

Cannes 26

KING 'S GOLD

(ARDBEG Cannes 26 version 2)

By

David Bernhard Nerge, Aldo Brandoni and Dingo van Dango.

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Big Mistake Productions
15 rue Jules Valles
34200 Sete FRANCE
E-mail:brantas@icloud.com

+46 708803099
+33 658846957

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1.

Munken and Tove In Memoriam.

EXT. BROOKLYN BACKSTREETS - DAY

STEVE STEIN (53yrs-lean, slightly tattered suit, badly black dyed freak flag but still arrogant) dashes out from a derelict building carrying a huge cardboard box. Across the street towards his Cherokee Jeep parked legally (for once). Stops halfway.

STEVE STEIN
What the f...?!

Next to the Cherokee a tow truck is parked. A guy in suit and some towing operators stands around the Cherokee preparing to tow it away (or similar).

STEVE
Look guys...I can
explain...hey...wait a second
here...

Steve opens the backdoor and throws the box in.

SUIT GUY
According to court injunction
XP539PH3/18 from the 13th of
September (YEAR) the vehicle with
license plate WHY 666 is to be
taken in foreclosure from today...

Suit guy sounds like a medieval herald. Meanwhile Steve moves towards the driver's side. As he reaches for the handle the suit guy pulls out a FOB(blipp) and locks the door. Steve senses where this is going and pulls out his own FOB to open the door again.

Before Steve has time to enter the suit guy has already locked the door (one might assume he's got a more hitech version of the device). A FOB war emerges.

SUIT GUY (CONT'D)
(to the operators)
Clamp the car!

They start offloading the clamps.

The battery in Steve's blipp is beginning to sag.

Then, from across the street.

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MOE

Steve Stein...you cunt!...you
useless cunt!...you useless,useless
cunt!

Halfway out from a luxurious limo MOE, (60s) a hunched, stocky, flamboyant Liberace/Rick Rubin guise, Pesci-tempered, tons of money but no taste). One of his henchmen goes into the derelict building.

STEVE

Look, Moe...I can explain. I got
some ideas..

MOE

You haven't had a good idea in your
entire fucking life and I'm getting
tired of this nonsense (this tirade
can of course be ad libbed to any
actor's satisfaction, however...)

Steve's blipp has died. This means the suit guy is opening and shutting the lock himself. The tow guys seems to be confused what wheel to clamp. As Moe's henchman now sticks his head out a window fairly high up.

HENCHMAN

Office is secured!

He begins to throw furniture out through the window. Landing very close to Moe's limo.

In the following melee Steve notices the lock peg goes up and down regardless. He times the blipp and manages to get into the drivers seat and start the engine. Hard reverse and the Cherokee pulls back from the clamps. Steve swerves out into the traffic. Moe curses as they all watch for the fugitive Steve disappear.

MOE

Don't you fucking dare to come back
to NY before you've found a new
Elvis!

The office safe lands extremely close to the limo. Moe's attention and cursing now is focused onto something else.

EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE - DAY

Big fucking vista. Steve's Cherokee is leaving Brooklyn. Heading southwest.

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EXT. STATE BORDER - DAY

The Cherokee passes a huge sign: STATE BORDER.

INT. GAS STATION/TILL - DAY

ATTENDANT swiping Steve's bundle of credit cards through the machine. Almost halfway through.

ATTENDANT
Seems all of them are maxed out.

Steve in a quandary. How to get out of this mess?

STEVE
How much was it?

ATTENDANT
64.85.

STEVE
(Oh,shit) Can I use the bathroom?

ATTENDANT
Paying customers only.Otherwise 4 dollars.

STEVE
C'mon man.

Attendant reluctantly hands Steve the key to the men's room.

INT. GAS STATION/MEN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

As Steve enters the men's room he notices the trashcan.

INT. GAS STATION/TILL - MOMENTS LATER

Fire alarm starts ringing. Attendant picks up an extinguisher and heads for the men's room.

INT. GAS STATION/MEN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

And dashes through the door. Flames licking the wall. Attendant pounding the door.

ATTENDANT
Get out! Fire! Evacuate!

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He then starts spraying the fire. Steve sneaks out as he pulls his pants up pretending to have done no 2.

EXT. GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS

Fire alarm howling. Steve jumps into the Cherokee. Takes off in the wrong direction. Problem solved. Temporarily...

EXT. ANOTHER GAS STATION - LATER

Steve dashing off from a gas pump. Nozzle oozing out petrol on the ground. Attendant with shotgun running.

I/E. TENNESSEE INTERSECTION - AFTERNOON

Steve minding his own business in Cherokee: picking his nose, singing while listening to the radio. Suddenly commotion in the background. A burst of buckshot hits the rear window.

ATTENDANT

There he is! Get that motherfucker!

Attendant hanging out through rear window in a jeep. Aiming at Steve.

Steve shifts gear, across the kerb into next lane, swerving through lanes of oncoming traffic. Accelerating into the woods. Careening into the wilderness.

EXT. THE WILDERNESS - LATER

The Cherokee careening through the WILDERNESS!

EXT. PARIS TENNESSEE - EVENING

The Cherokee rolls down a slope and comes to a lull outside a bar. Big neon sign: PAIREE Cafe Bar next to stylistic Eiffel tower.

I/E. OUTSIDE PAIREE BAR - LATER

Steve searches through his pockets. Finds a few bills.

STEVE (TO CHEROKEE)

OK You thirsty slut. Fuel for you
or fuel for me? OK. Settled.

(MORE)

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STEVE (TO CHEROKEE) (CONT'D)
You've been drinking like a fish
since we left Brooklyn. Now it's my
turn. I deserve it.

Exits car.

INT. PAIREE BAR - MOMENTS LATER

Steve by the bar.

STEVE
Give me the cheapest you got.

JIM THE BARTENDER
Cheapest?

STEVE
Cheapest in every aspect of the
word. I am a tad short of funds.

Jim displays a bottle of Blind Beggar Bourbon (label) from
under the counter.

JIM THE BARTENDER
It doesn't get cheaper than this.

Jim pours Steve a shot. Steve examines the bottle - has a old
wrinkled guy in pigtails wearing black Ozzy style sunglasses.
Sniffs. Almost chokes.

STEVE
What are it's (cough) foremost
properties? Bleach? Urine? A whiff
of kerosene?

JIM THE BARTENDER
The ingredients are a well kept
family secret.

STEVE
(salutes)
To the family and the miracle of
inbreeding.

Steve downs the concoction. Yeuch. This calls for another
drink. Signs to Jim. Refill.

Steve hears the classic, twangy country music playing (SONG),
now seemingly louder, on the jukebox, becomes acutely aware
of all the country/cowboy paraphernalia, cowboy gear, stuffed
animals etc, adorning the bar.

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He notices the mixed patronage consists of a few elderly couples, all country, many are wearing cowboy hats.

STEVE (CONT'D)
(to no one)
Stupid hats.

Downs the shot.

LUCY DORN (40 yrs) enters. A hot MILF melting butter in her tight khaki ranger uniform, carrying a cardboard box. Jim grabs some Blind Beggar bottles from the box and slips them surreptitiously under the counter.

LUCY
(glances oddly at STEVE
turns to JIM)
Hi Jim, how's Mary?

JIM THE BARTENDER
She's fine. Learning French. Can
you believe that? At her age?

LUCY
Show some support. Soon there'll be
two of us in all of Paris that
actually speak French.

JIM THE BARTENDER
(play on words)
Wee-wee (Oui-Oui)

LUCY
Keep it in your pants Jimbo. Gotta
go, they're on in 5 minutes!

Lucy leaves.

Steve yells, Jim refills the glass.

STEVE
Hey bubba, what's with all this?

JIM reluctantly approaches. A stand-off. Steve gesturing towards the jukebox.

STEVE (CONT'D)
You got your music over there which
is, I dunno what it is.

Steve points to a taxidermy display featuring two fat, stuffed raccoons.

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STEVE (CONT'D)

You got your stuffed beavers over here.

Points to a large, mounted elk-head.

STEVE (CONT'D)

You got your stuffed horse up there.

Points to an elderly couple at a nearby table, obviously in love, dressed cowboy shabby-chic.

STEVE (CONT'D)

You got fucking Roy Rogers and Dale Evens over here..

Points to Jim's large, ornate belt-buckle...

STEVE (CONT'D)

And look at your belt buckle! Are you fucking kidding me? It's as big as a garbage can lid, you're wearing a diamond-studded garbage can lid!

JIM THE BARTENDER

Whoa, you may want to tone down your language some?

Steve looks around, notices the patronage around the bar following their conversation with concern. He winces, realizing his crazy behavior)

STEVE

I apologize. Dunno what got into me. Sorry, man.

Downs another shot.

JIM THE BARTENDER

Well you certainly seemed rattled, which is OK, we all get rattled from time to time.

STEVE

The feel here, down here? You know? The music. Seems everything else is attached to it. It's a force, crazy strong. It's twisting my head around.

Jim refills.

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JIM THE BARTENDER
(proclaims theatrically)
Well welcome to Paris, Tennessee,
yet another yankee overwhelmed by
the profound power and charisma of
country and western!

The patronage show smiles and relief. Some applause.

STEVE
Yea, thanks man.

Ruckus avoided. Return to Defcon 1. Steve tries to leave the
bar with the half empty glass.

JIM THE BARTENDER
Friendo. Sorry no open liquor
outside the premises.

STEVE
This is a historic moment . Steve
the Stone Stone landed here on...
what's the date?

JIM THE BARTENDER
24th.

STEVE
On the 24th. And now...Elvis has
left the building.

Steve downs the concoction. Staggers out.

EXT. OUTSIDE PAIREE BAR/BAPTIST CHURCH - MOMENTS LATER

Steve surveys his environment. Reels towards the Cherokee.
Stops.

STEVE
Now what?

His attention turns to live music heard from the building
next door. A church annex sporting a big neon sign: St Joan
of Arch Baptist Church. Underneath: Tonight annual talent
show. Staggering, Steve's a moth drawn to a flame.

INT. BAPTIST CHURCH - MOMENTS LATER

Steve enters a rural church annex featuring a low stage at
the front, folding chairs on the floor and small orchestra.
Lots of folks and kids. Hustle and bustle. He makes his way
to the back.

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The band is pumping up a funky beat as MARGIE, a plump girl in yoga pants owns the stage and, facing the crowd, offers her version of a twerk. MARGIE'S MOM, from stage right, unsuccessfully conveys the fact that Margie should twerk with her behind towards the audience.

Steve's eyes widen as Margie's Mom charges up on stage and turns the still twerking Margie around in the right direction, remaining on stage shortly to encouragingly twerk along with her daughter.

The dance ends to cautious applause but when Margie's Mom retakes the stage for bows Steve loses it.

STEVE
(jumps up, shouts and
applauds)
Oh my god! Wow! That was horrible!
Yay!

He sits back down laughing heartily. Many audience-members glare.

STEVE (CONT'D)
Now that's comedy oh my God!

PASTOR
Hey how 'bout that Margie Heller
and her tweak dance everybody? Next
up. 14 year old Adam Lamb's gonna
sing a popular rock song called
Iron Man! Let's hear it for Adam!

STEVE from his seat in the back enthusiastically welcomes young Adam.

STEVE
Yea! Sabbath! Awright!

ADAM LAMB (9yrs) a slight, slender boy takes the stage. Confusion in the band as to who'll play the opening riff of the song. It falls upon an older woman on clarinet.

Adam begins singing and many are surprised at the unusual depth and timbre of his voice.

STEVE approaches the stage and head-bangs.

STEVE (CONT'D)
Adam! Adam! Adam!

Steve tires and sits down amidst a young family and begins outlying heavy metal bullet points.

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STEVE (CONT'D)
(to scared 9 year old
girl)

Black Sabbath is the first heavy
metal band. Period. The term heavy
metal, describing the musical
genre, was derived from the lyrics
of Steppenwolfs Born to be Wild in
late 1968, months prior to the
forming of Black Sabbath? Ain't
that some shit?

ADAM concludes Iron Man. The abrupt ending of the song
confuses the audience some, but not Steve who emphatically
and immediately cheers, alone for seconds. The crowd joins
in.

PASTOR
Ladies and gentlemen, The Bobcats
performing Treat me like a Fool!

The crown seems to heighten their level of attention as three
well mannered kids (6,8,10) perform a pleasant, harmonic
country style version of the Elvis classic.

Steve reminded now again that he actually doesn't like
country and western music, groans loudly at the kids on
stage, procuring shushes and laser-beam stares from all.

STEVE
(loudly)
You can't condone crap like that!
It's hogwash. Nip it in the bud I
say.

Steve glances down the row of angry judges. Next to him sits
that pretty woman he recently saw in the bar. Lucy is not
pleased.

STEVE (CONT'D)
Shit.

Horror suddenly sets in and Steve spins to see the siblings
on stage bravely holding back their tears as they exit.

Lucy appears in Steve's face. Her face expressing disgust and
pity. She shakes her head.

STEVE (CONT'D)
I make music. I can turn turds into
gold.

LUCY
I'm sure you can.

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She gets up, walks towards the stage. The Dorns rush to their mother. Kids sulky.

LUCY (CONT'D)
Kids you did great.

STEVE
Shit.

EXT. OUTSIDE BAPTIST CHURCH - MOMENTS LATER

Plastered Steve calls.

CLOSE UP: Moe's mobile: Says S**TSTAIN. Moe answers while getting a deep tissue massage.

STEVE
Hey Moe. Sup? You awake? I'm headed for Mexico. Gonna join the cartel. Listen, got this great idea. We hop on the Mariachi Metal gravy train. It's huge in Tijuana. Ear haemorrhaging! Covers the machine guns and screaming.

MOE
Stein? The only haemorrhaging I'm interested in is what squirts out of your skinny little neck after my cartel friends rip your fucking head off you immeasurable putz!

Moe hangs up.

STEVE
Hey Moe!? WTF?

I/E. PAIRIE BAR/CHEROKEE - LATER

Steve tries to reenter the bar but to no avail. Instead he makes an attempt to mount the Cherokee.

Lucy and the kids exit the Church Annex. They halt and observes Steve the contortionist wringing his way into the truck before heading to her own truck loading the kids and their instruments. They leave.

Steve manages to get inside.

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I/E. PAIRÉE BAR/CHEROKEE - CONTINUOUS

Steve tries to start the engine. Seems the controls are not where they used to be. Suddenly the engine roars and Steve slams it into reverse. Surprised the Cherokee is going backwards Steve does a 180, shifts gears, now proceeds forward while looking backwards. Rolls a few yards. Comes to an abrupt halt.

Jim the Bartender appears and indicates to Steve that he should roll down his window. Steve can't find the button but is convinced communicating through the closed window using half-assed sign language will suffice.

JIM THE BARTENDER
(muted)
I recommend you not to take the
car. Not in your state...

Mid-conversation Steve accidentally hits the throttle and the Cherokee pistons itself in reverse away from the parking lot, across the road onto a small dirt track, disappearing into the woods.

I/E. CHEROKEE - CONTINUOUS

Steve mesmerized staring at all pedals at his disposal as the Cherokee accelerates down the track.

I/E. CHEROKEE/SWAMP SLOPE - CONTINUOUS

The Cherokee plunges into the swamp. The halt gives Steve a moment to contemplate which pedals and gear to use in order to take him out of this predicament. Simultaneously the fuel gauge starts indicating the Cherokee is seriously void of gas. The engine dies. All this commotion has taken it's toll on Steve. He falls asleep almost instantly.

EXT. CHEROKEE/SWAMP SLOPE - NIGHT

Cherokee is positioned precariously and suspiciously on thick wet, grass next to a river, back wheels sunk in marsh. In it sleeps Steve. Strong rays of light dancing in the mist.

O.S.
(A sharp metal tapping on
the window.)

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I/E. CHEROKEE/SWAMP SLOPE - CONTINUOUS

STEVE
(discombobulated)
What the fuck!

The tapping intensifies.

STEVE (CONT'D)
Awright!

More tapping.

STEVE (CONT'D)
Two seconds for chrissakes!

Steve rolls down his window, sticks his head out squinting to see a silhouette (LUCY) sporting a wide-brimmed hat.

STEVE (CONT'D)
What?

SILHOUETTE
Please step out of the vehicle,
sir.

STEVE
You a cop?

SILHOUETTE
(Woman's voice)
Please step out of the vehicle,
sir.

STEVE
You a chick?

SILHOUETTE
(Bangs on the roof of the
car)
Get out of the goddamn car.

STEVE
Alright already.

Steve bumbles out of his car and faces defiantly, in the murky light, the silhouette.

STEVE (CONT'D)
Why you hassling me? I got rights.
Temporarily resting in your car is
not a crime.

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Silhouette shines flashlight down on Steve's bare legs and tighty-whities.

SILHOUETTE

Indecent exposure is. Or is running around in your underwear just a New York thing?

Steve notices he's not wearing his pants. Struggles to put them back on. As dawn progresses he recognizes the figure before him.

STEVE

Aren't you that Mom I saw in the church this afternoon? With the kids?

SILHOUETTE

(nods slowly, slyly)
Yea. That was me. Anything else come to mind?

Steve recalls.

STEVE

Oh, dude,.listen officer,.(reads name tag) Dorn? I dunno what to say.

OFFICER LUCY DORN

No cop. Forest ranger, and it's Lucy, Lucy Dorn, and you're Steven Jacob Stein, 53 years of age, music producer, Brooklyn, New York City. I ran your plates. Lets go.
(nudges Steve towards her truck)

OFFICER LUCY DORN (CONT'D)

You have nothing to say about today, Mr. Stein? (Stine)

STEVE

It's Stein (Stain). Like what?

OFFICER LUCY DORN

How about you start by saying you're sorry? You were really nasty to those children, MY children, and for what? Loving music?

STEVE

Their first big mistake.

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Lucy and Steve drive off into the early morning.

I/E. LUCYS TRUCK - LATER

Lucy and Steve drive in silence.

STEVE
You arresting me?

LUCY
I'm driving you home. Where are you staying?

STEVE
My Jeep.

Lucy stops the car.Sighs.

LUCY
Your plan was to stay the night in your car?

STEVE
Is that against the law?

LUCY
Not really, but considering half your truck is under water in a swamp and come dawn it will be crawling with gators and cottonmouths, I'd reconsider.

Lucy puts in a gear. Takes off.

LUCY (CONT'D)
I'm taking you home.

STEVE
Why? you hate me.

LUCY
Not enough. I'm going to drop you off with my kids. They're gonna want to have a few words with you.

STEVE
How do you know I'm not some serial killer?

LUCY
I believe I know people. How many people have you killed so far?

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STEVE

None.

LUCY

And how many people are you
estimating you will kill in the
near future?

STEVE

I don't know. Maybe I'll start by
whacking your kiddies when I meet
them?

LUCY

It's more about them whacking you.

STEVE

That nasty?

LUCY

Especially after they heard all
that crap you said about their act.

STEVE

Who told them?

LUCY

You did. Screaming Right up by the
stage. I also reminded them.

STEVE

What kind of mother does that to
their kids?

LUCY

This kind. What man hurts happy
children like you did? I 'll tell
you. A man that has no kids of his
own?

STEVE

I guess I'm not in a good position
to negotiate here.

LUCY

No shit. I will take you home,
you'll make breakfast. Tomorrow
morning you take my kids to school.
Deal?

Steve, slightly overwhelmed by this woman, nods in agreement.

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LUCY (CONT'D)

Good! So tell me about your dog
shit life Mr Steve Stein. Firstly.
What brought you here?

STEVE

Change of scenery.

LUCY

You're a shitfaced liar. How's
this. You owe people money.

STEVE

Ish.

The couple drive on into a pleasant residential area and
eventually pull into the driveway of a small neat house.

STEVE (CONT'D)

You?

LUCY

Me.

STEVE

Ayyt.

INT. LUCYS HOME - LATER

Steve and Lucy enter a clean, quaint house with references to
both children/family and music. Lucy pointing.

LUCY

Couch. Quilt. Bathroom. Kitchen.
Help yourself to whatever you want
and don't wake the kids up. They
know where the car keys are.

She moves towards the front door.

STEVE

Where you going?

LUCY

I have to finish my shift.

STEVE

Wait. When are you coming back?

LUCY

Later this morning.

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STEVE
You work alone? No partner?

LUCY
(nods)
Work solo, longer hours, more
money. Easy math.

Lucy disappears down the hall. Front door closes. Steve pans around in the twilight.

INT. LUCYS HOME - MORNING

Steve snoring on the couch. Mouth open. A hand-held airhorn slowly nears his face. Faint giggles. BLLLLLAAAAAAAHHHHH!

Steve bolts aghast.

STEVE
Fuuuuuuck!!!

Steve is woken by MERLE 10yrs, SHANI 8yrs, HANK 6yrs (homage to Merle Haggard, Shania Twain and Hank Williams). Great fun! Hank jumping around like a flange of baboons. Merle and Shani dissecting Steve. Too closely.

MERLE
Mom says you're supposed to take us
to school.

STEVE
Get the fuck outta here.

Steve rolls over.

SHANI
He said the f-word and he's not
wearing any pants.

Steve yanks the short quilt down to cover his naked legs. Again with the pants.

STEVE
(under his breath)
Go away!

MERLE
We gotta go. Mom says you're
driving us.

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STEVE

She did? No car. No car? No drive
to school. Class dismissed. G'
night.

Steve yanks the quilt up over his head exposing again his
legs. Shani giggles,

HANK

Mom left you her truck. C'mon Stein
(Stine) You gotta make breakfast
and take us to school! That's the
deal.

STEVE

Deal. Schmeal. By the way it's
Stein (Stain). Mr Stein.

Lori shows a note left by Lucy:

MERLE

(perorates)

HI KIDS. I FOUND THIS STRAY PUPPY
NEAR THE SWAMP LAST NIGHT. HIS NAME
IS STEIN. HE HAS PROMISED TO TAKE
CARE OF YOU TODAY. JUST TODAY. HE
WILL OBEY YOU AS A GOOD DOG SHOULD.
THAT'S THE DEAL.
Doesn't say Mr.Stein...

Steve reluctantly sits up on the couch and pulls on his
pants. The kids are dressed and ready.

INT. LUCY'S KITCHEN - LATER

Messy kitchen. Severely intoxicated Steve almost pukes from
the strain. Pancake batter everywhere. A pile of burnt ones
in and around the trashcan. Kids munching. Steve manages to
swallow one or two.

MERLE

Mom says you can turn turds into
gold.

SHANI/HANK(PICKS UP INSTANTLY -
BANTER)

Turd.You are turd/no you are. You
are dog poo/you are dog poo.You are
...zoo poo/no you are zoo poo.

STEVE

It was not supposed to be taken
literally.

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MERLE

Are you an alchemist?

STEVE

No. I'm a music producer.

HANK

Mom says you're good for nothing. You said mean things about us at church yesterday.

STEVE

Well, you're pretty slick players for your age, that's for sure. But your choice of material? Country? Has anything happened to country music over the last 1000 years?

HANK

I dunno. I'm only 6.

STEVE

Who told you to sing that crap yesterday?

HANK

Uncle Vizz. He's really old.

STEVE

Well, don't listen to him. Listen to me next time. We need to go.

I/E. LUCY'S TRUCK - LATER

Truck exiting residential area.

STEVE

So where's school?

MERLE

No school today. Field trip.

ALL KIDS

(chant)

Field trip. Field trip. Field trip...

MERLE

You're taking us to the zoo.

STEVE

Nobody mentioned anything about the zoo.

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MERLE
Field trip.

SHANI
They got octopuses.

HANK
Octopi.

SHANI
Ew.

STEVE
How long has this field trip been
planned?

MERLE
Long time.

HANK
Forever.

SHANI
They got pie with octopuses in it.

STEVE
Your Mom sign off on this?

ALL KIDS
Yes.

MERLE
Here.

Merle hands Steve a handwritten note. *"Steve please take the kids to the zoo today for a field trip. It is alright. Lucy"*

STEVE
And it's today? Field trip's today?

ALL KIDS
Yes!

STEVE
I'm surprised your Mom didn't
mention this to me earlier.

Steve studies the children's faces.

STEVE (CONT'D)
Something's fishy, but alright,
let's go!

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I/E. CAR APPROACHING ZOO ENTRANCE - LATER

The children seem unusually quiet. Steve studies them suspiciously in the rear view mirror.

STEVE

What's the plan? Where you meeting up?

Kids look at each other.

MERLE

The front gate. It's alright.

Shani and Hank nod in agreement. Steve double-parks and helps the kids out of the car.

STEVE

Where is everybody? You sure you're meeting up here?

Kids nod in unison once again. A truck honks his horn at Steve.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Call me when you're done, OK? I'll come for you. Got everything? Cash? Alright have fun.

MERLE

You're coming with us.

Steve's petrified.

EXT. GORILLA ENCLOSURE - LATER

Kids banter who looks most like a gorilla. Blowing raspberries against the filthy glass. Gorillas lethargic. Hank on another wave length.

HANK

God. This is so boring. They don't do anything. I'm hungry. Stein, get us something to eat.

SHANI

It would be cool if the gorillas ate each other.

MERLE

Even cooler if they ate you.

Steve's hungry too. Above all thirsty.

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STEVE

I'll go get something to eat.

Steve spots a food court on the main square.

EXT. FOOD COURT/MAIN SQUARE - CONTINUOUS

Steve stands next to corn dog stand. Checks his funds. No cash. He observes the attendant. Leaves.

EXT. GORILLA ENCLOSURE - CONTINUOUS

STEVE

Hey kids, I need your help with something.

HANK

What?

STEVE

I have a plan. I want you to engage in a rumpus. Start a ruckus.

MERLE

A what?

STEVE

A ruckus, you know? A commotion, a tactical diversion?

SHANI

What?

STEVE

Start a fake fight! From over there. Wait For my signal.

Steve points to the corn dog stand. Kids look excited. They've never been asked to fake fight before.

EXT. FOOD COURT/MAIN SQUARE - CONTINUOUS

Steve signals to the kids who immediately start one hell of a fight. Staff rushes in. Pandemonium.

Steve takes the opportunity to grab some corn dogs as attention is drawn elsewhere. Steve stuffs the corn dogs into his pants pockets. They're damn hot.

He returns to the gorilla enclosure in a very suspicious manner.

Cannes 26

24.

EXT. GORILLA ENCLOSURE - CONTINUOUS

As there is little action overall the affray has summoned much more staff than Steve counted on and they have now separated the panting kids. The kerfuffle has inspired the former lethargic gorillas that are now in a state of frenzy behind the safety glass forcing the park to send in the Wildlife SWAT Team to tranquilize the wretched animals.

STAFF #1
Who's in charge here?

Kids pointing at Steve.

STAFF#2
Did you read the rules board at the entrance?

Steve grimacing as the hot corn dogs begin to burn through his pockets.

STEVE
Eeeh, not really.

STAFF#1
This is a high risk area as we keep wild animals, any kind of garboil...

Steve's now forced to throw away the sizzling hot corn dogs. Agitated voices are heard as the corn dog attendant notices the apparent theft and approaches.

INT. ZOO OFFICE - LATER

Steve and the kids sitting in the office in silence. Brooding. Across the room two animal behaviorists observe them. Making notes.

INT. ZOO OFFICE CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Staff#1 explains to Deputy TOM SCHILLER (41 yrs) big, burly, thick, and his assistant officer ALPHONSE (32 yrs Black NOLA) pacing a step behind.

STAFF #1
You must have been in the vicinity.
Thank God you responded so quickly!
These kids have violated the park rules that clearly state one must not arouse the animals.
(MORE)

Cannes 26

25.

STAFF #1 (CONT'D)

We were forced to sedate them with tranquilizer darts...

DEPUTY SCHILLER

The kids?

STAFF #1

No, the gorillas. An adult perpetrator is initially detained for theft. He had corn dogs hidden in his pants, We believe his MO was to smuggle them off the premises.

DEPUTY SCHILLER

The gorillas?

They have now reached the Office door. Staff#1 presses the handle as he continues to talk.

STAFF #1

No, the corn dogs. We also suspect the kids have been abducted as the adult, the so called offender does not hold an address here and seems to be from out of town and as such may be part of a bigger scheme of child abductors. We might be onto something big.

Staff#1 presses down the handle without opening the door. This annoys Deputy Schiller displaying an impatient streak.

INT. ZOO OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The door finally opens. Deputy Schiller steps in. Flummoxed.

All kids and Steve stare at him. Equally flummoxed.

THE KIDS

(in unison)

Dad?

DEPUTY SCHILLER

Merle? Shani? Eeeeeeh...Hank?

(finds himself)

Where's the pervert?

(looks around, eyes
Steve)

The scribes resume taking notes. Instantly Dept. Schiller is in front of Steve and pulls him up by the collar.