

QUÉBÉCOIS!
(Kay-bec-qua!)

by

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C/O
[Handwritten Signature]

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QUÉBÉCOIS!

From the day Canadian crime became organized, the pégres (mobs) ruled Montreal, and Montreal ruled Canada.

Emigrating from Marseilles and Corsica in the early 1900's, French gangsters soon made Montreal the center for all smuggling operations into the United States. In the 20's they ran whiskey across the Maine and Vermont borders, in the 30's deported Mafiosi, in the 40's black market meat and sugar, in the 50's heroin and in the 60's gold bars and coins.

In 1952, at the instigation of then New York don Frank Costello, the American underworld began its move into Montreal. Seeking to control the pégres' smuggling and gambling operations, the Italian-Americans took over the Italian community on Montreal's South Shore and set up headquarters in the center of the city. Shortly thereafter, New York Jewish mobsters starting muscling in on the West Side clubs and bars.

Throughout the next two decades, the Americans succeeded in dismantling, incorporating or destroying the French pégres one by one. Those which survived were forced to move block by block into the slum-ridden North and East sides of Montreal.

This is the story of the final days of the Gaulois Family, the last great French-Canadian pégre of Montreal.

PRE-CREDITS

FADE IN:

1 EXT. MONTREAL - NIGHT

Title reads: "Christmas 1971"

A light snow had been falling all day on the St-Michel District, and by nightfall a thin sheet of white stretched across the streets of northeast Montreal.

The cheerless neon lights of the Bouchern Taverne and Le Marche St-Michel shone through the cold night air. The last bastions of hospitality: a neighborhood bar and all-night liquor store. A long black Citroen stood in front of the liquor store.

INSIDE THE LIQUOR STORE, a large old man wrapped in a blanket-like black overcoat stood at the counter. A younger man in a black overcoat, his BODYGUARD, stood several steps to his left. The younger man nervously clasped his thickly-gloved hands together.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

The STOREKEEPER anxiously waited on the old man's every breath. This was no time to make a mistake; he knew who the old man was.

So did everyone else in Montreal -- everyone, that is, who ever placed a bet, required a quick loan, went to an after-hours club or needed a fix. The old man was BAPTISTE GAULOIS, the scion of the Gaulois Family, the last of the kingpins of the French-Canadian underworld.

The old man mumbled something and the Storekeeper hastened to retrieve a bottle of Napoleon Brandy from the shelf. The Bodyguard, ill at ease, looked nervously from side to side.

Baptiste paid the Storekeeper and picked up the bagged bottle of brandy. The Storekeeper, nodding, spoke in hushed tones of great respect:

STOREKEEPER
Merci, Monsieur Gaulois. Merci.
Au revoir.

Baptiste nodded and walked toward the door. His Bodyguard preceded him.

The Bodyguard was already standing on the snowy sidewalk when Baptiste's eye caught the magazine rack. He motioned ahead, but it was too late -- the Bodyguard was out in the cold.

Baptiste picked up the tasteful large format copy of Elle and carried it back to the counter. Dropping a coin on the counter, the old man tucked the magazine and bottle under his arm and headed toward the door. Approaching the door, he braced himself against the winter night.

Baptiste stood OUTSIDE a moment, looked toward his black Citroen, and was shuffling toward it when he noticed something unusual -- his young Bodyguard was lying in the snow beside the Citroen, his throat slit from ear to ear.

Baptiste dropped his magazine and bottle (with a MUTED CRASH), and fumbled inside his bulky overcoat for a gun.

But it was too late. TWO THUGS, dressed in black from head to toe, jumped from the shadows and began to pummel him with blackjacks.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: (2)

The old man struggled vainly to protect himself as he sunk to his knees under the steady barrage of blows. The Thugs paused a moment, as if for decency, and then the old man's head thudded against the snowy sidewalk.

The Thugs dragged Baptiste's heavy body across the sidewalk into the junk-strewn lot next to the market. Opening his overcoat, they went through his pockets, removing whatever valuables they could find.

Pocketing Baptiste's wallet, the first Thug reached into the shadows and pulled out a gasoline can. He quickly doused the old man's limp body with gasoline.

Pausing only a moment for reflection, the Thug stepped back, lit a match and tossed it toward the black lumpy mass. Pouf! The mass erupted in flames, and the Thugs ran off.

There was a pause, interrupted only by the SOUND of a CAR starting up and accelerating away, then the burning heap began miraculously to move. Baptiste Gaulois rose slowly to his feet.

He moved like a pillar of fire through the dark street, struggling step by agonizing step across the sidewalk and roadway. Each step took the tortured giant old man a step closer to the lights of the Boucherne Tavern.

His fiery outline could be SEEN from a block away. The red and yellow flames leaped from his body, licking up the snowflakes before they fell, casting flickering and grotesque shadows across the snow.

With a last superhuman effort, Baptiste crashed through the swinging door of the Boucherne Tavern.

INSIDE THE TAVERN, a motley crowd of French-Canadian drunks and workers bolted back in horror as they saw a pillar of fire standing before them. They were too shocked to speak; the room was frozen still.

Baptiste Gaulois, his voice croaking with pain, screamed:

BAPTISTE
Assassins!

END PRE-CREDITS

CUT TO:

CREDITS

2 MONTAGE SEQUENCE

Baptiste screams, "Assassins!" and FREEZE FRAME. There is a SHARP METALLIC CLANGING and the TITLE bursts across the screen:

Q U É B E C O I S !

Under the credits, a MONTAGE depicts the para-legal life of Montreal. The scenes could include:

- (A) Well-dressed gamblers play barbotte in a fashionable mob-owned casino.
- (B) A "robbery squad" makes its escape after a bank job.
- (C) Radical Separatists spray-paint the slogan, "Vive Québec Libre!" across the brick facade of Banque du Canada.
- (D) A cop on the beat gets his weekly pay-off.
- (E) A cluster of French gangsters emerge from Le Cathédrale Marie Reine du Monde.
- (F) A club-swinging riot squad rousts a band of radicals, throwing the stragglers into a police van.
- (G) Smalltime Italian hoods sell black market firearms to a group of radicals.
- (H) A Follies show is in progress in an expensive nightspot.
- (I) Low echelon French and Italian mobsters get into a pushing-shoving fight in a sleazy East End bar.
- (J) PLUS: various scenic views of new and old Montreal.

OVER THESE SCENES, the resonant voice of PAULINE JULIEN, Quebec's leading Separatist chanteuse, sings of the day when the Québécois will be rid of British and American colonialism and will have their own independent state. "Québec pour les Québécois."

END CREDITS

CUT TO:

INT. NAPOLEON ROOM - DAY

For the last one hundred years the Gaulois Family's lavish mansion had stood atop Mt-Royal overlooking metropolitan Montreal, the docks, the St-Lawrence River, and, in the distance, the grassy fields of St-Hubert.

The Gaulois chateau, like most of Montreal's great monuments, had been built in the 19th Century in the style of the 18th Century. Although Montreal had been a thriving city in the 1700's, it was both too poor and fire-prone to build monuments rivaling those of the French monarchs. So it waited a century.

The Napoleon Room, appropriately named, was decorated in the style of the Empire Period. The massive mahogany walls were embellished with elaborate gilt bronzes and red velvet curtains. Gilded eagles, sphinxes and winged lions (all favorites of Napoleon) peered down from their nests in the ceiling.

Once a formal bedroom, the Napoleon Room had been transformed into a makeshift hospital suite. In the center of the room stood a gigantic red Empire Swan Bed surrounded by anachronistically modern medical equipment: soft fluorescent lights, heart and pulse monitoring devices, stainless steel tables and glistening instruments.

On the bed lay Baptiste Gaulois, his body and face swathed in white bandages. Pillows had been placed under his head so that he might have a view of the room -- if he were conscious, that is. A doctor (MICHEL) and NURSE stood at his bedside.

Behind the bed stood a bank of flowers bearing condolatory messages.

Were Baptiste conscious, he would have enjoyed the view. For around his bed, in a horseshoe formation, stood the hierarchy of the Gaulois Family at a respectable distance. The women were dressed in black, the men wore their customary dark business suits.

They patiently awaited their turn to go forward, one by one, and pay their respects to the ailing Baptiste.

NARRATOR

After the attempt on the life of Baptiste Gaulois, Patron of the Gaulois pégre, high-ranking members of the Clan gathered at his Mt-Royal home to pay their respects and select a successor.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

The Gaulois Clan, once the greatest of the French-Canadian gangs, was now the last. For years it had been locked in a life-and-death struggle with the American Mafia, which sought to put it under the control of its Buffalo organization.

(a beat)

Gathered at the bedside were:

JEAN GAULOIS, ailing and showing each of his 68 years, walked to his brother's bed and knelt beside it. Taking Baptiste's limp hand in his, Jean kissed it and said softly:

JEAN

Puissez-vous benir par le Dieu.

Baptiste's eyes fluttered open, but saw nothing.

NARRATOR

Jean Gaulois, brother of Baptiste, also known as 'Le Dormeur,' The Sleeper. In the early Fifties, Jean Gaulois originated the most unique and successful of Montreal's organized crime operations: the bank robbery squads. The previous year Gaulois financed and trained robbery squads were responsible for an estimated thirty-two bank holdups in Montreal alone, and were reported as far east as Boston and as far west as Vancouver.

Jean returned to his place near the marble and mahogany gueridon, and JACQUES GIROUX, waiting his turn, removed his arm from GINETTE GAULOIS' shoulders and made his way to the bedside. Jacques, 55, had a short and angular build.

NARRATOR

(continuing)

Jacques 'Le Masse' Giroux, brother-in-law of Baptiste Gaulois, brother of Ginette, Baptiste's wife. Nicknamed 'The Sledge Hammer,' Jacques conceived the now famous European Trip, in which seemingly innocent vacationers returned from Europe with new automobiles laden with uncut heroin.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Long in charge of narcotics for the Gaulois Clan, Jacques Giroux was known for his ability to increase or decrease the addict population of any major Canadian city at will.

Jacques took Baptiste's hand:

JACQUES

Puissez-vous benir le Dieu.

ALAIN GIROUX, 35, bore the marks of a good son. Tough, educated, conservative, he felt at ease with responsibility. But his body and gait, unlike those of the men surrounding him, did not yet bear the marks of years of gangland experience.

Standing motionlessly next to the spot his father occupied, Alain waited his turn.

NARRATOR

Alain Giroux, Jacques' son, educated at Universite de Montreal, later at McGill, lawyer and comptroller of the Clan's 'legal' business section. His responsibilities solicited arson, inflated claim swindles, false bankruptcies, and buy-build-and-burn frauds.

Alain knelt at his uncle's bed:

ALAIN

Puissez-vous benir par le Dieu.

FRANCOISE GIROUX, 29, beautifully and elegantly dressed, stood next in line. Her hand discretely touched the hand of the man standing beside her, an American.

NARRATOR

Francoise Giroux, Alain's sister, renown cabaret singer, sex star and symbol of French-Canadian culture. She was free of any 'direct' involvement in the illegal operations of the Clan.

Francoise took her place at bedside:

FRANCOISE

Puissez-vous benir par le Dieu.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JAMES RENO, 40, the American, calmly waited his turn. He carried a natural air of authority.

NARRATOR

Perhaps the strangest person in the room was an American named James Reno, Baptiste's adopted son and a Clan member from childhood. Named 'The Enforcer,' Reno was the Clan's foremost negotiator. He was also in charge of discipline. He was considered ruthless.

Reno gingerly took his father's hand in his and kissed it.

RENO

Puissez-vous benir par le Dieu.

SUZANNE GAULOIS, Reno's sister-in-law, and her young son JEAN-OLIVER were the last to go to Baptiste's bedside. There was a conspicuously vacant spot next to where Suzanne stood.

NARRATOR

The only absent member of the pegre hierarchy was Jean-Louis Gaulois, natural son of Baptiste Gaulois and James Reno's younger brother.

CUT TO:

EXT. RESTAURANT PARKING LOT - DAY

While his relatives knelt at his father's bedside, JEAN-LOUIS GAULOIS, 36, sat calmly in the front seat of a beat-up van parked outside a plush midtown restaurant.

Beside Jean-Louis sat TI-PIERRE and MARC, two young soldiers in the Gaulois Clan. All three men were dressed in the "radical" style of the period: faded jeans, boots, work shirts and jean jackets.

Sharing the rear-view mirror, Ti-Pierre and Marc carefully put on their long hippie wigs and mustaches. Ti-Pierre, adding a last tonsorial touch, looked to Jean-Louis for his approval, but Jean-Louis' mind was elsewhere.

(CONTINUED)

NARRATOR

Jean-Louis had unsuccessfully been in charge of the protection rackets, truck hijacking and the docks before he found his true calling as a hit man. Considered a hothead by the older members of the family, he was sometimes called 'Le Factieux,' The Troublemaker.

Jean-Louis looked up and his eyes sharpened. Across the street, REMI LANGLOIS, Montreal Chief of Police, got out of his squad car and walked into the restaurant followed by a uniformed officer.

Jean-Louis held up his Colt Commander .45 automatic, examined it and placed a clip into the handle. Following his cue, Ti-Pierre and Marc likewise check their revolvers.

Pausing a moment, Jean-Louis turned and nodded to his accomplices. Ti-Pierre and Marc slipped out of the van and headed toward the rear door of the restaurant.

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Remi Langlois, joking and having a drink at a choice table, excused himself and walked toward the Men's Room.

INSIDE THE MEN'S ROOM, Chief Langlois walked toward the urinal. He did not notice the two pairs of boots standing in the toilet stalls.

Langlois was barely unzipped when he heard the SOUND of both stall DOORS OPENING simultaneously. He turned to see two young revolutionaries walking toward him, guns drawn.

LANGLOIS

(frightened)

FLQ?

Ti-Pierre frisked Langlois while Marc took up a position by the door.

TI-PIERRE

Oui, mon Inspecteur. If you don't want to die, be quiet. You've just been liberated.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

LANGLOIS
What do you want with me?

TI-PIERRE
(removing Langlois' gun)
Silence. Walk out the back door.
One false move and you will be dead. Comprenez-vous?

LANGLOIS
(looking at his crotch)
May I zip?

TI-PIERRE
Oui. Le révolution will let you zip.

LANGLOIS
Merci.

The Chief zipped, Ti-Pierre motioned with his revolver and Langlois headed toward the door, followed by his captors.

CUT TO:

6 EXT. RESTAURANT PARKING LOT - DAY

Jean-Louis, unmoving, watched the rear door of the restaurant for any sign of life.

The door opened and Langlois, Ti-Pierre and Marc filed out.

Jean-Louis reached to the seat, picked up a red, white and blue ski mask and pulled it over his head.

CUT TO:

7 INT. ANTECHAMBER - DAY

James Reno straightened his suit and walked out of the Napoleon room. CHARLES, his bodyguard, was waiting for him.

Charles waited for Reno to speak.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Reno's expression then, as always, looked as if he were being caught in a vise. Growing up as an adopted foreigner, James Reno always felt he was on trial, locked in a vise designed especially for him. And after Baptiste's death, he knew that vise would only grow tighter.

Reno was pensive for a moment, but when he spoke it was in his usual business monotone, as if nothing unusual had happened:

RENO

Where's Jean-Louis? Have you seen him?

CHARLES

No, boss. He ain't been around all morning.

Michel, the Gaulois family doctor, walked into the antechamber. Reno motioned to him:

RENO

Michel. Wait a moment.

Michel patiently stepped to the side as Reno turned back to Charles to finish their conversation.

CHARLES

The town's tighter than a frog's ass. The hush is coming down solid from the top.

RENO

(to himself)

Contrini.

CHARLES

Who else?

RENO

It's Contrini, all right. Goddamn Italians. Goddamn Americans. How can we fight Montreal, Buffalo, New York and Sicily at the same time?

CHARLES

You mean we ain't gonna do nothing, boss?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Michel, impatient, made a polite cough but Reno shot him a sharp look which quickly hushed him up.

RENO

We'll do something, all right.
I've got to figure out what. We'll
do just a little something at first,
just to let them know we know.

(a beat)

You know that wop that calls himself
'L'Angel du Maisonneuve'? Ex-pimp,
works out of Longue-Point. He has
a big wide white smile.

Reno makes a wide smile with his hands. Charles nodded
recognition.

RENO

Contrini's daughter is sort of
sweet on him. Very touching. I
want you to rough him up a bit.
Nothing serious, but something
he'll remember. Get that big
lug, the ex-hockey player, Richard,
and take Ti-Pierre.

(a beat)

Where is Ti-Pierre?

CHARLES

He's been gone all morning too,
boss.

RENO

Find him.

Nodding acquiescence, Charles walked toward the door.
Reno turned toward Michel, who was none too pleased at
being forced to witness the commissioning of a crime --
but not displeased enough, of course, to mention it.

RENO

Any change?

MICHEL

No.

RENO

How long?

MICHEL

A week, maybe less, could be more.
The old man's got plenty of strength.

(CONTINUED)

RENO

You know it's a little hard for us to move with this thing hanging in the balance.

Michel was shocked by Reno's callous tone:

MICHEL

Jim! You're talking about your father.

Reno was insulted and hurt that Michel would even think he cared so little about his father. His face grew hard and tense:

RENO

You don't have to tell me who I'm talking about, if you mean that old burnt-up piece of French toast in the other room. That old man was my whole life. He gave me a family, he gave me a country, he made me, and I wish to God I could be lying in his bed now. But I'm not, and we've got to continue.

Michel was sufficiently cowed for Reno to continue:

RENO

When's he coming to?

MICHEL

Maybe a day or two. More likely never. He's awfully sedated now -- shot through with morphine.

RENO

Never?

MICHEL

If he ever came around the pain would be so great it might finish him off right then and there.

RENO

I want you to bring him around. There are decisions he has to make, decisions more important than whether or not he slips off to heaven like a baby in his sleep. How long will that take?

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED: (4)

MICHEL
If I cut him off now? Half a day I suppose.

RENO
Good. Do that.

MICHEL
(reflective)
How are you going to keep going without him?

RENO
Baptiste may have been the very blood of this family, but that doesn't mean he is indispensable. No man is. I knew a fellow once, a good soldier, had his legs chopped off by a train when the wops dumped him there for a hit, then got his hand shot off in a poker game shoot-out, then was blinded by his wife who hated him and was just plain ornery. But he's still around today, and he can tell when I walk in the room.
(a beat)

You see? We'll survive.

Michel saw.

CUT TO:

8 INT. VAN - DAY

Remi Langlois' head hit with a thud against the side of the van.

Jean-Louis, his face hidden by a ski mask, bent over. Langlois with his drawn .45. Behind Jean-Louis' head, the Separatist Flag hung against the side of the van. First used in the thwarted revolution of 1837, the Patriote Flag consisted of three horizontal bands, green, white and red. A gold star had recently been added to the green field "to symbolize the struggle for liberation of the people of Quebec in solidarity with all the oppressed peoples of the world."

Marc sat on his haunches in the corner, watching Jean-Louis and Langlois.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

IN THE FRONT SEAT, Ti-Pierre had removed his hippie wig and was steering the van through the snowy city streets.

LANGLOIS

Why me? What do you want with me?

Jean-Louis clipped the Chief across the cheek with his .45, just to create the proper attitude of respect. Blood trickled down Langlois' cheek. Jean-Louis spoke in a disguised voice:

JEAN-LOUIS

I'll ask the questions.

Jean-Louis pressed the end of his gun barrel against Langlois' left eye and slowly increased the pressure.

JEAN-LOUIS

You're lucky. We don't want to make a spectacle of you, though you deserve it. We don't want to hold you hostage, we don't want to kill you. All we want is a little information and you'll be let go. An hour from now you can be back in Coq d'Or sipping wine and talking about your adventure with the leftists.

(a beat)

Forty kilos of heroin base has come in for New York shipment. We know that much. Now where is it?

LANGLOIS

Why ask me? I'm the Chief of Police! How would I know?

Jean-Louis dragged the automatic down Langlois' cheek and placed it in the Chief's mouth. Jean-Louis was slowly letting out his temper like a sailor with a long rope.

JEAN-LOUIS

We're not children. You've been running cover for the Italians for years. Everybody knows that. Look. We ain't afraid to kill.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

8

CONTINUED: (2)

JEAN-LOUIS (CONT'D)

We just killed two months ago;
we'll kill again. I don't care.
Don't you understand, nigger?
Your life don't mean a sweet piece
of dogshit to me.

(his temper flaring)

I don't care! I'm gonna kill you
just for the hell of it! I don't
even want to know where your dope
is I hate your guts so much!

Jean-Louis prepared to pull the trigger. Convinced he
was dealing with a madman, Langlois shook with fear.

LANGLOIS

All right! All right.

Jean-Louis withdrew the gun from the Chief's mouth.

LANGLOIS

Calm down. I know where there is
something. Maybe I can help you.
It's in the police garage.

JEAN-LOUIS

(smiles)

Vive Quebec Libre!

CUT TO:

9

EXT. POLICE GARAGE - DAY

The van was parked down the block from the Montreal
police garage. Ti-Pierre, behind the wheel, fixed
his eyes on the entrance.

The gate officer looked up as a black Citroen pulled
up to his kiosk. A long-haired youth handed him a
pass and the officer waved the Citroen through.

CUT TO:

10

INT. MARAT ROOM - DAY

James Reno and his brother walked down the long corridor
which led toward the Marat Room. The walls were lined
with the 18th Century court paintings Baptiste and Jean
had purchased on their many trips to France.

(CONTINUED)

Fragonard, Watteau and Boucher hung side by side, each extolling the decadent baroque lifestyle: wood nymphs, satyrs, ruins and forboding skies. The gentle strains of a Jean-Baptiste Lully choral arrangement could be HEARD in the distance.

Jean-Louis still was wearing the work shirt, jeans and boots he had on earlier, a wardrobe which sharply contrasted his brother's funereal dress.

RENO

You should have been there. It was your place.

JEAN-LOUIS

You should have been with me, Jimmy.

RENO

What do you mean?

JEAN-LOUIS

You know that forty kilos Contrini's been expecting?

(a beat)

It's now in the possession of the Gaulois Family.

Reno stopped in his tracks a second, then continued, gesturing for Jean-Louis to continue.

JEAN-LOUIS

Well, I put the gun to our friend the top-cop, Langlois, and he told me where it was.

Reno grimaced. He had long since become accustomed to his brother's irresponsible conduct, and his first thought was how to rectify the situation.

RENO

(tough)

All right, where is it? You crazy bastard. We might be able to patch it up today. By tomorrow our asses gonna be shot to hell.

JEAN-LOUIS

(interrupting)

You don't understand. Nobody recognized me. I didn't go off half-cocked again.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JEAN-LOUIS (CONT'D)
(enthusiastic)

We disguised as Separatists. Front de Liberation. Langlois thinks he was hit by another FLQ cell -- he was scared shitless.

Reno didn't know whether to be worried, pissed off or pleased, but in the end he relented and gave his brother a grudging smile.

RENO
And he didn't recognize you?

JEAN-LOUIS
Oh, you should have seen me, Jimmy.
I was fantastic!

Jean-Louis stopped at the entrance to the Marat Room and gave an animated rendition of himself imitating a FLQ leader.

JEAN-LOUIS
(thespian)
'Monsieur le Roi Negre. Nigger King. They give you a tin badge and place on the plantation and you think you can suppress your own people. Québec pour les Québécois!'

Jean-Louis smiles.

Reno unsuccessfully tried to suppress a laugh as they walked into the Marat Room.

A large tapestry depicting a royal hunting scene hung on the far wall. On the adjoining wall, a long row of windows overlooked downtown Montreal. Reno walked toward the large art nouveau desk which stood in the center of the room.

RENO
Cause of the Marseilles bust, huh?

JEAN-LOUIS
The way I got it figured three four weeks addicts going to be crawling down the sidewalks of New York.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JEAN-LOUIS (CONT'D)

Cold Turkey in the streets. Then New York will have to deal with us, not Contrini and his Buffalo friends.

Reno had to admit it was a pretty good plan, but he didn't want to encourage his brother by admitting it to him.

RENO

Yeah. But it's so... Italian, you know? That's the kind of stuff they do in the States. We only believe in high class violence.

JEAN-LOUIS

It's gonna work, ain't it?

RENO

(growing angry)

But at least in America people don't run around pulling stunts without permission! Who gave you permission to do this?

JEAN-LOUIS

(sheepish)

Everybody else was busy with Papa and all, and I just thought it was a good idea.

RENO

Baptiste ain't going to be around to take care of you anymore, Jean-Louis. Ain't going to be around to say, 'Ah, Jean-Louis, he acts a little stupid sometimes but he's a good boy.'

JEAN-LOUIS

When you going to leave me alone?

RENO

When you going to take care of yourself?

JEAN-LOUIS

We can attack Contrini now, Jim. We got insurance.

RENO

I don't believe in suicide as a means of self-expression, Jean-Louis.

(MORE)

10 CONTINUED: (4)

RENO (CONT'D)

I ain't gonna no goddamn war and get our asses kicked into the St. Lawrence just cause you want me to. I gotta figure out how we're gonna survive. And we're gonna do that by wits and stamina. We're French, not Italian.

(changing the subject)

Now why don't you go and see Papa? And Mama wants to see you too. She needs you, Jean-Louis.

Jean-Louis turned to go.

RENO

And about the kilos, just keep it to yourself for the moment. I don't want to have to explain it to the others.

CUT TO:

11 INT. LONGUE-POINT NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

A long row of naked legs shot out in unison under the glare of red nightclub lights. What the follies dancers lacked in beauty and talent they made up with zeal, and the crowd of cheering businessmen didn't seem to mind.

There was one face that stood out in the crowd of ogling and whistling businessmen, and it belonged to a young Italian with a ruffled shirt and a wide white smile -- L'ANGEL DU MAISONNEAUVE.

L'Angel sipped his drink as several shadows slipped into the front door. Among the shadows were those of Ti-Pierre, Charles and another oversized goon (RICHARD). They worked their way toward L'Angel's table.

When they reached his table, L'Angel looked up, straining to recognize them. Ti-Pierre indicated they wished to join him. L'Angel nodded and they did so.

L'ANGEL

Oui?

TI-PIERRE

You know me. I'm Ti-Pierre. Un Gaulois. And...

(gesturing)

... of course, Richard DuGrand, who was goalie for the Canadiens a couple years back.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

L'ANGEL

Oui.

TI-PIERRE

(to Charles)

Get L'Angel a drink. A nice big glass.

Charles lumbered up and headed for the bar. L'Angel, uneasy, decided it was time for an exit and started to get up. The pressure of a hard object under the table stopped him.

TI-PIERRE

Yeah. That's a .45 Richard is holding between your legs. Don't make a move or make a sign or it's good-bye balls.

L'Angel eased back into his chair. A moment later, Charles returned with a beer mug filled with tequila and placed it on the table. Ti-Pierre gestured toward the mug:

TI-PIERRE

Drink up, L'Angel. It's going to be much easier that way.

(a beat)

Drink.

L'Angel's broad white teeth were no longer smiling.

CUT TO:

12 INT. ANTECHAMBER - NIGHT

The Gauloises were waiting to be admitted into the Napoleon Room and Baptiste's bedside. Most sat silently; Jean, his head against the wall, was asleep.

Jean-Louis sat on a Louis XVI settee with his mother, Ginette. Reno walked into the room and watched them from a distance.

JEAN-LOUIS

(consoling)

Maman, Maman.

Jean-Louis put his arm around his mother's shoulder. Sensing Reno's presence, Ginette lifted up her moist eyes and looked at him.

CUT TO:

13 FLASHBACK

Like a machine stripping gears, Reno's mind slipped back into the memory of something that had happened thirty-five years before. Reno's mind had been doing this more and more lately, ever since Baptiste's accident. Most often they were recollections he hadn't thought of for many, many years, memories he thought had died decades before.

Reno was about seven; it must have been the middle Thirties. He was playing with several of his childhood companions in the CORRIDOR, a room that looked then exactly as it did now.

His mother walked down the corridor toward him:

GINETTE (age 30)

Jimmy, where is Jean-Louis?

Jimmy and his companions shrugged in unison.

GINETTE

You were supposed to watch him.

RENO (age 7)

We were playing Joseph and His Brothers.

GINETTE

Where is he?

RENO

We were playing Joseph and His Brothers.

GINETTE

Where is he?

RENO

We threw him in the well.

GINETTE

The well! Where is the well?

Jimmy reluctantly pointed toward the clothes chute in the corridor wall.

Ginette hastened to the chute and looked down it. There she saw, one floor below, Jean-Louis, 3 years old, lying atop a pile of dirty clothes. He was wearing a rug of many colors and crying.

Ginette grabbed Jimmy by the hand and hauled him downstairs with her.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

In the BASEMENT, she retrieved Jean-Louis from the clothes heap, gurgling safe and sound.

GINETTE

You've got to take care of your brother, Jimmy. If you don't, who will?

Jimmy listened dutifully.

CUT TO:

14 INT. ANTECHAMBER - NIGHT

Reno's recollection was interrupted by the SOUND of Michel's voice. Standing in his wrinkled white coat, Michel spoke wearily to the assembled family:

MICHEL

Baptiste is conscious. He cannot speak; his body is immobilized. He has control only over his right hand. He will move it up and down...

(gestures)

to indicate 'yes,' and from side to side...

(gestures)

to indicate, 'no.' Please make it short.

Ginette and Jean-Louis leading the way, the Gauloises filed silently into the Napoleon Room.

CUT TO:

15 INT. NAPOLEON ROOM - NIGHT

The Gauloises took their places in the gilded armchairs that had been placed around Baptiste's bed. The lights of Montreal twinkled outside the window.

Baptiste's head was propped up so that he might see his visitors. Although he was in great pain, Baptiste made a superhuman effort to appear stern and paternal.

Ginette, sitting closest to her husband, touched his hand.

GINETTE

Baptiste.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

The old man managed a weak smile. The others made polite, almost inaudible greetings: "Bonjour, Papa," "Mon cher frere," "Bonjour Baptiste" and so forth.

Baptiste moved his hand up and down.

RENO
Papa, do you remember anything?
Can you tell us anything?

The old man struggled to raise his head but Michel restrained him. Sinking back to his pillow, he emitted painful sounds.

JEAN-LOUIS
Les Italiens?

Baptiste moved his hand in a circular pattern. Michel bent his ear to Baptiste's lips.

MICHEL
(to others)
He doesn't know.

RENO
Should we start a war?

Baptiste moved his hand from side to side. No.

JEAN
Then... ?

Baptiste struggled to get up but Michel again restrained him. He attempted to speak; Michel bent near.

MICHEL
He wants pen and paper.

Alain quickly located a pen and tablet and brought it to Michel. Michel placed the pen in Baptiste's hand and held the tablet to it.

With great effort, Baptiste etched a few letters on the tablet. Michel looked at the tablet and passed it on to the others.

When Reno looked at the tablet he saw there the ill-formed letters reading, "RENO."

RENO
Is this your wish for successorship,
Papa?

(CONTINUED)

Baptiste moved his hand up and down, stopped, then again began to make struggling sounds. After putting his ear to the old man's lips, Michel turned to the others and said:

MICHEL

He wants Extreme Unction.

Reno turned to Jean-Louis:

RENO

Get Father Géricault. Immediately.

Jean-Louis hastened out as the Gauloises settled back.

A short time later, Jean-Louis walked in with FATHER GÉRICAULT. The room had been prepared for the sacrament. A small table covered with a white cloth had been placed near the bed. On it had been placed a crucifix, a lighted candle, cotton-wool divided into six parts, bread, lustral water and a sprinkler.

Wearing a cassock, supplice and violet stole, and bearing the Oil of the Sick, Father Géricault walked toward Baptiste's bed. As he entered the room, he said:

GÉRICAULT

Pax huit domui.

Standing, the Gaulois family replied:

FAMILY

(in unison)

Et omnibus habitantibus in ea.

Father Géricault laid the stock of holy oil on the table, gave Baptiste the crucifix to kiss and began the sacrament saying:

GÉRICAULT

Asperges me, Domine, hyssopo,
et mundabor.

As he did so, Michel prepared a strong dose of morphine to inject into the old man the moment the sacrament was completed. Standing directly behind Father Géricault, Michel slowly drew back the plunger of his hypodermic needle.

CUT TO:

While Baptiste Gaulois received the last sacrament, NICK CONTRINI was walking through his half darkened, cavernous St-Henri warehouse with Inspecteur de Police Remi Langlois.

Nick Contrini was a fiftyish American mafioso who had developed his personality watching gangster movies. Granted, he had tried to purchase all the accoutrements of culture -- \$300 suits, limousines, diamond rings -- with his ill-gotten gains, but they had never quite grafted onto his personality. In the end, he was just an expensively dressed aging thug.

Several steps behind Contrini walked STEPHANO, 35, his righthand man and bodyguard.

Contrini and Langlois were walking past a long row of juke boxes as they talked. Contrini had a hand full of dimes, and every time he passed a box he dropped a dime in and played a song at random. In between selections he swigged from the can of Budweiser in his other hand.

LANGLOIS

The whole country is in a panic.
The War Measures Act has been
invoked. These Separatist kooks
got everybody running crazy. Nobody
knows if Cross is dead or alive.
It's just our turn.

Contrini pushed a juke selection; a French-Canadian version of an American rock song came on.

CONTRINI

(to Stephano)

Just our turn? He says it's just
our turn.

(to Langlois)

Remi, when New York calls up
Buffalo and the Big Man in Buffalo
calls me up and asks where the
forty kilos we were supposed to
deliver are, what should I do?
Give him a history of the radical
movement in Montreal?

The next juke box offered a sentimental love ballad.

LANGLOIS

What are you going to do? Tell
the Prime Minister that the commies
took your dope?

(CONTINUED)

CONTRINI

I may just do that.

The third juke box added an American Country and Western song to the mechanical rondo.

CONTRINI

But for the time being we'll concentrate on getting the stuff back. Run all those bastards in. Put the heat on. They're easier to handle in jail.

LANGLOIS

But we've already thrown everybody in jail who ever wrote an article or sang a song.

CONTRINI

While you're doing it, I want you to throw somebody else in.

LANGLOIS

Who's that?

CONTRINI

Jean-Louis Gauchois. I want him out of action for a while. You can do that, can't you?

LANGLOIS

I can run anybody in as long as the W.M.A. is in effect.

CONTRINI

Good. Do that.

By the time Contrini had made his sixth juke box selection, the huge warehouse was an echoing cacophony of French-Canadian popular music.

CUT TO:

17 INT. NOTRE DAME CATHEDRAL - MORNING

James Reno and Francoise Giroux sat in the Gauchois family pew in midtown Montreal's Notre Dame Cathedral, an exact 19th Century replica of its Paris namesake.

The remaining seats of the pew were empty, as were, in fact, most of the pews in the cathedral.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

Father Géricault seemed to reflect the indifference of his parishioners as he concluded high mass.

CUT TO:

18 EXT. PLACE D'ARMES - MORNING

Reno and Francoise, arm in arm, stepped cautiously down the snowy steps of the cathedral and headed across the street toward Place d'Armes.

The snow was banked against the pathways as they strolled through the Place toward Reno's Citroen. Charles walked a respectful distance behind them.

RENO

Where's Alain?

FRANCOISE

Alain never goes to Mass. You know that.

RENO

He used to go.

FRANCOISE

No. He never did. In fact, nobody ever did. You were the only one. Even I wouldn't go if it weren't for you.

RENO

Baptiste always went.

FRANCOISE

That's right. You and Baptiste. Every Sunday. But nobody else.

RENO

Jean goes sometimes. And Suzanne.

FRANCOISE

Not often.

RENO

Jean-Louis never goes.

FRANCOISE

That's right.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

RENO

Hell, we pay for that pew. You'd think somebody would go.

Francoise chuckled and held Reno's arm more tightly. Looking at her, Reno could not help but laugh at himself.

When they reached the black Citroen, Charles walked up from behind them and opened the door for Francoise. She slipped into the back seat followed by Reno.

Charles closed the door, got into the driver's seat and pulled the car away from the curb.

CUT TO:

19 INT. RENO'S CAR - MORNING

RENO

(pensive)

This is the first time I've been to mass when Baptiste wasn't there. I mean, really wasn't there.

Francoise said nothing.

RENO

I really feel alone now.

FRANCOISE

There's Jean-Louis..

RENO

(not hearing her)

Let's get married.

FRANCOISE

Must we go through this again?

RENO

It's different this time. I'm ready now. Things have changed. It's time for me to get married and have children. I need a family now.

(looks at Francoise)

I need a wife.

FRANCOISE

Mon cher Jim.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

They embraced.

FRANCOISE
Let's wait until Spring.

RENO
(kisses her)
Yes. There are some matters I
have to straighten up first. I
can't accept the leadership of
the family.

FRANCOISE
Oh?

RENO
I'm not true blood. Not real
family. There's no substitute
for that. One God, one king,
one law.
(a beat)
Yes, we'll get married on St-Jean-
Baptiste Day. Everything will be
cleared up by then.

CUT TO:

20 INT. ST-VINCENT DE PAUL PENITENTIARY - DAY

PAUL SAUVAGE, 30, a bearded FLQ leader wearing a prison
uniform, was led into the penitentiary visiting room by
an English-speaking GUARD.

SAUVAGE
(to Guard)
Since when do Separatists get
visiting privileges?

GUARD
Just shut up and keep moving,
Frenchie.

SAUVAGE
Mangez de la merde.

Sauvage had prepared for the blow he felt sure to come
when he spotted Stephano waiting for him at the visitors
window. The Guard likewise saw Stephano and restrained
himself from beating the living crap out of Sauvage.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

SAUVAGE
(sitting down)
Bonjour, Stephano.

STEPHANO
Hello, Sauvage.

SAUVAGE
Why do you want to talk with me?

The Guard stood at a distance, listening in on the conversation. Stephano shot him a stern look and waved him off with his hand. The Guard meekly complied.

STEPHANO
All right, hotshot. I just want to know one thing. We used to have a good arrangement. The petit-pègres sold you weapons, you kept us informed of any 'social disturbances' you had planned. We even made it possible for some of your friends to find cool-off spots, we provided passports to the States. But then you turned around and snatched LaPorte, who, as you knew, was our friend, and then you killed him. Now you've taken a million bucks worth of our shit.

SAUVAGE
What?

STEPHANO
Don't bother to play innocent. I just want to know one thing, and I want to know it now: where is the stuff?

SAUVAGE
I don't know what you're talking about, Stephano. We're a political group. We don't deal in no goddamn drugs.

STEPHANO
One of your cells, I don't know which, found where we were holding a shipment. We just want it back.

SAUVAGE
You mean they got Langlois to talk? Bet he's in hot water now.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: (2)

STEPHANO

Not as hot as the water you're in.

SAUVAGE

I've been behind these walls three fucking months, man. What do I know?

STEPHANO

People behind bars are very easy people to kill. And you got a lot of people in jail, both here and in Kingston. You talk or a lot of people ain't ever coming out of jail.

SAUVAGE

(intense)

You go back and tell Contrini that it's a lot easier to plant terror bombs in certain nightclubs and casinos. And that'll cost you a lot more money than one measly shipment.

Stephano backed off a bit. Sauvage was right; terror bombing was the one thing the Separatists did well.

STEPHANO

Okay, I understand. We won't rough up any of your people. But you'd better start asking around quick. You may get away with taking on the government, but you'll never get away with taking us on.

SAUVAGE

I'm hip, Stephano. That's the last thing we want to do.

(a beat)

I've got to get back to my handicrafts now.

STEPHANO

Okay.

Sauvage got up to rejoin his Guard.

CUT TO:

21 INT. ANTECHAMBER - DAY

Two huge floral wreathes bearing the simple legends, "Baptiste Gaulois," were carried into the Napoleon Room by a crew of delivery men.

As the wreathes passed, they revealed three men waiting entrance to Baptiste's Room: Nick Contrini, indecorously wearing a sport coat and slacks, and his two bodyguards, TONY and SALVATORE.

Ti-Pierre, standing at the door to the Napoleon Room, nodded and Contrini came forward. He frisked the Italian and let him into the room. The others waited in the antechamber.

CUT TO:

22 INT. MARAT ROOM - DAY

James Reno was sitting at his oversized art nouveau desk when Ti-Pierre knocked and walked in.

TI-PIERRE
Contrini is here.

Reno stood and Contrini walked in with his bodyguards.

CONTRINI
Hello, Reno.

RENO
Monsieur Contrini.

CONTRINI
You can call me Nick now, Jim.

RENO
No, monsieur, I always respect authority.

CONTRINI
I had to pay my respects to Baptiste. He was a great man. He was Montreal.

RENO
Get to the point, Monsieur Contrini.

CONTRINI
I'm not here to start trouble, Reno. I want peace. That was a horrible thing what happened to Baptiste.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTRINI (CONT'D)

As soon as I heard I told my best men to find them scum what did it as soon as possible. Well, we found them bastards. They were cooling off up near Trois Riveres.

"Twas Riverese," was what Contrini had said. As usual, his mispronounced whatever little French passed through his lips. No one knew whether he was just acting dumb or had total contempt for everything French.

CONTRINI

The old man's bodyguard was in on it, he's zapped already. I got the other two with me. They thought they could gain my favor by doing such a thing.

Contrini motioned to his bodyguards who exited momentarily and returned dragging the limp bodies of TWO YOUNG MEN. Both had been beaten, drugged and tortured. One appeared to be already dead, the other was unconscious.

CONTRINI

Tony.

Tony slapped the face of the semi-conscious young Man, holding up his face. For a moment it appeared as if the young Man would regain consciousness, but then his head slumped back to his chest.

CONTRINI

Shit. He was conscious when we brought him in here.

Contrini reached in his coat pocket and pulled out a battered black wallet..

CONTRINI

Well, anyways we know they was the ones what did it cause they finally confessed and we found Baptiste's wallet on them. They'd spent all the money of course.

He hands Reno the wallet. Contrini did not necessarily expect Reno to believe this little show, and likewise Reno did not feel required to do so. It was just a polite formality.

(CONTINUED)

CONTRINI

What do you want done with them?

RENO

(sighs to himself)

Well, that one's dead already...

(points)

and I think the other's a goner, too.

Tony lifted up the head of the first young Man and felt his pulse.

TONY

That's right, boss. He's dead.

CONTRINI

It was justice. The least I could do for an old friend like Baptiste.

Reno was silent as the bodies of the Young Men were carried out. It had been an impressive, if somewhat crude, display. Reno walked from behind his desk.

RENO

Merci, Monsieur Contrini. I also have a present for you.

Reno walked over to Ti-Pierre. Ti-Pierre withdrew a small bundle of cloth from his pocket and handed it to Reno.

Reno carried the cloth to Contrini and handed it to him. Contrini accepted the cloth and slowly began to unfold it. His face went white -- but only momentarily -- when he saw what was inside the cloth.

In the cloth laid a cluster of bloody white teeth.

Contrini refolded the cloth and placed it in his pocket. Pondering this a moment, he said to Reno:

CONTRINI

My daughter liked that feller a lot.

RENO

I heard that.

CONTRINI

You're a hard man, James Reno.

(CONTINUED)

RENO

From you, Monsieur Contrini, that's a compliment.

Tony, seething with anger, stepped beside his boss. He had evidently known the poor soul whose teeth now rested in Contrini's pocket. He spoke contemptuously to Reno:

TONY

Who do you think you are?

RENO

(restrained anger)

Don't you talk to me in that tone of voice, you goddamn greasy Italian punk. You're a disgrace to this house, this room. Get out of here. You put one foot back in this house and I'll tear your teeth out myself.

CONTRINI

(to Tony)

Andatevene!

Tony, cowed, retreated to the rear of the room and exited.

CONTRINI

You get these guys, you know, straight off the boat and sometimes they act like that.

RENO

I understand.

CONTRINI

I'm sure the Gaulois Family will be in good hands.

Contrini turned and walked out of the Marat Room.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Tony and Salvatore were waiting for Contrini. They joined ranks and walked down the corridor together.

Down the hall they saw Jean-Louis walking toward them. Contrini chose to ignore Jean-Louis, but Jean-Louis was in no mood to do likewise.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

Setting back on his heels, he waited for Contrini to approach and said:

JEAN-LOUIS

(egging him)

Saw your picture in the paper the other day, Nick.

(beat)

Burnt all the copies I could find.

Jean-Louis was ready to launch, fists flying, into Tony and Salvatore, but Contrini continued to ignore him.

As Contrini passed Jean-Louis, however, he said out of the side of his mouth:

CONTRINI

Eat shit, scum-bag.

OUT TO:

24 INT. MARAT ROOM - DAY

Reno and Ti-Pierre were talking when Jean-Louis walked into the Marat Room.

JEAN-LOUIS

You didn't believe the crap that guy told you, did you?

RENO

No.

TI-PIERRE

What are we going to do?

RENO

Contrini obviously wants some time. He's got some dim-witted scheme. I don't know what it is but he earned a little time this morning. Let's wait and see what he's got planned.

(a beat)

Don't worry, I know all about Contrini. He's got a big dollar sign where most fellers have a heart.

JEAN-LOUISE

How much of this can you take?

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

RENO
(mock challenging)
How much can you dish out?

Jean-Louis and Reno jokingly squared off at each other and laughed like a pair of schoolboys.

CUT TO:

25 INT. CONTRINI'S LIMOUSINE - DAY

Contrini, Tony and Salvatore sat in the expansive back seat of Contrini's black Cadillac limousine.

TONY
The American's tougher than you thought, huh, boss?

CONTRINI
I never underestimated James Reno.
(a beat)
But I don't overestimate him either.

TONY
Huh?

CONTRINI
People say a lot of things about the American. I sometimes say them. But whatever anybody says, remember this: James Reno is above all a loyalist and a true soldier. When the time comes, he will obey orders.

CUT TO:

26 INT. JEAN-LOUIS' HOME - AFTERNOON

Jean-Louis sat in the DEN of his St-Michel home watching the Sunday afternoon CFL football game on Radio-Canadien, Montreal was playing Vancouver; the broadcast was in French.

Jean-Oliver was playing on the floor while Suzanne and Francoise sat on the sofa and talked. It was a picture of domesticity.

FRANCOISE
(to Jean-Louis)
Jim wants to know why you don't come to church?

(CONTINUED)

JEAN-LOUIS

Comment?

Francoise, teasing, spoke up:

FRANCOISE

Jim says, 'Why don't you go to church?'

JEAN-LOUIS

Calice! That brother of mine.
Nobody goes to church anymore.
It must be like a mausoleum.

FRANCOISE

Well, I never say anything that was alive in there.

JEAN-LOUIS

I'll never understand him.

The DOORBELL RANG.

JEAN-LOUIS

(getting up)

I'll get it.

Jean-Louis walked into the LIVING ROOM and opened the door. Two UNIFORMED POLICEMEN were waiting for him.

FIRST POLICEMAN

Jean-Louis Gaulois?

JEAN-LOUIS

Oui?

FIRST POLICEMAN

We have a warrant for your arrest.

JEAN-LOUIS

What for?

FIRST POLICEMAN

Seditious libel against the government. Section 60, Article 2 of the War Measures Act, invoked October 15, 1970, by order of the Cabinet.

He takes out handcuffs.

(CONTINUED)

Suzanne and Francoise, hearing the commotion, came into the room.

JEAN-LOUIS

'Seditious libel?' I've got nothing to do with politics. I'm a businessman.

FIRST POLICEMAN

We are not prepared to discuss the charges with you at this time. Put out your hands please.

The First Policeman attempted to cuff Jean-Louis but he ripped the CUFFS from the officer's hand and threw them across the room. They crashed against the far wall and CLATTERED to the floor.

The police officers immediately pulled their guns.

SECOND POLICEMAN

All right, Frenchie, you're coming with us one way or another. How do you want it?

SUZANNE

(pleading)

It's just a temporary thing, Jean-Louis. Don't put up a fight. Please!

Jean-Louis relaxed his hands and held them out for the officers. The Second Policeman cuffed him.

JEAN-LOUIS

You'd think a person would live in a country where they couldn't suspend the constitution every damn time they felt like it.

Suzanne attempted to kiss Jean-Louis farewell but the Second Policeman pulled him away before their lips could meet.

SECOND POLICEMAN

Come on, you cocksuckin' Frenchie.

Jean-Louis looked apologetically back at Suzanne as he was taken out the door.

CUT TO:

The Louis XIV Room lived up to its name. From the moment one stepped into the great hall he felt he were being enveloped by the past.

Every table, commode and console was weighted down with ornate rocaille gilt bronzes. The high walls were inlaid with broiseries (paneling) with foliate borders and large carved framed mirrors. A full-length oil portrait of Louis XIV hung on the far wall. A blue woven carpet with a fleur-de-lys design covered the floor, and crystal chandeliers hung from the ceiling on golden chains.

If it were not for the somber men in black suits sitting around the long table, one might have thought he were in Versailles itself.

Approximately ten men were seated around the long carved mahogany table. James Reno, Jean Gaulois, Jacques Giroux and Alain Giroux sat at the far end; the other men were of lesser importance.

Jean Gaulois stood to speak:

JEAN

Baptiste is near death. He's selected James Reno to assume control. I assume that is all right with everyone here.

Jean called off the names of the second echelon clan members.

JEAN

Yves, Claude, Jean-Marie, Noël,
Réne, Roger, Georges?

Each in turn silently assented.

JEAN

Bon.
(to Reno)
Patron.

Jean sat, but Reno did not take his cue and stand. Remaining seated, Reno spoke soberly:

RENO

Merci. It's an honor. I cannot accept, however. I must refuse the position.

The others were stunned by this abrupt turnabout in events.

(CONTINUED)

JEAN

Jim? Pourquoi?

There was a sad most nostalgic tone in his voice:

RENO

The Gauloises have always been a great Canadian family; we're perhaps the last Canadian family. The wops, the yanks, the yids are all trying to squeeze us out. This is a family struggle, it's a racial struggle.

(a beat)

The reason I can't succeed Baptiste is simple. You all know it. You're just too polite to mention it. I am not Corsican. I am not French. I am not Canadian. I am not Québécois. I am not Gaulois. I am American.

He spit from the side of his mouth at the word "American."

RENO

I'm the adopted son. I cannot let the Gauloises fall into the hands of an American.

ALAIN

(interrupting)

Jim!

JEAN

Stop this stupid talk immediately. You cannot refuse. C'est defendu.

RENO

I'm a simple man, Jean. I don't want to lead this family, I don't want to run its business. Ever since I was as high as this table I was brought up to be a faithful soldier, and that is all I want to be. I'll serve without question.

JACQUES

Please reconsider.

RENO

The Gauloises must remain Québécois. I am steadfast.

(CONTINUED)

JACQUES

What do you suggest?

RENO

There's someone far better, the
rightful leader: Jean-Louis.

JACQUES

(thinks a moment)

That is impossible.

RENO

Why?

JACQUES

He's in prison.

RENO

He'll be out in three months.

JEAN

You know why, Reno.

(points to head)

Il es fou. Le Factieux. He wants
to fight all the time. He's been
in trouble all his life. Even
Baptiste could not approve.

RENO

He will accept responsibility. He's
a strong man.

JACQUES

Things are different now. We used
to fight, but we can't afford to
anymore. We've got to operate in
a businesslike manner. We need a
cool-headed negotiator, a financier,
but not an ideologue.

RENO

But he's the son.

JACQUES

But how does he make decisions from
inside St-Vincent? This isn't the
first time Jean-Louis's been in jail,
it won't be the last.

RENO

(to others)

Will no one stand up for my brother?

(CONTINUED)

There was no reply.

JEAN

We have to make a decision. I'm too old and sick. Jacques has too many enemies, including persons in this room, for certain past indiscretions.

JACQUES

The logical choice is Alain.

JEAN

I agree.

RENO

But that isn't right.

JEAN

Then withdraw your refusal!

Reno looked at the table. Jean checked the silent row of mobsters. There were no objections.

RENO

Alain's a good man. He's talented, but he doesn't have enough experience.

JACQUES

You prefer Jean-Louis' experience?

RENO

He is Baptiste's son.

JACQUES

It's decided.

Jean and Jacques stood up and walked from the great hall. The others dutifully followed, leaving Alain and Reno alone in the room.

Alain walked over to Reno.

ALAIN

Jim. I will be a good Patron. Trust me.

(a beat)

May I have your support?

Alain extended his hand and Reno kissed it.

(CONTINUED)

RENO

Oui, Patron.

CUT TO:

28 INT. JEAN-LOUIS' KITCHEN - DAY

Reno sat, Jean-Oliver on his knee, talking to Suzanne as she did the dishes.

RENO

I did my best, Suzanne. They just didn't want him.

SUZANNE

(turning around)

I bet you never thought for a minute that I'd be happier if it turned out this way?

RENO

(puzzled)

Happy?

SUZANNE

Happy. Now that Baptiste is near-dead and Jean-Louis has been passed over, maybe he'll just give the whole thing up.

RENO

(upset)

Suzanne, how can you say that? The Gauloises need him -- even if they don't know it.

SUZANNE

It never occurred to you that I'd rather have a husband who wasn't always getting hauled off by the cops, whose child wasn't afraid his daddy would never come home again, who was in home in bed at night instead of running around with a gun. Those are what are called life's little pleasures. You don't believe in life's little pleasures, do you, Jimmy?

RENO

I believe in 'em enough.

(CONTINUED)

SUZANNE

How does anyone get through to you? How does Francoise put up with you? Does she know what she's marrying?

RENO

Francoise understands.

SUZANNE

How can she?

Reno shook his head, thinking, "crazy women."

CUT TO:

29 INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Reno, his suit wrinkled, walked in measured steps down the darkened corridor. An eerie mood hung in the air, and in the reflected light the Fragonards and Watteaus seemed more ghostly than pastoral.

Deep in thought, Reno paused in the ANTECHAMBER and looked into the Napoleon Room where Baptiste lie.

CUT TO:

30 FLASHBACK

Reno must have been nine then, Jean-Louis was about five. The rain had driven them inside and they were playing in the LOUIS XIV ROOM.

Reno had cut up cardboard boxes and milk cartons, tying them to his torso, arms and legs. A stick in his hand, Reno strutted toward his brother like a robot.

Catching up with his younger brother, Reno began to pummel him ruthlessly with the stick and his fist. Jean-Louis was soon lying on the floor, crying and screaming for help.

JEAN-LOUIS (age 5)

Mommy! Daddy! Mommy! Daddy!

Baptiste, wearing a wide lapel Thirties suit, strode into the Louis XIV Room. He was distracted by business, but not distracted enough to neglect his sons.

(CONTINUED)

BAPTISTE
 (restraining Reno)
 Jimmy! Jimmy! Halte! Stop that
 immediately.

Jimmy reluctantly stopped clubbing his defenseless brother.

BAPTISTE
 What are you doing?

RENO (age 9)
 We were playing David and Goliath.

BAPTISTE
 Eh?

RENO (age 9)
 We were playing David and Goliath.

BAPTISTE
 And which were you?

RENO (age 9)
 I was Goliath.

Jean-Louis had stopped crying and was clinging to his father's pant leg. Comforting Jean-Louis with one hand, Baptiste removed the stick from Jimmy's hand with the other.

BAPTISTE
 Look, Jimmy, I know you're bigger than your brother, but David is supposed to win. You can just beat him up cause you're bigger. There are rules, you know.

Jimmy reluctantly gave up his stick.

CUT TO:

31 INT. NAPOLEON ROOM - NIGHT

Reno stood in the semi-darkness, watching the battery of HUMMING MACHINES which were keeping his father alive. The green and blue dials punctuated the darkness.

Reno walked silently to the edge of Baptiste's bed. After a moment, he spoke to the unconscious man as one would to a tombstone:

(CONTINUED)

RENO

Bonjour, Papa. You're a tough old son of a buck, aren't you?

(a beat)

I'm going to get married. Finally. Francoise. Keep it in the family.

To Reno's surprise, Baptiste's hand slowly moved up and down -- he was awake. Reno looked into the old man's eyes. After a great effort, they seemed to open and close.

RENO

I hope you're not in too much pain.

(a beat)

I had to turn it down. I wasn't a true Gaulois. I wasn't the heir.

Baptiste moved his hand from side to side. No.

RENO

I came to ask your blessing, Papa.

Baptiste's hand again moved from side to side.

RENO

Father, please give me your blessing.

Baptiste continued to protest. Reno's voice cracked with emotion as he fell to his knees at his father's bedside:

RENO

Please, father, I cannot live without your favor.

Summoning his remaining strength, Baptiste again shook his hand from side to side.

In desperation, Reno took his father's hand and physically halted his father's protests. Like Esau to Issac, he pleaded on:

RENO

No, Papa. I demand your blessing. I will not leave this room without it.

Reno slowly forced his father's hand up and down. Then, releasing Baptiste's hand, he tentatively awaited his father's reaction.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: (2)

The old man's hand was still for a moment, then slowly moved up and down. Yes.

Reno sunk his forehead to the side of the bed and wept the dry tears of relief and exhaustion. Baptiste's hand collapsed. He was dead.

CUT TO:

32 EXT. ST-VINCENT COMPOUND - DAY

An unsorted collection of revolutionaries, newspapermen, professors, intellectuals, common criminals and just plain scared citizens sat in the open air compound of St-Vincent de Paul Penitentiary. They didn't seem to have any supervision or purpose; some wore only partial uniforms (a shortage due to a sharp rise in the prison population). Most were involved in the self-absorbitive tasks which make confinement tolerable: cleaning fingernails, drawing patterns in the dust and so forth.

Paul Sauvage, deeply involved in a discussion, sat at the head of the row; the middle of the row was occupied by a series of more dispirited and nonconformist types; and at the end of the row, alone, sat a thirtiesh French gangster, pissed off as much by the fact that he had to associate with such ragamuffin good-for-nothings as by the fact he was in prison.

Jean-Louis looked disdainfully from side to side, then back at his shoelaces.

CUT TO:

33 INT. ST-VINCENT CELL BLOCK - DAY

The motley line of prisoners routinely filed toward their cells. Paul Sauvage, standing toward the end of the line, whispered something to Jean-Louis, who stood ahead of him. Jean-Louis nodded and shuffled forward.

When Jean-Louis reached the door, the GUARD stretched his arm across the opening, indicating that he should take the adjoining corridor. Jean-Louis turned and trod toward it. He was followed by Sauvage and three burly prisoners.

IN THE ADJOINING CELL BLOCK, Jean-Louis trudged rotely down the long corridor toward the closed door at the opposite end.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As Jean-Louis and Paul walked past the overcrowded cells, the prisoners walked one by one to their bars. Their faces were filled with anticipation. These were hard-core inmates.

Jean-Louis immediately sensed something was wrong, but didn't show it. Paul was staring at his feet as he walked. Jean-Louis halted and stepped back alongside Sauvage.

JEAN-LOUIS

I'll bet you ten dollars, Sauvage, that that door ahead of us is locked.

SAUVAGE

How do you know?

JEAN-LOUIS

I've been here before.

SAUVAGE

What do you mean?

Jean-Louis slowly unbuttoned his shirt, revealing a long sharp piece of roughhewn steel.

JEAN-LOUIS

Just remember: when it starts, go for the feet, stay away from the bars.

Sauvage HEARD the cell block DOOR SLAMMING behind them, followed by RUSTLING SOUNDS from the men in cages.

The first of the THREE BURLY FAGS following Paul and Jean-Louis slowly unzipped his pants zipper, reached into his crotch and pulled out a long home-made knife, an act which evoked appreciative "Ohs" and "Ahs" from the eager spectators.

The Second Fag slipped a hand-fashioned club from under his shirt. The Third pulled another knife.

Fear crossed Paul's face like a dark cloud:

SAUVAGE

(to Jean-Louis)

Tapettes!

Jean-Louis maintained his cool, walked slowly and waited for the Fags to make their move.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED: (2)

SECOND FAG

(calling out)

Hey, honey.

Anticipatory giggles and laughter echoed off the cinder block walls. The game had begun.

JEAN-LOUIS

(to Sauvage)

The Warden will call this a 'prison quarrel.'

FIRST FAG

I want that little French crumpet on the left. The one with the rosy cheeks.

By now the prisoners were hooting and cheering every statement, thumping the bars with their hands.

THIRD FAG

Me, I'll take Baby Ruth.

Laughter.

SECOND FAG

I'll settle for some of that French stuff.

Laughter.

The Second Fag unbuckled his belt and pulled his zipper. Hoots. Exclamations. Laughter.

The Fags walked on their tiptoes, juiced by thoughts of the pleasures which awaited them. All around them, leering faces peered from their cages with grotesque anticipation.

Sauvage was shaking with fear by the time he and Jean-Louis approached the end of the corridor.

The Fags closed in. Sauvage, panicking, made a dash for the closed door.

Jean-Louis pulled the sharpened piece of steel from his waist, put it in his teeth, turned and jumped simultaneously.

The corridor erupted in hollers, cheers and squeals of delight.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED: (3)

Jean-Louis' hands caught hold of the ceiling pipes and for a moment he dangled in mid-air. Beneath his legs, Paul Sauvage was vainly trying to yank open the locked cell block door.

Jean-Louis swung his body back and with a quick thrust kicked the eyes of the First Fag with both feet. The Fag screamed, falling back, blood coming from his eyes.

Sauvage, remembering what Jean-Louis had said, turned around and ran down the center of the corridor, throwing a flying tackle at the ankles of the Second Fag. The Fag clubbed Sauvage across the back as he fell.

Pulling the blade from his teeth, Jean-Louis fell upon the Second Fag yelling:

JEAN-LOUIS

Pan! Pan! Pan! Pan!

And stabbed him in the lower throat.

Nearby prisoners reached frantically through the bars, clutching at Sauvage's arms and legs. He had to struggle to free his foot from a long skinny hand.

Jean-Louis pulled his blade from the dead man's throat and looked up at the Third Fag who was slowly retreating backwards, knife in hand.

Jean-Louis stalked him while the prisoners yelled obscene encouragement to both parties.

JEAN-LOUIS

Etes vous tapette? Non, vous etes assassin. Vous etes morte.

The Third Fag hardly had a chance. In two quick false moves Jean-Louis set him up, and with the third he jumped in and sliced open his belly. Holding his busted gut, the Third Fag fell to the floor.

Jean-Louis, his shirt splattered with blood, walked back toward Sauvage. The cell block quieted down. Noticing the First Fag's knife, Jean-Louis bent down and picked it up.

JEAN-LOUIS

There's some nice iron around here.

(CONTINUED)

Sauvage was looking at the body of the First Fag. He had his hands over his bloody eyes and was moaning in pain. Jean-Louis crouched over him with his bloody blade.

A BLACK PRISONER near Jean-Louis yelled encouragement from behind the bars:

BLACK PRISONER
Cut off his balls, brother, cut
off his balls!

SAUVAGE
(to Jean-Louis)
Are you going to kill him?

JEAN-LOUIS
Naturellement.

SAUVAGE
He can't even see.

In a short quick cut, Jean-Louis sliced the Fag's throat.

Jean-Louis stood and stripped off the blood-splattered shirt. Holding up his bloody knife, he turned to the Black Prisoner:

JEAN-LOUIS
All right, 'brother,' let's have
your shirt or I'll cut you.
(to another prisoner)
And yours too.

The two prisoners quickly stripped off their shirts and handed them to Jean-Louis. He wiped his torso with his old shirt, grimacing when he came to the place where he'd been slightly cut by the Third Fag.

JEAN-LOUIS
(holding up knife to
all prisoners)
Anybody says anything, I'll kill him.

Jean-Louis selected the best knife for himself, wiped it clean and tucked it into his waistband. Jean-Louis put on one of the clean shirts and handed the other to Sauvage. Catching on, Sauvage exchanged his bloody shirt for a clean one.

Straightening his shirt, Jean-Louis walked toward the door. Paul Sauvage hastened to follow him.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED: (5)

As they exited a prisoner said:

PRISONER'S VOICE
It's just gonna stink in here.

CUT TO:

34 INT. ST-VINCENT - DAY

Jean-Louis and Sauvage walked out of the Cell Block as calm as you please. The Guard looked at them quizzically as they passed but said nothing.

JEAN-LOUIS
Bet he never planned to see us again.

Jean-Louis smiled at the Guard as they walked toward the compound.

CUT TO:

35 INT. ST-VINCENT COMPOUND - DAY

Jean-Louis had found an inconspicuous place in the compound when Paul Sauvage walked over to him. Sauvage was still shaking:

SAUVAGE
Maudit! I didn't think they'd try to kill me.

JEAN-LOUIS
You? Who would want to kill you?

SAUVAGE
Contrini wants me killed. I know one thing. Those queens weren't after my butt. They were killers.

JEAN-LOUIS
Don't kid yourself, buddy. They weren't after you. They were after me.

SAUVAGE
You? Why would anybody want to kill you? If you die, they'd just get another lug to replace you.

(CONTINUED)

JEAN-LOUIS

Shit. That's what you think. I know it was for me. Why would anybody waste their time trying to kill a crackpot like you?

SAUVAGE

I'm telling you, the mob wants to get me. Stephano Magliano came here to see me. Contrini thinks we took some dope of theirs.

JEAN-LOUIS

(smiles)

Shit. I can prove it was me they were after, not you. How long have you been in here, Paul? Four months?

Sauvage nodded.

JEAN-LOUIS

In those four months have you ever taken a pill from the Infirmary, had a shot or a vaccination, eaten food which came as a gift, stood in a crowd of people with your back exposed, talked with someone you didn't know?

SAUVAGE

Oui.

JEAN-LOUIS

Then if the mob wanted you, you would be dead already. I always used to work through the Infirmary when I wanted somebody iced. There would be a wholesale vaccination. All the others would get the serum, my man would get the disease itself. Hardly ever failed. This here fag shit, that was a desperation play -- what they try if nothing else works. I've been here four weeks and I've never once done any of those things I mentioned. If I went to the Infirmary to get this wound dressed

(gestures to wound)

I'd be dead in five days. No, I'll make it out of here. You've got a lot to learn about prison, kid.

(CONTINUED)

SAUVAGE

Who set it up?

JEAN-LOUIS

I know who did it.

SAUVAGE

Contrini?

JEAN-LOUIS

I know who set it up.

SAUVAGE

I may not know much about prison,
but you don't know anything about
politics.

JEAN-LOUIS

What do you mean?

SAUVAGE

You doing the same thing I am.
Can't you see that? You want to
get rid of the Americans, I want
to get rid of the Americans. Big
business, big crime, it's the
same thing.

JEAN-LOUIS

Don't give me none of that bullshit.
We ain't nothing alike. I'm a...
thug. I kill people. That's how
I live. But you, you're an idealist,
and that's worse.

SAUVAGE

You'll come around, Jean-Louis.
They don't give you no choice.

JEAN-LOUIS

I will do a favor for you, Paul.
Just cause I'm a nice guy and I
like you and I've got a soft spot
in my heart for the Movement.

(mock confidentially)

You can tell your people to put
out the word that you have sold
the junk in question to the
Gauloises, and any further
discussions should be conducted
with me -- after I'm released.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED: (3)

SAUVAGE

(smiles)

You took it all the time, didn't you, you bastard? Merde. You really are something.

Jean-Louis smiled back.

CUT TO:

36 EXT. GIBBEY'S - DAY

Spring had finally come to Montreal. The trees along Rue de Côte-des-Neiges were in bloom and cargo freighters moved slowly down the glistening St-Lawrence.

Nick Contrini and Jacques Giroux were enjoying the sun at Gibbey's, an outdoor restaurant which had been remodeled from the 18th Century Youville Stables in Old Montreal. Gibbey's was a businessman's favorite and the adjoining tables were likewise occupied by executives out for a little midday sun.

Spring had evidently brought out the festive mood in Nick Contrini, for he had donned an open-collared pink shirt and his Budweiser sportcoat. Jacques preferred the more somber tones of the Gauloises family.

CONTRINI

You think you can handle Jean-Louis?

JACQUES

Reno can handle him.

CONTRINI

I missed my chance. Now I got to deal with him.

Contrini picked up the luncheon bill and examined it. Sensing something amiss, he took out his pocket calculator and began tip-tapping the figures on the buttons.

JACQUES

That's not my fault. Your fellow Langlois screwed that.

Contrini flubbed the calculation, took a drink of Budweiser and started over again. And again.

(CONTINUED)

36

CONTINUED:

CONTRINI

Can I help it the government's run
by incompetents?

JACQUES

Thank God.

CONTRINI

You going to have to deliver with
Jean-Louis, you know. Buffalo
won't wait much longer.

JACQUES

Don't worry.

CONTRINI

Yeah. If you hadn't challenged
Baptiste two years ago you wouldn't
be in this fix. You'd be in charge
now.

JACQUES

Alain's a good boy.

CONTRINI

Instead we have to go through this
picky-picky shit.

Contrini gave up on his calculator and tucked it back
into his pocket.

JACQUES

It's better than a gang war.

CONTRINI

I kinda liked those old gang wars.

JACQUES

(resigned)

Oui. You and Jean-Louis.

CUT TO:

37

EXT. ST-VINCENT - DAY

The Temporary War Measures Act expired April 30, 1971,
and the prisons were required to disgorge all their
illegally held prisoners. At St-Vincent de Paul the
unlucky victims stepped uneasily out into the sunlight.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The normally staid audience burst into a chorus of applause and whistles. Francoise picked up the microphone and slipped into a sultry love ballad. The crowd fell into an awe-filled silence and she continued her song.

Seated around a prominently placed table were James Reno, Jean-Louise and Suzanne, all dressed in formal attire. Reno and Jean-Louis devoured Francoise with their eyes, applauding wildly at the slightest pretext.

As Francoise sang, a steady stream of Gaulois mobsters, great and small, walked over to Jean-Louis' table and welcomed him back. The smaller the gangster, the greater his respect for Jean-Louis.

Francoise concluded her song, set down the microphone and strolled through the applause to Jean-Louis' table. She kissed Reno and sat down. He beamed like a proud father.

FRANCOISE

It's just like old times.

JEAN-LOUIS

It is old times.

A bearded presence walked over to the table. Paul Sauvage was wearing a tuxedo and an embarrassed shit-eating grin.

JEAN-LOUIS

Paul! You came!

They shook hands warmly, sealing the friendship they had first made in St-Vincent prison.

JEAN-LOUIS

Where did you get a tux?

SAUVAGE

(embarrassed)

I stole it.

JEAN-LOUIS

(to Reno)

Jimmy, you know Paul Sauvage, don't you?

Reno did not approve of Jean-Louis' new friend. In fact, he didn't approve of any form of disloyalty or anarchy, and Sauvage represented both to him.

(CONTINUED)

RENO
I can't help but notice him in the papers. Comment allez-vous, Monsieur Sauvage?

SAUVAGE
Bien, Monsieur Reno.

JEAN-LOUIS
(continuing the introductions)
And Suzanne, mon femme, and of course, Francoise Giroux.

Sauvage shook Suzanne's hand, turned to Francoise:

SAUVAGE
It's for you I wore the tuxedo, Mademoiselle. Every man in Montreal is proud to call you Québécois.

He kissed her politely on the cheek; Francoise, flattered, kissed him politely in return. Reno studied this turn of events.

FRANCOISE
Every Québécois is proud of you also, Sauvage.

RENO
(interrupting)
Thank you for honoring us, Monsieur Sauvage. Drinks on us for you and your party. Deux fois.

Sauvage thanked Reno, bid his farewells and returned to his table.

RENO
(to Jean-Louis)
He is a dangerous man to know, Jean-Louis. The police watch his every step. He's an anarchist.

JEAN-LOUIS
Bah. He's a good fellow. Let's talk about something else. When's the wedding?

FRANCOISE
(smiling)
We were waiting for you. We want you to be Best Man.

38 CONTINUED: (3)

RENO

I was supposed to ask that. Will you? We were thinking of St-Jean-Baptiste Day, after the parade. Suzanne will be the Bride's Maid. Can you make it?

JEAN-LOUIS

Nothing could keep me away.

FRANCOISE

Formidable!

RENO

It'll be a great day.

FRANCOISE

(excusing herself)

Excusez-moi. I think I owe these people another song.

Kissing Reno, Francoise got up and headed for the stage. He watched her every step of the way.

CUT TO:

39

INT. RESTROOM - NIGHT

Later that evening, Reno and Jean-Louis stood side by side at the washbasins in Chez Paris' plushly decorated restroom.

Two Italian thugs walked through the restroom speaking in animated Italian. Jean-Louis eyed them suspiciously as they passed. When they had left the room, he spoke:

JEAN-LOUIS

(wiping his hands)

Jim, since when do we let these wops into Chez Paris? This has always been a Gaulois club. Why do we let these mafia bums in?

RENO

That's one of the things we have to talk about. Alain and Jacques have merged our smuggling operations with Contrini's. We run a joint operation now both to New York and Detroit. A combined Gaulois-Buffalo operation. It lessens the risk.

(CONTINUED)

JEAN-LOUIS

Quel? You know that was the one thing Baptiste was always against. He said the day a Québécois merges with an American is the day he becomes an errand boy.

RENO

I know. I was against it on principle alone. But Jacques and Alain control things now and they think coexistence is a smarter policy -- at least at this level. It makes us a lot more money.

JEAN-LOUIS

What about Uncle Jean? Doesn't he have any say anymore?

RENO

Ever since his stroke he's pretty out of it. He hasn't taken an active interest in this. He just goes along. He's really The Sleeper now.

(pause)

But it'll be different now that you're back. We'll work together.

JEAN-LOUIS

Oui. But first let's enjoy tonight.

Jean-Louis smiled and put his arm around his brother's shoulders as they walked to the door together.

CUT TO:

40 INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

James Reno walked down the corridor with a dark-suited member of the Gaulois clan. They matched their steps in even strides.

As they approached the Louis XIV Room they could hear Jacques' voice:

CUT TO:

41 INT. LOUIS XIV ROOM - DAY

Reno and the clan member walked into the great hall.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

Jean-Louis and Jacques were standing by the table. Jean, Alain and two other clan members were seated nearby.

On a stand behind Jacques was a detailed street map of Montreal.

JACQUES

This is just the kind of shit I told them you would pull, Jean-Louis. Irra...

RENO

(walking in)

What kind of shit?

JACQUES

... tional behaviour.

JEAN-LOUIS

You know what kind of shit. This . shake-in-the-grass kind of shit. Waiting until I'm gone and putting a Nigger King on the throne.

RENO

(disapproving)

We already went over this, Jean-Louis.

JEAN-LOUIS

Reno should be in control.

JEAN

(tolerantly)

But he refused the offer.

JEAN-LOUIS

He had no right to do that. You had no right to let him.

RENO

Please, Jean-Louis.

JEAN-LOUIS

If you couldn't change Reno's mind, then I was the next in line.

JACQUES

Irrational behaviour.

RENO

You'll have to forgive Jean-Louis. He's still upset because of the prison time.

(CONTINUED)

There was a slight pause before Alain turned to Jean-Louis:

ALAIN

Please continue, Jean-Louis.

JEAN-LOUIS

(turning to Alain)

You're a disgrace. You've allowed yourself to become a puppet and a usurper.

JACQUES

Maudit! This is intolerable.

JEAN-LOUIS

(yelling)

Why wasn't I protected in prison?

JEAN

(pleading)

Jean-Louis, please.

JACQUES

I demand an apology.

Jean-Louis pulled out his .45 automatic and dramatically slammed it against the table top:

JEAN-LOUIS

That is my apology.

RENO

(under his breath)

Jésus Christ.

This was too much for the others to take; they immediately stood and filed out of the room.

Jean-Louis was left alone without anyone to talk to. Reno slunk to a chair and sunk his head into his hands.

CUT TO:

EXT. MONTREAL BOTANICAL GARDENS - MORNING

James Reno and Alain Giroux strolled through the world famous botanical gardens in Maisonneuve Park. Spring flowers were in bloom all about them.

ALAIN

I'm not going to let this thing with Jean-Louis interfere with the wedding.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ALAIN (CONT'D)

I couldn't be happier for you and Françoise.

RENO

That's what I wanted to talk about.

ALAIN

The wedding?

RENO

No. Jean-Louis.

ALAIN

What can you say?

RENO

You know this isn't right. Jean-Louis can't become alienated from the family. If he apologizes, will you forgive him?

ALAIN

That's a large request.

RENO

I'm asking it.

ALAIN

(thinking)

Who has Contrini's shipment?

RENO

Jean-Louis.

ALAIN

Then that must be the condition. Contrini has made an offer to split the revenues if we'll use it to inaugurate our new joint route. I think that's a very generous offer, considering the fact that it all belongs to him in the first place.

RENO

Can't we use it to some other advantage?

ALAIN

Look, Jim, I know we're of different generations, but there's one truth we both know: we can't fight the Italians.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ALAIN (CONT'D)

Right now the town's filling up with mafia thugs from Buffalo, Los Angeles, Detroit, Kansas City just waiting for us to invite a fight. The only solution is peaceful coexistence. We have to make it more profitable for them to do business with us than against us. I realize this entails great risk. I realize Contrini may have other plans. But it is our only course.

(a beat)

I sympathize with Jean-Louis, but I will not yield to him. The reason, Jim, is that I feel, right or wrong, that only I have the acumen and knowledge of Contrini's financial situation to make a deal that Buffalo will accept over his head. And therefore allow us to exist independently. We can't be a superpower anymore, Reno, but we can exist like Yugoslavia, proud, independent.

(a beat)

We can, that is, if you will stand by me.

RENO

Will you forgive Jean-Louis?

ALAIN

There's nothing I would rather do. If he would only let me.

RENO

I'll arrange it. Merci, Patron.

CUT TO:

43 EXT. DOWNTOWN MONTREAL - DAY

No North American city, not even New York, has a more concentrated entertainment district than Montreal. In the six square block area bounded by Dorchester, De Maisonneuve, Bishop and Drummond there are dozens of clubs, bars, restaurants and nightspots. These clubs, mostly mob-owned, serve not only as regular meeting places for underworld figures, but also for students, politicians, businessmen, TV personalities, artists and revolutionaries.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Thus it is possible, on any given day, for any of Montreal's diverse elements to meet in this area. FLQ members might be discussing politics in the bar next to the restaurant where businessmen are planning a merger, and so on.

Reno and Jean-Louis had just finished lunch at a De Maisonneuve cafe when they cut across the street on their way to Chez Paris.

RENO

It's not impossible, Jean-Louis.

JEAN-LOUIS

What do you want me to do, crawl like a snake?

He imitates a crawling snake.

RENO

Are you above apology?

JEAN-LOUIS

Non, mais... Regardez. Sauvage.

Walking down Mountain, Jean-Louis spotted Paul Sauvage and two companions sitting at a sidewalk cafe. Jean-Louis immediately walked over and Reno reluctantly followed. The club's clientele consisted almost exclusively of students and cafe radicals.

JEAN-LOUIS

Sauvage.

SAUVAGE

Hoy, Jean-Louis.

(to his companion)

This is the guy I was telling you about.

JEAN-LOUIS

The guy that runs this place is a real Brown-Shirter, watch-out.

Reno politely nodded to Sauvage and pulled Jean-Louis away from the table and headed him back down the sidewalk. Jean-Louis waved goodbye.

JEAN-LOUIS

Au revoir, Sauvage.

(CONTINUED)

RENO

Can't you stay on the point?

JEAN-LOUIS

What point?

RENO

Don't you want to make peace with the others?

JEAN-LOUIS

We could just take over, Jim, you and me. Throw that bum Contrini on his ass.

RENO

We weren't raised that way. We're part of a group.

(seeing something ahead)

Speak of the devil.

Across the corner on Bishop, Nick Contrini, followed by Stephano, got into his long black Cadillac limousine.

JEAN-LOUIS

Celle grenne. What's he up to?

RENO

There's your answer. Regardez.

After Contrini's car had pulled away from the curb, Remi Langlois emerged from the same restaurant with his assistant.

RENO

Langlois. I bet Contrini is still sweating his ass.

JEAN-LOUIS

He deserves it.

Reno and Jean-Louis passed in front of Langlois:

RENO

Bonjour, L'Inspecteur.

Jean-Louis nodded and they kept walking down Bishop. His mind elsewhere, Langlois looked puzzled and made a polite smile.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Reno and Jean-Louis angled across Bishop toward the corner of Ste-Catherine. Turning the corner, they cut their way through a bevy of businessmen, students and secretaries.

JEAN-LOUIS

Shit, we should cut over to Drummond and see the Mayor then we could call it a day.

RENO

Do you want to come back with us or not, Jean-Louis?

JEAN-LOUIS

I do, Jim. Honest. I really do.

RENO

Then make an effort.

JEAN-LOUIS

What can I do?

RENO

Alain will come half way to meet you. You have to come the other half. Let me give them the junk you took from Contrini.

JEAN-LOUIS

(contemptuously)

That nigger.

Reno turned and shook his brother by the shoulders:

RENO

Damn it, Jean-Louis, when will you accept some responsibility? Have some faith in me and Alain. After all, he is Patron. I swear to you he won't let you down.

(a beat)

Don't you have any faith in me?

JEAN-LOUIS

(cowed)

I have faith in you, Jim.

Reno and Jean-Louis resumed walking down Ste-Catherine.

(CONTINUED)

RENO

We can't take the hard line anymore, Jean-Louis. Alain's made a good accommodation to get us off the hook. We get half the money on the stuff you return. Have a little faith in us.

JEAN-LOUIS

I want to, Jim. I want to be back in the family again.

RENO

I know you do, Jean-Louis.

They turned the corner and walked up Crescent. Just ahead of them was the Chez Paris and a large poster of Françoise in her red satin gown.

JEAN-LOUIS

Will the dope do it?

RENO

Yes.

JEAN-LOUIS

D'accord. It's a deal.

RENO

Fantastique.

As they turned into the DOORWAY of the Chez Paris, THREE ITALIAN PUNKS came out. The first one made the mistake of accidentally bumping into Jean-Louis.

1ST ITALIAN

Sorry, man.

JEAN-LOUIS

Sorry? What are you greaseballs doing here in the first place? This is a Gaulois club.

2ND ITALIAN

You can't talk to us like that. We have every right to come here.

RENO

(cautioning)

Jean-Louis.

(CONTINUED)

JEAN-LOUIS
 (losing temper)
 Oh yeah...

Wham! Jean-Louis lobbed a haymaker into the jaw of the Second Italian, sending the poor son of a bitch crashing against the wall.

The First and Third Italians jumped into the fight; soon all three were pushing, yelling and slugging away.

There was a final exchange of sharp blows before Reno could pull them apart and haul Jean-Louis into the club. The three Italian punks walked off cursing. Two were rubbing their jaws; one was limping.

INSIDE THE CLUB, Reno set Jean-Louis on a bar stool and cooled him off. The BARTENDER set a couple glasses on the bar and poured both of them straight whiskeys.

BARTENDER
 Bonjour, Monsieur Reno. Bonjour,
 Jean-Louis.

Jean-Louis turned to his brother with that familiar remorseful look in his eyes:

JEAN-LOUIS
 Damn. I've got to watch my temper.

Reno, having been through this before, said nothing.

JEAN-LOUIS
 You'll watch out for me, won't you,
 Jim? Don't let me fuck everything
 up.

RENO
 (handing him a
 whiskey)
 Oui. I'll take care of you, Jean-
 Louis. Now have a good stiff
 drink.

CUT TO:

INT. GARE CENTRALE -- AFTERNOON

Jean-Louis and Ti-Pierre strode through the cavernous ornate railroad station in downtown Montreal.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

In his hand Jean-Louis carried a cheap white vinyl suitcase with a large red Canadian maple leaf on the side.

They headed toward a bank of lockers.

TI-PIERRE
Are you sure we're doing the right thing?

JEAN-LOUIS
Of course.

TI-PIERRE
It seems kinda stupid to steal something from somebody then turn around and give it right back to the person you stole it from.

Jean-Louis selected an inconspicuous locker, dropped a quarter in the slot and opened the door.

JEAN-LOUIS
You trust Reno, don't you?

TI-PIERRE
Well, sure.

JEAN-LOUIS
(ending the discussion)
Okay then.

Jean-Louis placed the suitcase in the locker, closed the door and removed the key.

CUT TO:

45 INT. BACKSTAGE CHEZ PARIS - NIGHT

A chorus of scantily dressed follies girls quickly filed into the dressing room.

Francoise, wearing a black satin gown, sat at a table double-checking her makeup in the mirror. She exchanged greetings with the incoming girls without breaking her concentration.

She looked up when she heard one of the girls say:

1ST SHOWGIRL
(teasing)
Look who's here. The lucky fiancé.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

2ND SHOWGIRL

The lonely woman's dream.

James Reno, wearing a formal tux and embarrassed smile, walked into the dressing room. Unlike the sleazy sorts one expects to find in a showgirls' dressing room, Reno was a thoroughly decorous man (though the girls just assumed he was shy).

He smiled and nodded to the girls as he walked toward Francoise.

FRANCOISE

Hello, darling.

Francoise kisses him.

Two half-dressed Showgirls walked beside Reno and put their arms around his waist, gently tickling and teasing him. Uncomfortable but flattered, he smiled at Francoise trying to maintain his cool.

1ST SHOWGIRL

This is a real hunk of beef you got here, Francoise.

RENO

Okay, Julliene. All right. Okay.

Having sufficiently unravelled Reno, the girls returned to their preparations for the next show.

RENO

(to Francoise)

Everything all set with you?

FRANCOISE

Oui. Très bon. Alain is very worried. He says it's something about Jean-Louis. And Papa...

RENO

Don't worry. I've straightened it all out. It's taken care of.

FRANCOISE

(smiling)

Bon.

Francoise stood up straightening her dress and gave Reno another kiss. Which he returned.

CUT TO:

INT. LOUIS XIV ROOM - DAY

Jean-Louis placed the railroad locker key on the long table in the Louis XIV Room.

JEAN-LOUIS

I think this, along with my apology to Alain, is what's required of me.

Alain, Jean, Reno and the others looked up toward Jean-Louis. Jacques pulled the key in front of him.

ALAIN

Merci, Jean-Louis. De rien. It was nothing. Forget it.

JACQUES

(holds up key)

And this?

JEAN-LOUIS

It fits in a locker at Gare Centrale.

JACQUES

I'm glad you finally came around, Jean-Louis.

ALAIN

Now we can get back to business. And there's a lot of it.

JACQUES

Now that you're back with us, Jean-Louis, I hope you'll be able to attend our St-Jean-Baptiste day inauguration banquet.

JEAN-LOUIS

Banquet?

ALAIN

It's really not much.

JACQUES

In honor of Alain. Don Cagliaro is coming up from Buffalo. Nick Contrini will be there. It will cement our new peaceful coexistence policy. It's really quite an honor for us.

Jean-Louis looked quizzically at his brother. Reno, not knowing anything, looked quizzically back.

(CONTINUED)

JEAN-LOUIS

Peaceful coexistence with honor?
Baptiste taught me the Gauloises
didn't believe in peaceful
coexistence.

ALAIN

It's nothing really, Jean-Louis.
Just a formality. Some people
from Toronto and Detroit will be
here also.

JEAN-LOUIS

You mean to tell me that there
will be Italians eating in this
house, in this room?

ALAIN

Jean-Louis, please.

JEAN-LOUIS

I've been sold out.

(to Reno)

How could you do this to me, my
own brother? Get me to hand over
the junk, then bring the Italians
into the Louis Quartorze Room.
Jimmy?

ALAIN

Jean-Louis! It's just a formality.
Nothing will change. Let me explain.

JEAN-LOUIS

You'll explain nothing.

JACQUES

(standing)

This cannot go undisciplined.

JEAN-LOUIS

(to Jacques)

Shut-up, chouayen!

(points finger at
Alain)

I'll teach you a thing or two
about discipline, nigger. As
I stand you will never live to
see the banquet on St-Jean-
Baptiste day.

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED: (2)

The others stood stunned as Jean-Louis stormed out of the great hall. Jacques quickly picked up the locker key in front of him.

CUT TO:

47 INT. JEAN-LOUIS' HOME - DAY

Jean-Louis, his face flushed and determined, strode across the LIVING ROOM.

Walking into the BEDROOM, Jean-Louis pulled down a suitcase from the closet shelf and flopped it on the bed. Picking piecemeal from various open drawers, he threw assorted toiletries and articles of clothing into the suitcase.

Suzanne, hearing the commotion, hurried into the LIVING ROOM, looked at Ti-Pierre -- who could only shrug apologetically -- and continued toward the BEDROOM.

SUZANNE

Jean-Louis! What happened? What are you doing?

Jean-Louis pulled a box out of the bottom drawer; it contained several handguns and boxes of ammo. He placed them in his suitcase.

SUZANNE

You can't leave without telling me what happened. Don't run away.. Where's Reno? Can't he help you?

Picking up the suitcase, Jean-Louis walked into the LIVING ROOM. Suzanne followed. Putting down the suitcase a moment, he turned to her:

JEAN-LOUIS

I'm going to be gone for a while. I have to find someplace to cool off. They'll be looking for me. I'll get in touch when I find someplace.

SUZANNE

Do you want me to get Jean-Oliver?

JEAN-LOUIS

I wouldn't know what to say to him.

(CONTINUED)

SUZANNE
(embracing him)
Oh, Jean-Louis.

JEAN-LOUIS
I love you too, darling.
(a beat)
Forgive me. It wasn't anybody's
fault. It was just one of those
things.

He kissed her again, pushed her gently back and walked out the front door with Ti-Pierre.

CUT TO:

48 INT. GARE CENTRALE - DAY

Jacques and an Assistant rushed through the near empty railroad station toward the lockers. The key was in Jacques' hand.

As they approached, they noticed a small crowd standing near where the locker should be. Drawing close, Jacques saw a railroad official and a patrolman standing in front of Jean-Louis' locker which had been hurriedly pryed open with a crowbar.

Inside the empty locker stood a can of Budweiser.

CUT TO:

49 INT. CONTRINI'S OFFICE - DAY

Nick Contrini took a swig from a can of Budweiser and set it atop his expensive glass and chrome desk.

Contrini's office occupied two suites on the 40th floor of one of Montreal's newest skyscrapers. A long wall of windows offered a panoramic view of Montreal, the St-Lawrence Seaway, the suburbs and the fields beyond.

His office was coldly and impersonally decorated in the style of offices everywhere. The only personal touch was a framed three-sheet poster from the Godfather which hung on the far wall.

Stephano ushered a visitor into Contrini's office: Paul Sauvage. Wearing a Jean jacket emblazoned with the Patriote Flag, Sauvage sauntered into the room:

(CONTINUED)

SAUVAGE

Nice digs you got here, Contrini.
How many people died to pay for
this stuff?

CONTRINI

Not enough. Spit it out.

SAUVAGE

Jean-Louis' offer is simple: One
hundred thousand dollars. He
considers that a very low price
but he's willing to get you a
bargain because of all the hassle
you've been through, and because
he wants the money in cash in
forty-eight hours.

CONTRINI

You can tell that prick to screw
himself. I don't get pushed
around by no goddamn radical.

SAUVAGE

If I don't return with a 'yes'
answer within an hour, Jean-Louis
will destroy the shit.

CONTRINI

How's he going to do that?

SAUVAGE

Well, Jean-Louis has several plans
in mind. There's one that's my
particular favorite. We thought
we would take that forty kilos and
spread them all over the grass at
Parc Mt-Royal so all the grass
would shrivel up and die and all
summer long all the little children
would come to the park and wonder
why there was no grass on the
ground and their mothers would have
to say, 'There's no grass on the
ground cause some bad men put
heroin on it.' Then the reporters
would come by and look at all those
poor little children and wonder,
'How did all that her-o-in get on
the grass?'

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SAUVAGE (CONT'D)

And they'd start asking more questions and writing editorials and then suddenly Inspecteur Langlois' name would come up. Meanwhile, junkies would be kicking the habit all over the streets of New York.

CONTRINI

All right, I won't squabble. Let's make the deal.

(stands)

I didn't think you all-truist boys went for this sort of thing?

SAUVAGE

You know as well as I do, Contrini, that it isn't my people, it isn't the Quebecois that can afford to buy this stuff. They have a hard enough time feeding their families. No, let New York pay the price for its own colonialism. Just so it gets out of this Province.

CONTRINI

(fed up with Sauvage's rhetoric)

Where do we make the switch?

CUT TO:

50 EXT. MT-ROYAL CEMETERY - DUSK

A steady drizzle fell in Montreal's most prestigious Catholic cemetery. A dark shadow under a black umbrella made its way through the tombstones. In his hand James Reno carried a bouquet.

Reno walked straight to a large tombstone and placed his flowers in the urn.

Baptiste Gaulois' tomb was simple but formidable. Beneath Baptiste's name and dates was engraved the classic dictum of Absolutism: "Un Seul Dieu, Un Seul Roi, Un Seul Loi."

Reno crouched on his haunches before the grave a moment. HEARING FOOTSTEPS in the distance, he crossed himself and stood.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jean-Louis and Ti-Pierre, both wearing dark overcoats and carrying umbrellas, walked through the evening light toward the grave.

They knelt at the grave, crossed themselves and stood again. All three were silent for a moment.

JEAN-LOUIS
(breaking the silence)
How is Suzanne?

RENO
Fine.

JEAN-LOUIS
And Jean-Oliver?

RENO
He's fine too. He wants to know when his father's coming home.

Jean-Louis nodded.

RENO
Where do you live?

JEAN-LOUIS
Here and there. I move through the shadows. I've found some new friends.

RENO
So I hear.

JEAN-LOUIS
Is there a hit out on me?

RENO
Not from our side. I would never allow it.

(a beat)
I spoke to Alain and Jacques for you.

JEAN-LOUIS
You had no right to do that.

RENO
They will take you back. There would be some discipline of course.

(CONTINUED)

JEAN-LOUIS

Discipline. Don't you have any pride any more, Jim? Don't you get sick of groveling?

RENO

I got more pride than you'd ever know. You don't know how humiliating this is. But my pride ain't in myself. It's in what I'm a part of. In the Gauloises.

JEAN-LOUIS

But the Gauloises are no more. They've corrupted and polluted. They no longer exist.

RENO

Perhaps they have done wrong.

JEAN-LOUIS

Perhaps?

RENO

All right, so they've done wrong.

JEAN-LOUIS

Then why not oppose them with me?

RENO

Because I believe in loyalty, Jean-Louis. I have lived my whole life for it, I'll die for it. Nothing is more important than loyalty.

JEAN-LOUIS

What's right is more important. Loyalty which serves evil is only more evil. Which is what you are.

RENO

You won't join me and struggle from within?

JEAN-LOUIS

I'll destroy the Gauloises single-handedly before ever accepting discipline. You can serve the Nigger-King.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED: (3)

RENO

Then you are no longer my brother.

JEAN-LOUIS

Nor you mine.

Reno turned and walked away. After Reno had walked about thirty yards Ti-Pierre dropped his umbrella and ran after him.

Catching up to Reno, Ti-Pierre fell to his knees in the mud in front of Reno. Rainwater was dripping down his face as he looked up at his former boss:

TI-PIERRE

Don't do this to him, patron.
Please.

Reno said nothing.

TI-PIERRE

He cannot live without your favor, patron. You must not turn your back on him.

(crying)

Please, patron, we need you. Don't do this to us. Please forgive him -- he has no choice.

(pulling at Reno's
pant leg)

Oh, patron, patron.

Reno slowly raised his foot and placed it atop Ti-Pierre's head. Then he slowly forced the young man's head into the mud. Tears, mud and rain flowed together down Ti-Pierre's face.

Reno stepped over Ti-Pierre's body and continued walking. He did not look back.

Jean-Louis watched him from the distance.

CUT TO:

51 INT. RENO'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Francoise was lying partially nude in Reno's oversized rocaille bed watching television. The giant 25-inch color TV screen stared out incongruously at the room's Regency furnishings.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

SOUNDS of RUNNING WATER could be HEARD from the bathroom.

ON TELEVISION, Radio-Canadien was broadcasting a late-night news report of the FLQ trials. Hirsute Separatist radicals were being led out of the courtroom in handcuffs. Those who could raised their fists in defiance for the TV cameraman. The broadcast was in French, but the message was clear in every language.

FRANCOISE

When does it all end?

Reno, wearing pajama bottoms, walked out of the bathroom with a towel around his neck.

RENO

When does what end?

FRANCOISE

(pointing)

This. The trials, riots, martial law.

RENO

It never ends. It's too profitable for everyone.

Reno watched the TV screen as he spoke:

RENO

The Mafia lets the petit-pégres sell hot guns to the radicals, the FLQ turns around and snatches the Mafia's government connection, the police kill the connection for the Mafia and blame it on the Separatists. The government is reelected by a landslide, the FLQ gets a new cause and new martyrs, and the Mafia does peak business because all the cops are out beating up the radicals.

Reno sat on the bedside:

RENO

C'est simple. It perpetuates itself. Nobody is satisfied with what they got. It will all end when they destroy themselves -- and us with them.

(CONTINUED)

FRANCOISE
There's not much hope is there?

RENO
(embraces her)
Ma cherie.

FRANCOISE
(pulling him down)
Lie in bed with me.

Francoise stretched Reno out on the bed and pulled the covers over him. Reno looked at the ceiling for a moment then said weakly:

RENO
I don't think I'll be able to make
love tonight.

Sensing something wrong, Francoise ran her hands across Reno's torso:

FRANCOISE
What's wrong, darling. You're
trembling, darling. You're just
shaking.

Reno laid on his bed shivering as if he had the chills. Francoise pulled the blankets up tight around his neck.

FRANCOISE
Please tell me, darling.

Francoise warmed his body with her own. Finally the words began to tumble from his lips:

RENO
I'm scared, Francoise. I'm scared
shitless. There's no room left for
me anymore. There's no middle
ground. Everything's going wrong.
The crazy people, the Jacobins and
the revolutionaries are coming
from one direction -- they got
Jean-Louis now -- and the Americans
are coming from the other. There's
no ground in the middle anymore.
Shit. What can I do? What's to
become of people like me?

Francoise cuddled him closely to her.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED: (3)

Shit.

RENO

His fright passed by him like a dark cloud. Reno sunk into despair. The TELEVISION CHATTERED aimlessly on.

Jim?

FRANCOISE

Oui.

RENO

FRANCOISE
You know my father doesn't want us to get married on St-Jean-Baptiste Day?

Yes?

RENO

FRANCOISE
So, darling, let's get married right now. We don't need to wait.

RENO
You mean right away?

FRANCOISE
As soon as we get the blood tests. No church. No papa. No wedding march. I don't want to lose you. I could live without love but never without you.

RENO
Yes, let's do that. Yes.

They embraced.

CUT TO:

52 INT. ALEXIS NIHON PLAZA - DAY

The Alexis Nihon Plaza, a three-story subterranean shopping center, was one of the architectural marvels spawned by Expo '67. The first deck was a street-level, the third deck gave access to the Atwater Métro terminal; all three decks surrounded an open courtyard.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jean-Louis, wearing work clothes and a Canadian Air Force leather jacket, walked across the first deck of the shopping center. In his hand hung a cheap white vinyl suitcase with a red Canadian maple leaf on the side.

He passed through a group of long-haired youths and walked around the open square toward a large department store.

IN THE DEPARTMENT STORE, he sauntered up to the luggage department. His casual walk was offset by his cautious, continually shifting eyes. He spotted a middle-aged woman, an older man, two high school punks; none looked particularly threatening.

He placed the vinyl suitcase on the counter and waited for the SALESGIRL. A pretty girl about 25 walked over.

SALESGIRL

Can I help you?

JEAN-LOUIS

Oui. I bought this suitcase the other day, but it's too large. I wonder if I could exchange it for something smaller?

SALESGIRL

What did you have in mind?

JEAN-LOUIS

I saw one in the window just like it. Only smaller. I like the color.

SALESGIRL

I know just the one. Just a moment.

The Salesgirl walked off. Jean-Louis turned about, tapping his toe as he waited for her to return. When she did she placed a smaller version of the white vinyl suitcase on the counter.

SALESGIRL

Would you like to check it out?

JEAN-LOUIS

Please.

Jean-Louis unzipped the smaller suitcase and peeked inside.

(CONTINUED)

It was stacked with \$50 and \$100 bills. Meanwhile, the Salesgirl pecked in Jean-Louis' suitcase and satisfied herself that the heroin was there.

JEAN-LOUIS

This is just fine. I'll take it as it is.

SALESGIRL

(flirty)

Don't you want it in a bag?

JEAN-LOUIS

It's all right just the way it is, honey.

SALESGIRL

Do you have your sales slip? You have a credit coming.

JEAN-LOUIS

If it's all right with you, I'll just forget it.

SALESGIRL

(flirty)

You wouldn't want my books to come out uneven, would you?

Jean-Louis scrounged in his pocket for the sales slip and handed it to her.

JEAN-LOUIS

No siree. I'm sure that boss of yours would just love to catch you short.

She filled out the credit slip and gave it to Jean-Louis.

SALESGIRL

How did you know?

Jean-Louis thanked her, shot her one last smile and walked off with the smaller white vinyl suitcase.

Strolling through the plaza, Jean-Louis glanced cautiously from side to side. Then, without warning, threats began to materialize from every direction. The middle-aged woman, the older man, the high-school punks all moved menacingly toward him. The old man reached for a bulky object inside his coat.

(CONTINUED)

Jean-Louis was not without a few tricks of his own. Quickly changing direction, he slipped through the mass of long-haired youths outside a record store and headed down the stairs. The front entrance had already been blocked by two advancing shadows.

The woman, old man and highschool punks all dashed after Jean-Louis. They were joined by the materializing shadows, one of which belonged to Tony, Contrini's body-guard.

Jean-Louis made it through the long-hairs easily enough, but not so his pursuers. The kids blocked and pushed the Italians from side to side, saying things like, "Hey, man, what do you think you're doing?" and "Don't push me around."

Enmeshed in the long-hairs, Tony pulled out his automatic and began clubbing them. Paul Sauvage's cafe companion took a long gash across his forehead; his friends started yelling and screaming, "Police!" "Police!"

Jean-Louis' friends had done their job; he had a wide lead on his pursuers. He jumped from step to step, the suitcase bouncing wildly in his hand.

The Italians burst through the crowd and jumped down the stairs toward Jean-Louis. Around and around they went, Jean-Louis and the motley group of Italians down three flights of stairs toward the lower deck. Astonished shoppers stood in shock or screamed as they passed.

Reaching the third level, Jean-Louis sprinted toward the Metro entrance. The Italians followed.

In a long graceful jump, Jean-Louis hurdled the turnstiles and clambered down the steps toward the subway platform.

Tony, gun in hand, climbed over the turnstiles in pursuit. The Italian "woman" was not so lucky; "her" dress got tangled in the turnstile prongs and she sprawled across the floor, knocking over two shoppers like bowling pins in the process.

Jean-Louis dashed across the subway platform for the train but it was too late. The doors sealed hermetically shut and the train started to pull silently away. (Montreal's new Métro cars run on pneumatic rubber tires, making them the most silent in the world.)

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED: (4)

Jean-Louis could hear the Italians stumbling down the stairs behind him. Thinking quickly, he jumped down onto the subway tracks, pulled his .45 automatic from his AF jacket and aimed it at the receding tires of the subway train.

BAAM! BAAM! BAAM! The rear tires of the last car exploded under Jean-Louis' volley. Sparks. SCREECHING NOISES. The Metro ground to a halt.

Jean-Louis dashed down the tunnel toward the stalled train. The train's doors automatically opened and the frightened passengers began poking their heads out. Jean-Louis slipped into the darkness alongside the train and kept on running.

Back on the platform, transit officials ran about like beheaded chickens while shoppers panicked and screamed, all trying to push their way to the exit simultaneously.

The Italians were caught in the mob. Jean-Louis had vanished ahead; people were streaming toward them from down the track. Tony tucked his gun away as the crowd hustled and jostled its way past him.

CUT TO:

53 EXT. MONTREAL STREET - DAY

A row of cars pulled up for the stoplight at the corner of Atwater and De Maisonneuve.

In front of the cars, a manhole popped open and a leather-jacketed man carrying a white vinyl suitcase with a red maple leaf on the side climbed out.

Jean-Louis kicked the manhole cover back into place and hailed a cab. A flashing patrol car drove past the cab as it pulled away.

CUT TO:

54 INT. SURVEILLANCE LOOKOUT - DAY

Charles, James Reno's bodyguard, was holed up in the BEDROOM of Mme. Rouchefort's St-Michel home. He was firmly entrenched in a large chair in front of the window, surrounded by a sea of paper cups, empty bottles, candy wrappers and other refuse.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Through the half-open curtain he watched Jean-Louis' house across the street.

MME. ROUCHEFORT, an upper middle-class woman of some dignity, walked into the room:

MME. ROUCHEFORT
Can I get you anything, Charles?

CHARLES
Merci. No thank you, Madame Rouchefort.

Madame Rouchefort shrugged. Then, looking at the mess surrounding Charles, she sighed and walked out. Charles continued his stakeout.

Looking at Jean-Louis' home, Charles finally saw what he had been waiting for. Ti-Pierre, driving a beat-up old station wagon, drove up in front of the house.

Ti-Pierre got out and walked to the front door. After a moment, Suzanne and Jean-Oliver came out and walked with Ti-Pierre to the station wagon.

Charles quickly slipped on his jacket, tied his shoes and headed for the front door. In the HALLWAY, he waited at the front door until Suzanne and Jean-Oliver had gotten into the station wagon.

Mme. Rouchefort noticed Charles at the front door:

MME. ROUCHEFORT
Are you leaving us now, Monsieur Charles?

Charles opened the door and walked out as Ti-Pierre's station wagon pulled away from the curb.

CUT TO:

EXT. JACQUES CARTIER DOCKS - DAY

The sign above Alain's head read, "Quai Jacques Cartier." He and Reno were speaking as they watched a freighter being unloaded in the docks. In the distance tugboats scurried up and down the seaway and the Jacques Cartier Bridge spanned the river to the île Ste-Hélène.

(CONTINUED)

RENO

You knew nothing of the attempt
on Jean-Louis' life?

ALAIN

Nothing. I swear it. It wasn't
us. It was Contrini.

RENO

Can't you stop him?

ALAIN

How can I? Contrini put a contract
on him because he's afraid Jean-Louis
will spoil the St-Jean-Baptiste Day
banquet.

RENO

How would he do that?

ALAIN

By killing me.

RENO

He would never do that.

ALAIN

Can you be sure?

Reno said nothing.

ALAIN

Reno, let your brother take care
of himself. I've got a right to
protect my own life too, you know.

RENO

Answer me one question, Patron,
and answer me straight.

ALAIN

Shoot.

RENO

Are you being used by Contrini?
Or the Americans?

ALAIN

No. Honest to God, Jim. I'd
swear it on Baptiste's grave.

(CONTINUED)

RENO

Your father is.

ALAIN

I know. But that's the difference between us, Jim. I am not my father's keeper. He will have to live and die and pay for his own actions. My job is to keep the Gauloises independent. And I will let nothing, not even my father, interfere with that.

RENO

I believe you.

(a beat)

But if I find out anything different, I will kill you. And I'll kill your father and Contrini. I'm still The Enforcer.

CUT TO:

56 EXT. ONTARIO STREET - AFTERNOON

The area around Ontario Street and St-Denis was once an exclusive French neighborhood, but now it was just another slum.

Reno's Citroen pulled up before a long row of brownstones with ornate metal stairways. Reno and Charles got out, walked up a stairway and knocked at the door.

Ti-Pierre slowly opened the door, his gun only partially obscured by his jacket. Reno reached out and refrained Ti-Pierre's gun hand.

RENO

Let me in, Ti-Pierre.

(a beat)

I want to see Jean-Louis.

Ti-Pierre looked over Reno's shoulder at Reno's Citroen parked at the curb. Someone is sitting in it.

TI-PIERRE

Your gun, patron.

RENO

You know I don't carry any.

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED:

Ti-Pierre let Reno inside, closing the door behind him. Charles waited on the stairs.

CUT TO:

57 INT. ONTARIO STREET HIDEOUT - AFTERNOON

Ti-Pierre led Reno through the ramshackle LIVING ROOM. A dirty Patriote Flag was draped over a once-discarded easy chair.

IN THE KITCHEN, Jean-Louis, hearing footsteps, jumped up from the table with a start. His gun was poised in his hand.

Suzanne, frightened, held Jean-Oliver tightly. She looked frail and pallid, as if the last weeks had been years. Reno walked into the room, followed by Ti-Pierre.

RENO

Put down the gun, Jean-Louis.

Jean-Louis lowered the gun half mast.

RENO

Bonjour Suzanne, Jean-Oliver.

Suzanne smiled wanly. Reno turned back toward his brother and gestured toward the waiting car:

RENO

Francoise is in the car.

(smiles broadly)

We would like to get married.

Jean-Louis returned the smile.

CUT TO:

58 INT. MUNICIPAL JUDGE - LATE AFTERNOON

Reno, Francoise, Jean-Louis and Suzanne stood in a formal row before the MUNICIPAL JUDGE. Ti-Pierre and Charles stood respectfully to the rear.

Jean-Louis wore jeans and a plaid shirt, Suzanne, a simple skirt and sweater. Reno and Francoise were dressed more formally; he in a black suit and tie, she in a red pants suit. A scratchy marital RECORD PLAYED in the b.g.

(CONTINUED)

58

CONTINUED:

They stood silently as the Judge read the civil ceremony in French. When the appropriate moment came, Reno and Francoise said, "Je fais" and exchanged rings and kisses.

The Judge hustled out his Polaroid and Reno and Francoise kissed again for him. Sixty seconds later an official wedding photo appeared. The members of the wedding party exchanged congratulatory kisses.

Reno and Francoise seemed very happy.

FRANCOISE

Let's all go out and celebrate!

JEAN-LOUIS

I know where we can go.

CUT TO:

59

INT. COUNTRY AND WESTERN BAR - EARLY EVENING

Jean-Louis, Suzanne, Francoise, Reno, Ti-Pierre and Charles walked en mass into "Le Arizona Bar," a small Country and Western club in North Montreal.

A half dozen or so customers, barely on the threshold of existence, hung along the bar.

Toward the rear was a stage with instruments but no musicians. The musicians were seated around a nearby table drinking beer and playing gin rummy. They wore oversized Western suits that looked like they had been thrown out by Hank Snow in 1953.

Jean-Louis called the BARTENDER over:

JEAN-LOUIS

You're closing down for the night.

BARTENDER

Huh?

JEAN-LOUIS

Oui. We're buying you out.

Reno produced a wad of bills, peeled several of them off and placed them on the bar.

RENO

(calling out)

Drinks on the house!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

RENO (CONT'D)

(to Charles)

Watch the street, Charles.

(to Ti-Pierre)

Lock the door, cut the exterior lights, Ti-Pierre.

The Bartender stared in amazement at the bills as he picked them off the bar.

The musicians had stopped their gin rummy game and were now looking at Reno and Jean-Louis. Jean-Louis walked over to their table.

JEAN-LOUIS

You boys on strike? Don't you play music anymore? Come on, let's go.

The musicians dropped their cards and enthusiastically hustled on stage. Jean-Louis walked over to the stage and dropped several bills into the tin can at the musicians' feet. The musicians started tuning up.

Jean-Louis selected a prominent table, set Suzanne and Francoise down and called for drinks. Reno, the Bartender and Ti-Pierre brought over glasses and several bottles of liquor and mixer.

It took the booze-addled patrons a moment to catch on, but as soon as fresh drinks started appearing before them they joined in, shouting things like, "Merci," and "Here's to ya, buddy."

On stage was one of the French-Canadian Country and Western groups popular throughout Quebec. These C&W singers, like Levis Bouliane, Willie Lamothe, Rheel Leroux, sing only in French, but their songs are usually about the "belles prairies" of Saskatchewan and Alberta.

"Mon seul amour c'est toi," sang the lead singer as he laid into his fiddle. As soon as his bow hit the strings, the room came alive as if touched by an electric wire.

A few patrons had already found their way to the dance floor. Gulping down their drinks, Reno, Francoise, Jean-Louis and Suzanne stood up and joined them.

Regularly switching partners, they first danced western-style, then close danced, then jitterbugged.

(CONTINUED)

Laughing, Francoise jumped to the stage and joined the musicians. Dropping her vocal cords an octave, Francoise adapted her silky voice to the country and western style. Soon she was singing a western duet with the lead singer, alternating stanzas and joining together on the choruses.

The musicians loved it, as did the patrons, Reno, Jean-Louis and Suzanne. But Francoise loved it most of all.

After a song or two, Francoise plopped down next to Suzanne for a rest and Reno pulled Jean-Louis to the front of the bar where they could talk.

Half-drunkenly they embraced, then Reno said soberly:

RENO

I've been instructed to bring you
in for discipline.

(a beat)

The next time I come to see you it
will be with a gun.

JEAN-LOUIS

(pause)

I understand.

RENO

Contrini had the hit out on you.
I had it withdrawn.

JEAN-LOUIS

If you would bring me in?

RENO

Yes.

JEAN-LOUIS

Thanks.

RENO

You gonna be all right?

JEAN-LOUIS

Sure, Jimmy.

RENO

Why you still hang around with
those crazy people? They're all
Jacobins. They'll only get you
in more trouble.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JEAN-LOUIS

(partially drunk)

It ain't that way at all. We need them. It's the only way to get back at the Americans.

RENO

Jean-Louis, that is so much crap. All your life you've been full of crap.

JEAN-LOUIS

I've changed, Jim. I understand a lot of things now I didn't understand before.

RENO

You're just drunk, Jean-Louis. Crazy drunk.

Neither man was fully sober, but neither were they fully drunk. They were in that semi-drunken state where friendship is foremost and no one has to be taken too seriously.

JEAN-LOUIS

Yeah. Let's go back to the girls. They're waiting.

RENO

Okay.

A LITTLE LATER, Reno, Francoise, Jean-Louis and Suzanne were all back on the dance floor.

Time had stopped for them as they drifted across the floor in SLOW MOTION. They were each in love with this moment. Each knew, in his or her own way, that these would be the last moments they would spend together.

Jean-Louis danced slowly across the floor. His eyes met the others, he smiled and the gun hung loose in his shoulder holster.

CUT TO:

INT. JEAN-LOUIS' HOUSE - DAY

Two weeks later, Tony and Stephano walked into Jean-Louis' house demanding to know where he was.

(CONTINUED)

60

CONTINUED:

Suzanne could only shrug and say she hadn't seen him for several weeks.

Tony walked from room to room poking around but finally gave up in disgust and left with Stephano.

CUT TO:

61

INT. ONTARIO STREET HIDEOUT - DAY

Tony and a Second Italian Thug trashed the Ontario Street Hideout looking for any sign of Jean-Louis but he was long gone.

Again they had to give up.

CUT TO:

62

INT. CONTRINI'S OFFICE - DAY

Nick Contrini looked out over Montreal. Spring was giving way to summer.

STEPHANO'S VOICE

I think he's gone, Nick. We've been looking everywhere. He's vanished.

CONTRINI

(turning around)

How can he vanish? He's human, ain't he?

Jacques sat in another part of the office reading a picture magazine.

STEPHANO

He's cooled off. He blew the Province.

CONTRINI

How about Paul Sauvage?

STEPHANO

He's gone too. That's the way it is with these radicals. One day they're here, the next they're off the face of the earth.

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED:

CONTRINI

(to Jacques)

Can't the American find him? His
own brother?

JACQUES

The trail is cold everywhere. He
must be out of town.

CONTRINI

Maybe.

Contrini looked across the panorama of modern Montreal.

CUT TO:

63 EXT. ÎLE BIZARD - DAY

Île Bizard is a small farming island in northeast Montreal. Connected to Île Montréal by only one bridge, it resembles a sparsely populated French village more than the suburb of a major city.

James Reno parked his car on the small two-lane road leading through the island. Getting out of his car, he made his way across a barren field toward an old barn and several cows in the distance.

As he reached the cows, a young man with a hunting dog came out to greet him. They said nothing to each other, and continued toward the barn.

OUTSIDE THE BARN, Reno found who he was looking for. Paul Sauvage, wearing a flannel shirt and work pants, came out to greet him. Inside the barn, several young people were preparing posters and leaflets.

RENO

You're hard to find, Sauvage.

SAUVAGE

You're hard to lose.

RENO

I'm looking for Jean-Louis.

SAUVAGE

Why do you want him?

RENO

That's none of your business.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Paul Sauvage shrugged and scraped some shit off his shoe. Reno responded with tough language:

RENO

Don't give me a hard time, kid.
I'll bust your ass. Where is he?

SAUVAGE

He saved my life, Reno. If I knew,
do you think I really would tell
you so you could turn him in?

RENO

Did he give you any money? He
likes to give money away.

Sauvage shrugged again.

RENO

Just tell me this. Is he out of
the Province?

SAUVAGE

Yeah. I think so.

RENO

Is he coming back?

SAUVAGE

I don't know. That's his business.

RENO

(looks in barn)

He ain't in there, is he?

SAUVAGE

Don't be stupid.

RENO

What are you doing in there?

SAUVAGE

That's none of your business.

RENO

You guys are going to fuck everything
up. You know that, don't you? That's
what you want, isn't it? You don't
care about anything.

(CONTINUED)

The strain was beginning to show on Reno's face. He was tense, edgy; he was starting to crack.

SAUVAGE

What do you know about what these people want?

(gesturing to
farmhouses)

What do you know about the Québécois?
You're an American.

James Reno spit directly into Sauvage's face. The saliva dripped down his cheek.

RENO

Don't ever call me that.

Sauvage did not wipe his face.

SAUVAGE

Au revoir, Monsieur Reno.

Reno nodded and stalked back through the fields to his car.

CUT TO:

64 EXT. MAN AND HIS WORLD - DAY

A stream of cars drove over JACQUES CARTIER BRIDGE to Ile Ste-Hélène, permanent home of Expo '67. After the World's Fair closed, Montreal turned the grounds and pavilions into a permanent park and renamed it "Man and His World."

Paul Sauvage paid his admission and walked into MAN AND HIS WORLD. His hair was cut short, his beard shaved off. He wore a colorful "Visit Canada" T-shirt and around his neck hung a Brownie Starflex.

Smiling, Sauvage walked past Buckminster Fuller's giant geodesic bubble (formerly the American pavilion, now an aviary and biosphere) and headed toward Le Humor Pavilion.

Jean-Louis saw Sauvage coming and got up from his seat at a quick-food stand. Jean-Louis wore an old caretaker's uniform and had five or six weeks of growth on his face.

Together they strolled down Cosmos Walk and through the park. All around them tourists bundled their children and cameras in and out of the exhibits.

(CONTINUED)

SAUVAGE

I see you made it back.

JEAN-LOUIS

Yeah.

SAUVAGE

I came to say goodbye. I probably won't see you for a while. By tomorrow night I'll be in jail again.

JEAN-LOUIS

Ti-Pierre and I are all set.

SAUVAGE

You get everything you need?

JEAN-LOUIS

Oui.

Sauvage gestured to one of the old fort-like stone buildings on the island:

SAUVAGE

The caretaker's house all right?

JEAN-LOUIS

It's fine.

SAUVAGE

Thanks again for the money. I think we'll be able to make bail for everybody tomorrow. For a change.

JEAN-LOUIS

De rien. You earned it. But if you ask me, that's a dumb way to spend money. Give it back to the government.

SAUVAGE

Yeah. We have different ideas about that.

This prompted Jean-Louis to launch into his theory of revolution. Sauvage had heard it all before but he listened tolerantly.

JEAN-LOUIS

You're going about things all wrong.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JEAN-LOUIS (CONT'D)

You shouldn't let them protect their flanks. I was right about police deployment in the midtown area, wasn't I?

SAUVAGE

Oui.

JEAN-LOUIS

I'm right about this too. If I had set up that LaPorte snatch the government would be on its knees right now. What you need now, instead of this whatchamacallit tomorrow, is a series of a half dozen of good swift executions.

(counts off on his fingers)

Trudeau, Choquette, Bourassa, Drapeau, Bertrand, and one of your own people, say Levesque, just to make it look good. It could easily be done. It would be an excellent warning shot. It would serve to tell the government that things were going to be different from now on. They'd listen to you then.

As Jean-Louis spoke, they climbed the steps of the caretaker's house Paul had found for him.

Sauvage politely ignored Jean-Louis' theories. He already had too many crazy people giving him suggestions.

CUT TO:

INT. CARETAKER'S ROOM - DAY

Ti-Pierre was sitting at the caretaker's table methodically cleaning the half dozen revolvers and automatics that lay before him.

Jean-Louis and Sauvage walked into the room and Ti-Pierre greeted them silently.

SAUVAGE

(looking at his watch)

I've got to go.

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED:

JEAN-LOUIS

Well, just remember what I said.

SAUVAGE

Will do. Au revoir. Québec pour
les Québécois.

JEAN-LOUIS

Nous vaincrons.

CUT TO:

66 EXT. STE-CATHERINE STREET - DAY

A crew of municipal workers prepared the parade route for the St-Jean-Baptiste festivities the next day.

Crowd blockades were put in place, light posts were hung with streamers, banners were strung across the street. There was a mood of anticipation in the air.

CUT TO:

67 INT. LOUIS XIV ROOM - DAY

Gaulois waiters erected a long U-shaped table in the Louis XIV Room in preparation for the banquet the next day.

A long white linen table cloth was carefully placed on the table.

CUT TO:

68 EXT. QUEEN ELIZABETH HOTEL - AFTERNOON

Three long black Cadillac limousines pulled up in front of the Queen Elizabeth.

Conservatively dressed New York mafioso and their bodyguards stepped out.

CUT TO:

69 INT. FIRING RANGE - AFTERNOON

Jacques stood in the Gaulois' wood-paneled sound-proofed firing range and aimed a pistol at the target.

(CONTINUED)

James Reno walked into the range and Jacques turned toward him:

JACQUES
You haven't found him yet?

RENO
No.

JACQUES
What's wrong?

RENO
Maybe he hasn't come back. If he's here, I'll find him.

JACQUES
It's too late now. I'm not going to take any chances. I want you to be Alain's personal bodyguard tonight and through the banquet tomorrow. You're in charge of discipline. It's time you started acting like it.

RENO
Oui.

CUT TO:

70 INT. NAPOLEON ROOM - AFTERNOON

Reno unlocked the gun closet; it was stacked with rifles and handguns.

He selected a .38 revolver, a shoulder holster and a box of shells. Flipping open the cylinder of the revolver, Reno looked into the chamber as if it were some foreign object.

CUT TO:

71 INT. CORRIDOR - AFTERNOON

Reno was walking down the corridor when GERARD, the Gaulois chef, walked up to him with an anguished expression:

GERARD
Monsieur Reno, Monsieur Reno.

(CONTINUED)

RENO

Oui, Gerard.

GERARD

This is impossible.

(holds up menu)

Can you believe this? Read:
ravioli, spaghetti, fettucini,
macaroni. Pasta, pasta, pasta.
I am a chef. I feed people, I
don't fatten them up.

RENO

(reassuring)

Come, come, Gerard. It's only
one day. You'll make it through.

GERARD

Honestly, Monsieur Reno, I never
thought I would see the day when
such things...

(holds up menu)

...would be happening in the
Gaulois home. We might as well
be in Italy.

RENO

You exaggerate. Go back in the
kitchen and make all the crap...

(a beat)

... before I make you eat it!

Gerard returned to the kitchen grumbling and cursing.

CUT TO:

72 INT. LOUIS XIV ROOM - AFTERNOON

Alain walked into the great hall and found his father,
Contrini and CAMMILLION, a uniformed private policeman,
standing by the Louis XIV portrait.

The waiters placed the gilded chairs around the U-shaped
table.

CONTRINI

(to Alain)

You know Cammilion, don't you,
Alain?

(CONTINUED)

ALAIN
I... don't think so.

JACQUES
Mais oui, Cammilion used to be
an old friend of the Gaulois family.
When he was with the police.

ALAIN
(remembering)
Oui.

CAMMILLION
(to Jacques)
Those were the good old days,
Monsieur.

CONTRINI
Cammilion and his men will patrol
the house. Just for show. To
make sure no nosey reporters or
investigators show up.

JACQUES
Have the police been informed?

CONTRINI
Yeah. They will be very busy on
the parade route tomorrow.

CAMMILLION
That they will, Monsieur.

CUT TO:

73 INT. MARAT ROOM - NIGHT

Reno sat at his desk loading his revolver in the semi-
darkness. He was deep in thought.

CUT TO:

74 FLASHBACK

Jean-Louis was about 4 years old. His older brother,
carrying a big grey cardboard box, was chasing him
around the Napoleon Room.

Reno wore only short-pants and one of his mother's fox
furs tied around his chest.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jean-Louis caterwaulled across the room as Reno thumped him time and again on top his head with the cardboard box.

Hearing the cries, Baptiste strode into the room.

BAPTISTE (age 35)

Now what's going on?

Reno guiltily stopped and Jean-Louis ran to his father.

BAPTISTE (age 35)

What's going on, Jimmy?

RENO (age 8)

We were just playing.

BAPTISTE (age 35)

What were you playing?

RENO (age 8)

Cain and Abel.

BAPTISTE (age 35)

And which were you?

RENO (age 8)

I was Cain.

BAPTISTE (age 35)

And what were you doing?

RENO (age 8)

I was killing my brother.

BAPTISTE (age 35)

(sighs)

You know you can't kill your brother.
Now give me that box.

Jimmy shamefacedly gave the box back to his father.

CUT TO:

EXT. MONTREAL - DAWN

Dawn broke over the St-Lawrence River. The first rays of sun hit the peak of Mt-Royal.

An eerie mist hung over the city; it was St-Jean-Baptiste Day.

CUT TO:

76 EXT. STE-CATHERINE STRELT - DAWN

A few hardy souls had arrived at the parade route by daybreak to get the choice viewing positions.

CUT TO:

77 INT. LOUIS XIV ROOM - DAWN

The waiters put namecards around the table in preparation for the banquet.

CUT TO:

78 EXT. NOTRE DAME CATHEDRAL - EARLY MORNING

Alain, wearing a morning tuxedo, stepped from his black Citroen in front of Notre Dame Cathedral. Marc and another bodyguard flanked his right and left.

Reno's Citroen pulled up behind Alain's. Reno, also wearing a tux, got out with Charles. They closed ranks around Alain.

Then, en masse, Alain and his quartet of bodyguards slowly walked up the long steps to the cathedral.

CUT TO:

79 INT. NOTRE DAME - EARLY MORNING

Alain stood before the massive baroque gold-filigree altar and received morning mass from Father Gericault.

Reno, Charles, Marc and the fourth bodyguard, standing directly behind Alain, looked warily from side to side.

Alain, standing erect, stared straight ahead, unafraid.

Suddenly, there was a commotion in the left chapel. Father Gericault, Alain and the bodyguards all quickly turned that direction.

Three dark figures brandishing guns charged through the chapel toward Alain's party.

Ti-Pierre, wearing a dark suit, was at their head. The other young assailants wore black pants, black sweaters and black tennis shoes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They all cried in unison:

KILLERS

La morte! La morte! La morte!

And began FIRING wildly. GUNSHOTS ECHOED through the cavernous cathedral.

Reno pulled his revolver, steadied it and SHOT the lead youth in the chest. He fell.

The Fourth Bodyguard, standing beside Reno, caught a slug and spun to the floor.

Alain fled toward the left chapel exit. Reno followed him.

Marc and the Second Assailant fell in the next exchange of GUNFIRE.

After Alain and Reno had fled out the side exit, Charles stood at the door, turned and drew a bead on the last assailant. Recognizing Ti-Pierre, he halted for a second.

A second was all Ti-Pierre needed. He FIRED, killing Charles. As Charles fell, he called Reno's name.

Running, Ti-Pierre hurdled Charles' body and jumped out the side door.

CUT TO:

80 EXT. NOTRE DAME - EARLY MORNING

Alain scrambled madly for his Citroen parked at the curb in front of the church.

Reno followed close behind Alain until he heard Charles calling out his name.

He stopped, sunk to one knee and aimed at the doorway.

Ti-Pierre jumped through the doorway, gun in hand. Reno FIRED, hitting him in the upper chest.

Ti-Pierre staggered forward, his momentum carrying to within a few feet of Reno where he collapsed. His blood ran freely across the concrete. Reno stared at him a moment.

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED:

Alain jumped into the safety of his car.

CUT TO:

81 INT. ALAIN'S CAR - EARLY MORNING

Alain, visibly relieved, sunk against the back seat of his car. His face was covered with cold sweat.

He called to the driver:

ALAIN

Allez-y!

The driver did nothing; he didn't even turn around.

In a flash, the horrible, sinking truth hit Alain: he was not alone. He felt the presence of a steel gun barrel raised against the side of his head. He slowly turned to face Jean-Louis who sat next to him.

Jean-Louis squeezed the trigger. As Alain's body slumped down, Jean-Louis opened the door and pushed him out.

Jean-Louis turned his gun back to the driver's head:

JEAN-LOUIS

Allez-y.

The Citroen screeched out.

CUT TO:

82 EXT. NOTRE DAME - EARLY MORNING

Reno stared in horror as he saw his brother-in-law's body slump from the car and fall to the sidewalk. The Citroen sped away.

Reno stood impotently over Alain's crumpled body, his revolver hanging limply from his hand. He looked like a broken man.

CUT TO:

83 EXT. STE-CATHERINE STREET - MORNING

The crowds cheered the St-Jean-Baptiste Day floats as they moved down Ste-Catherine Street.

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED:

The floats were all meticulously and beautifully made. Each depicted a different aspect of French-Canadian life.

CUT TO:

84 EXT. GAULOIS CHATEAU - MORNING

Camillion and his security guards stood patrol in front of the Gaulois mansion. The mood was ominous.

CUT TO:

85 INT. NAPOLEON ROOM

Alain's bloody body laid under a sheet in the Napoleon Room. TWO PLAINCLOTHESMEN and the CORONER stood around the body.

Francoise sat on a settee near the body, sobbing softly. Reno spoke to the Plainclothesmen for a moment then walked over to Francoise.

He put his arm around her shoulders, trying to comfort her, but it was of little use.

FRANCOISE

Alain! Alain!

A GAULOIS MAN walked into the room and whispered into Reno's ear:

GAULOIS MAN

Jacques wants to speak to you.

Reno nodded and the Man departed. Reno gingerly broke away from Francoise and walked out of the room.

CUT TO:

86 INT. CORRIDOR - MORNING

A RADICAL YOUTH was waiting in the hall as Reno walked out of the Napoleon Room.

YOUTH

Monsieur James Reno?

RENO

Oui.

(CONTINUED)

YOUTH

Jean-Louis would like to see you.
He says the time is ready. He
said to tell you victory was within
your grasp.

RENO

Where is he?

YOUTH

He's waiting in the caretaker's
house in Man and His World park.
An old fort past the Biosphere.

RENO

Merci.

YOUTH

He said to give you another message.

RENO

What was that?

The Youth raised his voice and clenched his fist:

YOUTH

Nous vaincrons!

Reno nodded and walked down the corridor.

CUT TO:

87 INT. LOUIS XIV ROOM - MORNING

Jacques, Contrini, Stephano and Tony were waiting for
Reno when he walked into the Louis XIV Room.

The waiters were nervously stacking up the plates and
removing the napkins and silverware. Moving quickly,
they tried to appear as inconspicuous as possible.

Jean Gaulois slumped in a chair against the wall.
Jacques was scared and angry:

JACQUES

You ruined us. It's all your
fault. My son is dead. Everyone
has gone home. No one wants any
part of us. We're finished.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Reno said nothing. Contrini was obviously in control. He turned to Jacques and said sharply:

CONTRINI
(to Jacques)
Sit down.

JACQUES
It's finished.

CONTRINI
Sit down!

Jacques meekly submitted, finding a chair.

CONTRINI
I wanted to work with the Gauloises, Reno. But the Gauloises just couldn't perform. You don't exist anymore. You've fallen apart. Just look at these two tired old men.

(pointing to Jean
and Jacques)
I've taken over.

Reno turned to Jean:

RENO
Uncle Jean?

JEAN
(holds his chest)
This old chest, Jimmy.
(breathes deeply)
I can't take it anymore. It just passed me by.

Jacques, swelling with rage, stood up again:

JACQUES
It was you, Reno. It was you who let us down. You were disloyal. You were supposed to protect Alain, and what did you do? You covered up for your crazy brother and now he's killed Alain. It's your disloyalty, that's the cause!

RENO
I have never been disloyal, Jacques.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED: (2)

RENO (CONT'D)

I have made mistakes, but I have
always been loyal. I am loyal now.
And I will prove it to you.

Reno turned and stomped out of the room.

After he had left, Contrini turned to Stephano and Tony
and said:

CONTRINI

Get him.

CUT TO:

88 INT. NAPOLEON ROOM - MORNING

Reno stopped at the doorway to the Napoleon Room.
Looking in, he saw Francoise still sitting on the
settee, her face in her hands.

He wanted to go in and comfort her, but he didn't have
the heart or the courage. Reno watched a moment, then
turned away.

CUT TO:

89 EXT. GAULOIS CHATEAU - MORNING

Walking past Cammilion, Reno got into his Citroen and
drove off.

CUT TO:

90 EXT. DOWNTOWN MONTREAL - MORNING

Reno drove through the congested downtown streets. To
the west, he heard the NOISE and CLAMMER of the PARADE.

We WATCHED the parade crowds from a distance as he passed.

CUT TO:

91 EXT. STE-CATHERINE STREET - MORNING

A cluster of young Separatists yelled and hurled slogans
at the passing parade.

(CONTINUED)

91 CONTINUED:

Their hand-painted signs bore such slogans as, "Vive Québec Libre," and "Québec pour les Québécois."

Paul Sauvage stood to the rear of the protestors.

CUT TO:

92 EXT. JACQUES CARTIER BRIDGE - MORNING

Reno crossed the Jacques Cartier Bridge. Below him to his right was Ile Ste-Hélène and Man and His World.

He exited the bridge and drove into the exposition parking lot.

CUT TO:

93 EXT. MAN AND HIS WORLD - MORNING

He paid his admission and strode directly down the Cosmos Walk past the Biosphere toward the old fort-like building which now served as the caretaker's home.

Behind Reno stood the domes, pyramids, hexagons and spires which made up the world's fair exhibit.

As Reno approached the caretaker's home, he unbuttoned his wrinkled tuxedo jacket, revealing his holster and revolver.

CUT TO:

94 INT. CARETAKER'S HOME - MORNING

Reno slipped into the door and tiptoed across the floor.

In the BEDROOM, he found his brother lying on the narrow single bed.

HEARING Reno's FOOTSTEPS, Jean-Louis sat up on the edge of the bed. When he saw his brother, a broad smile came across his face:

JEAN-LOUIS

I knew you would come. This is our chance.

(CONTINUED)

RENO

Non, Jean-Louis. C'est cuit.
This is it. It's all over.

JEAN-LOUIS

What do you mean... ?

Jean-Louis never had a chance to finish his sentence. Reno pulled his revolver and FIRED it point-blank into his brother's stomach.

Holding his gut, Jean-Louis sank to his knees in front of his brother. Shocked and puzzled, he looked helplessly at his brother:

JEAN-LOUIS

Jim. You were going to take care
of me.

Reno FIRED again, hitting Jean-Louis in the throat. He crashed to the floor dead.

Tucking his gun away, Reno lifted Jean-Louis from the pool of blood and stretched him out across the narrow bed.

He looked at his brother a moment before pulling the blanket over his body. Reno's white tuxedo shirt was splattered with blood.

Reno's ears perked as he HEARD SOMETHING outside. Going to the window, he saw Tony walking around.

Reno walked over to the table where Jean-Louis' .45 automatics lie. He snapped a clip into each of them and tucked them into his cummerbund.

He walked back to the front door and opened it partially, peeking out.

CUT TO:

95 EXT. MAN AND HIS WORLD - MORNING

An Italian walked past the door as Reno looked out. Checking both directions, Reno slipped out of the door and stepped quickly behind the Italian. He clipped him across the back of the head with his revolver; the Italian staggered and fell.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Reno had turned and was walking back up the Cosmos Walk when he realized the extent of his opposition. Tony and Stephano stood ahead of him; two more Italians brought up the rear. All waited for him to make his move.

Reno moved first. He spun and FIRED at the two Italians following him, dropping one and superficially wounding the other.

Then he dashed at an angle directly toward the Biosphere geodesic dome. Tony, Stephano and the third Italian pulled their guns and followed.

Reno burst through the crowds and scrambled across the floor of the 20-story aviary. The tourists gasped in horror as the Italians plowed through the building in mad pursuit.

Outside the Biosphere, Reno zig-zagged toward the parking lot. As he ran, the pursuing Italians threw a BARRAGE of lead at him. Reno caught a bullet in his upper shoulder and was temporarily thrown off balance.

As he spun around he FIRED again, killing the already wounded third Italian.

Exchanging a last VOLLEY of GUNFIRE with Tony and Stephano, Reno jumped into his car and squealed off.

Tony and Stephano scrambled into their car and screeched out of the parking lot after Reno. Both cars smashed through the toll booth, one after the other.

CUT TO:

EXT. JACQUES CARTIER BRIDGE - MORNING

Reno's Citroen accelerated up the ramp to the Jacques Cartier Bridge. After a moment, Tony and Stephano's Cadillac followed.

Reno was bleeding freely as he wove wildly through the bridge traffic. SIRENS filled the air.

Having gained several lengths on Tony and Stephano, Reno dropped the Citroen into low gear and spun it sideways. Nearby drivers HONKED their HORNS and hit the brakes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Pulling both .45s out of his waistband, Reno stood up beside his car. The huge Cadillac was bearing down directly at him. Tony reached out of the rider's side and took a wild SHOT at Reno.

Reno placed both .45s together at arms' length and began RAPIDLY DISCHARGING them simultaneously at the oncoming car.

A FUSILLADE of BULLETS cut into the Cadillac's windshield. Stephano, behind the steering wheel, was hit directly in the face; Tony caught a slug in the upper shoulder.

There was little opportunity for Tony to return Reno's fire. Stephano slumped as the car swerved wildly to the left and crashed through the bridge railing.

Tony tried to get a last shot at Reno as the car charged off the bridge, but it was too late. He had to come to terms with the river.

Freighters moved up and down the river.

Reno, stiff with pain, got back into his car, spun it around and continued across the bridge.

Three police cars, lights and SIRENS racing, slammed to a halt where the Cadillac went off the bridge.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN MONTREAL -- MORNING

Reno drove quickly back into the midtown traffic. He was free, but only for a moment. In his rear view mirror he could see patrol cars searching for him.

He drove through the Ste-Catherine Street area. To his left there was a riot in progress. He caught it out of the corner of his eye.

CUT TO:

EXT. STE-CATHERINE STREET -- MORNING

On Ste-Catherine Street, the St-Jean-Baptiste Day riots of 1971 were already in progress.

(CONTINUED)

The radicals had broken through the restraining barricades and were trashing the parade route.

A group of Separatists descended en masse upon the Queen's Float, the symbol of British oppression.

The pretty face of the high school girl who had been selected to play Queen Elizabeth II turned to fright as the radicals, with a great heave-ho, overturned the float. The girls, flowers and displays all spilled out onto the street as the float was upended.

The Radical Youth who had given Reno Jean-Louis' message climbed atop the felled float. Soon others joined him, waving signs and chanting, "Québec pour les Québécois!"

Further down the block, Paul Sauvage had climbed a street post. Calling to the crowds, he proudly waved the red, green and white flag of Free Quebec. He was in his triumph.

Further down the block, squads of riot police smashed their clubs wildly through the mob, coming foot by foot closer to the insurgents. Volleys of tear gas flew over their heads.

Revolution ran through the air; chaos was everywhere.

CUT TO:

99 EXT. DOWNTOWN MONTREAL - MORNING

A patrol car officer, spotting Reno's Citroen, flipped on his red lights and gave pursuit.

Reno swung out of traffic and accelerated toward the Mt-Royal district.

CUT TO:

100 EXT. GAULOIS CHATEAU - MORNING

Reno screeched his car to a halt in front of the Gaulois mansion.

Jumping out of the front seat, he called to Cammillion:

(CONTINUED)

RENO
Cammillion! The police. Hold
them off.

CAMMILLION
Will do.

Cammillion drew his revolver and motioned to his men.

His automatic hanging from his hand, Reno walked up the steps of the Gaulois mansion.

CUT TO:

101 INT. LOUIS XIV ROOM - MORNING

Reno, soaked with blood, pushed open the door to the Louis XIV room and staggered in. Jacques, Contrini and Jean all looked up at him with amazement.

The SOUNDS of GUNSHOTS and police SIRENS were ringing in the distance.

Reno steadied the .45 at Jacques.

RENO
Jean-Louis is dead.

JACQUES
Reno! Reno! What are you doing?
Where is your loyalty?

Reno's voice was filled with pain:

RENO
What do I know about loyalty.
I'm just a common criminal.

Reno FIRED at Jacques, throwing him against the table and to the floor.

Reno turned his gun toward Contrini, who couldn't quite believe what was happening. The SOUNDS of FOOTSTEPS were bounding up the stairs.

Reno FIRED again, killing Contrini.

Reno, exhausted, dropped his gun to the floor. The police, guns drawn, burst into the room.

(CONTINUED)

Reno offered no resistance as the police quickly took hold of him. Across the room, old Jean Gaulois sunk his head into his hands.

The police handcuffed James Reno and hauled him out of the room and down the corridor.

NARRATOR

James Reno, also known as The Enforcer, was sentenced to life imprisonment without parole. He was judged an habitual criminal beyond rehabilitation. The Gauloises were never again a force in the Montreal underworld.

THE END