

THE VICTORIANS

By

Dwight A. Gabbert & Letitia Miles

WGA#1842279

FADE IN:

1

EXT. STREET - DAY

1

Joint in hand, JOEY, a young kid strolls down a street in Amsterdam; the first city he's visited outside of America. Strapped on his back, a designer leather rucksack; the flat-rimmed red hipster hat, an unusual contrast to his faded army vest. But, this is no hipster; at least, not one of those geeky metrosexual types. The army vest is much more than just an accessory from a wardrobe purchased to impress. It's a token left behind as a fatherly reminder of a proud heritage of military men. Flaunting his coat of arms, like a tank rolling down the street; the music in his headphones blasting, repeating the words or perhaps making them up as he goes along. The idea of smoking a joint freely while walking down the street with no one to object bolsters his ego. The PEDESTRIANS he passes; his make-believe audience he can antagonize without any repercussions.

JOEY (18-22): A cocky American Eminem wannabe. The arrogance and hubris of a kid who knows he's right, all the time.

JOEY

(rapping)

*I'm a lucky mother fucker cause
I gotz the skills--- making' the
scrill, getting' my thrills. And,
the law is chasin' me down can't
hear the sound, making' the
dash, stealing the cash from--*

Just as he walks past a YOUNG COUPLE holding hands, pointing his finger at them.

JOEY (CONT'D)

-- yo' mama.

Deer caught in the headlights. Joey continues walking down the street, as though he were the star in a music video.

JOEY (CONT'D)

*Never tell me twice, paying' the
price for being to nice, ya see
I'm rollin' the dice, holding'
over-- over loaded always flown'
never bending' over like--*

As he passes an OLD DUTCH LADY, he gestures to his groin with both hands.

JOEY (CONT'D)

--yo' mama.

A deer caught in the headlights.

2 EXT. FAITH'S SEX CABIN - DAY

2

Something catches Joey's eye, an unexpected cherry to top off the perfect stoned out day walking through his newly discovered playground.

He stops rapping; his attention fixated on:

FAITH (22-30): sexy femme fatale, tomboyish good looks. Sultry, desirable, a dark intelligent mind. She likes to wear black because there is no other color.

Displayed behind the red-lit glass, the most alluring siren; a luscious piece of candy dressed in sexy black lingerie.

Faith locks eyes with Joey, able to sum up his entire psychological makeup with one glance; knowing just the right gesture to lure him in.

Faith opens the door. Looking like that wide-eyed child walking into the candy store after school, Joey enters. Locking the door behind him, she pulls the curtain closed.

3 INT. FAITH'S SEX CABIN - DAY

3

Joey stands before Faith, dressed in sexy lingerie. The two sizing each other up---preparing for the joust.

JOEY

You're just so beautiful, yo. How can someone so beautiful be a prostitute?-- I'm sorry, yo-

FAITH

What? Only ugly girls should be prostitutes?

JOEY

No, I didn't mean--

FAITH

--I'm just teasing you.

JOEY

I mean, it's just so crazy, yo-- All of a sudden there's a woman to have sex with.--

FAITH

That's why we're here sweetie--- to cut through all the su-per-flu-ous.

Leaning in close, her hand goes to his crotch.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH (CONT'D)
Did I get that right?--
(pronouncing it slow and
methodically)
Su-per-flu-ous?

Joey leans back-- can't hide the fact that it was an unexpected move.

JOEY
Perfect, yo.

Then, the robbery-

FAITH
Reach in your pocket and give me
a hundred euros.

Joey, a deer in the headlights-

JOEY
OK-

Joey reaches in his pocket and pulls out a hundred euro note. Faith grabs the note, placing it in a drawer next to a jar of PINK CONDOMS. She takes out one of the condoms, and turns around.

FAITH
I have to tell you something--
Ripping the condom open with her teeth.

FAITH (CONT'D)
American's are my favorite.

CUT TO:

"THE VICTORIANS," explodes on screen in bold white lettering over black.

FADE IN:

4 INT. HAPPY TIMES HOTEL - LARGE ROOM BATHROOM - NIGHT 4

ABBA sitting on the toilet, straw in mouth, lighter in hand; holding the flame to the bottom of a piece of aluminum foil sucking in the smoke; the action of a seasoned drug addict.

ABBA, (22-30): addict eyes hiding behind designer sunglasses; the demeanor of someone who has fought for every scrap his entire life. Roguish good looks. Gaelic tattoos on his fingers. Whatever money he doesn't blow on drugs goes into his slinky designer clothes; a rock star without a band.

(CONTINUED)

Eyes flickering, exhaling, the heroin smoke catching the light as it billows towards the ceilings, reminiscing, caught in the dream of his favorite things and the ghosts from his past which haunt him.

FLASHBACK - MONTAGE

5 INT. CANDY STORE - DAY 5

CHILDHOOD MEMORY

A LITTLE GIRL standing in the threshold of a candy store, looking inside, expression of wonderment and anticipation as we move down the isles of candy.

LITTLE GIRL (V.O.)
I want some candy-

6 INT. HAPPY TIMES HOTEL - LOBBY - NIGHT 6

EARLIER THAT EVENING

Abba walks past VIRGIL, the one-eyed reclusive hotel owner sitting behind the reception desk guarding his domain.

VIRGIL,(40-50): the look of a stranded sailor on a desert island who never found his way back. One of his eyes is white, discolored; a dead eye.

As Abba sneaks past Virgil one more time, making eye contact; a strange exchange, perhaps they know each other or have formed some arrangement.

7 INT. HAPPY TIMES HOTEL - CORRIDOR - NIGHT 7

Abba emerges from the stairs, and moves to the first door on his right.

AT THE DOOR

Placing an electronic device under the door lock, he fidgets and the lights turns green.

The door CLICKS open.

8 INT. HAPPY TIMES HOTEL - ROOM - NIGHT 8

The door opens, the light from the hallway illuminating the pitch dark room.

LITTLE GIRL (V.O.)
Let's go steal some sweets-

As if carefully plucking a fruit from a tree; a hand reaches in, grabs a woman's purse off the back of a chair and pulls it out.

The door slowly closes.

9 INT. HAPPY TIMES HOTEL - LARGE ROOM BATHROOM - NIGHT 9

BACK TO PRESENT

Abba seated on the toilet, the smoke of the heroin billowing up into the light as he sucks the hit through the straw.

AT THE VANITY

Two bottles of cologne on the vanity shelf catches his eye; he grabs them.

Sampling each one, the spray floating in the air, reflecting in the light; Abba smells the mist like a perfume sommelier.

LITTLE GIRL (V.O.)
If you don't take me, I'll tell
mum you and Rey are stealing from
the shops.

Carefully placing his chosen cologne in his newly acquired woman's handbag, strapped proudly over his shoulder.

Switching off the light; he enters the adjoining room.

END OF MONTAGE

10 INT. HAPPY TIMES HOTEL - LARGE ROOM - NIGHT 10

Woman's handbag over his shoulder, Abba tiptoes in the darkness through a dormitory.

The same six British stag brothers are fast asleep; their muscly arms and torsos dangling out of the sheets, off the sides of beds.

Abba straddling the group's Alpha male, head back with his mouth open.

We see a bit of Abba's ass cheek exposed, unzipping his trousers as though he was setting forward into a urinal in the toilet.

FLASH the screen of a phone in the darkened room.

The stag brothers sleep quietly as Abba lifts their wallets one by one with the stealth and agility of a praying mantis.

11 INT. HAPPY TIMES HOTEL - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

11

Woman's handbag over his shoulder, Abba gently closes the door behind him.

As he turns around, he runs right into REY.

REY (22-30): good looking, clean cut, sharp smart dresser; mostly wears suits with a loose tie, likes expensive accessories. Walks in a confident, self-entitled manner. A chameleon able to change appearance and accents at will.

REY

(hard angry whispering)

What the fuck are you doing here?

ABBA

Jesus, gimme' a heart attack-

REY

-I thought we agreed you were going to the Winston tonight?

ABBA

I changed my mind.

REY

(hard whispering)

What's the point of making a plan if you don't stick to it?

ABBA

(whispering)

I wasn't feeling the Winston, mate. Went by there- it was giving off a strange vibe.

REY

(whispering)

A strange vibe?

(pause)

Your not picking up a chick in a bar. You're suppose to be there-working.

ABBA

(defiant)

I go where I want, mate.

(pause)

Besides, think I've got a live one for ya.

Gesturing to the woman's handbag over his shoulder.

REY

(sarcastically)

Another woman's credit card, just what I need.

(CONTINUED)

ABBA

It happens to be filled with
British wallets-

REY

Great, a bunch of British wankers
living on the dole.

Rey pulls out a fat black money belt adorned with a skull
and crossbones silver buckle.

REY (CONT'D)

(smiling smugly)

Oh, what do we have here?

Abba's eyes widen.

REY (CONT'D)

It's so heavy from all the cash
and traveller's cheques; I can
hardly lift it.

ABBA

You bastard.

REY

Proud of me?

Abba does his best to hide his jealousy. His faint gesture
of indifference isn't fooling Rey.

ABBA

Even a blind monkey finds a
banana once in awhile-

REY

(pretending it's his penis)

Oh, it's so big an juicy. My big
and juicy- banana.

ABBA

Lemme' see that.

Abba grabs the money belt, holding onto it; like children
in the sand box struggling for the toy.

Their heads perk up; their bodies frozen, like two frozen
gazelles sensing danger.

Looking at the end of the hall; listening to: the sound of
POLICE RADIOS, coming up the stairs.

Rey turns his head slightly, Abba snatches the fat black
money belt away, taking off down the hallway.

A singular police hat emerges, bobbing up the narrow
staircase. The sound of more FOOTSTEPS following.

(CONTINUED)

Officer #1 is at the top of the stairs, Rey and Abba are nowhere to be seen.

OFFICER #1
It's probably just some kids
messaging around.

Police Officer #2 emerges from the staircases panting;
hands on his knees leaning over.

OFFICER #2
Fucking stairs.

OFFICER #1
Listening to you, is like hearing
an old woman having sex.

OFFICER #2
(still panting)
How is your mother by the way?
(regaining his breath)
He say he is in one of the rooms?

OFFICER #1
Said, he said. Past tense. Your
English is horrible.
(pause)
We'll have a quick look and then
we're off.
(in Dutch)
See, that's how you speak
English.

OFFICER #2
(in Dutch)
I don't know why we can't check
all the rooms. He gave us the
master key, we can open any door
we want.

OFFICER #1
Yeah, that's just what a tourist
wants, your 'game of thrones'
face peaking through an open
door.
(pause)
We're going to stick to the
dormitories.

OFFICER #2
You're no fun.

OFFICER #1
Should I be worried about you?

12 INT. HAPPY TIMES HOTEL - DORMITORY - NIGHT 12

The door opens, the light from the hallway spilling into the dark dormitory, illuminating the sleeping figures on the bunk beds.

Officer #1 shining his flashlight inside the dark room.

Rey is laying dead still underneath a blanket; eyes wide, facing away from the door, pretending to be fast asleep as the light passes over him.

The flashlight goes out and the door closes.

13 INT. HAPPY TMES HOTEL - CORRIDOR - NIGHT 13

Woman's handbag over his shoulder, Abba rounds the corner, frantically looking for a specific room number; he's found it. He stops and pulls out the electronic device.

OFFICER #2

Hello-

Doing his best to conceal that he is pushing the electronic device under the bottom of the lock; Abba flashes the officer #2 an innocent smile, as though he's just trying to enter his own room.

ABBA

Christ-

The door is not opening; this one is being difficult.

The officer closes in.

OFFICER #2

I said hello-

The green light comes on, the door CLICKS open; he's in.

Closing the door just as the officer #2 is upon him.

14 INT. HAPPY TIMES HOTEL - ROOM - NIGHT 14

Sitting up in bed, TWO HALF NAKED MEN watch in disbelief as Abba enters the room.

ABBA

Pardon me-

(pause)

Won't be a moment-

Woman's handbag over his shoulder, Abba grabs the chair; placing it in the center of the room.

Officer #2 BANGING on the door.

(CONTINUED)

OFFICER #2 (O.S.)
Police, open the door.

Standing on the chair, Abba pushes aside a piece of board covering a square porthole in the ceiling.

Heaving himself up through the porthole, up into the attic, with the agility of an alley cat.

One of the guy's jumps from the bed, and opens the door.

Officer #2 steps in.

15 INT. HAPPY TIMES HOTEL - ATTIC - NIGHT 15

Abba scurrying away into the darkness of the attic.

Officer #2 sticking his head up through the porthole.

16 INT. HAPPY TIMES HOTEL - ATTIC - NIGHT 16

Trying to lift himself through the porthole, the officer looses hold, falling back down into the room.

OFFICER #2
God Verdomme!!-

17 INT. HAPPY TIMES HOTEL - ATTIC - NIGHT 17

Emerging on the balcony section of the roof, Abba climbs onto the rooftop of the adjacent building.

Scurrying off across the rooftop, he disappears.

18 EXT. HAPPY TIMES HOTEL - ROOFTOP - NIGHT 18

Abba drops down onto the ledge separating the two buildings.

19 EXT. RED HOTEL - FIRE ESCAPE - NIGHT 19

Negotiating his way along the ledge; Abba drops down onto the adjacent fire escape and enters the building.

20 EXT. RED HOTEL - ENTRANCE - NIGHT 20

Poking his head out of the threshold; Abba walks out of the next-door entrance to an empty street; the coast is clear.

Woman's handbag over his shoulder, he scurries off.

CUT TO:

21 INT. HAPPY TIMES HOTEL - DORMITORY - DAY 21

Joey's eyes open: cringing from the weed hangover, heavy eyelids.

Fully dressed, he sits up and looks around a room filled with empty bunk beds; he is the last one up.

Feeling around his waist, under his layers of clothes; something is missing.

OTHER SIDE OF ROOM

Joey opens his locker, pulling out his most prized possession: his leather rucksack.

Setting it on the ground, he opens the bag, rummaging frantically; it's not there.

Panicked, he jumps up and shoots out of the room.

22 INT. HAPPY TIMES HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY 22

Joey pushes his way through the tourists hanging around the reception desk, like a spoilt prince pushing his way through the inconsequentials of his court.

AT THE RECEPTION

Virgil, at the end of the counter, is giving directions to someone with their back to the camera.

VIRGIL

This coffee shop has the best
space cakes in town. You'll get a
really nice buzz that'll keep you
warm and snuggly all day long.

LOLITA (14): young and flirtatious with a mouthful of braces.

LOLITA

(looking at the map)
Really?

JOEY (O.S.)

(Joey's tone, a master
talking to his dog)
Yo, grandad-

Joey is at the other end of the counter.

VIRGIL

Be sure and tell them that I sent
you, they'll give you a really
good discount.

Lolita putting the map in her backpack.

(CONTINUED)

LOLITA

Thank you.

Virgil winking at the girl. She turns and walks away.

When Virgil finishes with the girl he saunters over carefree and relaxed towards Joey.

VIRGIL (CONT'D)

Now, what exactly seems to be the problem?

Virgil's contemptuous tone, like a guru who has been interrupted giving advice to one of his disciples.

JOEY

(enraged)

The problem is-- while I was sleeping in this shit box hotel my money belt got stolen.

VIRGIL

Lets watch our language my little soldier. Take a deep breath and watch your chi.

JOEY

Little-- why don't you put that one good eye to use and see if my fucking money belt has been turned in.

VIRGIL

Well-

For a moment Virgil is shocked at Joey's impertinence then beguiling smile from Virgil as an idea pops into his head.

VIRGIL (CONT'D)

Wait, I think-

Glancing quickly under the counter, as if he sees something.

VIRGIL (CONT'D)

What color was it?

Joey becomes naively excited at the prospect, his expression turns wanting, humble, apologetic; exactly what Virgil wanted.

JOEY

Black, yo, skull and cross bones with a strap.

Virgil reaching down.

(CONTINUED)

VIRGIL
With a strap?

JOEY
Yeah?

Virgil reaching into the drawer.

VIRGIL
Oh, my bad. It's just a sunglass
case.

His hand emerges with a black sunglass case.

VIRGIL (CONT'D)
You know, I don't see so good out
of my- one eye.

JOEY
(furious)
You mother fucker! You did that
on purpose.

SMASH CUT TO:

23 EXT. HAPPY TIMES HOTEL - ENTRANCE - DAY

23

The door flies open, Virgil is there with Joey.

JOEY
You can't do this-- I'm an
American citizen-

Virgil pointing outside, looking down at Joey like a dog
that's misbehaved.

VIRGIL
I'll try not to lose any sleep
over it- out!

JOEY
You can't kick me out of my own
hotel, yo-

VIRGIL
You can come back in when you've
meditated and calmed down a bit.

Virgil closes the door.

JOEY
Meditate my cock mother fucker.

Virgil opens the door again.

(CONTINUED)

VIRGIL
That was not necessary.

He closes door, heading inside.

Joey flops down on the steps of the hostel, throwing down his leather rucksack like a spoilt child who has been kicked out of the dance.

JOEY
(under his breathe)
One eyed mother-fucker, yo.
Thinks he can throw me out. He
doesn't know who he's fuckin'
with, yo-

We hear the door OPEN and CLOSE in the background. A moment passes.

DANNY (O.S.)
The same thing happened to me in
Barcelona. They got everything;
my credit cards, traveller's
cheques. Even of photo of my dear
departed mother.
(pause)
Did they get your passport?

JOEY
What the fuck is it to you, yo?

DANNY walks down the steps and moves around in front of Joey.

DANNY (25-35): suave, charismatic and sophisticated. A sensual, depraved look in his eyes points to a sadistic, yet brilliant mind.

Pinned to Danny's chest, a name tag with the name, 'ABBA' & above it, 'AMSTERDAM TOURS.'

Danny tapping his finger next to the name tag. The comforting sound of his voice raising a pitch.

DANNY (CONT'D)
I'm a tour guide, that's what I
do. I see this sort of thing all
the time.

JOEY
Had it round' my waist, yo. In my
waist, down in my pants-

Danny takes a seat on the steps next to Joey.

(CONTINUED)

DANNY

Yeah, there's some clever bastards out there, that's for sure.

Danny jumps up.

DANNY (CONT'D)

You know what-

Danny removes the name tag and pockets it.

DANNY (CONT'D)

I was suppose to give a tour today. But, they cancelled on me. Canadians, they're so wishy-washy.

(pause)

What do you say we get you to the police station so you can file a report?

Danny places a reassuring hand on Joey's shoulder, a clear invasion of Joey's personal space.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Believe me when I say, everything is going to be just fine.

CUT TO:

24 EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY

24

Walking down the street, as if he's late for an appointment, Abba pulls out various wallets from the woman's handbag.

Investigating their contents like raccoon rummaging through garbage, discarding the wallets one by one after removing and pocketing whatever cash and credit cards he finds; a trail of wallets forming behind him.

Pulling out Joey's fat black money belt he unzips it.

He almost chocks when he sees it is filled to the rim with credit cards and traveller's checks.

Pocketing the few hundred euro notes, he removes Joey's passport, chuckling at his photo before placing it back. Zipping up the money belt, he throws it back in the woman's handbag.

Hurrying his pace, he turns the corner.

25

EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY

25

Woman's handbag over his shoulder, Abba turns the corner in the alleyway; ALFI is sitting on the front steps of a building.

ALFI (30-40): torn clothes and tattered shoes, blackened teeth. A swarthy bald street urchin always on the look out for his next fix.

ABBA

(chastising)

Where the fuck have you been
Alf's? I've been looking
everywhere for you-

ALFI

(whimpering)

There was nothing I could do
they--they, just showed up and
went inside.

ABBA

You're suppose to give us a call
when that fucking happens-

ALFI

*You made me sell my phone
yesterday-*

ABBA

Forgot bout' that-

(pause)

That's not excuse, why didn't you
go the office and wait for me
there?

Abba's not going to let a little thing like logic get in the way of chastising his faithful liege.

ALFI

I was there, but then Charlie and
the others showed up.

ABBA

Oh no--

(pause)

Alf's, where's the gear?

Alfi lowering his head.

ABBA

Alf's where's the fucking gear?

Alfi's head shoots up.

(CONTINUED)

ALFI

What did you expect, you left me
all alone-

ABBA

-God damn it! You smoked all my
gear with those fuckin' muppets?

ALFI

Charlie's not that bad-

ABBA

-Shut the fuck up Alf's.
(pause)
And, you've got nothing?

Alfi pulling his hand back.

ABBA (CONT'D)

What was that?

Alfi clenches his fist.

ABBA (CONT'D)

What's in yer fuckin' hand Alf's?

Holding out his hand, a single ball of crack cocaine in
the middle of his palm.

Abba snatching the ball out of Alfi's hand.

ABBA

Thank god-
(lecturing)
Next time that's what you lead
with. Not the moppy--moppy face--
just show us the fucking goods.

Abba rips open the ball with his teeth, dumping the crack
into the pipe.

Pipe to his lips, lighter to the bowl, he takes a huge hit
of crack--- exhaling right into Alfi's face. Alfi's eyes
flicker jealously, wanting

ABBA

You know, you're not getting any
of this, right?

Puss-in-boots eyes from Alfi.

ABBA

Don't even try it, look away
Alf's.
(pause)
Look away-

(CONTINUED)

Alfi turns his head, Abba takes another hit from the crack pipe.

Abba storms off, Alfi in tow.

ALFI

I want to know when we're going to Spain.

ABBA

Not now Alf's, you've already made us late.

Abba walks on but Alfi doesn't move.

Abba stops, his breathing heavy as the thought of leaving without Alfi terrifies him; the crutch he has convinced himself he needs. Alfi seems to pick up on this.

ABBA

Listen Alf's, we can't make it on a couple of measly grand. We need enough for a good supply of gear, and we need you to find Rey's stash.

ALFI

I want you to tell me about Spain.

ABBA

Alf's, we don't have the time for this right now. We have to get to the whores place.

ALFI

Tell us, now.

A sigh of resignation from Abba; a hostage giving in.

ABBA

Fuck-

Composing himself, like a parent reading a bedtime story for the hundredth time.

ABBA (CONT'D)

The friendliest folks in the world, Alf's. Everyone says hello to you in the streets. It's a, 'good morning sir, would you like some weed?'

ALFI

(smiling)

-they don't say that.

(CONTINUED)

ABBA

Everyone says what they mean and
mean what they say-

ALFI

-and-- and, no one steals.

ABBA

-because everyone has enough and
there is enough for everyone to
go around. And, people invite you
over for tea, because everyone
has their own house

ALFI

-on the beach.

ABBA

Alf's-

ALFI

Sorry-

ABBA

-And even if you don't have a
dime to your name, they'll give
you a helping hand, just out of
the kindness of their hearts.
Because the people in Spain care
about what happens to you.

(looking to Alf's)

They care about what happens to
you, Alf's-

Alfi blushes like a little a school boy.

ALFI

The kindness of their hearts--
that's--that's my favorite part.

ABBA

Mine too, me wee cocker. Mine
too-

The two march on together.

CUT TO:

26

INT. FAITH'S APARTMENT - DAY

26

Faith and Rey grinding away having sex, Faith straddled on
Rey, primal, selfish; she hates herself for needing him so
much, the obsession building towards him.

FAITH

I want you to fuck me in the
sand.

(CONTINUED)

(pause)
I want you to fuck me on a
deserted beach in Spain-

The look in her eyes when she mentions Spain, as though it were the only place left on earth to escape too.

FAITH
You're taking me away from here-

REY
We're going baby.

She pulls his hair back, gritting her teeth. A soft intenseness to her plea-

FAITH
You're taking me away from here.

REY
It's just you and me-

It's harder to tell in Rey if he feels the same; more like an audience held captive by a masterful performance; definitely besotted by her, but there is a small voice in the back of his head telling him, she's just too damn crazy.

FAITH
Tell me that you love me.

A twinkle in his eyes; the game is on-

REY
I really love--

Holding her gaze, trying to convince her he is about to say the words.

REY (CONT'D)
I love-- fucking you.

The words are harsh, but, these are harsh people. A prostitute and a thief; two scorpions who've found each other in the desert.

Faith tries not to smile, thinking back on how they first created the game; a conscience decision to mock that phase of their relationship, of all relationships. Rey coming up with clever ways of dancing around the sacred words; teasing her sensibilities. Or perhaps, it was the distraction they both desperately needed to keep from facing the truth; that, whatever it was they shared, couldn't possibly last.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH
You bastard.

They gaze into each other's eyes, immersed in the moment.

ABBA (O.S.)
Rey!

Jolted back to reality, Rey is startled to recognize that while he was whisked away in Faith's arms, he had completely forgotten about the fat black money belt and the bounty it would bring. Expecting Abba's arrival, but secretly hoping he wouldn't show.

ABBA (O.S.)
I know you're in there! You know
I'm not going anywhere!

Looking into her eyes, he is astounded that he could feel so deeply some other desire besides wanting to make money; to steal. As though Faith's influence was the cool water he so desperately needed to clear away the putrefaction of his soul. Frozen, looking into each other's eyes, holding onto the final drops of the moment.

ALFI (O.S.)
Yeah, we know you're in there!

Alf's voice, squealing like a broken trumpet.

27

EXT. FAITH'S APARTMENT - STREET - DAY

27

Woman's handbag over his shoulder, Abba stands next to Alfi across the street looking up at the second story window.

ABBA
You think the muppet's in there
Alf's?

ALFI
He's in there.

ABBA
(calling up)
Stop fuckin' round.

ALFI
Yeah, stop- messing around.

ABBA
It creeps me out when you do
that. If your gonna' repeat what
I say then repeat it.

(CONTINUED)

ALFI

You know I don't like swearing.

ABBA

Two-hundred a day drug habit, but
swearing is where you draw the
line?

ALFI

It's just not polite.

As Alfi responds we catch a glimpse into Alfi's past, the man he used to be, picturing him for a second as a productive member of society; a schoolteacher or, perhaps, someone who worked in the service industry.

The curtains are pulled back, Rey sticks his head out the window.

REY

Keep your voice down.

Abba holding up the fat black money belt.

ABBA

No time for dilly dally little
brother-

28

INT. FAITH'S APARTMENT - DAY

28

Rey pulls his head inside and goes to Faith; grabbing her gently by the neck, kissing her.

Faith and Rey getting dressed.

FAITH

Have you told him yet?

Rey goes to the window.

REY

I swear to God I'm going to tell
him, just give me a little time-
it's a very delicate situation.

(moving to the window)

Listen can he come up so we can
get the cards ready, the passport
ready- is that still cool?

FAITH

I don't want Alfi in here-

REY

Ok-

(pause)

Why?

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

Last time he was here, he stole a pair of my underwear-

REY

How do you know that? You've got underwear all over this fucking place-

FAITH

He told me. I presume he's wearing them right now.

Through Faith's brooding sardonic tone it's hard to tell whether she's telling the truth or making a joke. Rey hides the fact that he doesn't understand.

Perhaps it's a new game she wants to play, like the 'tell me I love you game.' His playful accommodating smile will have to suffice for now; he's got work to do.

FAITH (CONT'D)

You need to tell him.

REY

I will, I will.

Kissing him, holding his chin-

FAITH

You know, you're the only one I let fuck me without a condom.

Her passive aggressive tone, a needle, perhaps punishing him for the rude interruption of their intimate moment by Abba.

The desired effect is successful, the look in Rey's eyes speak more to a boy being chastised by his mother than a suitor confident enough to be her man.

29 INT. STAIRCASE - DAY

29

Faith exits the apartment, making her way down the steep staircase.

30 EXT. FAITH'S APARTMENT - STREET - DAY

30

Alfi is across the street doing Tai Chi. Faith exits the building; Abba approaches her.

ABBA

Well?

FAITH

Well, what?

(CONTINUED)

ABBA

The fucking stash love.
(grabbing her by the arm)
The stash-

FAITH

I don't know what you're talking
about.

ABBA

I see-
(pause)
So, you've convinced yourself of
this little 'relationship act'
you're putting on?
(pause)
A little house with a white
picket fence, kids running
around... Is that the life you
think you're going to have with
my brother?

As they stare each other down, the connection between them palpable. We get the feeling that this is 'their game,' to see who blinks first.

FAITH

Oh, you're so right. Maybe I
could spend my days shooting up
heroin, breaking into hotels,
hanging out with junkie's?
(pause)
I should aim higher, don't you
think?

Abba grabs Faith by the arm.

ABBA

You fucking cunt. We had a deal-

Faith looks down at Abba's hand holding her arm, then glancing up, a ruthless smile. If Abba intimidates her, she'll be damned if she let's it show.

FAITH

What a caring brother you become
when you don't get what you want.

Pulling her arm away, she starts the scooter, and speeds off.

CUT TO:

31 EXT. STREETS - VARIOUS - DAY 31

SLOW MOTION Faith riding her scooter through the streets of Amsterdam, hair billowing in the wind.

32 EXT. FAITH'S SEX CABIN - DAY 32

Faith approaches on her scooter, stops and dismounts; unlocking the door, she enters.

33 INT. FAITH'S SEX CABIN - DAY 33

With the mannerism of a woman who knows how to prepare her sexuality for degenerate men, Faith putting on black lingerie and black stiletto shoes.

Filling up the glass jar with NEW PINK CONDOMS.

Faith in front of the mirror, red light glowing in the background; applying lipstick, eyeliner.

She stops applying makeup; staring at herself contemplatively in the mirror.

Faith's eyes shift, becoming unfocused as she heaves; throwing up into the sink.

Faith stares at herself in the mirror again; wiping her mouth she composes herself like a seasoned actress preparing to take the stage.

34 EXT. FAITH'S SEX CABIN - DAY 34

The curtains pull back as she stands in the window ready to greet her audience.

When we cut to her POV, a one eyed Virgil walks up the steps of her sex cabin; smiling expectantly; the rendezvous he has been anticipating all week long.

CUT TO:

35 INT. FAITH'S APARTMENT - DAY 35

Rey busy practicing the signature, 'Joey Lacasse' over and over on a sheet of white paper. All the implements of his trade laid out before him.

A fake French passport, rubbing alcohol, decal rub-on-lettering, an open American passport with a photograph of 'Joey Lacasse'. Several phones on the table.

Using the decal rub-on letters, Rey puts together the name 'Joey Lacasse' inside the fake French passport. Abba sitting on a chair in the background smoking heroin.

(CONTINUED)

REY

How do they give a kid like this
so many credit cards cards?

ABBA

Fucking society of infants all
sucking from the same teat.
Nothin' but spoiled bastards-

REY

Remember how you use to love
hanging out with those kids, in
the hostels, in the coffeeshops;
listening to their plans, their
dreams, all their conversations-
(pause)

Do you remember that? You used to
say it was the only thing that
made you feel normal-

ABBA

-Then stealing from them at
night.

(pause)

I mean, you can only look into
their faces for so long. Watching
them crumble in the morning after
we gutted them for everything
they were worth. It's sickening.
We're sickening-

(pause)

I saw her again last night.

REY

Here we go-

ABBA

You never see her?

REY

That's your thing, not mine-

ABBA

It's her birthday tomorrow-

REY

I'm well aware.

ABBA

Remember how she use to
mispronounce your name?

REY

I know what you're trying to do.
It's not going to work-

(CONTINUED)

ABBA

Can't you see that if we don't
make a change soon, this is the
end for us?

Rey looks at him, smiling-

REY

This isn't the end, this is just
the beginning.

36 EXT. FAITH'S APARTMENT - STREET - DAY

36

A MERCEDES BENZ comes to a screeching halt. Abba's right foot pulls into the car, the right hand doors slams shut. Rey's left foot pulls into the car, the left hand door slams shut.

The cab driver, MUSTAFA an overworked, underpaid, scruffy a tailored suit two sizes too big. He looks like he hasn't slept in three days. The ID on the dashboard; his photo and name, 'MUSTAFA.'

Mustafa raises the crack pipe. Lighting the bowl, he takes a hit off the crack pipe.

37 INT. MOVING TAXI - DAY

37

MONTAGE - VARIOUS

"Ca plane pour moi," by Plastic Bertrand kicks in.

In the backseat, Rey & Abba sitting on either side; Alfi squeezed in the middle. Abba clutching the woman's handbag like a nervous old woman. Rey, sporting a thin black mustache, a pair of spectacles and a French beret; presumably his disguise.

FAST FORWARD SEQUENCE: Rey, Abba and Alfi, being driven around town from bureau de change to bureau de change. (inner cutting with Rey's quick exits from each bureau de change)

Every time Rey hops out of the taxicab and disappears into the bureau de change he returns with a fat envelope and a cocky smile.

Each time he returns to the cab, Abba has another condescending remark for him with Alfi repeating each phrase like a parrot.

38 EXT. BUREAU DE CHANGE #1 - STREET - DAY 38

Abba & Alfi, sitting in the back seat of the taxi cab like gangsters, watching the entrance to the bureau de change.

Rey, in his disguise, exiting the Bureau de Change; holding a fat envelop in his hand, a triumphant smile on his face.

REY
Who's your Daddy-

ABBA
Cunt-

ALFI
(repeating)
Cunt-

39 EXT. BUREAU DE CHANGE #2 - STREET - DAY 39

Abba & Alfi, sitting in back seat of taxi cab, smoking crack.

Rey, in his disguise, exiting the bureau de change, carrying the FAT WHITE ENVELOP.

REY
Qui et ton Papa?

ABBA
Cunt-

ALFI
(repeating)
Cunt-

40 EXT. BUREAU DE CHANGE #3 - STREET - DAY 40

Alfi nudges Abba as Rey, in in his disguise, exits the bureau de change holding another FAT ENVELOPE.

REY
E che il vostro papà?

41 EXT. BUREAU DE CHANGE #4 - STREET - DAY 41

Abba & Alfi, sitting in back seat of taxi cab-

Rey, in his disguise, walking out of Bureau de Change, yet another fat envelop in his hand.

REY
En dat je vader?

Rey making the victory sign at Abba & Alfi; Abba & Alfi staring at the envelop, hunger in their eyes.

42 EXT. BUREAU DE CHANGE #5 - STREET - DAY

42

Abba & Alfi sitting in the back seat of the taxi cab, Abba staring at bureau de change. He yawns- Alfi, head leaning on Abba's shoulder, mouth wide open; sound asleep.

Rey, in his disguise, walking to taxi cab holding another fat envelope.

REY

Und dass Ihr Vati?

ABBA

Cunt-

END OF MONTAGE

43 EXT. BUREAU DE CHANGE #6 - STREET - DAY

43

A frustrated Rey, in his disguise, exits the building; Abba and Alfi waiting in the back seat of the taxi cab.

REY

Goddammit!

ABBA

What happened?

REY

Fuckin' bitch wouldn't give it to me.

ABBA

What? Why?

REY

She said the fuckin' signatures didn't match. Can you believe that shit?

Cursing his hand, grabbing it as though wanting to rip it from his body.

REY (CONT'D)

Fuckin' hand-

ABBA

Don't try that one on me.

ALFI

Yeah, don't try that on us.

ABBA

Alf's!

(CONTINUED)

REY

You wanna' come with me and ask her? C'ommon fucker, if you don't believe me.

Walking back towards the entrance.

ABBA

OK, OK, calm down.

(pause)

That was the last one anyway. We hit everyone in town.

Holding up a gold credit card.

REY

I know there's still money left on this fuckin' card, I can feel it. It just won't fucking quite. I've never seen anything like it
(pause)

We should go to the airport.

ABBA

We're not going to the airport you greedy bastard. It's too fuckin' late for that. Enough is enough-

ALFI

Yeah, enough is enough.

ABBA

Alfi! Please-

ALFI

Sorry-

REY

Enough is never enough.

CUT TO:

44

EXT. CAFE - TERRACE - DAY

44

Joey is sitting at a round table on a terrace overlooking the water.

He is speaking loudly to his mother on the phone while fidgeting with his weed pipe and baggy's full of weed.

MOTHER (O.S.)

(chastising)

Alright, I believe you.

(pause)

But, you know- I'll have to

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MOTHER (O.S.) (cont'd)
deduct this from your next trust
payment.

JOEY
(loudly)
How did I know you would bring
that shit up? It's always about
the money with you.

MOTHER (O.S.)
It's always about the money with
everyone, dear. How long do you
think you would last without the
trust your father set up for you?
You don't exactly have a real
job.

JOEY
Yo, I have a real job.

MOTHER (O.S.)
Writing down rhymes and rapping
is not a job.

JOEY
Did you send the money, or, not?

MOTHER (O.S.)
I want to speak with your friend.

JOEY
Did you send the money, or, not?

MOTHER (O.S.)
Put your friend on the phone
please.

JOEY
Fuck.

JOEY (CONT'D)
My mom's wants to speak with you.

Joey hands Danny the phone.

We pull back to reveal Joey sitting in a somewhat crowded
terrace, across from a wide eyed Danny, shocked by Joey's
conceited tone.

Taking the phone, Danny places it to his ear.

MOTHER (O.S.)
I just wanted to thank you for
helping my son. It's a mother
burden to worry.

(CONTINUED)

DANNY
(civil, courteous tone)
Oh, it's my pleasure.

Danny watches Joey fidget with his weed and his pipe, perhaps a defense mechanism for dealing with stress.

MOTHER (O.S.)
And you can help him find the
American Embassy and the Western
Union?

DANNY
It's no problem at all, we're on
our way right now.

MOTHER (O.S.)
Thank you again, my son is very
lucky to have met you.

Danny passes the mobile back to Joey.

JOEY
Make it quick.

MOTHER (O.S.)
Don't mess around. Get your photo
taken and get to the Embassy. The
money will waiting for you at the
Western Union tomorrow.

JOEY (O.S.)
That's all I wanted here, bye.

Joey dismissively hangs up the phone, shoving it back in his pocket.

JOEY
(rolling his eyes)
My mom's, yo.

DANNY
She sounds like a nice lady.

JOEY
She's a gold digger, yo.

A WOMAN AT THE NEXT TABLE looks at him and rolls her eyes.

JOEY (CONT'D)
What- mind your own business, yo.

Joey raises his weed pipe, lights the bowl, takes a hit and exhales. The WAITRESS walks up.

(CONTINUED)

WAITRESS

You can't smoke that here. It's not allowed.

Gesturing to the LESBIAN COUPLE two tables over who are holding hands and smoking cigarettes.

JOEY

Why do those lesbos get to smoke their cancer sticks, but I can't take a toke?

WAITRESS

I can get my manager, but, he'll only tell you the same thing.

The waitress walks away.

One of the lesbians shoots Joey a passive aggressive glance.

JOEY

One day they'll be hookin' you up to the kimo-drip with your hair fallin' out en' shit. You just wait and see.

(pause)

We'll just see who wins in the end.

Raising his pipe, Joey lights the bowl and takes a toke.

JOEY (CONT'D)

Another small victory, yo.

Like a car crash you can't look away from, Danny silently watches amazed at the youthful veracity of the fly he has caught in his web.

CUT TO:

45 INT. BREAKFAST CAFE - TOILET - DAY

45

Rey removing his spectacles, mustache, and beret; a long contemplative look in the mirror: something unsettling building inside him. His hand tremors as he holds it out-

CLOSE ON Rey snorting a line of coke off the corner of the sink.

Searching his reflection in the mirror, he hears a voice.

LITTLE GIRL (V.O.)

I want you to take me stealing. I want to see what it feels like-

(CONTINUED)

Rey shifts his gaze, the LITTLE GIRL appears in the reflection standing behind him. Closing his eyes, he opens them again. She's gone-

REY
(to himself)
Gotta' keep moving forward. Keep
moving' forward-

Convincing himself he has regained control, he exits the toilet.

46 INT. BREAKFAST CAFE - BOOTH - DAY

46

Rey plops down in the seat across from Abba; setting the two white fat envelopes in front of him.

REY
Sixteen-thousand-two-hundred. Not
bad for a days work.

ABBA
(holding up the envelope)
Should be splitting this
fifty-fifty.

REY
The day you start paying for fake
passports and learning to forge
signature's- that's the day you
get half.

Like a dog returning without the ball, Alfi approaches.

ALFI
(crestfallen)
I couldn't find anything James.

Abba gives him a cross look.

ALFI (CONT'D)
But, there's no one around, it's
too early. Not even the old
ladies are out yet.

ABBA
Never mind that-

Abba pulls a one hundred euro note out of the envelope; Alf's fiendish eyes widen with anticipation.

ABBA (CONT'D)
-I want you to go find Tu-Pac and
only Tu-pac. Get three brown and
three white.

Abba holds out the money, then, snatches it away when Alfi goes to grab it.

(CONTINUED)

ABBA (CONT'D)

What did I say?

ALFI

-Three brown, three white. Only Tu-pac, cause everyone else has shit. Bla, bla, bla- I know what I'm doing.

ABBA

Don't be cheeky, no dilly-dally. Straight there and straight back to the office. Understand?

ALFI

Fine.

Grabbing the money and storming off like a debutante.

ABBA

It's so hard to find good help these days.

REY

I don't understand what you're still doing with him.

ABBA

Alf's is loyal, unlike some people I know.

REY

You're not?

ABBA

What?

REY

You're not- fucking him are you?

ABBA

Jesus Christ.

REY

I don't know. You're into some pretty kinky shit.

ABBA

That's not kinky, that's down right disgusting.

(pause)

Let him suck me cock, though.

REY

What?

(CONTINUED)

ABBA

You're so fuckin' gullible-

The sound of a phone RINGING.

Abba pulls out his crack pipe and lighter.

Rey reaches in his pocket for two phones; fumbling to see which one is ringing.

REY

Hey, Babe-

(pause)

We just finished.

Crouching down, raising the pipe to his lips; Abba lights the bowl, sucking in the hit of crack.

REY (CONT'D)

(pause)

I'm telling him now-

Rey puts the phone away.

Abba exhales slowly, right in Rey's face. The smoke lingers.

ABBA

Tell me what?

Rey stares at Abba.

ABBA

Tell me what?

Rey thinks for a second.

REY

I might have told her, that she could-- come with us to Spain.

ABBA

You always do this-

REY

Cause, she can come with us to Spain- can't she? What's the problem with that?

ABBA

You know she's a whore, not your girlfriend, right?

REY

It's different this time.

(CONTINUED)

ABBA

Did you miss the part where she
sleeps with men for money?

REY

It's like she sees through me.

(pause)

Being around her gives
me goosebumps-

ABBA

I'm gonna' be sick-

REY

You know, the other day she told
why she became a prostitute-

ABBA

What?

FLASHBACK:

47 INT. FAITH'S APARTMENT - DAY

47

A FEW DAYS EARLIER

Rey and Faith are lying in bed together, naked, under the
covers. Faith is smoking a cigarette.

FAITH

There are four reasons women
become prostitutes.

(pause)

Sexual, or, physical abuse from
daddy.

(pause)

Sold into it; slavery of some
kind.

(pause)

They're addicted to drugs. Or,
they're nymphomaniacs-- who love
to fuck.

REY

Which one are you?

48 INT. BREAKFAST CAFE - BOOTH - DAY

48

BACK TO PRESENT

Rey and Abba sitting like before. Like two school kids
gossiping about a girl.

ABBA

(baited expression)

What did she say?

FLASHBACK:

49 INT. FAITH'S APARTMENT - DAY

49

A FEW DAYS EARLIER

Faith and Rey under the covers; Rey is hanging at her every word.

FAITH
(brazenly)
I'm all four, baby.

Smiling at him, she takes a drag from the cigarette.

50 INT. BREAKFAST CAFE - BOOTH - DAY

50

BACK TO PRESENT

Rey sitting across from Abba.

ABBA
Jesus, she's crazier than Danny-

REY (CONT'D)
I think I might be in love-

Rey raises the crack pipe, lights the bowl and takes a hit. Lighting the bowl, he sucks in the hit.

CUT TO:

51 EXT. ALLEYWAY - NEAR PASSPORT PHOTO SHOP - DAY

51

Alfi walks up the street, a look of comical determination in his eyes.

The sole of his shoe, broken halfway off, SCUFFING the road beneath him; gimping along.

He approaches TU-PAC (40): a nefarious looking black man.

Alfi and Tu-Pac exchange words. Alfi passes him the hundred euro note. Tu-Pac hands Alfi a handful of small balls of crack cocaine and heroin.

They part company, walking off in opposite directions.

Alfi catches sight of Danny & Joey, approaching the entrance of the passport photo shop across the street.

Freezing in his tracks, Alfi watches Joey enter the shop while Danny waits outside, doing ballet stretches.

Alfi ducks back in taking cover under an alcove.

Seeing Danny elicits a strong emotional twinge in Alfi, as though they know each other intimately.

52 INT. PASSPORT PHOTO SHOP - DAY 52

The FLASH of a camera goes off. Holding a still pose, Joey sits looking directly into our POV.

The GUY BEHIND THE COUNTER cuts the photos, places them in a little holder, passing them over the counter to Joey.

53 EXT. ALLEYWAY - NEAR PASSPORT PHOTO SHOP - DAY 53

Alfi watches Joey exiting the passport photo shop, walking on with Danny down the street.

Alfi opens his palm, staring greedily at the three balls of crack cocaine and heroin; a devious idea pops into his fiendish mind.

He pockets the drugs and, as if some dark psychosis rising inside him. Boiling to the surface, all the angst and rage of a man realizing he's wasted a large portion of his life trapped in the vicious circle of drug addiction. Holding onto that small human left inside, knowing it will soon be extinguished, acting on those last few emotions, regrets--

Alfi makes a fist with his hand and then starts punching himself in the face.

CUT TO:

54 EXT. TRAM STOP - DAM SQUARE - DAY 54

Danny and Joey getting on the tram.

55 INT. MOVING TRAM - DAY 55

Danny doing ballet stretches in combination with a couple light dance moves. Joey sitting down, looking on. A few passengers sitting around.

JOEY
(embarrassed)
Do you have to do that shit now,
yo?

DANNY
I need to keep my muscles
stretched out.
(pause)
Is it making you feel
uncomfortable?

JOEY
Whatever floats your boat, yo.

56 EXT. TRAM STOP - LEIDSPLEIN - DAY 56

The tram approaches and stops.

As the doors open, Joey and Danny step off the tram.

Danny leads Joey across Leidseplein.

57 EXT. AMERICAN EMBASSY - DAY 57

Danny and Joey walking away from the American Embassy.

JOEY

Those are some pretty crazy shoes. Where do you get a pair of shoes like that, yo?

DANNY

I guess that wasn't a compliment.

JOEY

(laughing)

Sorry, yo. Didn't mean it like that.

DANNY

If you must know, I get all my clothes at the second hand store. What you American's call a thrift store, I believe.

JOEY

Are you homeless?

DANNY

No.

JOEY

Are you poor?

DANNY

Not everyone needs to dress like Justin Bieber.

JOEY

I like the sarcasm, yo. But, we both know-- I ain't no Justin Bieber. I keeps my shit real, yo.

Grabbing the the lapel of his army vest.

JOEY

Only thing I care about is my sneakers, they got to be fresh-

(CONTINUED)

DANNY

You do, of course, realize your 'fresh shit' as you call it is made by people who make less than a dollar day, working like slaves in places like Bangladesh and South Korea?

JOEY

What else they gonna' be doin' if not stichin' my shit together? At least now they learnin' a trade yo, instead of playin' in the mud down by the river.

Danny makes a screw face.

JOEY (CONT'D)

You so easy, yo. I'm just playing'.

(pause)

Tryin' to make me feel guilty aboutz my gear.

(pause)

What about the shit you wearin'? Just caus' it's older, doesn't mean it wasn't made in exactly same way.

Joey breaks out a pen and a little note book from his back pocket.

JOEY (CONT'D)

Yo, hear me out chicken little. Even the most righteous environmentalist tree huggin' mother fucker has himself a mobile phone and a pair of nike shoes; know what I'm sayin' yo? Ain't no way around it, we all killers' in one way or another. Only a fool thinks otherwise.

Danny leads Joey into the coffee shop.

58

INT. CHILL COFFEE SHOP - BOOTH - DAY

58

Danny & Joey are seated at the back of a sparsely crowded coffee shop. The room is filled with PEOPLE enjoying the bohemian atmosphere. Danny is busy rolling a joint.

Joey's rucksack is on the table between them, the flap is open.

JOEY

So, if I have no soul that means I am no better than a monkey?

(CONTINUED)

DANNY

Not better, equal.

JOEY

Animals don't have souls, bro.

DANNY

Why? Why don't they have souls?

JOEY

Because, yo. They don't have consciousness. They're not conscious beings like humans. We have consciousness, yo. We think therefore we are. Descartes said that--(mispronouncing Descartes)

DANNY

(smiling)

Descartes, indeed.

Danny also mispronounces Descartes, as not to upstage his prey.

DANNY (CONT'D)

See, that's the problem right there, it's the vanity of our ignorance. We think just because we're at the top of the food chain that we're more deserving, more entitled.

(pause)

Can you remember what it's like to be a mosquito in your past life?

JOEY

I was never a mosquito in my past life, yo-

DANNY

That's exactly what I'm saying.

(pause)

No one ever thinks that in their past life, they were a mosquito or a toothless peasant crawling through the mud begging for change. Everyone thinks they were something special; that is the vanity of our condition.

(pause)

If I have a soul, a mosquito has a soul. If I don't have a soul, then the mosquito doesn't have a soul. In the eyes of the universe, every living organism is exactly equal.

(CONTINUED)

JOEY

What the fuck are you talking
about, yo?

DANNY

I'm sorry. It's been quite some
time since I've smoked marijuana.
I tend to ramble on-

Danny realizes he needs to real it in a bit, doesn't want
to lose his prey.

Something catches Danny's eye, he reads an inscription the
inside flap of Joey's rucksack on the table.

DANNY

May the force be- *with you?*
(looking up at Joey)
'Star Wars'?

Joey pulls the flap back on the bag.

JOEY

My pops was a die hard fan,
yo. We watched all those fuckin'
movies together-

Gesturing to the bag.

DANNY

A designer leather 'Donatelli's'.
Quite expensive.

JOEY

He got it when he was stationed
in Italy.

(pause)

It was the last thing he gave me
before he shipped off.

(pause)

Humvee rolled right over an IED.
Boomb-- just like that. Sand
niggers got him, yo-

DANNY

I'm sorry to hear that.

JOEY

But, on the serious, yo. I really
appreciate what you did for me
today, show n' me around, makin'
sure I got all my shit taken care
of.

As Joey humbly and appreciatively thanks Danny for helping
him that day, a side of Joey is revealed, some window into
the man he might become once he is able to shed his
arrogant façade.

(CONTINUED)

Danny lights the joint and takes a drag.

DANNY

It was my pleasure-

Digging in his pocket, Danny pulls out two hundred euros, setting it on the table in front of Joey.

JOEY

What is this, yo?

DANNY

You can pay me back tomorrow when you go to the Western Union.

JOEY

(taking the money)

Thanks, bro.

Danny passes the joint across to Joey. Joey puts it to his lips and takes a drag.

CUT TO:

59 EXT. CENTRAL STATION - ENTRANCE - DAY 59

Rey dances through the entrance into Central Station, for a moment one might think this is a person who doesn't have a care in the world, a rendezvous with a lover perhaps.

60 INT. CENTRAL STATION - FOYER - DAY 60

Rey makes his way through the foyer, skipping up the big hall.

61 INT. CENTRAL STATION - LOCKER ROOM - DAY 61

Rey enters the room, making his way to the end of the room.

Pulling out his wallet, he removes a white ticket and places it in the machine. A door POPS open. Rey removes the duffel bag from the locker.

62 INT. CENTRAL STATION - TOILET - DAY 62

Rey enters, finds an empty stall, takes a seat, lays the bag on the ground and unzips it.

The bag contains stacks and stacks of fifty and hundred euro notes and a few fake passports.

Removing the fat white envelope from his trousers, he throws it in the bag with the rest of the cash.

His left hand starts shaking; the look on his face tells us this is an increasing problem.

The idea of something beyond his control taking over as he grabs his hand trying to pacify the shaking.

63

INT. CENTRAL STATION - LOCKER ROOM - DAY

63

Rey throws the duffel bag in an empty locker, holding the door closed, it LOCKS; the machine spits out a white ticket. Rey takes the ticket, puts it in his wallet and walks out.

As we take a closer look at Rey, we see that this rendezvous, the dumping of the days take in his stash, is the ritual that makes him think he's in control; that all this money can make him forget about the past and for these moments perhaps it does.

CUT TO:

64

EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY

64

Rey, Abba and Faith standing around in a shady alleyway; their usual hang out, the place they come after a successful days work. This area Abba refers to as, 'the office,' some sort of safe zone where all petty differences are put aside. That above all of the scheming and back stabbing, they can still meet, take some drugs and take the piss out of one another. Rey is in the process of doing that to Abba right now-

REY

Numb nuts here comes bursting out of the room, his trousers hangin' off his ass.

FAITH

(Laughing)

ABBA

Bitch walked right in on me-

REY

He fell asleep on the fuckin' toilet.

FAITH

(Laughing)

REY

Who uses the fuckin' toilet when they're burglarizing a hotel room?

ABBA

We were up all night, I was fuckin' exhausted.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

They didn't chase you out of the room?

Abba masterfully whips open his silver butterfly knife, waiving the blade in the air.

ABBA

Put the fear of death in em', I did.

REY

Yeah, so now, on top of a trespassing, it's burglary, criminal assault, kidnapping.

ABBA

Don't be a drama queen. They didn't catch me, did they?

REY

No, they got you two months later when you went back, remember?

ABBA

Oh yeah.

(pause)

Kept a photo of me from the security camera, didn't they, the cunts.

FAITH

Apparently you left quite the impression.

Abba and Faith exchange glances.

ABBA

Woulduv' been six months, but, the cunt's were too scared to testify.

REY

(to Faith)

It was too expensive for the prosecution to fly em' to Europe for the trial.

(to Abba)

And that's why we stay away from five star hotels, *don't* we?

Pretending to jab Rey in the nuts with his knife.

ABBA

I go where I want.

Something catches Abba's eye.

(CONTINUED)

ABBA (CONT'D)
There he fuckin' is. You better
have that fuckin' gear.

Alfi enters the alleyway daunting a fresh black eye and a
bloody nose.

ABBA (CONT'D)
What the fuck happened to you

ALFI
He beat me up.

ABBA
Where's the gear, Alf's?

ALFI
(whining, blubbering)
It was-
(pause)
It was Danny.

FAITH
(incredulous)
Danny?

Holding up the knife.

ABBA
And- where's the gear?

ALFI
He took everything.

Looking to Rey, manic excited eyes.

ABBA
(furious)
I told you it was him last night.
Police just don't show up out of
nowhere.

REY
Let's not jump to conclusions.

ABBA
I could feel that bastard
watching us.

REY
By us you mean you, right?

Abba steps to Faith, holding the knife in her face.

ABBA
You knew he was out and you
didn't tell us?

(CONTINUED)

FAITH
(smiling)
Must have slipped my mind.

Faith sticking out her tongue; defiantly trying to touch the tip of the blade.

Abba turns to Alfi.

ABBA
Tell the fuckin' truth Alf's?
(pause)
Was it Danny?

ALFI
I swear on, on-
(pause)
Everything.

A sadistic excitement in Abba's eyes; the prospect of it being true.

ABBA
That, mother fucker is sending us
a message.

REY
By us you mean you, right?

Alfi smugly smiling; his scheming plans having paid off.

Some unspoken realization, that for the first time in their safe retreat known as, 'the office' the rules have been broken and all deals are off; let the treachery begin.

Abba looking down towards the alleyway into the distance half expecting to see Danny watching them unravel.

ABBA
Danny, Danny, Danny-
(pause)
So you wanna' play?

CUT TO:

65 INT. DIAMOND HOTEL - SUITE - NIGHT

65

Danny & Joey enter a beautiful five star suite with a modern decor and a chic little mini bar.

JOEY
Nice, yo.

Joey gravitates towards the window to check out the view.

Danny moves towards the mini bar.

(CONTINUED)

JOEY (CONT'D)

What are you doing in a place
like this?

Joey flops down in the chair next to the bed.

DANNY

I've been living sort of rough
for awhile, so, I decided to
treat myself.

Danny starts pulling stuff out of the mini bar; two
glasses, milk, vodka, kahlua and ice.

DANNY

Well, we've had a very productive
day. Went to the police station,
made a report. Got your picture
taken. Went to the Embassy to
obtain a replacement passport,
which, will be ready tomorrow
morning. Then you're all set to
pick up your money from the
Western Union. Not bad for a days
work.

Holding up a bottle of vodka and kahula.

DANNY (CONT'D)

I think we deserve a drink.

JOEY

Hell ya, bro-

Throwing some ice cubes into each glass.

DANNY

How does a White Russian sound?

JOEY

Whatever, yo. I never had one
before.

DANNY

Vodka, Kahlua, milk. Sound good?

JOEY

Wicked.

DANNY

So, where else were you planning
on traveling after Amsterdam?

As Danny busies himself pouring vodka in each glass, he
makes small talk perhaps in an attempt to distract Joey
from something he's up to.

(CONTINUED)

JOEY

Oh, Paris, Barcelona, Prague,
Rome. Maybe even down to Ibiza.

(pause)

Suppose to be some super fine
bitches down there, yo.

Pouring the Kahlua into each glass, then, the milk.

DANNY

I've never been, but, I hear it's
fantastic.

A drink in each hand, Danny walks over.

JOEY

Twenty four-hour party people,
yo. They never stop.

DANNY

Sounds wonderful.

Danny hands Joey his drink.

JOEY

Nice, bro. This looks great.

DANNY

Doesn't it just-

Joey brings the glass to his lips, then, pulls it away.

JOEY

You know, I just wanted to say,
yo- there's not too many people
that would go out of there way to
help a perfect stranger, yo.
Thanks for everything today.

DANNY

Sometimes you just get lucky in
life, and meet the right people.
(raising his glass)
To, new experiences.

JOEY

New experiences, yo.

They toast. Glasses CHING.

Savoring his drink, Danny intently watching Joey tasting
the drink.

JOEY (CONT'D)

Damn.

(CONTINUED)

DANNY
What did I tell ya?

Joey dives back into the drink, this time, gulping half in one go.

JOEY
That is the shiz-nay-it.

DANNY
You certainly devoured that.

Squirming as if no longer able to restrain an urge, Danny drink in hand moves towards the bathroom.

DANNY (CONT'D)
If, you'll excuse me for just a moment. I've got to use the little boy's room.

JOEY
Go for it.

Joey takes another big sip.

66 INT. DIAMOND HOTEL - SUITE BATHROOM - NIGHT

66

AT THE VANITY

Danny prepares himself for the long awaited feast, like a junkie who has gone three weeks without a fix and is suddenly presented with his chosen vice.

Applying some light rouge to his cheeks, he puckers his lips as he puts some lipstick on.

Casting feminine sideways glances from different angles in the mirror, he takes a deep breath through his nose, savoring the anticipation.

67 INT. DIAMOND HOTEL - SUITE - NIGHT

67

The bathroom door opens; Danny dances out of the bathroom, only wearing a blue silk kimono, his demeanor blatantly feminine as he moves like a ballet dancer on stage.

DANNY
Ta da-

Danny doing a little dance into the middle of the room.

JOEY
(struggling to keep his eyes open)
Yo, what the fuck are you wearing?

(CONTINUED)

DANNY
Oh, this old thing?

Performing a pirouette, flashing his privates; he's completely naked underneath.

JOEY
What the...

DANNY (CONT'D)
(gesturing to the kimono)
Lovely, isn't it.
(spinning around again)
This is one of my favorite booty prizes.
(touching the fabric)
It's so light, I think it's pure silk.

Joey struggles to keep his eyes open.

JOEY
Booty- prize?

Danny kneeling on the ground before Joey, gently removing the near empty glass from his hand.

DANNY
How's my sweet little muffin doing? You look terribly exhausted. It's been such a long day-

Trying to raise himself from the chair, Joey collapses back down, his arms falling limp.

JOEY
(slurred)
Sweet little....what?

Crouching down at Joey's feet, Danny holds out a small decorative vial half filled with glowing green liquid.

DANNY
'Breathe del Diablo', literally translated means, 'the Devil's breath'. It's made from the flower of the Borracho tree in Central America.

Unlacing Joey shoes, removing them one by one.

DANNY
Only a handful of people in the world know the exact dosage needed to facilitate the desired effect; conscious, yet incapacitated.

(CONTINUED)

(pause)
I'm going to be honest with you
Joey--

Close up on Danny's face.

DANNY (CONT'D)
American's are my favorite.

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

SLOW MOTION: Danny's back thrusting back and forth between the light and half light; a small tattoo between his shoulder blades---'NO HOPE NO FEAR.'

DISSOLVE TO:

68 INT. FAITH'S APARTMENT - TOILET - DAY 68

CLOSE ON: a woman's hands holding a positive pregnancy test.

Faith sitting on the toilet, dressed in a t-shirt and panties, left knee shaking staring at the pregnancy test.

AT THE SINK

Ten used positive pregnancy test.

Throwing the one in her hand to the side, Faith begins grabbing each pregnancy test frantically investigating the results of each one: positive, positive, positive they are all positive.

Frantically double checking, comparing them to one another as though it were a sick joke half expecting the punch line to be revealed; but she's still pregnant.

Putting her hands on the wall, on either side of the mirror; searching her reflection in the mirror, the impossibilities beginning to shift towards thoughts of probable candidates. A new game she's been drawn into, as she try's putting the pieces together.

69 INT. CLINIC - LABORATORY - DAY 69

CLOSE ON a vial of blood filling up inside of a syringe attached to a needle in Faith's arm.

The NURSE undoes the rubber strap, removing the needle.

Putting a piece of cotton on the blood spot; the nurse pushes Faith's arm up, folding it.

70 INT. FAITH'S SEX CABIN - DAY

70

The door opens, Faith enters closing the door behind her.

Like a detective entering a crime scene, looking at her surroundings with stern objectivity, Faith sits on the edge of the bed in her sex cabin.

Something is different; it's no longer the quiet get away where she would satisfy men, the pleasure she derived from exploring that dark side of her sexuality.

To her left, she notices the jar of condoms next to the window; staring at them for a moment.

AT THE WINDOW

Grabbing one of the condoms out of the jar. Taking a closer look at it, something catches her eye.

Holding it up, a single pin size beam of light shines through the centre of the condom package.

DISSOLVE TO:

71 EXT. SHADY BAR - STREET - NIGHT

71

Moving slowly towards an ominous looking corrugated steel door; the entrance to the bar.

72 INT. SHADY BAR - NIGHT

72

Moving through a dimly lit after-hours shit-hole where the patrons come to indulge their every fantasy.

Tight leather wrapped around shadowy figures undulating in and out of the light, like the mating pit of serpents; and there in the middle of all the copulation, Danny and Faith are embraced slow dancing together like an old couple from the 1950's who can't see past each other.

Faith's head on Danny's shoulder, they share an intimacy that seems older time, some ancient pact between the hunters who have been around long enough and know the dance.

As we push through, there in the back, sits the one eyed Virgil blending seamlessly; a voyeur who knows that sitting quietly and not attracting any attention is the best way to preserve the longevity of the gaze, watching without being seen.

As he scans the patrons, his one eye more like a spy for some secret cult keeping tabs on the degenerates; his gaze turns affectionate, enamoured as he focuses on his favourite degenerate of all, the quietly dancing Faith been propped up by her brother Danny.

FADE OUT:

73 INT. DIAMOND HOTEL - SUITE - DAY 73

Joey is lying half naked under the covers, lipstick smeared across his lips and the side of his face; he stares vacantly at the ceiling.

Sitting up in bed; trying to put the pieces together: something is definitely broken.

Staring at his clothes strewn across the floor; the American flag on his army vest has been defaced with a smiley face.

Tearing the room apart, searching for his bag; it's not there.

74 INT. DIAMOND HOTEL - SUITE BATHROOM - DAY 74

AT THE SINK

Joey, tears in eyes, smeared makeup, desperately trying to scrub away the smiley face on the patch under the running water in the sink.

AT THE TOILET

Unsuccessful, Joey tosses the American flag patch in the toilet and flushes it down.

75 INT. DIAMOND HOTEL - CORRIDOR - DAY 75

Walking down the hallway, Joey makes his way to the elevator.

His body is moving forward, but, his eyes betray that he is still in shock.

76 INT. DIAMOND HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY 76

As the elevator door opens, Joey emerges, slumbering across the lobby floor towards the exit.

77 EXT. DIAMOND HOTEL - ENTRANCE - DAY 77

Exiting the hotel, Joey takes a few steps.

Leaning over, he keels over, throwing up all over the sidewalk right in front of Abba and Alfi, walking past.

ABBA

Nice one mate.

(pause)

There's only one way to learn
Alf's; the hard way.

(CONTINUED)

ALFI

Look at my black eye.

ABBA

Someone's in a mood-

ALFI

I got this because of you-

ABBA

(to himself)

Here we go-

(to Alfi)

You're just gonna milk that tit
ti'll there's nothing
left, aren't you?

ALFI

*I don't think you understand. I--
I lost my job because of you.*

ABBA

You lost your *job*-- because you
got caught smoking' crack whilst
rummaging through woman's
knickers.

FLASHBACK:

78 INT. DIAMOND HOTEL - SUITE - DAY

78

A FEW YEARS BACK

Our POV pushes through the door opening into-- a lovely,
but modest suite, sitting area and then-- A younger
version of Alfi, full head of hair, standing next to open
scattered luggage strewn across the bed. He is wearing
only the top of his room service uniform. The bottom half
completely naked-- wearing only a pair of old woman's
knickers.

He turns towards us-- crack pipe in one hand, lighter in
the other. The look on his face-- he's busted.

79 EXT. STREET - DAY

79

BACK TO PRESENT - DOWN THE STREET

Abba and Alfi walking together.

ABBA

Got caught red handed as I
recall-

ALFI

(blushing slightly)

It wasn't only that. The manager
found out I was letting you and
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ALFI (cont'd)

Danny stay in-- the rooms, and--
he found out.

ABBA

Alf's you can't say you were
honestly happy in that job.
Running round' fetchin' every
little thing for someone else--
that's no way to live.

ALFI

That's exactly what I do for you-

ABBA

Alf's, you're forgetting one
major difference-- we're
partners. You're a share holder
in this company, not just a
worker.

(quickly adding)

Albeit a minority shareholder-

ALFI

Really?

ABBA

Yes-

(pause)

But, lately someone hasn't been
fulfilling there end of the
partnership.

ALFI

You're talking about Rey-- I've
been following him but whenever
he leaves, it's on that damn
scooter with Faith or--or he
takes a taxi.

ABBA

It's almost like somebody doesn't
really want to go to Spain-

ALFI

You know how much I want to go
and you keep saying nasty things.
I need to get clean. I wanna
start over. You said it's easier
to get clean down there. You
think it will be easy?

ABBA

When we get down there, we won't
even want the gear anymore,
Alf's.

(CONTINUED)

ALFI

I wonder what it's like to not want the gear? I always want the gear.

ABBA

That's because you're a fiend.

ALFI

I am not a-- fiend.

ABBA

Oh, I'm sorry-- recreational user.

(pause)

With your permission, may we please precede?

ALFI

What does, 'minority shareholder' mean?

ABBA

It means-- you leave all the decision making to me-- me wee cocker.

Abba puts a comforting hand on Alfi's shoulder.

They walk on together-

CUT TO:

80

INT. FAITH'S SEX CABIN - DAY

80

Rey is lying in bed, naked under the covers.

Faith is standing above him, looking down in a domineering fashion. Her foot in his face, taking pictures of Rey with his mobile phone.

FAITH

He was the cutest boy in my school-

REY

I'm sure he was-

Pushing her foot in his mouth.

FAITH

When I found out he was cheating on me, I sent Danny to his house to set his scooter on fire.

(CONTINUED)

REY

Did you?

FAITH

It was black, just like mine.

REY

Of course it was-

FAITH

-It turns out, the girl I saw him
with, it was just his sister--
she was visiting from some
private school she was going too.

(smiling)

Oops, my bad-

She laughs, knowing the story is freaking Rey out a bit--
but, this is what she likes; dancing on the razor's edge.
Pushing the boundaries, constantly testing the waters--
wanting to see what Rey's made of; what the relationship
is made of. Part of her wanting desperately to tell him
the truth about her pregnancy, deflecting the drama with a
shocking story, for herself. Simultaneously, wanting to be
vulnerable, willing to fall in love and create real change
in her life. But the other part of her, a dark broody
sociopath willing to sit back and watch it burn-- burn
right along with Rey. Which side of her conducting the
following interrogation, it's hard to tell.

FAITH

I want you to be honest with me
now.

CLICK a picture of Rey kissing her foot. A quick close up
of the photo in the camera.

FAITH (CONT'D)

When you said you could not have
children-- were you telling me
the truth?

REY

Where is this coming from?

FAITH

Just answer the question-

Pushing her foot into his chin.

REY

I tried selling my sperm when I
was younger, they wouldn't take
it- they said I was sterile.

CLICK another picture.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH
(pushing her heel into his chest)
You're not lying to me?

REY
They tested me, twice.
(seeing the look in her eyes)
I'm sorry baby.

Faith cuts him short with a look.

FAITH
You've got nothing to be sorry about, I assure you.

Thinking for a moment; wondering whether or not to tell him she is pregnant; she decides not to.

She flops down on the bed next to him. Leaning in taking a selfie with him.

FAITH
(softly)
Do you think people like us deserve to be happy?

REY
We deserve whatever we can take-
She grabs his chin lovingly.

FAITH
Always the trickster-
(pause)
Tell me that you love me.

REY
(endearingly)
You know you're crazy right.
(pause)
That's why I love... uh, almost got me.

She smiles impressed, proving himself, once again, a worthy adversary.

Grabbing her by the chin, he pulls her in close and kisses her.

There is a KNOCK at the door.

FAITH (CONT'D)
It's open-

Danny steps in; Joey's leather rucksack over his shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

Faith jumps up.

AT THE DOOR

Faith kicking Danny in the leg then hugging him.

FAITH
He thinks-- I'm crazy.

DANNY
That's why we like him. He's
perceptive.

81 EXT. WESTERN UNION - ACROSS THE STREET - DAY 81

Rey is thumbing through Joey's passport; Danny looking on.

REY
You sure it's 'Madeline'?

DANNY
Yes, I'm sure. Madeline Lacasse.
New York City. Six thousand
dollars.
(pause)
Why would I do anything
to jeopardize my number one
earner?

REY
I don't work for you Danny.
You know that.

We get the feeling this is not the ideal situation for
Rey but money is money.

DANNY
You wouldn't deny a colleague his
fantasies, would you?

REY
I'm going to pretend I didn't
hear that. I'll be back in just a
minute.

Rey shoots Danny an indigent glance as he enters the
Western Union.

82 INT. WESTERN UNION - COUNTER - DAY 82

CLOSE ON Rey filling out the receiving money slip.

Rey passes the slip and the fake French passport through
the porthole to the CASHIER.

The cashier is counting out wads of fifty euro notes
then passing the money through the porthole to Rey.

CUT TO:

83 EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY

83

Mobile phone to his ear, tears swelling in Joey's eyes. We can hear the mobile RINGING.

MOTHER (V.O.)

What happened to you last night?
I tried calling, but, there was
no answer. Is everything OK?

JOEY

Everything is fine.

MOTHER (V.O.)

Did you get your passport? Did
you pick up the money from the
Western Union?

Realizing in a flash that Danny intercepted his money from the Western Union.

JOEY

(holding back the tears)
Not yet.

MOTHER (V.O.)

Don't mess around, get it done.
And call me later, OK?

JOEY

I will, yo.

MOTHER (V.O.)

OK, I Love you.

JOEY

(bottom lip quivering)
Love you too, yo-

Hanging up, Joey lowers the mobile phone from his ear and breaks down sobbing.

CUT TO:

84 INT. LUNCH CAFÉ - BOOTH - DAY

84

Rey and Danny sit across from each other; Rey is counting out wads of fifties to Danny. On the table between them, Joey's leather rucksack.

DANNY

This kid was-
(pause)
-the most beautiful untamed
beast; such an arrogant bastard.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DANNY (cont'd)
Reminded me of myself at that age
of course.

REY
Why do you find it necessary to
always share your conquests with
me?

DANNY
Who else can I share em' with?
Besides, deep down-
(pause)
-you know you love it.

Rey's hand begins shaking.

DANNY (CONT'D)
Everything OK?

Rey grabs his hand, pacifying the shake.

REY
Just nerves-

DANNY
You remind me of this kid in my
ballet school; one of the best
dancer's I've ever seen.
Strength, grace, tough as nails.
But, he just couldn't hold his
'en Pointe,' up on your tippy
toes-- every time, his foot would
begin to shake. Couldn't hold it
for more than a few seconds.
(pause)
Turns out he had pancreatic
cancer; he was dead in six
months.

REY
That's a great story Danny.
Thanks for that-

Danny thoroughly amused by his needle-

DANNY
I'm sorry, you know I've been
away for awhile.
(pause)
But, I have to say, you're not
looking your usual perky self?

Gesturing to his hand-

(CONTINUED)

REY

Now that I know you're concerned
about me, I feel all warm inside.

Danny laughing to himself-

DANNY

(smiling softly)
I don't suppose Abba has
mentioned me at all, has he?

REY

I think certain aspects of your
behavior proved to be a little
too much- even for him.

DANNY

Yeah, we had some good times,
didn't we?

REY

No, not really.

(pause)

You tried to drug me in a hotel
room.

(pause)

If it hadn't been for your sister
you would have gotten away with
it.

DANNY

Common', that was before I really
knew. I mean, honestly, how long
are you going to hold that
against me?

REY

Forever-

DANNY

Yet, here you are. Sitting across
from the one person you despise
most in the world. And all it
took was a little bit of money-

Danny smiles. Rey seems thoroughly displeased with the
revelation. Danny picks up on it, decides to deflect.

He turns, looking out the window at the hordes of TOURISTS
passing by.

DANNY

Look at em' out there, consuming
everything in their path. They're
all so obvious, wearing it with
such pride.

(CONTINUED)

Pulling out of his pocket one of Faith's pink condoms, showing it to Rey, as though it were a trophy of some kind; another strange facet of Danny's character that Rey pretends doesn't affect him.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Everything they think makes them so unique, completely unaware of the undeniable truth.

(pause)

It's hard to see them as individuals when they're like that- don't you think?

Twirling the condom between his thumb and forefinger.

DANNY (CONT'D)

(looking at Rey)

But, I guess, in that way we're all connected, aren't we?

A little smirk on Danny's face.

CUT TO:

85

EXT. LUNCH CAFE - ACROSS THE STREET - DAY

85

Flicking his butterfly knife open and closed, Abba, eyes darkened and pale; an addict in a down swing, is watching Rey and Danny inside the cafe from across the street.

Alfi standing next to him; black eye, a look of apprehension in his eyes. He seems reluctant, as though this whole thing has gone too far.

ABBA

What the fuck are they talking about in there?

ALFI

Are you sure you--you want to go through with this?

Crack pipe to lips, Abba lights the bowl, exhaling in Alfi's face. Alf's eyes flickering.

ABBA

Today, is the day, we cast our shadow large me wee cocker.

Abba turns to Alfi, looking him dead in the eye.

ABBA (CONT'D)

I told you I'd take care of it, and I will.

Alfi smiles. The black eye, blaming it on Danny; it was all worth it. Thinking to himself, 'it actually worked.' He finally got what he wanted all along; recognition that he was special to Abba. That Abba cared for him.

86 EXT. LUNCH CAFE - ACROSS THE STREET - DAY 86

Joey's rucksack slung over his shoulder, Danny exits the cafe.

Carefree as a schoolboy, Danny skips down the street.

ABBA (CONT'D)
Common' Alf's-

Abba and Alfi follow-

87 EXT. STREET CORNER - DAY 87

Turning the corner, Danny walks on.

A moment later, Abba's head pops out from around the corner.

Seconds later, Alfi's head immediately follows, popping out directly beneath Abba's.

88 EXT. SNACK BAR - STREET - DAY 88

Danny stops, exchanging a few words with the VENDER.

Placing an empty cone beneath the nozzle of the ice cream machine, the vender fills it up, passing it to Danny.

Danny pays the vender and is off, walking down the street. Abba and Alfi follow.

89 EXT. STREET - DAY 89

Ice cream in hand, Danny skips down the street. Abba pursues, Alfi trails behind.

90 EXT. STREET - CANAL - DAY 90

Joey's rucksack at his side, Danny sits, eating his ice cream his legs dangling over the edge of the canal.

Grabbing Joey's rucksack, Abba pushes Danny over the edge.

SLOW MOTION Danny falls back, plunging into the water, still holding onto the ice cream cone as though that might save him; the look of utter disbelief in his eyes.

Danny falls through the air back, back, back- into the water SPLASH.

(CONTINUED)

Abba, at the canals edge, is now holding Joey's rucksack; looking down at Danny in the water, 'the king is dead, long live the king.'

A little surprised by his success, a sliver of regret in his eyes as though deep down, he knows he might have pushed things too far, but then again, maybe not.

Alfi looking on; wonderment and morbid satisfaction in his eyes.

Slinging Joey's rucksack over his shoulder, Abba triumphantly turns and walks away.

91 EXT. STREET - UNDER BRIDGE - DAY

91

Opening Joey's rucksack, Abba notices the inscription; *'May the force be with you.'*

Investigating the contents, he pulls out a pair of pink fluffy handcuffs, tossing them into the canal SPLASH.

Next, a roll of duck tape, into the canal SPLASH.

A little notebook and pen, into the canal SPLASH.

Then, a twinge of nostalgia in his eyes as he pulls out the light blue silk kimono.

Something falls out onto the ground.

Abba picks it up. It's a strip of photos from a photo booth. Different shots of Abba and Danny making funny faces together, caught up in the intimacy of the moment.

Caressing his face with the silk kimono, smelling the material; the memories return.

OVER BLACK:

"THE KIMONO" in bold white letters over black.

FADE OUT:

FLASHBACK:

92 INT. DREAM HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY

92

A FEW YEARS BACK

An overconfident Danny, leads his newly acquired apprentices Abba and Rey through the lobby of a five star hotel, the expression on Abba's face the reluctance of someone who has accepted an invitation unsure of where they are going.

(CONTINUED)

As the three of them walk past the reception desk, a girl with long straight black hair and very little makeup, lifts her head and winks at them; it's Faith.

She is wearing a receptionist uniform, a slight rigid bourgeoisie air in her demeanor as though this was the job before the job.

Winking at our POV as the three walk past.

93

INT. DREAM HOTEL - CLEANING CLOSET - DAY

93

Danny, Abba, Rey and a healthier looking Alfi stand over a room service cart.

Alfi actually looks respectable and has a full head of hair; he is wearing a room service uniform.

On the cart beneath them, spread out over fine silk linen: two desert dishes and two glasses with champagne, waiting to be delivered to one of the rooms.

All eyes are on Danny as he removes the small vial filled with green liquid from his jacket pocket; taking the vial he delicately adds two drops into each glass of champagne.

Alfi seems mesmerized whereas Abba tries to hide the attraction he feels towards Danny.

The two exchange what might be perceived as slight flirtatious glance.

Although Rey and Alfi are present, the scene plays much more like a courtship between Abba and Danny.

94

INT. DREAM HOTEL - CORRIDOR - DAY

94

Alfi pushes the room service cart down the hallway the deserts and champagne glasses jiggling along heading towards their destination.

AT THE ROOM

Alfi knocks on the door, the door opens.

An OVERWEIGHT MAN, wearing the same light blue silk kimono and a ridiculously large blue fanny pack around his waist answers the door.

He gestures to Alfi to bring the cart into the room.

The man unzips the huge fanny pack, packed full of hundreds, five hundred and fifty euro notes. Alfi's eyes nearly pop out of his head as the man tips him a hundred euro note.

Alfi exits the room, the door closing behind him.

95 INT. DREAM HOTEL - LOBBY - HOUSE PHONES - DAY 95

Danny picks up the receiver, dialing a number. He is calling the room to see if his prey has fallen asleep yet.

Danny holding up the receiver for Abba to listen; the two locked in a seductive gaze.

He smiles as though showing off the success of his venture. Abba pretends not to be impressed.

96 INT. DREAM HOTEL - CORRIDOR - DAY 96

Danny knocks on the door, a moment passes. Abba and Rey standing expectantly close by.

Pulling out the electronic device, Danny inserts it in the hole under the handle.

The light flashes green and the door CLICKS open.

97 INT. DREAM HOTEL - SUITE - DAY 97

Danny and Abba enter a lavish suite.

AT THE SITTING AREA

Danny leads Abba pass the room service cart; drinks and deserts partially eaten.

On the king size bed, the overweight man, still wearing the silk kimono and fanny pack around his waist, lying face down, his naked chubby legs hanging off the end of the bed.

Next to the man, A MIDDLE AGED WOMAN dressed in fishnets and high heels passed out with her thumb in her mouth.

AT THE BED

Danny, Abba and Rey are standing over the half naked overweight man wearing the blue silk kimono.

Danny directs Rey to remove the black money belt and then leave the room, as though he could care less about the money.

AT THE DOOR

Rey and Abba make eye contact as Rey exits.

Fanny pack in hand, Rey closes the door behind him, leaving Abba and Danny to their devices.

AT THE BED

(CONTINUED)

Danny and Abba are standing over the passed out, overweight man.

All of a sudden the overweight man opens his eyes. Danny looks at Abba as though trying to see if his offering was enough; Abba smiles.

DISSOLVE TO:

98 INT. HAPPY TIMES HOTEL - KITCHEN - DAY 98

BACK TO PRESENT

Virgil is humming a tune, busy preparing a tray of food; glass of orange juice, nice silverware, sliced fruit, sandwiches and last but not least, a fresh flower in a miniature vase for the final touch; real attentiveness for care for detail.

99 INT. HAPPY TIMES HOTEL - STAIRWAY - DAY 99

Virgil walks up the stairs carrying the tray of food-- whistling a happy tune.

100 INT. HAPPY TIMES HOTEL - VIRGIL'S ROOM - DAY 100

Virgil enters the room to find Joey sleeping in an extra bed.

VIRGIL'S ROOM looks like a little shangri-la, with Indian cushions and curtains and a small Buddhist shrine as the center piece of the room.

A guitar, art books various sketches of people hanging on the wall-- some of Joey sleeping.

Joey's vacant eyes are slow to register Virgil entering the room with the tray of food.

VIRGIL

You're awake.

He sits up in bed wide eyed looking confused and unsure of his surroundings.

VIRGIL (CONT'D)

I took a chance and figured you weren't vegan.

Placing the tray of food on the table in-between the adjoining beds.

VIRGIL (CONT'D)

Houmous and avocados, it'll help repair your Chakras.

Virgil grabs half a sandwidge from the plate and takes a bite.

(CONTINUED)

VIRGIL (CONT'D)

I hope you don't mind, the hotel
was fully booked, so I had to put
you in here-- with me.

Virgil lights one of the candles that went out on the
Buddhist shrine.

VIRGIL (CONT'D)

I converted this room into my
private quarters. It's not much,
but it's home.

Across from him, Joey is staring blankly at different
sketches of himself sleeping pinned on the wall, an eerie
indication that Virgil has been watching him sleep.

VIRGIL (CONT'D)

I feel bad about the other day. I
let my ego get in the way. I
shouldn't have done that.

Joey staring into space.

JOEY

(disconnected)

It's no problem, yo-

VIRGIL

The Bodhisattva teaches us that
we can only reach transcendence
through forgiveness and by
helping those in need.

(pause)

You looked like you could use a
little help.

Looking at his sleeping portraits pinned on the wall, the
thought he might have fallen out of the frying pan into
the fire.

VIRGIL (CONT'D)

I've got to get back to the desk.

(pause)

Try and get some rest.

Virgil exits the room.

Staring straight ahead into nothingness, disoriented, a
cold lost expression as we push in slowly CLOSE ON Joey's
eyes.

DANNY (V.O.)

(a haunting whisper)

Is anybody home?

(CONTINUED)

DANNY (V.O.)
(growing stronger)
American's are my favorite-

CUT TO:

101 EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

101

DREAM SEQUENCE

We push our way through a deserted dimly lit back alleyway of Amsterdam, a place where the junkies swoon and the desperate come looking for their next fix.

DANNY (V.O.)
You don't have to suffer anymore.
You can be who you truly are. My
beautiful thieving bastard. Come
to me-- Come to me.

We happen upon a shadowy figure with his back turned to us.

We understand, in this moment, that Abba is able to be vulnerable with Danny in a way he never could with his brother. The horrible realization that the one person giving the thing you most desperately need, is also the one destroying you. As Abba breaks down crying, Danny holds him close whispering the words.

DANNY
It's going to be alright.
Everything is going to be fine.

END DREAM SEQUENCE

102 INT. BLACK HOTEL - CORRIDOR TOILET - NIGHT

102

Abba's eyes flicker open, the dark vision jolting him awake from the toilet seat.

As he sits alone, desperate, sweating, coming down off drugs, unsure whether he heard Danny's voice in a dream or if he spoke to him from outside the toilet.

ABBA
(slurred)
Danny?

Clutching Joey's rucksack in his hands, Abba holds it close to his heart.

DANNY (V.O.)
I want us to always be together,
always-

(CONTINUED)

ABBA
(drugged out, mumbling)
Is that you?

Cautiously pushing the toilet door open.

The little girl from Abba's flashback earlier is standing in a white dress, smiling eyes.

SMASH CUT TO:

103 INT. BABA COFFEE SHOP - BOOTH - DAY 103

Rey enters the coffeeshop, sees Abba and takes a seat across from him.

REY
Jesus, you don't look so good.

Abba's usual self-confidence isn't there. He is pale and sickly looking. A scattered mind behind desperate eyes.

Throwing Joey's rucksack on the table.

ABBA
It's a designer Donatelli's, mate. One of the first ones they made in the early nineties. It's worth five hundred. You can have it for three.

REY
What? And, have Danny stalking me all over town, are you fucking crazy. You need to give it back to him.

ABBA
(coughing)
I think we both know, it's too late for that.

REY
Did you have to throw him in the fuckin' canal?

ABBA
(unapologetic)
It's either him... or us.

REY
Why do you insist in pulling me into your drama? I don't need to feel what you feel, the way that you feel it.

Abba breaks a smile.

(CONTINUED)

ABBA
(coughing)
Your my brother you're supposed
to have my back.

REY
I do have your fucking back but
stop pushing this fucking Danny
situation. You're making the
choice to punish yourself; leave
me out of it.

ABBA
I just can't turn it off like you
do. She was our only sister we
were supposed to look out for
her.

REY
Don't you think I live with it
too? Don't you get it that I
think about her every day? It
doesn't help to show it. It
doesn't help to feel it. It
doesn't help to go out starting
fights with Danny. It doesn't
help to kill yourself with drugs.

ABBA
You're in denial.

REY
That's what you fucking do in
life. You keep pushing forward
even with every single shitty
thing you've done, even when you
think the worst of yourself.

ABBA
Keep telling yourself that.
(looking at Rey's hand)
How is your hand doing?

Hiding his hand under the table as though Abba has seen
through his facade.

REY
You keep pushing forward.

Perhaps choosing to deflect the conversation, Abba goes
into a tirade about the bag being cursed; perhaps the
madness is setting in. It is hard to tell whether Abba is
delusional or serious.

ABBA
That's it. It's the bag. It's
this fucking bag.

(CONTINUED)

REY

The bag?

ABBA

It's cursed.

REY

The bag is cursed?

ABBA

Nothing but bad luck ever since this fucking bag. No drugs in town, not a fucking drop. Dry as a nuns crotch. How do you explain that?

REY

Bad economics-

ABBA (CONT'D)

-This is no fucking joke, I'm in pain here.

Rey can deal with his brother starting fights with Danny, coming off of drugs, but signs of desperate delusion spark a protectiveness, an emotional cord in his psyche.

A realization comes to Rey, that there is only one solution-

REY

Remember the hotel in LA? When I locked you in the toilet for three days?

ABBA

You were a fucking cunt.

REY

Remember how good you felt afterwards?

ABBA

I don't think I can go through that again-

REY

Of course you can. It'll be tough at first, but when we're on the train, you won't have a choice.

(pause)

We need to get you the fuck out of this city, and away from Danny-

(CONTINUED)

ABBA
What about the whore?

REY
I'll call her from the train. She
can meet us later-

ABBA
You would do that?

REY
Is there any other option?

CUT TO:

104 INT. MOVING TAXI - DAY

104

Rey is holding Abba in his arms in the back seat of a
moving TAXICAB.

Abba's hands shaking, he is sweating, pale and sickly.

REY
We're almost there.

ABBA
(mumbling)
I can't do it, I can't do it-

On one hand, Abba is incredibly touched that his brother
was willing to sacrifice being with Faith in order to help
him get out of the city and get clean.

REY
Your gonna' make it- hang in
there.

ABBA
No, no. I can't-
(pause)
Stop the fuckin' cab-

The taxi stops at a red light at the intersection in front
of Central Station.

REY
We had a deal.

Something shifts in Abba, the realization he cannot let
his brother make this sacrifice for him, uprooting him,
leaving his girl behind. Plus, the fact that going,
'cold-turkey' scares the shit out of him.

ABBA
Fuck the deal, mate-

Abba whips out his butterfly knife, holding it close to
Rey's face.

(CONTINUED)

ABBA (CONT'D)

Now- give us the money.

The cab driver's horror-stricken eyes flash in the rear view mirror.

REY

You've got to be kidding me.

The tip of the blade jiggling only inches away from Rey's eye.

Rey digs in his pocket, pulling out a wad of fifty euro notes, handing it to Abba.

REY

That's all I've got-

ABBA

You'll thank me later, brother.

Grabbing the wad, Abba opens the door, gets out.

Slamming the door shut behind him, he scurries off into the crowd.

CAB DRIVER

Do you want me to call the police?

Rey looks down, Joey's rucksack is on the seat next to him.

REY

That won't be necessary.

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE OUT:

105 EXT. STREET - RED LIGHT DISTRICT - NIGHT 105

Sweating and shaking like a leaf, Abba walks through the city streets like a lonely ghost, the dark isolation following him wherever he goes.

The PEOPLE he passes seem to be from another planet to the eyes of a junkie in need.

106 EXT. PUB - RED LIGHT DISTRICT - NIGHT 106

Walking past a busy bar, six portly British men wearing pink T-shirts.

They are laughing and smiling, caught up in drunken revelery.

(CONTINUED)

STAG BROTHER #3
Let me see that cock selfie
again.

STAG BROTHER #1
I'm really hoping we run into
that fucking cunt.

STAG BROTHER #2
How many cocks do you think
you're going to have to
investigate to find the right
one?

The stag brothers burst out laughing as a hunched over
Abba stumbles past unaware.

107 EXT. STREET - RED LIGHT DISTRICT - NIGHT 107

Walking past two lovers embraced and kissing one another
passionately. Jovial TOURISTS in the background.

Walking along the canal, his reflection fading in and out
of the shimmering lights in the water; his only companion.

108 EXT. FAITH'S SEX CABIN - NIGHT 108

Abba huddled shivering in a threshold across the
way, longingly looking at Faith dressed
in lingerie, standing behind the glass; working.

The sultry image of her flesh under the red light more in
tuned with the flames he feels within.

He watches Virgil approach the sex cabin; Faith opens the
door and lets Virgil in.

As she draws the curtain she does not see him.

109 EXT. SHADY BAR - STREET - NIGHT 109

Abba stands outside the doorway to the shady bar, flicking
his butterfly knife open and closed; the prospect of
confrontation the last emotion he holds unto, the only
motivation keeping him upright.

110 INT. SHADY BAR - TOILET - NIGHT 110

Danny enters, goes to the urinal to take a piss. Having
finished, he zips up.

As he enters the toilet and steps up to the urinal; Abba
comes up behind him, holding the butterfly knife.

Spinning Danny around, Abba pushes him up against the
wall.

Words are exchanged; two scorpions that wont back down.

(CONTINUED)

Someone comes at him from behind, turning him around, back against the wall. Abba holds his knife to his chin, staring into his eyes.

DANNY

You know that I'm right.

Abba pushing the knife into Danny's cheek, the blade slightly penetrating the skin. Removing the knife a tiny scare left behind, a small memento that Abba tried to love him.

Abba pulls the knife away, exiting the toilet.

Danny wipes his face, a little blood on his hand- a look of anger in his eyes.

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

111 EXT. HAPPY TIMES HOTEL - ENTRANCE - DAY 111

Wild eyed, and manic Rey stands before Virgil hotel holding a pair of bolt cutters with Joey's rucksack strapped on his back.

There is something different about him; as if some careless manic persona has taken hold; perhaps Joey's bag is cursed and this is the effect it has on Rey.

Smiling as he shoves them down his trousers, Rey enters the hotel as though he doesn't have a care in the world and nothing can touch him.

112 INT. HAPPY TIMES HOTEL - CORRIDOR - DAY 112

Rey using the electronic device to enter a room.

113 INT. HAPPY TIMES HOTEL - ROOM - DAY 113

Rey lifting the various wallets of different three MID-DAY SLEEPERS.

Rey investigating the room like a Xmas morning.

Rummaging through various bags, all the goodies that Rey finds are shucked into Joey's rucksack.

114 INT. HAPPY TIMES HOTEL - CORRIDOR - DAY 114

Rey using the device to enter another room.

115 INT. HAPPY TIMES HOTEL - ROOM WITH METAL LOCKERS - DAY 115

Rey stands in front of the ultimate boon, a row of bolted lockers; all of them locked with different locks.

Pulling out the bolt cutters, he begins snapping off the lockers one by one; heedless of the noise he is making.

The locks snapping apart, his face contorted like a Viking on crystal meth.

Rey, filling Joey's rucksack with all the various booty from the lockers.

CUT TO:

116 INT. HAPPY TIMES HOTEL - VIRGIL'S ROOM - DAY 116

Candles burning, lights dimmed, an intimate romantic environment with the windows covered.

Virgil is playing the acoustic guitar softly singing a romantic melody.

Joey sits opposite, watching him play, not knowing what to make of it.

VIRGIL

(singing)

Breathing' in your kiss, sweet
reminisce, the only lover, that I
cannot let go, ooh and baby I can
not let go, I can not let go

Virgil stops playing.

VIRGIL

What do you think? Maybe you
could come up with some lyrics--

JOEY

--It's pretty gay, yo.

VIRGIL

Gay? What do you mean gay? Like
happy gay? Like--

JOEY

--Like homosexual gay, like-- I
ain't singing no kumbaya shit,
yo.

(looking around the room)

And, why is it so fucking dark in
this room, yo?

Joey reaches up and pulls one of the drapes off the window; throwing it to the ground.

(CONTINUED)

VIRGIL

Be careful-

(pause)

It's important to set the right mood-- so we can be in touch with our *spirituality*.

JOEY

I can't take this anymore, yo. I feel like my head is going to explode If I have to listen to anymore of your fucking songs, yo-

VIRGIL

OK, OK, I can take a hint. You don't like my songs. I promise, I won't play anymore for you-

Joey stares at him for a second, as though this maybe the first time he's ever thought about someone else's feelings; how his callous remarks might uv' actually hurt Virgil.

JOEY

I'm sorry, yo.

(pause)

Fuck yo-- all my lyrics were in my bag. Everything I'd written, yo, for the past two years. They're fuckin' gone, yo. Gone forever-

Virgil pulls one of his drawings of Joey, a small one, off the wall.

VIRGIL

You can never lose your words--

Taking a lighter, he sets it on fire.

VIRGIL (CONT'D)

--they're always in your heart.

The drawing burning in Virgil's hand-

VIRGIL (CONT'D)

The bodhisattva teaches us that our words are like the stars-- and, anytime we want--

Reaching his hand up, dramatically-

VIRGIL (CONT'D)

--we have only to reach up and grab them.

Joey just stares at Virgil, not wanting to say anything.

(CONTINUED)

The realization dawns on Virgil, it's been awhile since Virgil saw himself through someone else's eyes.

VIRGIL
That was pretty gay, wasn't it?

JOEY
-Super gay, yo.

We hear a KNOCK at the door.

A moment passes.

REY (O.S.)
Housekeeping.

Virgil and Joey look at each other; a puzzled expression on Virgil's face.

VIRGIL
(mouthing)
Housekeeping?

Putting his finger to his lips; signifying to Joey to stay quiet.

Another KNOCK at the door.

A moment passes.

The electronic door CLICKS and Rey enters the room; shocked at what he finds.

REY
I'm sorry, I must have the wrong room.

VIRGIL
You certainly do-

An awkward silence between the three of them; no one moves.

Rey turns slightly to left, exposing Joey's rucksack strapped to his back.

Joey's eyes widen---

JOEY
Is that my fucking bag?

SMASH CUT TO:

117 EXT. STREET #1 - DAY

117

The blue serene sky fills the frame as we pan down to a close tracking shot of Rey running full blow down the street, his face contorted and stressed, Joey's rucksack strapped on his back.

In the background, Joey is in hot pursuit with Virgil close behind him.

FURTHER DOWN THE STREET

Rey running full-blown down the sidewalk.

JOEY (O.S.)

Stop him!

A MAN, in Rey's path, about twenty meters ahead, turns his head at the sound of Joey's voice.

Rey points frantically past the man.

REY

Stop that guy! He's a thief! Stop him-

The man looks where Rey is pointing; Rey runs past.

As Virgil and Joey run past, the man turns and walks away in an apathetic manner.

JOEY

Somebody stop that motherfucker!

A CYCLIST on a racing bike, an angry Lance Armstrong swerves into the action; a look of determination in his eyes as he pulls up behind Rey.

Rey looks over his shoulder, seeing him.

The biker tries grabbing him; Rey pulls away.

Both hands on the handle bars, the biker gears up for his final assault.

Leaning hard into the pedal alongside Rey, he swerves hard into him- trying to trip him up.

Rey kicks the front tire of the bike, the man loses control swerving behind Rey and into a parked car.

LANCE ARMSTRONG

Aaaayyyy!

ROUND THE CORNER

Rey rounds the corner.

A couple seconds pass; Virgil and Joey round the corner.

118 EXT. STREET #2 - DAY

118

A black scooter pulls along side Rey; it's Faith, wearing a helmet.

FAITH

Get on!

As Rey hops on the back of the moving scooter, his mobile phone pops out of his pocket, falling to the ground.

Virgil stops running to pick up Rey's phone.

Joey pursuing the scooter.

DOWN THE STREET

The terror in Rey's eyes, looking over his shoulder to find Joey only feet away, reaching desperately for his leather rucksack.

Rey and Faith accelerate, leaving Joey in the background catching his breath.

Joey watches helplessly as Faith speeds away, turning the corner up ahead.

JOEY

FUCK!

119 EXT. WESTERPARK - HILLSIDE - DAY

119

Faith driving her scooter up a hillside with Rey on back; moving up the hillside on the bike path, stopping the scooter once she reaches the top of the hill.

The two dismount, holding Joey's rucksack in his hand, Rey tries to embrace Faith as she pushes him away.

Faith punching Rey in the torso; Rey not fighting back. The echoes of them yelling barely audible from our POV.

Faith stops punching Rey; for a second both are completely still, staring at each other.

Grabbing Joey's rucksack from Rey, she jumps on her scooter.

She speeds away leaving Rey, his arms in the air, screaming at the sky.

120 EXT. STREETS - VARIOUS - DUSK 120

Joey finds himself lost in the city; seeing his bag has brought back the dark emotions of his encounter with Danny.

Faces in the CROWD around him seem only to exacerbate his dreaded isolation.

IN FRONT OF A SHOP

Joey sees Danny's reflection in the window- when he spins around, no one is there.

IN THE DISTANCE

One of the multitudes in the crowd staring back at him; Danny.

The crowd shifts, the mirage of Danny disappears.

The crowd spinning, Joey turning out of control.

DANNY (O.S.)
(whispering)
Americans are my favorite.

AT THE SIDE OF A BUILDING

Danny appears, half concealed; Joey blinks and once more, he's gone.

121 EXT. TRAM TRACK - STREET - DAY 121

CLOSE ON Joey shutting his eyes.

As we pullback, we reveal Joey, standing in the middle of the tram track.

DING! DING! DING! DING!

Looking up, Joey suddenly finds himself staring down an oncoming TRAM.

122 INT. MOVING TRAM - DAY 122

TRAM DRIVER'S POV as he slams on the BRAKES.

Joey seems fearless as though he has reached some new turning point in his psyche; willing to die instead of moving out of the trams path.

123 EXT. TRAM STOP - STREET - DAY

123

The tram comes to a SCREECHING halt dangerously close to Joey, who hasn't budged.

Joey's POV pans to the right; a concerned Virgil approaches.

VIRGIL

What the hell are you doing?

124 EXT. STREET - BENCH - DAY

124

Virgil is sitting next to Joey on the bench.

JOEY

(teary eyes)

Yo, it's like some kind of
fucking joke.

Joey lowers his head.

VIRGIL

You wanna know how I lost this
eye?

JOEY

Not really, yo-

VIRGIL

Good, I'll tell you anyway.

(pause)

I was a kid, maybe five years
old. I was just running with this
pencil, I tripped and I fell and
it just went right through my
eye. Nothing special, just a
stupid accident, but at some
point, I just forgot about my
other eye-

JOEY

What the fuck does that have to
do with me, yo?

VIRGIL

Someday, you won't be able to
remember the person you were
before all this shit happened--
you just-- become someone new,
someone different. Maybe worse,
maybe better-- but, the memories,
they just fade away.

JOEY

I ain't never gonna' forget this
shit, yo. Never-

(CONTINUED)

Virgil produces Rey's phone, showing Joey the image he has open on the screen.

VIRGIL

Perhaps it's time someone else
felt the walls moving in for a
change?

Joey takes the phone, his eyes glued to the image.

CUT TO:

125 EXT. PLAYGROUND - BENCH - DAY

125

Faith sits at the edge of the playground, taking a moment for herself.

Her brooding eyes skimming over the playing children across the way.

A mother embraces her child lovingly; Faith struggles to feel some maternal instincts but only seems to be consumed with contempt.

She watches the mother and child trying to find some new beginning in her mind, some way to move forward.

126 EXT. MOBILE PHONE SHOP - DAY

126

Joey's rucksack strapped to her back, Faith stands across the street from a mobile phone store intently watching the entrance.

Rey exits the shop.

Dialing a number, Faith puts it to her ear as she pursues Rey.

127 EXT. VICTORIA HOTEL - DAY

127

Rey picks up his phone.

He crosses the intersection in front of Victoria Hotel, heading towards Central Station.

As Rey enters Central Station, Faith follows.

INTERCUT - TELEPHONE CONVERSATION

FAITH

You were gonna' leave town and
not even tell me about it?

REY

Fucking Abba- that's not how it
was, babe.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

Don't you think I deserve to know
if you're making a decision like
that?

REY

I didn't- I was gonna' call you
from the train. I need to get him
out of the city and away from
your brother.

FAITH

You should count your lucky stars
you've got a girl like me who
cares enough to have your fucking
back.

REY

And I told you, I really
appreciate what you do for me?

FAITH

Appreciate?

REY

I didn't mean it like that-

FAITH

It's starting to feel little like
you're taking me for granted.

REY

I am fucking grateful, you know
that-

FAITH

Grateful?

REY

What is it that you want me to
say?

128

EXT. CENTRAL STATION - BUS STOP - DAY

128

Rey is walking across the area where the buses stop in
front of Central Station. Faith follows a hundred meters
back.

INTERCUT - TELEPHONE CONVERSATION - CONTINUOUS

FAITH

Do I have to spell it out for
you?

REY

Oh, my god.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH
I want to hear you fucking say
it?

STREET ALONGSIDE THE CANAL

Rey is walking, phone to his ear.

Faith, phone to her ear, is spying on him from across the canal.

REY
Say what?

FAITH
That you love me-

REY
I don't understand. Are you being
serious right now?

FAITH
For once in your life show some
fucking balls!

REY
(yelling)
You want to hear me say it, right
now, in the middle of the street?
(pause)
OK, here it is--- I love, the way
you stalk me through the streets
like an insane person. The way
you're able to climb under my
skin, make me feel unbalanced.
And, your brother Danny, what a
fucking sweetheart he is, getting
his kicks drugging and raping
people, trying to get me busted.
I really love him-
(pause)
Oh, and I almost forgot; when
we're making love and you whisper
in my ear, 'I'm the only one you
let fuck without a condom, how
fucking romantic is that?!!
(pause)
Hello? Hello?

She's hung up on him.

REY (CONT'D)
Crazy bitch.

Rey looks up to find mixed reactions of shock and
amusement from SOME, but the conservative looking PARENTS
grasping their TWO KIDS, are utterly horrified by what
they've heard.

(CONTINUED)

REY (CONT'D)
Relationships- what ya' gonna'
do?

ACROSS THE CANAL

Faith is laughing to herself, the look in her eyes, Rey has ingratiated himself further into her heart with his emotional outburst.

As she watches him walk away from his audience, she begins following with the intention of catching up and surprising him.

OVER THE BRIDGE

She watches Rey turn and walk over the bridge, disappearing from view.

She takes off after him, crossing a bridge passing VARIOUS TOURISTS.

129 EXT. STREET - NEXT TO CANAL - DAY 129

Faith hurries through the CROWD trying to catch up with Rey, who is--

130 EXT. SEX CABIN - RED LIGHT DISTRICT - DAY 130

--Walking along.

Faith turns the corner just in time to see Rey approach a sex cabin.

She watches Rey make eye contact with a SLINKY YOUNG PROSTITUTE standing behind the glass.

The prostitute opens the door, Rey enters; she draws the curtain.

Faith looking on, in utter disbelief.

CUT TO:

131 INT. PUB - RED LIGHT DISTRICT - DAY 131

Six portly British men all wearing the same bright pink T-shirts, 'Rufus's Stag night' are drinking together, laughing, beer spilling.

Pushing through the cluster of pink T-shirts we come to Virgil, who is placing a wanted poster on the wall of the bar.

ON THE WANTED POSTER:

A close up goofy photo of Rey (same photo taken by Faith using Rey's phone).

(CONTINUED)

The following caption written directly beneath the photo in large black font:

WANTED: THIEF WHO IS STEALING FROM HOTELS AND HOSTELS IN AMSTERDAM. ANY INFORMATION ABOUT HIM PLEASE CALL 020-6461056, OR, CONTACT THE POLICE.

STAG BROTHER #2 (O.S)
What the fuck do we have here?

Virgil turns, facing the group of men, all staring right at him.

STAG BROTHER #3
A real life fucking zombie-

The men chuckle.

STAG BROTHER #2
Aaaarrrrr, brains, brains-

Drooling, holding out his arms doing zombie gestures. The men laugh; Virgil smiles sheepishly.

STAG BROTHER #3
You need a fucking eye patch mate. That thing is fucking nasty.

STAG BROTHER #2
Skull fuck him-

Them men (chuckle)

Holding a stack of wanted posters, Joey steps forward.

JOEY
Yo, fatty-

VIRGIL
Don't-

JOEY
Why don't you and your boyfriends here, drink a nice cup of-- shut the fuck up.

The faces of all the men turn sour; moving in on Joey like a tasty piece of meat; Virgil steps forward.

VIRGIL
He didn't mean it gents.
(pause)
He's had a rough day-

The alpha of the group, stag brother #1, pushes his way forward through the group.

(CONTINUED)

Everyone becomes silent; Virgil seems more worried than Joey.

STAG BROTHER #1
You must forgive my mates, they
can be a bit-- insensitive at
times.

Giving a sideways glance to stag brother #2 and #3, who lowers their eyes, a twinge of shame.

STAG BROTHER #1 (CONT'D)
Please accept our sincere
apologies.

Glancing at Virgil, then back to Joey.

STAG BROTHER #1 (CONT'D)
Our mate here--
(gesturing to stag brother
#2)
--the poor bastard decided to get
married, so, we're just sending
him to his demise properly.

Holding up a half pint of ale.

The group chuckles, as stag brother #1, leans into Joey.

STAG BROTHER #1 (CONT'D)
Do you think it's possible that
you and your friend can find it
in your hearts to forgive us?

The question seems more like a clever test to see how Joey will respond, all eyes are upon him.

JOEY
Well-- I, uh--

The look on Joey's face; we don't know which way he's going to go.

JOEY (CONT'D)
--I guess congratulations are in
order, yo.

A look of surprise from stag brother #1, #2 and #3; a response perhaps they were not expecting.

A sigh of relief from Virgil.

Stag brother #1, pulls the wanted poster from the wall; reading it over.

Fiery recognition in his eyes as he realizes it might be the same thief that robbed him and his friends and left a selfie of Abba's cock on his phone.

(CONTINUED)

Looking at Joey-

STAG BROTHER #1
(smiling)
Do you believe in fate?

CUT TO:

132 EXT. STREET - RED LIGHT DISTRICT - DAY 132

SLOW MOTION: Hundreds of wanted posters floating through the air, filling the frame.

Joey and Virgil, leading the determined myrmidons through the streets of Amsterdam. Each of the stag brothers carrying bundles of wanted posters; walking towards the camera-- an unstoppable force moving through the streets.

DISSOLVE TO:

133 EXT. NEW COFFEE SHOP - ENTRANCE - DAY 133

Near the coffee shop's entrance, Alfi, waiving his arms in the air and moving slowly, is practicing Tai Chi. His eyes glossy, focused, explosive; he's high as a kite.

Through the window, Rey and Abba are sitting in a booth across from each other.

134 INT. NEW COFFEE SHOP - BOOTH - DAY 134

Rey and Abba sitting across from each other, Alfi out the window practicing Tai Chi.

Abba looks healthier, his eyes dancing to the tune of a junkie who has finally found some gear.

REY
What the fuck is he doing?

Gesturing to Alfi.

ABBA
We finally got some good gear-
the dry spell is over.
(pause)
He's just workin' it off.

CLOSE ON Alfi's worn face, broken teeth, dilated eyes as he moves his arms into the next Tai Chi position. The satisfied look of a junkie running on a full tank of gas.

REY
You told Faith we were leaving
without her?

(CONTINUED)

ABBA
(unaffected)
It may have slipped out-

REY
Why the fuck would you do that?

ABBA (CONT'D)
Was in a bad state. Wasn't in my
right mind, was I.
(pause)
Listen, I've got something to
show you. You're not gonna' like
it mate-

REY
What?

Abba just looks at him.

ABBA
I mean, obviously you don't know.
Wouldn't be walking' round like
out in the open if you did--

REY (CONT'D)
What the fuck is it?

Pulling out one of the 'wanted posters,' Abba passes it to
Rey.

REY (CONT'D)
Where did you get this?

Rey stares at the wanted poster; his hand starts shaking
uncontrollably.

ABBA
Oh, this one?
(pause)
Right off the wall- over there.

Gesturing to a portion of the coffee shop wall designated
for posters & flyers.

REY
What? HERE?

A paranoid glance from Rey, as if the world just suddenly
collapsed around him.

Abba pulls out another wanted poster, Rey snatches it out
of his hand.

ABBA (CONT'D)
--Alfi pulled this one off the
wall at Abraxis.

(CONTINUED)

REY
(higher pitch)
Abraxis?

ABBA
They're all over town mate,
they're everywhere.

Rey stares at the wanted poster; shocked.

ABBA (CONT'D)
I told you that bag was fuckin'
cursed-

At that very moment, Rey sees Joey & Virgil approaching,
Virgil is holding a stack of wanted posters in his hands.

REY
Fuck-

135 EXT. NEW COFFEE SHOP - ENTRANCE - DAY 135

Virgil and Joey turn, looking through the window of the
coffee shop; only Abba is sitting there, Rey is gone.

Abba and Virgil's eyes meet, they share an awkward glance.

Alfi practices a few slow motion drunken junkie Tai Chi
maneuvers towards Joey; Joey shoots him a stink eye.

Virgil and Abba share another glance as Joey and Virgil
walk away.

136 INT. NEW COFFEE SHOP - BOOTH - DAY 136

ABBA
That looked like a lot of flyers,
mate.

We pan down to reveal Rey cowering underneath the table.

REY
(trembling voice)
Are they gone yet?

137 EXT. NEW COFFEE SHOP - DOWN THE STREET - DAY 137

Joey and Virgil watching as Rey, Abba and Alfi, walk away
from the coffee shop.

VIRGIL
What did I tell you.

JOEY
Where's my bag, yo?

(CONTINUED)

VIRGIL
Lets call the police.

JOEY
No, we need see where they're
going. I want my bag, yo.

Joey and Virgil follow.

138 INT. BLACK HOTEL - ROOM - DAY

138

Abba, Rey, and Alfi enter the room.

Filthy sheets, stripped off the bed, halfway on the floor.
Empty Chinese take-out containers, candy wrappers, soda
cups, cigarette trays overflowing with butts, all manner
of garbage piled up on counter tops and in the corner's.

REY
Love what you've done with the
place.

Abba walking towards the woman's handbag, slung across the
chair; placing something in it.

ABBA
Can't let the maid in. She's a
fuckin' spy for management.

REY
Wouldn't be surprised if she was
buried alive in here somewhere.

Rey goes to open the window.

ALFI
We like our room just fine, we
need our privacy.

ABBA
Bit of a cheeky bastard, aren't
you.

139 INT. BLACK HOTEL - CORRIDOR - DAY

139

Gripping a wanted poster, Joey leads two police officers
down the narrow corridor. It's the same two police
officers from the beginning of the film; one short, one
big and tall.

140 INT. BLACK HOTEL - ROOM - DAY

140

Abba and Alfi having an argument, Rey standing by.

REY
I've got to get out of the city-

(CONTINUED)

ABBA

Damn right you do-
(to Alfi)
How many times have I told you
Alf's? Your garbage goes in that
corner.

Abba holding up a Chinese take out container.

ALFI

That's not mine. I had the
schezwan chicken.

ABBA

Oh, you're right-

Abba tosses the container in the corner with the rest of
the rubbish.

ABBA (CONT'D)

Are you going to offer our guest
a place to sit?

ALFI

I would only do that if he was a
stranger, or, an acquaintance.
He's your brother, so-- it's not
necessary.

Abba looks to Rey; they share a smile.

ABBA

Oh, look whose giving lessons on
decorum.

Rey raises the crack pipe to his lips, just as he goes to
light the bowl.

A loud KNOCKING on the door.

OFFICER #1 (O.S.)

This is the police. Open the
door, please.

Rey and Abba look at each other.

141 INT. BLACK HOTEL - CORRIDOR - DAY

141

The two officers are standing next to the door, Joey
behind them. Officer #2 is holding the key card to the
room.

OFFICER #1

Sir, we know you're in there.
Please open the door.

(CONTINUED)

ABBA (O.S.)

Just a second, my companion and I
are just getting out of the
shower.

(pause)

We're not decent yet.

OFFICER #1

She's muslim; you do realize my
sister is muslim right?

OFFICER #2

Look at me, do you think I can
afford to say no to a beautiful
girl that asks me out?

Officer #1 looks at officer #2 for a moment, sizing him
up.

OFFICER #1

You've got a point there.

JOEY

They're stalling; break down the
door, yo.

OFFICER #2

Hey, there is no need to raise
your voice Gi -Joe.

(pause)

I am opening the door now, but
don't think it's because you
raised your voice.

Officer #2 puts the key card in the door, the light
flashes green and the door opens.

BANG, the door gets caught on the inside lock at the top
of the door.

OFFICER #2

Sir, you need to open the door.

142 INT. BLACK HOTEL - ROOM - DAY

142

Rey is on the window ledge, Abba is inside.

REY

Thanks-

Loud BANGING on the door.

OFFICER #1 (O.S.)

Sir-

Loud BANGING on the door.

(CONTINUED)

ABBA

Remember that silver dollar you thought you lost? The one old man Johnson gave you down the street?

REY

Yeah-

ABBA

Remember it went missing & you never knew what happened to it?

REY

You sold it to Bobby Collins for a a bag of weed.

ABBA

Wait. How did you know it was me?

REY

Because we were both skinned and all of a sudden you had a bag of weed. It was pretty obvious-

ABBA

Yeah, that's true. Why did you never say anything?

REY

We smoked it together, didn't we?

ABBA

We sure did-

The door opens, catching on the internal latch-lock at the top of the door.

OFFICER #2(V.O.)

Sir, I'm going to break down the door-

ABBA

I'll call you as soon as they're gone. Go-

Rey disappears out the window.

143 INT. BLACK HOTEL - CORRIDOR - DAY

143

The two officer's standing by with Joey.

JOEY

Break it down!

ABBA (O.S.)

Just a second.

(CONTINUED)

OFFICER #1
Sir, we're breaking down the
door!

ABBA (O.S.)
It's open.

The officer steps back to kick in the door; the door
opens.

144 INT. BLACK HOTEL - ROOM - DAY

144

Officer #1, Officer #2 and Joey enter the room.

ON THE BED

Abba lying face down with with Alfi behind him wearing a
woman's lacy thong, massaging his naked back with massage
oil.

AT THE DOOR

The officers & Joey cringe at the state of the room and
the spectacle of two men in the middle of an oil massage.

ABBA
Please come in and join us, won't
you?

ALFI
(smiling lasciviously)
Yes, won't you-- please join us.

Officer #1 goes to the window and sticks his head outside.

AT THE WINDOW:

As the officer head sticks out of the window, Rey manages
to duck around the corner, standing on the ledge at the
end of the building.

Looking both ways, officer #1 pulls his head back in.

145 INT. BLACK HOTEL - ROOM - DAY

145

Coming from the bathroom, Joey rushes about the room
looking for his rucksack.

AT THE BED

ABBA
It's just me and-- my companion.

OFFICER #2
Don't I know you?

(CONTINUED)

ABBA

Perhaps you've been to the sex
show at the Casa Rosso theatre?

Officer #2 grimaces.

Joey jumps forward, holding the wanted poster right in
Abba's face.

JOEY

Where the fuck is the other guy?

(pause)

Where's my bag?! Where is he?

ALFI

You-- don't-- touch-- him!

Alfi's mouth open, growling as he lunges, grabbing Joey
and sinking his rotten teeth into Joey's neck.

The two of them falling to the floor.

Looks of horror and surprise from the police officer's.

JOEY

Get him off! Get him off!

Alfi's teeth penetrating Joey's neck causing Joey to
scream out in putrid terror.

Grabbing Alfi from either side, the officer's pull him
off.

Joey crumpled on the floor, holding his bloody neck,
utterly terrified.

Sitting on the edge of the bed, enjoying the show, Abba
lights a cigarette.

146 INT. BLACK HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY

146

Still clutching the wanted poster in his fist, Joey is
being wheeled out in an AMBULANCE GURNEY by TWO
PARAMEDICS; a bandage around his neck, the blood soaking
through.

147 EXT. BLACK HOTEL - ENTRANCE - DAY

147

JOEY'S POV: lying down, face up in a moving gurney. The
faces of the two paramedics, looking down from above.

JOEY'S POV: Virgil, worried and concerned, looking down
saying something comforting. (We can't hear what is being
said)

JOEY'S POV: Alfi in handcuffs, the two police officers by
his side, looking down as Joey passes.

(CONTINUED)

JOEY'S POV: Abba, shirtless, sunglasses on, smoking a cigarette, looking down, unemotional.

JOEY'S POV: the paramedics load the gurney into the back of the ambulance; climbing in back.

JOEY'S POV: Virgil joins them, taking a seat next to Joey, holding his hand, looking down in a comforting manner.

JOEY'S POV: Abba, Alfi, the two officer's, Virgil all standing outside the back of the ambulance, looking in on Joey in as the doors SLAM closed.

148

EXT. STREETS - DAY

148

MONTAGE - VARIOUS

Ten 'wanted posters' blowing across Dam square, in the early morning with no one around.

A 'wanted poster' on the wall next to the locker room attendants desk at central station, Rey's photo staring back at us.

A 'wanted poster' hanging on a lamp post by one piece of tape, then, blowing away in the wind.

'Wanted posters' floating on the water in a canal in the red light district.

A 'wanted poster' stuck on the wall next to an ATM.

END OF MONTAGE

CUT TO:

149

INT. FAITH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

149

Faith dressed in panties and a t-shirt holding two glasses of bourbon, walking towards him.

Rey on the couch, holding a bourbon glass in his hand.

REY

She loved going shoplifting with us. She would threaten mum if we didn't take her into town. She would be the look-out. At least, that's what we told her. She would get so excited. Whatever candy we stole, we always give to her.

(pause)

One day we went into town, to her favorite candy store. We were down the isle stuffin' our pockets.

(CONTINUED)

(pause)
When we came out, she gone.
Couldn't uv been more than a few
seconds-- two minutes, tops-- she
just vanished into thin air. She
was just gone. We looked
everywhere for her-
(pause)
I can still smell of her hair
sometimes.

Rey starts nodding off.

REY
(slurred speech)
I can still smell her-- hair.

Faith looking Rey straight in the eyes.

FAITH
(whispering eerily)
Tell me that you love me.

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE UP:

150 EXT. PLUSH HOTEL - ENTRANCE - NIGHT 150

Standing before the entrance to the hotel, flicking his butterfly knife, Abba seems uncharacteristically nervous, gearing himself up for another night of thieving adventures.

A slow deep breath, resolved; he enters the hotel.

151 INT. PLUSH HOTEL - LOBBY - NIGHT 151

Abba breezes past the CONCIERGE, walking towards the elevator doors.

152 INT. PLUSH HOTEL - CORRIDOR - NIGHT 152

The elevator doors open. Abba exits, making his way up the hallway.

AT A ROOM'S DOOR

Using the electronic device, Abba disables the door lock, the light turning green. The door CLICKS open.

He turns the knob and enters the room, closing the door behind him.

- 153 INT. PLUSH HOTEL - SUITE - NIGHT 153
 Abba is ransacking, tearing open the plush luggage, clothes, shoes; trying different pockets.
- 154 INT. PLUSH HOTEL - SUITE BATHROOM - NIGHT 154
 A bottle of perfume and a bottle of cologne sit on the vanity. Snatching the cologne, Abba sprays it in the air, smelling the mist.
- ABBA
 Nice one.
- He pockets it.
- 155 INT. PLUSH HOTEL - SUITE - NIGHT 155
 Another quick look around before turning to leave, under the bed something catches his eye.
- UNDER THE BED
- Reaching beneath the bed, he pulls out an expensive leather bag. Setting it on the bed; he opens it.
- POV of open bag: Abba's jaw drops, he is so surprised by what he's looking at, he takes a step back.
- Hand to mouth he steps forward, staring into the open bag.
- 156 EXT. PLUSH HOTEL - ENTRANCE - NIGHT 156
 Expensive leather bag in hand, Abba exits the hotel.
- 157 EXT. BLACK HOTEL - ENTRANCE - NIGHT 157
 Expensive leather bag in hand, Abba approaches and enters.
- 158 INT. BLACK HOTEL - CLEANING CLOSET - NIGHT 158
 Standing on a chair, Abba pushing the expensive leather bag up through a square hole in the ceiling.
- Pulling the panel back into place, he steps down.
- 159 EXT. BLACK HOTEL - ENTRANCE - NIGHT 159
 Shoes SCUFFING on the ground, Alfi enters the hotel.
- 160 INT. BLACK HOTEL - CORRIDOR - NIGHT 160
 Alfi approaches the room, using his key card, he opens the door.

161 INT. BLACK HOTEL - ROOM - NIGHT

161

As Alfi enters, he overhears Abba talking inside the bathroom.

He gently closes the door behind him.

Alfi creeping towards the closed bathroom door.

AT THE BATHROOM DOOR

ABBA (O.S.)
You'll never fucking believe what
I got; the master touch of all
touches.

Alfi close to the closed bathroom door.

ABBA (O.S.)
I still can't believe it mate.
(pause)
This is the one we've always
talked about.

Alfi sticking his ear to the closed bathroom door.

ABBA (O.S.)
In two days time we'll be sitting
on a beach in Spain never having
to worry about money again.
(pause)
This is the one that sets us
free.
(pause)
Where the fuck are you? Give us a
call then.

The bathroom door opens, Abba exits.

Sitting on the bed a crest fallen Alfi looks forlorn and dejected.

ABBA
Alf's, you're out-

Alfi's eyes tired, bloodshot, manic.

ALFI
You promised you'd be waiting
outside the police station.

ABBA
Alf's, there's was no way to know
how long they'd keep you. I
waited as long as I could.

(CONTINUED)

ALFI
You made promises.

It is clear that Alfi feels let down by Abba not being there to pick him up and going back on his word about taking him to Spain to get clean; but he will be damned if he lets him know.

ABBA
Alf's, enough.

Alfi lowers his head.

ABBA (CONT'D)
Listen, I'm sorry I wasn't there to meet you. I wanted to be, I truly did. But Alf's, we've had a brilliant evening me wee cocker.

Alfi lifts his head.

ALFI
We have?

ABBA
What do you say we celebrate by you--

Pulling out a hundred euro note from the woman's handbag, slung on the back of a chair.

ABBA (CONT'D)
-- going to buy us some lovely gear?

ALFI
That's all I'm good for, is to buy your gear.

ABBA
Alf's? What's gotten into you tonight?

ALFI
I was just in jail.

ABBA
You've got a point there Alf's. And, I'm sorry for that.

Waiving the hundred euro note in Alf's face.

ABBA (CONT'D)
But, don't you want to make things better?

Alf's eyes fiendishly following the note like a hungry dog.

(CONTINUED)

ALFI

Fine.

Snatching the note.

ABBA

Hurrah!

Abba flops down on the bed, reaching for the remote control, he turns on the television, eyes locked on the screen.

ABBA (CONT'D)

And no dilly dally.

(pause)

Straight there and back.

Alfi stands, unflinching, looking down at Abba.

ABBA (CONT'D)

(dismissively)

Chop chop.

Alfi turns and exits the room, the door closing behind him.

We push slowly in on Abba watching television, flicking his knife open and closed.

Panning right to the bedside table we reveal one of Faith's pink condoms.

DISSOLVE TO:

Over black 'THE LONG KISS GOOD NIGHT'

MONTAGE - VARIOUS

162 INT. BLACK HOTEL - CORRIDOR - NIGHT 162

Alfi making his way down the corridor.

Entering the elevator, the doors closing behind him.

163 EXT. FAITH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 163

Joey's rucksack strapped on her back, Faith exits her apartment.

She jumps on her black scooter and speeds away.

- 164 EXT. STREETS - NIGHT 164
Faith driving her scooter, the wind blowing in her hair, liberation and relief in her demeanor.
- 165 INT. HOSPITAL - WAITING ROOM - NIGHT 165
Virgil looking at the picture of Rey & Faith on Rey's phone; dark jealousy in his eyes.
A NURSE wheeling Joey out in a wheelchair; a fresh clean bandage around his neck.
Approaching Joey with a comforting expression, he helps a groggy Joey get out of the wheelchair.
- 166 EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT 166
In the darkest most foreboding alley in Amsterdam, Alfi makes his way towards a late night rendez vous, the bottom of his shoes scuffing the ground.
- 167 INT. CENTRAL STATION - ENTRANCE - NIGHT 167
Faith enters Central Station, Joey's rucksack on her back, walking towards the locker room; close on her sexy leather boots clicking along the marble floor; strength and liberation in her demeanor.
- 168 EXT. HAPPY TIMES HOTEL - ENTRANCE - NIGHT 168
A TAXI drives up, stopping in front of the entrance.
Virgil steps out of the taxi; opening the car door for Joey, he helps a groggy Joey get out.
As the taxi drives away, Virgil guides Joey up the steps.
- 169 INT. BLACK HOTEL - ROOM - NIGHT 169
Wearing Danny's silk blue kimono, Abba stands looking at himself in the mirror; feeling the fabric of the material, a nostalgic longing in his eyes.
- 170 EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT 170
In the dark alleyway, Alfi approaches a DARK FIGURE lingering in the shadows.
The dark figure steps into the half-light: it's Danny, sporting a cut on his cheek.
Holding out his arm, he opens his hand: three balls of drugs are cupped in his palm. As if offering Alfi an alternative to the allegiance he's chosen.
After a moment thought he reaches out, taking the bad drugs from Danny's palm.

- 171 INT. CENTRAL STATION - LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT 171
- Sexy leather boots walking, Joey's rucksack strapped on her back, Faith enters the locker room.
- She approaches the row of locker's; stopping.
- Faith, placing the white ticket in the machine; the door POPPING open.
- 172 INT. HAPPY TIMES HOTEL - VIRGIL'S ROOM - NIGHT 172
- Like a parent tucking their child into bed, Virgil looks at a sleeping Joey with an expression of a dotting parent or a creepy pedophile, maybe both.
- 173 INT. BLACK HOTEL - ROOM - NIGHT 173
- The door opens, Alfi enters.
- Abba, wearing the silk kimono, sits up in bed, expectantly.
- Alfi opens his hand revealing the balls of drugs.
- Abba appreciatively taking the drugs, kisses Alfi on the forehead.
- With the excitement of a child, he rushes into the bathroom closing the door behind him.
- Alfi is left with a dejected expression on his face; perhaps unsure of his course of action.
- 174 INT. FAITH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 174
- Standing over a passed out Rey on the couch, Joey's rucksack strapped to her back Faith is placing the white ticket back in Rey's wallet.
- She gazes upon him like a woman in love, the object of her desire slipping through her fingers.
- 175 INT. BLACK HOTEL - ADJOINING BATHROOM - NIGHT 175
- Danny stands over Abba's motionless body; wearing the blue silk kimono, eyes open, coldly still.
- Behind Danny's eyes, searching for an emotion a way to feel some kind of regret but it isn't there. He wishes he could find it but its just isn't there.

176 INT. HAPPY TIMES HOTEL - VIRGIL'S ROOM - NIGHT 176

Virgil looking down at a sleeping Joey as if trying to decide if his next action is going too far; he leans and kisses Joey on the lips.

As he pulls back Joey's eyes flicker under his eyelids but they do not open.

177 INT. FAITH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 177

Faith, Joey's rucksack strapped on her back, leaning down, ever so gently, giving Rey an emotional kiss on the lips, then, pulling back.

178 INT. BLACK HOTEL - ADJOINING BATHROOM - NIGHT 178

Without tears of any kind, Danny leans in, kissing Abba on the lips, then pulls back.

As though this was his final attempt to feel something some emotion to make him feel love, some connection to humanity as though somehow realizing this was his last chance.

As though the drugging and killing of his lover and rival would elicit some feeling of regret a way to test himself; if there is anything there he doesn't show it.

END OF MONTAGE

DISSOLVE TO:

179 INT. FAITH'S APARTMENT - DAY 179

Asleep on the sofa, head back, Rey's eyes shoot open.

As he sits up, the pain spike of a nasty hangover. He grabs his head to soften the blow, it doesn't help.

Holding his head, sitting on the couch. He takes a deep breath and rises.

Focusing in on two empty glasses of Bourbon on the table in front of him; realizing he has been drugged.

The sound of his mobile phone RINGING.

180 EXT. FAITH'S APARTMENT - DAY 180

Holding his mobile phone to his ear, cringing from the brightness of the light, Rey stumbles into the street.

RINGING

(CONTINUED)

ABBA (V.O.)

I know, I know, I promised I
wouldn't go back, but, you know
me, just couldn't resist it,
mate.

181 EXT. DAM SQUARE - DAY

181

Mobile phone to his ear, Rey hurries across a SPARSELY
CROWDED square.

ABBA (V.O.)

You'll never fucking believe what
I got; the master touch of all
touches. I still can't believe it
mate, it's the one we've always
talked about.

182 INT. CENTRAL STATION - ENTRANCE - DAY

182

Rey enters Central Station.

ABBA (V.O.)

Two days from now we'll be
sitting on a beach in Spain never
having to worry about money
again.

AT THE LOBBY

He finds his path blocked by a pile of suitcases where the
stag brothers, now cleaned up for the return and wearing
smart polos and chinos, are huddled in a group checking
their tickets.

One of them points towards the far platforms. As he weaves
round them they don't notice him pass.

183 INT. CENTRAL STATION - LOCKER ROOM - DAY

183

Rey enters the locker room.

AT THE CONTROL BOOTH

He passes the ATTENDANT sitting, watching him walk past.

ABBA (V.O.)

This is the one that sets us
free.

BEHIND THE GLASS

The attendant looks on the wall, next to him, where one of
the 'wanted poster's' with Rey's photograph hangs on an
announcement board.

(CONTINUED)

ABBA (V.O.)
Where the fuck are you? Give us a
call, I'm at the hotel.

AT THE LOCKER

Taking out his wallet, Rey retrieves the white ticket,
placing it in the machine, the locker door POPS open.

Rey's face goes white when he sees Joey's leather rucksack
has been replaced by his black duffel bag.

He unzips the bag, pulling out his fake passports;
reaching in desperately- the money is gone.

A used pregnancy test falls out of the bag unto the floor-
it reads positive.

Rey picks up the pregnancy test; looking at it bewildered.

Realizing that Faith has obviously planted it there as a
confession she could or would no make in person.

REY
What the?--

There's the sound of FEET ON PAVEMENT rushing forward.

Rey turns around to discover FIVE POLICE OFFICERS, staring
him down.

REY (CONT'D)
(looking into our POV)
Fuck me-

CUT TO BLACK:

FADE UP:

184 EXT. REMBRANTPLEIN - DAY

184

Virgil & Joey are playing music on Rembrandt Square to an
audience of tourists, and passers by. Joey is singing
while Virgil is playing the guitar, A BASS PLAYER is
backing them up.

JOEY
(singing)

VIRGIL
(playing acoustic guitar,
possibly singing as well)

As they finish the song, the small crowd erupts in
applause and cheers. Joey smiles, pleasantly surprised at
the crowd's reaction. We get the feeling this is a turning
point.

(CONTINUED)

Joey's demeanor and overall appearance have an air of confidence and humility replacing the arrogance and bravado, which previously plagued his character.

Various people step forward, throwing change and five euro notes into a black hat on the ground.

A congratulatory pat on Joey's shoulder from Virgil.

The Bass player smiles approvingly, giving a thumbs up.

THREE GIRL GROUPIES step forward, smiling and preening, taking photo's of Joey.

Joey plays it cool; perhaps the adoration previously desired, seeming now, strangely unfulfilling. The girls asking Joey for a selfie, he steps over to accommodate.

Virgil is wrapping up the guitar cable, Joey in the background with the girls.

IN THE DISTANCE

Something catches Virgil's eye across the square... it's Faith staring coldly back at him. As the two-lock eye some unspoken realization that whatever there is between them is certainly not over.

Faith flicking open and closed her newly acquired weapon, Abba's butterfly knife. Morbid determination in her eyes to settle the score as though she enjoys the fact that Virgil now knows she is coming for him. Virgil seems to recognize this, his face turning pale.

CUT TO:

185 INT. PRISON OVER AMSTEL - PRISON CELL - DAY 185

Rey is doing pushups in a one-man cell.

186 INT. PRISON OVER AMSTEL - CORRIDOR - DAY 186

A PRISON GUARD is walking down the corridor, in his hand a postcard from Spain.

The guard stops and slides the postcard under the cell door.

187 INT. PRISON OVER AMSTEL - PRISON CELL - DAY 187

The card SLIDES in, stopping right under Rey's face as he's doing pushups. Standing up, he reaches down, grabs the card and walks to the window.

AT THE WINDOW

He turns the card over. In the bottom right hand corner, smeared red lipstick; the kiss of Faith.

(CONTINUED)

Written above that: 'Tell me you love me.'

Gazing out the window, he smiles and finally says the words.

REY

I love you.

CUT TO BLACK:

OVER BLACK:

TWO MONTHS LATER

CUT TO:

188 INT. HAPPY TIMES HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY

188

The lobby is SPARSELY CROWDED when a NEW BOY comes downstairs and makes his way to the reception desk.

Virgil is behind the counter busy organizing things.

NEW BOY

Excuse me.

VIRGIL

How can I help?

NEW BOY

I woke up and my backpack was missing.

VIRGIL

What did it look like?

NEW BOY

Uh, blue with white stripes.

VIRGIL

Wait a here a minute, I'm gonna' have a look in the office for you.

Virgil seems very accommodating and in a somewhat rehearsed manner, disappears to the back.

Danny steps up, a very faded scar on his cheek.

DANNY

I couldn't help but overhear.

Pointing to the name tag pinned on his chest, 'ABBA' & above it, 'AMSTERDAM TOURS.'

(CONTINUED)

DANNY (CONT'D)
I'm a tour guide, that's what I
do. I see this sort of thing all
the time.

DANNY (CONT'D)
Believe me when I say--

Placing his hand on the boy's shoulder-

DANNY
--Everything is going to be just
fine.

CUT TO BLACK:

END CREDITS ROLL

FADE IN:

189 INT. BLACK HOTEL - CLEANING CLOSET CEILING - NIGHT 189

The expensive leather bag sits collecting dust, while mice
crawl around it.

190 EXT. BEACH - DAY 190

A pregnant Faith lies on the beach enjoying a picturesque
sunset, Joey's rucksack lying on the sand next to her.

FADE OUT.

THE END