

THE EDDY

Written by

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First Draft

"If you don't make mistakes, you aren't really trying."

Coleman Hawkins

Address  
Phone Number

We are with a waitress opening four bottles of beer with one hand, whilst depositing ice into glasses with the other.

KELLY (O.S.)

So sublime  
The time  
That I'm  
Referring to  
Baby you should know  
On Rue Du Bac  
The Clock Was Chiming  
Chiming  
Very slow  
Then you let it go...

She loads the drinks onto a tray and then moves on to take another order, the tray is carried and we travel with it as it passes through a modest-sized but energetic club, the Jean Bart. Everyone seems to be having a good time, some watching the band, some dancing, some talking, some drinking.

We stop tracking only when we pass an imposing figure, FARID, French Algerian, late 30s. He is watching everything work - he's keeping tabs on everything - the bar, the punters, nothing escapes his glare - as his eyes flick to the stage and we twist and watch with him.

KELLY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Call me when you get there  
I'll come down to meet you  
Take a bus or a jet there  
On a one way ticket  
Call me when you get there  
If you want to make it  
There's a train so take it  
To our rendezvous

Finally we see her, KELLY stands behind the mic with a soulful face, behind her stands the smiling JUDE who has dreads descending down his double bass, he's loving this, beside him the kindly but slightly anarchic RANDY on piano, and the angry skinhead KATRINA on drums. This is The Eddy, and together they make jazz sound triumphant.

KELLY (CONT'D)

I'll be waiting for us  
Open road before us  
When I sing that chorus  
I think of you so  
Call me when you get there  
I'll come down to meet you  
At the  
Gare du Nord how sweet to  
See your smiling face

KELLY is playing to the entire club, taking in everyone with her presence, there's only one place she avoids looking. But by avoiding looking - she's making her attentions very clear.

We travel to where she doesn't want to look, to a guy sitting on his own at a table - this is ELLIOT, he isn't watching the band, he isn't watching anything at all, he is carefully rolling a cigarette, but he's listening - listening with more intensity than anyone else there.

He hears a bum note, he looks up, KELLY meets his eye. ELLIOT carefully nods back.

He misses nothing. FARID sits beside him. He grins.

ELLIOT  
They're not on it.

FARID says nothing.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)  
She's tired.

FARID  
And who's fault is that?

ELLIOT dismisses FARID with a look and then turns back to the band.

FARID (CONT'D)  
The bar's up on last night.

ELLIOT  
You know, that's all you ever say,  
the bar's up on last night, the  
bar's down on last night.

FARID  
You don't think that matters? We're  
building something here.

ELLIOT looks at FARID.

FARID (CONT'D)  
Be gentle with her.

ELLIOT turns and looks at FARID again - he's about to say something, and then there's another bum note, he looks again at the stage, frowning.

Titles.

A face enters a bowl of water, JUDE. It's full of energy, wired, it stays there for ten seconds, twenty, longer than seems right.

The face becomes more rested, the bubbles around it settle.  
Forty seconds.

A moment more then he emerges.

3

INT. DRESSING ROOM. JEAN BART. NIGHT

3

It comes out on a cramped dressing room. RANDY, topless, is drying the sweat off himself using a towel, KATRINA is packing up her things, KELLY is sitting in a corner, thinking dark thoughts.

JUDE wiping his face off with a t-shirt, looks at her, he knows where she is. He speaks in FRENCH. KELLY replies in ENGLISH.

JUDE

If you don't make mistakes, you  
aren't really trying...

KELLY

That's your inspirational words?

JUDE

(in ENGLISH)

Not mine, Coleman Hawkins.

KELLY looks at him, raising a proverbial finger.

KELLY

Thank you kindly Coleman Hawkins.

JUDE laughs.

KATRINA exits the room, without a word to any of them.

KELLY (CONT'D)

What's with her?

RANDY frowns as in - what do I know?

RANDY

I couldn't hear it. Honestly.

KELLY

I could. He could.

RANDY

Looking at him during the gig,  
probably not the best move.

JUDE

I'm out.

He leaves, as RANDY pulls on a shirt.

KELLY  
A drink? My shout?

RANDY  
No thanks darling.

RANDY exits and then stops.

RANDY (CONT'D)  
You want to be better tomorrow  
then...

KELLY  
Don't say it Randy.

RANDY smiles.

RANDY  
Then I'm saying nothing.

RANDY exits. KELLY sits down, alone. She looks around.

4 EXT. STREET. LATIN QUARTER. PARIS. NIGHT

4

JUDE, struggling with his double bass, emerges from the club. He stops, he lights a cigarette, and hoists the double bass onto his back.

He sees a taxi coming, his eyes light up, he hurriedly drops the cigarette onto the street, and extinguishes it as he hails the cab.

But the driver takes one look at the double bass and drives on.

JUDE looks after the car - exasperated - and then tired - picks up his extinguished cigarette back from the floor.

He returns it to his mouth and relights it. He pulls the double bass onto his back, and starts to walk.

5 INT. JEAN BART. NIGHT

5

We snake back into the club, and three members of staff are working quickly to get packed up and shut down as quickly as possible.

ELLIOT is now sitting at a piano doodling on the notes - he's trying something out, it's not entirely working, but there's something there. Bent over the keys this is Elliot in his most natural state, he tries to shut out the noise around him.

Three Lithuanian 22 year olds enter the bar, led by a man with dyed blonde spiked hair (think 80s) - KAJUS, they look around, KAJUS talks to someone at the bar - who indicates ELLIOT - they walk forward to him. KAJUS speaks in broken FRENCH.

KAJUS  
Manage?

ELLIOT  
(in more fluent French)  
We're closed.

KAJUS  
I here for money.

ELLIOT  
My friend, whoever you are, that's  
an aggressive haircut by the way,  
we're closed.

KAJUS  
Money.

ELLIOT  
For what?

KAJUS  
This Jean Burt?

ELLIOT  
If you mean Jean Bart, yes, it is.

KAJUS approaches ELLIOT, who stands up, looking him dead in the eye.

KAJUS  
Money.

ELLIOT  
For what? You need an invoice  
friend. Not just a declaration of  
intent.

KAJUS looks at him.

KAJUS  
Pay me.

ELLIOT  
What? No.

KELLY comes down the stairs, she makes hard for the door.  
ELLIOT tries to stop her, speaking in ENGLISH.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)  
Kelly.

KELLY

Not now.

ELLIOT

I was waiting to talk to you.

KELLY

I said not now.

ELLIOT

Whatever else is going on, if you could not bring it into the club.

KELLY

Really? That's what you wanted to say?

ELLIOT

You can't let it affect you like that.

She looks back at him, unsure how exactly she wants to tear him apart.

KAJUS taps on ELLIOT's arm, ELLIOT turns around and fronts up to him. He carries on in ENGLISH.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

OK, whoever you are you little East European fuck, can't you see I'm busy?

He turns back to KELLY. But she's gone. KAJUS speaks in ENGLISH.

KAJUS

You pay.

ELLIOT

Yeah. Sure.

KAJUS walks out of the bar. ELLIOT sits down back at the piano. He plays an arpeggio.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

Fuck you fuck you fuck you fuck.

This develops back into his tune.

He plays on, a concentrated look on his face.

6

EXT. STREET. LATIN QUARTER. PARIS. NIGHT

6

KELLY looks one way and then another, KAJUS barges past her on his way out of the club.

She looks at him, and then she walks on.

- 7 INT. FARID'S HOUSE. NIGHT 7  
FARID enters quietly.
- 8 INT. KITCHEN. FARID'S HOUSE. NIGHT 8  
He enters the kitchen. He opens the fridge. He takes out a beer. CAROLE enters behind him,  
CAROLE  
Good night?  
FARID turns to her and smiles. They kiss gently.  
FARID  
No.  
FARID grins.
- 9 EXT. STREET. LATIN QUARTER. PARIS. NIGHT 9  
ELLIOT emerges onto the street. Beside the club he undoes a moped bike.  
It takes him a few attempts to fire it into life.  
But he does. And then he rides off into the night.  
We stay in the same spot in the street as ominously another car turns on its lights and then sets off after the moped.
- 10 INT. JUDE'S APARTMENT. NIGHT 10  
JUDE enters his apartment - it's a shit and cold apartment.  
He takes off his coat and puts on a blanket.  
He turns on a small mini fire.  
He lies down on the sofa.  
A cat jumps up and lies down on his chest. JUDE laughs.
- 11 INT. LIVING ROOM. KATRINA'S APARTMENT. NIGHT 11  
KATRINA comes in - bustling full of energy. Her slightly older sister, MARIE, is asleep on the couch.  
KATRINA  
Not a word. I'm not that late.  
MARIE  
They better pay overtime. And you better pass it on to me.

She enters another room.

12 INT. BEDROOM. KATRINA'S APARTMENT. NIGHT 12

An elderly man, hooked up to a large ventilator, lies in the centre of the space.

KATRINA

Hello Dad.

He says nothing back. KATRINA thinks and then sits down.

13 INT. KELLY'S APARTMENT. NIGHT 13

KELLY enters her apartment, she's with a guy, MATTHIEU.

She kisses him rabidly, tearing at her clothes as he tears at hers.

14 INT. BEDROOM. ELLIOT'S APARTMENT. DAY 14

ELLIOT enters his apartment.

He makes to shut his door, which is when the door is pushed back open.

He turns back to see KAJUS, he looks at him, surprised.

KAJUS smacks him around the side of the head with a metal bar.

And then kicks ELLIOT repeatedly in the stomach.

ELLIOT tries to resist but has to take the full force of the blows.

15 INT. KELLY'S APARTMENT. DAY 15

Light comes in through curtains that have been left open. An alarm is blaring.

KELLY wakes - she looks at the man beside her - her face creases - she doesn't remember him. She turns and looks at the alarm. She turns it off. The man beside her stirs, she winces, she checks - yup, she's naked.

MATTHIEU speaks in FRENCH.

MATTHIEU

Hi.

KELLY

Hi.

He leans over to kiss her with a smile, she pulls away.

MATTHIEU

OK?

She says nothing.

MATTHIEU (CONT'D)

Last night was nice.

KELLY

(in a sort of FRANGLAIS)

Sorry, my French is not good.

MATTHIEU

(laughing and then in  
slightly broken ENGLISH)

You speak good last night.

KELLY

It's not so good in the morning.

MATTHIEU

You speak better when drunk?

KELLY

Yeah.

MATTHIEU

We go for a coffee?

KELLY looks at him.

KELLY

No. Sorry.

MATTHIEU

I make one here.

KELLY

No.

MATTHIEU

You make one here?

KELLY

No.

MATTHIEU laughs. They lie there uncomfortably a moment more.

KELLY (CONT'D)

Sorry. I've got to get to work.

MATTHIEU

You want me to leave?

KELLY

Sorry.

MATTHIEU looks at her, unsure whether to be offended or not.

MATTHIEU  
You want me to leave?

KELLY  
Like I say - work - sorry.

MATTHIEU  
(his anger building)  
You expect me grateful because you  
fucked me?

KELLY  
No. I've just got work.

He stands up and walks naked away from her.

MATTHIEU  
Fucking English.

KELLY  
I'm fucking American.

16 INT. HALLWAY. FARID'S HOUSE. DAY

16

FARID is trying to deal with what seems like fifteen children, but in fact is only two. Kids making a lot of noise. We watch from outside the window (three floors up) as he tries to control them. And then we travel inside as he wedges his children into their bedroom. They speak in FRENCH.

FARID  
You are supposed to be practising.

GEORGES  
This is practising. We are  
practising.

FARID  
If you want to get good Georges -

His daughter ANAIS runs hard at him, he picks her up and carries her back inside.

FARID (CONT'D)  
You stay still, both of you, OK?  
And play your trumpet Georges, OK?

ANAIS  
I don't want to -

FARID shuts and then locks the door. The handle is immediately jiggled with.

GEORGES  
Dad? Dad. Have you locked us in?

FARID is surprised he has.

GEORGES (CONT'D)  
What do we do if we need a pee?

FARID  
Piss out of the window.

17 INT. KITCHEN. FARID'S HOUSE. DAY 17

CAROLE is cooking scrambled eggs as he enters.

CAROLE  
You here today?

FARID  
No. At the club and then I have  
business in the conseil  
d'arrondissement.

CAROLE looks at him. She knows what this means.

FARID (CONT'D)  
I've got to try.

CAROLE smiles at him.

CAROLE  
You really lock them in their room?

He smiles and then picks up egg from the pan and eats it.  
Then he looks in the pot. He sniffs.

FARID  
Maybe a little more salt eh?

CAROLE hits him with a spoon, FARID laughs.

18 INT. SHOWER. JUDE'S APARTMENT. DAY 18

JUDE is underneath the shower, soap cascades down him, he  
grimaces.

From off his cellphone rings.

He turns off the shower and trying hard not to get water  
everywhere steps out and grabs the cellphone from where it  
sits on the sink.

As he answers it, it rings off.

JUDE  
(in FRENCH)  
Shit.

He tries to call back.

CELLPHONE  
 (in FRENCH)  
 Your account is out of credit,  
 please contact your service  
 provider.

JUDE  
 Shit.

His cat enters, he looks at it, it looks back at him.

19 INT. BEDROOM. ELLIOT'S APARTMENT. DAY 19

ELLIOT wakes, his face a mess, his body has bruises all over it, there is sun streaming in from the curtains. He closes his eyes for a moment, and then opens them again.

He touches his face.

20 INT. RANDY'S APARTMENT. DAY 20

RANDY sits in front of his piano.

He begins to riff on something, quietly at first but then the music grows increasingly more insistent.

21 INT. KATRINA'S APARTMENT. DAY 21

RANDY's playing continues through this scene.

KATRINA is pulling out and putting up a set of drums.

She begins to hit - slowly at first - and then louder.

We pull wider and see she's playing in front of her Dad.

He is seemingly oblivious to her playing and she is seemingly oblivious to him.

The music almost melds together.

22 EXT. 4TH. PARIS. DAY 22

JUDE - clicking a bass line out of the side of his mouth - which seems to sit on top of the playing of KATRINA and RANDY - emerges from his apartment carrying a bike.

His cat runs out from under him.

He gets on the bike and starts riding.

23 EXT. STREET. PARIS. DAY 23

KELLY emerges from her apartment, she looks around, she lights a cigarette.

She doesn't contribute anything to the orchestration.

She doesn't actually look well enough to do so.

24 EXT. CITE. PARIS SUBURBS. DAY 24

ELLIOT lives in a cité in the suburbs. It's probably 70% French-Arab. It struggles with crime, it struggles with a lot of things, and ELLIOT doesn't really fit in within it.

He hums his tune as he walks.

It fits perfectly with the band mates.

He walks through it, past a large piece of graffiti that says 'Je suis Charlie Hebdo' and another that says 'Fuck Charlie Hebdo'.

A kid rides past him on a moped with a pizza delivery box on the back. ELLIOT looks at him and then gets on his own moped....

He kicks hard at it - it doesn't start - he tries again - it doesn't start - he tries a third time. It starts.

25 INT. JEAN BART. DAY 25

FARID is sitting with coffee at one of the tables. He's got several sheets of paper in front of him.

He looks up as ELLIOT enters. ELLIOT is raging but FARID doesn't see it at first.

FARID  
What happened to you?

ELLIOT  
You tell me.

FARID  
What?

ELLIOT  
Someone has been doing something stupid at this club. And I want to know who.

26 INT. BATHROOM. JEAN BART. DAY 26

ELLIOT is sitting in the bathroom on a club chair.

FARID has poured a sink full of soapy water. He's using it to clean ELLIOT's face. They speak in a mixture of FRENCH and ENGLISH, it's very fluid.

ELLIOT  
Jude needs the cash.

FARID  
You sure it's got to be someone  
inside the club?

ELLIOT  
He was here for something. He  
thought I owed it him. Katrina.  
She's East European.

FARID  
She scares the shit out of me too.

ELLIOT  
Kelly hates me. And when she saw  
him, she couldn't get out of here  
fast enough.

FARID  
Or away from you.

ELLIOT  
And then there's you...

FARID  
This may sting a little.

He puts some vodka on a sponge.

ELLIOT  
What?

FARID applies the sponge to ELLIOT's face, who reacts.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)  
Shit!

FARID  
If I wanted to kill you, I would do  
it without warning. You have my  
word.

ELLIOT looks at FARID, he grins, we see how much they like each other.

FARID (CONT'D)  
Let's get some lunch.

ELLIOT thinks and then nods.

And then his expression changes entirely.

ELLIOT  
 (in ENGLISH)  
 Fuck. Lunch.

27 EXT. TROCADERO. 16TH ARONDISSEMENT. PARIS. DAY 27

JUDE is on his bike, cycling through the most exclusive of districts.

He passes a gas station. There is a massive queue outside it.

He looks left and then right. He's sweating, but he's also taking in the most exquisite architecture.

He stops by a house. He rings on an intercom. They speak in FRENCH.

JUDE  
 I'm here to fix your AC.

MARTINE (O.S.)  
 Coming down.

He moves from one foot to the other. MARTINE - a waspish housewife opens the door.

She looks JUDE up and down.

MARTINE (CONT'D)  
 Where are your tools?

He indicates his bag.

JUDE  
 I got tools.

MARTINE  
 You got ID?

JUDE  
 Yes. I think so.

He gets out his ID but it's clearly pissing him off.

MARTINE  
 Sorry. We have to be careful.

JUDE  
 Particularly with the blacks.

MARTINE  
 Sorry?

JUDE  
 I'm Muslim too. So that's double points.

MARTINE

Actually, I'm careful with everyone. We'll find another workman.

She shuts the door.

JUDE rings the door again.

He knocks on the door.

JUDE

I'm sorry, I was out of line.

The intercom comes to life beside him. JUDE immediately talks into it.

JUDE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, I was out of line.

MARTINE

You got what you wanted Mr Attitude. Your little kick. Now I kick back. We'll find someone else.

The intercom is disconnected.

JUDE kicks the wall.

28

INT. ARRIVALS. PARIS. DAY

28

ELLIOT is standing at the arrivals gate.

Behind him on news screens, MARINE LE PEN is on the television screens. He turns and watches her.

LE PEN

The truth is the fears and warnings from my party of the possible presence of jihadists among the migrants entering our country have been borne out.

He thinks, and then pulls an envelope out of his pocket and writes some lyrics on it.

JULIE (O.S.)

Something good?

ELLIOT turns and looks at JULIE, she's 15 years old and slightly dangerous and she's his. He grins - he makes to hug her.

JULIE (CONT'D)

Don't. I stink. Been a long flight. And fucking security - how much security do they need round here?

ELLIOT

Same amount as we need I think.

JULIE

Shit. What happened to your face?

ELLIOT

Got into a fight with a mirror. It was sort of a reverse stepmom in the Snow White thing. It told me I was ugly, so I headbutted it.

JULIE

You always were vain.

ELLIOT looks at her, and half grins.

ELLIOT

It's good to see you.

JULIE

Don't lie, you're as pissed with Mom about this as I am.

ELLIOT is frowning at her luggage.

ELLIOT

Did you carry your clarinet on or did you check it? Please tell me you didn't check it.

JULIE

Really?

ELLIOT

It's a good instrument. You don't check good instruments.

JULIE

Turns out I do.

ELLIOT

How's it going with it?

JULIE

Dad. I just landed. Hello.

ELLIOT looks at her.

ELLIOT

I'm actually not pissed. I actually want you here.

JULIE

You either didn't rehearse that enough or you rehearsed it too much. I didn't buy it.

ELLIOT  
 Can we please hug? This really  
 feels odd - not hugging.

JULIE lets him hug her. They break apart. He smiles.

JULIE  
 I thought this airport would be  
 bigger.

ELLIOT  
 It's massive.

JULIE  
 Just tell me you didn't bring that  
 fucking bike to take me home on  
 again.

29 EXT. STREET. PARIS. DAY

29

ELLIOT's moped cruises through Paris, a massive suitcase wedged between him and JULIE. She looks pissed off, he looks quite pissed off too.

They pass a gas station - it has a massive queue outside of it. JULIE looks at this and frowns.

They stop at lights by La Defense. He looks across at a flash car that parks alongside them. The guy in the car notices them - he laughs - he lifts his cellphone and takes a photo of them on the moped.

The lights change, the car guns off, ELLIOT needs to gun the bike a few times to get it going again.

30 INT. COUNSEIL D'ARRONDISSEMENT. DAY

30

FARID sits in his shirt. He thinks and then takes a tie out from his bag and puts it on.

The tie has an egg stain on it, he tries to clean it off with his finger.

He wets his finger in his mouth and tries to sponge it off. It won't budge, and now it looks like he's dribbled on himself.

A woman walks sleekly across to him, FARID tries to take off his tie. But it won't come off.

He tucks it into his shirt.

31

INT. MEETING ROOM. COUNSEIL D'ARRONDISSEMENT. DAY

31

In every other situation we've seen him in, FARID has looked extremely comfortable. But - facing two people across a polished table, he looks extremely uncomfortable. This council, these people, are massively important to him. They speak in FRENCH.

FABIEN

How can we help?

FARID

Yes, I come with... I've got some...

He goes into his bag, he pulls out two pieces of paper, neatly stapled.

He pushes them across the table.

FARID (CONT'D)

The Jean Bart.

FABIEN

Ah, yes, I've heard, in the 6th, American Jazz.

FARID

All kinds of jazz actually. French jazz. Manouche. Fusion. All kinds.

FABIEN nods, he looks back at this piece of paper. He turns it over.

FARID (CONT'D)

If you want to come down, any time, we'd love you to visit.

FABIEN

How can we help Farid?

FARID

I'm here for an emergency loan.

FABIEN

From the Conseil? We aren't a bank.

FARID

The bank is who I need an emergency loan for...

FABIEN

Maybe your club isn't working?

FARID

It is, that's what the document says, it is working - we just need more time to bed it in. I know that the Conseil has provided support before for music... For orchestras, for ballet, I'm asking for the same support for...

FABIEN

This isn't really our area. Try Drac.

He pushes the document across the table, FARID pushes back.

FARID

I did. They sent me here.

FABIEN

Try Irma. The ICJ initiative.

FARID sits back in his chair.

FABIEN (CONT'D)

Have you tried the Irma?

FARID

If you don't help, we're screwed.

FABIEN

How many of your musicians declare their earnings?

FARID

I encourage all of them to do so.

FABIEN

How many do?

FARID

The club does declare, the bar does declare. We pay tax.

FABIEN

But the musicians do not...

FARID

If you look at my proposal - we're working with a mixture of the finest musicians from Paris and America. Elliot Fredericks - who co-owns the club with me - is a legend in New York - the Times called him the new Herbie Hancock. And he's here.

FABIEN  
(sardonic)  
We're very grateful for the  
Americans you've brought here.

FARID  
No, I didn't mean...this is about  
everyone. Without this, we're  
struggling to make this work here,  
you understand?

FABIEN looks at him.

FABIEN  
You don't think we're struggling?

FARID  
I wasn't trying to compete...

FABIEN  
My police bill went up by 3 million  
Euros last year because everyone  
hates each other, my education by 2  
million because no-one wants to be  
educated together anymore - so I am  
bussing different children to  
different parts of the city. There  
are queues everywhere because  
everyone is on strike because the  
CGT have decided we're all wankers.  
And - no-one will pay tax.

FARID  
I just need your help here.

FABIEN  
Try Irma.

FARID nods and makes to leave.

FABIEN (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry Farid. We do understand  
what you're doing and we want to be  
supporting - minority businessmen.  
We appreciate everything you're  
doing for your community.

FARID  
I don't have a community.

FABIEN  
If it was any other time - but just  
right now...

FARID  
I get it. Paris is fucked.

FABIEN

Yes. That's just about it.

32

EXT. TROCADERO. 16TH ARONDISSEMENT. PARIS. DAY

32

JUDE is sitting outside on the pavement.

As the electric gates behind him, begin to open, he stands up. MARTINE emerges from the house.

She sees JUDE - she looks at him surprised. They talk in FRENCH.

JUDE

Yours was the only job I booked today.

MARTINE

We spoke three hours ago.

JUDE

I'm a musician. On good nights I make 60 francs for my work. My cat eats 10 francs of that, I eat 20 francs, my debt eats 30 francs, my travel eats 20 francs, my rent eats 80 francs. I'm very bad at math.

MARTINE

You feed your cat too nice food.

JUDE laughs. MARTINE looks at him.

MARTINE (CONT'D)

You're a musician?

JUDE

Double Bass. Jazz club.

MARTINE

OK. You know anything about ACs Mr Double Bass?

JUDE

I'm actually a qualified plumber.

MARTINE

I have to pick my daughter up from school now.

JUDE

OK.

MARTINE

Have you booked a job for tomorrow?

JUDE

No.

MARTINE

You're as bad at booking jobs as  
you are at Maths...

JUDE

(laugh)

Yes.

MARTINE

Be here at 10am.

JUDE

Yes.

33 INT. METRO. DAY

33

FARID stands on the metro. He has a bag at his feet.

He is agitated with himself.

He looks around at the people around him, they look back,  
slightly apprehensive.

The metro arrives at his stop. He gets off.

As he leaves theirs mild consternation in the carriage. FARID  
realises his mistake. He's left his bag.

FARID re-enters and - looking around at the scared faces as  
he does - they all clearly think it's a bomb - he picks up  
his bag and makes to leave.

He stops in the doorway. He indicates his bag. He speaks in  
FRENCH.

FARID

Proposals. Business proposals.

He looks around.

FARID (CONT'D)

Any of you got any money?

They don't move. He shakes his head. He exits.

FARID (CONT'D)

Paris is fucked.

34 EXT. STREET. PARIS. DAY

34

The moped slowly chunks to a stop.

ELLIOT tries to gun it back to life. It doesn't go.

He tries again. It doesn't go.

He looks back at JULIE.

35 EXT. STREET. PARIS. DAY

35

JULIE sits by the side of the road as ELLIOT tries to approximate mechanical skills he doesn't have to get his bike working again.

We watch from her POV as nothing works for ELLIOT, however hard he tries. And it's getting him increasingly exasperated. Then he gets his hand caught in the gear levers. And it hurts.

ELLIOT

Shit.

He kicks the bike. He kicks it repeatedly. And the kicks - they don't work either, but it shows a glimpse of a wild side that Julie doesn't particularly like.

There's a long dirty silence.

JULIE

You OK?

ELLIOT

It's not going to start again.

JULIE

Gussed that when you started kicking it.

ELLIOT nods, he looks back at the bike. And then he picks it up and starts to wheel it away.

She thinks a moment, and then picks up her case and runs to walk beside him.

A guy wheeling a bike and a girl wheeling a case beside him walking beside a busy road. It could be comic, but it's sort of tragic.

36 INT. STUDIO. DAY

36

RANDY is playing piano with a man who could only be described as the 21st Century's answer to Serge Gainsbourg.

An answer perhaps the 21st Century doesn't need.

He leans into his microphone, singing the most terrible melody.

RANDY pulls a face as he concentrates on his keys.

37 EXT. PARCS DES PRINCES. PARIS. DAY 37

JUDE is riding through the Parcs des Princes.

He has a smile on his face.

He raises his arms above his heads.

He's full of a strange sort of joy.

A couple of kids mimic him - putting their arms over their heads too.

He looks at them and smiles, he doesn't care.

38 EXT. STREET. LATIN QUARTER. PARIS. DAY 38

ELLIOT is shouting up from the street.

ELLIOT

Kelly.

He calls up.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

Kelly. Your buzzer's broke.

She appears at the window.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

Your buzzer's broke.

She looks down at him disbelieving.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

You were the nearest place I could think of.

KELLY says nothing.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

This is Julie.

JULIE

Hi.

ELLIOT

She needs a glass of water and a shower.

KELLY still says nothing. JULIE looks at her dad, amused.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

You were the nearest.

KELLY

What happened to your face?

JULIE

He headbutted a mirror that didn't think he was attractive.

KELLY looks at JULIE, she immediately likes her but that doesn't stop her being really angry with ELLIOTT.

KELLY

If you want coffee, it'll have to be black, I'm out of milk.

ELLIOT

Just water.

KELLY disappears. ELLIOT looks at JULIE. She smiles sardonically.

JULIE

Something you need to tell me Dad?

The door buzzes, ELLIOT pushes it open.

39

INT. KITCHEN. KELLY'S APARTMENT. DAY

39

JULIE is sitting at the table, KELLY brings over a plate of snacks. A cold-boiled egg, some spinach leaves, some crackers and a lump of cheese.

KELLY

It's all I had.

JULIE

It's more than he's got I'm guessing.

She begins to hungrily eat. KELLY looks at ELLIOT, saying nothing.

KELLY

How was your flight?

JULIE

Shit. Guy beside me kept farting.

KELLY

That's not good.

JULIE talks with her mouth full.

JULIE

It was one of those terrible things though where he clearly knew he was farting and there was nothing he could do about it. Every time he farted he just looked at me. So I couldn't even hate him. Not that I pitied him either.

KELLY  
Good movies?

JULIE  
Hollywood crap.

KELLY  
Good food?

JULIE  
This is better.

There's a pause, JULIE continues to eat hungrily. ELLIOT walks to a cupboard - he gets out a towel - he puts it beside JULIE. She looks up at him, slightly sardonically.

JULIE (CONT'D)  
Thanks Dad.

ELLIOT says nothing. KELLY looks at him and then back at JULIE.

JULIE (CONT'D)  
So what's the story here anyway?

She indicates the two of them.

JULIE (CONT'D)  
No? I'm guessing there's a story.

Neither say anything.

JULIE (CONT'D)  
OK, I'll make a story up, time for my shower.

KELLY nods.

40 INT. KITCHEN. KELLY'S APARTMENT. DAY

40

There's the sound of a shower going from off.

ELLIOT looks at KELLY, who looks back.

They say nothing.

KELLY  
So are you going to tell me what happened to your face?

ELLIOT  
You know any East Europeans?

KELLY  
Probably.

ELLIOT

You ask them to beat the crap out  
of me?

KELLY

Not this week. What's going on?

ELLIOT

Doesn't matter.

KELLY

(dryly)  
Doesn't it?

ELLIOT

That doesn't mean - you can twist  
anything can't you?

KELLY

We'll just wait until she's out of  
the shower, yeah?

This silence is powerful and should play long. She looks at him resentfully, he doesn't look back.

After a moment or two, ELLIOT starts making some shapes with his fingers on his knees. He's practising something.

ELLIOT

I've written something.

KELLY

OK.

ELLIOT

You want to hear it?

KELLY

Not particularly.

ELLIOT

Better than sitting in silence  
isn't it?

KELLY

Not particularly.

ELLIOT looks at her, he smiles. He moves through her apartment, he picks up her small electronic keyboard. He plugs it in.

He takes out the envelope. He lays it flat in front of him.

He plays the song. He sings.

ELLIOT

We've all learned to hide  
What's burning inside  
(MORE)

ELLIOT (CONT'D)  
 A yearning denied  
 Just gets stronger

He stops. He thinks, he hasn't got it all worked out yet.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)  
 Here's where we dare  
 To strip it all bare  
 Sit with your truth  
 And soon you'll sleuth  
 Ba-da-da-ooo

He grins. He looks at KELLY, she looks less interested.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)  
 No?

He plays on.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)  
 In the strong undertow of  
 The Eddy?

There's a pause. He looks at the keyboard. She thinks about whether to say something or not.

KELLY  
 It's too high -

ELLIOT  
 OK.

KELLY  
 And too low.

ELLIOT  
 OK.

KELLY  
 Sleuth's a really shit lyric.

ELLIOT  
 Yup.

KELLY  
 And are you sure about putting the  
 band's name in the song?

ELLIOT  
 It's a song about the band.

KELLY  
 It's egotistical.

ELLIOT  
 Would you expect anything less?

He looks at her, she looks back. He smiles. She doesn't.

She looks at the lyrics. He starts playing. She sings the first note. He looks at her, he adjusts down the chords.

KELLY

Better.

He nods, he smiles. He starts again.

KELLY (CONT'D)

We've all learned to hide  
What's burning inside  
A yearning denied  
Just gets stronger

She pauses, she looks up at ELLIOT. She has a fantastic voice.

KELLY (CONT'D)

Here's where we dare  
To strip it all bare  
Sit with your truth  
Dark corner booth.  
Keep slipping slow

He grins. He looks at KELLY, she looks less interested.

KELLY (CONT'D)

In the strong undertow of  
The Eddy.

The song hangs in the air for a beat.

ELLIOT

I said some stupid things last  
night.

KELLY

You do that.

ELLIOT

I was upset. I get a bit - hyper -  
after gigs - you know that?

KELLY

I was that shit it upset you.

ELLIOT

You were sloppy. That's not like  
you.

KELLY's face screws up with pain.

KELLY

Goodbye Elliot.

ELLIOT

You can't let us get in the way -  
you upset me when you said you were  
leaving Paris - after all we've  
done - you can't let us get in the  
way of all that.

KELLY

You don't understand anything do  
you?

ELLIOT

You'd really leave all this?

KELLY

Fuck you.

ELLIOT

All I'm saying is -

KELLY

I know what you're saying - and  
fuck you -

ELLIOT

What did I do? Was it not  
consensual?

KELLY

Still fuck you.

ELLIOT

Just because I didn't want - are  
you punishing me because -

KELLY

Do you know - do you have any idea -  
how hard it is to sing with you  
looking at me - watching me -  
studying me - when I don't want to  
even slightly think about you. You  
have no right to watch me - and yet  
you do.

ELLIOT

I'm doing my job.

KELLY

But doing it stops me doing mine.

ELLIOT

You followed me here, remember? And  
then we built something, we built a  
band. And Farid and I built a club.

KELLY

Did you now?

ELLIOT

And now you're tearing it all down.

KELLY

Everyone else is leaving Paris, you know that? But you want to stay here and make hay?

ELLIOT says nothing.

KELLY (CONT'D)

I'm not tearing down anything - I couldn't if I tried - I'm "just a singer", remember?

And then there's a cough.

They turn to see JULIE. Wrapped in a towel.

JULIE

I left my suitcase in here.

ELLIOT nods. She enters, and then - with some difficulty - it's not easy to pick up a suitcase wrapped in a towel - she wheels it back into the bathroom with her.

ELLIOT looks at KELLY.

ELLIOT

Kelly -

KELLY

Please don't.

ELLIOT

Kelly -

KELLY

Please don't.

ELLIOT nods, there's another silence.

ELLIOT

Could we leave her stuff with you?

KELLY

If she comes back to pick it up alone.

ELLIOT nods. JULIE reappears, dressed, she looks at them both.

ELLIOT

Deal.

KELLY

I mean it Elliot, you don't get to come back here - ever, understood?

ELLIOT nods.

KELLY (CONT'D)  
Finish the lyrics.

ELLIOT nods, and with a look to his daughter, stands and leaves. JULIE turns as if to say something - and then thinks better of it and walks after her Dad.

Then she turns back.

JULIE  
He hasn't always been a cunt. Just  
so you know.

KELLY  
Thank you. Useful knowledge.

They leave.

41 EXT. STREET. PARIS. DAY

41

JULIE looks out over the streets, the sun is setting.

JULIE  
My first Paris sunset.

ELLIOT says nothing.

JULIE (CONT'D)  
It's very romantic, don't you think  
Dad? I mean romantic in the  
classical sense you know? I mean  
romantic as in full of love. That  
is full of love.

ELLIOT says nothing. And then turns back towards KELLY's apartment.

JULIE (CONT'D)  
She literally will stab you if you  
go anywhere near her apartment.

ELLIOT thinks - he looks at a LE PEN poster on the opposite side of the road. and then starts walking.

JULIE (CONT'D)  
Where are we going now?

ELLIOT  
You know, when I first got to  
Paris, if she put a poster up -  
within the day it'd be covered in  
the most offensive shit you can  
imagine.

JULIE

Who is she?

ELLIOT

Now her posters are left well alone  
- as if everyone's some how afraid -  
or as if everyone some how agrees  
with her - we're going to the club.

JULIE

Now?

ELLIOT

We've got to. We open in two hours.

JULIE

You are aware I haven't slept for  
like forty hours.

ELLIOT

I need to open the club.

She follows him as he walks away down the street.

42

EXT. STREET. PARIS. DAY

42

FARID sits on the street looking up at the sky.

After a moment he feels water coming down on him from the  
window above.

FARID

Fuck.

He stands up, he looks up.

His son is pouring a watering can out of the window. They  
talk in FRENCH.

GEORGES

Did you think it was piss?

FARID

It crossed my mind.

GEORGES smiles.

GEORGES

Good.

FARID smiles. And then starts to climb up the side of the  
building.

FARID

You are a bad son.

GEORGES  
You're a terrible father.

FARID slips down the side of the house.

He smiles. He checks his watch.

GEORGES (CONT'D)  
Time for work?

FARID  
I don't want to go.

GEORGES  
You want me to lock you in your  
room?

FARID  
Yes.

He smiles.

FARID (CONT'D)  
Yes please.

43 INT. JUDE'S APARTMENT. DAY 43

Music starts playing as we watch JUDE carefully wrapping tape  
around his fingers.

44 INT. TAXI. PARIS. DAY 44

The music continues as RANDY sits looking out of the window  
of a taxi, he too is forming shapes on his legs as he plays a  
tune.

45 INT. KATRINA'S APARTMENT. DAY 45

The music continues still as KATRINA is waiting, she is  
holding a set of drum sticks.

MARIE enters.

KATRINA  
You're late.

MARIE  
I'm not.

KATRINA  
And now I'm late.

She walks out of the apartment.

46 INT. KELLY'S APARTMENT. DAY 46

KELLY sits on a chair, unsure she ever wants to stand up, we close on her face.

47 INT. METRO. PARIS. DAY 47

JULIE and ELLIOT sit beside each other on the metro.

We watch the faces they watch. The French housewives, the anxious tourists, the young, the old, the pale and the beautiful.

ELLIOT looks at JULIE's reflection in the glass opposite. He doesn't say anything, nor does she.

The music stops.

ELLIOT  
It's complicated. Kelly and I. It's complicated.

JULIE  
Ya-huh.

He looks at her, he says nothing, she smiles.

ELLIOT  
You can sleep at the club.

JULIE  
Where? Behind the bar?

ELLIOT  
I just need to be there - tonight especially.

JULIE  
To fuck things up with your girlfriend some more?

ELLIOT smiles.

They sit back in silence.

ELLIOT  
She's not my girlfriend.

JULIE  
You don't say.

He looks at her.

48 EXT. JEAN BART. NIGHT

48

JUDE walks down the road, carrying his bass his back. ELLIOT is standing outside, smoking pensively.

JUDE

What are you watching out for?

ELLIOT

You notice any East Europeans hanging around here before?

JUDE

No.

ELLIOT

You know any East Europeans?

JUDE

Yes.

ELLIOT

You owe them any money?

JUDE walks inside, he doesn't take ELLIOT's shit.

JUDE

Probably.

49 INT. JEAN BART. NIGHT

49

KATRINA is talking to ELLIOT.

A guy playing one man jazz fusion is onstage, FARID is watching him.

KATRINA

Where in East Europe?

ELLIOT

I don't know. He just had that East European twang.

KATRINA

Albania maybe?

ELLIOT

Maybe.

KATRINA

Hash then. It could be.

ELLIOT

Albanian hash?

KATRINA

They're specializing in it. The new Morocco. Who's that guy?

ELLIOT

Some bloke Farid is auditioning.

KATRINA

He's good.

FARID says something to the guy and then walks away from the stage. He claps his hands together.

FARID

Doors are opening people.

50

EXT. STREET. PARIS. NIGHT

50

KELLY walks one way out of her apartment.

We stay on a fixed patch of ground.

She walks past in the opposite direction.

A guy rides past her on a moped with a pizza box.

She turns and watches him go and then walks on - darkness in her eyes.

51

INT. JEAN BART. NIGHT

51

ELLIOT is talking to FARID. A pianist, a drummer and a trumpeter are playing an instrumental version of Louis Armstrong's Ramona as the club fills up.

FARID

She's late.

ELLIOT

She'll be here.

FARID

Rule is, get here before the doors open. She's not even going to make it before the set.

ELLIOT

They never start on time.

FARID

I've called her. She isn't answering.

ELLIOT

Katrina - do you trust her?

FARID

Yes.

ELLIOT

She still looking after her Dad?

FARID

Yes.

ELLIOT

She was a bit weird earlier - told me my East Europeans were maybe Albanian.

FARID

Weed? She thinks it's down to weed?

ELLIOT

Does everyone know that except me?

FARID

You don't smoke weed.

ELLIOT

My point is, do you think it's time to get rid of her?

FARID

Our house band singer doesn't turn up and you want to get rid of the drummer?

ELLIOT

I'm thinking Boo on drums.

FARID

Boo won't be able to handle any of the Latin songs.

ELLIOT

Boo can do Latin.

FARID looks at him.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

No-one will notice that.

FARID

We will.

ELLIOT looks at FARID.

ELLIOT

OK. What's the name of the guy with the hand?

FARID

Him?

ELLIOT

He's a good drummer, as long as you keep him away from the underage girls.

FARID

You want that in our club? Katrina is good, we stick with Katrina.

ELLIOT

I think she was the one - I think the guy that gave me the beating - she knows him.

FARID

What do you base that on? Her knowledge of the Albanian drug trade?

ELLIOT

Instinct.

FARID raises an eyebrow and walks away.

FARID

Find Kelly.

ELLIOT

(calling after him)  
Where?

52 INT. DRESSING ROOM. JEAN BART. NIGHT

52

JUDE is twanging hard at his bass.

He's making a good noise.

RANDY is doing yoga, working hard on his hands and wrists.

KATRINA is just waiting.

JULIE is asleep in the corner.

53 INT. JEAN BART. NIGHT

53

The three piece onstage have started really going at stuff. They've been joined by a Manouche guitarist.

They're doing a strange version of Django Reinhardt's Daphne. But in a strange minor key - with this sort of incipient darkness being brought out of it coupled with it's incessant driving rhythm.

ELLIOT is on his cellphone.

54

INT. DRESSING ROOM. JEAN BART. NIGHT

54

JUDE checks his watch and then lifts his bass.

RANDY

Really? We go on without her?

JUDE

You don't need to get paid?

RANDY

Let's ring her again.

KATRINA

She won't answer, again.

RANDY

And no-one's worried about that?

JUDE

This is Elliot's mess, let him sort it out.

RANDY

She's not a mess?

JUDE

I'm going on.

JUDE leaves the room.

JULIE stirs in her sleep, she looks up at RANDY.

RANDY

Hey little girl. You talk in your sleep.

JULIE

Do I?

RANDY

Yeah.

JULIE

What do I say?

RANDY

If I told you that it'd spoil it wouldn't it?

RANDY winks and then exits, KATRINA looks at JULIE and then exits after him.

JULIE gets up. Looks about.

55 INT. OFFICE. JEAN BART. NIGHT 55  
 JULIE walks into the office.  
 She lies down on the floor.  
 This is much more comfortable.

56 INT. JEAN BART. NIGHT 56  
 There's the sound of applause. The band leave the stage.  
 JUDE enters onto it, he sets up and then immediately starts playing his bass.  
 KATRINA enters behind him and starts playing the drums.  
 RANDY comes on to a mild spattering of applause - the audience like him - he starts playing. He looks out at FARID, he raises his eyebrows.  
 They launch into an instrumental.  
 ELLIOT re-enters the club. FARID walks over to him, deeply anxious now.

FARID  
 You find her?

ELLIOT  
 She's not at her apartment, no.

FARID  
 You look anywhere else?

ELLIOT  
 She wants to be lost - let her be lost.

FARID  
 So she's not coming?

ELLIOT  
 I didn't say that - I said I'm not looking for her. If you're worried, be my guest, have a search.

JULIE comes down the stairs, she looks at the band playing, she smiles.

JUDE launches into a bass solo.

FARID  
 She's not coming and they're not waiting. Will you go up?

ELLIOT  
I don't perform.

FARID  
You won't look for her and you  
won't go up?

ELLIOT  
It's not because of any sort of -  
I'm not good enough. Leave them as  
instrumentalists tonight.

FARID reaches behind the bar and takes out his trumpet.  
ELLIOT looks at it - irritated.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)  
You just had that there?

FARID  
I always have this here.

ELLIOT  
Don't do it Farid.

FARID  
Will you not go up?

ELLIOT  
Farid, quality matters, you  
understand?

FARID  
Fuck you for this.

He turns away from ELLIOT and walks up to the stage.

FARID (CONT'D)  
Ladies and Gentlemen - get ready  
for amateur hour - I'll be singing  
lead vocal tonight.

He thinks.

FARID (CONT'D)  
This is dedicated to Salah Ali.  
Fuck him.

The crowd whoop. He turns to the band, he says something.  
They kick into Murder In The Rue.

FARID (CONT'D)  
Works a lethal smile  
Perfect killer style  
And with just one look  
Gets you on the hook

FARID is a good singer, not a great one. He opens his arms at  
the end of the verse, there's cheering, he grins.



They kiss.

KELLY (CONT'D)  
Here's where we dare

They kiss again.

KELLY (CONT'D)  
You taste of flowers.

They kiss again. She laughs.

KELLY (CONT'D)  
Men aren't supposed to taste of  
flowers.

Her doorbell rings.

She walks through and opens it.

59 INT. DOORWAY. KELLY'S APARTMENT. NIGHT

59

An 11 year old Malian kid is standing on the other side. He opens his pizza delivery bag and pulls out a one gram bag of coke.

KELLY  
Sixty right?

He nods, she pays him. She shuts the door.

CHARLES  
I don't really....

KELLY  
Good. Because I don't share.

She smiles. She opens up the bag and begins chopping it out.

KELLY (CONT'D)  
One of the few things good about  
this city. Cheap coke.

60 INT. KITCHEN. FARID'S HOUSE. NIGHT

60

FARID is sitting at the kitchen as CAROLE comes down to him. She looks at him, she says nothing.

FARID  
I sang tonight.

CAROLE  
Yeah? Were you good?

FARID

No.

CAROLE

I wish I'd seen it.

FARID says nothing else. He's clearly in a deep dark funk.

CAROLE (CONT'D)

Are you OK?

FARID says nothing. He's not OK. She folds him into her arms.

61 INT. BAR. NIGHT 61

ELLIOT drinks as another measure of whisky brought over to him. He's stacking them up.

62 INT. LIVING ROOM. KATRINA'S APARTMENT. NIGHT 62

KATRINA walks into the apartment.

MARIE wakes up on the sofa, she looks at KATRINA.

And then exits.

63 INT. BEDROOM. KATRINA'S APARTMENT. NIGHT 63

Her Dad lies on the ventilator.

KATRINA lights a cigarette, she watches him carefully.

She smokes in time with his machine.

64 INT. OFFICE. JEAN BART. NIGHT 64

JULIE lies asleep in the office. Entirely forgotten about.

65 INT. KELLY'S APARTMENT. DAY 65

KELLY wakes with a startled sigh. She looks around herself.

She looks at the bed beside her, there's no-one there.

She frowns, unsure what that means.

66 INT. STREET. PARIS. DAY 66

ELLIOT wakes. He's on the street. He's got wasted too. He thinks. He looks around himself. He remembers.

67 INT. BATHROOM. SCHOOL. DAY 67

KELLY is hunched over a toilet puking.

She stops, she wipes her face with the toilet paper, she exits the toilet.

There's a small audience of girls outside, all with attentive looks on their faces, all in school uniform.

STUDENT  
Are you OK Miss?

KELLY  
I'm fine.

She walks quickly from the toilet.

KELLY (CONT'D)  
Go to class please.

She exits.

68 INT. CORRIDOR. SCHOOL. DAY 68

The school just seems to be moving far too quickly for KELLY.

She sits down on a bench at the side.

She breathes in and out, and then stands and makes her way in amongst it.

69 INT. ELLIOT'S APARTMENT. DAY 69

ELLIOT walks in quickly.

ELLIOT  
Julie? Julie?

He looks around, she's not there.

He picks up his cell and dials.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)  
She's not here.

70 INT. JEAN BART. DAY/INT. ELLIOT'S APARTMENT. DAY 70

FARID, on the other end of the line, is in the Jean Bart.

FARID  
She's not here either. But she is on the security footage.

He's sat in front of a laptop, scrolling through security tape.

FARID (CONT'D)

Six am, as soon as the cleaners arrived, she left.

ELLIOT

But she looked OK?

FARID

She's fine. She's just pissed off with you.

ELLIOT

Like everyone else.

FARID nods to himself.

FARID

You walked away last night.

ELLIOT

Yes.

FARID

That was rude. I was just trying to do my piece.

ELLIOT

The band is my piece, and you didn't listen to me.

FARID thinks but says nothing.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

She'll come back right?

FARID

Of course she will. We all do. I've got to go.

71

INT. METRO. DAY

71

JULIE sits on the metro. A man sits opposite her, he looks at her, he doesn't take his eyes off her. She initially tries to stare back, but in the end gives up, she picks up a newspaper, it's in FRENCH, MARINE LE PEN is on the front cover, she puts it down and just looks down at the floor.

After a beat, another woman gets on the train, she looks at JULIE. She talks in FRENCH.

WOMAN

(indicating newspaper)

You reading that?

JULIE says nothing.

WOMAN (CONT'D)  
Love, you reading that?

JULIE says nothing.

The WOMAN sits beside her, and picks up the newspaper, she starts to read and then notices the man still looking at JULIE.

WOMAN (CONT'D)  
Eye fuck your own daughter.

The man looks away.

WOMAN (CONT'D)  
Shithead.

She looks at JULIE, but JULIE is horribly shaken and keeping her eyes focused on nothing at all.

72 EXT. STREET. PARIS. DAY 72

JUDE races through PARIS on his bike. He passes a gas station, there are massive queues outside.

73 EXT. CITE. PARIS. DAY 73

ELLIOT walks backwards and forwards outside of his house.

He phones another number.

ELLIOT  
I didn't expect you to answer the phone. Julie's missing. Yes, it's my fault. I'm only calling you because you're the only other place she's been. Call me if you see her.

He thinks and then thinks and calls another number.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)  
You're asleep I know. It's like one o'clock in the morning or something in New York. I've fucked up.

74 EXT. TROCADERO. 16TH ARONDISSEMENT. PARIS. DAY 74

He's sweating as he presses repeatedly on the buzzer.

MARTINE appears on the intercom. She looks at him.

MARTINE  
I'll be down.

He ties up his hair - wiping his face. She opens the door.

MARTINE (CONT'D)  
You're late.

JUDE  
Yes.

MARTINE checks her watch.

MARTINE  
Two hours late.

JUDE  
Yes.

MARTINE  
Are you going to pretend that you  
needed to do something important?

JUDE  
No.

MARTINE  
Are you going to pretend that you  
had trouble with transport, because  
you ride a push bike, so I won't  
believe that.

JUDE  
No. I'm just a fuck up. Can I still  
fix your AC?

There's a pause.

Then she opens the door and he walks through.

75 INT. MARTINE'S HOUSE. DAY

75

The house is perfect. Tasteful and perfect. JUDE looks  
around, impressed.

He sees a picture of MARTINE on the wall with an older man.

JUDE  
Your father?

MARTINE looks at JUDE. JUDE laughs.

MARTINE  
You're not the first to say it.  
Always tends to be men that say it,  
and generally with the same look.

There's an attraction here and both of them know it.

JUDE

It's a beautiful home.

MARTINE

And that is not the reason I married him. Are you going to continue to be a cunt or are you going to do what I'm paying you for?

JUDE

I'm not going to be a cunt.

MARTINE

Good because I'm not a princess and you're not a knight.

JUDE looks at her.

JUDE

You think I fancy you? Don't worry, you're way too racist for me.

MARTINE laughs.

MARTINE

Good.

76

INT. POLICE STATION. PARIS. DAY

76

ELLIOT is standing at a police station desk.

It's crowded, but he's the only white person in there, other than the police officers. All are holding pieces of paper.

POLICE OFFICER

She doesn't have a cellphone?

ELLIOT

We were going to get one - but her Mum had confiscated her cell in New York.

POLICE OFFICER

And she doesn't speak French?

ELLIOT

Nope.

POLICE OFFICER

Where does she know in Paris?

ELLIOT

The club I work at. My home. My friend Kelly's house.

(MORE)

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

I've got a neighbor watching out if she comes to my place. There are people at the club. Kelly's working I think.

POLICE OFFICER

Does she have your number? Your cell number? Does she have any means of contacting you?

ELLIOT

No.

POLICE OFFICER

What about her mother's number?

ELLIOT

She's asleep. Her cell is not on. And her home phone isn't answering. I think she's at her husband's condo.

POLICE OFFICER

Have you let her mother know?

ELLIOT

I have.

The POLICE OFFICER nods.

POLICE OFFICER

Not enough time has passed for her to be an official missing person - but because she doesn't speak the language - I will circulate her details and hope that she reports in to another station.

ELLIOT

Thank you.

77

EXT. LES BEAUDOTTES. PARIS. DAY

77

JULIE stands in the middle of the 4000. A destitute angry cite.

She starts to walk one way. She's looking for something.

Then a Malian kid arrives on a moped. He rides over to her.

JULIE

Hi. Do you speak English?

The kid looks at her.

JULIE (CONT'D)  
I think I've come to the wrong  
place. I was looking for a -

The kid starts edging his moped towards her. He can't be more than 13.

He looks behind himself, there's a guy watching her from a car. He nods at the kid.

The kid keeps edging his moped towards her. This is scary. JULIE notices - sticking into the kid's waist - a gun.

JULIE (CONT'D)  
I've come to the wrong place.

She turns and starts to walk away. The kid follows her on his moped.

She keeps walking, properly scared.

The kid keeps following. And then another kid follows him.

She starts walking faster.

They tail her faster.

A third moped follows her.

She walks deeper and deeper into the cite.

She breaks into a run. The kids behind her let out a howl. They race past and around her on her bikes.

She begins to cry. She starts running faster.

They begin to circle her, tighter and tighter.

IBRAHIMA (O.S.)  
Fuck off. Hey. Fuck off.

The boys turn off their bikes and look at the man. He's big, he's got a large white beard.

IBRAHIMA (CONT'D)  
You hear me? Fuck off.

The boys look at him. But they still don't move.

IBRAHIMA (CONT'D)  
They think you're police.

JULIE  
I'm 15.

IBRAHIMA  
You're white. Lift up your top.

JULIE  
I'm not.... I can't....

IBRAHIMA  
Not like that. Just a little way.  
They need to see you've not got a  
gun.

JULIE thinks and then lifts her top.

IBRAHIMA (CONT'D)  
Now fuck off. You hear me? Fuck  
off.

The boys think and then zoom away. IBRAHIMA looks at her.  
She breaks down and starts to cry.

IBRAHMIMA  
OK. OK.

78 INT. IBRAHIMA'S FLAT. DAY

78

IBRAHIMA brings her through a strong black tea.

IBRAHIMA  
Drink this.

She tries to drink it, it's too hot.

IBRAHIMA (CONT'D)  
OK. Calm down. You're fine now.

JULIE  
Who were they? They were children.

IBRAHIMA  
Maliens. They're screwing this  
place up.

JULIE  
They really scared me.

IBRAHIMA  
They should have. They're scary.

JULIE drinks her tea. He smiles at her kindly.

IBRAHIMA (CONT'D)  
Little girl, you seem to be a long  
way from home.

79 INT. CLASSROOM. SCHOOL. DAY

79

KELLY is standing in front of a school orchestra.

She is conducting - they are murdering Mozart's Wind Concerto for Flute in G. She winces with every wrong note.

A girl on oboe stops playing. KELLY reassures her in FRENCH.

KELLY  
Just keep trying.

The girl picks up her oboe and carries on - squeaking desperately as she does.

KELLY (CONT'D)  
That's it.

The girl stops again. She knows how awful she is.

Then the bell rings. The orchestra immediately stops and begins to pack away their instruments.

KELLY stumbles through her FRENCH.

KELLY (CONT'D)  
Not so fast. For assignment - I'd like you to think about what Mozart was trying to do with this piece - what mood he was trying to recreate.

80 EXT. MOSQUE. DAY

80

FARID is sitting in on the steps of a mosque. After a moment a Imam comes out and sits beside him.

ABDEL  
You're welcome inside Farid.

FARID  
That's kind of you to say.

They sit in silence for a beat.

ABDEL  
You're also welcome to come to the house.

FARID  
I didn't want to see Mum.

ABDEL  
But she does want to see you.

FARID nods.

FARID  
I need your help...

ABDEL

I will give you anything I can, you know that.

FARID

I don't know what help I need.

ABDEL

Can you tell me what the problem is?

FARID

No.

ABDEL

Then let me bring you inside and...

FARID

No. Dad. It's not that. It's not that. Please.

ABDEL

So you can't tell me what the problem is or tell me how I can help?

FARID

No.

ABDEL smiles, he puts his arm around his son.

ABDEL

Then let us sit here for a moment together then.

FARID nods.

81 INT. MARTINE'S HOUSE. DAY

81

JUDE is hard at work. He has taken apart the AC unit and is now reassembling the pieces on a dust sheet.

He looks out of the window. MARTINE is lying out by the pool.

She looks amazing. She knows he's looking.

He turns back to the AC unit, and frowns in concentration.

82 INT. KATRINA'S APARTMENT. DAY

82

KATRINA sits beside her Dad. MARIE enters.

KATRINA

You're on time....

MARIE  
We need to talk.

KATRINA  
About what?

MARIE  
About what we do with him.

KATRINA nods. MARIE sits opposite her.

83

EXT. KELLY'S APARTMENT. PARIS. DAY

83

KELLY pulls up outside the apartment block. She sees JULIE and IBRAHIMA.

KELLY  
Hi.

JULIE  
Hi.

IBRAHIMA  
You're safe now?

JULIE  
Yes. I think so.

IBRAHIMA looks at KELLY.

IBRAHIMA  
Yes. She looks safe.

He rises.

JULIE  
I can't - you can't just go.

IBRAHIMA  
I don't visit the centre very often. I'm looking forward to walking around.

JULIE  
But I need to thank you.

IBRAHIMA  
It's OK. This woman will thank me.

He looks at KELLY. He speaks in French.

IBRAHIMA (CONT'D)  
She was in Les Beaudottes. On her own. She couldn't remember where her father lived. Give me 100 euros. He will make good.

KELLY nods, and gives him 100 Euros. He walks away.

JULIE  
Did he just ask for money?

KELLY  
Sounds like he earned it. Are you OK?

JULIE  
I thought he was a kind man.

KELLY  
He was. But he needs cash. We all do.

JULIE  
He was a bit racist about Malians too.

KELLY  
That sounds really specific racism. Come inside.

JULIE nods, they enter the building.

84 INT. KELLY'S APARTMENT. DAY

84

JULIE looks around, something about the apartment looks messier than last we saw it.

KELLY  
It sounds like quite an adventure.

JULIE  
I didn't know whether to scream or...

KELLY  
It sounds like there was little you could do. And he was worth the 100 Euros.

JULIE  
Why are any of you here?

KELLY thinks.

KELLY  
Where do you live? In New York?

JULIE  
Manhattan.

KELLY  
Wow. No wonder this place freaks you out a bit.

JULIE

Dad hasn't told you? Mom married rich after him. Sorted herself out right. James Thompson, property magnate, very boring, very rich. Which of course suited Dad because he didn't have to pay any maintenance. But now, she doesn't want me anymore, because I'm trouble, and so he gets me.

KELLY

And then on your first night here he leaves you in the club. That sounds like Elliot.

JULIE starts to heave with tears.

JULIE

I was so scared - I was so scared -  
I was so -

KELLY

You'll get used to it here.

JULIE

Are you joking me? After all this?  
I'm on the first flight I can get home.

KELLY looks at her and nods.

KELLY

I'm going to call him now if that's OK. And let him know you're safe. He needs to know you're safe.

85

EXT. JEAN BART. NIGHT

85

ELLIOT is pacing around outside the club as he sees JULIE and KELLY approach.

JULIE walks straight past him and inside. ELLIOT looks at her and makes to follow.

KELLY stops him.

KELLY

She's here, just be grateful she's here.

ELLIOT

I really - you ringing - that meant a lot.

KELLY

Fuck off Elliot.

86 INT. DRESSING ROOM. JEAN BART. NIGHT

86

JUDE is carefully applying tape to his fingers, RANDY is playing an invisible keyboard, KATRINA is catching five minutes' sleep.

KELLY enters. They all look up.

RANDY  
You're back.

KELLY  
I had to bring her.

RANDY  
You sticking around?

KELLY  
I don't know.

RANDY nods.

RANDY  
He's given us a new song. You got time to learn it?

87 INT. JEAN BART. NIGHT

87

ELLIOT is standing looking around everything, checking everything is in place.

And then THE EDDY walk onto stage to polite applause.

KELLY sings acapella for the first verse.

KELLY  
A vortex of sound  
Revolving around  
Dissolving you down to  
The essence  
Of secret desires  
That midnight inspires  
Music will flow  
Candles will glow  
Sweetest surrender  
Pulling you under  
The Eddy

And she sings it into the microphone like it was the most important song ever written.

It's slightly overwhelming.

And then JUDE joins in on bass.

KELLY (CONT'D)

The night will imbue  
 An indigo hue  
 The horn blowin' blue  
 Through the evening  
 Lost in a dance  
 And caught in a trance  
 Under the sway  
 Riding the wave  
 Sweetest surrender  
 Pulling us under  
 The Eddy

She looks at JUDE, and then at RANDY, who joins in on piano.  
 Then KATRINA joins in underneath on drums.

KELLY (CONT'D)

A spiral staircase  
 Leading to that place  
 Deep in the night  
 Where everybody's in the zone  
 And everybody's tight  
 Tonight  
 Everybody's right

She looks around herself, she smiles. ELLIOT downs his drink.

KELLY (CONT'D)

We've all learnt to hide  
 What's burning inside  
 A yearning denied  
 Just gets stronger  
 Here's where we dare  
 To strip it all bare  
 Sit with your truth  
 Dark corner booth  
 Keep sipping slow  
 In the strong undertow of  
 The Eddy

ELLIOT and KELLY make eye contact. Pure eye contact, for what  
 seems like too long.

And then the band kick into another song. ELLIOT thinks and  
 then walks upstairs.

88

INT. DRESSING ROOM. JEAN BART. NIGHT

88

ELLIOT comes into the dressing room. JULIE is sitting alone.  
 He offers her a cigarette.

JULIE

Really?

ELLIOT

I'm having one - I need one - and  
 it'd be rude not to offer you.

JULIE

And winner of father-of-the-year  
for the 8th successive time...

ELLIOT smiles and lights both their cigarettes.

ELLIOT

How the fuck did you end up in Les  
Beaudottes?

JULIE

I was looking for your flat.

ELLIOT

You should have stayed at the club.

JULIE

You left me at the fucking club.  
You expect me to just wait around  
for you? I should be tearing your  
eyes out now.

ELLIOT

But you're not.

JULIE

You know what I thought when I  
realized what you'd done? I should  
have expected it. You're not just a  
dick Dad, you're a consistent dick.

ELLIOT laughs, JULIE doesn't.

JULIE (CONT'D)

What are you doing here Dad?

ELLIOT

Trying to work out a way to  
apologize to you.

JULIE

What are you doing in Paris?

ELLIOT

The jazz tradition in Paris is...

JULIE

You know, in New York, people still  
ask me - people I've just met - if  
you're my Dad.

ELLIOT

Not everything is about success  
Julie.

JULIE

You actually just - I remember when  
- I mean, I'm young, and quite  
stupid - but I remember when you  
used to care about people.

ELLIOT looks at her.

ELLIOT

I used to play piano. You probably  
won't remember it. I used to play  
piano in the kitchen - because the  
lounge wasn't big enough - cooking  
used to fuck with the tuning. And  
Fred - he'd come in, and he'd do  
this little stiff man dance - like  
he was 400 years old - he wouldn't  
move his elbows or his knees -  
barely even his hips - it always  
used to make your Mom laugh until  
she shit. You remember it?

JULIE says nothing, ELLIOT looks carefully at her.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

What?

JULIE

I'm impressed. That's the first  
time you've mentioned his name in  
about four years. And no, I don't  
remember it. And no, he can't be  
your excuse for the fuck up you've  
made of your life.

JULIE looks at him.

ELLIOT

You're the bit I did miss. By the  
way.

JULIE

Mom says everything I do bad is  
your fault. And you're the one she  
sends me to when she can't cope  
with me anymore.

ELLIOT

I'm pleased you're here.

JULIE

Even if I can't dance like a 400  
year old man?

ELLIOT thinks and then puts his arm around her.

ELLIOT

Yeah.

He thinks.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

By the way, you don't think your Mum would send some East Europeans to beat the crap out of me do you?

JULIE

Definitely not. She'd send me instead.

89

INT. STREET. LATIN QUARTER. PARIS. NIGHT

89

FARID stands looking cold at a street corner.

KAJUS approaches him.

FARID

You're the guy on the phone.

KAJUS

You the manage?

FARID

You promised no violence.

KAJUS

You promise money. We make deal. You not produce money. We try to get money.

FARID looks at him and nods. He hands him a brown envelope. KAJUS hands him a black sports bag.

FARID grabs him by the throat.

FARID

Hurt any of my people again and I will hurt you.

KAJUS nods. FARID lets go of his throat. Then KAJUS smiles.

KAJUS

I will do what I like.

He starts to walk away with the envelope.

KAJUS (CONT'D)

We work together now.

He walks off into the night. FARID looks after him, helpless.

CREDITS.