

THE SAX

Written by

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1. EXT. SHREVEPORT CUSTOMS DEPOT - NIGHT

1.

Six THIEVES, all dressed in black and wearing ski masks, hurry to load a van with stolen goods. Suddenly, we hear the blaring of a POLICE SIREN. In panic, the thieves drop their loot.

One of the thieves snaps up the visor of his ski mask to reveal a wrinkled face and a big white moustache. He quickly scribbles down a name and address on a long case, then pushes it into the customs office.

Police cars SCREECH to a halt, surrounding the van. Officers descend on the thieves, guns raised.

The thieves, hands in the air, offer no resistance. As they remove their ski masks, we see their faces - each of them in their sixties - marked with strain and disappointment.

SUPERIMPOSE: New Orleans, USA - Shreveport Customs Depot

2. EXT. ROOF OPPOSITE SHREVEPORT CUSTOMS DEPOT - NIGHT

2.

Standing in the gloom is BOLOS, a thirty-something African American man with a rough face, wearing a gold ring in his right nostril. He looks down on the thieves, smiling.

Then he turns to the customs office and his face hardens.

3. INT. SHREVEPORT CUSTOMS DEPOT - NIGHT

3.

The long crate is visible in the light of the reactivated alarms. On its side, a Chicago address and the name of the recipient: Mr. Broloks.

4. EXT. CHICAGO-HOOVERVILLE SHOP - DAY

4.

RUDOLPH CALAGLAND (40) walks lost in thought, listening to music on his headphones. Pale and clean-shaven, with well groomed hair, he wears a scarf and a suit emblazoned with the Chicago-Hooverville logo.

He wanders towards the entrance of the Chicago-Hooverville shop, removing his headphones with a sigh as he passes a hunched old woman, ANTOINETTE, who is sweeping dead leaves from the sidewalk.

Rudolph smiles and looks at her.

RUDOLPH

Hello, Antoinette.

Antoinette jumps, forgetting her work. Looking at Rudolph, she pushes her dentures back into place and points towards the shop.

ANTOINETTE

You slacker! Have you finally decided to take up the reins or are you going to vegetate for another year?

RUDOLPH

Hey! I live my life how I like and I'll run this store how I like.

ANTOINETTE

You might look like Marcel Calagland, but you're no worthy heir to him. He had guts. He wasn't afraid to face life!

RUDOLPH

What...?

ANTOINETTE

You heard me.

RUDOLPH

My life is complicated enough, thanks, so spare me the comparisons to Grandpa. Have a nice day.

ANTOINETTE

Sla...

RUDOLPH

Please.

ANTOINETTE

...cker.

RUDOLPH

Shut up!

ANTOINETTE

Slacker!

RUDOLPH

SHUT UP!

Rudolph runs into the shop, the sliding doors closing shut behind him.

Antoinette sticks out her tongue, pushes her dentures back into place, and goes back to sweeping dead leaves from the sidewalk.

SUPERIMPOSE: USA, Downtown Chicago, Two Days Later

5. EXT. ACROSS THE STREET - DAY

5.

Tall buildings, lined with trees in fall colors. Across from the shop runs FRANK (60), heavyset and wearing a sombre suit. Curly grey hair peeks out from under his hat and he sports a big, bushy beard. On his feet, crocodile-skin shoes.

6. INT. APARTMENT BUILDING, HALL - DAY

6.

Frank is sweating and breathing hard as he runs down the hall. He heads toward a door inscribed with the words: "Long Live the Prohibition and Long Live the Broloks."

He is reaching out towards the door when suddenly he twists his ankle. Letting out a YELP, he throws himself towards the door and SMASHES through it.

7. INT. BROLOKS GANG HEAD OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

7.

FRANK, red in the face, dusts off what's left of the door. Then he looks up at two men, their faces haggard, sitting at a table covered with BANKNOTES and GUNS.

One of the men, SALVATORE, stands up sharply, SLAMMING his empty glass down on the table next to a whiskey bottle. Small, stocky, with thinning black hair and a wrinkled face, he sports a small, well-groomed moustache.

The other man, JOHN - slim, with long white hair - stays put, twirling his moustache.

SALVATORE  
(Italian accent)  
Damn, whatsamatter, Frank ?

Frank, still on all fours among the wreckage of the door, shakes his head.

FRANK  
The whole gang got caught,  
Salvatore.

Frowning, John stands to his full, intimidating height. He takes a deep draw on a cigar and blows smoke.

JOHN  
(Rolling his "r"s)  
And the goods, Frank?

FRANK  
Sorry, John.

SALVATORE tosses an ice cube into his glass.

SALVATORE  
Damn... Those cops just won't give up.

FRANK  
We've lost a bundle on this one.

JOHN  
Yeah! No kidding.

Salvatore pours himself another whiskey, raising it to his lips with a nervous grimace.

SALVATORE  
The saxophone was the most precious thing of all.

Frank smiles.

FRANK  
It wasn't among the seized goods.

SALVATORE  
What? It wasn't taken?

John coughs smoke.

JOHN  
So where is it?

FRANK  
A customs agent sent me a receipt for it this morning.

SALVATORE  
Damn... We gotta get it back, at all costs!

FRANK  
We can take a flight to Louisiana and -

JOHN  
You crazy, Frank? With all those cops crawling all over the place?  
(MORE)

JOHN (CONT'D)

There's gonna be a price on our heads!

SALVATORE

Hey! First, let's send a lawyer to free the gang. And then, let's sit down and figure out how to get back what's ours.

8. INT. BROLOKS GANG HEAD OFFICE - NIGHT

8.

Salvatore, Frank, and John, all exhausted, sit around the table, now covered with food leftovers. In the background, the radio plays old Italian music.

SALVATORE tosses ice cubes into three glasses and fills them with whisky.

The three men each take a glass, toast, and knock it back.

SALVATORE

So... We have a plan.

FRANK

And what if it fails ?

SALVATORE

We've got a backup. An old friend over there still owes me a favour.

JOHN

All the same, such a treasure in the hands of a moron!

Salvatore stares out the window at the garish lights of the Chicago-Hooverville store.

SALVATORE

I already told you, he's our best shot. Nobody knows him.

JOHN

You're right, we're too exposed.

FRANK

Well then. For the Broloks!

Salvatore turns with a smile.

SALVATORE AND JOHN

For the Broloks!

9. EXT. CHICAGO PARK - DAY

9.

TONI (30), a well-groomed Italian-American, stands next to a hot dog stand on a busy street. He greedily eats his purchase and watches people go by.

KOVAK (30s), lightly dressed and with a rough, unshaven face, pushes his way through the crowd and approaches Toni.

KOVAK

(Russian accent)

Eh, Toni! Da... I have info that will please you.

TONI

Hi, Kovak.

KOVAK

Da... You really have to listen to this.

Tony calmly throws the remains of his hot dog into a trash can.

TONI

I'm all ears.

Rubbing his hands together, Toni heads for the park. Kovak joins him, walking backwards.

KOVAK

Yesterday I was spying on those old farts from the Broloks gang and guess what I heard? They're looking for a saxophone.

TONI

They're into music now? Wait, what?  
A sax?

KOVAK

Da... And a good number of them got caught down in Louisiana.

TOMI

Louisiana!

Toni and Kovak come to a stop.

KOVAK

Da... and with all their goods. The saxophone is still at Shreveport customs.

Toni slowly chews on his lip, deep in thought.

TONI

It must be pretty valuable to those old degenerates.

KOVAK

Da... And Salvatore is sending someone to retrieve it.

TONI

But why? What's special about this sax?

Toni suddenly pulls himself together and looks at Kovak.

TONI (CONT'D)

Wait, what did you say?

KOVAK

Nobody knows who he is. He's a new guy.

Toni sniggers.

TONI

Well then, we'll send a few experts of our own.

KOVAK

Who are you thinking of?

TONI

The Frenchmen!

KOVAK

What? The three French guys?

TONI

They always said they wanted to get noticed. And this'll be a good opportunity to prove the supremacy of the Jackals over the Broloks.

Toni and Kovak laugh.

10.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

10.

A red Ford Mustang charges along at double the limit, overtaking three cars. Next to the road, a sign reading: "Welcome to Louisiana."

11. INT. FORD MUSTANG - DAY

11.

Rudolph tensely grips the wheel. As the radio plays "The Perfect Day" by Fischer-Z, he nods along to the beat for a moment before turning the music off.

RUDOLPH

A perfect day, that's for sure!

Rudolph gazes ahead, his face hardening as a distant look comes into his eyes.

12. EXT. CHICAGO PARK - EVENING (FLASHBACK)

12.

Rudolph, his face hidden by his hood, sits on a bench throwing seeds to the pigeons when he is cautiously approached by Frank.

Frank glances around. Seeing nothing suspicious, he sits down at the far end of the bench.

FRANK

Rudolph? Rudolph Calagland?

The pigeons suddenly SCATTER, flying up into the air. Frank grimaces and edges away.

RUDOLPH

Yes, that would be me.

Frank moves closer again.

FRANK

It's incredible how much you look like Marcel!

RUDOLPH

That's what a lot of people say.

Frank shakes his head and pulls himself together.

FRANK

Right, let's get to it. If you want to join the Broloks like your grandfather, you'll have to do something for us first. A mission. Incognito.

He smirks.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Marcel was merciless and loyal to us, never forget that.

Rudolph puts the bird seed away in his left pocket and pulls back his hood with a smile. Standing, he takes a candy from his right pocket and offers it to Frank.

Surprised, Frank jumps back from him. Rudolph pauses, then quickly puts the candy back in his pocket.

RUDOLPH

What's the mission?

FRANK

You're going to get a case for us... more precisely a saxophone. From Louisiana.

RUDOLPH

That's it? I don't want to be an errand boy!

FRANK

That's your test before you can join the gang.

RUDOLPH

It's not what I was expecting.

FRANK

We're not in kindergarten, kiddo. You join the gang, there are responsibilities.

RUDOLPH

Just a quick trip, then ?

Frank smirks and nods.

FRANK

You married? Children?

Rudolph tosses the last of the seeds from his pocket onto the ground.

RUDOLPH

Neither.

FRANK

Perfect.

Frank gets up, patting Rudolph on the back. Rudolph proudly raises his head, gazing up at the sky as a distant look comes into his eyes...

END FLASHBACK

13. INT. FORD MUSTANG - DAY

13.

Rudolph shakes his head, hunching over the wheel and gripping it even tighter.

RUDOLPH

Come on! This will change my life,  
and it'll be easy. I'm tired of  
selling those damn hoovers all  
day...

He speaks in a high pitched voice, mimicking an annoying client.

RUDOLPH (CONT'D)

I want a powerful one with a big  
nozzle, a multifunction nozzle. I  
want it to suck up absolutely  
everything!

He loosens his grip on the steering wheel and runs a hand through his hair.

RUDOLPH (CONT'D)

An exciting life, with a big  
family, that's what's waiting for  
me. Finally.

He reaches into his pocket and takes out an OLD COLT PISTOL.

RUDOLPH (CONT'D)

I'll finally have a new purpose in  
life.

He caresses his cheek with the gun, when he suddenly notices a centipede walking across the dashboard. Using the tip of barrel, he flicks it out the window.

RUDOLPH (CONT'D)

Damn creepy crawler.

14. INT. SHREVEPORTE'S CUSTOMS OFFICE - DAY

14.

RUDOLPH, collar up and toothpick in the corner of his mouth, heads to the counter.

He nervously stops behind an OLD LADY. Looking to his right, he sees two elderly African American MEN sitting on a bench wearing black hats, black glasses, and dark suits.

SUPERIMPOSE: Shreveport Customs Office, Louisiana

RUDOLPH  
Who are they supposed to be, ZZ  
Top?

The man on the left is UNCLE SAMMY. Small and slight of build, he nods to Rudolph with a smile.

RUDOLPH (CONT'D)  
What's up with Ray Charles?

The old lady turns around with a smile and leaves with a box under her arm.

Rudolph approaches the counter and comes face to face with AGENT 1 (30s). He nervously reaches for the right pocket of his coat, resting his hand on the butt of the pistol.

Agent 1 stares at him.

With a nervous smile, Rudolph chuckles and quickly moves his hand to his inner pocket. He takes out the receipt for the case and his ID card.

RUDOLPH (CONT'D)  
Quickly! I'm in a hurry.

The agent takes the documents and checks them over. Then he heads for the back room.

Rudolph chews on his lip, nervously tapping his fingers on the counter. Slowly, he turns his head to look at Uncle Sammy.

Smiling, Uncle Sammy gets up and gets in line behind Rudolph, jostling him slightly.

UNCLE SAMMY  
Shit.

RUDOLPH  
Don't worry about it... Armstrong.

Agent 1 reappears, empty-handed.

AGENT 1  
I'm sorry, Mr. Calagland, but your parcel has already been retrieved.

Rudolph freezes.

RUDOLPH  
What?

UNCLE SAMMY  
Shit! The package is gone.

RUDOLPH  
It's a crate with...

UNCLE SAMMY  
Screw that! It's gone, man.

Rudolph turns sharply to face Uncle Sammy with a frown. Uncle Sammy points to the exit.

UNCLE SAMMY (CONT'D)  
Christ, it's been gone two hours at least!

RUDOLPH  
You sure of that, old timer?

UNCLE SAMMY  
Erm, yes!

RUDOLPH grabs his documents from the agent then turns and seizes Uncle Sammys' arm.

RUDOLPH  
Who took my package?

UNCLE SAMMY  
Christ! Who do I look like this time?

RUDOLPH  
Hey!

UNCLE SAMMY  
Ray Charles? Armstrong? I'm flattered.

RUDOLPH  
Definitely not Beethoven, he was deaf as a door post.

UNCLE SAMMY  
Screw you! Shit! You're not much of a gangster, are you... Rudolph Calagland !

Rudolph glances around in shock.

RUDOLPH  
You... you know my name?

UNCLE SAMMY  
For Christ's sake, let's get out of  
here.

15. EXT. SHREVEPORT CUSTOMS OFFICE PARKING LOT - DAY 15.

Rudolph walks tensely with Uncle Sammy to an old rust-red pickup truck.

Uncle Sammy opens the passenger side door and gestures Rudolph to get in.

RUDOLPH  
You're not gonna ask me to...

UNCLE SAMMY  
For Christ's sake, Calagland, get  
in!

Rudolph obeys. He has to force the door shut behind him.

Uncle Sammy gets behind the wheel. He starts the engine and starts backing out of the space.

INT. RUST-RED PICKUP TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

RUDOLPH  
How do you know my name? Who double-crossed me?

Uncle Sammy makes a face and changes gears while looking anxiously in his rear view mirror. He takes a cigar from his pocket and lights up.

UNCLE SAMMY  
Thank God, no one on our tail.

RUDOLPH  
But... Who are you?

Uncle Sammy lowers his window. He hawks and spits outside.

RUDOLPH (CONT'D)  
Yuck!

Uncle Sammy closes the window again and then turns to Rudolph, spittle on his chin.

UNCLE SAMMY  
My name is Bens... Uncle Sammy.  
Salvatore told me about you.  
(MORE)

UNCLE SAMMY (CONT'D)  
He asked me to watch out for you  
and help out if things went tits  
up.

RUDOLPH  
You work for the Broloks gang?

UNCLE SAMMY  
(drooling)  
Hell, no! I'm not an idiot like  
you, trying to become a gangster...  
Let alone joining the Broloks!

Rudolph pulls a face.

RUDOLPH  
Your mouth... It's disgusting!

Uncle Sammy wipes his mouth on the back of his hand.

UNCLE SAMMY  
Fucking old age!

RUDOLPH  
Why do you swear all the time?

UNCLE SAMMY  
Goddamnit, I don't swear! Thank  
God, Calagland, once you've got the  
sax, you'll piss off for good...

RUDOLPH  
Let's stick to the subject. Why  
would you help me?

UNCLE SAMMY  
I'm paying off a fucking debt. And  
as soon as it's done, I sure as  
hell will breathe better.

INT. JEEP - DAY

Across the parking lot from the pickup truck.

LUPIN, a distinguished looking Frenchman of medium height and build, is behind the wheel.

Next to him sits BONAPART, also French, nervously chewing gum. He's burly but short, with a military crew cut and a poorly shaved chin.

In the back is BEAUDELAIRE, a cheery Frenchman with a well-groomed beard and fashionable haircut.

He's tall and muscular, takes good care of himself. He greedily sucks on a lollipop.

All three speak with French accents.

BONAPART

Lupin, ram this rotten van and let's beat them up until they tell us where the sax is.

BEAUADELAIRE

Looks like our dear Calagland has a friend. Toni didn't see this coming, did he Bonapart?

BONAPART

Doesn't matter, I'm gonna whack them both, two for the price of one.

LUPIN

Shut up! It's not the right time, not yet, it's not the right time. Let's keep our distance and see where the sax is. We steal it my way, and then... Do whatever you want. That's what I say, do whatever you want!

BEAUADELAIRE

Fine, let's just take in the scenery and keep an eye on them.

18. INT. RUST-RED PICK-UP TRICK - DAY

18.

Rudolph wriggles nervously in his seat.

RUDOLPH

The man who managed to steal the crate, where did he come from?

Cigar in mouth, Uncle Sammy blows smoke and turns on the car radio. The sounds of JAZZ fill the cabin.

UNCLE SAMMY

Fuck. I've got an idea where the guy cribs, and that's where the shit might really hit the fan!

RUDOLPH

You don't say.

UNCLE SAMMY

I just hope that he's not working  
for Papa Tcho-Tchot. But damn it,  
how did he know the sax was at  
customs?

RUDOLPH

Someone must have told him. Who's  
this Papa... Tcho-Tchot?

UNCLE SAMMY

Someone to avoid like hell. He's a  
gang leader and a powerful voodoo  
priest.

RUDOLPH

A wizard! We gotta get back to my  
Mustang and get more weapons.

UNCLE SAMMY

Your car? Are you kidding or what?  
Right now, your bitchin' Mustang is  
getting dismantled piece by piece,  
I can promise you that!

RUDOLPH

What? But I'm still paying for it!

RUDOLPH takes the Colt out of his pocket and brandishes it.

RUDOLPH (CONT'D)

I won't stay quiet about this, you  
hear?

UNCLE SAMMY

Hey! Careful with that antique!

RUDOLPH

It's not an antique! It was my  
grandfather's. He was a mobster.

UNCLE SAMMY

Shit, put it away! I don't like  
guns.

RUDOLPH

I've got to have a gun now I'm a  
gangster.

Uncle Sammy shakes his head, bites down on his cigar, and  
turns up the radio.

Rudolph proudly pockets the Colt, turns up his collar, and  
rests his head against the window.

EXT. BAYOU, UNCLE SAMMYS' HOUSE - EVENING.

Rudolph, exhausted and bleary-eyed, yawns as he gets out of the pick-up truck. His hair has been flattened against the window.

Uncle Sammy walks up to the screen door of an old house framed by the drooping branches of two trees and inserts his key in the lock.

Rudolph stretches and gives the house a haggard look.

RUDOLPH

What the hell is this place?

UNCLE SAMMY

Shit, are you planning on taking root there?

RUDOLPH

Erm...

UNCLE SAMMY

Rudolph! Ha! What kind of name is that for a gangster? Santa's reindeer!

RUDOLPH

Hey!

UNCLE SAMMY

Welcome, Calagland.

RUDOLPH

But... What is this place?

UNCLE SAMMY

This is my place.

RUDOLPH

Your place! Statistically there are more thefts and murders here than anywhere else in the country.

UNCLE SAMMY

Is that right, Mr. Gangster? Well then, you'll soon be robbed of everything you have and left for dead. And don't forget about the alligators!

RUDOLPH

What?

UNCLE SAMMY

Oh, Christ! Get over here and don't  
believe everything you're told!

Rudolph checks around as he heads for the door.

RUDOLPH

Only thing missing is vampires.

UNCLE SAMMY

Holy mother! We got a connoisseur!

INT. JEEP - EVENING

Lupin, Bonapart, and Beaujelaire watch from across the street as Rudolph and Uncle Sammy enter the house. Lupin switches off the engine and lights.

LUPIN

Now we know where he lives.

BONAPART

What is he doing in this dump?  
Tomorrow, I start shooting!

BEAUJELAIRE

First the sax, first and foremost.

21. INT. UNCLE SAMMYS' HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - EVENING

21.

RUDOLPH glances around. There are no pictures or decorations of any kind. He grimaces at the sight of an old rotary phone.

RUDOLPH

Mind if I use the phone?

Uncle Sammy throws himself into an armchair and turns on the TV.

UNCLE SAMMY

Shit! Ain't you got a cellphone,  
gangster?

RUDOLPH

I left it in the car.

Uncle Sammy starts to laugh and turns up the SOUND on the TV.

Rudolph picks up the receiver, dials, and turns away. When someone answers, he starts to WHISPER down the phone.

Uncle Sammy discreetly looks at him. Turns down the TV. Turns it up again.

Rudolph hangs up and turns back to him, looking grave. Uncle Sammy raises his eyebrows.

UNCLE SAMMY  
What's the matter, Calagland?

Rudolph covers his face with his hands.

RUDOLPH  
What have I done?

UNCLE SAMMY  
Are you gonna spit it out? Shit!

RUDOLPH  
I've got until the end of the week  
to bring the saxophone to the  
Broloks or my parents...

UNCLE SAMMY  
Pfft! What did you really expect,  
gangster? Seriously!

RUDOLPH  
This wasn't part of the agreement!

UNCLE SAMMY  
For sure, it's bullshit.

Rudolph paces nervously back and forth, then stops.

RUDOLPH  
You got a bathtub? I need a bath!

UNCLE SAMMY  
Second door on the left. The towels  
are in the cupboard, right in front  
of the fuckin' tub.

RUDOLPH  
The tub?

UNCLE SAMMY  
Where you put your ass, buster.

Head down, Rudolph heads for the stairs.

22. INT. UNCLE SAMMYS' HOUSE, BATHROOM - EVENING 22.

A plastic cap on his head, Rudolph sits in the soapy water. On the chair next to him, his Colt lies on top of his neatly folded clothes.

Suddenly, something THUMPS the bottom of the tub. Surprised, Rudolph sinks so that only his head is above water.

RUDOLPH  
Hey! Uncle Sammy!

23. INT. UNCLE SAMMYS' HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - EVENING 23.

Uncle Sammy is smoking another cigar while a wrestling match plays on TV. He frowns and looks towards the stairs.

UNCLE SAMMY  
What?

RUDOLPH (O.S.)  
(Screaming)  
Your tub!

Uncle Sammy sighs.

UNCLE SAMMY  
Must be Jo-Black.

24. INT. UNCLE SAMMYS' HOUSE, BATHROOM - NIGHT 24.

Rudolph reaches for the Colt when the tub is violently SHAKEN by further BLOWS.

RUDOLPH  
What the hell's going on?

Suddenly an ALLIGATOR emerges from under the bath, turning its head to look at Rudolph, opening wide its toothless mouth.

Rudolph scrambles for the Colt, only to drop it in the water. He frantically searches for it through the bubbles.

JO-BLACK snaps its jaws.

Rudolph freezes.

The alligator wanders over to the bathroom door, pushes it open, and disappears through it with heavy steps.

Finding the Colt at last, Rudolph brandishes it in the direction of the door.

RUDOLPH (CONT'D)  
Damn crawler!

25. INT. UNCLE SAMMYS' HOUSE, HALLWAY - NIGHT

25.

Pale-faced, Rudolph walks to the living room door with a towel around his waist and raises a finger.

RUDOLPH  
Mmm! Mmm! Mmmmmmm!

Uncle Sammy looks at him, belches smoke, then gets up and comes over to him.

UNCLE SAMMY  
Goddamn, buddy! What's up with you?

RUDOLPH  
What... What's with the alligator?

UNCLE SAMMY  
Ah, you'll get used to him. He's like a pet pooch.

RUDOLPH  
You don't say!

UNCLE SAMMY  
Yeah, it's great, I raised him from a baby. And besides, you've got nothing to fear, he's got no teeth left.

RUDOPH  
No teeth?

UNCLE SAMMY  
Yeah, thanks to my friend Rose.

Rudolph looks back towards the corridor to see Jo-Black speeding towards him. A swipe of the alligator's tail and Rudolph hits the floor hard.

Uncle Sammy looks down at him.

UNCLE SAMMY (CONT'D)  
Fuck, Jo-Black! Careful with my guest!

Jo-Black nonchalantly settles in the big armchair in front of the TV.

26. INT. RUST-RED PICKUP TRUCK - DAY

26.

Uncle Sammy drives, cigar clenched between his teeth, tapping his fingers on the wheel in time to the SOUL MUSIC on the radio.

Next to him, a grimacing Rudolph holds a bag of ice to his head.

RUDOLPH

Listen, I've got to find the sax,  
the sooner the better.

UNCLE SAMMY

Shit! Don't forget I'm here to  
help.

RUDOLPH

Yeah, but we gotta move fast. You  
could have warned me about your...  
Pet.

UNCLE SAMMY

Ah, screw you. You still  
bellyaching about that?

RUDOLPH

As soon as I've got the sax, I  
swear I'm out of here...

UNCLE SAMMY

Good. So what's your problem?

RUDOLPH

What do you mean?

UNCLE SAMMY

Shit, I mean why the change? Why  
d'you want to be a gangster, you a  
loser or something?

Rudolph takes an old photo out of his pocket and shows it to Uncle Sammy.

RUDOLPH

I want to look like this.

The photo shows Rudolph's grandfather, MARCEL CALAGLAND:  
30ish, wearing a dark suit. He has a pale complexion and a  
harsh, unforgiving face framed by slicked back hair.

RUDOLPH (CONT'D)  
 To join the gang, I've got to get  
 the sax.

Uncle Sammy squints at Rudolph.

UNCLE SAMMY  
 Shit! I get the feeling you're not  
 telling me the whole truth.

RUDOLPH  
 Of course I am! I don't want to be  
 ruled by my parents any more. I  
 want to be free.

Uncle Sammy looks at the picture again and nods, smiling.

UNCLE SAMMY  
 What a load of crap! You think it's  
 better to be like your grandpa,  
 always being hunted, waiting to get  
 whacked?

RUDOLPH  
 Wait, what? How do you know about  
 my grandpa?

UNCLE SAMMY  
 I already said, Salvatore told me  
 everything. Besides, it ain't  
 difficult to figure out.

RUDOLPH  
 My grandpa was a respected man. He  
 lived his life the way he wanted,  
 and that's enough for me.

UNCLE BENS  
 And what a way to live!

Rudolph puts the photo back in his pocket, slaps the ice pack  
 against his head, and sullenly turns up the radio.

27. EXT. PIER - DAY

27.

Rudolph sits in the truck; four heavyset GIRLS sitting on the  
 side of the pier wink and blow kisses at him.

Uncle Sammy speaks with an African-American man with greying  
 hair. Then he salutes and comes back to the truck, looking  
 tense.

Seeing him, four girls suddenly become serious. They turn away and throw their fishing lines into the water.

28. INT. RUST-RED PICKUP TRUCK - DAY

28.

Rudolph is red in the face as Uncle Sammy gets in.

RUDOLPH

So, Uncle Sammy... Where is the sax?

Uncle Sammy, face drawn, slams the door and starts the engine.

UNCLE SAMMY

Goddamn! It's at the Afriqua Jazz Club.

RUDOLPH

You don't look too pleased.

UNCLE SAMMY

Shit! I was hoping the sax was still in the hands of one of his lackeys. Unfortunately, he already has it.

RUDOLPH

Who?

UNCLE SAMMY

You idiot, Papa Tcho-Tchot, that's who!

Rudolph straightens up and takes out his Colt.

UNCLE SAMMY (CONT'D)

Put the gun away, for fuck's sake!

RUDOLPH

Time's running out for my parents.

UNCLE SAMMY

Shit. If you show up at his place with that thing, he's gonna fuck you up real bad.

RUDOLPH

We'll see about that.

29. EXT. AFRIQUA JAZZ CLUB PARKING LOT - DAY

29.

Rudolph and Uncle Sammy make their way across the parking lot, heading for the club's entrance.

RUDOLPH

We've got to be fast.

UNCLE SAMMY

Calm down! We're on his turf here, so let me do the talking. No aggressive moves, you hear?

RUDOLPH

What's the point of being a gangster if I can't-

UNCLE SAMMY

Listen, you must never, never reveal who you are.

INT. AFRIQUA JAZZ CLUB - DAY

Rudolph and Uncle Sammy approach a small table where PAPA TCHO-TCHOT (60) sits. Tall, thin, and with his bright white hair cut short, he wears a long multicolored robe.

RUDOLPH

What the...

Around Papa Tcho-Tchot are four African-American MEN, heavyset and wearing dark suits. One of them is BOLOS, a gold ring in his right nostril.

The four men move away to allow Rudolph and Uncle Sammy to see Papa Tcho-Tchot properly for the first time: a wrinkled African-American man with strange sigils marking his face, wearing gold earrings and nose ring.

Rudolph looks him up and down.

RUDOLPH (CONT'D)

So this is him.

PAPA TCHO-TCHOT

Hey, hey! It's the jazzman in person.

UNCLE SAMMY

Goddamn, it's been a while.

PAPA TCHO-TCHOT  
And what is the purpose of this  
rare visit...?

RUDOLPH  
You're a musician?

UNCLE SAMMY  
Shut the fuck up, let me do the  
talking.

Papa Tcho-Tchot frowns at Rudolph. Suddenly, his eyes turn red - he reaches out, grabs Bolos, and drags him nearer.

UNCLE SAMMY (CONT'D)  
Shit, I just came for some  
information...

Papa Tcho-Tchot stands.

PAPA TCHO-TCHOT  
With some idiot who thinks he's Al  
Capone.

RUDOLPH  
Hey!

Papa Tcho-Tchot wags his finger and mutters under his breath.

PAPA TCHO-TCHOT  
(to Uncle Sammy)  
I didn't realize you were so  
vulgar, Bens.

UNCLE SAMMY  
Fu... Shi... I'm here because of  
him.

Wincing, Uncle Sammy raises his hands to his throat.

PAPA TCHO-TCHOT  
You really know this bozo?

UNCLE SAMMY  
He's the son of an old friend from  
Chicago. His sax got stolen at the  
Shreveport customs.

Uncle Sammy claps a hand over his mouth.

RUDOLPH  
What the hell are you telling him  
for?

PAPA TCHO-TCHOT  
Your friends are far away.

RUDOLPH  
Okay, enough with the corny street-  
magician act!

Rudolph reaches for his gun and advances on Papa Tcho-Tchot.

PAPA TCHO-TCHOT  
I'm master here. Nobody threatens  
me!

Opening his eyes wide, Papa Tcho-Tchot mumbles something through his teeth and thrusts his hands out towards Rudolph.

Rudolph is suddenly stopped in his tracks. He fights to keep moving forward, swinging his fists at Papa Tcho-Tchot, but he can't reach him.

Uncle Sammy grimaces, watching helplessly as Rudolph's arms suddenly drops and his body becomes inert.

UNCLE SAMMY  
What... What have you done?

PAPA TCHO-TCHOT  
Just a little trick to keep your  
"acquaintance" from doing anything  
stupid.

UNCLE SAMMY  
I see that old habits die hard.

PAPA TCHO-TCHOT  
Let's come to the point, dear Bens.

UNCLE SAMMY  
You've recently acquired a sax.

PAPA TCHO-TCHOT  
Indeed. Bolos here was at  
Shreveport customs when he saw some  
clumsy thieves getting arrested.  
After that, it was no problem to  
find the crate they were after.

Papa Tcho-Tchot takes a seat, drawing a crooked cigar from his pocket. Lighting up, he blows greenish smoke towards Bolos.

PAPA TCHO-TCHOT (CONT'D)  
Strange, huh? All this energy just  
for a lousy musical instrument!

Bolos inhales the smoke. Suddenly he winces, shakes, scratches his ass, and makes a creepy face. He advances on Rudolph.

Papa Tcho-Tchot frowns and gesticulates with his fingers.

PAPA TCHO-TCHOT (CONT'D)  
No jewels or drugs hidden in it,  
it's not made of gold... And it  
makes an awful sound. I don't think  
you're telling me the whole truth,  
Bens...

Bolos raises his fists and squares up to Rudolph like a boxer.

UNCLE SAMMY  
I told you, I just want to get it  
back for my friend's son.

Bolos THUNDERS a punch into Rudolph's head, sending him heavily to the floor. Uncle Sammy watches on in horror.

UNCLE SAMMY (CONT'D)  
What are you doing!?

PAPA TCHO-TCHOT  
Every time you lie, my dear Bens,  
Bolos will hit your acquaintance.  
Like Mike Tyson. It's up to you to  
stop him.

There's a cut on Rudolph's forehead. Wincing, he gets up and faces Bolos again.

UNCLE SAMMY  
Oh, God!

Bolos throws a powerful punch into Rudolph's stomach and follows up with a hook to the face. Rudolph is knocked to the ground again.

UNCLE SAMMY (CONT'D)  
Stop! You're gonna kill him!

Rudolph, looking bewildered, gets up and faces Bolos again. His face is swelling up.

INT. 4X4 - DAY

Lupin gently rubs the leather steering wheel while chewing on a toothpick.

Bonapart, his features drawn, nervously rubs his fist and grinds his teeth.

Beaudelaire lies in the back, sucking on a lollipop.

BONAPART

I swear, I'm gonna kill them all!

LUPIN

Patience is a virtue. Keep cool, keep cool.

BEAUSLAIRE

Who couldn't he live in the Old Quarter though, or the Big Easy? I could have eaten anything I wanted, ridden the trams...

The three Frenchmen sullenly turn away from one another.

32. INT. AFRIQUA JAZZ CLUB - DAY

32.

Uncle Sammy stamps his foot.

UNCLE SAMMY

Stop! I'm telling the goddamn truth!

Bolos goes to punch Rudolph again - only to suddenly FREEZE in place. His fist stops flush to Rudolph's face.

PAPA TCHO-TCHOT

Mmm. I'm sure you're not, but...

UNCLE SAMMY

But?

PAPA TCHO-TCHOT

If you want your piece of junk back, I'll give you a chance. If you win the contest tomorrow night, here at the club.

UNCLE SAMMY

Fucking hypocrite! I haven't played for a long time and you know it!

PAPA TCHO-TCHOT

Indeed.

Papa Tcho-Tchot lays a hand over his heart.

PAPA TCHO-TCHOT (CONT'D)  
 Bonnie will always leave an empty  
 space in my heart.

UNCLE SAMMY  
 Then why rub salt in the wound?

Papa Tcho-Tchot smiles mischievously and waves his fingers towards Rudolph, mumbling under his breath. Then he turns and walks towards the back room.

PAPA TCHO-TCHOT  
 Take it or leave it, Bens. See you  
 tomorrow night.

33. INT. UNCLE SAMMYS' HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

33.

Rudolph lies on the couch, an ice pack on his head and cream on his bruises. He winces, opens his eyes, and groans as he sits up.

RUDOLPH  
 Oh! My God!

Uncle Sammys' sits smoking a cigar, lost in reverie as he strokes Jo-Black's head.

UNCLE SAMMY  
 Goddamn it, Calagland. What doesn't kill you makes you dumber, huh? I warned you he was a powerful.

Rudolph gingerly touches his face.

RUDOLPH  
 He said you were a musician.

UNCLE SAMMY  
 Shit. You didn't miss that one.

RUDOLPH  
 What happened?

UNCLE SAMMY  
 Goddamn it. Let's just say I tried playing big brother to a bandmate. Tried to save him from shit creek.

RUDOLPH  
 And it came back and hit you like a boomerang.

UNCLE SAMMY  
Boomerang my ass! Listen, right now  
we've got a big problem.

Uncle Sammy gets up sharply.

UNCLE SAMMY (CONT'D)  
Papa Tcho-Tchot has the sax and to  
get it back, he wants me to take  
part in his contest tomorrow.

Rudolph plunges a hand into his coat pocket and draws his gun.

RUDOLPH  
I've got just the instrument we  
need to win right here.

UNCLE SAMMY  
Hey, big nose! Didn't you learn  
your lesson? I'm not gonna play in  
any goddamn contest.

RUDOLPH  
Why not?

UNCLE SAMMY  
Shit! Because I swore I wouldn't,  
that's all. No fucking exceptions.

RUDOLPH  
Well then, I'll go get it myself.

Jo-Black suddenly stands and turns to look at the door.

34. EXT. UNCLE SAMMYS' HOUSE - DAY

34.

Lupin, Beaujelaire and Bonapart hurry up to the front door.

Frowning, Lupin kneels in front of the door and starts picking the lock.

Bonapart nervously looks around, tapping his fist with the palm of his other hand.

Beaujelaire studies a hatch, low down near the front door. He bends down to inspect it and pinches his nose at the smell.

As the door silently swings open, Lupin smiles victoriously and puts away his tools. He steps inside, followed by the others.

35. INT. UNCLE SAMMY'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY 35.

Rudolph and Uncle Sammy look out into the hall.

RUDOLPH AND UNCLE SAMMY  
What the...

Jo-Black moves between them and the door. GROWLING deep in his throat, he THUMPS his tail on the ground.

Rudolph and Uncle Sammy give the alligator a funny look.

RUDOLPH  
What's the matter with him?

UNCLE SAMMY  
Maybe it's just colic.

The sound of FOOTSTEPS approaching from the hall.

UNCLE SAMMY (CONT'D)  
Shit! Who the hell?

Rudolph brandishes his gun in the direction of the door.

UNCLE SAMMY (CONT'D)  
Damn it, none of your gun bullshit  
in my house!

The three Frenchmen abruptly BURST into the room and face down Rudolph and Uncle Sammy.

Jo-Black keeps THUMPING his tail against the ground.

UNCLE SAMMY (CONT'D)  
Who the hell are you guys?

LUPIN  
What are you looking at, huh? I  
said, what are you looking at?

RUDOLPH  
Funny accent.

Bonapart slams his fist into the palm of his other hand.

BONAPART  
So here's our would-be, old-  
fashioned gangster. Worthy of the  
Broloks.

RUDOLPH  
Hey!

LUPIN

We're just here for the sax, you  
hear me? We're just here for the  
sax.

BEAUGELAIRE

Put down that antique cannon of  
yours, Rudolph Calagland, and  
there'll be no need for bloodshed.

BONAPART

And quickly! Or else!

Bonapart steps forward and stops, facing down the barrel of  
the Colt.

RUDOLPH

Not so old-fashioned I can't stop a  
gang of petty thieves.

BONAPART, BEAUGELAIRE AND LUPIN

What?

Rudolph's hand shakes violently. Uncle Sammy looks at him in  
confusion.

UNCLE SAMMY

Holy shit, what the hell are you  
doing?

RUDOLPH

There's no other option. I have to  
pull the trigger.

Bonapart suddenly LEAPS forward, PUNCHING Rudolph in the face  
and THROWING Uncle Sammy to the floor.

Jo-Black faces Beaudelaire, whipping his tail back and forth  
and snapping his jaws.

BEAUGELAIRE

Keep cool, handbag.

LUPIN

Don't upset it, they can be  
unpredictable and...

Jo-Black CHARGES at Beaudelaire and HITS him hard, sending  
him flying into his accomplices.

Bonapart grabs his gun and SHOOTS wildly at the ceiling, then  
aims at the alligator.

Uncle Sammy desperately jumps in between Bonapart and Jo-Black, his hands in the air.

UNCLE SAMMY

No!

Suddenly the hatch by the door RATTLES. Outside, the sound of HEAVY FOOTSTEPS.

Beaudelaire sticks his head out into the hallway and looks towards the front door. Then he immediately pulls back,, grabbing his accomplices and sharply dragging them away.

BEAUADELAIRE

ALLIGATORS!

36. INT. UNCLE SAMMYS' HOUSE, HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

36.

The three terrified Frenchmen flee, FIRING their guns towards the kitchen.

Behind them come ALLIGATORS, SNAPPING their huge, sharp teeth. The three men smash through the back door and quickly disappear into the night.

37. INT. UNCLE SAMMYS' HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

37.

Uncle Sammy picks Rudolph up off the floor and shakes him.

UNCLE SAMMY

Fuck you, Calagland, fuck you! My life flashed before my eyes! Who the hell are those assholes?

RUDOLPH

Some rival gang, probably, since they knew who I am.

UNCLE SAMMY

Holy shit, who doesn't?

RUDOLPH

We have to work together.

UNCLE SAMMY

Together my ass! We're only working together out of necessity, you hear me?

He shakes his head and looks at Jo-Black.

UNCLE SAMMY (CONT'D)

(to Jo-Black)

Your friends made one hell of a mess. It's up to you to watch the house when we're out, okay?

Jo-Black growls and heads for the couch.

Rudolph watches him go fondly. Then he pulls himself together and turns back to Uncle Sammy.

RUDOLPH

I'm going to the club right now to put an end to this.

UNCLE SAMMY

No!

38. INT. RUST-RED PICKUP TRUCK - NIGHT

38.

Uncle Sammy drives. Rudolph sits in the passenger seat, his bruises freshly covered with cream.

RUDOLPH

Where are we going?

Uncle Sammy anxiously chews on his cigar.

UNCLE SAMMY

To see a friend of mine. Her name is Rose, Rose Fée la Mambo. She shouldn't be too expensive.

RUDOLPH

Does she know where the sax is?

UNCLE SAMMY

Hell no, but she might help you get it back.

Uncle Sammy breathes a huge plume of smoke, then turns to Rudolph sternly.

UNCLE SAMMY (CONT'D)

Tomorrow, with her help, you'll be taking my place in the music competition at Papa Tcho-Tchot's. That is... if you still want to get the sax back and save your parents.

RUDOLPH

But I'm no musician!

UNCLE SAMMY  
Shit, you don't say!

RUDOLPH  
So, what, your friend is gonna  
teach me in a day?!

UNCLE SAMMY  
Goddamn it, don't you see we're  
getting deeper and deeper in shit?

RUDOLPH  
Yeah, it's all pretty disturbing...  
Alright, fine, but if it goes wrong  
I'm gonna take the sax by force,  
understood?

39. INT. ROSE FÉE LA MAMBO'S HOUSE, ENTRANCE HALL - NIGHT 39.

Rudolph and Uncle Sammy come to a stop in front of a man made  
of straw, stabbed through with several swords.

RUDOLPH  
What a warm welcome! I see your  
friend's into art.

UNCLE SAMMY  
(calling out)  
You here, Rose Féé?

ROSE FÉE LA MAMBO (O.S.)  
Take a seat, Uncle Sammy! I'll be  
there in a minute!

Rudolph nervously leans closer to Uncle Sammy.

RUDOLPH  
Just don't tell her who I am. I'm  
incognito!

UNCLE SAMMY  
Trust me.

40. INT. ROSE FÉE LA MAMBO'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY 40.

Uncle Sammy and Rudolph sit at a round table in the middle of  
the room. On the table sits the head of an alligator, mouth  
open to reveal a small green pot.

Rudolph looks curiously around the gloomy room. A strange assortment of objects hang from the walls and sit on the shelves: taxidermy, animals in jars, and other strange objects.

RUDOLPH  
Your friend's got interesting taste.

UNCLE SAMMY  
Shit, it's how she makes a living.

RUDOLPH  
You don't say?

UNCLE SAMMY  
She's a voodoo priestess.

Rudolph leaps out of his chair.

RUDOLPH  
Like Papa Tcho-Tchot!

UNCLE SAMMY  
Holy shit, she's not like him!

RUDOLPH  
If that's your plan, I'm not staying here another minute!

ROSE FÉE LA MAMBO (30) appears at the door. A heavyset African-American woman with blue eyes, she's dressed in a flowery dress and a big fancy black hat.

Mouth agape, Rudolph slowly sits back down, plucking the cotton wool from his nose with a trembling hand.

Rose elegantly enters the room. Studying Rudolph closely, she takes a seat at the table.

ROSE FÉE LA MAMBO  
What brings you here, Bens?

UNCLE SAMMY  
I'm here with the son of an old friend from Chicago.

ROSE FÉE LA MAMBO  
Mmm. I see, I see.

UNCLE SAMMY  
His name is Rudolph, Rudolph Calagland.

ROSE FÉE LA MAMBO  
Bonjour, Rudolph.

RUDOLPH  
B... Bonjour.

Rose takes the small pot from the alligator's mouth and shakes it, muttering under her breath. Then she lifts the lid, takes out a smoking chicken thigh, and swallows it whole.

Speechless, Rudolph and Uncle Sammy just stare.

UNCLE SAMMY  
Goddamn! Listen, I'm in need of  
your services.

ROSE FÉE LA MAMBO  
No blaspheming in this house, Bens,  
you know that! And as for my  
services, you should have asked the  
famous Marie Laveau instead.

Rudolph turns to Uncle Sammy.

RUDOLPH  
Marie Laveau. A friend of yours?

UNCLE SAMMY  
No. Just an old voodoo priestess  
everyone used to be scared of  
around here.

ROSE FÉE LA MAMBO  
Okay, okay! Let's hear what the  
problem is then.

Rose takes a brown terracotta pot out from under the table. She throws raw chicken legs and bones into it, then closes the lid, shakes it, and puts it into the alligator's mouth, muttering under her breath.

Suddenly she lifts the lid.

Rudolph and Uncle Sammy lean in close and peer into the pot.

UNCLE SAMMY  
Well?

RUDOLPH  
What? You can see...

Rose leans over the pot and frowns.

ROSE FÉE LA MAMBO  
Shush, the magic has worked!

UNCLE SAMMY  
Gah, it stinks like death!

ROSE FÉE LA MAMBO  
Just need to double check it with  
another potion.

Rose draws two vials out of her pocket and pours them into the pan. A huge cloud of thick, roiling smoke emerges.

Rudolph and Uncle Sammy nervously draw back.

Suddenly, chicken legs come JUMPING out of the pot, one of them leaping straight into Rudolph's open mouth.

Uncle Sammy covers his face with his hands.

UNCLE SAMMY  
Holy crap!

Grimacing, Rudolph swallows the chicken leg. Then suddenly he starts to convulse.

UNCLE SAMMY (CONT'D)  
Shit, what's the matter with him?

ROSE FÉE LA MAMBO  
Nothing... I think.

Uncle Sammy gets up, grabs a black bowler hat from one of the shelves, and puts it on Rudolph's head.

UNCLE SAMMY  
Damn! His face, it looks like...

Rudolph's chin starts to elongate, a wide smile crossing his naïve looking face. He notices the hat.

ROSE FÉE LA MAMBO  
Shush, Rudolph's letting go! He's going to tell us something.

RUDOLPH  
(British accent)  
Yes mister! When I start crying,  
it's because I'm afraid of being  
scolded!

Rudolph pulls a face, scratches his head, and suddenly starts crying.

UNCLE SAMMY

Holy shit, it's that fucking  
English actor. It's Stan Laurel!

ROSE FÉE LA MAMBO

Never heard of him. This is not a  
good sign.

Rose takes off her extravagant hat, revealing long black hair woven with beads.

Rudolph vigorously shakes his head. Suddenly, Stan Laurel's features disappear from his face.

Uncle Sammy removes the hat from Rudolph's head, then puts the remainder of his cigar in his mouth and lights up.

UNCLE SAMMY

Gee!

Rose looks at Rudolph and he smiles back at her.

RUDOLPH

I feel funny. Damn!

ROSE FÉE LA MAMBO

I sense that you're facing someone  
very, very strong.

UNCLE SAMMY

Shit, there's no keeping anything  
from you. It's Papa Tcho-Tchot.

ROSE FÉE LA MAMBO

(wryly)

Oh, is that's all ?

41. INT. AFRIQUA CLUB JAZZ, OFFICE - NIGHT

41.

Papa Tcho-Tchot sits cross-legged on the floor, eyes closed, surrounded by shadows. His hair and the sigils on his face are brightly lit up.

Suddenly he opens his eyes and frowns.

There is a KNOCK on the door, and Bolos enters.

BOLOS

We picked up three guys with funny  
accents near Uncle Sammys' house.  
They're pretty beaten up.

PAPA TCHO-TCHOT  
 What do you know? Get them ready  
 for me, I'll be right over...

42. INT. ROSE FÉE LA MAMBO'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 42.

Rudolph shakes his head, looking from Uncle Sammy to Rose.

RUDOLPH  
 What happened?

ROSE FÉE LA MAMBO  
 You swallowed that chicken leg by  
 mistake.

RUDOLPH  
 Huh?

UNCLE SAMMY  
 Shit, you had me in stitches,  
 Calagland. Even Nostradamus  
 couldn't have seen it coming.

Rose takes three large vials out of her pocket and places them on the table.

ROSE FÉE LA MAMBO  
 Shush, calm down. I think I just  
 figured it out. But first...

She takes another vial from her pocket and downs the contents, then shakes her head vigorously.

RUDOLPH  
 Uncle Sammy promised me a solution.  
 If you can't help me, I'm leaving  
 right now.

ROSE FÉE LA MAMBO  
 Shut up! Now watch...

She reaches under the table and brings out a black pot covered with a lid, which she puts in the alligator's mouth.

RUDOLPH  
 Not again!

Rose lifts the lid and throws the three vials into the pot.

ROSE FÉE LA MAMBO  
 Now you must spit in the pot before  
 I close the lid.

UNCLE SAMMY

God, I have to mix my spit with  
his?

ROSE FÉE LA MAMBO

I have seen that you are linked to  
one another in strange ways.

RUDOLPH

Huh, no kidding.

ROSE FÉE LA MAMBO

It's that or nothing. You must do  
it at the same time.

RUDOLPH

Wait a minute, your strange  
accent...

Rose smiles.

ROSE FÉE LA MAMBO

Ah! I often experiment with little  
potions, allowing me to speak  
unusual languages.

RUDOLPH

You are sober?

ROSE FÉE LA MAMBO

Absolutely. Is there a problem?

RUDOLPH

No! I'm not questioning your  
abilities.

ROSE FÉE LA MAMBO

Just kidding, Rudolph.

Rudolph and Uncle Sammy lean over the pot, spit, and sit back again.

Lightning starts to flash from the pot. The room darkens and is filled with the sound of THUNDER.

Rudolph and Uncle Sammy anxiously draw closer to one another.

Rose's hair starts to move wildly as if whipped by the wind. She starts to CHANT a prayer, her voice growing louder and louder. Lightning CRACKLES across the room.

RUDOLPH AND UNCLE SAMMY

Oh, God!

Rose's face trembles with effort, her eyes wide and her hair tousled. Suddenly, the thunder and lightning subside and the room brightens again.

With a sigh of relief, Rudolph and Uncle Sammy relax. Then suddenly, several fiery red beans JUMP from the pot, falling from the table and bouncing on the ground.

UNCLE SAMMY

Holy shit, your pot just shat beans!

ROSE FÉE LA MAMBO

Erm...

Rudolph stands.

RUDOLPH

You know, I think I'm gonna go solo from here.

UNCLE SAMMY

Look! The beans, they're moving.

Rose shakes her head, tidies her hair, and looks closely at the beans in confusion. Suddenly smoke pours out of the pot and covers the beans lying on the ground.

RUDOLPH

This is really weird.

UNCLE SAMMY

Shit, it stinks!

RUDOLPH

It looks like your toilet, Uncle Sammy.

UNCLE SAMMY

Screw you, Calagland.

ROSE FÉE LA MAMBO

Shush, be quiet you two! Look, the beans are gone!

The three scan the ground for the beans as the smoke dissipates.

Suddenly the air is filled with music: TRUMPETS, SAXOPHONES, and CHANTING VOICES.

UNCLE SAMMY

My God! Where is it coming from?

43. INT. AFRIQUA JAZZ CLUB, BASEMENT - NIGHT

43.

Lupin, Bonapart, and Beaudelaire sit, gagged and bound, facing Papa Tcho-Tchot.

PAPA TCHO-TCHOT

Mmm. So that's it!

Papa Tcho-Tchot regards the three Frenchmen, his eyes turning red. Then he places his hands on each of their heads in turn, whispering strange words.

PAPA TCHO-TCHOT (CONT'D)

A rivalry... all the way from Chicago. Oh! No, this saxophone... Nothing interesting about it. But you three are going to help me now.

Lupin, Bonapart, and Beaudelaire all blink and nod their heads.

44. INT. ROSE FÉE LA MAMBO'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

44.

Rudolph, Uncle Sammy, and Rose are all closely studying one of the walls.

Suddenly, the smiling face of an African-American man EMERGES from it. He raises a trumpet to his lips, PLAYS loudly, then stops and rubs his nose.

UNCLE SAMMY

Look! It's Louis Armstrong!

RUDOLPH AND ROSE FÉE LA MAMBO

Louis Armstrong!

Uncle Sammy shakes his head. He looks at another wall just in time to see another African-American man emerge from it, this one wearing a white hat and PLAYING a clarinet.

UNCLE SAMMY

Holy fuckin' shit! Sidney Bechet!

Rudolph, Uncle Sammy and Rose gaze around as all sorts of musicians and singers start to emerge from the ground, walls, and ceiling, rising into the air, PLAYING and SINGING.

Eyes wide, Uncle Sammy points at them.

UNCLE SAMMY (CONT'D)

Buddy Bolden! Roy Brown! Mahalia Jackson and Lonnie Johnson! It can't be!

ROSE FÉE LA MAMBO  
It's their ghosts, their spirits!

RUDOLPH  
What is this madness?

ROSE FÉE LA MAMBO  
To be honest, I don't have a clue.  
All I know is that this is the  
solution to your problem.

The ghosts DANCE happily around the room. Louis Armstrong pinches Uncle Sammy, then suddenly moves behind him and KICKS him in the ass.

UNCLE SAMMY  
Shit! What's he got against me?

He comes face to face with a smiling Sydney Bechet.

ROSE FÉE LA MAMBO  
Look out!

Sydney Bechet PUNCHES him in the stomach.

UNCLE SAMMY  
Holy hell, he lives up to his  
reputation. What's got into them?

ROSE FÉE LA MAMBO  
I don't know!

RUDOLPH  
Better make them stop, or I'll  
knock 'em out!

Rose starts SINGING to Lonnie Johnson and Mahalia Jackson.

Rudolph takes up a boxing stance and THROWS a PUNCH at them, only to miss. They lift him into the air and THROW him against a wall.

RUDOLPH (CONT'D)  
No!

Uncle Sammy runs over to him.

UNCLE SAMMY  
Don't forget to stay alive!

RUDOLPH  
I definitely won't forget this  
little séance of yours.

Rudolph and Uncle Sammy look to Rose.

UNCLE SAMMY  
Shit! When is this going to end?

ROSE FÉE LA MAMBO  
In ten minutes... More or less.

RUDOLPH AND UNCLE SAMMY  
TEN MINUTES?

Suddenly the ghosts move to the walls and ceiling, the musical euphoria stopping dead. They gaze at the three living souls in the room, descending slowly towards the ground.

ROSE FÉE LA MAMBO  
What are they doing?

Louis Armstrong rubs his nose, while next to him, Sydney Bechet sneers and smooths the brim of his hat. Then they float up over Rudolph, Uncle Sammy, and Rose.

Suddenly Louis Armstrong and Sydney Bechet start pulling their hair and sticking their fingers in their eyes and noses; the three living people struggle away from them and run.

Doubled over, the ghosts HOWL with LAUGHTER.

Rudolph, Uncle Sammy and Rose head for the table and hide underneath it.

RUDOLPH  
You really have no control over all this.

UNCLE SAMMY  
Shit! They're crazy!

ROSE FÉE LA MAMBO  
This isn't what was supposed to happen, I promise.

RUDOLPH  
Oh, great! And tomorrow I'm supposed to win the contest at the Afriqua Jazz Club with your help!

ROSE FÉE LA MAMBO  
WHAT!?

UNCLE SAMMY  
I was about to tell you, but...

ROSE FÉE LA MAMBO  
He's supposed to be entering Papa  
Tcho-Tchot's contest?

UNCLE SAMMY  
That's the deal if we're going to  
get the sax back. You know I swore  
to never play an instrument again,  
so I thought that with your help,  
Rudolph could...

ROSE FÉE LA MAMBO  
For a saxophone!

RUDOLPH  
It has sentimental value.

ROSE FÉE LA MAMBO  
Shush! You know tomorrow is October  
31st?

UNCLE SAMMY  
So what?

ROSE FÉE LA MAMBO  
So, Bens, it's the reason these  
ghosts are here. The magic has  
changed because of Samhain.

RUDOLPH  
It's still voodoo.

The ghosts return to the ground. LAUGHING, they approach the  
three protagonists.

ROSE FÉE LA MAMBO  
No, Rudolph! Samhain is special,  
it's the one time in the year that  
ghosts can cross over from the  
other side. That's where Halloween  
comes from.

The ghosts menacingly surround the table.

Rudolph, Uncle Sammy, and Rose huddle together and SCREAM -  
but suddenly the ghosts DISAPPEAR, leaving nothing behind but  
a thick cloud of smoke.

Rudolph, Uncle Sammy and Rose relax.

UNCLE SAMMY  
Shit, it stinks again.

ROSE FÉE LA MAMBO  
At least they're gone.

RUDOLPH  
It's over.

ROSE FÉE LA MAMBO  
The potion had its limits. The  
ghosts didn't know that.

UNCLE SAMMY  
I'm out of here. I've had enough  
for today.

ROSE FÉE LA MAMBO  
I'll come see you tomorrow and  
we'll find a solution for your  
problem.

RUDOLPH  
Just as long as there's no more  
crazy magic!

45. INT. UNCLE SAMMYS' HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

45.

Rudolph and Uncle Sammy are sitting watching the TV: the commentator calls out the name of the football players as they take the field.

Jo-Black lies on the couch, quietly chewing on a huge bone.

Uncle Sammy passes Rudolph a beer, who takes it and then jumps as the bone SNAPS in Jo-Black's mouth.

RUDOLPH  
How did he managed to break it?

UNCLE SAMMY  
Jo-Black doesn't like to be  
disturbed when the Green Wave are  
playing.

RUDOLPH  
Damn crawler!

UNCLE SAMMY  
Shut up, for fuck's sake ! It's  
starting.

46. LATER

46.

Uncle Sammy LEAPS excitedly from his chair, whiskey bottle in hand, and drunkenly stumbles towards the TV.

UNCLE SAMMY

Damn it, go on Green Wave! Just  
this touchdown to win!

Jo-Black wiggles his tail and SNAPS his jaws. Rudolph jumps and turns towards the alligator.

RUDOLPH

You damn...

He gets up and joins Uncle Sammy.

COMMENTATOR (O.S.)

It's the final play! He's on the  
move!

UNCLE SAMMY

TOUCHDOWN! Goddamn it, we won!

He waves the whisky bottle around.

UNCLE SAMMY (CONT'D)

What a game! I'm heading outside.

47. EXT. UNCLE SAMMYS' HOUSE - NIGHT.

47.

Rudolph stands next to a bench, looking up at the bright full moon.

Slumped over, Uncle Sammy is sat down, drinking from the whisky bottle. When he's done, he offers the bottle to Rudolph.

Shaking his head, Rudolph moves away, keeping a close eye on Jo-Black, who lumbers over and settles down next to Uncle Sammy.

RUDOLPH

You know, sometimes alcohol loosens  
people's tongues. Why don't you  
tell me how you ended up owing the  
Broloks?

UNCLE SAMMY

Fuck it, alright. When I was still  
a musician, Salvatore got me out of  
jail. Possession of drugs.

RUDOLPH

You were using?

UNCLE SAMMY

Hell no!

RUDOLPH

Why didn't you pay off the debt  
before now?

UNCLE SAMMY

It would have been easier to,  
but...

RUDOLPH

There's always a "but".

UNCLE SAMMY

Shit. One of the younger members of  
my band was using. Selling, too.

RUDOLPH

And he didn't pay his debt.

UNCLE SAMMY

That's right. So I took the fall  
instead and handed myself over to  
the cops. And now I'm still paying  
for this bullshit.

RUDOLPH

Tomorrow, we'll get the sax and  
your freedom with it.

UNCLE SAMMY

Fucking hell, you really think  
you're ready to take on Papa Tcho-  
Tchot tomorrow?

RUDOLPH

I'll be better prepared than last  
time. I'll know what's coming.

UNCLE SAMMY

Shit, it was just bad luck, huh?  
Well, that's what always makes or  
breaks a man!

RUDOLPH

Something else you want to get off  
your chest, Uncle Sammy?

Uncle Sammy forlornly gazes up at the full moon. Then he lowers his head, lights up a cigar, and blows smoke while petting Jo-Black's head.

UNCLE SAMMY

This fuckin' life ain't easy.  
You'll find there are a lot of  
unexpected challenges.

RUDOLPH

True.

UNCLE SAMMY

You dumbass! I mean real  
challenges, not your stupid  
problems with joining a gang!

RUDOLPH

Sorry.

UNCLE SAMMY

When I was doing time, my wife  
Bonnie... She didn't know I'd gone  
away. She was still waiting for me  
to come back with the rest of the  
band. She was pregnant with our  
first child. She gave birth just  
after this big music festival in  
Chicago.

RUDOLPH

You have a child?

UNCLE SAMMY

Shit, I should have had a family!  
But I wasn't there. I lost it all.

Tears in his eyes, Rudolph puts a hand on Uncle Sammys' shoulder.

UNCLE SAMMY (CONT'D)

The police told me that Bonnie died  
on the way to the hospital.

RUDOLPH

I'm sorry. With all my heart.

Rudolph gazes up at the moon for a moment, then turns back to Uncle Sammy. Suddenly he freezes, terrified, and raises a hand to point:

Louis Armstrong and Syndey Bechet are sitting on the bench next to Uncle Sammy, hunched over, covering their faces with their hands.

Uncle Sammy wipes away his tears and drinks.

Jo-Black turns to the two ghosts and snaps his jaws.

RUDOLPH (CONT'D)  
It... It can't be!

UNCLE SAMMY  
Holy cow! Leave me alone, big nose!

The ghosts raise their heads and make rude gestures at Rudolph to leave.

RUDOLPH  
What are you doing here?

LOUIS ARMSTRONG  
We're crying over our dear  
brother's sadness!

SIDNEY BECHET  
Why, is there a law against that?

Uncle Sammy jumps as he suddenly notices the two ghosts, pressing himself up against Jo-Black.

UNCLE SAMMY  
Goddamn, what...!

RUDOLPH  
And they talk too.

Louis Armstrong and Sydney Bechet look at each other and burst out LAUGHING. Then suddenly they frown and glare at Uncle Sammy and Rudolph.

LOUIS ARMSTRONG  
The gall of you two! First you drag  
us out of the afterlife...

SIDNEY BECHET  
And then you leave us stranded  
here, waiting on the two of you...

LOUIS ARMSTRONG  
While all our friends have gone  
back home nice and easy.

UNCLE SAMMY  
Shit! It's nothing to do with us.

LOUIS ARMSTRONG

Oh, is that what you think,  
brother? It wasn't me who spat in  
the pot!

Sidney Bechet smooths down the brim of his hat.

SIDNEY BECHET

And now we're stuck here until the  
last day of Samhain!

RUDOLPH

What can we do ?

LOUIS ARMSTRONG AND SIDNEY BECHET

Nothing!

UNCLE SAMMY gets up, stumbles, looks at the bottle in his hand, then throws it away.

UNCLE SAMMY

Shit! I'm going to bed. I've had my  
fill of emotions for today.

48. INT. UNCLE SAMMYS' HOUSE, RUDOLPH'S ROOM - DAY 48.

Rudolph sleeps under the covers. Next to him, on a chair, his clothes are neatly folded with the Colt on top of them.

Also asleep, Louis Armstrong and Sidney Bechet FLOAT near the ceiling.

A sharp KNOCKING sounds at the front door of the house.

FOOTSTEPS make their way up the stairs, stopping in front of the door to Rudolph's room. Someone KNOCKS on the door.

Rudolph blearily opens his eyes.

RUDOLPH

Who's there?

ROSE FÉE LA MANBO

It's me, Rose. I came as promised.

Rudolph sits up, rubs his eyes, and looks at the clock.

RUDOLPH

Damn, it's early.

ROSE FÉE LA MANBO

Hurry up, Rudolph, and I'll make  
you breakfast. Cajun style.

Hair in disarray, Rudolph gets up and gets dressed. Then he looks up at the ghosts.

RUDOLPH

What are you doing up there?

SIDNEY BECHET

Can't even get a good night's sleep  
in this world!

RUDOLPH

But you're dead!

LOUIS ARMSTRONG

So?

RUDOLPH

Well, do as you want, I guess...

49. INT. UNCLE SAMMYS' HOUSE, CORRIDOR - DAY

49.

Rose cheerily makes her way to a second door with the names "Bonnie and Bens" carved on it and knocks.

50. INT. UNCLE SAMMYS' HOUSE, BEDROOM - DAY

50.

Rose cracks open the door and peers inside, then grimaces when she sees Uncle Sammy.

Fully dressed, he lies SNORING on top of the covers next to Jo-Black. The alligator is lying on his back, legs in the air.

ROSE FÉE LA MAMBO

Breakfast is served!

51. INT. UNCLE SAMMY'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

51.

Rose hums joyfully as she lays out breakfast on the little table next to the back door, which has been hastily repaired with tape.

Hearing FOOTSTEPS, she turns towards the stairs and freezes.

ROSE FÉE LA MANBO

Impossible! Quick, out of the way,  
Rudolph! I'll take care of them!

52. She grabs a frying pan from the stove and brandishes it. 52.

Rudolph comes to a stop at the bottom of the stairs and raises his hands. He turns to Louis Armstrong and Sidney Bechet who are following him.

RUDOLPH  
Everybody calm down!

He turns to Rose and smiles.

RUDOLPH (CONT'D)  
I'll explain in a second, but first... You look great.

LOUIS ARMSTRONG  
Indeed! Pretty dame!

Rose relaxes and lowers the frying pan.

ROSE FÉE LA MANBO  
Okay, let's have some breakfast and you can explain what the hell is going on here.

53. INT. UNCLE SAMMYS' HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

53.

Rudolph, Rose, and a pale-looking Uncle Sammy sit at the table, eating breakfast. Louis Armstrong and Sidney Bechet stand in the background, looking glum.

RUDOLPH  
...and that's how our illustrious guests ended up here.

ROSE FÉE LA MANBO  
There must have been some kind of interference that stopped them going back to the afterlife with the other ghosts.

UNCLE SAMMY  
Hell! We better keep their faces hidden, 'cause otherwise...

ROSE FÉE LA MANBO  
I agree, they'd better stay here for the next three days until they disappear after Samhain.

RUDOLPH  
Three days!

ROSE FÉE LA MANBO  
 Samain begins three days before  
 October 31st and ends three days  
 after it.

The ghosts both pull faces and flip Rudolph the bird.

RUDOLPH  
 What about the contest? You  
 wouldn't happen to know any secret  
 ways I can get in and out of the  
 club with the sax?

ROSE FÉE LA MANBO  
 I know the club, I go there often.  
 Crazy atmosphere.

UNCLE SAMMY  
 Papa Tcho-Tchot might have taught  
 you everything you know, but right  
 now, we've got no way to get the  
 sax back.

ROSE FÉE LA MANBO  
 Don't doubt me, Bens.

RUDOLPH  
 (To Uncle Sammy)  
 Hey, old timer, I've got what it  
 takes to take down Papa Tcho-Tchot,  
 okay?

UNCLE SAMMY  
 Shut your mouth and wise up! This  
 guy's dangerous!

RUDOLPH  
 We've only got three days!

Rudolph pulls himself together and turns to Rose.

RUDOLPH (CONT'D)  
 You know this Papa Tcho-Tchot,  
 then.

The ghosts approach the table, stuff some food into their mouths, then immediately spit it back out.

ROSE FÉE LA MANBO  
 I was brought up in an orphanage.  
 That's where Papa Tcho-Tchot found  
 me. He used to visit and teach me  
 about magic and occultism.

MONTAGE: Rose learns magic.

- At 4 years old, Rose is given a small crystal ball by Papa Tcho-Tchot, only to accidentally drop it. It SHATTERS on the floor, the smoke dissipating in the shape of colorful animals.
- At ten, she empties two little vials onto a frog which changes color and then EXPLODES.
- At eighteen, she rubs a crystal ball, studying the fear-stricken face that appears within.
- At twenty-one, she happily reads tarot cards for a sad, defeated-looking client.
- At twenty-six, she stabs a pin into a straw effigy. She pricks her finger, blood splattering on her client.
- At thirty-two, she pours the content of two small vials down Jo-Black's throat. The alligator's teeth immediately fall out.

ROSE FÉE LA MANBO (CONT'D)  
It's been my way of life ever  
since.

RUDOLPH

But!

ROSE FÉE LA MANBO  
But! Eventually I realized how  
corrupt he was, using his powers  
for his own selfish gains, willing  
to do anything to achieve his  
goals.

RUDOLPH

He was just using you. Bastard!

Compassionate, Rudolph leans in close to Rose. Suddenly their hair becomes attracted to one another like static electricity, and where it touches there is a shower of sparks.

Gaping, Uncle Sammy looks at the duo.

UNCLE SAMMY

Holy hell!

RUDOLPH

I'm really sorry.

ROSE FÉE LA MANBO  
What about you, Rudolph? What do  
you do?

RUDOLPH  
I sell hoovers with my old man.

They come closer to one another again, and again sparks fly  
when their hair touches.

Uncle Sammy gapes at them.

UNCLE SAMMY  
Father and son, my ass!

ROSE FÉE LA MANBO  
What?

UNCLE SAMMY  
Shit, I'm going to go see my  
buddies at the dock.

Uncle Sammy stands and saunters towards the front door.

RUDOLPH  
He still looks pretty drunk.

ROSE FÉE LA MAMBO  
I've never seen him like this  
before.

RUDOLPH  
How do you know him?

ROSE FÉE LA MANBO  
When I was a child, I used to leave  
the orphanage without permission.  
Uncle Sammy used to show me around,  
he took me to every corner of the  
Mississippi on his boat. I loved  
the feel of the wind in my hair.

54. EXT. UNCLE SAMMYS' HOUSE - DAY

54.

Uncle Sammy walks round to the driver's side of his truck,  
puts his key in the lock, and pauses to look at his wrinkled  
reflection in the window. He smiles.

55. INT. UNCLE SAMMYS' HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

55.

Rudolph admiringly watches Rose run a hand through her hair.

Louis Armstrong grabs a glass from the table and takes a swig. He spits it back out again with a grimace.

RUDOLPH

Then you must know about what happened to his wife, Bonnie.

ROSE FÉE LA MANBO

That's when he became so rude. It's also when he swore to never play again.

RUDOLPH

So that's why he won't play.

ROSE FÉE LA MANBO

I'm surprised he told you the story. He must like you, even if just a little.

RUDOLPH

No less than Papa Tcho-Tchot, at least.

ROSE FÉE LA MANBO

They used to come into conflict with one another all the time. Did he tell you that Papa Tcho-Tchot loved Bonnie too? She chose Bens, though. She loved him for his gentleness and his talent as a musician.

RUDOLPH

I didn't know.

ROSE FÉE LA MANBO

One of them gave meaning to his life through music, the other indulged in sick powers to take revenge on a society which had abandoned him.

RUDOLPH

They were totally different, but they were in love with the same woman.

ROSE FÉE LA MANBO

You'd better go and join him. I'll do the dishes and try to find a solution for your problem.

Rudolph gets up and runs to the door.

Rose sighs. Jo-Black wanders into the kitchen, heading for the hastily repaired back door.

ROSE FÉE LA MANBO (CONT'D)  
Hey! Hello there, Jo-Black!

Jo-Black glances at Rose, then speeds up and rushes out the door.

56. INT. RUST-RED PICKUP TRUCK - DAY

56.

Rudolph clammers into the passenger seat and turns to Uncle Sammy, who is behind the wheel.

RUDOLPH

You remind me of the moralizer in that Van Gogh painting, you know, the old bearded man with an air about him...

UNCLE SAMMY

Moralizer, my ass! I know what you want, big nose!

RUDOLPH

Hey!

Grimacing, Uncle Sammy starts the engine, takes out a cigar, and lights up.

UNCLE SAMMY

Goddamn! D'you think I didn't see the sparks flying? Tell me, is there a Mrs Calagaland back in Chicago?

RUDOLPH

I'm single.

UNCLE SAMMY

Listen up, big nose. If you hurt her, I'll finish you, you hear?

Without looking, Rudolph grabs Uncle Sammys' cigar. He inhales a great puff of smoke and immediately chokes on it.

57. EXT. PIER - DAY

57.

Cigar clenched between his teeth, Uncle Sammy gets out of the truck and Rudolph follows. They head to a small wooden cabin where three old African-American men - TRUMAN, STUART, and TOM - are working on a small boat.

UNCLE SAMMY

These are the people I spend my  
days with.

RUDOLPH

No monkey business.

UNCLE SAMMY

I'm sorry about your parents. I  
thought Rose would find a solution,  
but she isn't up to it and neither  
are you.

Confused, Rudolph points at the small boat.

RUDOLPH

Is this the boat you used for your  
tours of the Mississippi?

UNCLE SAMMY

Yep, and we take smaller boats  
through the swamps for trips that  
are a lot more fun than the one to  
Natchez.

Rudolph grabs hold of Uncle Sammys' arm.

RUDOLPH

What are you afraid of? Why can't  
you just bury the past and look to  
the future for once!

Uncle Sammy is frozen in place for a moment, then shakes his  
head and leads Rudolph to the boat.

UNCLE SAMMY

Meet Truman, Stuart, and Tom. We're  
gonna take a ride, and then we'll  
have sautéed coconuts.

TOM

And we're gonna fish for  
baralousas.

RUDOLPH

What's a baralousa?

UNCLE SAMMY

Nah, he's just messin' with you.  
But there are some pretty big fish  
around out there.

Uncle Sammy puts an arm around Rudolph's shoulders.

UNCLE SAMMY (CONT'D)  
 Let's take it easy this afternoon.  
 And tonight you'll face Papa Tcho-  
 Tchot, but without your fucking old  
 Colt, understand?

RUDOLPH  
 Alright, I'm okay with that. But  
 not a word to Rose about my  
 parents. I don't want to stress her  
 out any worse.

Uncle Sammy nods and invites Rudolph to follow him. They head for a boat equipped with fishing rods and get on board with Truman, Stuart, and Tom.

Truman starts the engine and the boat leaves the jetty.

58. EXT. AFRIQUA JAZZ CLUB, PARKING LOT - NIGHT

58.

Rudolph, dressed in his long coat with the collar turned up, walks with Uncle Sammy, who wears a black suit and hat. Both look tense and wear dark glasses. They stop in front of the club's entrance.

At the door, an African-American DOORMAN, all smiles, indulges in a languorous dance. He wears a black evening suit and a white top hat, heavy white makeup on his face, and a pair of sunglasses with a broken arm. He has cotton wool stuffed in his nostrils.

RUDOLPH  
 What's this?

UNCLE SAMMY  
 Shit, don't start! It must be the  
 evening's theme!

Rudolph approaches the Doorman.

RUDOLPH  
 We've been invited by your boss to  
 take part in the music contest  
 being held in his honor.

DOORMAN  
 Very well! Under what name shall I  
 introduce you tonight?

RUDOLPH  
 Huh?

DOORMAN

Let me introduce myself. Tonight  
you may call me Baron Samedi,  
spirit of death and resurrection.

The Doorman extends a pale white hand with red nails.

Rudolph jumps and takes a step back.

Uncle Sammy lowers his glasses and looks at the Doorman.

UNCLE SAMMY

Well then, tonight we come under  
the name of... The Marx Brothers.

RUDOLPH

But were three of them!

UNCLE SAMMY

No, there were five.

DOORMAN

No matter, I accept this name.  
Please come in, Marx Brothers.

Rudolph and Uncle Sammy enter the club. Glancing back,  
Rudolph sees the Doorman smiling broadly, his dance languid  
and sexual.

59. INT. AFRIQUA JAZZ CLUB, HALL - NIGHT

59.

Rudolph and Uncle Sammy make their way along the dark hall.  
SOUL MUSIC can be heard: "Papa Was a Rollin' Stone" by The  
Temptations.

When they come to the end of the hall, they stop, take off  
their glasses, and gape at the scene before them.

60. INT. AFRIQUA JAZZ CLUB - CONTINUOUS

60.

A seething crowd, people dancing frenetically, all dressed up  
in a variety of outfits for Halloween.

UNCLE SAMMY

Goddamn, it's been a long time  
since I saw so many people at a  
music contest.

RUDOLPH

God, it's worse than Black Friday  
at the Chicago Hooverville shop!  
Where's Rose Fée la Mambo?

UNCLE SAMMY  
 Don't worry, I'm sure she wouldn't  
 miss this for the world.

Rudolph and Uncle Sammy notice an African-American man (MAN 1) coming towards them. Tall, lanky, and disguised as a voodoo character, he gestures for them to follow him.

INT. AFRIQUA JAZZ CLUB, BALCONY - NIGHT

Rudolph and Uncle Sammy are shown onto the balcony overlooking the main floor. It is dark, lit only by illuminated magical signs and sigils. Their guide withdraws.

Papa Tcho-Tchot is in the company of three pretty GIRLS, sitting at a round table with Bolos and Agent 1. On the table sits a crystal ball which radiates an intense light.

Rudolph and Uncle Sammy both remove their glasses and pocket them.

Agent 1 glances at the two men, then puts on his mask - a half-crushed pumpkin - and exits, followed by Bolos.

Bewildered, Rudolph and Uncle Sammy watch him go, then turn to Papa Tcho-Tchot. The voodoo priest smiles at Uncle Sammy and starts to gesticulate with his fingers, muttering strange words. Uncle Sammy suddenly grabs at his own throat.

PAPA TCHO-TCHOT  
 Still not ready to do what I  
 want... Marx Brothers?

UNCLE SAMMY  
 Chico, Harpo, Groucho, and those  
 other two were the real band. We're  
 not even a duet!

RUDOLPH  
 (To Uncle Sammy)  
 What's wrong with you?

PAPA TCHO-TCHOT  
 And you, the wannabe-gangster from  
 Chicago...?

RUDOLPH  
 How do you know who I am?

Rudolph shakes his head, swallows hard, and walks over to Papa Tcho-Tchot.

RUDOLPH (CONT'D)

You might have fooled me once with  
your two-bit trickery, but not this  
time. I'll do whatever it takes to  
get back the sax.

Uncle Sammy grabs Rudolph and holds him back.

UNCLE SAMMY

Have you blown a fuse or something?

Papa Tcho-Tchot straightens up and lazily snaps his fingers. The girls around him immediately FREEZE in place, unable to move even a finger.

Uncle Sammy and Rudolph nervously huddle closer together.

PAPA TCHO-TCHOT

No more secrets! Tell me everything  
and I just might be merciful.

UNCLE SAMMY

I'm here to help him get back the  
sax so I can pay off an old debt to  
the Broloks. They helped me get out  
of prison.

Papa Tcho-Tchot regards Uncle Sammy and lightly rubs the crystal ball.

PAPA TCHO-TCHOT

You were careless back then, Bens.  
Honestly, you have a talent for  
putting yourself in awkward  
situations. If you want, I could  
summon spirits to protect you.

UNCLE SAMMY

No! I may have my regrets, but free  
will should be left to take its  
course.

PAPA TCHO-TCHOT

Ha! You need all the luck you can  
get. It would make your life so  
much easier...

UNCLE SAMMY

A man makes his own luck. It can't  
be bought.

PAPA TCHO-TCHOT

Think again, Bens!

63. EXT. AFRIQUA JAZZ CLUB, PARKING LOT - NIGHT 63.

The doorman bows low before Rose, dressed to the nines, her curly hair loose. She blows him a friendly kiss and enters the club, followed by four heavyset African-American girls who are all dressed in voodoo costumes, one with a hood and skull mask.

The doorman theatrically bows again as they pass. Once they're gone, he continues his slow, languorous dance.

DOORMAN

No need for names, my lovely ladies. Have a great night!

64. INT. AFRIQUA JAZZ CLUB, BALCONY - NIGHT 64.

Rudolph takes a step towards Papa Tcho-Tchot.

RUDOLPH

The sax has no value to you. Give it back to us.

PAPA TCHO-TCHOT

This piece of junk may not be of much interest to me, but...

RUDOLPH

But?

PAPA TCHO-TCHOT

My offer remains the same. Uncle Sammy must enter the contest.

UNCLE SAMMY

You'll never change, will you? There's nothing but evil flowing in your veins.

PAPA TCHO-TCHOT

True enough! And seeing you chained by debts makes me so very happy...

UNCLE SAMMY

Enjoy yourself while you can.

PAPA TCHO-TCHOT

Be careful about what you're about to say, Bens. I might suddenly stop being so friendly.

RUDOLPH

Okay, Papa Tcho-Tchot, you win.  
Except for one thing: I'm the one  
who will enter the contest, not  
Uncle Sammy.

Papa Tcho-Tchot bursts out laughing. Then he abruptly stops and nods.

PAPA TCHO-TCHOT

I very much doubt you'll measure up, but since Bens refuses to play, I'll be a good sport. On one condition.

RUDOLPH

Another one of your Machiavellian schemes?

PAPA TCHO-TCHOT

If you win the contest, you can leave with the sax. But if you lose... you can kiss your future goodbye, 'cause you'll belong to me. Forever!

UNCLE SAMMY

No! No!

Rudolph locks gazes with Papa Tcho-Tchot.

RUDOLPH

Okay, you've got a deal. But get ready to lose, you phony!

Uncle Sammy grabs Rudolph by the arm and drags him out of the room.

Papa Tcho-Tchot sits down, grinning broadly, and SNAPS his fingers. The girls immediately start moving again, giggling and moving in close to him.

65.

INT. AFRIQUA JAZZ CLUB - NIGHT

65.

Rudolph and Uncle Sammy follow Man 1 through the crowd. He leads them to a table then leaves them.

Rudolph takes a seat, staring at the stage where THE SAX is on display.

RUDOLPH

Look! The sax!

Uncle Sammy sits, lights up a cigar and looks nervously at Rudolph.

UNCLE SAMMY

Christ, what's got into your tiny head? Don't you see he's using you to get to me?

RUDOLPH

I won't fall for any of his tricks.

UNCLE SAMMY

You think you're gonna take on all these seasoned musicians when you can't even play the flute!

RUDOLPH

It's just a ruse, Uncle Sammy. I've just got to buy enough time for Rose to tell me where the secret back door is. And besides, luck's on our side. It's right there on the stage!

Uncle Sammy frowns and looks. He starts laughing.

UNCLE SAMMY

You nincompoop, you really think he hasn't thought of that?

Rose comes storming over, causing them both to jump out of their seats.

ROSE FÉE LA MAMBO

You haven't ordered anything yet.

Rose runs a hand through her hair while staring at Rudolph before turning to Uncle Sammy with a sneer. She grabs a chair and sits between them.

ROSE FÉE LA MAMBO (CONT'D)

Where have you been? I've been looking everywhere!

RUDOLPH

We were with Papa Tcho-Tchot.

ROSE FÉE LA MAMBO

And?

UNCLE SAMMY

Hell, he's not giving up.

ROSE FÉE LA MAMBO  
 Sounds like Papa Tcho-Tchot. I  
 wouldn't be surprised if he's got a  
 trick up his sleeve!

Rose waves a WAITRESS, a Puerto-Rican girl, over to the table. At the same time, the four girls who came into the club with Rose take a table close to the stage.

ROSE FÉE LA MAMBO (CONT'D)  
 Let's have a bite and a drink.

UNCLE SAMMY  
 I'm not hungry, but hell, I could  
 murder a double whiskey.

Rose turns to the waitress.

ROSE FÉE LA MAMBO  
 A bottle of whisky with three  
 glasses, and... some peanuts.

#### ON THE STAGE

The musicians finish their song and exit the stage, leaving their instruments behind.

An African-American announcer, SNOOKS BRITE - thin, with luxuriantly curled grey hair, and dressed like he's just stepped out of the 70s - strides towards the microphone. Grinning, he salutes the room and is met with CHEERS and HECKLES from the audience.

#### 67. AT THE TABLE

#### 67.

Rose throws peanuts into her mouth and watches with amusement.

ROSE FÉE LA MAMBO  
 And here comes the great Snooks  
 Brite.

Uncle Sammy blows smoke and stares at the scene.

UNCLE SAMMY  
 Goddamn, it's about to start!

Rudolph downs the rest of his drink, grimaces, and slams the glass back down on the table.

RUDOLPH  
 Alright, let's go!

ROSE FÉE LA MAMBO

Shush, calm down, Rudolph. Trust in  
me.

RUDOLPH

I'm already calm! But where's that  
secret door? I'm in a hurry here.

ROSE FÉE LA MAMBO

Snooks will lay down the rules and  
the contest will begin.

The beaming Snooks jumps up and down in excitement, grabbing the microphone. Behind him, the musicians take up their places once again.

SNOOKS

Ladies and gentlemen, tonight's  
main event is a competition  
organized by the great and powerful  
Papa Tcho-Tchot!

APPLAUSE rings out as Snooks and the musicians salute the balcony.

Her face drawn, Rose stands and claps without conviction.

Rudolph and Uncle Sammy remain sitting, indifferently sipping their drinks.

70. ON THE BALCONY

70.

Papa Tcho-Tchot stands up to acknowledge the applause, then takes a seat again, surrounded by his girls.

71. ON THE STAGE

71.

Snooks motions for the dancers to join him on stage. A line of girls forms up behind him, all dressed scantily and carrying maracas.

SNOOKS

The competitors will perform in the  
order listed on the board.

He points to a digital board which hangs on the wall.

SNOOKS (CONT'D)

Each competitor will see the kind of music he must play and on which instrument. Ladies and gentlemen, let the contest... BEGIN!

Uncle Sammy gets up and squints at the board.

UNCLE SAMMY

Shit, I'm blind without my glasses!

He sits and gives Rose a disheartened look.

UNCLE SAMMY (CONT'D)

Rose, tell me his fucking position and which instrument he's got to play.

ROSE FÉE LA MAMBO

He's gonna be last. And he'll have to play... Maceo Parker. Saxophone.

UNCLE SAMMY

Goddamn it! This has Papa Tcho-Tchot's name written all over it!

RUDOLPH

You're not asking me to...

ROSE FÉE LA MAMBO

It's gonna be okay, Rudolph.

UNCLE SAMMY

Oh, shit! How are you gonna manage to...

Rose calmly stuffs a fistful of peanuts into her mouth, then drains her glass in one go.

ROSE FÉE LA MAMBO

Don't worry, Bens. From now on, no booze for you, Rudolph. It'll interfere with your metamorphosis.

RUDOLPH

Not again...

Rose takes two large vials from her pocket and pours their vivid green contents into Rudolph's empty glass.

ROSE FÉE LA MAMBO

I've perfected the potion this time.

RUDOLPH  
(sarcastically)  
Oh, great!

ROSE FÉE LA MAMBO  
Shush, now we've got to wait for  
the color to clear before you can  
drink it.

Rudolph gets up and pretends to head for the stage while watching Rose.

RUDOLPH  
You won't get me with your magic  
tricks again, I'll force my way in.

ROSE FÉE LA MAMBO  
Rudolph, wait!

He stops, then goes back to her.

RUDOLPH  
Where's the secret door?

Rose slowly stands.

ROSE FÉE LA MAMBO  
I'm sorry, but there is no secret  
door and you'd never be able to  
grab the sax anyway. It's under a  
powerful spell.

RUDOLPH  
What?

ROSE FÉE LA MAMBO  
Listen, Papa Tcho-Tchot is  
dangerous and I can help you beat  
him, but you've got to trust me.

She comes close to him, and suddenly their hair touches and sparks fly.

RUDOLPH  
So what's the plan?

Rose points to Rudolph's glass.

ROSE FÉE LA MAMBO  
For just a moment, you'll become a  
virtuoso musician.

RUDOLPH  
Hey, I don't know...

ROSE FÉE LA MAMBO  
There won't be any problems, trust  
me.

RUDOLPH  
I hate this and you know it.

ROSE FÉE LA MAMBO  
Trust me. Please.

RUDOLPH  
Okay, okay.

73. ON THE STAGE

73.

Microphone in hand, Snooks walks nervously to center-stage.

SNOOKS  
And now, here's our first  
contestant. Coming from the Old  
Quarter, she'll be singing for us  
in the style of Bessie Smith, queen  
of the blues!

To CHEERS from the crowd, the FIRST CONTESTANT steps on the  
stage and takes the microphone. The music starts.

74. AT THE TABLE

74.

Rudolph nervously raps his knuckles on the table. Uncle Sammy  
is lost in the music.

RUDOLPH  
I better get on stage soon, I can't  
take this waiting. Tell me about  
this Maceo Parker.

UNCLE SAMMY  
Maceo Parker played the alto  
saxophone. It's a virtuoso's  
instrument. A dominant sound, with  
a distinctive vibrato.

RUDOLPH  
Nothing but noise to me.

Uncle Sammy and Rose both look at him in annoyance.

ROSE FÉE LA MAMBO  
No! Shush, Rudolph. Forget your  
prejudices, try to get into the  
music.

UNCLE SAMMY  
You schmuck! For your information,  
jazz music was born out of slavery.

ROSE FÉE LA MAMBO  
Every kind of music started with  
jazz, it lives inside of us. It  
lives in our tears and in our  
laughter, it makes us who we are.

RUDOLPH  
I... I'm sorry.

Rudolph glances at his glass. The liquid is clear.

RUDOLPH (CONT'D)  
The potion has cleared!

ROSE FÉE LA MAMBO  
Then everything is going as  
planned.

75. ON THE STAGE

75.

The first contestant comes to the end of her song and takes a bow. Snooks runs to the microphone and congratulates her.

SNOOKS  
And now! We choose our winners  
democratically here, so if you want  
our first contestant to win, put  
yours hands together!

To CHEERS from the audience, the first contestant leaves the stage. Another steps up and SOUL MUSIC starts up.

76. AT THE TABLE

76.

Rudolph peers closely at his glass and its contents. Rose delicately picks it up and offers it to him. Hesitantly, he takes it - then drinks it straight up.

Uncle Sammy watches anxiously.

UNCLE SAMMY  
You feel anything?

ROSE FÉE LA MAMBO  
Shush! Be patient, Bens. Rudolph,  
you should feel tingling in your  
hands first of all.

UNCLE SAMMY  
Goddamn, are you really gonna turn  
him into a musician?

Suddenly, Rudolph's face begins to twitch. Uncle Sammy recoils as his fingers start to tremble too.

Rose leans in close, frowning.

ROSE FÉE LA MAMBO  
Strange!

Rudolph's entire body starts to spasm. Suddenly, he collapses face first onto the table, limp.

ROSE FÉE LA MAMBO (CONT'D)  
Rudolph! Say something, please!

UNCLE SAMMY  
Christ on a crutch! What's got into  
him?

Rudolph scratches at his scalp and abruptly straightens up - his face puny, naïve, and bewildered, with a long chin.

UNCLE SAMMY (CONT'D)  
Oh, jeez, it's Stan Laurel again!

ROSE FÉE LA MAMBO  
This isn't right. Why is this  
happening?

UNCLE SAMMY  
Oh, we're screwed.

Rudolph gets up, takes his coat off, snaps his suspenders, and looks himself up and down.

Uncle Sammy downs the remainder of his drink and immediately chokes on it.

UNCLE SAMMY (CONT'D)  
Jesus, this is shit!

Noticing that a nearby audience member is wearing a bowler hat, Rudolph steps over and removes it from the man's head, putting it on with a beaming grin.

The man blinks in surprise, leaping to his feet and trying to take it back.

Uncle Sammy gets up and steps in between them.

UNCLE SAMMY (CONT'D)  
Cool it, hoss.

Rudolph pinches the man's nose and sticks his tongue out at him.

Rose and Uncle Sammy grab Rudolph before he can do anything else and surreptitiously guide him towards the bathroom.

77. ON THE BALCONY

77.

Papa Tcho-Tchot is in ecstasy as he moves to the music. Then suddenly he stops, looking around himself with a frown. His hair starts to glow.

PAPA TCHO-TCHOT  
My dearest Rose, why am I not  
surprised you've got involved in  
all this...

He waves his hands over the crystal ball and it reacts instantly. Taking a deep breath and closing his eyes, he places his hands against its surface.

PAPA TCHO-TCHOT (CONT'D)  
Better safe than sorry.

78. INT. AFRIQUA JAZZ CLUB, BATHROOM - NIGHT

78.

Uncle Sammy and Rose bundle Rudolph into the bathroom.

UNCLE SAMMY  
Holy shit, we're screwed! How long  
is this going to last?

Rose looks at Rudolph. He's pacing back and forth, taking off his bowler hat to scratch at his head.

ROSE FÉE LA MAMBO  
About... An hour.

Uncle Sammys' eyes dart around the bathroom, taking in the sinks and mirrors opposite the four toilet doors.

UNCLE SAMMY  
Damn, an hour?

ROSE FÉE LA MAMBO  
It had to last until he was going  
up on stage, okay?

79. AFRIQUA JAZZ CLUB, STAGE - NIGHT

79.

An excited Snooks introduces the next contestant, who walks quickly to the microphone and breaks out into a rhythm and blues song to cheers from the crowd.

80. AFRIQUA JAZZ CLUB, BATHROOM - NIGHT

80.

Uncle Sammy and Rose anxiously watch Rudolph, who suddenly takes off his hat and pinches Uncle Sammy on the nose.

UNCLE SAMMY  
He's supposed to be a musician!

ROSE FÉE LA MAMBO  
Oh, shush! He must have really liked Stan Laurel when he was a kid.

Someone KNOCKS HEAVILY on the bathroom door.

Uncle Sammy and Rose glance at one another, then to the door.

ROSE FÉE LA MAMBO AND UNCLE SAMMY  
OCCUPIED!

The door opens to reveal Lupin, Bonapart, and Beaujelaire, all grinning viciously. They march in and SLAM the door behind them.

Rudolph makes faces while wandering around the room.

UNCLE SAMMY  
Well, well, if it ain't the three stooges.

ROSE FÉE LA MAMBO  
You know them ?

UNCLE SAMMY  
Shit. They're the ones with the funny accents who made a mess of my kitchen!

ROSE FÉE LA MAMBO  
Who do they work for?

UNCLE SAMMY  
Some fucking gang from Chicago.

The three Frenchmen advance on Uncle Sammy and Rose.

LUPIN

Not anymore, actually. Not anymore.

BONAPART

That's right. Papa Tcho-Tchot is a lot more generous than our old employers. Not to mention powerful.

BEAUDELAIRE

And the work's a lot more fun.

UNCLE SAMMY

Crap, this ain't good.

LUPIN

Uncle Sammy, Rose Fée La Mambo, you're in luck. Our orders are to touch no-one but Rudolph... unless you get in our way.

Bonapart frowns at Rudolph.

BONAPART

What's up with the wannabee gangster?

ROSE FÉE LA MAMBO

The wannabee gangster?

Rudolph removes his hat to scratch his head again, then walks past Lupin and heads for one of the sinks.

LUPIN

What's up with his face, huh?  
What's up with his face?

Rudolph turns the faucet on all the way. Lupin, Bonapart and Beaudelaire warily take a step closer to him.

Then suddenly he sticks his hand under the jet of water and it bounces up into the Frenchmen's faces, forcing them to back off.

Rudolph turns and looks at them - and suddenly starts crying.

OLIVER HARDY (O.S.)

STAN! STAN LAUREL!

Rudolph shakes his head and looks into the mirror. There he sees the chubby face of OLIVER HARDY looking back at him.

RUDOLPH

My God, Oliver? I'm so glad to see you!

OLIVER HARDY

Here! Another nice mess you've  
gotten us into.

Uncle Sammy and Rose approach and stand behind Rudolph,  
looking into the mirror.

UNCLE SAMMY

Goddamn, it's Oliver Hardy!

ROSE FÉE LA MAMBO

Who?

UNCLE SAMMY

Laurel's partner. They were a  
comedy duo back in the thirties.

ROSE FÉE LA MAMBO

Shit, what went wrong with the  
potion?

Lupin, Bonapart, and Beaudelaire, all dripping water, look on  
in disbelief.

Then Bonapart marches forward, ready to strike.

OLIVER HARDY

Stan, look out!

Rudolph ducks just in time to dodge the punch. Then Oliver  
Hardy suddenly reaches through the mirror, GRABS Bonapart's  
fist, and DRAGS him forward, SLAMMING his head into the  
mirror.

Bonapart goes down and lies still.

Rudolph looks at Lupin and Beaudelaire, innocently raising  
his hands.

Beaudelaire advances angrily, but Rudolph again hits him with  
a spray of water. While the Frenchman is blinded, Rudolph  
SHOVES him towards the mirror.

Oliver Hardy reaches through the glass, SLAPS Beaudelaire on  
both ears, and then SLAMS a fist down on the top of his head,  
knocking him out.

Lupin shakes his head in disbelief and cautiously approaches  
the mirror.

LUPIN

What the hell was that in the  
mirror? What the hell was that?

Rudolph casually picks up his bowler hat and joins Uncle Sammy and Rose.

81. AFRIQUA JAZZ CLUB, STAGE - NIGHT

81.

Snooks is at the microphone again.

ANNOUNCER

The contest is nearly over, but there's still some great music coming up. Ladies and gentlemen, our next contestant comes all the way from Brooklyn and will blow you away! He's going to sing...

82. INT. AFRIQUA JAZZ CLUB, BATHROOM - NIGHT

82.

Lupin gazes into the mirror. Reaching out, he lays his hands flat against the glass.

LUPIN

Is there someone in there? Show yourself!

Rudolph, Uncle Sammy, and Rose step forward and surround him. Lupin turns towards them.

LUPIN (CONT'D)

Hey! Don't move, any of you! Don't move!

Suddenly, a HUMMING sound comes from the mirror.

Lupin spins towards it, hands raised and ready to fight, but the sound moves on to the mirror above the next sink.

LUPIN (CONT'D)

You want to play, huh? Okay.

Lupin advances on the next mirror, but it moves on again, and again. He wanders back and forth, trying to locate the source.

Sweating, Lupin comes to a stop in front of one of the mirrors and gazes into it, searching.

LUPIN (CONT'D)

Wait, where's my reflection?  
Where's my reflection!?

Suddenly, Oliver LEAPS out through the glass and SLAPS Lupin across the face.

Reeling, Lupin stumbles away and comes face to face with Rudolph, who immediately PUNCHES him in the face and lays him out cold.

OLIVER HARDY

Nice one, Stan!

Rudolph winces and shakes out his fist.

RUDOLPH

Thanks, Oliver.

Uncle Sammy and Rose look at Lupin's body, then smile at one another.

ROSE FÉE LA MAMBO

Now nothing can stop us entering the contest!

UNCLE SAMMY

Ha! With Stan Laurel, you mean?

Rudolph places his hand on the mirror; on the other side of the glass, Oliver Hardy does the same, palm to palm. Rudolph starts to cry.

ROSE FÉE LA MAMBO

There might be a solution.

UNCLE SAMMY

Damn it, Rose...!

Rose steps forward and puts her hands on Rudolph's shoulders. Closing her eyes, she starts to whisper strange words - and all of a sudden, her hand stands up on end.

Uncle Sammy takes a step back.

UNCLE SAMMY (CONT'D)

Holy shit!

Oliver Hardy violently PULLS on Stan Laurel's arms, dragging him out of Rudolph and through the glass.

Dazed, Rose opens her eyes, her hair cascading back down around her shoulders.

RUDOLPH

What... What happened?

Uncle Sammy and Rose peers into the mirror. On the other side of the glass, Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy are shaking hands and congratulating one another. Rudolph staggers but stays on his feet.

ROSE FÉE LA MAMBO  
It's over!

RUDOLPH  
I hope I didn't do anything bad.

UNCLE SAMMY  
Holy crap, nothing that would hurt our chances, at least.

ROSE FÉE LA MAMBO  
Shush, Bens, it's not over yet.

UNCLE SAMMY  
You got any more of that potion?

Rose nods. She heads for the door, dragging Rudolph behind her. Uncle Sammy traipses behind.

Beaming, Laurel and Hardy salute them heartily and vanish.

83. INT. AFRIQUA JAZZ CLUB - NIGHT

83.

Rudolph, Uncle Sammy, and Rose discreetly return to their table. Uncle Sammy tops up his and Rose's glasses with whiskey and they both drink up.

Rudolph also tops up and raises his glass to his mouth.

ROSE FÉE LA MAMBO  
NO!

RUDOLPH  
What?

UNCLE SAMMY  
Shit, after everything he's just been through, I think he deserves a drink!

ROSE FÉE LA MAMBO  
Shush! He mustn't drink before taking the potion.

RUDOLPH  
Why don't you tell me what just happened to me? I remember taking the potion, and then nothing.

UNCLE SAMMY  
Goddamn, Rudolph, tell us: were Laurel and Hardy your babysitters when you were a kid?

RUDOLPH

What the hell are you talking  
about?

ROSE FÉE LA MAMBO

Just answer the question, Rudolph.

RUDOLPH

Well, my father used to watch their  
movies a lot.

ROSE FÉE LA MAMBO

Maybe that explains it. Maybe the  
films projected onto you,  
especially Stan Laurel.

RUDOLPH

Wait, are you saying I was acting  
like Stan Laurel?

UNCLE SAMMY

Hell, it was more than that... You  
WERE Stan Laurel!

84. ON THE STAGE

84.

Another smiling contestant salutes the audience and exits the stage. Snooks takes up the microphone.

SNOOKS

And now our penultimate contestant,  
well known to us here at the  
Afriqua Jazz Club!

85. AT THE TABLE

85.

Uncle Sammy slams his glass down on the table.

UNCLE SAMMY

Shit! It's already the penultimate  
contestant!

ROSE FÉE LA MAMBO

Magic has no hold over time,  
unfortunately.

86. ON THE STAGE

86.

Snooks is bouncing about with excitement.

## SNOOKS

Ladies and gentlemen, I give to you  
 James Ronnie, performing James  
 Brown's "The Payback".

He motions to JAMES RONNIE - an African-American man in his 70s, plump and with a bush moustache - to join him on stage.

## SNOOKS (CONT'D)

James Ronnie, ladies and gentlemen!  
 James Ronnie!

James Ronnie steps up to the microphone. The dancers stand ready behind him. The music starts.

James Ronnie starts dancing wildly, doing the splits, and then HOWLS out the first words of the song.

87. AT THE TABLE

87.

Uncle Sammy and Rose gape at his performance.

## UNCLE SAMMY

Goddamn, it's like James Brown in the flesh!

## ROSE FÉE LA MAMBO

He also sings gospel at church.

## UNCLE SAMMY

Gospel my ass, it's like he's on amphetamines or something!

## RUDOLPH

This is Papa Tcho-Tchot's doing, it must be.

Uncle Sammy and Rose are lost in the music, letting loose as it washes over them.

88. ON THE BALCONY

88.

Papa Tcho-Tchot claps along in time to the song, his girls dancing all around him.

89. AT THE TABLE

89.

Rudolph picks up his glass, glances around, and downs the contents in one go.

Uncle Sammy and Rose dance to the music, just two figures in the stamping, cheering crowd. The girls who came in with Rose twerk to the rhythm.

Rose suddenly catches a glance of Rudolph. Regaining her senses, she blinks and sits down next to him.

ROSE FÉE LA MAMBO  
No! Rudolph, you mustn't!

Rudolph tries to drink again but Rose stops him.

RUDOLPH  
How the hell am I supposed to beat this guy?

ROSE FÉE LA MAMBO  
There's still hope. I'll give you another potion.

RUDOLPH  
Forget it. No more Stan Laurel, thanks! I'll just have to get up on stage and... apologize.

Rose gently lets go of his arm. He drinks, slams his glass down on the table, and stands.

RUDOLPH (CONT'D)  
I'm gonna have to be quick if I want to grab the sax and run. My parents' lives count on it.

90. ON THE STAGE

90.

Exhausted, James Ronnie comes to the end of his song and falls to his knees. Then he stumbles to his feet and leaves the stage to RAPTUROUS APPLAUSE.

91. AT THE TABLE

91.

Rudolph makes his way towards the stage. On the way, he accidentally bumps into one of the girls who came in with Rose, knocking her into her friends and sending them all tumbling to the ground.

He continues on his way and climbs onto the stage.

## ON THE STAGE

James Ronnie gives Rudolph a friendly pat on the shoulder as he leaves. Snooks invites Rudolph to join him.

## SNOOKS

Ladies and gentlemen, our final contest comes all the way from Chicago. He'll be performing the incomparable Maceo Parker's famous hit: "1970's Old School Funk"!

Rudolph edges towards the sax, only to awkwardly stop.

Smirking, Snooks pushes him towards the microphone.

Rudolph stands frozen. Suddenly, someone throws a hat to him out of the crowd. He catches it and looks at it.

## AUDIENCE MEMBER 1 (O.S.)

Have fun, man!

Rudolph puts the hat on and smooths down the brim, then energetically rubs his nose. Suddenly, boils appear on his forehead and lips, then disappear just as suddenly.

One of the dancers approaches and hands him a saxophone.

Rudolph takes the instrument and puts the strap over his head. The music starts to flow, the first notes fly - and suddenly his belly bulges out and his fingers start to play. His swollen lips close on the mouthpiece and he BLOWS.

## 93. AT THE TABLE

## 93.

Rose watches with a smile, a tear trickling down her cheek.

Uncle Sammy clenches a fist in celebration. He nods in time to the song and gives Rose a thumbs up.

## UNCLE SAMMY

Holy fuck. Rose, you're the best!

## ROSE FÉE LA MAMBO

Why is the potion still working?

Rose claps her hands and starts to move to the beat.

## 94. ON THE STAGE

## 94.

Rudolph dances furiously on the stage. Parts of his body sporadically swell up and back down.

95. ON THE BALCONY

95.

Papa Tcho-Tchot gets up and walks away from the girls. His eyes turn red and his hair begins to glow.

96. ON THE STAGE

96.

Rudolph is drenched in sweat as his fingers move like lightning on the saxophone. As he reaches the final note, he undoes the strap, lets the instrument drop, and leaps off the edge of the stage.

The audience catches him and Rudolph crowd surfs through the audience for a few moments before falling to the ground. A moment later, he gets up, looking dizzy, and casually heads back to the table.

He takes a seat as the crowd APPLAUDS.

98. ON THE STAGE

98.

Snooks takes up the microphone, shaking his head in disbelief.

ANNOUNCER

Ladies and gentlemen, what an incredible end to the contest... This evening has been full of surprises. Now, let's check the applause-o-meter to see who will be our champion!

For a moment, the board remains blank. And then, to a roar from the audience, two names appear: Rudolph Calagland and Maceo Parker.

Snooks leaps up and down the spot, CLAPPING wildly.

AT THE TABLE

Rudolph sits, stunned, looking around at the rest of the audience. He catches sight of Truman, Stuart, and Tom clapping him. Uncle Sammy and Rose beam at him.

UNCLE SAMMY  
Christ, you did it!

Crying, Uncle Sammy looks up.

UNCLE SAMMY (CONT'D)  
I can finally repay my debts to the  
Broloks!

RUDOLPH  
But...!

UNCLE SAMMY  
Holy cow, the sax is ours! You've  
got heart, kid!

ROSE LA FÉE MAMBO  
You don't remember anything, do  
you, Rudolph?

RUDOLPH  
Nothing. Another bout of amnesia!

Suddenly, the entire crowd FREEZES.

100. ON THE STAGE

100.

Papa Tcho-Tchot, his eyes still red, advances to the  
microphone. In his hands: the saxophone.

PAPA TCHO-TCHOT  
Will the winner approach and claim  
his prize?

101. AT THE TABLE

101.

Rudolph, Uncle Sammy, and Rose gaze at the frozen crowd. Then  
they turn and approach the stage.

RUDOLPH  
What do you intend to do?

102. ON THE STAGE

102.

Rudolph walks towards Papa Tcho-Tchot. He hesitates for a  
moment, then reaches out and takes the sax with a smile.

PAPA TCHO-TCHOT  
To be or not to be, that is the  
question.

RUDOLPH  
What?

Papa Tcho-Tchot sees Rose and frowns.

PAPA TCHO-TCHOT  
Well played, my dear, but it's not  
really fair to use magic...

UNCLE SAMMY  
Ha, and I guess you didn't help out  
James Ronnie the same way?

Papa Tcho-Tchot scoffs and wags a finger at Uncle Sammy.

PAPA TCHO-TCHOT  
I admit I cheated too, but what a  
performance, huh?

UNCLE SAMMY  
Yeah, well you met your match this  
time!

Papa Tcho-Tchot watches jealously as Rudolph turns and gives the saxophone to Uncle Sammy. His hair begins to glow as he turns to look at Rose.

PAPA TCHO-TCHOT  
I can't help but wonder how you  
were able to bewitch a man like  
that, as clumsy and stupid as you  
are...

Rose winces and writhes in pain.

ROSE FÉE LA MAMBO  
Ah! Please, stop!

PAPA TCHO-TCHOT  
Show me how you did it, or I'll  
tear you apart!

Rudolph steps between Papa Tcho-Tchot and Rose.

RUDOLPH  
Leave her alone!

UNCLE SAMMY  
This wasn't what we agreed, Tcho-  
Tchot!

Rose shakes her head, breathing hard as she tries to recover. Rudolph stands tall, coldly gazing at Papa Tcho-Tchot.

RUDOLPH  
This time, fight me without magic.

ROSE FÉE LA MAMBO  
No! He's too strong!

RUDOLPH  
I have to beat him once and for all.

PAPA TCHO-TCHOT  
Alright, no magic.

Rudolph advances on Papa Tcho-Tchot and clumsily SWINGS at him. The two trade BLOWS, the older man seeming to come off best at first. But then, under the amazed gazes of Rose and Uncle Sammy, Rudolph starts to gain the upper hand.

Papa Tcho-Tchot is on the ropes. Yet then his eyes turn red, and his hair and sigils start to glow. He spreads his arms wide and mutters under his breath.

ROSE FÉE LA MAMBO  
No!

UNCLE SAMMY  
You cheater!

Papa Tcho-Tchot waves his arms, his eyes growing a deeper and deeper red. Rudolph falls to the ground, his body quivering.

LOUIS ARMSTRONG AND SIDNEY BECHET  
(O.S.)  
Stop, sorcerer! Pick on someone your own size!

Papa Tcho-Tchot pauses and glances around.

PAPA TCHO-TCHOT  
Who's there?

In the crowd, the girl wearing the hood and death mask starts to move. She slips through the audience, heading for the stage.

Sitting on the stage, Rudolph shakes his head and watches the girl approach. She stops next to Rose.

Then suddenly, the girl TEARS OFF her dress, unveiling SIDNEY BECHET and LOUIS ARMSTRONG awkwardly packed together. They straighten up.

UNCLE SAMMY  
You were supposed to stay at the house!

ROSE FÉE LA MAMBO  
It was... you?

LOUIS ARMSTRONG  
We figured he could do with some  
help.

SIDNEY BECHET  
Being in Rudolph's body was a pain,  
but it sure was great to play  
again.

Rudolph gingerly prods his body.

RUDOLPH  
I feel violated.

PAPA TCHO-TCHOT  
Armstrong and Bechet!

LOUIS ARMSTRONG  
Yep, that's us.

PAPA TCHO-TCHOT  
Ha, you can't hurt me.

SIDNEY BECHET  
I wouldn't be so sure about that,  
sorcerer...

Louis Armstrong looks at Rudolph, Uncle Sammy, and Rose, and vigorously rubs his nose.

LOUIS ARMSTRONG  
Looks like we're gonna be parting  
ways pretty soon.

ROSE FÉE LA MAMBO  
You're leaving?

SIDNEY BECHET  
There's enough energy here to send  
us home before the last day of  
Samhain.

LOUIS ARMSTRONG  
As for you, beautiful, I suggest  
you think carefully before you  
start meddling with this kind of  
magic again.

SIDNEY BECHET  
Yeah, there's some real bad riff-  
raff where we come from.

LOUIS ARMSTRONG

And you, Rudolph, don't forget that  
freedom of choice isn't always what  
you think.

Louis Armstrong and Sidney Bechet turn to Papa Tcho-Tchot and start moving towards him.

RUDOLPH

Stop!

The two ghosts stop in their tracks and turn to him.

LOUIS ARMSTRONG

What's the problem, Rudolph?

SIDNEY BECHET

What, did we forget something?

RUDOLPH

I have a small favor to ask you...  
although it means a big sacrifice  
for me.

ROSE FÉE LA MAMBO

Rudolph, no! Don't do it, it's too  
much!

RUDOLPH

There's no other way. I have to  
beat him at his own game. I just  
want you to know, before I do  
this... I love you!

ROSE FÉE LA MAMBO

I love you too!

UNCLE SAMMY

Go get him, kid!

Rudolph stands and faces up to Papa Tcho-Tchot.

RUDOLPH

If you could see me now,  
Antoinette...

Louis Armstrong and Sidney Bechet leap into Rudolph, who suddenly transforms into a muscular, threatening boxer.

PAPA TCHO-TCHOT

NO! NOT MIKE TYSON!

Rudolph charges at Papa Tcho-Tchot and HAMMERS him with a MASSIVE PUNCH.

The sorcerer tries to raise his arms to cast a spell, but under the blows raining down on him, they begin to SPLIT apart, light SHINING out of the tears.

Louis Armstrong and Sidney Bechet jump back out of Rudolph's body. Pulling on Papa Tcho-Tchot's arms, they then LEAP into the light coming out of him. The glow immediately dies.

Papa Tcho-Tchot stares down at his hands. The magic sigils that adorned his skin have vanished and his hair has returned to normal.

The audience returns to life, showering the stage with APPLAUSE.

Uncle Sammy hugs Rudolph warmly.

UNCLE SAMMY

Thanks to you, I have a new life  
ahead of me!

Rudolph looks happily at Rose, then turns to the saxophone.

RUDOLPH

Guess I'd better give the Broloks a  
call.

105. INT. BROLOKS GANG HEAD OFFICE - DAY

105.

Salvatore, John, and Frank sit at the table, counting out wads of banknotes, when there's a KNOCK at the door.

SALVATORE

Frank, go see who it is.

Frank grudgingly drops the money he's holding and heads for the door. He opens it and is handed a long crate by the COURIER waiting on the other side.

FRANK

What the...

Salvatore and John put down their money. Frank signs the slip, closes the door, and returns to the table. He puts down the crate and studies it, noticing a note pinned to the top.

SUPERIMPOSE: "End of the week, Broloks Gang Head Office"

Salvatore takes the note and opens it. A smile breaks out on his face as he reads it.

SALVATORE

Looks like Rudolph doesn't want to  
follow in his old man's footsteps  
any more!

FRANK

That's weird, Marcel was his idol.

JOHN

Did he complete the mission? Or do  
I need to go make his parents  
disappear?

Salvatore cracks open the crate and grins.

SALVATORE

Looks like the contract is  
complete. One of you give me a  
light!

John takes a lighter out of his pocket and hands it over.  
Salvatore clicks it on and holds the flame against the body  
of the saxophone.

As it heats up, a chemical formula starts to appear, carved  
into the metal.

SALVATORE (CONT'D)

How times change!

106. INT. BROLOKS APARTMENT - HALL - DAY

106.

Kovak stands with his ear to the door, listening. Then he  
moves away, takes out his phone, and dials.

KOVAK

Toni, da... The Frenchmen failed.

TONI (O.S.)

What? Damn it, this is not  
acceptable, you hear me?

107. INT. AFRIQUA JAZZ CLUB - DAY

107.

Papa Tcho-Tchot vigorously rubs the crystal ball. Nothing  
happens.

Lupin, Bonapart, and Beaudelaire sit before him, looking  
unconvinced.

LUPIN

What the hell are we gonna do? This  
shit doesn't work at all!

SUPERIMPOSE: "Two Days Later"

108. INT. UNCLE SAMMY HOUSE, HALL - DAY

108.

Uncle Sammy, wearing a Green Wave t-shirt and holding Jo-Black on a leash, stops near the front door. He gazes at a photo of him and his wife Bonnie which hangs on the wall. Sighing happily, he grabs a saxophone case and heads out.

He calls back over his shoulder as he leaves:

UNCLE SAMMY

Don't do anything stupid while I'm out. And don't forget we're going fishing later, Rudolph!

109. INT. UNCLE SAMMY HOUSE, KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

109.

A dishevelled Rudolph and Rose sit opposite one another, gazing lovingly into one another's eyes. The radio plays JAZZ softly in the background. They lean in close and sparks fly where their hair touches.

ROSE FÉE LA MAMBO

You shouldn't have hidden that you wanted to be a gangster from me. But your parents...

RUDOLPH

I know I'm leaving them behind, but I'm sure they'll accept my decision.

ROSE FÉE LA MAMBO

So now we'll move into my place and work together in my shop.

RUDOLPH

You heard what Armstrong and Bechet said about your voodoo magic!

ROSE FÉE LA MAMBO

I promise. And you, my love, no regrets?

Rudolph opens his mouth to speak, then notices a tiny spider crawling on his shoulder. He gently scoops it up and puts it on the floor.

RUDOLPH

Damn creepy crawler.

ROSE FÉE LA MAMBO

What?

RUDOLPH

I swear to take responsibility for my life. Every single day.

ROSE FÉE LA MAMBO

I have a feeling our lives are going to be something special.

RUDOLPH

That's because being with you is special.

ROSE FÉE LA MAMBO

You're so sweet. Now, before I forget, throw away that old Colt.

RUDOLPH

But it belonged to my grandpa! And besides, it doesn't even work.

ROSE FÉE LA MAMBO

Throw it away, Rudolph.

RUDOLPH

Well, alright. For you.

ROSE FÉE LA MAMBO

Shush... Everything will be perfect, my love. I promise.

She leans in and kisses him. From the radio comes "What a Wonderful World" by Louis Armstrong:

"I see trees of green, red roses too. I see them bloom, for me and you. And I think to myself... What a wonderful world."

Their hair entwines in a shower of sparks as they kiss, and the room trembles with energy.

FADE TO BLACK.

FIN