JE ME SAIS PAS, COZCO

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

Flashing neon lights blast onto the voluptuous bodies of STRIPPERS, wrinkles caked under their eight dozen layers of makeup. They twirl around poles, cheesy 80s ROCK plays in the background.

Middle age MEN ogle like school boys. This is absolute filth.

INT. STRIP CLUB - BAR - CONTINUOUS

Among them sits a MAN with a SKI MASK. Three piece suit clung tightly to his body, expertly tailored.

He takes a final sip of his whiskey, motions to the nearby shabby BARTENDER.

MAN (heavy French accent) Oui, tenancier du ba! I azked for another drink two minutes ageu.

The Man gets no response. He snickers. Stands, composes himself then -- suddenly throws the glass at the Bartender. It hits him square in the face, cuts spanning across his nose as blood pools down.

The music stops playing. The strippers stop stripping. All eyes on the Man as he spits at the Bartender.

Then gets to leaving when he hears a vibration. He searches his pants, pulls out his phone.

MAN (CONT'D) Salut ... Je ne comprends pas ... Pas terrible ... Oui, I'll be there in twenty, and you'll never see me again after.

The Man returns the phone to his pocket. All eyes on him as he leaves.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - CORRIDOR - AFTERNOON

Cramped. Filled with busy STUDENTS rushing about, your typical Breakfast Club bunch.

At the rusting lockers stands JIMMY. 17. His striking good looks match poorly with his oversized t-shirt and graying hair, almost like the HOLDEN CAULFIELD to our story.

He's got his hands clasped around a backpack, being careful that nobody else sees it.

He opens the zip. Finds it filled with mountains of cash.

Jimmy takes a deep breath. Heads to close the door when his eyes catch a sign splattered across the locker.

INSERT SIGN: "The worlds shall switch and the worthless woman and men that plague this land will die."

There's a picture of a large KNIGHT splattered across it. Blood trailing down his jet black armor. Under it, it reads --"The portals shall open October 31st. The sun rise will save you all from damnation".

BACK TO SCENE.

Jimmy rips it off, gazes back at the money. He zips it back up. Quickly heads off when he bumps into the PRINCIPAL.

The Pricipal, upset, looks at him sternly. He points at his watch, mentioning the time. Jimmy nods, understands. Starts to leave but - the Principal suddenly grabs his shirt's collar. Pulls him back.

He gestures to the bag. Mouths 'open the bag right now, please'.

But Jimmy has nothing. He tries to leave but the Principal's latched onto him. Refuses to let go.

Jimmy, about to confess, suddenly yelps in surprise as BLOOD splatters across his face. He gazes down, finds the Principal's brain splattered across his shoes.

The Principal falls, dead from a bullet wound. And right behind him is the French Hitman. The same man from the bar...

The whole place goes haywire, STUDENTS run about, scared shitless.

The Hitman shoots at Jimmy, who quickly sprints.

EXT. STREET - AFTERNOON

And runs as fast as he can. Weaving through business folk and happy families as he finds a HOSPITAL. Runs inside.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Where an OLD and FRAIL WOMAN is strung to machines with electoads stuck to her body.

Jimmy slowly enters. Lays the money across the bed. He kisses her good night, and then quickly sprints off when he hears GUN SHOTS in the distance.

INT. STRIP CLUB - BACK ROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

The Hitman enters some two dollar hooker, butt nude except the ski mask, thrusts deeply inside her, comes on the first pump. He groans in agony. Begins spazzing out.

> HITMAN Putain de merde! Putain de merde! NYESSSS!

INT. BRIDGE - SUN SET

Jimmy stands at the edge, gazes down. A tear rolls down his cheek, which suddenly turns into a full fledge break dance. He reluctantly steps on the railing. Fixes his posture. Closes his eyes to jump when he suddenly regrets it.

Tries to get back on but he loses his balance. Falls down to see he's in...

EXT. THE OTHERWORLD - NIGHT

The place is similar to our world. But there's something off about it. The buildings curl in awkward patterns. The people are dressed differently.

Animals walk the street and talk to each other. Jimmy struggles to understand it.

FRENCHMAN COZCO (O.S.) How er you still alive?

Jimmy gazes back. Sees FRENCHMAN COZCO, pantaloons and an eccentric jacket draped over his Peter Pan-like tights. A fiddler's hat to go with everything as he stares at Jimmy.

FRENCHMAN COZCO (CONT'D) Zu you understand ze Engliss?

Jimmy points to his ears, shakes his head.

FRENCHMAN COZCO (CONT'D) Speak louder.

Frenchman Cozco slaps him across the face, SHLACK! Knocks Jimmy's hearing aid out.

FRENCHMAN COZCO (CONT'D) Oh, zhit! You're la deaf?

Jimmy struggles to hold in his tears, begins hyperventialing - where is he?

FRENCHMAN COZCO (CONT'D) Oh, don't cry! I will get zu back to you're world. Follow me, boy. Frenchman Cozco paces through, Jimmy reluctantly follows. They stop at a KIOSK offering tickets.

FRENCHMAN COZCO (CONT'D) Buy a ticket, and zis shall be ova and done with. Oui?

Jimmy, about to buy a ticket -- suddenly gazes across. A scream blasts out of no where.

He sees THE BLACK KNIGHT from before, towering over him with a HEAD impaled to his sword. In his other hand, he holds a backpack... The same backpack Jimmy gave to his grandfather... He stole his money...

Frenchman Cozco doesn't notice. Jimmy points at him.

FRENCHMAN COZCO (CONT'D) What are zu pointing at?

The Black knight charges towards them on his white horse. Eyes locked on him. Jimmy tries to point more.

> FRENCHMAN COZCO (CONT'D) Oh, oui! Of course I can do a Joe Pesci impression! Tres bien!

Frenchman Cozco clears his throat, the Black Knight gets closer and closer.

FRENCHMAN COZCO (CONT'D) (absolutely terribly) Zu owe me, tuts. Had me runnin' 'round likes a doggie gettin' your tasks done. But I had enough, mans, we're toying with more than we can handle. And I think that handling's done me no good ever since I first joined.

Suddenly, Jimmy tackles Frenchman Cozco, throws him to the ground, the Black Knight missing them by an inch.

FRENCHMAN COZCO (CONT'D) Quelle imbécile! Connasse d'Américaine!

Finally, Frenchman Cozco looks where Jimmy's pointing. The Black Knight crashes into a building.

Frenchman Cozco's eyes widen.

FRENCHMAN COZCO (CONT'D) Sacreballs! Zere's a madman killing people in the otherworld and you're thinking of ze French pussi? This is no time to think of la boobies! Frenchman Cozco points to a strip club right next to the building. Jimmy rolls his eyes. Tilts his head towards the black knight.

FRENCHMAN COZCO (CONT'D) What do you mean the Black Knight stole your money?! Ecoutez!

Frenchman Cozco quickly runs, Jimmy reluctantly follows as the black knight struggles to get out of the rubble.

EXT. GRAVE YARD - NIGHT

Frenchman Cozco leads Jimmy to a grave stone. Points at it.

FRENCHMAN COZCO I suppose it neva' really getz eazier. My mother used to take us to the carnival every fall, the smile she had on her face those nights. We never came from a rich family, but what she did for us was important, and I think I neglected that more than anything. When the doctors diagnosed her with cancer, I couldn't help but cry. Namely because the doctor was a literal elephant but it was just the fact it took me that long to understand that yes, she existed and that no, maybe I was a bad son. Money's hard to come by these parts, that's the sad part about it. Poor fuckin' mammy, Jimmy. If I could give her my life to have her get some chemo, you wouldn't be alive right now. I could've stolen the money for the chemo but is that who I wanna' be? Is that what I want the world to remember Costco as?

Jimmy realizes the extent of this.

FRENCHMAN COZCO (CONT'D) Did you zteal za' monies?

Jimmy tries to walk away but Frenchman Cozco's got him.

FRENCHMAN COZCO (CONT'D) Don't leave when I'm talking to you, Andy... I know how hard it can seem. I know how the world feels like it's against you, but I want you to know, I understand those feels.

Jimmy's head tilts by an inch.

FRENCHMAN COZCO (CONT'D) I'll help zu get the moniez back. The Brown Knight hides in a cave but he will disappear at zundown.

EXT. CAVE - NIGHT

The duo wait outside, Jimmy's all smiles. Hugs Frenchman Costco, but there's a tint of sadness and pity on Frenchman Cozco's face.

> FRENCHMAN COZCO Look, I know how I seem like a hero and all, but maybe I'm not the hero you need.

They both part. Jimmy shrugs.

EXT. CAVE OPENING - NIGHT

The duo peek inside, notice the Black Knight sleeping on his horse. Both of them drenched in money. They're guarded by a LARGE BEHEMOTH-like MOTH.

Frenchman Cozco points to the moth, then to his nose. Jimmy just stares at him, mouths 'what?'

Frenchman Cozco repeats the action, but Jimmy still doesn't understand. Frenchman Cozco's, getting angrier, tries again, but accidently stuffs the finger up his nose, pulls out a booger.

FRENCHMAN COZCO

Eugh!

He flicks it at the moth, where it goes into it's eye. It stammers around like a rabid baboon, screeching cries and such. The Black Night awakens, but the Moth knocks it down -- breaking his arm and killing his horse.

The Black Knight then slays the moth.

FRENCHMAN COZCO (CONT'D) Va te faire foutre, you dumb Medieval pig!

Frenchman Cozco dives for the black knight, begins beating him to a pulp. As he does, Jimmy's eyes lead to his pocket where he sees...

A ski mask... The same ski mask as the Hitman from the teaser...

INT. STRIP CLUB - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

The Hitman takes off his mask, reveals he's actually Frenchman Cozco. The Two dollar hooker just stares at him, really, that's it?

> FRENCHMAN COZCO What do you expect, Pouffiasse? Tu preferais pas baiser un cadavre?

INT. CAVE - NIGHT

The Black Knight is finally pulp.

Frenchman Cozco gazes back, locks eyes with Jimmmy.

FRENCHMAN COZCO Sorry, kid. But I got business with people. You can't just walk out of these situations like that, they got my balls strung to the wall. I make a move, and there goes my manhood. The money, I also need it. But to make a clean break. What's my life ending at, huh? What did I do to get here? Shit, I wake up in the night sweating like a pig and being happy the sun ain't rose yet.

But Jimmy shakes his head. He's had enough. He storms away, Frenchman Cozco follows.

FRENCHMAN COZCO (CONT'D) What do you want from me?

But Jimmy says nothing. Frenchman Cozco shakes his head.

FRENCHMAN COZCO (CONT'D) Then be like that! Va te faire enculer, enculé de merde!

INT. STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

Frenchman Cozco parades around, finds a middle aged man. They exchange glances as Frenchman Cozco passes him some of his newly found money.

FRENCHMAN COZCO Is the debt settled?

THe Man nods.

FRENCHMAN COZCO (CONT'D) And you settle my other debts too?

The Man nods. Frenchman Cozco forces a smile, but his eyes are stale, broken. There's nothing left in him.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Frenchman Cozco screws a three dollar hooker, but it's just not the same.

LATER

He holds a phone to his ear.

FRENCHMAN COZCO Oui, Bonjour? 'ave you zeen zee Jimmy?

His face suddenly falls.

FRENCHMAN COZCO (CONT'D) Whatzu you mean?

INT. GRAVE YARD - NIGHT

Frenchman Cozco stands over a tomb stone of Jimmy and his mother. Both of them dead.

He holds in a tear, can't help it as he cries.

EXT. THE OTHERWORLD - CAVE - NIGHT

Frenchman Cozco walks up towards the cave. Steps over the dead moth. He finds the black knight. Stares at him for a moderate beat, then puts on the helmet.

Sits down. Being enveloped by regret and turmoil. This is who he is now.

FADE OUT.