

Cannes 26

OBEZY RIDERS

A k a

"NOBODY SUSPECTS A SWEDISH BIKER"

(Cannes 26 version Cardhu 1A 15 Sep 2025)

By

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1.

INT. SWEDEN:BIG BANK FOYER - DAY

DAVE (65yrs, silverback, bald with a huge Santa beard)
talking to an ACCOUNTANT(early 50ies bald, dandruffy wrinkled
suit).

ACCOUNTANT

Let's face it. It doesn't look
good. The last balance is terrible.
You haven't shown me the figures
for the last trimester but unless a
miracle happens this is Armageddon.

DAVE

I'm glad you're so positive. Really
cheers me up. Now I have tons of
arguments to ram down these
vultures throats.

ACCOUNTANT

Well, it's the harsh reality. As
your accountant I am obliged to
unsugarcoat the figures.

DAVE

Sorry. My bad.

ACCOUNTANT

By the way. Where and when is your
next trip?

DAVE

Two weeks, thank God. Route 66.We
were hoping to both celebrate our
66th birthdays together while on
the Mother Road but naw, probably
wont happen.

ACCOUNTANT

How many have signed up for the
trip?

DAVE

Roughly or specific?

ACCOUNTANT

Specific.

DAVE

Zero. Nil. Nada.

ACCOUNTANT

How many do you need in order to
make it work?

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12. DAVE

ACCOUNTANT
Including you and Uffe?

DAVE
Yes.

Accountant scans the foyer.

ACCOUNTANT
By the way...is it just me and you
today?

DAVE
No. Uffe is in the...men's room. He
...there is a bladder issue.

In the background UFFE(65yrs, a human rake, white mane) steps
out from the men's room. Walks up. Nods to the accountant.

ACCOUNTANT
Hi.

UFFE
Hi.

ACCOUNTANT
Do you want to have a printout of
the balance sheet?

UFFE
No. I'm allergic to red figures.

Accountant looks at his watch.

ACCOUNTANT
I guess it's about time.

Uffe sniffs his fingers.

DAVE
Did you wash your hands?

UFFE
Are you my mother?

DAVE
Did she wash your hands?

UFFE
Low blow. You know I'm an orphan
just like you.

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DAVE

Fuck off.

Long time buddies banter. The accountant opens the door to the boardroom. A comedy moment when Dave and Uffe tries to pass the doorway at the same time.

INT. SWEDEN:BIG BANK BOARDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Two male and female bank CLERKS of the snotty and arrogant kind twirling their cheap pens on one side of the huge table.

Dave, Uffe and Accountant on the opposite side of the table.

FIRST MALE CLERK

Judging by the books it does not look very promising. Even if your company has a long record and a good reputation we do have problems with the continuous...

DAVE

Just cut the crap. Stop that pussyfooting. Talk to me like I'm in my mid sixties and slightly demented.

UFFE

Well, you are.

DAVE

Zip it. Just give me the facts.

FIRST MALE CLERK

Your company is on the verge of bankruptcy.

DAVE

And?

SECOND MALE CLERK

And?...we have to withdraw your credit.

DAVE

We've had that credit for years. We payed for it every year. We never used it! And now...when we really need it you're withdrawing it! That's insane!

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UFFE

What's the reason for you to
withdraw the credit?

Clerks exchanging glances.

FEMALE CLERK

Your age.

DAVE

What?

FIRST MALE CLERK

You're both in your mid sixties.
You are not investable. We're
taking a high risk to support you
financially.

UFFE

Investable? Is that even a word?

SECOND MALE CLERK

It is now.

DAVE

So what do you suggest we do?

FEMALE CLERK

Hope for a miracle.

INT. SWEDEN:DAVE'S HOME/DINNER TABLE - EVENING

Dave is being served a plate by wife ULLIS (60ies, motherly,
heart of gold). As Dave is digging in Ullis puts a gentle
hand on his arm.

ULLIS

Slowly, slowly. And chew properly.

DAVE

Yeah, I'm sorry. I'm just so
fucking annoyed at those fucking
bankers. The sheer arrogance.

ULLIS

Yes, but don't let it affect your
digestion. You know you'll just
feel bloated later.

DAVE

Yeah, but it was a fucking
massacre.

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DAVE (CONT'D)

Those kids have no life experience whatsoever. Like fucking Nazi camp kids...

Lack of words.

ULLIS

Please...

DAVE

What's more. It affects us.

ULLIS

I can sell the cabin. That should help.

DAVE

Thanks for the generosity. But I rather take a bullet than let go of that gem.

I am a bit worried for Uffe. He's in a pickle. I dread what will happen if he has to sell Black Betty.

Bam-a-Lam

Music starts.

INT. SWEDEN:UFFE'S CRIB/WORKSHOP - MOMENTS LATER

Uffe in a minute space in a basement somewhere. Mostly bike paraphernalia. A simple bed away in a corner. A vintage two bass drum kit piled up in a corner. He's polishing a vintage black Harley in mint condition. It's sparkling. He looks at it with affection reminiscent of eons past. Takes a few photos with his mobile. Adjusts a lamp for a shimmering backlit glow. Takes a few more photos.

He gets behind an old computer placed on a battered workbench. Uploads the last photos on a Marketplace website. Selling... HD Black Betty. One owner. xxx mileage. He hesitates a bit when it comes to setting a price.

He looks up at a scruffy note board. Hundreds of photos in neat order. Next to each photo a tag #1, #2, #3 and so on. These photos has been taken over decades. The motive is the same: Black Betty in the sunshine. Straddling her is Uffe, mostly in the same outfit: jeans, boots and a t-shirt. What changes is the location and the woman sitting behind him. Long hair, short hair, blonde, black hair, brunette, redhead.

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They are all beautiful, happy and very much in love. All of them hugs Uffe from behind and there are hundreds of them.

He contemplates for a moment. He gets up, rearranges the photos: #2 becomes #1, #7 changes places with #4. Meanwhile he addresses the girls in the photos:

UFFE

Sorry Linda, down you go. Susie,
slowly but surely advancing. Keep
at it girl. Tatiana. Always my # 1.

Looks at a photo. Him and girl, TATIANA, in front of a roadside restaurant somewhere.

After a bit of fiddling around he sits down and types 120.000 in the price box at market place.

Considers.

Opens a drawer under the work bench. Brings out a box signed: Worst Case Scenario. Opens it. A velvet cloth. Unfolds it. A Colt Trooper. He checks the chamber. It's empty. He quantitates it's weight. A single bullet lays on the rag. He checks the barrel. Puts the Colt at his temple.

UFFE (CONT'D)

Boom!

Wraps it in the rag. Puts the box back in the drawer.

INT. SWEDEN: DAVE'S HOME/STUDY - MOMENTS LATER

Ullis clears the table. Leaves the room.

DAVE

That was perfect.

ULLIS

(O.S.)

You want some dessert?

DAVE

Sure. What can the house offer on a dull day like this?

ULLIS

(O.S.)

Let me see.

Mobile rings.

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ULLIS (CONT'D)
(O.S.)
I'll take it.

Ullis answers. Exchanges a few inaudible words. Enters the dining room.

ULLIS (CONT'D)
It's for you.

Dave's puzzled. He gets up and walks into the study.

PHONE VOICE
Hi, is this Dave? Of Trippin with
Dave?

DAVE
Yepp.

PHONE VOICE
This is Tobbe.Tobbe von Ryd.

DAVE
Do I know you?

PHONE VOICE
You do bike trips in the US?

DAVE
The one and only.

PHONE VOICE
Your Route 66 trip. Is it fully
booked?

DAVE
No. There's a few slots open. Are
you interested?

PHONE VOICE
Yes. How many seats left?

DAVE
How many do you need?

PHONE VOICE
There is, let me
see...1,2,3...eeerrrm ...12.

DAVE
Twelve?!!

PHONE VOICE
Yes.Twelve.

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DAVE

I think I can squeeze you in.

PHONE VOICE

Great. Is it OK to pay in advance?
Cash? And... do you provide the
visas?

DAVE

I think we can accommodate that.

PHONE VOICE

OK. I'll give you a ring later and
we can sort out the practicalities.

DAVE

Sure.

Hangs up.

Dave's baffled. Walks back into the dining room where Ullis
has served up a delicious dessert. His jaw has dropped
considerably.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Guess what.

ULLIS

What?

DAVE

A miracle. The 66-tour just became
fully booked.

ULLIS

That's fantastic.

DAVE

Almost too good to be true.

ULLIS

Don't you want to call Uffe and
tell him the news?

DAVE

No. I'll wait. I don't wanna get
his hopes up in case it's just some
hoax. Better safe than sorry.

INT. SWEDEN:US EMBASSY/VISA DEPT - DAY

US official is by the xerox copying. Almost finished. Walks
over to Dave standing by the counter.

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OFFICIAL

I admit these applications look a bit strange but if you say they're bona fide I trust you. So far we never had any problems with your clients.

DAVE

I really appreciate this, Kevin. The bank has cancelled our credit. We're too old or uninvestable, whatever the fuck that means. This tour could be our last ditch attempt to stay afloat.

OFFICIAL

Banks are terrible nowadays but good luck. But like I said. Never seen a group of Swedes with names this odd. Look...Johan Johansson, Anders Andersson, Lars Larsson, Birger Birgersson. See where it's going here? The only one different is Torbjörn von Ryd. And everybody's born same month. Same year. Just days apart. Nuts! The passports seem valid though.

DAVE

I do hope they are. Can't afford to cancel anything now.

EXT. SWEDEN:US EMBASSY - MOMENTS LATER

Dave leaves the premises. Crosses the street and passes a few parked cars. Somebody whistles. Dave stops. Door opens to one of the parked cars. The WHISTLER gestures to Dave to get in.

I/E. SWEDEN: US EMBASSY/TOBBE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Dave in the backseat. Next to him is TOBBE von RYD (mid 40ies, christian appearance) tense and twitchy. Silhouetted guys in the front.

TOBBE VON RYD

Hi. How did it go?

DAVE

Fine. All is arranged.

Tobbe hands him a plastic bag filled with bank notes.

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TOBBE VON RYD

There's no need to count it. If.
Just give me a call.

DAVE

Sure.

TOBBE VON RYD

See you in Chicago then.

DAVE

Chicago it is. Route 66.

Dave gets out of the car. Car drives off.

EXT. SWEDEN:US EMBASSY/PARKING SPACE - CONTINUOUS

Dave looks at the car. Then at the plastic bag.

Almost too good to be true.

INT. O'HARE AIRPORT/MEN'S ROOM - MORNING

Uffe relieves himself. Typical urinal sound. 16 hour flight with blocked lavatories has taken its toll. Suddenly the door bursts open. A fidgety Tobbe von Ryd enters. Checks all the stalls. Finds an empty one. Opens the door, looks over his shoulder. Shuts the door.

Uffe sees this in the full length mirror in front of him.

INT. O'HARE AIRPORT/BORDER CONTROL - CONTINUOUS

Dave is browsing through all passports. Hands them over to a Border Officer. Reads all names on his visa-list.

DAVE

Anders Andersson? Lars Larsson? ...

Uffe saunter up to the desk with a huge black duffel bag.

UFFE

Sorry. I had to take care of an
emergency.

No one takes notice. Dave makes another attempt.

DAVE

Anders Andersson? Lars Larsson?

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In front of them stands 12 overweight ruffians in white tracksuits, russian style crewcut and cheap shades. These are The Riders.

DAVE (CONT'D)
Which one of you is Anders
Andersson?

No reaction.

DAVE (CONT'D)
Are you all deaf or what?

Dave checks the first passport again. Points at someone resembling the photo.

DAVE (CONT'D)
You. You must be Anders Andersson.

Anders Andersson (aka Bozz) points at himself with a sheepish grin.

DAVE (CONT'D)
Yes. You.

Dave nods. Hands over the passport. Bozz scrutinizes the photo. Never seen it before. Shows it to his clan of Riders.

BOZZ
Anderrzz. Vyry good!

Dave continues.

DAVE
Let's see now. Who's Lars Larsson?

Looks and points at a slightly taller Rider.

DAVE (CONT'D)
Yes. You...

Dave repeats the procedure. Same reaction from the Riders.

DAVE (CONT'D)
This is taking way to much time.
And where is Tobbe?

UFFE
What does he look like?

DAVE
Born again Christian. Edgy.

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UFFE

I saw someone in the men's room.
Must have been him.

DAVE

You handle this. I'll go find him.

Dave walks away. Uffe continues.

UFFE

OK. Who's Peter Pettersson?

INT. O'HARE AIRPORT/MEN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Tobbe is hiding in a booth. Fiddling with his mobile. Finally an image on the screen. Slight delay.

TOBBE VON RYD

(in Swedish)

Hi, It's me. Can you talk?

CU screen. Middle aged flustered woman. Mouth taped.

TOBBE VON RYD (CONT'D)

Anyway. We have landed. I will try
to escape as soon as I can and
rescue...

CU screen: Stern male face.

STERN FACE

(in Russian)

Privyet. (hello)

Tobbe hangs up. Even more edgier. Some noises as Dave enters the men's room. Tobbe crouches. Squats on the toilet seat.

Dave listens. Checks under the stall doors.

Tobbe tries to improve his strenuous position. Slips feet in the bowl. Disgusted. Tobbe has a morbid fear of germs.

Dave gets down on his knees. Crawls from booth to booth. Checks under every door.

Tobbe does likewise. Exchanging glances.

TOBBE VON RYD

Hi.

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DAVE

Hi. I wondered where you were.

TOBBE VON RYD

I was here.

Tobbe gets up.Opens the door.

TOBBE VON RYD (CONT'D)

Well. Let's go.

They exit.

INT. O'HARE AIRPORT/BORDER CONTROL DESK - MOMENTS LATER

All Riders seems to be on the right side of the border. Uffe signing off the visa application forms. Tobbe getting more edgy as he approaches the Riders especially Anders. the BOZZ who gives him the evil eye. Whispers to his 2nd in command, who nods. Border officer punches the paperwork with a huge rubber stamp.

BORDER OFFICER

Seems everything is in order.
Welcome to the USA. The land of
opportunity.

DAVE

I salute you for your exquisite
service.O'land of the Free and home
of the Brew!

The entourage squeezes through the gate. Dave takes the opportunity as he's just behind Tobbe.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Why does it seem like none of these
Swedish guys speak any Swedish..?

Uffe eavesdropping.

UFFE

Or English.

DAVE

Or know their own names or act like
they've ever seen a Swedish
passport before.

TOBBE VON RYD

They're only happy to get their new
passports.

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The entourage moves forward.

EXT. CHICAGO VISTA/JFK EXPRESSWAY - DAY

Chicago's majestic skyline towering on the horizon. Our Riders parades on the multi lane tollway on rented Harleys side by side. Half of the bunch riding pillion(UK) 2up(US) at a painfully slow speed. Blocking any attempt for cars to overtake. The Riders white tracksuits shine in the bleak sunlight. Dave and Uffe trying desperately to force the Riders to pick up speed as congestion piles up.

EXT. CHICAGO/JFK EXPRESSWAY - CONTINUOUS

The scenario is witnessed from a overpass by two Highway Patrol officers parked in a cruiser. An unmarked car pulls up next. The driver DOUG STRAHL (45 yrs Jack Russel terrier type) flashes his badge.

DOUG STRAHL
Detective Doug Strahl. What the hell is going on down there?

HIGHWAY TROOPER
Not sure. But it seems like a fine mess.

DOUG STRAHL
Looks like some kind of circus caravan. They're sure moving slow. Dangerously slow.

HIGHWAY TROOPER
I'll say.

DOUG STRAHL
Let's check it out.

EXT. CHICAGO INTERSTATE LAYBY - MOMENTS LATER

All Riders rounded up. The Highway Patrol officers checking the state of the bikes. The Riders gathered, smoking, muttering. Dave explaining to Detective Strahl who scrutinizes passports and paperwork.

DAVE
They just got here from Sweden. A little jet lag. Unfamiliar circumstances. Unfamiliar bikes.
(MORE)

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DAVE (CONT'D)

I've seen this a lot before these past 30 years. Don't worry, sir. They'll warm up.

DOUG STRAHL

Well. All paperwork seems to be in order. Next time they'll have to fine you.

DAVE

That won't happen, sir.

DOUG STRAHL

You're not Swedish are you?

DAVE

No. Born and bred in Elgin, Illinois, sir. Went to high school with your boss. Director Nordström.

DOUG STRAHL

Former Director. He's retired. Been for awhile. Shouldn't you do the same?

DAVE

Not yet. Got a few miles left in me, sir.

DOUG STRAHL

Good luck and drive safely.

DAVE

Thanks for your help, sir.

DOUG STRAHL

No worries. Nobody suspects a Swedish biker.

DAVE

Sorry?

DOUG STRAHL

I said. NOBODY SUSPECTS A SWEDISH BIKER.

DAVE

Of course not. Thanks again.

INT. ROADSIDE RESTAURANT - DAY

The group stops for coffee. Everyone's seated except for Dave. Clears his throat.

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DAVE

Seeing as we're running late due to...

Uffe gets up, heads for the men's room.

UFFE

Sorry...

DAVE

...delayed due to obvious circumstances we need to reroute. So our destination tonight will be...

Bozz whispering to Tobbe. Squeezed in between some beefy Riders. Tobbe edgy as always clears his throat.

TOBBE VON RYD

We need to visit someone.

DAVE

Erm. That's not really the purpose of this trip.

Bozz again whispering.

TOBBE VON RYD

We need to see Uncle Olle. Sorry. Uncle Oleg. He lives in Springfield. It's his birthday.
(Tobbe prompting)

DAVE

Springfield? This is unexpected. I need more heads-up for requests like this.

TOBBE VON RYD

Tonight.

Uffe returns.

DAVE

I'm not sure we can accommodate that with such short notice.

UFFE

What's going on here?

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TOBBE VON RYD

(more whispering)

Anders here wants to remind you
that the trip has been payed for in
advance. In cash. So we are going
to Uncle Oleg's party.

DAVE

I guess there's a change of plans
then.

(to Uffe)

Cancel the hotel for tonight.

UFFE

Where are we going to sleep?

DAVE

I have no idea.

Another whisper.

TOBBE VON RYD

Yes. We need to buy presents.

DAVE

What kind of presents?

Whisper.

TOBBE VON RYD

Outdoor stuff. Sports.

INT. SPORTS/OUTDOOR STORE - LATER

Dave and Uffe waiting by the cash register. Tobbe and the
Riders approach. Begin loading items for checkout onto the
band. One lockable dog leash with chain, 2 heavy duty
padlocks, 3 machetes, 3 hatches and 5 baseball bats on the
conveyor belt. Checkout girl stunned.

CHECKOUT GIRL

Anything else? You have bats. Do
you need balls?

Tobbe looks at Bozz.

BOZZ

We have balls. Lots of balls.

All Riders laugh. Bozz throws a pile of dollar notes on the
conveyor belt. They exit.

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UFFE

I really would like to see Uncle
Oleg's birthday present list.

EXT. SPRINGFIELD/SHABBY INDUSTRIAL AREA - EVENING

The cortege is slowly cruising through a rough area. Dave and Uffe ahead scan addresses. They stop near a warehouse. The Riders spread out strategically overlooking a set of roll up doors.

Dave and Uffe somewhat surprised observing this maneuver. One of the Riders approaches them by foot.

RIDER

Move! Move!
(rather aggressively)

Dave and Uffe moves back into a position hidden from the warehouse. The Rider crouches next to them.

UFFE

This is a remarkable birthday
celebration. Their idea of a
Swedish tradition maybe?

DAVE

I dunno. You're the Swede. I was
just an immigrant.

UFFE

It's sure new to me.

The Rider seems to overhear their conversation responds with a sinister grin.

RIDER

Zerpryze parrrty!

DAVE

That's what I said. Hope Oleg has a
strong heart. Otherwise this will
be his last birthday..

UFFE

I'm still not convinced that is a
Swedish accent.
(ref to Rider)

RIDER

Zhat ap!

Rider puts a finger across his lips. Talking time is over.

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EXT. SPRINGFIELD/SHABBY INDUSTRIAL AREA - NIGHT

Almost quiet. Barking dogs. Suddenly a warble sound alerts the Riders. A van approaches the warehouse. The Riders tuck themselves in disappearing into the darkness.

The van stops in front of the roll up door. The passenger door opens and VAN MAN 1 exits the van. Walks up to the door. Unlocks and rolls up the door.

The van proceeds into the building and VAN MAN 2 jumps out of the van as the first switches the light on.

As the door shuts slowly all Riders charges forward with drawn machetes, hatchets and baseball bats. They pound the van men furiously. Some of the Riders axes the van's rear door to break in.

Bozz drives up to the back of the van with a petrified Tobbe on the backseat. Bozz savagely wielding his machete screaming on top of his lungs.

The ferocity of the attack forces the van men to take flight as the rear door is cracked open.

The Riders pulls out several crates. Breaks the lid. Displays several AR-15s and smaller handguns. Triumphantlly they return to the bikes with the loot. As a finale they set fire to the van.

Engines revving as the Riders take off in the night.

Dave and Uffe follow suit.

UFFE

Is this supposed to be the
beginning of the celebration?

DAVE

More like the end.

As they take off they are passed by Bozz and the petrified Tobbe. As they passes they spot Tobbe wearing the padlocked dog leash around his neck. Chained to the sissy bar.

INT. PINK MONKEY STRIP JOINT - NIGHT

Booze party galore Russian style. Buckets of vodka and Jim Beam shots brought to the tables. Bundles of notes crammed under thongs. Humping Pink Monkey neon sign in background.

Tobbe is a favorite among the strippers with his pitbull leash and chain.

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Now undressed down to his tighty whities this to the Riders merriment. The girls are giving Tobbe a special treatment at a level of humiliation beyond comprehension.

STRIPPERS

Oh, he's soooo cute. Look at his body. Sooo smooth. I want to lick his vanilla body.

This excites the Riders even more and they bring out Tobbe's own mobile phone to record and transmit the atrocities to Tobbe's wife's mobile - still with mouth taped. Her keepers even show Tobbe's predicament to his children. All five of them. Mouths taped.

Dave and Uffe sits slightly off observing the spectacle under the racket.

UFFE

Have we provided this kind of entertainment before? I'm not sure how we would market this on the website. Might attract a different kind of clientele.

DAVE

Yea. Different is the word. I'm becoming more and more convinced our riders belong to a different ethnicity than they claim.

UFFE

Indeedy-doody.

Some of the younger riders have caught some strippers attention and is kanogeling away in the lounge sofas.

EXT. OKLAHOMA STATE BORDER - DAY

The hungover entourage passes a huge border sign: Welcome to Oklahoma - the sooner state. All pillion Riders holds bags to contain the vomit.

Especially Tobbe who has been assigned a different, less prominent driver, still chained to the sissy bar.

Without any notice Uffe dashes off leaving Dave and the Riders too confounded to react. Bozz gesturing to Dave with a finger drawn across his throat. Slowly picking up speed renders Tobbe to throw up again.

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EXT. TATIANAS ROADSIDE RESTAURANT - LATER

Uffe draws to a halt at a roadside restaurant. Big sign: Tatiana's. Dismounts the bike. Pulls out a photo from his inner pocket. Same photo seen pinned to the board in his crib. Only difference: no sign in the photo. No building in the background.

Uffe lingers for a minute or so. Slightly nervous. Recovers his breath. Walks up to the entrance.

INT. TATIANA'S/COUNTER - CONTINUOUS

Uffe stands for a while as the cashier tends to some stuff.

UFFE

Hello.

CASHIER

Hello. What can I do for you, sir.

UFFE

I'm looking for Tatiana.

CASHIER

I'm afraid she's not here.

UFFE

Oh.OK. Any way I could get in touch with her?

CASHIER

No. I mean. She's not with us anymore. She passed away a few years ago.

Uffe floored.

CASHIER (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. Did you know her?

UFFE

A long time ago. I didn't know...

CASHIER

Do you want to talk to...LUDMILLA!

Cashier calls into back of house. LUDMILLA(40ies, strikingly beautiful, tall, lean) appears. Drying her hands with a towel.

LUDMILLA

Yes. Hi.What can I do for you?

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CASHIER

He's looking for Tatiana.

Uffe nods.

LUDMILLA

Well. Mom died some three years ago.

UFFE

I'm sorry to hear.

LUDMILLA

Thank you. You knew her?

UFFE

Sort of. Long time ago. Way back. I was just passing through and thought I'd stop by.

LUDMILLA

That's very kind of you. Cancer. Cancer took her away. You're not local? Where you from?

UFFE

I'm from...

Suddenly the Riders and Dave crash in with Tobbe on his leash. Noisy. Hungover. Loathsome.

DAVE

Hey. Uffe. WTF? You just took off. Lucky I saw your bike parked outside.

Dave walks up next to Uffe.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Don't do that again, please. It makes our clients very nervous.

(to Ludmilla)

Hi, I'm Dave. Nice to meet you. We need food for 14 people.

(to Uffe)

I told everybody you had to pee again.

Uffe embarrassed.

LUDMILLA

Hi. You can take the tables in the corner. We'll be with you in a second.

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Bozz comes up.

DAVE
(to Bozz)
I told you. Tinysky Bladdersky.

Bozz thinks this is funny.

BOZZ
Tinysky Bladdersky.

Dave ushers Bozz and the rest to the corner booths. Uffe follows along. Ludmilla bewildered.

INT. TATIANA'S/CORNER TABLE - LATER

All riders seated. Uffe, Dave and chained Tobbe at one end. Waitress NINA (20ies, petite, doll-like) is taking up orders. Standing by with a pad. Concentrating on some of the younger Riders.

RIDER A
(in Russian)
Look. They got Russian specialties!
I knew this was a good place. I
could eat a dwarf.

RIDER B
(in Russian)
Hold it. We're not supposed to like
Russian food. We are Swedish. You
can't have Russian food.

RIDER A
Oh fuck. I so much liked to have
the borscht. I love borscht. My
mother makes the best borscht.

RIDER B
Shut up, you fish! We should be
asking for Swedish food.
(in English to Nina)
Do you have any Zwedish food? We
are Zwedish. We like Zwedish food.

NINA
No. Sorry. We only have Russian
specialties.

RIDER B
Oh. So bad. I think.

Nina moves on to the next pair of Riders.

Cannes 26

24.

NINA

Orders?

They're not noticing her.

RIDER C

(all dialogue in Russian)

How many ARs did we get? 12? 15?

I so much want to try them. They're really vicious.

RIDER D

I think it's fewer than 12. Perhaps 10. But it's enough. Remember Bozz and that weakling Tobbe don't need any.

RIDER C

What about Dave and Uffe?

RIDER D

They are probably eliminated by then. We only need them to Albu. Albu. I can't fucking pronounce that name.

RIDER C

I can't wait to. It's going to be a ball.

Nina moves on to next pair of Riders as they don't seem to notice her. She's also eavesdropping.

RIDER E

Have you made any contact with our pig Uzbek brothers in Tulsa yet?

RIDER F

Yeah. Pig brothers they are. Not sure if you can trust them at all.

RIDER E

I wouldn't trust them. Sleazy pigs. Never trust an Uzbek I say.

Dave gestures to Nina.

DAVE

(in English)

Hi. Has anyone ordered yet?

NINA

Nope.

Cannes 26

25.

DAVE

I'll make it easy for you. Tat's
Fat Burger for everyone. 14 in all.
And a selection of non alcoholic
beverages.

NINA

14? There's only 12 of you?

Dave's surprised. Uffe counts.

DAVE

Seems like we've lost two guys.
Funny.

UFFE

I think I know where they are.

DAVE

Anyway. 12 Tat's Fat Burgers.

NINA

Coming.

Nina leaves the group.

INT. TATIANA'S/COUNTER - CONTINUOUS

Nina shouting to back of house.

NINA

12 Fatties!

Order repeated from the chefs. Approaches Ludmilla in a low
voice as she books the order.

NINA (CONT'D)

(in Russian)

Hey Lud. Don't look.

Ludmilla glances discreetly.

NINA (CONT'D)

The guys in the white track suits.

Ludmilla nods.

NINA (CONT'D)

They're no nice. They're trouble.
You know the Uzbeks that hooked up
with the mob in Tulsa?

Another nod.