

Franceville (Working title):

Feature film. Draft 1 - 2014-15.

Screenplay

Scene 1:

A French village, during the German occupation. It is market day and the place is crammed full of big stores. There are German soldiers wandering around sampling food. The camera concentrates on looking at the food in the different stalls. Fish, fruit, cheese, bread, salami, wine, charcuterie, traiteur....suddenly a basket of fruit is knocked over and someone runs past. We see that it is a boy, good looking and knows it. He runs through the market knocking things and people over. He is followed by a very angry looking woman holding a rolling pin

Woman:

You get back here espèce de petit emmerdé

(Celtic fiddle doing jig.) He runs past a group of girls and he blows a kiss. They all giggle and wave

Woman:

You get back here! Don't you ever think you can mess with my daughter!

Marc:

(Getting cornered behind a cheese stall, the proprietor is enraged)

Nobody would think that Madame Dupuis! Your daughter is the purest of mademoiselles

(He reaches out to grab something on the stall) She is as beautiful as this CHEESE?! (Aside)

Mme. Dupuis:

Not if you get your way!

(She swings her rolling pin knocking out the stall owner, and scattering cheeses everywhere).

You stay away from my daughter!

Marc:

Oui Madame, but please do not over exert yourself, you've gone quite red

(She swings again)

Not that red does not suit you

(He manages to leap over the stall and hare away, followed closely by Madame Dupuis. He turns down a street and runs into some German soldiers lounging against a wall, who are enjoying a bottle of wine, cheese, and a quiet cigarette. General cries of....

Achtung!

Marc:

Bon appetit !

(He bursts into a cobbler's shop, and canons into a German commandant part knocking him over)

Marc:
Monsieur le Commandant! So terribly sorry.....er, how is Herr. Hitler?

(He bolts through the back door, smacking into another young man).

Marc:
Hello Jaques! What are you doing working? You should be out after the ladies! Or is it against your rabbi's rules?

Jaques:
Shut up you idiot! Do you want to get us killed?

Marc:
(Stage whisper)
Oh that's right, you're calling yourself DuPont aren't you! Sorry I forgot!.... Oh merde she's caught up! You haven't seen me!

(He bolts off, Jaques picks up the boots that are now ruined and walks into the front of the shop, where his father is apologising profusely to the Commandant)

Mr DuPont:
I really sorry Monsieur, I'm really sorry, Are you hurt? Ah! Here is Jaques with your boots sir... alrea....(regards the boots that have just been put into his hand) What happened to them?

Jaques:
I'm very sorry father, but Marc pushed me into the leather guillotine, I'm afraid they are quite sliced in half

DuPont:
I'm very very very sorry Commandant. Here please take these ones, they are the same size, and I will make these ones anew: free of charge! I really....

Commandant:
It really is alright M. DuPont, your skill as a cobbler is beyond comparison, It is not your fault that that boy came running in here..

(Mme Dupuis runs in red and blowing with a rolling pin).

Dupuis:
Where did that little philandering rat go?

The commandant takes his hat off and bows in a old creaky way to her,

Commandant:
Madame, how radiant you look today, a picture of motherhood

DuPont:
Madame that boy just bolted through here destroying the commandant best boots! Would you mind not chasing him here please?

Dupuis:
I'll chase him to the end of the world and back if he tries that with my daughter again! If her father was here he'd do it for me, but since he's not, I have to keep that rutting boy away from my little girl

Commandant:

I completely agree Madame, but I'm afraid the culprit has long gone, how about a little glass of absinthe...?

Dupuis:

What with me so nearly widowed? No thank you commandant. Oh why couldn't my girl like nice, sensible boys like your son? (turning to DuPont)

Jaques:... Thank you Madame?

Marc:

(Sticking his head around the door jamb)

Because men like him are booooring

Dupuis:

You!

DuPont:

You!

Marc:

Me!

Commandant:

Well I'll be off, good day M. DuPont, I'll collect these boots on Friday

Scene 2: German camp. (We follow the commandant and his officers as he inspects his troops and the camp. They do some basic drills and he is content. He then heads off to the garrison kitchens. The kitchen is a chaos in German, with soldiers coming and going carrying food. The Commandant wanders through trying different bubbling pots. The head chef appears through the steam and smack his hands with a ladle.

Chef:

Hands off lady boy! Oo ohhhh! Sorry Herr Commandant I didn't realise it was you! The boys keep shoving their dirty hands in the food. Is it to your taste sir?

Commandant:

It is far better food than I remember being fed when I was a private!

Chef:

Well sir I will let you into a secret, I have bought an old French cookbook, and with the aid of a dictionary, I am trying the new recipes. It is a well known fact that a way to keep morale up is to provide good food

Commandant:

Well the way in which you feed my boys, I think we will be the most moral garrison in Hitler's army!.....

Chef:

Very funny sir. Oh sir, you who speak French, may I beg you to help me with something

Commandant:

What?

Chef:

What is a "morilles"?

Commandant:

I believe that it is a kind of mushroom that tastes very... mushroomey

Chef:

Ohhh! That does help. Thank you Herr Commandant. Now if you will excuse me, I must get going, in order to have everything ready by 12:00 noon, sharp.

Commandant:

Indeed! One must always be punctual in the army, especially around meal times

Chef:

Especially around meal times

Commandant:

I will get out of your way and inspect the food stores

Chef:

Try the 1850 cognac: it is very palatable, oh and please doesn't touch the Brie sir, I wish to use it for tonight's sauce

Scene 3: Town clock:12 o'clock lunchtime (The town is deserted, the garrison is deserted, wind whistles down the streets. EVERYONE is at lunch. We see a variety of families and Germans sitting down eating with big napkins, and great gusto. We then see a train approach. It is empty except for a German officer. He is small, weaselly, clean yet greasy simultaneously. He is obviously an administrative type. He gets off on a deserted platform and looks disapprovingly around. A very old guard stands by, holding the door of the train.

Schmitt:
How do I get to St Germain de Courelou?

Porter:
Taxi

Schmitt:
Where do I get the taxi?

Porter:
Out back

(Schmitt goes to find taxis. There is not a life form in sight. Schmitt returns to the platform and addresses the porter)

Schmitt:
There are no taxis

Porter: (looks at him as if he is stupid)
Of course not, it is lunch time. No taxis at lunch time!

Schmitt: (starting to get irritated)
When does lunchtime stop? Sir?

Porter: (looks up, looks down,)
Lunch finishes at 2..... Then there is the siesta...

Schmitt:
The siesta?

Porter:
Yep

Schmitt:
What is the siesta?

Porter: (again with the look)
Afternoon sleep

Schmitt:
When do they go back to work in this country?

Porter:
The siesta can last a while

Schmitt:
How long?

Porter:
Its finishes... It finishes...

Schmitt:
Yes...?

Porter:
It depends..

Schmitt:
On what?

Porter: (enumerating on fingers)
The meal just had, the heat of the day, what day it is, oh yeah and how happy is the wife

Schmitt:
When does the taxi man finishe all this?

Porter:
The taxi man? You mean Jeanot? Aaah, non non non! His wife won't let him out of the house until he fixes that drain.

Schmitt:
ARE THERE NO OTHER TAXIS IN THE ENTIRE OF THE SOUTH OF FRANCE?!

Porter: (thoughtfully)
I think there is one in the next town

Schmitt:
I know that, but it's 35 miles away! Is there any other way of getting to St Germain de Courelou?

Porter:
There is one way....

Scene 4: A deserted village street (We hear a very loud, tinny, whining coughing engine approaching through the empty streets). We are guided through little winding, empty streets until we meet Schmitt who is completely covered in dust and riding a very embarrassing little scooter. He drives through the streets arriving at the garrison doors. The guards are asleep, propped up by the gate lintels. Schmitt looks furious.

Scene 5: Commander's office

The commander is asleep with his feet on the desk the remnants of a very good meal on his desk. He has a newspaper across his face and is snoring. We hear the approaching steps of soldiers. He automatically sits up, hides the food and newspaper in a drawer, grabs some paperwork and pretends to be doing work as the door knocks

Commandant:
Come in

Soldier:
Herr Schmitt from the Efficiency Auditing department, in Berlin, to see you sir
(Salutes)

Schmitt: (stepping in behind the soldier, and calling, unnecessarily loudly)
Heil Hitler!

Commander:
(Slightly taken aback)
Heil Hitler?

Schmitt:
Ya! Seine fuhrer, nicht wahr! Commandant, I have been sent from Berlin to assess your efficiency and to attempt to see if there is any room for improvement. Here are my credentials

Commandant:
Ah.... This is a surprise...And do you see anything that need any tweaking, Herr Schmitt

Schmitt:
That would be an understatement. I see a lot of improvements that are in fact necessary. For one, the laxness of your soldiers' greetings. They do not call out our fuhrers name in pride. In fact they attempt to minimise its usage. They do not extend their arms fully: merely wave. It is a disgrace! It must be rectified immediately. Also the troops display a general laxness in behaviour! It is precisely one o'clock. The luncheon should be finished by now and the soldiers should be doing excersizes, and such healthy pursuits.....

Commandant:
I totally agree Herr Schmitt, now if you will excuse me I have important paperwork to do. Why don't you, as the efficiency officer, organise all of these improvements?

Schmitt:
Definitely! I will draw up a list, graph the possibilities, arrange it all in simple table form, and fill in the required paperwork and.....

The commandant bundles the spouting Schmitt out of the door

