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Puerto Ricans in Paris

By Ian Edelman

Honey, I'm so excited for this.

I've been waiting all day.

Thank you for

getting us here safely.

God bless.

Honey, stay close.

No more street meat. We have
dinner in two hours at Benihana.

I do not want you
spoilng your appetite.

- I want a hot dog.

- Gucci. Rolex.

Excellent. Sir, you wouldn't happen
to have any Louis Vuitton, would you?

Where are you guys from?

Waco, Texas.

I love Texas. Dallas Cowboys, right?

America's favorite team.

Yeah. The cowboys are at the
ranch looking for Louis.

All right. I'll see you
in a minute. Bye.

Right this way. Come on.

Hey.

Hey, hey.

And for you, special VIP
entrance, yeah?

Come on.

Yeah. See? Right here.

Rhonda. Ronnie.

Hello. Looking for the Louis
Vuitton handbag, right?

Like this? Go.

Yes. We would love to buy
a bunch of these
as giveaways for our
various church fund-raisers.

Okay.

How much is bunch?

Well, let's see. There's the bingo
tournament and then the bowling league.

-Talent show.

-Talent show.

-The father/daughter picnic.

-Mother/daughter brunch.

The Veteran Days committee.

-The Animal Right Group fund-raiser.

-So, anyway, 20 bags?

Twenty bags?

Very expensive.

But for you,

I'll do a good deal.

200 per bag. Done. Go.

So how late are y'all open?

My friend Marlene says you got to
look around to get the best deal.

Lady, lady, best deal.

First-class bag. Original.

But you go to church.

I... I love Jesus.

175 per bag.

Praise Lord Jesus,

it is a deal!

Sold!

-Can we see the bags?

-The bag, yeah. Go.

You see, computers, you know, they can
get hacked. Locks. They get picked.

But nothing gets past

Black Mamba.

He is a nasty bitch.

Like Kobe Bryant.

I don't really

follow politics.

Okay.

Let's go to the warehouse.

What about rims?

You guys need rims?

Can I ask you a question? Really, I don't
mean to offend you by this, but listen to me.

-This bag, it's real, right?

-Does it look real to you?

Yeah.

Then there's your answer.

Okay, but, can-can... Excuse me?

Can you hold this a second?

See, I gotta ask you

this though.

Why is it that

the cross-stitching on here

is not consistent with

the LVMH designer code?

No, no, no. You're not trying

to sell us a fake, right?

- Because you know that's a felony, Hassan.

- Right.

And you know

what that means?

Police.

Shit.

Bag man is on the move.

Bag man is on the move!

All units, suspect heading north

on Crosby and he's going fast.

Annoyingly fast.

God! God!

I'm gonna sue you!

I need a lawyer!

PUERTO RICANS IN PARIS

The proceeds go to funding
illegal manufacturing of drugs,
human trafficking
and terrorism.

It's no exaggeration when I
say that our work here today
is gonna make our
country safer... tomorrow.

So you're saying
you're a hero.

You said that,
not me.

So, Detective, you've gotta
watch those tackles.

Your ass is too old
to be Superfly Snuka.

You spent less time
blabbing to the cameras,
more time on the treadmill, I
wouldn't have to tackle anyone.

Then you'd literally
be good for nothing.

- Besides, I would've caught the guy eventually.

- When, next week?

I'm the brains of the operation. I don't run. You're the muscle, you run. When do I get to be the brains? -I'll text you when there's an opening.

Great work. What do you say we go to Finnerty's?

Do a couple shots of Ciroc. Maybe I'll let you both reggae grind me. What? What?

Yeah?

I got some plans tonight.

Okay.

I'm taking the dental hygienist to the Bruno Mars concert. MSG.

Yeah, I got front row.

I got front row of the upper deck.

But I got good binoculars.

We ever gonna meet this one? -No!

Because then it becomes a relationship.

Here we go again.

I ain't gonna be like those people watching X Factor in bed like you.

Instead...

I do this.

No one wants to see that, man.

No, I did not put cheese on the broccoli. Sorry, guys.

We shouldn't be doing dairy anyway.

- Hi, everybody.

- Hi, papi.

Hi, babe.

How ya doin'?

Have you seen my Gucci backpack?

Your shorts are too short.

Why do you gotta make an issue of my outfits? It makes me uncomfortable.

Your shorts make me uncomfortable.

They're called shorts, not longs.

Where you goin'?

Mami said if you said it was
okay I could go to Wandí's house
- to study and watch a movie... Is it okay?
- No.

Not unless
I get a kiss first.
Study.
You're the best, papi.
Happy anniversary.
Happy anniversary,
Mami and papi!
Happy anniversary, mami...
I'm sure your father doesn't
need a reminder, Anthony.
I only mentioned it,
like, five times last week.
Of course not. Because we're going
to MSG tonight to see Bruno Mars.
What?
Surprise?
You seriously got tickets?
Front row-ish.
- My God!
- Happy?
Yes! My goodness.
I can't believe this.
See, mami? Papi isn't a lazy,
worthless piece of garbage.
Anthony, my God!
He's so silly.
You are so gonna
get it tonight.
Can't wait.
Wait, you just let Lexi go.
What about the boys?
Who's gonna watch them?
Your brother.
Perfect.
Hell no!
Come on, man!
I would if I could, but, you
know, Vanessa, she'd be crushed.
She's got a name now? It's our anniversary!

Your sister's gonna be crushed!
That's not my fault.
You gotta start treating her better.
She's gonna leave your ass.
I'll do your reports
for a week!
Listen, Vanessa, she is
obsessed with Bruno Mars.
You and Gloria
don't even know his music.
I am begging you!
Okay, I'll tell you what.
Name two Bruno Mars's songs and
you get the tickets. Go ahead.
- Don't do this to me right now.
- Okay, okay.
I'll give you a clue. Ready?
I knew it.
You forgot.
Just like my birthday. Just like last year!
And everything!
I swear to God!
I can't take this anymore!
You know what? You think
I couldn't hear you?
I hear when you piss.
I hear when you shit.
I can hear everything in this goddamn
house! I swear to God, Eddie!
Who was that?
My brother-in-law wanted us
to watch the kids tonight.
- Told him he's out of his mind.
- Yeah.
He wonder why I never want
to get married, you know?
What do you mean,
you never wanna get married?
Maybe never is a stretch, but anything
can happen between now and never, babe.
Knock it off, Luis.
I'm 33 1/2.
My biological clock won't
deal with your bullshit.

You said you were 29.

I lied!

So, what, I'm too old
for you now?

No, no, no.

Like my boy Bruno says,

"I like you
just the way you are."

My pretty

little sweet talker.

You really don't ever
wanna get married?

Can we talk about this
after the show?

No, we can't,

'cause I'm not going.

Come on, Vanessa, wait. What are you
talking about you're not going?

You said from the jump
this was gonna be casual.

That's was eight months ago.

Things change, Luis.

And I'm not gonna sit around here waiting for
some old-ass grandpa with commitment issues.

Wait. I don't have issues, okay?

I have an issue.

You really gotta start buttoning
your shirt all the way up.

You ain't Tom Ford.

I didn't actually
forget what day it was.

It's just between the kids and the
bills there's not much left ever.

So when I realized it
was our anniversary today,
I was just hoping it would
sort of go away... I'm sorry.

It's okay.

Maybe next year
we'll do something.

Stay tuned, because X
Factor will be right back.

So you just went
by yourself?

I wasn't gonna
waste those tickets.
Gloria still hasn't responded
to any of my texts, man.
My sister,
she can hold a grudge.
She's still mad at me for wearing
sneakers to her quinceaera.
Yo. Sarge wants to see you
two in her office, ASAP.
She probably wants to fire you for
wearing that dumbass T-shirt to work.
So, you guys are French.
Technically, I did meet my first husband
at the Paris Hotel in Las Vegas.
Also where I met
my second husband. Yeah.
Gentlemen.
Meet Colette and Vincent.
They have come
all the way from Paris
just to talk to you
two boricuas.
I won't take up
any more of their time.
Sure I can't get you anything? Coffee,
tea, hot croissant from Au Bon Pain?
No, we're fine. Thank you.
Suit yourself.
"Au revoir."
Au revoir.
Mr. Garcia,
Mr. Lopez,
my name is Vincent Gravois and this
is my associate, Colette Desrosiers.
I'm the CEO of LuxeLife Holding.
You may be familiar with us?
Of course. You own all those bag
companies they bootleg on Canal Street.
We have saved you
so much money over the years.
And we are very grateful.
That's why we are here.
Well, I'm a 48/36 if you want to hook

me up with a suit as a thank you.
Thirty-six?
When, 10 years ago?
Bro, I'm off the gluten.
I'm spinning three times a week.
Have you even seen me with my
shirt off lately? Have you?
You ate pancakes
this morning.
Bro, gluten-free pancakes.
Colette here happens to make the most
beautiful handbags in the world.
For years, girls have lined up
outside her atelier to buy them.
I could never find a bag I liked,
so I decided to make them myself.
And then my friends
started asking for them,
and friends of my friends,
and the next thing you know.
That is so sweet.
LuxeLife came aboard to help
people outside Paris get Colette.
For her next bag, we've
coordinated a global roll out
around the most exclusive
retail outlets.
Barneys. Saks.
No pressure or anything.
But last week,
we received this.
Okay. That's a picture
of a bag and...
That's a lot of words in
French I do not know.
Not just a bag.
That's the bag.
The center
of our campaign.
At this time, there are only two in
the world. And one has been stolen.
This is a ransom note.
It says unless LuxeLife Holdings
pays one million euros by Friday,

they are going to flood the market with bootlegs before the real one hit retail. And we'd lose millions.

So what do you want with us?

We want you to go to Paris to consult on our investigation. French cops are too slow. I lived in New York for 10 years. We need the best.

We've already checked with your sergeant and you have the vacation days.

As great as that sounds, I don't think my wife will be into me spending my vacation days in Paris without her.

Yeah, plus the French are kinda pricks, you know. But y'all seem really cool. We are prepared to reward you each with 150,000 US dollar if you recover the stolen bag.

Hey. Thank you.

Can you believe this place?

Yo, yo.

How are you?

Hey, mama, can I get a...

A... a... Yeah, there we go. Got a light?

Yeah.

You girls go to a club, a little spot around here?

- No?

- Non, non.

Since when do you smoke?

It's Paris, baby. The cigarettes are healthier. Google that shit.

Yo, bro, they took our luggage. Let's go.

Man, look at this place. I feel like I hit lotto with this.

Shit.

I'm up a horse!

Yo, my man, can you hook me
up with some conditioner,
coconut version?
Some body wash with aloe
and toothpaste for whitening?
And, bro,
I love those slippers.
Can you get me one for every day of
the week? I got bad feet, all right?
And, listen, I'm sorry.
I gotta change my money into euros.
So I'll hook you up later. Cool?
My man!
Love that attitude!
What a great guy, man.
Check this out.
Yeah. Yeah. Yeah.
Is that gonna
keep you up, Eddie?
You know, Gloria's wanted to come to Paris
ever since we saw Ratatouille, man.
She barely even said a word
to me before I left, bro.
We find that bag,
that's a 150 G's.
- For that kinda money, she'll forgive even you, right?
- Right.
Come on, man. Get your head into the game.
Let's find the bag.
Otherwise, Gloria's gonna leave you for
Anthony's orthodontist. You don't want that.
No. Hell, no.
I'm gonna go freshen up
before our meeting.
Why, bro?
It's just Colette.
Damn. Homegirl
cleaned up nice.
Hey, guys. How was your flight?
You guys get in okay?
It was great. Hotel's great.
Everything's great.
Yeah, you look
great too.

Thank you.

Did you do something with your hair?

You look very chic.

Actually, I haven't washed it since I saw you in New York, but I'll take it.

God, I love this hotel. You guys are lucky my bosses are rich.

My wife couldn't believe it when I told her where we were staying.

You should have brought her.

It's a bit of a sore subject.

What about you, Colette?

You married?

You got a boyfriend?

You looking for something casual maybe?

A bit of a sore subject too.

I just broke up with a girl last week.

I'm sorry, but you look so familiar to me.

Do I know you from somewhere else?

I don't think so.

He looks like the guy from the Quiznos commercials.

He gets that a lot.

No, it's not that.

Where do you spend your holidays in the summer?

Sometimes go swimming at Brighton Beach, but I doubt you saw me there.

-Is that in the Hamptons?

-Nah.

No? -Okay, can we talk about the missing bag?

Yes. The bag. Yeah.

It went missing last week.

Four people have access to my studio.

Since there's no break-in,

Vincent thinks it's one of them.

So there's Ludivine,
my senior designer.
I gave her her first job
right out of design school.
She's very talented.
But sometimes I get the feeling
she resents my success.
Then there's Francesca,
my publicist.
She's the best in the business.
Which means, I trust her about
as far as I can throw her.
Garon?
Then there's
my dear friend, Kate.
We met modeling as teenagers.
She was very successful until she
had a little meltdown last summer.
She hasn't landed
a major campaign since.
Yet, somehow, she purchased a
vineyard in the south of France
that she can't possibly afford.
And finally,
there's my ex-husband, Jerome.
He used to be our
in-house photographer.
Since he stopped shooting for us,
he's been a little hard up for money.
When I sold my business to Vincent,
he started getting a little insecure.
And then I found out
his 19-year-old assistant
was giving him more
than a hand in the darkroom.
So, that's everyone. And I can't believe
any of them would do this to me.
Don't you worry, Colette. We'll
find the bag. It's what we do.
I'm counting on it.
Sorry, guys, I have to get to a meeting.
Fifth of the day.
I used to make bags. Now I sit in conference
rooms and talk about brand synergies.

Well, look, here's my card.
Anything happens, you see
something, you call me immediately.
Even if you just wanna talk
about things, have dinner.
Dinner. Great idea.
How's tomorrow night?
I'd love to, Colette.
Great. I'm having some people
over. You both come.
God, I know I sound crazy,
but I swear we've met.
Bye.
Shit, man, you stink.
You really should have
showered upstairs, bro.
Yo, yo, yo, yo!
What's going on, baby?
Why're you texting me?
I'm right here!
We in Paris, Eddie. We in Paris!
I'll tell you what!
We are. We have a big day tomorrow.
Can we go home?
Bro, I gotta get one French chick's
number at least. Come on, man.
I'm out. Try not to
wake me when you get home.
That's if I get home.
Later, man.
Hello. Would you
like a drink?
Got a better idea. Why don't
we go back to my hotel?
I'm staying at the Palais Royal.
Really expensive there.
You down?
You...
You don't speak English?
That's really too bad.
I would have ate that little
croissant of yours for hours.
Sh...
Pig!

I thought you said
you didn't speak English?
What you doin' later?
I think we should get croissants
from this ptisserie in the Sixth.
Frommer calls them "little knots of
buttery heaven." What do you think?
Lou!
Lou, you sure you don't wanna come?
Frommer's says they're...
I don't give a fuck what Frommer's says!
I'm sleeping!
I'm sleeping!
Eddie! Hey!
My God, Colette.
What are you doing here?
- How are you doin'?
- I'm great.
My son, Charlie.
What's up, Charlie?
I was about to go get some
croissants on the corner.
Here? No.
Tourist trap.
Yeah.
You have to go there.
Rue Bonaparte.
Get a box of pistachio macaroons
from the shop and thank me later.
All right, sounds good. -But don't tell
anybody else. It's for locals only.
All right, I promise.
He wants to ride your bike. -You
wanna ride my bike? Come on.
Thank you. Okay.
Be careful. I thought
New York drivers were bad.
This over here is wild.
I have a son his age back home.
He'd love it here.
He your only one?
- Three boys under 10 and a 16-year-old girl.
- My God.
You poor thing. -Never a dull

moment around my apartment.
I worry about Charlie,
you know.
Divorce is hard on kids.
My parents split when I was 16,
and I ended up sleeping
with half my school.
That's why I keep telling Gloria
we need to start homeschooling.
He wants you
to walk us to school.
I got a few minutes.
Really? Okay.
- Let's do that.
- Come on.
- I'll race you on three. You ready?
- Yeah.
One, two...
Let's go!
Let's go!
And actually,
the school is this way!
Where the hell you been,
Eddie? You're late.
Sorry. I got caught up at the market.
Wanna try the most amazing macaroon ever?
No, man, just hurry up
and get ready.
What the fuck
is a macaroon?
Ludivine.
A pleasure to meet you,
Prince Nazir al-Faisal.
Please, call me Naz.
Like the rapper.
This is Muktar,
my bodyguard.
You don't have to concern yourself
with him. He's just muscle.
Not so bright.
I have to say I was
intrigued by your e-mail.
It's not every day a Saudi prince writes
me about a pressing fashion matter.

It's not every day I have a pressing fashion matter.
Not much variety here.
Sometimes the robe is black.
Sometimes it's white. Boring.
So, what can I do for you?
Ludivine, it's not so much what you can do for me. It's more my wife, Fatima.
-It's her birthday next week.
-That's nice.
You see, Ludivine, out of all the designers out there, Colette is her favorite.
That's why I come speak to you.
Wait. You came to me to get a Colette bag?
Not just any Colette bag.
Next season's Colette bag.
The one not in store's yet that all the women are talking about.
You can't be serious.
Do you know what Fatima's best friend Marni got for her birthday?
An island. An island.
And Mustafa, he had palm trees shipped in from Borneo.
These women, they are so competitive.
I need that bag.
And you can get it for me.
I'm sorry. I don't feel comfortable continuing this conversation.
Would two million euros change your mind?
You'll pay me two million euros to get you Colette's new bag?
Is he a friend of yours?
I made a joke about him one time, so he, like, really took that really personal.
I'm sorry. What part of Saudi are you from?
The Lower East part?
Rivington and Delancey?

Our plane takes off
tomorrow at noon.
You have until then
to decide.
I don't need
to make up my mind.
I would be happy to design
a one-of-a-kind bag,
but I wouldn't betray
Colette for any price.
Au revoir.
What happened?
We almost got shish kebabled,
thanks to somebody who was
supposed to check out the lobby!
I did, but people come and go.
That's how lobbies work.
Excuses, excuses.
Guys,
what did she say?
Man, the air conditioning. If you see somebody,
can you tell them turn it up a little?
-Thank you.
-Guys, what did she say?
She checked out.
She didn't do it.
-Well, that's a relief.
-We'll get the thief.
I'll meet you at
my apartment tonight?
We'll be there.
Great. It's to show
my friend's new collection.
I'll have my assistant, Daniel, bring over
some pieces for you to wear. See you.
Eddie. Danielle is finally
gonna get you out of Old Navy.
Okay, I think this is
gonna work right here.
You do know how ridiculous
that is, right?
Danielle Estabara
from Colombia Street.
Chicky's sister Danielle

with the big booty.

Danielle from the Vladeck's

Housing with the club foot?

It's a fact. I'm

irresistible to Danielles.

Bonjour. I'm Colette's

assistant, Daniel.

Colette picked them

out for you herself.

Daniel.

Come on in, boys! It's just fashion.

It's not gonna kill you.

You got something else maybe?

Yeah, good call, bro.

It's not terrible.

Actually...

Guys!

Hey. I'm so glad you came.

- How are you doing?

- Hey.

Eddie,

you look fantastic.

This is a little outside my comfort zone, but I figure, when in Rome...

We're in Paris, dummy.

Eddie, you're a rock star.

Come on in.

- Can I get you some champagne?

- That would be great.

I am on that tonight right there.

Or that. Hey.

Excuse me, you look familiar.

Did I see you last week... MSG,

Bruno Mars concert, VIP section.

- That was you, right?

- No.

- No.

- No.

I'm Luis. This is my fresh-air fun buddy, Eddie.

We're from New York.

Brigitte.

Not a lot of guys can pull those off.

I'm very impressed.

Doesn't he look great?
So cheers to Eddie's pants.
Nice accent. Did you
study before you came?
Just read Frommer's.
Sorry, boys.
I'll be right back.
- This is bullshit, man. Give me the pants, bro.
- What?
Bro, you're married, I'm single.
Give me the pants.
I'm not switching pants. People
have already seen me in these.
Plus I'm not wearing
any underwear.
Just give me the pants.
Monsieur Eddie!
Charlie!
What's up, little man?
Monsieur Eddie?
Who the hell is that?
Colette's son Charlie.
We went bike riding today.
You were hangin' out with
Colette and didn't tell me?
We ran into each other
while you were sleeping. Why?
Hey, how is
my little man doing?
I love those pants.
Thank you.
This is dating now? Texting a

girl at 11:

"Hey, you out?"
Romance is dead.
It's a shame.
What happened to
picking up a phone,
taking the girl out,
making out a little.
- A little?
- What? I like sex. Is that such a crime?
I for one, agree.

The double standard...
Here's the craziest thing is,
actually, I'm pretty easy, you know.
I work hard.
I have a kid.
You put in even
the slightest effort,
I will probably
sleep with you.
But what passes for courtship
these days is complete bullshit.
I don't know. Maybe we have to
move to New York to find real men.
So, Eddie, how did you
and your wife meet?
Believe it or not
ninth grade homeroom.
Wait, wait. So you guys have
been together since high school?
We did briefly split
sophomore year.
I found some notes this guy Hector
Ruiz stuffed in her locker.
I still bring it up
every time we fight.
Matter of fact,
I'm married to Luis's sister.
-Really?
-How crazy for you, non?
Thank you for asking,
Brigitte.
Actually, it was at first...
My God!
My God! 1992.
Limelight. You were the doorman.
I knew I recognized you.
No, no, no, no, no! I was the doorman!
I was the doorman!
He held the rope.
I told him when to lift it.
-It's amazing! I went there every night.
-You went to Limelight?
- Yeah!
- You don't look familiar though.

I looked
a little different then.
I know.
Damn, look at me! Full set
of hair, 30 pounds lighter.
- Damn, it was good being young.
- Yeah.
You know what? Tonight,
we're all going dancing.
Great idea.
It's leather night
at Le Baron!
Bonsoir!
Vmonos, Eddie.
You sure you
don't wanna come?
To leather night?
You sure you do?
I'm just going with it.
Don't go too far.
You need cab money?
I'm fine, Eddie.
Bye.
And don't get home too late either, okay?
We have lots to do tomorrow!
Hey, hey!
My man! Yo!
That's fucked up! You don't even
pick up Puerto Ricans here either!
Damn! Come on!
The last time I was in a club,
you give somebody a 20,
you got a lot more than
just one glass of champagne.
I haven't been getting
out much lately either.
You miss being married?
Sometimes, yes.
Jerome really hurt me,
but it wasn't all his fault.
I was stressed out. Worked too much.
Forgot all the small stuff.
I hear that.
It's hard to balance.

You know what hurt the most? If he had asked me to forgive him, I would have. He just never asked.

So, what's your secret for staying married for 100 years?

We just celebrated 19.

The last few haven't been easy.

Neither were my first few.

That's why God invented champagne. Cheers.

Excuse me.

Hello?

Yo!

Is the bus is still running? 'Cause I've been here, like, 30 minutes already.

Sorry, man, no idea.

If you have no idea, what the hell are you doing at a bus stop?

Beautiful night. Nothing better to do, I guess.

We're in love.

Someone should tell you love is overrated.

"Love is all you need." Do you know who said that?

"Fuck bitches, get money."

Do you know who said that?

-Biggie.

-Fuckin' bitch. Damn.

Y'all had... Y'all had a bike all this time? Come on, man.

Bye, sad man. By the way, the bus is on strike.

Fuckin' hipsters.

How hungover are we gonna be tomorrow?

Let's worry about that tomorrow!

But extremely!

Shirt off, Eddie!

Not cool, man.

Not cool.

Daniel,

let's fuckin' do this!

Come on!

Hey, baby.

What time is it over there?

It's late, you know. I was just thinking about you.

You strike out with the French chicks and you're drunk-dialing me?

No, baby, I was just calling you to... Where are you?

Out.

On... On a date?

None of your damn business!

You know what? As a matter of fact, I gotta run.

Hey, Vanessa...

So, Vanessa.

So you were telling me about your baseball card collection.

Shit, man, you missed a wild one last night.

Yo, for a white girl, Colette sure knows how to get down, bro.

Yo, Lou, where you at?

You tell my sister you been spending all your waking hours with another woman?

What's that supposed to mean?

- Why'd you lie to me about seeing Colette yesterday?

- I didn't lie.

It wasn't a big deal.

I didn't think to mention it.

You think something going on between me and Colette, you been in this room too long.

I don't wanna talk about it.

Let's get dressed.

Just picked up a new batch.

You gotta try the pistachio, bro.

Chill out with this fuckin' macaroni shit all the time.

-Macaroons!

-Yeah, "maracones," whatever.

Let's go, bro!

All right.

I put your hat on the bed.

Hurry up.

Francesca, my associates tell me you're very connected in the fashion world.

Correct. Yes.

You mentioned you're in the coffee business?

Yes, coffee.

We specialize in the production, manufacturing and distribution of coffee.

But I'm looking to make a career change.

Do you know what this is?

-Yes, it's a Rolex.

-No.

It's a 4,000% profit.

It's a fake.

Made in Beijing for \$2.50, sold on the Internet for \$200.

The margin of profit is way better than... coffee.

Also, if you lose a shipment of these fake watches, nobody's gonna throw you out of a helicopter without a parachute... like with coffee.

Well, Mr. Juarez, while I am impressed by your entrepreneurial spirit, this is not quite my area of expertise.

You understand? I typically work with high-end fashion brands.

- Like Colette.

- Yes, like Colette.

This is your area of expertise.

Look, I want Colette's new bag.

I have a factory ready to turn over 10,000 fakes

of such high quality that not even Colette herself could know the difference.

We could move them
for \$500 apiece.

Do the math!

Eddie, do the math.

Okay, I do the math.

It's a lot of money.

Yeah!

And what's in it for me?

One million euros, cash.

Call it a finder's fee.

Call me when you decide.

No, no, no.

No, no.

Keep it. Keep it.

And I know it says water
resistant for 500 meters,
but I'd take it off
before I shower, okay?

Thank you, Mr. Juarez.

Finally I get to afford
one of these real bad boys?

I don't know.

I don't think it was her.

I didn't get
that guilty vibe.

My man. You always hover
over your customers like this,
or just the brown ones?

Thank you.

Bonjour.

- Hey, guys.

- Hey. How you doin'?

How'd it go with Francesca?

What? Case closed.

You kidding me?

Look, I'm so confident
it's Francesca,
I'm spending my reward money
right here.

Let me ask you something. What do you
think about those earrings right there?

Actually,

I think they're hideous.
But those look fantastic. You should
get them for your wife, Eddie.
- Really?
- Really.
Look kind of old to me.
Well, they're antiques.
If it really
is Francesca, what do we do?
"We"? We do nothing.
You let us handle this.
We're New York's Finest,
after all.
And we're good cops too.
In the meantime, we're gonna
investigate the other suspects.
Okay.
Yo, my man. Do you, like, accept
trade-ins, and stuff like that?
Any sign of Jerome, bro?
If I saw something, don't you
think I'd say something?
You ain't gonna see shit because he ain't
got the bag. Francesca got the bag.
If you wanna go to the hotel and do
whatever you've been doing, be my guest.
You would like that,
wouldn't you?
That way you could be Colette's
little hero all by yourself.
- Why is it hard to understand Colette and I are just friends?
- Just friends.
Just like me and Pepe.
-You really think I'd cheat on Gloria?
-I'll pretend I'm not here.
You know?
I don't know what to think.
- All I know is that you spend a lot of time talking with her.
- Yeah, Luis. Talking.
Ever cross your mind I like talking
to her 'cause I can relate?
Unlike your childish ass.
Like you and some blonde chick
have so much in common.

Why do you not see that? -Are
you upset she didn't want you?
You think I wanna hit on that?
That's your girl, bro.
After all these years,
I thought you was loyal.
You better watch what you say.
-Or what?
-I'm-a k...
Guys? Jerome's home.
You know what?
Sit your ass. I'm going alone.
Yeah, like hell you are.
Well, sounds like you guys don't
really need me to translate, so...
Get your ass up,
French Fry. Let's go!
NYPD! Hands up!
Where's the bag?
The Colette bag. Where is it?
-He doesn't speak English.
-Don't make me ask you again!
Boy, here we go.
Ask this motherfucker where
he's hiding the bag!
He doesn't know what bag
and wants to know who you are.
The guy who's gonna rip him
a new asshole.
Five seconds before I snap
your arm off.
- One!
- Un...
- Two!
- deux...
-Three!
-trois.
- You don't need to translate the numbers!
- Yeah, hello?
Yeah, hi, Francesca.
Tomorrow afternoon? Caf Julien?
Okay. Thank you, Francesca.
Eddie, that was Francesca.
She has the bag.

Look, tell him I'm sorry about
the misunderstanding, man.
He says, "Go fuck"...
That I understood.
Fuckin' good apple, man.
Thank you.
So glad you made
the right choice.
Okay, let's do this fast.
- Got the money?
- Got the bag?
-I got the bag.
-Let me see the bag.
-Let me see the money.
-Let me see the bag!
Okay. Here the bag.
Let me see.
That's the bag.
That's the bag.
That's the money.
It's all the money in there?
Counted it myself.
Sorry, mami. You should
never trust a drug dealer.
Police!
Shit!
Shit, Eddie, way to go!
That was good!
Okay. Okay.
Stand down, amigos. She's ours.
Since when you carry guns? I
thought this was like Canada shit.
What the hell's going on?
I guess they've been tracking
the same suspects as you.
Tell the French boy band we got
this handled. We're good.
All we need
is an official confession.
Confession? What confession?
I got the bag.
-She gave me the bag!
-I'm sure it will be easy.
Do you speak English?

No.
Don't fuck this up!
I want my money,
I wanna go home to America.
Okay.
She's confessed
to stealing the bag.
You hear that,
Father Joe?
She confessed.
Do you mind if I
have a word with her?
This is hot, Eddie.
I finally get why you like her.
Last night? The bag
was stolen a week ago.
I knew she wasn't the thief.
Maybe she mixed up
last night with last week.
She's not our thief.
So, if it's not Francesca...
Okay, look. I don't wanna give these
knuckleheads any more leads, okay?
Kate, that bitch!
She said it. She said it.
The deadline is in 12 hour.
The board doesn't want to pay.
We don't want to be embarrassed by
bootlegger either. We need proof.
And process of elimination
isn't proof.
Understood.
We're on it.
Okay.
Get her drunk. She has
a big mouth when she drinks.
Especially gin.
Last time we went out
for martinis
she told me she gave Nicolas
Sarkozy a hand job at Cannes.
I have no clue what she said,
but I got the hand job part.
She also likes hash!

And beers!
And coke! She's a model!
What are you doing?
Moisturizing.
You do that shit at home?
No, but I'm open to new experiences,
unlike your stubborn ass.
I already tried the bidet.
That was enough.
That's your kid's
Christmas present.
Use it sparingly, okay?
How you ladies doin'?
How are ya?
Just got here from New York.
Our first time in Paris.-
I'm super happy for you.
But we're having
a private conversation here.
That's so sad because I see you
two sitting all alone here,
and I just have one simple
question to ask you
that could change
your life forever.
Really?
Well, then, go ahead.
Have you ever been
with a Puerto Rican?
Been with two, actually.
Cousins.
Yeah. Julio and Javier.
Lovely guys.
But very possessive.
One had a horrible BO.
But thank you for the idea.
But were Julio and Javito
packing any of this?
You got hash?
Hash?
Honey, Sour Diesel
from the Lower East Side.
You think Paris
is ready for this?

You are funny.
I like you.
You treat me with a little
hospitality, maybe I share.
Garon.
Let me have a,
dry gin martini
with a twist of lemon?
Trois!
Wait, wait, wait.
Is John Leguizamo Puerto Rican?
Half. -Well, then I've been with
two and a half Puerto Ricans.
Honey, you should try this half.
Very nice. Very nice.
Wait, wait.
Let's go to Silencio.
Everybody's there.
- Okay.
- Yeah?
I'm going to
the ladies room first.
Nobody steal my drink.
Okay.
Think she's gonna make it?
This place sucks.
Let's go to Le Floor.
I hate it here. Everybody's at Les Deux.
Let's go.
This place is depressing.
Everybody's at Andrea's birthday.
I don't know, Kate. Look...
I'll never fuck you.
Vmonos.
Bro.
Kate is lookin' slammin' hot.
Yeah.
We are close. Do not fuck it up over
some girl you have no shot with.
Bro, he only thing that'll fuck this shit up
is you not being able to control your girl.
How many times I gotta tell you,
she's not my girl.
- Hey, boys.

- Hey.
Meet Andrea,
the birthday girl.
Hey.
Pleasure.
Luis.
My grandpa does that too.
I love your head.
May I?
Only 'cause it's your birthday.
There is a thief
on the loose at this party!
A real back-stabbing bitch...
Wha...
Watch your bags, ladies!
She could never hold her liquor.
What the hell?
I'm trying to help.
Who cares?
My husband cheated on me.
My best friend stole from me.
Vincent and the suits are worried my bags
won't hit international sales quotas.
I should just jump in
the Seine.
I'm not jumping in after you.
Let's get you home.
No.
Why are there never any cabs?
I don't wanna go home!
I wanna drink more!
- Everything's closed.
- I know a place.

It's 3:

Okay, just one drink.
One drink and then go home.
Okay, maybe two, okay?
One!
Could you please
stop running now?
Wah! Uno, dos, tres!
Go, Luis! Go, Luis! Go, Luis!
Fuck, I want a rematch.

I want that rematch!
Let's get some air, please.
I don't need air.
But if you need air, yeah,
let's get air.
Good.
Bitch.
Big fan of gin?
Yeah, I'm mean.
And gin makes me meaner.
Yeah, your friend Colette was telling
me that you're a fan of wine too?
She mentioned you own
a vineyard?
Well, I'm doing okay lately.
Modeling?
I haven't made money modeling
since '04.
And I blew most of that
on coke and motorcycles.
How you buy a vineyard?
Hook a brother up.
I shouldn't.
I don't know you well enough.
Come on, baby.
You can trust me.
Look, where I'm from, everybody
tells me their secrets.
I'm like the Oprah
from the Lower East Side.
You have to promise me
not to tell Colette.
She'd kill me
if she found out.
Who's Colette? I don't know who Colette is.
I'm not gonna tell Colette.
I'm a madame.
You're a what, now?
I'm a madame. A pimp.
See all these girls here?
They work for me.
-They're models.
-No, they're broke models.
I set them up with rich guys

for accompaniment.
A fancy dinner here.
A trip to St. Tropez here.
And everybody is so happy.
I mean, come on, really? Nah.
And the only one not happy
is my poor friend Colette.
Colette's not happy?
What? Between the divorce
and selling the company...
Poor thing,
she's having a tough time.
I told her not to sell.
I did.
But she didn't listen.
Of course
now she regrets it..
I thought she was
being dramatic
when she said she wanted to quit and
take her son to India for a simple life.
Now I am not so sure.
Yeah.
A million euros in India
goes a long way?
Shit. Listen, I gotta go.
You're leaving me?
Now you got me drunk?
Trust me, I don't
believe it either, okay?
I gotta go, okay?
Come on, Luis.
Luis!
Marie?
Eddie! Eddie!
Jump with me.
Let's trash this fucking place!
No, I'm tired.
You need to chill out. Plus, I left
my credit card for incidentals.
Okay.
May I?
Jesus, you too?
If I say no, you're gonna

do it anyway, so go ahead.
How often do you have to shave
to keep it so soft?
Every morning.
You're a simple man, Edgar.
I respect that.
Your heart is pure
and your head is shiny.
Things used to be
simple for me too.
Every Sunday, Jerome would
make blueberry pancakes.
They were terrible,
but they were his thing.
Charlie would take two bites
and pretend to like them,
and then we all go get
a proper brunch in the Marais.
Things are more
complicated now.
Maybe I made the wrong choice.
That's what Jerome always says.
Don't listen to him.
Do you think
I'm a sellout, Eddie?
Doesn't matter what I think.
Yeah, it matters to me.
I trust you.
I don't think
you're a sellout at all.
It's okay. Hey.
No, I'm married.
- Hey.
- Hey.
Hey. How'd it go, man?
I should be asking you that.
Listen, Kate's clean,
everybody's clean.
The only one that ain't clean
is your little French friend.
What are you talking about?
Think about it, bro.
She loses her husband.
She's miserable at her job, so she

says, you know, fuck these suits.
Steals her own bag, pockets a million
euro cash, then she disappears.
There's no way. Colette isn't
dirty like that, man.
She's dirty enough to be coming out
of your hotel room at 5:00 AM.
Face it. She's shoving her titties
to throw you off, and it's working.
Nothing happened between us.
Look, I hate to break it
to you, Ed,
but Colette...
She's not your friend.
She's been playing you all this time.
You're too dumb to see it.
Colette isn't the thief,
and stop calling me dumb.
Then smarten up.
Look around, dummy.
It's killing you
to see me do better than you.
Please, get a grip.
All these years, you've got me
under your thumb like a sidekick.
God forbid, I step out of your shadow.
You can't handle it!
Then step out of my shadow.
I've been wanting
a new partner anyway, dick.
So have I. You think you're
the brains of the operation?
All you are is a fucking ego.
Whatever.
Look, I'm turning Colette
into Vincent.
I'm getting my money and
getting the hell out of Paris.
You can stay here
with Colette.
I'll go home, and I'll take care of
my sister, Gloria, your ex-wife.
Say something now, dick!
Yo.

What are you doing here?

I wanted to come down here to personally tell you I found your thief.

- It's Colette.

- Colette?

What are you talking about?

Well, she regrets selling you her company.

She's telling all her friends she's miserable.

So she's self-sabotaging for a quick payday.

She's confessed as much to you or you have some other proof? -She's banging Eddie!

What more proof do I need?

And I'll take his cut of the reward.

You think I can accuse my business partner, one of the most beloved designer in Paris, of extortion and fraud with no proof?

Trust me, okay. It's Colette.

Well, as much as I would love to just take your word on that, I'm afraid that's not good enough.

- Okay.

- I was on the phone with our board earlier this morning.

At this point we have no choice but to pay the ransom and put this matter to rest.

Now, if you'll excuse me, I'm late for a meeting.

I trust you can see yourself out the same way you saw yourself in.

I must say, I expected more from New York's Finest.

"I must say, I expected more from New York's Finest."

Yeah, buddy.

Merci beaucoup, bro.

What the fuck was I thinking?

I'm sorry
I tried to kiss you.
I had too much to drink.
Nah. It's all good.
Is that you playing it cool?
What? Nah. Nah.
Okay. 'Cause you're saying
"nah" a lot.
- For real?
- Okay.
Let me call you
right back, okay?
Vincent?
Merde!
I need soap.
And a towel.
Bring back the leftover soap!
- So, gentlemen...
- Bro, I'm all out of fuckin' euros.
I'll send you a Christmas card.
Guys, wait!
I really need to talk to you. -What
the fuck you do to your hair?
Something crazy is happening. Vincent
fired me. I have no idea what's going on.
That's really too bad, 'cause we've got
a flight to catch, so we gotta go.
-Okay. Okay. I'll take you to the airport.
-Bye, Colette.
Get in the fucking car
before I lose it!
So he spins some bullshit
about gross negligence
and basically says
I have no recourse.
The whole thing
is ridiculous!
Are you actually
gonna watch the road?
You see? That was a stop sign.
I can't compete
with their team of lawyers.
You should've thought about that
before you stole your own bag,

- made us go on this wild-geese chase.
- What?
You think I'm the one
behind this?
You can't believe that!
We investigated everybody, okay?
None of 'em did it.
So that doesn't leave
too many suspects now.
You think it was me too? -I
honestly don't know what to think.
Eddie. That's how
you see me now, a thief?
I thought we were friends! I thought I'd
go to New York and meet your family.
Shit.
I never got Gloria a gift.
Damn!
That is so much like you, Eddie.
No reward money, no gift, and she
was already mad when I left.
Give her these, bro.
Thanks, man.
You should have stuck
to just making sunglasses.
They wasn't so bad.
I don't make sunglasses.
They said "Colette" on them.
You're just full of lies.
What? Give me those!
Where'd you get these?
I got them
from Vincent's office.
He had all kind of styles.
I should've stole all of 'em.
Colette, what are you doing?
Just follow me.
You're the only ones
I can actually trust.
What the hell you talking about?
We don't trust you at all!
Damn.
You set me up to look negligent
so you could fire me

and use my name to sell
cheap sunglasses
and perfumes
and God knows what else!
You stole the bag!
You wrote the ransom notes!
This whole shit was you!
Sorry, gentlemen, she's clearly
unhappy about her termination.
Open your safe. There's a safe
somewhere, and the bag is in it.
He ruined my life's work
to sell shitty sunglasses.
I'm not going anywhere
until I get some answers!
-Is there a safe in this office, Vincent?
-I'd look behind the painting.
Rich white guy, they're always
hiding shit behind paintings.
Okay. As a matter of fact,
I do have a safe.
I don't think it's appropriate that this
woman barges in here with some crackpot...
Open it.
Open it.
Fine.
Well, shit.
I know it's in here.
I know it's in here!
I was gonna
take him out right then.
Don't touch me. I'll leave
on my own when I'm ready.
I thought we were friends,
Vincent,
but you're just a snake.
Don't even think
about it, Pepe.
Excuse me.
Can I borrow your chair?
Move back, please?
Shit!
Are you out
of your fucking mind?

What the... Get the
fuck away from there!
Get the...
Probably didn't need to break
homeboy's tank. My bad.
Fuckin' Eddie, man!
I'm not crazy?
No, you're not crazy!
-Fucking Puerto Rican!
-Check it out, Eddie.
I finally got some ass
in Paris.
I gotta say, Eddie that was really good
detective work. I'm really impressed.
Well, somebody's gotta be
the brains of the operation.
You know nothing happened between
Colette and I, right? -I know.
I love Gloria, man. I would
never do anything to lose her.
- Yeah, I guess she's stuck with your broke ass.
- Broke?
I just made 150 grand, bro.
After I pay off
all my credit cards,
I may even be able to take Gloria
to a restaurant with cloth napkins.
Yeah, she's lucky to have you.
And so am I, partner.
It's still a matter
of pride at this point.
Trust me on this.
My God,
this is fucking delicious.
What the fuck
did you do in Paris, Edgar?
-You like?
-Like?
I love! My gosh!
How'd you know
to pick these out?
I had help from a friend.
You need to get help
more often.

-You look beautiful.

-Yes, you're gonna get some.

Want me to do

all the work?

All the work.

- All the work?

- All of it.

Hi.

Can I talk to you

for a minute?

No.

Okay.

I guess I'm gonna have to

do it from out here!

I traveled 4,000 miles,

and I finally realized

what I was looking for

was always right

in front of me.

I mean, not at the moment,

but you know what I mean?

All you need is love.

I get that now.

You write that

all by yourself?

My God.

Yeah!

I do! I do! I do!

I do!

Okay. Wait,

no not yet.

- Let me ask you first.

- Go ahead.

- Look at this ring!

- Yeah, it's an antique from Paris.

My God. An antique from Paris?

That's dope.

- Can I finish?

- Yes.

Will you do me the...

But I have to say

you look so cute right now.

My God,

give me a minute!

Gelato and ice cream. I mean,
I can't tell the difference.
What is it?
Gelato's got more fat.
Don't tell me that shit,
Eddie. For real?
Yo, my man. Can I take
a picture with the snake?
Shit!
Eddie, come on,
jump with me.
Let's trash this place!
No, I'm tired.
I had a booger.
That's crazy. Can we get
some more wine? Thanks.
My God! My God!
What are you doin'?
Wait! Wait, wait, wait!
My God!
Of course I don't, baby,
because we're gonna...
Course not, baby, because we're going
to the Garden to see Bruno's...
Course I don't, baby, because we're going
to the MSG tonight to see Bruno Mars.
Perfect delivery
but you said "the MSG."
MSG. At MSG.
Bye.
And don't go... don't...
Don't get home too late either!
We have so much to do.
So much shopping in Paris.