

LES FAUX

by

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FADE IN:

1 EXT. 1950'S LONDON - NIGHT**1**

Various shots of a bustling Soho night: people dressed to the nines walking arm in arm, wet pavement from light rain, neon signs of shops reflecting in the puddles. Chatter and laughter can be heard in all directions, most of it slurred. We come upon the front of a bar, the sign "Death's Nip" is lit up in purple neon. The lights are on, large windows inviting patrons inside.

2 INT. BAR - NIGHT**2**

The bar is full of people crammed in together, voices fill the air. Through the bodies there is a young man, THEODORE (22), or Gabriel when he's working, sitting at the bar. He is dressed sharply, nursing an amber drink. He looks up to one side.

REVERSE SHOT

ASHMEDAI (24), or Azrael, stands among the crowd. Upon noticing Theodore's attention, Ashmedai sidles up beside him. He is also holding a glass, but it's full - mostly for show. Ashmedai leans a hip against the bar.

ASH
(Algerian, but not a
pronounced accent)
Hello there. I haven't seen you
around here before.

Theodore's eyes light up - *this is a perfect opportunity.*

THEO
(French)
Non, I am new in the area.

He holds out a hand.

THEO CONT'D
Gabriel.

ASH
Enchanté. I am called Azrael. And
are you liking the area so far?

THEO
Mm. What I have seen of it. So far.

ASH

Would you allow me to show you
around a bit? I think you'll find
it's a nice neighbourhood, once
you've seen it.

THEO

I think so, too. I would like that.

We move back among the crowd as Theodore stands and knocks
back the rest of his drink. A person crosses in front of the
camera.

3 INT. UPSTAIRS BAR - NIGHT

3

Theodore and Ashmedai walk towards a door. Ashmedai opens the
door for Theodore, who steps inside a room with a bed and
little else - a hotel room of some description - before the
door shuts behind them.

SUPERIMPOSE "LES FAUX" on the door.

4 INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

4

Ashmedai closes the door just as Theodore cages him in and
kisses him. Ashmedai returns the kiss and walks them back
towards the bed. He gives Theodore a little shove backwards
and quickly joins him on the bed, on top of Theodore.

Theodore's eyes narrow at their position and he rolls them
over. Just before he can make his next move, Ashmedai flips
them both once more.

There is a flurry of movement - we hear the *click* of a gun
being cocked and the *shing* of a blade being drawn. The barrel
of a gun sits snugly against Ashmedai's temple, a knife
presses against Theodore's neck. They are both panting.

Several seconds pass. Ashmedai shifts slightly and Theodore
pushes the gun against his head.

THEO

Don't move.

ASH

Oh, so you still want a knife at
your throat? My apologies.

Theodore glares, but lets Ashmedai remove the knife this
time. Ashmedai stands and Theodore keeps his gun pointed at
him, before relenting and putting it away. Ashmedai holds out
his hand again.

ASH CONT'D
Truce? Just for tonight?

Theodore takes Ashmedai's hand and yanks him forward by it. Ashmedai goes, very willing, to stand between Theodore's legs.

THEO
Truce.

The shot sinks to the floor as Ashmedai goes to his knees in front of Theodore.

5 EXT. LONDON - MORNING

5

The front door of the bar opens and Ashmedai steps out, a bit of a spring in his step. He walks away. In a window of the upstairs area, Theodore watches Ashmedai go. He smiles, slightly.

6 EXT. VARIOUS - DAY & NIGHT

6

MONTAGE of various European cities: Berlin, Madrid, Milan, Geneva, Vienna. In each shot, either Ashmedai or Theodore is foregrounded sitting at a cafe, coming out of a building, walking the streets. Every time one is in frame, the other isn't far behind him in the background. Occasionally, they pass each other, maybe brushing arms in a there-and-you-miss-it motion. They never speak to each other, they hardly notice their iconic surroundings.

We cycle through the various cities and landmarks until we reach PARIS. Theodore sits outside a cafe, reading today's issue of *Le Monde*. The headline is about a businessman who has been found dead in his hotel room from a gunshot wound, presumably suicide. He barely glances up as a MAN IN A SUIT brushes past his table, dropping an UNMARKED sealed envelope on his table. Theodore pockets it, expressionless. He folds up the newspaper and walks into the crowd. SOMEONE bumps into Theodore, and he turns to find the retreating back of ASHMEDAI going in the opposite direction. Theodore checks the folds of his newspaper and finds a HANDWRITTEN NOTE. He smiles, refolds the newspaper, and keeps walking.

7 EXT. PARIS - NIGHT

7

A pair of feet belonging to Theodore hang over the edge of a wall overlooking a river. He chuckles O.S. and a bit of ash floats down between his feet, smouldering then fizzling away. His side profile is lit only by sparse street lamps and the occasional drag of his cigarette. A *shing* sound is heard O.S. and we pull back to reveal Ashmedai sitting next to Theodore, sharpening his knives with a whetstone.

ASH

I just don't understand. What if you miss? Do you leave the mark to bleed out?

THEO

I don't miss.

ASH

Sure. Because you have been in this line of work for so long.

THEO

Five years is nothing to, uh...
comment on dit ? Ah, sniff at.

Ashmedai shakes his head and makes another swipe with the stone. Theodore looks at him appraisingly.

THEO

Bref. What about you? Obviously, you can not miss, because of how close you have to get to your victim.

ASH

Obviously. And if I weren't this good, I would have returned home long ago. The only reason I stay is because that idiot of a man thinks I am good for something, and he pays well for it.

THEO

Who?

ASH

Man who owns the agency. Meinhardt or Meindert or something like that. I can never remember. (IN ARABIC) What a bastard he is.

Theodore has gone quiet.

THEO

Meindert... Is he German?

Ashmedai notices the change in Theodore's demeanour.

ASH

I don't think so. He sounds uptight
and British to me. Why?

Theodore doesn't answer, he just keeps smoking. Ashmedai continues to sharpen his blades, and the sound of each swipe lingers into the night.

FADE TO:

8 INT. THEO'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

8

Theodore flicks a light on in his apartment. His white collar and cuffs are flecked with blood - he's just finished a job. He idly shuffles through some mail as he walks into the KITCHEN and turns on the light - a single bare bulb. After a second, he pauses. He looks older than his now-24 years. At the top of the stack sits a MESSAGE from Theodore's agency, his employer. It's not good news.

9 EXT. BALCONY - NIGHT

9

On a balcony overlooking a street, Ashmedai gently sets down the body of his most recent victim, arranging the scene just so. He turns to go, but stops short. Down in an adjacent alley, Theodore leans against a wall, smoking and watching. He's been waiting for Ashmedai to notice him. He straightens and nods at Ashmedai, who looks grim, but returns the gesture nonetheless.

10 EXT. LONDON STREET - NIGHT

10

Ashmedai meets Theodore on the street. Theodore HARDLY WAITS for Ashmedai to arrive before setting off, trusting that he will follow. He does.

Theodore leads them aimlessly through the darkened London streets. They even pass in front of the bar where they first met, closed up this late at night. They keep walking until Theodore turns a corner and stops. Ashmedai walks a few steps ahead of Theodore then stops as well. They've reached a dead end. Ashmedai turns around. Theodore is blocking the exit, and he is holding his gun limply by his side.

ASH

So that's how it is. Well? Do you
have anything to say?

THEO

The game is up, Azrael. There is nowhere left to run.

ASH

Game? Game? Is that all this is to you, a game? Life isn't a game!

THEO

Said the contract killer to the assassin!

Ashmedai sobers a bit.

ASH

You're right. The things we've done, it's wrong. But it doesn't have to end like this for us. We can leave, go...

THEO

Where? To America, the land of the free?

ASH

Yes! We can be free! We can have happiness, a purpose beyond our work... a life.

THEO

A life. Listen to yourself. There is no life for people like us.

ASH

What do you mean when you say that, 'people like us'?

THEO

(Softly)

You know what I mean...

ASH

Because when you say people like us do you mean assassins, murderers... or do you mean something else?

Theodore is silent, ashamed.

ASH CONT'D

I think you mean something else.

THEO

I've been given the order, Azrael. There is nothing left for us to do.

Ashmedai nods.

ASH

I understand. Of the two of us, you
were always the better assassin.
Just another job, right, Gabriel?

Theodore raises his gun.

THEO

You were never just 'another job'
to me.

ASH

I know, sweet Theodore.

Theodore cocks the gun, the *click* seems to echo in the night.

THEO

I'm sorry, Ashmedai.

He pulls the trigger. ASHEMEDAI'S BODY slumps to the ground,
lifeless. Theodore walks up to the body and retrieves
Ashmedai's WALLET and KNIVES. He leaves the body in the alley
as it is.

THEO CONT'D (V.O.)

It is done.

FADE TO:

11 INT. OFFICE - DAY

11

ASHMEDAI'S WALLET lands on a desk as though it has been
THROWN.

SUPERVISOR (O.S.)

Very good, Gabriel. We understand
you've been playing the long game
with this one. Mr Meinard is
especially pleased with your work.

Theodore pauses - *where have I heard that before?*

THEO

Meinard?

SUPERVISOR (O.S.)

Mm? Oh, yes. The man who owns the
agency. He's been keeping an eye on
you, especially.

A beat.

SUPERVISOR CONT'D (O.S.)

Take the rest of the week off,
Gabriel. I'll see you back here on
Monday.

FADE TO:

12 INT. THEO'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

12

Back in his apartment, Theodore sits at his KITCHEN TABLE with a single light on. He is dressed down: jacket off, tie undone. There is an empty wine bottle on the table, a whetstone sitting next to it. He has been sitting here for some time. His gaze is wholly focused on the knife balanced on his forefinger - ASHEMDAI'S KNIFE.

Finally, Theodore comes to a decision. He flips the knife over to hold it by the handle, and slides out of the chair onto his knees.

THEO

*Notre Père, qui est aux cieux, que
ton nom soit sanctifié, que ton
règne vienne, que ta volonté soit
faite sur la terre comme au ciel.
Donne-nous aujourd'hui notre pain
de ce jour, et pardonne-nous nos
offences--*

Theodore falters for a second, panting. The knife slips in his grasp, then he regains his strength.

THEO CONT'D

*Pardonne-moi mes offenses ! Comme
nous pardonnons aussi à ceux qui
nous ont offensés. Et ne me soumets
pas à la tentation...*

He raises the knife to his neck.

THEO CONT'D

*Mais délivre-moi du mal. Car c'est
à toi qu'appartiennent le règne, la
puissance et la gloire, aux siècles
des siècles.*

The screen cuts to BLACK. We hear Theodore take several deep breaths.

THEO CONT'D (V.O.)

Amen.

THE END.

