

SUNNY MORNING AT THE BASTILLE

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Application Supplement  
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EXT. FOURTH ARRONDISSEMENT - PARIS - JULY 1789

CLOSE ON a FLYER on the pavement, knocked around by the early wind. Even here, in the center of the city, the only sound is morning chirping.

The FLYER READS, in French: *Death to the Tyrants, and Peace to the Cottages!*

Suddenly, the silence ends, and a large crowd of hundreds in modest clothes begin to march, barefoot-by-barefoot, down the street. After a moment, we see that they are heading towards the BASTILLE fortress.

EXT. BASTILLE TOWER BALCONY - SAME

Two GUARDS, PHILLIPPE and JEAN-PIERRE, stand dutifully at watch, overlooking the streets below.

JEAN-PIERRE

It's not like it's the weirdest thing --

PHILLIPPE

I don't know, but I don't think I'd be feeling peachy-keen if my wife was into dressing up like a nun every night to bed --

JEAN-PIERRE

Can you -- ! Shhh! We are *on duty*.

PHILLIPPE

And you are *ridiculous*. And your wife is *insane*.

JEAN-PIERRE

Just enough for me.

PHILLIPPE

You fucking pig. How dare you say that! We are *on duty*.

The two laugh uproariously, but are cut off by the vocal crowd in the street below, who have begun chanting

STREET CROWD

*Liberte! Egalite! Fraternite!*

JEAN-PIERRE

Shhhhhhit. Shit.

PHILLIPPE

Huh. At least they're not in nun wear.

JEAN-PIERRE

On the good word of our Highness Louis XVI, I will punch you square in your fat face.

PHILLIPPE

Oh, I'm pissing myself! Shut up. We need to go down there, and tell those flimsy pigsties th--

JEAN-PIERRE

Now you're putting me on, and I'm not an audience of it.

PHILLIPPE

Putting you on? This is our job. What I'm putting on is my game face.

He displays a mean mug to Jean-Pierre, who realizes his fellow guard is serious.

JEAN-PIERRE

Yeah, I think that's a really not good idea. Like, at all.

PHILLIPPE

You think of me -- oh! You think I can't persevere in the face of the poor?

JEAN-PIERRE

Not exactly, although I may say --

PHILLIPPE

-- Just last week I had not washed my day's dirt away, and I smelled of rotten yeast! I know very much what it is to be in their shoes, even if they don't have any. What is this seemed predestined hesitation in you?

JEAN-PIERRE

I don't want my fucking head cut off, you imbecile!

(MORE)

JEAN-PIERRE (CONT'D)

You go down there with eight thousand and fortyfuckingpeople who see you as nothing more than a walking extension of our King, who they want to see shrivel in the shell of his own burning flesh, and yes, that does indicate you as well, you moronic meathead, see how far that gets you!

A beat. The angry crowd continue to grow closer.

PHILLIPPE

So...

JEAN-PIERRE

Phillippe.

PHILLIPPE

... you *don't* want to come with me?

JEAN-PIERRE

I think you're trying to be a hero, Phillippe. Suits you poorly as of now, doesn't it?

PHILLIPPE

The hero card! That's what you think this is, Nancy Drew?

JEAN-PIERRE

Nancy? Who is... ?

PHILLIPPE

I don't play hero or villain. I play right and wrong for my damned country. I play patriot, I play loyalist!

JEAN-PIERRE

You're loyalizing your way to a fucking guillotine! Stay here, my god! Everything's a travesty with you!

PHILLIPPE

You're a nun-fucker!

JEAN-PIERRE

That's UNPROFESSIONAL!

The two men LUNGE toward each other, and begin to take punches.

EXT. STREET BELOW BASTILLE - INTERCUT

The crowd eyes the guards fighting, and is visibly confused.

CROWD MEMBER  
Fighting over wages, must be.

CROWD MEMBER 2  
Or who will get to scrape the  
King's shoes, haha!  
(receiving no attention)  
Ok, that was funny. What the hell.

EXT. BASTILLE TOWER BALCONY - INTERCUT

The guards continue to combat each other until one stumbles near the balcony ledge...

...and the other leans forward...

...and they both FLY, shooting down to the ground, where they are protected from impact by the mass of bodies below.

The CROWD begins to immediately get Phillippe and Jean-Pierre off the ground, and lifts them both to their feet, and a silent moment of confusion ensues. The two look at each other, and both proclaim to the seething mob:

GUARDS  
(boasting to the crowd)  
... down with the King?

The mob ROARS in distaste, and begins to attack them.

INT. PALACE OF VERSAILLES - LATER

We are in King Louis XVI's quarters. A ROYAL approaches the shaving KING, in a large robe of blinding white.

ROYAL  
Your Highness.

KING  
Ah! Shit, Morceaux, I almost cut myself! You know what they say: harder on the sideburns, softer in the center.

ROYAL  
(unfamiliar with the  
expression)  
(MORE)

ROYAL (CONT'D)

... Right. We had an incident at the Bastille today.

KING

I heard of, chum! Two blubbering idiots left their guard down and caused this whole mess. All because of a goddamned psycho complex. Ah, well, tell the Queen.

ROYAL

I --

KING

On my thought, never mind. Marie is beastly and frightening at this hour.

ROYAL

That's your wife, uh, okay, anyway, what "complex" are you speaking of?

KING

With? With the Bastille guards? A very typical complex of a man, nay, any soul, my good chum: they wanted to cement themselves in the muck, to prove valiant to me, their royal King, the master of all things. These fellows, in their air of fortune, played the Hero Card.

ROYAL

A hero card?

KING

Indeed, of all things considered.

ROYAL

Swell deductions, I must say, Nancy Drew!

He begins to belly laugh. The King is lost.

KING

Nancy -- ?