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Peur sur la ville (Fear Over the City)

By Unknown

Hello?

Who is this... What do you want?

Don't leave your phone off the hook ever again.

How did you get my new number?!

I've had enough of you... DO YOU HEAR? ENOUGH!

Say "I won't hang up again".

I'm tired... My god you are sick.

You should get help, you know.

Say "I won't hang up again".

I... I won't hang up again.

Why did you change your number?

How did you find it... Hey?

It was noted down in your blue book, right next to your phone.

WHAT?!

You were in here, weren't you?!

It's a nice place you have, especially your bed.

it has a temperature of great precision...

I tried it, soft, supple, perfect for love...

A bed that must remind you of a lover,

and of your poor husband who is now dead! Right, Norah?

You were... a friend of Pierre, is that it?

No, nothing like that. But you can tell me about him since I'm coming over.

NO!!!.

See you in a moment.

"Police Headquarter"

"Police Headquarter"

After 6:

Hello?

Hello, Mr Merclin?

This is Norah Elmer, someone is threatening me...

Please don't allow anyone up!

-Threatened?!

-Yes! Threatened.

-Please do let ANYONE up!

-I'll keep an eye out.

But you know you can go up from the parking...

I can't do anything about that.

You should call the police.

I tried but there's no answer,

what should I do?

At night, you have to call the local station.

Let me give you the number.

Thank you... Go ahead.

DEF-44-52

Don't worry madam, we're used to these types of calls.

Psychos turned on by the fear they cause.

They all pretend to be coming over,

but they never actually show up.

But if he DOES show up, what should I do?

Call us back and we'll be there in less than 5 minutes

But don't worry - He WON'T show up.

-Goodnight, madam.

-Goodnight, thank you.

Help!

Well! We thought you'd never show up!

I think I might have scared your neighbor.

she jumped from the 17th floor.

Summary identification: Norah Elmer.

The fall is probable cause of death.

Claimed to have been threatened over the phone.

We are staying here until forensic arrives.

Hello, 7th brigade? 147 Georges Melies ave

Window jump. Victim's name: Norah Elmer.

I'm alerting criminal investigation.

Hello... Z-2 calling AV-108. Z-2 calling AV-108.

Hello... Z-2 calling AV-108. Z-2 calling AV-108.

Who's that?

Lazlo Pap

Good.

And that?

Max Cohen.

Very Good. And that... He's an actor, right?

Jean Gabin!

Very Good.

And him?

Him... I don't know..

He's not an actor...

He's not a boxer...

What's down there?

Nothing... Just a cellar.

Just bottles, old junk piling up just like any cellar.

Don't shoot!

What the hell is this?

He didn't want to hurt you, boss.

He got scared.
-You're ok?
-Yes.
Let him go.
He didn't want to hurt you, boss.
Alright.
Where from?
Africa. Mali.
And you live in "this"?
-Yes boss.
-How many are you?
Forty.
How much does it cost?
He's really milking that cellar!
Knife.
Well, we owe you an apology.
You were right.
Quite your average cellar.
With old bottles, "things" piling up.
Nothing special.
Hey! Look at you! You're bleeding.
Well, I am!
Isn't that a knife wound?
Now that you mention it...
Who could have knifed you?
-There's no one in the cellar...
-No
There's no one in the bistro.
Who could have done it?
What, are you crazy?!
Knifing a police office, isn't THAT crazy?
I didn't knife anyone!
And this?
That's not mine!
Yes, well your prints are on it now.
So... he's not an actor...
-He's not a boxer...
-I'll give you a few clues.
The bank hold-up at Niere, rings a bell?
I'll give you 5 seconds... You hear?
You knifed my partner.
I gun you down.
Self-Defense.
It's Marcucci!

He was here a month ago.

Haven't seen him since, I swear!

-If Marcucci ever comes back...

-I'll call you, chief, I swear!

Just don't wait too long.

If you want this to heal.

"Z-2 calling AV-108"

"Z-2 calling AV-108"

"Z-2 calling AV-108"

AV-108, Roger.

Where the hell were you? I've been calling for an hour!

We stopped for peanuts.

She called her local police station,
she had received threats over the phone.

She was worried someone was coming...

Who? A man, a woman?

Good evening, chief.

Bertrand:

When you rang, you didn't hear any screams
or scuffle?

I heard her scream, nothing else.

A woman screams for help during the night

And you calmly spend the evening with your friends?

She didn't "scream for help", she just screamed.

It's the first time I come here

I just rang the wrong door.

-I see.

-Anyone heard anything in the building?

I asked the neighbors, they didn't hear anything.

But there was lots of noise, a birthday party.

-You knew the victim?

-Not Really, just walked passed her a few times.

According to the watchman she was very discreet.

Call up the local police station for me.

You're the watchman?

Eugene Merclin, 45, single.

At what time did Mrs Elmer come in tonight?

I was watching the news... It must have been 8pm.

Yes, about 8pm.

And how was she?

I think she had nylon pants.

That looked like jeans.

That's not what we're asking you, buddy.

Was she troubled, worried, anxious?

Oh, sorry. Not more than usual.

She'd just lost her husband in a car accident!

-Is that him?

-Well yeah, that's him errr....

WAS Mr Elmer.

She lived on her own since?

Even before! He was always away on business trips.

And who's that?

I don't know... Seems familiar but...

Ah! I think I saw him in the building.

She had many visitors?

How should I know, there's 48 floors on this fucking tower!

Show these fucking gentlemen to the fucking door,

Well send them a fucking subpoena.

Letellier, criminal investigations.

Did you get a call from a "Norah Elmer"?

Indeed, she complained about a "phone maniac".

-Did you send someone over?

-Happens 10 times a night, can't bother with all of them.

-This time you should have

-Why?

Because she won't bother you anymore.

I'm going through her mail.

Condolences from friends, co-workers, relatives.

But here, we have something else.

My darling, I know this will upset you

but I must leave France and might not come back.

Forgive me, safekeep my memory, my heart is bleeding,

Signed:

You must see a lot of action with all these towers.

-People must drop like flies.

-What?!

What a nice job we have, people jump, we pick 'em up.

Nice, isn't it?

-You know what I'd like to do?

-No...

I want to jump too.

You'll tell people that passionate about this case,

surely the case of the century,

I tried a live simulation.

Something the matter with him?

Marcucci.

Inspector Letellier... But of Course!
A civilian shot after that bank robbery...
Letellier removed from the gang-buster unit...
That's him.
But, wasn't he exonerated of all charges,
After they discovered it was one of Marcucci's bullet
that killed the bystander?
Yeah, but Marcucci is still on the run.
Find me the address of this Julio Cortes,
the man with the bleeding heart.
So anxious to leave the country.
Police! Open up!
'You ok?
Yes, fine.
He really does have a bleeding heart!
Call for an ambulance!
What did you say?
-I didn't say anything
-Oh.
Thank you.
About time we get to take a break!
Can't you see I'm bleeding to death?
-What did he say?
-That he's dying.
Tell him I don't care.
He doesn't care.
Call an... ambulance.... God...
Why did you shoot?
Talk first, then we call the ambulance.
And if I die... you'll be responsible.
You think we can get over the remorse?
Won't be easy.
Let him die and see how we survive the shock.
Come back!
You called us?
The suitcase.
Hidden compartment.
The ambulance...
Hurry...
Norah Elmer, rings a bell?
What?
My darling, I know this will upset you but I must leave France..
You never intended to call an ambulance, just wanted to kill me...
What was that?

I gave you the drugs, I'm dying and you're reading me love letters!

Go away.

She's dead.

Norah?

-YOU killed her!

-Me?

Tell us the truth and you're in a hospital in 5 minutes.

Why would have I killed Norah?

I think we can forget it, call him an ambulance.

Hello? This is inspector chief Letellier.

Yeah, send me a... hold on for a second.

Say, while were at it, who supplied you with dope?

Oh, shit...

I would get a phone call, then deal at a bar called "La Fregate".

It was never the same guy.

Well there you go!

What's going on, are we closed today?

Where could they be?

We're not bothering you, are we?

Happy birthday, boss!

No way...

He came back?

Your new source, the "peanut salesman", just called Marcucci is back in Paris.

To Paris.

Here, give me another shot.

Aside from that, we got the pathologist report on Norah Elmer.

She might have died before hitting the ground.

The doctor noted cardiac fibrillation.

They can be caused by intense fear, a provoke a heart attack.

We close the case?

Moissac, I want a 3 men stakeout in front of "Peanut's" bistro,

-Day and night, understood?

-Yes

What about Norah Elmer, chief?

If Marcucci shows up, don't touch him, call me.

Thanks for the champagne.

And he wanted to get sparkling wine, that idiot!

Inspector Letellier? He's busy at the moment,

I'm his partner.

I want to speak with Inspector chief Letellier, it's about Norah Elmer's death.

Inspector Letellier speaking.

Justice is done. Last night, Norah Elmer paid of her life for her animal urges.

She was a despicable whore who tarnished even the most sacred of mourning.

From now on, I will be the arm of a justice that that will judge and condemn without pity all the harlots that will flood the world of their sexual mud!

Who are you?

"I'll tell you inspector..."

-Try to trace the call.

Allow me to hang up first, in case you were thinking of tracing this call.

Shit!

What the hell was that?

Chief Inspector Letellier, go ahead.

Have you read Dante's inferno, Inspector?

Probably not.

Well, I am "Minos", after each of my sentencing, you will get a letter.

A double will be sent to the press with the name of my victim and a portion of a picture of me.

You will assemble them like a puzzle to one day discover the identity of Minos...

But until then, the world will tremble!

Chief...

"I killed NoraH ElmeR - Minos"

"I killed Norah Elmer..."

Or so says an anonymous correspondent in a letter signed Minos.

It's not the first time a lunatic claims he did a publicized crime...

And that write to newspapers and call, aren't usually very dangerous.

As for Norah Elmer, nothing proves its a murder.

Well, not much to worry about.

Letellier!

You've studied Karate, haven't you?

Yes?

Judo too?

Yes?

What about rapid fire exercises?

Hold it right there, they gave me that speech in the army...

"Speak English? Yes? Toilet Cleaning!"

I want the list of every women that requested a phone number change in the last 3 months. And also the reason why they asked for that change. Sorry to have cut off your ending, sir.

Letellier.

You can't imagine how many cases were cracked with good old "Toilet Cleaning".

"Minos, "Dante's Inferno"... Insane Asylum is more like it! First, I hear him breath, a sort of huffing, rasping... It lasts a while.

-And does he talk?

-Yes, obscenities about my private life.

At first I hung up but he just calls back, and I can't keep the phone off because of night emergencies, but he calls at any hour. I can't sleep... It can't go on like this!

-Hey, Pierre!

-Hi, Helene.

They're policemen, they're here about the calls.

I see, well excellent.

Listen, you have to do something, she's on the verge of a nervous breakdown.

We'll put a tap on her, that's all we can do for now.

What the hell is that, yours?

No.

Open it.

I liked this car. Got used to it.

-Hun?

-Maybe it's a bomb.

"Dante's Inferno"

Your buddy's starting to get on my nerves.

As a matter of fact this whole case is.

We saw 7 this morning and I

-Don't read when I talk to you.

-Yes.

The lady who's number closely matches that of the taxi central,

The call-girl who changed profession,

The nurse, woken up every night by a maniac.

All of little interest. Will you stop reading?!

Listen:

Of a judging consciousness which sentences vile acts".

-Doesn't this guy worry you?

-He's bat-shit crazy!

He's pulling our leg and I don't have time to waste.
So, the next one's name is Germaine Doizon,
and there's no reason we should both get bored,
So we'll flip a coin on it.
Face I go, tail you go.
No need to, I'll lose...
Who is it?
Police.
Police?
Ah yes! Just a minute.
Inspector... Please won't you come in?
Tell me about those calls you're getting?
Say, we must have flipped thousands of coins together.
-You never one.
-The coin is tricked.
-You threw it yesterday.
-So?
You're screwed.
You're the one that's married.
Then shit.
come on, lean back, maybe that Germaine Doizon
gal is fascinating!
My husband was a jeweler, he has a gun permit.
Loaded?
Of course!
That scumbag often threatens to come, I'm waiting for him!
I wanted to tell you... Cigarette?
No thanks.
Why "scumbag"?
You're right, I should say that sicko!
Probably just acting on impulse.
But he's making my life so miserable
that I can't find excuses for what he's doing.
Something to drink, inspector?
-A cup of coffee
-No thanks.
You're sure?
Why a "sicko"?
Well... He's obviously not a normal person!
You don't think it's normal to stigmatize
the vice and filth that surround us?
What?
It's easier to call him a madman, isn't it?
It allows us to close our eyes on ourselves

and to go on without remorse.

I'm afraid I don't follow you at all.

I was just trying to understand him. a sensible policeman must understand the criminal he's tracking. There's no understanding that one, he's just insane!

-And probably impotent.

-Really?

To say all those nasty things... He must dream of doing them but can't!

Oh yes, surely impotent.

And how do you picture him? From his voice?

I can't imagine him with a normal face, like yours or mine.

Or even a body, it's...

not a monster either, but rather something without shape.

I must admit I'm half asleep when he calls me, as if it was a nightmare.

And when he starts about my private life,

I picture him as a heinous caterpillar.

And of course, your private life is spotless.

Absolutely! I do sleep around, inspector.

I've been a window for 5 years and I'm perfectly healthy, I'm not about to become a nun!

Pardon my frankness, but I fuck around and

I love it!

I will take that coffee after all...

Sure, right away.

You drink it strong?

As a matter of fact, we have a good idea of what Minos looks like.

Really?

He's not a heinous caterpillar.

He's rather good looking, enough to arouse any whore's desire...

And strong enough, not to give in to her!

TV-105 calling TV-108, we're at "peanut's" bistro, nothing to report.

Don't leave the car, even to stretch your legs

If Marcucci spots you, you're both back to traffic duty, understood?

Roger.

I don't need the car. Take it, you're dying to go.

You sure?

Sure, I'll take the bus.
They're already 3 sitting on the place.
You have a smoke?
No, all done.
Say, this thing's gibberish!
Yep, tough to read!
If that wacko read the whole thing,
we should reduce his sentence!
Well, I'll see Germaine...
Have a good one!
You're getting high-brow...
I'll go with you.
So SMILE.
-I'll catch up
-Ok
-Damn
-Maybe she's out?
Surely not! She just asked me to get her
cat back up.
-You're the concierge?
-Yes
-You got a double key?
-Yes
-Then go get it.
-why?
Police.
What's your name, hun?
I know, Cat.
Or Alley.
You're not that cute.
Not cute, but nice.
Oh and you purr!
You're happy?
Oh! Oh my God...
lock the building's entrance!
Don't worry, we'll pay for it.
Duviel just called, Marcucci is at Peanut's.
When did he call?
TV-108, go ahead.
We're on Marcucci's tail, chief.
We are on the West highway near the Thai exit.
He's in a thunderbird, license plate 7199MB75.
-Duviel, if you lose him...
-I know, chief.

We're catching up!
Duviel, what's happening?
I just ran a red light. But Marcucci didn't spot me.
At least I hope so.
We just took the Muette exit.
We're now at Henri Martin st. Corner of La Pompe.
Heading for the Trocadero.
We're taking Clevere, heading for L'etoile.
What should I do, chief?
Chief? What do i do?!
What the hell is he doing?!
TV-105 calling TV-108, what should I do, chief?
I'm dropping Minos, I'm on my way!
I suppose you know what you're doing?
Shut up.
He coming to the roundabout.
Duviel, I'm at the roundabout, I'll cut him
off at the Champs Elysees.
I think he spotted me! He just took the side alley.
He's cutting through Les Champs Elysees,
he's taking Colisee street!
I'm through, chief, stuck in traffic.
There! That's him!
Duviel, forget it, I got him.
Police! I just want to take a look.
Which line in that one bottom right?
Nation, by Denfer.
This is commend center calling Nation 603, come in.
This is Nation 603, over.
Do not make any other stops. Keep rolling
until further notice.
The preceding train is 6 minutes ahead of you.
Nation 603, do you copy?
Roger, command center. Over and out.
Nation 603, you are now 5 minutes from the preceding train.
Please stop!
For the first time in criminal history, a man accuses the
police of deliberately letting him go.
In a letter sent to our newspaper,
Minos, the strangler of single women, claims:
"I was a few minutes ahead of Police Chief Letellier,
when he abandoned pursuit."
And in the Figaro: "Minos snitches on the police."
"If I kill again tomorrow, police chief Letellier

will share the responsibility".

"Trigger-happy cops prefers to settle his score with the mafia"...

"Between Minos the strangler and Marcucci the thief, Letellier's old vendetta..."

Etc, etc.

I spent the morning listing to the Minos tapes with a psychiatrist.

So?

According to him, we are dealing with a paranoid schizophrenic.

-Aie!

-Yes, not good, at all.

Between 2 attacks, we are looking at an average man, lost in a crowd.

And this man, who is probably well-regarded of his neighbors and landlord,

Suddenly becomes a bloodthirsty madman

Condemning all those who do not share his morals.

Minos, it's a great case.

Any cop would beg for it.

Not I.

Marcucci, I would have eventually caught in 5 or 10 years, it's my category. A no-brainer.

But that schizo-thing with paranoid tendencies, that's not my thing.

I don't measure up. And so, Mr Commissioner, I asked to me taken off the case.

There.

Letellier!

Aren't you going a little far?

There's no-brainer and there's no-brain, all muscle.

What ARE muscles, really?

A few grams of hard gelatin conveniently placed.

Sometimes useful to keep cops alive.

Letellier you are the criminal brigade's chief, not a nightclub bouncer.

That you prefer westerns to psychology is your business,

But we don't always do what we want.

Minos snitched on you, Letellier,

He got you good!

And you have a score to settle with HIM now.

The schizo-thing with paranoid tendencies,

put you into deep shit!
And if you don't try to pull out,
you can count on me to sink you
in further!
Pardon me, Mr director.
Am I excused?
Take this to the lab.
Spend the night if necessary,
I want to know what it was before it broke.
Alright.
Where did you pick that up?
On a roof, Minos dropped it and it broke.
Are you gonna jump like that all night?
It's getting annoying!
We've been together 2 nights and every time
I move around you break something.
You should be used to it!
-Don't take that glass.
-Why not?
It's chipped.
If it's chipped, why do you keep it?
I wouldn't keep it.
Please don't jump now, It's just me!
You should get to bed.
No.
Stop shaking you head! You've been
doing it for two days, it's very annoying!
Helene?
Yes?
Am I waking you up?
No, I'm with a policeman, for the reason you know.
And?
Still nothing.
I'll see you tomorrow, goodnight.
Goodnight.
Tell that clown not to call anymore at night.
He calls because he worries about me.
And he's not a clown!
I know!
He's head nurse, married, father of 2.
Sorry if you wanted to keep that liaison a secret.
but you're on a tap, we verify every call.
And I read the newspapers every morning.
They've dragged your name in mud for days,

but I also have good reasons to be upset!
Between the nighttime emergencies and Minos,
I haven't really slept in weeks.
Well, go to bed!
-I'm not asking you to stay.
-No!
You got here at an ungodly hour,
you can leave, I don't need you!
Do-not-scream!
Leave.
Oh my God, Pierre!
You forgot, didn't you?
Was it tonight?
It was.
You know commissioner Letellier?
Yes...
We met at the hospital.
Goodnight, commissioner!
Goodnight.
You wanted me to get the police involved, well
now I'm stuck here waiting at the phone.
It's much better this way, we'll go to the
movies when your troubles are over.
Goodnight, Helene, see you tomorrow.
Goodnight, Pierre.
-Goodbye, commissioner!
-Goodbye.
Goodbye...
"The gangbuster commissioner acts like a
cowboy in downtown Paris..."
If I had caught Marcucci last year I
would have been a hero.
Principal chief at the gangbuster unit.
Stuck behind a phone waiting for a loonie's call...
Jesus Christ.
And, how I imagined being a cop would be when I was a kid!
Yes?
Yes...
And how did you imagine it?
On the whole police thing.
One thing had hit me.
An image.
American G-Men escorting presidential cars.
Walking with their hands on the hood,

guiding the car's path,
with a piercing gaze!
They were looking for a guy on the roofs,
Or ambushed behind a window.
I was just a kid.
And when I saw those guys...
Those "G-Men",
I would say "THAT's a cop"!
I don't think I've ever told that to anyone.
-Fortunately!
-Hun?
It's fortunate you never told that story to anyone.
Why?
Because it's pathetic.
What does that mean?
It means that Commissioner Letellier's
life-long dream was to become a goon!
Excuse me for finding it incredibly stupid!
I expected as much from the newspapers I read:
"The cow-boy commissioner", "the gangbuster cop",
I expected an idiot.
But to that extent!
The mindset of a 12 y old, even my
I might not be very evolved, but neither are you.
You read the newspapers, I listened to your calls.
Your soap opera affair with that doctor... How smart is that.
She loves him, but he's married with two kids.
Can they find happiness?
Stay tuned!

Him:

"an unannounced visit from a foreign colleague"

Her:

Him:

anymore".

Her:

Him:

Me:

the hooker with my chief of service!

Happy?

Tired.

Take off your shirt.

Excuse me?

Go on, take it off and come over here.

I do physiotherapy, you seriously need some.

Come lie down.

Good?

Fantastic!

You know when I said you weren't smart,
about the affair, I didn't mean it.

And when I called you an idiot...

I meant it.

Hello?

Who's this?

"You know very well, Helene"

"You saw your lover again, haven't you?"

"You saw him, say it!"

I'm free to do whatever I want!

"You have the LEGAL right, the church chooses
to look elsewhere, modern society applauds you,"

"but my justice, for there must be one, has
already condemned you!"

Keep going!

When you called, I was about to make love to a man.

With a real man's body, and real man's hands.

You probably don't know what making love is, Minos,
but it can be a beautiful thing.

He was close to me, almost naked.

We were having a great time.

"Whore! Bitch! You're tracing my call!"

You shouldn't have provoked him like that.

You're the one I was provoking.

He won't be happy!

Not happy at all!

-Hello?

-Ms Grammont?

Yes?

This is Trinity hospital.

We have an emergency. We need you
right away for an operation!

On my way.

I'll go with you.

Someone should let Minos know that it's becoming really

hard to flood the world of our sexual mud!
Bye, cowboy.
Idiotic and retarded cowboy, of course.
I don't know.
But I can assure you if you had Einstein's
face I wouldn't have offered that massage.
How old did you say your brother is?
Well I'm still going to try to catch up.
Oh, if you must stay home for a while, I'll buy you a razor.
Electric!
With a brush and very foamy soap!
Oh, it's you Pierre!
Well, well, we DID end up together tonight...
You made love to Letellier?
Well now, Pierre...
A man's body... A man's hands...
"I killed HeleNe GrAmmOnt. -Minos"
You got Minos' voice recordings?
Yes chief.
I want to listen to them in a studio, with a
great sound fidelity.
The best of it's kind.
"I will be the arm of a justice that will judge
and condemn without pity"
"all the harlots that will flood the world of their sexual mud!"
Again?
No, the other one.
"Hello? Who's this?"
"You know very well, Helene"
"You saw your lover again, haven't you?"
"You saw him, say it!"
"I'm free to do whatever I want!"
"You have the LEGAL right, the church chooses
to look elsewhere, modern society applauds you,"
"but my justice, for there must be one, has
already condemned you!"
"When you called, I was about to make love to a man."
"With a real man's body, and real man's hands."
"You probably don't know what making love is, Minos,
but it can be a beautiful thing."
"He was close to me, almost naked."
"We were having a great time."
Go back to Minos.
"You know very well, Helene"

"You saw your lover again, haven't you?"
"You saw him, say it!"
"I'm free to do whatever I want!"
"You have the LEGAL right, the church chooses
to look elsewhere, modern society applauds you,"
"but my justice..."
You know this melody?
Yeah, I have it!
Hello? Yes?
Yes. Mr Moissac?
Yes.
Thanks.
Moissac, here.
In your archives, you have sound effects?
Yes, of course!
Here's the list.
Weak applause, average applause, strong applause...
THAT!
Ok.
Yes, thanks, see you later.
Minos called you, right after you left.
And the recording?
It should be here any moment.
Good.
He always calls from the same phone booth.
And that phone booth is in or near a fair.
Chief, the recording.
Put it on!
I want to know how many fairs there are in Paris and its suburbs.
Yes, now.
Thanks, I'll wait.
"Hello? Give me commissioner Letellier."
"From whom?"
"Tell him it's from Minos!"
"Commissioner Letellier is not in his office, can you hold?"
Thanks.
"I'll see if..."
"Tell him I will call back at 10 o' clock sharp."
"He better be there. What I will announce is of prime importance!"
There are 187 fairs in Paris and its suburbs.
It would take the french army to watch it all.
Play the end again.
"Tell him I will call back at 10 o' clock sharp."
"He better be there. What I will announce is of prime importance!"

No background noise on that tape.
Either he switched phone booths, or the fair just left.
Of your 187 fairs,
Which one moved this morning?
We have 3 min. to reach d'enfer, it's too short.
Try to hold him on the phone.
"Roger"
And contact the local division, they could be there before us.
If we're not there on time, arrest him.
"Roger that"
"Chief, we have Minos on the phone!"
Tell him anything, shit! Tell him you're looking for
me, hold him!
Duvielle, is the car there?
Not yet, the division is far from the phone booth.
They're on their way.
We won't catch him.
"He just hung up, chief"
Shit!
"The car's there. They just arrested a guy coming out of the phone booth!"
Tell them we're on our way!
Asshole cops! Fucking bastards!
"Julien Dallas", science teacher.
Charges dropped.
Well, let's start again.
Who were you calling at 10 am from the
Malarme phone booth.
Fuck you.
"Nora Elmer", rings a bell?
Fuck you.
And "Germaine Doizon"?
FUCK YOU.
Say, for a science teacher, his vocabulary is quite limited!
Using a phone booth isn't a crime.
And I have nothing to say to asshole cops.
That's it, push my face in, beat me up!
Fucking... shit!
God damnit!
Ok, listen up.
I don't have time to play riot police vs student with you.
I'll drop my baton. Drop your brick, and let's talk.
Ok?
I've got 3 murders on my hands, with a 4th one on the way.
We've got a loony on the loose in Paris, killing.

And if you don't tell me WHO you were calling at 10 am,
I'll think it's you.

Don't you think that if ever there was a time you
should cooperate with the police, it's today?

I'll think about it.

That's it, think.

Duvielle, take him outside.

How's the mail?

We've gone through 742 letters so far.

We verified all leads.

On my part I have 75 pretending to be Minos himself.

Chief, I have a Pierre Valdeck, friend of Helene Grammont, to see you.

You want him to wait?

No, I'll see him.

Have a seat, Mr Valdeck

Thank you.

I didn't want to bother you personally, Commissioner.

You must be very busy with everything that's going on.

She was a great girl, you know.

I'm in total shock.

We knew she was threatened, we couldn't do anything.

Neither her friends, nor the police.

It's horrible.

No thanks.

Yes, thanks.

I thought of many things.

Why her?

Who could hate her?

For what reasons?

When I suddenly had an idea.

Maybe it's completely foolish,

But I thought about what linked all those murders.

And I suddenly realized that it all centers around the hospital.

Helene Grammont worked there,

Germaine Dozion... or Doizon, I don't remember her name,

Germaine Doizon.

Ah yes.

Sorry.

Thanks.

Well, she was operated in that same hospital.

And if I remember, Nora Elmer's husband was brought to us too,

After his car accident.

It might mean nothing.

Mr Valdeck if you ever need work come to see us,

you'll make a fine cop!
Sorry for taking your time, Mr commissioner.
Thank you, goodbye
Goodbye, sir.
Come in!
Good day, commissioner.
The fragments you picked up on the rooftop,
They come from a glass eye.
Certain?
We've been on it for 2 days, no doubt about it!
Thanks.
So, Mr Dallas?
Alright, I'll tell you who I was calling.
No need to.
I'm free?
Yes.
Why?
Cause you got pretty eyes.
And Minos doesn't know that we know he has a glass eye.
Hold your lighter the way you did when you offered it to Valdeck!
What did you do after?
I brought it closer to light his...
Good God!
Jean, look.
What date?
Today.
Find which letters are missing, it's the name of the next victim.
I think it must be that one.
Stop searching, I found it.
Pamela Sweet, 25th floor.
"Yes?"
Mrs Pamela Sweet?
"Yes, who is it?"
Police, ma'am.
Hello? Hello?!
"Listen good, Letellier!"
I have enough explosive to blow up the whole block!
"At your first action I will kill the whore, her pimp,
her daughter and the maid, you hear?"
Valdeck... what is it you want?
I'll tell you later...
I have to think.
Go in the back.
Get in the next room.

Don't be afraid darling.

It's nothing.

"Police has just surrounded the building..."

We just arrived at the building where Pierre Valdeck is hiding.

After throwing that grenade at the movie theater

earlier which killed one and injured seventeen.

You two, there. Evacuate the whole building!

Moissac, with me.

Greetings, Letellier.

Mr Prefect.

-Where you able to talk to him?

-Yes.

So, what does he want?

He says he wants to think.

"Julien Remy, Europe-1. Nothing new since our last report."

"Everyone's gaze here is fixed on the 2 lit windows of Pamela Sweet"

"And in the thick darkness falling on this tower,"

"Those lights represent a hope for life".

For the 4 hostages, a horrible night begins.

Also a night of patience for all the police forces present here.

Right now I see the Gendarmerie's Chief of staff coming in,

Col. Dupre who will join commissioner Sabba, and chief commissioner Letellier in charge of this investigation.

That's all I can tell you for now, back in studio!

"The images you are seeing now are live from Pamela Sweet's tower.

"Hundreds of onlookers watch the police's every move."

"On the roof, I can see the snipers, members of the gang buster unit,"

"of which commissioner Letellier was part not long ago."

"Led tonight by commissioner Bonselet."

"Is it the start of an operation? That's what we all wonder."

"Because on the police side, no one is talking."

"We'll return live as soon as we have news..."

Letellier!

Letellier, here.

Get your snipers down, immediately!

If they're not down in 30 sec I kill the hostages!

Valdeck, calm down.

I didn't send anyone on the roofs, I promised we'd take it easy.

"I'll take care of it".

Once you've corrected your mistake, I'll give you my conditions.

Evacuate the roofs, now!

What's going on?

And you guys, no initiative, understood? Wait for my orders.

Everyone get down, wait in the cars.

Moissac! The the press, the TV, the radio out!

He's watching our every move on TV.

"The police is evacuating all the media,
while above the snipers are coming down."

"We don't know if it means a step forward in the negotiation process."

"Well call you back once we get more on this, back in studio!"

Thank you, Patrick Picard.

We are happy to welcome professor Jacques Hepstein,
Specialist in mental illness at the Paris faculty,
and who has agreed to talk to us about the Minos case.

So, the question on everyone's lips, professor.

Can we negotiate with a psychopath such as Minos,
and if so, will he hold his promises.

You can always negotiate...

But it's difficult to predict the actions of a
man who's brain is damaged by a profound delirium.

To clarify, I propose a document, professor,

A recording we made earlier of Mrs. Valdeck, Minos' mother,
who owns a small restaurant called "le relais du nord", in Ardenne.
And here she is.

"I don't understand..."

"I'm shocked..."

"He was such a nice, gentle child."

"He only gave us pleasant moments."

"As a matter of fact, we made sure he never had bad company or reading."

"Our little Pierre still asked us permission to go out at 18!"

"I don't understand what happened!"

"I don't understand!"

There, you just heard an excerpt of Minos mother's interview.

Professor Hepstein, you wrote a book called

"Sexual Repression in our modern society",

The same society you accuse of creating a multitude of
neurotics through sexual repression?

You know, it was Freud who first said that
humanity as a whole was his client.

Only, since they don't all carry bombs, we don't notice them!

In view of the barricades which modern society erects
to obfuscate our sexual desires,

"Some individuals will escape into neurosis."

"I wouldn't be surprised if Valdeck was one of those neurotics."

But these so called anti-sexual barricades, don't you
think that we easily jumps them these days?

Yes, of course, provided you are the right age.

An official age, for the law,
A so called "moral age" for decency.
But the sexual appetite starts much earlier.
Take Minos, for example, he must have been a healthy child.
He is 12. His sexual organs have reached full maturity.
It is then that we barricade them with such notions as:
Indecency, shame, sin, culpability, moral, hell, etc etc
These are notions we invent and use to repress him sexually.
The child is then thrown into the great distress called "Puberty"!
Distress from which one comes out for better, or worse.
"Take these figures. In the US for example,"
"There's a sexual attack every 28 minutes."
"In other words professor, you're preaching comprehension?"
No!
"Letellier!"
I'm listening, Valdeck.
"Listen well, Letellier."
"This is the first part of my demands."
"I've set for 3 o'clock an explosion so strong,
no one will be left alive on this block if you do not obey."

At 2:

I will come down with the mother and daughter without any intervention!
The mother will drive, while I aim my gun at the child.
Up to Orly, where a manned plane will wait for us!
But what is he thinking? No airport will ever allow him to land,
no what where he wants to go!
What makes you think he's got a destination?
He's not asking for a plane to escape, but to give us his
next set of demands, from up there!
He will circle Paris,
Until we obey his orders.
WHAT orders?! The demands of a madman? Impossible!
Then...
What do you suggest?
Bid for time.
Yes?
"Valdeck, I've got the official ok, but he'll take a little more time."
"The car, that's easy, but the plane isn't."
"Give me time to take care of it."
What's the problem?
Orly closes at night.
I can't have a boeing in a few minutes.
I'm asking you to delay the execution of your plan.

"Meaning?"

Hello? Are you there?

Yes yes, I hear you. I'm thinking.

I will set my bomb for 7:15!

I will not change anything else, no matter what.

I see only one possible solution, colonel,

It depends on you, and it's very risky.

I'm asking permission to try it.

There are 2 men up there, I'm the only one who knows which is Minos.

"Hello, Valdeck? Letellier here... Do not interrupt me!"

"I will detail the whole operation to you."

"The car you requested will drive in front with a tank full of gas."

"He evacuated the whole police force."

"In 5 minutes, you can come down with the mother and daughter."

"Nobody will follow you to Orly West,"

"Where a boeing and its crew are waiting, ready to take off."

Jean! Let go!

Letellier!

Bravo!

What you did was fantastic!

Nah! No-brainer, all muscle.