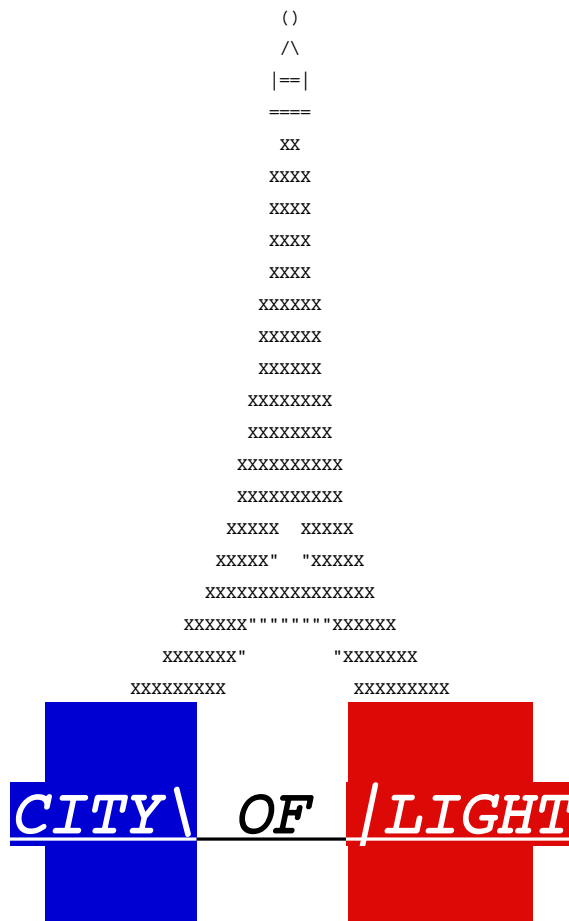


~ Presents Warner Brothers Studios Fièremment ~

Le seul et unique

Pepé LePew in



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12-16-16

~ L'amour conquiert tous ~

OPEN ON...

The WARNER ANIMATION GROUP logo, floating high in the clouds against a night sky, *in gorgeous 3D*. Look at those clouds as we drift forward! Man, animation's come a long way. Gosh.

The sun cracks the horizon, reaching out to greet us, welcome us, as we drift past the Warner shield; what's that sound, is it...beautiful: a formation of ducks, flying south.

We get a brief closer look.

DAFFY
Quack! Quack! Quack!
(mutters, furious)
Typecasting. *DESPICABLE*.

We move past the ducks, down through the clouds in the early dawn light, as it crawls across a sea of lights beneath us, the first rays of orange light catching the River Seine, drifting down and over...

Yes. PARIS! Oh my god lucky us. Have you been? It's fantastic! Well parts are fantastic, you know, if you have friends there.

And luckily, we have a friend there.

Lights start to blink out as kisses of sunlight begin to illuminate the city, Paris exchanging night, for day, and we roam the streets, watching the city wipe its eyes.

We pass advertisements for something called "THE JEWELS OF THE LIGHT," on display at the Louvre, and then...

A sonorous, masculine voice speaks to us in voice-over.

PEPE (V.O.)
Ah, Paris. The cultural capitol of Europe. Home to the best art, the best food, the best fashion, the best anything, everything. It would be easy to get lost. But luckily, you know someone fantastic.

We settle on the back of a dumpster in a back alley. A hatch in the bottom bursts open: revealing:

The most handsome skunk in all of Europe.

PEPE
(dead to camera)
It's me.

There's some sort of ruckus from the dumpster behind him-

PEPE (CONT'D)

Perhaps we should be going from
here, oui? Pardon moi.

Pepe hurriedly *parkours up a drainpipe and across a fire-escape, the camera following him in DIZZYING SWOOPS UNTIL WE REACH THE top of the restaurant giving us:*

A spectacular view of the sun rising over the city.

Down in the alley, we can hear shouting, angry voices. But Pepe ignores it, continuing to talk to us.

PEPE (CONT'D)

Paris is the birthplace of love.
No one had ever been in love before
even once until Paris bloomed into
life, and this is a true and real
fact that is recorded in many books
and also some websites. It was the
start of all communication, because
love, is a conversation.

Pepe comes to a ledge, and rapidly jumps from building to building, us following him, *twisting and turning*. Below, we can see figures running, trying to catch up, closer and closer-

They are

JACQUE VERSAILLE, a sleazy, nouve-riche racoon prince of crime, followed closely by

SPIKE Unpuppydogeux, a thuggy, tough looking bull dog, and his tiny companion

CHESTER Lilbark, a hyperactive, sycophantic terrier.

All three are *crashing* through the street clumsily, knocking people down, clearly furious with murder in their hearts.

Not like Pepe, who only has nice things in his heart, and leaps up on a ledge amongst flowers. He seems to notice the people pursuing him, but to not care literally at all.

CHESTER

*Don't worry Spike! We got'em! We
got'em now Spike don't-*

Pepe kicks a garage chain, counterbalancing it and causing him to be *yanked up to a flower covered balcony high above!*

Below him, we can see Chester go *smashing into a brick wall*.

The mood up on the balcony is calm and lovely. Pepe notices a group of sexy **FRENCH PIGEONS** on an opposite railing, Black and White, very stylish.

FRENCH PIGEONS

Bonjour Pepe!

They all giggle.

PEPE

Ugh, these animals! They treat me like an object! But then again, it is fun to be art for the right eyes.

Pepe winks at the girls. They *FAINT INTO EACH OTHER LIKE DOMINOS* in an elaborate chain reaction, crashing to the ground.

PEPE (CONT'D)

C'est la vie.

(laughs)

Talking to a new romance is easy.

Pepe leaps over the edge, slides down a railing, uses it to jump onto a telephone pole, backflips off a street light and then bounces off an awning-

-landing him on top level of a double-decker bus- flips off and lands in a cafe, next to a hipster-y coffee chalkboard menu.

All the humans flee in horror: "SKUNK! SKUNK!" While their pets (mostly female Poodles) sigh in dreamy wonder of the A-list hunk of skunk in their presence.

Pepe grabs a piece of chalk and **ILLUSTRATES** as Young Male pets in his audience furtively film him on their iPhones.

PEPE (CONT'D)

Perhaps she show interest in the thing you're saying and she make eye contact and she laugh and look down and she touch your knee- something's cooking! But Pepe you say, what if she does not know I am interested, should I touch her knee?

Pepe *SCRATCHES THE CHALKBOARD!*

PENELOPE

NO! NEVER TOUCH HER KNEE! She
knows you're interested, you
buffoon: You are a man.

(calms)

What's important, is to listen!

Jacque and SPIKE have rounded the corner, and are *rapidly approaching!*

PEPE

Paris is, like love, a
conversation: You talk, and the
CITY LISTENS!

JACQUE

WE'RE GOING TO KILL YOU LE PEW!

PEPE

I hear you!

Now everyone's fleeing, even the pets, as the two enraged, clearly criminal animals crash through outdoor restaurant patios to get to him, overturning umbrellas, sending food crashing in all directions-

Pepe seems unbothered. Perpetually. He seems dreamy, distant, as he walks out of the cafe, taking a whole handful of mints and pocketing them into his fur.

PEPE (CONT'D)

What? You judge me? They were
free! If you're going to get a lot
of kisses, you need a lot of mints.

(sighs)

You might say, Pepe, how can I be
like you, and meet so many women?
See, you misunderstand: I only seek
to meet one woman; yes, I meet a
lot of others along the way, but my
goal is to find a true love, a
woman who sees me as the other half
to put into her whole.

We can see that Jacque and SPIKE are *nearly to him now-*

PEPE (CONT'D)

But what do I know, I am just one
skunk; not to be confused with my
cousin from Spain, Juan Skunk,
who's actually a really wonderful
guy.

Pepe briefly produces a picture of Juan Skunk on his smart phone; Juan looks like a great time, honestly, and-

SPIKE, CHESTER AND JACQUE TACKLE PEPE! THEY ROLL IN A BALL OF DUST AND FLYING FISTS AND PEPE simply ROLLS RIGHT OUT, taking off-

And *grabbing a handful of Red Blue and White balloons, AND IS LIFTED OFF INTO THE AIR*, floating towards the Eifel Tower-

PEPE (CONT'D)
 (to us the audience)
 I'm sure this situation will
 resolve itself momentarily, in the
 mean time, wow, look at that view!

Pepe gestures to the view, just in time to see **JACQUE COME RUNNING UP A TELEPHONE POLE AND LEAP SNARLING INTO THE BALLOONS-**

PEPE (CONT'D)
 This is just a minor setback, but-
 oh wait he's up there now. That's
 actually pretty bad.

Jacque slashes at the balloons, causing them to begin rapidly dropping-

JACQUE
 We know you stole it Le Pew!

PEPE
 Stole what, mon frère?

JACQUE
 Don't play dumb! WE KNOW IT WAS
 YOU!

PEPE
 You seem mad.

Jacque *SNARLS and CLAWS AT PEPE-*

Pepe *leaps off, onto the side of the Eifel Tower*, easily and gracefully climbing up the girders-

Only to see Jacque rushing towards him, and SPIKE climbing up from below!

Pepe climbs **UP FURTHER AND FURTHER-** Jacque and SPIKE in close pursuit, Chester lagging behind- onto a **RENOVATION SITE WHERE MEN ARE DOING REPAIR WORK ON THE TOWER-**

The construction workers scramble to hold on as the animals chase through them, nearly toppling some of them off the precarious girders-

Pepe's still trying to narrate as SPIKE grabs up a nail gun and starts firing it at- oh jeez!

PEPE (CONT'D)
(hurried, frantic)
Paris is full of interesting people
like this!

Nails bounce and spark off the steel around him! He tightropes along the girder to take cover!

PEPE (CONT'D)
It's a problem of communication, we
just need to find common ground.
MARCEL CHESTER
YOU'RE A CHEAT, LE PEW! YOU'RE DEAD MEAT, LE PEW!

JACQUE
WE'RE GOING TO CUT OFF YOUR HEAD!

PEPE
(sighs)
See? Right now: nothing in common.

Pepe pops up out of cover.

PEPE (CONT'D)
(delightful, big smile)
Gentlemen!

A nail hits his paw! Pepe *DUCKS BACK TO COVER!*

PEPE (CONT'D)
EYYAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHOOooooiii'm okay!
(to camera)
I'm okay! In fact:
(straight to camera)
I'm fantastic.

Be still my beating heart! What a man! Er, skunk! What a...male skunk!

PEPE (CONT'D)
If perhaps I can stop narrating for
a moment and deal with the
situation at paw, oui? I think:
yes. A-thank you.

Pepe yanks the nail out, and darts around the girder he's on and we're back into full action mode!

Whoa! Whee! Thrills! If this wasn't animated we'd be in **AMAZING DRONE SHOTS** around the Eiffel Tower as Pepe rapidly parkours his way up-

Up- Up- Up! But, clumsy though they are (and who isn't clumsier than Pepe, gosh!) Jacques and SPIKE are in close pursuit-

Jacque uses his raccoon agility (is that a thing? why not) to leap across, cutting Pepe off on a girder hundreds of feet in the air- *oh no!* He turns- here comes SPIKE!

Pepe produces the peppermints he got from the street vendor.

PEPE (CONT'D)

Ehhh...You maybe want some mints?

The three animals ATTACK- and for the first time, we are given the treat of seeing Pepe in action! The three lowlifes might as well be trying to attack a waterfall, Pepe casually snakes around every blow, making them looking ridiculous-

It's incredible to watch: the bizarro physics of Looney Toons mixing with the choreography of a modern action film- holy smokes, is the whole movie going to have this stuff?

Short answer: Yes.

PEPE (CONT'D)

Mis amis, I must believe that given time and consideration you and I could become not just former enemies, but friends, compatriots, confidants, buying each other coffee as we discuss art, love, literature and-

JACQUE

SHUT UP LE PEW!

Pepe notices the steel he's standing on has started vibrating.

PEPE

Aw well. Here's my elevator, so I will be seeing you ele-later.

SPIKE

(shocked)

That's so stupid-

PEPE

No. You.

SPIKE

...What?

Pepe **LEAPS OUT INTO OPEN SPACE** only for the Eiffel Tower
elevator to pass at the **LAST SECOND**- he catches on, flying
up, up and out of reach!

CHESTER

That is one impressive skunk.

JACQUE

*No! No one makes Jacque Versaille
look like a fool!*

SPIKE

Jacque! Wait!

Jacque leaps out into the elevator shaft, only to immediately get **CREAMED** by the Elevator's Counter Weight, heading in the opposite direction, sending him *plummeting down down down-*

JACQUE

Aa111111eeeeeeeee h h h h h-

Poof of smoke when he hits, of course.

This *is* a Looney Toon, after all.

But yikes. Jacque just fell off the Eiffel Tower. I wonder if that will have 80 or so pages of consequences.

AT THE TOP OF
THE TOWER...

Pepe appears, swinging up and around to get a look out over the whole city. His city.

Paris, France.

PEPE

Beautiful, right?

(smiles)

Animation's come a long way.

SLAM TO TITLE:
CITY OF LIGHT

EXT. PARIS - SACRE-COEUR - AFTERNOON

The beautiful white basilica dome of Sacre-Coeur, one of Paris' oldest churches, shines in the sunlight at the top of Montmartre, the highest point in the city.

A tiny black shape appears on the glistening white steeple, jumping down, down, down-

As it moves, we can hear a slight jingling sound- the sound of a bell- as the shape- slinking easily from window to balcony to ledge until it stops, looking down out over the throngs of tourists below.

The shadow comes into the light revealing-

PENELOPE Blanc, a fluffy black cat with a white belly. Look, I don't want to just describe her physically; that's lazy screen writing, and arguably sexist or cat sexist or what have you, you freak, but at this point, the less you know about this feline, the better.

She peers down into the crowds with a binoculars, finally spotting two dopey looking American Tourists, and quickly hiding the binoculars back in her fur, before clicking off her collar, and hiding that away too, then turns, and *dives off the side of the building-*

Down with the tourists, they're snapping pictures and chewing gum, you know how Americans are, when Penelope *emerges from underfoot in the crowd*, being trampled by people, clearly scared and confused-

She limps, terrified, out of the crowd-

AMERICAN HUSBAND

Eloise, look!

The **AMERICAN HUSBAND** hurries to scoop up the limping Penelope from danger.

AMERICAN WIFE

Why it's that cat again!

AMERICAN HUSBAND

The same one from the hotel! The one from the Arc Dee Triumph!

AMERICAN WIFE

What're the odds, Gerald?

PENELOPE

Ah-meow meow-meowwww!

The Americans scratch Penelope behind the ears as she climbs all over, rubbing her face on them.

AMERICAN WIFE

It's like this cat has been
following us all over Paris! Our
lucky little French friend!

AMERICAN HUSBAND

Where's your owner little buddy?

Penelope gazes meaningfully into the middle distance. Sad
music plays. Oh my god, poor Penelope! What tragedy
could've befallen her?

AMERICAN WIFE

Oh honey! The poor thing is
abandoned!

AMERICAN HUSBAND

What do you need, little guy?
Food? You want some treats?

PENELOPE

Uhh meow meow meow cash money meow
meow?

AMERICAN HUSBAND

What'd she say?

PENELOPE

(cute)

Ah meow meow meow ten dollars?

AMERICAN WIFE

Why, I think this cat wants money,
Gerald.

Penelope nods fervently.

AMERICAN HUSBAND

Why would a cat want money, Eloise?

PENELOPE

Meow meow working my way through
college meow meow!

AMERICAN WIFE

Oh, give her ten dollars Gerald!

The man seems to think. Penelope trips a little bit and
melodramatically clutches her injured paw.

AMERICAN HUSBAND

Well...All right. Here you go,
kitty. Don't spend it all in one
place!

Penelope pockets the money into her fur, and gives the couple one last head rub, before jumping down, and going underfoot.

AMERICAN HUSBAND (CONT'D)
Bye Kitty!

AMERICAN WIFE
Bye Kitty!

Penelope, disappearing into the crowd, slowly loses the limp, the hunch, slicks back her hair- my god, this is cat is a con man! Con woman- con-cat- no that's stupid-

She's- she's doing lies for money!

Penelope pulls out a **green collar with a brass bell**, slipping it on as she gives one last disdainful look at the tourists.

For the first time, we hear her native Brooklyn accent.

PENELOPE
Suckers.

EXT. CITY STREETS - CONTINUOUS

We watch the plight of a stray cat in Paris: Penelope must duck and dodge through pedestrians, nearly getting stepped on, rush across a street, barely dodging cars-

-She comes to a gutter of flowing water, and stops short, yelping: cats hate water- then jumps over it, scampering to a big tree in a public park...

Penelope quickly climbs the tree, sitting out on a branch, counting her money. A yellow and white cat with a tuft of red hair, drops out of the tree behind her, trying to get a look.

This is **CLAUDE**, a nervous, sketchy weirdo.

CLAUDE
How much'dya get, Penelope?

PENELOPE
Hey, no peekin'! This is my scratch!

Claude looms, predatory, shadows falling on his kitty face.

CLAUDE
What I wouldn't give to have just a little bit of that moolah...

Penelope turns, *hissing*, flipping him over her shoulder onto the branch above the street, cars whizzing past! Wow! Don't mess with Penelope!

Claude backs off, paws raised in apology.

CLAUDE (CONT'D)
Well geez I'm not trying to take
anything, I'm just curious!

PENELOPE
Haven't you heard what curiosity
does to cats?

CLAUDE
Get'sem a good education?

PENELOPE
No.

CLAUDE
Leads to bigger ambition?

PENELOPE
No.

CLAUDE
Highly technologically advanced cat
society-

PENELOPE
NO! It kills them!

CLAUDE
Well GEEZ!

PENELOPE
This is almost enough. I might be
able to bargain them down, you
know. I can be pretty persuasive
in the right situation.

CLAUDE
I can't believe it. You've only
been running hustles for a week and
you've already got enough to go
back to America. You're an
inspiration to a crook like me!

PENELOPE
You think I wanna be "inspiration"
to a small time hustler like you?
I got greater goals.

CLAUDE
I'll bet! Wow! You got goals!
Wow! Back to the USA, back to your
owner, right?

Penelope doesn't acknowledge this.

PENELOPE

Pet Passports aren't cheap, if I have to go back to nickle-and-dime'ing rubes it's worth it if it gets me back home.

CLAUDE

What about your b-b-boyfriend?

Penelope turns on Claude, furious!

PENELOPE

Him? It's his fault the raccoons are after me in the first place! If I hadn't trusted his stupid plan, I wouldn't be in this mess!

CLAUDE

Easy! Easy! Cats gotta stick together!

Penelope notices some raccoons down in the park, pigeons flanking them. They look shifty and scary as hell; like they're looking for someone.

PENELOPE

(nervous)

It's not safe to be out in the open too long. They're still looking for me; if they catch me, there's no telling what they'll do.

CLAUDE

You gotta get to the black market! That's where you can buy a pet Visa, you'll be outta Paris and back to the US of A by midnight tonight!

PENELOPE

I know where I have to go. But how will I find it? It's the most secret place in all of Paris!

CLAUDE

I could show you.

PENELOPE

(delighted)

Really?

CLAUDE
For a price.

Penelope advances on him, and he startles in fear.

CLAUDE (CONT'D)
Or MAYBE FREE MAYBE I'LL DO IT FOR
FREE, GEEZ!
(grumbling)
Cats gotta stick together.

PENELOPE
That's more like it.

INT. THE NOTRE-DAME CATHEDRAL

At the highest level of Paris' iconic Notre-Dame Cathedral, in the shadowy, dark attics, Chester and Spike walk through darkened hallways.

They're going to see someone dangerous. The mood is pensive and somber; or rather, Spike is pensive and somber.

Chester seems, as always, like he just drank 8 Red Bulls.

CHESTER
Whaddya think, Spike? You think
Versaille is gonna be mad? You
think he's gonna be furious or
livid or **enrrrrrraged!?** GEEZ ya
think he'll take it out on us? He
won't, will he Spike? Spike! It
wasn't our fault Spike, he'll know
that, right Spike? We're stand up
guys! We're good dogs, right?
We're good dogs!

They reach a huge oaken door, and Spike pushes it open, Chester abruptly going silent, revealing...

INT. THE NOTRE-DAME CATHEDRAL - VERSAILLE'S INNER SANCTUM

Lit in fractals of colored light through massive stained glass windows, this dark, spooky chamber is *filled to the brim* with pigeons roosting, except for a small office area at the far end. Dust hangs in the air. This place is spooky as all hell.

Spike and Chester hesitantly approach a massive, dark figure at the far end of the room, behind a desk that was formerly a Soda vending machine, still lit from within.

As they walk, their eyes are drawn to something: it's another **"JEWELS OF THE LIGHT"** poster, displaying gorgeous diamonds.

It's been torn down, ripped up, and now hangs on the wall, among dozens of White Flags, hung up haphazardly and lit from below with candles.

These white flags, what do they mean? We'll know eventually. It's very cool, I assure you. But we'll need someone who knows a little bit about French history to tell us.

The far end of the room is lit in a really cool way; someone has stolen road warning and hazard lights, so they flash in different sequences, creating a bizarre unsettling series of spotlights...

...which means you've got that, mixing with pools of shadow and the fractals from the stained glass.

The dark figure, framed against the stained glass, stirs.

SPIKE

Um...Mr. Versaille, we got...we got bad news...

Murderous white eyes glint in the darkness, the giant shape shifts, moving slightly into the light...both Chester and Spike GUUULP loudly in fear as the fractals of multicolor stained glass color and shifting spotlights reveal...

Matthieu VERSAILLE, a massive raccoon with white fur and black stripes on his face, looking like a spooky photo negative of the usual trash diving pest, regards them calmly.

VERSAILLE

Spike. Chester. Make yourselves...Comfortable.

Chester and Spike struggle to find a "comfortable" pose. Versaille shoves a series of bowls towards them.

VERSAILLE (CONT'D)

Have some garbage, it's the best in Paris.

SPIKE

Boss, we-

VERSAILLE

Fritos?

CHESTER

No thanks-

VERSAILLE

Pita chips?

CHESTER

Nahhhh-

VERSAILLE
Peanut butter?

CHESTER
Ooh peanut butter-

SPIKE (CONT'D)
Chester.

CHESTER
Oh right. Your nephew, he's- uh-

VERSAILLE
He's what?

The dogs fall silent as Versailles looms further forward, dwarfing even the bulky Spike.

VERSAILLE (CONT'D)
*What's happened to my dear nephew
Jacque? Could it be perhaps the
two buffoons I trusted to assist
him in catching a thief let things
out of control, let something
terrible happen, perhaps even let
him fall off the Eifel Tower!?*

Spike and Chester's teeth are chattering so loudly that Versailles grabs both of them by their jaws, pudging up their faces, pulling them close to him, stretching their necks out like elastic bands until-

VERSAILLE (CONT'D)
(whispered)
*Could that be what
happened...perhaps?*

He lets them both go, their heads SNAPPING BACK, both of them falling out of the chair as Versailles quickly moves around them; he's deceptively, unsettlingly fast and agile for a creature of his size; the Mike Tyson of French Raccoons.

SPIKE
We're sorry boss-

CHESTER
He got ahead of us! We tried to
keep up but he was obsessed,
y'know, he had that look in his eye
and when he got that look in his
eye there was no way to take that
look out his eye! You know how he
was, he was an eye guy, he had
looks!

Versaille swipes Chester out of the way, cornering Spike.

VERSAILLE

Did you get the blueprint?

SPIKE

The blueprint? What about your nephew-

VERSAILLE

THE BLUEPRINT! THE REASON YOU WERE CHASING THE THIEF!

CHESTER

N-n-No boss. We thought it was a cat, but Jacque was convinced it was-

Versaille turns, allowing Spike to exhale.

VERSAILLE

(darkly)

Le Pew.

CHESTER

You know him?

VERSAILLE

Everyone in Paris knows Le Pew.

Versaille takes a moment, his frightening eyes settling on the diamonds in the "JEWELS OF THE LIGHT" advertisement.

He drifts off, his pupils slowly turning into the diamonds themselves, kaleidoscoping, his obsession given startlingly visual expression.

VERSAILLE (CONT'D)

Those jewels will be mine. No one can stand in my way. It is my *destiny...*

Versaille spins on the two dogs, startling them, and causing the pigeons around him to take off en masse, creating a dizzying flurry of movement around him.

VERSAILLE (CONT'D)

Call the rest of the boys. Call everyone. Get me my blueprint.

(booming)

FIND. THAT. SKUNK.

Chester leans over to Spike, whispering:

CHESTER

Dun-dun-DUNNNNHHH!

EXT. CHATELET - LES HALLES

Penelope runs and jumps along the glass ceiling along the top of the courtyard of Les Halles, Paris Metro's biggest station and the largest underground station in the world (wow!), following Claude, who's out ahead of her.

PENELOPE
Are we there yet?

CLAUDE
Easy, jeez, almost!

They reach a balcony over-hanging the huge outdoor courtyard, the crowd milling around below. There's a group of construction workers doing finishing work on one of the storefronts, repainting on gantries.

Claude indicates a ventilation shaft exposed by the construction.

CLAUDE (CONT'D)
It's down through there. How're you going to get in? You've gotta be an animal with a real reputation to try to walk in there.

PENELOPE
(focused, menacing)
You're sure that's the entrance?

CLAUDE
I swear, Penelope, I wouldn't steer ya wrong!
(beat)
Hey Penelope, I don't get it: why doesn't your owner come looking for you? Wouldn't getting them to find you be an easier way than all this illegal stuff?

Penelope looks distant for a moment, touching her collar, and then notices something over Claude's shoulder. Raccoons! Ten of them! Running along the roof in the near distance!

PENELOPE
Raccoons!

CLAUDE
They're here for you already!? But how could they- Penelope?

Penelope's gone!-

CLAUDE (CONT'D)
YIPE! WAIT FOR ME!

Penelope is *already sliding down the smooth glass surface of the roof*, dropping down to a light fixture, jumping off a security camera, then to a billboard advertising PARIS FASHION WEEK-

-She slides off that, somersaults off a Train Departure Time display, and lands perfectly on the construction scaffolding-

But she doesn't notice that RIGHT behind her the whole time-

Claude tumbles *head over tail down the smooth glass surface of the roof*, dropping face first into the light fixture, shattering it- *ricocheting painfully into the security camera*, smashing it- *bouncing off into the billboard*- which he tries to grab onto, leaving claw streaks-

-before flipping to violently crotch himself on the Train Departure Time display, the impact sending him yowling in pain, rocketing upward and-

Right into Penelope from behind, nearly knocking her down into the crowd below; she rights herself at the last second, grabbing Claude by the tail and dragging him back up.

CLAUDE (CONT'D)
OW. *My pride.*

As Penelope dusts off Claude, something catches her eye over his shoulder; it's Pepe, prancing casually and fearlessly through the crowd of humans, who scatter, yelling "SKUNK! SKUNK!"

He reaches the ventilation, and the scummy animals hiding under the construction site immediately get out of his way.

PENELOPE
Who's that?

CLAUDE
That? The big shot? Pepe Le Pew.

PENELOPE
Pepe Le Who?

CLAUDE
Everybody in France knows Le Pew!

PENELOPE
Who is he?

CLAUDE

That skunk right there.

PENELOPE

I KNOW THAT'S HIM YA DOLT, I mean
why do people know him?

Pepe engaged the dangerous looking Squirrel, Rat, Crow thugs down at the entrance to the black market and is chummy with them, doing elaborate secret handshakes and a lot of hugging and high fives as Claude describes him:

CLAUDE

He's a fixer, a grease-man: if something's going wrong, you call Le Pew to fix it, and if something's going right, you call Le Pew to make go wrong, and if something's going like mediocre to okay to unremarkable, you call Le Pew and he'll push it in any kind of direction you can imagine! Everyone who knows him loves him and if they don't love them they hate him and if they don't hate him they fear him and if they don't fear him they wanna BE him.

PENELOPE

What do you think of him?

CLAUDE

Oh, you know me. I generally just wait for someone to yell an opinion and then agree with that till someone else yells louder- hey! Where are you going!?

Penelope has jumped down, climbing rapidly down the construction catwalk as Pepe enters the black market below her, Penelope moving quickly and stealthily...

CLAUDE (CONT'D)

PENELOPE! Don't leave without me!
Cats gotta stick together!

Penelope reaches a can of white paint on a scaffolding, and takes another look across the huge interior courtyard. The raccoons are coming this way!

She grabs the brush.

EXT. LES HALLES - ENTRANCE TO THE BLACK MARKET - CONTINUOUS

The goony, thuggy, scary looking animals are riffing to each other, when suddenly Penelope comes into frame, now with a **WHITE STRIPE** down her back, her ears turned down and her fur slick to her face:

She looks like a skunk. A sexy, single skunk, speaking in a accent about as French as the fries at Burger King.

PENELOPE

Pepe! Pepe! Attends-moi!

SQUIRREL THUG

Easy lady! Where do you think you're going?

PENELOPE

My darling has gone ahead! Pepe!
Oh Pepe, you forgot me!

RAT THUG

Hey doll, we don't let just anyone into the black market!

The Crow Thug slaps him on the back of his head.

CROW THUG

You're not supposed to say that out loud! It's a secret!

The Squirrel Thug slaps the Crow in the back of the head.

SQUIRREL THUG

Don't say it's a secret out loud!

RAT THUG

This ain't the black market and we let anyone in!

Smack!

SQUIRREL THUG

No, stupid! We don't let anyone in and this ISN'T the black market!

CROW THUG

This is the mack blarket! Anyone can or can't come in!

Smack! Smack smack smack it has degenerated into the three thugs arguing and slapping each other when-

PENELOPE

Monsieurs, calm please! What is worse for you, eh? A little harmless skunk like me in your establishment, or what my darling Pepe will when he finds out you didn't let me in?

The thugs, in a tangle of slap fighting, exchange a look.

INT. THE BLACK MARKET - MOMENTS LATER

Penelope drops down out of a vent into **THE BLACK MARKET...**

Formerly a repair bay for derelict subway cars, it has been transformed with wirelights, lanterns, graffiti and the decay of time to become...

A dazzling cornucopia of delights for the discerning criminal animal! Pet treats of all kinds, a hustling bustling Mos Eisley cantina of every type of weird thing our gifted animators here at Warner Brothers can imagine!

BLACK MARKET DEALER

Catnip! Get your uncut catnip here! See mice everywhere, experience the universe and find truth within your soul on your spirit journey! Reconsider everything and move to Canada to find yourself! Catnip for sale!

Look at that! And that! And this! Wow! Penelope is overwhelmed, obviously, by all this stuff I'm not describing, so she keeps a low profile, moving quietly, pushing through the crowd of dangerous types.

BLACK MARKET DEALER (CONT'D)

Laser pointers! I got laser pointers any color you want! Play with yourself for hours, who needs someone who loves you when you got a laser pointer, LASER POINTERS HERE!

Across the black market, Pepe is moving amongst the throng of creeps, kooks and psychos, casually waving here and there at his friends in this dark criminal underworld.

PEPE

Yes, hello Fangy! Looking especially vascular and aggressive this afternoon, aren't you?

(MORE)

PEPE (CONT'D)

(to us)

Yes it's true, some people call me a criminal, to which I say: "ehhhhHHhhhHh." You know, most animals, they're nocturnal; ze sleep in the day, they live in the night. I myself am a creature of two worlds, *lightyness...and darkyness*. To understand the nature of the heart, you must understand the balance of needs versus wants. A want is a desire of the mind, a need is a desire of the body. But when one of them outbalances the other, that leads to desperation, and desperation leads to people like this.

Pepe climbs up into an old subway car: silhouetted in the yellow light of the window, briefly, is a massive, hulking shape, moving inside.

Pepe gives the SHHH finger to us.

PEPE (CONT'D)

(quietly)

Once you understand someone's desperation, you can speak to their heart. And if you speak to their heart, you can speak to their soul. An example:

Pepe, flips open the window, and darts inside.

INT. CECIL'S CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

Cecil Turtle's lair is lit by a dozen or so classic banker's lamps, their key lime green shades and warm yellow light giving the space a homey feel.

The space is crowded with notebooks and dossiers, old library books, ipads and computers of various makes and models and levels of functionality.

CECIL Turtle himself sits at the back, more of a tortoise than a turtle despite his name, massive and hulking in the small space, wearing reading glasses...

...swiping through profiles on a dating ap on his phone, lip sucked in, lost in thought. He's sweet, quiet, gentile, soft spoken, kind...

Cecil is a lovely turtle. I hope he meets someone on this dating app.

CECIL
(swiping)
Nnnope. Nnnope. Nnn-yep.
Nnnnynnnyyyyyeee-nope. Nnn-

PEPE (O.S.)
Oh come on, she is beautiful!

Cecil turns, as Pepe comes down over his shoulder, grabbing the phone away and Right Swiping about fifty girls in a row as he casually strolls the space.

PEPE (CONT'D)
Look at that, twenty matches! And one of them is a SEA TURTLE!
(eyebrows go crazy)
Adventurous! Exotic AND aquatic: horizon broadening, if you know what I mean-

CECIL
(delighted)
Mr. Le Pew, you're here!

Cecil's affection for Pepe is immediate, warm, and lovely.

PEPE
I told you I'd come, didn't I Cecil? And what is this "Mr. Le Pew," Pepe is good. Pepe...
(wink to us)
Is *amazing*-

CECIL
(suddenly concerned)
But Mr. Le Pew, you shouldn't be here-

PEPE
Nonsense, we had an appointment.

CECIL
Well yes, but-

PEPE
Is it my debts?

CECIL
Yes, and-

PEPE
They've all gotten better?

CECIL
No: worse!

PEPE
Fantastic. I'm sure it will be
fine soon, things like this work
themselves out-

CECIL
(baffled)
But that's not how money works- and
that's not even what I-

PEPE
I bring a gift for you, Monsieur.

Pepe abruptly produces a model Formula One race car.

CECIL
This is Rene Arnoux's car! My
favorite!

PEPE
That's right.

CECIL
Oh wow!
(least aggressive ever:)
Vrooom!

PEPE
For your birthday. Pardon my
absence.

CECIL
When you didn't come, I thought you
forgot!

PEPE
Please, Cecil. You are
unforgettable.

Cecil glows, so happy to be acknowledged, when there's a bang
at the door (that Pepe didn't come through).

Cecil seems nervous.

PEPE (CONT'D)
That sounds angry.

AMORE! Love! Yes, love, love love love, casting Penelope in spirals and light, this woman in his arms so small and fragile but somehow having complete power over him, everything frozen and eternal in this glorious moment here in an abandoned subway car but forever in space and time, a moment of sheer magnitude not unlike an atomic bomb exploding inside every atom of your body and your mind lighting on fire and then transcending fire and shifting into pure light a cosmic vortex that yanks you endlessly onward and though we are but mortal we touch something undying and eternal since THE DINOSAURS and the FIRST ROCKET LAUNCH and the Cavemen that discovered FIRE and the PYRAMIDS, something that contains us even as we contain it, yes

Love! Love! And this is a cartoon so you better believe we see literally all of that.

PEPE

Wow.

Pepe stares in amazement at Penelope, waves of light cascading off of her pretend-unconscious face. She mutters out the side of her mouth, trying to maintain the illusion.

PENELOPE

(muffled)

Closethe door.

PEPE

Hm?

PENELOPE

(muffled)

Closethe door.

Pepe kicks the door closed, not noticing the raccoon thugs sniffing into frame nearby, and then spins Penelope around, dusting her off and fluffing her fur.

PEPE

(in awe)

My god. She's a celebrity. She must be a princess or a queen or the prime minister or president of some fortunate country, because now certainly: she rules my heart.

PENELOPE

(flatly)

What.

Cecil pokes his head out as Penelope "magically" rouses, slipping easily out of Pepe's arms. Cecil's dubious.

CECIL
I thought she fainted?

PEPE
Never underestimate the
recuperative powers of a woman.

PENELOPE
(snaking again further
away)
Monsieur Le Pew, I'm so happy I
found you!

PEPE
Found moi? How could I possibly
have gotten so lucky? How did I
win this lottery?

PENELOPE
It seems like everyone knows you,
like you're a really magnifique
type of guy, brave, and clever, and-

PEPE
Please, no more praise. Modesty is
the most important thing a man can
have, I always say that. And
people always listen, because I'm
so smart.

PENELOPE
I'm in terrible trouble with le
raccoons, monsieur!

CECIL
The r-r-raccoons?

Cecil peers through a periscope out through the top of the
train car, spotting YES, Raccoons, a dozen of them,
approaching from all directions, having gotten tips from
sketchy looking animals-

Even Spike and Chester are here, about to knock on the door!
Wow! This is bad, they're completely surrounded!

CECIL (CONT'D)
Mr. Le Pew, she's right! We're
surrounded by dangerous types!

PEPE
What did you do to anger them so?
(leaning in)
Were you...*too beautiful*.
(MORE)

PEPE (CONT'D)
Too wonderful. Perhaps you stole
 their hearts the way you've stolen
 mine-

PENELOPE
 (under her breath,
 awkward)
 -Riiiiiight-

Penelope snakes away from Pepe again as the banging at the door intensifies, and Pepe slides to the periscope, gently pushing Cecil aside as he scopes the situation outside.

CECIL
 They're everywhere, Mr. Le Pew!
 We're surrounded!

PEPE
 (thoughtful, mysterious)
 Or is it us who is surrounding
 them?

CECIL
 ...No, uh- we're at the center, and
 there's a lot of them outside, so-

PEPE
 (quickly, hand wave)
 You're over-thinking this.

BANG BANG BANG! Penelope, panicking, goes to a window, peering out.

PENELOPE
 I was hoping you could help me, how
 you say, um-

A raccoon **SUDDENLY POPS INTO VIEW**- she slams closed the shutters.

PENELOPE (CONT'D)
 (accent slipping)
Gettheheckouttahere!?

We can hear raccoons scratching around outside and banging at the windows.

PEPE
 But of course. You could say I
 have moves. Left, right, up, down,
 vertical, horizontal, I've been
 known to have some directions, even
most directions-

PENELOPE
NOW PLEASE.

PEPE
So assertive. Take my hand.

Pepe holds out his hand. After a moment's hesitation, she takes it, and he pulls her to him, lifting a cord on the floor, smiling.

PEPE (CONT'D)
So sorry to trouble you Cecil.

CECIL
Be careful Mr. Le Pew!

PEPE
Careful? Sounds boring.

PENELOPE
What are you going to-

Pepe yanks the cord just as Spike, Chester and the raccoons burst in through the door, and a trapdoor opens- dropping them through the floor-

BACK INTO

INT. THE BLACK MARKET - CONTINUOUS

As our two leads drop out of the bottom of Cecil's subway car- THE RACOONS ARE EVERYWHERE but Pepe leads Penelope, twirling and spinning her like some kind of wild fandango dance as she holds on for dear life-

ALL SORTS OF STUFF HAPPENS, Pepe parkouring gracefully through the maze of scary criminals as the racoon come crashing after him-

Savvy viewers will recognize a few of the configurations Pepe and Penelope get themselves into from the classic (and controversial) cartoons we're leaving in the dust with this sick awesome action sequence-

Pepe manages to escape out the vent they came in to-

EXT. LES HALLES - CONSTRUCTION GANTRY - CONTINUOUS

Pepe and Penelope dart out onto the construction catwalks Penelope came in through, holding hands, running in two different direction-

Pepe uses the momentum to twirl Penelope and dip her.

PENELOPE
(hurried French accent)
We've got to get out to the street!

PEPE
The street! Peh! Never!

Pepe grabs her around the waist with one arm, grabbing a caution construction sign under the other as he takes hold on one of the construction ropes *SWINGING TARZAN STYLE OFF THE GANTRY* just as the Raccoons burst out-

CAUSING HUGE CANS OF PAINT OF ALL COLOR TO SPLATTER THE RACCOONS AS PEPE AND PENELOPE SWING UP OUT A SKYLIGHT-

ARCING IN A WILD PARABOLA AS PENELOPE SCREAMS HOLDING ONTO PEPE- BEFORE THEY BEGIN TO PLUMMET TOWARDS A HUGE FOUNTAIN BELOW, **PENELOPE'S EYES BUGGING NEARLY OUT OF HER HEAD**

PENELOPE
(terrified)
*NOT THE WATER! NOT THE WATER! NOT
THE W-*

She shuts her eyes, bracing herself, clinging tight to Pepe- he swaps the CAUTION sign out from under his arm to beneath his feet-

They land directly on the top of the high power jet of the fountain, their pressure on the CAUTION sign pushing it allllll the way down to the nozzle- *before it FIRES THEM UP-*

PEPE DOES A CORKSCREW BACKFLIP AS THEY GO SOARING INTO THE AIR and they LAND ON POWERLINES

OH HOLY CRUSTY CROISSANTS, THEY ARE LITERALLY SKATEBOARD-GRINDING THE POWER LINES, THE WET CAUTION SIGN SENDING OFF A MASSIVE CASCADE OF SPARKS BEFORE SMOOTHING OUT

Into a Rolls Royce-smooth ride coasting from wire to wire, high above the bustle of the metro streets...

Penelope looks down, and though we don't actually flash to it, we are instantly reminded of her panicked high stress life as a stray, dodging cars, feet, enemies and water on the ground below.

But up here, wind in her fur, cool air and the puffy clouds above, skyline racing by...Wow. She looks at Pepe, his hair blowing in the wind, the hint of a smile on his face.

He's dashing. But we knew that.

He notices her looking.

PEPE
Never been up here before?

PENELOPE
(in wonder, looking down)
No.

PEPE
It suits you.

Penelope, despite herself, laughs, but then- **THE ROAR OF A MOTORCYCLE! THE RACCOONS, NOW SPLATTERED TIE-DYE AND DRIPPING PAINT BEHIND THEM, ARE RIDING MOTORCYCLES ON THE STREET BELOW!**

RACCOON THUG
WE'VE GOT YOU NOW LE PEW!

Penelope realizes what this means: every inkling of fun and wonder what happens drops off her face like an ACME anvil.

PENELOPE
(FULL BROOKLYN)
*Wait a minute- WAITAFREAKINMINUTE-
They're after you too?*

PEPE
Amazing how much we already have in
common, no?

PENELOPE
UGHHH

The raccoons begin *FLINGING AXES AND KNIVES* at Pepe and Penelope, and they're **NEARLY ELECTROCUTED BY THE SNAPPING WIRES, PEPE HOLDING PENELOPE TIGHTLY-**

PEPE
*DON'T TOUCH THE METAL. ONLY THE
RUBBER.*

PENELOPE
AHHHH-

They go crashing into a *JEWELS OF THE LIGHT* banner across the street, and tumble down- holding on for dear life as it *SWIIIIINGS* past a cafe-

The motorcycling raccoons *come racing past after them.* Two tourists look up, curious.

BRITISH TOURIST #1

I don't understand. Are those
human motorcycles, or tiny raccoon
sized motorcycles? Who built them?
Is there a raccoon motorcycle
factory or how does-

BRITISH TOURIST #2

Relax, Sheila, it's a cartoon.

**WHOA PEPE FLIPS BACKWARDS KICKING A RACCOON OFF HIS
MOTORCYCLE**, sliding Penelope onto the bike in front of him,
and then swerving up a railing, jumping out onto the **Pont de
Bir-Hakeim** bridge-

**BUT A METRO TRAIN IS COMING RIGHT AT US WHOAAAAAA PEPE
RIDES BETWEEN THE TRAIN AND THE RAILING AS THE RACCOONS HAVE
TO SWERVE WILDLY- some of them going FLYING OFF THE BRIDGE
into the water below!**

PENELOPE

OKAY NOW THIS IS INSANE!

PEPE

Nah you're okay.

Clearing the train- there are still raccoons on their tail,
and Pepe swerves, jumping the tracks- Penelope almost loses
her money, barely managing to catch it as it pops out of her
fur into the air-

PEPE (CONT'D)

Oh, great idea!

Pepe snatches the money away, and **FLINGS IT INTO THE AIR**,
creating a glorious cascade of cash! The raccoons swerve to
a stop, scrambling to grab the falling money out of the air.

Penelope's eyes are dishpans: she can't believe it. All that
work...

PEPE (CONT'D)

We escaped! Flawlessly, and
nothing of value was lost!

As Penelope and Pepe disappear into the distance, Spike skids
up on a vespa, furiously glowering at the raccoons.

SPIKE

What're you doin ya mooks!

RACCOON THUG

He threw money!

RACCOON IDIOT
Yeah, money's great!

RACCOON BUFFOON
We're really into money, Spike!

SPIKE
AWWWW YOU GOOFS!

ON A NEARBY
ROOFTOP...

Pepe swerves the motorcycle to a stop; from this vantage point, we can see down to the bridge, but they cannot see us. So clever Pepe!

Pepe hops off, looking down at the thugs, while Penelope silently fumes.

PEPE
It appears they are distracted, for now. And yet: I detect you are not happy. Pourquoi est-ce que tu es triste?

PENELOPE
(barely containing anger)
You threw away all my money.

PEPE
We'll find you some more, mon cher!
I will take care of you like I take care of all my responsibilities:
(romantic)
Loosely.

Penelope turns to walk away, but Pepe keeps snaking around her, blocking her at every turn, not touching but in full on romance mode; the charm is WAY UP, but Penelope isn't biting:

PENELOPE
I don't think that will be necessary, Monsieur-

PEPE
Necessary? IT IS VITAL! You are a muffin and I the wrapper that envelopes the muffin completely! Except that most precious part of the muffin, the muffin-top; in this case: your face! Shining boldly to the world, unwrapped and glorious, oh, let me kiss your muffin top!

PENELOPE

Yeah- uh- oui oui whatever but **that**
was my only way home you stupid-

PEPE

My muffin poetry disgusts you? Yes
it is a weak man's biscuit, and you
are bold, robust- oui yes a
different analogy: the cupcake!
Let me cover you with the creamy
frosting of my affection!

PENELOPE

(horrified)

UGH!

(suddenly shocked)

LOOK! A CROISSANT!

PEPE

(swerving to look)

WHERE!?

Pepe, seeing no Surprise Croissant, Pepe turns back to see:
Penelope's gone. Pepe smiles, turning to us.

PEPE (CONT'D)

Ah. She already knows me so well.

INT. CECIL'S CHAMBER

Cecil sits behind his desk in his train car, as Chester sits
staring at him, a gang of raccoons backing him up. Cecil,
shivering with anxiety, clears his throat.

CECIL

I...If this is about Mister Le
Pew's account, I can assure you...

Chester's silent.

CECIL (CONT'D)

Or...maybe you want to start an
account with me yourself, you know,
set up for a nice farm for you to
live on when you...retire...

Chester's silent.

CECIL (CONT'D)

...You want a cough drop? I have
three flavors, and-

There's a noise from outside, people yelling and running in fear. Something approaches.

CHESTER

He's coming. Boys, you know what to do.

The raccoons begin *smashing all the lights in Cecil's office, until the only source of light is Cecil's old lime desk lamp.* Cecil sits in the pool of light, staring into the darkness, scared, head low in his shell.

There's silence, and then the sound of something large moving in the darkness, and a low growl.

CECIL

I didn't do anything...I didn't do anything at all, I'm just an accountant, I don't...I don't-

Versaille **LUNGES OUT OF THE DARKNESS ILLUMINATED BY THE LAMP-**

Cecil screams and tries to *DART OUT THE BACK OF HIS SHELL-* but Versailles reaches straight through and yanks him back in, pulling him by the neck over his desk- YOINK like a rubberband!

VERSAILLE

Hello Cecil.

CECIL

M-M-M-muh Mister Versailles, what a pleasant surprise!

VERSAILLE

Pleasant, really. So soon after the skunk I'm hunting has departed. Tell me Cecil, did he come here to try to sell the blueprint?

CECIL

Blueprint?

Versaille **SMASHES A CABINET OF CECIL'S THINGS!**

CECIL (CONT'D)

I don't know anything about a blueprint. Mr. Le Pew was here and then he left with that lady skunk-

VERSAILLE

Lady Skunk, eh. An accomplice.

CECIL

I'm sure he didn't mean any harm by it, he's just a client, and a good friend. He really helps get me out of my shell.

A beat. Versaille slowly turns, boilingly enraged and barely contained for mystifying reasons known only to himself. You know that thing crazy people have where you say the wrong thing and they just lose it and there's no way to predict what you did so when you're around them it's like this nightmare of trying to watch everything you say for fear of setting off an atomic bomb but there's no way to predict it so you're just constantly in a state of quiet panic?

That.

VERSAILLE

"out of your shell."

CECIL

...Yes?

VERSAILLE

Was that...wit?

CECIL

I...ermmm-

VERSAILLE

I love wit because I love cleverness. I love cleverness because it makes me smirk. But I hate smirking. And the hatred I feel from smirking at clever wittiness gives me that extra boost of anger I need to *FUEL MY TANTRUMS!*

Versailles begins SMASHING all of Cecil's things, left and right, roaring, his huge, bulky shape moving swiftly in the shadows as Cecil begs him to stop, even Chester and the raccoons, cringing in fear and horror, sparks in the darkness briefly lighting up his massive form.

Finally, Versaille finds the Formula One car Pepe gave Cecil, and notices Cecil flinch. He grins, leaning back into the light.

CECIL

Please Mr. Versaille! I don't know anything!

VERSAILLE
 (beat, smiles)
 I know.

Versailles *snaps the toy car in half*. Cecil's face falls, miserable, and Versaille throws the toys in his face.

VERSAILLE (CONT'D)
He thinks he can outsmart us. Time grows short before we execute our revolution. Soon, you'll see, everything is going to change.
THIS CITY OF LIGHT
WILL BE PLUNGED INTO
BEAUTIFUL DARKNESS!
 (smiles)
 Send the boys to round up the female skunk. For Le Pew, we need something special. Perhaps we can use one of your contacts...

Versaille *rifles through one of his drawers*, throwing files everywhere, pulling one out. Cecil is shaking in his shell-

CECIL
 You- you don't mean-

VERSAILLE
 Someone dangerous. Someone intelligent. Someone whose plans never fail. Yes. We're bringing in...
 (dials a cell phone)
Le Professional.

EXT. PARIS - RUE CREMAUX

Ever seen a picture of Rue Cremaux? Man google that right now! Actually wait, I don't want to ruin your immersion.

Basically it's this unbelievably quaint and romantic cobblestone street where every building is a different pastel color. I swear I'm not making this up.

And among this colorful sea of buildings, Penelope walks alone, dejected, holding her collar in her hands, staring at it sadly-

And then **REGISTERS PEPE STANDING RIGHT NEXT TO HER.**

PENELOPE
YARGH HOLY JEEZ-

PEPE
 What a wonderful coincidence to see
 you here-

PENELOPE
 You're following me now!?
 (priming for a punch)
Why I otta-

PEPE
 Madam, your accent has gotten very
 strange.
 (popping up on the other
 side of her)
 It's not safe for you to be out
 here alone. Those raccoons-

PENELOPE
 I uh- I have someone to protect me.
 (raises her collar)
 I have an owner.

PEPE
 Somebody in Paris has a pet skunk?
 How eccentric. I'm sure they're
 terrible.

PENELOPE
 (stammering)
 I have a- *boyfriend*.

PEPE
 He sounds temporary. Besides, we
 have time! We're still in Stage 2.

PENELOPE
 Stage 2?

PEPE
 Love happens in three stages: One,
 you see them. Initial,
 superficial, and you feel the tug
 on your heart, and you have given
 my heart real yank. Two: They
 surprise you. You do not like me,
 and in fact, quite mean. What a
 lovely surprise! Three-

PENELOPE
 You don't even know me, MONSIEUR.

PEPE

Oh, but I want to! You remind me of my old girlfriend Romi, the model, but you are more beautiful. And of my former love Fiona, the ballerina, but you are more graceful. Or perhaps my sweet Alissa, the theoretical physicist: but you are more...beautiful-

PENELOPE

(through grit teeth)

Well if you like your old girls so much, maybe you'd be better off with one of them?

PEPE

(shocked)

But why? You're obviously so much better. Didn't you hear me comparing you to them?

Penelope lets out a low groan.

PEPE (CONT'D)

Well perhaps-

PENELOPE

Perhaps not, though? Perhaps not.

PEPE

But maybe-

PENELOPE

Sometimes you let a conversation end-

PEPE

And sometimes you don't-

PENELOPE

And sometimes you get your face clawed off! Just- scram! NOT INTERESTED.

Pepe falters, stepping backing, allowing Penelope some space. She flops against a wall, forlorn.

PENELOPE (CONT'D)

(a whisper)

I was counting on this chump to protect me, and now I trusted the wrong fellah again.

(MORE)

PENELOPE (CONT'D)
All my money...I'll never get out
of this place now. I'll never get
home, *god I'm so stupid...*

Penelope hunches over, near tears, angry at herself. She
shakes her collar, listening to the bell.

PENELOPE (CONT'D)
Every time I try to help myself I
just make things worse, and every
one I turn to makes me deeper.
(darkly)
I can't trust anyone.

Pepe falters. He's heard everything, even though Penelope
clearly thinks she's talking only to herself. Pepe seems
moved. It's the first time we've seen him willfully silent.

She notices him, and turns, furious:

PENELOPE (CONT'D)
Will you just GET OUT OF HERE!
SCRAM! You don't care about anyone
but yourself!

PEPE
(sincerely)
I'm still learning.

Penelope is like "what."

PEPE (CONT'D)
I...apologize, madam. I was swept
up in waves of emotion, now I see
it was more a shipwreck than a
pleasure cruise, I'll excuse
myself.

Pepe turns and starts to walk away, quickly climbing a
drainage pipe.

PENELOPE
Wait, what?

PEPE
I am going, adieu.

Penelope scampers after him, confused, looking nervously over
her shoulder.

PENELOPE
Wh- you're just leaving-

PEPE

The raccoons won't stop there.
They'll be back again, and when
someone wants to kill me, I usually
find it comforting to know why.

PENELOPE

(disgusted)

You just said you were **in love** with
me-

PEPE

If you're not interested in that,
then why should I continue to
harass you? You were laughing,
smiling, you follow me from the
market, I assume, you know, at
least she is a little seed of love
that can blossom into a big cake of
love-

PENELOPE

(bewildered)

A seed that blossoms into a cake-

PEPE

I am leaving, yet you're still
talking. Should I leave you
talking to yourself? I'm sure it
would be a more interesting
conversation?

Penelope starts to respond but then snort laughs- shoot, why
does he keep making her laugh? Her eyes flash back to him.

PENELOPE

I'm here because I like you and I
want you to understand that I don't
love you- or- wait, I *don't* like
you, I-

PEPE

Well perhaps if you can like
someone without loving them then
you can love someone without liking
them? That is the type of seed
that makes a cake, mon chere.

PENELOPE

(beat)

Do you know the cake thing's
ridiculous and you're making a
joke, or...

PEPE
 (smiles)
 Perhaps you could...Embrace the
 mystery?

Penelope lingers, staring at him. Pepe smiles sweetly.

PENELOPE
 (beat, flatly)
 Nope. Not happening.

PEPE
 Then, I "scram." Interesting word.
 Not very French though, is it?

Pepe drops off the drainage ditch, into a rain gutter,
 sliding away, rapidly parkouring off into the city. Penelope
 watches him go.

After a beat, she shakes her head, laughs, annoyed, and
 vanishes into a dark alley.

On the sound-track we begin to hear *strumming 70s guitars*,
 snare and kick drums, very Kill Bill, all bass and heavy
 menace. I know it's irregular for a writer to include a
 music choice in the script, *but it's imperative that you*
understand that to maintain momentum so you understand how
cool the transition is to:

EXT. CHARLES DE GAULLE INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - RUNWAY

Two raccoon thugs in trench-coats and sunglasses wait by a
 private runway, a third running over to meet them, talking on
 a cell phone.

RACCOON ON PHONE
 Yeah, we're here boss! We'll meet
 him on the runway!

RACCOON THUG
 What, seriously? The boss just
 called him an hour ago-

RACCOON GOON
 You don't know this guy. He's a
 cleaner, he does this everyday,
 he's unstoppable, - stop. *Do you*
hear that?

There's a distant rumble of an engine, and the raccoons look
 up, as something *punches through clouds above them*, going
HUNDREDS OF MILES AN HOUR-

A tiny speck, with a rope trailing behind it, towing a MASSIVE bundle of SOMETHING, hole-punching a perfect tunnel through the fluffy white clouds-

We zoom up to follow it, chasing a firey rocket tail, being taken on a wild ride as it banks around landing 747s and private jets until the...THING dives intensely and comes skidding to a halt on the runway.

A glance reveals the object in completeness: it's the Jet Bike from 1956 Warner Brothers' cartoon *Gee Whiz-z-z-z-z-z-z-z*.

The black trenchcoated figure riding the jet bike slowly takes off his helmet, facing the raccoons-

-and two long, wiry brown ears pop up on top of his head...Two yellow eyes shine out from behind black circle shades...

If he seems familiar as he confidently climbs off the bike, he should. Le Professional, the most dangerous individual in Europe. You might know him by his Christian name:

Wile E. Coyote.

The rope behind the jet bike rapidly coils as- HOLY CRUD the thing the jet bike was towing is a **MASSIVE PILE OF ACME CRATES, SIXTY TONS AT LEAST, WHICH GOES SMASHING INTO THE RUNWAY AND SKIDS TOWARDS COYOTE-**

FASTER- FASTER- IT'S GOING TO PLOW INTO HIM LIKE A TIDAL WAVE-

The massive tower of crates slides to a stop inches from Coyote. He doesn't even flinch.

RACCOON THUG
He's so...*slick*.

RACCOON GOON
I know, right? Grace, style,
efficiency, elegance, intelligence.
That's what he's known for.

It's f**king Wile E. Coyote.

EXT. THE BATIGNOLLES

The Batignolles, a former slum now gentrified into one of Paris' hippest neighborhoods, is bustling with people talking, laughing, shopping...

...And moving among them like a shadow, is a small black shape, zipping from spot to spot through the crowd. We see it pass a guy on a date, being handed the check- the guy looks for his wallet. It's gone.

A guy kneels to propose: the shadow passes, and the ringbox is *empty*! The woman immediately starts crying as the guy frantically apologizes.

A baby licking an icecream cone goes in for a taste- *yoin*k the icecream cone is GONE and the baby begins WAILING crying-

EXT. THE BATIGNOLLES - STRAY CAT ALLEY

The shadow pops into light, singing a song, revealing:

SYLVESTER PUSSYCAT, (the crowd goes wild!), swaggering along, trying on his new engagement ring, counting the money in the stolen wallet before throwing it aside, and eating his ice-cream.

Oh jeez I hate this guy already. Sylvester's world, visually, is the opposite of Pepe's. Where Pepe's smooth, he's clumsy, where Pepe's on rooftops and balconies, Sylvester's in gutters and garbage.

Worth saying, Sylvester's so words are pronounced with THs in place of S's.

"Sick" becomes "thick," the word "ambitious" is just a total mess, and "insecure manipulative narcissistic con-man jackass" is pronounced "Sylvester."

SYLVESTER

(singing)

Life would be a dream, shboop
shboop if you would take me back to
paradise as it were, shboop shboop,
ohhh life would be a dream
sweetheart-

He turns out of the alley, and sees Spike, Chester and several raccoons working their way up the street, snooping around.

Sylvester, swerves, backpedaling into the alley and up onto a dumpster when-

He's **TACKLED TO THE GROUND**, him and his assailant rolling in a ball of black fur, dropping his ice-cream!

It's Penelope, and she has him pinned.

PENELOPE
THERE YOU ARE YOU **RAT!**

SYLVESTER
Penelope, I- uh- what a nice surprise!

He worms his way out of her clutches, standing up, frantically straightening his hair; I don't know why he bothers, he looks *awful*.

The **entire time Sylvester and Penelope talk**, they're in motion; kind of a dance, where Sylvester repeatedly tries to assume power positions, get the higher ground, and Penelope is forced to keep claiming her own space.

PENELOPE
Yeah I'll bet it's a surprise! You left me out there on the streets alone, with the raccoons on our tail!

SYLVESTER
I- Uh- Um- Uhhh-
(switches tactics)
You *couldn't*- find me? Well I couldn't- FIND YOU! I've been searching non-stop! *Where've you been?* I've been worried sick!

PENELOPE
Oh, I'll bet, you were SO worried-

SYLVESTER
Don't play dumb, I'm on to you! You left me out in the cold when the trouble started!

PENELOPE
(confused)
No, that's what- you did- you left me- I came back and you were gone-

SYLVESTER
Cause I was looking for you! Where've you been, what's this-stuff on you? Paint? It looks **terrible**.

PENELOPE
I put it on to try to find someone who would help me instead of just *running away*-

SYLVESTER
I knew it! Another man!

PENELOPE
(snarling)
He's a SKUNK, he's got connections,
I thought- no, wait, don't make
this about me-

SYLVESTER
Well how am I supposed to feel!
And now I hear you're running
around with some handsome crook!
TYPICAL! You would end up as some
rich skunk's trophy wife, while
(Full Anne Hathaway)
I STRUGGLE FOR MY LIFE IN THE
STREETS!

Sylvester takes the grand gesture accompanying this
pronouncement to peek at a reflection in a puddle in the
alley: *the raccoon gang is rapidly approaching...*

PENELOPE
No, he's not- you don't understand-
We wouldn't have been in this mess
at all if you hadn't stolen that
stupid blueprint!

SYLVESTER
Now you're attacking me for being
ambitious! I did that for us! It
was your idea in the first place!

PENELOPE
It- it was?

SYLVESTER
You were always pressuring me to do
bigger things! You're such a
bully, and that's just ONE of the
MANY things about you that's easy
to criticize!

Sylvester ever the opportunist, snatches her collar out of
her fur, dangling it in front of her, leading her further up
a stack of garbage near the edge of the alley.

PENELOPE
Hey! Give that back!

SYLVESTER
Let's not even get started on your
TRUST ISSUES!
(MORE)

SYLVESTER (CONT'D)

Or don't you remember how you ended
up a stray cat in the first place.

He leaps up onto a fire escape, knocking over some potted
plants. Penelope follows him, her expression a mix of guilt
and frustration.

SYLVESTER (CONT'D)

You know, this is the reason you
don't have any friends, Penny. You
don't care about anyone but
yourself!

PENELOPE

I- I have friends-

SYLVESTER

Then where are they? Maybe you can
ask THEM to save you from the
raccoons, your "friends" and your
new boyfriend too!

(laughs sadly)

You might be a New Jersey eight but
you're a Paris four! Suffering
suckatash, you can't act like
you're the queen of everything out
here, cause I'm the only one who
cares if you live or die.

(sincere)

No one will ever love you the way I
do.

*Yeah and that's a good thing you piece of- wait oh my god is
Penelope buying this!?*

SYLVESTER (CONT'D)

I've got a plan to get out of this.
The raccoons, everything.

PENELOPE

Give them the blueprint back?

SYLVESTER

No, OF COURSE NOT. Much smarter
than that. But if you're going to
go with me on this, I need a real
commitment.

PENELOPE

(confused)

A real-

Sylvester glances over the side of the fire escape, then
pulls Penelope a few steps forward and falls to one knee.

SYLVESTER
 Penelope, love isn't just given:
 it's earned. And you have almost
 done enough to deserve mine.

Sylvester produces the engagement ring. Penelope gasps.

SYLVESTER (CONT'D)
 Penelope: will you be there for me?

Penelope stares at the ring, in shock.

PENELOPE
 Sylvester, I always was.

SYLVESTER
 That's what I thought.

Sylvester, in his kneeling position, *yanks the lever on the fire-escape's ladder*, causing the hatch under Penelope to abruptly drop out-

Oh no- *sending her TUMBLING DOWN THE LADDER* directly into the alley below-

Landing in the puddle **RIGHT IN BETWEEN SPIKE, CHESTER and THE RACCOONS-**

CHESTER
 What the- SPIKE! SPIKE, IT'S HER!

RACCOON THUG	RACCOON GOON
GRAB HER!	GET HER, YEAH!

Penelope's startled and wet and terrified but pops up and HISSES- She SLASHES one raccoon down, jumps and shoves another into a dumpster-

But then Chester **GRABS HER LEGS-**

CHESTER (CONT'D)
 I GOT HER! I GOT HER!

Penelope goes FULL ON CAT CRAZY ON HIM, EARS BACK SWATTING AND CLAWING HIM RAPID FIRE ALL OVER THE HEAD

CHESTER (CONT'D)
 SHE'S GOT ME! SHE'S GOT ME!
 SPIIIKE!

Spike *lifts Penelope* by the scruff of her neck like a kitten. She slashes him once, in the face, and he pulls a sack over her, as she hisses and screams in fury.

PENELOPE
 LEMME GO YOU PALOOKAS! SYLVESTER!
 YOU DIRTY NO GOOD SON OF A-

Spike ties the bag closed to keep this movie PG.

SPIKE
 The cat's in the bag.

CHESTER
 The boss'll be delighted! Does he
 get delighted, Spike? Cause if he
 does, OH BOY! We finally did
 something right! This is big for
 us, Spike! This is huge!

Oh no. As the group of gangsters head away, the struggling bag over Spike's shoulder, we pan up to reveal Sylvester, smiling, standing on the roof top.

He slides on Penelope's collar.

SYLVESTER
 HA! So long, sucker.

He pops the diamond out of the engagement ring and tosses the rest, as somewhere below him, we see the would-be fiance following his crying girlfriend.

Oh man I hope something so bad happens to this character.

EXT. JUNKYARD

The sun is starting to get low in the sky as Pepe slinks to cover as an animal control van rumbles past a junkyard on the outskirts of France.

Once he's sure it's gone, Pepe advances, creeping into the shadowy, eerie junkyard, moving slowly, carefully.

The junkyard is for classic cars and old marquee signs; discarded neon and huge antique billboards create a surreal, retro-futuristic landscape that, while I'm not sure is practical for a junkyard, certainly looks cool as heck in this animated movie.

Suddenly the headlights of an old, junked Rolls Royce click into view, *blinding* Pepe...

...AND he's abruptly caught in a HULKING SHADOW OF A MYSTERIOUS BEHEMOTH, OH NO-

MYSTERIOUS SHADOW
I was WONDERING when you'd show up.

PEPE
 The old big shadow little guy gag?
 Come on, Mishy Mishy, you're better
 than this.

MICHIGAN J. FROG, in his top hat, hops into view off the hood
 of the car, the shadow abruptly shrinking.

MICHIGAN J FROG
 Aw c'mon Pep, you know I love the
 classics.

Think Rip Torn, or Jeff Bridges; he's got that "dad who is
 somehow cooler than you and you're nervous about introducing
 to your friends because he'll tell them cool stories and
 they'll be like 'your dad is so cool' and it's like screw
 that."

He's also a frog in a top hat.

PEPE
 That's because you are a classic,
 mon ami-

Pepe's playing it cool, playing with various junk as they
 talk, but the dynamic is different than with Cecil. Pepe has
 a harder time controlling the flow.

MICHIGAN J FROG
 Now don't start that up, I ain't
 Cecil Turtle. I knew as soon as I
 heard you were in trouble you'd be
 here sooner or later. I've been
 worried sick, you can't do that to
 a frog, you know we get heartburn!

PEPE
 I'm Flattered that the most well
 connected Amphibimerican in West
 Europe worry over me-

MICHIGAN J FROG
 Well I heard there was a real mess
 at the black market. Matthieu
 Versailles is furious; he'll turn
 this city upside-down looking for
 you.

PEPE
 It was just a little
 misunderstanding.
 (MORE)

PEPE (CONT'D)

The thousands of dollars in property damage and subsequent motorcycle chase, could I have handled that better? Maybe, it's all perspective, like: maybe the glass is half full or maybe the glass is *all full*-

MICHIGAN J FROG

It's supposed to be half-full or half-empty-

PEPE

Ah, my friend can possibly waste time on glasses when I feel like this!

Pepe looks emotionally into the distance as he wanders dreamily into a cavern created by old, dim, flickering neon signs. Michigan groans, following.

MICHIGAN J FROG

This again?

PEPE

You think YOU have heartburn, you should feel the flames of my desire! Penelope has wormed her way into my soul, swollen it and now consumes me completely, like a flu- ACHOO! I think this is fatal: the end of my life...as a playboy. You could say I have an affection infection.

MICHIGAN J FROG

Wait: Penelope? What about Antoinette?

PEPE

Ugh, she betray me!

MICHIGAN J FROG

And Eloise?

PEPE

She betray me!

MICHIGAN J FROG

And Pauline?

PEPE

I betray her. But she forgive me.

MICHIGAN J FROG

Well maybe-

PEPE

And then she betray me!

MICHIGAN J FROG

You know Pep, these girls might not be so quick to walk away if they thought they were special.

PEPE

They are special; they all broke my heart in very unique ways.

MICHIGAN J FROG

(sighs)

Pep, enough jokes, enough distractions. You're in real trouble this time. Word on the street is two animals with black and white fur stole some kind of air conditioning blueprint.

PEPE

(realizing)

Black and white fur. It must've been! That's why they were chasing her.

MICHIGAN J FROG

The girl? You can't be serious.

PEPE

I *can* be serious. They must think I'm the other animal...

(speculative)

But what would she want with air conditioning? She is already so cool.

MICHIGAN J FROG

It doesn't matter what she wants, it's what Versailles wants that's the problem: your head, on STICK. You know he wrecked Cecil's place.

Pepe perks up, stopping. He falters, anxious, actually concerned. Again, we see a different side of Pepe. He seems slower, his manic roll hitting a bump.

PEPE

What? Cecil loves his train, that is his home, that is all he has!

(MORE)

PEPE (CONT'D)
Because of me? Why would
Versailles-

MICHIGAN J FROG
You know his nephew Jacques is
still missing. My sources say he
fell off the Eifel Tower...chasing
a *skunk*.

PEPE
(horrified)
He fell? He was chasing *me*, I
didn't...I didn't see what
happened...

The old neon light on Pepe no longer looks cool. In fact, it
looks a little heartbreaking, giving the whole scene a kind
of indie, awards movie feel, if only for a moment.

MICHIGAN J FROG
That's why I've been worried, Pepe.
You live your life carefree, but
there's only so many matches you
can drop before something starts
burning.

PEPE
(sincere)
Your colloquialism strikes a cord
in my current emotional state.
I've lit a fire, here, and it's my
job to put it out. Do we know who
really stole the blueprint?

MICHIGAN J FROG
My sources have a lead: small time
cat out in the Batignolles.

PEPE
Small time, big crime, nasty slime.

MICHIGAN J FROG
Ohfercryinoutloud-

PEPE
ENOUGH! You are correct, mon amis.
The time has come for me to take
responsibility for my actions. I
will find the thief and return him
to Versailles: I will restore my
honor, like a true Frenchman!

MICHIGAN J FROG
Pep...This'll be dangerous.

PEPE

It is my duty. I have lived as a
playboy, but now I must be a
playMAN.

DRAMATIC MUSIC! Which goes creepy as we're led to...

INT. THE NOTRE-DAME CATHEDRAL - CAT CARRIER

The steel barred doors of an old rusted out cat carrier are flung open, and Penelope is THROWN IN by Spike! She turns, hissing and charging for the door-

-but it's *slammed in her face*. She yelps and jumps back, getting a-hold of her surroundings.

Most of her paint stripe was wiped off in her fall into the puddle. She looks bedraggled and pathetic: the classic Penelope Pussycat look.

...until rapidly searching the claustrophobic space for weaknesses. Nobody puts kitty in a corner.

PENELOPE

C'mon, Penelope, you've got
yourself outta worse scrapes than
this...

She hears a noise that sounds vaguely like...

PENELOPE (CONT'D)

(bewildered)
Is that...clucking?

One by one, the shafts of dim light coming through the little windows in the cat carrier blink out with a loud SLAM, slowly backing her up as the cage is **flooded by darkness...**

PENELOPE (CONT'D)

Well this seems bad...

Penelope finds herself backed up against the cage door, when suddenly, ***Versailles face lurches in out of the darkness***

VERSAILLE

Hello Pussycat.

Penelope *gasps*, pulling back, but then recovers her brave face as Versailles talks to her through the bars.

VERSAILLE (CONT'D)

As I understand cats don't much like water. So I apologize for the leak.

PENELOPE

Wh...what leak?

VERSAILLE

Oh, right.

Versaille snaps his fingers, and a faucet is stuck in the back of the cat carrier, and begins to trickle water into the carrier.

Penelope gasps, and turns, grabbing the bars.

PENELOPE

You can't do this to me! I have an owner, she'll come looking!

VERSAILLE

Oh, I think we both that's not true. I'm more interested in your partner.

PENELOPE

My partner?

VERSAILLE

(roaring)

YOU KNOW WHO I MEAN! I DESPISE
RHETORICAL QUESTIONS!

PENELOPE

Volume!

VERSAILLE

The skunk.

PENELOPE

...Pepe Le Pew? Why're you after him, anyway?

VERSAILLE

He stole the key to my birthright.
To my throne.

PENELOPE

Your "throne?" The "key?" You mean that weird blueprint? Whaddya talking about, that was Sylves...

She glances back at the water, and changes tact, gaining confidence and fire.

PENELOPE (CONT'D)

Yeah, you're dang right he did!
And he'd do it again! He's on his
way here to save me right now,
you'll be sorry.

VERSAILLE

(scared)

Le Pew, coming here? Oh no, we're
not prepared. You're sure?

PENELOPE

We're in love! He's my fiance in
fact! We're scheduled to be
married in ten days, he won't leave
me here with the likes of you! Let
me out and maybe we can make a
deal.

VERSAILLE

(suddenly grinning)

Oh, but we already have. You're
bringing me Le Pew, what I wanted a
(shouts off)
COYOTE! Le Pew is joining us! SET
YOUR TRAPS!

Penelope's eyes widen as Versailles starts to leave,
shrinking into the darkness.

PENELOPE

But- y'know- what if he doesn't-
show up, like- he's in a traffic
jam, or something-

Versailles *LURCHES BACK, right up to the bars.*

VERSAILLE

(smiles)

If he doesn't arrive soon...You'll
be left to drown in your tears.
*And literal water from that LITERAL
FAUCET! HA! A pun!*
(to himself)
Wait was that a pun? I'm not sure.

PENELOPE

But- But I don't have answers for
you! I don't have the blueprint!
Waddya want from me!?

VERSAILLE

Simple, kitty.

(smiles)

I want you to cry.

Versaille turns, shrinking into the darkness, as Penelope is left shaking in fear...she turns, and sees water pooling at the back of the cat carrier.

All her fast talking finally has her back against the wall.

EXT. THE BATIGNOLLES - SUNSET

The sun is setting in Paris, and a teen girl is searching for her cell phone frantically at a restaurant.

TEEN GIRL

Mom, I swear, it was right here!

We pan up *the side of the building to:* Sylvester, sitting on a pile of empty pizza boxes, scrolling through the girl's instagram.

SYLVESTER

Ugh, so many food pics. Some people have zero class.

PEPE

Bonjour pussycat.

Sylvester YELPS, jumping, as Pepe has abruptly appeared directly next to him; Pepe's so slick and cool that he doesn't flinch at all as

SYLVESTER

The skunk! You're the skunk!

PEPE

I'm certainly **A** skunk, but yes, I like to think of myself as **THE** skunk-

SYLVESTER

Le Pew.

PEPE

You know me!

SYLVESTER

Everybody in Europe knows Le Pew!
But you've got the wrong guy.

PEPE

The wrong guy for what?

SYLVESTER

For nothing! Er- anything!

PEPE

I'm here to ask you some questions,
and the quicker you answer them the
sooner I will leave.

(smiles)

Now, about this blueprint you seem
to have stolen-

Sylvester gets up to leave, and Pepe blocks his way.

SYLVESTER

Momma told me not to talk to
strangers. Back off before you get
hurt, Frenchie.

PEPE

What in this situation could
possibly happen that would hurt me?

SYLVESTER

You act tough but I know you're
scared! You're not talking to just
any cat! Do you know who my father
is?

PEPE

A panther?

SYLVESTER

A PANTHER! I eat rodents like you
for breakfast! And lunch! And
snacks at one AM when I'm feeling
depressed! You don't wanna mess
with me, beta male, go back to your
skunk hole before-

Pepe takes a step towards Sylvester, who yelps, backing up to
the edge of the building and changing his tune.

SYLVESTER (CONT'D)

(indicates his collar)

HEY! NOT ANOTHER STEP PAL! I HAVE
AN OWNER, AND HE'S THE- UH- MAYOR
OF FRANCE, YOU GET ME!?

PEPE

(to camera)

Occasionally you will meet a person like this in your life, wherein talking to them even a little lights a tiny fire in your brain where you just want them to never speak again and be forced to move maybe to a desert island to forever contemplate their own actions and get sand in their butt and crabs bite their toes. When you encounter this sort of person, you must remember: though they are horrible to you, somewhere inside, they are horrible to themselves most of all. So...So...

Pepe has noticed the collar around Sylvester's neck. The confidence drains from his face, replaced with raw intensity.

PEPE (CONT'D)

Where did you get this collar?

SYLVESTER

It's...mine-

PEPE

No. No it certainly is not.

(Full Batman)

Where is she?

Sylvester blinks, looking around, nervous, and back up...

SYLVESTER

Well it's a funny story- *HIYA!*

Sylvester *flings the pizza boxes at Pepe*, who of course easily sidesteps them, then Pepe dodges five wild claw swipes from Sylvester-

Who hisses, and then *leaps off the roof-*

Leading us into an INSANE ACTION SEQUENCE that is BRILLIANTLY ANIMATED with SO MANY GAGS that to WRITE THEM ALL HERE would TAKE A LOT OF PAGES and NOT BE VERY FUNNY.

What we're dealing with is the inverse of the first chase in the movie; Pepe is now in pursuit, Sylvester frantically on the run as Pepe gracefully pursues him-

But when I say "on the run" it really undersells the sheer havoc and chaos of Sylvester's escape attempt;

every move he makes sets off disastrous chain reactions that Pepe Terminators his way through with startling rapidity-

Order of events goes like this: They fall down an oven-pipe into the **KITCHEN OF THE RESTAURANT BELOW**, where Sylvester grabs a chef's knife and swings wildly at Pepe-

SYLVESTER (CONT'D)

EN GARDE!

Pepe grabs a steel spatula and the two of them **SWORD FIGHT ACROSS THE KITCHEN**, sending plates and boiling water and fire from stoves and french food flying in all directions-

SYLVESTER (CONT'D)

WHY ARE YOU SO GOOD AT THIS!?

PEPE

I THINK YOU MEAN: WHY AM I SO GOOD
AT **EVERYTHING!**

Pepe disarms him, and Sylvester *SHOVES A CHEF BETWEEN THEM*, lighting HIS BUTT ON FIRE! Pepe *gives chase immediately*, after taking a moment to douse the Chef's butt!

Someone stands up and cries out:

RANDOM BYSTANDER

*SOMEBODY CALL ANIMAL CONTROL!
There's some kind of high octane
cat skunk chase going on! It's
absolutely thrilling!*

Pepe runs out into **THE STREET**, seeing Sylvester's scampering through the street, where a BICYCLE MARATHON is passing, and sees Sylvester *JUMPING FROM BIKE TO BIKE, sending them CRASHING OFF THE ROAD as he leapfrogs-*

PEPE

Man, this cat's a jerk!

Pepe *begins gracefully leaping from speeding bicycle to bicycle, RAPIDLY catching up to Sylvester until they're HANGING OFF OPPOSITE SIDES OF THE SAME BIKE-*

Sylvester *rips a spoke off the bicycle wheel, and begins SWIPING WILDLY at Pepe, who grabs a spoke himself and now they are DUELING ACROSS THE FACE OF THE BICYCLIST-*

BICYCLIST

THIS! IS! DISTRACTINGGGGGG!

He goes *plowing off the road into the crowd of photographers at a **RED CARPET FASHION EVENT** at the **GRAND PALAIS**, sending models and actors flopping in all directions- before the bicycle *CRASHES* and the cat and skunk are thrown into the building-*

WHERE A HUGE FASHION SHOW PARTY IS UNDERWAY, women in spectacularly fancy outfits walking a runway, being filmed by hovering **CAMERA DRONES-**

They roll in a ball of black and white fur, with Pepe landing on top of Sylvester, pinning him, then realizing everyone is looking, is horrified:

PEPE

THIS IS A DISASTER! I'M SO UNDER-
DRESSED, I APOLOGIZE PROFUSELY-

SYLVESTER

REEEOW!

Sylvester *FINALLY* lands a claw on the distracted Pepe, knocking him off, and *LEAPING INTO A FLOWER ARRANGEMENT- he flails, falling into flower arrangement after flower arrangement, sending petals cascading everywhere- as Pepe easily parkours along side him-*

As blue and pink petals fall all around them,

PEPE

YOU CAN'T ESCAPE MON AMIS! ALL
YOU'RE DOING IS RUINING A PARTY
THAT WAS ALREADY BAD ENOUGH WITHOUT
ME HAVING BEEN HERE UNTIL NOW!

SYLVESTER

NONE OF THIS IS MY FAULT! THIS IS
ALL A BIG MISUNDERSTANDING!

The doors *BURST OPEN AND ANIMAL CONTROL BURSTS IN, in the form of **YOSEMITE SAM** IN A **STYLISH FRENCH ANIMAL CONTROL UNIFORM!***

PEPE

Animal control!

SYLVESTER

Animal control!?

YOSEMITE SAM

DON'T WORRY I'M HERE TO STOP ALL
THIS GULDARN CHAOS!

Yosemite calmly proceeds to stop the guldarn chaos by- who are we kidding, *it's YOSEMITE SAM.*

HE **DRAWS TWO TRANQUILIZER GUNS AND BEGINS FIRING WILLY FREAKIN NILLY INTO THE CROWD, darts KNOCKING PEOPLE UNCONSCIOUS and causing EVEN MORE HAVOC-**

SYLVESTER
SUFFERING SUCKATASH!

AS PEOPLE ALL AROUND THEM PANIC, Sylvester LEAPS UP ONTO THE clothing rack, grabbing a steel-wire hanger- Pepe follows, doing the same-

Sylvester leaps onto one of the model's giant hats- Pepe follows, and the two of them jump from hat to hat like frogger **SWORDFIGHTING WITH THE HANGERS** as the models are nailed with tranquilizer darts-

SYLVESTER (CONT'D)
YIPES!

Sylvester leaps off the hat he's on, up onto the bottom of one of the camera drones- but Pepe catches his tail and they go spiraling upwards the drone spiralling higher and higher out of control until they go

CRASHING THROUGH THE GLASS CEILING of the PALAIS- the drone destroyed, Sylvester scrambles to get his bearings...Only to see Pepe calmly walking towards him.

PEPE
WHERE IS PENELOPE!?

SYLVESTER
She's just some stray, she isn't worth all this!

PEPE
No, my friend, I think it is you who are worthless! You are the reason humans always assume cats are female: Because they want to respect them! Nobody likes a boy cat. Nobody!

SYLVESTER
Well we can't all be Pepe Le Pew!

PEPE
Obviously.

The two of them **DUEL ALONG THE MASSIVE GLASS CEILING OF THE GRAND PALAIS SET AGAINST THE ORANGE AND YELLOW LIGHT OF THE SETTING SUN** and it is **AMAZING** what is this, **PRINCESS BRIDE!?**

Pepe is WAY too fast for Sylvester, finally disarming him and WHAPPING HIM with the coat hanger, sending him flailing slipping sliding down one of the sloped glass slides of the Palais until he goes **TUMBLING OFF THE EDGE OUT OVER THE RIVER SEINE-**

Pepe catches his tail with both hands, bungee snapping Sylvester against the ledge he now dangles from.

SYLVESTER

YIPES! NOT THE WATER, ANYTHING BUT THE WATER!

PEPE

Where is she?

SYLVESTER

Penelope got taken by the raccoons! I tried to help, but there were too many of them!

PEPE

You fraidy cat! You could not spare even TWO lives!?

SYLVESTER

I GAVE THE BLUEPRINT BACK TO THE GUY I STOLE IT FROM! HE NEVER EVEN NOTICED! I only did it cause I thought I thought I could get a crew together and steal the Jewels of the Light myself! But alas, tragedy struck!

PEPE

Tragedy?

SYLVESTER

Yes. I couldn't find a crew: you'd never believe it, but it turns out: everybody hates me.

PEPE

And yet I am not surprised.

Pepe lets Sylvester slip a few more inches, and Sylvester meows in fear.

PEPE (CONT'D)

Now tell me, my friend:

(Liam Neeson)

How do I get the blueprint?

INT. THE NOTRE-DAME CATHEDRAL - CAT CARRIER

Water has slowly started to flood the back half of the cat carrier, forcing Penelope to stay by the gate...

...But hey, that's okay by her, because she's *picking the lock with one of her claws!*

PENELOPE
C'mon ya stupid thingamajig...

The lock pops open, the steel gate of the cat carrier swinging open with a loud creak as Penelope sneaks out, slowly, into the darkness.

It's so dark in here she has to squint, but she can see the shapes of...structures of some kind in the darkness.

PENELOPE (CONT'D)
There must be some kinda way outta here...

She creeps past the stained glass, moving slow, when she stumbles against something:

PENELOPE (CONT'D)
CECIL!?

Indeed, it's Cecil's shell: the butt of it anyway. Cecil's facing the opposite direction, but cranes his neck around.

CECIL
Who's there!? What now! I told you, I can't help you find Mister Lew Pew!

PENELOPE
No, it's me!

CECIL
(mildest anger ever)
You! You're the one who got me into this mess! They corked my shell!

Indeed, they did; they stuck corks in all his shell holes except for the head one.

That's...so weird. But I guess if you want to stop a turtle from moving it makes sense-ish-

PENELOPE

Look, I'm sorry buddy, that was never my intention to get a turtle in trouble-

CECIL

(way too apologetic)

Well yeah probably you're right and I'm sorry for using that very abrasive tone! I'm sorry I got captured; I try to keep up with Mister Le Pew but his life's just way too fast for me!

PENELOPE

Wait, no, sweet baby, don't apologize to *me*-

CECIL

I'm just so sorry for anything! They broke my beautiful toy car!

PENELOPE

They- uh, what?

CECIL

Wait- what happened to your accent?

PENELOPE

(nervous)

It was fake. Uh, surprise! Big guy, you gotta learn to stick up for yourself!

CECIL

That's what Mr. Le Pew always says- oh gosh we have to find him! It's bigger than we thought! They don't just want to steal the Jewels of the Light, they want to- *WHOOA!*

Cecil tips over backwards, as Coyote lurches forwards over him, and Cecil is HOISTED INTO THE air by a hook, lifted into the darkness, Coyote standing on his side and cackling!

PENELOPE

Cecil!

Penelope yelps, her back arching and hisses as she backs up, but is abruptly aware that in the darkness, she is SURROUNDED by raccoons!

She spins, trying to find a way free- A HUGE CLAW GRIPS HER-

VERSAILLE

*How much do you know about French
History, my clever little American?*

Versaille picks her up by the nape of the neck, swinging her around to where *the light from the stained glass illuminates a classic French tapestry.*

Everything he shows her is **ILLUSTRATED ON THE TAPESTRIES** as he SWINGS HER from place to place, gliding in that bizarre Morticia Adams way he does, his cloak merging with the shadows, as the soundtrack is going FULL ON LES MISERABLES.

VERSAILLE (CONT'D)

You see, France is ruled by a democracy now. It inspired George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, and all those other idiots...*but before that, things were rather different.*

He shows her a tapestry, slightly animated, of a royal parade of French Gallic Roosters in Pre-Revolutionary France, being walked by their owner, Marie Antoinette.

VERSAILLE (CONT'D)

France used to be a glorious monarchy, ruled by the elite, the ones who were chosen by fate, and destiny to command with complete control! The Rrroyalty!

He swings the helpless Penelope, who tries to escape, but can't, to an image of the rooster holding a golden scepter with the Jewels Of The Light as we've seen them in the scepter and the crown.

VERSAILLE (CONT'D)

Everyone knows it's best when only one tiny group of people are in absolute control for reasons they can't clearly explain! But the foolish commoners rose up, in a revolution, and toppled the kingdom!

Next: A single princely Rooster escapes a Revolutionary mob, taking shelter in ancient garbage, where he meets a young female raccoon and her family.

VERSAILLE (CONT'D)

But one young Prince eluded the mobs, and escaped into seclusion. It's his legacy that will come to glorious fruition tomorrow night.

PENELOPE

Am I supposed to be impressed with all the big words? What, you want me to give you some applause for telling me your whole stupid villain plot?

VERSAILLE

(affronted)

VILLAIN plot? My foolish feline, this is my HERO'S JOURNEY! Tomorrow night, after Le Pew is dealt with, I'll keep you alive. So you can witness HISTORY!

Versaille, over-excited, *SQUAWKS LIKE A CHICKEN, startling Penelope, and then PULLS HER INTO DARKNESS!*

EXT. HOTEL FOUQUET'S BARRIERE - NIGHT

At the beautiful courtyard of the Hotel Fouquet's Barriere (four and a half stars on TripAdvisor, who apparently have NO respect for history, shame on them, the philistines), a man is sitting alone, attempting to take a selfie on his oversized, outdated cellphone.

He's having a lot of trouble. He accidentally photographs his hand. Then the city in front of him. Then one right up his nose. Then he's blinking. Then he fumbles his cellphone into his coffee, then out of that into his water to then into another man's hands who gets a perfect selfie, and finally back into his coffee.

But he perseveres.

He's used to having a lot of trouble.

Because he's **ELMER FUDD**.

ELMER

Aw gosh. I thought this thing was supposed to be user fwendly...

PEPE

Fudd? *Elmer* Fudd?

Fudd looks up, confused, to see Pepe sitting at a table nearby. Pepe is wearing possibly the least effective, most transparent "human" disguise imaginable. He looks basically like Pepe in a hat but Elmer doesn't seem to notice.

ELMER

That's me?

PEPE
 (excited)
 Elmer Fudd of Fuddifweeze
 Refwigewation and Vewy Convenient
 Cooling Solutions?

ELMER
 Well, yessir, yes indeed. Have we
 met befowe?

PEPE
 No Mr. Fudd, I work in Air
 Conditioning here in Paris France
 and I'm just a big fan, BIG fan.

ELMER
 Haha well gosh, I have some
 expewiences with big fans!

Pepe laughs WAY TOO HUGE AND FAKE, sitting down across from
 Elmer, talking animatedly in a quick unparsable patter.

PEPE
 Wonderful, I could tell from your
 face you wanted to talk and would
 be an open and compliant companion
 to a fellow member of the climate
 control industry.

ELMER
 I did? Wait. I what?

PEPE
 My name is Michael, Michael C.
 Notaskunk, the C is for Certainly,
 and I am a human like you who works
 as ecosystem manager for the
 Louvre.

ELMER
 They have an "ecosystem manager?"

PEPE
 Everyone does these days. You
 recently installed an air
 conditioning system there-
 (*darkly*)
 And your air conditioning system
 has put us all in danger.

ELMER
 Danger? Well gosh, m-m-my company
 back home is doing pwetty well-

PEPE
Yes, but the climate is different
in France.

[illegible]

ELMER
What do you—

PEPE
It's tragic. You know not the
consequences of your actions.

I don't? ELMER PEPE
You don't.

Gosh!

ELMER

PEPE
I'm going to need the blueprint.

ELMER
I- uh-but why?

We move into an *INCREDIBLY FUN* and well animated

FANTASY SEQUENCE

As the two of them and their courtyard table are transported by Pepe's powers of storytelling through Pepe's dark prophecy.

PEPE
You see it starts here: one air
conditioning system, set one degree
too low.

Oh no!

ELMER

PEPE
And it spreads. Global
temperatures drop rapidly. Soon a
chill in the air worldwide, and
then: Snowfall in Hawaii.

ELMER
Not Hawaii!

PEPE

Yes. And then: Australia. Egypt.
The entire world ushered into a
DEADLY SECOND ICE AGE.

ELMER

And it's all my fault!?

PEPE

Completely.

ELMER

Holy heck!

PEPE

The people! They are freezing!
The world! It stop spinning! And
you: you are *laughing!*

ELMER

No! No, I'm crying!

PEPE

No. Laughing. You have **TURNED**
EVIL!

ELMER

(horrified)

I knew it!

PEPE

YOU SIT ON AN ICICLE THRONE,
CRUELLY LAUGHING AT THIS FROZEN
WORLD OF YOUR OWN CREATION

ELMER

YES, MWAHAHA MY BEAUTIFUL KINGDOM
OF ICE, TRAPPED IN TIME FOREVER, I
HAVE BECOME THE GLORIOUS SNOW
EMPEROR, THE GOD OF FROST! MY
HEART IS CHILLY WASTELAND!

PEPE

(confidentially)

No. Your heart is kind.

ELMER

There's still good in me?

PEPE

You can be saved.

ELMER
MY GLORIOUS REDEMPTION! But how?
I've grown so evil!

PEPE
The love of your wife!

ELMER
Mathilda!

PEPE
And your children!

ELMER
Little Bobopher and Gertrude!

Bobopher?	PEPE	ELMER
		For his grandmother.

PEPE
(sighs)
okaywhateveryousay-
(snapping back)
They love you, and in this moment,
as you look out at the apocalypse,
you remember the one opportunity
you had to turn it all around-

ELMER
That day in Paris, when Michael
Notaskunk offered me a way out!

PEPE
AND!

ELMER
I give him the blueprint!

PEPE
You give me the blueprint.

WE SNAP OUT OF
FANTASY BACK TO

Elmer hands Pepe the blueprint.

ELMER
Is it...Did I do it?

PEPE
Yes my friend. You saved the
world.

ELMER
(moved)
I'm a hero.

PEPE
Yes monsieur. Adieu.

Pepe ducks away, leaving Elmer Fudd sitting alone at the table, a bit dazed. He takes out his cell again, and dials. After a beat, someone picks up.

ELMER
Mathilda?
(beat)
I love you. I can't wait to get home to Cincinnati. And I'm *glad* I'm not the Ice Emperor.
(beat)
Never mind. It's a long story.

EXT. THE NOTRE-DAME CATHEDRAL - NIGHT

The moon hangs high and cinematic above Paris, as a black shape darts across the roof, moving swiftly, reminding us of Penelope the first time we saw her...

...Until we see the frog hopping ahead of him. Michigan and Pepe reach the spire, and Michigan holds a skylight open for Pepe to sneak in, like a kind and gracious frog.

Pepe, sneaks through a series of **TUNNELS**, moving quickly and gracefully, until finally he slips out into total darkness. Hearing the sound of rushing water, he sneaks through a minefield of sleeping pigeons in near total darkness...

PENELOPE
(TERRIFIED)
MEOOOW! MEEEEEOOOOOW! SOMEBODY
HELP ME FOR PETE'S SAKE I'M SAYIN
MEEEEEOW!

...to find the cat carrier housing Penelope, who clings to the now bolted closed door, trembling in fear, ALMOST ENTIRELY FLOODED.

PEPE
Bonjour.

PENELOPE
(startled)
What!?

PEPE

It appears you are about to be
dipped in a most unpleasant
jacuzzi, my love.

PENELOPE

Pepe!?!

Pepe rapidly works to unbolt the cage, and pulls Penelope up,
the two of them standing on top of the cat carrier, dimly lit
in the reflections off the water.

It's actually really romantic, with Penelope still holding
his hands, before he pulls out a handkerchief, and begins
rapidly drying her slightly wet fur.

He hands her her collar.

PEPE

I believe this belongs to you.

PENELOPE

(baffled)

You actually came!?

PEPE

How could I not come? When I heard
my love was in danger-

PENELOPE

But Pepe, after everything I said
to you, why would you still-

PEPE

Words aren't always law, sometimes
they're a product of the moment.

Pepe begins casually wiping away her white stripe.

PEPE (CONT'D)

Besides, you're a cat! They never
want to be held, they always try to
get away, it's their nature. That
doesn't mean they don't still come
and give you a lick at night.

Penelope is shocked, and not just by the double-entendre.

PENELOPE

Wait- you **knew** I was a cat?

PEPE

Of course. You think I am blind?
You thought I believed you were a
French skunk? You're a cat with
paint on her back. I thought it
was clever, pretending to be a
finding me when you knew you were
in danger; you handle yourself
incredibly well. I knew
immediately you were something
special, something different.
Something worth loving. I felt it
in somewhere deeper than my heart.

Penelope falters, as Pepe hops down.

PEPE (CONT'D)

Come on.

She takes his hand, following him as they creep through the
darkness, moving carefully as they sneak into a beautifully
lit pool of light on the floor.

PENELOPE

But you're Pepe Le Pew, aren't
you...you're some kind of big shot,
you can't really- I'm just some
street cat, you don't-

PEPE

I wasn't always Pepe Le Pew...

As they walk

WE TRANSITION
QUICKLY INTO...

PEPE'S ORIGIN:

Performed in the style of the classic Looney Tunes, we are
allowed deep into Pepe's past.

PEPE (CONT'D)

When I was just a little skunk,
nobody like me. "Pepe, you stink,
you're stupid, you're a skunk and
everybody hates skunks and also you
specifically are the worst of this
large group of skunks and perhaps
of all the skunks in the world and
certainly in Europe" is what they
would say to me. But when I come
to Paris, and I see the city
lights, I am inspired.

(MORE)

PEPE (CONT'D)

I want to BE Paris. So as I grow up, I tried to learn to charm, to impress, I always try to smell good...I worked extra hard to be sure that everybody loved me. I create Pepe Le Pew as a show; part the real me, and part the person I want to be. And maybe...Maybe I use that like you use the paint. To protect me.

PENELOPE

When really deep down you're still that stinky little skunk...

PEPE

I erase him. But when I see you have a shield you create too. And I loved you for it.

(smiles)

Instantaneously.

Penelope is moved. Honestly, if we didn't animate Pepe's story elegantly enough to make you cry too, we messed up.

Penelope's eyes filled with tears, she stands perfectly still, looking at him. He smiles.

PEPE (CONT'D)

Come on, I saw Cecil on my way in, right this way...

PENELOPE

Pepe, wait!

INT. THE NOTRE-DAME CATHEDRAL - GRAND ATRIUM

We're back where we started, in the room with all the stained glass, now completely dark. Cecil's shell hangs from the ceiling, swinging slowly.

Pepe enters, moving quickly, Penelope following, nervous, when Pepe notices all the white flags in the darkness.

PENELOPE

You shouldn't have come here Pepe-

PEPE

Nonsense, I make a bad impression on you, I know but-

PENELOPE

No you don't understand, just
listen to me for a second-

PEPE

I can do listening later, you'll be
amazed at all the listening I will
do, you will feel so heard you'll
never want to speak again.

(seeing Cecil)

Mon dieu, my friend! I am sorry
dear tortoise, I did not do this on
porpoise. But...

(aghast)

Qu'est-ce que c'est ça?

Pepe has noticed all the white flags hanging everywhere.

PENELOPE

What? What's wrong?

PEPE

These flags...mon dieu, they are
the flags of the old monarchy...do
you know what this means?

Pepe takes a running jump, kicking off a few walls and
getting up to the shell...

PENELOPE

That's what I've been trying to
tell you Pepe. Versaille isn't
just a crook, he's **CRAZY**, he thinks
he's some kind of rooster or
something, stays in the dark all
the time like some kinda whacked
out ghoul!

PEPE

(quietly)

What's this?

Pepe's bewildered: **THE SHELL IS A FAKE!** It suddenly **PLUMMETS
TO THE GROUND, crashing, and dazing Pepe!** Penelope rushes to
him, helping him up.

And then, from the darkness...**Comes Versaille.**

VERSAILLE

(smiling ghoulishly)

Bonjour Mr. Le Pew.

Pepe's dazed, leaning Penelope, who backs up frantically as
Versaille's huge shape moves in the darkness around them.

PEPE

Bonjour Monsieur Versailles!
Terrible to think we should meet in
this way after all these years
living in the same wonderful city.

VERSAILLE

You *stole* from me.

PEPE

Ah-ha, a misunderstanding.
(draws out blueprint)
This was actually stolen by a very
annoying American cat named
Sylvester-

One of Versailles's claws darts out of the darkness, snatching
the blueprint.

VERSAILLE

This is better than I could've
hoped.

PENELOPE

Pepe, *listen to me-*

PEPE

I am so sorry about your nephew,
Jacque. If you step out in the
light, perhaps we can talk about
this like gentlemen.

VERSAILLE

The light? I think not.

There's a spooky evil laugh from the darkness.

VERSAILLE (CONT'D)

My sensitivity to light is
inherited through my bloodline;
porphyria...a *royal disease*. And
you've just given me the last piece
I need to reclaim my birthright!

PEPE

But, I came here to apologize.

VERSAILLE

Tomorrow I will cut power to the
city, and your precious home Paris
will be overrun as I reclaim my
birth right!

PENELOPE

*You're a looney! You said the
French royalty was all chickens-*

PEPE

I will NEVER LET YOU HURT PARIS,
you delusional monologuing raccoon
antagonist!

*Pepe attacks, knocking Versailles back- but Versailles FLINGS
PEPE OFF, Pepe taking Versailles's cloak with him.*

Versailles, unveiled for the first time, slowly emerges!

VERSAILLE

The rooster prince took a raccoon
commoner bride in secret. I'm not
just some common criminal. I AM
THIS CITY'S DESTINY!

*He UNFOLDS INTO THE LIGHT, REVEALING HIS STAGGERINGLY COOL
LOOKING ALBINO RACCOON ROOSTER HYBRID BODY WITH WINGS AND
CLAWS AND LITTLE CHICKEN LEGS WITH TALONS AND OH WOW THIS
SOUNDS DUMB WHILE I'M WRITING IT BUT IT'S ACTUALLY VERY COOL*

PEPE

Sacre bleu...You are a **racoo-ster!**

VERSAILLE

*What I am...is THE RIGHTFUL KING OF
FRANCE!*

PEPE

You'll never get away with this!

VERSAILLE

You really think once we knew you
were coming for you girlfriend we
didn't prepare for your arrival?

Pepe's bewildered.

PEPE

Knew I was coming?
(to Penelope)
My..."girl friend?" What is he
talking about?

VERSAILLE

She told us everything and now
you've walked RIGHT into our trap.
Coyote! OFF WITH HIS HEAD!

PEPE
 (realizing)
Coyote?
 (startled into action)
 PENELOPE GO!

Pepe **GRABS Penelope's paw, yanking them both to the right and then must DUCK AND FRANTICALLY DODGE AND TUMBLE AND EVADE AS A SERIES OF ANVILS COMES CRASHING DOWN AROUND THEM AND THEN AXES THEN CHAINSAWS THEN BOULDERS ON ROPES THEN FLAMING CHAINSAWS AND SWORDS AND KNIVES AND CHAINSAWS THE CHAINS OF WHICH DON'T HAVE BLADES BUT INSTEAD HAVE MORE CHAINSAWS SO LIKE MEGA CHAINSAWS AND THEN THOSE BUT ALSO ON FIRE-**

PENELOPE
 I'M SORRY! I'M SO SORRY!

HOLY SHIT. This sequence, oh my god. Basically imagine if every Wile E. Coyote trap you've ever seen was upgraded to 11. If what we'd seen before, in the action was inspired by the Bourne and Bond films...

...This is The Fast and The Furious, Saw and Michael Bay's Transformers as the same movie. The sheer amount of wild catapults, battering rams, crushing and slicing devices, rockets, everything-

-and OH MAN is it taking a toll on the building. Penelope and Pepe swing in and out of the building's windows, running across the face of Notre Dame as it's TORN APART from the inside, but-

This time Pepe's slickness isn't helping him, Coyote's way too efficient: it's the least effortless we've seen Pepe, as he and Penelope are violently knocked around through windows and dusty old walls, the entire cathedral being **BROUGHT DOWN AROUND THEM.**

Several times, amidst the chaos, Pepe and Penelope are forced to confront Coyote in one on one combat, and it's fully The Raid, with Coyote able to fight both of them at once before they're able to escape again-

Until finally, a huge explosion sends Pepe and Penelope **CRASHING THROUGH THE FLOOR**, down into a hidden tunnel beneath the streets, escaping from Coyote and the Cathedral in a shower of rubble...

EXT. ROOFTOP THE NOTRE-DAME CATHEDRAL - CONTINUOUS

Michigan J Frog looks on, through binoculars, at the chaos at the cathedral. Crowds are gathering.

In the distance, he can see the lights of the animal control van, rapidly approaching.

MICHIGAN J FROG

You're in too deep this time, Pep.
Way too deep.

Michigan looks away, considering whether or not to run.

INT. THE CATACOMBS - SHORTLY THEREAFTER

Penelope and Pepe lay unconscious in the dark, skull filled corridor of the catacombs. A little ways away, a tour group is passing.

TOUR GUIDE

And so we continue our tour of France's historic catacombs! Over there you can see some skulls, and there, yep, you guessed it, more skulls! In some places in the world, they'd think it was kind of weird to use dead people as a tourist attraction, but here in France, we think it's pretty funny.

As the group moves off, Penelope rouses, rushing to Pepe.

PENELOPE

Pepe! Are you alright? I can't believe we got out of there, that was incredi-

PEPE

NO TOUCHING! YOU! NO TOUCHING!

Pepe jerks away from her.

PENELOPE

Wha- what?

PEPE

*You told them I was YOUR BOYFRIEND?
That I was COMING TO SAVE YOU! I
met your BOYFRIEND, Penelope, and
let me tell you: I AM NOT HIM.*

PENELOPE

I was desperate! Pepe I thought it was the only way to get them to leave me alone, if-

PEPE

And how did that work out? Cause it seems to me like now they have EVERYTHING THEY WANT, and we have nothing! Mon dieu, Cecil! He's still in there. MY BACK, IT IS STABBED. And to think, I thought you would be the mother of my skuts!

PENELOPE

Skuts?

PEPE

OUI A PORTMANTEAU. CATS / SKUNKS / SKUTS! You would have me call our beautiful children "CANKS!"

(melodramatic)

Can we agree on nothing! All we do is fight!

PENELOPE

OH BROTHER.

Pepe rapidly crawls up and out of a gutter, Penelope frantically following out onto

EXT. EDGE OF THE RIVER SEINE BOARDWALK - CONTINUOUS

It's UNBELIEVABLY beautifully lit, noir-ish, as Pepe stalks away from Penelope, who follows frantically, in a full reversal of their earlier situation.

PENELOPE

You're overreactin'! You can't take this as a rejection or betrayal or something, I really thought you wouldn't come. No one in my life has ever done anything like that for me, why would the famous Pepe Le Pew be any different? I didn't know about the little skunk alone in the rain! I just thought you were some dope--

PEPE

Some dope, right. No, I see you clearly now. You are what they call a confidence artist! A liar, not just in life, but in love. Does anyone really know you?

(MORE)

PEPE (CONT'D)
 Maybe back home in America, you
 just pour paint on your head and
 call yourself a bald eagle or
 something-

PENELOPE
 Pepe you can't stop Versailles
 alone! Please, stay with me, I can
 fix this! I can- wait, WAIT!

Pepe nimbly jumps out on a string of lights over the water!
 Penelope tries to follow him, but nope, too scared.

PENELOPE (CONT'D)
 That's not fair! Please, Pepe,
 just trust me! It was just a
 stupid mistake!

Pepe hops up onto the bridge over the Seine, looking down at
 her, pouty and defiant.

PEPE
 One day, you're going to go far.
And I hope you stay there.

Suddenly a shout! It's Michigan, rapidly approaching!

MICHIGAN J FROG
 PEPE! LOOK OUT, HE'S-

COYOTE, WEARING HIS TRADEMARK BAT-GLIDER SUIT COMES SAILING
 IN OUT OF NOWHERE AND DROPKICKS PEPE INTO THE STREET, WHERE
 HE'S THROWN DIRECTLY INTO THE PATH OF THE ANIMAL CONTROL VAN-

Pepe's hurt and disoriented- *in no condition to escape this!*
Yosemite Sam pops out, IMMEDIATELY CATCHING Michigan in a
tiny frog net before turning his attention to Pepe-

YOSEMITE SAM
I GOT YOU NOW, VARMIN!

BANG BANG BANG Pepe is PIN CUSHIONED with Tranquilizer darts!

Pepe, drugged and dazed from the tranquilizer darts, lets out
 one last defiant shout:

PEPE
 I BELIEVE I CAN FLY! REBOOT
 ANIMANIACS! RYAN REYNOLDS GREEN
 LANTERN WAS UNDERRATED! THERE MUST
 BE A HARRY POTTER CINEMATIC UNIVERSE

Pepe passes out. Beneath them Penelope gasps in horror, then
 quickly hides.

EXT. THE NOTRE-DAME CATHEDRAL - SPIRE - CONTINUOUS

Coyote gracefully lands next to where Versailles is perched atop the spire of the cathedral, surrounded by dozens of raccoons, who are perched like gargoyles, silhouettes in the night sky.

Spike and Chester look distinctly out of place as Versailles is overjoyed, pulling back on his cloak.

VERSAILLE
Yes, YES! Beautifully done,
Coyote. OUR REVOLUTION HAS BEGUN!

Tons of raccoons on the roof around him begin chanting: "LONG LIVE THE KING! LONG LIVE THE KING!"

SPIKE
Hey boss, hate to be a bother, but
everybody's here, why don't we just
do the revolution now?

VERSAILLE
SILENCE, mongrel I must have the
jewels first! They are what gives
me the divine right! They are what
will make me complete!

SPIKE
...Uh, boss I think you might have
some...whaddya call'em-
psychological issues-

Versaille SQUAWKS AT THEM, shouting them down, then
straightens himself.

VERSAILLE
Spike! Chester!
(beat)
Clean this up.

He gestures to the chaos of Notre Dame. Spike and Chester
look at the PILE OF **APOCALYPTIC WRECKAGE** left by the traps.

CHESTER
(quietly)
You know Spike, I'm beginning to
think we're gettin kind of a bum
deal.

The chanting of LONG LIVE THE KING continues as we

FADE TO BLACK.

**THE SUN RISES
OVER PARIS...**

INT. ANIMAL CONTROL - CELL - MORNING

It's your basic jail cell, which is probably nothing like what an actual animal control cell looks like, but let's not forget that in this movie a skunk not only talks but is fluent and seductive in multiple languages.

Pepe is *hurled into the cell roughly, still unconscious*. After a moment, Michigan is tossed in too, in a separate, tiny cage, landing next to Pepe.

Michigan's dazed, but then reaches out to Pepe, trying to rouse him.

MICHIGAN J FROG

Pep...Come back to me, Pep.

PEPE

(groggy, half-dreaming)

...The scripts were rejected,
expect the unexpected...

(waking up)

Oh no!

Pepe rushes to the door just as it SLAMS CLOSED, Yosemite Sam laughing as he slaps some big padlocks on the door.

PEPE (CONT'D)

Wait! Surely can discuss this! I
demand my lawyer!

YOSEMITE SAM

Yer WHAT?

PEPE

He's a turtle who's been kidnapped
by raccoons as an ancillary part of
a diamond heist! Surely-

YOSEMITE SAM

NOPE! Doc said if I start talking
to the animals again I gotta go
back on my GREEN PILLS, and I can't
look bloated for summer!

He slams closed the locks.

PEPE

You are putting the locks on the wrong side, my friend. Technically you are locking yourself into your own life.

YOSEMITE SAM

Dagnabbit.

Yosemite Sam flips the locks. Pepe facepalms.

PEPE

In retrospect perhaps I should've kept that to myself.

Pepe slouches as Yosemite Sam heads away. Pepe lifts Michigan's cage, setting it on the barred window.

MICHIGAN J FROG

Well this is a real mess. I always knew you'd get yourself in over your head one of these days, I just didn't expect you to drag me in over MY head with you.

PEPE

(sad)

In fairness, you are very small.

Pepe leans against the wall.

PEPE (CONT'D)

I follow the wrong woman, Michigan. I accidentally deliver a lunatic exactly what he needs, save none of my friends, and find myself betrayed and imprisoned.

MICHIGAN J FROG

I tried to warn you, Pep.

PEPE

I thought I was the most important person in Paris, when, I now realize, Paris is the most important city I am in.

MICHIGAN J FROG

-uh?-

PEPE

If he hurts this city, he hurts me. The person I dreamed I was.

(MORE)

PEPE (CONT'D)

He wants the jewels, and he'll have them. Maybe it is time for me to wake up. You were right, Michigan, it was all worthless.

MICHIGAN J FROG

That's not what I said...

PEPE

I'm just a stupid animal, who deserves to be in a cage.

Thunder booms murky and ominous outside.

EXT. THE LOUVRE - DAY

The exterior of the louvre is a sight to behold normally; the gorgeous old building, rested around a center piece of the modernist glass pyramid of the entrance really fantastic, seriously, google image search this, it's neat.

But a closer look at the roof reveals raccoons, everywhere, taking up guard posts. Spike and Chester call the shots, eating churros, on one of the turrets.

From cover, Penelope watches, aghast, as a group of raccoons drag Cecil from rooftop to rooftop, taking him to a **POWER STATION** nearby.

Thunder crackles in the sky above her, a cold, dark, grey day rapidly developing. She thinks, and then, having an idea, snaps her fingers excitedly!

EXT. THE BATIGNOLLES - DUMPSTER

Sylvester and Claude are in the dumpster, out back of the restaurant where Sylvester hangs out, eating garbage, Claude watching eagerly as Sylvester performs.

SYLVESTER

So I said "LISTEN BUSTER, I'm not afraid of you! Back in Miami an alligator tried to intimidate me, and you know what happened to him? Well take a look at my shoes!"

CLAUDE

You're not wearing shoes.

SYLVESTER

EXACTLY!

CLAUDE
Wow! What then?

SYLVESTER
I gave him the old
(shadow boxes)
One two three four five and some
SIX for good measure! At this
point he was beggin' for mercy!

CLAUDE
Mercy! So cool.

SYLVESTER
You know these Europeans, they all
talk a big game but when it comes
down to it, they've all got no guts-

PENELOPE
Aloha.

Sylvester screams.

SYLVESTER
AHHHH OH MY GOD!
(rapidly recovering)
Penelope! You're...here?

Penelope falls into his arms.

PENELOPE
Of course! I'll always come back
to my man! My shmuggy-woogums!

CLAUDE
Wow Sylvester, you really have it
all! I'm glad you're okay,
Penelope, I'm sorry I ran off at
the Black Market, I had to uh-
answer some e-mails-

PENELOPE
Totally understandable Claude,
you're a very busy guy. Oh
Sylvester!

Penelope begins being all over him in a distinctly familiar
way as the bewildered Sylvester, as he struggles to get away.

PENELOPE (CONT'D)
My love! My one and only! My
shnooky oogle booboo baybeeee, I'm
sorry I left you so suddenly!

SYLVESTER

You- left me?

PENELOPE

When I fell off the fire escape!
I'm so clumsy, and you were being
so vulnerable! Silly Penelope!

SYLVESTER

Yeah...fell, that sounds...right-

PENELOPE

I was worried about you when you
didn't come get me!

SYLVESTER

Well- What'd you want me to do,
sacrifice myself? Is that what you
wanted! For me to get hurt! I
knew you'd be okay, so I let you
take the fall! You always get out
of everything!

PENELOPE

That's why you love me!

SYLVESTER

Rrrright. It's about time you
smartened up! The level of
mistrust, and paranoia,
unbelievable Penny, really!
REALLY! For a nice guy like me?

PENELOPE

My hero! My one true WUUUUV! Who
I'll be with FOREVER AND EVER.

SYLVESTER

Right, love, right- we can talk
about commitment and- uh, rules-
later. I'm glad you've come to
your senses and settled out of all
this hysteria. Not ALL men are
creeps.

Sylvester confidently turns as Penelope's expression changes.

PENELOPE

Yeah, not ALL men.
(snarling)
But I do know one.

He turns-

CLANG! PENELOPE SMACKS SYLVESTER WITH THE FRYING PAN, knocking him out.

Claude yelps, sitting up straight, eyes wide.

CLAUDE
(frantic)
WOW GOOD FOR YOU GO GIRL YOU
SEEM REAL EMPOWERED SLAY QUEEN
YAAAS?
(beat, giving up)
Cats gotta stick together?

PENELOPE
Yep.

CLANG.

INT. ANIMAL CONTROL - CELL

Pepe is despondent, leaning against the bars, as Michigan hops his cage around, trying to get out ineffectively.

MICHIGAN J FROG
Oh come on Pepe! You're the one
who got me in here, you could at
least be thinking about ways to get
out!

PEPE
What's the point? What's even the
point of being a debonair playboy
operating in grey legal areas if
someone can still just hurt your
feelings and make you sad?

MICHIGAN J FROG
That's your problem Pep. That's it
in a nutshell.

PEPE
We've only been in prison nine
hours and I'm already getting
analyzed.

MICHIGAN J FROG
You live too much in the moment,
bud.

(MORE)

MICHIGAN J FROG (CONT'D)

You're always falling in love or
you're heartbroken, you're way up
in the sky or you're down in the
dumps. Whatever happened to the
middle?

Pepe sighs, turning to Michigan.

PEPE

Maybe you're right. I think I lost
track of the middle when I was just
a little skunk, cause the middle
felt like the bottom back then.
That's when I decided to try to
make everyone love me.

MICHIGAN J FROG

But everyone *doesn't* love ya, Pep.

PEPE

Oui, I know that now. I know that
now. I think perhaps I was so hurt
by the sadness in my youth, in my
mind's eye I chose to make those
who despised me invisible.

MICHIGAN J FROG

Sometimes it's the things you don't
want to hear that you need to hear
the most, Pepe. If enough people
tell you you're doing something
wrong, sometimes it might be worth
listenin', and if the thing people
are saying is you ain't listenin',
then maybe it's time to start?

PEPE

What? I wasn't listening.

Michigan J Frog groans.

PEPE (CONT'D)

A joke, my friend. A little joke.
For a little frog. With a big
heart. And a bigger brain. And a
kind soul. And a tiny hat.

MICHIGAN J FROG

Making friends is easy, but keeping
them is hard...

PEPE

And falling in love is simple. But truly being in love? Maybe more complicated.

MICHIGAN J FROG

I think you've got it now, Pep.

PEPE

You are very kind to me. But le trieste- it is too late.

There's crash from somewhere in the Animal Control building. Then a startled yell, and Claude rushes by, chased by Yosemite Sam!

CLAUDE

THIS IS A MISTAKE! I've been framed! I don't even remember how I got heeeere!

YOSEMITE SAM

That's what all the cats say!

Yosemite chases him out a back door, as Pepe and Michigan look on, confused, and then: *a chain wraps around one of the bars in the window.*

PENELOPE (O.S.)

Pepe, you in there?

PEPE

Penelope!?

She pops up to the window, holding onto the bars. Pepe goes to her immediately, in shock.

PEPE (CONT'D)

You actually came?

PENELOPE

How could I not come?

PEPE

But after everything I said to you...

PENELOPE

Words aren't always law, sometimes they're a product of the moment. Besides, I had to tell you: you weren't right about me. Not when you thought I was the greatest, not when you thought I was the worst.

(MORE)

PENELOPE (CONT'D)
 Because...Because...
 (beat, emotional)
 I'm like you, Pepe.

PEPE
 (confused)
 No one...is...like me...?

PENELOPE
 No, I'm different, but we're the
 same. Somewhere deep inside, we're
 the same.

She takes out her collar, showing it to him, and we zoom in
 on it, moving into

PENELOPE'S
 FANTASY

Which is just like Pepe's.

PENELOPE (CONT'D)
 When I was just a little baby cat,
 I had an owner who loved me. Every
 morning I'd wake up in her hair,
 and I was so proud of my collar.
 But then she got sick. Real sick.
 And she went away, and I was stuck
 with her boyfriend. He was a dog
 person. And when he got a new
 girlfriend, she was allergic; she
 said it irritated the epithelials
 in her nose! And late one
 night...He let me out...and he
 never let me back in...I was alone.
 The only people I trusted to take
 care of me kicked me out, so I knew
 I couldn't trust nobody ever again.
 That's why I keep the collar. To
 remind me.
 (beat)
 Cause once, you see, I was like
 you. Alone. Afraid. And out in
 the rain. And maybe I still am.

WE SNAP OUT OF
 FANTASY BACK TO

Pepe is moved, before he can say anything:

PENELOPE (CONT'D)
 Let's get you out of here. We have
 to save Paris!

PEPE

When you put it like that, it sounds so dynamic! I am rescued by the most beautiful feline in France!

PENELOPE

This stupid raccoon thinks he can ruin this city, well we'll see a-meow-t that!

(beat)

Ughhh that was bad. Ooo ughh I made myself cringe.

PEPE

Yeah, that was rough, you okay?

PENELOPE

(recovering)

Yeah I- whew- just gimme a second.

She darts down from the window, and Pepe sees she's hooked the chain around the back bumper of the animal control van- she rushes down and turns off the emergency brakes-

Causing it to roll forward, and *bend the steel bars outward!* Pepe quickly pushes Michigan through, and then begins to climb through himself, when he stops:

PEPE

But they will see I am missing, no?

PENELOPE

I got a plan for that!

SLAM TO:

The bars SNAP back into place...Leaving a black figure with a white strip laying on the prison bench. It rouses: It's Sylvester! He looks around, frantic, to see a tranquilized Claude being thrown into the cell opposite him.

SYLVESTER

Wha- what!? Hey! LEMME OUTTA HERE!

YOSEMITE SAM

Shut up, Le Pew!

Confused, Sylvester touches his back, noticing the white stripe that's been painted on!

SYLVESTER
What!? No! Are you serious!? I
HAVE WHITE PAWS! WHITE PAWS!

YOSEMITE SAM
YOUR WHITE PAWS DON'T EARN YOU NO
PRIVILEGES IN HERE!

SYLVESTER
That's a terrible joke!

YOSEMITE SAM
Wait- where's the frog?

SYLVESTER
What frog?

YOSEMITE SAM
YOU ATE THE FROG!?

Yosemite Sam tazes Sylvester! We ZOOM IN through the
crackles of electricity

TRANSITIONING
INTO

*The crackles of lightning inside the dark clouds gathering
over Paris as the sun is setting! Cue the Hans Zimmer!*

Here we go!

EXT. THE POWER STATION - CONTINUOUS

A couple of electrical workers are looking up at the stormy
sky, eating croissants and looking up at the clouds when they
hear a noise...*And look down to see a dozen raccoons rushing
them!*

The men are bowled over, as the raccoons run amok over the
power station to the MAIN CIRCUIT BREAKER, crowd surfing
Cecil right up to the BIG SWITCH.

CECIL
C-c-can't we talk about this?

RACCOON BUFFOON
Flip the switch, hardshell!

RACCOON IDIOT
Can you believe the boss was gonna
make one of us do it? HA!

UP HIGH ABOVE
THEM

Pepe, Penelope and Michigan are on a rooftop nearby, watching. They turn, to see Spike and Chester open up an air conditioning vent on the roof of the Louvre, letting in Versailles.

High above them, against the dark clouds, Coyote's silhouette is briefly visible, gliding with his batsuit.

It's started to drizzle...Penelope stays dry under a satellite dish.

PEPE

(beat)

Okay, here's the plan: First, I rescue Cecil and turn back on the power. Then, I singlehandedly defeat Coyote via going into the sky somehow, and THEN, I stop Versailles. And you? You will both watch in amazement.

Down at the power station, Cecil *FLIPS THE BIG SWITCH*, getting *ELECTROCUTED!* Grid by grid, the cities' lights *SHUT DOWN*, slowly plunging the city into darkness!

As the wave of darkness rushes forward over the city, Pepe stands in awe.

PEPE (CONT'D)

Mon dieu...

PENELOPE

You have to let us help, Pepe. If Versailles gets his way we'll all be first on the chopping block.

Pepe squints, thinking.

PEPE

How do I know this isn't just another trick? Maybe you just want the Jewels for yourself.

PENELOPE

No, LISTEN TO ME. Let Michigan get the power. I'll handle the Coyote. You save the Jewels, save Paris! You can't do it all on your, you're going to have to trust someone to help you!

PEPE

Mon dieu. You are right.

Pepe thinks, then turns back to camera.

PEPE (CONT'D)

I have learned a valuable lesson about the importance of trust and vulnerability in coordination with independence and confidence. I have grown as a skunk, and now, must fulfill my destiny to protect the city, and via that, my identity.

PENELOPE

Pepe who do you keep talking to?

PEPE

The audience.

PENELOPE

There is no audience.

PEPE

There is *always* an audience.

(winks)

Your plan is the *new plan*. AND
NOW, WE FOIL THE VILLAIN!

HIGH ABOVE

Coyote, patrolling the sky, sees a small black shape with a white stripe rushing towards the Louvre! He smirks, and DIVE-BOMBS the figure-

-only for it to scamper into the Louvre's outdoor cafe! We see it's Penelope, frantically ducking and dodging and trying to keep under cover as Coyote repeatedly swoops after her, TOSSING STICKS OF DYNAMITE THAT SEND PEOPLE FLYING!

AT THE POWER
STATION

More electricians are arriving to repair the circuit breaker-only to be MOBBED by swarms of raccoons! Only for Michigan to sneak by in the chaos...

...Towards Cecil, who's dazedly recovering. Michigan gets to the big switch...But he's too small to throw it! And the raccoons have noticed him!

MICHIGAN J FROG

(frantic)

CECIL! I NEED YOU BIG GUY! I
CAN'T DO IT ALONE!

But Cecil is too scared, and trembles as Michigan frantically hops around the power station, running from raccoons!

ON THE LOUVRE

Spike and Chester stand guard of the air conditioning, watching the Coyote chaos unfolding below.

CHESTER

Holy smokes Spike, this is outta
control! This is-

Pepe *POPS OUT OF NOWHERE*, kicking two of their raccoon bodyguards out of the way- then *grabs Chester by the leg*, and begins using him to *clobber raccoons left and right*, swinging the tiny flailing dog like a club!

CHESTER (CONT'D)

Oh gosh Spike! He's using me as a
weapon, Spike! This is so
undignified! This is a real
emotional low-point, Spike! My
self worth is in the toilet, Spike!
My therapist warned me about stuff
like th-

Pepe *FLINGS CHESTER STRAIGHT INTO SPIKE'S FACE*, knocking them both down a flight of stairs!

PEPE

I don't want to fight you, my
friends! What I do now I do for my
country!

Pepe throws a handful of MINTS THAT HE STILL HAD IN HIS FUR at the two fallen dogs, and dives into the air conditioning system! Spike sits up, rubbing his head, and then picks up and dusts off Chester.

CHESTER

What is with this guy and the
mints? He obsessed, he's deranged,
he's arrogant, he thinks he can do
that to us? *and then he can? and he
does it to us three times in a row
in one movie?*

(MORE)

CHESTER (CONT'D)

Well he's **right** and he **did** and it's really impressive actually but what a truly disappointing series of events for us, Spike, we've finally hit rock bottom!

CHESTER (CONT'D)

(beat)

Eh. I dunno Chester.

(beat, raises a mint)

I like mints.

WE MOVE INTO A

Three tiered action sequence like the end of Return of the Jedi, much too complicated to write here. Penelope leads Coyote on an insane chase around the outside of the Louvre, Michigan begs Cecil for help as he hops around the malfunctioning power station, and Pepe rushes through the Louvre's air conditioning systems...

UNTIL

Pepe drops out into the museum itself, which is lit only by flashing FIRE ALERT lights, creating a surreal and nightmarish environment, people stampeding in all directions...

BYSTANDERS

THERE'S A SKUNK IN HERE! WHAT
HAPPENED TO THE POWER! THERE'S
SOME KIND OF FLYING DOG THROWING
DYNAMITE AT A CAT OUTSIDE!

Pepe rushes through them, to the Jewels of The Light exhibit, only to see Versaille drop from the ceiling in the flashing lights, onto the beautiful exhibition of the pink diamonds.

PEPE

Versaille, stop!

Versaille simply laughs, smashing the glass, and raising the jewels, staring at them, tears in his eyes.

VERSAILLE

This is it. This is my moment.
I'm finally complete.

PEPE

No, Versaille. No object can make you complete. You must accept yourself.

VERSAILLE

(laughing)

Are you giving me advice, Le Pew?

Pepe advances, as guards with flashlights rush the room.

PEPE

I was like you once. An outcast
who simply wanted to be loved. But
this is the wrong way.

VERSAILLE

(contemptuous)

An outcast, really? NO! Everyone
ELSE is the problem. The only
answer is me in COMPLETE CONTROL.

Versaille smashes Pepe aside, throwing off his cloak in the
same motion, shoving the jewels in a bag as he draws out
COYOTE'S JET BIKE, HOPING ON AND PUNCHING THE ROCKETS-

Pepe jumps on the back of the rocket, holding on for dear
life- as they race through the museum, and then go **CRASHING
UP OUT OF THE GLASS PYRAMID INTO THE OPEN AIR-**

They collide with a turret, the rocket skidding and doing
donuts on the roof as Spike and Chester look on.

VERSAILLE (CONT'D)

GET HIM OFF OF ME YOU FOOLS!

Chester and Spike exchange a look. Chester pops a mint in
his mouth.

CHESTER

SORRY BOSS! LOOKS LIKE THIS TIME
YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN!

The rocket pops off the roof and goes sailing up, Pepe barely
holding on, banking through the sky and swerving low THROUGH
THE ARC DE TRIOMPHE before *SAILING UP UP UP AND*

*COLLIDING SPECTACULARLY WITH THE NECK OF THE EIFFEL TOWER,
THE SUBSEQUENT EXPLOSION FLINGING PEPE AND VERSAILLE ONTO THE
TOWER'S TOP.*

Coyote is BRIEFLY distracted from his pursuit of Penelope,
giving her the opportunity to POUNCE ONTO HIS BACK, LASSOING
HIM WITH HER COLLAR!

PENELOPE

GOTCHA! Whoa- WHOA!

-leading to Coyote FLYING UP INTO THE RAINY SKY, Penelope steering him using the collar like reins, before they HIT THE CRISS CROSS TANGLE OF POWERLINES ABOVE THE POWER STATION!

Penelope tumbles down through the lines, only to see Michigan running from raccoons- she hits a rain gutter and a huge amount of water pours onto the ground around the circuit breaker-

Penelope can see a whole mob of raccoons rapidly approaching!

PENELOPE (CONT'D)
Cecil! You gotta help Michigan
turn the power back on!

CECIL
I'm too scared!

PENELOPE
They're gonna get you Cecil!
REMEMBER YOUR TOY CAR!

Cecil REMEMBERS HIS TOY CAR, envisioning DOZENS OF VERSAILLES snapping DOZENS OF TOY CARS all around him-

CECIL
I FEEEEEEEL HOSSSSTILLLEEEE!

The huge tortoise *SMASHES THROUGH* raccoons, sending them scattering like bowling pins, finally reaching the power switch and throwing it-

The wires around Penelope hum to life- Here comes Coyote, drawing out a stick of lit dynamite- Penelope remembers:

PENELOPE
Don't touch the metal: only the
rubber!

And slices a powerline with her claw, and as Coyote reaches for her, hits him with it: ***HE'S ELECTROCUTED AND GOES ROCKETING OFF INTO THE SKY, where his dynamite goes off in a little poof in the distance!***

Poor Wile E. I thought he was gonna get a fairer shake this time around. Eh, screw'em.

The giant swarm of raccoons *rushes up towards Cecil and Michigan- but Penelope swings down on a wire, ELECTROCUTING THE WATER* the raccoons are standing in and sending them ***ROCKETING OFF IN ALL DIRECTIONS LIKE ELECTRICAL FIREWORKS!***

MICHIGAN J FROG
That's the power back on! But
where's Pepe?

All three of them look up at the Eifel tower, lightning crackling behind it.

UP ON THE TOWER

The structure of the tower groans. The entire top third has come slightly loose, and is tilting in the stormy winds. Pepe slowly stands up, picking up the bag of jewels.

Behind him, power is restored to the city grid by grid, glowing beautifully back to life like christmas lights.

PEPE
Your reign is over before it
begins, King Versaille. Your dark
dreams already wilt in the gorgeous
shine of the city!

VERSAILLE
Not! Yet!

Look, I have to level with you here: this isn't pretty. Like you love Pepe, I love Pepe, I'd be glad to write that he just knocks Matthieu Versaille out in one punch, but Versaille is flatly bigger, stronger, faster, and more vicious...

What we have here is an ass kicking.

Versaille smashes Pepe around, flinging him like a sack of handsome potatoes, as the tower lurches back and forth, finally slamming him down and picking up the jewels, as Pepe lays defeated....

PEPE
*You are so obsessed with royalty,
but you are forgetting the most
important element of the animal
kingdom, monsieur.*

VERSAILLE
Oh really? And what's that?

PEPE
Natural selection!

Pepe's tail whips up and blasts a burning, toxic cloud of *SKUNK SPRAY* into Versaille's face! YES! HELL YEAH! AWESOME! BOTH YOU AND ME LITERALLY FORGOT HE COULD DO THAT AND WE'VE BEEN SAVING IT THE WHOLE MOVIE!

Versaille roars in pain and staggers back, coughing and spluttering as Pepe pushes himself to his feet, *LIGHTNING CRACKING BEHIND HIM, illuminating the darkened city below-*

THIS IS OUR HERO SHOT. Pepe looks like John McClane and James Bond but infinitely more rugged and handsome, drenched with rainwater as lightning again bounces in the clouds...

Pepe and Versaille *FIGHT AGAIN, but now that Versaille's blinded, Pepe's able to dodge his wild swings, repeatedly knocking him back towards the edge of the tower-*

And then Versaille *TAKES OFF, clutching the jewels! And Pepe without hesitation LEAPS OFF AFTER HIM, tackling him in mid air!*

AT THE POWER
STATION

Cecil knocks down the last of the raccoons, and Penelope flips the big power switch! As the generator hums to life, Michigan looks up into the sky, and sees Pepe and Versaille *struggling in mid air, framed against the moon through the clouds!*

MICHIGAN J FROG
Holy toledo, that's so dramatic!

PENELOPE
Pepe!

Pepe *AGAIN* sprays Versaille; blind and unable to breath, Versaille can't keep flying and they *PLUMMET DOWN, DOWN DOWN DOWN DOWN DOWN-*

Splash! The jewels land on the river bank but Pepe and Versaille plunge INTO THE RIVER SEINE!

UNDERWATER

Both are dazed- but Versaille *GRABS PEPE- only for a boat to SMASH INTO BOTH OF THEM, spinning away Versaille and knocking out Le Pew, sending him drifting down...*

...down...down...to the bottom...

EXT. THE EDGE OF THE RIVER SEINE

Penelope rushes out to the river's edge, but then trembles, pulling back. Not the water.

She takes a beat, and then starts picking up the jewels, shielded from the rain by a cafe umbrella. She glances at the water, then back at the jewels...and has a

BRIEF FANTASY...

Seeing herself selling the jewels, returning to America, returning to her sick owner, who's well again, who sweeps her into her arms....

...and then this fades, like the fantasy it is, and she's just a trembling kitten, alone in the rain...

PENELOPE

Nope, not this time.

PENELOPE TAKES A RUNNING START AND DIVES INTO THE RIVER SEINE! She swims down- down- and grabs Pepe! But she can't swim up; she's too heavy!

After a moment, Penelope draws out her collar, realizing it's what's dragging her down. She stares at it...And then lets it go, sending it drifting into the darkness.

She pulls Pepe up

ONTO THE SHORE

Where she drags him to safety, coughing and wheezing in the cloud of his skunk spray...

Only for **VERSAILLE TO COME BURSTING OUT OF THE WATER, ROARING, CHARGING THEM-**

Until he's **SHOT WITH A BILLION TRANQUILIZER DARTS BY YOSEMITE SAM and THROWN IN THE BACK OF THE ANIMAL CONTROL VAN!**

Penelope breathes a sigh of relief, and looks down to Pepe, to see him slowly rousing. He sees her, and is shocked.

PEPE

You saved me...even though I am stinky?

PENELOPE

Don't you get it: Somewhere inside...*I'm stinky too.*

Pepe looks at her, and he sees the abandoned kitten outside in the rain. Penelope looks at him, and she sees the isolated little skunk sitting alone.

And, in that moment:

Pepe, recovering, slowly smiles and then-

THEY KISS! OMG! THIS IS SO GREAT OMG I DON'T EVEN CARE THAT THEY'RE NOT THE SAME SPECIES THIS IS SO BEAUTIFUL IT DOESN'T HAVE TO MAKE PRACTICAL SENSE!

OH GOD I'M SOBBING AND IF YOU'RE NOT SOBBING WHEN YOU ACTUALLY SEE THE MOVIE AS OPPOSED TO JUST READING IT HERE AFTER ALL THIS ACTION, GODDAMN YOU FAKE IT BECAUSE THE OTHER PEOPLE AROUND YOU ARE CRYING AND IF YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE NOT CRYING THEY'LL THINK YOU'RE HEARTLESS, JUST PLAIN HEARTLESS

INT. ANIMAL CONTROL

Sylvester is sitting alone in his cell, when **VERSAILLE** is thrown in.

SYLVESTER

Hey! Can't a cat get a little...privacy...

Versaille rises up, blinking in the light.

SYLVESTER (CONT'D)

Oh, uh...Mr. Versaille. What a wacky coincidence seeing you here. I'm Sylvester, sir, and I just wanna say-

VERSAILLE

A black cat...with a white stripe...named Sylvester...

SYLVESTER

That's me...?

VERSAILLE ROARS AND ATTACKS, SMASHING HIM ALL OVER THE PLACE IN A CLOUD OF SMOKE, AS WE PULL UP, AND OUT OF THE WINDOW...

We TRANSITION INTO a CLASSIC FRENCH NEW WAVE CREDITS SEQUENCE as we watch Pepe and Penelope get into hijinks all over Paris; the Eifel Tower being repaired, Cecil getting a new toy car, Michigan taking them out for dinner in the chandelier of a fancy restaurant...It's lovely.

And then, as it wraps up, from the shadows, we see two eyes watching...*It's Jacque!*

JACQUE

Le revenge.

SLAM TO BLACK.