

MONSIEUR T

Written by

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FADE IN :

EXT. A HIGHWAY - DAY

A very hot day. Traffic jam in both directions.

A convertible car.

INT. THE CONVERTIBLE CAR - DAY

Behind the wheel a business man THOMAS (31). His cell phone on a dashboard mount.

THOMAS

That's just the first step.

VOICE ON THE PHONE

One thing at a time, Thomas.

THOMAS

I crushed them. I deserve this job.
And I'll do it again. You know me.

VOICE ON THE PHONE

And you are not the only Thomas in
the company, if you know what I
mean.

THOMAS

But where others hesitate, I don't.
I'm a winner.

VOICE ON THE PHONE

Cliché.

THOMAS

But true.

VOICE ON THE PHONE

Anyway. Congrats for your promo,
Thomas.

THOMAS

It's just a beginning.

VOICE ON THE PHONE

Sure... take care bro.

THOMAS

See you next week, man.

Thomas turns off his cell phone.

EXT. A HIGHWAY - DAY

The traffic jam. The convertible car.

Thomas reaches into the glove compartment and...

INT. THE CONVERTIBLE CAR - DAY

... gets his sunglasses. Puts them on. Smiles.

A tall man with a beard and long hairs jumps into the passenger seat. He's MONSIEUR T (33).

THOMAS

What the --

MONSIEUR T

To the airport!

Monsieur T stares at Thomas. Large smile on his face. Pointing the way ahead.

MONSIEUR T (CONT'D)

To the airport.

THOMAS

I give you ten seconds to --

Monsieur T holds out his right hand for Thomas to shake.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Are you serious?

MONSIEUR T

Everybody calls me Monsieur T.

Thomas looks at Monsieur T's right hand. Stunned.

Looks up at him. Angry.

MONSIEUR T (CONT'D)

Are you going to do something?

Monsieur T has a quick look at his watch.

MONSIEUR T (CONT'D)

I hate to be late. But... we still have a chance if you --

THOMAS

Listen to me, moron! I --

A MAN (O.C.)
Sir! You need to move your vehicle.

Thomas turns around. A police officer is standing besides him.

EXT. A HIGHWAY - DAY

A police car parked on the emergency lane, light bars flickering and flashing.

Up ahead the highway is empty.

A police officer manages the traffic flow on the right lane.

The convertible car blocks traffic on the left lane. A second police officer is standing at the driver's side.

INT. THE CONVERTIBLE CAR - DAY

Back to the convertible car.

THOMAS
(pointing at Monsieur T)
This man is --

MONSIEUR T
I'm so sorry. We didn't notice. You see we were in the middle of an argument and... anyway, this is not your problem. You should be very busy and we are the cause of --

THOMAS
Don't do that! What a --

MONSIEUR T
That's our fault, one hundred percent. My friend here is... he's good now. Very good. But you see he just gets discharged from the psychiatric hospital and well... sometimes...

Monsieur T makes "the crazy hand gesture".

THE POLICE OFFICER
Alright. Just move along.

MONSIEUR T
Thank you for understanding. You're doing a great job, officer.

The police officer walks back to the traffic.

THOMAS
No, no, no!

Thomas tries to stand up in the car. Monsieur T seizes him by the arm.

MONSIEUR T
What are you doing?

THOMAS
What do you think?

Thomas waves to the police officer.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
Sir!

MONSIEUR T
Bad idea.

Thomas gives Monsieur T an angry look.

MONSIEUR T (CONT'D)
Whatever you may say, he won't
listen to you.

Thomas sits back down.

THOMAS
Fuck you.

MONSIEUR T
You're welcome.

Monsieur T points the way ahead.

MONSIEUR T (CONT'D)
To the airport.

EXT. A HIGHWAY - DAY

The first police officer stops the traffic.

The second police officer reaches his colleague.

The convertible car leaves.

Traffic is back to normal.

INT. THE CONVERTIBLE CAR - DAY

Back to the convertible car.

Thomas is driving.

MONSIEUR T
You are not very generous.

THOMAS
What?

Monsieur T smiles at Thomas.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
You are...

Thomas sighs, frustrated.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
You got into my car, asking me
to... no not asking, commanding me
to take you to the airport. You
make me look like a fool, no a
delusional weirdo to a police
officer. Not saying that you are a
complete stranger to me. And you
dare --

MONSIEUR T
What a selfish man you are.

THOMAS
I'm a selfish man? I don't owe you
nothing. I don't even know you!

MONSIEUR T
So if I had asked you, you wouldn't
have helped me?

THOMAS
Why would I?

MONSIEUR T
Yes, why. You don't know the man.
You don't help the man. Your motto,
right?

THOMAS
No.
(beat)
It depends.

MONSIEUR T

On what?

THOMAS

The situation.

MONSIEUR T

The situation. The magic word. Now you're the good guy, right?

Thomas sighs, exasperated.

THOMAS

Listen, I'm an important business man. I can't help everyone --

MONSIEUR T

But everyone can help someone. Ronald Reagan.

THOMAS

Today is the most important day of my life and --

MONSIEUR T

Selfish.

THOMAS

I... I don't know who you are but --

MONSIEUR T

Take me to the airport if you want me to help you.

THOMAS

I don't need your...

Monsieur T stares at Thomas. Frowning.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

What?

MONSIEUR T

You need my help. You do.

THOMAS

You're crazy.

(beat)

Anyway you're on you own, my friend. I'm going to my office.

MONSIEUR T

If you say so. However...

EXT. AN AIRPORT - DAY

The road surrounding the airport.

The convertible car is heading to the airport.

INT. THE CONVERTIBLE CAR - DAY

Back to the convertible car.

MONSIEUR T
...since we are at the airport, why bother?

Thomas looks around him, incredulous.

THOMAS
What the... How did you do that?

MONSIEUR T
Do what?

Thomas sighs.

THOMAS
Who are you?

MONSIEUR T
You're not asking the right question.

THOMAS
I'm not...

Ahead of the car a junkie, MADDY (19), is barely able to walk.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
Which is?

MONSIEUR T
Stop the car!

THOMAS
What?

MONSIEUR T
Stop the car! Now!

Thomas stops the car.

Monsieur T waves at Maddy.

She winces. Walking toward the car.

MONSIEUR T (CONT'D)
Don't be shy, Maddy.

She gets to the car.

MADDY
Undercover cops, hey? What do you want?

Monsieur T reaches into his right pants pocket. Pulls out a business card.

MONSIEUR T
When Tony will come to see you at the hospital...

Monsieur T hands out his card to her.

MONSIEUR T (CONT'D)
...you'll use this card.

Maddy takes it.

MADDY
What the fuck are you talking about? How do you know Tony?

MONSIEUR T
Listen very carefully, Maddy. In five days you'll have an overdose. At the hospital you'll meet Robert. He'll open yours eyes. But Tony as usual will get in the way. Don't listen to him, but instead call the phone number on the card. This man will help you out, no questions asked.

Monsieur T points the way ahead.

MONSIEUR T (CONT'D)
The arrivals, please.

MADDY
I don't know who the fuck you are, but I'll tell you one thing... you, you are...

Thomas looks at Monsieur T, indecisive.

MADDY
You are...

Monsieur T points the way ahead.

MONSIEUR T

Please.

Thomas drives away.

MADDY

I don't know. Yeah, just go away.
Whatever.

She puts the card in her jacket pocket. Walks away.

DANIELLE

Prick.

EXT. THE AIRPORT ARRIVALS - DAY

The arrivals. Thomas parks his car.

INT. THE CONVERTIBLE CAR - DAY

Back to the convertible car.

MONSIEUR T

She'll be alright. Sometimes it's
longer than expected.

THOMAS

What did you --

MONSIEUR T

Nascar.

THOMAS

What?

MONSIEUR T

Nascar has always been your thing.
Since your youngest age.

(beat)

Here's the deal.

Monsieur T reaches into his right pants pocket. Pulls out a
business card.

THOMAS

It was a long time ago. And I was
not a good driver. I was chasing an
impossible dream. Now I'm --

MONSIEUR T

Wasting your time. You think you are a shark but deep down you know it's not true. Besides Steven will eat you alive in two weeks. This company is a dead end.

Monsieur T hands out his card to Thomas. He takes it.

MONSIEUR T (CONT'D)

Call this man. He's seeking for the right business partner to invest with in a Nascar team. It won't be a problem with all your savings.

THOMAS

How do you know all this?

Monsieur T opens the door. Gets out.

MONSIEUR T

However you'll have to do something for me.

Monsieur T closes the door.

MONSIEUR T (CONT'D)

One day someone will come to you with one of those cards. You'll give him his chance, no questions asked. A win-win situation for he's going to be the best driver for the upcoming season.

(beat)

Have a good life, Thomas.

Thomas has a look at the card. A phone number on one side.

Monsieur T walks toward the airport main entrance.

A name on the other side of the card. Christopher T.

THOMAS

Christopher T.

(beat)

Christ?

Monsieur T looks over his shoulder at Thomas.

MONSIEUR T

Who said that?

Monsieur T enters the airport.

FADE OUT

- *THE END* -