prettiest. You do.
- Where the hell have you been?
- Out.
- Out? Out? Out where?
- Out.
Oh, Joe, don't start.
Don't tell me, "Don't start. "
Out where? Tell me where you've been.
- Joe, lower your voice.
- Don't tell me to lower my voice.
- The kids know you were out all night.
- Cut it out!
- Tell them where you've been.
- I'm not in the mood for this tonight.
Not in the mood, huh?
- Just leave me alone.
- Who were you with Kathleen?
- It's none of your business.
- Don't tell me that, you fucking whore.

- Get out of the kitchen.
- Let me see. Did he fuck you?
- Where? Let me feel!
- Pig! Get your hands off!
- Who else has been in there besides me?
- Get your hands off of me, jerk.
- Who else, huh?
- You know how you make me feel?
- You make me wanna die. You know that?
- You wanna die? No!

You don't die until I tell you
you can die. Do you hear me?

That's when you die!

Here, take this and put it in the car.

I'll keep this one.

Once upon a time...

in a kingdom far, far away...

there lived a young girl...

whose hair was made of gold.

When the people

in the village saw her, they said...

"Oh, how beautiful she is. "

One cheese steak, one meat ball,

one salami provolone.

I'll be back by 4:00.

Try not to burn the place down.

- Gia, you're in charge.

- All right, boss.

Hey, get the food.

Go, come on, get outta here.

- Get the cash register.

- I'm in charge!

- Is your name Gia?

- Yeah.

- Got a light?

- Stop screwing around.

I've seen you a few times
around the neighborhood...

- and-

- Are you nervous?

Yeah.

Am I making you nervous?

Yeah.

Well, good,

'cause that's the idea.
- What's that?
- You scare the shit out of people...
and then they don't see
how scared you are.
Are you scared?
What's your name?
T.J. Tom Junior...
but T.J. is what they call me.
T.J. and Gia.
I like that. Come on.
- I'm leaving.
- Wait a minute. Where you going?
I'm in charge, and I'm leaving.
- Is that the Byrds?
- They're so cool.
Oh, wow.
Ooh, rock my world.
Seventy-five cents?
It's pretty. Pretty.
Very pretty.
Hello, ladies.
Can I have this?
Come on.
- Tattoo? You getting a tattoo now?
- Tattoos. Tattoo you.
No, tattoo you.
- I'm not getting a tattoo.
- Oh, come on. What?
Look at that hair.
It's fabulous.
You want a tattoo now?
She'd be a lot of fun.
Who are you looking at,
him or me?
Oh, I can't talk about the sex.
I mean, how would I know?
If you ask me,
she never really had sex with anybody.
But she did love to be photographed...
and people loved to take pictures of her
and do little things for her.
She hated being photographed.
You had to run after her

and tie her down.
Then you had to get past the clothes
and the stuff in her hair.
But she was special.
Let's go.
Coming, coming.
All right, let's go.
And they showed her
a beautiful house...
on the planet Mars.
And they said,
"Come and live here forever. "
And the young girl said...
"Oh, Mars is a planet
where life's different-
safe, clean and pretty. "
But- But how do you get there?
Where do you find a taxi?
Which bus do you take?
Right? And how do you know
you're there when you're there?
Philadelphia was not ready for this.
But New York was.
It was the right moment...
and being of the moment
is everything in fashion.
But of course,
the more you were of the moment...
the faster you become
of the past.
Okay, let's get this over with.
Just go in there
and try to be nice.
- Nice? Nice.
- Yeah.
Who knows?
Maybe they'll like you.
- You are a very likable girl.
- Fuck you.
Hi.
I'm here to see Wilhelmina Cooper.
So's the rest of the world and the rest
of the world's way ahead of you, honey.
Take a seat.

I have an appointment.
Hold, please.
Of course you do.
G what?
Okay.
There. Gia.
Just fuck the rest of it. Call me Gia.
Do you think you can remember that,
honey?
Yeah? Cool.
Now tell the bitch I'm here.
I've already seen the pictures, darling.
Maurice sent them.
I wanted to see the real thing.
Well, this is it.
It certainly is.
You practically gave
my receptionist a coronary.
Yeah, well, look.
This was a free trip to New York...
and if I knew you were looking
for Marcia-fucking-Brady...
I would've stayed home.
How do you know
what I'm looking for?
- Look at me.
- I'm looking, I'm looking.
You know, dressing like
a motorcycle tramp...
is somewhat interesting
for a 17-year-old girl.
Talking like one is not.
In fact, talking at all is not really
required in this profession...
or even encouraged.
Anything you might have to say
you say through the camera...
the image, huh...
and hopefully the product.
What comes out of your mouth
is totally irrelevant.
Understood?
Yes, sir.
Now, this is a career.

This is a future.
This is a life...
if you want it.
Does that mean
you can get me a job?
I get you the interviews.
You get the job.
And I believe you will.
Dear Diary, this is my life.
Go see Young & Rubicom, 9:45.
Go see people at Revlon, 11:15.
Go see Demi Moore, Bob Stone,
Somebody Malowinski...
and "Get lost, honey.
You ain't what we're lookin' for. "
- Next!
- Thank you and fuck you. Bye.
Yeah, I go see, I go see.
Nobody sees me.
"Ah, piece of meat, come here.
Show me your bag. "
And they stick their finger in you.
"I just wanna taste your temperature. "
Go see, go see, go see,
go see somebody else.
I ain't no good at this.
I ain't no good at this at all.
But even if you are good at it,
what, exactly, are you good at?
- You can't leave now.
- I have to go.
What, what?
To Philadelphia?
- For what?
- I got stuff.
I have to go.
Well, somebody has to take care of me.
I'm just a kid.
Bullshit.
What's in Philadelphia
that's more important than me?
- Do not do that.
- Do not do what?
Do not pretend you're gonna do something

when you know you're not.

What am I not gonna do?

What else?

What?

- Know what I want?

- What?

What?

How do they fit?

This turn you on?

Yeah.

- Kinda.

- All right.

Come here.

- Have you ever had sex with a man?

- Yeah.

Once.

And?

And I could've done that
with a German shepherd.

Dear Book, this is
another day in the life.

A life is like a book.

A book is like a box.

A box has six sides,
inside and outside.

So how do you get
to what's inside?

How do you get
what's inside out?

Once upon a time,
there was a very pretty girl...

who lived in a beautiful box
and everybody loved her.

- Yes, hello?

- Hello?

- What?

- Who the hell is that?

- Wili?

- Who is it?

- Christ's sake.

- I couldn't sleep.

- Middle of the night.

- It's very late.

- I know.

- Goddamn it.
Is that your husband?
- Yes.
- Is he pissed?
Yes.
Is it true that he drinks?
That's what everybody says.
And he gets violent?
What is it you want, Gia?
If he ever lays a hand on you,
I'll fuckin' kill him.
Why can't you sleep?
Do you want me to come over?
You're nervous about tomorrow.
Yeah, I am.
Well, everyone is nervous
on their first shoot.
You'll be fine.
Yeah, I just don't know what to do.
You know?
Did you do your colonic?
Yeah.
Good.
Go to bed now.
Take one half...
of the Nembutal-
the yellow and black.
You'll be fine.
- Just be yourself.
- Okay, yeah.
What is that?
Oh, darling...
if I could answer that for you
or for me...
well, life on this planet
would be a very different proposition.
So I tell her, "Look...
I know Calvin...
and I asked him about you...
and he didn't know who you were. "
- She's such a liar.
- Oh, man.
Excuse me, can I help you?
Yeah, yeah.

Could I have some more coffee, please?

- Are you Gia?

- That's me.

You're late.

Go wash your face.

I already did.

It's nice to meet you too.

What the hell

am I gonna do with you?

I got it.

I don't know.

I'm just some dumb girl from Philly.

Oh, my God, she's a beast.

She scares me.

Oh, Phillipe, does she remind you
of your mother?

No, she reminds me
of my brother.

He's in jail now, thank Jesus.

Okay.

What?

It's wonderful.

Let's see this face.

I'm checking to see
if you need to be tweezed.

- I'm tweezed.

- I'm Linda.

Nice to meet you.

Dreadful.

Absolutely horrendous.

More teeth.

Every photograph makes a promise,
and the promise is never kept.

Look brain damaged.

That's what makes a photo great.

And if the promise is sex...

- then you really have something.

- Good.

Wonderful.

Well...

that was all shit.

- Fuck you.

- Now we can pay our rent.

Who wants to stay

and make some art?
What's art?
Keep the fence,
lose the clothes.
No, thanks, I'm gone.
I'm outta here.
See you.
I'll stay if Linda stays.
- Linda, liebbling?
- Yeah.
Go stand by the fence.
- You want me in the shot?
- Yeah, yeah, yeah.
And lose the clothes.
Sex- Sex was really easy.
It was.
Sex was everywhere.
It didn't really mean too much.
Love was the hard thing to find.
Even if you were looking for it,
which not too many people were.
Even if you found it...
which not too many people did...
even if it was right there
in front of you...
how could you see it
with all this sex in the way?
Hey, where you going?
What happened?
What's the matter?
You don't have any clothes on.
Don't change the subject.
I have a boyfriend.
So?
So, I have to go.
I have to go, I have to go.
Everybody has to go.
Where the fuck does everybody go
when they have to go?
You- You and I had a-
I mean, it was-
I had a-
I'm really very square.
So am I.

Yeah, I can see that.
Please, don't go.
Please, don't go.
Please, I'll make you breakfast.
Come on.
- Going down?
- No.
- Yes.
- No!
No, no.
What are you doing? No.
- I'm so sorry, I'm so sorry.
- Linda!
I'll call you.
It was like a puppy.
Love me, love me, love me.
I did.
I did right away.
Extraordinary,
as in phenomenal...
as in a gold mine.
Tough, vulnerable, old, young...
decadent, innocent...
male, female.
You look like you don't give a shit.
I met somebody,
someone I really like.
Good. Good for you.
Take a deep breath, darling.
You are in for the ride
of your life.
Paolo.
Lower the fucking drawbridge.
Give me some of those drink tickets.
Always a pleasure to see you too,
Stephie, and this must be Gia.
How do you know my name?
I'm god, I know everything.
See, even god knows your name.
With a face like that,
she doesn't need a name.
Actually, Tony,
my face is a little higher.
Anytime, Gia, anytime.

Stop being stingy, Tony.
That's something to be on-
downers and champagne.
Very rich.
Ooh, did him in a car once.
I can't remember exactly
how fast we were going.
That's Stan Girardi. Used to do it
with Cheryl, but he's doable.
Ooh, Joe Jamison.
Beautiful, but gay.
Not that that'd ever stop me.
A little tongue up his ass...
and he's all yours.
You're full of shit, aren't you?
Sometimes I don't believe it,
but it's all true.
Okay, break it up.
- On your left.
- Who was that?
I have no idea.
I do be the prettiest, prettiest girl.
I do be that.
No, she's new, brand-new.
You have to see her. You'll like her.
- She's on the cover.
- Gia, yeah.
No last name.
Just Gia.
Boring.
Played out.
Fat.
Boring.
Too dumb.
For winter, we need meat.
We need someone
with blood in her veins.
Not just suntan oil
and mineral water.
Oh, God, I am so sick of her face.
- Who's this?
- One of Wilhelmina's new girls, Gia.
This is meat.
This is sirloin.

It's lusty.

Winter is carnivorous-
rich browns, reds, big animal prints.

This is it. Yes!

I just bought it.

What do you think?

- Wow.

- "Wow"?

Wanna go for a ride?

- I don't know.

- Oh, oh, yeah, you do. Come on.

Yes!

- Where we going? What?

- Philadelphia.

- Hold on!

- I am!

Yeah?

Hi, Kathleen.

My God.

Oh, my God!

Come on in.

- Come on.

- This is my girlfriend, Linda.

Linda? Yeah, hi.

Oh, my God. Oh, my God.

So, tell me about New York.

Oh, God, it was like seeing
an old girlfriend.

Oh, yeah, she told me all the gossip
about all the models.

You know, who had bad skin
and who had bad hair.

The things that they did,
she told me about.

And the places that they went-

Oh, my God.

Oh, my God!

You're on the cover of Vogue!

I can't believe it.

Oh, my God, isn't that beautiful?

Oh, honey.

So what else is going on, huh?

Do you have a boyfriend?

Uh, no.

Linda has a boyfriend.
Oh, yeah?
Well, that's nice.
- I have a girlfriend.
- Oh, yeah, that's nice too...
though it's not
the same thing, is it?
And we never talked about the past.
That was over.
The past was the past.
She never discussed it with me once.
It was like it never happened-
all those years in between.
It was like it never happened.
I kept everything you've sent me.
I keep everything
you ever touched...
ever since you were a baby.
What do I have?
Oh, yeah, oh, yeah.
My journal.
Once upon a time-
"Once upon a time,
there was a girl with golden hair...
who went to live
in a beautiful house. "
Always the same story.
Always different,
always the same.
Always the same.
Can I see?
Yeah.
Sometimes I think she was
a different person to everybody.
Sometimes I knew who she was.
Sometimes I didn't.
Anybody who tries to tell you
exactly who she was...
they didn't know her at all.
We did everything together.
Yeah, in those days.
Yeah, everything.
All right.
This is-

What can I say?

It's you.

I found it on short notice.

That's what it looks like.

So, I was standing

in the middle of the living room...

and the bathroom door opens.

- Yeah?

- Who's that?

Who?

I started making trips

to New York regularly after that.

She wanted me there.

She wanted me there all the time.

I couldn't because I had a husband,

I had a home.

No, not red.

Yellow. Yellow roses.

But I would go,

and I would stay for maybe a week.

Sometimes I would stay two.

Love on ya, Gia.

You're sending flowers to a girl?

- Here, lady.

- Hi. Got it. Thanks.

Christ, another one?

- Who died?

- None of your business.

Are you fucking a florist

behind my back?

Yeah. Gold FTD guy

with the winged shoes.

Hi.

I've been calling you for weeks.

Hi, Gia.

- This is my boyfriend, Billy.

- Hi. I'm wrecked.

- Do you wanna come in?

- I don't think that's a good idea.

Why not?

You are really beautiful.

You're a model, aren't you?

Why? Do I look stupid?

- I have to work tomorrow.

- Come on, it's early.
Maybe- Maybe we could party.
You are the most beautiful woman
I have ever seen.
Come with me.
I can't.
See you around.
What the fuck was that?
Behold the florist.
I cannot stay!
I'll come back,
but I have to go home now.
I'll come back.
If you need me, you just call me.
I need you.
I need you now.
You have to be here now!
When I need you, I need you! Now!
I need you, Mom!
Listen to me.
You are a big girl, all right?
- Please! Please!
- Act like a big girl.
You've got to.
And you are.
So be my big girl.
Now listen to me.
I have to go home.
I have to.
Fine. Fine!
- Get out!
- All right, now wait.
- Get the fuck out!
- No, not like this.
Yeah, like this! Get out!
There. Get the fuck out!
- For God's sake.
- Get out!
- Not like this, not like this.
- Yeah, like this. Get the fuck out!
- Look.
- There, get out!
- All right. Fine, fine, fine. Fine.
- Go, go!

- All right, fine.
- Get out!
That's it.
That-
She's booked for 16 shoots this week,
but I'll see what we can do.
And you are erupting forms...
Tell Scavullo he can have her-
out of the center
of all this tired, old beauty.
Shaming them.
Excuse me?
Tired, old beauty?
You can have Renee. I know you want Gia,
but you can't have Gia. Not until June.
This little wop is not standing
in front of me. You got that?
I'm off to the side, or I walk.
Yeah, me too.
Does this dress
make my ass look fat?
Your ass is fat, honey.
And I'm not standing
next to her fat ass.
I know.
Life is so disappointing.
Here you are.
You have arrived.
You are here.
This is your moment.
What do you have?
You have pain.
When you have everything...
what do you have?
You have nothing.
When everything is right,
everything is wrong.
It's disappointing.
It's confusing.
This is life.
What can you do?
People keep going away from me.
That hurts.
Work.

Work.

You have a gift.

Use it.

Life will be there later.

When you've worked

and you've lived...

and you know who you are,

life is easy.

Work.

It's the only answer I know.

I should've been a rock star.

But I can't sing.

Work now.

You can live later.

You'd say anything

to get that shot.

- Yes.

- Yes.

In this case,

I'm saying the truth.

Sweetheart.

Now here's the picture.

You girls all hate Gia...

because she is so much prettier

than the rest of you.

You're all so boring.

She is so exciting.

If you don't like it,

please vanish from my world.

No, I'm sorry,

she's not available.

I know, darling.

You can't get-

And she went to live

in a beautiful house...

and all the people loved her,

and she was very, very happy.

No, she's on her way to Rome then.

She's shooting Versace in Milan...

and Yves St. -Laurent in Paris.

Perry has her for

the only runway show she's doing.

But the people in the village

were very poor...

and every night, they crept
into the house where the girl slept...
and they cut off a piece
of her golden hair...
and they sold it for money.
"She'll never even notice,"
they said.
And so, all the gold
was gone from her head.
It's a real Cinderella story.
Tell him to hurry.
Where's my tickets?
You are wired.
Here.
Try some of this.
What? What is it?
The answer to all your prayers.
The only thing you have to remember
is that it's not about you.
It's not about you.
It's not you that they're looking at.
It's not about you.
I'm on top of that.
I understand that.
Honey, that's good.
I'm so glad about that.
Because if you let it be about you,
you're screwed, you know.
So, you have to stay separate
from what's happening...
and you have to be somewhere else.
But I don't know where
that somewhere else is, you know?
Or how to do that.
Honey, you can do
whatever you want now.
Yeah? What is it I want?
What do I want?
I will be king,
and you will be queen.
I don't think a woman
is really a woman...
unless she's a blonde, you know.
Response is so enormous.

I've never seen anything like it.
And so fast, huh?
About a million people
want to shoot you this month.
We're going to name
a whole phone line after you.
I could learn photography.
That could be something I want.
I could photograph children.
I could have my own children.
I would give them yellow roses.
And if they got too loud,
I would just put them someplace quiet.
I'd put them in the oven.
And I would kiss them every day...
and tell them,
"You don't have to be anybody...
because I would know, being somebody
doesn't make you anybody anyway. "
You will always be somebody to me.
And on the financial front, with the
sudden illness of Wilhelmina Cooper...
who's still hospitalized
in Manhattan...
models and agents are competing
for the top talent and highest fees.
With the latest news about inflation,
bonds rallied today...
in reaction
to the president's speech.
More news in a moment.
She's doing all right. You know,
they're running some more tests.
Maybe in a day or two
we'll know something.
Come on, you gotta help me here.
I'm under a lot of pressure.
I can't give you any answers.
I was thinking a lot
about you lately.
It's terrible, terrible,
isn't it?
Mike Mansfield,
starting up the new Largo Agency.

What do you think
you're gonna do now?
What do you mean?
Well, you're a special girl...
with special problems.
I think you need special attention.
You could go to Ford.
There's always that asshole
over at Elite.
But I think you should put
some serious thought in coming with me.
Why? Why would I leave Wili?
You have to start thinking
about yourself. You have to be tough.
This is a business,
and in this business...
you can't be represented
by a dead woman.
Excuse me.
Why don't you give me a call?
Yes, darling, I know
it's so inconvenient.
Get me a copy of the call sheet,
and tell Freddie I need to speak to him.
- Done. I'll take care of it.
- Gia, darling, kiss me.
Yes, I have to go too.
Have a wonderful trip.
Tell Christian to behave himself.
Ciao, darling.
- I'm exhausted.
- Me too.
Come here, come here, come here.
I thought you were sick.
I am sick, darling,
sick and tired...
but it's not serious.
- I'm tired too.
- You?
Yeah.
I think I wanna stop for a while.
You know,
I need some time to think.
Yes, but not now, darling.

Plenty of time to rest
when you're in the ground.
You have...
the whole world...
at your fingertips.
You have to be strong.
Seize the moment.
Because if you don't...
there's always another girl
waiting right behind you...
breathing over your shoulder.
Come on.
I know. I know it's hard.
We can do it.
You and I together.
She really looked dead, didn't she?
The great thing about the afterlife
is nobody cares how you look.
Like an average girl.
Too rich and too thin.
- I had no idea she was that sick.
- You can never tell with Germans.
God!
Great. That's beautiful.
Really nice. Cool.
Can you roll your eyes back a little
so we can see the white under them?
- We're going for the seppuku look.
- What is that?
Japanese. Sorry, it means
that you're half dead.
- I'm there.
- I know, it's great.
You are doing so good.
Really, you look super.
Oh, my God.
Did you almost just throw up?
I'm really sick.
- Can you go make a run downtown for me?
- Don't throw up on this dress.
Just- I'm sick.
Go downtown.
All right? There's a taco place,
and you ask for Satellite or Rich Boy.

Okay? Yeah?
- Chasing the dragon, are you?
- I'm sorry.
Oh, no, it works, it works.
A little death around the eyes.
Okay, great. Fabulous.
Great. Good.
That's really great.
Oh, that's great.
Fantastic. Right by the bike.
Good. Bad girl, bad girl.
Good.
Yeah, that's it. Great.
Good. Fantastic.
- She's out of her fucking mind?
- Could Cheryl Tiegs do this?
I don't think so.
Go.
Hey, wait!
Hey, where you going?
Hey, where's Satellite?
Is he here?
Come here.
Fuck.
Hey, you bitch.
Where's Satellite?
Where is Satellite?
I am sick, fucking junkies.
I'm sick! Where is he?
He's making a delivery.
- Is anybody holding anything? Please!
- I'll give you my shot.
I don't shoot. Do you have
anything else dry?
No, man.
All I got is in here.
I can't.
- Okay, if you don't want it.
- Wait.
I want it. You do me.
Will you do it?
Yeah, I'll do you.
This is gonna hurt.
No pain.

Thank you.
Don't be scared, baby.
I'll take you home.
Oh, God.
Oh, my God.
I was thinking about you.
Are you okay?
Is your boyfriend here?
I don't have a boyfriend anymore.
I'm all dirty.
I was afraid of the drugs.
The way people use them.
I told her that.
I mean, she knew that.
I was afraid of a lot of things.
But she promised...
and I believed her.
And I believed
we could make things work.
I believed because we both
wanted it so much that we could.
We could-
And we did.
We did make it work.
You're coming home?
Just out of the blue
you're coming home?
Just like that you call me?
You are a piece of work,
you are.
Philadelphia?
The bitch is in Philadelphia?
I'm killing myself
trying to keep this agency alive...
which is not easy...
since my wife with her dying breath
screwed me out of 50% of the company.
Fucking women.
And now you tell me
this little...
whatever just disappears.
I hope she fucking dies
in Philadelphia.
It's a 21-day program.

It's your responsibility to come in every day and take the Methodone.

All right.

Drink the water.

That's all right.

I need you to drink the water.

And sign next to the line.

Okay.

Dwayne King.

There you are, Mr. Doodiekins.

Fresh from the oven.

Thank you, Mrs. Doodiekins.

I could do this,

you know that?

I could be a fucking housewife.

I'd be very happy.

It's very depressing,

this apartment.

All right, all right.

"Shut up, Mom. "

So, is Linda coming back tonight...

or is she staying in New York?

I don't know.

If she works late, she's gonna stay.

I hate what this Methodone

is doing to your shoulders.

They used to stand up so straight,

so beautiful.

Come on.

Well, you have to watch

your weight too.

You want to look good

for when you go back to work.

- I'm not going back to work.

- Okay.

- I can't.

- All right.

Do you understand that?

That's up to you, you know.

But just wait. You'll see.

Hi, this is Linda.

I'm not here. Leave a message.

Hi, Doo-doo. It's me.

I've been calling all night.

Where are you?

- Linda?

- Hello?

- Who's this?

- This is Billy. Who's this?

Damn it!

Goddamn it, Gia!

Oh, my God,

she broke into my house.

She stole some money.

She stole jewelry.

She bought the drugs...

and then she took off in the car

like a crazy person.

It was unbelievable.

She took my wedding ring!

- Stop the vehicle and pull over.

- And the lies.

You know that old joke, how you
can tell when a junkie is lying?

Her lips are moving.

It's not funny.

Get out of the car.

- Why are you chasing me? Are you crazy?

- Lady-

I'm trying to get to New York,
and you're fucking chasing me?

- All right, ma'am. Calm down.

- What is wrong with you?

- God! What?

- Ma'am?

What the- Just back off, okay?

God!

- Ma'am?

- I have to go.

Get fucking arrested for nothing,
that's why.

These are serious charges.

Reckless driving.

- This is resisting arrest.

- Goddamn it! It's not my fault!

It was not my fault either!

He was there getting some stuff
out of my apartment!

I wasn't even there!
I was on my way back here!
Thank God, because otherwise,
you'd still be in jail.
I have to go back to work.
I know what you're gonna say,
but I need the money.
Stop it!
I need the money so I can be with you,
because I cannot live like this.
Okay? I can't live like this.
And I can't live without you.
You want to come to Largo now.
Is that because everyone else
is afraid of signing you?
No, I haven't asked anyone else.
Then why me?
Because you're a greedy fuck...
and you'll get me more money
than anyone else.
That's the truth.
So, let me be truthful with you.
Everyone's aware of the drug problem.
You weren't very discreet.
Well, I'm clean now...
and I want to work.
Let me see your arms.
It's not my arms you want.
It's my face...
and my tits.
And they're fine.
We're doing a television piece
on models.
I want you to be in it.
I want you to look more beautiful...
than you have ever looked.
And I want you to tell the world...
that you once had a drug problem
and now you don't.
Now you're a good little girl.
If you do that...
we have a deal.
Okay.
Good.

- I can't do this.
- Yes, you can.
I'm a model. I don't talk.
I'm not supposed to talk.
I'm supposed to just look beautiful.
You are beautiful.
You make me beautiful.
Hello.
Okay. We're all set.
I'm gonna tape you getting made up.
Kind of a before and after thing.
- Great.
- We've also got some interviews...
set up with your friends,
your family, your mother.
You're gonna
put my mother on tape?
- Yes, most definitely.
- Well, that should be interesting.
- You ready?
- Yeah.
Good.
- I just have to go to the bathroom.
- Sure.
Why don't you guys come over here?
This is what I want.
And how did things first start
for you in modeling?
I started working
with very good people.
A lot of them.
Very fast, you know?
I didn't build
into being a model.
I just sort of became one.
How has that affected you?
When you're young,
you don't always know.
It's hard to make out
the difference between...
what's real and what is not real.
At one point you...
kind of got into
the drug scene, didn't you?

Yes, you could say that I did.
But you're free of it now,
aren't you?
Definitely, I'm free of it.
I wouldn't be here right now
talking to all of you if I wasn't.
Are you happy with your success?
Are you happy with your success?
I am.
Yes. Yeah.
You hesitated.
I just wanted to think about it.
But, no, I'm definitely happy with it.
Good. Thank you.
Yeah, thank you.
Fuck! What the fuck?
I, like, kicked Spider-Man's ass!
I'm sorry.
I just wanted to make you smile.
Okay.
Okay, I'm going.
Last chance.
I'm leaving
through the front door.
I can't do this.
Don't say that.
Just say you'll see me tomorrow.
- No, you won't see me tomorrow.
- Don't say that!
We had a deal.
We made a bargain.
I love you.
No, you don't.
All right, I don't.
I don't.
What are you, huh?
You some kind of fucking policeman?
You going to judge me?
I did one fucking line.
One line.
What is the big deal?
What about yesterday?
What about the day before?
Nothing.

I did nothing. I promise.
Please don't leave me.
I don't believe you.
You don't believe me because
you don't want to believe me, do you?
Because you don't care!
Because you just wanted to say...
"I'm fucking a model!"
You don't care about me
at all, do you?
Do you? Tell me you don't care!
Say, "I don't care!"
Please. I'm sorry.
I need you so much.
Don't make me do this.
I don't make you do anything.
I wish I could.
You could.
You could take care of me.
Do you have \$30?
I don't have any money.
I don't know why.
I never have it.
I never have any money.
In my sock.
- This is what makes you do everything.
- No, it doesn't.
It's not me. It's not you.
It's this.
This shit holds you.
- You choose.
- Come on.
This or me.
Your finger.
Your knees.
Your skin.
Your toes.
I love you.
Change.
She is over.
It's just a question
of time now.
Hey, come on.
- Hi.

- Yes, you are.
You dropped this, honey.
You want to come on and finish
this fiasco?
You look so pretty.
Thanks.
I love you.
I know.
You love everybody.
Gia, listen to me.
I am trying to get you work.
But it's all spring stuff now.
Everybody wants the blonds
with the suntans and the sundresses.
I'm sorry.
No, your look is not spring.
Your look is more like nuclear
fucking winter, and nobody wants it.
Hang up the phone.
I am so tense.
Ron, can you use some of
those fucking muscles?
I'm so tense.
"When she kisses me, I feel
all four winds blow at my face.
But what do you do with a woman
who has no love for you?
She is my lost captive...
and no longer lies
along my legs. "
I wrote that for you.
- Why did they send her out?
- Because I asked for her.
- All right?
- All right.
We use them up...
throw them away.
Where's my knife?
I haven't seen it.
Who took my fucking knife?
Do I look like a fucking terrorist?
Is this funny?
What the fuck is wrong with you people?
Get the fuck away from me!

Get away!

Where's my knife?

Here it is.

You know, you can't do that.

You can't take somebody's knife
when they need it!

It's all right. It's fine.

- Look at those tracks on her arms.

- Okay, now.

And that awful thing
on her hand.

- It looks like a volcano.

- All right.

Try folding your arms.

Put them in back of you.

Well, you've almost got it.

Now, try sitting on your hands.

Yes, yes.

You look wonderful.

Beautiful.

- Francesco?

- Yes, sweetheart?

Thank you.

Gia, this is life, not heaven.

You don't have to be perfect.

Look at me. Where's those eyes?

Where's the mouth?

What? You're not!

Truly? You're on an airplane?

Oh, my God! Listen to me!

I'm so excited! I'm yelling!

I don't have to yell, do I?

- No, you don't have to yell.

- Henry!

- Mom, I don't want to talk to Henry.

- Where is he? Hold on.

Where are you?

I mean, where is the airplane?

I've never talked to anybody
on an airplane before.

I was in Paris...

and I think

I'm going to Munich.

I don't know.

I don't feel so good.
Well, honey, you're probably
just tired, you know?
Yeah...
and I'm cold.
You know...
I was thinking about
coming home again.
What do you think?
Honey, I don't think so.
You know?
I mean, you know,
after the last time.
Yeah, I know. Of course.
I'm sorry.
Yeah.
I better go.
All right. Okay.
Listen to me.
Now, you take care of yourself.
Okay?
You call me.
Because I love you.
- Bye.
- Bye-bye.
Every model has a moment-
I mean, the ones who
make it at all-
and whether or not
they can parlay that moment...
into some kind of a career-
well, that's the gamble,
isn't it?
'Cause the moment
is a very short time.
It's here and then it's gone,
just like most of these girls.
They're here...
and then they're gone.
When she came back to New York...
I was in Philadelphia.
And I heard some things.
A lot of things.
So I took the train

up to see her.

I can't find my money.

- What?

- I had \$600, and I can't find it.

What's going on?

I can't find my money!

What's wrong with you?

What are you doing?

- Do you have any money?

- No, I don't have any money.

You want to fuck me?

You give me money,

I'll let you fuck me.

- Come here.

- What?

Get off! What?

- Can I please hold you?

- Get off!

No drugs.

Get off of me!

- Calm down.

- Okay.

Okay, do you have

any medical insurance?

- Can you pay cash for this?

- No, I don't have any money.

Stupid question.

All right. You'll have to
declare yourself indigent.

Do you understand that?

Wait a minute.

What, am I supposed to feel sorry
for you because you're beautiful?

Because you made 10,000 a minute
doing fucking nothing?

"Oh, it was so hard,
so terrible.

They treated me so bad. "

Listen, girl.

You had a free ride...

and you fucking blew it.

And me?

I'm some kid from Ohio...

reading fashion magazines,

looking at your picture and thinking...
"I'm supposed to look like that"...
and going fucking crazy
because I don't.
Because nobody told me
it was a lie.
Because the magazine doesn't come
with a label that says...
"Caution. This is a lie.
Nobody looks like this. "
Not even you.
Well, they asked me to go
to the sessions, so I did.
I tried.
I just got so mad.
I got so mad.
I said to them, "Look, I'm not
the drug addict here.
I'm not the one that
you should be ripping apart. "
I said, "This is all buried.
Why don't you just let it be?"
That's what I told 'em.
Look. I know.
You want to blame somebody.
You want to blame me.
Okay, go ahead.
Knock yourself out.
But just remember this:
Everything I did,
I did because I loved her.
And I believe
that it was my love...
and my prayers
that got her through that.
Hi, Linda. It's Gia.
I'm calling to apologize.
I'm in this program...
and it's, like, part of the program
that we're supposed to...
ask forgiveness of the people
that we hurt when we were drugging.
I was, like, "Well, fuck, man.
That could take the rest of my life. "

I'm sorry.
This is stupid.
Anyway, I'm calling
to ask forgiveness...
and to say that I miss you,
because-
What is that?
Am I done?
I think I'm done.
I don't know what happened.
Hi, it's me.
Boy, Linda.
Yeah.
Well, now I don't know
what to say.
It's okay. I heard you.
I heard it all.
Is that okay?
Yeah.
I can't talk right now.
I have to go.
Can I call you in a few days?
I'm gonna be out in a few days,
and then I'm gonna call you, okay?
You know how she's
always saying she's a model?
Oh, my sweet Jesus!
Is that her?
I wonder if she's been folding
the same pair of jeans...
for the last five minutes?
And that's another thing.
You don't want to work
in a place like that.
Ugly, ugly place.
Ugly people.
Mom, listen.
This is the good part.
This is good.
Everything's gonna be
really good from now on, okay?
Look at this.
Look at your skin.
Mom.

What? It's just acne.
It's okay. It'll go away.
It's the drugs.
They're coming out of my system.
I'm gonna look really good.
And by Christmas,
I'm gonna look great.
And we are gonna have
the best holiday ever.
Why don't you come home?
Move back in with me.
Would you like that?
I gotta be alone.
But can you lend me a few bucks
for coffee and toothpaste?
Oh, the coffee!
I'm sorry. I forgot.
With the money you made, you could have
lived the rest of your life.
Well, that's what happens,
I suppose.
- What?
- I'm just feeling dizzy.
- What is it?
- Mom.
Oh, honey, you're burning up.
- Why do my ears hurt?
- Oh, baby.
Oh, my God.
You have pneumonia...
which we can treat.
Gia, listen.
There's something more serious
going on which caused your infection.
Something they're calling
Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome.
Maybe you heard about it?
How did I get it?
Well, we're really
just finding things out...
and you're the first woman
I've known about.
Although, intravenous drug users seem
to be in a specially high-risk group.

So you probably got it
from a contaminated needle.
How do I get rid of it?
But how do they know?
They don't know anything about it.
They know, okay?
They just know.
You know what I think?
I think there's a reason
for everything.
And I think that there's
a plan for everybody.
And I think that God...
has a big plan for me.
Just not in this life.
I'm on top of everything.
I'm super cool.
Ah, you've gotten better.
I can't take her home.
I'm trying, but Henry
is just afraid.
So what?
Dr. Blair-
This is your daughter.
Your daughter.
So people are scared.
I am scared.
He's afraid that if people find out,
he could lose his job.
Fine. Okay, fine.
And where is she going to go?
He wants her to go to a hotel.
He says that he'll pay for it.
Oh, God, listen to me.
Dr. Bruce, telephone, please.
What about her father?
Why can't he take her?
She doesn't want him to know.
I don't want to lose my baby.
- Kathleen-
- No, I can't.
Well...
you have to understand.
In those days...

nobody knew.
People were scared.
I was scared.
She must have been scared too.
Dear Linda,
this is the end of my book.
The last page, the last shot.
Seeing you to say hello
and good-bye.
Seeing you to fill up
all the empty...
and smell and touch...
and leave my kisses
all over your face.
- That's me.
- Come in.
Do you want some tea?
I was so nervous
about seeing you.
Coffee?
No, I can't stay long.
Why not?
I have an appointment.
Work?
No more work for me.
I just thought
we'd have more time.
Yeah, me too.
Just not today.
That's okay.
We have all the time in the world.
We'll take it.
Yeah, I guess so.
But today I just wanted
to see your face.
I missed your face.
What are you going to do?
I don't know. I have some plans.
I think...
I might go to school, you know?
Learn something useful maybe.
Maybe even settle down
and have some kids, you know?
What the hell?

Wow.
How straight are you now?
I mean, are we
talking about men?
You don't need a husband
to have kids.
And besides, you were the one
who always had my heart, you know?
Yeah, I guess I did know that.
Would you keep these for me?
Your fairy tales?
Yeah, some. A few.
Plus all the other
crazy shit in my head.
I don't want to throw it away.
I just don't want it around right now.
- You can read it if you want.
- No, I won't.
No, read it.
I want you to, you know?
Maybe you can make
some sense out of it.
I never could.
- I'm gonna see you again, aren't I?
- Yeah, you want to?
You know, I was thinking about...
getting a house at the beach
this summer.
- Yeah?
- Yeah.
I really thought that
it would give us a chance.
I would like so much for us
to have another chance.
Yeah, I'd like that too.
I gotta go.
No, wait.
I want you to stay.
You were the one.
You were the only one.
And you are amazing.
She-
She put together this money.
She pawned some things...

borrowed some from her father...
stole some from Kathleen.
I didn't know
what she was doing.
I should have...
but I didn't.
It may have crossed my mind.
I really didn't think
she would do that.
I really didn't.
Yo, Gia. How you doing?
Good. Is he here?
Yeah, he's in the back.
How much you want, angel?
As much as you've got.
What are you gonna do
with that much stuff?
Well, that's my business.
- What, are you holding or not?
- What's your hurry?
All right. Come on.
Yes or no?
Yeah, I got what you need...
and I got it right here.
Yo, man, what the fuck
are you doing?
- Look what Santa Claus brought us.
- I'm freaking out of here!
You get the money.
I'm gonna get mine.
It's gonna be all right.
What are you doing here?
I'm gonna take you home, baby.
She wouldn't let anybody see her...
but I went anyway.
I saw her once.
But I did see her.
- I don't think she knew it was me.
- No more than five minutes, okay?
I couldn't help thinking to myself,
"My God, she's just a kid. "
I blame myself, you know?
I mean, these are children.
No matter how screwed up

our lives may be...
we've got to take care
of our children.
She knew she was dying.
She said she wanted
to do it right.
She wanted
to get a video camera...
and do this thing...
where she talked to kids
about drugs.
She wanted to tell kids...
that you can handle it.
You can handle anything
that comes your way.
But we never got the camera.
You do be the prettiest,
prettiest girl.
You do be that.
Do I?
Do I be the prettiest?
Do you forgive me, Kathleen?
Oh, honey.
Oh, yeah.
Of course I do.
Because I forgive you too.
Oh, baby.
What's this?
What is it?
Oh, my God.
Nurse?
Where are you going, Mom?
Mom?
Where you going?
She died around
They tried to pick her-
They tried to pick her
up off the bed, and she-
The flesh just fell off her back.
It just fell off.
You don't want
to hear about that.
Okay, what else?
This is it.

This is what I was looking for.
"And the people said...
'Oh, she's not beautiful at all. '
And they took her from
the beautiful house...
and they drove her
into the street.
And she went away...
and she never came back.
And soon,
people became hungry again...
and they went back into
the beautiful house...
looking for gold,
but there was no one there. "
They say she knew.
She really knew.
She knew the whole story.
We found an undertaker,
and it was hard, believe me.
You know, because of the AIDS.
I didn't want people
to remember her like that...
because I didn't want people
to see her like that.
I wanted them to remember her
as beautiful...
because that's what
she really was.
Life and death...
energy and peace.
If I stop today,
it was still worth it.
Even the terrible mistakes
that I have made...
and would have unmade
if I could.
The pains that have burned me
and scarred my soul.
It was worth it...
for having been allowed
to walk where I've walked...
which was to hell on Earth...
heaven on Earth...

back again, into, under...
far in between, through it...
in it and above.