

The set up:

BAINBRIDGE, LYLE, AND ALASTAIR (British military officers in their 80s) escape from their elder-care facility in England and sail to Nazi-occupied Bordeaux, France (during WW2) in pursuit of one last grand adventure.

They stay in Lyle's ancestral château and have convinced themselves that the Germans are after them.

REGINALD, Bainbridge's nephew, tries to convince them to return to England.

EXT. CHÂTEAU - DAY

The older men sit in mint condition 1919 Type A Citroën Torpedo while Reginald cranks away at the starter handle.

ALASTAIR

I should have a go at that, looks rather good for the circulation.

LYLE

More elbow grease!

BAINBRIDGE

Three vigorous turns, wait three seconds, then blast it with three more.

ALASTAIR

The rule of threes!

REGINALD

I wasn't aware there was a rule.

Marianne arrives on her bicycle.

MARIANNE

Hi! Wow. I need to catch my breath.

BAINBRIDGE

Hellooooo.

Reginald gives the car another crank and it ROARS to life.

EXT. CITROËN TORPEDO - DAY

Roof down, Bainbridge drives the men along a country road.

ALASTAIR  
She's zesty, isn't she?

LYLE  
Lovely transport, indeed.

REGINALD  
I believe he was referring to the woman.

BAINBRIDGE  
Indeed. But why is she cavorting with our chef?

REGINALD  
That's the woman who's been spying on me!

ALASTAIR  
Oh, no.

BAINBRIDGE  
Then that dashing woman is indeed a genuine femme fatale.

LYLE  
Keep your wits about you.

BAINBRIDGE  
She's a siren sent to dash you upon the rocks.

LYLE  
Beauty and charm. A lethal combination.

ALASTAIR  
Sorry if it still stings the heart, old boy.

LYLE  
Certainly not!

REGINALD  
Sting? Not with that woman?!

BAINBRIDGE  
No! Someone else entirely.

LYLE  
Years ago, on service in India. But the past is the past.

BAINBRIDGE  
 Indeed, the past has passed!  
 (accelerating)  
 Adventure on or perish!

EXT. BORDEAUX - TOWN SQUARE - DAY

The men hit the town square. It's empty.

BAINBRIDGE  
 Boy, you're tactical backup. Over  
 there, on that bench. Alastair,  
 you're communications. Lyle, you're  
 the iron fist to my velvet glove.  
 All clear?

INT. SHOEMAKER'S SHOP - DAY

Bainbridge stands beside Alastair, who has locked eyes with  
 the SHOEMAKER, a squat middle-aged man with glasses.

Behind them, Lyle bristles, ready for action.

BAINBRIDGE  
 (in Alastair's ear)  
 He's searching for your truth.

SHOEMAKER  
 English?

ALASTAIR  
 Perhaps.

SHOEMAKER  
 What? So what do you want?

ALASTAIR  
 How does one find water in the  
 desert?

SHOEMAKER  
 Underground. From roots.

ALASTAIR  
 Underground. Precisely.

BAINBRIDGE  
 I knew you were a friendly! Vive la  
 résistance!

SHOEMAKER

Résistance? It's just something I read. In Tintin. You want shoes?

ALASTAIR

You can judge a man by his shoes.

Bainbridge glances at Alastair's worn ones.

BAINBRIDGE

You're certainly not putting your best foot forward with those.

Bainbridge selects a shoe from a display.

ALASTAIR

Now those have some style.

BAINBRIDGE

Say what you like about Italian, but French shoes are nothing to scoff at.

SHOEMAKER

You want to try them?

ALASTAIR

Oh, yes. Most certainly I do.

BAINBRIDGE

Very handsome.

SHOEMAKER

That's it?

BAINBRIDGE

Not nearly. Our food's dried up. They've got us in a bloody strangle hold.

SHOEMAKER

Who?

BAINBRIDGE

The Germans!

SHOEMAKER

Because they're moving everything north. The allies have landed!

ALASTAIR

You're delusional!

SHOEMAKER

Where are all the Germans?  
 (points)  
 Look at the café, it used to be  
 packed!

EXT. SHOEMAKER'S SHOP - TOWN SQUARE - DAY

The three men convene outside the shop and motion to Reginald to hold his position. The square is indeed dead quiet.

Alastair wears the new shoes.

BAINBRIDGE

Germans on the run. That poor  
 bugger's gone mad.

ALASTAIR

The square is rather quiet.

LYLE

We should check the café.

ALASTAIR

I'm famished.

LYLE

What if he's right?

BAINBRIDGE

Take his word on military matters?  
 A cobbler? I dare say, nah.

ALASTAIR

He was fidgety.

BAINBRIDGE

Clearly crackers. Regardless, we  
 shouldn't tell the boy. Too  
 trusting. Prone to delusion.

INT. CAFÉ - DAY

The three men sip coffee in the empty café. Alastair eats  
 baguette with butter.

ALASTAIR

I never tire of their bread.

BAINBRIDGE

Marvelous, isn't it?

LYLE

There's one.

A GERMAN SOLDIER takes a seat.

ALASTAIR

It's a hotbed.

BAINBRIDGE

If you're looking for action, head  
to the café. True the world over.

LYLE

You could bet on it in Bombay.

Reginald joins them.

REGINALD

The square's been dead quiet for  
thirty minutes.

BAINBRIDGE

Altogether too quiet.

ALASTAIR

See my new shoes?

REGINALD

Very sharp.

ALASTAIR

They're tight.

BAINBRIDGE

They'll ease with wear.

Alastair finishes his bread.

ALASTAIR

Wonderful.

BAINBRIDGE

The simple pleasures.

ALASTAIR

Just missing a touch of honey. Or  
mustard and cheese.

LYLE

I like mine with a pickle.

BAINBRIDGE

Mustard and cheese with pickle?

ALASTAIR

Daring.

REGINALD

That's it? Ready to go?

BAINBRIDGE

No, we are not ready to go. There are bigger things afoot.

REGINALD

I've been willing to entertain this outing to a point, but what on earth are we waiting for?

Flustered, Bainbridge looks about and spots Aimeric walking his bicycle through the square.

BAINBRIDGE

Our quarry.