

EXT. MARRAKECH BAZAAR - DAY

IAN DERTHAL, 30ish, frustration in a business suit, weaves through a labyrinth of Moroccan merchants and snake charmers.

He holds a well-worn map. Stares at it like a dog trying to understand television. Flips it upside down.

IAN
Dammit! Where the hell --

A young BOY, with a filthy cloth bag and bright smile, tugs on Ian's sleeve.

BOY
Nice man. Fresh fruit for you.

IAN
Don't touch me. Not interested.

Boy reaches in his bag. Holds out a flawless, golden pear.

BOY
For you, twenty dirham.

Ian smacks it out of Boy's hand. The ripe pear splatters on the bricked walkway.

IAN
You street urchins just slay me.
No means no. Capiche?!

As Ian turns, a rotten tomato splashes against the side of his face. Ian feints, like he's about to give chase. Boy bolts.

A leashed chimpanzee next to Ian grunts and hoots, excited.

IAN
Oh you think that's funny, you
little pig-faced monkey!

The chimp ("Momo") lunges. Wrests free of the leash. Tackles Ian to the ground. Gnaws on his head with zeal.

IAN
Aaaahhh! Get it off me!

Thickening crowds converge on the spectacle. A rotund man, MOMO'S HANDLER, grabs the chimp. Gets bitten, jumps back.

MOMO'S HANDLER
Only Momo's favorite treat can
soothe him when he's this angry.
Does anyone have a pear?!