

MAD

Written by

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Based on the novel "Mad, Bad And Dangerous To Know" by Chloe
Esposito

INT. ALVIE'S FLAT - BEDROOM - LONDON - MORNING

ALVINA KNIGHTLY (27, blonde-ish with bad roots) is mouth breathing in her sleep on an unmade bed in a shit room in a shit flat. Her face is smeared with make up that she likely applied three days ago.

A large poster of a shirtless CHANNING TATUM is stapled to the ceiling above her. Next to her is an enormous, pink dildo (veins and all). This is MR. DICK. He's important.

Alvie opens bleary eyes and stretches her arms above her head.

ALVIE
(to Channing)
Morning, baby.

She blows him a kiss, and rolls to her right to face MR. DICK.

ALVIE (CONT'D)
(to Mr. Dick)
We can't keep meeting like this.

She kisses ~~him~~ it.

FANTASY by MARIAH CAREY

Alvie grabs a bottle of cheap chardonnay from the night table and rinses her mouth with it. She considers spitting, but swallows instead.

She swings her legs over the side of the bed, one foot landing in an open pizza box. Disgusted, she lifts the offending foot, pulls a slice of pepperoni from the bottom of it, and eats it.

She stumbles around through a mountain of dirty clothes, finding a knit skirt, a wrinkled tee shirt, and a busted pair of once silver sequined platforms.

They'll do.

SLOTH

EXT. LONDON STREETS - MORNING

Alvie struts her somewhat offputting stuff through the morning streets of grimy London, a little sweaty, a little faded, and wearing massive, mirrored sunglasses.

She checks her phone - the messages pop up on the screen next to her.

TINDER: YOU HAVE A MATCH

She passes a masturbating homeless man. They simultaneously give one another the finger.

HOMELESS MAN
Fuck your mum, you Pikey cunt!

ALVIE
You fuck her!

HOMELESS MAN
(furiously masturbating)
I am!

It's like nightmare Sesame Street out here.

TINDER: YOU HAVE A MATCH

TINDER: YOU HAVE A MATCH

THUNDER_TWAT: Alviiiiiiiiiii <3 <3 <3 <3 <3 <3

She passes a group of hip-hop dancers. She criss-cross jumps her way through them and into a questionably sanitary bodega. One that features large swaths of meat being shaved off a pole.

TINDER: YOU HAVE A MATCH

TINDER: YOU HAVE A MATCH

THUNDER_TWAT: Babes, I need to talk to you. It's VERY important...

She walks out of the bodega carrying a greasy paper sack.

She heads down into the tube.

INT. LONDON TUBE - MORNING

The car is packed. She looks around - everyone is disgusting to her. A sweating woman in too much makeup. A child covered in something melted and sticky. She eats her greasy sack food. She's as bad as the rest of them.

EXT. LONDON STREETS - MORNING

TINDER: YOU HAVE A MATCH

TINDER: YOU HAVE A MATCH

THUNDER_TWAT: Please phone me as soon as you can...

Alvie finishes her breakfast and discards the wet paper in a bin, wipes her hands on her skirt and turns to go inside the revolving doors of a large magazine company called STATUS.

INT. STATUS MAGAZINE - LOBBY - MORNING

Alvie high fives a bored looking security guard and heads into an elevator.

INT. STATUS MAGAZINE - ELEVATOR - MORNING

Alvie is crowded in with several very well dressed people. She doesn't take off her sunglasses.

THUNDER_TWAT: Alvie, you have read receipts on.

ALVIE

Fuck right off, cunt sister.

Several people in the elevator give her a look.

ALVIE (CONT'D)

Wot?

INT. STATUS MAGAZINE - BASEMENT - MORNING

Alvie sits in a cubicle with her feet up on her desk. She is tweeting a haiku from her phone.

DRONE BEES ARE JUST SLAVES I STAY ALIVE IN THE HIVE PORN PORN ALL DAY PORN

She hits send.

ALVIE
I'm a poetic giantess.

She googles porn. **THREESOMES. FETISH. MILFS. FEMALE FRIENDLY.**

A clammy, pale faced man slowly lifts his head over the divider between cubicles.

ALVIE (CONT'D)
What do you want, Ed?

ED
Good morning, Alvie. How was your weekend?

She continues her search. **DEEP DICKS.**

ALVIE
Fuck off, Ed. You want the fifty quid I owe you.

ED
Yes! I mean, if you have it available.

ALVIE
I don't.

ED
Right. Okay then.

He does some breathing and staring.

ALVIE
This is a no fly zone, Ed. Get out of my air space.

ED
Right.

ALVIE

Now.

ED

Right.

He slowly dips away. Alvie clicks a DEEP DICK video. The sounds of a man's buttohole stretching wider than it should play from her speakers.

.....OH FUCK ME YOU MONSTER OH FUCK OH OH OH

A shadow looms over her.

ALVIE

Am I going to have to call HR on you again for stalking, Edward? You need to fucking check yourself-

She turns. A very unhappy woman who looks like a human pencil is standing behind Alvie, with her arms crossed.

.....YOU LIKE THAT ASS, BIG PAPI-

ALVIE (CONT'D)

Angela. Top o' the morning to you.

She tries to turn the volume down, but it just gets louder.

ANGELA

Ms. Knightley-

.....MAKE IT CLAP FOR ME, FUCKBOY

ANGELA (CONT'D)

(furious)

You're tweeting about porn from the company account?

Angela looks at the two men on the screen.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

And you're *watching* porn from the company account?

.....YOU'RE SO TIGHT, YOU'RE SO TIGHT OH FUCK

ALVIE

Just checking the firewalls. Which clearly aren't working.

ANGELA

You're fired.

.....CUM IN ME, PAPI. POUR IT INSIDE ME OH FUCK FUCK

ALVIE

Right.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - LONDON - AFTERNOON

Alvie walks up the stairs to her flat. Graffiti is spray painted on the walls of the hallway. It's really gross.

ALVIE

There's a hole in the world like a great black pit and it's filled with people who are filled with shit and the vermin of the world inhabit it and it goes by the name of London.

INT. ALVIE'S FLAT - LONDON

A stringy man and an overweight woman are making out on a broken couch. Gary and Patty. Or Graham and Peggy. Whatever.

ALVIE

Hi.

She hangs her keys up next to the door.

GARY

Alright.

Alvie heads for her bedroom.

GARY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(to Patty)

She looks like a sewer rat.

ALVIE

I can hear you.

GARY

Fuck you.

ALVIE

Fuck YOU.

INT. ALVIE'S FLAT - BEDROOM - LONDON - AFTERNOON

She slams her bedroom door. A piece of her ceiling caves in and collapses on her bed. Channing remains unharmed. Light pours in through the hole.

ALVIE

Fuck me.

INCOMING CALL. THUNDER TWAT

Decline.

Alvie strips down to a pair of ratty underpants and no bra. She kicks the large chunk of roofing off her bed and stretches out. She opens TINDER. Her profile picture is the backside of a tan, brick house bodied blonde on a yacht.

ALVIE (CONT'D)

(to camera)

Wot? I'm a catfish.

Time to judge some losers.

We watch her swipe left over various men.

ALVIE (CONT'D)

Left.

Left.

Left.

Left.

Left.

God no.

Left.

Left.

Left.

Gag.

Too thin.

Creepy grin.

Wot is that hat?

Nude with a cravat.

Hitler 'stache.

Contagious rash.

Crossed eyes.

Ate all the pies.

Tattoo on face.

Human race?

Toilet selfie.

Christmas elf-ie.

Left.

Left.

Left.

DADDY.

She stops on a *really* hot guy. Like catfish levels hot, there's no way he's real.

ALVIE (CONT'D)
Hello Harry, 27, from three miles away. Mr. Right There, I'm gonna right swipe you so hard-

INCOMING CALL. THUNDER TWAT

She accidentally answers it.

ALVIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Tits.

We hear a woman's voice from the other end. This is her sister, ELIZABETH KNIGHTLY-CARUSO (27).

ELIZABETH
Hello, are you there?
I can hear you breathing-

ALVIE
Hi Beth.

ELIZABETH
Oh, thank God, I've been trying to reach you for hours-

ALVIE
Sorry, I've been ass up in work - up for a big promotion you know, just been really in it-

ELIZABETH
It's been two years, Alvie.
(beat)
It's so good to hear your voice.

Alvie rolls her eyes.

ALVIE
Could we table this for another time, I'm just really busy-

ELIZABETH
NO. You can't ignore me forever.
For goodness sake, you're my *sister*-

Alvie turns to camera. DISCLAIMER flashes across the screen.

ALVIE

(to camera)

*My heart is in the wrong place.
Literally. So is my stomach, my
liver and spleen. All my internal
organs are on the opposite side. My
sister, Elizabeth, Cuntty Cinty
Fuckface here, has all of her
organs in the right place. She is
right handed, I am wrong handed.
She has the right husband, the
right baby, the right address - I
have Mr. Dick, a hostile uterus,
and I live in a natural habitat for
scabies.*

*Do you know in Italian, the word
for left is 'sinistra'?*

I am the sinister sister.

She is the superior sister.

Just so you know.

Carry on.

ELIZABETH

*I'm heartbroken without you. Come
see me. Come meet my son.*

Alvie reaches for Mr. Dick. She makes his head bob up and down as if it were Elizabeth speaking.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

*If you're worried about what
happened in Milan, don't. Ambrogio
and I don't even think of it. I
wish you weren't so embarrassed - I
know it's why you stopped talking
to me.*

ALVIE

(to camera)

*She's referring to when I fucked a
stranger in a confessional at her
wedding.*

During her wedding.

Not my best work.

ELIZABETH

Alvie, say something.

ALVIE (V.O.)

Slag.

ELIZABETH

I need you. I'm begging.

ALVIE
Things are really hectic here right
now, Beth. It's not the best time.

ELIZABETH
I'll buy your flight.

A knock at her door. More ceiling falls onto the bed.

ALVIE
Just a second - I've got a call
coming in.

She mutes the phone.

ALVIE (CONT'D)
Wot?

Gary pops his head in. He sees her partially nude, holding a
giant pink dick.

Beat.

GARY
We've been thinking...

ALVIE (V.O.)
Doubt it.

GARY
Did you put that hole in the
ceiling?
I don't actually care.
We'd like you to move out.
Tomorrow. So...good luck in your-
(he gestures to Mr. Dick)
-endeavors.

ALVIE
Did you say *tomorrow*?

GARY
It's not personal.
No, it is.

ALVIE
You're hideous and you smell like
white wine vomit.

GARY
You look like a gang-raped fox.

ALVIE

Get out of my room, dickcheese.
It's mine for one more night.

GARY

Leave your keys in the kitchen.

ALVIE

I'll leave them up your arsehole.

He leaves.

Alvie looks around sadly at her squalor and then to camera.

ALVIE (CONT'D)

(to camera)

Not the best day.

Not the best life.

She leans back and looks up at Channing and, in a moment of pure earnestness, sings to him.

ALVIE (CONT'D)

(singing, sincere)

Cowboy, take me away

*Fly this girl as high as you can
into the wild blue*

Set me free, oh I pray

*Closer to Heaven above and closer
to you-*

Closer to yoooooooooooooooooooo.....

Channing and his abs stare silently back at her. She makes up her mind.

ALVIE (CONT'D)

Bollocks.

She unmutes Elizabeth.

ALVIE (CONT'D)

Still there?

ELIZABETH

Yes, of course.

ALVIE

You said you'll buy my flight?

ELIZABETH

(really excited)

Yes! Club Class, darling, the best
for you. Will you come?

ALVIE

I'll come.

Elizabeth squeals. It's annoying.

ELIZABETH

TRULY? Oh my God, you're going to love Taormina, I promise. I've been dying for you to see...well, everything, really. I'm booking your flight right now - be sure to take advantage of all the free champagne, I'll be so disappointed if you're not good and gazeboed by the time you get here! Oh and we'll have a driver pick you up, his name is Nino, you'll just adore him. How much do you weigh?

ALVIE

Is there a limit?

ELIZABETH

I just want to know if we're still the same size.

ALVIE

9 stone 5.

ELIZABETH

Oh thank God, me too. I just can't seem to lose the baby weight, you know?

Alvie rolls her eyes.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

Alvie?

ALVIE

Yes, thrilling, we're at least still fat as the other. See you tomorrow, then? K, tata.

She hangs up on Elizabeth and sits in stillness for a moment before she turns to speak to us.

ALVIE (CONT'D)

(to camera)

Don't be fooled by her pleading. My sister is a world class manipulator.

She pulls a ratty suitcase from under her bed, stepping over cigarette butts and food wrappers. She continues to pack over her monologue and we see how disgusting her room is. Old food, old wine, filthy clothes, used condoms, maybe a dead animal.

ALVIE (CONT'D)

*Note that not **once** did she ask me how I was or what I was doing. That selfish cow wouldn't know altruism if it was on sale at Barney's.*

She's trying to pull a very large, stretchy, black, double ended dildo from far under her bed. It snaps and slaps her in the face.

ALVIE (CONT'D)

Two years is a long time to not speak to one's sister, but let's be clear. She stopped speaking to me.

She has packed a suitcase full of cocks. She hardly has enough room for clothes, so she just plucks whatever she can find off the floor that isn't crusty.

ALVIE (CONT'D)

Beth only ever needs me when it suits her.

She sits on her suitcase and tries to zip it.

ALVIE (CONT'D)

I'm not telling you this to garner sympathy. I'm telling you this, because it's terribly suspicious that my suddenly doting sister wants to see me or have anything to do with me at all, considering up to this point, she has treated me like a chronic boil.

She can't get it zipped, so she puts some of the cocks (including Mr. Dick) into a carry-on tote. She sits back on the suitcase and gets it zipped all the way. She's out of breath.

ALVIE (CONT'D)

*But fuck it.
Got no job, got no flat, got no pride.
Beth's place is better than getting bum-raped in an alley by a homeless Cockney. Just.
And I need some sun.*

INT. HEATHROW AIRPORT - MORNING

Alvie is in the security queue for CLUB CLASS. She's wearing a too-tight, hot pink bodycon dress with filthy trainers.

An older, elegant woman in head to toe LOUIS VUITTON is behind her - she gives Alvie a vicious once over of disdain.

MRS. LOUIS VUITTON
This is the queue for Club Class.

ALVIE
And?

MRS. LOUIS VUITTON
Coach is that way.

ALVIE
Oh, do you work here?

MRS. LOUIS VUITTON
No.

ALVIE
Just staggeringly rude then, got it.

Before Mrs. Louis Vuitton can respond, Alvie gets waved through the human x-ray machine.

When she gets to the other side, A SECURITY GUARD approaches with her tote.

SECURITY GUARD
Madam, is this your bag?

ALVIE
Yeah.

He brings her (audibly buzzing) bag to a table. A FEMALE SECURITY GUARD joins them.

SECURITY GUARD
Your bag appears to be buzzing, Madam. Could you tell us why?

ALVIE
(to camera)
Cocks. So many cocks.

He goes to unzip it.

ALVIE (CONT'D)
You definitely don't want to look
in there. It's not a bomb or
anything.

(beat)
Shit, shouldn't have said that.

He scowls at her and reaches a latex gloved hand inside. He
digs around and pulls out all eleven mighty inches of a
violently buzzing Mr. Dick.

Alvie looks around, embarrassed. Mrs. Louis Vuitton stares at
Alvie like she's a leper.

ALVIE (CONT'D)
(to Mrs. Louis Vuitton)
What is your problem?

SECURITY GUARD
I'm going to have to confiscate
this. You can't take it on the
plane.

ALVIE
What? Why? It's not on the list of
banned items-

She gestures to a board with images of lighters and razor
blades.

ALVIE (CONT'D)
I certainly don't see any big
rubber cocks on that list.

The female security guard tries not to laugh.

SECURITY GUARD
It could be used as a weapon.

ALVIE
I swear I won't masturbate anyone
with it but me.
And not on the plane.

She looks at Mr. Dick with deep, deep fondness.

ALVIE (CONT'D)
Please. He's my best friend.

She squeezes a single tear down her cheek.

The female security guard steps in.

FEMALE SECURITY GUARD
Remove the batteries, ma'am. Then
you may take it.

ALVIE
(to camera)
She bloody knows what's up.

The female security guard nods at her. Solidarity.

She takes the batteries out and shoves Mr. Dick back in the tote, and - with head held high - walks toward her gate.

INT. BRITISH AIRWAYS FLIGHT - CLUB CLASS

Alvie shuffles in and looks for her seat - and who should be next to her, but MRS. LOUIS VUITTON herself. They're seated facing one another, a short partition between them.

ALVIE
What fortune.

The woman doesn't respond. Alvie leans forward.

ALVIE (CONT'D)
Did you wake up this morning
knowing karma would come for you
today?

The woman presses a button on her seat and the partition between them begins to rise - only to stop half way. The partition won't budge.

Alvie laughs, too loud. The woman presses a call button for a STEWARDESS, who promptly comes over.

STEWARDESS
Is there anything you need, Madam?

MRS. LOUIS VUITTON
The partition doesn't seem to be
working.

The stewardess presses the partition button, but nothing happens.

STEWARDESS
I apologize, there seems to be a
malfunction.

ALVIE

(to Mrs. Louis Vuitton)
Perhaps it's all the bad vibes
you're putting off.

MRS. LOUIS VUITTON

Could I take another seat?

STEWARDESS

The flight is completely booked,
but maybe someone would be willing
to trade seats with you.

Mrs. Louis Vuitton dismisses the stewardess. Alvie slowly
peeks her head over the half-risen partition.

ALVIE

Look on me and know thy fate.

Mrs. Louis Vuitton turns red with rage.

Another steward comes by on Alvie's side and offers her a
tray of champagnes. She takes two.

ENVY

INT. CATANIA AIRPORT - BAGGAGE CLAIM - AFTERNOON

Alvie wobbles to and fro - completely blasted. The heaviness of her tote makes her lean to one side. She's sweating a little a lot. She texts THUNDER_TWAT.

Just landed, waiting for luggage. I'll see your boob.

ALVIE

So close.

********I'll see you SOON.***

The bags start coming out. She notices a huge Louis Vuitton suitcase that definitely belongs to Mrs. Louis Vuitton, but doesn't see her anywhere.

Alvie looks right at camera and gives a big, nasty grin.

ALVIE (CONT'D)

Finders keep, Cuntbollocks weep.

She snatches the bag off the belt and runs for the single family bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - CATANIA AIRPORT - AFTERNOON

Alvie sweats like a whore in church. She's trying her damndest to get the Vuitton bag open, but it's padlocked.

ALVIE

Shit fuck cock.

She pulls it as hard as she can, to no avail. She looks at herself in the mirror - sweat stained bodycon dress, make up a mess, hair like greasy straw.

A haiku pops up next to her.

**WONDER FILLED GODDESS
I FUCKS WITH NO MAN BUT ME
OPEN THE DAMN BAG**

She squares herself in the mirror and then raises the suitcase and slams it on the sink. The padlock pops off. Everything within is Louis Vuitton. She pulls out a slinky black dress, black heels, and a make up bag almost the same size as her tote.

MAKEOVER MONTAGE

Alvie does a complete transformation, but drunkenly and with lots of teetering over.

Everything fits to perfection and we finally see that she can be, despite her personality, attractive. She looks at her new self in the mirror.

ALVIE (CONT'D)
 Goddamn. I'd fuck me.
 (she laughs)
 El oh el, I fuck me best of all.

INT. CATANIA AIRPORT - AFTERNOON

Alvie emerges from the bathroom a brand new woman in another woman's clothes.

ALVIE (V.O.)
Nino...Nino...

She squints. She's so drunk she can hardly make out the signs of the drivers. None of them say Nino.

ALVIE (V.O.)
*How many ways can you spell Nino?
 Oh no, it wouldn't say Nino, would
 it - it would say Alvina. Or maybe
 Elvira. Or Alan. No one gets it
 right.*

She glances over a sign that says A. KNIGHTLY.

ALVIE (V.O.)
Good compromise.

She looks up at the man holding the sign -

ALVIE
 DADDY.

He looks exactly like Channing Tatum, only with a rough scar on the side of his face and dark hair. This is NINO (30s). Alvie is visibly panting.

ALVIE (CONT'D)
 (to camera)
*Oh my God, did I FUCKING MANIFEST
 CHANNING TATUM??*

She slowly (as not to fall) walks toward him.

ALVIE (CONT'D)

(to camera)

*Not Channing, but damn, close
cookie.*

(to Nino)

Nino?

NINO

Miss Knightly?

ALVIE

Yes, that's the me.

I mean I'm me.

Alvina.

She curtseys. It's weird.

NINO

Buona sera. Will you come with me?

ALVIE

(sotto voce)

Can I come on you?

NINO

Scusa?

ALVIE

After you.

EXT. CATANIA AIRPORT - AFTERNOON

The afternoon sun is blazing. Alvie follows Nino to a perfect, candy-apple red 1972 MIURA parked on the curb. He takes her stolen bag and hoists it into the trunk.

ALVIE

Is this your car?

NINO

Betta wanted you to 'arrive in
syle'. It belongs to Il Professore.

ALVIE

Wot?

NINO

Ambrogio, Betta's husband. You know
him?

ALVIE

(to camera)

Biblically.

Alvie stares at the car. He holds the door open.

NINO
It won't bite you.

ALVIE
What if I say please?

He smirks. She gets in.

INT. CAR INTERIOR - AFTERNOON

Alvie sinks into the seat and runs her hands over the interior.

ALVIE (V.O.)
*I will definitely be having sex in
this car.
Maybe with this car.*

Nino gets in. Alvie gives him a shameless looking over.

ALVIE (V.O.)
Maybe with you in this car.

NINO
Have you ever been to Sicily?

ALVIE
It's my first time. Go slow.

NINO
Like hell.

Nino guns the engine.

EXT. SICILIAN COUNTRYSIDE - AFTERNOON

NESSUN DORMA - PAVORATTI'S VERSION

Nino and Alvie fly at 180kph through the gold and green Sicilian countryside.

It is a stark contrast to the gray grime of London.

They take an exit for TAORMINA.

EXT. TAORMINA - AFTERNOON

They drive past orchards bursting with bright orange and yellow citrus - pink and white roses bloom everywhere. It's a bacchanal of color.

The car climbs a winding road up a mountain and turns into a hidden driveway. A gate opens and they pull inside.

EXT. VILLA - AFTERNOON

Nino kills the engine and comes around to the passenger side to open Alvie's door.

She slides one pale leg out, then the other. He helps her stand.

The villa is *enormous*. Something out of a Fellini film. Alvie looks around, stunned.

ALVIE

Fuck me.

NINO

I don't work for you.

He winks at her.

Backlit by sunlight, a tall woman walks toward Alvie with arms outstretched like the Christ.

As she comes into the light, we see that it is Alvie's **identical twin**, ELIZABETH. She is *glorious*. Perfect tan, ultra blonde, dazzling smile. Fuck you pretty.

ELIZABETH

Alvina, darling!

ALVIE

(to camera)

*Well. There it is. The best case
scenario version of myself.
Oh God, it's gonna hug me.*

Elizabeth rushes Alvie and squeezes her in a violent embrace.

ELIZABETH

I can't believe you're really here,
at long, long last.

ALVIE

So thoughtful of you to send an
Italian sex god to fetch me.

They look over as Nino effortlessly hoists her bags out of the trunk.

ELIZABETH
Gross, he's positively Cro-Magnon,
Alvina.
And he works for my husband.

ALVIE
Doing what?

ELIZABETH
Handy-work.
Come.

Alvie locks eyes with Nino.

ALVIE (V.O.)
I see you, Dark Prince.

He smiles at her. Sort of.

Elizabeth slings her arm around Alvie's waist and leads her toward the front of the villa - frangipani, bougainvillea, violets, roses, cactus - it is every bit of paradise.

ELIZABETH
Of course you know Ambrogio
inherited the villa from his
parents when he was thirteen - can
you imagine being thirteen, an
orphan and a millionaire-

ALVIE
(to camera)
A thousand times yes.

ELIZABETH
-it breaks my heart imagining him
alone, here in this place.
Everything you could want and
absolutely nothing you need.

INT. THE VILLA - AFTERNOON

Elizabeth is talking about the features of the house. Alvie is checking out Elizabeth's ass, her fine clothes, her sparkling Prada heels.

ELIZABETH
These are original sixteenth
century features. You see the beam
work here -

She gestures to the ceilings and Alvie follows:

her slender arm

to her slender wrist

to the massive seven carat diamond on her finger.

It catches the light and sparkles all over the sixteenth-century-whatever-the-fuck.

They head up a set of wide, white marble stairs.

INT. HALLWAY - THE VILLA - AFTERNOON

A long white hallway punctuated with thick wooden doors stretches ahead of them. Elizabeth stops at one and opens it.

INT. ALVIE'S BEDROOM - THE VILLA - AFTERNOON

The room is cavernous and also white. Double doors lead out to a balcony that overlooks the sea. White curtains blow in the breeze.

Basically, a George Michael music video circa 1990.

The stolen Louis Vuitton and Alvie's dumpy carry-on full of cocks are on the floor.

On the bed are several bright white bags that say PRADA.

ELIZABETH

I assume you stole that dress. We both know what copywriters make.

ALVIE

(to camera)

Rude.

But I have no pride in the face of Prada.

Alvie empties the bags on the bed. Dresses, swimsuits, scarves, sarongs - everything she could need for a hot Sicilian summer. She looks at Elizabeth.

ELIZABETH

Look. We didn't have an easy childhood. I know mum was a bit impatient with you.

ALVIE

Mum treated me like a 'buy one get one' that you don't really want, Beth.

ELIZABETH

And I know we've not been close. I take responsibility for my part in that, I want you to know.

She holds Alvie's hands in hers.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

It means so much to be that you've come, Alvie. I really want...I really want to try. Will you come to town with me? Let's primp and pamper and catch up on everything. I've missed you.

ALVIE

(to camera)
*Something is amiss.
Perhaps it's a brain tumor.*

ELIZABETH

All expenses paid. Please?

ALVIE

So you really don't mind?

ELIZABETH

About the wedding?

ALVIE

(to camera)
I was gonna say that time I fucked your husband, but okay.

Elizabeth hugs her. Again.

ELIZABETH

You know, I've forgotten all about it.

Elizabeth giggles and pulls out of the embrace. She gets a text and Alvie watches her punch in her pin code.

1996

ALVIE

(to camera)
The year Spice Girls released Wannabe. HashtagNeverForget.

ELIZABETH

Ambrogio and Ernesto are almost home. We'll say our hellos and then we'll go to town. I've got the best day planned, you'll just die.

She waltzes out of the room.

ALVIE

(to camera)

Definitely terminal.

EXT. THE VILLA - POOL - AFTERNOON

The sun is hot orange in the sky above a bright blue pool lined with dark lava tiles.

Alvie and Elizabeth walk out onto the terrace and into the loud whine of a chain saw. Elizabeth gazelle leaps across the yard. Alvie follows her.

ELIZABETH

(shouting)

What are you doing?

Hey!

As Alvie comes closer, she sees who is wielding the chainsaw. All 6'4-tan-muscle-ripped-cut-off-shorter-than-meat of him. This is SALVATORE (30s/40s) and he is HELLA FINE. He's also taking a chainsaw to a beautiful flowering tree.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

HEY.

Salvatore finishes cutting the tree. They both watch his bulging bulges bulge a lot while he does it.

SALVATORE

I told your husband it had to go.
It was still here. Now it's gone.

ELIZABETH

You can't just chop down other people's trees!

SALVATORE

I can. I did.

ELIZABETH

Have you lost your mind? Ambrogio will be furious!

SALVATORE

I need the light for my sculptures,
Betta. I told him the tree goes or
he goes. He should be happy it's
the tree.

He smirk-laughs and looks Alvie and Elizabeth over.

SALVATORE (CONT'D)

You two related?

He gives Alvie a long stare. She returns it, just as
intensely. Elizabeth notices but before she can say anything,
another impossibly hot man comes running and shouting out of
the house. This is AMBROGIO(30s)and ~~maybe~~ definitely a Gucci
model.

AMBROGIO

(shouting)

Ma che cazzo hai fatto?

He runs up to the lot of them. Alvie watches him in slow
motion - dark hair bouncing, white teeth shining with rage.

ALVIE (V.O.)

I burn, I pine, I perish.

AMBROGIO

My father planted that tree! *Merda*,
Salvatore, I'm sick of you and your
fucking sculptures!

He's red with fury. Elizabeth puts a hand on his arm.

ELIZABETH

Baby, can you say hello to Alvina
before you have an aneurism?

He turns to look at Alvie and immediately smiles.

AMBROGIO

Alvina...*BELLA*.

He hugs her and kisses both her cheeks.

AMBROGIO (CONT'D)

I almost didn't recognize you, you
are so beautiful! Have you lost
weight?

Ouch.

Salvatore starts to walk away.

AMBROGIO (CONT'D)
Scusa, I have to take care of this
figlio di puttana-

With that he turns and he and Salvatore get into a screaming match in animated Italian. There's lots of gesticulating and spitting and eventually they're both so close they could kiss. Elizabeth and Alvie *both* think it's kind of hot. Because it is.

Then, yet *another* attractive Italian comes running out of the house, an older woman with curly black hair and dark skin. This is EMILIA (50s). She carries a beautiful blonde baby in her arms, ERNESTO (lish).

EMILIA
 What is all the shouting, you have
 woken *il bambino*!

She stops by Elizabeth and Alvie.

EMILIA (CONT'D)
Non chi credo; there are two
 Elisabettas!

ELIZABETH
 Emilia, this is Alvie, my twin
 sister. Alvie, this is Emilia, our
 amazing housekeeper and nanny.
 And this is Ernesto.

Alvie squats down to Ernesto, who dozes in and out in Emilia's arms, despite the shouting.

ALVIE
 (to Ernesto)
You look like me.
You could be my baby.

ELIZABETH
 (to Emilia)
 We're going out and won't be back
 till after dinner - put him to bed
 for me, will you? I'll see him in
 the morning.

EMILIA
Si si, Signora. Bene.

Ernesto reaches out a little baby hand and touches Alvie's face. She bites at him. He laughs.

Elizabeth has already walked away.

ELIZABETH
Alvie, come on!

INT. TAORMINA - SPA - EARLY AFTERNOON

Alvie and Beth are immediately greeted by two beautiful young women who put prosecco in their hands.

The two women take Alvie to a chair. The first woman takes Alvie's hair down. Her roots are black and her hair is filthy. This is CHRISTINA (20s).

CHRISTINA
Non che credo. Your roots are...wow
- have you been eating oysters?

ALVIE
What?

CHRISTINA
Oysters are full of zinc. Zinc
makes your hair grow.

ALVIE
(to camera)
*Fun fact: Semen is also loaded with
zinc, so...drink up ladies and
gents.*

FILTHY/GORGEOUS by SCISSOR SISTERS : MAKE OVER MONTAGE

Elizabeth commands the women in the room, who swarm all over Alvie.

It's a painful process, the full grooming of a woman. It looks like Inquisition torture.

- Hairs rip from follicles as her entire body is waxed: pubis, butthole, lip, chin, soft tummy flesh.
- Chemical reaction of bleach on hair.
- Bone dust flying as her nails are filed.
- Mink hairs being glued to her eyelashes

A BLACK MASTERCARD swipes in time with her transformation.

EXT. TAORMINA - AFTERNOON

Alvie and Elizabeth walk out of the spa in resplendent, slow motion glory. Alvie's hair is white hot blonde and flowing in waves that would make Gisele Bundchen weep. Her nails are oxblood lacquer and her lashes are so long she could braid them.

She looks *exactly* like Elizabeth. They turn every head on the street.

They walk past a bunch of sweaty baseball caps in ill fitting tee shirts and socks with sandals.

A haiku pops up next to Alvie:

TO DESPISE TOURISTS UNIVERSALLY FELT RAGE FUCK YOU, BACKPACKERS

ELIZABETH

You want to see something really
spectacular?

ALVIE

Does it involve cocaine and ice
skaters?

EXT. GREEK AMPITHEATER - TAORMINA - LATE AFTERNOON

Alvie and Elizabeth stand in the sunlight.

An ancient Greek amphitheater spreads out beneath them. It has a new stage, but stone seats and crumbling columns of the original structure frame land and sea beyond. A large mountain smokes in the distance.

Alvie is awed.

ELIZABETH

What do you think?

Beat.

ALVIE

The most peerless piece of earth, I
think, that e'er the sun shone
bright on.

ELIZABETH

Ed Sheeran?

ALVIE

Bill Shakes?

ELIZABETH

I don't really listen to pop.

ALVIE

Okay.

ELIZABETH

I come here a lot to think. My life is so different now that I have a baby. I never really realized how selfish I was. Am. Being a mum really changes you.

ALVIE

Didn't do for our mum.

ELIZABETH

Well she had two, I imagine that's much harder.

ALVIE

On me.

Alvie looks at Elizabeth and notices a huge green bruise on her arm, just under the sleeve. She's clearly tried to cover it with make up.

ALVIE (CONT'D)

Whoa, Beth. What happened?

Elizabeth pulls the sleeve back down, embarrassed.

ELIZABETH

It's nothing. I fell off a ladder.

ALVIE

Well that's a blatant lie.

ELIZABETH

It's not. Drop it.

ALVIE

No way.

Elizabeth drags Alvie to one of the stone benches and sits her down.

ELIZABETH

I need to ask you something. It's important.

ALVIE

You can't change the subject on a bruise the size of a small salad. Did Ambrogio do this to you?

ELIZABETH

(upset)

What? No. Alvie, please. This is hard for me to say and if I don't say it right now I'll just die, okay?

ALVIE

Okay, God, what is it?

(to camera)

If she thinks she can bleach my hair and ask for one of my kidneys, she can go fuck herself.

ELIZABETH

Tomorrow I need you to be me. Just for a few hours.

Beat.

ALVIE

Come again?

ELIZABETH

I need you to switch places with me.

ALVIE

Are you mental?

She motions to Alvie's transformation.

ELIZABETH

We're *identical*.

ALVIE

Is this why you invited me?

ELIZABETH

No!

ALVIE

Liar.

ELIZABETH

You can't know how desperately important this is to me. If I could tell you, I would. You'd understand.

ALVIE

Okay, so tell me and I'll understand.

ELIZABETH

I can't.

ALVIE

Why not?

ELIZABETH

I just can't, alright??

Elizabeth jumps up.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

Oh God, Alvie, *PLEASE*. I need this from you!

Her lower lip starts to tremble.

ALVIE

Are you actually going to fucking cry?

Yes.

Elizabeth sobs into her own hands.

ALVIE (CONT'D)

(to camera)

What fresh hell is this?

ELIZABETH

I'll do anything.

ALVIE

This is why you invited me here. Admit it.

ELIZABETH

I just need this little favor, is it so much to ask? After all I've done?? After all you've done, if I'm being frank.

Alvie looks with disgust at her sobbing sister.

ALVIE (V.O.)

Ugh, God. I despise you, you whining, entitled, little bitch. What gall to invite me here and dress me up and-

She looks at Elizabeth's perfect gold Prada heels.

ALVIE

I'll do it for the shoes.

Elizabeth snaps her face at her, eyes full of sparkling relief.

ELIZABETH
Which shoes, these ones?

She sticks out an ankle. They glitter in the sunset.

ALVIE (V.O.)
Oyoyoy.

ELIZABETH
If I give them to you, do you
promise not to ask me any more
questions?

ALVIE
(to camera)
*Hnnnnnnngggggg they're disco balls
on crack filled with champagne. I'd
fuck them if I could. Maybe I can.
Oh God they're multipurpose magic
fuck me shoes.*
(to Elizabeth)
Yes.

ELIZABETH
Alvie, you angel, you *darling*. You
can't know what this means to me,
thank you.

ALVIE
Only for the afternoon.

ELIZABETH
And a little itty bitty bit of the
evening, but that's all. A few
hours, I promise.

Tears still pour down her face. She gives Alvie a sad smile.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
You are so dear to me. I knew you'd
come around.

ALVIE
No you didn't.

ELIZABETH
Yes I did.

Elizabeth links her arm in Alvie's.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
Let's go to dinner.

INT. RESTAURANT - TAORMINA - EVENING

White tablecloths, white couches, white curtains. Diamond chandeliers, crystal glasses. Everything sparkles.

Alvie, Elizabeth and Ambrogio sit at a table on a terrace overlooking the sea.

A waiter talks to Ambrogio.

ALVIE
(to camera)
*There's no way he put that bruise
on her. Look at those manicured
hands of Narcissus.*

She's staring. Elizabeth notices and glares. Alvie looks down at the menu. She can't read any of it.

Ambrogio reaches a hand across the table and touches Alvie's wrist.

AMBROGIO
Do you trust me to choose for you?

ALVIE
(to camera)
FIRE IN MY LOINS.
(to Ambrogio)
Do you have good taste?

ELIZABETH
He married me, didn't he?

The waiter smiles at Elizabeth and Alvie.

WAITER
Gemelle?

AMBROGIO
Si, gamelle.

WAITER
Cosa vorresti?

Ambrogio rattles off a list of menu items at lightning speed. The waiter thanks him and leaves.

ALVIE

Wow. It never sounds that good in the Queen's English.

ELIZABETH

He's showing off.

AMBROGIO

(shrugging)

Men never stop trying to impress pretty girls.

ALVIE

They do when they're not pretty anymore.

AMBROGIO

How's London?

ALVIE

Plagued with vermin.
How's art?

AMBROGIO

Lucrative.

ALVIE

What is it you do exactly?

AMBROGIO

I buy and I sell.

ALVIE

To whom?

AMBROGIO

Anyone with enough money.

ALVIE

Sounds legal.

AMBROGIO

I hope so.

He winks at Alvie. She smiles.

ALVIE

(to camera)

He wants me.

AMBROGIO

I think they say the food comes faster if someone goes to the toilet. Excuse me.

He gets up to leave and all eyes in the restaurant are on him, including Alvie's.

ALVIE (V.O.)
*Oh what a lovely bum it is, look at
it go, bomp bomp bomp. Almost as
good as Channing's.*

Elizabeth is staring daggers into Alvie.

ELIZABETH
Stop it.

ALVIE
Wot?

ELIZABETH
Stop thinking about Oxford.

ALVIE
I wasn't.

ELIZABETH
Well stop thinking about Ambrogio,
then. You've been salivating over
him all night.

ALVIE
I was thinking about Channing
Tatum, if you must know.
(to camera)
Sort of.

ELIZABETH
You couldn't be more obvious.

ALVIE
I'll think about whomever and
whatever, whenever I want. How dare
you.

ELIZABETH
Can you just make an effort to be
normal?

ALVIE
*Me? You're the one asking me to
impersonate you to your husband and
your indentured servant and your
baby.*
You be normal.

ELIZABETH

I don't want it to be awkward. I thought you were past this.

ALVIE

S'not awkward.

ELIZABETH

It's apparent you're not over it - over him.

(beat)

He thought you were me.

All of the air wooshes out of Alvie.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

He was wasted, Alvina. He was just beside himself the next day - said he'd made a terrible mistake.

ALVIE (V.O.)

Mistake.

ELIZABETH

He never wanted you. He didn't even know it was you. Let it go.

The white room flashes red.

ALVIE

Wow.

That's an awful lot of real nasty from someone who wants such a big favor. You can go fuck yourself, Beth.

ELIZABETH

(panicked)

Alvie, I'm not trying to hurt you, I'm trying to *help* you. It's not healthy for you to be in love with your twin sister's husband. That's weird, you have to admit that's totally weird.

ALVIE

You're fucking weird, you deceptive sow-

Ambrogio comes back to the table.

AMBROGIO

I saw you both across the room just now and gasped aloud.

(MORE)

AMBROGIO (CONT'D)
 I am the envy of the whole
 restaurant with you two *belle*
donne.
 (re: the food)
 Ah, it didn't work?

He looks at Elizabeth and Alvie - both looking a little sour.

ALVIE (V.O.)
Fuck you fuck you I hope you fall
off this cliff fuck you both.

INT. ALVIE'S BEDROOM - THE VILLA - EARLY NEXT MORNING

The sun is just starting to rise.

Alvie is nude in bed, Mr. Dick held tight in her arms. She is startled awake by a piercing shriek. She bolts upright and looks around.

The screaming intensifies.

Alvie hastily throws on the black Vuitton dress, grabs her purse and sticks her head out the door.

INT. HALLWAY - THE VILLA - MORNING

Alvie looks around. The screaming is much louder out here.

She creeps down the hallway to Elizabeth's room and presses her ear to the door. She's holding her purse as a shield.

ALVIE
 (to camera)
Oh my God oh my God it is Ambrogio,
he's a fucking wife beater. Think.
Think. Think.

Suddenly the screaming stops and a fully dressed Ambrogio opens the door with baby Ernesto in his arms. He is startled by Alvie and lets out a small yelp.

AMBROGIO
 (whispered)
Mio Dio, you scared me!

ALVIE
 (whispered)
 You scared me! Who's dying in
 there??

AMBROGIO
(whispered)
Ernesto can be so loud, I'm sorry
if he woke you.

Alvie takes a long look at them both.

ALVIE (V.O.)
*This is what my family looks like
in the alternate universe where my
life isn't shit.*

She closes her eyes tight and thinks real hard.

AMBROGIO
Are you okay?

She opens her eyes.

ALVIE
Sorry. I was attempting a quantum
leap.

AMBROGIO
Beth is just inside, go in.

Ambrogio opens the door all the way for Alvie. Elizabeth is standing at a dressing table in a long, sheer robe.

INT. ELIZABETH'S ROOM - THE VILLA - MORNING

Alvie comes inside. Elizabeth motions for her to close the door behind her. She is holding the Prada heels. Alvie looks at her sister, looks at the heels.

ALVIE
(to Prada)
*Sweet Jesus, I sold my soul for
Prada.
Worth it.*

Alvie takes them.

Swift as wind, Elizabeth ushers Alvie into her bathroom.

INT. ELIZABETH'S CLOSET - THE VILLA - MORNING

ALVIE
Fuck me.

The closet is massive and lined with hundreds of dresses, all perfectly co-ordinated in a textile rainbow.

Elizabeth is rummaging. She pulls a violet chiffon dress off a hanger and tosses it at Alvie.

ALVIE (CONT'D)
You could at least tell about the bruises.

ELIZABETH
I told you I fell off a ladder in the garden.

ALVIE
Onto a fist?

She rummages through a drawer and pulls out a very intense looking push up bra.

ELIZABETH
Wear this.

Alvie puts on the bra and her tits are so high she could smoke a cigarette between them.

ALVIE
(to camera)
LOOKIT THESE YABBOS.

Elizabeth starts to pile Alvie's hair on her head.

ALVIE (CONT'D)
Beth, Ambrogio will know.

ELIZABETH
He won't notice at all.

ALVIE
(to camera - re: boobs)
He'll notice these.

Elizabeth sprays perfumes and powders all over Alvie and drapes her in jewelry.

When they've completed the transition, they both stare at one another in the mirror.

ELIZABETH	ALVIE (CONT'D)
Wow.	Wow.

Elizabeth grins.

ELIZABETH
(to Alvie, as her)
I look good.
(MORE)

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
We need to switch IDs. Is
everything in your bag?

ALVIE
Everything.

ELIZABETH
Your passport too?

ALVIE
Why do you need my passport?

ELIZABETH
I want to be thorough.

Elizabeth hands Alvie a small clutch.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
The keys to the villa and my
passport are both inside.
And remember: you're *Beth*.

ALVIE
(to camera)
She thinks I'm retarded.
(to Elizabeth)
Ya, I got it. How do I avoid
Ambrogio?

ELIZABETH
Just tell him you've got a headache
and want to read. And do try not to
fuck him.

ALVIE
(to camera)
*Jesus be the patience that stays my
swift revenge.*

Alvie looks down at the massive wedding ring on Elizabeth's
finger.

ALVIE (CONT'D)
I'll take that.

Elizabeth looks at it too. She reluctantly takes it off and
hands it to her. Alvie puts it on her finger and is BETH.

ELIZABETH
(relieved)
It's complete.
You're me and I'm you.
Thank you.
I love you, Alvie.

She kisses her on the cheek and leaves Alvie alone in the bathroom. Alvie addresses us directly.

ALVIE

(to camera)

The last time I heard 'I love you'
was eight years ago, in Oxford.
From the lips of Ambrogio.
How fucked is that?

LUST

EXT. POOL - THE VILLA - MORNING

Ambrogio reclines by the pool, smoking a cigarette and reading a paper.

Alvie and Beth walk out onto the terrace together. Alvie is pushing Ernesto in a pram. They look absolutely identical.

Ambrogio lowers his sunglasses to look them both over.

AMBROGIO

Mighty Helen and Clytemnestra - I'm
not worthy to behold you.

Alvie bats her lashes like Beth. Beth awkwardly smiles like Alvie.

AMBROGIO (CONT'D)

What are you doing today?

BETH

Baby Ernie and I have a date in
town together. I've been dying for
a chance to play mummy.

Ambrogio stands and slides his arms around Alvie's waist.

AMBROGIO

So it's just you and me today,
then?

He kisses her neck.

ALVIE (V.O.)

I AM POWERLESS TO YOUR TOUCH.

She sees Beth's face, which tightens infinitesimally.

BETH

I'll see you this evening.

She starts to walk away.

AMBROGIO

Do you even know where you're
going?

BETH

That's what google maps are for!
Ciao!

She leaves. Ambrogio turns to Alvie.

AMBROGIO
Are you certain you feel
comfortable with Mary Poppin-
Special-K taking the baby?

ALVIE
He'll be fine.

AMBROGIO
If you're okay then I'm okay.

He runs his hands up her ribs.

ALVIE (V.O.)
Don't fuck your sister's husband.
Don't fuck your sister's husband.
Don't fuck your sister's husband.

His hands are on her breasts and her neck. He kisses her jaw and she twists away from him and starts to walk toward the house.

AMBROGIO
Hey, where are you going?

ALVIE
Loo!

AMBROGIO
Well come back when you're done,
I've an idea that doesn't involve
clothes.

ALVIE (V.O.)
Don't fuck your sister's husband.
Don't fuck your sister's husband.

INT. ALVIE'S BEDROOM - THE VILLA - MORNING

Alvie rushes in and shuts the door behind her.

ALVIE
(to camera)
I'm gonna fuck my sister's husband.

She goes to the balcony and looks out. Ambrogio dives into the pool - his perfect, lithe body hardly breaking the stillness of the water.

She looks at the bed. Mr. Dick is waiting.

ALVIE (CONT'D)
I'll mind fuck him while I fuck me.

INT. ALVIE'S BEDROOM - THE VILLA - MORNING

Alvie watches Ambrogio swim.

Mr. Dick is suctioned to the bedpost. Her dress is bunched up around her waist and she fucks herself while she watches him.

She cums and shudders so hard she falls to her knees.

She stands up and fixes the skirts on her dress.

ALVIE
Much better.

Mr. Dick wobbles at a perpendicular angle on the bedpost.

AMBROGIO (O.S.)
Beth?

ALVIE
Fuck.

AMBROGIO (O.S.)
Beth?

Alvie looks around, panicked.

ALVIE
Shit shit shit shit shit.

She runs around in circles.

AMBROGIO (O.S.)
Beth, are you alright?

His footsteps come closer.

Alvie tries to pull Mr. Dick off the bed - he stretches in her hands but doesn't budge.

ALVIE
Come on, baby-

AMBROGIO
Cara?

She flings herself down on the bed and pretends to sleep.

He comes in the room and sees her sleeping. He sits down next to her and rubs a hand up her leg.

ALVIE (V.O.)
Be cool. Be cool.

AMBROGIO
Are you sleeping?

ALVIE (V.O.)
*Does it look like I'm baking a
fucking cake, Einstein?*

She moans, lightly and flutters her eyes open.

ALVIE
Oh hi, baby. I'm sorry, I just had
to have a lie down - my head is
pounding.

She can see Mr. Dick peripherally. He wobbles a little, just
out of Ambrogio's sight line.

AMBROGIO
Why are you in Alvie's room?

ALVIE
...I missed her.

She stops his hand from going any further up her leg.

AMBROGIO
(disappointed)
I mean, *fuck*. We never have a
moment alone. Can't you just give
me head?

ALVIE
What did you say?

AMBROGIO
Christo. I'm your husband, I have
needs, Beth.

ALVIE
(rage)
And I have a *headache*, so unless
you intend to rape me, I suggest
you back right off, Ambrogio.

AMBROGIO
(sotto voce)
Such a fucking prude. Maybe I chose
the wrong sister.

ALVIE (V.O.)
OY. Rude.
And yes, you did.

He's pouting.

AMBROGIO

Okay. Well. I guess I'll go out for a bit then.

ALVIE

You do that.

He leaves, muttering Italian curses under his breath. She listens to him stop down the stairs and slam the front door.

She looks around the room.

ALVIE (CONT'D)

(to camera)

The Laws of Attraction say that you should live the life you want to manifest through immersion in those things that represent the desired outcome.

So.

Yeehaw.

INT. THE VILLA - AFTERNOON

YOU OUGHTA KNOW - ALANIS MORRISETTE

Alvie gets drunk and tries on all of Beth's jewelry, her clothes, her shoes.

She masturbates with Mr. Dick in Beth's bed with one of Ambrogio's shirts wrapped around her face.

She eats whatever she wants from the enormous kitchen.

EXT. THE VILLA - EVENING

Spent but still drinking, Alvie is collapsed in a lounge by the pool. She wears a bikini and a silk robe. A bottle of Grey Goose sits beside her.

She's singing Miley Cyrus's WRECKING BALL to herself in the dark.

Footsteps approach.

AMBROGIO

Cara mia, why do you sit out here in the dark?

He sits down next to her.

AMBROGIO (CONT'D)
Is your headache better?

ALVIE
Much.

AMBROGIO
Have you heard from your sister?

He runs a hand up her leg to her knee.

ALVIE
I haven't.

AMBROGIO
You aren't worried?

His hand moves higher.

ALVIE
Do I look worried?

AMBROGIO
I behaved abominably this morning,
can you forgive me?

ALVIE
Listen, you can't talk to me like
that. If I don't want to have sex
with you, I don't want to have sex
with you, okay? You don't get to
make me feel bad about it and if
you're gonna pout, do it privately
because it is very unattractive, do
you understand?

He is wide-eyed. No one's ever said that to him before.

AMBROGIO
I understand. I'm sorry.

ALVIE
You'll need to atone.

AMBROGIO
What would the lady recommend?

He palms her crotch and kisses her - she reciprocates.

ALVIE (V.O.)
*Ass play. Light bondage. Swings.
Don't fuck your sister's husband.*

He's on top of her then, grinding into her on the lounge.

ALVIE (V.O.)
mistake mistake mistake mistake
mistake no no no no no-

Alvie pulls out of the kiss.

ALVIE
Stop.

AMBROGIO
(angry)
Are you serious?

She wriggles away from him and stands up.

ALVIE
Alvie will be back any moment, I
don't want her to catch us.

He sits in the dark on the lounge. He's pissed. She runs her fingers through his hair and kisses him again.

ALVIE (CONT'D)
I desperately want to make love to
you, just so you know. Go upstairs.
I'll be along as soon as they
return.

He nods, still angry, and heads inside.

Alvie dials THUNDER_TWAT.

***Hi, you've reached Elizabeth Caruso. I'm sorry but I can't
take your call right now. Please leave a message-***

She calls her again. Same message. Elizabeth's phone is off.

ALVIE (CONT'D)
I can't do this a moment longer.

Alvie grabs the vodka and drinks. And drinks and drinks until she's finished it.

ALVIE (CONT'D)
S'better.

She gets up and starts to wander around the garden.

She snags her dress on a rosebush and it rips.

She stumbles through the roses and shrubs, taking no heed of her direction.

EXT. SALVATORE'S BACKYARD - NIGHT

Suddenly she is blinded by light.

ALVIE

OY.

When her eyes adjust, she realizes she's standing in Salvatore's back yard.

She freezes like you're supposed to in the presence of a T.Rex. When she realizes no one is home, she takes a huge gulp of air.

ALVIE (CONT'D)

Well that looked dumb.

She walks up to Salvatore's back door and presses her face to the glass. Inside, is a stunning marble statue of a very nude woman who looks just like her. Like Beth.

ALVIE (CONT'D)

Ohhhhhhhhh. He wants to fuck my sister.

A car engine approaches.

ALVIE (CONT'D)

Shit cock bollocks.

Alvie hesitates one way then another - unsure of which direction to go. Finally she hurls herself to the ground and army crawls behind a bush between Salvatore's backyard and Beth's.

ALVIE (CONT'D)

(to camera)

Unnecessarily dramatic, that was.

A car pulls into the bottom of the driveway. It's Beth and Salvatore. We can hear them yelling at each other in the car.

The only clear thing we hear is Beth shouting **"YOU PROMISED."**

Then a door slams and the car speeds up into the driveway.

ALVIE (V.O.)

Shit shit shit run run run.

She army crawls up into Beth's garden and the second she's out of the light, she runs toward the villa.

EXT. THE VILLA - TERRACE - NIGHT

Alvie makes her way back up to the terrace. Her dress is shredded.

She sees Beth's outline in the darkness. She's walking with the pram but something's not right. She too wobbly.

ALVIE
(whispering)
Beth! Pssst. Over here.

The silhouette stops moving and turns toward Alvie in the dark. It comes toward her herky-jerky, slightly terrifying. The pram wheels squeak.

Beth parks the pram by the loungers and lurches over to Alvie.

ALVIE (CONT'D)
Beth, what the *fuck*, where have you been?

Beth doesn't answer. Her head droops.

ALVIE (CONT'D)
What's the matter with you? Are you wasted?

BETH
(slurring)
I'm fine.

She looks up. Her eyes are red.

ALVIE
(to camera)
Talk about emotionally unbalanced.
I haven't cried since 1995.

BETH
What the fuck are you looking at?

ALVIE
Shut up, you'll wake Ambrogio.

BETH
Fuck Ambrogio, I hate him.

She starts to sob.

ALVIE
Why is this happening to me.

She sways, Alvie catches her. Beth starts to cry-laugh. She looks like a lunatic.

BETH

Fuck Ambrogio and fuck Salvatore.
You can have them both. You'd like
that wouldn't you?

Beth laughs in Alvie's face - it is hollow and cruel.

BETH (CONT'D)

You want my life so bad that all
you can do is scavenge my leftovers
to make believe that someone gives
a fuck about you.

ALVIE

What are you talking about?

BETH

Come on, Alvieeeeeeee, don't lie. We
both know you pretended to be me so
that Ambrogio would have sex with
you. You had to trick him to get
laid. How pathetic.

Alvie's heart is beating in her ears.

ALVIE

I didn't trick him.

BETH

There's no way in hell he would
touch you, Alvie. Literally *no one*
wants you. Not Ambrogio, not Mum,
and certainly not me. Look at you.
You're filthy inside and out. I
wish I'd absorbed you in utero.

ALVIE

How dare you.
All my life I've played second
banana to you, like the little man
that comes after the parade to pick
up horse shit. I've never had a
birthday party, I never got a prom
dress, I never even got fucking
hugged, Beth. Do you know what
happens to children who aren't
hugged? They get fucked up.

BETH

Should I feel sorry for you?

ALVIE

YES.

BETH

You make yourself unlovable. You do it deliberately.

ALVIE

Why the fuck would I do that?

BETH

SO THAT SOMEONE WILL PAY ATTENTION TO YOU.

ALVIE

GEE WHY WOULD ANYONE WANT THAT?

BETH

Well I don't know why anyone would want *you*, if that's what you're asking.

ALVIE

Well here's a fun fact, Ambrogio wanted *me*, not you. He said '*I love you, Alvie.*'

Not Beth.

ALVIE.

And you couldn't cope with the fact that something good could happen to me first, so you took him. You take everything because deep down, you're terrified that beneath that pretty skin, you're just a vapid fucking shallow *nothing* - useless, ultimately, and always at the mercy of people brighter than you.

Just like our twat mum.

I might not be a good person, but at least I *am* a person, you insipid robot.

Fuck you, Beth.

BETH

You'd probably like that too, you fucking pig.

Alvie slaps Elizabeth hard across the face. She is suspended in air a moment before she goes down slow and hard against the side of the pool with a wet smack, and then slips beneath the surface.

Alvie doesn't move.

Then, she leans and looks at her sister beneath the surface of the water.

beat.

beat.

beat.

beat.

beat.

ALVIE (V.O.)
*They say if your heart stops for
 four minutes, you're officially
 dead.*

She looks at her sister's watch

ALVIE (V.O.)
*I'd say we have about 238 seconds
 to go.*

beat.

beat.

beat.

beat.

beat.

Her sister's white hair haloes around her in the water. Alvie says everything she's always wanted to say.

ALVIE
 Beth.
 You monster.
 How stunningly cruel - the tiny
 incisions, the nearly imperceptible
 injustices you dealt to convince me
 I was somehow less than you.
 To keep me beneath you.
 But...look at us.
 Shit, Beth.
 It's almost enough to make me
 believe in God.

beat.

beat.

beat.

beat.

beat.

Alvie lays belly down on the tile, her face peering down into the pool. The ripped violet chiffon of her dress flutters in the dark, warm air. She is Narcissus falling in love with himself in the moonlight.

ALVIE (CONT'D)

I mean, look. I take responsibility
for not standing up for myself.
That bit's on me, innit? I let you
abuse me, even after I figured out
that's what you were doing. Because
I thought that's what love was.
That's pretty sick, don't you
think?

She turns an ear down to Beth's upturned face.

ALVIE (CONT'D)

What's that, *pig*?
I can't hear you over the lull of
your watery grave.

beat.

beat.

beat.

beat.

beat.

ALVIE (CONT'D)

Do know how villains are made?
Their identities are slowly
whittled away until the only thing
left of them is vengeance.
88 seconds.

Her reflection superimposes perfectly over Beth's upturned face.

beat.

beat.

beat.

beat.

beat.

beat.

beat.

beat.

BEAT.

Alvie dives into the water.

Her dress tangles around her in the water. She grips Beth's limp arms but they slide out of her grasp. She comes up for air.

ALVIE (CONT'D)
(shouting)
HELP! HELP ME, SOMEBODY PLEASE
HELP! OH MY GOD!

She clutches the side of the pool. The baby starts screaming.

The lights in the villa come on. Alvie drops Beth and she sinks back down to the bottom of the pool. Ambrogio comes running out of the house.

AMBROGIO
What happened?

ALVIE
She's drowning-

Ambrogio dives into the pool and hoists Beth's body up to the surface.

Alvie gets out of the pool and helps him drag Beth's body out. Her head lolls side to side. Alvie pounds on her chest.

ALVIE (CONT'D)

BREATHE.

She pounds again and again but Beth is a ragdoll. She gives her CPR. Nothing.

Ambrogio sits Beth up and slaps her back several times.

AMBROGIO

Alvie? Alvie can you hear me?

Breathe, Alvie. Come on.

He whacks her in the back several more times, to no avail. Her eyes are open and unseeing. She's totally fucking dead.

Ambrogio sits back, out of breath. The baby has cried himself to sleep. Beth's body slumps unceremoniously to the ground.

AMBROGIO (CONT'D)

Fuck, Beth. You weren't supposed to kill her here.

.

.

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.

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.

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.

.

SAY

WHAT

MATE

The world spins on its axis.

Alvie looks down at her sister's body. A dark pool of blood starts to seep from Beth's head onto the tile.

Alvie lays down next to her, blood staining her face and hair and dress.

Alvie looks right into Beth's dead eyes. She tries to cry, but no tears come.

ALVIE
(to camera)
This is so fucked.

Ambrogio has the pram.

AMBROGIO
Come on, Beth. There's nothing we
can do.

Alvie gets up and follows Ambrogio and Ernesto inside.

INT. ELIZABETH'S ROOM - THE VILLA - NIGHT

Alvie is alone and covered in Beth's blood. She paces the room.

ALVIE
(to camera)
*I killed my sister.
But now I am my sister.
Because she wanted to kill me.
So. Fuck.
What would Beth do?
Would she cry? Should I be crying?
I should be upset, I think.
I'm not upset.
Should I be worried that I'm not
upset?
BE COOL.*

Ambrogio comes in the room.

AMBROGIO
He's sleeping, thank *Christo*. It's
not good for babies to witness
things like this, he could get
really fucked up from it, Beth.
What were you *thinking*?

He gets out of his bloody clothes. Alvie stands still.

ALVIE
It was an accident.

AMBROGIO

What are you saying, it's just a coincidence?

ALVIE

Serendipity?

Ambrogio looks at her like she has two heads.

ALVIE (CONT'D)

Shouldn't we call an ambulance?

AMBROGIO

Is it your first day? If we call the ambulance, the police come and I can't be investigated by the fucking police, not now in the middle of this deal.

He slams his fist into a door hard enough to crack it. Alvie shrinks back from him.

ALVIE

So what do we do...we can't just leave her lying there-

AMBROGIO

WELL YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE KILLED HER IN THE BACKYARD THEN.

(beat)

Who knew Alvie was coming to Sicily? You, me, British Airways...anyone else? Any of her friends?

ALVIE

(quietly)

She didn't have any friends.

AMBROGIO

Everyone has friends, Beth. What about work?

ALVIE

She got fired. Right before she came here.

AMBROGIO

The plan was to wait. The plan was to fucking stay in control.

ALVIE

I'm sorry.

He sits down next to her on the bed.

AMBROGIO

We're going to have to deal with
her body ourselves.

ALVIE

Deal with her body?

AMBROGIO

Are you questioning me?
We can't just leave her bleeding
all over the fucking patio. Even if
it was an accident- the police will
be all over us. There's too much at
stake.
They could suspect you of murder.

ALVIE

(to camera)

*Nope. Nope. Nope. I mean that's
sort of what I did, but I'm not
going down for Beth. No way no how.*

(to Ambrogio)

So what are you gonna do? Bury her
in the garden?

AMBROGIO

And then the gardener finds a
British tourist buried under my
lawn? Are you out of your mind?

ALVIE

What about a funeral?

AMBROGIO

YES. There's my girl, quick
thinking. Good job, Beth.

He punches in a number on his phone. He whispers angrily -
staccato Italian punctuates the air around them like bullets.

ALVIE (V.O.)

I'M IN DANGER.

BUT I'M DANGEROUS.

*Be cool. Be cool. Beth knew what
was happening and you don't so
don't open your fucking mouth,
Alvie. Just watch and learn.*

She catches a glimpse of herself in the mirror.

ALVIE (V.O.)
*And try not to look so fucking
excited, you creep.*

Ambrogio ends the call.

AMBROGIO
Nino is on his way. Why don't you
take a shower and try to get some
sleep? I'll take care of it.

ALVIE
I'm coming with you.

AMBROGIO
No, you don't want to see this.

ALVIE
I do. And I will.
(to camera)
*I will see that bitch put in the
ground if it's the last thing I do.*

AMBROGIO
Okay.

He goes to hug her and she flinches away.

AMBROGIO (CONT'D)
What's the matter? You flinched.

ALVIE (V.O.)
*Because you were gonna fucking kill
me, asshole.*

He pulls her into a hug.

AMBROGIO
It wasn't supposed to happen this
way but it did and we will handle
it together, for us, for you and me
and Ernie. We'll get out of this. I
love you.

She pulls away from him. He kisses her.

ALVIE
I'll meet you downstairs.

INT. ELIZABETH'S BATHROOM - THE VILLA - NIGHT

Alvie gets in the shower and washes away the blood. She
scrubs her body so hard it turns red.

When she's done, she stares at her naked body in the mirror.

ALVIE (V.O.)
Am I a murderer?

She picks up the San Tropez self tanner and reapplies it.

ALVIE (V.O.)
Yes.
But so was Beth. Almost.
I'M A FUCKING ROCKSTAR.
What would Beyonce do?

Alvie looks up at herself and smiles. Genuine glee cracks across her face.

ALVIE
She'd get fucking dressed to kill.

EXT. THE VILLA - FRONT DRIVE - NIGHT

Alvie comes out of the house in dark jeans, a black tee shirt and black boots.

A black Mercedes is idling in the drive. Nino and Ambrogio lean against the car, smoking cigarettes.

NINO
Betta.

Ambrogio goes to her.

AMBROGIO
Are you certain you want to come?

NINO
She's here, isn't she?

Nino opens the car door for her. She gets in the backseat.

EXT. TAORMINA STREETS - NIGHT

The Mercedes travels fast and quiet through the roads up the mountain.

We follow it deep into the hills of Taormina - past the populated areas and into more wooded ones.

In the darkness, we watch the car come upon the foundations of a villa. We can just make out the shadows of construction equipment.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - NIGHT

The Mercedes parks and idles. Nino gets out first, then Ambrogio, who opens the door for Alvie.

A large pit has been dug for the foundation.

A man in denim sits on the back of a pick-up truck, smoking a cigar. This is DOMENICO (40s, rough).

NINO
Domenico, e pronto il cemento?

DOMENICO
Si, si. E pronto. E pronto.

Domenico hops off the truck and comes around to the car.

Nino lights a cigarette.

ALVIE
Can I have one?

He looks at her and cocks his head to the side.

ALVIE (CONT'D)
We're about to dump my sister's
body in a ditch, can I please have
a fucking cigarette?

NINO
Sicuro.

He lights one and hands it to her. She takes a deep drag.

Nino pops the trunk. Elizabeth is still in Alvie's black dress, hair matted with blood. Her eyes are open and her skin is so white it could be marble. She looks like Murder Barbie.

Domenico and Nino hoist the body from the trunk and walk it over to the ditch.

NINO (CONT'D)
Uno, due, tre-

They heave the body into the pit. She lands with a hideous thud, face down in the dirt.

Alvie leans over and looks in, just as she did at the pool.

ALVIE (V.O.)
*I hope you haunt this house
forever, you evil bitch.*

Domenico starts the cement mixer. It's slow and loud.

The four stand at the lip of the pit looking in, all smoking cigarettes, like the Four Horseman of the Armani apocalypse.

GLUTTONY

INT. THE VILLA - THAT MORNING

Alvie yawns and stretches after a long nap.

She's in a red silk vintage La Perla nightgown and she looks like she's just had the best sleep of her damn life.

She checks the bedside clock. 10:55 AM

ALVIE

Five minutes before the alarm - who
am I?
Fucking awesome.

She gets up and twirls around the room.

She looks at a picture of Elizabeth and Ambrogio smiling on a yacht.

ALVIE (CONT'D)

(joyful)
I don't miss you at all.

She twirls her way into the bathroom and comes back out dressed in a royal blue split neck Roberto Cavalli dress and the gold prada heels.

ALVIE (CONT'D)

LONG MAY SHE REIGN.

INT. THE KITCHEN - VILLA - MORNING

Alvie waltzes in. Emilia is feeding Ernesto lunch. When she sees Alvie, her face immediately drops.

EMILIA

Oh Signora, buongiorno. Signore
Caruso told me about your poor
sorella. Mi dispiace. Can I get you
anything?

Alvie also immediately changes her disposition to one of grave sadness.

ALVIE

Thank you, Emilia it's...it's a
terrible business. I'm just
heartbroken over it, really.

EMILIA

Signora, you know for you I do
anything.

ALVIE

Could I please have a cappuccino
with three sugars?

EMILIA

Zucchero? But always you say, sugar
is evil. You knock it from my hand.

ALVIE

Well that was fucking rude and I
was wrong to do that.

She touches Emilia's arm.

ALVIE (CONT'D)

The loss of my sister has really
awakened a newness in me, a desire
to live. Three sugars, please.

EMILIA

Santo cielo, bene.

She gets up from Ernesto to make the cappuccino.

EMILIA (CONT'D)

Il bambino has been so good this
morning - you would be so proud of
him.

Alvie looks at beautiful Ernesto. He smiles up at her and
says **ma ma ma ma** with his little arms outstretched to her.

She squats down next to him.

ALVIE

*Oh fuck almighty I forgot all about
you.*

ma ma ma ma ma

EMILIA

You want I should get him cleaned
up for you?

ALVIE

You know what? Yes.

EMILIA

Bene, Signora.

She hands Alvie the cappuccino.

EXT. TAORMINA - EARLY AFTERNOON

Alvie pushes Ernesto in a pram down the golden streets.
People smile and wave at them both.

He babbles to himself. The pram is *full* of toys and trinkets
and an open bag of crisps. Alvie eats one, Ernesto eats one.

ALVIE

Mum of the year, I am.

They stop at an ATM and Alvie pulls a Mulberry wallet from an
Hermes handbag. She extracts a handful of credit cards.

ALVIE (CONT'D)

Let's hope new mummy can figure out
dead mummy's pin numbers.

She inserts a card and punches in 1-9-9-6.

ALVIE (CONT'D)

(singing)

*If you want my future, forget my
past -*

Beth's balance comes up on the screen and Alvie almost
chokes.

€487,380.27

ALVIE (CONT'D)

FUCK ME.

She withdraws €500.

ALVIE (CONT'D)

(singing)

*If you wanna get with me, better
make it faaast-*

She pockets the money and pushes Ernesto away.

They pass a street vendor doing *very artful* oil portraits of
celebrities on canvas. Displayed front and center is an
enormous portrait of CHANNING TATUM.

Alvie audibly gasps.

ALVIE (CONT'D)

How much for the angel?

She points to Channing.

VENDOR
Venti euro.

ALVIE
Twenty?

VENDOR
Venti.

ALVIE
I'll give you ten.

VENDOR
Venti.

ALVIE
Twelve. Final offer.

VENDOR
Is venti.

ALVIE
Sixteen.

VENDOR
Venti.

ALVIE
Eighteen.

VENDOR
Venti.

ALVIE
Fine. I don't want it then.

She walks away and immediately backs it right up.

ALVIE (CONT'D)
Nineteen fifty.

VENDOR
Bene, finalmente.

ALVIE
Finally.

She hands him a twenty.

ALVIE (CONT'D)
Do you have change?

VENDOR
No, mi dispiace.

ALVIE

Ugh, okay fine, fuck it, take it all.

She throws the twenty at him and snatches the painting.

ALVIE (CONT'D)

Oh BABY. I've missed you so bad.

She resists kissing the portrait and instead rolls it up and places it in her purse.

She walks past all sorts of beautiful shops - PRADA, GUCCI, FERRAGAMO.

A stunning green number in the window of VALENTINO catches her eye and she stops to admire it. As she does, she catches her reflection. A haiku appears next to her:

**I GET WHAT I WANT
I ALWAYS GET WHAT I WANT
BUT WHAT DO I WANT**

Beat.

ALVIE (CONT'D)

PRAM.

She turns and hauls ass down the street - passing all the stores until she gets back the vendor.

EXT. TAORMINA - EARLY AFTERNOON

The vendor is cooing at the baby. Alvie is out of breath. She takes the pram.

VENDOR

Sei una madre cattiva.

ALVIE

I know that's not a compliment, so
I won't dignify it with a retort.

Alvie walks away with the pram and unrolls the picture of Channing.

ALVIE (CONT'D)

I can't believe I almost lost you.

Her phone rings. It's Ambrogio.

ALVIE (CONT'D)
 (answering)
 Hello?
 Yes, darling. Of course, we'll be
 back posthaste. Okay. Okay.
 Goodbye.

She hangs up.

ALVIE (CONT'D)
 Home we go, Ernie. New Mummy has a
 hot date with Maybe violent Daddy.

INT. MIURA - SUNSET

Ambrogio is driving at lightspeed. He wears a suit and carries a leather murse. Alvie is in an unbelievable gold ELIE SAAB number.

ALVIE
 I don't understand why I have to
 go. Is that a purse?

AMBROGIO
 He *likes* you, *amore*. It's a
 satchel.

ALVIE
 Who does? It looks like a woman's
 bag.

AMBROGIO
 The priest. It is for men.

ALVIE
 (to camera)
EL OH EL.

AMBROGIO
 We have to be certain he's still
 with us, *capisci*? The sale has to
 go through before we can leave.

ALVIE
 How much?

AMBROGIO
 Well not what it's worth, if that's
 what you're asking.

ALVIE
 Why not?

AMBROGIO
Because he knows how hard it is to
move it. And he's a cheap *puttana*.

Alvie looks in the side mirror.

ALVIE
Baby?

AMBROGIO
What?

ALVIE
Did you notice the black Land Rover
behind us.

AMBROGIO
Why do you think I'm driving so
fast?

INT. THE CHURCH - TAORMINA - SUNSET

Alvie and Ambrogio enter a 17th century Baroque chapel. It's
desolate, save for one or two people praying.

Ambrogio leads her to the front, where a PRIEST (60s) is
sitting, waiting for confessions.

His face lights up when he sees Alvie.

PRIEST
Elizabetta! Good to see you, as
always!

He kisses her hand.

ALVIE
Good to see you, Father. How are
you?
(to camera)
*I know how to talk to priests. I
used to watch Ballykissangel.*

PRIEST
Much better now that I've seen you.

He takes in all of her and kisses her hand again, this time a
little too long.

ALVIE (V.O.)
INAPPROPRIATE, SIR.

The priest turns to Ambrogio and shakes his hand before embracing him.

PRIEST
Ambrogio, *come stai?*

AMBROGIO
Bene, bene, grazie, padre.

He turns to Alvie.

AMBROGIO (CONT'D)
*Amore, wait for me here. I
shouldn't be long.*

Ambrogio and the priest walk arm in arm to a confessional at the end of the transept.

Alvie looks at the oil portraits hung around the church. Mostly images of women burning.

ALVIE
Oyoyoy.
Here's lookin' at you, Beth.

She can hear muffled, angry voices coming from the confessional booth. They're shout-whispering in Italian. The only word she can make out is **CARAVAGGIO**.

ALVIE (V.O.)
*Oh.
OH.
Ambrogio is trying to move a
Caravaggio.
WHICH IS DEFINITELY WORTH A LOT OF
MONEY.
AND SINCE I'M HIS WIFE THAT MAKES
IT MY MONEY.*

Then Ambrogio bursts from the confessional in a rage.

AMBROGIO
Elizabeth! We're leaving.

His voice is so loud it reverberates around the chapel. The people praying look up at him. He snatches Alvie's hand and drags her out of the church.

EXT. THE CHURCH - TAORMINA - SUNSET

AMBROGIO
Fucking priest.

ALVIE
What happened?

Before he can answer, Alvie suddenly presses Ambrogio into a deep kiss against the wall. THREE MEN in dark suits walk past them.

AMBROGIO
(breathless)
What was that for?

Alvie nods at the men, who turn a corner.

ALVIE
Who are they?

AMBROGIO
They're the bad guys. Let's take the boat home. We can talk properly out there.

ALVIE
(to camera)
Oh fuck he's gonna Talented Mr. Ripley me on a goddamn yacht and leave me in the ocean. Bollocks.

AMBROGIO
Are you alright? You look pale?

ALVIE
(to camera)
I could take him. Kick him in the dick. Then kick him overboard. Then find the painting. Then summer in Geneva. Blam.

AMBROGIO
Beth?

ALVIE
Of course, darling. Let's go.

EXT. THE YACHT - NIGHTFALL

Alvie and Ambrogio sit on a plush couch. They are laughing, cozy. Ambrogio kisses Alvie's neck.

AMBROGIO
Do you fancy sailing to Lampedusa? They'll never find us there. Look, you can see the lights starboard.

Alvie looks left.

AMBROGIO (CONT'D)
Starboard.

Alvie looks right.

AMBROGIO (CONT'D)
Are you alright? You've been off
today.

ALVIE
I turned my sister into a basement
this morning.

AMBROGIO
Right, of course.
I suppose I didn't expect it to
really affect you.

ALVIE
Why would you think that?

He cocks his head at her.

AMBROGIO
Well maybe because you are always
saying how pathetic and worthless
she is and that you wish she'd just
kill herself. It certainly doesn't
imply affection.

ALVIE
No, it doesn't.

AMBROGIO
We kill strays in Sicily so they do
not breed. So perhaps it is for the
best. Like euthanasia.

ALVIE
(to camera)
A novel idea.

AMBROGIO
Have you called your mother?

ALVIE
It's 3 am in Australia. I'll call
her later tonight.

AMBROGIO
Call her now. We don't have time to
fuck around.

ALVIE
I don't have my phone.

Ambrogio hands her his. Alvie rolls her eyes and walks toward the stern of the ship.

Ambrogio watches her. She dials. It rings.

ALVIE (V.O.)
Please don't answer.

SPLIT SCREEN. We see her mum, MAVIS KNIGHTLY (sixty-sixties) in a dark bedroom. She answers.

MAVIS
Ambrogio?

ALVIE
Hi mum, it's Beth. I'm sorry to call so late. I have some terrible news.

Her mum sits up.

MAVIS
What is it, darling? Is it Ernesto?

ALVIE
Alvie is dead.

Mavis sits there a moment.

MAVIS
How did it happen?

ALVIE
She got drunk and drowned in the pool.

MAVIS
I can't say I'm surprised, really.

ALVIE
The funeral is tomorrow morning.

MAVIS
Oh honey, I don't think I'm going to be able to make it. I'm very busy with the Parish cake sale.

Alvie looks out at the water, then at us.

ALVIE
 (sad, sincere)
*My death is worth less to my mother
 than a fucking cake.*

MAVIS
 If you really want me there, I'll
 absolutely come.

ALVIE
 No mum, it's fine, I'm fine. Don't
 worry about getting here, I just
 wanted to let you know it's over.

Beat.

MAVIS
 I'm just glad it wasn't you.

Alvie stares out at the water, unblinking.

ALVIE (V.O.)
*I watched your precious progeny
 drown before my eyes with the
 pleasure of a feasting vulture.
 You will be very sorry it wasn't
 me.*

MAVIS
 Kisses to Ernie and Ambrogio for
 me.

She hangs up.

ALVIE
 (to camera)
*Well, would you look at that?
 Turns out I've run dry of fucks to
 give.
 New me is beholden to none.
 Everything must burn.
 Starting with the swine I once
 called Love.*

She smiles at Ambrogio.

ALVIE (CONT'D)
*I'm gonna fuck him, and then I'm
 gonna kill him.
 Put it on a bumper sticker.*

WRATH

EXT. THE YACHT - NIGHT

Alvie turns to Ambrogio.

ALVIE
She's not coming.

AMBROGIO
Evviva! That's the last thing we
would have needed. Well done, Beth.

ALVIE
Take off your shirt.

He smiles at her.

AMBROGIO
Alla buon'ora.

He begins to undress. Alvie unzips her gold Elie Saab and lets it fall around her ankles. She wears Agent Provocateur underneath.

ALVIE
Trousers too.

He obliges. He is dressed in only a pair of dark red manties.

She comes toward him until they are nose to nose. Ambrogio begins to kiss her neck and her chest. His hands are all over her.

ALVIE (CONT'D)
Vengeance is mine.

He kisses her deep - they are melting together.

BOOM. CRUNCH CRUNCH CRUCNH.

They both are violently thrown.

AMBROGIO
Merda - che cazzo è?

Ambrogio goes running to the bow of the ship. He explodes with Italian expletives.

ALVIE
For fucks sake, what is it?

AMBROGIO
We've hit the rocks. *MERDA*. It's
just one thing after another, isn't
it? *FUCK*.

ALVIE
(to camera)
Isn't it just.

AMBROGIO
We're only a few metres from shore.
We'll swim.

ALVIE
You're mental! What about the
painting?

AMBROGIO
It's not on the boat, do you think
I'm an idiot?

ALVIE (V.O.)
Unequivocally, yes.

AMBROGIO
Come on. We can't wait here for the
coast guard.

He grabs a waterproof bag and shoves his murse inside then
without another thought, Ambrogio dives into the dark water.

ALVIE
You grab your purse but not your
wife. Classy.

AMBROGIO
Beth, come on.

She dives in. The water is freezing.

INT. THE IONIAN SEA - NIGHT

They both swim toward the shore. When they're close, they
turn and look at the yacht, which is definitely sinking.

ALVIE
I've sunk your battleship.

EXT. TAORMINA - BEACH - NIGHT

Alvie and Ambrogio look up - A long set of winding stairs
leads up the cliff to the ampitheater at the top.

EXT. GREEK AMPITHEATER - TAORMINA - NIGHT

Alvie and Ambrogio climb over the back of the stage.

They look out over the ocean. Mount Etna smokes and sparks in the distance.

ALVIE

(to camera)

Did you know the people of Pompeii didn't even know that Vesuvius was a volcano? Imagine their surprise then that on the day after Vulcanalia, the festival of the Roman god of fire, their city was smote by flame and ash.

AMBROGIO

Bellisima.

ALVIE

(to camera)

Never trust a firestarter.

Alvie and Ambrogio are suddenly are all over each other. Her hands stroke his abs and his ass. She gets down on her knees in front of him - she kisses his stomach, his thighs.

She pulls his red mantles down his legs. He faces her, she faces us.

ALVIE (CONT'D)

Oh.

AMBROGIO

What's the matter?

She stares. A haiku pops up on his butt cheeks.

OH TEENY PEENY NOT AS BIG AS I RECALL, BUT I WAS A VIRGIN

She pulls him down on top of her and pushes his head between her legs. There are rocks underneath and all around them.

AMBROGIO (CONT'D)

I want to fuck you.

She spins him until he's under her.

AMBROGIO (CONT'D)

Beth...what has gotten into you?

ALVIE

You don't fuck me. I fuck you.

She mounts him right there on the stage. He gropes her breasts. She moves his hands down to her clit. He brings them back up to her breasts. She moves his hand down again.

ALVIE (V.O.)

Come on, you selfish fuck.

He travels back up to her breasts.

ALVIE

Baby...tell me where the painting is.

AMBROGIO

It's not safe for you to know.

She licks her fingers and reaches a hand around to his backside. His eyes roll back in his head with pleasure.

ALVIE

Tell me...

AMBROGIO

Mio Dio-

ALVIE

(to camera)

Oldest trick in the book.

She goes in deep. Lava flows in red rivers down Mount Etna.

ALVIE (CONT'D)

Tell me.

AMBROGIO

Ernesto...*fungula...*

ALVIE (V.O.)

You'd leave your contraband with the baby? Tsk tsk tsk.

Ambrogio is gasping.

ALVIE

How did it feel to fuck my sister?

He's close. Sparks choke the sky.

He's looking at her, his face a horrible mix of pleasure and confusion.

ALVIE (CONT'D)

Did you ever think she was me?

She looks him dead in the eye like a shark.

AMBROGIO

Alvina.

She reaches behind him and grabs a rock the size of an orange.

ALVIE

Hey sexy.

He comes. She slams the rock down across his skull.

CRACK. CRACK. CRACK.

Black blood and brain matter sprays all over her in the darkness. Ambrogio doesn't move.

She stands up. She drops the rock and takes several deep breaths.

She comes center stage and raises her arms to the sky - a blood covered sorceress in the moonlight.

ALVIE (CONT'D)

Come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex
me here,
And fill me from the crown to the
toe top-full
Of direst cruelty. Make thick my
blood.
Stop up th' access and passage to
remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of
nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep
peace between
Th' effect and it. Come to my
woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you
murd'ring ministers,
Wherever in your sightless
substances
You wait on nature's mischief.
(MORE)

ALVIE (CONT'D)
 Come, thick night,
 And pall thee in the dunnest smoke
 of hell,
 That my keen knife see not the
 wound it makes,
 Nor heaven peep through the blanket
 of the dark,
 To cry "Hold, hold!"

Then, she laughs and laughs and laughs.

EXT. SALVATORE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Alvie is bloodstained and wearing lingerie. She's got the church giggles. She takes a few breaths to steady herself, then changes her demeanor entirely to that of 'terrified damsel'.

She pounds on Salvatore's door.

ALVIE
 SALVATORE!

SALVATORE (O.S.)
Che cosa? Che cose?

He opens the door. He's fucking enormous. And shirtless.

ALVIE (V.O.)
 Ayyyyyyyyyyyy Papi.

He takes her in. She's a state.

SALVATORE
Micnchia, are you okay? Oh,
 Betta...

ALVIE
 (sobbing)
 Please, please you have to help me!
 He was going to kill me, I had no
 choice-

She starts to crumble, he catches her in his enormous arms.
 She winks at us.

SALVATORE
 What? Who was going to kill you?

ALVIE
 My husband, who do you think?!

SALVATORE

I don't believe it - Ambrogio would never lay a finger on you. He's a fucking *cornuto*. A pussy.

ALVIE

He had a gun, Salvatore. He tried to...he tried to...

She gasps. Salvatore looks around behind her and pulls her inside.

INT. SALVATORE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

His house is a cavernous open space with streamlined chrome appliances expertly merged with clean stone walls.

SALVATORE

Sit.

She does. He goes to the sink and pours her a glass of vodka.

SALVATORE (CONT'D)

How did you kill him?

ALVIE

With a rock.

SALVATORE

With a rock. *Minchia*.

Why was he trying to kill you? Did he find out about us?

ALVIE (V.O.)

Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh.

The bruises are from you.

Oh-ho-kay. Got it.

(to Salvatore)

Yes, my bloody cow of a sister told him because she wanted him all to herself and it just...ruined everything.

SALVATORE

Where is the body?

ALVIE

The amphitheater. He chased me. It was horrible. Please, we have to do something.

SALVATORE

You said you never wanted to see me again if I wasn't going to help you get away. You told me to drop dead. Why should I help you?

ALVIE

I didn't mean it, you know I didn't. I was so overwhelmed with everything...I'm just so tired of the games...Oh please, Salvo, I...I was wrong to say those things to you. I was wrong.

(to camera)

Somebody hand me an Olivier.

He considers her.

ALVIE (CONT'D)

Help me. Please.

Her breasts heave in her bra. He stares at them.

SALVATORE

What do you want to do?

ALVIE (V.O.)

I am TOO slick.

(to Salvatore)

We'll need to make it look like a suicide.

Know any high altitude, unpopulated areas?

INT. MIURA - NIGHT

MERCY by KANYE WEST

Alvie drives behind Salvatore's BMW.

ALVIE

God *FUCK* I love this car so much.

She blasts the music and they fly through the winding streets of Taormina. She's still covered in blood, still wearing the lingerie. She smokes a cigarette.

She follows him to a cliff.

EXT. CLIFFS OF TAORMINA - NIGHT

Salvatore stops his car and gets out. Alvie parks right on the ledge, nose facing the ocean.

The water breaks loudly beneath them.

Salvatore pops the trunk of his car. Ambrogio is inside, as Beth was. He is nude. They both look at him.

SALVATORE
(re: Ambrogio's peeny)
Wow, is really *piccolo*. You weren't kidding.

Salvatore grabs Ambrogio by the legs and Alvie grabs his floppy arms to hoist him upright. They prop him against the open trunk like a drunk person. A drunk, dead person.

SALVATORE (CONT'D)
Can you keep him upright?

ALVIE
No sweat.

She holds an arm against Ambrogio's chest. Salvatore strips off his own tee shirt and jeans until he is only boxers. Alvie gives him a good looking over.

SALVATORE
Could you try not to objectify me while you're holding up your dead husband?

ALVIE
Sorry. You've just...got a lot of meat.

He starts putting his clothes on Ambrogio.

SALVATORE
This is fucked up, Betta.

ALVIE
(delighted)
I know, right?

Salvatore gets the pants on Ambrogio, but when he pulls them up, Ambrogio folds in on himself and slides back into the trunk like a clam.

SALVATORE
Minchia.

Salvatore pulls the body by the arms - Ambrogio pops out of the trunk and his arms fly around Salvatore's neck.

SALVATORE (CONT'D)
A little help please.

Salvatore grabs Ambrogio under the arms. Alvie grabs his feet. He is a swinging corpse hammock between them.

They inch closer to the Miura. Salvatore looks at her.

SALVATORE (CONT'D)
Wait a second.

ALVIE
What the fuck for?

SALVATORE
I need to ask you something.

Alvie drops Ambrogio's legs. Salvatore drops his torso. Ambrogio thumps to the ground between them.

ALVIE
Are you serious? Right now? You think this is the appropriate time for a *tete a tete*? We need to dump this fucking body *pronto*.

SALVATORE
This stuff with your sister and now you've murdered your husband...I feel like I don't know you.

ALVIE
Well maybe you *don't*. Can we bond after we chuck my husband off this cliff, please?

They maneuver his body into the driver seat of the Miura. Alvie is sweating.

ALVIE (CONT'D)
Right, that should do.

Alvie slowly walks around the car, running her hands over it.

SALVATORE
What are you doing?

ALVIE
Mourning that I never got to fuck in this car.

SALVATORE

Ambrogio never fucked you in the
Miura?

Alvie shakes her head no.

Salvatore starts the ignition and throws the car into neutral. He wears briefs and a pair of Air Jordans and that's all.

He comes back to Alvie and lifts her onto the back of the car. He presses her down into it so that she feels the vibration of the engine.

SALVATORE (CONT'D)

What a waste.

He rips the lingerie off of her body and examines her like a hungry animal deciding which bit to eat first.

She smiles at him. He flips her over so she is face down on the trunk.

He fucks her on the car with dead Ambrogio inside. He fucks her so hard that the car starts to slowly inch forward.

Ambrogio bobs too and fro with the rhythm of it. His dead eyes stare at nothing.

Finally, the car starts to tip over the ledge.

As it goes, Salvatore and Alvie fall to the ground, still fucking.

SALVATORE (CONT'D)

You're not Beth.

They both come just as the Miura explodes on the rocks below.

INT. SALVATORE'S CAR - EARLY MORNING

Alvie and Salvatore are covered in blood. They drive through the winding hills of Taormina.

SALVATORE

Where's your sister?

ALVIE

She said to keep it a secret.
Are you cross?

SALVATORE

No. You're both good to fuck.

ALVIE
What gave it away?

SALVATORE
She has a cesarean scar. And an
incredible ass.
No offense.
What was your name again? Olivia?

ALVIE
Alvina.

SALVATORE
Alvina. I like that. Nice to meet
you.

ALVIE
Are you in love with my sister?

SALVATORE
She thought I was. She wanted me to
help her kill you and then run away
together but I said no. I just put
a mortgage down.

ALVIE
Reasonable.

SALVATORE
I saved your life.

ALVIE
Do you want a parade?
Why did she want to kill me?

SALVATORE
She said they couldn't come after
her if she was dead. She needed a
body.

ALVIE
Who is they? Why was she running?

SALVATORE
You don't know? Ambrogio is in deep
with the *Cosa Nostra*.

ALVIE
Mafia?

SALVATORE
They're animals. *Vermini*. It's all
about territory. Palermo, Catania,
Caltagirone...everywhere.
(MORE)

SALVATORE (CONT'D)

It's over for *la Cosa Nostra*. They will fight to their death and the kid's in the middle of it, that's why she wanted to run.

ALVIE

Beth didn't know. When she met him in Oxford, she had no idea.

SALVATORE

Once you're in, you're in. They'll kill anyone who tries to leave.

ALVIE

Fuck me. Beth wanted to get away from Ambrogio. I was supposed to be the body. Her body.

SALVATORE

Welcome to Sicily.

Beat.

ALVIE

You really don't mind that I'm not Beth?

SALVATORE

No way, baby. I just wish I was fucking you both at the same time.

They pull up to the front of the villa. Salvatore idles the car. They look like two people who've been on a very awkward date.

ALVIE

Well. This has been thoroughly informative. Thanks.

SALVATORE

Do you want to have a drink?

ALVIE

I need a shower.

SALVATORE

You do.
Thanks for the fuck, Alvina. You were dynamite.

Alvie kisses him again.

ALVIE (V.O.)

*You've been a successful pawn,
Salvatore. I salute you.
But loose lips sink ships,
so...sorry not sorry, mate.*

She gets out of the car.

GREED

INT. ELIZABETH'S ROOM - THE VILLA - MORNING

Now showered, Alvie's got her hair in a ponytail and wears a chiffon robe. She is covered in nasty looking bruises.

She is tearing through Beth's drawers, shoving diamonds and jewels into a large pack.

KNOCK. KNOCK. KNOCK.

ALVIE (V.O.)

Shit.

She shoves the bag in the bathroom and goes to open the door.

It's Nino. He is in all black and meaner than a snake.

NINO

Where the fuck's your husband? He was supposed to meet me.

ALVIE

I assumed he was with you.

(V.O.)

Since you are clearly in the mafia.

NINO

He's not. Where are you hiding him?

ALVIE

I haven't seen him to hide him.

Nino pulls a pack of Marlboro Reds from his jacket and lights it right there in the bedroom. He slowly moves in toward Alvie - pushing her back farther into the room.

NINO

Betta, I'm gonna ask you again. Where is your husband?

ALVIE

I don't know.

NINO

Have you talked to Domenico?

ALVIE

No.

NINO

Have you talked to anyone?

He's almost got her pinned against the wall. He puts off menace like a furnace puts off heat.

ALVIE
I haven't talked to anyone.

NINO
I'll know if you have.

He's got an arm over her now. The shoulder of her robe slips and Nino sees the bruises. He examines her.

NINO (CONT'D)
Who did this to you?

ALVIE
I fell.

NINO
Va fannculo. Tell me. Il Professore
would never...

She pulls the robe tighter around her.

NINO (CONT'D)
Betta, Betta, Betta...there's
something you're not telling me...

Knock knock knock.

Emilia opens the door. She sees Nino standing over Alvie.

EMILIA
Scusa, Signora - there are some
detectives here to see you?

Alvie and Nino share a look of panic.

ALVIE
I'll be right down, Emilia - You
can let them inside, thank you.
Would you mind taking Ernie with
you? I'll...I'll come fetch him
when I figure out what's going on.

EMILIA
Si signora, bene.

Emilia leaves. Nino turns to Alvie.

NINO
Minchia.

ALVIE
I have to get dressed, do you mind?

NINO
I do not. Be my guest.

Nino continues to smoke. Alvie gets dressed. He watches.

INT. THE VILLA - SITTING ROOM - DAY

Alvie wears demure pink.

Two detectives sit across from her. GRASSO and SAVASTANO (40S).

GRASSO
I am Commissario Edillio Grasso and
this is Commissario Savastano,
thank you for seeing us.

SAVASTANO
Signora Caruso, I'm afraid we have
some upsetting news about your
husband.

ALVIE
What is it?

Grasso takes off his hat.

GRASSO
Your husband's body was found at
the bottom of the cliffs near the
Continental Hotel. It appears he
committed suicide.

A beat. Alvie continues to smile, politely.

SAVASTANO
Signora?

ALVIE
I'm sorry...what did you say?

SAVASTANO
It seems he drove his car off the
cliffs.

ALVIE
Who did?

GRASSO
Your husband, *Signora*.

ALVIE
He's not back yet.

Grasso and Savastano share a look. Grasso takes her hand.

GRASSO

(gentle)

Signora, do you understand me? Your husband's body has been found. He has committed suicide. He's not coming back.

Silent tears begin to pour down Alvie's face. She maintains her polite smile and doesn't move at all.

SAVASTANO

His body was...badly burned in the explosion, I'm so sorry, *Signora*.

ALVIE

(quiet)

I see.

GRASSO

Did your husband have any enemies? Anyone who'd want to hurt him?

ALVIE

No, of course not. Everyone loved him.

GRASSO

We only ask because we want to be certain it was suicide.

Alvie looks up at them with a face of utter confusion.

ALVIE

What are you saying?

SAVASTANO

We think he could have been murdered. It could have been staged.

Now she weeps.

ALVIE

(sobbing)

Why would anyone want to hurt him?

GRASSO

Where were you last night, *Signora*?

ALVIE

I was here in the villa with my son, he's only ten months old.

(MORE)

ALVIE (CONT'D)

(V.O.)

I think.

SAVASTANO

Do you often lose your husband late at night?

ALVIE

I'm sorry?

SAVASTANO

You were aware of his lovers in town, no doubt.

ALVIE

I...wasn't.

GRASSO

When did you feel your husband start turning his attentions away from you?

ALVIE

I don't know....I...I didn't know...

(to camera)

You hear that, Beth? You two really did deserve each other.

Also...I'm fucking crushing this. Talented Miss Knightly.

The detectives look at one another. Savastano pulls a card from his jacket.

SAVASTANO

Here is the card with the contact details, so you can organise the funeral.

Alvie takes the card but doesn't respond. Silent tears pour down her cheeks.

GRASSO

We must warn you, Signora, the news of your husband's death will appear in today's newspapers.

She nods.

ALVIE

Will you tell me if you discover anything else?

GRASSO
Certo, Signora. We are so sorry for
 your loss.

They stand. She remains seated.

She looks at them both - she is beautiful when she cries.

SAVASTANO
Arrivederci Signora.

She cries into her hands and they leave.

When she hears the door shut behind them, she stops crying immediately.

ALVIE
 (to camera)
Goddamn it, I am SO good.

She stands and wipes her face. Nino silently comes out from another room.

NINO
 Betta?

He startles her and she yelps.

ALVIE
 NINO DON'T BE SUCH A CREEP.

His face is full of devastation. He comes over to her.

NINO
 Betta. *Minchia.*

ALVIE
 Oh Nino.

She flies into his arms.

NINO
 Do you want to do a line? Let's do
 a line.

He sits her down on the couch and racks up a couple of lines on the coffee table. He pulls a €50 note from his pocket and hands it to Alvie. They each do one.

ALVIE
 (to camera)
Fuck me this is the good shit. WOO.

NINO
You gonna talk now, huh? Tell me
what you know?

Alvie sniffs.

ALVIE
Okay.

NINO
Let's start with the bruises. Who
beat you up?

ALVIE (V.O.)
I'M INVINCIBLE.
(to Nino)
Salvatore.

NINO
The neighbor, right? He's a friend
of your husband's?

ALVIE
No. They weren't friends.

NINO
Why did he hit you?

ALVIE
He was jealous. Salvatore is
obsessed with me, Nino - he...he
wanted me all for himself and now I
just...do you think he killed
Ambrogio?

Nino sits on this a moment. He leaps off the couch.

NINO
Stronzo! That figlio di puttana
kill your husband, Betta?
Vaffanculo.

ALVIE
What are you going to do?

NINO
Stay here and go nowhere till I
come back. It's not safe for you.
I'm going to take care of it.

With that, Nino turns on a heel and leaves.

Alvie waits a moment, then sticks her arms out like an
airplane and wooshes around the room.

INT. ELIZABETH'S ROOM - THE VILLA - LATER THAT NIGHT

All of Beth's jewelry is in Alvie's carry on with the rest of her dicks. Alvie is sitting on the bed in lingerie eating the last bites of a *torta de la nonna* and drinking red wine from a bottle.

She sees a picture of Beth on the nightstand and picks it up.

ALVIE

I am enhancing your legacy by like
500,000 percent, you boring slag.
You're welcome.

Knock.

She swiftly puts the plate under the bed and rinses her mouth with the wine.

She answers the door. Nino looks down at her.

NINO

It's done.

They look deep into one another's eyes.

ALVIE

Nino...no one's ever killed for me
before.

NINO

You like it?

ALVIE

I'm a fucking Cadbury Cum Egg.

NINO

I'm in the right job.

ALVIE

And what job is that, exactly?

NINO

You don't know?
I kill people. For cash.

Suddenly his mouth is on her mouth and they go crashing toward the bed.

He's on top of her. He steadies himself above her with a hand on the headboard.

NINO (CONT'D)
I thought you were a good girl,
Betta.

He slides his fingers inside of her.

NINO (CONT'D)
I thought you hated violence. I
thought you were a *pacifist*.

ALVIE
And I thought you were a handyman.

He pulls his tee shirt off over his head. He has scars all over his chest. Alvie licks them. He moves to take off his gun holster.

ALVIE (CONT'D)
Give it to me.

He hands her the gun. She puts it between her legs and rubs herself with it.

Nino watches her a moment and then with one hand he rips off her lingerie. She pulls down his jeans and gasps with pleasure.

NINO
Come here, *puttana*-

He flips her around and presses her face into the mattress.

ALVIE
Are you sure he's dead?

NINO
His brains are on the kitchen
floor. Domenico is cleaning it up
right now.

Nino takes the gun and rubs her clit with it while he fucks her from behind. They fuck until they both come screaming.

INT. ELIZABETH'S ROOM - THE VILLA - LATER THAT NIGHT

Alvie and Nino have destroyed the room. They both lie naked in a ruin of sheets. They do lines of cocaine off of each other.

NINO
So where is it?

ALVIE

You take two fingers like this and just hook 'em right under the hood.

NINO

The fucking painting, Betta. Don't play dumb.

ALVIE

Why should I tell you?

NINO

Merda, because we have to move it. Who was the client?

ALVIE

A priest, can you believe it? At the church on the square. The... the...the *Chiesa di San Giuseppe*?

Nino lets out a long whistle.

NINO

You've got to be kidding me. The church on *Piazza IX Aprile*?

ALVIE

That's the one.

NINO

What's his name?

ALVIE

I don't know. He was really, really old. He had a big nose...he reminded me of Belial in Paradise Lost.

(to camera)

If he was Belial, then Nino's got to be Moloch. I'll be Satan; he was the hero.

NINO

How much did you agree on?

ALVIE

I didn't agree on anything. He and Ambrogio argued the last time we saw him...I think the deal might be off.

NINO

No fucking way the deal is off.
We're selling this piece of shit
painting if it's the last thing we
do. That priest wants to buy it.
We're not leaving it sitting up
here in this villa when it's worth
twenty million dollars.

ALVIE

TWENTY MILLION FUCKING DOLLARS?!

NINO

Your husband told you none of this,
Betta? You two even speak? This was
a big fucking deal for Ambrogio,
biggest fucking deal of his life.
All those other paintings he was
selling? Nothing, *merda* on toilet
paper compared to this...it isn't
just any old Caravaggio. Not that
there are any regular paintings by
this guy. It's The Nativity. You
understand?

She doesn't.

NINO (CONT'D)

It's the centerpiece of his
collection, of which there are only
about fifty paintings. Ambrogio's
papa's been sitting on it since the
90s. Too hot to sell. Now we have a
buyer who will be here in the
morning to collect. The priest. We
have to find it.

ALVIE

So what...you help me move it and
we split it?

NINO

That okay with you?

ALVIE

Keep fucking me like that and it
is.

NINO

Deal. Where is it?

INT. THE VILLA - NURSERY - NIGHT

NINO
No way it's in here.

ALVIE
Why not?

Beat.

NINO
Why not?

They both get to tearing the room apart.

Eventually, Nino moves the cradle. A trap door is underneath. He holds it open.

Alvie gets on her hands and knees and rummages around inside. She pulls up a diaper bag. Definitely not a painting.

She opens it - inside are hundreds and hundreds of little bags of coke.

ALVIE
Damn, Ambrogio was *legit*.

She takes several bags out and puts them in her bra.

NINO
Keep digging.

She sticks her arm back in and feels around until her hand closes on something wrapped in paper.

She slowly pulls it from the hole. It's the painting.

ALVIE
This what you're looking for?

Nino's eyes shine with delight.

INT. ELIZABETH'S ROOM - THE VILLA

They roll the painting out on the bed. It's enormous - three metres long, at least.

NINO
Mamma mia.

ALVIE
Thank fuck we found it. How much time do we have?

Nino looks at the clock next to the bed. 6:42 am.

NINO
He'll be here at 8. We did good,
Betta.

ALVIE
Twenty million. We can live on
that, no?

NINO
Yes.

She throws up a hand and he high-fives her.

INT. THE VILLA - MORNING

It's raining.

Alvie is in a short black dress and heels. Nino is in his
uniform of all black.

The doorbell rings. Alvie answers. The priest stands alone at
the door, carrying a large leather case. He gives her another
long, disgusting once over.

PRIEST
Beautiful, beautiful Betta. I'm so
sorry about your husband.

They kiss each other's cheeks and she leads him into the
living room.

INT. THE LIVING ROOM - VILLA - MORNING

PRIEST
Where is the painting?

ALVIE
Where is the money?

The priest sets down the case and moves to open it.

ALVIE (CONT'D)
I'll do it.

She unlatches it. Inside are stacks of bank notes. More money
than she's ever seen.

ALVIE (CONT'D)
Twenty million?

PRIEST

I agreed three million with your husband, but he wanted more. *The love of money is the root of all evil. Timothy 6:10.*

ALVIE

This is worth twenty million dollars.

PRIEST

Betta, you have to understand, this painting is wanted all over the world. Now that your husband is dead; it's even more dangerous. I can offer you two million. That's my final offer.

She stands up.

ALVIE

I'm sorry? It's worth twenty million and you're only giving me two? That's mean, even for a priest.

PRIEST

You won't find another buyer and it is too dangerous to try. The men who killed your husband, they will be looking for this, which means they will be looking for you. You should take the money and leave, immediately. Two million is my final offer.

ALVIE

(to camera)

FUCKING MINGEBAG.

I can't believe I'm about to take an eighteen million dollar cut on this.

Alvie grits her teeth.

ALVIE (CONT'D)

Fine. Two million. It's all here?

PRIEST

Certo.

Alvie snaps the case shut.

ALVIE

Follow me.

INT. THE DINING ROOM - VILLA - MORNING

Alvie leads the priest into the dining room, where she and Nino have stretched the painting out across the massive table.

The priest examines it. Glee shines from his face like the light of Heaven.

PRIEST

Dio Santo! Che bellissima!

He gets down on his knees in front of it.

PRIEST (CONT'D)

I was worried that the thieves and the centuries might have destroyed it, that it might have been damaged, but - it's perfect.
Grazie, Betta.

ALVIE

Should we roll it up so you can take it home?

He continues looking at it, smiling wide. Then, his smile falters.

ALVIE (CONT'D)

What's wrong?

He leans over and examines the corner of the painting. There is a black stamp. He rubs the painting between his fingers.

PRIEST

Non capito.

ALVIE

Come again?

PRIEST

The painting, it's forged.

ALVIE

Come. Again?

PRIEST

Si, si, I see it now. The technique... *come si dice?* It's not Caravaggio's.

(MORE)

PRIEST (CONT'D)

This pigment, the red in the Madonna's dress; it's modern. It's not Caravaggio's pallet; he used iron-oxide. And the oscuro; it's far too light. No...no..., And her hands... they're clumsy, manly. They don't look right. Caravaggio's hands are graceful. Elegant.

ALVIE

(to camera)

What do you call a priest full of bullets?

PRIEST

Oh, Elisabetta, it is so disappointing. After all this time! A forgery! A pale imitation of the original. Of course, it is completely worthless. A copy is never, ever as good. It loses the magic of the original, the intangible beauty, the *je ne said quoi*. It has no soul, no pride, no...integrity.

ALVIE

(to camera)

A Holy motherfucker.

Everything goes slow motion for Alvie. She is looking at the Priest, kneeling in front of the painting, blathering on.

She pulls Ambrogio's gun from her under her dress and levels it at the priest's head.

BOOM.

The priest falls sideways, brain matter and blood missing the painting by thismuch.

Nino comes running. He stops when he sees Alvie holding the gun and the dead priest.

NINO

YOU SHOT HIM?!

ALVIE

I did.

NINO

WHY? Are you out of your mind,
Betta? You killed a PRIEST. Why
would you do this?

ALVIE

He said the painting was forged. He
was going to leave with the money.
Also he's a big creep who wanted to
touch my boobies. I had to.

(to camera)

*Well. I didn't **have** to.*

Nino stands with his mouth hanging open.

ALVIE (CONT'D)

The money's over there in the
suitcase. I think we should count
it.

She puts the gun back up her dress. Nino looks at the priest.

NINO

Madonna mia... do you know who this
guy is?

Alvie kicks the priest's shoe.

ALVIE

He was a priest. Beyond that I give
no fucks.

NINO

A priest. A *priest*. He is Franco
Russo, the right-hand man of a
Consigliere from Palermo, a rival
Cosche. He's Cosa Nostra. A big
fucking deal.
He wasn't buying the painting to
hang on his bedroom wall. He was
the fucking middle man. You do not
mess with his boss.

ALVIE

(bored)

And who is his boss?

NINO

We have to leave Sicily. Right now.
It's over.

ALVIE

Leave? Have you seen this house? No
fucking way.

NINO
Do you think he came here
unprotected, you crazy bitch? His
men are in vans outside.

Nino and Alvie look out the window. Two black vans with black tinted windows idle in the drive.

ALVIE
Ah, shit. My bad.

NINO
Of all the fucking...*Merda*, Betta.
This is bad.

ALVIE
It's not that bad. We'll just kill
them.

NINO
There will be at least four of
them.

ALVIE
And there are two of us. I like
those odds. Let's fucking roll.

Nino rubs his face. He's pale.

ALVIE (CONT'D)
What...you scared?

NINO
Yes.

ALVIE
Put on your big girl panties, Nino.
We're off to the hunt.

NINO
Minchia.

EXT. THE VILLA - MORNING

Rain pours.

Alvie and Nino inch around the house. Techno music blares from one of the vans.

ALVIE
Oooh is that *Born Slippy* from the
Underworld soundtrack?? I love this
song!

NINO

Shut up.

Two men stand by the front door with guns.

NINO (CONT'D)

Ready?

ALVIE

Oh yeah.

COSTA DIVA from NORMA (MARIA CALLAS) plays over the techno.

SLOW MOTION.

Nino points. Alvie points. They both shoot.

KA-POW.

The men by the door go down. One of the vans opens and three other guys come out with guns.

Alvie watches Nino take aim and shoot. His muscles ripple through his shirt. His jeans are tight on his thighs and his bum.

A grin cracks across her face like a sunrise.

ALVIE (CONT'D)

*(to camera)**This is destiny.**THIS. IS. SPARTA.*

Nino gets one of them right in the face.

KA-POW.

The other two fire back. Alvie is crouched close to the two dead men by the door.

Nino has spun around behind one of the vans. Alvie sees one of the gunmen sneaking up behind him - she levels her gun and fires, hitting him right through the neck. Ribbons of blood burst from him.

She comes running full throttle toward Nino - he turns and sees her, just as the other gunman comes around the other side of the van.

KA-POW. Nino gets him but not well enough - he aims his gun at Nino and fires, hitting him in the arm.

Alvie walks right up to the dying gunman.

ALVIE (CONT'D)
That's my soulmate you're shooting
at.

She point blank shoots him in the face.

Nino is leaning against the van. Blood pours down his arm and
drips on the tile.

ALVIE (CONT'D)
That. Was. AWESOME.

NINO
Nun mi rumper 'a minchia -

ALVIE
Shut up for a second. You're
bleeding everywhere.

She pulls Nino's shirt over his head. He whimpers a little.
She ties it in a tourniquet around the wound.

ALVIE (CONT'D)
Don't be such a baby.

NINO
It hurts!

ALVIE
And you're supposed to be descended
from the mighty Romans.

She kisses him on the cheek.

INT. THE VILLA - DINING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Nino and Alvie have moved all of the bodies inside and lined
them up in a row on the Persian rug. Nino has a saw in his
hand.

NINO
We need to chop them up.

ALVIE
Cool. You do that. I'm going to
pack.
(off his look)
I'm a killer not a cleaner.

She leaves.

NINO

Puttana.

ALVIE (O.S.)

I heard that.

INT. THE VILLA - ELIZABETH'S ROOM - AFTERNOON

Alvie has on a gorgeous black Zuhair Murad dress and five inch heels. She finishes cramming her cock bag with more scarves and toiletries, and shoves as many of Beth's beautiful dresses in the Vuitton suitcase as she can.

She holds Mr. Dick, kisses him, and puts him on the dresser.

ALVIE

I'm sorry to leave you this way.
It's just...I've found someone new.

INT. THE VILLA - KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

Alvie's suitcases are by the back door.

She unrolls the painting across the butcher block island and stares at the scene.

ALVIE

How many people have died in your
name?

The whine of a saw reverberates through the house.

ALVIE (CONT'D)

Too fucking many.
And you're not even real.

The VIRGIN MARY speaks to her.

VIRGIN MARY

*Ye of little faith, why do you
doubt?*

ALVIE

I dunno, maybe because you're
supposed to be Jewish and you're
fairer than a soft boiled egg. Why
is Joseph blonde?

VIRGIN MARY

*Trick of the light. It's the
chiaroscuro.*

ALVIE
You almost got me killed.
All of this fuckery for a *fake*.

VIRGIN MARY
You mad?

ALVIE
You have no idea.

Alvie grabs a pair of kitchen shears.

EXT. THE VILLA - TERRACE - AFTERNOON

Alvie stacks the squares of the painting on a large BBQ grill and sets the whole thing alight.

ALVIE
Some women just want to watch the world burn.

DING DONG.

ALVIE (CONT'D)
Ah, fuck.

INT. THE VILLA - AFTERNOON

Alvie runs through the house - Nino looks up at her panicked.

ALVIE
I'll take care of it, keep working!

EXT. THE VILLA - FRONT DOOR - AFTERNOON

Alvie steps outside. Emilia is holding Ernesto.

EMILIA
Signora, I hear the guns! And now...I am... *preoccupato*! There is blood everywhere!

Alvie looks around at the carnage. She grabs Emilia's arm.

ALVIE
Emilia, we are in serious danger. I need your help.

EMILIA
Si! What happen? Are you okay?

ALVIE

I'm fine but...I'll need you to keep Ernesto with you for a while.

EMILIA

Of course, Signora, but what about you? Where will you go?

ALVIE

I can't tell you that. I promise I'll send for him when it's safe. But, listen Emilia, it's very important, you can't stay at this villa. It's far too dangerous. My husband's friends-

EMILIA

Mamma mia! I call the police!

ALVIE

NO! No, you can't do that it's...everyone is involved. Even the police. Please. Ernesto's safety is the most important matter here. Don't talk to *anyone*, understand?

EMILIA

Si, si Signora. I would do anything for you and baby Ernesto, anything!

Emilia reaches into her bag and pulls out an envelope.

EMILIA (CONT'D)

Here, I keep this safe for you.

Alvie opens it.

Two plane tickets. One for Beth, one for Ernesto.

Everything freezes.

ALVIE

THAT FUCKING CUNT TWAT SLORE SACK SCROTUM CHEWER.

(she laughs)

Elizabeth Knightly. You'd burn everyone to the ground to save yourself. Finally, a something we share.

Alvie looks to Emilia.

ALVIE (CONT'D)
(genuine, grateful)
Thank you.

Alvie hugs her tight.

ALVIE (CONT'D)
I wish you were my mum.

Emilia smiles, tries not to cry. She puts a hand on Alvie's face.

EMILIA
Bellissima Betta...

ALVIE
You promise to take good care of him?

She leans down to kiss the baby.

EMILIA
Si, of course of course. I don't say anything, Signora, not a word.

Emilia raises a finger to her lips and then starts to walk away.

EMILIA (CONT'D)
God be with you, Betta.

ALVIE
And also with you!

Alvie smiles and waves. Blood is splattered all around her.

INT. THE VILLA - DINING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Nino has chopped up all the bodies and put them into suitcases. He's done a fairly neat job of it too.

Alvie comes in smiling.

NINO
Who was it?

ALVIE
Emilia. She's going to take care of Ernesto and she's not going to say anything to anyone. And I didn't maim her in any way.

NINO
I'm so proud.
Where is the painting?

Alvie looks at him.

NINO (CONT'D)
What? Where is it?

ALVIE
I burned it.

NINO
You...fucking *WHAT?*

He grabs her by the shoulders and slams her into the wall. He shoves his gun under her jaw.

NINO (CONT'D)
Say it again, what the fuck did you do?

ALVIE
The priest said it was a fake!

NINO
Is it on fucking *fire?*

ALVIE
In the garden.

NINO
Twenty million dollars and it's on fire?

Nino drops the gun and runs for the terrace.

ALVIE
It's a fake!

EXT. THE VILLA - TERRACE - SUNSET

Alvie and Nino stand by the BBQ. Nino's posture is defeated.

NINO
You are a fucking lunatic.

He rubs his face.

NINO (CONT'D)
Minchia.

ALVIE
I was mad.

Nino gives her a look to melt steel.

ALVIE (CONT'D)
Don't be cross.
I have diamonds.

INT. NINO'S MERCEDES - SUNSET

The backseat is full of crammed suitcases. The trunk is full of bodies.

Alvie guns it down the driveway then slams on the breaks.
Nino flies into the dash.

NINO
Cazzo! What is wrong with you?

Alvie guns the car in reverse up the drive.

ALVIE
I forgot something.

INT. THE VILLA - ERNESTO'S ROOM - SUNSET

Alvie runs into the room. The pram is in the corner.

ALVIE
Oh baby. Did you think I'd forget you?

She snatches the oil portrait of Channing and runs.

EXT. TAORMINA STREETS - SUNSET

The mercedes whips past other cars.

INT. NINO'S MERCEDES - SUNSET

NINO
Cazzo! They're following us-

She looks in the rearview mirror. A black Land Rover is picking up speed behind them.

ALVIE
They followed us yesterday. Who are they?

NINO
It's the priest's fucking cosche,
who do you think??

They take a sharp curve - Nino slides into the door on his bad arm. He looks in the side mirror. Two very angry looking men are on their tail.

NINO (CONT'D)
That's Don Rizzo! Oh *Madonna*, we're dead!

ALVIE
What do I do?

NINO
Just move! You said you could fucking drive!

KA-POW KA-POW. They're shooting at the car.

NINO (CONT'D)
DRIVE!

She sees a turning up ahead and swerves the Mercedes onto it.

NINO (CONT'D)
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

ALVIE
DRIVING IN FIVE INCH HEELS,
ASSHOLE!

They speed down a narrow decline. Nino points to a sign into Taormina.

NINO
Trust me.

She does. The Land Rover is gaining. They roar through the streets of Taormina.

NINO (CONT'D)
Go right-

She takes the hairpin curve and nails it. There's an old brick arch above the road. It's tight.

ALVIE
Oh fuck oh fuck oh fuck oh fuck-

She closes her eyes as they squeeze through it - paint scrapes off the side of the car. The Land Rover is right behind them - it tries to slam through, but it gets stuck!

Alvie stops the car. She sees the men try to open their doors, but they're stuck tight in the arch.

ALVIE (CONT'D)
DID YOU SEE THAT? I FUCKING CRUSHED
IT!

She and Nino high-five.

She grabs Nino's gun, opens her car door, stands and fires two perfect kill shots through the windshield of the Rover.

ALVIE (V.O.)
*1-2-3-4-5-SIX PUTTANAS IN THE NAME
OF ALVIE.*

She gets back in the car. Nino is staring at her.

ALVIE
Wot?

NINO
Sei pazzo.

Police sirens sound in the distance. **NEENAW NEENAW NEENAW**

Nino tosses the gun out the window. Alvie slams the gas.

EXT. TAORMINA STREETS - NIGHT

The Mercedes steadily makes its way out of Taormina as the police arrive at the Land Rover.

Almost home free.

INT. NINO'S MERCEDES - NIGHT

Nino holds his bleeding arm.

NINO
Take a left.

Alvie takes a sharp left and Nino flies into the door. He yells. He starts to take off his shirt. He's covered in blood.

ALVIE
It smells like a butcher's shop in
here, what are you doing?

NINO
Keep going straight. Hand me that
shirt.

He nods his head toward a balled up shirt on the dashboard.

ALVIE
Nino, I'm driving, get it yourself.

NINO
If my arm wasn't fucked, I'd show
you driving. You drive like a girl.

ALVIE
I am a girl.

Nino reaches for the shirt on the dash and she guns the
accelerator. He yelps again.

NINO
Pull over up here.

EXT. TAORMINA - BRIDGE - NIGHT

The Mercedes comes to a halt on a high bridge. There are no
lights to be seen anywhere.

Alvie and Nino get out of the car and pop the trunk.

ALVIE
Ew fuck, they stink.

NINO
Well what did you expect, fucking
fresh baked foccacia?

They start pulling out the suitcases full of flesh and lug
them to the side of the bridge.

They both look over the bridge to the water below.

ALVIE
Do you think they'll float?

NINO
Do you think it's my first time?

Together, they hoist five suitcases over the side of the
bridge.

Sweating, they both collapse against the railing. Nino pulls
out a pack of cigarettes. He offers one to Alvie. They both
light up.

ALVIE
You know, I've been thinking.
I want to work with you.

NINO
You want to what?

ALVIE
I want to be your partner. I think
we'd be great.

NINO
You're *pazzo*.

ALVIE
I'm talented.

NINO
You get *me* to kill Salvatore and
now you want to be an *assassino*?

ALVIE
I wish I'd done it. I kinda liked
it.

NINO
Liked what?

ALVIE
Killing.

NINO
Betta, you're killing *me*. You kinda
liked it?

ALVIE
Actually no. I fucking *loved* it.
It's the most fun I've ever had
ever. How much do you get for a
job?

He's staring blankly at her.

ALVIE (CONT'D)
How much?

NINO
Depends. Anywhere from €2,000 if
I'm doing a guy a favour to—'

ALVIE
€2,000? You'd kill a guy for
€2,000?
(V.O.)
(MORE)

ALVIE (CONT'D)

*You've got to be joking. I'd do it
for free. I'd do it for the rush.*

NINO

To €10,000. €20,000 if it's a
difficult job.

ALVIE

Imagine if I'm working; that's
double the money, half the time.
Think what we'd make somewhere like
London? Talk about lucrative.
Anyway, it's over, like you said. I
know about the war. The mafia are
fucked.

NINO

I'm fucked, thanks to you. I can
never come back to Sicily.

ALVIE

We'd make a killing. What do you
think baby, just you and me?

NINO

You kill one guy and you think
you're Al Capone.

ALVIE

It's not quantity, it's *quality*.
Name one hitwoman.

He can't.

NINO

Who said I was hiring?

ALVIE

Just think about it.

He stubs out his cigarette.

NINO

We have to fucking go.

ALVIE

Where?

NINO

Dealer's choice.

ALVIE

London. It's all the rage.

NINO
Anywhere but here.

BLACK.

PRIDE

OVER BLACK:

ALVIE

*This is it.
This is the good stuff, the kind of
shit Maya Angelou writes about.
I'm free.
No more am I a wayward,
questionably hobo dilettante.
I'm fucking KALI.
I am become Death. Destroyer of
Worlds.*

EXT. LONDON - NIGHT

We slowly fade in to an aerial of London.

ALVIE

*I'm a Libra. I love carbohydrates
and sunshine and the way my ass
feels in a good pair of Louboutin
heels. I've had sex with over a
hundred men. I dabble in the
applications of Quantum Physics. I
prefer extra cheese as a general
rule.*

As we come closer, we follow a familiar Mercedes through the streets.

ALVIE (CONT'D)

*I sleep late, eat late, and come
first.
HashtagBlessed.*

The Mercedes slows to a stop in front of THE RITZ, LONDON.

INT. THE RITZ - LONDON - NIGHT

Alvie and Nino (now dressed in Ambrogio's fine clothes) stand at the front desk.

NINO

We need a room.

The clerk smiles at them and checks his computer.

CLERK

The Royal Suite is the only room we have available. That particular suite is £4,500 per night plus VAT.

NINO

Ma quanto?

Alvie slams a wad of €500 notes on the counter.

ALVIE

Will this do?

The man takes the money.

CLERK

Certainly, madame. Would you please be so kind as to show us some identification so we can sign you in? A passport or a driving license?

ALVIE (V.O.)

Alvie or Beth, Alvie or Beth...

She hands him Beth's passport.

CLERK

Very good, madame. Sign here please.

She signs the book in Elizabeth's name.

INT. THE RITZ - HALLWAY - NIGHT

A bellhop leads Alvie and Nino to the room. Nino hands him a wedge of €500 notes.

NINO

Don't let anyone up here.

BELLHOP

No sir, of course, sir.

NINO

No one.

BELLHOP

Sir.

He turns on a heel and leaves them.

INT. THE RITZ - ROYAL SUITE - NIGHT

Alvie has dumped all of the money on the bed and lays atop it. She wears a red silk La Perla nightgown. She is spinning a letter opener in her hand. She looks dangerous and delicious.

ALVIE

Come love on me.

Nino sits on the money next to her. She hands him a vial of cocaine. He cuts it out on the thigh of his jeans. She snorts it off of him and kisses his crotch up to his face. She straddles him.

ALVIE (CONT'D)

Give me your hand.

NINO

For what?

ALVIE

Give me your hand or it's your balls.

He gives it to her. She slides the blade of the letter opener across his finger.

NINO

OW WHAT THE FUCK-

She snatches the empty coke vial and pours his blood inside.

She stoppers it and puts it in her bra. He looks like a wounded puppy.

NINO (CONT'D)

You didn't need to slice it open!
Sei pazzo -

ALVIE

Baby, we just killed a fuckton of people. We christened ourselves in the blood of our enemies. I'm gonna need you to suit up because I'm real, real, real freaky. Understand?

She smiles and he laughs. He pulls her tight to him.

NINO

I had no idea you were half this crazy. Where is Betta?

ALVIE

I don't want to be Betta. I want to be ALPHA.

She kisses him again. They grind into one another.

NINO

What else do you want?

ALVIE

I want you to fuck me till these notes are soaked in our sin.

He kisses her deep and flips her over on the bed. He stares at her - takes in her whole face.

ALVIE (CONT'D)

What's the matter?

NINO

Let's get dressed and go to dinner. I've never been to a fancy one as just...me. Always a bridesmaid, never a bride, you know?

ALVIE

Oh baby, that's so sweet. Of course we can go to dinner.

NINO

Can we dress up?

ALVIE

We'll wear the most expensive things we brought and order the most expensive things on the menu.

He smiles, it's genuine.

NINO

Why don't you shower first? I'm going to rest my eyes for just a bit.

ALVIE

Okay.

She hops off of him.

ALVIE (CONT'D)

I'll wake you up with a blowie.

They kiss and she skips to the bathroom.

INT. THE RITZ - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Alvie strips off all of her clothes and looks at herself in the mirror. She's covered in bruises and cuts but she still looks hot as fuck. She knows she does.

ALVIE
Yeah. I'd fuck me.

She gets in the shower.

INT. THE RITZ - ROYAL SUITE - NIGHT

Alvie comes out of the shower in a fluffy white robe. She's toweling her hair.

She looks up.

The room is empty. A haiku:

SHIT SHIT FUCK FUCK SHIT
FUCK FUCK SHIT SHIT FUCK SHIT FUCK
SHIT FUCK SHIT FUCK SHIT.

She wanders around it in a daze. No notes, no suitcases, no clothes. The only things that have been left are a stunning yellow Cavalli dress, the gold Prada heels, a diamond necklace, and the oil portrait of Channing Tatum.

BLANK SPACE by TAYLOR SWIFT

Slow motion. Alvie screams. She grabs a gold candelabra and begins to smash everything in the room. Every. Last. Thing.

Shoulders heaving with her effort, she stands in a ruin of glass, shredded fabric and feathers.

She looks like she could cry - but instead, she starts laughing. A gleeful, *delighted* laugh.

She goes to the window and looks out over night London. Cold air hits her face and she breathes it in deep.

ALVIE
Oh Nino, my Dark Prince.
Of course you've run; it's exactly
what I would have done, if I'd
thought of it first.
(MORE)

ALVIE (CONT'D)

Silly me.
I got dickmatized.
I got sloppy.
But my love, my *darling*-
Haven't you been paying attention?
I'm crazy as all fuck.
AND I'M CRAZY ABOUT YOU.
(with TAYLOR, to camera)
Don't say I didn't say I didn't
warn ya.

End.

OVER CREDITS:

INT. CHANNING TATUM'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - LOS ANGELES - EVENING

JENNA DEWAN TATUM (36, total fucking perfection, 10/10) wears running gear and headphones. We hear the tinny strains of TAYLOR SWIFT'S BLANK SPACE coming from her earbuds.

She goes to the a stainless steel fridge and grabs a bottle of water, chugs it, and then reaches inside for two vanilla Go-Gurts.

She goes to a large butcher block island and sifts through a stack of mail there. She comes across a beautiful, thick envelope from THE RITZ HOTEL, LONDON, addressed to CHANNING TATUM.

INT. CHANNING TATUM'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

CHANNING TATUM (37, not as perfect as his wife but damn close) is sitting in a leather wingback chair and white-knuckle watching GHOST HUNTERS INTERNATIONAL on a large television.

Jenna enters.

JENNA

Babe.

He jumps.

CHANNING

YOU CAN'T SNEAK UP ON ME WHEN I'M
WATCHING GHOSTIES.

She looks at the screen. The Ghost Hunters are playing back EVP recordings.

JENNA

Why are the ghosts always so cryptic? Why don't they ever say things like, 'can you pass the Pringles'?

He looks at her. She has a good point.

JENNA (CONT'D)

You got a letter.

He pauses and she hands it to him, along with a Go-Gurt.

JENNA (CONT'D)

(in a ghost voice)

*I'm getting in the
shoooweeerrrrr...ooooOoooooO000oooo
...*

She snorts at her own joke and they cheer one another with their respective yogurt tubes.

Channing opens the Go-Gurt first, then the letter.

He reads and eats.

The text displays over his face.

*Alvina Knightly Ritz Hotel,
150 Piccadilly, London,
W1J 9BR*

*Mr Channing Tatum c/o C A A
2000 Avenue of the Stars Los Angeles, CA 90067
Sunday, 30th August 2015, 3.56am*

Dear Mr. Tatum,

RE: Marriage

My name is Alvina Knightly, but you can call me Alvie and I am not only your biggest fan, but also potentially your future wife. I have admired you from afar for some time, but it's not just your chiselled abs and toned torso I appreciate, I also really like your cock. I also think you are a better actor than Ryan Gosling, though not quite as good as Matthew McConaughey; he's really talented.

Let me tell you a bit about myself, so you can decide whether or not you want to marry me (you should, by the way). Like I said, my name is Alvina and I am ~~26~~ 21 years old. At the moment, I live in London, England, at the Ritz Hotel, but this is not my permanent address.

I am an amicable, friendly and fun-loving people-person. I get on with everybody and love animals, kids and tourists.

I like opera, poetry, Lamborghinis, travelling, alcohol, sex and killing. Especially sex. I am very experienced in the bedroom department and have been told I give good head. To date, I have slept with 303 men, though this was over an eight year period, so I don't want you to go thinking I'm a slut.

I have had several long-term (longer than one night) relationships, the most recent of which ended recently (tonight) and amicably (he is still alive), and while there is still a chance that the two of us might get back together, I wanted to alert you to my current availability. I am going to try and track him down (using the gps mobile phone tracing app I downloaded on his phone), but I'd guesstimate there is only about a 50% chance of that resulting in a marriage proposal.

In the meantime, I am sending you this c/o your agent in LA; I don't know your home address, but you can rest assured that I will find out. You can call me back on 004477669756330 at your convenience (within 24 hours of receipt of this letter) and let me know when and where you want to meet.

*Yours sincerely, madly, wetly,
Alvina*

*

Channing puts the letter on the end table next to him and looks back at the television. He inhales the last bit of yogurt from the tube and tosses the spent casing atop Alvie's prose.

CHANNING

They don't ask for Pringles because
nobody ever died violently over
Pringles.
Duh.

He hits play.