

MONT ROYAL: DRAFT SCRIPT, NEVER PRODUCED

Written by

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CHARACTERS

James Remik
Jean-Louis
Nick Contrini
Ti-Pierre
Ciment
Jean Gaulois
Jacques Giroux
Alain Giroux
Langlois
Charles
Ginette
Baptiste
Francoise

1 EXT NORTHEAST MONTREAL NIGHT

PRE-CREDITS FADE IN:

Title reads: "Easter 1971"

The Boucherne tavern and Le Marche St. Michel shine through the cold night air. The last bastions of hospitality: a neighborhood bar and an all-night liquor store. A black Citroen waits in front of Marche St. Michel.

2 INT LIQUOR STORE NIGHT

A large old man wrapped in a blanket-like overcoat stands at the counter. A younger man in a black overcoat, his BODYGUARD, stands several steps to his left. The younger man nervously clasps his gloved hands.

The STOREKEEPER hangs on the old man's every move. He knows who the old man is.

So does everyone else in Montreal -- everyone, that is, who ever placed a bet, required a quick loan, went to an after-hours club or needed a fix. The old man is BAPTISTE GAULOIS, the scion of the Gaulois family, the last kingpin of the French-Canadian underworld.

The old man mumbles something as the Storekeeper hastens to retrieve a bottle of brandy from the shelf. The Bodyguard looks nervously from side to side.

Baptiste pays the Storekeeper, picks up the bagged bottle.

STOREKEEPER
(deferential)
Merci, Monsieur Gaulois. Merci.
Au Revoir.

Baptiste nods and walks toward the door. His Bodyguard precedes him. Baptiste's eye catches the magazine rack. The Bodyguard stands on the snowy sidewalk. Baptiste picks up a copy of Elle and carries it back to the counter. Dropping a coin on the counter, the old man tucks the magazine under his arm and heads outside.

He braces himself against the winter night.

CUT TO:

3 EXT NORTHEAST MONTREAL NIGHT

Baptiste looks toward the black Citroen and shuffles toward it as he notices something unusual -- his young Bodyguard is lying beside the Citroen, his throat slit from ear to ear.

Baptiste drops the magazine and bottle, fumbles inside his overcoat for a gun.

But it is too late. TWO THUGS, dressed in black, jump from the shadows and pummel him with blackjacks.

The old man struggles to protect himself as he sinks to his knees under the steady barrage. The old man's head thuds against the snowy sidewalk.

The Thugs drag Baptiste's heavy body into a junk-strewn lot. They go through his pockets, removing whatever valuables they can find.

Pocketing Baptiste's wallet, the First Thug reaches into the shadows and pulls out a gasoline can. He quickly douses the old man's limp body with gasoline.

The Thug step back, lights a match and tosses it toward the lumpy mass. POUF! The mass erupts in flames; the Thugs run off.

A pause, interrupted by the sound of a car accelerating away. The burning heap begins miraculously to move. Baptiste Gaulois rises slowly to his feet.

He moves like a pillar of fire through the dark street, struggling across the roadway. Each step takes the tortured old giant closer to the Boucherne tavern.

His fiery outline can be seen a block away. Red and yellow flames leap from his body, cast grotesque shadows across the sidewalk.

With a last superhuman effort, Baptiste crashes into the Boucherne tavern.

CUT TO:

4 INT BOUCHERNE TAVERN NIGHT

Inside, a crowd of drunks and workers bolt back in horror as a pillar of fire stands before them. They are too shocked to speak.

Baptiste Gaulois SCREAMS:

BAPTISTE
Assassins!

END PRE-CREDITS

CUT TO:

CREDITS MONTAGE SEQUENCE

Under the credits, a montage depicts the criminal life on Montreal:

(A) Well dressed gamblers play barotte in a casino;

(B) A "robbery squad" makes its escape from a bank;

(C) Radical Separatists spray-paint "Vive Quebec Libre" across the facade of Banque du Canada;

(D) A cop gets his weekly payoff;

(E) French gangsters emerge from the Notre Dame Cathedral;

(F) A riot squad rousts a band of radicals, throws the stragglers into the police van;

(G) Italian hoods sell firearms to radicals;

(H) A strip show at an expensive night spot;

(I) Low echelon French and Italian mobsters get into a pushing and shoving fight at an East End Bar;

(J) PLUS: scenic views of old and new Montreal.

Over these scenes, the voice of PAULINE JULIEN, Quebec's Separatist chanteuse, sings of the day when the Quebecois will be rid of British and American colonialism and will have their own independent state: "Quebec pour les Quebecois."

END CREDITS

CUT TO:

5 EXT GAULOIS CHATEAU DAY

For on hundred years the Gaulois family has stood atop Mt. Royal overlooking Montreal, the docks, the river and, in the distance, the grassy fields of Mt. Hubert. The chateau, like most of Montreal's monuments, was built in the 19th century in the style of the 18th century.

CUT TO:

6 INT NAPOLEON ROOM DAY

The bedchamber is decorated in the style of the Empire. The mahogany walls are embellished with gilt bronzes and red velvet. Gilded eagles, sphinxes and winged lions peer down from nests in the ceiling.

The Napoleon Room has been transformed into a makeshift hospital suite. A red Empire Swan bed stands in the center, surrounded by modern medical equipment: soft fluorescent lights, heart and pulse monitoring devices, stainless steel tables and glistening instruments.

On the bed lays Baptiste Gaulois, his body and face

swathed in white bandages. Pillows are placed under his head to that he can have a view of the room -- if he were conscious. A DOCTOR and NURSE stand at the end.

Behind the bed a bank of flowers bears condolences.

Were Baptiste conscious, he would enjoy the view: around his bed, in horseshoe formation, stand the hierarchy of the Gaulois Family. The women are dressed in black; the men wear dark business suits.

They patiently wait their turn, go forward, pay their respects.

JEAN GAULOIS, Baptiste's brother, ailing and showing each of his 68 years, walks to the bed and kneels beside it. Taking Baptiste's limp hand in his, Jean kisses it and says softly:

JEAN

Puissez-vous benir par le Dieu.

Baptiste's eyes flutter, see nothing.

Jean returns to his place near the marble and mahogany queridon. JACQUES GIROUX, Baptiste and Jean's brother-in-law, waiting his turn, removes his arm from his wife's shoulders and makes his way to the bedside. Jacques, 55, has a short and angular build. He takes Baptiste's hand:

JACQUES GIROUX

Puissez-vous benir par le Dieu.

ALAIN GIROUX, 35, Jacques' son: tough, educated, conservative, he feels at ease with responsibility. His body and gait, unlike those of the men surrounding him, does not bear the marks of gangland experience.

Standing motionless next to the spot his father occupied, Alain waits his turn, goes forward, kneels at his uncle's bedside:

ALAIN GIROUX

Puissez-vous benir par le Dieu.

FRANCOISE GIROUX, 29, beautifully and elegantly dressed, stands next in line. Her hand discreetly touches the hand of a man standing beside her, an American.

Francoise goes to the bedside:

FRANÇOISE GIROUX

Puissez-vous benir par le Dieu.

JAMES REMIK, 40, the American, calmly waits his turn. He carries the natural air of authority.

Remik gingerly takes his father's hand and kisses it:

REMIK

Puissez-vous benir par le Dieu.

SUZANNE GAULOIS, Remik's sister-in-law, and her young son, JEAN-OLIVIER, are the last to go to Baptiste's bedside.

Remik whispers to Suzanne:

REMIK

Where's Jean-Louis?

Suzanne mouths "I don't know" as she leads her son forward.

CUT TO:

7 EXT RESTAURANT PARKING LOT DAY

While his relations kneel at his father's bedside, JEAN-LOUIS GAULOIS, 38, Baptiste's son, sits calmly in the front seat of a beat-up van parked outside a plush midtown restaurant.

Beside Jean-Louis sits TI-PIERRE and MARC, two young Gaulois soldiers. All three men are dressed in the "radical" style of the period: faded jeans, boots, workshirts and jean jackets. Sharing the rear-view mirror, Ti-Pierre and Marc groom their hippie wigs and moustaches.

Ti-Pierre looks to Jean-Louis for his approval; Jean-Louis stares out the side window.

His eyes sharpen. Across the street, REMI LANGLOIS, Montreal's Chief of Police, gets out of a squad car and walks into the restaurant followed by a uniformed officer.

Jean-Louis holds up his Colt Commander .45 automatic, examines it, places a clip into the handle. Following his cue, Ti-Pierre and Marc likewise check their revolvers.

Pausing a moment, Jean-Louis turns and nods to his accomplices. Ti-Pierre and Marc slip out of the van and head toward the rear door of the restaurant.

CUT TO:

8 INT RESTAURANT DAY

Remi Langlois, joking and having a drink at a choice

table, excuses himself and walks towards the Men's Room.

INSIDE THE MEN'S ROOM, Chief Langlois walks toward the urinal. He does not notice the two pairs of boots standing in the toilet stalls.

Langlois is barely unzipped when he hears the SOUND of both stall DOORS OPENING simultaneously. He turns to see two young revolutionaries walking toward him, guns drawn.

LANGLOIS

FLQ?

Ti-Pierre frisks Langlois; Marc takes a position by the door.

TI-PIERRE

If you don't want to die, be quiet. You've just been liberated.

LANGLOIS

What do you want with me?

TI-PIERRE

(removes Langlois' gun)
Silence. Walk out the back door.
One false move and Bam!

LANGLOIS

(looking down)
May I zip first?

TI-PIERRE

(nods)
The revolution will let you zip.

LANGLOIS

Thank you.

Ti-Pierre motions his revolver. Langlois heads toward the door, followed by his captors.

CUT TO:

9 EXT RESTAURANT PARKING LOT DAY

Jean-Louis, unmoving, watches the rear door. Langlois, Ti-Pierre and Marc file out.

Jean-Louis picks up a red, white and blue ski mask, pulls it over his head.

CUT TO:

10 INT ANTECHAMBER DAY

James Remik straightens his suit and walks out of the Napoleon Room. CHARLES, his bodyguard, is waiting for him.

Charles waits for Remik to speak.

Remik's expression is pinched. Growing up as an adopted foreigner, James Remik always feels he is on trial, locked in a vise designed especially for him. After Baptiste's death, the vise will only grow tighter.

When Remik speaks, it is in his usual business monotone:

REMIK

Where is Jean-Louis? Have you seen him?

CHARLES

No, boss. He ain't been around all morning.

The Gaulois family DOCTOR walks into the antechamber. Remik motions to him:

REMIK

Michel, wait a moment.

The Doctor patiently steps to the side as Remik turns back to Charles to finish their conversation.

CHARLES

The town's like a frog's ass. The hush is coming down solid from the top.

REMIK

Contrini.

CHARLES

Who else?

REMIK

It's Contrini, all right. Goddamn Italians. Goddamn Americans. How can we fight Montreal, Buffalo, New York and Sicily all at the same time?

CHARLES

We ain't gonna do nothing?

The Doctor makes a polite cough; Remik hushes him with a sharp look, speaks confidentially to Charles:

REMIK

We'll do something, all right.
I've just got to figure out what.
We'll do just a little something
at first, just to let them know
we know.

(beat)

You know that wop that calls
himself "L'Angel du
Maisonneuve?" Ex-pimp, works out
of Longue-Point. He has a big
wide smile -- and a pimple on his
nose.

Remik makes a wide smile with his hands. Charles nods
recognition.

REMIK

Contrini's daughter is sort of
sweet on him. Very touching.
Rough him up a bit. Something
he'll remember. Get that big lug,
the ex-hockey player, Richard.
And take Ti-Pierre.

(beat)

Where is Ti-Pierre?

CHARLES

He's been gone all morning too,
boss.

REMIK

Find him.

Nodding acquiescence, Charles walks toward the door.
Remik turns toward the Doctor who is none too pleased at
being forced to witness the commissioning of a crime --
but not displeased enough, of course, to mention it.

REMIK

Any chance?

DOCTOR

No.

REMIK

How long?

DOCTOR

A week, maybe less, could be
more. The old man's got plenty of
strength.

REMIK

You know it's a little hard for

us to move with this thing
hanging in the balance.

The Doctor is shocked by Remik's callous tone.

DOCTOR

You're talking about your father!

Remik is insulted and hurt that the Doctor would even think he cared so little about his father. His face grows hard and tense:

REMIK

You don't have to remind me who I'm talking about, if you mean that old burnt-up piece of French toast in the other room. That old man was my whole life. He gave me a family, he gave me a country, he made me, and I wish to God I could lie down in his place now. But I'm not, and we've got to continue.

The Doctor is sufficiently cowed for Remik to continue:

REMIK

When's he coming to?

DOCTOR

Maybe a day or two. More likely never. He's awfully sedated now -
- shot through with morphine.

REMIK

Never?

DOCTOR

If he ever came around the pain would be so great it might finish him off right then and there.

REMIK

I want you to bring him around. There are decisions he has to make, decisions more important than whether he slips off to heaven like a baby in his sleep. How long will that take?

DOCTOR

If I cut him off now? Half a day, I suppose?

REMIK

Good. Do that.

DOCOTR

(reflective)

How are going to keep going
without him?

REMIK

Baptiste may have the blood of
this family, but that doesn't
mean he is indispensable. No man
is. I knew a fellow once, a good
soldier, had his legs chopped off
by a train when the wops dumped
him there after a hit, then got
his hand shot off at a poker game
shoot-out, then was blinded by
his wife who hated him and was
just plain ornery. But he's still
around today, and he can tell
when I walk into a room.

(beat)

You see? We'll survive.

CUT TO:

11 INT VAN DAY

Langlois' head hits the side of the van.

Jean-Louis, his face hidden by the ski mask, bends over
Langlois with his drawn .45. The Separatist flag hangs
against the side of the van.

Marc sits on his haunches in the corner, watching Jean-
Louis and Langlois.

IN THE FRONT SEAT Ti-Pierre, sans wig, steers the van
through the snowy street.

LANGLOIS

Why me? What do you want with me?

Jean-Louis CLIPS the Chief with his .45; blood trickles
down Langlois' cheek.

JEAN-LOUIS

I'll ask the questions.

Jean-Louis presses the gun against Langlois' eye,
increases the pressure:

JEAN-LOUIS

You're lucky. We don't want to
make a spectacle of you, though
you deserve it. We don't want to
hold you hostage, we don't want

to kill you. All we want is a little information and an hour from now you'll be back at the Coq d'Or sipping wine and talking about your adventure with the leftists.

(beat)

Forty kilos of heroin base has come in for New York shipment. We know that much. Now where is it?

LANGLOIS

Why ask me? I'm the Chief of Police? How should I know?

Jean-Louis drags the automatic down Langlois' cheek, places it against his clenched teeth. Jean-Louis slowly lets out his temper.

JEAN-LOUIS

We're not children. You've been running cover for the Italians for years. Look. We ain't afraid to kill. We just killed two months ago. I don't care.

(MORE)

JEAN-LOUIS

CONT'D

Do you understand, nigger?

(his temper flaring)

I don't care! I'm gonna kill you just for the hell of it! I don't even want to know where your dope is I hate your guts so much!

Jean-Louis prepares to pull the trigger. Convinced he is dealing with a madman, Langlois shakes with fear.

LANGLOIS

All right! All right.

Jean-Louis withdraws the gun.

LANGLOIS

Calm down. I know where there is something. Maybe I can help you. It's in the police garage.

JEAN-LOUIS

(smiles)

Vive Quebec Libre!

CUT TO:

12 INT GAULOIS CHATEAU CORRIDOR DAY

James Remik and Jean-Louis walk down the long corridor that leads toward the Marat Room. The walls are lined with 18th century court paintings.

Fragonard, Watteau and Boucher hang side by side, each extolling the decadent baroque lifestyle. Strains of a choral arrangement can be heard.

Jean-Louis, in sharp contrast to his adopted brother's funeral dress, wears his work shirt, jeans and boots.

REMIK

You should have been there. It was your place.

JEAN-LOUIS

You should have been with me, Jimmy.

REMIK

What do you mean?

JEAN-LOUIS

You know that forty kilos Contrini's been expecting?

(beat)

It's now in the possession of the Gaulois family.

Remik stops in his tracks a second, then continues, gesturing for Jean-Louis to continue.

JEAN-LOUIS

Well, I put the gun to our friend the top cop, Langlois, and he told me where it is.

Remik grimaces. He has long since become accustomed to his brother's irresponsible conduct, and his first thought is how to rectify the situation.

JEAN-LOUIS

(interrupting)

You don't understand. Nobody recognized me. I didn't go off half-cocked again.

(enthusiastic)

We were disguised as Separatists. Langlois thinks he was hit by an FLQ cell -- he was scared shitless.

Remik doesn't know whether to be worried, pissed off or

pleased, but in the end relents a grudging smile.

REMIK

And he didn't recognize you?

JEAN-LOUIS

Oh, you should have seen me. I
was fantastique!

Jean-Louis stops at the entrance to the Marat Room and gives an animated rendition of himself imitating an FLQ leader.

JEAN-LOUIS

"Monsieur le Roi Negre. Nigger
King. They give you a tin badge
and a place on the plantation and
you think you can suppress your
own people. Quebec pour les
Quebecois!"

(smiles)

Remik unsuccessfully tries to suppress a laugh as they walk into the Marat Room.

CUT TO:

13 INT MARAT ROOM DAY

A large tapestry depicting a hunting scene hangs on the far wall. On the adjoining wall, a row of windows overlook downtown Montreal. Remik walks toward the large art nouveau desk, which stands in the center of the room.

REMIK

Cause of the Marseilles bust,
huh?

JEAN-LOUIS

The way I got it figured three,
four week addicts are going to be
crawling the sidewalks of NYC.
Then New York will have to deal
with us, not Contrini and his
Buffalo friends.

Remik realizes it's a good plan, but he doesn't want to encourage his brother by admitting it.

REMIK

Yeah, but it's so. . .Italian,
you know? The kind of stuff they
do in the States.

JEAN-LOUIS

It's gonna work, ain't it?

REMIK

(growing angry)

But at least in America people don't run around pulling stunts without permission! Who gave you permission to do this?

JEAN-LOUIS

(sheepish)

Everybody else was busy with Papa and all, and I just thought it was a good idea.

REMIK

Baptiste ain't going to be around to take care of you anymore, Jean-Louis. Ain't going to be around to say «Ah, Jean-Louis, he acts a little stupid sometimes but he's a good boy.' You're next in line.

JEAN-LOUIS

When you going to leave me alone?

REMIK

When you going to take care of yourself?

JEAN-LOUIS

We can attack Contrini now, Jim. We got insurance.

REMIK

I don't believe in suicide as self-expression. I ain't gonna go to goddamn war just 'cause you want me to. I gotta figure how we're gonna survive. And we're gonna do that by wits and stamina.

(changing the subject)

Now why don't you go and see Papa. And Mama wants to see you too. She needs you.

Jean-Louis turns to go.

REMIK

And about the kilos, just keep it to yourself for the moment. I don't want to have to explain it to the others.

CUT TO:

14 INT LONGUE-POINT NIGHTCLUB NIGHT

A long row of naked legs in red glare. What the dancers lack in talent they make up for in zeal; the cheering businessmen don't seem to mind.

There is one face that stands out in the crowd; it belongs to a young Italian with a ruffled shirt and a wide white smile -- L'ANGEL DU MAISONNEUVE. And a pimple is on his nose.

L'Angel sips his drink as several shadows slip through the front door. Among the shadows is Ti-Pierre, Charles and RICHARD, an oversized goon. They work their way toward L'Angel's table.

L'Angel strains to recognize them. Ti-Pierre indicates they wish to join him. L'Angel nods and they do so.

L'ANGEL

Yes?

TI-PIERRE

You know me. I'm Ti-Pierre. A
Gaulois and. . .

(gesturing)

. . .of course, Richard DuGrand,
who was goalie for the Canadians
a couple of years back.

L'ANGEL

Yes.

TI-PIERRE

(to Charles)

Get L'Angel a drink.

Charles lumbers up and heads to the bar. L'Angel, uneasy, decides it is time for an exit and starts to get up. The pressure of a hard object under the table stops him.

TI-PIERRE

Yeah. That's a .45 Richard is
holding between your legs. Don't
make a move or make a sign or its
goodbye to Mutt and Jeff.

L'Angel eases back into his chair. A moment later, Charles returns with a beer mug filled with tequila and places it on the table. Ti-Pierre gestures toward the mug:

TI-PIERRE

Drink up, L'Angel. It's going to
be much easier that way.
(beat)
Drink.

L'Angel's broad white teeth are no longer smiling.

CUT TO:

15 INT ANTECHAMBER NIGHT

The Gauloises wait to be admitted into the Napoleon room.
Most sit silently; Jean, his head against the wall, is
asleep.

Jean-Louis sits on the setee with his mother, GINETTE.
Remik enters, watches them from a distance.

JEAN-LOUIS
(consoling)
Maman. Maman.

Sensing Remik's presence, Ginette lifts her eyes and
looks at him.

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK

Remik's mind slips back into the memory of something that
happened thirty-five years before. His mind has been
doing this more and more, ever since Baptiste's accident.

Remik is about seven. He is playing with several
childhood companions in the corridor, a room that looked
exactly as it does now.

His mother walks toward him:

GINETTE
(age 30)
Jimmy, where is Jean-Louis?

Remik and his companions shrug in unison.

GINETTE
You were supposed to watch him.

REMIK
(age 7)
We were playing Joseph and his
brothers.

GINETTE

Where is he?

REMIK

We were playing Joseph and his brothers.

GINETTE

Where is he?

REMIK

We threw him in the well.

GINETE

The well! Where is the well?

Jimmy reluctantly points toward the clothes chute.

Ginette hastens to the chute and looks down. There she sees Jean-Louis, 3 years old, crying atop a pile of dirty clothes. He wears a rug of many colors.

Ginette grabs Jimmy by the hand and hauls him down the corridor.

CUT TO:

16 INT NAPOLEON ROOM NIGHT

Remik's recollection is interrupted by the sound of the Doctor's voice. Standing in his wrinkled white coat, the Doctor speaks wearily to the assembled family.

DOCTOR

Baptiste is conscious. He has control only over his right hand. He will move it up and down. . .

(gestures)

. . .to indicate «Yes' and from to side. . .

(gestures)

. . .to indicate «No.' Please make it short.

The Gauloises file silently into the Napoleon. Room; Genette and Gean-Louis lead the way.

CUT TO:

17 INT NAPOLEON ROOM NIGHT

The Gauloises sit in gilded armchairs around Baptiste's bed. The lights of Montreal twinkle outside.

Baptiste's head is propped up. In great pain, Baptiste makes a superhuman effort to appear stern and paternal. Ginette, sitting closest, touches his hand.

GINETTE

Baptiste.

The old man manages a weak smile. The others make almost inaudible greetings: "Bonjour, Papa," "Mon cher frere" and so forth.

Baptiste moves his hand up and down.

REMIK

Papa, who was it? Can you remember?

Baptiste struggles to raise his hand; the Doctor restrains him.

JEAN-LOUIS

The Italians?

Baptiste moves his hand in a circular pattern. The Doctor bends his ear to Baptiste's lips.

DOCTOR

He doesn't know.

REMIK

Should we start a war?

Baptiste moves his hand from side to side: "No."

JEAN

Then. . .?

Baptiste attempts to speak. The Doctor bends near.

DOCTOR

He wants a pen and paper.

Alain quickly locates a pen and tablet. The Doctor places the pen in Baptiste's hand, holds the tablet to it.

With great effort, Baptiste scrawls a few letters on the tablet. The Doctor passes it to the others.

When Remik looks at the tablet he sees the ill-formed letters reading "REMIK."

REMIK

Is this your wish for
successorship, Papa?

Baptiste moves his hand up and down: "Yes." Remik starts to protest, but stops when the old man begins to make struggling sounds. The Doctor puts his ear to Baptiste's lips, turns to the others:

DOCTOR

Extreme Unction.

REMIK

Get Father Geri.

Jean-Louis hastens out as the Gauloises settle back. Baptiste, in pain, stares at the ceiling as the Doctor steps over to the medicine table. The Doctor injects a hypodermic needle into a bottle of morphine, slowly pulls the plunger back.

CUT TO:

18 INT WAREHOUSE NIGHT

NICK CONTRINI walks through a cavernous St. Henri warehouse with Inspecteur Langlois.

Nick Contrini is a fiftyish mafioso who developed his personality watching gangster movies. The more Italian he acts, the more American he looks.

Behind Contrini walks STEPHANO, 35, his bodyguard.

Contrini and Langlois walk past a long row of jukeboxes. Every time Contrini passes a box, he drops a dime in, plays a song at random. He bangs a recalcitrant machine:

LANGLOIS

The whole country is in a panic.
These Separatist kooks got
everybody crazy. Nobody knows if
Cross is dead or alive. It's just
our turn.

The juke box comes to life: a French-Canadian version of an American rock song.

CONTRINI

(to Stephano)

Just our turn?

(to Langlois)

Remi, when New York calls up
Buffalo and Buffalo calls me and
asks where the forty kilos we
were supposed to deliver are,
what should I do? Give them a
history lesson of the radical
movement in Montreal?

The new juke box offers a sentimental love ballad.

LANGLOIS

What else are you going to do?
Tell the Prime Minister the
commies took your dope?

CONTRINI

I may just do that.

The third juke adds a C&W song to the mechanical rondo.

CONTRINI

But for the time being we'll
concentrate on getting the junk
back. Run those bastards in. Put
the heat on. They're easier to
handle in jail.

LANGLOIS

We've already busted everybody
left of Louis Quatorze.

CONTRINI

While you're at it I want you to
throw somebody else in.

LANGLOIS

Who's that?

CONTRINI

Jean-Louis Gaulois. I want him
out of action for a while. You
can do that, can't you?

LANGLOIS

(nods)

And keep him there as long as the
War Measures Act is law.

CONTRINI

Good. Do that.

Contrini makes another selection. The warehouse is an
echoing cacophony of popular music.

CUT TO:

19 INT NOTRE DAME CATHEDRAL MORNING

James Remik and Francoise Giroux sit in the Gaulois
family pew in Notre Dame Cathedral, a 19th century replica
of its Paris namesake.

The remaining seats of the pew are empty, as are most of
the pews in the cathedral.

The priest reflects the indifference of his parishoners
as he concludes High Mass.

CUT TO:

20 EXT PLACE D'ARMES MORNING

Remik and Francoise, arm in arm, step cautiously down the
snowy steps of the cathedral, head across the street
toward Place D'Armes. Charles walks a respectful distance
behind them.

REMIK

Where's Alain?

FRANÇOISE GIROUX

Alain never goes to Mass. You
know that.

REMIK

He used to go.

FRANÇOISE GIROUX

No. He never did. In fact, nobody
ever did. You were the only one.
Even I wouldn't go if it weren't
for you.

REMIK
Baptiste always went.

FRANÇOISE GIROUX
That's right. You and Baptiste
every Sunday. But nobody else.

REMIK
Jean goes sometimes. And Suzanne.

FRANÇOISE GIROUX
Not often.

REMIK
Jean-Louis never goes.

FRANÇOISE GIROUX
That's right.

REMIK
Hell, we pay for that pew. You'd
think somebody would go.

Francoise chuckles and holds Remik's hand more tightly.
Jim looks at her, laughs at himself.

Charles opens the door of a black Citroen for Francoise.
She slips into the back seat, Remik follows.

Charles closes the door, gets into the driver's seat.

CUT TO:

21 INT REMIK'S CAR MORNING

REMIK
(pensive)
This is the first time I've been
to Mass when Baptiste wasn't
there. I mean, really wasn't
there.

Francoise says nothing. The car pulls away.

REMIK
I feel really alone now.

FRANÇOISE GIROUX
There's Jean-Louis.

REMIK
Let's get married.
(she looks away)
It's different this time. I'm
ready now. Things have changed.

It's time for me to get married
and have children. I need a
family now.

(looks at Francoise)
I need a wife.

FRANÇOISE GIROUX
(looks at him)
Love.

They embrace.

FRANÇOISE GIROUX
Let's wait until spring.

REMIK
(kisses her)
There are some matters I have to
straighten up first. I can't
accept the leadership of the
family.

FRANÇOISE GIROUX
Oh?

REMIK
I'm not real family. There's no
substitute for that. One God, one
king, one law.
(beat)
Yes, we'll get married on St.
Jean Baptiste Day. Everything
will be cleared up by then.

CUT TO:

22 ST. VINCENT DE PAUL PENITENTIARY DAY

PAUL CIMENT, 30, a bearded FLQ leader wearing a prison
uniform, is led into the penitentiary visiting room by an
English-speaking guard.

CIMENT
(to guard)
Since when do Separatists get
visiting privileges?

GUARD
Shut up and keep moving.

CIMENT
Mangez de la merde.

Ciment prepares for the blow he feels sure will come as
he spots Stephano waiting at the window. The Guard

restrains himself.

CIMENT
(sitting down)
Bonjour, Stephano.

STEPHANO
Hello, Ciment.

CIMENT
Why do you want to talk with me?

The guard listens from a distance. Stephano waves him off with his hand. The guard complies.

STEPHANO
All right, hotshot. I just want to know one thing. We used to have a good arrangement. We sold you weapons; you kept us informed of any social disturbances you had planned. But then you turned around and snatched LaPorte, who was our friend, and killed him. Now you've taken a million bucks worth of our shit.

CIMENT
What?

STEPHANO
Don't bother to play innocent. I just want to know one thing and I want to know it now: where is it?

CIMENT
I don't know what you're talking about, Stephano. We're a political group. We don't deal in drugs.

STEPHANO
One of your cells found where we were hiding the shipment. We just want it back.

CIMENT
They got Langlois to talk? Bet he's in hot water now.

STEPHANO
Not as hot as the water you're in.

CIMENT
I've been in jail for three

fucking months. . .

STEPHANO

(interjects)

. . .or the other way around.

CIMENT

Very funny.

STEPHANO

People behind bars are very easy people to kill. And you got a lot of people in jail. You talk or a lot of people ain't coming out.

CIMENT

You go back and tell Contrini that it's a lot easier to plant bombs in nightclubs and casinos. And that'll cost you a lot more than one shipment.

STEPHANO

(backing off a bit)

Okay, I understand. But you'd better start asking around quick. You may get away with taking on the government, but not us.

CIMENT

That's the last thing we want to do.

(beat)

I've got to get back to my handicrafts now.

STEPHANO

Okay.

Ciment gets up to rejoin the guard.

CUT TO:

23 INT ANTECHAMBER DAY

Two floral wreathes bearing the legends "Baptiste Gaulois" are carried into the Napoleon Room.

The wreathes reveal three men waiting at the entrance: Nick Contrini, indecorously dressed in a sports coat and slacks, and two bodyguards, TONY, 22, and SALVATORE, 35.

Ti-Pierre nods and Contrini comes forward. Ti-Pierre frisks the Italian, and lets him into the room. The others wait in the antechamber.

CUT TO:

24 INT MARAT ROOM DAY

James Remik sits at the oversized art nouveau desk. Ti-Pierre knocks, walks in.

TI-PIERRE
Contrini is here.

Remik stands. Contrini enters with his bodyguards.

CONTRINI
Hello, Remik.

REMIK
Monsieur Contrini.

CONTRINI
You can call me Nick now, James.

REMIK
I always respect authority,
Monsieur.

CONTRINI
You can cut the "monsieur." We're
both Americans.

REMIK
You're half right, as usual.

CONTRINI
Baptiste was a great man. He was
Montreal.

REMIK
Get to the point.

CONTRINI
I'm not here to start trouble. I
want peace. That was a horrible
thing what happened to Baptiste.
I told my best men to find the
scum that did it as soon as
possible. They were cooling off
up near Trois Riveres.

"Twas Riverse." Contrini mispronounces whatever French
passes through his lips.

CONTRINI
The old man's bodyguard was in on
it. He's zapped already. I got
the other two with me. They

thought they could gain my favor.

Contrini motions to his bodyguards who return dragging the limp bodies of TWO YOUNG MEN. Both have been beaten and drugged. One is dead, the other is unconscious.

CONTRINI

Tony.

Tony SLAPS the face of the semi-conscious Young Man, holding up his face.

CONTRINI

Shit. He was conscious when we brought him in here.

Contrini pulls a battered wallet out of his coat.

CONTRINI

They finally confessed and we found Baptiste's wallet with them. They'd spent the money of course.

He hands Remik the wallet. Contrini does not expect Remik to believe this little show; Remik does not feel required to do so.

CONTRINI

What do you want done with them?

REMIK

(smiles to himself)

Well, if that one's dead already.

. .

(points)

. . .and the other's a goner.

Tony feels his pulse.

TONY

That's right boss, he's dead.

CONTRINI

It was justice. The least I could do.

Remik waits as the Young Men are carried out. It has been an impressive, if somewhat crude, display.

REMIK

Thank you, Monsieur Contrini. I also have a present for you.

Remik walks over to Ti-Pierre. Ti-Pierre withdraws a small bundle of cloth from his pocket, hands it to Remik.

Remik carries the cloth to Contrini and hands it to him. Contrini accepts the cloth and slowly begins to unfold it. His face goes white. In the cloth lay a cluster of bloody white teeth.

Contrini refolds the cloth and places it in his pocket.

CONTRINI

My daughter liked that young man
a lot.

REMIK

(nods)
I heard that.

CONTRINI

You're some hard little fuck,
Remik -- like shit in a snowbank.

REMIK

From you that's a compliment.

Tony steps beside his boss, speaks contemptuously to Remik:

TONY

Who do you think you are?

REMIK

(restrained anger)
Don't talk to me in that tone of
voice, you disease-infected-pock-
faced Italian. You're a disgrace
to this house. Get out of here.
You put one foot back into the
house and I'll tear your teeth
out myself.

CONTRINI

(to Tony)
Andatevene!

Tony, cowed, retreats to the rear of the room and exits.

CONTRINI

You get these guys, you know,
straight off the boat and they
gotta learn.

REMIK

I understand.

CONTRINI

I'm sure the Gaulois family will
be in good hands.

Contrini turns and walks out of the Marat Room.

CUT TO:

25 INT CORRIDOR DAY

Tony and Salvatore wait for Contrini. They join ranks and walk down the corridor.

Jean-Louis walks toward them. Contrini chooses to ignore Jean-Louis, but he is in no mood to do likewise.

JEAN-LOUIS
(egging him on)
Ready your name the other day,
Nick.
(beat)
On a bathroom wall.

Jean-Louis is hot for a fight. Contrini ignores him.

As Contrini passes Jean-Louis, he says out of the side of his mouth:

CONTRINI
Eat shit, Frenchie.

CUT TO:

26 INT MARAT ROOM DAY

Remik and Ti-Pierre talk as Jean-Louis walks in.

JEAN-LOUIS
You didn't believe the crap that
guy told you, did you?

REMIK
No.

TI-PIERRE
What are we going to do?

REMIK
Contrini obviously wants some
time. He's got some dim-witted
scheme. I don't know what it is,
but he earned time this morning.
Let's wait and see what he's got
planned.

JEAN-LOUIS
How much of this can you take?

REMIK
 (mock challenging)
 How much can you dish out?

Jim and Jean-Louis jokingly square off like a pair of schoolboys.

CUT TO:

27 INT CONTRINI'S LIMOUSINE DAY

Contrini, Tony and Salvatore sit in the back.

CONTRINI
 Impressed?

TONY
 (impressed)
 It was the first time I met him
 in person -- but I never had VD,
 honest.

CONTRINI
 Don't overestimate him.

TONY
 Huh?

CONTRINI
 People talk about him like he was
 John Kennedy Capone or something-
 -ha! Just remember this: Remik is
 first a loyalist. When the time
 comes, he will obey orders.

CUT TO:

28 INT JEAN-LOUIS' DEN AFTERNOON

Jean-Louis watches a CFL game. The broadcast is in French. Jean-Olivier plays on the floor; Suzanne and Francoise sit on the sofa.

FRANÇOISE GIROUX
 (to Jean-Louis)
 Jim wants to know why you don't
 go to church?

No reply. Francoise, teasing, speaks up:

FRANÇOISE GIROUX
 Jim says, 'Why don't you go to
 church?'

JEAN-LOUIS
I'll never understand him.

The doorbell rings.

JEAN-LOUIS
I'll get it.

CUT TO:

29 INT JEAN-LOUIS' LIVING ROOM AFTERNOON

Jean-Louis opens the door. Two UNIFORMED POLICEMEN wait for him.

FIRST POLICEMAN
Jean-Louis Gaulois?

JEAN-LOUIS
Yes?

FIRST POLICEMAN
We have a warrant for your arrest.

JEAN-LOUIS
What for?

FIRST POLICEMAN
Seditionist libel against the government. Section 60, Article 3 of the War Measures Act, invoked October 15, 1970 by order of the Cabinet.

He takes out handcuffs. Suzanne and Francoise enter the room.

JEAN-LOUIS
«Seditionist libel?' I've got nothing to do with politics. I'm a businessman.

FIRST POLICEMAN
We are not prepared to discuss this charge with you. Put out your hands please.

The First Policeman attempts to cuff him; Jean-Louis rips the cuffs from the officer, throws them across the room. They crash against the wall. The cops immediately pull guns, fix them on Jean-Louis.

SECOND POLICEMAN
You're coming with us one way or

the other, fucker. How do you want it?

SUZANNE

It's a temporary thing, Jean-Louis. Don't fight. Please!

Jean-Louis relaxes, holds his wrists out for the officers. The Second Policeman cuffs him.

JEAN-LOUIS

You'd think a person could live in a country where they couldn't suspend the constitution every damn time they felt like it.

Suzanne attempts to kiss Jean-Louis farewell, but the Second Policeman pulls him away.

SECOND POLICEMAN

Come on.

Jean-Louis looks apologetically back as he's taken out.

CUT TO:

30 INT LOUIS XIV ROOM DAY

The Louis XIV room lives up to its name. Every table, commode and console is weighted down with gilt bronzes. A full-length oil portrait of Louis XIV hangs in the far wall. A blue fleur-de-lys carpet covers the floor; crystal chandeliers hang from golden chains.

Approximately ten men sit around a long mahogany table. James Remik, Jean Gaulois, Jacques Giroux and Alain Giroux are at the far end. The others are of lesser importance. Jean Gaulois stands.

JEAN

Baptiste is weaker. He's selected James Remik to assume control. I assume that is all right with everyone here.

Jean calls off the names of the second echelon of clan members.

JEAN

Yves, Claude, Jean-Marie, Noel, Rene, Roger, Georges?

Each in turn silently assents.

JEAN

Good.
(to Remik)
Patron.

Jean sits. Remik does not take his cue. Remaining seated, he speaks soberly.

REMIK
Thank you. It is an honor. I
cannot accept, however. I must
refuse the position.

The others are stunned by this abrupt turnabout of events.

JEAN
Jim? Why?

REMIK
The Gauloises have always been a
great Canadian family. Now we're
the last. The wops, the yanks,
the yids are all trying to
squeeze us out. This is a family
struggle, it's a racial struggle.
(MORE)

REMIK

CONT'D

The reason I can't succeed
Baptiste is simple. You all know
it. You're just too polite to
mention it. I am not Canadian. I
am not Quebecois. I am not
Gaulois. I am the adopted son. I
cannot let the Gaulois fall into
the hands of an American.

ALAIN GIROUX
Jim!

JEAN
Stop this stupid talk
immediately. You cannot refuse.

REMIK
Ever since I was as high as this
table I was brought up to be a
faithful soldier and that's all I
want to be. I'll serve without
question.

JACQUES GIROUX
Please reconsider.

REMIK

The Gauloises must remain
Quebecois.

JACQUES GIROUX

What do you suggest?

REMIK

There's someone far better, the
rightful leader: Jean-Louis.

JACQUES GIROUX

(thinks a moment)

That's impossible.

REMIK

Why?

JACQUES GIROUX

He's in prison.

REMIK

He'll be out in three months.

JEAN

You know why, Remik.

(points to his head)

"Le Factieux." He wants to fight
all the time. He's been trouble
all his life. Even Baptiste would
not approve.

REMIK

He'll accept responsibility.

JACQUES GIROUX

Things are different now. We
can't afford it anymore. We've
got to operate in a businesslike
manner. We need a cool-headed
negotiator, not an ideologue.

REMIK

He's the son.

JACQUES GIROUX

How does he make decisions inside
St. Vincent? This isn't the first
time Jean-Louis has been in jail,
it won't be the last.

REMIK

Will no one stand for my brother?

No reply.

JEAN

We have to make a decision. I'm too old and sick. Jacques has too many enemies, including persons in this room, for certain past indiscretions.

JACQUES GIROUX

The logical choice is Alain.

JEAN

I agree.

Jean scans the table: no objections.

REMIK

But that isn't right.

JEAN

Then withdraw your refusal!

REMIK

Alain's a good man. He's talented, but he doesn't have enough experience.

JACQUES GIROUX

You prefer Jean-Louis' experience?

REMIK

He is Baptiste's son.

JACQUES GIROUX

It's decided.

Jean and Jacques stand up, exit. The others follow, leaving Alain and Remik.

ALAIN GIROUX

Jim, I will be a good patron. Trust me.

(beat)

May I have your support?

Alain extends his hand and Remik kisses it.

REMIK

Yes, Patron.

CUT TO:

31 INT CORRIDOR NIGHT

Remik, suit wrinkled, walks in measured steps. An eerie mood hangs in the air. In reflected light, the Fragonards and Watteaus seem more ghostly than pastoral.

Remik pauses, looks into the Napoleon Room where Baptiste lays.

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK

Remik is nine, Jean-Louis five. The rain has driven them inside; they play in the Louis XIV Room.

Remik wears cut up cardboard boxes and milk cartons. A stick in his hand, Remik struts toward his brother like a robot.

Catching up with Jean-Louis, Remik pummels him with the stick. Jean-Louis screams for help:

JEAN-LOUIS

(age 5)

Mommy! Daddy! Mommy! Daddy!

Baptiste, wearing a thirties suit, strides into the Louis XIV room.

BAPTISTE

Jimmy! Jimmy! Stop! Stop that immediately!

Jimmy reluctantly stops.

BAPTISTE

What are you doing?

REMIK

(age 9)

We were playing David and Goliath.

BAPTISTE

Eh?

REMIK

We were playing David and Goliath.

BAPTISTE

And which were you?

REMIK

I was Goliath.

Jean-Louis stops crying, clings to his father's leg.
Baptiste removes the stick from Jimmy's hand.

BAPTISTE

I know you're bigger than your
brother, but David is supposed to
win. Goliath is killed. There are
rules, you know.

CUT TO:

32 INT NAPOLEON ROOM NIGHT

Remik stands in semi-darkness, watches the battery of
humming machines that keep his father alive.

Remik walks silently to the edge of Baptiste's bed. He
speaks to the unconscious man as one would to a
tombstone:

REMIK

Bonjour, Papa. You are tough,
aren't you?

(beat)

I'm going to get married.
Finally. Françoise.

To Remik's surprise, Baptiste's hand slowly moves up and
down -- he is awake. Remik looks into the old man's eyes.
They open and close with effort.

REMIK

I hope you're not in too much
pain.

(beat)

I had to turn it down. I'm not a
true Gaulois. I'm not the heir.

Baptiste moves his hand from side to side: "No."

REMIK

I need your blessing, Papa.

Baptiste's hand moves again from side to side: "No."

REMIK

Father, please give me your
blessing.

Baptiste continues to protest. Remik sinks to his knees.

REMIK

Please. I cannot live without

your favor.

Baptiste again moves his hand from side to side.

Desperate, Remik physically halts his father's protests.

REMIK

I demand your blessing. I won't
leave without it.

Remik slowly forces his hand up and down. Then, releasing Baptiste's hands, he tentatively awaits his father's reaction.

The old man's hand is still for a moment, then slowly moves up and down: "Yes." Baptiste's hand collapses. He is dead.

CUT TO:

33 EXT ST. VINCENT COMPOUND DAY

An unsorted collection of revolutionaries, intellectuals and common criminals sit in an open-air compound. They don't seem to have any supervision; some wear only partial uniforms (a shortage due to the sharp rise in the prison population). Most are involved in tasks that make confinement tolerable: cleaning fingernails, drawing patterns in the dust and so forth.

Paul Ciment stands toward the front. In the middle, a collection of dispirited and nonconformist types. A thirtiesh French gangster, pissed off by the fact that he has to associate with such riff raff, stands away from the others. Jean-Louis looks disdainfully from side to side, then back to his shoelaces.

CUT TO:

34 INT CELL BLOCK DAY

The motley line of prisoners routinely file toward their cells. Ciment, standing toward the end of the line, whispers something to Jean-Louis, ahead of him. Jean-Louis nods and shuffles forward.

When Jean-Louis reaches the door, the GUARD stretches his arm across the opening, indicates the adjoining corridor. Jean-Louis turns; he is followed by Ciment and three burly prisoners. Jean-Louis trudges down the corridor toward a closed door.

Jean-Louis and Paul pass overcrowded cells. The prisoner's faces are filled with anticipation. These are

hard core inmates.

Jean-Louis senses something is wrong. Paul stares at his feet as he walks. Jean-Louis halts and steps back alongside Ciment.

JEAN-LOUIS

I'll bet you ten dollars, Ciment,
that that door is locked.

CIMENT

How do you know?

JEAN-LOUIS

I've been here before.

CIMENT

What do you mean?

Jean-Louis taps the shirt, indicating a knife.

JEAN-LOUIS

Just remember: when it starts, go
for the feet, stay away from the
bars.

Ciment hears the door slam behind him, followed by sounds from the prisoners.

The first of the TRHEE BURLY CONS following Paul and Jean-Louis unzips his pants, reaches into his crotch and pulls out a long home-made knife, and act which evokes appreciative "Ohs" and "Ahs" from the eager spectators.

The Second Con slips a hand-fashioned club from under his shirt. The Third pulls out another knife.

CIMENT

(to Jean-Louis)

Faggots!

JEAN-LOUIS

Don't flatter yourself. Look
again.

Jean-Louis walks ahead calmly, his every movement calculated. He waits for the Cons to make their move. The growelly Second Con unconvincingly attempts to mimic a homosexual inflection.

JEAN-LOUIS

(to Ciment)

Hey, honey.

Anticipatory giggles from the cell block. The game has begun.

JEAN-LOUIS

(to Ciment)

The Warden will call it a
personal dispute.

FIRST CON

I want the little Frenchie on the
left.

THIRD CON

I'll take Baby Ruth.

SECOND CON

I'll settle for seconds on the
French stuff.

The Second Con unbuckles his belt, pulls his zipper.
Hoots. Exclamations. Laughter.

The Cons ham it up. One walks on tip-toes, another drops
a limp wrist.

Ciment and Jean-Louis approach the end of the corridor;
Ciment shakes with fear.

The Cons close in. Ciment makes a dash for the closed
door.

Jean-Louis pulls the sharpened knife from the waist, puts
it in his teeth, turns and jumps.

The corridor erupts in hollers, cheers and squeals of
delight.

Jean-Louis' hand catches hold of the ceiling pipes.
Beneath his legs, Paul Ciment vainly tries to open the
locked door.

Jean-Louis arches back and KICKS the eyes out of the
First Con with both feet. The Con screams, falls back,
holding his eyes.

Ciment turns around, rushes down the corridor, throwing a
flying TACKLE at the Second Con. The Con clubs Ciment
across the back as he falls.

Jean-Louis pulls the blade from his teeth, falls upon the
Second Con:

JEAN-LOUIS

Pan! Pan! Pan! Pan!

And STABS him in the throat.

Prisoners reach frantically through the bars, clutching
at Ciment's arms and legs. He struggles to free his foot

from a skinny hand.

Jean-Louis removes his blade, looks up to the Third Con who slowly retreats backwards, knife in hand. Jean-Louis stalks him while prisoners yell obscene encouragement to both parties.

JEAN-LOUIS

Guys like you give us queers a
bad name! You can't fight and you
can't act!

The Third Con hardly has a chance. In two quick false moves Jean-Louis sets him up and with the third SLICES open his belly. Holding a busted gut, the Third Con falls to the floor.

Jean-Louis, his shirt splattered with blood, walks back toward Ciment. The cell block quiets down. Jean-Louis picks up the First Con's knife.

JEAN-LOUIS

There's some nice iron around
here.

The First Con covers his bloody eyes, moans in pain. Jean-Louis crouches over him with the bloody blade.

A BLACK PRISONER yells encouragement:

BLACK PRISONER

Cut him, brother, cut him!

CIMENT

Are you going to kill him?

JEAN-LOUIS

Yes.

Jean-Louis SLICES the Con's throat with a quick slice. He strips off his blood splattered shirt. He turns back to the Black Prisoner:

JEAN-LOUIS

All right "brother," let's have
your shirt or I'll cut you.
(to another prisoner)
And yours too.

The prisoners strip off their shirts, hand them over. Jean-Louis wipes his torso with his old shirt, turns to the other prisoners, hold up the knife:

JEAN-LOUIS

Anybody says anything, I'll kill
him.

Jean-Louis puts on one of the clean shirts, hands the other to Ciment. Straightening their shirts, Jean-Louis and Ciment walk toward the door.

As they exit, a prisoner says:

PRISONER'S VOICE
Man, it's gonna stink in here.

CUT TO:

35 INT ST. VINCENT DAY

Jean-Louis and Ciment walk out of the cell block as calm as you please. The guard looks at them quizically.

JEAN-LOUIS
Bet he never planned to see us again.

CUT TO:

36 INT ST. VINCENT COMPOUND DAY

Jean-Louis finds an inconspicuous spot. Ciment is still shaking.

CIMENT
Damn! I didn't think they'd try to kill me.

JEAN-LOUIS
You? Who'd want to kill you?

CIMENT
Contrini wants me killed.
American mafia. From Buffalo.
Something must have gone wrong.

JEAN-LOUIS
Don't kid yourself. They weren't after you. They were after me.

CIMENT
You? Why'd anybody want to kill you? You die, they just get another lug to replace you.

JEAN-LOUIS
That's what you think. Why would anybody waste their time trying to kill a crackpot like you?

CIMENT

I'm telling you, the mob wants to get me. Stephano Magliano came here to see me. Contrini thinks we took some dope of theirs.

JEAN-LOUIS

(smiles)

I can prove it was me they were after, not you. How long have you been here? Four months?

(Ciment nods)

In those four months have you ever taken a pill from the Infirmary, had a shot, eaten food which came in the mail?

(Ciment nods)

If the mob wanted you, you would be dead already. I always work through the Infirmary when I want somebody iced. There'd be a wholesale vaccination. The others would get the serum, my man would get the disease. If I went to get this dressed. . .

(gestures to wound)

I'd be dead in five days. No. I'll make it out of here. You've got a lot to learn about prison.

CIMENT

Who set it up?

JEAN-LOUIS

You had it right before.

CIMENT

Contrini?

Jean-Louis nods.

CIMENT

I don't know much about prison, but you don't know anything about politics. We're doing the same thing. You want to get rid of the Americans. I want to get rid of the Americans. Big business, big crime, it's the same. Quebec pour les Quebecois.

JEAN-LOUIS

Don't give me that bullshit. We ain't nothing alike. I'm a . . .thug. That's how I live. You're an idealist, you're worse.

CIMENT

You'll come around. They don't give you a choice.

JEAN-LOUIS

I'll do you a favor. Just «cause I like you and I have a soft spot in my heart for slogans. You can tell your people to put out the word that you have sold the junk to the Gauloises, and any further discussions should be conducted with me -- after I'm released.

CIMENT

(smiles)

You took it all the time, didn't you?

Jean-Louis smiles back.

CUT TO:

37 EXT GIBBEY'S DAY

Spring comes early to Montreal. Trees bloom along the rue de Cotedes-Negres; cargo freighters move down the glistening St. Lawrence.

Nick Contrini and Jacques Giroux are enjoying the sun at Gibbey's, a remodeled 18th century restaurant. Gibbey's is a businessman's favorite; the adjoining tables are occupied by executives out to enjoy the midday sun.

Spring has brought a festive mood to Contrini; he wears an open-collared pink shirt and a Budweiser sports coat. Jacques prefers the somber tones of the Gaulois family.

CONTRINI

You can handle Jean-Louis? The War Measures Act has expired. He's coming out.

JACQUES GIROUX

Remik can.

CONTRINI

I missed my chance. Now I got to deal with him.

Contrini picks up the luncheon bill and examines it. He takes out his pocket calculator, taps out the figures.

JACQUES GIROUX

That's not my fault. Your fellow

Langlois screwed that.

Contrini flubs the calculation, starts again.

CONTRINI

Can I help it if the government's
run by incompetents?

JACQUES GIROUX

Thank God.

CONTRINI

You're going to have to deliver
with Jean-Louis, you now. Buffalo
won't wait much longer.

JACQUES GIROUX

Don't worry.

CONTRINI

Yeah. If you hadn't challenged
Baptiste two years ago you
wouldn't be in this fix. You'd be
in charge now.

JACQUES GIROUX

Alain's a good boy.

CONTRINI

Instead we have to go through
this picky-picky shit.

Contrini gives up on the calculator.

JACQUES GIROUX

It's better than a war.

CONTRINI

I kinda liked those old gang
wars.

JACQUES GIROUX

(resigned)

Yeah. You and Jean-Louis.

CUT TO:

38 EXT ST. VINCENT DAY

The Temporary War Measures Act has expired. The prisons
disgorge all their illegally held prisoners. At St.
Vincent de Paul, the detainees step into the sunlight.
Jean-Louis seems to have thrived on prison life; his body
is lean, his mind alert.

Remik's Citroen is parked a short distance away. He stands in front, Ti-Pierre several paces behind.

Jean-Louis' face opens up with a smile as he sees his brother. They share an enthusiastic embrace:

JEAN-LOUIS

Jim.

REMIK

Jean-Louis. You made it again.

JEAN-LOUIS

Yes.

Jean-Louis spots Ti-Pierre, embraces him.

JEAN-LOUIS

You're looking good, Ti-Pierre.

TI-PIERRE

Patron.

JEAN-LOUIS

(looking around)

Where is everybody?

REMIK

Oh, a lot has happened. I'll tell you later. But first things first.

Remik leads his brother to the car where Suzanne and Jean-Olivier greet him. They exchange kisses and hugs.

CUT TO:

39 INT CHEZ PARIS NIGHT

The house lights go down in Chez Paris, a downtown nightclub. The blue lights come up and out steps Francoise Giroux, exquisitely dressed in a full length red gown and feathers.

The audience bursts into a chorus of applause. Francoise picks up the microphone, slips into a sultry ballad.

Seated around a prominently placed table are James Remik, Jean-Louis and Suzanne, all in formal attire. Jim and Jean-Louis devour Francoise, applaud wildly at the slightest pretext.

As Francoise sings, a stream of Gaulois mobsters walk over and welcome Jean-Louis back. The smaller the gangster, the greater his respect.

Francoise concludes her song, strolls through the applause to Jean-Louis' table. She kisses Remik and sits.

FRANÇOISE GIROUX
Just like old times.

JEAN-LOUIS
It is old times.

A bearded presence walks over. Paul Ciment wears a tuxedo and an embarrassed grin.

JEAN-LOUIS
Paul! You came!

They shake hands warmly, sealing a friendship they made in prison.

JEAN-LOUIS
Where did you get a tux?

CIMENT
(embarrassed)
I stole it.

JEAN-LOUIS
(to Remik)
Jimmy, you know Paul Ciment,
don't you?

Remik doesn't approve of Ciment. He doesn't approve of any form of disloyalty or anarchy -- and Ciment represents both.

REMIK
I can't help but notice him in the papers. How are you, Monsieur Ciment?

CIMENT
Good.

JEAN-LOUIS
(introducing)
. . .Suzanne, my wife, and of course, Francoise Giroux.

Ciment shakes Suzanne's hand, turns to Francoise:

CIMENT
I wore the tux for you. You make everyone proud to be Quebecois.

He kisses her politely; Francoise, flattered, kisses him in return. Remik studies this turn of events.

FRANÇOISE GIROUX
Every Quebecois is also proud of
you.

REMIK
(interrupting)
Thank you for honoring us,
Monsieur Ciment. Drinks for you
and your party. Please.

Ciment thanks Remik, returns to his table.

REMIK
(to Jean-Louis)
He is a dangerous man to know,
Jean-Louis. The police watch his
every step. He's an anarchist.

JEAN-LOUIS
Bah. He's a good fellow. Let's
talk about something else. When's
the wedding?

FRANÇOISE GIROUX
(smiling)
We were waiting for you. We want
you to be the Best Man.

REMIK
I was supposed to ask that. We
were thinking of St. Jean
Baptiste Day, after the parade.
Can you make it?

JEAN-LOUIS
It'll be a great day.

FRANÇOISE GIROUX
Excuse me. I think it's time for
another song.

Francoise kisses Remik, heads for the stage. He watches
her every step of the way.

CUT TO:

40 INT RESTROOM NIGHT

LATER. Jim and Jean-Louis stand at the wash-basins in the
plush restroom.

Two Italian thugs walk through, speaking in animated
Italian. Jean-Louis eyes them suspiciously.

JEAN-LOUIS

(wiping his hands)
Since when do we let wops into
Chez Paris? This is a Gaulois
club. Why do we let these mafia
bums in?

REMIK

That's one of the things we have
to talk about. Alain and Jacques
have merged our operations with
Contrini's. We run a joint
operation now both to New York
and Detroit. It lessens the risk.

JEAN-LOUIS

Huh? That was the one thing
Baptiste was always against. He
said the day a Quebecois works
with an American is the day he
becomes an errand boy.

REMIK

I was totally opposed. But
Jacques and Alain control things
now and they think coexistence is
a smarter policy--at least at
this level. It makes us a lot
more money.

JEAN-LOUIS

Uncle Jean? Doesn't he have any
say anymore?

REMIK

He's pretty out of it. He just
goes along.

(beat)

But it'll be different now that
you're back. We'll work together.

CUT TO:

41 INT CORRIDOR DAY

James Remik walks with a dark-suited member of the
Gaulois family. They match steps in even strides.
Jacques' voice comes from the Louis XIV Room.

CUT TO:

42 INT LOUIS XIV ROOM DAY

Jean-Louis and Jacques stand by the table. Jean, Alain

and the others are seated nearby. Behind Jacques is a detailed street map on Montreal.

JACQUES GIROUX

This is the kind of shit I told them you would pull, Jean-Louis. Irra-

REMIK

What kind of shit?

JACQUES GIROUX

-tional behavior.

JEAN-LOUIS

You know what kind of shit. This snake-in-the-grass kind of shit. Waiting until I'm gone and putting a Nigger King on the throne.

REMIK

We already went over this, Jean-Louis.

JEAN-LOUIS

Jim should be in control.

JEAN

He refused the offer.

JEAN-LOUIS

He had no right to do that. You had no right to let him.

REMIK

Please, Jean-Louis.

JEAN-LOUIS

If you don't change Remik's mind, then I was next in line.

JACQUES GIROUX

Irrational behavior.

REMIK

You'll have to forgive Jean-Louis. He's still upset because of the prison time.

A slight pause before Alain turns to Jean-Louis:

ALAIN GIROUX

Please continue, Jean-Louis.

JEAN-LOUIS

(turning to Alain)
 You're a disgrace. You've allowed
 yourself to become a puppet, a
 usurper.

JACQUES GIROUX
 This is intolerable!

JEAN-LOUIS
 (yelling)
 Why wasn't I protected in prison?

JEAN
 Jean-Louis, please.

JACQUES GIROUX
 I demand an apology.

Jean-Louis pulls out an automatic and dramatically slams
 it on the table:

JEAN-LOUIS
 This is my apology.

REMIK
 (under his breath)
 Jesus Christ.

This is too much for the others to take; they file out of
 the room. Jean-Louis is left alone without anyone to talk
 to. Remik sinks to a chair.

CUT TO:

43 EXT BOTANICAL GARDENS MORNING

Remik and Alain stroll through the Maisonneuve Botanical
 gardens.

ALAIN GIROUX
 I'm not going to let this thing
 with Jean-Louis interfere with
 the wedding. I couldn't be
 happier for you and Francoise.

REMIK
 That's what I wanted to talk
 about.

ALAIN GIROUX
 The wedding?

REMIK
 No. Jean-Louis.

ALAIN GIROUX

What can I say?

REMIK

You know this isn't right. Jean-Louis can't become alienated from the family. If he apologizes, will you forgive him?

ALAIN GIROUX

That's a large request.

REMIK

I'm asking.

ALAIN GIROUX

(thinking)

Who has Contrini's shipment?

REMIK

Jean-Louis.

ALAIN GIROUX

Then that must be the condition. Contrini offered to split the revenue if we'll use it to inaugurate our new joint venture. I think that's very generous, considering the fact that it all belongs to him in the first place.

REMIK

Can't we use it to some other advantage?

ALAIN GIROUX

Look, Jim, we're of different generations, but there's one thing we both know: we can't fight the Italians. Right now the town's filling up with mafia thugs from Buffalo, Detroit, Kansas City -- just waiting for us to invite a fight. The only solution is peaceful coexistence. We have to make it more profitable for them to do business with us than against us. I realize the initial risk. I realize Contrini may have other plans. But it's our only course.

(beat)

I sympathize with Jean-Louis, but I will not yield to him. Only I

have the acumen and knowledge of Contrini's financial situation to make a deal that Buffalo will accept over his head. And therefore allow us to coexist independently. We can't be a superpower anymore, Jim, but we can be independent. We can, that is, if you will stand by me.

REMIK

Will you forgive Jean-Louis?

ALAIN GIROUX

There's nothing I would rather do. If he would only let me.

REMIK

I'll arrange it. Thank you, Patron.

CUT TO:

44 EXT DOWNTOWN MONTREAL DAY

In the six square-block area bounded by Dorchester, De Maisonneuve, Bishop and Drummond there are dozens of clubs, bars, restaurants and nightspots. These clubs, mob-owned, serve not only as meeting places for mob underworld figure, but also for politicians, businessmen, artists and revolutionaries.

Jim and Jean-Louis leave de Maisonneuve Cafe.

REMIK

It's not impossible, Jean-Louis.

JEAN-LOUIS

How do you want mw to do it? Like a snake?

(imitates a snake)

REMIK

Are you above a snake?

JEAN-LOUIS

No, but look. . .Ciment.

Jean-Louis spots Paul Ciment and two companions at a sidewalk café. Jean-Louis walks over; Remik reluctantly follows. The club's clientele consists of students and café radicals.

JEAN-LOUIS

Ciment.

CIMENT

Hey, Jean-Louis.

(to companion)

This is the guy I was telling you about.

JEAN-LOUIS

The guy that runs the place is a real Brown-shirter. Watch out.

Remik politely nods, pulls Jean-Louis away from the table, heads him down the sidewalk. Jean-Louis waves goodbye.

JEAN-LOUIS

So long, Paul.

REMIK

Can't you stay on the point?

JEAN-LOUIS

What point?

REMIK

Don't you want to make peace with the others?

JEAN-LOUIS

We could just take over, Jim, you and me. Throw that bum Contrini out on his ass.

REMIK

We weren't raised that way. We're part of a group.

(seeing something ahead)

Speak of the Devil.

Across the corner, Nick Contrini and Stephano get into a black Cadillac limo.

JEAN-LOUIS

What's he up to?

REMIK

There's your answer. Look.

Remi Langlois emerges from the same restaurant with an ASSISTANT.

REMIK

Langlois. I bet Contrini is still sweating his ass.

JEAN-LOUIS

He deserves it.

Jim and Jean-Louis pass in front of Langlois.

REMIK

Good afternoon, L'Inspecteur.

Jean-Louis nods; they keep walking. Langlois looks puzzled.

Turning the corner, Jim and Jean-Louis cut through a bevy of businessman, students and secretaries.

JEAN-LOUIS

Shit, we should cut over to Drummond and see the Mayor. Then we could call it a day.

REMIK

Do you want to come back with us or not?

JEAN-LOUIS

I do. Honest.

REMIK

Then make the effort.

JEAN-LOUIS

What can I do?

REMIK

Alain will come half way to meet you. You have to come the other half. Let me give them the junk you took from Contrini.

Jean-Louis spits contemptuously. Remik shakes his brother by the shoulders.

REMIK

Have some faith in me and Alain. After all, his is Patron. I swear I won't let you down.

(beat)

CONT'D

REMIK

Don't you have faith in me?

JEAN-LOUIS

(cowed)

I have faith in you, Jim.

They resume walking.

REMIK

Alain's made a good accommodation to get us off the hook. We get half the money on the stuff you return.

JEAN-LOUIS

I want to. I want to be back in the family again.

REMIK

I know you do, Jean-Louis.

They turn the corner. Ahead is the Chez Paris and a large poster of Francoise in red satin.

JEAN-LOUIS

Will the dope do it?

REMIK

Yes.

JEAN-LOUIS

Okay, it's a deal.

REMIK

Great.

As they turn into the doorway of Chez Paris, THREE ITALIAN PUNKS come out. The first bumps into Jean-Louis.

FIRST ITALIAN

Sorry, man.

JEAN-LOUIS

Sorry? What are you greaseballs doing here in the first place? This is a Gaulois club.

SECOND ITALIAN

You can't talk to us like that.

REMIK

(cautioning)

Jean-Louis.

JEAN-LOUIS

(losing temper)

Oh yeah. . .

WHAM! Jean-Louis lobbs a haymaker into the jaw of the Second Italian, sends him crashing against the wall.

The First and Third Italians jump into the fight; soon all three are pushing, yelling and slugging away.

There is an additional exchange of blows before Remik pulls them apart and hauls Jean-Louis into the club. The three Italian punks walk off cursing.

CUT TO:

45 INT CHEZ PARIS DAY

Remik sets Jean-Louis on a bar stool. The BARTENDER sets a couple of glasses on the bar, pours them whiskeys.

BARTENDER

Bonjour, Monsieur Remik. Bonjour, Jean-Louis.

Jean-Louis turns to his brother with a familiar remorseful look:

JEAN-LOUIS

Damn. I've got to watch my temper.

Remik says nothing.

JEAN-LOUIS

You'll watch out for me, won't you Jim? Don't let me fuck everything up.

REMIK

Don't worry. Have a drink.

CUT TO:

46 INT GARE CENTRALE AFTERNOON

JEAN-LOUIS AND Ti-Pierre stride through the cavernous railroad station. Jean-Louis carries a white vinyl suitcase with a red Canadian maple leaf on the side. They head toward a bank of lockers.

TI-PIERRE

You sure we're doing the right thing?

JEAN-LOUIS

Of course.

TI-PIERRE

It seems kinda stupid to steal something then turn around and give it right back.

Jean-Louis selects a locker, drops a coin in, opens the door.

JEAN-LOUIS

You trust Remik, don't you?

TI-PIERRE

Sure.

JEAN-LOUIS

Okay, then.

Jean-Louis places the suitcase in the locker.

CUT TO:

47 INT LOUIS XIV ROOM DAY

Jean-Louis places the locker key on the table.

JEAN-LOUIS

I think this, along with my apology to Alain, is what's required of me.

Alain, Jean, Remik and the others watch Jean-Louis.
Jacques pulls the key in front of him.

ALAIN GIROUX
Thank you, Jean-Louis. It was
nothing. Forget it.

JACQUES GIROUX
(holds up key)
This?

JEAN-LOUIS
It fits a locker at Gare
Centrale.

JACQUES GIROUX
I'm glad you finally came around.

ALAIN GIROUX
Now we can get back to business.
And there's a lot of it.

JACQUES GIROUX
Now that your back with us, Jean-
Louis, I hope you'll be able to
attend the St. Jean Baptiste Day
inauguration banquet.

JEAN-LOUIS
Banquet?

ALAIN GIROUX
It's really not much.

JACQUES GIROUX
In honor of Alain. Don Cagliaro
is coming up from Buffalo. It
will cement our new peaceful
coexistence policy.

Jean-Louis looks quizically at his brother; Remik looks
quizically back.

JEAN-LOUIS
Peaceful coexistence with honor?

ALAIN GIROUX
It's nothing, really. Just a
formality. Some people from
Toronto and Detroit will be here
also.

JEAN-LOUIS
Have you invited the Italians
into this house?

ALAIN GIROUX
Jean-Louis, please.

JEAN-LOUIS
(to Remik)
How could you do this to me, my
own brother? Get me to hand over
the junk, then bring in the
Italians, Jimmy?

ALAIN GIROUX
Jean-Louis! It's just a
formality. Nothing will change.
Let me explain.

JEAN-LOUIS
You'll explain nothing.

JACQUES GIROUX
There must be discipline.

JEAN-LOUIS
Shut up!
(points to Alain)
I'll teach you about discipline.
You'll never live to see the
Baptiste Day banquet.

The others turn, stunned as Jean-Louis storms out.
Jacques picks up the locker key. Remik watches
helplessly.

CUT TO:

48 INT JEAN-LOUIS' BEDROOM DAY

Jean-Louis pulls down a suitcase from the closet shelf,
flops it on the bed. He throws assorted toiletries and
clothing into the suitcase.

Suzanne asks Ti-Pierre a question off-screen, then
enters.

SUZANNE
What happened? What are you
doing?

Jean-Louis pulls an ammo box out of the dresser. He packs
two handguns into the suitcase.

SUZANNE
Don't leave. Where's Remik? Can't
he help you?

He exits with the suitcase.

CUT TO:

49 INT JEAN-LOUIS' LIVING ROOM DAY

Suzanne follows Jean-Louis. Ti-Pierre waits at the door.

JEAN-LOUIS

I'll be gone for a while. They'll
be looking for me. I'll get in
touch when I find a place.

SUZANNE

Should I get Jean-Olivier?

JEAN-LOUIS

I wouldn't know what to say.

SUZANNE

Jean-Louis.

JEAN-LOUIS

I love you too, darling.

(beat)

Forgive me. It wasn't anybody's
fault. It was just one of those
things.

He kisses her, walks out the door with Ti-Pierre.

CUT TO:

INT GARE CENTRALE DAY

Jacques, key in hand, rushes with AN ASSISTANT through
the near empty railroad station.

They notice a small crowd standing near the lockers. A
railroad official and a patrolman stand in front of a
locker that has been pried open with a crowbar.

Inside the empty locker stands a souvenir-size Statue of
Liberty and a can of Budweiser.

CUT TO:

51 INT CONTRINI'S OFFICE DAY

Nick Contrini takes a swig from a can of Bud, sets it
atop his glass desk. His office occupies two suites on
the 40th floor of a new skyscraper. A wall of windows
offers a panoramic view of Montreal.

The office is impersonally decorated in the style of

offices everywhere.

Stephano ushers Paul Ciment into Contrini's office.
Ciment wears a jean jacket bearing the Patriot flag.

CIMENT

Nice digs, Contrini. How hard did
you fuck the poor to pay for it?

CONTRINI

Not hard enough. Spit it out.

CIMENT

Jean-Louis' offer is simple
enough: one hundred thousand
dollars. It's a low price but he
is willing to give you a bargain
«cause of the hassle you've been
through -- and because he wants
the money, cash, in 48 hours.

CONTRINI

You can tell that prick to screw
a tree. I ain't being pushed
around by no radical.

CIMENT

If I don't return with a «yes' by
one. . .

(checks watch)

. . .Jean-Louis will destroy the
goods.

CONTRINI

How's he going to do that?

CIMENT

He's got a couple plans. There's
one that's my favorite. We
thought we would take the forty
kilos, spread it over the grass
at Parc Mt. Royal so all the
grass would shrivel up and die,
and all summer long all the
children would come to the park
and wonder why there was no grass
on the ground and their mothers
would have to say «there's no
grass on the ground «cause some
bad men put heroin on it.' Then
the reporters would come by and.
. . .

CONTRINI

(interrupts)

All right. Cute. Let's make a deal.

(stands)

I didn't think you all-truist boys went for this sort of thing.

CIMENT

It ain't my people that buy this stuff. Let New York pay the price for its own colonialism. Just so it gets out of this province.

CONTRINI

(fed up)

Where do we make the switch?

CUT TO:

52 EXT MT. ROYAL CEMETERY DUSK

A steady drizzle. A dark shadow under a black umbrella makes its way through the tombstones. In his hand James Remik carries a bouquet. Remik walks to a large tombstone, places his flowers in the urn.

Baptiste Gaulois' tomb is simple but formidable. Beneath Baptiste's name is the classic dictum of Absolutism: «Un Seul Dieu, Un Seul Roi, Un Seul Loi.»

Remik crouches before the grave. Hearing footsteps, he crosses himself, stands.

Jean-Louis and Ti-Pierre, wearing dark overcoats, carrying umbrellas, walk toward the grave.

They kneel, cross themselves, stand again.

JEAN-LOUIS

(breaking the silence)

How is Suzanne?

REMIK

Fine.

JEAN-LOUIS

Jean-Olivier?

REMIK

He's fine too. He wants to know when his father's coming home.

Jean-Louis nods.

REMIK

Where do you live?

JEAN-LOUIS

Here and there. I've found some new friends.

REMIK

I hear.

JEAN-LOUIS

Is there a hit out on me?

REMIK

Not from our side. I'd never allow it.

(beat)

I spoke to Alain and Jacques for you.

JEAN-LOUIS

You had no right to do that.

REMIK

They'll take you back. There would be some discipline of course.

JEAN-LOUIS

Discipline. Don't you have any pride anymore, Jim? Don't you get sick of groveling?

REMIK

I got more pride than you'd ever know. You don't know how humiliating this is. But my pride ain't in myself. It's in what I'm a part of. In the Gauloises.

JEAN-LOUIS

But the Gauloises are no more. They're polluted. They no longer exist.

REMIK

Perhaps they've done wrong.

JEAN-LOUIS

Perhaps?

REMIK

All right, so they've done wrong.

JEAN-LOUIS

Then why not oppose them with me?

REMIK

Because I believe in loyalty,

Jean-Louis. I have lived my whole life for it.

JEAN-LOUIS
Loyalty serving evil is only more evil. Which is what you are.

REMIK
Join me. The struggle is from within.

JEAN-LOUIS
I'll destroy the Gauloises before ever accepting discipline. You can serve the Nigger King.

REMIK
Then you're no longer my brother.

JEAN-LOUIS
Nor you mine.

Remik turns, walks away. Ti-Pierre drops his umbrella and runs after him.

Catching up, Ti-Pierre falls to his knees in the mud in front of Remik. Rainwater drips down his face as he looks up at his former boss:

TI-PIERRE
Don't do this to him, Patron.
Please.

Remik says nothing.

TI-PIERRE
He can't live without your favor.
(crying)
Please, patron, patron, we need you. Don't do this to us. Forgive him -- he has no choice.
(pulling at Remik's pant leg)
Oh, patron, patron.

Remik raises his foot, places it atop Ti-Pierre's head. Then he slowly forces the young man's head into the mud. Tears, mud and rain flow down Ti-Pierre's face.

Remik steps over Ti-Pierre's body, continues walking; he does not look back. Jean-Louis watches from a distance.

CUT TO:

53 INT REMIK'S BEDROOM NIGHT

Francoise lays nude under the covers on Remik's rocaille bed watching television. The giant 25-inch color TV screen stands out incongruously. Running water can be heard from the bathroom.

On television, Radio-Canadian broadcasts a late-night report of FLQ trials. Separatist radicals are led out of the courtroom in handcuffs. Those who can raise their fists in defiance for the TV cameraman.

FRANÇOISE GIROUX

When does it all end?

Remik walks out of the bathroom with a towel around his neck.

REMIK

When does what end?

FRANÇOISE GIROUX

(pointing)

This. the trials, riots, martial law.

REMIK

It never ends. It's too profitable for everyone.

He watches the TV screen:

REMIK

The Mafia lets the petit-pegres sell hot guns to the radicals, the FLQ snatches the mafia's government connection, the police kill the connection for the Mafia but blame it on the Separatists. The government is re-elected by a landslide, the FLQ gets a new cause and new martyrs, and all the cops are out beating up the radicals.

(sits on bed)

It's simple. It perpetuates itself. It will all end when they destroy themselves -- and us with them.

FRANÇOISE GIROUX

That's not much hope.

REMIK

(embraces her)

Love.

FRANÇOISE GIROUX

(pulling him down)
Lie with me.

Francoise stretches Remik on the bed, pulls the covers.
Remik looks at the ceiling, then says weakly:

REMIK
I don't think I'll be able to
make love tonight.

Francoise caresses his torso.

FRANÇOISE GIROUX
Please tell me.

The words begin to tumble from his lips:

REMIK
I'm scared, Francoise. I'm scared
shitless. There's no room left
for me anymore. Everything's
going wrong. The crazy people,
the Jacobins and the
revolutionaries are coming from
one direction -- they've got
(MORE)

REMIK

CONT'D

Jean-Louis now--and the Americans
are coming from the other.
There's no ground in the middle
anymore. Shit. What can I do?

Francoise cuddles him.

REMIK
Shit.

Remik sinks into despair.

FRANÇOISE GIROUX
Jim?

REMIK
Yes?

FRANÇOISE GIROUX
You know my father doesn't want
us to get married on St. Jean
Baptiste Day?

Remik nods.

FRANÇOISE GIROUX

So, darling, let's get married
right now. We don't need to wait.

REMIK

Right away?

FRANÇOISE GIROUX

As soon as we get blood tests. No
church. No papa. No wedding
march. I don't want to lose you.
I could live without love but not
without you.

REMIK

Yes, let's do that.

CUT TO:

54 INT ALEXIS NIHON PLAZA DAY

A three-story subterranean shopping center spawned by Expo '67. The first deck is street level, the third gives access to the Metro terminal; all three decks surround an open courtyard.

Jean-Louis, wearing jeans and a Canadian AF jacket, crosses the first deck of the shopping center. He carries a white vinyl suitcase with a Canadian maple leaf on the side.

He passes through a group of long-haired youths, walks around the square toward a department store.

CUT TO:

55 INT PLAZA DEPARTMENT STORE DAY

Jean-Louis saunters to the luggage department. His casual walk is offset but his continually shifting eyes. He spots a middle-aged woman, an older man, two high school punks; none look particularly threatening.

He places the vinyl suitcase on the counter, waits for the SALESGIRL. A girl, about 25, walks over:

SALESGIRL

Can I help you?

JEAN-LOUIS

Yes. I bought this suitcase the
other day, but it's too large. I
wonder if I could exchange it for
something smaller?

SALESGIRL

What did you have in mind?

JEAN-LOUIS

I saw one in the window just like it, only smaller. I like the color.

SALESGIRL

I know the one. Just a moment.

The Salesgirl walks off. Jean-Louis taps his toe as he waits for her. When she returns she places the smaller version of the white suitcase on the counter.

SALESGIRL

Would you like to check it out?

JEAN-LOUIS

Please.

Jean-Louis unzips the smaller suitcase, peeks inside. It is stacked with \$50 and \$100 bills. The Salesgirl peeks in Jean-Louis' suitcase, satisfies herself that the heroin is there.

JEAN-LOUIS

This is just fine. I'll take it as it is.

SALESGIRL

(flirty)

Don't you want it in a bag?

JEAN-LOUIS

It's all right just the way it is, honey.

SALESGIRL

Do you have your sales slip? You have a credit coming.

JEAN-LOUIS

If it's all right with you, I'll just forget it.

SALESGIRL

You wouldn't want my books to come out uneven, would you?

Jean-Louis scrounges in his pocket for the sales slip and hands it to her.

JEAN-LOUIS

I'm sure your boss would just love to catch you short.

She fills out the credit slip.

SALESGIRL

How did you know?

Jean-Louis thanks her, shoots her a final smile, walks off with the vinyl suitcase.

Strolling through the plaza, Jean-Louis glances from side to side. Then, without warning, threats materialize from every direction.

The MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN, the OLDER MAN, the HIGH SCHOOL PUNKS all move menacingly toward him. The Old Man reaches for a bulky object inside his coat.

Jean-Louis has a few tricks of his own. Changing direction, he slips through the long-haired youths and heads down the stairs. The front entrance is blocked by two advancing shadows.

The Woman, Old Man and High schoolers dash after Jean-Louis. They are joined by Tony, Contrini's bodyguard.

Jean-Louis makes it through the long-hairs, but not so his pursuers. The kids block and push the Italians from side to side, saying things like "Hey, man, what do you think you're doing?" and "Don't push me around."

Enmeshed in hippies, Tony pulls out his automatic, begins clubbing them. They yell "Police! Police!"

Jean-Louis' friends have done their job. He JUMPS from step to step, the suitcase bouncing in his hand.

The Italians burst through the crowd, scramble toward the entrance. Around and around the circular stairs they go. Astonished shoppers stand in shock.

Reaching the third level, Jean-Louis sprints toward the entrance. The Italians follow. Jean-Louis hurdles the turnstiles, clambers down the subway platform.

Tony, gun in hand, climbs over the turnstiles in pursuit. The Woman is not so lucky: her dress gets tangled in the prongs and she sprawls across the floor.

Jean-Louis dashes across the subway platform for the train. Too late: the doors seal shut as the train pulls away.

The Italians stumble down the stairs behind Jean-Louis. Thinking quickly, he jumps onto the subway tracks, pulls his .45 automatic from his jacket and aims at the receding tires on the train.

BAAM! BAAM! BAAM! The tires of the last car explode. Sparks. Screeching noises. The metro grinds to a halt.

Jean-Louis dashes down the tunnel. The train's doors automatically open; the frightened passengers poke their heads out. Jean-Louis slips into the darkness alongside the train and keeps running.

On the platform, transit officials run about like chickens; shoppers panic and scream.

The Italians are caught in the rush. Jean-Louis has vanished; people scream toward them. Tony tucks his gun away.

CUT TO:

56 INT SURVEILLANCE ROOM DAY

Charles, James Remik's bodyguard, is holed up in the bedroom of a St. Michel home. He's firmly entrenched in a large chair, surrounded by paper cups, empty bottles and candy wrappers.

Through the curtain he watches Jean-Louis' house.

MADAME ROUCHEFORT, an upper-middle class woman, enters:

MME ROUCHEFORT

Can I get you anything, Charles?

CHARLES

Thanks. No thank you, Madame Rouchefort.

Madame Rouchefort looks at the mess, shrugs and walks out. Charles continues the stakeout.

Charles finally sees what he has been waiting for: Ti-Pierre, driving a beat up station wagon, pulls up in front of Jean-Louis' house.

Ti-Pierre gets out, walks to the front door. He waits at the door until Suzanne and Jean-Olivier get into the station wagon.

Mme. Rouchefort watches Charles:

MME ROUCHEFORT

Are you leaving us now, Monsieur Charles?

Charles exits as Ti-Pierre's car pulls away.

CUT TO:

57 EXT JACQUES CARTIER DOCKS DAY

Alain and Remik speak as they watch a freighter being unloaded. The sign above Alain's head reads "Quai Jacques Cartier." In the distance tugboats scurry up and down the seaway.

REMIK

You knew nothing of the attempt
on Jean-Louis' life?

ALAIN GIROUX

Nothing. I swear it. It wasn't
us. It was Contrini.

REMIK

Can't you stop him?

ALAIN GIROUX

How can I? Contrini is afraid
Jean-Louis will spoil the St.
Jean Baptiste Day banquet.

REMIK

How would he do that?

ALAIN GIROUX

By killing me.

REMIK

He would never do that.

ALAIN GIROUX

Can you be sure?

Remik says nothing.

ALAIN GIROUX

Remik, let your brother take care
of himself. I've got a right to
protect my life too.

REMIK

Answer me one question, Patron.

ALAIN GIROUX

Shoot.

REMIK

Are you being used by the
Americans?

ALAIN GIROUX

No. I swear it on Baptiste's
grave.

REMIK
Your father is.

ALAIN GIROUX
I know. But that's the difference
between us. I am not my father's
keeper. He'll live and die by his
own actions. My job is to keep
the Gauloises independent. And
I'll let nothing interfere with
that.

REMIK
(nods)
If I find out anything different,
I'll kill you. And I'll kill your
father and Contrini. I'm still
the Enforcer.

CUT TO:

58 EXT ONTARIO STREET AFTERNOON

The area around Ontario St. and St. Denis was once an
exclusive neighborhood, now its just another slum.

Remik's Citroen pulls up before a row of brownstones.
Remik and Charles get out, walk up a stairway, knock at
the door.

Ti-Pierre opens the door, his gun partially obscured by
his jacket. Remik refrains Ti-Pierre's gun hand.

REMIK
Let me in, Ti-Pierre.
(beat)
I want to see Jean-Louis.

Ti-Pierre looks over Remik's shoulder at the Citroen.

TI-PIERRE
Your gun, patron.

REMIK
You know I don't carry any.

Ti-Pierre lets Remik inside, closes the door behind him.
Charles waits on the stairs.

CUT TO:

59 INT ONTARIO STREET HIDEOUT AFTERNOON

Ti-Pierre leads Remik through the ramshackle living room.

A dirty flag is draped over an easy chair. In the kitchen Jean-Louis, hearing footsteps, jumps up from the table. Suzanne, frightened, holds Jean-Olivier. Remik walks in, followed by Ti-Pierre.

REMIK
Put down the gun, Jean-Louis.

Jean-Louis lowers his gun.

REMIK
Hello Suzanne, Jean-Olivier.

Suzanne smiles wanly. Remik gestures toward the waiting car.

REMIK
Francoise is in the car.
(smiling broadly)
We'd like to get married.

Jean-Louis returns the smile.

CUT TO:

60 INT MUNICIPAL JUDGE LATE AFTERNOON

Remik, Francoise, Jean-Louis and Suzanne stand before the MUNICIPAL JUDGE. Ti-Pierre and Charles are respectfully to the rear.

Jean-Louis wears jeans and a plaid shirt, Suzanne a skirt and sweater. Remik and Francoise are dressed more formally: he in a black suit and tie, she in a red pants suit. A scratchy marital record plays in the background.

The judge reads the civil ceremony. At the appropriate moment, Remik and Francoise say, "Je fais," exchange rings and kisses.

The Judge hustles out the Polaroid; Remik and Francoise kiss again. Sixty seconds later the official wedding photo appears. The members of the wedding party offer congratulations.

FRANÇOISE GIROUX
Let's celebrate!

JEAN-LOUIS
I know where we can go.

CUT TO:

61 INT COUNTRY WESTERN BAR EVENING

Jean-Louis, Suzanne, Francoise, Remik, Ti-Pierre and Charles walk into «L'Arizona Bar' a small club in North Montreal. A half dozen customers hang along the bar.

A stage with instruments stands at the rear. The musicians sit around a table drinking beer, playing gin. They wear oversized shirts circa Hank Snow, 1953.

Jean-Louis calls to the BARTENDER:

JEAN-LOUIS
You're closing down for the
night.

BARTENDER
Huh?

JEAN-LOUIS
We're buying you out.

Remik produces a wad of bills, peels several off.

REMIK
Drinks on the house.
(to Charles)
Watch the street, Charles.
(to Ti-Pierre)
Lock the door, cut the exterior
lights.

The bartender stares in amazement at the bills on the bar.

The musicians stop their gin rummy game, look at Remik and Jean-Louis. Jean-Louis walks over:

JEAN-LOUIS
You boys on strike? C'mon, let's
go!

The musicians drop their cards, hustle to the stage. Jean-Louis drops several bills into the tin can at the musician's feet. They start tuning up.

Jean-Louis selects a prominent table, sets Suzanne and Francoise down, calls for drinks. The Bartender helps as Remik and Ti-Pierre bring over glasses and bottles.

The boozy patrons catch on as fresh drinks appear. They shout "Merci," "Here's to ya, buddy!"

On stage, the French-Canadians tune up. Three C&W singers, like Levis Bouliane, Willie Lamonthe and Rheal Leroux, sing French songs about the "belles prairies" of Saskatchewan and Alberta. "Mon seul amour c'est toi," sings the lead as he lays into his fiddle. As his bow

hits the strings, the room comes alive as if touched by an electric wire.

A few patrons find their way to the dance floor. Remik, Francoise, Jean-Louis and Suzanne join them. Switching partners, they dance western swing, close dance, jitterbug. Remik and Jean-Louis twist together.

JEAN-LOUIS

It ain't that way at all. We need them. It's the only way to get back at the Americans.

REMIK

Jean-Louis, that is so much crap. All your life you've been full of crap. You know where this will lead? The Anglos -- -

JEAN-LOUIS

Fuck the Anglos.

REMIK

You're drunk.

JEAN-LOUIS

I've changed. I understand a lot of things now I didn't understand before.

REMIK

You're just drunk.

JEAN-LOUIS

Thank God.

Neither is fully sober, neither fully drunk. They float in that limbo where friendship is foremost and no one has to be taken too seriously.

JEAN-LOUIS

Yeah. Let's go back to the girls. They're waiting.

REMIK

Okay.

Later. Remik, Francoise, Jean-Louis and Suzanne are back on the dance floor. Time has stopped for them; they drift in slow motion. Each knows, in his or her own way, that these are the last moments they will spend together.

Jean-Louis dances slowly. He smiles as his gun hangs loose in his shoulder holster.

CUT TO:

62 INT JEAN-LOUIS' LIVING ROOM DAY

TWO WEEKS LATER. Tony and Stephano walk into Jean-Louis' house, demand to know where he is.

Suzanne shrugs, says she hasn't seen him. Tony walks from room to room, poking around.

CUT TO:

63 INT ONTARIO STREET HIDEOUT DAY

Tony and a SECOND ITALIAN THUG trash the Ontario Street Hideout for any sign of Jean-Louis.

CUT TO:

64 INT CONTRINI'S OFFICE DAY

Contrini stares at the skyline. Spring gives way to summer.

STEPHANO

I think he's gone, Nick. We've looked everywhere. He's vanished.

CONTRINI

How can he vanish? He's human, ain't he?

Jacques sits across the room, reading a picture magazine.

STEPHANO

He's cooled off. He's out of the Province.

CONTRINI

What about Paul Ciment?

STEPHANO

Gone too. That's one way it is with these radicals. One day here, the next off the face of the earth.

CONTRINI

(to Jacques)

Can't the American find him? His own brother?

JACQUES GIROUX

The trail is cold everywhere. He must be outta town.

CONTRINI

Maybe.

CUT TO:

65 EXT ILE BIZARD DAY

Ile Bizard, a small farming island in northeast Montreal, resembles a French village more than a metropolitan suburb.

Remik parks his car on the two-lane leading through the island. He makes his way across a field toward a barn in the distance. A young man with a hunting dog greets Remik. They say nothing, continue toward the barn.

Remik finds what he's looking for: Paul Ciment, in flannel shirt and work pants, greets him. Inside the barn, young people collate posters and leaflets.

REMIK

You're hard to find, Ciment.

CIMENT

You're hard to lose.

REMIK

I'm looking for Jean-Louis.

CIMENT

Why do you want him?

REMIK

That's none of your business.

Paul shrugs, scrapes shit off his shoe.

REMIK

Don't give me a hard time, kid.
I'll bust your ass. Where is he?

CIMENT

He saved my life. If I knew, do
you think I'd tell?

REMIK

Did he give you any money? He
likes to give away money.

Ciment shrugs.

REMIK

Just tell me this. Is he out of
the Province.

CIMENT
Yes. I think so.

REMIK
He coming back?

CIMENT
I don't know. That's his
business.

REMIK
(looks in barn)
He ain't in there, is he?

CIMENT
Don't be stupid.

REMIK
What are you doing here?

CIMENT
That's none of your business.

REMIK
You guys are going to fuck
everything up. You know that,
don't you. That's what you want,
isn't it? You don't care about
anything.

The strain shows on Remik's face.

CIMENT
What do you know about what these
people want?
(gestures)
What do you know about the
Quebecois? You're an American.

Remik spits in Ciment's face:

REMIK
Don't ever call me that.

Ciment doesn't wipe his face.

CIMENT
Au Revoir, Monsieur Remik.

Remik stalks back through the fields to his car.

CUT TO:

A stream of cars cross Jacques Cartier Bridge to Ile St. Helene, permanent home of Expo '67. After the World's Fair, the grounds and pavilions were turned into permanent park and renamed "Man and His World."

Paul Ciment pays admission, walks into Man and His World. His hair's short, his beard's shaved. He wears a "Visit Canada" T-shirt. Around his neck hangs a Brownie Starflex. Ciment walks past Buckmeister Fuller's geodisc bubble, heads toward Le Humor Pavilion.

Jean-Louis spots Ciment, gets up from his seat at a quick-food stand. Jean-Louis sports a caretaker's uniform and five weeks of facial growth.

They stroll down the Cosmos Walk, through the park. Around them tourists press their children and cameras in and out of the exhibits.

CIMENT

I see you made it back.

JEAN-LOUIS

Yeah.

CIMENT

I came to say goodbye. I probably won't see you for while. By tomorrow night I'll be in jail again.

JEAN-LOUIS

Ti-Pierre and I are all set.

CIMENT

You get everything you need?

JEAN-LOUIS

Yes.

Ciment gestures to fort-like stone building:

CIMENT

The caretaker's house all right?

JEAN-LOUIS

It's fine.

CIMENT

Thanks again for the money. I think we'll be able to make bail for everybody tomorrow.

JEAN-LOUIS

You earned it. But if you ask me, that's a dumb way to spend money.

Giving it back to the government.

CIMENT

Yeah. We have different ideas about that.

JEAN-LOUIS

You're going about things all wrong. Don't let them protect their flanks. I was right about the police deployment, wasn't I?

CIMENT

Yes.

JEAN-LOUIS

I'm right about this too. If I had set up that LaPorte snatch the government would be on its knees right now. What you need now, instead of this whatchamacallit tomorrow, is a half dozen good swift executions.

(counts on fingers)

Trudeau, Choquette, Bourassa, Drapeau, Bertrand and one of your own people, say Levesque, just to make it look good. It'd be an excellent warning shot. It'd tell the government things are going to be different from now on. They'd listen to you then.

They climb the steps of the caretaker's house. Ciment politely ignores Jean-Louis' theories. He already has too many crazy people giving him suggestions.

CUT TO:

67 INT CARETAKER'S ROOM DAY

Ti-Pierre sits at the table, cleaning revolvers. Jean-Louis and Ciment enter.

CIMENT

(looks at watch)

I've got to go.

JEAN-LOUIS

Just remember what I said.

CIMENT

Will do. So long. Quebec pour les Quebecois.

JEAN-LOUIS
Nous vaincrons.

CUT TO:

68 EXT ST. CATHERINE STREET DAY

Municipal workers prepare the St. Jean Baptiste parade route. Crowd blockades are put in place, light posts hang with streamers.

CUT TO:

69 EXT LOUIS XIV ROOM DAY

Gaulois waiters prepare a long U-shaped banquet table.

CUT TO:

70 EXT QUEEN ELIZABETH HOTEL AFTERNOON

Three Cadillac limos pull in front. New York mafiosos step out with their bodyguards.

CUT TO:

71 INT FIRING RANGE AFTERNOON

Jacques aims at a target in the Gaulois' wood paneled firing range. Remik enters.

JACQUES GIROUX
You haven't found him yet?

REMIK
No.

JACQUES GIROUX
What's wrong?

REMIK
Maybe he hasn't come back. If he's here, I'll find him.

JACQUES GIROUX
It's too late now. I'm not going to take any chances. I want you to be Alain's bodyguard tonight and through the banquet tomorrow. You're in charge of discipline. It's time you started acting like it.

REMIK

Yes.

CUT TO:

72 INT NAPOLEON ROOM AFTERNOON

Remik unlocks the gun closet. It's stacked with rifles and handguns. He selects a long-nose .38 revolver, a shoulder holster, a box of shells. Remik flips open the cylinder, looks into the chamber as if it were a foreign object.

CUT TO:

73 INT CORRIDOR AFTERNOON

GERARD, the Gaulois chef, approaches Remik in melodramatic despair:

GERARD

Monsieur Remik, Monsieur Remik.

REMIK

Yes?

GERARD

(holds up menu)

Can you believe this? Read:
ravioli, lasagna, spaghetti. I'm
a chef. I feed people, I don't
fatten them up.

REMIK

(reassuring)

It's only one day. You'll make it
through.

GERARD

I never thought I would see the
day. . .

REMIK

You exaggerate. Get back in the
kitchen and cook this fucking
fat-boy cucina. . .

(beat)

. . .before I make you eat it!

Gerard quickly returns to the kitchen grumbling.

CUT TO:

74 INT LOUIS XIV ROOM AFTERNOON

Alain walks into the great hall. His father, Contrini and CAMILLION, a private policeman, stand by the Louis XIV portrait. Deferential waiters place chairs around the table.

CONTRINI

You know Monsieur Camillion,
Alain?

ALAIN GIROUX

I. . .don't think so.

JACQUES GIROUX

Camillion used to be an old
friend of the Gaulois family.
When he was with the police.

ALAIN GIROUX

Oh, yes.

CAMILLION

Those were the good old days,
Monsieur.

CONTRINI

Camillion and his men will patrol
the house. Just for show. Make
sure no reporters show up.

JACQUES GIROUX

Have the police been informed?

CONTRINI

Yeah. They'll be very busy on the
parade tomorrow.

CAMILLION

That they will.

CUT TO:

75 INT MARAT ROOM NIGHT

Remik, at his desk, loads and reloads his revolver in
semi-darkness, slumping into reverie.

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK

Jean-Louis is 4 years old. His older brother, carrying a
shoe box, chases him around the Napoleon Room.

Jim wears short pants and his mother's fox fur tied around his chest.

Jean-Louis caterwauls across the room as Jim thumps him with the cardboard box. Baptiste strides into the room.

BAPTISTE

(age 35)

Now what's going on?

Jim guiltily stops. Jean-Louis runs to his father.

BAPTISTE

What's going on?

REMIK

(age 8)

We were just playing.

BAPTISTE

What were you playing?

REMIK

Cain and Abel.

BAPTISTE

And which are you?

REMIK

I was Cain.

BAPTISTE

And what were you doing?

REMIK

I was killing my brother.

BAPTISTE

(sighs)

You know you can't kill your brother. Now give me that box.

Jimmy shamefacedly surrenders the shoebox.

CUT TO:

76 EXT MONTREAL DAY

The first rays of sun hit Mt. Royal peak. An eerie mist shrouds the city. St. Jean Baptiste Day.

CUT TO:

77 EXT STE. CATHERINE STREET DAWN

A few hardy souls arrive at the parade route to get the choice viewing positions.

CUT TO:

78 INT LOUIS XIV ROOM DAWN

The waiters place name cards around the table.

CUT TO:

79 EXT NOTRE DAME CATHEDRAL EARLY MORNING

Alain, in as morning tuxedo, steps from his Citroen. Marc and ANOTHER BODYGUARD flank his right and left.

Remik's Citroen pulls up behind Alain's. Remik, also wearing a tux, gets out with Charles. They close ranks. Alain and his quartet of bodyguards walk up the steps to the cathedral.

CUT TO:

80 INT NOTRE DAME EARLY MORNING

Alain stands before the gold-filigree altar, receives morning mass. Remik, Charles, Marc and the other Bodyguard look warily from side to side. Alain stares ahead, unafraid.

Suddenly: a commotion in the left chapel. Alain and his bodyguards turn in that direction.

Three figures brandishing guns charge through the chapel.

Ti-Pierre is at the head. The other assailants wear black pants, black sweaters, black tennis shoes. They cry in unison:

KILLERS

La morte! La morte! La morte!

And begin FIRING wildly. Gunshots echo through the cathedral.

Remik pulls his revolver, steadies it, SHOOTS the LEAD YOUTH in the chest. He falls.

Alain flees toward the left exit. Remik follows. Marc and the SECOND ASSAILANT fall in the next exchange.

Charles stands at the door, draws a bead on the last assailant. Recognizing Ti-Pierre he halts for a second.

A second is all Ti-Pierre needs. He FIRES, killing Charles. Charles calls out Remik's name.

Ti-Pierre hurdles past Charles' body, charges out the door after Alain and Remik.

CUT TO:

81 EXT NOTRE DAME EARLY MORNING

Alain SCRAMBLES madly for his Citroen. Remik flows close behind. He hears Charles call out his name.

Remik sinks to one knee, aims at the doorway.

Ti-Pierre jumps through the doorway, gun in hand. Remik fires, HITS him in the upper chest.

Ti-Pierre staggers forward, his momentum carrying him within a few feet of Remik. He collapses; his blood runs across the concrete.

Alain ducks into safety of his car.

CUT TO:

82 INT ALAIN'S CAR EARLY MORNING

Alain sinks against the back seat. His face is covered with cold sweat. He calls to the driver:

ALAIN GIROUX

Let's go!

The driver does nothing; he doesn't even turn around.

In a flash, the horrible, sinking truth hits Alain: he is not alone. He feels the presence of a steel gun barrel raised against the side of his head. He slowly turns to face Jean-Louis sitting next to him.

Jean-Louis squeezes the trigger. As Alain's body SLUMPS down, Jean-Louis opens the door and pushes Alain out.

Jean-Louis turns his gun back to the driver's head:

JEAN-LOUIS

Allez-y!

The Citroen screeches away.

CUT TO:

83 EXT NOTRE DAME EARLY MORNING

Remik stares in detached horror as his brother-in-law's body slumps from the car to the sidewalk.

Remik stands impotently over Alain's body, his revolver hangs limply from his hand.

CUT TO:

84 EXT STE. CATHERINE STREET MORNING

Workers make last minute preparations on St. Jean Baptiste Day floats in the staging area.

The floats, meticulously made, depict different aspects of French-Canadian life.

CUT TO:

85 EXT POLICE STATION DAY

Remik, still wearing his tux, Francoise and a Gaulois DRIVER exit, walk toward the parking lot.

DRIVER

(to Remik)

Jacques is waiting for you. You want me to drive you now?

REMIK

Thanks.

The Driver walks a couple steps ahead of James and Francoise. She's been weighing something.

FRANÇOISE GIROUX

Jim?

REMIK

Yes?

FRANÇOISE GIROUX

If you need to go to the United States, I understand.

(he nods)

I'll come with you.

REMIK

You would leave Quebec?

FRANÇOISE GIROUX

For you, yes.

Remik, genuinely moved, nods. A LONG-HAIRED YOUTH with a guitar case walks past:

LONG-HAIRED YOUTH

Jim.

The Driver moves to interrupt the Youth; Remik waves him off.

REMIK

It's all right.

Remik steps the Youth out of earshot.

LONG-HAIRED YOUTH

James Remik?

REMIK

Yes.

LONG-HAIRED YOUTH

Jean-Louis would like to see you.
He says the time is ready. He
says victory is within your
grasp.

REMIK

Where is he?

LONG-HAIRED YOUTH

He'll be waiting in the
caretaker's house at "Man and His
World." A brick building past the
Biosphere.

REMIK

Thanks.

LONG-HAIRED YOUTH

He said to give you another
message.

REMIK

What?

LONG-HAIRED YOUTH

(hushed but strong)

Nous vaincrons!

The Youth walks away. Remik turns back to the Driver and
Francoise.

CUT TO:

86 INT LOUIS XIV ROOM DAY

Jacques, Contrini, Stephano and Tony wait for Remik. The waiters nervously stack plates, remove napkins and silverware.

Jean Gaulois slumps in a chair against the wall. Jacques is scared and angry, turns to Remik as he enters:

JACQUES GIROUX

You ruined us. It's all your fault. My son is dead. Everyone has gone home. No one wants any part of us. We're finished.

Remik says nothing. Contrini has control. He turns to Jacques, says sharply:

CONTRINI

Sit down.

JACQUES GIROUX

It's finished.

CONTRINI

Sit down!

Jacques meekly submits.

CONTRINI

I wanted to work with the Gauloises, Remik. But the Gauloises couldn't perform. You don't exist anymore. Just looks at these two tired old men.

(points)

I've taken over.

Remik turns to Jean:

REMIK

Uncle Jean?

JEAN

(holds his chest)

This old chest, Jimmy.

(breathes deeply)

I can't take it anymore. It just passed me by.

Jacques, swelling with rage, stands:

JACQUES GIROUX

It was you, Remik. It was you who let us down. You were disloyal. You were supposed to protect

Alain and what did you do? You covered up for your crazy brother and now he's killed Alain. It's your disloyalty, that's the cause!

REMIK

I've never been disloyal. I've made mistakes, but I've always been loyal. I'll prove it to you.

Remik stomps out of the room.

After he leaves, Contrini turns to Stephano and Tony:

CONTRINI

Get him.

CUT TO:

87 EXT DOWNTOWN MONTREAL DAY

Remik drives through the congested streets. To the west, he hears the clamoring crowd cheering the floats, the marching bands.

CUT TO:

88 EXT JACQUES CARTIER BRIDGE DAY

Remik crosses the bridge. Below him, to his right lies Ile Ste. Helene and Man and His World.

He exits, drives into the exposition parking lot.

CUT TO:

89 EXT MAN AND HIS WORLD DAY

Remik pays the admission, strides down the Cosmos Walk toward the old fort-like building which serves as the caretaker's home. Behind him are the domes, pyramids and spires of the World's Fair.

Remik approaches the caretaker's home, unbuttons his tuxedo jacket, revealing his holster and revolver.

CUT TO:

90 INT CARETAKER'S HOME DAY

Remik tiptoes inside. Jean-Louis lies on a spare cot. Two

.45s lie on the table.

Hearing footsteps, Jean-Louis sits up. Jean-Louis recognizes his brother; a broad smile crosses his face.

JEAN-LOUIS

I knew you'd come. This is our chance.

REMIK

No, Jean-Louis. It's all over.

JEAN-LOUIS

Do the police know?

REMIK

(shakes head)

We settle our own problems.

JEAN-LOUIS

What do you mean?

REMIK

You screwed up.

Remik removes his pistol. Jean-Louis sees it:

JEAN-LOUIS

(sad)

You were supposed to protect me.

REMIK

I just wanted to be loyal. A member of the family.

JEAN-LOUIS

That kind of loyalty is dead. The family is dead.

REMIK

And what am I?

Jean-Louis hears a noise, goes to the window.

JEAN-LOUIS

You were followed. Stephano. They're here to kill us. Did you tell them I was here?

REMIK

No.

JEAN-LOUIS

The they're here to kill you-- these people you trust.

Jean-Louis reaches down, picks up his .45s. This

discussion will have to wait.

JEAN-LOUIS

I'll go out back. You go out
front, I'll go back, circle
around--parking lot?

Remik nods. Jean-louis tosses his brother on of the .45s.
Remik peeks out the front door, sees and Italian pass.

Remik goes out the front, Jean-Louis the back.

CUT TO:

91 EXT MAN AND HIS WORLD DAY

Remik slips behind the Italian, CLIPS him across the back
of the head with the butt of the .45; the Italian falls.

Remik turns, heads back up Cosmos Walk toward the parking
area, sizing up the extent of the opposition. Tony and
Stephano stand ahead of him; two Italians bring up the
rear.

Remik spins and FIRES at the following Italians, dropping
one, missing the other.

He dashes at an angle toward the Biosphere. Tony,
Stephano and the surviving Italian follow.

Remik bursts through the crowd, scrambles across the
aviary. Tourists gasp in horror as the Italians pursue.

Outside the Biosphere, Remik zigzags towards the parking
lot. He turns a corner.

It's a set-up: Jean-Louis waiting, .45 in hand, FIRES the
moment Remik clears.

Stephano and the Third Italian FALL. Remik, looking back,
is clipped on the shoulder by a bullet.

Remi, grabbing his shoulder, firing a wild shot, gets
into the Citroen. Jean-Louis jumps in beside him.

Remik squeals off. Tony, getting in his car, follows.
Both cars SMASH through the toll booth, first one, later
the other.

CUT TO:

92 EXT CARTIER BRIDGE DAY

Remik's Citroen accelerates up the ramp. Tony's Cadillac
follows.

Jean-Louis turns to his bleeding brother as Remik swerves through traffic.

JEAN-LOUIS
Can you drive?!

REMIK
I'm swinging around, get ready.

Having gained several lengths on the Cadillac, Remik drops the Citroen into low gear, spins the wheel.

The Citroen spins sideways: Jean-Louis aims his .45 out the window, SHOOTs directly at Tony in the oncoming Cadillac.

A fusillade of bullets slam into the Cadillac windshield. Tony is hit in the face and the chest.

Remik accelerates before the Cadillac can crash into the Citroen. Out the rear-veer mirror, he sees the Cadillac veer into the railing, CRASH off the bridge.

Sirens in the distance. Remik resumes a normal speed. A police car approaches, passes.

CUT TO:

93 EXT DOWNTOWN MONTREAL DAY

Remik and Jean-Louis drive through midtown traffic. Remik's bleeding has abated.

Looking side to side, he and Jean-Louis glimpse the parade on Ste. Catherine.

A clique of Separatists, waving a banner, rush toward the parade: "Quebec pour les Quebecois!" Undermanned, confused Anglo patrolmen scurry about -- the situation is rapidly deteriorating. A pedestrian thrusts a leaflet at Jean-Louis.

REMIK
Get out before it's too late.

JEAN-LOUIS
I'm with you. Let's finish it.

CUT TO:

94 EXT GAULOIS CHATEAU MORNING

Remik stops in front of the mansion. Getting out, he speaks to Camillion who stands watch:

REMIK

Camillion. If the police come,
they are not to be admitted
unless there is no other choice.
Hold them off--there's a riot
beginning.

CAMILLION

Will do, Monsieur Remik.

Camillion signals for one of his men to come over as
Remik and Jean-Louis enter the chateau.

CUT TO:

95 INT LOUIS XIV ROOM DAY

Remik, his tuxedo shirt red with blood, walks in with
Jean-Louis. Jacques, Jean and Contrini look up in
amazement.

REMIK

I brought you Jean-Louis.

CONTRINI

(stands)

What is going on?

JACQUES GIROUX

(to Remik)

James! James! What are you doing?
Where is your loyalty?

REMIK

What do I know about loyalty? I'm
just a common criminal.

Contrini pulls his gun-Jean-Louis beats him to it,
KILLING him. Contrini keels backward.

Jacques starts to defend Contrini, thinks better of it.
Remik and Jean-Louis are left, guns in hand, looking at
each other. Jean-Louis lifts his hands high above his
head. Remik declines to shoot.

REMIK

Go.

JEAN-LOUIS

You will always be my brother.

REMIK

Go.

Jean-Louis exits.

CUT TO:

96 EXT STE. CATHERINE STREET DAY

Francoise sings "Quebec Pour Les Quebecois" as the Ste. Jean Baptiste Day Riots of 1971 escalate.

Radicals break through the barricades, trash the parade route.

A group of Separatists descend upon the Queen's float, symbol of colonial oppression.

The cutesy face of the high-school cock-tease chosen to portray Queen Elizabeth II turns to fright as the radicals, with a heave-ho, overturn the float. Girls, flowers and displays spill onto the street.

The Radical Youth who had given Remik Jean-Louis' message now climbs atop the felled float. Others join him, waving signs and chanting "Quebec pour les Quebecois!" in sync with the song.

Down the block, Paul Ciment scales a street post. Calling to the crowds, he waves the tri-color flag of Free Quebec.

CUT TO:

97 INT LOUIS XIV ROOM DAY

Francoise sings as Remik drops his gun, sits beside Jean, his weary and worn uncle.

Jacques, anxious, exits.

JEAN

James, I let you down.

REMIK

No, you didn't.

JEAN

You must go.

REMIK

What about you?

JEAN

Me? Where would I go? I don't want any part of the future.

Remik nods.

CUT TO:

98 EXT STE. CATHERINE STREET DAY

Riot police swing clubs wildly through the mob. Tear gas volleys whistle overhead.

Revolution is in the air: chaos everywhere.

Jean-Louis stands with Paul Ciment, chanting slogans as riot police approach.

Francoise concludes her song.

THE END