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# Subway

By Luc Besson

Shit!

Damn it!

Shit! Goddamn it!

Lend me 20 grand

and I'll return the papers.

Lend? You'll pay me back?

Who gives a shit about your money

and photos...?

Oh, yeah! Your photos...

There's one of you

when you were a kid.

Nine years old, 60 pounds.

You were already a knockout.

I'll come down to 10 grand

if you let me keep it.

Okay.

What? Could you repeat that?

Where and when?

**The subway, 10:**

All right?

Don't put yourself out

on my account.

Do you have the papers?

Any trouble finding it?

None at all.

Do you have the papers?

- Thanks, I sure love this picture.

- The papers.

- You're hard on me.

- Oh, yeah? Why?

I was looking forward to us  
meeting again, in a quiet spot.

Your place was crowded.

We couldn't talk.

- Now we're here and you're ruining it.

- You ruined it!

You didn't have to blow up the safe.

I just don't like safes, that's all.

Is that your idea of a joke?

Is this a joke? We said 10 grand.

We deducted expenses.

Oh, yeah?

Thanks for coming.

Be reasonable.  
You trashed my house, crashed my car.  
Isn't that enough for today?  
Why did you invite me  
to your party?  
Because I thought you were...  
But not anymore?  
Fred, I like you,  
but you're really unbearable.  
You're beautiful with your diamonds.  
Thank you.  
Your hair's still a mess.  
Have you caught a look at yourself?  
Will I see you again?  
I don't think so.  
Well, I do.  
Stop.  
Fred!  
All right. I'm fine!  
Go and check over there. Go!  
How are you, Mr. Roland?  
Give me the log.  
The Roller again.  
Yeah, him again. I counted,  
he averages 11 crimes a week.  
- So now you keep statistics?  
- Well, yes.  
You're being paid  
to sit there and do nothing.  
Come on, Mr. Roland...  
Okay, okay. Stop arguing with me  
and get me a cup of coffee.  
Let's go.  
- Who are you putting on duty tonight?  
- Batman and Robin.  
The very best.  
Just my luck.  
Evening, captain.  
Bye.  
Hello?  
It's Fred.  
Did I wake you up?  
What do you think?  
Sorry, I wanted to talk to you.

This can't be happening.  
Just what do you want?  
To see how far you can push me?  
You want me to crack?  
What do you mean?  
I just wanted to talk.

**At 2:**

- Yes.  
- Fine. Go ahead.  
What's your first name?  
Helena.  
Helena...  
...I'm in love with you.  
- Was that him?  
- Yes.  
- Anything new?  
- He's in love.  
Excuse me?  
Anyone there?  
Who are you?  
Fred.  
- What are you doing here?  
- A little vacation.  
- Could you slow down a little?  
- No. We can't stay here.  
Why not?  
I don't like this neighbourhood.  
Hey, wait up!  
I can't go on any further.  
How did you get down here?  
Just wandering around.  
Well, see you.  
Hey, you know  
how I can get rid of these?  
You sure dress the part on vacation!  
How you doing, Big Bill?  
Hi.  
This is a buddy of mine.  
He's got a little problem.  
Show him.  
He lost the guy  
who was on the other end.  
Hey, Big Bill, you need

to exercise what's up here!

I told you he was okay.

Nice place you've got.

Nice place he's got.

Hey, come on.

Show him what you can do.

Come over here.

That's great, Big...

Big Bill.

That's great.

- Not to annoy you, but I'm hungry.

- Yeah? Want a nice pension too?

- So, what are you doing down here?

- That's a good question.

- Can I trust you?

- No, but tell me anyway.

- I'm doing a story on the subway.

- While wearing handcuffs?

Yeah. I don't even notice them.

Who was that in the picture?

- My wife.

- You're married?

No. We're engaged.

So what's with all the booze?

I told a friend I'd stop by.

It's his birthday. Wanna come?

I love birthdays.

- I'd given up on you!

- I brought a friend.

Happy birthday.

Hi, Big Bill!

- You know him?

- Fuck off.

- You play great.

- Thanks.

- So who's your pal?

- He's a reporter.

A what?

I know a singer.

The real thing.

We're putting together a group.

Here's something he wrote.

- When did he call back?

- **About 4:**

- He didn't say anything about money?

- No.

He said he'd return

your papers...

...but first he wanted

to see you. Alone.

So, what the hell are you doing here?

How can anyone live

in a dump like this, huh?

There's never any sun.

I mean, this is really the pits.

But a little light works wonders

even here, huh?

Cleans out the pipes.

Get a load of that outfit!

See if you can find

something in there.

You can't go around like that.

You look like a tourist.

- Miss?

- Mrs. Good morning.

I'd like to speak

to Captain Gesberg.

- May I ask what about?

- It's personal.

He's not here at the moment,

but he'll be back soon.

- Would you like to wait in his office?

- Yes. Thanks.

- You're up already?

- Yeah.

- That jacket looks great on you.

- Think so?

Yeah, really.

Listen, you might be interested

in a deal I have in mind.

- Let's get some coffee first.

- Okay.

Coffee?

Look who just woke up!

Every Friday night at 7:00,

two guys from security...

...leave the cashier's office and take

the subway to the next station.  
Nothing we can do once they're there.  
But on the platform here they have  
to wait two minutes for the train.  
That's when we can get them.  
You pull a gun on them...  
...you grab the dough  
and run into the tunnel.  
Going to the surface is easy.  
I know the subway by heart.  
So, what do you think?  
We can't miss with a plan like that.  
Give it a rest, huh?  
You got a gun?  
Let's see.  
Here?  
Three bullets.  
Be careful, eh?  
Now you know what it's like to say  
"Don't move or I'll shoot. "  
Don't move.  
- Keep still.  
- That's enough.  
You're afraid? Me too. I'm afraid  
it might go off on its own.  
I have sweaty hands.  
It'd be too bad if my finger slipped.  
Stop screwing around!  
Come on, stop your fucking drumming!  
That guy is really a drag.  
What's the matter?  
I swiped her purse a while ago.  
Why did you pick her?  
I just grab what comes along.  
Miss?  
He's a commander now. I had forgotten  
he'd picked up some stripes.  
So how's my friend Lorenzini?  
He's a friend of my husband.  
I've never met him.  
You're not missing anything.  
So, what brings you here?  
- Captain?  
- What is it now?

- I need to check some files.  
- Go ahead.  
Go on and tell me everything.  
This way.  
You wait here.  
I'll get the duty officer.  
- Excuse me, captain.  
- What is it now?  
Mister Batman,  
another purse snatching.  
- The Roller?  
- Who else?  
Go get us some coffee.  
It's on your way.  
Coffee, ma'am?  
Okay, but make it real coffee.  
The last stuff tasted like...  
Soup! That's what  
I've been telling him for months!  
Go on, go on.  
- Morning.  
- Morning.  
All right.  
You have to fill out this form.  
Last name here,  
first name here.  
Here, describe what was in your purse.  
And here, describe  
how it happened.  
Then sign on the bottom line.  
Fill out both forms.  
I'm out of carbon paper.  
What are the chances  
of getting my purse back?  
I don't know about your purse,  
but I swear I'm gonna catch this guy.  
I'll be back.  
He has a good face.  
The picture was taken  
at the party.  
He's probably still wearing  
the same thing.  
Good. We'll send  
some men out after him.



A man wearing a tuxedo in the subway  
shouldn't be too hard to spot.  
It's a big place.  
We get lost ourselves sometimes.  
Can you leave your name  
and number?  
You forgot to sign.  
Sorry.  
All right. We'll let you know  
if there's any news.  
Thank you. Goodbye.  
- Goodbye.  
- Goodbye.  
If you happen to run into this joker,  
bring him in.  
Chief, it's Batman.  
Chief, it's Batman!  
I haven't found the blond guy, but  
The Roller's 50 feet away. What do I do?  
- Follow The Roller.  
- All right! Thanks, chief.  
- Robin, you read me?  
- Loud and clear.  
Send men to Vincennes, near the exit.  
I'm on The Roller's heels.  
I can send Antoine and Grard.  
Okay?  
No, I need more than two.  
- Damn! I lost my antenna.  
- That sounds great.  
Hold up.  
He's mine, he's mine, he's mine!  
Okay, spread out.  
Go around that way!  
Come on, move! Go!  
Shit!  
He jumped over the...  
Shit!  
Fuck!  
Not enough to let one escape. You had  
to let the other one get away too.  
You're pathetic, Batman.  
Pathetic.  
A bouquet, miss?

Give me five minutes.  
How are you doing?  
Shall we go have a little drink?  
- I've got work to do.  
- Don't refuse. You'll hurt my feelings.  
Leave us alone, will you?  
There's never an opener around.  
You're well-equipped, I see.  
Nice suit you got yourself there.  
What's it made of?  
Fox.  
That's a good one.  
It's just the right size.  
Fits you like a glove, huh?  
What size do you think  
this guy would wear?  
Forty-two.  
- When did you buy this nice suit?  
- This morning.  
- Is your tailor still around?  
- Maybe. Is it important?  
You think I leave  
my office just to stretch my legs?  
- What did he do?  
- Just little things. You want details?  
No, just showing an interest.  
Making conversation.  
I appreciate it.  
- You know where I can find The Roller?  
- Haven't seen him for a week.  
- No idea where your tailor is either?  
- I only met him once. We're not close.  
This is becoming annoying.  
Very annoying.  
You know, when I'm annoyed,  
I get very jumpy.  
The smallest thing  
sets me off, and then...  
...I can get downright nasty  
sometimes.  
I even overstep my authority.  
It's terrible, this violence  
that lurks deep down inside us all.  
This irrational, devastating violence.

The only way  
I can calm down...  
...is to take it out  
on someone else.  
The first person who happens  
to cross my path.  
Life is tough, very tough.  
I swear I don't know this guy.  
He sold me his suit. That's all.  
The Roller's taken him under his wing.  
- And where is The Roller?  
- I don't know.  
Really.  
I'll try to find out, okay?  
- I promise to do my best.  
- That's the way.  
And I promise to do all I can  
to control my jumpy nerves.  
Want another drink?  
Okay, you've had enough to drink.  
Time to pay up. I have to close now.  
- Pardon me.  
- Shit!  
Can't you be more careful?  
I'm really sorry.  
Your nose is bleeding.  
What the hell  
are you doing here anyway?  
I got lost.  
You're already asleep?  
I want you to meet...  
What's your name?  
Helena.  
Fred.  
I'm Jean-Louis.  
- You want something to drink? Whiskey?  
- Thank you.  
What do you do  
for a living, Fred?  
I'm starting a band.  
Interesting.  
Thank you.  
You're the lead singer, I suppose.  
I can't sing.

I had an accident  
when I was a kid.  
A car accident.  
My father was driving.  
He bet he could make it  
under a truck with his sedan.  
He won the bet.  
I spent five hours in surgery...  
...and five months in the hospital.  
Five years without uttering a word.  
The accident  
was on my fifth birthday.  
Strange, huh?  
The law of numbers.  
Fives across the board.  
I've loved birthdays  
ever since that day.  
I'm out of here. Your life story  
is depressing the shit out of me!  
Don't you ever go to the movies?  
- Sure.  
- Then reach for the sky!  
I'm glad to see you.  
So am I.  
Where are the papers?  
- In the tuxedo pocket.  
- And where's the tuxedo?  
A friend's got it.  
He manages the music store upstairs.  
Put these on.  
Put your arm around that crate.  
Are handcuffs a thing with you  
or what?  
- I'll free you when I get my papers.  
- Free me? We're friends now?  
Did you buy my story  
about the accident?  
No.  
Are you the manager?  
- That's right.  
- I'm a friend of Fred's.  
Fred?  
- The guy who left his tuxedo with you.  
- The blond?

- Yes.  
- He didn't leave it with me.  
Thanks, Big Bill.  
- You should quit screwing around.  
- Yeah, I know.  
I don't understand.  
Do you find this funny?  
Let's get some coffee.  
I'm going to count to three.  
One.  
What a dump!  
Put that toy away.  
You don't need it down here.  
Nobody shoots florists.  
You're a real mess.  
Just look at you.  
You've got grease stains  
on your lapel.  
Put this on.  
I'll have yours dry-cleaned.  
No, thanks.  
Do you know Fred?  
The blond guy who was over there?  
Fred? He's an old friend.  
We've known each other for years.  
Is he always like that?  
Just what do you know  
about him?  
Almost nothing.  
Amazing.  
No feelings, no friends...  
...just a touch of passion.  
You're made for each other.  
How about a bouquet?  
Damn it!  
What the hell is she doing?  
We're closing now.  
Beat it. Come on, let's go.  
- What are you doing here?  
- Keeping the young lady company.  
- Bullshit! You drank my whiskey.  
- Your rotten booze? Certainly not.  
Are you two done arguing?  
Put one of these in the bathtub

with the flowers at night.  
Put the flowers in headfirst.  
There you are.  
Beat it, will you?  
Go on! Go!  
Isn't he charming?  
I'll leave the bag here  
in case you need something.  
Lady, gentlemen.  
He drinks my scotch, so when I invite  
someone over, there's none left.  
If it happens again,  
I'm moving.  
Is there any place to get  
something to eat? I'm starving.  
What are you waiting for?  
Meet me at the bar near the entrance  
to the station at 8:00.

**Make it 9:**

See you tomorrow.  
I'd give you a picture of me  
to stare at, but you already have one.  
What's on your mind now?  
Nothing.  
Your eyes have changed colour.  
And you don't like that?  
No.  
Your whole face  
has changed colour.  
It's like you're glowing.  
I'd almost say you weren't interested  
in those papers anymore.  
Could it be  
you're interested in me?  
Yeah.  
- I'm what you want?  
- Yeah.  
Well, you can't have me.  
Shall we dance?  
- Why do I love you?  
- Because I'm an amazing woman.  
Why don't you love me?  
Because I don't have the guts.

Are you lazy?

Terribly.

- Who does the cooking at your house?

- The cook.

- And the housework?

- The housekeeper.

And the lovemaking?

May I?

Hey, how's it going?

Damn!

Just what we don't need!

Who's the chick?

Cinderella.

Well, your Cinderella's got  
a pistol this big in her bag.

It's her magic wand.

Good morning.

A cup of coffee, please?

Right away.

Your husband's waiting  
over there.

You had to bring him, didn't you?

You just couldn't resist, huh?

Did you sleep well?

Where do I begin?

At the beginning.

I ran into this guy.

- Croissant with that?

- No.

- Piece of pie?

- No, thank you.

We got great desserts  
but no buyers.

I ran into him near the house.

I ran some errands for my birthday  
party. He helped me with the packages.

I thought he was nice...

...so I invited him

to the party that evening.

And he blew up the safe?

Well, yeah.

- But he gave everything back that night.

- Except the file.

He lost it.

This was in the mailbox  
this morning.

PROVIDE 50 MILLION FRANCS...  
...IF YOU WANT YOUR PAPERS.  
FURTHER INSTRUCTIONS TO FOLLOW.  
FRED.

Are you happy now?

I know I'm Little Orphan Annie  
rescued by Daddy Warbucks.

You're smothering me,  
Daddy Warbucks.

You're crushing me.

I need some air.

I didn't even cheat on you last night.

I didn't even feel like it.

I spent the night  
watching fireworks instead.

It felt really great.

I'm sick of your way of life...

...sick of your schemes  
and your smiles...

...even sick of your money.

Then why don't you get a divorce?

How much do I owe you?

Jean!

Take care of that young man,  
and make it quick.

We're dining out this evening.

**Be ready by 8:**

You could smile, you know.

When I smile, I feel like throwing up.

Which do you prefer?

- What is this hairdo?

- Iroquois.

- What?

- Iroquois.

- How!

- How are you?

I'm delighted to see you.

My goodness!

Raymond, over here.

Raymond!

Business matters!



You look good.  
Were you on the Riviera?  
Why, yes, I was!  
Good for you.  
It's been raining in Paris.  
- May I take your coat?  
- No.  
- Are you cold?  
- No, but I won't be staying long.  
She said, " Don't buy from that dealer,  
he's a fiend. "  
I hate this.  
Sorry.  
Brigitte!  
So I said to myself,  
"He's giving you a good tip. "  
What grade are you in?  
My senior year. I mean,  
it's my third try at my senior year.  
Thanks. I hate this.  
It was very awkward,  
so I went back...  
Stop! Tell your story  
to someone else...  
...because I don't give a fuck  
about all this bullshit.  
Darling, what's the matter?  
Mrs. Kerman,  
is there a problem?  
No. I was just telling your wife that  
I don't give a fuck about her stories.  
Helena, apologize immediately.  
Apologize?  
For what?  
For putting up with his wife  
for three hours?  
Come sit here.  
Maybe you'll be more amused.  
Helena, leave the table at once.  
Mr. Prefect, your dinner is pathetic  
and your digs are pathetic.  
Go fuck yourselves, all of you!  
Good.  
Good evening.

You're waiting for the captain,  
I suppose.  
He may not be back tonight.  
You can tell me everything.  
I'm his right-hand man.  
Do you know Quimper?  
In Brittany?  
And Saint-Raphal?  
I've heard of it.  
It's on the Riviera.  
I seem to have lost my passport  
along the way.  
Really? You lost your passport  
between Quimper and Saint-Raphal?  
Exactly.  
I know it's not quite  
your precinct...  
...but the captain spoke highly of you.  
- Yes, but... He did?  
It's not going to be easy.  
What kind of car were you driving?  
- Buy a bouquet?  
- Do I look like I want flowers?  
No, but you look like you're  
waiting for someone.  
And I think you'll  
be waiting a long time.  
How much for a bouquet?  
Twenty francs,  
plus a small brandy.  
Very funny.  
Ren, a double brandy.  
- Evening.  
- Evening, captain.  
This young lady lost her passport  
between Quimper and Saint-Raphal.  
She was in a car, and...  
- Two coffees.  
- Two coffees? All right.  
- Any news?  
- Yes.  
Fifty million. If I were you,  
I'd pay him right away.  
His price is going up every day.

Some men are looking for him.  
They want to kill him.  
You know, like in a western.  
Since you're the sheriff  
around here...  
...it's better if you find him first.  
- Better for whom?  
For everybody.  
Because if you don't do anything...  
...your little station is going to  
turn into Waterloo.  
How many men are on his trail?  
Around 10.  
With any luck,  
they won't find him till tomorrow.  
The subway closes in 20 minutes.  
Let's hope so.

**CLOSED:**

Everybody up and off your ass!  
Okay. Let's go. Spread out.  
Okay, stay together.  
Gentlemen,  
this is Paul, our singer.  
This here is Jean-Claude, guitar.  
Emile on percussion.  
The drummer never divulges his name.  
Mr. Saxophone.  
And this little bastard's Erico,  
composer and bass player.  
Sit down.  
Chief, I've located his hideout.  
Look what I found!  
Damn it!  
He's never here. Shit!  
What the hell are you doing?  
Police. Handcuffs. Prison.  
Your papers, please.  
Your papers.  
There!  
Shit! Fuck!  
Block off all of level two!  
Hello, this is Robin.  
Did you see anyone?

Okay, okay, okay.  
There's only one left.  
Identity check.  
Okay, do your duty, men.  
- Control's been alerted...  
- You're an asshole!  
Well, the chase is over.  
I mean it.  
Sometimes you're a real asshole!  
- Is he here?  
- Who?  
The pope.  
How would I know? I haven't seen  
anyone but the captain.  
What an idiot.  
Are you the one who gave me  
this great pair of roller skates?  
It's getting to be  
quite a collection.  
I'm going to become  
a roller-skate freak.  
Did you read these letters?  
Answer when he asks you a question!  
Mr. Batman,  
would you be so kind...  
...as to go to the bar  
and get me a nice coffee...  
...with a dash of milk  
and two sugars?  
That guy's an asshole!  
My nose is fragile.  
You should've told him before.  
Happy now?  
Go on. Have a laugh  
at my expense.  
You've been laughing at us  
for eight months.  
He's been chasing you for eight  
months. Put yourself in his place.  
Where did you steal  
these letters from?  
I found them in a corridor.  
In a corridor?  
"Provide 50 million francs

if you want your papers.  
Further instructions to follow. "  
Signed, Fred.  
- My name's not Fred.  
- Neither is mine.  
Hello, this is Captain Gesberg.  
I'd like to speak to Mrs. Kerman.  
How are you doing?  
- Wasn't it 10 grand?  
- The rest when I get him.  
I don't like that at all...  
And I don't like your face.  
Hey, take it easy.  
Easy. Let's not get excited  
for 5000 francs.  
You see that telephone over there?

**It's 6:**

Answer when it rings at 7: 15.  
You'll find out where your tourist is.  
Sweetie-pie.  
Asshole.  
What did she bring?  
She didn't bring anything good.  
I gotta make a call.  
Give me your glasses.  
- Again?  
- Yes, again.  
Fifty-fifty?  
Okay.  
If you ask me, I think one of us  
should take off his glasses.  
Don't move!  
Come on.  
Give me the boxes.  
You got kids, don't you?  
Give me the boxes.  
Is your wife waiting for you?  
Now shut the doors!  
Okay, beat it!  
Get going!  
You just got screwed  
out of 5000 francs!  
See you around, buddy.

Where the hell is he?  
We're gonna be late.  
Where is the concert?  
Maybe we could just go.  
I don't know where it is.  
Don't worry. He's probably  
working out a few details.  
See? There he is.  
Sorry, kids, but...  
We were getting pissed off.  
- Well, I'm sorry.  
- So where do we go now?  
Nowhere.  
We're playing right there.  
Are you shitting us?  
You call that a stage?  
Come on. Let's get setup.  
Nothing works in this place!  
Thank you, captain.  
Chief? We had a holdup  
on line number three.  
So?  
So nothing.  
You want a note from the teacher?  
- No, I'm going.  
- Then go.  
All right. I'm gone.  
And what about Fred?  
To be honest, Fred is getting to be  
a pain in the ass. You find him.  
Take him outside for some fresh air.  
It will do him good.  
I've had confirmation  
on that holdup. I'm on the platform.  
There's no sign of them.  
Maybe I can find some witnesses.  
Take a little initiative.  
Send the riot squad into the tunnel.  
- They might find something.  
- Okay.  
- Thanks for everything.  
- Hold on.  
I want your name, address...  
...a description of what you lost,

what was found...  
...and your signature.  
Where are they?  
The bass player? Paul?  
Backstage.  
- What, nobody told you?  
- Told us what?  
The concert's been cancelled.  
I told the staff.  
Didn't they tell you?  
Where's Mr. Lemoine?  
This is the second cancellation.  
We gladly play for free,  
but you can't treat us this way.  
You're right. You're absolutely right.  
That's what I told Mr. Lemoine.  
Here. For your trouble.  
With our apologies.  
- Where's Mr. Lemoine?  
- Are you stupid?  
Thank you, sir.  
Today you just listen.  
Tomorrow you play, okay?  
- Have we finished?  
- Not so fast.  
- Can I write you a check?  
- No problem.  
Give it all you've got.  
May I ask you a question?  
Do you love me  
even a little bit?  
I'll call you later.