

Don't Say I Didn't Warn You!

By

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INT - HOTEL BAR - NIGHT

It is the late 1940's. A handful of male customers sit in the smoke filled bar, keeping themselves to themselves.

A tired looking BARMAN wipes the bar, keeping a cautious eye on the till and occasionally glancing at the customers.

One man in his mid forties, SAM HUSTON, holds a whiskey on the rocks. His face is heavy set and stern, and his bloodshot eyes tell us this isn't his first drink.

SAM (V.O)

I couldn't help it. I was thinking of her again. I'd been thinking of her all night. Hell, who was I kidding, I'd been thinking of her my whole life.

SAM downs the last of his drink and slams the glass down on the bar.

SAM

Barman!

The Barman continues to wipe the bar, ignoring the noise Sam is making.

SAM

(yelling)

Hey Barman! Cummon! My liver thinks my throat's been cut!

The Barman sighs, puts down his cloth, and walks slowly over the bar to where Sam is waiting.

SAM

Whiskey. Now.

BARMAN

You'll have one heck of a hangover.

SAM

Do I look like the kind of guy who's worried about how he's going to feel in the morning?

BARMAN

Well, don't say I didn't warn you.

The barman serves Sam his drink and Sam downs it in one.

SAM (V.O.)

Don't say I didn't warn you. That's what she said the night she left me. Sure, she'd warned me. She said if I didn't stop working round the clock then she'd leave me. But she said she'd stop buying clothes with my wage packet and that never happened, so what reason did I have to believe she'd leave me?

The Barman reaches up and starts to ring a bell tied to the top of the bar.

BARMAN

Time! Last orders please.

Sam grabs the bottle of whiskey from behind the bar and takes a swig before the Barman can stop him. He slams the bottle down and swiftly exits.

INT - HOTEL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

SAM is trying to unlock the door to his hotel room with some difficulty.

SAM (V.O.)

I knew I wasn't good enough for her. What's worse is I that knew he was. He was everything she deserved. Everything I wasn't.

(beat)

Still I hated him for taking her away from me. She was the only thing that kept me going in this no good town, other than the thought of the whiskey in my room.

Sam manages to open the door and stops, eyes wide with surprise.

Seated on the bed is BARBARA HAMMET, a blonde bombshell in her late twenties. She wears a bloodstained fur coat, and is crying.

The mini bar is open, and she stares into a half empty glass of whiskey.

Sam and Barbara stare at each other. Sam breaks the silence.

SAM
What the hell are you doing with my
whiskey?

Barbara says nothing and continues to stare into her glass.
Sam steps into the room and closes the door behind him.

SAM (CONT'D)
Well? Have you got nothing to say
for yourself?
(pause)
How'd you get in here anyway?
(angrily)
Well! What do you want! You can't
have broken into my room just to
drink my mini bar dry!

Barbara wipes her eyes and looks up from her glass.

BARBARA
He's dead Sam.

SAM
Who's dead?

BARBARA
Jimmy's dead. Murdered.

SAM
And I'm supposed to give a damn?

BARBARA
(quietly)
I want you to find his killer.

SAM
What?

BARBARA
(standing up and yelling)
I said I want you to find the
bastard that did it! I want you to
find him and put him away and make
him wish he'd never even been born!

Sam steps back in shock at Barbara's sudden outburst. After
a moment, he regains his composure.

SAM
You're crazy if you think I'm going
to put my life on the line just to
find his killer. Call the police.

BARBARA

The police think it's the mob, they won't touch it.

SAM

And you think I will?

Barbara takes a breath to calm down. She moves towards Sam. Their mouths are almost touching.

BARBARA

I know you still have feelings for me. Maybe if you help me, you might find I've still got those feelings for you.

Sam closes his eyes as Barbara's lips move closer to his. He pauses, and then pulls away.

SAM (V.O.)

She was crueller than the Marquis de Sade and more beautiful than any other girl I'd ever seen, and she knew right then that she had me. I knew it was a bad idea, but one look into those baby blues and I couldn't say no.

SAM

You'd better go clean yourself up. And brush your teeth, you stink of booze.

Barbara stands and walks towards the bathroom.

BARBARA

I could say the same about you.

INT - HOTEL LIFT - NIGHT

SAM and BARBARA are standing next to each, uncomfortably close and cramped. They both face forwards, avoiding each other. There is awkward silence.

SAM

(pause)

So your hot-shot boyfriend dies and you come running straight back to me huh?

BARBARA
(sniffs)
It's not like that.

SAM
Well what is it like then, 'coz
that's sure what it looks like to
me.

BARBARA
I didn't know who else could help.

SAM
Well I can't say I'm guaranteed to
be of much help. I've got vested
interests, see?

Barbara looks up at him desperately, and then looks away and
stares at the floor.

SAM (CONT'D)
(sighs)
Alright, alright, tell me what
happened.

BARBARA
He rang me from a payphone, said
something was wrong, and that he
wanted to meet me right away. He
wouldn't say any more, but he
sounded scared.

EXT - BACKSTREETS - NIGHT

FLASHBACK:

The streets are cobbled and dirty. It is raining heavily,
and the last of the daylight is beginning to fade over the
horizon.

JIMMY WILDER, a young newspaper reporter, waits nervously at
a street corner. He holds a reporter's notepad and has an
early Polaroid Camera (Land Camera) hanging around his neck.

BARBARA enters around the corner. She runs towards Jimmy.

BARBARA
What is it Jimmy? What's wrong?

Jimmy hushes Barbara and pulls her into a nearby alley.

JIMMY
 Keep your voice down.
 (pause)
 I'm being followed.

BARBARA
 (loudly)
 Who is..?

Jimmy stares at her desperately

BARBARA (CONT'D)
 (whispers)
 Sorry. Who is it? Who's following
 you?

JIMMY
 (quietly)
 I'm not sure. My guess is it's
 Giovanni's people, but...

BARBARA
 (Loudly)
 The Mob! I told you not to write
 that story! I knew it would get you
 into trouble! If you end up dead
 because of that article, don't say
 I didn't warn...

Jimmy shoves his hand across Barbara's mouth to stop her
 talking.

JIMMY
 (whispers)
 I told you to keep your voice down!
 (pause)
 Anyway, something's not right. If
 it was the mob I'd be dead by now.
 Whoever this is, they're waiting
 for something, the right moment.

Jimmy slowly removes his hand from Barbara's mouth. She
 stays silent.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
 Besides, there are other things.
 Yesterday, this got pushed under my
 door.

Jimmy removes a small slip of paper from his pocket, unfolds
 it, and passes it to Barbara.

BARBARA
(reading aloud)
You shouldn't take things that
aren't yours. Thieves always pay.
You have been warned.

Barbara hands the note back to Jimmy

BARBARA (CONT'D)
But you didn't steal anything from
The Mob.

JIMMY
I haven't stolen anything from
anyone. That's why this whole thing
smells fishy. I think I've been
mistaken for somebody else.

BARBARA
Isn't there anything you can do?

There is a sudden noise, like a bin falling over, from the
back of the alley. Some birds squawk and fly away.

Jimmy and Barbara spin round and peer into the darkness.
They cannot see anything.

Jimmy pushes Barbara backwards, towards the street.

JIMMY
Quick, run away, it's not safe.

BARBARA
I'm not gonna leave you Jimmy, I
love yo...

There is a sudden commotion. Jimmy grabs his camera, points
it towards the darkness, and pushes the shutter. There is a
flash. At the same time, a gunshot is heard.

The photograph falls from Jimmy's camera. It is caught by
the wind, and floats away into the darkness.

Jimmy stumbles backwards and falls. He has a gunshot wound
in the middle of his chest.

Barbara runs towards Jimmy and holds him as he lies on the
ground, bleeding. He is still holding his camera. Barbara
starts to cry.

JIMMY
I... I think I got him.

BARBARA

What? What do you mean? Oh God, oh God!

Jimmy reaches for his camera and feels for the photograph.

JIMMY

The picture. Barbara, where's the picture.

BARBARA

I don't know Jimmy, I don't know.

She looks around the alleyway, searching for the photograph.

Jimmy starts to lose consciousness, and Barbara runs back to him.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

Oh God. Don't die on me Jimmy, God, please don't die on me, not now, please, not now.

Jimmy lies back and closes his eyes. The camera slips from his hands. He is dead.

Barbara lets out a wail and holds Jimmy to her chest, covering her coat in blood. She gently rocks him forwards and backwards, muttering the Lords Prayer.

END FLASHBACK:

INT - HOTEL LIFT - NIGHT

SAM and BARBARA are still avoiding each other. Barbara is crying, but Sam is trying to stay composed and professional.

SAM

So you didn't see who shot him?

BARBARA

(sniffing)

N.. no. It was too dark.

SAM

What about the picture?

Barbara shakes her head and wipes her eyes with a lace handkerchief.

The lift doors open and they step through the hotel lobby, to the front doors.

They walk through the doors and head towards the alley in which Jimmy was shot.

EXT - ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

It is still raining. SAM and BARBARA stop underneath a street-light.

SAM
This is the place?

Barbara nods.

SAM (CONT'D)
I'll have a look. You go home, have some rest.

BARBARA
But...

SAM
I said go home. I can't work with you looking over my shoulder anyway.

Barbara lowers her head and looks dejected. She slowly turns and walks away down the street.

Sam lights a cigarette, smokes it, and then tosses it into a puddle as he walks down the alley.

EXT - ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

SAM walks decisively along the alley, past the place where Jimmy died and into the darkness.

He lights a match and uses it to search the area near the wall.

Behind some bins, he spots the back of the picture from Jimmy's camera.

Slowly, he picks it up. As he turns the picture around, his match burns out and he is left in darkness.

Sam holds the picture to his face, puts another cigarette in his mouth, and lights another match.

He brings the match upwards, as if to light the cigarette, but instead sets fire to the picture.

The picture burns. It shows Sam, pointing a gun towards the camera.

Sam lights his cigarette with the flames from the burning photograph, and then drops it as it turns to ash.

SAM (V.O.)

Well... He can't say I didn't warn
him.

FADE OUT: