

MICMACS

A FILM BY JEAN-PIERRE JEUNET

SCRIPT



CONFIDENTIAL DOCUMENT

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EPITHÈTE FILMS & TAPIOCA FILMS
in coproduction with WARNER BROS ENTERTAINMENT FRANCE
present



SCREENPLAY VERSION 17 - SEPTEMBER 2008

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1 / EXT. DESERT - DAY

April 1979
Bir Amzarane region. Western Sahara

An old military truck is parked on a track that winds its way through rocky dunes. The French flag flutters in the wind.

Near the track, a French mine-clearing unit is hard at work. Dressed in fatigues and protective gear, the soldiers proceed slowly, sweeping their mine detectors over the ground.

A short distance away, a few Moroccan peasants hold their donkeys by the bridle as they watch one of the soldiers from a safe distance away. Kneeling on the rocky ground, the soldier cautiously clears the sand from around a mine.

He is perspiring heavily and drops of sweat roll down into his eyes, bothering him as he works.

All of a sudden, seen from a distance, an explosion... a cloud of dust... the soldier's body falls backward.

The panicked donkeys run off, braying. The men remain rooted to the spot.

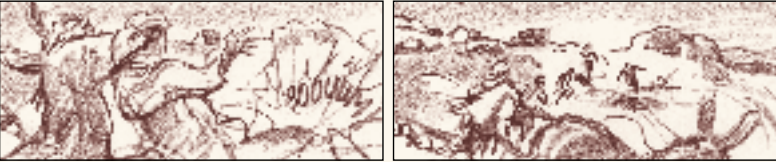
1-2



3-4



5-6



7-8

2 / INT. SUBURBAN HOME - DAY

In his bedroom, an eight-year-old BOY is gluing a gun turret to the model of a battleship. The phone rings in another room.

Someone answers it. Then a strange whimpering sound is heard. The little boy puts down his tube of glue and goes to the living room to see what's going on.

He finds his MOTHER standing in a daze, holding the receiver and staring at the wallpaper. She clamps one hand over her mouth as she emits a string of unusual little whimpers.

3 / INT. LIVING ROOM - SUBURBAN HOME - DAY

LATER...

After the funeral. The mourning family members talk in low voices.

The mother is sitting on the couch, staring off into space. The doorbell rings. The little boy goes to answer it.

At the door, he finds a French army officer in uniform, looking very uncomfortable, holding a cardboard box.

LATER...

Their eyes red, the relatives of the dearly departed take the deceased’s “personal effects” out of the box in front of the boy’s mother, who is completely out of it.

The boy grabs an item wrapped in white paper and runs off to his room with it. He unfolds the paper and in it, finds a piece of twisted metal: the fragment of shrapnel that killed his father...

As the child runs his fingertip over the sharp steel, he discovers a tiny emblem engraved on the metal: **a gladiator’s shield streaked with a lightning bolt.**

4 / INT. SUBURBAN HOME - DAY

SOME TIME LATER...

Two male nurses gently lead the boy’s mother out the door. She is still catatonic. One of the nurses carries her suitcase.

The little boy watches her go without shedding a tear. A stern-looking woman in a coat holds him tightly by the shoulder. In her other hand, she too carries a small suitcase.

5 / EXT. ORPHANAGE YARD - DAY

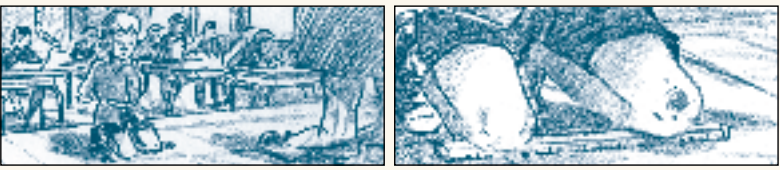
The little boy is in the middle of a line of other children in uniform, motionless and silent in the cold. Each one holds an arm out to the shoulder of the child in front, as they “line up at arm’s length”.



1-2

6 / INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

The boy struggles hard not to cry. Facing the rest of the class with his hands behind his back, he kneels on a square metal ruler.



1-2

7 / EXT. ORPHANAGE YARD - DAY

The orphanage handyman pushes a cart of dirty laundry baskets toward the gate, where the launderer’s van awaits.

With the driver’s help, the handyman barely manages to lift a huge basket, which they toss into the back of the van.

8 / INSIDE THE VAN

Camera closes in on the basket... through the wicker and under the sheets...

The little boy’s eyes shine in the dark.

We hear the heavy orphanage doors swing shut. Then the vehicle drives off. Shaken by the van’s jolts, the boy’s eyes start to quiver... then morph into...

9 / INT. VIDEO RENTAL STORE - NIGHT

...the boy as an adult, BAZIL.

TITLE-CARD :
30 years later
Rue des Fillettes, Aubervilliers (Paris outskirts)

Sprawled in his boss’s chair, eyes glued to a TV screen, BAZIL mouths in perfect sync the dialog of the movie he is watching.

MALE VOICE
I didn’t have a chance to thank you for what you did back there. You looked good, very good. I didn’t know they made them like that anymore.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)
I guess I’m in love with you.

MALE VOICE (BAZIL, still in sync)
Look, I’m tired. I ache all over, I killed a man back there and I had to stand by when a harmless guy was killed.

ANGLE on The Big Sleep, playing on the screen.

LAUREN BACALL
Why are you doing that?

HUMPHREY BOGART
I guess I’m in love with you...

LATER...

BAZIL squeezes a triangular portion of «Laughing Cow» cheese. The cheese oozes out like toothpaste from a tube, forming a question mark that BAZIL laps up with the tip of his tongue.

HUMPHREY BOGART (O.S.)
Hello, Eddie. This is Marlowe. Or what’s left of him.

LATER...

BAZIL uses a teaspoon to relentlessly scrape at the inside of an empty yogurt container. The movie score becomes increasingly dramatic. Shots ring out.

All of a sudden, the video store window shatters. BAZIL rushes to the door..

10 / EXT. RUE DES FILLETES – NIGHT

A real shoot-out is taking place in the street, to the music from *The Big Sleep*.

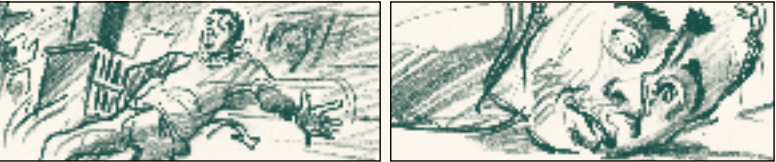
Two gangsters on a scooter fire at the occupants of a BMW. The car slams into a post. One of the passengers leaps out of the car and shoots at the scooter, which skids, swerves and crashes into a truck.

In ULTRA SLOW MOTION, the scooter passenger’s gun spins through the air, hits the ground and bounces... A bullet enters the chamber, the weapon bounces again, the firing pin strikes the shell... The bullet slides out of the barrel in a cloud of gunpowder and travels through the air, spiraling towards BAZIL’s head. It penetrates his skull and comes to a stop, scorching the brain matter around it like steak on a barbecue.

11 / INT. VIDEO STORE - NIGHT

BAZIL collapses next to the TV set. The dramatic music reaches its climax.

Blood trickles from BAZIL’s skull. He stares hazily at the tip of his nose, watching the blood drip slowly from the end of his nasal appendage... The music gradually fades.



12 / INT. SUBURBAN HOME - NIGHT - BAZIL’S FINAL VISION

BAZIL, aged 7, is having dinner with his parents in the kitchen of their suburban home. The room is lit by a dozen household candles.

Suddenly, the power comes back on.

THE ENTIRE FAMILY
Ahhhhh!!!

They all blow out the candles. But the power fails again, plunging the scene into darkness.

THE ENTIRE FAMILY
Ohhhhh!!!

13 / INT. VIDEO STORE - NIGHT

BAZIL looks dead. The film score resumes.

On the TV screen, in a melodramatic musical conclusion, the words “THE END” appear.

The Big Sleep’s end credits, in their old-fashioned typeface, start to roll. But a closer look reveals that they are in fact the opening credits of: MICMACS A TIRE-LARIGOT

14 / INT. OPERATING ROOM - DAY

A circular saw is cutting into a clean-shaven skull.

Through the glass of the operating room, we see a SURGEON in the middle of a procedure, flanked by several ASSISTANTS and nurses.

SURGEON (O.S.)
If I extract the bullet, I stand a 90% chance of turning him into a vegetable. If I don’t, there’s a 90% chance he’ll just drop dead one day.

ASSISTANT
Better to be alive and risk sudden death than live with no clue you’re alive, even if you stand no risk of dying.

SURGEON
You should’ve gone into philosophy, not medicine. Anyone got a coin?

The assistant takes a coin out of her pocket and slaps it down on her latex glove.

ASSISTANT
Heads.

SURGEON
Ok, I won’t touch a thing. His tough luck I guess: he’ll set off every airport metal detector.

15 / EXT. PARIS SUBURBAN BUILDING - DAY

Three months later

BAZIL, his crew-cut hair revealing a huge scar, enters the inner courtyard of a quaint apartment building, in the Paris outskirts.

Three little BOYS stop playing soccer when they see him.

Curtains part at some of the windows around the courtyard. Several tenants watch BAZIL as he steps into one of the buildings.

Up in the attic corridor leading to the garret rooms, BAZIL stops in front of a door. He takes out his keys and tries in vain to unlock the door.

CONCIERGE (O.S.)
They changed the lock.

Startled, BAZIL turns to the CONCIERGE, who lets out a whistle when she sees his scar.

CONCIERGE
Oh my! Did you comb your hair with a can opener?

BAZIL
What about all my clothes? Where are they?

CONCIERGE
(awkwardly)
In the basement, at first... But you know what people are like around here, after three days all that was left were the single socks.

Back in the courtyard, BAZIL sees the three boys.

He suddenly notices that they are all wearing oversized clothes.

BAZIL
Hey, you!... Come over here!... Isn’t that my hat?

The boys keep playing, goading him.

BAZIL starts snapping his fingers, creating a frenzied rhythm. The three boys freeze, gaping at him.

He moves closer to them and does it again. With a nod of his head, he encourages them to do the same.

The kids try but without much success. BAZIL shakes his head and moves even closer, repeating his performance.

The boys make another attempt. BAZIL shakes his head again, steps closer once more and... suddenly lunges out and grabs his hat.

The boys scamper off.

CONCIERGE (O.S.)
BAZIL! Mr. BAZIL!

She approaches him, carrying a duffel bag.

CONCIERGE
This is for you... Fell off the back of a van... 100% cotton!

BAZIL opens the bag and takes out a pile of French national soccer team jerseys.

CONCIERGE
You have a job, you'll find somewhere to live...

16 / INT. VIDEO STORE - DAY

Carrying the sports bag, BAZIL enters the store where he was “working” the night of the shoot-out.

A girl (LOLA) in a miniskirt and plunging neckline is sitting in his spot, chewing gum and watching a Tex Avery cartoon.

BAZIL
Hi, is Serge here?

SERGE, a stout fellow in his fifties, emerges from the back storeroom. The girl immediately straightens up and adopts a flattering pose.

SERGE
Hey, BAZIL! Back from the dead, so to speak.

BAZIL
Barely made it.

SERGE (sarcastically)
So, what’s cooking in that brain of yours?

The girl giggles on cue.

BAZIL
Well, here I am... Ready to get back to work.

SERGE
Well, uh... I had to get somebody to replace you. I hired Lola for a 3-month trial period... Very promising.

He gives the girl a knowing look.

LOLA (awkwardly)
We just signed a permanent contract.

BAZIL
I see...

In the ensuing silence, his gaze is drawn to the Tex Avery cartoon. In it, a caveman has a fringe of hair over his eyes. The “villain” pulls a string and the fringe opens like a curtain. With the other hand, he shoots the caveman at point blank range, making a hole in his forehead. He lets go of the string and the curtain falls!

17 / EXT. RUE DES FILLETES - DAY

BAZIL leaves the store with his head hung low.
The girl runs after him, unstable on her excessively high heels.

LOLA
Mr. BAZIL! Mr. BAZIL!

Startled, BAZIL turns to her.

LOLA
Don’t listen to him... I have a boyfriend. His name's Ricardo.

BAZIL nods.

LOLA (acting mysterious)
Mr. BAZIL, I have something to tell you...

BAZIL stares blankly at her.

LOLA
Every evening, Ricardo picks me up on his motorbike... He parks right here, where you got shot... And one day...

18 / EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY (FLASH BACK)

The girl is on the back of the motorbike, holding on to a young man’s leather jacket.

LOLA (O.S.)
We were riding along and we heard this little noise, like a pebble stuck in the tire...

The wheel spins with a regular ticking sound.
The motorbike pulls over. The young man pulls out a flick-knife and pries something out of the tire grooves.

19 / EXT. RUE DES FILLETES - DAY

LOLA (hands behind her back)
Pick a hand.

BAZIL points to her right hand.
She holds out a small metal object – a bullet casing.

LOLA
I thought about making a pendant out of it but... all things considered, you should have it.

BAZIL stares at an emblem engraved on the casing: an explosion with a sword above it.

He examines it for a long time, stroking his head...

20 / INT. SUBWAY CORRIDOR - DAY

In a busy subway corridor, BAZIL sees a WOMAN up ahead, singing with her back to a big pillar. People toss coins into her cap on the ground.

SINGER
“She puts her head under her feet and her toes in her nose...”

BAZIL moves discreetly to the other side of the pillar and, in perfect sync, starts to mouth the words to the woman’s song, as he was doing with The Big Sleep dialog.

BAZIL / SINGER
“She rolls up in a ball and nibbles her knees, what you can do with the ELASTIC GIRL, is wild as you please...”

Coins start to drop into BAZIL’s hat, as passersby don’t even realize that BAZIL is singing with a woman’s voice.

BAZIL’s hat is soon filled with coins. He picks up his loot and is about to leave when he suddenly pauses and looks back at the singer, who is making such an effort.

Filled with remorse, he nonchalantly walks by her and tips all his coins into her cap, to which she responds with a hearty “Thank you!”.

21 / INT. SUBWAY - EVENING

BAZIL steps onto a subway during rush hour.

BAZIL (uncomfortable)
Ladies and gentlemen, forgive me for disturbing you...

Just then, a huge PUNK GUY sporting an outrageous Mohawk, boards the subway. Two PUNK CHICKS with piercings everywhere are with him. The three of them bump into other passengers as they make their way inside the car.

BAZIL
Uh, I recently had an accident...

PUNK GUY
(in a loud voice)
That's the way the cookie crumbles...

The girls laugh, chewing on their gum.

BAZIL (pointing to his head)
And this scar...

PUNK GUY
That's the way the pickle crunches!

Obnoxious laughter from the trio.

Just then, the door signal sounds and echoes in BAZIL's head like a siren. His eyes lose focus and he stares into space.

22 / INT. SUBWAY - BAZIL'S FANTASY

BAZIL shoves everyone towards the subway doors just as they start to close.

The punk's Mohawk gets trapped in the doors. The train starts moving.

Afraid of ripping his hair out, the hoodlum stands motionless, his hands flat against the windows, helpless and mortified.

The passengers smile broadly. Even the two punk girls laugh.

23 / EXT. SOUP KITCHEN - DAY

From across the street, BAZIL watches the poor wait in line for food, but doesn't dare join them.

After a while, a YOUNG WOMAN serving the meals notices him. She smiles kindly and beckons him over.

Ashamed, BAZIL points to himself questioningly. She nods. BAZIL lets out a forced laugh and points to a sign marked "Taxi."

The young woman gestures an apology and he signals back a "no offense taken".

Just then, a taxi pulls up in front of him. BAZIL sheepishly walks away. The girl smiles, not fooled for a second.

24 / EXT. CEMENT WORKS - EVENING

Lying on a mound of sand near a cement works on a embankment of the Seine, BAZIL tries to get comfortable beneath sheets of cardboard.

When he pulls the cardboard up, he uncovers his feet. With his toes, he pulls the cardboard back down, but that bares his chin.

A river cruise ship sails by. The sound of people partying on deck can be heard.

25 / EXT. DESERTED SQUARE - EARLY MORNING

It's five a.m. and Paris is waking up. His shoes in one hand, BAZIL ambles alongside a municipal street cleaning truck, washing his feet in the spray of water emerging from the vehicle.

He now hops on one leg, to avoid touching the ground with his clean foot.



26 / EXT. SHOPPING STREET – DAY

All the customers sitting at the terrace of a small café are roaring with laughter.

In front of them on the sidewalk, BAZIL is putting on a show, miming an automaton like a real pro...

Across the street, an elderly MAN with the look of an ex con, sits by a small sidewalk stand filled with bric-a-brac. He watches the scene.

BAZIL bows to the café patrons, as though he were on stage.

Then he walks among them, holding out his hat, and collects quite a bit of change.

The man in the kiosk watches his every move.

BRIC-A-BRAC MAN (to BAZIL)
Psst!

BAZIL pauses, startled.

BRIC-A-BRAC MAN
Yeah, you... Got a minute?

He grabs a metal stool that is for sale in his kiosk, flips it right way up and sets it down. Intrigued, BAZIL sits cautiously.

BRIC-A-BRAC MAN (rolling a cigarette)
I spent three-quarters of my life in the joint, so my friends call me SLAMMER.

BAZIL
I'm BAZIL.

SLAMMER
I know. You have a slug in your bean. You've been on the street for two months. No friends. You don't drink, you don't do drugs, you're resourceful...



The ones who don't break down right away usually have a goal. What's your goal, kid?

BAZIL
Me? I don't have one.

The man glances at him through a billow of smoke, like he doesn't buy it.

BAZIL (pointing to his head)
With my bullet up here, all the fuses could blow at any time... So might as well live from one day to the next.

The man responds by unbuttoning the collar of his shirt and bowing his head, revealing a deep, wide scar at the back of his neck.

SLAMMER
The widowmaker jammed on me.

BAZIL stares at him blankly.

SLAMMER
The guillotine... back in '59... The blade stuck. Just nicked my hide. Only ever happened twice in all of History. So they pardoned me.

BAZIL nods, impressed.

SLAMMER
Now, you need to get that bullet out of your head... That's the goal.

BAZIL
Can't be done, the surgeon said...

SLAMMER (interrupting)
I meant that figuratively.

He rises to his feet.

SLAMMER
Follow me. There's a family that wants to adopt you.

27 / EXT. SUBURBAN STREETS - DAY

His head encased in a full helmet, SLAMMER drives an old moped through an industrial suburban cityscape. The bike drags a trailer filled with the bric-a-brac from his stand. BAZIL is balanced on the luggage rack.

28 / EXT. JUNKYARD HEADQUARTERS - DAY

They pull up in a large junkyard filled with automobiles, heaps of scrap metal, electromagnet cranes, piles of engines, tires and hulks of cars.

SLAMMER sets the moped on its stand and waves to a man wearing blue coveralls and a 50s hat.

SLAMMER (to BAZIL)
That's Max. This is his place. Our end of the deal is to hold the fort at night. And if thieves show up...

He pulls on a rope. Via a pulley system, an articulated scrap metal jumping jack suddenly springs up, shaking every which way and waving a nightstick. SLAMMER steps on a pump, which sends air into a whistle at the mannequin's lips. He and BAZIL have a laugh.

They approach a mountain of scrap. A heavy boat door leans against it, inscribed with the words "TIRE-LARIGOT" (Like there's no tomorrow).

SLAMMER grabs the hand wheel with both hands, pulls the door open... revealing the entrance to a passageway.





29 / INT. METAL TUNNEL - DAY

SLAMMER and BAZIL step into a tunnel with metal walls, and proceed deep inside the scrap-heap.

They reach a sort of cave, hollowed out in the pile of metal that form its walls. Here and there, fragments of fenders, springs and propeller shafts, stick out of the walls.

In the center of the cave, five individuals work rhythmically and in perfect unison, like elves in a cartoon, sorting, repairing and arranging a mountain of sundry objects.

A Black man - REMINGTON - sits at an old typewriter, drawing up inventory of everything and selecting, with nods of his head, which items are to be repaired and which get scrapped.

BUSTER, a man whose face shows he has had his share of accidents, is busy brushing, oiling and repairing things.

All refurbished objects are transported in a small cart to a dreamy young woman - CALCULATOR - who labels them and packs them in boxes.

BAZIL (whispering)
Why "Like there's no tomorrow"?

SLAMMER (shouting)
Because here we salvage junk...???

ALL
Like there's no tomorrow!!!

SLAMMER
Come on, I'll introduce you...

Nearby, at an old-fashioned gas stove, a good-natured woman (MAMA CHOW) is pouring a huge pile of boiled potatoes into a masher the size of a small washtub.

SLAMMER (in a low voice)
She decides who we recruit...

As they draw closer, the woman sizes up BAZIL through the steam from the potatoes.

WOMAN
So you're the one who takes in stray bullets?

BAZIL
Yes, ma'am.

WOMAN
My name's MAMA CHOW.

She sticks out her elbow to BAZIL, who shakes it like a hand.

She nods to the others, working busily.

MAMA CHOW
Here we salvage stuff, sort it and fix it. Everybody pitches in. Except for TINY PETE... He's different... He's an artist...

She points to TINY PETE, a little old man in grey work clothes, at a workbench.

With a mischievous glint in his eye, TINY PETE pushes a button. Two little mallets start banging a saucepan. A suitcase opens and, to the sound of a scratched old vinyl record, a small mouse made of odds and ends pops out and starts to dance to the music. A rusty little metallic monkey holds his cap out to BAZIL.

Everyone applauds.

SLAMMER
We bring him anything he can use.

CALCULATOR approaches BAZIL without a word, and sizes him up from head to toe.

CALCULATOR (examining him)
23.2"... 40.9"... 16.5"...

BUSTER immediately rushes over and, using a tape-measurer, checks BAZIL's hat size, chest and neck measurements... He gives a thumbs-up to indicate she is right on the money.

SLAMMER
We call her CALCULATOR. Her father was a land surveyor and her mother did clothes alterations. She's got a pea brain but hawk eyes.

REMINGTON
"Hawk Eyes"...

He types the expression.

REMINGTON
The white man has hawk eyes, he could eat a horse, he's a good egg, gets a bee in his bonnet and doesn't know which came first, the chicken or the egg...

SLAMMER
He was an ethnologist in Brazzaville...

BUSTER plants himself right in front of BAZIL.

BUSTER
So you're the one with a pickle in your noodle?

BAZIL
Yessir.

BUSTER
Any after-effects?

BAZIL
Not too many.
I occasionally have to exercise my memory.

BUSTER
BUSTER's the name...
(pointing to BAZIL's head)
You know the caliber?

BAZIL
Nine millimeter.



BUSTER
Not bad. I have a pigskin patch in my esophagus.

SLAMMER
He used to be a fire-eater. One day, it went down the wrong pipe.

BAZIL
Ah...

BUSTER
I also have carbon fiber staples in my bronchial tubes...

SLAMMER
He busted a lung in a hot water bottle explosion contest.

BUSTER
Plus a bicycle dynamo head in my gut, iron filings in my intestines... not to mention three neck bones welded together with a titanium tube!

SLAMMER
His dream is to get his name in the Guinness Book of World Records!

BUSTER
I already did, back in '74! Six hundred and ninety five feet! I beat the human cannonball record!

SLAMMER
We never saw the certificate...

BUSTER
I told you, it was stolen. But just wait until the next edition, they haven't heard the last of me!

MAMA CHOW
Don't worry, you'll be in the Guinness someday... As the person who missed the most records!

Meanwhile, CALCULATOR who is trying in vain to move a car engine, turns to TINY PETE.



CALCULATOR
TINY PETE, could I trouble you...?

The scrawny little old man limps over to her. He picks up the huge steel engine... lifts it with a grunt... and sets it down on a high shelf. Then he slowly shuffles back to his workbench.

Everybody laughs at the look on BAZIL's face.

MAMA CHOW (to BAZIL)
Now that you're part of the family, would you get the cream out of the fridge for me ?

She points to a nearby refrigerator. BAZIL starts toward it then turns, surprised by the silence. Everyone is staring at him...

Even REMINGTON's fingers are suspended in mid-air above his typewriter and TINY PETE has stopped welding.

BAZIL opens the fridge. He is perplexed for a second, before he realizes what is inside: a human body!

He recoils with a start and the others burst out laughing.

The body unfurls and slowly extricates itself from the fridge. It is a young woman (ELASTIC GIRL), sporting a boyish haircut.

She looks at BAZIL with a grumpy expression.

CONTORTIONIST (to BAZIL)
What are you staring at? Who are you anyway?

BAZIL
BAZIL.

CONTORTIONIST (noticing the others)
Very funny! You bunch of bozos!

They all giggle foolishly.

BUSTER
She's got a short fuse, but she's always the first to bend over backwards for other people.

BAZIL
She's a contortionist?

SLAMMER
From the day she was born. When she was five and her father beat her, she'd hide out in the icebox.

ELASTIC GIRL
Look who's talking! You spent so many years in the joint without laces on your shoes, that you can't even remember how to tie them!

She twists her body in a downward spiral and ties his shoelaces.

REMINGTON (typing)
"Short fuse..."

MAMA CHOW
So, REMINGTON! What did we bring in today, besides words?

REMINGTON (reading off his sheet of paper)
Three crowbars, a pair of jelly shoes, a mouse pad, a milk simmer ring, a yellow garden gnome and eight tap wrenches. Two hot pads and a bedspread...

MAMA CHOW (interrupting him)
Good work, kids. Come 'n eat, the mashed potatoes are ready!

30 / EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

An odd-looking three-wheeled pickup is parked along a canal. The flatbed is full of all kinds of utensils, a TV set, tennis rackets and a stroller, among other things.

Alongside the pickup, a dumpster overflows with piles of bulky items, discarded by local residents.

BAZIL’s voice emerges from inside the dumpster, bellowing a strange song in an unknown language.

All of a sudden, a plank stands straight up in the air and comes to rest on the edge of the dumpster, just above the three-wheeled pickup.

From inside the dumpster, BAZIL balances an old baby carriage on the end of the plank, then fills it with a sewing machine, a gas ring, a welding torch and an iron... all the while commenting his actions in a made-up Flemish language.

He emerges from the dumpster through a side door and, with the moves of a fly-fisherman, casts a fishing line that wraps itself around the end of the plank.

Reeling in the line, he see-saws the plank onto the edge of the three-wheeler pickup.

The baby carriage hurtles down the slope and the pile of items spills into the vehicle’s flatbed.

31 / EXT. ANOTHER SUBURBAN STREET – DAY

BAZIL drives his pickup, now packed with the treasures he has scavenged. The vehicle jolts along the cobblestones of an industrial neighborhood.

All of a sudden, a standard lamp and a vacuum cleaner fall out and crash to the ground. BAZIL screeches to a halt.

He gets out, picks up the vacuum cleaner and tosses it back into the pickup. The lamp has fallen in a puddle of water, a few yards away,.

As BAZIL is about to pick it up, the rippling water settles. A neon image is reflected in the water. It is exactly the same emblem that was on the mine that killed his father.

BAZIL looks up. At the top of an imposing building he sees a **gladiator’s shield, streaked with a lightning bolt**. Underneath, the words: “Vigilante de l’Armement.” (VDA)

He slowly looks around. On the other side of the street, there is another industrial building with a logo: A sword above an explosion, the same as on the casing of the bullet in his skull. Underneath, the words: “Les Arsenaux d’Aubervilliers.” (ADA)

Melodramatic orchestra music swells, underscoring the intensity of the moment... Camera PANS around BAZIL, revealing that he is surrounded by... a full orchestra. Strings, brass, woodwind, a hundred and twenty musicians on a stage...

BAZIL slams the palm of his hand on his scar and the orchestra vanishes.

He glances from one building to the other, then takes a coin out of his pocket and flips it. Tails. He walks towards the ADA building.



32 / INT. ADA LOBBY - DAY

BAZIL pushes the front door and enters the building, looking like a tourist visiting a museum.

A receptionist is stationed at a counter on front of him. A uniformed SECURITY GUARD stands next to the counter, eyeing BAZIL suspiciously.

BAZIL walks over, frowning at the display cases full of trophies, medals and awards. With the air of a true connoisseur, he examines cross sections of bomb shells displayed on a shelf.

A surveillance camera does a “double-take” as if it can’t believe its lens, and rotates to hone in on him.

BAZIL is studying the company organizational chart that is posted on the wall.

At the top of the pyramid he reads: “7th floor: CEO Nicolas Thibault DE FENOUILLET” next to a picture of an executive sporting a buzz cut.

Meanwhile, the security guard has walked over to BAZIL and speaks into his ear.

SECURITY GUARD
Can I help you?

BAZIL (with a start)
I’d like to see Mr. DE FENOUILLET.

SECURITY GUARD
You have an appointment?

BAZIL (pointing to his head)
I have something in my head... that concerns him.

SECURITY GUARD (very wary)
If it’s a project or an idea, your best bet is to send it in writing.



Two other security guards approach.

BAZIL
I could always send him my CAT scan, but I'd rather see him eye to eye.

SECURITY GUARD (taking him for a lunatic)
You're leaving right now.

BAZIL nods and acts as if he is about to leave. All of a sudden, he attempts a sprint toward the staircase.

DE FENOUILLET's bodyguard, MATEO, and two of the security guards grab him and drag him to the exit.

33 / EXT. VDA BUILDING - DAY

BAZIL is dropped on the sidewalk.

The head security guard pats his cheek and the men go back inside.

BAZIL slowly looks up at the 7th floor. All of a sudden, he notices some activity across the street, outside the VDA building.

Two catering vans are being unloaded by a throng of employees. Tablecloths, trestles, crates of champagne, boxes of canapés...

They are obviously preparing a reception.

As BAZIL approaches, two impatient hands emerge from the back of one of the vans, holding out a crate full of stemmed glasses.

EMPLOYEE (O.S.)
Move it!!

Seeing nobody around, BAZIL walks over and the crate lands on his shoulder.

He heads for the service entrance.

Each time he passes other waiters, he swivels around to conceal his face behind the crate. Nobody pays any attention to him.

34 / INT. BEHIND THE SCENES AT THE RECEPTION - DAY

BAZIL unloads the crate and peeks behind a curtain.

He spots a rack supporting a dozen waiter outfits: black jackets, white shirts and bowties.

He approaches, swipes a hanger and vanishes down a dark hallway.

LATER...

35 / INT. RECEPTION HALL - DAY

LATER, in a vast reception hall, VDA employees and their spouses dressed in their Sunday best, crowd around the buffet tables.

Top level EXECUTIVES mingle with foreign GENERALS and COLONELS, and various other OFFICIALS decorated with red ribbons.

BAZIL moves through the crowd, holding a tray.

The guests take glasses of champagne without looking at him, which gives him the opportunity to linger and pick up snatches of conversation.

OFFICER
With its built-in 155, the Cesar is easier to handle than the Beaufort...

FELLOW GUEST
True, but it can't be transported by air!

Pretending to take part in the conversation, BAZIL nods and mimes the answers in silence but no one notices because, in this sort of setting the "minor folks" are ignored, as though they were invisible.

A bit further.

EXECUTIVE
Well in any case, the Leclerc can fire from any incline and still strike its target...

A short distance away, another executive is chatting with a colleague's wife.

WOMAN
...what about that Handicap International report, claiming cluster bomblets are 70% more deadly than anti-personnel mines... did it harm your sales?

EXECUTIVE
Are you kidding? It increased our profits by 120%...

BAZIL has made his way to the middle of the large room.

A pudgy bald MAN WITH GLASSES is speaking into a microphone.

MAN WITH GLASSES (in a soothing tone)
...thanks to our latest design, the hollow charge cones that project a spray of copper shrapnel at eight thousand meters per second.
As you know, we are now number one in the field of fragmentation ammunition!

A round of applause hails this achievement.

MAN WITH GLASSES
Our CBU 87 scatters 202 projectiles, and can clear the equivalent of four soccer fields. Our equipment was present in the Gulf, Kosovo and Afghanistan...

A mutter of satisfaction rises from the crowd.

MAN WITH GLASSES
It's now time to call to this podium the man who propelled us to success and is shaping our future - our CEO François MARCONI!!!

MARCONI strides athletically to the podium and raises his arms to thunderous applause.

He hushes the crowd.

MARCONI
My son gave me a drawing for Father's Day.
At school, the kids were asked to draw their favorite tree. So he drew a Christmas tree with its branches sagging under the weight of all kinds of grenades: defensive, offensive...

The crowd laughs.

MARCONI
Don't laugh. I was deeply moved...

Respectful silence instantly settles over the audience.

MARCONI
When my grandfather ran VDA, 75-year-old cannons were still stored in our warehouses. In a few years, my son will pick up the torch. Some of you have also been here for three generations.

MARCONI (becoming impassioned)
And that's the secret of our success: we're a true family!

His effect on the audience is instantaneous.

BAZIL and the other waiters stand motionless with their trays. Everyone has lost their interest in food.

MARCONI
(with inspired vigor)
Thanks to you all, VDA is now more than ever on the cutting edge of technology!
Our tracer, explosive and armor-piercing bullets are the most effective, destructive and incisive!

The audience chortles with glee.

MARCONI
Rimbaud started out as a poet and ended up as an arms dealer... And I aim to do the opposite!

The audience titters complacently at his wit.

MARCONI
But before I retire, I fully intend to keep making ambition rhyme with ammunition, and business rhyme with success!
Long live VDA!

36 / EXT. IN FRONT OF VDA - NIGHT

Night has fallen.

The cocktail party is winding down as the last guests leave through the main entrance and climb into cabs or dark chauffeur-driven automobiles.

At the wheel of his three-wheeled pickup parked a short distance away, BAZIL watches the scene through a pair of binoculars taken from his pile of junk.

MARCONI steps out of the building, shakes a few hands and gets into the back of a luxury sedan.

BAZIL starts his two-stroke engine.

37 / EXT. SUBURBAN STREETS - NIGHT

The pickup tails MARCONI's car at a distance.

They leave the industrial suburbs, drive through several tunnels and get on the Paris Beltway.

They reach the Porte de Saint Cloud. The Parc des Princes soccer stadium is floodlit. It's a game night.

38 / EXT. BELTWAY TUNNEL - NIGHT

They are stuck in traffic inside a tunnel, right beneath the stadium.

BAZIL stares up at the tunnel ceiling.

Camera RISES, travels through the concrete archway and the layer of lawn and emerges on the playing field, at grass level.



39 / EXT. PARC DES PRINCES STADIUM - NIGHT

The floodlit stadium rumbles to the clamor of the crowd.

Penalty kick. The goalkeeper sets up a wall of players.

In the stands, two ANNOUNCERS with headphones commentate the match.

ANNOUNCER #1
Let me just remind everyone of the new rule in effect since the start of the season... An anti-personnel mine is buried somewhere on the playing field...

ANNOUNCER #2
That's right, Jean-Michel, and this renewed suspense is brought to us by the French Soccer Fed...

Suddenly, an explosion on the field propels a player into the air. As he falls with one leg ripped off, a roar rises from the stands.

ANNOUNCER #1 (enthusiastically)
Well, Chris, the suspense was certainly short-lived tonight! That was the Lorient striker, Désiré Sylvestre, who...

Sitting a little further down in the VIP stand, François MARCONI, smiling modestly, accepts the congratulations of officials all around him.

He swerves and drives into the emergency lane to catch up with MARCONI's car.

41 / INT. MARCONI'S CAR - NIGHT

Inside the silent car, a tired MARCONI is sprawled on the back seat.

GEORGE
You were brilliant tonight, sir.

MARCONI
Thank you, George.

GEORGE
So, Arthur Rimbaud ended up in the arms business. Is that a historical fact?

MARCONI
Absolutely. Which didn't prevent him from having one leg amputated and dying of gangrene.

A beat. The car drives on in silence.

GEORGE
And Baudelaire died of syphilis, I believe?

MARCONI (nodding)
Verlaine had the DTs, Lorca was executed, André Chénier decapitated, Nerval hung himself from a lamp-post...

GEORGE
Well... I'll never encourage my son to become a poet.

The two men nod pensively.

42 / EXT. POSH NEIGHBORHOOD, STREET - NIGHT

The sedan pulls up in front of a luxurious late 19th-century building, with a private courtyard and a stone pediment.

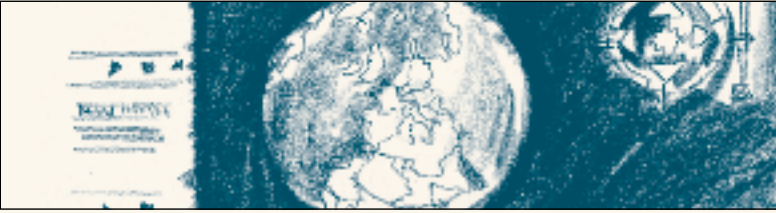
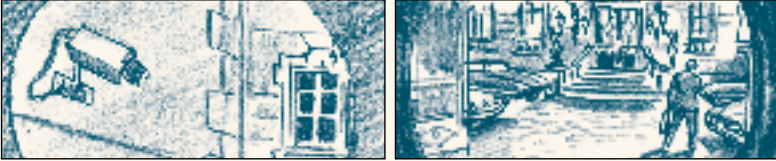
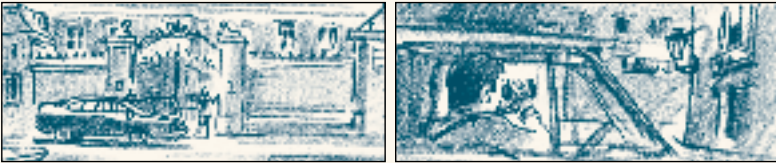
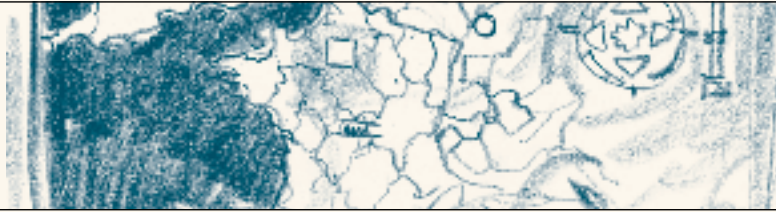
The chauffeur opens the car door for MARCONI, who gets out and types in the security code at the front gate.

The three-wheeler pickup parks discreetly at a distance. BAZIL watches through the binoculars.

Above the gate is a surveillance camera. A fleet of vintage automobiles is parked in the vast courtyard, including a 60s Porsche, a 70s Mustang, a Lamborghini, etc...

Before the gate closes, BAZIL catches a glimpse of MARCONI caressing the hood of a gorgeous Alfa Romeo with the back of his hand.

On Google Earth: we zoom in on Europe, then France, then Paris and finally on MARCONI's block... A dotted line like in science documentaries, shows the path of BAZIL's pickup as he drives around the block and parks in a parallel street, in front of the building adjacent to MARCONI's.



43 / EXT. ADJACENT BUILDING - NIGHT

BAZIL selects several items from the back of his vehicle and stuffs them into a canvas shoulder bag.

LATER...

He waits at the wheel of the pickup. To pass the time, he tears off the tip of a portion of Laughing Cow and squeezes the toothpasty-looking cheese into his mouth.

Suddenly, the building door swings open. The janitor emerges, pushing a garbage can on wheels, which he leave on the edge of the sidewalk.



He goes back inside, leaving the door wide open. His bag slung across his chest, BAZIL rushes over and flattens himself against the wall next to the entrance.

When the janitor comes out with a second garbage can, BAZIL furtively slips inside the building.

44 / INT. BUILDING STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Stealthy as a cat, BAZIL dashes up the thickly-carpeted staircase.

He reaches the top floor. A metal emergency ladder is hooked to a skylight. BAZIL pulls it down.

45 / EXT. MARCONI'S NEIGHBORHOOD, ROOFTOP - NIGHT

BAZIL moves over the zinc rooftops, skirts rows of chimneys, crosses over a stone walkway and reaches the roof of MARCONI's building.

He reaches a row of chimneys and pulls an old cassette recorder out of his bag. He connects it to a mike at the end of a long cable and adjusts a pair of WWII-era headphones over his ears. He pushes the red recorder button and lowers the mike into the first chimney.

46 / INT. BOURGEOIS APARTMENT - NIGHT

The mike appears in the fireplace of an old-fashioned apartment.

An ancient couple is sitting opposite each other, in threadbare armchairs.

ELDERLY WOMAN
You complain all the time! You haven't stopped complaining for forty years!

ELDERLY MAN (philosophical)
And for forty years you've been complaining about my complaining! Birds of a feather flock together! (sardonically) Right, my darling?

ELDERLY WOMAN
"My darling"... You old fogey!

The mike disappears.

47 / EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

BAZIL lowers the mike into the next flue.

Through the earphones he hears the sound of a spring, squeaking rhythmically, bringing to mind an erotic scene.

48 / INT. STAIRS IN DUPLEX APARTMENT - NIGHT

The noise actually comes from a spring toy that a little girl is playing with, on the stairs leading down to her bedroom.

49 / EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

With a sigh, BAZIL retrieves the mike and tries a third chimney.

50 / INT. ANOTHER APARTMENT - NIGHT

The mike clinks quietly against the ball of an andiron.

MARCONI (O.S.)
Well? Did you have a good day?

MARCONI is sitting erect on a sofa. His 10-year-old SON stands demurely before him.

An African NANNY waits respectfully in the background.

SON (meekly)
Yes, father.

51 / EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Recognizing the voice, BAZIL adjusts his earphones and sits down, his back against the row of chimneys. The conversation continues.

MARCONI (O.S.)
I talked about you today... I made an excellent speech...

52 / INT. MARCONI'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

MARCONI
I even compared myself to Rimbaud... Know who he is?

SON
Yes, of course. But you need to start working out.

MARCONI
Not Rambo, Rimbaud!
(to the nanny) Get him to brush his teeth and put him to bed!

NANNY
Yes, sir.

The boy apprehensively plants a light kiss on his father's cheek and follows the nanny out of the room without another word.

As soon as they leave, MARCONI relaxes his stiff posture and sprawls out on the sofa, turning on the TV with the remote.

53 / EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

BAZIL hears the TV program through his earphones. He huddles up because the night air has turned chilly.

As he listens to the program, he grabs the binoculars and sweeps them over the lit windows of another building. He finds a TV set showing the same program. Now he has the sound and the picture.

LATER...

The moon is in a different place... The TV sound is punctuated with snores. Down below, MARCONI has dozed off.

BAZIL
(in a low voice)
Mind exercise number 3... World Cup Finals...
1966: Wembley, England vs. Germany, 4-3;
1970: Mexico City: Brazil vs. Italy, 4-1;
1974: Munich, Germany vs. Netherlands, 2-1;
1978: Buenos Aires, Argentina vs. the Netherlands, 3-1...

For each event mentioned, clips from Soccer World Cup Final footage appear SUPERIMPOSED above BAZIL.

Suddenly needing to relieve himself, he moves as close as the cable will allow to the edge of the roof and pees in the gutter.

54 / EXT. MARCONI'S BUILDING, COURTYARD - NIGHT

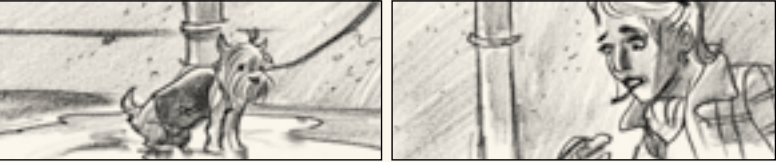
A woman is walking her tiny dog. The animal, a female, happens to squat next to the gutter outlet. A puddle starts to spread beneath the tiny dog and keeps spreading and spreading... The woman is completely flabbergasted.



1-2

3-4

1-2



55 / EXT. ROOFTOP – NIGHT

All of a sudden, a ringing sound in BAZIL's headphones almost causes him to lose his balance.

MARCONI (O.S.)
Hello? How did you get this number?

56 / INT. MARCONI'S APARTMENT – NIGHT

MARCONI has risen from the sofa and paces nervously with his cordless phone.

MARCONI (continuing)
...I see... This isn't the sort of matter that can be discussed over the phone... No, I prefer someplace public... Let's say Wednesday, 3 p.m. in the sporting goods department at the Galleries Lafayette.

MARCONI hangs up. Without looking around, he claps his hands and a gas fire flares up in the fireplace.

57 / EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

BAZIL hears strange crackling sounds in his headphones. He pulls the cable up as fast as he can and his half-melted, smoking microphone emerges from the chimney.

58 / INT. JUNKYARD HEADQUARTERS – DAY

In the junkyard hideaway, everyone is eating waffles, on which MAMA

CHOW sprinkles powdered sugar.

MAMA CHOW (motherly)
Don't eat too many, I did put rum in the batter.

Sitting around the table, ELASTIC GIRL, BUSTER and REMINGTON wait their turn, their mouths watering as they watch BAZIL and CALCULATOR spread jam on the waffles they have just been served.

MAMA CHOW ties a napkin around CALCULATOR's neck. Embarrassed, the young woman quickly removes it, glancing at BAZIL out of the corner of her eye.

A little further away, at the "sorting station", two STREET KIDS unload an assortment of objects.

MAMA CHOW
Hurry up, urchins... Get 'em while you can!

ELASTIC GIRL (to BAZIL)
I hear you have a great story about a sea lion...

BUSTER (glancing conspiratorially at her)
Yeah... the sea lion... tell them about the sea lion!

Flattered, BAZIL puts his waffle down and starts his story.

BAZIL (laughing to himself)
Yes... This is a true story that happened in Australia, after an oil spill... they rescued a sea lion covered with oil... they cleaned him up, fed him, looked after him for a month...

The others all nod with feigned interest as they help themselves to more waffles. Meanwhile ELASTIC GIRL stealthily pulls BAZIL's plate to her, as CALCULATOR looks on angrily.

BAZIL
...and then they decided to return him to the ocean... so 40,000 people show up for the event, cameramen, photographers... all his rescuers are in tears, as you can imagine...

THE OTHERS
(gorging, their mouths full)
Hmm... yes... yes...

BAZIL
... so he swims off through the waves to the cheers of the crowd... and then... at that very moment... he gets eaten by a killer whale!

Everyone is splitting their sides except for CALCULATOR who looks compassionately at BAZIL as he gradually realizes that there isn't a single waffle left and that he's been tricked.

REMINGTON
Alas, homo sapiens comes a cropper at times...

ELASTIC GIRL
...and gets put through the mill!

One of the kids approaches the table with a book under his arm. It's the 1974 Guinness Book of World Records.

STREET KID
Mr. BUSTER... Isn't this you, here in the Guinness Book?

BUSTER
Holy Moses! The '74 edition!

They all gather around the book.
At the bottom of the page is a photo of a much younger BUSTER, dressed in a protective suit and waving to the audience with a nervous grin.

REMINGTON (reading)
"Théodore Henri from Montreuil, a Paris suburb, shattered the human cannonball record set by Maurice Grumpy in 1966...

BUSTER (moved)
What did I tell you?

He turns proudly to MAMA CHOW for approval. She gives him an admiring thumbs-up.

BUSTER (to the kid)
May I keep this, kid?

KID
Uh... Sure... But will you sign my tee-shirt?

TINY PETE hands BUSTER a felt tip marker. Flattered, he signs: "T. Henri."

BAZIL (suddenly inspired)
T. Henri! Stay right there... I've got a job for you.

He rushes off.

A LITTLE LATER

BUSTER is signing "T. Henri" (NB: Thierry Henry is a player for the French national soccer team) on every one of BAZIL's French soccer team jerseys.

BUSTER
You've got something up your sleeve.

REMINGTON
He won't let the cat out of the bag, but by the pricking of my thumbs, he's cooking something.

With a spectacular twist of her body, ELASTIC GIRL pulls a plate with a jam-covered waffle out from behind her back.

ELASTIC GIRL (seductively)
Here, this makes us even steven.

59 / EXT. MOULIN ROUGE SQUARE – DAY

Seen from above, a MAN posing as a statue stands on a metro air vent. His ample clothes billow upward in the gusts from the vent. All around him, little girls twirl about, their long hair blown skyward as they toss their sweaters up in the air and watch them float up like balloons.

BAZIL slowly enters frame, walks up to the man and whispers in his ear. The man doesn't react. BAZIL tries again.

Staring straight ahead and twisting his mouth so no one can see him talking, the man finally answers.

STATUE MAN
Is this for real?

BAZIL
Tomorrow morning, 10 o'clock, at Sacha Guitry's tomb.

The man steps down from his pedestal and follows BAZIL.

A short distance away, hidden among the tourists, an intrigued ELASTIC GIRL has watched the whole scene.

1-2

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60 / EXT. MONTMARTRE CEMETARY – DAY

The statue man wears a T. Henri autographed soccer team jersey over his white toga.

He conscientiously applies waxy-looking makeup to BAZIL's face.

ELASTIC GIRL watches from a distance.



1-2

61 / INT. GALERIES LAFAYETTE - DAY

Flanked by one of his henchmen, an edgy bald guy named GRAVEL, MARCONI heads for the sporting goods department of the Galeries Lafayette. He signals for his man to wait. The bodyguard is left standing in the women's lingerie section.

As MARCONI pretends to look at mittens near a dummy dressed in mountaineering gear (Gortex jacket, ski hat and glacier goggles on its forehead), three BLACK MEN approach from the opposite direction.

One of them, wearing Ray Ban sunglasses, signals to the other two to hang back. He approaches MARCONI.

MAN IN DARK GLASSES (in a low tone)
Mr. MARCONI, I am Omar Boulounga's envoy.

MARCONI
Boulounga? The former dictator of...

MAN IN DARK GLASSES (even more discreetly)
The former... and future.

Seeing a saleslady about to come up to them, he leads MARCONI to the next counter.

MAN IN DARK GLASSES
A people's revolution is in the works.

MARCONI (trying on a cycling helmet)
I'm not into politics.

The dummy gradually enters frame behind them... We recognize BAZIL, disguised by the statue man. His eyes staring into space, he edges sideways imperceptibly, drawing closer to them... taking in their every word.

MAN IN DARK GLASSES
We need assault rifles, hand grenades and anti-personnel mines...

MARCONI (testing a bicycle pump)
What about the Weapons Delegation, the Export Commission and the Ottawa Treaty?

MAN IN DARK GLASSES
You have everything I mentioned in stock. Plus you have several covert export channels, including one in Zamibia. That's the one we're interested in.

BAZIL's eyes dart back and forth, from the envoy to MARCONI.

MARCONI (stretching a pair of Lycra shorts)
What about me? How is this of interest to me?

MAN IN DARK GLASSES
Add up the numbers and we'll double the amount, in cash. Plus, if the coup is successful, the equivalent in diamonds.

MARCONI suddenly tosses away the Lycra shorts, which land on top of BAZIL's head.

MAN IN DARK GLASSES
Omar Boulounga intends to nationalize the diamond mines as soon as he takes over...

MARCONI
I don't want to know a thing...

The shorts tickle BAZIL's nose, giving him a terrible urge to sneeze.

BAZIL (V.O.)
Don't panic. Think about something.

Hidden behind the curtain of one of the fitting rooms, ELASTIC GIRL hasn't missed a thing.

BAZIL (face covered by the shorts, reciting at top speed)
Think about something else! Zebras... yes, that's it... are zebras white with black stripes or black with white stripes? Pygmies... Is there such a think as a pygmy midget? Why is "mice" the plural of "mouse", and "houses" the plural of "house"?

(BAZIL's "head trips" are shown, superimposed over the scene in animated form)

Meanwhile, low voices can be heard out of frame:

MAN IN DARK GLASSES
Don't you like diamonds?

MARCONI
That depends...

MAN IN DARK GLASSES
Three or four carats, perfect cut, optimum brilliance, no inclusion, no flaw...

MARCONI
Besides being indexed, and therefore difficult to sell.

MAN IN DARK GLASSES
All right. I'll let you think it over. Don't take too long, we fly back to Conakry on Monday.

BAZIL is barely able to keep it together. His open mouth inhales the Lycra... Behind the curtain, ELASTIC GIRL stifles her laughter. MARCONI and the envoy go their separate ways, joined by their respective bodyguards. As they walk away, a thunderous sneeze makes them all look back.



62 / INT. JUNKYARD HEADQUARTERS - DAY

In the heart of the junkyard hideaway, BAZIL is busy sorting newly-arrived items next to CALCULATOR, who gazes shyly at him.

BUSTER is desperately trying to attract attention to the fact that he has about a dozen spoons stuck to his face (three balanced on his ears and nose, four spoons suctioned to his cheeks, three on his forehead, one on his chin). Unable to move or talk, he grunts and points to his latest feat, but nobody pays any attention.

As usual, REMINGTON is drawing up the inventory on his old manual typewriter. They all stop what they're doing when MAMA CHOW approaches with SLAMMER and ELASTIC GIRL. Everyone straightens up, expecting to hear something serious.

MAMA CHOW (pointing to BAZIL)
You!

BUSTER's spoons fall to the floor. Everybody stares at BAZIL, who turns bright red.

MAMA CHOW
I don't know what you're up to, but either you leave and do things on your own, or you stay and ask us for help!

ELASTIC GIRL nods vigorously, attracting a jealous look from CALCULATOR.

BAZIL
Uh... Would anybody like to help me?

MAMA CHOW
Help you do what?

BAZIL
I've got a stray bullet I must return to sender. And I found the guy who killed my father... So I want to hit two birds with one stone.

They all look at each other, perplexed. Then, as one, they all raise their hands. CALCULATOR is the last to timidly raise hers. Touched, at a loss for words, BAZIL just looks at them. ELASTIC GIRL watches him out of the corner of her eye.

REMINGTON (jotting a few words in his notebook)
«Pull together»!

63 / INT. DE FENOUILLET'S OFFICE – DAY

DE FENOUILLET is in his office on the 7th floor, sitting at his desk with his back to the window, talking on the phone.

DE FENOUILLET
We'll wait for the Weapons Delegation to roll out the study, then we'll contact the Saudis.

A window-cleaning platform appears at the window, jolting as it descends, maneuvered by SLAMMER. BUSTER is at the other end of the platform,

posing as a window cleaner. BAZIL stands between them, dressed in blue coveralls, trying to peer through the glass.

DE FENOUILLET
Hmmm... no... I met him in Satory, he was being tailed by the DPSD, he's a rather sharp fellow...

Feeling uneasy, BUSTER concentrates on scrubbing the glass.

BAZIL can only see DE FENOUILLET's back. He has no way of recognizing the CEO, whose picture he saw in the lobby. He pulls a pair of binoculars out of his pocket and takes a closer look at the desk. He sees photos of a villa on Lake Geneva, a boy sitting on a pony next to his mother and then a framed portrait of the CEO, posing with the French president.

DE FENOUILLET
Well, we won't give them the source codes, that's all.

Sensing a presence behind him, DE FENOUILLET turns slowly and sees BAZIL... busily cleaning the glass. He turns his back to the window again.

DE FENOUILLET
Exactly... Call me when you hear from them. That's right... Bye.

Meanwhile, he discreetly turns on his computer and clicks on "iChat." His image, filmed by the webcam, appears on the screen. In the background, BUSTER and SLAMMER are busily cleaning the window while BAZIL peers into the office, unaware that he is being observed.

DE FENOUILLET spins around! BAZIL, caught off-guard, freezes. DE FENOUILLET rises and slowly walks over to the window. He is about ten inches from BAZIL's face. BAZIL is staring strangely into space, then suddenly puts a finger on either side of his nose... and squeezes a blackhead.

DE FENOUILLET smiles and waves a hand several times in front of BAZIL, who does not react. Believing that the glass acts as a one-way mirror, DE FENOUILLET is reassured. He turns away, sits back down and starts to read his emails.

Behind his back, BAZIL takes his binoculars back out and trains them on the computer screen.

CLOSE-UP on the screen, where an email message appears: "Tuesday 5p.m. at the Train Bleu restaurant: Mussolini's eye has arrived".



64 / EXT. WORKING CLASS NEIGHBORHOOD – DAY

In front of a building near the elevated subway, a few burly guys with scary faces loiter on the sidewalk, seemingly on the lookout.

The pickup pulls up nearby. BAZIL, SLAMMER and REMINGTON are crammed into the front. BUSTER is in the back.

SLAMMER
This big guy here and that one over there are lookouts. The fella with the dark glasses is the dealer. The stash is hidden in the mailbox of the concierge, who of course doesn't suspect a thing. That way, if they're nabbed by the fuzz, these guys are white as snow.

REMINGTON
Sounds like you've done this all your life.

SLAMMER
What do you take me for? I went down for hold-ups and counterfeit bills. Ok, let's do it.

They get out of the pickup. Carrying tool-bags, BUSTER and REMINGTON head over to the building entrance while SLAMMER approaches the dealer.

SLAMMER
Anyone ever pull the rabbit-in-the-hat trick on you and rabbit punch you at the same time?

Meanwhile, BUSTER and REMINGTON ring the building concierge's door. The CONCIERGE appears, followed by her tiny HUSBAND.

CONCIERGE
Can I help you?

BUSTER
Asbestos and lead inspection. A problem was reported in the Rue des Orties. May we come in?

They walk in, pushing aside the concierge and her scrawny spouse.

CONCIERGE
Asbestos? Here?

REMINGTON
Ma'am, you don't just find it in the back of beyond. My colleague and I have been grappling with this scourge since the crack of dawn. No need to kick up a fuss.

The two concierges are speechless. BUSTER and REMINGTON vanish into the small apartment and shut the door.

65 / EXT. STREET - DAY

SLAMMER is displaying his scar to the dealer, who is duly impressed.

SLAMMER
...ever since, the widowmaker's been with me all the time. Wherever I go, she looms up, casting her shadow over me...

Meanwhile, BAZIL enters the building with a 6-pack of water bottles, as if he had just returned from the store.

66 / INT. BUILDING HALLWAY - DAY

BAZIL peers into the concierge's mailbox. At the bottom of it, a plastic baggie filled with white powder gleams in the darkness.

BAZIL opens a bottle of water. Using a funnel, he empties it into the mailbox. We see the baggie start to rise, floating on the water.

A second bottle. The baggie reaches the slot of the mailbox. BAZIL reaches in with two fingers and pulls out the drugs.

BUSTER and REMINGTON come back out of the apartment.

CONCIERGE
What about my receipt? Don't we sign something?

67 / EXT. STREET – DAY

As the three accomplices reach the pickup, SLAMMER says goodbye to the dealer and the two lookouts, high-fiving them like old pals.

SLAMMER
And remember... If it doesn't get all over the place, it doesn't belong in your face!

68 / EXT. OUTSIDE ADA - EVENING

DE FENOUILLET's limousine has just pulled up to the entrance.

A security guard opens the rear door for the CEO, who climbs in. The car drives off.

DE FENOUILLET
We're ten minutes late, step on it.

Just as they leave the building, they pass a city street sweeper. A fleeting glimpse reveals him to be BUSTER.

After a few yards, the vehicle swerves and pulls over to the curb.

DE FENOUILLET
What's going on?

ALBERT
A flat tire, sir... I'm sorry... I'll take care of it right away.

He gets out leaving his boss inside, fuming.

Behind them, BUSTER sees the halted car and steps into a phone booth.

69 / INT. GARE DE LYON TRAIN STATION - EVENING

SLAMMER hangs up the phone in a public booth. He signals to BAZIL, who immediately climbs the stairs to the Train Bleu restaurant.

70 / INT. TRAIN BLEU RESTAURANT - EVENING

BAZIL steps through the revolving door.

BAZIL (to the hostess)
I have a reservation for DE FENOUILLET.

HOSTESS (consulting her date book)
Your party is waiting. This way, please.

They cross the dining room, then she steps aside, motioning to a table where a man with a beard but no moustache looks up with a surprised expression.

BAZIL (extending his left hand)
I'm Mr. DE FENOUILLET's right hand man. He asked me to tell you that Mussolini's eye no longer interests him. But if you can get Achilles' heel or Adam's apple, you've got a deal!...

Furious, the man stands stiffly, picks up his attaché case and leaves.

REMINGTON appears, dressed like the African envoy at the department store. He takes the seat vacated by the man with the beard but no moustache, as BAZIL sits in the next booth with his back to REMINGTON.

After a while, DE FENOUILLET enters the restaurant.

The CEO sits down across from REMINGTON, who is eyeing the bread basket.

DE FENOUILLET (straight to the point)
Go ahead, make me an offer.

BAZIL is about to whisper a reply to REMINGTON but the latter improvises.

REMINGTON
Let's not put the cart before the horse, just in case we're barking up the wrong tree.

BAZIL kicks him around the booth partition.

Offended, REMINGTON, butters a piece of bread.



DE FENOUILLET
If you really have Mussolini's eye, I'll pay the price Sotheby set for Louis XVI's molar... That's a good deal for you... I got Matisse's little finger and Churchill's nail clippings for less than half that. What do you say, Mr. Lazare?

BAZIL (whispering to REMINGTON)
Something came up and Mr. Lazare had to leave.

BAZIL
Mr. Lazare has stood you up and gone to keep his home fires burning.

DE FENOUILLET (on edge)
So who are you?

REMINGTON (in a conspiring tone)
Omar Boulounga's envoy.

In sync, BAZIL cannot prevent himself from whispering the same words at the same moment.

DE FENOUILLET
Boulounga? I thought...

REMINGTON
He'd hung up his spurs? No way!

He butters another piece of bread.

BAZIL
(prompting REMINGTON)
A people's revolution...

REMINGTON
A people's revolution is about to render unto Omar what belongs to Omar.

DE FENOUILLET
I'm not into politics.

REMINGTON
You should be, it could be your bread and butter!

Another kick!

71 / EXT. THROUGH THE RESTAURANT WINDOW - NIGHT

SLAMMER watches the scene on tiptoes.

72 / INT. TRAIN BLEU RESTAURANT - NIGHT

REMINGTON has emptied the bread basket.

REMINGTON
Double the sum, tax included, in cash. Plus the equivalent in diamonds, if the usurper takes to his heels and Boulounga regains a hold of the reins.

On the other side of the booth partition, BAZIL can barely keep a lid on his exasperation. He has to strike his scar with the palm of his hand.

DE FENOUILLET is thinking, visibly tempted.

DE FENOUILLET
When, how and where?

REMINGTON
Tuesday the 27th, one of your men goes alone to the Gare de l'Est at 3 p.m. with a sample of everything. He purchases a ticket to Crécy-la-Chapelle.

DE FENOUILLET
Why so intricate?

Behind them, BAZIL mouths the words along with REMINGTON.

BAZIL - REMINGTON (O.S.)
To make sure he's really alone... After he does a little technical demonstration for one of our military chiefs, he leaves with a 30% down payment...

REMINGTON
...in cold, hard cash.

REMINGTON rises, bows ceremoniously to DE FENOUILLET and leaves the restaurant.

73 / INT. AIRPORT CONCOURSE - DAY

Monday, Charles-de-Gaulle Airport
The flight to Conakry is posted on the departures board.
The three African rebels are at the airline desk, checking in.

A short distance away, two POLICEMEN armed with machine guns stroll among the passengers. With them is a small drug-sniffing dog on a leash.

Now in possession of their boarding passes, the rebels head for a drinks machine.

BAZIL watches them from behind a newspaper. He slowly raises his arm, ready to give the signal to REMINGTON who is waiting a short distance away, dressed in African robes, sandals and a colorful cap, his arms filled with African trinkets.

All of a sudden, a group of tourists already outfitted for sunnier climes, halts in front of BAZIL. The FEMALE GUIDE, carrying a small flag in the air above her head, speaks to him.

FEMALE GUIDE
Excuse me, sir, the charter boarding area, please.

BAZIL is so focused that he doesn't hear her. It's time to launch the operation. He lowers his arm and... the satisfied tourist group heads off in that direction.

It was in fact the signal for REMINGTON, who approaches the rebels.

REMINGTON
Hello brother... How about an impala horn necklace or a gris-gris or two... before you head up into the sky...

The leader's two henchmen start to push him away.

REMINGTON (resisting)
Peccary beak powder... keeps away the evil spirits in the clouds...

The rebels start to get annoyed.

BAZIL lowers his arm in the opposite direction.

The group of tourists, who was returning at a fast pace, heads off in this new direction.

FEMALE GUIDE
Ah! I thought so!

This was a signal for SLAMMER, who walks up behind the rebels, wearing an indefinable, odd-looking uniform. Irritated by REMINGTON, the three rebels don't notice him.

REMINGTON
Cheap for you! Mambila statue... or a necklace made of...

REBEL
Beat it!

Meanwhile, SLAMMER slips the baggie of white powder (stolen from the dealers) into the leader's pocket. Sensing his presence, the rebel spins round.

SLAMMER (to REMINGTON)
Hey you! Stop bothering the passengers! Don't make me warn you again!

REMINGTON walks away, acting contrite.

SLAMMER
Apologies gentlemen. Have a good trip! At your service!

He too walks away.

The two policemen have absent-mindedly observed the scene.

BAZIL gives another signal by lowering his arm in the other direction.

FEMALE GUIDE
(appearing out of nowhere with her group)
Oh! Make up your mind!

BUSTER appears and comes up behind the policemen, discreetly pulling a sausage out of his pocket.

He shows it to the police dog, who starts to salivate and pull at its leash.

In the meantime, MAMA CHOW, holding CALCULATOR by the hand and TINY PETE by the arm, approaches the policemen.

All three of them are dressed as unlikely tourists. TINY PETE carries a large suitcase in his hand.

MAMA CHOW
Excuse us please, we're looking for the plane to America.

A tiny slit suddenly opens on the side of the suitcase. ELASTIC GIRL's hand emerges.

POLICEMAN #1
Er... You mean the departures area?

ELASTIC GIRL starts to cut the dog's leash with a pair of pruning shears.

MAMA CHOW
Yes... well, I mean, we're on our way to Man Hat On to see my son...

POLICEMAN #1
(looking at the suitcase)
You'll need to check in your luggage first.

MAMA CHOW
...and this young lady here is my daughter... the half-sister of my son who left for Neeyoo York in 1989...

CALCULATOR
1988. December 12, 1988.

Upon hearing these words, the cop starts imitating Robert de Niro!

The pruning shears snap shut. Now free, the dog makes a dash for BUSTER (and the sausage) who beelines toward the rebels.

Just as BUSTER passes them, the dog catches up with him. But it suddenly smells something else in the pocket of the rebel leader.

The animal's sense of duty gets the best of it and it circles the three Africans, barking furiously!

The Africans try to run away but collide with the group of tourists, still coming and going under the leadership of the now hysterical guide.

The two policemen rush over and immediately arrest the three rebels. One of the policemen pats them down and proudly exhibits the packet of powder. The rebels are bewildered, not understanding a thing.

As the policemen escort them away in handcuffs, past the little group surrounding BAZIL, all smiles.



1



74 / INT. JUNKYARD HEADQUARTERS - DAY

In the junkyard headquarters, everyone is gathered around REMINGTON, who is making a call on a 1960s dial telephone.

BAZIL stands next to him, listening in the extra earpiece.

Silence for a beat.

MAMA CHOW
Well?

REMINGTON (hand over the receiver)
The receptionist is patching me through... MARCONI! Omar Boulounga here! Well? Have you thought it over?

Everyone's eyes are on BAZIL and REMINGTON.

CALCULATOR follows the exchange, nodding with a serious expression.

REMINGTON
Bravo! There are certainly no flies on you! You weren't born yesterday! Neither was I. I may not set the world on fire, but it's hard to pull the wool over my eyes.

BAZIL motions desperately for him to get back on track.

REMINGTON
Anyway, let's get back to business. I want a man alone to take the samples to the Gare de l'Est station, Tuesday 27th at 3 p.m... Yes... And buy a ticket for La Ferté Milon where he'll do a technical demo... He'll leave with the first down payment... Got that?

BAZIL motions for him to cut it short.

REMINGTON
Well, if I don't see you before the coup, come feed your face at the palace...

Everybody signals for him to wrap it up.

REMINGTON
Right. So long.

He hangs up abruptly. BAZIL gives a sigh of relief, which is echoed by CALCULATOR.

BAZIL
Ready for the next step, fellas?

ELASTIC GIRL
What d’you mean “fellas”?

BAZIL
Because... there’s gonna be action...

ELASTIC GIRL
So girls aren’t included, is that what you mean?

BAZIL
Offhand no, but... well, I guess you’re not a real...

ELASTIC GIRL
What? A real girl?

BAZIL
No, uh, that’s not what I meant to say...

ELASTIC GIRL
Somewhere between a tomboy and a she-man, is that what you mean?

The others stifle their laughter. CALCULATOR is clearly pleased.

ELASTIC GIRL
Oh sure, when it’s time to stuff myself into a suitcase, that’s all well and good, I’m welcome to the club!

BAZIL stares at her.

ELASTIC GIRL
As for you, there’s no doubt about it. You’re a man, alright.

She goes over to her fridge and opens it. But it is filled with groceries. ELASTIC GIRL just stands there.

BAZIL
I don’t know what men have done to you, but there’s no sense in taking it out on me.

ELASTIC GIRL
(theatrically, trying to exit with dignity)
In any case... God keeps track of it all!

75 / INT. GARE DE L’EST STATION - DAY

It is 3 p.m. Gravel, MARCONI’s bodyguard previously seen at the Galeries Lafayette, arrives carrying the suitcase of samples.

He heads for the ticket machine, sets down the suitcase and searches for La Ferté Milon on the screen.

On the other side of the row of machines, DE FENOUILLET’s security guard (LIBARSKI) goes through the same motions, buying a ticket for Crécy-la-Chapelle.

76 / INT. RAIL COMPANY OFFICE - DAY

In an office overlooking the station concourse, in front of a large microphone, BAZIL is trying to “sell” an autographed “T. Henri” soccer jersey to a railroad employee in a cap.

The employee is tempted, but finally declines.

77 / INT. GARE DE L’EST STATION - DAY

The two henchmen take their tickets at the same time.

BAZIL’s voice suddenly booms out over the station loudspeakers.

BAZIL
Ladies and gentlemen, arms dealers may be operating in this station. Stay on the alert. Do not purchase a machine gun from a stranger, you could be breaking the law if you use it. Thank you for your attention.

Astounded, the two men look up and listen.

SLAMMER and BUSTER rush over, both carrying a huge suitcase.

While the two henchmen are distracted by the announcement, BUSTER and SLAMMER place their bottomless suitcases over the henchmen’s bags, “swallowing” them up.

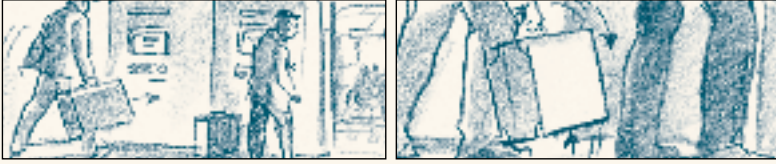
The two bodyguards snap out of their bewilderment and turn to pick up their respective suitcases.

Gone! Vanished! They start simultaneously and spin round 360 degrees, searching for the thieves.

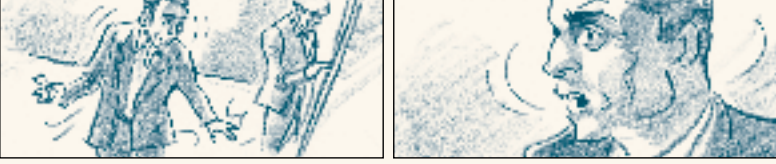
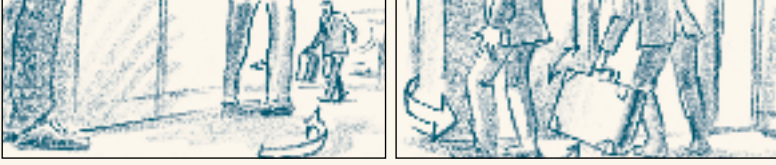
SLAMMER and BUSTER walk calmly away with their suitcases containing the henchmen’s bags, while the two thugs search frantically.

All of a sudden, the two bodyguards notice each other, dressed in similar clothes and in the same state of panic. They stop and stare at one another, as if seeing themselves in a mirror.

1-2



3-4



5-6



7-8



9

78 / INT. JUNKYARD HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Back at the scrap yard cave, the crew crowds around SLAMMER, who is picking the lock on one of the stolen suitcases.

The lock gives way and SLAMMER lifts the lid. BUSTER lets out an impressed whistle. They all stare in amazed silence at the gleaming weapons, neatly arranged in the suitcase.

BUSTER gingerly removes a round, flat metal disk, which BAZIL stares at emotionally. This is the same object as the one that killed his father: an anti-personnel mine stamped with a gladiator’s shield and a lightning bolt.

The mine is passed from hand to hand, as they all feel the weight of it.

Only ELASTIC GIRL realizes how unsettled BAZIL is.

BUSTER
What is that?

CALCULATOR
Three pounds 12 ounces of steel and 10 ounces of...

BUSTER sets the mine down on a stool, which suddenly starts to “walk” on its own toward TINY PETE, who holds a remote control...

ALL
No! No, no, no, no!

REMYINGTON
Step on that thing and it’ll destroy your foot...

ELASTIC GIRL (watching BAZIL)
Or your life...

BUSTER cautiously places the object back in its case. BAZIL’s eyes meet ELASTIC GIRL’s.

Meanwhile, SLAMMER has managed to open the second lock. They all grab a weapon. BUSTER holds a grenade stamped with the ADA emblem.

MAMA CHOW (rushing into the room)
Oh no! This stuff can’t be recycled. This is not up our alley, kids.

They all put down the weapons, as if caught red-handed.

REMYINGTON
This isn’t scrap, it... fell off an armored car.

MAMA CHOW closes both suitcases and picks them up.

MAMA CHOW
Confiscated!

She strides away with a suitcase in each hand.

BAZIL
REMYINGTON... ready for stage two?

REMYINGTON
Let’s strike while the iron’s hot. Fix bayonets!

A LITTLE LATER...

REMYINGTON is on the telephone, coached by BAZIL who is holding the earpiece.

REMYINGTON
DE FENOUILLET, Boulounga here. Your man never showed up with the samples...

BAZIL (prompting him)
The deal is off!

REMYINGTON
The deal is null! Void! VDA has made me a better offer. You can kiss the diamonds goodbye and forget the caviar on your toast!!

He hangs up.

79 / INT. DE FENOUILLET’S OFFICE - DAY

Sitting at his desk, clearly enraged, DE FENOUILLET hangs up the phone. He grabs his laptop by the screen and repeatedly smashes it against the desk. The computer keys fly in all directions and the cables are ripped out. He seizes the circuit board, tears it out furiously and hurls it at the window, toward the VDA building.

80 / INT. JUNKYARD HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Back in the junkyard cave, BAZIL briefs REMINGTON before the next call.

BAZIL
Try to tone it down, just a bit.

Offended, REMINGTON does not reply.
BAZIL dials MARCONI’s number.

REMYINGTON
MARCONI, for Omar Boulounga!
(after a beat)
MARCONI? Boulounga is hopping mad! Your mercenary skedaddled with the samples! The deal is rescinded, repealed! ADA are much better clients! A word to the wise is enough!

He hangs up and glances mischievously at BAZIL, who rolls his eyes in resignation.

81 / INT. MARCONI’S OFFICE - DAY

MARCONI has just hung up.

Containing his rage, he spots a fly buzzing around. The insect lands on his desk.

He grabs an empty glass and turns it over the fly, trapping it inside.

He then slides the glass across the desk, until its edge sticks slightly out over the edge.

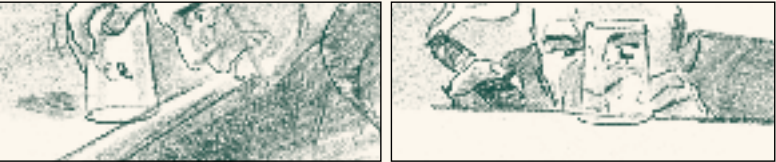
He lights a cigar and leaning over, blows smoke inside the glass.

He watches coldly as the insect suffocates to death.

He then turns an icy glare to the emblem of his competitor – ADA.



1-2



3-4



5-6



7

82 / INT. JUNKYARD HEADQUARTERS - DAY

BAZIL and BUSTER are admiring TINY PETE’s latest creation, a weightlifter made out of metal scraps, who tosses its weights on the feet of its spectators. MAMA CHOW walks by, her arms laden down with bags from a discount grocery store.

BAZIL (to MAMA CHOW)
MAMA CHOW? May I go out for an hour or two?

They all prick up their ears.

MAMA CHOW
What's up? Have your two sharks taken the bait?

BAZIL
We're not there yet. For now, I'm letting them see the bait... I'm making the spoon sparkled...
(to all) But once they bite, I'll need all hands on deck to reel them in. This is a big catch!

ELASTIC GIRL
So until then, we just sit here twiddling our thumbs?

BAZIL
No, we move into the round-the-clock-observation stage... I need rooftop volunteers!

Only CALCULATOR raises her hand. The others look at the ceiling.

BAZIL
Thanks, CALCULATOR. I knew you didn't just count but that you could also be counted on.

CALCULATOR squirms in embarrassment and delight.

As BAZIL starts to leave, ELASTIC GIRL goes after him and walks alongside him without a word.

BAZIL
Where are you going?

ELASTIC GIRL
Where you're going.

BAZIL
I have a sensitive bit of business to see to. I'd rather be alone.

ELASTIC GIRL (offended)
Oh right, I forgot you were a real expert in sensitive matters...

83 / INT. PEEP SHOW - EVENING

A couple is making love on the stage of a peep show.

BAZIL watches them through a booth window.

84 / INT. CAFE - EVENING

BAZIL is sitting at the table with the peep show couple. Clearly delighted, the YOUNG WOMAN, wears a French soccer team jersey with T. Henri's autograph. She looks at herself in the mirror, while the YOUNG MAN watches her, laughing.

YOUNG MAN
It barely covers your toy box!

BAZIL (to the young woman)
Sure it's a little big... but you can always use it to sleep in...

YOUNG WOMAN
I usually sleep naked...

The young man leans towards BAZIL's ear with a smile.

YOUNG MAN
Henri is spelled with a Y.

BAZIL (disconcerted)
Really? Are you sure? He... he must have spelled it wrong...

YOUNG MAN
Forget it, kid... I'm always ready to play hide the sausage. We'll go ahead as planned.

He and the girl walk away. BAZIL watches them go.

When he turns back, he is startled to find ELASTIC GIRL sitting opposite him, as if she materialized out of thin air.

ELASTIC GIRL
I thought you were hunting sharks... not cocks and pussies!

BAZIL
Did I miss the part where you and I were married?

ELASTIC GIRL
Hitched to a perverted scrap collector? I'd rather become a nun!

BAZIL
Same here... Who wants a contortionist? My mother always warned me against twisted girls.

ELASTIC GIRL is about to retort but she suddenly turns away.

In a reflection of the café mirrors, BAZIL sees that she has tears in her eyes.

All of a sudden, she runs away. Startled and flustered, BAZIL watches her go.

85 / INT. DE FENOUILLET'S APARTMENT – EVENING

Alone in his living room like a general-in-command, DE FENOUILLET inspects a row of shelves where glass globes are lined up like soldiers at attention.

His collection is lovingly arranged for display. Besides Churchill's nail clippings and Matisse's finger, some globes contain items from ancient civilizations. There is also the heart of Louis XVI, one of Napoleon's teeth, Clemenceau's moustache hairs... Next to Mitterrand's appendix is an empty globe labeled "Mussolini's eye."

DE FENOUILLET makes a bitter grimace as he walks past it.

All of a sudden, the phone rings. He switches on the loudspeaker.

DE FENOUILLET
Hello?

MARCONI (V.O.)
It's MARCONI... Pay attention to what I have to say to you...

DE FENOUILLET (interrupting him)
No, you listen to me, you scum!... I hold your wheeling and dealings in the utmost contempt... You can insert Boulounga's diamonds where the sun never shines!

We see an antique microphone dangling in the fireplace behind him.

86 / INT. ROOFTOP - EVENING

Alone on the rooftop, CALCULATOR listens with the headset. She is in a state of utter excitement, like a kid...

MARCONI (V.O.)
So you want to be an asshole about it, do you?!... Shall I remind you of the teeth, fingers and bones of the Assyrian kings?

87 / INT. MARCONI'S APARTMENT - EVENING

MARCONI (into the phone)
...does the pillaging of the Baghdad museum ring a bell? I have all the evidence right here at home... So if you really want war, maybe you should think twice!

88 / INT. DE FENOUILLET'S APARTMENT - EVENING

DE FENOUILLET (into the phone)
My good man... as a fellow who got off easy in his divorce and whose mistress is the prime minister's wife... you might seek to avoid facing charges for your sex tourism jaunts in Thailand! I too, have the file at home!

He hangs up.



89 / EXT. IN FRONT OF MARCONI'S BUILDING - NIGHT

In the courtyard, the vintage cars are parked in a neat line. Next to the closed gate is the guard's house. Above the door, a video camera scans the area.

90 / INT. NIGHT WATCHMAN'S OFFICE & STREET - NIGHT

Alone in his office, in front of the monitors and control panel, the guard fixes himself a cup of coffee.

At the street corner: their backs against the wall where the surveillance camera can't see them, BAZIL, BUSTER, ELASTIC GIRL and REMINGTON wait.

In the office: the guard slouches in his chair, blowing on the hot coffee. All of a sudden, a noise coming from the half open window attracts his attention. It sounds like sighs, heavy breathing and moans.

He peers outside. In the building across the street, at a second-floor window, a couple is in full action.

Returning to the console, the guard maneuvers a dial.

In the street: The video camera swivels, the lens points upward and zooms in on the window.

Backs to the wall, the five conspirators are also getting an eyeful.

BUSTER
And to think that our grandparents did it through their pajamas...

ELASTIC GIRL
Yeah... But as long as those two are exposing themselves, they could be more flexible and creative...
(turning to BAZIL) Don't you think?

BAZIL blushes deeply.

In the office: On the monitor, the couple is seen making love. Suddenly they move closer to the window and into the light. We recognize the peep show couple. A little drool trickles out the corner of the guard's mouth.

In the street: REMINGTON, BUSTER and ELASTIC GIRL slip beneath the camera.

At a signal from BAZIL, ELASTIC GIRL is preparing to step on BUSTER and REMINGTON's hands to get a leg up. She pauses before hopping up.

ELASTIC GIRL (to BAZIL, mischievously)
Aren't I a little too girly to be playing cat on a cold zinc roof?

BAZIL
That's just it, we needed somebody feline and... feminine...

ELASTIC GIRL gives him an appreciative smirk, letting him know he is making progress. She catches her balance on top of the wall and arches her back, mimicking a stretching cat. She then slips into a small ventilation hatch.

Her hand reappears. BAZIL tosses her a small bag that she catches in midair.

In the office: The guard is beet red and would like to zoom in even closer, but the lens has reached its maximum.

Overhead is a ventilation duct. Suddenly, its grating is dislodged. A tiny mirror emerges, glued to the end of a kitchen spatula. A cup of steaming coffee appears in the reflection.

Inside the ventilation duct, ELASTIC GIRL pulls out of her bag a sugar cube with a string tied around it. With a dropper, she carefully imbibes the sugar.

In the office, the sugar cube on the string slowly descends toward the coffee cup.

His eyes glued to the screen, the guard is on the verge of a seizure.

The sugar reaches the cup, sinks into the coffee, and the string is withdrawn a few seconds later. The sugar cube has dissolved.

A scream of orgasm comes through the window. On the monitor, the young woman's cheek is pressed against the windowpane. The guard is about to burst...

The couple disappears. The curtain falls back over the window. Shaking, the guard downs his coffee in a single swig.

In the street: The little group waits. BAZIL glances at his watch.

Inside the duct: ELASTIC GIRL hears the sound of snoring. She takes out the mirror again. The guard's reflection appears. He is asleep in his chair, mouth wide open.

In the office: ELASTIC GIRL gingerly removes the grating. Through the opening, she tosses out a rope held inside the duct by a segment of broomstick.

In the street: the whole gang is waiting outside the door, which soon opens. ELASTIC GIRL lets in BAZIL and REMINGTON.

In the office: BAZIL rushes over to the console, finds the right button and presses it.

The courtyard gates swing open.

In the street: A dozen yards from the entrance, BUSTER cups his hands as if to imitate the hooting of an owl. But, instead, he emits a perfect car horn sound.

At the end of the street, headlights come on and an engine turns over.

SLAMMER drives the tow truck forward, dragging behind what appears to be a line of scrap metal.



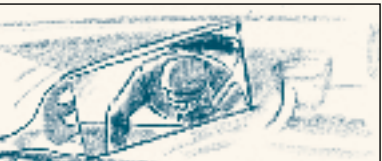
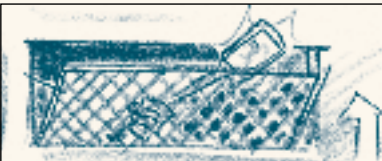
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3-4



1-2



3-4



5-6



7-8

91 / INT. MARCONI'S KITCHEN - DAY

It's morning. MARCONI is eating shrimp for brunch. As soon as he finishes peeling one, he compulsively pops it into his mouth, then starts peeling another.

92 / INT. DE FENOUILLET'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

DE FENOUILLET sits across from his wife, eating breakfast. He too is having shrimp. Unlike MARCONI, he peels them one by one and carefully places them in a corner of his plate.

93 / INT. MARCONI'S KITCHEN - DAY

MARCONI devours his shrimp until they are all gone.

94 / INT. DE FENOUILLET'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Now that he has peeled all the shrimp, DE FENOUILLET stabs at them with his fork and wolfs them all down in a single mouthful.

95 / INT. MARCONI'S KITCHEN - DAY

As the nanny gets the boy ready, MARCONI gives his son a quick kiss and leaves.

96 / EXT. COURTYARD – DAY

MARCONI walks out on the front steps and drops his briefcase.

All the vintage cars have been replaced by Renaults, Citroens and a few Simcas, all fit for the wrecking yard.

MARCONI suddenly starts slamming his briefcase down on the head of George the driver, who was waiting for him out front.

97 / EXT. IN FRONT OF DE FENOUILLET'S BUILDING - DAY

DE FENOUILLET steps out of his home with his son, who carries a book bag on his back. They climb into the company car and the chauffeur drives off.

Once the sedan is gone, BAZIL drives up in his three-wheeler pickup and parks in the free space. Packed inside are TINY PETE and CALCULATOR. BUSTER sits in the flatbed.

TINY PETE gets out and BUSTER struggles to pass him a large and heavy package. TINY PETE hoists the load onto his shoulder and walks up to the building entrance.

98 / INT. HALLWAY OF DE FENOUILLET'S BUILDING - DAY

TINY PETE rings the concierge's doorbell. She opens the door.

TINY PETE
I have a delivery for Mr...
(reads the delivery slip)
...DE FENOUILLET.

CONCIERGE
You're out of luck, he just left. There's nobody home. Just leave it with me...

TINY PETE
It's quite heavy.

CONCIERGE (surprised)
Really?

She leads him up the stairs to DE FENOUILLET's floor.

She opens the door and TINY PETE deposits the package in the entrance. She closes the door and locks it. They both go back downstairs.

99 / INT. DE FENOUILLET’S APARTMENT- DAY

A utility knife cuts through the adhesive tape from inside the box. ELASTIC GIRL unfurls and extricates herself from the box.

She folds the box and slips it behind a wardrobe. Then, she carefully explores the apartment.

On the shelves, she finds the glass globes containing DE FENOUILLET’s collection pieces.

She heads for the fireplace, opens the metal shutter and whistles inside.



INT. ROOFTOP - DAY

CALCULATOR drops a steel marble down DE FENOUILLET’s chimney. She listens as it drops with a ping.

CALCULATOR
Twenty four point six feet. Four sections.

BUSTER busily starts connecting a series of tubes, hooking them up to a large vacuum cleaner. Using two battery charger clamps, he connects the supply cord to a thick utility cable.

After snaking the tubes into the chimney, BAZIL switches on the vacuum cleaner.



1-2



3-4

101 / INT. DE FENOUILLET’S APARTMENT - DAY

Down below, the moustache hairs, nail clippings, teeth, appendix and other items are sucked up into the tube.

Only Louis XVI’s heart is left, too big for the vacuum hose.

ELASTIC GIRL takes out a helium tank and a rubber balloon out of her bag, and quickly inflates the balloon.



1-2



3-4

102 / EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY

The little red balloon rises next to the building, carrying Louis XVI’s heart, which BAZIL grabs as it floats by.

Seizing the helium balloon, he rips off the knot with his teeth and sucks in the gas.



1-2



3-4

103 / INT. DE FENOUILLET’S APARTMENT - DAY

BAZIL’s voice, deformed by the helium, emanates from the fireplace conduit, sounding like Donald Duck.

BAZIL (cartoon voice)
“What you can do with the ELASTIC GIRL, is wild as you please... she’s for real...”

On her way out of the room, ELASTIC GIRL can’t help but smile.

104 / INT. ROOFTOP - DAY

BAZIL
“...she’s quite a number, a funny little thing, ELASTIC GIRL...”

CALCULATOR is in a terrible state, torn between tears of laughter and tears of jealousy.

105 / INT. DE FENOUILLET’S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Evening. Coming home from work, DE FENOUILLET reaches his landing door and is shocked to find his front door open.

He enters his apartment. There is nothing left on the collection shelf except for Matisse’s finger, erect in its globe, flipping him off.

DE FENOUILLET
That lowlife... That swine...

106 / INT. JUNKYARD HEADQUARTERS - DAY

The entire junkyard crew is sitting around the table. MAMA CHOW brings over a steaming stew pot.

MAMA CHOW
Has everybody washed their hands?

They all nod, grumbling. BUSTER tries to hide his hands under the table, but MAMA CHOW notices.

MAMA CHOW
Lemme see!

He holds up his hands, which are streaked with grease. She frowns and he gets up and heads for the bathroom. Everyone laughs. CALCULATOR is the only one who gazes compassionately at him.

MAMA CHOW
Enough already! No laughing at the table!
(to BAZIL)
So, tell me, what’s the status with your two death dealers?

They all look expectantly at BAZIL.

BAZIL
That’s it, they’re hooked. We just need to reel them in. We can even start bringing out the landing net.

MAMA CHOW
(incensed)
When I think of all those mothers who lose their kids because of mines...

Exchange of knowing looks around the table, and they all lower their heads, absorbed in their meal.

ELASTIC GIRL (in BAZIL's ear)
MAMA CHOW had two little girls... 4 and 6... One night at the fairground, she saw them go into the mirror maze... but they never came out the other end... For years, she scoured the entire area, searching for them...

ELASTIC GIRL takes this opportunity to press her cheek against BAZIL's, who looks flustered. CALCULATOR is staggered.

ELASTIC GIRL
...She stayed out in the street so long she became a bag lady... Then she adopted us... Every day that goes by, she hopes that someone bringing in scraps will provide some kind of clue.

MAMA CHOW
No whispering at the table! Tell me what you think of my stew.

CALCULATOR
Lipids... 62%, protein... 4%, carbohydrates...

ALL
Ohooooooooo...

SLAMMER
You gotta be a black belt cordon bleu chef to make a stew like this!

MAMA CHOW (to BAZIL)
How about you, how do you plan to prepare your two big fish?

BAZIL
Fish balls. After we put them through the mincer!

They all stare at him, dismayed.

107 / EXT. VDA WAREHOUSE - DAY

A security zone where MARCONI's company stocks its shells. About 150 feet away, a double row of barbed wire encloses the area. Barricades and storage bunkers for explosives are located nearby.

Against the warehouse walls, large containers overflow with defective parts, grenade tail-fins, shell bodies and nose cones...

Nearby stands a huge dumpster, full of metal shavings and iron filings.

A VDA truck is parked with its rear end facing the warehouse. Workers are loading pallets of 120 mm shells with a forklift.

Above the warehouse door is a steel beam with a large hoist attached to it.

Balanced on the beam is... a huge glass jar, filled with hundreds of wasps! Next to it is an old-fashioned alarm clock, its winder mechanism connected to the mouth of the jar with a string.

The time on the clock reads 3 minutes to 4.

108 / EXT. CONTAINER AREA - DAY

Outside the security zone, beyond the barbed wire, SLAMMER is stationed at the wheel of an old fire engine.

A huge pipe is chained to the main ladder, which points upward like a cannon shaft.

BAZIL looks at his watch: 3 minutes to 4.

Wrapped in padding that makes him look like the Michelin Man, his head in a motorcycle helmet, BUSTER is in the shaft up to his chest. He casts an anxious look at the warehouse.



REMINGTON
CALCULATOR?

CALCULATOR (concentrating)
Distance... 453 feet. Wind speed...
(wets her finger and holds it up)
7.4 miles an hour.

SLAMMER (at the controls)
Weight of projectile?

BUSTER
167 pounds.

ELASTIC GIRL
Yeah, right! Add 9.

BUSTER
It's MAMA CHOW's fault.

SLAMMER
Let's say 176. What did you eat this morning?

CALCULATOR
Toast... 6.5 ounces. Butter... 1.3 ounces. Jam...

BAZIL (eye on his watch)
Okay. Get ready!

While SLAMMER adjusts the firing angle, BUSTER pulls a wire mesh fencing mask over his face and slips the rest of his body inside the cannon.

BUSTER (in a guttural voice)
Start the tape, REMINGTON! For the certification committee!

REMINGTON starts up an old VHS camera.

SLAMMER keeps one eye on a sling, that looks too taut. A karabiner clip twists and starts to give way.

SLAMMER (worried)
We should get moving...

BAZIL (his eyes glued to his watch)
Too soon! 50 seconds... 45...

SLAMMER grimaces and turns away. The karabiner snaps. The cannon rises vertically, aiming straight up into the sky.

When it comes to a stop, an impact occurs. Boom! The cannon fires!

BUSTER is projected straight up toward the clouds.

SLAMMER (looking at the others)
What can I say... It's all salvaged junk!

BUSTER reaches the peak of his trajectory. He starts to descend, screaming behind his fencing mask...

REMINGTON films the scene, tracking his descent...

Splash! BUSTER sinks like a torpedo into a hole full of sludge.

The others are too stunned to move. BUSTER's head emerges from the hole, spitting mud...

BAZIL rushes over to the trunk of the fire truck. Various accessories are stowed there.

At top speed, he pulls on a pair of fireman's pants, a mismatched fire jacket, thick Kevlar gloves and an ancient helmet with a glass visor.

While BUSTER and SLAMMER finish the emergency repairs of the cannon, BAZIL slips into the barrel as ELASTIC GIRL and CALCULATOR look on, panicked.



109 / EXT. VDA WAREHOUSE - DAY

It's four o'clock! The alarm clock goes off. Startled, the employees look up at the beam.

The winding mechanism turns, reeling in the string that tugs on the mouth of the jar, which tips over... falls to the ground... and smashes...

Hundreds of wasps fly out. The workers scatter in all directions, waving their arms.

110 / EXT. CONTAINER AREA - DAY

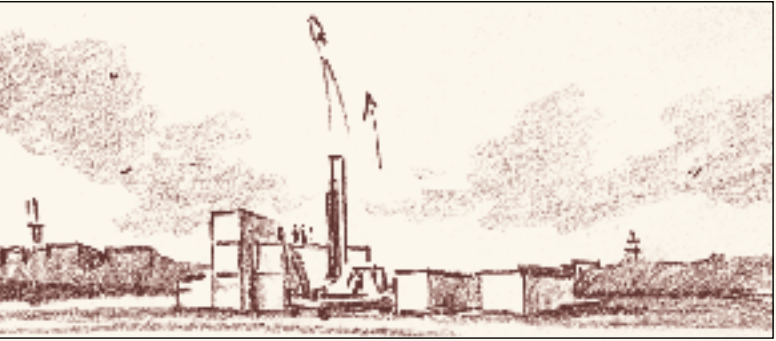
Inside the cannon, BAZIL sees the seconds hand of his watch reach four o'clock.

BAZIL
Fire!

SLAMMER throws the lever, propelling BAZIL into the air!

This time, he's the one screaming with all his might.

BAZIL's point of view through the visor of the fire helmet as he hurtles straight towards...



111 / EXT. VDA WAREHOUSE - DAY

...the dumpster full of shavings and filings, where he lands, vanishing completely in a rustling of metal scrap.

In the midst of a buzzing cloud, the shrieking workers run back and forth. BAZIL emerges from the dumpster through a side door, like a creature from another planet, his outfit in shreds.

He climbs into the truck's cab, shuts the door, starts the engine and drives off.

He raises the helmet's visor, but several wasps have gotten into the cab. He pulls the visor back down, unfortunately trapping a wasp inside.

The truck starts to swerve. Covered with wasp stings, the workers jump into a jeep and start to chase it.

The truck driven by BAZIL zigzags back and forth, causing the shells in its trailer to be jostled and bang together.

As the truck approaches the gate, two armed men rush out of the guard post and, side by side, train their guns on BAZIL... who screams!

All of a sudden, two hands appear behind the guards, reach out and knock their heads together!

The two guards slump to the ground, knocked out by BUSTER, who is covered in shit. He too starts yelling now because the truck driven by BAZIL is heading straight for him... The wasp, also terrified, clings to BAZIL's nose.

BUSTER grabs hold of the emblem above the truck's radiator grille. As a result, his backside is the first thing to crash through the warehouse's security barrier!

Under the impact, a pallet of shells breaks apart. The projectiles crash down, bouncing on the street like toys.

As the truck drives off, the jeep screeches to a halt. A shell rolls slowly on

the pavement and comes to a halt against a tire. The jeep's occupants stare at it, gaping.

They look up just in time to see the cloud of wasps, headed straight for them...

112 / EXT. SAND QUARRY - EVENING

The whole crew stands near the edge of a gigantic hole and watches the tow truck, now without its cannon attachment, hoist the VDA truck's entire load.

A short distance away, BUSTER gives REMINGTON a piece of his mind.

BUSTER (yelling)
What do you mean, no more battery?! I just shattered the human cannonball altitude record!!

REMINGTON
Hold your horses! No need to subject me to this public mortification! To rail at me! This is not the bitter end!

The crane dumps the load. The shells disappear with a crash into a mixture of stagnant water and gravel.

113 / EXT. IN FRONT OF THE ADA BUILDING - DAY

MARCONI is sitting in the backseat of his car, staring into space, with Gerbaud next to him. A sad-looking BLACK MAN sits across from them, his gaze lowered.

MARCONI
We had an unspoken rule. Nobody touches anybody else's equipment. He broke it, so this means war. We're going to blow him to shreds.

The car is parked outside the employee exit of the ADA building. Workers are leaving the plant.



One of them, a young AFRICAN WOMAN, walks away down the street.

BLACK MAN (reluctantly)
That's her.

MARCONI
Code 5. Do what you have to.

Gerbaud gets out of the car.

Just as the young woman is about to board a bus, Gerbaud approaches her.

GERBAUD
Are you Mrs. Cissé, janitor at ADA?

MRS. CISSÉ (wary)
Yes.

GERBAUD
Something has happened to your husband.

114 / INT. MARCONI'S CAR - DAY

In the back of the car, the black man with the downtrodden look, sheepishly watches his wife climb in.

MRS. CISSÉ (to her husband in Somali)
What happened to you?

He does not answer and avoids her eyes.

MARCONI (acting compassionate)
Your husband is too ashamed to tell you...

She stares at them, uncomprehendingly.

MARCONI
He lost your resident permits.

MRS. CISSÉ (stunned)
But... we are legal, our papers are in order. All we have to do is get them replaced.

MARCONI
I personally tried to do that through my friend Edouard Mangin, the Chief of Police... The thing is, they can't find your records. Either they're lost or they never existed...

MRS. CISSÉ
But I swear that... Hold on, why are you doing this? Who are you?

MARCONI (unctuous)
I'm a shareholder in the company where your husband works as a packer. Personally, I couldn't care less one way or another about this... On the other hand, since my business has ties to National Security, I couldn't possibly protect someone who might be an illegal alien...

The man and woman exchange a brief, anxious look.

MARCONI (continuing, as if to himself)
Then again, I'm also taking your children into consideration... I could always put pressure on my friend Mangin... Coincidentally, I'm seeing him tomorrow night. What do you think?

115 / INT. VDA SHOP FLOOR - DAY

MARCONI enters the VDA stamping shop, followed by Gerbaud who is holding Mrs. Cissé by the arm.

MARCONI addresses a TECHNICIAN who is working on one of the shell machines.

MARCONI (pointing to Mrs. Cissé)
Show her.

TECHNICIAN
They have exactly the same machine at ADA. Do you know where it is?

The young woman hesitates.

TECHNICIAN
Normally it should be installed in front of a plastic partition facing the outside. That way, in case of an explosion, the blast would be directed outward. The technician working the post stands behind a reinforced door like this one.

The young woman nods.

116 / INT. ADA CRIMPING SHOP - DAY

Mrs. Cissé is mopping the floor of the ADA crimping shop. She is wearing plastic protective gear over her shoes, to avoid static electricity.

TECHNICIAN (V.O.)
Fine. The ideal moment would be at lunchtime, when the machine is down. Can you do that?

MRS. CISSÉ (V.O.)
What do you want me to do?

The room, separated from the exterior by a thin plastic curtain, is deserted.

TECHNICIAN (V.O.)
Barely anything. Just unscrew this little red tube and drop the steel marble into the opening. Screw the tube back in, and that's all.

She approaches the machine and begins to do as she was instructed. She unscrews the little red tube and removes the metal nozzle.

MRS. CISSÉ (V.O.)
It could be dangerous...

MARCONI (V.O.)
Going back to Somalia could be dangerous too...

Her hands are shaking so hard that when she goes to drop the steel marble inside, it falls on the ground and rolls under a shelf.

She gets down on all fours to pick it up. Just then, the heavy reinforced door opens and a MAN comes in.

MAN
Don't bother with the dust under there, no need to go overboard. (looking around) Where did I put it? A-ha!

He picks up a half-eaten sandwich from a chair and exits.

The young woman straightens up, her heart pounding. She turns back to the machine, drops the marble in, replaces the nozzle and screws the tube back on.

LATER

The man who came in for the sandwich is back at work. He places a casing in the lower receptacle, and a nose cone in the upper section.

Then he goes into the corridor, closes the reinforced door behind him and starts the crimping process.

Inside, the blocked tube begins to swell and leak, but the process continues, stamping the shell with a sharp crack.

The man opens the reinforced door and removes the finished projectile. As another casing and nose cone are put in place, a YOUNG BLONDE WOMAN at the wheel of an electric cart full of shells, drives up behind the plastic curtain.

The sandwich man waves at her and she stops the vehicle.

MAN
Can you come here for a minute?

YOUNG BLONDE WOMAN (glancing around)
It is prohibited to park here with this sort of load...

MAN
It won't take a sec.

She climbs down and follows him inside, laughing.

They go out into the corridor.

The man closes the reinforced door behind them and pushes the woman up against the wall, kissing and fondling her as their sighs and moans mingle together.

He squeezes her breast with one hand and grabs the electric control to launch the machine, with the other.

On the other side, the small red tube reaches its bursting point, and disconnects. The machine jams...

BOOM! An explosion goes off, blowing away the plastic curtain.

The electric cart topples over, its load of shells tumbling to the floor.

B-O-O-M!!!

A worker sitting on a revolving stool spins around twice before being ejected, the pages of a calendar flip, animating the pictures of naked women...

In the yard, visiting Arab officers see their caps fly away and their stripes and medals ripped off.

In the lobby, the showcase full of trophies collapses in a crash of glass...

Office windows shatter. An engineer at his computer is propelled backwards in his rolling desk chair. He smashes several partitions and ends up embedded under a shelf of dummy projectiles that tumble down on top of him.



1-2

3-4

5-6

7-8

117 / I / E. PLANT - DAY

A colossal explosion shakes the entire plant!

In a remote area of the plant, a worker is in a yard, reading the newspaper. His paper is literally blown apart by the blast.

In a workshop, the blast rocks everything: a brick wall disintegrates, boxes are knocked over, thousands of metal parts scattered...

118 / INT. DE FENOUILLET'S OFFICE - DAY

The office walls are quaking. DE FENOUILLET stands stock still, paralyzed.

Suddenly, fine cracks appear in the glass of the framed photos on his desk: the villa on Lake Geneva, the French President...

The CEO slowly turns his head toward the VDA building. Cracks spread across his windows, then across a lens of his eyeglasses...

119 / INT. MARCONI'S OFFICE - DAY

A sudden whistling sound, like a WWI shell... MARCONI braces himself.

A cast iron radiator lands on MARCONI's desk with a horrendous crash!

The CEO, in total shock, cannot believe his eyes. Steam hisses from the radiator.

120 / INT. CRIMPING SHOP - DAY

The reinforced door opens cautiously. The sandwich man and the electric cart driver appear, half-undressed.

They discover a scene of total destruction.

121 / INT. MARCONI'S APARTMENT - DAY

In MARCONI's living room, we hear the door open and the sound of something heavy being moved.

SECURITY GUARD (the one drugged earlier)
That's odd, he usually lets me know...

At the end of the hallway, the door closes on the guard and TINY PETE. A large box sits in the entranceway.

A utility knife appears from inside the box and begins to cut through the adhesive tape.

122 / INT. OFFICE - MARCONI'S APARTMENT - DAY

After folding up the box, ELASTIC GIRL slips it under a carpet.

Then she opens drawers, lifts items and peers under furniture.

She walks over to the fireplace and talks into the opening.

ELASTIC GIRL
What does blackmail "evidence" to look like?

BAZIL (O.S.) (his voice echoing down the chimney)
A video, a recording, a cassette, an envelope... or photos.
And it could be just about anywhere.

ELASTIC GIRL
Thanks, that's a big help!

Annoyed, she emerges from the fireplace and starts searching.

All of a sudden, she hears the sound of a key turning in the front door lock!

123 / INT. HALLWAY - DAY

MARCONI and the guard enter.

GUARD
I'm sorry. If I had known you'd be home so early, I'd have told him to wait.

MARCONI
Yes... we had a slight problem at work.

The guard stands gaping. The box has disappeared.

GUARD
I don't get it... He... he left it right here.

MARCONI
The nanny probably put it away.

GUARD
The nanny isn't here today, sir... Your son is with his mother.

MARCONI (relieved)
Right, of course.

He takes the guard by the shoulders and pushes him toward the door.

MARCONI
I want you to check every floor and find that box, got it?

GUARD
But I'm positive that...

MARCONI pushes him out and shuts the door. He goes to the living room adjoining the office and collapses on the sofa. There is no sign of ELASTIC GIRL.

He switches on the TV to a 24-hour news channel. A REPORTER is talking about the explosion at ADA.

REPORTER
A large explosion occurred at the ADA building this afternoon, causing major damage. There were no casualties. An investigation is under way to determine the origin of the blast...

Several boxes of cigars and an ashtray are displayed on a very small writing desk in the living room. There is a keyhole in the center of the tiny desk doors... through the keyhole, ELASTIC GIRL's eye observes the scene.

The desk is so tiny it is hard to imagine how she could have squeezed inside.

COMMENTATOR
Criminal intent has not been ruled out, even though CEO Nicolas Thibault DE FENOUILLET declined to comment. Mr. DE FENOUILLET, who has close ties with the French president, is a Grenoble Institute of Technology graduate and inventor of the flagship of French weaponry: the "Scourge" missile.

124 / EXT. ROOFTOPS - DAY

Worried, BAZIL listens with his ear pressed inside the chimney.

COMMENTATOR (O.S.)
...and has close ties with former minister Charles Domicelli. Nicolas Thibault DE FENOUILLET has been implicated in several cases of arms trafficking, misuse of company funds, insider trading and influence peddling, but charges were dismissed every time...

DE FENOUILLET (filmed in a courthouse corridor)
Preposterous! I defy anyone to provide the slightest shred of tangible evidence....

125 / INT. MARCONI'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

MARCONI (snickering)
Humbug...

The news bulletin ends. The weather is next.

126 / EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY

BAZIL listens carefully. Snoring can now be heard over the weather report.

127 / INT. MARCONI'S LIVING ROOM – DAY

Head thrown back on the sofa, MARCONI has fallen asleep with his mouth wide open.

Meanwhile ELASTIC GIRL is in agony inside the writing desk. She groans and the desk starts to rock on its legs...

128 / EXT. ROOFTOP - EVENING

BAZIL is tense and perplexed. He doesn't know what to do. The sun is setting and electric lights are being switched on.

BAZIL
Calm down... Calm down... Breathe!
(he inhales and exhales deeply)
Essential questions:
A: Who comes up with jokes?
B: Why is the place you're looking for on a map always on the fold?
C: How many people does it take to wear out a step on a staircase?

Each question is illustrated with animation.

129 / INT. MARCONI'S LIVING ROOM - EVENING

MARCONI is asleep in the dimness. The 24-hour news channel credits roll again. We hear the same report about the explosion at the ADA plant.

ELASTIC GIRL has had all she can take. The doors of the writing desk open slowly. An arm emerges with some difficulty.

COMMENTATOR (O.S.)
...but charges were dismissed every time...

DE FENOUILLET
Preposterous! I defy anyone to provide the slightest shred of tangible evidence...

On hearing his enemy's voice, MARCONI wakes with a start.

MARCONI (sleepily)
Huh? Humbug!

ELASTIC GIRL curls quickly back into the writing desk and closes the doors.

MARCONI changes the channel to some mindless game show. Rubbing his face with both hands, he turns on a lamp and draws the curtains.

130 / EXT. IN FRONT OF MARCONI'S BUILDING - EVENING

From outside the building, we see MARCONI's silhouette at the window, closing the curtains.

Point of view from inside a luxury automobile. Raindrops start to fall on the windshield.

DE FENOUILLET is watching the window from the car. Libarski is at the wheel.

DE FENOUILLET (full of hatred)
You wanted war...
you're gonna get a Blitzkrieg!!!

LIBARSKI
Now, sir?

DE FENOUILLET
Go ahead.

LIBARSKI (into a walkie-talkie)
Go!

A van is parked behind DE FENOUILLET's car. The side door opens and a half-dozen men equipped like commandos, with bulletproof vests, wool caps and assault rifles, rush out and line up against the wall adjoining the security guard's station.

The first man steps up, aims at the video surveillance camera and fires, shattering the lens.

The others fan out in front of the door. One of them shoots out the lock.

The door opens by itself.

The commando unit barges into the room, weapons drawn, then freezes.

MARCONI's guard is in his chair, already bound and gagged...

131 / INT. MARCONI'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

MARCONI, his features drawn, is brewing coffee in the kitchen.

The doors of the writing desk open once more. Totally numb, ELASTIC GIRL can barely extricate herself from her hiding place.

Her eyes suddenly widen.

In the hallway, a single file of armed men is approaching!
She curls back inside the desk.

Sitting at the kitchen table, MARCONI is pouring his coffee.

Pop! Suddenly the lights go out. So does the sound from the television set.

In the darkness, MARCONI makes his way to the fuse box.

He shines the beam of a flashlight on the fuses, which have indeed blown.

He hits the reset switch. The lights come back on... and we discover a large caliber revolver pressed to the CEO's temple.

Three men appear behind him...
The African rebels!

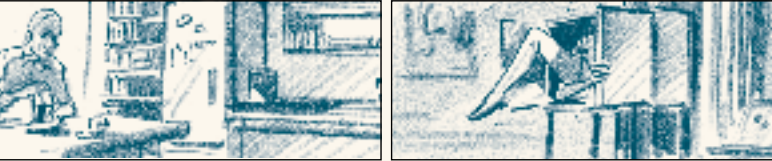
MAN IN DARK GLASSES
So. Was President Amhadou generous with his diamonds? How much did you pocket to put us out of commission?

MARCONI stares at him, terrified.

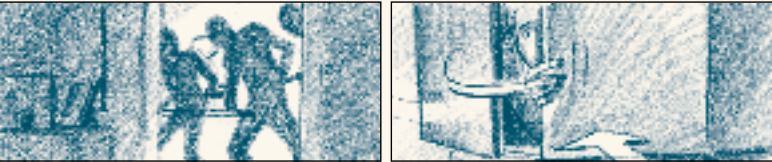
MAN IN DARK GLASSES
Perhaps you thought we would rot in jail? Well, you played and lost. We make the rules now.

Through the keyhole of the writing desk, ELASTIC GIRL's eye panics.

MAN IN DARK GLASSES (to the others)
How about a little round, my brothers?



1-2



3-4



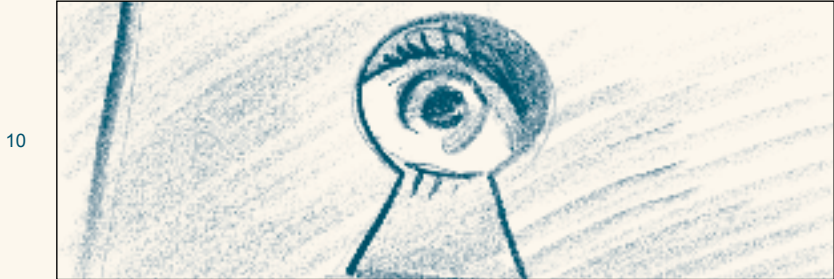
5



6-7



8-9



10

132 / EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Through the chimney flue, we hear the rebels' throaty laughter. Under the rain, BAZIL starts to panic.

BAZIL (in a low voice)
Calm down! Don't panic! Memory exercise...
(reciting quickly)
"The Black Monocle", 1961.
"The Eye of the Monocle", 1962.
"The Monocle's Sour Laugh", 1964...

A superimposed image of actor Paul Meurisse, wearing his famous monocle and firing his silenced-equipped gun with a "pop, pop", appears at the mention of each film title.

133 / INT. MARCONI'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

While two of the Africans finish tying up and gagging MARCONI, the envoy sweeps everything off the desk with his arm.

The three men empty their revolver barrels.

Kneeling at the desk, each man lays a bullet on the edge of it. Then, each of them flicks his bullets across the desk. The idea is to get as close as possible to the far edge, like pool players trying to determine the order of play.

One bullet goes too far and falls off. The second stops in the middle. The third, belonging to the envoy, stops right near the edge.

In a chorus of exclamations, each rebel recovers his bullet, slips it into the barrel and spins it, as if they were preparing for a round of Russian roulette.

Then they sit down comfortably and aim their guns at MARCONI, who moans behind his gag.

The envoy fires first. Click! The second man takes aim. Click! Then the third man. Click!

MARCONI is wracked by nervous spasms.

The rebels high-five each other and reload their revolvers, yelping excitedly.

The envoy suddenly notices the little writing desk. He grabs a cigar, tears off the end and sticks it between his teeth. He looks around for a light.

He opens the desk doors... but there is nobody inside. ELASTIC GIRL has disappeared.

He turns back to MARCONI. With the cigar in his mouth, he smiles widely, aims at MARCONI's head and fires.

Bam! Strangely, there is now a round hole in the middle of the envoy's

forehead. Not understanding what has happened, he looks down at his
silencer and collapses, dead.

The two other Africans exchange puzzled looks. Bam! Bam! They too
collapse, each with a hole in his head.

134 / EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

On the roof, BAZIL panics. He rushes over to a dormer window, to rescue
ELASTIC GIRL.

135 / INT. MARCONI'S APARTMENT – NIGHT

Libarski, his commando force and DE FENOUILLET in person, enter the
living room.

As Libarski removes MARCONI's gag, DE FENOUILLET takes a moment
to enjoy the face-off with his rival, who is drenched in sweat.

DE FENOUILLET (slipping on his leather gloves)
You know, I came to teach you a little lesson, but these gentlemen have
just given me another idea...

He unfolds his breast pocket handkerchief and hands it to Libarski, who
uses it to pick up the envoy's revolver and lay it in DE FENOUILLET's
gloved hand.

MARCONI (on the verge of panic)
You'd never dare risk it.

DE FENOUILLET
Risk what? We both refused to sell weapons to rebels plotting a coup. To
get revenge, they placed a bomb at ADA and then came after you. We
rushed to your rescue, right, Libarski?

LIBARSKI
And arrived just a tad too late.

DE FENOUILLET
How clumsy of us.

136 / INT. ELDERLY COUPLE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

In the neighboring apartment, the elderly couple seen earlier is absorbed
in one of their petty arguments.

ELDERLY MAN
I ramble on because you're deaf and you're losing your mind!

ELDERLY WOMAN
Me, losing my mind? Look who's talking! You search everywhere for your
glasses. Then, when you find them, you put them on so you can see better
to look for them! What do you call that?

They stop short when their window is smashed to bits by a human shape
that crashes in from the balcony, and gets tangled up in the curtains like
a mummy.

As the figure struggles and thrashes on the floor, the curtain rod is torn off
the wall. BAZIL sits up and for a second, is as dumbstruck as the couple.

BAZIL
Sorry, wrong floor.

He rushes to the front door, opens it... and is greeted by a revolver barrel
in his face, trained on him by Libarski's henchman, Mateo.

137 / INT. MARCONI'S APARTMENT – NIGHT

MARCONI is on his knees in his apartment, begging for mercy from DE
FENOUILLET, who aims his weapon right between his enemy's eyes.

MARCONI
Wait! Wait!

He rises and goes to the writing desk where ELASTIC GIRL was hiding.

Trembling, he opens a box of cigars, lifts up a false bottom and takes out
the audiocassette that ELASTIC GIRL was looking for.

MARCONI
Here! This is the Baghdad Museum plunder! Take it and go! Leave me
alone!

DE FENOUILLET
I don't think that's going to be enough.

MARCONI falls back on his knees.

MARCONI
Give me a break! I shouldn't have sabotaged your plant. And I'll get the
charges dropped for the shells you stole!

DE FENOUILLET and Libarski exchange a confused look.

DE FENOUILLET
What shells?

MARCONI
The truckload of shells!...

DE FENOUILLET
Somebody stole a truckload of shells from him!
(to Libarski)
Was that us? No, it wasn't me, see?

LIBARSKI (pointing to the dead Africans)
My guess is it was probably them.

DE FENOUILLET
Must be them...

MARCONI is flabbergasted.

MARCONI
It's him! It's him!

DE FENOUILLET and Libarski turn to see BAZIL entering the room,
Mateo's gun aimed at the back of his neck.

MARCONI
It's him! We spotted him on our surveillance tapes. He posed as a waiter at
our last company cocktail party! I thought he worked for you...

DE FENOUILLET stops aiming at MARCONI and carefully examines
BAZIL's face. Out of the corner of his eye, BAZIL discreetly looks around
for ELASTIC GIRL.

Suddenly DE FENOUILLET remembers where he saw him.

FLASH BACK:

Outside the window in DE FENOUILLET's office, BAZIL pretends to
squeeze a pimple on his face.

DE FENOUILLET (to MARCONI)
I think we've both been had. What a mess!
(to BAZIL)
Who do you work for?

BAZIL
Uh... let's say I'm more of a free-lancer.

Heavy silence.

MARCONI (seizing the occasion)
I have pied-à-terre on the Right Bank. We could grill him there... Huh?
What do you say?

DE FENOUILLET
My car is downstairs.

Libarski opens the door to leave, but immediately recoils, hands in the
air.

Gerbaud and Gravel step into the apartment, their guns trained on DE
FENOUILLET's men, who immediately draw their weapons.

MARCONI
Too little too late, boys! These guys are no longer the problem...

MARCONI & DE FENOUILLET
(in chorus, pointing at BAZIL)
He is!

In a single motion, all the guns train on BAZIL, who immediately faints.

I / E. BAZIL'S IMAGINATION:

BAZIL (V.O.)
Well... Aeschylus died when a tortoise was dropped on his head...

Superimposed in animation over the shot, an eagle drops a tortoise on Aeschylus's bald head.

BAZIL (V.O.)
Jean-Baptiste Lully died of gangrene from beating time to the music...

Lully furiously raps a stick on the floor. All of a sudden, he strikes his big toe...

BAZIL (V.O.)
Emperor Barbarossa died when he forgot to remove his armor, before crossing a river...

The emperor sinks beneath the waters and vanishes. Only a few bubbles rise to the surface.

BAZIL (V.O.)
And I'm going to die of fear, like the fool that I am...

139 / INT. MARCONI'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

BAZIL snaps back to reality as he is vigorously slapped by Libarski.

At a signal from DE FENOUILLET, one of his men slings BAZIL over his shoulder and they all leave the apartment.

140 / EXT. OUTSIDE MARCONI'S BUILDING - NIGHT

Looking like a veritable convoy, they all leave the courtyard of MARCONI's building. First DE FENOUILLET's sedan, with the two CEOs in the rear and Gerbaud in front, next to the driver.

Behind it comes Libarski and Gravel's car, followed by the van with DE FENOUILLET's commando force. There is no sign of BAZIL.

141 / INT. MARCONI'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The deserted apartment is now silent.

The quiet is suddenly broken by the muffled sound of bottles knocking together. In the kitchen, the refrigerator door opens. An arm painfully emerges, followed by a leg... ELASTIC GIRL finally straightens up, completely numb and frozen.

Shaky and shivering, she rushes over to the telephone and dials a number.

ELASTIC GIRL
SLAMMER? Plan B! Now!

142 / EXT. SUBURBAN STREETS - NIGHT

The convoy speeds down suburban streets, led by the sedan with the two CEOs.

After driving by factory walls, passing under metal bridges and cruising along the river, the black sedan speeds past a woman sitting on a moped, perched on its kickstand.

The woman is MAMA CHOW, wearing a coat and a large scarf on her head like a peasant. She immediately stands on the moped pedals and spins them, turning on the headlight – it's the signal.



BUSTER, at the wheel of a huge rundown truck fit for the wrecking yard, suddenly emerges from an adjoining street and obstructs the road.

Gerbaud tries to avoid the vehicle. The car spins out of control and rams rear first into a billboard advertising a car, taking the place of the car in the ad.

The van arriving behind skids to a halt. The driver barely has time to swerve into another street. Unfortunately, it is a dead end and the van crashes into a heap of garbage.

Shaken, the driver throws the vehicle into reverse and zigzags backwards. Just as he reaches the street, BUSTER's truck blocks it again. The van's rear end smashes into the truck.

BUSTER jumps out of the truck and hops on the back of the moped.

MAMA CHOW speeds off. Heads lowered, they drive away in a cloud of bluish gas, under fire from DE FENOUILLET's henchmen, who have scaled the truck... and from Gravel and Libarski.

Meanwhile, nobody in the sedan has noticed anything. The car is about to drive under a bridge.

Up on the bridge, the tow truck is poised with its arm hanging over the parapet. Huge steel claws connected to the arm, hold a salvaged jalopy in mid-air.

Across the bridge, the junkyard crew watches over parapet for the sedan.

CALCULATOR
180... 150... 130...

SLAMMER grips the control lever.

CALCULATOR
90... 60... 30... Go!

SLAMMER
Stage A: we drop the wreck!

The steel jaws open. The wrecked car crashes down on the road, in a cloud of dust.

DE FENOUILLET's sedan screeches to a halt just before the bridge.

Up above, the tow truck's arm swivels to the other side. The metal jaws at the end of the chains drop down to the sedan and grip it with a sound of crushed metal.

SLAMMER
Stage B: we collect the trash!

To the sound of clanking chains, DE FENOUILLET's sedan is lifted into the air.

Inside the car, everyone panics. Mateo, who was driving, and Gerbaud open their doors and jump to the ground while they still can.

DE FENOUILLET and MARCONI would like to follow suit, but the steel jaws are blocking their doors.

The tow truck deposits the car on the bridge. The jaws open and rise.

SLAMMER on one side of the car and BUSTER on the other immediately open the rear doors and roughly drag the two CEOs out by the scruff of their necks.

While BUSTER restrains MARCONI, SLAMMER holds out a cotton wad into which CALCULATOR pours the contents of a vial. She presses it over the CEO's nose and mouth and SLAMMER pulls a hood over his head. Meanwhile, REMINGTON holds DE FENOUILLET and gets ready to give him the same treatment.

REMINGTON
You're starting to get us hot under the collar, pal. Your goose is cooked, your number's up. You've had the wool pulled over your eyes. Your plan has turned sour. We're taking you south.

With these words, he presses the wad of chloroform over the weapons dealer's face.

Meanwhile, CALCULATOR opens the trunk of the sedan. BAZIL is inside, bound and gagged.

ELASTIC GIRL comes over... rips off the gag... and, making the most of BAZIL's immobility, plants her lips on his and gives him a deep French kiss!

FADE TO BLACK

143 / INT. PLANE CABIN – DAY

DE FENOUILLET and MARCONI are tied to airplane seats, heads covered with burlap hoods, foreheads touching.

Camera closes in on them, moves through the burlap, until all we see are the two CEO's faces in the darkness. Their mouths are gagged. They slowly come to.

From here on, we hear what the two men hear and see superimposed over their foreheads what they believe or imagine is happening.

We hear the monotonous drone of the plane.

DE FENOUILLET and MARCONI "see" themselves on a plane with terrorists, armed to the teeth. They imagine that BUSTER, REMINGTON and BAZIL have assault weapons trained on them.

Fully awake, MARCONI begins to moan under his gag. DE FENOUILLET tries to respond in the same way. The two CEOs immediately receive a blow to the head.

The two men begin to panic.

DE FENOUILLET "sees" himself tossed into a river, devoured by frenzied crocodiles.

MARCONI imagines himself buried, with only his head emerging from the ground, as buzzards with razor-sharp beaks hover around him.

LATER...

The two men have nodded off. Suddenly, a "ding" signaling for the passengers to fasten their seatbelts, wakes them up with a start.

They both "see" the lighted signal.

Next, they are both slightly shaken up in their seats.

DE FENOUILLET "sees" the plane descending, entering a layer of clouds.

Same for MARCONI but his view is through the plane window.

There is a sudden bump. Their two heads pitch forward to the sound of jet engines in reverse thrust.

The two CEOs "see" the smoking tires braking on the runway...

There is the sound of compressed air.

The two men "see" the heavy aircraft door open.

All of a sudden, they are roughly picked up.

They "imagine" that they are being dragged up the main aisle, with the terrorists training their Kalashnikovs on them.

In the distance, a call to prayer is heard over a loudspeaker...

A wave of heat gives them a "vision" of burning sun, an airport tarmac in a North African country...

They descend steps. Their footsteps ring out on the metal stairway that they «visualize».

They are seated side by side.

They hear the rumbling of a car engine.

They “see” themselves in a Japanese 4x4, with a bunch of massively armed terrorists standing in the rear, gripping the roll bar like militiamen.

The car drives off. We hear bells ringing.

DE FENOUILLET imagines a herd of goats. MARCONI “sees” donkeys crossing their path.

They both wrinkle their noses at a strong smell.

They “see” mounds of over-ripe bananas on carts pulled by donkeys.

Children’s shouts ring out...

They both “see” a group of ragged North African and African kids running after the vehicle, but the youngsters soon get left behind.

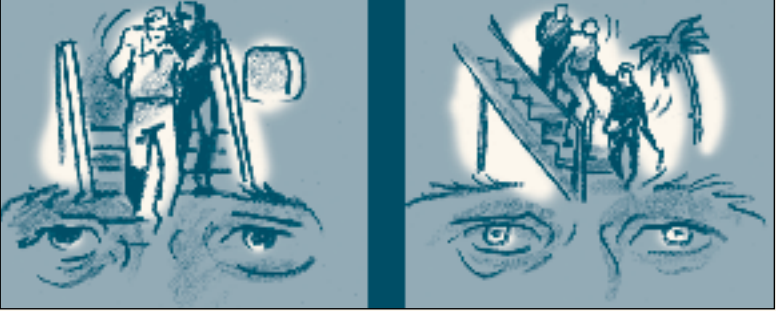
Finally the vehicle comes to a halt with the sound of a handbrake.



7-8



9-10



11

144 / EXT. YARD - DAY

They are handled roughly. DE FENOUILLET panics.

His hood is suddenly torn off, then his gag. He blinks in the harsh light.

A gold-toothed Arab smiles a few inches from his face, holding up a hand grenade (which came from Libarski’s stolen suitcase) and pointing to the emblem engraved on it: the gladiator’s shield streaked with a lightning bolt that symbolizes his company, VDA.

GOLD-TOOTHED ARAB
Look familiar?

The gold-toothed Arab pulls out the pin. Holding down the safety catch, he pinches DE FENOUILLET’s nose, forcing him to open his mouth.

He shoves the grenade into the CEO’s mouth, with the catch held down between his teeth.

The gold-toothed Arab, who is on a stepladder, descends the three steps, revealing that DE FENOUILLET is sitting on MARCONI’s shoulders, his thighs on either side of his neck.

The gold-toothed Arab tears off MARCONI’s hood and rips off his gag.

When MARCONI manages to keep his eyes open in the glare, he sees right in front of him the VDA emblem (a sword above an explosion) engraved on a mine stolen from Gravel.

The gold-toothed Arab removes the safety catch, and crouching down, sticks it under MARCONI’s foot.

BAZIL (wagging his finger)
No move!

Frame widens to reveal that the two CEOs are balanced one on top of the other in the middle of a small run-down yard, surrounded by a wall above which we glimpse palm trees here and there.

The yard entrance looks out onto a street where Arabs and Africans on bicycles and mopeds ride by indifferently, past children kicking a rag ball around.

There are two freshly dug rectangular holes in front of the two CEOs...

Beyond the graves, the gold-toothed Arab sits on a chair, flanked to his left and right by a dozen veiled Arab women in djellabas.

Each woman is holding a photograph, most of which are yellowed. Some are framed, others are torn and taped together.

The photographs are of children 7 to 15 years old.

Some pictures were taken on a hospital bed, with a bandage covering the stump of a leg or a mangled arm. Others show children posing with a smile, probably the least lucky ones, who died. Still others pose with crutches, one leg amputated below the knee.

Everyone is motionless and silent. From behind their veils, the women observe MARCONI, who is doing his best to stay balanced, his forehead dripping with sweat.

DE FENOUILLET tightens his thighs to avoid falling, as drool trickles out his mouth and onto the grenade.

MARCONI
You want a ransom, is that it? Go on, tell us your price! We can afford it...

DE FENOUILLET (talking as best he can)
I’m friends with the President of France! Take this grenade out... we can call him together... He’ll pay, you’ll see.

MARCONI
Speak clearly!

Deathly silence.

MARCONI (shouting)
What is it you want?

Deathly silence.

DE FENOUILLET (drooling and wailing)
Forgive us... forgive us... for your children...

MARCONI (just as two-faced)
That’s right... forgive us... for all the women who were raped in dirty wars.

DE FENOUILLET
I only sell weapons to people who wage clean wars!

MARCONI (to DE FENOUILLET)
Sure! You still sell anti-personnel mines on the sly!

MARCONI, furious, deliberately sways to try to unseat DE FENOUILLET, forgetting that if he falls, they will both die.

The two men breathe heavily, laboring under the effort.

When they manage to steady themselves, they stare at the onlookers, dreading the verdict.

Deathly silence.
Icy looks.

MARCONI (at the end of his rope)
I understand you perfectly, my fiends... I'll admit it: I'm in favor of terrorism!

DE FENOUILLET
(trying to speak as fast as he can)
Me too... It promotes trade...

MARCONI wobbles again, his strength leaving him. DE FENOUILLET trembles, his teeth gripping the grenade.

MARCONI
(to DE FENOUILLET)
You play the cynic... but, believe me, you're a choirboy compared to me!

DE FENOUILLET
Rubbish!

MARCONI teeters again, DE FENOUILLET squeezes his thighs.

MARCONI (almost having a fit)
The 300 deaths in the Ankara Boeing... The explosive was mine!

DE FENOUILLET
Sure! You were still in short pants when I was already supplying half of their weapons to the IRA and the ETA!

MARCONI
What about Darfur, where do you think they get their weapons?

MARCONI is about to retort, but his knees give way. He collapses, slamming DE FENOUILLET to the ground.

The mine is released and bounces up. Nothing happens.

The hand grenade falls from DE FENOUILLET's mouth and rolls on the ground with a faint hissing sound but there is no explosion.

The two men freeze for a moment, petrified, before looking up in a daze.

At that point, the Arab «women» lift their veils, revealing themselves to be MAMA CHOW and CALCULATOR, then ELASTIC GIRL, REMINGTON, BUSTER, TINY PETE and SLAMMER... all in disguise.

Kneeling on the ground, the two CEOs try to make sense of what is going on.

145 / INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

This next sequence is a “fast rewind” in which we see the last scenes in reverse, like a cassette tape playing backwards...

Until...

The two hooded CEOs are tied to their plane seats.

We see that they are actually sitting in car seats salvaged from the wrecking yard, placed in the middle of an abandoned warehouse, surrounded by the junkyard crew.

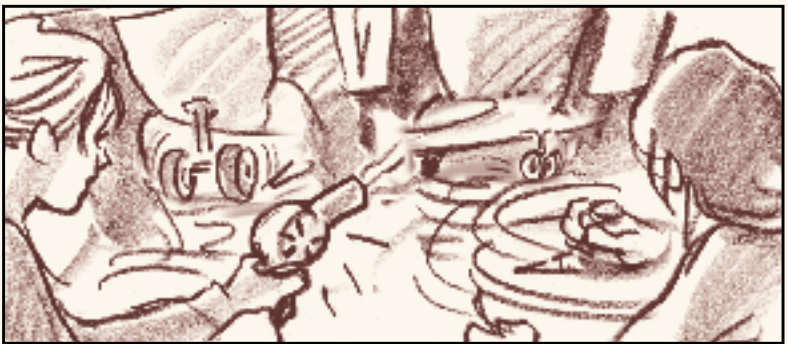
Next to them, MAMA CHOW turns the hand crank of an old-fashioned laundry washer, making the “plane hum.”

This is when the two CEOs begin to wake and moan.

1-2



3-4



SLAMMER and BUSTER give them a good blow to the head (We briefly see their crocodile and buzzard fantasies superimposed over the shot).

LATER...

The two men have nodded off. As the others signal and smile, MAMA CHOW approaches them with a tinkered toaster in her hand.

At BAZIL's signal, she pushes up the lever, imitating the safety belt "ding". CALCULATOR and ELASTIC GIRL suppress their giggles.

At that instant, BUSTER, REMINGTON and SLAMMER carefully move the two planks on springs that the "plane seats" are on.

Guided by BAZIL, who conducts them like an orchestra, they tilt the planks to imitate the descent and make slight rocking movements while MAMA CHOW varies the cadence of the laundry washer handle. Nearby, CALCULATOR clutches her sides, laughing...

All of a sudden, at BAZIL's signal, they abruptly tilt the seats. The two men's heads tip forward, as ELASTIC GIRL approaches with a hair dryer switched on... and MAMA CHOW turns the hand crank as fast as she can... imitating the brakes on the runway!

Now it is time to open the aircraft door. TINY PETE has inserted a plastic tube under a large, 1970s ashtray. He blows into the tube, then suddenly releases the pressure. The ashtray snaps shut with an amazingly true-to-life sound...

The two CEOs are certain they know what is happening. Their "visions" are briefly superimposed over the shot.

Next, they are dragged down the main aisle, which is in fact a strip of carpeting on the warehouse floor, lined with pieces of wood posing as armrests.

Time to exit. The two CEOs are at the top of a metal stepladder descending straight into the warehouse courtyard. Two huge electric heaters produce the gust of heat at the "African airport."

A short distance away, REMINGTON imitates the call to prayer over an old megaphone.

146 / EXT. INSIDE THE JEEP – DAY

The CEOs are in an old jeep from the wrecking yard that is now driving wide circles in the warehouse parking lot.

As the jeep goes by, BUSTER shakes the "goat" or "donkey" bells. SLAMMER, standing on the jeep running board, holds a crate of rotting bananas under the prisoner's noses.

At BAZIL's signal, half a dozen Arab children from the neighboring housing project run behind the vehicle, then fall back as the jeep "outruns" them.

Finally, the jeep stops. TINY PETE turns a fishing reel to imitate the sound of the jeep's damaged hand brake.

147 / EXT. BACK YARD – DAY

The two CEOs are kneeling on the ground of the small yard.

BAZIL rises and goes over to an old oilcan.

He lifts it up. We see that the empty can was concealing an old video camera with a microphone on top.

As DE FENOUILLET and MARCONI look on in utter confusion, BAZIL presses the stop button, ejects the cassette and walks away without a glance at them.

The junkyard crew follows him toward the exit.

Camera rises to reveal vacant lots and Paris suburbs on the other side of the wall. Montmartre and the Sacré Coeur can be seen in the distance.

At the entrance, SLAMMER is handing automatons to the neighborhood children, as a reward for their performances.

The gold-toothed Arab and his employees, who played the passersby on bicycles and mopeds, climb into a truck from "Ali's Grocery", after being thanked by BAZIL.

FADE TO BLACK:

148 / INT. MAX'S OFFICE – NIGHT

Max's office is decorated with calendars of naked women, as well as ads for different brands of oil and car spark plugs.

The scrap dealer is sitting in front of a large computer, connected to the video camera. The entire junkyard crew stands behind him, staring at the screen.

Max's finger hits the "Send" button.

They all exchange knowing looks.



149 / INT. ALL OVER THE WORLD - DAY & NIGHT

A teenager in front of his PC, somewhere in France, clicks on YouTube. He spots a thumbnail image of two CEOs, one perched on top of the other. Curious, he clicks on it.

MARCONI (voice is jerky but understandable)
I understand you perfectly. I'll admit it: I'm in favor of terrorism!

DE FENOUILLET
Me too... It promotes trade...

The teenager can hardly believe his eyes. He clicks on "Share video."

The screen splits in half.

On the right, a flabbergasted teenage girl watches the video in full screen mode on her computer.

On the left, a boy in front of a screen in a classroom calls to his friends. Both click on "Send to all contacts"

The screen splits into eight.

The age groups start to vary. A grandfather, a professor, other boys and girls... The locations vary too. Through one window, the Provence sun is shining, through another, rain is beating on the glass...

MARCONI
The 300 deaths in the Ankara Boeing... The explosive was mine!

"Send to all contacts in address book"... "Send this video to a friend."

The screen is now split into 32 sections.

Zoom in on one of the tiny images. Several American teenagers are looking at the video, now subtitled in English. In another image, a young Japanese girl laughs, covering her teeth, at the two CEOs subtitled in Japanese.

The screen splits into 64 sections, then 128 sections...

The video circulates all over the world: China, Eastern Europe, Mexico, Africa.

More and more cursors click on "Share video" or "Send to all friends"...

Snatches of DE FENOUILLET and MARCONI's words... close-ups of subtitles in all languages. In front of the computers, young people, elderly people, men, women are amazed, amused, incredulous, and disgusted...

The screen now consists of thousands of little images, so small they are only tiny colored dots.

MARCONI
Yeah? Remember the 200 tons of explosives that disappeared in Iraq? Want to know where they are?

DE FENOUILLET
What about Darfur, where do you think they get their weapons?

150 / INT. NEWSPAPER OFFICE - DAY

In the pressroom of a major daily newspaper, a reporter is watching the video on his computer. He calls his colleagues over.

151 / EXT. PARIS STREET - DAY

MARCONI, flanked by Gerbaud and Gravel, leaves VDA. On the verge of hysteria, he tries to reach his car but is assailed by dozens of REPORTERS, PHOTOGRAPHERS and CAMERAMEN, jostling and shoving each other.

REPORTER
(holding out a mike)
Mr. MARCONI, share prices are collapsing, what are you...

REPORTER #2
Rumor has it you could be sentenced to 15 years...

REPORTER #3
Mr. MARCONI, you've lost custody of your son...

MARCONI is swallowed up in the mass of people...

152 / EXT. VDA - DAY

On a TV screen, we see dozens of reporters crowd in front of VDA headquarters. An insert in a corner of the screen shows a still photo of DE FENOUILLET.

Mike in hand, a reporter speaks to the camera.

REPORTER
... DE FENOUILLET, abandoned by his former political friends, even by the French President himself, has escaped to an unknown location. ADA is expected to shut down any day now.

153 / INT. JUNKYARD HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Camera slowly PULLS BACK to show the TV set playing in the junkyard hideaway.

Music plays and TINY PETE's latest creation, a dancing skirt and shirt, is spinning around on its own like a whirling dervish...

Everyone is busy sorting scraps, repairing and arranging items, taking inventory, packing, etc.

At the table, REMINGTON is writing in his big book.

REMINGTON (V.O.)
With the death mongers out of the picture, BAZIL, proud as a peacock, beat his breast and made amends, while the gal stopped picking fights with him and got off her high horse...

Meanwhile BUSTER, red as a beet, is looking through a crack in the metal wall.

A hand taps him sweetly on the shoulder. He turns around. CALCULATOR is looking at him with a tender and compassionate smile. She points to the crack in the wall and shrugs. Then she leads BUSTER away by the arm.

Camera CLOSES IN on the crack.



REMINGTON (O.S.)
You don't have to be a rocket scientist to realize that they were making sheep's eyes at each other. It's an open secret that they're now as thick as thieves...

Through the crack, we see BAZIL and ELASTIC GIRL's silhouettes, outlined against a hanging sheet. BAZIL is watching ELASTIC GIRL perform a poetic, yet erotic contortionist dance.

Little by little, her moves bring her closer to BAZIL. She kisses his mouth in such a way that we can guess what will happen next.

JEAN GABIN (O.S.)
"She puts her head under her feet and her toes in her nose... Suddenly in bed, she wraps in a twist... She goes into a spin, she knows how to bend... She rolls up in a ball and nibbles her knees, what you can do with the ELASTIC GIRL, is wild as you please..." *

THE END

Thierry Henry, with a "y", plays for the French national soccer team and FC Barcelona.
*The original recording of the "ELASTIC GIRL" song, performed by the French actor Jean Gabin.

Credits not contractual

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