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# Mata Hari, agent H21

By Jean-Louis Richard

Some flowers for good luck?

- You're late again.

- I couldn't button my dress.

Some flowers, pretty girl?

Get your program!

Program!

They'll penetrate the Somme front.

- It's a sacred dance.

- Hardly!

She learned in a temple.

Her mother was from Java.

She's no more from Java  
than you are.

I saw her in Monte Carlo,  
she was superb!

- They let anyone in here!

- That soldier is totally drunk.

Yes, she gave me the tickets.

I know her personally.

Keep quiet, there!

Shut up!

The Krauts have taken Douaumont!

Sorry to boast, but I told you so.

Ladies and Gentlemen,  
please don't leave.

Starting tomorrow,  
soldiers get in half price.

Bravo, you were wonderful!

What a lousy crowd though.

- What a lousy theater.

- It's the same everywhere.

People are worried.

Variety Club is doing worse than us.

And El Dorado only sold  
three tickets yesterday.

You see?

The theaters are in crisis.

I'm in crisis too.

Pay me or I won't dance tomorrow.

Be patient Greta,

I'll have some money soon.

Greta, if this place were mine...

I'd sell it to pay what I owe you,  
and more.

You're a princess, a queen.  
The hall should be filled  
with bankers and barons,  
instead of louts and deviants.  
It's too good for them.  
They don't get Indian art.  
Charlotte, hurry!  
I'm exhausted.  
How are you, Charlotte?  
Very well,  
like when I hear from my son.  
He's been in the same trench  
for three months.  
He doesn't even have writing paper.  
He uses old scraps of paper.  
I'm going to send him  
a care package.  
The Red Cross sent some vinyl records  
but he doesn't have a phonograph.  
I wanted to send him one  
in the package...  
but they're much too expensive  
and the boss hasn't paid anyone.  
Buy your son his phonograph.  
But you weren't paid either.  
Don't worry about me.  
I have my secret funds.  
It's just me, beautiful.  
Your Gaston.  
I've come to pay my regards.  
I just left The Circle  
and I'm very proud of myself.  
What is it?  
You must announce yourself  
to see Mata Hari.  
One night with me  
and you think you can just walk in?  
- Charlotte, show him the door.  
- That's too much!  
- Here, Charlotte.  
- Thank you, sir.  
Good night.  
What did I tell you?  
What is this?

It's Madam Perrin's boy.  
Is that for me?  
What's your name?  
Alphonse!  
Oh, there's a note.  
Goodbye, Alphonse.  
Urgent.  
Trois Frres Street in 30 minutes.  
It's Mata Hari!  
I'd like an autograph.  
Thank you, Miss.  
For my husband, please.  
For your dear father!  
I told you not to come  
to the theater.  
You also said  
not to visit you at home.  
- Ashamed of me, are you?  
- What do you want?  
Well...  
Did you ever think to get a job?  
Maybe you could hire me.  
How droll.  
Good evening, Julien.  
We're not going home just yet.  
Take me to...  
Trois Frres Street.  
Charlotte, I'm not going home now.  
Take a taxi.  
- Should I wait for you?  
- No, good night.  
Taxi!  
Shall I go with you?  
No, wait here  
and leave the engine running.  
Thank you for the flowers.  
- Thank you for the flowers.  
- Did you destroy the card?  
- I forgot.  
- Give me it.  
- Thank you.  
- Miss.  
- Pardon?  
- Thank you, Miss.

There is no Miss.  
You're agent H21.  
Did you get the invitation  
from the Baroness?  
Yes.  
There's a new mission for you.  
My dear friend!  
- Thank you for coming.  
- I was able to get free.  
- I'm so happy.  
- I'd have hated to miss it.  
I wanted all my friends here.  
Unfortunately our soiree  
won't be as joyful as I had hoped.  
You know the Krauts  
took Douaumont...  
Yes, the Germans took Douaumont.  
I call them Krauts.  
I'm not French,  
I have no reason to do so.  
I'm from Java, so I'm neutral.  
Who lives in Paris becomes  
more French than the French.  
Mother, introduce me.  
My son, Absalon.  
My little devil.  
My regards, Madam.  
A glass of champagne?  
Yes, please.  
Your son is very handsome.  
Hello, Ernestine.  
Thank you for the tickets.  
You were wonderful.  
- My fianc adores you.  
- How nice.  
I was saying yesterday,  
Mr. Administrator...  
only bankruptcy can save  
The Comdie Franaise.  
You all know Pilatre,  
the famous actor.  
I'm sick of the theater.  
Sick of it.  
But the theater is not sick of Pilatre.

It's you!  
I recognized your photo  
in the papers.  
Remember me? Arthur.  
We met in Amsterdam.  
- I've never been there.  
- But...  
Try that ruse  
on some other woman.  
Unbelievable!  
It was absolutely tragic!  
- My cousin at Land's End...  
- Tiffany?  
All I ask from life  
is a little happiness.  
She's very hurtful.  
He gets letters of recommendation  
by the hundreds.  
Lassalle, introduce me...  
- It's Mata Hari!  
- Where?  
Introduce me to that blond.  
- She dances at The Alcazar.  
- Have you been there?  
- Have you seen my lovely necklace?  
- You wear it well.  
But it was carefully chosen.  
- Always proud of yourself.  
- Why shouldn't I be?  
The same shop has earrings  
that would match perfectly.  
The necklace would be pleased.  
But there's no hurry.  
Not at all.  
You're nervous tonight.  
Aren't you?  
Not really.  
Leave me alone, Gaston.  
- Tell me, dear...  
- Yes?  
See that very beautiful woman?  
Yes. She's not bad.  
That's Hortense de Montferrand,  
the fiancee of Captain Lassalle,

the man next to her.  
I see.  
I'm locked in.  
Let me out!  
- Someone is locked in.  
- Who?  
Miss de Montferrand.  
Let's go, Julien!  
I don't know what to say.  
Don't say anything.  
Just tell me if you're happy here,  
with me... at this moment.  
I am.  
I've often wondered  
how a deserter might feel.  
I feel a bit like that now.  
Do you regret it?  
No.  
I had a fiancee.  
Now it's over.  
Now I'm here with you...  
ready to follow you  
wherever you go.  
I've abandoned my post  
and I'm going with you.  
We need to decide.  
Shall we go dancing?  
Shall we have dinner in town?  
I must take a train at 6 a.m.  
off to the front.  
Would you like me to see you home?  
And once at your house  
will you offer me a drink?  
Good night, Julien.  
You may go.  
Good night, Miss.  
Come in.  
Give me your cap.  
Very nice house!  
- You like it?  
- Yes, very much.  
This is General Fayol, isn't it?  
Yes, do you know him?  
Yes, he came to review our troops.

I admire him a lot.

- Is this you?

- Yes.

A long time ago, before 1914.

You looked very nice.

- A bit fat.

- No.

I know who you are.

They call you The Sun Dancer.

- But I've never seen you dance.

- A shame.

This painting is very beautiful.

- What's in there?

- The bathroom.

- Do you like photographs?

- Very much.

I'll show you some.

Sit down.

It's heavy!

This is my family album.

I can tell you like that painting.

- That's me.

- I recognise your mouth.

- And this one?

- My cousin.

We'll be more comfortable this way.

- Who is that lieutenant?

- Nobody.

I have newspaper cuts...

- Critics.

- Good ones?

I only keep the good ones.

- You're very little here.

- Yes. That's not me.

- I hate this one!

- Why? An article... I'll read it.

Mata Hari is from Java.

At 14 she fled to worship Buddha.

She dances for her Gods...

and brings to us Indian art.

- The sumptuous...

- Let me show you a picture.

What do you think of it?

Very nice.



Would you like a drink, Captain?  
No, thank you. I'm not thirsty.  
Don't forget  
that you came here for a drink.  
All right, but no alcohol.  
Some tea from Java?  
It's like Ceylon tea but more bitter.  
Yes, some tea from Java.  
- What's up?  
- The briefcase.  
Come here.  
- So?  
- It's a catastrophe.  
- Look...  
- It's not the same?  
No.  
His is attached to the chair.  
Mine doesn't have handcuffs.  
I must take his.  
Impossible, it's locked to the chair.  
I'll take the briefcase and the chair.  
You're crazy!  
Open the briefcase  
and swap the documents.  
Right. Let's do that.  
Take the chair.  
Do you need any help?  
I'm fine. Thank you.  
A fork!  
- What are you doing?  
- Making tea... I told him I would.  
Give me a knife.  
- Try with this.  
- Ridiculous.  
Take the chair.  
It's the only solution.  
- All right.  
- Wait!  
Be back before 5 a.m.  
He has a train to catch.  
Let's go.  
Before five o'clock.  
- What happened?  
- I dropped the tray.

- Let me help you.  
- No, forget it.  
Never mind.  
I'll not know Java tea.  
I'm sorry.  
I thought I saw a mouse.  
It's daylight.  
- It went by so fast.  
- What time is it?  
My train!  
Don't move.  
I'll check the time.  
My God!  
We still have time.  
What's wrong?  
- Just my luck!  
- It's not my fault.  
We must find a taxi.  
Franois, it's so unfair!  
- I'll go to the station with you.  
- There's no time.  
I'm almost ready.  
I won't be a minute.  
No taxi?  
They've been summoned  
to the Marne.  
Franois, help me  
button up my dress.  
- Let's hurry.  
- Franois, do you love me?  
We must go.  
Henri, over here!  
- Do you know what I'm feeling?  
- Yes.  
- Do you feel the same way?  
- I do.  
Then don't be sad.  
It's only the beginning.  
It's impossible, Franois.  
We can't talk like this.  
I regret...  
What do you regret?  
Is there someone else?  
Several others?

How many?  
You can't imagine.  
- I might guess.  
- No, you can't.  
I've heard many stories about you.  
I don't care.  
It's not that.  
I wish we had met before the war.  
You may have known many men  
but I've known few women.  
So it balances out.  
- Marry me when I come back.  
- No, Francois.  
No, I can't.  
I don't want to.  
I'll write you when I arrive.  
Don't write me.  
Write me.  
Don't cry, Marie.  
In the morning, shells were dropped  
over the region of Nancy.  
The Courtine front suffered  
at least four enemy attacks.  
Our forces immediately  
stopped the offensive.  
The enemy attacked Champagne yesterday  
by dropping toxic bombs.  
In Artois, the fighting  
was particularly intense.  
Overnight, the Germans launched  
grenade attacks north of the Meuse.  
Our infantry has set its position...  
The government should...  
Good morning, Julien.  
Hello, Charlotte.  
Your mail, Miss.  
Thank you, Julien.  
Strawberries! I'll take two.  
Let's see...  
Probably a bill.  
This one too.  
This one certainly is.  
That crazy man again.  
He writes me every day!

A small parcel.  
Must be a gift.  
She would sell cakes below  
nicely wrapped, you know  
in paper coloured yellow  
tied together with a bow.  
I have to thank you, Miss.  
My son is very happy  
with his phonograph.  
What is he thinking?  
I'll send back these earrings  
to Gaston, the idiot.  
They're beautiful.  
They match your necklace.  
That's right, Charlotte.  
Bring me my necklace.  
Julien, give me some sugar.  
Behind you.  
Thank you.  
Make me a piece of toast.  
Is there any plum jam left?  
- I think so, but...  
- Don't move. I know where it is.  
Julien, you'll have to collect  
my fur collar today. It's ready.  
And some books from Lemaire's.  
Very well, Miss.  
She was a baker  
on Croissant Street.  
Her nice manners  
attracted the elite.  
- Here, Miss.  
- I'll help you.  
Gaston is an imbecile  
but he has good taste.  
Let's move!  
My Javanese love.  
I've been wounded  
by pieces of shrapnel.  
My leg is injured,  
but my helmet saved my life.  
A priest told me yesterday  
his thoughts on the war.  
Common sense belongs to pretty women

like you, and to old priests.  
My friend died right next to me  
after just becoming an officer.  
I think of our night together  
and can't forgive myself...  
... for having fallen asleep  
and for letting you fall asleep.  
Outside the window  
the scenery is soothing.  
I would like to describe  
each house, each tree  
to give you the desire  
to visit me here soon.  
Come, my love.  
I'll hold and caress you  
while you watch over me  
as I kiss your lips with passion.  
Franois.  
The lady is served.  
Get out of here.  
There is no room  
for a clown in my bed.  
Do you understand?  
Leave at once.  
I never want to see you again  
in my bed.  
Understand?  
Charlotte!  
Prepare my luggage,  
I'm going to Narbonne.  
Tell Julien to prepare the car.  
She liked to bake  
little chocolate cakes.  
- Your dress isn't ready.  
- I'll do without it.  
Wait!  
Stop!  
Don't go!  
Wait!  
Stop, stop!  
What do you want?  
So, Greta?  
Leaving without giving ammunition  
to your father?

Here.

You forget I eat twice a day.

- Will you be away long?

- I don't know.

Go!

- Will you write me?

- No.

Can't you ever say

"No, Papa"?

I'd like to see Captain Lassalle.

Visiting hours are over.

Come back in the morning.

Forgive me but I just arrived  
from Paris. Please.

I'm sorry but it's too late.

- Can you tell me how he is?

- Sorry, Miss...

I spoke to Mother about our marriage.

Of course, she said I'm crazy.

But it doesn't matter.

We'll have a secret wedding.

Are you crying?

Don't you want to marry me?

It's my greatest desire

but it scares me to talk about it.

You think I might die in the war?

No, Francois.

Even if I did

I'd like you to wear my name.

Don't say that.

If you died, I'd die too,

soon after you.

I'm not afraid to die.

It doesn't worry me.

Death is part of life.

It's inevitable, you understand?

Inevitable.

- How did you get in?

- Relax.

- What are you doing here?

- I didn't mean to scare you.

Get out!

- Not until I explain something.

- Be quick!

First, sit down.

- The Germans have a mission for you.

- You'll get nothing from me.

Miss, the French officers

tell their new recruits

"We're soldiers 24 hours a day."

It's the same with us.

Spies don't have holidays.

"If you are no longer with us..."

"... you are against us."

I know.

Tell yourself you have signed

with the Kaiser

a unilateral contract.

Here's what the mission is about...

Inside the safe in the Citadel,

there is a document

very valuable to us.

It's the plans of a gun factory.

They must get to Barcelona urgently.

What do you say?

I wish you would show

more interest.

But never mind, I'll continue.

You may wonder how a woman

can enter the Citadel.

The director of the fortress,

Colonel Pelletier,

is an excellent officer

but he has a weakness.

Women.

Right. Very well...

A piece of paper.

Here regarding the vault...

Second floor, Room 7.

The code for the safe is 381.813.

As for the key to the safe...

that's where you are invaluable.

The key never leaves

Colonel Pelletier.

You know what I mean.

It's always on him.

In which pocket, I don't know.

You'll have to find out.

It's like that children's game.  
Colder... Warmer...  
Hotter.  
Goodbye, Miss.  
Don't count on me.  
I am counting on you.  
I forgot...  
My regards to your sick relative.  
Captain Lassalle, I believe.  
Franois!  
What kind of a hotel is this?  
A bag of cement almost killed me.  
I have the means to control you.  
- What do you mean?  
- I am a good hypnotist.  
I'll make you fall asleep  
and do with you what I want.  
Let's try.  
Listen to my voice.  
Relax your arms and shoulders.  
Like this. Very good.  
Now relax.  
Close your eyes  
and inhale deeply.  
Do what?  
Inhale.  
A technical term.  
I'll continue.  
You understand, right?  
Wait...  
Relax, listen to my voice  
and allow your body to relax.  
- Relax...  
- Impossible, you're tickling me.  
It's five o'clock.  
My friend is waiting.  
From now on  
I'm your only friend.  
We're having dinner tonight.  
I already booked a table.  
I can't tonight.  
- Tomorrow night, then.  
- But my friend is very jealous.  
It would be wiser



if we didn't meet again.

- Don't say that.

- At least not in a public place.

- Better not be seen together.

- Of course.

I know!

What do you think of this?

A nice intimate dinner,

tomorrow night

in my office at the Citadel.

Maybe.

No maybe. It's an order.

No one disputes my orders.

And we'll be left alone at the Citadel.

So, is that yes?

Yes.

"I have finally met...

Colonel...

Pelletier."

Come in.

Hello.

- This is new.

- Yes.

So is this.

Yes.

- Don't you get bored here?

- Not at all. Why do you ask?

- Did you have a nice day?

- Yes, I did a bit of shopping.

- Did you meet anyone?

- No one.

Spoke to anyone?

Met anyone? Spoke to anyone?

Are you spying on me?

I'd rather break up now

than live a life of lies.

I saw you at the caf

with a colonel.

Ah, Colonel Pelletier?

I'd already forgotten.

He seemed very interested

and you... very complacent.

Interested?

I've known him all my life.

He's an admirer.

- I'm an admirer too.

- But you've never seen me dance.

Colonel Pelletier has seen  
every one of my shows.

He's a specialist in Indian art.

- Do you believe me now?

- I believe you.

I'm silly.

But you don't make it easy.

- I'm probably not good enough for you.

- Stop this nonsense. Kiss me.

You're crazy! Wait!

- Let me lift you up.

- No.

Careful.

Let's go out for dinner.

An intimate dinner in private.

What do you think?

"I have finally met Colonel Pelletier."

A friend you've known all your life?

The Colonel Pelletier  
you've just met?

Francois, listen to me.

I can explain.

I don't think you can.

You see, Greta, I am...

I don't regret what happened  
between us.

But I'm glad it ended now  
while it's still early.

I think you would have  
made me suffer a lot.

And I loathe suffering.

Francois!

I'm often asked for the key  
to seducing women.

There's no key  
but if money attracts money,  
love attracts love.

Women love those who love them.

You sound very confident, Colonel.

What have you organised for me?

Only very pleasant things, little lady.

Follow me. Be my prisoner.  
You trust me, don't you?  
I'm not a young rooster.  
Just between us,  
how old do you think I am?  
Forty-six.  
Someone told you.  
You knew already.  
No.  
Right.  
Stop! Military zone.  
- Your papers!  
- Colonel Pelletier's service.  
Forgive me. You may go.  
I'm impressed.  
You must be very important.  
It's only routine.  
Colonel Pelletier's car may go...  
Colonel Pelletier's service...  
Are you the Marquis de Carabas?  
Just as fascinating.  
- I have some bad news for you.  
- Yes?  
The Germans will always win  
against the French.  
- You can't be serious.  
- Would you like to party in Berlin?  
Me?  
- Not particularly.  
- Now you have it.  
No French person  
wants to go to Berlin for fun  
but all Germans want to go to Paris.  
- Indeed, it's a worry.  
- Don't worry too much.  
If the Americans join in  
it will soon be over.  
- You think they'll join the war?  
- I'm sure of it.  
You're better informed than me.  
Let me do it.  
Matches.  
Sorry.  
Bravo.

Bravo!

Thanks to you,

tonight I feel I'm in Paris.

I met you once just before the war.

At a party at the Murats.

You probably don't remember me.

I wasn't wearing a uniform.

I'm not a career officer,

I'm in textiles.

I was with my wife.

She has her conquests too.

But I don't spy on her.

I'm a Parisian husband, you see.

She's only a woman,

or should I say a wife.

But with you, I can talk.

You are like a man.

Colonel, what are you doing!

I'll put you under.

Let me do it.

Relax your body and inhale deeply.

- But someone might hear us.

- That's impossible.

There's no one above us.

The ground floor is the office.

In three days

I'll be back to the battle field.

There's no time to waste.

It's a long war

but life is short.

Colonel!

- Not Colonel. Call me Emile.

- Emile!

Don't play that game with me.

I hate little teases!

You knew why you came here

so stop complaining.

Colonel!

Bloody hell.

He must be out.

- What should we do?

- Put it on his desk.

Come in!

- Good morning, Julien. Up already?

- Yes, Miss.  
Julien, we must go to Spain at once.  
Yes, Miss.  
Get the luggage ready,  
I'll see you downstairs in 15 minutes.  
Dear Franois, I am forced to leave.  
Everything is ready, Miss.  
We can go.  
Dear Franois, I must leave.  
Julien!  
It's just awful.  
I left something behind.  
- We must go back.  
- We should continue, Miss.  
Don't disobey my orders!  
Go back.  
Julien, what are you doing?  
Stop the car.  
At last. Now go back.  
We've wasted enough time.  
Is this what you left behind?  
But, Julien...  
You should know I work with you.  
For the same people.  
I'm the coordinator  
between you and your boss.  
We should keep going.  
The boss thought  
you didn't need to know.  
I'm in charge of your protection.  
If you work for them,  
why not rob the safe yourself?  
They believed that a woman...  
would be more suited to steal  
the key from the Colonel.  
I'm scared. I had to knock him out.  
He will talk.  
That's why we must move quickly.  
- Julien, what's that over there?  
- Problems, I'm afraid.  
It looks like a road block.  
We must get through.  
Get down.  
- Ready?

- Yes.

Cover your head.

Do you have the file?

They need it tomorrow in Barcelona.

Passports!

Come over here!

No!

Sorry for the wait.

All is fine, you may go.

The map of the gun factory  
in the Southwest.

The map of the gun factory  
in the Southwest...

Mission accomplished.

Congratulations.

I'm very satisfied  
with last night's mission.

Quick, efficient.

A bit of blood spilled of course...  
but this is war.

The destruction of the factory  
was a great success.

One of our best strikes yet.

Three days of munitions  
up in smoke.

I thank you all,  
and particularly...

our most graceful agent,  
Agent H21,

whose seduction, once again,  
was the key to this affair.

Miss, you deserve a holiday.

Do you have plans?

Where would you like to go?

I want to go back to France.

It's very dangerous right now.

I don't care.

I want to go back to France.

- My weakness is being frank.

- I don't have that weakness.

Her wish is legitimate.

She's demonstrated courage.

Our agents will work hard tonight  
to forge an authentic passport.

Keep this book, it represents  
your traveling expenses.  
As to your salary...  
It will be transferred for you  
to a bank in Paris.  
Mata Hari is finished as a spy.  
Her nerves are shot.  
If she gets arrested,  
I'd prefer it to be by the French.  
Unfortunately we must sometimes  
work with women.  
They are more fragile  
and they don't last as long.  
Exactly!  
Transfer the money  
to H21's bank account  
but use the code  
the French have already broken.  
If Mata Hari is crazy enough  
to withdraw that money  
we'll know she's no longer  
any use to us.  
My God!  
You shouldn't risk it.  
Let's go to Switzerland.  
I know a way to get there.  
No, I want to go back to France.  
To see Francois again.  
- Where the hell is that ambulance?  
- Must be Velpeau's fault.  
"Today I killed 17."  
- Do we say a lice or a louse?  
- A louse.  
Have any soap?  
My hands are dirtier than my feet.  
- Here's the ambulance.  
- Hurry.  
- Hello, Lassalle.  
- Good day.  
You two, come here.  
- Many wounded?  
- Eight.  
- We've only room for six.  
- That's bad.

I gave your cousin a lift.  
- My cousin?  
- Yes, your cousin.  
So cousin, still doing charity work?  
It must be a vocation.  
Bringing smiles and chocolates  
to the wounded?  
It's not like Narbonne here.  
Franois, I've come a long way.  
I have the right...  
You have no right.  
We said everything in Narbonne.  
You think I'm harsh?  
Here we become uncivilised.  
Its dreadful.  
But I'm no longer jealous  
of Colonel Pelletier.  
He was killed in action last week.  
Come with me.  
- Where are you taking me?  
- You'll see.  
It's a surprise.  
Both Germans and French  
occupied the castle.  
When it burned down,  
the officers settled in this barn.  
Careful.  
I used to sleep in that bed.  
Where are you going?  
- The First Commander?  
- Over there.  
Third Company, sir...  
Inform our men.  
Get in line!  
See? That's how I made my bed.  
With this curtain.  
- Yes.  
- Come here.  
- How did you find me?  
- It took a long time.  
It's late, I must get going.  
- Tell me you're happy to see me.  
- I am.  
- Tell me you wanted this.



- I did.

- Hurry up.

- Quick, guys.

Captain Lassalle!

Where is Captain Lassalle?

I'm not Javanese.

I've never been to Java.

I know nothing about Indian art.

I was born in Holland.

My father was a sailor.

- A peasant girl wearing clogs.

- You must have looked cute.

I wanted to tell you

but you always stop me.

Okay, speak.

- First...

- Speak my love. Speak.

That night at the Baroness's...

- Yes my Tulip, tell me sweet things.

- You always interrupt.

- Tender things...

- The baroness...

Thanks to her we met.

I have to tell you...

You're not my Javanese

but my Dutch treat.

- Please, I don't have the strength.

- Greta, try to relax.

- I spend a lot of money.

- That's what it's for.

- Don't you wonder...

- I wonder...

how beautiful your mouth is,

such gorgeous lips...

especially this one.

a perfect little nose,

absolutely adorable,

such beautiful hair,

and such fine skin

here on your forehead,

so delicate that the veins show

just underneath...

You're beautiful.

But also fragile.

I like looking at you so close,  
like now.

It's very emotional.

Take this.

That way.

Franois...

Come quick.

I don't know how to use it.

Franois!

You're hurt, my Franois...

- Hello, little one.

- Hello, Papa.

- Surprised?

- No, I expected you.

Papa, I need your help.

I need to sleep here tonight.

We'll manage.

But you know... I'm completely broke.

Today, I'm getting  
a large sum of money.

You'll have everything you need.

And when the war is over  
we'll go back home to Holland.

And I'll never leave you again.

What's up, little one?

So you love your father after all.

I've never loved anyone else.

- Come in for a drink.

- I can't stay.

- We'll go out then.

- No, I must go...

Oh, your driver said to meet him  
in Montmartre by 6 p.m.

I'll be back soon.

Bye. See you soon.

- See you soon.

- Don't forget me.

Exceptional revelations  
about the German spy network!

Germans everywhere!

Germans everywhere!

Kid...

- Here.

- Keep the change.

- Thank you.
- Do me a favour.
- See that lady in white?
- Yes, sir.

**Go and tell her:**

"Ma'am, don't go to the bank."

That's all. Repeat.

- Ma'am, don't go to the bank.

- Good. Go.

Ma'am, don't go to the bank.

- Why are you saying that?

- Ma'am, don't go to the bank.

I don't understand.

One moment.

Sign here.

Margaretha Zelle,

better known as Mata Hari?

Pig!

Groping women in the street!

Drop it. That won't work.

Look around you.

Very well. Let's go.

Latest news!

Dancer Mata Hari arrested!

Agent for an awful spy organisation

All the details about her crimes

and infamy! Latest news!

The arrest of the beautiful Javanese!

Her trial begins!

To defend her, Barrister Clunet!

Her driver dies but never talked!

Mata Hari verdict is today!

Mata Hari is sentenced to death!

The court is dismissed.

Next military session is on July 27th.

It's impossible. Impossible.

We'll appeal.

If it's denied, I'll go see

President Poincar.

And if he refuses?

- What is it?

- Courtyard in ten minutes.

- Me?

- Yes.

Don't cry, Marie.

Hurry!

Ten, eleven, twelve.

Go!

By order of the military court

dated 24th July 1917,

Margaretha Zelle, a.k.a. Mata Hari,

has been sentenced to death.

By order of the Paris General Commander

the execution will be carried out

on October 15th, 1917.

Is anyone claiming the body?

Is anyone claiming the body?

Is anyone claiming the body?