

5(a). INT./EXT. HAVAL H6 - PARKING LOT - SAME

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Inside the car, a woman's hand glides a RED ROSE LIP PENCIL across her lips, precise and deliberate. Her face remains obscured. She drops the pencil into her RED PURSE and retrieves an EYELASH BRUSH, carefully grooming her lashes.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL: Gianna. Now dressed in a luxurious crimson DESIGNER DRESS, she inspects herself in the rearview mirror, pressing her lips together to smooth the lipstick evenly.

Suddenly, a KNOCK on the window startles her. She turns to find a MIDDLE-AGED MAN standing outside. Her irritation is instant, and she rolls the window down just slightly.

GIANNA

(snapping, harsh)

Did you just touch my window with that filthy hand?

MIDDLE-AGED MAN

I could wash your car for a tip, ma'am...

GIANNA

Why don't you start by washing yourself first?

MIDDLE-AGED MAN

No need for that kind of attitude.

Gianna digs into her PURSE, yanks out a TWENTY-RAND NOTE, and tosses it dismissively through the window.

GIANNA

(coldly, tossing money)

Get away from my car. You reek.

The bill flutters in the wind, the man scrambling after it.

MIDDLE-AGED MAN

(calling back)

Your money smells better than your lips!

GIANNA

(shouts, enraged)

And you smell like a goat!

She slams the window shut, her hands trembling slightly as she forces herself to sit up straight, taking a deep breath to regain control.