

Noir
by
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"Two Maidens Who Govern Death"

Based on the Anime

Pilot Polish

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(These flashbacks should be expressionistic - in the vein of anime and graphic novel. Concentrate on faces and emotions. Stylised framings, and hard cuts. Sounds off kilter. Not cine-real in any way.)

CHYRON - EASTERN EUROPE, 1942

Dark room. Lit by oil lamps. A man, MAREK, 30s, looks serious. As if facing an enemy across the chess board. He nods. And a ten year old, angelic blonde girl smiles at him and leans forward to blow the candles off her birthday cake. Her mother, ELISE, claps and starts to sing happy birthday in French as MAREK joins in... And then MAREK stops, looks to the door. ELISE' singing dies off...

MAREK

Go...

As ELISE takes hold of MIREILLE and MAREK moves towards the door, it is kicked open and uniformed figures burst in. German SS troops. An explosion of gunfire.

Stay on MIREILLE, her terrified child's eyes as splinters fly and her mother drags her to safety...

MIREILLE

(PRELAP)

I don't like surprises...

HARD CUT TO --

We're right up against the front grille of a 1960s Paris Taxi. Rolling slightly as it charges along at speed. The road disappearing beneath our wheels.

CHYRON - PARIS, 1961

MIREILLE

Seriously. Will you tell me!?

CRANE up the hood to reveal the ancient French driver through the windscreen. And behind him a man and woman. MIREILLE, 29, beautiful, graceful, stylish. The girl from the flashback grown into Bardot meets Deneuve, and JOHN PHILIP LANCASTER (the Third). American man, 30, hip, charismatic. Byronic.

JOHN

(laughing)

No.

Behind them, the Eiffel Tower, the Seine and 1960s Paris traffic.

MIREILLE

Oui. Maintenant.

JOHN

No.

MIREILLE

Pourquoi pas?

JOHN

Because then it won't be a
surprise...

Taxi screeches to a halt. REVEAL we are in a dark Pigalle Alley. A simple red neon sign declares 'LIBERTINE'

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. LIBERTINE. NIGHT

We're in a club. A series of old arched underground Parisian cellars turned into a wild scene.

A stylized mythic, graphic novel 1960s not tied to a specific year or date. Our look is cool, Avedon, couture and style not Carnaby Street/Austin Powers. Mad Men meets Gainsbourg. 'Libertine' is high end decadence.

The place is jammed - fashionistas and revolutionaries. Sharp suited Gitane smoking French intellectuals. Everyone is welcome at 'Libertine' as long as you leave your inhibitions at the door... MIREILLE and JOHN are now walking through with a group of friends. They both turn heads. A great looking couple.

MIREILLE

You are the most infuriating
man I have ever -

JOHN

-- Agreed to marry on your
birthday?

The waiters and waitresses glide through the space, with drinks, drugs, whatever has been requested. Their costumes are highly revealing, sexualized. Fetishised. Each one different but all sexy. They declare the club's ethos - "anything goes"...

MIREILLE

No. I do that most years. Cake,
cards, diamond ring, c'est comme
cela.

(beat)

John, please, whatever you've
planned, however much fun you think
it will be, however much I'll love
it - I hate surprises.

He turns, takes her left hand, and we see a classical diamond engagement ring.

JOHN
Even this one?

She beams, kisses him, hangs off his neck.

MIREILLE
Who says it was a surprise?

JOHN
You saw it coming, huh?

She grins, kisses him. A couple very much in love. They are now taking their seats. Ad libbed greetings to friends.

MIREILLE
Will someone please tell me what is going on?

JOHN
Nobody say a word.
(to MIREILLE)
You're gonna love it.

FIND two American men within the throng, taking it in. SMITH, 30s, lean, good looking, dangerous. Born to wear a sharp suit and a tilted hat. With him is LAWRENCE BRUCE, similar age, taller. Men to take note of. CIA spies.

LAWRENCE
What is this place?

SMITH
This is Paris. Real Paris. Not the soft soap bullshit you send home on postcards. It makes Berlin look like your grandmother's funeral.

LAWRENCE looks at him, grins, old buddies of dark adventures. A WAITRESS comes by with a tray. SMITH stops her to take drinks. LAWRENCE stares at her, unabashed. Her costume is filmy gauze, virtually see through, yet definitely there. This is FAYE, 21. She stares right back. SMITH hands him a drink and takes the bottle off her tray.

She swings away. LAWRENCE watches her go.

SMITH (CONT'D)
You want her, you can have her, if she'll have you that is. It's the way this place works.

LAWRENCE
Can I have her?

SMITH follows his gaze and sees MIREILLE and party.

SMITH
(laughing)
No. That's Mireille. Friend of mine. She's an artist. And current squeeze of Johnny Lancaster.

LAWRENCE
(Looking at John)
Guy was a war hero, right? Now he's what, some kind of beatnik?

SMITH
Johnny's complicated. He's also a good buddy of mine. So play nice.

He heads over towards the table. JOHN sees them coming and hails him.

JOHN
Smith, my favorite agent of the establishment! Get him a drink. We're celebrating.

SMITH
I know. You invited me.
(to MIREILLE)
Bonne anniversaire. What did he get you?

MIREILLE looks at SMITH and then raises her hand, the diamond catching the lights. He's surprised, disappointed even.

SMITH (CONT'D)
(holds Mireille's gaze)
Shit, And I forgot to bring a card.
(beat)
Congratulations.

MIREILLE
Merci.

He leans in to hug her, kiss her cheek.

SMITH
Can I introduce a colleague of mine - Lawrence Bruce. We worked in Berlin together.

MIREILLE offers a hand and he kisses it.

LAWRENCE
Enchante, Mademoiselle.

MIREILLE

Ah, Vouz parler francais, Monsieur Bruce?

LAWRENCE

Only enough to answer 'No' to that question.

JOHN

Another spy. Just what Paris needs. In the 20s we sent them writers, artists, thinkers, now we send them spooks.

MIREILLE

(to SMITH)

Do you know what he's got planned tonight?

JOHN

Mireille, he doesn't know anything, he's CIA! They can't keep a secret. Or we'd be sipping cuba libres in Havana right now.

SMITH and her share a look. He nods at the ring.

SMITH

He doesn't let me in on anything...

CUT TO:

4

EXT. PARIS BROTHEL. NIGHT

4

A large well appointed townhouse in the 4th Arondissement, overlooking Notre Dame. Paris, beautiful at night.

CUT TO:

5

INT. BROTHEL ROOM. NIGHT

5

A stunning, 19 year old Japanese girl, KIRIKA, head bowed, full GEISHA dress, hair piled on her head and held with long pins, is preparing a tea ceremony tray.

A man, TAYLOR, 30s, American enters and closes the door. She stands and bows low. KIRIKA holds out a hand. Inviting him to sit. He looks awkward.

SERGEI

Sit, sit, we shall have some tea as we conduct our business...

SERGEI, mid 40s, Russian, steps forward from the shadows. He has an old bullet scar on his temple, a stripe of white running sideways through his thick head of hair.

He smiles at TAYLOR and sits. KIRIKA is now carefully brewing the tea from the ornamental tray between them.

SERGEI (CONT'D)

So. You are Pandora? I am Sergei.
Viktor Luzhny sent me. But then you
know that.

KIRIKA, head bowed, is now pouring hot water over the leaves.
SERGEI watches her, grins at TAYLOR.

SERGEI (CONT'D)

I love this place. Everyone comes
here to fuck, yet first they make
you tea. And you let them. Why?
Because the wait is part of the
thing. This is what the Japanese
understand. It relaxes you and it
excites you, no? You can pretend
you are not here for the sex. It
makes us feel 'civilised.'

His smiles at TAYLOR.

SERGEI (CONT'D)

(change of tone)

Give me what I need and she is
yours to enjoy however you wish.
Two million dollars has been
deposited in a Swiss bank. I have
the access codes here. You have
the list of names?

TAYLOR

I don't know about any list.
You're coming with me. Those were
my orders.

SERGEI reacts to this. He pulls an automatic from under his
coat and points it at TAYLOR, who is also pulling his own
gun. Mexican stand off. Gun barrels only inches apart.

The two men stare across them at each other. Still sat on
the floor. Gun barrels inches from KIRIKA's face, the three
of them so close. Absurd and intense. The following dialogue
fast, antagonistic, overlapping --

SERGEI

What is this? A trap?

TAYLOR

I was told to bring you to a
meeting place.

SERGEI

With who? CIA? Drop your
weapon!

TAYLOR

Calm down. Whatever you're
buying, I haven't got it. I
take you to the guy who
has...

5 CONTINUED: (2)

SERGEI TAYLOR
Drop your fucking weapon!! Ain't happening, Boris.

CLOSE - SERGEI's finger tightens on the trigger. TAYLOR pushes his gun hard against SERGEI's forehead.

UNDER this the girl, KIRIKA stares straight ahead, close on her eyes now - the two men reflected in the dark irises.

SERGEI
I have ten men waiting for me
outside this building. If I do not
walk out, no-one does...

SERGEI TAYLOR
Drop the gun. You first.

A vein throbs in SERGEI's forehead. He exerts pressure on the trigger. Then SUDDENLY, there is a long steel hair pin sticking through SERGEI's throat and out the back of his neck.

SLOW-MO - as he goes backwards, choking...

TAYLOR is shocked, turns, bringing his gun to bear - fast, well trained - but KIRIKA is already moving.

A hand knocks the gun from his grasp. A foot takes the air from his chest, and another takes his legs away.

Each move loosens some of KIRIKA's previously tightly bound hair. The long tresses now hang free, framing her stunning face. A last snake fast blow renders TAYLOR unconscious. HOLD on her...

CUT TO:

6 INT. LIBERTINE NIGHT

6

A woman dressed in outre costume heads towards MIREILLE's table, platinum blonde, shades of Dietrich - top hat, tails coat but basque and suspenders underneath. And, weirdly, a Priest's white collar! BRIGITTE, maybe 40, but hard to tell.

BRIGITTE
So either you were not brave enough
to ask or she said yes?

JOHN
Never in doubt.

BRIGITTE
Liar!

She kisses him, MIREILLE looking at her.

MIREILLE

You knew?

She looks at MIREILLE and smiles. Enigmatic.

BRIGITTE

I am so glad you said yes. Or all our work would have been for nothing.

MIREILLE looks nervous.

MIREILLE

What are you talking about? Who's work?

And all the music stops suddenly. And the lights die down to darkness. Except for two bright 'follow spots' on MIREILLE and BRIGITTE. Whoops and cheers. MIREILLE so aware of everyone in the darkness, looking at her. Uncomfortable.

BRIGITTE

(into a microphone)

Madames et monsieurs, our entertainment tonight - for one night only, Mireille Dubois IS "*the blushing bride*"...

Then SUDDENLY a massive blare of brass kicks into a raucous 'Here Comes the Bride'.

Four male DANCERS get up from nearby tables in formal looking clothes and descend on MIREILLE. They pick her up, and carry her towards the stage. Crowd laughing.

MIREILLE

John! I'm going to kill you!

The dancers take MIREILLE up onto the stage. Place her on a chair in the centre. As the wedding march dies away a new beat kicks in and the show begins... JOHN laughing and cheering.

MIREILLE has a veil put on her head, mortally embarrassed as the semi clad male dancers surround her. Now the show really starts. They grind against her, worship her, take liberties with her... The crowd laugh, loving this..

SMITH

You know she's hating this, right?

JOHN

Yeah. That's the fun of it. Look at her face.

6 CONTINUED: (2)

6

The crowd watch and cheer, the routine is funny, energetic and highly sexy - high energy dancing and stripping and performance. BRIGITTE front and centre as a very sexy PRIEST!

ON MIREILLE as she stares, blinking. All she can see is darkness and the bright glare of the spotlights. Music and laughter...

CUT TO:

7 **FLASHBACK --**

7

Dark night. Woods. Harsh spots of torch beams. A ten year old MIREILLE is running from heavy SS uniformed figures. Blonde hair a flash in the dark. Flashlights shine into her eyes, making her blink. Behind we can hear the roar of flames and screams, machine gun fire. She keeps changing direction, but at every turn someone stands in her way. Panic and fear consumes her.

CUT TO:

8 **INT. LIBERTINE. NIGHT**

8

MIREILLE finds herself facing a leering dancer whichever way she turns. Hanging onto self control. Just as she might freak out the music builds to a climax and ends. Dancers draped at MIREILLE's feet. Whoops and whistles from the crowd.

BRIGITTE

Ladies and gentlemen, can we all give our congratulations to John and Mireille, great friends of the Libertine...

On MIREILLE looking out, catches JOHN's eye. He puts his hands on his heart, mouths "I Love You." MIREILLE catches her breath.

CUT TO:

9 **INT. PARIS BROTHEL. NIGHT**

9

SERGEI lies dead. The steel still sticking from his throat. His eyes stare. Looking directly into them, TAYLOR lies on the floor, efficiently bound and gagged.

Kneeling beside him is LANCE, late 40s, but lean and strong. A hard man. Traces of an American accent. TAYLOR's briefcase is open beside him...

LANCE

The list is not here. The American was meant to be carrying it. What happened?

KIRIKA

(re Taylor)

He said he had orders to take the Russian somewhere else. They drew weapons.

LANCE

If he doesn't have the list, he must work for someone who does. Make him talk.

KIRIKA reaches back and pulls the other steel pin from her hair and as we watch she pushes it into TAYLOR's abdomen. He squeals into the gag. Harsh panting breaths. She twists the needle --

LANCE (CONT'D)

I want the list of CIA spies.

TAYLOR

I don't know about any list!!

KIRIKA again works the needle and TAYLOR screams into the gag.

LANCE

Then who sent you? Who do you work for?

Outside the room urgent shouts in RUSSIAN can be heard. LANCE nods at KIRIKA. She withdraws the needle and efficiently slides it into the back of TAYLOR's neck and into his brain. He spasms once and is dead.

CUT TO:

INT. LIBERTINE. NIGHT

JOHN, SMITH, MIREILLE, LAWRENCE and party are approaching a discreet door at the back of the club. All manner of decadence in the edges of our frame.

JOHN

...when the guy spun you round and started rubbing himself in your face, man you looked so mad I was praying, just don't bite him...

MIREILLE

It was not him I was angry with.

JOHN

Come on, Mireille, you're saying you didn't enjoy it even a little? You looked good up there.

LAWRENCE
Certainly did.

She looks at him. He smiles.

JOHN
See. And Lawrence is practically
sober. His opinion counts. We're
going to show you the real
Libertine now Lawrence...

A stunning WIFE dressed in furs and dripping jewelry stands
with a her short, balding, no doubt wealthy HUSBAND. Facing
YANN, late 30s, shaven headed Algerian. Powerfully built.
Revolutionary and gangster. And owner of Libertine.

YANN
(french)
It's five thousand francs.

The man offers an envelope. YANN looks at the woman.

YANN (CONT'D)
(french)
You want this? He's not making you?

He looks at her, intent --

WIFE
(french)
It is his present to me.

YANN considers, then nods, and the bouncer opens the door and
lets them through. As YANN turns he sees MIREILLE, SMITH et
al and smiles.

YANN
Ca va. Mireille! We're auditioning
for dancers next week if you want
to come in.

MIREILLE
I don't think so.

JOHN
Sore point, Yann. Don't push it or
she'll never forgive me.

MIREILLE
She'll never forgive you anyway...

As they head through, SMITH goes to follow but YANN grabs his
arm.

YANN

(low)

You owe me a hundred thousand francs, Smith.

SMITH

And there was me, hoping you'd forgotten. Am I good for more credit? The tables are calling.

YANN

On one condition. You pay me whatever you owe in three days or I come looking.

He smiles - a shark's smile - and lets go.

CUT TO:

11 **INT. PARIS BROTHEL. NIGHT**

11

Armed Russian AGENTS are on the stairs and halls. Screams and shouts fill the air. Naked girls and clients spill into the halls.

LANCE and KIRIKA make their way down the hall. Two AGENTS appear at the end of the hall. Telling them to stop in RUSSIAN. Start shouting and waving their guns. KIRIKA screams in panic, hands up and runs towards them in fear.

As she gets to them she suddenly pulls a distinctive ornate, knife from the kimono and like lightning takes them both down.

SUDDEN SLOW- MO - As their guns fall to the floor KIRIKA is kneeling, catching one in each hand. A half second later the two bodies drop beside her with a thud. She looks at LANCE and he nods her on.

KIRIKA is a flash of iridescence - like a bird flitting from cover to cover, death following her. Agents try to shoot her and half dressed WHORES and CLIENTS get caught in the crossfire. The dimly lit halls fill with gun smoke.

One AGENT draws a bead on KIRIKA, following her with his machine gun, but she stays ahead of the bullets till she closes on him and smashes the gun from his grasp. Another AGENT sees this and opens fire.

Balletically KIRIKA grabs the first AGENT's tie and flips herself over the balcony out of the line of fire.

SLOW MO - as she falls, the tie jerks tight and the AGENT is pulled hard against the balcony. On KIRIKA her feet dangling four feet from the floor below. She lets go and lands like a cat.

11 CONTINUED:

11

ANGLE on her face - hint of smile. She's enjoying this.

KIRIKA slides down the bannister, SLOW-MO bullets destroying it just behind her in a shower of sparks as the final two agents in the lobby try to get her. Then KIRIKA is among them. Blade flashing and the two men fall.

SUDDEN SILENCE amidst the smoke and chaos. KIRIKA stands, magnificent, in the lobby. KIMONO shining. DRINK her in. Camera swirls round her till it finds LANCE coming to join her.

KIRIKA
(smiles, indicates the
door)
Shall we..?

CUT TO:

12 **INT. LIBERTINE/VOYEURS ROOM. NIGHT**

12

A circular corridor with doors on the inner curve. Here we are in the old mine workings and tunnels under Paris, gnarled and uneven, wildly painted and sculpted. This is the dark heart under the skin of Libertine, its chambers varied and chaotic.

MIREILLE, JOHN and party come to a door and JOHN opens it, waves them all inside.

JOHN
Welcome to my boudoir. Small, but
the view has to be seen to be
believed.

Waves LAWRENCE in with a grin.

CLOSE on two entwined bodies as the camera circles them. Then REVEAL it is not the camera that circles but the couple, on a revolving dais.

It is the WIFE, without the furs, but the jewels at her neck and ankle and waist remain, catching the lights. Being fucked from behind by a beautifully muscled black man in a small space surrounded by the glass windows of viewing BOOTHS.

The guy pulls on her hair and lifts her head. She stares into the windows, as the platform rotates. Loving being watched. One of the windows is filled with the face of her HUSBAND.

The revolving stage is lit but the booths are dark, watchers hidden, unless they get really close to the glass and then they become visible to others... The whole thing is voyeurism gone mad.

A WAITRESS, FAYE, pours drinks as JOHN lights up a joint.

JOHN (CONT'D)
This is the show I didn't sign
Mireille up for.

LAWRENCE is at the front, between MIREILLE and BRIGITTE,
watching the show. He looks at MIREILLE, smiles.

LAWRENCE
Where's the fun in paying money to
watch other people fucking?

BRIGITTE
The ones in the middle pay the most
of all. It doesn't turn you on,
Monsieur Bruce?

LAWRENCE
I'd rather play ball than watch it.

JOHN looks out at the dais.

JOHN
(smiles at MIREILLE)
Now there's a chick who doesn't
mind putting on a show. Who do you
think she's doing it for?

BRIGITTE
Herself. She loves being the centre
of attention....

JOHN
Unlike my darling fiance.

MIREILLE
I prefer to watch...

ON MIREILLE --

CUT TO:

*Ten year old MIREILLE, hidden amidst trees, watching
something intently. Reflected in her eyes are a man and
woman, fucking on the ground. Their identities indistinct.
The woman's heels digging into soft earth, her moans and his
grunts, her hands scratching at his back and bare ass...
YOUNG MIREILLE watches...*

CUT TO:

JOHN looks at LAWRENCE who is watching FAYE.

JOHN

Faye, would you care to play ball with Mr. Bruce? I'm not sure the entertainment's to his taste.

FAYE looks at LAWRENCE, smiles.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Mr. Bruce. Do your worst, or give your best, or whatever... it's on me. Welcome to Paris...

LAWRENCE looks at SMITH who shrugs, go for it. FAYE holds out a hand. He takes it. FAYE and LAWRENCE exit. SMITH drains his glass.

SMITH

I feel lucky. Gonna hit the tables.

JOHN looks at MIREILLE, watching the show. Fingers pressed against the glass. He stands behind her and she smiles, runs her hand up his thigh.

JOHN

In fact, how about you all get the fuck out? I want some alone time with my fiance.

Everyone gets the picture and leaves. On stage guy lies on his back now, the WIFE riding him, head thrown back, eyes wide.

MIREILLE turns to JOHN and kisses him. Pushes him back onto a chaise. Slides onto his lap.

JOHN (CONT'D)

So I'm forgiven?

MIREILLE

No. Not yet.

She unbuckles him, lifts her dress. Behind her the WIFE is about to come.

JOHN

(teasing)

I thought you liked to watch?

MIREILLE

I like lots of things...

14 CONTINUED: (2)

She moves, obviously fucking him now. Throws her head back. PAN up with her to reveal the ceiling of the booth is a mirror - she stares down at herself, MIREILLE and JOHN's reflections at a skewed angle.

CUT TO:

15 INT. PARIS BROTHEL. DAY

15

CLOSE on SERGEI's face. Bizarrely, it moves. PULL WIDE to reveal his head is being picked up, moved, as VIKTOR LUZHNY assesses his wounds.

VIKTOR is small, 40s, clothes neat and precise. He kneels by the dead man. Then, gently, he strokes SERGEI's hair before letting his head rest again. VIKTOR leans back. Looks at the dead TAYLOR. Thinking. AGENTS hover, waiting to clean up.

VIKTOR
(quietly, Russian)
I am sorry, old friend.
(to the agents)
Treat him with respect. This man is
a hero. He is to be returned home
with full military honours.

VIKTOR stands awkwardly, staggers to his feet, one leg clearly injured. He carries a cane.

KARPOV
Comrade Luzhny!

COLONEL KARPOV, 50s, true Russian bear enters in full uniform. KARPOV is an old Cold warrior, survivor of Stalingrad, minus a couple of fingers from frostbite. He flexes the damaged hand, constantly. VIKTOR snaps to attention.

(NOTE: They speak Russian throughout this scene.)

KARPOV (CONT'D)
In the name of Stalin's cock, what
happened here?

He looks down at SERGEI.

VIKTOR
We served together during the war.

Taps the cane against his foot which makes a dull noise - false.

VIKTOR (CONT'D)
He is the reason I lost my foot and
not my life.

VIKTOR looks at KARPOV.

VIKTOR (CONT'D)

I was approached by a CIA agent calling himself 'Pandora' who offered me information. A list of all CIA assets in East Berlin.

KARPOV takes that in. It's big.

KARPOV

And you have this list?

VIKTOR

No. Pandora arranged the exchange. Sergei was here to make it.

KARPOV nudges TAYLOR with his foot.

KARPOV

So this is 'Pandora'?

VIKTOR

I don't know...

KARPOV

You do not know much, Viktor! I thought you worked in Intelligence? Did the Americans know about it?

A telephone starts to ring shrilly off screen. VIKTOR under pressure, coming to a thought he doesn't want to be true.

VIKTOR

If they knew of his treason the meeting would never have happened... This was someone else.

(sudden anger)

Somebody deal with that fucking telephone!

(to KARPOV)

The leak must have come from us.

The telephone goes silent.

KARPOV

So the list is gone? They killed all these men and left without a scratch? Who could do that?

VIKTOR looks at SERGEI.

VIKTOR

Only one person I know of. Noir.

KARPOV

Noir is a faithless assassin. Who hired him?

15 CONTINUED: (2)

An AGENT appears by them. Nervous at interrupting.

VIKTOR
What is it?

AGENT
Sorry, comrade. The telephone. It
is for you... someone called
Pandora...

VIKTOR looks surprised. KARPOV clasps his arm. Intense.

KARPOV
Whatever he wants, Viktor. We must
have that list.

CUT TO:

16 INT. MIREILLE'S APARTMENT. DAY

16

CLOSE on MIREILLE, her amazing blue eyes, the sheen of her long blonde hair. The curve of her neck and contour of her lips. She's staring at something. Intense, intent.

She works at a canvas -- her hand moving swiftly, surely, a stub of charcoal in her hand. Other arm across her chest, holding a cigarette.

The image is dark -- shadowy woods leaning over a blonde figure in red, wolves in men's clothing taking form behind her. A dark, troubling image. Shades of Otto Dix, Klimt, Munch - unsettling in its intensity.

She blows a stray wisp of hair from her face, a smudge of charcoal on one cheek. She wears a faded blue man's shirt, covered in paint splotches, her legs and feet bare, Bardot-esque.

Beyond, her the apartment's windows look out onto Paris, the Eiffel Tower standing proud in the distance. Morning sun still on the rise. Gives the apartment a warm, golden glow. Lights up MIREILLE's hair and skin.

JOHN steps into frame and kisses her neck. She turns to him. He is shirtless, lean, bordering skinny. Some major scars on his chest and abdomen.

MIREILLE
You slept so well...

JOHN
I don't dream anymore when I'm with
you.

She traces the scars with her fingers. Then scratches her engagement ring down his chest, across his nipple. He gasps and she smiles.

MIREILLE

Have you spoken to your father?

JOHN

About what?

MIREILLE

About how you're marrying some
French chick he's never met.

JOHN

I sent him a telegram.

MIREILLE

Has he replied?

JOHN

No.

MIREILLE

Will he be angry?

JOHN

My father plays golf with
Presidents and builds tanks for a
living. He hoped I'd be
congressman by now, if not a
Senator. Ready to knock Kennedy off
his perch in the name of all things
Republican. Pissed off does not
begin to touch how he feels about
his degenerate son.

MIREILLE

(simply)

But I want him to like me. Can we
invite him?

JOHN looks at her and then bursts out laughing.

CUT TO:

Sacre Coeur and Montmartre rise in the distance. Oblique
sunlight and shadows. Very Noirish.

VIKTOR stands impatiently, smoking, hat pulled low. Leaning
on his cane. Several old butts litter the cobbles by his
feet. A figure in a hat comes down and joins him. REVEAL it
to be SMITH. All very clandestine.

VIKTOR

Where have you been?

SMITH

Making sure we're alone... I don't like being summoned, Viktor. Makes me nervous.

VIKTOR

Last night I was meant to buy some information from an American agent. The exchange went badly. Is this news to you?

SMITH

Yes. Who is the American?

VIKTOR

Traitors. Always think they are unique. You are not the only one willing to sell out the red, white and blue. He calls himself Pandora.

SMITH

(fearful)
Does he know about me?

VIKTOR

No.

SMITH

Glad to hear it.

VIKTOR

Pandora sent a decoy and someone was waiting. The leak had to come from my people.

SMITH

Traitors in the ranks, huh? Can't trust anyone these days.
(a professional, gets it)
So now you don't trust each other a fucking inch. You need a blind contact he'll trust but that you can control.

VIKTOR

Et Voila! And who better to find me one than my CIA friend with the bad habits. I hear you now owe the Algerian 200,000 francs.

SMITH is surprised.

SMITH

News travels fast.

VIKTOR

Find me a courier and the money is yours.

SMITH

I get you a body and you pay me two hundred grand? Shit, you're desperate, Viktor.

VIKTOR

And so are you. Yann is a dangerous man to owe money to. Can you do it, or not? I need a name today.

SMITH looks at him, weighing it up, scared but also desperate.

CUT TO:

MIREILLE and BRIGITTE sit outside, drinking coffee on the Left Bank, as the Paris world ambles by. Shopping bags by their feet. MIREILLE immaculate in Dior. BRIGITTE also striking out of her Libertine look. Parisian ladies.

BRIGITTE

...One man for the rest of your life? Really? I can barely imagine only doing men for the rest of my life!

MIREILLE

Who knows, Brigitte? But right now this is what I want.

BRIGITTE

You know John is at least half crazy? In a good way, but there's definitely a bite missing from his croissant.

MIREILLE

That's why I like him. I'm hardly a paragon of conformity myself. Unlike you --

They both burst out laughing and then look up to find VIKTOR hovering over their table.

VIKTOR

Mademoiselle Dubois? My name is Viktor Luzhny.

She looks up to see VIKTOR stood over her.

MIREILLE

Have we met?

VIKTOR

No. Though I saw some of your work last year at a gallery in Belleville.

MIREILLE

Did you like it.

VIKTOR

It was striking. Dark notions at its heart for one so young.

(beat)

I wanted your opinion on some pictures of mine? In private.

BRIGITTE

Why so shy? Are they of your tiny cock?

VIKTOR

Please.

BRIGITTE

You're interrupting us, Viktor...

MIREILLE looks at her. Shakes her head. BRIGITTE shrugs. Picks up her coffee. Walks across to a table across the way and sits. Stares back across. VIKTOR sits.

VIKTOR

Miss Dubois. Do not react. Your friend cannot see these.

He lays some 8x10s on the table. JOHN LANCASTER (four years younger) on a hotel room bed, crashed out. Beside him lies a beautiful girl. Clearly dead. Dried blood running from her nose. OTHER shots - her arms - track marks. A startled, confused JOHN crying into the lens...

MIREILLE staring at them in shock. Trying so hard not to react. Aware of BRIGITTE now making a show of doing her lipstick. Looks around to see if anyone else has noticed.

MIREILLE

(choked)

What are these?

VIKTOR

They are photos of your fiance and a very dead girl. News to you, I see.

MIREILLE can't believe this. Stares at the pics, at JOHN's whacked out face.

VIKTOR (CONT'D)

Imagine the publicity. General Lancaster's junkie son and a corpse. Her death hidden from the authorities. A murder investigation could easily be arranged.

MIREILLE

Why are you showing me these?

BRIGITTE looks across.

BRIGITTE

Mireille, tell him he's wonderful, a true talent and then move him along!

VIKTOR

I cannot blackmail Mr. Lancaster, he's too visible and too unpredictable. But I am told you love him very much?

MIREILLE

Yes.

VIKTOR

Then you wish to protect him? Do as I ask and the photographs are yours.

MIREILLE

You can't just...
(another look to BRIGITTE)
I'm not the right person for this... Please, you must understand. I'm not good with... this is such a shock. I need time...

VIKTOR

There is no time!

She stares at him. Finally MIREILLE nods.

VIKTOR (CONT'D)

A man calling himself Pandora will call you and arrange a rendezvous. All you do is give him this.

Viktor hands her an envelope. She takes it.

VIKTOR (CONT'D)

He will give you something in return, and you will deliver that to me. The Soviet Union thanks you for your help. Comrade Dubois.

He smiles and walks off. Past BRIGITTE who flips him a delicate finger. Then reacts in surprise as MIREILLE is coming past in a hurry.

BRIGITTE
Mireille? Mireille, what is it?

MIREILLE
I'm sorry. I have to go.

BRIGITTE
Go where? Mireille?

CUT TO:

SMITH looks up as MIREILLE is shown in. Agitated.

SMITH
Didn't recognise you without a
naked guy on your face.
(off her look)
I thought it was funny. What's the
emergency?

MIREILLE
Some Russian just showed me
pictures of John and a dead girl in
a hotel room.
(off his lack of
expression)
You knew about this?

He stands, comes round the desk.

SMITH
Its how we met. Four years ago in
Berlin. I got a call from on high.
Go clean up a mess. Keep it quiet.
Johnny was in a bad way back then.
Had a fucking death wish, you ask
me.

MIREILLE
Who was the girl?

SMITH
A nobody. She OD'd. No foul play.
General Lancaster wanted it to go
away and so it did.

MIREILLE
His father knows about it?

SMITH

When it comes to Johnny his father knows everything. The General runs the biggest weapons maker in the US. He's Ike's best buddy, they marched into Berlin together. He shouts, the whole CIA comes fucking running.

MIREILLE

Does John know?

SMITH

He isn't stupid. This whole life he lives here - including you - John's running away. Korea screwed him up and he blames his father for being there.

MIREILLE

And you didn't tell me any of this?

SMITH

You've known Johnny what? Nine months? We've all got secrets.
(sarcastic)
Maybe if I'd known you were gonna marry the guy...

MIREILLE

If you cleaned it up, how did this Viktor get the photographs?

On SMITH - he shrugs.

SMITH

It's complicated...

And she gets it!

MIREILLE

You weren't surprised by that either. You gave him them? You sold John to the Russians?

SMITH

No. You. You love him as much as you say? Then do as Viktor asks and it'll all go away.

MIREILLE

How could you do this?

SMITH

For once, just do as you're told, Mireille.

19 CONTINUED: (2)

She slaps him across the face, hard. He takes it.

SMITH (CONT'D)

I'm in a jam, okay!? This was the only way out of it. Make the exchange and I'll see Johnny's secret is safe.

MIREILLE

I could kill you for this.

She stares at him for a long beat and then exits, slamming out past LAWRENCE BRUCE who looks in at SMITH, head bowed, leaning against his desk.

LAWRENCE

Something you said?

CUT TO:

20 **INT. KIRIKA'S HIDEOUT. NIGHT**

20

CLOSE on KIRIKA's naked back, the lines of muscle down her spine, her hip bones. Lithe. She is wet with sweat.

Old welts and scars run up and down her back - old and new - the patterning is tigerish, sexy somehow.

A wooden rod suddenly slashes across her skin. CRASH to her face. Immobile. Pain does not register. She chants, quietly, surely -- interspersed with the impacts of the cane. NOTE: On KIRIKA's shoulder is a brand - simple digits - 1307

KIRIKA

I feel no pain...

CUT TO:

21 **FLASHBACK --**

21

Rows of young children, ten years old, maybe 30 kids in a walled courtyard. Chanting as bamboo canes strike their bare backs...FIND a young KIRIKA amidst the ranks. "...it is nothing I fear..."

CUT TO:

22 **INT. KIRIKA'S HIDEOUT. NIGHT**

22

REVEAL LANCE, stripped to the waist, wields the rod against KIRIKA who sits naked in Buddha position on the floor of a loft space. A Paris night scape lit up beyond the windows. Sweat splashes from her to the wooden planks of the floor.

CUT TO:

23 **FLASHBACK --**

23

LANCE, ten years younger in a dark robe, wields the rod against the children... as they continue to chant. "I exist only to serve... our cause is just..." One kid buckles and is dragged away. KIRIKA is stoic. Staring ahead.

MATCH CUT TO:

24 **INT. KIRIKA'S HIDEOUT. NIGHT**

24

KIRIKA staring ahead...

KIRIKA

...our strength is faith...

ON that line she reaches behind her and grabs the rod just before it strikes and throws herself over it, impossibly gymnastic. Lands light on her feet, gripping the rod, behind LANCE, turns it from his grasp, is surely about to strike him with it, and she SMILES. Laughs girlishly, pleased with herself.

Behind them there is a knock on the door.

LANCE walks off and KIRIKA goes to the window. Leans her naked body against it, cooling her body against the glass. KIRIKA looks out at the buzz and hum of Paris. Her reflection in the glass imposed on the city.

BEHIND her LANCE opens the door to KARPOV! He steps in. LANCE nods a curt bow, subservient.

KARPOV

Viktor has set the new exchange. I don't know where or when but this woman...

He hands LANCE a file which he opens. A picture of MIREILLE, all her details on a report.

KARPOV (CONT'D)

...Is being blackmailed to act as the courier. Once she has the list take it and kill her.

LANCE

(nodding)

Our duty is our honour.

KARPOV

Quite a scene you left last time.
(re Kirika)
She is good.

LANCE

Maybe the best I've ever trained.

(CONTINUED)

KARPOV

Then it would be a shame to fail.

He turns and leaves. On LANCE - looking at MIREILLE's photograph. Walks over to KIRIKA who has now turned and looks out across Paris.

LANCE

We've got our target.

KIRIKA doesn't respond, just stares at the lights.

KIRIKA

So many lights. Do you think they are happy?

LANCE

What do we care of happiness? Only our orders matter.

CUT TO:

25 INT. MIREILLE'S APARTMENT. DAY

25

CLOSE on a diamond, light prisms as it hits it. MIREILLE's engagement ring. Staring at it. Tense. She sits, dressed to go out. Sexy dress, stockings and heels. Hair piled high on her head.

The telephone rings and she lifts it immediately.

MIREILLE

Mireille Dubois.

PANDORA

(french)

Here's what is going to happen tonight...

CUT TO:

26 EXT. LIBERTINE. NIGHT

26

A couple of street hookers are accosting men in the street as MIREILLE gets out of a taxi.

PANDORA

(V/O French)

You will go to Libertine for the new show... You'll be watched...

MIREILLE walks past them and they stare at her. She is on edge. Paranoid. CLOSE on her calves, the click clack of her Vivier heels...

Ahead a simple red neon declares 'Libertine' above a plain door in the old stone wall.

26 CONTINUED:

26

ANGLE - LANCE and KIRIKA down the alley, following MIREILLE.

CUT TO:

27 **INT. LIBERTINE. NIGHT**

27

The place is already full. MUSIC hard and loud, African drumming. The whole room feeling the rhythm, moving to it. MIREILLE amidst the throng.

PANDORA

(V/O French)

I have people in there. You won't know who they are.

People wave at her, stare, smile. Who is her enemy?

PANDORA (CONT'D)

If I suspect a trap then the exchange won't happen.

JOHN is holding court. SMITH and LAWRENCE with him.

PANDORA (CONT'D)

You will be contacted. Follow the instructions...

On MIREILLE as she takes her seat next to JOHN.

JOHN

Hey baby. Thought you'd never get here. Francois has some righteous hash which I have to confess we already broke into...

MIREILLE takes a drag on his joint, breathes smoke into the air. Aware of SMITH watching her.

ANGLE on a stunning blonde, ALICE, 24, arriving a few tables away with a stylish looking entourage. Alice is pure sixties sex appeal. It's the last thing MIREILLE needs.

MIREILLE

John, Alice is here.

JOHN

She is?

MIREILLE

Have you told her about our engagement?

JOHN

I don't need her permission to marry someone else.

MIREILLE

John...

ALICE is now coming over. Model walk. She comes to their group and looks at MIREILLE. No preamble.

ALICE

(American accent)

Is it true?

MIREILLE lifts up her hand, shows the ring. ALICE looks at it. Smiles at MIREILLE. Then -

ALICE (CONT'D)

Bastard!

And she slaps JOHN hard across the face. He hardly feels it.

JOHN

Not sure what I did to deserve that.

ALICE

What does she give you I can't?

JOHN

You couldn't begin to understand.

ALICE

I loved you.

MIREILLE

Alice--

ALICE

Don't speak to me, bitch.

JOHN

Don't talk to her like that, Alice, or I'll have you thrown out on your ass.

ALICE

(to JOHN)

You'll regret this.

And she stalks off. JOHN looks at MIREILLE.

JOHN

All in all I thought that went rather well?

ALICE walks away, passing a girl in a sexy traditional school uniform. Patent shoes, white knee socks, toned muscular legs under a pleated skirt shining black hair in pigtails. With a guy in a suit.

27 CONTINUED: (2)

27

As they make their way through the club we ZOOM round them and reveal it to be LANCE and KIRIKA! Their eyes scan the room.

CUT TO:

28 INT. LIBERTINE. NIGHT

28

A hard, frenetic tribal beat. On stage, barely clad black girls in beads spin and stamp. It is dangerous, sexy.

JOHN pulls a small tin from his jacket and opens it to reveal sugar cubes. He looks at LAWRENCE who shakes his head.

JOHN

One thing we can thank the CIA for.
LSD. You've been testing it on
soldiers and mental patients for
years apparently. I'm told it's a
hell of a high. It'll be all the
rage soon enough...

LAWRENCE

I'll take your word for it.

JOHN

Down the rabbit hole...

And he pops it in his mouth.

ANGLE - MIREILLE comes down the short corridor from the Ladies Room - and is accosted by SMITH.

SMITH

Have you been contacted?

MIREILLE

Leave me alone.

SMITH

Talk to me.

MIREILLE

Get out of the way.

She tries to walk round him but SMITH blocks her, forces her against the wall. She glares at him. Fear and anger. They speak in intense, low voices. Massive tension. It could be a fight or a seduction.

SMITH

I need to know what is happening.

MIREILLE

Get away from me, or you're going
to blow the whole thing.

He looks into her eyes.

SMITH
It's happening *here?* Tonight?

ANGLE on ALICE, coming out of the Ladies Room, rubbing her nose, stops as she sees them. It looks like an assignation.

MIREILLE
You're going to get me killed.

She pushes him away, rolls under his arm and is gone. SMITH watches her go, thwarted.

Turns and sees ALICE, smiles at her. She grins viciously and walks towards him. Eyes like saucers. High.

ALICE
I saw you.

SMITH
My, my, Alice, what big eyes you've got...

ALICE
I'll tell Johnny about you and your french slut.

SMITH's frustration snaps over. He grabs ALICE by the arm, pins her against the wall. Up close. Grabs her face, twists her mouth.

SMITH
Open your big mouth to do anything
but suck cock and you'll be in a
cell on drugs charges awaiting
extradition.

On ALICE, fear sudden in her eyes. And maybe a twinge of real excitement too. SMITH smears her lipstick across her cheek and walks away, leaving her breathing heavily against the wall.

CUT TO:

At MIREILLE's table. She keeps scanning the room. KIRIKA and LANCE sit nearby, watching her. JOHN looks at her.

MIREILLE
Okay, baby?

JOHN
Never better.

LAWRENCE

He's taken something.

JOHN

It is true. I cannot tell a lie.
LSD. And a lot of weed, and a
serious amount of scotch.

On MIREILLE - just another complication.

On stage the curtains draw back and the house lights go down. Lights cast silhouettes of scary trees across scenic backdrops - bigger versions of MIREILLE's Red Riding Hood theme.

BRIGITTE is 'Granny' - a bed cap, but some pretty sexy nightwear. She grins to the crowd. JOHN looks at MIREILLE, beams. Clasps her hands.

JOHN (CONT'D)

If you go down to the woods today,
you're sure of a big surprise...

MIREILLE stares at the stage. A visceral, sexy dance version of Red Riding Hood about to play out. Very Cirque Du Soleil. Male dancers naked except for fearsome wolf masks and tails, full of sexual threat, a posse of girls with baskets and capes.

MIREILLE looks at her watch. Looks up, and there is SMITH, watching her like a hawk. Aware of ALICE staring.

ANGLE on KIRIKA and LANCE now sat at a table. KIRIKA perched on his knee. Just another way out couple. Their eyes on MIREILLE.

Then a WAITER hovers over her. Champagne on a tray and a card. She looks at him. Finally nods, and takes the card as he begins to pour...

CLOSE - UP - the card - "Voyeur's Room. Ten minutes. Take a booth. Light a cigarette."

She crushes it in her hand.

SMITH

Secret admirer?

MIREILLE

Something like that... Salut.

Raises her glass and they all drink.

ANGLE - JOHN - the acid kicking in, the imagery of the show hitting him hard. He grips MIREILLE's hand.

JOHN
We're so deep in the woods we might
never get out..

MIREILLE
Johnny, I need to see someone.

JOHN
Who? You can't leave me.

MIREILLE
I won't be long.

JUMPCUTS - the wolf masks, the mock violence of the stage.
JOHN stares. MIREILLE so aware of SMITH and LAWRENCE.

MIREILLE (CONT'D)
I have to go, John... you'll be
okay.

JOHN
Take me with you.

He stares at her, intense. On MIREILLE, thinking, then she
stands. Offers him her hand. JOHN takes it.

MIREILLE leads him away through the crowd.

ANGLE - LANCE and KIRIKA stand and make to follow, sliding
through the tables in the dark.

MIREILLE leads JOHN towards the back. She spots a waitress,
dark and striking, LAYLA. Takes JOHN across by the hand. He
waits like a patient child as she speaks to the girl, who
smiles at her and nods. MIREILLE dips into her bag and hands
LAYLA a chunk of cash.

ANGLE -- The wolves have got a single Red Riding Hood on
stage and tear away her costume as she tries to flee them,
always caught in a circle of growling masculine forms...

ANGLE - through the crowd -- LANCE and KIRIKA hold back as
MIREILLE and JOHN go through the back door to the secret
Libertine...

CUT TO:

MIREILLE leads JOHN into a booth.

JOHN
Who are we watching tonight?

From the centre we see them enter the booth. Two men and a
woman on the turning dais.

30 CONTINUED:

JOHN lies back on a chaise, sensations assaulting him. MIREILLE is momentarily against the window and then slips back into the shadows.

ANGLE - from one of the other booths. Camera breathing a little. Threatening somehow. Is this a POV?

CUT TO:

31 **INT. LIBERTINE. NIGHT** 31

KIRIKA and LANCE moving through the games room. Hunting. Unsure of their ground.

CUT TO:

32 **INT. LIBERTINE/VOYEURS ROOM. NIGHT** 32

JOHN is now lying back. Staring at MIREILLE. Tripping. Her eyes shine back at him.

JOHN
(to Mireille)
There are lights dancing in your hair... I can see them... and your eyes, they are on fire...
(deep breath)
Oh man. I can see behind your eyes, Mireille --

INSERT - those child's eyes - in the woods. The screaming figures and violent silhouettes. Flames rage.

The door opens and LAYLA in a long flowing robe enters. Looks at MIREILLE who looks at JOHN and nods. LAYLA smiles.

JOHN (CONT'D)
What is this?

MIREILLE
I want to watch you...

LAYLA drops the robe and slides herself across JOHN. His eyes never leave MIREILLE's as the girl slides down to kneel before him.

JOHN
Fire, A beast made from fire and shadow...behind your eyes... With red, red claws...
(beat)
I can see your heart. It beats to a different rhythm...

She stares at this, this is so intense - JOHN almost shamanic here. Staring at MIREILLE.

32 CONTINUED:

INSERT - *That same child, running now, branches flailing at her face, catching in her blonde hair as heavy figures crash behind her. Heart slamming against her chest...*

LAYLA comes up and slides astride JOHN, begins to fuck him.

MIREILLE looks behind her, through the glass. JOHN now has his eyes closed...

JOHN (CONT'D)

I can feel everything. The whole world...

MIREILLE lights a cigarette, the match a quick flare of light in the darkness.

Two seconds later an answering flame from another booth.

MIREILLE goes to JOHN and LAYLA, slides a hand across the girl, whispers in JOHN's ear.

MIREILLE

I'll be watching you...

And she slips out of the door.

CUT TO:

33 **INT. LIBERTINE. NIGHT**

33

LANCE and KIRIKA in one of the bare corridors. LANCE opens a door - the sounds of a whip and muffled groans - closes it. Opens another door. Sees the curved corridor of the Voyeurs Room.

CUT TO:

34 **INT. LIBERTINE/VOYEURS ROOM. NIGHT**

34

MIREILLE enters the other booth. MIREILLE pulls a bare chair to the window.

She takes a deep breath. Picks a black blindfold from the chair. Is she going to do this? Finally she sits, places the blindfold on. HOLD -- the sound of the people fucking seems to intensify...

Then the door opens behind her and closes, she goes to turn --

PANDORA

(French)

Do not turn around! Good.

The shadowy figure comes and stands behind her. We do not see his head or face, only the silenced gun in his hand.

(The following all in French)

34 CONTINUED:

PANDORA (CONT'D)
You have something for me?

MIREILLE
Yes.

PANDORA
Are you armed?

MIREILLE
No.

PANDORA
Stand up.

MIREILLE does so. PANDORA stands close to her. Places the gun in her armpit as he runs the other hand up across her breasts.

35 **INT. LIBERTINE/VOYEURS ROOM. NIGHT**

35

MIREILLE tries to stay calm. Breathes in gasps. Desperate to see. PANDORA slides his hands up her stockings, parting her thighs, his hand disappears beneath her skirt.

CUT TO:

36 **FLASHBACK --**

36

Young MIREILLE watching the two lovers as before. Except now we see the truth of what she watches. The heels digging into soft earth are not ecstasy but an attempt to get away. The hands clawing his back are fighting for freedom. The gasps and moans are pain and brutality. Not love making but a rape. The man's hands pin her down. An ornate dagger lies in the earth, lost in the struggle. (It is the same as KIRIKA's)... The woman turns her head, it is ELISE, her mother, and for a second her eyes lock with those of MIREILLE. Willing her to flee...

CUT TO:

37 **INT. LIBERTINE/VOYEURS ROOM. NIGHT**

37

On MIREILLE's face as she gasps. PANDORA stands so close to her. Enjoying this.

MIREILLE
Please don't do that.

PANDORA
Are you scared?

MIREILLE
I just want this to be over.

37 CONTINUED:

PANDORA

Sit.

She does, clutching for the chair's edge. PANDORA looks across at JOHN's booth.

PANDORA (CONT'D)

I told you to come alone.

MIREILLE

If I came in here alone people would be suspicious. John knows nothing.

PANDORA

My envelope?

MIREILLE places it on the ledge by the window. He picks it up.

PANDORA suddenly grabs MIREILLE's face, forces her mouth open. And puts the silencer of the gun in there.

CUT TO:

38 INT. LIBERTINE/VOYEURS ROOM. NIGHT

38

KIRIKA pushes open a door to a booth. One man in there, back to the door as he jerks off to the show. He turns. Thinks heaven just fell to earth. The door closes on his disappointment.

CUT TO:

39 INT. LIBERTINE/VOYEURS ROOM. NIGHT

39

PANDORA still has the gun in MIREILLE's mouth.

PANDORA

Do you hate the blindfold? Not knowing what is coming next...?

CUT TO:

40 INT. LIBERTINE. NIGHT

40

The performance on stage now at some sort of climax, music raging, the crowd wild. A huge mock wolf is being cut open and dancers tumble out, rolling and writhing together...

CUT TO:

41 INT. LIBERTINE/VOYEURS ROOM. NIGHT

41

MIREILLE, clothes askew, is coming round the circular corridor at pace, flustered, heading back to JOHN.

41 CONTINUED:

41

KIRIKA and LANCE are now coming the other way. MIREILLE sees them just as they see her. The girls eyes lock - electric.

LANCE

Miss Dubois? I've been looking for you.

And MIREILLE knows they mean her harm. As KIRIKA and LANCE step forward, a door from one of the booths slams open between them. A DRUNKEN COUPLE fall out, laughing...

MIREILLE runs. As LANCE and KIRIKA get round the door she is gone.

CUT TO:

42 **INT. LIBERTINE. NIGHT**

42

MIREILLE comes through the club at speed. SMITH spots her.

SMITH

Mireille? Mireille!?

She doesn't respond, looks left and right, what to do? Heads for the exit. LANCE and KIRIKA are coming after her now. MIREILLE Can see BRIGITTE talking to some guests. Makes for her.

MIREILLE

Check on John for me. Brigitte --

BRIGITTE

Mireille, what's wrong?

MIREILLE

Please. Look after John!

And with a last glance at the closing LANCE and KIRIKA she heads for the exit.

CUT TO:

43 **EXT. LIBERTINE. NIGHT**

43

MIREILLE hurtles out into the alley. Looks left and right. To the right, the lights of a suburban commuter train can be seen approaching an elevated platform.

She makes for it. A look behind her.

LANCE and KIRIKA are coming.

CUT TO:

44 **EXT. TRAIN PLATFORM. NIGHT**

44

MIREILLE comes at pace onto the platform, dodging the exiting passengers. The train is about to depart. She runs for it.

ANGLE on LANCE and KIRIKA as they enter the platform and look for MIREILLE.

KIRIKA dances round the commuters who have just exited the train. LANCE crashes into a couple of dawdling men.

LANCE
Outta the way!

KIRIKA sees a sudden flash of blonde hair down the platform and sees MIREILLE climb aboard the train. It starts to move. KIRIKA runs at high speed and leaps onto the back fender of the train. So incongruous in her school uniform...

CUT TO:

45 **INT. TRAIN. DAY**

45

MIREILLE is heading down the aisle of a train carriage, looking behind her.

KIRIKA is making her way through the train at speed, dancing round people in her way - her eyes always ahead, looking for her prey. Passengers double taking at her attire and look.

MIREILLE gets to the end of a carriage - turns and sees KIRIKA just entering it as she closes the doors... oh no --

KIRIKA moving through the carriage with purpose, the aisles clear now. This vengeful, sexual child...

MIREILLE steps into an empty compartment. Hides behind the door. Holding her breath. A frightened animal...

KIRIKA reaches the end of the carriage, goes through the connecting doors. As KIRIKA moves through the next carriage, a sudden blur flies at her from a side cabin.

SLOW-MO - a hand, holding a dripping needle is headed for her neck. KIRIKA dodges it by a hair's breadth, and then chops her hand at her assailant's wrist, and the needle drops.

The needle, and the shoe heel it is fixed in - skitter down the aisle.

KIRIKA whirls to face MIREILLE!

HOLD the moment as they stare at each other. KIRIKA shocked at the attack, MIREILLE surprised it was repelled so easily...

45 CONTINUED:

And then KIRIKA SMILES. A beautiful smile yet utterly chilling.

KIRIKA attacks MIREILLE, and as we go to SLOW-MO, MIREILLE defends herself. Both women are scarily, stupidly fast and proficient.

The fight is a mixture of lightning fast moves in real time and SLOW-MO. Over in seconds. MIREILLE has defended herself, but barely, KIRIKA is better.

KIRIKA
You fight well.

MIREILLE
If I have to. This is easier...

She pulls a gun from her bag (it's the same one PANDORA had). Points it at KIRIKA. Who pulls her knife. Poised. Watching the gun's bore, MIREILLE's finger on the trigger. But MIREILLE is staring at the knife!

MIREILLE (CONT'D)
Where did you get that knife?

KIRIKA
It is mine.

MIREILLE stares at it. History pounding through her head.

INSERT - *the same knife lying in the forest dirt...moans and pain.*

MIREILLE
Who are you?

KIRIKA
I am a Soldat.

MIREILLE
A soldier? For who?

KIRIKA
I fight for The Council. Give me the list.

MIREILLE
Tell me who you are!?

KIRIKA
A Soldat. A Warrior of the Noble Cause. Give me the list. And I'll kill you quickly...

CLOSE UPS - MIREILLE as she tightens her trigger finger. KIRIKA's eyes. The bullet comes from the gun.

45 CONTINUED: (2)

45

KIRIKA moves with amazing speed, rolling beneath the arc of the slugs as they tear splinters from the wall behind her.

SLOW MO -- as KIRIKA rolls and dives.

KIRIKA comes up and lets fly with her blade but MIREILLE is not there. The outer carriage door is open, the suburbs of PARIS trundling by.

KIRIKA goes to the doorway and looks back down the tracks.

ANGLE on MIREILLE lying in the dirt, clothes torn up. Receding by the second.

CUT TO:

46 **INT. LIBERTINE/VOYEURS ROOM. NIGHT**

46

JOHN lies, deep inside his own head. A shadow falls over him.

REVEAL ALICE stands over him, looking down at him.

ALICE

Don't worry, baby, Alice is here...

CUT TO:

47 **INT. LIBERTINE NIGHT**

47

SMITH is being walked along the Voyeurs Room corridor by two huge bouncers.

SMITH

Is this about the money? I told
Yann I'd get the money...

YANN waits by a Booth door. Grabs SMITH by the shirt and slams him against the wall.

YANN

How many times!? Putain merde.
None of your spy shit in here!

SMITH

What are you talking about?

YANN kicks open the booth door.

SMITH finds himself looking down at the body of LAWRENCE BRUCE, black clothing, a bloody envelope stuffed in his mouth. His body twisted in desperate pain - his groin and lower abdomen destroyed by bullets.

CUT TO:

MIREILLE enters her apartment. Limping. One shoe on and the other off, heel snapped. Knees bloodied, face bruised. Goes into the bathroom and starts pulling off her wrecked clothes. Stares at herself in the mirror.

SUDDENLY a harsh banging on the door.

JUMP CUT TO:

SMITH now stands in the bathroom doorway, MIREILLE ignoring his anger as she cleans herself up.

SMITH

You killed him? What the fuck were you thinking?

MIREILLE

Your ami, Lawrence. Didn't see that coming, did you?

(beat)

He deserved it.

SMITH

You fucked up, Mireille...

And SUDDENLY, SMITH is against the wall, MIREILLE close to him, her hand under his chin, a small blade having appeared between her fingers like magic. It's shining, razor sharp edge at SMITH's throat.

CLOSE - glistening steel against a suddenly throbbing artery in his neck. MIREILLE's barely contained fury --

MIREILLE

This whole thing was a screw up, Smith! Look at me! If I was a civilian, right now I'd be dead and your package would be long gone.

MIREILLE looks at him, they're as close as lovers. She leans on the blade a little, and a single drop of blood pools on the blade and runs down it's edge. Then she steps away.

MIREILLE (CONT'D)

I was followed.

She looks at him, his lack of surprise.

MIREILLE (CONT'D)

You knew there was someone else after this thing. Asshole.

SMITH

That's why I had to use you for the job.

MIREILLE

Whether I wanted it or not!

SMITH

What happened? Did someone come after you? Who?

INSERT - *KIRIKA, moving like a snake, magnificent, CLOSE on that distinctive blade --*

On MIREILLE, will she tell him about KIRIKA, then she shrugs-

MIREILLE

I'm here aren't I?

SMITH

So you've got the package?

She holds up the microfilm where SMITH can see it. Throws it and he catches it deftly.

SMITH (CONT'D)

I'm sorry I had to use you without asking first. But I didn't know what Viktor was buying. I had to make sure I was in on the deal from the start.

MIREILLE

Did you see John? Before you left the club? I had to leave him to make the exchange...

SMITH

No. Why?

MIREILLE

Forget it. Just go. Before I give into my better instincts and fucking shoot you.

He holds up the microfilm. Genuinely grateful.

SMITH

Thank you.

He goes to leave.

MIREILLE

What about Viktor? I have to deliver him something.

On SMITH - knows she's right.

SMITH

Give me till morning.

48 CONTINUED: (2)

MIREILLE

If you want me to take it to him I want John's file and all the negatives. Plus my usual fee.

CUT TO:

49 INT. ALICE'S BEDROOM. DAY

49

Dawn. On JOHN, dazed, eyes slowly opening. Becomes aware of a blonde head moving in and out of focus in front of him. He looks down. Runs his fingers through the hair in his lap.

JOHN

Holy fuck, baby. That was quite a ride. Where are we?

And ALICE looks up from her efforts.

ALICE

Right where you belong, lover...

On John - what the fuck is going on?

CUT TO:

50 INT. MIREILLE'S APARTMENT. DAY

50

Morning sunlight dances into the bedroom. MIREILLE dresses, rolling on stockings, a shift dress slithers down her body.

Shoes. She twists a heel and it springs free, another of those vicious needles at its end. She clicks it back into place.

She puts on her ear rings. Make up. Her stunning face in the mirror.

On MIREILLE - A long steel wire - a garrotte - deftly wrapped around and around a silver bracelet and it goes on her wrist.

Another shoe - a thin steel stiletto blade pressed into its sole.

She brushes her platinum hair till it shines. Ties it atop her head.

A Walther PPK, snugly slotted into a holster on her inner thigh against her stocking top...

A KNOCK at the door. SMITH stands there, walks in past her.

SMITH

Lawrence was selling a list of every CIA agent in Eastern Europe. You saved a lot of lives last night.

50 CONTINUED:

Throws her a microfilm which she catches.

SMITH (CONT'D)
Fake list for Viktor.

CUT TO:

51 **INT. ABANDONED BUILDING. DAY**

51

A dripping, haunted space. Broken glass and clattering pigeons. Old furniture lies around, half broken. Amidst this, in the centre of the space, VIKTOR sits at a desk, a chair in front of him. A machinegun on the table before him, which he idly keeps ejecting the magazine from and then putting it back in.

MIREILLE walks in to the building, past two stern Russian AGENTS. Her deadly heels clicking against the floor.

ANGLE -- Viktor and Mireille sat across the desk.

VIKTOR
You have my package?

MIREILLE
I want the photographs.

VIKTOR
I'm afraid I'm going to keep them.
Leverage on a figure like Mr.
Lancaster is too good to give up.

MIREILLE looks at him, shakes her head. Resignation.

ANGLE -- KIRIKA hanging upside down behind the two AGENTS guarding the entrance. She takes them both out in silence. LANCE steps over the bleeding bodies...

ANGLE -- MIREILLE and VIKTOR

MIREILLE
I told Smith he couldn't trust you.

Even as VIKTOR registers something is wrong here his head slams the table, the old wood shatters and he goes to the ground. The table broken into large slivers of splintered wood. MIREILLE now holds his arm up his back.

MIREILLE (CONT'D)
You're all the same.

CUT TO:

52 **FLASHBACK --**

52

YOUNG MIREILLE running from her cover. The rape goes on, the man's back to her.

52 CONTINUED:

52

As he raises his head and yells, coming triumphantly, she scoops up the Soldat knife and slams it down right between his shoulder blades. He screams as she pulls it out and brings it down again.

CUT TO:

53 **INT. ABANDONED BUILDING. DAY**

53

ANGLE - above LANCE and KIRIKA, shrouded in shadow, are watching through the broken floorboards. KIRIKA tenses, wants to attack but LANCE stays her, like a dog on a leash.

VIKTOR

Smith...

MIREILLE

Played you. It was a set up. He's an asshole but he's no traitor. He wanted to retrieve whatever you were buying. So he sent me to get it. The spy list is gone.

VIKTOR

Who are you?

MIREILLE leans into his ear --

MIREILLE

I am Noir.

VIKTOR shaken by this, starting to panic --

VIKTOR

Then you are a professional! We can make a deal. Name your price?

MIREILLE

My price is too high for you, Viktor. It's my anonymity.

(beat, a thought)

But answer me a question and I might spare you.

VIKTOR

Anything!

MIREILLE

Did you put the girl on me? The Soldat? Who are they?

ANGLE on LANCE and KIRIKA, taking this in.

VIKTOR

I don't know what you're talking about.

MIREILLE

Don't lie!

VIKTOR

The Soldats are fairytales. A myth.

MIREILLE

You're lying! Tell me. Tell me this fairytale! What are they?

She grabs him and spins him round. And in that millisecond saves her own life as a Soldat blade slams into his back where she stood just before.

MIREILLE looks to see KIRIKA and LANCE dropping from the floor above and coming at her. She pulls the pistol from her thigh holster and one from her bag and opens fire, two handed. LANCE dives for cover behind debris as KIRIKA rolls and ducks and leaps away from her fire.

The pistols click out of ammo and MIREILLE picks up Viktor's machine gun and walks backwards, firing in bursts, forcing KIRIKA to take cover behind a steel supporting pillar.

ANGLE - KIRIKA - frustrated, desperate to get to MIREILLE. She sneaks a look and ducks back as bullets spark off the steel.

Looks again, and MIREILLE is gone. KIRIKA goes to follow her out of the building.

LANCE

Kirika! No.

KIRIKA

I can get her!

LANCE

Our mission was the spy list.
Kirika!

She turns to him, for a second she is a bested child, petulant.

KIRIKA

She has escaped me twice now.

LANCE

Yes. She's good.

KIRIKA

I am better. Do not doubt it.

LANCE

I don't. But she is not our concern right now.

He goes to VIKTOR and pulls out the SOLDAT blade. Wipes it on his clothes and hands it back to her.

LANCE (CONT'D)

There's no reason the Council should know it was your blade that killed him.

(off her look)

This Noir was going to kill him anyway.

KIRIKA

You are protecting me from the Council's anger?

LANCE

(yes he is, shrugs it off)
How he died is of no consequence.

KIRIKA

I will not lie if asked.

LANCE

This way you won't be.

CUT TO:

ALICE, wrapped in a towel, is at the door. From beyond we can hear BRIGITTE.

BRIGITTE

If he's not here then open the door and I'll soon be gone.

ANGLE on JOHN, on the bed, looking truly wrecked.

JOHN

(quietly)
Let her in.

ALICE

(to unseen Brigitte)
Fuck you.

The door jerks back suddenly, catching ALICE in the face and she flies backwards holding her face. BRIGITTE walks in.

ALICE is now holding her bleeding nose.

ALICE

You bitch! You broke my fucking nose. I'm a model!

BRIGITTE grabs ALICE by her long hair, pulls her upright, pulls her hands away. Matter of fact. Looks at her face. The smeared blood.

BRIGITTE

It's not broken.

54 CONTINUED:

She pulls the towel from ALICE's body and pushes it against her face.

BRIGITTE (CONT'D)
Press that on it.

ALICE does as she's told. Now like a sullen child.

BRIGITTE (CONT'D)
(to JOHN)
What the fuck are you doing here,
Jean-Phillipe?

JOHN
I have no idea.

ALICE
(through towel, all nasal)
Mireille left him in the middle of
a bad acid trip. If I hadn't
turned up, who knows what he'd have
done.

BRIGITTE
So you played the samaritan, Alice?

ALICE
(what's that?)
No! I'm the good guy here.

BRIGITTE
(to John)
So you didn't fuck her?

ALICE
Of course he did. Remembers what
he's been missing now, don't you,
baby?

JOHN just looks at BRIGITTE, despairing.

JOHN
I was really fucked up, Brigitte.

BRIGITTE
And you think that state of affairs
has changed?

JOHN
I've got to tell Mireille, about
this, don't I?

BRIGITTE
If you don't, the idiot will...

ALICE
And so will I...

54 CONTINUED: (2)

JOHN and BRIGITTE share a look.

CUT TO:

55 INT. MIREILLE'S APARTMENT. DAY

55

MIREILLE gets out of the lift to find SMITH on her doorstep holding a brown file. She opens the apartment. He follows her in. Hands her the file -- JOHN pics, the roll of film.

SMITH
How did it go?

She turns and looks at him.

MIREILLE
Viktor's dead.

SMITH stares at her.

SMITH
You killed him? What the fuck for?

MIREILLE
Because he wasn't going to give the photos back. Because you'd given him John on a fucking string and he wasn't going to let it go. So I made him.

She's not about to mention the Soldats.

SMITH
Do you know what you've done? I was inside with him. Viktor trusted me, thought I was a traitor. I spent two years setting up my cover--

MIREILLE
Yeah. Drinking, fucking and gambling. What a stretch for you.

He sinks a little under her bitterness. They go back a long way, these two...

MIREILLE (CONT'D)
I need to find John.

SMITH
Oh yeah, your darling fiance. Does he know what you really do for living?

She spins like lightning, grabs his cock with one hand and his own gun with the other, sticks it under his chin.

MIREILLE

I have had a long couple of days.
I'm tired, I ache and my sense of
humour is failing me. All because
of you. So keep it up, putain
merde.

(beat)

John can never know about this. Or
my next job will be faking the
suicide of some burnout spook with
gambling debts, who swallowed his
own gun one dark night...

SMITH

(deadpan)

You really love the guy, huh?

MIREILLE

I really do.

SMITH

Wow. I didn't think people like us
got to do that.

MIREILLE

Me either.

Finally they smile at each other. MIREILLE un-cocks the
pistol and then lets go of his balls. SMITH folds up
slightly, hands to his aching nuts.

SMITH

They're gonna replace Viktor now,
with some other KGB spook, some guy
I don't know.

MIREILLE

That's your problem.

(beat)

This was my last job.

On SMITH - is she telling the truth?

MIREILLE (CONT'D)

(softer)

Smith. I love John. Seriously.
All I want to do is marry him and
live a normal life. As far as the
world is concerned Noir is retired.

CUT TO:

KARPOV is with KIRIKA and LANCE staring down at the dead
VIKTOR.

KARPOV

You're telling me Mireille Dubois
is Noir?

He looks at KIRIKA.

LANCE

That's what she told Viktor before
she killed him.

KIRIKA looks away. Uncomfortable with the lie.

KARPOV

Then that cunt Smith set Viktor up.
He played us. And the Americans
have the list.

(sudden roar)

Stalin's fucking breath! The Soldat
Council could have done great
things with such information. You
let her best you twice!?

KIRIKA

She knew what I was.

LANCE looks at her - wishes she hadn't spoken.

KARPOV

What?

KIRIKA

She knew we were Soldats, she spoke
of it to me on the train, and she
asked Viktor.

KARPOV looks at LANCE.

KARPOV

Were you not going to mention this?

LANCE

The list was gone...

KARPOV

(sudden roar)

She spoke our name! We must stay
in the shadows! There is too much
at stake for this mercenary cunt to
know we were involved.

(stares at KIRIKA)

Show me your blade.

KIRIKA offers up her knife. He takes it, holds it up in her
face.

56 CONTINUED: (2)

KARPOV (CONT'D)

You failed this task. Do not fail the next one. Find Mireille Dubois and bury this in her fucking heart.

(to LANCE)

But I want it done quietly, we cannot be suspected. Do not draw attention to yourselves.

(to them both)

See it done or the Council will expect your heads. Our duty is our honour.

Slams the knife into the desk. It sticks up.

CUT TO:

57 **FLASHBACK --**

57

YOUNG MIREILLE pulls the knife from the rapist's back as he rolls away, dying. ELISE looks up at her. YOUNG MIREILLE goes to her, but more uniformed men are coming and ELISE is hurt.

ELISE

*You must run. Mireille... RUN!
RUN!*

And she does, as bullets fly behind her, runs into the darkness of the forest as the men come with torches. Silhouetted against the flames of the burning town, knife still in her hand...

CUT TO:

58 **INT. MIREILLE'S APARTMENT. DAY**

58

MIREILLE holding the knife. Pondering it. Puts it down. Picks up the file brought to her by SMITH.

CLOSE on flames, orange turns to blue as a photo of JOHN and the dead girl melts and crackles. MIREILLE is bent over the fireplace as she feeds photos of JOHN to the fire.

A noise makes her turn. JOHN stands in the doorway watching her. Their eyes lock.

SLAM TO BLACK

End of Pilot