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Maigret Sets A Trap

By Stewart Harcourt

Just look at that.
We've always got house-to-house...
Taxi!
How is she?
She's still got the fever.
She's not gonna sleep, Dennis,
unless I get her something.
I'll go.
No. I know what to get.
I'll go to the pharmacy
once I put the children to bed.
Shh, ssh, it's all right.
Chief Inspector
Maigret's office...
Bleary-eyed
Still I get no place with you...
..even though we're gonna have
a good time...
It's another three
streets away yet.
Janvier?
Come in.
Who found her, Lognon?
A showgirl.
Michelle...something or other.
On her way to her club.
Didn't see anyone.
Is it the same?
Yes, Chief. No robbery.
No sexual assault?
No, Maigret. It's your man again.
Two stab wounds. One to the back
of the neck, one to the chest.
But the neck alone
would have killed her.
He's cut her clothing like before.
What I don't understand, Maigret, is
why your man doesn't use a stiletto
or a butcher's knife.
The shape and depth of these wounds
we're seeing, it's like a penknife.
Or something like it.
Has the family been informed?
No. But I'll do it.

It's my district, Maigret.
No, it should be me.
I said it should be me who should go
because of the attacks.
Why don't you sit down?
I don't want to sit down!
It's all right, it's all right.
Can I see her?
Is there someone who can look after
the children?
Where were you?
If this investigation
had been left to the 18th,
we'd have made more progress
than this.
Well, here's the Chief now.
Why don't you talk to him yourself?
Janvier, take me to the showgirl
who found the body.
We normally walk to and from
the club together now.
All the girls talk about
is the killings.
Except tonight I was on my own.
Do you always walk home that way?
Michelle, I know it's hard...
..but what did you see, what did you
hear as you walked down that street?
Tell me everything.
Was there a smell in the air,
like an aftershave or something?
If I'd been earlier, it would have
been me, wouldn't it?
Get a taxi home
when you finish work.
But this is only enough
for one night, isn't it?
What about the other nights?
What about the other girls?
Are you gonna pay for them, too?
Is there another victim,
Maigret?
What's their name?
Was it the same killer as before?

What can you tell us?
Who's the victim, Maigret?
The victim's name
was Georgette Lecoin.
She was a housewife from Montmartre.
She leaves a husband
and four young children.
Over here, Chief Inspector!
Was it your man?
We believe it's the same person
who killed before.
So that's five, Maigret.
Yes.
We want all witness statements within 30 minutes.
Who's still out there?
Lucas. Torrence.
Have we got anything?
Well, let's find something.
Chief, there's been a message
from Comeliau.
You're to meet the Minister of
Interior at nine o'clock tomorrow.
February the 2nd, a prostitute,
Arlette Dutoir.
17th of April, 8.15 in the evening,
a 43-year-old midwife
who had just delivered a baby
at the top of the Butte.
20th of June. Monique Juteaux, 24,
a dressmaker.
26th of July, post office clerk,
same stabs in the back,
same ripped clothes.
Now last night.
As examining magistrate, Comeliau,
I want you to explain why,
despite the resources
made available to you,
the women of Paris are still living
with the threat of this man.
And why the Police judiciaire
are no closer to catching him
than they were on the morning
of...the 2nd of February.

Minister Morel, Maigret has his best men working full time on this job. His methods are meticulous and I have every confidence - What ARE your methods, Chief Inspector? I need to understand what attracts this man to these women at this time. The whole of Paris has theories as to why he's attracted to these women at this time!

And the Cabinet is full of theories about what should be done - from establishing a curfew to rounding up every immigrant and undesirable in Montmartre and interrogating them with impunity until someone squeals.

This city has seen enough Gestapo tactics in my lifetime.

It's not something I want to see again...let alone authorise.

With repeat murders, the killer is usually attracted to the same kind of victim.

But these women are not similar in age or profession.

Nor are they connected with each other through church or background. Their only link is that they were walking through Montmartre after dark.

And that they had dark hair.

He leaves no witnesses.

He makes no mistakes.

Maigret, tell me what I should say to my Cabinet colleagues, as to why Cameliau has not replaced you after five months on this case!

Police work can take time, sir.

This time is taking lives, Chief Inspector.

I am very aware of that.

It is taking reputations.

It's taking mine.

And it is taking yours.
I'm sorry to intrude but I thought
I should return this.
Thank you.
Is there any news?
There's no news.
Would you mind holding her, please?
Thank you.
Will you sit down?
You can join us if you like.
Er...no, thank you.
Do you know when our mummy's
coming home?
Will you tell me about your mummy?
The fifth victim of
the killer who has been terrorising
the 12th arrondissement since June,
has been named by the police
as Georgette Lecoin,
a mother of four young children.
She also leaves a 30-year-old
husband named Dennis Lecoin.
It is understood from neighbours
that she left the family tenement
in the evening
to fetch medicine from a nearby
pharmacy for her sick baby,
and was murdered as she made
her way home through Montmartre.
The body was discovered...
Good evening.
Hello. ..who's been interviewed
by Chief Inspector Maigret...
I bought us some apples.
Oh, right.
I bought some myself today.
We've got enough now
to start a cider press.
But not to worry.
I can always make something.
..any witnesses in the vicinity
of Rue Lepic yesterday evening
to come forward
and to contact investigators

at the Quai des Orfevres.
According to a police statement,
Chief Inspector Maigret has made
no further progress in the case...
They were talking in the queue
at the grocer's this afternoon
about the -
..no new leads have been established
and -
You will find him.
Are we not eating?
Oh, we're out for supper tonight.
Don't you remember? Dr Pardon's?
Oh. Do we have to?
Well, they've already rung
to confirm and...
..he's invited a colleague to meet
you. Professor Tissot from the
Sainte-Anne Institute.
Oh.
I'll get you a beer.
How is he, Louise?
Well, I've never seen him
like this before.
I watch him while he's sleeping
and his face is grey.
He won't talk about our holiday
this year or anything.
It's like life can't continue for
him until he's caught this man.
I hope he does. Life cannot continue
for any of us until he does.
Drinks, ladies.
Thank you.
Thank you.
I hope you don't find this
impertinent, Chief Inspector,
but I was with some friends this
morning and we were all wondering
why the Police Judiciaire
were not doing their job.
We're doing the best job we can.
Then why haven't you caught him?
Because it's often not that simple.

Why is it not?

How many more dead women
do they need?

Simone, we were just talking about
why this man,
who has lived for, 20, 30 years
withought ever committing a crime,
one day decides to attack
these women?

How do you know he's never committed
a crime before?

Because we've gone back 20 years,
both in Paris and the districts,
checking prisons and psychiatric
institutions for all inmates
released.

Your institute at Sainte-Anne must
have been contacted, Professor?

It was.

But we can find no offender
that we can place in Montmartre
at this time.

So it's obviously somebody new
then, isn't it?

Freud would say your man had sexual
obsessions.

He'd talk about complexes and work
his way back to childhood.

Well, thank God Freud
isn't on the case as well,
with all that nonsense.

I deal a lot with the criminally
insane, Maigret.

I think what links them - Can we not
talk about his anymore, please?

What links them
is a need to assert themselves.
They'll have been humiliated
in some part of their lives
and can no longer bear it.

I agree.

I think the majority of crimes
which are said to have no motive,
repeated crimes in particular,

are a manifestation
of wounded pride.
Strong addiction.
Indeed.
In fact, some of my patients
find it impossible not to boast
of their crimes.
Our baby would be 24 now.
I think about her every day
at the moment.
Do you think it's going to rain?
I can smell dust in the air.
What is it?
Something Tissot said.
Killers always have to boast about
their crimes in some way.
We know that.
They like to tell the world...
..how extraordinary they are.
Pride is always their weakness.
Yes.
So how would a killer react...
..if someone else was given credit
for his crime?
You're asking me?
Yes.
With anger.
Frustration.
Baron.
Who's this?
Get out of my way.
Let me through!
Come on, out of the way!
Let me through!
Lognon, who have you got there?
Lognon...
Is he your killer?
Are you taking him to Maigret?
Where are you taking him?
Lognon, is he a suspect?
Give us a name!
Did you get a good one?
His hat was hiding his face.
Get back to the paper quickly

and then come back here.
If that old grouch Lognon from
Montmartre is bringing a man to the
Quai des Orfevres
and that man is hiding his face in
front of us, it can mean only one
thing. They've got him.
No, if that was the killer,
he'd be in handcuffs.
No. I think they've got him.
Constable Mazet. Welcome
to the Quai des Orfevres.
Would you like a beer?
Thank you, sir.
What do we do now?
We see if the Press take the bait.
Let's hope they do, Maigret.
Let's hope they do.
Here he comes.
Who have you got in there, Chief
Inspector? Is that man a suspect?
Someone with whom I've been having
a conversation.
A witness? I have nothing to tell
you. Do you have him under arrest?
Gentlemen, I have no announcement
to make.
Who is he, Maigret? Who's the
killer, Maigret? How long you gonna
keep him in custody?
Want a cigarette?
No.
Is that for Maigret?
Tell me what you see.
There's a young man. Get a
description.
Tell us what you see in there.
Go through the dates one more time!
February...
Just put it on the table.
That's it. Thank you.
February the 2nd!
What did you see in there?
Who was in there? Janvier? Maigret?

There's nothing more to say
at this stage.

What the hell is going on, Maigret?
Why did you not contact me
about this?

An arrest as important as this?

There has been no arrest.

Have the journalists made this up?

They've watched certain comings and
goings and have made assumptions.

You'd better explain, Maigret.

Because the first thing

the Minister of Interior did

was ring up this office.

Sir, I have 200 plain-clothed

officers

taking up positions on every street

in Montmartre,

checking into hotels under pseudonyms

and sitting in restaurants and bars.

Why?

Because I believe that the killer

will not be able to stand by

and watch someone else arrested and

given credit for his crimes.

I think he'll strike again

and I think he'll strike tonight.

You've set up this whole operation

without telling me? Yes, sir.

But I'm taking complete

responsibility for it.

I don't like this, Maigret.

Neither do I.

But I have to try to draw him out

before he kills again.

What do I say to the Minister?

Say nothing.

If this goes wrong...

..I won't back you.

My belief is that the killer will

try to show us he's still out there.

Lapointe, I want 12 volunteers

from the womens section

to walk around Montmartre alone

tonight.

Alone? I want them to be trained
in self-defence,
and, like the victims, I want them
to be above-average height
and brown-haired.

Thank you.

You want them to be attacked?

He hasn't made a mistake yet, Chief.

If we do our job, they'll be safe.

Police judiciaire?

This is your number.

Your route's on here.

Don't stick to it rigidly.

Do normal things...

Number four, the hair's too light.

..go into a shop...

I'll replace her.

..have a drink,

have a conversation...

There will be men in plain clothes
on the streets

You won't know who they are,
but they're armed.

And they'll protect you.

Any questions?

We won't let anyone harm you.

Take care.

Check your routes...and good luck.

Hello.

Now there are five murders,
my editor wants me to do an article
on Jack the Ripper.

I'm sure he does.

Drawing parallels.

Between Montmartre and Whitechapel.

Jack's five and your five.

Between Inspector Abberline
of Scotland Yard and you.

Abberline was haunted all his life
for not protecting these women.

As an old man,

he wrote letters to the newspapers
coming up with new theories.

The murders he had to deal with
were very different to this.
I don't see a difference.
I see the old story of a man
who is afraid of women.
I see the same disgust.
A man who is unable to see a woman
as a human being.
You haven't got him,
have you, Maigret?
I have nothing to tell you.
Ooooh!
The streets feel different tonight.
Everyone thinks they're safe now
that we've locked someone up.
It's not gonna happen tonight,
is it, Chief?
I know he's out there.
Let's go round again.
Help me!
Help me!
Stop!
Is she hurt?
Did anybody see him?
No. I think Lognon's after him.
What happened?
He got away, Chief.
Tell your men to keep looking.
Yes, Chief.
I'm going back to the Quai.
Keep me informed. Chief.
Lognon. The Press.
That's far enough. Get back, please!
What's your name?
Marthe Jusserand.
Police Officer Marthe
Jusserand...sir.
Did you get a good look at him,
Marthe?
For a second, sir.
For a second his face was close
to mine, but...
..I don't think I'd recognise him,
sir.

You saw the knife?
A small knife.
What was he wearing?
A dark suit. And...
..he had brown hair, I think.
I don't know. I'm...I'm sorry,
it's such a blur.
I know.
What's that?
Oh, yes.
Is this from his jacket?
Yes, sir.
A statement will be issued
to the Press in good time.
Thank you.
Marthe, was he tall?
No taller than me.
Aged...20? 30?
He was young.
Young will mean something different
to you than it does to me, Marthe.
I'd say...30.
He was a gentleman.
And he had a ring on his finger.
Wedding ring? Signet ring?
He put his hand over my mouth.
A signet ring would be thick
with a flat top.
It was a wedding ring.
Let's find you a quiet office.
I want you to take your time
and I want you to write down
everything that happened.
Yes, Chief.
Before the attack,
I saw you with someone else.
He's my boyfriend, sir.
We were instructed
to act naturally and...
..as it was past the time
the killer normally attacks,
I thought I'd try something.
If the killer saw you kissing a man
and then go off alone,

you thought it would provoke him?

Yes, sir.

Did I do wrong?

No.

Janvier, could you find her
a quiet desk where she could write
her report?

Thank you.

This way.

Is this all you've got?

Is it possible to know
where it was made, Moers?

Everything's possible, Maigret.

You can build a picture of the
universe by looking at the smallest
thing. You know that.

Hmm.

It looks ordinary enough,
but it's actually
a very good quality button.

Not the kind used

for mass-produced suits.

This cloth interests me.

There's a light blue thread
woven through,
which gives it a special character.

I'd swear that it's not French
but from England.

The man you're looking for
is a man of taste.

What are you doing here?

Has Maigret's prisoner escaped?

Nobody's escaped.

Will you go back, please?

The killer's attacked in Montmartre
again, hasn't he?

Did Maigret release his prisoner?

A young woman was assaulted but she
got off with a fright.

Nobody's been released and nobody
escaped. What was her name?

That's of no importance.

Why? Was she married? Had she no
business being where she was?

You put policewomen on the street
last night as bait?
I had no idea that was
what you were thinking.
They volunteered for duty. Well,
of course they'd volunteer for you.
I've got to go.
Minister.

How far up was this authorised at
the Quai des Orfevres?
Maigret will tell you that he took
this action independently.
But you knew.

Yes.
I've given my opinion to the
procureur that we need another
detective on this investigation.
Minister, he had to try and lure
the killer into making a mistake.
And what mistake was made last
night? What evidence did Maigret
get? Does he have a description?
I advise you, replace him, Cameliau.
Unless you want the calls to grow
for you to be replaced?
Maigret?

Chief, the button manufacturer
is called Mullerbach.
Now Mullerbach tells us he sells
them directly to the tailors.
and he sold this model to about 40,
some in Lyon and Caen and elsewhere,
but only 28 in Paris.
Let's get to all of them today.

Yes, sir.
I'll send you some men.
Where are you?
A cafe, corner of Rue Michel
Bavioine. But that's not all, sir.
We've had a bit of luck
with that English cloth.
I'll cut it short but Janvier
found out from the manufacturer
they've had only ten orders

from Paris for the cloth
with the blue thread.
We'll take five each and get round
them all this morning. Good.
Chief.
Good.
I'm recalling Chief Inspector Lefors
from the murder inquiry in Bordeaux.
You will hand over all aspects
of the investigation to him.
Sorry, Maigret.
When will he get here?
Tomorrow morning.
That way.
Yes, sir.
What can I do for you, Inspector?
Do you recognise this cloth?
Sure.
Why? Do you want a suit?
No, I'd like the name of a customer
for whom you made one. Sure.
Moncin. Thank you.
Marcel Moncin.
Moncin?
What can you tell me about him?
He's a nice young man.
Bought clothes from me for years.
There you are.
How young?
About 30.
Got a nice wife.
She always comes with him,
helps him to choose.
Do you have an address?
Sure. Let me see.
Yeah, he's in the Boulevard
Saint-Germain. What number?
Thank you.
Chief...
Right. So far we have identified
three suits.
This is the only client which
corresponds with Marthe's
description.

Are you armed?

Sir.

And you're sure he's inside?

Well, I've been watching for 20 minutes and nobody's come in or out.

I spoke to the concierge and she says they're in.

Monsieur.

Is Monsieur Moncin at home?

May we see him, please?

I'll go and ask Madame.

What is it, Odile?

Two gentlemen want to speak to Monsieur Moncin.

What do you want?

Is your husband here?

Yes, but he's asleep.

I must ask you to wake him.

May I ask who...?

Police Judiciaire.

I suppose he got home late last night?

What do you mean?

Well, does he usually sleep until after 11?

Yes. He...likes to work in the evenings.

Through the night sometimes.

He's an...artist.

He went out last night?

Not that I know of.

If you wait in the drawing room, I will wake him.

I'm sorry to keep you waiting, gentlemen.

Whoo!

I've been, er...

..well, I've been working very hard just lately...

..on the interior decoration of a grand house that my friend is building on the Normandy coast.

Well, I apologise for disturbing you

but I would like to see the suit
you were wearing yesterday.

Yes, yes, of course.

Excuse me.

Well, here we are.

You wore this yesterday evening?

Yes, until just after dinner, when
I changed into what I'm wearing now
before I started work.

You didn't go out
after eight o'clock?

No, no. I stayed in my office until
about, ooh, er...er...

..half past three in the morning,
maybe four o'clock.

May I see your whole wardrobe?

Yes, yes.

Last autumn, your tailor made you
a suit in this material.

Do you remember it?

Hmm, yes, I do. Yes.

Where is it?

Someone standing at a bus platform
burnt the lapel with a cigarette.

So...you're having it mended?

Oh, no, no, I hate anything
that's damaged, no matter what.

You threw the suit away?

Oh, no, I gave it away.

I took it out with me one evening
when I was walking by the Seine,
as is my habit,
and I gave it to a tramp.

When?

Oh, er, about a week ago.

Be precise, please.

A week.

Could you call your maid, please?

Yes. Odile?

Come here a minute.

Please answer the Inspector's
questions.

Do you sleep in the apartment?

No. I'm on the sixth floor.

With all the other servants
of the house, sir.

Was it late when you went up
last night?

It was...nine o'clock.

And where was this gentleman?

In his study.

How long ago is it since you saw
his dark grey suit

with the blue thread through it?

The fact is, I don't look after
his clothes.

He's very...particular.

He presses them himself?

Yes.

Have you ever heard talk
while waiting at table
or at any other time of a burn
in the lapel of that suit?

No.

I don't listen
to their conversations.

Thank you.

Thank you, Odile.

I must ask you to get dressed
and come with me

to the Quai des Orfevres.

My inspector will stay with you
while you dress.

May I inquire as to why?

Only now you ask us why we are here.

His name is Marcel Moncin.

And what police station is he from?

Take a dozen men and search every
doss house, every tramp on the
embankment.

He says he gave one of them his suit.

Comeliau's office want to know
where you are.

You sure it's this man, Chief?

Yes.

Go, Janvier.

How long you been married, Yvonne?

12 years.

And your husband, he works
as a...architect?
An architect decorator.
An architect decorator?
What does that mean?
Well, he's not...allowed
to draw up plans for a building
because he hasn't officially
a degree in architecture.
So he's not a qualified architect?
As I understand it, anyone can call
themselves a decorator.
He's not a failure, Inspector.
Does he have many clients
for his decorating?
He prefers not to have many.
He...is discerning.
Were you born in Paris?
Yes.
Where?
In Montmartre.
At the corner of the Rue
Caulaincourt and the Rue de Maistre.
How long did you live there?
Until I got married.
Are your parents still alive?
My mother. She still lives there.
Were you visiting her last night?
I was working last night.
Or on February the 2nd?
April the 17th?
June the 20th.
I was working last night.
Do you get on well with your mother?
Yes, he's on very good terms
with his mother.
He'll go and see her once a month.
By himself?
Hmm.
Hmm.
What did his father do?
His...father died when he was 14.
But what did he do?
He was a butcher.

Look...

..when will I be able
to see my husband?

Why-why has he been taken away?

How do you pay for this apartment...

..and the maid, if you don't work
and your husband earns little money?

I have family money.

Do you recognise Moncin?

Is he known to you in the 18th?

No, Chief.

Is he the man you chased last night?

Well, he's the same height, similar
build. That's about all I can say.

He said he gave the suit to a tramp
a week ago. Do you believe that?

Maybe the killer's a tramp.

A tramp in a gentleman's suit.

Ramona

Depuis le moment

Ou je t'ai connue

Helas follement

Je n'ai pas cesse

De penser a toi

Comme un insense

Ramona, j'ai fait un reve

merveilleux... #

Please, do...come in.

I'm so sorry, gentlemen.

I was doing some housework.

Are you sure it's me you wish
to speak to, Inspector Maigret?

I am sure.

Did you see your son
yesterday evening?

W-what have the police
got to do with my son?

Please answer the question.

Why should I have seen him?

I imagine he visits
every now and again?

Yes.

With his wife?

What has that got to do

with anything, Inspector?
Did your son come here
yesterday evening?
Who told you that?
He DID come?
No.
Nor during the night?
Oh...
..my son is not in the habit
of visiting me during the night.
I'm afraid you have to
explain your questions, Inspector,
or I warn you, I shall answer
no more of them.
I regret to inform you that your son
is suspected of having committed
five murders in the last six months.
What did you say?
We have reason to believe -
You dare to accuse my Marcel...
..of attacking those...women?
I believe that later today
he will be identified
by the woman he attacked last night.
Just...
..look at these photographs,
if you will.
Hmm?
Just look at them. Look at them.
Just look at that face.
And now I dare you...
..to repeat those...
abominable...suggestions again.
When did you last see him?
Oh, I don't know.
You don't remember his visits?
No.
When he got married, aged 18,
was it with your approval?
What sort of question is that?
Are you trying to make me say
he's mad?
Because what young person does not
marry without their mother helping?

Where is he?
At the Quai des Orfevres.
I...would like to see him.
And if you feel awkward
about my riding with you,
then I will take the metro.
My Inspector will stay here
and search your apartment.
Your man can do what he likes.
I am going to see my son.
Are you going to take a photograph
of me? I dare you to do it.
Don't be frightened, Marcel.
I'm here.
Mwah! Mwah!
Mwah! Mwah!
Mwah!
So, what have they been doing
to you?
At least they haven't beaten you.
No, Mother, no.
I am going to find you
the best lawyer in Paris.
He will get you out of here.
I don't care about the cost.
I'm going to spend everything.
I'm going to sell the house,
sell the - Oh, be quiet, Mother!
Does that, er...wife
know you're here?
Is she here?
No, she's not, no.
What does she say?
When did you last see her?
Don't push this family, Inspector!
I would like you to answer
some questions.
I will answer nothing.
And Marcel - answer nothing.
Don't let these...men
intimidate you.
You are going to be hearing from
the most expensive lawyer in Paris
tomorrow.

Line here, please.

Forward.

Marthe?

It's the same location
and same conditions as last night.

I want you to take your time...

..and see if you can identify
any of these men.

I have a feeling it's him.

Turn to your left, please,
all of you.

Now face front.

Marthe?

I don't know. I can't say
for definite that it's him.

Let's get them back to the Quai.

Come on.

Quai des Orfevres?

This is a man Maigret wants placed
in Montmartre two nights ago.

Or on the 16th, when the woman
Lecoin was murdered.

One metre, 80 or so. Fair hair.

Wearing a dark suit.

Where's Maigret, Lognon?

I don't know, sir.

Chief Inspector Lefors will be
leading this investigation
from now on.

Now he's returned from Bordeaux,
you will all report directly to him.

This is your main suspect?

Yes, sir.

Tell me about him.

His name is Marcel Moncin.

The Chief believes he owned the suit
worn by the killer.

But he doesn't have witnesses
placing him in Montmartre?

No, sir.

What have you done
to place him in the vicinity?

Well, erm.....

Have you learned anything

from the house-to-house searches?
Not so far, sir.
Where's the Chief?
He's with Moncin in his cell.
Comeliau has replaced him.
Found this suit on a tramp down on
the embankment. The button's missing.
Has it got a burn on it?
Just like Moncin said.
I think the Chief's
got the wrong man.
Do you love your mother?
My mother loves me.
She loves me very much.
She makes you feel special?
She always has.
Even though you're not.
Are you?
I am...special.
What did your father, the butcher,
think of you?
He, er...he never spoke to me.
The most expensive lawyers
in Paris...
..are coming after you...today.
Your mother can't afford
an expensive lawyer.
Neither can your wife anymore...
..can she?
We've learnt from your concierge
that she hasn't paid the rent
for seven months.
And the money's dried up, hasn't it?
You're a failure, Moncin.
You don't sell any paintings.
You can't work as an architect.
My business is about to take off,
so...
These women have trapped you
in a life that you cannot sustain.
I am...I'm...I'm working all hours.
Is that why you started dreaming
on the long walks
between their apartments

of doing something that would prove
your strength? I was not in
Montmartre two days ago.
And that woman...
could not identify me.
Chief, Cameliiau's brought in Lefors.
Do they know where I am?
No.
Go over the dates of the murders
with him again.
Try and place him in Montmartre.
Tramp found the jacket
early this morning.
Doesn't know how long
it's been there.
Where was it found?
Down by the river.
His mate took the trousers.
Moncin could be telling us
the truth, Chief.
If he gave it away a week ago, he
wasn't wearing it two nights ago.
Get it to Moers. See if he can tell
us how old the burn is.
And if it's less than two days old,
then Moncin's lying about
when he dumped it.
Then meet me at the car.
This is Chief Inspector Lefors.
He will be heading this
investigation from hereon in.
I am sure we're going to have...
We expect a very good outcome
in the near future.
I've nothing more to say.
Search the whole place. I
know the knife's in there somewhere.
As far as I can recall, he was here
every evening on these dates.
One day, you will see you were
mistaken about this, Chief Inspector
and then you will be sorry for all
the harm you're doing him.
Have you not been afraid of him?

I'm not afraid of my husband.

Do you love him?

Of course. He's my darling.

Chief, Comeliau and Lefors
are in your office.

Where's Moers?

He left a message.

Get him here now, with the jacket.

Lefors, I fear that you may have had
a wasted journey.

Developments in the past hour make me
confident that I have enough evidence
to charge our suspect.

You have a witness, Maigret?

We have knives - thank you -
taken from Moncin's apartment,
which I believe will fit the unusual
wounds found on the victims.

And we have retrieved the suit worn
by the attacker. Come in, Moers.

Our suspect told us that he gave
his suit to a tramp a week ago
because it had a burn on the lapel.

However, we found the suit
only this morning.

And our tests prove the burn
is not more than 24 hours old.

And if you'd like me to explain,
I doused the fabric -

Yes, thank you, Moers. Are you sure?

Certain.

And I have made two more burns
in the back panel
which will be useful control
should the case come to trial.

What does this prove?

It proves that the suspect
was wearing the suit
at the time of the attack
on Marthe Jusserand.

Charge him, Maigret.

Thank you.

Is it over?

Yes.

Tomorrow, shall we talk about
when we can get away?

Yes. I'd like that.

Maigret.

There's been another one, Chief.

Who was she?

Her name was Janine Laurent.

A service girl working for
a family called Durandean
on the Rue de Clignancourt.

How old?

Nineteen.

I've counted at least
six knife wounds.

Not in the back? No, four in the
chest, two in the throat,
which seem to have been delivered
after the others,
probably when she was on the ground.

It's not as clean as the others.

There's wounds on the forearms,
the hands, the dress
is nearly ripped off.

But it's the same weapon, Maigret.

I'll deal with this lot.

Is Madame Moncin at home?

Janine Laurent.

She left a dance hall near the Place
de Terte at about 1.15 this morning.

That was the last anyone heard
of her? She left by herself?

The boys think so,
but they can't be sure.

No boyfriend? Not a regular one.

They had the impression
she was a good girl.

Is that the early edition?

Sir.

Sit down.

Is my lawyer here?

No, but your wife and mother are.

Do you want to see them?

When did your wife and mother
begin to hate each other?

I think that your mother felt
very threatened by your wife...
..because she also wanted to be
mother...to her little baby doll.
I think, at first, she probably
tried to contain her jealousy,
and tried to control her,
like she controlled you.
Mother arranged for us
to be married,
so long as we stayed with her.
How long did that last?
Until Yvonne found the place
on Saint-Germain.
We moved one night as Mother slept.
Did you feel free there?
No!
Thank you.
They both knew that you were
the killer, didn't they?
Maybe not at first,
but after the second or third time.
And they protected you.
Because that's what they do.
And one of them tried to protect you
last night...
..so she could keep you...
and smother you...
..forever.
The one who murdered last night
knows what she did.
And the other's jealous
that she didn't think of it first.
Chief...
Where is my husband?
Are you releasing him?
If the killer is still out there,
Inspector,
I think it's time you acknowledged
your mistake.
When are you releasing him?
I'd like to see him immediately.
Thank you.
Marcel! What have they done to you?!

Oh, my beautiful little boy.
My Marcel.
Release him.
I insist you release him!
He will not be released because
he has committed five murders.
And one of you...
has just committed another...
..so that you can take him back...
..and hide him from the world.
Subdue him again.
Make him nothing.
I am not nothing!
I want you dead.
I want you both dead!
I killed them...
..because I hate you.
Oh, my poor little baby.
You need your mother. He's hurting.
My little boy is hurting.
I would do anything for you.
I would die for you.
I would give my life.
Did you murder Janine Laurent
in the early hours of this morning?
This is my child.
It doesn't matter to me what he's
done or what becomes of those...
..little tarts who walk the streets
of Montmartre at night.
Did you kill Janine Laurent
in the early hours of this morning?
Yes, I did.
Yes! I did!
Because I would do anything for him.
In that case, you can tell me
the colour of her dress.
It was dark, it-it...
..it was too dark to see.
She was killed five metres
from a street lamp.
What was the colour of her dress?
It was blue.
Inspector, take her upstairs

and get a signed confession.
Come with me, Madame.
I killed them...
..because I hate you.
I hate you!
I hate you.
Because I...because I hate you!
It was your fault. It's your fault!
Because...because I hate you.
Because I...because I hate you!
'Hello, Maigrets?'
It's me.
Is everything all right?
Yes, it is.
'Shall we do something tonight?
We could go to the pictures
or maybe just go for a walk?'
No, let's stay at home.
I'd like to stay at home.
All right.
See you soon.
OK.