

Killing Zoe

by

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FADE IN:

INT. TAXI CAB - MOVING - DAY

Rain falls on the rear window of a taxi parked in the taxi zone of the Charles de Gualle Airport.

Aside from the incessant tapping of rain on the roof of the cab we hear the sounds of the airport: the almost monotonic loudspeaker declaring in French that loitering is not permissible and that should any bags be left unattended that they will be destroyed; the honking of the horns from other automobiles; the unintelligible chatter of people as they get their bearings. Inside the cab, playing on the radio, is Angeliqe Kidjo's funky song "Batonga".

Then, the rear door to the cab opens and in an EXTREME CLOSE UP we see ZED, a young man with wild, almost mesmerizing eyes shielded by small round glasses, and with a head of nappy red hair. His face has drops on it from the flurry outside.

He settles himself, then looks to the CAB DRIVER, an easy going Senegalese/Frenchman, in the front seat.

ZED
Hotel Mondial.

CAB DRIVER
Le Mondial. Tres bien.

He starts driving.

CAB DRIVER
Avec cette pluie ca risque de prendre un moment. L'autoroute est ferme. A cause du 14 Juillet.

He drives for a while.

CAB DRIVER
[Do you mind the radio?]

Zed looks at the meter, francs are clicking away. He also looks at the cab driver's license, his name is Moises Du Bois.

CAB DRIVER
[Do you want me to turn the radio off?]

ZED
(realizing he's being asked a question)
I don't speak French.

The driver turns around.

CAB DRIVER
(in broken English)
Ah. American?

ZED

That's right.

CAB DRIVER

That's good because I speak a little English.

Zed nods.

CAB DRIVER

I asked if you mind the radio. Music. You know.

Zed shakes his head "no".

CAB DRIVER

(with a smile)
Super cool.

Zed adjusts his watch.

ZED

What time is it?

CAB DRIVER

Time, time, time. I don't know. Daytime.

Zed forgets the adjustment for now.

CAB DRIVER

Are you in town for business?

ZED

Yes.

CAB DRIVER

It's a nice hotel. Your hotel. Very big rooms.

He looks at Zed in the rear view mirror.

CAB DRIVER

Do you know Paris?

ZED

I've been here once before. When I was younger.

The cab driver smiles.

CAB DRIVER

Those were the days.

They drive for a while.

CAB DRIVER

Married?

ZED

I beg your pardon?

CAB DRIVER

Do you have a wife?

ZED

No.

(then after thinking about it
for a while)

Why?

CAB DRIVER

Well, if you need a wife for the night...

(searching for the right words
in French)

Une escorte. Pour vous faire visiter.

(then back to his broken
English)

For business. I give you my number.

Very nice girl. French. Like when you
were young.

He lifts his hand and shows his index and middle finger
tightly extended together, then he crosses them.

CAB DRIVER

Know what I mean?

Zed smiles at this and nods.

CAB DRIVER

Speaks the language of love. Take you to
heaven and back. You just tell me and I
set it up.

Zed shakes his head and laughs.

CAB DRIVER

What you laughing at? You let Moises set
it up. She treat you right. She treat
you fine.

Zed can do nothing but smile at the thought of it.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOTEL - HALL - DAY

A long, empty hallway of a moderately priced hotel. From
around a corner comes a BELLBOY carrying Zed's one bag.

Zed is right behind him.

They come up to room 6A and the bellboy unlocks the door.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

The door to the room opens and the bellboy, followed by Zed, walks into the room.

He puts Zed's bag onto one of those luggage holders and proceeds to show him the room.

Sitting on the bed is a large air freight package.

BELLBOY
(in broken English)
Your package...It arrived in the last
night of before last night.

He points to the telephone.

BELLBOY
Ah...telephone, for the room service.

He motions toward the bathroom.

BELLBOY
The toilet.

He opens the closet door.

BELLBOY
To hang the clothes.

He points to a control console next to the bed.

BELLBOY
From here you can operate the television.

Then he pauses at the door before he goes out.

Zed reaches into his pocket and takes out some French money, he starts fingering through it.

Then, the bellboy takes the liberty of showing Zed which bills to give him.

BELLBOY
(after getting what he wanted)
Merci.

He starts to leave.

ZED
Oh, wait.

The bellboy turns around.

ZED
What time is it?

BELLBOY
(confused)
What time is it?

ZED
(pointing at his watch)
Time.

BELLBOY
Ah. Yes. Il est presque huit heures
moins dix.

The bellboy clicks his heels and walks out the door.

Zed looks around the room, still wondering what time it is,
and takes a seat on the bed.

Obviously tired from the flight Zed unbuttons his shirt a bit
and lays back on the bed next to the package. Before he
dozes off to sleep he takes his watch off and places it on
the bedside table.

He is asleep.

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - LATER - DAY

Zed's bed, while still made, looks like it's been slept in.
Sitting on it is the ripped open air freight package. Inside
of it is a black steel briefcase.

The shower is on and from the look of things Zed is in it.

On the bedside table we see Zed's watch. It reads 12:10 P.M.
Next to it is the phone. Next to the phone is a piece of
folded paper with Moises' name and a phone number that reads:
45.63.53.37.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - BATHROOM - SHOWER - DAY

Zed is in the shower letting the water run directly into his
face and cascade down his body.

He opens his mouth and freely drinks the water, then he spits
some out with a spurt.

Then he stops, attentive, listening for something.

He turns the shower off.

Then he hears it again, the knocking on the door.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - BATHROOM - DAY

Zed grabs a towel and climbs out of the shower. He makes his
way toward the knocking.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Zed walks to the door to his room with the towel wrapped around his waist. He opens it.

In the hall is ZOEY, a cute French girl of not more than twenty. She's chewing on gum the way a schoolgirl might, but she looks like no girl Zed ever went to school with.

ZOEY

Bonjour.

ZED

(a little awkwardly)

Bonjour.

Zed opens up the door and lets her in. She checks out the room and places her bag on the bed. Then she makes her way to the window for a view of the city.

ZOEY

Wow. Vous avez une belle chambre. Je ne suis jamais venue dans cet hotel.

She turns to him, but in the process takes the time to examine every detail of the room.

ZOEY

Ca sera 150 francs de l'heure. Toute la nuit pour 700. D'avance. Et faudra porter un--

ZED

I...don't speak French.

She blows a bubble.

ZOEY

It's okay.

She takes a seat on the bed.

ZOEY

It will be one thousand francs for all night. In advance.

Zed takes the money out of his wallet and gives it to her.

ZOEY

We can do it now if you want.

ZED

Well, let me just dry up.

ZOEY

Okay, but it's not necessary.

He goes into the bathroom and starts drying himself.

She puts the money in her bag and then turns on the television from the remote console. A French talk show comes on. She changes the channel until she comes to a station playing F.W. Murnau's silent classic, "Nosferatu". She smiles and sits back to watch.

ZED(O.S.)
(from the bathroom)
What's your name?

ZOEY
Zoe or Zoey. Which ever you like.

ZED(O.S.)
My name's Zed.

ZOEY
(smiling at this)
That's funny. We both have Z names.

Zed comes walking out of the bathroom drying his hair. His pants are on.

ZED
What was that?

She notices his pants.

ZOEY
You can take those off. The pants.

ZED
I'd rather watch you get undressed first.

ZOEY
(matter-of-factly)
Alright.

She stands up and starts to lift her top off. He stops her.

ZED
Slower.

He lays down on the bed.

She stands there looking at him and then smiles.

ZOEY
Alright Mister America. Zed.

Then, with Zed laying on the bed and watching her, she slowly, seductively strips in front of him, never taking her eyes from his eyes, until she is totally naked.

ZOEY
Slow enough for you?

Then, like a cat prowling for it's prey, she crawls over the bed to him and begins to unbuckle his pants.

She removes the pants and climbs on top of him. They begin to make love.

On the television, "Nosferatu" silently plays.

Zoey and Zed quicken their pace with an urgency one can't resist during a moment of passion.

She cries out and lowers herself to his grasp. An IMAGE overcomes her mind.

They quicken to an almost violent speed and then expire, both satisfied.

She begins to kiss him multiple times over the face.

ZOEY

C'etait formidable.

She rolls over, still hugging him, purring like a kitten.

They rest there for a while...holding each other.

ZOEY

I'm cold.

She takes the covers and crawls under them, so does Zed.

ZOEY

Zed?

ZED

Yes?

ZOEY

Moises told me you were in town for business.

ZED

Yes.

ZOEY

What kind of business?

ZED

Why?

ZOEY

I don't know. I'm just curious.

ZED

Do you ask all your clients questions?

ZOEY

No. Just the ones I like.

ZED

So you like me?

ZOEY

Yes.

ZED

Why?

ZOEY

Because you're...a good person. I run into some real creeps. You know.

ZED

How do you know I'm a good person?

ZOEY

Body language. We fit together.

ZED

All men and women fit together. Hell, even some men fit together.

ZOEY

No, but you know, we clicked. You made me orgasm. Do you know how often I orgasm with a man Moises sets me up with?

ZED

No I don't.

ZOEY

Usually never. They're almost always fat like pigs.

Zed laughs at this.

ZOEY

And you make me feel safe. That's something more important than the orgasm. An integral part maybe of the orgasm.

ZED

I never really thought of it like that.

ZOEY

Well, it's true.

Zed nods at this.

ZOEY

Turn off the television.

Zed reaches over and turns it off from the console.

ZOEY

So I mean it when I tell you Zed, I like you very much.

ZED

Well, I like you too Zoe.

ZOEY

Honest?

He nods.

ZOEY

Why? For the same reason? Any man can orgasm. Even with his own hand.

Zed stares ahead as he thinks of an answer.

ZED

Well, I like your honesty. You're open. Unlike most prostitutes I've been with.

She doesn't like the sound of this. She slaps him.

ZOEY

I am not a prostitute!

Zed is a little surprised at this.

ZED

Really? Can I have my francs back then?

ZOEY

I'm a student. And to pay for the classes I became an escort. It's my choice to sleep with you.

ZED

I see.

ZOEY

What? You don't understand.

ZED

No, I do.

ZOEY

Hey, it's not easy.

ZED

I didn't say it was.

ZOEY

I'm here because I want to.

ZED

Okay, okay relax. What school do you go to?

ZOEY

The Centre du Art, Paris.

ZED

That's really interesting. What kind of art do you study?

ZOEY

Not any of the old shit.

ZED

Oh.

ZOEY

I have a day job too. Three times a week.

She rolls onto her back and stares into an imaginary world as she talks to Zed.

ZOEY

But someday there will be only my art.

ZED

What kind of things do you paint?

ZOEY

I don't paint. I make things. Objects. Not like sculpture. Like life...but with no narrative. I want when someone looks at one of my objects for there to be no reference to the world. Void of feeling, emotion...void of destiny. Those are left for me. They belong only to me. If someone else can see into it...then it is no longer mine. I have failed. And I would destroy it. I don't care how much cash they would offer me. It would be shit. I can't tell you how many objects of mine have been destroyed. They told too much about me. And if someone wants to know something about me...I'll tell them myself. The way I'm telling you.

She looks back at him.

ZOEY

What I do I do only for the objects.

ZED

I'd like to see one of these.

ZOEY

What? So you could see the work of a whore?

He decides to put a stop to this once and for all.

ZED

Zoey. I'm sorry for calling you a prostitute. I didn't understand the difference.

ZOEY

The difference is a prostitute would have lied to you about her orgasm.

He gives her a kiss.

ZED

If these things you make are as true as you are...I'm sure they're as indescribable. Perhaps, someday, you'll make one...about me.

ZOEY

If I do...you'll never know which one it is. Because I'll be the only one who understands. I'll be the only one who can look into it and see where in my life it came from.

Zed is unable to speak. They look into each others eyes for a long moment, hearing the sounds of the city drift in through the window. Then she leans forward and gives him a soft understanding kiss.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ZED'S ROOM - NIGHT

Zed is asleep. Zoey is asleep in his arms.

There is a knocking at the door.

Zed opens his eyes.

The knock becomes a pound.

Zed gets up and puts on his pants. Zoey gets up and looks around.

ZOEY

(groggily)

What time is it?

ZED

I have no idea. Night time.

There is more pounding on the door.

ZOEY

I'm going to take a shower.

She trots off naked to the bathroom and starts the shower.

Zed walks over to the door and opens it up.

Standing in the hall is Eric, a Frenchman of Zed's age wearing baggy French-style clothes.

ERIC

(with a thick accent)

Hey you madman!

Zed's happy to see him.

ZED

Eric. Come in.

They hug.

ERIC

What happened to you? I thought you were going to call.

Eric walks in and starts to notice the traces of wild love making around the room.

ERIC

(smiling)

Oh I see. You have been busy.

ZED

Sorry, I asked the hotel to give me a wake up call.

ERIC

That's good, but now I am here. So let's go. We have a lot to talk about.

ZED

What about the girl?

ERIC

Is she your girlfriend?

ZED

No.

ERIC

Fuck her.

He peeks into the bathroom.

ERIC

She's a dishrag whore. Kick her out.

ZED

I'll let her stay here tonight.

ERIC

Don't be silly. It's dangerous.

Eric walks into the bathroom.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Eric walks up to the shower and knocks on the door. Zoey is obviously surprised to see him.

ERIC

(in French with English subtitles)

[Okay. Get out of the shower. It's time for you to leave.]

ZOEY

[Fuck you.]

Eric opens up the door and yanks her out of the shower.

ERIC

[No. Come on you fucking slut!]

She shrieks.

ZOEY

[Let go of me you shit!!]

He drags her out into the room, she is dripping wet.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Zed can't believe this.

ZED

Eric.

ERIC

(to Zed)

Don't worry about her.

(to Zoey in French)

[Why don't you just go back to your pimp
and suck his black dick!]

She bites his hand. He yells in pain.

ERIC

God damn it!

He kicks her in the butt and sends her toward the door.

ERIC

[Get the fuck out of here you fucking
whore!]

He opens the door and throws her into the hall.

INT. HOTEL - HALL - NIGHT

Naked, Zoey falls into the hall.

Eric slams the door shut.

She is instantly back on her feet and screaming as she pounds
on the door.

ZOEY

[Give me my clothes you asshole!]

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

She is pounding on the door.

ERIC

(looking at his hand wound)
God damn it. Look at my hand.

ZED

(shocked at the whole incident)
Jesus Eric.

ZOEY(O.S.)

Ouvres! Je veux mes habits!

Eric listens.

ERIC

Oh shit. Her clothes.

He picks up her clothes and her bag, opens the door, and throws it into the hall just long enough for her to yell at him.

ZOEY

(almost too quick to understand)
Tu te prends pour qui espece de connard!?

ERIC

La ferme!

He slams the door shut.

Then he turns to Zed.

ERIC

So tell me, what have you been up to?

Zed sits down on the bed.

ZOEY(O.S.)

Allez vous faire enculer tous le deux!

ZED

Eric, I liked that girl.

ERIC

Oh. Well, then why didn't you stop me.

ZED

Because you were on a rampage.

ERIC

Look, your whole life you've done nothing but fuck whores. A girl like that will give you AIDS. Why don't you find a nice girl in the suburbs?

ZED

Because when you need to get off you don't want to have to date for months to do it.

ERIC

Just use your hand like me.

ZED

Sometimes you just need honesty...and security.

ERIC

I don't understand. Anyway, it's too late. Get dressed, let's go out and meet the boys.

ZED

Okay, let me take a shower.

ERIC

No, in Paris it's good to smell like you've been fucking. It will make them respect you.

ZED

Oh.

ERIC

Just put on a shirt and a sport coat.

Zed starts to get dressed

EXT. BOULEVARD SAINT MICHEL - NIGHT

The McDonalds on the corner of Boulevard Saint Michel and Rue Soufflot is bustling.

Eric's Citroen screeches around the corner on it's way past the Pantheon and into the heart of the fifth Arrondissement.

INT. ERIC'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Eric and Zed are driving through the streets of Paris in Eric's car. The grooving Ryuichi Sakamoto song "Triste" is playing on the radio.

ERIC

I'm glad you came. How long has it been?

ZED

Years.

ERIC

It's amazing, you know? Here you are. One day in America. Now here.

ZED

Well, to be honest there really wasn't much happening for me in the states.

ERIC

But in Paris your old friend Eric has a job for you, so you came. That's good.

ZED

How could I resist your invitation?

ERIC

You would have been stupid to.

ZED

So what have you been doing here?

ERIC

After school I spent some time in Algeria studying African philosophy. And then I bummed around. You know. For fun. For a while I worked at Le Figaro. The newspaper.

ZED

Really?

ERIC

Yes. With an assumed Masters degree. And lately we have just been bombing fascists here in Paris. You know, like terrorists.

Zed looks over at him.

ERIC

It's fun.

CUT TO:

INT. ERIC'S FLAT - OUTER STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Eric and Zed walk up the stairs to the fifth floor where Eric's flat is. On the top landing there is a dead cat laying. Zed and Eric notice the cat as Eric is opening the door.

There is also a telephone coming out of the neighbors door.

ERIC

The people next door are on holiday. We took their phone. If you want to make a long distance call, go ahead.

ZED

Is that cat dead?

ERIC

I don't know. I think it's asleep but it's been there for days.

Eric gives it a kick. No response.

ERIC

I guess it is dead.

They walk into the flat.

INT. ERIC'S FLAT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Eric's flat consists of a good sized living room area with a connected kitchen and a small bedroom in the back. In the front of the living room there is a small balcony where the sounds of the city pour in. The room itself is a general mess. A bunch of guns are piled in one corner of the floor. Hung up on the wall is a huge, French "Dressed To Kill" poster.

Some Brazilian Gilberto/Getz music is playing.

Sitting at the table playing cards are three men: FRANCOIS, RICARDO, and JEAN.

Sitting on the couch rolling a cigarette with hash is CLAUDE and OLIVER.

They all turn as Zed and Eric walk in.

ERIC

Hello.

They all return the greeting.

ERIC

(to Zed)

Okay. This is Francois, Ricardo, Jean, Oliver, and Claude. Got it?

ZED

I will.

ERIC

They all know who you are.

(to the rest of them)

Ne soyez pa salauds. Offrez une biere au plus grand perceur de coffres.

Oliver stands up and walks to the kitchen.

OLIVER

(with an English accent)

Zed, would you like a beer?

ZED

Thanks.

OLIVER

Don't think of it.

CLAUDE

(to Zed)

Come. Sit down.

INT. ERIC'S FLAT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

The kitchen is an absolute pig sty. Dishes are piled up in the sink and on the counter.

Oliver grabs a glass that has some old beer in it and empties it. He scratches some filth off of it and pours some beer into the glass.

INT. ERIC'S FLAT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Zed takes a seat on the couch next to Claude.

Suddenly, a SPIDER MONKEY dressed in a little Uncle Sam costume comes screeching up onto Zed's lap and then up onto his head, the whole time clawing at his eyes.

Eric, amused, turns from the men playing cards and smiles.

CLAUDE

(to Zed)

Easy. Don't scare him. He just wants to claim you.

Zed is frozen as the monkey climbs around him and then onto Claude's shoulder.

CLAUDE

Let me introduce you properly. This is Enrique.

The monkey screeches.

CLAUDE

He likes to be called Chim Chim, but we don't always get what we like...do we?

Again, the hideous creature screeches.

CLAUDE

(to Enrique)

Tais-toi!

(then to Zed)

Do you like hash?

Then Eric interrupts.

ERIC

(jokingly)

Don't sit next to that junkie.

CLAUDE

Ahhhhhh!

Claude throws a lit cigarette at him which explodes into a mass of sparks. They laugh.

ERIC

(to Claude)

That little shit monkey of yours pissed on my Billy Holiday albums. Next time he's out the door.

(to Zed)

Zed, come here.

Zed gets up and goes with Eric to the bedroom. On the way Oliver hands him the glass of beer.

OLIVER
Here you go mate.

ZED
Thanks.

Oliver sits down next to Claude.

INT. ERIC'S FLAT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Eric's bed has probably never been made. In fact, this room looks a lot like Quentin Tarantino's old apartment. But, there is a certain order to all this chaos. Eric pulls out a blueprint and spreads it out over the bed.

ERIC
Don't ask me where we got this.

ZED
Okay.

ERIC
On Bastille Day, all the banks are closed.

He places his hand on the blueprint.

ERIC
But this one. BIP. The Banque Internationale de Paris. And for being greedy capitalists perhaps they will remain closed next Bastille day. Yes?

Zed smiles.

ERIC
We will go in and shut the bank down. Now, look at this.

Eric pulls out a complex electronic schematic.

ERIC
As you can see, only one person can start the alarm.
(he hands it to Zed)
The concierge, at this desk.
(he points it out on the blueprint)
We will take care of him. Then we can close the bank. No one will know the difference since every other bank will be closed.

ZED
(turning the schematic around)
Are you sure he won't push the alarm?

ERIC

Ahhh! He's right next to the door. We'd have to be totally incompetent not to stop him. Don't worry about that.

He points to the main floor vault.

ERIC

Here. This is where they keep the days reserve cash. Okay fuck that.

He flips the page to the lower level blueprint.

ERIC

There are many vaults downstairs, but this is the vault we must get into. This is where the real prize is.

ZED

What kind of vault is that?

He checks the blueprint.

ERIC

Ah...Swiss made. A Caliber.

ZED

Caliber?

(he thinks about it)

It'll take three hours.

ERIC

No, that's too long.

ZED

That's how long it'll take.

ERIC

Well shit. It's too long. We have to be in and out.

(he snaps his fingers)

Like that. Or there will be suspicion.

A little time is okay...but too long and...

He shrugs his shoulders in an "I don't know gesture."

ZED

Well hold on a second.

(pointing to the blueprint)

What's this?

Eric looks down at the blueprint. There is a small passage connecting the main vault to an adjacent vault.

ERIC

Another vault.

ZED

No this.

Eric looks closely at the blueprint.

ERIC

I don't know...it connects the two vaults.

ZED

Well, what kind of vault is this other one?

ERIC

(reading the blueprint)

Also Swiss, but this one is a Poseidon.

ZED

Why would those two vaults be connected?

ERIC

I don't know.

ZED

Because I can get into this vault in half an hour. Maybe less.

ERIC

But this entry way is too small to get the platen out. We have a lot of merchandise in there.

ZED

No, don't you see? We get in through this secondary vault and take this passage to the other main vault. From the inside I could open the Caliber vault in five minutes.

ERIC

You could open it in five minutes?

ZED

From the inside it's easy.

ERIC

(excited)

Hot damn. That is our answer.

ZED

Okay. When is Bastille day?

ERIC

Tomorrow.

ZED

Tomorrow!? We're doing this tomorrow?

ERIC

But of course.

ZED

It's impossible.

ERIC

It's not impossible. Everyone knows what to do.

ZED

I don't know what to do.

ERIC

You don't need to know shit. Just get into the vault and we'll do the rest.

ZED

I haven't even seen the bank.

ERIC

Fuck the bank. Before we do a job we live life. It's better that way. Okay?

ZED

(unsure)

Okay.

ERIC

Good. Now we do heroin!

CUT TO:

INT. ERIC'S FLAT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

EXTREME CLOSE ON: Eric making heroin.

The heroin powder is put into a spoon with some lemon squeezed into it, then a little bit of tap water. Huddled around Eric are Francois, Ricardo, and Oliver.

OLIVER

(so high he's wobbling)

You have to look at the Starship Enterprise as a metaphor for the human brain.

No one is really listening to Oliver. Eric takes out a lighter and cooks it to a boil.

OLIVER

(continuing)

Spock is the right hemisphere of the brain, all logic and intellect. Mc Coy is the left hemisphere, stricktly emotional. And Kirk is the unseen observer. He drifts between the two. Back and forth, as it might be, caught between the two thought processes.

ERIC

[Cotton.]

Ricardo hands him a cotton ball.

OLIVER

(continuing)

It's really quite brilliant you know.
That's why Star Trek is and always will
be a hit show.

Eric places the cotton ball in the spoon with the mixture.

ERIC

(to Oliver)

[Here, shut up and hold this.]

He hands Oliver the spoon and takes out a needle. Using the cotton as a filter he draws the heroin into the syringe.

Then, he holds the syringe up and starts tapping it.

ERIC

[Don't want to get air bubbles in my
veins.]

They all laugh at this.

INT. ERIC'S FLAT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

In the meantime, Zed is sitting on the couch with Claude and Jean. Claude is rolling a hash and tobacco cigarette. Jean is chopping up some powder heroin on the glass of a small picture.

JEAN

Do you want heroin?

ZED

No, I want to be sharp for tomorrow.

Jean and Claude laugh at this.

JEAN

No. A little bit of heroin, some hash, a
beer...and you're just right.

Jean snorts a line.

Claude offers Zed the spliff. Zed shakes his head "no".

CLAUDE

Okay.

JEAN

(recovering from the snort)

That's good.

Eric, Francois, Ricardo, and Oliver come out of the kitchen laughing.

Eric, Ricardo, and Oliver take a seat on the couch opposite Zed. Francois sits on the floor.

Eric rolls up his sleeve.

ERIC
(to Ricardo in French)
[Hold my arm.]
(then to Zed)
My vein is like a rock.

Ricardo takes hold of his arm and squeezes. Eric inserts the needle into his vein and draws out a little blood. It mixes with the heroin, then he pumps it in...then back into the syringe, then all the way back in.

He withdraws the needle.

Ricardo lets go of his arm.

Eric is in bliss. His eyes roll back into his head. He looks like he's on the verge of falling asleep.

Then Jean takes another snort.

Pretty soon everyone is smoking and getting high, shooting up, and drinking more beer.

Then Jean holds out a piece of folded aluminum foil with some heroin in it.

JEAN
(to Zed)
Try some. It's called chasing the dragon. The Chinese have been doing it for centuries.

ZED
I don't think so.

JEAN
Oh, but you must. It will make you feel as though the rest of the world is in a bubble of glass and that you're rubbing up against it like a bad windshield wiper.

They stick the aluminum foil with the heroin in it up next to his face. They then light the bottom of the foil with a lighter. Before Zed knows it, he's inhaling a silky ribbon of smoke.

Suddenly our plane of focus wildly shifts and we...

FOCUS DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ERIC'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Ricardo is racing Eric's car through the streets of Paris weaving in and out of traffic. Next to him is Oliver, and in the back seat is Zed and Eric. They're giving the very stoned Zed a whirlwind tour of the sights.

A car speeds up next to them. In it is Francois, and Claude, with Jean driving. They are racing with Ricardo through the streets.

The Patrick Hernandez song "Born To Be Alive" is blasting away on the radio.

ERIC

There. That's Notre Dame.

But before Zed can even look it has past by.

RICARDO

Do you like French cars?

All Zed can notice is that the speedometer is at 160 kilometers per hour. He tries to calculate what that is in miles per hour.

ZED

(answering Enrique's question)

Yes.

RICARDO

I like the Cadillac. Fifty-two to seventy-five. Very nice.

ERIC

Up here you can see the Eiffel tower.

Zed is in too much of a blur. He leans over to Eric.

ZED

Is tomorrow really Bastille day?

ERIC

Yes, tomorrow we pull the biggest job in French history. And spend the rest of our lives in Monte Carlo.

The drunken Englishman, Oliver, belches and then cheers.

EXT. PARIS STREET - NIGHT

The two cars are frantically racing through traffic.

INT. JEAN'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Jean is very intent on beating them to whatever location it is they're going to.

Claude, in the seat next to him, gives him some advice.

CLAUDE

[Faster, faster...go faster. Let's beat them!]

Francois laughs and coughs out a cloud of smoke.

EXT. PARIS STREET - NIGHT

Jean's car makes a dangerous lane change across traffic and cuts off Ricardo.

INT. ERIC'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Ricardo swerves as he passes a joint to Eric.

RICARDO

[Shit! That bastard.]

ERIC

(to Ricardo)

Watch it! Don't crash my car.

Eric takes a big hit.

ERIC

Over here is where the male prostitutes sell themselves. Do you see?

No, Zed doesn't see.

Suddenly, everyone in the car is shouting out the windows.

OLIVER

(out the window)

Fucking fags!

ERIC

(also out the window)

Suce ma bite?!

RICARDO

Perverts d'homosexuels!

Eric laughs.

ERIC

(into Zed's ear)

This is good to have you here. We could not do this without you.

Zed nods.

ERIC

Everyone has agreed to give you double shares. That's good.

Zed nods, delirious.

ERIC

You know I have AIDS. From the needle.

Zed can't believe this. He's not sure if what he heard was what he thought he heard.

ZED

Really?

Then Eric sees something.

ERIC

Okay, up here is the Arc de Triomphe.

They take a sharp turn.

CUT TO:

INT. CELLAR - NIGHT

Eric, Zed, Francois, Ricardo, Jean, Claude, and Oliver are all walking down some dank stone steps into a cellar. Somewhere crazy Raymond Scott Toy Jazz music is playing.

An old wine cellar has been converted into a Toy Jazz club. Nothing fancy...dirt floors, chairs and small tables scattered about...but the arched brick ceilings make for great acoustics.

ON STAGE

a BAND is playing away. In the audience sit about TWELVE FRENCH PEOPLE, all enjoying the music.

AT THE BUFFET

In the back of the club near the doors some tables have been set up with a buffet of local cuisine on it. Behind the tables are two rotund but happy French women MIRELLE and JOSEPHINE.

Eric, Zed, Francois, Ricardo, Jean, Claude, and Oliver walk in and immediately start blabbing away in French to Mirelle and Josephine.

Eric hands them some money.

ZED'S TABLE

Everyone enters and takes seats at various parts of the club. Oliver sits next to Zed.

OLIVER

So, how long have you known Eric?

ZED

Well, Eric's mother is American.

OLIVER

Yeah, and his dad's French.

ZED

They're divorced. And she and his father had some kind of six month split plan set up. So every six months he would come back to the states. We were best friends. Eventually he and his mother had a falling out and he stayed here. It's been...years.

OLIVER

Well, it's good to have you here. Eric speaks fairly highly of you. Say, he says you're a big fan of Viking films.

ZED

Well...I suppose. I used to be, when I was young.

OLIVER

Oh they're the best. Helmets with horns on them. Shit. That's fucking genius.

He starts laughing.

OLIVER

How 'bout Toy Jazz? You like it?

Zed watches the players on stage and then nods.

ZED

Yeah...I guess.

OLIVER

I love it. It's really good, you know? Like real music. It has a heart and culture all it's own. It's, like, jazz for dwarves...or guys in Leiderhosen. Total purity of essence.

ZED

Yeah.

OLIVER

Hungry cannibals'd like it.

Then Claude comes up to them with some glasses and a bottle of red wine.

CLAUDE

Here, you must drink some of this wine, it's good.

He pours Zed a glass.

Oliver passes on the wine.

OLIVER
(to Claude)
Non merci, c'est de la merde.

CLAUDE
(to Oliver)
La ferme. C'est du bon vin.
(to Zed)
The fucking English.

Zed sips some. He's in no real shape to tell if the wine's good or not.

ON STAGE

Suddenly, it seems as though the bands music gets louder. The horns really start to scream and the room becomes a delirium of music.

The band stands up.

IN THE AUDIENCE

The people watching start to dance, if not in their seats then right in front of everything.

ZED'S TABLE

Suddenly, Zed notices something...

ON STAGE

Eric is up on stage playing a trombone right alongside the band.

ZED'S TABLE

Zed blinks but it's true.

Oliver and Claude start laughing.

OLIVER
Look at him. He's crazy.

ON STAGE

And surely he must be, yet, in a strange way, he's keeping up with the other musicians and sounding pretty good.

Eric is all smile as he plays with them. Sweat is running down his face but he's caught up in the moment.

ELISE, a woman from the audience has jumped up onto the stage, caught up in Eric's frenzy, and is dancing about like James Brown.

Then, the music crescendos and Eric hands the trombone back to a musician.

The set is over.

Eric skips off the stage and walks over to where Oliver, Claude, and Zed are sitting.

EXT. BOULEVARD SAINT MICHEL - NIGHT

The McDonalds on the corner of Boulevard Saint Michel and Rue Soufflot is bustling.

Eric's Citroen screeches around the corner on it's way past the Pantheon and into the heart of the fifth Arrondissement.

INT. ERIC'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Eric and Zed are driving through the streets of Paris in Eric's car. The grooving Ryuichi Sakamoto song "Triste" is playing on the radio.

ERIC

I'm glad you came. How long has it been?

ZED

Years.

ERIC

It's amazing, you know? Here you are. One day in America. Now here.

ZED

Well, to be honest there really wasn't much happening for me in the states.

ERIC

But in Paris your old friend Eric has a job for you, so you came. That's good.

ZED

How could I resist your invitation?

ERIC

You would have been stupid to.

ZED

So what have you been doing here?

ERIC

After school I spent some time in Algeria studying African philosophy. And then I bummed around. You know. For fun. For a while I worked at Le Figaro. The newspaper.

ZED

Really?

ERIC

Yes. With an assumed Masters degree.
And lately we have just been bombing
fascists here in Paris. You know, like
terrorists.

Zed looks over at him.

ERIC

It's fun.

CUT TO:

INT. ERIC'S FLAT - OUTER STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Eric and Zed walk up the stairs to the fifth floor where
Eric's flat is. On the top landing there is a dead cat
laying. Zed and Eric notice the cat as Eric is opening the
door.

There is also a telephone coming out of the neighbors door.

ERIC

The people next door are on holiday. We
took their phone. If you want to make a
long distance call, go ahead.

ZED

Is that cat dead?

ERIC

I don't know. I think it's asleep but
it's been there for days.

Eric gives it a kick. No response.

ERIC

I guess it is dead.

They walk into the flat.

INT. ERIC'S FLAT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Eric's flat consists of a good sized living room area with a
connected kitchen and a small bedroom in the back. In the
front of the living room there is a small balcony where the
sounds of the city pour in. The room itself is a general
mess. A bunch of guns are piled in one corner of the floor.
Hung up on the wall is a huge, French "Dressed To Kill"
poster.

Some Brazilian Gilberto/Getz music is playing.

Sitting at the table playing cards are three men: FRANCOIS,
RICARDO, and JEAN.

Sitting on the couch rolling a cigarette with hash is CLAUDE
and OLIVER.

They all turn as Zed and Eric walk in.

ERIC

Hello.

They all return the greeting.

ERIC

(to Zed)

Okay. This is Francois, Ricardo, Jean,
Oliver, and Claude. Got it?

ZED

I will.

ERIC

They all know who you are.

(to the rest of them)

Ne soyez pa salauds. Offrez une biere au
plus grand perceur de coffres.

Oliver stands up and walks to the kitchen.

OLIVER

(with an English accent)

Zed, would you like a beer?

ZED

Thanks.

OLIVER

Don't think of it.

CLAUDE

(to Zed)

Come. Sit down.

INT. ERIC'S FLAT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

The kitchen is an absolute pig sty. Dishes are piled up in
the sink and on the counter.

Oliver grabs a glass that has some old beer in it and empties
it. He scratches some filth off of it and pours some beer
into the glass.

INT. ERIC'S FLAT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Zed takes a seat on the couch next to Claude.

Suddenly, a SPIDER MONKEY dressed in a little Uncle Sam
costume comes screeching up onto Zed's lap and then up onto
his head, the whole time clawing at his eyes.

Eric, amused, turns from the men playing cards and smiles.

CLAUDE

(to Zed)

Easy. Don't scare him. He just wants to claim you.

Zed is frozen as the monkey climbs around him and then onto Claude's shoulder.

CLAUDE

Let me introduce you properly. This is Enrique.

The monkey screeches.

CLAUDE

He likes to be called Chim Chim, but we don't always get what we like...do we?

Again, the hideous creature screeches.

CLAUDE

(to Enrique)

Tais-toi!

(then to Zed)

Do you like hash?

Then Eric interrupts.

ERIC

(jokingly)

Don't sit next to that junkie.

CLAUDE

Ahhhhhh!

Claude throws a lit cigarette at him which explodes into a mass of sparks. They laugh.

ERIC

(to Claude)

That little shit monkey of yours pissed on my Billy Holiday albums. Next time he's out the door.

(to Zed)

Zed, come here.

Zed gets up and goes with Eric to the bedroom. On the way Oliver hands him the glass of beer.

OLIVER

Here you go mate.

ZED

Thanks.

Oliver sits down next to Claude.

INT. ERIC'S FLAT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Eric's bed has probably never been made. In fact, this room looks a lot like Quentin Tarantino's old apartment. But, there is a certain order to all this chaos. Eric pulls out a blueprint and spreads it out over the bed.

ERIC

Don't ask me where we got this.

ZED

Okay.

ERIC

On Bastille Day, all the banks are closed.

He places his hand on the blueprint.

ERIC

But this one. BIP. The Banque Internationale de Paris. And for being greedy capitalists perhaps they will remain closed next Bastille day. Yes?

Zed smiles.

ERIC

We will go in and shut the bank down. Now, look at this.

Eric pulls out a complex electronic schematic.

ERIC

As you can see, only one person can start the alarm.

(he hands it to Zed)

The concierge, at this desk.

(he points it out on the blueprint)

We will take care of him. Then we can close the bank. No one will know the difference since every other bank will be closed.

ZED

(turning the schematic around)

Are you sure he won't push the alarm?

ERIC

Ahhh! He's right next to the door. We'd have to be totally incompetent not to stop him. Don't worry about that.

He points to the main floor vault.

ERIC

Here. This is where they keep the days reserve cash. Okay fuck that.

He flips the page to the lower level blueprint.

ERIC

There are many vaults downstairs, but this is the vault we must get into. This is where the real prize is.

ZED

What kind of vault is that?

He checks the blueprint.

ERIC

Ah...Swiss made. A Caliber.

ZED

Caliber?

(he thinks about it)

It'll take three hours.

ERIC

No, that's too long.

ZED

That's how long it'll take.

ERIC

Well shit. It's too long. We have to be in and out.

(he snaps his fingers)

Like that. Or there will be suspicion. A little time is okay...but too long and...

He shrugs his shoulders in an "I don't know gesture."

ZED

Well hold on a second.

(pointing to the blueprint)

What's this?

Eric looks down at the blueprint. There is a small passage connecting the main vault to an adjacent vault.

ERIC

Another vault.

ZED

No this.

Eric looks closely at the blueprint.

ERIC

I don't know...it connects the two vaults.

ZED

Well, what kind of vault is this other one?

ERIC

(reading the blueprint)

Also Swiss, but this one is a Poseidon.

ZED

Why would those two vaults be connected?

ERIC

I don't know.

ZED

Because I can get into this vault in half an hour. Maybe less.

ERIC

But this entry way is too small to get the platen out. We have a lot of merchandise in there.

ZED

No, don't you see? We get in through this secondary vault and take this passage to the other main vault. From the inside I could open the Caliber vault in five minutes.

ERIC

You could open it in five minutes?

ZED

From the inside it's easy.

ERIC

(excited)

Hot damn. That is our answer.

ZED

Okay. When is Bastille day?

ERIC

Tomorrow.

ZED

Tomorrow!? We're doing this tomorrow?

ERIC

But of course.

ZED

It's impossible.

ERIC

It's not impossible. Everyone knows what to do.

ZED

I don't know what to do.

ERIC

You don't need to know shit. Just get into the vault and we'll do the rest.

ZED

I haven't even seen the bank.

ERIC

Fuck the bank. Before we do a job we live life. It's better that way. Okay?

ZED

(unsure)

Okay.

ERIC

Good. Now we do heroin!

CUT TO:

INT. ERIC'S FLAT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

EXTREME CLOSE ON: Eric making heroin.

The heroin powder is put into a spoon with some lemon squeezed into it, then a little bit of tap water. Huddled around Eric are Francois, Ricardo, and Oliver.

OLIVER

(so high he's wobbling)

You have to look at the Starship Enterprise as a metaphor for the human brain.

No one is really listening to Oliver. Eric takes out a lighter and cooks it to a boil.

OLIVER

(continuing)

Spock is the right hemisphere of the brain, all logic and intellect. Mc Coy is the left hemisphere, stricktly emotional. And Kirk is the unseen observer. He drifts between the two. Back and forth, as it might be, caught between the two thought processes.

ERIC

[Cotton.]

Ricardo hands him a cotton ball.

OLIVER

(continuing)

It's really quite brilliant you know. That's why Star Trek is and always will be a hit show.

Eric places the cotton ball in the spoon with the mixture.

ERIC
(to Oliver)
[Here, shut up and hold this.]

He hands Oliver the spoon and takes out a needle. Using the cotton as a filter he draws the heroin into the syringe.

Then, he holds the syringe up and starts tapping it.

ERIC
[Don't want to get air bubbles in my veins.]

They all laugh at this.

INT. ERIC'S FLAT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

In the meantime, Zed is sitting on the couch with Claude and Jean. Claude is rolling a hash and tobacco cigarette. Jean is chopping up some powder heroin on the glass of a small picture.

JEAN
Do you want heroin?

ZED
No, I want to be sharp for tomorrow.

Jean and Claude laugh at this.

JEAN
No. A little bit of heroin, some hash, a beer...and you're just right.

Jean snorts a line.

Claude offers Zed the spliff. Zed shakes his head "no".

CLAUDE
Okay.

JEAN
(recovering from the snort)
That's good.

Eric, Francois, Ricardo, and Oliver come out of the kitchen laughing.

Eric, Ricardo, and Oliver take a seat on the couch opposite Zed. Francois sits on the floor.

Eric rolls up his sleeve.

ERIC
(to Ricardo in French)
[Hold my arm.]
(then to Zed)
My vein is like a rock.

Ricardo takes hold of his arm and squeezes. Eric inserts the needle into his vein and draws out a little blood. It mixes with the heroin, then he pumps it in...then back into the syringe, then all the way back in.

He withdraws the needle.

Ricardo lets go of his arm.

Eric is in bliss. His eyes roll back into his head. He looks like he's on the verge of falling asleep.

Then Jean takes another snort.

Pretty soon everyone is smoking and getting high, shooting up, and drinking more beer.

Then Jean holds out a piece of folded aluminum foil with some heroin in it.

JEAN

(to Zed)

Try some. It's called chasing the dragon. The Chinese have been doing it for centuries.

ZED

I don't think so.

JEAN

Oh, but you must. It will make you feel as though the rest of the world is in a bubble of glass and that you're rubbing up against it like a bad windshield wiper.

They stick the aluminum foil with the heroin in it up next to his face. They then light the bottom of the foil with a lighter. Before Zed knows it, he's inhaling a silky ribbon of smoke.

Suddenly our plane of focus wildly shifts and we...

FOCUS DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ERIC'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Ricardo is racing Eric's car through the streets of Paris weaving in and out of traffic. Next to him is Oliver, and in the back seat is Zed and Eric. They're giving the very stoned Zed a whirlwind tour of the sights.

A car speeds up next to them. In it is Francois, and Claude, with Jean driving. They are racing with Ricardo through the streets.

The Patrick Hernandez song "Born To Be Alive" is blasting away on the radio.

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There. That's Notre Dame.

But before Zed can even look it has past by.

RICARDO

Do you like French cars?

All Zed can notice is that the speedometer is at 160 kilometers per hour. He tries to calculate what that is in miles per hour.

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(answering Enrique's question)

Yes.

RICARDO

I like the Cadillac. Fifty-two to seventy-five. Very nice.

ERIC

Up here you can see the Eiffel tower.

Zed is in too much of a blur. He leans over to Eric.

ZED

Is tomorrow really Bastille day?

ERIC

Yes, tomorrow we pull the biggest job in French history. And spend the rest of our lives in Monte Carlo.

The drunken Englishman, Oliver, belches and then cheers.

EXT. PARIS STREET - NIGHT

The two cars are frantically racing through traffic.

INT. JEAN'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Jean is very intent on beating them to whatever location it is they're going to.

Claude, in the seat next to him, gives him some advice.

CLAUDE

[Faster, faster...go faster. Let's beat them!]

Francois laughs and coughs out a cloud of smoke.

EXT. PARIS STREET - NIGHT

Jean's car makes a dangerous lane change across traffic and cuts off Ricardo.

INT. ERIC'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Ricardo swerves as he passes a joint to Eric.

RICARDO
[Shit! That bastard.]

ERIC
(to Ricardo)
Watch it! Don't crash my car.

Eric takes a big hit.

ERIC
Over here is where the male prostitutes
sell themselves. Do you see?

No, Zed doesn't see.

Suddenly, everyone in the car is shouting out the windows.

OLIVER
(out the window)
Fucking fags!

ERIC
(also out the window)
Suce ma bite?!

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Perverts d'homosexuels!

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ERIC
(into Zed's ear)
This is good to have you here. We could
not do this without you.

Zed nods.

ERIC
Everyone has agreed to give you double
shares. That's good.

Zed nods, delirious.

ERIC
You know I have AIDS. From the needle.

Zed can't believe this. He's not sure if what he heard was
what he thought he heard.

ZED
Really?

Then Eric sees something.

ERIC

Okay, up here is the Arc de Triomphe.

They take a sharp turn.

CUT TO:

INT. CELLAR - NIGHT

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An old wine cellar has been converted into a Toy Jazz club. Nothing fancy...dirt floors, chairs and small tables scattered about...but the arched brick ceilings make for great acoustics.

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Eric hands them some money.

ZED'S TABLE

Everyone enters and takes seats at various parts of the club. Oliver sits next to Zed.

OLIVER

So, how long have you known Eric?

ZED

Well, Eric's mother is American.

OLIVER

Yeah, and his dad's French.

ZED

They're divorced. And she and his father had some kind of six month split plan set up. So every six months he would come back to the states. We were best friends. Eventually he and his mother had a falling out and he stayed here. It's been...years.

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OLIVER

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He starts laughing.

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How 'bout Toy Jazz? You like it?

Zed watches the players on stage and then nods.

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Yeah...I guess.

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I love it. It's really good, you know? Like real music. It has a heart and culture all it's own. It's, like, jazz for dwarves...or guys in Leiderhosen. Total purity of essence.

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OLIVER

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(to Claude)

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(to Oliver)

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The fucking English.

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ON STAGE

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IN THE AUDIENCE

The people watching start to dance, if not in their seats then right in front of everything.

ZED'S TABLE

Suddenly, Zed notices something...

ON STAGE

Eric is up on stage playing a trombone right alongside the band.

ZED'S TABLE

Zed blinks but it's true.

Oliver and Claude start laughing.

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ON STAGE

And surely he must be, yet, in a strange way, he's keeping up with the other musicians and sounding pretty good.

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Then, the music crescendos and Eric hands the trombone back to a musician.

The set is over.

Eric skips off the stage and walks over to where Oliver, Claude, and Zed are sitting.

EXT. BANK - DAY

EXTREME CLOSE ON: The door to the bank.

Francois puts a sign on the door that reads: [Closed for Bastille Day].

CUT TO:

INT. BANK - SUB LOBBY HALL - DAY

The sub lobby teller and the sub lobby guard #2 rendezvous with the sub lobby assistant.

SUB LOBBY TELLER
(to assistant)
[Do the phones work?]

SUB LOBBY ASSISTANT
[They went dead.]

SUB LOBBY TELLER
Merde!

They walk out into the sub lobby.

INT. BANK - SUB LOBBY - DAY

The sub level teller and the sub lobby assistant walk into the sub lobby just as Eric, Zed, Oliver, and the bank manager start coming down the stairs.

At the sight of Eric and his men the sub lobby guard #2 aims his weapon but does not fire because of the bank manager.

Eric presses his Uzi against the bank manager's neck.

ERIC
(to the guard)
[Drop the gun!]

He doesn't.

ERIC
[Drop your gun now and nobody dies!]

After a moments thought about this, and the fact that Oliver has a sawed-off aimed at him, he slowly puts his gun on the floor.

ERIC
[Good boy.]

They descend down the stairs into the sub lobby.

Oliver takes his gun.

CUT TO:

INT. BANK - LOBBY - DAY

Francois, Ricardo, and Jean have finished herding everyone behind the teller windows. Claude is on his way downstairs.

CLAUDE
[I'm going to check things out downstairs.]

RICARDO
(to the people)
[Now! On the ground! Face down!]

Then, for effect, he kicks a man.

CUT TO:

INT. BANK - SUB LOBBY - DAY

Claude comes downstairs with his gun raised.

CLAUDE
[All clear down here?]

Everyone turns.

ERIC
[Take these two upstairs. And chain the
gate to the sub lobby shut.]

Oliver pushes the sub lobby guard #2 and the sub lobby
assistant toward Claude. Then he hands him a chain.

Claude can barely maintain his enthusiasm.

CLAUDE
[The phones and video are down! We're
locked up tight!]
(then in English)
We fucking did it!

He takes the two upstairs.

Eric smiles through his teeth at the bank manager.

ERIC
[Any others I should worry about?]

BANK MANAGER
[No.]

ERIC
(to Oliver)
[Well, just to be sure--]

Then, from one of the safety deposit booths a sound is heard.
All eyes turn to it.

Oliver walks up to it and kicks the door in. The stodgy
customer is kneeling in it. He instantly holds his hands
high.

OLIVER
[Freeze motherfucker!]

Eric walks up, gun in hand.

ERIC
[Who the fuck are you?]

STODGY CUSTOMER
[Please don't shoot me!]

OLIVER
[On the ground!]

He does.

ERIC
(to the bank manager)
[Making a deposit I hope.]
(he smiles to Oliver)
[Bring him with us.]

They all make their way down through the sub lobby hall.

INT. BANK - RESERVE VAULT AREA - DAY

They're herding the men through the hall.

BANK MANAGER
(to the sub lobby teller)
[Vault locked?]

SUB LOBBY TELLER
[Yes.]

ERIC
[Shut your fucking mouths!]

BANK MANAGER
(to Eric)
[The vault doors are shut and time
locked. You won't be able to open them.]

They walk through a doorway into the storage/elevator area.

INT. BANK - STORAGE/ELEVATOR AREA - DAY

Eric pushes the manager and the others through the doorway.

ERIC
(to the bank manager)
[You think we're fucking amateurs? You
think we're stupid? I've got news for
you...we planned ahead my friend!]

Eric pushes them in front of the Calibre vault door.

ERIC
[Now save us a lot of time and just open
the vault.]

BANK MANAGER
[No.]

ERIC

[Okay.]

He releases the bank manager and stuffs the barrel of his handgun into the sub level tellers mouth.

ERIC

[Open the vault.]

The teller's eyes widen.

BANK MANAGER

[I cannot.]

ERIC

[Oh.]

(to the teller)

[Can you?]

BANK MANAGER

[No. Once closed only I can open it.]

ERIC

[Then open it.]

BANK MANAGER

[I cannot.]

The sub lobby teller's eyes plead with the bank manager.

Zed is watching the whole affair nervously.

ERIC

[Do you understand that I'll kill her if you don't open this fucking vault?]

BANK MANAGER

[Do you understand that this is an international reserve bank? Robbing it is punishable by life imprisonment.]

Eric fires. The back of the sub lobby teller's head paints the wall red.

ZED

Jesus fucking Christ!

The bank manager, shocked as he is, looks at Zed. He knows he's an American.

The sub lobby teller's body slumps to the ground.

Eric grabs the stodgy customer and puts the gun to his temple.

ERIC

[Open the vault door or I'll kill this man next.]

The bank manager is freaking out, but after what was probably the most horribly agonizing internal debate, he holds his ground.

BANK MANAGER

[I still cannot open the vault.]

ERIC

[Come on. It's only things in there.
This man is flesh and blood.]

BANK MANAGER

[I will not open the vault.]

ZED

Eric no! I can open the vault!

ERIC

Shut the fuck up!

(then to the stodgy customer)

[You're a customer in this bank and this
is how they treat you. Do you have a
family?]

He nods his head "yes".

ERIC

[Would you like to see them again?]

He nods his head again.

ERIC

(to the manager)

[This man has a family he would like to
have Bastille day dinner with tonight.
So save us some time and open the vault.]

After losing about a pound of sweat...

BANK MANAGER

[No.]

Eric quickly removes the gun from the customers temple and fires two shots into the bank manager's face.

The bank manager falls against the vault door and onto the floor.

ERIC

Fucking idiot.

(then to the stodgy customer)

[You seem like a nice man. Tonight at
dinner think about how lucky you are and
how much you love your family.]

He starts nodding his head.

STODGY CUSTOMER

Oui.

ERIC
(to Oliver)
[Take him upstairs.]

Oliver takes the customer upstairs to the rest of the people.

Eric rips off his mask.

ERIC
Don't you ever conflict with me during
work again! Do you hear!?

Zed off his clown mask.

ZED
You didn't have to shoot any of them!

ERIC
(patronizing)
Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't realize you were
in charge now. Nobody told me.
(his temper flares)
If he had opened the vault it would have
saved us a fucking hour.

He charges into the reserve vault area.

INT. BANK - RESERVE VAULT AREA - DAY

They enter and Eric walks up to a bathroom door.

ZED
Eric. It's just that we've gone from
being thieves to murderers.

ERIC
Oh fuck it doesn't matter! Here you get
the death penalty just for robbing a
federal bank.

ZED
I thought the death penalty was abolished
in 1980?

ERIC
Ohhhh! That's what they tell you! But
who cares? I need to take a piss.

Eric enters the bathroom.

ERIC
(on his way into the bathroom)
Why don't you open the vault?

Zed looks at the bathroom door close. After a fuming pause
he turns and walks back toward the Poseidon vault door.

CUT TO:

INT. BANK - LOBBY - DAY

Francois peeks through the venetian blinds of the windows to the outside.

FRANCOIS

[Looks clear.]

In the meantime, behind the teller windows guarding the people who are laying on the floor, Jean and Ricardo are in the middle of a conversation. Oliver is sitting on the counter, having just brought the stodgy customer upstairs. Also here now are the sub lobby assistant and the sub lobby guard #2.

JEAN

[What do you mean you're not sure if the alarm went off or not?]

RICARDO

[I mean I'm not sure.]

JEAN

[Well, either it did or it didn't.]

RICARDO

[And I'm not sure.]

JEAN

[Well, do you think it did?]

RICARDO

[I just fucking told you, I don't know.]

JEAN

[Take a guess.]

RICARDO

[It didn't.]

JEAN

[You're sure?]

RICARDO

[No. It's just a guess.]

JEAN

[Well what kind of a fucking guess is that? You're saying it could have.]

RICARDO

[Yes.]

JEAN

[Well that's fucking great. Why didn't you just kill that asshole to begin with. I knew I should have been the one to kill him. You're always so damn slow.]

RICARDO

[Shit these masks are really hot.]

CLAUDE

[I know, I've got fucking sweat stinging
my eyes.]

In the meantime Zoey is on the floor, unsure of what is going on.

CUT TO:

INT. BANK - VAULT ANTECHAMBER - DAY

Zed opens up his steel briefcase. Inside of it are all sorts of electronic gear and tools.

He takes out a tape measure and some callipers and measures out a point on the vault door. He marks the point with a piece of chalk.

CUT TO:

INT. BANK - MEN'S BATHROOM - DAY

In one of the stalls Eric is preparing a syringe. He has just cooked the heroin and is now tapping on it to get the bubbles out.

CUT TO:

INT. BANK - VAULT ANTECHAMBER - DAY

Zed takes a power drill out from the briefcase and attaches a special diamond tipped bit. He measures the depth he wants to drill to and then marks the bit with a yellow pencil.

He places his ear to the vault and taps the spot.

CUT TO:

INT. BANK - MEN'S BATHROOM - DAY

Eric readies the needle and slaps his vein. He is shaking but trying to remain as still as possible.

He places the needle at the end of a track on his arm and inserts it.

CUT TO:

INT. BANK - VAULT ANTECHAMBER - DAY

Zed starts drilling into the point he marked with the chalk on the vault door.

CUT TO:

INT. BANK - MEN'S BATHROOM - DAY

Eric's eyes roll back into his head as the heroin fills his vein.

He drops the needle to the floor and sits back to enjoy the rush.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BANK - LOBBY - DAY

Zoey is sitting on the floor next to the other bank hostages.

CUT TO:

INT. BANK - VAULT ANTECHAMBER - DAY

EXTREME CLOSE ON: Zed's drill bit. It burrows into the steel wall of the safe spewing out spiral shavings.

CUT TO:

INT. BANK - LOBBY - DAY

Zoey looks at all the people sitting around her. They're all scared. Jean, Ricardo, and Francois are talking amongst themselves.

JEAN

(in French to Ricardo)
[Do you know one?]

RICARDO

[Let's see. Okay. An unfortunate fellow was locked up in prison doing five to ten for armed robbery. All he could think of the whole time was eating pussy.]

Zoey looks up at them telling the joke.

RICARDO

[The day finally came for his release. He walked out of the prison with a new suit and fifty francs the officials had given him, and made a bee-line for the whorehouse in the nearest town. Slamming his fifty francs on the front desk, he said, "I wanna eat some pussy."]

Jean is already laughing.

RICARDO

[I'm not done. Listen. "Where've you been," said the greasy fellow behind the desk, "fifty francs won't get you a close look these days."]

Zoey glances at all of the people. Then her eyes lock with the concierge security guard.

RICARDO

["Listen buddy," said the ex-convict, pulling him out of his chair by the shirt collar, "I wanna eat some pussy, and I want it now!"]

The concierge security guard lifts his pant leg slowly.

RICARDO

["Okay, okay," gasped the proprietor, "I'll see what I can do." So the ex-con followed him through to the very back of the warehouse through some stained, tattered red curtains, and into a grimy little room where a bedraggled looking whore lay spreadeagled on a filthy bed. "She's yours for fifty francs," said the proprietor, and the fellow went at it.]

Zoey notices that on the concierge security guard's leg is an ankle holster with a small .38 pistol on it. His fingers begin to unsnap the safety harness on it.

Her eyes widen.

RICARDO

[After a little while, he came across a piece of egg. "That's funny," he thought to himself, "I don't think I had egg for breakfast." But he spat it out and kept eating away. Next he found a piece of chipped beef wedged between his front teeth. "I'm sure I haven't eaten chipped beef this week," he thought, but kept on. Then he came across the corn. "What is this?" he said, "I think I'm going to be sick."]

The concierge security guard unsnaps the safety. Zoey knows he's going to make his move.

RICARDO

["Ya know," says the whore, "that's what the last guy said."]

Before they can even laugh the concierge security guard whips out the .38 and fires three shots.

Two of them hit Ricardo in the chest. He falls to the ground.

The other hits Francois in the arm.

In an instant Jean is firing his machine gun into the group of people huddled on the floor.

Everyone is screaming and trying to get away.

Machine gun fire cuts through the concierge security guard killing him dead.

Unfortunately, the wild spray of bullets also rips into three of the tellers, four of the customers, and the loan officer, killing them all.

People are trying to flee but Claude fires his gun into the ceiling.

CLAUDE
[No one fucking moves!]

Jean has jumped up on the table and is aiming at the people.

JEAN
[Shit! What happened!?!]

CUT TO:

INT. BANK - VAULT ANTECHAMBER - DAY

Zed looks up hearing the commotion.

Eric comes running out of the bathroom and into the storage/elevator area.

ERIC
What is it? What's going on?

Zed gets up to go upstairs.

ZED
I don't know.

ERIC
No! You stay here.

Eric runs upstairs.

CUT TO:

INT. BANK - LOBBY - DAY

Francois is on the ground holding his arm. He keeps rolling back and forth in pain.

Ricardo is dead.

Jean, Claude, and Oliver are waving their guns around ready to kill someone any second.

JEAN
[Nobody fucking moves! Nobody fucking moves!]

Claude motions to the dead security guard.

CLAUDE

[The gun! Somebody get it!]

Oliver goes over to the dead security guard, the whole time waving his gun at people.

OLIVER

[Don't fuck with me! Don't fuck with me!]

He grabs the gun from the dead security guards limp grip.

Eric storms in. He isn't wearing his mask.

ERIC

[What the fuck is going on!?!]

Zoey notices Eric, she remembers him.

OLIVER

(pointing at the dead man)
[This crazy fuck shot Ricardo!]

Eric looks over at Ricardo and then at the carnage.

Then everybody notices he isn't wearing a mask.

JEAN

(quietly)
[Eric, your mask.]

ERIC

Oh shit.

Then Oliver yanks his off.

OLIVER

Who gives a damn if they see us or not anyway! I can't see a fucking think in this!

Everyone takes their masks off.

ERIC

[Is this what happens? Is this what happens when I walk away for five minutes?]

CLAUDE

[He had a hidden gun.]

ERIC

(mimicking a little child)
[He had a hidden gun.]
(then back to normal)
[I don't care!]

Then, one of the bank customers, a MALE TOURIST, speaks up.

MALE TOURIST

(holding up his passport)

This is insane! I am a U.S. citizen!
You must let me go!

Eric looks at him.

MALE TOURIST

I'm an American! American! I'm just
here exchanging dollars. If it wasn't
for my country you'd all be speaking
German!

Eric is tired of this outburst, he shoots him.

Everyone screams.

ERIC

(to the people)

[I have had enough of this nonsense! The
next person that speaks will die!]

Everyone is quiet.

Francois is sitting on the floor bleeding from his arm.

JEAN

[Eric, I'm sorry. Things got out of
hand. But we're in control now.]

ERIC

[Good. Let's try to keep it that way.
God what a mess.]

CLAUDE

Eric

ERIC

[What the fuck is it now!? You want me
to hold your hand as you take a piss?]

CLAUDE

[I have a question.]

ERIC

[What?]

CLAUDE

[Do we know if the alarm went off or
not?]

ERIC

[Yes.]

CLAUDE

[We do?]

ERIC

[Yes. It didn't go off. If it had the police would be here and our whole plan would be fucked. But they're not here, and our plan isn't fucked. So if there aren't any more fucking stupid questions I'll go downstairs and see if we're in yet. Is that okay with you?]

Claude nods.

Then, the phone rings.

Everyone looks at it.

ERIC

[I thought the phones were dead.]

It rings again.

OLIVER

The phones are dead.

Eric grabs a WOMAN TELLER who is crying hysterically and lifts her to her feet.

He drags her to the ringing phone.

ERIC

[Answer it!]

She is crying too hard.

Eric puts his gun to her head.

ERIC

[Answer it or you will die.]

She slowly picks up the phone.

WOMAN TELLER

(answering phone through tears)
Banque Internationale de Paris.

She pauses, then hands the phone to Eric.

WOMAN TELLER

[It's for you.]

Eric takes the phone and pushes her to the floor.

He puts the receiver to his ear.

ERIC

(into phone)
[Hello.]
(pause)
[Who is this?]

Eric motions to Oliver to check the windows.

Oliver runs over and peeks out the blinds.

OLIVER

Oh my God! The police!

ERIC

(into phone)

[What do you want?]

Eric looks around at the dead bodies.

ERIC

(into phone)

[We're all fine in here.]

Oliver is pacing back and forth wildly. He starts loading extra ammo into his weapon.

ERIC

(into phone)

[No. I'll tell you what, you go fuck yourself you fucking pig. You send anyone near this building and I'll kill the first person I lay my hands on. I've got plenty hostages here to kill so don't even think of coming in.]

(pause)

[Just stay put. We'll call you when we're ready. In the mean time, have a nice day.]

Eric hangs up the phone, and then leaves it off the hook.

CLAUDE

[The silent alarm must have gone off after all!]

ERIC

[Shut the fuck up! The alarm didn't do shit. For all we know your idiot shooting brought them here. Anyhow it doesn't matter. Nothing has changed.]

JEAN

[My God! The police! What are we going to do?]

ERIC

[Nothing. We don't have to do anything. The plan stays the same, just slightly different.]

Then Eric catches sight of Zoey, their eyes lock. Eric smiles and winks. Then he turns to Jean with a whisper.

ERIC

[If the police decide to come in...kill them. And if you don't mind, stack those bodies somewhere else. This place is a fucking mess and it's bad for morale.]

Then he takes off downstairs, smiling. Jean is a little stumped.

INT. BANK - RESERVE VAULT AREA - DAY

As Eric walks down the stairs and through the reserve vault area a look of intense concentration washes over his face. You can see that a trillion calculations are being made in his brain...the question is: are there any answers?

CUT TO:

INT. BANK - VAULT ANTECHAMBER - DAY

Zed is drilling now with a hand drill. He removes it and blows into the hole. Shavings come out.

Eric comes trotting into the antechamber whistling.

ZED

(turning to Eric)

What's going on?

ERIC

Nothing. They were just scaring them.

ZED

Well, did you tell them to stay quiet?

ERIC

Yes. They're assholes. Just having fun.

Zed looks into the hole.

He has drilled into the vault door, revealing some wiring.

ZED

Fucked up my drill bit.

ERIC

It's okay. You can buy another one.

Zed takes out a volt meter from his briefcase and inserts the two prongs into the hole.

ZED

Cross your fingers.

Eric does.

The volt meter's needle jumps.

ZED

Perfect.

ERIC

Excellent. What next?

ZED

We find the fuse box. It'll probably be upstairs.

Zed gets up.

ERIC

It's okay. I'll find it for you.

ZED

No. I need to see it myself.

Zed jumps up and into the storage/elevator area with Eric close behind him.

ERIC

I think it would be better if I looked for you. I could--

INT. BANK - STORAGE/ELEVATOR AREA - DAY

Instead of walking upstairs, Zed finds the fuse box right in the next room.

ZED

Hold on. Here she is.

Eric is a bit relieved.

Zed opens it up.

ZED

Let's see.

He looks through the fuses and then finds the one he wants.

ZED

Okay, you throw this fuse switch off and then back on when I call to you. Any other switch may set off the alarm.

Eric smirks.

ERIC

Oh, I wouldn't want to do that.

ZED

(serious)
Got it?

ERIC

(nodding)
Got it.

Zed goes back to the vaults.

INT. BANK - VAULT ANTECHAMBER - DAY

Zed trots back to the Poseidon vault door and quickly grabs a little gizmo from out of his briefcase. It is a little home-made black box with a series of LED's on it and two wires coming out of one side with alligator clips on the end. Three other wires are also coming out of it.

He slips the alligator clips into the hole and latches them.

He then tapes one of the wires to the vault itself.

The two remaining wires he hooks up to a large twelve volt battery.

ZED

Come on sweetie don't fail me now.

He looks toward the door leading to the reserve vault area.

ZED

(calling to Eric)

Ready?!

ERIC(O.S.)

(calling back)

Ready!

Zed turns on his little box, the LED's start flickering.

ZED

Now!

The lights go out and then back on.

There is a whirring sound from the vault door.

The LED's quickly go from red to green.

There is a loud, heavy clicking as the vault door unlocks.

ZED

Open sesame.

Zed smiles and swings the door open revealing the interior of the Poseidon vault.

Eric comes running in like a kid on Christmas morning.

ERIC

It worked!

He and Zed hug.

ERIC

Oh my God it worked!

Zed looks into the Poseidon vault at the passage connecting it to the main vault. It is covered by a small locked cage.

ZED

I can get through that lock in a minute.

ERIC

Then do it. We don't have all day.

Zed enters the Poseidon vault.

INT. BANK - POSEIDON VAULT - DAY

Zed goes to the gated passage which isn't much more than a window in one upper side of the vault, but it's enough to get him into the main vault.

Eric is right behind him.

Zed takes a twirl at the combination lock.

ZED

Dime store brand. Three minutes max.

ERIC

Good.

Then, there's a gunshot. The bullet comes from the Calibre vault through the window and almost hits Zed.

Zed falls backwards onto the floor.

ZED

Fuck!

ERIC

Merde!

Then there's another gunshot.

The bullet ricochets through the vault.

ZED

Jesus Christ!

Scrambling on their hands and knees Zed and Eric crawl out of the Poseidon vault.

INT. BANK - VAULT ANTECHAMBER - DAY

They take cover.

Another shot is fired into the vault.

Zed and Eric look into the vault.

ZED

Another security guard?

ERIC

Must be.

ZED

I think I stained my pants.

ERIC

Me too.

Oliver comes running in with his gun ready for action.

OLIVER

What is it?! I came down to see how things were going and heard shots!

ERIC

Some asshole in the vault.

Oliver takes cover and cocks his gun.

OLIVER

We've got guns. Why don't we just storm in and blast his fucking ass! It's three against one! Let's give it the old--

ERIC

Quiet!

OLIVER

I'm just trying to be helpful.

ERIC

Just let me think.

OLIVER

You don't have to snap at me.

Eric peeks into the vault.

ERIC

(calling into the vault)

[Hey you. Nice shooting. Play time's over. Why don't you throw out your gun?]

VAULT GUARD #1(O.S.)

(calling from main vault)

No!

Oliver and Eric look at each other and smile.

ERIC

[Come on. We don't want to kill you.]

VAULT GUARD #1(O.S.)

[You'll have to!]

ERIC

(quietly to Zed)

What is this guys problem?

(then to the guard)

[Come on! You're making me impatient. I don't have all day.]

VAULT GUARD #1(O.S.)

[Look, don't take it personally. This is my job.]

Oliver and Eric look at each other and shrug. Then Eric sees something in Zed's briefcase. It looks like grey clay.

ERIC

[Then take a paid vacation. We won't tell if you won't.]

There is a pause. During this time Eric takes the clay and pushes a detonator into it.

ZED

(quietly)

What the Hell are you doing? Have you gone mad?

VAULT GUARD #1(O.S.)

[Sorry. I can't.]

ERIC

[Well, look, we're going to give you fifteen minutes to change your mind. Okay?]

VAULT GUARD #1(O.S.)

[Okay.]

Zed starts to grab the plastique away from Eric. Eric resists.

ZED

(holding his voice down)

That's too much. It's dangerous.

ERIC

I like danger.

(then to the guard)

[Changed your mind yet?]

Eric creeps into the room and activates the detonator.

Zed and Oliver run for cover.

VAULT GUARD #1(O.S.)

[No. And I'm not going to. Why don't you just take the money from the other vaults?--]

Eric tosses the bar of plastique through the caged window and makes a break for it.

There is a huge explosion in the adjoining main vault. The walls quake and a fireball bellows out of the caged window, blowing it open.

The vault guard #1 screams and then goes silent.

CUT TO:

INT. BANK - LOBBY - DAY

Francois, Claude, and Jean are forcing customers to drag dead bodies into a cube. The room shakes and everyone looks toward the hall that leads to the stairs.

The hostages, whose nerves are already shot, start crying.

FRANCOIS

[Should we see if they're okay?]

JEAN

[No. They're just blasting the vault open.]

CLAUDE

[What does it matter now? We're fucking surrounded by police.]

CUT TO:

INT. BANK - VAULT ANTECHAMBER - DAY

Dust has blown out of the vault and is settling on Oliver, Zed, and Eric, who is laughing like a madman.

Zed is looking at him like he's crazy.

ZED

You asshole! You could have killed us all.

ERIC

But I didn't! Let's go check out the damage.

Eric gets up and walks into the Poseidon vault.

Before Zed follows him he looks at Oliver who doesn't know what to think.

INT. BANK - POSEIDON VAULT - DAY

Eric laughs.

ERIC

Zed look!

He points to the caged window. It's been blown off it's hinges.

ERIC

I beat you! I opened it in under three minutes.

He starts laughing and then crawls through the connecting passage into the Caliber vault.

Zed, with his briefcase, follows.

ZED
(to Oliver)
Go around and wait at the main vault door. When I tell you, open it up.

OLIVER
Right. When you tell me, I'll open it up.

ZED
Right.

OLIVER
Right.

Zed crawls through the opening.

OLIVER
I'll be at the other vault waiting for you to call to me.

INT. CALIBER VAULT - DAY

The main vault looks like what a vault would look like if it were blown up from the inside. On the floor is the still smoldering body of the security guard. The room is incredibly smokey.

Zed squeezes through the opening.

Then, Eric, grinning like a schoolboy, emerges from the smoke with a brick sized bar of pure gold.

ERIC
Look at it! We're all rich!

The smoke clears and we see that on the far side of the vault there is a huge platen on wheels with bricks of gold stacked onto it.

Eric starts laughing.

ERIC
We're rich!

Zed looks at him like he's crazy.

ERIC
We're rich!

ZED
We're not out of here yet.

ERIC
Yes but we're rich!

Zed takes a seat at the vault door. The backside of a vault door looks like an incredibly intricate clock. Zed removes the Plexiglass shielding.

ERIC

I'm going to show the others.

He squirms out of the entry with the brick of gold.

Zed shakes his head and goes to work setting dials and using his voltmeter to test electrical points.

CUT TO:

INT. BANK - LOBBY - DAY

Claude is talking to Jean.

CLAUDE

[What? You think we may actually get out of this? You're fooling yourself.]

JEAN

[Why are you such a pessimist?]

CLAUDE

[Are you kidding me? Look at this mess.]

Jean surveys the mess, the crying people.

CLAUDE

[This is nothing. Imagine the police outside. We're dead men.]

Eric walks in from the rear stairs. In his hand is a brick of gold.

ERIC

[Jean, Francois, Claude...look at this.]

They see the gold.

JEAN

[You did it! You got in!]

ERIC

[Zed is opening the vault now. This is a taste.]

Eric holds the bar of gold up for all the people to see.

ERIC

[Look at this and tell me I'm not brilliant.]

WOMAN CUSTOMER

(crying)

[You're a monster! And you'll never leave this place alive!]

Eric shoots her with his Uzi.

ERIC
(to the hostages)
[None of you are worth half of this
single bar. Remember that.]

Francois, Jean, and Claude look at each other.

CLAUDE
[Eric...can I speak with you?]

ERIC
[Of course.]

CLAUDE
[In private.]

ERIC
[There's no need. I have nothing to
hide. What is it Claude?]

CLAUDE
[Well...we're surrounded by the police
and we have no way out. What are we
going to do?]

Eric slaps him across the face.

ERIC
[What are you doing Claude? Talking of
all this false doubt. What do you think
we're going to do?]

Claude is hurt, not physically but emotionally.

CLAUDE
[I don't know...not the original plan.]

ERIC
[Obviously, since Ricardo fucked us up
and didn't kill the concierge fast
enough. And killing all these assholes--
]
(motioning to all the
customers)
[--isn't going to do us a damn bit of
good now, is it?]

CLAUDE
No.

ERIC
[No. Because we'll need them as hostages
when we get on the plane.]

CLAUDE
[We're going on a plane?]

Eric pats his shoulder.

ERIC

[Claude, you are a mental giant. Leave the plans up to me and just kill people if they get out of line, okay?]

CLAUDE

[Okay.]

Eric turns and starts to walk toward the downstairs.

ERIC

[I'm going to see how things are going.]

INT. BANK - REAR STAIRS TO LOBBY - DAY

Eric is whistling while he walks, he pauses to perform a quick magic trick, then he continues.

INT. RESERVE VAULT AREA - DAY

Eric walks into the reserve vault area.

He stops. He hears something. A scratching sound.

He looks at it's source, TWO POLICEMEN, decked out in black flak jackets and gas masks are starting to come out of a sewer manhole.

Eric's eyes widen. He takes his silencer out of his coat and fixes it to his handgun. Then, like a man with intent to kill, he rapidly approaches them.

The one who came out of the manhole turns just in time to see Eric fire into his chest. Then, Eric aims the gun into the tight crawlspace and fires into the other man. For safe measure he empties his gun into the tiny causeway.

He drops the gun into the hole and then shoves the other policeman into it. He then pushes a large utility wagon over the manhole cover to stop anyone else from coming in.

INT. BANK - REAR STAIRS TO LOBBY - DAY

Eric comes running out from the reserve vault area and up the stairs to the lobby.

INT. BANK - LOBBY - DAY

Eric rushes into the lobby.

ERIC

[They want to fuck with me!? They want to fuck with me!?!]

He puts the phone on the hook.

It instantly rings.

He answers the phone.

ERIC

[You want to fuck with me!? I'll show
you what happens to people who fuck with
me!]

He throws the phone to the ground and looks at Zoey.

ERIC

[The moment of truth my love. You knew
it would come.]

He grabs Zoey and lifts her to her feet.

ZOEY

(screeching)

No!

Then, the assistant manager stops him.

ASSISTANT MANAGER

[No! What ever it is you're going to do
have mercy!]

Eric suddenly calms down.

ERIC

[Have mercy?]

ASSISTANT MANAGER

[Yes.]

ERIC

[With her.]

ASSISTANT MANAGER

[Yes.]

ERIC

[That's sweet.]

(to Zoey)

[You have quite a reach my lovely. Is he
one of your clients?]

He pushes Zoey to the ground.

ERIC

[It's a deal.]

ASSISTANT MANAGER

[Thank you.]

ERIC

[Don't mention it.]

He grabs the assistant manager and at gunpoint forces him to
the main entrance.

CLAUDE

[Eric! What are you doing?]

ERIC

[Clearing up the "how full of shit am I" question the cops are asking themselves right now.]

The assistant manager is putting up a bit of a struggle but Eric simply forces him along.

Everyone waits until suddenly they hear a burst of gunfire from outside. They all scream.

Eric walks back into the bank, he picks up the phone.

ERIC

(into phone)

[Hello.]

(pause)

[Yes. I'll hold.]

(then to Claude)

[I'm holding.]

After a little bit of a wait someone comes on the other end of the line.

ERIC

(into phone)

[Hello.]

(pause)

[You don't know the fucking half of it. So just shut the fuck up and listen. Try any more stunts and I'll fucking really go crazy.]

(pause)

[Well that's good because if you faggot cops even think of it I'll kill some more people. Hear?]

(pause)

[No. None of that. We won't trade. That never works. Not in the movies, not in real life. Understand? We're going to get into our van, with a couple of people, go to the airport, and fly out of this shit hole city. And you're not going to follow us.]

(pause)

[Who do you fucking think is going to supply the plane? Us? No, you fucking imbecile, the French taxpayers would be a good second guess for you. You're really pissing me off. You think I'm a fucking amateur?]

He covers the mouth piece.

ERIC
(to Claude)
[I fucking hate cops.]

CUT TO:

INT. BANK - CALIBER VAULT - DAY

Zed is sweating as he works away at the back of the door. He glances over what he's done and makes a calculation on a calculator.

Then, there is a groaning sound.

Zed, terrified, spins around.

Another groaning sound. The vault security guard isn't dead. His body is charred and he's not moving but he's very much alive.

VAULT GUARD #1
[I'm going to die...]

Zed can't believe what he's seeing.

He moves over to the body, leaving his work behind.

VAULT GUARD #1
[I'm going to die...please hold
my...hand. I don't...want to
die...alone.]

Zed hovers over the body, afraid to touch it. He gives it a nudge with his foot.

The body groans and then exhales the longest exhale ever.

Zed kneels down next to the body.

ZED
Are you still there?

Nothing.

Zed puts his hand to the neck of the vault guard #1 and checks for a pulse.

Nothing.

Zed sits there for a moment looking at the corpse, then, like he wants to get out of there as soon as possible, he scrambles to the door and starts adjusting several switches. He has wired a battery to two leads. He takes out a wire cutter and snips a wire.

There is a sudden barrage of whirring and clicking sounds as the vault unlocks.

Zed calls to Oliver from the passage.

INT. BANK - STORAGE/ELEVATOR AREA - DAY

Oliver is staring at the dead bodies of the manager and sub lobby teller.

ZED(O.S.)
(distant, calling from the vault)
Oliver, now! Open the vault!

Oliver turns the large wheel and opens the Caliber vault door.

With some amount of energy the door opens. Standing inside is Zed.

ZED
Open sesame.

He steps out of the vault.

ZED
Do you want to give me a hand?

OLIVER
Sure.

Oliver puts his gun down and they go into the Calibre vault.

INT. BANK - CALIBER VAULT - DAY

Oliver sees the huge platen of gold bricks. Zed puts his steel briefcase on top of it.

OLIVER
Holy mother.

ZED
Here, help me with this.

CUT TO:

INT. BANK - LOBBY - DAY

Eric slams the phone down and then in a fit of rage tears the phone from the wall.

ERIC
Merde!

He grabs his machine gun and aims it at the sub lobby guard #2.

The sub lobby guard #2 braces himself for gunfire.

Eric fires into him. He is dead instantly.

Everybody screams.

Eric fires into his dead corpse until his gun runs out of bullets.

ERIC
[That's what you get!]

Claude puts his hand on Eric's shoulder.

CLAUDE
Eric.

Eric looks at him.

ERIC
[The fucking police won't budge. I kill a man and they don't care. They say they don't make deals with terrorists. It really fucks up my plan.]

CLAUDE
[And what if we gave up?]

Eric can't believe this.

ERIC
(laughing)
[Claude, look around you. We're not talking prison here. You know. The cops will give in. You start killing women...they give in. They're all so fucking much in love with women!]

Then he looks at Zoey.

ERIC
[What are you looking at you fucking whore?]

She doesn't want to say a thing that'll upset him.

ERIC
[Are you afraid I'll tell these people that this is only a day job for you?]

She shakes her head "no".

ERIC
[What? So they know that you're a--]

The sub lobby assistant speaks up.

SUB LOBBY ASSISTANT
[Leave her alone.]

Eric cracks the butt of his gun into the man's face.

ERIC
[Shut up!]

He clicks another clip into the Uzi and grabs Zoey by the collar and lifts her to her feet.

ERIC

[My only mistake was not to make an example of a woman to begin with.]

CUT TO:

INT. BANK - CALIBER VAULT - DAY

Zed takes the dolly and starts wheeling the platen of gold out. Oliver helps him.

OLIVER

This is unbelievable. Look at all of this. It's wonderful to touch.

ZED

Just help me steer this out.

They maneuver out of the Calibre vault.

INT. BANK - STORAGE/ELEVATOR AREA - DAY

They come out of the Calibre vault with the huge platen.

OLIVER

Do you think we should get some cash also?

ZED

What for?

OLIVER

Well, you never know.

They start maneuvering the platen toward an elevator.

ZED

Money is too easily traceable. You'd never be able to spend it. And forget about exchanging it.

OLIVER

That's true.

ZED

No sir. Your best bet is to get these bars melted down in Tunisia or Korea.

OLIVER

Eric knows someone in Portugal.

ZED

Or Portugal.

They get into the banks private freight elevator.

INT. BANK - FREIGHT ELEVATOR - DAY

Zed closes the door and pushes the button to go up to the ground floor.

CUT TO:

INT. BANK - LOBBY - DAY

Eric is dragging Zoey by the hair toward the door when she grabs his groin and starts squeezing.

Eric lets out a shrill scream and whacks the butt of the Uzi into her face.

But she won't let go. Her years as a prostitute have taught her to ignore pain.

She grabs hold of the gun hand.

ERIC
(groaning)
[You fucking bitch!]

A few bursts of the Uzi go off and one shell stitches Eric's foot red.

Eric lets go and falls to the ground.

Claude, Jean, and Francois suddenly become attentive to what's going on.

Zoey starts firing the Uzi but can't control it. She showers the room with bullets. She starts to run toward the back office blindly firing the gun in the direction of Claude, Eric, Francois, Jean, and the other hostages.

Then, a tear gas cannister break through the top windows and start clouding the place up.

Eric whips out his switch blade and hops on his bloody red foot.

ERIC
[Bitch!]

CUT TO:

INT. BANK - FREIGHT ELEVATOR - DAY

Zed is waiting for the elevator to arrive.

ZED
Do we have a covering of some kind?

OLIVER
A what?

ZED

You know. Something to cover this with.
It'll look kind of conspicuous leaving
the bank with a platten of gold.

OLIVER

Oh, it won't matter. The police know
what we're up too.

ZED

Police?! What do you mean they know what
we're up too?

OLIVER

You don't know? We've been discovered.
But Eric has them under control.

Zed is frantic.

ZED

No I didn't know! How many police?

OLIVER

The building is surrounded.

The elevator doors open onto the ground floor to the sound of
automatic gunfire. Zed walks out into the back office.

INT. BANK - BACK OFFICE - DAY

Suddenly, from the back office, Zed sees Zoey blasting away
an Uzi and running toward the rear stairwell. Eric is in the
lobby limping around. The other gang members are ducking
from her fire.

Then, her clip runs out.

She sees Zed, their eyes lock. An IMAGE overcomes Zed. She
runs down the stairs to the back.

ERIC

Kill her! Kill her!

Oliver aims his gun to fire and Zed pushes it up. Oliver's
gun discharges into the ceiling. Oliver and Zed begin to
struggle.

INT. BANK - LOBBY - DAY

Zed and Oliver collapse out of the back office and into the
lobby. They tumble onto the floor. Eric hobbles over to
them, his gun aimed at Zed.

ERIC

What the fuck are you doing!?

CUT TO:

INT. BANK - RESERVE VAULT AREA - DAY

Zoe is near tears. She drops the empty machine gun to the floor and starts walking toward the sub lobby.

CUT TO:

INT. BANK - LOBBY - DAY

Eric leans down to talk to Zed. Oliver and Jean are watching. Francois and Claude are more worried about the tear gas.

CLAUDE

[They're trying to smoke us out Eric!]

FRANCOIS

[What do we do!?!]

Eric waves them off with a brush of his hand. He's concentrating on Zed.

ERIC

Do you really love your bitch whore girlfriend that much? She's really fucked with your mind.

ZED

Eric...what are you talking about?

Eric lifts him to his feet and holds him up against the knife. He turns him toward the smoke and whispers into his ear.

ERIC

Look at it. It's all for us. The smoke. The attention. They have no idea of who they're dealing with. They have no idea what kind of men we are.

ZED

(thinking Eric is a madman)
What kind of men are we?

Eric looks at him and gives him a soft kiss on the cheek.

ERIC

You can no longer be in our club. You forfeit your cut of the pie.

Zed laughs, there's not gonna be much of a pie to eat.

ZED

What about our friendship?

ERIC

Shit Zed. I haven't seen you in years. You hardly know me.

He slashes Zed across the face with the switchblade. Zed falls backwards and tumbles down the stairs like a rag doll.

ERIC

Never let a girl come between two men.

He walks down the hall toward the gold.

ERIC

Now let's try to get out of here.

Eric walks into the back office. The others look at each other.

Suddenly a black figure runs across the bank behind the shadows, Francois sees it and nervously fires.

In the background the distinctive sound of European police sirens wail as more cars pull up to the outside of the bank.

Also, an UNINTELLIGIBLE VOICE is blaring orders over a bullhorn.

FRANCOIS

[The police! They're entering the building!]

Suddenly all of them start firing like blindly into the smoke.

Francois runs back to Eric who has walked up to the elevator via the back office.

INT. BANK - FREIGHT ELEVATOR - DAY

Eric caresses his hand across the bars of gold.

ERIC

(to himself)

[Smoother and more giving than the most selfless human being. You're beautiful.]

Francois runs in.

FRANCOIS

[Eric!]

ERIC

[Jesus, what now?]

FRANCOIS

[The police are coming in! We're doomed!]

ERIC

[Get a hostage.]

FRANCOIS

(frantic)

[They don't give a fuck about the
hostages!]

CUT TO:

INT. BANK - LOBBY - DAY

Jean becomes a berzerker and runs out into a cloud of smoke
and throws the tear gas container into the thick cloud.

Then he turns to the police and holds his own gun to his
head.

JEAN

[Don't make me!]

A single bullet passes through his torso. As Jean falls to
the ground he lets loose a round of gunfire into the ceiling.

Oliver is still firing, his face is red like a crazed man.

From behind the counter the sub lobby assistant grabs a hold
of Claude and wrestles him to the ground.

The other customers start to flee for cover.

Oliver sees the fracas between the sub lobby assistant and
Claude. It looks like the sub lobby assistant is getting the
upper hand. Oliver swings his gun around and sprays machine
gun fire at them...killing them both.

CUT TO:

INT. BANK - SUB LOBBY - DAY

Zoe walks up the stairs out, not only are they locked but a
cloud of tear gas is pouring into the downstairs sub lobby.

Suddenly, Zed stumbles in.

Zed is like a zombie. Then he notices Zoe in the stairwell.
They lock eyes.

ZED

(almost delirious)

Zoe...

She steps down into the sub lobby, machine guns crackle in
the background. She runs up to him just as he slumps to the
ground.

ZOE

(holding him)

My Zed. They've hurt you.

She dabs a cloth to his cut face. He holds it on.

ZOE

(trying to comfort him)

You're going to be okay. In many countries scars on the face are a symbol of heroism. To proudly display a flaw like a badge...is to wear a badge of truth.

He takes her hand.

ZED

Be serious Zoe...I can stick my tongue through my cheek.

CUT TO:

INT. BANK - LOBBY - DAY

The police are now laying it on heavy. Francois comes out of the office.

FRANCOIS

Oliver! Let's get a hostage!

OLIVER

This is the end!

Francois is ripped into by machine gun fire.

Oliver races past him.

CUT TO:

INT. BANK - SUB LOBBY - DAY

Tear gas is starting to fill the room.

Zoe stands Zed up.

ZOE

Listen to me. We're going to lock ourselves into one of the air tight vaults...if any of them are still open.

They start walking toward the reserve vault area.

CUT TO:

INT. BANK - FREIGHT ELEVATOR - DAY

Eric hops into the elevator and closes the door, just as Oliver runs up, firing toward the police.

Eric is laughing manically as he leaves them behind.

OLIVER

Bastard!

Oliver turns to where the police will surely be coming in.

CUT TO:

INT. BANK - RESERVE VAULT AREA - DAY

Zoey and Zed rush into the reserve vault area. Zoey notices that the downstairs reserve vault is closed.

ZOE

Merde! The vault has been closed.

ZED

What about the others?

The gunfire upstairs has subsided and has been replaced by unintelligible POLICE VOICES.

ZOE

Listen...there's no gunfire.

Zoey quietly opens the door opposite the vault that leads to the rear stairs to the lobby level.

INT. BANK - REAR STAIRS TO LOBBY - DAY

Zoey peeks up the stairs just in time to see Oliver bolt for the stairs.

OLIVER

(to police)

Motherfuckers!

A volley of gunfire rips into Oliver but he stands his ground and fires into the police.

OLIVER

You wanna fuck with me? You wanna fuck with me? I'll show you who you're fucking with!

He starts blasting away.

Terrified, Zoey leads Zed to the storage/elevator area.

ZOEY

C'mon, we'll be safer in here.

CUT TO:

INT. BANK - STORAGE/ELEVATOR AREA - DAY

The elevator door opens, Eric steps out and looks around like a caged animal.

ERIC

[Think!]

Then, Zed and Zoey appear from the hall to the reserve vault area.

Eric turns to them with his gun raised, when he sees them he lowers it.

ERIC

Zed.

They all stand there for a moment, the gunfire cracking away upstairs. Eric is more casual than he should be.

ERIC

(matter-of-factly)

What's your girlfriends name?

ZED

Zoe.

ERIC

Zoe.

(to Zoey in French)

[Zoe, come here to me.]

Zoey spits at him.

Eric laughs and aims the gun at her.

ERIC

[Killing you would just be gravy, so don't fuck with me.]

ZOEY

[Go ahead you slob. Shave my ass!]

Eric smashes the side of her face with the gun and then grabs a hold of her arm.

Zed tries to stop Eric but Eric aims the gun at him.

ERIC

Zed no. I'll kill you. It means nothing to me, our friendship.

ZED

(starting out calm and then building to a scream)

Eric...there's no fucking way out of here!

ERIC

Oh but you're wrong. This is my way out. This dime store couge with her motor driven ass. You find your own.

Zed rushes Eric and Zoey starts scratching. Eric drops the gun but quickly whips out his knife.

She tries to get away from Eric but he has a hold on her shirt.

Eric swipes at her with the knife and grazes he back.

Then Eric slashes toward Zed who jumps back.

Zoey falls to the floor.

ERIC

Come Zed...I'm going to cut you like a
sausage.

Zed is standing between Zoey and Eric.

ZED

Zoey, get out of here!

She scrambles away.

He swipes at Zed.

Zed jumps back down the hall toward the reserve vault area.

INT. BANK - RESERVE VAULT AREA- DAY

They rush out toward the stairs.

ERIC

Did you see how she ran? Did you see how
she ran? She doesn't care about you.
Fucking pussy only cares about pussy.
Look out for number one. What do you say
Zed?

He swipes again.

ERIC

I will kill you. And once I kill you
Zed, I'll get out of here. I'll fuck
your bitch up the ass and give her
AIDS...if she doesn't already have it.
What do you say to that Zed?

He swipes and Zed grabs a hold of the knife by the blade.

Eric pulls it free and the knife falls to the floor.

Zed takes this opportunity and kicks Eric in the face.

Eric reaches for the knife.

Zed, his hand bloody, dives onto Eric.

Zoey also jumps onto them and starts yanking on Eric's hair.
She plunges her nails into his face.

ERIC

Fucking bitch!

Zed is rabbit punching Eric from underneath.

Then, Eric grabs a hold of Zed's balls and squeezes.

Zed lets out a shrill scream.

Eric starts elbowing Zoey in the face.

The three of them lay there on the floor wriggling like worms, unable to move because each is putting the other through such agony.

Then, Oliver, shot up and bloody haplessly stumbles into the room. His body is a mass of bullet wounds.

OLIVER

Ox! Where is thy yoke!?

He clumsily falls dead to the ground, his shotgun slides near Zoey, Zed, and Eric.

The sight of the gun gives Eric the strength only a madman could possess. He rolls over and throws Zoey off him.

Then, he smashes his forehead into Zed's nose, bursting it.

Eric, deftly, rolls over and grabs the gun.

He gets to his feet and cocks the pump action.

ERIC

Fuck both of you.

Then he notices the lack of gunfire upstairs.

Eric turns back to them.

ERIC

Au revoir.

He aims to kill Zed.

ZOEY

No!

Then, all of the French policemen, decked out in their assault gear and wearing gas masks, storm down the stairs. At the sight of Eric about to execute Zed they raise their guns.

FRENCH POLICEMAN #1

[Stop!]

Eric stops.

It becomes quiet.

Then, Eric looks back down at Zed and braces for the shotgun kick.

ERIC

I give you little kiss. Ciao.

He squeezes the trigger and...

CLICK

The police open fire with their French made assault machine guns and fill Eric with bullets. Instead of falling he does a scarecrow dance as his body is painted red.

The wall behind them explodes as plaster sprays all over Zed.

An IMAGE overcomes Eric.

Eric's dead body slumps to it's knees and flops on top of Zed.

Zed pushes the body off and tries to drag himself to Zoey.

Zoey runs up to him and holds him.

The police all charge into the secondary vault area and secure the downstairs.

Zoey is crying as she holds Zed.

The police have their guns aimed at the two of them.

Zoey looks up.

ZOEY

(to the policemen)

[I work here. This man is a customer...he needs medical help.]

They take their guns away and kneel next to him, seeing if he's okay.

FRENCH POLICEMAN #2

[How bad do you think his wounds are?]

The other policeman, unable to tell because of Eric's blood, simply shakes his head.

FRENCH POLICEMAN #1

(to Zoey)

[Are you alright?]

Zoey starts to cry.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BANK - LOBBY - DAY

Zoey and Zed, bandaged up, are being aided by all of the French policemen as they walk through the bank.

Smoke is still clearing, but the bodies of customers and bank robbers alike litter the area.

PARAMEDIC's, wearing all white, try to help the injured, they assist Zed and Zoey.

FRENCH POLICEMAN #1
(to Zoey and Zed)
[There's an ambulance outside.]
(he looks around)
[My God. What a Bastille Day.]

Zed's attention is caught by two OTHER POLICEMEN carrying a body bag.

FRENCH POLICEMAN #3
(to French policeman #1)
[This one's the ringmaster. We need an I.D.]

No longer interested in Zoey or Zed, he goes to check out the body.

ZOEY
The hospital?

ZED
No.

ZOEY
Come on. I have a car.

Zoey puts her arm around Zed and helps him out of the bank...never to return.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ZOEY'S CAR - MOVING - DAY

Zoey is driving. Zed looks like he's been in a burning building.

ZED
I'm so tired.

ZOEY
We'll go to my flat. You can rest there.
Do you feel pain?

ZED
No...it was mostly his blood.

ZOEY
I have a shower. You can clean up there.

ZED
Thank you Zoe.

He looks at her.

ZOEY
My name is not Zoe. Not any more.

He looks forward at the streets of Paris.

ZOEY

You'll get well. Then I'll show you the
real Paris.

They drive away.

THE END