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# Roberto Succo

By Pascale Froment

This film is based  
on real-life events.  
Five years later  
So, what do you do?  
- Sales rep.  
- What in?  
Gadgets. Perfume...  
You do business  
- Cartier watch?  
- Let's see.  
You can have the lot for a grand.  
You're not French.  
Are you Dutch?  
Coming?  
See those lights?  
That's Mont Faron. Been there?  
No.  
It's pretty.  
I used to live there.  
- How old are you?  
- 16. And you?  
Lea, I love you.  
It got away. I wanted to kill it.  
Did you notice my new car?  
Yes.  
- Do you like it?  
- Yes.  
It plays CDs too.  
Did you buy it?  
Fuck you!  
Son of a bitch! Arsehole!  
Dickhead!  
- I want you to stay here.  
- Why?  
You can watch the car for me.  
You're not smoking.  
Why have you got Algerian cigarettes?  
You'd make a good detective.  
Go on, tell me.  
I did a mission in Algeria.  
Really, what for?  
Scotland Yard sent me.  
Come off it,  
you're not even English.

Why do you say that?  
You don't sound English.  
What am I then?  
Italian.  
Well, am I right?  
- Italian stock.  
- What does that mean?  
Rome, Florence, Milan...  
I don't know Italy.  
- Venezia.  
- You're from Venice?  
Yes.  
You know the Friuli earthquake?  
No.  
I remember it as a child.  
We felt it at home.  
The walls shook, like this...  
- I bet you were a beautiful child.  
- Of course.  
My dad had a uniform  
and I'd take his...  
Stripes.  
I'd put them on.  
I felt proud.  
Why did he have stripes?  
Sottotenente.  
What's that?  
The police.  
Italy's a shithole.  
I'm not going back.  
The camorra, the mafia...  
Italy's awful.  
Are you okay?  
Here, a present for you.  
What for?  
- I'm leaving tomorrow.  
- Where to?  
I'm going home to Annecy.  
Look, it's a popple.  
It turns into an animal.  
I don't want it.  
I hate fur and animals.  
- It's not real.  
- I got you a present too.

- What is it?  
- It's at home.  
I said I can't go there.  
Come on.  
You've got so much.  
- Haven't you?  
- No.  
My flat is great.  
I've got a bed with white sheets...  
It's like a cloud.  
No one lives here?  
Just me.  
The whole building's mine.  
Sit down.  
Close your eyes.  
Open them.  
Like it?  
Yes. Thanks.  
Wait a second.  
I want to keep your voice.  
Press here and speak.  
- What should I say?  
- Anything.  
Turn a round.  
You're crackers from 7 in the evening  
until 8 in the morning  
and then you're okay.  
What's "crackers"?  
Mad...  
You're "crackers" too, at 8:10.  
You're crackers from 7 pm to 8 am,  
so we're a good match.  
It's Donald Duck.  
Wipe it off.  
- Whose make-up is it?  
- A girl lived here.  
- Where is she?  
- Gone.  
- What's her name?  
- Laurence.  
- Is she pretty?  
- Yes, very.  
Talk, dark, with beautiful eyes...  
Did it last long?

A year.  
Do you still love her?  
No, it's over... Divorced.  
I don't believe you.  
Reading Stendhal?  
You should too.  
"The Red and the Black" is our story.  
What time is it?  
Nearly nine.  
I have to go  
before Sylvia grasses on me.  
What's "grasses"?  
- She might tell on me.  
- Tell what?  
I had to swear not to see you.  
Why?  
Marco says you're too crazy for me.  
Why did he say that?  
I want you to stay all night.  
I have to go.  
I don't want you to go.  
Stay with me.  
You're crushing me...  
Marco's a fucker. He's dishonest.  
He still owes me money.  
I could crush him with one hand.  
He's your cousin,  
but I don't want to see him.  
What's this scar?  
A fight. Some queer who was after me.  
That's pretty.  
St Christopher. He protects me.  
Can you turn the light off?  
I've never made love before.  
I can dye your hair  
and we can vanish.  
Look... My secret agent ID.  
I'll get you fake papers,  
we'll leave.  
Major Thomas.  
The witness found the body at 6:15  
when he came for his car.  
It's Fayolle, an officer from Annecy.  
His holster was empty.

- Anything else?  
- A shot a round six.  
I'd say he died instantly,  
shot in the throat.  
We found a 22-calibre rifle slug.  
Fayolle's wife  
says he had his gun with him.  
- What was it?  
- A large-bore.  
- What model?  
- A police-issue Beretta.  
- Where are you?  
- Here.  
- Who is it, Lea?  
- It's for me.  
Let's go.  
- A new car?  
- Don't you like it?  
The back window' s broken.  
Some Arabs tried to rob me.  
Look, I was wounded here.  
And here.  
Who looked after you?  
The hospital.  
You're my first time.  
Of course! Like hell I am.  
I'm not lying, it's true.  
Come on, you've had other girls.  
You can tell me. I'm not jealous.  
There are others  
but I can't make love to them.  
I think of you too much.  
Kurt!  
Let's go back, I'm cold!  
I'm never cold!  
I need oil, I've broken down.  
Sorry, I've run out.  
Open the boot!  
Open the boot!  
Hurry!  
- Get in!  
- I can't, I've got a bad knee!  
Hurry up!  
I can't...

- Give me the keys!

- I'm lying on them!

The keys!

Show me how it works!

Show me how the gears work!

- First...

- The gears, come on!

Second... Reverse...

The windows!

You have to start it up.

Switch them off!

Switch the head lights off!

Sorry to bother you.

Can I look round?

Do you always park here?

Yes.

Didn't you not ice anything odd  
prior to your wife's disappearance?

No, nothing.

Not even a detail  
that seemed trivial?

This is probably not connected  
but Frangoise said she'd given  
a glass of water to a young man.

- She didn't say more?

- No.

I'm afraid it was my fault,  
I didn't ask.

May I take one?

Go a head.

In theory, your wife was kidnapped  
before her piano class, around 10:30.

The neighbours  
claim they heard nothing  
and there's no sign of a struggle  
near the chalet.

Your wife's Fiat  
was found 300 km away  
on the Grand-Bornand bend,  
near Digne.

Mr Cottaz,  
do you know a lawyer called Paillet?

No.

A lawyer in Digne. Are you sure?

I don't know him.  
Could your wife know him?  
Mr Paillet left the tennis club  
that evening at 11:30  
and never arrived home.  
He had to take that bend  
to get home to La Javie.  
We reckon he got there around 11:45  
about 15 minutes  
after your wife's Fiat.  
Why do you say that?

**At 10:**

200 km from here on that road,  
a man driving a Fiat  
tired to attack a taxi-driver.  
The taxi-driver saw someone  
flash the Fiat's head lights.  
The attacker could be her kidnapper.  
Do you think she's still alive?  
Apparently,  
she was, at that car park.  
Mr Paillet's car was at a  
service station near Chambery  
at 4 am with two people inside.  
That's all we know for now.  
Is the car park for customers only?  
Yes. And the staff.  
Who does that grey Audi belong to?  
I don't know, but I'll find out.  
Plea se do.  
And a coffee, please.  
Can I help you, sir?  
Who does the grey Audi belong to?  
I hadn't not iced it.  
Many people pass through.  
It's not a guest's though.  
I'll be straight back.  
Can I use the phone?  
It's Thomas.  
What's Paillet's registration?  
Meet me at the Auberge du Lac,  
at Veyrier.  
How come it's here?



He picked up his own car  
but no one not iced it here.  
Maybe he left on foot.  
Without the hostages then.  
Lea! Come on!  
- Why are you here?  
- Skive off!  
- It's my birthday.  
- Is it?  
Happy birthday.  
- How old are you?  
- 25.  
- 25! Are you sure?  
- Of course.  
- Do you know this place?  
- No.  
I never visit churches,  
they're spooky.  
I've been here at least 20 times.  
Do you believe in God?  
No, I don't. Religion's bullshit.  
I don't need a leader.  
Nothing scares me.  
Not even death?  
Death doesn't count.  
Life is just a dream.  
Here, this is for you.  
An engagement ring, for you and me.  
Thank you.  
Now, we're engaged.  
Lea, love between you and me  
is impossible.  
He just walked away with a bag.  
What happened exactly?  
I was driving to Marseilles  
after a disco.  
Is lowed down to look  
and I saw this man...  
I stopped to ask if he was okay  
and he told me,  
" I'm okay but you're in trouble, "  
and pointed his gun at me.  
So I got straight out and...  
he jumped into my car

and then the gun went off...  
The stuff from the 5 burglaries  
was in a car on the outskirts  
of Marseilles.  
In the boot were two guns,  
a load of ammunition...  
Here's the full list.  
The Annecy classifieds  
from February 14.  
What else?  
I called all the hotel guests  
from the week Mrs Cottaz vanished.  
One group sent me some photos  
taken in the car park.  
No good, the plates are blurred.  
None of us can get anywhere  
with Milene.  
She fancies you,  
although you're married.  
She won't give up.  
Last time I went home,  
my wife wanted a divorce.  
What's up?  
On April 27, in the home  
of Rachid Abdou, Annecy police  
found the papers of tourist  
mugged in Grasse  
and of a Peugeot coupe  
stolen on the Riviera last July.  
This Rachid guy said he took them...  
from a maroon Renault  
"with a broken window".  
Probably the Marseilles Renault.  
I called in to see the evidence.  
One of the ID cards had been altered  
with a new photo. Messy job.  
I made a photocopy.  
The bloke's not on file anywhere.  
The Fayolle murder...  
Frangoise Cottaz kidnapped...  
Taxi-d river attack...  
Paillet vanishes...  
Back to Chambéry...  
Menton St Bernard burglary...

Marseilles pile-up.  
Lea, you're changing.  
Why didn't you visit  
in the holidays?  
I was in Marseilles. On business.  
You could have called.  
Come on, I have to get her back by 5.  
I'm sorry.  
I want a child with you one day.  
But I can't have  
a normal life like you.  
What's a normal life?  
In Italy, my mother was very strict.  
One night, we argued about the car.  
I hit her once  
but then I couldn't stop.  
My hand was like a spring.  
She made these horrible faces.  
So I carried on...  
Two hours later,  
dad came home and I killed him too.  
The Italians put me in a mad-house  
full of mafiosi and other scum.  
After five years,  
I was sick of being inside.  
I had to get out.  
So I got a train.  
Ventimiglia, Menton, France...  
I found freedom.  
In France, I'm free.  
Quiet! I've got a gun!  
I'm a terrorist. We're going away.  
Where's your car?  
Head for Chambery.  
There are road blocks.  
They're after me, I'm a terrorist.  
Turn right.  
Not here! Turn left!  
You're use less! Turn around!  
If you cry, I'll kill you.  
- I need a cigarette.  
- I don't smoke.  
Look in my bag.  
- Are they there?

- No smoking!  
Celine, you live in Annecy,  
so why do you sleep here?  
My boyfriend.  
Why don't you live with him?  
I only go when his wife's away.  
That's bad. That's not love.  
I love my wife.  
She's a terrorist too.  
Get undressed.  
You're in love?  
Don't want to cheat on him?  
I watched from outside.  
Did he fuck you?  
Nothing to say?  
I'm tired. I want to go home.  
Why?  
I have an exam tomorrow.  
An exam? What in?  
Endocrinology.  
Hypophys is, hypothalamus...  
Haematology too?  
Yes.  
- Are you a doctor?  
- Not yet.  
Doctors gave me strychnine  
to make me talk. What a joke!  
I stole your man's card  
for amphetamines.  
I want to stop sleeping,  
like real terrorists.  
I'm cold,  
I'm putting my jumper back on.  
I go to houses to eat or wash,  
to make love to the women there.  
My name's Paul.  
My wife's a terrorist too.  
Let's visit my friends.  
I won't kill you but they might.  
Do well in your exam.  
If I fail, defend me with your gun.  
Yes, I'll do that.  
Stop here.  
Let's say good bye.

If you talk, I'll kill you.

- You don't scare me!

- Hands up!

- Hands up!

- Drop it!

There was another attack

one week later.

A couple attacked in the night

for no reason.

Why didn't you call for help?

The children were

upstairs in bed.

How a bout his chin?

Sort of square...

He had dark hair,

untidier than that...

And clearer, more staring eyes...

And a scar on his left eyebrow....

Did he have a revolver or a pistol?

I can't say.

- Did it look like this?

- No.

- What colour?

- Black.

A Beretta.

How similar

would you say this portrait is?

Fairly similar.

He spoke French and English

yet you claim he's Italian.

That's right.

- Why do you say that?

- His accent.

Could it be fake?

No, I don't think so.

Ludovic! Dinner!

Ludovic?

Are you there?

I want money!

Have you got any?

Nothing.

We're taking your car.

You too. Get in!

Start it!

- Do you want the car?  
- Shut up! Drive!  
Here! Turn down here!  
Stop.  
Show me the gears.  
Reverse! Hurry!  
Leave the lights on.  
Get out!  
You too!  
Walk!  
Stop! Strip!  
Everything! Take it all off!  
You too!  
Everything, I said!  
Everything!  
We found the car during the night.  
At 3 am, outside a dance-hall,  
a man attempted to steal a car.  
Five rug by-players chased him  
but he got away,  
threatening them  
with a crowbar and a gun.  
- The car?  
- Stolen in Veyrier on June 6.  
Do the plates match?  
Also stolen on June 12 or 13,  
at La Javie, 200 km south of here.  
Are you sure?  
Two shots at the taxi, one  
on the road, three in the night...  
Fayolle's gun held six bullets.  
It's empty now.  
He couldn't shoot last night.  
It's the same bloke.  
The woman and her child,  
another gratuitous attack.  
The missing ones, Celine,  
Fayolle... There's no motive.  
He stole plates in La Javie,  
a car in Veyrier. He's mad!  
- Can you make sense of it?  
- Maybe he has a hide-out here.  
That idea's no good.  
He's mad.

They say he has an accent.  
Two of the women  
think he's Italian.  
They seem reliable.  
- Have you called Interpol?  
- Yes.  
No Italian fugitives match up.  
Celine Simon  
had a long talk with him.  
She thinks he knows a bout psychiatry.  
He may well have been committed.  
We have to check  
the psychiatric files in Rome.  
Thomas thinks we need  
an international warrant.  
You can't be serious?  
People have said he's Dutch  
or even Portuguese.  
The bloke who said that  
has never left Marseilles!  
The man in pajamas wasn't sure.  
But said it sounded odd  
when he said "Hands up".  
I can't get an intentional warrant.  
- No link to Fayolle.  
- The others then...  
Use less, no one's been killed.  
- Two missing, three attacked...  
- They aren't dead.  
Even with a case,  
there's not enough proof.  
Very good, your Honour.  
- Why aren't you coming?  
- I can't.  
Where are you?  
I'm on my way to Italy.  
What for?  
- You can't go to Italy.  
- Why not?  
- You told me why.  
- That was bullshit.  
My parents run a shop in Mestre.  
I'm going to see them.  
You don't look happy.

What's wrong, sweetheart?  
Why did you come back?  
For you. To see you.  
If you don't want a baby, don't do it  
2 weeks before your period.  
Understand?  
I know, I've studied physiology.  
There's no such thing.  
What is it then?  
Biology.  
Give me that!  
Are you mad?  
You're having a cold shower.  
Eastern doctrines  
help you concentrate  
and overcome life's difficulties.  
Do you understand?  
Why are we always alone?  
People are arseholes,  
they do nothing for me.  
Kurt, I want to end this.  
I want to stop seeing you.  
What are you doing here?  
You can't stay here.  
Because of your friends?  
I can take on five of them  
and kill them all.  
Kurt, I want to stop seeing you.  
I'll join the Foreign Legion  
and get killed.  
You're everything to me.  
I've got to go.  
Police.  
She has to come with me.  
Get lost!  
She's dangerous.  
She has to come with me.  
Lea, he says he's a policeman!  
He wants to arrest you!  
Fuck off! Leave me alone!  
The body is huddled up,  
the left arm between the legs,  
the right arm held up to the face  
in defence...



The body hasn't been moved.  
That's how the victim died.  
A man or a woman?  
Hard to say.  
There's some dark hair  
but the face is a total mess  
and the clothes are in shreds.  
Look what I found in the pocket.  
The corpse was there all summer,  
the death occurred prior to May.  
The X-ray shows scarring  
on the ribs and rear of the skull.  
A bullet was fired  
through the back of the head.  
Like an execution.  
The bullet's distorted  
but it's a 9 mm.  
And the other mark? What is it?  
A stone carried in by vermin.  
The ID is complete.  
The blood group, teeth and hair  
all match Mr Paillet.  
We can release the body  
to the family.  
I was waiting for you.  
Two psychics and a medium  
located Francoise.  
At the Chapelle St Maurice.  
We'll look into it.  
Thank you.  
But...  
Don't expect too much.  
It gives us a little hope.  
Should we give up hope?  
Of course not.  
I didn't find the bullet.  
Large bore.  
- What's your name?  
- Cathy. You?  
Andre. You're new here.  
I'm from Dijon, I came  
to see the sea with my sister.  
- Where is she?  
- Over there.

On holiday?  
We've found hostess work  
at the Etna.  
Whores work there.  
We're not whores!  
Calm down, I'm kidding.  
I'm not doing that!  
It's just for two months  
until summer.  
I love you.  
Mind if I join you, girls?  
Want a fight?  
I'm Christian,  
I'm from the north.  
I'm feeling down tonight,  
I'm lonely.  
But now I can  
chat to you pretty girls.  
- Are you in the Navy?  
- On the Foch.  
- What about you?  
- Me?  
- What do you do?  
- I'm at the arsenal.  
In refrigeratory goods.  
You're not French?  
My mother's French.  
My father's dead. I'm Dutch.  
Stop it, that hurts!  
Come and meet Luigi.  
- Who's Luigi?  
- The boss of the Etna.  
Nadia, honey...  
Cathy's new here.  
Come on, we're going!  
We're leaving!  
What's wrong?  
Piss off, they're with us now, okay?  
I'll kill you all,  
I'll kill everyone!  
I don't want a fight!  
Stop!  
Watch out!  
Quick! Get in, quick!

Don't go, he's mad!

- What shall we do?

- We'll hitch.

I'm sick of this...

- Get in!

- Come on!

You think you're the mafia!

- Want to see how this works?

- No.

I hope you're not

going to use it again.

I'll kill the police,

I'm faster.

- Aren't we going back?

- No, away.

- I'm going home.

- The police are there!

We'll tell them we hitched a ride.

We'll all say the same thing.

We're going away.o

I'm not going with a maniac like you!

Take me back now!

Stop pissing me off!

- Get out!

- Leave me a lone!

- Money for the train.

- Keep it, asshole!

You're staying.

Wake up. Time to go.

You're not being a whore.

We'll go somewhere quiet.

My sister?

We'll get her.

The police will hassle her.

- Wait.

- No!

Wait, I said!

What are you doing?

I told them...

Your ID, please.s

Did you see the shooting?

I don't know the man who did it.

Andre?

- Yes, Andre.

- You know him!  
- Come along.  
- No, my sister.  
- She's here.  
- Liar!  
- Hurry up.  
- I'm waiting for her.  
Come on now!  
Why? I told you I don't know him.  
You're coming.  
What do you want? Your ID!  
Fucker!  
No!  
What are you doing?  
Do what I say or I'll kill you.  
I want to go to Yverdon.  
Do you know someone there?  
Sorry, I'm not used to this.  
Don't worry, I know the side roads.  
Go to Neuchatel Lake.  
Are there towns there?  
Yes, small towns.  
Neuchatel, Yverdon...  
Take me to Zurich then.  
Your accent sounds Italian at times.  
- Where are you from?  
- France.  
- Southern France?  
- Yeah.  
I like the South.  
I was in Cannes on holiday once.  
- Have you been there?  
- No.  
Did you walk from France?  
No, I had a car.  
But the police stopped me  
changing the plates.  
They shouted, "Hands up!"  
without any guns.  
Are you hot?  
Yes, I'm not used to this,  
I live outside.  
Are you wanted?  
Yes, in France

I killed two policemen.  
How did you cross the border?  
On country roads.  
I've got a gun,  
I'd have shot any police.  
I kill people who piss me off.  
I'll blow anyone's brains out,  
I don't care.  
Fine...  
You don't have much money.  
Look at all mine.  
I stopped at a garage earlier.  
The bloody attendant  
spilled petrol on my car.  
I blew my top  
and emptied out his till.  
- Can I have these jeans?  
- I've got plenty.  
You're pretty cool-headed.  
You could have fainted.  
I'm driving.  
I don't want to have an accident.  
Besides, I'm a teacher,  
I'm used to kids.  
I won't hurt you,  
I just want to cross the country.  
I'll take over at Zurich  
and drop you on the outskirts.  
I'll keep the car a bit.  
The police will return it.  
I'll need to know  
the speed limits here.  
Do German women shave their legs?  
When you get close to Zurich,  
the signs are all in German.  
I speak good German.  
Shit!  
I'll kill her!  
Let us through or I'll kill her!  
Let me speak to them.  
Leave us alone, don't shoot!  
I want a gun.  
Another magazine!  
Drive!

No one can understand,  
no one's been abandoned like me.  
- No brothers or sisters?  
- No.  
No family, no friends.  
I'm fucked.  
You're with a corpse.  
I won't go back to jail.  
I'll escape. Not prison.  
If they catch me,  
I'll blow my brains out.  
I killed the police with these.  
Faster!  
Go on, faster!  
Drive!  
We're getting out.  
I want to stay in the car.  
Stop!  
Get out!  
You're going no further!  
Final warning!  
Get back in!  
Drive!  
Bitch, you tried to betray me!  
- I thought they'd shoot.  
- Shut up. Drive!  
Faster!  
I'll kill her!  
Faster!  
Faster, for fuck's sake!  
Speed up!  
Come on!  
Faster, for fuck's sake!  
I'd like train times to Lyons.  
Yes, of course.  
Wanted  
What's wrong?  
That was Kurt.  
- What?  
- That was Kurt on the poster.  
Are you sure?  
It says he's wanted  
for killing policemen.  
He is?

Is it him?  
Could he have done that?  
I don't know.  
You have to go to the police.  
I'm not betraying him!  
He's killed someone. You have to.  
You could go to prison  
if anyone talks.  
You told the Annecy police  
in your statement this morning  
that Andre was your boyfriend.  
Is that right?  
Yes, but I called him Kurt.  
Can you give a precise description?  
I already did.  
We may well ask the same questions  
but I need you  
to reply again, please.  
He's fairly tall, dark, muscular.  
Light blue eyes. Several scars.  
Where are the scars?  
One on his eyebrow, on his nose,  
his forehead, his shoulder...  
I forget.  
Didn't they bother you?  
I just thought he liked fighting.  
When did you meet Kurt?  
Last summer, in Toulon.  
- When?  
- July.  
How exactly did you first meet him?  
I was on the beach with my cousin.  
We went for a drink  
and he sat down at our table.  
I went out with him that night.  
What happened after?  
- We carried on.  
- Meaning?  
We'd go to bars, to movies...  
We'd go for drives,  
to beaches around Toulon.  
- In his car?  
- Yes.  
- Describe it.

- A convertible.

- What make?

- Don't know.

A Peugeot?

Did you see him after the holidays?

Yes, in September.

He just turned up one day.

He had your number?

I thought he'd never call.

What happened?

We spent the afternoon together.

That evening,

I told him it was over

but he insisted. Then he left.

What happened then?

- I saw him on Saturdays for a year.

- Not in the week?

Only once, on his birthday.

He picked me up from school.

- When is his birthday?

- March 3.

What happened that day?

Nothing much. The usual.

Meaning?

We'd often go down to the lake

or the mountains.

He loved nature.

Did he seem at all strange that day?

No.

Did he always have a car?

He had a scooter once.

- The Peugeot coupe?

- No, he changed it.

What kind of car did he have?

I forget. He kept changing.

Can you remember all the cars he had?

There was a convertible...

A maroon Renault from Marseilles.

At one point, he had a BX.

The last one was metallic green.

Didn't that surprise you?

No, he told me he was a dealer.

Did you think

he was committing crimes?



Or that he had some  
dishonest dealings?  
He said he stole clothes.  
That's all, you're sure?  
Yes, except once  
he brought me some jam.  
He said an old lady  
had given it to him.  
I think he stole it in a squat.  
He squatted in houses?  
I think so.w  
Did he take you to them?  
No, he said it was dangerous.  
He took me to old barns.  
- Would you recognise them?  
- Probably.  
What did you do there?  
We'd have picnics or light fires...  
We'd practice shooting.  
Why did you do that?  
- He was teaching me to shoot.  
- Why?  
No reason.  
Describe the weapon you used, please.  
A shotgun with a sight.  
Did Kurt have other weapons?  
He had a bag with a big pistol.  
What was the pistol like?  
- A big pistol?  
- Pretty big.  
Why was he armed?  
- I think he was nervous.  
- Of what?  
One time,  
we had to agree on a password  
in case the police were at his.  
Do you have any other examples?  
- A name he used at hotels...  
- What name?  
Andre Gaillard.  
You say you finished it in November  
because you had " gloomy thoughts ".  
- Were you suicidal?  
- Yes.

Did he know?

Yes. I

- And he said?

- That he'd kill himself.

But you still split up?

In December, he came to school.

He was mad.

I haven't seen him since.

Not even once?.

He called me on my birthday.

What date was that?

- January 14.

- What did he say?

Just that he was a DJ in a club.

Did he threaten you?

Did he ever threaten you?

No.

- No threats?

- No.

- Strange behaviour?

- Sometimes.

Like what?

When I was asleep,

he'd pretend to strangle me.

Is that all?

No, in a barn once, he tied me up  
and pretended to make love.

I panicked and he started crying.

Then he seemed to forget it.

Was your sex life normal?

I wouldn't at first.

- And later?

- Sometimes.

- With your consent?

- Yes.

- Is Kurt foreign?

- Yes.

Did he say where he was from?

At first, he told us he was English  
but I didn't believe him  
so I asked him about it.

He said he was Italian.

- Where from?

- Venice.

What else did he say?

He said he'd killed his parents and  
been in prison and then denied it.

He told you that?

Yes.o

And you didn't react?

He refused to give himself up.

You didn't denounce him?!

- No.

- Why?

I didn't know if it was true  
and I was in love.

I'll call the magistrate.

Get Milene.

- We'll keep her.

- In custody?

We'll check

locations with her tomorrow.

A fax from Italy!y

On March 9, 1981, a guy stabbed  
his parents near Venice.

He was sentenced to ten years  
in a psych iatric un it.

After five years,  
he was allowed relative freedom.

In May'8 6,

he vanished during the weekend.

**D. O. B:**

**Name:**

- Is Lea awake?

- Having breakfast.

Send her up.

Lea's agreed

to go to her uncle's in Paris.

- What? Right now?

- Yes.

We'll be moving you too.

He might try anything.

- How long will it last?

- We can't say.

Can't you protect us here?

No, the man's mad and dangerous.

We don't know where he is.  
He may try to reach Lea.  
We can't risk that.  
What about school?  
Lea could be charged  
as an accomplice.  
Let's get going.  
Succo may try to return to Italy.  
He thinks Succo  
might try to come back.  
He's back.  
He's been spotted in a chalet  
at Piavedi Cadore.  
People have seen him in Mestre too.  
Where?  
Near his old home.  
Do you have the address?  
Fetch Gregorio.  
Gregorio, can you come in here?  
What's Succo's exact address?  
Via Trento, 80a.  
Was this man here then?  
He helped arrest him.  
Did he find his parents?  
Thomas, a French officer,  
is investigating Succo.  
I remember when he got here,  
he was yelling like crazy.  
We couldn't reason with him.  
The house was a bloodbath.  
The team  
had never seen anything like it.  
I knew his father well.  
Roberto Succo is a monster.  
I want nothing to do with him.  
- Did you understand?  
- I think so.  
Perhaps you could see  
the magistrate in Venice.  
Hello. How are you?  
I have to see Gregorio urgently.  
He's not here, it's his day off.  
A couple in Mirano  
have identified Succo.

He's been seeing their daughter.  
We're surveilling their house.  
Roberto Succo?  
Cuff him!  
I'm not Roberto Succo!  
I'm not Roberto Succo!  
Shut up!  
What's your name?  
Andre Gaillard.,  
No, I mean your real name.  
Stefano Bandino.  
Your name's Stefano alright,  
but Stefano Gardino  
according to...  
I'm not Roberto Succo!  
Can I get you coffee or a sandwich?  
What's your job?  
Killer!m  
Roberto...m  
Roberto,  
I know you're a killer.  
But you're a man with feelings.  
I'm speaking to that man.  
You're wanted in France.!  
Some girl in Annecy  
recognised my photo.  
How did you end up in France?  
I took the train to Toulon.  
Why France?  
I didn't know anyone.  
No one knew me. I was free.  
How did you live?  
I did moon lighting.  
- Was that enough?  
- No.  
What else did you do?  
I'd break into houses  
to steal, eat and wash.  
Empty houses?n  
Not always.  
What if you found people there?  
I'd bind and gag them.  
If I found women, we'd have sex.  
Were they consenting?

If they weren't, I raped them.  
One day, I found a woman alone.  
A beautiful woman.  
A real woman.  
She followed me.  
We took her car.  
I took her to my hide-out.  
We spent over a month together.  
We were in love  
but I made her wear handcuffs.  
When I took them off  
she tried to escape  
so I stabbed her to death.  
Did you kill anyone else?  
Yes, a man who gave us a lift.  
He tried to run off  
so I had to kill him.  
And a man who  
woke me up in my car one day.  
He said he was a policeman.  
He wanted ID so I shot him  
and stole his gun.  
How many have you killed?  
Six!  
Here he comes!  
Hey, guys!g  
See you a round!  
You bastards!  
I've fucking had enough!  
Fucking hell!  
I'm fucking sick of Italy!  
I'm going to jump!  
Why the hell don't you shoot?  
Fucking shitheads!  
Italy makes me sick!  
They put normal people  
with abnormal ones!  
And the abnormal with normal people!  
It's all shit!  
I can't stay in here any more!  
Fucking prison!  
I'm not Roberto Succo!  
I'm a political prisoner  
of the repressive Italian system!

Moon lighting is a plague in Italy!  
You've opted  
for a capita list society!  
I'm a Marxist!  
I want to fight it.  
I'm a political prisoner!  
My name's not Roberto Succo!  
I'm And re! Kill me!  
I can't kill myself!  
I'm not high enough up!  
Hi!  
Hi, dad!  
Lea!  
You're a whore!  
You're just a whore!  
You shouldn't have done what you did!  
It's your fault  
the Italians came after me!  
Lea, it's all your fault!  
You understand?  
You're a bitch!  
I don't want to see you  
or hear from you ever again!  
I don't want...  
I have nothing to  
say to you!  
That's the last thing  
I want to say!  
I know you can see me here!  
You're a whore!  
Go to hell!  
Stop it! Come down!  
Stop it! Stop causing trouble!  
Come down! Stop it!  
Shit!  
Pleased to meet you.  
I'm Judge Mauro.  
You know extradition is unlikely?  
We thought as much.  
Do you have the questions?  
Here, all translated.  
Are these unsolved cases?  
Just the missing woman.  
We have proof for the rest.

Please, have a seat.

I'll remind you of the charges  
against you in Italy.

" Carrying weapons,  
theft of a wallet,  
" car theft, forgery of documents,  
" forcible entry,  
false declaration in Reggio. "

Correct?

Yes, your Honour.

Do you have anything to say?

Yes. I stayed at the chalet  
in Piave

with the owners' permission.

They only lodged a complaint  
because of the negative publicity.

I suppose

you also took that car in Mirano  
with the owners' permission?

No, when I saw the car,  
I felt it had been left open for me.

I can't explain the phenomenon  
I feel things are granted to me,  
like finding mushrooms.

Property doesn't exist.

In the newspaper,  
I saw an order to do something.

Fate wanted me to find  
a stranger's identity card.

That allowed me  
to assume Bandino's identity.

I went to Sicily to get to Tunisia  
but I realised

I couldn't trust Arabs.

I received an inner order to return.

I went where I had to go,  
where the police were waiting.

I couldn't resist going there.

I went and I was arrested.

Fate brings us all together.

Nothing more to add?

In accordance with the law,

I shall now ask you

the French authorities' questions.



Are you the French magistrate?

I won't talk about France.

- 3 girls are in prison.

- You have no right!

I intend to remain silent.

My client will wait for  
the results of the psychiatric tests  
before proceeding.

Help us

before you're declared irresponsible.

You said you killed six...

My statements are off the record.

They have no value.

I refuse to answer.

That's all for today. Take him back.

What did you do to her?

- All okay?

- No problem.

- Have a good rest.

- Bye.

What the hell are you doing?

Fucking hell!

Roberto Succo's dead!

Roberto Succo's dead!