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Lacombe Lucien

By Louis Malle

June 1944,
during German occupation,
in a small French town
near the Spanish border...
The news is on the radio.
And this ends our programme.
This is the French national radio
...bringing you a speech...
...by Philippe Henriot
on the real enemies of France.
Good evening, ladies and gentlemen.
Some of you may listen,
from time to time,
to programmes broadcast
by enemy radio stations.
I'm not criticizing you for this,
but do invite you...
...to reflect on the monotony
of those voices.
Their music is always the same,
from London Algiers,
and it's the music many prefer.
The tone, style and
terminology...
...all carry the same
trade-mark.
The mark of the real enemies
of France.
Capitalists, Jews, Bolsheviks...
...do nothing but repeat
the same issues over and over.
Laval, in their opinion,
is a traitor.
Darlaine is called an agent
of the Gestapo...
...and I... a slave to
German propaganda.
One of these radios,
broadcasting out of London,
from where the deserter
ex-Colonel De Gaulle speaks,
ironically put forward my name
for the "Legion of Honour"...
...as Minister of Propaganda.

I thank them,
but I don't want decorations.
I only want to show you...
...that history isn't written
with jokes of this kind.

- Hello, Lucien!

- Hi!

Eat up.

Don't make me fret.

What the hell are you doing
in my house?

Aren't you Lucien, Teresa's son?

This stuff isn't yours.
It all belongs to my father.
That may well be. Talk to the boss.
He'll explain everything.

What are you doing here, Lucien?

You get up late, nowadays.
It's Sunday.

Why did you get out
your father's gun?

You know that's forbidden.
Here! They gave me a raise
this month.

Thanks!

- Hello, Lucien.

- Good morning, Mr. Laborit.
Your son should let us know
when he's coming.

How long are you staying?

I have 5 days off.

Who are those people?

What are they doing in our house?

They're helping Mr. Laborit
so I had to put them up.

There have been a lot of
changes here.

Someone has to work.

Your father's been taken prisoner,
Joseph has gone underground.

- What?

- He's joined the Resistance.

Just imagine, I've a son
who's playing the hero!

- Do you want to become a priest?

- No, I certainly don't!

They've dressed you up like one!

- Lucien!

- Ave!

Lucien, lift its head!

- That's it! Just a bit more!

- Push it! Like that!

A bit more!

Just a bit more! Come on!

We can make it!

There we are!

Let's go and have a drink.

It was a really good horse.

You'll never find another one
like him!

"And the thunder...

...let out...

...its dull rumble..."

Look who's here!

Come on in, Lucien.

...heard far, far away.

My dear boy,

there's no hope for you.

Look what you've done.

I said "thunder" and

you wrote "thander".

There again, to watch over
sheep, good spelling...

...is not required.

Class is over so

you can go.

What do you want?

This is for you.

Thank you very much.

- Are you here just for this?

- I want to join the Resistance.

Why are you telling me?

You're the leader around here,
everyone knows that.

You're too young.

We already have too many
youths like you.

Anyway, it's a serious matter.

It's not like going poaching.
It means actual fighting,
do you understand?
I don't want to go back
to the rest home.
You should be glad
you have that job.
No.
You can't stay here, Lucien.
Laborit won't allow you to.
- When your father comes back...
- There'll be hell to pay!
Lucien!
Dammit!
This wheel's done for.
Don't you know there a curfew?
Are you mad?
Young man! Are you here to spy?
Move! You've some explaining to do!
- Any news from Paris?
- The phone's not working.
Kid, come here! Come here!
Go on!
- Can you vouch for him?
- He's one of us.
Are you sure I can trust him?
Very well.
- Will he get 596?
- Yes.
Henry, are you going to tell me?
Did you know that curiosity
is a very nasty fault?
- Who's this?
- I found him in the garden.
- He was spying.
- That's not true.
I haven't done anything wrong.
I was returning to the rest home.
Don't you know it's forbidden
to be out after 10pm?
Why are you looking at me
like that?
Aren't you Henry Aubert,
the cycling champion?

- Have you seen me race?
- In the Tour of Toulouse, in '38.
I was with my father.
I saw you then.
So, you've recognized me.
- Are you from around here?
- No, I'm from Souillac.
I know someone in Souillac.
The pharmacist.
What's her name?
- Mrs. Cabessut.
- Right! That's her!
Brown-haired, tall,
with a pair of tits as big as this!
A fine looking woman!
Will you have a drink?
Marie, two shots of bitters!
So, you're from Souillac.
- Have you been there?
- Yes, it's a nice place.
Wild...
- There are partisans in that area.
- I know.
You don't see much of them.
So, is that pharmacist still
on the ball?
Come on! Have another drop.
What's the school teacher's name?
Peyssac. Robert Peyssac.
They say he's a Mason.
- What does "Mason" mean?
- Is he the leader? Are you sure?
- Of course it's him,
- but he goes under another name.
- What?
Wait... Voltaire.
They call him "Commander Voltaire".
Hey, it's time to wake up!
Come on, get up.
They'll be opening the office soon.
- My head aches!
- Poor boy...
You drank too much last night.
Do you want an Asprin?

- Good morning, young man.
- Good morning, madam.
- Miss.
- Excuse me, Miss Chauvelot,
- there wasn't a room for him.
- That's all right.
- Enjoy your breakfast.
- Thanks.
- Good morning, Miss Chauvelot.
- How are you this morning?
- Fine, thank you.
- I've almost finished.
- What a lovely day!
- Lovely and hot, you mean!

Here!

It's for Lieutenant Miller.

- Thank you, Miss Chauvelot.
- Goodbye.

They're servile and meticulous too.

If we were like them,
we'd have won the war.

Bother! I've broken a nail.

- What were you saying, Mother?
- That I've broken a nail.

You've been drinking, Pierre.

- Alcohol is bad for you.
- I just had a drop.

It's nice in here
out of the heat

Outside, it's like being
in Saigon.

- How's it going, young man?
- Fine, Mr. Tonin.

Don't you think he looks like
Paul?

Just a little.

Paul was thinner.

Read me the post, Mother.

"Gentlemen of the Gestapo,
as a grain dealer and...

...medal of valour holder,

I wish to inform you...

...of the suspicious trafficking
of a man called Louvelle Etinne.

- Not only does he..."

- Come on!

Keep walking!

I've brought you Commander Voltaire
while he's still warm.

He was in bed,
sleeping like a baby.

The little angel had some flyers
on his bedside table:

"The Germans are retreating
on all fronts...

...and soon, you will be free
in a free France."

They could at least ask us
our opinion.

I don't want to be freed
by the Jews, for example.

I have my rights too, don't I?

- Peyssac, listen...

- Be quiet, you scoundrel!

Welcome to our offices,

Mr. Peyssac.

Bring him upstairs.

I'll join you shortly.

- Shall I start working him over?

- No, wait for me.

You know, I never did like
teachers.

If you don't need me.

I'm going to take a shower.

Teachers are all Communists.

Are you a Communist too?

- What will you do to him?

- We'll have a little chat.

We must find a job for
this boy.

He can help me

open the letters. Here!

You just have to do like this.

You go on ahead.

"I wish to bring
to your attention...

...that Mrs. Lebeaufe,
the milliner, often receives...

...visits from her two sons who are draft dodgers and Communists."

- "No later than yesterday..."

- No, read another one.

"Sir, as a practicing Catholic, I consider the black market...

...shameful for a Franchman and a Christian."

That's enough! Aren't there any serious matters this morning?

Yes. A protest

from the Prefect's office...

...following the disappearance of Dr. Pradine.

Forget it, Mother.

Where are they going to look for Dr. Pradine?

I'm going to deal with Voltaire.

Are you Mr. Tonin's mother?

Of course not!

What a silly question!

Do you get many like this?

We receive about 200 a day.

One came from a man who wrote in to report himself!

It's a real mania!

Would you like to join the police?

I don't really know.

You're young.

I think the Inspector has taken a shine to you.

- Is Mr. Tonin the Inspector?

- He was.

- He was an excellent police officer

- And isn't he any more?

He was kicked out as a criminal in '36...

...when the Socialists were in power.

Children, you can't stay here.

Go and play elsewhere.

- Listen, Jean-Bernard...

- Yes, my love?

Do you know if there are any night clubs in Toulouse?

No, Honey.

There's nothing in Toulouse.

So, when are you taking me to San Sebastian?

- At the end of the month.

- Is San Sebastian nice?

- You'll see.

There's a fantastic hotel with everything you like in it.

I don't believe you!

- Have you ever used one of these?

- No.

It's very easy.

You must grip it firmly.

Raise your arm, very relaxed, extend it fully...

...and hold your breath.

Got that?

Here!

- Aim at the left nostril.

I said the left nostril, not the tie. Try again!

- He shoots better than you.

- That's not hard!

Get in.

Where are we going?

To Albert Horn.

Don't you know who he is?

One of the greatest Parisian tailors.

Come on!

- Does he live here?

- Yes, he's in hiding.

He only works for me.

I'd never have thought I'd find him in this God-forsaken village.

As a boy, I was in boarding school near here.

But I got expelled.

Oh, it's you.

Am I disturbing you?

- You never disturb me.

- I've brought you a client.
It's his first
made-to-measure suit.
An important milestone
in a man's life.
Take off your jacket
What shall we choose for this
young man? A Prince of Wales,
or blue flannel like the suit
I made for you a month ago?
A Prince of Wales.
Do you agree, Lucien?
I couldn't care less.
Do you remember the first time
I came to you, with my father?
I was 12 years old.
You lived in
Rue Marbez at that time.
Good morning.
Your mother's a little strange,
isn't she?
What lovely fabrics!
I got them for a song,
and a few petrol coupons.
Did I ever tell you
where they come from?
From the warehouse of Cassels,
the English importer.
They confiscated all his goods.
And what happened to Cassels?
I think he's in a camp for
the British at St. Denis.
The one for the Jews
is in Drancy.
I know.
Thank you. That's all.
It'll be ready in 5 days.
Listen...
...I've news about
the trip to Spain.
You have to pay another
installment.
Don't you think I've already
paid enough?

Increasingly harsh measures will be
taken against people like you.
But I've already given you
They were just for
the forged papers.
This gentleman is a rich,
stingy Jew.
Stop playing.
The music is bothering me.
I'm with some clients.
Do you miss Paris?
Did you know there are more night
clubs there than in '39?
War has its advantages,
don't you think?
The German High Command
has announced...
...that yesterday,
its troops captured
several hundred
American prisoners.
This confirms the disarray
and low morale...
...of the Allied assault troops
in Normandy,
who have only managed
to build ridiculous...
By the British Command's
own admission...
That really is a good own!
It's very funny!
Where did you hear it, Lucien?
This isn't a Pink Lady!
Please, honey!
The girl's doing her best.
Do you know where I drank
the best Pink Lady?
In the bar in Rue Magellan.
The best bar in Paris!
Why don't you put on
some music?
Miss Beaulieu,
very serious things are happening.
Did you know I was a film

actress, Lucien?

- Really?

- Yes.

Last year, I had a great role
in "Nights in the Casbah".

- Starring Yvonne Lvre.

- Then I can see you at the movies!

In Paris you could.

Unfortunately, in this godforsaken
village they only show old films.

That's true! Too bad!

It's just as I thought.

The Yanks don't know how to fight.

I've heard they send the negroes
to the front line.

You're prejudiced!

Are you sure they're telling
the whole truth?

- Are you joking?

- Not at all.

You need to listen to

Radio London as well...

...and then draw your conclusions.

Aren't you too hot
with that jacket on?

No.

Here!

"To Lucien,

so you'll remember me.

Wishing you the best

of luck, happiness...

...and success."

- Do you understand English?

- No. What use is it to me?

I've no intention of becoming
a turncoat, you know.

Would you like to know

what I think of the British?

I detest them.

They're better looking than
the French.

I was in love with

Leslie Howard.

There's a limit even to

stupidity, isn't there?
What did you say?
Repeat what you said!
Are you looking for
a slap?
Do you always have to argue,
you two?
Henry, a cognac.
- Still doing your accounts?
- Yes, unfortunately.
You're an oaf, Mr. Faure!
A stupid oaf!!
Don't ever dare to speak
to me again!
There's a job for you
upstairs.
- Let's go.
- I'm coming too.
- It won't be a pretty sight.
- Lf it amuses her...
Yes, it will amuse me!
Anyway, I'm not interested in
knowing if the war will be won...
...by the Germans or the Americans!
I'm thinking of myself...
...and the time I'm wasting
in this dump,
among these pathetic people!
If they were at least good looking!
You're ruining my career,
you know?
Hello, Lopez?
This is Henry!
- Yes... yes...
- What's he saying?
Two wagons of shoes
on the Spanish border.
That's interesting but how can we
clear them through Customs?
It can be arranged. You just have
to pay, but in dollars.
- Tell him the deal's on.
- Good night.
The deal's on, Lopez.

Make all the arrangements.

Fine! 'Bye!

Would you like a chamomile tea?

What? Wait... Say that again!

You don't want to spend another night in Miss Chauvelot's office.

Yes, very well.

- Don't worry about a thing.

- I'm going up to my room.

- You wait here a while.

- Very well. 'Bye!

It's the 5th door on the right,
at the end of the corridor.

- Will you be much longer, Henry?

- Just a few moments, honey.

- Did you talk to the wholesaler?

- Yes.

He'll give you a big discount
on the chamois skins.

- Are the Krauts interested in them?

- In the chamois skins?

Enormously!

Mrs. Georges,

you're a great business woman.

- Is there any tanned leather about?

- Only untanned,

- but it's very cheap.

- Really? Fine!

Maybe I can find

a little tanned leather too.

But it'll be expensive.

I just have to sell it on
with a good markup.

You've wet your pants,

Jean-Bernard!

So, Mr. Peyssac?

Are you ready to talk now,
you swine?

He seems to be enjoying it,
damn him!

Don't get mixed up with them.

They're different from us.

Anyway...

...the Americans are going to win

the war. Everyone says so.
Did you hear me?
The Krauts are done for.
I'm telling you the Yanks will win.
Leave the talking to me.
I'm good at this.
I'd have like to be an actor.
I'd certainly have acted
better than Betty.
Are you Professor Baurgeois?
Yes, I am.
We're partisans from
Lorsac.
The Germans attacked us and
I've a bullet in my leg.
I'm on vacation and therefore
not equipped to treat you.
Very well. Come inside.
Patrick, go and get my bag,
- some bandages and surgical spirit.
- Right away!
He's my son.
Lie down.
It was my companions
who told me about you.
Especially Commander Merit.
I see. So you know Merit.
- Yes, very well.
- He's a friend.
He sends me a lot of
his boys.
I'm very sorry.
German police.
It's a real pity.
Keep you eye on him.
Hands up!
Go on! Move!
- What's happening? I heard a shot!
- Don't worry, dear.
Good morning, madam.
It's very pretty.
Are you, by any chance,
relatives of Philipe Baurgeois?
- Yes.

- I met him.

In September 1938.

- Really?

- A very nice guy.

Excellent tennis player.

He always beat me.

- Who's that?

- My great-grandmother.

- What's the score?

- I was right.

He works for Merit.

Come on, Paul, do something!

Call the Prefect!

Stay calm.

Hello? Yes?

You want to speak to Professor

Bourgeois? Just a moment.

It's Professor Bourgeois' brother.

What'll I tell him, Boss?

That we're about to shoot him.

We're about to shoot him, sir.

Yes, shoot him.

- Give him my regards.

- My respects, sir.

He hung up.

What interesting things can you

tell me about Commander Merit?

A man like you helping the rebels.

That's the limit!

France run by the Communists.

Is that what you want?

- I'm a Gaullist.

- You know full well that De Gaulle

...is surrounded by Jews

and Communists. A few names?

- Do you consider Schumann French?

- Enough talk of politics!

Now, Doctor, tell us everything

you know about Merit.

You'll tell us something,

won't you?

- Not bad, is it?

- Right. Put it in the sack.

Don't worry.

We've plenty of time.

Try to remember everything
you know about Commander Merit.

- I don't know anything.

- Naturally!

We know you've supplied Jews
with forged papers.

Not only papers.

- What's this?

- It's the "Bandera".

I built it myself.

It took me a year.

- It's almost finished.

- Is it difficult?

Yes, especially the portholes.

So... are you like your father?

You know nothing about
the partisans?

- Good morning.

- Good morning.

Your suit is ready.

I made the pants plus-fours. They
are more stylish on a young man.

Do you like plus-fours?

I could have made you normal pants
but I find there's something more
in plus-fours.

Something more...

What does "plus-fours" mean?

It means... like these.

You'd best try them on.

So these are plus-fours?

Yes.

- Are you from here?

- No, from Souillac.

Are you a friend of
Jean-Bernard's?

Yes.

What do you do? Are you a student?

Are you here on vacation?

I'm in the German police...

I knew Jean-Bernard's father.

The Earl of Voisin.

An exceptional man.

He used to worry a lot
about his son.
So, you're a Jew...
Faure says that Jews
are enemies of France.
No.
I'm not.
- Are you from Paris?
- Yes.
I was very good at my job.
I had good clients,
lots of friends...
- What do you want?
- I'm going to the shops.
May I have some money?
Won't you introduce me, Daddy?
My daughter, France.
Lacombe Lucien.
Be quick! Bye-bye.
See you later.
Jean-Bernard told me to ask
you for the money you owe him.
Tell Jean-Bernard his father
would be very sad...
...to see all this.
He was a true gentleman.
But then, what do I care?
Come with me.
Get in line, like everyone else!
Who do those two think
they are? Get back!
Where has she sprung from?
Go to the back of the line!
Young people think they're
in charge, nowadays! Get back!
- You're a man. Can't you tell him?
- No.
Just look at the cheek of them!
I've been queuing for an hour!
Do you think I've nothing to do?
- We have priority! German Police!
- We don't give a damn about that!
Don't you think
you're overdoing it?

Hey you! What's going on here?

German police.

- Do you work for Mr. Tonin?

- Yes, I do.

I do apologize,

but I didn't recognize you.

But why do you keep

harping on about it?

A year later.

I don't understand why you did it.

There's nothing to understand.

I loved him.

- And did he love you?

- Why not? What do you know?

After what he did,

I wouldn't trust him much.

Daddy, please stop it!

Don't make me angry!

Is Mr. Horn in?

What's happening? What do you want?

I've come to see your daughter.

- Good evening, Miss.

- Good evening.

Do sit down, Mr. Horn.

- Do you want to stay for supper?

- Yes, I do.

Bring another plate!

It's cozy in here.

Better than outside.

No.

I've brought you a gift.

Champagne. Jean-Bernard

says it's the best.

Do you like champagne, Miss?

I don't feel like it, this evening.

But you do like champagne.

Drink up, Grandma!

To your health!

Shall we make a toast, Mr. Horn?

Why don't you drink

a little, Miss?

This champagne is warm.

- And it's a bad vintage.

- France!

This young man
is a client.
Excuse me, but I don't
remember your name.
Lucien Lacombe.
Lucien?
A fine name!
Yours is Albert,
if I'm not mistaken.
Yes... Albert.
Drink up! To your health!
Darling!
Darling?!
Are you pleased with
your plus-fours?
Not very, Mr. Horn.
Do you know Betty Beaulieu?
- Who?
- Betty Beaulieu,
Jean-Bernard's lady friend.
She had a part
in "Nights in the Casbah".
I haven't seen it.
More champagne,
Mr. Horn? Let's celebrate!
- I'd rather not.
- Come on! It won't hurt you!
But what are we celebrating?
France, it's time you went
to bed.
I forbid you to go
to bed... darling!
Why do you call me darling?
- I don't know!
What did you do before
you joined the police?
- I was a student.
- What were you studying?
Do you realize I could
arrest you all?
- France, be quiet.
- Are you afraid of him?
Yes, and rightly so.
I'll go.

- Good evening, Mr. Horn.
- Good evening.
- I need to speak to you.
- What's up?
You've probably already understood.
You have strange hands.
I must raise your rent.
- That's not in the rules...
- Yes it is, my dear fellow.
I have every right
to ask you for more rent.
I'm already running enough risks
keeping you in my house.
On the other hand, no-one's
forcing you to stay here.
France
isn't a waiting room!
Very well, I'll pay
the extra amount.
Do you know what
Marshall Ptain said?
The Marshall? Mr. Tonin
calls him "that old fart!"
- That old fart?
- Very witty!
Is this man your guest?
German police.
What's going on here?
This young man works for
the German police.
Your papers!
Now, get out!
Listen, I...
You receive people from
the Gestapo! Bravo!
Does your daughter sleep in there?
Yes, she does.
They we need to keep our voices
down, not to wake her.
That's right.
No more for me!
Listen, Albert...
Do you realize your daughter's
very pretty?

Why do the two of you argue?
Actually, we get on very well.
I didn't want to mention it
in front of her,
but the other day,
I killed a man.
Albert, don't believe what
Jean-Bernard tells you.
That business about Spain
isn't true.
He only wants to wring
more money out of you.
And you think
I don't know that?
Boy, can he run!
The boss has been shot!
Talk about bad luck!
Pierre, does it hurt much?
I hope it didn't
hit a lung.
Don't go thinking that!
Do you have something to drink?
I told you we should
leave it to the military.
Hand in there, Boss!
- See you, guys!
- Best of luck, kid!
What do you want?
My boss has been shot.
- What?
- Your friends got him.
- What friends?
- The Communists.
May I see France?
Take a look, Albert.
War booty!
France...
It's time you went to bed.
Long live France, Albert.
Long live France.
They're for you.
- Good morning.
- Good morning.
It's sad music, isn't it?

Yes, it is.

I feel my whole life has been
as sad as this music.

Please Daddy,
don't start that again.

France was
an excellent pianist.

She was due to attend
the Conservatory but...

Please, Daddy!

I brought you these flowers.

Mr. Horn, I've come
to collect your daughter.

What?

Jean-Bernard and Betty are leaving

tomorrow:

I want to take France.

You're mad!

France is very tired.

If France doesn't come,

I'll take you along to my friends.

They just love Jews, Mr. Horn

- I'll go.

- Wait!

- I forbid you to go.

- Stop, Daddy!

France!

Hurry up!

We're already late.

Come and dance, Lucien!

- I can't dance.

- Then you must learn!

It's tiring, isn't it?

I'm so thirsty!

You're a good dancer.

It's late.

It's time to go.

I'm afraid you're getting bored.

May I have this dance?

She's a pretty girl.

Give my regards

to old Mr. Horn.

About Spain,

tell him I'll go in his place.
I'm so fed up with
this life...
Some Jewish girls are so beautiful
...that the others pale
in comparison with them.
I had a Jewish fiance
some years ago.
She was beautiful
and rich, too.
- What are you going on about?
- Nothing, dear.
You've made me break a heel.
You've had too much to drink.
I'm taking you home.
It's a pity you can't dance.
Do you want to learn?
Let yourself go.
It's easy. See?
You rat...!
You lousy rat!
They tell me she's a Jew's
daughter. You can't bring her here!
Filthy Jewess... Filthy Jewess!
Filthy Jewess!
So, you're bedding a Jewess now!
And you think
you'll get away with it?
I'm going to tell the Germans!
Calm down, Marie.
Forget about it.
Filthy Jewess!
They all have syphilis!
Did you hear me?
She'll give you syphilis!
Let me go!
I have to tell her what I think!
I have to give that slut
a piece of my mind!
She can't come here!
Let me go!
Leave me! Leave me!
Marie isn't usually spiteful.
Lucien, I'm so fed up!

I'm fed up of being Jewish!
One for the road!
A final toast!
See you soon!
- Goodbye! Have a safe journey!
- Thank you.
We'll send you some
postcards.
- 'Bye!
- 'Bye!
Lucien?
Lucien...
My father has to make it
to Spain.
You know, the Italian cyclists
are fantastic,
but I've never been afraid of them.
Not even a champion like
Bartali could scare me.
The only ones I was afraid of
were the Spaniards.
Have you never seen
Sylvere Maes race?
On the Normandy front,
the British assault troops,
backed up by Canadian units,
have made some slight progress
of little strategic importance,
suffering, however,
very heavy losses.
Germans have been able to retreat
to pre-established positions.
During the night, the enemy carried
out a violent, new attack
with heavy backing from
American armoured troops.
Go on... Keep moving.
It's odd that you can sew
Mr. Horn.
Usually, it's a woman's job.
You don't feel like talking to me?
What would you say
if I married France?
It's strange! I can't hate you

as much as I'd like to.

A visit for Mr. Lacombe.

- It's Lucien's mother.

- Lucien!

Your mother came to the hotel
looking for you.

I thought I was doing right
bringing her here.

Well, I'll be off.

- That man is very kind.

- Do come in.

Have a seat.

Mother, will you bring us some tea?

Very well.

Excuse me for receiving you
dressed like this.

- Have you come far?

- From Souillac.

That's where we live.

I came into town with the boss
to go to the market.

Bring something for Lucien, too.

Good morning.

- Did you receive my money order?

- Yes.

Here! I've brought you a hen.

Thanks.

- Are you well fed, here?

- Yes.

This is Lucien's mother.

- Good morning.

- She's my daughter.

- She's very pretty!

- Indeed.

I came to thank you
for the money order.

- But I don't want to disturb you.

- You're not disturbing us at all.

Do remain seated.

- You're not from here, are you?

- No.

We're from Paris

Living in Paris

was becoming very difficult.

Right! It's hard to find food there.

- But you're not French, are you?

- Half.

My daughter is 100% French.

Do you like living here?

You should ask her.

Lucien should take her out now and again.

But he can't come back to our village any more.

I don't approve of some things Lucien is doing.

Unfortunately, neither do I.

But he's not a bad boy.

You're a friend of his. Perhaps you could teach him good sense.

I'm not a friend of Lucien's.

Also my daughter does things that upset me.

- That upset me very much.

- Really?

Don't you think we were better off before the war?

Well...

- I'll walk you to the bus.

- No, there's no need.

It's best if the boss doesn't see you.

Look what someone sent me.

It's just junk.

We receive them every day.

They'll kill you, Lucien.

The boss says they'll kill you.

Get out of here!

I'm happy here.

Well...

...I'd better go, otherwise I'll miss the bus.

Wait!

Thanks.

Daddy, you must eat.

How can anyone be hungry when his daughter's a whore?

What you said about France
is not nice, Mr. Horn.
It's very rude to treat
your daughter like a whore.
You deserve
a good dressing down.
I don't need your opinion
in judging my daughter.
Anyhow,
France and I are very alike.
We're both extremely fragile.
Daddy...
Forgive me. Sweetheart.
Leave me alone!
Did you know they let
Mr. Swanz's mother die?
- Freudich told me.
- Calm down, Daddy!
Maybe we can get to Spain.
Spain is just a dream.
Maybe it doesn't even exist.
Come on, Daddy! Be reasonable!
- Better, now?
- Yes.
You know, Mr. Horn?
I like you a lot.
We'll get to Spain,
you'll see.
The frontiers are closed.
There are still some places
where surveillance is minimal.
I'm going to bed.
Good night, everybody.
Sweetheart, you know very well
that your grandmother can't walk,
so it's useless talking about
escaping.
You're right. Anyhow,
the war will be over soon.
It's true, Daddy. Did you know
the Americans are close by?
- Have you been out?
- I went for a walk in town.
I hadn't been out of

the house for a long time.
It helps me regain my strength.
France told me you could
help us get to Spain.
- Me?
- Yes.
That's a good one!
Listen, Lucien.
I want to talk to you
man to man.
- We've never had a chat.
- What do you want to talk about?
My daughter, France.
I don't have time now.
I must go to work.
They really worked him over, huh?
I'm bushed!
I'm going to have a shower.
I stayed in Paris until '42,
then...
Oh, Lucien!
This man was looking for you.
- What the hell are you doing here?
- I was waiting for you,
just chatting with your friend.
He's a very nice young man.
- Another cocktail?
- Have you gone mad?!
I came to talk to you calmly.
Things can't go on as they are.
You just can't help it.
You have to act stupidly!
Come on! I'll take you home.
- Who's this?
- A friend.
Albert Horn, sir.
Horn? But he's that Jew!
You brought a Jew into
the bar of the hotel?
He's young. He doesn't understand.
Step into my office!
Show me some I.D.

What's this:

July 1892, resident in Paris"?

- Did Douasien get it for you?

- Precisely.

I want to see an identity card
with "Jew" written on it.

I only have a calling card.

- **Surname:**

Name:

Born in...?

Where?

It doesn't matter.

Put "Toulouse".

Domicile?

de Serbit, Paris Vlll.

- Nationality?

- French.

Has no-one ever told you
a Jew can't be French?

A few times.

For me, Jews are like rats.

Sewer rats.

- Really?

- Yes.

And like them, they multiply.

- May I go?

- Stay where you are.

I'm calling the German Command.

You'll sort things out with them.

Why this familiar tone

all of a sudden?

Hello?

- Mr. Horn...

- Hello? Hello!

We didn't have time
to talk about France.

She was still sleeping,
when I came here.

What I wanted to say to you,
Lucien, is that...

Just think my dear friend!

I have a Jew here in my office!

Open up!

You old witch!
It seems they put him
on a train in Toulouse.
No-one knows
where they'll take him.
- He was asking for it.
- Shut up!
Shut up! Shut up!
You scoundrel! You scoundrel!
I fought for my country, France.
I'm a soldier, just like you!
I demand to be treated
with respect!
Wait in there, please.
Go upstairs and guard
the prisoner.
- I'll be busy with the Germans.
- You still feel like working?
Naturally! More than ever.
Cheer up, kid!
How old are you?
So, you work for the Germans...
You, a French boy.
Aren't you ashamed?
I don't like your familiar tone.
Listen, don't be an idiot!
Don't you know you'll be shot?
You don't have a cruel face.
Listen...
I can save you.
Take off these handcuffs
and we'll escape together.
Get it?
I don't like your familiar tone.
Hurry! Out of there!
Come on! Move it!
Hello? Hello!
Hello? The German Command!
Put me through to
the German Command.
Come on!
- Miss France Horn?
- Yes.
Mrs. Bella Horn?

You can bring with you
a small case or backpack.
Only personal belongings,
no foodstuffs, no books
and no money.

- Hurry up! Get a move on!

- But...

You're not the only ones leaving.

I've a lot of people on my list.

There's been a serious attack.

Do you understand?

Come on! Hurry, Grandma!

Mr. Lacombe, you work

for the German police.

No stealing when you're in

the German police.

Give me that watch immediately!

I'm not coming without her!

Where are we going?

I don't know

To Spain.

Dammit!

Lucien!

- What did she say?

- There's a card missing.

- Good night, Grandma.

- Good night.

Good night.

Good night.

Lucien!

Lucien!

Lucien!

Lucien!

Lucien!

Lucien Lacombe

was arrested on October 12 1944.

Tried by a Resistance

military court,

he was sentenced to death and shot.