The film shooting [Pevester]

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The film shooting [Pevester]

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Summary

Pepé Le Pew, the actor from France, is going to take on the lead role of an upcoming film called "Nuits de l'été" or in English "Summer nights" and the shooting of that movie will happen in Maidstone which is also Sylvester's home town. Pepé going to spend his time in a hotel which is coincidently the same hotel that Sylvester works in.

Chapter 1: Pepé on his way to the UK

The sun rises in the north of Paris as Pepé gets out of his comfortable bed, a snow white bed with bordeaux covers and pillows. He streches his arms and notices his usual uncombed morning hair as the room smells like two things: The scent of his parfume and lavender. He reaches for the rotary dial on his nightstamp made out of dark wood and begins to dial the number of an agent to take him to the north of France because he needs to go to Maidstone, a town in the UK.

Pepé hangs up the phone and tumbles out of bed as he was told the train is going to leave at 7:30 in the morning. Before leaving his house, he tidies the place a bit and puts on his recognizable parfume reeking of a skunks smell. He enters the black car that has been waiting for him and gives a polite order to the chauffeur: "Take me to Gare du Nord, please."

The train to Calais is empty for the most part as expected because of the time and as Pepé arrives in the port city, he keeps a low profile wearing a hat to not get noticed by fans and enters a café that's on the fancier end with the floor is made out of marble, the armchairs out of fine leather and the window is open letting a cool breeze pass through the café. He orders a croissant which he breaks piece by piece and eats it with jam alongside his black coffee. As he makes his way out of the train station, he notices and approaches the silver ship waiting for passangers and walks over the wooden gangway.

On board, he is greeted by the producer and manager of the production crew, Bugs Bunny, a grey-and-white bunny that is flexible and usually calm which is what a job like his requires. They go to the front of the deck and spectate the waters.

Pepé notices: "Huh, the water seems to be quite choppy, no?"

"Sure it does, doc", Bugs Bunny shrugs his shoulders while eating a carrot.

Pepé puts a hand on the rail as he looks up at the sky. There are no signs of any storms or rains. His heads turns to the rabbit again. "So", he clears his throat, "Could you tell me more about what I'll be doing in Maidstone?"

"Well, doc", Bugs looks at the sky too trying to predict the weather, "I'll soon be told more but as of now…" his gaze lands on the sea again, "But I can tell you what hotel you'll be staying at." He says attempting to lighten the mood, "It's the Phi Hotel."

Pepé nods his head contently: "Bien, shall we go sit in those chairs over there? They look quite comfortable, don't they?"

While they were on the ship, Sylvester woke up to make his way to work as he works as a house keeper in a hotel. He still lives with Granny and Tweety in the house and Granny makes both of them breakfast. She gives them a plate of bread with butter and apples each and tells them: Enjoy your breakfast, dear.

Sylvester grunts: "Thanks, Granny…" He says as he relunctantly eats an apple slice

Granny realises the cat is even grumpier this morning and asks: "Sylvester, my dear, what‘s wrong with you?"

"It‘s just my job. The time between waking up and when work starts always feels so boring.", Sylvester complains, "Not to mention the staff. I don‘t like them."

"Well, if you're so bored, then you can clean the house after breakfast.", Granny suggests, "I mean that is like a warm up for your job."

"Ha ha… yeah…", Sylvester nods uncomfortably and continues eating breakfast.

Tweety comments: "Granny, he probably didn't find you funny."

"Oh, I don't mind that, sweetie.", Granny says as she waits for them to finish.

Sylvester, the quicker one to finish, tells his grandmother: "Thanks Granny. Alright I'll clean the house."

"But first brush your teeth!", Granny reminds him.

"I will!", Sylvester says as he walks away from the breakfast table.

Pepé and Bugs arrive in Dover after 2 hours as their ship was delayed and take the train to Maidstone. Pepé already received a small portion of dialogue he's going to say and practices a few expression because there is a much slimmer chance he'll get noticed in England than in France.

The two make their way to the hotel and expect the crew to be there but to their surprise, they were the only ones that were there. That same day, they learnt only they,the screenwriter Daffy Duck, the main director called Foghorn Leghorn, and a lead actress called Penelope Pussycat.

Pepé looks at Bugs slightly disappointed: "Lapin, it seems like we'll have to wait for the others to arrive."

"Well", the receptionist at the desk interrupted him, "I can give you the keys to your rooms already. Would you like that?"

"Sure", Bugs Bunny nods.

"Alright then", the receptionist looks at the reservation and then at Bugs Bunny, "It's seems like your room is number 305 and his is number 309 The remaining three will take rooms 306, 307 and 308 respectively."

They enter the 3rd floor and Pepé opens his room. He opens his room and looks through the entire room. The room had a carpet flooring, light brown wood furnitures such as a warbode, two nightstands, a chair and a desk with a coffee machine and a few biscuits on top as well as a decently sized balcony. But the bed has one problem: the bed. The white pillows aren't put together neatly and the covers were halfway on the ground. Because Pepé made the bed, his expectations for this place feel slightly but he remembers mistakes happen to best, right?

He lays on the bed as he hadn't gotten enough sleep in France patiently waiting for the others to arrive so the shooting can finally start. Before falling asleep, he practiced the small dialogue he received once again.

After an hour, he hears a knock at his door. He saw a cat with the last name Pussycat at his door so he had logically assumed that this could only be one person.

Chapter 2: The offer

"Oh, ma chère, you finally arrived.", Pepé grabs the cats arm and holds them giving them welcoming kisses *muah muah muah* "What are you waiting for? On y va! (Let's go!)"

The cat is flustered and stares at the wall completely overwhelmed by the situation. "E- e- e-", the feline is unable to speak, "I- I-"

"Why are you acting like this, ma chère?", Pepé turns his head sideways as he delivers another kiss *muah,* "I missed giving you these kisses. What happened?"

"Wh- who are you?", the cat asks agitated.

Pepé freezes. His grip slowly loosened and he scans the cat again realising the cat he saw wasn't the molly he expected but a tom.

"My name's Sylvester", the cat lisps as his cheeks blush. Out of surprise? Out of embarrassment? Most likely both. "H- hello."

"Ah, I apologize", Pepé lets him go as he continues smirking. He takes another glance at the cat and analyzes their appearance. They really looked like Penelope, didn't they? Pepé takes Sylvester's hand again giving it a small kiss as he shares a thought of his: "You know? You do look like you have what it takes to become an actor, mon cher. I mean, I confused you for an actress, that should speak for itself."

"Oh- Thank you", Sylvester nods as he tries to leave the grip of the well-dressed skunk.

As the grip of Pepé slightly tightens, he becomes even more uncomfortable and just pulls his right hand back as fast as he can… resulting in the skunk falling to the ground.

"Oh, sorry", the cat lisps, "I didn't mean to- You just pulled my hand and I-"

"No worries, mon cher", Pepé chuckles, "This isn't the first time this happend. Though you were pulling quite fast, I forgive you." Pepé tries to look Sylvester in the eyes as the feline avoids eye contact and tries propose his offer again: "But my offer still stands. You could function as a background actor. All actors start small and build their way up."

"I don't know if being an actor is the right thing for me…", Sylvester admits quietly, "I've always gotten comments about my lisping. I don't think this is the right thing for me." Sylvester scratches his arm, which is covered by his grey uniform.

"Well", Pepé smirks, "I think you could do it."

Sylvester turns his head sideways: "You think so?"

Pepé shrugs: "Of course, mon cher" and tries to hold the cat's hand again; gentler this time, "I think you should try it. We…", he slightly presses his lips, "We actually need a few

background actors and sadly—or better fortunately—I'd offer you a position. Would you be interested now?"

"You know what? You convinced me.", Sylvester lisps again and then asks: "So… when am I going to start?"

Pepé lets out a chuckle which usually means he’s laughing at someone but he found it genuinely adorable this time: "My my, mon cher, hold your horses. You will most likely… start in a week."

"A week?", Sylvester asks, "Isn't that a bit early?"

"Your role won't be too big, you can do it.", the skunk encourages surprised as he expected him to want to start tomorrow.

"Aw, thank you", Sylvester responds and the two suddenly hear someone knocking on the door. It was none other than the rooster Foghorn Leghorn who is the main director of the movie: "Hello, why are you ignoring me, boy?"

Pepé freezes as he realises who entered: "Oh- Foghorn, well…"

"And who is that?", Foghorn asks.

"You know how we need more background actors? I think he would make a great fit!", Pepé argues.

Foghorn sighs: "Alright. And does he have any experience?"

"Well, he does.", Pepé wrings his hands: "He has had a small gig at a little bar."

"Good", Foghorn nods, "We need someone with at least a bit of competence. Which is very hard to find in our production team…"

It surely is Pepé agrees with him and then asks, "Have the others arrived?"

"Daffy has arrived", Foghorn informs them, "But Penelope hasn't. I'll go wait in the lobby for her."

Foghorn leaves the room and closes the door. Pepé exhales relieved that he left: "Foghorn can be a bit much"

"What?", Sylvester is oblivious to what Pepé just said.

"Did you not understand me?", Pepé asks in his usual seductive tone.

"Yeah, I didn't.", Sylvester responds with his usual lisp, "And I never had an acting gig, what were you talking about?"

"Well, mon cher", Pepé sighs, "Sometimes you need to lie. If I hadn't lied, he would've never accepted you."

Sylvester nods: "Oh, Thank you"

"Anyways… I think it's best if you leave now. We don't want someone to randomly enter again, right?", Pepé asks with his familiar gentle tone.

"I need to clean your room though", Sylvester tries to argue.

Pepé lightly chuckles: "I'll clean the room. Don't you worry about it, mon cher."

Sylvster smiles: "Thank you, bye"

"Goodbye, mon cher", before Sylvester can leave, Pepé gives him a rose: "I'll see you in a week. Maybe even earlier~"

With that, the cat makes his way to the door to continue his job. Pepé sighs lightly reliefed that he left, not because he didn't like him but because he feared that someone would come in and interpret the situation differently creating a narrative that could damage his image which a relatively new actor like him does not need. He lays on the soft bed but starting sweatting nervously he remembers something: He forgot to give Sylvester the instrcutions on what to wear and a small portion of the script of the scene.

He tries to search the cat. Surely he couldn't have gone far in that time. He went knocking on the doors yet no one responded since the people usually aren't in their rooms at that time. He continued by searching in the lobby but only finds Bugs, Foghorn and Daffy. He sits beside thembas he accepts his defeat sulking.

Sylvester's day cleans the other rooms and as he walks into the lobby, a room with a wooden floor, walls made out of concrete and scented with vanilla, he sees a skunk that seems upset. He walks over to the skunk sitting on an armchair and the skunk is relieved as he can finally give him the script.

"Mon cher", Pepé starts with an over-the-top reaction, "I forgot to give you your script. Pardon."

"Oh, it's alright. Just give it to me.", Sylvester responds.

Pepé hands him over the script: "Can you promise me you'll practice hard, mon cher? Pour moi? (For me?)"

"Yes, erm sorry but what's your name?", the feline asks turning his head.

The mephitid chortles and tells him: "My name is Pepé. Pepé Le Pew."

"Alright", Sylvester slaps his knee gently, "I finished my job so I'll go home now, goodbye Pepé."

The skunk chuckles one last time and tells him: "Goodbye, mon cher, remember to practice your script!"

"I will", Sylvester says as he leaves the hotel.

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