

24 INT. THE CITY GRILL ON MAIN STREET - DAY <<COLOUR SEQUENCE>> 24

Leonard enters, walking slowly down the aisle, looking at all the customers. He makes eye contact with a WOMAN (brunette, 30's) sitting alone, wearing SUNGLASSES. Her face betrays * nothing. Leonard walks past. She sighs and grabs the back of his jacket as he passes. Leonard spins around.

LEONARD:

Natalie.

Leonard slips into the seat opposite her. Natalie is pretty, but has bruising around one eye, and a mark on her lip.

NATALIE:

You don't remember me.

LEONARD:

(friendly smile)
Sorry, I should have explained. You see,
I have this condition -

NATALIE:

You did explain, Lenny.

Leonard shifts uncomfortably.

LEONARD:

Please call me Leonard. My wife called me
Lenny.

NATALIE:

You told me.

Leonard raises his eyebrows, then smiles.

LEONARD:

Then I probably told you how much I hated
it. Could you take off your sunglasses?
It's just hard for me -

Natalie takes them off to reveal her bruises.

NATALIE:

Yeah.

LEONARD:

So you have information for me?

NATALIE:

Is that what your little note says?

LEONARD:

Yes.

NATALIE:

Must be tough living life according to a few scraps of paper. Mix up your laundry list and your grocery list, you'll be eating your underwear.

Natalie smiles.

NATALIE:

But I guess that's why you got those freaky tattoos.

Leonard is surprised.

LEONARD:

It is tough. Almost impossible. I'm sorry I can't remember you. It's not personal.

Natalie's smile fades.

NATALIE:

I'm sorry.

She takes a BROWN ENVELOPE out of her handbag.

NATALIE:

I do have information for you. You gave me a license plate number? I had my friend at the DMV trace it. Guess what name came up.

Leonard shrugs.

NATALIE:

John Edward Gammell. John G.

LEONARD:

You know him?

NATALIE:

No. But the photo on his license looked familiar. I think he's been in the bar before

Natalie slides the envelope towards him, but stops short.

NATALIE:

This is a copy of his registration, license, photo and all. Are you sure you want this?

LEONARD:

Have I told you what this man did?

NATALIE:

Yes.

LEONARD:

Then you shouldn't have to ask.

NATALIE:

But even if you get your revenge, you won't remember it. You won't even know it's happened.

LEONARD:

(annoyed)

So I'll take a picture, get a tattoo.
(calms)

The world doesn't disappear when you close your eyes, does it? My actions still have meaning, even if I can't remember them. My wife deserves vengeance, and it doesn't make any difference whether I know about it.

NATALIE:

Tell me about her again.

LEONARD:

Why?

NATALIE:

Because you like to remember her. I want to see you enjoy yourself.

LEONARD:

She was beautiful. Perfect to me -

NATALIE:

Don't just recite the words. Close your eyes, remember her.

Leonard smiles and shuts his eyes.

INSERT FLASHBACK:

25 INT. LEONARD'S APARTMENT - DAY <<COLOUR SEQUENCE>> 25

Random images of a woman (30's, black hair, plain). Jump cuts of details: a smile, eating, tucking her hair behind her ear, pulling on a pair of trousers, watching TV, shouting in anger. Sitting on the edge of the bed in her underwear, she TURNS as Leonard pinches her thigh.

LEONARD:

You can only feel details. Bits and pieces which you didn't bother to put into words. And extreme moments you feel even if you don't want to. Put it together and you get the feel of the person, enough to know how much you miss them, and how much you hate the person who took them away.

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Leonard opens his eyes. Natalie is looking at him. She nods and hands him the BROWN ENVELOPE.

NATALIE:

I wrote an address in there, too. Might be useful. It's this abandoned place outside of town. I guy I know used to use it for his bigger deals.

LEONARD:

Deals?

NATALIE:

It's isolated.

LEONARD:

Sounds perfect? What do I owe you?

NATALIE:

I wasn't helping you for money.

LEONARD:

Sorry.

NATALIE:

It's not your fault. See, you have this condition...

Leonard smiles. Natalie reaches into her purse and pulls out a MOTEL ROOM KEY.

NATALIE:

Are you still at the Discount Inn? Room 304? You left this at my place.

Leonard pulls out a Polaroid of the Discount Inn.

LEONARD:

The Discount Inn, yeah.

Natalie leaves the key and gets up from the table.

NATALIE:

They treating you alright?

LEONARD:

(smiling)
Don't remember.

NATALIE:

You know what we have in common?

Leonard shrugs.

NATALIE:

We're both survivors. Take care, Leonard.

Leonard watches Natalie leave. He sits at the table, looking down at the BROWN ENVELOPE and the MOTEL ROOM KEY (ROOM 304). Leonard rises, and heads to the restroom.
