


Pierre Pierre  
by  
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Second Draft

Current Revisions by  
Edwin Cannistraci, 2006

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Note: The first act of *Pierre Pierre* should be shot in Black & White.

BLACK

FADE TO:

INT. MYSTERIOUS SMOKE SPACE

We see only BILLOWING THICK SMOKE. Antoine Duhamel's opening music for *Pierrot le fou* plays. After a few moments of watching the smoke twirl and writhe, a shadow of a man is visible.

PIERRE (V.O.)

My name is Pierre Pierre. My whore mother and idiot father fucked some years ago and nine months later I was ripped from oblivion's womb into this shit life. I smoke cigarettes.

PIERRE-PIERRE, the ultimate parody of a caricature of a stereotype of French existentialist anti-heroes, steps from out of the smoke in a dark grey suit jacket and disheveled dress pants and shirt. A cigarette dangles from his lips as he speaks into the camera.

PIERRE

I want so very fucking much to be nothing again.

PIERRE walks back into the smoke.

CUT TO:

INT. SOUNDSTAGE

PIERRE and frenchy GO-GO GIRLS on a soundstage (very 1950s musical). ~~The opening title sequence begins. Serge Gainsbourg's "un poison violent, c'est ca l'amour" plays. The GO-GO GIRLS dance around PIERRE. PIERRE is in the center of them and smokes stoically while they gyrate. Their winks, licks of lips are all ignored by PIERRE. He is above them. He is beyond them. After a few moments and a few silly zoom-ins the title (white letters on black background) PIERRE PIERRE is intercut. Then back to PIERRE who makes a very bored and very french sound.~~

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDEWALK - AFTERNOON

PIERRE and a GORGEOUS GIRL in an oversized sweater walking side by side. Michel Legrand's "The Jitterbug Waltz" plays. The GORGEOUS GIRL smiles. PIERRE smokes. Clutching his arm lovingly she looks up at him and smiles.

GORGEOUS GIRL

Isn't it a lovely day, Pierre? It's afternoons like this that make me want to live forever and walk in the city beside you forever.

PIERRE (V.O.)

I have a girl. Her name is Michelle. I call her Scumbag. I call her Scumbag because that is what she is: a filthy Scumbag. A Bag of Scum.

PIERRE

(to SCUMBAG)

You talk like a retarded person. Paris has fallen to shit. What a ridiculous city this is.

SCUMBAG

(laughing him off)

You are always so sour, Pierre. How can you be so sour when there is so much beauty in the world. Look. See the children playing hookey from school. And there, see the other couples holding each other close? Laughter, Pierre, that is the world's music. Laughter is what makes all of us incandescent beings.

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PIERRE

Absurd. It is all so absurd I want to shit my lungs out and hang myself with them.

SCUMBAG

(laughing)

Ah! Well you know what they say, Pierre: 'Life is absurd.'

PIERRE

Life is shit.

They come upon a record store. SCUMBAG grabs his arm to stop walking.

SCUMBAG

Pierre, let's go inside. I want to see if they have the new Le Infants Electrique disc. I heard from Monique it is super fabulous.

PIERRE

Do what you want, Scumbag. I will stay here and smoke.

PIERRE points to a NO SMOKING sign in the window.

SCUMBAG

This happens all the time, Pierre. Every time I wish to go somewhere with you I cannot for you are always smoking. You should quit, Pierre. Smoking is a filthy habit.

PIERRE

Being a woman is a filthy habit.

SCUMBAG

Oh Pierre.

SCUMBAG enters the store. PIERRE smokes.

PIERRE (V.O.)

Don't be fooled by her beauty. A great artist can paint a beautiful landscape using only his feces as paint and his urine as a solvent. That is what she is. She is a beautiful painting, a beautiful sculpture. But she is painted with piss. She is sculpted from shit.

(beat)

Sometimes, when I am weak, I fuck her.

CUT TO:

INT. PIERRE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Serge Gainsbourg's "L'Hotel Particulier" plays. We see a high angle shot looking down on SCUMBAG's head and shoulders. Her eyes open and close with pleasure and sweet pain. Beads of sweat litter her skin. She is obviously being fucked.

CUT TO:

Low angle shot looking up at PIERRE. His face is impassive as he smokes a cigarette and fucks SCUMBAG. He fucks her with his shirt on.

The following dialogue alternates between these two shots.

SCUMBAG

Ah...Ah! Oh, Pierre! This is majestique!

PIERRE

It is bad enough I'm fucking you. Don't make me listen to you as well.

SCUMBAG

Pierre...this feels so good! Doesn't it feel wonderful?

PIERRE

Your cunt is like a hornet's nest. As I fuck you I pray for death.

SCUMBAG

I'm cumming, Pierre! I'm cumming...

PIERRE

Congratulations, Scumbag.

CUT TO:

INT. PIERRE'S BEDROOM - LATER

PIERRE and SCUMBAG lying in bed together. The music has abruptly stopped. SCUMBAG absentmindedly traces patterns on her right breast. She bathes in the post-coital. PIERRE stares at the ceiling.

SCUMBAG

I love you, Pierre. You should be nicer to me.

PIERRE

Love is deader than god.

SCUMBAG

You're such a Gloomy Gus as the Americans say...

PIERRE

Fuck America. America is where your dead god lives.

SCUMBAG

You wouldn't hate America, Pierre, if you understood America. You must attend my Understanding America class with me. It's really opened my eyes.

PIERRE exhales, sighs and picks up a book from an adjacent night-stand. The book is Celine's *Journey To The End Of The Night*.

PIERRE

(reading from book)

"Brutes to the right of us, brutes to the left of us, they were all over the place. Condemned to a deferred death, the only thing that really mattered was an enormous longing for sleep, all the rest was torture, even the time and effort it took to eat. A bend in the brook, a familiar-looking wall...

(turns page, continues reading)

"But mostly it was the smells helped us find our farm, we'd reverted to dogs in the wartime night of the deserted villages. The smell of shit was the best guide of all."

There's a moment of silence, then:

SCUMBAG

(looking ahead, not at PIERRE)

I saw this little boy yesterday, Pierre. He was playing with some other children. He was small with dark eyes and hair and the face of a forlorn cherub as painted by Raphael. They were playing some game and the little boy was reluctant at first. He had been playing with some dead flowers before the others asked if he'd like to join them.

(MORE)

SCUMBAG (cont'd)

The boy finally agreed and joined the circle where the children were playing marbles or some other game children play. But the boy was not used to playing with others, I could tell by the way his eyes nervously darted over the other children as if seeking out some ulterior motive, or wicked mischief. He wasn't used to playing with others and so when one of the children laughed at a mistake the little boy had made during the game, he stood up and called them all dirty names. He then walked slowly away. A while later, as I was picking up my birth control pills, I saw the same little boy behind the pharmacy. He was fondling his dead flowers and he was crying.

(beat)

I was reminded of you, Pierre. I think that little boy is very much like you. I only wish you would show him to me...

SCUMBAG turns to PIERRE with soft, wet affection in her eyes. PIERRE looks deep into those eyes and for a moment it seems as if he's about to dissolve into warmth and affection himself. PIERRE takes a drag of his cigarette, then flicks some ashes onto SCUMBAG.

CUT TO:

INT. MYSTERIOUS SMOKE SPACE

We see only BILLOWING THICK SMOKE.

PIERRE (V.O.)

Scumbag was always talking out of her ass.

CUT TO:

INT. SOUNDSTAGE

INTERLUDE. We're back at the SOUNDSTAGE with PIERRE and the GO-GO GIRLS (this happens during every INTERLUDE).

Serge Gainsbourg's "Comic Strip" plays (this also happens during every INTERLUDE). After shots of GO-GO GIRLS dancing, PIERRE makes a lazily triumphant gesture.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAFE - AFTERNOON

PIERRE sitting at a small patio table, reading *The Complete Rimbaud*. He smokes. He always smokes. Stereolab's "Lo Boob Oscillator" plays in the background.

FRENCH DUDE (O.S.)

Pierre Pierre!

With a furrowed brow, PIERRE looks up from his book. A tall, lanky BICYCLIST with a dorky helmet stops his bike by PIERRE.

PIERRE

(looking back at his book)  
Oh, it's only you, Jean-Claude.

JEAN-CLAUDE

(jovial in a very french way)  
I am practicing for Le Circle De Tour, Pierre!

PIERRE

(not looking up from the Rimbaud)  
I thought you were practicing to be a faggot.

JEAN-CLAUDE

(chuckles)  
I love your sense-of-humor, Pierre. It is so irreverent!

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PIERRE

Tossing salad is also irreverent, Jean-Claude.

JEAN-CLAUDE

(shaking his head, smiling)  
You truly are L'enfant terrible, Pierre!

PIERRE

And you truly are a faggot, Jean-Claude.



JEAN-CLAUDE

Au revoir.

PIERRE nods hurriedly, not bothering to look up from his book.

JEAN-CLAUDE bicycles away.

CUT TO:

A waitress coming over to PIERRE.

WAITRESS

How may I help you, monsieur?

PIERRE

(muttering, eyes still on his book)

You could fucking die and take this shit world with you.

WAITRESS

Monsieur?

PIERRE

(closing book, looking up)

What are your specials? No. Don't tell me. Look them over for me then choose for me the shittiest of all your specials.

WAITRESS

You want our worst beverage.

PIERRE

No! I want your shittiest.

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WAITRESS

The blueberry espresso is awful.

PIERRE

Excellent. Bring a cup of that filth to me.

WAITRESS leaves. PIERRE smokes. A dirty American HIPPIE in his early thirties walks up to PIERRE and sits across from him.

HIPPIE  
 (looking around anxiously)  
 Hey man...any one looking for me?

CUT TO:

EXT. CAFE - MOMENTS LATER

PIERRE is still reading the Rimbaud and smoking. HIPPIE is drinking iced-coffee, still looking around anxiously.

PIERRE (V.O.)  
 This living excrement calls himself Canyon Mack. I call him Pigeonshit because he reminds me of pigeon shit. He is waste. His parents should have done myself and the world a favor and killed themselves before they ever met each other and spawned this pathetic hashish monkey. And yet, he is my friend. Well, more of an acquaintance. No one is my friend. After killing a woman, Pigeonshit fled America and came to France. That was several years ago.

PIERRE  
 (to PIGEONSHIT, putting  
 book down)  
 No one is looking for you,  
 Pigeonshit. No one will ever look  
 for you. You will die alone.

PIGEONSHIT  
 I got a phone call. No one spoke.  
 Just a humming sound. It scared the  
 living shit out of me.

PIERRE  
 That's a stupid thing to say. You  
 are made of shit.

PIGEONSHIT  
 I loved Shelly, you know...I really  
 did.

PIERRE  
 Shelly? Who's Shelly?

PIGEONSHIT  
 My ex-girlfriend.

PIERRE

Oh yes.  
 (yelling)  
 The girl you killed!

PIGEONSHIT

(nervously)  
 Keep it down, dude...

PIERRE

Call me 'dude' again and I will tie  
 you down and fuck you in the ass.

PIGEONSHIT

What?

PIERRE

I will fuck you in the ass and defy  
 nature by impregnating you. Don't  
 think I can't do it, you quid-nunc  
 of a swine.

PIGEONSHIT

You're crazy, Pierre.

PIERRE

Or maybe I'm just sick of this shit  
 world. Fuck you. Give me my money.

PIGEONSHIT hands him an envelope.

CUT TO:

EXT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Brick building with a sign reading "DE POLICE". We hear a  
 snippet of the French National Anthem.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS, CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A bunch of FRENCH POLICE sitting around a conference room.  
 Standing in front of a desk is the CHIEF INSPECTOR. He has a  
 moustache, slicked-back hair, sunglasses and a permanent  
 scowl. With a pointer in hand, he struts before his men, in  
 the middle of a speech.

CHIEF INSPECTOR

As many of you know, our government  
 has given asylum to the American  
 fugitive Holden Braddock...

CHIEF INSPECTOR walks over to a nearby bulletin-board, which has a blown-up photo of PIGEONSHIT, and thrusts his pointer at the photo.

CHIEF INSPECTOR  
(continuing)  
...or "Canyon Mack" as his many victims knew him.

He taps on the photo three times, then strolls away from the bulletin-board.

CHIEF INSPECTOR  
(continuing)  
Why did our government grant asylum to a serial rapist and murderer? I'll tell you why. Because that is the nature of France. Rebellion, godlessness, and nihilism. A perpetual "fuck you, we don't give a shit" to the world.

His men all nod and mummer in casual agreement. CHIEF INSPECTOR strolls back to the bulletin-board.

CHIEF INSPECTOR  
(continuing)  
That is why Canyon Mack is permitted to roam our streets.  
(taps PIGEONSHIT photo with POINTER again)  
That is why France is overflowing with deviants. Like this one!

The camera quickly pans from the PIGEONSHIT photo to the one next to it. This photo is of PIERRE PIERRE (with a ridiculous "just got out of bed" expression).

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CHIEF INSPECTOR  
(taps the PIERRE photo with pointer)  
His name is Pierre Pierre.  
(strolls away from board again)  
But unlike his friend Canyon Mack, Pierre indulges in a deviancy that is uniquely french. He negates everything, he doesn't bathe, he doesn't brush his teeth, he's cruel to his girlfriend, and he's a coward among cowards. In many ways, he is a bigger menace than Canyon Mack.

(MORE)

CHIEF INSPECTOR (cont'd)  
 Because Pierre Pierre is the dark  
 underbelly of France. He is our  
 national anti-conscience and I aim  
 to rectify this. I aim to destroy  
 Pierre Pierre!

CHIEF INSPECTOR breaks his pointer in half and turns angrily  
 away from his men.

CUT TO:

INT. SOUNDSTAGE

INTERLUDE. The GO-GO GIRLS brandish guns in sexy Bond Girl  
 fashion. PIERRE shrugs his shoulders with a "I could give a  
 fuck" expression.

CUT TO:

INT. MYSTERIOUS SMOKE SPACE

We see only BILLOWING THICK SMOKE.

PIERRE (V.O.)  
 God's ghost never tires of fucking  
 with me. I know this because I live  
 with my whoremother and idiot  
 father still. If god had any balls  
 he'd shoot me in the face like a  
 real man.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN, PIERRE'S PARENTS HOUSE - MORNING

Perrey and Kingsley's "Computer In Love" plays in the  
 background. WHOREMOTHER is busy preparing breakfast. IDIOT  
 FATHER sits at kitchen table and reads a Gay Porn magazine  
 soberly as if it was a newspaper. PIERRE sits across from him  
 and smokes. WHOREMOTHER comes over to the table with a stack  
 of pancakes.

WHOREMOTHER  
 Breakfast is served, my pets!  
 Pierre, do you want pancakes?

PIERRE  
 (muttering)  
 I want to die.

WHOREMOTHER  
 (not hearing him)  
 With syrup?

PIERRE  
 Yes. I want to die with syrup.

WHOREMOTHER puts food in front of him and IDIOT FATHER. IDIOT FATHER carefully turns a page with a thoughtful "hrrrm" then addresses PIERRE.

IDIOT FATHER  
 How long have you lived in the house, Pierre?

PIERRE  
 Suck a cock, you degenerate faggot.

IDIOT FATHER  
 And how long have you been without a job?

PIERRE  
 How long have you been without a fucking soul?

WHOREMOTHER  
 (to IDIOT FATHER)  
 Oh! I don't know if it's such a good idea for our Pierre to get another job. He is not so good with work.

CUT TO:

INT. CAFE - AFTERNOON

Dimitri From Paris's "Sacre Francais" plays in background. An AMERICAN COUPLE and their TEENAGE DAUGHTER sit down at a table. PIERRE comes over in waiter's uniform with pen and paper.

PIERRE  
 Welcome to Cafe Bleu. I do not call this place Cafe Bleu myself. I call it Cafe Fuck because day in and day out fucks like yourselves sit down and drink in a vain effort to escape the rotting bosoms of their meaningless little existences. But I digress...Welcome to Cafe Bleu, fucks, how may I debase myself for your comfort?

MALE YANK SHITHEAD

(Texan accent)

Hot damn! A real French waiter!  
Dunnat take the cake!

WIFE SHITHEAD

(Texan accent)

My gawd! Ah may jess die!

MALE YANK SHITHEAD

Well, monshour, I'd like some fine  
French coffee! We never had French  
coffee before...did we, dear?

WIFE SHITHEAD

This is unbelievable! Ah'm ginna  
jess die! I feel so fancy!

MALE YANK SHITHEAD

One French coffee, some French tea  
for my Melanie here, and some  
French soda for my little girl.

WIFE SHITHEAD

French tea! Ah'm jess gonna dieee.

PIERRE walks away and returns almost instantly later with a  
platter. He puts the soda down in front of TEENAGE DAUGHTER  
then MALE YANK SHITHEAD speaks.

MALE YANK SHITHEAD

Hot gawdem! Can't wait to taste  
this French coffee!

PIERRE takes the coffee off the platter, the whole time MALE  
YANK SHITHEAD is eagerly rubbing his palms together. PIERRE  
is about to place it in front of him, then throws it in the  
man's face.

MALE YANK SHITHEAD

Holy Jesus! My gawdamn eyes!

WIFE SHITHEAD

(screaming)

Arnold! Arnold! Oh my gawd!

PIERRE turns to a table behind him where a man is drinking  
coffee, excuses himself and takes the man's coffee then turns  
it around and throws it in WIFE SHITHEAD's face.

WIFE SHITHEAD

Ahhh, my eyes! My eyes!!!

TEENAGE DAUGHTER starts screaming and crying hysterically. PIERRE turns to another table, grabs another cup of coffee, turns to TEENAGE DAUGHTER and just as we think he's about to throw it in her face, he takes a sip of the coffee, reaches over and grabs the girl's tit.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN, PIERRE'S PARENTS HOUSE - MORNING

PIERRE

(to no one in particular)

The burns were well deserved. The woman kept promising to die and yet failed to do so.

WHOREMOTHER

Of course they deserved it, dear.

PIERRE

You fucking cunt. Patronize me again and I'll butcher you.

WHOREMOTHER chuckles.

PIERRE gives her a murderous glare.

CUT TO:

INT. MYSTERIOUS SMOKE SPACE

We see only BILLOWING THICK SMOKE. Antoine Duhamel's opening music for *Pierrot le fou* plays.

PIERRE (V.O.)

It may seem that I hate all of America. This is not true. I like three things. I like Burt Reynolds circa 1970s, when he was the Bandit. Ah, the outlaw Bandit speeding his Trans Am headstrong into a limitless horizon of negation. Fuck that Smokey. Fuck all Smokies! Second on my list is the album Nigga Please by the late Old Dirty Bastard of the Wu-Tang Clan. When I first listened to this album it was as if a fifteen-year-old girl had pissed honey in my heart. It was poetry.

(MORE)



PIERRE (V.O.) (cont'd)

I knew then that I was not alone, even though we are all alone, especially me. Speaking of poetry, the third thing I like of America is W. Axl Rose. He is a great man, and he is correct: Bob Guiccione Jr. at Spin is pissed off because his dad gets more pussy than he does.

(beat)

This one is called Luc.

LUC (O.S.)

Pierre Pierre. My good friend. I have things to tell you.

PIERRE (O.S.)

You are nothing to me, Luc. You are less a nothing to me than the oblivion I long for. But speak if it will shut you up.

CUT TO:

INT. BAR - AFTERNOON

PIERRE and LUC sitting next to each other at a hip, semi-seedy bar. Petula Clark's "Ya Ya Twist" plays in the background. LUC is a swarthy fellow wearing a nice but disheveled suit.

LUC

(momentarily confused by  
PIERRE's last words)

I was at the pharmacy just now. I was buying cigarettes when I saw something else I wanted. So I walked away from the register and I took it.

PIERRE

What was it?

LUC

It doesn't matter what it was! It was something I wanted and I took it and I did not pay for it!

PIERRE

Children shoplift, you petty piece of shit. You do not impress me.

LUC

Listen! I am not through! I started thinking afterwards. I thought, why not just take what I want? Why not? Who is going to stop me? Some filth with a badge? A nonexistent god? No!

LUC pauses to receive a shot of whiskey from the bartender. He takes the shot-glass, knocks it back and continues.

LUC

(continuing)

I was in this car. I was driving it. I was driving this car because I had stolen it!

PIERRE

What kind of car?

LUC

It doesn't matter what kind of car it was! It was a car I wanted and so I took it!

PIERRE

(sarcastically)

Congratulations, car-thief.

LUC

There is more! Prepare yourself, Pierre, for it might shock even you! I saw this girl walking down the street. I saw her from the window of my stolen car. She couldn't have been more than seventeen or eighteen years-old. She was hot. She was sexy. And Pierre, she was so fucking tangible! I had to have her...so I took her! I pulled my stolen car over and offered her a ride. She refused. To some, a setback. To me, nothing! I took her! I grabbed her by the face, and I threw her in the car!

PIERRE

(impassively looking at his cigarette)

I have always enjoyed smoke.

LUC

Lisssten to me! I drove to the park. Many people were there. So I drove somewhere else! An open field!

PIERRE

There are no open fields in Paris.

LUC

There was yesterday! So I took this girl, who couldn't have been more than fifteen or sixteen, and then I told her she was precious. Precious and beautiful. She was afraid. But I did not care. I fucked her! I fucked this girl, Pierre, who couldn't have been more than thirteen or fourteen. I fucked her without her consent! What is consent? Nothing! It is nothing to a free man! A truly free man! What do you think of that, Pierre Pierre?

PIERRE

I think you're full of shit.

LUC

(offended)

No!

PIERRE simply stares at LUC until he breaks down.

LUC

(looking down in shame)

Yes.

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PIERRE

Farewell, knave.

PIERRE gets up and walks out of the bar.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS

The camera following PIERRE down the sidewalk.

JUMP-CUT TO:

CHIEF INSPECTOR tailing PIERRE. Michel Legrand's "Doubting Thomas" (from the original Thomas Crown Affair soundtrack) plays. CHIEF INSPECTOR's face is frozen in a steely expression as we hear his thoughts.

CHIEF INSPECTOR (V.O.)  
I will destroy you, Pierre Pierre.

JUMP BACK TO:

PIERRE. His face is frozen in a blase expression.

PIERRE (V.O.)  
I don't think so, Chief Inspector.

JUMP BACK TO:

CHIEF INSPECTOR.

CHIEF INSPECTOR (V.O.)  
Your days are numbered, my  
loathsome mouse.

JUMP BACK TO:

PIERRE.

PIERRE (V.O.)  
Cocksmoker.

CUT TO:

INTERLUDE. GO-GO GIRLS wiggle their asses. PIERRE's gesture is a devilishly blown smoke mass.

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CUT TO:

INT. PIERRE'S BEDROOM - MIDNIGHT

PIERRE slumbering. After a few seconds the phone next to his bed rings. PIERRE rolls over and we discover that he sleeps with a lit cigarette in his mouth and his usual dress shirt. He picks up the phone.

PIERRE  
(into phone)  
It is late. I am far too drunk.  
(MORE)

PIERRE (cont'd)  
 You had better be death giving me a  
 courtesy call so that I may more  
 accurately prepare myself for the  
 Nothing I lust for.

PIGEONSHIT (O.S.)  
 Pierre! You must help me!

PIERRE  
 Pigeonshit?

We go into a split screen between PIERRE and PIGEONSHIT (who  
 is on a pay-phone).

PIGEONSHIT  
 You must help me!

PIERRE  
 You must be mad. I do not assist  
 waste. You are waste, Pigeonshit!

PIGEONSHIT  
 I'm fucked, man! I did it again!

PIERRE  
 (thoughtfully)  
 You have?

PIGEONSHIT  
 Yeah!

PIERRE  
 And...what is it that you did?

PIGEONSHIT  
 Well...well...there was this girl  
 in the park...I think she was a  
 student...she spoke English and  
 reminded me of home...and Shelly.  
 I didn't meant to do it. I loved  
 her. I loved them all. I've got no  
 control over myself, man. No  
 fuckin' control!

PIERRE  
 I'm sure it was either you or her.

PIERRE hangs up the phone. PIGEONSHIT's part of the split  
 screen disappears and we now see SCUMBAG, staring at PIERRE  
 in curiosity.

PIERRE  
 (to SCUMBAG)  
 Oh right. You are here.

PIERRE rolls back over and closes his eyes for sleep.

The phone rings again. PIERRE lets it go. SCUMBAG reaches over and picks up the phone.

PIGEONSHIT (O.S.)

The body's here in my Volvo, man. I gotta get rid of it. You think I should eat it?

SCUMBAG is fucked with horror.

PIERRE (O.S.)

Bon appetit, motherfucker.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAFE - AFTERNOON

SCUMBAG and PIERRE sitting at the small patio table. Air's "La Femme D'Argent" plays in the background. Pierre, smoking as always, reads a copy of Albert Camus's *The Rebel*. SCUMBAG sips on tea and dives into a slice of cherry pie with hungry merriment.

SCUMBAG

(making a sourpuss face)

I believe there is a hair in my pie.

PIERRE

(ignoring her, reading from book)

"If a mass death sentence defines the human condition, then rebellion, in one sense, is its contemporary. At the same time that he rejects his mortality, the rebel refuses to recognize the power that compels him to live in this condition. The metaphysical rebel is therefore not definitely an atheist, as one might think, but he is inevitably a blasphemer. Quite simply, he blasphemes primarily in the name of order, denouncing God as the father of death and as the supreme outrage."

SCUMBAG  
 (impatient, pouty)  
 Didn't you hear me, Pierre? There's  
 a hair in my pie.

PIERRE sighs and closes the book.

PIERRE  
 (to SCUMBAG)  
 Then do something about it, you  
 stupid fucking bitch.

SCUMBAG  
 Good idea. I will hail a waiter to  
 assist me.

SCUMBAG waves, we see from her expression that someone is  
 coming.

SCUMBAG  
 Someone is coming.

The waiter that comes over is none other than Pierre's buddy  
 LUC. He is fixated on SCUMBAG and does not see PIERRE.

LUC  
 Yes, madame? How may I assist you?  
 More coffee?

SCUMBAG  
 No, thank you. There seems to be a  
 hair in my pie.

LUC  
 Horrible! I will take it back  
 immediately and--

LUC notices PIERRE and screams like a woman.

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LUC  
 (collecting himself)  
 I..I..I will take it back and shit  
 on it! Ha! HA! I will shit all over  
 it!  
 (fakes just noticing  
 PIERRE)  
 Oh! Pierre, my friend, I did not  
 see you!

PIERRE  
 Begone. I do not talk to pansies.

LUC

But Pierre--

PIERRE

(holding up his hand)

Talk to the hand. The hand of  
disdain. The hand of disdain for  
you. You who are Luc. You who are  
worthy of disdain.

LUC lowers his head and walks away dejected, muttering  
"sheet, sheet, sheet." Once he's gone, PIERRE reaches over  
and grabs the slice of cherry pie and throws it violently on  
the floor.

PIERRE

There, baby. The hair is gone.

SCUMBAG

(sweetly)

You called me 'baby', Pierre.

PIERRE

Yes, because you are a fucking  
infant.

SCUMBAG

I don't know, Pierre. I think maybe  
it's because you love me.

PIERRE

If I were a wasp, I'd sting you in  
the eye.

Anna Karina's "Roller Girl" starts blaring.

SCUMBAG

(ecstatic)

---

Oh, this is my favorite song,  
Pierre!

(hops up)

I will dance!

We go into a whacky dance sequence. SCUMBAG dances in a  
girlish and goofy manner to "Roller Girl". After the first  
chorus, PIERRE gets up and, while keeping an apathetic face,  
starts moving his shoulders slowly from left to right.  
SCUMBAG starts doing corny 1950s dance movies (the swim, the  
twist, the mashed potatoes, etc.). PIERRE starts moving his  
shoulders faster, closer to the beat. LUC comes back out and  
with a "great, dancing!" expression, he starts dancing like  
the spaziest of goons. SCUMBAG is overjoyed by this and  
starts dancing with LUC, emulating his goonish moves.



PIERRE keeps shifting his shoulders from left to right. The final shot of the sequence is the camera zooming-in on SCUMBAG (suddenly on the SOUNDSTAGE) posing in roller-skates. She throws back her head and laughs like a true Ye-Ye Girl.

CUT TO:

INT. CLASSROOM - LATER

Medium-shot of a chalkboard with the phrase "Understanding America" written across it.

CUT TO:

A wide-angle shot of the classroom. Numerous, French-looking people (mostly college age) take up the desks. PIERRE and SCUMBAG are among them. A YANK PROFESSOR is in the midst of teaching.

YANK PROFESSOR

(turning to chalkboard)

We all must start thinking American or else...

(the class hangs on his word)

...U.S. Senators will talk trash about your country and you'll be snubbed in the New World Order. Remember the whole "Freedom Fries" episode? I got one word for you, class: Ouch.

NERDY FRENCH OVER-ACHIEVER raises his hand.

YANK PROFESSOR

(acknowledging student)

Okay, Froggy. What's the question?

---

NERDY FRENCH OVER-ACHIEVER

Are there any steps to thinking more American?

YANK PROFESSOR

You're half way there, Froggy. Thinking in terms of steps is very American.

NERDY FRENCH OVER-ACHIEVER does a righteous "yeah, I'm half way there" fist. The camera quickly pans to PIERRE and SCUMBAG. As expected, PIERRE has a disgusted look on his face.

PIERRE

(whispering to SCUMBAG)

This was a devious trap you led me into.

SCUMBAG

(whispering back)

Shhh; Pierre. It's important that we understand the Americans. They have many bombs.

PIERRE

Let the Yanks bomb us. I'm finished with this shit world...and maybe they'll get this cocksucker in the process.

PIERRE indicates the YANK PROFESSOR. SCUMBAG dismisses PIERRE, folding her hands neatly on the desk and looking straight ahead like a good pupil. PIERRE picks up a copy of Balzac's *La Comédie humaine* and begins reading.

A PREPPY FRENCH CHICK raises her hand.

YANK PROFESSOR

Yes, Brigitte?

BRIGITTE

What American movies should we watch?

YANK PROFESSOR

That's a great question, Brigitte. I know you French are into Le Cinema...and you love old American movies with Jerry Lewis and Charlie Chaplin or whatever...but you have to stop it. The only American movies to watch are the new ones playing at your local cinematheque. Something like, um, I don't know...Meet *The Fockers*. Yeah! That's the type of film you should be watching. Meet *The Fockers*.

BRIGITTE

(frowning brow)

Meet The...*Fuckers*?

YANK PROFESSOR

No, no. It's not the F-Word. It's *Focker*. With an "O". You get it?

(MORE)

YANK PROFESSOR (cont'd)  
 Instead of a "U", it's an "O".  
 Instead of that other word, it's  
 Focker. Get it? Focker. Ha ha!

All the students have puzzled looks, none of them are laughing.

YANK PROFESSOR  
 (a tad dejected)  
 Heh.

CUT TO:

INT. SOUNDSTAGE

INTERLUDE. PIERRE and the GO-GO GIRLS stand in a rigid formation and wave tiny American flags in grave-faced unison.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDEWALK - LATER

PIERRE and SCUMBAG strolling down the sidewalk. She is holding his arm, even sunnier than usual. PIERRE is smoking, his usual self. Serge Gainsbourg's "Angoisse" plays.

SCUMBAG  
 (to PIERRE)  
 We really should visit America, Pierre. Yes, they're arrogant and yes, they're imperialists, but there was once a time you could say the same about the French, no? Everything seems so colorful in America, especially their ghettos with their gangbangers. Oh, Pierre, can we go?

---

PIERRE (V.O.)  
 Michelle, my belle?  
 (beat)  
 What was that cocksucker McCartney thinking?

SCUMBAG  
 Well, Pierre...?

PIERRE  
 (after a long drag from his cigarette)  
 No.

SCUMBAG makes a pouty sad little girl face. PIERRE continues smoking.

SCUMBAG stops walking.

SCUMBAG  
 (perking up)  
 Here we are!  
 (points)  
 My workplace.

A building.

PAN TO:

SCUMBAG and PIERRE.

PAN BACK:

PIERRE  
 Why am I here again?

SCUMBAG  
 Because my boss, Nathaniel Fairborn, is a very wealthy and powerful man. He can find you work, Pierre.

PIERRE  
 I work plenty, Scumbag. Listening to you prattle on is work. Having the sex with you is work. Breathing the same shit air you breathe is fucking work.

SCUMBAG  
 But Mister Fairborn can find you work that pays very well. Didn't you once say, 'Cash rules everything around me. C.R.E.A.M. Get the money. Dollar dollar bills you all'?

PIERRE  
 Those are Wu-Tang Clan lyrics, you cultural abyss. And they are great lyrics.

(drags on cig)  
 I will see this rich fuck, Scumbag. Because, much like yourself, I am a whore.

CUT TO:

## INT. NATHANIEL FAIRBORN'S OFFICE - LATER

A large opulent office with a fireplace and the kind of things you usually see on the walls of wealthy, evil American businessmen: 18th Century artwork, boar's head, photos with the Bush family, etc. NATHANIEL FAIRBORN sits behind his expensive mahogany desk. He's in his late 50s or early 60s. He's leaning back in his plush leather chair, smoking a cigar and cackling for no apparent reason. Miles Davis's "Tou De Suite" plays in the background.

SCUMBAG opens the immense double doors of the office and enters.

SCUMBAG

(to FAIRBORN)

Mr. Fairborn. My boyfriend Pierre is here. May I show him in?

FAIRBORN

Yes, Michelle. By all means.

SCUMBAG exits and quickly returns with PIERRE. She smiles at PIERRE and then leaves the office again, closing the doors behind her. PIERRE looks around the office, smirking cynically at his surroundings.

FAIRBORN

(eying PIERRE curiously)

You're a lucky man, Pierre. That Michelle is quite the girl. Quite the girl!

PIERRE

She's a piece of shit.

(flicks ashes onto the floor)

---

What do you want from me?

FAIRBORN guffaws and puts out his cigar into a nearby ashtray. He then pulls out a new cigar from a desk drawer and stands up.

FAIRBORN

(walking to fireplace)

Direct, huh? No bullshit. I like that. I like that a lot.

PIERRE

Le sigh.

FAIRBORN bends over to the fireplace, lights his cigar and resumes smoking.

FAIRBORN

(turning to PIERRE)

Tell me, Pierre. Are you familiar with the Paris underworld? That is, have you ever taken part in the enterprise known as "crime". If my sources are correct, you have taken part.

PIERRE

I have a few things going on. I blackmail a good friend of mine, Pigeonshit. And I pimp out the Scumbag occasionally. That's what I call Michelle. She's the Scumbag. Or "Scumbag" for short. It amuses me.

FAIRBORN

What about art-theft?

PIERRE

Is that what you want from me? You want me to steal some shit art for you?

FAIRBORN

No, Pierre. I have professionals that will be doing that. You'd merely be transporting the painting from Paris to London. I will pay you 100,000 Euro. Half now, half after the job is completed to satisfaction. Interested?

---

PIERRE

(after a long deliberate drag)

Yes. For the sake of money I will do your dirty work, Fairborn. There isn't much I wouldn't do for money. I would kill you for money. I would kill myself for money.

(muses it over)

That's not a bad idea actually. It would show that dead faggot god who's boss.

FAIRBORN

(looking somewhat warily  
at PIERRE)

Um...okay then.

(walks back to desk)

I have the 50,000 in my desk here.

PIERRE

(walking to desk)

Good. When does this bullshit heist  
occur?

FAIRBORN

(pulling open desk drawer)

Two nights from now.

PIERRE

Can I take Scumbag on the road with  
me? I might need her if I get a  
flat or suddenly require a human  
shield.

FAIRBORN

(pulling out stacks of  
money)

If you must.

PIERRE

I must.

(beat)

Scumbag is my angel-whore. Minus  
the angel.

FAIRBORN

(closing drawer)

There it is.

(gestures to stacks of  
money on desk)

---

50,000. Do you want a briefcase?

PIERRE

Fuck that pansy shit.

(leans over desk)

I will just stuff the loot in my  
pockets.

PIERRE, like a deliberately uncultured thug, starts swooping  
up the stacks of cash and shoving each wad into a coat  
pocket, pants pocket, etc. When he's finished, the money  
sticks out, here and there, blatantly. FAIRBORN stares at  
PIERRE with more wariness. PIERRE smirks like an insolent  
child.

Then something unexpected happens: The film turns into vibrant Technicolor! (Note: From this point, *Pierre Pierre* remains in color until the end of the third act.) PIERRE looks around, noticing the sudden color.

FAIRBORN  
(grinning knowingly)  
The world appears different with money. Doesn't it, Pierre?

PIERRE  
This better not come out of my pay.

FAIRBORN  
(ignoring PIERRE's comment)  
Someone will contact you tomorrow with the details. In the meantime, buy a new car for your trip. Something with good mileage and inconspicuous.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET CORNER - AFTERNOON

A black 1977 Trans Am (just like the one in *Smokey and the Bandit*) drives up and parks at a street corner. PIERRE is behind the wheel. Guns N' Roses's "Back Off Bitch" blasts from the radio. Many onlookers take notice of the car and ruckus.

PIERRE rolls down the window and sticks his head out.

PIERRE  
(yelling up to adjacent building)

Hey, Scumbag! Get your cunt ass down here! We've got that museum heist to take part in! You know, the one your boss, Nathaniel Fairborn, is the secret architect of!

PAN TO:

EXT. SCUMBAG'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

SCUMBAG sticks her out of her window.



SCUMBAG  
 (in a girlish tizzy)  
 I'm coming down, Pierre! You  
 needn't shout! My neighbors will  
 think us mad!

PAN TO:

EXT. STREET CORNER - CONTINUOUS

PIERRE beeps the horn madly three times and sticks his head  
 out the window again.

PIERRE  
 (yelling in all  
 directions)  
 Attention neighbors of the Scumbag!  
 My name is Pierre Pierre and I  
 don't care what you think! Scumbag,  
 or Michelle as you all know her,  
 makes a sound like an orangutan  
 when she cums!

PIERRE leans back in his seat and takes a satisfied drag from  
 his cigarette.

PIERRE (V.O.)  
 It's good to get things off your  
 chest. Although I never quite  
 understood that phrase: 'I have to  
 get something off my chest.' What  
 does that mean exactly? The only  
 thing on my chest is hair and I'm  
 not taking *that* off! So come to  
 think of it, nothing is off my  
 chest. I apologize for bullshitting  
 you. A cliché that means something  
 has a wee bit of worth, but an  
 empty cliché is akin to smog. And  
 we shall have no smog in this  
 adventure.

SCUMBAG (O.S.)  
 Is that true, Pierre?

SCUMBAG hops into the passenger seat with a shoulder bag and  
 childlike enthusiasm.

SCUMBAG  
 Are we going on an adventure?

PIERRE  
 (staring deadly ahead)  
 Yes. A misadventure is still an  
 adventure.

PIERRE revves the engine and peels out.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE STREETS OF PARIS - LATER

We go into a mini-montage of PIERRE and SCUMBAG (in the Trans Am) driving around the streets of Paris. Serge Gainsbourg's "requiem pour un con" plays. There are intercuts of PIERRE and SCUMBAG bobbing their heads to the beat (like the Bobble-Heads in those Jeep Compass commercials). Various Paris landmarks are seen (e.g. Eiffel Tower). Noon shades into dusk. By the time the montage ends, it's night. The Trans-Am drives up to the Louvre.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE LOUVRE, BACK LOADING DOCK - NIGHT

The Trans Am parks outside a loading dock in the back of the Louvre. Serge Gainsbourg's dark epic "Melody" now plays in the background.

CUT TO:

SCUMBAG and PIERRE in car. SCUMBAG looks about nervously. PIERRE looks ahead nonchalantly.

CUT TO:

Several MEN IN CAT BURGLAR GARB hurry over to the car like man-spiders (PIERRE's P.O.V.).

BACK TO:

SCUMBAG gasps. PIERRE sighs and rolls down his window.

The HEAD ART-THIEF approaches PIERRE's window.

HEAD ART-THIEF  
 (to PIERRE)  
 Are you the transporter?

PIERRE  
 (making scarce eye-  
 contact)  
 (MORE)

PIERRE (cont'd)

I came for the fucking painting.  
That's all I know. I don't even  
know what piece of shit painting it  
is.

HEAD ART-THIEF

What is the password?

PIERRE

(after a heavy sigh)

That outfit makes you look like a  
pillow-biter.

The HEAD ART-THIEF turns to the other similarly garbed  
thieves and then back to PIERRE with a cocked eyebrow and  
grin.

HEAD ART-THIEF

That is the password.

CUT TO:

INT. TRANS AM - LATER

PIERRE is driving away from the Louvre, staring bleakly  
ahead. SCUMBAG peeks at the painting now in the backseat: The  
Mona Lisa. It's propped up in clear view with no casing or  
anything.

SCUMBAG

(facing PIERRE)

I can't believe they stole the Mona  
Lisa. How could they accomplish  
such a feat? They didn't set off  
the alarms or anything. It seems an  
impossible gambit! Is it for real,  
Pierre?

PIERRE

(eyes staying on road)

It's for real, Scumbag. Your evil  
capitalist swine of a boss,  
Fairborn, would only hire the best.  
Those men might have been dressed  
like pillow-biters, but they were  
the best. I could almost admire  
them...

(beat)

...But I won't.

SCUMBAG

(eyes jumping from Mona  
Lisa to PIERRE)

(MORE)

SCUMBAG (cont'd)

Shouldn't it be concealed better?  
Or concealed at all! Anyone can see  
it.

PIERRE

Silly Scumbag.  
(chuckles)

Don't you know that the best way to  
hide something is to keep it in  
plain sight?

A police-siren goes off behind them.

SCUMBAG

(panicking like a woman)  
Oh no! It's the cops! We've had it,  
Pierre!

PIERRE

(keeping his cool)  
Restrain your inferior female  
genes. There will be cops. And they  
will sometimes be stopping us. But  
they will never stop us. You know  
why, Scumbag?

(takes a puff from his  
cig)  
We're on a mission for money.

PIERRE pulls the car over. The police cruiser stops behind  
them and we hear the sound of a door opening and the cop  
walking over to them. PIERRE picks some lint from his jacket  
in an exceedingly casual manner. The cop taps on PIERRE's  
window. PIERRE, with his most relaxed air yet, rolls down the  
window.

PIERRE

(to COP)  
Yes, Officer. Can I be of some  
assistance?

THE COP

(friendly)  
Your tail-light is out.

PIERRE

Oh really? I was not aware. Thank  
you for bringing this to my  
attention.

THE COP

It's no bother. I'll let you off  
with a warning. Just be sure to fix  
it.

PIERRE  
I certainly will. Thanks again,  
Officer.

THE COP  
(peering at the backseat)  
That's an amazing reproduction!

PIERRE  
(glancing back at  
painting)  
Oh, that's not a reproduction. It's  
the genuine article. We just jacked  
it from the Louvre. Well, these  
pillow-biters actually jacked it.  
We're just transporting the shit  
painting.

THE COP  
You are a funny one!  
(laughs)  
Have a good night.

PIERRE gives him a playful salute.

We hear THE COP walking back and getting into his cruiser.  
Then he drives off.

PIERRE turns to SCUMBAG.

PIERRE  
(smugly)  
See?

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

Trans Am driving off.

PAN TO:

An unmarked police car, parked on the side of the road.

CUT TO:

INT. CHIEF INSPECTOR'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

The CHIEF INSPECTOR watches Trans Am drive off in his cunning  
and clinical manner.

CHIEF INSPECTOR (V.O.)

You might fool the others, Pierre Pierre. But you will not fool me. I will shadow your every move and when you are at your most vulnerable, I will pounce on you like a spider to the fly. Let the contest begin.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

The CHIEF INSPECTOR's car drives onto the road in PIERRE's direction.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRENCH COUNTRYSIDE - LATER

We go into another mini-montage of PIERRE and SCUMBAG on the road. This time we see various shots of the French countryside. Serge Gainsbourg's "Bonnie and Clyde" (a duet with Brigitte Bardot) plays. PIERRE stares ahead as he drives, like a man possessed with single-mindedness. SCUMBAG bounces about, cheerful as always. She tries breaking through PIERRE's wall of intensity, by making a series of goofy faces. PIERRE merely shakes his head in annoyance. The Trans Am drives on. We see the CHIEF INSPECTOR continuing his pursuit.

CUT TO:

INT. TRANS AM - LATER

---

PIERRE glances back at the Mona Lisa.

PIERRE

Ugly bitch.

SCUMBAG

(shocked by his words)

It's the Mona Lisa!

PIERRE

No, really. By today's standards she's quite homely.

SCUMBAG looks at the painting and nods in casual agreement. Then something on the painting catches her attention.

She leans over for a closer look, squinting her eyes and all that. Finally, she turns back to PIERRE in a tizzy of excitement.

SCUMBAG

There are markings on the painting!

PIERRE

And I give a shit why?

SCUMBAG

This could be an important discovery, Pierre. Hold on...

She digs into a large purse on the floor, finally pulling out some hi-tech gadget. SCUMBAG aims the gadget at the painting and it shines an infrared light. Like an expert cryptologist, she scans the markings with the infrared, revealing a cryptic phrase.

PIERRE

(with slightly more interest)

Where the fuck did you get that contraption?

SCUMBAG

(glancing down at the contraption)

Oh this?

(looks back at the painting)

I came prepared of course.

PIERRE

(sardonic)

Of course.

SCUMBAG

(reading illuminated phrase)

It's an anagram.

PIERRE

Great. The Scumbag has a little puzzle to solve.

SCUMBAG

(recites the anagram)

"A Eel Ef Fil Ho Ho Thrust."

PIERRE

That's just nonsense.

SCUMBAG

No. I tell you it's an anagram! A code!

PIERRE

Fine. It's a code. I still don't give a fuck.

SCUMBAG

But, Pierre! This is a secret message on the Mona Lisa! Can't you see that it has major historical significance?

PIERRE

Your history is bullshit. What's in it for me?

SCUMBAG

At very least, it would increase the already high value of the painting. Plus, the code might lead us to another historic treasure. It might actually be treasure! And that means more money for you, Pierre.

PIERRE

(after a thoughtful drag)  
Your appeal to my greed has succeeded. I have a friend that might be able to help us. His name is Alpha Romeo. He lives outside of Rome.

SCUMBAG beams.

PIERRE narrows his gaze on the road.

---

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

The Trans Am drives on.

CUT TO:



INT. SOUNDSTAGE

INTERLUDE. The GO-GO GIRLS stand on either side of the Mona Lisa, displaying it to PIERRE as if it was a prize on *The Price Is Right*. PIERRE snarls contemptuously at the painting and blows smoke on it.

CUT TO:

EXT. ITALY - DAY

Another mini-montage. This time we see the Trans Am intercut with various Italian landmarks (e.g. Roman Coliseum). Grazie Massimo's "Se Bruciasse La Citta" plays triumphantly as we see all the sites. SCUMBAG looks about in elation. PIERRE remains PIERRE. Finally, they make their way to the Italian countryside and a large villa surrounded by beautiful scenery.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALPHA ROMEO'S VILLA - COURTYARD - AFTERNOON

The Trans Am parks in the courtyard of the villa. There's a multi-tear fountain, marble statues of voluptuous nude women, etc. PIERRE and SCUMBAG exit the Trans Am. SCUMBAG looks around.

SCUMBAG

(to PIERRE)

This place is magnifique!

(beat)

But I wonder: How did we get to Italy so fast?

---

PIERRE

(flicking ashes on ground)

Beats me. I don't know shit about geography.

SCUMBAG

And we didn't have to go through customs or anything!

PIERRE

(growing angry)

I know some back roads. Stop interrogating me, woman!

SCUMBAG  
 (delighted)  
 Oh look, Pierre!

A group of Italian children run into the courtyard and to them. They start dancing around SCUMBAG in a circle. SCUMBAG throws back her head and laughs merrily. ALPHA ROMEO walks into the courtyard. He is a handsome man in his 30s, wearing a nice Italian suit. His hair is slicked back, he wears large sunglasses and smokes a cigarette. There is a perceptible weariness to his character (a Marcello Mastroianni type). ALPHA ROMEO greets PIERRE, smiling but with a hint of sadness.

ALPHA ROMEO  
 Pierre Pierre.  
 (embraces PIERRE)  
 It has been far too long, my friend.

PIERRE  
 (quickly removing himself from embrace)  
 Enough of that! I need your help, Alpha Romeo. We are transporting the stolen Mona Lisa and there is some nonsense encoded into it. I figured you might know a few things about the painting...  
 (beat)  
 ...since you're a wop.

ALPHA ROMEO  
 (escorting PIERRE away from courtyard)  
 Yes, my friend. I might be able to help you. Let us talk away from here.

---

ALPHA ROMEO and PIERRE walk off, leaving SCUMBAG to play with the children.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALPHA ROMEO'S VILLA - BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER

ALPHA ROMEO and PIERRE are walking in the spacious backyard. There are more fountains, more statues, etc. Nino Rota's "Casanova" score plays in the background. The two men both smoke their cigarettes with seemingly choreographed timing. PIERRE takes a drag, then ALPHA ROMEO takes a drag, and so forth.

ALPHA ROMEO  
I'm glad you're here, Pierre. I  
have problems of my own. Do you see  
that woman down there...

ALPHA ROMEO points down to an adjacent vineyard.

CUT TO:

EXT. VINEYARD - CONTINUOUS

We see an obese Italian woman working in the vineyard (PIERRE  
and ALPHA ROMEO P.O.V.).

BACK TO:

EXT. ALPHA ROMEO'S VILLA - BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

ALPHA ROMEO  
...the heffer?

PIERRE  
Yes.

ALPHA ROMEO  
(turning away in despair)  
She's my wife.  
(takes a drag from his  
cigarette)  
She wasn't always that fat. Curvy  
yes. Voluptuous certainly. But not  
fat. I was hypnotized by her  
breasts and backside. They were  
gargantuan! But now every part of  
her is gargantuan! Never marry a  
woman because she has big tits and  
ass, Pierre. You will get more,  
much more than you've bargained  
for.

PIERRE  
This is your dilemma? Your wife got  
fat? Spare me this provincial  
trifle.

ALPHA ROMEO  
(turning back to view)  
There is more. Look.  
(MORE).

ALPHA ROMEO (cont'd)

(points)

Do you see *that* woman down there...

CUT TO:

EXT. VINEYARD - CONTINUOUS

We see an exceedingly attractive young woman working in the vineyard (PIERRE and ALPHA ROMEO's P.O.V.) She stops working for a second. She heaves her proud bust and wipes sweat from her exposed cleavage.

BACK TO:

EXT. ALPHA ROMEO'S VILLA - BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

ALPHA ROMEO

(stares down, entranced)

...the most beautiful, sexy, and alluring woman a man could ever see?

PIERRE

Yes.

ALPHA ROMEO

(turning away in despair)

She's my cousin.

(makes the sign of the Cross)

I'm humping her. I'm humping her on a regular basis. And let me tell you, Pierre, it's like no other humping I've ever experienced. Her entire body quivers at my slightest touch. I am completely bewitched by her. Those breasts. That ass! But there is more to her. Much, much more! She has a pure spirit. And I'm soiling it. I've soiled her. Many times over. What kind of man am I?

(turning back to view)

There is only one solution. I must marry her.

PIERRE

Your fat wife might object.

ALPHA ROMEO  
*That is my dilemma.*  
 (beat)  
 I am lost. So lost.

PIERRE nods.

Both men take a drag on their cigarettes and exhale in unison.

CUT TO:

EXT. HILL TOP - CONTINUOUS

We see PIERRE and ALPHA ROMEO in binoculars P.O.V.

CUT TO:

CHIEF INSPECTOR looking through binoculars.

CHIEF INSPECTOR (V.O.)  
 I see you, Pierre Pierre. I see you  
 with the greaseball.

We cut back to reveal the CHIEF INSPECTOR standing on a hill top laden with sheep.

A very old Italian man walks over to the CHIEF INSPECTOR and stares at him for a long time. After several seconds, the CHIEF INSPECTOR angrily puts down his binoculars and turns to the old man.

CHIEF INSPECTOR  
 (shouting)  
 Away, away!

The OLD MAN flashes him a "whatever asshole" look and walks away.

---

The CHIEF INSPECTOR goes back to spying through his binoculars.

CUT TO:

INT. ALPHA ROMEO'S VILLA - DINING ROOM - EVENING

PIERRE, SCUMBAG and the Mona Lisa are seated at a large dining-room table (the painting is propped up on its own seat).

The entire Romeo family is also seated: ALPHA, his OBESE WIFE, his ATTRACTIVE COUSIN, his old MOTHER and FATHER, his even older GRANDMOTHER and GRANDFATHER (the OLD MAN from the hill top), two YOUNGER BROTHERS with even slicker hair than ALPHA, a FAT GUY DRESSED AS THE POPE, a FELLINIESQUE CLOWN, and a bunch of BRATTY CHILDREN (the same children from the courtyard). Dean Martin's "Volare" plays in the background. Needless to say, there's a lot of Italian food on the table (spaghetti and meatballs, Italian bread, several bottles of wine, etc.).

ALPHA ROMEO  
(to entire table)  
Let me say Grace.

There's a mummer of agreement.

PIERRE sighs.

ALPHA ROMEO  
(hands folded, head down)  
Thank you Lord for this great spread. Really. The spread is dynamite. Plus, the food, the wine, my family. All great. This is truly the good life. And while we're talking, Lord, can you please strike dead my obese wife so I can marry my hot as fuck cousin. I'd be grateful.

(does the sign of the  
Cross)  
In the name of the Father, the Son  
and the Holy Ghost.

Everyone says "Amen" (except for the two French atheists present).

One of the BRATTY CHILDREN flings some spaghetti onto the Mona Lisa. The BRATTY CHILDREN giggle. SCUMBAG gasps. PIERRE looks at painting.

PIERRE  
(to BRATTY CHILD)  
Try hitting the ugly bitch in the  
face.

The BRATTY CHILD flings the spaghetti again, this time hitting the Mona Lisa's face. SCUMBAG gasps again. PIERRE chuckles.

CUT TO:

INT. TRANS AM - NIGHT

Medium-shot of the threesome: SCUMBAG gazing out the passenger window, Mona Lisa in center of backseat with red sauce stains, and PIERRE driving, staring ahead at the endless road before him. Stereolab's "Orgiastic" plays in background.

PIERRE (V.O.)

The wop was of no use. The female form had done a number on whatever brain cells he possessed. This happens often. Women suck the man down, not unlike this dark road before my eyes. They make the man forget who he is: Nothing. They make the man think that he is part of something special. Bah! There was only one thing to do. Use this shit life for all its worth and then dissolve blissfully into oblivion. That was my plan. Make that money. Make that C.R.E.A.M. And then become the nothing we all will become. Then, and only then, would I be a success. But first thing's first. I had to crack this nonsense code. In my head was a rolodex of fucks I had met in my life. Eventually a name was recalled. The name of a man that could help. A Swedish Professor I once had in college. Don't ask. Okay. If you must know. My major was Metaphysical Rebellion with a minor in Fuckery.

---

PIERRE glances at SCUMBAG.

PIERRE

Earth to Scumbag. We're going to Sweden.

SCUMBAG

(looks away from window)

Really? I love the Swedes!

(claps hands jovially)

This is such fun, Pierre! We're having an honest to goodness adventure!

PIERRE (V.O.)  
I should have brought duct tape.

CUT TO:

EXT. SWEDISH PROFESSOR HOME - THE NEXT DAY

Establishing Shot: A modest home in the Swedish countryside.

CUT TO:

INT. SWEDISH PROFESSOR HOME - CONTINUOUS

In a bland living room, PIERRE and SCUMBAG sit on a sofa. Across from them is the elderly SWEDISH PROFESSOR. He sits on a rocking chair while peeling an apple with a letter opener. He has a peaceful almost sedated demeanor. The only sound is a clock ticking.

SWEDISH PROFESSOR  
(to PIERRE and SCUMBAG)  
I am 75 years old. And in my long  
life...  
(loses himself in the  
apple peeling)  
...I have learned a great many...

PIERRE and SCUMBAG hang on his incomplete sentence.

SWEDISH PROFESSOR  
(continuing, after a few  
seconds)  
...Things.

PIERRE  
(impatient)  
Yes, yes. I know this, Professor.  
That is why we're here. We want to  
ask you--

SWEDISH PROFESSOR  
(interrupting, in his own  
Swedish world)  
The hours, the minutes, the  
seconds: They keep elapsing. Never  
halting for even the slightest  
moment. I recall an incident...  
(looks off for a few  
seconds, continues to  
peel apple)  
...in my youth.  
(MORE)



SWEDISH PROFESSOR (cont'd)

I came across a young woman at a school dance. She was not the same young woman I had escorted to the dance. Yet there she was...

(looks off again, keeps peeling)

...At the dance. Not the prettiest girl. In fact, she was quite plain. But there was a quality, a sort of immutable strength, that drew me to her. I never talked to this girl. I never even made eye contact. But I have never forgotten her. She was like...

Again, PIERRE and SCUMBAG hang on his unfinished sentence.

SWEDISH PROFESSOR

(continuing, after a few seconds)

...A dream.

PIERRE

(after a frustrated sigh)

This is all very exciting, Professor. But really. We came here for your--

SWEDISH PROFESSOR

(interrupting, gesturing with apple)

Care for an apple, young man?

PIERRE

(squints face in revulsion)

An apple? No. It's like eating a candle.

---

The SWEDISH PROFESSOR chuckles in a reserved manner and places the peeled apple into a nearby fruit basket (filled with other peeled apples). He then grabs a bowl filled with strawberries.

SWEDISH PROFESSOR

(gesturing bowl at his guests)

How about some wild strawberries? I grew them and picked them myself. I find it to be quite...

(beat)

...cathartic.

SCUMBAG

No thank you, Professor.

PIERRE

What the Scumbag said.

SWEDISH PROFESSOR

Very well.

(places bowl on his lap)

I enjoy working in my garden. My wife is dead and my children all live far from home. There isn't much to nurture in my life. But there are the strawberries. Yes. One can nurture them. And they need nurturing. Much like the people that come and go from our lives. I remember walking into my kitchen, many years ago, and discovering my wife. Her face was soaked in tears. Clearly, she had been crying. I asked her why, but she never told me. I suppose some things are just for ourselves. We all live with our own burdens, our own tragedies. It reminds me of something my eldest daughter, Ingrid, once said to me. It was after her first husband's suicide.

PIERRE

(leaping from sofa)

This is too fucking boring!

(gestures to SCUMBAG)

Come on, Scumbag.

---

PIERRE exits off screen. SCUMBAG gets up from sofa and nods politely to the SWEDISH PROFESSOR. She then follow PIERRE off screen.

The SWEDISH PROFESSOR keeps rocking in his chair, retaining his peaceful almost sedated demeanor. He plops a strawberry into his mouth and begins to slowly chew. We stay on him chewing for a few seconds. The sound of the clock going tick tock, tick tock.

CUT TO:

INT. SOUNDSTAGE

INTERLUDE. PIERRE and the GO-GO GIRLS stare ahead bleakly. Then they all place fingers to their heads and mimic shooting themselves.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The Trans Am rides on.

CUT TO:

The Trans Am runs over a rock and gets a flat.

CUT TO:

INT. TRANS AM - CONTINUOUS

PIERRE and SCUMBAG bounce in their seats and we hear the hiss from the flat.

SCUMBAG

We've got a flat, Pierre.

PIERRE

Her name: Scumbag. Her job  
description: Queen of the Fucking  
Obvious.

PIERRE pulls off road and turns off car.

SCUMBAG

What shall we do?

PIERRE

There is no "we". There is only  
"you".

(takes a drag)

Go fetch the spare and jack,  
Scumbag.

SCUMBAG sighs but obeys, getting out of the car and going to the trunk. We stay on PIERRE as he smokes and SCUMBAG opens the trunk.

PIERRE (V.O.)

This will be good for her. A woman should find her own strength and not require a man to save the day. Plus, changing a tire is peasant work.

SCUMBAG walks up to PIERRE's window.

SCUMBAG

(to PIERRE)

There is a spare, but no jack.

We stay on PIERRE for a few seconds as he smokes and contemplates.

CUT TO:

EXT. OFF HIGHWAY, COUNTRYSIDE - MINUTES LATER

The Mona Lisa is being used as a jack, on its side, propping up the car. SCUMBAG changes the tire while PIERRE stands and smokes.

PIERRE

Don't fuck up my car, Scumbag.

SCUMBAG

(panting, struggling with  
new tire)

I am more concerned about the painting.

PIERRE

I'd expect as much from a woman. All of mankind should rejoice. A piece of shit art is finally being  
put to use.

He turns away and surveys their location. They're on an open plain off the highway. There is a lot of mud and a small creek leading into a larger creek that is surrounded by woods. In another direction is a motel with a sign reading Belgium Inn.

SCUMBAG

(tightening new tire in  
place)

Where are we?

PIERRE

Being that the Belgium Inn is a few meters away, I'm guessing we're in Belgium.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

The CHIEF INSPECTOR's car passes by.

CUT TO:

INT. CHIEF INSPECTOR'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

The CHIEF INSPECTOR furrows his brow at PIERRE and SCUMBAG as he passes.

BACK TO:

EXT. OFF HIGHWAY, COUNTRYSIDE - CONTINUOUS

SCUMBAG is almost done with the tire.

Thunder roars.

PIERRE looks up at the sky.

A violent thunder storm breaks out.

SCUMBAG

Merde!

(tightens last bolt)

Could things get any worse?

---

A gust of wind blows the Mona Lisa down and underneath the car. SCUMBAG quickly recoils from the Trans Am as it levels out. She falls in the mud, which is getting muddier by the second.

SCUMBAG

(whining, on the verge of tears)

The painting! It's under the car, Pierre!

PIERRE slowly walks over to the car and kneels down, peering underneath.

PIERRE

Not anymore.

SCUMBAG quickly gets to her feet and runs to PIERRE. He points to the painting, in a flash mud slide, going into the adjacent creek.

SCUMBAG

Oh no! We have to go after it!

PIERRE

(walking to his side of  
Trans Am)

Again, Scumbag: There is no "we".

(opens car door)

I'm driving to the motel. Go fetch  
the painting.

He gets into the car, starts the engine and then peels out, splashing mud all over SCUMBAG.

Stranded, covered in mud and drenched in rain, SCUMBAG stamps her feet into the mud. This, of course, only makes matters worse.

SCUMBAG

(trying to remove her heel  
from the mud)

Mon dieu! You are a monster, Pierre  
Pierre!

(beat)

A monster!

CUT TO:

INT. TRANS AM - CONTINUOUS

PIERRE chuckles bastardly as he drives.

BEGIN "BELGIUM" MONTAGE

AC/DC's "Bedlam In Belgium" plays as we see the following things:

- 1.) SCUMBAG struggling to get out of mud as the rain pours down on her.
- 2.) PIERRE driving to the Belgium Inn.
- 3.) SCUMBAG getting out of mud and making her way to the creek.

- 4.) The Trans Am pulling into the Belgium Inn parking lot.
- 5.) SCUMBAG running down the side of the creek, looking frantically for the Mona Lisa.
- 6.) PIERRE, in a rather casual manner, checking into the motel.
- 7.) SCUMBAG spotting the Mona Lisa flowing down into the larger creek.
- 8.) PIERRE walking out of motel lobby and spotting a bar next-door.
- 9.) SCUMBAG making her way down to the creek and getting caught in a big mud slide.
- 10.) PIERRE walking towards bar.

END "BELGIUM" MONTAGE

INT. BELGIUM BAR - MOMENTS LATER

PIERRE enters the bar. It's sleazy, smoke-filled and not unlike the bar in Paris. The AC/DC song still plays, but now in the background. We see various bar-flies and Euro riff raff. PIERRE takes a seat at the bar and we see him gesture to the bartender.

CUT TO:

The CHIEF INSPECTOR sitting in a booth in the corner, staring at PIERRE.

CHIEF INSPECTOR (V.O.)

You think you can hide from me,  
Pierre Pierre...

(beat)

...But you cannot. I am the eyes of  
justice.

CUT TO:

PIERRE at bar, getting his drink, and smirking at the CHIEF INSPECTOR's thoughts.

PIERRE (V.O.)

"The eyes of justice"?

(sips his drink)

Sounds like the title of a Steven  
Seagal film.

(MORE)

PIERRE (V.O.) (cont'd)  
 He's blind yet kicks ass. The eyes  
 of justice. You are too clever,  
 Inspector.

BACK TO:

CHIEF INSPECTOR.

CHIEF INSPECTOR (V.O.)  
 By all means, scoundrel, persist  
 with your mockery. Your failure is  
 imminent.

BACK TO:

PIERRE.

PIERRE (V.O.)  
 (after exhaling a large  
 mass of smoke)  
 Okay. I'm bored with you. Fuck off.

BACK TO:

CHIEF INSPECTOR.

CHIEF INSPECTOR (V.O.)  
 Enjoy this evening, Pierre Pierre.  
 It might be your last as a free  
 man.

BACK TO:

PIERRE.

PIERRE (V.O.)  
 (looking across the bar)  
 Ah...what have we here?

---

Through his own smoke he sees a HOT BITCH. She smokes as well. Charles Aznavour's "Jezebel" starts playing. The following scene alternates between two shots: one of the HOT BITCH smoking seductively, flirting with PIERRE and another of PIERRE smoking and flirting. HOT BITCH flirts in an impeccably sultry manner. PIERRE flirts like a man who's in the middle of his first day on earth; he is garish and comical. No matter, the more he flirts the more HOT BITCH becomes aroused. After PIERRE sticks out a wiggling tongue, as if to replicate oral sex, HOT BITCH can stand it no more. She puts out her cigarette and walks over to PIERRE. As soon as she walks over to him, he puts a lit cigarette in her mouth.



HOT BITCH  
Thank you, monsieur.

PIERRE  
Yes.

HOT BITCH  
I have been watching you. And you  
have been watching me, no?

PIERRE  
Yes.

HOT BITCH  
My name is-

PIERRE  
Hot Bitch, yes, I know.

HOT BITCH  
What is your sign? I bet it is  
Scorpio.

PIERRE  
My mother was a scorpion who stung  
me into existence.

HOT BITCH  
You're delicious. Would you like to  
go somewhere with me?

PIERRE  
Yes. I know just the place.

CUT TO:

EXT. BELGIUM INN - MINUTES LATER

---

Establishing Shot: Belgium Inn.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The room is completely dark. Light spills in from the door as  
PIERRE and HOT BITCH walk in. PIERRE flicks on the light.  
It's a dive.

HOT BITCH  
 (looks around with a  
 smile)  
 Not bad.

PIERRE  
 It's a dive.

HOT BITCH  
 I know. Sexy, eh?

PIERRE  
 There is a bed.  
 (beat)  
 It'll suffice.

HOT BITCH  
 You are very silly. I like that.

PIERRE  
 To hell with your precursory  
 prattling. Let us hump! Hump like  
 aborigines or some other strain of  
 savage.

HOT BITCH, very aroused by his words, leans into him  
 seductively. The cigarette dangling from PIERRE's lips spills  
 smoke into her face. She doesn't care.

HOT BITCH  
 Yessss!

She throws her arms around his neck. Françoise Hardy's "Temps  
 de l'Amour" starts playing as they suck face, or rather, as  
 PIERRE allows his face to be sucked. They back into a sofa,  
 HOT BITCH pushes him down. The following alternates between  
 two shots: one of HOT BITCH doing a sexy, gyrating, old-  
 fashioned strip-tease. The other shot is of PIERRE. As HOT  
 BITCH discards dress, shoes, bra, she throws them at PIERRE's  
 feet. PIERRE cares little for her dance, he picks lint off  
 his jacket and spit-washes stains off his shirt. Once HOT  
 BITCH is naked, or damn near enough, she realizes that PIERRE  
 still has all his clothes on.

HOT BITCH  
 Why are your clothes still on?

PIERRE  
 Am I Hot Bitch? No. I am Pierre  
 Pierre. My clothes remain.

HOT BITCH

You are a weird and sexy man. It must be so weird and sexy to be Pierre Pierre.

PIERRE

(makes a little gesture)

Eh.

CUT TO:

EXT. BELGIUM INN, PARKING LOT - LATER

SCUMBAG staggers into the motel parking lot. She is hunched over, carrying the Mona Lisa on her shoulders, like Atlas and the world. It's no longer raining, but SCUMBAG is still damp and caked with mud. She is clearly exhausted if not a little traumatized. Her eyes dart up to the motel, wild and animal-like.

CUT TO:

PIERRE, wearing HOT BITCH's clothes, filling a bucket with ice (SCUMBAG's P.O.V.). Inside the bucket is a bottle of cheap champagne. The ice machine is located right outside the room.

BACK TO:

SCUMBAG.

SCUMBAG

(calling up to him)

Pierre!

BACK TO:

---

PIERRE turns around and walks over to the railing.

PIERRE

(calling down to her)

Scumbag!

BACK TO:

SCUMBAG.

SCUMBAG

Why are you wearing those clothes?!

BACK TO:

PIERRE, impassive as always, looks at himself and back at SCUMBAG.

PIERRE

Mmm, yes.  
 (gestures with his free  
 hand)  
 Come up.

BACK TO:

SCUMBAG, too bewildered to do anything but comply, walks up the stairs.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

PIERRE and SCUMBAG enter the room. SCUMBAG allows the mud splattered painting to fall from her shoulders. But there is little relief as her eyes widen in shock and despair. PIERRE stands by the bed and smokes. HOT BITCH is sprawled on the bed; she is dressed in PIERRE's pants and jacket (no shirt underneath).

PIERRE

Scumbag, Hot Bitch. Hot Bitch,  
 Scumbag.

HOT BITCH waves with two fingers.

SCUMBAG

What...what is that woman doing in  
 the bed?

PIERRE

(casually)

Oh...we, uh, we were fucking. We  
 were in the bed, we fucked in the  
 bed, and then I hungered for drink.  
 I got up. I got the champagne. And  
 I was about to return...to the  
 bed...to fuck her a third time when  
 you, the Scumbag, showed up. That  
 brings us up to now.

SCUMBAG

I-I-I can't believe this! How could-

PIERRE

Oh, do not worry.

PIERRE picks up his hat and puts it on HOT BITCH. He turns back to SCUMBAG.

PIERRE

She is Pierre. I am the Hot Bitch.

HOT BITCH

I am Pierre Pierre.

PIERRE

She is Pierre.

HOT BITCH

I want to fuck you, Scumbag. Not make love. Not have the sex. I want to fuck you.

PIERRE

(to SCUMBAG)

Pretty good, eh?

SCUMBAG rushes out of the room. PIERRE follows.

CUT TO:

EXT. BELGIUM INN, OUTSIDE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

PIERRE grabs SCUMBAG outside the room.

PIERRE

Hey, hey! Do not leave me like this, La Belle Dam Sans Merci.

SCUMBAG

(mutters hysterically)

No longer can I stand this! You are in my soul tormenting me! In my blood poisoning the very atoms of my being!

PIERRE

And do not forget, right now I am in the room fingering myself. How do you like that? I am in the room as we speak masturbating, most likely awaiting your return. Huh? How do you like that? Do you loove me now?

SCUMBAG

I have always loved you, Pierre.  
But now, for the first time, the  
very first time...my hate surpasses  
my love!

SCUMBAG turns to leave.

PIERRE

I am that little boy.

SCUMBAG stops. She turns to him with tears of quiet but  
exultant hope.

SCUMBAG

Wh...what was that, Pierre?

PIERRE

The little boy. The one who could  
not play with others. The one who  
could only play with dead flowers.  
You...you think I do not listen,  
Michelle. But I do. I do. You  
are...

SCUMBAG

Yes...yes, Pierre?

PIERRE

You are my flower.

SCUMBAG embraces PIERRE.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - LATER

PIERRE and SCUMBAG are in bed, staring at one another.  
SCUMBAG is cleaned up and in a silk slip. Miles Davis's  
"Generique" (from the "Ascenseur pour l'echafaud" soundtrack)  
plays in the background.

SCUMBAG

I wish...I just wish we could go  
somewhere far off and yet nearby.  
Some place we could stay forever.  
Like...like that smoke from your  
cigarette. See how it curls,  
envelops in and around itself on  
its voyage to ceiling? Look closer  
and you can see the smoke particles  
themselves...look.

(MORE)

SCUMBAG (cont'd)

Imagine each particle a planet, an entire blue grey world suspended betwixt a billion more. All of them here, in our room, above this bed. I would like to live there, Pierre. I would like to live in your smoke with you.

PIERRE continues to stare at SCUMBAG. She is meditating on the smoke.

HOT BITCH (O.S.)

I am ready, Scumbag.

PAN TO:

The foot of the bed. HOT BITCH is standing there, fully dressed as PIERRE PIERRE, with a makeshift strap-on: a commemorative Statuette of Liberty.

HOT BITCH

I am ready to fuck you!

SCUMBAG turns to PIERRE with resigned sorrow in her eyes.

SCUMBAG

Must I?

PIERRE

Yes, my dead flower.

CUT TO:

INT. SOUNDSTAGE

INTERLUDE. The two GO-GO GIRLS are making out, hot and heavy. PIERRE makes a peace sign. Then he thrusts the peace sign up to his face and sticks his wiggling tongue between his fingers.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - LATER

PIERRE, SCUMBAG and HOT BITCH all in bed together, looking at the Mona Lisa. The only sound is the air conditioner running. PIERRE is in the middle with SCUMBAG and HOT BITCH on either side of him. The three of them smoke in unison, all staring blankly ahead at the painting. It's in bad shape, nicked, stained and even peeling in places. We intercut between the three of them and the Mona Lisa. With each intercut the camera zooms in closer and closer to the Mona Lisa's face.

Finally we see a long thin rip in the Mona Lisa, right underneath her eye (evoking a tear drop).

CUT TO:

Close-up of PIERRE's emotionless face.

PIERRE (V.O.)

The ugly bitch was getting even uglier. We had to crack the code and crack it quick. But where? Who? Him? Fuck that. I hate the Germans. And I hate Germany. It's laden with Germans and German aesthetic. Then again, he might be the only man that can help me. Alas, yes. For the sake of fortune and glory, I will have to suffer his utter German-ness.

CUT TO:

EXT. BERLIN, GERMANY - DAY

Another mini-montage. This time we see the Trans Am intercut with various Berlin landmarks (e.g. the Victory Column). Kraftwerk's "Trans-Europe Express" plays as we see all the sites. HOT BITCH is now riding in the Trans Am (in backseat, next to Mona Lisa). SCUMBAG glances back at her with a look of barely concealed resentment. HOT BITCH just smiles away, looking out the window, happy to be part of the ensemble. PIERRE looks even unhappier than usual. He regards every passing German and German location as if they were an offense greater than all offenses combined. Finally, he spots their destination.

CUT TO:

---

EXT. STARK GERMAN BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

The Trans Am parks outside a stark German building.

CUT TO:

INT. TRANS AM - CONTINUOUS

PIERRE turns back to HOT BITCH.

PIERRE

Stay with the ugly bitch, Hot Bitch.



HOT BITCH  
Wee wee, Pierre.

PIERRE and SCUMBAG exit the vehicle.

CUT TO:

EXT. STARK GERMAN BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

PIERRE and SCUMBAG walk away from the Trans Am and up to the stark German building. They come upon a large metal door. There is no visible way to open it. SCUMBAG points out a buzzer. PIERRE touches it and a freakish high pitch scream rings out. PIERRE and SCUMBAG both appear startled. Suddenly a slot in the door opens, revealing a CREEPY DUDE's face from behind.

CREEPY DUDE  
What do you want?

PIERRE  
(leaning toward slot)  
I want to enter this goddamn monstrosity your perverted German architects built. My name is Pierre Pierre. Your boss, Klaus, will know the name.

CREEPY DUDE  
Hmmm.

The slot in the door closes. Before PIERRE has a chance to throw a disparaging look at SCUMBAG, the slot reopens and the CREEPY DUDE's face reappears.

CREEPY DUDE  
I will open ze door, Pierre Pierre.

The door opens.

PIERRE and SCUMBAG both look at one another and then venture forward.

CUT TO:

INT. STARK GERMAN BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

PIERRE and SCUMBAG enter the building. There isn't any foyer; just a long narrow hall lined with steel plates and wiry pipes. The CREEPY DUDE is even creepier than expected: His whole body is covered in a metallic suit.

He looks like some kind of platinum aquanaut. He also has bugged out eyes and a permanent creepy grin on his creepy face.

CREEPY DUDE

(gesturing down hall)

This is ze vay to Klaus. It is ze only vay.

(he starts walking down hall)

Follow me.

Again, PIERRE and SCUMBAG exchange looks and then venture forth.

They follow CREEPY DUDE down the stark hall, eventually squeezing into an absurdly tight dead-end (like in the original Willy Wonka). There is a miniature doll-sized door. CREEPY DUDE knocks on it with a series of specifically timed knocks. Shortly after, the entire walls opens up, revealing a huge room. The CREEPY DUDE leads PIERRE and SCUMBAG into the room.

CUT TO:

INT. KLAUS'S LAB - CONTINUOUS

They enter the room. It's sort of a combination of a laboratory and performance art exhibit. In the center of the room is a giant spinning globe (metallic, strange symbols instead of countries). There are large telescopes pointed at one another. Long video screens cover the walls and show images of natural evolution and destruction (volcanoes erupting, ocean waves crashing, human birth, etc.). There are also beakers, microscopes, electrical equipment and arcane technology from the 19th Century. Tangerine Dream's "Mysterious Semblance at the Strand of Nightmares" plays in the background.

SCUMBAG looks around in awe. PIERRE looks around in weary ambivalence.

KLAUS (O.S.)

How do you like my laboratory,  
Pierre?

They turn around and see KLAUS. He's a middle-aged guy in a long white coat, with a pony-tail, and pushing a CAT IN WHEELCHAIR. There's a friendly but unsettling glint in his eyes.

PIERRE

(to KLAUS)

I like it. That's if the phrase "I like it" suddenly meant "makes me want to puke all over your German wankery."

(glancing down at CAT IN WHEELCHAIR)

What the fuck is going on there?

KLAUS

(with a chuckle).

What indeed.

PIERRE

(disregarding CAT IN WHEELCHAIR with a shutter)

Listen, Klaus. I know you expect me to play catch up with you, but I'm not going to. We need you to solve an anagram.

(beat)

Like fast and shit.

KLAUS

Very vell, Pierre.

(walks away from CAT IN WHEELCHAIR)

Let me see this anagram.

SCUMBAG hands KLAUS a note-pad.

KLAUS looks down and reads the anagram.

CUT TO:

We see the phrase *A Eel Ef Fil Ho Ho Thrust* written in the note-pad (KLAUS's P.O.V.).

BACK TO:

KLAUS's face straining in some physical and mental effort.

BACK TO:

The phrase in note-pad again. The words become animated and start interchanging into various combinations (it's as if Ron Howard is briefly directing the movie). Finally, the phrase *The Four Leaf Shit Hole* appears.

BACK TO:

KLAUS smiles in satisfaction.

KLAUS faces PIERRE and SCUMBAG.

KLAUS

Ze Four Leaf Shit Hole.

(hands SCUMBAG back the  
note-pad)

It's ze only outcome that makes  
sense.

PIERRE

The Four Leaf Shit Hole. I know  
this place. It's the biggest shit  
hole in Ireland.

Suddenly we hear a hair-raising "meow" with a reverb-drenched echo. Everyone turns to the CAT IN WHEELCHAIR. Terror seems to accumulate in the countenance of PIERRE PIERRE. Things have gotten too European for him. PIERRE grabs SCUMBAG by the arm and flees.

CUT TO:

EXT. IRELAND - DAY

Another mini-montage. This time we see the Trans Am intercut with various Irish landmarks (e.g. Carrowmore tombs). U2's "Seconds" plays as we see all the sites. Eventually the Trans Am pulls up to a rustic watering hole in the countryside. We see a sign reading *The Four Leaf Shit Hole*. The Trans Am parks.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE FOUR LEAF SHIT HOLE - CONTINUOUS

PIERRE and SCUMBAG get out of the Trans Am (HOT BITCH stays with Mona Lisa again).

CUT TO:

EXT. HILL TOP - CONTINUOUS

We see PIERRE and SCUMBAG enter the Four Leaf Shit Hole in binoculars P.O.V.

CUT TO:

CHIEF INSPECTOR looking through binoculars.

We cut back to reveal the CHIEF INSPECTOR standing on a hill top laden with sheep.

CUT TO:

INT. THE FOUR LEAF SHIT HOLE - CONTINUOUS

PIERRE and SCUMBAG enter the seediest, most run down, piece of shit pub you could ever imagine. There is an over-the-top barroom brawl transpiring; we're talking an absurd amount of fighting. There isn't a patron that isn't involved in the violence. In the corner, an elderly lady is getting punched in the stomach repeatedly. A skinny man is on a fat man's back biting his ear. Two blokes head-butt one another. One guy knees a barfly chick in the groin. The BARTENDER keeps hitting people on the head with bottles he pulls from behind. While all this mayhem ensues, Wings' "Give Ireland Back To The Irish" plays.

PIERRE

(to SCUMBAG)

Watch yourself, Scumbag.

SCUMBAG

(snuggling up to him)

Oh, Pierre! You do care!

PIERRE

I just don't want one of these potato heads to fuck up your face. It's already enough of an ordeal to look at you.

SCUMBAG just smiles and snuggles closer.

PIERRE, with SCUMBAG clutching his arm for dear life, cuts through the brawling Irishmen. Eventually, they make their way to the bar.

PIERRE

(leaning to BARTENDER)

Hey, bartender!

BARTENDER

(right after smashing a glass over somebody's head)

Wha' kin I do fer ye?

PIERRE

We...

(ducks a bottle thrown)

(MORE)

PIERRE (cont'd)  
 ...Need to speak with the owner of  
 this shit hole.

BARTENDER  
 That would be I.

PIERRE  
 Do you know anything about the Mona  
 Lisa and its secret code?

BARTENDER  
 Kin ye speak up?

PIERRE  
 (screaming)  
 DO YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THE MONA  
 LISA AND ITS SECRET CODE?!

Everyone in the bar stops fighting. Like instantly. The music stops playing. We hear crickets. Everyone, the BARTENDER included, stares at PIERRE and SCUMBAG in a mixture of shock and awe.

BARTENDER  
 Did you say the Mona Lisa and its  
 secret code?

PIERRE  
 (looking around curiously)  
 Yeah.  
 (faces BARTENDER again)  
 Let me guess: You do know something  
 about it.

BARTENDER  
 (smiling)  
 Why o' course I do! We all do! In  
 fact, we've been waitin' for yez!  
 Especially the lass...

(points to SCUMBAG)  
 ...She must be The One.  
 (to SCUMBAG)  
 Pleasure to meet ye, my lady.

Everyone in the bar start murmuring "She's The One" amongst one another.

PIERRE  
 (raises hand)  
 Wait a goddamn second. Let's get  
 some things straight. First and  
 foremost, she isn't The One. She's  
 the Scumbag.

(MORE)

PIERRE (cont'd)

And secondly, how could you micks be waiting for us? You don't even know who we are.

BARTENDER

Aye, but we do, me lad! It's been prophesied: The one who discovers the code will be The One. And The One has to be a woman, so that rules you out...

PIERRE

(growing annoyed)

This sounds like collective brain rot from whiskey and Catholicism. Give me specifics. My rational French mind hungers for such things.

BARTENDER

Very well. But it's a long story. We must go back ta the days o' Jesus Christ and his wife Mary Magdalene.

SCUMBAG

His wife?

The BARTENDER nods knowingly.

PIERRE rolls his eyes.

CUT TO:

EXT. HILL TOP - CONTINUOUS

HOT BITCH in the backseat of the Trans Am in binoculars P.O.V. She's holding the Statuette of Liberty and eyeing it with a mixture of curiosity and lust. She then brings the statuette down off-screen but we can tell it's been placed in a naughty location. Her arm moves, her back arches and she smiles in ecstasy.

CUT TO:

CHIEF INSPECTOR looking through binoculars. His brow is sweaty.

CHIEF INSPECTOR (V.O.)

Deviant!

(beat)

Hot. Bitch. Deviant!

We cut back to reveal the CHIEF INSPECTOR has his hand in his pants.

CUT TO:

INT. THE FOUR LEAF SHIT HOLE - MINUTES LATER

BARTENDER

(to PIERRE and SCUMBAG)

Aye. It's you, Michelle! Yer the last surviving descendant of...

(looks off to Crucifix on wall)

...our Lord and Savior.

Everyone in the bar does the sign of the Cross and kneels to the ground.

SCUMBAG's face is awash in surprise and a clusterfuck of emotions.

PIERRE

(smirking with total irreverence)

I don't care who you're related to...

(drags and exhales)

...You're still the Scumbag. Come on!

PIERRE grabs the stupefied SCUMBAG and pulls her away with him.

PIERRE

(continuing, heading to door)

We're out of this shit hole.

PIERRE and SCUMBAG exit.

CUT TO:

INT. SOUNDSTAGE

INTERLUDE.

We see SCUMBAG topless on a cardboard cross like the Crucifixion. She has closed eyes, marks of stigmata on her palms, and the crown-of-thorns on her head. The GO-GO GIRLS are on the ground worshipping.



SCUMBAG (V.O.)

I am the ancestor of Christ.

PIERRE walks up to the stark stage where she is crucified. He puffs his cigarette and surveys her with the contempt that is PIERRE PIERRE.

PIERRE

(to SCUMBAG)

You look really retarded on that thing.

SCUMBAG opens her eyes with an expression of "you ruined it!"

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The Trans Am drives on. There is an ocean in view. It looks suspiciously like the Pacific Ocean Coastline. But only smart people will notice.

CUT TO:

INT. TRANS AM - CONTINUOUS

PIERRE looks angrily at the Mona Lisa via the rear-view mirror.

PIERRE

(to himself)

The smirking cunt.

In a sudden fervor of hatred, PIERRE pulls the car off the road.

---

SCUMBAG

(to PIERRE)

What are you doing?

PIERRE

(getting out of car)

I've had enough! I'm getting rid of that smirking cunt once and for all!

CUT TO:

EXT. COASTLINE - CONTINUOUS

PIERRE opens the door to the backseat and pulls out the Mona Lisa.

SCUMBAG  
(yelling after PIERRE)  
No, Pierre! You mustn't!

PIERRE carries the painting like a gorilla carrying a woman it's about to rape. He carries it down to the beach and finally to the surf.

SCUMBAG and HOT BITCH get out of the Trans Am and run after him.

SCUMBAG  
(continuing to yell as she runs)  
Stop! Stop! You've gone mad, Pierre  
Pierre!

PIERRE hurls the Mona Lisa into the ocean. He then walks away with a look of satisfaction. Not happiness. But definitely satisfied.

SCUMBAG and HOT BITCH run past him and into the surf.

PIERRE walks back to the Trans Am, not bothering to look back at the chaos he created, and gets back into the vehicle. As SCUMBAG and HOT BITCH attempt to retrieve the painting from the ocean's grip, PIERRE starts the Trans Am and peels out. He yells out the window as he makes a mad u-turn back onto the highway.

PIERRE  
(to the three women in the  
ocean)

Adieu, bitches!

The Trans Am drives off.

WIPE TO:

EXT. COASTLINE - LATER

The Trans Am drives back and pulls off the road again.

CUT TO:

INT. TRANS AM - CONTINUOUS

PIERRE lowers his head in defeat.

PIERRE (V.O.)  
I am weak again.

He sighs and gets out of the car.

CUT TO:

EXT. COASTLINE - CONTINUOUS

PIERRE walks onto the beach and spots the women he abandoned.

SCUMBAG and HOT BITCH are holding up the Mona Lisa (not dissimilar to how the GO-GO GIRLS displayed it earlier, but with grim faces). The Mona Lisa is in even worse shape than before. In addition to being wet and covered in seaweed, more of the paint is peeling and smeared. It's to the point now that it looks like an eerie modern-art abstraction of the Mona Lisa.

PIERRE regards what he sees with a slow and cool exhale of smoke.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - LATER

The Trans Am drives on.

CUT TO:

---

INT. TRANS AM - CONTINUOUS

PIERRE drives with quiet resignation. SCUMBAG is back in the passenger seat. HOT BITCH and the Mona Lisa are back in the backseat.

After a moment of silence, PIERRE speaks.

PIERRE  
Fuck it.  
(beat)  
We're returning to Paris.

SCUMBAG

(incredulously)

But Pierre! You have to deliver the painting to Fairborn's contact in London...

PIERRE

No. Not anymore.

SCUMBAG

But why Pierre?

PIERRE

She belongs to the French people. Those limey American lapdogs can't have her.

SCUMBAG

But you hate the French people...

PIERRE

This is true. I do. But I hate them far less than the rest of these apple fuckers.

(beat)

Europe is shit.

SCUMBAG

But you also hate the Mona Lisa. You used her as a jack. You threw her in the ocean. You called her a cunt.

PIERRE

She may be a cunt, you cunt, but she is my cunt.

CUT TO:

---

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

The Trans Am drives on.

CUT TO:

INT. SOUNDSTAGE

INTERLUDE. The GO-GO GIRLS dance around waving French flags. PIERRE shuffles his shoulders in a goofy "it's your birthday" dance.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE STREETS OF PARIS - LATER

The Trans Am triumphantly returns to Paris. We go into another mini montage. Stereolab's "Enivrez - Vous" plays and we get reacquainted with the streets, sites and landmarks of Paris.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN, PIERRE'S PARENTS HOUSE - LATER

Perrey and Kingsley's "The Little Man From Mars" plays in the background. IDIOT FATHER sits at the table reading a vintage *Playgirl* with Burt Reynolds on the cover. WHORE MOTHER makes croissants.

IDIOT FATHER

(pointing to *Playgirl*)

It says here the sun's growing at an alarming rate.

WHOREMOTHER

Don't believe everything you read, lover.

PIERRE walks into kitchen with SCUMBAG and HOT BITCH.

---

PIERRE

(headed to the fridge)

Don't talk to us, freaks. I'm just grabbing some cold gin and heading upstairs.

PIERRE grabs some cold gin from the freezer and exits with SCUMBAG and HOT BITCH.

For a few seconds IDIOT FATHER and WHOREMOTHER stare after them. Then they shrug their shoulders and go back to their routine.

CUT TO:

## INT. PIERRE'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Two shots alternate like earlier when PIERRE and SCUMBAG were fucking. SCUMBAG from shoulders up, obviously getting fucked. PIERRE from shoulders up, but something seems different, he is not moving. Guns N' Roses' "My World" plays in background. More intercuts between SCUMBAG and PIERRE. It is shown in a medium shot that SCUMBAG is being fucked by what looks like PIERRE but then we see PIERRE standing in front of the bedroom mirror. It is then shown that SCUMBAG is being fucked by HOT BITCH. The scene ends with PIERRE gazing into the mirror.

PIERRE  
(to himself in mirror)  
This is the only world I know.

CUT TO:

## EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

PIERRE, SCUMBAG and HOT BITCH all exiting his PARENT'S HOUSE. They stroll down the sidewalk, SCUMBAG hanging on PIERRE's left arm, HOT BITCH on his right arm. HOT BITCH is looking especially sexy in a cashmere trench-coat with mink lining and a bob-cut wig (like Anna Karina wore throughout *Vivre Sa Vie*).

JUMP-CUT TO:

CHIEF INSPECTOR tailing the threesome. Michel Legrand's "Doubting Thomas" (from the original Thomas Crown Affair soundtrack) plays. CHIEF INSPECTOR's face is frozen in a steely expression.

CHIEF INSPECTOR (V.O.)

~~I see you, Pierre Pierre. I see the vile things you do.~~

JUMP BACK TO:

PIERRE, SCUMBAG and HOT BITCH.

PIERRE (V.O.)  
Is it true that swine eat their own excrement? Of course, it's true.

JUMP BACK TO:

CHIEF INSPECTOR.

CHIEF INSPECTOR (V.O.)  
Your scatology will be brought to  
an end, Pierre Pierre.

JUMP BACK TO:

PIERRE, SCUMBAG and HOT BITCH. The girls join in the  
seemingly telepathic exchange.

HOT BITCH (V.O.)  
What's his problem?

SCUMBAG (V.O.)  
He is another sad little boy, like  
Pierre.

PIERRE (V.O.)  
The Chief Inspector is a swine and  
the two of you are whores. I should  
throw you all into a shit covered  
sty and charge admission.

JUMP BACK TO:

THE CHIEF INSPECTOR.

CHIEF INSPECTOR (V.O.)  
I will destroy you, Pierre Pierre.  
I will crussshh you!

JUMP BACK TO:

PIERRE, SCUMBAG and HOT BITCH.

PIERRE (V.O.)  
Okay. He's just getting annoying  
now.

~~PIERRE faces HOT BITCH, his lips still not moving as he  
narrates.~~

PIERRE (V.O.)  
Hot Bitch, you distract the swine.  
Me and the Scumbag will take cover  
somewhere.

HOT BITCH (V.O.)  
Wee wee, Pierre.

PIERRE and SCUMBAG walk briskly away. HOT BITCH swings around  
and with a devilish smirk, she struts over to the CHIEF  
INSPECTOR. Seeing HOT BITCH coming his way, the CHIEF  
INSPECTOR quickly puts a TIME Magazine (with George W.

Bush cover) over his face. In a moment, HOT BITCH taps on the magazine. There's a close-up of George W. Bush's face as we hear HOT BITCH.

HOT BITCH (O.S.)  
Hey, you swine!

CUT TO:

CHIEF INSPECTOR removing the magazine from his face and eyeing HOT BITCH warily.

CHIEF INSPECTOR  
(to HOT BITCH)  
Are you talking to me, madame?

HOT BITCH places her arms akimbo.

HOT BITCH  
You know I'm talking to you, Chief Inspector.

CHIEF INSPECTOR gnashes his teeth and he throws the magazine angrily onto the pavement.

CHIEF INSPECTOR  
I will not tolerate such a tone, madame! I am an Officer of The Law and I demand respect!

HOT BITCH  
It seems more like you're a stalker, no?

CHIEF INSPECTOR  
I wasn't stalking you, I was following Pierre Pierre. The man is a deviant!

---

HOT BITCH  
(grinning seductively)  
Naughty, naughty. I think you should be punished. And do you know how I punish those who need punishing?

CHIEF INSPECTOR  
(with a raised eye-brow)  
No...?

HOT BITCH  
By *fucking* them! *Fucking* them *hard*!

She throws her head back and laughs.



CHIEF INSPECTOR  
 (flustered, but trying to  
 be stern)  
 You should watch yourself, madame.  
 Solicitation is not permitted on  
 this block.

HOT BITCH  
 But it is permitted one block up. I  
 have a room in a hotel over there.

HOT BITCH turns around, then looks over her shoulder  
 beguilingly.

HOT BITCH  
 (continuing)  
 Coming, Inspector?

HOT BITCH struts off.

CUT TO:

INT. HOT BITCH'S ROOM - LATER

A vacant hotel room. The CAMERA focuses on the front door.  
 The lock begins to jiggle. In a moment, the door opens and  
 HOT BITCH enters, followed by the CHIEF INSPECTOR. HOT BITCH  
 shuts the door behind them. The CHIEF INSPECTOR walks over to  
 the bed. He faces HOT BITCH and nervously tugs at his collar.  
 HOT BITCH grins salaciously.

HOT BITCH  
 Have a seat, Inspector. The bed is  
 very comfortable.

CHIEF INSPECTOR  
 (sweating, blushing)

Oh yes.

(sits on edge of the bed)  
 It's nice to sit down. After a  
 long, hard day of Law Enforcement,  
 wanting a little relaxation is  
 perfectly justified.

HOT BITCH  
 Mmmmm-mmm.

Jean-Pierre Mirouze's "Sexopolis" starts playing. HOT BITCH  
 stands before the CHIEF INSPECTOR. She leers at him with  
 predatory eyes. The CHIEF INSPECTOR gulps nervously. HOT  
 BITCH begins to perform another striptease, slowly  
 unbuttoning her trench-coat to every other beat of the music.

When her coat is finally on the floor, HOT BITCH stands before us in sexy lingerie (equipped with corset, fish-net stockings, etc.). The CHIEF INSPECTOR's eyes climb over her like he's never seen such an amazing sight. HOT BITCH smirks at his drooling lust.

HOT BITCH  
(authoritative)  
Lay down.

CHIEF INSPECTOR  
(eagerly)  
Of course, of course. That's what  
beds are for...  
(he lays back on the bed)  
...Laying in!

HOT BITCH  
(strutting over to bed)  
And *fucking* in.

CHIEF INSPECTOR  
(eyes widening in near  
ecstasy)  
Yes, yes! Beds are for *fucking* in!  
How I want to fuck you, Hot Bitch!  
I want to fuck you like a deviant  
wants to fuck a whore!

HOT BITCH sits on the edge of the bed. She begins tracing a finger up and down the CHIEF INSPECTOR's chest.

HOT BITCH  
Tsk, tsk, Inspector. You did not  
listen to me before. You are not  
going to fuck me. I am going to  
fuck you.

CHIEF INSPECTOR  
(feverish)  
Very well, Hot Bitch. Fuck me! Fuck  
me like a man fucks a woman! I am  
your bitch now!

HOT BITCH opens the drawer in the adjacent night-stand and pulls out a Bible. She then opens the Bible; it's one of those hollowed-out kind. HOT BITCH pulls out a pair of handcuffs and a ball-gag, and places the emptied Bible back in its drawer. She dangles the handcuffs in front of the CHIEF INSPECTOR.

CHIEF INSPECTOR  
(eyeing the handcuffs with  
consternation)  
(MORE)

CHIEF INSPECTOR (cont'd)  
I would prefer not to, my lovely  
seductress.

HOT BITCH  
It'll be much fun, yes? You will be  
criminal and I will be Chief  
Inspector.

CHIEF INSPECTOR  
Must we?

With a mischievous grin, HOT BITCH nods.

CUT TO:

INT. HOT BITCH'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

CHIEF INSPECTOR gagged and handcuffed to the bed. He is also  
stripped down to his boxer-shorts. HOT BITCH, still sits at  
the edge of the bed, but she's turned away from CHIEF  
INSPECTOR. She picks up the phone from the adjacent night-  
stand.

HOT BITCH  
(speaking into phone)  
Hello. Fraker? Yes, this is Hot  
Bitch. I'd like to place an order.  
Well, let's see...I'll need one  
large Negro, a pair of Austrian  
weight-lifters, a pair of Olympic  
gymnasts, a mime who juggles  
dildos...

The gagged CHIEF INSPECTOR grunts in protest. HOT BITCH  
glances at the CHIEF INSPECTOR, then resumes talking on the  
phone.

HOT BITCH  
(continuing)  
Oh yes! And one goat.

CHIEF INSPECTOR grunts in wide-eyed terror.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDEWALK - MOMENTS LATER

PIERRE and SCUMBAG walk down a familiar sidewalk.

JEAN-CLAUDE (O.S.)  
Pierre Pierre!

JEAN-CLAUDE, the bicyclist, rushes up to them. His arm is in a cast.

JEAN-CLAUDE

(to PIERRE)

Something *terrible* has happened! I had an accident the other night. Look!

(he thrusts his cast up for PIERRE to see)

I cannot ride my bicycle in Le Circle De Tour and it's today! Please help me, Pierre. My bicycle awaits a proud Frenchman to ride it to victory! It awaits you, Pierre Pierre!

PIERRE

(after a long drag from his cigarette)

No.

JEAN-CLAUDE

*Pleeease*, Pierre! You are one of my oldest and dearest friends! You're the only man I would entrust with my bicycle. It needs a champion. France needs a champion!

They walk under a banner reading LE CIRCLE DE TOUR. The opening of Daft Punk's "Revolution 909" (we hear a crowd and throbbing bass) starts playing. PIERRE turns to SCUMBAG's encouraging face. Then he turns back to JEAN-CLAUDE's hopeful face. Then PIERRE turns to the camera and sighs his deepest sigh yet.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE RACE - LATER

Single medium-shot of PIERRE riding the bicycle manically towards camera as Daft Punk's "Revolution 909" starts pumping in full effect. Absurdly enough, PIERRE still has a cigarette hanging from his lips. After a moment, we hear PIERRE narrate over this single shot.

PIERRE (V.O.)

My feet pumped the pedals. My legs, my hips, they pumped my feet. My ass was perched, my back and my shoulders leaned forward, assisting in the kinesis.

(MORE)

PIERRE (V.O.) (cont'd)

My chest heaved, my heart beat fiercely like a tiger shark thrashing about in a current. My hands, my fingers, they dug into the handle-bars and steered me onward. My ears could hear the shouts of the spectators, the panting and motion of the other bicyclists. My eyes penetrated the transient reality ahead. I am a sum of these parts...yet they do not feel connected. There is no sodality between my eyes and feet, no fraternity between my heart and mind. Why is this? Why don't they work together? If this fleshy assemblage had any balls, they would revolt against such crowd-pleasing folly. They would send me flying over these cursed handle-bars and into the soft, padded arms of Death.

CUT TO:

EXT. PHONE-BOOTH - MINUTES LATER

An empty phone-booth. HOT BITCH (back in her trench-coat) walks into the shot and into the phone-booth. She picks up the receiver and dials away.

HOT BITCH

(into phone)

Hello. Police? This is Hot Bitch. I'd like to report a disturbance at Le Paris Hilton hotel on Napoleon Boulevard. It sounds like someone is being murdered. In room 209.

Wee.

HOT BITCH hangs up the phone and steps out of the booth. She winks at the camera and strolls away.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE FINISH LINE - MOMENTS LATER

PIERRE riding his bicycle past a banner reading GRAND FIN. The music has stopped. We hear cheers from a large crowd, but never see them.

CUT TO:

EXT. CELEBRATORY PLATFORM - CONTINUOUS

PIERRE leaping off the bike. He runs up a celebratory platform where a few judges and French celebrities stand with moronic, ecstatic faces. There's a very Vogue-looking FRENCH MODEL posing and holding a big trophy. PIERRE rushes over to her.

PIERRE  
(hurriedly, hostile)  
I win! Give me that fucking trophy!

In three rapid motions, PIERRE rips the trophy from the FRENCH MODEL's hands, pushes her down by the face and runs off.

CUT TO:

INT. MYSTERIOUS SMOKE SPACE

We see only BILLOWING THICK SMOKE.

PIERRE (V.O.)  
(quoting from Rimbaud's A  
Season In Hell)  
"I was right in everything I  
distrusted: because I am running  
away!  
(beat)  
"I am running away!"

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDEWALK - MOMENTS LATER

~~PIERRE running over to SCUMBAG and JEAN-CLAUDE (who are standing on a sidewalk). PIERRE doesn't waste any time, shoving the trophy into JEAN-CLAUDE's good hand.~~

PIERRE  
(to JEAN-CLAUDE)  
Here! Now you have something to  
sodomize your male lover with!

PIERRE grabs SCUMBAG forcefully by the arm and drags her off-screen. JEAN-CLAUDE looks off at PIERRE with watery eyes of gratitude.

JEAN-CLAUDE  
 (calling after PIERRE)  
 Merci beaucoup, Pierre!  
 (beat)  
 You are a true friend!

PIERRE (O.S.)  
 Fuck off!

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDEWALK - MOMENTS LATER

PIERRE and SCUMBAG are hurrying down the sidewalk.

SCUMBAG  
 (breathless)  
 Why do we hurry such?

PIERRE  
 There isn't much time, Michelle.

SCUMBAG  
 (glowing)  
 Oh, Pierre! I love it when you--

A limousine drives up on the sidewalk, blocking their way. A couple of HENCHMEN jump out of the limo and take hold of PIERRE and SCUMBAG.

PIERRE  
 (struggling)  
 You capitalist dogs! I will kill  
 you all!

FAIRBORN (O.S.)  
 I don't think so.

JUMP-CUT TO:

NATHANIEL FAIRBORN getting out of limo's backseat. He's dressed like some fat cat from a 1920s political cartoon. He brandishes a cane with a silver wolf's head (similar to the one in *The Wolf Man*).

FAIRBORN  
 (approaching PIERRE)  
 You crossed the wrong man, Pierre  
 Pierre.

PIERRE  
 Fuck you and your cliches.

FAIRBORN guffaws like pure evil and whacks PIERRE's head with the cane.

PIERRE falls to the ground unconscious. The camera stays on the fallen PIERRE as we hear the sound of doors closing and the limo driving off.

FADE TO:

BLACK

PIERRE (V.O.)  
 (quoting from Albert  
 Camus's *The Stranger*)  
 "Then, in the dark hour before  
 dawn, sirens blasted. They were  
 announcing departures for a world  
 that now and forever meant nothing  
 to me."

CUT TO:

INT. HOT BITCH'S ROOM - MINUTES LATER

The camera focuses on the front door. Rinôçérôse's "Le Rock Summer" plays from an unseen radio and we hear what sounds like a small party in the room. The lock begins to jiggle, followed by loud knocks on the door.

POLICEMAN (O.S.)  
 Open up in there! This is the  
 police!

No one comes to the door. The party doesn't sound like it's stopping. Finally, the door is kicked in and several French policemen rush into the room. They quickly freeze in their tracks, ~~gawking at what's before them.~~

CUT TO:

We see the small party that is transpiring in the room.

CHIEF INSPECTOR is still gagged and cuffed to the bed; he is surrounded by assorted madness: A large Negro, with a boom-box on his shoulder, grooves by the window, two Austrian body-builders lift weights and smile lustfully at one another, two Olympic gymnasts do somersaults and cartwheels around the room, and a mime juggles dildos by the bed.



POLICE SERGEANT  
 (looking over the scene)  
 What's going on in here?

At that moment, a goat strays out of the bathroom. The MIME smiles at the animal.

CHIEF INSPECTOR grunts frantically from the bed.

ROOKIE COP  
 (to POLICE SERGEANT)  
 Sir, that's the Chief Inspector!

CUT TO:

INT. HOT BITCH'S ROOM -- MINUTES LATER

The music has stopped. Most of the freaks and police have dispersed. The two AUSTRIAN WEIGHT-LIFTERS exit the room as an older man in a trench-coat enters. This is the POLICE COMMISSIONER. He surveys the space. Over by the window, the MIME shows the ROOKIE COP how to juggle dildos. The CHIEF INSPECTOR, fully clothed again, sits on the edge of the bed, his head down in clear despondency. The COMMISSIONER walks over to the bed and sits down next to CHIEF INSPECTOR.

COMMISSIONER  
 (to CHIEF INSPECTOR)  
 So, Chief Inspector, it sounds like you had yourself a little party in here...?

CHIEF INSPECTOR  
 (looking up with desperate eyes)  
 I've never been more ashamed, Commissioner. I will hand in my resignation post-haste!

COMMISSIONER  
 'Resignation?'  
 (he shakes his head and chuckles good-naturedly)  
 You're being too hard on yourself, Inspector. A man is allowed to *blow off steam* every now and then, isn't he?

CHIEF INSPECTOR  
 But I am the Chief Inspector. You've entrusted me with a badge, and the title, and--

COMMISSIONER

And enough. What did you have going on in here? A few body-builders, a mime...

CHIEF INSPECTOR

A goat.

COMMISSIONER

That is nothing. I was checked into this hotel last week and let me tell you something, Inspector: I was fucking worse things than a goat!

COMMISSIONER laughs and slaps CHIEF INSPECTOR on the back.

CHIEF INSPECTOR

But I wasn't fucking a goat! It was the Hot Bitch! She tricked me into this! Into this horrid landscape of debauchery!

COMMISSIONER

Thank God for hot bitches.  
(beat)  
Not that I believe in God.

CHIEF INSPECTOR sighs in frustration.

CHIEF INSPECTOR (V.O.)

I had to get Pierre Pierre. I had to desstroy him!

CHIEF INSPECTOR jumps up. He gnashes his teeth and clenches his fists.

CHIEF INSPECTOR

---

I have to get Pierre Pierre. I have to desstroy him!

CHIEF INSPECTOR darts off.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDEWALK - MOMENTS LATER

PIERRE comes to, shaking his head, and standing up. He looks around and notices a phone booth across the street (the same one HOT BITCH used). He darts across the street, enters the booth and grabs the phone.

CUT TO:

Close-up of PIERRE's face.

PIERRE  
(into phone)  
It's on.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDEWALK - AFTERNOON

PIERRE strutting down the street with a purpose as Ol' Dirty Bastard's "I Can't Wait" plays louder and louder. After a moment of PIERRE walking towards the camera, he whips his head to the left and we see LUC with a smug grin, his hands on his hips. He falls in step behind PIERRE. Then a few seconds later, both whip their heads to the right and we see a queasy PIGEONSHIT wave timidly to PIERRE and LUC. He then falls in step behind them. The three strut towards the camera like the Bee-Gees in their "Staying Alive" video. They get closer and closer to the camera, until finally PIERRE stops walking.

PIERRE lifts his hand. The music stops. LUC and PIGEONSHIT stop walking.

PIERRE points a finger, the camera follows it.

---

PIERRE  
There it is.

PAN TO:

The Fairborn chateau across the way. It's huge, looks like a castle.

PIERRE (V.O.)  
The Fairborn chateau. Or the shit  
hole we're gonna storm. Now. Always  
now...

CUT TO:

EXT. THE FAIRBORN CHATEAU - MINUTES LATER

PIERRE, LUC and PIGEONSHIT creep up to the large front gates outside the chateau. PIERRE peers past the gates like a tiger sizing its prey.

The Trans Am pulls up. HOT BITCH is driving. She rolls down the window.

HOT BITCH  
I brought the painting, Pierre.

PIERRE opens the door and pulls the Mona Lisa from the backseat. He gives it to LUC and PIGEONSHIT to carry and turns to HOT BITCH.

PIERRE  
Stay here, Hot Bitch.

She gives him a playful salute.

PIERRE faces the large gates and walks over to an adjacent brick column. Embedded in the column is a button for an intercom.

PIERRE presses button.

PIERRE  
(speaking into intercom)  
I'm here with your shit painting,  
Fairborn.

WIPE TO:

INT. THE FAIRBORN CHATEAU, STUDY - MINUTES LATER

~~NATHANIEL FAIRBORN sits behind a desk in his study. It's pretty much like his office, but instead of a boar's head it's a leopard's head. He smokes his cigar and smirks dastardly. SCUMBAG is tied to an adjacent chair with duct tape across her mouth. PIERRE, LUC and PIGEONSHIT stand before him with the Mona Lisa. Two HENCHMEN stand by the closed double doors. They both are brandishing sub-machine guns.~~

FAIRBORN  
(leaning back in chair  
smugly)  
You really did a job on the  
painting, eh? It doesn't matter.  
(MORE)

FAIRBORN (cont'd)

Even damaged it's bound to fetch a fortune.

(to HENCHMEN)

Remove the merchandise from these reprobates.

As the two HENCHMEN take the Mona Lisa from LUC and PIGEONSHIT, PIERRE nods to his two friends. They both nod back. In a quick flash of heroics, PIERRE, LUC and PIGEONSHIT pull out hand guns.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE FAIRBORN CHATEAU - CONTINUOUS

Shot of the Chateau. We hear two gunshots.

BACK TO:

INT. THE FAIRBORN CHATEAU, STUDY - CONTINUOUS

The two HENCHMEN are on the floor, next to the Mona Lisa, dead.

LUC and PIGEONSHIT man the doors.

PIERRE aims his gun at FAIRBORN.

FAIRBORN

A ballsy move, Pierre, but foolish.

(puts out cigar in ashtray)

You'll never get out of here alive.

PIERRE

Then it's a win win situation.

(digs into pockets with free hand)

Here!

(throws wads of money on the desk)

I don't want your shitty money, Fairborn.

Suddenly the film reverts back to Black & White.

FAIRBORN frowns.

PIERRE

(continuing, smirking)

Better.

LUC  
But Pierre...

PIERRE's eyes dart to LUC while still aiming the gun at FAIRBORN.

LUC  
(continuing)  
...Don't we want this bitch's money? Isn't that why we're here? To take whatever we want. Yes! There has to be money throughout this chateau. And what is a chateau? Nothing! It is just a structure that holds what we want. A structure that has what we will take!

(to FAIRBORN)  
Fuck your god! We want all that shit! All that shit in your safe! We want to roll in it like tycoooooons!

PIERRE  
You watch too many movies.

PIGEONSHIT  
Aww man! If it's not for the money...  
(eyes shoot around frantically)  
...then why the fuck are we here, man?

PIERRE  
We're here for the Scumbag.

PIGEONSHIT  
Oh nooo, man. No way.  
(starts shaking head like a crazy fucker)  
I'm through with broads, man. I hate the way killing them makes me feel.

LUC  
(freaks out)  
Sheet! Sheet! Sheet!

PIERRE  
Shut up, you cretins! Not everything is about thievery and homicide.

FAIRBORN

Ah! Pierre Pierre is developing scruples.

(chuckles)

You are more foolish than I thought. You walked in here a live man with money. You'll walk out a dead man with nothing. And for what? The Scumbag? A woman? You are not the man I thought you were, Pierre.

PIERRE

I've drunk a liquor no one taxes.

(leans forward, cocking the gun)

Cocksmoker.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE FAIRBORN CHATEAU - CONTINUOUS

Shot of the Chateau. We hear a gunshot.

CUT TO:

INT. THE FAIRBORN CHATEAU, STUDY - CONTINUOUS

FAIRBORN is dead, face down on desk, a line of blood running into his money.

PIERRE

It was true. He was a smoker of cock.

(turns to LUC and PIGEONSHIT)

Luc, Pigeonshit. Take the Mona Lisa. I'll be right behind with the Scumbag.

LUC and PIGEONSHIT, both with reluctant looks, take hold of the Mona Lisa.

PIERRE removes the duct tape from SCUMBAG's mouth and starts unfastening her rope.

SCUMBAG

(more baffled than happy)

Does this mean you love me, Pierre?

PIERRE

Yes. I love you. Don't let it go to  
your cunt head.

CUT TO:

INT. THE FAIRBORN CHATEAU, FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

LUC and PIGEONSHIT descend a large staircase leading into an opulent and spacious foyer. They're both carrying the Mona Lisa.

PIERRE and SCUMBAG follow them shortly after.

Serge Gainsbourg's "Cargo Culte" starts playing softly in the background (this epic song will grow increasingly louder as the subsequent action increases). LUC and PIGEONSHIT head to the door.

PIERRE

(to LUC and PIGEONSHIT)

No! Wait!

PIGEONSHIT

Dude, let's just get out of here!  
The heat's gonna come any second!

PIERRE

Fuck you and fuck your heat! Look  
at that bitch.

(he aims gun at Mona Lisa)

I thought she belonged to France.  
But she does not. I can see it in  
that cunt smirk of hers. It is the  
smirk of European expansion. Well,  
it stops here! No more expansion!  
For the past week I have seen  
things. Things I normally would  
have never seen. I've seen wop  
children throw spaghetti. I've seen  
micks beat up an old woman. I've  
seen the Scumbag do me as a chick.  
And I have seen a cat in a  
wheelchair.

LUC AND PIGEONSHIT

Huh?

PIERRE

Another man would have given up. He  
would have said, "I give up. It is  
too much.

(MORE)



PIERRE (cont'd)

I shall get a job and be a happy little soldier." But not me. No. I decided to make a stand. Life may be shit, my friends, but when you can destroy a piece of shit everyone calls a masterpiece it is all, as the Americans say, "not so bad."

PIERRE shoots the Mona Lisa several times. LUC and PIGEONSHIT recoil, dropping the painting. PIERRE then walks over to the painting, on the ground filled with bullet holes, and stares down at it coldheartedly. He's about to pick it up when LUC's cell-phone rings in the tune of Guns N' Roses "Sweet Child O' Mine". PIERRE glares at him. LUC answers the phone and apologizes with his eyes to PIERRE.

LUC

(into phone)

Hello? No...no. I cannot talk right now. I...I am in a place.

(beat)

I can't talk.

PIERRE

(grabbing the phone)

Who is this? Who is fucking my shit up? Who is the fucker of my shit?

(he listens)

Oh...Luc's mommy.

(throws the phone back to

LUC)

There is bad reception. Go outside, mamma's boy.

LUC

Pierre, I am so--

---

PIERRE raises his hand to silence LUC and turns his head away. LUC leaves dejected.

PIERRE

Now where was I?

PIGEONSHIT

Fucking crazy is where you were.

Off-screen we hear gunshots. PIGEONSHIT and PIERRE turn towards the door. The doors swing open revealing a bloodied and staggering LUC.

LUC

(grasping his bloody chest)

(MORE)

LUC (cont'd)  
 The swine! The filth! They are everywhere...they shot me...they shot me to death.

LUC crashes over-dramatically at PIERRE's feet.

BULLHORN (O.S.)  
 This is the police! We are everywhere!

LUC  
 (lifting his head, weakly)  
 I told you...they are everywhere.

LUC's head drops back down.

BULLHORN (O.S.)  
 Come out right now and we'll end it.

Though always fucked-up, PIGEONSHIT is a wreck even by PIGEONSHIT standards.

PIGEONSHIT  
 Oh god oh god oh god oh god...this is it! This is it! It can't get any fuckin' worse than this!

BULLHORN (O.S.)  
 We know you're harboring the American fugitive known as Canyon Mack. Turn him over and we promise to deal with you fairly.

PIGEONSHIT  
 (grabbing his gut)  
 Aww crap...I'm gonna hurl.

~~PIGEONSHIT hurls.~~

CUT TO:

EXT. THE FAIRBORN CHATEAU, COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS

A swarm of police are parked outside the chateau, in the courtyard.

The CHIEF INSPECTOR approaches the cop with bullhorn.

CHIEF INSPECTOR  
 He's in there, isn't he? Pierre Pierre!

COP WITH BULLHORN

We believe so.

(looks back at chateau)

Does he really think he can escape?

CHIEF INSPECTOR

Escape isn't his plan. I must face him.

(walks off)

I must face, Pierre Pierre!

The COP WITH BULLHORN gives CHIEF INSPECTOR a "whatever asshole" look.

BACK TO:

INT. THE FAIRBORN CHATEAU, FOYER - MINUTES LATER

PIGEONSHIT is on the floor with his hands over his ears sobbing.

PIGEONSHIT

This is so fucking bad...so, so baaaad. So fuckin' far from good it's fucking bad, man.

BULLHORN (O.S.)

What can you do when there's nothing to be done.

PIERRE

(musing)

What to do?

LUC (O.S.)

Piiiiierre!

---

PIERRE turns around to see LUC, bloodied and near death clutching one gun, his hand extended towards PIERRE's gun.

LUC

(staring intensely at PIERRE)

Give...me...give me a gun, dawg.

(beat)

Let's finish the game.

PIERRE addresses LUC with an almost sad respect. He hands him his gun. LUC, double-fisted, runs out the door. We hear a shit load of gunshots.

PIERRE  
 (to PIGEONSHIT)  
 I'm getting the fuck out of here,  
 old man.

PIGEONSHIT  
 (reaching out to PIERRE)  
 You're gonna take me with  
 you...right, man?

We hear a gunshot. PIGEONSHIT's expression is one of wide-eyed horror. We infer that he has been shot, though he still looks at PIERRE.

PIERRE  
 No, Pigeonshit. I hate a lie. I  
 told you before, you will die  
 alone. And die alone you shall.

PIERRE walks away, PIGEONSHIT melts to the floor and makes a weepy death rattle sound.

SCUMBAG looks at the dying PIGEONSHIT and after some hesitation, she bends down and takes his gun. She then follows PIERRE.

CUT TO:

INT. THE FAIRBORN CHATEAU, HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

PIERRE and SCUMBAG making their way down a hallway.

CHIEF INSPECTOR (O.S.)  
 Freeze, you deviants!

PIERRE  
 (to himself)  
 Must every person on Earth fuck  
 with me? Truly man is made in God's  
 image.

PIERRE and SCUMBAG turn around.

The CHIEF INSPECTOR is standing there, gun pointed.

CHIEF INSPECTOR  
 It is over, Pierre Pierre.  
 (he takes a step forward)  
 And I do not refer solely to your  
 life, but to everything you  
 represent.

PIERRE

(defiantly blase)

Originality is not a swine's strong-suit, eh?

CHIEF INSPECTOR guffaws.

CHIEF INSPECTOR

(smiling)

No. It is not. Your type always had the originality...

(smile leaves)

Oh, I am quite familiar with your type, Pierre Pierre. Spending your afternoons in the cinematheque, your nights reading poetry over the naked bodies of the women you've bedded. Always drinking and smoking, polluting every boulevard. But not just with smoke. You also pollute with your existentialism, your rebellion for rebellion's sake. It was not enough that God was dead to your kind, you had to resurrect Him and make Him a tyrant!

(with his free hand, he clenches a fist)

Because your type feels worthless, you must make everything around you worthless! Misery where others find happiness. Negation where so many find safety. Anything that is built by a majority must be bombarded with your envious contempt. You shit on work. You shit on religion. You shit on the Americans, who were once great friends to our nation, and care not for the consequences. My cousin, Monsieur John Kerry, no longer returns my calls. I am a Frenchman, so it is assumed I am radical, lecherous and godless. And it's all because of you, Pierre Pierre. You, you, you!

CHIEF INSPECTOR gnashes his teeth together, then collects himself.

CHIEF INSPECTOR

(continuing, extending weapon)

(MORE)

CHIEF INSPECTOR (cont'd)  
 But it is over. You are an endangered species, Pierre Pierre. The last of the hipsters, you might say. In a few seconds, my bullet from my gun will be going into your face and you will be dead. Do you have any declaration to make, Pierre Pierre? Perhaps a final and futile stab at the status-quo? Or a calm puff from your cigarette wrought with profound resignation? That would be very Pierre Pierre, would it not?

There's a moment of silence, then:

PIERRE  
 I am the enemy you would kill, my friend.

CHIEF INSPECTOR  
 Huh?

CUT TO:

EXT. THE FAIRBORN CHATEAU - CONTINUOUS

Shot of the Chateau. We hear a gunshot.

BACK TO:

INT. THE FAIRBORN CHATEAU, HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

CHIEF INSPECTOR is dead on the floor. PIERRE steps over his body.

BULLHORN (O.S.)  
~~Pierre Pierre! We are inside.~~  
 Escape escapes you.

PIERRE swings around and pulls out two guns.

PIERRE  
 Careful with my balls. They're as fragile as eggs.

With a demeanor of reckoning, PIERRE walks back to the foyer.

SCUMBAG, with a surprisingly cold visage, follows him.

CUT TO:

INT. THE FAIRBORN CHATEAU, FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

A single slow-motion shot of PIERRE and SCUMBAG aiming their weapons and firing. The furious crescendo of "Cargo Culte" blares with a looping sound-bite of Burt Reynolds's Bandit laugh. We never see who or what surrounds them. They shoot in all directions, but it's done with a liquidity that brings to mind the surgical precision of a ballet: they become the axis in a globe of gunfire. After several moments of this, the music fades and they lower their guns.

CUT TO:

INT. SOUNDSTAGE

INTERLUDE. PIERRE and SCUMBAG brandish Tommy guns in Bonnie and Clyde attire.

BACK TO:

INT. THE FAIRBORN CHATEAU, FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

PIERRE and SCUMBAG stand in the foyer surrounded by a shitload of dead bodies. He smokes as usual. She looks over the carnage with an even colder expression than before. After several drags from his cig, PIERRE raises his head to a corner of the foyer. There, in the shadows, lurks the CAT IN WHEELCHAIR. PIERRE walks over to the cat, points his gun at it.

PIERRE

(to CAT IN WHEELCHAIR)

There is nothing significant about you.

---

CUT TO:

EXT. THE FAIRBORN CHATEAU - CONTINUOUS

Shot of the Chateau. A single gunshot is heard.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE FAIRBORN CHATEAU, COURTYARD - MOMENTS LATER

PIERRE and SCUMBAG exit. Before getting far, he stops dead in his tracks.

CUT TO:

Close-up of PIERRE's face.

SCUMBAG (O.S.)

Pierre.

CUT TO:

PIERRE turns around.

SCUMBAG is aiming her gun at him.

PIERRE

What's this?

SCUMBAG

(cold, mechanical)

I must kill you.

PIERRE

I suppose I should ask "why" now.  
Very well. *Why*, Scumbag? Why must  
you kill me?

SCUMBAG

It says so in the script.

With her free hand, SCUMBAG hands PIERRE a script.

He looks down at it.

CUT TO:

A screenplay entitled *Pierre Pierre* (PIERRE'S P.O.V.).

BACK TO:

PIERRE facing SCUMBAG again.

PIERRE

To fuck with your post-modernism!  
(throws script at the  
ground angrily)

If you must shoot me, Scumbag,  
shoot me. But don't do it because  
some *script* tells you to do it.

(MORE)



PIERRE (cont'd)

That's just weak shit. And to think, I sometimes let you touch me in public!

SCUMBAG

It's not just the script, Pierre. I can take many things from you. I can take your insults. I can take your cruelty. But there is one thing I don't think I can take...

(beat)

...Your love.

PIERRE

Fair enough.

(takes a drag, straightens his shoulders)

I knew this would happen as soon as I returned your love. Go ahead. Shoot me, Michelle. Give me some death.

SCUMBAG aims the gun at PIERRE's face. Her look is one of concentrated effort.

PIERRE makes a series of goofy faces, mimicking the very goofy faces she made at him when they first embarked on their road trip.

The gun shakes in SCUMBAG's hands. Her eyes start to water.

SCUMBAG

(emotion returning)

Oh, Pierre...

(she casts away the gun)

...I cannot shoot you. I love you too much!

---

They embrace and for the first time we see them kiss each other with passion and affection. Serge Gainsbourg's "Je N'Avais Qu'un Seul Mot A Lui Dire" plays. After the kiss, PIERRE backs way.

PIERRE

(squinting in disgust)

God, your breath is rank! Have you been giving blowjobs to Arab refugees?

SCUMBAG

(rolling her eyes, smiling)

Now there's my Pierre!

PIERRE  
And you are my Scumbag.

HOT BITCH (O.S.)  
Ooo-la-la.

PIERRE and SCUMBAG turn around.

CUT TO:

The Trans Am parked in front of them, HOT BITCH leering from the driver's window.

HOT BITCH  
(continuing)  
You two make a pretty sharp couple,  
yes.

PIERRE and SCUMBAG get into the Trans Am's backseat and HOT BITCH chauffeurs them off.

CUT TO:

INT. TRANS AM

PIERRE and SCUMBAG sit together in the backseat, both world weary and in love. For the first time, the cigarette falls from PIERRE's lips. SCUMBAG picks it up and places it back between his lips. She then takes his lighter and relights it for him. PIERRE takes a long climactic drag and stares out the window.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE FAIRBORN CHATEAU - CONTINUOUS

~~The Trans Am drives away from the chateau as the music crescendos and fades.~~

CUT TO:

INT. MYSTERIOUS SMOKE SPACE

We see only BILLOWING THICK SMOKE. The intro to Guns N' Roses's "My Michelle" plays. After several seconds we hear PIERRE's voice.

PIERRE (V.O.)  
My name is Pierre Pierre. I smoke  
cigarettes.

FADE TO:

BLACK

The main part of "My Michelle" kicks in and the end credits  
appear.

---