

CHAMPAGNE HAZE

Written by

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A story of the Lost Generation  
trying to find themselves.

FADE IN:

EXT. COURTYARD GARDEN - DAY

Sits MILO AMBORSKI, a top-shelf drunk who claims to be a writer, leans over his Remington portable typewriter.

MILO (V.O.)  
Where to begin? Hmm. F. Scott said  
it best, show me a hero and I will  
write you a tragedy.

SUPER: "SPRING 1927. PARIS."

Milo TYPES.

MILO (V.O.)  
On the third Friday in May, Paris  
is warm and in bloom. Everything  
shines. The river. The park. The  
surrounding buildings. However,  
atop the planks of a trusty old  
bench, a child-sized man picks at  
his well-manicured nails,  
unimpressed. His tiny legs dangle.

EXT. PONT ROYAL - BENCH - DAY

Waits VICTOR GREKOV. He's a former Russian intelligence officer now employed by the Poles. He sits on a bench that faces the glistening waters off the River Seine.

Victor stares down the Pont Royal, the bridge that leads to the Pavillon de Flore and the Louvre's waterside wing.

This morning's newspaper hangs over his knee. It's two inch byline reads: "NUNGESSOR AND COLI FEARED DEAD."

MILO (V.O.)  
Victor, a few years shy of sixty,  
has the appearance of a short but  
prosperous banker on holiday. He  
looks prim and proper with his  
starched clean linens and fine-  
groomed beard. Though, on closer  
inspection, there is a sense of  
unevenness about him, as if his  
painted-on grin, and dark  
inquisitive eyes cloak a deep hurt,  
or perhaps a terrible pain.

Victor SIGHS as midday traffic crawls across the Seine.

MILO (V.O.)  
Victor is an impatient man. To him,  
Paris is purgatory. An in-between  
place of action and inaction, where  
time stands still.

Grekov's attention moves from the bridge's walkway to the  
Seine, and back to his bench where...

GREKOV  
Today, I feel old. Part of a system  
that no longer exists. Ahh!

A SEAGULL lands near his right shoulder.

GREKOV (CONT'D)  
A welcomed distraction.  
(in Russian)  
Hello. My new friend.  
(back to English)  
I'm curious. Do you miss the  
comforts of the sea, when you're  
here? Where's your home?

The seagull PECKS at a wood knot in the plank.

GREKOV (CONT'D)  
Well, my home no longer exists. Not  
by name. Sad, isn't it?

The bird paces, back and forth.

GREKOV (CONT'D)  
After the Russian Revolution, the  
radicals renamed my home. My St.  
Petersburg to... Leningrad.

Approaches MAKSIM, an edgy, academic type, now Russia's  
cultural attaché in Paris. He wears a bright lemon-colored  
suit with matching hat as he strolls behind an oversized  
poodle. The Bolshevik possesses the same hippy swagger and  
big toothy grin of all self-serving liberals.

GREKOV (CONT'D)  
Maksim, my old informant from the  
old days.

Grekov asks his newfound friend.

GREKOV (CONT'D)  
So, what do you recommend, for  
those sappy fools who pass their  
days looking back, not forwards?

The bird COOS.

GREKOV (CONT'D)  
What you say?!? Steal it back!

Grekov reveals a most venomous grin.

GREKOV (CONT'D)  
Most brilliant!

Victor removes a small gun from a hidden holster. From another pocket, he grasps a silencer. With a smooth, singular motion, he screws it on.

GREKOV (CONT'D)  
Voilà!

Maksim walks closer without a care in the world.

Rises Victor from the bench with the gun hidden beside his thigh. He gives the bird a small bow.

GREKOV (CONT'D)  
(in French)  
Good-bye, my friend.  
(in English)  
If you're here to see the Mona  
Lisa, I must warn you... the  
Louvre's lunch crowd is murderous.

Maksim stops at the midway point of the Pont Royal Bridge.

His poodle refuses to budge, as if the dog senses the approaching danger.

Maksim yanks the leash hard but to no avail.

MAKSIM  
(in French)  
Move!

Victor now stands before Maksim.

GREKOV  
(in French)  
You're a long way from home.

A passing tour bus MUFFLES the exchange.

The midday sun blinds Maksim. He squints from the glare off the river. He attempts to recognize the face of the man who stands in his way.

MAKSIM  
(in French)  
Excuse me, do I know you?

Suddenly, the Russian diplomat recognizes Victor. His knees buckle and his face turns white.

MAKSIM (CONT'D)  
Grekov! No. Please!

GREKOV  
(in Russian)  
Greetings from St. Petersburg.

Grekov aims and FIRES.

Maksim jerks back as two slugs enter his chest. He bounces off the bridge's rails. Then, he drops to one knee. Blood pours out from his body.

Victor returns his gun to its holster. Then, he scoops up the poodle.

The pet SLOBBERS and LICKS Grekov's face.

GREKOV (CONT'D)  
Nice doggie.

To the complete surprise of the LUNCH CROWD.

Victor ties the leash to the side rail of the bridge.

Grekov drags the dead man back up to his feet.

The by-standers watch in awe. Yet, do nothing.

Grekov hoists Maksim over the rail and whispers.

GREKOV (CONT'D)  
Faith. Honor. Loyalty.

Victor tosses the attaché over the ledge and SPLASH!

GREKOV (CONT'D)  
You failed all three.

Maksim's lifeless body travels down the Seine.

Onlookers peer over the rail in disbelief.

Grekov walks with a swagger down the center of the bridge.

GREKOV (CONT'D)  
The arrogant are easy prey.

Victor struts north through the two streams of stopped traffic, he loudly HUMS and swirls to the climactic conclusion of Tchaikovsky's 1812 Overture.

GREKOV (CONT'D)  
Dade-dada-dade-da-da-da boom boom.  
Dade-dada-dade-da-da-da BOOM BOOM!

MILO (V.O.)  
Victor Grekov is back. He and his  
cause are still very much alive.

INT./EXT. RITZ HOTEL - REVOLVING DOOR - DAY

Exits Grekov the Ritz.

MILO (V.O.)  
Grekov strolls across the sprawling  
paved-stone grounds and pillared  
palaces of the Place Verdome, where  
sunshine rains down like diamonds.

Victor stops and watches a lone cloud float across the crisp  
blue sky.

MILO (V.O.)  
Gorgeous. Yet, the high of  
completing his mission in Paris has  
faded. Now, he seeks the company of  
an old friend.

EXT. PARIS' SIXTH DISTRICT - SAME

Grekov's travelogue through the district.

MILO (V.O.)  
Grekov crosses the Seine and enters  
Paris' sixth district, Saint-  
Germain des Près. Amidst his  
travels, he stumbles upon the  
Boulevard Saint-Germain. Alive with  
people and traffic. Taking it, he  
turns and passes food markets, high-  
end boutiques, art galleries, and  
numerous restaurants and cafés: all  
alive with smells, smoke, and  
chatter. A few blocks later in his  
walk, he witnessed the white  
glistening waters of the Saint-  
Sulpice as couples embrace near the  
church's fountains. The fresh air  
and exercise revives him.

(MORE)

MILO (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
This is when Grekov stops. He has  
reached his destination.

EXT. NO. 13 RUE DE VAUGIRARD - SAME

Grekov stands before a gated residence.

From the third floor drapes a Russian Imperial flag: black  
double-headed eagle on a blanket of gold.

It flitters wildly in the wind.

MILO (V.O.)  
Before him, near the Luxembourg  
museum, sits Number Thirteen rue de  
Vaugirard, a gleaming white four-  
storied home of polished stone  
located in the very heart of the  
Quarter. The regal residence is  
sandwiched between the rues  
Guynemer and Madame, and is wrapped  
by an imposing black iron gate  
separating the home's main entrance  
from the local foot traffic.

The elegant entryway is a piece of art itself, made of wavy  
black wrought iron and heavy steel poles topped by gold-  
painted spikes, a worthy barrier to Prince Serge's stately  
Parisian estate.

Grekov finds the gate unlocked. He pushes it open and  
slithers in. Then, he pauses before the home's massive door.  
He BANGS hard on it.

GREKOV  
Misery loves company.

A minute later, the door CREAKS open.

In a dingy robe Milo stands in the door well.

MILO  
Well, if it isn't the Angel of  
Death. And we are fresh out of  
coffee.

GREKOV  
Milo Amborski, a top-shelf drunk,  
who claims to be a writer.

MILO  
Funny.

GREKOV  
May I pass?

MILO  
By all means.

Milo allows Victor in. As he does so, he lights a cigarette.

INT. NO. 13 RUE DE VAUGIRARD - SAME

Milo leads Victor across the marble foyer.

MILO  
May I take your cloak and sickle?

Grekov follows Milo through the smoke.

GREKOV  
I didn't realize your humor  
expanded beyond your wardrobe.

MILO  
I must've a word with my tailor.

Milo tightens the strings to his crumpled up robe.

GREKOV  
Milo, you appear self-conscious of  
your robe's frailty and condition.

MILO  
Touché. It, like the author, has  
seen better days.

The writer LAUGHS again at Grekov as he enters the...

SIDE PARLOR.

Milo plants himself behind a grand piano.

MILO (CONT'D)  
Serge is teaching me to play.

The Bohemian's bony fingers travel up and down the keyboard.

GREKOV  
Milo, what exactly do you do?

MILO  
Me? I write . . . death, danger,  
and utter despair.



GREKOV  
Despair indeed.

The CHOPPY NOISE Milo creates from the piano is not music to Grekov's ears.

MILO  
Sometimes, I add in hopeless love,  
like pinch of salt, for flavor.

GREKOV  
A writer?

MILO  
A writer...extraordinaire.

Milo POUNDS on the keys.

GREKOV  
I hope you're a better writer than  
musician.

MILO  
What's that?!?

Grekov stands besides the piano and gazes outwards. Outside,  
across the street, rows of great big blossoming trees dot the  
vibrant grounds of the Luxembourg Gardens.

GREKOV  
Where's Serge?

Milo points with his neck and head.

MILO  
Upstairs, in bed.

GREKOV  
Ha, then. I shall wake him up.

Victor turns, as he hears Milo's voice.

MILO  
He's not alone!

GREKOV  
Not another cigarette girl from the  
Moulin Rouge?

Grekov faces Milo again.

MILO  
No!

Milo smiles from at Grekov.

MILO (CONT'D)  
Your boy Serge has fallen to a new  
low.

GREKOV  
Oh, really?

MILO  
*Yep, the living are conscious that  
death will come to them, but...*

GREKOV/MILO  
*The dead are not conscious of  
anything.*

MILO  
Yep.

Milo ends his playing with DON! DON! DON! DON!

INT. NO. 13 RUE DE VAUGIRARD - SERGE'S BEDROOM - SAME

Ponders LADY GWENDOLYN. A young Englishwoman, lovely and irresistible to the eyes. She's from the right family with the right credentials and bloodline.

Gwen's fresh, short cut hair liberates her. It gives her a Jazz Age look: modern, sexy, bold.

MILO (V.O.)  
How could we not love Lady  
Gwendolyn? She beautiful. Like all  
flammable objects, she lights up  
the room. Yet, if you stand too  
close to her... she burns.

Bordering the street is a row of flowering trees. They resemble clouds of cotton candy.

Gwen INHALES.

MILO (V.O.)  
The scent of lilacs fills Lady  
Gwen's nostrils, as she stands  
naked, wholly herself, before a  
large pane window that overlooks  
the Luxembourg Gardens.

Gwen leans toward the window.

MILO (V.O.)

Here, at this place, Gwen sees her future life. It stretches out before her the park's lush green grounds. . . a big wedding full of loud family and drunk guests. Afterwards, an exotic, warm-watered honeymoon full of sun. A momentary bliss of two beings becoming one. Then comes children – too many children. All bright and beautiful, but crying and demanding every ounce of her limited attention. Next comes more weight and wrinkles. Then, lost youth, years of wasted reflection, and finally, yes finally, acts of idiotic jealousy. First, from her bored, neglected husband. He searches for attention elsewhere and surprisingly finds it. As well as her own fruitless pursuits of self-gratification and weak jabs of fighting back time. All the while she wonders where had that perky, twenty-two-year-old girl who reeked of so much passion and potential wander off to?

Gwen sees her reflection of the window's pane.

GWEN

Gwen.

MILO (V.O.)

Who truly knew? Not Gwen. However, this glimpse of her future life frightens her to her very core. The size and scope of it seems sad, small, and pathetic. Normally, she isn't given to such bouts of self-analysis, but of late she isn't acting quite herself. Gwen is in love, and when your heart is freshly set afire, lovers do, say, and think foolish things.

GWEN

What am I doing here?

PRINCE SERGE answers.

SERGE

Isn't it obvious?

The voice resonates from the lump in the bed behind her.

SERGE (CONT'D)  
Enjoying the better sights of  
Paris.

GWEN  
Not funny, Serge.

She turns to see him emerge from the blankets. Tan and dreamy-looking, Serge appears to be in his element.

GWEN (CONT'D)  
A week from tomorrow is my wedding  
day – and last time I checked, you  
are not my groom.

Gwen turns from him. Her attention, returns to the window.

GWEN (CONT'D)  
It's not supposed to be like this.

SERGE  
True.

Serge tosses the sheets aside and joins her by the window.

SERGE (CONT'D)  
But whose fault is that?

Serge's arms encircle her.

SERGE (CONT'D)  
Marry me.

GWEN  
I hate the power you possess over  
me.

SERGE  
Then, marry me. End this charade.

GWEN  
You know I can't.

SERGE  
Why?

Gwen moves from the window.

GWEN  
Because.

SERGE  
Because? Why?

GWEN  
Why?!? Because... Next week, I'm  
wearing white. And praying God  
doesn't strike me down dead.

SERGE  
And our affair? It means nothing to  
you?

GWEN  
Serge. Our affair... is just lust.  
Fun, unbinding sex.

Gwen scoops down and picks up her clothes.

SERGE  
Gwen. True love is not complicated.

MILO (V.O)  
Gwen has a terrible tendency to  
waver at the most crucial moments,  
like this. Two weeks ago in London,  
Serge and Gwen had a chance  
encounter at the Savoy Hotel. After  
too much talk. After too much  
Champagne, they took a room  
upstairs. Gwen felt adventurous.  
Later in life she will find out  
that there are two kinds of love in  
the world – one of the heart, and  
one of the mind. The love from the  
heart is intense, and burns with  
great desire. Her groom. Barnaby  
Jones represents a rational yet  
lasting love of the mind.

GWEN  
Half of London is expecting me to  
marry Jones, and I'm not going to  
disappoint them.

SERGE  
Is it the money?

GWEN  
My dear father lives above his  
means, so Lady Gwendolyn must marry  
well. For his stake.

SERGE  
I'm rich too. For an exiled  
Russian. Very rich. But money,  
isn't the issue is it?

GWEN  
What a pair we are.

SERGE  
Yes, how incredibly sad.

GWEN  
If only I weren't a whore, and you  
not a self-loathing egoist.

Gwen looks to Serge to challenge her statement.

SERGE  
It's nearly two.

GWEN  
Great. Soon, I need to meet Barnaby  
at the station.

SERGE  
You're terrible at that.

Serge paces around a bit.

GWEN  
I almost made it. Almost.

SERGE  
I should head back to the Majestic.  
Perhaps the Stag weekend was a  
mistake.

Gwen digs for a hidden shoe under the bed.

GWEN  
You think?!?

Gwen liberates her shoe.

GWEN (CONT'D)  
Found it!

EXT. NO. 13 RUE DE VAUGIRARD - FOYER - SAME

Serge escorts Gwen down the steps to the door.

Milo PLAYS the piano to imperfection.

GWEN  
Why are we doing this?

SERGE  
Because we can.

Serge kisses Gwen hard. Then, he opens the door.

SERGE (CONT'D)  
See you at the Majestic.

GWEN  
I'm going to hell.

SERGE  
No, you are not. At the right  
opportunity, we will tell him.

Gwen kisses Serge again.

GWEN  
Okay.

Gwen leaves.

Serge enters the...

PARLOR.

Serge sees Milo.

SERGE  
Milo, are you strangling the cat?

Answers Milo from behind the piano.

MILO  
The music I create is for nobody  
else's enjoyment but my own.

Serge sees that Milo is not alone.

SERGE  
Victor!

Grekov stands before the fireplace. He eyes Serge father's  
sword perched high atop the mantelpiece.

SERGE (CONT'D)  
What are you doing in Paris?

Victor turns around, and looks uneasily at Milo behind the  
piano, still playing, then at Serge, standing behind a  
sprawling, leather sofa.

GREKOV

Ah, Prince Sergei Platonovich, it has been too long.

SERGE

It has, Victor. It has.

Victor glances around the home's fine furnishings until his eyes land again on the object about the fire.

SERGE (CONT'D)

Welcome.

GREKOV

I see you still have your father's sword. May I?

SERGE

Of course!

Victor, with the utmost care, touches Samurai sword's cold steel casing. Then, he unsleaths it to examine it.

GREKOV

A sad memento, no?

SERGE

The sword is my legacy.

GREKOV

Part of it, Serge. Part of it.

Victor returns the sword to its holder. He notices Serge's framed metal on the fireplace mantle's ledge.

GREKOV (CONT'D)

The Saint George Cross.

SERGE

For Valor.

GREKOV

Imperial Russia's highest honor.

SERGE

Imperial Russia no longer exists.

GREKOV

Prince Serge, you're a Russian rarity.

SERGE

Why?



GREKOV

You still live in a glittering world, you have wealth, power.

SERGE

Luckily for me. My father hated all things British, except their banks.

GREKOV

Yes. Lucky.

Victor paces back and forth in front of the fire.

GREKOV (CONT'D)

This lavish lifestyle of yours. This existence of parties and paint was financed by his hard work.

SERGE

To my defense, Victor. His dying wish was for me to live my life.

GREKOV

It was. Hmm. But I believe he had more in store for you than this.

Victor moves to the artwork Serge created on the walls.

GREKOV (CONT'D)

What's this? Bad Bohemian art, fit to hang where? Above a urinal, perhaps, in some cellar bar?

SERGE

Wow! High praise, indeed.

GREKOV

Not worthy to hang in the Hermitage.

SERGE

What have I done now to piss you off?

GREKOV

Your Excellency, you are a Romanov! For God's sake, you're meant for more than this.

SERGE

More. More. More. Who needs that? Less. Less. Less. I'm quite content with that.

GREKOV

You are a Russian aristocrat living  
in exile. What the hell do you have  
to be content about?!?

Serge takes a seat and gazes upon one of his works that hang  
over the parlor's walls.

SERGE

St. Petersburg is gone. Dead. It's  
buried with the bones of all my kin  
and cousins. Through my paintings,  
the ghosts of them visit me.

GREKOV

Snap out of it, Serge. For you lack  
the artist's eye, and skill.

SERGE

So, failure and I are dear friends.  
Why should that trouble you so?

Awkwardness fills the room.

Serge forgets Milo is even in the room until he hears him.

Milo SIGHS.

MILO

Well, I shall let the two of you  
catch up.

Milo pops up from the piano and flees the room.

SERGE

Coward!

MILO

I'm a writer! Of course, I am.

SERGE

Victor would make an ideal  
character in one of your books!  
He's a real-life Professor  
Moriarty.

MILO (O.S.)

Sorry, Serge. I don't write murder  
mysteries. *Ciao*, Victor!

Victor shakes his head towards the door through which Milo  
has vanished.

GREKOV  
What's he still doing here?

SERGE  
He hasn't finished his book yet.

GREKOV  
And he never shall.

SERGE  
I hope he does, Victor. His first  
one broke my heart.

GREKOV  
Serge, you break my heart. Wasting  
your days.

Victor gazes up at the amateurish art.

GREKOV (CONT'D)  
These oil paintings look like  
landscapes of caked-on blood.

SERGE  
That one is called the Dead  
Marshes.

GREKOV  
Serge.

SERGE  
Old age has made you overly  
emotional, my friend.

GREKOV  
I'm not old.

Serge LAUGHS.

SERGE  
You worry too much about failure.  
Failure generates great momentum in  
art, or in life.

GREKOV  
If that's the case, you should be a  
painter of great masterpieces, a  
true Rembrandt.

Grekov stops before another colorful yet odd painting.

GREKOV (CONT'D)  
What's this? More trash?

SERGE  
That's not mine. That's Pablo's.

GREKOV  
Pablo's?

SERGE  
Picasso.

GREKOV  
Trash!

SERGE  
Victor, did you come here for a reason? Or was it just to insult me?

GREKOV  
Sergei. You have been in Paris too long.

SERGE  
Where else do I have to go?

GREKOV  
The woman who just left... who is she?

Guilt enters Serge's voice, as he looks over his shoulder and answers the unexpected question.

SERGE  
No one of importance.

GREKOV  
Really? I wonder if your friend Jones has the same opinion on that subject matter.

Serge stares to the doorway Milo left by.

SERGE  
Whatever do you mean?

Victor gathers his things.

GREKOV  
I'm staying at the Ritz this weekend.

SERGE  
You could have stayed here.

GREKOV

No. I would just be in the way.

SERGE

Victor, you are family to me.

GREKOV

Perhaps... Serge, you were meant for greater things.

SERGE

Who wasn't, Victor? Who wasn't?

EXT. CAFÉ FORQUET - DAY

Sits YURI SMIRNOV. The Russian is a stout, sharply groomed man in a finely crafted suit.

The Cafe's bright red canopy banner wraps the elegant four-story building of cut stone like a flared skirt.

Yuri has been in the intelligence-gathering business for some time now. Always one to have others do his dirty work. He pulls the strings of power from the shadows.

MILO (V.O.)

The trendy Forquet's is a place to see and to be seen, and its cuisine is fit for kings and queens. The surrounding square houses some of Paris' finest fashion boutiques and stores in vogue.

Yuri holds an espresso cup, a cigarette in the other.

The terrace is crowded with old, fashionable MEN draped by elegant LADIES wearing bright, colorful floral dresses.

MILO (V.O.)

A Russian named Yuri finishes an article about a semi-famous ballerina who had pirouetted off a metro platform the previous night. She was instantly struck by a passing train. A modern-day Anna Karenina.

Yuri notices BORIS, one of his most promising protégés appears around the corner. He wears an iron-clad stare as waves the young man over to his table.

YURI

What is it, Boris?

BORIS  
Comrade Smirnov.

Yuri TAPS his chunky fingers down on the article about a young ballerina struck by a train. It's beneath the byline, Nungesser and Coli Feared Dead.

YURI  
Sit.

Boris does.

YURI (CONT'D)  
So, was Anna pushed?

BORIS  
Da. By an old man in a fine suit.  
Who dissolved into the crowd after  
the incident.

Yuri crushes his cigarette into an ash tray.

YURI  
An invisible man. Does Maksim know  
yet? He will be saddened by her  
lose.

BORIS  
Maksim's dead.

YURI  
What?!?

BORIS  
The French authorities dragged his  
body from the Seine, an hour ago.

YURI  
An hour ago!

BORIS  
I just found out myself.

YURI  
What happened?

BORIS  
He was shot near the Louvre. While  
walking his dog.

YURI  
Hmm. Murdered in broad daylight?

BORIS

Da. Then the assassin tossed his body over the ledge into the Seine. Splash! Witnesses say it was a fashionable old man.

YURI

It seems we're dealing with a professional. Who treats death as an art. Any description?

BORIS

Short. Had the look of successful banker on holiday.

YURI

The invisible man. Let's not see how far he tries to work his way up our food chain. Who was the ballerina sleeping with of late?

BORIS

Honeypots. A few mid-level officers from the American embassy, and a rich Pole.

YURI

Well, you can cross out the Americans. They don't respond to a breach like this. No, tell me more about the Pole.

BORIS

High-level diplomat with aristocratic roots.

YURI

That's the one!

Yuri SIPS his espresso.

YURI (CONT'D)

The Poles have learned much in a short time. Hmm. Have four of your most capable men watch their embassy, and gather all you can on this high-level diplomat.

BORIS

Yes, Comrade.

Boris leaves.

Yuri sets down his espresso.

YURI  
Grekov.

INT. MAJESTIC HOTEL - ELEVATOR - SAME

The Majestic is a posh hotel off the Rue de Rivoli.

Within it's elevator...

BARNABY JONES: a good man, powerfully built and attractive in a tall, brutish sort of way. Jones enjoys and embraces the rigors of sport. Even fifteen years after Oxford, he possesses the same magnificent physique of his rugby days.

Barnaby speaks nonstop to Gwen...

JONES  
You would really love it. The sun  
shining off the Dover...

MILO (V.O.)  
A loud DING announces Gwen and Barnaby's arrival to the top floor of the Hotel Majestic, one of Paris' more luxurious haunts opposite the Tuileries. For the last twenty minutes, since the station, her fiancé has spoken nonstop of his recent travels and the excitement of their approaching wedding. Gwen feels numb to it, only half-listening to him, nodding at the appropriate moments.

Until she's gets a reprieve. DING!

GWEN  
Thank god.

MILO (V.O.)  
Oh, how far less dramatic her life would be if it had been Barnaby who had stolen her heart, and not Serge. But what is life, without a few interesting complications?

Gwen attempts to tidy up her fiancé's appearance.

GWEN  
Why must you always look  
disheveled?



JONES

Clothes aren't important to me.

The elevator doors slide apart.

MILO (V.O.)

As the elevator's doors slide apart, beams of sunshine pour in from a nearby window, causing Gwen's eyes to squint and close. As she opens them back up, she sees the back of Jones' broad-shoulders trudging forwards down the long corridor lined with identical doors. Her husband-to-be looks happy. This observation makes her feel worse. She thinks back. To two weeks ago in London.

GWEN'S  
FLASHBACK:  
LONDON

INT. MAYFAIR MANOR HOUSE - GWEN'S BOUDOIR - DAWN

Gwen sits at her vanity and powders her face.

MILO (V.O.)

In an old stately manor off a Mayfair mews, two ideas wage war in Lady Gwen's mind. One is to stay and accept her fate, the other is to run as fast as she could to Serge. At this exact moment, he waits for her at Victoria Station. In the wee hours, they planned their Parisian escape. To leave together on the morning train.

INT. VICTORIA STATION - PLATFORM - SAME

Serge stands alone on the platform. He looks at his watch.

The train's departure crawls close.

INT. MAYFAIR MANOR HOUSE - GWEN'S BOUDOIR - SAME

Gwen sits still before her vanity's mirror. Behind her, her room is in shambles. Tossed about clothes are everywhere, layering her four-poster bed and the floor.

GWEN

What a scandal it would be, to  
leave Jones.

She pops up and looks closely to her reflection.

GWEN (CONT'D)

I don't care about the  
consequences. I love Serge.

MILO (V.O.)

Gwen returns to her packing. She  
storms through her room, yanks out  
every drawer of her dresser, grasps  
and gauges each fine fabric, and  
decides what is a "must take" and  
what is a "do without."

GWEN

I'm positively mad.

MILO (V.O.)

Gwen's tall, lanky torso catches  
the mirror. Again, she moves to her  
reflection. Draw to it, she  
inspects her flawless face. Her  
sweet lips, all pouting and red  
from her freshly applied lipstick.  
What a prize. So young. So  
beautiful.

GWEN

I must hurry if I'm going to make  
that train.

MILO (V.O.)

As she trances her fingertip along  
her face and mouth, her hand  
quivers.

A clock TICKS in her bedroom.

Gwen sits back down. Then, she gazes down at the first class  
ticket beside her. She attempts to rise again but can't.

GWEN

Get up, Gwen.  
(louder)  
Bust through that door. Go now.  
Damn the consequences.

MILO (V.O.)

People give everything for a once-  
in-a-lifetime chance like this.

GWEN

Move!

Gwen looks at Serge's letter that came with her ticket.

MILO (V.O.)

The handwritten note simply says,  
"Come with me, and we can escape  
this shabby place together. Meet me  
at Victoria Station at Seven. Our  
train for Paris leaves at Eight.  
Freedom & Love Awaits, Serge.

TICKS the clock. TICK!

MILO (V.O.)

With the clock strike, Gwen becomes  
entirely undone. I warned you. She  
wavers at the most crucial of  
moments.

Opposing realities stir in Gwen. Fiercely, she scrutinizes  
her own actions. Her eyes fill with tears as she SCREAMS at  
her own reflection in her imposing vanity mirror. Like a lost  
child, she SOBS.

GWEN

You bloody coward!

After that, her hands move into a drawer.

MILO (V.O.)

She pulls out a shiny pair of  
silver scissors. A lifetime of  
compressed emotions course through  
her mind. Without care, she attacks  
her heavy brown hair. CUT. CUT.  
CUT. Large chunks of her curls fall  
to the floor.

Gwen SCREAMS again, a deep, primeval HOWL. Then, she WEEPS.

MILO (V.O.)

At her beside table, a clock CHIRPS  
the time. It is Eight O'clock. She  
missed her chance and her train.

INT. VICTORIA STATION - PLATFORM - SAME

Serge stares at the doors for a sign of Gwen.

MILO (V.O.)  
 Atop a platform that bathes in the  
 morning sun, a stunned Serge boards  
 his train... alone.

The train to Paris starts to depart.

Serge watches the platform slip away.

MILO (V.O.)  
 Hmm. Regrets. Life is full of them.

MATCH-CUT:  
 SERGE'S FACE.

INT. MAJESTIC HOTEL - PENTHOUSE SUITE - DAY

Serge HEARS a commotion on the door's opposite end.

He stands straight behind a feeble door. Two old FRIENDS  
 flank him.

SERGE  
 Shh. Jules. Lars. They're here.

LARS VON EBERWINE, their German forward. He's the one  
 responsible for the door's condition. Lars kicked it in late  
 last night for lack of a key. Lars is reckless. Yet, he  
 charms everyone he meets. The world never stays mad at him or  
 his actions for long.

Lars: Tall, tan, wild-looking with long blond hair reaches  
 down towards his large shoulders.

The witty JULES DE VOUGE is the team's hooker. He looks right  
 at home in a room of ruin.

His family owns one of the finest and oldest wine labels in  
 France, though you would never guess it by his actions. A  
 sophisticated but distasteful clotheshorse, he's a bit too  
 decadent and too young for this group.

He was so good at rugby that he joined the varsity squad  
 during his freshman year, which gave him a nickname that  
 suited him, Rookie.

Jules is the sole Frenchman on the team and much beloved  
 smart ass of the group. He's the one with the cigarette  
 clinched perfectly between his lips.

MILO (V.O.)  
 Three old friends stand solid and  
 straight behind a feeble door.  
 (MORE)

MILO (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Side by side, the await in silence for the arrival of their former rugby captain, Jones. Their German forward, Lars von Eberwine is the one responsible for the door's condition. He kicked it in late last night for lack of a key. Lars is reckless. Yet, his friends never stay mad at him or his actions for long. Especially Jules, the team's hooker. Jules looks right at home in a room of ruin. His family owns one of the finest and oldest wine labels in France, though you would never guess it by his actions.

Lars holds a bottle of Champagne.

A cigarette dangles perfectly from Jules' lips.

MILO (V.O.)

They, like him, were no believers in great causes anymore.

SERGE

Lars, your repair job is pathetic.

LARS

Shh, it's time for the debauchery to begin.

INT. MAJESTIC HOTEL - HALLWAY - SAME

Barnaby Jones and Gwen reaches their room.

The boyish-looking BELLOP stops abruptly.

The door to their suite is ajar. The door's frame looks like it had been kicked in.

Jones eyes the bellhop.

JONES

Posh place. All this traveling and we are greeted by crime.

BELLHOP

Monsieur, this is rather odd.

The bellhop slowly pushes open the door. CREAK!

MILO (V.O.)  
 As they pierce through the broken  
 down door, Jones' fellow Immortals  
 appear.

SERGE/LARS/JULES  
 Surprise!!!!

The bellhop SCREAMS!

Enters Jones and Gwen.

JONES  
 What's going on here?

LARS  
 Rumor has it, you're getting  
 hitched.

JONES  
 Aye.

Jones nervously tugs on one of his cauliflower-shaped ears,  
 souvenirs from his rugby days.

JONES (CONT'D)  
 The wedding's next weekend, as you  
 already know. So, why are you all  
 here?

SERGE/LARS/JULES  
 For your stag night of course!

JONES  
 My what?!?

Jones looks to Gwen for support.

GWEN  
 Oh dear, it is official.

POPS! a magnum bottle of Champagne.

LARS  
 Let the debauchery begin.

Eberwine beams.

Champagne POURS out from the bottle onto the floor.

Jones beams too. He looks at his friends one by one. All of  
 them wear the same championship ring he does.

JONES

Who's responsible for this line-up?

Jules rushes up and greets him in his traditional French way.  
He kisses both cheeks.

JULES

*Mon bien ami*, I believe you are.

The two embrace.

JULES (CONT'D)

Now, join us for one last *soirée*.

Jules escorts Jones to Lars, as Serge moves towards Gwen.

JULES (CONT'D)

*Bonjour*, Gwen. You need a drink?

The boys cluster around their former captain and embrace him  
with Champagne and slaps on the back.

JONES

Wow. This doesn't feel real yet.

LARS

It's real.

Lars hugs Jones and pours Champagne on him as he does so.

JONES

How's Africa? From that hair of  
yours, it looks like you've gone  
native.

LARS

I'm growing it out.

JONES

The mine?

LARS

Starting to pay some big dividends.

JONES

Good.

LARS

Thanks for the loan.

JONES

It was a gift.

LARS  
(in German)  
Thank you.

JULES  
Jones, last night is a blur. Serge,  
where did you run off to?

SERGE  
Home. I sensed Lars was about to  
pick a fight.

LARS  
I did.

Eberwine falls onto the sofa.

JONES  
A bachelor party in Paris? This  
Gwen's idea?

Gwen gives Jones a quick peck on the cheek.

GWEN  
Blame Serge.

Serge joins Eberwine on the sofa.

SERGE  
It is to be... a send-off of sorts.

JONES  
Brilliant!

The Welshman looks around.

JONES (CONT'D)  
So where's Ian and Gabriel? Let me  
guess, downstairs at the bar  
already bored to death.

LARS  
No.

Eberwine turns the answer over to Serge, the best man.

SERGE  
Of course, Gabriel was invited.  
But...

JONES  
Work.



SERGE

Afraid so.

JULES

Hey - you're in good hands until then. Plus, your cousin Ian will meet us at the Select later. He promised.

JONES

Ian. Good.

Jules ushers Jones outside to...

THE BALCONY.

JULES

Let's take this party outside. The view is...

JONES

Spectacular.

JULES

Post card perfect.

MILO (V.O.)

The Parisian skyline rolls out as far as the eye can see. To the left of them stands the massive spine of the *Arc de Triomphe*. To the right, across the murky waters of the River Seine, is the red steel rafters of the Eiffel Tower.

Lars and Serge join Jones and Jules.

LARS

Yeah, it makes you feel like you could put the whole city in your pocket.

The German gazes out toward the horizon.

LARS (CONT'D)

Jones, you've one week left among the living.

JULES

We're here to see you make the most of it.

JONES

I don't know what to say.

Serge hands Jones a drink.

SERGE  
You're going to need this.

Jones speaks a short, poetic verse in Welsh.

JONES  
*Iechyd da!*  
(pronounced *Yacky dah*)

JULES  
My pagan friend, no one speaks your  
barbaric tongue.

JONES  
It's a simple toast to your health.

Gwen interrupts them as she wanders out onto the balcony.

SERGE  
I almost forgot you were here.

GWEN  
Time for me to go.

JONES  
You're not leaving are you?!?

LARS  
Jones, you sound scared.

JONES  
I'm terrified.

GWEN  
It's your stag party, dear one. And  
if I recall, no wives are allowed.

JULES  
Wife? Not yet.

The Frenchman winks.

SERGE  
Don't mind Jules, Gwen. He came  
with the bar.

JULES  
That I did.

Jules rubs his pencil-thin moustache with the tips of his  
finely manicured fingers.

JULES (CONT'D)  
Me!?! Miss an opportunity to hang  
out with a bunch of foreigners for  
the weekend. What could good wrong?

GWEN  
Foreigners?

SERGE  
Join us.

GWEN  
What?

Lars spits out his drink.

LARS  
What?!?

SERGE  
The Ritz awaits. I've reserved one  
of their finest suites.

GWEN  
You did what?

SERGE  
Gwen celebrates too.

JULES  
Serge, we didn't agree to this?

SERGE  
Liz and Sarah are already here.  
Primed for your..

GWEN  
Hen weekend?

JULES  
Well. Well. Well. More Brits.

JONES  
(to Gwen)  
You deserve to have some fun.

LARS  
Don't worry, Gwen. We will keep  
Jones on a short leash this  
weekend. And we have already voted  
to toss Serge over the balcony as  
soon as you depart. Show of hands?

Jules turns to Gwen.

JULES  
Maybe it would be safer to take  
Jones with you.

GWEN  
No. He's all yours. Next week, we  
go shopping for new friends.

Lars looks to Jules.

LARS  
I think she means it.

Gwen teases Lars.

GWEN  
Not you, Lars. You're perfect as  
you are.

The bellhop re-enters the suite. He carries Gwen's luggage.

GWEN (CONT'D)  
*Garcon*, those pieces won't be  
staying.

BELLHOP  
*Oui*, Madame.

GWEN  
Well, it's time for me to go. *Au  
revoir*, all. Be good to him.  
Remember, I need him back in one  
piece.

SERGE  
No bruises. No scars. Got it.

JULES  
Don't worry.

LARS  
Most of his wounds should have  
healed by then.

SERGE  
Most.

The former Russian prince picks up a small bag of Gwen's.

SERGE (CONT'D)  
As the best man, I shall now escort  
Lady Gwendolyn to the Ritz.

GWEN

Not necessary. It's only a short  
cab ride away.

SERGE

I insist.

GWEN

Are Liz and Sarah really in Paris?

SERGE

Afraid so. They arrived this  
morning. Blame Lars. He's always  
had his eyes on Sarah.

LARS

I heard that.

JONES

Leave my sister be, Lars.

GWEN

Wonderful.

SERGE

All right, boys! See you in the  
Quarter. Where first?

LARS

The Dome.

Jones eyes Gwen hard.

JONES

Thank you.

GWEN

Enjoy your rugby reunion.

Jones, Serge, and Gwen head to the door.

Jones and Gwen awkwardly embrace.

Gwen draws back.

JONES

You okay?

GWEN

Sure.

SERGE

There's nothing you wish to tell  
him? Your big surprise.

GWEN

No.

SERGE

Then, the Ritz awaits.

Serge, Gwen, and Jones enter the...

HALLWAY.

The three of them are cluster together.

Serge heads to the elevator bay.

JONES

Give my sister a hug. Tell her will  
shall do brunch on Sunday.

GWEN

Okay. Brunch.

JONES

Are you sure you're okay?

Gwen follows Serge.

GWEN

I'm fine. Have fun.

INT./EXT. MAJESTIC HOTEL - PENTHOUSE SUITE - SAME

Jones walks through the suite to the...

TERRACE.

Here, Lars and Jules are in mid-discussion.

JONES

So, what did I miss?

LARS

Everything.

JULES

Lars destroyed the door.

LARS

There goes our deposit.

JULES

He forgot his key.

JONES

This is too nice of a place to get  
kicked out of boys.

JULES

I gave the bellhop some hush money.

JONES

Good.

The three stand at the rail and gaze out into Paris.

LARS

Jones, you 'celibate' this weekend?

JONES

Is that a proposal, Lars?

Eberwine drapes his arm around Jones.

LARS

Let's hope it doesn't come to that.

The German raises a Champagne over his head.

LARS (CONT'D)

To the Old Boys!

JULES/JONES

Old Boys!!!!

Jones and Jules raises their own bottles in unison.

LARS/JULES/JONES

Where ever they may be.

Champagne bottles CLINK!

JULES

*Oui.* The Old Boys. Seems an  
appropriate theme for this weekend.

LARS

Roster is a little lighter.

JONES

It is. Too light.

MILO (V.O.)

Their thoughts drift backwards.  
Beyond the dark memories of the  
war. To Oxford. Their roots. Rugby.

(MORE)

MILO (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Where their unshakeable trust was  
established. On a grass patched  
field they called the pitch.

INT. MAJESTIC HOTEL - ELEVATOR - SAME

Within the safe confines of the hotel's elevator, Gwen and Serge stand in silence. Their eyes focus on various corners of the ceiling.

MILO (V.O.)  
Lady Gwen bears the brunt of being  
British, and in love. For love,  
like life, makes no sense at all.  
It is rash and rather rude, showing  
up uninvited and, for that matter,  
unannounced.

Gwen's eyes land on Serge.

GWEN  
Why are we doing this?

SERGE  
What?

Serge's eyes avoid Gwen's.

GWEN  
You know damn well what. You said  
we would tell him alone.

SERGE  
And we shall.

GWEN  
It's cruel.

SERGE  
Jules, Lars will soften the blow.

GWEN  
Such shameless theatre.

SERGE  
What? Doesn't Jones deserve a good  
time?

GWEN  
You're taking him to the Quarter -  
home of pimps, prostitutes, and  
poets.



Serge turns, and pushes closer to her. He brushes her cheek with his lips.

SERGE  
Sounds like home.

GWEN  
Which of the three P's are you?

SERGE  
I'm no poet.

GWEN  
I'm no prostitute.

SERGE  
A pimp?

GWEN  
I can't do this. I'm getting married next week at Cardiff Castle, and that's that.

Serge plays with her hair.

SERGE  
I doubt it.

INT. RITZ HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY

Serge and Gwen wander through the Ritz's ornate lobby.

MILO (V.O.)  
The Ritz. One of Europe's most elegant hotels, caters to the fabulously rich, and the richly known. To some, it is home. For others, it's theirs for only a day or two. In this sublime setting, two recent lovers debate the topic at hand..

Serge and Gwen approach a center table.

STAFF arranges a large bouquet of flowers.

They stop before the flower-topped table.

The staff moves on.

GWEN  
Why are we doing this?

SERGE  
Doing what?

Serge stares into Gwen's dark eyes. Then, he leans closer.

SERGE (CONT'D)  
Ruin a friendship?

GWEN  
This will destroy Barnaby.

Serge steals a rose from the bouquet of flowers.

Gwen inhales the fresh floral scent.

GWEN (CONT'D)  
I know Barnaby loves me.

SERGE  
Yes, he does. Totally. But do you  
love him back?

Serge tickles the end of Gwen's nose.

Gwen GIGGLES.

Serge hands her the rose.

Gwen takes it.

GWEN  
I hate the power you possess over  
me.

Gwen moves on with her rose in hand.

MUSIC: SAD ACCORDIAN SONG.

At that precise moment, a sad melody of music ECHOES as it  
escapes from the lobby bar.

Appears LIZZIE and SARAH, primed for a good time. Both armed  
with mimosas in hand. They notice Gwen and SCREAM!

MILO (V.O.)  
The bridesmaids, Sarah and Lizzie.  
Poised, polished, and wearing the  
latest fashions. Lizzie represents  
the new generation of London's high  
society. With her proper pedigree,  
she is beautiful in an artificial  
way.

(MORE)

MILO (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Lizzie has chased things her whole life – the right schools, the right friends, and now the right man – she never has the time to sit back and reflect on her foolishness.

LIZZIE

Yoohoo!

Lizzie waves wildly. The black beads of the bottom of her blue chiffon dress dance right along with her.

LIZZIE (CONT'D)

Where have you been? I am frightfully unhappy here.

Gwen half-listens.

MILO (V.O.)

Jones' sister Sarah trails Lizzie. She's nothing like Liz. The fiery redhead possesses a solid, natural, and earthy attractiveness originates from her kind ways and actions.

Lizzie bickers on to Gwen.

Sarah passes. She gives her soon-to-be sister-in-law a big hug and kiss.

MILO (V.O.)

Sarah loves Gwen. The Jones' family has been all men since her Mother died. Now, Sarah was so close to having a sister. Finally.

GWEN

Hi, Sarah.

SARAH

Gwen, you look lovely as always. I can't wait to see you again in your dress.

MILO (V.O.)

The two had hunted down the perfect wedding dress on the very same day Gwen succumbed to Serge.

GWEN

Me too. So, what did I miss?

Gwen drops the rose to the floor.

Serge bends down and scoops it up. Then, with some flair, he places it in his lapel.

LIZZIE  
Nothing good yet.

Lizzie eyes and flirts with Serge.

LIZZIE (CONT'D)  
You know what's wrong with you,  
Serge?

SERGE  
What?

LIZZIE  
Nothing.

SARAH  
Lizzie!

LIZZIE  
What? We're all adults.

Lizzie inspects the prince's body like a big prize.

SARAH  
Serge, I apologize for my friend's  
straight forwardness.

SERGE  
No apology necessary.

LIZZIE  
I can't believe the wedding is one  
week away.

MILO (V.O.)  
Lizzie stresses the word "one," not  
the wedding. For she is an expert  
at finding fault.

LIZZIE  
If I were you I would be out of my  
mind. For every little thing must  
be perfect.

GWEN  
Ugh, the caterer is going to be the  
death of me.

Sarah expresses her alarm.

SARAH  
He's supposed to be London's  
finest.

GWEN  
I know, I know... but his menu  
selections are awful.

SARAH  
Dear one...

Sarah adds with a new sense of purpose.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
We shall help you.

LIZZIE  
Poor dear.

MILO (V.O.)  
Lizzie was jealous of Gwen. Not  
particularly because of Jones,  
though his family was extremely  
wealthy. No, her jealousy grows  
from a deeper root. In her mind,  
she thinks Gwen knows what she  
wants from life. And for Lizzie,  
that is something to envy.

Lizzie takes a second stab at Serge. She plays with his lapel  
flower and teases.

LIZZIE  
Serge, you devil. Why didn't you  
tell us that you were staying at  
the Majestic?

Serge walks on and leads them back to the lobby bar.

SERGE  
We thought you would all be safer  
here. Don't you like your suite?

Serge looks at his watch.

SERGE (CONT'D)  
I must go.

LIZZIE  
Stay.

SERGE  
I would bore you all.

On impulse, Gwen grabs Serge's hand.

GWEN  
That's not true.

SERGE  
I'm old.

Lizzie looks down at Gwen's hand holding Serge's.

GWEN  
Thirty-Three is not old.

LIZZIE  
You Russians are bad boys?

Gwen releases her hand. She then reaches into her small purse, removes a cigarette from her case, and places it in its two-inch ivory holder engraved with dragons and snakes.

MILO (V.O.)  
A gift from Jones.

Before Gwen can light the end of it...

Serge moves in a single motion, extracting a lighter from his pocket. CLICK!

A flame tips closer to Gwen's cigarette. She blows it out and brushes away his hand.

GWEN  
Serge, modern woman prefer to light  
their own.

Serge gives Gwen a slight bow. Then, he returns his lighter.

SERGE  
I'm certain of it. Forgive me, I'm  
a creature of old habits.

Serge eyes Gwen.

Gwen eyes Serge.

Sexual tension grows.

SARAH  
Enough, with the best man. How's my  
brother handling it all?

Gwen declares with flair.

GWEN  
Splendidly. He's surrounded by his  
drinking buddies now.

LIZZIE  
He hasn't seen them in some time.

SARAH  
Has Lars arrived?

SERGE  
Yes, Sarah. Lars arrived yesterday.

SARAH  
Good.

SERGE  
He's eager to see you too.

Sarah's face reddens.

Serge CLAPS his hands together.

SERGE (CONT'D)  
Ladies, I have wonderful news.  
Today, you will enjoy the comforts  
of the Hotel Ritz's salon and spa.

LIZZIE  
I didn't come to Paris to get my  
hair done.

SERGE  
Patience.

LIZZIE  
Where are the boys playing this  
weekend?

SARAH  
Away from here, I would imagine.

GWEN  
They're going to the Quarter.

LIZZIE  
The Quarter??!

MILO (V.O.)  
Lizzie moans. She reads every  
magazine on the Quarter's realness  
and unique mystique. She wants to  
experience it for herself.

LIZZIE

I see. Allow us to swim in the shallow end of the pool as you boys enjoy Paris's deep end.

SERGE

Lizzie... if you dare. Later tonight, why don't you girls join us in the Quarter for dancing. Say, the Dingo?

LIZZIE

I'm in.

SARAH

Is that a good idea?

SERGE

I'm sure Jones wouldn't mind.

SARAH

He'll surely be...

SERGE

Drunk? Certainly.

MILO (V.O.)

Jones becomes a different person after too much drink. As if a switch in his head labeled "good" CLICKS over to "bad."

Sarah turns to Gwen.

SARAH

What do you think, Gwen?

Sarah holds her breath as the bride-to-be answers.

GWEN

I don't know.

LIZZIE

It's just dancing.

GWEN

Sure. Why not?

Serge bows slightly.

SERGE

Splendid. We shall see you then in the Quarter. Try the Select first, Then, the Dingo.



Serge walks to...

HENRI, who stands behind the bar, cleaning a glass.

MILO (V.O.)

Serge and the bartender share a quick joke and laugh. Then, they both turn and eye the girls. Serge throws a large clump of colorful money on the bar.

Henri scoops it up and nods.

A moment later, Henri brings over a silver urn overflowing with ice surrounding a bottle of La Dame Champagne.

HENRI

Champagne and Caviar, ladies.  
Compliments of Prince Serge.

Three flutes glasses magically appear. With flair and gusto, Henri POURS Champagne into the girls' glasses.

Lizzie removes some cash from her purse. She waves in front of Henri as he POURS.

LIZZIE

Darling, what gossip do you have on Prince Serge?

HENRI

He likes to fly.

EXT. THE QUARTER - DAY

Jones' entourage piles out of a cab.

The CABBIE sticks his hand out.

LARS

Jules, pay the man.

JULES

Lars, I missed your cheapness.  
Almost.

Lars pays the cabbie.

Jones surveys their surroundings and the CROWDS at the Café Dome.

MILO (V.O.)

The Latin Quarter, Ahh! The very heart of Paris. There is much to see in Paris, a glimmering city seemingly made of fine art. But after tourists have seen all that, they usually end up somewhere close to here – at a tiny table surrounded by friends, in the Quarter.

Jules looks annoyed. He gazes over at the Dome's terrace of tables overflowing with TOURISTS.

JULES

Hell, if there had been this many Americans in Nineteen-Fifteen the war would have been won that year.

MILO (V.O.)

Instead of entering the Dome, Jules heads across the street to a small, deserted café with red and blue tube lighting spelling out, "Café Alfredo."

IMAGE: "Café Alfredo."

MILO (V.O.)

It is the opposite of the Dome in every way: the tables lay abandon and empty and the décor is worn and dated. In fact, nestled on the backstreets of Raspail and Montparnasse, the Café Alfredo's one redeeming point is its fine view of the Cafés Dome and Cupola, both buzzing with activity.

A dumbfounded Jones follows Jules across the street.

JONES

We told Serge we would meet him at the Dome?

JULES

He will find us.

Jules waves at the...

Café Alfredo's HEADWAITER. He appears as greasy and outdated as the establishment.

JULES (CONT'D)  
The Dome's dead. And has been for  
years.

Lars eyes all the INTERESTING PEOPLE flocking the outside  
tables.

LARS  
Dead? It's packed. Look!

Jules takes the best table.

JULES  
True. Packed with tourists.

LARS  
Jules! Come on.

JULES  
Lars, don't be a tourist. Be a  
traveler.  
(thank you A.B.)

JONES  
But the Dome...

JULES  
Is dead.

LARS  
Dead!?

Lars points to the fetching women across the street.

LARS (CONT'D)  
It's very much alive.

JULES  
Thank Hemingway for that. Bastard.  
His damn book was the deathblow to  
the authentic Bohemian appeal of  
this place.

Lars looks around Alfredo's drab and dirty surroundings.

LARS  
Are we really staying here?

JULES  
Why not? It has a fine view and  
well-stocked cellar. Relax, Lars.  
This is only our launching point  
for the weekend. Trust me. You will  
learn to love it here.

APPEARS the Alfredo's PROPRIETOR. He eyes the table like a glazed ham, his mood is all shiny and bright. Sadly, the same could not be said of his once-white apron. Spots of grease and dried blood covers it.

PROPRIETOR  
*Bien. Voilà, Monsieur de Vouge.*

MILO (V.O.)  
For generations, the de Vouges have been famous for the fine vintages of wine they produced. Therefore, in France, they are treated better than royalty.

PROPRIETOR  
As always, it is a pleasure. Qu'est-ce que vous voudrez? Champagne?

The owner pronounces it with gusto - sham-pah-nyun!!!

JONES  
(in fluent French)  
What would you recommend?

PROPRIETOR  
Should I bring you the usual girls?

MILO (V.O.)  
Don't YOU judge. It's the Quarter. Anything is possible. Especially at the Café Alfredo. A place better known for what appears off their menu than on it.

LARS  
Girls? Jules, where've you taken us?

The Frenchman CHUCKLES.

JULES  
No. We don't need girls quite yet. We're not ready yet for their sweetness.

Jules gives the table a wicked smile.

JULES (CONT'D)  
Presently, we require some alcohol, for we have been sober for far too long today.

MILO (V.O.)  
 Jules rattles off everything from a  
 fifth of Stoli to several buckets  
 of Champagne.

PROPRIETOR  
 Un magnum de la Grande Dame de la  
 Champagne?

MILO (V.O.)  
 La Grande Dame is de Vouge's most  
 prestigious label.

Jules tilts his head up and laughs.

JULES  
 No, better.

The owner's smile erodes and with a distasteful look, as if  
 Jules had just spoke blasphemy.

PROPRIETOR  
 Better than la Grand Dame?!?

JULES  
*Oui.*

PROPRIETOR  
 Monsieur de Vouge?!? I...

JULES  
 Do your best.

The owner retreats from the table.

LARS  
 Jules, this place sucks!

Jones sees a NEWSBOY.

JONES  
 Is that the latest edition?!?

NEWSBOY  
 Still warm, Monsieur.

JONES  
 Excellent!

The Welshman hands the newsboy some coins.

The newsboy gives Jones the Parisian Times. It's two-inch  
 banner reads NUNGESSER AND COLI FEARED DEAD.

JONES (CONT'D)  
Nungesser and Coli.

Lars pulls out a stogie from his breast pocket.

LARS  
I've heard stories that their plane  
made it to Maine.

The Headwaiter returns with a tray of bottles and glasses.

JULES  
That's just stories to sell more  
newspapers.

Jones reads from the article aloud.

JONES  
Two weeks have passed since two  
French war aces, Charles Nungesser  
and his navigator Francis Coli,  
took off from Le Bourget, a tiny  
airport north of the city, in a  
forty-hour effort to reach New  
York. Now, an American is  
attempting to cross.

LARS  
Who?

JONES  
A guy named Lindbergh.

JULES  
A solo crossing? Impossible.  
Splash!

Jones raises his glass.

JONES  
To daring great things. Cheers!

JULES/LARS  
Cheers!

SOUND: CLING! of glass.

EXT. THE DOME - DAY

Serge pops out of a cab near the Café Alfredo when sees...

GRAND DUKE ALEXANDER MIKAILOVICH, his Uncle anchors down a  
table at the Dome. He reads and soaks up the midday sun.

SERGE  
Uncle Sandro!

Jones SHOUTS from across the street.

JONES  
Serge! We are over here!!!

Serge turns, looks over at the deserted Alfredo.

SERGE  
Why?!?

LARS  
Jules!

SERGE  
I'll join you in a minute.

Sandro gazes up from his table. He strokes his frosty white goatee with the fingertips of one hand, and with the other waves Serge over.

SANDRO  
Sergei Platonovich.

Sandro leans back in his wicker chair.

SANDRO (CONT'D)  
What a pleasant surprise.

SERGE  
Uncle, you look good as always.

Sandro grabs the lapels of his jacket with both hands.

SANDRO  
This suit, like me, has seen better days. Sit, Serge.

Serge does.

The sunshine hits Serge's face as he sits down.

SANDRO (CONT'D)  
How's your arm?

SERGE  
Fine. The cast came off a month ago.

SANDRO  
Well, you're lucky it wasn't your head.

SERGE

Uncle, you must've crashed before,  
with all your years of flying?

SANDRO

Yes, of course. I walked away  
without a scratch, every time. My  
crashes were controlled.

SERGE

You must've had a better teacher  
than I.

SANDRO

Son, you had the best instructor  
the Russian Imperial Air Force  
could provide... me.

SERGE

I did.

SANDRO

You hungry?

SERGE

Just for news. Anything new from  
Russia?

SANDRO

The murdering continues.

As the duke butters his bread, they both share a moment of  
silence.

SERGE

Uncle, are you okay?

SANDRO

Why you ask?

SERGE

You seem a little distracted today.

SANDRO

Of late, I feel as if I'm stumbling  
blindly through my days.

SERGE

Me too. I miss home.

SANDRO

We've been in Paris too long. Poor  
us. How's your art? I cherish the  
portrait you gave me.

(MORE)



SANDRO (CONT'D)  
(in Russian)  
Thank you.

SERGE  
(In Russian)  
You're welcome.

SANDRO  
What are you working on now?

SERGE  
Working on. Hmm. It's an enjoyable hobby, but I lack sufficient talent to translate the visions I see so vividly in my head to the canvas.

SANDRO  
Give it time. A masterpiece of art is known for its imperfections.

SERGE  
Imperfections, indeed. Speaking of harsh critics, Victor stopped by today.

SANDRO  
Grekov? I thought he was in Warsaw.

SERGE  
He is. He's here on business.

SANDRO  
Wet work. Good for him. He's still in the fight.

SERGE  
Uncle, who will remember us?

SANDRO  
We are being erased.

SERGE  
It's been a decade since the end of the Three-Hundred year Romanov reign.

SANDRO  
Their noble blood courses through you. You're from the line of Peter the Great, Alexander the First, the man who first defeated Bonaparte, and, of course...

SERGE

You.

SANDRO

Yes. The bastards of the world can take it all.

The duke lifts up his boney finger to emphasis his point.

SANDRO (CONT'D)

Except our memories of how spectacular it once was.

SERGE

True.

SANDRO

So, what do you have in store this weekend?

SERGE

Jones' stag party is this weekend. Any interest in joining us?

SANDRO

If I were ten years younger, I would still be too old. I wish him and his bride the best.

SERGE

He's sitting right over there.

Serge points across the street to a body hidden by an outstretched newspaper.

SERGE (CONT'D)

He would love to see you.

SANDRO

Give him my regards. This weekend of yours is reserved for the young, not just the young at heart. Oh, by the way, thank Milo for me. His publisher Max has been most kind. He wishes to publish my memoirs.

SERGE

That's marvelous news. I will tell him.

SANDRO

Has he finished his new book yet?

SERGE  
No. He hasn't.

SANDRO  
Well, I'm eager to read it. His first book, *Ashes, Ashes, We All Fall Down*, was superb.

SERGE  
It was. The best account yet on the war. Raw and real.

SANDRO  
Are you going to Felix's party this evening? I suppose your friends have better things to do.

SERGE  
I doubt it.

SANDRO  
A gathering of the damned.

SERGE  
A Dead Man's party. Give them my regards.

SANDRO  
I shall.

*SERGE*  
*Schastleevo, Sandro.*

SANDRO  
*Schastleevo, my boy. Until next time.*

Serge approaches Café Alfredo.

MILO (V.O.)  
Jones watches Serge walk back from the Dome, and for the first time realizes how disorienting it would be to lose the world you grew up in: the land, the language, and liberty to call yourself a Russian citizen.

Jones lowers his newspaper.

Serge takes a seat.

JONES

No new news on Nungesser and Coli.  
Just more speculation. There's an  
American attempting...

SERGE

This place sucks.

Serge grabs a bottle and drinks straight from it.

JULES

Who was that Serge?

SERGE

My Uncle, His Excellency, Grand  
Duke Alexander Mikhailovich.

JULES

So, that's Sandro. He needs a  
better suit.

LARS

Who gives a damn about his suit? He  
created the Imperial Russia's Air  
Force. He's a legend. An Ace.

JULES

Still. He needs a better suit.  
Serge, you should see to it.

SERGE

Jules, my Uncle, is stuck in the  
past. Along with his wardrobe.

JULES

My family is the same way. Stuck.

Serge points down at the Nungesser article that lies flat on  
the table.

SERGE

They found Nungesser's plane yet?

JULES

No. Most likely, it rests at the  
bottom of the Atlantic.

JONES

How's Gwen and the girls?

SERGE

Good. Excited.

LARS  
And Sarah?

SERGE  
What about her?

LARS  
I was just...

JONES  
Lars don't break her heart.

LARS  
We better polish these off.

The German throws his cigarette down to the ground and drains his glass.

LARS (CONT'D)  
We are suppose to meet Ian at four.

INT. THE SELECT - BAR - SAME

Milo nestles up to the bar. He shouts down to...

JACQUES, the bartender continues to clean a smeared glass with his dirty apron.

MILO  
Hey, Jacques, I need another down here. I'm thirsty.

Offers DRUNK at bar.

DRUNK  
Hey! Milo needs a head start into the night.

JACQUES  
Your funeral, Milo. I can't afford to have you in the same piss-drunk condition as last week.

DRUNK  
Throwing up on a rich American heiress is bad for business, Jacque?

JACQUE  
It ain't good.

MILO

Sorry about that, Jacque. Her smugness turned my stomach.

DRUNK

He did offer to clean it up.

JACQUE

With a tonic spritzer bottle!

MILO

I am most clever when I am slightly under the influence.

JACQUE

Clever? Slightly? Here.

The bartender sets down a glass filled with a green milky liquid. He WATERS it down. Then, he tosses in a white cube of cane sugar in. BLOP!

JACQUE (CONT'D)

This crap will kill your cleverness.

DRUNK

You writers will do anything to get the creative juices flowing, but write.

JACQUE

This stuff is just pure poison. I've served too many death-hungry writers in my day.

The Drunk rests his head on the bar and starts to SNORE.

MILO

*Merci beaucoup*, my friend. You see... my pen requires a special kind of ink.

Milo GULPS down the mixture down.

MILO (CONT'D)

Haa! Good. I can no longer feel my lips.

JACQUE

More like your brain. Milo, you're a lost cause.

MILO

Jacques, we need to work on your people skills. May help business.

Jacque looks around the Select as it starts to fill.

JACQUE

Business is good. I'm afraid of losing a regular that tips well, that's all.

Milo feels the booze. Its ebb tide pulls his mind under.

MILO

Thanks, Jack-o.

JACQUES

You Americans are all crazy.

MILO

It comes with liberty my friend.

JACQUES

No. It comes with too much money. And weak self esteem.

MILO

Touché. You nailed it, Jacque.

The Drunk awakens.

DRUNK

Milo, how long have been away from home?

MILO

Ten years.

JACQUES

What do you miss most?

MILO

I miss a tiny rat-infested walk-up apartment. I called home. Brooklyn.

DRUNK

Brooklyn!

JACQUE

Speaking of Americans. What do you think about this fella Lindbergh?

MILO

Lindbergh? Never heard of him.

JACQUE

He's an American aviator, almost as crazy as you.

MILO

If he is truly insane, then he and I must share a drink before the end of this Bohemian Babylon of ours.

JACQUE

Too late, I fear he will never make it across the Atlantic.

DRUNK

It's impossible. If Nungesser and Coli couldn't do it, no one can.

JACQUE

Yep. He will likely perish in a plane.

MILO

Perished in a plane. That's not half bad. I need to write that down.

MILO (V.O.)

I search for a pencil that I always carry for such occasions, but I must have forgotten it.

MILO

Oh well, if it's any bloody good, I'll remember it in the morning.

MILO (V.O.)

I never remember anything in the morning. My mornings start around noon.

DRUNK

A transatlantic crossing by plane is impossible.

INT. THE SELECT BAR - SAME

Lizzie leans over the bar. She wears a shiny piece of chiffon that wraps perfectly around her curvy body, and pearls.

MILO (V.O.)

Sarah and her decide to skip their the Ritz spa in favor of the adventures of the Quarter.



Liz wants a drink. En route, she bumps into a...

LIZZIE

Whoops.

Middle aged DENTIST from Toulouse. He eyes Lizzie.

DENTIST

*Pardon. My.... You look pretty in that dress.*

Lizzie tries to move on.

The dentist grabs her by her arm.

DENTIST (CONT'D)

I must paint you.

MILO (V.O.)

What did he know about painting?  
He's a dentist from Toulouse. What does it matter? In Paris, everyone is an artist, even in lies.

Lizzie steps closer and whispers into the dentist's ear.

LIZZIE

You like my dress, Painter Man?  
Well... I look so much better without it.

The dentist licks his lips.

Lizzie separates herself from him, LAUGHS!

LIZZIE (CONT'D)

You'll never know. Wimps who dabble in watercolors are not my style.

As she steps back, Lizzie bumps into a sunglass wearing Milo.

LIZZIE (CONT'D)

Oops.

Milo doesn't react or reply.

So, Lizzie tries harder. She leans closer to Milo and teases.

LIZZIE (CONT'D)

A filthy old beret would finish off that burned-out bohemian-look of yours.

Lizzies flashes Milo a smile.

Milo still stares directly at the mirror behind the bar.

LIZZIE (CONT'D)  
*Bon jour.*  
(in French)  
I'm Lizzie. What do you do for fun?

MILO  
Buzz off, butterfly.

LIZZIE  
What?!?

Milo turns to face Lizzie.

Lizzie's face reflects off his dark glasses.

MILO  
I said, buzz off, butterfly.

LIZZIE  
My, aren't you friendly?

Milo turns back and BANGS! on the bar.

MILO  
Hey, Jack-o! What does a guy have  
to do around here to get a drink?

JACQUES  
Relax, Milo. Just give me a minute.  
We're busy.

Lizzie states to Jacque.

LIZZIE  
Jack-o. His drink is on me.

JACQUES  
Whatever.

MILO  
I can manage, precious.

LIZZIE  
Just trying to be nice. That's all.

MILO  
I'm not familiar with prep school  
girls with trust funds being, what  
is that word you used again? Oh  
yeah, nice.

LIZZIE

Girl?!? I'm a woman. I don't bite.  
Not unless I am asked to.

MILO

Does your mother know you speak  
like this?

Milo BANGS! his fist down on the bar again.

LIZZIE

So, what's with the sunglasses? You  
shy or something?

Jacques brings Milo's drink along with a glass of Champagne  
for Lizzie.

Lizzie reaches into her purse.

JACQUES

On the house.

LIZZIE

Thank you.

JACQUES

Don't mention it.

Milo grabs his drink from Jacques.

JACQUES (CONT'D)

Last one, Milo. Then, you've to  
switch to beer.

MILO

Yum. Yum.

Milo downs it in one GULP.

MILO (CONT'D)

Haa! Thanks, Jack-o.

Milo turns back to Lizzie.

MILO (CONT'D)

May I trouble you for a beer?

Lizzie fishes out some money from her purse.

LIZZIE

Sure. You have some death wish or  
something?

MILO

Nope. Just wish to switch off reality.

Lizzie shares the truth for the first time.

LIZZIE

I've never met anyone like you before.

MILO

What circles you travel in? Remember...

Milo touches the side of his nose.

MILO (CONT'D)

Conformity kills.

LIZZIE

Yeah, and so does too much booze.

MILO

There's a mother hen in you.

LIZZIE

A what?

Appears IAN, Barnaby's cousin. A recent Oxford grad Ian is. He enjoys playing the part of a heavy. He sees Lizzie. He approaches her from across the bar.

IAN

Hey pal, this girl is not interested in slumming it tonight.

MILO (V.O.)

Before Liz could save me, I saved myself.

Milo licks his lips, like some actor who has mastered his lines. He then pushes down his sunglasses. This reveals his baby blue eyes that you could skate on.

MILO

Buddy, you've absolutely no idea the interests or wants of this most lovely of ladies.

Ian takes the offensive.

LIZZIE

Lovely?

IAN  
You want to take this outside?!?

LIZZIE  
Ian, drop dead. We're only having a drink.

IAN  
Lizzie, this is between me and the bum.

The Welshman jabs his forefinger into Milo's chest.

MILO  
Relax, richie. Stop stealing my sunshine.

IAN  
Sunshine? We're indoors.

MILO  
Buzz, the F off!

Ian gets in boxing formation.

Jacques appears.

JACQUES  
Milo, you good?

Ian drops his arms.

IAN  
You're not Milo Amborski, are you?

Milo pops up from his stool like a rocket.

MILO  
The very one! Now, shithead... if you're an admirer of my work, a fan... I can no longer despise you, just detest.

IAN  
Great.

Ian backs down.

Liz whispers to Ian.

LIZZIE  
Who's Milo Amborski?

Milo hears this exchange.

MILO

Dear child, you don't know of me?  
Wow. Now, that's troubling. I  
really must finish my second book.

Jones' entourage arrives.

Jules YELLS to Milo.

JULES

Milo! About bloody time! Where did  
you go last night?

Jules grabs Milo by the collar, soon the bar swallows them.

Jules drags Milo with them to the back of the bar.

LIZZIE

Who was that?

IAN

Jules de Vouge, his family owns the  
top...

LIZZIE

No, Milo.

Ian SIGHS.

IAN

Some has-been writer who once wrote  
a book about the War.

LIZZIE

Really.

IAN

He hangs around the same circles as  
Hemingway and Joyce.

LIZZIE

A writer immersed in the Parisian  
literary world? Interesting.

INT. RUSSIAN EMBASSY CAR - SUNSET

Yuri and Boris sit in the backseat as a DRIVER slices through  
evening traffic.

YURI

The old man likes to kill in  
public.

BORIS  
My contacts at the Polish Embassy  
tell me no new arrivals that fit  
the description of Maksim's killer.

YURI  
See if Henri is available. He's an  
effective brute. Should be able to  
handle the elderly.

Boris nods.

YURI (CONT'D)  
Plus, no way to trace the work back  
to us.

BORIS  
Yes, Comrade. Why dirty our own  
hands?

YURI  
Indeed. Though, make it messy.

Boris nods his agreement.

YURI (CONT'D)  
Driver, stop the car!

The car stops, and Yuri gets out.

BORIS  
Consider it done.

YURI  
We don't need the Poles getting all  
cocky. His hammer and sickle  
Schick, should do the trick.

YURI (CONT'D)  
I need to stretch my legs. If you  
need me, call the embassy.

BORIS  
Yes, Comrade.

The embassy car merges into traffic.

Yuri walks along the sidewalk. He stops before a building  
that houses the Russian Orthodox Church.

INT. RUSSIAN ORTHODOX CHURCH - SUNSET

Sun beams of a dying day pierce the colorful stain glass.  
Tall, lit pillar candles flicker about.

Grekov kneels before the Mother Mary. His eyes are closed.

Yuri approaches from behind him. He pulls out a long rosary  
from his pocket.

NOTE: made it look like Yuri is preparing to strangle Grekov.

Yuri drops the rosary at Grekov's feet.

YURI

Victor, you are a creature of  
habit.

Grekov keeps his eyes closed.

GREKOV

Yuri, and I thought you were dead.

YURI

I had a good mentor.

Grekov opens his eyes. He sees the rosary and scoops it up.

GREKOV

That you did.  
(in Russian)  
Thank you.

YURI

(in Russian)  
You're welcome.

GREKOV

How's home?

YURI

You would not recognize it, I'm  
afraid.

GREKOV

Still, I miss the summers in St.  
Petersburg.

YURI

Not the winters?

GREKOV

No. The White Lights. My midnight  
walks along canals and the Neva.



YURI  
Victor, your time there has passed.

GREKOV  
Hmm... St. Petersburg.

YURI  
It's Leningrad now.

GREKOV  
Yuri. What happened to you?

YURI  
The Civil War happened.

GREKOV  
Reds vs. Whites.

YURI  
The Reds won. So, I switched over.

GREKOV  
What of Faith. Honor. Loyalty. You once swore your allegiance to Tsar Nicholas.

YURI  
That was long ago.

GREKOV  
Still.

YURI  
I'm too old to be honorable. Too wise to be loyal.

GREKOV  
And faith?

Yuri looks around the church until his eyes land on Grekov.

YURI  
My faith was in you. And you left.

GREKOV  
Not by choice.

YURI  
What are you fighting for now?

GREKOV  
(in Russian)  
Hope.

YURI  
Hope? Hmm. Well, hopefully you will  
allow me this professional  
courtesy.

GREKOV  
What?

YURI  
Leave Paris, within the hour.

Yuri tosses down a train ticket for the Warsaw train.

Grekov picks it up.

GREKOV  
First class even?!?

YURI  
Be on that train. For both our  
sakes.

GREKOV  
Or else?

YURI  
The Tsar is dead. Why join him?

GREKOV  
Remember, I'm a hard man to kill.

YURI  
Whatever. Go home and live to see  
tomorrow, or...

GREKOV  
Two arch angels of opposing  
views...

YURI  
Battling it out in Paris?

Yuri turns and leaves.

YURI (CONT'D)  
I hope not.  
(in Russian)  
Good-bye.

Grekov eyes the image of Mary...

GREKOV  
Forgive me for my many sins.

INT. THE SELECT BAR - LATER

Jones' stag party rages on at the Select.

MILO (V.O.)

The topic of Lindbergh's fate leaps  
freely off everyone's tongues.

The wireless ANNOUNCER reports.

ANNOUNCER

The world holds it's breathe.  
As Charles Lindbergh and his plane,  
the *Spirit of St. Louis*, fly solo  
over the Atlantic.

MILO (V.O.)

The Select grows full of happy  
people bent on a good time. Why are  
they so happy? It is because Paris'  
petting zoo is officially open.  
Weird and interesting animals roam  
the room as Friday night takes its  
first deep breath. Lindbergh's fate  
is an afterthought to the rest of  
the evening's gay festivities.  
Anyway, the zoo crowd expects the  
worse. If a pilot with Nungesser's  
impressive resume could not achieve  
the transatlantic crossing, it is  
unlikely some twenty-five-year-old  
farm boy from the States could do  
what a decorated war ace could not.  
At least, that was the view and  
opinion from this side of the cage.

Within this NOISY crowd, Jones and Serge carry the two large  
pints of beer that they just secure from Jacque. Together,  
they retreat to a nearby corner.

SERGE

Look at us all splintering off.

JONES

Yeah, just like old times. Only  
less of us, that's all.

SERGE

Right. It's funny how we don't  
mention them anymore. Their  
presence, even in our stories, has  
somehow been omitted. As if their  
very existence is now in question.

JONES

Aye.

Jones raises his glass in a salute.

JONES (CONT'D)

To the old boys, wherever they may  
be.

Serge raises his glass too.

SERGE

(in Russian)

Cheers!

SOUND: CLICKING on glass.

JONES

(in Russian)

Cheers!

SERGE

Why wasn't it us?

JONES

If my memory is correct, you came  
close in Sixteen.

SERGE

I did everything in my power to die  
in that war, and I received a  
bloody medal of valor for it.

JONES

Serge, I learned a long ago. Life  
makes no bloody sense. Except for  
her. My Gwen.

Gwen passes the table. She waves to Jones.

At the other side of the...

BAR.

Jules and Lars stand side by side along the finely polished  
bar, opposite Milo.

LARS

(to Jules)

So, what's all this talk I hear  
about you establishing your own  
label?

JULES  
You mean, our label.

LARS  
Our?

Eberwine exhales a ring of smoke from his cigarette.

MILO  
Why don't you just join your  
father's business?

JULES  
I would rather die. The man gets  
too much pleasure from telling me  
what to do. Besides, I inherited  
land from my grandmother. Her  
ancestral home, it's in great need  
of repair but the rolling fields  
that surround her possess the  
perfect soil for growing grapes. In  
fact, one hundred years ago the  
region was home to some of France's  
best vintages.

LARS  
What happened?

JULES  
Boredom. Neglect. My grandfather  
wanted nothing to do with wine  
except to drink it. He abandoned  
the estate to pursue politics in  
Paris.

MILO  
Such a waste.

JULES  
Not for us, von Eberwine. Not for  
us.

LARS  
How so?

JULES  
Remember, how we used to discuss  
establishing our own label?

LARS  
Yes, in Oxford.

Lars squishes his cigarette butt into a nearby ashtray.

LARS (CONT'D)

But that was ages ago. After too much wine.

JULES

No matter. We are poised to do so if you desire. I have inherited a great deal of land but no capital. I have been officially cut off from my father's funds.

LARS

So, you need someone to finance your dream?

JULES

Our dream.

LARS

Milo?

MILO

Sorry Jules. I'm broke. Why not ask your father for the money?

JULES

Because there would undoubtedly be strings attached. Eberwine, I don't want to repeat the policies of the past. I want to push a new generation of winemaking in France. I want to create a winery founded by the desire to produce the finest wines by embracing modern tactics.

LARS

Modern tactics, in winemaking?

MILO

The industry clings to tradition and it's past.

LARS

I don't know, Jules. I'm busy enough with my pursuits in Africa. The war ruined my country, financially and morally. Inflation is utterly out of control.

JULES

Oh, I didn't know.

LARS

Let me think about it.

JULES

Just look at the land. That's all I ask. If you think it's not worth your time, we will leave it at that.

MILO

Jules, how long have you been working on this notion of yours?

JULES

Truthfully?

LARS

*Da.*

JULES

Since the first time we met.

MILO

Making wine with a wino.

LARS/JULES

Yeah.

INT. SELECT BAR - LATER

Serge carries a tray of drinks to Jules table where Jones, Lars sit.

MILO (V.O.)

From the other side of the bar Serge emerges with a tray of drinks, and nods as he approaches Jules' table. The stag party is in full force. As they begin to remember what it feels like to be invincible.

JULES

Glad to see you finally made it. We were beginning to think the Bolsheviks got you.

Serge reaches the table and sets down the tray.

SERGE

Funny, Jules. Explain to me how your proud family's neck avoided the guillotine's razor edge?

Jules looks up.

JULES  
It involved a great deal of wine,  
and a daughter or two.

LAUGHTER engulfs the table.

Jules pops up.

JULES (CONT'D)  
Anyone else need to piss?

SERGE  
Do you wish for us to hold your  
hand?

JULES  
Not yet.

Jules crosses the room.

Lizzie corners Jules near the...

BATHROOM'S DOOR.

JULES (CONT'D)  
Lizzie! Don't you look fetching.

LIZZIE  
Save it, Jules.

Lizzie points towards Milo.

LIZZIE (CONT'D)  
What's Milo's story?

JULES  
Milo's? It's a sad one.

LIZZIE  
Why?

JULES  
Well, first of all, he's an  
American. Broke, yet brilliant.

LIZZIE  
Milo Amborski? If he is so  
brilliant, why haven't I heard of  
him?

JULES  
You would have if the Quarter  
hadn't found him first.



LIZZIE  
So he is a drunk?

JULES  
First class. Now, thinking of it,  
we do seem to travel in the same  
circles. Yes, poor us, Lizzie. I  
hate seeing him piss it all away.  
He wrote the best damn book I ever  
read on the war. I don't know,  
perhaps he got too close to his  
subject. Such a pity.

LIZZIE  
Milo's book?

JULES  
Ashes, Ashes, We All Fall Down.

LIZZIE  
The nursery rhyme?

JULES  
*Oui*. Milo is a lost cause, like me.  
Best to stay clear.

Jules disappears behind the bathroom door.

INT. BATHROOM - SAME

Jules OPENS a stall's door.

A toilet overflows with crap. Its stench nauseates Jules.

JULES  
Fuck! That smell.

An unwanted snapshot pops into his head.

BEGINS: JULES  
WAR FLASHBACK

EXT. VERDUN'S RUINS - BEFORE SUNRISE

A war weary Jules pushes a wheelbarrow up a sloped path. He  
moves in a zigzag manner around the piles of bricks and  
debris that were once buildings and homes.

SUPER: "SUMMER OF 1916. Verdun."

MILO (V.O.)  
To the living I owe respect...

JULES

To the dead I owe only the truth.

MILO (V.O.)

Jules stands under a bottomless sky. Not quite night and not quite morning, a huge radiant moon hangs low, retreats westerly overhead as dark columns of oily smoke bleeds into its pureness. The stars are no longer out. Jules realizes that all is not right underneath this moving celestial body. Where heaven and earth merge. A savage, apocalyptic sight materializes before him, almost as if God no longer concerns himself with the lives of the inhabitants of this forgotten land set ablaze by war.

The night creeps towards morning.

Jules moves on. Through a street lit by fire. All around his world burns, causes fantastic flames.

MILO (V.O.)

Jules passes twisting tongues of red, orange, and blue soars up the outer walls. Fire consumes everything of this once peaceful village. Nestled atop a knobby hill, caught between the advancing German Army and the streets of Paris. The smoke from the fires produces a thick, hickory-tasting fog. Drowning Jules as he trudges further up the hill.

With each step, shards of glass CRACK and CRUNCH like icy snow under Jules' boots. At this exact moment Jules notices another pair of boots much like his. They stick straight up out of the old wooden wheelbarrow.

MILO (V.O.)

Burlap covers the stiff body of Jules' cousin, Jean-Luc. A bright, young man now gone. Jules idolized him, to the point of worship.

JULES

A dark day.

MILO (V.O.)

With great effort, Jules pushes the barrow up the street, all the while he tries to deny the contents of the cart. He tramps further up the hill, as morning dawns. The first rays of the day break above the building before him. Within minutes, the sun shines bright above the rolling, eastern outskirts of Verdun.

The pink morning light reveals a damaged land. The uncontrollable fires are the aftermath of the night's massive artillery attack.

MILO (V.O.)

Daily, the German siege guns rain down bits and pieces of manufactured hell. Here, the French takes a dire stand to protect Paris. The outskirts of the quaint, picturesque village that overlooks the River Meuse. Is where the French witness firsthand the indescribable carnage of modern warfare. It is here, at Verdun, where the French fight staunchly and endure, but the human toll is great. Tens of millions of artillery shells rain down on Verdun. The shrapnel transforms the woods into a nightmare-scape, where the dead die a thousand deaths as their corpses are repeatedly tossed about, torn apart, scorched and burned. Everywhere is the pungent smell of rotting meat. He could not escape the strong scent of death and decay.

Jules surveys the damage, as a roof from a nearby home collapses. It bellows out dust and debris from the third-floor windows. Then, the entire house falls down. CLOUD of dust emerges.

MILO (V.O.)

For the last three days, Jules has burrowed himself into a bus-sized crater, waiting for the German barrage and the French counter-barrage to cease. At a quarter to three, it finally did.

Re-appears Jules with his wheelbarrow.

Jules in a zombie-like trance, pushes on.

MILO (V.O.)  
Sweat, mixes with tears, pours down  
his dirt-smeared face.

JULES  
This fucking war.

MILO (V.O.)  
Each passing day, Jules sees such  
terrible things. All too haunting  
and too unreal to describe. To him,  
this is hell. At least, a purgatory  
road that leads to it's gates.

Jules turns onto a block where palatial estates with prime,  
sweeping views once stood. He gazes over the smoldering  
mountain of rubble, down towards the banks of the wide river.

An endless caravan of trucks and motor-cars, like a colony of  
fat black ants, slowly move across the expanse of a narrow  
bridge below.

MILO (V.O.)  
More men to feed the fire. Jules  
travels on.

Jules rolls to a halt at a gated entranceway that leads to a  
magnificent villa guarded by a large, wrought-iron fence.

MILO (V.O.)  
As a breeze plays with the tip of  
the burlap, wafts up into the air a  
foul scent of shit and rotting  
flesh.

A curly "Q" in gilded script centers the huge gate. Below it  
is a padlock, and heavy chain.

Jules produces a key.

The sun is still low and rising. It cuts long lines through  
the thick haze surrounding the manor house.

MILO (V.O.)  
Through the gaps in the fence,  
Jules sees a cobblestoned  
courtyard. A massive fountain  
dominates it.

(MORE)

MILO (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 As the smoke clears, the skeleton  
 of a noble house remains and  
 smolders. Rogue flames spit out of  
 the windows.

Jules swings OPEN the gate. CREAK!

JULES  
*La Maison des Morts. Mon ami . . .*

Jules whispers down to the corpse.

JULES (CONT'D)  
 Gone is your ancestral home.

Jules grips the ends of the wheelbarrow and moves on. He  
 passes the waterless fountain.

MILO (V.O.)  
 Jules continues down a stone  
 pathway that wraps around the villa  
 to the gardens. The garden was Jean-  
 Luc's passion. He attempted to  
 maintain it as much as he could.

THE GARDEN: a wide array of pinks, reds, yellows, and whites  
 border up to a tall hedge that leads to a clearing that drops  
 sharply off to meet the pale green countryside below.

MILO (V.O.)  
 Two chairs face outwards. Look  
 north, across rolling hills.  
 Crowned by interchained forts. Just  
 east, is the village of Fluery. It  
 borders the German-held line.

Between the two chairs is a large, flipped-over pine box.  
 Atop it, sits a massive candelabrum. Layers of wax covers it.

MILO (V.O.)  
 Jules eyes swell as he sees the two  
 crude graves dug. Their smallness  
 unsettles him.

Two empty magnums of Champagne stand as mock headstones.

Jules CRIES as he turns from them. He removes the burlap tarp  
 from the cart. The sight is obscene.

MILO (V.O.)  
 This is what's left. A sniper's  
 bullet turned Jean-Luc's blue eyes  
 black days ago.

Dirt and dried blood layers Jean-Luc's handsome face and his French Third Army uniform.

MILO (V.O.)  
Jean-Luc looks as if he is asleep.

Jules gently lowers him into his grave. He then grabs a nearby shovel to complete his gruesome task.

SOUND: SHOVELING of dirt.

EXT. GARDENS - LATER

Jules looks down at Jean-Luc's grave.

MILO (V.O.)  
Just one hole remains - Jules'.

Jules reflects on this dreadful ordeal. Exhausted, he sits in his grave and quickly falls into a deep sleep.

MILO (V.O.)  
Further downriver, beyond the burning village, a dull brown blanket lays over the once green landscape. To the west, on the other side of the River Meuse, are rows upon rows of chopped, charred stumps where tight clusters of trees once stood. Their cool shade forgotten. Their beauty replaced with deep cut trenches and rusty barbed wire.

A great THUMP-THUMP-THUMPING noise awakens Jules from within his silo of dirt. The THUMPS a new salvo from the enemy lines, cause white puffs to appear atop the green canopy of the captured woods. SHELLS from the big guns land near the bridge and the crossing troops. Great heaps of SPLASH water into the air as BLAST after BLAST of the howitzers REVERBERATE throughout the valley.

Jules rises from the dirt. He grabs an opened bottle of Grand Dame. He empties it.

JULES  
Ah, long live France! Long live freedom!

In the distance a plane BUZZES overhead.

MILO (V.O.)  
 As Jules heads back to the Front.  
 He ponders, who will be left to  
 bury him? War is a wicked sport.  
 Played against the youth of all  
 nations.

INT. PARIS METRO - NIGHT

Victor exits the Vavin Metro. He wears a dark, belted coat.  
 A bright white scarf wraps his stout neck.

Fellow COMMUNTERS surround him.

MILO (V.O.)  
 Victor Grekov wanders within a  
 moving human herd of people as he  
 exits the Metro. Shoulder to  
 shoulder, he climbs the stairs. He  
 looks like a man destined for a  
 party. Victor plans on heading over  
 to Prince Felix's dinner party to  
 see a few old ghosts from his past.

The line flows out of the exit of the Vavin Metro into the  
 heart of Montparnasse. Victor joins the other PEDESTRAINS. He  
 jams himself into the busy sidewalk crowd.

MILO (V.O.)  
 The Russian notes the night's  
 sweetening effect on the gold-  
 colored air, traces the dark blue  
 sky. Three streets merge, Boulevard  
 du Montparnasse, Rue Delambre, and  
 the Boulevard Raspail. The Dome's  
 red awning is in sight.

Everything in view is bright yellow or dark blue.

MILO (V.O.)  
 He hates hurrying crowds, all pushy  
 and smiley. He searches for space  
 to call his own. He wedges his way  
 across the horde and halts before a  
 shiny hemisphere of shimmering  
 glass. The boutique displays pretty  
 knick-knacks attractive only to  
 tourists.

Sourly, Grekov watches a bad-mannered COUPLE haggle with a  
 bored-looking SHOP GIRL. The bicker over the price of a  
 miniature Statue of Liberty.

The shop girl's face, young and remarkable, resembles the ballerina he pushed under the train.

MILO (V.O.)

Victor recalls the look of surprise on the lanky Frenchwoman with the porcelain face, as she sprawls out on the tracks, before the Eight-Ten train struck her.

Grekov wealks. He stops in front of another lit-up window a few stores down. He catches sight of his own reflection. He leans in, closer to the reflection of his face.

GREKOV

Who is this old man?

MILO (V.O.)

In his line of work, death normally comes before retirement. For thirty years, he fought for Russia's monarchs. Now, ten years after Tsar Nicholas' death, he hires his services out to the Poles, a government once under the authority of His Majesty the Tsar. But no more. Now Poland is free, and the country he once serviced grows unrecognizable to him. How did it happen? How had it all gone so poorly in St. Petersburg that he had ended up here, in Paris, on a killing spree?

Right then, Grekov notices a MAN up the street. The man eyes him like a meal. He knows that stare.

Instantly, Victor's body constricts, adrenaline rushes through his veins. Then he notices another...

ADMIRER who awkwardly glances away.

Grekov remains still, as forty years of experience clicks in. Instinctively, he reaches for his holster and his trusty revolver. Nothing. His palm only finds dead air where his gun should've been.

MILO (V.O.)

Where is his gun? Grekov becomes more forgetful. A new trait he hates. So, like a tourist forgetting his camera, the old spy is caught in quite an odd predicament.



Grekov sees more mean-looking MEN, swarming in.

They wear dark trench coats with their hands jammed into their outside pockets.

GREKOV

Tsk-tsk. The General would not be pleased. For he trained you far better than this.

Victor crosses the street opposite the Café Dome.

Approaches a new MAN. He wears a scabby pea coat and a purse-like leather case with its strap around his neck.

Half a block up, Grekov sees two more MEN approach from the direction of the Luxembourg Gardens. Victor is fully aware of the doom that encircles him.

Face to face, Grekov and the assassin lock stares.

GREKOV (CONT'D)

Yuri's boys?!?

The man does not respond.

GREKOV (CONT'D)

So, you fit for a run?

Grekov turns and tears across the busy street full of Friday night traffic.

HONKS and SWEAR Taxi cab DRIVERS.

The chase begins.

Boris, from the seclusion of a roomy limousine, leans closer to the cold glass as his breath clouds the window. From the angle, Grekov's face is obstructed by the brim of his hat.

BORIS

Armand, are you sure this is the right man? I would hate to cause an international incident by murdering some finance minister by mistake.

Armand nods from the driver's seat.

ARMAND

Da, he is the one.

The driver's eyes glances into the rearview mirror.

ARMAND (CONT'D)  
I'm positive. Look, he's running.

Victor runs across traffic opposite them.

BORIS  
Follow him! If you get a chance,  
run him over. We need him dead.

Nearly swiping two other cars, the long limousine merges into southbound traffic down the Boulevard Raspail, and deeper into the Montparnasse district.

Boris takes a deep breath.

Grekov passes the Café Dome.

Henri and his men are in full pursuit.

BORIS (CONT'D)  
Cut through that alley!

Grekov races through a long colonnade streaming with PEOPLE, the Russian is running for his life as he plows his way through until he reaches a cobblestone side-street void of any souls.

Grekov is in minute six of his jaunt. He travels south past the café terraces filled with gawking, wide-eyed TOURISTS. The mad dash treks along crowded bars of the Boulevard De Raspail in the direction of the Square Lion, past historical points of interest until he comes to a ten-foot stone wall that looks as old as the city.

Grekov stops to catch his BREATH.

Before him roars a big black car. It leaps out of a nearby alleyway. Trash flies in its wake. It turns sharply, and blocks Grekov's path.

Its bright beams blinds Grekov. He shelters his eyes with his arms and hands, gauges his next move.

The street is silent except for the purring of the limousine's engine. A car door OPENS.

Half a block behind, six tough-looking men emerge, Henri's men. A few of them look worse for wear, with heavy beads of sweat pour down their brows.

Henri motions for them to fan out. Their guns are drawn.

Grekov appears doomed.

Then, Grekov's eyes see a hole in the granite wall that guards by a sturdy-looking gate. The gap in the stone is only a few feet from where he stands. Quickly, Grekov removes his lock pick from a tiny leather case.

The gate leads into the hallowed grounds of the Cimetiere du Montparnasse Ou du Sud. It first opened its doors for business a century ago.

Grekov plays with the padlock that secures the ends of a thick, heavy chain that wraps around the rungs of the gate. Victor HUMMS as he tries to pick the lock with his back turned to the limo.

From the east, traveling down the cobblestone street, Henri's men run again as the limo's driver springs out from the car.

From the limo's high arched beams, Grekov's silhouette plasters the gate and wall.

BORIS (CONT'D)  
Kill him! Kill him, now! Shoot!

Armand slowly raises his revolver.

This gives Grekov all the time he needs. Within seconds, the tumbler CLICKS as the short chain fell to the ground. BAM. Grekov thinks about re-locking it. Though, he is having too much fun. So, he leaves it ajar, as he ventures.

BORIS (CONT'D)  
Armand! Get the flashlights.

Once inside the gate, Grekov gazes out into an oily sea of dark ether that is the Cimetiere du Montparnasse Ou du Sud, a century-old cemetery off the Boulevard Edgar Quinet that once represented the southern boundary line of Paris.

This space is densely crowded with ornate monuments, markers, and mini-mausoleums built high and firm, far more sturdier than flesh.

Grekov pats one marker - DESMOND.

GREKOV  
Desmond. Once you were here, in Paris. Not so long ago. Hmm. Just like me. Ah. This is a mythical environment. Where the passage of time ceases to exist for some.

Grekov takes a deep breath. He soaks in the surroundings as he gains his bearings.

Before him, between the thick blacks and watery blues, is a bleached-out landscape fitting for a gothic revival. Above this scene, rows of mature chestnut trees sway. Their wedge-shaped outline dot this piece of land that is simply known as the Petit.

Looming over him to his left is a five-storied building that overlooks the park. Grekov looks to see if he could find a way to cut through it. The only problem is the wall, an eight-foot obstacle. Climbing it did not seem much like an option.

Grekov glances over his shoulder.

MUFFLED voices of approaching men, follow by a long CREAK from the gate.

Grekov presses on deeper into the choking darkness.

As the wind rustles through the trees, a pack of ravens took FLIGHT into the night.

Five men with flashlights emerge from the tree line. They fan out, as they walk slowly along the cobblestone path.

Grekov whispers to no one but himself.

GREKOV (CONT'D)  
Poor bastards, I almost feel sorry  
for you. Almost.

Grekov presses his stout frame against the cold, damp wall of a small mausoleum.

GREKOV (CONT'D)  
Red versus White.

From his hiding place, he watches a group of dark figures separate along the lining of the cemetery's inner wall, in an effort to outflank him. One by one, pole-like beams from their flashlights bounces off burial plots nearby him.

GREKOV (CONT'D)  
I like the odds.

One of the men closes towards Grekov, and when his flashlight shines on the massive crypt Grekov hides behind.

The French assassin circles the grave.

GREKOV (CONT'D)  
(whispers in French)  
Do you appreciate history?

The man turns.

MAN #1  
 (in French)  
 What?!?

Then, he raises his gun towards the voice. It is too late.  
 Grekov's long white scarf twists around the man's neck.

GREKOV  
 No. You don't look the type.

The man attempts to free himself.

Grekov leans closer and strangles him, Then, he Grekov drops his left knee between the fallen man's shoulder blades.

GREKOV (CONT'D)  
 If you did, you wouldn't be  
 traipsing on Bontellio's grave like  
 that.

The man kicks and struggles for life.

Grekov loops his scarf around his neck again like a rope tied around his fists. Afterwards, he searches the man's body. He finds a dagger and a snub-nosed gun. Seeing the dead man's flashlight, he bends down and scoops it up. He hears the distant sound of the others approaching.

Instantly, he snatches the dead man's hat too.

In a quick, excited burst, Grekov yells.

GREKOV (CONT'D)  
 (in French)  
 Over here! I got 'im!

Grekov directs his flashlight at the approaching men's faces. His newfound hat covers a good portion of his face.

Instantly, the beams of wobbly light move directly towards Grekov.

The gunmen lower their weapons and ran towards their friend, sheltered by headstones. The three gunmen approach.

MAN #2  
 Claude, that was fast work, did the  
 runt squirm much?

With one of the beams squarely on the broad-brimmed hat, Grekov tilts his head back and laughs.

GREKOV  
No, the runt did not.

MAN #2  
Claude?!?

The three hired guns attempt to raise their weapons but it is fruitless. In their terrified eyes they knew they were dead.

MICHAEL, from the safety of the north wall, sees all the flashlight beams intersect as his uncle's men stand in a small circle in the middle of the pathway underneath the sprawled-out wings of a sculptured angel standing atop a stone column.

POP! POP! POP!

Three figures fall like puppets with their strings cut.

One of the beams point upwards towards a man-sized stone angel staring up into the sky.

This enrages Michael. He holds a tiny howitzer-sized gun in his hand, as he bolts towards the lit-up crypt.

When he reaches it, Michael sees his crew sprawled out like toy soldiers in a pool of blood.

With his big revolver leading the way, he edges closer and closer to the remaining light. That is, until he notices it sits on the ledge of the tall crypt, abandoned.

Nervously, he pans left to right, but the flashlight's owner is nowhere in sight.

The only noise he hears is the heavy BEATING of his heart and his own PANTING breath.

From behind him, Grekov COUGHS.

GREKOV  
(in French)  
Good-bye.

Grekov squeezes the trigger. The gun fails to fire. He squeezes it again with the same annoying result.

GREKOV (CONT'D)  
Oh, come on! Who only loads three rounds?

Michael turns and smiles.

Grekov runs for cover.

Michael follows. Fifty paces later, Michael sees a clear line of fire as he comes across a stone slab. He stops, aims, and pulls the trigger. BOOM! Instantly, his world goes dark.

Michael now lies spread-eagle on his back. He comes to. Blood pours out from his nose. The stars overhead slowly come into focus. Above him, on a gigantic slab is the man they were hired to kill.

Grekov's feet dangle over the stone.

GREKOV (CONT'D)  
First time firing this cannon of yours?

Grekov leaps off the strangely shaped crypt.

GREKOV (CONT'D)  
Firm grip overcomes recoil.

MICHAEL  
Just do it.

GREKOV  
Not yet. Who's in the limo?

Michael begins to cry.

MICHAEL  
I don't know.

Grekov grabs him.

GREKOV  
Who would?

MICHAEL  
My uncle.

GREKOV  
The guy with the purse?

MICHAEL  
*Oui*, He's name is Henri.

GREKOV  
Well, let's go see him.

Grekov aims the cannon of a gun at Michael's face.

GREKOV (CONT'D)  
Run, as if your life depended on it.

Michael runs back to the gate.

MILO (V.O.)

On the other side of the Rue Émile Richard, a perfect black box hovers over the northern end of the Quarter. It is the Cimetière du Sud, "the cemetery of the south," the final resting place for a century's worth of Paris' dead, directly opposite the Petit. It causes a great gap of missing light, the Grand, as it is named, with its geometric design, was better planned than the Petit. The cemetery's paver-stone walkways intersect the acreage into manageable bits as it divides the gravesites of over fifteen thousand souls. Not just any souls, these were the Europe's elite.

The majority of the mausoleums are narrow and tall, looking like tens of thousands of sentry posts carved out of rock.

MILO (V.O.)

Many of the city's buildings, thoroughfares, and monuments were named or created by these men and women in rest. Now, the remains of these entrepreneurs, politicians, and artists lay in weather-worn crypts and burial vaults, each possessing a bronze nameplate of the past.

Grekov follows Michael in.

Soggy air fills Grekov's heaving chest as he gazes out. He hears PEBBLES turning under hurried footsteps.

Michael's form fades away as he travels towards the cemetery's southern wall that borders the Rue Froidevaux.

MILO (V.O.)

In contrast to the dimly lit Petit, the Grand is broad and, in spots, bright. Thanks to the tall, thin gas lanterns, dotting the side of the pathways every few feet. So, there was small pockets of visibility. The Grand has a park-like feel, an outdoor museum of statuettes.

(MORE)



MILO (V.O.) (CONT'D)

On the far corner stands an armless  
windmill, a historic hint to this  
farmland's past.

Grekov walks deeper into the cemetery. His eyes trace down  
the corridor and land on a lone figure. The boy moves like a  
circus acrobat – fearless and fast. Soon, Michael grew  
fainter and blurred into the blackness.

Quickly, Grekov races to join him with his gun drawn, ready  
to use.

EXT. THE GRAND - LATER

Grekov stands atop a stone slab five feet in the air.

A caught Michael wiggles like a worm. A dagger rests upon his  
exposed throat.

Across the bone yard, Grekov notices he's not alone.

Arrives Henri. In the shadows, he moves. With gun in hand, he  
works his way forward, uses tombstones for cover. Until, he  
knocks over a stone flower urn.

GREKOV

I know you're out there.

HENRI

My men?!?

GREKOV

Move into the light!

Grekov presses the dagger deeper into Michael's throat.

Michael YELPS.

MICHAEL

Uncle, he has...

HENRI

Shut up, Michael!

GREKOV

Your name is Michael?

MICHAEL

Oui. Michael Thénardier.

GREKOV

Well, Michael... it is your lucky  
day.

Grekov takes the butt of the dagger and hits Michael hard behind his ear.

The blow knocks Michael out.

Henri, from the distance, hidden behind stone, sees his nephew fall lifeless to the ground.

HENRI  
N-o-o-o-o!!!

Grekov jumps down and ran out of sight.

Henri zigzags his way closer to his nephew's body.

Blood oozes from the wound on Michael's head.

HENRI (CONT'D)  
(in French)  
He's not dead!

GREKOV  
No. But you are.

Henri throws his empty gun at the voice, chips away small pieces of stone from a nearby statue.

HENRI  
It's time for you to see why they  
call me Henri the Red, old man!

Henri rips into his leather purse. He pulls out a big, iron hammer and a razor-sharp sickle.

GREKOV  
Hammer and sickle?

HENRI  
My trademark.

GREKOV  
Funny.

HENRI  
Red versus White.

Grekov shoves his gun under his belt. Then, he raises his dagger.

GREKOV  
Challenge, accepted.

Henri throws his iron hammer with lethal precision.

Grekov confidently side steps it.

SMASH! The hammer misses Grekov's head, as the top of a grave marker explodes into tiny shards.

INT. LIMO - SAME

From across the way, the embassy car parked at a right angle to the mammoth arched gate guarding the main entrance to the park. The limo's high beams shone out into the cemetery grounds creating an ominous glow.

Boris and Armand emerge from the limo.

Boris tests the gate. The gate is locked and does not budge.

From the opposite end of the cemetery, Boris hears the two assassins battling it out as his eyes peered through the gate, scanning all the illuminated areas for any movement.

Henri with his steel sickle and Grekov with his long dagger circled like two boxers. They fought for more than pride, they fought for respect - a timeless struggle of old versus new, in a supreme setting underneath the watchful eyes of The Spirit of the Eternal.

With his heart pounding heavily in his chest, Henri lunged forward, swinging his sickle at Grekov's ribs.

The Russian easily side-stepped the assault. With a quick jab of his dagger, Grekov struck home and Henri felt something poke him in his right side. It wasn't a deep cut, but warm blood seeped down his shirt. He was furious.

HENRI

Who the hell are you?!?

GREKOV

You don't know?

HENRI

No. Just a man I was hired to kill.

GREKOV

How's it going so far?

Hunched over, Henri's feet moved back and forth, waiting for Grekov to move just a little closer. Henri fought well. An experienced executioner, he'd got his first taste of blood a decade ago in the trenches, when he was paid to kill Germans.

HENRI

I'm going to enjoy carving you up.

GREKOV

Then, do it.

With cat-like speed, Grekov struck Henri again with his dagger, this time, hitting him in his left shoulder. The Frenchman yawped as he spun around.

Henri swung the sickle again, nearly catching skin. The blade broke against a concrete cross as Grekov's knife drew more blood.

Once again, like lightning, Grekov's dagger found its mark. This time it was a grazing blow across Henri's cheek. Instantly, Henri screamed. With his left hand he felt his most recent wound.

Warm blood oozed from his cheek down to his chin. This was not going according to plan. He was losing. His eyes darted to the direction of the limo's lights cutting across the cemetery.

Savagely, he swung his broken sickle at his foe.

GREKOV (CONT'D)

You want this to end? I know you do. Who's in the car?

HENRI

Die!

Henri dropped to his knees and swung one of his legs out instead of his blade.

This momentarily caught Grekov off guard; he leapt over Henri's leg in the nick of time.

GREKOV

You first.

Victor aims his dagger at the arm that carried the broken sickle.

Henri swore as his sickle flew from his grip and his right arm dropped lifelessly to his side. He howled in disbelief and covered the wound with his other arm, all the while looking around the oval for anything he could use as a weapon. He found nothing.

Still armed, Grekov circled Henri, shaking his head and speaking as if to a small child,

GREKOV (CONT'D)

(in French)

Pardon me. You drop something?

Infuriated, Henri lost all reasoning and charged his rival. Grekov easily sidestepped the assault and used the young man's momentum to trip him over.

Lying sprawled on the ground, Henri cried out with his eyes closed, defeated.

HENRI

The Russians. It was the Russians.

GREKOV

Yuri?

HENRI

No. Boris.

GREKOV

Are you certain?

HENRI

His name is Boris.

GREKOV

Get up.

Indifferent to his fate, Henri made peace as the gash on his face bled down his chin and neck, its warmth soothing him.

HENRI

Ce grand malheur, de ne pouvoir  
être seul.

GREKOV

Death comes to us all.

HENRI

It was just a job.

GREKOV

I know.

Henri drags himself up and closer to the limo's lights.

ARMAND

Where is he?

BORIS

Is he dead?

HENRI

S'pose you're not going to let me  
hobble out of here – are you?

GREKOV  
Keep walking.

Holding his lifeless arm with his right hand, he stuttered his confession.

HENRI  
My name is Henri Bantam.

GREKOV  
The pleasure is mine.

HENRI  
I have fought and killed many men,  
for pay and for pleasure. Though  
tonight, it appears, I am not as  
good at my trade than you, old man.

Henri moved closer to the tall, ornate gate. As his body was captured within the limo's headlights, he heard the Russian scurrying around behind him, humming.

Henri slowly moved under the lampposts lining the main thoroughfare into the park.

GREKOV  
It's almost over. Though, I am  
afraid I must make an example.

Grekov stayed in the darkness as Henri neared the fifteen-foot-high gate.

Henri knew there was no chance he was going to make it out alive. With a backwards glance, he asked about his nephew's fate.

HENRI  
Michael is just a boy. Harmless.

GREKOV  
No further harm will come to him.  
You have my word.

Grekov offers Henri a professional nod.

Henri returns it.

HENRI  
Merci beaucoup. Let's get this over  
with.

Grekov returns to the shadows.

Henri presses on. He passes the gatehouse on the right. It showed signs of being as dead and deserted as the cemetery – the time was growing late. Like a listing ship coming in to port, Henri sailed slowly but steadily towards the limo's light.

Hearing shuffling feet, Boris and his driver moved closer to the gate.

Henri staggering forward, weakened by the loss of so much blood.

BORIS  
Is he dead?!?

Henri falls upon the gate.

HENRI  
Shoot me, now!!! Before he returns.

Boris looked at the sad condition of the Frenchman, then at Armand, as they pushed back closer to the safety of their vehicle.

BORIS  
He's not dead?

He raised his gun in search of any target but saw nothing.

Just then, Grekov stepped into the light.

GREKOV  
Looking for me, Boris? Where's Yuri?

Armand runs. Then, he SCREAMS as a dagger's blade enters his back as he scurried towards the car.

Boris fires off a few shots as he leaps into the driver's seat and hurriedly placed the car in gear as the limo's tires screeched and squealed.

In triumph, Grekov stood perched again in darkness behind the gate with his hands resting on his hips, jacket open with the front of his tuxedo exposed, its hem blowing in the breeze. He gazed down at Henri, already dead, as whiny sirens approached.

A few feet away, Armand's blood-filled lungs struggled for air. In no hurry, Grekov took a moment to light a cigarette and catch his breath, before he wandered back to find his brand new hat.

GREKOV (CONT'D)  
My name is Victor Grekov. I'm  
death's arch angel.

Victor looks up at the low hanging Moon.

GREKOV (CONT'D)  
Hmm, perfect night for a stroll.

INT. DINGO BAR - LATER

Jones' entourage enters the bar as if they own it.

Sarah drapes on Lars' arm.

Lars LAUGHS, but when he sees that the place is almost  
deserted he stops dead in his tracks.

Behind him: Jules, Jones, Gwen, Serge, Milo, and Lizzie.

MILO (V.O.)  
Nine o'clock is way too early for a  
bar that caters to the late crowd.

The BAR MAN behind the bar GUFFAWS as they enter.

BAR MAN  
You're early. The band doesn't  
start for another hour yet.

From behind Lars, Jules moves in.

JULES  
(in French)  
Are they here now?

BAR MAN  
That's them in the back.

The Bar Man acts like his smoking a joint.

BAR MAN (CONT'D)  
They're priming themselves.

At a large table in the back of the room, a cluster of  
musicians gathered beneath a hazy cloud of smoke.

JULES  
I see.  
(in French)  
Cannabis.

The Frenchman looks back at Jones' group.



JULES (CONT'D)  
I will be right back.

LARS  
De Vouge, I told you this place  
would be dead this early. Let's go  
back to the Select. It's jumping.

SARAH  
It was so crowded.

JULES  
Nonsense. It's time to dance!

The gang watches Jules move to the back.

SERGE  
Jules thrives on a challenge.

JONES  
I need to switch to water.

LARS  
Utter blasphemy!

SARAH  
Lars. We better find him a sit.

Jones looks at his best man.

JONES  
Serge, I swear I saw Grekov running  
down the street an hour ago.

SERGE  
Grekov is too old to run.

Jones BURPS.

JONES  
I need to sit down.

Serge helps Jones to his sit.

The gang follows.

Serge sits opposite Gwen.

Gwen mumbles into her gin fizz.

GWEN  
(to Serge)  
You look like you are enjoying  
yourself?

An awkward tension fills the space.

SERGE  
Hi, Gwen.

SARAH  
(to her brother)  
Barnaby, how are you holding up?

JONES  
(slurs)  
Me? Right as rain, Sis. Right as...

SARAH  
Good to hear. Lars, I wish to  
dance.

LARS  
Then, let's dance.

SERGE  
Milo, I'm sure the others would  
love to hear about your connection  
to Paris's writers' colony.

MILO  
Here, in this bar, at that very  
table over there. Scott Fitzgerald  
introduced Hem and I to Jay Gatsby.

LIZZIE  
Hem?

MILO  
Hemingway.

LIZZIE  
Impressive.

GWEN  
Fitzgerald. Didn't he write about  
an American bootlegger?

JONES  
Yes. The Great Gatsby.

MILO  
Yeah, that's it. Scott's book had  
just come out, to great reviews but  
weaker sales than hoped. This was  
way before The Sun Also Rises was  
published.

JONES

Amazing.

LIZZIE

How lucky you are to call the  
Quarter your home.

Milo looks at Serge and LAUGHS.

MILO

Lizzie, Serge and I are prisoners  
of the Quarter.

JONES

Milo. You're a great writer.

MILO

Am I?

From memory, Jones quotes from Ashes to Ashes.

JONES

The blackened corpses who littered  
the woods were not in view. But  
they were there: hidden in plain  
sight, caught on taut wire, or  
sagging in holes. Tens of thousands  
of young men lost, baking in the  
summer heat like bread. For what,  
glory?

JONES/MILO

Well, this is the underbelly of  
glory, dead men rotting in rows, as  
fat, poodle-sized rats slowly  
return home. Bellies filled.

JONES

Here, a generation sought  
distinction, well, they found it in  
a French field. Cloaked in the  
sorrow of an untimely end.

LIZZIE

Bravo.

SERGE

Well done, Jones.

Milo salutes Jones.

SARAH

What a waste. The war.

LARS

The war. Hmm. I will read your book  
Milo, if you change the ending.

LIZZIE

Tell us about your new book.

MILO

Beyond the Ashes.

JONES

Splendid title. I would love to  
read it.

SERGE

How close are you to being done?

Jules returns as the...

The band GEARS up.

JULES

Five minutes, gentlemen. And then  
we get to dance.

SARAH

Splendid.

Milo LAUGHS.

MILO

Saved by the music.

SERGE

Come on. How close?

MILO

Words, are the great foes of  
reality.

Milo refills his drink from a shrinking bottle of bourbon.

GWEN

Milo are you a writer, or a  
drinker?

MILO

Gwen, I'm a little of both.

Lizzie leans in.

LIZZIE

Tell us more about the Quarter.

MILO

Everyone speaks of the Quarter. In actuality, the Quarter resides in the dark confines of a handful of bars. This being one.

GWEN

Well, if this bar represents the appeal of the Quarter, I am not overly impressed.

MILO

Gwen. What do you see?

GWEN

A small, depressing place, where watered-down men consume their watered-down drinks. Amongst cheap bar décor and wannabe whores.

MILO

You nailed it. Yes, that's just the view. Literary elites come here to create bold new worlds in their minds before entrusting them to pen.

A loud ERUPTION reverberates from Jules' seat.

JULES

Avast! Who sat on the duck?

JONES

Priceless!

GWEN

Literary elites?

Milo looks around the bar.

MILO

Maybe not tonight, Gwen.

LARS

We need a drinking game. Which one of you girls wants to be the rugby queen?

JONES

No rugby queen.

LIZZIE

Rugby queen?

SERGE

Trust me, you don't want to know.

The band PLAYS some JAZZ.

Jules grabs Gwen.

JULES

Drinking games will have to wait.  
Besides, it positively reeks around  
here. Gwen, may I?

GWEN

You may.

SARAH

Let's dance the evening away.

The group wanders into a woozy wave of BASS and BACKBEATS.  
The beat intoxicates, pushes them all into the night.

Serge and Milo sit alone at the table.

MILO

You're playing with fire, my  
friend.

SERGE

What are you referring to?

MILO

Oh, a great number of things.  
Aimlessness. Male insecurity. But  
mostly, the destructiveness of  
false friendship.

INT. THE DINGO BAR - LATER

The band SWINGS with a good and gritty BEAT.

Lars stands alone near a wall. He watches the others floick  
and play.

Serge joins Lars.

SERGE

Eberwine, you okay?

LARS

I don't know. That damn war.

Lars takes a puff from his cigarette.

SERGE  
The war was hard on us all.

LARS  
Was it?

SERGE  
They did win.

Lars eyes Serge hard.

LARS  
The hell they did. The only battle  
we lost was at the conference  
table.

SERGE  
I am afraid that was the only  
battle that counted, Lars.

LARS  
We came so close.

SERGE  
If I remember correctly, we were on  
opposing sides.

LARS  
Tactically yes, but Germany and  
Russia would've never fought one  
another if it wasn't for the French  
and British.

SERGE  
Spilt milk, my friend.

LARS  
Their greed left you without a  
country.

SERGE  
Maybe. Though, the radicals had a  
part.

Serge just sat back and listened.

LARS  
Your Tsar, Your Empress, their  
children found their fate in a  
Siberian basement, while King  
George denied his own cousin  
asylum.

SERGE  
Focus on the now, Lars. Look at  
Sarah.

Sarah dances wildly with Jules, Gwen, and her brother.

SERGE (CONT'D)  
Imperial Russia is dust.

LARS  
Yes, and soon Germany will join  
her. Oh, well. Fuck it.

Lars moves to join Sarah in the middle of the dance floor.

Serge watches on.

SERGE  
Gwen.

Lizzie crosses the SCREEN as she approaches Milo.

Lizzie sips on champagne.

LIZZIE  
My . . . aren't you quiet. A penny  
for your thoughts.

MILO  
There are not worth that much.

LIZZIE  
Try me.

MILO  
I'm just enjoying the show.

Lizzie leans closer.

MILO (CONT'D)  
Hmm, shows. During the war, the  
light shows were magical.  
Fireworks! In the darkness, as the  
German Eighty-Eights tattooed our  
lines. Turning night into day.  
Before my eyes, yesterdays' dead  
sprung up and danced in No Man's  
Land. I watched in awe the ungodly  
performance until the show was  
over.

LIZZIE  
The war ate up everything.



MILO

We are too old to act the way we do, but a large chunk of our youths were torn from us.

LIZZIE

In that case, let's dance, while we still can.

Milo nods.

Lizzie grabs Milo's hand, guides him onto the dance floor.

EXT. DINGO BAR - LATER

Jones' groomsmen, feet in the gutter, and butts on the curb, rest outside the Dingo bar's entrance.

JONES

Well, that was interesting.

Beside Jones, blood drips down Lars' cheek.

LARS

Too many, against too few.

Lars pulls out a flask out, and takes a healthy nip from it. He offers Jules the flask.

LARS (CONT'D)

Thanks for the support.

Jules accepts the flask.

JULES

Anytime.

(in French)

My friend.

MILO (V.O.)

The fight started when a group of Americans took a disliking to Lars' German accent.

SERGE

We're getting too old for bar fights.

LARS

Blasphemy!

JULES  
Speaking of not having our backs...  
Where were you Serge?

SERGE  
Someone needed to watch after the  
woman.

Milo wanders out from the bar along with...  
Gwen, Lizzie, and Sarah.

MILO  
I think. We all need another drink.

GWEN  
Well, well, if I hadn't seen it  
with my own eyes, Barnaby.

JONES  
We aim to please. Where to next?

SARAH  
The Ritz awaits. Plus, what would  
top this?

LARS  
A great many things. Come on,  
Sarah. It's not even midnight.

SERGE  
I know of a party. A party of the  
dead.

LARS  
Then, we should be welcomed.

JULES  
Whose party?

SERGE  
Who's in for a Russian rendezvous.

LARS  
I'm in. Jules?

JULES  
*Oui*. Someone must protect Lars.

Milo waves down a cab.

LIZZIE  
I'm out.

Liz hugs Jones and warns.

LIZZIE (CONT'D)  
Just beer for the rest of the  
night, okay?

A cab stops in front of them.

CABBIE sits behind the wheel.

CABBIE  
Where to?

Everyone piles in except Liz and Milo.

MILO  
We'll grab the next one.

SERGE  
Twenty-Seven Rue Guttenburg.  
Boulogne Sur Seine.

CABBIE  
*Oui!*

LARS  
Drive!

The cab pulls away.

LIZZIE  
I know where they're going.

MILO  
Then, you were wise not to enter  
it.

Lizzie YAWNS.

Milo draws close in an amorous way.

MILO (CONT'D)  
Do you really want to call it a  
night?

LIZZIE  
As 'curator' of the seedier side of  
the Quarter, I am sure you are  
quite familiar with a magnitude of  
indecent proposals.

Milo leans in even closer.

MILO  
What do you have in mind?

LIZZIE  
Time.

MILO  
Does it matter?

Lizzie uses her hand and traces the outline of his face.  
Then, she PURRS.

LIZZIE  
It does for you.

MILO  
How so?

LIZZIE  
Meet me...

Lizzie moves in for a kiss but stops.

LIZZIE (CONT'D)  
At the Ritz, tomorrow.

MILO  
Why not now?

LIZZIE  
Shh...

Lizzie places her finger over his lips.

Milo in an act of protest.

MILO  
Lizzie.

LIZZIE  
Show up sooner if you can.

MILO  
What's wrong with this exact  
minute?!?

LIZZIE  
One thing you must bring.

MILO  
Yes?!?

LIZZIE  
Bring me your completed manuscript.

Milo CRINGES.

MILO  
What? It's not ready.

LIZZIE  
Tomorrow.

MILO  
You're mad. You ask the impossible.

Milo asks a passing STRANGER the time.

MILO (CONT'D)  
(in French)  
Excuse me. Do you have the time?

STRANGER  
Eleven-Forty.

LIZZIE  
Well?!? Tick. Tock.

MILO  
You ask the impossible.

Lizzie distances herself from Milo as she waves down a cab.

LIZZIE  
Too bad.

A cab SCREECHES to a stop before them.

LIZZIE (CONT'D)  
(in French)  
Good bye, Milo.

MILO  
Don't.

LIZZIE  
Tomorrow. Or, never.

She jumps in the cab.

LIZZIE (CONT'D)  
(in French)  
Hopefully I shall see you again.

Milo stands on the curb, speechless.

EXT. 27 RUE GUTTENBURG - NIGHT

Moon beams shine down on Prince Felix's residence.

INT. 27 RUE GUTTENBURG - SAME

In full swing, a house party with RUSSIANS exiles.

MILO (V.O.)

In the center of the Boulogne Sur  
Seine, a tall, dashing Russian with  
flaxen hair hosts a gathering of  
ghosts.

PRINCE FELIX YUSUPOV, once Europe's most eligible bachelor  
and Imperial Russia's richest man nods to...

MARIE KCESSINSKA, a Russian ballerina past her prime.

MARIE

No new news.

PRINCE FELIX

I hear you are still dancing.

MARIE

More like teaching. I have a small  
studio.

PRINCE FELIX

(in Russian)

Good.

(back to English)

We most all move on. Hmm. I've  
thrown better parties.

MARIE

I remember.

PRINCE FELIX

Back when fun had no budget. Now  
look at us.

MARIE

At least, we got out. Others were  
not so fortunate.

PRINCE FELIX

Fortune. Hmm. Well, enjoy the  
party.

Enters Serge, Jones, Lars, Gwen, Sarah, and Jules.

The ballerina perks up.

MARIE

Serge.

Serge approaches Marie.

Marie extends her gloved hand.

Serge kisses it.

SERGE

Ballerina *assoluta* of His Majesty's  
Imperial Ballet. It's good to see  
you.

MARIE

At my age, it's good to be seen,  
Prince Serge.

Serge turns and looks at the other party GUESTS.

SERGE

The dancing dead.

MARIE

Are you still flying, Serge.

SERGE

Yes. I have a plane at Le Bourget.  
If you ever wish to leave this  
world, let me know.

MARIE

I am surprised to find you here.

SERGE

Me too.

MARIE

Home sick?

SERGE

Maybe.

Sandro approaches them.

SANDRO

Serge! You made it.

SERGE

Surprise.

SANDRO

My Russian is getting a rusty. How sad is that, no?

MARIE

Do you think the American aviator will make it?

SANDRO

It will be done some day. So why not him?

SERGE

But the odds?

SANDRO

Odds?

MARIE

What were the odds of this?

SANDRO

Russians without a home.

SERGE

This is why I stay away. Everything has been torn from us. Our lands, our titles, and our past.

SANDRO

No. As long as you remember how it once was, it lives within you.

Jones appears and SLURS in Russian.

JONES

Mad-aim K-CHEST-ski, you pleasure me again, after all these years.

Teeters the big man.

Serge CHOKES on his drink, as he watches the ballerina redden. He informs Marie.

SERGE

Mister Jones is getting married next week.

Serge braces Jones up.

SANDRO

Congratulations are in order.



MARIE  
I wish you the very best.

Jones teeters more.

JONES  
T-a-n-k you, luv. My Gwen is a luv-  
LEE girl.

Jones steps closer to Marie.

MARIE  
Serge, make certain he doesn't fall  
over on me.

SERGE  
No promises.

Marie looks to Sandro and Serge.

MARIE  
Good evening, gentlemen.

Sandro and Serge offer her slight bows.

SERGE/SANDRO  
(in Russian)  
Good evening.

SANDRO  
Mister Jones. Let's find you a  
seat.

Lars beams as he approaches Sandro.

LARS  
Grand Duke Alexander.

SANDRO  
Lars!

LARS  
I shall rescue you from Jones.

Serge and Lars position Jones into a nearby chair.

SERGE  
I'm going to get him some water.

Serge leaves.

SANDRO  
How was Africa?

LARS  
*Wundervoll!*

SANDRO  
Your father?

LARS  
Sadly, the same.

SANDRO  
That's what my friends in Berlin  
have told me. Damn war. It has  
flipped everything upside down.

LARS  
*Da*, it has.

SANDRO  
Is there any hope for the Republic?

LARS  
Germany's new regime? None. Totally  
powerless.

SANDRO  
I see.

LARS  
The Weimar government is a joke.  
The war reparations they agreed  
upon are killing us. Inflation is  
out of control, our money is nearly  
worthless. The masses wander the  
streets in search of hope.

SANDRO  
Young von Eberwine, things will  
improve. For they must.

LARS  
I hope so. Though hope is a  
commodity of the weak.

Sarah appears and drapes herself on Lars' arm.

SANDRO  
Who is this lovely woman?

LARS  
Grand Duke Alexander, allow me to  
introduce you to Sarah Jones.

SANDRO

Oh! Pleasure is all mine. Your  
brother and I first meet, in St.  
Petersburg.

The duke bends down to kiss her ungloved hand.

SARAH

I'm afraid my brother is making a  
spectacle of himself this evening.  
My apologizes to the host.

SANDRO

I'm certain, Prince Felix doesn't  
mind. He's attention rarely travels  
beyond himself.

Across the room, Serge walks up to the...

BAND, tuxedoed-musicians huddled around their instruments.

Serge sits down behind a grand piano.

Gwen and Marie stand side by side and watch.

GWEN

(whispers)

Serge play?

MARIE

Serge is quite good... at many  
things.

Serge's long fingers travel up and down the ivory keys,  
producing a most wondrous sound.

SERGE

(in Russian)

Good evening, sons and daughters of  
Russia.

(in English)

I dedicate this song to those of us  
who's Russian is getting rusty.

Serge gives his Uncle Sandro a nod.

SERGE (CONT'D)

My hope, is that my playing shall  
remind us of a more dignified time,  
and place. A place called St.  
Petersburg! White lights of night.  
X,X,X...

Serge performs Rachmaninov's Piano Concerto No. 2.

The MELODY enchants the room and draws in the party guests.  
The party CHATTER lessons to silence.  
The tiny orchestra joins in.  
Guests STIFLE. Guests tear up.  
At the music's conclusion, Serge stands to great APPLAUSE.  
Felix appears.

FELIX  
(in Russian)  
Thank you! Thank you, Serge. For a  
brief moment, we were home.

Marie joins Serge. She kisses his cheek.

MARIE  
Young Konstantin!  
(in Russian)  
Thank you.

Jones stumbles closer. He's once again on his feet. He had  
liberated a bottle of vodka from the bar. He raises it up.

JONES  
Raise your glasses. To my best man  
and mate.

Serge looks to Gwen.

Gwen breaks off eye contact as she raises her glass.

GUESTS  
(in Russian)  
Cheers!

Jones takes a pull from the bottle.

JONES  
Ahh! Wow. This room is spinning.

Serge prevents Jones from falling.

SERGE  
Easy big guy. We need to find you a  
chair.

JONES  
Good idea.

Jules approaches Lars at the bar.

JULES  
Where's Sarah?

LARS  
She's asking Felix if he really  
killed Rasputin.

JULES  
Good for her.

Lars looks distracted.

JULES (CONT'D)  
You okay?

LARS  
Me? I'm just tired.

Jones strolls by like a zombie.

Jules and Lars share a laugh.

LARS (CONT'D)  
Jonesy, could never hold his  
liquor.

JULES  
It's time for us to say our *auf  
wiedersehens*.

LARS  
*Da*. Before he hurts someone.

Lars raises from the bar.

LARS (CONT'D)  
Have you thought of a name for this  
new endeavor of ours?

JULES  
*Oui! Nouveau Ordre*.

LARS  
New Order. I like the ring of that.

Serge sees wanders down a hall. He sees Grekov standing by a  
large framed window.

SERGE  
Grekov!

GREKOV  
Serge.

SERGE  
Sorry about earlier. Bad timing and  
all.

Serge notices blood on Grekov's collar and shirt.

SERGE (CONT'D)  
Did you cut yourself?

GREKOV  
Don't worry. It's not mine.

SERGE  
Aren't you a little old to get into  
fights?

GREKOV  
I didn't pick the fight. It picked  
me.

SERGE  
Still.

GREKOV  
Serge, what keeps you in Paris?

SERGE  
Where else should I go?

GREKOV  
How about Warsaw? With some proper  
training...

SERGE  
(laughs)  
Me?!? I've killed enough men.

GREKOV  
This war with the radicals is not  
over!

SERGE  
It is for me.

GREKOV  
If I stop fighting, my son died for  
nothing.

SERGE  
Michael was the best of us. He  
wouldn't want...

GREKOV  
I know he wouldn't want this.  
Yet...

SERGE  
Victor, there's something I must  
tell you about his death in the  
marshes.

Gwen runs down the hall.

SERGE (CONT'D)  
Serge! Help!

EXT. GARDENS - NIGHT

Lars leaves to the party to take a PISS.

LARS  
This is what I think of Paris. Ah!  
Victory.

Lars finishes. As he returns to the party, he trips over  
something in the dark. He lands flat on his back.

LARS (CONT'D)  
(in German)  
Fuck!

As he stares up, Sarah's beautiful face comes into view.

SARAH  
My, aren't you clumsy.

LARS  
There you are.

Sarah gets down to her knees. She brushes some stray hairs  
from Lar's face.

SARAH  
Lars.

LARS  
Yes, Sarah.

SARAH  
Would you marry me?

LARS  
(jokingly)  
Hmm. I need some time to think  
about it.

SARAH  
For a guy, lying smack down on the  
back, you have a high opinion of  
yourself.

LARS  
Us Germans are as romantic.

He draws her closer and kisses her.

LARS (CONT'D)  
We are old fashioned.

Sarah kisses Lars back.

SARAH  
Well?

LARS  
Why would you want to marry me?

SARAH  
Because I wanted to since the first  
time I laid eyes on you. I love  
you. Always have.

LARS  
Love is the only thing worth  
fighting for.

The two embrace passionately.

Serge and Gwen escape Felix's party via an old garden gate.

Sarah stops.

SARAH  
I wonder where they're going?

EXT. RUE GUTTENBURG - SAME

Serge stops to light a cigarette.

Gwen moves on towards the river.

GWEN  
Poor Marie will be traumatized for  
life. It took half the party to  
free her.

SERGE  
It might be awhile before we're  
invited back.



MILO (V.O.)

Serge and Gwen continue to wander along the crooked banks of the mighty River Seine which borders the Bois, Paris' protected woods. Here is the widest piece of the chocolate-colored waters. Walking along it, Gwen speaks of the ugliness of London's high society, the endless social obligations, and how overpoweringly dull life has become.

As the down along the river's path, Gwen offers Serge her hand. Serge grasps it.

MILO (V.O.)

Serge speaks of his childhood, modern-day Russia, and his mother teaching him how to play the piano. They move on to a discussion of their separate lives and the events that had brought them here.

The lit-up city shines beyond them.

SERGE

Gwen, I have known you for brief moments these past weeks. . . . Who are you?

GWEN

Before I met you . . . I was honest to a fault, a tad naïve, but always, in my core, a dreamer. What about you, Serge? Who are you?

SERGE

Who am I? When I am not spending all day in bars surrounded by old rugby chums? Hmm, let me see.

GWEN

Tell me.

SERGE

I'm aimless. I suppose I boil down to a dead stick.

GWEN

A dead stick? Explain that to me.

SERGE

Well, when you are in the heavens.  
Strapped into the cockpit of your  
craft. You feel invincible. Godly  
even.

GWEN

I imagine it is grand. Skimming  
along the clouds.

SERGE

Yet, control in the clouds can be  
fleeing.

GWEN

How so?

SERGE

When your engine cuts out halfway  
across the Channel.

GWEN

Oh, dear.

SERGE

There's only one sound worse to a  
pilot than that of a waning engine.

GWEN

What's that?

SERGE

The silence that follows it.

GWEN

You need to find safer hobbies than  
flying and drinking.

SERGE

Flying is feeling the cold air cut  
across your cheeks, as you play a  
game of peak-a-boo within the  
clouds.

MILO (V.O.)

A flatboat ablaze in wondrous light  
passes by. From it...

ACCORDION MUSIC PLAYS.

MILO (V.O.)

A sensuous French song pours out  
into the star-covered night. Gwen  
begins to dance.

GWEN  
The Seine is beautiful. So  
seductive.

Serge slow dances with Gwen as the MUSIC fades.

SERGE  
Very much like you. *Le boulevard  
d'amour.*

Gwen shivers.

SERGE (CONT'D)  
Are you cold?

GWEN  
A bit.

Serge wraps her with his suit coat.

GWEN (CONT'D)  
We really must tell him.

SERGE  
I know.

INT/EXT. RITZ' SUITE - DAWN

A shirtless Lars wanders out to the balcony.

The sun rises atop the Hotel Ritz. Paris's skyline stretches  
out before Lars. Wind whips across his face.

LARS  
How many friends I lost because of  
you. Too many. For this is the city  
our armies could never reach. Hmm.

MILO (V.O.)  
Lars removes a German cigarette  
from his gold case. He plugs it in  
his mouth and grabs his lighter.  
But the wind denies him the  
pleasure. The flame is too weak.  
So, he adjusts the lighter to its  
maximum setting and tries again. It  
works. WHOOSH! A little too well.  
The tiny inferno causes Lars to  
remember a much larger flame.

LARS' FLASHBACK  
BEGINS:

EXT. WESTERN FRONT - THE MIRE - NIGHT

A uniformed Lars follows a home town friend...

CAPTAIN HAUSER, an avid hunter and a soul now accustom to the rigors of total war.

SUPER: "Western Front. East of Ypres."

"Summer of 1915. The Inferno."

MILO (V.O.)

Darkness and muck cloak Lars as he trails his commanding officer, Captain Hauser. Together, they travel. They trudge through ankle-deep mire at the base a pine forest ruined by war. With each repeated step, their boots made a sad SUCKING sound as they YANK them from the muddy earth on the outskirts of the Dutch town of Hooge, east of Ypres.

Nearby, strange, syrupy silhouettes surround them while they made their way through the twisted woods that border the British-held line.

MILO (V.O.)

Hauser Lars and his unit further south into No Man's Land. It was Three A.M.

Ahead, waist-high piles of rubble from the bombed-out buildings form a winding, serpentine-shaped stone wall.

Right before it, a rock toss away, is a burned-out truck resting on its side. Their huddle point.

MILO (V.O.)

The Germans are looking for a breakthrough to push beyond Ypres, to the open ground. Then, to the channel, its port, and towns of Dunkirk and Calais. The very backbone of the British Expeditionary Force's supply line.

LARS

(whispers)

Captain. Are we having fun yet?

Hauser crouches down like a tiger ready to pounce. He checks his watch, then gestures to his unit to halt.

MILO (V.O.)  
 Before them, a faint halo-like glow  
 hovers over the trenches of an  
 element of the His Majesty's  
 British Rifle Brigade.

Hauser turns to Lars.

HAUSER  
 Shh, the debauchery is about to  
 begin.

Hauser's men form a line down the spine of a shallow bomb  
 crater and ready their rifles.

MILO (V.O.)  
 War is near. A platoon of  
 Flammenwerfers wear their portable  
 backpacks fill of petrol inch  
 closer. Lars waits and watches  
 Captain Reddemann's men moving into  
 position.

Lars adjusts the straps to his beetle-shaped helmet. He sees  
 little in front of him, though he HEARS...

Enemy SOLIDERS, from their trench line, tell jokes back and  
 forth in rich Cockney accents.

MILO (V.O.)  
 Martian-looking men dress in dull  
 rubber suits creep up to the side  
 of them. The flamethrowers coupled  
 together as one, tank and spray.

The fiery ordeal begins. An oily SWOOSH follows a loud  
 incendiary BOOMS! HISS!

MILO (V.O.)  
 The Flammenwerfers elongated orange  
 flame hisses, like a giant cobras,  
 spitting a solid wall of fire.  
 Night turns into day.

As false dawn glistens in Lars' face, reveals the morbid  
 reality of the countless unburied dead. Pulverized and jelly-  
 like, the remains of the fallen men litter the wet landscape.

MILO (V.O.)  
 Casualties of the previous battles.

Soldiers CRIES and SHOUTS, quickly follows BURSTS of enemy  
 rifle FIRE.

MILO (V.O.)  
A firestorm consumes the Brits like  
a bolt of lightning.

The game begins. As a dozen steady streams of fire down into  
the trenches.

MILO (V.O.)  
They resemble lit matches now.

Brits spring out their holes in the hope of dousing the  
infernos clinging to their khaki uniforms and skin.

MILO (V.O.)  
A fresh RECRUIT stands next to Lars.

RECRUIT  
(in German)  
Let's go!

The recruit charges ahead towards flame and the fiery  
fortifications. Immediately, after a few gallant steps, a  
single bullet pierces him as his body spun backwards.

RECRUIT (CONT'D)  
Ahh!

LARS  
The snipers are awake.

Hauser grins, reveals bright white teeth, dirt circles his  
face. The captain appears immune to fear.

HAUSER  
There goes the kid from Hamburg.

Chaos engulfs everything within sight.

SCREAMS one both sides.

MILO (V.O.)  
On each side of them, more false  
dawns take flight.

MORE SCREAMS!

The British defenses comes alive.

Lars FIRES until his magazine is empty.

LARS  
Captain, it's the end of the  
world!!!

HAUSER  
And my, don't we have splendid  
seats!

LARS  
The best the Crown Prince could  
provide!

KA-BOOM! KA-BOOM!

MILO (V.O.)  
The Flammenwerfers take heavy fire.

A hose SPRAYS wildly as its operator falls dead. This causes  
a whirling molten stream. Cremating all in its path.

Another petrol tank IGNITES. KA-BOOM!

Lars and Hauser leap into a nearby foxhole.

LARS  
Poor bastards!

HAUSER  
Look!

Hauser points to Brit soldiers scrambling out from their  
first. He raises his rifle.

As does Lars.

As the Brits retreat, they make easy targets.

POP! POP! POP! POP!

LARS  
Not much sport in this!

Lars RELOADS his magazine.

HAUSER  
The more we kill of them, the  
sooner we win.

Hauser aims his rifle on the back of a fleeing soldier.

POP!

HAUSER (CONT'D)  
That's a kill.

In the heavens, flares descend down.

Vickers guns FIRE! Coughing up a steady RAT-TAT-TAT.

MILO (V.O.)  
The Brits' second line unleashes  
mortar rounds in the air.

SOUNDS: WHINE! WHISTLE! BOOM! SCREAMS!

The line of Flammenwerfers move toward the second line.

The mortar rounds return to earth.

One by one, petrol tanks BURST. Their tanks breached by tiny razor-sharp pieces of metal. WHOOSH! Cremating Flammenwerfers on the spot. None of it seems real. Some psychedelic dream, until the hyper-heated air sings Lars' face.

MILO (V.O.)  
It is a brilliant meshing of  
IMAGERY and SOUND. A sick HISS from  
the flamethrowers bleeds in with  
the BARKING of machine guns and  
BOMBS.

A mortar round EXPLODES nearby. Darkness returns.

END OF LARS'  
FLASHBACK.

INT./EXT. RITZ' SUITE - BALCONY - DAWN

Lizzie appears. She sees Lars.

LIZZIE  
Lars! What are you doing here?

LARS  
What?

Sarah enters. She wears only Lars dress shirt.

LIZZIE  
Oh! I see.

Sarah wraps her arms around Lars from behind.

SARAH  
Come back to bed.



LIZZIE  
Welcome to the bad girls club,  
Sarah.

SARAH  
Lizzie, please. It's Paris.  
(whispers)  
Come.

LARS  
First, I need to show you  
something.

LIZZIE  
By the look of it Lars, she's seen  
it.

LARS  
Funny. Sarah, get dressed.

SARAH  
Why?

LARS  
We're going shopping.

INT. SERGE'S HOUSE - DAY

Milo awakens. He rubs the sleepiness from his bloodshot eyes. Then, he gazes down at a rectangular stack of paper three-inches thick.

MILO (V.O.)  
After seven years of trials and  
tribulations, my second novel,  
Beyond the Ashes, is done. Thank  
you, Lizzie.

EXT. ROAD TO LE BOURGET - DAWN

Serge and Gwen race north in a convertible made for speed.

Rolls Royce's powerful engine SCREAMS!

Gwen sits in the passenger seat as Serge drives. Her hair blows wildly in the wind. So, she perches her head above the windshield's slanted glass and HOWLS!

Serge looks up at her and smiles.

SERGE  
Faster!?!

Gwen nods yes.

Serge places the car into a higher gear.

The convertible lunges forward. They zigzag through traffic, as they reach Le Bourget airfield.

EXT. BOURGET HANGAR - DAWN

At the far end of it is Serge's whitewashed hangar.

Gwen and Serge SCREECHES to a halt before it.

Serge pops on of the car.

SERGE  
I want to show you my girl.

GWEN  
Serge, I don't want to fly.

SERGE  
Why?

GWEN  
Every time I fly, I get sick.

SERGE  
Tin tube flying, isn't flying.

Appears CLAUDE, wears grease-covered overalls MECHANIC.

SERGE (CONT'D)  
Is she ready?

CLAUDE  
*Oui, full. Essence et gaz.*

SERGE  
(in French)  
Great. Thanks.

EXT. BOURGET FIELD - DAWN

Serge and Gwen walks to his plane.

GWEN  
Short one, right? Around the field,  
a time or two.

SERGE  
Of course. Straight up, straight  
down. I will be right behind you.

Serge's plane is a one-seater bi-plane. Jet-black and bears  
the Romanov Imperial seal of the double-headed eagle centered  
by a white knight slaying a green dragon.

EXT. LE BOURGET FIELD - DAY

Serge pops into his one-seater bi-plane.

Gwen pauses atop the wing.

GWEN  
Where's my seat?

SERGE  
We'll share.

GWEN  
Share?

Serge offers his hand.

SERGE  
Come on.

GWEN  
If I get sick, it's your own fault.

Serge buckles his belt around Gwen. He tosses on his goggles  
and places them down over his eyes.

Gwen does the same.

CLAUDE  
Contact!

SERGE  
Contact!

Serge FLIPS starter switch.

Claude stands on his tippy toes to grip the machine's massive  
blade. He gives it a great big tug. With that, the large Le  
Rhone engine ROARS to life. Claude removes the wood blocks.

SERGE (CONT'D)  
Gwen!

GWEN  
What!!!

SERGE  
Want to buzz the Eiffel Tower?

GWEN  
I can't hear you!

SERGE  
Good!

The plane races across the grassy field and takes flight.  
The ground drops.

GWEN  
Wow.

SERGE  
How many times in life does one get  
a chance like this?

Serge pulls the stick back firmly, and the wheels depart from the ground. At first, Serge climbs to a safe altitude, and slowly circles the field.

Gwen smiles.

Serge shifts the stick, and the plane banks hard left.

GWEN  
Serge!!!

First, Serge loops his craft one way, then the next. The world twists upside down. After that, he climbs higher and higher into the blue space, and maneuvers into a steep dive, straight down.

GWEN (CONT'D)  
You're evil!!!

Serge does a low-level pass of the hangars and field.

SERGE  
Give it a go!

Serge places the stick into Gwen's hands.

Gwen pulls it straight back. The plane climbs.

SERGE (CONT'D)  
You're a natural, Gwen.

They navigate through a sea of clouds. The plane appears to hang motionless in the sky.

Serge and Gwen break through the clouds at a height of four thousand feet above the Parisian sprawl. The world below looks like a mosaic masterpiece of broken red and black tiles rooftops that surround the serpentine shaped River Seine.

They pass stone arched bridges, one after another. The plane dips down, closer and closer to the ground, tall steeples.

Serge continues to fly a broad route over the city. He circles its center the Arc de Triumph. The Eiffel Tower slices through the skies like a steel dagger. Then, he banks the plane hard. They BUZZ it's observation deck.

SERGE (CONT'D)  
What do you think so far!!!

GWEN  
Thank you!!!

Serge's plane skims the Seine's murky brown river. ZOOM!

GWEN (CONT'D)  
Yes!!! Faster!

EXT. CAFÉ FORQUET - DAY

Yuri basks in the sunshine as he sits at his favorite table. His Newspaper reads, LINDBERGH SIGHTED OVER GREENLAND.

He plays a bit with his pastry.

YURI  
Too moist for my liking.

Yuri sips from his expresso as a mini eclipse steals his light. As he looks up, he says...

YURI (CONT'D)  
You missed you train.

GREKOV  
Da. And you missed your chance.

YURI  
Here. Warsaw. It doesn't matter.  
You're dead now, Victor.

Victor examines his palms.

GREKOV  
Am I? It would explain a great many things.

Victor digs deep into his breast pocket.

Yuri's body stiffens, expecting a gun. Instead, it's a photo.

Grekov tosses a portrait of Yuri in an Imperial Uniform. Tsar Nicholas II pins on a medal to Yuri's lapel.

GREKOV (CONT'D)  
Yuri, if I wanted you dead, I would  
have dropped this off at the your  
Embassy, hours ago.

Yuri grabs the photos. Then, he looks around the café.

YURI  
What do you want?

GREKOV  
(in Russian)  
Protection.

YURI  
Protection?

Grekov slaps his palm down upon Yuri's shoulder.

GREKOV  
Warsaw awaits. You see, an old  
friend of mine purchased me a first  
class ticket.

YURI  
An old friend?

GREKOV  
Da. An old friend. Anything happens  
to me in Paris, Comrade. Your new  
masters will learn your secret.

YURI  
Victor, for a man without a  
country.

Yuri inspects his nails.

YURI (CONT'D)  
You're too cocky.

GREKOV  
Am I? Call off your dogs.

YURI  
Or else?

GREKOV  
Those same dogs will be chasing  
you.  
(in French)  
Good-bye.

YURI  
(in French)  
Good-bye.

Yuri pushes away his plate.

INT. HOTEL MAJESTIC - PENTHOUSE SUITE - DAY

Serge wanders through the suite.

A pissed off Jules appears.

JULES  
Where the fuck have you and Lars  
been? I've been up all night making  
sure Barnaby doesn't drown in his  
own vomit.

SERGE  
*Guten Morgen*, Jules. I would guess  
Lars is with Sarah.

JULES  
Makes sense. Everyone is getting  
laid but me.

SERGE  
Where's Jones?

JULES  
Master suite. He locked me out an  
hour ago.

Serge heads down the hall.

JULES (CONT'D)  
Serge!

SERGE  
*Da.*

JULES  
He looks like shit.

INT. MAJESTIC HOTEL - MASTER SUITE - SAME

Jones rolls over in his bed.

Serge appears.

SERGE

Jonesy.

JONES

(raspy)

Serge, I swear I locked that door.

SERGE

You did.

Serge returns a lock pick to his pocket.

SERGE (CONT'D)

A gift from Grekov.

Serge yanks at the heavy drapes. Sunlight pours in.

JONES

Serge! You trying to kill me, mate?

Jones grabs his sunglasses.

JONES (CONT'D)

Now that's better. Don't worry  
about be. Some hair of the dog,  
I'll be right as ever. Where's  
Jules and Lars?

Serge stands in the middle of the room, silent.

JONES (CONT'D)

Serge, what's wrong?

SERGE

Sarah loves Lars.

JONES

Fuck! Where's Lars?

SERGE

The Ritz.

JONES

Great.

SERGE

But that's not why I am really  
here.



Jones' body stiffens.

SERGE (CONT'D)  
Gwen and I...

JONES  
Gwen? What does she have to do with you.

SERGE  
We...

JONES  
I thought you were my friend? How could you?

SERGE  
It just happened.

JONES  
Get out.

SERGE  
I'm sorry.

JONES  
I said get out!!!

INT. RITZ HOTEL - DAY

A chipper Milo skips down a long corridor with his completed manuscript tugged under his arm.

MILO (V.O.)  
The job was been easier than I imagined. Instead of writing, I moved in the direction of editing, and it had been a wise decision. I cut chapters, characters. Pulled the story in. Until it flowed like a clear stream. I couldn't wait to share it with Lizzie - then the entire world.

Milo reaches Lizzie's room.

MILO  
She'd better be here.

Milo WALLOPS on the door.

No response.

MILO (CONT'D)  
Has my pretty little butterfly  
returned to her cocoon?

Milo WALLOPS again on the door.

Door SWINGS open.

Liz wears an appealing spring dress with matching hat.

MILO (CONT'D)  
Hi.

LIZZIE  
You're finally here.

Milo hands her his manuscript.

MILO  
It's done.

LIZZIE  
Great.

Lizzie tosses it on her foyer table.

LIZZIE (CONT'D)  
I can't wait to read it, but we  
have to go.

MILO  
Go?  
(in disbelief)  
Where?

LIZZIE  
Café de la Paix.

Lizzie pulls the door shut.

LIZZIE (CONT'D)  
I will tell you on the way.

Liz hurries down the hall.

Milo looks over his shoulder, back at the door.

MILO  
You locked that, right?

LIZZIE  
Oh, I'm sure I did.

INT. HOTEL MAJESTIC - LOBBY - DAY

Lars and Sarah, freshly showered and dressed, approaches the mountain of dark wood that is the Majestic's front desk.

Awaiting them is a well-dressed CLERK.

CLERK  
*Monsieur. Madame.* May I be of  
assistance?

Lars produces a slip of paper.

LARS  
I need to retrieve my briefcase  
from the hotel's safe.

CLERK  
*Oui, Monsieur.*

The clerk takes the slip. Instantly, he noticed the signature of the hotel's manager.

CLERK (CONT'D)  
Oh! Of course. I shalln't be a  
moment.

SARAH  
You're crazy, Lars, if you left  
anything of value in a hotel's  
safe. Your money would have been  
safer hidden under your bed.

At that moment, the HOTEL MANAGER appears. Calm, polished,  
and poised, with the front desk clerk in tow.

MANAGER  
Herr Von Eberwine, what a pleasure  
and honor. Please tell me you are  
not leaving us, so soon?

LARS  
*Nein.* I just need to take a look in  
the briefcase I left in your care.  
*Darf ich?*

The Manager bows slightly.

MANAGER  
Of course, you may. Please, follow  
me.

The Manager escorts them both across the lobby.

The clerk returns to his duties at the front desk.

MANAGER (CONT'D)  
I hope you are enjoying your stay.

The hotelier is a master of small talk.

MANAGER (CONT'D)  
Paris, in the springtime, cannot be  
beat.

Lars looks to Sarah.

Sarah blushes.

LARS  
I agree.

MANAGER  
What of this American, Lindbergh?

LARS  
Was his plane spotted?

MANAGER  
*Oui*. Over Greenland, hours ago.

SARAH  
If he makes it, it will be quite a  
party.

MANAGER  
We French require little motivation  
to celebrate, no?

The hotel manager turns into his plush office overfilled with  
artifacts from the Louis XIV era.

The manager moves to the safe. He quickly twirls a dial on  
the steel monstrosity behind his desk. It opens up with a  
CLICK then a CLANK. In seconds, the hotel manager fishes out  
Lars' leather attaché case.

MANAGER (CONT'D)  
*Voilà*. Now, I shall give you some  
privacy. If you require me, I shall  
be in the other room.

SARAH  
*Merci beaucoup*.

LARS  
We shall only need a moment.

The manager leaves them.

Lars waits until the door closes before opens his case.

SARAH  
My aren't you mysterious. What are  
you hiding in there?

Lars pulls out a large velvet sack, secured by a cord.

LARS  
Close your eyes.

SARAH  
Hmm. I'm liking this.

Lars unties the string.

LARS  
Give me your hand.

SARAH  
*Oui.*

Lars pours out sparkling contents, diamonds.

LARS  
Open your eyes.

SARAH  
How in the world?

LARS  
Africa. The mine paid off.

SARAH  
Wow. They are beautiful.

LARS  
Not as beautiful as you.

The two kiss.

LARS (CONT'D)  
Now, pick.

SARAH  
What?

LARS  
What diamond do you think would  
look the best... on your engagement  
ring.

SARAH  
My engagement ring. Hmm. Let me  
see.

With her forefinger, she shifts through the diamonds. Sarah  
picks the smallest but the finest.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
This one.

LARS  
Perfect.

The two kiss again.

LARS (CONT'D)  
Why did you decided on the smallest  
one.

Sarah embraces Lars again.

SARAH  
I already have what I want right  
here. You're my diamond.

BEGINS GWEN'S  
FLASHBACK:

EXT./INT. SAVOY HOTEL - NIGHT

Gwen and Sarah enter the hotel.

SUPER: "Two weeks ago in London."

SARAH  
I love seeing you wearing my  
Mother's ring.

GWEN  
You sure you don't mine?

SARAH  
No. Too big for me.

Gwen and Sarah march through its spacious lobby full of...

Interesting-looking PEOPLE and GUESTS.

Beyond them, a few small groups of tuxedo-wearing MEN and  
jewel-studded WOMEN slurp down their cold cocktails over  
pieces of gossip.

The two young women fight through their idle CHATTER and smoke in search of their own cool cocktail to celebrate the purchase of the perfect wedding dress.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
Your dress is breathtaking. I  
can't wait to see you in it.

They wander into the Savoy's infamous...

AMERICAN BAR.

Two BARTENDERS, gleam, their uniforms polished to perfection, made the full bar happy, order by order.

Gwen takes the lead through the crowded bar as older MEN hungrily eye her and Sarah.

GWEN  
I couldn't have found my dream  
dress without you, dear one.

SARAH  
I'm thankful you didn't settle,  
though, we did cut it awfully  
close.

GWEN  
The seamstress promises it back by  
Friday.

SARAH  
Good. I enjoyed shopping with you.

GWEN  
Me too.

Sarah smiles at her Sister-in-Law to be.

SARAH  
So, what are you in the mood for?

GWEN  
Surprise me.

SARAH  
I will be right back.

Gwen sees an available table in the corner. On her way to it, she bumps into Serge.

SERGE  
Excuse me. Oh, Gwen. What are you  
doing here?

GWEN  
Prince Serge.

SERGE  
It's just Serge.

Gwen smiles.

SERGE (CONT'D)  
Is that Sarah over there?

GWEN  
We were just shopping.

SERGE  
I see. So, how's Barnaby?

GWEN  
Happy.

SERGE  
Is he? How about you?

GWEN  
What?

SERGE  
Are you happy, Gwen.

GWEN  
What kind of question is that?  
Especially from the best man.

SERGE  
You haven't answered me?

Gwen nervously removes a cigarette from its case and places it within her holder.

Serge produces his lighter.

SERGE (CONT'D)  
May I?

Gwen's smile broadens as he touches her hand.

SERGE (CONT'D)  
You know, Jones is infatuated with you.

GWEN  
I know.

Gwen blows smoke at Serge.



SERGE  
Poor Jones.

END OF GWEN'S  
FLASHBACK:

INT. RITZ' SUITE - DAY

Gwen applies some fresh lipstick as she looks into a mirror.

SOUND: DOOR KNOCK.

Gwen expecting the hotel's bellboy, opens the door without looking.

GWEN  
My bags are next to the bed.

Jones enters the suite. He wears a smart suit and carries a small white box with a big red bow atop it.

JONES  
So, where are we going, Gwen?

GWEN  
(in disbelief)  
I...

She stands motionless. Then, she offers him an awkward smile.

GWEN (CONT'D)  
You're looking good.

JONES  
Thanks. May I come in?

GWEN  
Of course.

Together, they journey through the suite.

Gwen leads the way. She reaches the sitting area.

GWEN (CONT'D)  
I'm so...

JONES  
Shh.

Jones touches her lips with his forefinger.

JONES (CONT'D)  
Gwen, I need to hear it from you.

Jones places the box beside him.

JONES (CONT'D)  
The truth.

Gwen looks down at the box with the red pretty bow.

GWEN  
I'm sorry. I can't.

JONES  
Do you need more time?

GWEN  
No. My heart belongs to another.

JONES  
Serge?

GWEN  
Barnaby, you deserve someone  
better.

Jones grows numb.

JONES  
So, there's no hope?

GWEN  
Barnaby.

The BELLBOY arrives.

GWEN (CONT'D)  
The rest of the luggage is by the  
door.

Jones begins to leave in a daze.

GWEN (CONT'D)  
What's in the box?

JONES  
An early wedding present. Freedom.  
(in French)  
Good-bye.

The bellhop places all her bags on the trolley cart.

GWEN  
I shall meet you down in the lobby.

BELLHOP  
*Oui, Madame.*

Gwen picks up the box.

GWEN  
Freedom?

Gwen removes the red bow and lid.

Inside: stacks of promissory notes with signatures. All tied up with another bow. All promissory notes, paid in full.

She pages through them. They all have her father's name on them. Their totals add up to a small fortune. At the bottom of the box is a hand-written note.

It reads: "We are finally free of him. Love always, B."

MILO (V.O.)  
Gwen, for the first time in two weeks, stares down at her engagement ring. Once worn by Jones' mother.

Gwen falls down to the base of the sofa as weeps.

INT. RITZ BAR - DAY

Jones bellies himself up to the bar.

Orders from the BARTENDER.

JONES  
Whiskey. On the rocks. Make it a double.

The bartender returns.

JONES (CONT'D)  
On second thought. Bring me the bottle.

The bartender flees to fetch the bottle.

JONES (CONT'D)  
Why?

MILO (V.O.)  
Jones downs the double. The ice causes a cold shiver to travel down his spine. Instantly, his thoughts drift back to another broken soul he had met long ago.

BEGINS JONES'  
FLASHBACK:

EXT. H.M.S. HAMPSHIRE - SCOTLAND'S COAST - NIGHT

From the deck, Jones watches the dark green waves break white across the v-shaped bow of the H.M.S. Hampshire, a British heavy cruiser bound for imperial Russia.

SUPER: "SUMMER OF 1916."

MILO (V.O.)  
The starboard deck rolls high and low. SMASH. CREAK. SMACK. Mixes well with the SWOOSHING rain.

A soaking wet Jones hunches awkwardly over the railing. He wears a blue pea coat and skull cap.

JONES  
I wish the world would stop spinning.

Jones GAGS again. But nothing comes out. He wipes his lips with the back of his sleeve as he peers out over the liquid landscape towards thick black bluffs at least a mile or two away. As his eyes trace aft, back along Scotland's jagged coastline.

Two destroyers, the *Victor* and the *Unity*, in the *Hampshire's* wake, protect the cruiser from enemy attack.

JONES (CONT'D)  
Oh, how I love the sea! YACK!

MILO (V.O.)  
They barely left Scapa Flow, a barrier island off the northern tip of Scotland, an hour ago. On a secret mission, *en route* to the Russian port of Archangel. Their crossing would take them nearly a week. A sickle-shaped journey into the wind, north by northeast, along the Norwegian coastline, wrapping around North Cape, then straight south. You see, the Hampshire was Jones' one-way ticket to Russia.

Jones tugs his skull cap over his fiery hair.

The heavy RAIN continues.

MILO (V.O.)

As Jones makes his way towards the hatch, he stumbles and BUMPS into...

LORD HORATIO KITCHENER, a living legend and His Majesty's current Secretary of War. The officer sports a standard field greatcoat with its collar turned up towards his rosy cheeks and white walrus moustache.

JONES

Pardon me, sir!

KITCHENER

Forgot to pack your sea legs, son?

Jones recognizes him.

JONES

General?!? The sea. I mean...

MILO (V.O.)

Us Americans have Uncle Sam. In England, the god-like Kitchener personifies the British Army. A proud, saber-rattling romantic figure from a by-gone era, where gallant men on horseback charged fearlessly towards their fate.

KITCHENER

The sea. I am not the greatest fan of it either. Though, the fresh air I do adore.

Kitchener BREATHS deeply in.

KITCHENER (CONT'D)

Ah! You're one of O'Bierne's men, aren't you?"

JONES

Yes, sir!

KITCHENER

Anglo-Russia relations?

JONES

I'm just an interpreter serving the delegation, sir. I am fluent in five languages.

KITCHENER

Five, you say?!? Do you know any Arabic?

JONES

(in Arabic)

Be weak. But appear strong.

Kitchener ROARS with laughter. Strikes his gloved right hand against the iron rail.

KITCHENER

Son, I pray your Russian is better than your Arabic. Or we may have to swim back.

JONES

Sorry, sir. Arabic is not one of the languages I am fluent in.

KITCHENER

At least you gave it a go. More than I can say for most of the warriors of the rear.

JONES

I was at the Somme.

KITCHENER

Were you? I am sorry I let you down.

JONES

Sir, not at all.

KITCHENER

Hmm. Six-hundred-thousand French and British soldiers dead or wounded. I let them down. Our mission is to...

JONES

Gauge Russia's readiness?

KITCHENER

Yes. And their morale. How do you say in Russian, 'don't give up'?

JONES

(in Russian)

Don't give up. Don't give up.

KITCHENER  
(in Russian)  
Don't give up.

JONES  
You got it, sir.

KITCHENER  
Diplomacy in action. Some moments  
in one's career weigh against an  
entire lifetime, don't they?

JONES  
My career is two years' deep, sir.

KITCHENER  
Ha! Well, then you must trust an  
old-timer.

Lord Kitchener looks up past the captain's bridge. He eyes  
trace the masthead further up to the heights of crow's nest,  
above the broad ship where the Union Jack blows wildly.

KITCHENER (CONT'D)  
Jones, we fight for that! The Union  
Jack, and the life and traditions  
it represents.

JONES  
Yes, sir.

KITCHENER  
You cold?

JONES  
I'm absolutely freezing, sir.

KITCHENER  
Well then, we better head in,  
before we are swept away.

MILO (V.O.)  
Hampshire's log lists nearly six  
hundred and fifty souls. At Seven-  
Forty P.M., the ship's lights  
flicker as men rise and shout -  
"Everyone to your stations! BOOM!  
An enemy mine ruptures the hull of  
the ship. The remaining hours for  
Jones are a blur. The though image  
Jones will forever remember. Half-  
frozen, he clings to a raft. As he  
looks back to the H.M.S. Hampshire,  
he sees a coatless Lord Kitchener.

(MORE)

MILO (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 The general wanders the sinking  
 ship's decks, coolly accepting his  
 fate. His end. Of the six hundred  
 and forty-four souls aboard the  
 Hampshire, only thirteen men  
 survived. Jones was one.

END OF JONES'  
 FLASHBACK:

INT. RITZ BAR - DAY

The bartender sets down a milky drink before him.

This rips Jones from his thoughts.

JONES  
 What's this?

BARTENDER  
 A White Russian. Compliments of the  
 gentlemen in the corner.

Sandro and Grekov sit at a nearby booth and wave.

Jones joins them.

SANDRO  
 For a man celebrating his stag  
 weekend, you don't look so good.

JONES  
 It's no longer my stag weekend.

Jones raises his glass as a salute.

JONES (CONT'D)  
 (in Russian)  
 Cheers!

SANDRO  
 I see.

GREKOV  
 There are two reasons to drink, Mr.  
 Jones. To celebrate, and to forget.  
 Come. Join us.

Sandro beams.

SANDRO  
 Let's all get drunk, and order some  
 caviar.



At the other end of the bar, hidden behind a massive fern, sits Boris. He eyes Grekov.

EXT. CAFÉ DE LA PAIX - DAY

Lars, Jules, Sarah, and Lizzie sit at the corner of Boulevard des Capucines and Avenue de l'Opéra.

A stack of dirty plates and saucers represent what is left of their lunch.

JULES

Some days are fated to go wrong.

LARS

I whole-heartedly agree.

Around him, late afternoon traffic HUMS.

Across the street, a building flashes in six-foot electric letters scroll: WHERE IS LUCKY LINDY NOW?

SARAH

Where's Barnaby?

Enters a street MUSICIAN plays his accordion to a sappy tone.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Look! Lindbergh's been spotted over Ireland. He made it over the Atlantic.

They all gazed skywards to read the six-foot lettering on the screen: LUCKY LINDY SIGHTED OVER IRELAND. SHOULD BE IN PARIS BY NIGHTFALL.

HONK! HONK! An extra-long Rolls Royce screeched to a halt before them, with Milo behind the massive wheel.

Jones returns.

MILO

Look who I found at the Ritz bar!

SARAH

Who's up for a picnic?

LARS

I thought yesterday's levels of alcohol were excessive.

LIZZIE  
Your car is nearly as long as the  
block.

Liz jumps in.

Jules traces his hand along the long rectangular-shaped hood.

JULES  
A Silver Ghost Cabriolet. A most  
impressive machine.

SARAH  
Milo, I thought you were poor?

MILO  
Well, there are certain things you  
acquire, you do not part with.

LIZZIE  
Everyone, pile in, let's go for a  
ride.

JULES  
Where to?

MILO  
Say Le Bourget? Serge's hangar  
would be an ideal vantage point.  
But we did to liberate some wine.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Milo drives.

Jones, Sarah, Lars, Jules, Lizzie gaze about.

MILO  
I love this...

JONES  
Stop!!! Victor!!!

Grekov walks to the car.

GREKOV  
Mr. Jones.

MILO  
We are heading to Le Bourget to  
witness history.

GREKOV

I'm in.

In the background, Boris waves down a cab.

INT. SERGE'S HOME - NIGHT

Gwen and Serge enter Serge's home.

SERGE

I say, how about tomorrow, we drive down to my villa in St. Tropez. You will love it.

GWEN

The sun. Clean air. Why not.

They work their way to Serge's...

BEDROOM.

There Serge and Gwen start to undress.

Before a mirror, Gwen toys with the ends of her hair.

GWEN (CONT'D)

Hmm. I'm going to grow my hair out again.

Serge turns the radio on. STATIC at first. Then, a news ANNOUNCER'S nasally voice.

ANNOUNCER

Lindbergh draws closer and closer to Paris! Lucky Lindy's plane, the *Spirit of St. Louis*, was spotted over England.

SERGE

Amazing. He's going to make it. Gwen, do you want to ride out to Le Bourget to see if he makes it?

GWEN

I'm beat, Serge. I need a bath. Anyways, we'll find out in the morning.

Gwen, wearing only her slip, glides towards the bathroom.

SERGE

Want some company?

GWEN  
Sure. Though, grab some Champagne.

RINGS the phone.

GWEN (CONT'D)  
Don't you dare answer that!

SERGE  
Why not?

Serge answers it.

SERGE (CONT'D)  
Yes. Victor! You ran into Jones.  
Yes, Yes. You're at my hangar with  
Jones?!? What the hell are you  
doing there. Lindbergh. Got it. I  
know. Okay. Come over before your  
train.

Gwen returns.

GWEN  
Is everything okay?

Serge cups the phone with his hand.

SERGE  
Victor is lecturing me again on my  
life choices. We're good. Get the  
bath going.

Gwen returns to the bathroom.

SERGE (CONT'D)  
(in Russian)  
Good-bye, Victor.

Serge hangs up the phone.

SERGE (CONT'D)  
Sorry, Gwen. Any preference on  
Champagne?

In the...

BATHROOM.

Gwen stands before the mirror.

GWEN  
Surprise me!

As she inspects her face, all her attention moves to the engagement ring on her finger.

GWEN (CONT'D)  
This isn't mine anymore.

EXT. SERGE'S HOME - LATER

Serge climbs the steps with a bottle of Grand Dame in hand.

Serge enters the...

BEDROOM.

He crosses the floor to the...

BATHROOM.

SERGE  
Milo, has some... Gwen?

Hot water fills the tub.

Gwen is gone.

Through the stream, Serge sees written in lipstick on the mirror, "Went to Le Bourget. Must return ring. I will be back," smiley face.

EXT. LE BOURGET FIELD - HANGAR DOOR - NIGHT

Milo watches crowd of a hundred thousand strong grow. The large, open doors of the hangar frame this scene well.

Within the hangar: Grekov, Jones, Milo, Lizzie, Lars, Jules, and Sarah.

French SOLDIERS set up large acetylene searchlights while POLICEMEN patrol the fence line.

Grekov walks up to Milo.

GREKOV  
Oh, the humanity.

MILO  
It looks like the entire city has come to Le Bourget.

GREKOV  
If this aviator makes it here, where is he going to land?

MILO  
Who knows?

GREKOV  
I need a walk. Wish to join me?

MILO  
I don't like crowds. I will stay  
right here. But, thanks.

Grekov starts to HUM as he leaves the hangar.

Sarah, behind him, Sarah fans out food, using the Rolls-Royce's long hood as a table. A variety of salad stuffs, patés, baguettes, a rich assortment of cheeses, and charcuterie atop a checkered tablecloth of blue and white. Purchased from the Café Forquet.

SARAH  
If anyone's hungry, there's plenty  
to eat.

JONES  
And drink!

Lars removes cases of booze from the trunk.

JULES  
I'm starving!

Jules looks to Lizzie.

Lizzie holds an open bottle of spirits in her hand.

JULES (CONT'D)  
Fill me up.

Lizzie does. Then, she walks up to Milo. She places her arms around his waistline.

LIZZIE  
What a night.

MILO  
Half of Paris is here.

Lizzie squeezes Milo.

MILO (CONT'D)  
My pretty butterfly. Hmm... this  
feels... good.

LIZZIE  
It does.

MILO  
Hey, I phoned my editor this morning.

LIZZIE  
What did he say?

MILO  
He was surprised to hear from me.  
Thought I was dead and all.

Lizzie LAUGHS.

MILO (CONT'D)  
But, he's eager to read my story.

Jones and Lars removes the last remains of the cases of Champagne, wine liberated from Serge's cellar.

Jules could not believe his eyes when he sees Jones carrying a case full of Pol Roger 1914.

JULES  
Pol Roger Nineteen-fourteen.  
Exceptional year. Wow. You took the very best.

Jones liberates a bottle from the wood case. Then, he opens it. POP! In a cloud of Champagne haze, he drinks from it.

JONES  
Bla! Tastes like warm piss.

LARS  
Utter blasphemy.

JULES  
Wars have been waged for less.  
(in French)  
My friend.

JONES  
So, Milo! You finally finished your book?

Milo and Lizzie joins the others.

MILO  
*Oui.*

JONES  
Congratulations.

Jones raises his bottle of his head.

JONES (CONT'D)

Cheers!

OTHERS

Cheers!

MILO

(in French)

Thank you.

(back to English)

One of the hardest things about stories is knowing when to stop, 'the end.' In reality, my book was finished months ago. But I was afraid to say...

(in French)

Good-bye.

(back to English)

To my characters. To my friends.

EXT. LE BOURGET FIELD - NIGHT

PEOPLE are everywhere.

MILO (V.O.)

To the HORDE, the suspense grows. Each sighting of The Spirit of St. Louis draws Lindbergh closer and closer to Paris. Rocket fire illuminates the night sky.

Creates a carnival of colors: orange, yellows, and reds. The scene is as spectacular as it is insane.

Appears Gwen. She stares across the field to Serge's hangar.

GWEN

Where is he going to land?

Elsewhere with the...

HORDE.

Grekov watches the blueberry sky set ablaze. This is when he feels an old, familiar jab to his back. Instantly, he knows it is the muzzle of a gun.

He looks over his shoulder, expecting someone else.

Boris appears.

BORIS

Remember me, old man?



GREKOV

Boris.

Boris motions Grekov toward a large cargo truck where two soldiers fired off rockets one by one.

GREKOV (CONT'D)

I'm impressed. Though, you really shouldn't wait.

BORIS

Move!

BAM! BAM! BAM! as the rockets EXPLODE.

BORIS (CONT'D)

Shut up. Move!

Boris jams the muzzle of his gun deeper into Grekov's ribs, as he eyes the next rocket being prepared for flight. He cocks back the gun's hammer.

BORIS (CONT'D)

This is for ANN-

Boris upper body jerks up, again and again, as his stunned face registers the unexpected shock of a blade in his back.

Above his head, a single rocket SHOOTs and RACES skywards.

GREKOV

I told you.

Appears Yuri.

YURI

Strike hard.

GREKOV

Strike fast.

Yuri places his head under Boris's arm and shoulder, his knife already back in his pocket.

Grekov helps.

GREKOV (CONT'D)

He's heavier than he looks.

YURI

Let's find a good spot for him to rest, before we're both end up in jail.

GREKOV  
You have any plans after this?

Yuri looks at his former Boss.

YURI  
What are you thinking?

GREKOV  
I know of this great bar. Some  
vodka.

YURI  
Some caviar. Why not?

Yuri and Grekov carry Boris' body through the crowd.

A WOMAN looks at them.

WOMAN  
Is he alright?

YURI  
(in French)  
Drunk.

GREKOV  
Da, Dead drunk.

Elsewhere with the...

HORDE.

Serge zigs and zags in and out of the crowd.

SERGE  
Gwen!?!

A FRENCH WOMAN that appears to be Gwen turns.

Serge rushes to her. Then, he grasps her.

SERGE (CONT'D)  
Gwen?!?

FRENCH WOMAN  
I could be.

SERGE  
(in French)  
Sorry.

Jones stands alone by the...

HANGAR DOORS.

MILO (V.O.)

To Jones, the crowd has grown  
tenfold. The wireless estimates up  
to one-hundred and fifty thousand  
souls surround this field. People  
are everywhere – atop buildings,  
telephone poles, in parked  
automobiles – but the majority, are  
on the field.

Jones stares in the mass.

JONES

Gwen?!?

Jones leaves the hangar in a sprint.

Milo appears with Lizzie.

LIZZIE

Where is he going?

Milo shrugs his shoulders.

MILO

Look up.

Lizzie does.

Above them bright flares freefall.

LIZZIE

Woo! A light show.

Milo nods.

MILO

Kissy.

Milo and Lizzie kiss.

Within the...

HORDE

Gwen and Jones merge.

JONES

Gwen?!?

GWEN

Barnaby!

The CROWD presses their bodies closer and closer.

JONES  
Why are you here?

Gwen raises her ring hand.

GWEN  
I don't deserve to wear this  
anymore.

JONES  
Aye.

Gwen removes it and hands it to him. Then, she gives him a sisterly kiss on the cheek.

GWEN  
I'm...

Serge appears.

JONES  
Well, if it isn't my ex-best mate.

Jones levels Serge with one punch.

Serge lands on his back.

GWEN  
Barnaby! Don't!

Jones offers Serge a hand up.

Serge takes it.

SERGE  
Was that really necessary?

BAM! Jones levels Serge again. Then, he stands over him.

Gwen goes to Serge.

JONES  
It most certainly was.

JONES (CONT'D)  
(in French)  
Good-bye, Gwen.  
(in Russian)  
Good-bye, Serge.

Jones returns to the hangar.

GWEN  
You okay?

SERGE  
Damn! I forgot how hard he hits.

The crowd closest in.

GWEN  
We better get up before we're  
trampled.

Jones approaches the...

HANGAR DOORS.

Jules, Lars, Sarah, Milo and Sarah stand in it.

Jones holds up his mother's engagement ring.

JONES  
It's all yours now, Sis.

SARAH  
Gwen came back?

JONES  
Only to return Mother's ring.

SARAH  
I don't want it.

Lizzie eyes Milo as she CLEARS her throat.

LIZZIE  
If no one truly wants it, Milo and  
I will take it.

Jones hands the ring to Milo.

JONES  
May it bring you more happiness,  
then it brought me. Now, I need a  
drink.

Jones heads into the hangar.

The others look up, into the heavens.

One by one the searchlights roam. Their brilliant  
crisscrossing beams pierce deep and high into the night sky.  
Still, there is no sign of *The Spirit of St. Louis*.

Sarah follows her brother into the hangar.

SARAH  
So, Brother. How are you holding  
up?

JONES  
Me?!? Numb.

SARAH  
I'm sorry.

JONES  
Everyone seems to be sorry today.  
So, what's going on with you and  
Lars.

SARAH  
I love him. He loves me.

JONES  
Good. Hold tightly to that.

SARAH  
I love you.

JONES  
I know.

Sarah and Jones embrace and hug.

Outside, a new commotion occurs.

The crowd CHEERS and CRIES, "Vive Lindbergh! Vive l'Amercain!

Milo meets Sarah and Jones.

MILO  
Lindbergh just buzzed Eiffel Tower.

Jones, Milo, and Sarah join the others.

JONES  
Here's to Lars and Jules' new  
endeavor. In water one sees one's  
own face, but in wine one beholds  
the heart of another. Cheers!

Lars LAUGHS.

LARS  
Does anyone else here see any humor  
in the idea of Jules and I in  
charge of a winery?

Jones wraps his arms around the necks of Jules and Lars.

JONES  
Topnotch stag weekend, boys.

Milo and the girls stroll over to the Rolls-Royce's radio. An  
ANNOUNCER broadcasts.

ANNOUNCER  
Suspense grows as *The Spirit of St. Louis* draws closer, and closer to Le Bourget Field. Where a carnival feel and one hundred and fifty souls await Lucky Lindy.

LARS  
Jones?!?

JONES  
Aye.

LARS  
So what are you going to do with that Honeymoon cruise?

JULES  
Lars!

LARS  
Sarah and I could use some sun.

JONES  
The problem with tonight, boys.

Jones stares at the sea of humanity in front of them.

JONES (CONT'D)  
Is that everyone around here is a few drinks behind.

JULES  
A toast then!

LARS  
Here's to Serge!!

JULES  
For arranging a stag party we shall never forget.

JONES  
Piss off to that! To us! The Immortals. Who, through sheer wit or pure fortune...

JULES/LARS  
Outlived death.

Jules SINGS a familiar rugby song.

JULES  
Why were we born so beautiful? Why  
were we born at all?

JONES/JULES/LARS  
We're no freaking use to anyone.  
We're no freaking use at all. So,  
DRINK, DRINK, DRINK, DRINK, DRINK.  
DRINK!

Sarah and Lizzie, near the Silver Ghost, CLING their  
Champagne glasses together.

SARAH/LIZZIE  
Ah, drink.

Within the...

HORDE.

Gwen and Serge embrace.

Suddenly, the crowd gives a collective SIGH!

In the distance, approaches the sound of a plane's ENGINE.

The ROAR increases.

EVERYONE holds their breath, and gazes skywards.

Out of nowhere, the searchlights highlight a plane.

GWEN  
Look! He made it!

The Spirit of St. Louis dives downwards, falls directly at  
Serge and Gwen.

A thousand camera flashes cover the field like firebugs on a  
warm summer's night.

SERGE  
Some one had to. Why not him.

The plane skims the field.

The horde CHEERS: *C'est lui, Lindbergh. LINDBERGH!*

Serge and Gwen lean into one another.



SERGE (CONT'D)

I love...

Gwen moves her forefinger to his lips.

GWEN

Shh.

The two passionate kiss.

The airplane's ROAR grows LOUDER, as it scoops down like a bird of prey towards them.

It skims dangerously over the crowd.

Serge and others duck.

Gwen thrusts her hands skyward and HOWLS in delight. She feels as if she could almost grab it as it flies over her.

MILO (V.O.)

With the rich aroma of victory lingering in the air, the stampede-in-the-making starts to move as one. Towards the far field and Lindbergh's turning plane. They push. They shove. They chant. "*Vive la Nungesser! Vive la Lindbergh! Vive la France!*" Gwen and Serge's thoughts were... *Vive l'amour.*

CUT TO: BROOKLYN  
GARDEN COURTYARD

Milo sits before his Remington and TYPES.

MILO (V.O.)

On May Twenty-One, Nineteen-Twenty-Seven, at Ten-Twenty-Four P.M., Charles Lindbergh's courage collides with a world terribly hung-over from the wastefulness of war. As *The Spirit of St. Louis* skids to a halt, hope for the future is restored. Like the dawning of a new...

A seven year old MEL appears. A neighbor's little girl with a freckled face. She CLEARS her throat.

MEL

What you writing about now?

Milo looks across the courtyard to...

A pregnant Lizzie suns herself. She blows him a kiss.

MILO

A story about a pretty little  
butterfly that saved my life.

MEL

Sounds fascinating.

Milo plays with her hair.

Milo looks up to Mel.

MILO

Mel, we shall see.

FADE TO BLACK:

**FINI**