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**Souris chez les hommes,
Une (A Mouse with the
Men)**

By Unknown

A MOUSE WITH THE MEN

Are you coming, Marcel?

- Shut up.

Can't you do it?

- I think it's bent.

Are you sure? I asked you something

Yes, of course.

If it's not working, it's not my fault.

We should have brought the burner.

Never. It reminds me of the factory.

You don't want to be in the

factory, I don't want to be in jail.

People could come home any

moment. They won't like this.

Give me a break.

- I do, but this isn't going anywhere.

We're barely earning our petrol back.

No ambitious stuff.

That's what got to Napoleon.

If you ask me, it's a

matter of persevering.

But we do find less and less money.

The banks aren't helping

with their small accounts.

And don't forget savings banks.

- That's how these things go.

We can't force people to

keep their money at home.

But we can handle things differently.

And how do you want to

do that? Care to tell me?

With a gun in our hand at the bank.

That's where the money is these days.

Have you gone completely insane?

Are you alright?

- Fine.

They just walk the street

with the money.

What's wrong?

- We don't rob banks.

It must be sleep deprivation or

even depression...

...but I never want to

hear this nonsense again.

I want to go. You deserve
to be hit on the head.
Get in.
This was not the right
day to discuss the future.
With anger.
Call me in three or four days.
- Maybe I'll call you earlier.
A place I've been keeping
an eye on for a while.
I know someone at that place.
The check-out woman.
She'll do anything for
me and she adores me.
Isn't it time for a nap?
Yes laugh. But you're not against a
few bundles of bank notes, are you?
No. Have a rest and dream sweet dreams.
'Adores you', right?
How was your job at the Elyse?
As always. Everybody was there.
And when that's the case, the president
keeps his nose clean.
But he took me aside for a moment...

And he said:

What did he tell you?

He said:

He said:

- In which pocket?
No idea, but I'll see him again soon.
You have such a fascinating job.
- Hard work.
And always at night. Do any of
your colleagues work during the day?
The daredevils... I mean,
that's up to everybody.
If anyone calls, I'm not in.
Even at home it's difficult.
Agnès.
- Daddy.
Hello, Mr Blanchet.

Hello, darling.
- Hello, sweetheart.
You look tired.
- I'm beat.
The conference continued all night.
The boss begged me not to quit.
And now the entire north is mine.
All machines sold from the
west to the east, go via me.
And I'll make twice as much.
So we don't have to
save on anything anymore.
No!
Shall I fill up the bath?
- With bath salts.
Will you really make lots of
money, dad?
Yes, sweetheart.
You do best in life...
by working hard and being honest.
Did you hear that?
I've come a long way.
I was at the mercy of the waves.
I've survived many storms,
but I always overcame.
The way I see it: Work comes first.
Are you coming?
Your bath is ready.
You're right.
Money's there to be spent.
We'll be doing that
with my house plans.
That's right. Think big.
I want pink granite for the chimney.
And for our room, I want fabric
against the walls. A bit of class.
You're doubling the budget.
Got it this morning.
Want to have a look?
Show me. Fine.
All not a problem...
Three million six hundred...
Listen, no way.
But you approved of everything: shelves,

the chimney, Agns' room.
You kept saying it was alright.
- I just said that.
You're not honest or
you're not listening.
I thought it was only an idea.
- Ideas can be put into practice.
Not all of them.
To us.
No, to your patients.
- Those poor folk.
Aren't they too much of a burden?
Your patients.
Last week you worried about...
I remember who.

Wait a moment:

- What a memory.
As a checkout woman,
I remember all the numbers.
Well, number 37?
You're kidding. Tell me.
I entered the operating room...
He was on the table... He looked well,
pulse 37, blood pressure 14/18.
To the left, the anaesthetist: check.
To the right, the surgical nurse: check.
Contact, engine, bang... All fine.
I attacked. An incision...
Pay attention.
An incision above the belly...
Superficial, but still... Dissection...
Listen to me. Dissection...
Dissection of the belly
and a soft landing on the peritoneum.
But let's talk about you.
How's retail going?
Our top seller, as Mr Dufour calls it,
is the negligee. That makes money.
Very delicate stuff.
One wrong movement in bed,
one impertinence, and it goes wrong.
Another 25,000 francs.
- Stop it.

Dufour is close to the
Champs-Elyses.

Sometimes I have a turnover
of close to two million francs.
You take precautions, don't you?
Against whom?

- Thieves, bandits, dishonest people...

You're as suspicious as Mr Dufour.
Twice a day, he takes the money
to his house.

The money in one bag,
a gun in the other.

Am I boring you?

- I'm thinking about that gun.

I don't like it.

So many accidents happen.

Dufour doesn't put bullets in it.

The good soul.

He likes a prank.

Yes? Who's speaking? One moment.

For you.

- I'm getting fed up.

Who?

- The manager.

Hello, it's me. It's me, Marcel.

A golden opportunity. Two million old
francs. I know exactly how and what.

Interesting information, sir,
but who does it come from?

The checkout woman. She adores me.

She's head over heels.

Get rid of her right away.

Remember that people gossip, sir...

Turn that off. I don't hear a thing.

- You don't have to yell at me.

Nothing. I was talking to my wife.

You have a wife. That makes it easy
to be strict with others.

No problem, sir. A reliable business,
ten years of recommendations...

...with adventurous speculations.

Try to understand. I have to take
her home. I promised.

Sure, but don't touch her.

You can't tell her anything about us.
Swear.
But if I tell you...
- Swear.
I swear.
- Good. That's much better.
And kind regards to your wife.
Good evening.
Doctor. Are we going?
Unfortunately, we have a patient
with allergy symptoms...
But what about me? The day
before yesterday, I felt a pain here.
That's worse than an allergy.
This could kill me.
You were going to look at my X-rays.
Don't leave me behind here, doctor.
You can't do that...
A last drink?
- I'm in a hurry and I swore...
Impatient man.
Have a look.
I'll be right back.
Swear, Marcel.
The newest Dufour design.
What do you think? Delicate, isn't it?
Your X-rays look fine.
Call me Catherine.
Lay down.
Take off your shoes.
- No, I don't want to.
I never do that when
I'm with a patient.
You're a strange one.
I figured as much.
A doctor is different from the rest.
Keep your shoes on...
What's wrong?
- My delirium.
I shouldn't have drunk anything.
It's hereditary.
My parents both drank.
I've already strangled a few patients.
I need a chamomile drink.

Shall I call the doctor?

- A cab rather.

Hello, cab?

He'll be here in three minutes.

You're a character. You don't let anything get you down.

A real man always stays calm.

That's true.

The cab's coming.

- He'll wait.

It's downstairs.

- That's alright.

This is not possible...

Swear, Marcel.

Pretty and smart.

That must be her.

And our scaredy-cat.

The wheel.

I only see the girl.

Two minutes and 45 seconds, not bad.

What are you doing there?

- Looking.

Continue. Or I scream...

She's crazy.

- Better be careful...

I'll kill her...

Careful. One wrong move and I throw this through the window.

What do you want?

- I want to see what you'll do next.

I think we'd better leave...

- I'll scream, you know...

Alright. This is what we'll do.

We show you everything, but you have to behave.

And be quiet. Promise.

Keep an eye on her and make sure she's quiet.

An expert.

- Shut up.

Bravo, bravo.

- Enough. Shut up. Sit down.

And? Did you enjoy it? Was it amusing?

- Great.

A moustache makes you look
a lot older, Mr Blanchet.
Even if it's attached well.
Because it's fake, of course.
What's this? Do you know her?

- No, really.

But she knows you.

I'll kill her.

You shouldn't stay too long.

She's right. Hurry up.

How do you know me?

How is that possible?

Tomorrow, five o'clock, in the bar.

- No way.

Want me to get my memory back?

'There were two, chief. I knew one
of them. It was Mr Blanchet. '

Alright. Five o'clock, if you insist.

But not a minute later, understood?

You two. She knows your name.

She's not a psychic, though.

It's not what you think.

Are you suffering from amnesia?

- There's nothing wrong with my memory.

Anyway, we have to get rid of her.

First of all:

And second:

you'll do it in broad daylight.

I have until tomorrow to think
about that. I'll go first.

Now you. The bag.

Damn. The bag.

- Haven't you got it?

It was full of money.

You gave it to me,

she called me by my name...

But then we have to go back.

- It's my mistake, so I'll solve it.

Stop it. We share the money,

so we share the risk.

If we do it together,

we won't get a lesser sentence.
The bastards. At my place.
Everything.
They took everything.
Police? I'm calling about a burglary.
At my place, yes. Lon Dufour.
That's fast. I just hung up.
Were you informed over the radio?
That's correct, Mathieu.
What did you think? Times have changed
Everything's electronic now.
Do you have a licence for that?
- You should. Oh well, never mind.
Gentlemen, my place was just burgled.
It's a disgrace.
Wait. You didn't touch anything?
- Nothing.
I walked from the door to the safe
and I called you right away.
Check the safe with the gentleman.
I'll look for clues.
Look at me...
Watch your step...
Now look well. Not at me.
Do you think there was a burglary?
Don't touch anything.
I'm not sure, but I've got the key
and no one knows the combination.
So burglary.
- Maybe.
Yes or no? I have to know.
A false statement at the start
can ruin the entire investigation.
How much was in the safe?
-90,000 francs. Nine million.
No time to lose. That safe has
been broken into... Papers... Come on.
This is a job by Big Loulou.
He has a head start of an hour.
And the fingerprints? Traces?
- Specialists will look for them.
Shouldn't I make a statement?
- We've got it.
Don't say anything else.

That would only confuse things.
The reception committee,
- And very close.
Dufour, which floor?
- The fourth.
We'll break our necks on the roof.
You too.
It's here.
Police, open up.
Already?
I lost all sense of time.
You were really very fast.
What happened? A little burglary?
- Not so little.
Where's your equipment?
For pictures and fingerprints.
In due time. First tell us how
it happened.
Do you want a statement?
- Exactly.
Let's not confuse things.
The statement is for your colleagues.
You're nervous for a professional.
The police might catch us.
Of course we're careful.
Have a sip of whisky.
Mummy's in Vichy, daddy's in Deauville.
Nobody will disturb us.
Except the cops.
The janitor saw me go up.
I'll have to open up.
Police, open up.
Police. Did you notice anything?
Did anybody sneak through your house?
I should have killed her.
Two unknown men?
- The window to the roof is still closed.
What's happening?
- I was robbed of nine million.
The liar.
And the worst thing is
that those gentlemen...
Go inside. It's crowded enough here.
You'll read about it tomorrow.

Please.

Did your partner do well?

Don't I get a compliment?

- Yes, you did very well.

What were our colleagues going to do?

- They were going to arrest Big Loulou.

Thanks a lot.

You could have told me. Look.

Lucille? Lucille Bayer? It's Lucille.

Five years later. Remember Houlgate?

- The weather was great.

And you almost really swam.

There was a flower festival. You put
a crab in your mother-in-law's handbag.

My mother-in-law... you know.

Enough.

Earlier you didn't know this clown
and now you're best buddies.

Don't get worked up.

We're just talking.

This lout is completely right.

May I?

Let's talk business.

I won't let you leave without
claiming my share.

Why did you have this much money in the
house? Don't you have a bank account?

Certainly. I deposit my money at the
trade bank, each Friday.

That would be tomorrow.

Tell me, are you insured for this?

Fortunately yes. Up to
ten million in cash.

Look at me.

nine million. He's got guts.

That's life.

If everybody was dishonest,
things would be a big mess.

Alright, I'll make a sacrifice.

I'll kill her...

Thanks for your hospitality,
but we have to go.

Don't move.

All clear. The janitor in the police-

men's car and Dufour with the inspector.

Thanks anyway.

- Not in the pub tomorrow.

No need to see each other tomorrow.

- Yes, there is.

Capriciousness?

- No, blackmail.

Tomorrow, four o'clock, Jardin des
Plantes. Near the dinosaur's head.

I prefer a less conspicuous animal.

- What do you suggest?

Four o'clock, Muse des Colonies,
near the crocodiles.

I bet they're not hungry.

Those animals eat less than you'd think.

Two or three kilos per day.

Really?

What about the explorers?

They're having a laugh.

They exaggerate the danger, of course.

I was worried because of that sign...

- Marcel's idea.

So good to know your name.

- It might not matter anymore.

Those faces.

Have you been bickering again?

We never bicker.

- Good. I don't want to cause a conflict.

Imagine:

I ran away.

Then they find a letter with
the proof on my desk.

Such a nice girl.

- I trust you blindly, Francis.

Shall we discuss it quietly somewhere?

I've done some thinking
too, yesterday.

I've decided to join you.

Quite a combination, isn't it?

Not a bad idea. Francis and I provide
the tools, the car, the experience...

...and you get a third
of the profits.

Without doing anything for it.
I'm sure you wouldn't want that.
Listen, I'll be giving a lot.
I'll give you everything you need.
Precise information, thorough selection.
You've got a lot of imagination.
But in the meantime, we do all
the work, while you just wait.
I can do anything. I can be on the
lookout. 190 degrees, like a bee.
Did you read Metterling?
- No, but we read the penal code.
You can get five years for
recruiting young girls.
Don't say no right away.
Two Manets, Czanne, Caravaggio,
two Corots, Fragonard, Ribera...
Does that mean anything to you?
- Oh well, the art of painting...
They're all real. Four years ago,
someone offered 70 million for them.
And the owners give us a tour?
- No, they're asleep.
Just like their staff.
The whole house sleeps. Too good to
be true. Such luck.
The darlings.
They're sound asleep.
But Marco and Polo are guarding.
- Who are Marco and Polo?
Yappers.
It's not a masked ball.
- Know the classics...
Take off that mask.
Come on.
You're good. Hello, sweet doggies.
Quickly, the sugar. It's aunt Lucille.
Yes, darlings.
Sugar for my dogs.
They'll be happy about that.
Help me over that wall.
Quickly.
Wait for me on the other side.
Aunt Lucille's coming.

It's me. Quiet.
Hush. My sweet darlings. Hello.
Here, darling. You're so beautiful.
Are you coming?
Come on. Come down.
Can they be trusted?
- Completely.
Brace yourself.
What shall we do?
- We're going.
They're good dogs. Look.
Come on.
Don't be afraid.
They're really very sweet.
Make them give you a paw
and give them a sugar cube.
Give me a paw?
- Give him a paw.
Give him a paw.
- Maybe they can carry something.
We've introduced each other.
Where's that ladder?
Quiet.
Look at that.
Not a bad joint.
It looks a bit like
a haunted house.
Don't worry, that's an owl.
- I'd rather hear a nightingale.
Hush. Marco, Polo, hush.
That little window. To the right.
A bit more. Hold them.
Careful.
- The hardest part's done.
I'm going upstairs
and I'll open the door for you.
Shut up.
A sugar cube for the doggies.
A bit higher.
My niece. Lucille, darling. What a
surprise. Good that the door was open.
Let me look at you. Beautiful.
What is it? Dior? Cardin? Fraud?
I want the same in glass green.

Mine are so inconspicuous.
Have you seen my last acquisition?
Come along.
Don't get a shock...
Marco, Polo. Go outside.
Those animals are dangerous
and you leave your friends outside?
Out. Go, Marco.
Aunt Emma, these are...
Never mind. Who's the engineer and
who's the lawyer? Only the first names.
Francis.
- Very nice.
And Marcel.
- Charming.
Don't just stand there. Be hospitable.
Port, whisky.
We didn't want to disturb.
- We were in the neighbourhood.
I really wanted to meet you.
Beautiful, that chivalry.
There's something 17th century to
courting my niece together. Very French.
We do our best.
- A whisky...
I knew Marcel was the engineer.
Big head, piercing look, lethal jaws.
Impressive, but...
- Lucid.
You're more than lucid,
you're a bit of a psychic.
You're funny.
- I do my best.
Thank you, aunt Emma.
Francis,
you have quite an opponent.
Lets have a drink.
And may the best man win.
Come, have a look at
my boarder.
Only three specimen: the British Museum,
the Carnegie collection and this fellow.
He's in excellent hands here.
Notice how determined the male

hammers the ground with his little feet.
The sound, inaudible to humans,
has of course been amplified.
He wants to attract the attention
of the female.
At the right, you can see
how she scampers off.
A love song produced by
squeaking wing cases.
A wedding song starts...
Isn't it fantastic.
That refined shrill sound, the atonal
contrast, daring yet clear.
Francis really loves art.
What do you like most?
- I love Caravaggio...
You know the way, Lucille.
Madam.
Look at that.
- Great. And all's been taken care of.
Except that aunt's nuts
and she's an insomniac.
Well, it could all have
gone a lot worse.
Who does she think we are?
- Are you getting jealous?
I'll show the Caravaggio.
- I can find it myself.
Make her shut up.
- I'm with family here.
That's enough.
I don't want to hear another word.
Don't you understand how Francis feels?
There's a hundred million francs here.
The pinnacle of sadism.
- There she is.
I won't get out. The subway is closed.
Drop me off near a cab.
Get out.
You're not going to make me walk home.
- That's exactly what I'm doing.
You're villains. Losers.
You're mean. You'll hear from me.
Did they make you sad?

You can have my things.
What does this mean?
- That I quit.
What will you live off?
- No idea. I'll just work hard.
And what do I do? Fish?
- You'll survive.
You sound like you're
talking about a dog.
Turn on the drama.
When we just met...
When we just met...
- We were two losers.
But working as a team,
we became real professionals.
We've known good times.
But they're over now.
Our trade's history.
And me? I'm a tradesman.
What will become of me?
I'll continue on my own
and I'll be caught quickly...
...and you'll be responsible
for my death.
You don't even know what
responsible means.
Did you see Lucky?
- If you're not jealous: at the bar.
If she doesn't mind,
I'd like more lessons.
What about me?
- He's my teacher too.
You'll get him back in ten minutes.
I didn't think you were very funny.
- I have a job for you.
I can offer you a real holiday.
Is it work or a holiday? It's never
clear with you. I'm listening.
It's not hard work. You've got to
write something. You can write, yes?
Are you coming, Lucky?
Our milling machine has a
beautiful control mechanism.
Automation via

a binary connection makes...
Unfortunately, your company
is ten years behind.
I don't know who'd have a use for it.
Maybe a locksmith.
arrival money transport 9:45 AM

departure 9:

What are you doing?
- I'm riding a bicycle.
I don't want to know anything about it.
- I'm not asking anything.
But I am. Leave metallurgy
out of your activities.
I'm broke.
My work isn't paying anything.
Rip off the Eiffel tower, hijack
a tourist boat, forge the Mona Lisa...
...but leave me out of it.
You don't have to help me.
- I'm so glad to see you again.
You exchange addresses, promise to call,
but nothing comes of it.
Francis will be surprised.
- You bet.
Is he still dealing in cars?
- In machines. That's better than cars.
I'm sure he'll recognise me
after five years.
He'll say you're beautiful.
He called me his sister
and taught me to swim.
Most of them learn the breast stroke
in 12 lessons. You needed 29.
I counted them.
Hello, darling.
Lost.
- I say.
I don't get it.
She bet that you'd recognise her.
Lucille Bayer.
No.
- Yes.
Isn't that nice.

How are your dear parents?
Fine. Mum's in Vichy, dad in Deauville.
- Their paths cross.
Not necessarily.
You have a strange sense of direction.
It must be fatigue...
- You can go to bed after dinner.
That darling Lucille's
having dinner with us.
That's very nice.
Didn't I throw you out?
- Tomorrow we meet your buddy.
In the Muse des Colonies,
near the turtle aquarium.
Dinner's served. You sit there, Lucille.
And you here.
Lucille happened to find
our address.
A business card in a
detective novel you were reading.
'Con men of the suburb. '
- That's a remarkable title.
So you're in machines. Which?
Cramps? Burners? Perforators?
Engineering machines.
And do you still swim?
- More and more.
You're lying. He never swims. We went
on a holiday in the Auvergne.
I'm into underwater fishing.
For turtles.
Have you ever seen them swim?
There are many of them...
What are you doing?
I wanted to get some bread
and my leg slipped.
Must be something to do with my
metabolism.
If I knew there was a fight coming,
I wouldn't have stayed.
She's quite something.
If she tells Sylvie everything,
I'll be divorced.
Now that you work legally,

there are all these rules suddenly.
Good to see you again. Hi, Francis.
- You wanted to see us. Here we are.
I'll be gone in three minutes,
so better be quick.
five kilometres
on foot...
...five kilometres
on foot...

I repeat:

deserted on Sundays...
...has over 300 million in the safe...
...it's not a bookmaker's office, not
a bank and not the Finance Department.
A department store.
- I was about to say that.
A department store.
A department store.
With the aunt, we almost knew too much.
We don't now.
We know the money's there,
but that's all we know.
A pity.
- Listen.
If one person has to find the safe,
it could take half a year.
We'd fail
and be perplexed.
Perplexed, what's that?
- That we only did it in our dreams...
I understand.
But I can get you in officially.
A variation on the Trojan horse.
- Don't bother us with riddles.
You'll like this.
Just wear gloves for the
fingerprints.
'I highly recommend the owner of this
document, the son of a good friend. '
It's real. Mr Lagnot's really
a friend of the sender.
Only the signature's
a bit fake.

But it's been forged so often that
nobody will notice.

Even the bank employees
buy it. Really.

Stationary, jewellery, perfumery,
white goods, lingerie...

A bit faster, please.

Alright, ladies and gentlemen.

First floor:

toys, sports, bank, stamps...

Second floor.

Quiet, nothing's on fire.

Third floor.

Ladies and gentlemen, the third floor.

The first floor.

- The stairs are there.

I wanted to go to the second.

- Same advice for you.

...eighteen, hundred and nineteen,
hundred and twenty.

From ties to toys:

Excuse me, the fabrics department?

- It's on the third floor.

Of the old part?

- Yes, behind the garden furniture.

That new guy should walk
the marathon.

He's walked many kilometres already.

Look, there he goes again.

Unbelievable.

It'll pass. I started like that too.

I thought I could do anything.

I must say I find him strange.

Is that you, Victor?

Shoplifting in the lingerie department.

A brunette. It's under her coat.

She walks to elevator 3. My pleasure.

Got another one.

Don't you find it cold today?

I'm always cold.

I'm a real hothouse plant.

A friend calls me 'the orchid'.

Pretty Mireille will be disappointed.

She won't get anywhere with him.
Look well. From baby's department, to
hygiene, to shoes and to lingerie...
...that's easily 70 meters.
But there's a camera in the corner
of lingerie and garden furniture.
And another one near the
school outfits.
Can you see those cameras?
- No.
Why not?
- They're hidden in the walls.
We can destroy them.
- No way.
That's too suspicious.
- Leave technique to us.
I have an alternative.
I propose the following route:
men's shoes, hygiene,
needlework, shirts...
...garden tools
and out via the fabrics department.
We'll do it that way.
Good, everything's solved.
Let's drink to that.
Do you really think it's
all solved?
Did we miss something?
- Yes, you did. What's my share?
And the drama starts all over again...
There's an intercity at nine.
You'd be in Lyon before lunch.
Yes, but I'd take Marcel
and he refuses to travel by train.
Do you really have to do this today?
Those conferences are always on Sundays,
darling. I really have to be there.
Or else they'll gossip.
They can't stand that I'm ambitious.
Hurry up. I packed your
bathrobe and your pyjamas.
It's only for two days.
- You never know.
Call me when you arrive.

- Tomorrow probably.
It doesn't matter what time.
Is tomorrow morning alright?
- Or else tomorrow evening?
Oh, yes, those lucky guys...
- We're leaving.
We're gone.
Tonight's European Cup football.
Haven't you seen enough television?
Funny. Well done.
Nice of you to come over.
I can't do that.
A bat?
- No, a bee.
I can never do that.
How much longer do you have to work?
An hour.
I have to take stock.
I could use a cup of coffee.
- No problem.
Two coffee for security.
I know where it is by now.
Come in, girl. Mocasse finally
hired new staff.
She's beautiful, isn't she?
- A picture.
You make me blush.
Don't leave.
We'll drink it quickly. Sit down.
No, I'd rather stand.
- Nice of you to serve us this late...
Do you always have the late shift?
- No, every second week.
Me too. Do you like movies?
- No.
I bet you haven't seen 'Ben Hur' yet.
- No, I haven't.
I haven't seen 'Ben Hur' either.
Talk about petite...
An object in the shop window...
What's wrong with me?
You're really a rare sight.
That...
...label.

To daredevils who are getting ideas from these scenes...

...the board of department stores wants to say the following:

It's not this easy to make security personnel fall asleep.

How can I help you?

- Shut up.

Shall I get this one?

- Leave me alone.

You were right. That burner reminds me of the factory. Hellish. Devilish.

I found two already.

- Very good. Now the other one.

At least she doesn't bother us now.

Fire.

Damn, they put an alarm on it.

There. It's open.

How did she do that?

- Don't act so cheeky.

She seems to think she can start cracking safes.

Let her think that.

I'll kill her...

- Not now.

Fire, fire.

In the basement, the safe, everywhere.

Oh, the bastards. The bastards.

Hello, police? Police?

Wait a moment.

Straight ahead. 65 meters ahead.

- I don't see anything.

We're trapped.

The bag.

The bag, Marcel.

The bag fell. I can't see it anymore.

I see it.

I'm holding it.

In first gear. I know what first gear is.

Let's not divide the loot at my place.

- Then we go to my place.

Where Dufour will be waiting for us?

Say, what about your place?

- I'm supposed to be back tomorrow night.
I'm supposed to be in Lyon.
Damn, I should have called Sylvie.
Nice of you to call. Wasn't it too bad?
What's that?
- She went out.
When?
- Over two hours ago.
When she heard about your accident.
- I'll be there right away.
Where are we going?
- To my place.
Somebody said I had an
accident. Sylvie left.
Left where?
- No idea.
Get up. We're going.
- I earned that money.
Lucille, darling. What a coincidence.
And the inseparable duo.
Be careful.
I'll explain everything later.
- Let her speak.
Marco, Polo, this is a kidnapping.
Cab.
What's going on?
- I don't understand.
A young man said you
had an accident.
Madam leaves to see you.
And now you're standing in front of me.
And every 15 minutes, somebody calls
with news about madam for you.
It's alright. You can go home.
- Who's that guy then?
Good to talk to you.
Bravo, quite an apotheosis.
It was spectacular from the outside.
Yes, enough. Where's my wife?
- With me and my friends.
Try to find out where.
- Is your friend Marcel listening in?
You know a lot about us, don't you?
- Everything, old man.

Put Francis back on and listen in.
Are you there?
I've got your wife, you the money.
We swap. Simple.
But only my share.
- All of it.
Yes, I understood.
Where can I find my wife?
The ice rink, in an hour,
near the entrance.
Are you three people?
Did you bring it? Good.
Strange trap.
Anybody there?
- Easy.
I've got two guns aiming at you.
Smith & Wesson. 357.
Hands up. We'll search you.
Please walk straight.
I appreciate your punctuality.
Come this way, little lady.
Enough theatre. I'm here, the money's
here. Give me my wife back.
We don't buy that, of course.
First the bag.
It could be full of comic strips.
The money's really there.
I always had the key.
If I can have a look,
I'll let the lady go.
I should have killed her.
Careful of the dogs.
- Bastard. Lout.
Bastard.
Any news?
Careful.
Try it on again.
It's not true.
It can't be true.
- We really have to retire.
That's enough. Help him.
I'll go with you.
It's counterfeit money.
- Damn.

We have appearances against us.

But to call us burglars...

- Stop it. She knows.

Could a criminal change?

Yes, as long as he works.

Is that the solution?

- The only one.

I used to be a bench fitter.

Bench fitters can work anywhere.

I'll start next week.

- For next to nothing.

If you have an interesting job
that involves lots of money...

...you have to continue to
think big.

You have the knowledge and the
experience. You're missing a brain.

No problem. You do the physical work.

I'll do the thinking.

The three of us,

we're a good combination.

And I already have some ideas.

I'll kill her...

THE END:

for now