

THE LIMEY

By

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Wilson's first impression of Los Angeles was blue. He was in the sky at the time, so it was a curious reversal, looking down rather than up at the color he had always felt was nature's finest.

Swimming pools. Hundreds of them. Pockmarking the landscape like miniature lakes. A flat landscape of straight streets and square blocks and sparse grass that didn't look quite green enough.

As far as Wilson could remember, he had only ever seen seven or eight swimming pools in his entire life and they had been public ones. Here everyone had their own. Marvellous.

There was the one at the Butlin's holiday camp where he had enjoyed his last legitimate employment -- as driver of a tour bus. And there was the one at Crystal Palace he had gone to once or twice when he was younger. He was most familiar, though, with the Chelsea Baths as he had lived for some time in a flat nearby in what he now thought of as his good years - before he'd gone grey, went to prison, and found himself in a plane over a foreign town arriving to avenge the death of his daughter.

WHOOSH! THE SOUND OF AUTOMATIC DOORS OPENING AND --

1 EXT. ARRIVALS TERMINAL. L.A. AIRPORT. AFTERNOON. 1

WILSON steps out into the late sunlight and the heat of the day. A slow-motion moment while he gets acclimatized. He wouldn't have ever felt quite this kind of heat before. After such a rigorously air-conditioned interior. Or seen cops wearing guns on their belts. Or black cops, for that matter, with guns on their belts. Or seen people as fat as Americans on their home turf. Things someone from England notices immediately, whether consciously at first or not.

CUT.

2 EXT. MOTEL. EVENING. 2

Wilson's not here for comfort. Shown to a shitty room, round the corner of a typical 2nd-level outside walkway. Airport close by.

3 INT. MOTEL ROOM. EVENING. 3

He draws a curtain open across a window in one strong easy glide. His moves are neat. His expressions just as economical, not giving much away. Outside the planes are practically on top of us. The sunset colors strange and chemical.

He's only got one light bag. Unzips, unpacks a few things. Change of clothes, a travel kit, and some familiar items (shaving foam/toothpaste/deodorant) bearing unfamiliar British brand names.

Goes into the bathroom. Turns on the shower in there.

Comes back to sit on the bed. Takes an envelope out of his jacket.

ENVELOPE

Turns it over to see the return address on the back.

CUT.

4 INT. TAXI. NIGHT. 4

Wilson in the back. Stares at the driver's posted ID. Driver's name is "Edward Ford".

DRIVER glances back at his quiet passenger in the rearview mirror.

CUT.

5 EXT. SMALL HOUSE. NIGHT.

5

Wilson walks up a cracked little path to the front door. Lower middle-class street. Two cars in the driveway, one behind the other. Lights on inside the house -- as he rings the bell.

ED RAMA

Answers it. Hispanic. Late 30's. Chairman Mao on his T-shirt notwithstanding, an easygoing sort of fellow. Not looking for any trouble -- anymore. But once did, and able to handle himself if any shows up. Which it has.

WILSON

Edward Rama?

ED

Eduardo.
(rolling the R)
Rama.

WILSON

You're home, then.

He turns, waves away the taxi he's kept waiting. While Eduardo Rama waits for an introduction.

WILSON

My name's Wilson.

Accent speaks for itself. Hard, working-class.

ED

Wilson?

Knows the name. But just now it's unexpected. He's holding a hot TV dinner, hand protected by a dish towel.

WILSON

- You wrote to me about my daughter.

CUT.

6 INT. ED'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

6

Ed takes Wilson inside.

ED

I didn't expect anyone.

WILSON

No reason.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

5

ED

I mean, what has it been -- six months?

WILSON

Round about, yeah.

They've entered a cauldron of family life. TV blaring (SHOWBIZ TONIGHT!). A couple of younger KIDS yelling "Mama". Their MOTHER shouting back at them from the kitchen (in Spanish) that she only has two hands. A sullen TEENAGER walking by.

ED

I didn't even know who I was writing to -- just someone with the same last name. She never talked about any family.

WILSON

It was better than a telegram.

Ed opens a screen door to the backyard.

7

EXT. ED'S BACKYARD. NIGHT.

7

They sit at an outdoor table. Wilson with a TV dinner in front of him now too. Sounds from inside MUTED. Even this little house has a little pool.

WILSON

Who done it, then?

ED

Huh?

WILSON

Snuffed her.

Ed surprised at Wilson's directness. Ed stands nervously.

ED

- Now, wait up a second, man.

And paces back and forth.

ED

I never said nothin' about nothin' like that. No, no, no. That's not what I wrote to you.

WILSON

No, but between the lines, eh? Mysterious circumstances, and that.

Ed stops pacing.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

ED

Look, I sent you that newspaper clipping, all right? I told you what I know. It was an accident. I didn't say anything about anybody being "snuffed."

Beat.

WILSON

This bloke she was bunked up with. This Terry what'sit.

ED

Terry Valentine.

WILSON

Valentine. What's he got to say for himself?

ED

I dunno. What's he gonna say? They had a fight that night, she drove away, she was upset? I don't even know the guy. Don't get me wrong, Jenny and me were friends, but we didn't travel in the same social circles. She had her life, I had mine.

Makes a kind of scoffing gesture: and you can see what my life is.

ED

Valentine came into the restaurant where I work with Jenny a couple times. He's a money guy. Jenny would say, hey, here's my friend Eddie and he would shake my hand and everything, but he wouldn't even see me, you know what I mean.

Wilson gazes up at the sky. Clear night. Stars.

WILSON

How long had she been in the States?
(as if to himself, somewhat wistful)

Near on ten years, wasn't it? Long enough to know her way about, I reckon.

Ed leans down, palms on the tabletop, facing Wilson.

ED

There was an investigation, okay? The car was totalled. Jennifer was... Her neck was broken. On impact, they said.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

ED (CONT'D)

So she wouldn't have... felt the effects
of the fire.

(helpless shrug)

It happens up there. Happens a lot.
What more can I tell you.

Wilson taps out a cigarette from a pack of "Silk Cut" he's
produced from his pocket.

WILSON

What more is there.

ED

I'm just sayin' -- it was a steep
hillside. There was no moon that
night...

Wilson's quiet stillness is getting to him.

ED

Coulda happened to anyone, man. I never
knew her to be reckless. I mean, sure,
she would smoke a little grass, or
something, have a few drinks. But that's
it, nothing more than that.

WILSON

No, not my girl. Self-control, she had.
Point of pride.

(smokes)

And people don't change, do they.

ED

I dunno... Maybe they do.

Wilson notes the tattoos on Ed's forearms.

WILSON

Going straight, are ya.

Ed looks at him. Sits down again. Keeping his forearms under
the table.

ED

(looks away)

Boomerang.

WILSON

Y'what?

ED

I knew when I was droppin' that letter
into the mail slot it was gonna come back
and smack me in the face.

(looks at Wilson again)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

ED (CONT'D)

I did my time, okay? My sister, her ol' man's up in Chino right now doin' eight years.

WILSON

(re the family inside)

This ain't your lot, then?

ED

You kiddin', man? I don't need a wife and screamin' kids. I still got my youth.

And yet -- he lives here. Wilson declines to pursue the matter.

ED

I go to work, try to keep my life together, put all that shit behind me, man. What d'you want from me.

WILSON

(calmly smoking)

I only asked.

Ed sighs. Reaches for one of Wilson's cigarettes.

ED

Couple weeks before she died, Jennifer asked me to drive her downtown. Said she was meeting -- her boyfriend -- Valentine. But I think she was looking for him.

FLASH CUTS:

A7 ED AND JENNIFER. In a car, downtown. She has the same steely A7 intensity as her father. Ed looks a little worried.

7 (Cont.)

WILSON

7 (Cont.)

(lighting Ed's cigarette)

What, tryin' to catch him with another bird?

ED

That's what I thought, man. But it was not a hotel or nothin' that we went to. It was someplace else.

WILSON

Whereabouts?

FLASH CUTS:

B7 JENNIFER. Talking to a beefy WAREHOUSE BOSS. Or talking at him. Either way, he isn't happy.

B7 *

THREE THUGS. Watch instead of working.

ED. Taking all this in.

7 (Cont.)

ED

Bad place, man. Bad people. Some guys loading some trucks. Some kinda deal goin' down.

(anticipating Wilson's next question)

I don't know and I don't care. Maybe they're shipping fava beans to Eskimos.

7 (Cont.)

WILSON

Did Jenny know?

ED

(shrugs)

Valentine wasn't even there. If he was into something, if she was involved -- who can say.

(stands up again)

But I'll tell you something. She stood in front of these dudes, man. Eyeballing them. Checking them out.

(beat)

I felt like she was covering my ass that day.

Unconsciously rubbing his arms where his tattoos are.

ED

I drove her back to Valentine's house.

FLASH CUT:

C7 VALENTINE. Standing in front of his house. His expression says: We have something to discuss.

C7

7 (Cont.)

ED (cont'd)

He was standing outside waiting for her. That's the only other time I ever saw him.

(a short sad note)

Last time I saw her.

7 (Cont.)

He meets Wilson's gaze. As hard and pointed as a drill through his skull.

(CONTINUED)

7 (CONTINUED):

7 (Cont.)

ED (cont'd)
I think he killed her, yeah.

CUT.

8 INT. ED'S CAR. NIGHT.

3

Ed drives Wilson back to his motel. Wilson silent. Ed still not quite sure who he's dealing with. Is this really or merely a grieving dad?

ED
What you gonna do, man? You gonna go to the cops?

WILSON
Nah, coppers don't do nothing, do they.

ED
Those streets up in the hills, man. Gotta be real careful, keep your eye on the ball. Two o'clock in the morning, it's dark, your mind is all agitated, you're drivin' a little too fast...
(beat)
Those curves don't kid around.

Could be talking about the girl. Wilson doesn't move. But touch him, he'll explode. Out the window lights are passing, but no landmarks. He might as well be on the moon.

ED
You should talk to Elaine. That was her best friend.

WILSON
She didn't write to me, did she.

ED
She didn't know what to say.
(shrugs)
I thought someone should say something. To someone. With me it was, I don't know -- Jenny liked me for some reason. I felt like I owed her.

WILSON
Who'd Jenny get it off of -- this grass or whatever?

ED
(self-conscious again)
Not me, man. I'm no drug dealer, what you think.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

3

WILSON

(re Ed's tattoos)

I think you didn't get that lot in the Navy, doing your National Service.

ED

I already told you, man. Corcoran. Know what that is? State prison.

WILSON

Nick's a nick, n' it? No matter what state you're in. State of remorse, most likely -- for gettin' caught.

ED

But that's not me anymore. That's when I was into the gang lifestyle. That's not who I am now. Five years in the joint -- that's it for me, man.

Now Wilson drops the clanger.

WILSON

Just got out meself, didn't I.

And Ed turns. Looks at Wilson. Fellow ex-con.

CUT.

9 EXT. WILSON'S MOTEL. NIGHT.

9

Wilson out of the car, shuts the passenger door. Ed on the other side, looks over the roof at him.

ED

Go home, man.
(plane taking off in
background)
Get on a plane.

Wilson has other plans.

WILSON

I'll be needing a shooter.

Makes his fingers like a gun. And a clicking sound.

ED

(comes quickly over)
You're kiddin' me, right?

WILSON

What do I do, then, look in the bleedin' Yellow Pages?

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

ED

(an urgent whisper)

These are not guys you can just go run a number on, man.

WILSON

(looking around)

Thought perhaps there'd be dispensing machines, you know. Bung in your coins, come out with a .44 Magnum, fully-loaded.

Ed throws up his hands, walks back to his driver's side door.

ED

Are you a resident of California? You gonna fill out forms, man? Do the background check? Go through a three-day waiting period?

WILSON

Sod that. Gotta get back before my probation officer wonders where I've skived off to.

ED

Probation? Man, you crazy. They shouldn't've let you outta your country, much less prison.

WILSON

Travelling on a dodgy passport, n' all.

Walks round to come face to face with Ed once more.

WILSON

Which is why I thought, save some time, get what I need under the table, like.

ED

As if resigned and mulling the problem over:

ED

Under the table?

CUT.

10 OMITTED

10 *

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

*

A10 EXT. A TABLE -- OUTDOORS SOMEWHERE. DAY

A10

*

A HANDGUN passed over the wooden table top -- into Wilson's hands.

*

*

Wilson holds it just under the table, checks it out quickly and efficiently. It's clear he's no stranger to firearms and their use.

*

*

*

Ed sits across from him, acting as a kind of shield. Looking around shiftily.

*

*

Sullen Teenager, produces another gun. Wilson handles it, sights discreetly down the barrel. He pulls a wad of cash from his pocket and lays some bills on the kid.

*

*

*

Still lacking expression the kid stuffs the money away and stands, hitching his backpack over his shoulder. He walks away -- across a SCHOOL PLAYGROUND -- to where some OTHER KIDS are playing basketball.

*

*

*

*

(Or maybe he walks across a street to the school, leaving Wilson and Ed here in a little park or grassy area opposite or adjoining the school grounds.)

*

*

*

Wilson conceals his purchases inside his jacket. Watching the kid go. America, what a country.

*

*

CUT.

*

11 INT. ED'S CAR. DAY.

11

Ed drives. Nervous at Wilson now loading his new gun beside him.

*

*

WILSON
Violation of my parole, this.
(a perfect pause)
-- Goin' abroad.

Ed shakes his head at Wilson's sense of humor. Though may have his own brand:

*

*

ED
Lucky it wasn't a weekday. You know,
that school has metal detectors. State
of the art, man.

*

*

*

WILSON
Fucking out of order, that. Shouldn't be
allowed.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

As he puts away a box of ammo.

ED

Now what. You gonna take your new arsenal, go visit Terry Valentine, just like that? Boom bam boom.

WILSON

It's only insurance. Can't be too careful. This Terry Valentine, he's probably a wonderful fella. They were together how long?

ED

Five years, I think. Long time.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

WILSON

Well, there you are. Jen must've liked him.

Doesn't make Ed feel any better. Nor does the way Wilson seems now to be studying Ed's driving techniques. Paying attention to the way traffic lights and left-turn lanes and cars without clutches work over here.

ED

(remembering)

Jenny told me she met him at the beach. Got blinded by his smile.

(beat)

You believe that shit? Son of a bitch never smiled at me. Buried her at a "private" service. Private for who. Him?

WILSON

(confused)

Hang about. I thought you said he come into the restaurant where you worked with Jenny.

ED

He came in with Jenny to the restaurant where I work. That's not where they met.

WILSON

And that's where you met Jenny.

ED

No, no -- Jenny used to work as a waitress. Before she met him. But that's not where she met me. Not in my restaurant.

WILSON

How'd the two of you hook up, then?

ED

Oh, Jenny was in my acting class.

CUT.

A12 INT. RENTAL CAR AGENCY. DAY.

A12 *

Wilson approaches counter with Ed. Rents Car.

*

12 INT. RENTAL CAR. DAY.

12

Wilson at the wheel himself. Getting the hang of L.A. Driving downtown. Along one of the major boulevards.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

Glances at a street sign as he goes by. Picks up the map book on the seat beside him to check his route.

13 EXT. BOULEVARD. DAY. 13

Wilson makes a sudden lane change to avoid getting fed in the wrong direction. Gets HONKED by another driver.

14 EXT. A STREET DOWNTOWN. DAY. 14

Wilson cruises past a particular building. We don't have to really clearly see it just yet (we saw it in the flash cuts)-- more important we see him seeing it. Casing it with the eyes of a professional. Sniffing it out; the instinct of a predator after prey.

15 INT. CAR. DAY. 15

Parks it. Produces the little leather travel kit we saw him unpack at his motel. Unzips it. Under the usual assortment of clippers, razors, etc., is a hidden layer -- storing still more personalized items: a set of select slim lockpicking/cutting tools.

16 EXT. SIDE STREET. DAY. 16

Wilson locks the car. Walks away. STAY with him.

AROUND THE CORNER

He walks down the block. A nice long walk. What we get out of it besides a sense of Wilson -- cool cat; ambling along; loner; sun beating down; not bothered; his shadow doubling him -- is this:

The building approaching. The one he has his eye on. The target. It's across the street. A kind of flat windowless warehouse with adjoining loading yard. Loading yard surrounded by a chain-link fence -- topped with barbed wire.

The actual geography of where he left his car in relation to this building. Safely around the corner. And how he might practically get back to it, either this same way or via a more circuitous route round another block.

The sense you get in downtown L.A. on a lazy Saturday afternoon that you're in a ghost town. Particularly in this shabby kind of industrial section.

17 EXT. THE BUILDING. 17

Wilson crosses over to it now. From sunny to shade.

Walks past the chain-link fence. The padlocked gate, big enough to accommodate the (couple of) trucks parked within the compound.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

Walks past the closed security door which would appear to be the building's main entrance.

Round the next corner -- SEES there's a steel back door as well.

Comes around this block again. Looking surreptitiously around now. Streets here utterly deserted. Not even a passing car. Crappy residential building on an opposite corner, SPANISH MUSIC blaring from one of the open windows, but not with a direct view on the loading yard fence on this side. Wilson nearing it now -- taking something out of his pocket. One of the mysterious metallic tools from his travel kit. Snaps his wrist, unfolding the tool with a CRACK. Wire cutters.

He doesn't go for the gate, the padlock, like we might have thought. He suddenly drops to one knee, in shadow where the fence meets the adjoining building. SNAP, SNAP, SNAP, SNAP, SNAP -- so quick, with great dexterity, though his face grimaces with the strength he has to exert with each application of pressure -- he cuts just as many links as he knows he needs to push in a little flap of fence and roll under. Whole thing accomplished in seconds.

LOADING YARD

Walks fast to the cover of the trucks. Pauses. Looks around. Cement loading docks and bays. Shuttered doors. He jumps up to one, puts his ear to the metal. Listens awhile.

WILSON

Scans the wall for any sign of an alarm box or anything. Then cocks an ear upwards... CAMERA CRANING UP to show us what he hears: an air-conditioning unit HUMMING away. Which means someone must be inside.

Wilson looks back at his entry options. Not the loading doors -- but a conventional door at one end, with a conventional lock his eye zeroes in on. Gets out his tools, going over.

18 INT. WAREHOUSE HALLWAY.

18

A SCRATCHING at the door. It opens. He's in.

Waits. Cautious. Nothing. He starts along the hallway.

19 OMITTED

19 *

A19 INT. MAIN WAREHOUSE.

A19 *

Wilson pauses before entering. Place seems deserted -- then he SEES a man working in a windowed office within the warehouse. And a SOUND in the shadows across the way -- a YOUNG PUNK sweeping the floor.

Wilson runs a hand through his hair -- and walks boldly forward.

Sweeping punk looks up -- but Wilson's already gone into the office of the BOSS.

B19 INT. WAREHOUSE OFFICE.

B19 *

BOSS looks up from the paperwork he's doing at his desk. Big burly bearded guy. Like the Punk out there (no longer in view), there's a definite air of criminality about this place and its people.

Boss looks curiously at Wilson, expecting him to introduce himself. But Wilson just glances about nonchalantly -- boxes of electronic equipment piled everywhere, a safe in a corner, an accordion security gate bunched up in another corner.

WILSON

Can't be too careful, can ya. Lotta thieves about nowadays.

BOSS

Excuse me?

WILSON

Terry Valentine -- you know him?

BOSS

And you are?

WILSON

My name's Wilson.

MUSIC playing softly from the Boss's CD player.

BOSS

Well, let's start with I never heard of you.

WILSON

Well, I'm not that well known. 'Cept round certain districts and police nicks, know what I mean.

BOSS

Police, did you say?

(CONTINUED)

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19.

319 CONTINUED:

319

WILSON
(still looking around)
Who me? Nah, couldn't be bothered.

BOSS
(had enough of this, now
stands)
Who the fuck are you and how did you get
in here?

WILSON
(ignores that, comes closer)
Only, a little bird told me you and Terry
Valentine had some business dealings
together.

BOSS
I don't know anyone named Terry
Valentine.

WILSON
Don'tcha?

BOSS
So take a walk, pal. You're making a
mistake. Go on, get the fuck outta here.

Wilson reaches for the Rolodex on the Boss's desk and turns
it around.

BOSS (CONT'D)
Hey --

Wilson kicks the Boss's rolling chair to make him fall back
into the seat and SLAMS Boss's head down so he's chewing on
the edge of his desk. Holds him there with one hand while
spinning through the Rolodex with the other -- until he finds
a card that says Terry Valentine on it and rips it out.

WILSON
You wanna wake your ideas up, mate.
(leans closer)
What you been getting up to, son, eh?
What you been doing?

Boss mutters something unintelligible. Wilson pushes his
teeth deeper into the desk.

WILSON (CONT'D)
Jennifer Wilson -- remember anything
about her?

NOISE behind him. THREE THUGS who work for the Boss in the
doorway. Take in what's happening and rush Wilson.

(CONTINUED)

"The Limey" 09/29/98 (Blue)

20.

319 CONTINUED:

B19

Boss straightens up, coughing, spluttering blood.

BOSS
Motherfucker.

Punches Wilson hard in the gut. And again. And again. BOOM-BOOM-BOOM. Thug #1 intervenes.

THUG #1
-- Wait a second, hold up, wait a minute,
whoa! Who is this guy, man!

They search Wilson quickly, finding his break-in kit, some loose change -- and a gun.

BOSS
(wiping his mouth)
-- All right, the only reason you're not
dead is you're gonna tell me who you are.

WILSON
(being roughly held)
Jennifer Wilson was my daughter. I
wanna...find out what happened to her.

BOSS
Who the fuck is Jennifer Wil --

But he remembers. So does Thug #1.

THUG #1
Hey, that was that chick that showed up --

BOSS
-- Who talked the same way as this
cocksucker.
(nodding at Wilson)
Yeah, I know Terry Valentine. He's a
personal friend of mine. And y'know what.
-- I don't discuss my friends with
strangers.
(twists Wilson's face)
-- That cunt daughter of yours came down
here sticking her tits in my face: who
am I, how do I know Terry, what's the
nature of our business together. Now, I
admire Terry in many ways, but I gotta
say --
(playing to his guys now)
-- he let himself get royally pussy-
whipped by that fuckin' bitch.

(CONTINUED)

B19 CONTINUED:

B19

Wilson's not struggling. Just staring. He's gonna kill every last one of these shitheads. We know it, we're just waiting for it.

BOSS (CONT'D)
Y'know what I would've liked to have done...

He WHISPERS in Wilson's ear. For the longest time. The Thugs snicker.

BOSS (CONT'D)
(stands back again)
...She woulda liked it too. Too bad she took a nosedive off a cliff. That sure dried her up.

Wilson kicks this dirtbag in the balls. WHUM! -- just like that. Straight up and in. While their Boss sinks to his knees, doubled-over in agony, the Thugs start in on Wilson again (not beating him, exactly, just pulling him in all directions, bashing his head against a wall, bending him over the desk as he resists, etc.). Thug #1 grabs the gun, presses it to Wilson's temple --

BOSS (CONT'D)
(barely able to speak)
Hey!
(gestures: don't be dumb, let the fucker go)
Get him outta here, just kick his ass out.

Thugs drag Wilson out. Thug #1 hanging back a moment --

THUG #1
Want me to -- call an ambulance or --

BOSS
Fuck off.
(between angry anguished breaths)
-- I'm calling Jim Avery.

Grabs hold of the edge of his desk, preparing to pull himself painfully up.

The Punk who'd been sweeping outside the office stands nervously in the doorway, looking from the Boss to the Thugs hustling Wilson through the warehouse.

C19 INT. MAIN WAREHOUSE.

C19 *

The Thugs pull Wilson viciously towards the front street exit. Wilson slipping and stumbling -- but they just drag him along the floor, Thug #1 kicking him as the other two yank him by arms and hair -- and SMASH him into the metal door to open it --

20 EXT. FRONT STREET.

20 *

-- and push him out. Thug #1 in the alcove of the doorway pulls Wilson to his feet, holding him tight by the neck, spitting final threats into his face:

THUG #1
You come down here again, Dad, we'll kill
you. You understand that? This is
private property.
(SLAPS Wilson)
We will shoot you, fucko.
(SLAPS him and SHOUTS in his
face)
DO YOU GET IT!

He's acting the bully for the benefit of the other two Thugs as well, all of them laughing.

They push and kick Wilson into the gutter of the street.

THUG #1 (CONT'D)
Fuckin' old fart comin' down here with
his big dangerous gun. Whooa, we're
quakin'.

They're heading back inside. Thug #1 calls back to Wilson.

THUG #1 (cont'd)
Go ahead, come back sometime. Come back
and trespass, we'll look forward to it,
asshole. Stupid English fuck.

They disappear inside the building again. And we notice the door...doesn't quite click all the way shut.

WILSON

Gets slowly to his feet. Brushes himself off. Pants torn at the knees, slightly bloody there, his face a little cut, maybe, some aches and pains that we can't see under his clothes -- but otherwise none the worse.

He's breathing hard. Straightens up.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

Looks up the street one way. Down the street the other. Still totally empty. Just that SPANISH MUSIC coming from the crappy building nearby.

Wilson reaches behind his back ... under his jacket ... getting his second gun.

He goes back into the building.

We stay out here.

After a moment ... some MUFFLED GUNSHOTS.

After another moment ... the young Punk comes BARRELLING out that door. Terror-stricken. Stumbling in his panic to escape. Running off down the street, looking back over his shoulder like the Devil himself is after him.

And Wilson comes back out. His face transformed. Last time we saw it, was still quite calm and composed. Now it is, in fact, DEMONIC. Insane rage like you've never seen. Out-of-control FURY unleashed. He SCREAMS after the fleeing Punk.

WILSON

Tell him I'm coming! You go tell him I'm coming! TELL HIM I'M FUCKING COMING!

CUT.

21 INT./EXT. VALENTINE'S HOUSE. LATE AFTERNOON.

21

We're MOVING THROUGH an impressive designer house that must have cost a pretty penny. A series of images that establish the owner has taste, apparent wealth, and influence stretching back a good three decades at least.

Walking through these SHOTS is a young beauty in a bathing suit named ADHARA. She advances slowly, as if not entirely at home here, pausing to look at things just like we do.

At one point she glances over at a BEEFY GUY (GORDON) sitting at the kitchen counter, flipping through a magazine. He looks her up and down, more from reflex than anything.

She continues on. Eventually she goes outside through sliding doors --

HER POV

A FIGURE (VALENTINE) sitting by the pool, talking on the phone. His back to us. The pool is spectacular, mosaic tile-bottomed.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

ADHARA

Approaches. Valentine's VOICE is soothing, but with the tiniest hint of exasperation that comes with being slightly ahead of everyone.

VALENTINE

(into phone)

No, not before. Not before. Think about it. What does it mean. What -- no, I'm not. Think. Yes. See? You figured it out all by yourself. I know. Are we done? Okay.

He hangs up, senses Adhara. But still doesn't turn.

VALENTINE (cont'd)

Adhara. You know, I remember telling your parents, if you're looking for a name, you can't go wrong with a constellation.

Adhara drapes herself over him from the back, gives him a peck.

ADHARA

I used to hate it. Now I like it.

VALENTINE

Could be worse -- they could have named you Reticulum.

He turns and we see him for the first time.

VALENTINE

Polished. Handsome. Charismatic. Especially when smiling like he is now.

QUICK CUT TO:

A21 INT. WILSON'S MOTEL. BATHROOM. LATE AFTERNOON.

A21

Wilson's face, last seen contorted with anger, now obscured by STEAM and MISTY WATER -- as he washes away his morning in readiness for evening.

CUT BACK TO:

B21 EXT. VALENTINE'S HOUSE. POOLSIDE. LATE AFTERNOON.

B21

As he kisses Adhara.

(CONTINUED)

B21 CONTINUED:

B21

VALENTINE

Is there anything in the world that you want or need?

ADHARA

I want to know why you need that scary guy in your house.

VALENTINE

Gordon? He's been with me for years. He's not as tough as he looks.

ADHARA

Then what good is he?

VALENTINE

You've heard of loyalty?

ADHARA

I'm loyal to things that make me happy.

VALENTINE

Am I a thing?

ADHARA

Well, you're certainly not a person.

VALENTINE

I'm not.

ADHARA

No. You're not specific enough to be a person. You're more like a vibe.

VALENTINE

I'm so glad we're having this chat.

ADHARA

When are we eating?

VALENTINE

As soon as you get dressed.

ADHARA

What kind of food?

VALENTINE

Anything but Japanese.

ADHARA

Why?

VALENTINE

Too fussy.

(CONTINUED)

B21 CONTINUED:

B21

ADHARA
You or the food?

VALENTINE
I don't like do-it-yourself cuisine.
Buffets. Salad bars. Finger bowls and
side dishes. Just put it all on the damn
plate.

ADHARA
A fork fetishist. You demand to be
served.

VALENTINE
It's just fuel to me. I'm not there for
distractions.

ADHARA
For some, eating is a sensual experience.
The sensual experience.

VALENTINE
That's what Gordon's always saying.

His cell phone rings.

VALENTINE
(into phone)
Yes.

He listens, then looks up -- at his deck. Where a MAN
(AVERY) stands holding a phone, obviously talking to
Valentine.

VALENTINE
(into phone)
I'll be there as soon as I can.

He hangs up. No more time for flirty banter with Adhara.
When he moves he moves.

VALENTINE (cont'd)
How about Italian. There's usually a
tablecloth.

22 EXT. DECK. LATE AFTERNOON.

22

Valentine greets Avery.

VALENTINE
Jim.

He's immediately worried by Avery's manner.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

AVERY

Look, I don't know what's transpired,
exactly ...

VALENTINE

What.

AVERY

Our friends downtown.
(almost jocular)
Someone took them out.

VALENTINE

"Took them out?"
(maybe he's supposed to go
along with the joke)
What're you ...

AVERY

What used to be called a "gangland
slaying" -- maybe still is.

VALENTINE

Who did it? Were they black?

AVERY

(his turn to nearly smile)
Were they black. No, Terry, not their
style.
(sits down)
What I gather ... it was a lone gunman.

VALENTINE

You're starting to sound like the daily
news. Why are you telling me this?

AVERY

As long as you don't know about it, I
didn't want you to hear about it and
freak out.

VALENTINE

(relaxes a little, tries to
maintain his cool)
Jim, I don't freak out anymore.

Avery sighs, stands.

AVERY

... Probably nothin'.

Sips from a little bottle of Evian.

(CONTINUED)

"The Limey" 09/29/98 (Blue)

28.

22 CONTINUED:

22

Adhara dives into the pool below, glides just under the surface.

AVERY (cont'd)

That's usually what mindless mayhem comes down to. A bad loan, bad judgement, bad faith ...

Almost accusatory in his tone to Valentine. These two have history.

VALENTINE

Well, as long as no one --

AVERY

No one can hang anything on you. You never saw those guys again, right?

VALENTINE

You crazy? They were friends of yours, not mine.

(as Avery looks wryly at him)
Clients?

AVERY

I befriended them when you needed them, let's put it that way.

VALENTINE

(sweating and not from the heat)

You told me you were doing me a favor.

AVERY

Terry, it's all I do is do favors.

Leaning over the rail, taking in Adhara climbing wet out of the pool and heading back inside the house -- the beautiful house with the view to die for.

AVERY (cont'd)

I know how much it means to you.

VALENTINE

(pacing, thinking)

Made my day.

AVERY

Look, the goods are long gone, the money's been turned around, the middlemen are dead. This is a good thing. So don't panic, okay. No one can link them to you.

(CONTINUED)

"The Limey" 09/29/98 (Blue)

29.

22 CONTINUED:

22

VALENTINE
(looks at him)
Jenny did.

Beat.

AVERY
Well, Jenny could.
(stares)
She'd already got to you.

Valentine goes away.

QUICK CUT TO:

A22 INT. WILSON'S MOTEL ROOM. LATE AFTERNOON.

A22

On a table as Wilson dresses ... the ripped-out Rolodex card from downtown ... with the name "Terry Valentine."

CUT BACK TO:

23 EXT. VALENTINE'S HOUSE. POOLSIDE. LATE AFTERNOON.

23

Valentine comes back to the pool. Stares into the water. Late sunlight dancing. Adhara rejoins him, dressed to go out.

ADHARA
Italian.

VALENTINE
Who?

ADHARA
Not who, food. I thought you wanted it.

Valentine snaps out of his reverie -- almost.

VALENTINE
Yeah, we'll go down to that, uh, Oak Glen place, complex.

ADHARA
What's that?

VALENTINE
It's a...

Still a little preoccupied, he has one more momentary premonition of doom.

VALENTINE
...kind of development.

(CONTINUED)

"The Limey" 09/29/98 (Blue)

29A.

23 CONTINUED:

23

But then is fully himself again.

VALENTINE

You ready?

ADHARA

As long as I don't have to pass Gordon again.

Valentine smiles. Offers her his hand.

VALENTINE

I know another way out.

She takes it.

CUT.

24 EXT. ELAINE'S APARTMENT BUILDING. DUSK.

24 *

ELAINE McDERMOTT on her way in. Handsome woman. Intelligent, capable-looking. Passes Wilson who's leaning somewhere smoking.

ELAINE

Aware as a wary woman will be of a strange man's presence without necessarily having looked at him. Well aware too that he stayed where he was -- so she unworriedly unlocks the building's security gate and goes through to the inner --

COURTYARD

-- and closes the gate behind her, now seeing him amble up, arriving as it CLICKS shut between them. He's looking at her a certain way. She looks back. And knows.

ELAINE

You're Jenny's father.

And the recognition on his part:

WILSON

Had a feeling it was you.

ELAINE

You look alike.

WILSON

(cigarette in hand)
Perhaps it was the smoke.

ELAINE

Not her brand.

WILSON

She used to pinch 'em off me.
(trying to defuse Elaine's cold
stare)
Funny that. One thing she never tried to
get me to stop.

Elaine doesn't soften.

ELAINE

Why did you come here?

WILSON

Wanted to talk to you, didn't I?

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

ELAINE .

No, why did you come here?

America.

WILSON

Sort a few things out.

ELAINE

Been busy, have you.

WILSON

How d'you mean?

ELAINE

It's been a while.

WILSON

I was skint -- didn't have no money to get here.

ELAINE

That's not what I heard.

WILSON

What was that, then?

ELAINE

I heard you were -- what's that adorable phrase? -- "at Her Majesty's pleasure."

WILSON

It was the bars, then.

Indicating his face, viewed by Elaine through the barred security gate that divides them.

ELAINE

In any case, I don't suppose the salary you make sewing mailbags is really commensurate with international airline travel.

WILSON

Sewing mailbags? Me? Never did an honest day's work in my life, dear. Wasn't about to start when I was in stir-- not with all that leisure time on my hands.

ELAINE

And not with all that buried loot you had waiting for you when you got out. From the Wembley Stadium job, wasn't it?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

ELAINE (CONT'D)

Pink Floyd concert receipts. Jenny would've been...fourteen at the time?

WILSON

(trying to conceal his surprise)

Hardly buried. Earning interest, love. Earning interest in an offshore account. Tidy little premium per annum, that.

ELAINE

Well, that kind of security can't be bought. Must be more comforting than a daughter to greet you.

She turns to walk away.

WILSON

Here, aren't you gonna let me in.

ELAINE

(without looking back)

Try calling me again.

25 INT. ELAINE'S APARTMENT. DUSK.

25 *

She comes in. A modest studio apartment. Puts her bag on the kitchenette countertop. Glances at her answer machine to see if she has any messages. The phone RINGS. She sits down glumly on her couch, holds her head in her hands.

26 EXT. ELAINE'S APARTMENT BUILDING. DUSK.

26 *

Wilson gives up, starts to walk away. The gate BUZZES.

27 INT. ELAINE'S APARTMENT. DUSK.

27 *

Elaine opens the door. Wilson in the hall.

ELAINE

I was just going to toss some vegetable rolls in the microwave, open a can of diet soda.

(beat)

Want to take me out?

CUT.

28 INT. RESTAURANT. NIGHT.

28

Wilson and Elaine at a table.

WILSON

... No, I went in for more improving pastimes.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

28

WILSON (CONT'D)

Philosophy classes, language courses, European history, all that lark. Did you know that in Paris in the Eighteenth Century there were more rats in people's houses than there were people in people's houses.

ELAINE

Sounds like Beverly Hills.

WILSON

Here, are you always this sarky?

ELAINE

Sarcastic, moi? Maybe I'll mellow when my ship comes in. It's expected any day now. I'm all packed and ready to go.

WILSON

Weren't you on a television series?

ELAINE

(has he seen it?)

If it played in England somebody owes me money. Who told you that -- Eddie?

WILSON

(yes)

Said it went on for donkey's years.

ELAINE

Three seasons. They found that's the limit of human tolerance when it comes to following the adventures of a family of Mormons on the Chisum Trail.

(blinks coquettishly)

I was wife number three -- the ingenue.

WILSON

Oh, it just ended, then.

ELAINE

Now who's being sarcastic?

WILSON

When you've lost as many years as I have, love, puts things in perspective, know what I mean.

ELAINE

I'm sorry. I guess the rest of us have no excuse for wondering where the time went.

(raises her drink)

It must've been the bars.

(CONTINUED)

"The Limey" 09/29/98 (Blue)

34.

28 CONTINUED:

28

Their food arrives.

ELAINE (CONT'D)

It's a kind of prison, doing a series.
Early to bed, early to rise, no time off
for good behavior, you grab the boodle
for as long as it lasts.
(the kicker)

Only difference is you can't get arrested
afterwards.

Wilson appears fascinated by the cold glasses of water on the
table. Ice cubes CLINKING as he holds his. A BUSBOY
bringing them to other people, too, just like that, without
anyone even asking.

WILSON

I can't believe Jenny told you all that.
About me. She was always so embarrassed.

ELAINE

Not embarrassed.

WILSON

(correcting)
Ashamed.

ELAINE

Not ashamed.

Wilson looks at her. Okay. What then.

ELAINE (CONT'D)

Disappointed.

WILSON

She never told Eddie, though.

ELAINE

She never told anyone else.

(making light now)

About the convict strain -- or is it
- stain? No, I was privileged. I was
someone who helped Jenny efface her past.

WILSON

How'd you manage that, then.

ELAINE

When I'm not honing my craft in episodic
television I do double-duty as a voice
coach. Not that her accent would have
hobbled her progress. Not with that
look.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

28

WILSON

Yeah, well, she started all that in London.

ELAINE

Modelling.

WILSON

Learnin' 'ow to speak proper.

(putting it on a bit there.

Then, upper crust:)

Central School of Speech and Drama.

It's no doddle gettin' in there, y'know.

At seventeen. They offered her a place at RADA n' all, only she'd've had to wait till the next session and she was always in hurry to get on, was Jenny. She could talk posh without any training, when she was knee-high to a grasshopper.

(indicating himself)

Show up the old man, you know.

Elaine smiles slightly. None of this information new to her. But warming to this man.

ELAINE

You weren't disappointed in her, then.

WILSON

In Jenny? 'Course not. How could I be. 'Course I wasn't.

ELAINE

She was twenty-one when she came to me.

(looks at him)

... Straight from leaving you.

WILSON

Footloose and fancy free.

ELAINE

She was happy here. However the two of you might have parted. Don't think she wasn't.

It's because Wilson thinks the opposite that he's here. Looks at Elaine.

WILSON

That's the trouble, n' it.

(hard as nails again)

She enjoyed life.

CUT.

29 EXT. OCEANFRONT. NIGHT.

29

They walk along the seafront. We HEAR the ocean but can't see it.

ELAINE
(occurs to her)
You haven't been lurking outside my building all day.

WILSON
No, I had -- some other matters to attend to, you know. Getting a car sorted...

ELAINE
And you've seen Eddie Roel.

WILSON
Yeah, saw Eddie, yeah. Me and him are muckers.

Mates. Friends. Makes a kind of bonding gesture.

ELAINE
He's a character, isn't he.
(she doesn't approve of him)
Well, not to you. I meant to us squares in the outside world.

WILSON
He give me your address.

ELAINE
I gave him yours. Said, here, you want to write to someone, go ahead, I think this is a relative. I guess I thought I was being loyal to Jenny. Who told me she didn't have a father -- before proceeding of course to tell me why.

WILSON
Well, don't suppose she did, really, most of her life. On her own after her mum died. Aunts and uncles for a time -- and then the bright lights beckoned.

ELAINE
Were you still married at the time -- to Jenny's mother, I mean?

WILSON
Nah, we split up when Jenny was six. Her second husband done a runner after she got sick.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

29

WILSON (CONT'D)

They give me compassionate leave from Parkhurst to go visit her in hospital. We were always mates, me and Jenny's mum. I like to think they're together again now. Y'know. Heavenly choir.

ELAINE

And that's where you ... got the word this time too. Where Eddie wrote you. In prison?

(beat)

I'm sorry about that.

Wilson leans on the wall overlooking the black ocean. SOUND OF WAVES gently lapping on the beach we don't see.

WILSON

I already knew. Knew beforehand. When was it supposed to have happened? -- two o'clock in the morning, Eddie said.

ELAINE

(watching him)

That's what was estimated.

WILSON

Eight hours difference between here and London. Would've been, what, ten in the morning, my time. I was just coming out on the yard. Now, I was in the habit of saving my newspaper till then. Bit of fresh air, stretch me legs -- well, stretch the day out, really, that's what you wanna do. And I'll tell ya: I couldn't open the paper. Could not pry the pages apart -- it was like they was glued together. That's how weak my hands went. Thought I was having heart attack, only I knew I wasn't. Bloke come up to me, he says, Dave, he says, you've gone all white. I said, fuck me, I've been in prison half my life, what d'ya expect. But he was dead on, 'cause I could feel the blood drain right out of me head. And I knew...

(beat)

Something had happened to Jen.

They stand here a while. Listening to the BREAKERS hit the shore.

CUT.

30 INT. ELAINE'S APARTMENT. NIGHT.

30

They come in.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

30

ELAINE

Make yourself at home. Steal something.

That gets her a look.

ELAINE

There's nothing I can't afford to lose.

She goes to make coffee. Wilson looks around.

ELAINE

Do you even know who Terry Valentine is?

WILSON

Well, I gathered something from the article what Eddie sent me. Some sort of pop music producer, wasn't it.

Maybe a smile from Elaine at the quaintness of "pop" music.

ELAINE

Rock n' roll, is what we called it. He's sort of a forgotten figure now, but back when the West Coast was the grooviest place on earth, Terry Valentine was where all the happenings happened. More of a kind of promoter, I guess, whatever that means. Just took that whole Southern California Sixties Zeitgeist and ran with it. Packaged and sold it. Made out like a bandit.

FLASH CUTS:

A30 VALENTINE. At home. Watching as Adhara undresses, either deliberately for him, or just casually. She smiles as she notices he's looking.

A30

30 (cont.).

WILSON

What's he done lately.

30

That line pregnant with meaning. Elaine looks at him. Avoids answering the question actually implied there.

ELAINE

(brings a tray over)

Lives high off the hog and waits for the next big thing. Like me -- but on a grander scale of failure.

WILSON

Now, you shouldn't run yourself down. My employer, Mr. Lindgren --

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

30

ELAINE
-- Your employer?

WILSON
-- Mr. Lindgren.

ELAINE
Who's Mr. Lindgren?

WILSON
My employer.

ELAINE
What line is he in.

WILSON
Proprietor of a London firm. Of
longstanding.

ELAINE
I see.

WILSON
Based in London, but with international
concerns.

ELAINE
I bet.

WILSON
Various enterprises, style of thing.

ELAINE
I thought you said you never did an
honest day's work in your life.

WILSON
Well, not to say Mr. Lindgren is
dishonest, exactly.

ELAINE
(she gets the picture)
Right.

WILSON
Anyhow, he's always saying to me, Dave,
never run yourself down, son -- 'cause
there'll always be plenty of people
willing to do it for you.

ELAINE
In what capacity are you employed by this
Mr. Lindgren?

(CONTINUED)

"The Liney" 09/29/98 (Blue)

40.

30 CONTINUED:

30

WILSON

This and that. Odds and sods. Ways and means.

ELAINE

-- When he wants someone run down, you're willing to do it for him.

They sort of come together -- in mutual understanding -- and sit down. Coffee steaming.

ELAINE

So what's the deal. You and Terry Valentine at twenty paces. Is that what this is about.

WILSON

Why not.

ELAINE

Are you serious.

WILSON

Have you ever known me not to be.

Elaine looks away. This scares her.

ELAINE

You fuckin' guys and your dicks.

She goes into the bathroom, shutting the door behind her.

INTERCUT between her and Wilson.

WILSON

What'd you want me to do. Stay at home, twiddlin' me thumbs. Doing sweet F.A.

ELAINE

You don't believe it was a car accident.

WILSON

What do you think. She fell asleep at the wheel?

ELAINE

Terry's never going to give you satisfaction. Not the type.

WILSON

Depends, don' it.

(CONTINUED)

"The Limey" 09/29/98 (Blue)

40A.

30 CONTINUED:

30

ELAINE
On what. What makes you so certain.

WILSON
I'll bloody well ask him.

(CONTINUED)

"The Limey" 09/29/98 (Blue)

41.

30 CONTINUED:

30

ELAINE
There's the phone. You want his number.

WILSON

That look again.

WILSON
I got his number.

ELAINE

on the other side of the door.

ELAINE
(more or less to herself)
I'm not going to help you.

B30 EXT. ED'S HOUSE. DAY.

B30

Ed stands on his front porch. Wilson before him on the pathway again.

ED
...Yeah, he's in town. He's home.
(still doesn't want to commit
himself too fast)
I drove up there this morning to check it
out. Not for you, for me...

Wilson looks down, as if contemplating his next move.

ED (CONT'D)
..thought about making that drive with
her.

Wilson just smoking another cigarette. His silence egging Ed on.

ED (CONT'D)
Whatever you gotta do, man...
(gestures; I've done everything
I'm gonna do)
Better go do it.

Wilson turns, walks away.

(CONTINUED)

B30 CONTINUED:

B30

Ed stands there. DOMESTIC SOUNDS from inside the house.
NEIGHBORHOOD NOISES all around: lazy weekend, little houses,
kids, cars washed, lawns mowed...

ED (CONT'D)
(thinks: shit)
...Hope they spell my name right.

Goes after Wilson.

CUT.

31 EXT. HILLSIDE. UNDERBRUSH. AFTERNOON.

31

Thickets part and we SEE Wilson scrambling up a rather steep hill. Coming to a ridge where he settles down to look at something O.S. His expression changes by degrees from curiosity to dawning realization to a kind of frustrated disappointment.

32 INT. WILSON'S CAR (ON THE ROAD BELOW). AFTERNOON.

32

Ed sits in here, RADIO on. Wilson appears out of the brush, gets in. Ed turns the radio down.

ED
(mindful of the odd car driving
past)
Told you you wouldn't be able to see
through that gate.

WILSON
Gate's open. I had a butcher's at the
house.

ED
(alarmed)
Who'd you butcher at the house?

WILSON
- Butcher's hook. Look.
(doesn't anyone speak English
in this fucking country?)
I don't much reckon those minders of his.

ED
Huh?

WILSON
He's brought in the heavy mob.

ED
What?

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

WILSON
Extra muscle. Bodyguards.

ED
He has?

WILSON
They look a right load of wallies.
Patrolling back and forth outside the
gate, all ponced up like the fuckin'
Household Cavalry.
(ducks suddenly)
Watch it.

As one of the "bodyguards" runs by, only fleetingly glimpsed
by us.

ED
That was one of them?

WILSON
(sits up again)
See what I mean? Wearing bloomin'
uniforms n' all.

Off Ed's perplexed look...

33 EXT. HILLSIDE UNDERBRUSH. AFTERNOON.

33 *

Wilson settles into position again, this time with Ed.

WILSON
Look at that.

Ed just laughs.

WILSON
What's so fucking funny?

ED
Those aren't guards. They're valets.

POV

Now we SEE what Wilson had mistaken for Valentine's private
army. Half a dozen VALETS outside Valentine's hilltop home.
Dressed in matching attire, a couple of them wielding walkie-
talkies.

RESUME WILSON AND ED

Ed's still laughing.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

33

WILSON

Valets. What d'ya mean valets. What is he, then, the Earl of fucking Doncaster?

ED

Valets. They park cars. He's having a party.

CUT.

34 EXT. VALENTINE'S HOUSE. AFTERNOON.

34 *

Wilson's car pulls up. He and Ed get out. Wilson engages in a mini tug-of-war with a Valet over his car key, it so rubs him the wrong way having to give it up. Calls after the guy. *

WILSON

'Ere, trousers -- keep it handy, will ya. We're not stopping long. *

He gestures, apparently getting the message across that he wants the car kept close by. *

VALET

Yes, sir. *

WILSON

(to another valet)
Mind how you go. *

Exchanges the key for a parking ticket -- which he turns over in his hand and studies curiously as they head inside. *

WILSON

Valets, eh? Aren't we all la-de-da.

ED

(nervous being here)
I thought you just wanted to check out the house, man.

WILSON

Well, that's what we're doin', n' it.

ED

No one else is even here yet.

WILSON

First in, first out, that's me.

35 INT. VALENTINE'S HOUSE. AFTERNOON.

35 *

Wilson and Ed are among the first to arrive. A smattering of other GUESTS. Elaborate catered cuisine. They mosey over to the wet bar.

BARTENDER

Gentlemen. What can I get you.

WILSON

(suggesting Ed take first crack)

Dubonnet with a twist? Baby sham?
Tomato juice and Tabasco sauce?

By now his whole dynamic with Ed is a verbal tease.

ED

(to Bartender)

Got a Coke?

36 INT. VALENTINE'S BEDROOM. AFTERNOON.

36

Valentine is checking himself in a full-length mirror. TV on in background, sound low (ENTERTAINMENT WEEK!). Not quite satisfied, Valentine crosses to the bathroom.

BATHROOM

Valentine takes one more closer look.

ADHARA (O.S.)

You have the same posters.

Valentine turns.

VALENTINE

Hmm?

ADHARA

Is lounging in the large tub. Staring dreamily at a couple of framed posters on the walls: 60's psychedelia.

ADHARA

That you have down at your office.

Valentine sits on the edge of the tub. With a nostalgic air as he looks at her: the embodiment of youth.

VALENTINE

Different ones.

He strokes her wet skin. They kiss lightly.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

ADHARA
I like the colors.

VALENTINE
We all did.

ADHARA
It must've been a time. A golden moment.

Beat.

VALENTINE
Have you ever dreamed of a place... you
don't really recall ever having been
to... a place that probably doesn't even
exist except in your imagination...
somewhere far away, half-remembered when
you wake up...but when you were there you
spoke the language, you knew your way
around...
(significant pause)
That was the 60's.

With that exit line (practiced?), he starts to go.

Then pauses, turns again.

VALENTINE
No, it wasn't. Wasn't either.

Comes back to her. Faraway look in his eyes.

VALENTINE
It was '66...early '67.
(comes back to now)
That was all.

He goes.

37 INT. VALENTINE'S HOUSE. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY. AFTERNOON.

37

Wilson wanders around, exploring the house. Comes to a wall
of photographs. Casually scanning them as he passes slowly
by, he's caught up short by one.

POV

A framed photo of JENNY, his daughter.

WILSON

A series of emotions play over his face.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

37

BY THE BUFFET TABLE

Ed peruses the available food. Freezes when he notices Valentine has come up beside him to check it out.

VALENTINE
(glances at Ed without recognizing him)

Hi.

And goes away. Leaving Ed more nervous than ever.

38 INT. VALENTINE'S HOUSE. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY. AFTERNOON.

38

Wilson has come up here. Peeks into one room. Moves along to another: the master bedroom. Opens the door gently.

39 INT. MASTER BATHROOM.

39

Adhara is still enjoying her bath.

40 INT. MASTER BEDROOM.

40

Wilson enters. Careful. Aware that someone's in the adjoining bathroom. The soft RIPPLE of WATER from in there. Perhaps even glimpses her through the door as he boldly moves around. He notices a video camera on a tripod, a cord running to the television.

He goes into a large walk-in closet. Runs his hand over the vast array of (men's and women's) clothes inside. (Perhaps smells a dress for familiar scent.) He comes out again. Suddenly we hear the CHIRP of a cellular phone.

BATHROOM

Adhara reacts.

ADHARA

Shit.

She gets out of the tub and goes for the nearest towel. Quickly wrapping herself, she exits.

BEDROOM

Adhara enters and goes for her purse. Pulls the RINGING phone out and answers it.

ADHARA

Hello? Hey! Great. You got my message?
Yeah. No, Crestview Terrace, not
Crestview Place. Yeah, there's like
three different ways up the hill;

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

"The Limey" 09/29/98 (Blue)

48.

40 CONTINUED:

40

ADHARA (CONT'D)
 the quick way is to bear to the right on,
 um, Loma Linda, Loma Vista...? Sure.
 Okay. Okay. 'Bye!

She hangs up and begins toweling her hair. After a moment she stops. Something isn't right. She looks around the room, and her eyes stop on the TV. Her brow furrows, trying to place the familiar image on the screen: a girl towel-drying her hair by the bed.

It's her.

She looks over to see the video camera, which has been turned on and pointed toward the bed. She's not sure if it's funny or creepy.

CUT.

OMITTED (41-42)43 EXT. DECK - AFTERNOON

43

Ed has taken refuge out here with a plate of food. Wilson comes out to join him.

What Wilson can't believe when he sees it -- is that behind Valentine's house, which is on top of a high hill, is nothing but desolate scrub canyon. On the other side of the railing around the deck, which is surely less than regulation height, is a sheer drop into an abyss.

WILSON (cont'd)
 (jumps back with only slightly
 affected vertigo)
 Flipping heck.

Ed, a little more accustomed to L.A. architecture, nods in agreement.

ED
 If you could afford a house like this
 would you buy a house like this.

Wilson edges forward to the rail again.

WILSON
 What are we standing on?

ED
 Trust.

They stand there looking out. Quite a view once you get used to it. Breeze.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

43

ED (cont'd)
(nods to the hazy distance)
You could see the sea from here if you
could see it.

WILSON
Could you?

But now Ed gives him a nudge. Nodding toward the interior of
the house where Valentine is visible.

Wilson doesn't need him pointed out. He can tell.

A43 INT. HOUSE.

A43

Valentine turns to greet Adhara who's come downstairs looking
great.

ADHARA
Gee, for someone who doesn't like
buffets...

VALENTINE
Do you see me eating?

FLASH CUT:

WILSON, walking toward Valentine. Something in his face says
violence is imminent.

VALENTINE

gladhanding more guests.

WILSON

watching.

FLASH CUT:

WILSON. Again, walking toward Valentine. This time his hand
reaches into his jacket. For the gun.

WILSON

hands Ed his drink.

ED
Where you going?

Wilson says nothing. Starts to move inside the house.

(CONTINUED)

A43 CONTINUED:

A43

ED

You're not gonna do nothin' in front of
all these people...

FLASH CUT:

WILSON. Getting closer to Valentine.

VALENTINE. Oblivious.

WILSON. Closer. The hand is coming out. With the gun.

WILSON

Part of the way across the living room. Wearing the same
expression we saw in the first flash cut: violence.

VALENTINE

chatting away.

WILSON

closer.

FLASH CUT:

WILSON. Just a couple of feet away. Gun out.

VALENTINE. Sensing trouble. Turning toward Wilson...

WILSON

still moving through the crowd, getting closer. Hand
reaching into his jacket.

VALENTINE

smiling, talking.

FLASH CUT:

WILSON. Five feet away. Gun extended now.

VALENTINE. Facing the barrel. About to die.

WILSON. Closer still. The crowd seems to be getting
thicker. Hand still in his jacket.

VALENTINE. Still doesn't know what's coming.

(CONTINUED)

A43 CONTINUED:

A43

FLASH CUT:

WILSON. Again, extending the gun. This time PULLING THE TRIGGER.

VALENTINE. Shot. Chest punctured.

WILSON. Repeat: The gun coming out again. Repeat: FIRING again.

VALENTINE. This time hit in the forehead, snapping his neck back.

WILSON.

Six feet away, still fighting the crowd, hand in his jacket.

VALENTINE

So close.

FLASH CUT:

WILSON. Repeat: The gun comes out again. Repeat: The gun FIRING.

VALENTINE. Hit again, this time in the arm. His drink and blood go flying.

WILSON

Ten feet away. He's going to do it. The hand in the jacket, about to come out.

VALENTINE

Senses something, is about to turn -- when an EXCITED GUEST grabs him, pulls him away to introduce him to someone.

WILSON

As Valentine slips away and the crowd fills in the space he once occupied. Hand still in his jacket. Now grabbed by:

ED

Who looks at Wilson looking at Valentine.

(CONTINUED)

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52.

A43 CONTINUED:

A43

ED
Hey. Take it easy.

Wilson still watching Valentine.

ED
C'mon. Let's get some air.

Reluctantly, Wilson goes with him back out to the deck. As he does he notices --

AVERY

Who's arrived at the party and sensed something suspicious about Wilson and Ed.

VALENTINE AND ADHARA

Adhara brings her GIRLFRIEND over to meet Valentine.

44 OMITTED

44

45 EXT. DECK.

45

Wilson sees Avery inside move to Valentine and the girls. Valentine glances out to the deck. Avery gestures for beefy Gordon. Gordon starts out to the deck.

WILSON
(gives Ed the parking ticket)
Bring the motor round. Bang out in front, right?
(calls after him)
Oi -- pointed downhill.

Worried about leaving Wilson here, Ed nevertheless goes (through the house, or around the side?).

A45 INT. HOUSE

A45

Avery sees Ed heading for the front of the house. Moves that way through the house himself.

OMITTED (46-48)

49 EXT. DECK.

49

Wilson SEES Gordon approaching. Gets ready to greet him. Removes cigarette from mouth, drops it to floor of deck, presses it out under his shoe. Limbers up his shoulders in a subtle way.

Gordon coming towards him. As if to challenge Wilson's legitimacy as an invited guest. Closer. About to speak.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

49

But Wilson doesn't even give him a chance to do that. In quick succession: Wilson HEAD BUTTS Gordon, splintering his nose; then, using a knee for leverage, grabs Gordon by the lapels -- and heaves him over the railing!

It happened so fast that if anyone else is nearby they probably didn't even notice -- or didn't readily grasp what they saw.

50 INT. VALENTINE'S HOUSE.

50

Valentine had turned his attention back to Adhara and her Girlfriend. When he glances back to the deck he's a little concerned not to see Gordon anywhere out there anymore -- just Wilson coming back in.

WILSON

Adjusting his jacket, walking back through the house. Behind him, people are rushing to the railing and looking over. A few yells of "Call an ambulance!" etc. are heard.

VALENTINE

Moves that way.

WILSON

Moving across the room towards the front door. They are heading right toward each other.

WILSON AND VALENTINE

Pass each other, eyes locked, almost dream-like. Wilson's eyes cold, though with the hint of a smile. Valentine throws a last look back before reaching the deck.

51 EXT. DECK.

51

Valentine pushes through to look over the railing.

HIS POV

Gordon -- a crumpled, inert heap way down the hill below.

52 EXT. FRONT OF HOUSE.

52 *

Ed has just gotten into Wilson's car -- when Avery leans down to talk to him. *

AVERY
Excuse me -- *

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED: 52

-- But Wilson is suddenly here, SHOVING Avery to the ground, jumping into the car. He and Ed ROAR off. *

53 EXT. CANYON ROAD. AFTERNOON. 53 *

Wilson's car practically tobogganing back down the hill. *

54 INT. WILSON'S CAR. 54

Ed drives. Negotiating the dangerously winding road. Panic mixed with exhilaration. *

WILSON

Steady on.

ED

You steady on, man. What the fuck did you do back there. *

55 EXT. ROAD. 55

An especially sharp curve looms ahead.

WILSON

Flinches, grabs a handhold.

CURVE

Car makes it around on two side wheels.

WILSON

Gulps.

WILSON

Bloody hell.

Ed regains control.

A55 INT. AVERY'S CAR A55 *

Avery's going after them -- but turns down a different route. *

56 EXT. ROAD. WILSON'S CAR 56 *

Swerves some more curves. Should be some sense here that a similar skyline route would have been taken by Wilson's daughter on her final drive.

"The Limey" 09/29/98 (Blue)

55.

57 INT. WILSON'S CAR.

57

ED
You didn't really cap him, did you. Did you do that.

WILSON
That would be too easy.

ED
Too easy?

WILSON
He's gotta know why.

ED
You think a fuckin' guy like that ever will? What more do you want, man?

Suddenly out of nowhere -- (a side street) -- BAM! -- Avery's car shoots out to cut them off, sideswiping them.

58 EXT. ROAD.

58

Wilson's car SKIDS into a spin from the impact.

EVERY'S CAR

He chased them via a shortcut down the mountain. Now jumps out of his car, levels a shotgun at them and pumps off a BLAST.

WILSON'S CAR

BAM! -- the trunk pops open as the car rights itself. Avery FIRES again, but the upended trunk is a kind of shield, deflecting the shot.

59 INT. WILSON'S CAR.

59

Despite the fact that Ed is still in the driver's seat (and managed rather skillfully to avoid crashing) -- Wilson acts like he's not there, grabs the steering wheel, jams the car into reverse, virtually sitting on Ed as he pounds his own foot onto the gas pedal -- and with his ferocious eyes monitoring the door-mirror, steamrolls the car backwards towards Avery.

60 EXT. ROAD.

60

Wilson reverses his car like a speeding tank: SMASHING into Avery's car. Pushing it right off the edge of the road.

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED:

60

AVERY

Falls backwards to the ground as he gets the hell out of the way.

WILSON

Jumps out of his car. Gun drawn. Advancing on Avery with it pointed.

AVERY'S CAR

CRASHING through underbrush down the steep bank of the hillside.

WILSON'S FACE

SOUND of the divebombing car OVER. Another pointed echo of his daughter's fate.

AVERY

Their eyes meet momentarily. And before Wilson can shoot, Avery rolls over the edge of the road himself.

ED

Calls frantically to Wilson from their car.

ED

C'mon, man! C'mon!

SIRENS in the distance.

WILSON

That consuming rage overtaken him again for a second. But the exigencies of the moment snap him out of it.

WILSON

Turns on a dime, goes back to the car. Before he's halfway in, Ed's driving them away again. Trunk at the back BANGING up and down, up and down.

AVERY

Pulls himself back up to the road. Brushing himself off. Looking the way they went.

He gently tosses his shotgun down into some thick brush where maybe he'll retrieve it later.

61 EXT. VALENTINE'S HOUSE. AFTERNOON.

61

Avery returns, sweating, walking back up the road to where all the action is. Party guests milling outside, waiting for their cars so they can leave. A police car and paramedic ambulance here now.

Valentine finishes talking to a couple of COPS. Walks over to Avery.

AVERY

You should have let me do the talking.

VALENTINE

Why, because you're my security consultant?

(quite insecure)

What the hell is going on!

AVERY

(more concerned about police presence)

What did you tell them.

Valentine blows air, runs a hand through his hair.

VALENTINE

I told them a long-time employee flipped out. Had a drug problem, refused counselling -- which as it happens is true. And he -- he committed suicide. One of my "guests" tried to stop him -- but how do you stop Gordon.

In this context meaning how did that rangy Englishman do it.

VALENTINE (CONT'D)

I mean, Gordon must weigh a good four hundred pounds.

Avery rather impressed at Valentine's thinking on his feet.

AVERY

Heavier than that now.

(now lays it on Valentine)

Jennifer never told you about her dad?

Uncomprehendingly, Valentine starts to shake his head -- then realizes what Avery is saying.

VALENTINE

Her dad? What dad?

(CONTINUED)

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58.

61 CONTINUED:

62

AVERY

The one who's been in prison for nine years. He was released last month.

Valentine realizes Avery is serious.

VALENTINE

Jenny's father?
(now the next logical question)
Prison, for what?

AVERY

Armed robbery. Again.

VALENTINE

Again?

AVERY

He's a career criminal, Terry.
(almost finds this amusing)
On leave of absence.

Starts to go. Valentine catches up.

VALENTINE

Where you goin'?

AVERY

Don't you think I ought to find him.
(re cops)
Before they do.

VALENTINE

Jesus fucking Christ. Jesus Christ.

AVERY

I don't suppose he entered the country
under his own name.

VALENTINE

Are you fucking kidding me. Could he do
that?

AVERY

I would -- if I came this far to kill
someone.

He's trying to go but Valentine won't let him.

VALENTINE

Wait a minute. How can...Not even your
guys should handle this, right?

(CONTINUED)

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the Limey

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58A.

61 CONTINUED:

61

AVERY
What d'you want to do -- tell them?

(CONTINUED)

TOTAL P.04

61 CONTINUED:

61

The cops in the b.g.

VALENTINE

No, I mean...I told them I didn't know who this guy was. People come, people go.

(a frantic whisper)

How the hell're you gonna find him.

AVERY

Terry, he's not James Bond -- this is some pathetic sadsack wandering around --

VALENTINE

-- Tell that to Gordon --

AVERY

What's England? Some rinky-dink country half the size of Wyoming where the cops don't even carry guns?

VALENTINE

(gripping Avery's arm)

This is too close to me.

AVERY

Well, people close to you keep falling into canyons.

Valentine lets go.

AVERY

I have other resources.

He turns to go take care of it. Valentine still trying to compute this, wants reassurances.

VALENTINE

Nowhere near me, Jim. Because I'm not even gonna be here, man. I'm gone.

Avery turns, glances back.

AVERY

How do you keep getting so lucky?

62 EXT. VALENTINE'S HOUSE. CANYON. AFTERNOON.

62

The huge dead bulk of Gordon hoisted back up to the deck by a paramedic team.

63 INT. VALENTINE'S HOUSE.

63

Valentine comes back in. In the living room beyond, Adhara stands anxiously, where she's been waiting for him. Cops visible outside on the deck, peering over the edge.

VALENTINE

Heading that way. Then stops. Backtracks. Something peripherally had caught his eye and he returns to it. His wall of photographs.

AN EMPTY FRAME

The one that had contained the picture of Jenny.

CUT.

64 INT. WILSON'S CAR. AFTERNOON.

64

Safely down the hill. Driving away in traffic. Ed a little calmer now.

WILSON

Pulls the rolled-up photograph of his daughter out of his jacket and looks at it.

CUT.

65 INT. POOL HALL. NIGHT.

65

Meet two strange and threatening characters. STACY is one. Young and lean, hungry-looking. A shrewd, scheming kid. Weirder is his companion. UNCLE JOHN. An actual blood relative, maybe 25 years or so older than Stacy. But intellectually younger. Physically bigger, very muscular -- though he's the safer of the two until Stacy tells him otherwise. The way they relate to each other suggests the ease they feel in each other's company. Tight bond. They're good buddies.

At the moment they're playing pool against a couple of other CREEPS.

STACY

Straight rotation, no bullshit, call your shots.

UNCLE JOHN

Lemme break.

CREEP #1

You broke last time.

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED:

65

STACY

Let him break -- he likes to break.

CREEP #1

Why don't you go fuck yourself and take the Incredible Hulk with you.

STACY

I'd rather do your mother, only she's such a skank I wouldn't know whether to fuck it or flush it.

Creep #1 makes a move on Stacy -- but doesn't get past Uncle John. Who drops him with one punch. Flooring him between two pool tables. Stacy then goes over. Supports himself with a hand on each table, swings his cowboy boot into the Creep's face.

AVERY (O.S.)

Stacy.

Stacy turns to SEE Avery here. Uncle John looks on vacantly.

STACY

(bored)

Hey.

AVERY

Come over here.

That was in the way of an order. Avery nodding around the corner where it's less crowded. Stacy stops Uncle John from following, goes after Avery.

DOORWAY

A mysterious BLACK MAN (THOMPSON) has followed Avery to this place. He hangs back and watches as Avery makes contact with Stacy.

AVERY AND STACY

Avery speaks softly. Alone with Stacy.

AVERY

How they goin', kid?

STACY

Not bad.

AVERY

How'd you like to kill someone for me?

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED:

65

STACY

Okay.

Avery gives him an envelope.

AVERY

Same as last time -- the rest after.

STACY

(pockets it)
Where do we go?

AVERY

When you find the guy, you'll know.

STACY

What shit is this. I just do it. I
don't organize it.

AVERY

I'll point you in the right direction,
but you'll have to take it to the end-
zone. He's a hit-and-run gunman -- I
figure he's not cruising the Polo Lounge.

STACY

This is un-fucking professional.

AVERY

See, a successful man like me has
limitations -- I lose touch at a street
level. So I have to depend on a smart
boy like you who's closer to the nitty
and the gritty than I am.

STACY

Fuck you, Mr. whatever-your-name is.
This is a lifestyle I embrace.

AVERY

That's why I'm letting you take care of
this. I'm the one with appearances to
maintain. But who gives a shit about
you? Not even God.

CUT.

66 INT. WILSON'S MOTEL. NIGHT.

66

Wilson on the bed. Watching TV (ACCESS HOLLYWOOD!). KNOCK
at door. He turns down the TV. Takes a .45 from the springs
under the bed. Looks carefully through the peephole in the
door.

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED:

66

Opens it. Elaine has come to visit. Lets her in. After closing the door resumes his position on the bed.

Elaine looks around.

ELAINE

I was in the neighborhood. I come down here quite a bit. Watch the planes taking off.

(re this motel)

Study the architecture of early David Lynch.

But she doesn't really have it in her to be ironic right now. Leans back against the door.

Wilson remains silent. He's done the same to Elaine now that he did to Ed. Almost magically induced her to a confessional verge.

Elaine, too, isn't sure she wants to be complicit in this revenge tragedy. But here goes:

ELAINE

Jenny was supposed to come to my place that night. She called me, asked if she could come over. She and Terry had been - - having some trouble. Lately. I don't know about what. On this occasion, it reached some sort of crisis point.

WILSON

She told you all about my details but not about his. Lovely.

ELAINE

She'd never called me like that before. She sounded more... pissed off -- angry -- than upset or afraid. But she never turned up. I called the house but only got the answer machine. When they found her... she'd been going the wrong way. Not the direction she'd have gone if she'd been coming to see me. Or coming straight to see me. Who knows. Maybe she just wanted to drive.

She looks at Wilson. Shrugs. That's it. That's all. Isn't it?

WILSON

(measured)

How did you come to have my address?
Found it, did you. Among her things.

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED:

66

ELAINE
You think Terry gave me access to her things? Probably sold her clothes. He's at "Kenzo" and "Agnes B" more than any heterosexual man I ever heard of.

WILSON
(gently urging)
And how did you get it?

Elaine looks at him.

ELAINE
She gave me your address.

Wilson nods.

ELAINE (cont'd)
(starting to realize)
Not long before...
(realizing)
She said if anything ever happened...
(realizes)
That's how you know. That's why you're so sure.
(realization)
Jenny's telling you.

She's sitting on the bed now.

CUT.

67 EXT. MEAN STREET. NIGHT.

67

Stacy, putting on a jacket that says "Bomb Hanoi" comes out of the pool hall. Uncle John in tow.

UNCLE JOHN
How much.

STACY
Five thousand.

UNCLE JOHN
(impressed)
Hey.

STACY
(taps pocket)
I got half.

UNCLE JOHN
Makin' trouble for someone?

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED:

67

STACY

Yeah.

UNCLE JOHN

Which kind?

STACY

The forever kind.

BEHIND THEM

Thompson, the mysterious black man, watches them from the pool hall doorway.

CUT.

68 EXT. WILSON'S MOTEL. MORNING.

68

Early.

69 INT. WILSON'S ROOM.

69

Wilson and Elaine. Getting dressed. She's in pantyhose. Fastening a bra. He's got trousers on, reaching for a shirt.

WILSON

How long've you lived here?

Elaine sits on the bed, fastening her skirt. Her bra strap cuts across her bare back.

ELAINE

This town's been chewing my flesh since... what we now refer to as "the early 70's."

(thinks back)

Christ, my past became nostalgia and no one even asked me.

WILSON

Early 70's. I was away.

(tries to remember)

Maidstone. Possibly Brixton.

ELAINE

These more highlights from the Zagat prison guide?

Wilson looks at her: she's the one who goes to bed with ex-cons.

WILSON

You don't seem bothered.

(CONTINUED)

"The Limey" 09/29/98 (Blue)

66.

69 CONTINUED:

69

ELAINE

You don't know how I've compromised my standards.

(a moment's reflection)

And how quickly. Might as well be the early 70s.

WILSON

Tell us about it.

ELAINE

It's too involved; a lifetime of non-involvement. Anywhere else I'd be an interesting little number, here I'm just SAG card forty-eight thousand and one.

(and before he misconstrues)

SAG meaning Screen Actor's Guild.

WILSON

Oh, I was gonna say...

ELAINE

Still, there have been rewards. It's sunny. And some of the producers who call even have credits.

WILSON

I can see the attraction.

She glances up at him to try and see how he means that. Is he looking at her or out the window?

ELAINE

What did you do? To make them take the early 70's away from you.

WILSON

A jeweller's up the West End. We tunnelled our way under the shop floor from the public lavatory down the road. Filthy work. Trouble was, the bloody thing collapsed -- after we'd made the grab, 'n all. Would you Adam n' Eve it.

ELAINE

You mean if they'd nabbed you before you actually broke and entered you would only have been charged with making a mess.

WILSON

We were lucky to be nicked. Me and the lads went down there Sunday evening, we weren't discovered till the Monday. Good job we were still breathing.

(CONTINUED)

"The Limey" 09/29/98 (Blue)

66A.

69 CONTINUED:

69

ELAINE
It didn't discourage you, though.

(CONTINUED)

"The Limey" 09/29/98 (Blue)

67.

69 CONTINUED:

69

WILSON

Hey?

ELAINE

From pursuing your chosen profession.

WILSON

I'll tell ya something: it made me a model prisoner. Put me right off any escape attempts. Tunnel my way to freedom after that experience? Not bloody likely.

ELAINE

I was inside once. I punched a cop at a demo.

WILSON

Did you. What was that in aid of?

ELAINE

Who remembers.

WILSON

Get seven years, did you?

ELAINE

Overnight. What about just now?

WILSON

Just now?
(playful, goes over, ready for more)
Overnight?

ELAINE

You have been out of circulation.
(lies back, regards him ruefully)
Is that what it's like every time you're sprung? A kind of eternal renewal?

WILSON

Well. Has to be said. I got off to a slow start.

ELAINE

I don't believe it.

WILSON

Honest. Didn't know where to look till I was 21.

(CONTINUED)

"The Limey" 09/29/98 (Blue)

67A.

69 CONTINUED:

69

ELAINE
Pushing the legal limit even then.

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED:

69

He stands again, vaguely disappointing her.

WILSON

Me mate introduced me to a woman up the street. Funnily enough, she was married to a milkman. Straight up. I said, "Good is she? Been around?" He said, "Good? Listen, mush, it's not that she's been around, it's that she's been around hell of a long time."

He laughs uproariously at that. But the point is: he's sort of complimenting both Elaine and himself. They've been around, had their knocks, they've lasted. Elaine remains unsmiling. Still leaning back on her elbows on the bed, in bra, skirt, hose, no shoes. She asks again the question Wilson avoided answering.

ELAINE

Your most recent incarceration. What was that for?

And again he evades the answer she wants.

WILSON

It was for nine years.
(buttoning his shirt)
The last nine years.

CUT.

70 EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY. MORNING.

70

For the first time, we see the Pacific coastline. A magnificent vista of sea and sky and booming surf.

A sleek sports car heads north.

71 INT. SPORTS CAR.

71

Valentine at the wheel. Adhara besides him.

ADHARA

I've lived in L.A. all my life, I've never done this drive.

VALENTINE

All your life. That happened while I swam the length of my pool.

Adhara looks back over her shoulder. Checking the road behind.

(CONTINUED)

"The Limey" 09/29/98 (Blue)

69.

71 CONTINUED:

71

VALENTINE

What's the matter?

ADHARA

Nothing. I guess it's hard to pass on this road.

VALENTINE

The freeway's faster, but lacks a certain majesty.

ADHARA

Just feels like the car behind has been following us the longest time.

VALENTINE

I sure hope so.

72 INT. THE CAR BEHIND

72

A big utility vehicle. With Avery in the front passenger seat. And three bodyguards he's brought along to protect Valentine. RICK driving, TOM and LARRY in the back.

TOM

All I'm sayin' is travel time shouldn't be the same rate. Travel time is down time, right? I mean, we're not even in the same car as the client.

(to Avery)

You told me the job was at the house. When we get to it. Well, are we shadowing the client right now or are we just going the same way? The company I was with in Seattle, these distinctions were made. Now, I don't dispute him getting the full whack.

(he means Rick, who's older)

Seniority and all that. But if I'm getting paid a higher hourly rate when we're at the house than I am in this car, that doesn't sit well with me and I feel obliged to say so. 'Cause it seems to me this is actual clock time with the client what we're engaged in here, not so-called travel time, so then I just feel we should get even more when the job actually commences, or some kind of stipend or bonus, you know? I mean that's not unreasonable, is it?

After this spineless whining weak-willed sob story, Larry just turns to him and says:

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED:

72

LARRY
...I'd really like to eat your pussy.

CUT.

OMITTED (73-75)

76 INT. STACY/UNCLE JOHN'S CAR. DAY.

76

From Stacy and Uncle John's POV we SEE Elaine leaving her building (either in her car or walking to it).

In their car, they commence FOLLOWING her.

UNCLE JOHN
Maybe she doesn't even know the English dude.

STACY
Avery said she was tight with the guy's daughter.

There's an "8x10" of Elaine on their backseat. And another picture of her on a page torn from a "Player's Directory."

UNCLE JOHN
That don't mean nothin'.

Stacy knows better than to argue with a moron.

UNCLE JOHN (CONT'D)
She's nice lookin'.

STACY
So what.

UNCLE JOHN
I dunno. I just said she's nice lookin'.

STACY
And I said so what. You think she's any happier?

UNCLE JOHN
What d'you mean, any happier?

STACY
Any happier than any other asshole in life.

Pause.

UNCLE JOHN
I dunno. I never met her.

OMITTED (77-79)

A79 EXT. MOVIE LOCATION. DAY.

A79 *

Elaine runs lines with a YOUNG ACTRESS she's evidently coaching.

B79 BEHIND A BARRIER

B79 *

Stacy and Uncle John. Keeping their eye on Elaine. But also PEOPLE-watching generally -- the crew, other gawkers, and whoever might be around and about in whatever neighborhood this is.

Stacy comments on fellow humanity. TIME CUTS between each remark.

STACY
(after laughing loudly at a
handicapped person)
I believe in mocking the afflicted. Good
for 'em. Makes 'em stronger.

Uncle John munches a candy bar. As they kill the day.

STACY
(spotting a woman with a dog)
Ever take a look at the women who work in
pet stores? Wow.

STACY
(as a fat jogger passes)
Good luck.

STACY
(watching someone else go by)
Jesus, are you gay enough or what.

STACY
(barely out of earshot of a
black woman with dyed blonde
hair)
Very attractive. Good idea. Now I
really want to fuck you.

STACY
(after a long time in silence,
just staring at someone)
...you can always tell the ones who'll do
anal.

STACY
(regarding some other
onlookers)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

"The Limey" 09/29/98 (Blue)

72.

B79 CONTINUED:

B79

STACY (CONT'D)

Kinda makes you wonder why more people
don't put a bullet through their fuckin'
skulls, doesn't it.

STACY

(reading a newspaper)

Looks like they just airbrushed the dick
out of his mouth.

STACY

(sitting down now)

Why don't they have TV shows about people
whose daily lives you'd be interested in
watching. Y'know. Like SKINNY LITTLE
WEAKLING. Or BIG FAT GUY. SICK OLD MAN.
FAMILY OF LOSERS. Wouldn't that be good?

STACY

(leaning somewhere else)

Two blacks and a Mexican in a car. Who's
driving?

UNCLE JOHN

I don't know.

STACY

The L.A.P.D.

STACY

(his gaze following another
unfortunate)

Can't you do something about your ass?

STACY

(his head turning after someone
else)

Other people's lives scare the shit out
of me.

(CONTINUED)

"The Limey" 09/29/98 (Blue)

73.

B79 CONTINUED:

B79

STACY

(glad he's who he is and not
who he's looking at)
Wonder what it's like being a dumb guy in
a dumb suit trying to cross the street.

STACY

(staring at another sad couple)
Life sure is a minefield.

STACY

(noting someone's crappy car)
I don't know why they even let the
underclass have cars. I mean, what are
buses for.

STACY

(in a contemplative mode)
I'd love to be famous so I could snub
ordinary people. Imagine, you're famous,
you're sitting in a restaurant, some
idiot comes up to you, wants you to sign
your name on his napkin, his wife is
there, it would be something these poor
saps would cherish the rest of their
lives, talk about to their cretin
friends. Bam! You tell 'em to FUCK OFF!
God, I'd love that.

Stacy glances casually at Wilson, newly-arrived, maneuvering
through the throng.

CUT:

C79 EXT. A TRAILER. DAY.

C79

Wilson waits and when Elaine comes out they walk.

ELAINE

-- They want Southern, I do Southern,
they want Midwest, I do Midwest, they
want tall, blonde, and twenty-two, I'm
shit out of luck.

WILSON

Ever been to England?

ELAINE

Only in the movies.

(CONTINUED)

C79 CONTINUED:

C79

WILSON
I've hardly ever left London.

ELAINE
Yeah, well, you're here now --
(re Wilson's accent)
-- where hurricanes hardly ever happen.

They arrive at the LUNCH AREA.

ELAINE (CONT'D)
-- And whoever said there are no free
lunches was never in show business.

She encourages him to load up.

WILSON
I got the hang of the driving. Found
this place all right.

ELAINE
Stick with me, kid. It looks big when
you get here, but you can cover it in
five minutes.

As if to prove her point, Wilson does a little double-take as
he notices a WELL-KNOWN TV ACTOR pass by.

CUT:

D79 EXT. LUNCH TABLE. DAY.

D79

Wilson and Elaine eat. She regards him.

ELAINE
Is there anybody in your family who's not
a criminal?

WILSON
Not that I recall. Petty criminal at the
very least.

ELAINE
Grandmother?

WILSON
Nah -- she was married to me grandad --
he was as bent as a boomerang -- used to
make knuckle-dusters down the shop.
Crafty old sod. And her, she was no
better -- first horse I ever backed was
on her tip-off. I was only in grammar
school, wasn't I.

(CONTINUED)

D79 CONTINUED:

D79

ELAINE

At least she's not around to see this
outcome.

(an even more alarming thought)
Or is she?

WILSON

(shakes head)

Dropped dead in the stalls in the Odeon,
Muswell Hill. Watching Doris Day.

ELAINE

What'd your father do?

WILSON

Black market during the war. Silk
stockings and French letters.

Elaine shakes her head.

ELAINE

I guess you're just habitual.

WILSON

You sound like my probation officer.

ELAINE

Won't he be looking for you about now?

WILSON

Good luck to him. He couldn't find his
prick if he didn't wear Y-fronts.

ELAINE

Minor officials must really bother you.

WILSON

Do us a favor. Can't even go have a
slash without 'em saying, what're you
going in there for?

STACY

at a distance. Gaining a vantage point on them.

RESUME WILSON AND ELAINE

The young actress Elaine is coaching walks past like a self-
conscious swan. Another spur to memory for Wilson.

Elaine reads his thoughts.

(CONTINUED)

"The Limey" 09/29/98 (Blue)

76.

D79 CONTINUED:

D79

ELAINE

Well, there was Jenny, anyway.
 (in Wilson's family)
 ...She didn't have a bad angle.

Wilson looks at her. There's a question he's been
 postponing.

WILSON

...Where is she?

Elaine looks back.

ELAINE

She's...She was buried at sea.
 Terry...scattered her...ashes from a
 boat.

(beat)

It was a beautiful day. Not sunny. It
 was cloudy. It was windy.

WILSON

He let you come along.

Elaine nods.

ELAINE

Terry used to own a boat, in the good
 times...when they first met. Jenny lived
 at the beach when she moved here. She
 loved the ocean.

Wait.

WILSON

She came from an island.

CUT.

80 OMITTED (80)

80

81 EXT. ELAINE'S BUILDING - PARKING AREA. DAY.

81

Wilson's car pulls in next to or alongside Elaine's. They
 both emerge, close doors...come together.

And Stacy appears. Both arms stretched out with a .38 at the
 end of them.

STACY

Hi, kids.

Starts to squeeze off a shot. As Wilson pushes Elaine to the
 ground.

(CONTINUED)

"The Liney" 09/29/98 (Blue)

77..

81 CONTINUED:

81

As another SHOT rings out from further down behind Stacy. Catching him across the cheek. Only skimming him. But knocking him down. Bullet chipping the wall.

UNCLE JOHN

Across from Stacy. Freezes, his own gun in hand.

AT ONE END

Three BLACK GUYS. Including Thompson. They approach. Guns pointed at Stacy and Uncle John.

WILSON

Hand on his gun now. But a fourth Black Guy coming up behind him. Wilson lowers the gun. *

ELAINE

Flattened herself against a wall. Petrified.

STACY

Sits on the ground. Holds his hurt face. Thompson walks over and picks up Stacy's gun. One of the other blacks relieves a reluctant Uncle John of his.

THOMPSON

(stops at Wilson)

Come with us.

If there's any doubt whether Wilson will -- one of the blacks gently puts the muzzle of a gun to Elaine's head. Cocks the hammer. Elaine so scared she can barely breathe.

They all go away. Except Stacy and Uncle John.

Hit men wondering what hit them.

CUT.

82 INT. ROOM. DAY.

82

Like Wilson's motel room, another version of a cell. One small window, high up. Bricks and debris piled around the floor. Elaine jumps as a door SHUTS, locking them in here.

WILSON

No sweat. I got these guys right where I want 'em.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

He says that seriously enough to try and put her at her ease. But she slides down a wall to sit on the floor with her head in her hands.

ELAINE

My God, I've plunged headlong into some bizarre relationships in my time, but this takes the cake.

Her voice cracking. Wilson sits down beside her. Puts an arm around her. Can feel her trembling.

WILSON

They're just putting the frighteners on. They're not gonna do nothing. They're the law.

ELAINE

(looks at him in a new light)
They're the law?

WILSON

The law, yeah. Bent law.

ELAINE

(why didn't you tell me this before?)
How d'you know that?

WILSON

It's obvious, 'n it?

ELAINE

I wouldn't say that.

WILSON

I've rubbed shoulders with enough bent coppers in my time. I can smell 'em a mile off.

(puffs smoke)

'Round my way, I'm the one who corrupted them.

But then takes a wallet from his pocket -- it's the ID and BADGE of one of the guys who brought them here. *

WILSON *

Wasn't half crowded in the back of that van, 'n all. *

Elaine grabs it from him, looks at it. It identifies the man as an agent of the Drug Enforcement Administration. *

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

ELAINE
Drug Enforcement Admin ...
(looks up)
Narcs.
(a sudden worry)
Shit, you think they looked in my bread
basket?

Wilson frowns at her, takes the wallet back. Elaine sighs
holds her head again.

(CONTINUED)

"The Limey" 09/29/98 (Blue)

78A.

82 CONTINUED:

82

ELAINE
Tell me you wouldn't prefer a steady
income.

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED:

82

Wilson stands up, now takes out a cigarette pack. Lights himself one. Tosses the stuff to Elaine.

WILSON

I got a steady income -- I'm on the dole.

ELAINE

(lights up)

A leech on the welfare state in addition.
You don't miss a trick.

WILSON

I fiddle it. They got me down as an
immigrant with five kids.

Elaine sort of shares a laugh at that.

ELAINE

Yeah... Jenny spoke fondly of her
imaginary siblings.

Though real ones might have been nice. This an unspoken
thought between them.

ELAINE (cont'd)

Do you remember the last time you saw
her?

WILSON

Last time might as well've been the
first. I remember all the times, don't
I. Watching her grow up --
(finding the word)
in increments.

ELAINE

She told me you were a ghost in her life.
Daddy the friendly ghost. Coming back to
haunt her.

WILSON

Well, she twigged by the time she was
eight or nine that daddy wasn't in the
Royal Marines or doing scientific
research in the jungles of Borneo or
playing Iago in a worldwide tour of
OTHELLO.

ELAINE

Still, you could never... do what she
wanted.

(CONTINUED)

"The Limey" 09/29/98 (Blue)

80.

82 CONTINUED:

82

Wilson shakes his head imperceptibly. He's far away again.

WILSON

She used to threaten to turn me in.
 (tries to laugh about it)
 Little kid. Ten year old. "If you're
 naughty, Dad, I'll put the law on ya."
 She didn't want me sent down again, see.
 When I was planning some job. "I'll shop
 you, Dad, promise I will. Here, look,
 I'm calling the Old Bill right now" --
 picking up the telephone. I can see her,
 the phone in her hand. Became a sort of
 joke between us. Only it wasn't a joke.

ELAINE

She never would have turned you in, not
 in a million years.

WILSON

I know that. But as time went on... well
 -- ever decreasing circles -- the joke
 wore out. She had a feeling about it --
 about the last job -- how long I'd get
 the hook for. Said she wouldn't be there
 this time when I got out.

DOOR opens. Thompson. Gun in hand.

CUT.

83 INT. CORRIDOR. DAY.

83

Thompson leads Wilson past a row of windows. Some sort of
 small airport we seem to be at. Little planes outside.

84 INT. HANGAR OFFICE

84

A man named FEATHER. Black. Half sitting on the edge of a
 table. Wilson is shown in. Sizes Feather up at a glance.

WILSON

This is where I come in.

He walks confidently in. There's a chair. He sits in it.

Feather squints a little. Seems ready to listen to whatever
 Wilson has to say.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

34

WILSON

How you getting on, then, all right, are ya?

(shifting in his seat)

Look, squire, there's no need to come the heavy with me, right, you're the gov'nor here, I can see that, I'm on your manor now, so don't get out of your pram, know what I mean, 'cos whatever's going on between you and this slag Valentine, it's got nothing to do with me, mate. I don't wanna know.

That doesn't seem to satisfy Feather. Feather is quite intimidating to look at. And to be looked at by.

WILSON (CONT'D)

I know what you're thinking. You're thinking, 'ello, this is a turn-up: bloke I never seen before; sticking his oar in; competition's creepin' up and who's he when he's at home. Well, I'll tell ya, I'm not at home, am I. I'm here on another matter entirely.

Feather is attentive.

WILSON

Let me explain ya. When I was in the nick -- second time, it was -- no, tell a lie, third. Third stretch, yeah. There was this screw had it in for me. Day in, day out, winding me up, y'know, giving me the verbals. Jesus wept, I just about done me nut with that geezer: he was top of my list, he was. Anyhow, two years after I was slung, I saw him. He was sitting on a bench in Holland Park, feedin' the bleedin' pigeons. There was no one else about. I coulda gone up behind him and snapped his fucking neck. But I left it. Coulda nobbled him, but I didn't. 'Cos what I thought was in front of me ... was really two years in the past. See what I'm getting at? I didn't really give a toss anymore. Meant sod all in the end. He was just a berk on a bench feeding the pigeons.

Relaxes a little.

WILSON

Bide your time -- That's what prison teaches you if nothing else.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

84 CONTINUED:

84

WILSON (CONT'D)

Bide your time son, and you will see things for what they are. And act accordingly.

A concluding gesture.

Feather has been listening to all this, expressionless. Now he raises a finger as if there's a point he wants clarified.

FEATHER

There's one thing I don't understand.
(wants to be quite clear about this)

The thing I don't understand ... is every motherfucking thing you're saying.

Wilson sighs. That was sort of the point. Take the wind of your sails, mate.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

34

WILSON

I reckon we're both chasing the same thing, only for different reasons.

FEATHER

(still tentative)
...What would that be?

WILSON

The reasons?

FEATHER

Start with the thing.

WILSON

I would hazard a guess ... that what you're after involves a considerable sum of money. *

FEATHER

And that's not what lights your fire?

WILSON

In the past, granted, I have been known to redistribute wealth. No, I'm after a different sort of satisfaction, know what I mean. *

Pause. *

FEATHER

You're not carrying any ID, are you? *

WILSON

No. When your lads looked in my pockets, no. Not at that time, no. Must've left it in my other suit. *

FEATHER

(gets to the point)
What's your connection to Terry Valentine? *

WILSON

My daughter was living with him. When she died.

Feather looks at him in a new way. As if he knows about Jenny and her suspicious death.

(CONTINUED)

84 CONTINUED:

84

WILSON (CONT'D)

I imagine it happened about the same time as whatever the deal was that Terry Valentine grafted you out of your share of.

(doesn't mean to give offense)

I say "grafted" --

FEATHER

-- You think Terry Valentine screwed me out of some deal?

WILSON

I can well believe it. He's about as straight as a dog's hind leg.

(a friendly probe)

What could this deal have been, I wonder, to have set in motion such an unfortunate chain of events.

Feather considers.

FEATHER

Could've been anything.

(shrugs)

A shitload of heroin imported from somewhere or other.

WILSON

You know, I've heard of that happening.

FEATHER

(continues "spitballing")

... The usual scumbags involved. But, you know, the thing about scumbags is, no matter what they do with the drugs, the harder thing to move is the money. In my line of work, best thing to do is follow the money. 'Cause you can't hide the money, you can only disguise it. So what do you do? Find some rich fool to bank all the cash coming in, make it look legitimate, in exchange for skimming a percentage off the top. Maybe as much as a million dollars commission. We're talking -- theoretically -- a lot of heroin. Rich fool who'd overextended himself over time in danger of not being so rich anymore. As hard as money is to hide ... it's harder to lose.

WILSON

I know people just like that.

Feather paces and ponders.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

34

FEATHER

But I can't be sure. Can't prove
anything.

Turns. Looks Wilson in the eye with a degree of sympathy.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

34

FEATHER (CONT'D)
...Anything at all.

Pause.

FEATHER (CONT'D)
What was your daughter's involvement.

WILSON
That's what I wanna know. I was hoping
you might.

FEATHER
Valentine's too insulated. Too many
layers of protection around him. Kept
our eyes on him for months, but ...
(another look at Wilson)
We only just reactivated this case.

Does he mean the recent episode downtown? Wilson tries to
avoid the topic.

WILSON
Good job your lads turned up when they
did, or it would have been me for the
high jump.

FEATHER
There's a security guy who works for
Valentine. He's the one sent those
creeps after you.

WILSON
Yeah, shouldn't wonder. Must've done.

FEATHER
Slippery fellow. But keeps his hands
clean. And his friend Valentine's.
(knocks an envelope off his
table accidentally on purpose)
Damn it, there go my slippery hands
again...

Out of the envelope fall some surveillance photos.

Wilson perceives he's meant to pick them up. PHOTOS of
Valentine's Hollywood house -- and another (BIG SUR) house.
Some typed info, presumably including address, on the back of
each photo. (Shots of Valentine talking to Avery, etc.?)

Feather still studies Wilson as Wilson studies the photos.

(CONTINUED)

84 CONTINUED:

84

FEATHER (CONT'D)

It was an incident in downtown Los Angeles a couple of days ago. That may have spurred this new round of activity. But you wouldn't know anything about that ...

*
*
*
*

Wilson looks up, all innocent. Shrugs.

*

84 CONTINUED:

84

Feather comes over, takes back the photos. *

FEATHER (CONT'D) *

Thank you. *

As he puts the photos back in the envelope, he looks at Wilson again. *

FEATHER (CONT'D) *

Your daughter ... she had a fondness for dangerous men. *

Wilson stands up. Time to go. He looks around the stark and bare surroundings. *

WILSON *

Shame about the money, though. Going into Valentine's pocket instead of yours. Your "office" could do with some accoutrements. *

Wilson has misjudged Feather. *

FEATHER

I don't give a shit about the money...

He strides purposefully over to another door -- a challenge for Wilson to follow.

FEATHER (CONT'D) *

Personally ... I'd prefer the heroin.

He opens the door onto --

A WALKWAY

-- outside the "office," overlooking the vast space of the hangar below -- where Thompson and other of Feather's guys are burning a shitload of drugs. *

FEATHER

Me and the "lads" -- we're cleaning up the neighborhood.

(a parting blessing)
Go with God.

FEATHER

His look now seems to say: Justice moves in mysterious ways. *

(CONTINUED)

84 CONTINUED:

84

WILSON

Before leaving, he hands the ID he pickpocketed back to its owner -- the young black Agent who's been standing here outside Feather's hangar office. With Elaine beside to him.

*

*

(CONTINUED)

"The Limey" 09/29/98 (Blue)

86.

84 CONTINUED:

84

WILSON
Cheers, mate.

CUT.

85 EXT. INN. DAY.

85

Along the way up the coast.

Through a window we SEE Valentine and Adhara enjoying a pleasant lunch.

The bodyguards hang out by the cars outside with fast food bags and drinks.

TOM
(to Rick)
I mean, how much are you getting? Just as a point of interest. See, I didn't realize there was a sliding scale.

AVERY

At a pay phone His bozos in the background. Dials a number.

86 INT. POOL HALL. DAY.

86

Stacy. Nasty bruise on his cheek. Takes a cue off the rack. Chalks up. Uncle John lining up on the balls positioned for a new game, readying to break.

BARTENDER
(calls)
Stacy.

Stacy looks. The scowling Bartender holds up phone. Stacy goes over, takes the phone.

STACY
(into phone)
Yeah.

UNCLE JOHN

Breaks.

STACY

Hangs up. Goes back to Uncle John.

(CONTINUED)

"The Limey" 09/29/98 (Blue)

86A.

86 CONTINUED:

86

STACY
 Is my face red? Is it? Geez, did I just
 get chewed out. A real scolding. A
 regular reaming.

Picks his cue up again and SMASHES the balls that Uncle John
 neatly racked up, disappointing Uncle John who we know likes
 to be the one to break.

UNCLE JOHN
 What does he want us to do.

STACY
 That's what I said: what do you want us
 to do. You didn't tell us there were all
 these black people following the guy
 around too.
 (takes another angry shot)
 What the hell is that. I nearly got my
 face shot off.

UNCLE JOHN
 (supportive)
 No second chances, that's what you always
 say.

STACY
 Goddamn right.
 (BOOM, another shot)
 Ask around, he says. Who the fuck are we
 gonna ask?

He looks around, his eye distracted by some female we're
 better off not seeing.

STACY
 ...Look at that one. She's really been
 used.

CUT.

37 OMITTED

87

38 INT. RESTAURANT. KITCHEN. DAY.

88

Ed takes off an apron, heads out the door. It's clear that he's not the head chef here -- because the HEAD CHEF, an Anglo, turns, wondering where he's going. Over this we hear:

WILSON

(over)

Where's Big Sur?

ELAINE

(over)

Up the coast.

WILSON

(over)

How far?

ELAINE

(over)

I don't know -- few hours, I guess.

WILSON

(over)

Fancy it?

ELAINE

(over)

I could use a vacation. Of course, I keep forgetting, for you this is a vacation.

WILSON

(over)

Never thought of that.

(grunt of laughter)

Busman's holiday.

ELAINE

(over)

What's in Big Sur?

WILSON

(over)

That's where he's scarpered.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

88

ELAINE
(over)
The late great Terry Valentine? How do you know?

WILSON
(over)
Bloke told me.

Beat.

WILSON (cont'd)
(over)
You shouldn't go back to your place. Not till... this is resolved.

Another beat.

ELAINE
(over)
I hear it's a nice drive.

CUT.

89 EXT. RESTAURANT. BACK ALLEY

89

Wilson's car waiting as Ed comes out. Elaine in the car with Wilson. Ed makes a decision. Gets in.

CUT.

90 EXT. COAST HIGHWAY. DAY.

90

Wilson's car. Heading for Big Sur.

91 INT. CAR

91

Ed drives. Wilson beside him. Elaine in the back.

ED
What d'you say, Elaine?

ELAINE
Not much -- you?

ED
Same.

ELAINE
Uh-huh.

ED
Last time I saw you, weren't you up for some equity-waiver thing?

(CONTINUED)

"The Limey" 09/29/98 (Blue)

89.

91 CONTINUED:

91

ELAINE
Sounds likely.

ED
I was gonna be in that Michael Mann
movie, you know -- with Pacino and
DeNiro. Got three callbacks.

ELAINE
Really.

ED
Didn't get it.

ELAINE
Well, those are the breaks.

ED
Not no more, they ain't. I quit that
acting shit, man.

ELAINE
You just cooking then? On all burners,
so to speak?

ED
Hell, no. I started writing.

Elaine and Wilson exchange glances.

92 EXT. HIGHWAY. DAY.

92

Onwards.

CUT.

93 INT. BAR. DAY.

93

Stacy and Uncle John sit and drink. Uncle John lamenting
their monetary loss. Stacy thinking to himself.

UNCLE JOHN
We could use the other two-and-a-half
grand. *

STACY
There's more than a measly few grand in
this.

UNCLE JOHN
There is?

STACY
Something's on.

(CONTINUED)

"The Limey" 09/29/98 (Blue)

90.

93 CONTINUED:

93

UNCLE JOHN

What?

STACY

I happen to know more about Mr. Whatever-his-name is Avery than he thinks I know about him and his operation.

UNCLE JOHN

You do?

STACY

You bet.

UNCLE JOHN

Like what.

STACY

Like he'd never hire me for real. Not week-to-week. I don't have the credentials. He thinks I'm just a psychopath, someone he can turn to when he needs "plausible denial."

UNCLE JOHN

Well, we blew it, didn't we? He ain't wrong.

STACY

(savage mimicry)

"He ain't wrong." Listen, I happen to have an inside man in that organization.

UNCLE JOHN

Who?

STACY

Y'know that idiot Tom from Seattle.

UNCLE JOHN

Tom.

(recalls)

Tom Johanssen?

STACY

I sent him to Avery, okay? Like Avery would appreciate that fact if he even knew it. And Avery gives this jerk a job just like that, full time. That's the type of individual gets hired in the personal security industry -- someone who'll shoot his mouth off to the likes of me at the drop of a hat.

(CONTINUED)

"The Limey" 09/29/98 (Blue)

90A.

3 CONTINUED:

93

He's being hinty now.

UNCLE JOHN
What'd he say?

STACY
Said they're going on a road trip up the coast...
(figuring)
...Him and Avery and some othe guys.
Fuckin' nitwit would tell me his PIN number if I asked him.

UNCLE JOHN
(after a beat)
Well, are we supposed to try and nail this English guy again, or what?

STACY
'Less he's already been popped down in bucktown we already got aced by the competition.
(thinking)
I don't know who he is. Some kind of --
(finding the word)
-- courier or something. Maybe a seller. Maybe a buyer. But Mr. Avery wanted him, those jigs wanted him -- and I betcha there's a briefcase somewhere.

UNCLE JOHN
A briefcase? What's in it?

STACY
(shrugs)
Cash? Drugs? Both if we're lucky. While they're all fuckin' each other over, couple of parties like us could move right in.

UNCLE JOHN
How we gonna do that?

STACY
...That ol' grey fox, man, he's a go-getter. We gotta get where he's goin'.

CUT.

93 CONTINUED:

93

STACY
(shrugs)
Drugs? Cash? Both if we're lucky.

UNCLE JOHN
How we gonna get that lucky?

STACY
While they're all fucking each other
over... couple of parties like us could
move right in.

CUT.

94 EXT. THE OCEAN - DAY.

94 *

Blue water to the horizon.

WILSON

stands on an outcropping. Waves CRASHING on the rocks below.
Looking out to sea.

Last lonely farewell to his daughter:

He turns and makes his way back to the car where Elaine and
Ed are waiting.

CUT:

A94 EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

A94 *

Wilson's car driving. The scenery continues to be
magnificent.

95 INT. WILSON'S CAR.

95 *

Ed still at the wheel. Wilson next to him. Opening a new
cigarette pack.

ED
I've been wondering something.

WILSON
Again?

ED
Do you have any friends, man?

WILSON
Yeah, I suppose. Call 'em that, yeah.
Down the boozer Saturday night. Meet
some of the lads.

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED:

95

ELAINE
(a little more pointed)
Friends and colleagues?

It's as if a switch has been turned. An "off" switch.
Wilson's in his own space.

WILSON
Lot of 'em are gone, the old faces.
Don't know where. Different characters
nowadays, different assumptions. You
don't know where you are...Friends...Last
load of friends I had...
(beat)
Well, turned out they weren't my friends,
after all.

The switch turns. He's "on" again.

WILSON
You can't count on very many people,
that's the trouble. Number of times a
decent job's been cocked up...

ELAINE
Poor baby.

Little back-seat sarcasm there. Wilson looks kind of bitter.

WILSON
Useless gits. I was gonna do the Post
Office once.

ED
What post office?

WILSON
The lot. The whole British bloody Post
Office. I had a brilliant plan -- all
mapped out -- work of genius, it was.
Could I get anybody interested? No -
they're too busy pinching orange squash
from the milkman. Lazy sods. Jumble
sale on in Watford, they'll be up at the
crack of dawn.

ELAINE
You're just on a higher plane, Wilson.

WILSON
Too true, 'n' it. Mr. Lindgren told me
that just the other day. He said the
trouble with you, Dave, is you've got old
world values.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

"The Limey" 11/06/98 (Salmon)

92A.

95 CONTINUED:

95

WILSON (CONT'D)

I said I should bleedin' think so --
every time I get out of prison prices
have gone up thirty percent.

Flicks some cigarette pack paper out the window.

96 EXT. HIGHWAY.

96

The car speeds along.

CUT.

97 EXT. HOUSE. BIG SUR. DAY.

97

An impressive clifftop dwelling. Isolated on a winding road. On a beautiful promontory overlooking the sea. Valentine RINGS the DOORBELL (actually CHIME). It's opened by his ex-wife. BARBARA. Very well-maintained. 50-something. Surprised to see him. But not overjoyed.

VALENTINE
Hello there.

BARBARA
What are you doing here?

VALENTINE
Exercising my visitation rights.

BARBARA
Since when?

VALENTINE
I miss my kids.

BARBARA
They're at college. Or doesn't your accountant even tell you where the money goes anymore.

Valentine goes inside.

98 INT. HOUSE.

98

He looks around. She doesn't shut the door.

VALENTINE
You've made it... brighter.

BARBARA
I don't want you here, Terry.

VALENTINE
Sure you do.

He turns to look at her. Smiles. Somehow it doesn't work on her. One of the reasons she divorced him. Just one. She sighs. Resigned to his presence. Starts to close the door.

VALENTINE (cont'd)
Don't shut the door -- I have people with me.

Now she gets it.

(CONTINUED)

98 CONTINUED:

98

BARBARA

What kind of trouble are you in?

VALENTINE

No trouble.

Barbara SEES Adhara get out of the sporty car parked in the drive and stand against it in a posture of younger chick defiance.

BARBARA

Surely you can think of somewhere else to take one of your chippies for a quick getaway.

VALENTINE

Barbara.

He actually puts his hands on her arms. To hold her firm while he locks onto her eyes. And doesn't smile.

VALENTINE (cont'd)

I just need... somewhere remote. Away from L.A. For a couple of days. There's some crazy fucker, harboring an old grudge...

BARBARA

Anyone I know, or just anyone on the West Coast?

VALENTINE

I want you to be somewhere else.
(the kicker)
I pay for this house too.

Barbara reads him. He's not claiming ownership rights. He's telling her this house, because of the connection to him, is a target of some kind.

BARBARA

What have you done now?

The Land Cruiser pulls up outside. Avery emerges, comes over, comes in. Barbara notes the bodyguards out there as well.

AVERY

(to Valentine)
We weren't followed.
(to Barbara)
Barbara.

(CONTINUED)

98 CONTINUED:

98

Valentine lets Barbara go. Knowing she's now speechless at what's turned into, as far as she's concerned, a home invasion.

VALENTINE
(moving, looking around)
Where's... what's-his-name -- Fred --

BARBARA
-- You know his name is Frank.

VALENTINE
Is he here?

BARBARA
You know I don't live with him.

VALENTINE
Go to him. Go to his studio, or writers workshop or artists colony, Esselin retreat, nudist camp--

BARBARA
Are you finished?

VALENTINE
In a couple of days this whole thing --

BARBARA
Who's looking for you?

VALENTINE
Go now.

Encouraging, if not in fact ushering, her towards a bedroom.

BARBARA
It's been five minutes and I'm packing to leave again. I can't believe this.

VALENTINE
That's right, your life is Shit, and I'm to blame. It's that simple.

That does it. Barbara turns on him.

BARBARA
It is that simple. I blame you for everything. Losing inhibitions and chicks without bras didn't have to lead to pornography in every American household: that was you. The first on your block to turn on a camera in a hot tub and peddle it to your friends.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

98 CONTINUED:

98

BARBARA (CONT'D)

A little recreational pot didn't inevitably mean the eventual destruction of the inner cities: you made that happen, the first time you bought a bigger stash than you yourself could even smoke. It happened when you made your first buck hyping some so-called "event" that was over before it began or marketed some "product" whose only value was its instant disposability. You've spent more time bullshitting on the telephone than anyone since Alexander Graham Bell, you practically invented the Internet before anyone knew they wanted it which they don't!

(she can't stop, she's a runaway train)

There's no information anymore, what a lotta crap, there's just "infotainment" -- and alienation and class warfare and ordinary people turning into crippled enraged sociopaths and school children murdering each other and viruses and terrorists and education in this country is finished because of you!

(she's SCREAMING now)

You were the first person to see there was money to be made selling Navajo rugs - - you've even stolen from the fucking Indians! You looked at Charlie Manson when all he had to show for himself was a guitar instead of a knife and saw another merry prankster, the freedom of the frontier. Your pal here --

(Avery)

-- He saw gated communities. Rich people coming to him with their money, terrified of what people like you had left of this society. Why invest in a marriage and children when you had him? He's your oracle. But you couldn't even trust in friendship, could you? He's still just the dog you call for its dinner. Because everything that might once have been true or fun or nice or sweet you had to turn mean and cold and sour and ugly. That was your "genius," Terry, haven't you read your own press, goddamn you to HELL.

Wow. She storms into the bedroom.

Valentine is left utterly stricken. After a moment, trying to recover, he looks at Avery.

VALENTINE

...She's a little high-strung.

(CONTINUED)

98 CONTINUED:

98

He goes outside towards Adhara.

CUT.

99 EXT. MOTEL. EVENING.

99

Wilson and his friends pull in. Get out of the car.
Stretch.

Wilson heads for the motel office. Elaine and Ed follow a
little distance behind.

ED

Hey, Elaine. You even know what he's
saying half the time?

ELAINE

No, but I know what he means.

CUT.

100 EXT. BIG SUR HOUSE. DECK. EVENING.

100

Valentine stands smoking at the rail, looking out over the
dark sea. Avery sits at a table near him. *

VALENTINE

I should be in Paris. Or Kurdistan.

AVERY

He'd find you in Kurdistan. Go to London
-- he has a history of being apprehended
there.

VALENTINE

Well, you're a font of optimism.

(turning)

What else have your little techies come
up with.

Meaning why haven't we heard Wilson's been found yet.
Valentine lowering his voice as he moves nearer to Avery --
because Adhara is swaying in a hammock here on the deck.

(CONTINUED)

102 EXT. BIG SUR HOUSE. NIGHT. 102

Tableau. Evening has descended. Surfaces glisten from a light drizzling rain.

103 INT. BIG SUR HOUSE. BEDROOM. NIGHT. 103

Adhara, dressing. Behind her, outside, way out of focus, a figure slithers by.

104 INT. BIG SUR HOUSE. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT. 104

Valentine and Avery sit watching TV (CELEBRITY REPORT!). Tom behind them in the kitchen, flipping through a women's magazine.

VALENTINE

turns to look outside through the sliding glass doors.

HIS POV

Beyond the deck stands Rick, his back to us, facing the ocean.

105 EXT. BIG SUR HOUSE. BACK YARD. NIGHT. 105

Looking toward the house, Rick in the foreground, facing us. He takes a bite from a granola bar, then looks at it unhappily as he chews.

106 EXT. BIG SUR HOUSE. ANOTHER ANGLE. NIGHT. 106

Looking at the house from the top of the hill. Larry stands in the driveway next to Valentine's car, smoking a cigarette.

107 INT. BIG SUR HOUSE. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT. 107 *

Valentine and Avery, still watching TV.

VALENTINE
(re: the channel)
Maybe there's some actual news on.

Avery starts looking around.

AVERY
Where's the remote?

Suddenly, we hear a CAR ALARM. Tom looks up from his magazine. Valentine looks to Avery, who shakes his head: It's nothing.

108 EXT. BIG SUR HOUSE. DRIVEWAY. NIGHT. 108

Larry turns and looks up the driveway toward the sound. He puts his cigarette out.

109 EXT. BIG SUR HOUSE. BACK YARD. NIGHT. 109

Rick has turned toward the sound as well. Through a partially obscured side entrance, he sees Larry walking up the driveway.

110 EXT. BIG SUR HOUSE. DRIVEWAY. NIGHT. 110

Larry walks away from us, toward the vehicle (the Land Cruiser they drove here) parked up the driveway. We lose sight of him as he crosses to the driver's side. The alarm goes off. We hold for several beats. Larry doesn't emerge.

111 INT. BIG SUR HOUSE. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT. 111

Valentine and Avery are still looking for the remote. then Avery stops. Senses something is wrong. Crosses to window.

HIS POV

111 CONTINUED:

111

The driveway, car at the top partially visible. No sign of Larry.

AVERY

His brow furrows.

VALENTINE

Notices this, looks out toward the backyard.

HIS POV

Same as before, except Rick no longer visible out there.

VALENTINE

Moves to the sliding glass door to get a better look at the deck and back yard. Still no Rick.

VALENTINE

Where'd Rick go? Is he out there?

AVERY

Leaves the window, moves to Valentine. Tom has joined them. After a beat:

AVERY

Turn all the lights out. I'll get Adhara.

Tom starts looking for the light switches.

VALENTINE

What is it?

But Avery is already heading for the bedroom.

AVERY

Stay away from the windows.

112 EXT. BIG SUR HOUSE. BACK YARD. NIGHT.

112

Tableau: Avery exits the kitchen and takes the surrounding porch to the bedroom. Are we seeing this from someone's POV?

A112 EXT. BIG SUR HOUSE. DRIVEWAY. NIGHT

A112

in the bushes, tying up the vaguely struggling bodyguard Larry, wrapping masking tape around his mouth.

*

(CONTINUED)

REVISED CHERRY

100A

A112 CONTINUED:

A112

113 INT. BIG SUR HOUSE. BEDROOM. NIGHT.

113

Adhara, just finishing dressing, looking at herself in the mirror. The lights behind her go off. She turns to see Avery coming toward her to turn off the lights by the mirror.

ADHARA

Uh, you've heard of knocking?

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED:

113

AVERY

I need you to come with me.

ADHARA

Why, what--

He takes her by the arm. Firmly, but not roughly.

AVERY

Please.

She sees in his expression that something is up.

114 INT. BIG SUR HOUSE. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

114

Tom and Valentine have finally found the light switches, and the room is dark. Valentine moves slowly to the window, takes a tentative peek.

HIS POV

The driveway. Hard to see. Is there something moving out by the shed?

AVERY (O.S.)

I thought I said stay away from the window.

AVERY

Entering the kitchen with Adhara in tow. He brings her around behind the counter.

AVERY

Everybody in the kitchen.

Valentine and Tom move to join Avery and Adhara.

AVERY

Behind the counter.

Everyone moves behind the large counter in the center of the kitchen and crouches down. They have a wall behind them and all the windows in front of them.

ADHARA

(scared)

What's going on?

Avery and Tom have drawn their guns.

(CONTINUED)

114 CONTINUED:

114

VALENTINE

We think someone might be here.

ADHARA

We think?

VALENTINE

We don't know what happened to Rick and,
uh...

TOM

(fucking typical)

Larry..

ADHARA

Did somebody call the cops?

Tom snorts. Avery looks at Valentine: Haven't you told this girl anything?

VALENTINE

No.

ADHARA

Why not?

VALENTINE

Because --

AVERY

Because I'm taking care of it.

ADHARA

You guys are fucking nuts, I'm calling--

She starts to stand. Valentine pulls her down.

ADHARA

Hey.

TOM

Mr. Avery.

Avery looks to Tom, who nods toward the back porch.

THEIR POV

A silhouetted figure is tentatively making its way along the porch, trying not to be seen. We don't get a very clear glimpse.

AVERY

(CONTINUED)

114 CONTINUED:

114

Draws his gun and takes aim.

THE FIGURE

Careful not to become fully visible, but growing more courageous with each step.

AVERY

Locked on him, waiting.

VALENTINE

Puts Adhara's hand to her ears.

THE FIGURE

We see a little more now than we have before.

AVERY

He sees enough. Squeezes off a series of SHOTS, the muzzle flash strobing the kitchen area like a flashbulb, Adhara and Valentine flinching.

THE FIGURE

Hit. Spinning and collapsing to the ground.

AVERY

Lowers his gun. Turns to Tom.

AVERY
Watch my back.

Avery moves out from behind the counter and heads for the body.

115 EXT. BIG SUR HOUSE. BACK PORCH. NIGHT.

115

Avery makes his way to the figure, which is on its stomach and writhing slightly.

AVERY

Careful. Takes the gun and turns the body over.

STACY

Stares up at him, choking on his last few breaths.

AVERY

(CONTINUED)

114 CONTINUED:

114

Eyes checking left and right. Sudden silence. He slides the door open a little more.

115 EXT. BIG SUR HOUSE. BACK PORCH. NIGHT.

115

Avery goes carefully to the figure, on its stomach and writhing slightly.

AVERY

cautious. Kicks figure's gun away and bends to turn the body over. But it's not Wilson. It's --

STACY

who stares up at Avery, choking on his last few breaths.

STACY

Ain't no way I'd spend my time watching no Jay fucking Leno. I don't care who he got on.

AVERY

(CONTINUED)

115 CONTINUED:

115

Puzzled. What the hell is this guy doing here? He starts feeling around Stacy's jacket for anything useful, but is interrupted when his hand EXPLODES, accompanied by the sound of a gunshot. He screams in pain.

*
*

116 INT. BIG SUR HOUSE. KITCHEN. NIGHT.

116

Valentine and Adhara drop to the floor. Tom, gun raised and pointing, tries to see who shot Avery.

*

117 EXT. BIG SUR HOUSE. BACK PORCH. NIGHT.

117

Avery is turning toward his assailant, but not fast enough. A shot rings out and part of his neck disappears in a blossom of blood. Stunned, he falls on his side, gasping.

*

AVERY'S POV

*

Uncle John. Close by, huddled by the lip of the cliff. He starts to move cautiously toward Avery and Stacy.

*

{ OMIT
A 117
B 117 }

118 INT. BIG SUR HOUSE. KITCHEN. NIGHT.

118

Tom squints, trying to see.

{ OMIT
A 117
B 117 }

*

TOM

Fuck.

VALENTINE

What?

TOM

Avery's down.

*

TOM'S POV

A piece of Uncle John's silhouette appears.

TOM

Fires at it. Didn't hit anything.

*

TOM

Fuck this.

Tom jumps up and runs for the living room, firing his gun in front of him toward where he last saw Uncle John's silhouette.

*

LIVING AREA

Tom runs through and reaches the sliding doors to the back porch. A portion of the frame SPLINTERS from a gun shot as he gains access to the other side of the back porch.

*

117 CONTINUED:

A117

TOM
Shit. Fuck.

VALENTINE
(a frantic whisper)
What's happening out there -- what can you see!

TOM
I can't see a fucking thing except Avery's down, he's been hit!

B117 EXT. BIG SUR HOUSE. BACK YARD. NIGHT.

B117

Out of his mind, Uncle John pounds Wilson in the face with both hands.

Wilson, struggling to get out from under -- bites Uncle John's ear off.

Uncle John rears up, howling in agony -- allowing a shaken Wilson the necessary moment to scramble an escape to one side. (Tom still SHOOTING around them from inside the house.)

118 INT. BIG SUR HOUSE. KITCHEN. NIGHT.

118

Another silhouette looms on the deck -- Wilson, Uncle John? -- but Tom is past caring. He FIRES lamely in that direction, doesn't hit anything.

TOM
Fuck this.

He decides to get out of here any way he can.

LIVING ROOM AREA

Tom reaches the sliding doors to the back porch. A portion of the frame SPLINTERS from a GUNSHOT as he gains access to the other side of the back porch.

11/12 Version
CHERRY

105.

119 EXT. BIG SUR HOUSE. BACK PORCH. NIGHT.

119

Tom is through the sliding doors and trying to make his way around to the driveway.

UNCLE JOHN

Crouched behind the opposite end of the porch, sticks his head up.

HIS POV

Tom crossing to the steps, slips on the damp wood, tries to right himself.

UNCLE JOHN

Squeezes off two shots.

TOM

Is shot in the ankle as he is about to reach the steps. He yelps in pain, tries to raise his gun.

UNCLE JOHN

Crouched down. A shot flies over his head.

TOM

Stops shooting. Tries dragging his shattered ankle to the steps.

UNCLE JOHN

Looks over the edge of the porch.

HIS POV

Tom turning toward the steps.

UNCLE JOHN

Fires at him.

TOM

Screams again as his elbow of his gun hand disintegrates. He slips on the first step and tumbles down, the gun bouncing beside him.

UNCLE JOHN

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTINUED:

119

TOM

screams again as the elbow of his gun arm disintegrates. He
slips on the first step and tumbles down, the gun bouncing
beside him.

UNCLE JOHN

(CONTINUED)

CHERRY 11/12

106.

119 CONTINUED:

119

Sees this. Stands up to cross the back porch. Takes a step forward but is stopped by a bullet in the chest (about the only clean shot anybody makes). He looks down at himself.

UNCLE JOHN

Shit.

He looks up to SEE:

AVERY

Near death. Gun in his good hand. He squeezes the trigger again.

UNCLE JOHN

A small black hole appears in his cheek. He blinks, begins -- to raise his hand to his face, and collapses.

AVERY

Exhales and rolls over.

TOM

Still trying to get to his feet. He gives up and just lies there, panting.

A HAND

Reaches for the gun beside Tom. Tilt up with it to reveal:

ED

He puts the gun in his jacket and slides away.

120 INT. BIG SUR HOUSE. KITCHEN. NIGHT.

120

Valentine and Adhara are still stuck behind the counter. Valentine sees the shadowy shape of Ed slipping behind the back porch.

VALENTINE

Decides to make a run for it, following Tom's route, away from Ed.

ADHARA

Where are you going?

LIVING ROOM

(CONTINUED)

CHERRY 1/12

107

120 CONTINUED:

120

Valentine runs to the sliding door, smack into:

WILSON

Standing there. Wet. Mad. He grabs Valentine by the shirt and pushes him back into the room.

VALENTINE

Bounces off the couch and onto the floor.

WILSON

Comes toward him.

VALENTINE

Grabs a lamp off an end table and hurls it at Wilson. It careens off Wilson's arm and shatters.

WILSON

Is almost on him now.

VALENTINE

Tries to scramble away. Throwing anything he can get his hands on at.

WILSON

Who keeps coming. He grabs Valentine, pulls him up, then throws him into the television.

VALENTINE

Crashes into the TV face first and bounces to the floor.

WILSON

Goes to him, grabs him by the neck with one hand and pulls out his gun with the other. He seems about to speak when suddenly he screams instead.

WILSON
AAAAGGGGHHHH!

ADHARA

Has just stuck a kitchen knife into Wilson's back.

WILSON

(CONTINUED)

CHERRY. 11/12

108.

120 CONTINUED:

120

Turns instinctively and whips the pistol around, smashing Adhara in the mouth.

ADHARA

Hits the ground. She won't be retaliating.

WILSON

In agony, spinning, trying to reach the knife in his back, but IT'S JUST BEYOND HIS REACH.

VALENTINE

Scrambles through the sliding glass door.

121 EXT. BIG SUR HOUSE. BACK PORCH. NIGHT.

121

Valentine stumbles out. Notices Avery slumped on the deck, mortally wounded. Goes to him -- as if concerned -- but actually just to take the gun. Then runs off the porch toward the STEPS that lead down to the sea.

WILSON

Comes out after him, the knife still in his back. So intent on catching Valentine he fails at first to notice Avery lying in the shadows.

AVERY

Has just barely managed to reach Stacy's pistol. Raises it weakly. Points it at Wilson.

WILSON

Seems to feel it. Turns. Locks eyes with Avery. Avery could already have shot him. But there's a momentary sense of recognition: both of them just foot soldiers for fat cats -- and Avery's is not worth saving.

AVERY

Lowers the gun. Nods in the direction Valentine went.

AVERY

...that way...

Wilson moves on. Avery just lies there, presumably to die.

*

122 EXT. BIG SUR HOUSE. STEPS. NIGHT.

122

Valentine hurries down the rickety steps. Trying not to slip in the darkness, though there are tiny Malibu lights illuminating the steep and winding wooden framework.

123 EXT. BEACH. NIGHT.

123

A rocky cove. Valentine looks back up the way he came, HEARING the FOOTSTEPS coming down after him. Backs away a few paces on the slippery rocks. Falls. Lands on the crumpled, dead body of RICK the bodyguard, who was thrown off the cliff. Valentine recoils. When Wilson appears, Valentine FIRES at him. A wild shot that only makes Wilson duck momentarily. Valentine scrambles to his feet, runs on.

WILSON

Jumps down from the steps. Stops for a moment and leans his back against the railing. Bends at the knees slightly.

THE KNIFE

The handle is forced upward just enough to be reachable now.

WILSON

Grimacing, pulls the knife out and discards it.

FURTHER DOWN THE BEACH

Valentine runs. Or tries to. It's dark and the ground is treacherous. The beach runs out pretty soon. Now just rocks. Maybe he thought he could get around the rocks on the point at the other end. But he can't see very far ahead. And the tide is in, water making any escape extremely difficult. He tries to scramble over some rocks. They're wet, slippery. He falls, cries out as he literally breaks an ankle.

WILSON

A dark figure. Coming into focus. Walking inexorably this way.

VALENTINE

Painfully rights himself. A small bone protrudes from his broken ankle. He FIRES at Wilson, gun in one hand, other hand gripping his wrist to try and steady it. Doing his best to aim. But the SHOTS miss their mark.

(CONTINUED)

123 CONTINUED:

123

WILSON

Steadily coming.

VALENTINE

Out of bullets now. Gun CLICKING crazily on empty. He simply drops it.

WILSON

Now stands before him.

THE TWO OF THEM

Both breathing hard.

VALENTINE

Please...

Wilson doesn't move.

WILSON

Tell me.

Not what Valentine expected, and said so softly he's not even sure what Wilson said.

WILSON (CONT'D)

Tell me.

A little louder. Again:

WILSON (CONT'D)

Tell me.

Grabbing Valentine now.

VALENTINE

Tell you...

WILSON

Tell me about Jenny!

Dropping to the ground, too, in a passionate fury, his hands around Valentine's throat.

WILSON (CONT'D)

Tell me about Jenny, you fucking bastard.

Easing up just enough for Valentine to sputter out a response.

(CONTINUED)

123 CONTINUED:

123

VALENTINE (CONT'D)

I didn't want to --

Wilson thinks that's his complete answer and completely hates it -- throttling Valentine all the more. But Valentine manages to finish the sentence --

VALENTINE (CONT'D)

-- I didn't want to lose her!

Wilson letting up again a little. But still holding Valentine. Valentine holding Wilson's arms. The two of them locked in a kind of embrace. Sprayed by the waves CRASHING onto the rocks. Sweating and swaying together, gasping and exhausted and hurt and furious.

VALENTINE (CONT'D)

I needed money...I would've given her anything she wanted...

They almost fall over as a bigger wave washes over them. Wilson drags Valentine a little further out, as if to drown him.

VALENTINE (CONT'D)

-- but she didn't want --

Choking on seawater.

VALENTINE (CONT'D)

-- she found out about what I was --

Gasping and spluttering.

VALENTINE (CONT'D)

-- tried to stop me --

(CONTINUED)

123 CONTINUED:

123

Wilson has surpassed himself in fury by this time. In a murderous frenzy. Holding Valentine under the water. Holding firm despite the waves pummeling him.

VALENTINE (CONT'D)

She said she'd turn me in.

WILSON

shock of recognition on his face. At those words.

VALENTINE

...She said she'd...call the...call the police.

If Valentine keeps talking, Wilson barely hears him, and we can't at all anymore over the SOUND of the pounding surf.

FLASH CUTS:

A123 JENNY: Phone in hand. Yelling at Valentine.

A123

VALENTINE: Yelling back at her.

VALENTINE. On her now, hands around her neck.

JENNY. Choking. Eyes rolling up. Hands trying to pry his fingers off.

B123 TABLEAU OF BEDROOM. Jenny on the floor, lifeless.

B123

C123 VALENTINE. Downstairs now. Looks up.

C123

AVERY. In the doorway. Looking at him.

AVERY AND GORDON. Moving Jenny.

D123 DRIVING P.O.V. Winding road.

D123

GORDON. At the wheel.

E123 VALENTINE. At his house, numbing himself with alcohol.

E123

F123 A CAR IN FLAMES. No one would be recognizable after this.

F123

G123 VALENTINE. Putting his head back, closing his eyes.

G123

123 WILSON AND VALENTINE

123

waves CRASHING over them, drowning out the sound of Valentine's voice until his tale is told. And Wilson lets go. Sits back. Panting. Totally spent. The two of them. Both on their knees now at the water's edge.

(CONTINUED)

123 CONTINUED:

123

Whatever energy they had left drained -- Valentine from his confession, Wilson from hearing it. Valentine shaking, sobbing. Still not realizing the pathetic folly of his actions.

VALENTINE

...She meant it.

(looks up at Wilson)

...I didn't, I swear to God I didn't.

(trembles)

I couldn't...stop it. The deal was already done when she found out about it.

(looks down again in despair)

She had the phone...in her hand. To call the cops. She was going to do it.

WILSON

knows the girl who loved him...loved Valentine too. Having heard the truth, there's nothing more. He simply gets up and walks away. Leaving the quivering shell of Valentine behind him.

CUT.

124 INT. BIG SUR HOUSE. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

124

Adhara wakes up. Hand to her smashed cheek and mouth. But it's not her hand. It's Valentine's. She sort of shuffles away from him along the floor. Sits against a wall holding her face. Valentine sits back against an opposite wall. They stare at each other.

CUT.

125 INT. PLANE. DAY.

125

Wilson, lost in thought. Accepts a drink from a FLIGHT ATTENDANT. We can see it pains him to reach for it.

WILSON

Ta.

After setting the glass down, his other hand goes to the shoulder where his stab wound was no doubt only temporarily dealt with.

A125 *FLASH CUTS:*

A125

WILSON. At the roadside hotel, grimacing.

ELAINE. Cleaning his wound.

125 CONTINUED:

125

WILSON
Yeah, that's right.

LADY
I can never decide what I like better.
Leaving home, or coming back.

WILSON

Takes this in.

FLASH CUTS:

B125 WILSON. Shaving in the mirror at his L.A. motel. He stops. B125 *

C125 WILSON. In the car leaving Valentine's house. Fingering the picture of Jenny. C125

125 (cont.) WILSON 125
I would have preferred staying home, me.

LADY
You're a reluctant traveller, then.

Wilson nods.

FLASH CUTS:

D125 WILSON. In the car with Elaine and Ed, driving back from Big Sur. Everyone in their own world. D125

E125 WILSON. At Ed's house. Saying goodbye. E125

WILSON AND ED. Shake hands.

ED. Watching him get into Elaine's car.

125 (cont'd) WILSON 125
Got called out to L.A., unexpected like,
to do a job of work.

FLASH CUTS:

F125 WILSON. At the airport, staring at Elaine. F125

ELAINE. Staring back.

WILSON AND ELAINE. She embraces him.

ELAINE. She watches him leave.

WILSON. Disappearing into the terminal.

125 (cont.) LADY 125
You'll be looking forward to getting
back, then.

WILSON
Yeah. Another little matter needs
attending to soon as I return.

LADY
No rest for the wicked.

Wilson nods, exhales.

FLASH CUT:

G125 WILSON. *In the cab on the way to Ed's, at the beginning of* G125
the film. Watching the lights go by.

125 (cont.) WILSON 125
Been away a lot.

LADY
Where else?

Longer beat. He actually turns to look at her now. Takes
her in, then looks forward again.

WILSON
Out on a oil rig. In the North Sea.
Nine years.

LADY
Nine years?
(laughs)
Is that legal?

WILSON
Well, time off for good behavior, you
know. I shouldn't have even been there--
it was these other blokes who shoulda
gone in my place. I got lumbered with
the job they were responsible for. I
don't mind pulling me own cart, but not
someone else's, know what I mean.

LADY
But you stuck it out, anyway, all that
time.

WILSON
I had to, didn't I. Nothing else for it.
Then just when I'd finished my nine years--
my contract-- wallop, I had to bugger
off to the States.

(CONTINUED)

125 CONTINUED:

125

LADY
(reacting slightly to his
"colorful" language)
Sounds like you need a rest.

WILSON
Could do, yeah.

Another beat.

WILSON
But first I gotta give these lads a
talking to, these toerags what sent me up
the river, in a manner of speaking.

LADY
The ones whose burden you took upon your
own shoulders.

WILSON
Yeah.

And he turns away, to the window. Looks at the blue sky.
Sips his drink. Then, hard:

WILSON
Them next.

THE END.

CUT TO BLACK.