

Auteur - Jean-Pierre Jeunet

By

Skye Gildner

1. INT. A CAFE

LOUIS peers into his cup of coffee. He picks up his spoon and swirls it around, eyes fixated on the miniature whirlpool. A few watches sit on a cloth. The CAFE OWNER hands him a plate, a croissant sitting on it.

CAFE OWNER
Saved you a fresh one.

CAFE OWNER ruffles LOUIS' hair, and walks away to an older man on another table. LOUIS picks up a small container of milk, pouring it as he watches the interaction, a melancholic smile spreading across his face.

Just as the cup is about to overflow, LOUIS yanks the container back, eyes still wandering across the room. He picks up the cup.

2. EXT. PARK

LOUIS walks through the park, focused on a book in one hand, and the croissant in the other.

People in the crowd walk past LOUIS with their head in their phones, yet LOUIS steps around them without looking up once. LOUIS nearly finishes his croissant, and then ducks out of frame. A stray dog peers up at LOUIS, as he feeds the dog and scratches it.

LOUIS pats the dog three times exactly, and then stands up to leave. He continues darting through the crowd. Suddenly, he crashes into a woman walking the other way. He drops his book, and a silver watch falls out of his pocket. It shines in the sunlight. Her colourful clothes stand out amongst the crowd. She looks back at him, smiling. LOUIS' eyes dart around, looking back up at the woman leaving. LOUIS spots a colourful hair clip on the ground, picking it up.

People begin to bump into him, as LOUIS turns back towards the direction he was going, glancing back before continuing.

3. INT. PAWN SHOP

LOUIS looks at a shelf behind the desk. Some old action figures, a few old toy cars, some jewellery.

The SHOP OWNER peers over a collection of watches on a tray through a magnifying glass. He sighs, muttering to himself.

LOUIS remains fixated on the collection of antiques.

SHOP OWNER (MUFFLED)

I'll do this one. The rest aren't any use.

The SHOP OWNER snaps his fingers under LOUIS' nose, as he finally looks back down.

LOUIS

I want that one.

LOUIS points up, at a blue model car on the shelf. The SHOP OWNER moves LOUIS' finger down to point at a green model car that reads 59.99.

SHOP OWNER

Look, LOUIS. The rest of these-

The SHOP OWNER moves one of the watches to the side, hovering his hands over the others.

SHOP OWNER

They're trash. Plastic, steel, worth next to nothing. I'll trade for this one, though.

The SHOP OWNER lifts up the watch pushed to the side. LOUIS fumbles with his jacket pockets.

LOUIS

Wait, wait. I have one more, it's uh-

SHOP OWNER

Not your mothers watch. You keep that.

LOUIS (MUMBLED)

Yeah. Yes. Yes.

LOUIS flips his pockets inside out, dropping a few miscellaneous items onto the floor. His expression grows worried. The SHOP OWNER exhales, putting the green model car back onto the shelf behind him.

SHOP OWNER

Every time, Louis. Come, get up. I'll give you this one. What's the doctor saying...

The SHOP OWNERS voice fades away. LOUIS stares into the distance. Where could the watch be?

Flashback - the cafe shop, the watch

Flashback - the woman bumping into him. Her walking away.

LOUIS stands up. He snatches the collection of watches back, stuffing them into his pockets.

LOUIS
I'll be back. Do NOT sell it to anyone
else!

LOUIS jabs a finger at the blue model car. The SHOP OWNER nods, tired. He's been through this before. Many times.

He wraps the blue car in a silk cloth, setting it aside.

4. INT. LOUIS' HOUSE

LOUIS paces back and fourth.

The curtains are tightly shut. Light seeps through, illuminating the room. Boxes on boxes on boxes lie on the table, surrounded by knick knacks. Female clothes lie on the floor. Picture frames of a woman, a family, a young boy sit on shelves. Plates of unfinished food lie on tables, on the floor. Groups of wilted flower bouquets sit in the corner of the room. Cards litter the floor around them.

LOUIS picks at his lips. He searches through boxes, tossing away pictures, cards, bottles of medicine, looking for the watch.

He thinks of the blue toy car.

Suddenly, a knock on the door. LOUIS jumps, surprised. But he does not approach. Another knock.

LOUIS (TO SELF)
Clean up shouldn't be here for another
few days...

LOUIS carefully stands up, walking to the door. LOUIS peers through the peephole. His eyes dart around. He opens the door, eyes glancing sideways. The woman walks behind a corner, as LOUIS spots a shine in her hand. He scurries after her.

5. EXT. PARK BENCH

The WOMAN sits, looking around. LOUIS catches up to her, out of breath. The WOMAN glances up, holding the watch out.

WOMAN
Took a while.

LOUIS
You tried to find me.

WOMAN
I figured this is important. Is it?

LOUIS snatches the watch from her. He opens his mouth to reply.

6. INT. PAWN SHOP

LOUIS runs in, out of breath.

SHOP OWNER
Found it?

LOUIS walks to the counter, pulls out the watch, and places it on the desk. The SHOP OWNER examines the watch.

SHOP OWNER
Your mother had great taste.

The SHOP OWNER pulls out the blue model car, unwrapping it.

SHOP OWNER
You sure?

LOUIS looks at the watch, and back at the car. He runs his fingers on the hood.

LOUIS
I don't know. No. Not yet, right?

SHOP OWNER
It can wait. It'll stay right here

The SHOP OWNER sets the toy model car back on the shelf. LOUIS takes the watch back. He stares at it, running his fingers along the rim.

LOUIS
I'll come back. Next week, maybe?

The SHOP OWNER nods.

SHOP OWNER
There's no rush. Whenever you're ready.