



Scripts.com

# Kidnapping Mr. Heineken

By William Brookfield

So you've decided  
to make your own luck.  
I can understand that.  
I made Heineken  
into a world class brand.  
Me. On my own.  
It's worth billions now.  
I did that.  
And not by sitting  
on my ass either  
waiting for the stupid  
money fairy  
to hit me on my stupid  
damned head.  
You know  
that what you're doing  
is completely stupid.  
Unless, of course,  
you pull it off,  
in which case it can be  
completely brilliant.  
Yeah. I suppose  
if I were in your shoes,  
I would do  
exactly the same.  
[baby crying]  
(Cor)  
Ah, there he is.  
What are you doing?  
Huh?  
(Cor)  
What are  
you doing?  
You can't bring  
a kid to this.  
He can wait  
outside with Brakes.  
[sigh]  
This is fucked up.  
[several shouting]  
Listen, it's  
not fucked.  
It's fine.  
Cat, can you put

the kid down, please?

Just give him

to my little brother.

Right. Now,

is everyone ready?

(Cat)

Yes.

Is everyone ready?

(Spikes)

Yeah!

Alright, let's do this.

(Cor)

Well, it's a pleasure

to finally meet you,

Mr. Iverson.

My name is Cor Van Hout.

This is Mr. Holleeder,

Mr. Boellard, and Mr. Meijer.

We're here today

in the hope

of asking you

for a loan.

A loan?

(Willem)

Yeah.

It's a business loan.

And what particular

sort of...?

Construction.

(Cat)

Yeah, we

were doing well.

(Willem)

Yeah, really well.

You've been running

a company employing

a hundred men?

Yeah, well, we were

all equal partners,

yeah, right down

the middle there.

Um, Mr. Boellard here

is a master carpenter.

Mr. Meijer has a...

if these numbers  
are real,  
you're in  
fine shape.  
Surely, if  
you've been making  
this kind of money,  
you must  
have investments  
that you could stake  
as collateral?  
(Cor)  
Uh, well, we had, uh,  
you know, cars,  
and we had boats  
and we had  
some race horses but...  
Equities, bonds,  
pension funds?  
When the recession hit,  
we cashed in.  
The cars,  
the boats,  
the horses?  
It's for paychecks, uh,  
for guys living  
from one Friday  
to the next.  
I think  
you can understand  
that their kids  
can't live or eat off IOUs.  
I think, maybe,  
what you haven't heard,  
Mr. Big Manager,  
is that, uh,  
there's a world  
of hurt out there  
right now...  
Oh, believe me,  
I know.  
Well, we still got  
a building.  
Great.

What's the address?  
Uh, it's Leidsegracht.  
Six six three.  
Hold on.  
Leidsegracht?  
The commune?  
Commune?  
It's a bunch of punks  
that don't pay their rent.  
It's hardly  
a fucking commune.  
Yes.  
Squatters.  
We're in the process  
of evictions.  
Government says  
once they change  
the locks,  
they've got rights.  
So that means lawyers.  
I do see your problem.  
But you're  
welcome back  
when you solve it.  
[shout of frustration]  
[baby crying]  
(Cat)  
Guys like him  
don't lend money  
to guys like us.  
We'll get the punks  
out of the building.  
Yeah.  
How are you  
going to do that?  
(Cor)  
Yeah. I got  
an idea.  
Alright, listen.  
You're going  
to love this.  
(Cor)  
it's time to go, boys!  
Hey, what's going on?

Time to go!  
(Spikes)  
Open up!  
(Cor)  
Cat, get in through a window,  
not the front door!  
[banging]  
Open up!  
[shouting]  
(Cat)  
Come on down!  
(girl)  
You don't  
scare me!  
You fucking stink!  
[shouts]  
Whoa!  
I'll come back  
for you.  
Get the fuck out!  
[banging]  
Coming!  
[banging continues]  
Fucking coming!  
[shouting]  
(man)  
Oh, shit!  
(girl)  
Get out of here!  
Shit.  
(man)  
Oh, shit!  
Oh!  
[shouting]  
(punk)  
Get the fuck  
out of here.  
Oh, shit.  
[shouting]  
You going  
to go?  
Go and get  
the fuck out of here!  
Get the fuck out!

Go on!  
[police sirens]  
(pothead)  
Now you're in trouble!  
Go! Go!  
Everyone out!  
(police officer)  
Go, go, go!  
(Spikes)  
Hey, this is  
our building!  
We own this place!  
(man's voice)  
Fuckface!  
Police! Police!  
Everybody go!  
You want  
to do this?  
No.  
No, I think  
I'll pass.  
Pussy.  
Hey!  
Whoaaa!  
(man's voice)  
Charge!  
[shouting]  
(man)  
Get your fucking hands  
off of me now.  
(Cor)  
I hope... well, fuck it.  
Yeah, yeah. Okay.  
Fine. Thank you.  
Bye.  
What'd he say?  
(Cor)  
Well, he said  
if we lived in Texas,  
they'd throw us a parade.  
But here,  
well you know  
how that is.  
Yeah.

Anyway, good news.  
Squatters aren't going  
to press charges.  
How kind  
is that?  
Whooptiedoo.  
Happy days.  
(cop)  
Cornelius Van Hout.  
Yo.  
Thank you.  
Only Van Hout.  
(Spikes)  
Huh?  
Hey.  
Bad news. You guys  
resisted arrest.  
Plus, not only do they  
get to stay in the building,  
we got to pay  
for the shit we busted.  
Yeah, including  
the fish!  
Fuck the fish.  
Sonja?  
Hey.  
Uh-oh.  
[chuckles]  
No, no, no.  
Listen. I can explain.  
L... Sonja,  
please, will... Son...!  
[lock clicks]  
Sonja, what  
are you doing?  
[vomiting]  
You alright?  
What's going on, Son?  
[baby gurgling]  
[chuckling]  
What are you doing?  
What are you doing  
hiding in my kitchen?  
Hey, who are you?

Who are you, huh?  
Yeah, yeah, yeah.  
I know who you are.  
I just worked it out.  
Yeah, that's right.  
You know what?  
You are way  
too good-looking  
to be Karin's boy. Hm?  
Oh, hey, Karin, hey.  
Hey, how you doing?  
I was just joking...  
if you had any idea  
what's been going  
on with Sonja,  
then you wouldn't do  
as you do.  
[toilet flushing]  
What do you mean  
"going on"?  
Sonja, please, wh...  
what's going on?  
I'm pregnant.  
Ah. Ah.  
What?  
Ha.  
Wow.  
That's, uh...  
[chuckles]  
Really?  
That's unbelievable.  
You're fucking pregnant?  
Yeah.  
I'll leave you two  
to it then.  
Bye!  
See you, Karin!  
Hey, come on, you!  
[door closes]  
(Willem)  
Happy New Year!  
Hey!  
Hey, Ma!  
Look at your hair

and your dress,  
you look  
like a model.  
Thanks.  
(Ma)  
Hey, be careful!  
Yeah, your sister's  
knocked up.  
Yeah, I know  
it's great.  
He doesn't greet  
his old man...  
or even have  
a beer with him.  
You know  
I don't drink.  
Especially Heineken.  
Look at me  
when you talk to me.  
[deep sigh]  
Heineken beer  
and Heineken money  
paid for this house  
and for your upbringing.  
You see that?  
The man  
is my friend.  
But he fired you  
and I don't think  
he remembers your name.  
You owe him respect.  
Okay, let's go.  
(Mom)  
Oh!  
(Cor)  
Yeah.  
Yeah, yeah, yeah.  
Bye, honey.  
Happy New Year.  
Bye, Mom.  
Bye.  
Bye.  
Take care of her.  
Thank you.

Alright. Thank you.  
Invite him round  
next time, Pa.  
We'll all  
kiss his ring.  
Well, that was festive.  
Oh, come on.  
Let's have some fun.  
Let's go to Karin's.  
Aw, come on, Sonja.  
You know  
what we got to do.  
Hey? Come on.  
I'll look  
after him.  
Come on.  
Come on.  
It's tradition, alright?  
Yeah, go.  
You don't mind?  
No!  
No?  
Alright,  
I love you.  
Love you, too.  
Go!  
Have fun!  
(Cor)  
Here's to making  
this year count.  
Alright, to getting  
our old lives back.  
(Willem)  
Yeah, some fucking  
New Year.  
We've no money,  
the company's bankrupt,  
and no one's going  
to give us a loan.  
So how are we going  
to get our old lives  
back? Huh?  
We could get jobs.  
Yeah, that's the

alcohol talking.  
Ha.  
I'm not getting  
a real job.  
No, I'm not going  
to bust my ass  
every single day  
to go  
absolutely nowhere.  
I think this year  
I refuse to be miserable.  
Actually, that's, uh...  
that's why I want  
to talk to you guys  
about some business.  
Cor, we just  
got out of jail.  
I'm not talking  
about that kind  
of business.  
I'm talking about  
smart business.  
So what type  
of business  
you planning?  
I'm planning  
something organized,  
something big.  
How big?  
Big enough that we  
never have to grovel  
to another  
asshole banker again.  
Yeah, right, man.  
(Willem)  
We betting?  
Or we talking  
about a crime?  
That's all crime is.  
It's a wager.  
(Cor)  
Right?  
Think about it.  
You bet your liberty

against the payoff.  
All I have to bet,  
all I have left...  
is my liberty.  
And that's all  
you guys have.  
That's all you've  
got left to bet.  
So if you're going  
to bet that,  
I guess you're going  
to have to bet it big.  
How big?  
Sixty million.  
[laughing]  
Shit.  
Sixty?  
Who are you  
going to kidnap?  
Kidnap?  
Come on, man.  
Shit.  
Man, I thought  
you were serious.  
Idiot.  
You're an idiot.  
He's serious.  
I'm serious.  
He's been talking  
about this since we  
were fucking kids!  
Grabbing anybody  
is easy.  
Collecting the ransom  
and getting away with it  
is impossible.  
(Cor)  
It's not.  
It's not impossible.  
Who do you  
want to kidnap?  
Got to be a local.  
It's got  
to be a guy.

I'm not messing  
with women  
or children, eh.  
He's got to be  
stinking fucking rich.  
You're out  
of your fucking mind.

(Cor)

It's like I said...

let's make  
this year  
count, huh?

[boom]

Woo!

(Cor)

Happy fucking  
New Year!

[rain falling]

Hi, there.

Guys, look  
what I've got. Huh?

Cat, this is  
specially for you.

Oh.

Wow.

What is this?

Who do I  
look like?

What do you think?

I don't know  
if I love these  
or hate these.

They're scary, eh?

I look like Willem.

No, you look  
like a fucking pervert.

Where's Willem anyway?

I'm not wearing a wig.

We got to find  
a place so we  
can hide him  
where no one's  
going to look.

My workshed

would be perfect  
but there's an office  
full of bean counters  
next door.  
Guys, we can't just  
dump him in the shed.  
No. But we could  
build a room  
inside the shed.  
(Spikes)  
That's good.  
It's perfect.  
I found  
a boat we can steal.  
It's fucking fast.  
Was a boat  
on the list?  
No.  
So why are we  
talking about a boat?  
I'm trying to think  
outside the box.  
Come on.  
Yeah, well, don't.  
Whoa.  
(Cat)  
Guns are on that list.  
Right?  
Okay.  
Yes.  
Now be careful  
with that, please.  
World War II?  
Safety's a little  
edgy on that!  
[gunshot]  
Fuck, Spikes!  
Man...  
[loud knocking]  
Shhh.  
What?  
Hear that?  
[knocking continues]  
Shit.

We're good?

We're good?

We're good?

Yeah.

Here I go.

What the fuck?

(Cor)

it's okay.

(Willem)

What was that?

Yeah, it was just

fucking Rambo

over here.

Listen, man.

Where have you been?

I've been thinking

about how we

grab Heiny.

We've been trying

to come up with

some ideas, too.

What you got?

If we're

going to do this,

we have to make sure

that the cops look

in the wrong direction.

That they have to believe

that whoever took Heiny

he's, like, some

big swinging dick,

like... Baader Meinhof?

Or Red Brigades?

Mafia?

And those fuckers

they don't mess

around. Yeah?

For a job like this,

they would have

military grade

weapons, radios.

They would have

a safehouse

to hold him.

They would have months  
of preparation, months  
of observation.  
They would spend  
at least a hundred grand.  
Same old story, man?  
Want to get rich?  
You got to be  
rich already.  
Yeah.

If you want to do this  
on a shoestring, fine.  
But the cops are going  
to look for a bunch  
of local jerkoffs  
and they're going  
to nail us fucking flat.  
Oh, fuck it.

(Cor)

Let's pay another visit  
to the bank.

(Cor)

**Remember :**

at the ground.  
We know.  
Okay, guys.  
Let's go.  
Now!  
On the ground! Now!  
[shouting]  
Go, go, go!  
Come on!  
Go! Go!  
[police siren]  
(Willem)  
Put your gun down!  
[shouting]  
Sorry!  
Look out!  
[girl screams]  
He's gone  
to the next canal!  
That's it!

(Cor)  
Cat! Get ready  
to cut the rope!  
Go, go!  
I'll cover you!  
[gunfire]  
[shouting]  
Come on!  
Hurry up!  
Come on!  
Shoot at the ground!  
Shoot at the ground!  
Get down!  
Shit!  
[shouting]  
Get out of the way!  
Look out!  
Hoo!  
Woo-hoo!  
You sure it's clear?  
Yeah, yeah.  
Yeah, Cor.  
Wow.  
Now who's big  
swinging dicks?  
Alright, it's time  
to get down to business.  
(Sonja)  
How was your day?  
(Cor)  
Yeah, it was fine.  
It was good.  
Somebody robbed  
a bank.  
Yeah, I know.  
I heard that.  
With machine guns,  
like, Al Capone.  
They shot  
hundreds of bullets.  
[chuckles]  
Hardly.  
I don't think so.  
It was all

over the radio.  
And the TV.  
Where have you been?  
With Cat.  
I was helping him  
with his boat.  
Where?  
What do you  
mean "where"?  
At the, um, marina.  
Up in Newlake.  
Does he ever pay  
you for stuff  
like that?  
Yeah. Yeah,  
he does.  
[paper wrinkling]  
Mm.  
Okay, okay.  
Nice.  
[sigh]  
Amazing thing  
about that robbery.  
Mmm.  
All that gunfire.  
They didn't hit anyone.  
Yeah?  
Yeah, really.  
Yeah, that's good.  
Mm.  
[distant chatter]  
Thank you.  
[distorted]  
I've been waiting  
for you, Obi-Wan.  
That's good, right?  
I'm going  
to take that.  
[distorted]  
How much  
do I owe you?  
Hmm.  
I'm going  
to need a couple.

(guy)

May I ask  
you something?  
You're not from  
around here.

No, I'm just, uh,  
passing through.

Here's my private  
telephone number.

I can show  
you around.

(Cat)

I weighed it.

Thirty five million  
is all we can carry.  
Maybe the wood blocks  
that were heavier  
than the money.

No, they're not.

I checked.

It'll all have to be  
small denominations.

(Cor)

Yeah, and  
different currencies.

I've carried  
twice as much.

Oh, aren't you one?

I already picked  
out my Ferrari.

A Ferrari?

Yeah!

You couldn't handle  
a Ferrari.

You can  
barely handle  
a scooter.

Fuck you, man.

You want a Ferrari  
because you got  
a small dick.

Fuck you, man.

[all laugh]

Ahhh!

[silence]  
[click]  
(shouting over machine)  
Ahhh!  
I didn't hear anything.  
Yeah, well.  
I'm surprised.  
Well.  
Yeah.  
We have to test  
these as well.  
[click]  
Cat?  
Oh.  
Cat?!  
(Cor)  
Where is everything?  
What happened  
to the cells?  
What's going on?  
What...?  
What's going on?  
Where is everything?  
(Cat)  
I want you to think  
of the Anne Frank house.  
(Spikes)  
Oh, yeah.  
Anne Frank!  
Fucking brilliant.  
[clapping]  
You're a genius.  
Come again.  
You're a fucking genius.  
Where's the door?  
Ask and you  
shall receive.  
We did do  
a door, right?  
[laughter]  
Ah, good job.  
[typewriter clacking]  
"Respond to our  
ransom demand

"by the deadline  
"by running  
the code word 'Notice'  
"in the newspaper  
or you'll never see  
Heineken or Doderer  
ever again."  
[clacking ends]  
Okay.  
Take it.  
[rubbing]  
[rain falling]  
[rhythmic flapping]  
Can you fucking  
stop that?  
Okay, it's time.  
[police radio  
man's voice]  
Shit.  
No, it's nothing.  
You don't  
know that.  
Look, it's nothing.  
It's just  
a coincidence.  
There's always an excuse  
if you're looking for it.  
If we're  
going to do this,  
we do it now.  
(Cat)  
Here we go.  
Alright, let's go.  
Let's go.  
(Cor)  
Now remember,  
if we need to speak,  
then we only speak  
in German.  
(Spikes, speaking in German)  
[door opens]  
(Heineken)  
Lovely evening.  
We'll be in touch.

(Heineken)  
Alright.  
Huh? Hands off.  
What are you doing?  
[spraying]  
[woman screams]  
[much shouting]  
Who are you?  
[shouting]  
Let me go!  
Let me go!  
[shouting]  
Dumb shit!  
Get into the fucking van!  
[shouting]  
What?  
[whistle]  
[gun cocking]  
[Heineken shouting]  
[police siren]  
(Heineken)  
Alright, alright, alright.  
(Doderer)  
Ahhh!  
[handcuffs clicking]  
Ahhh.  
Okay.  
Ohhh!  
Alright, okay, okay, okay.  
Alright, let me have  
all their clothes.  
Come on.  
That's nice.  
I'll get the barrel.  
Hey, can we talk now?  
I told you to speak  
in German!  
Your man  
didn't fight  
like mine.  
Shhh.  
Enough!  
(Cor)  
Alright, listen.

Did anybody  
leave their fingerprints  
on this ransom note?  
Huh? I'll ask again.  
Did anybody touch this  
with their bare hands?  
I may have.  
Oh, fuck.  
Alright. Is there  
anybody next door?  
They should have  
left by now.  
Come with me.  
Come on.  
Let's start.  
Willem, where do I start?  
Here.  
[Cat, whispering]  
The copier is there.  
Let's go,  
let's go.  
It's okay.  
We got a new one.  
You got his watch?  
Alright.  
Now remember,  
once you're done  
with that,  
you make out  
like it's any  
other night.  
Mm-hm.  
We'll be  
at the bar.  
I'll be there.  
It's our alibi.  
Hey, kid.  
You good?  
Yeah?  
You sure?  
Alright, good.  
(Cat)  
Just don't think  
about it

being a police  
station, alright?  
Ever think you'd deliver  
an invoice for 35 million?  
Are they really  
going to pay  
all that?  
They have to.  
Can't we just mail it?  
Come on.  
Take a breath.  
Breathe.  
Go.  
[inhales]  
[exhales]  
[door closes]  
[light chatter]  
It's not exactly  
my favorite  
neighborhood either.  
[car engine starts]  
[bar music playing]  
Package is  
delivered, boys.  
You good?  
We're heading home.  
Cat, Cat, Cat.  
Stay for one minute.  
Come on,  
stay for one.  
Yeah, one drink,  
one drink.  
You alright?  
Do it.  
Ring the bell!  
Ring it!  
[bell ringing]  
[whole bar cheers  
and claps]  
[shouting]  
[door opens]  
You guys do it up  
right last night?  
Well, you know me.

We made sure  
we were seen  
and we kept  
it respectable.

Good.

You?

Oh, it was riveting.

I fell asleep  
watching cartoons  
with the kids.

Yeah.

Well?

How are they?

Heineken's fine.

Pissed off.

The driver  
is not too good.

[shout]

[whimpering]

[breathing rapidly]

[distorted]

Now you  
listen to me.

You are in  
no danger here.

Anhh.

As long  
as the money is paid,  
you will be released.

Anhh.

Do you understand?

[groan]

Hey, guys.

Check it out.

[sigh]

[inhales deep]

[sigh]

[chain clinking]

Do you have  
a name?

No name.

Is it ransom  
or money?

Are you the boss?

Okay, you're the boss.

So, I have

a few requests.

I'd like

a bathrobe, slippers,

a shaving kit,

comb, mirror,

um, reading glasses,

a decent

fucking chair...

and, um, what else?

Oh, yes, and if it's

not too much trouble,

a telephone.

You have

no name, huh?

You're part

of an organization?

You're Baader Meinhof?

Red Brigade?

IRA?

Symbionese Army?

(Cat)

Hey, Cor.

(Cor)

What?

Look at this.

What?

Oh, fuck.

You're going

to love it.

Oh, nice.

Mm-hm.

Nice, nice.

Says five guys involved.

How many have you?

This one says three.

(Cor)

Yeah, listen to this.

"An unknown number

of most certainly dangerous

and experienced criminals."

Let me see,

let me see.

It's perfect.  
(man on TV)  
More about this  
morning's top story...  
Alfred Heineken,  
the billionaire  
of brewing,  
was kidnapped by a group  
of heavily armed  
men yesterday...  
I know  
who did it.  
...corporate in Amsterdam,  
Police have  
now confirmed  
that they...  
Who?  
Bud.  
Weiser.  
Bud Weiser.  
Yeah?  
One way to beat  
the competition, huh?  
Funny guy, huh?  
Police would not disclose  
the size of the ransom  
demanded  
but it is assumed  
to be significant.  
What?  
The ransom note.  
What?  
The ransom note.  
What do you mean?  
Did we leave it?  
In the copier?  
No, no.  
...chased, until  
he was threatened  
by the kidnappers  
with a machine gun.  
Wait, did we...?  
(Cor)  
No, did we?

Oh, fuck.  
[door opens]  
(Cat)  
Hey, uh...  
George.  
George, yeah.  
Remember me?  
Yeah.  
How's it going?  
Same old, same old.  
So everything's alright?  
I guess.  
Do you mind  
if we make  
a quick copy?  
Go ahead.  
Thank you.  
Thank you.  
[chatter and chuckling]  
[murmuring]  
[woman singing  
in German  
over speakers]  
Thank you.  
Thank you  
for that, too.  
I assume you, uh,  
sent a note about  
the ransom.  
Did they reply?  
Well, they will.  
[opens door]  
In the meantime,  
this music,  
it's beautiful and laden  
with tragic disillusion  
but, uh, the same tape  
over and over again,  
all day long,  
please, I know  
I am your prisoner  
but there's no need  
to torture me,  
my friend.

Some Johann Sebastian Bach  
would be quite soothing.

Or, well...

Franz Fucking

Schubert, anything.

Silence, preferably.

Also, some books

would pass the time

and as much as I

adore ham sandwiches,

my friend,

Chinese food is

quite easy to get,

and it's cheap too,

and, uh, I know,

something like, um,

yeah, Bang Bang chicken.

With some

extra chili sauce,

how about that? Okay?

(Cor)

Happy birthday.

Cheers.

[cheerful chatter]

(man)

You'll be looking for

a regular paycheck now, hey.

(Ma)

Ah, finally.

I can serve

the cake now.

Hi, honey.

(man)

No more

fooling around, huh?

My son Mark,

he drives a tram.

(Cor)

Yeah, I know Mark.

Yeah, he's got

good hours.

Most importantly,

he's got a good pension.

Uh-huh.

You'd have to take  
the training first.  
Really? They train?  
I could have  
a word with him...  
Yeah, could you?  
[chuckling]  
Always the same  
stupid joke.  
[chuckling]  
(Dad)  
From my daughter  
as well, now?  
Wonderful.  
What a kind and  
thoughtful gift,  
thank you.  
Pa, it was a joke.  
Cannot you at least  
wait till they let  
Mr. Heineken go, huh?  
(Dad)  
if they ever do  
let him go.  
(Ma)  
Don't start  
on this again.  
If I get  
those filthy bastards,  
I will kill them.  
We know.  
We know.  
Kill them!  
Willem, please,  
it's Pa's birthday.  
Come on.  
(Spikes, off)  
Cat?  
How long do you reckon it'll  
take Heineken's people  
to pay the ransom?  
Cat. How long  
do you reckon it'll...?  
No more questions.

Because I  
don't have  
the answers.  
[man singing  
on speaker]  
Help pick up  
the pieces  
[door opens]  
Of a broken heart  
Hey.  
Aw, thanks.  
Hey, and thanks  
for the new music.  
It's very whimsical,  
very droll. Yeah.  
Got books!  
Good.  
Alright.  
Any luck  
with the Bang Bang?  
Huh?  
No?  
(man)  
Some guys like  
Bang Bang chili all the time.  
But you like  
sweet sour.  
Ever since five years.  
Sweet sour pork,  
sweet sour prawn,  
sweet sour beef.  
You're a sweet sour guy.  
So it's  
Chinese, right?  
Now me  
is a chili guy.  
Okay, okay.  
You a goddamn  
Bang Bang man.  
[cash register rings]  
Right.  
See you tomorrow.  
What can I  
get for you?

Ah!  
Wake up.  
Fuck you, man.  
Did they run  
the notice?  
Not yet.  
Come on, man,  
this was only supposed  
to take five days.  
What if he is sick?  
We gotta kidnap  
a fucking doctor?  
Is he sick?  
No.  
Don't get  
too personal.  
Or he'll get  
inside your head.  
[bar chatter]  
Look, leather jacket,  
Popeye.  
Cops?  
[soft whistle]  
(Cor)  
Willem, even if  
they are cops,  
it doesn't mean anything.  
You okay?  
Fuck, I'm just  
done waiting.  
Yeah, I know.  
I know.  
Alright?  
Me, too.  
[sigh]  
What are you  
trying to do?  
Huh?  
Uh-huh.  
Yeah.  
Mm-hm.  
If you tell  
the Police where I am,  
I could give you

half the ransom  
and, uh,  
a house  
in Switzerland.  
Lots of beautiful  
Swiss girls,  
blond, they're beautiful.  
I'll...  
I'll arrange it  
as many as you like.  
No?  
You're not interested?  
Are you gay  
or something? Huh?  
Any news  
from the Police?  
Oh.  
[kiss]  
[click]  
(Cor)  
It's been over  
two weeks now.  
(Willem)  
The longer  
they don't pay the money,  
the more time they have  
to figure out who did it.  
You want to give up?  
(Cat)  
I do.  
(Spikes)  
You what?  
[sigh]  
I do, yeah.  
Let's let him go.  
Knock down the cells,  
burn everything.  
Okay, we don't get  
the money,  
but you know  
what we do get?  
Our lives back.  
Oh, come on.  
Come on, look,

they're just  
messing with us.  
That's all that is.  
Cat, where you going?  
Uh... Really?  
Cat...  
Wait!  
We failed!  
It's my fucking shed.  
I want him out of there.  
Before it's too late.  
Look, just listen!  
Just listen.  
Listen, listen, alright?  
Look, it's all  
just part of the game.  
We're still  
in control here.  
You really want  
to walk out...  
on 35 million?  
Huh?  
What we got to do  
is make the transaction.  
Thirty-five million.  
Someone has got  
to relieve Brakes.  
Alright.  
I'm going home.  
[door opens  
and closes]  
[dogs barking]  
[distorted]  
They didn't pay.  
You've got to be  
kidding me.  
What do you mean  
they didn't pay?  
Last night  
was the deadline.  
We told them  
that we would kill you  
if they didn't pay.  
And they didn't

fucking pay!  
So time's up!  
Okay.  
There must be  
some confusion.  
It's confusion,  
that's it.  
Damn, I'm their boss!  
Nobody else.  
Must be out  
of their fucking minds.  
I'll fire them all!  
Give me a pen  
and paper.  
Give me a pen  
and paper now!  
And you're all fired!  
You as well.  
Don't worry,  
you'll get  
your blood money.  
You know you will.  
You have my word  
of honor.  
Okay? Okay?!  
You fucking morons!  
Yeah.  
What's his problem?  
What?  
(Cor)  
Now you  
listen to me.  
Tell me you'll sign...  
Ooh.  
Can we also have  
your word of honor  
right now, in writing,  
that when you're free,  
you won't help the police  
in any way?  
My word of honor?  
Yeah.  
Yeah. That's the way  
the game is played.

You've got  
my word.  
It's time to end  
it now, okay?  
(Ab)  
Hello?  
W... why is the door open?  
Hello?  
(Heineken)  
Ab, is that you?  
Boss?  
Yeah.  
Boss, are  
you alright?  
Yeah, I'm sort  
of okay.  
Tired of this crap.  
Oh, God.  
Um...  
Are you okay?  
Have they left you alone  
or given you a rough time?  
I don't know,  
I... 1... 1...  
How long have we  
been in here now?  
A month?  
I don't know,  
I've lost track.  
I'm a little confused,  
it feels longer.  
Now, now,  
I'll tell you now.  
It comes to...  
[counting]  
Oh, almost  
three weeks.  
Yeah.  
Why the hell  
are you here?  
You've got no money  
to offer these jokers.  
(Ab, over speaker)  
Well, if...

if your people  
don't pay,  
then, uh, then these  
guys need to prove  
that they're not  
fooling around and...  
well, it can't be  
your head...  
they'll send  
to the police  
in a box.  
(Heineken)  
Don't worry, Ab.  
We'll...  
pay whatever  
it takes.  
If it's  
a hundred million,  
we'll pay.  
(Cor)  
I want to get out of this  
as much as you guys.  
But we have to let  
them sweat it out  
another week.  
Let them believe  
that their screw-up  
killed Heineken.  
You remind me again  
why we grabbed  
the driver.  
Why?  
What's your point?  
A question  
the police  
are asking.  
Is, uh... are these guys  
the real deal?  
Or are they just  
a bunch of pussies?  
And if the answer is  
they're a bunch  
of pussies,  
they're going to string

this out forever.  
So what are you  
trying to say?  
Well, we said  
if they don't pay,  
then there'll be blood.  
You wrote that  
in the letter.  
This is business.  
It's nothing personal.  
And they didn't  
fucking pay.  
I agree.  
(Cor)  
Oh, really?  
Yeah.  
Yeah?  
Yeah?  
You agree?  
Yeah.  
With him?  
Alright, good.  
Big man,  
alright then,  
slice his fucking throat.  
I'll do it.  
(Cat)  
Willem...  
Hey. Hey. Hey.  
You're acting  
like a scared  
little boy.  
Hey, you  
fucking do it!  
A scared little boy.  
[angry shouts]  
Fuck!  
I didn't sign  
up for this!  
Cor, if he  
does anything...  
anything!  
If he does  
anything in there,

it's fucking  
on you.  
Do something!  
Fuck.  
Man!  
Use your head!  
Oh, fuck.  
[gasping]  
[whimpering]  
Oh, fuck.  
[door locks]  
[gasping]  
You alright?  
Stop what you're doing.  
What are you doing?  
What are  
you doing?  
What are you doing?  
Come here.  
Come on.  
Come on.  
Is he alright?  
Yeah, no,  
he's okay.  
He's fine.  
We all just need  
to go home,  
take a breather,  
get drunk, get laid,  
whatever you got to do.  
But we  
just got to stick  
to the routine  
and we'll see each other  
in a few days.  
Alright.  
Let's go.  
(man over radio)  
...in a case that has riveted  
the nation and much of Europe,  
the kidnapping  
of billionaire  
Alfred Heineken  
has entered

its 19th day.  
With no substantial leads  
and no end in sight,  
a massive manhunt involving  
local and federal law  
enforcement continues.

[door closes]

(Cor)

Oh, hey.

Where've you been?

You were supposed  
to be at birth class.

What?

No, S...

Fuck.

No, no, no.

Sonja!

Listen, I'm sorry.

Listen, I'll make  
it up to you!

Alright?

I'll make it up to you.

Sonja...

[sigh]

Have they paid?

Am I to be set free?

Did you give them  
my message?

You know,

they have

one more chance.

If they screw it  
up this time...

And they know

I've given you

my word

so they will pay, so...

how are you planning  
to set us free?

I will put

the both of you in a car

and, uh,

leave it somewhere.

Call your people.

Oh, good.  
Listen, if your people  
don't pay soon,  
then I can't answer  
for my people.  
I'll tell you what.  
If you put us  
in that car  
right now, I'll, uh...  
see to it that you get  
what you want and...  
I'll make sure  
you're free to spend it.  
That's a promise  
and I have the power  
to do that.  
You know?  
Of course.  
You're a young man  
and I must confess,  
I do envy you.  
There's no way  
you could have  
done this without...  
[deep sigh]  
No way you could have  
done it without those  
men in your life  
that you trust  
with your life.  
Friends.  
So congratulations,  
well done, and uh...  
soon you'll get  
your money  
and then you will be...  
very, very rich.  
But, um...  
But what?  
No, what I meant  
to say, my friend,  
is that, uh...  
there are two ways  
a man can be rich

in this world.  
He can have  
a lot of money  
or he can have  
a lot of friends.  
But he cannot have both.  
[noise]  
(Sonja)  
Cor?  
Yeah?  
Rub my back?  
Please?  
Yeah, yeah,  
I will later.  
Yes.  
Listen, l...  
I gotta go.  
(Cor)  
They put the notice we  
requested in the newspaper.  
Yeah?  
They're ready  
to pay.  
Good.  
What's this?  
Proof of life photo?  
Can I just comb  
my hair a bit? No?  
[sigh]  
No.  
He's looking  
too relaxed.  
Leave my damn  
hair alone!  
[camera shutter clicks  
and buzzes]  
[gasping]  
Please, please  
don't hurt me.  
Read.  
[recorder clicks]  
Read aloud,  
you idiot.  
Uh...

"Eagle's instructions  
for the Mouse.  
"Paint a large  
white X  
"on the orange van  
used for the kidnapping.  
"Depart ten minutes  
after this call.  
"If anyone follows  
it will be  
"the end  
of the hostages.  
"Go to Utrecht  
Central Station.  
"The luggage locker  
number nine,  
"collect the assignment  
and await instructions  
from the Eagle.  
"The next message  
for the Mouse,  
he will drive  
to Hotel Totenhoff."  
(Willem)  
There it is.  
"By the lamppost  
outside the main entrance  
you will find  
a plastic jar filled  
with further instructions."  
Officer Hendricks  
for Headquarters.  
The next place  
would be the gas  
station in Jahr.  
Alright. Last call.  
Come on.  
Come on.  
(Willem)  
Alright.  
[phone rings]  
Yes, this is the Mouse.  
(Ab's voice on phone)  
"Eagle's instructions

for the Mouse.  
"Drive to the covered lot  
on Bizet Avenue.  
"Transfer the money  
to a yellow Volvo  
with a bicycle.  
"The key is  
on the left  
front wheel.  
"Drive south  
on motorway 311.  
There will be  
a radio in the car  
for further instructions."  
[static over radio]  
(Willem, over radio)  
Spikes, one  
kilometer ahead.  
(Spikes)  
Driver, slow down.  
You stop  
at three orange cones  
by the side of the road.  
Listen up, Mouse...  
drop the money  
off the bridge  
on your left.  
[noise from above]  
[thuds]  
(Spikes)  
Driver.  
Leave now.  
Let's go, let's go!  
Come on!  
[grunting]  
(Spikes)  
I'll get rid  
of the car.  
(Cor)  
Yeah, that's good.  
We'll see you later.  
(Cor)  
Bye.  
See you at the flat.

(Willem)  
Have a nice  
bike ride back.  
(Cor)  
That's good.  
Alright.  
Freezing.  
Yeah, it's cold.  
But I don't care.  
[chuckles]  
[loud knocking]  
(man)  
Police!  
Open up!  
Open the door!  
Police!  
Now!  
Open the door!  
[laughter and cheering]  
You're a fucking idiot!  
Hooray!  
Did we do it?  
[cheering]  
Heiny.  
We got to go get Heiny.  
You know  
I'm right.  
No, no,  
he's right,  
he's right.  
Wait, wait, wait.  
Guys, okay.  
We got  
to finish the job.  
Let's drive  
to the shed  
and we'll let  
Heineken go.  
And I like it!  
Let's do it!  
(man over radio)  
Police say  
the ransom was larger  
than any paid

in modern times.  
So far no arrests  
have been made  
and no suspects  
have been identified.  
An unidentified  
police source  
said that the kidnappers  
were likely an established  
organization,  
well-funded,  
highly disciplined  
and almost  
certainly foreign.  
(Heineken)

Uhhh... no lunch,  
no dinner, no lunch...  
No! No breakfast,  
no dinner, no lunch...  
no lunch again...  
they, um...

They've done the deal.  
That's why we, um...  
someone big, we've...  
[frustrated gasp]  
Shit, something big!  
Big!

Something big  
must have happened.

Ab?

Hey, Ab,  
have you saved  
some water?  
I've got four liters  
of water here.  
A man can last  
about a month  
on four...  
four liters...

[growl]

[growls angrily]

[tires screech]

"Meticulous planning",  
that's you, buddy.

Behind us.  
[happy chatter]  
Behind us.  
Wait, what's going on?  
[tires screech]  
(Spikes)  
What are you doing?  
We're being followed.  
Have a look.  
It's the police.  
Those are the cops  
from the bar.  
Yeah, I see them.  
Shit!  
This is the wrong way!  
(Willem)  
I'm going to try  
and lose them.  
Shit.  
(Brakes)  
We almost got hit.  
He turned off.  
Turn left!  
Turn left!  
(Spikes)  
Shit.  
What do we do?  
What are we  
going to do?  
(Willem)  
They don't know  
where the money is.  
So, Cor,  
how long we got  
before they do?  
(Spikes)  
Come on.  
Let's go!  
Where?  
To dig up the money  
for Christ's sake!  
All five of us?  
In this car?  
Yeah!

Yeah? And  
then what?  
Then what?  
Well, I don't know!  
What do you got?  
What have you got?  
Come on, think.  
Alright,  
I'm thinking...  
Come on,  
come on!  
Alright, alright!  
I think me and Willem  
go and we get  
the money.  
The five of us  
can't stay in this car  
so Willem and I are  
going to ditch  
the car  
and then we  
dig up the money.  
Then I think what,  
we meet you guys  
in four hours?  
The boatyard.  
Out at Newlake.  
That's good,  
that's good.  
(Cat)  
Meantime, I'm going  
to let Heineken go.  
No, we can't be  
worrying about Heineken.  
There's no point  
in worrying about  
him now.  
Fucking go! Go!  
(Willem)  
Where are you doing?  
I'm coming with you.  
Better get out  
before I break  
your fucking neck.

Just be careful.  
Don't go home.  
Promise me.  
Okay.  
Okay.  
Fuck you.  
[engine starts]  
(Spikes)  
What's the time?  
What's the time?  
It's ten past.  
They're not here.  
They are not here.  
They took  
all our money.  
Did you knock  
on the door?  
No, I didn't  
fucking knock  
on the door.  
Why should I  
knock on the door?  
Where are their cars?  
They're not here.  
Hey.  
Hey, come in.  
Yeah, what's wrong  
with him?  
What's right with him?  
Here.  
Shit, that's way  
too much.  
Now come on,  
you deserve it.  
Here, come here.  
I want to talk to you.  
What's up?  
I want you  
to take this money  
and I want you  
to hide it in  
the next 20 minutes.  
Yeah, but I'll come  
with you, right?

No.  
What do you mean?  
Listen, you'll be fine.  
Look, I love you.  
Which means I want  
what's best for you.  
Now you listen to what  
I've got to say. Alright?  
Okay, good.  
You'll be fine.  
You take this,  
[voice breaks]  
and you make life  
work for you, alright?  
Go on. Go on, get  
the fuck out of here!  
You'll find me, yeah?  
Yeah, of course.  
You promise?  
Yeah, yeah, yeah.  
(Cat)  
Brakes is right.  
(Spikes)  
About what?  
[grunt]  
(Cat)  
Money's too heavy.  
We had to leave  
a sack in that drum.  
You did what?  
(Willem)  
Oh, come on.  
You didn't even notice.  
Look at this, look!  
You didn't even notice!  
(Spikes)  
You left it  
in the ground?  
Seven fucking million?  
Yeah, we'll get the rest  
when we come back.  
Come back?  
I have a friend,  
they live in Paris.

We're going...  
We're going  
to stay there  
until everything's  
calmed down.  
Well, I can't.  
What do you mean?  
I can't stay  
in fucking Paris.  
Cor, I got a family.  
I got kids.  
What about  
Mr. Heineken?  
Mr. Heineken!  
Answer me!  
You let Heineken out now  
they will grab you, man.  
If we don't,  
he'll fucking die.  
Well, once we get  
to Paris,  
we can call  
his people,  
tip them off.  
If they find him in Cat's shed,  
then we can't ever go back.  
Think about that?  
Come on, think  
about it!  
Jesus, man.  
You leave half  
your brain  
out in that whole  
with the rest  
of my money?  
It's safe.  
It's fucking safe!  
It'll never be safe.  
It's safe!  
No!  
Don't you get  
it, Cor?  
It'll never be safe.  
Not here.

Not in Paris.  
We're lucky  
if we can hang  
out in Timbuktu.  
Take your fucking money,  
take it! Take it!  
We were worth  
a lot more than that.  
I'll see you  
on the outside.  
What about you?  
Coming with us?  
Yeah, I'll come.  
[siren wailing]  
(Cat)  
Shit.  
Halt!  
Can you hear me, Ab?  
Wherever you are.  
Ah. Come on, John.  
Sing with me,  
get your mind  
off all this rubbish.  
Any song,  
what is it?  
Toe bone's connected  
to the foot bone  
(Heineken, on machine)  
Leg bone's connected  
to the knee bone  
Knee bone's connected  
to the thigh bone  
Thigh bone's connected  
to the hip bone  
Hip bone's connected  
to the backbone  
[door opening]  
Are you the police?  
What the hell  
took you so long?  
I'm alright.  
Just my friend, Ab,  
my chauffeur,  
go and get him, please.

That's it,  
go and get him!  
Ab, it's over!  
(Heineken)  
He's in there!  
Ab, you okay?  
It's over!  
It's over!  
Are you okay, sir?  
Jesus Christ,  
it's over!  
Oh, God!  
[growling]  
Fuck.  
Ah.  
Oh, thank you, God.  
Ab, you...  
Oh.  
[weeping]  
Thank you, God.  
(man over radio)  
Kidnapped billionaire,  
Alfred Heineken,  
has been rescued  
in a police raid  
earlier this evening.  
Both Heineken  
and his driver,  
Ab Doderer,  
were found in a shed  
in the outskirts  
of Amsterdam.  
They were  
apparently unharmed...  
(Spikes)  
I don't know.  
Maybe it was  
the ransom note  
we left in the copier.  
Or all that Bang  
Bang chicken  
or maybe...  
Listen, I'm not  
saying he did, but...

maybe Brakes  
could have  
said something...  
Wait, wait, wait.  
What did you say?  
I'm not saying  
Brakes did,  
I'm just saying...  
Yeah, no, no,  
I hear what  
you're saying.  
Maybe you all thought  
he was fucking you,  
did you think about that?  
(radio)  
...details of  
the rescue...  
Ah, fuck.  
These are horse blankets.  
So?  
So what?  
I'm allergic.  
I stop breathing.  
You promise?  
I'm sick  
of you complaining!  
[shouting]  
(Cor)  
Alright, just calm down!  
[shouting continues]  
What the fuck?  
[braking]  
[shouting continues]  
(Cor)  
Just fucking stop it!  
Look, just stop it...!  
[angry shouting]  
(Willem)  
Get out of my car!  
(Cor)  
Just take it easy!  
Take it easy!  
Hold it together!  
Listen.

This fucking car...!  
[shouting]  
Look, just  
hold it together!  
You want your money?  
Take your money.  
Calm the fuck down.  
We haven't got time  
for this shit!  
You, get in the car.  
No way.  
Not me!  
I'm out of here!  
Spikes, get  
in the fucking car.  
Let him go.  
Spikes.  
Fuck him.  
Come on.  
Can't even  
pick up his bag.  
Spikes.  
Spikes!  
Come on, Cor.  
Look, Spikes!  
You're not going  
to make two fucking miles!  
I'll make 10,000.  
Come on, Cor.  
Come with me.  
What are you doing?  
Let him  
have the car.  
You're not going  
to make it without us.  
Just get  
in the car, alright?  
You stay with that asshole,  
he'll get you killed.  
Come on, Spikes!  
Look, Spikes!  
Oh, fuck it.  
(officers speaking French)  
[siren]

[siren wailing]

Fuck!

(speaking French  
over TV)

[Willem speaking  
in phone booth]

[laughing]

Okay, bye.

This evening.

She's going to meet  
us this evening.

Are you sure  
she's cool?

Oh, she's cool.

Listen, I think

I'm going to call Sonja.

You leave  
my sister

out of this.

Look, I won't  
be long.

Wait.

No, I'm serious.

You put her  
in this shit  
and they're going  
to know where  
we are.

I've got to make  
sure she's all right.

Alright, fine.

Well, you  
make the call...

I'm out of here.

Seriously,  
you're on your own.

Alright.

Come on.

Let's go.

What's this place  
like, anyway?

It's, uh,  
it's nice.

But it's safe.

That's all  
that matters.  
[doorbell rings]  
Forget about it.  
Come back!  
I'm coming.  
Hi.  
Hey.  
I'm going  
to make some coffee.  
(Willem)  
What's going on?  
Front page.  
Spikes turned  
himself in.  
"God told me  
to burn the money."  
Ha.  
He's insane.  
Or he's smart.  
He's going to do  
15 years at least.  
Well, that's one way  
to play it.  
You think you could  
play it like that?  
No, God doesn't talk  
to me that much.  
Oh, yeah.  
He looks  
like an idiot.  
[chuckles]  
(interviewer)  
Mr. Heineken, it's been  
over two months  
since you were released.  
Looking back,  
what was  
your biggest fear?  
(Heineken)  
My biggest fear was  
for my driver, Ab Doderer.  
Because he  
suffered most...

and we both knew who  
was really expendable.

(reporter)

Did they ever threaten  
to kill you?

I honestly believe  
that they believed

it was  
a business deal,  
nothing more.

Where do you think  
Cor Van Hout  
and Willem Holleeder  
are now?

It doesn't matter.

As the great fighter  
Joe Louis used to say,

"You can run  
but you cannot hide."

We'll get them.

Thank you.

Hm.

I'm going  
to have to phone Sonja.

You can't do that.

[shouting]

I told you,  
you can't do that.

[lively chatter between  
Willem and girl]

(Cor)

What about that one? Huh?

That one's perfect.

(Sonja)

What about it?

Well, you know, it's  
got those tall windows  
that you like.

I bet it's got a big  
backyard for the kid.

If we're buying  
fancy houses,  
we might as well buy  
one for Willem next door,

otherwise I'll never  
see either of you.  
Now he can buy  
his own.  
You're never even  
going to try to live  
in the real world,  
are you?  
[phone ringing]  
Yeah, hello.  
(Cor, over phone)  
Karin, look, it's me.  
Don't hang up.  
Cor?  
Now, listen to me.  
I'm going to give  
you a number  
and I need you  
to tell Sonja  
to call me  
as soon as she can.  
From a phone box  
some way over  
from the house.  
You understand?  
Where are you?  
Listen to me.  
Listen to me, please.  
Promise me,  
look, it's for her.  
[phone rings]  
Hello?  
(Sonja, over phone)  
What did you do, Cor?  
What the hell  
did you do?  
Don't start that now,  
we haven't got  
time for that.  
Look, there's no time...  
Cor, what the hell  
did you do?  
Cor, where are you?  
Answer me, Cor.

Where...?  
Cor?  
Cor?  
Where...?  
Where are you?  
Sonja?  
Son... Sonja, are you there?  
Sonja, Sonja!  
I'm here.  
I'm here, Cor.  
Cor, Cor, this is...  
they follow  
me everywhere.  
I know.  
I just wanted  
to hear your voice.  
If I buy a loaf  
of bread,  
they check my money  
in case it's...  
I want to be  
where you are.  
Please.  
Soon, Son, soon.  
Listen,  
after the baby,  
I can come back, alright?  
Soon.  
That's a promise.  
You promise?  
I promise.  
I promise,  
I promise,  
I promise.  
Listen to me,  
okay, Son, listen?  
We're going to be  
a real family.  
You know?  
We'll be  
a real family  
and I'm going to give you  
everything you ever wanted.  
And believe me.

Huh, you believe me?  
I believe you.  
But Cor, do you know  
how big this thing is?  
They've arrested everybody  
you ever met in your life.  
They bugged  
all the phones.  
Wait, wait, wait.  
What do you mean everyone?  
Like Arthur  
and my parents,  
Your parents?  
all your friends,  
all of mine,  
everybody's.  
Cor, I've got to go.  
I love you.  
Okay?  
Be safe.  
No, don't hang up!  
Don't hang up!  
Son, don't hang up!  
I love you!  
[click]  
L, uh...  
I think I messed up.  
I think they have  
this number...  
since last night.  
Just letting you know.  
[sigh]  
We better get  
our stuff then.  
(Cor)  
Willem, wait.  
Something feels wrong.  
It seems too quiet.  
[speaking French  
over radio]  
You want to do this?  
You know,  
I think I'll sit  
this one out.

In prison?

Look, we can get out  
while we're still young.  
They'll never find  
the money.

[speaking French  
over radio]

You want to bet?

You know I do.

(speaking French)

(Heineken, off)

There are two ways a man  
can be rich in this world.

He can have  
a lot of money...

or he can have  
a lot of friends.

But he cannot have both.