

A GRAND LOVE AFFAIR

Written by

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INT. WAREHOUSE. DAY

PAUL, in his late seventies perhaps, thin faced, sinewy and barely filling his suit, stands in front of a metallic silver AC ACE street car. There's something unusual in the way he's looking at the car...as if he's saying goodbye.

RIZZO, of a similar age, comes over. His burly frame fills an immaculate white suit, his glowing tan testament to years of the good life. He steps between Paul and the car and straightens Paul's jacket.

PAUL

(leans round to keep the car in view)
Do you mind? We're having a moment here.

RIZZO

They've got to fly the nest sometime, honey.

Rizzo walks to a table and starts leafing through papers as Paul scrutinizes the car. These two men make the perfect team: Paul the meticulous, obsessive mechanic, Rizzo the charismatic salesman. They work in silence - they've done this hundreds of times. Suddenly Paul straightens up. A stabbing burst of chest pain makes him grab the car fender. Rizzo rushes over and stops him falling.

RIZZO (CONT'D)

Paul!

Paul digs his hands into Rizzo's shoulders, making Rizzo wince.

RIZZO (CONT'D)

Ouch! Jesus! Hey, you're sweating like a rapist, Paulie.

Then the attack, whatever it is, passes as suddenly as it came. Paul gets his breath back.

PAUL

I'm...I think I'm ok.

RIZZO

Yeah? You sure? I bet it was the calamari you had last night. I warned you. Look, I can do this one on my own if you don't feel up to it. The guy's due any minute.

PAUL

Now that will give me a heart-attack.

(pats Rizzo's face)

I was just doing a spot of method acting. I'm fine.

The distant HUM of a car gets Paul's attention. He LISTENS, tuning into the noise like a wild-game hunter listening for prey. He concentrates, his head now crystal clear. Rizzo watches him.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Porsche Panamera.

CUT TO:

Outside the warehouse. Just as Paul predicted, a Porsche Panamera turns into the parking lot. Aggressive hip hop competes with the motor's incessant roar for our attention. The engine cuts out. PUSH IN on the car as music grows louder. The car boot springs open. Inside is an expensive looking golf bag. A hand yanks it out.

CUT TO:

Inside the warehouse. A sharp rap at the door. Rizzo picks up a walking stick, assumes an exaggerated bent-over stance and hobbles to the door. He opens it to KOROLJEW (41), who strides in, ignores Rizzo's outstretched hand and dumps his golf bag on the table. Koroljew's drab white shirt and grey slacks seem at odds with the impressive wheels that thundered his arrival. But his slight build and soft belly hide a pressure-cooker of violence.

KOROLJEW
This it?

Rizzo affects a shaky old man's voice.

RIZZO
This is it. A beauty, isn't she?
I'm Mr Lacey. This is Mr Stark.

Paul waves. He looks to have got himself together.

RIZZO (CONT'D)
Everything is just as our mutual acquaintance specified.

KOROLJEW
How old?

RIZZO
I'm sorry?

KOROLJEW
Not you, fuckface. The car. What year's it from?

PAUL
She came off the line in 1954. As detailed in the order.

KOROLJEW
You're shitting me?

Koroljew takes a piece of paper from his back pocket and scans it.

KOROLJEW (CONT'D)
Oh yeah. 54. Fair enough. Dunno what the boss sees in these old bangers. Gimme mine any day.

PAUL
You mean the Porsche Panamera 4S with racing-exhaust.

KOROLJEW
How'd you know?

RIZZO
Mr Stark has an ear for motors.

KOROLJEW
Well ain't you Billy Fucking Big Balls? So how'd a couple of old crows like you get your hands on a car like this?

RIZZO
We've had this beauty longer than I can remember, haven't we, Mr Stark?

Paul nods.

KOROLJEW
You two a couple?
(snorts)
Buying a motor of a bunch of old queers. Fuck me.

PAUL
For your information, no we're not. And you're not buying a motor. You're buying motoring history.

KOROLJEW
Easy Grandad.
(to Rizzo)
He's a feisty one, ain't he?

Koroljew circles the car. He bends down to examine the detailing. Paul gives Rizzo a look of self-assurance.

KOROLJEW (CONT'D)
Motoring history, eh?

RIZZO
I can't get in her any more. Hips won't let me.
(MORE)

RIZZO (CONT'D)

It'd be a crime for a car like this
to be hidden away gathering rust.
We love the idea that after we've
left this world

(Paul rolls his eyes)

the old girl will still be tearing
down the open road.

KOROLJEW

You don't have to sell it to me,
old man. I just do the pick-up.

Koroljew adjusts the AC's wing-mirror to frame Rizzo and Paul.

RIZZO

Sorry for asking but I was under
the impression you were going to be
...Russian.

KOROLJEW

Born in Minsk. Grew up in London.

RIZZO

Ah.

Koroljew's eyes narrow on Paul. These old men aren't as harmless as they look.

KOROLJEW

(approaches Rizzo)

Don't know what I'm fucking looking
for to be honest. A car's a car,
innit?

PAUL

(under his breath)

Philistine.

KOROLJEW

(turns sharply)

What?

PAUL

The Philistines said the same
thing; a chariot's a chariot.

KOROLJEW

You know gents, the last twat to
sell me a jelly bean and tell me it
was a peppermint ended up six feet
in the ground.

Paul and Rizzo exchange worried looks. Is he serious?

PAUL

Look here, we don't want any
trouble.

Now the dizziness slams into Paul like a tidal wave. He staggers backwards. Rizzo rushes to help him.

KOROLJEW
What's up with him?

Paul rips open his collar. It takes all his strength not to faint.

RIZZO
He's been a little under the weather lately. I think it might help if you didn't talk about killing people.

Paul raises a hand to indicate he's alright. He winks at Rizzo. Is he faking? Koroljew spots it. He goes over to the table and unzips the golf bag. It's crammed with untidy bundles of cash. Koroljew deliberately takes several and lays them on the table.

KOROLJEW
One hundred grand.

RIZZO
That's what I call an expensive round of golf.

KOROLJEW
(ignores Rizzo, turns to Paul)
So you can tell what car I got from the sound of the engine.

PAUL
Up until 1974 or thereabouts. After that, manufacturing...well, it changed. Now they all sound alike.

KOROLJEW
That's fucking fascinating. I got a special talent too. Guess what it is.

A beat.

RIZZO
You play the violin?

KOROLJEW
No mate, no. I can smell porcky pies. It's spooky, it really is. Like a sixth fucking sense.
(sniffs)
That's why no one lies to me.

Koroljew walks up to Paul.

KOROLJEW (CONT'D)
So is it good?

PAUL

Sorry?

KOROLJEW

The car. Is it good?

RIZZO

Mr Koroljew, the car is exactly as we agreed -

KOROLJEW

Didn't ask you, Sun-tan. I asked him.

Koroljew moves in on Paul. Their noses almost touch. Koroljew sniffs...

KOROLJEW (CONT'D)

See, I can take this tonker toy back to Russia. Let 'em look at it. Imagine how unhappy I'll be if I go all that way and my boss tells me I got him a hookie car. He'd go mental. Be fucking embarrassing.

PAUL

This car is one of the first of only 226 fitted with the in-house 2 litre, 6 cylinder engine. I assure you -

KOROLJEW

(grabs Paul between the legs, squeezes hard)

You're lying, Granddad. Something's up with that car. I can smell it. I don't even care what it is you've done. All I know is I come all this way to be played by fucking pensioners. I helped a couple of old bastards like you across the road this morning.

RIZZO

Mr Koroljew, no one's playing anyone.

Koroljew lets go of Paul. Paul's sore but no permanent damage.

KOROLJEW

We ain't buying.

RIZZO

What? But why?

KOROLJEW

(starts to re-bag the money)
So, what do I do now? No point
killing you. You're nearly dead
anyway. Be a waste of good bullets.
Tell you what, give me fifty grand
for wasting my time and we'll
forget all about it.

RIZZO

You want us to pay you?

KOROLJEW

That's right, Sun-tan. Or I could
get my golf clubs and bury 'em in
your head. Preferable?

Rizzo nods to Paul; no way of saving the deal now. Just get
out. Paul slips into the shadows.

KOROLJEW (CONT'D)

(sees Paul disappear)
Oi! Chatterbox! Back here!

RIZZO

Mr Koroljew, Mr Stark has a
colostomy bag.

KOROLJEW

So?

RIZZO

You burst it.

KOROLJEW

(looks at his hand in horror)
Oh, for fuck's sake!

Rizzo gets into the AC.

KOROLJEW (CONT'D)

Here, what you doing?

RIZZO

Look, come for a test drive. I
guarantee you'll never have
experienced anything like it.

KOROLJEW

I thought you couldn't get in it
any more -

Rizzo locks the passenger door with surprising, youthful
vigor.

RIZZO
 I lied. Couldn't you smell it?
 (throws a bottle of break-fluid cleaner to
 Koroljew)
 The taps here don't work. You can
 wash your hands with this.

He puts his foot on the gas. The AC springs to life and speeds out the garage.

CUT TO:

Outside. Rizzo careers past Koroljew's car and into the street. Moments later Koroljew runs to his porsche only to find a wheel lock on his front tyre. He picks up a grey wig next to the wheel.

EXT. THE SWISS ALPS. EARLY MORNING

The infinite mountain range. Absolute tranquility. Winding roads spiral down rockfaces like ancient tribal decorations. Slowly we become aware of a faint rumbling.

CUT TO:

Low Angle on road. The AC Ace Street car is a dot in the distance. Its familiar purr grows to a roar as it approaches.

CUT TO:

Inside the car. Paul and Rizzo are wearing the same clothes as in the previous scene, but Rizzo's hair is different, longer, with a hint of color at the roots. Both men seem more youthful...without make-up we realize they are in their fifties. Paul is driving. He's utterly at ease in the hot seat of a car that is physically hard to drive.

(The following exchange is SHOUTED over the wind and motor)

RIZZO
 No need to look so bloody pleased.

PAUL
 What?

RIZZO
 That woulda been our first sale in
 six months.

PAUL
 (strokes the dashboard)
 She just wasn't ready to leave me.

RIZZO
 If you could actually finish more
 than one car a year we wouldn't be
 in this bloody mess.

Paul brings the car to a stop on the corner of a sheer drop. He nods to the scenery that seems to go on forever.

PAUL
I wouldn't call that a mess.

RIZZO
We need to get back. Ossie's waiting for us.

PAUL
Are you finished with your little diatribe?

RIZZO
My what?

PAUL
Are you done wingeing? We've got a six hour drive and I'd rather listen to the old girl here than you, if you don't mind.

RIZZO
I'm just saying, thanks to your little adventures -

PAUL
That's it. You leave me no choice.

Paul takes something from his top pocket. Rizzo brightens as he sees the joint.

RIZZO
You really do want me to be quiet.

PAUL
God yes.

Rizzo lights up and takes a deep toke. We hold on the car as the two men pass the jay and smoke with the world as their backdrop. Frustrations melt away...Eventually, Paul takes out his beloved leather gloves. He dons them carefully, like a surgeon preparing to operate...then starts the engine. They drive through the mountains to Opening Credits and Music.

EXT. GRAVEYARD. DAY

A coffin is lowered into an open grave. The funeral is poorly attended, but those who made the effort sob in a huddle. All except EMILIA (29), a slim red-head who stands alone over the grave. No tears from her, just a look of resolution. She holds a photo of twenty-something Paul and Rizzo and a woman who she bears a strong resemblance to. She throws the picture into the grave.

EXT. STREET. EVENING.

Insert -- GENEVA, SWITZERLAND

Rizzo braves the rain and jumps puddles to cross a road. He reaches an anonymous looking building and presses the intercom. Abba's "Dancing Queen" blast out.

VOICE ON INTERCOM
God Kvall.

RIZZO
Turn that shit off and let us in.

VOICE ON INTERCOM
Who is this please?

RIZZO
The arseholes who pay your wages.
Come on Ozzie, hurry it up.

The buzzer sounds.

INT. WAREHOUSE. EVENING.

The AC Ace Roadster pulls up in an underground garage. Dancing Queen is still playing. Paul and Rizzo get out and walk past a dozen classic cars in various states of repair, modification and re-assembly. OSVALD (23), chubby, furry-faced and full of enthusiasm, rushes over. Paul turns the music off then walks over to a long clothes rack.

OSVALD
Mr Fardelli, Mr Hitchen, I wasn't expecting you back already. What happened?

RIZZO
What do we pay you for, Ossie?

OSVALD
Graphic design, browsing the net for clients, hacking their finances and all manner of barely legal activities -

Paul takes a pair of workers overalls and begins to change into them.

PAUL
We pay you to mind your own business.

Rizzo hands Oswald a ticket to Les Miserables.

RIZZO
Please don't squeal.

OSVALD

"Les Mis"!

(suppresses excitement)

I thought they sold out?

PAUL

That is on the strict condition you never play the sound-track at work. We're making it a sackable offence.

OSVALD

Oh yes, sir!

Rizzo goes over to the clothes rack and flicks through a number of outfits. They look like fancy dress costumes.

RIZZO

A heterosexual obsessed with musicals. You're a living paradox, Ossie. Any calls?

OSVALD

Just your mother.

RIZZO

Sorry about that.

OSVALD

I don't mind. It's just strange talking to a deaf woman on the phone.

RIZZO

Where are my suits?

Oswald trots over.

OSVALD

At the back here. I had a spare afternoon so I arranged the disguises thematically. See, these are war and military, these are political and business, pop'n rock -

Rizzo pulls out an armani suit, looks at it lovingly.

RIZZO

Oz, you're going to make someone a wonderful wife one day.

CUT TO:

Paul is in mechanics overalls, his second skin (and will be from now on, unless specified otherwise). He is waxing the skeleton of a Bentley Continental S1. Rizzo comes over in his armani, sits in the Bentley and watches Paul work.

RIZZO (CONT'D)

No sale in six months. And your last escapade put us another five thousand in the hole. We got the Jag and the AC. What else is actually finished?

PAUL

I could have the Austin ready in a month or two.

RIZZO

Didn't you start it eight months ago?

PAUL

If you want speed I suggest you get a production line. I'm a craftsman not a robot.

RIZZO

Alright Picasso, untwist your knickers. So we've got eighteen cars and two are good to go.

Rizzo leans back, despondent.

PAUL

Relax Rizzo. We live on the edge. Always have.

RIZZO

Edge of bankruptcy...It'd be so much easier if we'd gone legit.

Paul takes out another joint.

PAUL

You old romantic. A little forcourt and salesroom with our names on it?

Rizzo takes out his lighter.

RIZZO

I could actually go with that. Somewhere hot. Selling real cars to real people. Why didn't we do that again?

PAUL

Because you're an asshole and I'm an idiot.

Paul lights up and inhales.

RIZZO

Knew there was a reason.

Paul gets up but his knees nearly give way. He catches himself.

RIZZO (CONT'D)

Paulie, Jesus! What is going on with you? You need to get yourself checked out.

PAUL

I'm fine. Maybe I just need a little time off.

RIZZO

Monte Carlo starts in two days.

PAUL

So how long do I have?

RIZZO

(checks his watch)

If you get your skates on...enough time to go to the laundrette.

INT. BATHROOM. DAY

Paul's face is bathed in sweat...he looks at himself in the mirror...drinks a mouthful of water...he's had another attack.

CUT TO:

Paul walks out the bathroom and into the laundrette. Rizzo is sat in front of a row of washing machines, leafing through a car magazine. Paul sits next to him. Rizzo hands Paul a supplement from the magazine...like an old married couple, they sit and read in silence...Paul starts to watch the machines spin.

PAUL

Are all these ours?

RIZZO

(without looking up)

They are.

PAUL

All eight?

RIZZO

(disinterested)

Whites, colors, delicates, reds, shirts, towels and two for your oily rags, which I expect we'll probably have to wash twice.

PAUL

No wonder we never have any money.

One of the machines rattles loudly.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Looks like that one has overpriced-
tuxedo intolerance.

Rizzo hurries over and starts kicking the machine.

RIZZO
Do something! My armani's in there.

Paul takes out a set of screwdrivers from one of his many pockets.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD. DAY

Paul and Rizzo snake through the Alps in a glistening D-Type Jaguar convertible. Rizzo is driving. Something catches his eye and he pulls up at a roman stone marking an upcoming straight stretch...ideal for racing...Rizzo gives Paul a knowing look...Paul rolls his eyes...knows what's coming, then takes out a classic Heuer stopwatch.

RIZZO
Ready?

Paul clicks the stopwatch. Rizzo hits the gas and the Jag tears off. Rizzo screams in delight. Paul in contrast is utterly calm. The car makes an untidy turn at the stone as Rizzo struggles to keep control. Paul suppresses a laugh and eyes the stopwatch as they begin the return stretch. Moments later the jag screeches past the starting point and pulls up in a cloud of dust.

PAUL
(coughs)
One forty two. I could've walked it
quicker.

Rizzo gets out and walks round the front of the car. Paul shuffles from passenger to driver seat; this is their racing routine. Paul hands Rizzo the stopwatch, pulls on his gloves and pops in a set of headphones. He selects a song on his i-pod and we hear NINA SIMONE'S SINNERMAN until the end of the scene. Paul hits the gas. He's the better driver; he understands these machines. He powers to the turn at frightening speed, close to the edge.

RIZZO
(under his breath)
Christ!

In the zone, Paul's hands move with a pianist's grace as he turns the car at an improbably tight angle. Now they hit the final straight and Rizzo closes his eyes, cowering into his seat. The car screams past the finishing point and stops suddenly and precisely.

Rizzo opens an eye and holds up the stopwatch. There's no need to say who was quicker. Paul pats Rizzo's leg and drives off at a pace more suited to men their age.

EXT. CITYSCAPE. EVENING

Insert -- MONTE CARLO

The jag drifts lazily through the haze as gaudy buildings and beautiful people flit by. Rizzo and Paul are again in disguise; there's something curiously Stalin-esque about Rizzo's wig and moustache and Paul has a definite hint of Che Guevara about him. They drive onto a stretch of the Formula 1 track and pass a massive casino.

CUT TO:

Hotel reception. Paul and Rizzo walk up to the counter of a lavish hotel. Rizzo smiles at but fails to win the attention of an overworked receptionist.

PAUL
(under his breath)
We were here last year.

RIZZO
What?

PAUL
This hotel. We stayed here last year!

RIZZO
We didn't. That was two Scottish scientists attending a conference on time-travel. Just remember the ID Ossie sorted for you; you're a Mexican bean farmer. Stick to that and we'll be fine.

PAUL
Mexican what?

RIZZO
Bean farmer. And I own an Eastern European model agency.

PAUL
Qué sorpresa.

RIZZO
(the receptionist comes over)
Hello gorgeous! Two singles please.

RECEPTIONIST
Yes, of course. Your ID please.

Rizzo hands over two fake IDs.

RIZZO
Darling, you are far too beautiful
to be stuck behind a desk all day.

She looks up.

RECEPTIONIST
Mr...
(reads)
Pavlik...How well do you two
gentlemen know each other?

CUT TO:

PAUL AND RIZZO'S ROOM

The door opens. Paul and Rizzo walk in to see...the smallest
double bed in history. At the side of the room is an
uncomfortable looking sofa.

RIZZO
Play you for it?

Paul nods. They take two chairs and sit opposite one another,
another ritual.

RIZZO (CONT'D)
Year?

PAUL
1960-1962.

RIZZO
Cubic capacity?

PAUL
1622.

RIZZO
Number of units?

PAUL
Four hundred.

Rizzo concentrates...which one, which one?

RIZZO
I'm going to say...the 1950
Mercedes Benz.

PAUL
Not enough.

RIZZO
The 1950 Mercedes Benz 170?

PAUL
Damn you and your perma-tan.

RIZZO
Victory is mine.

Rizzo walks to the bed and falls backwards, arms outstretched.

RIZZO (CONT'D)
Ooh, it's comfy! Let me know how the sofa works out for you.

Paul's eyes have a far-way look.

RIZZO (CONT'D)
Paulie?

Rizzo jumps up and grabs him before he falls.

RIZZO (CONT'D)
I got you!
(leads Paul to the bed and helps him lie down)
Bloody hell, for a skinny bloke you don't half weigh some!

Paul tries to get up but it's too soon and he falls back.

PAUL
Water.

Rizzo runs to the bathroom and returns moments later with a glass of water. He gives it to Paul.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Perhaps I should have someone look under the bonnet when we get back.

RIZZO
Paul, you're going to a doctor tomorrow.

PAUL
Rizzo my dear old friend, if you're really that worried, let me have the bed.

EXT. THE MONTE CARLO CLASSIC CAR TRADEFAIR. DAY

All manner of classic cars, glistening monuments to a golden age of indulgence, sparkle in the sunlight. Big spenders peruse, sip champagne and flirt. Rizzo (complete with Che beard, obligatory suit and i-pad) is in his element.

He walks over to a Car Auction that has the big spenders swarming like bees...A Bentley Continental S1 is currently the subject of a bidding war between a portly chinese businessman and Emilia, the woman from the funeral, only now she's brunette. The businessman nods.

AUCTIONEER

Two-eighty! I have two hundred and eighty thousand.

(looks to Emilia)

Madam?

Emilia nods.

AUCTIONEER (CONT'D)

Two-eight-five! I have two hundred and eighty-five thousand. Sir?

The businessman confers on his phone, mutters something inaudible.

AUCTIONEER (CONT'D)

All the way to three hundred thousand! I have three hundred thousand euros!

The auctioneer looks to Emilia. She shakes her head.

AUCTIONEER (CONT'D)

Going once at three hundred thousand euros, going twice...and sold!

(bangs his anvil on the podium)

To the gentleman in the third row.

Rizzo makes a beeline for the businessman. Within moments, he is chatting to him, presses a business card into the man's hand...Rizzo whispers something...the businessman's impressed, laughs...Rizzo moves away...scouts the audience for the loser of the tete a tete...and hones in on Emilia.

RIZZO

(points to an empty seat)

May I?

EMILIA

Be my guest.

Rizzo hands her his business card.

RIZZO

You know, that isn't the only S1 in the world. I happen to have another one, just as shiny, looking for an owner.

EMILIA

(laughs)

You make it sound like a pet, Mr...

(reads the card)

Pavlik. To be honest, I was just about to back-out anyway...maybe I need something a little more, I don't know -

RIZZO

Ladylike? Well, let's see -

Rizzo shows Emilia his i-pad and starts flicking through an assortment of cars.

EMILIA

All these are yours?

RIZZO

Yes they are.

EMILIA

Why aren't they here for auction?

RIZZO

That's because, Mrs...sorry, I didn't catch your name?

EMILIA

Julia, Julia Soderberg.

RIZZO

Well Julia, auctions smack of desperation. And I don't do this out of desperation. I do it out of love.

EMILIA

Wow, now that's a sales patter I haven't heard before.

RIZZO

You want to hear the rest over dinner tonight? Blanquette de veau with a nice bordeaux?

EMILIA

I'm sorry?

RIZZO

No? How about sole meuniere with a nice Sancerre to wash it down?

EMILIA

How do you know I like french food?

RIZZO

Salesman's hunch.

Rizzo points to Emilia's Louis Ferauf handbag.

EMILIA
Just what kind of girl do you think
I am, Mr Pavlik?

RIZZO
A rich one, hopefully.

Rizzo is enjoying the flirt as Koroljew appears from behind an adjacent stand...Rizzo rubs his eyes...it's him alright...Koroljew hovers by a car, unaware of Rizzo. Rizzo turns Emilia away.

RIZZO (CONT'D)
I have to dash. Shall we say eight
tonight?

EMILIA
Do I have a choice?

RIZZO
None at all. The Condor hotel.
Eight.

He runs off. Emilia watches him go then looks at the business card.

EMILIA
So it's not just fake cars, it's
fake beards too.

EXT. STREET. DAY

Paul is walking down a cobbled alleyway, comparing street names to the one on a chit of paper. He stops a passer-by and shows him the address.

PAUL
Excuse-moi, je cherche un médecin.

The man points Paul in the direction from which he just came. Confused, Paul walks back down the road. Finally he comes to a cross-roads. At the far end of one road is a flashing neon sign. Paul swallows hard. He knows he shouldn't but he goes over to the casino.

INT. CONDOR HOTEL RESTAURANT. EVENING

Rizzo, in the same guise he wore at the auction, is enjoying his first sip of alcohol after a fruitless day of sales. His eyes wander to the only woman at a table of rowdy men. He flashes her a smile.

PAUL (OS)
There are tables outside.

RIZZO

Paul! Quit sneaking up on me like a bloody ninja! Sidddown, here's fine.

Paul sits.

RIZZO (CONT'D)

So is your mobile broken?

PAUL

No. Why?

RIZZO

Because you've been fainting more than a bus load of 15 year-old girls at a One Direction concert and I couldn't get hold of you. I was worried.

PAUL

Must be a bad signal up here.

RIZZO

Did you find a doctor?

PAUL

The address you gave me was out of date.

RIZZO

Really? So where've you been all day?

Paul shifts uncomfortably.

PAUL

It's your fault. You sent me there.

RIZZO

I should've known. Did you at least win?

Paul shakes his head.

RIZZO (CONT'D)

How much, Paul?

PAUL

Eight hundred.

RIZZO

You lost eight hundred euro?! Perfect. Because being eighty in the red already just isn't enough.

PAUL

On the plus side, I haven't felt faint today.

RIZZO

Well that's something. We have a client arriving any minute and when she gets here, you better fucking dazzle. Now go suit up.

PAUL

Alright, alright.

(gets up)

But in my defence, it's not like I enjoyed it. I'm a slave to my addiction.

Paul heads to the toilets.

CUT TO:

Emilia looks around the restaurant. Rizzo waves her over.

RIZZO

Eight o'clock on the dot.

EMILIA

Hello, Mr Pavlik.

Rizzo pulls her a seat.

EMILIA (CONT'D)

This is swanky.

Rizzo summons a waiter.

RIZZO

(to the waiter)

A bottle of Sancerre for the beautiful lady.

The waiter nods and moves on.

EMILIA

So it's just the two of us?

RIZZO

Actually no. My business partner will be here shortly. So do you have a specific car in mind?

EMILIA

Couldn't be more unspecific I'm afraid. One day it's this, the next day it's that.

RIZZO

Well, are you looking more for speed or comfort?

EMILIA

Oh, comfort, definitely. Though every girl likes something with a bit of oomph in it. Speedy comfort?

RIZZO

To keep for the kids or sell for profit?

EMILIA

Well, there aren't any kids yet.

RIZZO

Do you want a gas guzzler or something small and refined?

EMILIA

Petite. I'm a lady after all.

RIZZO

Any no-no's? Anything that's absolutely, positively out of the question.

EMILIA

Hmm. Nothing in black. Or pink.

RIZZO

I meant more what type of cars can we rule out.

EMILIA

(giggles)

Can I make a confession? I'm not much of an expert. I've just come into a bit of inheritance and thought, why not come here? These shows, the auctions, it's all so glamorous.

RIZZO

But you want a car?

EMILIA

Oh sure. And I've got the cash. Why not spend it, that's what I say?

The drinks arrive. Rizzo raises a glass.

RIZZO

I'll drink to that.

Paul shuffles up in his Che Guevara outfit.

RIZZO (CONT'D)

Julia Soderberg, allow me to introduce my partner in crime, Mr Matthews.

Emilia and Paul shake hands.

EMILIA
Hello Mr Matthews. Partner in
crime, that sounds exciting.

PAUL
Mr Matthews likes to exaggerate.
I'm really just his business
associate.

EMILIA
Huh.

She looks at the two men in their vaguely ridiculous
disguises.

EMILIA (CONT'D)
Still, I've got a feeling doing
business with the two of you is
going to be fun.

CUT TO:

An empty plate. Rizzo pushes it away. He and Emilia are
finished. Paul is still picking.

PAUL
Looks like you two got the head
chef and I think I got the trainee.

EMILIA
So, back to cars. Have you decided
what my perfect match is?

RIZZO
Paul?

PAUL
I would recommend The 1957 white
Ford Thunderbird. Fits you like a
glove.

RIZZO
He's right. Elegant, refined. A
real beauty. The car too.

Emilia playfully rolls her eyes.

PAUL
Perhaps you'd like to see some
pictures?

Rizzo leans over.

RIZZO
(whispers)
No can do.
(MORE)

RIZZO (CONT'D)

I sat on the i-pad back at the hotel.

(to Emilia)

Our assistant will mail you some pictures and all the specs. Then if you like what you see you can come over, take it for a test drive and haggle us down to a third of the asking price.

EMILIA

Sounds perfect! Where's your office?

RIZZO

Switzerland.

EMILIA

Oh. Not exactly round the corner.

RIZZO

But I think we can drop a return flight into the budget, don't you Mr Matthews?

Paul nods.

EMILIA

You really know how to close a deal. There is another thing I want to discuss before we get into any travel arrangements.

RIZZO

Fire away.

EMILIA

It's about my inheritance actually. It was my mother who passed away.

RIZZO

(overdoes it)

We're very sorry to hear that, Julia.

EMILIA

I believe you knew her. Cleo Heeley.

Paul and Rizzo double-take. Did they hear right?

PAUL

Sorry, did you just say -

EMILIA

That's right, Cleo Heeley. She died a month ago. I thought you'd want to know, Paul.

PAUL

Cleo's dead? Wait - she called me Paul!

EMILIA

She told me an awful lot about you. You too, Rizzo.

RIZZO

What is this?

EMILIA

Cleo was my Mum. Oh, my real name's Emilia by the way. I know, I don't look like a Julia, do I?

RIZZO

You're not here for a car.

EMILIA

Nope. I'm here because I want to meet my father. Which is you, Paul. If you hadn't guessed already. And as much as I love those silly outfits, they're really not necessary. I know who you are.

PAUL

She said I'm her father.

EMILIA

You're not disappointed, are you Paul?

PAUL

I...I can't be -

EMILIA

Uh, the birds and the bees, Paul. You can and you are.

PAUL

(gets up)

This must be a mistake.

RIZZO

Take it easy, bud.

PAUL

I can't be her father, Rizzo. Why is she saying that?

Now in panic mode, Paul instinctively takes out a joint but drops it. He backs away, catching himself on a railing. Rizzo runs over. Paul is wide-eyed now...starts hyperventilating.

RIZZO

Paulie!

Paul falls to the ground clutching at his chest...the pain is unbearable.

RIZZO (CONT'D)
Paul! Breathe! Somebody get an ambulance!

INT. AMBULANCE. NIGHT

A paramedic straps a tube to Paul's mouth. Machines ping to the beat of his heart. Rizzo and Emilia sit together.

EMILIA
(points to the monitor)
His heart's beating. That's a good sign.

RIZZO
What are you, a doctor? This is your fault.

EMILIA
How was I supposed to know he was going to have a heart-attack?

RIZZO
I'd say that's a fairly normal reaction to the bullshit you hit him with!

PARAMEDIC
Wasn't a heart-attack.

RIZZO
Sorry?

PARAMEDIC
Can't say what exactly the problem is but it wasn't a heart-attack.

RIZZO
So what is it?

PARAMEDIC
Look, he's stable. I can't say any more than that. Let the clever people take it from here.

The ambulance judders to a halt. The doors open and orderlies pull Paul out. Rizzo and Emilia follow and wait outside.

RIZZO
What are you doing?

EMILIA
I want to be here.

RIZZO

I don't think so, lady. You can't just turn up claiming to be someone's daughter without an ounce of proof!

EMILIA

Of course not.

RIZZO

Right. Ok then.

EMILIA

I can't prove I'm Paul's daughter. But I can prove I'm yours.

RIZZO

What?

EMILIA

I know, Rizzo. Paul dated my Mum for two years. Until you slept with her. And then she ran off.

RIZZO

I'm not listening to this.

EMILIA

Mum had timetables and spreadsheets for everything. She KNEW her body. So, though I'm not exactly stoked about sharing my DNA with you either, I can prove you're my Dad.

RIZZO

(horrified)

What do you want?

EMILIA

Look, I won't tell Paul how much of a low life you are. Everything can stay nice and cosy between you. But my silence comes at a price.

RIZZO

Of course.

EMILIA

Fifty two thousand and two hundred euros to be precise.

RIZZO

I don't have that kind of money.

EMILIA

Screw you, I know how much you make from those cars.

RIZZO

And did you know that we haven't sold one in over six months?

EMILIA

That's what you owe me.

RIZZO

Owe you?! How'd you figure that?

EMILIA

Child support for a non-custodial parent is one hundred and fifty euro a month. That makes one thousand eight hundred euro a year. I'm twenty nine, so that brings us to fifty two thousand and two hundred euros. VAT not included.

RIZZO

I don't have it.

EMILIA

Then up your game, old man. 'Cos I'm not going anywhere till I get what I'm owed.

EXT. HOSPITAL GARDEN. MORNING

Sat at table, Rizzo is doing a poor job of making a joint.

RIZZO

See, Paulie. This is why you can't die on me.

An attractive female doctor leans out the door.

DOCTOR

Mr Lacey?

She sees the paraphernalia...and smiles.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Mr Matthews is up and about.

RIZZO

He is? Is he ok?

DOCTOR

It's too early for a full diagnosis. But we have strong indicators. Everything points to supraventricular tachycardia. SVT for short.

RIZZO

SVT? Jesus.

DOCTOR

Mr Lacey, that's good news. If it is SVT, he's in no more danger of a heart attack than you or I. It just means he'll periodically have black-outs, dizzy spells and chest tightness. Not pleasant but not dangerous.

RIZZO

Really?

DOCTOR

We need a few days to be sure. There is a chance he may still have a more serious condition. But right now, he's free to go. But until we get the final lab results in, he shouldn't be left alone.

RIZZO

Right, not alone! So, what do I do if he has one of these attacks?

The doctor smiles.

DOCTOR

The Valsalva manoeuvre.

RIZZO

What?

DOCTOR

You have to hold his nose, tell him to close his mouth and exhale hard. As if he were straining on the toilet.

RIZZO

You're shitting me? I mean -

She laughs.

DOCTOR

You better hope he doesn't.

CUT TO:

Rizzo opens the door to Paul's room. Paul is on the floor, re-wiring a faulty heart monitor.

RIZZO

What are you doing?

PAUL

This thing needs recalibrating.

Rizzo drags Paul to his feet.

RIZZO
How you feeling, buddy?

PAUL
Fine.

RIZZO
Good. Because we need to get out of here before they realize your insurance is bent.

CUT TO:

Outside the hospital. Paul and Rizzo in the jag. Rizzo puts the car into first and drives out the carpark.

PAUL
Ease her out, man. She's not a tank.
(closes his eyes, listens)
Ignition sounds tickly.

RIZZO
The ignition's fine, Paul.

PAUL
And that's why you're the salesman and I'm the mechanic. I'll take a look when we get back.

They drive. The morning air is crisp. For the briefest of moments, everything seems right in the world.

PAUL (CONT'D)
I'll do a paternity test.

Rizzo almost loses control of the car. They swerve towards a row of shops. Paul grabs the wheel and pulls the car back in lane.

RIZZO
Jesus!

PAUL
What's the matter with you? I only just left hospital!

RIZZO
Sorry. Hole in the road.

Rizzo settles into his driving.

RIZZO (CONT'D)
You sure that's a good idea?

PAUL
I don't see what choice I have.

RIZZO
We're known felons, remember?

PAUL
That's true. Hadn't thought of that.

A beat.

PAUL (CONT'D)
But in theory...it is possible.
Timing wise. It's such a long time ago...Jesus, what if I am her father?

RIZZO
The conference finishes tomorrow.
Just stay in the hotel and rest.
We'll talk about it after.

INT. THE MONTE CARLO CLASSIC CAR TRADE FAIR. DAY

Rizzo is at the bar, in his "Stalin" disguise, staring into a whiskey tumbler...in the background an auction is in full swing. At the other end of the bar Koroljew appears.

RIZZO
No way...Of all the joints, in all the towns in the world, you walk into mine.

Koroljew looks around as Rizzo shelters behind a menu...eventually Koroljew heads to the toilets. Rizzo rushes off...then stops. His business brain is kicking in. He makes a monumental decision, darts back to his drink and necks it. He walks to the toilets.

CUT TO:

Koroljew in a cubicle, trousers round ankles. He's comfortable...ready to start. A photo pushes against his foot. He picks it up.

RIZZO (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Quite something isn't she?

KOROLJEW
Who's that?

Koroljew leans down and sees Rizzo's shoes in the adjacent cubicle.

RIZZO
What you have there is the original AC Ace Racer from the 1954 Le Mans.

Koroljew yanks up his trousers, rushes out, kicks in the adjacent cubicle door and sees...a pair of shoes. In the opposite corner of the room Rizzo, minus shoes, sits on the washbasin, sipping whiskey.

RIZZO (CONT'D)
Mmm, good stuff. You like whiskey,
Mr Koroljew?

In seconds Koroljew is on Rizzo. He pulls off the wig.

KOROLJEW
You! What the fuck are you doing
here? Why you following me?! Spill
or I'll slit your fucking throat!

RIZZO
Perhaps some zipping before any
slitting?

Koroljew looks down, understands and zips up his trousers.

RIZZO (CONT'D)
Now you're probably still a little
upset about our last meeting.

KOROLJEW
Up-fucking-set?! You made me look a
right twat!

RIZZO
For which I sincerely apologize but-

KOROLJEW
(waves the wig)
What the fuck's this about? Why'd
you wear disguises? You a cop?

RIZZO
Mr Koroljew, the only time I have
ever had anything to do with the
police is when they were
fingerprinting me. But in my line
of business, it's sometimes useful
to..slip into different roles.
(takes off the moustache)
But I guess we don't need that now.
Am I right in assuming you're still
looking for a car?

He gestures to the photo in Koroljew's hand.

KOROLJEW
I ain't interested.

RIZZO

Mr Koroljew, that car is even rarer than the one you were going to buy. They only ever made three.

KOROLJEW

You deaf, old man? I'm not interested.

RIZZO

I'm guessing your boss wasn't best pleased when he didn't get the car he'd ordered.

KOROLJEW

(nods in understatement)
No, he wasn't.

RIZZO

Now surely the best way to smooth things over with your employer is to not get him the car he wanted but to get him the car he thought he could never have.

KOROLJEW

What?

RIZZO

Mr Koroljew, this car here is a Rembrandt. A Michelangelo! You get him this, I promise you you'll have the pick of your boss' daughters.

KOROLJEW

There's only three of these things around?

RIZZO

Just three.

KOROLJEW

And you got one?

RIZZO

Mr Koroljew, I'm not in the business of selling cars I don't have. And before you go all sniffy on me, I have the car. But she is currently undergoing a bit of maintenance. These old birds need a lot of TLC.

Koroljew looks at the picture...The old man may be off the wall, but he's right about the boss. Koroljew needs the brownie points.

KOROLJEW

I'll talk to the boss. See what he says.

RIZZO

Of course. But tell him a car that rare, well rarity has its price.

KOROLJEW

How much?

RIZZO

(smiles)

I think if I let you have it for 500,000 euro you'd be stealing it from me.

INT. HOTEL UNDERGROUND CAR PARK. DAY

Paul is repairing the Jag's ignition. He opens the bonnet...his mind wanders to Cleo...her leaving him...with sudden fury he pulls at a cylinder cable. He struggles as if it were a living thing, then pulls it out. He grabs the next cable.

INT. HOTEL RECEPTION. DAY

Rizzo (in Stalin guise) walks over to the pretty young receptionist.

RIZZO

Room four two five, my lovely.

She hands him a key and an envelope.

RECEPTIONIST

This was left for you this morning, Mr Lacey.

Rizzo opens it. The note reads:

"CALL ME. 01716016200. EMILIA"

RIZZO

I'm going to take a bath. Don't be long or the water'll go cold.

She laughs. Rizzo's phone beeps. He looks at the screen. It reads:

The Mad Russian "Half a mill. Deal."

RIZZO (CONT'D)

Fuck me.

(to the receptionist)

Bring champagne too.

A clerk runs over.

CLERK

Excuse me, are you with Mr Mathews?

RIZZO

Yeah, why?

CUT TO:

The underground car park. Rizzo and the clerk run through the doorway. A piercing car alarm momentarily disorientates them.

RIZZO (CONT'D)

(shouts)

Paul! What the fuck are you doing?

Paul, his face smeared with grease, ignores him...completely beyond reason...manic...fighting, wrestling with some demon he imagines in the engine tubing.

RIZZO (CONT'D)

(grabs Paul's hand but is shaken off)

Paul! Stop it!

PAUL

This is what she did to me! Made my life a bloody car wreck!

The clerk switches the alarm off...Silence...Paul comes to his senses...crouches over the bonnet. Rizzo puts an arm round him.

RIZZO

Come on, bud. Let's get out of here.

CUT TO:

Inside the lift. Neither Paul nor Rizzo understand what just happened. Rizzo rubs at an oil stain on his suit's lapel.

RIZZO (CONT'D)

We'll be lucky if they don't throw us out. I'll go to reception, see if I can smooth things over. The girl there likes me. Must remind her of a handsome uncle.

A beat.

PAUL

I'm a mechanic, Rizzo. Not a father.

RIZZO

I don't think one excludes the other, Paulie.

Paul puts his head in his hands.

RIZZO (CONT'D)

You remember when you caught me nicking your Ford all them years ago?

PAUL

My first car. Hot rod club coupe, V8.

RIZZO

You coulda had me arrested. Should have. But what did you do?

PAUL

Invite you back to my mum and dad's.

RIZZO

Right. Best dinner I ever had. See, family comes natural to you.

PAUL

Falling asleep in the car you just broke into. You were the worst thief in the world.

RIZZO

(puts his hands on Paul's shoulders)
You'll be a great dad. On the plus side you managed to avoid the nappies.

The lift opens and the clerk leans in.

CLERK

(breathless)

Mr Matthews, one of the guests is having trouble with his Mazda. He wants to know if you'd take a look.

PAUL

Seriously, do I look like a mechanic?

INT. HOTEL BEDROOM. DAY

The curtains are closed...loud snoring...the floor is littered with greasy tissues and a monkey wrench. Paul is asleep; it looks like he's spent the last few hours under a car. The door creaks open and Rizzo tiptoes in. He navigates his way round the filth and sits near the bed.

RIZZO

(whispers)

Paul? You awake?

PAUL
(whispers, eyes closed)
I hate that.

RIZZO
What?

PAUL
(louder)
People talking quietly when they
want to wake you up.

RIZZO
You up to having a little smoke?

Paul unfolds his arm and opens his hand. In his palm is a perfectly formed joint.

RIZZO (CONT'D)
You're a mind-reader.

Rizzo takes the jay. Paul sits up.

RIZZO (CONT'D)
So we're in the hotel's good books
again. And I have more good news.

PAUL
Jay Leno wants to buy all our cars.

RIZZO
No. But we do have a buyer.

PAUL
We do? For how much?

RIZZO
Now this time you're allowed to
have a heart-attack. Five hundred
K.

PAUL
You're joking?

RIZZO
That'll get us out the hole and
then some.

Paul grabs the joint.

PAUL
Rizzo! Now that's a fucking sale!

Rizzo smiles; it tickles him when Paul swears.

PAUL (CONT'D)

(lights up)

So which of my babies am I going to have to take leave of?

RIZZO

The AC again. But they want the original Le Mans Racer from '54, which I know is a bit of a specialty item.

PAUL

(coughs)

You promised them that?! The 54 Racer? That is a very rare motorcar, Rizzo. Upgrading to match that? No exactly a walk in the park.

RIZZO

But doable?

PAUL

It's always doable.

Whether it's the drug rush or passion for his work, energy seems to flow back into Paul.

PAUL (CONT'D)

So who's the buyer?

RIZZO

Some Japanese guys. Came right up and asked me. Easiest sale I ever had. And they're staying in town so I told 'em I'll fly back and get the car. Gives you a day or two to get set up down here.

PAUL

What do you mean?

RIZZO

The deal happens here. So you need to find a garage to work in.

INT. SHOPPING CENTRE. DAY

A wealthy woman in her sixties is having layer after layer of make-up applied by a young beautician who is out of her depth. Rizzo runs his fingers over an endless row of blushers and mascara.

PAUL

It's doing things like this together that makes people think we're a couple of queens.

RIZZO
Hush petal. What is it we need
again?

PAUL
Foundation, eye-liner, lippy.

Rizzo eyes some samples.

RIZZO
Now don't you go getting lazy
whilst I'm away.

PAUL
And what is that supposed to mean?

RIZZO
It means I know you, Paul. Every
time you go in or out of that
hotel, you better be a Mexican Bean
Farmer. This deal's too big for us
to slip up because you can't be
arsed getting changed.

PAUL
I'm insulted by the insinuation.

RIZZO
As long as you're an insulted bean
farmer, I don't care.

He hands Paul a set of rouge lipstick.

PAUL
What, now I'm a cross-dressing bean
farmer?

RIZZO
For Emilia. You should get her
something.

PAUL
Why?

RIZZO
Because she agreed to keep an eye
on you whilst I'm away. Might be a
good way for you two to start over.

PAUL
You asked her to baby-sit me?

RIZZO
The docs said you can't be alone.
It'll give you a chance to get to
know each other. Now pucker up.

Paul straightens up and grins as Rizzo holds up a set of fake eyelashes.

EXT. GRANDE HOTEL. DAY

The hotel doors open. Rizzo walks out, leaving Paul sitting in the foyer. Rizzo sees Emilia (who has dyed her hair again and is now blonde) on the other side of the street and jogs over. She looks irritated; it's early for her.

EMILIA
Good morning, Daddy.

RIZZO
Cut it out. Very eighties.

EMILIA
Glad you like it. So what's the big drama?

RIZZO
I've sorted a deal. You'll get your money.

EMILIA
(yawns)
Knew you would. You just needed the right motivation.

RIZZO
But I have to go away. Today. Now in fact. So you need to look after Paul.

EMILIA
What?!

RIZZO
Unless you don't want the money.

EMILIA
I have plans.

RIZZO
Well change 'em. I told him you're doing it. He can't be left alone. Doctor's orders. And thanks to your little white lie he now thinks you're his daughter. So play along till I'm back.

Emilia knows she has no choice.

EMILIA
And how long will that be?

RIZZO

Two days max. He's super excited about you two hanging out.

EMILIA

And what am I supposed to do I do if he has one of these attacks?

RIZZO

Now that's the fun bit.

CUT TO:

Paul in the foyer. He watches Rizzo performing what looks to be the heimlich manoeuvre on Emilia...she slaps him...Rizzo turns and waves to Paul before getting in a taxi. Emilia walks over. Paul is unsure what's coming...

EMILIA (OFF)

Hey there.

PAUL

Good morning.

Paul takes a moment to process Emilia's new hair color.

EMILIA

Whaddya think?

PAUL

It's bright.

Paul gets up and walks out. Emilia runs after him but has to take off her heels to keep up.

EMILIA

Hey, where you going?

PAUL

To work.

She runs in front of him.

EMILIA

How about breakfast first?

PAUL

I've had breakfast.

EMILIA

Oh. What you have?

PAUL

Coffee.

EMILIA

Hardly a balanced diet. Look, I know a place round the corner.

(MORE)

EMILIA (CONT'D)
Come on. We have twenty nine years
to catch up on.

EXT. CAFE. DAY

Emilia tucks into the large plate of assorted cheeses. Paul cups his hands round an espresso, wishing he was somewhere else.

EMILIA
Mm. The camembert's to die
for...So...you got a girlfriend?

Paul shakes his head.

EMILIA (CONT'D)
No...do you play sport?

Another shake.

EMILIA (CONT'D)
What about movies? You must have a
favorite.

Paul shifts uncomfortably.

EMILIA (CONT'D)
My mum told me a lot about you. But
she never said you were mute.

PAUL
I don't want to be rude but you say
you're my daughter out of the
blue...it's a lot to process.

EMILIA
I know it is. Over breakfast too.
Look, just relax. We'll do
breakfast in silence.

The growl of a car engine draws everyone's attention.

EMILIA (CONT'D)
(louder)
So much for that idea.

PAUL
(shouts)
Lamborghini Veneno. They're very
loud!

EMILIA
No shit!

PAUL

We call them "The car of choice for the impotent man." Look at the driver and you'll see what I mean.

Emilia looks over Paul's shoulder; a Lamborghini Veneno pulls up.

EMILIA

How did you know what kind of car it was? You couldn't see it.

A fat, smarmy looking businessman steps out the car, beaming from ear to ear at the spectacle he's just made.

EMILIA (CONT'D)

Right about the driver, too. That's a pretty neat trick you got there.

Paul allows himself a smile.

PAUL

Every car has its own unique sound. Like a birdsong. You just have to listen carefully.

EMILIA

(impressed)

Can you do it with any car?

Paul nods. Emilia waits till she hears another.

EMILIA (CONT'D)

What about that one?

PAUL

Dodge Challenger SRT Hellcat.

Then it occurs to Paul...that was the car Koroljew drove...he looks round to check...the Hellcat glides past.

EMILIA

Right again. You're a frickin' car whisperer.

(pushes the plate away)

That's me done. What you wanna do next?

PAUL

I've got work to do -

EMILIA

Great. I'll help.

PAUL

I'm sorry. I work alone.

EMILIA

You aren't an assassin, Paul. You and Rizzo sell fake cars to stupid people with too much money. And Rizzo told me I can't let you out of my sight. So the only way you're getting rid of me is with a court injunction.

A beat.

Paul takes a note from his pocket. It has three addresses scribbled next to a very rough map.

PAUL

I need to hire a garage for a few days. There are a couple nearby.

Emilia takes the note.

EMILIA

Jesus, Paul. A drawing like this? Only ok if you're a pirate.

She rummages in her bag and takes out an i-pad.

EMILIA (CONT'D)

Welcome to the 21st century.

INT. HOTEL CAR PARK. DAY

Paul and Emilia approach the jag.

EMILIA

Now this is sexy.
(runs her hand over the bonnet)
The car of choice for impotent men?

Paul ignores the jibe, clicks open the doors and they get in. He starts the engine. It purrs to life.

PAUL

Now this doesn't sound like a pneumatic drill. This is music.

EMILIA

I don't know that much about cars. Unless you count back seats. I've seen a few of those.

She leans back seductively.

PAUL

Don't do that.

EMILIA

Oh, come on. You and Mum must've done it in the back of one of your motors.

Paul turns the engine off.

PAUL

No we didn't.
(pulls her hand off the dashboard)
Look, this isn't some play-thing.

EMILIA

(piqued)
Hey, keep your hands to yourself, Daddy.

PAUL

I'm sorry. I'm a little over-sensitive about my cars.

EMILIA

Mum did warn me you were weird.

PAUL

Look, when I work on a car, I see more than just a machine. I see the people who made it: the designers, the engineers. This machine represents the best of all the people who made it. And I see every corner, every straight, every bump its ever travelled...and I become part of its story.

Paul is lost in thought.

EMILIA

See, now I understand how you got Mum into bed. Come on Car Whisperer, let's drive.

Paul starts the ignition. He revs the engine to the max for Emilia's benefit. The engine is so loud, it sets off several other car alarms. Paul puts his foot on the gas and they tear out the garage.

EXT. ROAD ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN. DAY

Paul drives and Emilia studies him, intrigued by his absolute concentration.

EMILIA

So what kinda car is this?

PAUL

This is a Jaguar D-type. Put you
back a cool million.

EMILIA

What? No way!

PAUL

Not this one of course. She's one
of our look-alikes.

(conspiratorial)

Not even worth a hundred grand.

EMILIA

Thank God for that. I was about to
wet myself I was so nervous.

PAUL

Maximum speed two hundred and
twelve kilometers per hour. Nought
to sixty in seven point eight
seconds. Quick, given its bulky
appearance thanks to the straight
port cylinder head -

EMILIA

That'll teach me for asking.

She looks out the window, bored by the leisurely pace.

EMILIA (CONT'D)

Can we open her up?

PAUL

Sorry?

EMILIA

Take it to two hundred. I've never
gone that fast.

PAUL

This is not a toy, Emilia.

EMILIA

Jesus, I've known you one day and
already you sound like a Dad.

PAUL

(smiles)

I do?

She looks moodily out the window.

EMILIA

You do owe me, you know. You missed
twenty nine birthdays.

PAUL
I can't do anything about that.

EMILIA
Fine. I suppose I can ask Rizzo
when he gets back.

PAUL
(snorts)
Good luck with that.

EMILIA
What's that supposed to mean?

PAUL
Rizzo can sell cars. But drive
them? Not so much.

EMILIA
Well, if you're going to let down
the long-lost-daughter you've only
just found, I won't have much
choice, will I? When is Rizzo back
by the way?

Paul pulls up. He takes out his pair of driving gloves and
pulls them on. Emilia's face lights up.

PAUL
Happy Twenty Nine Birthdays.

He slams the car into top gear and it tears down the
straight. Emilia squeals in excitement. They hurtle towards
the end of the straight and Paul swerves at break-neck speed.
Emilia's heart is racing as Paul pushes the jag to its
limits. He's a picture of zen-like calm. Finally the car
reaches a road block at the foot of a hill. Emilia closes her
eyes. Paul hits the breaks, sending the jag into a controlled
spin before screeching to a precise halt millimeters from the
barrier...the dust settles... Emilia opens her eyes.

EMILIA
Fuuuuuuck.

She undoes her seat-belt, staggers from the car and vomits.
Paul gets out.

PAUL
Are you alright?

Emilia steadies herself on the blockade and wipes her mouth.
She's smiling.

EMILIA
You realize you've ruined it now
for any future boyfriends? That was
soooo much better than sex!

She laughs...Paul does too.

PAUL

Isn't that what dad's are supposed
to do?

INT. AIRPORT. DAY

Insert -- SWITZERLAND

Rizzo walks through arrivals. A man barges past him and runs to embrace a young woman and baby girl. The child is overjoyed to be reunited with her father. Rizzo watches the little girl smother daddy in kisses.

INT. WAREHOUSE. DAY

Osvald has feline makeup on and is singing along, badly, to Andrew Lloyd Webber's "Cats". The lift pings open. Rizzo walks out and slings a new suit on the table. Rizzo barely bats an eyelid at Osvald's appearance.

RIZZO

Hello Kitty.

OSVALD

Mr Fardelli! I wasn't expecting you
till tonight.

RIZZO

I hope you've been using a litter
tray.

Osvald shuts his laptop. Rizzo surveys the garage. Costumes are strewn across the floor.

OSVALD

There's a Cats fan club meet
tonight. I thought I'd try on a few
things.

RIZZO

Just tell me you got everything
sorted, Mr Mistoffelees.

OSVALD

(gestures to the AC)
The car's ready to go.

RIZZO

Paul's tools?

OSVALD

In the back. Oh, you mother called.
I didn't know what to say.

RIZZO

For the last time Oz, she's deaf.
Say what you like. Have you got
anything I can take her? Flowers or
something?

OSVALD

I've some left-over birthday cake?

RIZZO

It was your birthday?

OSVALD

Three days ago. You and Mr Hitchen
got it for me.

RIZZO

Right. Then I'm sure it's
delicious.

INT. NURSING HOME. DAY

Close on a spoon cutting into a piece of sodden cake.

RIZZO (O.S.)

And open wide.

Rizzo spoon feeds his mother. Her frail frame is sunk into a
chair. An old dial-phone is on a stand next to her.

RIZZO'S MUM

It's about time you settled down,
son. Stop chasing every young
floozy you meet. Get a fat girl.
They know how to cook.

RIZZO

Actually there is a new girl in my
life Ma; I'm a Dad. I won't bore
you with the details but hey, that
makes you a grandma.

The old woman spits cake into Rizzo's hand.

RIZZO (CONT'D)

You're as stoked about it as I am.

EXT. STREET. DAY

The jag pulls up at a deserted industrial estate. Paul and
Emilia get out.

EMILIA

Last one on your list.

Paul peers in through a garage window. The room is dark, dusty but spacious. There's a variety of machinery for heavy duty work.

PAUL

Jack. Batteries. Car lift. We've found the promised land.

GARAGE OWNER (O.S.)

Je peux vous aider?

PAUL

Hello there. Yes, I...je veux -

EMILIA

Let me handle this. I speako da lingo.

She pushes Paul aside. (From here, the dialogue between Emilia and the Garage Owner is in French.)

EMILIA (CONT'D)

We've come about the garage.

GARAGE OWNER

What about it?

EMILIA

We'd like to rent it, Monsieur.

GARAGE OWNER

It ain't for hire.

EMILIA

Well maybe we can cut a deal.

GARAGE OWNER

I said it ain't for hire. Now get off my property.

The Garage Owner walks off. Emilia runs after him.

EMILIA

Monsieur! We really need it.

GARAGE OWNER

Don't you understand the meaning of the word no, lady?

EMILIA

Does any woman? What would you say if I said we'll put that down as security.

The garage owner turns and sees the jag. His eyes widen.

GARAGE OWNER

You want to put that down as a deposit?

EMILIA

Oui, oui. You like it?

GARAGE OWNER

I already have a car.

EMILIA

Monsieur, this is a Jaguar D-Type. It's worth a million euro. Google it if you don't believe me.

GARAGE OWNER

This car? So much?

EMILIA

Oh yes. And you sir can drive it all around town for as long as we're here.

Paul is trying to keep up.

PAUL

Emilia, what's he saying?

EMILIA

Shh! We're negotiating. Picture it Monsieur, the roof down, impress your friends, the ladies, huh?

GARAGE OWNER

Now this is interesting.

EMILIA

So can we have the garage?

GARAGE OWNER

Two hundred a day.

EMILIA

Whoah, hang on a minute.

PAUL

How much, Emilia?

EMILIA

Two hundred a day. That's bloody extortion and I should know!

PAUL

It's ok. Tell him yes.

EMILIA

Really? If you're sure.
(to the Garage Owner)
(MORE)

EMILIA (CONT'D)

We have a deal, Monsieur. But we need you to lend us a car for the week.

GARAGE OWNER

(takes out a set of keys)
Take mine. It's worth Jack Shit.
You can, how you say, google it.

CUT TO:

Paul opens the door of a delapidated, rusty Citroen CV6. In the passenger seat, a large sheepdog growls.

GARAGE OWNER (CONT'D)

Don't mind Bella. She's a lamb.
Long as you don't take her seat.

CUT TO:

Inside the Citroen. Paul takes a moment to get his bearings; he's not used to driving something so...basic. He stalls the engine. Emilia suppresses a smile and they drive off. Just as the dog settles Paul overshoots a corner and stalls again.

EMILIA

I thought you were the master driver.

PAUL

(fights with the wheel)
I can't help it if this was designed by the mentally impaired.

EMILIA

Look at you. You're a car snob.
(strokes the dog)
So we've done the worky bit. Now we go celebrate.

PAUL

Why?

EMILIA

Because we've just proved we're a great frickin' team. Not to mention that we've finally found each other. So tell me, what does my dad like to do to let his hair down?

INT. MONACO GRAND CASINO. DAY

A doorman leads Paul and Emilia in. Paul is in his Hugo Boss, Emilia is wearing a black cocktail dress. The casino floor is alive with the buzz of fortunes being won and lost. Paul offers Emilia his arm. They descend the stairs and head to a blackjack table.

EMILIA
How exciting is this?

They sit. Paul nods to the dealer that he's in.

EMILIA (CONT'D)
So what's your system?

PAUL
Don't say things like that. You
never know who's listening.

The cards are dealt. Paul studies his hand. His phone vibrates and he takes it out.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Rizzo.

EMILIA
I'll handle him. You make us rich.

She pecks him on the cheek, much to Paul's surprise, takes the phone and leaves. We follow Emilia. (The following dialogue is intercut.)

EMILIA (CONT'D)
Hello there.

RIZZO
Who's this?

EMILIA
Who do you think?

RIZZO
Emilia? What are you doing
answering Paul's phone? Put him on.

EMILIA
(irritated by his tone)
I'm afraid he can't talk right now.

RIZZO
What? Why not?

EMILIA
Because they're in the middle of a
hand or a deal or whatever you call
it. We've found you a garage
though, Paul says it's absolutely
perfect for all your funny
business.

RIZZO (O.S.)
Emilia, where are you?

EMILIA
In a casino.

RIZZO

A casino?! Are you fucking nuts?!

CUT TO:

Emilia walks briskly up to the blackjack table. She grabs Paul's arm.

EMILIA

That's it! We're going!

PAUL

What? We've only just got here.

EMILIA

I can't believe you didn't tell me!

PAUL

Tell you what?

EMILIA

That you're an addict, Paul! It wouldn't be so bad, but I've also been reliably informed you never win!

PAUL

Rizzo's exaggerating. I win. Occasionally.

EMILIA

But when you don't you end up either beaten up or in jail?

PAUL

Look, you asked me what I wanted to do and I want to come here!

A beat.

Father and daughter glare at each other.

EMILIA

Paul, you're coming with me right now.

PAUL

No.

EMILIA

Fine. Then I'll just have to start screaming words like assault or rape...

PAUL

You wouldn't dare.

EMILIA
Daddy, you don't know me at all.
Rape!

PAUL
What?! No! Ok, I'll come -

A stab of chest-pain almost sends Paul to his knees.

EMILIA
Paul? Oh Jesus, I forgot about your
thing! Look, I'm joking! I won't
say anything!

Paul is gasping for air.

EMILIA (CONT'D)
I'm no good at first aid! What am I
supposed to do again?

She rushes behind Paul and puts her arms round his waist.
Heads turn as she grabs his nose.

PAUL
What are you doing?

EMILIA
Rizzo said this is what you have to
do! Come on! Do your bit!

PAUL
What?!

EMILIA
You gotta push, Paul! Like you're
having a baby or taking a crap!

PAUL
But why - Ahh -

The pain courses through him again.

EMILIA
Do it!

Paul strains with all his might as Emilia grips onto him like
a limpit from behind...hardly the most flattering
position...but it works...Paul gasps...and smiles...the
attack passes.

EMILIA (CONT'D)
Thank God!
(gets off him)
You okay?

PAUL
(surprised, smiles)
I feel...fine. Thank you.

EMILIA

Maybe I shoulda been a nurse after all. Just tell me you didn't shit yourself.

EXT. WOODLAND. DAY

Paul sitting by the roadside. Emilia walks to the car.

EMILIA

All dressed up and no place to go.

She opens the car door and the dog leaps out. Emilia follows Bella back to Paul and sits with him. Paul takes out a joint.

EMILIA (CONT'D)

I'm assuming that's medicinal?

PAUL

Grade A white widow.

EMILIA

You have one funky doctor.

Paul lights up and offers the jay to Emilia. She declines. The dog sits directly in front of Paul, inches closer and nuzzles into his crotch.

EMILIA (CONT'D)

She likes you. Or she's telling you to wash your balls.

Paul pats the dog. Bella jumps back and spins in a circle. Paul takes a toke...and finally feels braves enough.

PAUL

Can I ask you about your mother?

His directness catches Emilia off guard.

EMILIA

Sure.

PAUL

When Cleo...when your mother passed, what...I mean -

EMILIA

Liver cancer. She wasn't a big drinker or anything. Just unlucky.

PAUL

If I'd known...I'd have visited.

EMILIA

She was on a list for a transplant.
But she didn't think it was fair,
waiting for someone else to die so
she didn't have to.

Shaken by the memory, Emilia grabs the joint and takes a deep
toke. She struggles to hold it in...then coughs.

EMILIA (CONT'D)

Jesus! What is that?!

Bella tries to lick the smoke Emilia exhales.

EMILIA (CONT'D)

Look at that.

(in french, to the dog)

You wanna get stoned too Bella?

The dog barks.

EMILIA (CONT'D)

Perfect. Even the dog's a pothead.

INT. WAREHOUSE. DAY

Rizzo is sitting on the desk and sipping wine. Paul, Emilia
and the dog walk in. Bella runs at Rizzo. Terrified, he jumps
onto the truck.

RIZZO

What the fuck's that?

PAUL

A dog.

RIZZO

Oh really? What it's doing here?

PAUL

Came with the place.

Paul whistles and Bella trots away.

RIZZO

Make sure it doesn't get hair on my
suit or I'll sell it to the nearest
Chinese restaurant.

Bella barks at Rizzo. Paul leads the dog back to the
car...only then does Rizzo get down from the truck. Rizzo
eyes their outfits.

RIZZO (CONT'D)

Been having fun have you?

EMILIA

Yes we have actually. It's called bonding.

Paul pulls the cover from the AC and starts inspecting it. On the ground is a collection of tools and sheet metal, all lovingly labelled by Osvald. Paul grabs his overalls and starts to change. (Rizzo and Emilia now talk so Paul can't hear).

RIZZO

I asked you to watch him! But you took a junkie to a smack den!

EMILIA

That was watching him! He's fine. Now where's my money?

RIZZO

Don't work that fast, honey.

EMILIA

Why not?

RIZZO

Our buyer doesn't want that car. We have to make adjustments, modify it. Then you get your money.

EMILIA

Well how long does that take?

RIZZO

That depends on Picasso over there. His current rate is two cars a year.

EMILIA

What?!

PAUL

But you seem so good with him, I'll let you put a fire under his arse.

MONTAGE

Paul strips metal from the AC / he removes seats and stitches the upholstery / Rizzo polishes his shoes / Paul tunes the AC's engine / Emilia researches on a computer / she prints pictures of ACs / Paul reshapes a piece of sheet metal / Rizzo tries on a new jacket and sings in the mirror / all three argue over Emilia's pictures / Emilia slides Pizza under the car to Paul / Paul welds metal then uses the welder to light a joint for Rizzo / Emilia dyes her hair the same cobalt blue as the car / Rizzo drinks wine / Paul and Emilia compare color charts / Paul chisels at the AC logo / Emilia dyes Paul's hair as Bella observes / Rizzo locks himself in the citroen as Bella goes nuts / Rizzo holds up a picture of an AC.

BACK TO SCENE

Paul and Rizzo compare their picture to the AC.

RIZZO

Fucking hell, Paulie. This car's better than the fucking original.

PAUL

You think?

Rizzo gives Paul a hug.

RIZZO

You fucking genius.

PAUL

Oh, I've got something to show you.

Paul rushes over to a locker and takes out...a pensioner's shopping trolley.

RIZZO

Are you trying to tell me you want to retire?

PAUL

It's for Emilia. You think she'll like it?

RIZZO

Paul, you can't give that to someone who doesn't have artificial hips.

PAUL

I can't?

RIZZO

Jesus, I'd be insulted if you gave it to me and I'm pushing sixty.

PAUL

But you were right. I should get her something.

RIZZO

Then I guess we have to go shopping.

EXT. SHOPPING CENTRE. DAY

Paul and Rizzo are sitting at a cafe after several hours of fruitless present hunting. They watch the teeming crowd, a veritable sea of humanity, with very different things on their minds. Paul is paying close attention to every young woman that passes by.

PAUL

We've been at this three hours.

RIZZO

And every minute of it's been like having my teeth pulled.

PAUL

Well I give up then! I didn't know buying something for a woman could be this bloody difficult.

RIZZO

Calm down. I'm sure we'll find something.

A beat.

PAUL

What if she were your daughter?

RIZZO

(taken aback)

But she's not, Paul.

PAUL

I know, but if she was. What would you get her?

RIZZO

I'd get her something, I dunno...something...something only I could share with her.

PAUL

Like what?

RIZZO

She's your daughter, Paul. Get her something that makes her think of you whenever she looks at it.

Paul is impressed. And he has an idea.

EXT. MONACO BEACH. NIGHT

Emilia, looking elegant, is standing against a set of railings cradling a bottle of champagne and three glasses. Paul and Rizzo, also dressed up in their Sunday best, walk over.

PAUL
Good evening, my dear.

EMILIA
Why hello there handsome.

RIZZO
Bit early for champagne isn't it?
We haven't done the deed yet.

EMILIA
(passes them glasses)
You said our work was great, so
that means we celebrate. Here
maestro, you do the honors.

She passes Paul the bottle.

PAUL
Has anyone ever told you you're
pushy?

EMILIA
Oh sure. It's a good thing I never
listen.

Paul shakes the bottle, pops the cork and pours.

RIZZO
To us!

EMILIA & PAUL
To us!

They clink glasses and drink. As they do, we hear loud clapping and cheering from the other side of the road. A hotel has opened its doors and a newly married couple is paraded in front of guests. The bouquet is thrown through the air.

EMILIA
Aw, look at that.

RIZZO
I give 'em six months. Divorce
lawyers. That would've made us
rich.

Emilia play-kicks Rizzo.

EMILIA
Cynic. I love weddings.

Paul downs his champagne and grabs Emilia's hand.

PAUL
How good an actress are you?

EMILIA
I did some school plays once. Why?

Paul leads her over the road.

EMILIA (CONT'D)
Where are we going?

PAUL
Tonight we're whoever Rizzo tells
us we are. Rizzo!

Rizzo understands and jogs after them.

EMILIA
Why?

PAUL
We missed the wedding. But we're
not going to miss the party.

CUT TO:

INSIDE THE WEDDING HALL

Paul and Emilia watch as Rizzo negotiates with the drunk father of the bride, shouting to be heard above the music. Suddenly, its all smiles. Rizzo gets a drunken hug and is pointed to a table. He gathers his partners in crime.

RIZZO
That's us sorted!

They walk to a small table and sit. Each place has a name tag.

EMILIA
So how exactly did you manage that
(reads the name at Rizzo's seat)
Brandon?

RIZZO
The key to sales is to let them do
the talking. Just so happens there
was a bus load stuck on the
motorway somewhere between here and
Cannes. That's us.

Paul looks at his name tag.

PAUL
Trent? What kind of name is that?

RIZZO
Suits you. Now go get the drinks,
Trenty.

PAUL
Oh, before I forget.

Paul takes out a small box and hands it to Emilia.

PAUL (CONT'D)
To make up for all those birthdays.

The box has "to my little girl" written on it, next to a smear of grease. Emilia is touched...and suddenly unable to ignore the guilty conscience she never knew she had...Rizzo too, feels uncomfortable.

EMILIA
Paul. That's so sweet.

She grabs the box and takes out a pair of luxury leather driving gloves, the woman's version of Paul's.

EMILIA (CONT'D)
Oh wow. Paul, they're gorgeous.

She sniffs the leather.

PAUL
Only for special occasions. Like
when I take you for a drive.

EMILIA
Yes, sir.

PAUL
Now, what's your poison?

EMILIA
Ooh, caipirinha please.

Paul bows, then walks to the bar. Rizzo fixes Emilia with a disapproving glare.

EMILIA (CONT'D)
What? You didn't want me to accept
them? You're the one who told me to
play along.

RIZZO
This is going too far. I want it
over with.

EMILIA
You and me both.

RIZZO
Just promise me once you get your money, you go. Disappear. As if by magic.

EMILIA
(hurt)
I know that's what we agreed...But I like Paul. He's screwy, sweet...I was thinking maybe you'd want to stay in touch with me.

RIZZO
With my blackmailing daughter? No thanks. After the deal is done, I never want to hear from you again.

What was rejection now turns to anger.

EMILIA
Now I've got to know the two of you, I actually wish it was Paul who was my dad.

RIZZO
Finally we agree on something. Shh. He's coming back.

Paul puts the cocktails on the table.

PAUL
One caipirinha and one white russian.

He raises his drink.

PAUL (CONT'D)
To us, one big happy family!

CUT TO:

The party is in full swing. Our three amigos are on the fast track to drunksville. Paul looks at Emilia with paternal pride.

EMILIA
Something wrong with my hair?

PAUL
Your hair's perfect. You're perfect.

EMILIA

You're drunk. You wouldn't say that if you'd known me the last twenty nine years.

The father of the bride plants a wet kiss on Rizzo who has to playfully shoo him away.

RIZZO

Actually I think it's time Miss Secretive here told us something about her life.

EMILIA

Whaddya want to know?

PAUL

Do you have a...um, a partner?

EMILIA

Is that two questions in one, Paul? First of all I'm straight. And no, I don't have a boyfriend. Men are a waste of space.

(to Rizzo)

Half the present company excepted.

RIZZO

And what do you do for money, Honey? Ever had a job?

EMILIA

(scowls)

Actually, I'm kind of between jobs at the moment. I was thinking about going to college.

PAUL

Wow. That's amazing. Stupendous!

Emilia laughs.

RIZZO

Bit old for college, aren't you?

EMILIA

You're calling me old? At least I'm not a career criminal.

Paul senses the tension. The familiar opening of a jazz classic comes as welcome relief.

PAUL

Rizzo, you hear what I hear?

Rizzo listens to the tune and smiles.

RIZZO

I'll go ask.

Rizzo walks over to the band. He confers with the singer who surrenders the microphone. Rizzo waves Paul over.

PAUL

Excuse me, my dear. Duty calls.

Paul jogs over and he and Rizzo pick up the song mid-verse. Once they get into their groove, they're actually good. Rizzo is a level above, his voice is dark, rich. He and Paul warble arm in arm. Emilia smiles, for the first time seeing something in Rizzo that her mother might have fallen for...the dance floor sways and the song ends. Rizzo kisses a woman's hand and returns to the table.

EMILIA

(points to the woman, who is waving)
That's you set for the night.

RIZZO

If she asks nicely.

Emilia rolls her eyes. Paul is staggering drunkenly round the hall. Emilia collects him and walks him to the table.

EMILIA

Whoah there! I think someone's had enough.

PAUL

My brand new, lovely daughter. You know, I love you more than the 1963 Chevrolet Impala.

EMILIA

I'm touched. Even if that's the weirdest thing anyone's ever said to me.

RIZZO

Hey, that's a nice car.

PAUL

Ladies and gentlemen, I think I need to lie down.

Rizzo points to an upstairs balcony.

RIZZO

Chill out room's upstairs. Big Daddy says it's free for us to use.

Paul looks up.

PAUL

If you need me, sing.

He bows then walks upstairs. Rizzo and Emilia are left to face each other...

RIZZO
Just the two of us then.

A beat.

RIZZO AND EMILIA
Drinks!

CUT TO:

Several cocktails later. Emilia drains the last drops of a mojito.

EMILIA
Paul's nicer than you. Better looking too.

RIZZO
Thanks very much.

EMILIA
I'm just saying. You and my Mum. I can't see it. But you did betray your best friend for her. So I guess it must have meant something to you.

RIZZO
There were a lot of "one nights" with a lot of women.

EMILIA
See, I can't work you out. Are you really that much of a bastard or is it all just part of your sales pitch?

RIZZO
It was just one night, Emilia. We all make mistakes.

EMILIA
Oh, is that what you think I am? A mistake?

Rizzo shrugs.

EMILIA (CONT'D)
You know, you're right. Once we're done, I am better off not knowing you.

Rizzo's upset her...for some reason it bothers him. They sit in silence.

CUT TO:

Some time later. A YOUNG MAN puts his hand on Rizzo's shoulder.

YOUNG MAN
Mind if I steal her for a dance,
grandpa?

Rizzo removes Young Man's hand.

RIZZO
Actually I do. We're talking.

EMILIA
We haven't said anything for the
last half hour. Actually, I'd love
to dance.
(gets up, then to Rizzo)
I don't care if we never talk
again.

Rizzo watches them go. He clicks his fingers for a refill.

CUT TO:

Emilia and Young Man are cheek to cheek. Rizzo watches them. Emilia takes Young Man's hand and places it on her hip. Rizzo shifts uncomfortably and looks elsewhere. His eyes meet the hungry look of the woman whose hand he kissed earlier. She smiles. It's an open invitation. But Rizzo isn't interested. He looks back to Emilia.

EMILIA (CONT'D)
Don't be shy, soldier. Give it a
squeeze.

The Young Man does as he's told. Rizzo bites his lip...It shouldn't bother him...She's nothing to him...nothing but trouble...he slams his drink on the table and storms over. He pushes Young Man.

YOUNG MAN
Easy, old man!

RIZZO
Fuck off, twinkle toes!

EMILIA
Jesus, what is your problem?

YOUNG MAN
See, she ain't complaining.

RIZZO

I don't give a shit what she's doing. That's my daughter! Keep your fucking hands off her!

Young Man backs away.

YOUNG MAN

Hey, I didn't know.
(to Emilia)
You coulda told me your dad was here.

EMILIA

(rounds on Rizzo)
Are you for real? First of all you want me gone, now you're playing the protective parent?

Rizzo is as surprised as Emilia by his actions.

RIZZO

He was all over you.

EMILIA

That was the idea!

RIZZO

You don't know him, Emilia.

EMILIA

Oh, and you had a deep and meaningful relationship with all your one night stands? Jesus, why am I even talking to you? You don't give a fuck about me, you didn't give a fuck about my Mum. The only thing that matters to you is you!

She runs after Young Man and grabs his hand. They leave together. Rizzo watches them go. From the balcony overhead, Paul is watching too...he's sweating, his heart racing...he grabs his chest...the pain is excruciating, the worst attack yet...he staggers back and faints.

INT. WAREHOUSE. EARLY MORNING

The door opens and Rizzo shuffles in. The dog chases him behind the table.

RIZZO

Paul! Call the bloody mutt off!
Paul?

A whistle and Bella backs away. Rizzo looks around...no sign of Paul anywhere.

RIZZO (CONT'D)

I got your message!

(to himself)

Though why we gotta do a road test
when the hand-over isn't till
tomorrow, I don't know.

The AC honks, making Rizzo jump. Paul is in the car.

PAUL

Roads here get busy midday. Early's
best.

Rizzo walks over.

RIZZO

Fine. But no racing. Not unless you
want my breakfast all over the
dashboard.

EXT. ROAD. DAY

Paul and Rizzo are in the AC Ace Roadster, cruising through
the mountainous outskirts of town. No other cars in sight.
Just the open road. The wind is blustery; they shout to be
heard.

PAUL

So what do you think?

RIZZO

She runs like a dream.
(pats Paul's leg)
Good work, Paulie.

PAUL

Did you and Emilia hit it off last
night then?

RIZZO

Did we fuck. She certainly doesn't
get her social skills from her
father.

Paul pushes the car a fraction quicker.

PAUL

Oh, I wouldn't say that.

RIZZO

Easy Paulie, I don't feel so great.

Rizzo leans back and shuts his eyes. They drive.

PAUL

Actually Emilia's more like her
father than you think.

Paul pushes the accelerator.

RIZZO
Paul, slow down!

But the car accelerates. Paul tightens his grip on the wheel.

RIZZO (CONT'D)
Are you deaf? I said slow down!

They take a corner at speed. Rizzo is now nervous.

RIZZO (CONT'D)
Christ! I said we weren't racing today!

PAUL
(smiles)
We're not. Haven't got my gloves on, have I?

RIZZO
Then slow the fuck down!

PAUL
Come on, you like the excitement. Isn't this how you felt when you slept with my girlfriend? Excited?

RIZZO
What?!

PAUL
I heard you last night, Rizzo. I heard everything.

RIZZO
What are you on about?

PAUL
I know you're her father. I heard you!

Rizzo is white with fear. Paul swerves the car.

RIZZO
Paul, slow down! Whatever you think you heard, I can explain.

PAUL
You can't talk your way out of this one.

They dodge a tree by centimeters.

RIZZO
You're going to fucking kill us!

Paul adds a fraction more speed.

RIZZO (CONT'D)
 Alright, alright! Emilia might be
 my daughter. Might! I don't fucking
 know!

...Paul doesn't slow down.

PAUL
 So you did sleep with Cleo?

Rizzo tries to grab the steering wheel. Paul pushes him off.

PAUL (CONT'D)
 Admit it!

RIZZO
 Yes! I slept with her!

PAUL
 How many times?

RIZZO
 What?

PAUL
 How many times did you sleep with
 the woman I loved?

RIZZO
 Once! We were drunk. It didn't mean
 anything, Paul -

PAUL
 It did to me!

Paul takes the car off road. It thunders through undergrowth
 and crashes into a tree.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

Emilia wakes up. She rolls to the edge of her bed and sees
 Young Man on the floor. She pokes him.

EMILIA
 Rise and shine.

YOUNG MAN
 Good morning.

EMILIA
 Sleep ok?

YOUNG MAN

Not really. Would've been nice if I was allowed in the bed.

EMILIA

Sorry, I'm a good catholic girl. Minus the God bit.

YOUNG MAN

You could've told me that before I came up here.

EMILIA

Oh, you're a keeper aren't you? What's your name again?

YOUNG MAN

Duggie.

EMILIA

Listen Duggie, I think you should go. And don't let the door hit your arse on the way out.

EXT. WOODLAND. DAY

Rizzo comes to. His forehead is cut, his suit is a mess. Everything hurts...He struggles out of the car. Paul is fine and calmly studying the AC's misshapen front. There's a sizable dent and paint missing; even for the expert forger it'll take a few days to fix. Rizzo rushes at Paul, pushes him.

RIZZO

Fucking lunatic! You nearly killed us!

Pauls staggers back, then returns to the car and his serene observation...now Rizzo sees the damage.

RIZZO (CONT'D)

Oh, that's just perfect. How am I going to explain this to that mad fucking Russian? The hand-over's tomorrow!

PAUL

You said the buyers were Japanese.

RIZZO

I lied. It's Koroljew.

PAUL

Koroljew?! Why are we dealing with that psychopath again?!

RIZZO

I had to do something! Six months
without a sale, Paul.

Paul grabs his chest in pain...another attack...he pinches
his nose, closes his eyes and strains.

RIZZO (CONT'D)

Paul, are you ok? Oh, right. I'll
give you a sec.

Rizzo watches as Paul struggles to bring his SV attack under
control.

RIZZO (CONT'D)

You want me to go behind you? Do
that manoeuvre?

Paul bats Rizzo's arm away.

RIZZO (CONT'D)

Ok, no.

Paul's attack fades...he straightens up and walks away. He
stops in a clearing, his back to Rizzo.

RIZZO (CONT'D)

We can't just leave the car here.
Paul! Come on! We're talking thirty
years ago!

He rustles in his pocket and finds a misshapen joint. He
holds it out as a peace offering.

RIZZO (CONT'D)

Smoke with me?

PAUL

I'm going to find a garage with a
tow.

RIZZO

Ok, right. Good thinking. How long
do you think you'll need to fix it?
Half a day? A day?

PAUL

Three days.

RIZZO

Three? Jesus, that nutjob Russian
ain't gonna like it.

PAUL

(turns to face Rizzo)
Good.

RIZZO

Right, very mature. Very helpful.

Rizzo's phone rings. He answers.

RIZZO (CONT'D)

Mr Koroljew, hi there! I was just talking about you!

INT. RESTAURANT. NIGHT

Koroljew sits at a table. Rizzo walks in. He has a large plaster on his forehead, is sun burned and exhausted.

KOROLJEW

(laughs)

What the fuck happened to you? You look like a fucking lobster!

RIZZO

I slipped on the patio.

Rizzo sits.

KOROLJEW

You know, I got better things to do with my time than sit around waiting for you. I'm supposed to be on holiday. Enjoying the sights. So please tell me why exactly are we're meeting today when the hand-over's tomorrow?

RIZZO

There's a minor problem.

KOROLJEW

Minor? What's that mean, minor?

RIZZO

We've got the car. But it's got a bit of a scratch.

KOROLJEW

Scratch?

RIZZO

That's right. And a very small dent.

Koroljew leans forward and sniffs Rizzo's neck...breathes in deep...Rizzo daren't move...then Koroljew leans back.

KOROLJEW

You're telling the truth.

RIZZO
Yes, of course.

KOROLJEW
Had a bit of an accident. You're an accident.

RIZZO
I just need another two or three days and it'll be as good as new, I swear.

KOROLJEW
Two or three days? You want me to hang round this shit hole for three more days?

RIZZO
Mr Koroljew, the car will be worth it.

Koroljew considers this.

KOROLJEW
Here, you got something in your hair.

Koroljew runs a hand through Rizzo's hair...pats him in mock affection...then slams Rizzo's face onto the table. Diners look over. A waiter runs up.

KOROLJEW (CONT'D)
S'alright garcon. I don't think we're ready to order just yet.
(to Rizzo)
Are we, Sun-tan?

RIZZO
(struggles to talk)
Not just yet.

The waiter is unsure what to do...

KOROLJEW
Now fuck off before I stick a fork through your neck.

The waiter backs off.

KOROLJEW (CONT'D)
He's probably gonna piss in my soup now. Can't say I blame him. S'what I'd do.
(to Rizzo)
You're very fucking trying, you know that?

Koroljew lets Rizzo go...Rizzo gasps for air.

KOROLJEW (CONT'D)

You let me down once before. Made me look a right muppet....a proper cunt!...I can't afford that, not in my line of business. My reputation's my currency. Fucking gold standard! You understand that? You get that?

RIZZO

I do, Mr Koroljew.

KOROLJEW

Good. You damage my reputation again, I'll have to put you in the fucking ground. Are we clear?

RIZZO

Crystal clear.

KOROLJEW

Alright then.

(thinks)

This is what we'll do. I'll go back. Have words, see if I can push things back. Not that you deserve it. You be here at eight tomorrow morning for breakfast and I'll let you know.

RIZZO

Tomorrow at eight.

KOROLJEW

Yeah. Get me a croissant and one of them french bagel things. And don't be late.

INT. BEDROOM. NIGHT

Rizzo turns the light on.

RIZZO

What the fuck!

On the bed, Emilia rolls over and lifts her eye-mask.

EMILIA

Nice to see you, too.

RIZZO

What are you doing here?!

EMILIA

It's not just you Paul's mad at. He told me to come here. Said we deserve each other.

RIZZO
Well you can't stay.

EMILIA
No place else to go, Daddy.

Rizzo looks at her...he has zero energy left to fight.

RIZZO
Whatever. I'll take the sofa.

He hobbles slowly forward, all his joints ache from the crash, his head is splitting...he leans into the light and Emilia sees his bruising.

EMILIA
Jesus, what happened?

RIZZO
It's been a long day.

Emilia gets up and helps him.

EMILIA
We can share the bed. We'll top and tail.

She helps him out of his jacket then eases him into bed. Rizzo groans. Emilia gets in.

EMILIA (CONT'D)
You alright?

RIZZO
Oh, I'm just peachy.

They lie in silence...eventually...

RIZZO (CONT'D)
This is weird. Sharing a bed with you.

EMILIA
I'm your daughter. It doesn't get any weirder than that.

RIZZO
Just so you know, I snore.

EMILIA
Good. Means you won't be talking.

CUT TO:

Later. In the moonlight we see both Rizzo and Emilia are awake.

EMILIA (CONT'D)
You breathe too loud.

RIZZO
I'm sorry. Should I stop breathing then?

EMILIA
(amused)
If you wouldn't mind.

Rizzo play kicks her. She kicks back.

A beat.

RIZZO
Did Cleo ever talk about me?

EMILIA
Not really. She talked about Paul.
Barely mentioned you.

RIZZO
Figures.

Emilia senses Rizzo's hurt.

EMILIA
So what you gonna do about tomorrow?

RIZZO
I wish I knew. Have an interesting meeting in the morning. I'll be told over breakfast that we either have a few more days to sort the car out or I'll be getting shot.

EMILIA
What?! You're kidding.

RIZZO
Shot. Stabbed. However these Russians do it.

EMILIA
You're scaring me.

RIZZO
Oh, it'll all work itself out...on the plus side, at least I don't have to worry about paying you any more.

EMILIA
(turns a bedside light on)
What does that mean?

RIZZO

Paul knows. The cat's out the bag.

EMILIA

So?

RIZZO

You've got nothing on me now.

EMILIA

You really are an asshole, you know that? "Paul knows." Are you sure about that?

RIZZO

Well, that's why you're here and he isn't.

EMILIA

Listen, you and me both know Paul only knows half the story.

RIZZO

And how'd you figure that?

EMILIA

You're not trying to sell me a car, Rizzo. I know what you really did. I know every gory little detail. So if you think Paul's bad now, wait till I tell him the rest.

Rizzo sees the fire in her eyes...and closes his in defeat.

RIZZO

How can you be my child?

INT. WAREHOUSE. NIGHT

Paul takes a piece of piping and attaches it to the Citroen's exhaust...then places the other end through the front window. He gets in, puts a picture of Cleo on the dashboard and turns the ignition...Fumes slowly fill the car...Suicide, he's not even sure how he feels about it. He closes his eyes...prepares for the end...then the engine makes an angry, guttural sound. And stops.

PAUL

Oh, for fuck's sake.

Paul gets out, opens the bonnet...quickly spots the problem...fiddles with a cable and slams the bonnet shut. He gets back in and tries the ignition again...a few revs...then silence.

PAUL (CONT'D)
 Oh come on! You can't die on me!
 That's what I'm trying to do!

He tries again and again but each time the engine splutters briefly before falling silent.

PAUL (CONT'D)
 You cheap piece of continental
 crap.
 (to Cleo's picture)
 If you want to kill yourself, go
 German. If this were a Mercedes
 you'd be picking me up from the
 pearly gates already.

He sits in silence...laughs...from the back seat Bella's head pokes up. She jumps onto Paul's lap and is all over him.

PAUL (CONT'D)
 Bella! How could I have forgotten
 you were here?

In the excitement, Paul hits the ignition. This time the engine comes to life. Fumes fill the car again.

PAUL (CONT'D)
 No, no! Get off! Come on! No,
 you've got to get out, Bella!

He moves to switch off the engine as a dagger of pain pierces his chest. In agony he reaches desperately for the ignition ...it's too far...he grabs the door handle but it jams...he tries the window but it won't wind down...the exhaust fumes get thicker...

PAUL (CONT'D)
 (breathless but angry)
 Who keeps...their car in this kind
 of...condition?!

Paul is fighting for his and Bella's lives...he kicks at the door as the gas threatens to overwhelm him. A final kick and the door comes off its hinges, smacking the ground with a thud.

Paul clambers out, followed by Bella. The attack passes. He breathes...gets to his feet...switches off the ignition. Neither he nor the dog are any worse for their narrow escape.

PAUL (CONT'D)
 Sorry about that, old girl.

Bella fetches a ball and drops it at his feet. Nothing but happy expectation.

PAUL (CONT'D)
 (laughs)
 You want to play? Sure. We can
 play.

He throws the ball.

INT. BEDROOM. EARLY MORNING

The next morning. Rizzo wakes up and hears Emilia is in the shower. He grabs his trousers, rustles pockets...rushing...he daren't be caught. He pulls out a small medical bag and scrutinizes Emilia's pillow...finally he picks up a long, multi-colored strand of hair and drops it in the bag.

INT. CAR. EARLY MORNING

Rizzo is in the back of a car next to Koroljew. He has a black eye and fat lip. He rubs at a fleck of blood on his sleeve...Koroljew inspects his grazed knuckles, then takes a bite of a bagel.

KOROLJEW
 S'good. Thanks for that.
 (friendly)
 Look, I'm not a morning person, ok?

RIZZO
 May I suggest we only meet in the
 afternoons from now on?

KOROLJEW
 Don't get snippy, granddad. I'm
 giving you a lift, ain't I?
 Ungrateful bastard.

CUT TO:

Rizzo gets out the car. It pulls away and we PULL BACK to reveal Rizzo outside a plain building with the logo "Medi-Labs" outside. He takes the bag that now has a sample of hair and two half finished joints from his pocket and heads to the entrance. He pushes open the door.

CUT TO:

Rizzo entering the hotel foyer. Emilia is waiting for him.

EMILIA
 (sees his face)
 Jesus, what happened to you?

RIZZO
 The client.
 (sits)
 (MORE)

RIZZO (CONT'D)

I know me and Paul don't have that many years left but I was hoping to last till the end of the week.

EMILIA

Jesus, all this over a set of wheels?

RIZZO

It's a bad, mad world. You fit right in. Come on, we have to go see a man about a car.

EXT. HOTEL BALCONY. DAY

Paul is soaking up the morning sun, joint in hand, dog at his feet...he looks out at the horizon...There's brief knock at the door and Emilia walks in, followed by Rizzo. They're nervous.

EMILIA

Paul? It's us, Emilia and Rizzo.

PAUL

(friendly, ushers them over)
Ah, the girl who pretended to be my daughter! And the man who pretended to be my friend. Come in, come in! All hail the great pretenders!

RIZZO

(unsure)
Hey Paul -

EMILIA

Look, we're really, really sorry about last night...we didn't mean for you to find out that way.

PAUL

Oh, don't you worry about that! It's fine.

EMILIA

It is?
(to Rizzo)
Is he alright?

Rizzo gestures to the joint.

PAUL

I'm not that stoned, unfortunately. What do they say about the truth setting you free? Well, that's me.

Rizzo steps out onto the balcony, sits next to him.

PAUL (CONT'D)
What happened to your face?

RIZZO
Our Russian friend.

PAUL
Well, a man with two faces like you. Just use the other one.

Rizzo smiles at the first of many digs. Paul smokes but doesn't offer any.

RIZZO
So...are we ok? You want to talk about it?

No answer.

RIZZO (CONT'D)
Paulie, our Russian hitman says he'll turn us both into fertiliser if we don't sort this car. So I'm sorry but I need some clarity here. Are we ok to work together on this?

PAUL
You believe in time-travel, Rizzo?

RIZZO
What?

PAUL
A lot of people do. Lot of quantum physics experts. They say you get two wormholes with enough dark matter at their cores and it's possible. Practically very difficult of course, but possible.

EMILIA
(to Rizzo)
Come on. We'll come back when he's not off his nuts.

RIZZO
Paul, I know what you're saying. Do I wish I could go back in time, undo everything? Course I do.

EMILIA
Hey! Where would that leave me?!

PAUL
Actually I'd go back further. To the night we first met. I'd have you arrested, Rizzo. Things would be simpler now if I'd done that.

Rizzo gets up.

RIZZO

Well, unfortunately we're here now and things are complicated. I just promised Koroljew that car.

PAUL

Tsh! A little over-confident, don't you think?

RIZZO

I didn't have much choice. He had his fist down my throat.

Paul takes a long toke.

PAUL

You know when The Mille Miglia starts?

RIZZO

What? Same as every year. Day after tomorrow.

EMILIA

Miley who?

RIZZO

It's this classic car race. Three days through north Italy.

PAUL

And the oldest road-worthy AC in Europe is going to be there. One of the three.

EMILIA

(laughs)

What are you going to do, steal it?

Paul gets up.

PAUL

Exactly, fake daughter. We're going back in time.

RIZZO

Paul, I got us more time. Just do the repairs to the car we've already got.

PAUL

(snaps)

No, you don't get to tell me what to do any more.

(to Emilia, happy again)

(MORE)

PAUL (CONT'D)

All these years and he still doesn't get it. It's not just the reshaping, there's texturing the paint, ageing it, blending the old with new, I could go on. But a few days isn't enough.

RIZZO

I wish you'd told me that before I risked my neck to get us the extension.

PAUL

(to Emilia)

He's just upset because we'll be breaking our gentlemen's accord. No more stealing. It was my idea actually. I found it...immoral. And the man who we now know is your real father managed to stick to it for forty long years.

(to Rizzo)

But you've always been a thief at heart, haven't you Rizzo?

EMILIA

So what does this all mean?

PAUL

It means we're going to Italy.

RIZZO

And I have the pleasure of telling our buyer there's been yet another change of plan.

Bella trots over to Rizzo and drops a toy at his feet.

RIZZO (CONT'D)

I'm a cat person. Fuck off.

INT. WAREHOUSE. DAY

Koroljew is sitting next to an older gentleman. They are scrutinizing a young woman who is posing for them in front of a blank wall. They talk in Russian.

KOROLJEW

No, could be his fucking daughter!
Next.

MAN

Next!

The girl walks off and another, even younger girl replaces her. Koroljew's phone rings and he answers.

KOROLJEW

Da?

RIZZO (O.S.)

Mr Koroljew, it' me, Mr -

KOROLJEW

What do you want?

RIZZO (O.S.)

Mr Koroljew, I wanted to talk to you about the hand-over.

KOROLJEW

What about it?

RIZZO

It's still happening of course. On the day we agreed. Just not at the same location.

Koroljew dismisses the girl with a wave of the hand. Another shuffles on.

KOROLJEW

And why is that?

RIZZO

Well, we don't need to get into that, all very boring. And if you absolutely insist, we can bring it to Monaco. But we'll need another couple of days.

KOROLJEW

No. No more delays. Where we doing it then?

RIZZO

(nervous)

A little place called Bologna...

A beat.

KOROLJEW

Bologna. In Italy.

RIZZO

That's right.

KOROLJEW

Ain't that a fucking coincidence.

RIZZO

Sorry?

KOROLJEW

My boss goes to some poxy race
there every year.

RIZZO

He does? So he'll be there in two
days?

KOROLJEW

Yeah.

RIZZO

Perfect. So we can do the hand-over
there.

KOROLJEW

Why?

RIZZO

I'm sorry?

KOROLJEW

Why are you giving us a car you say
you already got, during the biggest
car orgy in the world?

RIZZO

I'm not sure what you mean -

KOROLJEW

I'll tell you why. You don't have
it. You're going to steal it.

RIZZO

Mr Koroljew, that is a wild
assumption -

KOROLJEW

It's right though, isn't it?
(shakes his head with new found respect. In
Russian)
Crazy old bastards.

RIZZO

So...will you be there?

KOROLJEW

Don't have much choice, do I Sun-
tan? My arse is on the line here,
too.

He hangs up.

EXT. RACING TRACK TECHNICAL AREA. EVENING

Insert : BRESCIA, ITALY. TWO DAYS LATER.

It's the night before the start of the Mille Miglia. Tourists mingle with technicians, left, right and centre cars are checked, revved, polished and pushed. The night air crackles with anticipation. We see cars of every description and era, an automobile fetishist's wet dream.

CUT TO:

A race paddock. Emilia is pushing Rizzo in a wheelchair, working a way through the crowds. It's hard work. Rizzo is anything but slight.

EMILIA

Don't expect me to do this for you when you actually are in a wheelchair.

RIZZO

Straight ahead then left at the flag. Hurry up.

EMILIA

Jesus, what did your last slave die of?

They reach the car paddock. At the security desk a guard is reading a comic.

EMILIA (CONT'D)

Hi. Could I take my father in to have a look around?

SECURITY GUARD

(without looking up)

Nope.

She looks over the comic. Now he sees her.

GUARD

Oh, hello there.

EMILIA

I know it is very last minute. But my dad here used to be a racing driver here, you see...Until he got injured. In this race.

SECURITY GUARD

No kidding?

Rizzo is doing an oscar-worthy impersonation of a catatonic old man.

EMILIA

It would make him so happy just to have one last look around.

SECURITY GUARD

Last? You mean - ?

EMILIA

Yes.

(whispers)

I'm afraid Daddy won't be around
for the next Mille Miglia.

The guard's conscience is piqued. He checks no one is watching.

SECURITY GUARD

Anyone stops you, say you're
looking for the disabled toilet.

CUT TO:

Inside the paddock. The two AC Racer drivers are arguing with a technician. In the background, Emilia wheels past the AC Racer as Rizzo surreptitiously takes pictures on his smart-phone. Everyone is so caught up arguing they don't notice the intrusion. Rizzo takes snaps of the drivers, then signals he's done. Emilia pushes the chair...it gets stuck. She struggles but it won't budge.

RIZZO

What's the bloody problem?

EMILIA

You, fat arse! Lose some weight!

A driver hears them...walks over...takes the wheelchair handle and gives it a sharp tug. The chair comes free and he walks away.

EMILIA (CONT'D)

That was close!

RIZZO

You're telling me.

(holds up an incontinence pad)

I nearly had to use one of these.

INT. WAREHOUSE. EVENING.

Back in Switzerland Oswald is marching round the office to Queen's "We Will Rock You". We follow him past a lamborghini that he's packed with goodies requested by Paul. On the ground are two plain racing driver outfits - blank canvasses for him to modify. A meow from his i-mac announces an e-mail. Oswald opens it: images of the AC Racer and its two drivers appear. Oswald turns the music down. Amongst the pictures a random shot of Emilia appears. Oswald likes what he sees.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD. EVENING

Paul is sitting atop the tow truck, joint in hand. Rizzo walks over, sees the dent on the AC Ace Roadster.

RIZZO

Can you sort it in time?

PAUL

I'll do my job, you do yours.
Where's your partner in crime?

Rizzo gets onto the tow truck and sits alongside him. He points to a figure in the distance: Emilia is on the phone.

RIZZO

She's talking Oz through the photos we took. She's a smart kid. Knows all about uploading and...stuff.

PAUL

Look at you. The proud father.

Paul hands Rizzo the joint.

RIZZO

So we're finally going to the Mille Miglia.

PAUL

Yes, we are.

RIZZO

You don't sound too stoked.

PAUL

Well I never expected to be going to the most significant automobile gathering known to man under such utterly shit circumstances.

RIZZO

(hands back the joint)
Funny. I thought you'd feel relieved.

PAUL

Why?

RIZZO

All that "I can't be her father". I have single-handedly removed the burden of responsibility from your shoulders, my friend.

PAUL
 (laughs)
 Only you could put a positive spin
 on this.

RIZZO
 Well, you know me. I'm a glass half
 full kind of guy.

Paul stares into the distance. For a moment, for Rizzo at
 least, it seems like old times.

RIZZO (CONT'D)
 What do you reckon?

PAUL
 About what?

RIZZO
 Kids. You think we're the way we
 are as adults because of who we had
 around when we're young or d'you -

PAUL
 You mean do I subscribe to the
 nature or nurture theory?

RIZZO
 That's it. Nature or nurture. So
 which do you -

Paul gets up and lets Bella out the truck.

PAUL
 Emilia is deceitful, manipulative
 and treacherous. She didn't grow up
 with you, yet she's every inch her
 father. I'm going with nature.

EXT. WOODLAND. EARLY MORNING

Insert: Bologna

Rizzo and Emilia are asleep in the front of the tow truck.
 Paul is in the AC Roadster. A Lamborghini pulls up. It's
 Oswald. Paul winds down his window as Oswald walks over.

PAUL
 You made it.

OSVALD
 Morning, Mr Fardelli. I got
 everything you asked for.

PAUL
 Breakfast too?

OSVALD
Croissants and coffee in the back.

Rizzo and Emilia walk over.

OSVALD (CONT'D)
(sees Emilia)
I'm guessing this is the lovely
lady I spoke to on the phone?

PAUL
Watch yourself. She's my daughter.

OSVALD
Your daughter? Really?

PAUL
It's best you don't ask, Oswald.

Oswald fetches the croissants and coffee. Bella pokes her head out the AC.

OSVALD
And who's that?

PAUL
That is Bella. It's all in the
boot?

OSVALD
Yup. The '54 badges and lining.
(looks at the AC)
Have we got enough time to get her
ready?

PAUL
We're not going for an identi-kit
match this time.

OSVALD
We're not?

PAUL
Just has to be good enough for the
untrained eye. Because we're not in
the car selling business any more.
We're in the car stealing business.

EXT. STREET. DAY

CLOSE on a flyer for the Mille Miglia. We pull back to see a street seller working the crowd. The lamborghini, with Rizzo and Emilia inside, turns into a crowded street.

EMILIA
(checks her i-pad)
Third left here.

Rizzo turns left.

EMILIA (CONT'D)
So what's the plan when we find it?

RIZZO
We sit tight. And watch.

EMILIA
Jesus, you even manage to make
stealing cars boring. Right here
then straight ahead.

Rizzo drives into the tail-end of a queue of classic cars before a secure enclosure. A guard checks identity tags of each car before waving them into a tunnel leading to the underground enclosure.

RIZZO
ID checks. Scratch the Trojan Horse
idea. We're not going in through
the front.

He pulls the car out the queue.

EMILIA
So now what?

A beat.

RIZZO
We'll wait till they close up. Then
we break in.

CUT TO:

Later. Emilia and Rizzo watch from inside the car as a guard inserts a key into a lock in the ground. A thick iron gate descends, sealing the entrance to the tunnel. The guard walks away...Rizzo and Emilia walk over. They look at the keyhole and touch-pad next to it.

EMILIA
So how you gonna pick it?

RIZZO
Do I look like David frickin'
Copperfield? I honestly don't know.
There has to be another way in.

Rizzo shakes the gate but it's rock solid.

EMILIA
So what's plan B?

RIZZO
Shh. I'm thinking.

EMILIA

In films they always have a plan B.

A beat.

EMILIA (CONT'D)

So plan B is?

RIZZO

Look, there is no plan B! I had one plan, plan A and that was to drive in and wait till they close the place and we then steal the car.

EMILIA

Oh.

RIZZO

Can you just button it, please. I have to think.

EMILIA

Why don't you don't just call the psycho?

RIZZO

What?

EMILIA

He's here, right? The buyer. You said he's under as much pressure as you to get the car.

RIZZO

So?

EMILIA

So tell him. What's the worst that can happen? Ok, he might kill you. But if he doesn't, then he'll probably help. He sounds like the kind of dodgy bastard who could get us in.

Rizzo looks at Emilia...this strange, enchanting girl...he takes his phone out.

RIZZO

For the record, this is not a good idea.

(he dials. Koroljew picks up)
Mr Koroljew, hello there. Gorgeous evening, isn't it?

INT. TOW TRUCK. NIGHT

Insert - 3:45 am

Paul and Bella are asleep in the AC Roadster atop the tow-truck. Bella whimpers, a dog dream. Rizzo, Emilia and Osvald are in the tow-truck. Rizzo stares at his mobile phone.

EMILIA
(yawns)
What time is it?

RIZZO
Just gone two.

EMILIA
The race doesn't start till nine,
you know.

RIZZO
That doesn't leave us much. I want
us out of there by six.

EMILIA
Get some sleep. You can't do
anything till he calls anyway.

She lies back...Rizzo looks out into the darkness...eventually his phone beeps. He checks the message, then shakes Emilia's leg.

RIZZO
Hey genius. Your idea worked.
Koroljew's in.

CUT TO:

Paul asleep. Rizzo raps on the AC window. He holds up the racing suits modified by Osvald.

EXT. CAR ENCLOSURE. NIGHT

Insert: 4:30 am

Paul and Rizzo look at the lock in the asphalt. Rizzo puts his hold-all bag beside it.

PAUL
Doesn't look like it's been
touched.

RIZZO
Gate's still closed. I'll call him.

Rizzo takes out his phone. Paul takes out a joint.

RIZZO (CONT'D)
Hey, I need you focused.

PAUL
 (lights up)
 This is how I focus.

Rizzo dials, Paul puffs.

RIZZO
 (on phone)
 Hi, it's me. Listen, are you
 inside, because we're outside and
 we can't see any way that you
 could've gotten in -

Koroljew hangs up.

RIZZO (CONT'D)
 What the fuck. Arsehole!

Rizzo dials again...no answer.

PAUL
 I do my best work in the small
 hours. Something about the sound of
 a city in slumber, helps channel
 the mind.

The metal gate buzzes open.

PAUL (CONT'D)
 Well, it looks like Houdini wasn't
 lying after all.

Paul hands Rizzo the joint and walks in. Rizzo takes a deep
 toke...dutch courage...and jogs after him. The two men
 disappear into the darkness. They walk, guided by the light
 on Rizzo's mobile...Rizzo slips in a patch of oil (or is it
 blood?)...finds a tooth, sees dirt marks, signs of a
 fight...then eventually...a light. At the far end of the
 winding passage is a door. Paul presses the buzzer and it
 opens.

CUT TO:

The reception area of the underground car enclosure, bright,
 stark. Koroljew is sitting behind a desk, all smiles, next to
 a guard who has a metal waste paper bin on his head. The
 guard's shirt is wet, his hand is bleeding.

KOROLJEW
 (waves Paul and Rizzo over)
 Hello, ladies.

Rizzo sees a finger nail on the guard's hand has been ripped
 off. The guard's breathing is panicked. Koroljew bangs the
 bin with his fist.

KOROLJEW (CONT'D)

(to the guard)

Keep it down! Fucking cry baby.

(to Rizzo)

He related to you?

RIZZO

How did you get in?

KOROLJEW

That's for me to know.

RIZZO

Fine.

(gestures to the finger)

Was that really necessary?

KOROLJEW

Yes it fucking was. You're in, ain't you? I think a little "thank you, Mr Koroljew" 'd be nice.

RIZZO

What?

A beat.

RIZZO (CONT'D)

Right. Thank you, Mr Koroljew. So now what?

Koroljew puts the gun he has been holding to the guard's waist on the desk. Rizzo swallows.

KOROLJEW

I've done my bit. Now you go get the fucking car.

RIZZO

Right, yes!

PAUL

What about him? Won't he talk?

KOROLJEW

He'll be as good as gold, won't you, sausage?

GUARD

(nods energetically)

I won't say nothing! I swear!

Satisfied, Paul joins Rizzo. The guard weeps inside his bucket.

KOROLJEW

You keep that up, I'm gonna shoot
one of your balls just off outta
principle.

CUT TO:

A narrow corridor. At the far end is an opening to the bunker, the temporary home of some of the world's most precious classic motor cars. Rizzo opens the hold-all and hands Paul a wig and helmet. The walk down the corridor, donning their disguises as they go. At the doorway Rizzo goes to unclip the metal chain. A snarl and gnashing of teeth sends him falling backwards. A huge rottweiler is straining at the end of its chain, intent on tearing Rizzo to pieces. Rizzo gets to his feet.

RIZZO

What the fuck is that?!

PAUL

A dog. Rottweiler I think.

RIZZO

That's not a dog, 's a fucking
bear.

(shouts, for Koroljew's benefit)

Thanks for telling us about Cujo
here!

The animal calms but remains ready to pounce. Paul points to the Racer AC behind it. It's a thing of beauty, Paul's the Holy Grail.

PAUL

There she is.

RIZZO

Go on. Do your thing.

PAUL

My what?

RIZZO

Your dog thing. You know, like with
Bella. Dogs like you.

Paul takes a step towards "Cujo". The dog leaps at him and he backs off.

RIZZO (CONT'D)

Ok. I guess you're not every dog's
taste.

CUT TO:

Reception. The two designated AC drivers are looking at the guard, who, minus bin, is trying to keep it together. Under the desk Koroljew prods his gun against the guard's crotch.

DRIVER ONE

Listen, I don't care what the "protocol" says. I want to see my car.

GUARD

(stressed)

Sorry, sir. The enclosure is closed till half-six.

DRIVER TWO

Didn't I say we're too early? We should still be in bed.

Driver One walks to the corridor.

GUARD

Sir! I said you can't go down there!

CUT TO:

Paul and Rizzo hear footsteps and angry mutterings.

RIZZO

Who's that?

Paul shrugs...footsteps...Paul yanks open a storage door and jumps inside. Rizzo squeezes in behind a set of boxes that are too close to Cujo for comfort. Driver One turns the corner and stops in his tracks. The dog has him in its sights.

CUT TO:

Driver One walks up to the reception where the guard is patiently following Driver Two's chatter. Under the desk, Koroljew now has cramp.

DRIVER ONE

Would you kindly remove your dog so I can get to our car?

GUARD

Nah, I don't go near that thing, sir. 'S a killer.

DRIVER ONE

Well, when is it being taken away?

GUARD

Half-six.

DRIVER ONE

Of course.

(accepts defeat)

Well I suppose it's only half an hour.

(to Driver Two)

Let's hit that cafe of yours then.

The two men walk out. The guard breathes a sigh of relief.

KOROLJEW

Don't you fucking look down! And put the bucket back on!

CUT TO:

Emilia's phone rings. She answers.

EMILIA

What? Ok, ok! Yes I'll hurry.

(she hangs up. To Oswald)

Now I know how those kids with pushy parents feel. Come on, we have to take the dog for a walk.

CUT TO:

The enclosure reception. Bella pulls on her leash. Oswald lets go and the dog runs to Paul.

RIZZO

(checks his watch)

Just gone six. They'll be coming back soon. Them and everyone else. Right, it's now or never.

EMILIA

So what's the plan? Why do you need Bella?

RIZZO

Plan A, B and C is for Bella to martyr herself. Just a shame she didn't get a chance to make a farewell video.

EMILIA

Paul? What's he on about?

PAUL

We have a canine conundrum we need Bella for.

Emilia gestures to Koroljew.

EMILIA

So this is the guy?

(to Koroljew)

(MORE)

EMILIA (CONT'D)

I hear you're like, super evil and stuff.

Koroljew nods modestly.

RIZZO

Emilia, we need you to go to the cafe over the road. The one where the drivers hang out. The owners of the AC are in there. We need you to keep them there.

EMILIA

You want me to have breakfast with them or what?

RIZZO

Yes! Good idea! Anything to delay them. And tell 'em the race's been put back an hour.

CUT TO:

The rottweiler straining at the leash. Paul and Bella are a few feet away. Bella pants happily.

RIZZO (CONT'D)

(urgent)

What you waiting for?

PAUL

I can't.

RIZZO

Paul! Fuck the dog!

PAUL

No, Rizzo. Fuck you.

Bella jumps forward and collides with the rottweiler. The rottweiler stops barking. It wants to play. From killer canine to love-puppy. The dogs fall to the ground. Paul is transfixed.

RIZZO

Looks like the worst thing she's gonna get is a love-bite. Come on.

They ease past the dogs and approach the AC Ace Racer.

PAUL

She really is exquisite.

RIZZO

Exquisitely locked up.

Rizzo points to the wheels, each of which has a wheel lock on. Rizzo opens the hold-all, passes tools to Paul.

Paul gets to work on the locks. Rizzo sits in the driver's seat, fumbles with some levers.

RIZZO (CONT'D)
How long will you need?

PAUL
I'm going as fast as I can.

CUT TO:

Emilia and Osvald enter the cafe. It's full of locals and race participants, many of whom are zipping up and about to head to the enclosure.

EMILIA
He wants me to delay our two guys.
What about the rest of the town?

She peers out into the street. The enclosure gate is still down. A group gets up to leave. Osvald hands Emilia a fake registration badge.

OSVALD
Here, use this.

The group reaches the door...

EMILIA
(loud, waves the badge)
Can I have everyone's attention
please! Hello! Everyone listen in!

The entire cafe looks over. A flicker of recognition passes Driver One's face...

EMILIA (CONT'D)
Today's start for the mi...the
miley...the big race has been
delayed. Some kind of...
(thinks)
animal rights demonstration.
Anyway, no one is to enter the
enclosure until seven thirty at the
earliest, ok?

The crowd groans. The group returns to its table.

CUT TO:

CLOSE on a wheel lock. Paul tugs at it but it doesn't budge. He tries again and a piece of metal flies off and clanks across the floor.

PAUL
That's the last one.

Paul gets to his feet and hits a button on the wall. The shutter slowly rises. Paul goes over to the AC Racer and opens the driver's seat.

RIZZO

What? I'm not allowed?

PAUL

Not when we have to make sure we don't get caught.

Rizzo shifts over. Paul gets in. Rizzo hands him his helmet, then turns the key in the starter box. The engine makes a deep, visceral sound. And instead of starting her up, Paul listens to the engine.

RIZZO

Er, we're in the middle of a criminal act here.

PAUL

I don't know what you're worried about. You never get caught.

Paul turns a final notch and the engine hums to life. The car inches forward. Rizzo talks but Paul no longer hears, he is in his zone; recent tribulations melt away now his hands are at the wheel. They drive past the dogs. Then the AC Racer reaches the slope and ascends the tunnel...Paul and Rizzo are, for the briefest of moments, at peace with each other...their eyes are hit by the first shafts of morning light...The AC pulls out the tunnel and into the street...they've done it, they've got the AC Racer...Paul hits the breaks...a figure silhouetted against the dawn is blocking the road...it's Koroljew. And he's pointing a gun at them.

A beat.

KOROLJEW

Out you get, ladies.

RIZZO

What?

KOROLJEW

I'm nicking your car.

RIZZO

I don't believe this. You want to steal the car we just stole for you?

KOROLJEW

In a nutshell.

PAUL

Do you even know how to drive this machine?

KOROLJEW

Hmm, lemme think. S'a fucking car, innit? Now shift.

Paul doesn't move.

KOROLJEW (CONT'D)

Come on, Chatterbox. I ain't pissing about.

PAUL

Mr Koroljew, you don't know how to drive this car. You'll end up crashing it or worse, being picked up by the police.

Koroljew looks inside.

KOROLJEW

That's the steering wheel. Breaks. Clutch. I can handle it.

Koroljew waves the gun.

PAUL

Is this what your boss wants? You fucking everything up so he won't ever be able to take his precious new car out for a drive? You really are a genius.

KOROLJEW

(to Rizzo)

What's he on about?

PAUL

That's what we're offering you here, you ape! We have the other AC. Mocked up to look just like this. We were planning on switching them.

KOROLJEW

Come again?

PAUL

So no one knows this little gem is even missing. And your employer doesn't have to watch his back as the owner as the hottest stolen motorcar in the world.

Koroljew considers Rizzo's suggestion.

KOROLJEW
That's good...Why didn't you
fuckers tell me?

PAUL
Because we know what we're doing.
Now may we?

Koroljew takes a step back. Paul hits the gas and drives.

CUT TO:

Inside the cafe. Driver one looks out the window and sees the
Ac Racer pass.

DRIVER ONE
That's our car. Someone's stealing
our car!

He runs out into the street but the AC is gone.

INT. AC RACER. EARLY MORNING

Paul takes the AC Racer off road and pulls up behind a
stretch of bushes.

RIZZO
What you doing?

PAUL
(undoes his jacket and takes out a joint)
I want a smoke.

RIZZO
Paulie, this isn't where we
arranged to meet Emilia and Oz.

Paul light up, takes a drag.

PAUL
I know.

RIZZO
So why are we stopping?

PAUL
I'm waiting.

RIZZO
To get arrested? Come on, Paulie -

PAUL
For the race to start.

RIZZO
What? Fuck the race!

PAUL
 (with conviction)
 Rizzo, we are in one of the
 greatest automobiles ever made. And
 in half an hour, the Mille Miglia
 restarts. I have waited all my life
 for this and you are not messing it
 up for me.

RIZZO
 We've just stolen this car and you
 want to race in it?

PAUL
 I'll be there for the hand-over.

A beat.

Rizzo snatches the joint from Paul's hand.

RIZZO
 Fine. We'll do the race. Just don't
 smash it to bits, alright?

Paul smiles.

CUT TO:

Back in town. Cars file out the enclosure. Spectators are
 gathering. Not long till the off. Driver One is in heated
 debate with the guard, who's denying everything. Bella trots
 out the enclosure and follows Koroljew as he disappears down
 a side street.

CUT TO:

A race organiser holds a starting horn. It sounds and a
 cacophony of car engines drown it out. The race is on.

CUT TO:

Rizzo and Paul in the AC Racer. Paul slips on his gloves.
 Cars rush past.

RIZZO (CONT'D)
 What you waiting for? Move!

Paul lets more cars pass...finally he starts the engine. They
 are suddenly in the middle of the greatest classic car rally
 in the world...and neither can quite believe it. Rizzo pats
 Paul on the back as cars of every description come in and out
 of view.

CUT TO:

Wasteland. Emilia and Oswald are in the tow truck.

EMILIA
They should be here.

Oswald tries his phone again. No answer.

OSVALD
I'm sure they're on their way. Mr
Hinchen is never late.

CUT TO:

The AC Racer. Paul has the car ahead in his sights. He closes in, getting more out of the old motor than perhaps anyone else could. His eyes glisten with child-like enthusiasm.

RIZZO
Paulie, this isn't a real race, you
know.

The AC eats up the gap between the two cars, then screams past.

RIZZO (CONT'D)
Whoah! This old girl can go!

They hit a stretch of open road.

RIZZO (CONT'D)
We made it, bud. You and me.

Paul slows the car.

PAUL
I don't think so, Rizzo. Not any
more.

RIZZO
Paulie, I said I'm sorry.

PAUL
You expect me to just forget you
had a child with the love of my
life?

RIZZO
It was thirty years ago.

Another car comes into view. Paul closes in.

PAUL
Thirty years I've spent with you.
Not her!

RIZZO
For Christ's sake! I didn't force
her.

PAUL
And what does that mean?

RIZZO
Cleo came on to me.

PAUL
Liar.

RIZZO
It is what it is, Paul.

They pass the other car. Paul eases back in his seat.

PAUL
Tell me then.

RIZZO
Tell you what?

PAUL
Tell me all the sordid details.

RIZZO
Don't be stupid.

PAUL
But I want to know.

RIZZO
Paul, you're upset, which I get -

PAUL
Of course I'm upset! You ruined my life!

RIZZO
I made a mistake.

PAUL
So show me you're sorry then. Tell me why.

RIZZO
I don't know why, ok?! I'm not Cleo. Who knows how a woman's mind works?

PAUL
That's not good enough, Rizzo.

RIZZO
Look, she said she wanted me 'cos I could treat her like a woman, not a car! Something like that. It's a long time ago.

PAUL

Go on.

Rizzo has nothing else...save the truth.

RIZZO

That's it. We got drunk and...did it.

Paul swerves the car.

RIZZO (CONT'D)

Fuck!

PAUL

(hits the accelerator)
Tell me or this'll be your last drive!

RIZZO

She was going to leave you anyway!
Ok?!

PAUL

Bullshit!

RIZZO

It's the truth.

PAUL

And how would you know what the truth is?

RIZZO

Because I paid her to go!

PAUL

What?

RIZZO

I put an envelope stuffed with cash in her greedy little hands. And she took it. Without a second fucking thought.

PAUL

Why...why would you do that?

RIZZO

Because she wanted me. Look, I knew that would kill you. So I told her to go, to disappear. Slow down, Paul!

Paul slows the car.

PAUL

You paid her to leave me.

RIZZO
She took it, Paul.

CUT TO:

Emilia and Oswald watch as a car appears in the distance.

OSVALD
It's them!

The AC Racer pulls up. Emilia runs over. Rizzo gets out. Emilia embraces him. Paul stays in the car.

EMILIA
What took you so long?

She notices the funeral atmosphere.

EMILIA (CONT'D)
Is everything alright?

RIZZO
I told him, Emilia. I had to.

EMILIA
Oh.

Rizzo's phone rings. He answers and walks away. Oswald drives the tow truck over. Emilia gets into the AC next to Paul.

EMILIA (CONT'D)
You ok?

PAUL
She left me for a couple of thousand euro.

EMILIA
I told you she was no angel. Guess that's where I get it from.

Paul gets out and helps Oswald bring the replica AC Roadster off the tow truck. Rizzo runs over.

RIZZO
Emilia. We have to talk.

EMILIA
What now?

RIZZO
It's about you and me. All this.

EMILIA
Can't it wait till after the hand-over?

RIZZO
 (grabs Emilia)
 Look, I'm not your dad.

EMILIA
 Uh, yes you are.

RIZZO
 No, I'm not. I took a paternity
 test. Just got the result.

EMILIA
 You took a test. When?

RIZZO
 The other day. Took some of your
 hair...anyway, the long and short
 of it is I'm not your dad. Paul is.

EMILIA
 This is one of your wind-ups.

RIZZO
 No. For once it's the truth.
 (offers her the phone)
 Call them yourself if you want.
 Your Mum got her dates mixed up.

EMILIA
 So...Paul is really my dad?

Rizzo nods.

RIZZO
 Go on. He should hear it from you.

Emilia watches Paul steer the replica AC Roadster away from
 the AC Racer...she walks over, tears in her eyes.

PAUL
 What is it?

EMILIA
 (laughs)
 I always preferred you.

CUT TO:

A side-street. A large black hummer pulls up. A door opens.
 Koroljew walks over and gets in. Bella watches him go, then
 trots after him.

CUT TO:

Paul and Emilia are sitting apart from the others. Paul is
 digesting this latest turn of events.

EMILIA (CONT'D)
 If you want me to, I'll go. I mean,
 I can disappear. Let you get back
 to living your life.

PAUL
 What's left of it. No...I don't
 want that. Not again.

She puts her arms around him.

EMILIA
 Thank you. Dad.

CUT TO:

Rizzo pulls up in the AC Ace Roadster.

EMILIA (CONT'D)
 Where are you going?

RIZZO
 You can handle the deal.

EMILIA
 Me?!

RIZZO
 You're a born saleswoman, kiddo.
 And you'll have your old man there
 to look after you.
 (to Paul)
 Love you, Paulie.

Osvald jogs over. Rizzo puts his foot on the gas and the AC
 pulls away.

EMILIA
 Where is he going?

OSVALD
 Mr Fardelli said it's the only way
 to make sure the hand-over won't
 get interrupted by the police. He's
 re-joining the race.

EXT. ROAD. DAY

Rizzo re-joins the Mille Miglia. Cars appear and weave round
 him.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD. DAY

Emilia, Paul and Osvald stand by the stolen AC Ace Racer. The
 hummer and another tow truck pull up. Koroljew gets out the
 hummer.

KOROLJEW
Where's Sun-tan?

EMILIA
(laughs)
Actually he's got car trouble.

PAUL
The AC Racer is here. Everything is
in order.

Koroljew walks to his tow truck. Two men get out and go to
the AC Ace Racer.

KOROLJEW
(to Paul)
You. Here.

Paul joins Koroljew at the passenger window of hummer.

KOROLJEW (CONT'D)
So finally, we get the car. And
you get to live. Happy days.

The window winds down. Koroljew's boss looks out and whispers
to Koroljew.

KOROLJEW (CONT'D)
Mr Vetochkin would like your bank
details.

EXT. ROAD. DAY

From the AC Roadster, Rizzo scans the road. He sees a large
oak at the foot of a slope...heads for it at just the right
speed...and smashes into the tree. He gets out and checks the
damage. The front of the car is mangled just enough. He gets
back in and restarts the engine.

RIZZO
I may not be able to drive 'em like
you, Paulie. But I can crash 'em
better.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD. DAY

Paul, Emilia and Osvald watch as Koroljew's men ease the AC
Racer onto their tow truck. Koroljew gets into the hummer.
Paul is looking at the printout he's been given.

KOROLJEW
Money takes a day or two to show
up. Oh, I almost forgot -

PAUL
Yes?

KOROLJEW

I'm trying to get a little run
around for my niece. Nothing fancy,
skoda or something. Give me a call
if you got anything.

PAUL

We will.

KOROLJEW

Right. We'll fuck off then.

Emilia, Paul and Osvald watch the hummer pull away. Unnoticed
at first, Bella walks over and sits beside Paul.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD. DAY

Rizzo pulls up at the finish line. As he does so, police come
over. Rizzo raises his arms and smiles.

RIZZO

Any idea how many points this'll
cost me?

The front of the AC Ace Roadster is crumpled beyond
recognition; it's the perfect decoy. The police hovering
around the wreck seem satisfied they've found their car.
Rizzo is lead away.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

EXT. STREET. DAY

Insert -- TWO months LATER. MONACO REMAND PRISON

Rizzo walks through the prison gates, blinded by the
afternoon sun. He brushes at a stain on the lapel of his
battered white suit. He's healed up and well groomed. A car
horn BEEPS. Over the road, a magnificent Bentley Continental
S1 flashes at him. He walks over. The window hums down.

PAUL

Fancy a lift?

RIZZO

Paulie! What are you doing here?

PAUL

Didn't think letting you drive back
on your own was such a good idea.
Lots of trees round here.

RIZZO

Is this our Bentley?

PAUL

It is.

RIZZO

Nice job.

PAUL

I had a little help. That young lady is a proper slave-driver.

RIZZO

Emilia? So, you and her are -

PAUL

We're working on it.

RIZZO

That's good. But what are you doing here?

PAUL

Get in and find out.

EXT. STREET. DAY

The Bentley pulls into a courtyard full of second hand cars for sale. A banner reads "Fardelli and Hitchen's Customized Cars". Paul and Rizzo get out.

RIZZO

Paul, what is this place?

PAUL

It would appear we've gone legit. Something we should have done years ago.

RIZZO

We? You mean -

EMILIA

Emilia and I would have asked if you minded us spending your share. But it's been hard getting hold of you.

RIZZO

So this is ours?

PAUL

Our place in the sun. Just like you wanted.

RIZZO

Paulie, I don't know what to say.

EXCITED BARKING. Bella runs round a car.

RIZZO (CONT'D)

Fuck me! It too?

EMILIA

She's our guard dog.

Several puppies stumble after Bella. Unsurprisingly, they're half rottweiler. Emilia, hair now split down the middle into black and white, runs over and throws her arms round Rizzo.

EMILIA (CONT'D)

Hello, jailbird.

She plants a kiss on his cheek, then goes to Paul and takes his arm.

RIZZO

This is all a bit unexpected.

EMILIA

Come on, we'll show you to your quarters.

Rizzo follows Paul and Emilia into an office.

RIZZO

How long have you had this place?

PAUL

Coming up two months now.

RIZZO

And how's it been doing?

EMILIA

Somewhere between disastrous and totally dead. We haven't sold a single car. But you're here now. Means we have a sales guy we can blame.

They reach a desk looking out onto the forecourt.

EMILIA (CONT'D)

So this is you. Make yourself comfy.

PAUL

Rizzo, I've got a pick up in ten. I'll come and get you afterwards and we'll have a smoke.

RIZZO

You're a mind-reader. Thank you, Paul. For everything.

They walk out, leaving Rizzo alone at the desk...he sits...picks up a post-it and laughs. He takes the phone...dials.

RIZZO (CONT'D)

Mr Koroljew, long time no
hear...That's right, I'm
out...Listen, a little bird tells
me you want to talk to a man about
a car...

We hold on Rizzo's smile.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END.