

**FASCINATION 127**

by

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FADE IN:

CLOSE on a television set, to the point where the screen blurs in an obscure fashion.

A CNN ANCHOR delivers news.

ANCHOR

In a shocking follow up to a morbid and unusual story, Paris authorities have now made it official; they will not renew the forty year lease of the late Jim Morrison's burial plot that is set to expire on July fifth of this year. The surviving family members have agreed to have the rock and roll icon's remains exhumed and relocated to the United States. For decades since his burial in the world famous Pere Lachaise cemetery, hordes of fans turn up daily to pay tribute to the legend. Parisian officials have complained for about the same period of time, of graffiti, drug and alcohol use as well as the more than occasional unruly mob...

Pull back to see the entire screen. The television set hangs from a ceiling bracket with protective Plexiglas surrounding the entire box.

ANCHOR (CONT'D)

In 2001, the thirtieth anniversary of the singer's death, a riot ensued after authorities closed the gates when a crowd of over one thousand...

Pull back further to reveal we are:

INT. SAN QUENTIN STATE PRISON, TV ROOM - DAY

EDDIE HANLEY, mid 40's. Handsome. Tired. He sits slumped down on a sofa, oblivious of the TV, intently reading a book.

ANCHOR

...fans poured into the cemetery site. A burning car was rolled into the gate in an attempt to break down the barricade.

Three INMATES sit in a back row of chairs.

A burly Armenian inmate, EMAD, walks into the room with two other ARMENIAN THUGS, to the TV and pulls the plug out of the wall socket.

Inmate #1 jumps to his feet.

INMATE #1  
Hey you bald mother fucker! You  
best plug that shit back in.

INMATE #2  
(to Inmate #1)  
Shut up.

The two ARMENIAN THUGS walk up to where Eddie sits and stand on either side of him.

Inmate #3 stands and walks toward the Armenians.

EMAD  
Before you get head of selves,  
should ask each other if you like  
breathe.

Inmate #1 struts toward them.

INMATE #1  
What'd you say bitch-

Emad, instinctively punches with no wind-up, striking Inmate #1 in the throat, sending him gasping to his knees.

Emad bends over him.

EMAD  
Breathe. You like breathe?

Inmate #2 exits quickly. Emad looks directly at Inmate #3.

EMAD (CONT'D)  
Now take your chocolate friend  
and get the fuck out of here.  
You don't get seen in this place  
again.

Inmate #3 helps Inmate #1 to his feet and leads him out as Thug #1 kicks Inmate #3 in the ass as hard as he can.

Inmate #3 starts to turn around.

EMAD (CONT'D)  
 Don't look back. You look back  
 and I'll have your eyes cut out!

Inmate #1 and #3 exit.

Emad sits down in the chair next to Eddie. He reaches over  
 and lifts up the cover of Eddie's book: 'Kidney Function'.

EMAD (CONT'D)  
 (snickering)  
 You turn over new leaf? Eddie?  
 You become a doctor now?

Eddie closes the text and forces a smile.

EDDIE  
 Well it's never too late, right?

EMAD  
 Perhaps. You should be grateful  
 that Mr. Azadian likes you, huh?  
 You make big trouble for him in  
 last job. Lose him lots of  
 money. Lots of money.

EDDIE  
 I never worked for him. I have  
 never been hired by him.

EMAD  
 He think otherwise. You  
 interfere in last job, now you do  
 work for him.

EDDIE  
 I would never step on Sarkis'  
 toes-

EMAD  
 (suddenly furious)  
Mister Azadian! Maybe you not  
 show the respect you should to  
 him. You think you would not get  
 fucked like fifteen year old girl  
 in here if he did not say no?

Eddie stares blankly at him.

EMAD (CONT'D)  
 You think you not get made into  
 whore-man if not for Mr. Azadian  
 getting you protected here?

EDDIE  
I very much appreciate *not*  
getting made into whore-man.

EMAD  
Okay then. You get out tomorrow,  
then you go see Mr. Azadian.  
First thing when you get out.  
Yes?

EDDIE  
Yeah.

EMAD  
You make up for last disaster.  
You do good job for him.

Eddie looks at the three sycophants standing over him.

EMAD (CONT'D)  
Yes?!

EDDIE  
Yeah, I'll go see *Mister* Azadian  
when I'm released.

Emad backs up slowly. He taps the side of his temple.

EMAD  
Be smart.

Eddie looks away and feigns reading his book again but his eyes are lost in deafening, internal chatter.

EXT. SAN QUENTIN STATE PRISON - DAY

Eddie steps through a gate by the guard station and squints into the sun. Freedom.

A TAXI pulls up. Eddie takes one last look back at his latest version of hell, then ducks into the cab.

TAXI DRIVER  
Where to?

EDDIE  
Berkley. Petersen's impound.

EXT. TOPANGA CANYON, LOS ANGELES - LATER

Eddie blasts through the sweeping turns of the Malibu canyon in a sapphire blue 1968 FORD COBRA GT500.

INT. FORD MUSTANG - CONTINUOUS

Eddie hammers the throttle down a straightaway not letting off until the absolute last second then...

He slows and turns up a narrow road stopping at a guard station outside of a gate at the crest of a hill.

EXT. GUARD STATION - CONTINUOUS

An obese, balding Armenian man approaches Eddie's vehicle with a hand on his sidearm.

GUARD

Yes?

EDDIE

I'm here to see Mr. Azadian.

GUARD

Name?

EDDIE

Eddie. Hanley.

EXT. AZADIAN COMPOUND - CONTINUOUS

Eddie drives through the obscenely gorgeous compound, surrounded by lush gardens and ponds, finally approaching the front side of a massive home.

He parks in front.

INT. FORD MUSTANG - CONTINUOUS

Eddie leans forward against the steering wheel to look up through the wind shield at the stone effacement standing three stories tall.

He seems to be gathering his nerve, weighing his options, or both.

EXT. AZADIAN COMPOUND - CONTINUOUS

Finally, he climbs out of the car, shuts the door and heads for the entrance, eyeing his surroundings with much intimidation.

When he is within five feet of the ten foot high, double doors, they open and two bull-necked enforcers await.

ENFORCER

Weapons?

Eddie raises his hands and shakes his head.

ENFORCER (CONT'D)  
Check him.

The second bull-neck pats him down thoroughly then nods at the other.

ENFORCER (CONT'D)  
Come.

INT. AZADIAN COMPOUND - CONTINUOUS

Eddie steps into the massive foyer and follows the Enforcers across a Cuban tiled floor that looks like it belongs in Hurst Castle.

INT. COMPOUND HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Passing by thirty foot windows, a swimming pool worthy of Vegas can be seen outside, complete with a sand beach at one end.

Off to the far side of the faux beach, lighting equipment vibrantly illuminates a fat, hairy, middle-aged man wearing designer sunglasses who has rough, doggy-style sex with a THIN GIRL who looks to be a minor.

Three other naked men stand off to the side, commenting on the action as one operates a video camera on a tripod.

Eddie tries not to look back but cannot help himself when one of the men kneels to eye level of the girl, SCREAMS something incoherent, then burns her breast with his lit cigarette.

Eddie clenches his teeth and forces his eyes forward.

INT. OUTER OFFICE

A twenty foot wide, carved mahogany archway opens up into an office roughly the size of a basketball court.

INT. AZADIAN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Some thirty yards away, they approach a balding man seated behind a mammoth oak desk.

As they approach the desk..

ENFORCER  
Mr. Azadian. Your guest has arrived.

AZADIAN does not turn but continues to watch a wall of twenty plasma screen monitors that show all goings on in the compound.

He focuses on the thin girl now being brutally raped by all three men. One twists a lit cigarette into her back. Azadian CHUCKLES as he speaks into the head set.

AZADIAN

Yes, yes and if she does not say the line like I wrote, burn her face.

The man in front of her on the monitor has a BLU TOOTH and takes direction from Azadian.

Azadian takes off the headset, turns to face Eddie.

AZADIAN (CONT'D)

Get him down.

The Enforcer grabs Eddie by the hair and forces him down on his knees, then draws a handgun to the back of his head.

EDDIE

This is a mistake...

AZADIAN

Hello Eddie. I wait for you.

EDDIE

I did not know you were there for the salvage. I'm not stupid.

Azadian stares down at him for a Beat.

AZADIAN

I joke with you. (to the Enforcers) Go out now.

The two Enforcers exit the long room as Eddie slumps down, flushed with adrenaline.

AZADIAN (CONT'D)

Sit. Sit now. You have drink?

Eddie slowly rises and sits in the chair across from Azadian.

EDDIE

Just water, thank you.

Azadian swivels around to a small refrigerator and extracts a bottle of Evian.

AZADIAN  
Five years and you want nothing  
stronger?

He swivels back around, sliding the bottle to him.

EDDIE  
Parole, ya know. Look, Mr.  
Azadian-

AZADIAN  
-Sarkis. We go back Eddie,  
though we never work together, I  
never hire you. I respect your  
resume of work quite much.

He turns to his monitors and continues.

AZADIAN (CONT'D)  
We get wrong idea from Florida  
mess.

EDDIE  
Sarkis, I never, ever had any-

AZADIAN  
Eddie, stop. It's not now. It's  
in the past-

Across the massive room, two ENFORCERS enter through the mahogany trimmed entry-way with two bloody, DESPERATE MEN wearing cheap suits.

Eddie locks onto the immediate reality of this scene as they SCREAM cries for mercy.

Thrown to the ground they BABBLE in a seizure of fear, begging for a reprieve.

AZADIAN (CONT'D)  
-I think you want to do right by  
people. Colleagues? Yes, I  
think we are-

The two Enforcers circle the men on the floor.

Azadian gestures to one of the Enforcers to gain his attention. When an Enforcer finally notices, Azadian pantomimes a pair of chopsticks.

The Enforcer goes to a nearby desk and opens a drawer, fishing out a pair of take-out chop sticks.

He motions with his head to the other man holding a gun who in turn forces both men to sit in heavy wooden chairs. The two Enforcers bind them with duct tape.

AZADIAN (CONT'D)

As I say, as much as I was angered by Florida, I say the bygones be gone and you work for me on this thing I have.

Eddie stares attentively at Azadian and moves uneasily in his seat.

AZADIAN (CONT'D)

Huh? I tell you the details?

EDDIE

Look, Sarkis, I am retired. I can't chance even the possibility of another day in prison.

AZADIAN

Eddie.

EDDIE

I'm sorry.

AZADIAN

Eddie, there is no sorry. This is business.

In the background, one of the Enforcers tickles the outer ear of one of the bound men with a chop stick. The Enforcer mumbles something inaudible and seems to tell the bound man to look at Azadian across the room. He does.

Eddie glances over just as the man slowly starts moving the stick into the bound mans ear canal. The man begins convulsing in a panic.

AZADIAN (CONT'D)

You work for me for say, a few years and I see you get set up retired if you do good.

Azadian looks upon him with great curiosity. Eddie diverts his eyes from his stare, becoming angry.

EDDIE

With the utmost respect, I am out of the business. My son is seriously ill, I have not seen him in three years.

(MORE)

EDDIE (CONT'D)  
If he only lives for two more  
years, I am going to be there.  
For both of them.

The two bound men SCREAM in misery through their gags.

EDDIE (CONT'D)  
(indicating the victims)  
You want to do that to me, you'll  
have to. I am hoping you'll show  
compassion to my son.

Eddie stares directly at Azadian.

Azadian finally breaks the gaze and fixates on the two men  
who now have passed out or died.

AZADIAN  
I see. What is the trouble with  
your boy?

EDDIE  
Kidney.

Azadian turns his swivel chair to the plasma monitors.

AZADIAN  
I know the loss of a young son.  
I do. I'm going to tell you  
three things.

He stands and walks several feet to the large bay window to  
look out.

AZADIAN (CONT'D)  
You better have a son. You  
better have a son that is in fact  
ill. And lastly, the most  
important; You are never, never,  
never to do any job deals again.

Turning to face Eddie.

AZADIAN (CONT'D)  
Unless you do them for me.

Eddie nods in agreement.

AZADIAN (CONT'D)  
Yes?

EDDIE  
Yes. Thank you.

AZADIAN

Get out now before I feel not so  
emotional for you.

Eddie stands and heads for the door. One of the Enforcers follows him out.

EXT. FORD MUSTANG - MORNING

Top down, Eddie hammers the pumping steel muscle across a desert horizon into the rising sun. A sign on the side of the road reads: ARIZONA - The Grand Canyon State Welcomes You.

EXT. LOUISIANA BAYOU ROAD - DAYS LATER

Eddie drives an abused, Chevy S-10 pick up truck over the sandy, pot-hole filled road.

INT. FORD MUSTANG

Turning a corner, he pulls up to a weather worn house situated about twenty feet from the swamp's edge.

He looks at the home for a beat before climbing out and walking to the front door.

EXT. HOUSE

A disheveled but pretty woman in her early forties comes to the screen door.

EDDIE

Hi Katherine.

KATHERINE

Hello Eddie.

EDDIE

How are you?

She nods. A man appears behind her in the doorway.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Hi Bill.

Katherine's new husband BILL.

BILL

Eddie.

He walks down the steps and shakes his hand.

EDDIE  
Nice to see you.

BILL  
Come on in.

He follows Bill up the steps and into the house.

INT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Bill motions to the hallway.

BILL  
He's right through there.

Katherine walks into the room.

KATHERINE  
Can I speak with you first?

Bill looks very uneasy with the impending exchange.

EDDIE  
Of course.

KATHERINE  
I want you in his life, Eddie.  
But it has to be stable. I can't  
have you being here one day and  
gone the next.

EDDIE  
I'm starting over.

BILL  
Kath, come on. He just got here.

KATHERINE  
No Bill. I'm not beating around  
this.

Eddie takes an envelope out of his pocket and hands it to her.

KATHERINE (CONT'D)  
What's this?

EDDIE  
Just take it. It's fifteen  
thousand dollars.

KATHERINE  
Where did you get it?

EDDIE  
I sold the Mustang.

KATHERINE  
You should get back on your feet  
first.

EDDIE  
I'll be alright. Floyd's helping  
me out.

He tosses the envelope onto the table.

EDDIE (CONT'D)  
I wish it were more.

Bill leaves the room.

KATHERINE  
You don't realize the condition  
he's in.

EDDIE  
I realize.

KATHERINE  
I've spared you from having your  
heart ripped out because I knew  
you were helpless.

EDDIE  
What?

Emotions overtake her.

KATHERINE  
He needs the transplant! He  
didn't five years ago, he didn't  
two years ago, he did starting  
forty six days ago.

EDDIE  
How often is dialysis?

KATHERINE  
Everyday now.

EDDIE  
God damn it.

KATHERINE  
He's almost hitting total renal  
failure at this point.

He moves to her and places a hand on her shoulder.

EDDIE

They said his position may move  
up when it got to this point.

KATHERINE

Liars. There are so many  
variables with that god damn  
list...we're not even close. No  
matches in the family. Bill even  
got tested.

EDDIE

I'm sorry.

KATHERINE

I know.

She wipes her face with her sleeve.

KATHERINE (CONT'D)

Go see him now.

He gently squeezes her shoulder. He's helpless.

INT. CHANCE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Eddie quietly walks into his son's room and kneels down  
beside his bed. The boy looks ashen gray.

Eddie looks upon him with a deep remorse. Finally, he reaches  
over and drags a small chair to the bedside and sits.

CHANCE, 10 years old, weakly opens his tired eyes and focuses  
in disbelief.

CHANCE

Daddy?

Eddie scoops him up in his arms as tears stream down his  
face.

EDDIE

Oh Chance. How's my boy? Hmm?

CHANCE

I missed you.

EDDIE

I missed you good boy. Daddy's  
sorry. I'm not going away again.

CHANCE  
Is Mommy mad?

EDDIE  
She just wants you better.

He sets the boy back on the bed.

EDDIE (CONT'D)  
I'm gonna be working with Uncle  
Floyd. You wanna come fishing  
with us one day?

Chance smiles.

EDDIE (CONT'D)  
And you know what else?

Chance smiles even bigger.

CHANCE  
What?

EDDIE  
I think we need to get you a..

He puts his index finger up to his lips: Shhhhhh

EDDIE (CONT'D)  
..dog.

CHANCE  
Yeahhhhh.

Chance grabs a wax casting of his hand that sits on his night stand - the fingers are open as if waving. He holds it out to his father.

CHANCE (CONT'D)  
Here Daddy. I made it at the  
Fair. Mommy said I should give  
it to you. It's my hand.

Eddie takes it.

EDDIE  
I see that. Thanks, buddy.

CHANCE  
It's wax.

Bouncing it in his hand.

EDDIE  
Why's it weigh so much?

CHANCE  
They fill it with plaster. Makes  
it heavy. Fools everybody that  
sees it.

EDDIE  
I love it.

Eddie stands and puts his arms out. Chance leaps into them  
as they wrap around him. Eddie holds him tight - Hoping.

EXT. GULF OF MEXICO - DAY

A thirty foot SHRIMP BOAT cuts through pristine Gulf waters  
under a burning sun sky.

Empty nets hang in the masts.

EXT. BOAT - CONTINUOUS

Eddie stands next to FLOYD at the wheel on the steering  
bridge. A dead ringer for Ernest Hemingway. He looks to be  
in his early fifties. Finally-

EDDIE  
Maybe I'm bad luck.

A beat. Nothing but blue horizon ahead.

EDDIE (CONT'D)  
We've had crap catches since I've  
been here. Not one good haul.

Floyd, though aware of Eddie speaking, says nothing while  
looking straight ahead.

EDDIE (CONT'D)  
Makes me feel bad.

After a long beat, Eddie turns to him.

EDDIE (CONT'D)  
Like it's my fault. Not that I'm  
superstitious or anything like  
that.

Nothing.

EDDIE (CONT'D)  
You really know how to make a guy  
feel great.

FLOYD  
I need to tell you it's not your  
fault?

Familiar banter between the two.

EDDIE  
It's what a friend would do.

Floyd shrugs.

EDDIE (CONT'D)  
No?

Floyd shrugs again. Eddie stares at his profile for a moment  
then moves to the ladder to climb down from the steering  
bridge.

EDDIE (CONT'D)  
Don't fall off.

Eddie climbs down, moving to the stern of the boat. He  
watches the horizon for a beat. Floyd points off the  
starboard bow to something in the water.

FLOYD  
There!

Eddie follow where he points to. A black mass about the size  
of a van can be seen just below the surface of the water.

EDDIE  
Is that what I think it is?

FLOYD  
Oil. Bastards've been lying about  
how bad it is for years now.

EDDIE  
Think I liked it better when I  
thought it was my fault.

They pull up to the side of the noxious oil blob.

FLOYD  
Fuckin' waste of time being out  
here.

EDDIE  
Must be bad. I haven't heard you  
swear since...well...never.

Floyd spins the wheel due north and guns it for home.

EXT. GULF OF MEXICO - LATER

When they get approximately two hundred yards from the docks of the small marina inlet, Floyd notices someone sitting on a dock post.

He lifts up a pair of weather worn binoculars and trains on the person in the distance.

FLOYD  
He ain't no fisherman.

Floyd's POV: A nicely dressed, neatly groomed MAN wearing black dress pants, white tee shirt and expensive shoes. Looks to be in his late forties.

Eddie looks to where Floyd focuses. After a beat he walks to Floyd's side.

EDDIE  
May I?

Floyd hands them to him while keeping his eyes fixed on the man in question.

Eddie quickly lifts them to his eyes.

FLOYD  
You're sure no trouble followed  
ya here, yeah?

Eddie does not answer until he positively ID's the man.

EDDIE  
Shit.

FLOYD  
What shit?

Eddie says nothing as he watches.

FLOYD (CONT'D)  
Why shit? Bad shit?

Eddie sets the binoculars down.

EDDIE

Pain in the ass shit. You're  
swearing like a sailor now Floyd.

A few other vessels docked in the small marina but no signs  
of life.

EXT. DOCK - MOMENTS LATER

The man stands as the boat pulls dock-side.

MR. CHAMPNEY

Ahoy mateys. Throw me a line.

Eddie hops onto the dock with the stern line in his hand,  
ignoring the man. As he secures the rope around a dock cleat-

EDDIE

What do you want?

MR. CHAMPNEY

Nice to see you too, Edward.

Floyd secures the back line to the dock.

FLOYD

Leave 'im alone.

MR. CHAMPNEY

Hey now gentlemen, I came here in  
good faith.

Eddie hops back on board and starts tossing equipment onto  
the dock

EDDIE

How'd you find me?

MR. CHAMPNEY

C'mon. Edward.

Mr. Champney tries to offer a hand in catching them but Eddie  
throws it where he isn't.

EDDIE

Right. What do you want? Didn't  
hear from you in the last three  
years. Got indebted to Azadian  
in the joint. Why now?

MR. CHAMPNEY

Edward, I was like a little  
guardian angel.

(MORE)

MR. CHAMPNEY (CONT'D)  
 But like an angel, I have got to  
 stay out of the sight-lines of  
 the Azadians of the world. I  
 knew you were okay.

Eddie hops back onto the dock as Floyd continues to take  
 fishing rigs off the boat.

EDDIE  
 Yeah, *okay* because Azadian owns  
 me now. Hold on. Why are you  
 here? For the second time.

Champney looks around.

MR. CHAMPNEY  
 Can we talk somewhere?

EDDIE  
 No. We can't. Whatever it is,  
 it won't include me.

MR. CHAMPNEY  
 I just want your opinion.

EDDIE  
 So you're not here to offer me a  
 job?

MR. CHAMPNEY  
 No.

INT. BOATS CABIN - MOMENTS LATER

Mr. Champney sits across from Eddie at a table cluttered with  
 parts to a pump motor and various tools.

MR. CHAMPNEY  
 So how's the fishing business?

EDDIE  
 Shrimp.

MR. CHAMPNEY  
 Shrimp.

EDDIE  
 Let's speed this up, huh?

MR. CHAMPNEY  
 Do you have enough money, Edward?

Eddie starts to slide out of the table booth.

MR. CHAMPNEY (CONT'D)  
Edward, stay here. I'm just worried for you. You are like family. I want to make sure that you can retire. That your family is comfortable. You were always such the consummate pro, you deserve comfort.

He taps the side of his head.

MR. CHAMPNEY (CONT'D)  
Comfort up here too.

EDDIE  
Yes. Yes and yes.

MR. CHAMPNEY  
Alright. Just wanted to know. Just wanted to come by and see you're okay. For myself, with my own eyes.

Eddie shakes his head in agreement. Mr. Champney stands up and sticks out his hand. Eddie hesitates ever so slightly, then grips his hand.

MR. CHAMPNEY (CONT'D)  
Okay, cause I have a contract. (speaking rapid fire)Biggest payday, five million to you and your crew-

EDDIE  
My god, you almost made it.

MR. CHAMPNEY  
-minimal risk.

EDDIE  
You just couldn't *not* do it, could you? I said no, I meant it.

MR. CHAMPNEY  
You are almost ninety nine percent guaranteed no risk of jail.

EDDIE  
Get someone else. Simple.

MR. CHAMPNEY  
 You are the best, especially with  
 a job this...unique.

Eddie stands to leave. Champney knows he's losing him so--

MR. CHAMPNEY (CONT'D)  
 I can get Chance to the top of  
 the donor list.

Eddie turns and looks him in the eye. Holding for a beat,  
 then--

EDDIE  
 (almost to himself)  
 Bullshit.

MR. CHAMPNEY  
 All true.

EDDIE  
 How soon?

MR. CHAMPNEY  
 You say yes now, he's got the  
 appointment to match in a month.

Eddie walks to one of the port windows and stares out.

EDDIE  
 How is it *almost* guaranteed?

Champney walks to his side and gently guides him to sit back  
 down.

MR. CHAMPNEY  
 Here. Sit.

Eddie sits, still waiting for the catch to come.

MR. CHAMPNEY (CONT'D)  
 I can't spell it out one hundred  
 percent. Not until I get your  
 commitment; you know how this  
 works.

Eddie nods and motions for him to roll out the info.

MR. CHAMPNEY (CONT'D)  
 Will you commit right now?

Eddie turns his body to stand up. Champney gently puts his  
 hand on his arm.

MR. CHAMPNEY (CONT'D)  
Okay, okay. Here is what I can tell you: It's in Paris. The target is not a museum, bank or aristocrat.

EDDIE  
What would I be 'targeting'?

MR. CHAMPNEY  
I can not tell you that yet but it will definitely pique your interest.

EDDIE  
Well whatever it is, I've got a little issue with parole.

MR. CHAMPNEY  
Stop right there. Your parole officer here in this fine county? Taken care of. Herman Babeneux's his name. Got him. Gambling debt here and in Memphis.

EDDIE  
Did you fuck with him already?

MR. CHAMPNEY  
No, just prepared the groundwork.

EDDIE  
Azadian.

MR. CHAMPNEY  
He'll never know you are there and even if he did, he'll never figure out why, before or after.

Eddie slides out and moves toward the door.

EDDIE  
Lock it on your way out.

MR. CHAMPNEY  
You are walking away from this?

EDDIE  
Parole is one thing. I'm not chancing Azadian.

Champney gets up to rush after him.

MR. CHAMPNEY  
Eddie, there is no money here.  
What are you going to do? What  
about your son?

EXT. DOCK - CONTINUOUS

Eddie hops down to the dock with Champney in tow.

EDDIE  
Don't bring him into this.

MR. CHAMPNEY  
You've got my number. I'll check  
back with you once more.

EDDIE  
(calling back)  
Don't.

Eddie walks away with reservation.

INT. TRUCK - LATER

Floyd drives his battered truck with Eddie in the passenger seat. The truck bounces continuously from side to side from the rutted dirt roads that cut through bayou cypress.

Eddie looks perplexed. Deep in thought.

FLOYD  
So, that was Mr. Champney.  
Thought he'd be fatter.

Silence as they bounce along the darkening road.

They approach a tattered hunting camp in a darkly wooded area near the swamps edge.

FLOYD (CONT'D)  
My business is done for.

Eddie looks at him with genuine surprise.

EDDIE  
It won't turn around?

Floyd shakes his head.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

How are you affording to pay me?

Floyd shrugs as they park in front of the camp.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

What about chartering fishing trips for paying customers?

FLOYD

Nothing like that doing anything much up this way. Have to take it way down the Keys closer to Cuba for that. Too far.

Eddie opens the door and slides out, then shuts the door behind him.

EXT. CAMP HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

FLOYD

Pick you up tomorrow.

EDDIE

I can't take your money.

FLOYD

No, no. It'll come back.

Eddie leans into the passenger window.

EDDIE

No it won't. Not soon enough. I'm talking to Katherine tonight. You want in or not?

FLOYD

The Champney job? You just got out six weeks ago.

EDDIE

I realize this Floyd. What else can I do? I'm broke. Chance needs the transplant - what else can I do to fix that? What other means do I have to fix that?

Floyd shakes his head, pensively.

EDDIE (CONT'D)  
 This is all I know. I'd rather  
 go down swinging than just doing  
 nothing.

Floyd locks eyes with Eddie for a moment then looks straight ahead.

INT. KATHERINE'S HOUSE - LATER

Eddie sits at the kitchen table as Katherine stands near the sink facing him.

KATHERINE  
 I'm not shocked Eddie, I just  
 didn't think it'd be this soon.

EDDIE  
 This is it, Kath. You won't have  
 to worry any more about him.

KATHERINE  
 Oh cut the shit. You really  
 think he'll come through?

EDDIE  
 There's no thinking - he has to.

Katherine turns her back to him. It's killing her. Eddie stands and moves to her side.

Speaking with the utmost sincerity.

EDDIE (CONT'D)  
 I blame every bad day you go  
 through on me. Look at me.

She finally turns to him.

EDDIE (CONT'D)  
 You won't have to worry about  
 your son. You can enjoy your  
 time. A complete do over.

KATHERINE  
 (tears welling)  
 What can I say? I want him to  
 know you. But I want him  
 healthy.

He hugs her and holds on. After a long beat she pulls back and wipes the tears from the corners of her eyes with her sleeve.

KATHERINE (CONT'D)

Okay. Go tell him goodbye.

EDDIE

I'm leaving you the advance I got. Twenty. Obviously Bill can not know anything about this.

He leaves the room.

Once out of the kitchen, he side steps over to the front door where he quietly opens the screen door to the porch, bends over and scoops something into his arm. He stands back up, revealing an adorable labrador PUPPY.

EXT. PRIVATE AIRSTRIP - AFTERNOON

Eddie and Floyd board a GULF STREAM SUPER MID JET under a swampy hot, Louisiana spring day.

INT. GULF STREAM JET - MOMENTS LATER

Eddie stows his bag in the overhead of the magnificently plush cabin.

Eddie turns and gets bear-hugged by BRIT MITCHLOCK, a tall robust Englishman.

BRIT

Eddie f'n Hanley! How the f are ya? So glad about this little thing bein' put together and hearin' you was runnin' it. Mashed potatoes, I say!

Eddie pulls away with some difficulty.

EDDIE

Good to see you old friend.

BRIT

I said you'd be the only one that'd be able to orchestrate something this crazed.

EDDIE

You know the details?

BRIT

Christ no. I figured if they got you it must be crazed in some way.

EDDIE  
 Brit, this is Floyd.

Brit seizes Floyd's hand and exuberantly pumps it.

BRIT  
 Nice to meet you big fella.

Floyd nods at him.

EDDIE  
 John Moltisanti will be joining  
 us in Paris.

Brit rolls his eyes as he sits back down.

BRIT  
 Eddie, you hadn't worked with me  
 since ninety one. Did you know  
 I'd be an expert with this type  
 of deal?

EDDIE  
 You're the only guy I know that  
 speaks French.

Brit ponders this.

EXT. GULF STREAM JET - LATER

The private jet streaks east across a fading sun.

INT. GULF STREAM JET

Eddie, Brit and Floyd share cocktails while sitting around an oval table. Eddie distributes a small stapled packet of papers to each man.

EDDIE  
 Now, let's not jump ahead, so do  
 not get involved with these just  
 yet.

Brit starts to peruse his papers.

BRIT  
 This is a topography of a  
 cemetery.

Eddie shoots him a look.

EDDIE

Yes, and since I am aware that Champney only explained this to me, let me fill you in before you jump ahead.

Eddie takes a pull from his Scotch.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Alright. Let me finish before asking questions. We have barely over a month, or rather; we have a deadline of July fifth, and since today is the thirtieth of May - very, very little time. No room for error.

Brit leans forward to speak. Eddie holds up his index finger to quiet him.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

The name of this operation is Fascination one twenty seven. We have been hired to take the coffin of Jim Morrison-

Brit bolts forward again.

BRIT

Knew it! Soon as I heard Paris I had this feeling, you know that feeling you have when-

Floyd SHUSHES him loudly.

EDDIE

We are to take the coffin, give it over to Champney, who will give it to the client for twenty four hours at which time it will be given back to us to put back into the ground where it came. I'm sure you may have heard that Morrison's body is being exhumed and relocated to the States on July fifth. The French government pushed for it and they got it. Now, we don't know who the client is, nor are we going to care.

FLOYD  
Why would anyone pay millions for  
that?

EDDIE  
Like I said, we don't care.

BRIT  
Maybe it's a well-to-do fanatic  
who wants to own his skeleton.  
Somethin' Michael Jackson would  
buy if he weren't already dead  
himself.

FLOYD  
Isn't that place got pretty heavy  
security?

EDDIE  
Very heavy, that's why there is  
really only one way to go here.  
(leaning forward)

INT. PARIS FLAT - NIGHT

Eddie, Brit, Floyd and JOHN MOLTISANTI sit on mis-matched  
chairs in an otherwise barren apartment.

John Moltisanti - slim, rugged looking man in his thirties.  
A guy you wouldn't want to fight.

Brit shakes his head in disbelief while looking at a diagram.

BRIT  
The weight of the soil above it?

JOHN  
We'll do reinforcements along the  
length of it. Our only concern  
will be rain. Heavy rain could  
cave it in.

BRIT  
Uh-huh. And after we get it out,  
his coffin I mean, we put it  
back, they dig it up and put it  
on a truck or what not. What  
about the hole? Ya know, the  
whole tunnel?

EDDIE

We back fill it under the coffin  
and from the building we occupy  
to the road. The rest won't  
matter.

FLOYD

What does Fascination one twenty  
seven mean, anyway?

EDDIE

Some box that belonged to  
Morrison.

EXT. PARIS STREET - MORNING

Eddie, Brit, John and Floyd walk down a street with several  
charming sidewalk cafes, restaurants and coffee houses.

Stopping in front of a building where a sign reading: POUR LA  
LOCATION, is displayed in the window-

EDDIE

This looks perfect.

Its neighbors are a private ART GALLERY on one side and a  
COFFEE HOUSE on the other.

Eddie turns to face the cemetery's ornate cement wall across  
the street.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

This is almost exactly where we'd  
like to be. Call that number.

Indicates the POUR LA LOCATION sign. Brit takes out his cell  
phone.

Eddie crosses the street.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

C'mon.

The others follow.

EXT. PERE LACHAISE CEMETERY - MOMENTS LATER

The four men walk the narrow pathways of the cemetery in all  
of its Gothic beauty.

Eddie stops at the crest of a knoll and turns to look back  
down towards the street.

He pulls a black surveyor's device from his coat pocket, flips it open and focuses it on the horizon, reading the coordinates displayed.

EDDIE

Almost a thirty foot rise from the street level. Digging could get a little tricky.

They continue further up the hillside.

EXT. PERE LACHAISE CEMETERY - MOMENTS LATER

The grave of James Douglas Morrison. Two dozen or so people mingle around the site.

Eddie casually walks behind the people who hover near the small retaining gate at the grave. He watches the horde of fans with great curiosity.

John, wearing coveralls, stands near the fence. Brit rushes into view near the crowd.

BRIT

Hey! Ray Manzarek just walked in!

A buzz murmurs through the crowd and most head in the direction of the entrance.

MOURNER

You mean Manzarek?

BRIT

Yes! That's what I said!

The Mourner rushes away.

John leaps over the short barricade and systematically pushes a GPS pin, deep into the soil at each corner of the grave, covering each small hole afterward.

Eddie checks his Surveyor's device to see that each pin lights up on his screen.

EDDIE

(to John)

And...we're good.

INT. UNIT FOR LEASE - LATER

Brit, Eddie, Floyd and John walk through an empty rental space that has large front windows facing the street.

EDDIE  
Let's check the basement.

INT. BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Eddie steps onto the dank basement floor. Stone and cement foundation tells the age of the place. Only one window can be seen.

Eddie pulls out the same black surveyors instrument as before, flips it open and reads the screen.

EDDIE  
(touching wall)  
Right here. Right through here.

Floyd measures the size of the room by walking one foot in front of the other.

JOHN  
It'll be close. May have to dig  
part of the floor up.

Eddie scans the basement.

EDDIE  
I think this'll do it though.

JOHN  
I need the maps of the sewers and  
buried cable, no later than  
tomorrow.

EDDIE  
This'll be a little different  
than digging subway tunnels huh?

JOHN  
We'll find out.

INT. PARIS FLAT - NIGHT

A large leather sofa now adorns the living area of the flat. A flat screen television tuned to a local Paris news broadcast, sits on the floor.

The four men eat from cartons of Chinese take out. Eddie pours himself a Scotch into a plastic cup and continues to scour the blueprints in front of him. John sets his food down and leans forward.

JOHN  
 (nervous)  
 I'll have you know that I've  
 become a master pastry chef in  
 the fine tradition of the French  
 culinary arts.

Brit cracks up in a sputtering fit.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
 (offended)  
 What? For the last two years I  
 have trained at the finest school  
 in Montreal.

Brit waves his hand in an attempt to turn off the humor.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
 What?

BRIT  
 I'm sorry, I'm sorry. It just  
 sounds classically funny is all.

JOHN  
 I can bake.

BRIT  
 Yes, I'm sure you can.

JOHN  
 Fuck you. I can bake ya limey  
 bastard.

EDDIE  
 It's too much work.

JOHN  
 This is my dream, okay? This  
 is..is my retirement plan..this  
 would..complete me someday.

BRIT  
 You complete me John.

John flips him the middle finger.

EDDIE  
 It's got to be simple.

BRIT  
 I think selling clothes would be  
 the smart move.

JOHN

No one asked you.

BRIT

Eddie, what's weirder than four Americans running a French bakery, that can't even bake?

JOHN

I said I can god damn bake! I can bake! And you're not even American.

BRIT

Well I guess we'll just be known as the four, gay, American pastry chefs.

EDDIE

I'll meet you half way John; order cases of frozen donuts, we'll heat and serve 'em, there's already a freezer at the place.

JOHN

Frozen? Those will be terrible.

Brit rolls his eyes.

EDDIE

Good. The less foot traffic the better. Besides, I read somewhere that there are no American style donuts in France.

BRIT

He's right, they only have these three pound masses that are harder than a dead man's luck.

INT. NEW ORLEANS CAFE - DAY

Mr. Champney stands up from his bar stool, peels some bills from a money clip, places them on top of the check. He nods and smiles at the BARTENDER.

EXT. NEW ORLEANS CAFE

Mr. Champney strolls past an alley when he is approached by two ENFORCERS dressed in suits.

ENFORCER

My boss like to speak to you.

MR. CHAMPNEY  
Who's that, friend?

ENFORCER  
I think you know.

ENFORCER #2  
Come.

They gesture to a Mercedes limo parked in the alley.

EXT. HEAVY EQUIPMENT YARD - DAY

A large rental truck sits outside the gate of a construction equipment yard, surrounded by the lush French countryside.

INT. RENTAL TRUCK

Floyd looks at a factory specification sheet for a TBM-60 Tunnel Boring Machine, a large cylindrical drill-like device.

Eddie reads from a book titled: The End - Jim Morrison's Last Days in Paris. Using binoculars, Floyd looks upon several men in the distance who sit inside of the fence near a TBM similar to the one shown on the specification sheet.

Eddie's cell phone RINGS. He answers.

EDDIE  
Brit? -- Yeah. -- We're here now.-  
- No, I'll fudge my way through  
it. -- Okay.

He hangs up and slips it back into his pocket.

FLOYD  
Brit?

Eddie nods.

FLOYD (CONT'D)  
Must just now be wondering which  
one of us is going to be doing  
the talking with the French  
employees.

EDDIE  
Yup.

FLOYD  
We're not buying are we?

EDDIE  
Nope. No paper trails.

Eddie looks in the direction of the men in the distance.

FLOYD  
How long can they sit there?

EDDIE  
They're French - so, all day I  
suppose.

Eddie looks back down at his book.

After a moment..

FLOYD  
Think he's dead?

EDDIE  
Hmm?

Floyd points to the book.

EDDIE (CONT'D)  
Oh, yeah. Come on.

FLOYD  
A huh.

EDDIE  
I will admit that the whole damn  
thing is pretty strange.

FLOYD  
Part's that?

Eddie flips to a previous page.

EDDIE  
Like this: only two claim to have  
seen the body; his girlfriend and  
a coroner. His girlfriend died  
four years after him. The  
coroner never spoke of it and  
refused any interviews. He died  
ten years ago. The only people  
that were at the funeral were the  
bands manager, this friend -  
Herve and the girlfriend. The  
manager never saw a body, only a  
sealed coffin.

FLOYD

But the girlfriend saw the body.

Eddie flips further back.

EDDIE

That's what I was thinking but two people who knew the couple in Paris claim that she was out of the country when he died. She'd been in a long standing affair with some rich heroin dealer and only told the story of finding him in the bathtub out of shame over the affair and that she was actually in Spain when he died. They both claim that she never saw the body either - only the sealed coffin.

FLOYD

So he might be alive?

EDDIE

Don't know about that but his friends in L.A. said he'd been joking about faking his death, disappearing forever, stuff like that, for years before he left town.

FLOYD

So do *you* think he's alive.

EDDIE

No, it's just strange is all. Besides, he was allegedly drinking a bottle a day months before he died.

FLOYD

Coulda found AA.

EDDIE

Somehow I don't see the Lizard King doing the twelve steps.

Floyd looks through the binoculars once again.

FLOYD

Finally leaving.

Eddie looks up, puts the book down and opens the door.

EXT. HEAVY EQUIPMENT YARD

Eddie produces a pair of BOLT CUTTERS from the back of the truck then walks over to the fence.

INT. BAKERY - DAY

Brit uses a roller to apply paint to the walls of the newly leased space. He clearly is not used to this type of labor.

BRIT  
Christ covered crumb cakes. Why  
even paint this...ugh. F'n mess.

With his back turned to the large front window, Brit never notices the TWO MEN who casually stroll past, stopping to look through the glass at his turned back as he paints.

They speak to one another while looking inside. These men look familiar - Azadian's compound.

BRIT (CONT'D)  
Alright. That's it. Bastard  
wants a cupcake shop, he can  
paint the damn thing.

Brit wipes off his hands and swipes his phone from the counter top. He punches in a number and lifts the phone to his ear.

BRIT (CONT'D)  
(to himself)  
Come on ya crazy bastard.

The ANGLE ON Brit shows that the two men at the window are gone.

INT. PARIS FLAT - NIGHT

Eddie enters with Floyd. Brit sits on the edge of the couch, poring over a SEWAGE BLUE PRINT as the TV shows local news.

Floyd takes the remote and brings up the DVR menu, selecting 'The Enrique Show' recording.

BRIT  
Ya know I was watching that.

FLOYD  
This is actually important.

FLOYD (CONT'D)  
 (to Eddie)  
 Watch this.

He hits play and the slimy ENRIQUE FRANCISCO, host of the tabloid 'The Enrique Show', speaks as a superimposed image of Jim Morrison appears in the right corner of the screen with: '1943-1971', inserted under the photo.

ENRIQUE  
 At least half the people you talk to don't even think he died in seventy one. Theories vary greatly as...

BRIT  
 It's our boy.

ENRIQUE  
 ...only two people claim to have seen the body, both of whom are now dead.

Eddie fixes on the screen.

ENRIQUE (CONT'D)  
 So as we get closer we'll interview key members of one of the greatest mysteries of our time: What's in the box?

His attractive CO-HOST 'a-hems' to get his attention where he leans to her as she whispers something.

Reacting in a very stagey manner-

ENRIQUE (CONT'D)  
 Oh! Right! I meant a different kind of box, not the one six feet under. (he crosses himself)

His faithful Live studio audience laughs along with him.

ENRIQUE (CONT'D)  
 When his wife returned from Paris after his death, she was in possession of a metal box labeled: Fascination one two seven which she placed in a safety deposit box in San Francisco she died shortly after and the mystery box sat there until last year.  
 (MORE)

ENRIQUE (CONT'D)

Long story short: We'll be revealing the box in Paris over the July fourth weekend before his coffin is unearthed. Folks, this is a huge event and we've got the exclusive because we've got the box. Now for all of those wondering about the Kim Kardashian pregnancy rumors, we'll be right back.

BRIT

I don't like him. He's going to make this a circus.

INT. AUTHORITY OF RECORD - DAY

A row of information booths line a wall. Each designated with a sign for various services, written in French: Real Estate Records, Zoning Records, Building Permits etc.

Eddie stands at a window marked; Burial Records. A pretty young French girl assists him as he looks over photocopied records.

We see the document reads:

Security of Property Date: 07/05/1971

EDDIE

So, just to be sure, since my French is not up to par, this is the date that the plot was purchased?

FRENCH GIRL

Oui, yes.

He grazes over the pages.

EDDIE

Okay, well, thanks for all of your help.

FRENCH GIRL

Your welcome. He is very popular, Jim Morrison, huh?

EDDIE

Certainly is.

He starts to slide it back to the girl when something catches his eye. He pulls it back to read.

EDDIE (CONT'D)  
Why does this date at the back  
read..

We see the date printed: 05/07/1971.

EDDIE (CONT'D)  
May seventh? What does this word  
mean in front of it?

She looks at it.

FRENCH GIRL  
Interred. That is when the body  
was buried.

EDDIE  
What is this then, a typo? A  
mistake?

FRENCH GIRL  
No. This is the date he was  
buried, July fifth.

EDDIE  
No, it says May seventh.

He flips to the front page.

EDDIE (CONT'D)  
This says July fifth.

She looks at it then smiles at him.

FRENCH GIRL  
I see what you think. But no, in  
Europe, this first set of numbers  
are the day and the second set  
are the month.

Stunned.

EDDIE  
So you mean to tell me that the  
plot was secured on May the  
seventh?

FRENCH GIRL  
Yes and the interred date at the  
back is when he was buried. That  
is when lease period starts.

EDDIE  
Thanks for your help.

EXT. KATHERINE'S HOUSE - DAY

Chance holds his puppy as he rocks lazily on a tree swing facing the edge of the swamp.

A MAN wearing dress pants, button up shirt and very expensive, tacky dress shoes, slowly walks toward the boy.

ENFORCER  
Hello little friend.

Chance spins to face the stranger.

ENFORCER (CONT'D)  
Is your father around?

The man stops. Standing over the boy, he reaches down and pets the dog.

CHANCE  
Who are you?

ENFORCER  
A friend of his.

The boy nervously looks away from the man.

CHANCE  
What do you want?

ENFORCER  
Your father.

CHANCE  
For what?

The man looks around his surroundings then back to Chance.

ENFORCER  
Don't be rude boy. I need to talk to him.

Silence.

ENFORCER (CONT'D)  
I'm getting tired of this game.

CHANCE  
(standing up)  
Gotta go inside.

The man reaches down and snatches the dog from his lap.

CHANCE (CONT'D)  
Hey, give him to me!

The man turns his body away from him, holding the puppy above his head.

ENFORCER  
You should show some manners.

CHANCE  
Give him to me!

He walks to the waters edge with Chance now grabbing at his back, reaching for his dog. The thug, gently but firmly, pushes his head away.

The enforcer looks off into the swamp.

ENFORCER  
(grinning)  
I see gator that your dog might  
like play with.

CHANCE  
No! Give him back!

The man cocks his arm back, holding the puppy.

CHA-CHUNK! A shot gun pumps.

KATHERINE (O.S.)  
Put that dog down. Now!

Katherine stands with the shot gun drawn on the man who holds the squealing puppy.

He turns to face her.

ENFORCER  
This really not smart for you.

KATHERINE  
Shut the fuck up. Put that dog  
down or I'll feed you to the  
gators.

He takes several steps toward her with Chance tugging on his hip.

ENFORCER  
You won't do that.

KATHERINE  
Chance, step away from him.

The man can see it in her eyes. She'll kill him. Chance steps away.

He stops and pets the dog.

KATHERINE (CONT'D)  
Give him the dog.

He slowly hands the dog to Chance.

ENFORCER  
You make very-

KATHERINE  
-Shut up. I heard you the first time.

ENFORCER  
Trust me lady, I will be back.

KATHERINE  
And I'll kill you if you come within a mile of this place. I'll let every swamp rat within a hundred miles of here to watch for you.

He smiles at her and slowly backs away.

KATHERINE (CONT'D)  
Take that gun out and throw it in.

He turns and walks away. She SHOOTs at the ground near his feet.

KATHERINE (CONT'D)  
Are you stupid? Do it!

He turns, pulls out the .45 from his shoulder holster and tosses it into the swamp.

SPLUNK

After staring at her for a moment, he casually strolls up the roadway and out of sight.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

The basement floor has a small section of concrete removed and a five foot deep, by fifteen foot wide trench has been dug.

Brit wears a dust mask and overalls as he shovels earth into large burlap bags. Floyd works with him.

BRIT

This is going to be a lot more work than we thought.

A large section of the foundation wall has been removed. The tunnel boring machine emits a low rumble as it grinds at a slow, steady revolution into the earth.

John stands in the middle of the machine, guiding it with two hand controls.

Eddie enters the basement from the stairwell and approaches John.

INT. TUNNEL

Eddie looks closely at the sidewalls as the machine churns away. The tunnel looks to be about ten feet long.

EDDIE

Slow huh?

John eases off the throttle.

JOHN

I've already hit several places where it's clay.

EDDIE

Shit. How off schedule are we at this point?

JOHN

Hard to say after two days.

EDDIE

Guess.

A beat.

JOHN

At this rate and the distance... I figure around three days.

Eddie grimaces as he walks away.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
 (suddenly)  
 Hey! What time is it?

Eddie looks at his wrist watch.

EDDIE  
 Four thirty a.m.

Eddie's phone vibrates and he pulls it from his pocket. He reads the incoming text message from Katherine:

**Call Me ASAP!**

INT. BAKERY - MOMENTS LATER

Eddie watches the empty street through the front window as he waits for Katherine to answer.

EDDIE  
 Katherine?

KATHERINE (O.S.)  
 There was a man here!

EDDIE  
 What man?

KATHERINE (O.S.)  
 I don't know! He had a kind of Russian accent.

EDDIE  
 What did he want?

KATHERINE (O.S.)  
 You. He asked where you were.

EDDIE  
 Katherine, I need you to listen to me carefully. I will take care of this but I need you to take Chance to a condo in New Orleans-

KATHERINE (O.S.)  
 I'm not running!

EDDIE  
 Just until I get back.

He can HEAR her fighting back tears.

EDDIE (CONT'D)  
 You'll be closer to the hospital  
 anyway. I'm going to text you  
 the address and lock box number  
 for the key. Kath, just do it.

He ends the call then quickly dials another number.

INT. PARIS HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A cell phone vibrates on a coffee table near a window that overlooks NOTRE DAME CATHEDRAL and the sprawling night lights of the immense city scape.

Mr. Champney slowly rises out of his bed and scans the room for his phone.

He shuffles over and picks up the phone looking at the call I.D. screen, hesitating momentarily before answering...

MR. CHAMPNEY  
 Hello Edward, how is Paris?

EDDIE (O.S.)  
 Paris is fine, now how in hell is  
 it that one of Azadian's men was  
 at my kids house?

MR. CHAMPNEY  
 In the bayou?

EDDIE (O.S.)  
 Yes.

MR. CHAMPNEY  
 How do you know it was Azadian's?

EDDIE (O.S.)  
 Cut the shit Champney. No one  
 knows of that place. Except you.

MR. CHAMPNEY  
 Whoa whoa whoa-

EDDIE (O.S.)  
 How'd they find it?

MR. CHAMPNEY  
 Maybe they tailed you from  
 California?

EDDIE (O.S.)  
No.

MR. CHAMPNEY  
No need to worry Edward.

EDDIE (O.S.)  
Don't tell me that again. I am  
not focusing on this here if I  
have to worry about that there.

MR. CHAMPNEY  
Just do your work. I will take  
care of this.

Champney flips his phone closed and looks down upon the dark city.

CUT TO:

EXT. REAR OF BAKERY - DAY

Eddie loads sacks that are filled with dirt into the back of the rental truck.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRY LAKE

Eddie empties bag after bag of soil near the waters edge.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARIS INTERSECTION

The rental truck stops at a traffic light.

INT. RENTAL TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Eddie sits behind the wheel as several pedestrians cross the street in front of him.

He smiles to himself as he observes an older couple arguing fiercely as they cross.

He looks down at his phone's 'screen saver' photo of Chance. Looking back at the crosswalk, his attention focuses on two men slowly crossing in front of him. After a moments hesitation it comes to him - Emad. He instinctively recoils down in the seat, so as not to be seen by them.

Never taking his eyes off from them, he punches a phone number into his phone.

INT. BAKERY KITCHEN - NIGHT

John sits atop a counter while Brit and Floyd sit on stools listening to Eddie.

A rack of tee shirts reading: Keep Jim In Paris, stands near the front door.

EDDIE  
Rack your brains. Anything.  
Anyone hear anything through any  
channels?

Looks of bewilderment all around. Eddie glances at each man in a desperate form of protest.

Finally, John clears his throat.

JOHN  
Can I speak freely?

Eddie gestures to the affirmative.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
No one ever mentioned Azadian  
before.

BRIT  
Oh come on!

JOHN  
It's true, so you can shut the  
fuck up!

BRIT  
So what?

JOHN  
Eddie, you will never know how  
grateful I was to get the call  
for this gig. I needed it in the  
worst way. I've got four kids  
now. I'm married. For that, I'd  
have passed had I known about  
Azadian in the mix.

BRIT  
Then get the fuck out, or if  
you'd rather, I'll take you out.

John lunges at Brit and throws an overhand right that cracks him above the left eye.

Floyd and Eddie quickly separate the two men who continue to exchange VERBAL hatred.

BRIT (CONT'D)  
(eyes blaring)  
Dead!

JOHN  
Fuck you, shit bag!

EDDIE  
Listen!

EDDIE (CONT'D)  
I'm not baby sitting you two  
idiots! Now I can respect John's  
position-

BRIT  
Azadian doesn't change a thing--

EDDIE  
I should have told everyone here  
about my situation.

Brit seems to cool down a bit.

BRIT  
You just need to stay off the  
streets. Azadian doesn't know me.

JOHN  
He knows me. Hates me.

BRIT  
Does he have anything over you?

John shakes his head.

BRIT (CONT'D)  
And he's never seen me before.

EDDIE  
He's got a lot of associates.

Eddie moves to the sink, grabs a bottle of Scotch and pours four glasses giving one to each man.

EDDIE (CONT'D)  
Look, we're here. We're in it.  
We are going through with this  
job now, regardless.

BRIT  
(raising his glass)  
Fascination one twenty seven.

Eddie raises his glass as does Floyd.

EDDIE  
Fascination one twenty seven.

FLOYD  
Fascination one twenty seven.

EDDIE  
I'll sweeten the pot for my  
mistake.

Finally-

John raises his glass.

JOHN  
No man, it's more than fair  
already. Fascination one twenty  
seven.

They clink and drink.

**MONTAGE OF SCENES OVER 'STRANGE DAYS' BY THE DOORS:**

INT. MOUTH OF TUNNEL

The length looks to be over seventy five feet now.

INT. TUNNEL

John mans the T.B.M. as it slowly churns away the wall of  
earth that lies in front of it.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BAKERY KITCHEN - DAY

Brit and Floyd slide trays of frozen donuts into a large  
oven.

Eddie pumps glaze from a dispenser onto hot donuts that cool  
on trays.

DISSOLVE TO:

A CALENDER showing the first few weeks of June with and **X** through each day.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BAKERY - DAY

A decent line at the bakery. Boxes of donuts being sold to customers.

EXT. NEARBY PASTRY SHOP - DAY

A FRENCHMEN BAKER in a classical chefs uniform, steps out onto the street and looks down toward AMERICAN BOULANGERIE (BAKERY), shaking his head in disgust at the occupied tables in front.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TUNNEL

The tunnel now appears unending and foreboding. Claustrophobic.

Reinforcements of four by four beams now line the ceiling every ten feet. Several halogen utility lamps light the work area. Eddie operates the T.B.M.

INT. BASEMENT

Floyd lifts a sack of dirt from a pile of roughly fifty others and carries it up the staircase.

INT. BAKERY - DAY

Heavy congestion with customers waiting to pick up fresh donuts.

Brit operates the cash register as Floyd and John fill orders.

Many of the customers are French POLICE OFFICERS.

A two way mirrored glass now covers the service window from the kitchen to the store.

INT. BAKERY KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Eddie puts an **X** through June 21 on the CALENDER with a marker. All of the previous days have the same mark.

He turns and watches through the mirrored glass as he sips coffee, smiling to himself.

EDDIE  
 (to himself)  
 Cops to the donut, like moths to  
 the flame.

INT. MOUTH OF TUNNEL - NIGHT

The tunnel appears to be endless as the end can no longer be seen from the basement.

Eddie steps into the basement from the stairwell and enters the opening.

INT. TUNNEL

He travels slowly down the long and winding labyrinth, studying each support beam system as he passes. CLAMP LIGHTS, equally spaced every 20 feet or so, dimly light the path.

EDDIE  
 John?!

The packed dirt walkways seem to absorb all sound.

Reaching out both arms at his sides, his finger tips touch either side of the wall, as he continually scans the radius of the ceiling.

INT. BAKERY - CONTINUOUS

Brit takes the cash out of the register and stuffs it into a duffel bag.

The front door opens. In walks Emad, followed by another stoic-faced BEHEMOTH.

Brit looks up, immediately feeling fear when he lays eyes upon them.

BRIT  
 Sorry, we're closed. Nothing  
 left at all.

Emad says nothing but casually takes in the entire environment.

BRIT (CONT'D)  
 Hello?

The Behemoth walks to the counter and stares at Brit.

BRIT (CONT'D)  
Closed. Us. We are closed.

He points to his watch then pantomimes locking a door. The large man continues to stare at Brit.

Brit finally leans over the counter toward the direction of Emad.

BRIT (CONT'D)  
Excuse me? Does he--

EMAD  
He understand you.

BRIT  
Good, we are closed.

EMAD  
Door is not locked.

BRIT  
I was about to when you popped in.

Emad approaches the counter.

EMAD  
Who are you?

BRIT  
Excuse me?

EMAD  
Who are you?

BRIT  
Who are you?

EMAD  
Don't play games with me! I ask question!

BRIT  
I'm sorry, the customer's always right. What was the question?

EMAD  
Who owns this?

BRIT  
Oh, his name is--fuck off asshole!

The large man grabs Brit by the lapels, dragging him across the counter top, throwing him to the floor.

Emad kicks him in the stomach, once, twice then on the third, Brit hooks Emad's ankle and foot with his arm, pulling it tight to his body. Brit throws his legs around Emad's only foot on the ground and wrenches his legs apart, causing Emad to hit the ground, hard.

BRIT (CONT'D)

You messed with the wrong baker,  
mother fucker.

The large man attacks Brit, who rolls away to gain some distance but the man overwhelms him and puts a choke hold around his neck, then rips him to his feet.

Emad gets to his feet. Brit rapidly donkey kicks the Behemoth three times in the genitals causing him to let go. Brit turns and sweeps the attackers legs out from under him, sending him crashing to the floor.

Emad strikes Brit as hard as he can in the kidney, dropping him to his knees.

Brit sees a .45 handgun tucked into the fallen brute's belt.

Emad locks his arm around Brit's neck and begins to squeeze the life out of him.

EMAD

You stupid man!

FLOYD (O.S.)

Hey!

Emad turns his head to see Floyd training a .9MM handgun at his head.

FLOYD (CONT'D)

Let him go!

EMAD

You put down the gun!

FLOYD

Now.

Emad stares at him as Brit struggles. Finally, Emad releases him.

Brit gasps for air and slowly tries to rise to his feet. Emad lightly kicks at the Behemoth.

EMAD  
Get up.

FLOYD  
Out.

Emad slowly backs his way to the front door as his large accomplice finally gets up and rumbles toward him.

Brit sails a right cross to the side of Emad's jaw.

SMACK

Emad drops.

BRIT  
Cocksucker, I'll kick your teeth  
in.

Floyd pulls Brit back as the Behemoth helps Emad to his feet.

EMAD  
Dead men.

He spits blood on the floor, at their feet.

Emad reaches out to the tee shirt rack and rips a 'KEEP JIM IN PARIS' tee shirt off from a hanger, holding it to his bleeding nose and exits.

The door closes behind them. Brit turns to Floyd.

BRIT  
Who the fuck was that?

FLOYD  
Give you one guess.

INT. TUNNEL

Eddie is standing on a block and leaning all of his weight on the TBM. John, below him, pushes as well.

JOHN  
Hold on! We're just spinning.

He shifts to a lower gear.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Alright, keep pushing up there.

A grinding, FRICTION NOISE.

EDDIE  
What the hell is that?

JOHN  
Maybe a rock. It's moving  
forward again though.

Eddie looks down at where John stands to see water pooling in  
fast.

EDDIE  
Wait!

John looks down and then back up in front of him.

JOHN  
Oh shit.

He kills the power to the machine. Pressurized water can now  
be heard as the water flows much faster, streaming down the  
tunnel.

Eddie pulls out his cell phone looking at the screen - No  
signal.

EDDIE  
Stay here. Don't move, don't  
touch anything.

Eddie briskly walks down the tunnel, sloshing through a  
rapidly increasing amount of mud.

JOHN  
Where you going!?

EDDIE  
(calling back)  
Gotta get the water main turned  
off.

Less than thirty feet away, the water begins pooling at the  
bottom of where the tunnel dips down.

Eddie tries to step around the edges but still steps into  
water which already measures half a foot deep.

INT. BAKERY KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Eddie enters the kitchen from the stairs and moves to the  
sink.

He turns the faucet on to see a marked decrease in water  
pressure.



FLOYD

Bald guy and a great big bastard.

He turns back to them.

EDDIE

Right now I need Brit to kill the water main for the street. Gotta patch it before the City comes to dig it up.

CUT TO:

INT. TUNNEL - LATER

Floyd, wearing a spark shield, puts the finishing touches on welding a steel plate over the hole in the water main.

Fifteen feet farther down, the pooled water spans more than thirty feet in length and at least two feet deep.

Standing next to John and Brit, Eddie looks at the exposed pipe.

EDDIE

So we just tunnel over the top of it?

JOHN

Yeah, pretty much.

Brit walks back to where the pooled water is.

BRIT

(calling back)

Since we've got it disengaged, was thinking we might as well drill a short hole - drain some of this water off.

Eddie sees the significance.

EDDIE

Do it.

Eddie sloshes around the edges, moving toward the faraway exit.

He pulls his cell phone out as he walks. The phone screen shows no signal.

INT. BASEMENT - LATER

Eddie steps in from the tunnel. Looks at his phone to see he has a signal then dials a number as he mounts the stairs.

INT. BAKERY KITCHEN

Entering from the basement, with the phone to his ear.

MR. CHAMPNEY (O.S.)

Edward?

EDDIE

(surprised)

Where in hell have you been? I am ready to pull out of this job!

MR. CHAMPNEY (O.S.)

I could not call you. I had a bit of a breach.

EDDIE

What breach?

Eddie walks into the..

INT. BAKERY

And carefully toward the front windows.

MR. CHAMPNEY (O.S.)

There--

EDDIE

The breach that had Azadian's people show up at my son's house, or the one that lead them to where I am at now?!

A pause.

MR. CHAMPNEY (O.S.)

They were there?

EDDIE

Yes!

MR. CHAMPNEY (O.S.)

They saw you?

EDDIE

Where are you?

MR. CHAMPNEY (O.S.)  
Did they see you?!

EDDIE  
No Champney, where are you? We  
need to meet. Face to face.

MR. CHAMPNEY (O.S.)  
I'm not in France yet.

EDDIE  
We're done in a week.

MR. CHAMPNEY (O.S.)  
Did your son meet with the  
doctors?

EDDIE  
Yes. When are you here?

MR. CHAMPNEY (O.S.)  
I will be in France by the end of  
the week.

EDDIE  
With the money! I don't want to  
have to call around to track you  
down. And listen, when that  
package is brought back to us -  
Chance gets that surgery forty  
eight hours after, as it was  
agreed.

MR. CHAMPNEY (O.S.)  
I'm insulted by the accusation.

EDDIE  
Spare me. Call me as soon as you  
get in.

Before Eddie can hang up..

MR. CHAMPNEY (O.S.)  
Wait! Eddie?

EDDIE  
Yes?

MR. CHAMPNEY (O.S.)  
(hesitant)  
I have been wondering since the  
beginning: How is it that you are  
getting the package out?

Eddie hesitates a moment.

EDDIE  
Call me.

MR. CHAMPNEY (O.S.)  
Hold on - the only reason I ask  
is..I believe that the television  
asshole, Enrique, may have hired  
Azadian to get the coffin.

EDDIE  
When?

MR. CHAMPNEY  
I can't be sure.

EDDIE  
For what?

MR. CHAMPNEY (O.S.)  
I'd assume TV ratings? Al  
Capone's vault - that kind of  
thing.

A beat.

MR. CHAMPNEY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Just be discreet.

EDDIE  
Who's the client?

MR. CHAMPNEY (O.S.)  
Edward, I don't even know that.  
I only personally dealt with his  
assistant - Herve.

Eddie rolls that name around for a moment.

CUT TO:

INT. PARIS HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Champney sits at a writing table that overlooks the city. He nervously takes a long drag from a cigarette, then dials his cell phone.

BACK TO:

INT. BAKERY - CONTINUOUS

Eddie moves slowly toward the kitchen, deep in thought.

Faint SCREAMS are heard coming from downstairs.

INT. BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Eddie rapidly descends the stairs. Brit stands at the mouth of the tunnel, motioning him furiously.

BRIT  
Quick! We found something!

EDDIE  
What?

BRIT  
Just come here!

He turns and rushes down the tunnel. Eddie chases.

INT. TUNNEL

Sloshing through the muddy footing, Eddie catches up to Brit.

EDDIE  
Hey?

Winded, Brit slows to a quick walk.

BRIT  
When we made that drain hole in  
the side wall - we found a room.

They approach the freshly bored hole. Most of the collected water has drained off, leaving mud.

Eddie ducks into the hole to see that it opens up into a chamber.

INT. CHAMBER

Illuminated by WORK LIGHTS, the dank room runs roughly fifty feet long by twenty feet wide. The ceiling rises to about fifteen feet high. Against the opposite wall from the hole, a section the size of double doors has been bricked over.

John opens up canvas packages containing World War II era weapons found in a large wooden crate.

BRIT  
(scanning the room)  
There's some serious weapons in  
here.

Eddie takes a closer look at the weapons that John has unwrapped.

EDDIE  
French resistance.

BRIT  
Absolutely. (indicating the wall) And I'd bet that through there is a sewer line.

EDDIE  
Right.

JOHN (O.C.)  
Nice! Check this shit out!

He holds up two pure gold bars that are embossed with a Nazi swastika.

FLOYD  
Nazi gold.

EDDIE  
Definitely stolen by the resistance.

BRIT  
Only two?

JOHN  
Yeah.

EDDIE  
Give 'em to me.

John eyes him for a beat.

EDDIE (CONT'D)  
Not going to rip you off, John.

John hands the two bars to him.

JOHN  
Oh, yeah, I know.

Eddie shakes his head as he exits.

EXT. BAKERY - DAY

Black, overcast skies threaten rainfall.

A camera crew follows Enrique Francisco down the sidewalk as he narrates into the camera.

ENRIQUE

You can see the dark clouds over the city, much like the dark cloud that one would think must hang over the Paris authorities. This decision has met with tremendous resistance. Fans, family members and even the United States and several other governments, are calling it morally wrong.

His CAMERA CREW approaches the American Boulangerie (Bakery), where all of the tables are occupied by dozens of people. Many wear various articles of clothing that have messages like: The Doors, Jim Morrison, May He R.I.P., etc.

ENRIQUE (CONT'D)

You can see the many fans that have shown up to witness or possibly protest this historic event.

He approaches a young group sitting at a table.

ENRIQUE (CONT'D)

Hi. Can I ask where you are from?

Extending his microphone toward a girl.

GIRL

Seattle.

Her friends squeal with delight as the camera captures them.

Others have swarmed around shouting out various locations:

SEATTLE

Seattle!

DENMARK

Denmark!

LOS ANGELES

Los Angeles!

AUSTRALIA

Australia!

ENRIQUE

And why have you come here this week?

SEATTLE

For Jim.

Then overlapping shouts erupt.

AUSTRALIA  
To stop the bastards!

SEATTLE  
We're going to protest!

DENMARK  
Petition the shit city!

LOS ANGELES  
To see if he's in there!

Enrique stops to question this man. A baby boomer type.

ENRIQUE  
Hold on! Hold on! Where are you  
from, sir?

LOS ANGELES  
Los Angeles.

Enrique plays to the camera.

ENRIQUE  
Your name?

LOS ANGELES  
Bill Southwell.

ENRIQUE  
And what did you say you came to  
see?

SOUTHWELL  
To see if he's in the coffin.

ENRIQUE  
What makes you think he wouldn't  
be?

SOUTHWELL  
Come on, everyone here knows the  
story.

ENRIQUE  
What story is that?

SOUTHWELL  
You really don't know? The story  
that he faked his death?

ENRIQUE  
Yes, of course I do. Just trying  
to inform some of our viewers  
that may not be as familiar. How  
will you find that out sir?

SOUTHWELL  
Steal the coffin!

He laughs and pumps his fist which incites the crowd with cheers.

Enrique turns back to the camera.

ENRIQUE  
There's someone who doesn't  
believe the coroner's report.

A LADY chimes in.

LADY  
You people are all disrespectful!

Some of the crowd BOOS her.

One of the CREW MEMBERS spots the 'Keep Jim in Paris' tee shirts through the bakery window and alerts Enrique.

INT. BAKERY - MOMENTS LATER

The camera crew films the rack of shirts.

ENRIQUE  
You can see that the fever has  
caught on everywhere in this  
city.

Enrique approaches a man waiting in line with the cameraman in tow.

Eddie sees him and motions Brit to intercept.

ENRIQUE (CONT'D)  
Sir? Can I ask you a few  
questions?

CAMERA POV - Eddie can clearly be seen in the background.

MAN IN LINE  
Je ne comprends pas.

ENRIQUE  
(to an assistant)  
Tim? Translate!

Brit walks over and puts a meaty paw over the lens.

BRIT  
Out.

ENRIQUE  
I'm Enrique Francisco--

BRIT  
Don't care. Get out.

Enrique puts the mic down.

ENRIQUE  
This is great PR for your  
business. Do you know how many  
viewers I have?

Brit just smiles and points to the door.

ENRIQUE (CONT'D)  
Are you the owner?

BRIT  
Close enough to tell you to get  
out.

EXT. PERE LACHAISE CEMETERY - NIGHT

Cascading rain beats down with a vengeance across the marble  
tombstones and mausoleums.

Rainwater streams down the walk ways that coil through the  
great cemetery.

CUT TO:

EXT. BAKERY - CONTINUOUS

Looking toward the cemetery, a BLACK LINCOLN TOWN CAR is  
parked on the opposite side of the street. Silhouettes of  
two men can be seen inside the vehicle.

INT. BAKERY KITCHEN - DAY

Eddie puts an **X** through JULY 3 on the calender. July 5 has a  
bulls eye target crudely drawn on it.

INT. BAKERY - CONTINUOUS

The morning crowd at the bakery overflows.

Brit handles the register while Floyd fills orders. The rack  
of Morrison tee shirts has dwindled to only a few.

EXT. PERE LACHAISE CEMETERY ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

A steady, drizzling rain continues over the city.

A mob of over one hundred people stands outside of the gates, SHOUTING rallying cries. Some hold signs in protest of the events to unfold.

A force of at least eight police cars and twenty, nervous looking policemen, line the front of the entrance way.

A few try and climb the wall further down from the gate and are quickly set upon by policemen.

EXT. PERE LACHAISE CEMETERY - CONTINUOUS

The grave of Jim Morrison. Not one person in sight. Probably the quietest this grave has been during daylight hours since the man's burial.

EXT. BAKERY - NIGHT

Sheeting rain pelts a police tent canopy that stands in front of the cemetery gates.

The same Lincoln from the previous night parked across from the bakery.

INT. TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

Eddie guides the machine as it smoothly churns away.

He releases the hand grips and it idles with a HUM. Pulling out the GPS compass, he watches a glowing red icon that shows the grave markers above him.

The monitor shows that he is directly underneath the grave.

He looks up to the soil above, in wonder.

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Floyd welds heavy duty, inflatable dolly tires onto a medical gurney where the original wheels have been cut off. John assists him.

INT. BAKERY - CONTINUOUS

Brit, seated in darkness, watches the two black Lincolns parked across the street.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL REGINA PARIS - CONTINUOUS

A dark room, save for a crack of light that penetrates through the curtains.

Dressed only in a silk bathrobe, Sarkis Azadian lies across a king sized bed that has elaborately carved, eight foot high bedposts on each corner.

Two, very young, naked prostitutes, who appear to be strung out on heroin; lie at the foot of the bed.

AZADIAN

So? They take the body tomorrow?

Across the room, a figure sits in the shadows on a small sofa. A large HENCHMAN stands next to it.

When the seated person does not respond..

HENCHMAN

Hey! Answer.

The person leans forward, into the weak beam of light.

MR. CHAMPNEY

Yes. Tomorrow night. Please, Mr. Azadian, let me do it my way.

AZADIAN

Shut up.

The henchman slams his closed fist down on top of Champney's head, crumpling him to the floor.

AZADIAN (CONT'D)

We've talk about these things.

Azadian rolls off from the bed and saunters over to Champney.

AZADIAN (CONT'D)

I tell you what happens and I've already done that.

Champney pulls himself up off from the floor and sits back down on the sofa.

AZADIAN (CONT'D)

I grow tired of you.

MR. CHAMPNEY

I know. I'm sorry.

Azadian takes a straight razor from out of his pocket then sits down on the edge of the bed next to one of the girls.

AZADIAN

No client, right?

MR. CHAMPNEY

I just told him that.

He lifts her arm up to the side of her head and slowly rakes the blade across her armpit with great concentration.

AZADIAN

You make up client?

MR. CHAMPNEY

Yes, I told you before. I had to tell him that.

AZADIAN

You still lie to me. You know how they take coffin.

MR. CHAMPNEY

I swear I asked him. We've watched them too.

AZADIAN

If he is not digging it from top then he dig underground.

MR. CHAMPNEY

I just don't know, Sarkis. These guys are the best with this type of operation. It's best to let them finish before moving in.

Azadian bites his bottom lip as he grazes the blade slowly back and forth. Finally..

AZADIAN

I see you tomorrow night then. With coffin.

Champney anxiously rises and moves to the door.

AZADIAN (CONT'D)

We will watch. We will see if you try help them.

MR. CHAMPNEY

I know.

AZADIAN

One last thing..

Champney turns back to him.

AZADIAN (CONT'D)

I already ask you several times,  
but I want to be very clear with  
you; Eddie Hanley is not in this  
job, no?

Champney stares at him.

AZADIAN (CONT'D)

This would be very bad for you,  
his family, your family, lots of  
people, if you are not being  
truthful.

Champney shakes his head.

MR. CHAMPNEY

No. He's not. Like I said  
before - I heard he retired.

Azadian trains on him. Champney opens the door, with the  
Henchman by his side, and exits into-

INT. HOTEL REGINA PARIS - SITTING ROOM

Seated by the door with a briefcase on his lap; Enrique  
Francisco. The Henchman grunts at Enrique.

HENCHMAN

You. Come now.

Enrique rises and quickly moves past Champney as he enters  
the room. The two men stare at one another as they pass.

INT. TUNNEL - NIGHT

Rain water trickles through from the ceiling.

Eddie and Floyd walk the modified gurney through the narrow  
tunnel of mud. They wear lighted miners helmets.

A few clods of muddy soil from the ceiling break away and  
SPLASH to the wet ground.

Nearing the end, they pass by the chamber containing the  
World War II era weapons.

In the distance, John uses a smaller spade shovel to dig the  
earth on the ceiling. Two TELESCOPIC SUPPORT BRACES are in  
place underneath where the coffin will be lowered down.

INT. END OF TUNNEL - MOMENTS LATER

Eddie takes out a spade shovel and begins chinking away at the packed soil above.

Several more muddy clods of earth splash down from the ceiling at various spots nearby.

Maneuvering in the tight space is almost impossible.

EDDIE

John, go top side for now.

JOHN

Fuck that! I want to see it.

EDDIE

You'll see it when we bring it in.

JOHN

I want to be there when you open it up.

EDDIE

We aren't opening anything.

JOHN

Bullshit. Rock and Roll's biggest mystery, you got front row seats and you aren't looking?

Turning to John.

EDDIE

No one is. Show some respect.

JOHN

He might not even be in-

EDDIE

Get the fuck out.

JOHN

Alright, Jesus H-

EDDIE

It's not a democracy John.

John throws his shovel down and storms away, MUMBLING under his breath.

Eddie unfolds a step ladder and steps to the top, continuing to dig away at the soil.

Floyd stands on the ground and uses the full sized shovel to dig at the area opposite where Eddie works.

Floyd notices another large chunk of sod fall to the wet floor.

FLOYD'S POV

The tunnel looks wet and unstable.

EDDIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
It'll hold.

FLOYD  
Guess it'd better.

BACK TO:

INT. END OF TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

Eddie continues to dig.

THUD - Eddie's shovel hits something. He fiercely jabs the earth away from the area.

His head lamp illuminates a weatherworn section of varnished cherry wood.

Floyd leans over to see it.

EDDIE  
Dig down from the bottom. I want  
to get a support under this.

Floyd digs the remaining earth away from where the foot of the coffin will be.

Eddie widens out the area where he has struck the coffin. Hopping down from the stool, he turns the hand crank near the base, to raise the height of the support strut.

The packed earth falls easily away from the bottom of the coffin.

Within minutes, the two men have successfully rid of all of the remaining soil, leaving only the oblong shape of the entire bottom area of the coffin, exposed directly above their heads.

FLOYD

Will it cave in when we pull the  
box down?

EDDIE

Nope.

Eddie turns and rummages through a pile of tools and supplies.

He pulls out a pre-fabricated, rectangular piece of half inch plywood with two by fours nailed across the width of it.

FADE TO:

Both support braces rest in place at the foot and head of the coffin's bottom. Eddie operates the hand crank at the head with Floyd at the foot of the coffin.

Eddie notices severe decomposition of the casket in the corner and bottom nearest to him.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Go real easy.

Eddie wears gloves as he holds the casket and steps down to the ground.

Floyd steps down holding his end and tucks his body to the side of the wall as he guides the casket over the edge of the gurney.

FLOP!

Something falls out of Eddie's end.

Eddie looks down with his head lamp light. His eyes show disbelief - shock.

Eddie's body shields Floyd's vision of the coffin.

FLOYD

What?

Eddie leans over and begins to stuff something back into the coffin.

FLOYD (CONT'D)

(moving to Eddie)

What is it?!

EDDIE

Stay at your end!

FLOYD  
What is it?!

Eddie stands up while holding his end - spooked.

FLOYD (CONT'D)  
What did you see?!

EDDIE  
Nothing. The coffin was falling  
apart. Let's go.

Floyd pulls the coffin to the end of the gurney. He fastens straps around the coffin and gurney, then turns back to Eddie.

FLOYD  
Don't you want to look?

EDDIE  
No.

FLOYD  
You saw - Please?

EDDIE  
God damn it, let's go!

Floyd looks deeply disappointed as he moves to the front of the gurney.

They wheel the gurney carefully down the labyrinth. The wheels grow heavy with mud.

Eddie looks at the hole in the casket intermittently; as they slog along.

The sheer length of this winding morass coupled with the slow erosion of the ceiling could induce panic in the bravest of souls.

INT. BASEMENT - LATER

The gurney holding the coffin sits in the middle of the room. Eddie wraps layer after layer of duct tape around the casket where canvass has been put in place over the hole.

Floyd sits on a five gallon bucket nearby, intently watching the coffin.

Brit descends the staircase.

BRIT  
Still there.

Eddie cuts off the tape with his teeth, then takes the cell phone out of his pocket; dialing a number.

Eddie's call ID screen shows 'Mr. Champney'. He places the phone to his ear.

EDDIE  
How long for you to get here?

MR. CHAMPNEY (O.S.)  
Fifteen.

EDDIE  
Make it thirty. Got to get rid of a tail in front.

MR. CHAMPNEY (O.S.)  
Thirty minutes.

Eddie ends the call.

EDDIE  
Make your call.

Brit hits send on his cell.

BRIT  
(in French)  
Hi. Can you send the order for Brad, immediately?

Eddie smirks to himself.

BRIT (CONT'D)  
(in French)  
Thank you for all of your help.

He ends the call.

Eddie walks to the stairs.

BRIT (CONT'D)  
Eddie?

Standing on the first stair, he turns back.

BRIT (CONT'D)  
We want to know.

Eddie shakes his head.

BRIT (CONT'D)  
It's right there. Take two  
minutes.

EDDIE  
You all agreed to do this job for  
the money we agreed on. Nothing  
more, nothing less.

BRIT  
Did you see it?

EDDIE  
Do not ask me about this again.

Eddie climbs the stairs.

EDDIE (CONT'D)  
Let's go.

Floyd shakes his head in dismay.

INT. BAKERY - LATER

The four men sit near the front windows, watching the Town  
Car in the misting rain. They drink coffee.

A group of five TALL WOMEN approach the car.

EDDIE  
Here we go.

The tallest of the women taps on the window glass and leans  
over as the window rolls down.

The man in the car appears to be flirting with the lady.

EDDIE (CONT'D)  
Do it.

Brit dials a number.

OPERATOR (O.S.)  
Département de la police Bonjour.

BRIT  
(in French)  
I can't take this anymore! These  
men make company with whores  
almost every night across from my  
home!

Two of the women get into the car.

BRIT (CONT'D)  
 They just got in the car with  
 them again. This is an  
 embarrassment to the city!

OPERATOR (O.S.)  
 Nous allons envoyer des officiers  
 immédiatement. Quelle est votre  
 emplacement?

BRIT  
 (in French)  
 South Pere Lachaise entrance.  
 Oui.

Brit hangs up.

JOHN  
 (fascinated)  
 Tall chicks.

Brit heaves with a belly laugh.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
 What?

BRIT  
 Nope. Not chicks.

JOHN  
 (wincing)  
 Oh.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL REGINA PARIS

Enrique sits on the small sofa. Azadian reclines on his bed  
 as one of the young girls lightly tickles his nipples with  
 her nail tips.

ENRIQUE  
 So I just want to be sure that I  
 get that casket before it's  
 unearthed by the authorities.

AZADIAN  
 I already say these things.

Azadian half listens as he looks at the television on the  
 mantle, absorbed in the erogenous tickling.

ENRIQUE

Yes, sir, but see, you causing the traffic accident is only part of it. See, it's better for my ratings, my legacy, if I can ah..control what does or does not come out of that coffin on live TV. There is more intrigue with no..ah..body.

AZADIAN

Shut up. You bore me.

Azadian glowers at him for a long moment.

AZADIAN (CONT'D)

Leave money, we get you what you want.

INT. BAKERY - LATER

Still sitting at the table.

EDDIE

Hey, hey.

He points to the street.

Two Paris Police cars pull up to the Lincoln. One to the drivers side and one behind, with a search light blaring into the car.

The passenger in the car leaps out in a fit of disgust. Two officers draw their weapons. The driver merely puts his hands on the steering wheel as the 'women' get out.

Eddie makes a phone call.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

You're clear.

CUT TO:

INT. BAKERY KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

The four men stand near the gurney which still has the casket strapped to it.

A CAR ENGINE can be heard speeding to the back of the building.

Two car doors SLAM shut, shortly followed by a KNOCK on the door.

EDDIE

Yeah?

MR. CHAMPNEY (O.S.)

Edward.

John and Brit keep a hand on their weapons.

Eddie unbolts the door, opening it a crack, revealing a haggard looking Champney and, HERVE, a thin, balding man who looks to be in his early sixties.

EDDIE

Who's he?

MR. CHAMPNEY

Herve. He works for the client.

Eddie tries to associate the name as he lets them in.

Champney moves to the coffin, noticing the damage as Eddie watches Herve, still trying to place the name.

MR. CHAMPNEY (CONT'D)

What's this?

EDDIE

That's forty years of rain and worms I guess.

MR. CHAMPNEY

Who looked inside?

EDDIE

No one. We covered the hole.

MR. CHAMPNEY

You know how this looks?

EDDIE

Like rot! You're lucky the whole damn thing wasn't rotted through.

Champney hands a briefcase to Eddie.

MR. CHAMPNEY

As we agreed. The other half tomorrow night.

Champney puts on a pair of work gloves.

MR. CHAMPNEY (CONT'D)

Well gentlemen. Shall we?

Brit and John wheel it towards the back door.

EDDIE  
You don't look so good Champney.

MR. CHAMPNEY  
I've been fighting flu.

Eddie watches him a moment.

EDDIE  
But, you are okay?

MR. CHAMPNEY  
Yes. Of course.

Eddie opens the door and they wheel the gurney to a cargo van parked near the back door.

EDDIE  
Same time tomorrow night. No  
later.

Champney makes fleeting eye contact with Eddie, then turns away before nodding in agreement.

EXT. BAKERY - DAY

Overcast but no rain.

An even larger crowd than before, rallies outside of the cemetery gates.

No sign of Azadian's men in parked cars.

Enrique can be seen interviewing select people from the angry mob.

INT. BAKERY - CONTINUOUS

A long line of people order donuts as many others wait to pick up.

Floyd and John work the counter.

INT. PARIS HOTEL - LATER

The dark gray skies and POUNDING rains have returned to the city.

Champney, wearing a heavy overcoat and derby hat, speaks to a worker at the hotel desk. He hands him a small envelope.

MR. CHAMPNEY  
(in French)  
Give this to this man and this  
man only.

He indicates the name written on the envelope.

WORKER  
Oui.

Champney makes his way to the elevator.

INT. ELEVATOR - MOMENTS LATER

Champney buzzes with worry as he waits for the slow rising elevator to climb to the top.

INT. PARIS HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

As the elevator doors slowly open, Champney forces himself through the opening and hustles toward his room.

INT. PARIS HOTEL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Champney enters the foyer and moves into the living area as he sees his balcony doors are open. The wind BLOWS in misting rain through the billowing curtains.

He shuts the doors. Turning around..

SSSST!

He feels a piercing stab of pain to his side as Emad sticks him just below the rib cage with a silver stiletto.

Blood instantly spreads across Champney's shirt. Emad hands him a towel to compress against the wound.

EMAD  
How long you live depend on you.

Emad strolls to the bathroom.

Champney slumps down on the edge of the sofa while holding the compress against his fast flowing wound, trying to stave off shock.

Emad returns, dragging a body bag behind him. Something kicks inside of the bag.

EMAD (CONT'D)

You make terrible mistake with  
Mr. Azadian. They get coffin out  
last night - who has it?

He lets go of the bag near Champney's feet, then bends over to unzip the bag. A young girl, of about fourteen, springs out. Her feet, hands and mouth bound with duct taped. Her eyes, swollen from tears.

MR. CHAMPNEY

Cynthia.

He wraps his arms around the terrified girl.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL REGINA/BATHROOM

Azadian lies in an over sized porcelain tub. One of the young girls digs dirt out from under his toe nails as he watches The Enrique Show on a wall mounted plasma.

The footage from the bakery is shown.

AZADIAN'S POV OF TV

INT. BAKERY - DAY

The camera crew films the rack of shirts.

ENRIQUE

You can see that the fever has  
caught on everywhere in this  
city.

Enrique approaches a man waiting in line.

ENRIQUE (CONT'D)

Sir? Can I ask you a few  
questions?

Eddie can clearly be seen in the background.

Azadian sits up in the tub. He snatches the remote and rewinds a step, let's it play then freezes on the image of Eddie. Enraged, he kicks the girl in the face and quickly rises to get out.

AZADIAN

I fucking burn whole family,  
mother fucker.

He steps out to grab his phone.

EXT. BAKERY - NIGHT

Rain pelts down on the city. The entrance to the cemetery looks like a small 'tent city' with so many protestors taking coverage for the final night.

INT. END OF TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

Rain water leaks through the reinforced plywood that holds the earth in place above the caskets empty location.

INT. TUNNEL

The floor has become extremely muddy. Globbs of mud intermittently fall from the ceiling with a SPLAT.

INT. BAKERY KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Eddie and Brit sit at a small table. Floyd and John sit on counter tops.

BRIT  
Try him again?

EDDIE  
Called him four times already.

BRIT  
He's already three hours late.

JOHN  
What the fuck if he doesn't come back?

EDDIE  
Then the tabloids are going to have one hell of a story come ten a.m. tomorrow morning.

Eddie stands up, moving to the coffee maker where he pours a fresh cup.

His cell phone VIBRATES on the table. Brit leans over to look at the screen.

BRIT  
It's a text. From Champney.

Eddie walks over and grabs it, reading the text:

**On my way. Is it clear?**

BRIT (CONT'D)  
Why didn't he call?

Eddie hits auto-dial from his contact list, then holds the phone to his ear.

Several RINGS before..

CHAMPNEY (O.S.)  
This is me, please leave a  
detailed--

He ends the call.

BRIT  
What the hell?

A RUSTLING noise by the back door. All four men pull out hand guns, training them on the door.

Slow, SLOSHING footsteps can be heard.

EDDIE  
(whispering)  
Go check the front.

John stays low to the ground and quickly moves into the store area.

A light KNOCKING is heard at the back door. Eddie motions Brit to duck behind a blind corner near the door.

Eddie moves to the side of the door.

EDDIE (CONT'D)  
Yes?

Another KNOCK.

EDDIE (CONT'D)  
Who is it?!

Eddie's phone RINGS. He looks down to see the incoming call - Mr. Champney.

After three rings he accepts the call but says nothing as he holds it to his ear.

HERVE (O.S.)  
(heavy French accent)  
Hello?

EDDIE  
Who is this?

HERVE (O.S.)  
Herve, we met last night.

EDDIE  
I'll only speak to Champney.

HERVE (O.S.)  
Please! We haven't much time.  
Let me in.

Eddie goes to the door, motioning for the others to cover him.

HERVE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
I am unarmed.

Eddie flips the dead bolt and carefully opens the door a crack. Herve, wet from the rain, puts both hands up in surrender.

Eddie swings the door open and draws his gun on him.

EDDIE  
Get in.

INT. BAKERY KITCHEN

Eddie shuts the door and re-bolts it.

BRIT  
Why the blood n guts are you here?

EDDIE  
Where is he?

HERVE  
I am afraid he is dead.  
Murdered.

EDDIE  
What?!

He dials his voice mail then hands it to Eddie.

HERVE  
He wanted you to hear this.

Eddie lifts it to his ear.

VOICEMAIL (O.S.)  
You have one saved message.

BEEP

(Champney's voice)  
Edward.. I am sorry. Trust  
Herve, he has the money.

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK - INT. PARIS HOTEL ROOM

Champney sits on the bathroom floor, leaning against the tub, bleeding. He breathes labored and weak as he speaks into the phone.

Someone from the other side of the closed bathroom door can be heard yelling:

SOMEONE (O.S.)  
Don't try come out of there or we  
shoot her.

SCREAMS can be heard in the background.

MR. CHAMPNEY  
(into cell phone)  
I never gave you up Edward...He  
got to me after you left for  
Paris...Hurry, they will come  
tonight... He's figured out I  
was covering for you. Get out  
Edward...oh God...they did  
unspeakable things to my  
daughter..

BACK TO:

INT. BAKERY KITCHEN - PRESENT

Eddie ends the call.

EDDIE  
Where's the coffin?

HERVE  
(reaching for the phone)  
May I?

Eddie hands it to him. He dials.

The other line picks up and an inaudible VOICE answers.

HERVE (CONT'D)  
(into the phone)  
We're ready.

He ends the call.

EDDIE  
Who'd you just call?

HERVE  
The driver. He is pulling around  
now.

EDDIE  
How did you get Champney's phone?

HERVE  
He left me instructions at the  
hotel desk.

A vehicle ROARS down the side of the building, SPLASHING  
through puddles.

Brit opens the door with his gun drawn. A large cargo van  
backs up.

EDDIE  
Azadian hasn't got to you?

HERVE  
No. He'll be coming though. He  
knows the casket was taken out  
last night.

The urgency surges through the room.

CUT TO:

EXT. REAR OF BAKERY - MOMENTS LATER

A fog has set in.

The vans rear doors fly open. Eddie pushes the gurney to the  
bumper as Herve and John reach in and slide the coffin onto  
it.

JOHN  
Okay! Let's go!

Eddie pulls back on the weighted dolly. Herve closes the van  
doors, giving Eddie a suspicious look as he turns back to  
him.

INT. BAKERY KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

They wheel the coffin toward the stairs. The canvas and duct tape patch has been removed and the hole can be seen. Soiled cloth has been pushed into the opening.

HERVE

Excuse me.

Herve opens the back door and exits as Eddie watches him from the doorway.

Herve runs to the passenger side and taps on the glass. The window rolls down and he speaks briefly to the passenger, after which, a suitcase is handed to him.

Herve hustles back inside where he hands it to Eddie.

HERVE (CONT'D)

You want to count it?

EDDIE

No. You better go.

HERVE

(glancing at casket)

Thank you. Then we are all prepared for tomorrow?

Eddie nods.

INT. TUNNEL - LATER

Eddie and Brit wheel the gurney down the muck covered floor as fast as possible.

They run into a pile of fallen mud at least a foot high. Eddie kicks it down and they continue, laboring to push past it.

INT. BAKERY

Floyd stands near the front windows, watching the rainy street. John, wired with adrenaline, stands near the counter holding a pump action shotgun.

INT. TUNNEL

Eddie and Brit almost slide the gurney now, as the tires have become loaded with mud.

BRIT

Damn it.

EDDIE

Almost there.

Hundreds of the soil bags line along the edges of the tunnel now.

Straining to finish, they pass the hole to the chamber.

INT. END OF TUNNEL - MOMENTS LATER

They grab either end of the casket and-

BRIT

One, two, three...

They lift it up to the height of the two telescopic support braces, placing it on top.

Eddie leans up into the hole and wrenches the reinforced plywood to the side, half expecting the earth above it to cave in.

The dirt stays packed in place and he pulls the plywood completely down.

EDDIE

I'll steady it, you crank it.

Brit begins frantically turning the hand crank, slowly raising the coffin into the empty plot above.

INT. END OF TUNNEL - MOMENTS LATER

With the casket fully raised, Brit can crank no more.

The two men begin stacking bag after bag of soil into the end of the tunnel, under the coffin.

INT. END OF TUNNEL - LATER

The bags stand almost to the ceiling, leaving about three feet from the bottom of the casket. They completely surround the support braces, save for the base and hand crank.

They shovel loose earth into the space between the coffins bottom and the top of the bags.

INT. END OF TUNNEL - LATER

The space has now been completely filled. Brit packs it by slamming the back of his shovel against the soil.

Eddie turns the crank to lower the struts.

EDDIE  
That will have to do for now.  
Come on.

Eddie quickly moves down the tunnel.

BRIT  
It'll hold up for tomorrow?

EDDIE  
Yes, let's go!

Brit runs after him.

INT. BAKERY - CONTINUOUS

John walks to the front window, looking up and down both ends of the street.

JOHN  
Maybe I should go help them.

FLOYD  
He said to stay. Stay.

JOHN  
This is taking too long.

FLOYD  
Lot of dirt to fill in.

John turns his ear to the direction of the kitchen.

JOHN  
Did you hear that?

FLOYD  
No.

John walks toward the kitchen as Floyd watches him.

JOHN  
Come here!

Floyd moves to him. They walk into the kitchen.

INT. BAKERY KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

JOHN  
(whispering)  
Listen.

After a moment, from outside, several patterned SUCKING sounds like something being pulled out of mud.

JOHN (CONT'D)

The fuck?

A WHISPERING sound near the door handle. Both men bring their weapons to a ready position.

CRASH!

The door splinters from its hinges as a steel battering ram breaks through the door.

Gun SHOTS rip into the kitchen, one striking Floyd in the hand. He drops his gun.

JOHN (CONT'D)

(pointing to cellar door)

Go!

Three men with M-4 Assault Rifles enter the doorway. John gives heavy shotgun cover FIRE, blasting one of the intruders in the face, killing him.

Floyd runs down the cellar steps.

John's shotgun CLICKS empty. He runs for the cellar door. Three more quick BURSTS from an automatic weapon.

INT. BASEMENT STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

John gets almost to the bottom when he slows to a stop, grabbing the handrail for support.

Looking down at his side to see a huge pool of blood spreading in his jacket, he fights for breath. Then--

POP! POP! POP! POP! POP!

As he falls face first to the ground, we see the back of his head and back, riddled with bullet holes. At least ten ENFORCERS wearing suits and armed with Assault Rifles race past him.

INT. TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

Floyd sprints as fast as he can through the muck with a look of dogged determination.

FLOYD

Hey! Eddie! Hey!

INT. TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

Eddie and Brit run while fighting to maintain balance on the slippery floor.

EDDIE  
(running)  
You hear that?

In the distance-

FLOYD (O.C.)  
Hey!

They stop to listen.

FLOYD (O.C.) (CONT'D)  
Eddie!

EDDIE  
Floyd!

They see Floyd as he rounds the corner toward them.

FLOYD  
Go! Go! They're coming!

Brit quickly turns to the end of the tunnel and then back to Floyd.

Eddie runs toward the entrance of the Chamber, followed by Brit.

INT. CHAMBER - MOMENTS LATER

Floyd dives into the room, breathing heavily. He jams his hand inside of his jacket pocket to try and stanch the bleeding.

EDDIE  
How many?

FLOYD  
(short of breath)  
Ten...maybe more.

BRIT  
Where in hell's John?

Floyd shakes his head.

BRIT (CONT'D)  
What?!

FLOYD  
Saved my life.

In the distance, the SPLATTERING footsteps of Azadian's men TRAMPLING closer.

EDDIE  
What do we got?!

BRIT  
Shotgun, three pistols...that's  
it!

Eddie glances past Brit to the wooden crate holding the World War II era weapons, then double takes back to it.

EDDIE  
You guys, hit 'em now. Hold 'em  
off!

Eddie rushes to the crate and frantically unwraps the war time relics.

Brit gets on his stomach and worms his way to the entrance, holding a shotgun. Floyd sits just behind him with a 9mm drawn.

Several of Azadian's men run into view, roughly fifty yards away.

Floyd squeezes one, two, three, four SHOTS off. One Enforcer gets hit in the chest and another in the throat.

FLOYD  
Heads or stomach, they're wearing  
kevlar!

Brit CRACKS a shot, PUMPS and CRACKS another. His second hits an Enforcer in the abdomen.

The Enforcers strafe the walls and send heavy, THUNDEROUS, return fire.

Brit is struck in the shoulder.

BRIT  
Ahhhhh! Son of a bitch! God!

Bullets wail past and into the hole they hide in.

SQUISHY footsteps approach in the distance once again. Floyd peers out. He squeezes off several more rounds but another FURY of lead brushes him back.

FLOYD  
Can't hold 'em!

Eddie methodically assembles what he has unraveled from the canvass wrap: An MG-42, belt fed machine gun.

He flips open a smaller trunk containing rows of ammunition belts.

BRIT  
Fuck!

Sloshing footsteps, again grow closer. Brit CRACKS another shot down the tunnel.

BRIT (CONT'D)  
I'm out!

He tosses the shotgun down.

BRIT (CONT'D)  
Gimme a pistol.

Floyd squeezes off four quick rounds which meets with a tidal wave of counter FIRE, eroding portions of the tunnel walls.

LAUGHTER can be heard from some of the Enforcers.

Eddie lifts the large gun and moves toward the opening. He sits on his rear end next to Brit.

FLOYD  
They're advancing again.

Brit ducks out and FIRES another round, then: CLICK.

BRIT  
I'm out.

Eddie, trying to stay calm, threads the first round into the chamber.

EDDIE  
(to Brit)  
Here grab this. Feed it before  
it pulls.

Eddie leans just enough to slip the barrel out of the entrance.

He pulls: CLICK.

He leans back in and hastily pulls the ammunition belt out, examining the first bullet, then feeds it back into the chamber.

ENFORCER #2 (O.S.)  
We fuck your wives, we fuck your daughters, then we cut out their cunts-

ENFORCER #3 (O.S.)  
Go!

Floyd peeks out.

FLOYD  
They're coming.

Eddie leans back out and squeezes the trigger. A deafening WHINE of repeated, heavy caliber explosions, unleash from the weapon.

INT. TUNNEL

Bullets rip through the Enforcers in sight. Even those that hug the wall or drop to the ground are pummeled. SCREAMS blare out from the injured.

ENFORCER #2  
Back! They have automatics!

Several Enforcers carefully spy from around the bend.

INT. CHAMBER

Brit pumps his fist in wild exuberance. Eddie ceases fire and notices the ammunition belt to be half empty.

BRIT  
Fuck you ya stupid mother fuckers!

Eddie leans out to see one of them crawling away to safety. He pulls the trigger, shredding the would be escapee.

BRIT (CONT'D)  
How many left?

EDDIE  
They're lurking. At least four.

Eddie pulls out his phone - No signal.

FLOYD  
I hear 'em.

Eddie looks at Brit's shoulder, saying nothing.

BRIT  
We gotta go all the way with this  
now. Kill everyone here and then  
Azadian.

EDDIE  
Let's get out of here first.

SCREAMS of roused confidence can be heard down the tunnel.

BRIT  
The hell?

EDDIE  
Shhh.

ENFORCER #4 (O.S.)  
Fuck you now!

Eddie tilts out to spy.

A man kneels on one knee and brings a Panzerfaust 3 Rocket  
Launcher into view.

Eddie leans back in and scrambles to his feet, running to the  
crate.

EDDIE  
They got a rocket launcher! We  
gotta blow them out. Here!

Eddie tosses World War II era 'stick' hand grenades to both  
men.

EDDIE (CONT'D)  
Pray they work.

After tossing two to each he hurries over carrying two more.

EDDIE (CONT'D)  
I'll fire two shots, pull these  
cords-

(showing base of the grenade)

- throw them as far as you can.  
Remember: low ceiling!

Eddie ducks out and FIRES a volley of lead. Floyd pulls both cords and tosses them side armed. Brit follows, pulling both and throws both with one hand.

Both men dive back in. Eddie rips off both cords and heaves them, then rushes back inside as--

BAM BAM BAM BAM BAM BAM

The tunnel shakes violently. A cloud of dust flows down the dark labyrinth. Thunderous SOUNDS like an avalanche can be heard. Large areas of the ceiling above them begin to break away and fall onto them.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Out!

They scramble out of the chamber.

EXT. BAKERY

Emad walks across the street toward the bakery, unaware of the chaos below his feet.

Looking closely at the road, we can see a hairline crack in the pavement running from the bakery toward the cemetery.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

He steps over one of the dead Enforcers near the doorway. A spray of blood stains the basement stairwell.

He peers into the store then slowly descends the steps where clouds of dust still settle.

INT. BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

John lies face down at the bottom of the steps. Two Enforcers lie on the floor, bloodied, muddy, dead.

Shock registers on his face while looking at the opening in the wall. He smiles weakly in awe, then walks to the mouth of the tunnel and peers inside.

The tunnel has caved in to within five feet of where he stands.

His cell phone RINGS. The letter 'A' appears on the screen.

EMAD

Yes?

AZADIAN (O.S.)  
Where are you? I can reach no  
one.

EMAD  
I am here at boulaugerie.

AZADIAN (O.S.)  
Yes?

EMAD  
Everyone is dead.

AZADIAN (O.S.)  
Ours?

EMAD  
Everyone.

A pause.

AZADIAN (O.S.)  
Get all the bodies out. Slava  
will get there to drive. Burn  
them all.

EMAD  
Yes.

AZADIAN (O.S.)  
Truck bodies out, then burn them.  
Far away from city. Do not burn  
down store.

EMAD  
I understand.

Emad puts his finger on the end call button when..

AZADIAN (O.S.)  
Wait!

He lifts the phone to his ear.

EMAD  
Yes?

AZADIAN (O.S.)  
Eddie?

EMAD  
The basement collapsed, everyone  
was buried alive...or dead.

Azadian BREATHES into the phone. He finally hangs up.

INT. END OF TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

Standing at the end of the tunnel, the ceiling has caved in to within four feet from them.

BRIT  
(panicked)  
This is bad. This is bad. That  
fucking machine is buried way the  
hell down there someplace.

EDDIE  
Calm down.

Eddie looks at his wrist watch.

EDDIE (CONT'D)  
Five more hours.

He points to the grave above their heads. Brit looks to where he indicates, examining his idea.

BRIT  
This place could cave at any  
minute-

EDDIE  
It won't.

Eddie reaches into his jacket and rips a section of his undershirt out. He gently pulls the bloody rag away from Brit's shoulder and replaces it with the fresh one.

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

A basement window at eye level just above the tunnel opening. It has bars across it from the outside and a piece of cardboard has been fastened to it for privacy.

Emad looks to the collapsed earth in the tunnel then pulls back a corner of the cardboard to see that the street pavement only has a hairline crack running the length of the tunnel.

EXT. PERE LACHAISE CEMETERY ENTRANCE - DAY

A full police barricade has been set up along the entrance. Swarms of protestors CHANT while waving banners and flags. Police wear riot gear.

EXT. PERE LACHAISE CEMETERY - CONTINUOUS

Jim Morrison's grave site. Four workers and two police officers are the only people in sight.

A tarp has been spread across the surrounding graves where dirt has been piled from digging.

A man in the hole secures the last of four straps around the coffin. He turns to a man operating an electric hoist and signals 'thumbs up'.

GRAVE WORKER  
(in French)  
Okay, raise it!

The winch motor WHINES as it begins to turn.

INT. END OF TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

The three men strain to listen to the faint sounds from above them.

EDDIE  
That's a hoist.

Eddie pushes his ear as close as possible.

EDDIE (CONT'D)  
They're pulling him out. We'll  
give them an hour to clear out.

FADE TO:

EXT. PERE LACHAISE CEMETERY - LATER

The piled dirt still remains next to the vacant grave.

Less than twenty yards away, a shabbily dressed, OLDER WOMAN pulls weeds from the base of a random grave.

INT. END OF TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

The three men dig with their hands, pulling soil down into the hole they stand in.

Panic creeps in as they seem to be burying themselves.

BRIT  
Did they throw the dirt back in?

Brit digs with wild abandon.

BRIT (CONT'D)

Fuck.

EDDIE

Easy.

FLOYD

It's alright.

Eddie takes deep swipes of dirt away.

Suddenly, Eddie strikes the wooden panel reinforcement. They kick the support struts out, unleashing a load of earth into the pit.

Daylight shines down upon them. They brush the majority of the dirt off from their heads and faces.

Eddie stands on his tiptoes and stretches to reach the lip of the grave.

EDDIE

Give me a boost.

Floyd clasps both hands and cups them under Eddie's heel then raises up.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Slow.

Eddie stands high enough to see the surrounding cemetery but never sees the Older Woman behind him.

With her back to Eddie, she turns slightly and something peripherally catches her eye.

She turns to see a dirty, dishevelled man crawling out of a grave.

OLDER WOMAN

Oh! Jésus, Joseph et Marie!

Eddie turns just in time to see her faint, falling to the ground.

BRIT (O.C.)

(whispering)

You see anyone?

Eddie scrambles out of the hole and moves over to the woman's side. Brit wrestles out soon after.

BRIT (CONT'D)  
What the hell happened to her?

EDDIE  
Zombies.

Brit looks at her, the hole, then back to her.

BRIT  
(putting it together)  
Oh. Ohhhh.

Brit pulls Floyd out by his arm. Eddie swiftly shovels dirt into the hole as fast as possible while routinely checking his surroundings.

EDDIE  
We got to be quick now.

Floyd grabs another shovel and assists him.

The cemetery is eerily quiet with the fanfare having vacated.

EXT. REAR OF BAKERY - LATER

Eddie, Brit and Floyd approach the rear door. Eddie carefully cranes his head into the doorway.

Nothing. He steps inside.

INT. BAKERY KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Floyd and Brit fill in behind him.

BRIT  
Got to board up this door.

EDDIE  
Cash first.

Eddie moves to the basement door.

INT. BASEMENT STAIRWELL - MOMENTS LATER

They painfully step over John's fallen body.

Eddie rushes to a corner containing several trash bags. He moves a few aside, revealing the case of money.

Brit picks up John's shotgun and they collectively move up the stairs.

INT. BAKERY KITCHEN - DAY

EDDIE  
Let's hammer this table across  
the door.

Floyd sweeps the clutter from the table and flips it.

EDDIE (CONT'D)  
(to Brit)  
Grab the table from out there.

Brit hustles to the store area. Eddie helps Floyd put the table in place.

CRACK! CRACK!

BRIT (O.C.)  
Ahhh!

Someone crashes to the floor. Eddie and Floyd turn to run to Brit--

Emad strolls into the kitchen holding an M-4. An Enforcer stands behind him.

Eddie's face drops in recognition of the situation. He looks past Emad to see Brit writhing on the floor from gunshot wounds. He bleeds profusely.

EDDIE  
Let me help him!

Emad strikes Eddie across the jaw with the butt of his rifle, staggering him. Floyd makes a move for the shotgun but the Enforcer draws on him'.

EDDIE (CONT'D)  
Please, he's dying!

Emad kicks him in the stomach, crumpling Eddie to the floor.

EMAD  
He die anyway. You all die. I  
warn you Eddie.

Emad kneels down next to him.

EMAD (CONT'D)  
I tell you this in prison.

Emad notices the suitcase and pulls it over to him. He unzips a corner to see the cash.

He grabs the case and stands up.

EMAD (CONT'D)  
(indicating Floyd)  
Shoot him.

ENFORCER  
Should we take him too?

EMAD  
I know the orders! Shoot him!

EDDIE  
Don't do it.

EMAD  
Shut up!

He kicks Eddie repeatedly then trains his rifle on Floyd.

CRACK!

Emad's eyes flutter. He staggers then crumples into a heap. The Enforcer watches Emad, confused. He turns to--

CRACK!

The Enforcer is shot in the face - dead.

Eddie struggles to sit up, finally turning to see Mr. Champney holding an M-10 Assault Rifle. Champney's stare is vacant and haunted.

MR. CHAMPNEY  
I'm sorry Eddie. I lied to you.

EDDIE  
Azadian?

MR. CHAMPNEY  
Get out. I will take care of  
Azadian.

EDDIE  
Just you?

MR. CHAMPNEY  
I didn't always work as a  
matchmaker, Edward.

FLOYD (O.S.)  
We need to get him help!

MR. CHAMPNEY

I have a doctor that you can use.  
Won't ask questions.

Eddie rises and gingerly moves to assist Floyd who has Brit on his feet, staggering toward the back door. Eddie turns to Champney.

MR. CHAMPNEY (CONT'D)

I will text you with the doctors information. Stay away for a few days.

Finally, he reaches down and pries the suitcase handle from Emad's lifeless hand.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TRUCK; MOVING - DAY

Floyd drives with Eddie in the passengers seat. They approach a sign reading: DEPARTING FLIGHTS.

EDDIE

I'll be back in a month.

FLOYD

I know. You bringing them back?

EDDIE

Not sure. I'll be in touch.

FLOYD

I'm so happy about your boy getting well.

EDDIE

Me too, old friend. Me too.

Floyd pulls over to the curb for the American Airlines gate. Eddie grabs a travel bag from behind his seat and opens the door.

FLOYD

Hey?

EDDIE

Yeah?

FLOYD

Stay out of trouble.

EDDIE

Always.

He climbs out and shuts the door.

INT. PARIS AIRPORT TERMINAL - LATER

Eddie sits as a solitary patron at an airport bar, staring blankly out upon the runway. A glass of Scotch sits in front of him.

BARTENDER

(thick french accent)

Excuse? Would you like the channel in English?

Breaking his faraway thought.

EDDIE

Uh, sure, I guess.

The bartender changes the channel to a CNN English feed.

BARTENDER

Is okay?

Eddie nods.

CNN ANCHOR (O.S.)

Officials are aggressively pursuing this investigation as the story seems to be growing by the hour. Enrique Francisco is a major--

Eddie turns to the TV.

CNN ANCHOR (CONT'D)

--person of interest as it is believed that Francisco contracted Mafia kingpin, Sarkis Azadian, to obtain the coffin of Morrison in what authorities believe to be motivated by television ratings. Azadain of course, was murdered two days ago in a Paris hotel.

(MORE)

CNN ANCHOR (CONT'D)

We have the footage from Enrique's cameras we're about to show you, capturing the horrific, staged crash which splayed Morrison's coffin and skeletal remains across a roadway a few miles from the harbor.

VIDEO SEQUENCE:

EXT. FRENCH COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

Enrique stands near a road holding a box labeled FASCINATION 127.

ENRIQUE

(into camera)

Only one article in the box. A poem.

We see the aged, hand written poem as Enrique reads it for the camera.

ENRIQUE (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Final flight of the Phoenix  
Near the fire  
Following maps toward true self  
The journey  
Hidden in alphabetic code  
Severance of feelings  
Locks  
Ties  
Coordinates in a box.

CREW MEMBER (O.C.)

Hey, hey, here it comes!

Enrique quickly turns to see a flat bed truck with the casket wrapped in a canvas tarp, secured with heavy rope.

ENRIQUE (O.C.)

You getting this?!

As it passes a four way intersection, a cement truck blasts into frame, STRIKING the flat bed, completely demolishing it.

ENRIQUE (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Yes!

Enrique hustles to the scene while turning back, speaking to the camera which bounces as it follows.

ENRIQUE (CONT'D)

My god, would you look at that.

The camera zooms on the partially exposed skeleton hanging out of the crushed coffin.

CUT TO:

Eddie's face registers shock, awe - disbelief.

ENRIQUE (O.C.) (CONT'D)  
 (stately)  
 There you have it. The truth  
 lies on this French country road.  
 Rest in peace? Not so much.

Eddie stares blankly at his drink - deep in thought..

FLASHBACK - END OF TUNNEL

Floyd steps down holding his end and tucks his body to the side of the wall as he guides the casket over the edge of the gurney.

FLOP!

Something falls out of Eddie's end. He looks down with his head lamp light. Illuminated on the muddy floor lies a hardened, water damaged bag of Plaster de Paris.

He desperately shoves the bag back into the hole. His head lamp reveals another bag of plaster inside, but aside from that - the coffin is empty.

BACK TO:

INT. PARIS AIRPORT TERMINAL - PRESENT

Eddie slides off from his stool, walking trance-like to a nearby table..

FLASHBACK - AUTHORITY OF RECORD

We see the document reads:

Security of Property Date: 07/05/1971

EDDIE  
 So you mean to tell me that the  
 plot was secured on May the  
 seventh?

FRENCH GIRL

Yes and the interred date at the back is when he was buried. That is when lease period starts.

BACK TO:

INT. PARIS AIRPORT TERMINAL - PRESENT

BARTENDER

Excuse? Everything is alright?

Eddie waves a hand at him and nods.

EXT. NEW ORLEANS SKYLINE - DAY

Late afternoon of a hot, muggy summer day.

INT. NEW ORLEANS CONDOMINIUM LIVING ROOM

Eddie hugs Katherine. Bill sits nearby, smiling.

KATHERINE

My God, your face.

EDDIE

It's nothing. How is he?

She beams.

KATHERINE

Great. Happy. How are you?

EDDIE

(referencing bruises)

Lumpy. But I'm good.

INT. CONDOMINIUM BEDROOM

Eddie enters to see an unmade, empty bed.

Quickly scanning the room, he notices the open window and rushes over to it, looking out. SCREECHING tires at the intersection below. Then, behind him..

CHANCE (O.C.)

Daddy?

Eddie turns to see his smiling son emerging from the bathroom with his puppy in tow.

EDDIE

My good boy.

He rushes over to scoop him up.

EDDIE (CONT'D)  
How you doing?

CHANCE  
Good.

EDDIE  
Like a new little man.

CHANCE  
Where were you?

EDDIE  
Working.

CHANCE  
Catching shrimp with Uncle Floyd?

EDDIE  
You got it. Had to go real far  
to get the big ones.

He sets him back down and takes his hand.

EDDIE (CONT'D)  
Come on. We're picking up lunch.

Eddie pulls the wax hand casting from his jacket pocket,  
setting it on the dresser.

EDDIE (CONT'D)  
Mind if I leave this here until  
we get back, pal?

CHANCE  
Sure.

EDDIE  
Don't want it getting crushed -  
it's my new good luck charm.

WAX HAND CASTING

as we see Eddie and his son leaving.

FADE OUT