

THE LIMEY

By

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Cherry Revised draft 11/12/98
Salmon Revised draft 11/06/98
Buff revised draft 10/23/98
Goldenrod Revised draft 10/20/98
Yellow revised draft 10/14/98
Green Revised draft 10/05/98
Pink Revised draft 09/30/98
Blue revised draft 09/29/98
White draft 09/17/98

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)

