

TRIBE OF THIEVES

Written by

Jon Spurney

[spurneyland@gmail.com](mailto:spurneyland@gmail.com)

**EXT. SIDEWALK CAFÉ, PARIS, 1977 - DAY**

Two men and a woman, all in their early 60's, sit outside at a Parisian café. One of the men is white -- his name is BROUILLARD. The other is Black -- his name is MAXIME. The two men trade looks as the woman (her name is ARIANE) angrily punctuates her speech with a lit cigarette:

ARIANE  
(to Brouillard)  
You had your chance to get it, and  
you failed.

MAXIME  
Relax, chérie...

ARIANE  
Relax? A man's dead and it's my  
fault!

BROUILLARD  
It's not your fault.

ARIANE  
No. It's *your* fault. I can't  
believe that I trusted you. That we  
trusted you. It's laughable! After  
all this time, I don't even know  
your real name! To think that I  
still call you --

TITLE OVER BLACK:

**BROUILLARD**

**EXT. CHATEAU DE FONTAINEBLEAU - NIGHT**

A courtyard outside an OPULENT BAROQUE MANSION. Two men creep stealthily towards the dark house...

SUPER:

**Just Outside Paris, 1940**

Under the moonlight we recognize one of the men -- it's Brouillard from the café. But it's thirty-seven years earlier now, and he's now just 25.

He holds a LARGE CANVAS BAG. His companion, DAMON (27, wiry, bird-like), carries a GRAPPLING HOOK tied to a coil of rope.

DAMON  
(whispering)  
*Let's get this over with. I'm hungry.*

BROUILLARD  
*Quelle surprise.*

Cigarette dangling from his lip, Brouillard stares at his watch...

He looks up -- gives Damon a curt nod.

Damon LETS THE HOOK FLY -- it lands on the roof with a THUNK --

Damon pulls on the rope -- testing it... It holds. He grabs the rope with both hands -- begins SCALING THE WALL...

Brouillard shoulders the bag -- follows him up...

As Brouillard exits frame a CIGARETTE PACKET falls out of his pocket, onto the path below...

**INT. CHATEAU DE FONTAINEBLEAU - CONTINUOUS**

Damon steps through an open window on the second story into an unlit corridor --

He pulls out a HAND-DRAWN MAP -- scans it in the moonlight as Brouillard enters through the window behind him...

Damon motions with his head. The two men move down a long, ornate hallway...

They come to a LARGE, ELABORATE ENTRANCE ARCH and peer inside.

It's a HUGE ROOM, with an impossibly high ceiling. Moonlight spills through the high windows onto MARBLE STATUES and BAROQUE PAINTINGS.

And in the center of the enormous space... a GHOSTLY BLUE LIGHT:

DAMON  
*Le voila...*

BROUILLARD  
*The eye of St. Denis.*

(He pronounces it the French way: "The Eye of *San Duh-NEE*")

They both gaze in awe at the "Eye" in question: A GIANT BLUE SAPPHIRE that sparkles obscenely inside a glass case...

BROUILLARD  
(breaking the spell)  
*Au boulot.*

The two enter

**THE GALLERY**

where they reverently approach the case like pilgrims at an altar... Damon is TRANSFIXED, playing with his face:

DAMON  
*That's gotta be the most beautiful  
stone I've ever seen...*

BROUILLARD  
*And you've seen a lot of stones.*

**EXT. CHATEAU DE FONTAINEBLEAU - CONTINUOUS**

Outside, A UNIFORMED WATCHMAN strolls through the grounds around the estate... What the? Something out of the ordinary catches his eye --

He LEANS DOWN...

**INT. GALLERY - CONTINUOUS**

Inside the house, Damon shines his light on the glass case while Brouillard runs his hands over its base, searching:

DAMON  
*There...*

He directs his beam to one of the case's corners. A TINY WIRE is embedded in the glass...

Brouillard grabs the flashlight and shines it around the perimeter walls -- the beam STOPS:

BROUILLARD  
*And there's the box.*

There's AN ALARM BOX up the wall -- WAY up, at least twenty feet...

Brouillard shuts off the light -- kneels down -- starts rummaging through his bag:

DAMON  
*The usual?*

Brouillard nods. He pulls a few things out of his bag and stuffs them in his pockets.

DAMON  
(craning his neck)  
*How we gonna get up there? It's pretty high...*

Brouillard scans the room for a solution -- and finds one:

BROUILLARD  
(motioning with his head)  
*Allez.*

He throws his weight against A LIFE-SIZE MALE STATUE (nude, complete with fig leaf) -- tries to push it towards the wall, but it barely budes...

Damon joins in, grunting -- with their combined weight they slowly push it, in fits and starts, to the wall -- DIRECTLY UNDERNEATH THE ALARM BOX...

Damon leans back against the wall, panting... Brouillard looks at him and juts his chin out to say: *up you go.*

Damon -- frowning (why does *he* always have to do the dirty work?) cautiously climbs up the statue, using the crook in its elbow as a foothold -- he carefully stands on the nude's shoulders, hands pressed against the wall for support...

DAMON  
(looking up)  
*I'm not even close!*

BROUILLARD  
*Crouch down!*

DAMON  
*Then I'll be even farther away!*

BROUILLARD  
*But then I can get on your shoulders, you idiot!*

Damon crouches -- Brouillard clenches a screwdriver between his teeth -- like a pirate with a knife in his mouth -- he begins to climb up the statue...

He tentatively plants his feet on Damon's shoulders... finds his balance...

BROUILLARD

*Okay. Un... Deux... TROIS!*

A long beat.

DAMON

*What are you counting for?*

BROUILLARD

*For you to stand up!*

DAMON

*What, are we in the circus now?*

BROUILLARD

*Just DO IT!*

Damon slowly rises, GROANING with effort as he reaches his full height...

The two TEETER atop the statue, the worst acrobatic act ever...

Brouillard pulls the screwdriver out of his mouth -- he can JUST reach the box...

DAMON

*(looking down)*

*I keep thinking of the Venus de Milo...*

BROUILLARD

*(unscrewing the alarm cover)*

*Thinking. That's a new approach for you...*

The cover to the box comes off -- there's a simple BELL with an electric clapper inside...

Brouillard carefully reaches into his pocket and pulls out a large HORSESHOE MAGNET. He holds the magnet up -- it SNAPS onto the clapper...

From his other pocket he pulls a long string of FISHING WEIGHTS -- he ties them to the magnet -- let's them drop --

And the clapper BENDS BACKWARDS with the pull of the weights!

BROUILLARD

*Ça y est.*

Damon crouches down, lowering Brouillard, who JUMPS from his shoulders onto the floor.

Damon clambers down. Stares at the statue. A little too long:

BROUILLARD  
*What are you looking at?*

DAMON  
*The fig leaf.*

BROUILLARD  
*What about it?*

DAMON  
*They didn't have pants?*

Brouillard shakes his head -- pulls an elaborate RING OF PICKS from his bag and starts working away at the lock on the jewel case...

A satisfying CLICK as the lock opens.

The two share a look -- they move to opposite ends of the case and each takes a side... They've obviously done this many times before.

Brouillard NODS and they LIFT TOGETHER -- GRUNTING with effort as the heavy glass slowly pulls away from the base...

We hear the faintest BUZZ in the distance -- they look up towards its source:

**LOOKING DOWN AT THEM FROM THE ALARM BOX**

we see the clapper vibrating harmlessly in the FG -- pulled away from the bell by the weights...

**ON THE GALLERY FLOOR**

they set the glass down and return to the open case:

A brief moment as they admire the stupendous gem. It's really something. Then Brouillard reaches out for it... it's inches from his grasp when he stops:

BROUILLARD  
(a ritual)  
May I?

DAMON  
I insist.

Brouillard hungrily SNATCHES UP THE JEWEL, then:

THE ROOM FLOODS WITH LIGHT.

A PHALANX OF POLICE, weapons drawn, SURROUNDS THEM.

One man steps forward from the crowd: the UNIFORMED WATCHMAN.  
He wears a wicked smile...

And holds aloft a HALF-EMPTY PACKET OF CIGARETTES.

**INT. LA SANTÉ PRISON - DAY**

Brouillard, visibly thinner, hair shaved close, gazes out the barred window of his prison cell...

TITLE:

**Six Months Later**

THROUGH THE BARS we see a regiment of GERMAN SOLDIERS march down a Parisian avenue. TILT UP to a FLUTTERING NAZI FLAG... The occupation is in full force.

A METALLIC SCRAPE as the feeding slit in Brouillard's door slides open -- he turns to see the eyes of a PRISON GUARD visible through the opening:

PRISON GUARD  
Get your things. You're being transferred.

BROUILLARD  
Transferred? Where?

The door SQUEALS open, revealing the Guard, surrounded by FOUR UNIFORMED NAZIS.

PRISON GUARD  
Just get your things.

**EXT. LA SANTÉ PRISON - DAY**

Two of the Nazis hold a shackled Brouillard between them as a WINDOWLESS TRUCK pulls up to the prison entrance.

The Nazis PUSH Brouillard onto a bench in the back of the truck. They join him inside and the truck pulls off...



**I/E. TRUCK - CONTINUOUS**

Sitting on the bench across from Brouillard is DAMON -- shackled as well.

BROUILLARD  
(tenderly)  
Mon vieux!

DAMON  
(angrily)  
What are we doing here? Lose  
another pack of cigarettes?

GRUFF NAZI  
No talking.

The van pulls out of the prison gate and RATTLES across the streets of Paris... They ride in silence. Then:

The truck STOPS.

The DOORS OPEN, flooding the interior with light -- they blink, eyes adjusting...

**EXT. PLACE DU TROCADERO, PARIS - DAY**

The EIFFEL TOWER stretches up before them. They look at each other with utter confusion as they realize where they are:

The PLACE DU TROCADERO -- one of the central squares of Paris -- MILES from any prison or military facility.

And directly in front of them the grand facade of the MUSÉE DE L'HOMME (Museum of Man), the most famous museum of Anthropology in France...

GRUFF NAZI  
(motioning)  
Let's go.

Still shackled, they exit the truck and follow the soldiers into the entrance of the museum.

We PAN to a sign reading:

**AUF UNBESTIMMTE ZEIT GESCHLOSSEN!**

**FERMÉ INDÉFINIMENT!**

SUBTITLE:

CLOSED INDEFINITELY

**INT. MUSÉE DE L'HOMME - CONTINUOUS**

Inside the museum the Nazis undo the men's shackles, and motion for them to follow.

They march down dark corridors, past glass cases full of antique spears and dusty artifacts...

DAMON  
(whispering)  
*This place gives me the creeps...*

BROUILLARD  
*It's not the surroundings I'm  
worried about --*

GRUFF NAZI  
No talking.

They arrive at a door -- one of the Nazis KNOCKS:

LAVOISIER (O.S.)  
Entrez!

**INT. LAVOISIER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

They step into a scholarly pigpen -- cabinets and tables lined with relics, stacks of books and papers everywhere...

LAVOISIER (60s, tweedy, professorial) sits working at his desk, his back to them:

LAVOISIER  
Thank you, Gentlemen.

The two Nazis leave without a word.

Only the sound of a TICKING CLOCK and A SCRATCHING PEN as Lavoisier continues his work...

Brouillard scans the room. Damon absentmindedly picks up A SKULL from a nearby table and gives it the once-over:

LAVOISIER  
(still with his back to  
them)  
Do put that down, won't you?

He swivels around. Horn-rimmed glasses frame his dark, inquisitive eyes:

LAVOISIER  
That just happens to be the skull  
of René Descartes.

Damon (who has no idea who René Descartes is) sheepishly puts  
the skull back in its place.

Lavoisier puffs on a briar pipe:

LAVOISIER  
I suppose you're wondering what  
this is all about.

BROUILLARD  
I must admit, I'm a little confused  
as to what the Nazis would need  
with a couple of convicts.

LAVOISIER  
Oh, we're not Nazis.

DAMON  
But the men who brought us here --

LAVOISIER  
Work for me. And I am --

TITLE OVER BLACK:

**LAVOISIER**

**INT. SORBONNE CLASSROOM - DAY**

Lavoisier lectures before an audience of University students  
in a large Gothic auditorium:

LAVOISIER  
... So each member allowed into a  
tribe, no matter their social or  
kinship status, is capable of  
performing an important function  
for the tribe as a whole.

Something catches his eye: TWO MENACING FIGURES in black  
leather trench coats watch him through the classroom's  
windowed door...

LAVOISIER  
And, indeed, history has shown us,  
perhaps counterintuitively --

He turns his attention back to the class:

LAVOISIER

Uh, history has shown us -- that the more willing a tribe is to accept the contributions of those *outside* the tribe, the more successful that tribe will be.

He looks to the door again. The two men are gone.

LAVOISIER

That's all for today.

A FLURRY OF ACTIVITY as the room starts to empty...

LAVOISIER

Read Chapter Fifteen for next week...

**EXT. MUSÉE DE L'HOMME - NIGHT**

It's dark. Lavoisier bicycles up to the museum entrance and dismounts --

Two figures emerge from the darkness: THE MENACING MEN from the classroom. They are KRÜGER and HOFFMANN:

KRÜGER

Professor Lacombe?

LAVOISIER

Yes?

KRÜGER

I am Herr Krüger of the Gestapo. My colleague, Herr Hoffmann.

LAVOISIER

What's this all about?

KRÜGER

(motioning)

Please, we will all be more comfortable inside, yes?

Lavoisier fumbles with his keys... opens the museum door -- the Gestapo men follow him in...

**INT. MUSÉE DE L'HOMME - CONTINUOUS**

They walk towards Lavoisier's office -- the Germans scan the cases of native artifacts with disgust:

HOFFMANN

You may call this the "Museum of Man," Professor, but these are the works of animals.

LAVOISIER

You are mistaken, Herr Hoffmann. In the eyes of the anthropologist there is no fundamental difference, between an oxcart and an automobile, or a spear and a machine gun.

KRÜGER

Such misguided assumptions are what we are here to discuss, Herr Professor.

Lavoisier opens his office door:

LAVOISIER

Have a seat, gentlemen.

They sit -- Hoffmann opens a leather briefcase and hands a sheaf of papers to Krüger. Krüger, in turn, hands the sheaf to Lavoisier:

KRÜGER

Are you the author of this essay?

Lavoisier scans the pages:

LAVOISIER

Yes. It was published in the Anthropological Review last month.

HOFFMANN

Your theories of racial equivalence are extremely dangerous, Herr Professor.

KRÜGER

The superiority of the Aryan race has been established beyond question.

LAVOISIER

Yes, well, my research shows that all cultures are actually equal at the fundamental level.

KRÜGER

Ah! Equal you say. Was it France that conquered Germany, mein lieber Professor, or the other way around?

HOFFMANN

It's quite simple, Professor. You are not to promulgate these dangerous ideas any longer. And this museum is to be closed immediately and indefinitely.

LAVOISIER

I see. And I'm to go with you, I suppose?

KRÜGER

(feigning shock)

Herr Professor! Germany is the country of Goethe and Schiller! We have great respect for intellectuals such as yourself! You have nothing to fear!

HOFFMANN

Provided you cease disseminating these degenerate ideas. If you attempt to publish them again our next interaction will not be as... pleasant as this one.

(rising)

Auf Wiedersehen.

LAVOISIER

Good night, gentlemen.

As they exit Krüger stops and turns back:

KRÜGER

So you see, Herr Professor: there is actually a very great difference between a spear and a machine gun.

BACK TO:

**INT. LAVOISIER'S OFFICE - DAY**

We're back to Lavoisier addressing Brouillard and Damon in his office, puffing on his pipe:

LAVOISIER

So, with the museum closed and my writing censored, I decided to do everything in my power to stop people who would rather ban books than read them, and I took as my *nom de guerre* the name of the greatest scientist in French history.

BROUILLARD

You're Lavoisier?

DAMON

You've heard of this guy?

BROUILLARD

He's a big shot in the Resistance. A real thorn in the Nazi's side.

LAVOISIER

Thank you.

(sizing him up)

And I shall call you... *Brouillard*.

BROUILLARD

The fog?

LAVOISIER

Appropriate for one as stealthy as yourself, n'est-ce pas? Now. We got you two out of La Santé because we have a job well-suited to your... peculiar qualifications.

Lavoisier retrieves a piece of paper from his desk -- looks it over:

LAVOISIER

In May of 1939 there was a rather audacious robbery of a train traveling to Marseille. The tracks were dynamited, the train derailed, and in the ensuing chaos an entire safe full of jewels on the train disappeared into thin air.

(MORE)

LAVOISIER (CONT'D)

(looking up from the  
paper)

The jewels were never recovered;  
the thieves never apprehended.

Damon looks at Brouillard with a canary-devouring SMILE...

LAVOISIER

But I wonder... what made the men  
that were able to pull off such an  
impressive operation think that  
they could get away with stealing a  
stone as famous as the Eye of St.  
Denis? Surely even if you had  
succeeded in stealing it, it would  
have been impossible to fence?

DAMON

(shrugging)

Big stones can be cut into little  
stones.

LAVOISIER

I see. Well, we need your help in  
procuring a very big stone indeed.  
The Germans are developing a super  
weapon, a sort of flying bomb. They  
call it a "*Vergeltungswaffe*." A  
Retaliation Weapon. "V-2" for  
short.

BROUILLARD

And you want us to steal it.

LAVOISIER

No, it doesn't exist yet. It's  
being designed by a scientist named  
Heinrich Von Becker.

DAMON

You want us to steal *him*?

LAVOISIER

Not exactly. Von Becker will be  
traveling with the plans for the  
weapon through Paris next month.

(beat)

By *train*. We need you two to make  
those plans disappear, just like  
the jewels on the train to  
Marseille.

BROUILLARD

It shouldn't be a problem, I guess.



LAVOISIER

And we need you to kill Von Becker.

An uncomfortable pause... Lavoisier and Damon trade looks:

DAMON

Monsieur Lavoisier... I may be a thief, But I'm not a murderer.

BROUILLARD

Sure we take things that aren't ours, but they're just things. We don't hurt anybody.

LAVOISIER

Yes, well I'm sorry to break it to you, but while you've been busy shinnying up drainpipes there's been a war going on. If we get the plans but don't kill Von Becker then he can make another set. If we kill Von Becker but don't get the plans then the Nazis can still build the weapon.

DAMON

But Monsieur, a *murder* --

LAVOISIER

In for a penny. We broke you out of prison. Now you need to return the favor by serving your country.

DAMON

But...

LAVOISIER

But what?

DAMON

I don't care about countries, or war, or politics.

LAVOISIER

I see. What do you care about, then?

DAMON

(shrugging)  
Money.

LAVOISIER

I see. Well, if you two would rather be back at Le Santé we can certainly make that happen.

DAMON

No, no. I don't wanna go back there ever.

LAVOISIER

Then do this job for us and both of you will be free to do whatever you want. No questions asked.

BROUILLARD

(musing)

Imagine... committing a murder to get out of prison..

LAVOISIER

Yes, it's all quite ironic, etc., etc.

BROUILLARD

(to Damon)

What do you think?

DAMON

Anything's better than La Santé.

A long beat as Brouillard and Damon search each other's eyes...

BROUILLARD

(grinning)

May I?

DAMON

I insist.

BROUILLARD

(to Lavoisier)

Okay.

LAVOISIER

Bon. The entire Resistance is at your disposal. What do you need?

BROUILLARD

Let's find out.

**EXT. FRENCH COUNTRYSIDE - DAY**

A TRAIN HURTLES through a clearing in the countryside outside of Paris:

BROUILLARD (V.O.)  
We should blow the tracks somewhere  
outside the city --

PAN TO Brouillard and Damon, hiding in the forest. Brouillard looks at his watch -- writes down the time in a small notebook...

DAMON (V.O.)  
That way there's not too many cops  
around.

**EXT. TRAIN TRACKS - NIGHT**

FLASHLIGHT BEAMS CRISSCROSS like Klieg lights at a Hollywood premiere as Brouillard and Damon walk the tracks in the darkness --

BROUILLARD (V.O.)  
A curve is the best place to set  
the explosive.

They come upon A LONG BEND IN THE RAILS -- Brouillard gives Damon a nod:

DAMON (V.O.)  
That's what we did in Marseille.

BROUILLARD (V.O.)  
But there's a problem.

**EXT. SIDEWALK CAFÉ - DAY**

The three sit at a café, sharing a bottle of wine:

BROUILLARD  
For the Marseille job we used  
dynamite. Before the war it was  
easy to get --

DAMON  
-- Now the Nazis' hold on it is  
tighter than a gnat's asshole.

LAVOISIER

That shouldn't be a problem. I think I know just the man to get us some.

TITLE OVER BLACK:

**JULES**

**INT. COAL MINE - DAY**

Grimy men toil in a dark mine in the North of France.

Brouillard, out of place in clean street clothes, enters and talks to one of the miners MOS. The miner POINTS towards another part of the tunnel...

CAMERA finds JULES (33), a massive, bearded bear of a man, drenched with sweat... He swings a pickaxe at a wall of rock as Brouillard approaches him:

BROUILLARD

Our friend the chemist sent me.

A knowing nod from Jules -- he pulls Brouillard aside:

JULES

(sotto)

There's a box full of the stuff in another tunnel. But they keep a close eye on it. We'll have to create some sort of diversion to get our hands on it.

BROUILLARD

What did you have in mind?

Jules gives a furtive look around -- no one's watching...

He turns, lifts his pickaxe, and SWINGS AT ONE OF THE WOODEN BEAMS SUPPORTING THE CEILING!

BROUILLARD

Jesus! What the hell are you doing?

Jules checks again to see that the coast is still clear -- and takes ANOTHER SHOT AT THE BEAM...

BROUILLARD

Are you crazy?

CAA--RRAACK! The beam begins to give way...

JULES  
 (cupping his hands around  
 his mouth)  
 CAVE-IN! CAVE-IN! SAUVE QUI PEUT!

INSTANT CHAOS as the other miners drop their tools and run for their lives --

A SIREN GOES OFF -- Jules watches the other miners flee with a twisted smile on his face -- but the smile fades as the beam above him STARTS TO GIVE WAY...

JULES  
 Oh, merde!

CAMERA FOLLOWS Jules as he HIGHTAILS it out of the tunnel -- Brouillard SCRAMBLES after him...

A DEAFENING ROAR as the ceiling comes down behind them and the air fills with CHOKING BLACK DUST...

But rather than follow the other fleeing men towards the exit Jules GOES THE OTHER WAY, heading into

#### **A DIFFERENT SECTION OF THE MINE**

where he and Brouillard come upon a metal locker marked:

#### **DANGER! EXPLOSIFS!**

The SIREN WAILS over the RUMBLE OF THE COLLAPSING MINE... Jules shoulders the locker and the two RUN BACK towards the exit...

JUST AS THE CEILING COLLAPSES IN FRONT OF THEM, BLOCKING THEIR WAY OUT!

They turn and RUN BACK THE OTHER WAY, a CASCADE OF EARTH AND ROCK hot on their heels...

Brouillard JUMPS into an empty MINE CART with the locker -- he throws the switch as Jules clambers in with the dynamite -- the cart begins to roll...

#### **INSIDE THE CART**

Brouillard looks back... the ceiling is collapsing behind them as they RACE down the track, AWAY FROM THE CAVE-IN...

He turns around to face front -- and sees THE END OF THE TRACK fast approaching -- the cart IS HEADING STRAIGHT FOR A BOARDED-UP WALL!

PANIC flashes over Jules' face -- Brouillard grabs the pickaxe and SMASHES OPEN the padlock on the locker...

He grabs a stick of dynamite -- leans over the edge of the cart -- PRESSES THE PICKAXE AGAINST THE WHEELS -- and uses the SPARKS FROM THE WHEELS TO LIGHT THE DYNAMITE!

He TOSSES THE STICK towards the wall -- IT EXPLODES in a shower of debris, FLOODING THE TUNNEL WITH LIGHT...

WHAM! The cart hits the end of the tracks and comes to a DEAD STOP, HURLING the two men THROUGH THE BLAST HOLE and OUT OF THE MINE!

**EXT. HILLSIDE - CONTINUOUS**

Clothes torn, faces black with soot -- the two come to their senses on a green hillside, blinking in the sunlight...

The locker lays beside them, a few random sticks of dynamite scattered around...

Jules shoots Brouillard a wicked grin:

JULES  
Diversion!

LAVOISIER (PRE-LAP)  
What were you *thinking*?

**INT. MUSÉE DE L'HOMME - DAY**

A NEWSPAPER rolls off a hand-cranked printing press -- the masthead reads: *RÉSISTANCE* -- the headline below: SABOTAGE AT MINE.

LAVOISIER  
Obviously, you weren't.

Lavoisier pulls the page from the press -- strides angrily out into the hallway, Brouillard and Jules close at his heels:

JULES  
It got us the dynamite, didn't it?

LAVOISIER  
Yes, but at what cost? Now the Gestapo is breathing down our necks.

BROUILLARD

The dynamite's in a safe spot.

LAVOISIER

But the Germans are searching trains, setting up roadblocks. Getting it out of the city will be almost impossible now.

JULES

We can wait. Till things quiet down.

LAVOISIER

No, we can't. Von Becker travels in ten days.

BROUILLARD

So we'll just have to find a way to move it out of the city without attracting suspicion...

**EXT. PARIS STREET - DAY**

Brouillard walks down a side street -- then notices two GERMAN SOLDIERS walking quickly towards him...

He stops -- pretends to look in a shop window as they approach -- but the dodge doesn't work:

SOLDIER

Your papers.

Brouillard pulls out some documents -- the soldiers scan them skeptically:

SOLDIER

You live in La Chapelle?

BROUILLARD

Yes.

SOLDIER

You are more than five miles from your place of residence. What are you doing in this arrondissement?

BROUILLARD

Uh...

His eyes quickly catch A SIGN across the street that reads:

**M. DUPLANTIER, TAILOR**

BROUILLARD

My brother's getting married.  
 (motioning across the  
 street with his head)  
 Had to get fitted for a tux.

SOLDIER

(not buying it)  
 Ah, is that so? Why don't we pay a  
 visit to the good Monsieur  
 Duplantier? You can model your  
 outfit for us.

The soldier motions across the street with phony politeness --  
 Brouillard crosses the street into the Tailor's office, the  
 two Nazis behind him...

**INT. TAILOR'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

A young, blonde SEAMSTRESS, mouth full of pins, is on her  
 knees, working on a dress dummy.

This is the 21-year old version of ARIANE, the woman we met  
 in the café in 1977. She's petite, but don't mess with her --  
 she's a lot stronger than her small size would suggest...

SOLDIER

We have some questions for Monsieur  
 Duplantier.

ARIANE

He's just gone to lunch. Can I help  
 you?

SOLDIER

Did this man visit this shop today?

Ariane LOCKS EYES with Brouillard -- doesn't miss a beat:

ARIANE

Yes. He was just here. A dinner  
 jacket, wasn't it?

BROUILLARD

Tuxedo.

The soldiers gaze at her suspiciously...

ARIANE

The Tuxedo, yes of course.

She rises and crosses the room to a HAT RACK in the corner:



ARIANE

Actually, I'm quite glad you've returned, sir. You see --  
 (handing him a fedora)  
 You forgot your hat.

BROUILLARD

So I did. Merci, Mademoiselle.

ARIANE

My pleasure.  
 (to the soldiers)  
 Monsieur Duplantier will be back in an hour or so, gentlemen. Shall I tell him you called?

SOLDIER

(disappointed)  
 That won't be necessary.  
 (to Brouillard)  
 You -- return to La Chapelle immediately.

The soldiers exit -- Brouillard turns to her and places the hat on his head with a theatrical flourish ...

And it FALLS, covering his eyes, three sizes too big.

Off Ariane's LAUGH...

**INT. SAFE HOUSE - A FEW DAYS LATER**

A sparsely furnished house in the countryside. THROUGH THE WINDOW a train passes by...

Brouillard, Damon, and Jules sit around a wooden table playing cards while Lavoisier PACES nervously, puffing on his pipe and glancing at his watch:

LAVOISIER

It should be here by now.

BROUILLARD

Don't worry.

LAVOISIER

Don't worry? It was madness to have brought somebody else into this without my say-so. Especially someone you just --

A KNOCK. All eyes turn to the FRONT DOOR...

Lavoisier goes to the door and WHISTLES the famous first four notes of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony: *Da-da-da-DUMMMM*.

FROM OUTSIDE the answering phrase is WHISTLED IN RETURN: *Da-da-da-DUMMMM*...Lavoisier opens the door, keeping the chain on...

**THROUGH THE CRACK IN THE DOORWAY**

He sees a SMILING INFANT in a baby carriage. The kid coos and gurgles at him, straining under a blanket...

Lavoisier looks at the baby with confusion -- Then a voice pipes up from behind the carriage:

ARIANE  
Monsieur Brouillard?

LAVOISIER  
(unhooking the chain)  
He's here, yes.

Ariane pushes the carriage into the house -- Jules leaps to his feet at the sight of the kid:

JULES  
Ah, quel beau bébé!

The three men surround the carriage:

BROUILLARD  
He's so happy...

ARIANE  
Only because he doesn't know what he's been lying on...

She pulls the baby's blanket away:

Under the happy infant THE ENTIRE CARRIAGE IS PACKED FULL WITH STICKS OF DYNAMITE.

Jules grabs the kid and lifts the infant up, holding him to the sky:

JULES  
Ah! You must be the youngest member of the Resistance yet!

Damon starts pulling sticks from the carriage -- Brouillard pulls Ariane aside:

BROUILLARD

First you save my skin from the boche and now this -- you're quite a find.

ARIANE

Oh, you know. Anything to get out of the house.

Brouillard LAUGHS...

ARIANE

No, I'm serious. I should thank you for the excitement. Working as a seamstress isn't exactly the thrill of a lifetime, you know.

BROUILLARD

I guess not. But you, uh... you didn't tell me you had a kid.

ARIANE

I don't. He's Duplantier's. He and his wife are on holiday. I'm just babysitting.

A look of relief floods Brouillard's face:

BROUILLARD

Oh, oh. Right. Well, you're a hell of a babysitter. Good idea. Using the kid, I mean.

LAVOISIER

(offering his hand)  
Yes, good idea, Miss --

TITLE OVER BLACK:

**ARIANE**

**INT. DASSAULT HOUSE, 1926 - DAY**

A LITTLE GIRL (7) peers through the crack of a barely open door...

**HER POV**

shows an opulent room where a GLAMOROUS WOMAN poses for a portrait. She's bare-shouldered, swathed in a luxurious golden cloth, her hair pinned up. She and THE ARTIST painting her laugh at some joke we can't hear as he daubs at a large canvas...

MAID (O.S.)

Ariane!

The little girl STARTS, caught red-handed...

The uniformed MAID holds out a chastising finger:

MAID

You shouldn't spy on your mother.

**INT. DASSAULT HOUSE, A FEW WEEKS LATER - NIGHT**

Ariane kneels in a long nightgown, staring down through the bars of a monumental staircase.

**BELOW HER**

a CAVERNOUS SALON is full of party guests sipping champagne.

The artist (his name is CONRAD ECKER) is among them. His large canvas, now covered by a black velvet curtain, hangs over the enormous fireplace.

Ariane's FATHER (41), oozing wealth and respectability, takes his place by the canvas and CLINKS a fork against his champagne flute, summoning their attention:

FATHER

Mesdames et Messieurs, votre attention, s'il vous plait.

He extends a hand to his wife:

FATHER

My dear?

Ariane's MOTHER (28), radiant in a beautiful evening gown of green silk, joins him:

**FATHER**

When we first made the acquaintance of Herr Ecker on our holiday in Austria I must admit that I was filled with trepidation. His insistence on painting my lovely wife's portrait was unstinting, and, knowing the bohemian ways of artists, I wondered if the true source of his intentions was... how shall I put this? Less than aesthetic.

The guests CHUCKLE knowingly -- Ecker smiles at his own expense...

**FATHER**

(pulling his wife close)  
But I think you will find my fears unwarranted, as my beloved is still safely by my side, as you can see, and now, thanks to the genius of Herr Ecker, her beauty has been enshrined for all time.

He nods -- a tuxedoed SERVANT pulls a cord and the curtain DROPS to the floor...

**ON THE LANDING ABOVE**

Ariane GASPS as a GLOWING GOLDEN LIGHT hits her face...

**BELOW**

The guests APPLAUD.

The painting is SPECTACULAR -- the cloth around Ariane's mother's body has been rendered in GOLD LEAF and festooned with geometric patterns... Ecker soaks up the adulation.

**ABOVE**

Ariane stares at it with wonder...

**INT. ARIANE'S BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT**

A door opens, casting a band of light over a sleeping Ariane...

Her mother, still in her evening gown, sits gently on the bed. Her father, silhouetted in the doorway behind, watches silently.

The mother strokes Ariane's hair -- the little girl stirs...

MOTHER

Oh, sweetheart... I didn't mean to wake you...

ARIANE

(groggy)  
I saw your painting.

MOTHER

You did? What did you think?

ARIANE

I think it's the most beautiful painting in the world.

MOTHER

I'm so glad, sweetheart. Sleep tight.

She kisses Ariane's cheek -- retreats to the doorway and pulls the door closed, plunging the room into darkness.

**INT. DASSAULT HOUSE, 1935 - DAY**

Ariane, now 16, sits on a couch in the grand salon, staring at the floor. The Maid, back to the wall, watches Ariane's father PACE nervously...

A DOCTOR holding a black medical bag slowly descends the great staircase -- everyone looks to him -- Ariane stands.

DOCTOR

Monsieur Dassault. I'm... I'm very sorry.

The Maid begins to cry. Ariane's father closes his eyes and slumps against the wall.

Ariane begins to tear up. She turns -- looks longingly at the beautiful portrait of her Mother that hangs over the fireplace...

**INT. DASSAULT DINING ROOM, 1940 - DAY**

Ariane, now 21, sits with her father eating breakfast at a large table -- the Maid enters, nervous:

MAID

Monsieur Dassault, some men are --

A short, balding man in wire rim spectacles (his name is SCHMITZ) pushes past her into the dining room:

SCHMITZ

Herr Dassault, allow me to introduce myself, I am Herr Schmitz of the *Abteilung für Finanzen*, The Department of Finance. May I sit down?

FATHER

If this is regarding a business matter, Herr Schmitz, perhaps we could arrange to meet at my office --

SCHMITZ

That will not be necessary.  
 (taking a seat at the table)  
 My visit here is -- is this your daughter?  
 (ogling)  
 Charming, charming...

Ariane instinctively moves away from him...

FATHER

You were saying, Herr Schmitz?

Schmitz opens a leather satchel and begins removing piles of documents:

SCHMITZ

Yes, yes. You are the owner and proprietor of the Dassault Sugar Company?

FATHER

I am.

SCHMITZ

Yes, well I'm afraid we've recently assessed this business and found it to be in significant arrears.

ARIANE

You are obviously mistaken, Herr Schmitz. My father's business --

FATHER

Ariane, please. The bookkeeping of my firm is impeccable, Herr Schmitz. I certainly know of no irregularities --

SCHMITZ

Ah, come now, Herr Dassault. How could one possibly expect a merchant of your... religious *persuasion* to truthfully report his income?

ARIANE

You odious little man. How dare you come into *our* house and insinuate that --

SCHMITZ

Oh, she's a feisty one!

He takes a sheet of paper from the pile in front of him:

SCHMITZ

Our inquiries suggest, Herr Dassault, that you in fact owe the German government quite a substantial amount.

Ariane snatches the paper from him and looks it over:

ARIANE

(handing it to her father)  
This is preposterous.

FATHER

There's no way I could possibly pay such a sum.

SCHMITZ

Ah, but we are very understanding when it comes to such matters. If you don't have the funds on hand, we could perhaps arrange for you to transfer certain assets to us --

ARIANE

Ah, now we see what this is all about --

FATHER

To what "assets" do you refer?

SCHMITZ

It is our understanding that you own a rather valuable painting by the famous Austrian artist, Herr Ecker.



Ariane looks through the doorway, into the Salon, where multiple workmen are already at work removing her mother's portrait from it's spot above the fireplace...

She LEAPS to her feet:

ARIANE

No! Absolutely not!

SCHMITZ

(ignoring her)

As you may know we are constructing the *Führermuseum*, which promises to be the greatest repository of art in Europe. The display of this portrait there would truly be an honor for you and your family, as well as absolving you of this unfortunate debt.

ARIANE

That painting will leave this house over my dead body.

SCHMITZ

Young lady, that can be easily arranged. If you were not so impetuous you would understand that you and your father have little choice in this matter.

Ariane RUSHES out of the room...

SCHMITZ

(pulling another document from his satchel)

Now, Herr Dassault, simply sign here and we may put all this unpleasantness behind us...

#### **INT. SALON - CONTINUOUS**

Ariane breathlessly enters -- just in time to see the workmen walking out with the large canvas.

The door SLAMS behind them.

She stares at the blank, discolored spot on the wall where the painting hung...

...and bursts into tears.

ARIANE (PRE-LAP)  
That was just the beginning.

BACK TO:

**INT. SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT**

The CAMERA PANS over a table: the remnants of a finished meal, a few empty bottles of wine, a flickering kerosene lamp --

ARIANE  
Eventually they took it all. My father's house, my father's business, and then... my father.

Around the table, Brouillard, Damon, and Jules exchange grim looks.

ARIANE  
I was lucky to escape. Now I'm just a seamstress. Well, you all know that already.

DAMON  
That painting must be worth millions.

Ariane SIGHS with exasperation and rolls her eyes...

BROUILLARD  
That's not really the point, mon ami, n'est-ce pas?

Brouillard reaches over to make a point of refilling Ariane's glass. But the bottle is empty:

BROUILLARD  
I'll get another --

JULES  
No! No more of that southern swill. We need a real drink. From up north!

He produces a bottle:

JULES  
*Voila!*

DAMON  
(admiringly)  
Calvados.

ARIANE

Oh, la la...

JULES

A hundred sixty proof -- the pride  
of my village! Now, *this* will put  
hair on your chest!

(to Ariane)

Excuse me, Mademoiselle.

BROUILLARD

Maybe we've all had enough for one  
night, Jules. We have work to do  
tomorrow...

JULES

(uncorking)

Pshaw! Life is short, mon ami!

The WAIL of a crying baby interrupts his pouring...

ARIANE

Uh-oh --

JULES

Pas de probleme. I'll take care of  
the little one.

He stuffs the open bottle of Calvados under his armpit and  
reaches for the kerosene lamp --

DAMON

Jules! Are you *crazy*?

JULES

What?

BROUILLARD

Think about what's in the bedroom,  
Jules.

Jules looks at them with total incomprehension...

BROUILLARD

*Besides* the baby.

JULES

Ah! Yes, yes, of course.

Ariane shoots Brouillard a worried look as Jules puts the lamp back down and totters unsteadily towards

#### **THE BEDROOM**

The bedroom door opens, throwing a wedge of light across the crying infant -- and THE DYNAMITE neatly stacked on the floor beside the bed...

JULES

Oh, oh, hush now, mon petit...

Jules struggles to pick up the wriggling baby with one arm while keeping the bottle of Calvados firmly under the other -- unbeknownst to him some of the liquor SPILLS OUT, splashing onto the floor below...

He gets the still-crying baby over his shoulder and exits the bedroom, spilling Calvados onto the wooden floor all the while...

#### **BACK AT THE TABLE**

Ariane rises up, worried:

ARIANE

I'll take him --

JULES

No, no -- he just needs some fresh air, that's all...

DAMON

(to Ariane)

He's fine.

Jules stumbles past the table -- out the front door, leaving a trail of spilled Calvados on the floor behind him -- Damon LAUGHS at the spectacle -- Ariane just shakes her head...

#### **ON THE FRONT PORCH**

Jules BOUNCES the infant against his chest:

JULES

There, there, ne pleure plus, mon petit homme...

The baby quiets down -- Jules smiles to himself with satisfaction. Working hard not to rouse the child he grapples for the bottle under his arm and finally brings it to his lips... His face floods with confusion:

It's empty.

**EXT. SAFE HOUSE - THE NEXT MORNING**

Lavoisier sits behind the wheel of an idling car outside the house, Damon beside him. Brouillard SLAMS the trunk of the car shut and yells back towards the house:

BROUILLARD  
Ariane! Jules! On y va!

**ON THE FRONT PORCH**

Jules lights his pipe and calls to Ariane through the open front door:

JULES  
Time to go, Mademoiselle.

**IN THE HOUSE**

Ariane settles the baby in his carriage:

ARIANE  
Coming...

**ON THE PORCH**

Jules shakes his match -- drops it -- and FOOF! -- the trail of Calvados from the previous night IGNITES!

JULES  
What the...?

**IN THE HOUSE**

Ariane watches in confusion as the fire trail SNAKES across the floor, past the table -- past Ariane --

With a SNAP of her head she clocks the flame's final destination: the bedroom --

THE BEDROOM FULL OF DYNAMITE.

ARIANE  
GET OUT! GO, GO, GO!

Jules RUNS from the porch --

**THE SNAKING FLAME**

makes it's way under the bedroom door --

**ARIANE**

SNATCHES the baby from the carriage and HURLS HERSELF THROUGH THE OPEN ENTRANCE --

Just as:

**KA-BOOOOM!**

THE SAFE HOUSE BLASTS APART INTO A MILLION STICKS OF KINDLING!

Flaming debris floats down from the sky as the three men at the car gape at the smoking pile where the house use to be --

Brouillard RUNS for Ariane --

She lies face down -- immobile -- in what's left of the front yard --

He reaches her -- falls to his knees -- frantically turns her over --

Her arms clutch the baby to her chest. The child cries hysterically but is otherwise unharmed.

Her eyes flutter open... she looks at Brouillard with confusion...

BROUILLARD

I'll say it again. You are one hell of a babysitter.

**AT THE CAR**

Damon and Jules gesture wildly for them to come --

DAMON

Let's go!

JULES

They'll be here any minute!

**IN THE YARD**

BROUILLARD

Can you walk?

ARIANE

Yes, I think so...

He helps her up and they stagger to the idling car -- they clamber in as Lavoisier, behind the wheel, KICKS IT -- the car SCREECHES into the street...

**INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS**

Brouillard turns and watches the smoldering remains of the house disappear in the rear window as Ariane quiets the baby...

They ride in silence for a moment. Then:

JULES

So, I guess we need to find another safe house.

CUT TO:

**EXT. ANOTHER SAFE HOUSE - DAY**

The new safe house is a secluded, small, and spartan. Smoke rises from the chimney into the cold air.

**INT. ANOTHER SAFE HOUSE - DAY**

There's just one central room with stairs leading to bedrooms above.

We can see the snow through the single window.

Lavoisier stands, addressing the other four, who sit, warming their hands around a COAL STOVE in the middle of the room:

LAVOISIER

Alright. So without the dynamite we can't blow the tracks.

JULES

We can get more --

LAVOISIER

We don't have time.

Jules pulls out his pipe, lights it and TOSSES THE SPENT MATCH ONTO THE FLOOR.

A long beat as everyone gapes at him with disbelief.

JULES

Sorry.

LAVOISIER

We're back at square one. Any ideas?

JULES

I don't understand why we don't just storm the train and get the guy.

DAMON

Are you an idiot? Even if we could, they'll have fifty men on there, at least. We're just four people.

BROUILLARD

Five.

DAMON

(motioning towards Ariane)  
Well the fifth is...

ARIANE

Yes, a woman. The woman who got you your dynamite. And, in case you forgot, it was a *man* who blew it all to smithereens!

LAVOISIER

Please, please! We've got just five days. Let's concentrate on the task at hand.

DAMON

It's hard to think when I'm freezing my balls off...

JULES

I'll feed the stove.

Everyone sits in silence as Jules goes to fetch the scuttle -- Brouillard watches him toss coal into the stove:

LAVOISIER

Now, if we can't stop the train --

BROUILLARD

Wait a second...

ARIANE

What?

BROUILLARD

What sets off an explosive?



ARIANE

Flame.

BROUILLARD

And where is there flame in a locomotive?

LAVOISIER

(trying to follow)  
The boiler.

BROUILLARD

And what do you fuel the boiler with?

DAMON

Coal...

BROUILLARD

(eyes shining)  
You see?

LAVOISIER

I think I do.

BROUILLARD

But --

LAVOISIER

But what?

BROUILLARD

We'll have to have somebody on the train.

LAVOISIER

Someone who speaks German.

TITLE OVER BLACK:

**OCTAVE**

**INT. THEATER STAGE - NIGHT**

A spotlight finds OCTAVE, (31), centerstage, in medieval costume. He recites his lines -- Act 3, Scene 1 of Shakespeare's "The Merchant of Venice" -- IN GERMAN:

OCTAVE

Wenn Sie uns erstechen, bluten wir nicht? Wenn du uns kitzelst, lachen wir nicht? Wenn Sie uns vergiften, werden wir nicht sterben?

As he speaks, we PAN across the audience watching him -- there's a few men and women in evening clothes, but the spectators are mostly GERMAN SOLDIERS in full dress uniform...

OCTAVE

Und wenn Sie uns beleidigen, sollten wir uns nicht rächen? Wenn wir in allem so sind wie du, dann wollen wir auch darin so sein wie du.

TIME CUT:

Octave BOWS with his fellow cast members at the end of the performance to polite APPLAUSE...

**INT. OCTAVE'S DRESSING ROOM - LATER**

Octave sits in front of a large vanity mirror -- he daubs at his face, removing makeup...

RACK FOCUS to Lavoisier IN THE MIRROR BEHIND HIM, smoking his pipe:

LAVOISIER

I've always felt "The Merchant of Venice" to be much misunderstood.

Octave startles -- turns to face him:

OCTAVE

How did you get in here?

LAVOISIER

Many see the play as antisemitic, but I've always felt that Shylock is the most humanistic of all of Shakespeare's characters.

OCTAVE

Once I again I must ask you: how did you --

LAVOISIER

Your German is impeccable.

OCTAVE

I spoke both German and French as a child.

LAVOISIER

Quite common for someone from Alsace-Lorraine.

OCTAVE

I'm sorry; who are you?

LAVOISIER

Someone who wants to help you help your country.

OCTAVE

And how exactly would I do that?

LAVOISIER

Just by doing what you did tonight. But on a much more dangerous stage.

OCTAVE

Dangerous?

LAVOISIER

Yes. A poor performance could mean the end of your life.

OCTAVE

"Out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety."

LAVOISIER

Henry the Fourth, Act Two, Scene Three.

OCTAVE

(impressed)

Correct.

Lavoisier rises -- hands Octave a card:

LAVOISIER

Think about it. Come see me tomorrow at the Musée de L'Homme if you're interested.

**INT. BISTRO - THAT NIGHT**

Octave sits alone at a bar, drinking a glass of wine. He turns Lavoisier's card in his hands, mulling...

An attractive blonde man, KURT (35) -- impeccably dressed with a neatly trimmed mustache -- motions to the empty stool beside Octave:

KURT

May I?

Octave hurriedly shoves the card in his breast pocket...

OCTAVE

(motioning to the seat)

Je vous en prie.

Kurt takes the seat and motions to the bartender:

KURT

Vin rouge, s'il vous plait.

(turning)

You're Octave Marceau, aren't you?  
The actor?

OCTAVE

Guilty, as charged.

KURT

I'm embarrassed to say this, but  
I'm quite a fan of yours.

OCTAVE

Oh, darling, I assure you, there's  
nothing to be embarrassed about.

Kurt LAUGHS -- offers his hand.

KURT

Kurt.

OCTAVE

Enchanté, Monsieur Kurt.

(then)

"If I could write the beauty of  
your eyes, and in fresh numbers  
number all your graces, the age to  
come would say 'This poet lies;  
Such heavenly touches ne'er touched  
earthly faces.'"

KURT  
 You certainly have a way with  
 words, Monsieur.

Octave gives him a wicked smile:

OCTAVE  
 Not just words, Monsieur.

SMASH TO:

**EXT. ALLEYWAY - A LITTLE LATER**

Lit only by a single streetlight, Octave and Kurt KISS  
 PASSIONATELY in a dark alleyway behind the bistro...

**INT. OCTAVE'S APARTMENT - THE NEXT MORNING**

The two men lie asleep together in the actor's modest bed.

Kurt BOLTS AWAKE -- reaches for his watch on the bedside  
 table and sees the time:

KURT  
 (under his breath)  
 Scheisse!

He LEAPS out of bed -- starts hurriedly throwing on his  
 clothes:

OCTAVE  
 (groggy)  
 What's going on?

KURT  
 My regiment musters in a half hour.

OCTAVE  
 Regiment?

KURT  
 I'm an Oberführer. Didn't I tell  
 you?

Octave snaps upright -- switches on the light:

OCTAVE  
 No. No, you did *not* tell me.

As Kurt hurriedly dresses, Octave looks around, trying to make sense of what he has just learned. Of what he has just done...

OCTAVE

But you speak French.

KURT

*Und* Deutsch. What, you think you're the only person in Paris who can speak two languages?

OCTAVE

So you're a German.

KURT

Of course.

Octave tries to process this...

OCTAVE

But the Nazis hate people like us!

Kurt stops dressing. Turns to him:

KURT

Oh, mon *pauvre* Octave. *Everybody* hates people like us. If I was fighting for France the French would hate me just as much as the Germans do.

OCTAVE

Maybe. But that's just ignorance. We French aren't evil.

KURT

Oh, so we Germans are evil? We're just trying to make the world a better place, *chérie*.

OCTAVE

And to make an omelet you have to break a few eggs, *n'est-ce pas?*

KURT

Look, if I'm going to be hated, I might as well be hated within the superior society.

OCTAVE

A superior society that wants to exterminate people like us!

(MORE)

OCTAVE (CONT'D)

Yes, everyone hates us, that's a given, but at least I don't hate myself!

KURT

How convenient for you. I have to make my life in the real world, you know. Not some dream world -- the world that really exists. I can't hide behind a part on the stage, like you.

OCTAVE

I'm not *hiding* behind anything. I play roles on the stage, not in my real life.

KURT

Oh, please. You play a role every minute of every day, whether you're on the stage or not.

OCTAVE

As do you, *mein Oberführer*.

This stings.

KURT

Perhaps. But the glories of the Reich are more important than the desires of any single man. I'm willing to risk my life to make a better world. What are you willing to risk?

SMASH TO:

**INT. MUSÉE DE L'HOMME - DAY**

Octave stands before Lavoisier in his office:

OCTAVE

I'm in.

Lavoisier reaches across the desk -- shakes his hand...

LAVOISIER (PRE-LAP)

We've learned that they're switching Von Becker's bodyguard with a man called Ehrhardt. In Chantilly, about forty kilometers northeast of here.

**INT. SAFE HOUSE - DAY**

Ariane, kneeling, mouth full of pins, fits Octave for a German uniform while Lavoisier and the others look on from the central table...

LAVOISIER

-- Octave will take the place of Ehrhardt and travel with Von Becker on the train.

BROUILLARD

And how do we get Octave off the train, then?

A long, pregnant pause.

LAVOISIER

I'm working on it.

OCTAVE

Work. Harder.

BROUILLARD

Take it from me: it's always easier getting in than getting out.

DAMON

But what about the *real* bodyguard?

LAVOISIER

Yes, that's a problem, as well. I suppose we need to keep Ehrhardt from getting on the train in the first place.

JULES

Can't we just kill him?

Ariane shakes her head and rolls her eyes...

LAVOISIER

No, it will arouse too much suspicion.

A KNOCK on the door. The BEETHOVEN WHISTLES are exchanged and Ariane opens the door for an ASSISTANT, who enters and offers Lavoisier a newspaper:

ASSISTANT

Latest edition of *Résistance*, sir.



The Assistant closes the door -- Lavoisier opens the newspaper, scanning it... Then:

STRUCK by inspiration, he looks up from the paper, gears turning:

LAVOISIER

I might have an idea, actually...

OCTAVE

Of how to get me off the train?

LAVOISIER

No. How to get you *on*. But we'll need to find out something first.

JULES

What's that?

LAVOISIER

Just what newspaper our friend in Chantilly reads...

**EXT. CITY SQUARE, CHANTILLY - DAY**

A charming public square surrounded by shops and cafés. At one corner a KIOSK sells newspapers and magazines.

EHRHARDT (20'S), a uniformed German soldier, strolls up to the kiosk:

EHRHARDT

*Le Matin, s'il vous plait. Merci.*

He pays, takes his paper -- opens it as he walks away.

OCTAVE (O.S.)

*Unteroffizier!*

Ehrhardt stops short -- He sees Octave in a full dress German uniform -- closes the paper -- SNAPS to attention.

OCTAVE

(German, subtitled)

***Ehrhardt, is it?***

EHRHARDT

***Yes sir.***

OCTAVE

***At ease. I have a personal question for you -- Been here long?***

EHRHARDT

*Over a year, sir.*

OCTAVE

*I've just been transferred here from Berlin, and I'm wondering which local newspaper to read. Is there one you can recommend?*

EHRHARDT

(holding up his paper)  
*I read Le Matin, sir.*

OCTAVE

*Every day?*

EHRHARDT

*Like clockwork, sir.*  
(nodding towards the kiosk)  
*Ask him. I'm his best customer. Usually get the first copy every morning.*

OCTAVE

*Wonderful. Thanks for the recommendation.*

EHRHARDT

*Not at all, sir. Heil Hitler.*

OCTAVE

(saluting)  
*Heil Hitler.*

**INT. PHONE BOOTH - MOMENTS LATER**

Octave speaks to Lavoisier from a phone booth on the square:

OCTAVE

*Le Matin. Every day, he said. Like clockwork.*

**INT. LAVOISIER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

LAVOISIER

(on phone)  
Good. But to pull it off we'll need someone who knows codes, telegraphy. A radio operator.

**EXT. FOREST - NIGHT**

Brouillard and Damon crouch in a dark forest -- dressed in black -- cork smudged across their cheeks:

Brouillard turns his BINOCULARS to the sky:

DAMON

(sotto)

*You know, I can't stop thinking  
about that stone.*

BROUILLARD

(scanning the sky)

*What stone?*

DAMON

*The Eye of St. Denis.*

BROUILLARD

*That was months ago!*

DAMON

*I know, but you gotta admit -- it  
was really something.*

BROUILLARD

*Shhhh!*

The distant HUM of an airplane motor arises in the distance...

**IN THE SKY ABOVE THEM**

A single plane appears -- a man JUMPS OUT -- his parachute OPENS.

BROUILLARD

*Voila. Our radio man.*

Brouillard's binoculars follow as the chute floats down to a clearing in the distance...

BROUILLARD

*Allez!*

They clamber out of the forest and scramble towards

**THE CLEARING**

where the parachutist LANDS.

Brouillard and Damon hit the dirt -- lie on their stomachs on the ground, cautious, watching...

Brouillard lets loose the first half of the Beethoven whistle... They hear the second half in return.

The two get up, cautious -- Brouillard draws a gun.

They approach the new arrival, who gathers up his billowing chute, his back to them...

BROUILLARD  
(sotto)  
*Bonsoir.*

The parachutist TURNS, revealing his face in the moonlight. This is MAXIME, a dark-skinned African man in his early twenties:

MAXIME  
*Bonsoir.*

Damon turns to Brouillard, confused, sputtering:

DAMON  
*Mon dieu! First a woman, now this?*

BROUILLARD  
*What?*

DAMON  
*But he's a...*

BROUILLARD  
*A what?*

DAMON  
*He's...*

TITLE OVER BLACK:

**MAXIME**

**INT. SCHOOLROOM, DAKAR, SENEGAL - DAY**

A group of Senegalese high school students stand at their desks and sing "La Marseillaise."

SUPER:

**Dakar, 1937**

Portraits of Voltaire, Victor Hugo, and Napoleon line the walls -- CAMERA FINDS a teenaged Maxime, singing along.

He's committed to the stirring song, visibly moved...

TIME CUT:

Their teacher, A CATHOLIC PRIEST, stands before the seated students:

PRIEST

And what are the three values of  
the French republic?

Maxime, starry-eyed, answers in unison with his classmates:

MAXIME

Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité.

**EXT. MILLET FARM - DAY**

Teenage Maxime and his friend AMADOU (19) chop Millet with MACHETES in the sweltering heat -- they're dirty -- covered with sweat:

AMADOU

A soldier? Are you crazy?

MAXIME

Not a soldier. A Tirailleur.

SUPER:

**1939**

AMADOU

I don't care what fancy French name  
you call it, it's still stupid.

MAXIME

You know what's stupid? Wasting the  
rest of my life chopping millet.

AMADOU

Maybe. But fighting for the French?  
For the oppressor? C'mon, man.  
You're Wolof! You're Muslim!

MAXIME

Why can't I be French, too?

AMADOU

Because this isn't France, Maxime!  
This is Senegal, man! The French  
took our own land away from us! Why  
would you *fight* for those people?

MAXIME

I'm not fighting for those people.  
I'm fighting for an idea.

AMADOU

Now that is *completely* crazy --

MAXIME

Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité! Don't  
you think those things are worth  
fighting for?

AMADOU

Maybe. But I don't think you're  
gonna find any of those things in  
the white man's army...

**EXT. PARADE GROUND - DAY**

Formally-dressed spectators watch from bleachers as a  
collection of NEW RECRUITS sit in chairs before a modest dais  
festooned with Tricolor flags.

A FRENCH OFFICER'S voice ECHOES across the grounds as he  
addresses the new enlistees over a microphone:

FRENCH OFFICER

The first unit of the Senegalese  
Tirailleurs was founded in 1857,  
and today you young men join a  
brotherhood that has served our  
beloved Republic for over eighty  
years.

ANGLE ON Maxime, seated with his fellow recruits in full  
dress uniform. He scans the bleachers and finds his FATHER,  
MOTHER, and young SISTER -- they wave at him excitedly:

FRENCH OFFICER

Your predecessors displayed great  
courage and fortitude on the fields  
of Verdun, Flanders, and Gallipoli.  
(MORE)

## FRENCH OFFICER (CONT'D)

Now, as the specter of war once again casts its shadow over Europe, it is my fervent prayer that you men display the same courage and fortitude as those who came before you, and unite together to bring glory to the French Republic and eternal victory to her people.

Maxime is choked with emotion as the band BREAKS INTO A PATRIOTIC SONG and the crowd BURSTS INTO FRENZIED APPLAUSE.

## EXT. CAFÉ - LATER THAT DAY

Maxime (still in uniform) and his family take their seats at an outdoor café:

## MAXIME'S FATHER

And now for some celebration!

## MAXIME'S SISTER

Can I have some wine?

## MAXIME'S MOTHER

Absolutely not!

## MAXIME

Maman, it's a special occasion --

## WAITER

Excusez-moi...

A white WAITER stands over the table -- he's stammering, embarrassed:

## WAITER

It's not me, you see... it's the boss...

He looks over his shoulder where an older man, the CAFÉ OWNER, watches, glowering...

## MAXIME'S FATHER

What is it?

## WAITER

It's just that...

The owner suddenly appears behind him:

## CAFÉ OWNER

We don't serve people like you here.

MAXIME

Like what? Like soldiers?

CAFÉ OWNER

We serve French people here.

Maxime LEAPS TO HIS FEET, embarrassed, incensed:

MAXIME

I serve for FRANCE! I am a FRENCH  
soldier!

His father pulls him away from the table -- his Mother and  
Sister sheepishly rise...

CAFÉ OWNER

You know what I mean.

MAXIME

(eyes burning)  
Yeah. I know *exactly* what you mean.

**EXT. STREETS OF DAKAR - DAY**

Maxime MARCHES down the streets of the city with his unit.  
Civilians watch from the sidewalks as the soldiers tramp down  
the dusty street...

As Maxime marches he locks eyes with one of the spectators.

It's AMADOU.

Amadou's eyes burn with hatred -- He SPITS into the gutter as  
Maxime passes...

**INT. ARMY BASE - DAY**

Maxime, in fatigues, sits at a desk in front of a bulky radio  
receiver. A white SERGEANT sits beside him as Maxime taps out  
a message on a telegraph key:

SERGEANT

Very good, Private. You've got a  
good fist.

NEW ANGLE reveals two WHITE SOLDIERS watching from the  
doorway:

WHITE SOLDIER

Look! They taught a monkey how to  
use a wireless!



The two burst into laughter -- Maxime glares at them, silently seething...

SERGEANT  
(to Maxime)  
Keep going.

The BEEPING begins again as Maxime starts keying, but as he taps a SINGLE TEAR rolls down his cheek...

SERGEANT  
(softer)  
Just concentrate on the message.

Maxime starts tapping again, then stops:

MAXIME  
I'm sorry, Sir. I can't.

SERGEANT  
Don't let those men get to you.

MAXIME  
It's not just those men, sir --  
it's everybody! The Africans hate  
me for being French! The French  
hate me for being African!

The Sergeant thinks for a moment -- stands -- walks to a file cabinet and pulls out a folder:

SERGEANT  
I have something here, something  
you might be right for. Normally  
I'd use someone more experienced,  
but you're the best man in your  
class.

Maxime gives him a quizzical look...

SERGEANT  
Ever been to Paris?

CUT TO:

**INT. SAFE HOUSE - DAY**

CAMERA MOVES WITH MAXIME as he carries a SCUTTLE OF COAL to the Safe House table and pours out its contents.

We TRACK across the table as:

JULES takes a piece of coal from the pile and KNOCKS A HOLE INTO IT using a hammer and chisel -- he passes the piece of coal, along with the cover he knocked out, down the table to:

BROUILLARD, who pours GUNPOWDER into the hole, and passes the coal and its cover to:

OCTAVE, who brushes the cover from a pot of GLUE and re-seals the hole. He passes the sealed piece to:

ARIANE, who daubs BLACK PAINT over the edges of the sealed hole, hiding the seam, and places the finished COAL BOMB on a piece of newspaper to dry.

As the assembly line continues, Maxime appears with another scuttle, but on his way to the table he TRIPS, spilling some coal onto the floor.

MAXIME

Oh, pardon...

DAMON

No coal in the jungle, huh?

OCTAVE

"Silence is the perfect herald of joy."

DAMON

What the hell does that mean?

OCTAVE

It means shut your big fat mouth.

DAMON

Look, If I'm going to be risking my life I feel like I should have some say in who I'm working with.

(shrugging)

And I'm sorry, but I would feel more comfortable if we were all white here.

ARIANE

You're a pig.

DAMON  
 (looking directly at her)  
 White men.

MAXIME  
 I'm just as French as you, you know. We were fighting for de Gaulle in Africa while you laid down for Vichy like dogs!

DAMON  
 I don't care about politics.

MAXIME  
 (sarcastic)  
 Oh, even better!  
 (enraged)  
 What the Germans are doing to your people now the French did to my people years ago. And yet I fight for them. Why? Because I'm Frenchman, too! Just like you!

LAVOISIER  
 Gentlemen, please, please! Why are we arguing? Our differences are the source of our strength! This is what separates us from the Nazis -- they want everyone to be the same! We're stronger because we accept what each individual brings to our tribe.

DAMON  
 Yeah, the *tribe* --  
 (nodding towards Maxime)  
 I'm sure he knows something about that.

**EXT. RAILROAD DEPOT - DAY**

A dingy railroad depot with a wooden WATER TOWER and a large COAL HOPPER. The Depot's OFFICE is a small wooden shack with one window looking out the back.

**INT. DEPOT OFFICE - DAY**

Two uniformed GERMAN SOLDIERS sit inside the office, killing time...

The door BURSTS OPEN and Octave, in a German Uniform, enters grasping Ariane by the forearm -- he has a LUGER jabbed in her side:

OCTAVE  
 (German, subtitled)  
*I discovered this woman attempting  
 to sabotage the tracks.*

The two soldiers LEAP UP --

GERMAN SOLDIER 1  
*Yes, sir!*

#### OUTSIDE THE OFFICE

Brouillard gets down on his hands and knees and SNIPS the telephone wires that snake into the office --

OCTAVE (O.S.)  
 (from inside the office)  
*I need you to call this in  
 immediately.*

#### INSIDE THE OFFICE

GERMAN SOLDIER 1  
*Yes, sir.*

The soldier dutifully picks up the phone, but the line, of course, is dead. He presses down on the cradle multiple times, trying to get a connection --

GERMAN SOLDIER 1  
*The line isn't working, sir.*

OCTAVE  
 (to the other soldier)  
*You there, find out what the  
 problem is.*

The two soldiers frantically try to get the phone to work, pushing the cradle, tracing the wires, etc...

As they struggle, THROUGH THE WINDOW we see a dirty TRUCK filled with COAL pull up. Maxime's behind the wheel...

#### OUTSIDE THE OFFICE

Brouillard flashes the "OK" sign to the truck --

#### INSIDE THE TRUCK

Maxime hits the wall behind his seat twice with his fist.

**OUTSIDE THE TRUCK**

Jules and Damon, dressed as workmen in dirty jumpsuits, pop up from the back and begin shoveling coal into the hopper...

**INSIDE THE OFFICE**

One of the soldiers notices the truck and stops his companion from futzing with the phone:

GERMAN SOLDIER 2

*Is there a delivery scheduled?*

GERMAN SOLDIER 1

*Not today.*

OCTAVE

*Don't bother with that, I need you to contact headquarters!*

GERMAN SOLDIER 2

(to his companion)

*I'll take care of it.*

**OUTSIDE THE OFFICE**

Brouillard ducks behind the shack as Soldier 2 steps out:

GERMAN SOLDIER 2

You, there! What are you doing?

JULES

What does it look like I'm doing?  
Delivering your coal.

GERMAN SOLDIER 2

There is no delivery scheduled for today.

DAMON

Well, that's your problem, not ours.

They continue furiously shoveling -- the soldier unsnaps his black leather holster:

GERMAN SOLDIER 2

You need to stop until we figure this out.

**INSIDE THE OFFICE**

The other soldier stops messing with the phone and watches the confrontation through the window --

**OUTSIDE THE OFFICE**

Jules and Damon keep shoveling:

JULES  
Hey, buddy, take it easy. We're  
just trying to do our job, okay?

Soldier 2 draws his pistol and points it at them:

GERMAN SOLDIER 2  
I said stop. Now.

**INSIDE THE OFFICE**

Soldier 1, eyes laser-focused through the window on what's going on outside, draws his pistol as well --

Octave and Ariane share a desperate look --

**OUTSIDE THE OFFICE**

JULES  
It's just coal, my friend...

Damon and Jules keep shoveling --

GERMAN SOLDIER 2  
If you don't stop now I'll shoot!

**INSIDE THE OFFICE**

Soldier 1 moves for the door, and --

Octave, grimacing, SHOOTS HIM IN THE HEAD.

**OUTSIDE THE OFFICE**

Soldier 2 WHIPS HIS HEAD AROUND at the sound of the shot, only to see his comrade fall against the BLOOD-SPATTERED WINDOW --

Jules and Damon share a look: "What do we do now?" -- As usual, Jules throws caution to the wind: He lets out a SCREAMING WAR CRY and LEAPS from the truck bed, RACING towards the remaining soldier, brandishing his shovel as a weapon -- Damon follows behind him --

But as Jules brings his shovel back to strike the soldier, HE CLOCKS DAMON IN THE FACE with it --

DAMON CRUMPLES TO THE GROUND as Jules swings for the soldier's head --

But before the shovel can make contact, the soldier SHOOTS JULES REPEATEDLY, taking him down --

Damon's on the ground, dazed, trying to shake the cobwebs out -- the soldier stands over him, POINTING HIS PISTOL AT DAMON'S HEAD:

GERMAN SOLDIER 2  
Auf Wiedersehen.

But as the soldier starts to squeeze the trigger A MACHETE APPEARS OUT OF NOWHERE AND CUTS HIS HAND CLEAN OFF.

IT'S MAXIME. He pulls his machete back -- It GLINTS IN THE SUN --

The soldier, SCREAMING, grabs his SPURTING STUMP, and MAXIME PLUNGES THE MACHETE INTO HIS GUT, finishing the job.

Octave and Ariane rush up -- Ariane bursts into tears at the sight of Jules dead on the ground.

Maxime stands over the stunned Damon -- offers him a hand up:

MAXIME  
Welcome to the tribe.

**INT. SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT**

CLOSE ON a bottle of Calvados.

PULL OUT to reveal the team, around the candle-lit table, glasses in hand -- they're dreamy, reminiscing:

BROUILLARD  
He was a crazy son of a bitch, I'll tell you that. It's a miracle we got out of that mine alive.

DAMON  
The reckless bastard blew the first safe house to bits!

OCTAVE  
(raising his glass)  
"He lives in fame that died in virtue's cause."

ARIANE  
But he loved the baby. Remember? He was gentle, really. A gentle giant.

She begins to tear up. They all stew in sadness for a moment.

BROUILLARD

This is too sad. Let's have some music.

Damon switches on a large WOODEN RADIO -- it CRACKLES and SQUEALS as he turns the dial -- finally he finds some music: "Moonlight Serenade" by the Glen Miller Orchestra.

No one speaks -- they just listen for a moment -- then Brouillard gets up from the table and offers his hand to Ariane...

She takes it and the two begin to dance, slowly -- Brouillard holds her close as they sway to the romantic clarinet melody...

He looks deep into her eyes, searching, trying to will some sort of reaction from her...

Nothing. Then:

A tap on his shoulder:

MAXIME

May I?

Brouillard begrudgingly lets go of her -- Maxime takes Ariane into his arms and pulls her close -- He, too, locks eyes with her, but this time the fire is returned... Their mutual attraction is obvious, almost embarrassing...

Brouillard sits back down and watches with disappointment and envy... Octave watches Brouillard watching and turns to Damon:

OCTAVE

"O, beware, my lord, of jealousy;  
It is the green-eye'd monster,  
which doth mock The meat it feeds  
on."

DAMON

What the hell does that mean?

OCTAVE

It means that your buddy --

CLICK.

CLOSE ON Lavoisier's hand turning the radio off. The music STOPS ABRUPTLY, breaking the spell.

LAVOISIER

Did you get rid of the bodies?



DAM

Yes.

LAVOISIER

And the telephone wires?

BROUILLARD

Fixed. As far as the Nazis know, those two disappeared into thin air.

LAVOISIER

Good. Now listen, everybody. No more division between us, alright? It's too dangerous. Look around you. From now on, these are the only people you can trust. These are the people on whom your lives will depend. This is your family now. You are my family now.

A solemn moment as they all process what Lavoisier is saying...

LAVOISIER

Now. Who's going to steal Daddy some newsprint?

**EXT. PARIS STREET - NIGHT**

It's raining. Hard.

A NEWSPAPER VAN driven by Maxime rumbles down wet cobblestone streets, LE MATIN emblazoned on its side.

**EXT. LE MATIN NEWSPAPER BUILDING - CONTINUOUS**

The van pulls up to a LOADING DOCK behind the offices of the *LE MATIN* newspaper -- Inside are hundreds of stacks of the day's paper, waiting for shipment...

Damon and Octave jump from the van and start loading bales of newspapers into the truck -- A SUPERVISOR with a clipboard notices them:

SUPERVISOR

Hey! Where's Henri?

OCTAVE

Relax, mon ami, he's a little under the weather, that's all...

Brouillard gets out of the front of the van -- he opens a large UMBRELLA and, using it to hide his face, walks right past the distracted supervisor during this conversation, straight into the building...

**INT. LE MATIN NEWSPAPER BUILDING - CONTINUOUS**

Brouillard finds himself in the newspaper's enormous PUBLISHING PLANT. There's a deafening ROAR OF MACHINERY as the morning edition rolls off the GIGANTIC PRESSES --

Passing workers are too busy to notice Brouillard as he scans the machinery, trying to make sense of the noisy jumble of conveyor belts and rollers...

Finally he finds a giant cylinder spitting out hundreds of versions of the edition's FRONT PAGE, emblazoned with the newspaper's distinctive MASTHEAD.

Bingo.

He glances around -- at the far end of the room is a box with an enormous RED BUTTON -- a sign above it reads: "**ARRÊT D'URGENCE**".

He moves towards the button -- but a PRESSMAN suddenly appears out of nowhere, engrossed in the new edition -- right in front of his target...

Brouillard DUCKS DOWN behind some machinery before the Pressman can see him -- he looks around with frustration, wheels turning, wondering what to do, and then, remembering, looks down at what he holds in his hand:

The umbrella.

He rises, checks that the coast is clear, and THRUSTS the umbrella into the gears of the press, which DEVOURS the poor parasol like a garbage disposal gobbling a carrot --

SMOKE seeps from the press as it GRINDS to a halt.

ALARM BELLS go off -- the Pressman looks up from his paper and STABS the emergency stop button with his palm. The METALLIC ROAR of the presses stops, replaced by a BLARING KLAXON.

Brouillard sticks his head out from behind the press for a quick recon -- What he sees is PURE CHAOS with various workers yelling at each other over the alarms...

He doesn't have much time. With both hands he SPINS one of the press's enormous cylinders until he reveals the actual METAL TYPE of the reversed LE MATIN masthead...

He reaches for the masthead mould and YELPS with pain -- it's BURNING HOT!

He pulls a CENTIME COIN out of his pocket and starts FREEING UP the block of text from the press...

PRESSMAN (O.S.)

Hey!

He turns and sees the Pressman POINTING AT HIM:

PRESSMAN

What're you doing there?

The Pressman starts running towards him -- Brouillard PRIES the masthead mould out with the coin and makes a run for it, the Pressman close on his heels...

But the BURNING-HOT BLOCK OF TEXT is too hot to hold -- As he HIGHTAILS IT through the plant Brouillard has to toss it back and forth from hand to hand as he runs, like some terrible juggler with just one ball --

He reaches the

### **LOADING DOCK**

still tossing the metal print back and forth from hand to hand -- But an enormous SECURITY GUARD stands between him and the idling van...

Brouillard STOPS as the Guard, hands on hips, stares him down...

Clenching his eyes shut Brouillard squeezes the hot type in his fist as hard as he can -- he lets out a SCREAM OF PAIN as it SEARS HIS PALM -- lets his fist full of hot metal FLY STRAIGHT FOR THE GUARD'S JAW, knocking him out COLD!

He LEAPS into the back of the van -- Maxime GUNS IT -- the van TEARS OFF onto the streets of Paris...

### **INSIDE THE VAN**

Brouillard frantically holds his hand out the open back of the truck, into the rain -- STEAM HISSES off his open palm.

He looks back at Damon and Octave, who ride silently atop stacks of newspapers in the back of the van, watching him intently:

DAMON  
D'ja get it?

BROUILLARD  
(grimacing)  
Hot off the presses.

**INT. MUSÉE DE L'HOMME - DAY**

CLOSE ON: Brouillard's BANDAGED HAND turning a crank --

PULL BACK to reveal that he's turning Lavoisier's hand-cranked printing press. It spits out multiple copies of a newspaper -- but this time the MASTHEAD reads: *LE MATIN*.

Lavoisier pulls a copy off the press and looks at it approvingly --

The headline reads:

RAILROAD TRACKS SABOTAGED

Chantilly to Paris Line Completely Impassable

MATCH CUT TO:

**INT. SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT**

THE *LE MATIN* FRONT PAGE PRINTED AT THE MUSEUM as Damon and Octave wrap it around the editions of the newspaper they stole from the office the night before --

ARIANE crosses past them, carrying a small book, which she hands to Maxime:

ARIANE  
Today's RAF cypher.

MAXIME, wearing headphones and seated in front of a two-way radio, opens the book and begins tapping on a TELEGRAPH KEY --

LAVOISIER stands over him, watching the message go out:

LAVOISIER  
Remember: Four A.M. precisely. No bombs.

MAXIME  
Yes, sir.

He stops keying -- listens intently:

MAXIME

They acknowledge. Four hundred hours. No bombs.

LAVOISIER

Good.

(louder)

Everyone, may I have your attention, please?

A beat as everyone stops what they're doing:

LAVOISIER

Well. Tomorrow is the day.

He produces a bottle of champagne:

LAVOISIER

I thought a toast might be in order. No glasses, I'm afraid -- the previous owner of this house was apparently a bit of a philistine.

He opens the bottle methodically as he speaks:

LAVOISIER

Before the war I met a most remarkable man, Monsieur Antoine de St. Exupéry.

ARIANE

The aviator?

LAVOISIER

Yes, indeed. In 1935 a plane he was piloting crashed in the middle of the Libyan desert. No one around for a hundred miles. He and his navigator had only one day of drinking water between the two of them, but, incredibly, they both survived. I asked, him, "how did you do it? How does one go about pushing oneself to the limit?" "It's very simple," he said. "You must always try to get... above the clouds."

The cork POPS.

He looks each of them in the eye as he raises the bottle up to toast them:

LAVOISIER

Above the clouds.

Lavoisier takes a swig from the bottle and passes it to Brouillard, who lifts the bottle up as well with his bandaged hand.

BROUILLARD

Above the clouds.

He drinks and passes it to Ariane. She makes solemn eye contact with each member of the team as she raises the bottle:

ARIANE

Above the clouds. To Jules.

She drinks and passes it to Maxime.

MAXIME

Above the clouds.

He passes it to Octave:

OCTAVE

I love you all. Above the clouds.

Finally Damon gets the bottle. He lifts the bottle to his lips:

DAMON

Whatever you say. Above the clouds.

FADE TO BLACK.

**INT. BROUILLARD'S BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT**

Brouillard sits in the dark in his bed, agitated, lost in his thoughts...

Damon SNORES on a cot on the other side of the room.

Brouillard gets up, resolved -- this could be his last night on earth -- it's now or never.

He makes his way to the door -- camera TRACKS with him as he crosses the hallway to

**ANOTHER BEDROOM**

He enters -- no knock -- steps into the dark, whispering:

BROUILLARD

*Ariane?*

No answer -- just a RUSTLING OF SHEETS...

BROUILLARD

*I know you're there. Just listen for a second. I was just thinking about tomorrow. About the train. That you can't drive a train, you can only go where the tracks lead you. And I feel like... I feel like my tracks lead to you.*

No answer.

BROUILLARD

*We're the same, you and I. Neither of us have a family. Me by choice, and you... not. But I feel like we could maybe make a family, you and I. We could --*

Ariane switches on a LIGHT.

SHE LIES IN BED WITH MAXIME -- holding the bedcovers up to cover her nakedness.

Brouillard's shocked. Defeated. He takes a step back:

BROUILLARD

*Oh. Excusez-moi.*

He leaves, quietly closing the door behind him.

A pause, then Maxime leans over -- shuts off the light -- He and Ariane speak in whispers:

MAXIME

*He really loves you, I think.*

ARIANE

*Well, that's his problem, not mine.*

MAXIME

*Very nice.*

ARIANE

*We don't have anything in common!*

MAXIME

*You have more in common with him than you do with me.*

ARIANE

*On the surface, maybe. But you and I, people hate us. Not because of who we are, but because of how we were born. We don't have a lot in common on the outside, no. But inside, we're the same. And that's what matters.*

They kiss...

**INT. BROUILLARD'S BEDROOM - LATER**

Brouillard lies awake in bed. Staring out the window. Quietly crying in the dark.

A KNOCK on the door:

LAVOISIER (O.S.)  
(from outside the door)  
Time to go.

**EXT. SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT**

The *Le Matin* van idles in front of the house, Maxime behind the wheel, Ariane riding shotgun.

The door to the Safe House opens -- Octave appears in his German uniform. Lavoisier stops him at the door:

LAVOISIER  
Don't get rid of him till you have his bags.

Octave nods and clambers into the van...

As Damon clambers in behind him we hear a rising HUM OF AIRCRAFT...

Brouillard and Lavoisier LOOK UP to see a SQUADRON OF BOMBERS flying overhead:

BROUILLARD  
Our friends from the RAF.

LAVOISIER  
(looking at his watch)  
Right on time.  
(then)  
Bonne chance.



Brouillard jumps into the van -- as Lavoisier watches the newspaper truck pull away AIR RAID SIRENS BEGIN TO HOWL in the distance...

**EXT. PARIS FROM ABOVE - CONTINUOUS**

SIRENS continue to blare as the lights of the city go out -- block by block, neighborhood by neighborhood, even the Eiffel Tower now bathed in darkness...

**INT. LE MATIN NEWSPAPER BUILDING - CONTINUOUS**

Inside the Printing Press of *Le Matin* the LIGHTS GO OUT and the enormous presses FALL SILENT --

The PRINT WORKERS pull out FLASHLIGHTS, filling the shadowy space with angular beams:

PRINT WORKER 1  
Merde! Another air raid.

PRINT WORKER 2  
So much for the morning edition...

**EXT. CITY SQUARE, CHANTILLY - DAWN**

Dawn is breaking as the van pulls up to the NEWS KIOSK in Chantilly -- Damon and Brouillard toss two bundles of *Le Matin* onto the street -- the News Seller, retrieving them, waves as the van pulls away...

**EXT. CITY SQUARE, CHANTILLY - MORNING**

Ehrhardt, in uniform, approaches the kiosk -- he buys his daily *Le Matin* -- turns away -- and STOPS, struck by the headline:

NEWS SELLER  
What is it?

EHRHARDT  
Looks like I have the day off today.

**EXT. RAILROAD DEPOT - DAY**

A STEAM LOCOMOTIVE pulls into the depot where Jules was killed -- The train's CONDUCTOR waves to two workmen:

CONDUCTOR  
Salut les gars!

The workmen wave back as they shovel THE PLANTED COAL from the hopper into the coal car coupled to the locomotive...

**INSIDE THE TRAIN**

A man in a tweed three-piece suit and tie puts down his newspaper and glances out the window to see why the train is stopping --

BODYGUARD (O.S.)  
(German, subtitled)  
**Herr Von Becker?**

HEINRICH VON BECKER (29), stern, scholarly, turns -- his BODYGUARD stands over him:

BODYGUARD  
**A new bodyguard will replace me at  
this station.**

VON BECKER  
(nodding)  
**Thank you.**

**EXT. CHANTILLY RAILROAD STATION - A LITTLE LATER**

The locomotive pulls into the Chantilly Station and comes to a stop with a HISS OF STEAM...

**OUTSIDE THE TRAIN**

Octave approaches the door of the first cabin, overseen by RICHTER, a German officer:

OCTAVE  
**I'm here to accompany Herr Von  
Becker.**

GERMAN OFFICER  
(motioning inside with his  
head)  
**Car number three.**

OCTAVE  
**Yes, sir.**

Octave mounts the stairs, then, suddenly:

RICHTER

**STOP!**

Octave FREEZES.

A long, tense pause as the Officer looks Octave up and down:

RICHTER

**Keep your eyes open. An RAF Squadron flew over this morning and didn't drop any bombs. Something's up. Understood?**

OCTAVE

**Yes, sir.**

Octave makes his way onto the train -- Richter blows a WHISTLE...

#### **INSIDE THE CAB**

The Conductor throws switches, pulls levers -- he yanks down on a rope letting loose A STEAM WHISTLE BLAST --

The locomotive shudders forward amidst CLANGING BELLS and CHUGGING STEAM...

The Conductor turns to the German Soldier guarding him in the cab:

CONDUCTOR

Gotta stoke the fire. Okay?

The CAB GUARD nods -- the Conductor grabs a shovel and starts FEEDING COAL FROM THE TENDER INTO THE BOILER...

We PUSH IN as THE FLAMES OF THE BOILER ENGULF THE DOCTORED COAL...

#### **INT. VON BECKER'S TRAIN CAR - CONTINUOUS**

Octave enters car number three -- it's a private parlor car, opulently furnished, a living room on wheels.

There's just one occupant: Von Becker, alone, reading his paper:

OCTAVE

**Herr Von Becker? I will accompany you for the rest of your journey.**

VON BECKER

*Thank you.*

OCTAVE

*Can I assist you with your luggage  
when we arrive?*

VON BECKER

*I have no bags.*

OCTAVE

*None at all?*

Von Becker shakes his head. Octave's face clouds...

OCTAVE

*Very good.*

Octave goes to the window -- looks out -- THE NEWSPAPER VAN RACES ALONGSIDE THE TRAIN, keeping pace with the locomotive on a road parallel to the tracks...

A KNOCK on the compartment door draws Octave's attention away from the window --

He goes to the door -- opens it -- Richter is there, with another figure looming in the shadows behind him:

RICHTER

*Everything alright?*

OCTAVE

*Yes, sir.*

RICHTER

*Good. I'd like you to meet the  
officer overseeing the security  
force on this journey. Allow me to  
introduce Oberführer Ziegler...*

Ziegler steps out, into the light, offering his hand --

IT'S KURT -- THE MAN OCTAVE SLEPT WITH THE NIGHT LAVOISIER FIRST CONTACTED HIM!

## IN THE VAN

The team races alongside the train:

MAXIME

When does the coal go off?

BROUILLARD  
 (shrugging)  
 Nobody knows when.

ARIANE  
 Let's be honest. We don't even know  
 if it will go off at all...

**IN VON BECKER'S CAR**

Octave and Kurt lock eyes -- sizing each other up --

Each knows the other's secret.

A long pause as they silently dare the other to say something. Then:

KURT  
*We already know each other.*

Octave's face goes white with fear.

RICHTER  
*You do?*

KURT  
*Yes.*  
 (then)  
*We served together in Heidelberg  
 before the war.*

OCTAVE  
*Yes, yes, of course. I'd forgotten.  
 Wonderful to --*

**BANG!**

A sound like a car backfiring comes from the train's engine ahead of them --

RICHTER  
*What was that?*

KURT  
*I'll check.*

Kurt and Richter move towards the cab...

**IN THE VAN**

DAMON  
D'ja hear that?

ARIANE  
It's working!

**IN THE CAB**

The Guard has his rifle drawn, pointed at the Conductor as Kurt and the Officer RUSH in --

**BANG!** Another explosion.

RICHTER  
What's going on?

CONDUCTOR  
No idea. It's never happened before.

**EXT. LOCOMOTIVE ENGINE - CONTINUOUS**

**POCK!** A small protrusion **BULGES OUT** on the metal exterior of the engine as the exploding coal hits it **FROM THE INSIDE...**

**IN VON BECKER'S CAR**

Octave **LOCKS** the door to the compartment:

VON BECKER  
*What's going on?*

OCTAVE  
*A problem with the train's engine.  
Perhaps we should secure the plans.*

**BANG!**

VON BECKER  
*What plans?*

OCTAVE  
*I was told you were carrying some documents that we needed to keep secure.*

**OUTSIDE THE ENGINE**

**POCK!** Another protrusion **BULGES OUT ON THE BOILER'S SURFACE...**

**IN VON BECKER'S CAR**

VON BECKER

*No one knows what I'm carrying  
except the highest sources in  
Berlin.*

He pulls out a PISTOL -- points it at Octave...

VON BECKER

*Certainly not a lowly  
Unteroffizier.*

Octave, hands up, helpless, looks out the window at the van speeding beside the train --

**IN THE VAN**

Everyone's attention is directed to the train hurtling beside them --

**BANG!**

-- and the sounds coming from its boiler with increasing frequency:

DAMON

It's really going now...

**BANG!**

MAXIME

(driving)

Like popcorn when it's *just...*  
*about... ready...*

**OUTSIDE THE ENGINE**

*POCK! POCK! POCK!* With each explosion multiple protrusions THRUST OUT from the boiler's now dimpled surface...

**IN THE VAN**

ARIANE

So what happens now?

**BANG!**

Maxime's eyes are locked on the train, not the road:

MAXIME

We wait until --

ARIANE  
LOOK OUT!

A MASSIVE DEER STANDS IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROAD!

Maxime turns his attention back to the wheel, but it's too late --

He SWERVES WILDLY to avoid the animal --

THE VAN SMASHES INTO A TREE.

**IN VON BECKER'S CAR**

Octave glances out the window -- THE VAN IS GONE.

His hands are still up -- the scientist's pistol still pointed straight at him...

**BANG!**

He flinches. But it wasn't a shot -- just another coal bomb going off...

OCTAVE  
(stalling)  
*Listen, Mein Herr... of course they  
wouldn't assign me to...*

**BANG!** (flinch)

OCTAVE  
*... to such an important mission  
without telling me what I was  
guarding...*

VON BECKER  
*I disagree.*

Von Becker lifts his pistol -- COCKS IT -- just as:

**OUTSIDE THE ENGINE**

**BARROOOM!** A MASSIVE HOLE BLOWS OPEN IN THE BOILER!

Thick black smoke billows out of the gaping opening ringed with twisted metal...

**IN THE CAB**

The Conductor YANKS THE BRAKE --



**THE TRAIN**

SHAKES, skidding to a halt with the SHRIEKING SCREECH OF METAL ON METAL --

**IN VON BECKER'S CAR**

The PISTOL FLIES OUT OF HIS HAND as he and Octave are THROWN TO THE FLOOR --

**EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - CONTINUOUS**

The other members of the team pull themselves, bedraggled, cut, and bleeding, from the SMOKING WRECK of the Van:

MAXIME

Everyone okay?

ARIANE

I think so...

MAXIME

The train's gone. I guess the coal bombs weren't enough to stop it.

DAMON

They must be halfway to Paris by now.

**IN VON BECKER'S CAR**

Octave and Von Becker lie unconscious on the floor. A loud POUNDING on the door awakens Octave:

RICHTER (O.S.)

**Unteroffizier! Unteroffizier!**

Octave gets to all fours -- tries to shake some sense into his throbbing head -- looks out the window and realizes the train has STOPPED...

RICHTER (O.S.)

**Open this door immediately!**

Octave gets to his feet -- grabs a chair -- and SMASHES THE COMPARTMENT WINDOW...

**IN THE CORRIDOR OUTSIDE VON BECKER'S CAR**

Richter draws his pistol -- FIRES into the lock...

**INSIDE VON BECKER'S CAR**

Octave grabs Von Becker's inert body and PUSHES it out of the window -- then jumps out of the window himself and lands on the track bed --

**EXT. TRAIN TRACKS - CONTINUOUS**

He picks up Von Becker in a fireman's carry and starts RUNNING FOR HIS LIFE alongside the idled train --

**INSIDE VON BECKER'S CAR**

The door BURSTS open and Richter and Kurt rush in, troops behind them --

Kurt sticks his head out of the broken window and takes a shot at the fleeing Octave...

RICHTER

*No, you idiot -- you'll hit Von  
Becker!*

(to the others)

*GET THEM! SCHNELLE! SCHNELLE!*

**ON THE TRACKS**

German soldiers flood out of the train in hot pursuit of Octave and the scientist --

Octave, huffing and puffing under the weight of the still unconscious Von Becker, looks back and SEES THEM DRAWING CLOSER --

**IN THE CAB**

The Conductor looks down to see Octave pass by --

Octave looks up at him, and (it's worth a shot) gives him the BEETHOVEN WHISTLE as he RUSHES BY THE CAB --

The Conductor looks back -- clocks the Germans approaching -- reaches for a lever -- and at the perfect moment YANKS IT with all his might:

**ALONGSIDE THE TRAIN**

A HUGE BLAST OF STEAM BURSTS from the side of the locomotive, BURNING the pursuing soldiers, STOPPING THEM IN THEIR TRACKS!

Octave and Von Becker DISAPPEAR INTO THE FOREST as we

FADE TO BLACK.

**INT. SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT**

Von Becker is tied to a chair in the middle of the room -- the team surrounds him in a semi-circle...

FLICKERING SHADOWS from a lantern play across the prisoner's face:

OCTAVE

(subtitled German)

***You need to tell us where those plans are. Now.***

VON BECKER

Please don't insult me by continuing to speak German. I know you're French.

LAVOISIER

Very well. And we know that even the brilliant Heinrich Von Becker isn't capable of committing the plans for the *Vergeltungswaffe* to memory.

VON BECKER

I have no idea what you're talking about.

LAVOISIER

(to Ariane)

Keep an eye on him.

He nods to the men to follow him to a corner of the room -- they huddle up for a whispered conversation:

LAVOISIER

*We'll have to get it out of him by force.*

MAXIME

*Torture?*

LAVOISIER

*For lack of a better word, yes.*

BROUILLARD

*But I don't know how to --*

LAVOISIER

*I do.*

ARIANE (O.S.)

*Wait.*

They turn back to her:

ARIANE  
His vest.

They move back to the chair --

LAVOISIER  
What about it?

ARIANE  
(pointing)  
One of the buttons doesn't match.

BROUILLARD  
(inspecting)  
She's right...

VON BECKER  
A button came off this morning  
during breakfast, that's all. My  
wife --

LAVOISIER  
Cut it off.

Brouillard produces a pair of SCISSORS, which he hands to Ariane -- a quick SNIP and the button is in her hand... She hands it to Lavoisier -- he twirls it in his fingers, examining it... then, suddenly:

LAVOISIER  
Voila.

He UNSCREWS the top of the button -- everyone stares as he pulls a tiny STRIP OF CELLULOID from a hidden compartment inside it...

BROUILLARD  
What is it?

Lavoisier holds it up to the light, examining it:

LAVOISIER  
Microfilm. Well, Herr Von Becker,  
I'm afraid your presence here is no  
longer required.

He hands Ariane the microfilm and pulls out a PISTOL:

VON BECKER  
No, please...

LAVOISIER

Who wants to do the honors?

He looks to Brouillard, who shakes his head.

He looks to Damon:

DAMON

I told you. I'm a thief, not a murderer.

He looks to Octave, who shakes his head as well:

ARIANE

At the Depot you took down that Boche without a thought.

OCTAVE

My life was in danger. And yours. This is different.

Lavoisier looks to Ariane:

ARIANE

I'm a woman. I was made to give life, not to take it.

LAVOISIER

Heavens. If I knew you were all so sensitive, I never would have brought you into this. There is a war on, you know.

MAXIME

I'll do it.

LAVOISIER

Ah, finally! An actual soldier in our midst.

Maxime takes the gun -- points it at Von Becker's head. He COCKS it, wincing... Ariane shields her eyes...

CLOSE ON Maxime's finger, squeezing the trigger... then:

A KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

Everyone trades confused glances...

Brouillard grabs the pistol from Maxime -- tiptoes to the door --

He tentatively gives the first half of the Beethoven whistle...

SILENCE.

He looks to the others -- aims the gun at the door -- he gives the whistle once again...

And as an answer:

**BLAM!** A BATTERING RAM BURSTS THE DOOR OPEN and the room FLOODS WITH NAZIS, GUNS DRAWN.

HOFFMANN

Hands up! Nobody move!

The assembled troops are led by Krüger and Hoffmann, the Gestapo officers who forced Lavoisier to close the museum:

KRÜGER

Professor Lac -- Oh, I'm sorry.  
"Monsieur Lavoisier." What a shame  
that we meet again under such...  
unfortunate circumstances.

(to a soldier)

Untie Von Becker.

The scientist is freed from his chair and joins the Gestapo men:

VON BECKER

The woman has the microfilm.

KRÜGER

Do hand it over, please,  
Mademoiselle.

Ariane reluctantly gives it to him.

KRÜGER

Did you really think, Herr  
Professor, that you could outsmart  
us with this... band of hooligans?

Hoffmann walks down the line, addressing each member of the team in turn:

HOFFMANN

Two convicted criminals. An African  
savage. A brazen Sodomite, and a  
lowly Jewess. *This* is the team you  
assembled to challenge the  
unquestioned superiority of the  
Third Reich?

LAVOISIER

But how could you possibly have found us?

KRÜGER

One member of your team was wise enough to see the futility of this exercise. They contacted us, and -- once suitable recompense was agreed upon -- they volunteered the information necessary to bring this pathetic charade to its inevitable conclusion.

LAVOISIER

I don't believe you.

HOFFMANN

Ah, but you'll certainly believe *this*:

He reaches into his pocket -- and pulls out...

THE EYE OF ST. DENIS! It sparkles even in the dim light of the lantern --

He hands the jewel to Krüger -- who steps forward, passing by each member of the team in turn...

And finally DROPS THE GEM INTO DAMON'S HAND.

MAXIME

Putain de bâtard!

KRÜGER

The spy and the thief have similar instincts. Both trade in stolen goods, and for the same reasons.

ARIANE

(to Damon)

How could you?

BROUILLARD

I knew you were a thief. I didn't know you were a crook.

DAMON

I told you all, but you wouldn't listen! I don't care about politics! Life is eating, drinking, making love. As long as I can do those things who cares what the bosses call themselves!

BROUILLARD

You say you're not a murderer? You just signed our death warrant.

KRÜGER

Monsieur Lavoisier, why don't you have a seat in Herr Von Becker's chair? It looks quite comfortable.

He nods to two of the soldiers -- they force Lavoisier into the chair -- one pulls out a LUGER and holds it to Lavoisier's head...

LAVOISIER

You may get rid of me, Monsieur Krüger, but you'll never stop the Resistance.

KRÜGER

We will swat the Resistance away like a pesky mosquito.

LAVOISIER

Mosquitos are responsible for the deaths of half the people that have ever lived.

KRÜGER

Is that so? Enough trivia.  
(to a soldier)  
Take the others outside and put them in the truck.

The Nazis start to herd the other members of the team towards the door... Damon stays, fingering his prize.

LAVOISIER

Well, Damon. You were right about one thing.

DAMON

What's that?

LAVOISIER

Big stones *can* be cut into little stones.

**EXT. SAFE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

The group exits the house -- as they step into a waiting truck there's a FLASH in the window -- on the sound of a SINGLE SHOT we:

CUT TO BLACK.



**OVER BLACK**

We hear the stabbing orchestral strains of the opening of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. The familiar *Da-da-da-DUMMMM* motif rings out into the silence...

But then a DISCO BEAT kicks in, and we realize we're hearing "*A Fifth of Beethoven*" -- the SEVENTIES DANCE VERSION of Beethoven's masterpiece, taking us into:

**EXT. PARIS STREET, 1977 - DAY**

A vibrant street scene -- bell-bottomed passers-by throng the streets as the disco beat PULSES in the BG...

SUPER:

**Paris, 1977**

A ROLLER SKATER in satin short shorts with oversized headphones twirls down the boulevard, oblivious to the world -- she passes by a nondescript, older man...

Who just happens to be BROUILLARD, now in his 60's. He shuffles down the sidewalk. Then:

A WOMAN'S VOICE calls out to him:

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
Monsieur! Monsieur!

Brouillard turns -- and there, sitting alone at a

**SIDEWALK CAFÉ**

is a woman with graying blond hair holding a glass of red wine. She raises her glass -- looks at him expectantly... Brouillard's eyes narrow -- is it really her?

It is: ARIANE, now 58. She motions him over to the table...

BROUILLARD  
(clasping her hands)  
How long has it been?

ARIANE  
A long time. Since the night they  
got Lavoisier. Some wine?

BROUILLARD

Of course.

He sits. She pours.

BROUILLARD

I can't help but think of him every time I get off the Metro at Trocadéro.

ARIANE

The museum. I've never been able to go back there.

BROUILLARD

I'm surprised you're alive.

ARIANE

So am I. I even managed to raise a family. Ah, here's my husband now.

Brouillard looks up...

MAXIME, thirty-five years older, stands over him.

BROUILLARD

Mon ami!

The two men embrace -- Maxime joins them at the table:

MAXIME

Where'd they take you?

BROUILLARD

Flossenbürg. But I escaped.

ARIANE

Of course you did.

BROUILLARD

(to Maxime)

And you?

MAXIME

Neuengamme.

BROUILLARD

And you, Madame?

ARIANE

I don't like to talk about it.

BROUILLARD

I understand. Octave?

Ariane and Maxime trade looks:

ARIANE  
No one knows.

MAXIME  
But I can't imagine he made it.

ARIANE  
The Nazis were as cruel to men like  
him as they were to the Jews.

A sad silence -- then Brouillard tries to lighten the mood:

BROUILLARD  
Any children?

ARIANE  
Yes -- a boy and a girl.

MAXIME  
Grown now, of course.

BROUILLARD  
One of each.  
(raising his glass)  
Mes félicitations. Quelle  
coïncidence, n'est-pas? Running  
into each other after such a long  
time...

Ariane and Maxime share a look:

ARIANE  
It's no coincidence.

MAXIME  
We've been... looking for you.

BROUILLARD  
Me?

MAXIME  
And you weren't easy to find,  
believe me.

BROUILLARD  
Looking for me... why, exactly?

ARIANE  
Remember that painting of my mother  
I told you about? The one the  
Nazi's stole from my family? It's  
coming up for auction.

BROUILLARD

That's wonderful! You can finally get it back!

ARIANE

Are you kidding?

MAXIME

Just the opening bid will be more than every penny we've made since the war.

BROUILLARD

So what does this have to do with me?

Maxime shoots his wife a guilty look:

MAXIME

We want you to...

ARIANE

We want you to steal it.

(then)

I want you to steal it.

BROUILLARD

No, no. Sorry. I'm not in that business anymore. And I don't stick my neck out these days. Not since the war.

ARIANE

But we were a team --

MAXIME

A tribe --

ARIANE

You helped us get Von Becker.

BROUILLARD

Yes, and I wound up doing slave labor in Flossenbürg for two years. His V-2 killed thousands of people but the Americans decided he was too valuable to prosecute after the war. They hired him to run their space program, he helped them put a man on the moon and now he's a hero.

MAXIME

It's almost funny.

BROUILLARD

Almost.

Brouillard takes a big swig of wine. Then:

BROUILLARD

No. No more lost causes.

ARIANE

Are you saying I'm a lost cause?

BROUILLARD

We're not talking about you, we're talking about a painting.

ARIANE

It's not just a painting. It's my mother. It's my family. It's the way we lived before the Nazis came and took everything away from us. Until I get that painting back the war's not over for me.

MAXIME

It's being put up for auction by an Italian. Claudio Moretti. He's a big shot, wealthy. Lives in Naples. The painting's in his house there, in his private gallery. Should be right up your alley.

BROUILLARD

No, I'm sorry. You found me, okay? We had some wine and caught up. That's enough. It's nice to see you two again -- I'm glad you survived the war. I'm glad... despite everything I'm glad you're still together.

He drains his wine -- gets up to go...

ARIANE

Wait. What if I tell you that Claudio Moretti isn't his real name? He changed it after the war.

BROUILLARD

That makes no difference to me at all.

ARIANE  
No? What if I tell you that his  
real name is --

TITLE OVER BLACK:

**DAMON**

**INT. FENCE'S APARTMENT, PARIS, 1941 - NIGHT**

A squalid apartment, dark and dirty.

SUPER:

**1941**

CLOSE ON the Eye of St. Denis -- we PULL BACK TO REVEAL a  
LOUPE examining the stone. The eye behind the loupe belongs  
to a FENCE (40's, disheveled).

FENCE  
You must be kidding.

DAMON  
You've cut up hot stones for me  
before.

FENCE  
Not hot like this. That rock is  
drenched in the blood of the  
Resistance.

DAMON  
Fine. I'm sure there's somebody  
else who will help me get rid of  
it.

FENCE  
You're fooling yourself, mon ami.  
Everyone knows how you got that  
stone. No one in France will touch  
it as long as it's in your hands.

DAMON  
We'll see.

FENCE  
You'll be lucky to stay alive.

DAMON  
Is that so?

FENCE  
Yes, that's so. You're lucky I  
don't kill you myself.

**EXT. PARIS STREET - NIGHT**

It's pouring. Damon, jacket pulled over his head in a futile attempt to stay dry, ducks into an inviting

**BISTRO**

packed with happy couples bellied up to the bar... a rollicking PIANO jangles in the BG.

Damon enters, pulls his jacket down from his head and...

Record scratch. The MUSIC stops; the CROWD goes silent. Daggers shoot from the patrons' eyes.

Damon skulks out, back into the

**STREET**

where he staggers through the rain, shivering -- he pulls the Eye out of his pocket and stares at it in the pouring rain...

It's worthless now.

He betrayed his friends for nothing.

**EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT**

It's dark -- one streetlight. Damon lets a grappling hook FLY and starts scaling the wall...

**INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

He enters through a window -- hangs from his fingertips on the sill and DROPS down onto the floor...

The BEAM OF HIS FLASHLIGHT cuts through the darkness -- he's in a cavernous room full of WOODEN CRATES.

He moves around the space, scanning with the flashlight -- each crate has a stenciled SWASTIKA and the NAME OF AN ARTIST: Rembrandt, Degas, Monet... Then:

The beam finds a large rectangular crate...

The stencil reads: ECKER.

Bullseye.

**INT. BANK OFFICE, NAPLES - DAY**

An opulent office -- burgundy velvet curtains, renaissance furniture. An officious Italian BANKER (50s, bespoke suit, mustache), faces Damon across an expansive antique wooden desk:

BANKER  
(scanning paperwork)  
So. Signor... Moretti.

DAMON  
Yes.

SUPER:

**Naples, 1945**

BANKER  
I understand you don't speak Italian?

DAMON  
No. My family was Italian, but I was raised in France.

BANKER  
(not buying it)  
I see.  
(scanning the paperwork again)  
The loan you're requesting is quite large.

DAMON  
Is it?

BANKER  
And the painting you're offering as collateral... It's provenance can not be established. It was last listed as one of the works destined for the *Führermuseum*, but then the trail goes cold.



DAMON

Oh, there must be some sort of mistake. It's a painting of my mother -- it's been in my family for ages.

BANKER

I see. Perhaps...  
(hinting)  
the paperwork was destroyed during the war?

DAMON

Oh, yes. Yes, I'm sure that's what happened.

BANKER

Not such an uncommon occurrence. You'd of course be open to having our experts examine the painting in order to verify its authenticity?

DAMON

Of course.

BANKER

Well, if it's actually the work of Conrad Ecker then getting you the funds you've requested shouldn't be a problem.

DAMON

(brightening)  
Really? That's wonderful!

The banker rises and offers his hand:

BANKER

Such a terrible thing, this war. But now we must put the past behind us and...

(knowingly)  
make a fresh start? *N'est-ce pas?*

DAMON

Yes. That's it exactly. A fresh start.

**EXT. MORETTI IMPORT/EXPORT - DAY**

A HUGE CARGO SHIP lies docked at a pier -- HUNDREDS OF WORKERS scurry around like ants as a CRANE loads cargo onto a fleet of trucks marked **MORETTI**...

TITLE:

1965

An imposing brick building looms over the crowded scene -- a large sign on the front reads **MORETTI IMPORT EXPORT**.

Camera BOOMS UP to find Damon hanging out a second story window, cigar clenched between his teeth... He's heavier and noticeably older, surveying his bustling empire below:

DAMON

Hey, tu! Sposta quel furgone!

DOCKWORKER (O.S.)

Va bene capo!

Damon watches for a moment, then, satisfied for now, SLAMS the window shut with finality.

BACK TO:

**EXT. SIDEWALK CAFÉ, PARIS, 1977 - DAY**

ARIANE

He's completely legitimate now.  
Kept his nose clean for thirty years.

MAXIME

The Ecker is in his private gallery -- he's been collecting since the end of the war.

Brouillard looks at his wine... mulling:

BROUILLARD

I told you I was done sticking my neck out.

Ariane and Maxime share a disappointed look.

BROUILLARD

But in this case, I'll make an exception.

He refills his glass -- lifts it in a toast:

BROUILLARD  
To lost causes.

**EXT. DAMON'S HOUSE, NAPLES**

A renaissance villa set back from a busy city street. A high wrought iron fence surrounds the property -- there's an elaborate gate overseen by a UNIFORMED GUARD.

We PAN to

**A RESTAURANT ACROSS THE STREET**

where, through a large plate glass window, we see Brouillard and Maxime casing the house. Brouillard discreetly pulls out a pair of BINOCULARS:

BROUILLARD  
One guy at the gate... another  
patrolling the grounds. Both armed.  
Who knows how many inside.

He hands the binoculars to Maxime, who takes a look:

MAXIME  
This street is busy all the time.  
Restaurants, bars...

BROUILLARD  
It's impossible. It would have to  
be an inside job, and I can't speak  
Italian.

Maxime puts down the binoculars:

MAXIME  
*I can speak Italian.*

BROUILLARD  
You can?

MAXIME  
Yes. Ariane, too. We lived in  
Puglia for two years in the  
fifties.

He picks up the binoculars again:

MAXIME  
Oh, la la.

BROUILLARD

What?

MAXIME

(handing him binoculars)

Take a look...

THROUGH THE BINOCULARS we see an OLD WOMAN with a dog on a leash in front of the gate... The GATE GUARD smiles at her as she bends down to pick up poop from behind her squatting dog in a green plastic bag.

MAXIME

They just passed a law. Everybody with a dog has to do that now.

BROUILLARD

Jesus. Who's the pet and who's the master?

**INT. BISTRO - NIGHT**

Brouillard, Ariane, and Maxime sit together in a crowded restaurant:

ARIANE

But he'll recognize him!

BROUILLARD

I doubt it. It's been thirty years.

(to Maxime)

How long would it take you to grow a beard?

MAXIME

A few weeks.

BROUILLARD

We've only got three weeks before the painting goes up for auction.

(to Ariane)

You need to dye your hair.

(to Maxime)

And you...

(gesticulating outwards  
from his cheeks)

Push.

**INT. TANGREDI'S OFFICE, DAMON'S HOUSE - DAY**

Maxime, now bearded, sits before an opulent desk in a wood-paneled office...

TANGREDI (40s, stern), sits across from him and looks over his paperwork:

TANGREDI

(subtitled Italian)

*Your references seem to be in order. Your duties will be primarily janitorial, although you might be called upon to assist the cook staff upon occasion. Signor Moretti is a very private person and does not enjoy interacting with staff. Understood?*

MAXIME

*Yes, Signor Tangredi.*

TANGREDI

*The gallery and Signor Moretti's private office are not to be entered at any time, understood?*

MAXIME

*Yes, Signor Tangredi.*

**INT. DAMON'S HOUSE - LATER**

Maxime, pushing a broom, moves around the house, getting the lay of the land...

He clocks each room he visits -- there are SECURITY CAMERAS mounted in the corners of the ceiling of each room...

Occasionally as others pass by he bends down to half-heartedly sweep...

He makes his way into the

**GALLERY FOYER**

and through the entrance opening sees a high-ceilinged room filled with various paintings and statues --

And there it is.

THE PAINTING OF ARIANE'S MOTHER hangs in the center of the central wall -- glowing, golden, dominating the space.

He looks up to the ceiling -- another CAMERA. No place to hide.

He rubs his hand over the moulding around the entrance opening -- three ELECTRIC EYE TRANSMITTERS are recessed into the wood -- his eye tracks to the other side of the entrance: the corresponding RECEPTORS lie directly across.

**INT. HALLWAY - DAY**

Damon polishes wooden wainscoting with a rag... He glances around furtively -- makes sure no one is watching -- moves towards a DOOR, slightly ajar, at the end of the hall...

**THROUGH THE CRACK IN THE DOOR**

he sees the back of A MAN, dialing in the combination to a large WALL SAFE. The safe door opens -- the man stuffs some documents in -- and -- WHAT? Maxime can clearly see that THE EYE OF ST. DENIS IS IN THE SAFE.

Something in the stone catches the man's eye --OVER HIS SHOULDER we can see MAXIME IN THE DOORWAY REFLECTED MULTIPLE TIMES IN THE FACETS OF THE STONE!

The man WHIRLS AROUND --

IT'S DAMON.

DAMON

*Who the hell are you?*

Maxime stands frozen. Will Damon recognize him?

MAXIME

*The new janitor, sir. I just started. I guess I got lost -- I'm sorry.*

DAMON

*You will be sorry, if you ever set foot in my office again. Understand?*

MAXIME

*Yes, sir.*

DAMON

*Get your Black ass out of here.*

MAXIME

*Yes, sir.*

Maxime sheepishly backs out, closing the door behind him...

**INT. KITCHEN, DAMON'S HOUSE - DAY**

Shaken, Maxime walks into the house's large kitchen -- but there's no one around...

THROUGH THE KITCHEN WINDOW he sees two uniformed COOKS chatting and smoking outside. They motion for him to join them -- He puts down his broom and steps outside, into

**AN ALLEYWAY**

MAXIME

*Hello, ladies.*

COOK 1

*Where you from, Mister?*

MAXIME

*Puglia.*

COOK 2

*No, no, she means where you from for real.*

MAXIME

*Senegal.*

COOK 2

(to Cook 1)

*See? I told you.*

(offering a cigarette)

*Smoke?*

MAXIME

*No thanks. They don't let you smoke inside?*

The two women share a look:

COOK 1

*Are you kidding? You smoke inside, you die!*

Off Maxime's confused look:

COOK 2

*What she means is you could set off the alarm. You know that big room with all those fancy pictures? If there's a fire in there the doors seal shut and the alarm sucks all the air out to stop the fire.*

COOK 1

*So you die! That's what I said,  
right?*

Maxime tries to absorb this...

**EXT. SERVANT'S ENTRANCE, DAMON'S HOUSE - EVENING**

As the Maids and Maxime exit the house at the end of the day each in turn is PATTED DOWN by a Security Guard...

MAXIME (PRE-LAP)

They search everybody who works there. Every day.

**INT. SEASIDE PROMENADE, NAPLES - NIGHT**

Maxime, Ariane, and Brouillard stroll together down the *Lungomare*, Naples' famous seaside promenade:

MAXIME

And there are cameras. Every room.

BROUILLARD

And the gallery?

MAXIME

Electric eyes across the entrance. Always on.

BROUILLARD

That's not a problem -- I can use a smoke bomb to see the beams and --

MAXIME

No smoke bombs. The gallery has a special fire alarm. The room seals shut, then the system sucks out all the oxygen to starve the fire.

ARIANE

Wonderful.

BROUILLARD

Is there a fuse box?

MAXIME

Yes, in the basement.

BROUILLARD

You'll need to find the fuse for the electric eyes and pull it.



ARIANE

Why not just cut all the power to  
the house?

BROUILLARD

Too obvious.

Ariane frowns -- then a vendor's cart catches her eye:

ARIANE

(to Maxime)

Want some gelato, Maxie?

MAXIME

(smiling)

No, but I know you do, chérie.

She runs off to the cart -- Maxime turns to Brouillard:

MAXIME

But that's not all. I saw something  
else.

**INT. KITCHEN, DAMON'S HOUSE - DAY**

Maxime, shouldering a LEATHER SATCHEL, enters the empty kitchen... the two Cooks are enjoying their daily smoke break outside... he WAVES to them through the window.

He kneels down -- checks to make sure the coast is clear -- opens the satchel -- turns it upside down and

SCORES OF COCKROACHES TUMBLE OUT and SCURRY ACROSS THE KITCHEN FLOOR...

**INT. DINING ROOM - DAY**

Damon sits alone at a large, antique dining table, reading the newspaper -- One of the Cooks puts a BOWL OF SOUP in front of him -- he puts the paper down and picks up a spoon...

We move in CLOSE ON the spoon as he dips it into the bowl and brings it to his mouth -- swimming in the *tortellini en brodo* is a WRIGGLING INSECT...

**INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Maxime pushes a dust mop through the hallway -- he's stopped short by an ANGRY CRY FROM INSIDE THE DINING ROOM:

DAMON (O.S.)  
**TANGREDI!**

Maxime breaks into a KNOWING SMILE and starts pushing the mop again...

**INT. TANGREDI'S OFFICE - DAY**

Tangredi hunches over paperwork -- a KNOCK on the door.

TANGREDI  
*Avanti.*

Maxime sticks his head in:

MAXIME  
 (subtitled Italian)  
***The exterminator is here, sir.***

**INT. ENTRANCEWAY, DAMON'S HOUSE - DAY**

Tangredi opens the door -- the EXTERMINATOR has his back to us. He turns and:

IT'S BROUILLARD.

He wears grey overalls -- on the ground beside him are a CANISTER with a rubber hose coming out of it and a wooden STEPLADDER:

TANGREDI  
***Now, listen to me. I don't want to see a single --***

Brouillard HOLDS UP HIS PALMS in a "stop" gesture --

MAXIME  
***He doesn't speak Italian, sir.***

TANGREDI  
***Of course he doesn't.***  
 (waving Brouillard away)  
***You know what to do.***  
 (to Maxime)  
***This guy better be as good as you say he is.***

Tangredi exits -- Brouillard gives Maxime the slightest of nods as he picks up the canister and stepladder...

**INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Brouillard moseys down the hallway, scanning the ceiling for cameras... Occasionally he sprays some white FOAM from the canister onto the baseboards...

**INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS**

Maxime climbs a set of rickety stairs down into the darkened basement -- he opens a FUSEBOX -- the beam of his flashlight glides across ROWS OF GLASS CYLINDERS...

Upstairs, Brouillard comes to

**THE GALLERY FOYER**

He spies the CAMERA mounted high in the corner -- makes his way below it and OPENS THE STEPLADDER...

**IN THE BASEMENT**

Maxime finds the fuse he's looking for -- he sets the flashlight (still on) on top of the fusebox (it's the only light in the room) -- puts one hand on the fuse -- raises his wrist and looks intently at his WATCH...

**IN THE GALLERY FOYER**

Brouillard, back to the wall, mounts the ladder -- UNDERNEATH AND OUT OF SITE OF THE CAMERA -- he grabs the canister and SPRAYS FOAM BACKWARDS -- ONTO THE CAMERA LENS...

**INT. SECURITY OFFICE, DAMON'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

A SECURITY GUARD reads a newspaper in front of a BANK OF MONITORS... he doesn't notice as one of the screens goes WHITE WITH FOAM...

**IN THE GALLERY FOYER**

Brouillard hustles to the entranceway with the canister and the ladder -- he looks at his watch... It's 4:45.

MATCH CUT TO:

**MAXIME'S WATCH**

showing the same time... Maxime waits -- as the SECOND HAND hits 12 and the MINUTE HAND moves to 4:46 he PULLS THE FUSE.

**IN THE SECURITY OFFICE**

A RED LIGHT marked "GALLERIA" starts to BLINK -- but the Guard is still lost in his paper...

**IN THE FOYER**

Brouillard looks at his watch -- eyes closed, wincing, he STEPS ACROSS THE ELECTRIC EYE BEAMS INTO THE GALLERY...

Silence. He SIGHS with relief...

**IN THE BASEMENT**

Maxime, looking at his watch, REPLACES the fuse...

**IN THE SECURITY OFFICE**

The light STOPS BLINKING.

**IN THE GALLERY**

Brouillard races under the camera in the corner -- MOUNTS THE LADDER and SPRAYS THE LENS WITH FOAM...

**IN THE SECURITY OFFICE**

the Guard puts down his paper -- and suddenly clocks that two of his screens are out -- he pushes an INTERCOM BUTTON:

SECURITY GUARD  
*Have Tangredi come up here.*

**AT THE FRONT GATE**

Ariane, now a BRUNETTE, approaches the Gate Guard:

ARIANE  
*Excuse me, I'm trying to find the Archeological Museum.*

GATE GUARD  
*You're out of luck, Miss. It's quite a ways away from here.*

ARIANE  
(coquettish)  
*Oh, I'm so terrible with directions.*  
(pulling out a map)  
*Could you show me where it is?*

**IN THE GALLERY**

Brouillard's now on the step ladder beside the painting -- he feels around behind the frame, trying to figure out how to get it off the wall...

**IN THE SECURITY OFFICE**

Tangredi hunches over the desk in front of the monitors with the guard as Damon blusters in:

DAMON

*What's going on?*

TANGREDI

*Two cameras out. Both by the gallery.*

DAMON

(picking up a clipboard)

*Anyone come in from outside today?*

TANGREDI

*No one out of the ordinary, sir.*

SECURITY GUARD

*Except the exterminator.*

Damon shoots Tangredi a disgusted look...

**EXT. FRONT GATE, DAMON'S HOUSE**

Ariane and the Gate Guard pore over the map:

GATE GUARD

(pointing)

*The easiest way is to take the Via Nicola Nicolinni --*

He stops -- suddenly aware of another presence.

A KINDLY OLD MAN (white-haired, bearded) has appeared out of nowhere beside the guard -- the Old Man squats down to pick up poop from behind his dog with a green plastic bag...

The Old Man looks up at the Guard and holds up the bag with an embarrassed smile --

He moves on down the road, the dog's leash in one hand, the poop bag in the other -- the guard returns his attention to Ariane and the map:

GATE GUARD  
*Then take a right onto the Via  
 Foria --*

**IN THE SECURITY OFFICE**

Damon reviews the footage of Brouillard entering...

**ON THE MONITOR**

we see Brouillard hold his hands up to show that he can't speak Italian --

DAMON  
*Stop it -- right there.*

The image of Brouillard, palms up, FREEZES...

DAMON  
*Zoom in.*

The image ENLARGES, and we can plainly see:

THE LOGO OF THE LE MATIN NEWSPAPER MASTHEAD BURNED INTO  
 BROUILLARD'S PALM!

DAMON  
 (to himself)  
*Putain...*

**AT THE GATE**

Ariane and the Gate Guard are still lost in the map when the Security Guard's voice CRACKLES over the Gate Guard's WALKIE-TALKIE:

SECURITY GUARD (O.S.)  
*Intruder in the Gallery! Intruder  
 in the Gallery!*

The Gate Guard DROPS the map -- pulls his GUN from his holster -- RUNS into the house...

As THE GATE SWINGS to close behind him, Ariane STICKS HER FOOT OUT --

And JUST MANAGES TO CATCH IT before it locks shut...

**IN THE GALLERY**

Brouillard is STRAINING TO LIFT THE PAINTING OFF THE WALL... finally gets it down, onto the floor, and then, from behind:

THE SOUND OF ONE PERSON SLOWLY APPLAUDING.

Brouillard turns, and DAMON STANDS BEFORE HIM, clapping, the dour Security Guard beside him:

DAMON

Bravo, mon ami. Still in the game, eh? But now I've caught you red-handed. Twice today. It's always easier to get in than get out, n'est-ce pas?

BROUILLARD

You got out, didn't you?

DAMON

In a way. After the war I decided I'd had enough of climbing up drainpipes, So I became a real thief: a businessman. Steal a little and they call you thief, steal a lot and they call you king.

The Gate Guard RUNS IN, gun drawn...

DAMON

And if you take a shot at the king, my friend, you'd best not miss.  
(to the Gate Guard)  
Give me that.

The Guard hands him the pistol -- Damon points it at Brouillard -- cocks it...

BROUILLARD

I thought you said you weren't a murderer.

DAMON

This isn't murder; it's self-defense. You're a well-known criminal. I caught you in my house, trying to steal my property.  
(nodding at the guards)  
I even have two witnesses. You, of all people, must know: a man's home is his castle.

BROUILLARD

Sometimes castles are made of sand.

DAMON

Not this time, mon ami.

He points the gun at Brouillard's head:

DAMON

May I?

BROUILLARD

I insist.

Then, A VOICE from behind:

ARIANE

No. I insist.

SHE HOLDS A CIGARETTE LIGHTER TO THE MAP! It catches fire, curling and smoking --

DAMON

(with disbelief)

Ariane?

A PIERCING SIREN begins to WAIL --

BROUILLARD KNOCKS THE GUN out of Damon's hand --

METAL SHUTTERS START TO LOWER over the gallery windows and entranceway --

THE GUARDS MAKE A BREAK FOR IT -- dashing for the exits before it's too late --

ARIANE LOOKS TO BROUILLARD, panic in her eyes --

BROUILLARD

Go, GO!

SHE DUCKS UNDER THE CLOSING SHUTTER -- Damon turns to follow her out --

But BROUILLARD GRABS HIS ANKLE, pulling him down --

THE TWO TUMBLE towards the entranceway, each trying to stop the progress of the other -- as the Entranceway's METAL SHUTTER MOVES CLOSER AND CLOSER TO THE FLOOR...

Then BROUILLARD LANDS A HAYMAKER on Damon and ROLLS THROUGH THE TINY REMAINING SPACE UNDER THE CLOSING SHUTTER!

The bottom of the shutter HITS THE FLOOR, SEALING THE GALLERY SHUT.

DAMON WATCHES WITH TERROR as vents along the gallery ceiling SNAP OPEN -- There's a demonic HISSSSSS as the oxygen is SUCKED OUT OF THE ROOM --



He CLUTCHES AT HIS THROAT, GASPING FOR AIR --

Then collapses.

Dead.

The painting of Ariane's mother looks down over his crumpled body.

### **OUTSIDE THE HOUSE**

Brouillard RACES through the gate, onto the street, where MAXIME AND ARIANE WAIT in an idling car -- He hops in:

THE CAR SPEEDS AWAY just as Tangredi and the Guards RACE OUT ONTO THE SIDEWALK, pistols drawn --

They fire off MULTIPLE ROUNDS at the fleeing auto, BLOWING OUT THE REAR WINDSHIELD but missing the occupants inside --

TANGREDI  
(under his breath)  
*Merda!*

### **EXT. CAFÉ, PARIS - DAY**

Brouillard, Maxime, and Ariane sit outside at a café (we've been here before). The two men sip wine and trade looks, as Ariane angrily punctuates her speech with a lit cigarette:

ARIANE  
(to Brouillard)  
You had your chance to get it, and you failed.

MAXIME  
Relax, chérie...

ARIANE  
Relax? A man's dead and it's my fault!

BROUILLARD  
It's not your fault.

ARIANE  
No. It's *your* fault. I can't believe that I trusted you. That we trusted you. It's laughable! After all this time, I don't even know your real name!

**INT. AUCTION HOUSE, PARIS - DAY**

Ariane sits alone among well-dressed people in an opulent gallery -- an AUCTIONEER bangs a GAVEL for attention:

AUCTIONEER

And now, Mesdames et Messieurs, the moment we've been waiting for. From the estate of Claudio Moretti, the Anton Ecker masterpiece, "Golden Lady."

She watches forlornly as two white-gloved ASSISTANTS reverently place the painting of Ariane's mother on an easel for all to see...

MURMURS OF APPRECIATION rise from the crowd...

AUCTIONEER

I'm sure I've no need to remind you that this is the first time this piece has come to market since the Second World War. We'll start the bidding at seven million francs.

The Auctioneer's head DARTS from side to side as paddles go up and bids increase:

AUCTIONEER

Seven, and do I hear eight? Eight. Nine. And ten? Thank you, Madame.

Ariane strains to follow the action as BIDDERS begin to call out:

BIDDER

Fifteen.

AUCTIONEER

I have fifteen.

ANOTHER BIDDER

Twenty.

A muted GASP from the crowd...

AUCTIONEER

I have twenty million francs. Do I hear twenty-one? Twenty-one million francs for this Anton Ecker masterpiece, on the market for the first time in over thirty years?

Silence. Ariane's face tightens as the inevitable approaches...

AUCTIONEER  
Very well. Twenty million. Going  
once... going twice...

He raises his gavel to strike --

AUCTION WORKER (O.S.)  
Wait!

An AUCTION WORKER stands by a BANK OF PHONES, holding a receiver to his ear...

AUCTION WORKER  
Twenty-three.

Another, louder GASP...

AUCTIONEER  
Twenty-three. Do I hear twenty-  
four?

The previous high-bidder shakes his head in defeat...

AUCTIONEER  
Very well, twenty three going  
once... going twice...  
(BANG!)  
SOLD, for twenty-three million  
francs, to an anonymous telephone  
bidder.

The attendants lift the painting from the easel.

The crowd bursts into applause. Ariane bursts into tears.

She's lost it. Again.

**INT. MAXIME AND ARIANE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT**

Maxime and Ariane exit the elevator and make their way down the hall towards their apartment:

ARIANE  
It's just that we were so close!

MAXIME  
(putting his key in the  
door)  
We were, chérie.

ARIANE  
If that idiot had just worn  
gloves...

But before Maxime can turn the key, the DOOR OPENS --

Inside the entrance foyer are DELPHINE and GUILLAUME (20's), Maxime and Ariane's children -- they're bubbly with excitement:

DELPHINE  
Bonsoir, Maman!

**INT. MAXIME AND ARIANE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS**

The parents move into the apartment, hugging and kissing their kids:

ARIANE  
What are you two doing here? We  
thought you were in Amiens.

GUILLAUME  
Well, Papa called and said you  
wanted to introduce us to one of  
your old friends.

She looks to her husband with confusion -- he gives her a mysterious smile...

ARIANE  
What old friend?

And then BROUILLARD STEPS INTO THE FOYER.

Ariane's expression immediately darkens...

BROUILLARD  
Oh, don't worry. It's not me.

He steps aside, allowing a free line of sight into the living room, where THE PORTRAIT OF ARIANE'S MOTHER HANGS OVER THE FIREPLACE.

She grabs her chest with emotion -- her children BEAM as she steps into

**THE LIVING ROOM**

trying to make sense of it all -- is this really happening?

ARIANE  
 (to Maxime)  
 But... how?

MAXIME  
 Well...

**INT. GALLERY - DAY [FLASHBACK]**

We're back in the gallery at Damon's House -- Brouillard's on the step ladder trying to figure out how to get the painting off the wall...

He TURNS and sees MAXIME MOVING THROUGH THE FOYER -- the two exchange looks as Maxime hurries into

**DAMON'S OFFICE**

where he pulls out a STETHOSCOPE and starts WORKING ON CRACKING THE WALL SAFE...

**IN THE SECURITY OFFICE**

The guard clocks that two of his screens are out:

SECURITY GUARD  
 (into intercom)  
*Have Tangredi come up here.*

**IN DAMON'S OFFICE**

The safe OPENS and Maxime pulls the EYE OF ST. DENIS out of the safe and replaces it with a REPLICA --

**IN THE SECURITY OFFICE**

Damon blusters into the office:

DAMON  
*What's going on?*

TANGREDI  
*Two cameras out. Both by the gallery.*

**IN ANOTHER PART OF THE HOUSE**

Maxime mounts a staircase and exits onto

**THE ROOF**

where he pulls out a SLINGSHOT and looks intently at his WATCH -- it's time.

He loads the slingshot with a GREEN PLASTIC BAG and LETS IT FLY --

**OUTSIDE THE HOUSE**

The Gate Guard, lost in the map with Ariane, doesn't notice as a GREEN PLASTIC BAG LANDS ON THE SIDEWALK next to the Old Man with the dog...

The Old Man looks up at the Guard and holds up the bag with an embarrassed smile --

He moves on down the road -- turns a corner -- tears open the bag: INSIDE IS THE EYE OF ST. DENIS!

**IN THE SECURITY OFFICE**

Damon reviews the footage of Brouillard entering:

DAMON  
*Stop it -- right there.*

**AT THE SERVICE ENTRANCE**

Maxime and the Maids are SEARCHED as they leave for the day -- as they let Maxime go he lets loose with a CHESHIRE CAT SMILE...

BACK TO:

**INT. MAXIME AND ARIANE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

ARIANE  
But that still doesn't explain how  
you got the painting...

BROUILLARD  
Doesn't it?

**INT. FENCE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT [FLASHBACK]**

The Fence who refused to buy the stone from Damon (now considerably older, of course) opens his palm -- Brouillard, smiling, DROPS the stone into it...

BROUILLARD (V.O.)  
We fenced the stone without a problem --

MAXIME (V.O.)  
It's been thirty years, after  
all...

**INT. PHONE BOOTH - DAY [FLASHBACK]**

Maxime listens intently on a payphone... then, into the  
receiver:

MAXIME  
Twenty-three.

BROUILLARD (V.O.)  
-- and then a certain anonymous  
bidder used the money from the  
stone to buy the painting at the  
auction, free and clear.

BACK TO:

**INT. MAXIME AND ARIANE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

MAXIME  
And there's plenty left over,  
believe me, chérie.

BROUILLARD  
Trying to steal the painting was  
just a diversion to get the stone.  
But we thought that Damon would  
just call the cops. We had no idea  
he'd try and kill me.

ARIANE  
Or that I would save your life.

BROUILLARD  
No. No idea of that either, of  
course.

ARIANE  
I'm glad I did.

BROUILLARD  
Me, too.

ARIANE  
But who was the man with the dog?

MAXIME  
Another old friend. Ah, here he is  
now...

The OLD MAN enters the room -- bows and kisses Ariane's hand:

OLD MAN  
Enchanté, Madame.

ARIANE  
(confused)  
Have we met before?

OLD MAN  
I believe so...

He pulls off his beard...

IT'S OCTAVE.

ARIANE  
Oh, mon dieu! We thought --

OCTAVE  
The reports of my death are greatly  
exaggerated.

ARIANE  
(hugging him)  
I'm so glad! And it's so wonderful  
to see you again!

OCTAVE  
And you.

The children appear with a tray laden with GLASSES OF  
CHAMPAGNE...

MAXIME  
A toast!

OCTAVE  
May I?  
(raising his glass)  
"O thou invisible spirit of wine,  
if thou has no name to be known by,  
let us call thee --"  
(seeing their looks)  
Oh, fuck it. Down the hatch!

He takes a big swig -- Everyone else raises their glass:



MAXIME  
To lost causes...

ARIANE  
To old friends...

BROUILLARD  
Above the clouds.

As their glasses CLINK we:

FADE TO BLACK.

**THE END.**