

FADE IN.

EXT. PLAGE DE PAMPELONNE -- DAY

Fashion and excess surround this golden sand beach south of St. Tropez, France. Cafes and concession stands crowd the lined bank of parasols, loungers, and near-nude sunbathers.

ABRIELLE SHEREE MARTEL cascades through a gaggle of onlookers. Barely eighteen, her sexuality along with her innocence exudes from her body like the melting sun. She hands an ATTENDANT some money, and slides into a lounge by the waters edge.

EXT. PLACE DES LICES -- DAY

The square in the center of St. Tropez is a buzz with a few hundred Petangue players.

Outside Le Cafe', DEVAN, young twenties golden boy, focuses on his next throw. He tosses the boule. It careens off the coche, perfect shot. Crowd claps.

A GERMAN standing on the edge of the crowd holding a brown paper bag, catches Devan's attention.

MAURICE CHAPPELLE, an elderly French man, steps up.

MAURICE  
(French)  
You beat me again.

Devan turns to his opponent.

DEVAN  
(French)  
A little luck goes a long way.

MAURICE  
(French)  
You're good... real good... I don't believe in luck.

The French Man pulls out a wad of money, and counts a few bills into Devan's hand.

MAURICE (CONT'D)  
One more game?

DEVAN  
(French)  
Another time.

MAURICE  
(French)  
I'll be ready.

Devan walks over to the German standing on the edge of the crowd. The German seems very agitated and upset.

DEVAN  
(to the German, angry)  
We weren't suppose to meet until this  
afternoon... On the beach.

THE GERMAN  
(heavy accent)  
I'm leaving for Hamburg in an hour.

The Man pulls out a thick stack of bills out of a brown paper bag, and tries to hand them to Devan.

THE GERMAN (CONT'D)  
It's all I could get.

DEVAN  
(firmly)  
Not here.

Devan looks around to see who's watching. No one. The Man puts the money back in a bag.

THE GERMAN  
You're sick you know that? You're a  
very sick person.

Devan smiles.

EXT. PLAGE DE PAMPELONNE -- DAY

Abrielle smooths back her wet hair as she maneuvers from the waters crest. She walks past her lounge, and up to a...

CONCESSION STAND.

Abrielle smiles at the BARTENDER.

BARTENDER

(French)  
And what can I get you today, Miss?

ABRIELLE  
Strawberry daiquiri.

BARTENDER  
(French)  
Coming right up.

An AMERICAN, early twenties, BRANT TRIPPLET, blurts out.

BRANT  
Let me get that for you.

Awkwardly, he pulls out his money to show her he wants to pay. She looks confused.

BRANT (CONT'D)  
(bad French)  
Parlez-vous English?

ABRIELLE  
No.

Abrielle retrieves her drink, and takes off back to her lounge, leaving the young American stunned, and paying the tab.

EXT. PLAGES DE PAMPELONNE -- DAY

At the edge of the beach, Devan drops the binoculars from his eyes, and shakes his head. He then, readjusts the binoculars towards an exquisite yacht anchored off the coast.

DEVAN  
(French)  
Jameel Ragheb Ali Khan... Nice.

JAMEEL RAGHEB ALI KHAN, late twenties, son of a Saudi Prince, climbs down into a speed boat, and takes off. Devan follows the boat until it leaves his sight.

EXT. PLAGES DE PAMPELONNE -- DAY

Abrielle stretches out on a lounge, and closes her eyes.

A parasol's shadow glides across her body.

DEVAN (O.S.)  
(French)  
You should be careful, the sun is very  
bad for such delicate skin.

ABRIELLE  
(not looking up, French)  
I saw you watching me.

Devan takes a lounge beside her.

DEVAN  
(French)  
What did the American want?

ABRIELLE  
(French)  
What do you think?

DEVAN  
(laughs, French)  
Fucking Americans. You throw a rock in  
the South of France and you hit a  
fucking American.

Devan relaxes in his chair.

DEVAN (CONT'D)  
(French)  
Did you find him attractive?

ABRIELLE  
(French)  
Who?

DEVAN  
(French)  
The American. Did you find him  
attractive?

No answer.

DEVAN (CONT'D)  
Maybe? A little? All French girls die  
for Americans.

ABRIELLE  
(French)  
He just wanted to buy me a drink,  
nothing more.

DEVAN

(French)

Ahh... You sell yourself too short. No one can resist the beautiful Abrielle, princess of the Cote d'Azur.

ABRIELLE

(French)

You can be such an ass, Devan. Please, you're giving me a headache.

The ATTENDENT for the loungers walks up to Devan.

ATTENDENT

(French)

Ten Euros, for the chair and parasol.

DEVAN

(to Abrielle, French)

Don't you want to know how much we made?

Devan pulls out money for the Attendent.

ABRIELLE

No.

Devan hands the Attendent the money.

DEVAN

(condescending, French)

You worked so hard.

Abrielle ignores him.

ATTENDENT

(French)

Have a good day.

Attendent leaves. Devan checks him out.

DEVAN

(French)

Twenty-five thousand. Good? No? I had to come down, he was taken too long. He wanted to get back to his wife. Can you believe that? Germans. We'll get more next time... Don't we have a date today?

ABRIELLE

Oui.

DEVAN

(French)

And where are we meeting Jameel Ragheb  
Ali Khan?

ABRIELLE

(French)

I'm meeting him at *Club 55* at two  
o'clock.

DEVAN

(French)

We better get there at one... To  
reserve us a table... make sure  
everything is set... Perfectly, for  
your date.

Devan lies back and relaxes in the lounge. Abrielle jerks  
down the parasol.

INT. CLUB 55 -- DAY

An outside, hip, casual, cafe lies on the edge of the Plage  
de Pampelonne. Who's who of St. Tropez come out to relax  
in the sun, and have a three hour lunch.

Abrielle and Devan sit at a corner table. A WAITER walks  
up with a bottle of wine.

WAITER

(French)

Compliments of Mr. Dubois.

Devan looks over the bottle.

DEVAN

(French)

The *Gevrey Chambertin 99*, excellent.

Devan turns, and nods a thank you to Mr. Dubois, a robust  
man of means, sitting at the end of the bar, engulfing an  
appetizer.

Mr. Dubois returns a wink to Abrielle. Abrielle winces  
from the sight of food dripping from Mr. Dubois' mouth.

ABRIELLE

(French)  
He's disgusting.

DEVAN  
(French)  
You should be more appreciative.

The Waiter uncorks the bottle.

ABRIELLE  
(French)  
Because he's a cop.

Devan's eyes meet Abrielle's.

DEVAN  
(French)  
Detective... Your prince is late.

The Waiter lays the cork to the side, and pours a little in Devan's wine glass.

ABRIELLE  
(French)  
His father's the prince.

Devan breathes in the aroma of the wine.

DEVAN  
(French)  
Son of a prince then. He's still late.

Devan takes a sip, swirls it around on his tongue, then takes another sip.

DEVAN (CONT'D)  
(to the Waiter, French)  
Nice, very nice.

The Waiter pours the wine.

DEVAN (CONT'D)  
(to Abrielle, French)  
He will show want he?

Abrielle ignores him, looks out into the restaurant.

ABRIELLE  
(French)  
He's here.

Devan turns, and catches Jameel wondering into the cafe,  
followed by THREE BODY GUARDS.

DEVAN  
(French)  
Did you know he was bringing company?

ABRIELLE  
(French)  
No.

DEVAN  
(French)  
They weren't with him yesterday?

ABRIELLE  
(aggravated, French)  
No, he was alone.

DEVAN  
(aggravated, French)  
Well, they're with him today.

ABRIELLE  
(French)  
I can see that.

DEVAN  
(French)  
What are they doing here? They didn't  
get off the boat with him.

ABRIELLE  
(aggravated, French)  
I don't know. Why don't you ask him?

DEVAN  
(French)  
I will.

Jameel walks up to the table. Abrielle smiles. The body  
guards take their places at various points of the cafe.

JAMEEL  
(timid, English)  
Hello Abrielle, sorry I'm late.

ABRIELLE  
That's fine, we were just...

DEVAN  
(butts in)  
English?

Jameel's confused.

JAMEEL  
I don't speak very good French... and  
you are?

DEVAN  
I'm sorry how vulgar of me.

Devan stands, and holds out his hand.

DEVAN (CONT'D)  
Devan Martel, Abrielle's brother.

JAMEEL  
(relieved)  
Oh. Jameel Ragheb Ali Khan.

They shake.

JAMEEL (CONT'D)  
We chose English to be our common  
language.

DEVAN  
How barbaric.

JAMEEL  
Yes, but it suits a purpose.

DEVAN  
Have a seat. You have to excuse me. I  
took the liberty of ordering a bottle  
of wine.

Devan shows it to Jameel before pouring him a glass.  
Abrielle's not amused.

JAMEEL  
Very nice. Thank you.

DEVAN  
So, tell me Jameel, what's with the  
security?

An uncomfortableness hits the table.

JAMEEL

My father's idea, not mine. He thinks I'm being followed... by the CIA.

DEVAN

Are you?

JAMEEL

No.

Jameel coldly ends Devan's line of questioning.

DEVAN

I hope you don't mind me intruding on your lunch today.

JAMEEL

No, no, not at all, It's nice to meet other members of Abrielle's family.

DEVAN

Good, then I will propose a toast.

Devan lifts his glass.

DEVAN (CONT'D)

To new friends, may we have a long lasting relationship. Salute.

JAMEEL

Salute.

ABRIELLE

Salute.

LATER ON...

A waiter clears the table.

JAMEEL

That's amazing, so Muslim Corsairs settled in this region a little over a thousand years ago?

ABRIELLE

(not interested)

Devan loves history.

Abrielle's bored. She looks around the cafe'. She notices Brant from the concession stand, trying to bribe the Host

with a low denomination. He's unsuccessful. He looks over and catches Abrielle. She retreats her attention back to her table, and Devan's story.

DEVAN

They built a stone fortress up on top of the Massif des Maures, a mountain ridge known for it's thick bramble bushes. They groomed these bramble bushes so tall and thick that if anyone stumbled onto them... it ran through them like a sharp sword. A medieval cleric once wrote, that any impeding army would get entangled... they couldn't either advance or retreat. He called this predicament Antapodsis, or tit for tat.

Jameel smiles with warm astonishment. Devan pours the rest of the wine in Jameel's glass.

DEVAN (CONT'D)

(picking up the bottle)  
Should we order another?

JAMEEL

I can not,  
(looks at his watch)  
I must be getting back to the boat. I hadn't intended for lunch to last as long as it did, but I would like to...  
(turns to Abrielle)  
See you again.

Abrielle painfully spits out the words as if rehearsed.

ABRIELLE

That would be nice.

DEVAN

(blurts out)  
Why don't you join us tomorrow evening?

Abrielle looks at Devan, wondering where he's going.

JAMEEL

I don't know if that's...

DEVAN

We'll be playing petangue at Places des  
Licas in front of Le Cafe'.

JAMEEL

I would hate to intrude on...

DEVAN

No intrusion. We would love to have  
you. Wouldn't we Abrielle?

ABRIELLE

Oui.

Jameel looks at Abrielle. How can he deny this creature.  
Devan notices Jameel's craving for Abrielle.

DEVAN

Excuse me, I have some business to take  
care of.

Devan stands, and heads to the bar. Abrielle watches Devan  
walk up to Mr. Dubois, then turns to Jameel.

ABRIELLE

(forces the words out)  
Will you join us?

JAMEEL

(to Abrielle)  
Sounds like a wonderful evening. Oui,  
I will join you and your brother.

Abrielle gives Jameel a fake smile.

ABRIELLE

Good.

JAMEEL

Abrielle, I want to apologize.

ABRIELLE

For?

JAMEEL

Your brother and I have dominated the  
conversation, I feel as though I've  
ignored you, and I wanted you to know  
that, I planned on giving you my full  
attention.

ABRIELLE  
Maybe will have time tomorrow.

JAMEEL  
I would like that very much.

Abrielle breaks her eyes away from Jameel's stare, looks up at the bar, and catches a glimpse of...

Devan handing Mr. Dubois an envelope.

THE BAR

Mr. Dubois takes a peak in the envelope. Money.

MR. DUBOIS  
(French)  
What's this?

DEVAN  
(French)  
Yours.

MR. DUBOIS  
(French)  
The German?

DEVAN  
Oui.

MR. DUBOIS  
(French)  
I never got the call.

DEVAN  
(French)  
It wasn't necessary.

MR. DUBOIS  
(French)  
Petangue must pay well these days.

DEVAN  
(French)  
Very.

Mr. Dubois snorts, crams the envelope in his coat pocket, then takes a sip of his glass of wine.

MR. DUBOIS

(French)  
I'll pick up today's tab.

Mr. Dubois puts his hand on Devan's shoulder.

MR. DUBOIS (CONT'D)  
Put in a good word to your sister for  
me. She could do worse.

Devan gives Mr. Dubois a wink before heading back to his  
table.

THE TABLE

Abrielle turns to Jameel.

ABRIELLE  
Have you ever played before?

JAMEEL  
Played?

ABRIELLE  
Petangue.

JAMEEL  
Once, when I was in Nice, visiting my  
father... It's more difficult than it  
looks.

ABRIELLE  
Devan's really good.

Devan wanders up from behind.

DEVAN  
Don't be giving away my secrets.

JAMEEL  
(laughs)  
I don't think you have to worry about  
me. Well, I must be going.

Jameel stands, and starts to pull out his wallet.

DEVAN  
It's been taken care of.

JAMEEL  
You didn't have to...

DEVAN

My pleasure... really.

JAMEEL

Thank you. It was very nice meeting you.

They shake. Jameel turns to Abrielle, kisses her hand.

JAMEEL (CONT'D)

Au revoir. Mademoiselle, jusqu' #  
demain la nuit.

ABRIELLE

Until tomorrow, Au revoir.

Jameel leaves. Devan watches. Abrielle sips her wine.

DEVAN

(French)

You know how to pick them, or should I say, they know how to pick you.

This aggravates Abrielle.

DEVAN (CONT'D)

What? Did I say something wrong?

Abrielle looks at Devan.

DEVAN (CONT'D)

No, of course not... Oh, by the way, the meal was complimentary of Mr. Dubois.

ABRIELLE

(French)

So.

DEVAN

(French)

So, you should be nice. I expect you to thank him, personally.

Abrielle stands.

ABRIELLE

(French)

You thank him, he's your friend.

DEVAN  
(French)  
Where are you going?

ABRIELLE  
(French)  
To the beach.

DEVAN  
(French)  
You're getting too much sun.

ABRIELLE  
(French)  
Are you afraid I'm going to get old and wrinkled, then I want be able to...

Devan grabs Abrielle's arm.

DEVAN  
(French)  
That's enough.

ABRIELLE  
(calmly, French)  
Let go...  
(firmer)  
Let go.

Devan releases. Abrielle leaves. Devan finishes his wine.

EXT. PLAGE DE PAMPELONNE -- DAY

Abrielle returns to the beach. She sees that Brant now occupies the lounge next to her's, reading a magazine.

Abrielle plops down beside Brant, startling him.

ABRIELLE  
I saw you at the Cafe'. Are you following me?

BRANT  
I was hungry.

ABRIELLE  
And you just happened to be sitting next to my chair.

BRANT

It's a crowded beach, there's not a lot of choices.

Brant returns to his magazine. Abrielle checks out the beach. It's packed. She relaxes.

ABRIELLE

I didn't get a chance to thank you for my drink.

BRANT

You're welcome.

Brant continues reading. Abrielle looks out toward the water, ponders.

ABRIELLE

I love the water... makes me feel, reborn... a new beginning.

BRANT

I thought you didn't speak English?

ABRIELLE

Only a little.

BRANT

Why did you tell me you didn't?

ABRIELLE

Why did you buy my drink?

BRANT

Because I wanted to meet you.

ABRIELLE

You're meeting me now.

This breaks the ice.

BRANT

Are you going to be nice this time?

ABRIELLE

(smiles)

No.

BRANT

What's your name?

ABRIELLE

Abrielle.

BRANT

Mine's Brant, Brant Tripplet.

ABRIELLE

Nice to meet you Brant.

BRANT

Abrielle, that's...

ABRIELLE

Don't say beautiful, or I want talk to you anymore.

BRANT

Deal. So, what do you do? I mean, like Work? School?

ABRIELLE

(quickly)

Lets go for a swim. It's too hot to talk. Come on, I want bite.

BRANT

You really want me to believe that.

Abrielle throws a flirtatious smile, as she leads the way into the water. Brant acts a little timid, thinking it's cold.

Abrielle splashes him.

ABRIELLE

Whimp.

BRANT

Hey, you know English better than you let on.

ABRIELLE

(flirting)

No English, only French.

Abrielle splashes him again, then dives under. Brant follows. He grabs a hold of her leg and pulls her under. She breaks free, swims to the surface, and dunks him. He pulls her under with him. They both open their eyes under water. Abrielle smiles, then kicks to the surface.

Abrielle and Brant pop out of the water.

DEVAN (O.S.)  
Abrielle!

Abrielle gasps.

BRANT  
What is it?

ABRIELLE  
(to Devan, French)  
Coming?

BRANT  
Who is he, your boyfriend, husband,  
what?

ABRIELLE  
(to Brant, English)  
Sorry, I have to go.

BRANT  
I want to see you again.

ABRIELLE  
That's not possible.

BRANT  
Why?

ABRIELLE  
I...

Abrielle notices Brant's cute boyish charm.

ON THE BEACH

Devan waves Abrielle in.

DEVAN  
(angry, French)  
Abrielle! Let's go! Come on, quit  
fucking around.

IN THE WATER

Abrielle glances over to an increasingly frantic Devan.

Brant grabs her attention.

BRANT

I'll be at Le' Cafe' tonight, around  
eleven.

Abrielle smiles as if to say good-bye, then swims to shore.

Brant watches on.

ON THE BEACH

Devan wraps a towel around Abrielle, and starts walking her  
up the beach.

DEVAN

(French)

Americans never give up, do they?

ABRIELLE

(French)

He was nice.

DEVAN

(French)

They're all nice, so they want you to  
think, but all they do is take, take,  
take.

ABRIELLE

(French)

You don't know him.

DEVAN

(French)

He's an American. That's all I need to  
know, to know I don't trust him.

Abrielle breaks away, looks at Devan.

ABRIELLE

(French)

What do you know about trust? You  
don't trust me.

DEVAN

(French)

How can you say that, you're my sister?

ABRIELLE

(French)

Because you're always watching me,  
telling me what to do. You never  
let...

DEVAN  
(French)  
I'm protecting you.

ABRIELLE  
(French)  
From what? What are you protecting me  
from?

DEVAN  
(loud, angry, French)  
Yourself!

Abrielle knows that's a definitive end.

DEVAN (CONT'D)  
(French)  
Let's go home.

Devan and Abrielle continue their walk down the beach.  
Abrielle discreetly looks back down the beach for Brant.  
No Brant.

INT. ABRIELLE'S AND DEVAN'S RESIDENCE -- NIGHT

Expensive works of art line the walls of this moderately  
sized beach cottage.

Abrielle enters the great room, dressed comfortably, but  
sexy. Abrielle hears Devan in the kitchen.

Abrielle reaches for the back sliding glass door...

DEVAN (O.S.)  
(French)  
Where are you going?

Abrielle spins around to see Devan exit from the kitchen,  
carrying a glass of water.

ABRIELLE  
(startled, French)  
It's a beautiful night, I thought I'd  
take a walk down the beach.

DEVAN

(French)  
We have a big day tomorrow, you should  
get some rest.

ABRIELLE  
(French)  
I'm not tired.

Devan walks up to his liquor cabinet. He pulls out a  
bottle of pills, and offers one to Abrielle.

DEVAN  
(French)  
Help you sleep.

ABRIELLE  
No.

Devan takes a good look at Abrielle, while he pops the pill  
in his mouth.

DEVAN  
(French)  
You are dressed very nice to be going  
for a walk on the beach.

Abrielle shifts her weight.

DEVAN (CONT'D)  
(French)  
You are so predictable, Abrielle...  
Where this time, Papagayos, VIP Room,  
Caves du Roy?

Abrielle says nothing.

DEVAN (CONT'D)  
You think I don't know... about your  
little rendezvous'... your little  
nights on the beach... in the water.  
Do you want to ruin everything?

ABRIELLE  
No.

DEVAN  
(French)  
If Jameel's people see you out, having  
a good time, it will, and we'll have to

answer for that. Do you want him to know what we're up to?

ABRIELLE

No.

DEVAN

(French)

Good.

Devan heads back into the kitchen, his job is done. Abrielle looks at the clock, it's almost eleven.

INT. LE CAFE -- NIGHT

Brant sits along side a piano gently rolling out melodic jazz into the night air. He looks into the faces of the crowd for Abrielle. Nothing. A FEMALE PATRON drops a few bills into his tip jar.

BRANT

Merci.

The Female Patron flashes a flirtatious smile, then leaves with her date. Brant returns his attention to his piano.

INT. ABRIELLE'S AND DEVAN'S RESIDENCE -- NIGHT

Abrielle creeps out of her room and into a dark house. She looks for Devan, he's out. She walks over to the back door, and slips out.

INT. LE CAFE -- NIGHT

Brant dumps his tip jar, and counts his money.

ABRIELLE (O.S.)

You didn't tell me you played the piano.

BRANT

For tips. It's a livin'. How long have you been here?

ABRIELLE

A few minutes. I enjoyed your playing.

BRANT

Can I buy you a drink?

Abrielle smiles.

INT. LE CAFE -- NIGHT

Abrielle and Brant casually sip their drinks at a corner table. Abrielle watches the petangue players out in the square. Brant stares at Abrielle, lost in another world.

ABRIELLE

Stop it.

BRANT

What?

ABRIELLE

You're staring at me.

BRANT

I can't help it.

ABRIELLE

Well, I don't like it.

BRANT

Okay, I'll stop then.

Brant looks out into the square.

BRANT (CONT'D)

Is that better?

Abrielle stares at Brant, obviously. Brant gets uncomfortable.

BRANT (CONT'D)

(smiles)

All right, you've made your point, I want do it anymore.

Abrielle stares harder, and more obvious.

Brant throws a napkin at her.

BRANT (CONT'D)

I get it! I get it!

ABRIELLE

(laughs)

It's no fun being undressed in public, is it?

BRANT

I wasn't undressing you.

ABRIELLE

Your eyes say something different.

BRANT

How do you know what my eyes are saying?

ABRIELLE

I know... All women know, we just don't let you know that.

BRANT

What are my eyes saying now?

Abrielle looks deep into Brant's eyes. This warms her body. She gets comfortable, then...

She notices Jameel playing petangue with his Body Guards just over Brant's shoulder. She snaps her head quickly away from Brant, and Jameel's line of sight. Brant feels something's wrong.

BRANT (CONT'D)

What's wrong?

ABRIELLE

I have to go.

Abrielle collects her things.

BRANT

Why? Did I do something? Say something?

ABRIELLE

No... I just have to go. Au revoir.

Abrielle's down the street before Brant could say...

BRANT

Wait...

(under his breath)

I'll walk you home. Shit.

Brant checks out the direction that spooked Abrielle. He's confused. He sees Jameel. Brant and Jameel lock eyes, then

Jameel tosses his boule...

EXT. PLACE DES LICES -- EVENING

A jazz piano creeps through the night air as a boule lands a few inches from the coche. Jameel claps after Devan's throw.

JAMEEL

Nice.

DEVAN

I get lucky sometimes.

JAMEEL

(not convinced)

There is no luck in you my friend.

Jameel steps up to throw. Devan snatches his drink from Abrielle's hand, breaking her trance.

JAMEEL (CONT'D)

Only calculated risks.

Devan looks down at his drink, and inconspicuously pours it out, while Jameel tosses the boule. Abrielle watches on as Jameel's boule knocks away Devan's.

DEVAN

(excited)

You beat me again.

Abrielle forces a clap.

ABRIELLE

(making a point)

That's two games in a row, Devan.

DEVAN

(acting it up)

I see someone has been practicing.

JAMEEL

I must confess, I came out here last night.

DEVAN

Should have known... Should have known you could not be trusted.

Devan shows his empty glass.

DEVAN  
(to Jameel)  
Another drink?

JAMEEL  
Yes... Oui... Merci.

DEVAN  
Abrielle?

Devan pierces Abrielle with his expression. He's not very happy with her.

ABRIELLE  
Oui.

Devan smiles at Jameel.

DEVAN  
Be right back.

Devan barrels through the myriad of petangue players towards Le Cafe'.

JAMEEL  
(to Abrielle)  
I was wondering if we'd get a chance to be alone.

ABRIELLE  
My brother sometimes... is a little over protective.

JAMEEL  
Yes, I can see that... and I can see why.

Jameel steps in close, uncomfortably close.

JAMEEL (CONT'D)  
Abrielle, I want you to know that, this evening has been truly wonderful, your brother has welcomed me, better than I ever thought possible, but I feel that you're not very happy right now. Is it me? Did I say or do something that...

Abrielle puts her finger up to Jameel's mouth to stop his next word.

ABRIELLE

No. It's not you. You're very sweet.  
Maybe we'll have time later... to go  
for a walk... on the beach.

JAMEEL

I would like that very much.

Abrielle leans in, and kisses Jameel gently on the lips.

LE CAFE'

Brant softly strokes the piano keys, hot jazz.

Devan barrels through the crowd carrying the drinks. As he passes the piano, he recognizes Brant, but can't quite place him. He shrugs it off and heads to...

THE SQUARE.

Devan stops dead in his tracks in the middle of the square, and watches Abrielle and Jameel break away from an embrace. He smiles, throws the drinks into a near by trash can, then walks up on the unsuspecting couple.

DEVAN

Ordering drinks at the bar was  
hopeless. The crowd... too many  
American tourist...

Devan pretends to look around the square for an uncrowded bar.

DEVAN (CONT'D)

Where else? Where else can I go?

JAMEEL

We can always go to the beach... *Club*  
55.

DEVAN

That's an idea. But, I'm afraid the  
crowd would be just as bad.

(looks at Abrielle)

How about our house? I'll open up a  
bottle of brandy.

Jameel hesitates.

JAMEEL

I have my...

DEVAN

Bring them... I forgot they were even here.

Devan spins around, checks out the body guards.

JAMEEL

(looks at Abrielle, smiles)  
I think their services are no longer necessary.

DEVAN

We live right on the beach.

JAMEEL

(to Abrielle)  
On the beach?

DEVAN

Oui... Right down from the plage de Pampelonne.

Jameel thinks about it, then turns to Abrielle.

JAMEEL

I can get that walk.

Abrielle smiles, trying not to give anything away.

INT. ABRIELLE'S AND DEVAN'S RESIDENCE -- NIGHT

Abrielle and Jameel admire a Degas painting, when...

Devan explodes from the kitchen carrying a small platter.

JAMEEL

I'm amazed, you have a wonderful house... and excellent taste in art.  
(points at the Degas)  
Is this...

DEVAN

An original? No. A fake... A worthless copy.

JAMEEL

I wouldn't say worthless.

Devan offers the small platter. Jameel samples the caviar canapè.

JAMEEL (CONT'D)

Magnificent. I love Russian caviar.

(looks at Abrielle)

If I didn't know better, I'd swear you were trying to seduce me.

Abrielle reluctantly breaks a smile.

DEVAN

Interior.

Jameel looks at Devan confused.

DEVAN (CONT'D)

The painting, it's called the "Interior"...

Jameel takes another look at the painting.

DEVAN (CONT'D)

Also known as "The Rape".

JAMEEL

It's beautiful.

DEVAN

Abrielle, why don't you take our guest out by the pool, it's a wonderful night for brandy and cigars.

ABRIELLE

(to Jameel)

I'd like to go for a swim.

JAMEEL

I didn't bring a bathing suit.

DEVAN

You can borrow one of mine. In fact, there's some clean trunks on my bed.

JAMEEL

How can I refuse a such gracious host.

DEVAN

My room is just through that door.

Jameel points to Devan's room.

DEVAN (CONT'D)

Oui.

Devan watches Jameel stride into his bedroom, then turns to Abrielle.

DEVAN (CONT'D)

(French)

You're going to blow this, if you don't straighten up.

ABRIELLE

You enjoy this too much, Devan.

DEVAN

It would help if you would enjoy this a little yourself.

Abrielle doesn't respond as she heads to her room to change.

EXT. POOL -- NIGHT

Abrielle dives into the pool and swims to the other side. Jameel gets comfortable in a lounge, and watches Abrielle.

INT. ABRIELLE'S AND DEVAN'S RESIDENCE -- NIGHT

Devan, dressed in swimming trunks and a robe, walks over to the bar, pulls down a can of brandy, and pours two sifflers. He then grabs a bottle of pills, drops one into one of the sifflers, and stirs to dilute. Devan picks up the sifflers, and heads to the door, when...

He remembers. Devan rushes back over to the bar, grabs a couple of cigars, and a lighter. He shoves them into his robe pocket.

EXT. ABRIELLE'S AND DEVAN'S RESIDENCE -- NIGHT

Abrielle swims over to the edge of the pool close to Jameel. Jameel watches from a lounge.

ABRIELLE

Are you coming in?

JAMEEL

Soon. I'm just taking in the moment.

Devan exits the house.

DEVAN

Brandy and cigars.

JAMEEL

Only two?

DEVAN

Abrielle, doesn't enjoy the subtle delicacies of life.

Devan hands Jameel a glass of brandy. Jameel smells the richness.

JAMEEL

(to Abrielle)

You don't know what you're missing.

Abrielle kicks away from the pool wall, and continues swimming.

Jameel takes a sip.

JAMEEL (CONT'D)

(to Devan)

Excellent, what is it?

Devan hands Jameel a cigar. Jameel puts the cigar into his mouth. Devan lights it.

DEVAN

Larressingle Armagnac. It's been produce in the southwest of France since the thirteenth century. The name dates back to the gallo-roman times of Arminius.

JAMEEL

Very smooth.

Jameel takes a bigger sip.

DEVAN

Aged fifteen years in black oak casts from Gascony. You can feel the warmth,

the rich mellowness, and refine depth.  
It'll lead you to total euphoria.

JAMEEL  
I feel it. Wow. Nice, very nice.

Devan toasts.

DEVAN  
Antapodosis.

JAMEEL  
Tit for tat?

DEVAN  
Oui. Salute.

JAMEEL  
Salute.

They both take a drink. Jameel looks out upon the pool,  
watching Abrielle stroke for stroke.

JAMEEL (CONT'D)  
I could sit here all night...  
(blinks)  
She's an angel.

DEVAN  
You don't know her.

JAMEEL  
(blinking, tiring)  
I know enough to want to know more.

Devan smiles.

Jameel finishes off his glass of brandy, head starts to  
spin, leans back on the lounge. Devan takes the sifter  
from jameel's hand.

DEVAN  
Let me refill this for you.

JAMEEL  
No... not right... now... in a  
minute... I don't know what's coming  
over me... I'm so tired, all of a  
sudden... I can't keep... my eyes...

DEVAN

You have to watch out for brandy, it sometimes sneaks up on you.

JAMEEL

It never has... before... I don't...

DEVAN

Let's get you inside... out of the night air.

JAMEEL

Yes, that... maybe... a good... idea.

Devan helps Jameel stand.

DEVAN

Abrielle, help me get Jameel inside.

Abrielle sinks to the bottom of the pool.

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

Abrielle!

Abrielle closes her eyes, and cups her hands over her ears, while Devan carries Jameel into the house.

EXT. ABRIELLE'S AND DEVAN'S RESIDENCE -- LATER ON

Abrielle swims to the edge of the pool, gets out, towels off, and...

INT. ABRIELLE'S AND DEVAN'S RESIDENCE -- CONTINUOUS

Enters the house. Light streams out of Devan's bedroom door. Curiosity overcomes Abrielle, she walks up, and peaks in. She stops dead in her tracks. Stunned.

DEVAN'S BEDROOM

Modeling lights and cameras surround Devan's bed as Devan rapes Jameel. Devan looks up at Abrielle, and winks.

JAMEEL

(drugged out of his mind)

Oh... Abrielle... I love you so much.

Devan kisses Jameel.

Abrielle becomes sick to her stomach. Retreats to her room.

INT. ABRIELLE'S AND DEVAN'S RESIDENCE -- MORNING

Abrielle exits her room quietly, sneaks past Devan's door.

DEVAN'S BEDROOM

Devan lays entangled with Jameel. Camera and lights are gone.

EXT. ABRIELLE'S AND DEVAN'S RESIDENCE -- MORNING

Abrielle closes the door, and walks briskly toward the beach.

EXT. PLAGE DE PAMPELONNE -- MORNING

Abrielle strolls through the early morning crowd to a lounge, throws her towel down, and heads to the water. She dives into a weak wave and swims, cleansing her mind of last night's events.

EXT. PLAGE DE PAMPELONNE -- LATER

Abrielle returns to her lounge, grabs her towel, and dries off.

BRANT (O.S.)  
(sheepishly)  
Hi.

Abrielle turns to see Brant standing over her.

ABRIELLE  
(throws it back at him,  
sharply)  
Hi.

BRANT  
Why did you leave so quickly the other night?

ABRIELLE  
I had to go.

BRANT  
You had to go.

ABRIELLE

Oui.

BRANT

Is that it?

ABRIELLE

Oui.

Abrielle stays calm. She doesn't want to get involved. Brant turns away, defeated. Stops. Spins back around.

BRANT

You know, I came here today hoping I'd see you.

Abrielle stops, looks up at Brant. Melts.

ABRIELLE

And?

BRANT

And I... wanted to know if it was me, if I did something to upset you.

ABRIELLE

No, I enjoyed your company... very much.

BRANT

Then...

Brant stops, stunned, looks down, thinks.

BRANT (CONT'D)

Would you like to go to lunch with me today?

ABRIELLE

(smiles)

It all depends.

BRANT

Depends on what?

ABRIELLE

Where you are taking me.

BRANT

How hard do you think it would be, if I pulled you away from the beach?

ABRIELLE

Very.

BRANT

Very?

ABRIELLE

Oui. Why in the world would you want to leave? It's such a beautiful day.

Brant pretends to play a piano.

BRANT

Trade out.

ABRIELLE

Oh... I see... poor American traveling abroad.

BRANT

Oui.

ABRIELLE

And how will we get to Le' Cafe'?

BRANT

I have transportation.

ABRIELLE

What kind of transportation?

Brant smiles.

EXT. THE NARROW STREETS OF ST. TROPEZ -- DAY

Brant drives a scooter badly down a cobblestone street. Abrielle laughs and screams at every turn. He hits a protruding stone, bounces up on the curb, and scares pedestrians on the sidewalk.

BRANT

(to the Pedestrian)

Sorry.

ABRIELLE

Desole.

BRANT

What?

ABRIELLE

French for sorry.

Brant pushes the scooter,

BRANT

Des...

ABRIELLE

Desole.

BRANT

Desole, I got it now.

Off the curb. Abrielle laughs.

BRANT (CONT'D)

You know, you can help.

ABRIELLE

No.

BRANT

You just want to continue having your fun back there.

ABRIELLE

Oui, at your expense.

BRANT

Can you do better?

ABRIELLE

Oui.

BRANT

Okay, you're on.

ABRIELLE

What?

Brant jumps off,

BRANT

Your turn.

And trades places with Abrielle. She smiles.

ABRIELLE

Okay, hold on, sucker.

Abrielle guns it. Brant almost falls off the back.

BRANT

Hey!

Abrielle laughs.

EXT. STREET -- DAY

Abrielle and Brant buzz down the street on the scooter, laughing.

INT. LE CAFE -- DAY

Brant and Abrielle quietly pick at a light lunch. Brant gazes out into the square, and watches groups of men and women, playing petangue.

BRANT

That looks like fun... What are they playing?

Abrielle looks.

ABRIELLE

Petangue.

BRANT

(tries)  
Pe... tan...

ABRIELLE

Petangue.

BRANT

(better)  
Petangue. Looks like bocci.

ABRIELLE

What's bocci?

BRANT

Ah... It's not important.

And uncomfortable silence issues as Brant returns his attention to his food.

ABRIELLE

You know there's two types of people who come here to St. Tropez, wealthy princes and artists.

BRANT

As you can see I'm not a wealthy prince.

ABRIELLE

That makes you an artist.

BRANT

I'm just a piano player.

ABRIELLE

Then what brings you here?

BRANT

Making my way across Europe.

ABRIELLE

Trying to find yourself?

BRANT

Something like that... actually, I'm on my way to Nice... for the jazz festival.

ABRIELLE

Good thing you play the piano better than you drive the scooter, or you'd never make it.

BRANT

Hey, that's not fair, I just got that thing.

ABRIELLE

Hmmm... Hmm

BRANT

All right... Enough about my driving ability, what about you? Tell me something about you?

ABRIELLE

Me? There's nothing to tell.

BRANT

Sure there is, your family, friends,  
job, life long ambition, dreams,  
anything. I want to know everything,  
there is to know about you.

ABRIELLE

Ah, huh... And why do we have to learn  
so much about another person? Can't we  
just take the time spent, and move  
forward?

BRANT

Maybe we just need to fill in the gaps.

ABRIELLE

And, what gaps do you need to fill in  
about me?

BRANT

I don't know...

(thinks)

Those two guys you had lunch with, who  
were they?

ABRIELLE

Why do you want to know about them?

BRANT

Make sure one of them's not a boy  
friend or husband or...

ABRIELLE

If one of them was my boyfriend or my  
husband, I wouldn't be here with you.

BRANT

I guess you got me on that one.

Brant looks down, defeated.

ABRIELLE

One was my brother... the other... a  
friend.

BRANT

Your friend looked familiar, have I  
seen him somewhere before.

ABRIELLE

I don't understand what you're asking.

BRANT

Is he famous, been in the papers?

ABRIELLE

No... I don't think so.

BRANT

And... your brother was the one on the beach?

ABRIELLE

Oui... does that fill in your gaps?

BRANT

Most of it... Why was he so protective, he doesn't like you talking to guys?

ABRIELLE

(aggravated at all of the questions)

Americans. He doesn't like me talking to Americans.

BRANT

No one seems to like Americans anymore... when did we drop out of favor?

ABRIELLE

When you come over and don't bother to learn our language, and we have to speak yours.

BRANT

J'aimerais vous prendre au dÓner.

Brant attempted. Abrielle laughs.

BRANT (CONT'D)

What? Did I do that bad? Was I even close?

Abrielle shakes her head "No".

ABRIELLE

No.

BRANT

I gave a guy five Euros to teach me that.

ABRIELLE

You should get your money back.

BRANT

Thanks.

ABRIELLE

And where would you like to take me to dinner?

BRANT

You understood?

ABRIELLE

Oui... A little.

BRANT

Does that mean yes?

ABRIELLE

Maybe.

BRANT

Maybe's good, I like maybe.

A proud Brant takes a sip of coffee.

INT. ABRIELLE'S AND DEVAN'S RESIDENCE -- DAY

Abrielle enters. Devan's on his cell phone in a heated conversation.

DEVAN

Jameel, I would think things over very carefully before you make any irrational decision... It's not my concern where you get the money, only that you get it... you spend more than that in one month on one of your toys... I understand that, but the consequences are far worse... I understand that you would be cut off from your family, what's more important is that you understand that... Yes, you will get the tape... No, I keep one duplicate for safe keeping, to insure that once you pay, you won't have second thoughts... It's in a very safe place. You have my word on this...

Fuck you! Just pay me the money. You have until Friday.

Devan slams down the cell phone.

DEVAN (CONT'D)

(French)

The nerve of that son-of-a-bitch, he doesn't fuckin' trust me. No more Muslims. They're too unstable... What we need next is an Italian, or... another German, and make sure that they're married... married men don't cause so much trouble.

(to Abrielle)

I know, what about your pretty American, from the beach. Have you seen him lately?

ABRIELLE

(French)

You don't like Americans.

DEVAN

(French)

That's all the more reason.

ABRIELLE

(French)

No. I haven't seen him.

DEVAN

(French)

That's a shame, I would have enjoyed that one.

Abrielle goes quiet. The thought of last night rushes back into her memory.

ABRIELLE

(French, squeezes out)

I thought we were going to take a break after Jameel.

DEVAN

(French)

Why? We're on such a roll. I know, let's go to the Places des Licas tonight. Play some petangue... Maybe

we could pick up our new target... or  
should I say, he'll pick you up.

ABRIELLE  
(French)  
Not tonight.

DEVAN  
(French)  
Why not tonight?

ABRIELLE  
(French)  
I'm tired, I want to rest.

Abrielle slinks down into a chair. Devan doesn't believe her, there's something more.

DEVAN  
(French)  
There are no more secrets between us,  
Abrielle.

Abrielle looks up at Devan.

DEVAN (CONT'D)  
What did you think was going on? How  
did you think, I got the money? These  
men lusted after you... their pigs,  
nothing more. Remember that.

Devan stares back, mincingly. This scares Abrielle.

DEVAN (CONT'D)  
(French)  
All right then... rest. But as soon as  
you're done resting, we're going to get  
back to work.

Devan grabs his keys.

DEVAN (CONT'D)  
Don't wait up for me.

Devan bolts out the front door. Abrielle listens as Devan  
peels away in his car.

INT. LE CAFE -- NIGHT

Brant sits at a corner table reading a book, drinking a cup of coffee. Abrielle wonders in. She spots Brant, then scans the cafe for Devan. Nothing. She takes a deep breath before walking over to Brant's table.

ABRIELLE

You waited?

Brant looks up.

BRANT

A little while. I brought a book.

Abrielle looks at the book, *Jean Paul Sartre*, "Age of Reason".

ABRIELLE

Trying to become French?

BRANT

Maybe.

ABRIELLE

Not playing tonight?

BRANT

No... I'm off... Had a date for dinner. She stood me up.

ABRIELLE

You could do better.

BRANT

Yeah... well... that's easier said than done.

ABRIELLE

Why is that?

BRANT

I like this one.

Abrielle takes her time to regain her strength.

ABRIELLE

I can't see you.

BRANT

Why?

ABRIELLE

I'm sorry.

Abrielle bolts out the door.

BRANT

Wait!

Brant jumps up too quickly, stumbles. He Grabs his things, and chases after her.

EXT. STREET -- NIGHT

Abrielle's half way down the block. Brant runs after her, catches her, turns her around.

BRANT

I don't believe you.

ABRIELLE

What don't you believe?

BRANT

I don't believe, you don't want to see me.

ABRIELLE

Why?

BRANT

Because you came here tonight.

ABRIELLE

I came here tonight to tell you, I can't see you anymore.

BRANT

I still don't believe you.

ABRIELLE

You don't know me.

BRANT

I know enough.

ABRIELLE

(aggravated)

What's enough? You know nothing. You have nothing in your... gaps.

Brant steps back, takes a breath.

BRANT

Don't tell me anything.

Abrielle walks away.

ABRIELLE

That's not possible.

BRANT

Why?

Abrielle stops, turns back around.

ABRIELLE

You'll ask questions.

BRANT

I want, I promise.

ABRIELLE

You promise?

BRANT

Yes, I do.

Abrielle thinks about this new revelation.

ABRIELLE

I don't want to know anything about you either.

BRANT

Okay. Does that mean you're thinking about it?

ABRIELLE

Maybe.

BRANT

Maybe's good.

ABRIELLE

One more thing, if I don't show one night, you can not come looking for me... ever.

Brant stops, thinks.

BRANT

If that's the way you want it.

ABRIELLE

That's the way it has to be, or I go home, now.

BRANT

Deal

Brant sticks his hand out to shake. Abrielle's confused, then shakes.

ABRIELLE

Deal.

BRANT

Would you like to come back inside, have a drink?

Abrielle looks again for Devan, she doesn't see him.

ABRIELLE

Let's go for a walk on the beach.

BRANT

Want me to get a bottle of wine?

ABRIELLE

Oui...

(smiles)

French bottle.

BRANT

My scooter is just around the corner.

ABRIELLE

I'm driving.

Brant and Abrielle head to the scooter. Brant pulls out the keys from his front pocket.

BRANT

(teases)

I have the key.

Abrielle tries to grab it from him.

ABRIELLE

Give it to me.

BRANT

Oh, no... my turn.

Abrielle and Brant wrestle for the keys as they walk down the street.

THE SQUARE

Devan steps out from behind a tree, and watches Abrielle and Brant frolic down the street.

JAMEEL (O.S.)

Are you up for a game?

Devan spins around to see Jameel tossing a boule.

EXT. PLACE DES LICES -- NIGHT

Jameel throws a boule toward the coche. Good throw. Devan watches on, standing between Jameel's body guards.

JAMEEL

(coldly)

I see you're not using your sister this evening.

Jameel steps back, looks at Devan.

JAMEEL (CONT'D)

Or are you?

Devan steps up to throw.

DEVAN

You're talking about the American.

JAMEEL

Perhaps.

Devan's boule falls closer to the coche.

DEVAN

Fuck you. Where's my money?

JAMEEL

(calmly)

It's coming.

Jameel throws.

DEVAN

Just make sure it's all there. Or...

JAMEEL

Be careful with that my friend. You do not know who you're dealing with.

Devan throws.

DEVAN

And neither do you... my friend.

JAMEEL

I'm dealing with a pathetic homosexual, who uses his sister to get laid.

Jameel throws.

DEVAN

You forgot one thing... I enjoy it.

Devan throws. The boule lands next to the coche.

JAMEEL

I believe you won.

DEVAN

I always do... in the end.

Devan and Jameel retrieve the boules.

JAMEEL

You're a very lucky man, Devan.

DEVAN

I thought you said, it wasn't luck... it was...

(thinks)

Calculated risks.

JAMEEL

What's keeping me from letting my men tear you apart?

DEVAN

A video tape.

JAMEEL

Oh, yes.

DEVAN

And it's in a very safe place.

JAMEEL

It better be, for your sake.

Devan puckers up and kisses the air, then smiles. Jameel tenses. Devan shoves the boules into Jameel's petangue bag.

DEVAN

What do I have to worry about?

JAMEEL

Be careful of those bramble bushes.  
You maybe trapped in them yourself one day.

DEVAN

Nice game.

Devan cockily saunters off. Jameel kicks the petangue bag in frustration.

Mr. Dubois steps from the shadows, and up to Jameel.

JAMEEL

(to Mr. Dubois)  
Detective Dubois?

MR. DUBOIS

Oui.

JAMEEL

They tell me you're a man with muscle.

MR. DUBOIS

I've been known to help out a gentleman  
such as yourself from time to time.

JAMEEL

And your loyalty?

MR. DUBOIS

That depends.

Jameel snaps his fingers, and one of his body guards walks over, carrying a brief case. Jameel opens up the brief case. It's full of money.

JAMEEL

What do you know about Devan Martel?

MR. DUBOIS

Not much really, except that he's a hustler.

JAMEEL

What does he hustle?

Jameel pulls out a stack.

MR. DUBOIS

Petangue players... for big money too.

JAMEEL

(thinks)

Petangue players?

MR. DUBOIS

Oui.

JAMEEL

That's how he makes ALL his money?

MR. DUBOIS

Well... of course... there's always... talk.

Jameel lays the stack in Mr. Dubois's hand. Mr. Dubois listens to the sound of the bills flapping as he peels them back next to his ear.

JAMEEL

As you were saying.

MR. DUBOIS

Blackmail... he blackmail's rich tourist.

JAMEEL

Do you know any of these rich tourist?

MR. DUBOIS

A few.

JAMEEL

And what does he have on them?

Mr. Dubois shrugs his shoulders.

MR. DUBOIS

No one knows... What does he have on  
you?

Jameel's eyes strike out like daggers.

EXT. ABRIELLE'S AND DEVAN'S RESIDENCE -- NIGHT

Devan pulls up in front of the house in his little  
roadster, hops out, and goes inside.

INT. ABRIELLE'S AND DEVAN'S RESIDENCE -- CONTINUOUS

Devan enters. He looks around the room, it's destroyed,  
someone's been looking for something. His video camera  
lies in pieces on the floor.

DEVAN

Abrielle! Abrielle! Abrielle!

Nothing. Devan rushes over to the Degas painting, pulls it  
off the wall, and opens the back.

Devan's hand runs down the countless number of mini DV  
tapes, labeled by names, alphabetically. He stops at  
Jameel Ragheb Ali Khan.

EXT. ABRIELLE'S AND DEVAN'S RESIDENCE -- NIGHT

Devan walks out by the pool into the night air, carrying a  
sifter of brandy. He looks out over the beach.  
Contemplates.

EXT. PLAGE DE PAMPELONNE -- NIGHT

Abrielle and Brant wander past the cafe's and concession  
stands, drinking a bottle of wine. A little drunk, they  
stumble into each other, laughing their way up the beach.

BRANT

It's kind of tough carrying on a  
conversation when you can't ask  
questions.

ABRIELLE

Sh... No questions.

Abrielle kisses Brant, then pulls away.

ABRIELLE (CONT'D)

Here.

Abrielle pours wine down Brant's throat, and all over him. They both laugh, and collapse in the sand.

BRANT

Why'd you do that?

ABRIELLE

I wanted to share.

BRANT

It's my turn to share.

ABRIELLE

No. No. No. No.

BRANT

Oui. Oui. Oui. Oui.

Brant takes the bottle.

ABRIELLE

Be nice.

Abrielle winces as she closes her eyes, and opens her mouth. Anticipating, she starts laughing hysterically. Brant teases.

BRANT

What? You trust me, don't you?

Abrielle thinks about that word, "trust".

BRANT (CONT'D)

Don't you?

ABRIELLE

Oui.

BRANT

Oui?

ABRIELLE

Oui.

BRANT

Okay, here goes. Are you ready?

Abrielle playfully hits Brant.

ABRIELLE

Quit teasing.

BRANT

Sh.

Gently, Brant pours the wine into her mouth, then all up and down her body, soaking her from head to toe.

ABRIELLE

(screams)

No!... No!... Stop!

She tries to get away, but to know avail. Brant empties the bottle. Abrielle tackles him. They roll into the sand until Brant's on top. He looks into her eyes.

BRANT

Now what?

Abrielle holds this moment until Brant's completely relaxed, then she knocks him off.

ABRIELLE

Go for a swim.

Abrielle starts peeling off her clothes. Brant's stunned.

BRANT

Now?

ABRIELLE

Oui. Now.

Brant watches as Abrielle strips completely.

ABRIELLE (CONT'D)

Catch me.

Brant tears out of his clothes, and chases Abrielle.

Abrielle reaches the water first, Brant dives in after her, sweeps her up, and kisses her. Abrielle breaks away, frightened.

BRANT

What's wrong?

Abrielle relaxes.

ABRIELLE

Nothing.

Abrielle kisses Brant, and their love making begins.

EXT. PLAGE DE PAMPELONNE -- MORNING

The sun creeps up on Brant and Abrielle, lying entwined on a lounge. Abrielle awakes first, looks at Brant and smiles. He squirms, awakes, sees Abrielle staring at him.

BRANT

Good morning.

ABRIELLE

I have to go.

BRANT

You always have to go.

ABRIELLE

I'll see you again.

BRANT

When?

ABRIELLE

Tonight.

BRANT

I have to play tonight.

ABRIELLE

Then, I'll meet you at the cafe.

BRANT

What time?

ABRIELLE

Does it matter.

BRANT

No.

Abrielle kisses Brant sweetly on the lips, gets up, and heads down the beach.

INT. ABRIELLE'S AND DEVAN'S RESIDENCE -- MORNING

Abrielle quietly enters the house.

DEVAN (O.S.)  
(French)  
Where have you been?

Abrielle, startled, turns to see Devan sitting in a chair, waiting.

ABRIELLE  
(English)  
Are you spying on me?

DEVAN  
(French)  
Do I need to.

Abrielle looks around at the destroyed house in shock.

ABRIELLE  
(English)  
What happened?

Devan walks over to Abrielle.

DEVAN  
(French)  
I'll take care of this... Why are you speaking in English?

ABRIELLE  
(French)  
I didn't realize I was.

DEVAN  
(French)  
Abrielle, how can I take care of you... When, you tell me you are tired. You tell me you want to stay home. And you're not. Where were you last night?

ABRIELLE  
(slow to respond, French)  
At the Plage de Pampelonne.

Devan stares coldly, right at Abrielle.

DEVAN  
(French)  
All night?

ABRIELLE

(French)  
Oui. All night, I slept on the beach.

DEVAN  
(French)  
Alone?

ABRIELLE  
(French)  
Of course alone.

Devan paces.

ABRIELLE (CONT'D)  
(pleading)  
I just went out... nothing...

DEVAN  
(angry, French)  
It's not nothing, everything is  
something. We need to be together.

Devan's demeanor scares Abrielle.

ABRIELLE  
(French)  
All right, we're together. I'll let  
you know where I am from now on.

Devan grabs her arm.

DEVAN  
(French)  
Dont' patronize me. This is for your  
own good. I'm protecting you.

Abrielle breaks his grip.

ABRIELLE  
(snaps back, French)  
From what? What do you protect me  
from?

DEVAN  
(French)  
Men! Men, who want to use you, hurt  
you, take advantage of you.

ABRIELLE  
(French)

I do not need your protection.

DEVAN

(French)

Oh! So, you're eighteen and all grown up now. Is that it?

ABRIELLE

(French)

Oui...

(forces it out)

I'm tired of our little game.

DEVAN

(French)

Game! You think this is a game? This is not a game... need I remind you that you are apart of it. This game.

ABRIELLE

(tearing up, French)

I never wanted to be apart of it.

DEVAN

(French)

Well, you are. It's not me who wags my tail in front of men, leading them here. No, you're just as guilty as me, maybe even more so, because I couldn't do this without you.

Devan calms, lights a cigarette. Abrielle's beaten. She walks into the bathroom.

DEVAN (CONT'D)

(calls out through the door,  
French)

I found our next mark, remember our American friend, from the beach...

INT. BATHROOM -- DAY

Abrielle gazes at her reflection in the mirror.

DEVAN (O.S.)

He's the piano player at Le' Cafe. I want you to meet him tonight.

Abrielle freezes. Shocked.

INT. LE CAFE -- NIGHT

Brant gently rolls over the ivory as scores of people drift in and out of the cafe. His eyes wander through the crowd searching for Abrielle. Nothing. A friendly couple drops a few bills into his jar. Brant smiles.

EXT. PLACE DES LICES -- NIGHT

Abrielle watches Devan practicing petangue.

DEVAN

(French)

The time is right.

ABRIELLE

(French)

What makes you so sure he'll be interested?

DEVAN

(French)

They're always interested. Just go up there and do what you do best.

ABRIELLE

(French)

He's a piano player. He has no money.

DEVAN

(French)

How do you know he has no money?

ABRIELLE

(French)

I... I... don't... he's an American...

DEVAN

(French)

Exactly, the wealthiest nation in the world. He's rich... trust me.

Devan steps up to Abrielle. Close. So close his breath graces her skin.

DEVAN (CONT'D)

Now go, do your part.... then I'll do mine.

This scares Abrielle. She takes a minute, composes herself, then walks toward the bar.

Devan gloats, then returns to his practice, and there standing right behind his coche is Mr. Dubois. Instantly, Devan senses something's not quite right, something's very different.

DEVAN (CONT'D)  
(French)  
Detective Dubois.

MR. DUBOIS  
Devan.

DEVAN  
(French)  
You just missed my sister, but you're not here to see her... are you?

MR. DUBOIS  
No.

Devan tosses the boule. Mr. Dubois steps away, and watches Devan miss, badly.

MR. DUBOIS (CONT'D)  
(French)  
You're game seems to be off.

Mr. Dubois shakes his head.

INT. LE CAFE -- NIGHT

Abrielle slides up on a stool next to the piano. Brant smiles.

BRANT  
You made it.

ABRIELLE  
Oui.

BRANT  
Request?

ABRIELLE  
Anything not happy.

Brant looks into her eyes. Abrielle breaks his gaze, and looks away.

BRANT

I'll try to come up with something.

Brant starts to play.

EXT. PLACE DES LICES -- NIGHT

Mr. Dubois tosses a boule up in the air and catches it, while Devan places the rest into his bag. Devan finishes. Looks at Mr. Dubois.

MR. DUBOIS

(looking at the boule, French)

I love this game... I've never been much good at it.

(looks at Devan)

I don't have the patience, and this game is about patience. Me... I'd rather get right to the point. The end, so to speak. You know what I am about, Devan. What I'm capable of... so... whatever you're doing, stop.

DEVAN

(French)

Or?

MR. DUBOIS

(French)

There is no "or"... hopefully they'll never be an "or", because it want be pretty.

Mr. Dubois hands Devan the boule, and walks away. Devan slams it into his bag.

INT. LE CAFE -- NIGHT

Brant watches Abrielle sip her wine, as he nudges out a bluesy jazz tune on the piano. Abrielle can not look at him. She stares off into the square.

Brant finishes his piece, and receives a warm response from the few listeners.

BRANT

(to Abrielle)

Is that what you were looking for?

ABRIELLE  
(still looking away)  
Remember what we talked about last  
night before...

BRANT  
Abrielle...

Abrielle turns to Brant.

ABRIELLE  
Please... let me finish... I can't...

DEVAN (O.S.)  
So, is this the American you've been  
telling me all about.

Devan appears behind Abrielle.

Abrielle's in shock. She knows that Devan's aware of her  
outings with Brant.

DEVAN (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry, let me introduce myself.  
I'm Devan Martel, Abrielle's brother.

Devan holds out his hand to shake. Brant takes it,  
suspiciously.

BRANT  
Brant Triplet.

DEVAN  
My sister's told me so much about you.

BRANT  
Really.

Brant casts an eye toward Abrielle.

DEVAN  
Oui... My sister and I are very close.  
How much longer do you have to work  
tonight?

BRANT  
I have about another hour.

DEVAN

You should join us for a game of  
petangue after you're done.

BRANT

I've never played before.

DEVAN

We'll teach you... Abrielle's very  
good.

(turns to Abrielle)

What do you say, Abrielle? Teach your  
friend our favorite game?

Abrielle turns, and looks at Devan. She's scared.

ABRIELLE

(slowly)

Oui... we'll play petangue...

(turns to Brant)

If Brant wants to.

BRANT

Sure... I'm game... sounds like fun.

Devan smiles.

EXT. PLACE DES LICES -- NIGHT

Abrielle stands with arms crossed watching Devan toss the  
boules out of his bag. She can't look over at Brant, who's  
watching her, wondering what is wrong. An uncomfortable  
silence ensues.

Devan places the coche in Abrielle's hand.

DEVAN

You two start without me. I have a to  
make a phone call.

(turns to Brant)

If you'll excuse me.

BRANT

Sure.

Devan strolls over to a dark corner, just out of hearing  
range. Abrielle tosses the coche a few yards away, picks  
up a boule, and...

ABRIELLE

Now, all you have to do is, get the  
boule...

(shows Brant)

As close as you can...

(points)

to the coche.

BRANT

(pointing)

You mean that little yellow ball you  
just threw?

ABRIELLE

Oui, that little yellow ball.

BRANT

Okay.

Brant accepts the fact that Abrielle's ignoring the  
underlining tension. He takes the boule from her hand, and  
rolls it down the street.

This breaks the ice. Abrielle chuckles. Brant looks  
around to check to see if anyone saw the bad throw.

An Elderly FRENCH MAN did. He smiles, and tips his hat.

BRANT (CONT'D)

(to Abrielle)

You like laughing at me.

ABRIELLE

Oui.

Abrielle walks over.

ABRIELLE (CONT'D)

Let me help you.

She steps behind Brant, unintentionally presses close. She  
takes his forearm, and directs him on how to throw. He  
complies, enjoying the instruction.

ABRIELLE (CONT'D)

Palm down... Oui... smooth motion...  
Oui... take one step, and just let  
go... turn your wrist to try to get  
some - how you say - reverse spin.

BRANT

Backspin?

ABRIELLE

Backspin, oui. Try to have backspin.

AWAY FROM THE ACTION...

Devan watches Abrielle guide Brant through the motions of throwing the boule. He smiles as he dials a number in his cell phone.

DEVAN

(into the phone)

Jameel... you know who this is... Do you really think I don't know what you're up to? Call him off... Call him off! Fuck you... You have no clue what I'm doing. You have no clue of what I'm capable of doing... If I see anyone, anyone suspicious... The deals off... and you can imagine the rest... Jameel, Jameel, why you want to be like this, we had such a wonderful time together... time like that costs... money... right, pay the money, and it's all's over... Pay the fucking money.

Devan closes his cell phone, looks up, and watches Brant and Abrielle's throw careen off the coche, stopping inches away.

BACK TO THE ACTION...

Brant looks at Abrielle. Still holding him, Abrielle looks deep into Brant's eyes, tears up, and pulls away.

ABRIELLE

And that's all you have to do.

BRANT

I'm beginning to like this game.

ABRIELLE

Too much, I see.

BRANT

You're going to make me fly solo?

ABRIELLE

I think you have the... hang of it.

BRANT  
You do, do you?

ABRIELLE  
Oui.

BRANT  
Okay. We'll see... Here goes.

Brant tosses the boule way off target.

ABRIELLE  
You did that on purpose.

BRANT  
Me? No. I just need more instruction.

ABRIELLE  
Mmm. Hmm. I think you know exactly  
what you're doing.

BRANT  
You think so, huh?

ABRIELLE  
Oui, I do.

Abrielle and Brant stand transfixed on one another.

Devan walks up, breaks the sexual tension.

DEVAN  
Abrielle, you're instruction...  
(shakes his head)  
What happened?

ABRIELLE  
I don't think it was my instruction.

DEVAN  
(turns to Brant)  
It's an easy game to learn, very  
difficult to master.

BRANT  
I believe that.

DEVAN  
I must apologize, there's something  
that requires my attention at home.

Abrielle looks at Devan, wondering where he is heading with this.

BRANT  
That's fine.

DEVAN  
I hate to disrupt our evening so early.

BRANT  
I understand, really, we'll just play some other time.

DEVAN  
I still feel badly about tonight... I know... why don't you join us back at our house... it's on the beach... you and Abrielle can enjoy the pool... while I finish some business... it should only take a minute.

BRANT  
(smiling)  
Well, that sounds...

ABRIELLE  
(blurts out)  
No... I mean... I would like to go to bed early.

Devan shoots her a look.

DEVAN  
You never go to bed early.

ABRIELLE  
I'm tired... I've had a very busy day.

DEVAN  
You have a guest... you must...

BRANT  
Listen, I'm exhausted too... why don't we just make it another night?

DEVAN  
(gives in, disgusted)  
Yes, why don't we... another night then.

Devan casts an aggravated look towards Abrielle.

FROM A DARK CORNER...

Mr. Dubois lights a cigar.

INT. ABRIELLE'S AND DEVAN'S RESIDENCE -- NIGHT

Devan barges into the house, throws his keys on the coffee table, and paces. He waits for Abrielle to get completely into the room, before...

DEVAN

(angry, French)

Do you have something you want to say?

ABRIELLE

(French)

What?

DEVAN

(French)

What! Is that it? Is that the only thing you can think of?

ABRIELLE

(confused, French)

I don't know what you're asking.

DEVAN

(French)

You've been seeing this American, haven't you?

(louder)

Haven't you?

Abrielle freezes, tears up.

ABRIELLE

(French)

I don't want to do this anymore.

Devan moves toward her, nose to nose, calm.

DEVAN

(French)

It is not for you to decide.

Abrielle cries. Devan softens.

DEVAN (CONT'D)

Agh... Don't cry, This man is not worth your tears. I'm the one who loves you. I'm the one who will always protect you. Take care of you. Listen to me...

(props her head up)

Listen to me... All we have in this world is each other, remember that.

Devan hugs Abrielle, and rocks her.

DEVAN (CONT'D)

Now...

Devan breaks away, and heads over to his liquor cabinet.

DEVAN (CONT'D)

You need a drink.

Devan grabs his pills. Oblivious to Abrielle, he drops one in each of their drinks.

Abrielle, softly picks up Devan's keys, and starts inching her way toward the bathroom door.

DEVAN (CONT'D)

This will help you relax... sleep better.

Devan catches Abrielle in the corner of his eye, slams down one of the glasses. Startles Abrielle.

DEVAN (CONT'D)

Where are you going?

ABRIELLE

(meekly, French)

To the bathroom... I want to wash my face.

Devan shoves Abrielle's glass into her hand.

DEVAN

(French)

Drink this first.

Abrielle, timidly takes the glass from Devan, and drinks it.

DEVAN (CONT'D)

That's my girl.

Abrielle hands the glass back to Devan, then watches Devan drink his before heading to the bathroom.

INT. ABRIELLE'S AND DEVAN'S RESIDENCE BATHROOM -- NIGHT

Abrielle turns on the faucets to make some noise, then slides out of the window.

INT. ABRIELLE'S AND DEVAN'S RESIDENCE LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Devan relaxes on the couch, tips back his head, soaks in the drug, WHEN...

A CAR CRANKS UP outside.

DEVAN

Fuck!

Devan jumps up, rushes to the door only to see...

EXT. ABRIELLE'S AND DEVAN'S RESIDENCE -- NIGHT

Abrielle drive away in his car.

DEVAN

Fuck!

Devan slams the door.

EXT. / INT. DEVAN'S SPORTS CAR -- NIGHT

Abrielle wipes her eyes with her forehead to clear her vision. She accelerates, takes a curve too wide, squeals tires.

EXT. LE' CAFE -- NIGHT

Brant finishes up his drink, tosses some coins onto the table, and walks into the square.

Stepping out of the shadows, smoking a cigar, Mr. Dubois watches Brant leave the square. He checks his watch to note the time. Smiles. Spots a waitress from Le' Cafe' getting off work, and walks up to her.

MR. DUBOIS

(to the waitress, French)

Excuse me... excuse me miss. Do you  
work at the cafe?

Mr. Dubois shows his detective's badge.

WAITRESS

Oui.

MR. DUBOIS

(French)

What do you know about the piano  
player?

WAITRESS

(French)

You mean, Brant?

MR. DUBOIS

(French)

Last name?

WAITRESS

(French)

Tripplet, I think... I'm not sure...

BREAKS SQUEAL.

Mr. Dubois breaks his neck jerking it around to catch a  
glimpse of Abrielle running into the side of a building  
near Le' Cafe.

MR. DUBOIS

(to the Waitress, French)

Thank you, for your help.

Mr. Dubois rushes off to beat the crowd to Abrielle. He  
flashes his badge.

MR. DUBOIS (CONT'D)

(French)

Everybody stand back. Everything's  
under control.

Mr. Dubois dives into the car, checks her pulse. Good.  
Checks her eyes. He knows from years of experience that  
she's drugged. No scars, no cuts, no abrasions. He pulls  
her out of the car, and carries her away from the small  
crowd.

INT. / EXT. DREAM SEQUENCE -- DAY OR NIGHT

Abrielle drifts among the clouds in total euphoric ecstasy. Her clothes seem to fall off, and float away.

Abrielle submerges herself into intense lovemaking. She opens her eyes. Startled. It's Brant. Abrielle relaxes, enjoys the moment.

INT. BEACH HOUSE -- MORNING

Abrielle awakes to the morning sun. She squirms beneath the covers, stretching from a well rested sleep. She opens her eyes. Horror. She's not home, and she has no clue what happened the previous night. She starts to get out of bed, then realizes she's naked.

She looks around the bedroom for her clothes, nothing. She spots a large man's shirt hanging on the back of a chair. She grabs the shirt, covers herself, and heads out of the bedroom and into...

THE HALLWAY.

Scared and puzzled, Abrielle walks slowly down the hall toward the kitchen. As she approaches, she hears someone cooking.

INT. BEACH HOUSE KITCHEN -- MORNING

Abrielle turns the corner to see Mr. Dubois slide an omelet onto a plate.

MR. DUBOIS

(French)

Ah, just in time.

Abrielle's shocked, scared, frozen in time.

MR. DUBOIS (CONT'D)

(French)

Sit.

Abrielle obeys. Mr. Dubois sets the plate down in front of her, then returns to the counter to pour a cup of coffee.

MR. DUBOIS (CONT'D)

How do you like your coffee?

ABRIELLE

(French)

Black. Where are my clothes?

Mr. Dubois hands Abrielle the cup.

MR. DUBOIS

(French)

At the cleaners... You don't remember anything, do you?

Mr. Dubois pours himself a cup of coffee.

ABRIELLE

(French)

No... nothing.

Mr. Dubois tips his coffee mug.

MR. DUBOIS

(French)

I also like mine black... You had an accident... at the square... luckily, I was there... to take care of you... I sent your clothes off to be cleaned.

(aggravated)

You don't have to thank me.

Abrielle looks up at Mr. Dubois.

ABRIELLE

(French)

Why didn't you call my brother?

MR. DUBOIS

(French)

You asked me not to.

Abrielle closes her discussion, she doesn't want to know anymore details. She begins to eat.

Mr. Dubois sits down across from Abrielle, watches her eat while he drinks his coffee.

MR. DUBOIS (CONT'D)

What do you know about this... Brant?

Abrielle's stunned.

ABRIELLE

(French)

Not much... he's American... plays the piano.

MR. DUBOIS

(French)

Did you meet him before or after you met Mr. Khan?

Abrielle looks puzzled.

MR. DUBOIS (CONT'D)

Jameel Rhaghib Ali Khan... you do know him, correct?

ABRIELLE

(French)

Oui... I know him.

MR. DUBOIS

(French)

I'll ask you again then, did you meet the American before, or after, Mr. Khan?

ABRIELLE

(French)

Before...

(thinks)

No... After.

Mr. Dubois grunts. Thinks.

ABRIELLE (CONT'D)

(French)

Why are you so interested in Jameel and Brant?

MR. DUBOIS

(French)

Mr. Khan asked me to... look into a few matters.

ABRIELLE

(French)

And Brant?

MR. DUBOIS

(French)

We have reason to believe he works for the CIA... and he's using you to get to Mr. Khan.

ABRIELLE  
(snaps, French)  
That's ridiculous, he hasn't asked  
anything about Jameel... nothing.

MR. DUBOIS  
(French)  
He wouldn't... usually agents in the  
field work months, even years to get  
close to their mark, and they'll use  
anybody to get there...

Mr. Dubois leans in.

MR. DUBOIS (CONT'D)  
It takes time to build up a masquerade  
of lies. Does he know that you and  
Jameel are...

ABRIELLE  
(French)  
Friends.

MR. DUBOIS  
(French)  
Oui. Friends?

Dead silence hits the room. Abrielle remembers.

ABRIELLE  
(thinking, slowly, French)  
The first day I met Brant, he saw me  
eating lunch with Jameel and my  
brother... He ask who they were... I  
didn't think much of it... He just  
thought he had seen Jameel before.

MR. DUBOIS  
(French)  
So, he asked a specific question about  
Jameel.

ABRIELLE  
Oui.

MR. DUBOIS  
(French)  
Is there anything else you can tell me  
about this, Brant?

Abrielle thinks.

ABRIELLE

(French)

No not really...

(thinks)

Wait there is one thing.

MR. DUBOIS

(French)

And?

ABRIELLE

(French)

He said, he was on his way to the Jazz  
Festival... in Nice...

Abrielle stops. Freezes.

ABRIELLE (CONT'D)

That's where Jameel's father lives.

MR. DUBOIS

(French)

Interesting.

A scared Abrielle picks at her food.

EXT. PLAGE DE PAMPELONNE -- DAY

Abrielle wanders up the beach. She spots Brant at a beach  
bar, drinking a beer. She toils with the idea of running  
away, or approaching. She decides to confront Brant.

THE BEACH BAR

Abrielle walks up unnoticed. Abrielle hears Brant talking  
to the BARTENDER in fluent French.

BRANT

(French)

...she's so beautiful... so amazing...  
but yet, she want let me in her little  
world.

BARTENDER

(French)

French women are all screwed up... they  
want to be a big mystery, keep you  
dancing on a hot plate.

BRANT  
(laughs, French)  
She's got me dancing all right... I  
don't know anything about her...

ABRIELLE  
(French)  
And what do I know about you?

Brant spins around, surprised, and caught.

ABRIELLE (CONT'D)  
(English)  
That you speak French, fluently...  
better than my English.

BRANT  
(English)  
Abrielle, let me explain.

ABRIELLE  
Screw you and your explanation. You  
lied to me!

Abrielle walks away. Brant chases after her.

BRANT  
Abrielle don't, I can...

ABRIELLE  
Get away from me, leave me alone. My  
brother said you couldn't be trusted.

Brant stops following Abrielle.

BRANT  
I was going to tell you... shit.

Abrielle's gone.

EXT. ABRIELLE'S AND DEVAN'S RESIDENCE -- DAY

Abrielle wipes a tear as she strolls up to her house from  
the beach.

INT. ABRIELLE'S AND DEVAN'S RESIDENCE -- CONTINUOUS

Abrielle enters.

DEVAN (O.S.)

(French)  
Where the fuck have you've been?

Abrielle looks at Devan.

DEVAN (CONT'D)  
I said, "Where the fuck have you been?"

Abrielle starts to cry.

ABRIELLE  
(French)  
You were right.

Devan softens.

ABRIELLE (CONT'D)  
You can't trust Americans.

Devan walks over, and puts his arms around his sister.

DEVAN  
(French)  
I tried to protect you from this.

ABRIELLE  
(French)  
I know.

DEVAN  
(French)  
I'll take care of you... Everything  
will be all right... I promise.

Abrielle sobs.

ABRIELLE  
(French)  
I wrecked you're car.

DEVAN  
(French)  
I know... The police came by, you just  
missed them. You had me worried,  
Abrielle.

Abrielle raises her teary eyes to Devan.

ABRIELLE  
(French)

I'll help you... I'll help you get the American.

DEVAN  
(French)  
You want regret this.

ABRIELLE  
(French)  
I'm tired... I'm going to lay down for awhile.

Abrielle drags herself to her...

BEDROOM,

Slides under the bedspread, and curls up into a little ball.

EXT. PLACE DES LICES -- NIGHT

Abrielle listens to a piano playing smooth jazz, while Devan plays Maurice in a game of petangue.

MAURICE  
(French)  
You're finally giving me a chance to win some of my money back.

Maurice throws a boule close to the coche.

DEVAN  
(French)  
I'm only glad to obliged.

Devan looks over at Abrielle, that's her cue.

Abrielle lowers her eyes, and heads through the groups of petangue players to Le ' Cafe'.

Devan steps up to throw his boule.

MAURICE  
(taunting, French)  
You miss and it's my game.

DEVAN  
(French)  
When have you known me to miss?

MAURICE

(French)

Ah, but, you've based your prowess on  
luck, and like life, luck always takes  
a turn for the better or the worse.

DEVAN

(French)

We'll see.

Devan throws, just misses. Maurice yells in adulation.

MAURICE

(French)

Looks like somebody's luck has change.

Devan grinds his teeth.

EXT. PLACE DES LICES -- NIGHT

Abrielle drifts through the crowd up to Le' Cafe'. She  
stops, and watches Brant play the piano from the square.  
She's having second thoughts.

FLASH BACK

Images of Devan and Jameel together.

EXT. PLACE DES LICES -- NIGHT

Abrielle gags, almost throws up. She doesn't want to do  
this. She spins around right into Mr. Dubois.

MR. DUBOIS

Abrielle.

Abrielle freezes.

MR. DUBOIS (CONT'D)

(French)

Someone would like to have a word with  
you.

ABRIELLE

(French)

But, I...

MR. DUBOIS

(French)

Now.

Abrielle relents. Mr. Dubois escorts Abrielle away from the cafe.

Brant continues playing the piano oblivious to Abrielle's departure.

EXT. PLACE DES LICES -- NIGHT

Devan makes another bad throw.

DEVAN

Fuck!

Devan kicks at the ground.

EXT. OCEAN -- NIGHT

Abrielle rides in a speed boat up to Jameel's yacht. She climbs the ladder up to the deck. The speed boat pulls away.

EXT. JAMEEL'S YACHT -- CONTINUOUS

Abrielle's escorted to the stern of the boat. Several body guards watch her every move. She's seated at a table.

Jameel steps out, and ambles over to Abrielle.

JAMEEL

Can I get you a drink?

ABRIELLE

(scared)

No... No thank you.

JAMEEL

You'll need one.

Jameel snaps his fingers. An ATTENDENT appears.

JAMEEL (CONT'D)

(to the Attendent)

Two Pastis.

(to Abrielle)

The southern France tradition, drinking pastis under a shade tree in the afternoon. I too like history.

(he looks at Abrielle)

I guess you are wondering why you are here.

ABRIELLE

Oui.

JAMEEL

Plain and simple. I need to know your involvement. I need to know where you stand in all of this. Abrielle, I will tell you, I want to believe every word you say...

Jameel leans forward.

JAMEEL (CONT'D)

You need to make me believe.

ABRIELLE

(tears up)

I'm sorry.

JAMEEL

I don't feel for you. Your sorry means nothing. What you did to me is beyond sorry.

The Attendent returns with the glasses of Pastis.

ABRIELLE

(crying)

I didn't do...

JAMEEL

Stop right there. You did your part, and very well might I add. I want to know the extent of your part... I want to know everything. I want to know why such a beautiful girl can be so ugly inside, and do such horrible things... I'm sure I'm not the first. You can begin where ever you wish.

Abrielle takes a drink.

EXT. PLACE DES LICES -- NIGHT

Devan finishes his game with Maurice, stands in shock.

MAURICE

(proud, French)

It's not your night.

Devan pulls out his wallet, and begins laying bills into Maurice's hand.

MAURICE (CONT'D)

(French)

I don't know who's luck turned, mine for the better, or your's for the worst.

DEVAN

(French)

I don't believe in luck.

Maurice puts away his money.

MAURICE

(French)

We'll play again.

DEVAN

(French)

And it will be a different outcome.

Maurice turns to a crowd of onlookers.

MAURICE

(French)

Anyone up for a game?

Devan heads toward Le' Cafe'.

EXT. LE CAFE -- NIGHT

Devan walks up, scours the location for Abrielle. Nothing. He takes a seat near the piano.

Brant notices him, nods a hello.

EXT. JAMEEL'S YACHT -- DAY

Jameel claps sarcastically. He and Abrielle sit alone on the stern of the boat.

JAMEEL

Amazing, amazing little story. You know, you should write a book. Poor little bastard pretty girl, mother runs away, raised by her older brother, who can not except his homosexuality, jealous by the attention you attract,

devises a plan to use that attention to extort and blackmail innocent... I'll use that word again, innocent men, who only want to get to know you.

ABRIELLE

That's not how I put it.

JAMEEL

I summarized... maybe added a few more details.

ABRIELLE

I was very young, naive, when it all started... I didn't know...

JAMEEL

(angry)

You didn't know... don't tell me you didn't know... there's no way you could have not known.

ABRIELLE

I wasn't sure until...

JAMEEL

Until what?

(angry)

Until what?

ABRIELLE

Until I saw you and Devan together.

This brief realization makes Jameel cringe. Jameel composes himself.

JAMEEL

How did he do it? How did he get me to that point?

ABRIELLE

(slowly)

With Rohypnol... Devan has a prescription. He can't sleep without it... He put that in your brandy.

JAMEEL

It's amazing how you two have been getting away with this for so long. No

one's stepped up to report it to the police?

Abrielle shakes her head "no".

JAMEEL (CONT'D)

I guess every man has a price for keeping his reputation intact.

ABRIELLE

I'm no longer apart of it, I'm not going to do it anymore.

JAMEEL

And you want me to believe that?

Abrielle freezes, looks up, eyes watering, stares into Jameel's eyes.

ABRIELLE

Oui. I want you to believe that.

Jameel brushes off her look, takes a sip of his drink.

EXT. LE CAFE -- NIGHT

Brant finishes a set. A few patrons clap. Brant stands, takes a bow, and heads over to Devan.

BRANT

Where's Abrielle?

DEVAN

I was hoping you could tell me.

BRANT

I haven't seen her since this afternoon at the beach.

Devan thinks that's strange, but plays it off.

DEVAN

At the beach?

BRANT

Yeah, I think I made a mistake. She walked up on me having a conversation in French.

Devan shrugs his shoulders.

DEVAN

What's wrong with that?

BRANT

I told her I couldn't speak French... I know, I know... I should have leveled with her... but, people are always more attractive when you have that language barrier.

DEVAN

(smiles)

You Americans... You amaze me.

(shakes his head)

So that's what made her so pissed off. Don't worry, I know my sister. She'll run off, calm down... and who knows... she may be back.

BRANT

I don't think so... she seemed pretty mad.

Devan takes a sip of his drink, checks Brant out.

DEVAN

How much longer do you have to play tonight?

BRANT

I'm done, that was my last set.

DEVAN

We never did play our game... of petangue.

BRANT

I don't think I would be much competition.

DEVAN

We'll play for fun.

BRANT

All right, Why not.

Devan smiles.

EXT. JAMEEL'S YACHT -- NIGHT

Jameel stands, arms crossed, analyzing Abrielle.

JAMEEL

So... tell me about this Brant  
Tripplet?

This catches Abrielle's attention.

JAMEEL (CONT'D)

The American, you do know him?

ABRIELLE

Oui... I know him.

JAMEEL

You like this Brant?

ABRIELLE

No.

JAMEEL

But you're seeing him?

ABRIELLE

I broke it off, I want see him again.

JAMEEL

Commendable. And, why did you do that?

Abrielle wants to be very careful of what she says.

ABRIELLE

Because he lied to me.

JAMEEL

About?

ABRIELLE

About speaking French. He lied to me  
about speaking French.

JAMEEL

That's why you broke it off.

ABRIELLE

Oui.

JAMEEL

And I guess you never lie.

This aggravates Abrielle.

ABRIELLE

What do you want with me?

JAMEEL

Finally, you ask.

ABRIELLE

I want to go home.

JAMEEL

I want the tape.

ABRIELLE

I don't...

Jameel grabs Abrielle by her hair, and jerks her head back.

JAMEEL

Don't insult me by saying, you no  
nothing about a tape, because I want so  
badly to believe you.

ABRIELLE

I don't know where he keeps them.

JAMEEL

That's not helping me, Abrielle.

ABRIELLE

(crying, scared)  
I don't know, I promise. He has no  
friends, he trusts no one.

JAMEEL

There's something you can tell me.

ABRIELLE

What?

JAMEEL

Something, about his routine, his  
likes, his dislikes... something.

ABRIELLE

All I know is that he loves the "big"  
lifestyle.

JAMEEL

What does that mean?

ABRIELLE  
Wine, cigars, rich food, paintings...

JAMEEL  
(cuts her off)  
Paintings?

ABRIELLE  
Oui, he loves paintings.

Jameel stops, thinks, looks back at Abrielle.

EXT. PLACE DES LICES -- NIGHT

Brant tosses a boule close to the coche, but not close enough. Devan claps.

DEVAN  
You're getting pretty good at this.

BRANT  
Still lost.

Brant and Devan walk down to retrieve the boules.

DEVAN  
You may lose in petangue, but maybe I can help you win something else.

Brant stops, looks at Devan.

DEVAN (CONT'D)  
I'll talk to Abrielle, if you'd like.

BRANT  
Do you think...

DEVAN  
There's a chance.

BRANT  
Yeah.

DEVAN  
Maybe. You never know the mind of a woman... and French women are worse.

Brant laughs.

BRANT  
I'm not touching that one.

DEVAN  
Why don't you come over tonight, and we'll see what happens.

BRANT  
I don't know, isn't that kind of broadsiding her?

DEVAN  
Broadsiding?

BRANT  
It's like a bad surprise.

DEVAN  
You would be my guest. She will act appropriately.

BRANT  
You think this will work?

DEVAN  
What do you have to lose?

Brant contemplates.

EXT. JAMEEL'S YACHT -- NIGHT

The speed boat returns carrying Mr. Dubois.

THE STERN OF JAMEEL'S YACHT.

Jameel runs the back of his hand down Abrielle's face.

JAMEEL  
So tempting. You know I should take you the way I was taken. And know one would fault me. In fact know one would even care. You may even enjoy it.

This scares Abrielle.

JAMEEL (CONT'D)  
But, I'm not that kind of an animal. I don't want what is not mine...  
(looks over at an Approaching Mr. Dubois)

Excuse me.

Jameel walks toward Mr. Dubois. Abrielle watches as Mr. Dubois leans over, and whispers into Jameel's ear. Jameel smiles, walks back to Abrielle.

JAMEEL (CONT'D)

You lied to me... You said that you were no longer apart of your brother's sickness.

ABRIELLE

(confused)

I'm not. I'm going to help...

JAMEEL

Don't embarrass yourself.

(leans in)

I know about the American.

ABRIELLE

I... I... didn't...

JAMEEL

Didn't what? Set him up. Please, Abrielle... Don't take me as a fool.

ABRIELLE

I'm not... I didn't set him up... I mean I was suppose to, but...

JAMEEL

But! If you didn't set him up, then why is he playing "petangue" in the square with your brother as we speak.

ABRIELLE

No... He can't be.

JAMEEL

Well he is.

Abrielle has a little bite left in her.

ABRIELLE

Why do you care what happens to Brant? He's CIA, following you.

JAMEEL

(laughs)

You're so naive... He's no agent, he's just a piano player, who fell under your spell, just like me.

Abrielle jerks her head around toward Mr. Dubois. Mr. Dubois shrugs.

MR. DUBOIS

My mistake, you can never be too sure about Americans.

JAMEEL

I'm done with you. You may leave.

Abrielle holds back a tear.

INT. ABRIELLE'S AND DEVAN'S RESIDENCE -- NIGHT

Brant wanders around the house with a sifter of brandy in his hand, looking at the paintings.

BRANT

You have quite a collection here.

Devan salivates at Brant.

DEVAN

I love beauty.

Brant's unaware.

BRANT

I can see that.

DEVAN

You went to University?

BRANT

Carolina... University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill.

DEVAN

Oh... Michael Jordan.

BRANT

That's it.

DEVAN

What did you study?

BRANT

Music. I took some business courses to appease my father, but I wasn't really interested.

DEVAN

And what does he do?

BRANT

Nothing much these days, he's retired.

Devan notices Brant's drink is half empty.

DEVAN

Let me refresh your drink.

Brant looks at his sifter of brandy, takes a big swallow, then hands the sifter to Devan.

BRANT

Thanks.

Devan walks over to the bar, back turned away from Brant.

BRANT (CONT'D)

When do you expect Abrielle?

Devan returns with a full glass.

DEVAN

She'll be home. Relax. Enjoy your drink.

BRANT

You know this is all so strange. She didn't want me to know anything about you or her, and her family.

Devan laughs, conceals the truth.

DEVAN

Women always have to be mysterious. There's so much shit you have to put up with when dating a woman.

BRANT

There's a lot of truth to that.

DEVAN

The alternative's not much better, fags  
act like women too.

BRANT

I had a few friends that made that  
decision or transition, whatever you  
want to call it, in college. I was  
like, hey if that's what makes you  
happy, go for it, personally, I like  
being a heterosexual.

DEVAN

I'll drink to that. Salute.

BRANT

Salute.

Devan and Brant tap glasses.

DEVAN

We should have the cigars out by the  
pool.

Brant thinks it's a cool idea.

EXT. PLACE DES LICES -- NIGHT

Abrielle rushes into the square, searching for Brant and  
Devan. Nothing. She spots Maurice, and heads toward him.

EXT. JAMEEL'S YACHT -- DAY

Jameel climbs down into his speed boat followed by, Mr.  
Dubois and his Henchmen. Jameel takes the wheel, guns the  
throttle.

EXT. ABRIELLE'S AND DEVAN'S RESIDENCE -- NIGHT

Devan lights Brant's cigar. Brant leans back in his  
lounger.

BRANT

A Cuban Cohiba, I haven't had one of  
these since graduation.

DEVAN

It's a shame Americans can't enjoy the  
pleasure of a Cuban cigar.

BRANT

Maybe one day.

DEVAN

It is a world base economic and political system now. Your government should recognize this.

BRANT

Won't be in our life time.

DEVAN

How's the brandy?

BRANT

I'm not used to top shelf liquor...

(blinks)

I'm starting to feel.. What is it?

DEVAN

Larressingle Armagnac. It's been produce in the southwest of France since the thirteenth century. The name dates back to the gallo-roman times of Arminius.

Brant takes a whiff, leans back in his chair, and absorbs the aroma.

BRANT

Very, very nice.

DEVAN

Aged fifteen years in black oak casts from Gascony. You can feel the warmth, the rich mellowness, and refine depth. It'll lead you to total euphoria.

BRANT

You make it sound like sex.

DEVAN

It's much better than that.

Brant closes his eyes.

EXT. PLACE DES LICES -- NIGHT

Abrielle interrupts Maurice's game.

ABRIELLE

(French)  
Excuse me... Mr. Chappelle.

MAURICE  
(French)  
Yes.

ABRIELLE  
(French)  
Have you seen my brother?

Maurice spins around looking.

MAURICE  
(French)  
Not for awhile... I thought he was...  
(points)  
No, I believe he left... with the  
American.

Horror strikes Abrielle.

MAURICE (CONT'D)  
(French)  
Is there something wrong... something I  
can do to...

Abrielle runs out of the square.

EXT. ABRIELLE'S AND DEVAN'S RESIDENCE -- NIGHT

Devan carries a drugged Brant across the terrace.

BRANT  
(gibberish)  
I... I... knew... one more drink...  
would... do... oh God... what is...  
what am I feeling.

Devan drops Brant to open the door, picks him back up, then drags him inside.

INT. ABRIELLE'S AND DEVAN'S RESIDENCE -- NIGHT

Devan drags Brant across the floor.

BRANT  
What... what's... going on.

DEVAN

Shh... run with it, enjoy.

Devan lays Brant on the couch.

BRANT

Oh... God... my breathing.

Devan brushes Brant's hair back.

DEVAN

This will be a night you'll never remember, but you'll never forget.

BRANT

Where's Abrielle?

DEVAN

She'll be right with you in just a minute.

Devan walks into his...

BEDROOM.

He pulls a new digital camera out of the box and sets it on a tripod.

EXT. ABRIELLE'S AND DEVAN'S RESIDENCE -- NIGHT

Abrielle runs up the beach, onto the terrace, and...

INT. ABRIELLE'S AND DEVAN'S RESIDENCE -- NIGHT

Enters the house. Abrielle sees Brant in a lifeless state of euphoria on the couch. She grabs hold of him, and frantically tries to get him to his feet.

BRANT

Oh... Abrielle, beautiful Abrielle, you came...

Abrielle tries to quiet him.

ABRIELLE

(whispers)

Sh... sh... Put your arm around me.

BRANT

I drank too much... I'm sorry.

ABRIELLE

It's okay... It's okay.

BRANT

No... No... I drank too much...

ABRIELLE

Sh... please... be quiet.

Abrielle barely gets him to the door, when...

DEVAN (O.S.)

Where do you think you're going?

Abrielle turns to see Devan. She's scared.

DEVAN (CONT'D)

(thinks, confused)

You weren't trying to... Abrielle?

Devan sets up the camera.

ABRIELLE

Devan please... don't.

Devan starts inching closer.

DEVAN

Don't what?

ABRIELLE

Don't do this?

DEVAN

You mean our... game?

ABRIELLE

Oui.

DEVAN

You all ready made your decision.

ABRIELLE

I can't...

DEVAN

You can't what?

ABRIELLE

I can't go through with this.

DEVAN

It's too late... You should have  
thought of this before.

Devan takes Brant away from Abrielle, and lays him back  
down on the couch. Abrielle's too weak to stop him.

BRANT

(calls out, continuous)  
Abrielle, Abrielle, Abrielle.

DEVAN

Look at that, so weak, so pitiful. Do  
you want me to tell him, when he  
awakes... that this was your idea.

ABRIELLE

No.

DEVAN

No.

ABRIELLE

No.

DEVAN

What do you think? He'll fall into  
your arms, and you'll live happily ever  
after, frolicking in the ocean... you  
are so predictable. You know, you're  
just as much a part of this as I am...  
(angry)

Do you really think I would let you  
leave me, Abrielle.

(looks at Abrielle)

You're a fool.

Abrielle falls down on the floor, crying.

DEVAN (CONT'D)

Stop that! It's about time you  
participated... in our little... game.

Devan spins the camera around on Abrielle. Abrielle tries  
to cover her face.

ABRIELLE

Don't.

Devan settles the camera back on Brant.

DEVAN

Don't, don't, don't, stop it with the  
fucking don'ts'.

Devan grabs a chair, sets it in front of the camera, facing  
the couch.

DEVAN (CONT'D)

I want you to have a good view, and I  
want the camera to get a good view of  
you.

ABRIELLE

(crying)

No.

DEVAN

(snaps)

I'm tired of you telling me NO!

Devan grabs her by the hair, and drags her to the chair,  
kicking and screaming.

DEVAN (CONT'D)

Sit and watch... You're not going  
anywhere.

ABRIELLE

I won't...

DEVAN

What? Won't what?

ABRIELLE

Leave you... if you let him go.

DEVAN

You're in love with him aren't you?  
You're trying to save his poor  
virginity?

ABRIELLE

No.

DEVAN

No?

ABRIELLE

(cries, frustration)

No.

Devan slaps Abrielle across the face so hard she falls out of the chair.

DEVAN

Liar! You expect me to believe you.  
Where did you go earlier tonight, when  
you were suppose to be at Le Cafe to  
see your precious Brant?

ABRIELLE

I...

DEVAN

I, I, I, I, I, stop it! You're making  
me sick with all the lies. Do you hear  
yourself? Do you think, I don't know.

Abrielle cries, she's too weak to move.

DEVAN (CONT'D)

You couldn't because, your in love with  
him? Aren't you?  
(louder)  
Aren't you?

Abrielle looks at Brant.

ABRIELLE

No.

Devan grabs her by the hair, and yanks her back into her chair.

DEVAN

No more of your lies!

Devan calms, sets up modeling lights.

DEVAN (CONT'D)

It'll all be over soon, then we can go  
back to way we were... I'll forgive  
you, Abrielle. I'll forgive you for  
choosing a fucking American over your  
on flesh and blood.

Devan picks up Brant's drugged head.

BRANT

(drugged)  
Abrielle, Abrielle, Abrielle...

DEVAN

Do you think this piece of shit will love you the way I have? Never. He will never take care of you.

(looks at Brant)

Look, isn't that sweet... he's calling for you.

Devan takes off Brant's shirt, then starts on his pants.

DEVAN (CONT'D)

So pretty, so innocent, don't you want to help, don't you want to take part in your...

CRACK! Abrielle smashes the brandy glass cantor over Devan's head. Staggers him. Abrielle rushes to Brant, tries relentlessly to get him off the couch.

ABRIELLE

(to Brant)

Come on, please... help me.

(frustrated)

Help me.

Abrielle barely sits him up before...

Devan regains consciousness, grabs hold of Abrielle, and slings her across the floor.

DEVAN

(screaming)

Fucking whore.

Abrielle jumps back at him, but not quick enough. Devan hits her square in the nose, breaking it, blood pours everywhere.

DEVAN (CONT'D)

(angry)

Look what you made me do. Now you won't be able to look pretty for the camera. You'll just have to watch from there.

Devan returns to Brant on the couch, rolls him on his stomach, and pulls off his briefs.

DEVAN (CONT'D)

(to himself)  
I'm going to enjoy this one.

Devan unbuckles his trousers, unzips his fly.

SLAM! The front door crashes open.

Devan spins to see Jameel, Mr. Dubois, and Jameel's body guards.

DEVAN (CONT'D)  
What are you doing here? What the fuck  
are you doing breaking into my house?

JAMEEL  
(calmly)  
Antapodosis, my friend. Tit for tat.

Abrielle sits motionless. She's in shock.

DEVAN  
Fuck you and your "Tit for Tat. I'm  
sending out your video tape all over  
the world, your family, your friends...

Jameel looks over at the wall, where Degas' picture, "The Rape" hangs. This stops Devan's ranting.

JAMEEL  
(to Devan)  
Really?

Jameel takes a step toward the painting. Devan quickly buttons up his trousers, and takes a step to block Jameel.

Mr. Dubois points at Devan.

MR. DUBOIS  
I wouldn't do that.

DEVAN  
(French)  
I thought you were my friend?

MR. DUBOIS  
You thought wrong.

Jameel takes the Degas painting from the wall, lays it face down on the floor.

DEVAN  
(nervous, to Jameel)  
It's a painting...  
(to Mr. Dubois)  
Is that what this is about, robbing me  
of my paintings?

Mr. Dubois stares back, then walks over to Abrielle, lifts  
up her chin.

MR. DUBOIS  
It's a shame some beast done this to  
you... so pretty.

Devan watches Mr. Dubois with Abrielle, then turns his  
attention back to Jameel.

Jameel finds a latch that opens the back, viola. The back  
is lined with video tapes.

Devan tries to hold his composure.

DEVAN  
So, you found what you were looking  
for... good... now this can all be over  
with... get out of my house.

Jameel pulls out the tape that bears his name.

JAMEEL  
Not quite...  
(to Mr. Dubois)  
You know there's a lot of evidence  
here.

MR. DUBOIS  
Could put someone away for a long time.

DEVAN  
Fuck you.

MR. DUBOIS  
(shrugs)  
All we have to do is match one of these  
tapes with a person.

DEVAN  
You're dreaming.

MR. DUBOIS

Maybe.

Jameel walks over to Abrielle, takes his handkerchief and tries to wipe the blood away from Abrielle's face.

JAMEEL

Your brother is very sick man.

Abrielle shakes her head "yes".

JAMEEL (CONT'D)

(looks at Brant)

Is this the American?

ABRIELLE

Oui.

JAMEEL

Do you love him?

Abrielle thinks about this question.

JAMEEL (CONT'D)

Do you love him?

ABRIELLE

Oui, I do.

Jameel thinks for a minute, then...

JAMEEL

Get him out of here, now.

Abrielle pulls herself up, walks over to Brant, and tries to get his paints on.

Jameel snaps his fingers, points at Brant. Jameel's body guards complies, and helps Abrielle.

JAMEEL (CONT'D)

Abrielle.

This gets Abrielle's attention.

JAMEEL (CONT'D)

You should leave town... for a long while.

Abrielle shakes her head "yes", then returns her attention back to Brant.

Devan attempts to stay cool are disintegrating. Jameel shakes his head.

JAMEEL (CONT'D)

(to Devan)

Now, what are we going to do with you?

DEVAN

Get the fuck out of my house.

JAMEEL

And you'll promise to be a good boy?

Devan, no response.

JAMEEL (CONT'D)

I didn't think so.

Abrielle and Jameel's body guards carry Brant to the door. Mr. Dubois stops Abrielle.

MR. DUBOIS

You know you have choices? I'm not such a bad man. Lot's of connections.

Abrielle keeps her composure.

ABRIELLE

I'll keep you in mind.

Abrielle exits with Brant and the Body Guards.

MR. DUBOIS

(to Jameel)

You got everything?

Jameel takes one last look at Devan, pulls out his tape, and starts tearing it apart.

JAMEEL

Oui... I have everything.

Jameel walks out of the house. Devan stands dumfounded, waiting, staring at Mr. Dubois.

DEVAN

(gains strength, swears)

What are you looking at? You have nothing... just a few tapes... go on

back to your coffee and donuts, get out  
of my house.

Mr. Dubois pulls out his radio.

MR. DUBOIS  
Bring in the witness.

A few POLICE OFFICERS escort in the German.

MR. DUBOIS (CONT'D)  
(to the German)  
Is this the man?

Barely able to look at Devan, the German replies...

THE GERMAN  
Yes, that is him.

Mr. Dubois pats the German on the back.

MR. DUBOIS  
You did the right thing. They have fun  
with men like him in prison.  
(to the Officers, French)  
Arrest him.

The Police officers move in to arrest Devan.

EXT. NICE STREETS -- DAY

Brant and Abrielle race down a street along the  
Mediterranean on the scooter. Brant's driving. Abrielle's  
holding a bag of groceries. They pull up in front of a  
quaint apartment along the shoreline.

BRANT  
Better?

ABRIELLE  
(shrugs)  
A little.

BRANT  
Just a little?

Abrielle heads inside. Brant follows.

INT. APARTMENT -- DAY

Abrielle puts down the groceries.

ABRIELLE  
Oui... little.

BRANT  
You are tough, you know that?

ABRIELLE  
Very.

Brant peels off his shirt, and walks into the bathroom.  
Abrielle puts away the groceries.

BRANT (O.S.)  
(yells out)  
I'm playing at three... are you going  
to make it.

ABRIELLE  
Maybe.

BRANT (O.S.)  
Maybe?

The shower starts

ABRIELLE  
Oui... maybe.

Abrielle grabs a very large coffee can to put away, opens  
the cabinet, and sees a duplicate.

BRANT (O.S.)  
You have to be there... you know, for  
support.

ABRIELLE  
Maybe.

Abrielle grabs the duplicate, thinking it's empty, to throw  
away.

BRANT (O.S.)  
I need you there.

Abrielle hears something in the can. She opens it, and  
pulls out a hand full of bills, a couple of passports, and  
a gun.

BRANT (CONT'D)  
(louder)  
I said I need you there.

The shower shuts off.

Abrielle quickly puts everything away, takes a deep breath.

Brant walks out with a towel wrapped around his waist.

BRANT (CONT'D)  
Did you hear me?

ABRIELLE  
No.

BRANT  
I want you to be there with me, when I  
play.

Abrielle thinks, looks at Brant. She loves him.

ABRIELLE  
Are you sure?

BRANT  
Yeah... of course.

Abrielle inches her way to Brant.

ABRIELLE  
I mean are you really sure?

BRANT  
I asked you didn't I?

Abrielle's nose to nose.

ABRIELLE  
You don't think I'll make you nervous?

BRANT  
Probably.

Abrielle breathes on his neck.

ABRIELLE  
Probably?

BRANT

Maybe.

ABRIELLE

Maybe?

Abrielle drops his towel, and kisses him.

BRANT

Does that mean you'll come?

ABRIELLE

Maybe.

Abrielle pushes Brant back into the bedroom, both giggling like two school kids making out for the first time.

FADE OUT: