

<-- Snip -- Scene begins earlier -->

*Kramer's Komandos* plays softly on a TV in his living room. Arthur walks to the front door in tented boxers.

He opens the door on a tall, gaunt man: veins stick out from his skin like the wire frame to a clay model. He looks like a really large marionette, with cold, blue, watery eyes.

The man hands Arthur a business card: Jules Besnard.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)  
Jules Besnard?

Jules has a soupy French accent.

JULES  
If I may speak with you on a very important subject concerning the both of us?

ARTHUR  
I don't want the LA Times and I don't need my curb painted...

JULES  
—about the Jaques Kane?

Arthur stops halfway through slamming the door.

ARTHUR  
Kane?

JULES  
May I come in?

ARTHUR  
Jesus! Quick, okay?

They hear Kris' LAUGH from the bedroom "HA!"

Jules looks down and sees Arthur's obvious hard-on.

JULES  
You and Kane have much in common. I am hoping the similarities do not *extend* too far, *c'nest pas*?

ARTHUR  
What's your point, man?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JULES

My people are on your side, to some extent, Mr. Murray. We endeavour a return of the gold molding you search for?

Art is shocked and more than a little confused.

ARTHUR

You mean Jack Kane's gold?

JULES

We do not need your publicity right now.

He reaches into his vest and pulls out hundred dollar bills, handing them to Arthur, who watches in awe.

ARTHUR

Are you shitting me? These look real.

ARTHUR'S BEDROOM

Kris shoulders the phone, in her underwear. She stands in Arthur's closet, tossing a belt onto his futon. She pulls some ties out, rubbing them against her cheek.

<-- SNIP - Scene Continues -->