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Lucky Jo

By Pierre Lesou

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Gabriel, you got baby skin.

- "Fugit irreparabile tempus", guys.

- Come on, "Dominus vobiscum".

Hands up! Don't move!

I said don't move, blondie!

Shit!

Shit!

Bravo!

Nice job!

- Hey, it's not my fault.

- Come on, back away!

- I can't, Father.

- Back away to the end of the street!

Back away! Back away!

Hello guys!

Hello you!

Of course... winter time.

Winter looks smashing this year.

Shit, shit, shit... (in Latin)

Wait...

Maybe I can help you.

Maybe I know someone who

knows someone who knows...

- Someone who can take your fake bills.

- You think so? - I do. - Go on.

Fake bills... OK.

Fake bills?

Fake bills.

Hello guys!

Hello you!

Of course...

Summertime.

Summer time is a gas!

Simon...

You're not bored with the holidays.

Don't you want to get back to work?

- Why? You got a case?

- "Pulsate et imperiatur vobis".

Knock at the door and it will open.

A debutante's safe.

But it's a two men team.

Me...

and an expert

If you want an expert...

I'm your man.

That's it.

The maid leaves.

7:

7:

7113 AM.

Now! The boss lady comes in.

It's done.

- It's busy.

- Let's take the stairway.

No, there's another elevator.

Nice. It's here.

- What's happening?

- Shit!

Shit!

That's our luck. Elevator is still out of order.

The court sentences Christopher Jowett to a five year penalty and his accomplice Simon Archambaut to three years.

Of course it's spring time.

Is Mr Gabriel here?

Mr Farkas?

He'll be here in one hour.

I'm going to wait.

It's a nice piece.

What kind of glass is it?

- Sorry.

- The chandelier.

What kind of glass?

It's only glass.

What are you drinking?

Nothing. I'm just waiting.

- It's OK not to scream but we can't hear you. - Come closer.

I said we have to steal two rides.

I want a Dauphine.

And you, what do you want?

A 404. I have it well in hand.

Tomorrow at 8 I'll stand at the corner.

When I see the van I'll take
my hands out of my pockets.
As soon as I see your hands I'm
starting from there with the Dauphine.
I run and I block the van.
Open the door to avoid it being blocked
in case the van crashes into you.
Same for me.
I get out and handle the driver.
I'll take care of the Van's door.
I'll leave my corner and
play traffic cop with my Thompson.
We load everything into the 404...
and we split. Take care with the Dauphine.
We leave it on the scene so
don't forget to wear gloves. Let's go.
- I have to see Raton.
- You said he was OK with the deal?
- He takes the gold but we still have to
talk about the bills. - You're optimistic.
We can encounter some intangible facts
tomorrow if you see what I mean.
I have a lousy horoscope.
Lost. Your turn.
Jo?
Yes.
I'm Paul Garnier, Gabriel's partner.
Hi Paul!
From Gabriel.
- He's sick?
- No, busy. Bye.
I'll come to see him tomorrow then.
- It's no use.
- Why?
One becomes superstitious in the long run.
What's it mean?
We can't say that the guys who
worked with you were entirely successful.
From now on when you
visit them they're busy.
Say, Paul...
I'd like to ask you a question.
Shoot.
Your chandelier.

What kind of glass is it?

Baccarat, Venetian or Bohemian glass?

- You're kidding? - Not at all. I find it intriguing. Such beautiful glass.

Bye Paul.

"Ab imo pectore".

Hi Napo!

I forgot what it means.

"From the bottom of my head I salute you."

You have grey hairs now.

- "Fugit irreparabile tempus".

- You see, you remember now.

We didn't get you at your exit.

I noticed that.

Gabriel has a chandelier.

You have some small lampshades

but in jail it's only

naked light bulbs.

- There's something funny about light bulbs.

- You've seen Gabriel?

And Simon?

Not yet.

We don't see Simon anymore.

He's out of the driving business.

Gee... I thought he still

had that garage in Bougival.

You want me to laugh at your

crack or you just don't care?

I'd like you to laugh.

Good old Jo, always the same kidder, you're so funny you'll make me die laughing.

It suits you better?

It's fine.

It smells like a kitchen here. Follow me.

It's simple. The last time we

saw Simon was when he married.

- He's married?

- Of course, since we were the witnesses.

Nice weather.

- You have some plans?

- No.

You counted on our help?

Not really.

We like you well but...

we can't work with
you anymore, you see?
Gabriel and I had some expenses.
Him for his club, me for my restaurant.
We have a few projects ahead...
but not with you. You understand?
Don't worry. I get it.
Take this.
Don't be dumb.
You remember the drunken nights we used
to have when one of us was out of jail?
Yes, I remember.
And Mimi?
She stayed clean for two years.
Now I believe she hangs out with a gypsy.
As jealous as Victor Hugo.
- He was jealous?
- Assuredly.
She still sings?
Well, she opens her mouth and
some sound come out.
Just at the end of the street.
At the "Petit Pig".
Want to see her again?
I have to go back.
Give me some news.
But not too soon, huh?
"Supremum vale".
I told you, I forgot everything.
It means...
farewell.
- Jo...
- From the hat to his socks.
- What're you doing in your night gown?
We were waiting for you. - Wait a minute.
- I have to move the little chain.
- I see. You missed something, you know...
We had so much fun.
Gabriel and Napo wanted
to celebrate so...
They came for you?
- Of course.
- Good for you.
I couldn't come...

- Too much work, you understand...

- Of course.

It's where I live.

It's cosy.

- You had diner?

- Not yet.

- But you were sleeping?

- Not at all, there's a good show on TV.

A football game?

This is your good show?

You're in front of the screen.

Heavens!

A woman...

I had completely forgotten
about your existence, Madame.

My name is Adeline, Monsieur.

- And you're Jo?

- Yes, Madame.

- You left jail this morning?

- No, Madame.

This afternoon.

You always keep your hat on?

- You always sleep completely naked?

- In jail too?

In winter too?

Anyway it's not very
appropriate in a house.

- Some say it brings bad luck.

- You're superstitious?

- It would be the least.

- OK, I see, I'm damned then.

That's it.

Poor Simon.

I don't even understand how
you could cross his path.

Well...

Now you're going to close your
eyes because I want to get up.

OK, I'm gone, darling.

You can stay tucked in.

I couldn't find much.

I opened a can.

You know, I've had my
share of canned goods in jail...

- I'm sorry...
- Tell me, Simon.
You still like me?
What's wrong Jo?
It'd give me a great pleasure
to munch into a big green apple
which tastes like a real apple.
You got that in your fridge?
I have better than apples in a fridge.
Follow me.
Cherries from a cherry tree.
It's alright with you?
- It's OK.
- Wait, there's a ladder over there.
Careful. Don't walk
onto the little lettuces.
What else are you growing?
A bit of everything.
Herb, herbs...
Laurel... and the rest.
So that's the smell
we smell that smells so strong.
Now...
pick up your cherries.
- Simon.
- Yes?
- What're you doing?
- Getting cherries.
- You have a basket?
- No.
My favorites are the English variety,
very acidic.
I like these ones.
Ah, Adeline...
I introduce you to Jo.
Pleased to meet you.
"Quomodo Vales", Adeline?
What does it mean?
- "How are you?"
- Why in Latin?
When Napo and Jo were
bored between two cases...
they learned Latin quotes in the
pink pages of the dictionary.

When we spoke Latin nobody
understood and it made us laugh.
But Napo has forgotten everything.
Now I'm all alone with my Latin...
that nobody can get. What a bloody fool!
Sorry, Madame.
It's good bye to adventure,
isn't it, Simon?
Well, I just have to call me a cab
and me, they call me Jo.
- Good bye, Madame.
- Good bye, Monsieur.
You won't find a cab at this hour.
I'll give you a ride. Come on.
You have wrinkles, my dear old Simon.
Milk don't make wrinkles disappear.
34-35.
My cell was number 35-36.
It's funny the way numbers are.
- You're going to see Mimi?
- Or another girl.
Anyway leave the car on Rue Pigalle.
I'll get it tomorrow morning.
Put the keys in the glove box.
- I could bring it back.
- It's no use.
Have a full morning sleep instead.
Of course.
There's no need to see
the old pals every day.
It's like that, Jo.
I know. I've been told.
You didn't prepare the little
good bye gift like the others?
Of course.
Here it is.
- I didn't dare give it to you.
- Let me help you.
I know how difficult it is
for you and painful too...
You know how I like you.
You remember the drunken nights?
Yes. Good bye, Simon.
Hey, old man...

- You can't leave your ride parked here.

- Really?

Yep. It's forbidden

to park in front of this place.

Open your eyes.

So what? The place belongs to you?

And that stupid hat?

It's yours?

Of course it belongs to him.

Look how beautiful he looks with it.

Me I think I prefer him without a hat.

There's something worrying me...

You don't have nice manners...

and tonight I'm on the edge.

Thank you kiddos.

My nerves are alright now.

A brandy.

How a woman can change...

Different hair, different eyes...

Everythings different.

How a man can change...

You have different hair...

Etc, etc...

You don't kiss me?

It's a wig or they're painted?

They're tainted.

- It damages the hair, don't you know?

- It's lies.

You'll see when you're bald.

I will wear a wig then.

I'll see you after the show?

I don't know.

I'm not alone anymore.

I know. So?

I don't know if I can free myself.

OK...

Bye then.

Tougher than tough.

You didn't change a bit.

- If at least you asked nicely.

- I did.

- What?

- I asked nicely.

I said I liked your hair.

Try more nicely.

- With a bunch of flowers?

- Why not?

A bunch of lilies. It's not expensive...
and it has a nice country smell.

- You have finished here for tonight?

- No.

I'm waiting for you here.

- I didn't say yes yet.

- Stop with the manners.

You can't wait for me here.

He'll come.

- Where you staying?

- Nowhere yet.

- I meant one of the musketeers, Napo or...

- I said nowhere.

So, you made up your mind?

- You have a hotel room?

- No.

OK.

I'm calling the hotel where I

used to stay on Avenue de Wagram.

Go there and wait for me. Alright?

Come and see me.

If I'm not there, your loss.

Or maybe I won't be alone...

Don't be nasty with me.

Make you beautiful and rested.

Don't touch.

L---

touch.

Come on. Get out.

No.

Get out now. There he comes.

Alone?

Penniless...

Are you sleeping?

At last...

You see...

You finally came.

You're alone?

Yes.

And I want to sleep.

Don't make noise and let me sleep.

I'm working hard, you see...
That's the reason why I
couldn't come earlier.
You have no reason to be angry.
Why do you sulk?
Why do men always sulk for no reason?
It must be true, you have a lot
of experience now, big girl.
Yes, I'm five years older than you.
What should I have done during these
five years? Some upholstery?
You never asked me anything. I don't
understand why you make a fuss.
You did not only grow up,
you also make much more noise now.
Listen...
Do you think I would act differently
if you were kinder with me?
It would make me happy. That's all.
But nobody's happy to hear
your nasty remarks. Not even you.
And now you make some
psycho-analysis...
under your painted hair.
I had a hard time leaving the club.
I said I had to visit
my sick mother.
How can I be so dumb?
What made me come here?
By foot to boot.
- It was a long walk.
- Why not take a cab?
But maybe you save your money?
- I don't have any money.
- Where is it?
You're such a sucker...
Your darling plays the guitar
and you spit out the money.
I buy myself some affection
the way I can.
But today...
I haven't a penny left
to buy your affection.
Why, lil' Mimi?

You need some affection?
No. Maybe you're a savage but I'm not.
You kid me. You're mean.
And then hop! You want to get laid without
a nice word. Mimi just says no.
There's no hurry...
I'm in a hurry.
You know you begin to
get on my nerves, girl...
After five years of stale bread you think one
wants to recite poetry in front a juicy steak?
No, my darling...
One just wants to chew into the steak.
Without class.
Without a fork.
Without a knife. Just like that.
Alright.
Without a knife...
but no hat either.
Moron! Shit!
Stay quiet kiddo!
Stop!
It was an hold-up?
No, it was a joke from the management.
Black 404. 34-35 GC 78.
OK. And then?
All I know is that I hurt one
of them, Mr Inspector,
and then they ran away.
To know the rest of the story, dear
Inspector Odile, we count on you.
So you give me the case,
Mr Chief Inspector?
With great pleasure, dear
Auxiliary Inspector. Thierry...
Find me the 404 and its owner.
And then...
Now it's your business, Inspector.
Go on, Thierry.
I have no hope with the owner.
Probably a stolen car as usual.
Only certainties must be spoken aloud,
dear Auxiliary Inspector.
Keep your guesses for yourself and

don't congest my poor head with them.

Well, dear grumpy Chief Inspector...

it's certainly a stolen car.

Right. The 404 belongs to
a man named Simon Archambaut.

And Simon Archambaut is
one of our old clients.

Great.

Now we could play it like this...

- Jo is here?

- No.

So he brought back the
car and he left.

- Damn Jo.

- So you went to Paris for nothing?

That's it.

- How was Paris then?

- Far from Bougival.

- I'm fixing lunch. You coming?

- Later. I have some urgent work.

Shit! What did he do to my ride?

So...

you hasten up to
fill the little holes?

Well, Archambaut...

don't sulk.

I'll resume. We found your
car on Clichy Boulevard.

So we brought it back to
you to see your reaction?

- And then?

- Then...

you'll have to follow us.

We need to have a little chat.

- I have to tell my wife.

- Of course.

- Adeline?

- Yes.

- Hello, gentlemen.

- They're policemen.

It doesn't show at all.

What do we do?

We get angry or we thank her?

I must go with them. One of our

clients is in some son of trouble.

- Have lunch alone.

- What do you want for diner?

I never know. Don't worry about me.

I'll respect your query, Mrs Adeline.

- The fingerprints guys will

be here any time soon. - OK.

1:

Hello, Madame. You saw Mimi?

Yes, she went to get her stuff an hour ago.

She rented the room for both of you

for at least one month.

When she's back tell her I invited

her to the restaurant. At Napo's.

- At Napo's? - Yes.

- Alright.

You heard that Napoleon?

He leaves when you speak to him.

It's Napoleon's spitting image.

There was a nice hold-up

this morning. Very interesting.

They were four guys and snatched

120 million. 30 million each.

Only one clue. A black 404.

Registration number is 34-35 GC 78.

34-35...

- It can't be. - They won't be able to

enjoy their win, these young men...

with all the modern police resources.

And he takes my paper with him,

poor young man!

Hello, Adeline? It's Jo.

- Simon there?

- Go to hell.

We expected to fall on a man

saddened by the theft of his car.

An honest man, you see.

But no...

we fall on you.

- A friend.

- An acquaintance.

Listen to me.

We put your car transformed

into a strainer under your nose.
And instead of calling your
insurance or us like a good citizen...
you hurry up to fill the little holes.
Admit it, we're entitled to
be suspicious.
I'll tell you once more.
First, it's not my style
to call anyone in these cases.
Secondly, I repeat,
I lent the car to a client yesterday.
I had to get it this morning
on Rue Pigalle.
I didn't find it. That's all.
- What client? - I don't have a name
and I took his advance without "Caution".
I admit that I should have asked his name.
But I was sleepy.
- He paid with a check?
- No. In cash.
But why don't you accuse me downright
of having committed the hold-up?
Some people saw you at home
at the time of the hold-up.
Nonetheless you lent your
car to the guys behind the hold-up.
You think these guys are smart enough to
steal a car instead of borrowing one of mine?
- It doesn't make sense.
- Yeah...
Your head is still good, Archambaut.
Look at mine. This guy
made a complete mess out of it.
What else can I tell you?
Maybe the car was stolen from
the guy who borrowed it from me.
Or maybe it's the guy himself
who did the hold-up.
I lend cars. I don't know
what they do with them.
It's their business if they have
sex or put gold in the them...
Lab guys are working on it. We wait to see
what kind of fingerprints they can get.

It's Jo. Open the door.

- Go with the devil.

- Where is Simon?

Did he find his 404 on Rue Pigalle?

Poor dirty guy.

No, he didn't find his 404.

Police found it with holes in it and then they came to find Simon and took him.

Are you happy now?

What are you saying, Adeline?

- Police think that Simon...

- Yes, Police think that Simon did it.

Thanks to his good old friend Jo.

Poor old Simon.

His quiet little life and...

I ruin everything.

Are you crazy? Maybe you want to rape me now that Simon is absent?

No, I won't rape you.

It's not my style.

And I prefer them more pulpy and painted with all the works here and there.

I'm perfectly normal. If you prefer monsters it's your business.

I didn't come to talk about your assets, darling. I came to understand what happened.

Now we have to get Simon out of this mess.

Very well.

Then call them.

- Who?

- The police of course, moron.

- What shall I tell them?

- You'll say you did the hold-up.

- It'll make things worse. - If you're there and Simon's here, it'll make things better for me.

It's a mistake. We'll be there together hand in hand.

They want four men.

We're only two.

You'll denounce the three other guys and Simon will be free.

I don't know the three other guys, stubborn girl, neither the fourth man nor anyone else!

If you don't call them

immediately I'll shoot you.

I'll count to three.

One...

- Two...

- In the end I was wrong.

They don't look that bad.

- What? Who?

- Your legs.

If you were not Simon's wife it would
relieve me to give you a good slap!

Help!

Help!

Murderer!

In the end you're a good
girl but a real pain in the neck!

You hurt yourself

on my abdomen, right?

Well, I'll take one of your cars.

Bye .

I'll make a phone call first.

I have spare change for you.

You have a cramp?

And hop! Little pancake!

Hello, Raton? It's Jo.

Can I come to see you immediately?

OK, I'm coming.

OK, Raton (small rat) is an ugly name
but as a fence he is one of the best.

Maybe the guys who did the
hold-up made a deal with him.

You'll be wise?

If you find the names of
these men what will you do?

I'll do all I can to

give you back Simon.

It's not Al Capone that

I should call you...

- but Don Quichotte.

- That's it.

But now that we're pals

just call me Quiche...

Pancake.

What I don't understand...

Chief Inspector, please.

I have news for you.
Relax, Inspector, and wait
for the fingerprints result.
It's much more sure
and you can still have that chat.
So, Junior?
The news and a coffee.
A young girl knocked-out with a
statuette on Rue Oberkampf.
Be more precise. Knocked-out could
mean she only suffered some bumps.
If you mean she was killed say killed.
It saves some time.
Yes, dad, she was whacked.
And a beautiful young doll at that.
Can you give me the case, please, dad?
It starts again! It's broken. Junior,
you don't make sense.
What interest for you if she's
beautiful since she's now defunct?
As for the case...
Go get Guillaumet.
Why always Guillaumet?
- Say, Junior?
- Yes, dad.
Hope you won't be mad, I
borrowed one of your ties.
It's nothing dad.
One from time to time is nothing.
Of course it's nothing but I'd like to know
where all my ties have disappeared to?
- I don't know dad.
- "I don't know dad!"
Run, Junior, if you don't want to
end your career as a traffic cop!
It must be said that some
girls are asking for trouble.
How dumb boys can be.
Instead of pampering a nice doll
like her look what they did to her.
Of course... when you get pampered
with that kind of tool.
She just came in...
or she was leaving.

So Doc?

Struggle then the statuette.

It probably happened this
afternoon around two o' clock.

We'll get more from the autopsy.

Can we take her?

Go on.

- What's your opinion, Guillaumet?

- At first sight...

it's a routine case.

A love story.

A man story.

Hi, Jo.

Hi, Raton.

- How long have you been out?

- Yesterday.

- And you already need me.

- In a certain way.

The hold-up this morning...

Is it you fencing the goods?

I'm doing half-half with Zanicek.

Why?

I want to know the names of the guys.

- Why?

- I like their style.

I want to get in touch with them.

My partners left the business.

I can't help you.

No hard feelings.

I want their names.

No, Jo.

I know you're a good guy.

Too bad...

because you will have to give
me their names all the same.

You're not used to it.

I'm going to hurt you.

You have changed.

Damn! Raton! Give me

some names or I'll beat you up!

My old Raton...

It's not so easy.

See you.

Sorry about the bills but it's better

to wait before we let them flow.

As you want, Zani.

Sorry.

- You know Mister Jowett?

- Lucky Jo, you bet...

- Only by reputation.

- He's looking for you.

He shook up the poor Raton

to learn your names.

- Shit!

- And Raton?

He kept mum.

He thinks Jo will come here

to ask me a few questions.

- We're waiting for him. - What's wrong with him? - We don't care, it stinks.

All went well until now.

We will ensure that it continues.

It's your business. But please no dirty business in my home.

I'm very fond of my carpets and blood stains are particularly hard to clean.

OK, old girl. We'll wait

for our quarry on the road.

Thank you gentlemen and good hunting.

So the little Mimi

didn't sleep here last night.

No, she came back this afternoon around 2.

And the gypsy wasn't here?

He left early this morning

and I haven't seen him since.

- But I'm not always on the lookout either.

- OK. Thierry.

You work on the scene. I'll call the office to tell them to hunt the gypsy.

Weather becomes very cloudy suddenly.

I'll call the furnished hotels service too.

Maybe she spent the night in another hotel...

and maybe with another guy.

Damned Raton! He warned them.

That's it.

Ad paves.

Back to their ancestors.

They're dead...

completely dead.
At last...
I only have two guys to find now.
Show me your mugs.
Maybe it will give me an idea.
You, I don't know.
And you?
Paul Garnier, Gabriel's partner.
So the two others are...
Gabriel and Napo.
God damned, I got to find them first.
As soon as the cops find Garnier
they're done.
"Thank you, Jo", they will say.
"We missed you.
With you at the wheel we could run away without
hitting trees. It was so monotonous."
So what? There's no jack?
Sorry.
Fortunately it's a quiet spot.
That's it dad. We have all the fingerprints
results for the hold-up car.
With Archambaut's prints of course.
No dramatic pauses, Junior.
Spill the beans. And close the door.
The only other prints we have are those
of a guy who just got out of jail yesterday.
- Christopher Jowett. Nicknamed Jo.
- Now that's better.
Perfect. Motion for battle. Let's
search for Jowett and let's find him.
Go to Hotel Wagram where our little
corpse slept last night.
Hey, don't hit her!
We have to keep a few of them alive.
Beware! Order to all the gendarmerie and
police units to look for Christopher Jowett.
This is not our business.
American, around 45 years old, dark hair,
dark eyes, height 5.9 feet.
Simon on one hand, Gabriel
and Napo on the other.
Not an easy situation.
Simon... What can I do

to help him now?

Good God, help me a little, please!

Fortunately I've had a good night sleep.

- Yes, Mimi slept here last night with a man.

- What's wrong with the cats? They're all angry.

He doesn't dig p.., he only likes fish.

- Give me the sheet of this man.

- There's no sheet.

- It's Mimi who rented the room and I trust her.

- Don't you know it's against the law?

Against the law... Compared to a poor girl being killed

- I'm pretty tame, Mr Inspector.

- If you say so.

- Anything else?

- It rains again.

When he left the man said that Mimi had to meet him at Napo's restaurant.

- You could go there and ask them.

- Thanks for the tip but I know my job.

If the man comes back ask his name and let us know.

- Of course, Mr Inspector. I'm not completely senile. - Good bye, Madame.

Falls pretty hard, huh?

First their papers.

- Key is in the ignition?

- No.

Come have a look.

How did they manage to hit a tree with the ignition key here?

- Your papers. - What's wrong, Mr Policeman? - Come on, faster.

Brigadier!

Get out of the car!

You follow us.

The bastards! What did they make me eat?

He's not breathing.

Drop your weapons or I'll strangle him!

Let him go or I'll plug you!

You alright?

I'm fine.

- There's a problem?

- Yes.
I liked you well but now
you're a bit too famous.
It stinks in here!
Where do you come from boy?
Alright.
Shut up. This one is not yours.
Come on. Go back to your car.
You asked for it, old pal.
I'm in a hurry today.
Old girl, sorry.
Mr Gabriel is here?
- Nobody's coming before tonight.
- Oh shit...
Good bye, Madame. I said good bye.
Alright.
It works better this way, grandma.
Now to see Napo.
Stop. It's here.
- Hi. Mimi Perrin. Rings a bell?
- I know some Mimi but not that one.
- The boss here?
- Probably at home. First floor.
Thanks.
Police. Open the door.
- Hey, you didn't feel something behind?
- I did, old pal.
Look at the free place you have behind.
You could have moved back.
I don't know where
the reverse gear is , wise guy.
Say, it's Thursday today?
- No, it's Tuesday.
- But where is my head?
My appointment here is on Thursday.
Today...
it's at Grenelle.
And I'm so late already. Too bad.
Good bye and all my apologies
for your little bumper.
Come on, darling.
It's impossible for the cops
to be already here. Not so fast.
- There's no one.

- Where is Napo, for God's sake?
- Hello, Jo. So you're out?
- Since yesterday.
- I'm looking for Gabriel and Napo.
- I didn't see them today.

Thanks Tony.

- Hi Toto.
- Hey Jo!
- You saw Gabriel or Napo today?
- Not today.
- As for Simon, I haven't seen him for a century. - Simon...

I'm stubborn so I'll start again.

Jo's fingerprints are on the car because he tried it. That's all.

But he left in a cab and

I rented the 404.

I don't know if you're stubborn but what a liar...

- There's only fingerprints for both of you on the 404. - Thierry.

Believe me, my dear, you give us a lot of unnecessary trouble.

Jo is more than involved in this hold-up and we're hot on his heels of course.

Trouble is Paris is big,

Jo is little,

and us very weak but persistent,

Mr Archambaut, very persistent.

Thierry has found something good.

There.

- What is it? - Some receipts.

The girl murdered on Rue Oberkampf

- was sending some parcels to an ex-convict named Christopher Jowett. - Really?

Swell, that's just swell...

- Damn Jowett, we meet him everywhere, so to speak. - There's something else.

- Yes? - The girl's wage slips. She was singing at the "Petit Pig" on Rue Pigalle.

Rue Pigalle?

I've already heard this today.

It's where Archambaut supposedly

had to get back his car this morning.

- You're right.

- It's very clear now.

Archambaut lent his car to

Jowett there in Bougival.

Jowett went to see the girl

at the "Petit Pig" on Rue Pigalle.

He banged the girl at Hotel Wagram.

Then he committed the hold-up

with the same car in Vaucresson.

He ditched the car on Clichy Boulevard

and banged the girl again

but in a different way at Oberkampf.

- Probably because the girl knew too much.

- I'm tired of your speculations.

Jowett's mugshot. We got the prints?

Thierry.

We'll show it at the Hotel. It's the only way

to know if he spent the night with the girl.

You forget something. If it's him

it means he has an alibi for the hold-up.

The lady boss at the Hotel

saw him leaving his room at 2:00 PM.

If he's man enough to beat up

4 men in a police van

he could have easily jumped

from the hotel room,

commit the hold-up at 9

and come back the same way

to be pampered by the girl when she awakened.

And kill her at 2:30?

For a guy who just got out of jail

I think his day is a little too busy.

- What about the gypsy?

- We're on the hunt.

I'm going to investigate the bar

where Mimi had an appointment.

- What bar?

- At Napo's on Rue Pigalle.

Rue Pigalle again? It's the same

or they all have the same name these days?

It's the same.

That's not too soon.

Give me Mr Gabriel.

Well, I'll call back.

No I'll call back.

Hello?

- Mr Gabriel will be here anytime soon.

- Good. Tell him to wait for Jo.

It's very important. I'm coming.

Hold a sec brigadier. Dad...

- I'm listening.

- I'm listening.

A car accident in Montfort L'Amaury.

- Two dead guys.

- Not my department.

- Hang up.

- An odd detail...

- Ignition key was on the trunk.

- That's funny.

- Pockets full of bills.

- Lottery or railway bills?

Lottery or railway bills?

Bank bills.

Names of the deceased, please?

Paul Garnier.

Raymond Garcia.

Car registered to Gabriel Fracasse.

- Sorry, Farkas.

- Ask him to wait.

- Wait.

- Call me Odile and Thierry.

- Inspectors Odile and Thierry

to the big office, please. - Alright.

It's a new method? Your feet hurt?

Not yet. I save myself.

If you went for them you'd have
told them everything on the way.

Now I have to do it.

- I hate to repeat what I know.

- But I can tell them, dad.

"But I can tell them, dad."

Do it but I don't want to hear you.

I have to think.

I can't concentrate. I'm asking myself what
you tell them and it gets on my nerves.

Well, I understood.

This accident is the
second act of the hold-up.

Only one way to know. To check the numbers of the bank bills. Thierry. Take the fingerprints guys with you. I'm sending someone to the owner of the car. Of two things...

- Either it was stolen from him...
- Or it wasn't.

Hang on, he's just coming.

It's for you, Mr Gabriel.

Napo? You feel better?

Me I'm in great shape.

Alright...

Shut up. What's wrong with you?

Cops came here. You still got some gold?

It will be your loss soon.

- Go see Raton immediately.
- At this hour it won't be easy.

Paul and Raymond took my car.

OK, I call you as soon as I get rid of it.

This time you stay here.

Gabriel!

Shit!

Unbelievable! We really have the same schedule.

- Mr Farkas?
- Yes.

Police. We have a few questions for you.

I'm listening.

If it doesn't bother you we could go to our office.

Tell me at least what it's all about.

We found two dead men in your car.

It's a good matter for a conversation.

I'll leave this suitcase at home and I'll follow you.

Mr Farkas...

Why wouldn't you come with your suitcase?

Sorry gentlemen, I'm looking for the street...

You're not very polite, gentlemen.

Gabriel!

Hey Gabriel!

He turned to the left.

To the right!

To the right now!
It's not a dead end street.
It continues on the left.
Don't freak out!
Don't stay with your car!
Hurry up, Gabriel. Get inside.
What are you doing here?
He's dead.
Thanks for the help, man.
But it could have cost you
your life.
Where're you going? Murderer!
- Nothing new at the "Petit Pig".
- Here either.
- And the bar's owner?
- He didn't return yet.
That's enough now!
- You know him?
- Not at all.
- Just go away quietly.
- No kidding!
Same thing.
Jo...
No, Simon didn't return.
Tell him that I've already found 3 guys.
I only miss one.
And I know him this time.
But I can't do anything...
because it's also one of my pals like...
like Simon.
If I don't do anything
the cops will keep Simon in jail.
So you will tell Simon when he's back
that he sends me oranges
at the usual address.
You're giving yourself up?
Yes, my little lady.
Heroically!
They miss one man.
It will be me.
And now...
you're going to do something for me.
Yes, Jo.
I'm going to leave a message to

a girl asking her to call you.
You'll explain everything to her.
Handwriting is not my strong point.
Her name is Mimi.
Well...
So long, Adeline.
Please let me drink alone.
That's enough.
- Bartender, I want to pay.
- Don't be so nervous, my little lady.
- Leave me alone!
- Don't be afraid.
- You don't know him either?
- No.
- Tell him.
- No, you tell him.
Well, this guy is our buddy.
Well, your buddy will be
much better outside.
But we say he will
be much better inside.
It's annoying. We don't agree.
- What do we do now?
- Well, we could dance.
Hello, Police?
Come quickly. 15 Madeleine Boulevard.
What happens when I'm not here?
They bother me and I'm bored.
Really?
No, I'm joking.
It's the first time I've come here.
I left the movie I was thirsty.
Movies?
- And I'm still thirsty since I
couldn't drink. - It's funny...
I forgot to eat since yesterday morning.
But you don't give a shit...
You're old enough to
know when you have to eat.
Well, I still have an errand to do.
- So long, little lady.
- So long.
Come on, Sticky.
We don't have all night.

Alright, thank you.

The doc report says no traces of injury dating from this morning on Farkas.

Only fresh injury.

- Well, alright.

- Yes?

It's Thierry, dad.

He says that the bills...

in the car that crashed in the tree...

Come on, Junior, talk faster.

Your suspense gets on my nerves.

- The bills are those of the hold-up.

- One of the two men is hurt?

Of course, dad,

since they're both dead.

Junior, you're silly again.

Yes, sorry, dad.

Any gunshot wound?

No gunshot wound.

So it's the fourth idiot

who has been hurt this morning.

Mister Jowett.

Hotel Wagram. Place de l'Etoile.

Mister Jowett traveled a lot today.

Another little flag here...

in Montfort L'Amaury.

Guess who the fingerprints belong to

that we found on the car

that crashed into the tree in Montfort?

To Jowett.

- I already told him. - Jo, you

spoiled my effect. I don't like that.

Imagine that this wild-eyed Mister

Jowett must be hurt since this morning.

It doesn't seem to take off his stamina.

An hold-up in the morning.

A murder after lunch.

A car accident from 5 to 7.

And an escape at four against one.

Yep.

Did we show his picture to

the lady boss of Hotel Wagram?

Not yet. I went to the record dept

to yell at them.

They lost his mugshot.
Since this morning everyone
wants his mugshot
so it probably got lost on the way
from one dept. to another.
If in two minutes Odile
doesn't get this mugshot...
You see my point, Junior?
Send the message.
- For the first time he hurries!
- Jowett's mugshot.
Always the same.
You must yell to be heard.
His record was at the photo lab.
They were making prints.
Well, send it to the papers.
And I'll run to the Hotel.
There's something I don't
understand, dad...
If Jowett provoked the
car accident of his buddies
why did he leave the bills in the car?
Junior, if there was no mystery in our
profession there would be no more vocation.
I won't be long.
Stay there, Sticky.
Good night, Madame.
Mimi came back?
- You told her about our meeting?
- No...
Good, because I can't go there.
You will ask her to call this number and
you will give her these flowers with it.
Mimi Perrin, cabaret singer, was
found dead in her hotel room.
Police came here
and I told them about your
meeting at Napo's.
You told them that Mimi had
an appointment at Napo's?
Yes.
It explains why the cops were there.
How ironic...
Napo must be rather nervous.

I have to reassure him.
And he takes my paper with him once
again, poor young man...
Good night, Madame. Police.
It was another cop this afternoon.
He's sick?
- No.
- Good for him.
- Do you know this man?
- Of course.
It's Mimi's boyfriend. He just left.
- How is he dressed?
- With a hat and some daisies.
Slow down.
On the left. He gets in the cab.
- What now?
- Follow him.
Let's see where he's leading us.
You see, Sticky...
Mimi is dead.
Stop.
What's this dog?
Guillaumet!
It's Jowett going upstairs.
Call your guys.
Follow the guide.
Napo?
Napo?
It's me, Jo.
- Open the door.
- What do you want?
I know that the cops came here
but it's not for what you think.
- They didn't come for the hold-up.
- You're alone?
Of course.
- Thanks, Jo.
- I swear...
Don't shoot, Napo.
Beware!
Stop shooting! Handle him!
He has a bandage.
It's our fourth man.
You two stay here and search the

house. I'll send you an ambulance.
How is Guillaumet?
I can answer by myself.
I'm not dead. I'm fine.
- And you?
- I'm fine.
Help them to get in the 403.
I'll take care of Monsieur.
Let's go.
Dear Mr Jowett... well...
That's the funny part.
We have nothing to say to you now.
We ran after you all day long
but now that you're here...
we stand here as idiots.
Half a dozen of idiots precisely.
An hold-up this morning.
Four muggers. There they are.
Identified.
Dead.
And buried soon.
A crime this afternoon.
A murderer caught in Gare de Lyon.
It's him.
He confessed. He killed Mimi out of
jealousy. Routine case. Nothing to add.
So, you will ask me,
"What am I doing here?"
To say the truth I wanted to see you.
To see the man who has so much luck.
Everythings ends well for you.
It's unlooked-for and unexpected.
Bravo again.
Archambaut was very lucky too.
It's the same ending for both of you.
Simon...
I should not have taken your car, huh...
Well, I'm happy.
At least you made it alive.
As for me, I'm gone.
Bye then.
- See you one of these days.
- Alright.
Bye .

He's not going well, our Jo.
- You think he's going to make
a foolish thing? - Not at all.
He will bury all of us.
He has begun already.
Good night, Archambaut.
Simon... Jo.
Say, Mr Inspector.
What's the easiest way to commit
suicide in the neighborhood?
It's for you? You want to leave us?
The Seine's downstairs but it's cold.
The subway's near but it's heavy.
The bus is in front of the door
but you have to wait.
The pharmacy at the corner
but it's painful to the stomach.
Look! He's there!
Come to save the drowning man, Loulou.
It will make you lose your fat belly.
Jo!
Jo!
Keep my watch, dad, please.
Don't be zealous, Junior. It's full of germs.
Leave it others.
You like medals, Odile.
Come on, jump!
Let me die! Leave me alone!
Let me die! Leave me alone!
Bastards! Can't you let people
die in peace?
Bastards!
Simon?
Where's Simon?
Simon?
Simon?
Calm down! They asked me to
have you dried up so I obey orders.
I can't find him!
Me neither!
Jo!
What are you doing here?
Why you're not wet?
It wasn't me, the drowned man.

- I was up on the bridge.

- Who're they looking for?

You.

- They thought you did drown too.

- No, old pal.

I'm a strong man.

You won't get me.

You think so?

Go get dried up, Simon,

and go your way.

We will go our way.

Come on, Sticky.

Timings and proofreading: meatisgood.

Translation:

If you bought this you've been ripped off!