

THE FRENCH VILLAGE

Written by

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EXT. FRENCH VILLAGE STREET - MORNING

SILENCE.

The morning sun rises over the lavender fields. The small Main Street made of cobblestone comes to life with the light shimmering through the peaceful village. French-style houses sit wall to wall to another with little bakeries and shops along the ground floor.

CHAMBER, 20s, sneaks with CHARLIE, 18, across the street. Charlie is pale, and his body leans against Chamber's body.

They make it to the other side of the street and hide behind a French home.

CHAMBER

Hey, Charlie. We're almost there.

Charlie uses the wall to hold him up. Chamber peaks his head around the corner to Main Street with his sniper in hand.

A burning DEAD HORSE with a gas mask on lies on the street.

Chamber turns back to Charlie.

CHAMBER (CONT'D)

Come on. Wrap your arm around me.

Chamber lifts Charlie's arm around him and helps him walk.

They move along the cobblestone.

They pause at the door. Chamber checks the door, but it's locked.

He walks with Charlie to the next door. Locked.

They pass by a couple more locked French homes.

Chamber sighs. He looks on the other side of the street, then his eyes freeze.

CHAMBER (CONT'D)

Oh my God.

Chamber hurries across the street with Charlie.

He kneels Charlie down by a water well placed in front of a French home.

Chamber pulls down on Charlie's jaw.

CHAMBER (CONT'D)

Drink.

Charlie closes his eyes, keeps his mouth open under the spout. Chamber sets his sniper aside, pumps out the water.

CHAMBER (CONT'D)

There ya go, buddy.

Charlie coughs out water and collapses to the cobblestone. Chamber moves to his side.

CHAMBER (CONT'D)

It's okay. Cough it out.

A bell RINGS on the other side of the street and catches Chamber's attention.

A door on the other side of the street is opened a crack. A HAND pulls out and waves them over to the French home.

CHAMBER (CONT'D)

Charlie, we gotta move. Come on.

Chamber hurries with Charlie to the French home.

INT. FRENCH HOME - ENTRYWAY - MORNING

Chamber shuts the door and Charlie sits down on a chair.

Chamber encounters a FRENCH WOMAN, 30s, age hard to tell with an enclosed metal mask around her face. She wears a dusty white dress with little flowers on it.

CHAMBER

Are you French?

She nods.

Chamber points to the helmet.

CHAMBER (CONT'D)

What's this?

She stares at him.

CHAMBER (CONT'D)

Can you take it off?

Chamber attempts to pull the mask off.

The woman pushes him off.

She dashes into the kitchen. Chamber notices a German flag on the back of her mask.

Chamber pulls out a pistol from his pants and follows her path into the kitchen.

INT. FRENCH HOME - KITCHEN - MORNING

Chamber aims his pistol around the corner wall. A small dining room is behind him.

A pantry sits in the corner of the old French kitchen.

He paces by a small white fridge with a silver handle. The backsplash is covered in flower tiles.

He approaches the pantry door, then rips it open.

Nothing.

He stares down the oven to his right.

A bottle STUMBLES near the fridge.

Chamber strolls over to the fridge with his gun up.

He pulls down the fridge handle and whips it open. The woman crouches inside with her arms covering herself.

CHAMBER

Get out!

Chamber pulls on the lady's hair and lifts her out.

CHAMBER (CONT'D)

Are you with the Germans?

She squeezes her eyes shut, then shakes her head no.

He smacks his pistol against the pans on the island counter. They RATTLE onto the floor.

She shakes her head no.

CHAMBER (CONT'D)

Why don't I believe you?

He pulls her hair over to the giant French oven.

The woman MOANS through the mask, but the sound is dampened.

Chamber fights here into the oven.

He points the pistol at her, she stops.

She breathes heavily through the metal in the dark oven.

CHAMBER (CONT'D)  
Are you with the Germans?

She shakes her head no.

Chamber slams the oven door shut.

CHARLIE  
It's a scold's bridle!

Chamber stops, then turns around. Charlie stands by fridge.

CHAMBER  
Oh my God.

Chamber moves to Charlie and wraps his arms around him in a tight squeeze.

CHAMBER (CONT'D)  
I thought I was losing you!

The French woman pokes the oven door open and exits it. She stands in innocence while watching them hug.

Charlie looks at her from Chamber's shoulder.

CHARLIE  
It's a scold's bridle.

Chamber ends the hug and looks at Charlie.

He follows his eye of sight, finding the French woman.

CHAMBER  
It has a German flag on the back.

CHARLIE  
It's German. But she isn't.

CHAMBER  
What is it then?

CHARLIE  
A torture device. It's a medieval  
torture device.

Chamber walks over to the woman as she draws her eyes to the floor. He touches the mask and observes it.

CHAMBER  
What does it do?

CHARLIE  
The mask... It's meant to keep her  
quiet. On the inside, a metal  
harness pushes down on her tongue.

Chamber stands in front of the woman and looks at her.  
She looks up from the floor and at him.

CHAMBER  
We're gonna get this off you, okay?  
He twists her around and finds a padlock on the back.

CHAMBER (CONT'D)  
Charlie.

CHARLIE  
Yeah?

CHAMBER  
This is your duty.

Charlies walks over and sees the lock.

CHARLIE  
Do you have paperclips?

The woman points to the entryway area.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Can you show me?

The woman moves to the entryway. Charlie follows until  
Chamber stops him. He gives him another hug.

A BLACK CAT walks across the kitchen counter, then stops and  
stares at Chamber.

CHAMBER  
I have a bad feeling about this  
place.

CHARLIE  
Agreed.