Fascination 127

By

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FADE IN:

A television screen displays a CNN ANCHOR delivering news.

ANCHOR
...and in a shocking follow up to a morbid and unusual story, a last minute decision by Paris authorities has now made it official - they will not renew the forty year lease of the late Jim Morrison's burial plot that is set to expire in just over a month, on July fifth of this year...

The television set hangs from a ceiling bracket with protective Plexiglas surrounding the entire box.

ANCHOR (CONT'D)
...the surviving family members have agreed to have the rock and roll icon's remains exhumed and relocated to the United States. For decades since his burial in the world famous Pere Lachaise cemetery, legions of fans turn up daily to pay tribute to the legend.

INT. SAN QUENTIN STATE PRISON, TV ROOM - DAY

EDDIE HANLEY, mid 40's. Handsome. Tired. He sits slumped down on a sofa, oblivious of the TV, intently reading a book.

ANCHOR (O.S.)
Graffiti, drug and alcohol use as well as the more than occasional unruly mob played heavy in the decision. In a related story: last night, an item known as Fascination one two seven, was stolen from Rolling Stone Magazine's traveling museum in Los Angeles. This item was new to the exhibit after being found in a forfeited storage unit three months ago.

Three INMATES sit in a back row of chairs.

EMAD, 30's, a burly, bald, Armenian inmate, walks into the room with two other ARMENIAN THUGS, to the TV and pulls the plug out of the wall socket.

The three Inmates quickly exit.

Emad sits down in the chair next to Eddie. Reaches over and lifts up the cover of Eddie's book: '*Kidney Function*'

EMAD
(snickering)
You turn over new leaf? Eddie? You become doctor now?

Eddie closes the text and forces a smile.

EDDIE
Well it's never too late, right?

EMAD
You should be grateful that Mr. Azadian likes you, huh? You lost him lots of money. Lots of valuables.

EDDIE
You know that wasn't my fault.

EMAD
He think otherwise. You interfere, your fault or not. Now you going to do work for him.

EDDIE
I would never step on Sarkis' toes-

EMAD
(suddenly furious)
<u>Mister</u> Azadian! Maybe you not show the respect you should to him. You think you would not get fucked like fifteen year old girl in here if he did not say no?

Eddie stares blankly at him.

EMAD (CONT'D)
Okay then. You get out tomorrow, then you go see Mr. Azadian. First thing when you get out. Yes?

EDDIE
Yeah.

Emad stands.

EMAD
You make up for mistake, do good job for him.

Eddie looks at the three sycophants standing over him.

EMAD (CONT'D)
Yes?!

EDDIE
I already said yes.

Emad grabs his face.

EMAD
You get smart mouth with me now? I'm sure you hear what happen to Marcoozio when he no make up for error with Mr. Azadian.

Eddie glances at him with contempt. Emad smiles, finally letting go. He taps the side of his temple.

EMAD (CONT'D)
Be smart. I get out soon, too. Maybe I see you.

Eddie looks away and feigns reading his book, but his eyes are lost in deafening, internal chatter.

EXT. SAN QUENTIN STATE PRISON - DAY

Eddie steps through a gate by the guard station and squints into the sun. Freedom.

A TAXI pulls up. Eddie takes one last look back at his latest version of hell, then ducks into the cab.

TAXI DRIVER
Where to?

EDDIE
Berkley. Petersen's impound.

EXT. TOPANGA CANYON, LOS ANGELES - LATER

Eddie blasts through the sweeping turns of the Malibu canyon in a sapphire blue 1968 FORD COBRA GT500.

He slows and turns up a narrow road, stopping near a guard station at the crest.

EXT. AZADIAN COMPOUND - MOMENTS LATER

Eddie drives through the obscenely gorgeous compound, surrounded by lush gardens and ponds. Finally approaching the front side of a Mansion.

EXT. AZADIAN COMPOUND - MOMENTS LATER

Eddie walks toward the entrance, eyeing his surroundings with much intimidation.

When he is within five feet of the ten foot high double doors, they open. Two bull-necked ENFORCERS await.

ENFORCER
Weapons?

Eddie raises his hands, shakes his head.

INT. MANSION HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Eddie follows the two ENFORCERS. Passing by thirty foot windows, a swimming pool worthy of Vegas can be seen outside, complete with a sand beach at one end.

Off to the far side of the faux beach, camera lighting equipment vibrantly illuminates three, hairy, MIDDLE-AGED MEN wearing designer sunglasses and Speedos. They stand semi-circle around a THIN GIRL who looks to be a minor, BARKING threatening orders at her.

Another man stands several feet away, operating a video camera on a tripod.

Eddie clenches his teeth, forces his eyes forward.

INT. AZADIAN OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

A twenty foot wide, carved mahogany archway opens up into an office roughly the size of a basketball court.

Some thirty yards away, they approach a BALDING MAN seated behind a mammoth oak desk. On the other side of the desk sits another MAN who casually reads the Wall Street Journal.

To the immediate left - a bloodied, DESPERATE MAN, wearing a cheap suit, sits duct taped to a heavy wooden chair. He BABBLES in a seizure of fear, begging for a reprieve as a MENACING ENFORCER pulls duct tape across his mouth.

Eddie locks onto the immediate reality of this scene as they continue on by, approaching the desk..

ENFORCER
Mr. Azadian. Your guest has arrived.

AZADIAN, 50's, does not turn but continues to watch a wall of twenty, plasma screen monitors that show all activity in the compound, focusing on the screen with the Men at the pool and the now topless, Thin Girl.

DAVIS, 50's, cold piercing eyes, lean physique, sharply dressed, continues to read the business section.

AZADIAN
Get him down.

The Enforcer grabs Eddie by the hair and forces him down on his knees, then draws a handgun to the back of his head.

EDDIE
This is a mistake...

AZADIAN
Hello, Eddie. I wait for you.

EDDIE
(panicked)
I didn't know you were targeting that score - no one did..me, Champney..

Azadian turns, stares down at him for a moment.

AZADIAN
I joke with you.
(to the Enforcers)
Go out now.

The two Enforcers exit the long room as Eddie slumps down, flushed with adrenaline. Azadian smiles.

AZADIAN (CONT'D)
Sit. Sit now. You have drink?

Eddie slowly rises and sits in the chair across from Azadian.

EDDIE
Just water, thanks.

Azadian swivels around to a small refrigerator and extracts a bottle of Evian.

AZADIAN
Three years and you want nothing stronger?

EDDIE
Parole, ya know. Look, Mr. Azadian-

Azadian swivels back around, sliding the bottle to him.

AZADIAN
-Sarkis. We go back, Eddie. Though I never hire you, I respect your resume of work quite much. I have always said you would be asset to me. Perhaps I get wrong idea from last mess.

Azadian gestures to the Enforcer across the room near the bound man, gaining his attention. Azadian pantomimes a pair of chopsticks by wiggling his index finger.

EDDIE
Sarkis, I never had any idea--

The Enforcer goes to a nearby desk, opens a drawer, fishes out a pair of take-out chopsticks. SNAPS them apart.

AZADIAN
Eddie, stop. It's not now. It's in the past. I think you want to do right by me.

Davis folds his paper, sets it on an end table. Picks a stray lint from his dress pants.

AZADIAN (CONT'D)
As much as I was angered by your mistake, I say the bygones be gone and you work for me on this thing I have. Davis will escort you, give you details.

Eddie stares attentively at Azadian and moves uneasily in his seat. Davis watches Eddie. Speculating.

AZADIAN (CONT'D)
My manners. Have you met Davis?

Eddie shakes his head. Neither man offers a handshake.

AZADIAN (CONT'D)
Davis, Eddie Hanley. Eddie--

DAVIS
I know who he is.

EDDIE
Look, Sarkis, I'm retired.

AZADIAN
Eddie.

EDDIE
I'm sorry.

AZADIAN
Eddie, there is no sorry. This is business.

In the BG, the Enforcer tickles the outer ear of the bound man with a chop stick.

Eddie glances over just as the Enforcer slowly moves the stick into the bound man's ear canal. The man begins convulsing in a panic.

EDDIE
With the utmost respect, I am out of the business. My daughter's seriously ill - I haven't seen her in years. If she only lives for two more, I'm going to be there. For both of them.

DAVIS
(to Azadian)
May I?

Azadian nods. Davis is always calm in his delivery - chillingly so.

DAVIS (CONT'D)
As Mr. Azadian explained, this is business. You may be misunderstanding in regards to your professional option to decline services in this matter.
(MORE)

DAVIS (CONT'D)
I've already arranged for your travel. I'll give you the specifics--

EDDIE
(to Azadian)
I'm hoping you'll show compassion for my daughter.

DAVIS
Mister Hanley. It's not the place to use our children to relieve professional debts--

EDDIE
I'm not asking *you*. I'm asking you, Sarkis.

Davis watches Eddie. Simmering.

After a long, disturbing peer at the skewered man..

AZADIAN
What is the trouble with your daughter?

EDDIE
Kidney. It's her kidney.

Azadian swivels around to face the plasma monitors.

AZADIAN
I know the loss of a young girl. I do. I'm going to tell you three things.

He stands and walks several feet to the large bay window, looking out.

AZADIAN (CONT'D)
You better have a daughter. You better have a daughter that is in fact, ill. And lastly, the most important - you are never to do any job deals again.

Turning to face Eddie.

AZADIAN (CONT'D)
Unless you do them for me.

EDDIE
Thank you, Sarkis. Thank you.

AZADIAN
Get out now before I feel not so emotional for you.

Eddie stands and heads for the door, not sure if he should say something else. Davis watches him carefully.

INT. LOCKSMITH'S SHOP/LOS ANGELES - DAY

A GRUNGY MAN wearing soiled work clothes hunches over a table cluttered with precision tools.

He uses a tubular lock pin, carefully fishing in the keyhole of a small, 12"x8" metal box. An engraving across the top: *FASCINATION 127*

He speaks to another person in the room as he works.

GRUNGY MAN (O.S.)
(a bit frustrated)
..Don't know. Whoever built this knew their shit. Can't drill it, it's got a collapse lock trigger. Fuckin' thing is heavy - I'm guessing this thing's got one an a half inch plate walls. Cuttin' torch with these thick walls'll destroy whatever's in there.

He sets the tool down and turns. With a stained grin..

GRUNGY MAN (CONT'D)
I'd try ta find the key if I was you.

EXT. LOUISIANA BAYOU ROAD - DAYS LATER

Eddie drives an abused, Chevy S-10 pickup truck over a sandy, pot-hole filled road.

INT. CHEVY PICK UP

Turning a corner, he pulls up to a weather worn house situated about twenty feet from the swamp's edge.

He looks at the home for a moment. Climbs out, walks to the front door.

EXT. KATHERINE'S HOUSE

KATHERINE, 40'S, disheveled but pretty, comes to the screen door.

EDDIE
Hi, Katherine.

KATHERINE
Eddie.

A man appears behind her in the doorway.

EDDIE
Hi, Bill.

Katherine's new husband, BILL. He walks down the steps to shake Eddie's hand.

BILL
Come on in.

He follows Bill up the steps and into the house.

INT. KATHERINE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

They enter. Bill motions to the hallway.

BILL
She's right through there.

KATHERINE
Can I speak with you first?

Bill looks very uneasy with the impending exchange.

EDDIE
Of course.

She takes a moment to collect herself.

KATHERINE
I want you in her life, Eddie. But it has to be stable. I can't have you being here one day and gone the next. Not now.

EDDIE
I'm starting over.

BILL
Kath, come on. He just got here.

KATHERINE
No, Bill. I'm not beating around this.

Eddie takes an envelope out of his pocket and hands it to her.

KATHERINE (CONT'D)
What is it?

EDDIE
Just take it. It's fifteen thousand dollars.

KATHERINE
Where'd you get it?

EDDIE
Sold the Mustang.

KATHERINE
You should get back on your feet first.

EDDIE
I'll be alright. Floyd's helping me out.

He tosses the envelope onto the table.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
I wish it were more.

Bill leaves the room.

KATHERINE
You don't realize the condition she's in.

EDDIE
I realize.

KATHERINE
No, you don't.

He searches her eyes.

KATHERINE (CONT'D)
I've spared you from having your heart ripped out because I knew you were helpless.

EDDIE
What does that mean?

Emotions overtake her.

KATHERINE
She needs it. Eddie. She didn't five years ago, she didn't two years ago, she did starting twenty six days ago.

EDDIE
Jesus Christ. How often are you using dialysis?

KATHERINE
Everyday.

EDDIE
What?!

She breaks.

KATHERINE
She's almost at complete failure.

He moves to her.

EDDIE
Her position moves up at this stage.

KATHERINE
Liars. There are so many variables with that god damn list...we're not even close. No matches in the family. Bill even got tested.

EDDIE
I'm sorry.

KATHERINE
I know.

EDDIE
For everything.

She wipes her face with her sleeve. He's helpless.

INT. MONET'S BEDROOM - LATER

Eddie quietly walks into his daughter's room and kneels down beside her bed. She looks ashen gray.

Eddie looks upon her with a deep remorse. Finally, he reaches over, drags a small chair to the bedside and sits.

MONET, 12, weakly opens her tired eyes, focusing in disbelief.

MONET
Daddy?

He scoops her up in his arms.

EDDIE
Monet. How's my girl? Hmm?

MONET
I missed you.

EDDIE
I missed *you*. Daddy's sorry for leaving.

MONET
It's okay, daddy. Work and all, huh?

Eddie nods.

EDDIE
I'm gonna be working with Uncle Floyd. You wanna come fishing with us one day?

She smiles.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
And you know what else?

She smiles even bigger.

MONET
What?

EDDIE
I think we need to get you a..

He puts his index finger up to his lips: Shhhhhh

EDDIE (CONT'D)
..dog.

MONET
Yeahhhhh.

Monet grabs something from the night stand. Holds it out to her father.

MONET (CONT'D)
Here, Daddy. I made it at the Fair. Mommy said I should give it to you.

Eddie takes it - a wax casting of her thumb.

MONET (CONT'D)
It's my thumb.

EDDIE
I see that. Thanks, sweetie.

MONET
It's wax.

Bouncing lightly in his hand.

EDDIE
Why's it weigh so much?

MONET
They fill it with plaster. Makes it heavy. Fools everybody that sees it.

EDDIE
I love it.

Eddie holds her tight - hoping.

EXT. GULF OF MEXICO - DAY

A dilapidated SHRIMP BOAT cuts through pristine Gulf waters under a burning sun sky. Empty nets hang in the masts.

EXT. BOAT - CONTINUOUS

Eddie stands on the steering bridge next to FLOYD, 50's. A dead ringer for Ernest Hemingway.

EDDIE
We've had crap catches since I've been here. Not one good haul.

Floyd, though aware of Eddie speaking, says nothing while looking straight ahead. After a long silence..

FLOYD
You shouldn't have toed down to crooks fer so long. All these fuckin' years? Now you're scrappin' on a broke shrimpin' boat..

EDDIE
Thanks. That's real helpful.

FLOYD
It's true. You let leeches in that game control you, fatten ya up a little - keep ya careless, then, sell you down the river when it suited 'em.

Eddie, not liking the truth, moves away from him.

EDDIE
Well, once again, that *game* looks like the only option I've got.

FLOYD
Shrimp'll come back.

EDDIE
Wouldn't matter. I need a payday - a big one.

FLOYD
For the love of Christ, you just got out six weeks ago.

EDDIE
I realize this, Floyd. What else can I do? Monet needs a fucking transplant - what else can *I* do to fix that? What other means do I have to fix *that*? I'd rather go down swinging than doing nothing at all. I have to.

A moment.

FLOYD
Just think about it first.

Eddie looks to the horizon. He's already thought about it.

Floyd spins the wheel due north, guns it for home.

EXT. GULF OF MEXICO - LATER

Approximately two hundred yards from the small marina inlet, Floyd notices someone sitting on a dock post.

He lifts up a pair of weather worn binoculars, training on the person in the distance.

FLOYD
Ain't no god damned fisherman dressed like that.

Floyd's POV: A nicely dressed, neatly groomed MAN, 40's, wearing black dress pants, white tee shirt and expensive shoes.

Eddie looks to where Floyd focuses. He walks to Floyd's side.

EDDIE
May I?

Floyd hands them to him while keeping his eyes fixed on the man in question. Eddie quickly lifts them to his eyes.

FLOYD
I know a water moccasin when I see one slitherin' up and that's just about what we got here.

Eddie positively ID's the man.

EDDIE
(to himself)
It's about damn time.

EXT. DOCK - MOMENTS LATER

The Man stands as the boat pulls dock-side.

MR. CHAMPNEY
Ahoy, mateys. Throw me a line.

Eddie hops onto the dock with the stern line in his hand, ignoring the man. As he secures the rope around a dock cleat..

EDDIE
Took you long enough to get here.

MR. CHAMPNEY
Nice to see you, too, Edward.

INT. BOAT CABIN - MOMENTS LATER

Mr. Champney sits across from Eddie at a table cluttered with parts to a pump motor and various tools.

EDDIE
Didn't hear from you for the last three, god damned years.

MR. CHAMPNEY
Edward, I've got to stay out of the sight lines--

EDDIE
Spare me the bullshit excuses, Champney. The way I see it, you owe me three years.

MR. CHAMPNEY
Now, Edward--

EDDIE
Oh, I'm not asking. Remember the Getty museums from ninety eight? I've got a laundry list of specifics that'll lead the Franchetti's right to your doorstep. You know it and I know it.

MR. CHAMPNEY
You're black mailing me?

EDDIE
No. Your shit-water planning put me behind bars - that pisses me off.

MR. CHAMPNEY
See, that wasn't my fault, you stumbled into someone else's poor planning--

EDDIE
Please. Shut up. I've been given an ultimatum by Azadian.
(MORE)

EDDIE (CONT'D)
Now, I wanted out of the business anyway, but I'd hoped to have enough money to take care of my daughter. I don't.

MR. CHAMPNEY
What is it that you want from me?

EDDIE
You got the Brazilian's brother a liver transplant..

MR. CHAMPNEY
He practically had a gun to my head.

EDDIE
This is for my daughter. You got to the guy controls the donor consortium--

MR. CHAMPNEY
That was over ten years ago and the Brazilian had to pay close to a million bucks.

EDDIE
I don't care. She needs it. What can you get me that'll net me that kind of money?

Champney mops his brow. His wheels turning. Takes a deep breath.

MR. CHAMPNEY
How soon?

EDDIE
Now.

MR. CHAMPNEY
There's only one job that I know of that'll pay that much - just came up..

Eddie nods and motions for him to roll out the info.

MR. CHAMPNEY (CONT'D)
But I passed on the client.

EDDIE
So call 'em back and tell 'em you'll broker it.

MR. CHAMPNEY
I passed on the client because Azadian is going after the same thing.

Eddie looks off out the porthole window.

Finally..

EDDIE
How much will they pay?

MR. CHAMPNEY
They offered three mill.

EDDIE
Who is it?

MR. CHAMPNEY
Never dealt with them before. They found me through the Hawaiian.

EDDIE
What's the job?

MR. CHAMPNEY
Hold on. If Azadian finds out? You, me and pretty much anything we love'll be gone.

EDDIE
I know this!

MR. CHAMPNEY
If you take on this client, what they're requiring to be done has an emergency time frame attached. I don't know if even you can pull off what they're asking.

EDDIE
What is it?

INT. KATHERINE'S HOUSE - LATER

Eddie sits at the kitchen table as Katherine stands near the sink, facing him. Emotions high..

KATHERINE
I'm not shocked Eddie, I just didn't think it'd be this soon.

EDDIE
I'm coming right back.

KATHERINE
She's heard this before..we've heard this before.

EDDIE
Not this time - it's not that kind of job. I'm getting her to the top of the list.

KATHERINE
Oh, cut the shit. You really think this'll come through?

EDDIE
Yes--

KATHERINE
You've trusted the wrong people your whole life..

He stands, moves to her.

EDDIE
It's the Executive Director for the *entire consortium*. I'm just gonna grease his palms. With money that's owed to me anyway. It's alre--

Hearing this..

KATHERINE
--Don't even tell me that son of a bitch, Champney, is behind it!

EDDIE
I hold the cards at the end of the day this time.

Katherine turns her back to him.

KATHERINE
Criminals have dictated your entire life...I'm wasting my breath, Eddie. You'll do what you want to do, as always.

It's killing her. Speaking to her with the utmost sincerity.

EDDIE
I blame every bad day you go through, on me. Look at me.

She finally turns to him.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
You won't have to worry about your daughter. You can enjoy your time. A complete do over.

KATHERINE
(tears welling)
What can I say? I want her to know you. But I want her healthy.

EDDIE
I'll be a few States away - you can reach me.

He hugs her - holds on. After a long beat she pulls back and wipes the tears from the corners of her eyes with her sleeve.

KATHERINE
Okay. Go tell her goodbye.

After a moment, he leaves the room.

Once out of the kitchen, he side steps over to the front door, where he quietly opens the screen door to the porch, bends down, scooping something into his arm. He stands back up, revealing a mix breed PUPPY.

EXT. MOTEL 6 - DAY

Champney walks to a door, inserts his card key.

The lock CLICKS open. He enters.

INT. MOTEL 6

Champney closes the door.

MAN (O.C.)
There he is...

Champney spins around. Seated on the bed is an ITALIAN MAN, 30's. Well dressed. Another well dressed man stands nearby.

ITALIAN MAN
Did you forget your tab? We don't like to have to come asking.

MR. CHAMPNEY
Gentlemen, I was going to see him after returning from some business here.

ITALIAN MAN
Well we heard you left in a hurry. Boss gets a little worried.

MR. CHAMPNEY
And I'll be settling up as soon as I return.

ITALIAN MAN
With points, it's a hundred large to you. Just so you know.

Champney swallows hard.

ITALIAN MAN (CONT'D)
That gonna be a problem?

Champney forces a smile..

MR. CHAMPNEY
No. Of course not.

ITALIAN MAN
Good. We'll see you in a few days then.

Both men exit.

Champney breathes deep in an effort to alleviate his anxiety.

EXT. PRIVATE AIRSTRIP - DAY

Eddie and Floyd board a GULF STREAM SUPER MID JET under a swampy hot, Louisiana spring day.

INT. GULF STREAM JET - MOMENTS LATER

Eddie stows his bag in the overhead of the magnificently plush cabin, turns - suddenly bear-hugged by BRIT MITCHLOCK, 40's, a tall, robust Englishman.

BRIT
Eddie fuckin' Hanley! How the f are ya? So glad about this little thing bein' put together - and you calling me. Mashed potatoes, I say!

Eddie pulls away with some difficulty.

EDDIE
Good to see you old friend. Brit, this is Floyd.

Brit seizes Floyd's hand, exuberantly pumps it.

BRIT
Gentil de vous rencontrer. That's French. Nice to meet you, big fella.

Floyd nods.

EDDIE
Moltisanti's meeting us in Paris.

Brit rolls his eyes as he sits back down.

BRIT
So, Eddie, you hadn't used me in eleven years - I counted. What made you think of me this go round?

EDDIE
Well..ahh..the Christie's in New York deal from..ahh..eighty seven? *That* was great work. And, I also needed someone who speaks French.

Brit ponders this a moment.

BRIT
What Christie's job in New York?

EXT. GULF STREAM JET - LATER

The private jet streaks east across a fading sun.

INT. GULF STREAM JET

Eddie, Brit and Floyd sit around an oval table. Eddie distributes a small stapled packet of papers to each man.

EDDIE
Now, let's not jump ahead, so do not get involved with these just yet.

Brit begins to peruse his papers.

BRIT
This is a topography of a cemetery.

Eddie shoots him a look.

EDDIE
Yes, and since Champney only explained this to me, let me fill you in before you jump ahead. Alright. We have hardly any time, in fact I'll be honest with you, I would normally never work with this baseline restriction, but, here we are. We have a deadline of July fifth, and since today is the tenth of June - very, very little time. No room for error.

Brit reads the topography photo heading: *Pere La Chaise Cemetery*, bolts forward.

BRIT
Wait a minute, wait a minute, wait a minute - are you telling me we've been hired to steal Jim Morrison?

EDDIE
The name of this operation is fascination one twenty seven.
(MORE)

EDDIE (CONT'D)
We have been hired to *borrow* the coffin of Jim Morrison - give it over to Champney, who will give it to the client for a maximum of twenty four hours. After that it'll be given back to us to put back in the ground. I'm sure you've all heard by now that Morrison's body is being exhumed and relocated to the States on July fifth. The French government pushed for it and they got it. The client wants it at least a day before it's exhumed.

BRIT
Fuckin' amazing!

FLOYD
Who the hell would pay millions for that?

EDDIE
We don't know who the client is, we don't care.

BRIT
Somethin' Michael Jackson would buy if he weren't already dead himself.

FLOYD
That place has got pretty tight security, don't it?

EDDIE
It does - twenty four hours. That's why there is really only one way to go here.
(leaning forward)

INT. PARIS FLAT - NIGHT

Eddie, Brit and Floyd sit on mismatched chairs in an otherwise barren apartment. With them is JOHN MOLTISANTI, 30's, slim, tattooed. Feral eyes.

Brit shakes his head in disbelief while looking at a diagram of a tunnel.

BRIT
The weight of the soil above it?

JOHN
We'll do reinforcements along the length of it. My only real concern would be rain. Heavy rain. Possible cave-ins. But, the good news is that Eddie's got the structural know-how--

BRIT
(chuckles)
Ya think?

JOHN
That's why I said it. He's got the structural know-how and he's confident--

BRIT
Uh-huh. What's fascination one twenty seven, anyway?

EDDIE
It's a box that belonged to Morrison.

CUT TO:

INT. PARIS APARTMENT - DAY - **FLASHBACK**

The box marked *Fascination 127* on a desk in an empty room, save for several packed, sealed, moving boxes.

EDDIE (V.O.)
Supposedly never been opened. Key went missing or something.

Someone picks up the box.

EDDIE (V.O.)
His wife brought it back to L.A. with her after he died in seventy one.

BACK TO:

INT. PARIS FLAT - NIGHT

Eddie stands, starts to exit.

BRIT
That's it?

EDDIE
That's all I know. Means nothing to us anyway. Early morning tomorrow.

BRIT
So, are we sposed to get *this* box..or just..well, you know..the other, bigger box?

As Eddie leaves the room..

EDDIE
Just the other one.

EXT. LA BREA LOCK AND KEY - DAY

Hollywood. Busy afternoon traffic.

Sign in the window of the tiny storefront: *GONE TO LUNCH*

INT. LA BREA LOCK AND KEY

Davis stands at the cluttered counter. A cocky, tattooed HISPANIC MAN with a name tag: *LOVER*

DAVIS
..This would be a trick to open and if you saw it, felt it, you'd already know what I speak of.

The man looks away from him, MUMBLING something dismissive.

DAVIS (CONT'D)
But, Mr. Lover, surely you, being expert I would assume in this line of work, might get a phone call or visit from a colleague with a question to the problem I just explained.

Davis reaches in his pocket, pulls out a money clip. Peels off three, one hundred dollar bills.

DAVIS (CONT'D)
Maybe you could make some calls. Ask around. See if anything like I describe is floating out there?

The man takes the cash. Nods to Davis: *More*

Davis not pleased, peels off another. Lover, greedily swipes it from him, pulls out his own money clip.

LOVER
This dude over near Silver Lake..

Davis masks his anger.

LOVER (CONT'D)
Called me two days ago about this thick plate box. Said it was small but real solid. Sticky tumblers with a lockout set up.

He stops. Smiles at Davis. Nothing.

DAVIS
Where is this man?

Lover, again, smiles at Davis, rubs his thumb and forefinger for more cash.

Davis squeezes his hand into a fist. Calculates.

LOVER
You can either wax my palm or hit the bricks, slim.

Davis sears, but remains even.

DAVIS
I asked you if you knew and you said no. Then, *with* the cash, you knew without having to so much as lift a phone.

LOVER
Your choice, man.

Davis *is* making a choice. A moment. Then..

..he peels off two more bills.

DAVIS
Now, Mr. Lover, you're going to answer all of my questions.

EXT. PARIS STREET - MORNING

Eddie, Brit, John and Floyd walk down a street populated with several charming sidewalk cafes, restaurants and coffee houses.

Stopping in front of a building where a sign is displayed in the window: *POUR LA LOCATION - 331 42 97 59 83*

Eddie turns to look across the street at the cemetery's ornate cement wall, which surrounds the entire expanse.

EDDIE
This is almost exactly where we'd like to be. Call that number.

Indicates the sign. Brit takes out his cell phone as Eddie crosses the street.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
C'mon.

Hordes of tourists and fans along with a few Television News Crews, mill around the entrance of the cemetery.

EXT. PERE LACHAISE CEMETERY/ENTRANCE - MOMENTS LATER

The four men stand in a line, waiting entrance through a security gate which controls the number of admittances.

BRIT
(hushed tone)
A little more fanfare than I expected this early on.

Eddie watches a NEWS REPORTER nearby.

NEWS REPORTER
..thousands are already arriving. Crowds, like the one seen behind me that are already here have officials believing that the number first anticipated may be much, much larger..

EXT. PERE LACHAISE CEMETERY - MOMENTS LATER

The four men walk the narrow pathways of the cemetery in all of its Gothic beauty. Crowds of people merge along.

Eddie stops at the crest of a knoll and turns to look back down towards the street.

He pulls a surveyor's device from his coat pocket, flips it open and focuses it on the horizon, reading the coordinates displayed.

EDDIE
Almost a thirty foot rise. Tunneling could get a little tricky.

JOHN
Have to drill at that same angle.

They continue further up the hillside. John begins to unbutton his heavy flannel shirt, revealing maintenance coveralls underneath.

EXT. PERE LACHAISE CEMETERY - MOMENTS LATER

The grave of James Douglas Morrison. Roughly three dozen people mingle around the site.

All types - professionals, hippies, the young, the old. A SECURITY GUARD stands nearby.

Eddie casually walks behind the people who hover near the four foot high retaining gate at the grave.

John stands off in the distance, wearing a maintenance uniform. Brit rushes into view near the crowd.

BRIT
Hey! Ray Mandazarek just walked in!

A buzz murmurs through the crowd of:*'Isn't that the keyboard player?'*

Most head in the direction of the entrance. Except one.

MOURNER
You mean, Manzarek?

BRIT
Yeah, that's what I said!

The Mourner rushes away as John rushes in, holding a plastic trash bag.

He climbs over the short barricade, holding up the bag to the Guard. Picks up litter from around the grave stone.

Brit walks to the guard, holding up a piece of paper and charcoal.

BRIT (CONT'D)
(in French)
Grave rubbing? Yes? Can I?

The guard rebuffs a persistent Brit.

With the guard's back turned, John systematically pushes a GPS pin deep into the soil at each corner of the grave, covering each small hole afterward.

Eddie checks his surveyor's device to see that each pin lights up a red icon on his screen.

EDDIE
(to John)
And...we're good.

INT. UNIT FOR LEASE - LATER

Eddie, Brit, Floyd and John walk through an empty rental space that has large front windows facing the street. A short Frenchmen REALTOR trails them, attempting to showcase the property.

REALTOR
(in French)
Large twin ovens come with lease.
Lease is contingent on retail
business opening..

They seem to ignore him as they walk toward the back.

INT. BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Eddie steps onto the dank basement floor. Stone and cement foundation tells the age of the place. Only one window can be seen.

Eddie pulls out the surveyor's instrument, flips it open and reads the screen.

EDDIE
(touching wall)
Right here. Right through here.

Floyd measures the size of the wall.

JOHN
I need the maps of the sewers and buried cable, no later than tomorrow.

EDDIE
This'll be a little different than digging subway tunnels.

JOHN
We'll find out.

The Realtor, standing on the top step, peers down at the backs of the men. Puzzled, he clears his throat. A-HEM. They turn to the short man..

EDDIE
We'll take it.

INT. PARIS FLAT - NIGHT

The four men eat from cartons of Chinese take out. Eddie pours himself a Scotch while studying blueprints. John sets his food down..

JOHN
(nervous)
I'll have you know that I've become a master pastry chef in the fine tradition of the French culinary arts.

Brit cracks up in a sputtering fit.

JOHN (CONT'D)
What? For the last two years I have trained at the finest school in Montreal.

Brit waves his hand in an attempt to turn off the humor.

JOHN (CONT'D)
What?

BRIT
I'm sorry, I'm sorry. It just sounds classically funny is all.

JOHN
I can bake.

BRIT
Yes, I'm sure you can.

JOHN
Fuck you. I can bake, ya limey bastard. It used to be a bakery anyways.

EDDIE
It's too much work.

JOHN
Why are *you* laughing?

EDDIE
I'm smiling.

JOHN
This is my dream, okay? This is..is my retirement plan..this would..complete me someday.

BRIT
You complete me John.

John flips him the middle finger.

EDDIE
It's gotta be simple, John.

BRIT
That's not simple.

JOHN
(off Brit)
No one asked you.

BRIT
Eddie, what's weirder than four Americans running a bakery in France, that can't even bake?

JOHN
I said I can god-damn, bake. I can bake! And you're not even American. Just give me a shot, Eddie. I'll do everything - all the baking, I'll pull double duty.

EDDIE
We're here less than a month.

JOHN
I'd like to maybe stay on after.

Brit rolls his eyes.

FLOYD
(to Eddie)
What's your thing flashing for?

He indicates the GPS device on the kitchen counter top. Eddie sees what he means, moves to it.

Picks up the device, tapping the screen to awaken from 'sleep mode'. On the screen, three small red dots are shown. The fourth is away from the others. The fourth flashes again, then re-sets even further away from the others.

Eddie zooms closer to the migrating pin.

EDDIE
Christ, that's almost a hundred yards from the others.

BRIT
Maybe a cat picked it up.

John gives him a look.

JOHN
Yeah, a cat. That has to be it.

Eddie grabs his jacket.

EXT. PARIS STREET - NIGHT

Eddie and Brit walk along the street across from the cemetery. Eddie intermittently checks the device.

They pass their rental location.

BRIT
I don't get it.

Eddie eyes the screen. Looks up in the distance, back to the screen which shows the marker is close, within twenty five feet.

The only visible soul is a WOMAN sitting on a bus bench.

As they approach the bench, Eddie looks down at the device to see that the beacon indicates the proximity of where she sits.

They stop several feet from her.

BRIT (CONT'D)
(hushed tone)
Why the hell--

EDDIE
(hushed tone)
I don't know.

Eddie watches her over one of Brit's shoulders.

She sets something on the bench. In the shadow of her silhouette, he can't make it out.

BRIT
(noticing Eddie's stare)
What?

WOMAN (O.S.)
Yes, it is.

Brit and Eddie look at one another, miffed. Finally..

Eddie turns to her.

EDDIE
I'm sorry?

The streetlight illuminates her face. VICTORIA, 31, beautiful. A supreme confidence behind the eyes. Knows her power well.

VICTORIA
You must be looking for this.

They see it now - the GPS pin. Speechless.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)
Yes?

EDDIE
What is that?

She tilts her head: *Give me a break.*

EDDIE (CONT'D)
Well..where did you find it?

VICTORIA
Gentlemen. My name is Victoria.
Can we talk somewhere?

EDDIE
No. Just say what you have to say.

She smiles.

VICTORIA
Alright. I want to be involved.

EDDIE
In what?

VICTORIA
Really?

EDDIE
I don't have time for this.

He turns to leave.

VICTORIA
I am going to assist in your expedition.

He turns back to her.

EDDIE
Expedition?

VICTORIA
Stop, okay? I know everything. Your plans..*within reason*.

Eddie smiles, turns to leave again. Brit is speechless.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)
I own the unit you were planning to lease. Just bought it.

Holds up manila envelope.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)
So you'll have to base somewhere else. Unless..

BRIT
Bullshit. We signed the papers.

VICTORIA
Yes, well, he was more eager to sell.

She stands and walks, calling back to them..

VICTORIA (CONT'D)
C'mon. I have the keys.

Brit looks at Eddie in disbelief.

INT. BAKERY - LATER

Eddie stands near a counter as Victoria sits in a lone chair with her legs crossed. Brit paces slowly near the kitchen door.

EDDIE
I don't know where you got your information from, but it's not accurate.

VICTORIA
I've thought of the how to's to get that coffin for years. There is only one way and you know it. I'm going to assist you and your people, I'll only ask for a ten percent cut.

BRIT
Oh, oh, oh, no way, dear.

EDDIE
Why would you want in on a job that would entail this?

VICTORIA
You mean grave robbing?

EDDIE
Borrowing, to be exact.

VICTORIA
Why does it matter? I'm a bit of a necromancer maybe? Big fan of the man in question? All of the above?

Eddie walks toward the front window. After a moment..

EDDIE
(to Brit)
Come on.

Brit perks up. Anxious.

BRIT
Well, ya know, Eddie..

Eddie gives him a long look.

EDDIE
(to Victoria)
I don't even know if my other guys would agree, but I want one truth from you: How did you know we'd be here?

VICTORIA
As I said, I'd heard that multiple people may try for this. I'd already figured out the only way to do this would be from underneath. I watched the grave once they gave the final order for exhumation. Looked for GPS pins, just like the one in your pocket. That's it.

Eddie looks at her - skeptical.

EXT. HEAVY EQUIPMENT YARD - DAY

A large rental truck sits outside the gate of a construction equipment yard, surrounded by the lush, French countryside.

Eddie on his cell phone. Paces near the truck.

EDDIE
..So that's it? Nothing?

MR. CHAMPNEY
(through the phone)
Nothing. She's got to be just a..fanatic of some sort. Watched the grave like she said..happened to see what you were doing..

INT. HOTEL RESIDENCE HENRI IV - INTERCUT AS DESIRED

Champney, leaning forward. Anxious.

EDDIE
You're sure she wasn't tipped off in any way?

MR. CHAMPNEY
Nothing..nothing I know of.

Champney CLEARS his throat.

EDDIE
You son of a bitch. Sold her the piggy back for this job, didn't you?

MR. CHAMPNEY
No..

EDDIE
Some little rich girl fanatic... you must be desperate, Champney, and I don't make a habit of dealing with desperate men.

MR. CHAMPNEY
No--

Eddie ends the call, walks to the rental truck.

INT. RENTAL TRUCK - LATER

Eddie looks at a factory specification sheet for a TBM-60, Tunnel Boring Machine - a six foot, cylindrical, drill-like device.

Brit reads a book titled: *The End - Jim Morrison's Last Days in Paris.*

Using binoculars, Eddie looks upon several men in the distance who sit inside of the fence near a TBM, similar to the one shown on the specification sheet. Brit glances up.

BRIT
How long can they sit there?

EDDIE
They're French - so, all day I suppose.

BRIT
Still got a bad feeling about that female.

Eddie says nothing.

BRIT (CONT'D)
Ya know, our new partner?

EDDIE
Yeah, I know who you mean.

BRIT
And?

EDDIE
And nothing. She's clearly got us where it counts. Champney said she's nobody. It's three weeks. We give her a little cut. Be on our way.

BRIT
Well, I don't trust her.

EDDIE
She'll be just as culpable as us.

Brit looks at his book. Eddie puts the binoculars down. After a moment..

EDDIE (CONT'D)
What's with that?

BRIT
Hmm?

Eddie indicates the book.

BRIT (CONT'D)
Oh, well, this whole damn thing is pretty strange.

EDDIE
Part's that?

Brit flips to a previous page.

BRIT
Like this: only two claim to have seen the body - his girlfriend and a coroner. His girlfriend died four years after him, the coroner never spoke of it and refused any interviews. He died ten years ago. The only people that were at the funeral were the bands manager, this friend of Morrison - Hervie, and the girlfriend. The manager never saw a body, only a sealed coffin.

EDDIE
You said the girlfriend saw the body.

Brit flips further back.

BRIT
But, two people who knew the couple in Paris claim....right here - they said that she was out of the country when he died. She'd been in a long standing affair with some rich Spaniard and only went along with the story of finding him in the bathtub out of shame over the affair. She was actually in Spain when he died. They claim that she never saw the body either - only the sealed coffin.

EDDIE
(sarcastic)
So what, he's on a yacht with Elvis, Janis and Jimi somewhere?

BRIT
I didn't say that, it's just strange is all. Spooky shit, too - was rumored that he reserved the plot months before he died. A good number think he faked his offing.

Eddie considers this last line.

BRIT (CONT'D)
Anyway, he was allegedly drinking a bottle a day, months before he died.

EDDIE
Coulda found AA.

BRIT
Somehow I don't see the Lizard King doing the twelve steps.

Eddie spies with the binoculars once again.

EDDIE
Finally leaving.

Eddie hands the spec sheet to Brit, who sticks it in the pages of his book, then opens his door.

EXT. HEAVY EQUIPMENT YARD

Eddie produces a pair of bolt cutters from the back of the truck, walks to the fence.

EXT. SILVER LAKE LOCK & CHECK CASHING - DAY

A dusty looking L.A. storefront.

INT. SILVER LAKE LOCK & CHECK CASHING

A Henchman stands behind the counter next to the Grungy Man. Davis sits on a stool at the counter in the shadowy space.

DAVIS
I'm still not convinced I can trust in what you say.

GRUNGY MAN
It's the truth, man.

DAVIS
Very well. Just to spot check that we are being honest with each other.

Davis pulls a laptop from his briefcase.

DAVIS (CONT'D)
We hacked the playbacks of the surveillance camera in your lot and in here. Now, I already know you are not being completely forthcoming.

The Grungy Man ducks down, looks into the parking lot.

DAVIS (CONT'D)
Trust me, they're up there. Big brother and all.. Okay, you correct your story for me, you'll only get one chance, and my friend here won't do what he absolutely loves to do.

The Henchman removes a set of wooden chopsticks from his inside pocket. SNAPS them apart.

DAVIS (CONT'D)
One chance.

GRUNGY MAN
Okay, fuck it. It was a girl came in, wanted me to open it. But I'm serious about the box - couldn't be cut and the lock was a custom job.

DAVIS
Did she leave any information?

GRUNGY MAN
No, sir.

DAVIS
What was the last thing you told her?

The man thinks..

GRUNGY MAN
That she should try and find the key.

Davis watches him carefully. Smiles. Remorseful, he nods at the Henchman, walks toward the door. The Henchman stays.

EXT. SILVER LAKE LOCK - MOMENTS LATER

Davis walks toward a Mercedes. Phone to his ear.

AZADIAN
(through the phone)
Yes?

DAVIS
Good news. It'll be in Paris.

INT. AZADIAN COMPOUND/POOL - DAY - INTERCUT AS DESIRED

A young girl rubs tanning oil on Azadian's furry back.

AZADIAN
Who has it?

DAVIS
A girl.

AZADIAN
Champney's?

DAVIS
Pretty careless if she is. If he's involved, I'll find him. I'm leaving tonight at any rate. Everyone's already in Paris.

INT. AUTHORITY OF RECORD - DAY

A row of information booths line a wall.

Eddie stands at a window marked: *Burial Records/Real Estate Records*. A pretty, young, FRENCH GIRL assists him as he looks over a photocopied document that reads: *Security of Property Date: 07/05/1971*

EDDIE
So, just to be sure, since my French is not up to par, this is the date that the plot was purchased?

FRENCH GIRL
Leased, oui.

He grazes over the pages.

EDDIE
Okay, well, thanks for all of your help.

He starts to slide it back to the girl when something catches his eye. He pulls it back to read.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
Why does this date at the back read..

The date printed: *05/07/1971*.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
May seventh? What does this word mean in front of it?

She looks at it.

FRENCH GIRL
Enterr'e. That is when the body was buried.

EDDIE
What's this then, a typo? A mistake?

FRENCH GIRL
No. This is the date he was buried, July fifth.

EDDIE
No, it says May seventh.

He flips to the front page.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
This says July fifth.

She looks at it. Smiles at him.

FRENCH GIRL
I see what you think. But no, in Europe, this first set of numbers are the day and the second set are the month.

Stunned.

EDDIE
So you mean to tell me that the plot was bought..*leased*..on May the seventh?

FRENCH GIRL
Yes and the enterr'ed date at the back is when he was buried. That is when lease period starts.

EDDIE
And who's signature is this? Hervie?

The name reads: *Herve'*

She smiles.

FRENCH GIRL
Is pronounced Air-veh.

EDDIE
Told you my French wasn't up to par. Can you make out the last name?

She strains on it.

FRENCH GIRL
No. Sorry.

He smiles at her.

EXT. KATHERINE'S HOUSE - DAY

Monet slowly walks with her puppy near the swamp's edge.

She labors. Feverish. Rubs her side. GROANS.

INT. KATHERINE'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Katherine walks into the living room.

Walks into Monet's bedroom, turns, walks back out.

In the hallway.

KATHERINE
Monet?

She walks to the back room.

KATHERINE (CONT'D)
Monet?

Looks out the window. Her face registers shock. Horror.

Monet lies unconscious on the ground near the swamps edge.

EXT. SWAMPS EDGE

Katherine runs to Monet's side. Checks her pulse.

Picks her up.

KATHERINE
Wake up, sweetie! Wake up!

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

The basement floor has a small section of concrete removed and a five foot deep, by fifteen foot wide, trench has been dug.

Brit and Floyd wear dust masks and coveralls, shoveling earth into large burlap bags.

Using a circular saw, Victoria cuts 4x4 beams to specific lengths.

BRIT
This is going to be a lot more work than we thought.

A large section of the foundation wall has been removed. The tunnel boring machine emits a low RUMBLE as it grinds at a slow, steady, revolution into the earth.

John stands in the middle of the machine, guiding it with two hand controls.

Eddie enters the basement from the stairwell and approaches John.

INT. TUNNEL

Eddie looks closely at the sidewalls as the machine churns away. The tunnel looks to be about ten feet long.

Eddie grimaces, walks away.

INT. BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

He approaches Victoria.

EDDIE
Here, I'll give you a break.

She turns her shoulder to him.

VICTORIA
I'm fine.

Eddie takes a pencil, marks a beam at six feet.

EDDIE
Now that you know everything, you wanna tell me why you wanted in on this so bad?

She powers the saw: SHRIIIING. Cuts the wood.

VICTORIA
Already told you.

EDDIE
Mmm hmm. It's just that you seem pretty sane, you obviously have some money. What is it that you do--

SHRIIIING - drops another beam off the saw horse.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
What is it that you do when you're not helping to dig up dead rock stars?

VICTORIA
That's cute. So, your wife left you?

Eddie gives her a look.

EDDIE
No need to get nasty.

She smiles, slightly.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
You said something the other night about multiple people going after this.

SHRIIIING

EDDIE (CONT'D)
Where'd you hear that?

VICTORIA
Blogs. People talking.

EDDIE
Why would anyone, let alone, multiple people; go after this?

VICTORIA
Different strokes for different folks, right?

Eddie waits for more. Nothing.

EDDIE
Just so you know, I'm running this operation. No one is opening that casket. Just in case your reason might be that.

She salutes him.

His phone vibrates. He checks the incoming text message:

Call Me ASAP! - Katherine

INT. BAKERY - MOMENTS LATER

Phone to his ear, Eddie watches the empty street through the front window as he waits for an answer.

KATHERINE
(through the phone)
Eddie?

EDDIE
What's wrong?

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY - INTERCUT AS DESIRED

Katherine looking out the window.

KATHERINE
She hit failure this morning.
She's in a coma.

EDDIE
What?

EXT. BAKERY/FRONT WINDOW - CONTINUOUS

Eddie's face drops as he receives more information.

His world crumbles.

He asks something - the answer is not good, given his reaction. He listens intently. A moment. Flips his phone closed. Looks out toward the cemetery, focusing on nothing - a sinking feeling of familiar failings past.

EXT. BAKERY - DAY

A hand painted sign hangs over the door: *AMERICAN BOULANGERIE(BAKERY)*

INT. BAKERY - DAY

A glass display case shows off an array of deliciously complicated looking baked goods along with numerous glazed donuts.

A dozen or so customers inside the small space. Brit runs the cash register, with John filling orders.

Victoria prepares coffee drinks.

Next in line, a lovely French woman steps up to the counter.

FRENCH WOMAN
(in French)
Six of the.. mmm.. how you say...donut américain?

Brit instructs John to the plain glazed donuts.

BRIT
Six of them.

FRENCH WOMAN
These donuts will give me a pot belly, but so, so good.

Brit smiles.

BRIT
(in French)
You look great to me.

FRENCH WOMAN
You are the chef here?

Brit glances at John, then back to the woman.

BRIT
Oui.

Victoria LAUGHS. John looks at him suspiciously. Hands the woman her order. She winks at Brit before exiting.

JOHN
Can you believe this? Word of mouth has caught fire.

BRIT
Well, there's no other place that sells pastries near the cemetery.

JOHN
What the fuck are you talking about? I counted four. Told ya I could bake..

BRIT
Well, they’re only buying the damned glazed donuts so don’t get too excited, Betty Crocker.

John smiles, victoriously.

JOHN
Well, I still made ‘em.

Brit rolls his eyes.

BRIT
Eddie didn’t want a lot of foot traffic.

EXT. REAR OF BAKERY - LATER

Eddie and Victoria loads sacks that are filled with dirt, into the back of the rental truck.

CUT TO:

EXT. BAKERY - MOMENTS LATER

The rental truck pulls out from the alley, onto the street.

Across the street, a swelling crowd outside of the cemetery gates, swarms toward the entrance. Doors music BLASTS out.

EXT. COUNTRY LAKE - LATER

Eddie and Victoria empty the last of the soil near the waters edge.

VICTORIA
Brit said your daughter is quite ill.

EDDIE
Yeah.

VICTORIA
It’s true that you only took this job for her?

Eddie gives her a leery glance.

VICTORIA (CONT’D)
Floyd had mentioned it.

Eddie confirms.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)
How old is she?

EDDIE
Twelve.

VICTORIA
I'm sorry.

Eddie nods.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)
Father's are an important part of a girls life. You seem like a good one.

EDDIE
Not really.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARIS INTERSECTION

The rental truck stops at a traffic light.

INT. RENTAL TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Eddie sits behind the wheel, Victoria next to him. Several pedestrians cross the street in front of them.

They both smile as they observe an older couple arguing fiercely as they cross - the woman getting the last word.

VICTORIA
So, who hired you for this job?

EDDIE
Don't know. Someone who's more than a little twisted.

She gets his message - smiles at him. He looks at her - smiles.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
How'd you ever get to Champney to find out about me and the job?

She glances at him, saying nothing. He watches her a moment.

Looking back at the crosswalk, his attention focuses on two men slowly crossing in front of him. After a moments hesitation it comes to him - Azadian's men.

He instinctively recoils down in the seat, so as not to be seen by them.

VICTORIA
What is it?

EDDIE
Those men. Don't look at them.

Azadian's men pass on by.

INT. BAKERY KITCHEN - NIGHT

John and Victoria sit atop a counter while Brit and Floyd stand nearby, listening to Eddie.

Looks of bewilderment all around.

Finally, John clears his throat.

JOHN
Can I speak freely?

Eddie gestures to the affirmative.

JOHN (CONT'D)
No one ever mentioned Azadian before.

BRIT
Oh, come on!

JOHN
It's true, so you can shut the fuck up!

BRIT
So what.

JOHN
Eddie, you'll never know how grateful I was to get the call for this gig. I needed it in the worst way. But I got three kids now. I'm married. The way that guy'll cut right through a family? I'd have passed if I knew Azadian was in the mix.

BRIT
Then get the fuck out, or if you'd rather, I'll take you out.

John lunges at Brit and throws an overhand right that cracks him above the left eye.

Floyd and Eddie quickly separate the two men who continue to exchange VERBAL hatred.

BRIT (CONT'D)
(eyes blaring)
Dead!

JOHN
Fuck you, shit bag!

EDDIE
Listen!

His sudden rage of frustration, silences them.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
I should have told everyone here about my situation with him. I didn't..

Brit seems to cool down a bit.

BRIT
You just need to stay off the streets.

Eddie moves to the sink, grabs a bottle of Scotch.

Pours five glasses, giving one to each of them.

EDDIE
Look, we're here. We're in it. We *are* going through with this job now, regardless.

Eddie raises his glass. They all raise their glasses, except John.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
I'll sweeten the pot for my mistake.

Finally, John raises his glass.

JOHN
No man, it's more than fair already. Fascination one twenty seven.

They clink and drink.

EXT. PALAIS GARNIER OPERA HOUSE - NIGHT

Spectacular lights illuminate the front of the 19th Century architectural masterpiece. A throng of people slowly usher out into the night.

Mr. Champney, glowing from the performance, weaves his way through the crowd, to the sidewalk. He reads the Performer's Bios from his Playbill as he walks. The cover reads: *Romeo et Juliette.*

Champney turns down a less crowded street.

DAVIS (O.S.)
I knew it..

Champney looks up to see Davis standing near an alley, smiling.

MR. CHAMPNEY
Davis.

DAVIS
I remembered your fondness for Alagna doing Romeo et Juliette.

MR. CHAMPNEY
You were following me?

DAVIS
No, no. I saw the review in the paper and knew you'd never miss a rare performance like that if you were in town.

MR. CHAMPNEY
Well, I'm on vacation.

DAVIS
Of course. Can I give you a ride?

MR. CHAMPNEY
Trying to get a little exercise.

DAVIS
Please. Just want to get your professional opinion on something.

He gestures to a Mercedes Benz limousine parked in the alley.

Champney looks at him - measuring.

He walks in the direction of the limo, staying just behind Davis.

He stealthily slips his cell phone out. With a slight flick of his wrist, tosses it onto several plastic bags of trash that line the alleyway.

DAVIS (CONT'D)
I'd always contended a Sicilian like Alanga had no business starring in the French Opera.

INT. BAKERY - NIGHT

Eddie walks to the front windows. Phone to his ear.

KATHERINE (O.S.)
(through the phone)
Hi.

EDDIE
How is she?

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY - INTERCUT AS DESIRED

KATHERINE
She's stable.

EDDIE
How long can she maintain?

KATHERINE
Another week, they hope.

EDDIE
Listen. I'm sorry I lied about taking this job. I'm just tired of disappointing you.

A moment. He can hear her fighting tears.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
I want you to know that I will have that surgery in place.

KATHERINE
Please be safe, Eddie.

EDDIE
Okay.

She is struck with emotion.

KATHERINE
Thank you..for..for..making this happen.

He smiles.

KATHERINE (CONT'D)
I never told you this, Eddie - you're a terrific father.

EDDIE
Kath--

KATHERINE
No. You are. I know you only ever tried to do right by us.

This means more to him than any sum of money.

EDDIE
Give her a kiss.

INT. MERCEDES BENZ LIMO/MOVING - LATER

Champney sits in the back with an Enforcer on one side and Emad on the other. Davis sits across from him. They travel the Quai de la Tournelle, which parallels the Seine River.

DAVIS
..then..let me see your room key.

MR. CHAMPNEY
I told you where I'm staying. This is silly, Davis.

Davis weighs him.

MR. CHAMPNEY (CONT'D)
What's this about?

EMAD
Where's Eddie Hanley?

Davis looks at Emad, puts his index finger to his lips.

MR. CHAMPNEY
I've no idea - I'm on vacation.

Davis watches him. Makes brief eye contact with the Enforcers. They each grab one of Champney's arms and pin them back.

MR. CHAMPNEY (CONT'D)
Get your hands off me.

EMAD
Break 'em if you struggle.

DAVIS
Emad...*manners*.

Davis leans forward.

DAVIS (CONT'D)
May I?

Davis meticulously searches Champney's jacket pockets. Pulls out a passport, puts it back.

DAVIS (CONT'D)
I do apologize for the intrusion.

Continues to search, then, removes a hotel card-key. Reads the face of it: *Hotel Residence Henri IV.* Shakes his head:*tisk tisk.*

MR. CHAMPNEY
I'm on vacation...I want privacy.

He puts the key back in Champney's pocket.

DAVIS
Oh gracious, I hate this.

Davis nods at Emad, then looks away.

Emad retrieves a pair of pliers from the door pocket, nods at Enforcer #2, who forcibly holds Champney's arm and hand out.

MR. CHAMPNEY
No! Davis!

DAVIS
You were untruthful about your hotel. I have to wonder: what else?

Emad clamps the pliers onto Champney's thumbnail and pulls straight out.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL RESIDENCE HENRI IV - LATER

Champney, wearied, sits in a chair.

The two henchmen search under the bed, closet, night stands. Davis rummages through the writing desk. He notices something behind the entertainment center, casually moving to it.

He slides out a slim briefcase. Sets it on the desk. Opens it. He tosses several magazines out onto the desk, then..

He lays out several topography photos of a cemetery:

Pere La Chaise.

Shakes his head.

DAVIS
Oh, goodness.

CUT TO:

Champney, bound and gagged in a chair. No shoes or socks. Emad clamps the pliers onto his big toenail. Slowly tugs it out. Champney bellows out a muffled SCREAM.

DAVIS (CONT'D)
Who hired you?

Emad presses his gloved thumb into the soft flesh of the newly exposed big toe. Champney ERUPTS in pain, finally nodding his head. Emad slides the gag down.

MR. CHAMPNEY
He..he's Middle Eastern..a Prince..from the Emirates..

Emad locks his arm around his neck, wrenches his head back, slides the pliers half way up his nasal canal.

EMAD
Who?!

Champney, panicked, looks about the room. Sees one of the magazines strewn across the desk..

The back cover advertisement: *Chateau Remy Remy Brandy*

MR. CHAMPNEY
Remi! Prince Remi from the Emirates!

Forcing the pliers deeper. Davis, looking away..

DAVIS
Eddie Hanley?

MR. CHAMPNEY
(panicked)
He's not involved..not involved!

DAVIS
Then, whom did you hire?

MR. CHAMPNEY
They're Middle Eastern as well! Haven't used them in twenty years! The client insisted.

ENFORCER #2 (O.S.)
Can't find his cell phone.

MR. CHAMPNEY
I told you, it was stolen..

DAVIS
Where is this crew?

MR. CHAMPNEY
They wouldn't tell me. I won't know until the day of.

DAVIS
That is highly unlikely.

Davis looks deep into him.

DAVIS (CONT'D)
Consider yourself working for Mr. Azadian from this night forward. Please, conduct yourself accordingly.

INT. MOUTH OF TUNNEL

The length looks to be over seventy five feet now.

INT. TUNNEL

John mans the T.B.M. as it slowly churns away at the wall of earth that lies in front of it.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BAKERY KITCHEN - DAY

Brit and Floyd slide trays of donuts into a large oven.

Eddie pumps glaze from a dispenser onto hot donuts that cool on trays.

A CALENDER showing the first three weeks of June with and **X** through each day.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BAKERY - DAY

A large line at the bakery. Boxes of donuts being sold to customers. John slides a new tray behind the glass.

JOHN
(to Eddie)
We're a huge hit..

Eddie watches the crowd. Shakes his head.

EXT. NEARBY PASTRY SHOP - DAY

A FRENCHMEN BAKER in a classical chefs uniform, steps out onto the street and looks down toward the *AMERICAN BOULANGERIE (BAKERY)*, shaking his head in disgust at the occupied tables in front.

INT. HOTEL REGINA PARIS - DAY

Davis speaks to Emad and eight other Enforcers that stand semi-circle around him.

DAVIS
Check every business around the cemetery. Note anything strange: Middle Easterners, American's... anything suspicious.

EMAD
Why we do this? We take coffin after it's dug up anyway - our way.

He glares at Emad.

DAVIS
Emad, I've always said you should not be treated like a mushroom in the dark - my concern is in regard to the other party that is in pursuit. That they may be executing another method than brute force by way of mercenaries.

Indicates underground.

EXT. PERE LACHAISE CEMETERY - NIGHT

A crowd of over one hundred people wait impatiently outside of the cemetery. Full police force at the gate.

INT. TUNNEL

The tunnel now appears unending and foreboding. Claustrophobic.

4X4 beam reinforcements line the ceiling every ten feet. Several halogen utility lamps light the work area. Eddie operates the T.B.M.

INT. BAKERY - DAY

Heavy congestion with customers waiting to pick up fresh donuts. Brit operates the cash register as Floyd and John fill orders.

Several of the next customers in line are French POLICE OFFICERS. An officer steps to the counter.

POLICE OFFICER
(in French)
I must say I am quite addicted to your..eh..glassed..glass..

Brit giggles like a school girl with the Officer.

BRIT
(in French)
Glazed, sir. They are quite lovely.

John watches Brit - suspicious.

POLICE OFFICER
You are the master chef here?

Brit plays bashful.

BRIT
Oui.

John can hardly stand it.

POLICE OFFICER
(boisterous, playful)
Oui, oui, oui...great chefs are treated like celebrities in Pari..especially by the ladies, eh?

He winks at Brit.

In the BG, Emad and an Enforcer walk into the crowded bakery. Standing at the back, they survey the customers and workers.

INT. BAKERY KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Eddie puts an **X** through June 25 on the CALENDER with a marker. All of the previous days have the same mark.

He looks at the wax thumb casting which sits on a shelf, smiles, picks it up. Pockets it.

INT. TUNNEL - NIGHT

Eddie travels slowly down the long and winding labyrinth, studying each support beam system as he passes. CLAMP LIGHTS, equally spaced every 20 feet or so, dimly light the path.

EDDIE
John?!

The packed dirt walkways seem to absorb all sound.

Reaching out both arms at his sides, his finger tips touch either side of the wall, as he continually scans the radius of the ceiling.

INT. BAKERY - CONTINUOUS

Brit takes the cash out of the register and stuffs it into a duffel bag.

The front door opens. In walks Emad, followed by another stoic-faced BEHEMOTH.

Brit looks up.

BRIT
Sorry, we're closed. Nothing left at all.

Emad says nothing but casually takes in the entire environment, walking towards the kitchen.

BRIT (CONT'D)
Hello?

The Behemoth walks to the counter and stares at Brit.

BRIT (CONT'D)
Closed. Us. We are closed.

He points to his watch then pantomimes locking a door. The large man continues to stare at Brit.

Brit finally leans over the counter toward the direction of Emad.

BRIT (CONT'D)
Excuse me? Does he--

EMAD
He understand you.

BRIT
Good, we're closed.

EMAD
Door is not locked.

Emad approaches the counter.

BRIT
I was about to when you--

EMAD
Who are you?

BRIT
Excuse me?

EMAD
Who are you?

BRIT
Who are you?

EMAD
Don’t play games with me. Who owns this place? His name?

BRIT
I’m sorry, the customer’s always right. What was the question?

EMAD
Who. Fucking. Own this?

BRIT
Oh, his name is - Fuck. Off. Asshole!

The large man grabs Brit by the lapels, drags him across the counter top, throws him to the floor.

Emad kicks Brit in the stomach, once, twice, then on the third, Brit hooks Emad’s ankle and foot with his arm, pulling it tight to his body. Brit throws his legs around Emad’s only foot on the ground and wrenches his legs apart, causing Emad to hit the ground, hard.

BRIT (CONT'D)
You messed with the wrong baker, mother fucker.

The large man attacks Brit, who rolls away to gain some distance but the man overwhelms him and puts a choke hold around his neck, then rips him to his feet.

Emad gets to his feet. Brit rapidly donkey kicks the Behemoth three times in the genitals causing him to let go. Brit turns and sweeps the attackers legs out from under him, sending him crashing to the floor.

Emad strikes Brit as hard as he can in the kidney, dropping him to his knees.

Brit sees a .45 handgun tucked into the fallen brute’s belt.

Emad locks his arm around Brit’s neck and begins to squeeze the life out of him.

EMAD
You stupid man!

VICTORIA (O.S.)
Hey!

Emad turns his head to see Victoria training a .9MM handgun at his head.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)
Let him go!

EMAD
You put down gun!

Floyd steps in, training a shotgun on them.

FLOYD
Now.

Emad stares at them as Brit struggles. Finally, Emad releases him.

Brit gasps for air and slowly tries to rise to his feet. Emad lightly kicks at the Behemoth.

EMAD
Get up.

FLOYD
Out.

Emad slowly backs his way toward the front door as his large accomplice finally gets up and rumbles toward him.

Emad spits blood on the floor, at their feet. Reaches out and rips a *'KEEP JIM IN PARIS'* tee shirt off from a hanger, holds it to his bleeding nose and exits.

The door closes behind them. Brit turns to Floyd.

BRIT
Who the fuck was that?

FLOYD
Give you one guess.

VICTORIA
Did you start it?

BRIT
No.

CUT TO:

INT. TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

Eddie stands on a cinder block and leans all of his weight on the TBM. John, below him, pushes as well.

JOHN
Hold on! We're just spinning.

John shifts to a lower gear.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Lemme change the angle.

Eddie looks at a laminated map of the sublevel.

EDDIE
Run it at forty degrees.

JOHN
Thirty.

EDDIE
Forty to be safe.

A grinding, FRICTION NOISE.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
What the hell is that?

JOHN
Maybe rocks.

Eddie looks down at where John stands to see water pooling in fast.

EDDIE
Wait!

John looks down to the water then back up in front of him.

JOHN
Shit.

EDDIE
Just back off it. Slow.

John carefully pulls back on the angle lever..

CRUNCH

Pressurized water BLASTS into the tunnel.

John’s feet are taken out from under him by the force of the water. He fights to hold onto the muddy surface, but to no avail -- he is swept down the tunnel.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
Don’t fight it, just get to the basement!

Eddie jumps down and is immediately swept away by the fast moving water.

The water rises at an alarming rate.

John’s leg becomes lodged in one of the sidewall supports. Head under the swift current, he fights to lift his mouth above the water level.

Eddie is flushed past him, grabs onto a support further down. Fights to work himself toward John.

John, submerged, struggles to free his leg. Losing his breath, he panics.

Eddie finally reaches him, throws his arm around his upper thigh and wrenches backward with everything he’s got left.

INT. BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Water rushes into the basement. John blasts into the room from the force of the water, followed by Eddie, speeding in behind him. They both crash into the wall opposite the hole.

Eddie scrambles to the stairs, ascending quickly. John, GASPING, follows as the basement floods.

EDDIE
Gotta get that main shut off!

INT. BAKERY - MOMENTS LATER

Muddy and soaking wet, they hustle into the cafe area.

EDDIE
Hey?!

He stops at the sight of Brit and Floyd near the front window, holding handguns. Brit paces.

EDDIE (CONT’D)
We got a big problem downstairs!

FLOYD
Got one up here, too.

EDDIE
What?! You gotta get that water main shut off, now! We're flooding fast!

Brit rushes to the kitchen. Floyd and Eddie follow.

Seeing blood on Brit..

EDDIE (CONT'D)
What the hell happened to him?

FLOYD
I think they were Azadian's men.

BRIT
Tried to kill me.

EDDIE
How many?

FLOYD
Bald guy and a great big bastard.

EDDIE
(to Brit)
Did you start it?

BRIT
(incredulous)
No!

EDDIE
They recognize you?

BRIT
They've never seen Floyd or myself before.

EDDIE
City's gonna come looking for that busted main.

INT. TUNNEL - LATER

Floyd, wearing a spark shield, puts the finishing touches on welding a steel plate over the hole in the water line. John inspects the water logged TBM.

Water is pooled roughly two feet deep.

Standing over Floyd, Eddie looks at the exposed pipe.

EDDIE
Can we kick the water back on?

FLOYD
Should be good.

EDDIE
Yes or no?

FLOYD
Yeah, yes.

Eddie pushes through the knee deep water, toward the basement.

JOHN
(yelling after him)
Since we've got it disengaged, we need to drill a short hole in the side wall - drain some of this water off.

EDDIE
(calling back)
Do it.

Eddie SLOSHES toward the faraway exit.

INT. BAKERY - MOMENTS LATER

He walks to the front windows, phone to his ear.

EDDIE
(into his cell phone)
Answer your god damned phone.

Brit, BREATHING heavy, enters from the kitchen. Eddie spins around.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
Did you turn it back on?

Brit nods, panting.

BRIT
Could..couldn't wait for your call.
(MORE)

BRIT (CONT'D)
It’s crawling with City workers out there. Floyd got the weld on I hope?

EDDIE
Yeah, John’s draining off the water. Give him a hand.

Brit waves in acknowledgement as he turns and exits into the kitchen.

Eddie dials his phone, holds it to his ear.

While standing in the shadows, he turns to watch the scrambling CITY WORKERS across the street. One of the workers give *thumbs up* as a few of the others shrug in bewilderment.

MR. CHAMPNEY
(through the phone)
Edward?

EDDIE
I’m ready to pull out of this job! I just had two of Azadian’s men here!

A pause.

INT. CINEMA LOBBY - NIGHT - INTERCUT AS DESIRED

Champney walks to a corner of the room.

MR. CHAMPNEY
They were there?

EDDIE
Yes!

MR. CHAMPNEY
They saw you?

EDDIE
Where are you?

MR. CHAMPNEY
Did they see you?!

EDDIE
No, Champney, where are you? We need to meet. Face to face.

MR. CHAMPNEY
I’m not in France, yet.

EDDIE
How did they know to come *here*?

MR. CHAMPNEY
They're just randomly sniffing around the city.

EDDIE
How do you know that? Why the hell are they even in France?

MR. CHAMPNEY
They're looking for an Arab, figuring to be nearby the cemetery--

EDDIE
How do you know that?!

MR. CHAMPNEY
Azadian is after the coffin.

EDDIE
For the same fucking client?!

MR. CHAMPNEY
No. I've heard he's after some type of key. Rumored to be in the coffin.

EDDIE
Who's my client?

MR. CHAMPNEY
I don't even know that. I've only personally dealt with his assistant.

EDDIE
Listen to me, when that package is returned to us, we put it back and it gets dug up - Monet gets that surgery twenty four hours after, as agreed.

MR. CHAMPNEY
I'm insulted by the accusation.

EDDIE
Spare me. Call me as soon as you get in.

Eddie ends the call. Moves slowly toward the kitchen, immersed in thought.

Faint SCREAMS are heard coming from downstairs.

INT. BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Eddie rapidly descends the stairs. Brit stands at the mouth of the tunnel, in knee deep water, motioning him furiously.

BRIT
Quick! We found something!

EDDIE
What?

BRIT
Just come here!

He turns and rushes down the tunnel. Eddie chases.

INT. TUNNEL - MOMENTS LATER

SLOSHING through the wet footing, Eddie catches up to Brit.

EDDIE
What is it?

Winded, Brit slows to a quick walk.

BRIT
When we made that drain hole in the side wall - we found a room.

They approach the freshly bored hole <u>which is just several feet from the end of the tunnel</u>.

Eddie ducks into the hole to see that it opens up into a Chamber.

INT. CHAMBER

Illuminated by WORK LIGHTS, the dank room runs roughly fifty feet long by twenty feet wide. The ceiling rises to about fifteen feet high.

John opens up canvas packages containing World War II-era weapons, found in a large wooden crate.

BRIT
(scanning the crate)
There's some serious weapons in here.

Eddie takes a closer look at the weapons that John has unwrapped.

EDDIE
French resistance.

BRIT
Absolutely. (indicating the wall) And I'd bet that through there is a sewer line.

EDDIE
Right.

JOHN (O.C.)
Woah! Check this shit out!

He holds up one pure gold bar that is embossed with a Nazi swastika.

FLOYD
Nazi gold.

EDDIE
Definitely stolen by the resistance.

They all move to the container.

BRIT
How many?

JOHN
Just the one.

EDDIE
Nice bonus, gentlemen. Worth almost three hundred grand.

JOHN
Got a big problem, though.
(indicates T.B.M)
The motor blew after I made the hole. Fucking water must've fried the pistons.

EDDIE
No, no, god damn it. No!

BRIT
Fuck! We're fucked! We've no more time.

EDDIE
Can it be re-built?

JOHN
Yeah, but getting parts? We might be done here.

EDDIE
Bullshit. Brit, where's the spec sheet I handed you the other day?

BRIT
Umm..oh, I stuffed it in the book I was showing you. It's on the kitchen shelf.

CUT TO:

EXT. REAR OF BAKERY - CONTINUOUS

Emad stands on a cinder block wall that runs the length of the alley. He finishes attaching a small, half dome surveillance camera to the wall of the neighboring business.

INT. BAKERY KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Eddie flips through the book, *The End: Jim Morrison's Last Days in Paris*. Finds the spec sheet, pulls it out, scans the details regarding the motor.

As he closes the book, he notices a photo on the page that the book is opened to, of Morrison and another MAN. Under the photo it reads: *Jim, shown here with friend, Herve' Yepremian*. He studies it a moment.

EDDIE
(to himself)
Air-veh.

EXT. PERE LACHAISE CEMETERY - NIGHT

Cascading rain beats down with a vengeance across the marble tombstones and mausoleums.

Rainwater streams down the walkways that coil through the great cemetery.

INT. BASEMENT

Eddie sits in front of a laptop, studying the screen.

The screen shows various mechanical schematics of engines and drive trains. One reads: *Rebuilding Power Transfer Casings/ Tunnel Boring Equipment.*

John enters from the tunnel, dragging a drive shaft and a small engine.

JOHN
This engine block's cooked. Couldn't even bore it and fit new pistons if we had 'em.

EDDIE
Check it out.

John looks at the screen, reads the information displayed.

JOHN
Yeah, but like I said, we'd need a whole new block.

Eddie opens another window which shows the schematics for a '67 Volkswagen Beetle. Opens the drive train specs. John studies it for a few seconds.

JOHN (CONT'D)
O*kay...this* is a car engine...

EDDIE
Look at the dimensions of the transfer casing.

John reads it. He perks up, reaches over and re-opens the TBM page, down sizes it to compare with the Volkswagen specifics.

JOHN
Could that work?

EDDIE
I see no reason it wouldn't. It'll run hot but we've only got another ten, fifteen feet to dig. Only problem is it's got to be a sixties or seventies model.

INT. BAKERY KITCHEN - DAY

The calender has an **X** through JULY 1st, 2nd, 3rd. July 5 has a bulls eye target crudely drawn on it.

INT. BAKERY - CONTINUOUS

The morning crowd at the bakery overflows. Brit handles the register while Floyd fills orders. The rack of Morrison Tee-Shirts has dwindled to only a few.

EXT. PERE LACHAISE CEMETERY ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

A mob upward of a thousand, stand outside of the gate, SHOUTING rallying cries. Some hold signs in protest of the events to unfold.

TV REPORTER
..Officials were forced to close the cemetery a day early because of the unprecedented crowds..

A force of at least eight police cars and thirty, nervous looking policemen, line the front of the entrance way.

A few try and climb the wall further down from the gate and are quickly set upon by policemen.

INT. RENTAL TRUCK - LATER

Stopped at a traffic light, Eddie behind the wheel, wearing sunglasses. John watches the streets from the passenger seat.

JOHN
Hey, hey! Right there, right there..

He indicates an immaculate, 1968 VW BEETLE.

INT. RENTAL TRUCK - DAY

They follow the VW into the parking lot of a building.

A sign at the rear of the building: *Quartier de la police*.

JOHN
This is nuts.

EDDIE
We're out of time.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

John checks his surroundings before popping the VW's door lock.

EXT. PARIS STREET - MOMENTS LATER

John drives the Beetle, following the truck that Eddie drives.

EXT. GUTTED BUILDING - LATER

In the back of a gutted manufacturing building, Eddie and John pull the engine out of the back of the car, onto a heavy duty dolly.

As they fight to pull the dolly up the ramp, a police car pulls along side of the truck. The OFFICER is shocked when he sees the two men, grunting an engine up a ramp.

Eddie and John's faces drop when they see him. Sitting next to the officer - a woman. Judging from the time of day, amount of make-up and her clothes, it's obvious that she's a prostitute.

The officer looks away, speeds across the lot.

EXT. BAKERY - NIGHT

Sheeting rain pelts a police tent canopy that stands in front of the cemetery gates.

INT. TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

Eddie and John finish bolting the VW engine into place as Floyd completes a weld along the top. The TBM looks like an industrial art sculpture.

Eddie turns the key - the engine comes to life with an angry GROWL.

EDDIE
Alright. Only needs to give us about ten feet.

FADE TO:

Eddie guides the machine as it GRUMBLES away at the earth.

He releases the hand grips and it idles with a HUM. Pulling out the GPS compass, he watches a glowing red icon that shows the grave markers above him.

The monitor shows that he is directly underneath the grave. He looks up to the soil above, in wonder.

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Floyd welds heavy duty, inflatable dolly tires onto a medical gurney where the original wheels have been cut off. John assists him.

INT. HOTEL REGINA PARIS - DAY

A dark room, save for a sliver of light that penetrates around the edge of the curtains. Davis sits across from Champney. Two Henchman stand nearby.

DAVIS
Still no contact with your crew?

MR. CHAMPNEY
Like I'd said, they won't contact me until the day of.

Davis sips his coffee. Champney notices an open laptop on a desk. The screen is split into multiple squares of various surveillance tappings of various locations.

DAVIS
Who holds the box?

MR. CHAMPNEY
The box?

Glares at Champney.

DAVIS
Fascination one twenty seven.

MR. CHAMPNEY
I didn't know anyone to actually be trying to obtain a box.

DAVIS
What do you suppose your client wants with the coffin?

MR. CHAMPNEY
I honestly couldn't guess and I never ask.

Davis watches him carefully.

DAVIS
Please believe me when I tell you, we will tolerate no more lies, Mr. Champney.

MR. CHAMPNEY
I understand.

Champney glances at the laptop screen intermittently.

DAVIS
We'll be close by. So when you get that call..

Davis glances at the open laptop.

MR. CHAMPNEY
Of course.

He stands to leave.

DAVIS
Mr. Azadian wanted me to reiterate: Eddie Hanley. He's not involved, correct?

MR. CHAMPNEY
No. He's not. I heard he retired.

Davis nods.

DAVIS
Good for you. You know Sarkis' temper.

INT. TUNNEL - DAY

Rainwater trickles through from the ceiling.

Eddie and Floyd walk the modified gurney through the narrow tunnel of mud. They wear lighted, miner's helmets.

A few clods of muddy soil from the ceiling break away and SPLASH to the wet ground.

Nearing the end, they pass by the Chamber.

In the distance, John uses a smaller spade shovel to dig the earth from the ceiling. Two TELESCOPIC SUPPORT BRACES are in place underneath where the coffin will be lowered down.

INT. END OF TUNNEL - MOMENTS LATER

Eddie begins CHINKING away at the packed soil above.

Several more muddy clods of earth SPLASH down from the ceiling at various spots nearby.

Maneuvering in the tight space is almost impossible.

EDDIE
John, go top side for now.

JOHN
Fuck that! I want to see it.

EDDIE
You'll see it when we bring it in.

JOHN
I want to be there when you open it up.

EDDIE
We aren't opening anything.

JOHN
Bullshit. Rock and Roll's biggest mystery, you got front row seats and you aren't looking?

Turning to John.

EDDIE
No one is. Show *some* respect.

John drops his shovel, huffs away, MUMBLING under his breath.

Eddie unfolds a step ladder, steps to the top, continues to dig away at the soil.

Floyd digs at the area opposite where Eddie works.

INT. HOTEL REGINA PARIS - CONTINUOUS

A NERDY HENCHMAN fast forwards through surveillance video of the rear exterior of the bakery, on the laptop. He fishes a cigarette out of a pack on the table.

The video races through the images of the rental truck coming and going, backing up, people loading bags..lots of bags.

The henchmen lights the cigarette and glances back at the screen just as the truck exits the alley. He hits pause, then slow motion rewind - the van comes back into view.

NERDY HENCHMAN
Davis!

Emad enters wearing a track suit. Davis follows.

NERDY HENCHMAN (CONT'D)
This is from that bakery. This look strange to you?

They watch the screen like birds of prey. Seeing the people on the screen near the van..

DAVIS
Stop!

The screen is paused.

DAVIS (CONT'D)
Closer, please.

NERDY HENCHMAN
What the hell are they loading?

Davis watches a moment.

It comes to him..

DAVIS
Soil. Let it play.

The video continues. Victoria and Brit are seen emerging from the rear of the bakery, then...

DAVIS (CONT'D)
Stop. Zoom in.

The Henchman zooms in several times. The focus adjusts.

Davis' face turns to silent rage upon seeing, standing by the van's rear doors - Eddie.

INT. END OF TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

Eddie continues to dig.

THUD - Eddie's shovel hits something. He fiercely jabs the earth away from the area.

His head lamp illuminates a weatherworn section of varnished cherry wood. Floyd leans over to see it.

EDDIE
Dig down from the bottom. I want to get a support under this.

Floyd digs the remaining earth away from the foot of the coffin.

Eddie widens out the area where he struck the coffin. Hopping down from the stool, he turns the hand crank near the base, raising the height of the support strut.

The packed earth falls easily away from the bottom of the coffin.

Within minutes, the two men have successfully removed all of the remaining soil, leaving only the oblong shape of the entire bottom area of the coffin, exposed directly above their heads.

FLOYD
Might cave in when we pull the box down..

EDDIE
Nope.

Eddie turns and rummages through a pile of tools and supplies.

He pulls out a pre-fabricated, rectangular piece of half inch plywood with 2x4's nailed across the width of it.

CUT TO:

EXT. BAKERY - DUSK

Overcast but no rain.

A massive crowd, rallies outside of the cemetery gates. A NEWS CREW can be seen near the angry mob.

NEWS REPORTER
..And we are less than half of a day away from the controversial unearthing of one of this grand cemeteries most famous residents.

INT. HOTEL RESIDENCE HENRI IV/LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

The dark gray skies and POUNDING rains have returned to the city.

Champney, wearing a heavy overcoat and derby hat, speaks to a worker at the hotel desk. He hands him a small envelope.

MR. CHAMPNEY
(in French)
Give this to this man and this man only.

He indicates the name written on the envelope: *HERVE*

WORKER
Oui, monsieur.

Champney makes his way to the elevator.

INT. ELEVATOR - MOMENTS LATER

Champney buzzes with worry as he waits for the slow rising elevator to climb to the top.

INT. HOTEL RESIDENCE HENRI IV- CONTINUOUS

As the elevator doors slowly open, he forces himself through the opening, hustling toward his room.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Champney enters the foyer. Moving into the living area, he sees his balcony doors are open. The wind blows misting rain through the billowing curtains.

He shuts the doors. Turning around..

SSSST!

A piercing stab of pain to his side as Emad sticks him just below the rib cage with a silver stiletto. Blood instantly spreads across Champney's shirt. Emad hands him a towel to compress against the wound.

EMAD
How long you live depend on you.

Champney sits down on the edge of the sofa while holding the compress against his fast flowing wound, trying to stave off shock. Davis strolls into the room.

DAVIS
You made a terrible mistake with Mr. Azadian.

MR. CHAMPNEY
..What?

EMAD
Fuck you--

Emad body punches him on the fresh wound. Champney crumples.

DAVIS
(to Emad)
Do *not* do that again.

A silence.

DAVIS (CONT'D)
We've seen Eddie. The bakery. The bags of soil - all of it.

Champney shakes his head - *I don't know.*

DAVIS (CONT'D)
I'm only going to ask you once: who has Fascination one twenty seven?

Emad extracts something from his jacket pocket and sets it on the table..

Chopsticks.

Champney takes a deep BREATH. With a burst, he rises quickly, runs to the open bathroom door. Reacting late, Emad pursues. The door SLAMS and LOCKS.

Emad shoulders into it, full force - THUD.

INT. BAKERY - CONTINUOUS

The store is empty. Through the front windows it's easy to see why: The Cemetery entrance is packed.

Victoria leaves from behind the counter.

INT. BAKERY KITCHEN

John enters the kitchen, checking his watch. Brit stands near the sink - nervous.

BRIT
Where the fuck is Champney?

John shakes his head. Victoria walks to the basement door.

BRIT (CONT'D)
Is it almost out?

JOHN
Yeah, it's close.
(to Victoria)
Hey, he doesn't want anyone else down there..

She ignores him.

A cell phone BUZZES on the counter top. John looks up.

JOHN (CONT'D)
That's Eddie's phone.

Brit moves to it. The caller ID reads: *Champney*

Brit answers.

BRIT
Yeah?

GAGGING and GASPING can be heard on the other end.

BRIT (CONT'D)
Champney?!

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Champney holds his cell phone as he struggles with Emad's bicep constricting around his throat. Champney's face looks purple as he HISSES out..

MR. CHAMPNEY
Trust...Herve.

BACK TO:

BRIT
Champney!

The other end goes SILENT.

JOHN
Jesus Christ, what'd he say?

BRIT
They got him. They're coming. We grab that gold and get out.

JOHN
Bullshit.

BRIT
He'll send an army in here!

A CAR ENGINE can be heard speeding to the back of the building.

A car door SLAMS shut. The engine is heard speeding back down the alley.

Brit draws a shotgun out, John takes out two 45's. Then, a KNOCK on the door.

BRIT (CONT'D)
Yeah?

VOICE (O.S.)
I'm Herve. I work with the client. Champney sent me.

John and Brit keep their weapons drawn.

John unbolts the door, opening it a crack, revealing HERVE, 60's, a thin, wispy haired man - older, but still recognizable as the man from the photo in the book. He carries an envelope and a briefcase.

HERVE
I'm here for the pick up.

Brit opens the door.

BRIT
Get in. They got Champney.

HERVE
I know, he phoned me, left me this paperwork for Mr. Hanley.

BRIT
(to John)
Lock that front door.

INT. END OF TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

Both support braces rest in place at the foot and head of the coffin's bottom. Eddie operates the hand crank at the head, with Floyd at the foot of the coffin.

Eddie notices severe decomposition of the casket in the bottom corner nearest to him.

EDDIE
Go real easy.

Eddie wears gloves as he holds the end of the casket, stepping down to the ground.

Floyd steps down holding his end and tucks his body to the side of the wall as he guides the casket over the edge of the gurney.

FLOP! Something falls out of Eddie's end.

He looks down with his head-lamp light. His eyes show disbelief - shock. Eddies' body shields Floyd's vision of the coffin as he desperately shoves what fell out, back inside the casket.

Floyd moves to him.

FLOYD
What is it?!

EDDIE
Stay at your end!

FLOYD
What is it?!

Eddie stands up while holding his end - spooked.

FLOYD (CONT'D)
What did you see?!

EDDIE
Nothing. The coffin was falling apart.

Floyd pulls the coffin to the end of the gurney. He fastens straps around the coffin and gurney.

They begin wheeling the coffin down the labyrinth. The wheels quickly grow heavy with mud.

Eddie glances at the hole in the casket intermittently as they slog along.

The sheer length of this winding morass coupled with the slow erosion of the ceiling, could induce panic in the bravest of souls.

In the distance, Victoria can be seen moving toward them.

FLOYD
What the hell's she doing?

As she approaches..

EDDIE
What?

VICTORIA
Hold on.

EDDIE
Go back upstairs.

She watches them for a moment.

VICTORIA
I need to look in the coffin.

EDDIE
Out of the way.

VICTORIA
I only asked for ten percent.
Keep it. I need to see inside.

EDDIE
We never asked for your help.
Now, move.

VICTORIA
Can't do that.

Eddie nods to Floyd.

They start pushing the gurney at her. Victoria, lightening quick, pulls a 9MM on them.

INT. BAKERY KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Herve looks about the room.

HERVE
Where is it?

BRIT
They're bringing it up now.

John, wired with adrenaline, stands at the front window scanning the massive, frenzied crowd outside of the gates, looking for Azadian's men.

John hustles back to the kitchen.

JOHN
Maybe I should go help them.

BRIT
Just stay put.

He turns his ear to the direction of the kitchen door.

JOHN
You hear that?

FLOYD
What?

John walks closer to the door as Brit and Herve focus.

JOHN
(whispering)
Listen.

After a moment, from outside, several patterned SUCKING sounds like something being pulled out of mud.

BRIT
The fuck?

A WHISPERING sound near the door handle. Both men bring their weapons to a ready position.

CRASH!

The door splinters from its hinges as a steel battering ram breaks through the door.

Gun SHOTS rip into the kitchen, one strikes John in the hand. He drops his gun.

Brit motions to the cellar door, pushing Herve.

BRIT (CONT'D)
Go!

Three men with M-4 Assault Rifles rush through the doorway. Brit gives heavy shotgun cover FIRE, blasting one of the intruders in the face, killing him.

Herve and John run down the cellar steps.

Brit's shotgun CLICKS empty. He runs for the cellar door. Three more quick BURSTS from an automatic weapon.

INT. BASEMENT STAIRWELL - MOMENTS LATER

Brit gets to the bottom step when he slows to a stop, grabbing the handrail for support.

Looking down at his side to see a large pool of blood spreading in his jacket, he fights for breath. Then--

CRACK! CRACK! CRACK! CRACK! CRACK!

..he falls face first to the ground. We see the back of his head and back, riddled with bullet holes. At least ten ENFORCERS wearing suits and armed with Assault Rifles, race past him.

INT. TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

Eddie and Floyd stand ten feet behind the coffin. Victoria holds her gun in one hand and uses a large flat head screwdriver to attempt to pry the lid up.

VICTORIA
I'm sorry.

EDDIE
Sorry? Ruin my chance to save my kid?

She continues to pry the lid, CREAKING it upward, RIPPING the decomposed wood away from the screws.

VICTORIA
There's something very important to me in here. You would understand, Eddie.

CUT TO:

John and Herve sprint as fast as they can through the muck with a look of dogged determination.

JOHN
Hey! Eddie! Hey!

BACK TO:

EDDIE

EDDIE
You hear that?

In the distance-

JOHN(O.S.)
Hey!

EDDIE
John?!

They see John and Herve as they round the corner toward them.

JOHN
Go! Go! They're coming!

FLOYD
(straining to see Herve)
Who the hell is that?

Eddie quickly turns to the end of the tunnel and then back to John and Herve.

VICTORIA
Who’s coming?!

Eddie and Floyd begin pushing the gurney across the muck covered floor toward the entrance of the Chamber. Victoria helps them.

They resort to sliding the gurney, as the tires have become loaded with mud.

Automatic weapons FIRE at them.

INT. CHAMBER - MOMENTS LATER

Eddie, Floyd and Victoria push the gurney into the room.

Herve and John dive in soon after. Bullets WHIZZ by them.

John jams his hand inside of his jacket pocket to try and stanch the bleeding.

EDDIE
How many?

JOHN
(short of breath)
Ten...maybe more.

EDDIE
Where in hell’s Brit?

John shakes his head.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
What?

JOHN
Saved my life.

In the distance, the SPLATTERING footsteps of Azadian’s men TRAMPLE closer.

John gets on his stomach and worms his way to the entrance, holding a shotgun. Floyd sits just behind him with a 9mm drawn. Victoria draws her pistol. Herve is terrified.

EDDIE
What do we got?!

FLOYD
Shotgun, three pistols...that's it!

Eddie glances at the wooden crate containing the World War II era weapons, then double takes back to it.

EDDIE
You guys, hit 'em now. Hold 'em off!

Eddie rushes to the crate, frantically unwraps the war time relics.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
(indicating Herve)
Who's he?

HERVE
I'm Herve, I work for the client.

Realizing something, Eddie looks at Herve, as does Victoria.

TUNNEL

Several of Azadian's men run into view, roughly fifty yards away.

Floyd squeezes one, two, three, four SHOTS off. One Enforcer gets hit in the chest and another in the throat.

FLOYD
Heads or stomach, they're wearing kevlar!

John CRACKS a shot, PUMPS and CRACKS another. His second hits an Enforcer in the abdomen.

The Enforcers strafe the walls and send heavy, THUNDEROUS, return fire.

Floyd is struck in the shoulder.

FLOYD (CONT'D)
Ahhhhh! Son of a bitch! God!

Bullets WAIL past and into the space they hide in.

SOGGY footsteps approach in the distance once again.

Floyd peers out. He squeezes off several more rounds before another FURY of lead brushes him back.

FLOYD (CONT'D)
Can’t hold ‘em!

Eddie methodically assembles what he has unraveled from the canvass wrap: An MG-42, belt fed machine gun.

EDDIE
Where’s Champney?

JOHN
He’s dead - he called us when they had him.

He flips open a smaller trunk containing rows of ammunition belts.

SLOSHING footsteps, again grow closer. John CRACKS another shot down the tunnel.

JOHN (CONT'D)
I’m out!

He drops the shotgun.

JOHN (CONT’D)
Gimmee a pistol.

Victoria leans out, squeezes off four quick rounds which meets with a tidal wave of counter FIRE, eroding portions of the tunnel walls.

LAUGHTER can be heard from some of the Enforcers.

Eddie lifts the large gun and moves toward the opening. He sits on his rear end, next to Floyd.

FLOYD
They’re comin’ again.

Victoria ducks out and FIRES another round, then: CLICK.

VICTORIA
I’m out.

She reloads the clip. Eddie, trying to stay calm, threads the first round into the chamber.

EDDIE
(to Floyd)
Here, grab this. Feed it before it pulls.

Eddie leans just enough to slip the barrel out of the entrance.

He pulls: CLICK.

He leans back in and hastily pulls the ammunition belt out, examining the first bullet, then feeds it back into the chamber.

ENFORCER #2 (O.S.)
We fuck your wives, we fuck your daughters, then we cut out their cunts-

ENFORCER #3 (O.S.)
Go!

Floyd peeks out.

FLOYD
They're coming.

Eddie leans back out and squeezes the trigger. A deafening WHINE of repeated, heavy caliber explosions, unleash from the weapon.

TUNNEL

Bullets RIP through the Enforcers in sight. Even those that hug the wall or drop to the ground are shredded. SCREAMS blare out from the injured.

ENFORCER #2
Back! They have automatics!

Several Enforcers carefully spy from around the bend.

INT. CHAMBER

John pumps his fist in wild exuberance.

JOHN
Fuck you, ya stupid mother fuckers!

Eddie ceases fire. Notices the ammunition belt to be half empty. He leans out to see one of them crawling away to safety. He pulls the trigger, SHREDDING the would-be escapee.

HERVE
How many left?

EDDIE
They're lurking. At least four.

Herve checks his phone - No signal.

FLOYD
I hear ‘em.

Eddie inspects Floyd’s shoulder.

EDDIE
Where’s the cash?

HERVE
Upstairs.
(holding up envelope)
The medical orders are here.

EDDIE
The girl can’t be trusted--

VICTORIA
Bullshit.

FLOYD
Pulled a damn gun to make us open the thing up.

Herve looks at the casket to see it has not been opened.

JOHN
What?!

VICTORIA
I’m entitled to what’s mine!

Herve looks at her.

EDDIE
You’re entitled to nothing.

SCREAMS of roused confidence can be heard down the tunnel.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
Shhh.

FLOYD
The hell?

Eddie leans out to look. At least a dozen more enforcers peek out around the bend.

ENFORCER #4 (O.S.)
Fuck you now!

Eddie tilts out to spy.

An Enforcer brings a Panzerfaust 3 Rocket Launcher into view, locking it onto a tripod.

Eddie leans back in, scrambles to his feet, runs to the crate.

EDDIE
They got a rocket launcher! We gotta blow them out. Here!

Eddie tosses two World War II-era, 'stick' hand grenades to Floyd and John. Sticks one in his jacket.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
Pray they work.

He hurries over, carrying two more.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
I'll fire cover shots, pull these cords-

(showing base of the grenade)

- throw them as far as you can. Remember: low ceiling!

Eddie ducks out, FIRING a volley of lead until the weapon CLICKS empty.

Floyd pulls both cords, then heaves them side armed. John follows, pulling both cords, throwing them with one hand just as the Rocket Launcher FIRES toward them.

Floyd dives back in.

BAM BAM BAM BAM BAM

The tunnel shakes violently. Thunderous SOUNDS like an avalanche. A cloud of dust flows down the dark labyrinth as it begins to collapse in places.

The Chamber entrance completely caves in, trapping them in the room. The lights go out. SCREAMS blare out in the darkness.

Eddie finds one of the lighted miners helmets on the floor, quickly turning it on.

Pressed against the back of the chamber, the ceiling has completely caved-in to within five feet of them, leaving them in a space roughly 14'x 5'.

A choking SCREAM in the dirt at their feet. Eddie bends down and quickly swipes dirt away, finally revealing Floyd's face. He SPUTTERS and SPITS out dirt/blood.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
We'll get you out! We'll get you out!

Floyd MOANS in agony. His body has been completely covered from the fallen earth.

FLOYD
(barely conscious)
My damn back.

Eddie finds his hand and grips it in his own. John digs, finds his other hand and they pull him out.

Floyd lays moaning as Eddie checks him over.

HERVE
How do we get out of here?

JOHN
That was it!

HERVE
What about the coffin?

JOHN
What about us not dying?!

Eddie quickly retrieves a five foot length of a 4x4 support beam, from a fallen pile of earth.

EDDIE
Let's find out if Brit was right about that sewer line.

EXT. BAKERY - CONTINUOUS

Emad walks across the street toward the bakery.

Looking closely at the road, we can see a faint hairline crack in the pavement running from the bakery toward the cemetery.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Emad, gun drawn, steps over one of the dead Enforcers near the doorway. A spray of blood stains the basement stairwell.

He peers into the store then slowly descends the steps where clouds of dust still settle.

INT. BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Brit lies face down at the bottom of the steps. Two Enforcers lie on the floor, bloodied, muddy, dead.

He sees the suitcases against a far wall.

Opens the suitcases - his eyes sparkle with excitement.

VOICES of several men from the tunnel. Emad stows the suitcase and proceeds to..

MOUTH OF TUNNEL

Five armed henchmen meet Emad.

EMAD
Where's Eddie's crew?

HENCHMAN
Something exploded. Killed a lot of men. The ceiling came down in places.

HENCHMAN 2
They were at the end down there.

Looking down the tunnel, several areas of the ceiling have caved in almost completely.

Davis quickly enters the basement, moves to the tunnel opening.

DAVIS
Where are they?

EMAD
At the end.

Davis' cell phone RINGS. The letter '*A*' appears on the screen. He answers.

DAVIS
Sarkis?

AZADIAN
(through the phone)
Where are you? I can reach no one.

EXT. AZADIAN COMPOUND - INTERCUT AS DESIRED

Azadian paces slowly on a driving range that overlooks a deep canyon.

DAVIS
I am at the boulaugerie.

AZADIAN
And?

DAVIS
We are going to sweep the tunnel. There was a gunfight - a lot of bodies.

AZADIAN
The coffin is still buried for tomorrow?

DAVIS
Not sure, but we'll get it either way.

AZADIAN
The box?

DAVIS
Once we find Eddie, it'll lead to the box.

AZADIAN
Get bodies out, burn them all.

DAVIS
I'll clean the entire scene.

Azadian BREATHES into the phone, finally disconnecting. Davis turns to Emad.

DAVIS (CONT'D)
Take them, go to the end.

Emad motions to a half dozen Enforcers to follow him down the tunnel.

INT. CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

Eddie and John RAM the far wall of the Chamber with the 4x4 beam.

Victoria tends to Floyd as he slowly gets to his feet. Herve helps her.

VICTORIA
Who do you work for that wants this so bad?

Eddie and John continue to SLAM the wall. Herve looks at the coffin lid.

HERVE
Why do you want to open it?

VICTORIA
Something my mom told me about.

END OF TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

The Henchmen scramble over a mound of fallen earth that reaches close to the ceiling, descending on the other side, near the rear of the tunnel.

Emad notices the space in the ceiling where the coffin should be.

Davis makes his way to him. Sees the space, then turns to..

The muffled sound of SLAM SLAM SLAM from within the Chamber.

INT. CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

A small area of the wall breaks through to the sewers.

CHAMBER ENTRANCE

Muffled DIGGING of dirt from the other side of the blocked entrance.

EDDIE
It's them.

Victoria grabs a splintered 4x4 beam, Herve takes an end. They proceed to HAMMER at the wall, along side Eddie and John.

Dirt begins to trickle down from the top of the entrance-way as Azadian's men furiously attack the dirt pile from the other side.

Large sections of the wall fall away, revealing a stone and mortar tunnel-way that runs through the sewers.

The hole is large enough to climb through.

JOHN
Let's go.

He steps through.

HERVE
We have to bring it.

EDDIE
It's not getting back in there before they dig it up.

HERVE
It can't be left here.

Frustrated, Eddie turns and begins widening the hole as do Victoria and Herve.

A two foot space opens up at the top of the dirt mound, a Henchman pokes his head in. Points a rifle. Victoria quick draws her 9 and squeezes a round, EXPLODING in his forehead.

John and Eddie push the gurney through the hole, man-handling it over the wall still remaining at the bottom.

TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

The body of the Henchman rolls to the bottom of the pile.

A squadron of at least fifteen Henchmen armed with M-4's and black combat fatigues, await while the hole at the top is dug larger.

The Henchman looks into the Chamber..

HENCHMAN
They escaped!

He squirms through the opening. The other uniformed men begin to quickly do the same.

INT. SEWER TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

The sewer tunnel has a raised cement decking which they run along, pushing the gurney, avoiding the drop off.

Eddie looks at his surveyors device as they move.

JOHN
We better be getting paid still.

HERVE
The deal was to have it back before it was dug up. You get the other half when it is back.

JOHN
Fuck that! We never got the first half.

EDDIE
Shut up! Stop.

Eddie stops at a crossroad in the tunnel. Thinks..

EDDIE (CONT'D)
That way. We want south.

They cross a bridge to head in the other direction. Vicious gun FIRE erupts from the pursuing Henchmen as they round the corner. Lead erodes the archaic stone walls with a SPLAT.

Herve checks his phone as they move. No signal.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
You got a driver?

HERVE
Yes!

EDDIE
Soon as you get service, tell him to be at the sewer tunnel, south side of the Seine at Quai de la Tournelle.

DAVIS MOVING

behind a group of the Uniformed Henchmen. He checks his cell phone - no signal. Pulls a band width radio from his belt.

DAVIS
(into radio)
Send anyone you can to the sewer line south side of the Seine.

VOICE
(through radio)
What block?

Davis strains.

DAVIS
I'll find out, just be on the south side of the river.

HERVE'S

cell phone has a signal. He hits send as the group quickly moves along. In the BG, the henchmen barely come into view, FIRING sporadically.

MAN
(through the phone)
Yes?

HERVE
Be at the sewer on the south side of the Seine at Quai de la Tournelle.

MAN
(through phone)
Got it.

HERVE
Fast.

DAVIS

remembering. Calls on radio.

VOICE
(through radio)
Go ahead.

DAVIS
Quai de la Tournelle. Get the coffin by any means necessary.

EDDIE and his crew reach an outlet covered by bars.

A hearse screeches to a halt on the other side. An African American man, TONY, 60's, jumps out from behind the wheel.

Eddie kicks at the bars anchored in aged concrete. The bars give way fairly easy. Tony grabs it and pulls toward himself.

Azadian's men are HEARD rapidly approaching from within.

INT. HEARSE - MOMENTS LATER

The doors fly open, in goes the casket, everyone piles in.

Tony floors it as the Uniformed Enforcers emerge from the tunnel, FIRING at the hearse. The back window is BLOWN out.

A Cargo Van pulls up, along with two Mercedes sedans. The Enforcers load into the Van.

TONY
What if that's not back in the ground before they dig it up?

EDDIE
Then the tabloids are going to have one hell of a story.

Tony whips the Hearse into a sideways turn, gunning it on a straightaway.

Victoria begins prying the loose casket lid upward.

HERVE
Stop it!

She frantically works to lift it open. John pulls her away. She elbows him in the nose, starts in on the lid again.

John and Floyd restrain her.

VICTORIA
Let me go!

HERVE
What in hell is it that you want so bad?

VICTORIA
A key. That's all I want.

The two Mercedes sedans speed up to the hearse which evasively whips through the light traffic at this hour.

HERVE
There's no key.

One of the pursuing sedans accelerates to the drivers side. An assault rifle is pointed out the window. Tony wrenches the wheel, sliding the hearse sideways. He floors it down a one way alley.

JOHN
They're not behind us.

VICTORIA
Please. Let me look.

HERVE
I can't do that.

Tony turns back onto a street which heads the opposite direction from which they came, along the Seine. They frenetically check their surroundings as they speed along.

Rushing through mild traffic.

SMASH

the full sized cargo van slams into the side of the hearse, blowing out the driver side windows. Neck in neck with the van full of Henchmen. The vans cargo door slides open, revealing several Henchmen with assault rifles, trying to steady their draw. Emad among them.

Eddie pulls the cord on one of the stick grenades, leans over, tosses it into the van.

It lands at Emad's feet. He scrambles to pick it up..

BA-BOOM

The van bursts like a bomb, instantly killing Azadian's finest, engulfing the Mercedes Sedan behind it.

Tony loses control from the blast, takes out a median divider, CRASHES through cement retainers. SCREAMS. The hearse plunges over the side, into the Seine.

HEARSE

quickly fills with water. A panic in the darkness.

Begins to sink. Tony grabs Herve and John, pulling them through his window. Floyd swims out after.

Under water, Eddie pulls at Victoria who struggles in the darkness to open the coffin lid. Oxygen depleted, he finally wrenches her away with him.

BREAKING the surface, Eddie swims with her to the waters edge, fighting the mild current.

The wrecked vehicles burn in the BG.

She sits. Sobs guietly, watching the water.

EDDIE
Are you okay? You hurt?

She shakes her head. John, Tony, Herve and Floyd walk back to them.

SIRENS in the distance, heading to the scene of the fire.

FLOYD
We should get outta here.

Eddie leans down to help her up.

EDDIE
C'mon. It's gone.

INT. VICTORIA'S FLAT - LATER

The sun is rising. Eddie, Floyd and John stand, huddled near the sofa. Victoria sits - dejected.

Herve can be seen on the balcony, using his phone - frantic.

JOHN
So we're supposed to wait?

EDDIE
He's finding out.

JOHN
Two to one that cash is gone from the bakery.

FLOYD
And obviously that coffin's not going back in the ground.

Eddie sits down next to her.

EDDIE
What key were you hoping to find?

VICTORIA
Doesn't matter.

EDDIE
Clearly it does.

CUT TO:

EXT. VICTORIA'S FLAT/BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

Herve speaks on his phone while watching Victoria through the window.

HERVE
--it's what she says..and the fact of her address.

BACK TO:

VICTORIA

VICTORIA
My mother told me he wore the key on a chain around his neck. He was gone before my mom knew she was pregnant.

EDDIE
Where's the box?

She leans over, slides the box out from under the couch.

John and Floyd stare down at it.

FLOYD
What's in it?

Eddie picks it up.

VICTORIA
No one's sure. Maybe just a poem. Diary. I've imagined a hundred times what may be in there. Mom seemed to think I should know.

CUT TO:

EXT. VICTORIA'S FLAT/BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

Herve ends his call, re-enters the flat.

STREET LEVEL

The address on the front of the building: *127 Fascination*

EXT. PERE LACHAISE CEMETERY ENTRANCE - DAY

A full police barricade has been set up along the entrance. Swarms of protestors CHANT while waving banners and flags.

Police wear riot gear.

EXT. PERE LACHAISE CEMETERY - CONTINUOUS

Jim Morrison's grave site. Four workers and two police officers are the only people in sight.

The diesel engine of a backhoe FIRES up.

It digs the first bucket of earth out of the ground.

A MAN wearing a blazer and slacks flanked by four, FRENCH NATIONAL POLICEMEN, rush to the workers.

MAN
(in French)
Halt!

He holds up a document.

MAN (CONT'D)
This order has been lifted!

WORKER
(in French)
On who's authority?

MAN
The constitutional Council of the Parliament and the Prime Minister himself.

The Worker bickers with the backhoe operator.

EDDIE (V.O.)
What he really meant, was that the French tourism board informed some higher power of the fact that Morrison's grave-site was the number three most popular tourist attraction in all of Paris. They granted an eternal stay.

INT. BAKERY/BASEMENT - DAY

Eddie, Floyd and John step down to the basement floor. Eddie looks to where the suitcases of cash *had* been. Grimaces.

EDDIE (V.O.)
The cash was gone. Herve and the client agreed to still give us a million since, even though the job was never completed, it worked out for them in the end.

BAKERY/BASEMENT

Eddie, John and Floyd patch the hole in the wall.

EDDIE (V.O.)
Still had to clean up our tracks..

INT. SEWER TUNNEL

Eddie, Floyd and John prepare to re-brick the broken section in the wall which enters the Chamber.

John shines a light inside. Eddie can barely make out the wooden crate, which is partially covered by fallen earth.

EDDIE (V.O.)
Yeah, that gold bar *would* come in handy now..

Eddie crawls through the narrow passage in approach of the wooden box.

Gradually snaking along on all fours, Eddie places his hand forward. The surface under his hand wobbles slightly.

Perplexed, he brushes in the dirt to reveal a 2'x2' wooden cover. He finds a seam and pries it off the hole in the floor. Inside..

<u>Nazi Gold Bars</u>. At least one hundred of them!

EDDIE (V.O.)
..very handy..

EXT. STOREFRONT - DAY

The original sign: *AMERICAN BOULANGERIE (BAKERY),* hangs in front of a store.

Through the large, bright, front windows, a crowd can be seen. John, his WIFE and TWO SMALL KIDS run the busy counter.

EDDIE (V.O.)
John opened his bakery back home..

EXT. GULF OF MEXICO - DAY

Floyd, proudly stands at the wheel of a brand new, 50 foot fishing boat. Massive shrimp nets in the masts.

INT. PARIS AIRPORT TERMINAL - LATER

Eddie sits as a solitary patron at an airport bar, staring blankly out upon the runway. A double Scotch sits in front of him.

EDDIE (V.O.)
Not sure where Victoria went, but there is something I didn't tell her..

CNN ANCHOR (O.S.)
..the big story was the relocating of rock legend..

He looks at the TV.

TELEVISION

CNN ANCHOR
..Jim Morrison. A last minute motion of stay was ordered by the Prime Minister of France which will grant Morrison's grave to remain undisturbed in perpetuity.
(snarky)
And for the conspiracy theorists who were hoping to catch a glimpse of wether or not he was in the coffin? Well, I guess we'll never know..

Eddie smiles wryly at this.

EDDIE (V.O.)
..guess I thought it was for the best..

CUT TO:

INT. - END OF TUNNEL - **FLASHBACK**

FLOP! Something falls out of Eddie's end of the coffin. He looks down with his head-lamp light. His eyes show disbelief - shock. Eddies' body shields Floyd's vision of the coffin.

Illuminated on the muddy floor lies a hardened, water damaged, fifty pound bag of Plaster of Paris.

He desperately shoves the bag back into the hole. His head lamp reveals another bag of plaster inside, but aside from that - the coffin is empty.

CUT TO:

EXT. VICTORIA'S FLAT/STREET - NIGHT

Victoria walks down the front steps toward the street. Stops when she sees a parked limo at the curb.

Limo door opens.

Victoria takes a step back.

Herve leans out. Smiles warmly.

HERVE
If you'll permit me, I'd like to take you somewhere. There's someone who would like to meet you.

Transfixed, she doesn't move. Herve holds out his hand. Opens his palm, revealing a necklace with a key hanging from it.

A rush of emotions sweep over her. She smiles.

INT. AZADIAN COMPOUND/HALLWAY - NIGHT

A curtain blows in an open window.

Beethoven's Ninth ECHOES out from another room.

Glass of Cognac on a serving tray.

A man's hand pours a small packet of powder into the drink.

INT. AZADIAN COMPOUND/BATHROOM - DAY

Sarkis, sitting upright in a large, porcelain bathtub. He eagerly dictates into his phone, Beethoven's Ninth STREAMS out from a Bose iPod Dock on a stool behind him.

AZADIAN
(frantic)
--Then I will borrow men from the Ruskie fucks if have to, send them to swamp, kill everyone -- I've only got four people working here -- No, *I* will call him!

Ends the call.

A young girl, 15, enters carrying the Cognac. Sets it on the rim of the tub, starts to exit.

AZADIAN (CONT'D)
Hey, wait. Wash front.

He gives her a hungry glance. She reluctantly takes a large sponge and begins to wash his chest.

He downs the drink in one swallow, closes his eyes as the girl feebly circulates the sponge.

Azadian COUGHS. Sits up, jumping when he sees two legs next to the tub. Scanning up to see..

Eddie looking down on him, in pure repulsion. Azadian COUGHS again.

AZADIAN (CONT'D)
(faux smile)
Eddie..

Eddie puts his index finger to his lips. Watches a moment.

Takes the girls hand to pull her to her feet as Azadian GAGS and WRETCHES.

EDDIE(O.S.)
C'mon..

EDDIE'S FEET

as he walks out of the bathroom to the open door.

EDDIE (V.O.)
Had to cut the head off the dragon.

INT. MONET'S BEDROOM - DAY

Eddie enters to see an empty, unmade bed. Then, behind him..

MONET (O.C.)
Daddy!

Eddie turns to see his smiling daughter emerging from the bathroom with an I.V. stand on wheels, puppy in tow.

He rushes over to scoop her up.

EDDIE
My sweet girl.

MONET
Where were you?

EDDIE
Working.

MONET
Catching shrimp with Uncle Floyd?

EDDIE
Yeah. Had to go real far to get the big ones. But you know what? I'm *never* leaving you again. Ever.

He takes the wax thumb out his pocket, holding it up.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
Best good-luck charm I ever had.

Eddie takes her hand.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
C'mon, we're picking up lunch. (indicating I.V. stand) This thing portable?

MONET
Yup.

They exit.

FADE OUT: