

THE BAKERY

By David Acer

EXT. ST. LAURENT STREET – NIGHT

David and Sylvain are ambling down the sidewalk.

DAVID

I'm going to pass out in about 5
seconds if I don't get some food
in me.

Sylvain shakes his head.

SYLVAIN

It's a miracle you people ever
made it across the Atlantic.

WIDE SHOT, as they enter a bakery.

PAN TO a sign in the front window that says BOULANGERIE in large
letters, then, immediately below that, in much smaller letters,
"Bakery".

INT. BAKERY - CONTINUOUS

David and Sylvain are foraging for pick-me-ups.

SYLVAIN

Does it bother you that English
has to be smaller on signs than
French?

DAVID

Not really. We're used to it.
Allow me to demonstrate...

David reaches into a large basket, then brings a long stick of
French bread into view, holding it horizontally before him.

DAVID

French bread..

He fumbles around in the basket, then brings out an English
muffin, holding it below the French bread.

DAVID

English muffin...

Beat.

ANGLE ON Sylvain, shaking his head.

SYLVAIN

That doesn't mean anything. Look...

He bends down and out of frame. <SFX: DOG YELP> He comes back up holding a live poodle.

SYLVAIN

French poodle...

He hands the poodle off to David, then bends down and out of frame once more. <SFX: BIG DOG BARK> He comes back up, now holding a huge sheepdog.

SYLVAIN

English sheepdog...

Beat.

WIDE SHOT of Dave and Sylvain with their dogs.

MUSIC STING.