

REBOOT

Written by

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FADE IN :

EXT. ENTEBBE INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - NIGHT

The landing strip. An airliner. The cargo door is open.

Two aircraft loaders are unloading boxes.

A truck is parked next to the airliner.

Three men in line are loading the truck.

The last man in the line waves.

A red car is parked not so far. Flashing headlights.

INT. THE RED CAR - NIGHT

A dim interior.

DANIEL (21) is behind the wheel. TEMPUS (19) on the passenger seat. Determined, focus.

TEMPUS
No.

DANIEL
What?

TEMPUS
That's it. I'm done.

DANIEL
What? Are you kidding?

TEMPUS
Nope.

DANIEL
Just like that?

TEMPUS
Yep. Just like that.

DANIEL
But the truck is almost loaded.
(beat)
What about your father?

Tempus chuckles.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

What?

TEMPUS

He's the reason why I'm not doing it.

DANIEL

And you think that's funny? He's going to kill you, man.

TEMPUS

Well... we'll see that.

Tempus reaches into his inside jacket pocket. Pulls out a cellphone.

DANIEL

What are you doing?

TEMPUS

Maybe you should leave, like... right now.

Daniel stares at Tempus. Incredulous.

TEMPUS (CONT'D)

Daniel. Please. Just go.

Daniel shakes his head. What's happening?

Daniel opens the door. Runs away.

Tempus dials a number.

TEMPUS (CONT'D)

(on his cellphone)

Ok. (*a time*) No. I stay here. (*a time*) Yep. It's fine.

Tempus turns off his cellphone.

Police lights are flickering. Sirens echoing through the airport.

EXT. THE EQUINOX DETENTION CENTER / COURTYARD - DAY

A correctional facility for young adults.

The courtyard. Park tables here and there. Prisoners all over the place. Prison guards all around.

A sign saying "Equinox Detention Center".

INT. THE EQUINOX CENTER / ADMINISTRATIVE CORRIDOR - DAY

Staff walking down the corridor. Lightly crowded.

Tempus is sitting on a bench. A prison guard standing next to him.

Tempus is staring at a door. The door name plate reading :
"Director - Joseph Kagali"

Tempus sighs. Bored.

A social worker MARYAM (32) walks toward him. Holding a file.

She stops in front of him.

MARYAM
Sorry for the delay.

Tempus stands up.

Maryam goes to the door.

MARYAM (CONT'D)
(smiling)
Everything is going to be fine. I'm
pretty sure that --

TEMPUS
It doesn't matter.

Maryam looks at him. Unsure.

She knocks at the door.

INT. JOSEPH KAGALI OFFICE - DAY

JOSEPH KAGALI (52) is sitting at his desk. Maryam is standing next to him.

Tempus is sitting opposite him. The prison guard right behind him.

Joseph Kagali is staring at Tempus, defiantly.

Time is dragging. Tempus is waiting. Not concerned.

Maryam clears her throat. She's feeling uneasy.

She lays the file on the desk.

MARYAM
His file. I thought you would --

JOSEPH KAGALI
Irrelevant.

Still nothing's happening. Maryam can't stand it any longer.

MARYAM
Tempus is --

JOSEPH KAGALI
I don't like you.

MARYAM
I'm sorry... what did you --

JOSEPH KAGALI
(pointing his finger at
Tempus)
I don't like you.

MARYAM
Oh.

Tempus smiles to Maryam. She's confused.

JOSEPH KAGALI
I don't like you because you are
here and I don't want you to be
here. In my prison. But... you have
to be here, as a necessity.

Joseph Kagali points at Maryam.

JOSEPH KAGALI (CONT'D)
Maryam is the reason why you are
here and not in a regular prison.
You already know that.

He points at the prison guard.

JOSEPH KAGALI (CONT'D)
Bad attitude, bad grades, and one
of them is going to take care of
you. Got it?

Tempus nods.

JOSEPH KAGALI (CONT'D)
Good.

The prison guard snaps his fingers at Tempus.

THE PRISON GUARD
Let's go.

Tempus stands up. Goes to the door. The prison guard follows him.

The prison guard opens the door. Maryam takes a step forward toward it.

JOSEPH KAGALI

Maryam. Do you have a minute please?

Tempus gets out.

MARYAM

Sure.

The prison guard gets out. Closes the door behind him.

JOSEPH KAGALI

You're playing with fire.

MARYAM

Everyone deserves a second chance.

JOSEPH KAGALI

No. Not everyone.

MARYAM

I'm in charge of this program.

JOSEPH KAGALI

And I'm in charge of this prison. He's dangerous. And you know that I can't --

MARYAM

He's a good boy. I can feel it. He's not like him.

Maryam sighs. Exasperated.

She goes to the door.

JOSEPH KAGALI

Maryam.

She grabs the doorknob. Stands still.

JOSEPH KAGALI (CONT'D)

You're a very good social worker. One of the best employee of this prison. But you're about to give me

--

MARYAM

I know what I'm doing.

Maryam opens the door. Gets out.

Joseph Kagali lays back in his chair. Sighs. Worried.

EXT. THE EQUINOX CENTER / COURTYARD - DAY

Back to the courtyard.

The prison doors.

Tempus is standing with his back to the doors. Scanning the courtyard.

A park table in the far right corner. A boy and a girl are sitting at the table. Another girl standing next to the table is waving at him.

EXT. THE EQUINOX CENTER COURTYARD / PARK TABLE - DAY

Back to the courtyard. The park table in the far right corner.

CASSIOPEE (19) wearing long sleeves, introvert, is sitting at the table. FIX (20), always daydreaming, is next to her.

HARMONY (16), Cassiopée's sister, is standing in front of the table. Waving with a big smile. She's always smiling.

CASSIOPEE

What are you doing?

HARMONY

A new guy.

CASSIOPEE

Who cares?

HARMONY

No one. That's why I'm waving at him.

Fix chuckles.

HARMONY (CONT'D)

He's coming!

Cassiopée lets out a heavy sigh. Exasperated.

EXT. THE EQUINOX CENTER COURTYARD / PARK TABLE - DAY

Back to the park table.

Tempus is sitting at the table right next to Harmony. Staring into space.

Cassiopée, Fix and Harmony are staring at him. Harmony is smiling widely.

HARMONY

Hello, I'm Harmony. What's your --

TEMPUS

Nope.

HARMONY

What?

TEMPUS

It's not going to happen.

HARMONY

What?

Tempus turns to face Harmony.

TEMPUS

I don't want to be your friend.

HARMONY

(nodding)

Ok.

EXT. THE EQUINOX CENTER COURTYARD / PARK TABLE - DAY

Harmony is staring at Tempus. Smiling widely.

Cassiopée is gazing at her sister. Exasperated.

Fix is waiting. Bored.

Tempus pretends to ignore them. Focusing on inmates in the courtyard.

EXT. THE EQUINOX CENTER COURTYARD / PARK TABLE - DAY

Harmony hasn't moved an inch. Staring at Tempus. Smiling widely.

Cassiopée is looking down at her hands. Annoyed.

Fix is looking up at the sky. Humming. Killing time.
 Tempus is still focusing on inmates in the courtyard.

EXT. THE EQUINOX CENTER COURTYARD / PARK TABLE - DAY

Harmony hasn't moved an inch. Staring at Tempus. Smiling widely.

Cassiopée, her arms crossed over her chest, is lost in thought.

Fix is smacking his lips. Still killing time.

Tempus is still focusing on inmates in the courtyard.

Tempus can't take it any longer. Suddenly turning toward Harmony.

TEMPUS

Alright! You win. What do you want?

HARMONY

What's your name?

TEMPUS

Gosh

(beat - rolling his eyes)

Tempus.

HARMONY

Well, that's a very weird --

A BOY (O.C.)

The losers' club is expanding.

They all turn around. KENNETH (22), surrounded by a small group of inmates. They're all laughing.

KENNETH

The scum of society. The choice is yours.

(pointing at Cassiopée)

The slut.

(pointing at Harmony)

The crazy girl.

(pointing at Fix)

Or the junky.

Kenneth leans toward Tempus.

KENNETH (CONT'D)

And you. What about you? What are you?

Tempus stands up. Moving closer to him. Ready for physical confrontation.

TEMPUS

I know people like you. You think you are better than everyone else. Your life is so perfect. You are --

KENNETH

And I know people like you. Well actually more pieces of trash than -

TEMPUS

(chuckling)

You're sounding so cliché, man.

HARMONY

(smiling)

You too!

Tempus looks at her in shock.

A PRISON GUARD (O.C.)

What's going on here?

They all turn around. The prison guard is standing with his arms crossed over his chest. Imperious.

Harmony jumps to her feet.

TEMPUS

Nothing much. I was about to teach him a --

HARMONY

I'm sorry.

TEMPUS

What?

HARMONY

We pushed it too far. But everything is fine now.

THE PRISON GUARD

If you say so.

The prison guard is looking at everyone suspiciously.

CASSIOPEE
Yes. It's all good.

THE PRISON GUARD
(to Tempus)
You?

TEMPUS
Yep. All good.

The prison guard nods. Staring at Tempus.

He walks away.

Kenneth bursts out laughing.

KENNETH
What a bunch of losers.
(motioning his friends)
Come on guys. Let's go.

Tempus watches Kenneth go away. Fuming.

Tempus spins around. Facing Harmony.

TEMPUS
What is wrong with you? Didn't you
see --

HARMONY
Calm down, Gosh Tempus.

TEMPUS
Gosh Tempus? No. My name --

CASSIOPEE
Because Kenneth hates us as much as
the guard hates us. That's why.

TEMPUS
Does it mean that everybody in the
entire prison hate us as well?

HARMONY
No. Why?

Harmony bursts out laughing. Tempus gives her an incredulous
look.

CASSIOPEE
Kenneth was right.

TEMPUS
About what?

CASSIOPEE

My sister is nuts. Fix is a junky
and... well...

HARMONY

(smiling)

She's been raped multiple times.

TEMPUS

What?

HARMONY

(smiling)

It's ok.

TEMPUS

What?

HARMONY

(smiling)

I cut off the penis of the last man
with a machete. And god it was
huge.

(beat)

The machete... was huge. Then I cut
him to pieces. Not the penis. The
man.

(beat - sighs)

It was the most horrific moment of
my life. And it makes me feel
better.

TEMPUS

Wow. I don't know what to say.
I'm... I'm --

HARMONY

(smiling)

There's nothing to say, Gosh
Tempus.

TEMPUS

No. Not Gosh Tempus. Just --

The bell rings.

TEMPUS (CONT'D)

Just --

CASSIOPEE

She knows. I'm Cassiopée.

(pointing Fix)

He's Fix.

Fix waves.

All the inmates move toward the doors.

Cassiopee, Fix and Harmony stand up. Go toward the doors.

HARMONY

Come on, Gosh Tempus.

Tempus frowns. Shakes his head in disbelief.

He follows them.

INT. BIOLOGY CLASSROOM - DAY

BRUNO (29), the biology teacher is standing in front of the class.

Inmates are talking to each others. A huge brouhaha.

In the back Cassiopee and Tempus are sitting side by side.

BRUNO

So flowers! What an interesting topic. Who can tell me... whatever, no one is listening... as usual.

TEMPUS

It explains the director's warning about bad grades.

BRUNO

In the beginning of the 20th century, a biology professor named Michel Dupont Magnan de Neuville travelled to Uganda in his quest for wild flowers he hadn't seen yet.

CASSIOPEE

Maryam created this program for the government of Uganda. The main objective is to reduce crime rates by raising education level of young criminals.

BRUNO

He discovered a flower with an incredible property.

TEMPUS

I see. Anyway school is the least of my problems.

BRUNO

It can nullify any chemical effect.

TEMPUS

Now Mister Salt is what I call a problem.

BRUNO

He named it "La Pierre Tombale" meaning "Tombstone" in english which doesn't have any connection with the flower's properties, but then professor Michel Dupont Magnan de Neuville was overly depressed.

CASSIOPEE
Mister Salt? How do you --

TEMPUS
He's my father.

CASSIOPEE
What?

Cassiopée stares at Tempus. Open-mouthed.

BRUNO
Now the real question is how to use these properties in the most efficient way. You could harvest the flowers on an old chemical waste disposal site. Very good for the environment. But then what else? You would get a huge field of flowers, which would be very beautiful and most certainly very lucrative if you are a florist. And if you are not a florist, well you would still get a huge field of flowers. Not at all lucrative but still very beautiful.

CASSIOPEE
You can't be... Mister Salt? He's --

TEMPUS
That's it!

CASSIOPEE
What?

TEMPUS
What he just said.

BRUNO
Any question? I guess not, since no one is ever listening. Like never... ever.

CASSIOPEE
Were you listening to him as well?

Tempus stands up.

TEMPUS
I am listening!

Everyone stop talking. Turn around.

Everyone is staring at Tempus.

EXT. THE EQUINOX CENTER COURTYARD / PARK TABLE - DAY

Tempus, Harmony, Cassiopée and Fix are sitting at the table.

Harmony is smiling.

TEMPUS

I got something that might interest everyone of us.

HARMONY

Cool.

CASSIOPEE

Didn't you say, I quote, "I don't want to be your friend".

TEMPUS

I change my mind.

CASSIOPEE

What an altruistic person you are.

Tempus gives Cassiopée an incredulous look. She winks at him.

HARMONY

What's the secret? I love secrets.

Cassiopée puts a bottle of water on the table.

TEMPUS

I never said it was a secret.

Cassiopée puts a pillbox on the table.

Tempus can't take his eyes off the pillbox. Deeply intrigued.

HARMONY

What is it then?

Cassiopée pulls out a pill. Puts it in her mouth. Takes a sip from the bottle of water. Swallows

TEMPUS

What is it?

HARMONY

Yes. What is it?

TEMPUS
(pointing at the pillbox)
No. What is it?

FIX
Antiretroviral medication.

TEMPUS
What?

HARMONY
My sister has AIDS. She's been
raped multiple times. Remember?

TEMPUS
(feeling uneasy)
Well, yes...

FIX
Technically she's HIV positive.

TEMPUS
Wow. Seriously?

FIX
There's nothing to worry about. HIV
stands for Human Immunodeficiency
Virus. It's a virus that breaks
down cells in your immune system.
If you are following a treatment,
like Cassiopée, then it helps you
stay healthy longer and almost
annihilates your chances of
spreading the virus to other
people. AIDS stands for Acquired
Immune Deficiency Syndrome. HIV and
AIDS are not the same thing. In the
absence of a treatment Cassiopée
would have developed AIDS.
Basically her immune system would
have been very low leading to
opportunistic infections and, or
various viral induced cancers such
as --

TEMPUS
Alright, Fix. I got it.

FIX
You always need to be accurate and
well informed. Otherwise you would
believe false statements. False
statements lead to fake propaganda.
(MORE)

FIX (CONT'D)

And fake propaganda leads to violence, hate, and --

TEMPUS

Alright! I got it.

FIX

Just saying.

HARMONY

Did you change your mind again?

Tempus stares at Harmony. Puzzled.

TEMPUS

What?

HARMONY

Are you going to tell us your secret? I mean now that you know my sister is HIV positive and... you know. She's like a nasty woman to you, or something like that.

CASSIOPEE

(hitting the table)

Harmony!

HARMONY

What? I hate close minded persons. I mean you are still a human being, right?

Cassiopée jumps to her feet. Overwhelmed.

TEMPUS

I agree.

Cassiopée frowns upon Tempus. Confused.

TEMPUS (CONT'D)

(smiling)

And there's nothing more to say.

Cassiopée sits down.

HARMONY

Good. We are all on the same page.

(beat)

What's your secret?

Tempus sighed. Exasperated.

TEMPUS

I never said it was a secret.

HARMONY

What is it? What is it? Tell us.

CASSIOPEE

How did you end up here?

HARMONY

What? No. I mean who cares. His secret is what --

CASSIOPEE

His father is Mister Salt.

HARMONY

What?

FIX

Oh. Wow.

HARMONY

Really?

Tempus smiles. Uneasy.

TEMPUS

He's the reason why I'm here.

Cassiopee looks directly into his eyes. Intrigued.

CASSIOPEE

How did you end up here?

TEMPUS

Because of Brian Soulba.

HARMONY

Brian Soulba?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. UNITED NATIONS OFFICE - DAY

BLACK SCREEN

SUPERIMPOSE : "United Nations headquarters in Africa -
Nairobi - 2 months ago"

MARCUS (V.O.)

Brian Soulba?

FADE IN

Just an ordinary office. The UN flag in a corner of the room.

MARCUS GUSTAFSSON (53), the department director, always reluctant, is sitting behind his desk.

FRIEDRICH ALDERMAT (42), always bored, is sitting opposite him.

BRIAN SOULBA (31), always overly enthusiastic, is standing behind Friedrich.

BRIAN
Brian Soulba.

MARCUS
Who is he? Who are you?

BRIAN
I am Brian Soulba.

MARCUS
Oh, that's you! You are annoying.
(to Friedrich)
He's annoying.

FRIEDRICH
(nodding)
I know.

MARCUS
Who sent him here?

FRIEDRICH
Jean-Marc.

MARCUS
Ah, of course. The french guy.

FRIEDRICH
Brian is a specialist of Seassura.

BRIAN
You bet I am. I know everything
about this criminal organization.
Every single detail.

MARCUS
A specialist. Wow. It sounds
prestigious.

BRIAN
(smiling)
I'm a hard worker.

Marcus shoots Brian a side-glance. Puzzled.

MARCUS
Anyway. Friedrich, this new drug is
--

BRIAN
Red.

MARCUS
Yes, red. This new drug, red, is
clearly a human disaster.

BRIAN
Because of Mister Milend.

MARCUS
Friedrich, what are our options if
there are --

BRIAN
None.

Marcus sighs. Irritated. Forcing a smile.

MARCUS
Mister Soulba this is not a little
problem. This drug --

BRIAN
Red.

MARCUS
It spread all over Uganda within a
week. It's a very devastating drug
and --

BRIAN
(smiling)
I know.

MARCUS
This is not funny.

BRIAN
(with a deep voice)
I know.

Marcus frowns. This guy is a weirdo.

MARCUS

We have to act before this epidemic worsens. We have to protect other countries from --

FRIEDRICH

Brian is right, Marcus.

MARCUS

What?

FRIEDRICH

Red is a cancer. There's nothing we can do. We're too late, I'm afraid.

BRIAN

Well... not necessarily.

Brian smiles proudly.

Marcus stares at him. Waiting. Unbelievable.

MARCUS

And?

BRIAN

Well, we don't know much about Seassura. We think its members are former warlords but that's pure speculation. They all use pseudonyms like Mister Spice or Mister Salt. And the way Mister Spice, the leader of Seassura, recruited them is even more mysterious.

INT. A DARK ROOM - NIGHT

Four shadowy figures sitting at a table.

BRIAN (V.O.)

He organized this mysterious meeting with these mysterious people. And he founded Seassura. No one knows the exact details.

FRIEDRICH (V.O.)

Which is why it was so mysterious, I presume.

INT. UNITED NATIONS OFFICE - DAY

Back to the office.

BRIAN
(smiling)
Precisely.

MARCUS
Thank you very much for these
clarifications.

BRIAN
You're welcome.

MARCUS
It was sarcasm.

Brian gives a forced laugh. Exaggerated.

Marcus looks at him. Offended.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
It was sarcasm, not a joke.

BRIAN
(nodding)
Sure.

Marcus stares at Brian. Deeply irritated.

MARCUS
What's the point to tell us what we
already know.

FRIEDRICH
I feel tired.

BRIAN
If drugs are sold in Uganda that's
because of Mister Salt. And only
because of Mister Salt.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MISTER SALT'S OFFICE - DAY

BLACK SCREEN

BRIAN (V.O.)
Everything is business with Mister
Salt, nothing else matters.

FADE IN

A gloomy office. Weirdly comfy.

MISTER SALT (42) is sitting behind his desk, proud, confident. He's the boss.

HENRY MILEND (62) is sitting across from him. Hardly trying to hide his stress.

MISTER BOOK (28) is sitting in a corner of the room, not so far from the main door. He's emotionless, good at his job.

MISTER SALT

It's always a pleasure doing business with you, Henry. You know that. But...

Mister Salt looks around.

MISTER SALT (CONT'D)

You didn't bring any friend today?

HENRY MILEND

This man was my bodyguard.

MISTER SALT

(chuckling)

But not very good at protecting his own life.

HENRY MILEND

He was a father of --

MISTER SALT

Irrelevant.

HENRY MILEND

I... Mister Salt, you --

MISTER SALT

This man meant something to you, right?

HENRY MILEND

Well... yes. He was --

MISTER SALT

He meant nothing to me. See the difference.

MISTER BOOK

Seven thousand kilos for next month. On the twelfth of may.

HENRY MILEND
Are you kidding? Mister Book,
that's --

MISTER SALT
What?

Mister Salt stands up. Puts his hands in his pants pockets.
Smiles.

MISTER SALT (CONT'D)
Impossible for you? Maybe you're
not the right business partner.
Maybe I should --

HENRY MILEND
Alright.
(beat)
I mean that's a lot of money. I
guess it's going to --

MISTER BOOK
Mister Milend you need to write
this down.

Mister Book stands up. Walks toward Mister Salt's desk. Picks
up a piece of paper and a pen.

MISTER BOOK (CONT'D)
I hate repeating myself.

Mister Book hands the piece of paper and the pen to Henry
Milend. Smiling widely.

HENRY MILEND
(grabs them-confused)
Yes... ok.

MISTER BOOK
Good. On the twelfth of may flight
number APV1612.

Henry Milend writes down the informations on the piece of
paper.

MISTER BOOK (CONT'D)
It will take off at 4pm from
N'djili Airport, Kinshasa. Bring
the seven thousand kilos directly
to the airplane. The flight crew
will take care of it. You'll get
the money the same day. A trading,
if you prefer. And don't worry.
(MORE)

MISTER BOOK (CONT'D)
We own the airline company. We own
the local police as well.

HENRY MILEND
It's a very short notice but
then...

MISTER SALT
But then, what?

Mister Milend sighs. Dead end.

HENRY MILEND
I'll do my best.

MISTER SALT
(pointing at Henry Milend)
Keep your end of the bargain.

HENRY MILEND
Yeah.

Mister Salt smiles at him.

MISTER SALT
Good.

BRIAN (V.O.)
And now red is everywhere in
Uganda.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. UNITED NATIONS OFFICE - DAY

BACK SCREEN

FADE IN

Back to the United Nations office.

Brian is smiling widely. Proud.

Friedrich rubs his face. Exhausted. Sighs.

Marcus is staring at Brian. Waiting. Shakes his head. Sighs.
Still irritated.

MARCUS
So?

BRIAN
What?

MARCUS
So, this is about Mister Milend?

BRIAN
(chuckling)
No. He's dead. Mister Salt had him
killed.

MARCUS
So what?

BRIAN
What?

MARCUS
I don't know! You tell me.

Brian rubs his face. Thinking.

BRIAN
Well... it's more about Tempus
because of the surgeon.

MARCUS
Who's Tempus?

FRIEDRICH
I think I'm getting a headache.

MARCUS
Someone named Tempus is a surgeon?
What does it have --

BRIAN
No. Tempus is Mister Salt's son.

MARCUS
What?

BRIAN
The surgeon is a man working for
Mister Salt.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. A BASEMENT - NIGHT

BLACK SCREEN

BRIAN (V.O.)

When Mister Salt needs to get information from someone or just wants someone to die in a very painful way. In a very painful way and very, very slowly as well. He calls him.

FADE IN

A gloomy and humid basement.

THE SURGEON (49), a man dedicated to his job, is standing in front of a table full of rusty tools. Smiling. Enjoying the moment.

A MASSIVE MAN (37) is tied up on chair. Duct tape over his mouth. Sweating. Scared to death.

BRIAN (V.O.)

You see the surgeon is very good at his job. He has this special ability. He always knows what his victims fear the most.

THE SURGEON

Hum. You're not an easy one. I wonder...

(beat)

You're my first bodyguard, you know, which means that you get used to physical pain. Naturally I could slowly kill your daughter before your eyes.

The massive man screams through the duct tape. Horrified.

THE SURGEON (CONT'D)

I know. I know.

The surgeon moves closer to the massive man.

THE SURGEON (CONT'D)

Too easy and cliché.

The surgeon leans forward. Scrutinizing the massive man.

THE SURGEON (CONT'D)

I get it!

(beat-smiling)

I'm going to boil you.

The massive man screams in absolute fear.

THE SURGEON (CONT'D)

(chuckling)

But damn, man, you're so big. Can you imagine the size of the cooking pot?

The surgeon goes back to the table.

THE SURGEON (CONT'D)

I have no choice but to slowly boil you to death. One piece at a time. The right hand, then the left hand and... you know. You get the picture.

(beat-smiling)

It's going to be fun.

MARCUS (V.O.)

This man is a monster!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. UNITED NATIONS OFFICE - DAY

BACK SCREEN

FADE IN

Back to the United Nations office.

BRIAN

(smiling)

I know.

Marcus looks at Brian. Offended.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

I mean...

(with a deep voice)

I know.

FRIEDRICH

So this is about this... surgeon?

BRIAN

No.

MARCUS

No?

BRIAN

No, I told you. It's about Tempus.

FRIEDRICH

I don't get it. What about the surgeon then?

BRIAN

Mister Salt thought his son was not tough enough. When Tempus was seven years old Mister Salt forced him to watch the surgeon do his job. It is what it is.

FRIEDRICH

Good lord.

MARCUS

That is insane.

BRIAN

Precisely. That's why I believe Tempus could help us. I mean, that's a possibility. And Mister Book could be... another possibility. I... I'm not sure but the point is --

MARCUS

(raising his right hand)

Ok.

Marcus sighs. Scratches his head. It's complicated.

FRIEDRICH

Brian is "the" specialist.

MARCUS

That's it. Brian, you take care of the situation. You have two weeks.

BRIAN

What?

Marcus breaths a sigh of relief. Stands up.

MARCUS

Phew, we're done.

BRIAN

No, no, no. I mean what am I supposed to do in two weeks? All alone against a whole criminal organization. I mean... good god... I'm just an office worker and --

MARCUS
 We'll see that in two weeks.
 (smiling)
 Brian.

Brian stares at Marcus. Worried to death.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN - NIGHT

BLACK SCREEN

FADE IN.

The main avenue. Crowded.

Different types of shops. A colorful bar "The Gimmick".

A taxi pulls over. Brian gets out of the car.

He heads to the bar.

INT. THE GIMMICK - NIGHT

Jam-packed. Tempus and Daniel are sitting at a table in the far back of the bar.

DANIEL
 Who else?

TEMPUS
 Just you and me, man.

DANIEL
 You're kidding, right?

TEMPUS
 There's nothing to be afraid of. No one is going to attack us. There's no one to attack us, anyway. There's only one Seassura.

DANIEL
 I know but it's a huge delivery. And the airport is such a vast open space... I don't feel confident. Tempus, I --

BRIAN (O.C.)
 Excuse me.

Daniel and Tempus turn their heads toward Brian. Standing next to their table. Shaking in fear.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Tempus. I'm sorry to bother you but
--

TEMPUS

Who the fuck are you?

DANIEL

Who is this guy?

TEMPUS

I don't know.

DANIEL

He knows your name.

TEMPUS

I don't know this guy!

DANIEL

How did he know your name then?

BRIAN

God, I'm so scared right now.

TEMPUS

I don't know!

(beat)

How do you know my name, random
guy?

Brian smiles. Awkward.

BRIAN

I know you but you don't know me.

DANIEL

Wow. The worst undercover cop ever.

BRIAN

I'm not a cop.

TEMPUS

Awesome. What are you then?

BRIAN

My name is Brian Soulba. I'm
working for the UN.

TEMPUS

Lame, Daniel. This joke is lame.

DANIEL
Come on, man. You know me.

BRIAN
I can help you Tempus.

TEMPUS
What?

BRIAN
I can help you... with your father.
You know what I mean.

TEMPUS
What?

DANIEL
(smiling)
You know this guy.

Tempus stares at Daniel. Determined.

TEMPUS
I don't know him. Ok?

DANIEL
Alright. Sure. You're the boss's
son anyway. I'm pretty sure it
wouldn't change anything if you
were a snitch.

Tempus stands up. Gets closer to Brian. His face just inches
away from him.

TEMPUS
Just cut the crap, man.
(beat)
What do you want?

BRIAN
(forcing a smile)
I told you. I think I can help you
with your father.

Tempus pushes Brian. Pins him against the bar.

TEMPUS
I don't know who you think you are
but whatever you have in mind, it's
not going to happen.

Brian reaches into his inside jacket pocket. Pulls out a
business card. Hands it to him.

BRIAN

Here, take my card. You know...
just in case.

Tempus grabs the business card. Takes a look at it.

TEMPUS

(throws the card at Brian)
Fuck off!
(beat)
Come on Daniel. Let's go.

Tempus walks toward the main door. Daniel follows him. They storm out.

Brian sighs. Relieved but defeated as well.

He goes to the bar. The BARTENDER (30's) steps in front of him.

BRIAN

An orange juice, please.

The bartender stares at him. Puzzled.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

What?

The bartender nods. Goes to the back of the bar.

EXT. DOWNTOWN - NIGHT

Back to the main avenue. Still crowded.

Daniel and Tempus are walking side by side. The bar "The Gimmick" in their back.

TEMPUS

Unbelievable.

DANIEL

Yep.

The red car parked not so far. Daniel is heading toward it.

Tempus pulls out his cellphone from his front right pants pocket.

TEMPUS

Go ahead, Daniel. My father is
texting me.

DANIEL
I'll wait for you in the car.

Tempus freezes. Uses his cellphone.

INT. THE GIMMICK - NIGHT

Back to "The Gimmick"

Brian is sitting at the bar. Takes a sip of orange juice.

His cellphone rings.

Brian reaches into his inside jacket pocket. Pulls out his cellphone.

The screen splits.

On the left we see Brian.

On the right we see Tempus standing on the sidewalk.

TEMPUS
(on his cellphone)
Entebbe airport in two days. Nine
pm. Wait for my signal.

BRIAN
(on his cellphone)
How did you get my phone number?

TEMPUS
(on his cellphone)
You showed me your card, numbnuts.

BRIAN
(on his cellphone)
Oh, you have a photographic --

Tempus turns off his cellphone.

The right side of the screen disappears.

Brian stares at his cellphone. Disconcerted.

EXT. ENTEBBE INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - NIGHT

Back to the landing strip. The airliner.

Two aircraft loaders unloading boxes.

A truck.

Three men in line are loading the truck.

The last man in the line waves.

Daniel's red car is parked not so far. Flashing headlights.

A blue car is parked at the back end of the landing strip.
Behind it a dozen UN pickups.

INT. THE BLUE CAR - NIGHT

Brian Soulba is behind the wheel. His cellphone in hands.

A UNITED NATION CORPORAL (30's) is sitting next to him.
Waiting.

Brian's cellphone rings. He answers.

BRIAN

(on the phone)

Yes. (*a time*) What about you? Are
you... leaving? (*a time*) If you
don't go, we're going to arrest
you, Tempus. You know that. (*a
time*) Ok.

Brian turns off his cellphone.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Ok, corporal. Let's roll.

The corporal pulls his walkie-talkie from his waistband.

THE CORPORAL

(on the walkie-talkie)

We proceed.

The first pickup in line takes off at full speed. All the
others are following. Their lights are flickering. Sirens
echoing through the airport.

Brian starts the car. Goes after them.

EXT. DOWNTOWN - DAY

The main avenue. The police headquarter.

Brian crosses the street. Goes to the police headquarter.
Enters.

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS / INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

A tiny room with a table in the center and two chairs. One door but no windows.

Brian is sitting at the table. Waiting.

Two police officers are standing on either sides of the door.

The door swings open.

Tempus enters the room. Handcuffed in front. A police officer right behind him.

The police officer stays outside.

BRIAN

Would you leave us alone, please?

One of the police officer nods in agreement. Both of them get out. The second one closes the door behind him.

TEMPUS

You can't help me. Nobody can't.

Tempus sits down.

BRIAN

We seized more than two thousands kilos of --

TEMPUS

It doesn't matter.

BRIAN

Well, I'm pretty sure it does matter to your father.

TEMPUS

No it doesn't. My father controls everything, everyone, everywhere.

BRIAN

But --

TEMPUS

But there's no but. You don't get it, do you? In what fucked up fantasy world are you living?

(beat)

You need to wake up, man.

BRIAN

What?

TEMPUS

Red belongs to my father. And only to my father. What you have seized has already returned to my father, genius.

BRIAN

What?

TEMPUS

God, you are annoying.

BRIAN

But... but --

TEMPUS

This is clearly not for you. Go back to whatever you were doing in your boring life and stick to it.

BRIAN

Why did you help me then? Especially if you knew it was hopeless.

TEMPUS

I didn't help you. I used you to find a way out.

BRIAN

By being arrested?

TEMPUS

I'm still working on it.

BRIAN

Great.

Brian shakes his head. Defeated.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Alright. Thanks for wasting my time, then.

He stands up. Walks to the door.

TEMPUS

101 Tempa street.

Brian freezes.

BRIAN

What is it?

TEMPUS
Mister book's address.

Brian opens the door. Gets out.

EXT. TEMPA STREET - DAY

Not much traffic. Lightly crowded.

Brian is walking down the street. Looking at the house numbers.

EXT. 101 TEMPA STREET - DAY

An Ugandan house. Very ordinary.

Brian goes to the front door. Knocks.

The door swings open.

Mister Book is standing in the doorway.

BRIAN
(smiling)
Hi. My name is Brian Soulba. I'm
working for the UN.

Mister Book stands still. Staring at Brian. Waiting.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
I came here to see you so you could
give me valuable informations about
your boss, Mister Salt.

MISTER BOOK
What?

Mister Book looks around.

MISTER BOOK (CONT'D)
Is that a joke?

BRIAN
(smiling)
No, it's not.

MISTER BOOK
You can't do that.

BRIAN
Why?

Mister Book chuckles. Unbelievable.

MISTER BOOK
It's not going to happen, Mister...
Soulba.

BRIAN
What?

Mister Book shakes his head in disbelief.

MISTER BOOK
I'm not going to betray my boss.

BRIAN
Why?

MISTER BOOK
What?

BRIAN
Why's that?

MISTER BOOK
Why would I do that?

BRIAN
I can give you a good reason.

MISTER BOOK
Really?

BRIAN
(smiling)
Sure. That's why I'm here.

MISTER BOOK
Ok. What is it?

BRIAN
Justice.

Mister Book bursts out laughing.

MISTER BOOK
You're a good entertainer, Mister
Soulba, but we are not in a movie.

Mister Book slowly pulls the door shut.

BRIAN
Tempus, and now you. I'm running
out of ideas.

Mister Book quickly pushes the door open.

MISTER BOOK
What did you say?

BRIAN
I'm running out of ideas.

MISTER BOOK
No.

BRIAN
What?

MISTER BOOK
Tempus. Where is he? How did you meet him?

BRIAN
Well, I just came to see him.

MISTER BOOK
What happened?

BRIAN
How do you know that --

MISTER BOOK
Goddamn it! Just fucking tell me.

BRIAN
Wow. Calm down a little bit.
There's no need to be upset. I mean
--

MISTER BOOK
(pointing his finger at
Brian)
You --

BRIAN
He's been arrested.

MISTER BOOK
What? Really?

BRIAN
I'm afraid so.

MISTER BOOK
Damn.

Mister Book sighs. It's complicated.

MISTER BOOK (CONT'D)
Bring me to him.

BRIAN
Did you hear what I just said? He's
--

MISTER BOOK
In danger. He's in danger. Bring me
to him.

CASSIOPEE (V.O.)
Who is Mister Book?

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE EQUINOX CENTER COURTYARD / PARK TABLE - DAY

BLACK SCREEN

FADE IN

Back to the park table.

Tempus, Harmony, Cassiopée and Fix are sitting at the table.

TEMPUS
Mister book knows everything about
everything. He has... a special
ability, so to speak. And we need
him.

CASSIOPEE
But who is he? Mister Book is not
his real name, isn't it?

HARMONY
(chuckling)
Maybe his mother is Mrs. Shelf.

The whole group looks at her. Stern faces.

Harmony shrugs.

TEMPUS
It's a sad story, like everything
involving my father.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. A BUSH ROAD - DAY

BLACK SCREEN

FADE IN

SUPERIMPOSE : A SMALL VILLAGE, 9 years ago.

MISTER BOOK (19) is walking on a bush road. Hands in his pant pockets. Happy.

He's heading toward a small village.

THE NARRATOR (V.O.)

Before Mister Book was known as
Mister book, Mister Book was
Voltaire Flibengstein the third.
Voltaire Flibengstein the third was
a happy man. A very happy man.
Surely one of the happiest, if not
the happiest, man on earth.
Everybody loved Voltaire. Everybody
just called him Voltaire, much
simpler.

MAUREEN (20) crosses his path. Smiling at him.

MAUREEN

(waving at him)
Hey, Voltaire.

VOLTAIRE

(smiling widely)
Hey, Maureen.

THE NARRATOR (V.O.)

Yes, that's her. Maureen. But not
any Maureen. The Maureen.

Voltaire stops. Turns around. Looks at her. He's even
happier.

THE NARRATOR (V.O.)

But before to talk about Maureen,
let's clarify the origins of his
name.

The action freezes.

INT. A MODEST KITCHEN - DAY

VOLTAIRE'S MOTHER (50'S) is cooking. Happy. Humming.

THE NARRATOR (V.O.)
His mother loved everything about
french people.

VOLTAIRE'S MOTHER
(articulating)
La France. La France. Vive la
France.

Voltaire's mother bursts out laughing.

Then, she's humming again.

THE NARRATOR (V.O.)
Which was precisely why she chose
to name him after a very famous
french writer, Voltaire, even if
she was completely illiterate.

EXT. A FOREST - DAY

VOLTAIRE'S GREAT GRAND FATHER (70's) is running into a
forest. Scared to death.

THE NARRATOR (V.O.)
His great grand father thought that
the first step toward a wealthy
life was to have a wealthy sounding
name. He spent a lot of money, sold
almost all his possessions, to
change his name. Flibenga became
Flibengstein. But then two days
later fate knocked at his door. A
retarded tiger from India, which in
a succession of fortuitous events
ended up in Uganda, was chasing one
of the unluckiest, if not the
unluckiest, man on earth and
randomly met Voltaire's great grand
father. But what the new Mister
Flibengstein didn't know was that
the retarded tiger was deeply
obsessed with his real prey and
didn't notice him. Well, starving
to death is a very good motivation.

Voltaire's great grand father goes around a tree. Just ahead
of him another man, dressed in red (40's), is running.
Screaming in absolute fear.

THE NARRATOR (V.O.)
Therefore the retarded tiger was
not the cause of his premature
death.

Voltaire's great grand father tries to have a look at the
tiger. Turns his head. Doesn't see an exposed tree root.
Trips over it. Falls head first.

Voltaire's great grand father is still in the air when the
action freezes.

THE NARRATOR (V.O.)
He fell on the head and died on the
spot. What else to say but... damn.

EXT. A SMALL VILLAGE - DAY

A 100 meter race. Ten young boys, aged eight, are running. A
man is watching them at the finishing line.

THE NARRATOR (V.O.)
Finally the third. His entire name
is Voltaire Flibengstein the third.
But why the third? Simply because
people gave him this nickname. And
why did they give him this
nickname?

The runners are crossing the finish line.

They stop. Bend over. Catching their breath.

The man comes closer to the young boy that came in third.

THE MAN
It's ok, Voltaire. Third is not
that bad.

THE NARRATOR (V.O.)
Simply because Voltaire was always
the third in everything.

EXT. A SMALL VILLAGE - DAY

A young female teacher in front of a dozen children, aged
ten.

THE FEMALE TEACHER
Ok. Just give me a minute. And
don't move.

One of the children keeps moving erratically. An urgent need to go to the bathroom.

THE NARRATOR (V.O.)
Maybe it was a mere coincidence.

THE FEMALE TEACHER
(pointing at them, one by
one)
One. Two.

She points at the young boy that keeps moving. Irritated.

THE FEMALE TEACHER (CONT'D)
Voltaire! Stop moving!

The young boy freezes.

THE FEMALE TEACHER (CONT'D)
(pointing at him)
Three.

EXT. A SMALL VILLAGE - DAY

An old man in front of a group of teenagers.

THE NARRATOR (V.O.)
Or maybe what was a mere
coincidence became a natural act.

THE OLD MAN
I only need three guys.
(pointing at one of them)
You.
(pointing at another
teenager)
You.
(pointing at the last one)
And you.

The teenager takes a step forward. Hesitates.

THE OLD MAN (CONT'D)
Yes, Voltaire. Please, come
forward.

The teenager walks toward him.

THE NARRATOR (V.O.)
Voltaire was always the third in
everything.

EXT. A BUSH ROAD - DAY

Back to the bush road.

Freeze frame

Maureen is walking away.

Voltaire is turned. Looking at her.

THE NARRATOR (V.O.)
And Voltaire Flibengstein the third
was indeed his full name. Even if
everyone in his village just called
him Voltaire, much simpler. Of
course, it included Maureen. Ah,
Maureen.

Unfreeze

The action rolls back to the beginning. Stops when Maureen
crosses his path.

THE NARRATOR (V.O.)
But before to go back to Maureen.
Ah, what a love story. A good one.
A real one. Simple and beautiful.

Maureen is smiling at him.

THE NARRATOR (V.O.)
Anyway, before to go back to
Maureen...

Freeze frame

THE NARRATOR (V.O.)
...there was something very special
about Voltaire, and maybe, who
knows, it was part of this love
story too.

EXT. THE SMALL VILLAGE - DAY

The small village.

Voltaire is walking through the village. Everybody is waving
to him as he makes his way. Smiling widely at him.

THE NARRATOR (V.O.)

In his village, the small village, which happens to be the real name of the village. Indeed it is a village. It is small. And people from this village thought it was a good name since it was true to his name.

Voltaire goes toward a sheep farm at the end of the village.

THE NARRATOR (V.O.)

Everyone in the small village fully trusted Voltaire's memory for it was quite phenomenal. He could remember anything, any small detail, forever.

Voltaire stops in front of the sheep pen.

THE NARRATOR (V.O.)

Like the exact number of sheep owned by the village...

Voltaire nods.

He walks back into the village.

THE NARRATOR (V.O.)

...or even the exact date when one of the unluckiest, if not the unluckiest, man on earth died after have been chased by a retarded tiger believing it was itself chased by Indian poachers and in an ultimate effort bit to death one of the unluckiest, if not the unluckiest, man on earth right before to die from exhaustion which was very normal since it had run through a great number of countries. Yes it was highly fortuitous.

An old woman comes toward Voltaire. Takes his right hand. Smiling.

Voltaire smiles back at her.

THE NARRATOR (V.O.)

But let's go back to Voltaire.

Another woman walks toward Voltaire. Standing next to him.

THE NARRATOR (V.O.)
 The only thing Voltaire had to do
 was to remember. To remember
 anything about anything and never
 forget anything for anyone.

A group of villagers walks toward Voltaire. Standing around
 him.

THE NARRATOR (V.O.)
 He wasn't working or doing anything
 else. The whole village provides
 him with everything he needed.
 (beat)
 He was the village's lucky charm.
 And Maureen...

EXT. A BUSH ROAD - DAY

Back to the bush road.

Freeze frame

Maureen is smiling at Voltaire.

THE NARRATOR (V.O.)
 ...Maureen was one of the nicest,
 if not the nicest, person in the
 whole village. She was in love.
 Voltaire was in love. They were in
 love with each other since the
 first time love meant something for
 them.

Unfreeze

MAUREEN
 (waving at him)
 Hey, Voltaire.

VOLTAIRE
 (smiling widely)
 Hey, Maureen.

Voltaire stops. Turns around. Looks at her. He's even
 happier.

Maureen keeps walking.

THE NARRATOR (V.O.)
 Voltaire and Maureen knew each
 other since their youngest age.
 (MORE)

THE NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The way they were in love, they
fell in love, was so natural that
it was natural to let them being in
love.

Maureen stops. Turns around. Looks at Voltaire. Winks and smiles.

Voltaire chuckles.

Maureen walks away.

Voltaire resumes walking. Behind a curve the small village.

THE NARRATOR (V.O.)

And no one was opposed to their
marriage.

Voltaire is getting closer to the small village's entrance. People are gathering.

Voltaire walks faster. Intrigued.

EXT. THE SMALL VILLAGE - DAY

Back to the small village.

The villagers are surrounding JULIUS (27). Torn clothes. Dirty. Julius is a beggar.

THE NARRATOR (V.O.)

But they never got married.

Voltaire comes toward them.

An old woman is holding Julius' right hand. Comforting him.

Julius turns his head toward Voltaire. Stares at him. Determined.

EXT. THE SMALL VILLAGE - DAY

Back to the small village.

Villagers are busy. Walking. Working. Talking.

Voltaire and Maureen are spending a good time together. Laughing. Kissing.

Julius is eating at an outdoor table. A woman brings him more food. She smiles at him. He nods.

The woman walks away.

Julius stares at Voltaire and Maureen. Considering.

EXT. THE SMALL VILLAGE - DAY

Back to the small village.

Villagers are busy. Walking. Working. Talking.

Voltaire is walking hand in hand with Maureen. Happy. Heading toward the bush road.

Julius is standing still.

They pass him. Julius nods at them. Smiling.

The couple wave at him. Smiling as well. Walking away.

Julius stares at them. He knows.

EXT. THE SMALL VILLAGE - DAY

Back to the small village.

The villagers are gathering around Voltaire. He's worried. Stressed out.

Some are patting him on the shoulder. Others are shaking their heads sadly. They are all preoccupied.

THE NARRATOR (V.O.)

The morning Maureen mysteriously disappeared was the same morning Mister Salt mysteriously appeared.

MISTER SALT (O.C.)

Hello everyone.

They all turn around.

Mister Salt is standing among a dozen men. Unarmed.

He takes a step forward.

Behind him Julius does the same. He's wearing neat clothes. Confident.

MISTER SALT (CONT'D)

Sorry to interrupt, whatever you were doing, but...

(MORE)

MISTER SALT (CONT'D)

(beat)
Who is Voltaire?

Voltaire frowns. Bitter.

VOLTAIRE
Where is Maureen?

MISTER SALT
Who is Maureen?

Mister Salt turns toward Julius.

MISTER SALT (CONT'D)
Who is Maureen?

JULIUS
(whispering to Mister
Salt)
He's in love with her. She's --

MISTER SALT
Ah.
(pointing at Voltaire)
You are Voltaire, right?

VOLTAIRE
Maureen. She disappeared.

MISTER SALT
Oh. Kind of sad... I guess.

VOLTAIRE
And you are here.

MISTER SALT
And?

VOLTAIRE
Where is she?

MISTER SALT
How would I know?

VOLTAIRE
I don't know, you tell me.

MISTER SALT
I don't know her.
(beat)
But you see, there's a point here.

Voltaire sighs. Disturbed and upset.

VOLTAIRE

What is it?

MISTER SALT

Do you love the people of this village? I mean that's your village, so I presume you --

VOLTAIRE

What do you want?

Mister Salt smiles. He's in control.

MISTER SALT

I don't know these people. I don't know them at all. Are they good people? Probably. But since I don't know them, why would I care for them? They mean nothing to me. I mean nothing to them. The same reason why Maureen doesn't mean anything to me, right?

VOLTAIRE

Are you threatening me? Us?

Mister Salt chuckles.

MISTER SALT

We are unarmed.

VOLTAIRE

You are Mister Salt.

MISTER SALT

You know me.

VOLTAIRE

Everybody knows you.

MISTER SALT

(nodding)

Seassura is a very powerful organization. An undeniable fact.

(to Julius)

Right?

JULIUS

Right.

MISTER SALT

You see, Voltaire?

Voltaire shakes his head. He hates him.

VOLTAIRE
What this is about?

MISTER SALT
I want you to come work for me. You
and your amazing memory.

VOLTAIRE
Are you kidding?

MISTER SALT
You'll be well paid.

VOLTAIRE
What? What are you...

Voltaire looks him straight in the eyes. Considering.

VOLTAIRE (CONT'D)
And what's going to happen if I
don't --

MISTER SALT
Accept?

Mister Salt smiles widely. He always gets what he wants.

MISTER SALT (CONT'D)
These people... they mean nothing
to me. Nothing. Remember?
(beat)
And what about Maureen? You're not
letting her go like that, are you?

Voltaire takes a step forward. Pointing his finger at Mister
Salt with rage.

VOLTAIRE
You just tell me exactly where --

MISTER SALT
You don't understand. It may be
your only chance to find her.

Voltaire grits his teeth. Furious.

MISTER SALT (CONT'D)
You don't have any other option.
You will never have.

THE NARRATOR (V.O.)
That was the exact moment when
Voltaire Filbengstein the third
ceased to exist and...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MISTER SALT'S OFFICE - DAY

BLACK SCREEN

FADE IN.

Mister Salt is sitting behind his desk.

Henry Milend (62) is sitting across from him. The massive man
(*see surgeon's scene*), his bodyguard, standing beside him.

Voltaire is sitting in a corner of the room, not so far from
the main door.

THE NARRATOR (V.O.)
...became Mister Book. When you are
a key member of the criminal
organization named Seassura, you
get another name. Even the founder
changed his name for Mister Spice.

HENRY MILEND
I gave you 10,5 kilos.

THE NARRATOR (V.O.)
Unlike Voltaire Mister book never
smiled. He was not happy with his
life. He was not happy with his
job.

MISTER BOOK
No, Henry. You gave us 7,5 kilos on
Wednesday the third of April then
1,5 kilos twelve days later. We
paid for 10,5 kilos. You only gave
us 9 kilos so far. And you make us
wait.

THE NARRATOR (V.O.)
But since his job was his life,
well he didn't have any other
option after all, Mister Book was
very good at it. He was always
right.

HENRY MILEND

No. I gave you 10,5 kilos total.

Mister Salt chuckles.

The bodyguard winces. This is not going well.

MISTER SALT

Mister books says it was 9 kilos.
He's always right.

HENRY MILEND

You've never seen a drug this
powerful. You're going to --

MISTER BOOK

It was 9 kilos.

HENRY MILEND

No, it was not. You know what, I'll
sell you another one for half the
price. What about that?

MISTER BOOK

From bad to worse.

HENRY MILEND

What?

Mister Salt stands up. Takes a step forward. Puts his hands
in his pants pockets. Smiles.

MISTER SALT

You make me wait. You're lying to
me. You're trying to make a deal
over a deal already made.

(beat)

Henry, don't you know me?

The bodyguard winces again. Now he's worried. Puts his left
hand on Henry Milend shoulder.

Henry Milend looks up at him.

The bodyguard shakes his head. Need to find a way out.

Henry Milend sighs. Defeated.

HENRY MILEND

Alright. I'll give you an extra
kilo. What about that?

Mister Salt glances at Mister book.

Mister book nods.

Mister Salt goes back behind his desk. Sits down.

MISTER SALT
Henry Milend. Please...

The bodyguard falls down. Unconscious.

Henry Milend startles. Turns around.

Julius is standing there. Holding a massive stick. He winks at Henry Milend. The main door is opened.

MISTER SALT (CONT'D)
Henry?

Henry Milend turns back toward Mister Salt.

MISTER SALT (CONT'D)
Please. Don't do that again.
(beat-smiling)
For you own safety, naturally.

HENRY MILEND
I... I...

MISTER SALT
Have a nice day, Henry.
(beat)
Julius, can you show Henry the way out?

Julius nods to Mister Salt.

JULIUS
Mister Milend?

Henry Milend stands up. Unsure.

HENRY MILEND
(pointing at his
bodyguard)
What about... him?

MISTER SALT
Apparently he had a fatal stroke.

HENRY MILEND
What? But he's not --

MISTER SALT
I'm afraid you'll have to hire someone else.

JULIUS
(showing him the door)
Mister Milend. Please. This way.

Henry Milend goes toward the main door. Julius follows him.

MISTER SALT
Henry?

Henry Milend stops at the opened door. Turns toward Mister Salt.

MISTER SALT (CONT'D)
Mister Book is always right.
Always.

Henry Milend gets out. Julius follows him.

MISTER SALT (CONT'D)
Mister book?

MISTER BOOK
Yes, mister Salt.

MISTER SALT
Please bring the surgeon. I want to
get rid of this piece of... meat.
Cut him to pieces, you know.
Whatever.

MISTER BOOK
(standing up)
Right away.

Mister book goes toward the main door.

MISTER BOOK (CONT'D)
The surgeon will be please.

Mister Book gets out of the office.

Mister Salt sighs. Furious.

MISTER SALT
I am not.

INT. MISTER SALT'S OFFICE - DAY

Back to Mister Salt's office.

Mister Salt is sitting behind his desk.

MISTER TRADER (51), a clear-thinking man, is sitting across from him.

Mister Book is sitting in his chair, not so far from the main door.

MISTER SALT
What do you think?

MISTER BOOK
This new product, "rouge", is incredible. The 10,5 kilos sold out in less than one hour. Very lucrative.

MISTER SALT
Mister Trader?

MISTER TRADER
We have no choice but to keep doing business with Henry Milend.

Mister Salt sighs. Not pleased.

MISTER SALT
I don't like him. I want him to die. He annoys me.

MISTER TRADER
His contact in Kinshasa is very cautious. It will take time to gain his trust. Difficult but not impossible.

MISTER SALT
(smiling)
Very good. Keep me updated.

MISTER TRADER
Of course Mister Salt. As usual.

Mister Trader stands up. Goes toward the door.

Mister Salt stares at Mister Book. Waiting.

MISTER BOOK
This is a great business opportunity.

Mister Salt burst out laughing.

MISTER SALT
This is my time. My time, Mister Book.

INT. MISTER SALT'S OFFICE - DAY

Back to Mister Salt's office.

Mister Salt is sitting behind his desk.

Henry Milend is sitting across from him.

Mister Book is sitting in his chair, not so far from the main door.

MISTER SALT

It's always a pleasure doing
business with you, Henry. You know
that. But...

Mister Salt looks around.

MISTER SALT (CONT'D)

You didn't bring any friend today?

HENRY MILEND

This man was my bodyguard.

MISTER SALT

(chuckling)

But not very good at protecting his
own life.

EXT. MISTER BOOK'S HOUSE - DAY

Mister Book is standing in front of the main door. Unlocking it.

THE NARRATOR (V.O.)

And because he was so good at his
job, he made a lot of money.

Mister book opens the door.

THE NARRATOR (V.O.)

He bought a beautiful house. He
bought a lot of things, useful or
not.

Mister Book enters.

THE NARRATOR (V.O.)

But if he could buy anything he
desired, he couldn't get what he
desired the most.

Mister Book closes the door.

EXT. A STREET - NIGHT

Not much traffic. Lightly crowded.

Mister Book is walking on the sidewalk. Stopped two women. Shows them a photo.

THE NARRATOR (V.O.)
And for years he looked for
Maureen.

The two women shake their heads.

EXT. DOWNTOWN - DAY

The main avenue. The police headquarters.

Mister Book crosses the street. Goes to the police headquarters.

THE NARRATOR (V.O.)
He looked everywhere.

Mister Book enters.

INT. THE POLICE STATION / AN OFFICE - DAY

An office. Cheap. Simple.

A messy desk covered in piles of papers. A very old computer. An old lamp. A rusty fan.

Two damaged chairs on each side of the desk.

Mister Book is sitting uncomfortably. Keeps moving. Sweating.

He leans forward. Turns on the fan. It crackles. But doesn't work.

Mister Book sighs. Exasperated.

The door swings open.

INSPECTOR HENRY AKUNA (37), looking messy, enters the room. Closes the door behind him.

INSPECTOR AKUNA
I'm very sorry for the delay.

MISTER BOOK
It's fine.

Inspector Akuna goes behind his desk.

INSPECTOR AKUNA
So, Mister Book what --

MISTER BOOK
How do you know me?

Inspector Akuna chuckles. Sits down.

INSPECTOR AKUNA
It's a good one.
(beat)
You are very tenacious, Mister
Book. Not really a good thing for
my staff, actually. It's been what,
three weeks or something that
you're coming every day?

MISTER BOOK
Two weeks and three days.

INSPECTOR AKUNA
Yeah. Right. My men are already
working on that case. The missing
girl. And I --

MISTER BOOK
Maureen.

INSPECTOR AKUNA
Right.
(beat)
Honestly I can't do any better than
my men are already doing.

MISTER BOOK
I need answers, inspector Akuna.
Answers.

Inspector Akuna smiles. Such ironic.

INSPECTOR AKUNA
Maybe you're asking the wrong
person.

MISTER BOOK
What?

INSPECTOR AKUNA
Mister Salt has many answers to
many questions.

Mister book shakes his head. Defeated.

MISTER BOOK
I already tried that.

INSPECTOR AKUNA
If that's so, stop looking around
then.

(beat)
You'll never find her.

Mister Book rubs his face. Drained.

EXT. A JUNKY ALLEY - NIGHT

An alley. Not well lighted.

Junkies, hookers and heavily drunk people are everywhere.

Mister Book walks among them. Holding a photo.

THE NARRATOR (V.O.)
He looked literally everywhere.

Mister Book sits down on the sidewalk beside a young junkie
woman (23).

MISTER BOOK
Excuse me.

The junkie turns her head toward him.

MISTER BOOK (CONT'D)
(shows her the photo)
Have you seen this girl? Do you
know her?

The junkie has a quick look at the photo.

THE JUNKIE
Nope.

MISTER BOOK
You're sure. Her name is Maureen.

THE JUNKIE
(nodding)
Good for her.

Mister Book sighs. Acknowledging.

MISTER BOOK
Thank you.

Mister Book stands up. Walks away.

The junkie stares at him. Wondering.

A WOMAN (O.C.)

Hey.

The junkie startles. Turns around quickly.

Maureen is sitting besides her. She's in bad shape. Emaciated. Tangled hair. Dirty clothes.

THE JUNKIE

God, you scared the hell out of me.

MAUREEN

Who was this guy?

The junkie stares at Maureen. Unbelievable.

MAUREEN (CONT'D)

What?

THE JUNKIE

I don't know. You tell me.

MAUREEN

What's wrong with --

THE JUNKIE

He showed me your photo saying your name was Maureen.

MAUREEN

Wow. It's been a very long time since anyone called me by that name.

THE JUNKIE

Yeah. I'm pretty sure he was a cop anyway.

Maureen looks at the distant human shape walking away.

THE JUNKIE (CONT'D)

You need to be careful, Aimie.

MAUREEN

Yeah. You're probably right.

(beat)

I didn't see him.

THE JUNKIE

What?

MAUREEN

I'm just wondering, who is this
guy.

THE JUNKIE

Who cares?

MAUREEN

Yeah. I don't know.

She keeps staring at Mister Book vanishing away. Considering.

INT. MISTER SALT'S OFFICE - DAY

Back to Mister Salt's office.

Mister Salt is sitting behind his desk. Filling papers.

Mister Book is sitting in his chair. Reading a book.

THE NARRATOR (V.O.)

He looked everywhere but inspector
Akuna was right. He never found
her.

Mister Salt stops. Raises his eyes from the papers. Staring
at Mister Book.

MISTER SALT

You have to stop that.

Mister Book shuts his book.

MISTER BOOK

What?

MISTER SALT

Looking for this girl.

MISTER BOOK

How do you know...

Mister Book smiles. Rubbing his eyes. Obvious.

MISTER SALT

You didn't find her. I'm very
sorry, Mister Book. But then your
whole village is safe, isn't it?
You always have to see the good
side of things.

MISTER BOOK

My whole village?

MISTER SALT
Yes. Your whole village.

Mister Salt smiles at Mister Book. It's done.

MISTER SALT (CONT'D)
I'm worry for you.
(beat)
And you don't want me to worry. Do
you?

Mister Book nods with a forced smiles.

MISTER SALT (CONT'D)
Good.

Mister Salt grabs his pen. Resumes his work.

Mister Book looks down at his book. Empty.

EXT. AN AVENUE - DAY

It's crowded. Intense traffic.

Mister Book is making his way down the sidewalk.

THE NARRATOR (V.O.)
Mister Book had nothing left but
despair.

TEMPUS (V.O.)
His life was just a sequence of
meaningless events.

Mister Book turns his head to the right. Freezes. A dead end
street.

He walks into it.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE EQUINOX CENTER COURTYARD / PARK TABLE - DAY

BLACK SCREEN

FADE IN

Back to the park table.

Tempus, Harmony, Cassiopée and Fix are sitting at the table.

TEMPUS

But Mister Book has always been there for me. He's a good man doing bad things.

FIX

You're a voice changer.

TEMPUS

What?

HARMONY

(smiling)

Your voice is not the same when you're telling a story.

TEMPUS

No.

HARMONY

Yes.

TEMPUS

No.

CASSIOPEE

Yes.

TEMPUS

Ok. It doesn't matter. What I was --

HARMONY

It's funny. It definitely sounds funny. Even your attitude is pretentious when you're telling a story. You're like...

(mimicking Tempus)

Blablabla and blablabla.

Tempus frowns. Upset.

TEMPUS

Yeah. Anyway. What I was --

HARMONY

Yes. Your secret. Tell us.

TEMPUS

What?

HARMONY

Your great discovery. Remember?

Tempus sighs. Annoyed.

TEMPUS

It's not a secret or a discovery
or... whatever.

(beat)

Well... not really. Anyway, it's
about "La Pierre Tombale".

CASSIOPEE

What Bruno was teaching us. The
flower.

TEMPUS

Exactly. But it's more about its
amazing properties, actually.

FIX

It can nullify any chemical effect.

TEMPUS

Exactly. Bruno --

FIX

Who's Bruno?

Tempus stares at Fix. Speechless.

CASSIOPEE

The biology teacher.

FIX

Oh, right.

TEMPUS

You don't know him but still you
know about the flower.

FIX

I love learning things, all kind of
things.

Harmony chuckles.

TEMPUS

What is it?

CASSIOPEE

Fix is the worst student of the
entire school.

TEMPUS

What? I don't get it.

FIX

I have to simulate a brain-burned for my own safety. I'm taking a medication for that, but since there's nothing wrong with me, well they are drugging me for free without even knowing it. Sometimes I'm hallucinating beautiful things. Very beautiful things. Anyway it's about survival, right. And --

TEMPUS

Alright, Fix. I got it.

(beat)

Thanks.

FIX

But if you are asking me, education is the key. Knowledge empowers you. K, E, Y. I want to be in full control of my life. Yes sir. So when I'll stop the --

TEMPUS

Thanks, Fix.

FIX

Just saying.

TEMPUS

So, this flower, "La Pierre Tombale" could --

KENNETH (O.C.)

The losers' club!

They all turn around. Kenneth again. Surrounded by a small group of inmates.

TEMPUS

Come on!

(beat)

It's so annoying.

KENNETH

I'm warning you, guys. Just stay out of my way.

TEMPUS

What are you doing here, then?

Tempus stands up. Cassiopée grabs him by the arm.

CASSIOPEE

Don't.

KENNETH

You think you're smart. Let me tell
you something, smart ass.

Cassiopee pulls Tempus down.

CASSIOPEE

Sit down. You're wasting your time.

Tempus looks at Cassiopee. Furious.

CASSIOPEE (CONT'D)

Trust me. There's nothing you can
do.

KENNETH

And there's a lot I can do.

The bell rings.

KENNETH (CONT'D)

Your little club is going to an
end, very soon. I'll see to that.

Kenneth turns around. Facing the group of inmates.

KENNETH (CONT'D)

Come on guys. Let's go.

Kenneth and the group of inmates walk toward the main doors.

Tempus stares at them. Enraged.

FIX

Tempus.

TEMPUS

What?

FIX

There's a right time for
everything.

(beat)

You'll know when.

Tempus frowns at Fix. Confused.

Fix smiles at Tempus.

EXT. THE EQUINOX CENTER COURTYARD / PARK TABLE - DAY

Cassiopée and Tempus are sitting at the table.

Inmates are pouring out the main doors into the courtyard. Fix and Harmony are among them. Walking toward the table.

CASSIOPEE

You hate school that much.

TEMPUS

No. It doesn't bother me. I love learning things.

Harmony waves at them. Big smile on the face.

CASSIOPEE

(waving back at Harmony)

And that's why you made me run out of the classroom?

TEMPUS

I need to say what I have to say about --

HARMONY

About what?

Harmony and Fix sit down.

TEMPUS

About "La Pierre Tombale".

HARMONY

The flower. You already told us that.

TEMPUS

It can nullify any chemical effect.

HARMONY

And Fix already told us that.

Tempus sighs. Preoccupied.

CASSIOPEE

Tempus. What this is about exactly?

Tempus nods.

TEMPUS

Seassura.

Cassiopée shakes her head. Stares at Tempus. Chuckles in disbelief.

CASSIOPEE
You can't be serious.
(beat)
Seassura. This is just... crazy.

HARMONY
Impossible.

CASSIOPEE
Yes. Impossible.

TEMPUS
Why's that?

Cassiopée chuckles nervously. Shakes her head again.

CASSIOPEE
Come on man. You want to attack the most powerful criminal organization of the whole country... with a flower.

HARMONY
It definitely sounds crazy. Totally crazy.

TEMPUS
The flower is merely a tool.

FIX
Wait a minute. You are after Mister Salt.
(beat)
Your objective is to destroy Seassura's drug trafficking.

CASSIOPEE
With a flower?

FIX
No.

CASSIOPEE
What?

FIX
We need Bruno.

TEMPUS

There's no way a teacher is going to be involved in this plan. No way.

Fix smiles. Amused.

FIX

No one knows how to do it but him.

Tempus smiles. Non sense.

FIX (CONT'D)

Whether you like it or not, you'll have no other choice but to get him involved.

INT. BIOLOGY CLASSROOM - DAY

Bruno, Cassiopée, Fix, Harmony and Tempus are standing next to the chalkboard.

Classroom is empty.

BRUNO

No! No, no, no, no. No. No. And no.

A WOMAN (O.C.)

Yes.

They all turn around. MERCY (31) the chemistry teacher is standing in the doorway. Wide smile, always in a good mood.

MERCY

I'll do it. It seems fun.

BRUNO

No. It seems dangerous.

MERCY

No. I'm pretty sure it's going to be fun.

BRUNO

Playing basketball is fun. Going after drug lords, rapist and cold blood killers is not fun. It's a traumatic experience.

MERCY

Anyway you can't help us.

BRUNO

Oh because you are already part of
the team?

Mercy moves forward. Stands in front of the group.

MERCY

I'm Mercy, the chemistry teacher.
Thanks for having me.

TEMPUS

Well...
(shrugging)
You're welcome.

MERCY

Besides you're just a biology
teacher.

BRUNO

I know the theory.

MERCY

And that's the whole point.

Tempus takes a step forward. Interested.

TEMPUS

You can do it?

MERCY

As easy as pie, buddy. But you have
to know that what you are asking
will produce inevitably perfume. To
turn all the effects of the flower
into a liquid, well we'll make a
perfume.

TEMPUS

Will it work anyway?

MERCY

Sure. You could mix it with any
other material and it would
annihilate all the chemical
effects, with a pleasant smell.

TEMPUS

(nodding)
Cool. Let's do it then.

Tempus turns toward Fix, Harmony and Cassiopée.

TEMPUS (CONT'D)

Are we all on the same page?

CASSIOPEE

Well I --

HARMONY

She's been raped multiple times.

Cassiopée stares at Tempus. A nod of acknowledgement.

TEMPUS

Ok.

FIX

I'm constantly bored. It's a challenge. A good one. And I love challenges.

Bruno steps forward.

BRUNO

It's dangerous.

MERCY

You're repeating yourself.

Bruno sighs. Forced to make his decision.

BRUNO

I'll help you.

MERCY

But you're just a biology teacher you can't --

BRUNO

Mercy!

MERCY

What?

BRUNO

We are friends.

MERCY

Damn. Ok then.

HARMONY

(jumping up in excitement)
So cool! We'll name it "reboot".

TEMPUS

What?

HARMONY

We have to give it a name,
especially if it's going to be a
perfume. Reboot sounds cool.

MERCY

I like it. Reboot. Yep.

TEMPUS

We are not going to use it as a
perfume. This is not the plan.

MERCY

Still it's an amazing name.

Harmony holds up her right hand in the air.

HARMONY

High five!

Mercy gives her a high five.

TEMPUS

(frowning)
Seriously?

BRUNO

So eighties. So, so bad.

EXT. THE EQUINOX CENTER COURTYARD / PARK TABLE - DAY

Back to the park table.

Tempus, Harmony, Cassiopée and Fix are sitting at the table.

CASSIOPEE

So what now?

TEMPUS

I don't know.

MERCY (O.C.)

This flower is very rare.

Everybody turns toward Mercy. Standing next to the table.
Smiling.

FIX

We have a good theory. We developed
a very good plan, but --

MERCY

We don't know where to find the
flower.

FIX

It doesn't matter.

HARMONY

What?

FIX

Usually I'm bored in doing nothing.
That's why I really enjoyed wasting
my time here. It was fun.

CASSIOPEE

But this flower exists, right?
Someone, somewhere should know
where to find it.

MISTER BOOK (O.C.)

I do.

Everybody turns around. Brian Soulba and Mister Book are
standing behind the fence.

MISTER BOOK (CONT'D)

(nodding)

Tempus.

Tempus smiles widely.

TEMPUS

It's good to see you.

EXT. THE EQUINOX CENTER COURTYARD / PARK TABLE - DAY

Back to the park table.

Tempus, Harmony, Cassiopée and Fix are sitting at the table.

CASSIOPEE

How do we do that?

FIX

What?

CASSIOPEE

Go fetch the flower. We are in
prison, remember?

FIX

Damn, you're right.

TEMPUS

This is not a problem.

CASSIOPEE

How's that?

TEMPUS

The prison is going to receive a
very special gift.

(smiling)

Thanks to Voltaire.

INT. THE EQUINOX CENTER / ADMISNISTRATIVE CORRIDOR - NIGHT

The corridor is empty except for a group of prison guards gathered around an open door. Watching something with great interest. Light spilling out into the corridor.

Tempus, Harmony, Cassiopée, and Fix stop around the corner of the corridor.

A simple door is facing them. An exit sign above it.

CASSIOPEE

How did you do that?

FIX

There is not a single guard in the
whole prison.

TEMPUS

Yep, because they're all here.

HARMONY

Doing what?

TEMPUS

Watching "Love, glory and beauty"
on a brand new Tv.

HARMONY

That's... that's... Oh wow...
amazing.

TEMPUS

We have just enough time before the
director notices the disappearance
of his guards.

(beat)

We won't get another chance. It's
now or never.

CASSIOPEE

(pointing at the door)

That's the exit? You can't be serious. Is it not supposed to be a huge door or a gate or something surrounded by cameras and all kind of high tech security systems?

Tempus goes to the door. Pushes it open.

TEMPUS

(smiling)

Yep, but this is Uganda, Cassiopée.

They all storm out of the prison.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN - DAY

BLACK SCREEN

FADE IN

A large avenue. Crowded.

Tempus, Mister Book and Brian are walking down the sidewalk. They are closely followed by Mercy, Bruno, Fix, Cassiopée and Harmony.

TEMPUS

How did you know we were talking about "La Pierre Tombale"?

MISTER BOOK

Well I presumed you were looking for a very rare flower and there's only one in Uganda. One long forgotten.

TEMPUS

And where this flower is --

BRIAN

I'm sorry but what about the police?

TEMPUS

What?

BRIAN

We are walking in broad daylight, right in the middle of the city.

TEMPUS

And?

BRIAN

And... you just escaped from
prison.

Mister book chuckles.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

What? What is it?

MISTER BOOK

Do I have to remind you who is
Tempus' father?

BRIAN

Oh.

MISTER BOOK

Yeah.

BRIAN

So we don't have to...?

MISTER BOOK

No.

(beat)

If nothing happened to him in
prison, Why should anything happen
to him outside of prison. We're
good.

INT. MISTER SALT'S OFFICE - DAY

Back to Mister Salt's office.

Mister Salt is sitting behind his desk. Talking on his phone.

MISTER SALT

(on the phone)

Really?

The screen splits.

On the left Mister Salt.

On the right Julius inside his car. Talking on his cellphone.

JULIUS

(on the phone)

Yep, now it's Tempus and Mister
Book with a bunch of random guys.

Ding! A ringtone.

MISTER SALT
(on the phone)
Wait a minute. Hold on.

The right side of the screen disappears.

Mister Salt pushes a button on the phone dialer. Pushes another one.

The screen splits.

On the right side inspector Akuna sitting at his office desk.

MISTER SALT (CONT'D)
(on the phone)
Yeah?

INSPECTOR AKUNA
(on the phone)
Hi Mister Salt. This is inspector Akuna.

MISTER SALT
(on the phone)
I'm very busy right now, inspector Akuna.

INSPECTOR AKUNA
(on the phone)
It's about your son, Tempus. He just escaped from prison with a bunch of inmates.

MISTER SALT
(on the phone)
I know.

INSPECTOR AKUNA
(on the phone)
You know? Really?

MISTER SALT
(on the phone)
Yes.

INSPECTOR AKUNA
(on the phone)
Well... what should I do, then?

MISTER SALT
(on the phone)
I don't know. Do whatever you want.

INSPECTOR AKUNA
 (on the phone)
 Yeah. But...
 (beat)
 Do I have to arrest him?

MISTER SALT
 (on the phone)
 I don't have time for that.

INSPECTOR AKUNA
 (on the phone)
 So I don't arrest him?

MISTER SALT
 (on the phone)
 I don't... have time... for that,
 inspector Akuna.

INSPECTOR AKUNA
 (on the phone)
 Right. What about the others?

MISTER SALT
 (on the phone)
 What? Who?

INSPECTOR AKUNA
 (on the phone)
 The other inmates. What about them?
 What do I do?

Once more Mister Salt pushes a button on the phone dialer.

The right side of the screen disappears.

He pushes another button.

The screen splits.

On the right side Julius is back.

MISTER SALT
 (on the phone)
 Julius. Still here?

JULIUS
 (on the phone)
 Yep.

EXT. DOWNTOWN - DAY

Back to the large avenue. Crowded.

Mercy, Bruno, Fix, Cassiopée and Harmony are walking down the sidewalk.

Tempus, Mister Book and Brian are ahead of them.

MERCY

There's no other way. I mean, we need to produce it on a large scale.

BRUNO

By making it a perfume?

MERCY

The effect remains the same.

BRUNO

I know but...

MERCY

What?

BRUNO

This is wrong.

MERCY

Why?

CASSIOPEE

You smell good, you stay clean.

Harmony chuckles.

HARMONY

And that's a good one.

BRUNO

We can't do that. It's not... ethical.

MERCY

Ethical?

BRUNO

By using this perfume people will get a side effect.

MERCY

They'll get immune to all kind of drugs. What's wrong with that? It's not bad for your health, is it?

The whole group stop in front of a building.

BRUNO
People need to know.

MERCY
Why?

Tempus, Mister Book and Brian are heading for the building's entrance.

TEMPUS
(waving them on)
Come on guys.

Harmony and Cassiopée go towards Tempus.

MERCY
(smiling)
What you don't know can't hurt you.

Mercy goes after Harmony and Cassiopée.

Bruno shakes his head. Disagreeing strongly.

BRUNO
This is wrong.

Bruno follows them.

INT. A FASHION SHOWROOM - DAY

A large room dedicated to fashion.

Runway models are parading across a stage.

ROGER (61), one of the best African fashion designer, is always rethinking everything. His assistant PHILIPPE (26) is always trying to think ahead.

Mister Book and the rest of the group are waiting at the other end of the room. Security guards are standing in their way.

Roger notices their presence. Frown. Deeply annoyed.

ROGER
Who are these people? I hate people. Right?

PHILIPPE
I'll check them out.

ROGER
Right away?

PHILIPPE

Of course.

Philippe walks toward the group.

Roger sighs. Crosses his arms. Watches the models.

INT. A FASHION SHOWROOM - DAY

Mister Book and the rest of the group are waiting. Security guards are standing in their way.

Roger is watching runway models parading across a stage at the other end of the room. Philippe, his assistant, is standing next to him.

BRUNO

We were supposed to extract an oil from these flowers. An oil sharing similar properties with a perfume but which is not a perfume. Because we were supposed to use it for --

MERCY

We don't have the necessary equipment in prison, Bruno.

BRUNO

And that's why we are here. So you can ask your friend to make a perfume for us. No, Mercy. This is not --

Roger is talking to Philippe. Staring at them.

MERCY

He's not my friend.

BRUNO

Mercy, listen to me. This is not --

MISTER BOOK

He's not your friend? You don't know him? Really?

MERCY

Yep. I don't know this guy. Well I saw him on Tv just like everybody else. But I've never met him in person. Indeed.

BRIAN

Oh, that's great. Wonderful.

HARMONY

Are we wasting our time here?

Philippe is coming toward them.

MISTER BOOK

So what now?

MERCY

I have something in mind.

BRIAN

We are so fucked.

CASSIOPEE

Mister Roger is the most famous fashion designer of all Africa.

HARMONY

Which is why we are not really wasting our time here? Is that right?

FIX

I'm not intrigued by famous people.

Tempus sighs. Bored.

TEMPUS

To be honest all this sounds like a major failure.

BRIAN

I agree.

MERCY

Well, if you have anything intelligent to say, be my guest.

BRUNO

Mercy, this is not --

PHILIPPE (O.C.)

You need to leave.

The whole group turns around. Philippe is standing before them.

PHILIPPE (CONT'D)

Immediately.

MERCY

Sir, we have --

PHILIPPE

Philippe.

MERCY

Philippe we have an amazing idea we would like to share with Mister Roger.

TEMPUS

Now it sounds lame. Really lame.

FIX

I would have say bland.

HARMONY

Definitely bland.

ROGER (O.C.)

All this fussing is annoying me. A lot.

Philippe turns around. Roger is standing right behind him.

MERCY

Mister Roger, me and my team, we have an amazing idea and we wish to submit it to you.

CASSIOPEE

I'm so embarrassed. The whole situation is horrible.

ROGER

Do you like your job, Philippe?

PHILIPPE

Sir, I was just about to --

MERCY

It's cheap to make. You will make a lot of money.

ROGER

What?

(beat-thinking)

No... no.

MERCY

Yes.

INT. MISTER ROGER'S OFFICE - DAY

An office dedicated to the fashion industry. Wealthy.

Roger is standing in front of his desk. Hands in his pockets.
Mister Book and the rest of the group are there. Waiting.

ROGER

So the idea is to create a perfume everyone could buy. Like the people, right? I mean the common people.

MERCY

Something that will sell forever.

BRUNO

From bad to worse. We don't even know if --

ROGER

I'm sorry but who are you already?

BRUNO

I'm Bruno. I'm teaching biology at -
-

ROGER

Good. Good, good, good and...
pointless.
(beat)
Alright.

MISTER BOOK

Alright what?

ROGER

I'm coming with you guys. I want to see this flower with my own eyes.

BRUNO

Oh my god.

MERCY

(whispering to Bruno)
Stop being a pussy.

TEMPUS

We're going to need a very big car.

ROGER

I love cars. I got a ton of cars.
(smiling)
Especially big ones.

INT. MISTER SALT'S OFFICE - DAY

Back to Mister Salt's office.

Mister Salt is sitting behind his desk. Filing papers.

The phone rings.

Mister Salt picks up the phone.

MISTER SALT
(on the phone)
Yeah.

The screen splits.

On the left Mister Salt.

On the right Julius inside his car. Talking on his cellphone.

JULIUS
(on the phone)
Yes, boss. That's me.

MISTER SALT
(on the phone)
So. What's going on?

JULIUS
(on the phone)
Honestly, I still don't know why
I'm here.

MISTER SALT
(on the phone)
Mister Book is never late.
Something is happening.

JULIUS
(on the phone)
Yeah... maybe. Anyway, he's
standing on his doorway, talking to
someone.

MISTER SALT
(on the phone)
Someone?

JULIUS
(on the phone)
Yeah, just some random guy.

MISTER SALT
(on the phone)
Do you know him?

JULIUS
(on the phone)
No. He's just a random guy.

MISTER SALT
(on the phone)
This is definitely not normal.

JULIUS
(on the phone)
They're leaving.

MISTER SALT
(on the phone)
They're leaving? Together?

JULIUS
(on the phone)
Yep.

MISTER SALT
(on the phone)
Something's fishy here. Follow
them.

JULIUS
(on the phone)
You sure?

MISTER SALT
(on the phone)
Absolutely.

JULIUS
(on the phone)
Alright.

Julius shuts down his cellphone.

The right side of the screen disappears.

Mister Salt rubs his face. Worried.

INT. MISTER SALT'S OFFICE - DAY

Back to Mister Salt's office.

Mister Salt is sitting behind his desk. Smoking a cigar.
Relaxing.

The phone rings.

Mister Salt picks up the phone.

MISTER SALT
(on the phone)
Yeah.

The screen splits.

On the left Mister Salt.

On the right Julius inside his car. Talking on his cellphone.

JULIUS
(on the phone)
Yes, boss. That's me.

MISTER SALT
(on the phone)
So. What's going on?

JULIUS
(on the phone)
They've escaped from prison. And now they are with Mister Book and the random guy.

MISTER SALT
(on the phone)
They?

JULIUS
(on the phone)
There are other inmates with Tempus.

MISTER SALT
(on the phone)
Really?

JULIUS
(on the phone)
Yep, now it's Tempus and Mister Book with a bunch of random guys.

Ding! A ringtone.

MISTER SALT
(on the phone)
Wait a minute. Hold on.

The right side of the screen disappears.

Mister Salt pushes a button on the phone dialer. Pushes another one.

The screen splits.

On the right side inspector Akuna sitting at his office desk.

MISTER SALT (CONT'D)
(on the phone)
Yeah?

INSPECTOR AKUNA
(on the phone)
Hi Mister Salt. This is inspector Akuna.

MISTER SALT
(on the phone)
I'm very busy right now, inspector Akuna.

INSPECTOR AKUNA
(on the phone)
It's about your son, Tempus. He just escaped from prison with a bunch of inmates.

MISTER SALT
(on the phone)
I know.

INSPECTOR AKUNA
(on the phone)
You know? Really?

MISTER SALT
(on the phone)
Yes.

INSPECTOR AKUNA
(on the phone)
Well... what should I do, then?

MISTER SALT
(on the phone)
I don't know. Do whatever you want.

INSPECTOR AKUNA
(on the phone)
Yeah. But...
(beat)
Do I have to arrest him?

MISTER SALT
 (on the phone)
 I don't have time for that.

INSPECTOR AKUNA
 (on the phone)
 So I don't arrest him?

MISTER SALT
 (on the phone)
 I don't... have time... for that,
 inspector Akuna.

INSPECTOR AKUNA
 (on the phone)
 Right. What about the others?

MISTER SALT
 (on the phone)
 What? Who?

INSPECTOR AKUNA
 (on the phone)
 The other inmates. What about them?
 What do I do?

Once more Mister Salt pushes a button on the phone dialer.

The right side of the screen disappears.

He pushes another button.

The screen splits.

On the right side Julius is back.

MISTER SALT
 (on the phone)
 Julius. Still here?

JULIUS
 (on the phone)
 Yep.

MISTER SALT
 (on the phone)
 So now it's Mister Book and my son
 with --

JULIUS
 (on the phone)
 A large bunch of random guys.

MISTER SALT
(on the phone)
I don't get it.

JULIUS
(on the phone)
Yep, same here.

MISTER SALT
(on the phone)
What are they doing right now?

JULIUS
(on the phone)
Right now. They are all inside
Mister Roger's building.

MISTER SALT
(on the phone)
The fucking fashion designer?

JULIUS
(on the phone)
Yep. The very one and only.

MISTER SALT
(on the phone)
But why?

JULIUS
(on the phone)
I have no clue.

MISTER SALT
(on the phone)
Damn.
(beat-thinking)
Ok. Keep following them.

JULIUS
(on the phone)
Alright.

INT. MISTER SALT'S OFFICE - DAY

Back to Mister Salt's office.

Mister Salt is walking back and forth. Overstressed.

The phone rings.

Mister Salt quickly picks up the phone.

MISTER SALT
(on the phone)
Go on. Tell me.

The screen splits.

On the left Mister Salt.

On the right Julius inside his car. Talking on his cellphone.

JULIUS
(on the phone)
They are at the small village.

MISTER SALT
(on the phone)
The small village? Is it not that
village from where --

JULIUS
(on the phone)
Yep.

MISTER SALT
(on the phone)
I knew it. Mister Book is planning
something.
(beat)
What are they doing?

JULIUS
(on the phone)
Talking. As usual.

MISTER SALT
(on the phone)
That's it. I've had enough of this.
Stay where you are, I'm coming.

JULIUS
(on the phone)
Ok.

MISTER SALT
(on the phone)
And I won't be alone, Julius.

JULIUS
(on the phone)
Yeah, I figured you'd say that.

EXT. THE SMALL VILLAGE - DAY

Back to the small village.

It's peaceful. Quiet. Everyone is busy.

A hummer limo is parked at the edge of the small village.

Mister Book is standing in front of the group composed of Mercy, Bruno, Mister Roger, Tempus, Cassiopée, Harmony, Fix and Brian.

FIX

It took us so long to get here.

HARMONY

Is was horrible.

MERCY

Very boring.

ROGER

Well, driving you here was an absolute bliss. Thanks to me, right?

BRIAN

For the record, I didn't say anything.

ROGER

Whatever. So Mister...

MISTER BOOK

Book. Or Voltaire. It doesn't matter. I guess.

ROGER

Where are they?

Mister Book points at a small hill, not so far.

MISTER BOOK

Just over that hill.

ROGER

Alright. Let's go have a look, then.

EXT. A VAST FIELD OF FLOWERS - DAY

A never ending ocean of flowers. Colorful.

The whole group reaches the top of the hill overlooking the field of flowers.

ROGER
Wow. This is huge.

MERCY
Yeah, it's... it's...

ROGER
Good for business.

MISTER SALT (O.C.)
So, is there anyone here who can tell me what this is about?

The whole group turns around. Mister Salt, Julius, Maureen and a dozen of heavily armed men are standing before them.

MISTER BOOK
Maureen!

Mister Book and Maureen run to each other. Hugging.

MISTER BOOK (CONT'D)
I thought you were dead.

Maureen breaks off the hug. She's crying.

MAUREEN
I'm so sorry, Voltaire. I really fucked up. Big time. It's all my fault.

MISTER BOOK
There's no need to be sorry. And I know it's not your fault.

MISTER SALT
Heeeey, technically it is her fault. I mean she became a junkie and then she prostituted herself to get money to pay for the drug. Let us call it what it is. Maureen is a drug addict.

MAUREEN
Because of you.

MISTER SALT
Don't be so overdramatic.

MAUREEN
You drugged me, you asshole.

MISTER SALT

Only the first time. But then after that you didn't stop. What do you want me to say? Honestly.

MAUREEN

Fuck you!

MISTER SALT

Likewise. But then you're irrelevant. Nothing more but a detail. Anyway, I need answers. Very precise answers. And that's why I bring you with me. To be more persuasive.

Julius whispers something to Mister Salt.

MISTER SALT (CONT'D)

Damn, I almost forgot. Thanks Julius.

JULIUS

(nodding)

You're welcome.

Mister Salt points at the heavily armed men standing behind him.

MISTER SALT

You see these guys just behind me? They are terrorists. I don't remember the name of their fucking group but anyway, you get the picture. They know their stuff, you know. They rape, torture and kill people for pointless reasons. But... not today. Today they're here for the money, for my money. I have to admit that they are not super bright but they're good at their job. So here's the plan. You're going to talk to me. If your shit doesn't please me then you will deal with the not so bright terrorists. Which will be a little bit before they're going to pursue their little adventure into the village. And the beauty of it is that I'm not compromised. An happy ending for me.

BRIAN

Because it will be an act of terrorism.

MISTER SALT

Exactly! And I'm not a terrorist.

(beat)

Now that we are on the same page, may I ask what are you guys doing here?

MERCY

We are here for the flowers.

MISTER SALT

The flowers?

ROGER

All these persons came to me with an idea for a perfume, which explains the interest for the flowers.

MISTER SALT

A perfume. You are all here for a fucking perfume. Really?

HARMONY

(smiling)

Yep.

ROGER

And I'm going to make a lot of money.

MERCY

We... are going to make a lot of money.

ROGER

You've never mentioned that before.

MERCY

Because it was obvious.

ROGER

Not at all.

Mercy chuckles. Unbelievable.

TEMPUS

It doesn't matter.

MERCY

What?

TEMPUS

We are not here for the money. You can keep it, if you want, Mister Roger.

ROGER

You bet I will.

MERCY

What? No. No way. I'm sorry but --

MISTER SALT

If you are not here for the money, why are you here then?

TEMPUS

To make a perfume.

MISTER SALT

Why?

TEMPUS

I don't know. To realize an idea, to conceive something.

MISTER SALT

But it's pointless.

TEMPUS

Why?

MISTER SALT

Because you're not doing it for the money.

TEMPUS

And?

MISTER SALT

And everything is always about money.

TEMPUS

Why?

MISTER SALT

Because it's human nature. It's just like that.

TEMPUS

I'm not... just like that.

Mister Salt nods. Staring at them. It's nonsense but they're speaking the truth.

MISTER SALT
Ok. Let's go, Julius.

JULIUS
(pointing at the terrorist
group)
What about them?

Mister Salt sighs. Annoyed.

MISTER SALT
I'm a man of principle. I don't
kill people for flowers. Give them
their money and tell them to fuck
off.

Mister Salt walks away.

Julius turns toward the terrorist group. Smiling awkwardly.

INT. A FASHION SHOWROOM / BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

The backstage. Very busy. Very chaotic.

Two female models are being prepared. A makeup artist, an hairstylist are doing their job. Bottles of perfume labelled "Reboot" are everywhere.

The dressing room in the background. Roger is very busy. Putting the final touch to dresses.

FEMALE MODEL#1
This is fucked up. Red sucks.

FEMALE MODEL#2
Why do you say that?

FEMALE MODEL#1
This drug is not working anymore.

FEMALE MODEL#2
Really? Wow, that's weird.

FEMALE MODEL#1
Yeah, I know. It didn't kick in. I
still feel bad and miserable.

Female model#2 stares at female model#1 puzzled. Female model#1 shrugs. Clueless.

A WOMAN (V.O.)
And since that day drugs have
totally disappeared.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. A CLASSROOM / THE SMALL VILLAGE - DAY

BLACK SCREEN

FADE IN

A small classroom.

A young female teacher (20's) in front of a dozen children,
aged eight.

THE FEMALE TEACHER
There's no drug anymore throughout
the entire country.

A YOUNG BOY
Really? You're sure about that?

THE FEMALE TEACHER
Well, Reboot is a success, isn't
it? Everybody smells good. No one
gets high.

A MAN (O.C.)
You can't say that. They are just
children.

The female teacher turns around. Mister Book (72) is standing
in the doorway.

MISTER BOOK
You're not telling them that stupid
story again?

THE FEMALE TEACHER
Come on dad. It's everything but
stupid. You know it's true.

MISTER BOOK
Maybe.
(beat-smiling)
You may be right.

FADE OUT.

- THE END -

