OK, you saw the salon upstairs.

There’s the one downstairs.

I’m having a Live video.

Watch your hijabs.

Here’s our makeup salon.

We have many pretty models.

Zari!

Followers are saying hello.

Hello, my pretty friends!

We’ll have a live makeup and bride makeup.

C’mon!

She’s been waiting for two hours!

She needs epilation?

Shave her and get it done with.

Zari insisted.

She said her arm may come

out of her dress.

Is that Zari’s problem?

She just wants to bother me.

I ran out of battery.

Why did you come out?

Go get undressed.

I don’t have its charger.

I’ll ask the girls.

Yes, men can come too.

These men!

Our models all wear hijab.

Hello?

Yes, not enough charge.

No, she hasn’t started yet.

But--

It isn’t proper!

But I’m shy to take a photo like that.

Get her ready.

Come!

Why do you talk so much?

Don’t, he’ll be offended.

He wants your photo?

Take one for him.

Don’t teach her such things!

Go in.

Get ready.

Mahsa’s makeup is so good.

She’s changed so much

I didn’t recognise her.

I don’t like her.

She’s very snobby.

- Mina, will you finish Maryam’s makeup?

- Right away.

Let me see.

She’s on the phone all the time.

I can’t work like that.

Back off!

What are you doing?

Give it here!

*Mina! Ma’soomeh!*

*Come downstairs!*

- Why don’t you come when I call you?

- Sorry!

Wash her head.

Why does she look like that?

Finish her job.

- Your cell is off!

- I was texting him.

Go in.

- Does epilation hurt?

- No!

- What if my dad finds out?

- How?

You always wear full dress.

Unless your dear Ali finds out!

A Private Message

It’s good.

Put on her artificial eyelashes and highlight.

Don’t forget the fixator.

Don’t begin chatting upstairs.

Splash water on her face.

I want the customers to know

our makeup is waterproof.

- Work fast!

- All right.

Mina, you said

the makeup can be wiped easily.

Don’t mind her.

Let me find the artificial eyelashes.

- Can I bring my mobile?

- Let me do your job first.

- It’s been off for a long time.

- You’re afraid your dear Ali may get worried?

Let him wait.

- I must turn it on.

- OK, I’ll bring it now.

Here.

Turned it on too.

What is it?

What's the matter?

Tell me!

Yes?

2nd floor.

What is it?

Talk!

- I’m ruined!

- Why?

I wanted to send a photo to Ali,

but I sent it to dad by mistake.

What photo?

Let me see!

There’s no photo here.

I panicked and deleted it.

I sent it an hour ago

and it was deleted only for me.

This?!

How could you send

such a photo to your father?

You sure he’s seen it?

Dunno!

Who is it?

- Why don’t you come upstairs?

- We’ll come now.

- Why isn’t she ready yet?

- She’ll be ready, go.

- Something wrong?

- No, go and I’ll bring her.

Hurry.

- He’ll find me here.

- How does he know you’ve come here?

You’ve told someone you come here?

Have you?

Stupid of me to tell you to come here!

- I came because you insisted.

- I insisted?!

Who said, “I want to buy Ali a gift,

but I don't have money”?

I told you to be a model here

to earn some money.

I’m a fool!

Put it on Speaker.

Hello?

Fariba?

I’m at the tailor’s.

Why?

What’s the matter?

You’re home?

I’ve made a mistake.

I send a message to father.

For Ali.

What?

You sure?

Who’s at home?

Can you get the mobile?

Fariba?

You ok?

Why’s your voice is like that?

OK, I’ll go home now.

Thank God, it’s nothing.

Calm down.

Get changed.

*- Mina!*

- Coming.

*- What’s her problem?*

*- Nothing.*

*Ma’soomeh heard it.*

*I’m not looking for trouble.*

*- Tell her to go away now!*

*- Sure.*

Hello?

Fariba?

I think she went to the roof.

I heard her there.

You were joking, eh?

- The photo was a joke, right?

- No.

I kid you the other time

and you’re getting even?

I’m ruined, Ali.

I ran away from them.

Why?

You sent this to your father?

Don’t answer.

It must be my dad.

- Why your father has my number?

- Maybe he got it from my sister.

- Cut the crap!

- Don’t answer.

Why have you told your sister?

I told her we want to get married.

Answer and tell them you’re going home.

You don’t understand.

They’ll kill me.

None of my fucking business!

- Tell them you’re going home.

- I can’t.

What can I do?

Do I have a place to take you?

Tell them you’re going home!

They’ll kill me if I do.

They’ll find and kill you too.

Are you threatening me?

Where’ve you been since morning?

Who knows you took it only for me?

Tell them you’re going home.

You must deny everything.

You’ve sent a photo to your father.

What is it to me?

Answer!

Tell them you’re going home.