

NOIR

EXT. PARIS. NIGHT

CRANE down past the Eiffel Tower, and into the 1960s traffic heading alongside the Quai D'Orsay. Crossing the river, heading for the Place De La Concorde. Speeding up, cars and streets whizzing by.

SPIN 180 degrees and we're right up against the front grille of a 1960s Paris Taxi. Rolling slightly as it charges along at speed. The road disappearing beneath our wheels.

CRANE up the hood to reveal the ancient French driver through the windscreen. And behind him a man and woman. MIREILLE DUBOIS, 26, beautiful, graceful, stylish. Bardot meets Deneuve, and JOHN PHILIP LANCASTER (the Third). He's a very good looking American man, 28. Hip, charismatic. Byronic. Mid debate...

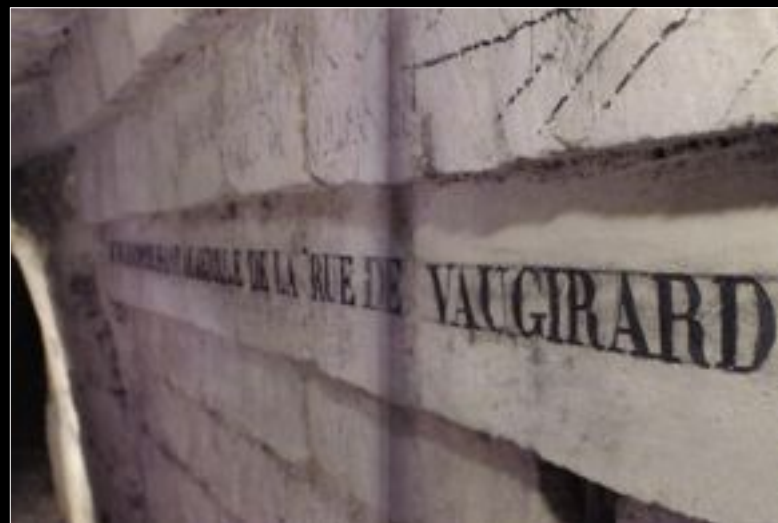


INT. LIBERTINE. NIGHT

We're in a club. A series of old arched underground Parisian cellars turned into a wild scene.

A stylized mythic, graphic novel 1960s not tied to a specific year or date. Our look is cool, Avedon, couture and style. Mad Men meets Gainsbourg. 'Libertine' is high end decadence.







EXT. PARIS BROTHEL. NIGHT

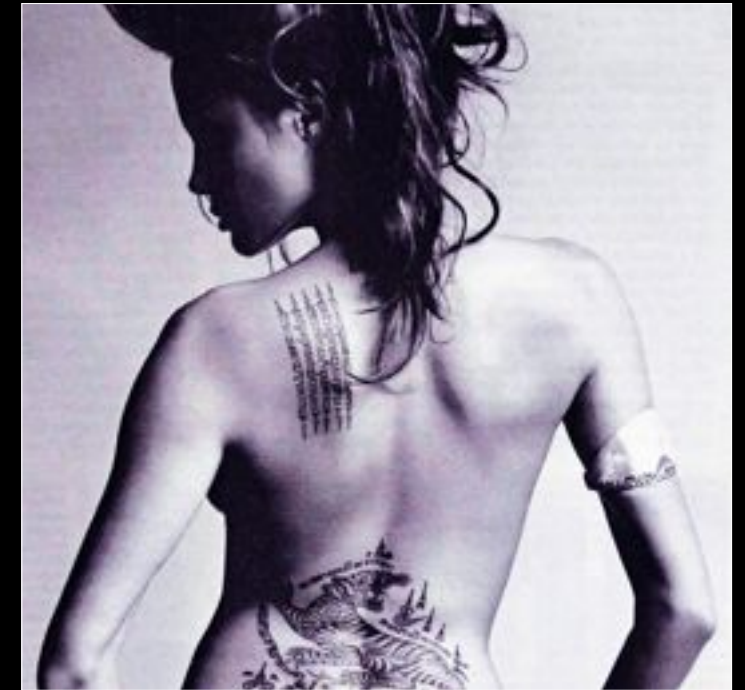
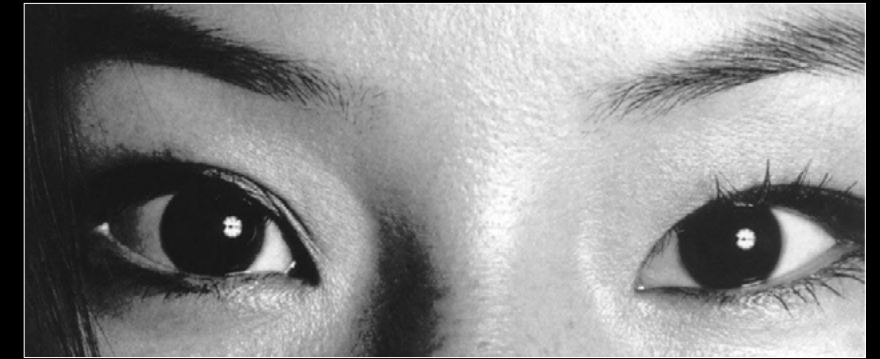
A large well appointed townhouse in the 4th Arrondissement, overlooking Notre Dame. Our first look at Paris, beautiful at night.





INT. BROTHEL ROOM. NIGHT

A stunning, 19 year old Japanese girl, KIRIKA, head bowed, full GEI-SHA dress, hair piled on her head and held with long pins, is preparing a tea ceremony tray.





INT. LIBERTINE/BACK ROOMS. NIGHT

SMITH catches up with the group who are walking through a smaller, less, stylish room, dominated by the green baize of card tables, craps, roulette. LAWRENCE waits for him.





INT. PARIS BROTHEL. NIGHT

SERGEI pulls an automatic from under his coat and points it at TAYLOR, who is also pulling his own gun. Mexican stand off. Gun barrels only inches apart.

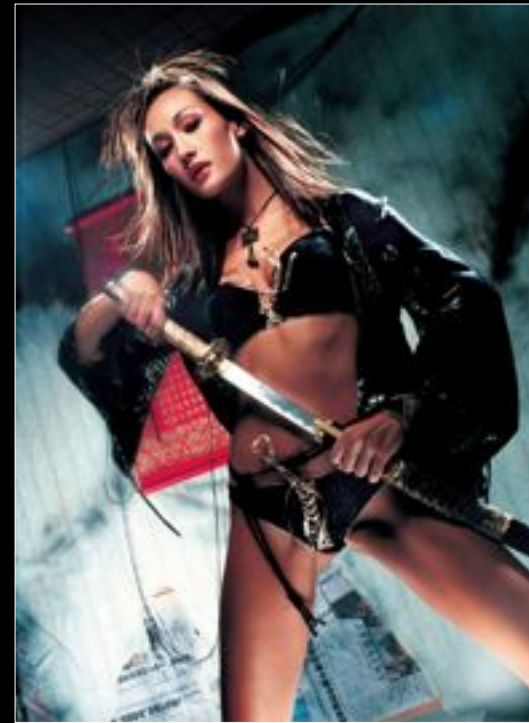
The two men stare across them at each other. Still sat on the floor. Gun barrels inches from KIRIKA's face, the three of them so close. Absurd and intense.



INT. PARIS BROTHEL. NIGHT

SUDDEN SILENCE amidst the smoke and chaos. KIRIKA stands, magnificent, in the lobby. KIMONO shining. DRINK her in. Camera swirls round her till it finds LANCE coming to join her.





INT. LIBERTINE/VOYEURS ROOM. NIGHT

A circular corridor with doors on the inner curve. MIREILLE, JOHN and party come to a door and JOHN opens it, waves them all inside.

CLOSE on two entwined bodies as the camera circles them. Then REVEAL it is not the camera that circles but the couple, on a revolving dais.





INT. MIREILLE'S APARTMENT. DAY

CLOSE on MIREILLE, her amazing blue eyes, the sheen of her long blonde hair. The curve of her neck and contour of her lips. She's staring at something. Intense, intent.

Beyond, her the apartment's windows look out onto Paris, the Eiffel Tower standing proud in the distance. Morning sun still on the rise. Gives the apartment a warm, golden glow. Lights up MIREILLE's hair and skin.





EXT. PARIS ALLEY. DAY

Sacre Coeur and Montmartre rise in the distance. Oblique sunlight and shadows. Very Noirish.

VIKTOR stands impatiently, smoking, hat pulled low. Leaning on his cane. Several old butts litter the cobbles by his feet. A figure in a hat comes down and joins him. REVEAL it to be SMITH. All very clandestine.





INT. SMITH'S OFFICE. DAY

A small office in the Hotel Tall-eyrand - the fixings are ornate but the room is bare - SMITH carries most of his work in his head. Beyond the window the Place de la Concorde buzzes with mopeds and taxis.





EXT. STREET CAFE. DAY

MIREILLE and BRIGITTE sit outside, drinking coffee on the Left Bank, as the Paris world ambles by. Shopping bags by their feet. MIREILLE immaculate in Dior. BRIGITTE also striking out of her Libertine look. Parisian ladies.





INT. KIRIKA'S HIDEOUT. NIGHT

LANCE walks off and KIRIKA goes to the window. Leans her naked body against it, cooling her body against the glass. KIRIKA looks out at the buzz and hum of Paris. Her reflection in the glass imposed on the city.





EXT. TRAIN PLATFORM. NIGHT

MIREILLE comes at pace onto the platform, dodging the exiting passengers. The train is about to depart. She runs for it.





INT. MIREILLE'S APARTMENT. NIGHT

MIREILLE enters her apartment. Limping. One shoe on and the other off, heel snapped. Knees bloodied, face bruised. Goes into the bathroom and starts pulling off her wrecked clothes. Stares at herself in the mirror.

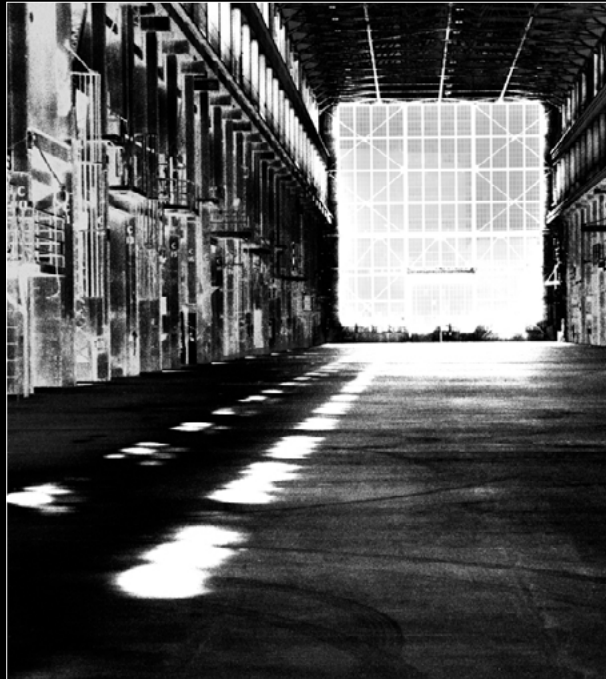


INT. ABANDONED BUILDING. DAY

A dripping, haunted space. Broken glass and clattering pigeons. Old furniture lies around, half broken, like battle field corpses. Amidst this, in the centre of the space, VIKTOR sits at a desk, a chair in front of him. A machinegun on the table before him, which he idly keeps ejecting the magazine from and then putting it back in.

MIREILLE walks in to the building, past two stern Russian AGENTS. Her deadly heels clicking against the floor.





INT. MIREILLE'S APARTMENT. DAY

MIREILLE holding the knife. Pondering it. Puts it down. Picks up the file brought to her by SMITH.

CLOSE on flames, orange turns to blue as a photo of JOHN and the dead girl melts and crackles. MIREILLE is bent over the fireplace as she feeds photos of JOHN to the fire.

A noise makes her turn. JOHN stands in the doorway watching her. Their eyes lock.







An ORIGINAL SERIES by STARZ
NOIR