

"THE SWITCH"
"TROMPE L'OEIL"

AN ORIGINAL ACTION COMEDY TAKING PLACE IN
CANNES FRANCE DURING THE FILM FESTIVAL

Written By
Philip Marcus, Maria Marcus

Story By
Philip Marcus, Maria Marcus

Lotus Media Entertainment

studiocrew@gmail.com

(310) 497-4810

Writers Guild of America
WGA registration 1751726

[Links to
Synopsis Cast Location pictures](#)

FADE IN: INT. SMOKY DEN - NOON SC 1

Blaring sunlight shoots through crooked blinds. The light casts harsh shadows on a seated man holding a lit cigarette.

CIGARETTE MAN(40's) wears a grey suit, the bow-tie lazily untied. He takes a long over-dramatic drag.

Suddenly the man stands, revealing a tied up man sitting across from him, CLAUDE(30's) a battered hostage.

Cigarette man takes one more drag then strikes Claude across the face, exhaling more smoke afterwards.

CIGARETTE MAN
I don't want to hit you.
Another over dramatic punch.

CIGARETTE MAN
I really hate violence...

A sucker punch to the gut, Claude whimpers, in more pain.

CIGARETTE MAN
All you have to do is tell me where
the money is!

CLAUDE
(in French)
Put out your cigarette. It's giving me
cancer!

Cigarette man is about to deliver another brutal punch, when suddenly a swinging lamp overhead shakes dramatically.

CIGARETTE MAN
You're running out of time Claude.
He kicks Claude causing his chair to topple over.

CIGARETTE MAN
Tell me Claude! Tell ME!

CUT TO:

INT. TIM AND JULIEN'S STUDIO APT - SC 2

The spacebar on a laptop is pressed which stops a recording of the previous scene, apparently on editing software.
TIM(20's) a dark brooding kind of guy who manages to look

formal even with his stay-at-home robe on.

He backs away from his laptop, repelled by it. He viscously rubs his face and neat hair in annoyance.

Just then JULIEN(20's) enters with a charming smile on his face humming a tune.

He see's the ruffled hair of Tim and his smile disappears.

JULIEN

Uh uh! Nope! You are not editing our baby.

TIM

It's the Director's cut.

JULIEN

Tim. It's been accepted to Cannes. We've made it, don't touch it...

TIM

No.

JULIEN

We're the only ones from our tiny film school who can say that.

TIM

It's imperfect.

JULIEN

We are basically graduating as Magna Cum Laude, even though our grades are awful!

TIM

But the FILM, Julien. It's it's-

JULIEN

The ending I know.

TIM

-the ending.

TIM

I mean come on.

Tim quickly scrubs through the footage on the editing software to a specific point and hits the spacebar loudly.

Tim looks at Julien who is grinning.

JULIEN
So cool.

Tim groans.

JULIEN
Look I have goose-bumps.

TIM
Yes but Julien. I just feel like it's
been done before.

JULIEN
Everything's been done before. Hell,
that's how Disney's made it's fortune.
All the reboots and sequels.

Tim grumbles.

JULIEN
If it looks good, keeps your interest,
and gets accepted to the FESTIVAL in
CANNES. Then you have made a great
film.

Tim ignores him scrubbing the video through some of the more
goofy line deliveries.

JULIEN
Come on Tim!

Julien shuts Tim's Laptop pulling him away towards their
teeny tiny studio window with the view of a brick wall.

JULIEN
We've got graduation tomorrow then
it's off to Cannes to bask in the warm
glow of beautiful women!

He gestures grandly as if they were looking at Cannes through
their window.

JULIEN
My Aunt and Uncle are very hospitable
too. There will be no worries.

Tim opens his mouth to say something negative

JULIEN

And! I like our ending. It's a view on
self reflection. Who doesn't do that?

Tim sighs.

TIM

And the mobster fight scenes!

OPENING TITLES

MUSIC: Instrumental "BOHEMIAN RHAPSODY" by QUENN...

EXT/INT. BIG BOSS' MANSION - ALL WHITE ROOMS - SC 3

MUSIC: Instrumental "BOHEMIAN RHAPSODY" CONTINUED.

SteadyCam shot starts from the mansion exterior and follows a
"Valet" through the entrance all the way to a large reception
room as if it is the POV of someone following the valet.

As the camera moves in closer to the reception room the music
(Piano cover of "Bohemian rhapsody") becomes louder...

The valet opens the door and the music becomes even louder.

Gus and Grease walk in and stand in awe. The room, and the
piano are pure white. We see a man in a white suit sitting at
the piano and moving to the rhythm. it's "Big Boss"

Gus and Grease applauds..! The man at the piano turns around
and gets up as the music continues to play..!

Gus and Grease's applauds fade away as they follow Big Boss
to the next room where a male victim is tied to a chair in
the corner.

GUS, a slick low level mobster, with a "bohemian look" and
GREASE a career mobster has his hair slicked back in tons of
grease. Both are dressed in dark suits.

Gus and Grease stand with horror on their faces.
Gus checks his nails and then pats down his face with a hanky
he pulled out of his suit jacket.

There's plastic wrap covering the walls and floor.

VICTIM (O.S.)

I'll never tell you what it says!!

Kill me if you-

BANG! THE MUSIC ENDS.

BIG BOSS(50s) stands with the loaded gun smoking in his hand.

His very expensive Italian white suit covered in the same plastic wrap cover with blood splashes. He drops the plastic wrap...

The fluorescent lights overhead cast a sickening green light on him in this windowless room.

BIG BOSS

Your job. Your cleanup!

He tosses the gun at Grease, who hesitates to catch it.

Gus and Grease share a moment of dread.

INT. BIG BOSS' HOUSE - LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS SC 4

Big Boss enters with Gus and Grease following behind. He approaches the pedestal in the center of the library.

A pure emerald Tablet covered with Ancient Sumerian and Egyptian hieroglyphics lays inside a glass display case.

BIG BOSS

Soon you will be making me, LOTS, of money.

He turns back to his lackeys.

BIG BOSS

You've done your half of the job well Grease.

Grease smiles smugly at Gus.

BIG BOSS

I'm assuming the other half of the job will go just as well.

GREASE

I've already arranged a time and found a nice hotel near the address the French Boss gave us. Our guns have arrived and as long as this French Boss doesn't double cross us, we shouldn't need them.

BIG BOSS

He's an old friend and a gentleman.
There will be no problems... And have
you decided on how to transport my
Emerald Tablet?

GREASE

Just in a normal backpack.
Big Boss flinches ever so slightly. He sighs putting his hand
on Grease's left shoulder giving what looks like a very
uncomfortable massage!

BIG BOSS

Gus. You've never let me down before.

GREASE

Thank you Big Boss.

BIG BOSS

So that means the odds aren't in your
favor.

GREASE

Uh.
Big Boss' grip is tightening.

BIG BOSS

This tablet was part of a collection
that dates back over 36,000 years BC.
Now that it's been found, we will be
hunted down by every major player,
black market and "illuminati-type"
organization.

Big Boss then puts both his hands onto both of Grease's
shoulders giving an even more intense massage.

BIG BOSS

Now I'm a gambling man. And I normally
know when to fold my hand. But for
some reason I'm not sure if I should
hit, or fold.

Grease flinches, feeling himself get pulled closer towards
his increasingly creepy boss.

GREASE

I won't let you down...

Big boss tightens his grip intensely.

GREASE

...BIG, Boss. Since you're the biggest boss out there.

Big boss lets go. Grease recuperates trying to look unaffected.

BIG BOSS

Good. I'll just trust your... backpack idea. Just remember there's no time to waste, and no room for mistakes.

Big Boss turns back towards the Tablet. Grease gives Gus another smug look. Gus returns his look with a fast knee to the balls!

BIG BOSS

I'm not sure what the French Boss plans to do with this. But he's practically going bankrupt for it!

GUS

I heard it holds the key to the universe... or something?

BIG BOSS

Oh, Gus. I already know what the secret to the universe is.

Green light reflects off the tablet onto the Big Boss' face.

BIG BOSS

Money!

Grease crouches to the floor in pain in the background!

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL - CONVENTION CENTER LOBBY - CONTINUOUS SC 5

At graduation party, Julien surrounded by beautiful curious young women!

JULIEN

- Yeah it's going to win for sure. I already know. My uncle's always hooking me up with connections at the festival. So I wouldn't be surprised if you see our film in a theater near you soon!

Julien's phone rings. The caller ID shows "Jean Luc-Godard".

JULIEN

Oh it's just Jean Luc again. I have to take this sorry ladies.

The ladies all talk heavily amongst themselves as Julien walks away answering his phone...

Once out of earshot.

JULIEN

(French) Hey Francois!

FRANCOIS (O.S.

(French) Hello! How's my favorite nephew?

JULIE

(French) Magnificent. Excited to come down for the festival.

INT. FRANCOIS' HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT SC 6

CUT TO:

FRANCOIS (50's) a ruggedly handsome man, lays down next to his wife BRIGITTE (late 40's) a dark haired beauty.

FRANCOIS

(French) Good good! Oh Brigitte says hi. Is Tim going to be coming down or is he still on the fence about it?

JULIEN (O.S.

(French) He will!

Suddenly ALIZE (14) a rambunctious dark haired cute teen, runs into the bedroom. She tugs on Francois' robe.

FRANCOIS

(French) Oh my goodness. Alize wants to talk to you... He looks at her.

FRANCOIS

(French) There! Happy?

Alize gets on the phone..

ALIZE

Salut Julien, we're gonna have so much fun over here. I've literally been doing nothing the past few months

JULIEN

I can't wait either. What do you want me get for you?

ALIZE

Can you kidnap an American boy to be my boyfriend?!

JULIEN

That's illegal but I'll try my best.

ALIZE

Yes!!! Thank you. Hey I'm 14 now...!

JULIEN

OK I'll pack one in my back pack for you... But actually, do you want anything?

ALIZE

Can you bring me a hamburger?

JULIEN

... Just a hamburger? Like a regular hamburger?

ALIZE

Yes. The most unhealthy, greasy, and American burger you can find.

JULIEN

Alright then, I won't disappoint you. I'll call you again soon.

ALIZE

Don't forget my burger, or my boyfriend! Love you, bye.

JULIEN

I love you too, see you!

FRANCOIS
So... what did he say?

ALIZE
Oh... Nothing !

Alize gives the phone back to her dad and runs out the room.

FRANCOIS
(French) HAHA! Well I got an invite to
Luc's yacht party this year. It'll be
great!

INT. HOTEL - BALLROOM LOBBY - DAY SC 7

JULIEN
(French) Fantastic..!

Julien scans the room for his friend TIM.

JULIEN
(French) Yep we leave tomorrow
morning!

CUT TO:

EXT. JFK AIRPORT - MORNING SC 8

CUT BACK TO:

Planes soar overhead. Scores of taxis drop off eager
passengers.

INT. JFK AIRPORT - TSA CHECKPOINT - DAY SC 9

Gus and Grease are standing in line taking off the
appropriate clothing to put in those dreaded plastic trays.

Gus wears a dark suit, opposed to Grease who looks like an
outrageous tourist! The colors on his T shirt alone scream
for attention.

On his back, the tablet can be seen through a zipper hole in
the black backpack Grease carries.

Gus see's it and follows behind him to quickly zip it up.

GUS

Keep that thing zipped.

GREASE

I'm sorry I'm a little busy worrying about the checkpoint.

GUS

You think you're the only one worrying?

Gus absentmindedly takes out a silver nail file and starts filing his nails.

GREASE

YOU picking an International UNITED flight, that's when I started worrying. When did you start?

GUS

(whispering loudly)

When my scary ass boss sent his greedy little pit-bull to take over MY job... you know the one I've been in charge of!

GREASE

I'm the one who Jimmy no-face tripped over okay. I'm the reason we were able to take him back and "integrate him".

GUS

Interrogate him...

GREASE

I know what I said!
They reach the conveyer belt and put their clothes into the trays.

GUS

It was my plan for him to trip on you.
It wasn't an accident, okay?

Grease takes off his fanny pack and places it on the conveyer belt. He then takes off the Backpack casually throwing it onto the conveyer belt.

CLANG

Gus stops filing his nails giving Grease a dirty look. Grease looks at him unapologetically.

A very pissed off TSA LADY(40s) stands at attention behind the X-RAY counter.

She's been eyeing Gus the minute he took out that nail file. TSA Lady watches her prey get closer and closer to the metal detector. Meanwhile the EMERALD TABLET passes through the machines clearly visible on the X-RAY screen.

Another officer steps forward from behind her to say something to Gus about the nail file, but she sticks out her hand to stop him.

TSA LADY

Sir.

Gus doesn't notice he's still arguing.

TSA LADY

Sir... Siiiiiiir.

Gus steps through the metal detector. It goes off. Gus realizes his mistake.

GUS

I'm sorry! I forgot.

The TSA Lady is already on her way over to intercept him.

TSA LADY

Oh it's okay honey happens all the time.

GUS

Really?

TSA LADY

(HEAVY HARLEM NY ACCENT)

AW HELLLLLL NAH! What's wrong wich you?
I'm glad your stupid ass walked through this gate tho. You wanna know why?

GUS

Why?

She pulls Gus extremely close.

TSA LADY

(CREEPY WHISPER)

Cuz now I get to cavity search your

cute little ass.
Gus whimpers. She takes him by the hand and leads him away.

TSA LADY

Yo ass mine now!
Grease tries to hide his laughter as he gracefully passes through the metal detector.

Tim and Julien are walking through the metal detector a few rows down. They peer down at the commotion.

JULIEN

Probably a terrorist!

TIM

Looks like a mobster.

JULIEN

Ever since our film, everyone looks like a mobster to you...

TIM

The perfect disguise for a terrorist.

They both chuckle as they walk past the checkpoint. Tim puts on a very similar looking backpack as Grease's

INT. JFK AIRPORT - TERMINAL GATE MALL - CONTINUOUS SC 10

Tim and Julien look at their tickets.

JULIEN

Ah ya we totally have time for a beer.
Wanna get loosey goosy for the plane ride?

TIM

Hoonk.

JULIEN

Like a goose?

TIM

Like a, ya.

JULIEN

(smiling)

You dingus.

TIM

Well let's find some place to sit.
The less I move the laptop-

Tim motions to the black backpack on his back.

TIM
-the less chance of it getting
damaged.

JULIEN
There's Tim. I lost you there for a
second. Okay, Allons-y!

They walk past Grease whose looking at his phone's clock.

Grease puts it away snarling. He spots a figure awkwardly
moving down the corridor.

Gus wobbles towards Grease, every step a journey. Grease
smugly walks over.

GREASE
How the hell did you forget your nail
file?

GUS
(wincing)
I didn't forget you dolt. I was
distracting them from looking at the x-
ray machine. It's the oldest trick in
the book. I've done it before.

Grease doesn't believe him.

GREASE
What and the cavity search? Part of
the plan too dumbass?

GUS
No... that's the first time I've been
searched. Usually they just wave me
through.

Grease starts to laugh loudly again. Gus punches him.

GREASE
Well we have just enough time for a
beer. Maybe it'll help you ...relax.

GUS

(mocking)

HA HA.

They walk off towards the same bar Tim and Julien were headed towards.

INT. JFK AIRPORT - TERMINAL BAR - CONTINUOUS SC 11
The seats of the Bar lean out into the main traffic corridor for easy access to passersby.

Tim and Julien clink their beers as Gus and Grease walk up.

Grease leaves a buffer seat between him and Tim. He throws his backpack casually on top of the buffer seat.

CLANG

Gus hits Grease again, this time upside the head.

GUS

Stop doing that.

It takes Gus a very long time to properly sit down.

Tim notices the new company, while Julien checks out some hot ladies walking by.

Tim see's the black backpack that looks almost identical to his. Looking down at his own backpack, he moves it away from Grease placing it next to Julien whose sitting next to him.

Tim looks back at Grease who gives him a cold-eyed stare. Tim quickly turns back around taking a swig of his beer. Motioning secretly to Julien to look behind him.

Julien gets the message he looks behind Tim at Gus and Grease.

TIM

(mouthing words)

The mobsters.

Out of nowhere a huge mob of ASIAN TOURISTS (20's-40's) all carrying selfie sticks stop by the bar to drink.

Gus and Grease have a difficult time getting their drinks in, as the female BARTENDER (30's) a busty brunette with tattoo's shakes up multiple drinks as the tourists swarm the bar.

GREASE

HEY! Two beers ain't going to kill ya honey!
BARTENDER
(Muttering under her breath)
Keep your pants on big man-

Grease looks down at his shirt insecure, Gus laughs.

GUS
I like her.

GREASE
I'd like her better if she served me
MY BEER!

Julien looks back at Tim.

TIM
(quietly)
I guess they're not terrorists, just
rude tourists.

GREASE
(Loudly)
Can't you just pour them now? Takes
FIVE SECONDS!

The bartender glares at Grease while she pours two beers on draft into tall glasses.

JULIEN
(quietly)
Same thing it seems.

GREASE
You got a problem over there kid?

JULIE
(French) We don't understand English
giant piggy.

Tim and Julien both make similar "I don't understand" sign language movements with their hands and go back to drinking.

Grease gets distracted when the Bartender slams down two frothy beers in front of them. "STELLA" labeled on the glass.

BARTENDER
(Sassy)
Cash ONLY.

A WAITER fights through the loud crowd of tourists as they all take selfies with drinks in hand. The waiter gets lost in the crowd, attempting to deliver food to the bar as the selfie sticks almost knock over his tray.

WAITER (O.S.)

Excuse me.

GREASE

Worst place for a bar.

GUS

Alright people, STOP pushing me!

Only a few people react. Just then a tourist's selfie stick knocks the beer bottle out of Tim's hand right onto Grease.

Grease didn't see the accident and assumes the worst.

JULIE

(French) Time to go!

Tim grabs his bag which is exactly where he left it. Struggling to pick it up in a hurry, clumsy and tipsy.

Grease stands up ready to chase them down and beat them to a pulp. Gus stops him.

They get up and frantically push their way through the crowd.

GUS

Let them go.

Grease sits down. Downing his beer all in one.

GUS

Come on big guy. Screw those guys. What? Are you worried he got your "favorite" Hawaiian shirt soaked in beer?

GREASE

It was a reward from Big Boss. So yes it is my favorite.

GUS

Sad.

GREASE

Says the man who uses the most feminine nail filer.

GUS

It's not feminine. It's hygienic and the ladies love it. Don't bring it up anymore. That crazy TSA bitch took it from me.

Gus starts biting and picking at his nails vigorously.

Grease puts back on the backpack, dramatically placing cash inside the glass of leftover beer in front of the Bartender.

GREASE

Oh, and here's your tip!

Grease pulls out some loose change from his pocket and drops them into the beer. The Bartender smiles and flips him off.

GUS

Damn, your such a cheap-ass.

They walk away, fighting through the crowd.

GREASE

Big Boss said the illuminati are after this thing. Do you think they are watching us?

Grease looks back at the bartender suspiciously.

GUS

Well just keep it on you for the rest of the flight then.

GREASE

Ugh sounds uncomfortable.

EXT. PARIS - SUNSET SC 12

The plane flies over famous landmarks as the twilight colors catch shimmer off the city of Paris.

EXT. CHARLES DE GAULLE AIRPORT - NIGHT SC 13

Grease exits the airport with some very obvious back pains.

GUS

When I said keep it ON you, I didn't mean literally.

GREASE

I'm not taking any chances.

A LIMO DRIVER holding a sign "CAZZI", approaches them.

LIMO DRIVER

Are you the -

He checks the sign.

LIMO DRIVER

Cazzi?

GUS

Are you the Bastardo!..?

The Limo driver opens the door for them. His tongue clicks impatiently as Grease has trouble getting into the limo.

INT. LIMO - CONTINUOUS SC 14

Two French MOBSTERS(30's) are waiting for them inside the limo. They both are dressed in fancy black suits.

They keep quiet only staring directly at Grease and his outfit. They start laughing. Gus thinks he knows why they are laughing and joins in.

The Frenchman stop laughing when they hear Gus.

The whole limo goes quiet, then the Frenchmen burst out in laughter again. Gus still can't seem to sit comfortably.

EXT. PARIS BUTCHER SHOP - NIGHT SC 15

The limo pulls up outside a small neighborhood BUTCHER SHOP. Ivy lines the walls. It's old and quaint appearance, would warm anyone's heart.

INT. BUTCHER SHOP - CONTINUOUS SC 16

In the front window slabs of fresh cut meat hangs on display.

The SHOP OWNER(60's) watches from the window as the limo arrives. He flips the sign quickly from open to closed.

EXT/INT. BUTCHER SHOP - CONTINUOUS 20

Gus steps out of the limo first, then Grease slides his way out, following the two Frenchmen.

The Frenchmen lead Gus and Grease into the back of the shop, directly to a walk-in freezer. They both hesitate to enter.

INT. BUTCHER SHOP - FREEZER - CONTINUOUS SC 17

One by one, dim fluorescent's flicker on. Revealing hundreds of meat hooks filled with frozen mysterious meats and animal parts dangling from the ceiling.

THE BEATLES "Strawberry Fields Forever" plays softly from across the room, as a MAN'S VOICE can be heard humming along.

The last light turns on, revealing a dark oak desk behind a wall of clear plastic strip doors separating the two rooms.

FRENCH BOSS (50s) sits with his back turned, completely ignoring Gus and Grease.

He baby-talks to a hairless French POODLE who sits obediently still next to him.

The Frenchmen gestures to Gus and Grease to stand in front of the desk.

FRENCH BOS
(French) Are you hungry baby?

He signals to one of his guards who immediately grabs a flank from behind Grease and chops until a piece comes off.

FRENCH BOS
(French) You may even get Italian for seconds my picky, prissy diva.

The poodle stands up expecting to get fed. The guard walks the raw meat over to the French Boss.

He lovingly throws scraps of meat into the dogs mouth one by one.

FRENCH BOSS
(In perfect English)
Welcome my American friends!

The two Frenchmen walk over to stand guard behind their guests.

FRENCH BOSS
I trust you had a good flight?

Gus shifts his weight, still standing awkwardly in pain.

GUS
Relatively.

The poodle barks loudly at Grease, who stops moving.

FRENCH BOSS

Sit.

Grease looks around for a place to sit, there's no chairs. The ugly poodle obeys and sits at his masters feet patiently.

GREASE

Your dog won't stop staring at me.

Grease leans back and forth to confirm his theory. Gus starts biting his nails.

FRENCH BOSS

Oh that's my Priscilla. Once she see's something she want's, she can't get it out of her head.

The boss unlocks a safe behind his desk and pulls out several briefcases full of money.

FRENCH BOSS

You will find that she and I have very similar personalities.

He presents them all open on the table.

FRENCH BOSS

I trust you had no problems transporting my tablet.

Gus nudges Grease hard who now fixates on all the money that was just placed on the desk.

GREASE

Ow!

GUS

No trouble at all.

Grease takes off the backpack and places it on the desk, he cant stop greedily staring at the briefcase.

FRENCH BOSS

Good. Your delivery fee, as promised. The rest of the wire transfer will go through once I've verified the tablet's authenticity.

Grease goes to grab one of the money briefcases. French Boss stops him by stabbing a knife near his hand.

FRENCH BOSS
Is this your first time?

GUS
Sorry. The flight's made us a little forgetful.

Grease backs off slightly. French Boss unzips the bag while never taking his eyes off Grease. He peeks inside.

FRENCH BOSS
(French) What the hell is this?!!

Inside the open backpack, the tablet's nowhere to be seen!

In its place, some men's clothes and a black HARD DRIVE. Immediately guns are pointed directly at Gus and Grease. They both put their hands in the air confused.

GUS
Wait! WAIT! There has to be an explanation. This wasn't us!

FRENCH BOSS
(French) Kill them please.

French Boss signals for his men to attack, Grease grabs one of the open briefcases full of money.

Priscilla charges at Grease tackling the big man to the ground, sending all the cash flying into the air.

Gus disarms the two Frenchmen behind him expertly showing signs of trained martial arts. He takes them both on.

Grease tries to grab as much cash as he can. While stuffing his pockets and pants, Priscilla takes the opportunity to bite Grease right on the ass!

Grease screams in pain, attempting to pull the dog off him, he rolls around on the floor wildly.

While all this chaos happens, French Boss calmly pulls out a laptop from underneath his desk.

"Chopin's Greatest Hits" plays on his laptop. French Boss pulls out the hard drive extremely curious of it's contents. He attaches the USB already on the drive and plugs it into his laptop.

Gus attempts to fight both of the henchmen, while Grease continues to wrestle with the dog.

One of the Henchman manages to get his gun back. Gus knocks it out of his hand once again. It hits the floor.

BANG! Everyone grabs their ears in pain. The whole room goes silent. Except for the insane laughter from the Boss, whose watching a video clip from a familiar movie.

INSERT CLIPS FROM TIM/JULIEN'S SHORT FILM

FRENCH BOSS

Your lucky Big Boss is an old friend.
Otherwise you'd be hanging on a meat
hook right now.

The Boss pets his dog.

FRENCH BOSS

It looks like you aren't responsible
for this mix up.

GUS

I swear we are not.

The French Boss scrubs through the movie to the end.
Revealing Tim and Julien's names in the credits.

FRENCH BOSS

Tim Gorman and Julien Bellami.

He looks up for a reaction from his dim-witted couriers.
Their blank faces tell him everything.

FRENCH BOS

(French) I see..(in English) You
messed up, you fix it. I will give you
24 hours.

GUS

You have to give us more time! These
filmmakers could be anywhere!

Priscilla growls. Grease grabs his bleeding ass and shrinks away. French Boss quickly tosses them the bag.

FRENCH BOSS

Then you better start looking. I'll

keep the hard drive. I'm a fan of bad film noir. And this one... Is very bad.

EXT. CANNES - RUE D'ANTIBES STREET - MORNING SC 18

CUT TO:

Tiny cobblestone streets wind through the many luxurious shops of Cannes. A classic TAXI pulls up to the curb.

Julien and Tim step out, looking around. The TAXI DRIVER round and welcoming helps them with their luggage.

TAXI DRIVE
(French) Voila! Welcome to Rue
D'Antibes in Cannes...

Julien tips the driver handsomely and smiles at Tim.

JULIEN
Welcome to my home away from home!

Above the shops are beautiful townhouses. Complete with balconies and beautiful vines and greenery.

There's one house on the corner that stands out amongst the others. It overlooks a part of the ocean. A stunning view.

Tim and Julien walk up to a door with all their luggage. Tim wears the black backpack on his back.

EXT. FRANCOIS' HOUSE - CONTINUOUS SC 19

Julien rings the buzzer, and immediately is greeted by Alize who opens the door in a rush of excitement!

ALIZE
(French) Julien!!!!

She jumps onto Julien, giving him a big smothering hug and two kisses on each cheek.

Julien tries to introduce Tim but Alize already has him in a vise grip hug. Just then Francois comes out to greet them.

FRANCOIS
(English)
Tim! So nice to finally meet you in person.

TIM
It's nice to finally match a face with
a voice!

FRANCOIS
(in French)
Yes! Welcome, Welcome!
(in English)
Please come inside! We have much to do
and much to see!

Alize grabs both Julien and Tim's hand and takes them inside.

INT. FRANCOIS' HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS SC 20

The boys are led into the living room by Alize who lets go of them. A stunning view from the top floor windows reach all the way to the ocean.

Francois opens the doors leading to the Balcony.

FRANCOIS
Beautiful view isn't it?

TIM
Nice, place.

Brigitte can be seen cleaning dishes away from the table in the dining room. INSPECTOR INSPECTOR BOYER(50's), surprisingly built underneath his police uniform.

He gets up from the table wiping his hands.

INSPECTOR BOYER
(French) Thanks for breakfast
Brigitte. Delicious as always.

Inspector INSPECTOR BOYER kisses Brigitte goodbye. They see Tim and Julien enter.

BRIGITTE
(French) JULIEN! TIM! How was your
flight? I'm so excited to finally meet
you!

She runs over to hug them but stops awkwardly. Looking for a place to set them down. She gives up realizing she's taking to much time and kisses them both.

Julien swoops in and takes the plates out of her hands.

JULIEN

Always trying to be the perfect host.
Let me get them for you Auntie.

Brigitte adorably fights at Julien's advances.

BRIGITTE

No! You're a guest. No!

Inspector INSPECTOR BOYER stops to say goodbye to Francois.

INSPECTOR BOYER

(French) Julien! You've gotten so big.

JULIEN

(French) It's nice to see after all
this time!

INSPECTOR BOYER

(French) You as well! You've even
grown a few inches! And who's this?

INSPECTOR BOYER turns his attention towards Tim.

FRANCOIS

This is Tim, his friend from that,
American film school we told you
about.

INSPECTOR BOYER

Ah yes. You guys must be quite the
film-makers to get into the festival!

FRANCOIS

We're going to Luc's yacht party
tonight. Would you like to come?

INSPECTOR BOYER

(French) Ah! I'm a little jealous.

(in English)

He's neglected to invite me. But duty
calls. I've got my hands full tonight.
Good-day my friends!

INSPECTOR BOYER shakes Tim and Julien's hand and grabs his
coat before he exits.

TIM

You know everyone in this town!

Francois humbly blushes, shrugging his shoulders.

FRANCOIS
I'm a producer.

TIM
Julien, never said that you're a famous producer...

FRANCOIS
Oh, please. I'm not famous! I've produced films that have gone to Cannes. But that isn't why I'm successful.

Brigitte enters from the kitchen.

JULIEN
I think he's ready for, the room.

TIM
No! Not the room. NEVER AGAIN JULIEN,
NEVER!

JULIEN
Not Tommy Wiseau's masterpiece. The,
room.

FRANCOIS
I don't know if he's ready for, the
room.

JULIEN
I was ready for the room when I was
five.

TIM
(impersonating Wiseau)
Oh hi mark!
(normal)
Sorry, reflex. Someone needs to clarify soon because I can't get Tommy out of my head now.

Alize, who was on her phone on the couch the whole time, grabs Tim's hand and leads him out of the living room.

INT. FRANCOIS' HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS SC 21

Alize leads Tim to a blue, fancily padded door. She attempts to open the door but it won't budge.

She scoffs and kicks the door.

The rest of the family trails behind.

FRANCOIS

That's what happens Alize when props start mysteriously disappearing and reappearing.

She scoffs louder at Francois.

TIM

Props?

Francois pulls out a key from in his back pocket. Alize makes a note of the key as Francois opens the door.

INT. FRANCOIS' HOUSE - THEATER ROOM - CONTINUOUS SC 22

Props, signed scripts, and all sizes of film reels line the rear walls. As well as weapons, that would be completely illegal in France if they were real.

The side walls have rows of blue modern square panels that lead down to the screen itself. Mimicking the modern movie theater look and theme.

Two projectors, one old and one new, are in the back of the room next to a desk with a laptop on it.

Plenty of comfy blue seats are in front of a huge screen. Tim's jaw drops.

FRANCOIS

Ever heard of, Joss Whedon's Alien 5?
How about Stanley Kubrick's Napoleon?
What about David Lynch's Ronnie
Rocket? Luc Besson's, Matilda the
Professional?

TIM

All those films were canned at the
script stage.

FRANCOIS

Sure sure. To the modern public those
films are a mere dream. But Tim.
You've graduated from film school.
Surely you know about the 500 of
Hollywood.

TIM

The 500 producers and actors that control the flow of Hollywood films. I think IMDB has a list of them now.

FRANCOIS

Well all those cancelled scripts were made. And I produced them all.

JULIEN

You HELPED them all.

FRANCOIS

Helped AND produced. I'm allowed to give myself producer credit on films with no credits.

TIM

Sooo... You're telling me that there's films that only a select few have seen. This is definitely in the Eye's Wide Shut genre.

FRANCOIS

Ooo. I have the uncut version. We could watch it now!

Tim's flabbergasted as Francois grabs a copy of an old film script from inside his desk.

FRANCOIS

Oh! And I have George's first draft of episode 1.

FRANCOIS

He leaves out a certain, character.
(In French) It's perfect.

Tim grabs the script and drops to his knees making orgasm noises.

ALIZE

Ugh. Dad I'm so tired of seeing these films. I want to see Julien and Tim's film!

Tim seems slightly depressed by the comment. He sets the script back down onto Francois' desk.

TIM

It won't compare to what's been seen
on that screen.

BRIGITTE

Nonsense. It's the reason your here!
It must be good.

Tim takes off his backpack carefully.

JULIEN

I think you should add it to your noir
collection uncle.

FRANCOIS

Hmmm lets see it!

Tim is frozen at his backpack.

FRANCOIS

Tim?

TIM

My film..

JULIEN

Uh. Our film. Now whose taking the
credit.

Tim stands shoving the open backpack at Julien.

TIM

OUR FILM! OUR FILM IS MISSING!

The green tablet shines it's brilliance across the room.

Tim removes it from the bag, clearly not important. He drops
it to the floor still searching through the bag. *KLANK*

Alize is there for the fumble.

BRIGITTE

Alize! No!

It's heavier than it looks as it topples Alize under it's
weight.

Francois is there to intercept.

He takes the tablet from her. He pauses to gaze at it's
radiance.

Everyone crowds around to look at it.

Except for Tim who is still looking for his stuff.

TIM

Where's the flippin' film?

JULIEN

It's gone Tim.

His eyes are glued to the tablet.

BRIGITTE

I don't like the color. It could be radioactive... Or something. Maybe we shouldn't be standing so close. Or touching it, sweetie!

Francois places it on his desk.

TIM

And ALL my stuff is gone.

JULIEN

Tim buddy. Ancient Alien crap right here.

TIM

Oh ya the thing that isn't our film. How did this happen Julien?

JULIEN

I don't know. You never had it out of your sight the whole flight.

TIM

Well I put it down at the Bar in the terminal.

JULIEN

It was under me.

TIM

The fat tourist! Had one just like mine but he kept his on the bar stool... Next to him.

JULIEN

So are you saying the bags were switched?

TIM

What? No. Why would a fat tourist have an ancient, thing. A lot of people have my backpack.

JULIEN

Maybe he was on the run from a heist job.

TIM

I've, seen, that, before. OHHH MY FILMS!

Tim is back to his top freak out state.

JULIEN

They have a copy at the festival. It's fine.

TIM

Not just that film was on the hard drive. Julien. Everything was on it.

JULIEN

Aw my script, Revenge of the Fidget Spinners was on there... You're missing the point Tim. Look at this, thing.

He gently pulls Tim over to the tablet.

JULIEN

Now haven't you seen this movie before?

TIM

Yes.

JULIEN

Good so you know what happens next right?

TIM

Guys with black suits and guns come.

JULIEN

Exactly.

Francois is at his laptop with Alize.

FRANCOIS

There's a Wiki!

JULIEN

What?

TIM

Already?

FRANCOIS

Apparently this thing either holds the secret to the universe. OR its the Philosopher's Stone.

Tim and Julien's eyes widen. They rush over to see what he's looking at.

Pictures of a huge stone. Old texts.

FRANCOIS

It seems to be just a piece of a larger stone made up of entirely indestructible emeralds.

ALIZE

I wonder what a 1000 degree knife would do to it.

FRANCOIS

No.

BRIGITTE

No!

BRIGITTE

We should call INSPECTOR BOYER. This tourist guy probably wants it back.

FRANCOIS

I don't know if the tourist guy is related. From Tim's story it sounds like it's just a coincidence... Did you put your bag in the overhead on the plane?

TIM

No I put it under the seat in front of me. There was a bitchy flight attendant lady.

TIM

That wouldn't let me pee. That was the only time. It HAD to be her!

INT. FRANCOIS' HOUSE - THEATER ROOM - CONTINUOUS SC 24

JULIEN'S LAUGHTER INTERRUPTS TIM'S FLASHBACK.

JULIEN

Ha, that was funny. But I don't think it was her.

FRANCOIS

I do think its safe to assume guys with suits and guns might be showing up.

(in French)Damn I almost forgot.

(in English) The Yacht party tonight. We should still go!

BRIGITTE

What? Out of the question. We NEED to call the Police!

FRANCOIS

No no no just listen. Or wait. Tim can explain.

TIM

Wha-?

FRANCOIS

What do good mobsters do after a heist in film noir.

TIM

They lay low and plot their revenge.

FRANCOIS

Viola!

BRIGITTE

Well I'm calling inspector INSPECTOR BOYER.

FRANCOIS

He's probably busy with the festival, dear. We don't need to bother him until tomorrow. I think this was entirely an accident. I bet whoever this belongs to is just as confused as we are.

BRIGITTE

Well... It cant stay here. But I know
somewhere we can keep it safe.

She whips out a cell phone and scrolls through the contacts.
She exits.

FRANCOIS

Ah my dear Brigitte.
(in French) Always one step ahead.
Alize rubs the tablet, mesmerized by it.

ALIZE

My precious...

FRANCOIS

Alize stop that.

He takes the Tablet and zips it back up in the bag.

FRANCOIS

Alright boys. I think after all this
confusion we can watch one or two
movies. Tim. Julien.

Tim and Julien seem a little in shock.

JULIEN

What?

FRANCOIS

Let's watch a movie!

That seems to break through the shock for Tim.

TIM

Do you have Phil Joanou's Libra? Gary
Oldman was supposed to be JFK in that.

FRANCOIS

For "safety reasons" I never worked on
anything with JFK. BUT!

Francois pushes a panel on the wall. The panel slides out
revealing tons of film reels all with labels of "never made"
films. He picks out Heart of Darkness.

FRANCOIS

I do have Orson Welles' Heart of
Darkness though.

Tim's already in a seat, ready and waiting.

TIM
Yes please.

Francois quickly loads the old projector with the film.

He turns it on. The old thing purrs to life.

Tim sighs the sound calming him. Julien seems to be coming out of his shock as well and takes a seat next to Tim. Alize plops down next to them. A film leader appears on screen.

5...4...3...2...1

INT. FANCY HOTEL ROOM - PARIS - LATE MORNING SC 25

CUT TO:

Gus looks at his phone, lying on one of the comfy beds.

Unintelligible screaming and gunshots are blowing out the speakers of the phone. "The Wilhelm scream" can be heard.

Grease walks in, wearing a nice suit and carrying a bag full of food. He tosses Gus a nail filer.

Gus, relieved, immediately starts pampering his nails.

GREASE
(quietly)
Still yelling? I've been gone for over
an hour.

BIG BOSS (V.O.)
YOU LEFT?!

GREASE
On business!

Gus continues to file, content now that his nails are clean.

BIG BOSS (V.O.)
IF YOU WERE IN FRONT OF THIS GUN

RIGHT NOW...
More gunshots and screams. The two
nincompoops flinch.

BIG BOSS (V.O.)
IF YOU TWO DON'T FIX THIS IN TIME! I WILL
KILL YOU! I'M PROBABLY GOING TO ANYWAY!

The phone clicks dead. Silence.

GREASE
Finally over?

GUS
Or my phone died. How did it go at the exchange?

Gus eyes Grease's new fancy suit suspiciously.

GREASE
Awful! I gave them 5G's and only got \$4,500 back. And I just blew 100 on food! Europe's expensive!

Grease starts emptying out the bag's contents.

GUS
And the suit? How much did that cost us?

Grease stops, looking a bit guilty as he begins to eat a huge sandwich.

GREASE
(mouth full of food)
\$200. Wait, no \$400.

Gus walks over and grabs the sandwich straight out of his hands. Some sauce drips off onto Grease's new suit.

Grease immediately tries to clean the stain, frustrated as Gus eats his sandwich in front of him.

GUS
Well, I guess its better than walking our wounded asses around France with useless stolen currency.

GREASE
Don't say walk Gus. Anything but.

He itches his bandages on his butt, wincing.

Gus finishes eating, he grabs the backpack.

GUS
Well I sifted through it and only found clothes and toiletries.

He holds up a "The Sopranos" television show T-shirt.

GUS
Always wanted one of these.

Grease finds another sandwich to eat.

GREASE
Mmm hmm.

GUS
I also found this tag on the bag. I think it's what the French Boss was looking at before he tossed it to us.

He shows Grease the ripped carry-on permit tag.

GREASE
It's ripped.

GUS
Yep but the address says-

GREASE
(incorrect pronunciation)
ANTIBEZZ!

GUS
No you Barely say the ZZ!

GREASE
I did.
(incorrect pronunciation)
AntibeZZ.

GUS
It's like almost silent but not really!

GREASE
I don't know how much more silent I can GET..!
Where the hell is this place?!

GUS
(improper pronunciation)
Next to CanneZZ!

GREASE
It's "Can"..!

GUS
(Beat) Whatever!

GREASE
Great well I'll call a cab.

Grease pulls out his cell-phone.

GUS
I think the train is the preferred method in Europe.

GREASE
There you go always one upping me. This is my job isn't it?

GUS
It's not really your job now, Boss. It's OUR survival.

GREASE
Oh ya? Then tell me where I told MY connection to stash the emergency guns?

Gus is silent as Grease removes Gus' pillows from his bed revealing a Beretta M1923 with an ammo box.

GUS
Was that there the whole night?

GREASE
With the safety's on. And mine should have a-

He removes the pillow from his bed. A Beretta M1923 with surpresser attachment and ammo box is revealed.

GREASE
SILENCER! Yes!

GUS
You mean suppressor.

GREASE
No no the guy who sold it to me assured me it's a silencer!

Gus doubtfully looks at the weapon. He's about to retort but

seems to give up.

GUS

Ookay.

GREASE

See you were about to one up me again.

GUS

No I wasn't.

GREASE

It's a very annoying habit.

Gus goes back to fixating on his nails again.

EXT. ANTIBES TRAIN STATION - DUSK SC 26

A very quaint train station greets the incoming train. Very few people are at the station.

Gus and Grease get off the train a bit confused. Grease is wearing the black bag again.

GUS

I don't know if this is right.

Grease walks over to an OLD LADY (70's) standing on the platform.

GREASE

Is this
(incorrect pronunciation)
AntibeZZ?

The old lady looks offended.

GUS

Stop adding emphasis on the ZZ's. Ugh
step aside.

Gus motions to the ground.

GUS

(in French)
This Antibes?

OLD LADY

(in French) Yes this is Antibes.

You two are in trouble if that's all you can say!

GUS
(in French) Thanks for help me!

The old lady laughs as they walk away disturbed and shaking her head!...

GUS
Yeah we're here.

GREASE
What did she say?

GUS
Yes this is Antibes.

GREASE
That's it?

GUS
Pretty sure...

GREASE
Well fine. This looks like a small place shouldn't be hard to find them.

GUS
Really? That's what you're going with?

GREASE
OH, I'm sorry. I'll just triangulate their position based on all the facts I crossed referenced at the lab. Come on.

INT. FRANCOIS' HOUSE - THEATER ROOM - AFTERNOON SC 27

The lights flick on. Tim's on the verge of crying.

TIM
I could stay here all day!

Brigitte comes back into the theater room with everyone.

The black bag is no longer on the desk.

JULIEN
I spent so many weekends in here.

Tim just now realizes something.

TIM
You've already seen all these?!

JULIEN
Yep.

TIM
How did you even keep this a secret?
You love to show off and brag to all
the ladies!

JULIEN
By bragging about other things.

Tim sighs.

TIM
I'll feel a little less betrayed if we
can watch another one.

Francois chuckles rewinding the reel.

FRANCOIS
Well Brigitte's friend took care of
the tablet. So how about instead of
going out for lunch we just stay in
and watch films until the yacht party?

BRIGITTE
Oh, Oh I'll cook then!

TIM
Oh I'd love some popcorn.

The Bellami's laugh.

BRIGITTE
Oh no no. You are getting red-onion
chutney with French bread. HA, popcorn!

Tim perks up.

TIM
Oh my I'm sorry.

BRIGITTE
(sarcasm)
You should be.(normal)The best home cooked
meals are French!

EXT. ANTIBES BEACH - CONTINUOUS SC 28

Gus and Grease walk along the beach next to the train station. Beautiful beach houses line the coast.

Grease looks uncomfortable treading sand in sheer agony.

GREASE

AHH! OW. Oh! I need a break! Must-
STOP now.

EXT. ANTIBES - CAFE - EVENING SC 29

After searching all afternoon, Gus and Grease are eating croissants with coffee at the patio of a cafe. They area is a quaint cobblestone street full of busy locals.

Gus and Grease look exhausted. Grease sweats in his fancy suit as Gus downs a whole glass of water.

People all around them talk casually, laugh and sip cocktails. Grease and Gus's phones go off at the same time.

FRENCH BOSS

(VISUAL TEXT)

12 hours. Time's running out.

GREASE

Who do you think will kill us first?

GUS

Hey Grease-ball, listen to me. I don't know about you, but I'm not the dying kinda guy.

Gus pampers his nails. Grease sighs, defeated and sweaty.

GREASE

(mumbling incoherently)

I hope its you first...

Putting away his file, Gus gets serious and leans in close.

GUS

Listen up! We are NOT going to die. I don't care what I have to do. I'm going to get that tablet, get paid, take my cut and probably try to forget this ever happened. Now get yourself together!

Gus slams his hand onto the table which causes Grease's hot coffee to spill on his hand and all over his coat sleeves!

GREASE
ARGHH!

He soaks up the pain. Then let's out a sigh and storms off.

EXT. ANTIBES STREETS - EVENING SC 30

Gus walks feverishly ahead of Grease who struggles to keep up. The streets are quieter now except for Grease's panting.

GUS
I'm sorry about your suit okay. Will
you please just hurry up..!!

Grease catches his breath, still wheezing dramatically.

GREASE
(broken heavy breaths)
It has - to be - somewhere around
here! I'm not ready to die!

Across the street a sign reads "RUE D'ANTIBES".

Gus pulls out the ripped ticket from his pocket, seeing "...LA D'ANTIBES" he makes the connection. Grease moans in pain.

GUS
Good news big guy.

Grease spots the sign, his eyes widen.

GREASE
Don't tell me-

CUT TO:

EXT. VILLA D'ANTIBES - NEIGHBORHOOD - MAGIC HOUR SC 31

A beautiful sun sets over a wonderland of luxurious mansions all connected to other older estates and classical Mansions. Gus and Grease arrive, drenched in sweat and beyond exhaustion. Grease falls flat to the ground.

GUS
Are you seriously doing this now?

GREASE
(mumbling)
I think... oh god. I think I might
throw up.

Grease dry-heave's dramatically, then suddenly stops. Gus becomes skeptical as he helps him off the street.

GREASE
I forgot I only ate a croissant today.
Have I lost some weight?

GUS
(Under his breath)
Come on you drama queen!

EXT. VILLA D'ANTIBES - FRONT YARD - EVENING SC 32

Gus rings the doorbell, no lights on, no one home. Looking around he quickly and quietly scales the side gate.

GUS
Come on! You wont get hurt.

Gus reaches the top and jumps down smoothly. Grease awkwardly climb up the gate but can not get over it.

GREASE
You're killing me.

Grease, out of breath falls back to the ground. He backs away from the gate, and grabs the door knob... it opens! so he just walks in!

GREASE
I think I need a vacation!

INT. VILLA D'ANTIBES - MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS SC 33

Gus and Grease sneak through the house revealing an elegant classical bedroom with chic colorful accents.

A huge modern art piece hangs on the wall.

GREASE
Daaamn. How much do you think we could
sell that for?

GUS
Don't even think about it.

Gus tries to pull Grease away but he keeps staring at it.

GREASE

It's our Plan B! We use it to bargain
with the French Boss!

Gus looks tempted by the idea then snaps out of it.

GUS

Maybe later... First we need to find
that tablet!

They both begin to raid the room, making a huge mess.

INT. VILLA D'ANTIBES - WALK-IN CLOSET - CONTINUOUS SC 34

Grease enters a giant walk-in closet with a full vanity.

He looks around, excited when he see's lacy bras and women's
dresses everywhere.

Then Grease notices something strange, a collection of
colorful wigs hang on the back wall behind some clothes.

INT. VILLA D'ANTIBES - MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS SC 35

Gus gives up his search when he hears clicking high heels
footsteps then a loud BANG like something dropping to the
floor.

FRENCH WOMAN (O.S.)

(in French) Hurry and freshen up. The
limo will be here soon!

Panicking Gus runs for the closet to hide with Grease.

INT. VILLA D'ANTIBES - WALK-IN CLOSET - CONTINUOUS SC 36

Quickly closing the door, Gus discovers Grease holding a long
blonde wig. Gus appears confused, Grease tries to explain.

GREASE

It's not what you think..!

GUS

Shhhh! Some women came home!

Gus covers Grease's mouth and peeks out of the closet door.

INT. VILLA D'ANTIBES - MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS SC 37

A pair of tall tan legs in killer heels walk through the bedroom door.

It's a HOT BLONDE WOMAN (mid 20's) wearing a tiny black dress that barely covers her large breasts.

She struggles, dropping a heavy black backpack behind her.
CLANK The blonde see's her room is completely destroyed.

HOT BLONDE

(in French) What the hell- WHO did

this?!

From the corner of the room, Gus continues to watch.

One of her hot roommates, a YOUNG RED-HEAD, enters the room.

YOUNG RED-HEAD

(in French) Oh my god! It looks like
you got robbed... does this mean we
are going to be fashionably late?

Anyways, what in that back pack of yours..?

Blondie pulls out her phone immediately, texting someone.

HOT BLONDE

I'm always fashionable, and please
don't touch that bag, it belongs to
Brigitte..

INT. VILLA D'ANTIBES - WALK-IN CLOSET - CONTINUOUS SC 38

Blondie has trouble walking over to the closet as Gus and Grease attempt to hide behind all her clothes. She enters.

HOT BLONDE

I do need to stop at the club first, I
promised the Boss a favor.

Grease almost faints when the blonde takes off her dress.
Blondie browses through her closet for another outfit to
wear. Seeing her bend over Gus reacts, aroused and confused.

CUT TO:

INT. VILLA D'ANTIBES - MASTER BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER SC 39
The blonde now fully dressed and ready goes over to grab the

black bag. Gus and Grease watch intently from the small crack in the closet doors.

GREASE
(whispering)
That has to be it!

HOT BLONDE
What's in here... it feels like a big rock?!

She drags the bag with more force this time, grunting as she leaves the room.

Gus bursts out of the closet, his face still in shock. Grease follows shortly after, same lock-jawed expression.

GREASE
Did you see it?

GUS
I can't UN-SEE IT!

GREASE
They were huge..!

EXT. VILLA D'ANTIBES - FRONTYARD - NIGHT SC 40

The blonde and red-head walk out of the house together.

HOT BLONDE
I bet my room was another one of
Nina's lame pranks.

YOUNG RED-HEAD
What a bitch..!

The front door closes behind them. The blonde and the red-head enter a limo idling out front. 3 other girls are waiting inside the limo.

LIMO DRIVER (40's) dressed to the nines, holds their door open. The 2 girls greet him with kisses on each cheek.

The blonde hands over the heavy backpack to the driver, who stores it in the trunk.

They drive away as the girls can be heard WOING loudly and laughing.

Gus and Grease sneak back out the side of the house to watch the limo drive away.

GREASE

We got to follow that limo!

Gus looks around, catching a glimmer of luck. A little red Vespa is parked in the driveway. He instantly hot-wires it.

GUS

(to Grease)

Hop on little lady!

With a wink, Gus revs the engine as Grease slides onto the back seat. Holding on tight like his life depended on it.

They zoom awkwardly out of the driveway and onto the quiet street. Following the limo at only half the normal speed.

EXT. ANTIBES STREETS - NIGHT SC 41

The limo cruises by main streets, going through red lights. The Vespa can barely catch up...

Gus and Grease turn a sharp corner as Grease starts to slide off the end! Gus pauses at a light to help Grease back on.

They end up tracking the limo dropping off the girls at a fancy BEACH NIGHT-CLUB in Cannes on La Croisette.

EXT. CROISETTE, CANNES BURLESQUE NIGHT-CLUB - CONTINUOUS SC 42

The Blond Girl exit the limo as a BOUNCER (30's) a typical muscle head, helps her carry the backpack into the club.

They skip the line with clear exclusive access as they are escorted through a hidden back door with security.

EXT. LA CROISETTE, CANNES - CONTINUOUS SC 43

Gus parks the Vespa across the street, and watches the Club scene.

GUS Damn it.

GREASE

Next time we take a cab!

GUS

Stay here, keep an eye out.

GREASE
I can do that!

EXT. BURLESQUE NIGHT CLUB - CONTINUOUS SC 44

Gus walks across the Croisette and down the beach to scans for a side opening to the club.

He spots an open window. He sneaks into position, pulls himself halfway through the window and gets stuck!

INT. DRESSING ROOM - BURLESQUE NIGHT CLUB - CONTINUOUS SC 45

An eclectic mini-runway full of mirrors, lights and red curtains. Small claustrophobic dressing rooms line the walls with various costumes thrown about everywhere.

Gus finds a curtain to pull on to help him squeeze through the window. It works, until the whole thing comes down!

GUS
Oh shit!

Gus falls to the ground wrapped up in curtains!

CUT TO:

INT. BURLESQUE CLUB - BACKSTAGE HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER SC 46

The hot Blonde walks up with a bouncer. He's struggling with the heavy black backpack!

DANIEL (40's) a busy club manager with an obvious comb-over greets ELECTRA as she stands outside his office.

DANIEL
(in French) Electra my dear!

ELECTRA (THE BLOND)
(in French) Hi Daniel! Listen "Boss" needs you to lock this up, okay? I have to go!

DANIEL
Fine, fine. But don't be late for your next show!

ELECTRA
Fashionably late!

The Bouncer happily hands over the backpack to DANIEL as he almost topples over, another CLANK.

INT. BURLESQUE NIGHT CLUB - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS SC 47

DANIEL enters his office awkwardly holding the weight of the backpack under his arm.

Carefully placing the pack on the floor he flips over the floor rug. Buried beneath the floor-boards lays a safe.

DANIEL attempts to fit the bag inside. It wont fit. Giving up he unzips the backpack, as a glimmer of GREEN LIGHT shines across his eyes.

DANIEL slowly drags out the tablet, it barely fits inside.

DANIEL
(To himself, French)
Brigitte, what have you gotten
yourself into?

He locks the safe, the green glow from the tablet fades.

INT. BURLESQUE NIGHT CLUB - DRESSING ROOM - CONTINUOUS SC 48

Gus has untangled himself finding that he landed inside a dressing room. Feathered boas and sequins are all over him.

Behind the curtains, the DOOR OPENS and a few BURLESQUE DANCERS (20's) laughing loudly enter the room to change.

Gus panics, looking around he catches a glimpse of himself in the mirror. He gets an idea and starts to strip off all his clothes down to his underwear.

Gus reveals a thigh holster with the gun from the fancy Parisian hotel. He takes off the holster placing it under a pile of costumes nearby.

Half dressed, "THUD" he falls over while struggling to slip himself into a pair of fishnet stockings and stiletto heels.

Outside the makeshift dressing room the Dancers get ready for their next show. Hearing Gus's "Fall" the dancers turn around.

DANCER 1
(in French) Is someone in there? Are
you okay?

A few more sounds of a struggle then the curtain pulls back to reveal Gus in full drag, wearing a short blonde wig!!!

GUS
(Feminine French accent)
Oui, Oui..!

Just then DANIEL enters with the empty black backpack hanging off his shoulder.

Gus identifies the bag immediately. DANIEL see's the crowd that's gathered, his excitement shows as he talks louder.

DANIEL
(in French) Alright ladies! We are on
in 10 minutes! Oh, my you must be the
new girl...

Jeri looks over Gus and his costume, clearly disgusted.

DANIEL
(in French) Well, break a leg ladies!
Oh and help that new one get ready!

One of them begins plucking his eyebrows as Gus twinges in pain. The other goes to do his nails but backs off when she sees they are perfectly manicured. She begins his makeup! DANIEL is about to leave the room when Electra walks in.

DANIEL
OH! Electra!

Gus tries his best to keep his eye on the backpack.

The one plucking his eyebrows gets frustrated, forcibly turning his head back towards her so she can finish.

ELECTRA
(in French) Is it OK, in the safe?

DANCER 2 (O.S.)
(in French) Sit still!

Gus breaks free of tweezer lady just in time to hear.

DANIEL
(in French) Yep. This wouldn't fit
though.

DANIEL hands the black bag back to Electra.

DANIEL
(in French) Don't forget to give this
back to Brigitte.

Gus manages to survive all the pampering. There's only one problem left, his manhood still stands out loud and proud.

DANCER 1
Here honey, let me show you a little
trick!

Without hesitation, the dancer grabs Gus's package pulls it out and tucks it all away within seconds.

Gus freezes, uncomfortable with this kind of public intimacy.

GUS
(Feminine French accent)
(in French) Merci!

Now that Gus has successfully completed his transformation he catches a glimpse of himself in the mirror, horrified..

DANIEL, Electra and the bag leave. Gus tries to follow them, but the other ladies shoo him towards the backstage door.

Gus doesn't do a good job hiding his obvious reluctance.

INT. BURLESQUE NIGHT CLUB - BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS SC 49

Many other "femme-fatal" line up backstage, Gus joins in.

He's given a sequined bowler cap and cane from a stagehand. Making Gus look exactly like Liza Minelli in "Cabaret"!

The show has already begun out on the stage, sexy Trans-gender dancers entice the crowd with an opening number.

The house looks packed. Hundreds of people are watching all the way from the open back patio that connects to the beach.

Gus panics and almost begins hyperventilating when the stagehand begins cueing their entrances.

At the last minute Gus manages to slip away quietly and lose the girls lining up in the wings.

He spots Electra leaving with the bag backstage and follows her out one of the doors...

INT/EXT. BURLESQUE NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT 54

Electra walks out the front entrance door of the club. Gus pursues from the shadows, keeping his distance.

He sees Electra rejoining the girls inside the limo. The bouncer see's Gus, and checks him out.

BOUNCER
(in French) Have a nice night miss.

Gus looks troubled as he rushes back to Grease hiding across the "Croisette" street.

EXT. CANNES CROISSETTE/ALLEY - CONTINUOUS SC 50

As Gus rounds the corner Grease jumps as if under attack. Grease doesn't recognise Gus in the dancer's outfit!

GREASE
What do you want?!

GUS
It's me Greaseball.

GREASE
GUS?!

GUS
I had to blend...

GREASE
(Heavy sarcasm)
Well you are doing a marvelous job! Oh and look! No tablet.!

GUS
Come on you dingus. It's getting away in that limo.

Gus hops on the bike.

GREASE
NO way in HELL am I riding in the bitch seat with a man in drag.

GUS
I'm the better driver.

GREASE
Nuh uh. Nope. Not again.

GUS
Ugh.

Gus gets off the bike dramatically. Grease sits down.

GREASE
Hop on gorgeous.

The tiny engine revs up as they go...

INT. STRETCH LIMO - CONTINUOUS SC 51

Electra enters the limo again and all the ladies pop a bottle of champagne. Clinking glasses they all continue to party.

ELECTRA
(in French) Make sure to step on it!
We're late to the party!

EXT. CANNES STREETS - CONTINUOUS SC 52

The limo full of girls pulls away fast, more "WOOING" sounds.

Grease pulls up shortly after, trying to speed up. Gus looks extremely uncomfortable as he holds tightly onto his wig.

The little red Vespa PUTT-PUTTS its way past more red lights. Cars swerve out of the way as they barely squeeze past!

Grease tries to avoid hitting the local PEDESTRIANS as he drives up onto the sidewalk to sneak by another incoming car!

Gus clings to Grease for dear life as the sounds of his screams can be heard. Some of them even sound girlish!!!

GUS
(Still screaming)
Are you TRYING TO KILL US?

Grease see's the limo pull around a corner and out of sight.

GREASE
Just hold on and SHUT UP!

The Vespa SNARLS as it speeds up again pushing the limits. It jumps the curb and goes straight in front of another car.

Grease and Gus move in and out of traffic cutting off tons of cars before turning the corner.

A feathered boa falls off Gus and lands on the street behind them as they speed off finally catching up to the limo.

The Vespa tails the limo closely now as a few of the ladies party out on the sunroof and dance together promiscuously.

The young Red-head from before stops dancing once she spots the Vespa, suddenly suspicious.

 YOUNG RED-HEAD
 (French)
 Hey... that looks exactly like my
 scooter!

A HOT BRUNETTE (30's) a plastic miracle with long legs and big fake breasts looks over too.

 HOT BRUNETTE
 (in French) What a hot mess!

 YOUNG RED-HEAD
 Do you think they are following us?

 HOT BRUNETTE
 I don't know.

The brunette downs another drink and goes back inside.

INT. STRETCH LIMO - CONTINUOUS SC 53

The brunette sits down awkwardly.

 HOT BRUNETTE
 (in French) Look I think they are
 following us.

She gestures to the back window.

 ELECTRA
 (in French)What a bunch of party
 crashers!

Electra and the others turn around to peer out the back window.

ELECTRA
(in French) Isn't that your bike Nina?

NINA (20's) a young cute blonde, yet surprisingly the fiercest one out of the group, looks behind.

NINA
(in French) I don't think so. I have my sticker on the back.

HOT BRUNETTE
(in French) Hey Driver! Can we lose those two behind us? They're trying to follow us to the party. There will be a juicy tip in it for you!

She blows the driver a kiss.

LIMO DRIVER
(in French) Yes ma'am. Am I allowed to go fast?

The ladies cheer in approval. He changes gears aggressively.

LIMO DRIVER
(in French) Seat-belts on please!

EXT. CANNES STREETS - CONTINUOUS SC 54

A little sticker that says "bad girl" is on the back of the Vespa.

GUS screams to Grease.

I think my balls have officially shriveled up and died!

GREASE
That's rough, just try getting bit in the ass and riding on the back of this thing. Then we'll talk!

The limo starts to speed up.

GUS
Hey man I think they're on to us.

GREASE

Okay hang on.

The stretch limo successfully pulls a drifting maneuver around the corner.

Gus and Grease both look hopeless.

GREASE

I don't know if this thing can do that.

GUS

It has too.

GREASE

Okay here we go!

Grease tries to make a sharp turn. The little scooter struggles around the corner. Just in time to see the Limo already turning at the next corner.

GUS

SideWalk! SideWalk! They're everywhere down here.

Grease pulls on the Croisette wide sidewalk..! that's parallel to the Croisette street the limo turned on.

They pass tons of people almost hitting a few!

Ironically some of those pedestrians happen to be Francois Alize and Tim walking over to the Yacht party.

Francois puts his arm out protecting Alize and Tim.

FRANCOIS

LOOK OUT!

The Scooter zooms by, veering around the family and others!

TIM

Was that a guy or girl on the back?

ALIZE

In Cannes you never know!
Grease turns off the sidewalk.

The limo's stuck at a red light at an intersection.

GREASE
HA! Trapped.

Suddenly the limo heads straight towards the little Vespa, playing chicken with them.

GUS
This always ends badly Grease-ball.

GREASE
Shoot the tire out. Gun's in my front
holster.

GUS
OF COURSE IT IS!

Gus begins to reach around Grease and dig around in the front of his pants!!!

CUT TO:

INT. STRETCH LIMO - CONTINUOUS SC 55

The ladies are all gathered by the driver's side window, perplexed.

ELECTRA
What are they doing?

EXT. CANNES STREETS - CONTINUOUS SC 56

GUS
Why wouldn't you use your arm
holster?!

GREASE
Hurry!

Gus finds the gun he pulls it out aiming low.

INT. STRETCH LIMO - CONTINUOUS SC 57

LIMO DRIVER
(in French) GUN...GUN...!!!
The ladies all duck.

EXT. CANNES STREETS - CONTINUOUS SC 58

No time. Grease and the limo swerve to avoid each other.

Gus loses the shot and his seat as the bike tips over

skidding to a stop.

The limo recovers and continues to drive on. Girls can be seen making gestures out the sunroof as it rounds the corner.

Grease and Gus both get up gripping their legs!

GREASE

Cement burn on a damaged ass! Just walk it off, walk it off.

He hops around like an idiot. A crowd gathers. Gus realizes he's still holding the gun. He tries to hide it on himself. But his outfit is way too revealing.

GUS

Come on you demented bunny. Take the gun!

Grease takes it sliding it back in his pants.

A group of TOURISTS stare awkwardly at them, some even start taking pictures!

GUS

Great! Just great!

GREASE

Should we smile or maybe pose?!!!

Gus sets the scratched bike upright. The engine sputters to life.

GREASE

Not powerful but durable!

GUS

I think I know where they are going.

Grease carefully limps over to the scooter grumbling under his breath. Hopping back on the little beat up Vespa.

They drive under a banner that says, "74TH ANNUAL CANNES FILM FESTIVAL YACHT PARTY NIGHT"

EXT. DOCKS - YACHT ENTRANCE - NIGHT SC 59

The limo pulls up in by THE DOCKS. The Driver helps the shaken but thrilled ladies get safely out of the back seat.

Electra exits with the bag. She hands the driver a wad of

cash before leaving huge lipstick marks on his cheeks.

Gus and Grease park their beaten Vespa across the street hidden from the crowd.

EXT/INT. DOCK TENT PARTY - CONTINUOUS SC 60

Lines of well dressed celebs and wannabe celebs drink around the docks and red carpets leading up to the yacht party.

Gus and Grease arrive, looking at what other people are wearing, they both look down at their own outfits.

GUS

I need a drink.

Just then a caterer walks by with a platter of champagne. Gus grabs two and downs both his drinks one after the other.

With liquid courage Gus walks closer to the yacht they saw the ladies go into. Observing the multiple bouncers covering all the entrances and exits. Gus turns back to Grease.

GUS

Okay you wait here. I overheard the manager from the club say he couldn't fit the tablet into the safe. So it's still in that bag. I'll sneak in and grab it!

GREASE

Hell no! I'm going with you this time.

Gus tries to respond when an OLD MAN (80's) a "Stan Lee" type but balding with a gut, comes up behind Gus grabbing his ass.

DIRTY OLD MAN

Come see me later sweet thing. I'm sure you'll find your time will be well compensated!

Gus freezes, his fists ball up into tight shaking fists.

GUS

I'm not for SALE!

Gus turns and punches the old man directly in the face!

Old man falls backwards, grabbing hold of a few random people as he falls over the dock and directly into the water!

SPLASH A few people scream as Grease grabs Gus and pulls him into another crowd.

The Bouncers come over to investigate all the commotion.

Grease and Gus seize the opportunity and sneak past security.

INT. YACHT - LIVING SPACE - 2ND DECK - CONTINUOUS SC 61

Loud music pumps through the elaborate sound system. There's a live DJ playing on the main deck below.

Francois goes around with his family entourage, introducing Julien and Tim to people.

Glamorous celebrities and film people are everywhere. Francois and Brigitte meet up with Electra who hands them back the empty black back pack.

ELECTRA

The bag wouldn't fit.

TIM

What about the thing?

ELECTRA

Yeah whatever that heavy ass thing was it fit in the safe...

BRIGITTE

Thanks Electra.

She formerly greets her.

ELECTRA

Anything for the Boss Queen.

TIM

What kind of club is it?

ELECTRA

It's a dream factory, sugar! A place to get away from it all. Plus having gorgeous women dance in your face provocatively! None of this stripping Americans love so much! Well, maybe there's a little stripping!

Electra smirks...

TIM
Sounds (beat) provocative.

ELECTRA
Oh you should come down some time.

BRIGITTE
We have plans to take him.

ELECTRA
Well suga' you have your own private
show right here!

She takes his hand and flings him on the dance floor
completely taking him by surprise.

She starts dancing next to him. He's a stiff board!

ELECTRA
Nuh uh baby. You gotta move your hips.

She demonstrates. Tim gives it maximum effort.

ELECTRA
There you go. Pretend there's no bone.

Julien laughs!

JULIEN
(yelling over music)
Hey Tim! My producer sense is
tingling. I have to mingle.

Tim's lost in his attempts to dance with Electra.

TIM Mmmkay!

EXT./INT. YACHT MAIN DECK - WORKERS SPACE - CONTINUOUS SC 62

Grease steals a waiter's uniform, adjusting his bow tie.

Gus looks down at his get-up.

GUS
I don't know if i'll-

GREASE
You'll blend just fine. Just stand
next to other guys who look like waiters!

Gus shoots Grease a look.

GREASE

I'll search upstairs. You look on the first floor.

EXT. YACHT - MAIN DECK - CONTINUOUS SC 63

Julien has a mojito in hand, walking around the chill areas.

People smoke, drink, and vape around him. Tons of people in suits are talking and exchanging business cards.

JULIEN

I'm home.

Julien pulls out his business card. Takes a breath, does a fake smile, and plunges into the crowd.

Gus walks by looking around for the bag or Electra.

EXT./INT. YACHT - LIVING SPACE - 2ND DECK - CONTINUOUS SC 64

Grease walks up the stairs to the 2nd Deck.

He enters the cabin and immediately spots Tim's stupid white-boy dance, Electra dancing with him, and the bag at their feet.

EXT. YACHT - 2ND DECK - CONTINUOUS SC 65

Tim wears the backpack as he enjoys a few beers and is playfully fighting off the club girls.

TIM

No ladies that's more than I've danced, ever.

They all playfully encourage him. He laughs, secretly liking the attention.

TIM

Rest now. Dance later.

ELECTRA

Okay Sugar. We'll be waiting.

She winks. The girls go back to the dance floor.

Tim smiles. Looking over the railing at all the filmmakers!

GREASE (O.S.)

Would you like another beer, sir?

Tim looks confused. He turns.

TIM

I just got this one.

An angry Grease stands behind him.

TIM

You're.... The fat tourist!

Grease grabs him by the collar forcefully. Simultaneously unzipping the bag on Tim's back.

GREASE

And you're the bastardo that is about to get me killed! Or you're with THEM and you just want to see me squirm.

TIM

You think I'm the sketchy one?

Grease tilt's him towards the edge of the boat.

GREASE

Look kid I'm out of time. If you don't cough up that tablet. I'm going to have to kill you and/or your friend.

Tim panics.

TIM

Where's my hard-drive I'm not giving you shit until I have it back safely. I know how this works. I've seen tons of mobster films.

Grease lets go of Tim using his own body to pin him to the railing.

GREASE

We don't have that kind of time! In this movie you give me the tablet-

A gun clicks. Tim see's the outline of the gun in Grease's waiter apron.

GREASE

- or you die.

INT./EXT. YACHT - 1ST DECK - CONTINUOUS SC 66

Julien talks to a group of young WOMEN PRODUCERS.

JULIEN

- I mean VR is completely overrated.
Who wants to move and be active during
a film? You'd miss all the gritty
details in the dialogue because you'd
be distracted by what's going on
elsewhere.

For once the women producers don't seem to instantly fall for
him.

JULIEN

What happened to mise-en-scene? To an
elegantly placed frame?

WOMAN PRODUCER

You know there's a whole genre in the
festival for VR, right?

Julien see's he's digging a hole.

JULIEN

(trailing off)

Right. I just mean, artistry shouldn't
be mixed with throw up.

The other producers all seem to awkwardly look away while
sipping their various drinks.

JULIEN

I'm going to the bar anyone want
anything?

Not expecting an answer he walks to the bar.

JULIEN

God I was more awkward than Tim there.
What's wrong with me?

SOPHIE (late 20's) a gorgeous blonde french woman in a red
dress, walks up to Julien.

SOPHIE
(french accent smirking!)
I saw that disaster over there with
the bitch squad!

JULIEN
Then why do I deserve the presence of
such a magnificent lady?

SOPHIE
Seriously? Is this your first time at
a festival mixer?

Julien looks like he's been caught in the act of thievery.

JULIEN
No. But it's my first mixer on a Yacht.
Must be throwing off my game. Or it's
your dress!

SOPHIE
Wha?! What's wrong with it?

JULIEN
Very distracting. If you want people
to listen to your pitch and not stare
at your breasts I'd wear something
less revealing.

Sophie smiles making herself vulnerable.

SOPHIE
Would you prefer a VR headset then?
Since my body is too much for you?

JULIEN
Absolutely! They probably have a 1st
point-of-view of Leonardo winning the
Oscar I could watch instead.

They share a sarcastic laugh that turns into a real laugh.

EXT. YACHT - 2ND DECK - CONTINUOUS SC 67

GREASE
Last chance kid.

TIM
Wait! Wait. This is all a mistake.

I didn't know about the thing.
IT just appeared out of nowhere.

GREASE
Not what I asked.

He's about to fire as Tim lets out a pathetic SCREAM.

ELECTRA (O.S.)
(in French) What the hell?!
(English)
Get off him!

The already very tall Electra, plus heels, pulls Grease off Tim easily. She throws him against the railing and puts her weight against him, crushing him.

ELECTRA
That feel good? Wait a minute. You're
the guy on the Vespa!

TIM
What?

ELECTRA
Where's your prostitute?

The other girls come out and see the commotion.

Grease panics. He wrestles with the gun in his pocket.

TIM
Gun, gun, gun.

ELECTRA
AW HELL NAW! NOT THIS MERDE AGAIN!

She kicks his sternum pinning Grease against the railing with her foot. Wiggling her heel into Grease's chest.

The other girls come over to help, and to block the crowd from seeing Electra's underwear in her tiny skirt.

ELECTRA
What do we do with party crashers
ladies?

LADIES
THROW THEM OUT!

And Grease is tossed over the railing into the bay.

He SCREAMS!

INT/EXT. YACHT - MAIN DECK - CONTINUOUS SC 68

Gus at the balcony see's Grease's expression as he flies past him into the water.

SPLASHHHH!

Grease resurfaces, sputtering. Just then a police siren WAILS as 2 squad cars pulls up to the docks.

EXT. DOCK - YACHT ENTRANCE - NIGHT SC 69

Inspector INSPECTOR BOYER walks up with a few of his officers.

The party still rages on in the yacht.

Tim and Electra look furious talking to a young OFFICER(20s).

Francois and Brigitte stand nearby looking confused.

Inspector BOYER looks less than pleased!

TIM (O.S.)
Why didn't you stop him?

OFFICER
(in French) He did nothing wrong. If anything I should arrest you for throwing him over board.

Tim stares blankly.

TIM
I didn't. What?

He turns to Electra for a translation.

ELECTRA
He's blaming us!

(French)
Officer he had a gun...

INSPECTOR BOYER
(in French) Francois what happened?

FRANCOIS
Some American threatened Tim and
Electra with a gun.

TIM
He's after the....

Tim pauses looking around. Paranoia across his face.

BRIGITTE
(in French) INSPECTOR BOYER. This is a
very important matter.

INSPECTOR BOYER
No doubt Brigitte. A man holding Tim
at gunpoint is no small matter.
Unfortunately, my officer here
neglected to hold and interrogate
everyone thoroughly.

INSPECTOR BOYER turns to the officer.

INSPECTOR BOYER
(in French) For SHAME!

The officer looks down in regret. INSPECTOR BOYER turns back
around.

INSPECTOR BOYER
(in French) I'll be in touch, as soon
as we have a lead.

INSPECTOR BOYER exits briskly, shouting orders into his
police radio.

TIM
The cops aren't useful here either.

FRANCOIS
He's doing the best he can for such a
crazy time during the festival!
Are you okay Tim?

TIM
I'm fine. Thanks Electra you really
saved me back there.

ELECTRA

Anytime sugar. He's not the first
rough-houser I've had to deal with!

Julien walks down the platform from the yacht.

JULIEN

There you all are. Good news! I met a
lovely producer who works for a really
prestigious production company in
Paris. Tim, she want's us to pitch our
next film! Wait! What's going on?

Electra makes a noise of disapproval as she goes back onto
the yacht.

JULIEN

What?

TIM

The tourist was here. You were right
mobster and all.

JULIEN

Are you sure?

TIM

He spoke Italian and had a gun to me.
Yes, I'm, sure.

JULIEN

I'm sorry I wasn't there man! That
sounds intense.

TIM

Yea, MAN!

Tim looks at Julien, clearly disappointed.

FRANCOIS

Why don't we go home? That creep is
still out there.

He leads them away from the chaos of people on the docks.

BRIGITTE

I'll cook!

EXT. RUN DOWN MOTEL - CANNAE - NIGHT SC 69

Gus and Grease walk down the rows of rooms in a shabby little motel that looks straight out of a horror movie.

Grease still wears the soaked bartender's outfit as his feet SLOSH around inside his wet shoes.

Gus still stuck wearing drag and has put on "The Sopranos" shirt from Tim's backpack.

They enter their room looking around paranoid.

INT. RUN DOWN MOTEL - ROOM - NIGHT SC 70

Gus enters before Grease. He tosses Tim's bag onto one of the beds.

GUS

Just where I wanted to spend my last moments. Great choice Grease.

GREASE

We're keeping the theme of "laying low".

GUS

Getting pinched by the police then hastily driving away on our manly vehicle isn't exactly stealth. What the hell happened?

GREASE

Blondie pushed me overboard.

GUS

Hilarious. But where's the tablet Grease?!

GREASE

It wasn't there! Are you sure you heard your French correctly? Could the tablet still be at the club?

GUS

I specifically heard, "It wouldn't fit". I assume they meant it wouldn't fit in the safe.

GREASE

Well the hot blonde couldn't have

dropped it off between the club and yacht.

GUS

That we know of. There was a brief time where we lost the limo after the club.

GREASE

That little brat knows where it is. He was avoiding my questions. She had to have given it back to him. Grease sits down. He pauses.

GREASE

Ever feel like all this is because of the tablet.

GUS

Of course it is. Where have you been?

GREASE

I just mean. It's controlling us. Somehow through it's light and frequencies it messes with our heads. Wanting to get lost. Causing all this chaos.

GUS

I think it's definitely getting into your head. Maybe it only effect's weak-minded people?

Grease snarls.

GUS

But I don't think-

Gus' ringtone goes off. It's the BY THE SEASIDE ringtone from the iPhone!

Grease's phone goes off simultaneously, playing Lady Gaga's "Poker Face".

GUS

Lady Gaga?

GREASE

Don't hate on the Gaga! It's more colorful than your lame ass ringtone.

They both pull out their phones. It's the French Boss.

GUS
I'll answer.

GREASE
LIKE HELL you will!

Gus backs off. Grease pushes answer on his phone holding it up to his ear.

GUS
(whisper)
Speaker phone!

Grease ignores him.

FRENCH BOSS (V.O.)
Times up. You can leave the tablet outside your motel door.

GUS
(whisper) Speaker phone!

GREASE
You know where we are?

FRENCH BOSS (V.O.)
Of course. I also hope you had fun at the yacht party. Now where is that tablet?

GREASE
We uh...

Gus fervently shakes his head no and making "no" gestures.

Suddenly Grease's phone rings again. Lady Gaga electrifies the room.

FRENCH BOSS
Is that (beat) Lady Gaga?

Gus face-palms himself.

GREASE
(rushed)
Don't hate the Gaga. I have another call!

FRENCH BOSS
What?

GREASE
Please hold!

Grease looks over at Gus whose sitting on the bed, cross legged and filing his nails.

GREASE
It's Big Boss ya freakin' prostitute!

GUS
Put. Him. On. Speaker phone!

GREASE
Right, right, right.

Grease hits a button on the phone.

GREASE
Hi Big Boss!

FRENCH BOSS (V.O.)
Nope still me... Tony?

BIG BOSS (V.O.)
Did you get the-?

GREASE
Oh crap.

GUS
What? What?

Grease turns as pale as a ghost. He dramatically holds out the phone in front of Gus' face and hit's the speaker phone button.

Two unintelligible voices can be heard screaming through the phone's speaker. One in French, the other in Italian.

Gus, defeated, lies back on the bed.

BIG BOSS (V.O.)
YOU'RE BOTH DEAD TO ME! DEAD!

FRENCH BOSS (V.O.)
WAIT, WAIT! Maybe they retrieved the tablet. I still haven't found out.

GREASE
Uh, we.

Gus looks up from the bed.

GREASE

Yeeees.

BIG BOSS (V.O.)

Really?

GREASE

Nooo.

BIG BOSS (V.O.)

I'M COMING DOWN THERE TO KILL YOU MYSELF!

FRENCH BOSS (V.O.)

That won't be necessary my friend... We should really catch up.

BIG BOSS (V.O.)

It really has been too long.

FRENCH BOSS (V.O.)

Are you still dating Jessica? No Cassandra.

BIG BOSS (V.O.)

Jess was killed by a rival mob and Cass was killed by me.

FRENCH BOSS (V.O.)

Aw. Love can be complicated.

Gus sits up just so he can hang up the phone. Grease still sits frozen with the phone outstretched.

GREASE

I, think-

The FRONT DOOR blows open.

Three French Mobster goons come in through the front door shooting their pistols.

Grease and Gus jump in between the two beds. They pick up and throw the nearest mattress together while under fire.

It soars through the air knocking the goons back out the door.

GREASE

Finally I get to test this silencer.

Grease pulls out the gun from his mysterious holster in his pants.

He aims at the mattress against the door firing a few shots!

The gun goes off as loud as ever next to Gus' ear. BANG!

Gus grabs his ears stumbling to the wall next to the front door for cover.

The goons return fire. Bullets fly through the other end of the mattress ricocheting everywhere.

GUS

Dammit Greaseball I told you!

Grease takes cover behind the other bed.

GREASE

The silencer didn't work?!

GUS

It's a FLASH suppressor!

GREASE

What?

GUS

A FLA-

The goons kick the mattress down and charge inside guns blazing.

Gus is there with his nail filer. He disarms two goons before they know he's there, while Grease shoots the third.

The disarmed goons are caught by surprise.

Grease aims at the scuffle as Gus uses his nail file like a knife.

GUS

(while fighting)

What? Don't. shoot.

Gus manages to knock one of the goons out.

GREASE

I have the shot.

The other goon manages to get Gus in a choke hold.

GREASE

Now your in the way.

Gus gargles. He stabs the goon whose holding him. The goon falls to the ground.

Grease crosses and shoots the goon before he can get up. Gus instinctually raises his hands to cover his ears again.

He looks at Grease pissed.

GREASE

Huh. Imma need to get my money back.

Grease inspects the smoking gun carefully.

GUS

(genuine concern)

Oh no. Let me see if I can fix it first.

Grease hands Gus the gun who instantly fires it in front of Greases face.

Grease grabs his ears in pain.

GREASE

OOWWARRRRR. My ears.

GUS

Yes. But did you see a flash?

Grease looks confused still growling in pain.

GUS

Did you see the muzzle flash?!

Grease shakes his head no.

GUS

Then you got what you paid for.

He tosses Grease the hot gun.

GREASE

I also paid for your gun stronzo.
Where is that?

GUS

Knee deep in feathered boas most likely.

GREASE

Well come on. I have an idea.

INT. FRANCOIS' HOUSE - GUEST ROOM - MORNING SC 71

Alize pokes Tim's face, who's in a deep sleep on the bed.
Poke. Poke. Tim stirs. He see's Alize's face so close to his.
TIM AH!

ALIZE

Festival Tim! Let's go see your movie!

Tim rolls over.

ALIZE

Yay! You're not cooperating. Time to
get the ice bucket!

She breaks for the door.

Tim throws the sheet off himself in a rush but still half
asleep.

TIM

I'm up-ish... I'm up... No I'm up...!

INT. FRANCOIS' HOUSE - DINING ROOM - MORNING SC 72

The family gathers around the dining room.

Brigitte brings out the last plate of homemade APPLE-CINNAMON
BOSTOCK in front of Tim.

BRIGITTE

Bon appetit!

TIM

French toast in France?

Tim looks around at the Bellami family. They don't seem
effected at all by the recent events.

Alize tears into her toast with no silverware while Francois
and Brigitte try to stop her. Julien laughs at Alize.

Tim takes a bite.

TIM

Mm! How did you get so good at cooking Brigitte?

BRIGITTE

I actually only started last year.

TIM

Really?

FRANCOIS

There was a time when I had to cook.

ALIZE

The dark days!

Francois scoffs at Alize.

BRIGITTE

Running my Burlesque club took all the time and money I had.

FRANCOIS

And I had!

Brigitte's turn to scoff at Francois.

BRIGITTE

And then we had Alize and it became nearly impossible to work. The club was losing money. Hiring Electra had to be the best career choice I ever made. For her and I.

Alize leans towards Tim.

ALIZE

(loud whisper)

Back when Electra still had her-

FRANCOIS

OUI Oui! I'm sure Tim's figured it out Alize.

BRIGITTE

She's always been ALL woman. Even when she was a man. She brought in a new entourage of trans-dancers that woke up our audience. She was such a huge help, that I made her the permanent headliner.

TIM

It's rare to see that kind of acceptance back home.

BRIGITTE

I'm even thinking about making her co-owner.

FRANCOIS

Which I still think you should do. We can focus on Alize's career.

ALIZE

Eh. I've got nothing going on!

She pulls out her cellphone immediately to answer a text.

Brigitte stands to leave.

BRIGITTE

Oh! I forgot! I was supposed to go in this morning to talk to a new employee. Will you all survive without me?

There's a pause.

BRIGITTE

Sorry for the bad wording.

FRANCOIS

We'll be fine mon amour!

BRIGITTE

I'd prefer it if you didn't go to the festival until after talking with INSPECTOR BOYER.

Alize lets out an exaggerated sigh.

BRIGITTE

But. I've learned nothing stops a filmmaker from watching films.

Francois hugs and kisses her.

FRANCOIS

We'll be in a dark theatre surrounded by tons of people for the most part. Go do what you love!

BRIGITTE
(in French)
You're optimism is always
so refreshing.

She kisses him and Alize, who rolls her eyes. Brigitte exits.

Francois stands picking up his plate.

FRANCOIS
Come on Filmmakers. Nothing can stop
us! Let's go!

Julien stands with his plate. Everyone notices for the first
time that he's dressed and ready to go.

JULIEN
Except me.

Francois' enthusiasm instantly flips looking disappointed.

JULIEN
Right? I feel like you guys forgot I
had a date this evening.

TIM
What date?

Everyone looks confused.

JULIEN
The date with a hot french producer chick!

TIM
The pitch?

JULIEN
No the date to talk about the pitch.

TIM
You keep saying date.

JULIEN
Meeting. I meant meeting! We say date
in France for business meetings.

FRANCOIS
No we say meeting in France like
everywhere else.

FRANCOIS

I've never known you to bail on the festival for a date Julien?

ALIZE

We're being ditched you guys! I'm already over it.

She goes back down to her phone.

TIM

Julien a word?

Tim walks towards the guest room.

ALIZE

(mocking)

OOOooooooo.

Julien rolls his eyes.

INT. FRANCOIS' HOUSE - GUEST ROOM - CONTINUOUS SC 73

Tim's pacing. Julien shuts the door behind him.

JULIEN

What's up?

TIM

Hey bro. Can I call you bro?

JULIEN

Yeeeah?

TIM

I'm just making sure because you haven't been acting like a bro since we arrived.

JULIEN

So trying to hookup OUR career while at Cannes, isn't being a bro?

TIM

What? You've been quiet and distant the whole time. Not just last night.

JULIEN

There's nothing wrong, bro! Except for ALL our scripts being stolen. A bag with a mystical tablet from the gods,

or aliens, or angel whatever!

JULIEN

Oh and the mobsters that want to kill us for it. Have you seen this in a film before Tim?!

TIM

(beat) Yes...

Julien sighs.

TIM

And the mobsters want to kill me! They have no clue who you are.

JULIEN

Look. I've found an opportunity. For our next film! Now. I'm going to go MEET a producer and pitch her a script that doesn't exist anymore.

TIM

You say it like it's my fault...

JULIEN

You were holding the bag.

A line has been crossed. TIM Get out.

JULIEN

Yep.

Julien leaves the house in a huff. Tim lies back on the bed. Poke. Poke. Alize is there again. He looks at her. Poke.

ALIZE

(FESTIVAL!)

CUT TO:

EXT. DEBUSSY THEATER - OPENING FESTIVAL - THAT EVENING SC 74

Search lights light up the skies. People everywhere, a huge line forms, getting longer and longer. The hype of the crowd flourishes as limos pull up.

At the entrance, a perky female TV HOST reports live.

TV HOST

(in French) We're here in Cannes at
the opening day of the Festival! Eager
fans have waited hours in line. Tell us-

The host interviews a few people in line by the RED CARPET.

EXT. FESTIVAL - RED CARPET - MORNING SC 75

One by one, various *FAMOUS CELEBRITIES* walk the carpet.

FLASHES of LIGHTS, camera's and dozens of pushy paparazzi.

A Hollywood runway show goes down as famous actors arrive
dressed in all the latest designers and bizarre high fashion.

A huge CROWD swarms the red carpet to get photos.

Incognito, Gus and Grease arrive and mixes among the crowd.

Movie-stars smile and bravely pose with their screaming fans.

CUT TO:

EXT. FESTIVAL - BEACH SCREENING - EVENING SC 76

Francois, Alize and Tim make their way through the crowd.

They wind up in a huge line for the official outdoor
SCREENING on the beach showcasing more of the Festival's
movies. Alize, bored texts and tweets on her phone.

TIM

This isn't that bad...

FRANCOIS

You should have seen last year!

Francois hugs Alize closely who bats him away, busy texting.
Tim looks over and see's a kiosk full of souvenirs and
brochures, he walks over to grab some pamphlets.

Tim can't help himself, he snags a goodie-bag full of
Festival gear and a coffee mug shaped like a camera lens.

TIM

Okay! How much?

CUT TO:

EXT. FESTIVAL - BEACH - MOMENTS LATER SC 77

Alize and Francois move closer to the front of the line.

Tim walks up wearing a festival hat with his hands full of cheesy souvenirs. Alize rolls her eyes.

Tim hands Alize and Francois a Film program, looking at the list of films on the program.

TIM

Check out all these films!

Alize and Francois looks over the list with Tim, pointing at some of the names.

FRANCOIS

HA! The Circle? Soo original.

TIM

How about A Rough Night? Ha ha. Wonder what that one's about?

ALIZE

Or this one, Touch of Insanity? HA!
WEIRD..!

Tim looks awkwardly to the side, trying not to be offended.

TIM

That one's ours actually.

Alize stops laughing, and goes quiet for a little while.

ALIZE

Sorry...

TIM

No... It fine. (Beat) I guess I'm not as original as I thought.

FRANCOIS

I am surprised to see an American-made Action mobster film at Cannes though.

TIM

It's secretly a retro-introspective of the mind. Just set in the coolest era of American history.

A thought strikes Tim.

TIM

And the Producer. Has an has a well
connected Uncle..!

Francois hides his guilt.

FRANCOIS

I assure you I had nothing to do with
this. It was selected purely by it's
own merits!

TIM

So no strings were pulled?

Francois goes silent.

TIM

No friend's called up? "Hi do you
have room for one more film in your
festival?"

Again silence. Tim figures it out from Francois' face.

TIM

Oh my god. Julien asked you to...

FRANCOIS

(in French) HA. Does sound like
Julien.

(English)

No it wasn't Julien. Look Tim. I ran
into a friend on the committee at the
local cafe. It was purely
coincidental. He knew who I was and we
talked. One thing led to another and
he asked for a copy.

TIM

He asked for a copy???

FRANCOIS

Yeah! But you were STILL in editing. I
had Julien send me some copies when it
was finally finished and I sent it off
to him. He liked it.

TIM

That's both awesome and sucky!

ALIZE What?

TIM

Well awesome that the committee loved my film. But sucky that it wasn't picked out of the crowd online.

ALIZE

OOOOhhhh. So that's bad?

FRANCOIS

Eh. Online submissions from independent filmmakers rarely get picked anymore.

TIM

Unless it's a documentary about the middle-eastern wars..!

FRANCOIS

Or the newest European drama about feeling alone but still having sex all the time!

TIM

(mocking)

OOoooh so Hollywood isn't the only one to rinse and repeat?

FRANCOIS

Hey now. We may reuse themes. But it's better than making the exact same film twice. Only BIGGER.

Tim and Alize laugh! The line finally starts to move..

EXT. BEACH THEATRE - CONTINUOUS SC 78

A lovely outdoor beach theater set up, people everywhere in their beach chairs.

Alize, Tim and Francois sit comfortably in the center, enjoying some snacks they brought along.

TIM

I wonder what Julien's doing that's more important than this.

ALIZE
Probably drowning in ladies.

INT. CROISSETTE CROWDED BAR - EVENING SC 79

Julien takes a swig and puts down his beer, laughing loudly.
Sophie speaks english with a quite french accent..!

JULIEN
So you get it? It's called revenge of
the fidget spinners. But it's not a
sequel. It's the-

SOPHIE
First movie, yeah. Yeaah.

JULIEN
I adore how you just get me.

SOPHIE
Do you have a copy of the script?

JULIEN
Heh. Okay. Remember when I said
there's a catch?

Sophie takes a sip of her wine.

SOPHIE
That's kind of important to have!

JULIEN
(Slurring)
There was a mix-hap at da airports...
we, we find out our hard drive's go-
GONE! ALL our films, all our hard
work... GONE! Now we're stuck! Tim may
actually be stuck. His passport was in
the bag.

Across from him, the alluring Sophie, swirls her glass of
wine. Raising an eyebrow at Julien's drunken laughter.

SOPHIE
It sounds like you have a lot
on your plate.

JULIEN

(Slurring)

I'm not worried. Most of our scripts
was not finished. I can pitch without
a script Sophie! Come on. Do it.

Julien downs his beer, setting it down next to three others.
Sophie still sips delicately on her Pinot, observing Julien.
Amused.

SOPHIE

Fine, I'll call you and let you know
what the Exec thinks.

JULIEN

Anytime for you b-beautiful.

EXT. CROWDED BAR - EVENING SC 80

Julien stands on the curb with Sophie.

JULIEN

I'll get you an Uber.

SOPHIE

Oh no it's fine.

JULIEN

I insist.

SOPHIE

No I mean call Ouicab, much safer!

Julien wrestles with his slacks to pull out his phone from
his pocket.

He finally manages but has trouble fighting his drunkenness
to type in words. Or even successfully touch the screen.
Sophie laughs, pulls out her phone. A cab pulls up!

JULIEN

That was fast!

He opens the door for her and is about to get in with her.

SOPHIE

Oh?

JULIEN

He backs out immediately.
Oops!

SOPHIE
A bit forward there!!!

JULIEN
SORRY...New York rubbed off on me. I
see a cab I have to get in it.

Sophie smiles!

SOPHIE
See you later Julien...

She shuts the door. The cab pulls away.

Julien clutches his heart temporarily in bliss.

His phone vibrates. He checks it. Tons of missed calls from
all the family members.

JULIEN
What the hell family?

EXT. CANNES FESTIVAL - DAY SC 81

Alize, Francois, and Tim exit the Beach Theater, laughing
together.

TIM
I can't believe we waited hours in
line for that! A movie about an
average man's life in Sweden!

ALIZE
Very limited material.

They break out laughing again!

FRANCOIS
Wanna take an intermission before we
head back home?

ALIZE
Ah yes! I know just the place! Follow me!

Alize runs off in the opposite direction of the crowd.

Gus and Grease suddenly appear amongst the crowded Beach Theater
exit!

GREASE
That movie wasn't half bad.

GUS

Shut up.

Grease catches a glimpse of Tim chasing after Alize.

GREASE

Over there!

They follow them, trying to stay out of plain sight.

EXT. EARLY EVENING CROISETTE - POND - CONTINUOUS SC 82

Miniature boats float around the pond. Both KIDS and their PARENTS playing together watching the boats sail

•
Francois gives Alize some money when suddenly he gets a call on his cell-phone.

FRANCOIS

Excuse me, It's work. I have to take this.
If it's the committee tell them I want
that golden palm!

Francois fake laughs. He walks off, lost in the crowd again.
Alize walks directly over to a little BOAT KIOSK.

A longer line has formed but she skips right past it to the front.

PHILLIP (70's) a salt n pepper gentleman, and MIA (50's) give Alize a warm welcome in the middle of the rush.

MIA

(in French)
Alize! How are you my dear?

The row of people gets longer as more kids drag their parents into line. Some at the front start getting more impatient.

ALIZE

(in French) wonderful! How's the
family?

An American man walks over, trying to get Mia's attention.

MIA

(Perfect English)
One moment, sir.

JULIEN
(sarcasm)

PHILLIPO
(in French) Alize!
Phillip purposefully ignores the man's outraged reaction and picks up a red remote control, handing it to Alize.

PHILLIPO
(in French) I saved your favorite,
just for you. Just don't crash it this
time!

ALIZE
(in French) I promise I wont!
Running over to the pond, Alize starts up her little red boat. It kind of putts around in a circle. Tim walks up.

TIM
I think it's defective.

ALIZE
I think Your defective!!!

They both laugh and watch the boat slowly chug away. Randomly Alize jumps up, screaming! Paranoid, Tim looks around for goons with guns. Nothing, he looks back at Alize who points over his shoulder.

ALIZE
REGARD... LES CREPES!!!

A rolling crepe truck stops by, a crowd forms instantly.

TIM
But we just ate!

ALIZE
But CREPES are the deserts
Plllllllease?!

Tim gives in, sighing.

TIM
Are you going to be okay here?

ALIZE
I'll try not to crash my boat!

TIM
Ha. You owe me one...

Tim walks off towards the line for crepes.

Gus and Grease reveal themselves from behind the kiosk. They walk next to Alize, pretending to play with the boats.

GREASE

Such a nice day to go boating.

GUS

So how do you know our friend Tim?

Grease leans closer to Alize's level of height. She stares directly back at him, fearless. Alize snaps a quick photo.

ALIZE

(in French) I don't speak to strangers.

GUS

HEY! She took a photo of us.

GREASE

What did she say?

Grease looks back to Gus for confirmation.

Behind her back Alize sends the photo of them and texts Francois and Tim on her phone, blindly typing she hits SEND.

ALIZE TEXT MESSAGE

HLP! WEIRD GUYS Found ME @ POND!

Alize begins to back away, looking for a way out. People are everywhere but no one is paying attention to them.

GUS

Look, we know your friend Tim. He took something of ours, and if we don't get it back we will be-

Gus see's Alize texting and takes away the phone from her and shuts it off.

ALIZE

Hey! Give my phone back!

GUS

She sent a photo text of us! Great.

Now we got to kidnap the freakin bratt.

Alize doesn't hesitate to kick Gus straight in the crotch.

Gus gasps, struggling to breathe as he topples over backwards into the pond. *SPLASH* Grease pretends to wave a white flag.

GREASE

Hey, look Kido! I don't want to hurt you! We're trying to save your family from a bunch of very angry French mobsters! If we don't give them the "TABLET" they will kill us and you. We're not really the bad guys here.

ALIZE

(in French) First of all, I'm not a kid! And second... when was the last time you took a shower!!! ?

GREASE

Stop it, stop it. You just spoke English a second ago. Speak English!

ALIZE

I said. You two smell like rotten crepes!

Grease looks back over at Tim who pays for a pile of Crepes. Gus gets out of the pond, completely drenched and winded.

GUS

(Out of breath)
Time - to go Greaseball.

GREASE

I know I see them.

GUS Them?

Grease nods motioning across the pond. Gus looks.

Two very obvious mobsters stare at them deadpan, silent hate in their eyes. Enough hate to creep Gus and Grease out.

EXT. CREPE CART - CONTINUOUS SC 83

Tim walks away from the crepe truck, bumping into a FAMOUS DIRECTOR and spilling his chocolate crepe all over both of them.

Tim looks up realizing it's *(LUC BESSON)* and freezes up, completely in shock.

FAMOUS FRENCH DIRECTOR
(in French) Excuse me.

TIM
Oh, wow! I'm sorry! SOO STUPID!

FAMOUS FRENCH DIRECTOR
(English)
No, really its fine.

Director starts wiping some of the chocolate off his priceless suit suave and strangely calm.

TIM
Congrats on the new film! Mind giving this clumsy fan an autograph?

FAMOUS DIRECTOR
Only if you pay for the suit.

Tim doesn't hear the sarcasm. He looks disheartened.

LUC BESSON Takes out a pen from inside his suit jacket. Tim smiles..!

EXT. FESTIVAL - POND - CONTINUOUS SC 84

Tim comes back from his encounter at the crepe truck covered in chocolate but with a silly grin plastered onto his face. He stops at the same spot he left Alize and looks down to see her remote control there. He picks it up, looking around.

TIM
Alize! You'll never guess who I met! Alize?

Tim becomes worried now. He checks his phone. The urgent text and photo she sent him pops up on his screen.

TIM
Oh shit. Shit! SHIT!

EXT. FESTIVAL - CONTINUOUS SC 85

Francois pauses his phone call to look at his phone. Alize's text message grabs his attention. He turns around quickly.

FRANCOIS
I'll call you back later.

Hanging up he immediately dials Inspector INSPECTOR BOYER.
Francois looks around him searching for any sign of his
daughter in a huge CROWD.

INSPECTOR BOYER (V.O.)
(in French) Inspector INSPECTOR BOYER.

FRANCOIS
(in French) INSPECTOR BOYER! I need
your help!... URGENT...

INSPECTOR BOYER (V.O.)
(in French) What happened?

Francois pushes his way past groups of people, even a few
well-to-do celebrities snicker, as he shoves them aside.

FRANCOIS
(in French) Alize has been kidnapped
at the festival! She texted me this
just minutes ago from the boat pond!

Francois forwards the text and photo to INSPECTOR BOYER.
TEXT NOISES

INSPECTOR BOYER (V.O.)
(in French) I'll dispatch a police
squad, put out an APB and triangulate
a search team at the at the pond area
immediately. Keep your phone on.

FRANCOIS
(in French) Thank you, please hurry..

INSPECTOR BOYER (V.O.)
D(in French) on't worry, we'll find her.

FRANCOIS
(in French) I know.

Francois hangs up, he looks up determined.

FRANCOIS
I will get my daughter back. No one
messes with my family.

EXT. FESTIVAL CROSETTE - CONTINUOUS SC 86
Gus leads Alize around holding her by the shoulder.

Grease is behind having trouble squeezing through the CROWD.

ALIZE

Look, if you let me go now, I promise,
my Dad won't torture then kill you in
a horrible way!

Gus shoves her forward more forcibly.

GUS

Don't test me kid.

Alize gives Gus The "finger"!!!

EXT. FESTIVAL - POND - CONTINUOUS SC 87

CUT TO:

POLICE SQUADS in full gear spread out around the Croisette
pond area.

The police close off the area, and clear out crowds of on-
lookers. Inspector INSPECTOR BOYER questions the couple
(Philippe & Mia) who owns the pond rental kiosk.

INSPECTOR BOYER holds up the photo of Gus and Grease for them
to see.

INSPECTOR BOYER

Did you see where these men went?

PHILLIP

No, but I can tell you where I think
Alize lead them to!..

EXT. FESTIVAL - PASTRY SHOP- CONTINUOUS SC 88

CUT TO:

Alize, Gus and Grease walk by a pastry shop. Alize make a big
scene to go inside... Gus and Grease are forced to abide and
enter the shop..!

The shop is busy with 2 elderly French ladies. As they wait
in line, Gus shove's Alize's shoulder as the old ladies look
on..!

GUS

What do want kid?

ALIZE
Some crepes...

GREASE
Some WHAT..?
Gus gets up to the counter and orders...

GUS
Some "CREEPS' por favor..!

ALIZE
"CREPES" you stupid..!

The elderly french ladies role their eyes as the walk out...

OLD FRENCH LADIES
(in French) Ah... mais quel idiot ce type..!
(Ah.... what an idiot this guy..!)

Gus, Grease and Alize walk out of the store. Suddenly Gus, Grease and everyone around them gets a URGENT TEXT MESSAGE sent on their phones.

BINGS - BEEPS - QUACK

It reads: Amber Alert for Alize Bellami Last seen at Festival Croisette Pond with these two suspects. "The Femme and the Fatty."

Two crudely drawn caricatures of Gus and Grease are shown next to Alize's professional head-shot!

Gus stops to look away from his phone, as everyone looks up to see them walking away suspiciously with Alize!

GUS
(Under his breath)
Fucking perfect! How was the job in France Gus? Oh just FINE! I'm a cross dressing kidnapping pedophile now! How are things with YOU?!

Both Alize and Grease stare blankly at Gus and each other.

GREASE
I think he's finally snapped!

EXT. CANNES STREETS - EVENING SC 89
Grease and Gus look exhausted and sweaty. Grease keeps

agitating and scratching his butt wound.

Alize constantly tries to grab her phone back from Gus.

GUS
(avoiding Alize)
Stop. Girl. What is your problem.

ALIZE
(grabbing at Gus)
Give me my phone now... Phone!

GUS
Look! I'll give it back. IF -(Beat)
You just tell us where the green
tablet is so we can end this whole
thing!

Grease looks paranoid, craning his neck around.

GREASE
Let's get off the street.

He ushers them off the sidewalk into a nearby ally.

EXT. CANNES - ALLYWAY - CONTINUOUS SC 90

GREASE
Haven't we done enough. Uh.. "Amanda"?

ALIZE
You don't know my name?

GREASE
It's uh.

ALIZE
(mock sadness)
You can't even remember my name!

GREASE
What? I'm sorry uh...

Grease tries harder to remember. Gus slaps Grease up side the head...

GUS
She's getting in your head man! She
never told us her name!

GREASE

Not cool (beat) girly. Don't you want
to go home? See your family again?

ALIZE

are you kidding... This is way more fun!

A TINY BEIGE CAR slowly drives down the narrow alley. Waiting
for them to move.

GUS

Car.

They all back up against the wall to allow the car to go by.
It honks as if to say "thank you".

They all wave at it like idiots as the doors open.
Guys with guns get out of the car.

GREASE

Nope!

He grabs Alize pulling her out of the line of fire. In doing
so Alize's phone falls out of his pocket and Alize grabs
it...

They run back out onto the street. Gus rolls out of the way
following behind.

CUT TO:

EXT. CANNES STREETS - EVENING SC 91

Alize runs in front of Grease and Gus up the sidewalk. They
dodge civilians.

The tiny two door beige car follows them casually using the
road. It's driver side window is rolled down with the muzzle
of a gun sticking out of it. It's NOT firing however.

ALIZE

(while running)
Why aren't they shooting?

GREASE

(wheezing)
It's to big of a crowd...

ALIZE
(while running)
So as long as we're in the crowd we're fine?

Alize suddenly stops running. Gus and Grease pass her trying to stop their momentum. Grease falls to the ground panting.

GREASE
Running *HUFF* bad.

Alize starts waving her arms.

ALIZE
(in French) Gun! Gun! Look they have a gun!

Grease and Gus think they're being betrayed. Alize points at the car fervently.

The crowd panics as some people see the gun in the car. The fully automatic gun opens fire at Alize.

Who is either in shock or brave enough to stand in the way of oncoming fire.

Grease and Gus flip a nearby round metal outdoor table!

ALIZE
(in French) RUN! RUN EVERYBODY!

Alize runs back and forth helping people disperse.

Grease and Gus are impressed by her bravery. Grease, once again, swoops in pulling Alize out of fire.

They all take cover behind the metal table.

ALIZE
I thought you said they wouldn't shoot
there's a crowd!

GUS
You scared the big bad mobster! You're
very scary if you hadn't noticed!

Grease has his gun out and returns fire. Gus picks up the legs of the table. Police sirens are off in the distance.

GUS
Let's roll the table to that alley. Come on!

Alize helps Gus. They push the legs of the table rolling their cover. Grease fires and moves.

The beige car figures out their plan speeding up to beat them to the alley.

GREASE

Oh no you don't.

Grease helps push the table adding tons of momentum. The car turns left into the alley beating them!

But just in time for the giant metal table to roll right into the driver side door. Crushing it inward.

The car's momentum forces it into the wall of a nearby shop.

GREASE

Run now!

They run into the alley passing by the car as the TWO FRENCH GOONS inside recuperate.

EXT. CANNES - DEAD-END ALLEY - CONTINUOUS SC 92

Grease immediately see's the dead-end at the end of the alley.

GREASE

Dead end! Bad idea. Let's stay out of the alleyway.

They all turn around just in time to see the goons kick the dented car door open. They get out looking disheveled. They raise their guns.

Grease points to fire. *CLICK, CLICK* Empty. Gus and Grease angrily raise their hands. Alize does not.

GREASE

Alright alright. No need to hurt the girl.

GOON 1(30's) walks right up to Alize. Gun in her face.

GOON 1

(in French) Where is it?

ALIZE

(American accent)

I don't speak French, sorry.

The Goon open palm slaps her. Alize drops her phone she was hiding behind her back.

She looks back at the goon with all the hate in the universe seeping through her expression.

GREASE

GUS

Woah! That's child abuse.

GOON 1

(in French) Mobster's with a
conscious? What morons.

Alize just continues her death glare.

Goon 2 picks up the dropped phone. He tosses it to Goon 1, keeping his gun fixed on the prisoners.

Goon 1 begins to scroll through Alize's contacts. He selects one that says Daddy...

0 EXT. NIGHT POLICE SQUAD INSPECTOR BOYER & FRANCOIS - SC 93

Around the pond Croisette area huge police presences, INSPECTOR BOYER very busy with the search, Francois, Julien and Tim are there...

Francois's phones rings it shows "Alize"... Francois answers his phone putting it on Speaker.

FRANCOIS

ALIZE?!

GOON 1 (V.O. from Francois phone speaker)

(French)

Mr. Bellami? We have your daughter.

GOON 1 (V.O.)

If you wish to see her again. Deliver
what we want. Now.

ALIZE (V.O.)

(French)

Screw these guys dad!

FRANCOIS

Well since you know who I am I assume
you know about my wife's club. Head

there in an hour with my daughter and
tell the bouncer you came to give Mr.
Bellami a gift.

The phone clicks off!

Francois pulls out his magnum from a holster in his suit
jacket. He checks the rounds in the cylinder one more time.

Francois expertly clicks the cylinder back into place.

FRANCOIS
(To Tim and Julien)

Hurry up boys, follow me...

EXT. BURLESQUE NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT SC 94

The club is off the hook tonight! People wait in line,
laughing and getting excited.

Muffled ELECTRO SWING MUSIC seep's through the walls. The
Marquee reads: ELECTRA and her ELECTRIC DANCERS TONIGHT!

INT. BURLESQUE NIGHT CLUB - MAIN STAGE - CONTINUOUS SC 95

The house lights go dark, as a smooth ELECTRO-JAZZ MIX plays.

Electra steps into a spotlight in a dazzling long red dress.

Singing a smooth jazzy number, her backup dancers groove with
bright neon lights on their bodies behind her in the dark.

The crowd goes wild when the live band on stage is revealed.

INT. BURLESQUE NIGHT CLUB - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS SC 96

Francois, rushes in the office first, followed by Tim and
Julien.

Francois opens a closet. In it 2 duffle bags full of guns,
ammo and bullet proof vests!...

Brigitte arrives and wraps her arms around Francois. Francois
shares the plan with all, then in a private moment kisses
Brigitte.

FRANCOIS
I promise I wont let anyone hurt our family.

BRIGITTE

Let's hope it doesn't come to that.
But just in case... No one fires until
I say so...

Brigitte's the first to pull out two pistols to load them into her holsters. She even straps Napoleon's musket to her back while loading a deadly 20 gauge sawed-off shotgun.

Everyone suits up, getting ready...

CUT TO:

INT. BURLESQUE NIGHT CLUB - BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS SC 97

The 2 French mobsters, along with Grease, Gus and Alize are escorted backstage by a pair of studly BOUNCERS (30's).

Alize tries to escape her french goon who tightly holds onto her.

They walk past the dressing room on their way to the office.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. BURLESQUE NIGHT CLUB - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS SC 98

Fully armed to the teeth, Francois and the others jump when they hear a KNOCK at the door. He opens the door cautiously. On the other side the two Bouncers stand attention.

FRANCOIS

Oui?

BOUNCER

(in French) Your daughter and her
friends have arrived.

FRANCOIS

Entrez..!

The 2 French mobsters, discretely holding guns to the backs of Gus, Grease, and holding on to Alize come into the office one at a time. The door slams shut.

Everyone with a weapon pulls them out simultaneously aiming at someone in the room!

The tension's worse than an old western movie!

ALIZE
Maman, Papa!

Brigitte runs over to Alize but one of the goons blocks her.

GOON 1
(in French) Business first. Let's see
this fabled tablet.

Brigitte removes the rug under the desk revealing the safe.
She fiddles with the lock. She opens it. Empty.

She backs away shocked!

Guns are raised and pointed. Safety's are off. The French
mobster's start yelling unintelligibly.

GREASE
(whispering)
It's "Sentient"! It wanted to get lost
in this organized chaos!

Alize and Gus look at Grease like he's crazy. Julien puts his
gun down on the desk.

Brigitte goes to stop him but his sincere look stops her at
the desk.

JULIEN
Everybody!

He raises his hands peacefully in the air.

GREASE
Organized... CHAOS!

Julien looks curiously at Grease, who whispers under his
breath continuously reaching the point of insanity.

JULIEN
EVERYBODY! I'm sure there's a
reasonable explanation...

Tim tries to signal Julien to stop his speech.

JULIEN
We're ALL victims of this mysterious
tablet. Causing us to be greedy and
selfish! Even making us act out of
character. It's all just a test.

TIM
(whispering)
Julien... No. I've seen this movie...
It doesn't end well. Ugh.

GOON 2
(French)
Can you say it again in french please?

GOON 1
(in French) No need. This is a dead
lead.

He nods to Goon 2 who is holding Alize at gunpoint.

FRANCOIS

NO!

A gunshot. Julien's gun is smoking.

BRIGITTE is wielding it! Goon 2 is down. Goon 1 grabs Alize...

BRIGITTE
Get your hands off my daughter!

Tim pulls a flash bang from his duffle bag. He pulls the pin.
Drops it. Then quickly covers his ears and closes his eyes.

BANG

Everyone except Tim is discombobulated. Tim runs grabbing
Alize and everyone he cares about, pushing them towards the
door. He grabs Alize's hand. Leading her out of the room.
Everyone makes it safely out.

TIM
So sorry about that Alize!

ALIZE
About FOR WHAT?!

INT. BURLESQUE NIGHT CLUB - DRESSING ROOM - CONTINUOUS SC 99

Tim runs with Alize.

ALIZE
I CLOSED MY EYES IN TIME! I'M NOT BLIND!

Tim just nods trying not to laugh at her!

Dancers gather. Looking concerned and helping the family.

Alize spots her mom's musket. She slips the strap off taking the gun.

BRIGITTE

No. Alize!

ALIZE

Come on mom, I have to protect myself!

GUS emerges from the office room. He stumbles over to the makeshift dressing room. Brief scuffling noises.

ALIZE

HE'S CHANGING INTO HIS FEMME SUPERHERO OUTFIT!

GUS reemerges with his gun.

ALIZE

Awe... here you are!

Gus looks at the family trying to gather there wits.

Grease emerges from the office, making a clumsy break for the backstage door.

GREASE

Go go go go go go!

EVERYONE in the dressing room runs to the backstage door! Gunfire follows Gus and Grease. Gus returns fire when he can.

INT. BURLESQUE NIGHT CLUB - MAIN STAGE - CONTINUOUS SC 100

GUNSHOTS ring out into the club. Audience members SCREAM as they flee towards the exit.

The dancers on stage take cover, including Electra, a furious diva waiting to unleash her rage.

Electra tumbles over French Goon 1. With her long legs kicks him in the balls with her pointed heels. Goon 1 falls to the floor, drops his gun and grabs his crotch in pain.

ELECTRA

(Sarcastic)

Oh I'm soooo sorry honey! I forgot how much that hurts!

Goon 1 get's back up and runs holding his crotch..!

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT CLUB - BACKSTAGE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS SC 101

Tim and Julien stand back to back, each returning FIRE from the two mobsters (Gus & Grease) at each end of the hallway.

Julien yells a slew of swear words that aren't audible.

JULIEN

I've never felt so ALIVE!!!

He lets off more M14 rounds as he breaks down in tears.

JULIEN

I'm SO SORRY man!

Tim shoots and tags Grease, it grazed his leg, he SCREAMS and both Gus and Grease escape through the hallway door.

TIM

I LOVE YOU BRO!

JULIEN

I love you too bro!

Tim and Julien both shoot back, making more bullet holes in the walls. They take cover near the wings, looking around.

JULIEN

We need to find ALIZE!

CUT TO:

INT. BURLESQUE NIGHT CLUB - DRESSING ROOM - CONTINUOUS SC 102

Alize runs into one of the makeshift dressing rooms, she holds the musket tightly in her hands, breathing hard. Goon 1 follows her into the room, calling out to her.

GOON 1

(in French) Do you like to run and play hide and seek little one?

Alize holds her breath as his footsteps get closer.

Suddenly the curtain rips back, but Alize isn't there. She snuck into the next dressing room.

The angry French (Goon 1) rips down the surrounding curtains.

Alize cocks the musket, ready and waiting.

BANG! The force of the musket sends Alize flying back!

Smoke settles, Alize gets up, shouldering Napoleon's musket.

She see's the goon rolling around on the floor, holding his wounded man bits and screaming like a girl

.

ALIZE

You scream like a girl! Maybe you
should apply for a job here!!!

Still furious, the Goon tries to grab at Alize's feet. Alize dodges him and gives him the "finger"!

ALIZE

Next time think twice before you smack
a girl in her face!

Alize smiles and walks away, leaving him to suffer alone!

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT CLUB - STAGE/BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS SC 103

ACTION SEQUENCE:

*BRIGITTE CALLS INSPECTOR BOYER.

*WHOLE FAMILY JOINS TOGETHER AND EVERY BODY IS OK.

*THEY TIE UP GOON 1 WHO'S STILL HOLDING HIS CROACH.

*GREASE & GUS ESCAPE TOGETHER.

*COPS ARRIVE, ARRESTING GOON 1 & ASKING QUESTION'S

INT. BURLESQUE NIGHT CLUB - OFFICE - LATE NIGHT SC 104

INSPECTOR BOYER paces back and forth, yelling at the top of his voice.

INSPECTOR BOYER

(with French accent) You used
unregistered OLD PROP GUNS to shoot
the mob! Do you know how much
paperwork - not to mention how many
asses I will have to kiss to recover

from this?! You're lucky I'm not putting you all under arrest right now. All the favors I owe you, Francois! Were all called in with this.

FRANCOIS
(in French) I know.

Francois and Brigitte sit together, both have a blanket wrapped around them. They look into each other's eyes.

BRIGITTE
(softly)
At least no one got seriously hurt.

INSPECTOR BOYER
Take in a breath of that free air because another stunt like this and it's the cell for all you. I'm confiscating all the weapons.

The other officers take the weapons from them. Alize struggles with the OFFICER as he tries to take the musket away. She doesn't let go.

OFFICER
Sir?

INSPECTOR BOYER
Let her keep the musket. That is just a prop!

The officer let's go. Alize hugs the musket closely like a teddy bear.

INSPECTOR BOYER
All of you, go home now and get some rest.

He turns back to the line of officers and detectives forming behind him. All wanting answers.

The family looks at each other relieved, they begin to hug!

EXT. FRANCOIS' HOUSE - NIGHT SC 105

An empty police car sits out front. The Bellami's and Tim tiredly approach the front door. Francois looks for his keys.

TIM
Man... I'm going to sleep so well tonight !!!

INT. FRANCOIS' HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS SC 106

Everyone enters the dark of the house. Someone flips a switch.

"Big Boss" from America, waits for them on the couch, a gun in hand. Three other GOONS stand behind him.

BIG BOSS

You people, are responsible for taking my money
and my two best men..

ALIZE

We're not taking crap from you!
And your 2 best men where complete "IDIOTS"!

FRANCOIS

Look sir. We don't have your money, or
tablet or whatever the hell you're
threatening my family with. We just
got back from shooting at your two
goons because of the same reason!

BIG BOSS

(amused)
All of you?

The Bellami's and Tim answer at the same time:

EVERYBODY...?

BIG BOSS

Well then you're going to hate this
next part.

He fires at Francois. Missing and hitting an Expensive prop.
Everyone makes a break for the theatre room. Tons of props
are destroyed by misfires.

Brigitte grabs Alize who looks like she's going to charge
with the musket as she drags her to the theatre room.

BIG BOSS

(To his goons...)
What are you dolts aiming at?

DOLT

(slight sarcasm)
Anything that shatters. Isn't that normally the plan?

DOLT 2
(slight sarcasm)
Aren't you supposed to shoot behind a
moving target?

BIG BOSS
I'm about to shoot you two if you
don't follow them.

INT. FRANCOIS' HOUSE - THEATER ROOM - CONTINUOUS SC 107

The family barricades the padded doors with Francois' desk
and chair. Francois carefully moves his old projector to a
safe corner.

FRANCOIS
All I have left are some old pistols
from Hook 2. A QIANG from Jackie's old
indie film HE directed before he was
famous. And a Lee Enfield rifle from
the Sucker Punch prequel.

JULIEN
Uncle, you've got to stop name dropping!

FRANCOIS
Honestly, I don't even know I do it.

He grabs the rifle and hands it to Julien. Tim picks up the
pirate pistols. *BANG* *BANG* Bullets fly through the door!

Everyone dives for cover. Julien fires a shot. But can't
figure out why he can't fire another.

JULIEN
Tim! Tim! It's broken!

TIM
You got to pull on the bolt handle!

JULIEN
Uhhh okay.

TIM
Just switch with me.

Tim gets grazed in the arm by a bullet. Before they can make
the switch.

JULIEN

TIM ???

Brigitte's already on the phone. Tim pulls back Julien's bolt handle for him. Loading the next bullet into the chamber.

BRIGITTE

Already on it.

Francois digs through his desk drawer. Carefully avoiding fire.

FRANCOIS

We could use this. But it's the only one I own. And it's 100 years old!

Francois pulls out a MK 2 HAND GRENADE.

TIM

But all your props Francois.

Francois pauses.

FRANCOIS

I guess you and Julien are going to have to bring me new ones.

Julien and Tim smile amongst the hellfire of bullets. Clearly getting used to being under fire.

BRIGITTE

(French)

I hope our insurance covers this!

INT. FRANCOIS' HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS SC 108

Big Boss stands guard of the theater room. The goons are taking cover behind overturned pieces of furniture.. Once they hear the laughter they cease fire.

BIG BOSS

Just come out already! Look, we're out of ammo. Maybe we can come to a truce.

The theater door cracks open. Big Boss and Goons open fire.

No results.

A grenade casually rolls into the living room. Pin pulled.

BIG BOSS
Oh shit... MOVE!!

A HUGE BLAST erupts!

All Goons simultaneously hit the wall closest to them, Knocking them out.

Big Boss get's launched out a window FALLING to his doom.

Police SIRENS blare in the distance.

Julien and Tim come in firing their guns accidentally hitting the last props that miraculously survived the explosion. They look at each other guiltily as Francois enters.

JULIEN
Oh no Uncle! None of your props survived the explosion.

FRANCOIS
Where's the boss?!

Brigitte comes out with Alize still holding a gun and musket.

BRIGITTE
Oh my! He flew out the WINDOW!

She runs over to the destroyed wall that's still on fire. The rest follow her, and they all look down.

TIM Woah.

JULIEN

Woah.

ALIZE Woah!

FRANCOIS
I'll never hear the end of this from INSPECTOR BOYER!

RED BLUE LIGHTS FLASH as POLICE CARS arrive.

INT. FRANCOIS' HOUSE - DINING ROOM - MORNING SC 109

Everyone looks frazzled from last night. Breakfast sits half eaten or untouched on the table in front of them.

INSPECTOR BOYER
You're all heroes!

Behind them, morning light comes through huge HOLES BLASTED into the wall from the grenade. The living room demolished.

INSPECTOR BOYER
Apparently he was the leader of some
MAJOR underground mob from New Jersey.
(French)
Congratulations!

The whole family sits motionless in shock, all stuck in different poses with the same blank stare.

INSPECTOR BOYER
Just dropped by to tell you.

He stands to leave. Alize is on her phone.

ALIZE
They already have a full story on
reddit about it.

INSPECTOR BOYER
You know she would make a great Detective.

Brigitte breaks out of her stupor, to look at INSPECTOR BOYER.

BRIGITTE
Don't even think about it.

INSPECTOR BOYER
(French)
Well have a nice day!

(English)
Oh and Francois. I'm sorry...

Francois looks confused.

FRANCOIS
Why are you sorry?

INSPECTOR BOYER
For... losing my temper last night. I
assure you it was the stress from the
festival talking.

FRANCOIS
(in French) It's okay my friend.

They shake hands firmly.

INSPECTOR BOYER
(in French) Off I go!

He shuts the door behind him.

A piece of the CEILING BREAKS OFF and CRASHES onto the furniture in the living room. No one even flinches!

BRIGITTE
I always wanted a sunroof!

They all start to laugh together. Genuine laughter at first that slowly turns into a self-aware, cheesy, sarcastic laugh.

TIM
This whole vacation should be a movie...! An intense action-

JULIEN
Drama?

TIM
Yeah. You know? Suddenly I'm not feeling it.

JULIEN
Aw come on. It's right up your alley.

Tim struggles with the concept.

JULIEN
You could start it with the two idiot mobster.

ALIZE
Start it with a bang! I like movies that start with a gunfight. OR movies that start with action! Like a gangster kicking down a door!

INT. BUTCHER SHOP - DAY SC 110

Gus kicks the front door unsuccessfully. Making the old butcher man flinch.

GUS (O.S.)

Ow.

GREASE (O.S.)

Wow. Why?

GUS (O.S.)

I thought it would look cool!

They both enter raising their guns at the old butcher man!

GUS

Closing Time...

Old butcher man slowly flips the sign from open to closed. He tartly leaves.

MUSIC STARTS AND CONTINUES THROUGH OUT THIS SCENE:
EDITH PIAF'S "NON RIEN DE RIEN"...

Gus and Grease approach the Freezer guns raised. Grease is wearing the empty black bag.

INT. BUTCHER SHOP - FREEZER - CONTINUOUS SC 111

Frozen meat hangs everywhere like an obstacle course set before them. Grease shivers.

GREASE

(whisper yell)

Ahh I'm freezing my bawls off in here!
Let's hurry up and grab the cash!

GUS

(whisper yell)

Okay, okay! Let's talk louder so the
freaking dog hears us!

That shuts Grease right up.

INT. BUTCHER SHOP - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS SC 112

Edith Piaff's MUSIC still playing in the background as Gus and Grease make an entrance.

They part the hanging plastic flaps with their guns aimed at the two inside.

Priscilla (the french mafia boss's dog), sits on the French Bosses lap and growls alerting her master.

FRENCH BOSS
(Softly in English)
How are you two still alive?

GREASE
Where are your goonies?'

FRENCH BOSS
All dead or arrested thanks to you!

GREASE
Hands on desk now.

The French Boss happily obliges. Priscilla growls like she is about to charge at Grease again.

GREASE
NO! No, call your dog off or she gets it.

FRENCH BOSS
Heel darling.

Priscilla lies down, still intent on growling at Grease.

Gus shoots Grease a look. Grease cautiously walks around the far side of the desk from the dog. He places his gun directly against the French Boss' head.

GREASE
Now, open that safe.

FRENCH BOSS
I can't really reach with your gun in my head.

GREASE
I'll move with you.

FRENCH BOSS
What? Are you afraid of missing?

GREASE
No I just want to hurry your ass up.

FRENCH BOSS
Right. But having your gun so close to my skull may cause the bullet to misfire!

The french Boss raises a hand. Grease flinches. French Boss gently pushes the gun with a single finger against the

barrel pushing it a bit away from his temple!

FRENCH BOSS
There. Now you're safe.

The French Boss bends over under the supervision of Grease.

GREASE
What the hell? How many safes and
switches do you have under there?

He starts to type in a code in one of the many safes.

FRENCH BOSS
I've spent years modifying this desk
to suit all my needs. I take it
everywhere with me.

GREASE
Hurry-up or your days are OVER...

French Boss opens the safe digging inside.

GREASE
Ah ah ahhh. Hands back on the desk!

French boss looks guilty as he puts his hands back on the desk. Grease spots the briefcase full of money and immediately pulls it out placing it on the desk.

GREASE
What else you got in there?

Grease takes off his bag with one hand while the other keeps the gun fixed on French Boss.

GUS
Good you got the cash let's go!

GREASE
Hold on. Hey we should mail those kids
their film back.

GUS
Why?

GREASE
It'd make Alize happy !

GUS
(through his teeth)
Yeah alright.

Grease puts the hard drive in the bag.

GREASE
More French money!

Grease starts to pull loose bills from the safe with one hand.

GREASE
For a boss you're really easy to
pushover without your goons!

FRENCH BOSS
Well when you've been around as long
as I have you learn a few things.

GUS
Like how to get robbed!

FRENCH BOSS
Like knowing if a gun is loaded by the
weight of it!

The thought goes over Grease's head but Gus catches on. He turns to warn Grease.

GUS
(yell's)
Grease watch.....!

French Boss grabs Gus' gun disarming him, drop kicking him face first into the ground. He pushes him with his heel and stabs Grease pinning the money he was holding to his hand!

Grease pulls his hand away looking at it screaming...

French Boss pulls out Grease's magazine to check the bullet count. Empty!

French Boss rubs his hand over a specific spot on top of the desk.

A mini trap door flips open revealing another knife.

Suddenly Grease stands over him with a gun pointed directly at French Boss's head!

GREASE

You think this one's empty too? Wanna take a bet? (Beat) Now hand the briefcase and the bag over. We are leaving.

FRENCH BOSS

(Laughing in French)
Well played.

Gus get's off the floor grabbing the briefcase. Grease backs up and they make it to the door as Grease lowers his gun.

FRENCH BOSS

You've lost my sacred artifact. Killed my men, threatened my life. And now you've stolen from me. You both may have what it takes to be bosses.

GUS

Really?

FRENCH BOSS

Maybe...

French Boss hits a button on his desk. Twin machine guns pop out. He chuckles!

FRENCH BOSS

Maybe not!

The guns open fire. Grease and Gus run through the hanging meat. Blood splatters from every where onto the plastic strip door. The guns cease fire.

FRENCH BOSS

(in French) I hope I got the bastards.

Priscilla the dog, peeking through the plastic strips and starts licking the blood..!!!

French Boss leans back into his chair, pressing his hands together to form a power triangle. His eyes full of revenge.

FRENCH BOSS

(in French) Let them go Priscilla, their time will come.

CUT TO:

INT. FESTIVAL - CONVENTION CENTER - NIGHT SC 113

Tim and Julien stand outside the theater door peaking in. Laughter echoes across the hallways.

TIM

Their just laughing at the funny lines right.

JULIEN

Mmmm. No.

TIM

It's a thriller/drama, people! The family isn't laughing are they?

JULIEN

If Alize is laughing, then for sure they all are.

Tim groans pulling away from the door.

TIM

Ugh maybe we should drop the sequel.

JULIEN

It sounds like they're enjoying it.

TIM

It's mock laughter I'm sure.

JULIEN

Here they come.

The two back away from the door. A horde of people come out passing them by. Francois, Brigitte and Alize find their way to them embracing them in a group hug.

FRANCOIS

IT was amazing!

BRIGITTE

You didn't say it was a spoof of film Noir ?

Tim and Julien are caught off guard.

ALIZE

I love the awkward humor mixed with action it's totally like you Tim.

FRANCOIS

Johnny Depp* was in the row in front of us and he couldn't stop laughing. Me either honestly.

JULIEN

Johnny was in there?!

Julien looks around. Tim has an idea.

TIM

Well if you loved that one. You'll love the comedy sequel we're making.

JULIEN

What?

TIM

Yeah! It's what my films have been missing. Humor! The next one is going to be hilarious with all the material we have now.

JULIEN

The Fatty and La Femme!

TIM

Working title?

Sophie comes out of the crowd approaching them. Julien see's her coming greeting her amorously. The family looks confused.

JULIEN

Everyone. This is Sophie!

They all exclaim in unison:

EVERYBODY

Ohhhh !!!

FRANCOIS

(in French) You're dating now?

BRIGITTE

(in French) No more sleeping around!

Julien signals for them to shut up. Sophie laughs!

SOPHIE
(French accent) Loved the film! My
Exec is very impressed.

Tim and Julien fist bump.

SOPHIE
(French accent) I heard about the
attack from the news, are you all OK?

JULIEN
(in French)
Never fear I fought them off!

The Bellami's all make disapproving noises understanding his
French. Tim doesn't get it!

SOPHIE
(French accent)
What ever happened to those bastards
that took Alize hostage?

TIM
No idea? They did mail us back our
hard-drive. Nice of them!

ALIZE
They were chill... For kidnappers!

CUT TO:

EXT. REMOTE GREEK ISLANDS - DAY SC 114

MUSIC STARTS: TRADITIONAL GREEK MUSIC...

Gus and Grease relax on an old small pirate boat at a remote
exotic Greek island. On the deck they're sipping on "Ouzo
Plomari" cocktails and working on their summer tans!

Palms trees sway in the wind as the beautiful sparkling water
rolls onto shore over and over.

Gus reads a local newspaper, head deep in the international
news columns, scanning the pages as he sips his drink.

GUS
So far so good. No one's mentioned us
or our posters photos yet!

GREASE

Well good. Cause we've spent the last
of OUR MONEY on this dump!

Wide shot of the shabby OLD pirate sail boat that clearly was abandoned.

GUS

(Short and defensive)

It's a bit of a fixer-upper, but it has charm!

A higher tide rolls in, rocking them and the boat. It cracks the main mast as Grease watches part of the mast fall right by him..!

GREASE

(Slowly)

Worst... investment... EVER!

Gus looks up, half the mast now missing!

GUS

Yea, we wont be sailing anywhere soon!
We should just tear it down and start
over and rename her "High Tide"!

Grease laughs, almost spitting out his drink.

GREASE

(Still laughing)

We're so screwed... again!

They both laugh together and look up at the sky as a private JET flies directly overhead. Their laughter fades, silence!

GREASE

I wonder where that damn tablet is?

INT. PRIVATE JET - CONTINUOUS SC 115

A MYSTERIOUS MAN pilots the jet alone, dressed in a perfectly ironed black suit.

His face hidden in the shadows. The man switches the controls to auto-pilot.

Exiting the small cockpit holding a black briefcase.

Mystery man walks over to his seat, folds out the desk tray and places the case down and pulls out a badge and gun.

On the blue and gold badge it reads CIA-US-SPECIAL AGENT.

Revealing his face, the CIA AGENT (40's) opens the briefcase.

He pulls out intelligence files and photos of Julien and Tim.

*START SERIES OF FLASHBACKS:

INT. JFK AIRPORT - DAY - AGENT switches the two black bags at the bar dressed as a waiter. Disappearing quickly into the crowd of tourists holding the tray of food.

CIA AGENT/WAITER

Excuse me.

EXT. FRANCOIS' HOUSE - MORNING - AGENT follows Tim and Julien to the house & stakes the house seeing INSPECTOR BOYER leave.

EXT. ANTIBES HOUSE - NIGHT - AGENT see's Electra leave with the bag. He quickly makes a phone call.

CIA AGENT

Unlock the safe, make the drop.
Failure isn't an option INSPECTOR
BOYER.

INT. BURLESQUE CLUB - NIGHT - INSPECTOR BOYER enters the club back door. Passing by Gus who chases after Electra. He enters the office, unplugging the security camera INSPECTOR BOYER uncovers the safe and opens it after a few tries.

INT. DARK ALLEY - NIGHT - INSPECTOR BOYER delivers the tablet to the AGENT. INSPECTOR BOYER gets a call about someone falling overboard a yacht into the bay!

*END FLASHBACKS:

The Agent tosses the files aside, opening a secret compartment in the briefcase. His eyes reflect a shimmering green GLOW, revealing the Emerald Tablet.

Breaking the forth wall, the Agent smiles.

CIA AGENT (V.O.)

I work in the dark, in the shadows. I
don't even exist. The lies and the
secrecy isn't over, and it never will
be. Not for them!

THE END

END CREDITS