

**ALBION**

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. ROOM - NIGHT

Four men are sitting around a small table in a dark room. A small lamp provides the only illumination. Front and centre of the table is ALBION. He is trying to keep a calm exterior but his eyes betray worry. In front of him sit: OLD NICK (70s, hard facial features), MANOLIS (60s), and ALEX (30s).

Old Nick is at the head of the table and is sipping coffee; everyone is waiting for him to finish.

Albion lights a cigarette.

MANOLIS

There's no smoking in here.

ALBION

You're kidding me, you're Greek.

MANOLIS

Old Nick doesn't smoke anymore.

Albion looks around him for someplace to put out his cig.

ALEX

Just throw it down and stamp on it.

Albion does just that.

OLD NICK

(in heavy accent)

The older you get the more things they take from you.

ALBION

Still, have coffee that must count for something?

OLD NICK

(speaking Greek)

Exipnakias einai o poustis?  
(Is he a smart ass?)

ALBION

He's talking about me, isn't he?

MANOLIS

Only speak when spoken to.

OLD NICK

Andreas assures me we can count on you, Albion. Speaks highly of you. That does not say much to me; need to see things for myself before I hold - judgement. Still, I consider myself a fair man and want to give you a chance to make good with us.

MANOLIS

We have a job for you.

Albion unconsciously takes out a cigarette and places it in his mouth.

ALEX

There's no smoking in here.

Begrudgingly, he puts it away.

EXT. ALLEY/BOXING PALACE - NIGHT

SUPER: In the past...

A large black man, EMANUEL, is standing by a wide metal door inside a graffiti-filled alleyway.

INT. BOXING PALACE - NIGHT

Albion walks down a dark, grubby corridor. He passes some changing rooms and comes up to a large main room with a boxing ring in the middle of it. Around it, stand MEN and WOMEN drinking and talking money.

Two boxers, MIKE and SHANE make their way to the ring, followed by the PROMOTER.

PROMOTER

Ladies and gentlemen, do we have a show for you tonight? Mike 'the Sledgehammer' Anderson is making his comeback against boxing's latest sensation, 'Sugar' Shane Taylor!

An overweight middle-aged man in an expensive white suit, CHARLES, approaches Albion. Charles has a big smile but it seems somewhat repulsive.

NOTE: The announcer continues TALKING in the background.

CHARLES  
Albion, how are you, sir?

ALBION  
Can't complain; though I'd probably  
have grounds to do so.

Charles CHUCKLES.

CHARLES  
Don't we all? Well, it's always a  
pleasure to have you in my court.

Albion shakes his hand but does not return the semi-hug  
Charles gives him.

ALBION  
Bet in order?

CHARLES  
Of course it is, of course. This is  
going to be a hell of a fight.

In the ring, a WOMAN in hot pants, tank top and a huge smile,  
takes the '1st round' sign around the ring.

CUT TO:

The fight is underway. Shane is punishing Mike, (who is  
already quite bruised), with a flurry of punches. A strong  
right cross brings him to the canvas and a white towel is  
thrown in the ring.

INT. BOXING PALACE - NIGHT (LATER)

Albion is in a corner of the main room with Charles and his  
right-hand man, EMILIO, who's also wearing a suit, although,  
his looks cheap and tacky.

CHARLES  
You win some you lose some, right?

ALBION  
That's what they say.

Albion hands Emilio an envelope.

CHARLES  
Have to go deal with something, how  
about we catch a drink in a half  
hour, Albion?

Emilio counts the money, nods to Charles and walks away.

ALBION  
Sorry, prior engagement.

CHARLES  
Another time then, eh?

ALBION  
Another time.

Charles moves on while Albion heads to the corner of the room where a make-shift bar stands. Behind it, a bearded, bored looking, middle aged man BARMAN chews on some peanuts.

BARMAN  
What will it be?

ALBION  
Scotch, single malt, if possible.

BARMAN  
Ice?

Albion nods and the Barman pours the drink and serves it.

Albion nurses his drink and looks around the place. The crowd has started to disperse, with only the dedicated drinkers staying behind. An upset, middle aged MAN walks by holding on to a striking young WOMAN in a mini dress. The woman looks at Albion, a hint of seduction in her eyes and her lips. Albion meets her eyes and smirks, then as the couple passes on, he gazes at her backside for a few good seconds.

ANDREAS (O.S.)  
Albion, am I right?

Albion turns to the voice and sees a sharply dressed man, ANDREAS, approach, accompanied by an attractive woman, MARGARITA.

ANDREAS (CONT'D)  
I know you?

ANDREAS (CONT'D)  
Andreas. Checked out your joint last week. Loved the vibe and style and it was a hell of a show, too.

The two men shake hands.

ALBION  
Glad you enjoyed yourself.

ANDREAS  
How'd you fair tonight?

ALBION  
Wasn't my night.

Margarita COUGHS in annoyance.

ANDREAS  
Ah, where's my manners? This is Margarita. She's a model; she has a very promising career in front of her.

MARGARITA  
You just love throwing the model tag around, don't you?

ANDREAS  
Well, it's the truth, honey.

Margarita shakes hands with Albion.

MARGARITA  
Nice to meet you, Mr. Albion.

ALBION  
Nice to meet you too and plain ol' Albion's fine. So, you like boxing?

MARGARITA  
Not really, but Andreas insists I accompany him to every event he attends, unless business is involved, that is.

ANDREAS  
Love your company, dear.

ALBION  
And what business might that be?

He gestures to Albion to move with him to the side.

ANDREAS  
Here, Albion, you have minute?

Albion nods.

MARGARITA  
See what I mean.

ANDREAS  
Just a quick chat, honey.

He kisses her.

MARGARITA  
Hurry up or I'll leave with another  
man.

ANDREAS  
I'll be lightning fast.

She smiles.

MARGARITA  
Just like in the bedroom?

ANDREAS  
Not funny, sweetheart.

Andreas follows Albion to the edge of the bar.

ANDREAS (CONT'D)  
She'll be the death of me, I swear.

ALBION  
Not a bad way to go.

ANDREAS  
True.

Andreas takes a card out of his pocket and hands it over.

ANDREAS (CONT'D)  
Manage a gambling joint. Address is  
on the back. Drinks'll be on the  
house. Love for you to swing by.

ALBION  
Well - don't mind if I do.

INT. BOXING PALACE/CORRIDOR - NIGHT (LATER)

Albion walks down the corridor, passes one of the changing  
rooms and sees Charles standing in front of a banged-up Mike.  
He stops and watches.

MIKE  
Head just wasn't in the game,  
that's all. Still strong, can still  
fight. Damn it, Charles, you know I  
can still fight.

CHARLES  
You're strong? You can still fight?  
Look at you, look at your state.  
You're strong?  
(MORE)

CHARLES (CONT'D)

You're through that's what you are.  
This was your last fight, Mike.

Mike stands, although he towers over Charles, he's not intimidating him.

MIKE

Come on, Charles, don't do this to me, man. You know I need the dough.

CHARLES

You lasted three rounds, Mike, three bloody rounds. It's bad for business.

Mike grabs Charles' arm.

MIKE

I'm sorry, I messed up. Just give me one more chance. That's all I need, one last chance.

Charles looks at the arm and Mike quickly pulls it away.

CHARLES

It's over, Mikey. You're off the books. Doing you a favour here, son; you're going to end up dead.

Charles hands him some money.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Here's your cut from tonight's fight, plus a little extra. Don't want you coming back here anymore.

Albion takes the cue and walks away before Charles exits.

Mike, all alone, stares at the cash in his hand, head hang low.

EXT. BOXING PALACE/ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Albion exits the place.

EMANUEL

Lucky night?

ALBION

For some, maybe.



EMANUEL

Next time, Albion, there's always a next time.

ALBION

That's what I'm afraid of.

Albion walks down the little alley street and reaches the main road; he stands by a wall and reaches for his packet of cigarettes but discovers that it's empty.

ALBION (CONT'D)

Great - beautiful.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT (SOON LATER)

Mike, face all swollen, is holding on to a sports bag as he comes up to the street. Albion's opens a brand-new pack of smokes when he sees Mike up ahead.

ALBION

Hey Mike.

Mike turns and sees Albion get close, cigarette in hand.

MIKE

Yeah?

ALBION

Shame about the fight.

MIKE

Yeah.

Albion gives him his hand and Mike reluctantly shakes it.

ALBION

Name's Albion.

MIKE

OK.

ALBION

You smoke?

MIKE

Nah.

ALBION

Mind if I do?

MIKE

Your health.

Albion smiles, tries to light his *Zippo* but it's not working.

ALBION  
Fuck's going on?

MIKE  
Look, I gotta dash, OK.

ALBION  
Yeah, no, listen, Mike, I made  
decent money tonight.

MIKE  
Right, good for you.

ALBION  
Want you to have half.

MIKE  
Why?

Albion hesitates.

ALBION  
Feeling generous.

He takes out a bundle of cash.

MIKE  
Look, man, don't do no tricks.

ALBION  
It's not that.

He offers it.

ALBION (CONT'D)  
Take it.

MIKE  
Not a fucking charity case.

ALBION  
You got a kid back home?

Mike now hesitates.

MIKE  
Baby girl.

ALBION  
Take the fucking money.

Mike reluctantly does.

EXT. STREET/CAR - NIGHT (SOON LATER)

Albion walks up to a late 1980s *Porsche 911 Carrera*, CLICKS off the alarm, and gets in.

INT/EXT. PORSCHE/RIVERFRONT - NIGHT (MOVING)

Albion is driving along and looks out at boats and yachts on the Thames. In the passenger seat is a *Yashica UP 8mm Movie Cine* camera.

INT. FLAT/KITCHEN - NIGHT (JUST BEFORE DAWN)

RITA, late twenties, nervous looking, blonde, slight crooked teeth but pretty, is preparing a casserole meal. The kitchen is a mess and she seems greatly out of her comfort zone. She is chopping vegetables and stealing glances towards an open cook book.

Rita takes a bottle of wine and starts pouring it into the pot. She pours a lot more than she should and goes back to the vegetables.

She hears the BUZZER, so she wipes her hands on her clothes and goes to open.

Albion walks into the LIVING ROOM...

...and kisses her. She takes a bottle of wine from him and his jacket too. The place is filled with portraits of her paintings.

ALBION

What smells so- interesting?

RITA

A failed experiment, that's what.

ALBION

I'm sure it'll be fine.

Rita picks up the phone.

RITA

Chinese or Indian?

INT. FLAT/BEDROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

Albion finishes putting on a suit. In bed, sleeping naked under the covers is Rita. A painter's work station is in the corner of the room.

Albion picks up his camera and starts recording her.

She wakes.

RITA  
Hey, no, told you I don't like  
that.

ALBION  
But you look so beautiful.

RITA  
Do not, hair's a mess.

ALBION  
Hair's perfect.

Rita looks at him with warmth.

He puts the camera down.

ALBION (CONT'D)  
Better go or I'll be late.

RITA  
Where're you off to again?

ALBION  
Just celebrating a mate's birthday.

RITA  
Must be some mate, you're putting  
on your favourite suit.

ALBION  
Hmm, kind of felt like it.

RITA  
Does this friend have a name?

ALBION  
Andreas. I told you about this  
already, haven't I?

RITA  
No, you haven't.

Albion combs his hair.

RITA (CONT'D)  
I'd like to see you sometime  
outside these four walls.

ALBION  
Why, we have so much fun within  
these four walls.

RITA  
You're an idiot.

Albion turns to her.

ALBION  
Yeah, but how do I look?

RITA  
Like an idiot.

ALBION  
Darling, you're hurting my  
feelings.

RITA  
Like an attractive idiot.

Albion goes over and kisses her tenderly on the lips.

RITA (CONT'D)  
Will I see you tonight?

ALBION  
Tomorrow. We'll watch that Romanian  
film you were telling me about.

Albion moves from her but Rita pulls him down and lifts the  
bed cover in invitation.

RITA  
Wait, give them a kiss goodbye.

EXT. FRONT OF ALBION'S ANGELS - EVENING

FAINA, ARISHA, and ISADORA, 20s, all made up and wearing  
elegant dresses are waiting outside the joint impatiently for  
Albion to arrive. NATASHA, 20s joins them but is dressed in  
stockings, mini shirt, and tank top.

Albion parks his *Porsche* and gets out.

ISADORA  
You're late.

ALBION  
Yes, but fashionably so.



Isadora puts her arms around her.

ISADORA  
I'll take her to the station.

ALBION  
No, let her fucking go alone.

Isadora looks him in the eyes.

ISADORA  
No, damn it. I'm taking her to the station. Leave if you must.

Albion sighs.

ALBION  
Fine, hurry up. Come on, girls.

Albion, Fiana, and Arisha get in the car.

INT/EXT. PORSCHE - DAY

Albion is driving the car, Isadora is in the passenger's seat, Faina and Arisha are at the back.

ALBION  
Am I in the wrong here? Am I the bad guy? I said: be presentable; didn't I say that; Faina, Ariza, didn't you hear me say that?

Ah, yeah.

FAINA

ARIZA  
I think so.

ALBION (CONT'D)  
See, they heard me.

ISADORA  
She thought she was presentable; she doesn't own any other type of clothes. That's all she wears; you know that.

ALBION  
You should have lent her some clothes. This is your fault.

ISADORA  
What?

ALBION

You should have helped her; she's not with us now because you messed up, it's that simple.

ISADORA

Bullshit! You screamed at her, embarrassed her, demanded she leave, I- I can't believe you just fucking blamed me. Are you serious right now?

Albion takes a breather.

ALBION

Don't want to argue. Need to be relaxed and focused for the night ahead. If I lose it'll be your bloody fault.

Isadora LAUGHS in anger.

ISADORA

Yeah, blame that one on me too. I'm sick of this shit.

Albion smiles.

ALBION

Fine, I forgive you.

ISADORA

Oh, you asshole.

ALBION

Bitch.

ISADORA

Tiny cock.

ALBION

Hey, that was a low blow.

ISADORA

You mean small?

ALBION

Not funny.

ISADORA

Hmm, seems kinda funny to me.

ALBION

Shut it!



Isadora smiles to herself.

EXT. GAMBLING JOINT/CAR - NIGHT

Albion stops the car and hands the keys to a VALET. He and the women exit the car.

ALBION  
Best behaviour, girls. No bickering  
and no drama of any sort.

Albion looks at Faina and Arisha.

	FAINA		ARISHA
Yup.		No drama.	

As he turns around they both give him the finger.

INT. GAMBLING JOINT - NIGHT

Albion is standing at the bar with Andreas who is smoking a cigar, and they are both having a drink. Albion is checking out the room which has slot machines, roulette tables, Black Jack, and poker playing designated areas.

Andreas looks at Isadora, Arisha, and Faina who are playing on the slot machines.

ANDREAS  
That's some nice company you  
brought over tonight.

ALBION  
Them crazy lot? You can keep them  
if you want.

ANDREAS  
Tempting?

ALBION  
Trust me, you'll regret it.

Andreas smiles and nods.

ANDREAS  
Yes, women can be a handful. I'm  
currently a resident of the  
doghouse myself.

ALBION  
I live there permanently.

Andreas smirks and lifts up his glass for a toast.

ANDREAS  
To women, cruel and insane but  
lovable none the less.

They drink.

ANDREAS (CONT'D)  
You're going to join the poker  
table?

Albion finishes his drink.

ALBION  
Of course, I am.

ANDREAS  
Then, good luck my friend.

ALBION  
Thanks, but I got a good feeling  
about tonight, a damn good feeling.

INT. GAMBLING JOINT/TOILETS - NIGHT

Albion is in front of a sink and looking into the mirror. He is sweating quite a lot.

He opens the tap and starts throwing water in his face, then takes some paper and wipes his face.

He stares in the mirror, takes out a comb, and combs his hair.

EXT. GAMBLING JOINT - NIGHT

A gloomy looking Albion is standing outside looking lost in thought, unlit cigar in his mouth.

Isadora comes out and walks up to him.

ALBION  
Don't want company right now.

ISADORA  
And yet.

ALBION  
Keep the girls company.

ISADORA  
Faina and Arisha are long gone.

ALBION  
Maybe you should do the same.

Isadora tenses up but manages to control herself.

ISADORA  
Doesn't seem to be your night.

ALBION  
Yeah? Well, that'll change.

ISADORA  
You're going to keep playing?

ALBION  
Night's still young.

ISADORA  
But you've lost a lot of money.

ALBION  
No, peanuts, pocket change.

ISADORA  
Wow. Delusion much?

ALBION  
Look, it's none of your damn  
business, sugar.

ISADORA  
Sugar?

Albion takes out matches.

ALBION  
Either stay but shut it or go. I  
don't care.

ISADORA  
You really are an asshole, Albion.

ALBION  
So they say.

Isadora takes the cigar from his mouth and walks away.

ALBION (CONT'D)  
Bring that back.

Isadora takes out a lighter, lights the cigar, smiles, and walks off again. Albion watches her as she turns into another street.

ALBION (CONT'D)  
Ah, goddamn it.

He walks back in.

EXT. GAMBLING JOINT - DAY

The sun has just started to rise in the horizon and the first morning rays illuminate the darkness below.

Albion exits the gambling place looking weary and tired, followed by Andreas and Manolis.

ANDREAS  
Just not your night, Albion?

ALBION  
Yeah, an understatement.

MANOLIS  
Owe the house quite a lot.

ALBION  
I'm good for it.

ANDREAS  
We know you are. Don't worry about it; we'll work it out.

MANOLIS  
We'll be in touch.

ALBION  
I'm sure you are.

ANDREAS  
Take care, my friend.

Albion nods and walks away.

INT. RITA'S FLAT/BEDROOM - DAY

Rita, brush in hand, works on a painting while Albion sits on the bed looking gloomy.

RITA  
 Won't be long just really need to  
 finish this.

Rita delicately applies some paint on the canvas.

RITA (CONT'D)  
 How did it go, have you eaten?  
 There are some leftovers in the  
 fridge.

She continues working and waits for a reply.

RITA (CONT'D)  
 Albion?

She turns her head and sees him passed out on top of the covers.

She gets up, goes over to him, and takes his shoes off.

INT. ALBION'S ANGELS - NIGHT

The joint is styled after classic burlesques of the past. The main area consists of a lounge with tables, sofas, a stage and the bar at the far-right hand side. There's carpet, elegant light fixes, curtains, and framed posters on the walls of famous erotic shows of the 20s and 30s.

Albion walks up to the BAR...

...but the barman, TOM, 20s, is at the far end of the bar chatting with LORETTA, one of the dancers, and doesn't notice him. The clubs floor manager, BETTY, 40's, walks in a hurry and joints him.

BETTY  
 How about pouring a drink for the  
 boss, Tom, eh?

She turns to Loretta.

BETTY (CONT'D)  
 And you, get your arse on the  
 stage.

LORETTA  
 There's no one here.

BETTY  
 They'll be soon enough.

Loretta scurries off and Tom turns to Albion.

TOM  
Whiskey, Mr. Albion?

ALBION  
A shot Tommy, and what did I say  
about the whole MR. business?

TOM  
Sorry, Albion, I'll get your drink.

Albion nods. Betty stands next to him.

BETTY  
The claws are out again?

BETTY (CONT'D)  
Yeah? Where's Mama, she's HR, isn't  
she?

LORETTA  
She's there but she is mostly just  
watching.

BETTY  
Should I handle it?

Tom serves the shot and Albion downs it.

ALBION  
No, you stay here and welcome the  
guests.

INT. ALBION'S ANGELS/CHANGING ROOMS - NIGHT (SOON LATER)

Albion enters the room and finds it in a state of mini chaos,  
with SHOUTS and ARGUMENTS.

Faina and Arisha are at the centre of the storm Isadora is  
sitting in front of a mirror, annoyed at the situation, and  
trying to put makeup on. VALERIO - 45, long hair, and face  
that shows he's trying desperately to retain his youth - is  
trying to get between the warring parties and ease the  
tensions, while MAMA, 80s, is sitting next to Natasha and  
sharing a joint with her; they are both looking on intrigued  
and bemused.

ARISHA  
Haven't taken anything, you bitch.

FAINA  
Give back or I'll scratch your eyes  
out.

ISADORA

Shut the fuck up already, Jesus.

VALERIO

Stop this nonsense right now! We all know this isn't about the mysterious disappearance of the foundation. Let's just have you two kiss and make up.

ARISHA

Shut the hell up, Valerio. This doesn't concern you in any way.

FAINA

Yes, stop trying to put your hands on me; scram.

They all notice Albion standing there and quiet down.

ALBION

Hell is this, then?

MAMA

Great, right on the best bit.

ALBION

(Turns to Mama)

Why aren't you dealing with this?

MAMA

I am. These girls need this fight. The resentment has been building up for a while now and it needs an outlet or they're going to drive us all up the wall.

ALBION

OK, everyone, go out there and do some work, there are customers waiting to be entertained.

VALERIO

There's no one out there.

ALBION

Just go already!

Everyone starts to leave apart from Mama.

ALBION (CONT'D)

(To Arisha and Faina)

You two stay.

Albion grabs a stool and motions to the girls to sit down. He takes a cigarette out and lights up.

MAMA

Sorry darling but secondary smoke's a killer and I'm trying to save up on as many days as possible.

ALBION

You were just smoking.

MAMA

That's different, it's organic.

ALBION

My arse is organic. You have to be here for this?

She nods her head YES.

ALBION (CONT'D)

Well, fine then.

He puts the cigarette out and turns to the two women.

ALBION (CONT'D)

What's this about then?

Arisha and Faina stay quiet.

ALBION (CONT'D)

(Turning to Mama)

Do you know?

MAMA

One of them's been shagging a boy.

ALBION

Yeah?

MAMA

Yup.

ALBION

But - I mean...

MAMA

Yeah, turns out Faina's bi.

FAINA

Mama! Why'd you-



ALBION

You shut the hell up. Christ, you two are always pulling this soap opera bullshit.

Faina and Arisha lower their heads.

FAINA/ARISHA

Sorry, Albion.

Albion sighs.

ALBION

So what's this then, you're going to let a man get between you? I mean, look, you know this is not one of those places that frown upon co-workers forming romantic relationships or nothing but-

MAMA

Because that would be somewhat hypocritical, wouldn't it, Albion?

Albion gives Mama an 'annoyed' look, then continues.

ALBION

What I'm trying to say is that you- I bloody lost my train of thought now - are you happy, Mama? OK, right, no, listen, you enter these premises you find a way to be professional and respect each other. That's what it comes down to. Your private business is just that, private. This is a workplace though and you will treat it as such. And if I find out you were fighting again, or bickering or squabbling or involved in arguing of any sort, I'll be forced to fire both of you on the spot. Don't want to do that but I will. Understood?

FAINA

Yes, Albion.

ARISHA

It won't happen again.

ALBION (CONT'D)

Now, I want you to stay here and talk this out with Mama. Only when there is solid progress and only then, you get back to work.

EXT. BACK OF ALBION'S ANGELS/ALLEYWAY - NIGHT (LATER)

Albion comes out the back of the joint and finds Isadora by the wall, eating a health bar. He stands next to her and puts a cigarette in his mouth.

ISADORA  
Thought you quit.

ALBION  
Tried to; didn't stick.

ISADORA  
Maybe you should try harder.

ALBION  
Maybe you should mind your own  
business.

Isadora gives him a hateful look and lowers her eyes in anger. Albion changes his mind and reluctantly puts the cigarette away.

ALBION (CONT'D)  
Happy now?

ISADORA  
Was only trying to help.

ALBION  
Thanks a million.

ISADORA  
What does that mean?

ALBION  
Means nothing.

ISADORA  
Hate it when you mock me.

ALBION  
Jesus, haven't done anything.

ISADORA  
Fine. See you after the show?

ALBION  
Don't you, usually?

ISADORA  
You on your fucking period or  
something?

ALBION  
What?

ISADORA  
Nothing- fuck it.

She turns her back to him.

ALBION  
You're going to give me the silent  
treatment now?

ISADORA  
You're such an asshole.

ALBION  
Hmm, that's original.

ISADORA  
Fuck off.

Albion turns her around forcefully and goes for a kiss and she pushes him off.

ISADORA (CONT'D)  
Leave me alone, I'm not your whore.

He grabs hold of both her hands and kisses her hard. After a few seconds, she stops resisting and gives in to the kiss.

INT. ALBION'S ANGELS - NIGHT

On STAGE... a few CUSTOMERS watch on as Natasha performs a dance routine.

At the BAR...Valerio and Betty walk angrily up to Albion who's on a stool and having a drink, his 8mm camera next to him. Albion rolls his eyes in annoyance when he sees them.

ALBION  
What now?

BETTY  
He refuses to do the Matador act.  
Wants to do the military one.

VALERIO  
I'm tired of it, Albion. Look, I'm  
the star in this place; my word  
should count for something.

BETTY

You're a star in your own stupid head. Just do what you're told. Albion, tell him.

ALBION

Enough already. Valerio, do the military one tonight if you have to but show up next week early, we need to work on a new show; we're running out of material.

VALERIO

Thank you. A new show, eh? Well, that will be exciting. OK, I'll go let the girls know the news.

As Valerio turns to leave, he and Betty exchange angry looks and as Valerio walks away, he gives her the finger.

BETTY

Swear to God I'm going to break his fucking neck one of these days. Mark my words.

ALBION

Easy there, Betty, place just won't be the same without him.

BETTY

It'll be better. His jokes are so old. We had to let so many go, don't even have a bouncer no more. Why keep that good-for-nothing sod around?

ALBION

He's been here since the start; just like you.

Betty lowers her head.

ALBION (CONT'D)

Anyway, things will pick up soon. We'll get new blood in then.

INT. ALBION'S ANGELS/STAGE - NIGHT (LATER)

Valerio enters in a military outfit and is met with WHISTLES and with BOOS by the AUDIENCE.

VALERIO

Well hello to all you distinguished gentlemen and esteemed ladies and welcome to our show.

He looks around at the CROWD.

VALERIO (CONT'D)

Take it all back, there's no gentleman or a lady among you, is there? It's like the land of the depraved and the perverted out there. And let me tell you- that is just the way we like it.

The crowd CHEERS.

VALERIO (CONT'D)

Now, don't be fooled by the outfit, and don't fear a presentation of war or death or violence, for I am a man of love, of lust, of lubrication. I did my part once, showed up to serve and they told me to strip and I did and thought, well this is a bit of alright. But the fun ended when they urged me to put my bloody uniform on and stop flashing them my testis. I didn't stay long after that, not sure how others feel but cleaning shit and peeling potatoes ain't my idea of a good time.

Natasha enters on stage in army hot pants and a tight shirt, holding onto a water pistol, which she points at Valerio.

NATASHA

Put your hands behind your head and shut your mouth, you talk too much.

She walks up and rubs herself on him and moves away smiling.

NATASHA (CONT'D)

Hmm, you are quite talented; you can salute me even though your hands are behind you.

The audience LAUGHS warming up to the act.

Natasha starts frisking him.

NATASHA (CONT'D)

Are you armed?

VALERIO

No.

NATASHA

So what's that in your pocket then?

VALERIO

I'm just happy to see you.

There is more LAUGHTER from the audience.

NATASHA

Well, if you are happy to see me,  
then you'll be ecstatic to see my  
troops.

MUSIC kicks in as the rest of the girls: Faina, Arisha, Loretta, and Isadora walk on stage wearing similar, sexy, military outfits and holding onto water guns. They start dancing seductively, undressing and teasing Valerio.

At the BAR...

... a sombre-looking Andreas is sitting next to Albion who's watching the show and taping it with his camera. On the stool next to them is Mama.

ANDREAS

What're you making a documentary?

ALBION

Not really. Just like to film  
stuff.

ANDREAS

Been a while since I'd seen such a  
camera.

ALBION

Had this old thing for a while.

MAMA

You better not be talking about me.

Andreas and Albion CHUCKLE.

ALBION

(Turns to her)  
Said old not ancient.

MAMA

Arse.

Albion LAUGHS.

ALBION  
That, I am. (To Andreas) No  
Margarita tonight?

ANDREAS  
Still upset.

He hesitates.

ANDREAS (CONT'D)  
This is not entirely a social call,  
anyway.

Albion sighs.

ALBION  
I'll get it. Just need more time.

ANDREAS  
If it was me, you'd have all the  
time in the world. I might manage  
that place but I don't own it.  
Dangerous people do and they've  
asked me to get the money from you  
tonight.

ALBION  
Not gonna happen.

ANDREAS  
Please, Albion, these people don't  
take stuff like this lightly. Like  
I said, if it was up to me we could  
just work something out.

On STAGE...

...Isadora is dancing topless and slides into the splits  
while firing water into the audience. The other WOMEN are  
topless too and gathered around Valerio who smiles stupidly.  
A couple of the women place their legs on his shoulders like  
graceful ballerinas.

VALERIO  
Easy there, soldiers, I'm about to  
shoot my load here.

At the BAR...

...Andreas and Albion continue their chat.

ANDREAS

Look, I consider you a friend and don't want to see you get hurt.

ALBION

I appreciate it. I'll try and get it as soon as I can.

Andreas sighs and Albion stands up.

ALBION (CONT'D)

Say, since you're here, how about a private dance on the house?

ANDREAS

What, now?

ALBION

As Hiller the Elder once said, if not now, when?

ANDREAS

Indeed.

ALBION

Any preference?

ANDREAS

You pick.

Andreas nods, and makes his way to the STAGE... just as Natasha steps off.

MONTAGE:

Sensual MUSIC starts playing from the speakers.

At the BAR...

...Loretta is flirting with a slightly withdrawn Tom, unknowingly, Albion videotapes them with his camera from a distance.

At the CHANGING ROOMS...

...Valerio, Mama, Faina, and Arisha share a joint.

On STAGE...

...Isadora performs a breathtaking dance number.

In the MAIN LOUNGE...

...Natasha starts dancing seductively for Andreas.



MONTAGE ENDS

INT. ALBION'S ANGELS - NIGHT

The show is now over and all the customers are gone. Tom is wiping glasses and Isadora is sitting impatiently on a stool waiting for Albion to finish mopping the floor.

TOM

Need help, Mr. - need help, Albion?

ALBION

No, nearly done, go home, Tommy.

TOM

See you tomorrow.

ALBION

Yep, take her easy.

ISADORA

So, like, are you really nearly done or are we going to stay here all fucking night long nearly done?

ALBION

Five minutes.

ISADORA

Doesn't sound nearly done to me.

ALBION

It should.

ISADORA

Men aren't supposed to let women wait for them; just the opposite, in fact.

ALBION

I believe in equal rights.

ISADORA

This is scoring you zero 'getting lucky' points. The well is drying up completely.

ALBION

My forecast predicts heavy storms.

ISADORA

Boy we get our weather forecasts from different channels.

Albion continues the work; Isadora scrolls on her phone.

ISADORA (CONT'D)  
How long?

ALBION  
Five minutes.

ISADORA  
Crap!

EXT. ALBION ANGEL'S - NIGHT (LATER)

Albion exits with Isadora and they head for his car.

A car suddenly pulls up beside them and Manolis, Alex, and GIANNIS, 20s large and muscular, come out and jump him.

ALBION  
Hey, what the hell?

Isadora starts YELLING and CURSING in Portuguese as Albion tries to fight them off.

Alex pushes Isadora hard and she falls to the ground and Gianni punches Albion in the gut, taking the air out of him.

MANOLIS  
Stop resisting or we'll have to hurt you.

He stops and they all drag him into their car.

A terrified Isadora watches as the car speeds off.

INT. ROOM - NIGHT

SUPER: Present...

Albion is sitting facing Old Nick, Manolis, and Alex.

ALEX  
You've no other options Albion; do this for us, make us happy and we forget all about the money.

ALBION  
Be a fool to trust you.

OLD NICK  
What choice do you have?

Manolis takes out a six-shooter, a note, and a photo, and leaves them on the table in front of Albion.

MANOLIS

The photo's the face of your target, name's Vadim and he's a real *arxidi*, pure scum. You've got a two-day deadline to do this.

ALBION

Nah, that's - not practical.

ALEX

Tough shit.

ALBION

Look, we got a new show to plan at the club. How about the week after?

OLD NICK

Tell us, how will there be a new show if the club burns down?

Albion looks at Old Nick in fear.

MANOLIS

And it won't be much of a strip club if the fucking women keep showing up dead.

Albion picks up the gun, the address, and the photo.

ALBION

It's not a strip club.

ALEX

No? Hell is it then?

OLD NICK

*Ti leei?* (What's he saying?)

MANOLIS

*Oti ven einai striptitsaviko.*  
(That's it's not a strip club).

OLD NICK

*More ti les.* (You don't say).  
There's naked women, no?

ALEX

Of course.

ALBION

It's not a bloody - it's a cabaret.

MANOLIS

Sure, whatever. Back to the business at hand. This'll be a righteous kill so don't worry about moral shit. This Russian bastard has had it coming for a long time. Keeps stealing from us and harassing our people.

OLD NICK

We also know he likes little kids too much; one of those, get it?

MANOLIS

Shouldn't be too difficult a kill either. His house is hardly guarded. In and out, really; walk in the damn park as the saying goes.

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

Albion walks down an empty street looking deep in thought. He reaches into his pocket and grabs his cigarette pack.

He takes a corner into an alley and is about to pass a HOMELESS MAN with a DOG who's sitting on some squashed cupboard.

HOMELESS MAN

Spare some change, friend?

Albion stops, looks through his pockets but can't find his wallet.

ALBION

Fuck.

All he has is the pack of cigarettes.

HOMELESS MAN

How about a smoke then?

Albion opens the pack and sees that there's only one cigarette left. He hesitates. He looks at the man and the dog and his mind gets made up.

ALBION

Sure.

He gives him the cigarette, takes out a lighter, and lights it for him.

EXT. STREETS - DAWN

Albion, cold and exhausted looking is walking through another part of town now.

INT. RITA'S FLAT - DAY

Rita opens the door for Albion.

RITA  
Here to sleep?

He nods and enters.

RITA (CONT'D)  
Haven't slept at all, have you?

ALBION  
They didn't let me.

RITA  
You really are a night owl.

ALBION  
Maybe I am. Come to bed with me.

He walks towards the BEDROOM...

...Rita follows.

RITA  
Just got out of it, not going back.  
Heading off for a walk and a bagel.

Albion takes off his jacket, shirt and trousers, and gets in bed.

ALBION  
That's a crying shame.

RITA  
You want anything?

ALBION  
Just your good loving.

RITA  
Well that's gonna have to wait now,  
won't it?

Albion lies back on the pillow and closes his eyes.

ALBION  
You're so cruel sometimes, honey,  
you know that?

Rita goes over to him and kisses him on the forehead.

RITA  
You'll live.

She walks to the window, closes the blind and shuts the door  
on her way out.

INT. ALBION'S ANGELS/LOUNGE - DAY

A very worried Isadora is drinking a hot chocolate. She is  
joined by Betty, Mama, and Valerio, all of whom are drinking  
coffee. They are sitting in the sofa area of the main room.

BETTY  
They just took him?

Isadora nods her head and sips her chocolate.

ISADORA  
His phone's off and he's not at his  
place, I checked.

VALERIO  
Should we go to the police?

MAMA  
We might have to. Let's give it  
another ten minutes.

BETTY  
What if he's dead?

Isadora gives her a startled look.

MAMA  
Nah, I've known him all his life,  
he's like a cockroach, has survived  
it all.

VALERIO  
Even a cockroach can perish if you  
step on it hard enough.

ISADORA  
Shut the fuck up already!

BETTY

Yeah, Val, you've gone and upset her, you dickless dickface. Well done.

VALERIO

You fucking started it, you witch, and I've told you a million times not to call me Val.

ISADORA

Fuck is wrong with all of you?

VALERIO

The bitch started it.

BETTY

Call me bitch to my face, see what happens.

Mama takes a joint out and lights it.

VALERIO

You're smoking now?

MAMA

It's medicinal, you lot're giving me a terrible migraine.

BETTY

(sarcastically)  
Oh well, excuse us, oh, mighty queen.

VALERIO

Who smokes pot at a time like this? Give us a hit, will ya?

Isadora starts to cry. Mama passes the joint to Valerio and he takes a hit.

BETTY

Great, now you've made her cry, fuckface.

VALERIO

Stop blaming me for-

ALBION (O.S.)

Sorry, I'm late, slept in.

Everyone turns in surprise and looks at Albion who has just walked into the space.

ALBION (CONT'D)

What's wrong?

Points at Isadora.

ALBION (CONT'D)  
Is she crying?

Isadora gets up and walks to him.

ISADORA  
They took you away in front of me,  
asshole.

ALBION  
Ah, yeah, guess they did. I'm fine  
though.

ISADORA  
You guess they did? I've been going  
crazy with worry. I thought you  
were dead. Face first in a ditch.

ALBION  
I'm fine.

ISADORA  
Called you a million times.

ALBION  
Battery was dead.

ISADORA  
Went to your place, you're never  
there. Where the fuck do you go to?

Albion hesitates, Then:

ALBION  
A friend's.

Isadora GROWLS.

ISADORA  
Fuck you, Albion.

She rushes out of there and Albion turns to the rest of them.

ALBION  
Fuck got into her?

INT. ALBION'S ANGELS/OFFICE - DAY (LATER)

Albion is sitting behind his desk while Valerio, Betty, and  
Mama are in various seats in front of him. Mama is eating a  
large chocolate bar.



ALBION  
So, any suggestions, anyone?

BETTY  
What's the point, you always come  
up with the shows.

ALBION  
That's not true. I'm always open to  
ideas.

BETTY  
(quietly)  
Yeah, sure.

ALBION  
Betty, I value your opinion, you  
know that.

Mama SNICKERS, then COUGHS as the chocolate piece she was  
having goes down wrong. Albion gives her a look.

VALERIO  
How about a final front-year thing?

BETTY  
There he goes butting in.

ALBION  
Is this your *Barbarella* idea again  
under a different guise?

BETTY  
You're fucking obsessed with that  
stupid film.

VALERIO  
Doesn't have to be linked to that  
Jane Fonda classic; can just be a  
science fiction theme. An erotic  
space opera, if you will.

BETTY  
Sounds kitsch.

VALERIO  
Your face is kitsch.

BETTY  
Your face is a horror movie.

VALERIO  
You're just-

ALBION

Got it! How bout a 1930's Paris Bordello theme? Valerio, you can be like a Henry Miller character, befriending whores and trying to get free shags.

BETTY

Sounds right up his alley that.

VALERIO

Screw you, Betty, it's right up your alley, you have to pay a man to sleep with you.

BETTY

Shut your mouth, you useless, slab of lard!

ALBION

OK, enough! Jesus Christ you two.

VALERIO

She started it.

BETTY

God, you're a child.

VALERIO

You are.

ALBION

Stop it, don't care who started what. Act like damn grown-ups already.

VALERIO

Fine.

Whatever.

BETTY

ALBION (CONT'D)

So, anyway, what do you think Betty?

BETTY

What about my ideas?

ALBION

You don't like it?

BETTY

I - I do, of course. So, no more suggestions?

ALBION

We'd save them for next time. I feel this could be the best show yet. What do you think, Valerio?

VALERIO

Love it. Oh, crap, I'll have to come up with new material for my stand-up routine.

ALBION

What's life without challenge, eh?

MAMA

Carefree, smooth, great?

Albion gives her another look.

ALBION

Boring is the answer.

VALERIO

Yup.

ALBION

Good, it's settled then. Let the girls know.

Albion gets up.

ALBION (CONT'D)

Valerio, work on the words and story. Betty, you research the time period for decor and choreography.

INT. ALBION'S ANGELS/BAR - DAY (LATER)

Isadora is nursing a drink by the bar when Albion comes and joins her. He takes a brand-new pack of cigarettes out of his pocket.

ALBION

Still angry at me?

ISADORA

Wish you wouldn't smoke.

ALBION

Jesus, fine.

He puts them away.

ALBION (CONT'D)  
There, happy now?

ISADORA  
No.

ALBION  
Well, there's only one thing for  
it.

ISADORA  
What's that?

ALBION  
What we used to do when we were  
pissed off with each other.

Isadora turns and looks at him.

INT. ALBION'S ANGELS/CHANGING ROOM - DAY (SOON LATER)

Albion's on a chair and Isabella is on top of him, and they  
are having sex.

ISADORA  
You - sure we're - alone?

ALBION  
For the fifth time, yes.

ISADORA  
Oh, Jesus -- feels good.

ALBION  
Let your hair down.

Isabella loosens the knot in her hair and lets them drop and  
Albion grabs a hold of them.

ISADORA  
(In Brazilian)  
Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, and all  
the bloody saints.

CUT TO:

Albion pulls his trousers up, while Isadora grabs her panties  
and puts them back on under her dress.

ISADORA (CONT'D)  
You're seeing someone else?

ALBION  
Huh?

ISADORA  
Are you?

ALBION  
No.

ISADORA  
Who's the friend you go to?

ALBION  
Just a friend.

ISADORA  
You can tell me, I don't care.

ALBION  
Then why do you ask?

Isadora shrugs her shoulders.

ALBION (CONT'D)  
Wanna grab lunch?

ISADORA  
Just can't shake the feeling  
there's someone. Don't think you  
fully give yourself to me.

ALBION  
Hey, what did we just do here?

ISADORA  
Good sex.

ALBION  
I think so.

ISADORA  
Nothing more.

ALBION  
What else do you want?

ISADORA  
I - I don't know.

ALBION  
What's this about?

ISADORA  
Just - want to know that I'm more  
to you than a quick shag.

ALBION  
Quick sh- I mean - look, I was a  
little tired.

He walks to her but she turns from him.

ISADORA  
You're stupid.

ALBION  
Isadora, damn it, you're the only  
woman for me, you know this.

ISADORA  
Do I?

ALBION  
I'll say it again, what do you want  
from me?

ISADORA  
Don't know, just - you know, just  
get me something sometime.

ALBION  
I always get you something. What  
about that very expensive bracelet  
I got you the other day?

ISADORA  
It was my birthday.

ALBION  
You're driving me crazy!

He throws down some make-up bottles in anger.

They each take a second. Then:

ISADORA  
You can- maybe, sometimes, get me  
like - don't know - flowers or  
something, you know. Not because  
it's my birthday or Christmas or  
fucking Valentine's; but just  
because you were thinking of me on  
a normal, boring old day.

ALBION

I'm sorry; just never pegged you  
for a flowers type of girl.

ISADORA

You're missing the fucking point. I  
might as well have been talking to  
a bloody chimpanzee.

Isadora opens the door.

ISADORA (CONT'D)

Look, fuck it, OK - whatever.

She exits and lets the door shut hard behind her, leaving  
Albion with a puzzled look over his face.

INT. ALBION'S ANGELS/STAGE - AFTERNOON

Betty, Valerio, Faina, Ariza, Isadora and Loretta are on the  
main stage, working on the choreography of the new show,  
while Albion, camera in hand, and Mama look on. There is a  
mattress on the stage.

BETTY

OK, this mattress will eventually  
be a bed. Let's arrange some  
choreography around it.

Faina and Arisha try out some moves on the mattress while  
Loretta starts jumping up and down and giggling and soon all  
the girls join in and start jumping on the mattress.

MAMA

We could incorporate this in the  
act, you know. I'm sure it'll go  
down well.

BETTY

I'll make a note of it.

Mike approaches Albion and whispers in his ear.

ALBION

Yes, let him in.

Albion signals to Natasha and she comes to him.

ALBION (CONT'D)

Bring a bottle of whisky to my  
table and two glasses.

NATASHA  
Sure, Albion.

Albion turns to Betty.

ALBION  
I've got a guest, continue without me.

BETTY  
You got it.

Andreas comes in and shakes hands with Albion.

INT. ALBION'S ANGELS/LOUNGE - AFTERNOON (SOON LATER)

Albion and Andreas sit at the usual table in the back of the main room as Natasha brings the bottle and glasses and proceeds to serve them.

ANDREAS  
Thank you.

ALBION  
That's great, Natasha, thanks.

Natasha leaves and they take a good gulp from their glasses.

ALBION (CONT'D)  
To what do I owe the pleasure of this visit?

ANDREAS  
Is all that for a new act?

ALBION  
Yes.

ANDREAS  
Oh great. What's it going to be about?

ALBION  
Paris in the thirties.

ANDREAS  
Sounds good.

Andreas picks up his drink.

ANDREAS (CONT'D)  
To the success of the new show.



They clink glasses and drink once more.

ANDREAS (CONT'D)

You know, isn't it a crying shame  
we no longer live in interesting  
times?

ALBION

I try not to think about it.

ANDREAS

That's the only thing I think  
about. You and me Albion - you and  
me, we're of the same dying breed.  
We're a pair of poor bastards  
living in the wrong age. That's  
what it really boils down to. We  
were both born in the wrong time  
cause - and pay attention to this,  
cause God doesn't give a... well,  
goddamn. That's the conclusion and  
that's what makes the most sense.  
That's the awakening, that's  
enlightenment, the realization that  
God does not give a shit.

ALBION

Didn't know you were so religious.

ANDREAS

I'm Greek, don't have much choice.  
You're either religious or you're  
Nikos Kazantzakis and I'm nowhere  
near rebel enough for that.

ALBION

Still in the doghouse?

ANDREAS

She's talking about taking a break.

ALBION

Ah, sorry to hear it, that's never  
a good thing.

ANDREAS

No, it isn't.

On STAGE...

...a scantily clad Faina, Ariza, and Loretta perform a  
seductive choreography. Isadora though walks off the stage.

Back at the TABLE, Albion and Andreas each sip their drink.

ANDREAS (CONT'D)

My associates are getting anxious;  
fear they will lash out at you.

ANDREAS (CONT'D)

I'll do the job, just don't like to  
be rushed.

ANDREAS (CONT'D)

I know someone, a pro, I can get  
them to do it.

ANDREAS (CONT'D)

I appreciate that but they'd know  
and you'd get in trouble. This is  
my mess and I will clean it up.

Isadora approaches the table.

ALBION

What?

She throws Albion his old mobile phone, and he just about  
manages to catch it.

ISADORA

Here, I charged it for you.

INT. RITA'S FLAT - DAY

Rita is cooking bacon and eggs as Albion sits on the kitchen  
table reading a magazine and drinking coffee.

RITA

Had a dream, you know.

ALBION

Hmm, that's nice.

RITA

It wasn't nice, it was scary.

ALBION

Oh, sorry, honey.

RITA

It was horrible. You were in bed  
next to me and I was talking to you  
but you wouldn't answer, you were  
just stiff, like a corpse, eyes  
wide open, unmoving. So then I  
covered you with the sheet.

Albion turns the page of the magazine.

ALBION  
Just a silly dream.

RITA  
Yeah - I guess. A silly dream for a  
silly person.

Albion finally looks at her.

ALBION  
Now why would you say a thing like  
that?

Rita brings over a mug of fresh coffee and refills Albion's  
cup.

RITA  
Sometimes I feel that's what you  
think of me.

He puts the mag down and grabs her hand.

ALBION  
Don't say that.

She frees herself and moves away.

RITA  
How come you never take me  
anywhere, then?

ALBION  
Where do you want to go?

RITA  
Forget it.

ALBION  
Tell me.

RITA  
Not looking for a fight, Albion.

ALBION  
Sure you're not.

RITA  
Said, forget it.

Rita flips the eggs over.

ALBION

Take you where, to a superficial party with stack-up assholes that you have nothing in common with? Take you someplace I know you will complain about afterward.

Rita continues to cook, now in a really aggressive way and Albion tries to continue with the reading.

Finally, he tosses the mag aside, gets up, and hugs Rita from behind.

ALBION (CONT'D)

You know I hate it when you're upset.

RITA

Not upset.

ALBION

Don't you know how much I care?

He kisses the back of her neck.

Tears come down Rita's face.

RITA

No, no I don't, you never say it.

ALBION

I say it all the time. You mean the world to me.

Rita turns around; she's now fully crying.

ALBION (CONT'D)

Hey, come on now, what's with the Niagara Falls?

RITA

Say it to me.

ALBION

Say what?

RITA

What I want to hear.

ALBION

I said it already; you mean the world to me.

He wipes away her tears.

RITA  
You can't say it, can you?

ALBION  
Can't say what?

RITA  
Can't say I love you, because you  
don't. You really and truly don't!

ALBION  
Oh, that.

RITA  
Yes, that, you never say it.

Albion lets go of her and walks a few steps away.

ALBION  
It's just not me.

Rita comes up to him.

RITA  
Say it to me - just this once. I'll  
never ask you again. Say it - just  
want to hear it this one time. Say  
it even if you don't mean it.

ALBION  
What do you think I am, why would I  
say something I didn't mean?

RITA  
I'm sorry,

Rita cries even harder.

ALBION  
Jesus, will you stop that?

RITA  
Sorry.

ALBION  
If I say it, will you stop crying  
and saying sorry all the time.

Rita tries to compose herself.

RITA  
Yes.

ALBION  
Promise.

RITA  
Yes, say it.

ALBION  
OK.

RITA  
Say it!

ALBION  
Stop rushing me, damn it.

Albion puts his hands through his hair and sighs.

ALBION (CONT'D)  
I love you.

Rita starts crying again.

ALBION (CONT'D)  
Oh, for god's sake.

Rita hugs him and starts kissing him passionately. They start undressing.

On the stove, the bacon and eggs start to burn.

INT/EXT. CAR - EVENING

Albion is driving his car when his mobile phone RINGS. The name that pops up is Betty. He picks up and answers.

ALBION  
Yeah?

Listening to the call, his expression changes into that of worry.

ALBION (CONT'D)  
OK, I'll meet you there... No, tell everyone to go home. About a half hour.

Albion steps on the gas.

INT. HOSPITAL/WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

Albion enters and finds Betty trying to console a crying Loretta.

Albion gives Loretta a hug.

ALBION  
It'll be alright.

BETTY  
She witnessed the whole thing.

LORETTA  
They wouldn't stop hitting him. I -  
tried...

ALBION  
It's OK, love, it's all gonna be  
fine.

Loretta wipes away the tears.

ALBION (CONT'D)  
Nobody else got hurt?

BETTY  
No, the rest of us were in the  
dressing room. They broke a lot of  
bottles, threw stools and tables  
around.

ALBION  
Goddamn it.

BETTY  
Told you it was a bad idea getting  
rid of John.

ALBION  
Not now, Betty.

BETTY  
Yeah, right. There's something else  
too.

ALBION  
What?

LORETTA  
They said to give you a message.  
It's: Do the fucking job.

INT. ALBION'S ANGELS - NIGHT

MONTAGE:

Albion is sweeping the broken glass from the floor.

He straightens up a table.

He finds his 8mm camera on the floor and picks it up. It is clearly in bad shape. He closes his free hand into a fist in anger.

He proceeds to mop.

He throws away the dirty water.

Looking solemn, he sits at one of the tables with a bottle of whiskey and a glass and pours himself a drink.

MONTAGE ENDS

INT. ALBION'S PLACE - DAY

Mama is holding a hot cup of coffee and moving it underneath Albion's nose as he is sleeping on a couch in the main lounge area.

He starts to wake up.

ALBION

Mama, you sure know the best ways  
to wake a man up.

MAMA

That's what Jack, God rest his  
soul, used to tell me, but it was a  
much different method I used.

Albion takes the coffee and smiles.

MAMA (CONT'D)

You know there's a bed downstairs.

ALBION

Didn't plan to sleep here, sort of  
happened that way.

MAMA

Any word on Mike?

ALBION

Doc said he'll be alright, just  
bruised up badly.

MAMA

Thank God.

ALBION

Yeah.



MAMA

So, anything you want to tell me?

ALBION

Not particularly.

MAMA

Hmm, fine. Going to cook eggs, want some?

ALBION

Yes, please.

INT. ALBION'S ANGELS/OFFICE TOILET - DAY

Albion is washing his face in the sink and freshening up. The cup of coffee is with him and he takes a sip.

INT. ALBION'S ANGELS/MAIN ROOM - DAY (LATER)

Albion is supervising his team as they go through a dress rehearsal on stage for the show. Tom and Mama are drinking soft drinks and looking on.

Valerio, dressed in a long coat and sporting thick glasses is in a make-believe French Bordello bedroom with Faina, Arisha, Loretta, Isadora, and Natasha.

VALERIO

It's really hard - to choose.

The women dance seductively in unison.

ISADORA

Pick me, I'm more than you  
can handle.

NATASHA

I'm the one you need.

VALERIO (CONT'D)

But I want you all.

LORETTA

That will cost you.

VALERIO

You mean money?

LORETTA

What else is there?

ARISHA

Diamonds and pearls.

FAINA

Silver and gold.

NATASHA  
Don't tell us you're broke again?

VALERIO  
OK. I won't.

The women sigh and run over to Valerio, turn him around, and start spanking him.

VALERIO (CONT'D)  
Feisty you lot are. How about I pay  
for three of you and get the other  
three for free?

EXT. BACK ALLEY OF ALBION'S ANGELS - DAY

Albion stands by the wall, looks through his pockets, and takes out a cigarette. He places it in his mouth but can't find his lighter.

ALBION  
Damn it.

Natasha comes out and stands in front of Albion.

ALBION (CONT'D)  
Lighter?

NATASHA  
Nope.

She looks at him funny.

ALBION  
What?

NATASHA  
Apologies, it's not personal.

She grabs his cigarette from his mouth and squashes it in her fist.

ALBION  
You're crazy.

NATASHA  
Isadora instructed me to tell you  
she has your lighter and she's not  
giving it back.

She turns, heads to the door, and turns around.

NATASHA (CONT'D)  
Sorry, Albion, Isadora's my friend.

ALBION  
Yeah, but I am your boss.

She smiles seductively.

NATASHA  
Spank me later on if you must.

ALBION  
Scram, you damn nympho.

She smiles and enters back in.

ALBION (CONT'D)  
(Yelling after her)  
And tell your girlfriend, I want my  
damn lighter back!

INT. ALBION'S ANGELS/OFFICE - NIGHT

Albion is combing his hair while looking at the small mirror on the wall while Betty is doing finance on the computer at the desk.

BETTY  
Christ, we're barely scraping by.

ALBION  
What else is new?

BETTY  
Albion, it's one of the worst  
seasons ever.

ALBION  
It'll get better. Have to - run an  
errand. Won't be back tonight.

Betty stops and looks at him.

BETTY  
You're going to do the job?

He looks back at her a little startled. For a moment, it seems he's about to open up, to confide, but that passes and he remains silent.

He opens the door and exits.

EXT/INT. CAR - NIGHT

Albion walks to his car, opens the driver's door, looks through the glove compartment, and takes out the pistol and the information the gangsters had given him. He pockets the lot and closes the car door.

EXT. STREET/METRO - NIGHT

Albion comes up to some stairs leading down to the metro station and descends them.

INT. RUSSIAN HOUSE - NIGHT

VADIM, rigid good looks, Russian, early forties, is lying on a bed getting a back massage from an attractive young woman, MILA, who is wearing his shirt unbuttoned.

Mila starts to tickle Vadim.

NOTE: Vadim and Mila speak in Russian with each other.

VADIM  
Hey, don't.

Mila LAUGHS but continues tickling him.

VADIM (CONT'D)  
I'll get you.

Vadim turns his body around and grabs Mila's wrists with one hand and starts tickling her.

MILA  
Oh, please- no, please stop.

Vadim kisses her passionately.

INT. RUSSIAN HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Three large Russian men - DIMITRI, VLADIMIR, ROMAN - are watching a Mixed Martial Arts fight on the television. They are drinking Vodka, eating loads of food, and cheering loudly.

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

Albion is in a nice, quiet neighbourhood, looking into the paper he was given and checking the house numbers.

He stops outside a house and checks the number again.

INT. VADIM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Vadim and Mila are in bed, slowly kissing each other and tenderly making love.

EXT. FRONT OF VADIM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Albion KNOCKS on the door. A few seconds later Roman opens.

ROMAN

Yes?

ALBION

I- how's it going?

ROMAN

Fuck do you want?

ALBION

Um, is Vadim around?

Roman instinctively goes for his gun but Albion takes out his first and shoots Roman, hitting him in the neck. Roman falls on him, splattering blood all over Albion.

INT. VADIM'S HOUSE/BEDROOM - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Vadim and Mila are in bed, their bodies wrapped together, when they hear the GUNSHOT and stop.

Vadim jumps out of bed, opens the bedside drawer, and takes out a gun.

INT. VADIM'S HOUSE/HALLWAY - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Albion has switched off the light in the hallway and has kneeled to the floor. Up ahead in the living room Dimitri and Vladimir are by the wall by the entrance the hallway; their guns drawn.

Albion crawls forward in the hallway, in the dark. As he continues on, he's ignorant of the fact that his pack of smokes falls out of his pocket.

Dimitri takes a slight step to the outside of the living room, trying to take a pick in the hallway, his right leg coming out.

Albion SHOOTS his leg and Dimitri falls to the floor and Albion SHOOTS him again killing him on the spot.

Vladimir grips his gun tight; he is starting to perspire. He takes his phone out and with shaky fingers dials a number.

VLADIMIR  
(In Russian)  
We are under attack, bring the men!

Albion appears out of the dark of the hallway and shoots Vladimir in the head.

INT. VADIM'S HOUSE/BEDROOM - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Vadim is by the wall next to the door holding a gun; while Mila is crouched down beside the bed.

Vadim keeps dialing numbers but no one is answering.

MILA  
They're all dead.

VADIM  
Mrs. Optimism you are.

MILA  
Sorry, I'm scared.

VADIM  
It's OK. Stay down, breathe slow.

INT. VADIM'S HOUSE/HALLWAY - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Albion carefully reaches the door of Vadim's bedroom.

He hears someone TALKING in Russian inside. He leans by a wall and sighs.

INT. VADIM'S HOUSE/BEDROOM - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Vadim is on the phone.

VADIM  
I don't know how many, just come.  
OK, good, hurry.

He throws the phone on the bed.

MILA  
If something happens..

VADIM

Nothing will happen; help is coming.

MILA

Just - just know you were the one thing in my life that made me wake up each day with a smile on my face.

VADIM

(Whispering)

Mila, honey, I love you too but you sure as hell talk too much.

MILA

Sorry.

She tears up and Vadim goes to her.

VADIM

Tomorrow, I'm booking us a flight to Cyprus, OK. Just you and me and the sun and that fried cheese you like so much.

MILA

Haloumi, you always forget the name.

VADIM

That's right, Haloumi.

MILA

Promise?

VADIM

Promise. Now shut the fuck up.

MILA

OK.

VADIM

Good.

Albion kicks the door in and Vadim fires off two SHOTS which hit the corner on the door. Albion comes forward from outside and fires off a SHOT which hits Vadim on the arm making him drop his gun.

MILA

No!

VADIM

Stay down!

Albion SHOTS again hitting him in the chest and Vadim falls back dead.

MILA

No, no, no, no...

Albion picks up Vadim's gun, walks back, and empties the bullets as Mila hugs a bleeding, unmoving Vadim.

Albion looks down to his feet as Mila starts crying in anguish.

A large book hits Albion hard on the head, he turns and sees Mila grabbing the vase from the bedside table and throwing it at him. He ducks just in time and the vase crashes on the wall behind him.

Mila is inconsolable, she's raging and completely out of control as she lunges at Albion.

MILA (CONT'D)

I'll kill you, you are dead; dead!

She pushes Albion to the wall and starts hitting him and scratching at him, while Albion just tries to defend himself and tries to get her to stop.

ALBION

I'm sorry, I'm sorry.

He finally pushes her back and she lands next to Vadim's dead body. She looks at Vadim and cries even harder.

Albion, hands shaking, walks to her and points the gun to her head.

ALBION (CONT'D)

Really sorry.

Albion hesitates.

Mila looks up at him.

MILA

Fucking shoot me.

The trigger moves an inch.

Albion lowers the weapon.

SIRENS are heard in the distance.



MILA (CONT'D)  
No - kill me.

Albion reaches the exit.

ALBION  
Sorry for your loss.

He exits.

EXT. VADIM'S HOUSE/BACK GARDEN - NIGHT

Albion gets to the backyard and stumbles to the ground. He gets back to his feet and jumps over a wall.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Albion walks down a street as fast as he can while managing to give the impression that nothing is wrong.

He heads down an abandoned alleyway, finds a bin, wipes the gun off his fingerprints, and throws it away.

INT. RITA'S FLAT - NIGHT

There is heavy KNOCKING coming from the front door as Rita, in her dressing gown, hurries to see who it is.

RITA  
Alright, alright, hang on.

ALBION (O.S.)  
Come on, open up already.

RITA  
OK, Jesus.

Rita opens the door and Albion pushes through. He is covered in blood and sweating profusely.

RITA (CONT'D)  
What the hell, Albion...

She notices the blood.

RITA (CONT'D)  
Oh God, what happened?

ALBION  
Not my blood, it's OK. Just need to clean up.

Albion rushes by her and heads to the BATHROOM...

...and Rita follows.

RITA

What's going on, why are you  
covered in blood?

Albion turns the shower on and starts undressing.

ALBION

Fetch me a change of clothes.

RITA

(Louder)

What happened to you?

ALBION

Have a spare suit here, don't I?

RITA

Albion, for God's sake, will you  
fucking talk to me?

Rita starts crying and Albion, now down to his pants and vest, goes to her and holds her tenderly.

ALBION

It's OK, Rita, it's OK, honey, I'm  
sorry. I was attacked and had to  
defend myself, but it's all fine  
now, it's all over; swear it is.

RITA

Thought it was your blood - thought  
you were hurt; dying.

ALBION

Hey, hey look, I'm fine, I'm great.

He tilts her head to him.

ALBION (CONT'D)

Hey, look at me.

He makes a silly face.

ALBION (CONT'D)

See, I'm fine.

Rita giggles, then hits him twice on his shoulder.

They start kissing passionately and undressing each other.

CUT TO:

Having concluded lovemaking, they hold each other tightly under the stream of the shower.

INT. DARK ROOM - NIGHT (DREAM SEQUENCE)

Albion is in the room with the table, the room the Greek gangsters took him at prior. The room seems longer now and stranger. Albion feels confused and disoriented.

Old Nick is now sitting in one of the chairs smoking a cigarette.

ALBION

Thought you quit that.

Old Nick takes out a pistol and slides it to Albion. The gun stops in front of him and Albion notices that it has smoke coming from the barrel and that it's smudged with blood.

Old Nick is not there anymore, in his place is a woman with her head lowered. The shadows seem to be dancing around her, keeping her face from being shown.

The woman is not in her seat anymore but Albion realises that she is sitting next to him. The woman raises her head and reveals that it is Mila but her face is covered in blood.

Mila picks up the gun and shoots Albion in the head.

DREAM SEQUENCE ENDS

INT. RITA'S FLAT - DAY

Albion wakes up with a GASP, safe in bed with Rita. Rays of sunlight creep in to the room from the gaps around the curtains.

Albion has a scratch on his right cheekbone and he touches it. Rita wakes up and smiles at him.

ALBION

Have to go.

RITA

This thing, whatever's going on with you; it's not over, is it? You're in trouble, I can sense it.

ALBION

What are you talking about?

RITA

It's obvious; I can almost see a dark, thick mist surrounding your whole being. You're trying to hide it but it's way too large, like a mountain, like a colossus towering over you, keeping you in the shadows.

ALBION

Frankly, you are being paranoid.

Albion gets up and starts dressing.

RITA

You think- you believe there's no choice, you believe that fate has spoken and that the scroll is written by God himself, that things are set in stone but I'm telling you right now - right this second that you do have a choice.

ALBION

Honey, you're being weird again.

Rita gets up, goes to Albion, and puts her hands on his face.

RITA

Come away with me. Right now, this very minute, let's pack and go. I have a house in Norway; it's in the middle of nowhere, a million trees all around. I have some savings, let's just go!

ALBION

Come on, Rita, get serious.

RITA

You can't stay here anymore, you know you can't. We can be together in a beautiful place full of nature and life. Let's escape like they do in happy films. Make that choice, Albion, choose a future with me.

ALBION

I'm not running away. My life's here and you are acting really crazy by the way. There's no one after me.

He moves away from her, continues dressing and picks up an old looking lighter from on top of a drawer.

ALBION (CONT'D)

Where's all this weirdness coming from? You're drinking those stinking, psychedelic herbal teas again?

RITA

(almost in a whisper)

No.

ALBION

Look, nothing bad's going on, trust me, everything's fine. You'll see, I'll be back tomorrow and we'll have a nice dinner and you'll forget about all this nonsense.

Rita stays quiet.

Albion finishes dressing, then goes and kisses Rita on the forehead.

ALBION (CONT'D)

I'll come around earlier than usual. Bring some wine and Baklava for dessert. What do you say; you like that?

Rita stays silent. For him, she might as well have yelled Yes.

ALBION (CONT'D)

Good, that's good.

Albion reaches the door.

ALBION (CONT'D)

I'll see you-

RITA

Goodbye, Albion!

Albion looks at her in worry and regret.

They stare at each other in silence. Then:

ALBION  
Goodbye, Rita.

He opens the door and leaves.

INT. ROOM - DAY

Old Nick, Manolis, Alex, and Andreas are sitting around the table.

MANOLIS  
*Tis poutanas o gios*, (Son of a bitch)! He actually pulled it off.

ANDREAS  
Is he alive?

MANOLIS  
Yes. Can you believe it, how lucky can you be? He killed Vadim and all his guards.

ALEX  
Ade gamisou, (Fuck you)! Seriously?

MANOLIS  
Think I'm fucking joking here?

OLD NICK  
We underestimated him. He must have had some kind of training.

MANOLIS  
(To Alex)  
You did the background check.

ALEX  
He'd done a stint in the military but I didn't think anything of it.

Old Nick bangs his hand.

OLD NICK  
Pousti mou, (Goddamn it). We hear this now?

Everyone goes really quiet.

MANOLIS  
You should have mentioned it.

ALEX

D... didn't think it mattered. I mean, we sent him there to mess with the Russians, didn't we?

ALEX (CONT'D)

We wanted him dead, he's a liability now.

ALEX (CONT'D)

I'm sorry if I did -

OLD NICK

*Exo*, (Get out)!

Old Nick starts COUGHING roughly.

OLD NICK (CONT'D)

Gamimene, (Fuckface), get out!

Alex gets up from the table and leaves.

ANDREAS

What happens now?

MANOLIS

Depends if the Russians realize we were behind this hit or not. It wouldn't be wise starting an all-out war with them right now. We can spread rumours it was the Albanians. Those two have always had bad blood; we can use that.

MANOLIS (CONT'D)

We need to take care of Albion.

ANDREAS

Come on guys, he did what you asked of him.

MANOLIS

Wasn't meant to walk away from this.

OLD NICK

Yes, he's dangerous to us now. Andreas, you are friendly with him?

ANDREAS

What does that mean?

MANOLIS

It means you get to kill him.

ANDREAS

Don't do that anymore. I run a legitimate business now.

OLD NICK

We gave you that business. You do this job for us; for old times sake.

ANDREAS

Old Nick, with the outmost respect, please, I beg of you.

OLD NICK

Has to be.

ANDREAS

I can't do what you are asking me.

Old Nicks SNEERS.

OLD NICK

Asking? You think it was a question?

Andreas lowers his head.

OLD NICK (CONT'D)

*Kita me, (Look at me).*

Andreas looks at Old Nick.

OLD NICK (CONT'D)

Was it a question?

ANDREAS

No, Old Nick, it wasn't a question.

OLD NICK

Good. Do it!

EXT. STREET - DAY

Albion is walking through the streets of London.

He stops and anxiously looks through his pockets for his cigarettes but can only find the lighter.

ALBION

Fuck sake!

He throws the lighter away and kicks at a bin in anger.



His mobile starts RINGING. He gets it, thinks of throwing it away but decides against it, and answers.

ALBION (CONT'D)  
(on the phone)  
Yeah. Hey. Been better, to be honest. Now? I know the place. Sure, I'll head right there.

EXT. EMBANKMENT - NIGHT

Andreas is standing by the sand looking at the water as Albion comes down the stairs and joins him.

ANDREAS  
How can people live in places where you cannot gaze at a river or the sea? I really do not get it; I would just go mad.

ALBION  
You can get used to anything; if there's something that we have going for us as a species is that we can adapt to almost anything.

ANDREAS  
I'm tired of adapting, to be honest.

ALBION  
How much time do I have?

Andreas turns and faces Albion.

ANDREAS  
You have none, I am supposed to kill you now.

ALBION  
Yeah?

ANDREAS  
It's an order.

ALBION  
Well, here I am.

Andreas reaches into his jacket pocket; Albion tenses up but tries to remain calm.

Andreas takes out a cigar.

ANDREAS  
Mind if I smoke?

ALBION  
Who am I to deny a man his  
pleasure?

Andreas smiles for a second, then melancholia sinks in.

ANDREAS  
I'm getting out, Albion. I'm  
leaving this country tomorrow.  
There's a nice spot on the island  
of Kos, you have the sea in front  
of you; the mountains have your  
back. The air's clean and the  
tourists are a few. Guess the time  
has come to retire.

ALBION  
How does Margarita feel about it?

ANDREAS  
She never came back.

ALBION  
Sorry, mate.

ANDREAS  
I'm not. You know, she wasn't even  
Greek.

ALBION  
No?

ANDREAS  
No, she was Spanish. I mean, what  
would I want with a Spanish wife?  
My old man used to say to me these  
words: '*Papoutsi apo ton topo sou  
kai as einai balomeno*', which  
translates to 'get a shoe from your  
home town, even if it needs sewing  
up'. I used to make fun of him for  
that but now I think he was spot  
on.

ALBION  
Perhaps. What about your joint?

ANDREAS  
Was never really mine. I'm ready to  
let go. You should as well.

(MORE)

ANDREAS (CONT'D)

You should have left already; you have a lot of angry gangsters after you for crying out loud.

ALBION

Who doesn't like feeling wanted?

They smile and break out into a LAUGH.

ANDREAS

You're a crazy son of a bitch, Albion; I'll give you that.

ALBION

I'll take it.

The two men shake hands.

ALBION (CONT'D)

Take care of yourself, Andreas.

Andreas nods and Albion starts walking away.

ANDREAS

If you survive this mess, come over and find me; take a vacation, you would have more than earned it.

Albion lifts his hand in a small wave.

ALBION

(yells back)

Hope you find the right shoe one day.

INT. ALBION'S ANGELS - NIGHT

Albion enters the place and finds a familiar setting. Isadora, Faina, Arisha, and Loretta are party rehearsing, partly fooling around on stage, Mama is smoking a joint, while Betty and Valerio are angrily exchanging colourful adjectives.

Albion smiles at the familiarity of it, for a second his troubles seem to have disappeared.

Thoughts return to him and his smile dissipates.

He walks towards the STAGE...

BETTY

You pompous, obnoxious, piece of soft, sticky, gooey, doggie shit, you could never handle any constructive criticism, could you?

VALERIO

Do I criticise your job? Do I tell you the way you suck cock needs to change?

BETTY

One more crack about blow jobs and I will punch your goddamn head off clean, I swear!

VALERIO

Well, stop criticizing my routine.

BETTY

I only made one suggestion, you moron. You goddamn...

Betty notices Albion standing there.

BETTY (CONT'D)

Did it all go OK?

ALBION

Don't ask.

Loretta comes to the edge of the stage.

LORETTA

How's Tom?

ALBION

He's fine. Going to pay him a visit soon.

LORETTA

Can I come?

ALBION

No, you have to rehearse.

Loretta lowers her head.

ALBION (CONT'D)

I'll tell him you said to hurry up and recover and get his arse back here.

LORETTA

OK.

Albion then looks at Isadora on stage who is practicing a stripping scene with Natasha, each girl dancing, then taking off clothing from the other girl.

Isadora notices him looking.

ISADORA

(continuing to rehearse)

We need to talk.

ALBION

Hello to you, too.

ISADORA

I'm serious.

ALBION

Later.

ISADORA

Fine, later.

INT. ALBION'S ANGELS/MAIN LOUNGE - DAY

Albion is sitting at his usual table, having his drink. Mama comes over, holding a ball of soup, and joins him.

MAMA

What happened to you?

ALBION

Nothing.

MAMA

Want some soup?

ALBION

No, thank you, got all I need.

Mama sips her soup from the bowl as Albion sips whisky from his glass.

MAMA

Should we be worried?

ALBION

What're you on about?

MAMA

There's been chatter, the girls are worried. It's obvious something's going on.

ALBION

It's fine.

MAMA

Something tells me it's not.

Albion sighs.

ALBION

I'm handling it, tell everyone not to worry.

Up on STAGE...

...Valerio and the women practice a routine. Back at the TABLE...

...Albion and Mama continue to converse.

ALBION (CONT'D)

This will be a hell of a show.

MAMA

Yeah.

She sips some soup.

MAMA (CONT'D)

This place here, this home of yours, Albion, it gives you life but it'll also be the death of you.

Albion finishes his drink and gets up.

ALBION

Well, they do say what nourishes you, destroys you. Don't they?

EXT/INT. STREETS OF LONDON/CAR - NIGHT

Albion is driving the car.

INT. HOSPITAL/PATIENT ROOM - NIGHT

Albion is sitting on a chair next to the bed which hosts a bandaged-up Tom.

ALBION  
Looking better Tom.

TOM  
Jesus, how did I look like before?

They both SNORT.

ALBION  
Everyone sends their best, Loretta wanted to visit but needed to rehearse for the new show.

TOM  
Yeah?

ALBION  
Yes. What's up anyway, you're going to ask her out or what?

TOM  
You think she likes me?

ALBION  
What're you blind and stupid? You should have seen how worried she was when they brought you in. Crying her eyes out she was.

TOM  
Yeah?

ALBION  
Of course. Girl's crazy for you. As soon as you're back at the Angels, go straight up to her and give her a kiss. Trust me.

INT/EXT. CAR - NIGHT

Albion is driving through the streets till he notices a corner shop that has flowers on the front.

He quickly parks the car and runs to the shop.

INT. ALBION'S ANGELS/LOUNGE - NIGHT

Albion walks into his club holding on to flowers but finds it mostly empty; the only one present is Mama smoking a joint.

MAMA  
Those for me?

ALBION  
Afraid not.

MAMA  
Since when do you do flowers?

ALBION  
Since now, I guess. Where's everyone, why aren't they rehearsing?

MAMA  
They were but Valerio and Betty had a massive one, worst argument of all time, and everyone sort of dispersed.

ALBION  
Great.

MAMA  
Show's come together; it'll be a success, don't worry about that.

ALBION  
What else's there to worry about?

EXT. BUILDING/CARS - NIGHT

Manolis, Alex, Giannis, and another 7 MEN, all determined-looking, exit the building and divide themselves into two cars.

The two cars take off.

INT. ALBION'S ANGELS/CHANGING ROOM - NIGHT (SOON LATER)

Albion enters and finds all the dancers there but Isadora.

ALBION  
You girls excited? It's the big premiere.

ARISHA  
We hate premieres. It's nerve-racking.

FAINA  
So many damn things can go wrong.

LORETTA  
How's Mike?



ALBION

Good. Says 'hey', be back here  
before you know it.

NATASHA

Gonna finally blow him?

LORETTA

Shut up, Nat.

ARISHA

Big time, she will.

FAINA

Deep throat time.

LORETTA (CONT'D)

Oh, you bitches.

ALBION

Hey, cut it out. No teasing, no  
arguments, no drama, we got a show  
to do. Where's Valerio and Betty by  
the way?

All the dancers shrug their shoulders.

NATASHA

Val's prob wanking in the toilets  
again. Don't know about Betty.

ALBION

Nevermind. Listen, not much for pep  
talks. I know you're all going to  
shine tonight like the bright,  
gorgeous stars you all are. This  
place would be nothing without your  
hard work and charismatic presence.  
I want you to always remember that.

The women all look at Albion surprised.

NATASHA

We love you too, boss.

LORETTA

We do.

Fiona and Arisha nod their heads.

Albion's taken back, he smiles and leaves.

INT. ALBION'S ANGELS/HALLWAY - NIGHT (CONTINUES)

Albion continues on and passes by a room that has a paper on the front that says 'VALERIO'S ROOM', with a star design next to it, although someone has drawn a dick and balls underneath the name. Albion stops in his tracks as he hears muffled grunting NOISE coming from inside the room.

He opens the door and finds Betty on top of Valerio and them having sex. They freeze in the spot and Betty hits Valerio on the chest with a fist.

BETTY

Thought you said you locked it.

VALERIO

Lock's broken.

BETTY

Asshole.

VALERIO

Bitch.

Albion looks on at them speechless.

VALERIO (CONT'D)

It helps with performance anxiety.

BETTY

Yes, yes, it- it's for the stress and all. For the good of the show.

The shock leaves Albion's face, replaced with huge amusement.

ALBION

Yes, of course. No problem, go on, sorry to interrupt.

He closes the door.

Betty and Valerio look at each other.

BETTY

Go on, what're you waiting for a fucking bell to ring or something?

VALERIO

Oh, well alright, woman, here goes.

They resume with the stress relief.

EXT. ALBION'S ANGELS/ALLEYWAY - NIGHT (SOON LATER)

Albion comes out to the alley, hand behind his back, and finds Isadora by the wall, smoking a joint and looking deep in thought.

ALBION  
There you are.

ISADORA  
You found me.

Albion stands next to her and offers the flowers.

She smiles and takes them.

ISADORA (CONT'D)  
Thanks.

ALBION  
Didn't know what colour you wanted.

ISADORA  
Can't go wrong with red.

She kisses Albion on the side of the face.

ALBION  
That's all I get?

ISADORA  
Perhaps more later.

Albion studies her, concern in his eyes.

ALBION  
What is it?

ISADORA  
Promise you won't get mad.

ALBION  
You know I can't promise that.

ISADORA  
Then I won't tell you.

Albion sighs.

ALBION  
Fine. I won't get mad.

ISADORA  
Good.

She takes a breath in.

ISADORA (CONT'D)  
I'm leaving.

ALBION  
What'd you mean? We have a show to  
do in a half hour.

ISADORA  
Don't mean now.

ALBION  
Oh.

ISADORA  
Soon, though. Maybe in two weeks.

ALBION  
For good?

She nods.

ISADORA  
My cousin, Gabriela, she's opening  
a hair salon in Barreiras, Bahia,  
and I will help her run it.

Albion stays quiet.

ALBION  
That's what you want?

She takes one more inhale and throws the joint away.

ISADORA  
It is. Need a fresh start.

ALBION  
Don't we all?

ISADORA  
Come with me?

He looks at her and smiles. She already knows the answer.

ISADORA (CONT'D)  
Right.

ALBION  
We'll miss you here. I'll miss you.

ISADORA

Let's make the most of the next two weeks.

She pulls him to her and they kiss.

INT. ALBION'S ANGELS/BAR - NIGHT - LATER

Albion takes a glass and selects an expensive bottle of scotch.

He walks to the main LOUNGE... and to his favourite station and sits down.

The STAGE... is decorated to look like a 1930s French bordello. The show is about to begin.

At the TABLE...

...Albion makes himself comfortable in the chair, takes out a fresh pack of cigarettes and a new lighter.

He places a cigarette in his mouth.

Valerio walks up on STAGE...

...all dressed up in character.

VALERIO

Ladies and gentlemen, tonight we have a special treat for you. An exclusive new show full of wonderful delights, such as- yours truly and let's be honest, I'm all you'll ever need- still, we also have a whole lot of the delectable, the delicious, the devilish, the domineering, the dominating, the drop - dead - gorgeous girls in all their natural, God-given -and he has given them plenty - glory!

The crowd CHEERS.

VALERIO (CONT'D)

You're too kind, you're too kind. Thank you, thank you, and so you know, I'll be free and available for oral gratification backstage after the show or any gratification whatsoever, not fussed at all - but I am rather horny!

The crowd SHOUTS and LAUGHS.

A crowd member YELLS something at him.

VALERIO (CONT'D)

What? Did that come from you, sir?  
No, sorry, please, no, please, I  
don't want you backstage, I do have  
some standards.

The crowd LAUGHS and BOOS.

VALERIO (CONT'D)

Only joking, only joking, come on.  
We all know I have no standards.

The crowd APPLAUD.

VALERIO (CONT'D)

You know, people ask me from time  
to time some very difficult  
questions. They know that as well  
as a sex expert, I'm an  
intellectual and a natural  
philosopher. So they ask me the  
tough questions about life, you  
know like will there be peace in  
the Middle East, what's the meaning  
of life, does God exist, what's  
better, tits or arse? Now the fact  
that tits and arse exist in  
abundance in this life does point  
to the existence of an almighty, so  
there's your answer to that but  
what about the argument between the  
tits and the arse? What do you  
prefer Valerio they ask and I offer  
them a diplomatic answer. I say,  
what about the pussy?

The crowd breaks out in CHEERS.

At the TABLE ... Albion smiles and drinks his whisky.

EXT. ALBION'S ANGELS/CARS - NIGHT

The two cars with the Greek gangsters' park on the opposite  
side of the club.

INT/EXT. CARS - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Inside the cars, Manolis, Alex, Giannis, and the rest of the men take out guns and load them.

INT. ALBION'S ANGELS - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

On STAGE...

...Valerio stands in front of Faina, Arisha, Natasha, and Isadora as they all have their hand out expectantly while Valerio looks in his pockets for money.

VALERIO

Um, would you girls accept an IOU?

ISADORA

Not unless it comes attached to money.

At the TABLE...

...Betty approaches Albion, who is about to light the cigarette but stops.

ALBION

Are you going to have a go at me?

BETTY

No, I'm taking a break from that for tonight. Since we have the premiere of a new show, I decided to cut you some slack.

Albion smiles.

ALBION

Well, I appreciate it.

On STAGE...

...the women are jumping up and down as Valerio cleans his glasses.

At the table, Betty continues:

BETTY

It's going great. It's our best show ever.

ALBION

I think so.

Betty turns to leave.

ALBION (CONT'D)  
It's because of you.

Betty turns.

BETTY  
What is?

ALBION  
It's the best show because you are the best. You take care of this place, Betty, without you we would have gone bust ages ago. I just wanted to say thank you.

BETTY  
Forget it. It's what I do.

ALBION  
Next show is all you.

BETTY  
(casually)  
Yeah.

ALBION  
I mean it. Place is yours now.

She looks at him surprised.

ALBION (CONT'D)  
Transferred the deed to you. You run the place and come up with the shows from now on.

BETTY  
You're going away?

ALBION  
Tired, time I retired. Now enough chatting, let me enjoy the rest of the show.

Betty steps close, kisses Albion on the cheek, and walks away.

On STAGE... the women are taking each other's clothes off.

At the FRONT... the gangsters enter the place, weapons in hand.

At the TABLE... Albion puts the cigarette back in his mouth.



He lights the lighter and the cigarette in turn and inhales with deep satisfaction.

He blows the flame out.

FADE TO BLACK

THE END