<u>SCRIPT TITLE</u>

Written by

Name of First Writer

Based on, If Any

Address
Phone Number

1   INT. COMMERCIAL OFFICE – NIGHT   1

Behind an antique desk, staring at a document under the light
of a green desk lamp sits --

-- CLAUDE RISCHLEAU (50's), a French stockbroker, tall and
solid, with an expensive suit and a grim look.

With determination, he places a document on his desk:

                     PROPERTY SETTLEMENT

                 RISCHLEAU   v   RISCHLEAU

The door opens and a young secretary rushes in --

-- YVETTE MALLION (25), a pretty red-head in a very short
skirt and heels. She is concerned.

                         YVETTE
                I'm sorry, sir... there is a
                detective on the phone--

 He looks up.

                         YVETTE (CONT'D)
                -- Says it's about stolen shares.

                         CLAUDE
                Tell him I have left for the day.

He picks up the settlement document, studies it, and rubs his
brow.

2   INT. APARTMENT – NIGHT   2

The door BURSTS open and Claude strides in, his face covered
in sweat and his tie loose, hanging past his waist.

He glances around the apartment which has no furniture or
personal items. TRAFFIC NOISE comes in from somewhere.

On the dusty polished floorboards lies a plaque:

                MONSIEUR and MADAME RISCHLEAU

He treads on it as he walks out towards --

3   INT. BEDROOM – NIGHT   3

          Claude removes his coat and throws it and his keys onto a
          mattress on the floor.

          The room is otherwise empty.

          He places his laptop on the windowsill and stares down at it.

          He pulls the window down, eliminating part of the TRAFFIC
          NOISE which reduces to a DULL MURMER.

          Through the window the Arc de Triumph fills his vision with
          night time traffic circling it.

4   EXT. PARIS STREET – NIGHT   4

          Claude emerges from a small black rental car parked in a
          quiet street beside the River Seine.

          Light rain falls.

          He sweeps his head around and studies the dark buildings
          around him.

          He removes the laptop from the seat and strides to the
          railing with it in hand --

          -- He flings it high into the air. The laptop spins, SPLASHES
          into the water, floats for a moment and sinks.

          It leaves only circular ripples that spread towards him.