

SCRIPT TITLE

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When Push Comes To Shove

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100 A

OPENING TITLES

. EXT. RAINY LONDON STREET. DAY.

To Stolen Moments by Oliver Nelson

It is a bleak October afternoon in London.....is this Kentish Town? It's an old style high street and pedestrians shop. Single mothers pushing prams and buggies which are overloaded with shopping bags, workmen drilling holes in the road. A traffic warden hands out a ticket as the driver approaches and is dismayed..... ..life carrying on.

DAVID BOND , dressed in an almost 1960's petrol suit a mackintosh and carrying an umbrella, hops onto a bus.

TRANSITION;

INT. BUS. DAY.

His manner is shy but likeable, but his demeanour is heart-broken and making an effort not to give in to the almost insurmountable emotions.....A woman looks at him

WOMAN

'Cheer up. Love, it might never happen.'

He smiles at her but then looks away in case he should cry. Single women get on at the next stop. Some of them look at him but he is unable to return the gaze. Through his POV we observe 'life carrying on' and through the misty windows we also observe a disabled person in a wheel chair struggling valiantly to make it into a public library unassisted - utilising the ramp.....further down the road a single man steps on his own untied shoelace and it breaks.....he struggles to walk along without losing his shoe but makes it into a department store before the rain falls discernibly heavier.

TRANSITION;

. INT. BUS. DAY.

David stops himself from breaking down and makes a decision - as the music changes gear and becomes more upbeat. He takes out his cellular and makes a call.

DAVID

'.....hello Guy?.....it's David'

GUY

'You're on your way?..... How are ya feelin?'

DAVID

'I'm good.....all is.....'

GUY

'.....you okay there, buddie?'

DAVID

'I will be.....I'm going to.....well, it's.....'

GUY

'Look, David, I could finish up early actually.....you could come to my office and we could go for a drink.....'

DAVID

'yes, that would be pleasant.....'

GUY

'what time are you meeting Penny?.....I guess you've got things to talk about.....before you sign.....'

DAVID

'I'm sure we'll be an hour or two.....I could meet you at, say.....although.....perhaps I might just return to the apartment.....'

GUY

'OK.....I'm at the Russell Square office if you change your mind though.....'

DAVID

'Oh yes, I remember we talked about it being near to the independent cinema in Brunswick Square.....'

He notices a couple on the street. They walk past a plate glass window which reflects the street (polarised exposure). He stops and pulls her towards him. They both look at their

reflection. It stops raining and an apex of sunlight shines on them as they embrace and then kiss. Davids head turns as the bus shunts its way past them in the dense traffic and his eyes well up.

GUY

'.....you sure you're
ok?.....David?.'

DAVID

'.....Hunh?.....oh, yes,
sorry Guy.....I'm.....I
was just distracted by
something.....someone.....so,
okay.....I'll
call you again around 4.30and
thank you for being so
supportive......'

GUY

'No problem. Talk to you then.'

He closes his cellular. The music pulses up a notch again - the flute solo - and with it his mood. The sun has started to shine across the entire street and London looks brighter, cleaner and more vibrant. People close their umbrellas. Reflections and refractions from the wet pavement and peoples moods are raised. They smile and shake the rain off from their hair.....

TRANSITION

.EXT. HIGHT STREET. DAY

We see the bus stop 20 metres ahead but the traffic has come to a standstill.

TRANSITION

. INT. BUS. DAY.

David sighs heavily and the other passengers notice. Some of them look at one another. A woman carrying an infant and holding the hand of a young child has got up in anticipation of the stop but then has to sit next to David to kill the time. The infant looks at David.

CHILD

'Don't cry.'

The mother looks at David and realises that he has been on the verge of tears. She decides to save him from a public display of emotion.

MOTHER

'I won't.....I'm better off now
anyway.....look, the rain has
stopped. The sun is shining.....'

CHILD

'Nice weather for ducks mum.'

David looks away and then notices a flower shop. The bus shunts the last few metres to the stop and people alight.

TRANSITION

. EXT. HIGH STREET. DAY.

David alights and walks to the flower shop. Through the window we observe him buying a large bunch of daisies. He pays and it starts to rain very heavily again. Thunder and lightning. He stands by the door and watches the pedestrians running for shelter. We observe people in their cars, through de-misting windscreens and past wiper blades AUDIO.....The song Wicked Game plays on someones radio and the sound of the wipers punctuates the atmos.....THE SONG BECOMES THE DOMINANT AUDIO..... he steels himself and struggles with his umbrella and the flowers and then walks across the road. A TRACKING SHOT of the street which follows him into a café some way down the street. we AUDIO cross fade to the atmos of the café radio and the sound of people talking across tables to one another.....

TRANSITION

. INT. CAFÉ. DAY.

David enters the café. He struggles whilst closing his umbrella and taking off his mackintosh and eventually composes himself to find a table. His flowers are wilted from the heavy downpour, the wrapping soaked. He sits with another very heavy sigh, one which almost sounds like a sob and people notice. A pretty waitress approaches the table.

WAITRESS

'Hello.'

DAVID

(overcompensating for his
emotions)

'Yes. Good, I'll have a latte.'

She waits for the please and he stares through the steamed-up window vacantly. She looks at him and controls herself.

WAITRESS

'It doesn't hurt to say please and thank you.'

DAVID

'Thank you.'

She turns away and looks at her manager who 'empathises' with David and his eyes well up also.....or he makes a gesture which conveys that David is fighting tears. The radio DJ starts to talk about unrequited love.

DJ

'ah.....what a wicked game indeed.....I'm taking calls about unrequited love.....Is there someone in your past who didn't see you for who you really are? Are you currently in love with someone who doesn't feel the same? Call me and.....'

The manager switches off the radio and puts on some accordion music instead. The waitress returns with a coffee. She places it gently on the table in front of David, who is lost to a reverie. She looks at him endearingly.

WAITRESS

'I gave you an extra chocolate biscuit.....they were the last two in the box so.....'

He looks up at her and tries not to make eye contact. There is a violent clap of thunder almost directly above the café, followed by lightning which glitches the electricity in the whole high street or the café.

DAVID

'Thank you.....oh, and please..... for last time.....'

WAITRESS

'You're very welcome.....'

As she walks away she also feels tearful. David continues to look through the window.....She walks to the door and stands in the entrance, waiting like a little girl for her mother. It rains very heavily again and we meditate on the street for a while.....through a smeared lens.

TRANSITION

INT. CAFÉ. DAY.

Penny, a vibrant woman runs in from a taxi. Her mood is cheerful and positive. A strong woman. She looks at David and immediately recognises that she has to be very diplomatic.....but she has also made a decision and is not going to be swayed.....she's in 'cruel to be kind' mode.

TRANSITION

77. GUYS OFFICE. DAY

GUY sits at his desk in the open plan office. He looks up at the office clock. It says 4.50. A Female colleague looks at him from across the office. She undoes a button on her blouse and plumps up her cleavage ,walks over and places some documents onto his desk.

COLLEAGUE

'So.....I've got these copied and sent to the Dubai office and in record time I might add.....'

GUY

'Uh huh.....'

She looks at him.

COLLEAGUE

'and the New York office says you've got a week before they terminate your employment.....'

GUY

'right.'

She sits on his desk and pulls up her skirt slightly, making sure that he sees plenty of leg.

COLLEAGUE

'They said your last contract for them was orgasmic.....multiply so.....and that the areola is the erectile over the.....'

He laughs and looks at her.

COLLEAGUE (CONT'D)

'so.....we are in the same room.'

GUY

'Sorry, Cynthia.....I'm concerned about David, my new room-mate.'

COLLEAGUE

'What about him?'

GUY

'He went to meet his ex this afternoon.....to sign the decree absolute.....he was fighting tears this morning and he said he was going to call me afterwards.....'

COLLEAGUE

'I hate weak men.'

GUY

'He's not weak.....hate.....you know, the opposite of love is not hate but indifference.'

COLLEAGUE

'meaning?'

GUY

'meaning I don't think you really hate what you term weak men.....I think you actually love them.....and, actually.....did you know that the first indication of a criminal mind is one which classifies people as weak or strong.'

COLLEAGUE

'No it isn't.....where did you hear that?'

GUY

'In an anger management course.'

COLLEAGUE

'You need anger management!?''

GUY

'No. I don't.....but I read my brothers course notes.'

COLLEAGUE

'.....and you think I really love weak men?'

GUY

'I think you'd be great at making a man who still needs a little mothering very happy.'

COLLEAGUE

'I don't know how to take that.'

GUY

'In the spirit that's it's being offered to you.....I think you need a strong boy in your life.....one who allows you to be the assertive partner.....and not recognising this is what makes you utilise terms like hate.....'

COLLEAGUE

'Well you said a strong boy.'

GUY

'To utilise your parlance.....I mean a sensitive and emotionally expressive young man.....'

COLLEAGUE

'.....hmmmm.....but.....'

GUY

'think about all the fun you could have teaching him about sex and love and how you wouldn't have to be subordinate to the overbearing masculine traits of his personality.'

COLLEAGUE

'you mean a toy boy?'

GUY

'No. I mean a young man.'

COLLEAGUE

'Sowe're never going to be an item?'

The telephone rings and Guy answers. Cynthia continues to sit pertly on the desk and tries to distract him flirtatiously.

GUY

'.....hello?.....laura, hi.....sure.....sure 7 should be good.....sure bring her along too.....see you

(MORE)

GUY (CONT'D)
 later.....(he laughs as though
 she has said something
 explicit).....ok work
 mode.....7. bye till then.'

COLLEAGUE
 'well.....'

GUY
 'Cynthia, you should meet
 David.....'

COLLEAGUE
 'he's young and needs mothering
 does he?'

GUY
 'He's not actually that young
 anymore.....what are you doing on
 Friday night?'

COLLEAGUE
 'Friday.....I've got a wedding on
 Saturday, so nothing at all.'

GUY
 'Well.....if you change your mind
 and want to meet me and David for a
 quiet drink at my local give me a
 call.'

COLLEAGUE
 'At your local?.....you ask
 women to meet you at your local?'

GUY
 'It's in Highgate.....one of those
 real quaint English pubs with a
 fireplace and beams and.....I think
 it's been there since 1600.'

COLLEAGUE
 'Sounds wonderful.....but Highgate
 is a long way from East
 London.....maybe some other
 time.....'

His phone rings again.

GUY
 'hello?.....Eliza
 beth.....I know, I'm real sorry
 I didn't call.....I
 know.....no.'

(MORE)

GUY (CONT'D)
 I had a great
 time.....Saturday?.....
 ...'

Cynthia gets up and leaves.

TRANSITION

. INT. CAFÉ. DAY

David sits at his table. Penny arrives.

PENNY
 'Hello David.'

DAVID
 'You're late.'

PENNY
 'I know.....you're not going to be
 hostile are you?'

DAVID
 'No. I'm merely stating a
 fact.....quite evenly,
 actually.....with no emotion.....sans
 froid.....'

PENNY
 'I can't stay long.'

DAVID
 'I thought we were going to have
 lunch together.'

PENNY
 'Well, I thought about it and
 decided that it wouldn't be
 wise.....I've brought the
 papers.'

She takes out a large manila envelope from her bag and looks
 at some contracts.

PENNY (CONT'D)
 'Decree Absolute.....sign and we're
 done.'

DAVID
 'I'm not sure I want to.'

PENNY

'David, I think you should. You and I are just plain no more.....I've accepted it, so should you.'

DAVID

'Just set it down and let's have a cup of coffee together...for old times sake.'

PENNY

'No. I'd rather not....please just sign.'

David starts to cry, quietly at first but then loudly and people in adjacent tables notice. Penny is embarrassed.

PENNY (CONT'D)

'David, stop this..... STOP!'

DAVID

'How can I just put my emotions on hold? I can't. I thought you were the woman of my dreams. The one I'd build a life with. The one I'd live to a ripe old age with.....'

PENNY

'Well, I'm not. Accept it.'

DAVID

'I don't see that I should.....I could walk away from this table and not sign and we would still be married.'

PENNY

'David.....if you don't sign then Michael will come round to the flat and make you sign it.'

DAVID

'I don't live there anymore.'

PENNY

'You've moved? You never told me.....when?'

DAVID

'A few weeks ago, actually.'

PENNY

'To?'

DAVID

'Well, as a matter-of-fact, I was on Facebook and I made contact with someone I knew from the states.....someone you don't know.....and we met and I told him about the separation.....'

PENNY

'Divorce, David, divorce.'

PENNY (CONT'D)

'...well, technically we're not divorced yet...not.....absolutely......'

PENNY (CONT'D)

'.....so, you met your chum from Boston?'

DAVID

'Well, he's not from Boston, actually, he's from Connecticut.....but yes I met him in a pub and we talked and I told him about.....us and he told me that his lodger had announced their imminent departure and I made a bold decision, there and then.....and I made arrangements to leave our flat and I moved in to share with him.....to be his flatmate, as you British like to call it.'

PENNY

'Does he have a name?'

DAVID

'He does.'

PENNY

'But you're not going to tell me.'

DAVID

'No.'

PENNY

'.....so where is this flat?'

DAVID

'I'm not going to tell you that either.'

PENNY

'I see.....well, be a love and just sign.....maybe find the same boldness that impelled you to make an on-the-spot decision......'

DAVID

'Let's have a coffee first.'

PENNY

'Why?'

DAVID

'Why not?'

PENNY

'David, you're a loser in the game of life.'

She looks at him. He looks at her.

CUT TO:

. INT. GUYS APARTMENT. EVENING

The door to the apartment opens directly into the living room. There is a hallway to its left and a doorway to a kitchen to its right. David watches television.....he stares at the screen rather than watches. GUY returns from work and David turns the sound off.

GUY

'Hey buddie, how did it go?'

David waves a piece of paper at him.

GUY (CONT'D)

'This it?'

David nods.

GUY (CONT'D)

'Hey man, you're free.'

DAVID

'Yes, footloose and fancy free.....that's me.'

GUY

'Well you could look happier about it.....hey, don't give me that look. I know that look.'

DAVID

'I never really believed that she loved me, I was just happy that she seemed to want me.'

GUY

'Aw, man, wake up. She just wanted a green card!'

David says nothing.

GUY (CONT'D)

'Well, if she loved you, why did the marriage die?'

DAVID

'I remember the moment.....we were.....finding ourselves to be affectionate towards one another.....and we were having a conversation about double incomes....she wanted a joint bank account and I told her that I would only be prepared to place a part of my allowance into it. I told her that I was very wary of frittering my money away on a London lifestyle and that I wanted to save until we could buy some land, perhaps in England or back in the States.....land where we could have a market garden, grow our own food.....and she just looked at me as though I had taken leave of my senses.....and her eyes went cold.....became unforgiving and harsh....and I knew in that moment that it was just a matter of time before she left me......'

They are both silent for a moment.

GUY

'Well we oughta celebrate.....let's go out and have a drink.'

DAVID

'No.....I'd rather not, actually.....but thanks for the thought.'

GUY

'Well you can't just mope around.'

DAVID

'My analyst says it will take some time.....to adjust to the feelings of loss.'

GUY

'It's been almost two years!'

DAVID

'Yes, well.....some people take up to ten years.....'

GUY

'Aw.....I'm going out. Come and join me in the pub later if you want. I'll get you a few beers and a few chasers and perhaps those Swedish girls from across the road will come in and then, who knows what could happen.'

DAVID

'I probably shan't.....but I might.'

GUY

'Ok buddie, suit yourself.....I'm gonna grab a shower, take a shit, shave again and then put on the old love shirt.'

DAVID

'Way too much information.'

Guy goes to his room and David increases the volume on the television. News bulletins about murders and famines and earthquakes.

TRANSITION

Guy returns from the bathroom wearing a LOUD SHIRT.

GUY

'You sure you don't wanna come?'

DAVID

'No, I'm going to watch the documentary about new police forensic techniques, then I'll turn in.'

GUY

'That sounds like real essential viewing.....why dontcha just record it and come and have a drink.'

DAVID

'No, I can't because the recorder is already set for another programme at the same time.'

GUY

'David, I'm not gonna regret this am I?'

DAVID

'Regret what?'

GUY

'Taking you in as a lodger.....you gotta be upbeat with old Guy around, you know?'

DAVID

'I won't cramp your style, Guy.....you won't even notice me, actually.....I'm having a television delivered next week so I won't even be utilising the living room.....you won't even know I'm here.'

GUY

'That's what I mean.....I thought we where gonna whoop it up some.'

DAVID

'In time, Guy, we will.....I just have to.....acclimatise.'

GUY

'Well, don't take too long about it.....there's a whole world out there waitin' on two Americans to just liven up their dull evenin's.'

DAVID

'Oh, I know.....I know.'

GUY

'Ok David, see ya later.....and don't be surprised if I return with a couple of ladies in tow.....don't go putting on your pyjama's or anythin'.'

DAVID

'No.....they're not ironed, anyway.'

GUY

'Not ironed?'

DAVID

'Just being a goober, Guy.....'

GUY

'Funny.....that's funny,
buddie.....I'll tell them that in
the pub.....see ya later.'

DAVID

'Yeah, later Guy,.'

TRANSITION:

David puts the audio back up.

TRANSITION:

David continues to watch television and gradually dissolves from the frame. Guy returns to the apartment with two women. They are high from the pub, the women slightly tipsy and very flirty. The television is on but there is no sign of David.

GUY

'David?.....David, buddie, I
got company with me.....'

He looks in the bathroom and in Davids room but no sign of him.

GUY (CONT'D)

(to the two women)

'Strange, he's left the television
on but.....maybe he went out
afterall.....well, looks like it's
just the three of us.....there's a
great view of the city from my
room, wanna see?'

WOMAN 1

'Oooh yes, lets.'

WOMAN 2

'Didn't you say something about
champagne?'

GUY

'I did...you two just make yourselves at home in my room, it's the last door on the left, and I'll get the bottle and glasses.....meet you there in three.'

The women exchange a glance and nod. They walk to Guy's room. Guy goes to the kitchen. David semi-dissolves on the sofa. The television is still on. Guy notices him and talks to him from the kitchen.

GUY (CONT'D)

'Buddie, you're missing out. I brought Lucinda and Harriet back with me and I buttered them up real sweet, told them you were unhappy and needed a hug.....but you've gone and made yourself invisible to them.....they're with me tonight.....you could have had some fun, buddie.'

DAVID

'You go on and enjoy yourself, I'm not in the mood....but thank you for thinking about me.....I won't be a presence tonight.'

Guy leaves the kitchen with a champagne bucket, a bottle, and three flute glasses. We steadicam behind him as he goes to his room and opens the door. The two women are standing on either side of the window, looking at the view of London. They both look towards the door as he enters. He closes the door in front of the camera.

TRANSITION

David fully dissolves back onto the sofa and continues to watch the television. We hear a monotonous voice-over/narrator. A moment later we hear the champagne bottle POP open and squeals from the two women. Guy laughs. We see the program that David is watching, a travel program about a West Indian resort.

TRANSITION

David and Penny are on a private beach. They sunbathe on recliners in swimwear next to a table with cocktail drinks. Behind them is a beach chalet.

DAVID (CONT'D)
 'I think I'll swim for a while.
 Care to join me?'

PENNY
 'Oooh no, I'm just great
 here.....maybe in a while.'

David gets up and walks into the sea. He swims for a while and we meditate on the tranquillity. He looks at the beach and sees Penny who is waving at him. He waves back. We discern a shark's fin circling around him. Penny waves more frenetically and gesticulates. David notices her again and waves back. He swims underwater for a while and, as he surfaces, finds himself face-to-face with the shark. He freezes. A wave pushes him up and towards the shark and it swims away alarmed. David swims back to the beach in a panic. He walks back to the recliner and feints into it.

PENNY (CONT'D)
 'You ok?'

DAVID
 'Yes, I think so.....I think I just
 had an altercation with a shark.'

PENNY
 'Who won?'

DAVID
 (checking his limbs)
 'I think I did.....it was in the lap
 of the gods....fortune smiled at
 me.....'

She looks at him, amused.

PENNY
 'Well, I'm glad I haven't become a
 widow on our third
 anniversary.....you should be
 adrenalised after that.....let's go
 back to the room.....we could
 fornicate or something.'

DAVID
 'Yes, dear.'

They get up and return to their chalet.

TRANSITION

David is still on the sofa watching television.

TRANSITION:

. INT. BEACH CHALET. DAY.

Penny strips and gets into bed.

PENNY

'Put the hat on.'

David enters from the bathroom with a rastafarian hat and no clothes.

PENNY (CONT'D)

'Oooh yeah, you can be my
fantasy.....'

She turns onto all fours and arches her back, wantonly, like a cat. David approaches her.

PENNY (CONT'D)

'Try to make it last this
time....take your time.'

David enters her.

TRANSITION

David still on the sofa, this time in semi-dissolve. The changing light from the television screen fights with his image for supremacy. He is slightly tearful. In the background, sexual shenanigans are heard, then the sound of people falling to the floor. A hiatus before they all laugh and the shenanigans resume.

TRANSITION:

The television screen shows animals mating in the wild.

TRANSITION:

David thrusts into Penny. Her face contorts as she finds her climax. She makes a lot of noise. David is somewhat concerned and tries to look at her face, slowing down his thrusting as he does. He tries to kiss her.

PENNY (CONT'D)

'Don't stop! DON'T STOP! Fuck me,
fucking dirty dirty fuck.....DON'T
STOP!'

He continues to thrust, becoming quite exhausted but continuing perfunctorily until her shriek echoes through the island.

TRANSITION:

Penny's shriek audio cross-fades with the sound of one of the women in Guys room achieving. David is still on the sofa. He rises and goes to his room, leaving the television on.

TRANSITION:

One of the women runs from Guys room naked. She looks around the apartment. Notices the television is still on and then goes to the kitchen. She returns with another bottle of champagne.

TRANSITION:

David, in semi-dissolve, overlaps the previous image as he returns to the living room, through into the kitchen and returns with a bowl of cereal, which he eats whilst watching more television and his recorded programmes. He channel-hops frequently but continues to stare vacantly.

TRANSITION

David semi-dissolves and a montage of Guy with different women entering the apartment, more shenanigans, more nudity, more leaving and returning with different women.

TRANSITION

. SOULMATES/LONELY HEARTS SCENE 1

1st draft.

Write this so that David walks through a supermarket at 6pm. It is a spring evening and single people are cruising the supermarkets after work looking for love, for relationships, and for sport sex. As he walks along and observes women checking him out and also observes women checking other men out and other men checking women out, in voice over - the voices of very many different women either reading out their adverts in the Lonely Hearts columns or their voices - processed to sound as though we are hearing them through phonelines - on the messages services of Lonely Hearts pages in broadsheets.

Eg |The Guardian

So. Guy reads through the Soulmates pages of a newspaper.

GUY

The Start Of Something
 Good.....Seeking A True Gent
 'apparently attractive and funny,
 female aged 35.....energetically
 retiring and
 friendly.....seeks slim authentic
 male with hedonistic tendencies,
 some principles and a copy of
 Finnegans Wake that I can
 borrow.....Spirited And Beautiful
 'Kind, creative, beautiful, sexy
 political woman.....40's...seeks
 lovely man for romance and
 adventure.'

DAVID

'Hmmm.....political.....hmmm'

GUY

Devonshire Rose
 'Petite, outgoing blonde, 36, likes
 walks, reading, music, dancing,
 pina colada and getting
 caught in the rain.WLTM.....

DAVID

'What does WLTM mean?'

GUY

'It means Would Love To Meet.'

DAVID

'Oh sure, I get it.'

GUY

Devonshire Rose
 'Would Love to Meet sincere guy 42
 - 52 who believes in life's happy
 endings and lives near by.'

DAVID

'devonshire.....hmmm'

GUY

Nothing Ordinary Please
 'Attractive, Fun, creative,
 professional Mediterranean female
 seeks tall professional gent.'

DAVID

'Creative.....hmmmmmm, sounds like she's taken an evening class in pottery and won't stop talking about raku and Lucy Rei.....or worse still, silk painting.....!'

GUY

'you're such a cynic, aren't you.....she's probably very sexy.'

DAVID

'I think she's thinking about the physical side too much. Her only stipulation is that her man is tall.....who else have we got?'

GUY

What A Delight
'Delightful, slim, attractive female seeks romantic, youthful, personable male. Must be solvent.'
The Heart Is A Lonely Hunter
'Sensitive, kind, quirky, slim blonde scientist and teacher 32 Loves the arts and seeks kindred spirit for friendship and LTR......'

DAVID

'.....Love to romance?'

GUY

Still Waters
Syntax And Salsify
Happy To Be Me
Still Waters
It Needn;t Be Love, It Could Be.....
Gorgeous Green Eyed Goddess
A Stitch In Time
Lets get Serious
Time To Enjoy
Dare To Dance With Me
The First Verse
More To Explore
Sparklingly Lovely
Smile Away The Hours
I Should Still Love A Hug
Creative rapport And More.....
The Bigger Picture.
I Blame The Best Exotic Hotel
At The Crease.....

(MORE)

GUY (CONT'D)

Bright pretty brunette 37, 5'8''
WLTm honest caring male to share
love of cricket, books
and London life.....how about her?'

DAVID

'You know I do love that game.....'

GUY

'Anything to fall asleep together
to, hunh?'
Emotionally Intelligent

DAVID

.....medium build.....that means she
shops at 40 hip plus.....

GUY

'You know, David, you're sounding a
little misogynistic, if you don't
mind me saying.....'

DAVID

'I realise.....it's just that.....'

GUY

'it's just that what?'

DAVID

'Oh.....I don't know.....they all
sound a little desperate.....maybe
they're mirroring me and I'm the
one whose desperate.....but some of
them sound like
they're selling themselves
somewhat.....look at this
one.....The Magic
Begins.....it's not a hard sell but
there's a sense of promise barely
below the surface which gives her
an air of the boudoir.....and this
one purports actually to be
French.....'from Ananais Ninn.....I
think she's mis spelled it.....'

GUY

'Oh, no she hasn't.....Anana is
French for Pineapple.....she's the
fruitiest book on the shelf is what
she's saying.'

DAVID

'Oh.....yes, how droll.....but.....'

GUY

'They all sound a little scary on paper, don't they? Why not listen to the messages.....you're more likely to make a connection if you hear the voice.....'

DAVID

'Well.....if I must.....'

LISTEN TO SOME AND WRITE SOME ORIGINAL VERSIONS

GUY

'You don't have to.....you know, at the supermarket there's a bit of a scene.....at 6pm all the office workers go shopping for their evening meal and you can see who's on the cruise.....'

DAVID

'Cruising.....isn't that what homosexuals do?'

GUY

'.....not necessarily just homosexuals, David.....perhaps they prefer to be called 'gay' nowadays.....'

DAVID

'.....do they?'

GUY

'I don't know.....but.....you should go there andmooch around.....mosey on down, real casual like.....'

DAVID

'should I wear my Stetson and carry my Peacemaker?'

GUY

'Just check it out, David. What have you got to lose?'

DAVID

'Good question.....what have I got to lose?.....well.....she could be

(MORE)

DAVID (CONT'D)

the type of woman who disempowers a man.....she could be the type of woman who wants to be the centre of attention.....she could be the type of woman who just wants sex.....she could be the type of woman who.

GUY

'God forbid that she could be the type of woman who just wants sex!'

DAVID

'Guy.....I'm not judging you.....'

GUY

'.....but.....'

DAVID

'it's not a but.....and.....let's just say that I'm not that type of guy.'

GUY

'what type of me would that be, David?'

DAVID

'Let's just say that.....whilst I recognise that I'm at odds with the world.....I actually consider that having sex with a woman is rather sacred.....'

GUY

'Sacred.'

DAVID

'Well.....I don't mean that I need an altar or incense or incantations.....'

GUY

'I should hope not, David.....(he laughs)'

DAVID

'Yes, well I can see you find me amusing.....let's just say that I have to be emotionally engaged with a woman.....I always look at a woman I like and think

(MORE)

DAVID (CONT'D)

to myself 'are you yet another
beautiful, intelligent, attractive
woman who won't allow me to love
her.....'

GUY

'Some women find that cloying.'

DAVID

'I'm aware.....but that's okay
because they wouldn't be right for
me anyway.....'

GUY

'But you just haven't found that
woman who will love you and allow
you to love
her.....yet.....oh.....you mean
Penny.....you
thought.....'

DAVID

'yes, I thought I'd found my
partner in life.....'

GUY

'I've never been heartbroken
before.....I don't know how to
empathise.....'

DAVID

'I know it's usually the woman who
is meant to get her heart broken
but believe me men
can suffer too.....I know the
meaning of a heavy heart.....it's
really a
weight.....like a stone in the
chest.....and you can't breathe
properly.....and
at worst it actually feels like a
blade piercing through to the very
core of.....'

GUY

'jeez.....I'm sorry David.....you
didn't explain it to me
before.....what were you like as a
teenager?'

DAVID

'As a teenager? I was.....I came
from a small town.....a very
comfortable

(MORE)

DAVID (CONT'D)

town in which most of the inhabitants were respectable and comfortable.....it was the 90's and most of the young people were getting high and it seemed that they were all sleeping with each other all the time.....I was in love with a girl from school.....but every time I capitulated to going to one of those parties I actually hated I would arrive and find her being molested - usually after being co-erced to smoke a reefer - by a much older guy.....she would have been 14 or 15 or 16 and he would have been 19 or 20 or 25 even.....I remember arriving once and this guys hands were all over her.....everyone in the room could see her panties and that she was aroused and the guy kept molesting her all the while looking me directly in the eye as if he was making a statement of 'she means nothing to me but I'm doing this to show you whose boss'.....and I found it heart-breaking to see the girl I loved being utilised in such a callous manner.....everyone in the room was watching.....some of the older guys too.....lasciviously.....and it was beyond my level of understanding how she could allow someone who was so flagrantly contemptuous of how she was perceived socially to.....'

GUY

'you're underestimating the sexual passions of a teenage girl.'

DAVID

'Well, I know I'm meant to think that.....I realise that that's what we're all meant to believe but actually I know it was the drugs she was being manipulated into taking

(MORE)

DAVID (CONT'D)

because days after she was dead
inside.....her eyes were dead and
she was never quite the same girl I
had known and.....I know that girls
become women but they become mature
versions of themselves, not
completely different people
altogether!'

GUY

'Are you sure it's not your
perception due to your being made
to feel humiliated and
impotent to do anything about it?'

DAVID

'Well.....I went to stay the summer
in San Francisco that year and she
wrote to
me.....I remember reading the
letter at my uncles.....she
wrote.....'I
went to a party at The Hamptons and
spent the first half of the evening
with Michael
Patterson and then had Robert
Wilson for desert afterwards.....'

GUY

'That was her way of telling you
that she didn't want you.'

DAVID

'No. It wasn't. She was perfectly
capable of telling me flat to my
face.that was
somebody's way of trying to hurt my
feelings because I felt the pang of
pain whilst I read
it and it was calculated to cause
emotional injury.....if a girl
wants to say 'no, it's
not going to work out between us'
then that's all she has to say,
particularly if she
considers that boy to be a friend
of hers.....but this letter was
meant to be injurious.....'

GUY

'let me guess something.....she
dressed.....flamboyantly.....'

DAVID

'Oh, she was very
decollteed.....and she wore a lot
of make up.....in fact some
of the other girls called her 'the
raccoon'......'

GUY

'When you say decolteed......'

DAVID

'She bore all.....everything......'

GUY

'Sounds to me as though she had
already decided who she was going
to marry and that they had decided
between them that you were going to
be their little soldier to play and
place whenever it suited
them.....sorry to break it to you
like that, David,
but.....it sounds like she made you
her puppy when you were still at
school and it also sounds as though
she knew perfectly well what she
was doing.'

DAVID

'but she really wasn't like that. I
knew her. I spent time with her
family. She really was a
beautiful girl who liked to spend
time with me......'

GUY

'.....until the older guys got hold
of her......'

DAVID

'I guess I sound pathetic to you.'

GUY

'No.....I remember those older
guys.....but my father warned me
about them.....he told me to find
the girl you wanted to be with and
to avoid going to those
parties and to make a life with
her.....but......'

DAVID

'but you are still partying.'

GUY

'What can I say? I haven't found the right girl yet myself and until I do I'm going to enjoy my time with females and with no pressure.....but I knew how to recognise the signs and how to avoid being played.....that's the trick to it, David. You gotta know how it's done but choose not to do it yourself.....if you want to avoid being used.....and I know those reefer parties.....they used to joke about it.....reefer madness.....have you seen that movie? 'one drag and you're hooked! And the hip people used to laugh and snigger but all along I knew that they had it right.....it was a government warning film.....people in the UK say they didn't have the benefit of their government trying to warn them about the perils of drugs.....some of them even say that they left school as late as the mid or even late 1990's with no drugs education hatsoever.....which to mind sounds like criminal negligence on the part of their governments.....'

DAVID

'I do remember it and I do remember the so called hip ones.....the angel-headed hipsters, strung out on the starry dynamo.....the best minds of my generation, as Ginsberg identified them.....ridiculing it.....and I think you're right that it was criminal negligence.....I don't feel hip to say these things.....'

GUY

'You know you're right, David. Take courage from that. Take heart and take strength from it. It doesn't matter that two entire generations, it would seem, have trashed themselves to the pressures of taking drugs.....but you're instincts were right

(MORE)

GUY (CONT'D)

and.....who knows, maybe you'll
find the right person in a
while.....it might
take some months and it might take
a year but you'll find her and
she'll find you and all
the time you spent alone will seem
like a fleeting moment because
you'll be living properly and
sleeping with your loved one in
your arms all night every night for
decades and life will have finally
become imbued with a meaning you
never knew
before.....god, listen to me.....'

DAVID

'I know you're a good person, Guy.'

GUY

'I am a good person and so are you
and we'll get there, buddy.'

DAVID

'We will.....it's just
that.....sometimes I feel so at
odds with the rest of the
world.....'

GUY

'Like something is not right.....'

DAVID

'Am I a trolley short at
Sainsbury's.....'(PRODUCT
PLACEMENT)

TRANSITION

. INT. SUPERMARKET. EVENING.

Very many single people or pairs of women and pairs of men
are pushing trolleys around but paying far more attention to
the other shoppers than to the produce. The staff are noticed
noticing also - perhaps some of them are taking bets. The
choreography is stylised.....is there a song on the PA?

Lost In the Supermarket by The Clash.....or Should I Stay Or Should I Go?.....or Lets Dance by Bowie.....find a suitable track.....David wanders in and takes a trolley.....some women eye him up.....some are demure, some are full-on sexual and inviting.....some watch him evenly.....he looks around and notices a pair of women talking to each other about a pair of guys.....the guys notice David and one strides towards him with menacing purpose. David catches himself and pushes his trolley away in a panic.....the singles crowd smirk and giggle.....he continues towards the freezer counters and tries to look at the produce.....time seems to pass and he starts to shiver.....he continues to the vegetables and is approached by a woman who carries a cucumber which she wields suggestively whilst looking at him directly in the eyes. He is transfixed but then catches himself and looks away. She smiles knowingly and gives the cucumber to an effete man next to her, who approaches David in the same manner. David shudders and almost runs out of the aisle.....dissolve to the tills and he looks across the other shoppers.....one woman looks at a man, who signals 'let's go' to her and she abandons her trolley and follows him to the car park. He looks away and his gaze is met evenly by the earnest look of a doe-eyed young woman. He smiles at her and then the shot widens to reveal a man putting his arm around her and kissing her lasciviously whilst staring at David, who looks away.

TRANSITION

. EXT. CAR PARK. EVENING

David packs his shopping away....he seems to have far too much and tries not to look at the couples walks to cars or single people arriving and looking around. He sighs and gets in to his car. A close up reveals him looking lonely and verging on tearful before he drives away. We stay with the shot as his car leaves and a hiatus later another car arrives, driven by a woman who bears the same expression. She switches off the ignition and steels herself before making the effort to go into the supermarket to buy her meal for the evening.....she's not even hungry.

TRANSITION

. INT. LIVING ROOM. DAY.

David makes a slow dissolve from spectral, cross-keyed outline to a full exposure as the sunlight in the room arcs and time-lapses from morning to night. The audio cross-fades from the sound of Penny's climaxing to the sound of Guys intercourses, then cross-fades into the sound of a montage of television programmes, including adverts, coming to a full ambient level as Guy enters the apartment from work.

He looks at David and throws him a newspaper.

GUY

'This is no good, buddie.....you been here almost a month and are just becoming a couch potato.....you gotta get out..have you left the building at all?'

DAVID

'Yes, I went to the supermarket a few times.....and the dry cleaners......'

GUY

'Read the advert I circled...you've got a TEFL certificate, haven't you?'

DAVID

'I have, what is it?'

He looks at the paper and reads.

DAVID (CONT'D)

'TEFL for sex workers?'

GUY

'It's a local government initiative. Thousands of girls are arriving in London from Eastern Europe, South America, Central America....and they can't speak a word of English. They come here to work as prostitutes. Many of them are offered the air-fare and lodgings in London and are paid advances that are huge in their own currencies but that are a pittance and a small percentage of what the brothel owners make. They get lured and then some of them disappear or spend years in isolation as sex slaves. It's tragic.....but anyway the local boroughs are taking a stance. They say that the risk of STD's is much greater for these girls and many of them end up trashed on the streets, so they are offering free lessons in English.'

DAVID

'I don't know the first thing about sex workers.'

GUY

'Go do it, man, look at what they're paying, and think of it as social work...you can be the Gladstone of our times, man.'

DAVID

'I don't know.....you're not thinking about me bringing my work home with me are you? That would be tantamount to our exploiting these unfortunate creatures ourselves.....'

GUY

'Do I look like I'm struggling to find women?'

DAVID

'Well, no. No you don't.'

GUY

'Go do it. man.....I took the liberty of calling on your behalf from the office. They're expecting you at 11 am on Wednesday. The address is in the ad.'

DAVID

'I see.'

GUY

'You need to get out and earning some extra bucks can't do any harm.'

DAVID

'I'm doing alright for money. I've got my allowance from back home and I've got a few thousand from the sale of the our apartment.....'

GUY

'Give it a few months. If you hate it you can leave. It's gotta be better than moping in front of the television all day....what are you watching, anyway?'

DAVID

'It's the documentary channel.....and then there are acting masterclasses to watch.....a new program on forensics......'

GUY

'I dunno about those programs. If you ask me they're a great way to train people in how to commit murders and how not to make mistakes when leaving the scene of the crime.'

DAVID

'I never thought of it that way....yes, I suppose they are.....so if I wanted Penny back, I could commit a heinous crime on Michael and get away with it by the forensic covering up my tracks and then she would feel bereft and want me back and.....'

GUY

'If you're thinking like that then you really oughta go teach the girls.....break the train of thought. Derail it.'

DAVID

'Oh, it's very kind of you to go to all this trouble, Guy.....but I have reservations about it.'

GUY

'David, I insist.'

David looks at him.

DAVID

'Well, I guess I could go to the interview at least.....they may not even like me.'

GUY

'Atta boy. We'll get you back to normalcy in no time.'

TRANSITION

5. INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT. MORNING.

David is wearing a suit. He checks himself in the mirror, somewhat glumly, and then leaves the room.

TRANSITION:

6. INT. LIVING ROOM. DAY.

David returns with many pamphlet in a large envelope. He goes to the sofa then has second thoughts and goes to the table. He sits and pours over the pamphlets.

TRANSITION:

Guy returns.

GUY (CONT'D)

'Hey buddie, how did the interview go?'

DAVID

'Well, somewhat surprisingly, they offered me the job there and then.'

GUY

'That's great. When do you start?'

DAVID

'Next Monday. At an evening school in Covent Garden. 7pm for three hours.....then every night. Five different classes.....you're right about the money, it's almost three times the amount I would normally get for adult education classes.'

GUY

'I think you got the break of a lifetime, David.'

DAVID

'Yes, well I have you to thank for that.....maybe we could go to the pub tonight.....but just for one drink. I have to prepare for the classes.....and tomorrow I have to buy some dictionaries.....and some phrase books.....and I need to question someone who knows about prostitution and who knows about sex.'

GUY

'You're really taking this seriously.....what do you need to know.'

DAVID

'Well, there are some rather peculiar terms and practices in this list I have been given.....I have to mime the actions and then give the names in English to the girls....'

GUY

'What type of terms?'

DAVID

'Oh, fellatio...well, that's easy, that's Latin.....but the Slavic girls might not understand.....fisting.....what ever on earth that is.....condom.....'

GUY

'Let me enlighten you. May I?'

DAVID

'Please.'

Guy takes the list and looks at it. He sits down and begins to explain the meanings.

GUY

'Fisting is usually a homosexual practice.....it consists of inserting ones fist into the.....'

TRANSITION:

David is bewildered.

DAVID

'Good grief.'

GUY

'Yeah, good grief.'

DAVID

'I didn't know so many.....How?.....'

GUY

'Yeah, me neither actually.....and I consider myself to be a man of the world.'

DAVID

'Some of those practices ought to be outlawed.....When I think back to how naïve I was at that age.'

GUY

'That's the point. Many of the boys are still emotionally underdeveloped, and many of them utilise drugs regularly.....they're not able to make decisions for themselves despite being old enough to vote....and these girls are taken advantage of terribly....with some of the post-ecstasy behaviours, it seems that they are able to ...disengage parts of the brain so that people think they are having fun when, in actuality, they are being treated like farmacyard animals.....'

DAVID

'I'm shocked. I'm appalled.'

GUY

'Come on, let's go get a pint and a double whiskey.'

DAVID

'A pint, but no chaser. I have to do some work later.'

GUY

'Whatever you say, David.'

TRANSITION:

7. EXT. ADULT EDUCATION INSTITUTE. EVENING.

David arrives with a briefcase, wearing a suit and macintosh.

TRANSITION:

8. INT. CLASSROOM. EVENING.

He enters the empty classroom and sits at the desk. He takes out some papers from his briefcase and looks at them briefly before rising and writing his name David Bond in chalk on the blackboard. He then returns to the desk and reads his papers again.

TRANSITION

As he sits and reads, various women enter the classroom. They are from different nationalities and enter individually. There is a palpable shyness to everyone. TWO LATIN AMERICAN WOMEN, PILAR and JACINTA walk in together, arm in arm, talking loudly in Spanish and chewing gum.

TRANSITION

. EXT. AEI. EVENING.

Many people enter the building. A luxurious sedan approaches and comes to a halt. ANYA jumps out, screaming abuse at the driver who tries to pull her back in. She fights him off and kicks the car as he drives away. The car slows down menacingly and she runs into the crowd of people. It pulls away again. She stands in the grounds and lights a cigarette in a long holder as the bell rings for classtime.

TRANSITION:

. INT. CLASSROOM. EVENING.

We hear the bell. David stands and looks at the students. They are all female, in their early twenties and very beautiful. He is struck by their beauty, quietly. A few women internally acknowledge the presence of a gentleman. A few narrow their eyes predatorially.

DAVID

'Good evening. My name is David Bond.'

He mimes in TEFL.

DAVID (CONT'D)

'David Bond.'

CLASS

'DAVID BOND'

DAVID

'BOND'

CLASS

'BOND'

DAVID
'DAVID'

CLASS
'DAVID.'

DAVID
'BOND.'

CLASS
'BOND.'

PILAR
'Aye, que puta.....si, Bond, Bond,
como James Bond!'

DAVID
'Si.....er, I mean yes, like James
Bond.'

CLASS
'JAMES BOND.'

DAVID
'Yes, Kiss Kiss Bang Bang.....James
Bond....David Bond.'

CLASS
'KISS KISS BANG BANG JAMES BOND
DAVID BOND.'

A few of the women simper. Anya enters the classroom. She looks at David and is bemused. She is still smoking a cigarette in a holder. David looks at her.

DAVID
'Miss.....you cannot smoke in here.
No Fumar. Nicht Zigaretten.'

ANYA
(in a seductive Russian
accent, smiling warmly In
her native language -
subtitles)
'I'm not Spanish, you pathetic
excuse for a man.....I'm not German
either. Ruski....Ruski.....Rusha. Me
Anya!'

He mimes for her to extinguish the cigarette.

DAVID
'Yes, I see, you're Russian and
your name is Anya.
(MORE)

DAVID (CONT'D)
 Well kindly extinguish the
 cigarette
 and join us...welcome.....(.....).'

He turns to the class as she drops the cigarette to the floor and crushes it with a turn of the foot before walking to the back of the class. As she approaches, one of the women, a demure Latino girl, moves fast from her desk to a neighbouring one.

DAVID (CONT'D)
 (pointing to Anya)
 'KGB.....(he affects a
 serious face) MI5 (He
 taps his own chest
 proudly) James Bond.
 David Bond.

CLASS
 'KGB (they affect serious faces)
 Mi5. JAMES BOND. DAVID BOND.'

ANYA
 'No. Cold War dead. Now we all
 Europe. Union.'

DAVID
 'EUROPE.'

CLASS
 'EUROPE.'

TRANSITION

DAVID
 INTERCOURSE'

CLASS
 'EEN-TER-COURSE'

DAVID
 'Yes, Like In-ter-milan.
 Intercourse.'

CLASS
 'INTERCOURSE.'

DAVID
 'Yes, very good. Bien. Perfecto.
 Intercourse.'

Some of the girls giggle, some of them laugh out loud. David smiles and then looks at some more.....troubling words. He mimes first again.

DAVID (CONT'D)
'Felatio.'

CLASS
'FELATIO.'

DAVID
'Not felatia. Fe-la-ti-o.'

CLASS
'FE-LA-TI-O.'

DAVID
'Cunnilingus.'

CLASS
'CONILIGWUS.'

DAVID
'Cu-ni-ling-gus.'

CLASS
CU-NI-LING-GUS.'

DAVID
'Condom.'

CLASS
'CONDOM'

DAVID
'Con-tra-sep-tion.'

CLASS
'CON-TRA-SEP-SHUN.'

DAVID
'Very good, Muy bien. Bien,
Dobre....Contraception.'

CLASS
'Contraception.'

Anya does not really join in, unless David looks at her directly. David looks down the list and balks at the next few words. His somewhat inexperienced mind having to contemplate various aspects of sexualities that are abhorrent. He tries to mime anal sex and then fisting but is distressed.....some of the women are touched by his naivety and embarrassment. They feel sorry for him. He looks at them and then makes a decision. He mimes the following words

DAVID
'DECENCY.'

CLASS
'DECENCY.'

DAVID
'LOVE.'

CLASS
'LOVE.'

DAVID
'BRUTE.'

CLASS
'BRUTE.'

DAVID
'AVOID.'

CLASS
'A-VOID.'

DAVID
'Yes, avoid.'

CLASS
'Yes, avoid.'

Anya looks at him. The bell rings.

DAVID
'That is the end of the class. NEXT
WEEK. MONDAY. NEXT MONDAY.COME

BACK.'

CLASS
'NEXT WEEK. NEXT MONDAY. COME
BACK.'

He sit aback at his desk, hastily scribbling the words he has just taught them and fails to notice the many looks of adoration as the girls/young women leave. One of the girls wants to talk to him and waits behind. She moves towards his desk but is halted by the sound of Anya's voice. She looks at her and then scurries out of the classroom.'

ANYA
'Thees is very fascination.....you
are big in soul communication.....but
you cannot save them.'

David looks at her.

ANYA (CONT'D)

'They are all dog. Property of other person. What you teach them they will not be allowed to be remember.'

DAVID

'Property of other persons?'

ANYA

'You know this.'

DAVID

'They are people. Human beings.'

ANYA

'And you think you treat them fair.'

DAVID

'In my class I do.'

ANYA

'This is more social worker than teach.'

DAVID

'Yes, well I was moved.....but I know I have to teach them the words.'

ANYA

'You are innocent like lamb at dinner table.'

DAVID

'I have to finish these papers....the class is finished, Anya.'

He looks down and continues writing. She rises from her seat and approaches him. She runs a finger along the desk and then finger walks toward him. He looks at her fingers and then back up at her. She observes him. Notices his vulnerability. From behind her we hear a female voice.

TEACHER

'Mr Bond, some of the staff are having coffee before leaving. Will you join us?'

DAVID

'Yes, yes, Mrs Williams, I'd be delighted to.'

Mrs Williams approaches and Anya recedes from the desk. She leaves.

DAVID (CONT'D)

'I deviated from the list, Mrs Williams.....I have to make this list of words I taught them.....I have to make photocopies for next week.....and for tomorrows class.....'

TEACHER

'I understand.....They're all very alluring, aren't they?'

DAVID

'And naïve and so innocent.....It shames me to think that they could be so vulnerable in a world in which I am so safe.'

TEACHER

'Guilt is useless'

DAVID

'I don't feel guilty. I feel ashamed. And I want to help them.....you know for a moment there, during the class, I felt a certain....coursing of.....dominance.....I felt as though I had each and every one of them in the palm of my hand to do with as I wished...all of them except for the Russian woman.....who seems to know quite a lot of English.....she has no workable knowledge of grammar but she really knows how to communicate......'

TEACHER

'Yes, we noticed her the moment she arrived on the grounds. She caused quite a commotion.....come and have that coffee.'

DAVID

'Yes, in a while, Mrs Williams, I really want to write these notes. Will the office be open for a while? I'd rather like to photocopy them.'

She looks at him.

TEACHER

'Give them to me. I'll have them word processed and have copies made for you to collect before class tomorrow.'

DAVID

'Oh would you, that really is most awfully kind.'

He finishes the notes and hands her the piece of paper which she reads before looking at him again.

DAVID (CONT'D)

'You are noticing something? It is rather scrawled, I wanted to write them down before I forgot them.'

TEACHER

'No.....it's legible.....'

He looks at her. His collar is turned up. She reaches for it and adjusts it.

TEACHER (CONT'D)

'Your.....collar.....it's.....it's.'

He lets her adjust it, almost like a boy would allow his mother to do something for him.

TEACHER (CONT'D)

'I'll see you in the staff room in a while then.'

DAVID

'Yes, yes, I'll be along. I'll be along.'

TRANSITION

11. INT. GUYS APARTMENT. NIGHT.

David returns. He is quiet and pensive. Guy is in the kitchen. He hears David arriving and enters the living room.

GUY

'So how did the first night go with the ladies of the night?'

DAVID

'They're really sweet creatures,
actually.....their naivite is
touching.....almost
heartbreaking.....except for the
Russian girl, Anya.....she's a real
ball-breaker.'

GUY

'You seem.....humbled.....'

DAVID

'Maybe I am humbled.....I feel angry
also.....they shouldn't be working
in that.....industry they call it.....if
it is an industry they should be
unionised....'

GUY

'Unionised? That's somewhat
socialistic for a guy from Boston.'

DAVID

'I know.....but.....you just want to
take them home and arrange for them
to fly home to their loved
ones.....I hated to see their
innocent eyes staring at me and
knowing what they do for a
living..... '

GUY

'Hey, yeah bring some home....I
don't know about paying for their
air-fares though.....Hey, women love
sex.....'

DAVID

'So I've heard....'

GUY

'Awe, come on, man, you know what I
mean.....,maybe they're just the
lucky ones who do what they enjoy
and get paid for it.....'

DAVID

'I don't know, Guy.....some people
are cut out for sport sex and
love.....without
love.....I'm not judging.....but some
people are.....dysjuncted by sex
without

(MORE)

DAVID (CONT'D)

love.....those girls are so sweet and innocent.....you look into their eyes and know instinctively that they are being played or fooled into thinking that they are in some way liberated or emancipated.....I feel responsible.....I heard it said on a documentary that there is no such thing as an innocent bystander.....I dismissed it as liberal nonsense, but now I don't know.....I think we are complicit by our silence....I think our fear is a tool that is used by those whom would exploit them.....'

GUY

'Gladstone. You're Gladstone re-incarnated.'

DAVID

'You said that before....You mean the British Victorian Prime minister.....'

GUY

'Don't you know his story?'

DAVID

'You know, I never studied British Imperial history in that much depth.....'

GUY

'You should.....google William Gladstone. He'll open your eyes to Victorian Philanthropy and benefaction.'

DAVID

'Maybe I will.....maybe I.....will.....'

GUY

'And The Corem Trust.....google Corem.....you'll see what I mean.....'

DAVID

'Now I remember, we used to mock Gladstone. We'd say that he used to rescue fallen women in order to utilise them for his own pleasure.....'

GUY

'How old were you when you used to mock him?'

DAVID

'Oh, in pre-university days.....when I was no more than 15 or 16 actually.'

GUY

'Blame it on the raging teen hormones then.'

DAVID

'yes, thank you Guy, I'll look into it all.....'

He walks towards his bedroom.

GUY

'There's something else in your mind, I can tell.'

DAVID

'Well.....you went to the same schools as me.....you went to Harvard also.....'

GUY

'Nearly went to Yale.....but we won't talk about that.'

DAVID

'You must have been taught the same values as me.....the same.....moral justifications as I was.....'

GUY

'We were taught, implicitly, that we were the inheritors of the earth and, as Americans, we had the right to consider ourselves at the top of the tree, at the top of the food chain.....that the Bald eagle was our spirit animal, that we had the right, through might, to swoop down and just plain take our pick of the endeavours of others. It wasn't exploitation, it was nationalistic divine right.....we rescued the ailing monarchies of

(MORE)

GUY (CONT'D)

Europe from Fascism and we had the right to the highest on the hog, the first pickings...'

DAVID

'Yes.....that's what's bothering me.....I caught an insight into the world of those girls.....especially the Philipino girls and the Thai girls.....they are physically no bigger than pre-adolescent girls of our ethnicity.....they are, compared to the women of our demographic, children by physical comparison.....'

GUY

'Hey, there but for the grace of god.....'

DAVID

'Yes, I realise.....but I looked at them and felt their pain.....the pain of a small woman, the size of a girl being pounded into.....without emotion....as a receptacle for the.....emissions of a brutal oaf twice, three times her size and weight.....for the 'tightness' for the soulless pleasure of a primitive urge.....I tell you, I felt deeply, deeply ashamed.'

GUY

'You don't do that, though, do you?'

DAVID

'No, I don't. but as a member of a democratic nation who insists on installing democratic governments in freeing lands as an act of foreign policy, I feel that I have been.....less than as purposeful as I might have been in ensuring the safety of people less fortunate than ourselves.....after all, a lot of theabuse, frankly, takes place on or near

(MORE)

DAVID (CONT'D)
 R'n'R bases.....they are deeply
 spiritual people and look at what
 we do to their ports and capital
 cities.....'

GUY
 'You going Ghandi on me?'

DAVID
 'No, I am not going Ghandi on
 you.....but I feel as though my
 life has been changed
 irrevocably.....I'm going to bed,
 Guy. Please don't disturb me
 tonight.....if you
 have female guests, perhaps you'll
 ask them to be.....considerate.'

GUY
 'You got it, David.....let me know if
 there's anything I can do.'

DAVID
 'Yes, thank you, Guy, I
 will.....thank you.'

He goes to his room and shuts the door behind him.

TRANSITION

. INT. CLASSROOM. EVENING.

David sits at his desk. Mrs Williams enters the room with
 many A4 printed leaflets.

MRS WILLIAMS
 'Mr Bond, I have your photocopies.'

DAVID
 'Thank you.....thank you very much.'

MRS WILLIAMS
 'If you need anymore done, I'll
 only be too happy to help you, Mr
 Bond.'

DAVID
 'Please call me David.'

MRS WILLIAMS
 'Yes, David.....and I am Samantha.'

DAVID

'Samantha. I've always liked that name.....ever since Bewitched.....'

She looks at him.

MRS WILLIAMS

'Yes, well.....very good, David.....I'll.....I have to go to the office.'

DAVID

'Thanks again, Samantha.'

She leaves. David writes his name on the board and then sits and pours over the leaflets as the new pupils arrive and take seats. The bell rings and he stands. He mimes as he speaks.

DAVID (CONT'D)

'Good evening, ladies. I am David.

CLASS

'DAVID.'

DAVID

'David Bond.

CLASS

'DAVID BOND.'

DAVID

'I am David, you are?'

He looks at one of the girls, a young Asian woman, slight and demure in stature.

DAVID (CONT'D)

'I am David, you are.....?'

ASIAN WOMAN

'Anjali.'

DAVID

'Anjali.....hello Anjali.'

DAVID (CONT'D)

(to the class)

'Hello Anjali.'

CLASS

'HELLO ANJALI.'

He moves onto the next girl, a very young looking east European girl.

DAVID
 'Hello, I am David. David
 Bond.....you are.....?'

GIRL 2
 'I am Danke.'

DAVID
 'Hello Danke. How are you? (to the
 class) 'Hello Danke, how are you?'

CLASS
 'HELLO DANKE. HOW ARE YOU?'

TRANSITION:

. INT. AEI CORRIDOOR. NIGHT

Samantha Willllams walks past Davids classroom. She peers in through the glass panel and observes David miming. The class laughs and he laughs with them.

TRANSITION:

David is in full swing.

DAVID
 'Do you want a blow-job?'

CLASS
 DO YOU WANT A BLOW JOB?'

DAVID
 'Blow job. Fellatio.'

CLASS
 'BLOW JOB. FELLATIO.'

DAVID
 'Would you care to partake in some
 anal sex?'

CLASS
 'WOULD YOU CARE TO PAR-TAKE IN SOME
 ANALSAX?'

DAVID
 'Yes, I bet you would you brutal
 pervert.'

CLASS

'YESEYE BETUWOODUBRUTALPERWERT.'

DAVID (CONT'D)

'How much is anal intercourse?'

He makes the money sign with his fingers and looks around the class questioningly. The girls look around and then shrug..

GIRLS

'20 pound with condom.....40
without......50, mine is 50......20,
yes is good price for the hurry.'

DAVID

'That's not enough. Not 500 is
enough. Not 5000 is enough!'

The girls look startled then they nod in agreement, defiantly. The bell rings and David sits down, livid. They file past him and some tousle his hair, try to reach to him and comfort him. They all leave, some of them looking at him adoringly, and then he collapses into his hands and weeps. Mrs William enters the room.

MRS WILLIAMS

'David!'

He looks up and smiles self-deprecatingly.

DAVID

'I.....I got a bit......emotionally
involved......I felt.....who are these
people and why can't they find
love?'

MRS WILLIAMS

'That question is as old as time,
David.'

DAVID

'Well, if that be the case then I
think time ought to take a
breather, cause it just plain ain't
working.'

MRS WILLIAMS

'You may be right, David.....David?'

DAVID

'Yes Samantha?'

MRS WILLIAMS

'David.....are you free on Saturday
night? My husband and I are having
some friends

(MORE)

MRS WILLIAMS (CONT'D)
over for dinner.....you would be most
welcome to join us.....'

DAVID
'Saturday....yes, I could
come.....that would be.....that's a
lovely idea. Yes, I'd
love to come for dinner, Samantha.'

MRS WILLIAMS
'I'll give you the details on
Friday night after class.....I have
to go to the office
now.....is there anything you wanted
me to type?'

DAVID
'Oh.....I haven't made notes
yet.....I'll have to make them when
I get home.....I'll.....I'll bring
them in tomorrow if I may.'

MRS WILLIAMS
'Please do, David.....and do try not
to let things get to you. I feel
for them too, but the only way you
can be of any help to them is to
stay safe and clear-minded
yourself.'

DAVID
'Yes. Yes, I see that.....thank you
Smanatha. Thank you for the
assistance and for the
invitation.....'

MRS WILLIAMS
'Oh, it's just my job.....just what I
do. Have been doing for nearly 20
years, actually.....'

TRANSITION

. INT. GUYS APARTMENT. NIGHT

David returns. Guy is sitting on a sofa with a woman. He
looks up at David sheepishly. David walks in and walks
straight to his room, barely acknowledging Guy and the woman.

WOMAN
'He's a bit moody, isn't he?'

GUY

'I'll be right back..... '

He grabs some papers and takes them to Davids door. He knocks politely.

GUY (CONT'D)

'David, its me.....I've printed some stuff on Gladstone. For you.'

David opens his door. Guy looks at him.

GUY (CONT'D)

'Hey, you alright buddie?'

DAVID

'I'm exhausted, actually'

GUY

'have you been crying?!'

DAVID

'No.....yes.....not crying exactly, justdepressurising......'

GUY

'Here.'

He gives David the papers.

GUY (CONT'D)

'I read them myself.....they're quite an eye-opener.'

DAVID

'Guy, this is really most generous of you to devote time and energy to this.'

GUY

'Oh, think nothing of it.....I wanted to read them for myself after we spoke last night and pressing the print button was not the most difficult task of my day.....like I said, I wanted to read them for myself anyway.....re-read them on the tube.'

DAVID

'Thank you, Guy. I'm touched.'

Guy looks at him.

GUY

'Ok, well I got a date tonight with Cynthia.....it's actually the second time she's been back.....'

David looks at him.

DAVID

'good night, Guy, and thank you again.'

GUY

'Good night, David.'

David closes his door.

TRANSITION:

. INT. SAMANTHA'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

SEVERAL GUESTS drink aperitifs; in the living room. The doorbell rings and Samantha Williams opens the door. It is David, dressed in a suit and bow-tie. He carries flowers and a bottle of wine. He smiles warmly.

MRS WILLIAMS

'David.....'

She takes in the sight of him.

MRS WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

'Come in, David.....you do look splendid.'

DAVID

'I took the liberty of bringing you these, I do hope you like carnations.'

MRS WILLIAMS

'Carnations, yes, David, they're my favourite.....how did you know?'

DAVID

'And I brought a bottle of Merlot.....I hope we're not eating fish.....'

MRS WILLIAMS

'Oh, we are.....it's turbot.....but, we can drink this with the cheeses.....luckily I bought a selection.'

DAVID

'Oh yes, cheeses and wine after dinner, how lovely.'

She takes his coat and they walk into the living room.

MRS WILLIAMS

'Everyone, this is David. David Bond whom I was telling you about.....David, please do go in and I'll get you a whiskey.....you do drink whiskey, don't you?'

DAVID

'Only doubles with one ice-cube.'

She looks at him.'

MRS WILLIAMS

'I'll get you a double with one ice-cube.'

He enters the living room and is greeted by ROBERT.

ROBERT

'Robert Williams, Samantha is my wife. Pleased to meet you David.'

They shake hands and Robert introduces him to the other guests.

TRANSITION

. INT. DINING ROOM. NIGHT.

They enjoy a convivial meal and David is eloquent and charming.

TRANSITION

The cheese is served along with David's wine.

DAVID

'Yes, I think more can be done.....I've been researching William Gladstone and I believe that we can do a lot more.'

GUEST 1

'But in this political climate I doubt if charity would be very successful.....nowadays

(MORE)

GUEST 1 (CONT'D)

we encourage people to self-help
rather than give hand-outs.

GUEST 2

'It's difficult to regulate. Many
of these women arrive here with all
of the paperwork having been done
on their behalf.....by unscrupulous
people who know how to use and
exploit the goodwill of the
system.....a lot of them are run by
gangs from other countries,
Serbians, Ukranians, Thai-
mobsters......'

DAVID

'Yes, but how do they know how to
play the system?'

FEMALE GUEST

'I'm a magistrate. I have to deal
with these unfortunate woman every
day.....Organised crime is the same
in any country.....they pay desperate
people to tell them how things are
done, they pay them with girls,
with drugs, with money.....the
language of cash is an instant
tongue-loosener, especially when
combined with the
promise of sex with a beautiful
young near-virgin or with alcohol
or drugs.....gangsters know how to
play people and when you know how
to do that, systems, very
unfortunately, can open up for
them.'

DAVID

'Systems have to be changed.'

GUEST 3

'You can't change a
system.....systems tend to be a part
of a complex network of
interrelated systems that have been
in existence for
generations.....it's very difficult
upsetting peoples' comfort
zones.....the way people have got
used to living their
daily working lives.....it's a
complex issue.'

DAVID

'I don't see why.....maybe it's a matter of changing the syntax.....systems need to evolve with changing times.....in Victoriana, I read, it was customary for a gentleman to have a wife and to keep several mistresses.....those days are long gone but, perhaps, the moralities of those whom work within the system haven'torganically developed along with changing morals and modern living.....people don't keep mistresses as a matter of common-day normalcy any more, do they?.....women are emancipated. They are more educated.....people are less wealthy than they used to be.....'

GUEST 1

'I don't see what that has to do with foreign prostitutes coming to London and being exploited.'

DAVID

'Perhaps not.....but perhaps the 'system' so to speak, of one individual asserting dominance over many others and championing a cause is no longer relevant in these times. Perhaps a critical mass of consciousness is needed in order to assist in the evolution of a more humanitarian consciousness.'

FEMALE GUEST 2

'There are some who believe that prostitutes perform a service to society, that they provide.....a pressure release from violence among single men.....'

DAVID

'well, if that be the case, I believe that prostitution ought to be regulated.....licenced so that the authorities could a) keep an eye on it. b) the exchequer could tax it and derive

(MORE)

DAVID (CONT'D)

a revenue from it, some of which would be spent on rehabilitation and health outreach work..... and c) so that these girls could be protected.....having seen many of these girls.....and many of them are girls, not emotionally mature women.....and I am of the thought that, perhaps, prostitution ought to be made illegal for women under 30.....'

GUEST 2

'It is illegal, in all its forms.'

DAVID

'No it isn't. It is legal to charge for sexual favours but not legal to solicit or kerb crawl or to pimp.....'

GUEST 2

'Oh, I thought it was.....aren't There deterrants?'

DAVID

'If there are, they're plainly not working because it is rife, sir.....perhaps if it were de-criminalised then a closer watchful eye could be kept over it.'

MRS WILLIAMS

'Try not to get too attached to them, David. Many of them only attend one lesson and then they don't return.....or they attend only a few lessons.'

DAVID

'Really.....'

TRANSITION:

. INT. CLASSROOM. NIGHT.

David is placing letters on all the desks. His own desk has a table cloth which covers some items. Girls walk in and greet him. There are a few new faces.

GIRLS

'Hello James Bond.'

DAVID
 'David. David Bond, Hello. Hello.
 Good evening.'

GIRL 2
 'Good evening.'

The bell rings and the last few girls enter the class.

DAVID
 (miming)
 'Before I begin, I want to ask you
 all to sign these forms. Please
 write your names and
 your addresses and your telephone
 numbers.'

The girls are uneasy.

DAVID (CONT'D)
 'Is there a problem?'

GIRL 2
 'They say we not give identity.....is
 confidence.'

DAVID
 'Confidential.....yes.....no, it is
 not. You must give identity and
 contact.'

A close up of the forms reveals symbols next to the
 questions.

DAVID (CONT'D)
 'Yes, give name. Yes, give mobile
 number. Yes, is not bad to do
 this.'

There is a pause before they all fill in the forms and hand
 them to David.

DAVID (CONT'D)
 'Now, If you not come to class, I
 can telephone you and ask questions
 'Why? Why you not come tonight? You
 ill? You not well? You come next
 week and be learned English
 language. Is important. '

They look at him, some of them adoringly.

DAVID (CONT'D)
 'Ok, so tonight we talk about tea.'

He makes the gesture of drinking tea.

DAVID (CONT'D)
'tea.'

CLASS
'TEA.'

DAVID
'High Tea.'

CLASS
HIGH TEA.'

He pulls the cloth from the desk in a movement that is not unlike a magicians and a threetied cake stand with cakes and scones is revealed, along with a teapot, milk jug and many cups and saucers.

CLASS (CONT'D)
'AWE!'

DAVID
'High Tea.'

CLASS
'HIGH TEA'

DAVID
'Crumpets'

CLASS
'CRUMPETS'

DAVID
'Scones.'

CLASS
'SCONES.'

TRANSITION

They have all pulled their desks together and are enjoying tea and cakes and biscuits. David talks to them but enjoys watching them eat, watching them unwind and feel safe and comfortable.

TRANSITION:

The bell rings and they all move slowly, reluctant to leave. David pretends not to notice and reads some papers on his desk. They file out slowly, silently. One girl, MAI, approaches his desk. David looks up.

MAI

'I give this..... you here take.'

He looks at her hand which holds a small jade carved sculpture.

DAVID

'A present?'

MAI

'Present, yes. You for heart.
Good.'

David accepts the gift.

DAVID

'Thank you, Mai.'

Mai curtsies and then leaves.

TRANSITION:

. INT. CLASSROOM. EVENING.

It is the next day and David prepares for another class. He distributes forms again and waits for the class to fill up. Very few women attend. Once the class has started, one of the woman enters sheepishly late and sits at the back. David looks at her. He noticed she has a black eye and it has swollen terribly.

DAVID

'Natasha.....who did this to you?'

She doesn't respond, receding into herself.

DAVID (CONT'D)

'We go to hospital. I take you.'

NATASHA

'No hospital. No police.'

DAVID

'Why not?'

NATASHA

'No.....I have not paper. Visa is gone. Finish. They arrest,'

DAVID

'Natasha. You must let them deport you.'

(MORE)

DAVID (CONT'D)
You are in much danger if you stay
here without papers. We go. We all
go to hospital. We go now.'

He motions for the girls to rise and they help him to assist
her.

TRANSITION

. EXT BUS STOP. NIGHT.

David and the girls are waiting for a bus. One arrives and
they all embark.

DRIVER
'What's going on here? How many of
you are there?'

DAVID
'They're with me. 27 to the
hospital, please.'

DRIVER
'You want 27 tickets?'

DAVID
'To the hospital'

He shows Natasha to the driver.

DAVID (CONT'D)
'She's been hurt. We're taking her
to the hospital.'

DRIVER
'Oh.....I won't charge you and her,
but the rest of them have to get
off.'

DAVID
'My good man, we are all going
together. She is in need of medial
attention and they will all benefit
from the experience of seeing how
the system cares for those
genuinely in need.'

DRIVER
'Have you got change?'

DAVID
'No, I have notes.'

DIVER

'I can't give you change.'

DAVID

'I don't care about change.....how much will it be?'

DIVER

'27 tickets, at 1.50 each, that's.....a lot.'

DAVID

'Yes, it's 41.50. Good grief, I didn't realise it would be that much! Will you take a credit card?'

DIVER

'Oh.....forget it.....just get on.....credit card!'

TRANSITION

. EXT. ROAD. NIGHT.

The bus pulls away and speeds past some other stops where other passengers are waiting, much to their annoyance. It arrives outside a General Hospital.

TRANSITION

. EXT. GENERAL HOSPITAL. NIGHT.

They all alight and cheer the driver, blowing him kisses and waving.

TRANSITION

. INT. CASUALTY WAITING ROOM. NIGHT.

David sits with the girls waiting for the doctor. He looks at the girls. He stands and mimes as he talks to them.

DAVID

'It is fortuitous.....FORTUITOUS that we are all here.'

GIRLS

'FORTUITOUS.'

DAVID

'Yes, fortuitous, lucky.....LUCKY,'

GIRLS

'LUCKY.'

DAVID

'If you'd like to follow me, I shall take you all to the STD clinic.....STD clinic.

GIRLS

'STD CLINIC.'

DAVID

'Malena , please wait here with Natasha for the doctor.'

PILAR

'Yes, I wait with Natasha. I, Malenushka, will take care of her'

DAVID

'Very good, Malenushka, yes, yes....I.....(to the girls) come with me, please.'

They crocodile out of the casualty wing and into the main building.

TRANSITION

. EXT. HOSPITAL MAIN ENTRANCE. NIGHT.

The girls exit the building with David. They are armed with leaflets and pamphlets and there is an air of empowerment about them.

DAVID

(miming)

'Ok, I shall see if Malenushka.....er Natasha I mean..... has been treated yet and you can all catch the bus back from here.'

They all turn to face the bus stops and then look at David again. They all approach him and kiss him goodnight.

DAVID (CONT'D)

'Oh, thank you Anjali, yes good night.

(MORE)

DAVID (CONT'D)
 Good night Pilar, Francesca, yes,
 good night SuLi, oh thank
 you.....good night, yes good
 night.....'

TRANSITION:

. INT. CASUALTY WAITING ROOM. NIGHT.

David enters and sits next to Malenushka.

MALENUSHKA
 'Natasha is with doctor.'

David nods and sits glumly, exhausted, the events having caught up with him. Malenushka looks at him then puts her arm through his. She puts her head on his shoulder.

TRANSITION:

Natasha enters the waiting room from the ward. She has a bandaged eye but is more cheerful. David and Malenushka stand. She approaches them and takes David's other arm. They leave the hospital.

TRANSITION

. EXT. BUS STOP. NIGHT.

They wait for a bus.

DAVID
 'Natasha, who did this to you?'

NATASHA
 'Is big bully.'

DAVID
 'Who? Who is big bully?'

NATASHA
 'Is Ukraine bully.'

MALENUSHKA
 'She mean Sergei. He own brothel.
 He make the punch on Natasha.'

DAVID
 'You saw this?'

MALENUSHKA

'We all see. He make her with the man to do anal all time. She no want to do. She fed up, she sad for home. Sergei make her to do. She cry. He tell her no to cry. Bad for business for punter to see cry. She no stop. She cry more. He anger more. He shout and then he punch Natasha. She fall and hit eye on furniture. She run away from brothel. She have nowhere else to go. She come to language class for keep warm.'

David looks at her.

DAVID

'We must call the police.'

MALENUSHKA

'Police no work. Is big bribe. Big to chief of police. Police for protect brothel for money of brothel. Police no come.'

DAVID

'You must not go back there.'

MALENUSHKA

'Have go. Must. Sergei keep passport of girls. No passport. No work anywhere. More prostitution on street for little money. No flat. Homeless. Die on street.'

DAVID

'Take me there.'

MALENUSHKA

'To brothel? No, Sergei kill you. Sergei have gun.'

DAVID

'I'm not scared of him. Take me there. We will get your passports and then you will both come to my place. Yes?'

MALENUSHKA

'I think we dead before we go to you apartment.....but I take you to brothel.'

DAVID

'Ok, so.....where is it?'

MALENUSHKA

'It in high street near college.
Above flower shop. Is three
floors.'

DAVID

'There's a brothel above Blooms? I
had no idea.'

MALENUSHKA

'Why you have no idea. You are good
heart man. You no need prostitute
for the love.....but I scare for
you. Sergei big. 5 metre circle he
make. He break you I think.'

DAVID

'No, Malenushka. Size has nothing
to do with it. When a man knows he
is in the right and stands his
ground, nothing can move him. It's
a golden law of life.'

MALENUSHKA

'Gun can move him.'

DAVID

'Well, he will have to shoot me. He
will have to kill me. I know when
I'm right.'

She looks down. He has an erection in his trousers.

MALENUSHKA

'Ok, so now I believe you.'

DAVID

'Ok.....so let's go.'

He sees a taxi and waves it down.

TRANSITION

. EXT. FLOWER SHOP. NIGHT.

David, Malenushka and Natasha arrive. David looks testy and
fidgets somewhat.

MALENUSHKA

'Is not have to do.'

DAVID

'I feel.....driven. I feel.....I'm on a mission.'

MALENUSHKA

'His can put dog on you. His has big dog. Big black dog.'

DAVID

'He has.'

MALENUSHKA

'HE HAS.....ok, now is not time for grammar. Now is time for the fight. For the stance.'

DAVID

'Where he is? Good god, you've got me speaking pigeon now.'

MALENUSHKA

'We go to back of shop. I show you brothel.'

DAVID

'If Penny could see me now.....maybe she'll want me back.....'

MALENUSHKA

'Who is Penny?'

DAVID

'Oh.....my ex-wife.'

MALENUSHKA

'I understand you.'

They walk around the block to the back of the shop. There are many iron stairways leading to the apartments above the parade of shops.

DAVID

'Where, this way?'

MALENUSHKA

'Yes, this stair to this door up.'

He climbs the stairs and knocks on a door. A flap opens. SERGEI answers.

SERGEI

'Yes?'

DAVID

'I've come to speak with Sergei.'

SERGEI

'What you want with Sergei. He know you?'

DAVID

'No, he no know me.'

SERGEI

'I think, maybe you have the want trouble.'

A big dog barks in the background.

DAVID

'I think yes, I maybe want the trouble, Sergei.'

Sergei opens the door. He wears a string vest and has a chain with many keys attached to his waist. He looks at David and laughs.

SERGEI

(to Natasha)

'You send the mighty mouse for the trouble. Atom Ant.'

DAVID

'Sergei, I think you owe Natasha an apology for the mistake you made. I'm sure you didn't mean to hit her. I'm sure it was an accident.'

SERGEI

'Yes, big accident. Not to worry. Not happen again.'

DAVID

'So you say you are sorry Natasha.'

Sergei looks at him.

SERGEI

'You no come to my place of business and tell me what say.'

DAVID

'You are sorry, Sergei. I see this. Please tell her you are sorry.'

Sergie looks at Natasha. He smiles at her.

SERGEI

'Yes, Natasha. I sorry for hit you.
I no mean harm. You come back. I
give Atom Ant discount. Everybody
friend. Happy day everywhere.'

DAVID

'Good, Sergei. Now I want you to
give Natasha and Malenushka their
passports back.'

Sergei looks at David. He says something in Russian to
Malena.

SERGEI

'I think I no give passport back. I
think Malena and Natasha be protect
with me. I think you leave.'

DAVID

'Sorry Sergei. That is not
possible.'

SERGEI

'I have gun to shoot. You want
trouble. I give plenty trouble.'

DAVID

'No trouble, Just passport back.
Please.'

He looks at David.

SERGIE

'I no joke. I make the gun in you
head. You disappear. No-one find
you. Easy.'

DAVID

'I don't think that will happen.'

SERGEI

'Why not?'

DAVID

'I No want the trouble. Gun in head
bad for business.'

Sergei squares off to David. David looks at him. Malenushka
pushes David and Sergei backs away, surprised. David and the
girls walk into the building. It is a seedy place. Red
lights, blackened windows. A bar. Sergei looks at David, who
growls.....slightly.

DAVID (CONT'D)

'The passports please Sergei.'

SERGEI

'Because I like you. Because you are foolhardy brave.'

DAVID

'Yes, well this foolhardy brave, as you so eloquently put it, is tired, angry and not to be messed with. Please don't waste my time.....the passports.'

Sergei goes behind the bar and opens a safe. He takes many passports from it and deals through them like playing cards.

SERGEI

'Ok, so Malenushka, Natasha, Malenushka, Natasha.'

DAVID

'Oh, Sergei, I invented that game.....let me.'

He takes the passports and gives them to Malenushka.

DAVID (CONT'D)

'Now I think we will let all the girls leave. Natasha, Malenushka wait outside please.'

They look at him, astonished, then leave. Sergei looks at David and then guffaws.

SERGEI

'You no take girls. You want steal my business. You are clever person. I underestimate you. But you not take girls.'

DAVID

'Excuse me please.'

He walks past Sergei into the next room, which is full of sofa's and downtrodden women adopting postures of defeat.

DAVID (CONT'D)

'Everyone leave brothel. Work over. Close today. Passport outside.'

The women look at him then look at Sergei. They gather their belongings and rush out of the door, knocking Sergei aside as they do so. David turns around and looks at Sergei.

DAVID (CONT'D)
'What else have you got in that safe?'

SERGEI
'Now I think I take gun. Now I think you dead.'

DAVID
'Think again.'

He walks behind the counter and looks into the open safe.

DAVID (CONT'D)
'Well now, what have we got here.....more passports.....drugs.....a pistol.....and lots of money.'

SERGEI
'I break you in two.'

DAVID
'Think again.'

He takes the money and the gun and the remaining passports and breaks open the bag of drugs, letting the powder spill onto the floor.

DAVID (CONT'D)
'If you want this drug you can snort on floor.'

He takes the gun, empties it of bullets and takes the firing pin out. He places it on the bar and spins it. Cue spaghetti western whistle.

SERGEI
'How you know to do this?'

DAVID
'I am a fully paid up, card-carrying member of the National Rifle Association, Sergei, I have been firing guns since I was 5.'

SERGEI
'Me too, Kalashnikov, Luger....maybe we friend. Make new business with pimp. You have way with girl. I see.'

DAVID
'Maybe not Sergei.'

He walks from behind the counter. Sergei stands in front of the door, blocking his way.'

DAVID (CONT'D)
'Oh, don't be childish.'

SERGEI
'I no childishness. I think I kill you.'

David does an inner-shriek and makes a karate chop. Sergei jumps out of his skin and gives way to him. David walks out of the brothel to the cheers of the women outside.

SERGEI (CONT'D)
'How you do this? You are martial artist?'

DAVID
'Hong Kong Fui.'

SERGEI
'I not know this. What is Hong Kong Fui.'

DAVID
'That's what they called me at unversity.'

SERGEI
'I put dog on you for life. You no rest for eternity.'

He rushes back into the brothel and unleashes a Rottweiler. The dog leaps ferociously towards David but he stands his ground and then turns to face the hound.

DAVID
'Oh.....woof.'

Sergei is humbled and watches David walk down the stairs.

DAVID (CONT'D)
'How poetic.....actually....although I always thought it was no rest till Brooklyn....but, hey, what do I know.....it's Christmas in two weeks time.....'

TRANSITION

. EXT. HIGH STREET. NIGHT.

The women all look at David, waiting for him to make his next move.

DAVID
'Well.....time to go home I
think.....bus stop.'

They all file to the bus stop. He makes a head count.

DAVID (CONT'D)
'27 again.....I wonder if there's a
numerological significance.'

A bus pulls up and they all file onboard.

DAVID (CONT'D)
'27 to Camden Town please.....that's
41.50 I do believe.'

DRIVER
'27!.....yeah,
41.50.....how did you know that?'

DAVID
'I'm a teacher. A professional
teacher, my good man.'

He takes a large note from the huge wad and pays the driver.
The bus pulls away.

TRANSITION

. INT. GUYS APARTMENT. NIGHT

Guy is reading a book. David enters with all of the women.
Guy looks at them all.

DAVID
'This is Guy. Guy.'

GIRLS
'GUY.'

DAVID
'Hello Guy.'

GIRLS
'HELLO GUY'

GUY
'Hello.....ladies.'

DAVID

'Guy, these unfortunate ladies have nowhere else to go tonight.....we will have to make space for them.'

GUY

'Right.....'

DAVID

'Girl make sleep here tonight. Tomorrow passport and fly home.'

TRANSITION

28a. The girls are queueing up for the bathroom. The living room has been cleared and there are blankets and cushions on the floor.

GUY

'They won't be comfortable.....'

DAVID

'They will make do for the night.'

He goes to the kitchen and counts the money. Guy follows him in'

GUY

'Where did you get all that money from?'

DAVID

'Sergei was very obliging.'

GUY

'Who is Sergei?'

DAVID

'You know, if I wasn't in single-issue focusing mode I might almost feel sorry for him.....I saw a side of him that was naively tender.....almost endearing, actually.....but, no, we have to save the girls.'

He places the passports in a row on the counter and places large denomination notes on each passport.

DAVID (CONT'D)
 'That should get them all
 home.....and, look, there's a small
 fortune left over.'

TRANSITION

It is night-time and all the girls are sleeping on the floor.

TRANSITION

Morning and they are all queuing for the bathroom again.
 David exits his bedroom and they all simper.

DAVID (CONT'D)
 'Good morning, girls.'

GIRLS
 'GOOD MORNING MR BOND. DAVID BOND.'

He somnambulates slightly.

DAVID
 'I've got all this money,
 Penny.....'

GIRLS
 'MISS MONEY PENNY.'

David looks at them.

DAVID
 (miming)
 'Ok, so today we buy plane ticket.
 We make home for Christmas for
 family. Big Love. Big Family love.
 Decency.'

GIRLS
 'DECENCY.'

DAVID
 'Love.'

GIRLS
 'LOVE.'

Guy walks out of his bedroom. He is also barely awake. He has
 an erection in his pyjama's.

GUY
 'David, couldn't we.....'

DAVID
 'No, we could not.....Woody
 Woodpecker needs to take a cold
 shower I think.'

A girl exits the bathroom and David motions to the girls to
 let Guy through.

TRANSITION:

. INT. GUYS KITCHEN. DAY.

Guy walks in and observes David, who is making tea in plastic
 cups.

DAVID
 'I took the liberty of utilising
 the plastic cups. I hope you don't
 mind.....and the teabags are almost
 finished.....I asked Malenushka to
 buy some milk and sugar.....things
 should be back to
 normal.....soon.....maybe not
 tonight...but real
 soon.....'

GUY
 'I heard what you said this
 morning.'

DAVID
 'What was that?'

GUY
 'You were thinking about Penny
 again, weren't you?'

DAVID
 'I can't help it.....I know what you
 said about her and I've been
 thinking about it....but
 I took those vows seriously.....I
 don't know.....Maybe I don't
 understand
 women.'

GUY
 'You don't have to understand them
 as a group or a demographic,
 David.....just communicate with them
 as individuals.....look at me giving
 advice to a man who

(MORE)

GUY (CONT'D)
brought in 26 single available
women into my apartment.....on the
same night.'

DAVID
'They're not available.'

GUY
'I'm only human.....they're
all....adorable.....I don't know how
to behave around them.'

DAVID
'Just remember why they're here.....'

GUY
'I know, they're here because they
need help.'

DAVID
'Good man.'

GUY
'I gotta go to work.....I'll see you
tonight.'

He leaves.

TRANSITION

. INT. GUYS LIVING ROOM. MORNING

The 'girls' are all drinking tea. David walks in with the
passports and money. He looks at the top passport photograph
and then searches for the girl who owns it. He approaches
her.

DAVID
'Ok, so this belongs to you.'

He looks at the next and does the same thing. One of the
women hugs him, another showers him with kisses.

DAVID (CONT'D)
'And this belongs to you,
Malenushka.'

MALENUSHKA
'I no think I go. I think I stay
with you. You man keep woman safe.'

DAVID

'No.....that's impossible. This is
Guys' flat....not enough space.'

GIRLS

'Yes, we work for you. We work for
you.'

DAVID

'No. I no want make pimp. You no
want make sex-money no more.
Business ends. No more with sex
slave. No more with pimp.'

He looks at them.

DAVID (CONT'D)

'If you want to stay, you will have
to work in legal decent job. I will
not help you if you continue with
prostitution.'

GIRLS

'Yes. Make legal work. No more sex
job. No more anal.'

DAVID

'Well.....if you go home, go to left
side of room. If you want stay go
to right side of room.'

Most of the girls go to the right hand side.....a few on the
left.

DAVID (CONT'D)

(pointing to the girls on
the left)

'They are sensible.....go home to
family.'

NATASHA

'Many not have home in they
country. Many scare they make
prostitute in home country.
Is before many make before London.'

He looks at them again.

DAVID

'There is not room here.....'

TRANSITION:

. INT. ESTATE AGENT. DAY

David walks into the estate agents.

AGENT

'Can I help you please?'

DAVID

'I need a large apartment.
Unfurnished. Five or six large
bedrooms. Two maybe three
bathrooms.'

AGENT

'In which area sir?'

DAVID

'I don't know.....something cheap
but clean.....'

AGENT

'Well.....in the east end you can get
a Victorian house....Georgian
maybe.'

DAVID

'How much for a Victorian
house....with five
bedrooms.....Victorian, that would
be three storeys' wouldn't it?'

AGENT

'Well, lets see.....(he types
something into his
computer).....Near to the
park.....three storeys.....that would
be no more than 3000 per month.'

David takes the cash out of his pocket and counts it.

DAVID

'I can pay for5.....6....8 months
upfront.'

AGENT

'I can't take that amount of cash
from you.....there are money-
laundering laws.....I
am under obligation to report any
transaction over 10,000 to the
authorities.....it would
be drugs money.'

DAVID

'Yes, I think some of it might be.....but most of it comes from prostitution.'

The agent looks at him.

DAVID (CONT'D)

'I took on a Ukranian brothel owner/gangster. I took his pistol from him. I rescued 26 fallen women and they need a place to live. I am Bond. David Bond. This is my ID...credit cards.....driving licence......'

AGENT

'You took on a Ukranian gangster.....Ha ha.....ha ha ha......'

DAVID

'Oh look.....here's my platinum American Express card.....can't I just pay by credit instead.'

AGENT

'Well.....I.....(*he calls to a colleague*) can we take American Express?'

COLLEAGUE

'Call them and get an authorisation code.....has he got ID?'

AGENT

'He has.'

COLLEAGUE

'No problem then.....but make a standing order from the bank.'

AGENT

'You've got it sir.....you can occupy the house from next week.'

DAVID

'Splendid.'

AGENT

'Sir, If I may advise you.'

DAVID

'Yes?'

AGENT

'Don't flash your cash. You might attract....undesired attention.'

TRANSITION

. INT. CLASSROOM. NIGHT.

The class is overcrowded with women who have heard about David. He walks in and they cheer him.

DAVID

'This is unexpected.'

PILAR

'We hear you big hero. You make the gang have small penis. You are legend.'

DAVID

'Well.....no, I.....'

PILAR

'We all want work for you. You boss now.'

DAVID

(to the class, miming)

'No.....no more prostitution for you. I can help you if you want to work legally. But I am not going to pimp for you. I am a teacher.'

TRANSITION:

. INT. CLASSROOM. NIGHT

DAVID

'So you can keep coming to the class until next week, then I will give you the address of your new home. It will be cramped, and you will have to earn to pay the rent but you will be safe.....for now, only the women on my register can come to the house, so please do not tell your friends.....otherwise it will not work.'

The bell rings.

DAVID (CONT'D)
 'Ok, so goodnight every one.....and
 remember. Condoms and decency.'

CLASS
 'CONDOMS AND DECENCY.'

He sits his desk and looks at some papers. As they file out,
 many of the women place gifts on his desk. He doesn't look
 up.

PILAR
 'Look they have brought you
 tribute.'

She looks at the gifts.

PILAR (CONT'D)
 ' A hat.....coat.....a cane for
 walk.....cigarette lightning.....ring
 with big
 ruby.....is real ruby I think.....'

DAVID
 'Let me see those.'

He tries on the hat and coat, which is fur-lined, puts on the
 ring and turns the cane like a majorette.

DAVID (CONT'D)
 'Who's da man. Who's da man.'

Samantha enters the classroom.

SAMANTHA
 'David!'

David takes the clothing off immediately.

DAVID
 'Samantha.....I was.....'

SAMANTHA
 'David.....you....don't tell me you've
 gone to the other side.'

DAVID
 'No, these are all gifts. I was
 joking....in poor taste....like the
 clothing, actually.....'

SAMANTHA

'It might not be appropriate to accept gifts from these women, David....it could be.....misconstrued.'

DAVID

'Yes, I realise that, Samantha.....I didn't really accept them....I was slightly overwhelmed, actually.....I didn't want to offend them.....'

She looks at him.

PILAR

'Si, es calino esta hombre. Hasta manana, David Bond.'

Pilar leaves.

SAMANTHA

'What does calino mean?'

DAVID

'I think it means darling.....Samantha, you would not believe what has been happening.'

SAMANTHA

'Well, come to my office tomorrow.....you can tell me all about it then.'

DAVID

'What should I do with these clothes?'

SAMANTHA

'Well.....a charity shop maybe?.....be careful, David.....some of these girls might not be as innocent as you think.....or rather they might not be aware of their real motives, their real motivations.....some of them might be drug-users.....'

DAVID
 'Yes, I shall. I shall
 be...cautious.....cautious but not a
 closed door to them. They have
 suffered a lot.....'

TRANSITION:

. INT. GUYS APARTMENT. NIGHT.

Many of the girls are still there. David is cooking a huge pot of pasta in the kitchen and some of the girls are helping. Guy returns and looks perplexed.

GUY
 'David?'

DAVID
 'In the kitchen'

GUY
 'David...this is madness.....'

DAVID
 'Yes, I realise, Guy, and I have to
 make certain demands upon your good
 nature for a while longer.'

GUY
 'How much longer, David. I'm only
 human.....I got girlfriends wanting
 to come over and I am fighting
 feelings.....I feel like I'm turning
 into a monk.....I need my
 girlfriends.....'

DAVID
 'I'm moving out. In a week. I've
 rented a house and the girls are
 coming with me..Please
 be patient. We will be out of your
 hair in less than 7 days.'

Guy looks at him. David returns the gaze.

DAVID (CONT'D)
 'Just remember why they're here.'

GUY
 'Quite right.....yes, quite right,
 David.....what's for supper?'

DAVID

'Pasta and pesto.....and salad......'

GUY

'No loaves and fishes.'

Pilar walks into the kitchen.

PILAR

'You have got clothes?'

DAVID

'I was going to donate them to a charity shop.'

A chorus of disappointment from the girls.

DAVID (CONT'D)

'Well, I was going to but then I decided that they were gifts....it might have been churlish to be so dismissive.....they are not really my sartorial choice, but.....I will accept them and, perhaps wear them around the house.'

TRANSITION

. EXT. VICTORIAN HOUSE. DAY

David is moving in. Many bunk beds are unloaded from delivery vans, as well as assorted furniture. The girls troupe in, to the bemusement of the on-looking delivery men.

CUT TO

. INT. VICTORIAN HOUSE. DAY

David is in the hallway. The girls file in.

DAVID

'Ladies, I will show you your rooms.'

He marches up the stairs and they follow him to a series of bedrooms that have been turned into dormitories.

DAVID (CONT'D)

(miming)

'There are books to read, a television set with a collection of DVD's in the lounge

(MORE)

DAVID (CONT'D)
 downstairs, and I will be holding
 mid-week surgeries. We will find
 you all gainful employment in no
 time. Life is beautiful'

GIRLS
 'LIFE IS BEAUTIFUL'

TRANSITION

38. INT. CLASSROOM. NIGHT

David mimes a routine. He opens his mouth and motions eating, the pleasure of eating, and kissing babies. Then he motions the disgust of oral sex. He mimes a man wanting fellatio and a woman co-erced into providing it who starts to descend but then turns the movement into a swift kick to the testicles and turfing the man out of the room, slamming the door closed on him and wiping her hands. The girls look at him and respond soulfully.

TRANSITION:

. INT. VICTORIAN LIVING ROOM. DAY.

The girls read books; Charlotte and Emily Bronte, Virago Press books, Angela Carter. Some of them watch Little Women on the dvd player. We steadicam into an office that David has made. He sits behind a desk and 'interviews' one of the girls. Other girls sit on chairs in the room, awaiting their turn.

DAVID
 (miming)
 'Smeeta, you have no papers. You
 are in danger. I will have to phone
 the authorities and you will have
 to speak with them. Maybe they will
 let you stay. Maybe they will send
 you home.'

SMEETA
 'No, not home. Home not good. No
 home.'

DAVID
 'We'll see what we can do. In the
 meantime, this is your home. Eat,
 sleep, read.....use
 the bathroom.....can you cook?'

SMEETA

'Yes, I cook good. Biriani very good, taste.'

DAVID

'You can help out in the kitchen then.....and if you go out, don't go alone. Go with someone. Safety in numbers.....here is the phone number of the house. If you lose yourself, call the house. If you see someone from the gang or the brothel, call the house.'

She looks at him.

DAVID (CONT'D)

'Ok, Smeeta, I have to speak with.....'

Smeeta looks at the next girl, notices something about her and taps David arms, alerts him to her

DAVID (CONT'D)

'.....Ophelia, over there.....'

She rises and bows, clasping her hands together. He responds with the same Hindu gesture. The telephone rings.

DAVID (CONT'D)

'Hello?.....hello Guy.'

TRANSITION

. SPLIT SCREEN

GUY

'David, I was wondering how you were getting along. It's been almost three months, buddie, I haven't heard from you. How are things?'

DAVID

'Oh....snowed under, actually.....I am holding two surgeries per week....it's turning into social work.....Samantha and some of her friends help out sometimes, but I barely have enough hours in the day...also I'm still teaching TEFL

GUY

'What can I do to help?'

DAVID

'Oh, Guy that's most awfully kind of you.....well, there is a lot of paperwork.....sorting out visa's and work permits, arranging for deportations but supporting the girls, filling in forms.....I want to maintain a contact with any girl who is sent home, write to them, show them they have not been forgotten.....there are a lot of phone calls to make with the authorities.....who prefer to deal with each individual case.....they don't respond kindly to lists of names or.....demands.....some of the women need to be accompanied to clinics and immigration offices, some of them need to be taken to airports.....it's emotionally demanding work, also.....one tries not to become attached to them but that is nearly impossible because they need emotional support.....there's been quite a flow.....girls come and go, new girls join the class'

GUY

'You're not doing more vigilante raids are you?'

DAVID

'No, no.....actually there's no need. The building has provided a spiritual.....umbragehaving a base gives us security....it empowers the girls to leave for themselves. Some of them come here first and see what there is and then they leave the brothels knowing that they have somewhere to go.

(MORE)

DAVID (CONT'D)

It's not such a leap into the void for them.....and.....I have visited a couple of places and demanded the return of passports....things went quite...un-dramatically.....I seem to have acquired a certain cudos.....it's all perfectly specious and founded on the flimsiest of premises.....but I am making it work for me.....

GUY

If you want I could come and do some office work?'

DAVID

'Would you?'

GUY

'I've been telling Laura about what you're doing....you remember Laura?'

DAVID

'Oh, the naked one with the champagne.....who squeals a lot, I seem to remember.....yes, how is she? Please do send her my regards.'

GUY

'She has some free time during the weekdays. She does charity work part-time. She's got experience at this type of work.....she wants to help.....and I can come in for a couple of hours a couple of evenings per week, help with the paperwork.....if that is of any assistance.....'

DAVID

'It is. It is, Guy. And yes, Laura would be very welcome also. Please ask her to call me.'

GUY

'I will.....so, when do you want me?'

DAVID

'Do you think you could do a couple of hours tomorrow night?'

GUY

'Sure thing, you got it.'

TRANSITION

. INT. SERGEI'S BROTHEL. NIGHT.

Only two girls work, but there are no customers. Sergei bides his seething time. He makes a decision.

SERGEI

'Anya, come.'

Anya, the madame, walks in.

SERGEI (CONT'D)

'Ok, you buy big fish.....no, you find address of American pimp house...you buy big fish. You put in newspaper and you send to house. I give him message he never forget.'

TRANSITION:

. INT. VICTORIAN HOUSE. NIGHT.

The girls are watching dvd's and reading. Guy is in the office word processing, Laura is giving advice to Anjali. Samantha is in the kitchen with Robert preparing food for 30. There is a loud kick on the door, and loud banging. A violent interruption; then we hear the sound of a car door slamming and the car screeches away at high speed. David descends the stairs cautiously. There is a slight panic in the house.

DAVID

'It's alright, everybody. If they meant us harm they would have just done it. They are trying to scare us. We do not scare easily.'

GIRLS

'WE DO NOT SCARE EASILY'

He opens the front door and notices a large item wrapped in newspaper. He picks it up and brings it into the house.

GUY

'What is it?'

DAVID

'If I'm not mistaken, it's a fish.'

GUY

'A fish?'

DAVID

'From Sergei.....he's been watching
The Godfather....or maybe he read
it.....in either case, he's trying
to scare us.....ah, yes, it is a
fish....a rather large rainbow
trout.....and it's fresh! Thank you
Sergei.....we will have this for
dinner tonight.'

TRANSITION:

. EXT. HIGH STREET. DAY.

Anjali and some of the girls walk into a charity shop.

TRANSITION

. INT. CHARITY SHOP. DAY

They look at clothes and choose things for David. There two
dreadlock wigs on display which they try on. They giggle and
generally have an enjoyable time. They feel free.

TRANSITION

. INT. BROTHEL. DAY.

Anya returns. Sergei is drinking heavily at the bar. He drips
with self-loathing.

SERGEI

'You go to American house last
night? You have made warning,
delivered threat.'

ANYA

'I think we have gave free dinner.'

SERGEI

(swearing in Ukranian)
'Who will get rid me of turbulence
in life, he is like priest/pimp....'

ANYA

'Maybe I go to him. I pretend to be leave brothel. Gain him confidence. Me inside. You outside, then we get business back....take time.....I even take money to him, say I steal from you.'

SERGEI

'No, you not take money from me for him.'

ANYA

'He clever man. I think he Harvard brain. He see me duplicity but with money he think, maybe, I take risk, am for real in escape.....I cry. Maybe you hit me and I have bruise.....'

SERGEI

'Bite you lip.'

ANYA

'Hunh?'

SERGEI

'Bite you lip. Hold lip in teeth. Bottom lip.'

She looks confused but does so. He spins around and slaps her hard on the mouth. Her lip gushes with blood.'

ANYA

'Aiieeee.....what you do? What you do?'

SERGEI

'Remember this feel, this pain. Now it real. He believe you. You go hospital and they stitch, then go to him house.....or him classroom tonight. Make real plea'

He moves towards her menacingly and she freezes, terrified.

SERGEI (CONT'D)

'You make this feel when you tell him. He believe.'

He goes to the safe and takes out some money. Reluctantly, fighting every impulse in his body, he hands her a lot of cash. Anya almost feints.

SERGEI (CONT'D)
 (to one of the girls)
 'Take her hospital. Then come
 back.'

The girl is also terrified and nods compliance.

TRANSITION:

. EXT. HOUSE. NIGHT.

There is an American convertible parked outside the house. A leopard skin Cadillac. David arrives home from the class. He is tired but notices the car.

TRANSITION

. INT. VICTORIAN HOUSE. NIGHT.

He enters the house. Guy is in the office.

DAVID
 '.....there's a rather unusual
 automobile parked outfront.'

GUY
 'Tribute.'

He motions to a HEAVY SOLID-GOLD KEY FOB in the shape of a \$.
 a car key is attached.

DAVID
 'That car? Tribute?'

GUY
 'Apparently there's a protocol at
 work here. You have, unwittingly,
 usurped the underworld ascendancy.
 You have become kingpin, boss, the
 daddy-o. It seems that that
 car is the spiritual possession of
 the one at the head.....someone
 delivered it here. He
 said 'ees for him. Big pimp
 American gangsterman.....James
 Bond.'

David picks up the car key.

DAVID
 'Oh no.'

GUY

'Well, I tried to correct him that your name is David.'

DAVID

'Yes, very droll.....but I really.....I haven't been able to forsee this......'

GUY

'It could mean trouble.'

DAVID

'Yes, I realise.....this could turn out to be a Shakesperean tragedy...the usurped kingpin seeking revenge against the man who would be.....albeit inadvertantly'

He turns to the women. They notice his concern.

DAVID (CONT'D)

'I'm worried about their safety.'

GUY

'Oh Oh Oh The Shakes-per-herean.'

DAVID

'Yes, quite.....oh yes, Guy you are a genius......'

GUY

'Well, TS was.....I'm merely paraphrasing.'

As David's mood brightens, so does the mood of the women. They fetch his clothes and dress him, then they put on some party music. The girls dance to CHIC, 'Good Times' and Rappers Delight. Malenushka observes him. He retires from dancing after a while. They grab the keys and try to drag him out of the house.

DAVID

'What's this.'

GUY

'They know the drill.....apparently it's customary to have a house party and to leave all

(MORE)

GUY (CONT'D)

the doors to the house open, then the party guests drive in a cavalcade around the perimeter of the manor.....well, that's what the rappers do in Chicago and Detroit, anyway.....'

DAVID

'Oh yes, I've heard of that....but.....no, I can't...it would send out the wrong message....'

GUY

'I think if you don't it might send out altogether the wrong message...it's expected of you.....'

DAVID

'But I'm not running a brothel, I'm not dealing drugs.'

GUY

'but they seem to think you are.....are you afraid?'

David feels for a moment.

DAVID

'No.....I don't believe I am.....actually.....'

DAVID (CONT'D)

'Go on, have fun. I'll hold the fort till you get back.'

TRANSITION

. EXT. ROAD OUTSIDE THE HOUSE. DAY

The girls drag him to the car and seat him in the middle at the back, up on the back of the seat. He is given his cane and hat and a fur-collared womans coat is draped over his shoulders. The women drape themselves around him and they drive off. Natasha puts on a CD THE MESSAGE by Grandmaster Flash commences. David listens to the lyrics as he reluctantly acknowledges people waving. Penny is in her car. She is aghast to see David as Kingpin.

TRANSITION:

48. INT. OFFICE. NIGHT

Guy is typing behind the desk. David returns, determinedly holding a CD. Guy makes way for him, almost jumping from the desk.

DAVID

'I need to concentrate on something.'

Guy looks at him.

GUY

'The boss has spoken.'

TRANSITION:

. INT. KITCHEN. NIGHT.

Malenushka and Natasha are drinking tea and counting a lot of money. Doing the accounts. The carkeys are on the table.

NATASHA

'I have see the way you look him.
You fall with love for him.'

MALENUSHKA

'Oh, all the girls look him with
the eyes of the moon.'

NATASHA

'I not talk about other girls, I
talking about you.'

Malenushka looks at her and then sobs.

MALENUSHKA

'How he ever want me when he know I
have been prostitution?'

NATASHA

'He like you. He can love you.
Husband you because he is good
heart. Take it time for
the love to burn slowly and he will
notice you.....in time.'
David bounces cheerily into the
room reading a piece of paper. He
makes a human
boombox noise. Natasha and
Malenuska laugh then Natasha
leaves. Malenushka dries her
eyes.

MALENUSHKA

'There is tea in pot.'

DAVID

'Oh yes, I think that would be good.'

He goes to the teapot but Malenushka wants to pour it for him. Their hands touch. David looks at her.

DAVID (CONT'D)

'Malenushka, you have been crying.....(he thinks).....oh, don't worry, I am not becoming a pimp or a gangster.....that was just for show....to play dead and to make the gangsters think I'm in control.....'

MALENUSHKA

'I do not cry because of this.'

He looks at her again and then sighs.

DAVID

'Well.....I do not know how to be in this moment.'

MALENUSHKA

'Be you.'

DAVID

'I.....I don't know if that would be appropriate.'

MALENUSHKA

'I not know this word.....you make the movement.'

He mimes to her. I see you. You cry. My heart beats. I want to kiss you but I want to be proper with you.

MALENUSHKA (CONT'D)

'Is ok you want to kiss. Is proper communication. Is soul-to-soul communication. You speak with pure heart. I want you kiss me.'

He places her face into his hands and leans slowly towards her. She closes her eyes.

PENNY

'Well, you're making waves.....'

David looks at her.

DAVID

'Penny!'

He approaches her, letting go of a very disappointed Malenushka, and hugs her warmly.

DAVID (CONT'D)

'Well, this is a surprise.....how did you know where to find me?'

PENNY

'You're pretty hard to miss, David. I saw you in the pimp-mobile.....and....I followed you. I hardly believed my eyes.....I had to check to see if it was really you.....I turn up here. There is a house full of beautiful girls, You are kissing a womanand what is all this money?.....have you seen the light, David? Are you no longer a loser?.....Who's this?'

Penny shoots a look at Malenushka.

MALENUSHKA

'Who is you!?'

PENNY

'I'm his wife.'

David shields Malenushka from Penny.

DAVID

'Penny is my ex-wife. My ex-wife who doesn't love me. My ex-wife who is leaving, actually.'

He looks at her.

PENNY

'There's no need to be like that, David.'

DAVID

'Good-bye, Penny, wish I could say nice to see you again.....but actually, it wasn't.'

Penny leaves.

MALENUSHKA

'She is knife in heart woman.'

DAVID

'Let's not talk about her.'

We hear the front door slam and then Guy enters the room.

GUY

'That was Penny?'

DAVID

'That was Penny.'

Guy looks at Malenushka and then grimaces. She laughs.

GUY

'David.....I have to go soon but I
need to speak to you about
something first.'

DAVID

'Can't it wait?'

GUY

'It's about taking the two
Brazilian girls to the immigration
tomorrow.'

DAVID

'Sophia and Maria, yes?'

GUY

'Well, Maria has just called her
family in and they have told
her not to return. They
are ashamed of her and say they
will refuse her if she returns.
Both Maria and Sophia's
visa's have expired and Maria is
afraid to return alone and Sophia
won't have anywhere
to stay when she
returns.....Immigration are
expecting them and have stated that
they will arrest them and deport
them.....I don't know what to
do.....they are both crying'

DAVID

(leaving the kitchen)

'Ok, well.....I'll talk to
them.....just leave the paperwork on
the desk and I'll make

(MORE)

DAVID (CONT'D)
a decision about them.....and thank
you, Guy'

Malenushka stamps her foot.

MALENUSHKA
'Oh!'

GUY
'Was I interrupting something?'

MALENUSHKA
'Oh...the moment is collapse.....the
magic is broke.'

GUY
'Give it time.....I can see you love
him.'

TRANSITION

50. INT. CLASSROOM. NIGHT.

David is preparing for class. He wears a USS baseball cap and
sweatshirt. Girls arrive and take seats. The bell rings.

DAVID
(miming)
'Tonight, I thought we'd have some
fun. I have been listening to many
people and observing many 'modern'
phenomena. Gangsters, pimping,
crime, underworld, guns,
drugs, criminality.....so, I'm
going to tell you the story of a
very English DriveBy.....so, here
goes.....Crispin and Quentin are
purring along the Kings Road
in their Jaguar XK150s....the
convertible with the wire
wheels.....they see Horatio
across the street.....'Crispin says
'I say, isn't that Horatio?'
Quentin says 'I do
believe it is.' Their eyes narrow.
'Lets get him!'....so they perform a
five-point turn
manoeuvre and glide silently along
until they are parallel to him.
Crispin lowers his
window menacingly and calls out
'Horatio! We disagree!' and they
veer away, taking
(MORE)

DAVID (CONT'D)
 care not to run over the
 grandmother who has just purchased
 a can of stewing steak from
 Waitrose.....'

The girls look at him.

DAVID (CONT'D)
 '.....some of you might have heard
 this song.....I have taken the
 liberty of penning my own version
 of the lyrics....it's not quite a
 Horatian Ode, but it's a worthy
 attempt at Ghetto-parlance.....if I
 say so myself.....so...(he puts on a
 tape and a hip-hop beat commences.
 He swivels his cap).....Don't push
 me, 'cause I'm close to the edge
 of reason, and it's not even
 hunting season.....it's like a jungle
 sometimes, it makes
 me wonder how to keep from plunging
 asunder.....(the girls giggle and
 then laugh).....it's like a jungle
 sometimes, it makes me wonder how
 to keep from plunging
 asunder.....people in the front,
 people in the back, junkies in the
 alley with the
 baseball bat.....Anya!'

Anya has walked in with a terrible injury, her lip is
 stitched and swollen and she looks shaken and traumatised.
 David runs to her and helps her sit down.

DAVID (CONT'D)
 'What happened?'

ANYA
 'I think about you. Sergei know I
 think about you. He think I side
 with you. He think you
 are competitor in pimp business. I
 say, no. he good man, he just try
 help woman lost. He become angry.
 Him drink much whiskey and him
 break my mouth.....He leave and I
 steal money from safe.....I walk
 from hospital. I not know where to
 go. I think of you. I come class. I
 not know where to go other.'

DAVID
 'Anya, is this true?'

ANYA

'I change. Not want madam. Know it wrong. Sergei sense.....look I steal money for house. For to help you help woman fallen.'

She shows him the cash.

TRANSITION:

. INT. HOUSE. NIGHT.

David arrives with Anya and a few of the girls. The girls in the house look at Anya. They are afraid of her but notice her injury.

DAVID

'Ladies....I know some of you have had bad experiences with Anya.....but she has been beaten. The same as some of you have been. She says she no longer wants to work at the brothel. She says she wants to change, to make amends. She needs somewhere to stay whilst her injury heals and she has brought a lot of money. Money that, perhaps, some of you have helped to generate. She wants to donate this money to the house. To helping some of you to return home. We will look after her. Please help her upstairs and run her a bath.'

A few of the girls are cautious but they help her. David goes to the office and Laura walks in.

LAURA

'Is that the Anya.'

DAVID

'Yes, that's the Anya. Madame Anya.'

LAURA

'David.....are you sure you know what you are doing? She seems to be an integral link in the gang.....I'm not sure I trust her.'

DAVID

'I don't trust her either.....but I can't turn her away in that condition.....and we could do with the money.....there is.....thousands here, actually.....ten thousand, actually.....more perhaps.'

LAURA

'She might be a plant, to gain information about what you are doing.'

DAVID

'Yes, I've thought of that....but, what is it they say in The Godfather? Keep your friends close, but keep your enemies closer.'

LAURA

'David, that is a movie.'

DAVID

'And this is real life. Yes I realise that.....but the extremity of her injury makes me think I might be able to turn the situation around.'

LAURA

'What if it was done in order to gain your confidence?'

DAVID

'Again, I've thought of that. But, perhaps, we might be able to enlighten her as to the fact that doing such terrible self-harm is no less than a folly and we might be able to illustrate to her that, perhaps, she is as much a victim as the girls she means to exploit, that the enslaver is often enslaved themselves.....by a mentality that enshrouds darkness around all involved.'

LAURA

'I think that's a tall order with her.'

DAVID

'She has been brutalised beyond measure. I have seen it in her eyes....she probably suffered poverty and emotional depravation as a child....the brutality is channelling through her and making her behave that way towards others for fear of addressing the emotions she, herself, is repressing, needs to acknowledge.'

LAURA

'She might just be plain and simple evil.'

DAVID

'Nietsche said look beyond good and evil. Martin Luther King said 'There is no such thing as good and evil, merely right and wrong.'

LAURA

'Well, I would remain vigilant and alert to her. You saw how some of them reacted to her. She seems to be able to run people through with a stare. I feel a chill myself when I look at her.'

DAVID

'Again, we might be able to turn that to our advantage.....approach her cerebrally rather than emotionally.....and, I might add.....I am not inexperienced when it comes topsychologically detached people.....I did, after all, receive an Ivy League education.....we had to fend for ourselves from the age of 5 don't you know.....but I appreciate your observations.....and perhaps you could remain vigilant to her also.....'

LAURA

'Yes, of course, David.....would you like some tea?'

DAVID

'Oh yes please.'

TRANSITION

. INT. KITCHEN. NIGHT.

Laura and David drink tea. Anya walks in with Pilar and Jacinta. David stands.

DAVID

'Ah, Anya, how are you feeling?'

ANYA

'Better after warm bath.'

DAVID

'I thought you might be interested in this book.'

He passes her a paperback.

ANYA

'The female Eunuch?'

She leafs through it.

DAVID

'I do so hate that word. I hate that word!'

PILAR

'Yes but you are cahones good. Big in cahones.'

He holds his testicles, turns his head and coughs....'

DAVID

Yes, I think I'm blessed in that department.'

ANYA

'Y, Y, Y.....'

DAVID

'Ah, yes indeed, Delilah, X X X is much better.....'

ANYA

'And you are Samson.'

DAVID

'Anya, I thought that most of the other books might not challenge you. You are obviously intelligent.....have a read of it and let me know your thoughts.....'

TRANSITION:

. INT. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

Anjali and some of the other girls are watching TRUE ROMANCE. David walks in and watches the sequence where Gary Oldman is confronted by Christian Slater.....' Dialogue from the movie.

TRANSITION:

. INT. DAVIDS ROOM. NIGHT.

David reads. There is a knock at his door.

DAVID

'Hello, who is it?'

MALENUSHKA

'Is Malenushka.'

DAVID

(standing)

'Come in, Malenushka.'

She enters and looks at him.

MALENUSHKA

'We still have kiss to make.'

David looks at her.

DAVID

'Yes, we still have kiss to make.'

MALENUSHKA

'First, I make movement for feeling.'

He looks at her. She mimes. I look at you. I look at your heart. I see love. I feel love. But my heart has been broken. And I feel shame. My heart is fragile. But I give it to you. She approaches him and they hug. She looks into his eyes. They start to kiss.

ANYA

'I knew so. I knew so. You are like other pimp men. You advantage take of innocent girl. You are same.'

David looks at her. She is dressed in an evening gown which is revealing and has a split side. She carries a cd and a bottle of wine with two fluted glasses.

DAVID

'My god, it's the works tonight.'

(to Malenushka)

'Malenushka.....'

MALENUSHKA

'Misha. Call me Misha. She want eat you for breakfast.'

DAVID

'Misha.....I have to speak with her.....I'll talk to you later.'

MALENUSHKA

'Ok, I leave.'

She understands and leaves.

ANYA

'Yes, You leave.'

DAVID

'Anya.....have you been reading?'

ANYA

'There is much light in here. We can dimmer?'

DAVID

'If you must.'

She dims the lights.

ANYA

'I have bring music.'

She goes to his stereo and puts on a CD. Enigma. She smooches, starts to dance sensually.

ANYA (CONT'D)

'You and me same. You and me know how make people feel good. We have in common gift of make people.'

She dances and allows her dress to fall off her shoulders. She pouts.

ANYA (CONT'D)

'You and me make something strong. We make partner.'

She approaches him and her dress falls to the floor revealing her nakedness. David walks to the stereo and switches off the music. He picks up her dress and hands it to her.

DAVID

'.....you know, Anya, you are very beautiful. Your eyes are liquid diamonds.....or a frozen lake into which I might fall and drown horribly.....but a woman like you will never realise that.....baring flesh and cleavages will never attract a man of substance. A real man knows that all women have breasts, all women possess innate attraction, all women have the god-given ability to love and nurture and envelope a man in sensuality and loving feelings.....the type of man you would hope to lure would be one whom is so hopelessly lost in the moment of lust - no doubt due to intoxication - that, quite frankly, no amount of made-over artifice would make any difference to his urge.....you might as well be.....'

ANYA

'who made you so righteous? Someone has steal your heart, or broken it, I think.....you are not normal. I, here, beautiful, wanton, desire woman offer you on plate for the body love and you stand there like priest in church. Is not natural....'

She holds one of her breasts up to him.

ANYA (CONT'D)

'Look, you want. I know you want. Taste pleasure'

DAVID

'Yes, well, natural is not the only norm....we are not beasts in the field, Anya.' The more alluring you think you make yourself, the more I stand back in reservation and caution.....'

ANYA

'Why?'

DAVID

'Because you are already alluring and attractive physically, but when you become aware of it and try to exploit it you become too self-conscious and too un-natural....it does not work with a man like me. You are more likely to obtain my attention with an innocent shrug or an open gaze, but it would have to be natural, un-forced, for it to be believable.....I think it is you who is hurt and damaged, frankly, and frankly, my dear, the more you utilise those methods of seduction, the more I don't give a damn.....I've always wanted to say that.....to someone, somewhere.'

She cries crocodile tears.

DAVID (CONT'D)

'No, tears won't work

ANYA

'You make mistake with me. Big mistake. Huge.'

DAVID

'I suppose you're going to hiss venally and spit at me next.'

ANYA

'What is venally?'

He looks at her.

DAVID

'Look at yourself in the mirror.'

She turns to the mirror and looks.

DAVID (CONT'D)

'That is venal.'

She manages to stifle a hiss.

DAVID (CONT'D)

'Anya. You must leave this house. I see now that you have not come here genuinely.

(MORE)

DAVID (CONT'D)

You are an emissary, or a spy.....I think you have a place to go. Please go to it. You have not changed.'

ANYA

'Sergei will come here and he will make gun and dog with you. He will kill you. London gangster is afraid of him. He is untouchable made. Have Russian and Serbian gangster connects. They fight war with you. They know how kill easy.....with pleasure.'

DAVID

'Yes, I'm aware of the battle-hardened ex-Russian soldiers, of the Serbian ex-ethniccleansers who are taking control of Londons underworld.....but I am a Harvard man.'

ANYA

'You are out of depth with these killing men. They will cut off your ear and feed it to dog whilst you watch.'

DAVID

'Anya, please leave.'

She turns and leaves, hissing.

DAVID (CONT'D)

'Yes, I knew you'd hiss.'

She turns back and spits at him. He ducks.

DAVID (CONT'D)

'Yes, I thought you'd spit as well. Goodbye Anya.'

TRANSITION

55. INT. HALLWAY. NIGHT.

Anya stamps into one of the dormitories and grabs her things. The other girls look at her and she moves suddenly, makes them jump with fright.....but they end up laughing at her. She stamps down the stairs and leaves through the front door, slamming it behind her. (5.1 audio).

She walks down the street swearing in Russian and then takes out her mobile phone.

ANYA

'Sergei. He is not reasonable. You cannot talk to this man. You must make the violent with him if we get business back. I go home. I tired. You kill him or I call Maxim and he kill everyone. Is time for shitstorm'

TRANSITION:

. INT. BROTHEL. NIGHT.

Sergei and assorted hoodlums drink and snort and swear.

SERGEI

(pouring whiskeys)
'And tomorrow we shall break his bones'

They all salute and drink. He is passed a mirror with white powder. He snorts and then gurns.

SERGEI (CONT'D)

'We will eat his soul and burn his mother.'

He pours another round of drinks.

SERGEI (CONT'D)

'We will cut out his heart and my dog will eat it.'

They salute and drink.

SERGEI (CONT'D)

'We will haunt him and his family for the next 15 generations.'

TRANSITION:

. INT. KITCHEN. MORNING.

David is mulling things over. Laura arrives with Guy.

DAVID

'It's Saturday, you two needn't have come in today.'

GUY

'Davey Crocket wouldn't miss The Alamo for anything.'

DAVID

'Yes, you have voiced my suspicions. And my fears.....You were right about Anya. She tried every trick in the book to seduce me. Tears, Pouts, Threats, Nudity....I really don't know where I found the inner reserve from.....she is actually rather ravishing.....even with a lower lip bruised to the size of a baboons bottom.'

GUY

'You love Malenushka.'

DAVID

'Yes. I do. I love Misha. She is adorable and sensitive and intelligent and she was.....an enchanting goddess last night.'

LAURA

'Have you kissed her yet?'

DAVID

'No.....not.....we hugged though, completely.'

Guy and Laura look at each other.

TOGETHER

'It's Love.'

DAVID

'Yes, I'm in love.'

LAURA

'Go to her.'

DAVID

'I can't.....I have to think through how to deal with Sergei.....I faked it once with him but he is the real Mckoy....he really does have guns and huge dogs and probably a

(MORE)

DAVID (CONT'D)

posse of button men.....and he'll probably be high on crack or Amyl Nitrate or, worse still, the angel dust of our own demise.....'

GUY

'Is Anya still here?'

DAVID

'Good god, no. I gave her her marching orders last night.....but I'm certain the first thing she did was call Sergei and he is probably imbibing and snorting and knocking back chasers and..... chewing on the wooden bar as we speak. We will probably hear the loud screech of a motor vehicle and then violent banging on the door.....worse, he might have one of those pneumatic tools that riot police have.....he'll probably torture us with all manner of medieval instruments.....water torture.....make us watch each others demise.....Anya said he would cut off an ear and make me watch his dog eat it.....'

GUY

'You think he'll be that nice?'

DAVID

'Well, let's think this through.....we have taken his money and his girls.....thrown away his drugs.....removed the firing pin from his pistol.....tamed his dog.....insulted his woman.....she's bound to be his woman.....how much is that all worth?'

GUY

'Nothing compared to the cost of a soul.'

DAVID

'Yes well I think I shall get dressed and make.....contingency plans.....or evacuation plans.'

TRANSITION

58. INT. BROTHEL. NIGHT

Sergei pours more drinks. He is drunk and looks a little stupid.

SERGEI

'We will cut him to pieces and will
open his stomach whilst he still
breathes.'

He looks suddenly uncomfortable and we hear a loud guttural draining followed by a prolonged squelching sound. The other gangsters smell his effluence and all vomit violently in unison. Sergei looks down at his trousers and, to cap it all, pee's himself.

TRANSITION:

59. INT. KITCHEN. MORNING

DAVID

'Yet and still worse, he might
prolong the anguish by not
appearing for days.....for
months even....waiting until we are
safe in our beds and then striking
fast with fire and brimstone.....'

60. INT. BROTHEL. NIGHT

Sergie stands trouserless in his bar. He is handed a crack pipe. He lights it and it explodes. He knock over a candle and a bottle of brandy and his bar is set aflame.

TRANSITION:

. INT. KITCHEN. MORNING.

Anjali has been listening at the door.

ANJALI

'I have idea.....is just experiment.
I need money for charity shop.
Please to give me.'

DAVID

'How much do you need.'

ANJALI

'Not sure. Need many....bring back
change.'

David hands her some notes.

DAVID
'How intriguing.'

Anjali leaves.

GUY
'I could take some time off work
and, maybe bring some of my buddies
from the American University.....we
could wait for him.'

DAVID
'Well.....I'm not really keen on a
pitched battle.....but if you and
Laura could be here.....it would
ease my mind.....I don't want to
leave them alone. They
would be far too vulnerable.....'

GUY
'You think he'll come?'

DAVID
'I think if the man soiled himself
and slept in his own vomit he would
still make the effort on principle.
I hear they're big on
principles.....gangsters...one
wouldn't have thought it though,
would one.'

TRANSITION:

. INT. OFFICE. DAY

Anjali returns with a plastic carrier bag.

GUY
'Anjali. What have you got?'

ANJALI
'Look I buy these for you.'

She takes two dreadlock wigs out of the bag.

ANJALI (CONT'D)
'You can wear these if Ukraine Man
comes to fight,'

David and Guy look at each other, perplexed.

GUY

'I gotta say, Anjali, you have a mysterious way about you.'

ANJALI

'I look at film.....He go to rescue girlfriend from gangster. Gangster have hair like Rastafarian. He look like criminal. He very frighten man.....you can say same word to him. It work. I see movie. It work.'

GUY

'Which movie Anjali?'

ANJALI

'Forget name. I get movie.'

She goes to the living room and returns with a DVD cover.

ANJALI (CONT'D)

'This movie, look.'

She shows them the cover. TRUE ROMANCE.

GUY

'I know which scene you mean.....She means the scene where Gary Oldman plays the gangster.....and Christian.....walks into his den.....he approaches him and Oldman says 'You come in here and you look straight at me. There's a woman with beautiful titties sitting there and you ignore her and look straight at me.....this makes me think you, maybe, got an issue with me.....'

ANJALI

'Yes.....he know.....(to David) you see too, when I watch, you see for minute'

DAVID

'We might have to look at that scene again.....Perhaps we'll change the line to 'decoltage', though.....'

TRANSITION

. INT. LIVING ROOM. DAY.

They watch the movie.

SCENE from TRUE ROMANCE

David turns off the player. He looks at Guy.

DAVID

'But in this scene the gangster
gets killed.....'

GUY

'I think she's got something,
though.....you watch it again and
pick up on his mannerisms...we can
subdue the lights in the house, and
we can disorient him.....use
the accent. He's expecting a
geek....'

DAVID

'I'm not a geek. I resent the
implication.'

GUY

'You are to him. Play with his
expectations. He expects a mild-
mannered American.
Let's give him a West Indian Crack
dealer. We wear the wigs and track
suits and we
talk.....'

DAVID

'Patois.....they speak patois.'

GUY

'Right, so we speak in the accents
and he'll think we're vicious
gangsters. He might have
seen the movie himself and it
might.....the memory of it might
unsettle him.'

DAVID

'I don't know.....if he thinks we're
vicious criminals he might start
blazing away and
then where would we be.....and,
anyway, I should feel stupid.'

GUY

'Better to be stupid than dead.....'

DAVID

'Hand me the wig please Anjali.'

She passes them both the wigs and they try them on.

DAVID (CONT'D)

'yeah, Mon, wid de irie.'

Anjali laughs.

DAVID (CONT'D)

'See. Even Anjali is laughing....and it's her idea.....'

GUY

'We could use the laughter to our advantage.....better watch the scene again a few times over though....I think you need to improve your patoi.'

DAVID

'Yeah, Mon...Da beautiful woman wid da decoltage.....'

GUY

'Say titties, David. No-one will think the worse of you.'

DAVID

'Yeah mon.....wid de irie.....da beautiful titties is da issue...'

GUY

'Better work on the dialogue as well, maybe.'

They saunter and lollop in the room and adopt rapper stances and body language, rearrange their members. Anjali and the other girls laugh.

DAVID

'It's not working.....and where are we going to get a dvd of beautiful titties'

ANJALI

'It work. You already bigger man then Ukraine man. You already win. Just remember you have already win.'

GUY

'She's right.....and I have some
dvd's.'

DAVID

'Where are they?'

GUY

'They're at home.....I could fetch a
collection.'

DAVID

'Well.....I think one would
suffice.''

GUY

'I'll be as quick as I can.'

ANJALI

'We put lights on upstairs
too....maybe they think is big party.
We all dance near
window.'

TRANSITION:

. INT. KITCHEN. DAY

They have brought a television into the kitchen and placed it
on a high shelf, angles towards the door. There are flashing
christmas lights arranged around the hallway and room.
Malenushka walks in.

DAVID

'Misha.'

She hugs him and they kiss.

MALENUSHKA

'I want you to know, David, that
whatever happens with Sergei I will
love you. Even if you lose. Even if
he make gun and injury. I will love
you. I will not go back to him. He
is pig and animal and you have
changed life for me.'

DAVID

'Malenushka. Will you marry me?'

MALENUSHKA

'Yes. I marry you. We make
children. We build life together.'

DAVID
'I can't lose then.'

They kiss again and the girls cheer.

TRANSITION:

. INT. OFFICE. NIGHT.

David and Malenushka smooch at the desk. Guy returns with some DVD's.

GUY
'Ok, you two lovebirds, I got Baywatch, Debbie Does Dallas, I got the strobe from the office party.'

DAVID
'We are going to marry.'

GUY
'That's great! Great news. Congratulations. I'm so happy for you both.'

DAVID
'Ok, so I'll put the finishing touches to the...ambiance, and then we'll get into costume and try a dress-rehearsal.....I'll be in the kitchen and you can walk in.....like Sergei will and get an impression of the atmosphere.....'

GUY
'And, in the real performance, I'll be in the front. We can leave the door open and I can be in the half-light.....perhaps cleaning my nails with a knife. And I'll look menacing and point him to the kitchen. I'll mutter something unintelligible.'

DAVID
'Nice touch.....cleaning your nails with a knife.....how sinister.'

TRANSITION

. INT. HALLWAY. NIGHT

They both wear track suits and the wigs. Have blackened their faces slightly and wear jewelry. The hallway is festooned with fairy lights and a strobe is discerned from the kitchen. We hear porn music also.....and the occasional groan and moan of pleasure. There is a polite knock at the door and they both leap in surprise. The form of a raincoated woman is discerned through the front door window. They look at each other.

DAVID

'Perhaps he has come in disguise as the Avon lady.'

AVON LADY

'Hello?'

With trepidation they open the door. It is Laura.

DAVID

'Oh, good god in heaven Laura. We thought you were Sergei.'

She looks at them.

LAURA

'And I thought it was the Jamaican bobsleigh team.'

DAVID

'Oh.....we're trying something.'

LAURA

'Is there something you're not telling me?'

MALENUSHKA

'David and I are to marry.'

LAURA

'Really?'

DAVID

'Yes, I proposed earlier today. She has accepted.'

LAURA

'Well.....that is just the most lovely news. Congratulations.'

MALENUSHKA

'Thank you. I am very luckyful girl in world.'

Laura is slightly tearful. She looks at Guy. Malenushka notices her looking at him.

DAVID

'Lets do the rehearsal and then we can celebrate after the.....after high noon. Places everyone.....Guy, you're in the office, Laura.....you shouldn't be here. It might be dangerous.'

LAURA

'I'll be behind the office door.....in case he tries to hurt Guy.....'

DAVID

'Sterling.....and I'll be in the kitchen with Misha.....we can smooch and show him fearlessness.....all the other girls have to stay upstairs, though. I don't want to place them at any risk.....Misha perhaps you should go upstairs too......'

MALENUSHKA

'No. I stand with you. In moment and in life.'

DAVID

'So.....Sergei rehearsal.....take 1.'

David and Misha go to the kitchen and Guy opens the door.

GUY

'Ready?'

DAVID

(calling)

'Yes. Ready.....and mean business.'

Guy motions to Anjali and some music is turned on. LOUD. He goes outside, leaving the door wide open and looks at the house. We see many people dancing and lights flashing on and off. Natasha is looking out of the open window. He gets into character.

GUY

'She, Wa do dem Irie an me blad clat drug money den?

A respectable woman walks past.

RESPECTABLE WOMAN

'Ought to be ashamed of yourself,
bringing down the neighbourhood
like this. Why don't you go and
sell your drugs in your own
country?'

He looks at her and then focuses on the task ahead.

GUY

'So den.....wayah do wid me drug
money! I say! WHA YA DO WID ME DROG
MONEY!'

He storms into the house and looks at Laura, who is filing her nails. She looks up and points him to the kitchen. He looks around and then storms into the kitchen. The image of a naked woman writhing in sensual abandon confronts him on the television screen. He looks at it for a moment, then past the television into the room, through the stroboscopic lights. David is discerned in the half-light smooching with Misha. David stands up suddenly and Guy flinches and then runs out of the house in a panic.

TRANSITION:

The music has stopped and they have turned the flashing lights off. They are all in the hallway, laughing.

LAURA

'Well.....that was something.....else.'

GUY

'You know, I was actually genuinely
scared. When you stood up like
that, I thought you were going to
eat my spirit!'

DAVID

'I think it will work.....let's
resume places and wait it out.'

GUY

'I'll be behind the desk this
time.....Laura, that was.....what made
you choose to file your nails?'

LAURA

'Oh, I thought it might be more
authentic.....I think you should do
it too....don't be
too real. Something must be
deliberately not right, or he'll
see through the illusion.'

GUY

'You're perfect.'

MALENUSHKA

'She is perfect and she love you.
You must marry her.'

Guy looks at Laura. Laura looks down at her feet then looks up at him.

GUY

'Yes. Yes I do think I must marry
her.....Laura.'

LAURA

'Yes.'

They hug and then kiss. More cheering from the girls. Natasha calls from upstairs.

NATASHA

'Hey, is big hummer come.'

DAVID

'Right, places everyone.....its
showtime.'

TRANSITION:

. EXT. HOUSE. NIGHT.

The Hummer drives slowly down the tree-lined road. It slows down by the house. Sergei and his associated take in the sight. He gives his driver a nod and they continue down the road. A moment passes and it returns. It comes to a stop outside the house.

SERGEI

'This is not real party!'

He jumps out of the Hummer.

SERGEI (CONT'D)

'You stay here. I go in alone. I
make hot dog with this American.'

His associates look at each other.

ASSOCIATES

(behind Sergei's back, in
Russian)'Make hot dog? Maybe the boss is
not the boss anymore.

(MORE)

ASSOCIATES (CONT'D)

Maybe he has lost his senses. Maybe
we should switch allegiance and
work for the Yankee Dollar.'

Sergei walks towards the house. We hear another guttural
drain and then a long, wet flatulent sound...which squelches
at the end. The associates nod and they drive away.

SERGEI

'No....!'

He looks at his Hummer being driven away and then back at the
house. Natasha catches his eye. She looks at him squarely and
nods approvingly at his demise. Sergei walks into the house
and along the corridor. He see's a Rastafarian man kissing a
white woman. The Rastafarian looks up at him and then points
to the flashing lights in the room down the hall. Sergei
walks down the hall and into the kitchen. The television
shows Baywatch, with women running in swimsuits along a
beach. He looks at the television for a while then peers
through the stroboscopic lights. He discerns another
Rastafarian man kissing another white woman. He looks at the
video again and then at the Rastafarian. Then he looks for
the light switch and turns on the main lights.

SERGEI (CONT'D)

'Ha ha.....ha ha hayou make true
romance at me....ha haha ha
ha.'

He switches off the television and looks at David.

SERGEI (CONT'D)

'You get my message. Yes? I send
you fish.'

DAVID

'Yes, swims with the fishes.....I saw
The Godfather as well....it was
delicious, actually....with Almonds
and a white wine sauce.....'

Sergei looks at him.

DAVID (CONT'D)

'Oh.....Sergei, what do you want?'

Sergei looks at Misha.

SERGEI

'She is my property. You give her back.....ha ha.....you are funny, you skinny yank.....ha ha.....you make the scare of the film.....but Sergei has seen True Romance.....Sergei is real gangster, not movie actor pretend to be scare.....ha ha...you are funn-ny......'

DAVID

'Misha and I are to be wed.'

SERGEI

'To be wed?'

DAVID

'Yes, married. I marry Misha.'

Sergei looks at David.

SERGEI

'Please to extinguish strobo.'

David nods to Misha and she switches off the lights. Sergei looks at David in his makeup and wig.

SERGEI (CONT'D)

'Haaaaaa, ha ha ha.....ha ha.....haaaaaaaa. You is funny. You is funn-ny...but I no joke now.....is time for you pay back money. Give back girls.'

DAVID

'I can't do that, Sergei.'

SERGEI

'I no give choice.'

DAVID

'Sergei, sit down.....have some tea.'

SERGEI

'I no want tea. I want money back and girls back.....and leopard skin Cadillac back.'

DAVID

'You want the pill-box hat back too?'

SERGEI

'Hunh?'

DAVID

'Never mind.'

SERGEI

'Do not make elliptic reference
with the clever talk. I can eat you
soul.'

DAVID

'I'm sorry I don't have a samovar,
but perhaps a pot of Earl Grey.....I
have lemon or
milk and white sugar. Which do you
prefer?

SERGEI

'I give you credit, American skinny
gangster, you are confidence.'

DAVID

'I am just tired Sergei. Tired of
the pretence and the lies and the
misery and the suffering
and the exploitation. I yearn for a
quiet day....just to return to a job
and regular pay and
the kiss of a loved one in the
evening.....don't you?'

SERGEI

'It was not always like this for
me.'

DAVID

'Sit down. We'll drink tea and talk
some.'

Malenushka makes a pot of tea whilst they talk.

SERGEI

'I make war when I 18. I join
Russian army in Afghanistan and
make kill many many
peoples who is just live for peace
with family. I return from
Afghanistan and make crazy
dream in awake. Not make daytime
live easy after war. I join
mercenary in Serbia and in
Slavic countries. I make kill in
war for money. I die in heart.

(MORE)

SERGEI (CONT'D)

I not make life with soul. I
look at person with eyes that burn.
I make money to kill people with
smile......'

DAVID

'You were robbed of an innocent
childhood.'

SERGEI

'Yes. My father beat me bad as
child. I run away when 18 and join
army.'

DAVID

'Do you only run brothels?'

SERGEI

'No. I make squat. I open empty
house and I charge rent for room in
squat. I make plenty
money. Tenant no know it is illegal
house. I come to England and I
untouchable with law. With police.
They follow me and I make shitstorm
in their face.'

DAVID

'Charming.'

SERGEI

'I not bad man. I just fight fire
with fire.'

DAVID

'You fight fire with fire....yes, I
see.....so how many properties do
you squat?'

SERGEI

'Many.....nearly 50.'

DAVID

'You have control of 50 houses in
London!?'

SERGEI

(proudly)

'Yes, and soon I make partner with
man from Israel and we have 200
houses.'

DAVID

'It is I who have underestimated you, Sergei.'

SERGEI

'We go partner, I think. Is intelligent thing to do.'

DAVID

'No.'

SERGEI

'No?'

DAVID

'No. You give me keys to houses.'

SERGEI

'I give you keys to houses?'

DAVID

'Yes.'

SERGEI

'No.'

DAVID

'Yes.'

SERGEI

'No.'

DAVID

'You have key on chain in trouser. You give to me.'

SERGEI

'No.'

DAVID

'Give to me now.'

SERGEI

'No.'

David looks at Sergei. Sergei grins and then gives him the huge bunch of keys.

DAVID

'Now I go. And I no come back. I go back to Ukraine and I make farm with savings. I no make pimp no more. I learn life is beautiful.'

SERGEI

'Ah.....you clever, American. You trick Sergei.....ha hah.....ha ha hah.'

DAVID

'Sergei. This is not a trick.'

SERGEI

'Is not trick? What is then?'

DAVID

'I give you back your soul, Sergei. In return for you leaving these girls alone. In return for you going home.'

SERGEI

'But is my invest. Is my work! I can be millionaire.'

DAVID

'With your soul you are already a millionaire.'

SERGEI

'You trick. You trick.'

DAVID

'No, I no trick.'

SERGEI

'I no understand you. American.'

DAVID

'One day, you might learn, Sergei....if you stop taking drugs, and if you stop selling drugs.....and if you stop pimping.....you might discover that real knowledge, real wealth and real value cannot be appropriated nor intimidated from others. It has to be earned. You will only learn that in the real world, not in the twilight world of crime. Only then will you be able to re-join the human race.'

SERGEI

'But you have not address for keys. You not know where houses is.'

DAVID

'You can send me the list of
addresses.....or not, as the case may
be.....let your
conscience be your guide.'

SERGEI

'You crazy. You never get address.
I burn paper before I give to you.'

DAVID

'Let your conscience be your guide,
Sergei.....go buy a farm in the
Ukraine. Go be
happy. Find a wife. Make a
family.....'

SERGEI

'II.....'

DAVID

'You go?'

SERGEI

'Yes, I go.....'

DAVID

'Goodbye, Sergei.'

SERGEI

'Goodbye American

Sergei leaves.

DAVID

'You're not staying for tea.....'

SERGEI

'I not stay for tea.'

DAVID

'I was going to serve
macaroons.....'

Sergei turns back.

SERGEI

'I not know you name even.'

DAVID

'The name's Bond. David Bond.'

GIRLS

'DAVID BOND.....mmmmmmmmmmmm.'

TRANSITION

. INT. HOUSE. MORNING.

CARD: TWO WEEKS LATER.

David is seen stretching by his bedroom window. Misha, in a nightie, hugs him from behind. They kiss. We crane down the ground floor and Anjali opens the door to collect the milk as the postman delivers mail. He hands it to her. She takes it and walks into the house, placing it on the desk in the office. She walks into the kitchen as David and Misha walk down the stairs.

DAVID

'Was that the postman, Anjali?'

ANJALI

'Yes, I put letters on desk in office.'

DAVID

'Thank you, Anjali.'

He goes to the office and picks up the mail. He leafs through the letters as he walks into the kitchen. We steadicam behind him. In close up, we see a hand-written envelope. David opens the letter and unravels a printed database sheet.

DAVID (CONT'D)

'Look, it is from Sergei. It is the list of properties in London.....and there's a note.....(he reads it) 'Have gone Ukraine. You are right. Life with soul is beautiful. Thank you my friend.'

He shows Misha.

We crane from a close up of Sergei's letter and past Anjali's hand as she switches on a radio then through the window and across the rooftops of a leafy suburb as the sun rises and London begins a new day.

The End.....or is it the beginning?

END TITLES to 'Can't Buy Me Love' cross-fading into
'Protection' and then possibly/or

Feed The Tree into Protection.

NOTES. Possibly add some audio recordings of 'lonely heart' responses by single women to the montage as he walks through the supermarket and observes the single women