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The Love Punch

By Joel Hopkins

Thank you.

Hello.

Hello.

I'll have the same.

Ah, weddings!

Ah, weddings.

Natalie was after we split.

Minutes.

But well done for trying.

I heard the new one legged it.

Michaela and I

have parted company, yes.

These young women, they just can't
make up their minds, can they?

No.

You get me, Kate, though.

Or you used to.

That's because

I'm a trained child psychologist.

So, how's life

for the nearly retired corporate sellout?

Marvellous. I'm playing some
of the best golf of my life.

What?

- You're going to be so bored.

- I will not be bored.

- Totally and utterly bored.

- Rubbish!

- Bored.

- Rubbish.

- You look great, by the way.

- Oh, shut up.

Damn it! Still handsome.

- OK, so he's here.

- Who?

- Ken.

- Oh!

Is that him?

- He's got a nice body.

- Ken?

Pen's tennis coach.

It's time Kate fought more aggressively.

Get out there.

I do get out there!

Taking your laptop out into the garden
is not getting out there.

Come on, you two!

Get back together.

- Come on, get back together.

- Not now, Jerry.

- Well, we live in hope. Just imagine.

- Oh!

- Oh, hello.

- Hi.

You're Ken, aren't you?

Hello.

Oh! Wh... whoosh!

- Ah... flowers!

- Yeah, they're for you.

Oh, thank you.

They're... they're lovely.

- You're allergic.

- Only mildly.

Why is Kate holding owers
when she's allergic?

Only mildly.

- I'm so sorry. I didn't know...

- No, no, no, it's fine.

It's not all flowers. Really, I like them.

I want them. I actually want them.

Why has Kate got owers?

She's allergic.

- Only mildly.

- Don't!

Ah, Michaela!

I've come to take my car.

Move yours, it's blocking mine.

I want out.

- Uh-huh. Who's he?

- My new lover.

Bloody hell.

Can't you do that a bit louder, darling? I
don't think you've woken the whole street.

Come on, Mum.

You're supposed to be helping me.

I'm coming, I'm coming.

"Hello, Kate.

My name is Jean-Baptiste Durain.

"I'm 57 years old, live in Paris
and would love to converse with you."

Durain!

Well, this is a first.

Hey-hey!

Prodigal daughter departing
for an establishment of higher learning.

Hurrah for said person!

- Where is it you're going, again?

- Edinburgh.

Edinburgh. Oh, brilliant!

Yeah, cor... Brilliant!

Say yes to everything.

Go on, och aye to it all.

- Well, not everything, Jerry.

- No, of course not.

- Jerry! Here you are.

- What? No, I don't want that darling.

- What?

- It's boiling. No, I'm all right, thanks.

Anyway, Sophie, have a ball.

See you at Christmas, darling.

- See you, Uncle Jerry.

- Ho-ho!

Now, you haven't forgotten
about tomorrow night.

Ken's definitely coming.

Despite what happened with the flowers,
he's still keen.

All right. Well, second time lucky.

Smashing! That's my girl.

Seven o'clock at ours.

- I think that's her serve.

- I hope not.

Oh, shot. Ding dong!

Hey, one more week, old son,
and you'll be doing this all day every day.

This is going to be our new office.

It's what we've worked
our whole lives for, isn't it?

- Eh?

- Yeah.

Yeah, I suppose you're right,
my friend.

Yep. Living the dream, old son.
Living the dream.
No more answering to the man.
We call and we... take the shots.
- Ah, that's not bad.
- Nice one.
- Whoo-hoo!
- Sure we won't be bored now?
Bored? Bored?
What, with all this? Bored!
As if.
- Oh!
- Oh, no. It's not gone again, has it?
- Oh, yeah. Shit!
- Anything I can do?
Yeah, just... just put your...
put your thumb right there, mate.
Oh, I'd better not stand there.
People will talk.
Now, don't forget:
always wash your jeans inside out,
if it looks swollen, it probably is, and...
and never put anything into your mouth
that hasn't been boiled first.
- Oh, it's Dad.
- Oh.
Hi, Dad.
Hello, my darling.
Have you left yet?
I'm just setting off.
I'm with Mum.
'Lucky girl, going to Edinburgh.'
Your Mum and I were quite the dynamic pair
on campus in our day.
Maybe I'll buy a flat near you
and relive my student days.
- Er... no, thanks, Dad. It's my turn.
- 'Yes, it is indeed.'
Don't know where Jerry's going.
No, Jerry's getting lost.
'So what are you gonna do
now you're retired?'
"Oh, I don't know.'
Maybe I'll finally buy that boat

and sail around the world, you know.
- You were gonna do that with Mum.
- 'That's true, I was.'
Dad, I have to go.
I've got a big drive ahead of me.
OK. Call me when you get in, now.
I love you, Sophie.
"Love you too, Dad.'
- He's threatening to relive his student days.
- Mmm.
- What were you two like at college?
- Naive, unrealistic, ill-prepared.
So, everything that I am right now.
Not you, not you, never you.
Not at all. Come on, off you go.
Don't forget to call me when you get there.
Always go out in groups.
If you get homesick, come home.
And try and find a good taxi service.
Because some of them
have women-only drivers.
Women-only drivers, got it.
Anything else?
Be yourself, you're lovely.
Oh!
Hi, honey, I'm home.
Hello, Rumps.
Come here.
Hello, darling.
What shall we do this afternoon, eh?
Let's get drunk.
Hi, honey, I'm home.
You can hide all you like.
I've spotted you and we should
get a start on your last week.
Yes, of course.
Good morning, Doreen.
It has always been our good fortune
to share the same train.
No rest for the wicked, Mr Jones.
Doreen, after all these years,
after everything we've been through,
are you still refusing to call me Richard?
Yes! Now, you have a ten o'clock meeting

with the new owners.

- Yeah.

- Any idea who they are?

Hmm...

Young is all I know, Doreen.

I took your advice
on their pension share offer.

- I took them up on it.

- What? The whole lot?

Yes, lots of us did.

Janice in Accounts, Marcus in Payroll.

Well, it's a solid offer.

Now, you have a prostate check

at 2:

I'm gonna miss these little chats, Doreen.

I thought my leaving party
was on Friday.

I don't think this is a party, Mr Jones.

- It's all gone, Richard. The lot!

- What?

Morning, everyone.

Richard, what's going on?

I don't know, Janice.

I have no idea.

- Did you know about this?

- No, of course not, Marcus.

- Is this legal? Can they just do this?

- Yes, of course they can.

Now, wait a minute.

We don't know that.

Just... just give me
some time here, please.

- Will we get paid this month?

- Yes, of course you will.

- Did you know this was coming?

- Of course he didn't!

Someone said the shares are worthless.

Is that true?

- No.

- Yes.

Jesus!

I suppose they'll let us in at some point.
To collect our things, I mean.

Doreen, I promise you,
I will sort this out.
Everyone, listen up! I promise you
I'll get to the bottom of this.
I will find out what's going on
but I just need some time, OK?
What are we supposed to do now?
- How?
- But, Richard, what can you do?
I... I don't know, but I promise you,
I will make sure that every one of you
gets what they're due.
I will not, will not, let you down.
OK, Jean-Baptiste, here I come.
I am interested in the, er...
...the arts and culture.
I love travel and adventure
and generally being...
...spon-tan-eous.
Whoosh!
Oh, God!
'Finally, after heavy bidding,
a diamond has been sold today at Sotheby's
'for a record 10.8 million.'
Blimey!
'Known in the trade as the Eye of the Rainbow
because of its distinctive colouring in the light
"it was bought at auction in New York.
Today's buyer wishes to remain anonymous.
'However, Sotheby's says the buyer plans...
'...for the stone
to be the centrepiece of a necklace...
Or to be sold for starving children.
'...for one lucky lady likely
to be extremely happy
'with her gift this evening.
"Coming up on Sky News at seven...'
Oh, bloody hell!
OK.
Ken, I'm coming for you.
Oh, twice in one week.
What have I done to deserve this?
- Kate, we need to talk.
- Not now, Richard. I'm busy.

- Please, I just need to...

- Hello!

- Hello, Ken.

- Look, no flowers!

Well done!

- Oh, it's you again.

- Ken. Again, hi.

Kate, I need to speak to you.

- I'll see you...

- Yes...

OK, great.

Looking forward.

- Have you been drinking?

- No... Yes.

- Look, what difference does it make?

- A lot of difference.

You're prone to exaggeration
and wild statements of intent.

Look, there are big problems at the office.

Please, tell it to Anastasia or Michaela
or whoever the latest is...

Culco has gone into receivership.

The new owners have stripped us
of any value and run us into the ground.

The shares are worthless.

My pension, your pension,
was all tied up in those shares.

The mortgage payments on my place,
this place, the kids' university fees,
everything we'd saved up for
them afterwards, it's all gone.

Kate, I virtually had
the whole company on board.

Marcus, Janice,
I even got Doreen involved.

Come on.

What do we know
about these guys?

Lavco. They came in hard and fast
out of nowhere.

The holding company
traded by the name of Lexon.

We were persuaded
to integrate our pension fund into theirs.

Turns out Lexon was hollow, toxic.

So when they turned to dust,

so did our pension.

There's always someone bigger

behind these things,

someone who manages

to wipe their hands clean and move on.

- Still allergic to cat hair?

- Worse than ever.

Go on, Rumpy, sit on him.

- I see you got your PhD.

- Yeah.

- So, how's life as a lecturer?

- Under-paid.

- What are the students like?

- Under-motivated.

Could you just stop fidgeting

and sit down?

I'm on the site but I can't get

any real info. I'm being blocked.

We need a password.

- We need...

- Matt.

We need Matt.

'Mum, you do know hacking is illegal.'

'I know, Matt and I would never want you

to do anything illegal.

'But I wondered if you could just...

accidentally stumble into it.'

Accidentally stumble into it?

- 'Son, do as your mother asks.'

- Dad?

- What are you doing there?

- 'It's a long story, Matty boy.

'But right now it's payback time

on that misspent youth I funded.'

- 'We funded.'

- OK, hold on.

I'll have to use my other computer.

Wait here.

- Is that his roommate, Tyler?

- I think it is.

' Oh, Tyler!

- "Close the door.'

- 'Come on, son. Close it now.'

Mr and Mrs J?

'Yes, we're here on Skype.'

'OK, I've emailed you the password.

That will get you in.'

- 'Good man!'

- 'Well done, Matt.'

Oh, and guys...

it's really good to see you together again.

- Oh!

- Hey!

- We're in.

- Good.

I've always wanted to say that.

There we go. Lexon.

Owned by one Vincent Mathias Kruger,
international hedge fund manager,
born in Budapest,
currently resides in Paris, horribly young,
keen sportsman, patron of the arts.

Oh! Mentor to the young.

Could he look any more like a money
grabbing, cheating, immoral little shit?

But you're not gonna get away with
it, my friend, not on my watch.

- He can't hear you.

- I know he can't hear me.

But he's certainly gonna feel my wrath.

- OK, Guevara, what's your plan?

- I'm gonna go to Paris.

I'm gonna go to Paris
with what little money I have left
and bang on that man's door so loudly
he's gonna pay for me to go away.

I'm gonna get back
what's rightfully mine.

- Ours.

- Ours.

I didn't work for 25 years in that
God-forsaken job to have some little...

Prick?

...prick like him stroll in
and spirit away my, our, retirement.

I'm gonna do it for all the little people

who've done nothing but play by the rules.

For Marcus and Janice,

for Doreen, for you.

No, do not do it for me.

For the kids.

- How's your French?

- Rusty. Why?

Non.

Non, non, non, non, non, non.

Absolutely not. No way!

You missed it again!

I said the second exit.

I couldn't get across.

What do you mean,

you couldn't get across? Just indicate!

I am indicating, darling, but

they're not paying any bloody attention.

How can your driving

not have improved?

You've had years to practise.

Be assertive, man!

Be assertive? Right.

- This is very unlike her.

- She might have got a better offer.

- A better offer than Ken?

- Our dog's a better offer than Ken.

- Let's just get something straight, shall we?

- Yes, let's.

- We go, we sort this mess out.

- Uh-huh.

And then we go on

with the rest of our lives, separately.

Sounds good to me.

Come on then, Trotsky.

Let's get this over with.

Merci.

- Hmm... no dice.

- No.

Do you remember that time

at Soph's PTA meeting

when we couldn't

get in to see the headmaster?

- And you...?

- Yeah.

- Worth a try.

- Yeah.

Oh, sweetheart... Oh, damn!

Oh, dear, dear.

A glass of water, please.

- Which floor?

- Top oor.

- Not bad, Miss Jones. Not bad.

- You never lose skills like that.

- Can you still do that thing with your...

- No, Richard.

- Mr Kruger's office?

- Oui.

- Trs bon.

- Quoi?

Mr Kruger, I'm sorry...

It's OK. Can I help you?

You bought the company

I work for last week.

- Pardon?

- And ran it into the ground.

I Don't understand, sir.

Vous tes un money grabbing pig!

- Your company...

- Votre... votre company.

- ...bought my company...

- Hang on... achet ma... company.

And ran it into the ground.

Et le...

Steady, Kate.

- Steady, Kate. Steady.

- Sorry.

I run a lot of companies into the ground.

Which one?

- Culco.

- Culco, er...

See, that was last week. I very much

live in the now, the maintenant.

Well, maybe this is maintenant enough for you.

You stole all our money and we want it back.

- And you are?

- This is my wife.

- Ex-wife.

- Ex-wife.

- Ex-wife?
- Yeah, we've established that now.
- So you're not denying it.
- No, I don't think so.
Listen, you,
there are people whose lives
depend on the pension
they were gonna receive.
You can't just throw them away like that.
It's just not fair.
OK, OK, you got me.
What I did was wrong,
reprehensible, evil even.
In a normal world, illegal. But that's
the beauty of it: it's completely legal.
Now, listen to me, you little sack of shit.
You are messing with people's lives.
Proper, good, hardworking people
who have done absolutely nothing
but play by the bloody rules
laid out in front of them.
Oh, she definitely wears the trousers, no?
I'm not even gonna rise to that.
Of course she does.
- We're the older generation. We're enlightened.
- We're divorced.
And we're done.
Put me down. Put me down!
I can't breathe. I can't breathe.
Put me down. Put my wife down!
Put my wife down!
- There you go.
- Ex-wife.
Ex-wife.
- Could have had 'em.
- Shit!
We are totally taking him down.
Totally!
Now what, huh?
Whoo!
Close your mouth.
Who do you think she belongs to?
If I were a betting man, I'd say...
Here you go.

Bingo!

- Quick, let's follow.

- Good idea.

- Let me drive. I'm the better driver.

- No way, Jos. You forgot your license.

- Come on, Richard. I'm a much better driver.

- You forgot your license.

You're not a better driver.

You just think you are.

You'll regret it.

- Remember Hammersmith bridge?

- That's unfair.

You forgot to put oil in the tank.

You forgot to put oil in it.

- Go fast. Go fast.

- I'm not gonna go fast.

Quickly, they're getting away.

- You've gotta keep up, Richard.

- It's called tailing, Kate.

If we get too close,

they'll know they're being followed.

Well, that was

the world's shortest car chase.

What? It's a red light!

You want me to start running reds now?

No, God forbid, Richard.

Well, that was intense.

Thank you. Could have killed a nun.

Many nuns, possibly.

A whole load of dead nuns.

- Oh, that's them, Richard!

- What?

I've just seen them, Richard!

Please, let me drive.

- Please! Please, let me drive.

- Fine.

OK, OK. It's been a while.

What did you have for lunch?

What?

Buckle up.

Which way are we going?

Kate, we're going backwards.

- Yep.

- Backwards, Kate!

Putting my seat belt on.
Putting my seat belt on right now.
Kate, no, no, no, no!
Kate! Kate! Kate! Kate!
- Argh!
- Hold tight.
I'm holding tight!
We can't even afford the basic insurance.
Oh, fuck the insurance.
Whoo-hoo!
Ha! We did it!
There they are.
- All right, now stick it on.
- What?
Track 3, "All Right Now".
It helps me drive.
Where did you learn
to drive like this?
- School run.
- What? With the children in the car?
Sorry. Sorry.
Mother and child.
Mother and child!
We're gonna run into the baby!
- For God's sake, get over.
- Sorry, sorry, sorry!
- Don't panic.
- I'm not panicking.
- Yes, you're panicking. I can feel it.
- I'm not. I'm not panicking.
God, I love Free!
Oh, fuck! That was really tight.
That was tight.
- Here we go.
- Stay on their tail.
- We're nearly there.
- Yeah.
Grit?
OK, we're being shot at.
Stop, stop, stop.
Leave the car.
Really? Just leave it?
Just leave it here?
- OK. Just walk away. Act natural.

- We can't just leave it here!

- Yeah? OK, all right.

- No, no, no, no, no!

No, you're right.

When you're right, you're right.

Get back in.

- Jesus Christ, Are you mad?

- Sorry, I just panicked there.

I understand but we've just got to... Let's have a cup of tea.

No, it's all right.

Stop talking about tea. We're in France.

- You kept your bag.

- Yeah. So did you.

- Yeah, they've lasted quite well, actually.

- Better than us.

Yeah, well, they came with a guarantee.

- Bonsoir.

- Bonsoir.

- We'd like two rooms.

- Passports, please.

Here.

- There you go.

- Thank you.

Mrs Jones.

- Well, Ms.

- And Mr Jones.

- Yes.

- And you want two rooms?

- Yes.

- Yes.

You are brother and sister?

- No.

- No.

A suite, perhaps?

- No.

- Next to each other?

Not necessary, really.

We're divorced. I kept his name.

- Ah, but you kept his name.

- Yes.

Yeah, you did, didn't you?

Yes, because it's been mine for some time.

And my kids have it. It's no biggy.

And you are holidaying together
to see if perhaps the ame still burns?

- Yeah, why not? I mean...

- No, so not. The flame is out.

- Oh, no.

- Snuffed, gone.

We are in Paris. You never know...

We do know.

Ah, I'm afraid the only two rooms
I have left are adjoining.

- What about those?

- Oh, no, they are all taken.

We are very, very busy.

- Really?

- We'll take them. Thank you. Bonsoir.

Bonsoir.

Bloody hell. What floor?

- Haven't a clue.

- Christ!

You don't fancy rubbing some Deep Heat
into my coccyx, do you?

- No.

- Just a thought.

Ooh!

You'll never guess
where I find myself.

Pourquoi pas?

There's two bowls down for Rumpus
and the kitchen light is on.

Sophie, darling!

Hey, got your leg over yet?

Hello. Sophie, darling?

You haven't heard from you mother,
have you?

No, it's nothing to worry about. It's just
we were supposed to see her yesterday.

"Of all the gin joints, in all the towns,
in all the world, she walks into mine."

What are the chances, eh?

Steak-frites.

That's what you'll have.

Nope. Turned veggie two years ago.

But you love meat.

People change, Richard.

But you're gonna have the cheese souffle.

- Nope.

- But you love cheese.

- Cholesterol levels change, Kate.

- How's your prostate?

Fully functioning, thank you.

How are your bunions?

Oh, how sweet of you to remember.

Actually, they're awful.

High heels are no longer an option. See?

Here's to our aging, ailing bodies.

- May I?

- Yes, go on.

Ooh, ooh!

Hey! Hey, sweetie!

How's it going?

Oh, I'm so glad.

And you like the people in your halls?

Oh, I'm so proud of you.

All right, yes, you've got to go.

Of course you've got to go.

Call me... call me later.

Yes, I love you... Bye... bye.

- Rich, what could I say to her?

- It's all right. It's fine.

Oh!

He)', honey, how's it going?

Yeah? For every party write an essay.

All right, for every three parties write an essay.

No. No, no, no.

I'm so proud of you, sweetheart.

Is that what Mum said?

Ah, well, great minds and all that.

Listen, do me a favour, next time you speak to your Mum, tell her...

Tell her I miss her.

OK.

I love you.

Bye, darling.

- What's got into you?

- I don't know.

Paris, retirement,
spending time with you,

having our money stolen.

That'll do it.

This is nice, right?

Yeah.

Michaela, er...

Just a sec... just one second.

Listen, Michaela, I can't talk right now.

Please understand.

It's OK, I'm just tired.

I'm gonna eat in my room.

Shit.

Guess who's getting married?

Ah! "Vincent Kruger

and fiance Manon Fontaine.

"Spotted off the coast of Cannes
as they prepare for their big day.

"The upcoming nuptials
are rumoured to be taking place...

...at the Krugers' 19th-century chateau

"located within the exclusive enclave
of Cap d'Antibes."

We've got to get ourselves
invited to that wedding.

Why? We hate weddings.

It's the only thing we agree on.

Look at her neck.

- Pretty.

- Mm-hmm. What's round it?

- Nice.

- Mmm, nice in the region of 10 million.

Oh, very nice.

I'm pretty sure... in fact, I'm positive
that's the Eye of the Rainbow.

- I thought I recognised it on her yesterday.

- Ah, the Eye of the Rainbow.

Yes, that sold at Sotheby's recently,
fetching a record price for a single stone.

When did you become
such a diamond aficionado?

Since the kids left home.

Daytime TV.

It's a mine of useless information.

- And, in this case, life-changing information.

- Indeed.

I bet she's gonna be wearing that rock
at the wedding.

That rock is our pension.

That rock is Doreen's pension.

We should nick it.

What?

It's just taking back
what he's taken from us and all the others.

You want to steal a diamond?

Richard, he's not gonna
give us our money back.

Well, that doesn't mean
we suddenly become the Pink Panther.

Why not?

Richard, we are screwed.

We have nothing, literally nothing.

Nothing to give the kids.

It's time to take back what's ours.

I'm sick of these fat, greedy, fucker billionaires
taking all our money, just ruining this country.

Well, not this country, actually, because
France has got great social services
and, my word, do they run a good protest.

It's a stupid idea, Kate.

- Crazy, daft...

- All right, all right.

...stupid but brilliant.

- Brilliant idea.

- Yeah?

Why the hell not?

If not now, when? What have we got to lose?

- Apart from our dignity and our freedom.

- Exactly.

- Either way, it's worth investigating.

- Definitely. Let's investigate.

Well, it looks like we're heading
to the south of France.

Ah, together!

What a good idea.

Delightful.

Isn't she beautiful?

- She is.

- Shut up.

Yes, yes.

Yes, I understand.

What do you mean, they won't take it?

Cut it up?

Well, that's end of the credit cards.

Gone, kaput.

- Who are you texting? You're like a teenager.

- No one.

- She's gorgeous.

- Not my type.

Oh, right, yeah. Legs up to the ceiling
and arse as tight as a plum.

Of course she isn't.

Once maybe, but not anymore.

I like things a bit more... homely.

If that was an attempt to atter me,
you can piss right off.

Look, the legs aren't nearly
as good in real life.

They've clearly been airbrushed.

- Steady. Handbrake off.

- I've got it.

It's off.

You've got it now. OK.

Where's she going?

Just try and look like a tourist.

- Check it out?

- Yeah.

Blimey!

You should go in there.

- Go and check the place out.

- I can't go in there.

Go on, go on.

Julie.

Laura.

And who are you?

Oh, moi?

Er... me, I'm Miriam from... Weymouth.

I'm your cousin...

well, second cousin,

twice removed,

on your husband's side, future husband.

All right. You're with them.

Oh! Brilliant!

Ow!

Oh, I'm so sorry.

Yeah.

Ah, it's going to be
the best wedding ever.

Ah, the champion!

Could I have a Martini, please?

A really big one. Thank you.

No, I don't know.

I think I'm making a terrible mistake.

- No!

- You're not, sweetie.

He's only using our wedding
as a business meeting.

He's got two Texans and their wives coming.

We've never met them before

and he wants me to make sure they are OK.

Well, that's not right.

And he's putting them up at The Carlton.

Lovely! The Carlton!

Hey, what do you think?

You're old.

You must have been married once.

Er... yes. Merci.

Old, old me.

Er... what do I think?

Er...

I think that liking them is much more
important than loving them, actually.

Love is easy to fall into.

Liking is much harder.

Think of your wedding as a driving test.

You take it, you pass, and then you
really start to learn how to drive.

Or you crash.

What about that diamond he bought you?

You like that.

- Yeah!

- Are you going to wear it at the wedding?

Not for the ceremony.

I'll change halfway

through the party and put it on then.

Hey, come on, girls, let's para!

I like you. You're honest.

I don't have girlfriends like that.

Good.
So come on, come with me.
This is so much fun!
I'm gonna kill you, Richard!
So shoot me. I nodded off.
It happens at my age.
And you were snoring.
Another unfortunate effect of age.
Look, can we just stop niggling
and tell me what you found out?
I found out that I chafe very easily.
- Oh, my poor girl. I'm so sorry.
- Get off.
And the wedding's obviously invite only.
But she is definitely
gonna be wearing the diamond.
She's gonna change
halfway through the evening.
That sounds good.
Anything else?
Not really, just that she's
pissed off with the evil one
for inviting a couple of Texan businessmen
they've never met before.
Of course she's pissed off.
She'll end up looking after their wives.
And she's right, it's bang out of order.
She didn't happen to mention
where they might be staying?
'So what are we stumbling into today?'
The Carlton Hotel, Cannes.
Their guest list.
We're looking for four guests
with home addresses in Texas.
'Dad, that is so illegal.'
Yeah, I know. I'm sorry, son.
I wouldn't ask unless it was really...
'Dad, I'm only kidding.
We do that sort of shit all the time,
'messing with people's reservations,
putting people in the same room.'
- Not good, Matt.
- No, no.
'Hold on.'

- Do you think his eyes looked a bit red-rimmed?
- Just a little.
- Oh, he's not, is he?
- Yep.
- Tyler!
- Tyler! Oi!
Tyler! Tyler! Hello!
- 'Hello.'
- 'Hello.'
You've got to be kidding me!
You guys, again.
Nice to see you, Tyler.
'OK, we've got one Mr and Mrs Hicks
of Houston, Texas.
"They're assigned to the Monet suite.
"And one Mr and Mrs Baxter.
They're across the hall in the Manet suite.
'Anyway, guys, I've got to go.
But the south of France?
'I am loving my new glam parents.
'See you later.'
- OK, so let me just get this straight.
- Hmm.
We are going to kidnap four Texans,
pretend to be them,
go to a wedding in a chateau,
somehow swap out the necklace,
and make our escape?
I know, it sounds absurd.
- Absurd, yes. Crazy, daft, stupid.
- All right, all right.
But brilliant.
- Yeah?
- One small problem.
There are four Texans
and we are but two.
Ah.
- This is it.
- That's not ours.
- It is ours.
- It's not ours.
- Look, it is.
- Oh, shit, it is.
- Mind your back.

- It's all right, I've got it. Ow!
- There, there, there!
- Hey-hey-hey-hey!
- Hello, old son!
- Welcome, welcome.
- Good to see you, mate!
- Good to see you.

I cannot tell you how happy we are to see you back together.

- Well, Pen...
- Yeah, it's great, isn't it?

And I don't mind telling you, it's been an absolute nightmare for us, having to choose between you.

Damn shame, the whole bloody business. Anyway, thrilled to be here, glad to help. What are we doing?

Well...

- Kidnap? Stealing a diamond?
- Gatecrashing a wedding?
- Can we have... a moment?
- It's a lot to take in.

Talk about it. Go ahead.

I've got your bag.

What do you think?

- He's in. She's not.
- Probably.

Well... all right, we're in.

- Spot of lunch first?
- Yes!

Right. Everyone clear on the plan?

I tell you, I haven't been this pumped since Shanghai.

Shanghai?

Yeah, you know, when I was in the Merchant Navy?

- Merchant Navy?
- Woman in every port, eh, Jerry?

That sort of thing, yeah.

It's only a bit of boys' banter, Pen.

Pen, are you sure these are gonna work?

Yes, three of those

and they'll be out like a baby.

- Five minutes tops.

- I can vouch for that.

- Who prescribes them for you?

- That lovely young Dr Jenkins.

Oh, yes. I've heard he's lovely.

Yes, terribly helpful.

And the warmest hands.

Excuse me?

How will we know who they are?

Well, I think we'll know.

Let's do this.

- Sorry, I'm dying for a pee.

- Of course.

Actually, I might go as well.

You know what?

I need one too, actually.

Well, it's never good to ignore it.

Bienvenus.

- That was incredible!

- We were incredible!

Oh, God, I hope we didn't
tie their hands too tightly.

Oh, do you think?

That was insane. I haven't had
this much fun since I was in Guam.

Guam?

I was stationed there
during my military service.

Oh, God!

Jerry! That's stealing!

Pen, Pen, Pen.

This is real. This is happening.

We either step up or we get crushed.

- Silly man. Stop showing off.

- Right.

Let's pick up the replica necklace,
back to the hotel, cocktails and supper.

Yee-ha!

Ride 'em, cowboy.

Jerry, how on earth did you know
where to find someone
who could make a replica necklace?

Well, you know...

I have my contacts.
Contacts? No, Jerry we don't.
Well, if you must know, I once
had a brief, er... affair of the heart
with a young jewellery designer.
Affair of the heart
with a young jewellery designer!
Calm down, Pen.
It's all right.
Yeah, don't worry, Pen.
It's all in the past, all forgotten.
This is the basic layout of the chateau.
Do you know
where all the guards might be?
Yeah, yeah, yeah.
Absolutely, yes.
- No Jerry?
- No.
Rushed off while I was having a bath.
Said he had to meet a man about something.
Very odd, the whole thing.
Anyway, don't let him spoil this.
This is lovely, seeing the two of you
being back together.
Sorry, everyone. Got held up.
Quick little mission.
I was just saying this is lovely and it's
lovely to see our friends back together.
- Pen, can we get back to the plan?
- Absolutment. Pardon.
Now, this is where
the guests will be making their entrance.
And we will be required
to show our invitations here.
Now, you are going to be the Baxters
and we will be the Hicks.
- And actually, Matt... Cheers.
- Cheers, everyone.
Matt has done some research
into each couple.
- Hey! Your Matt?
- Our Matt.
- Such a bright boy.
- Thank you.

Not like our Tim, is he?

- That's disloyal, Jerry.

- Well, I was just being honest.

He's an academic disaster zone, isn't he?

Police tape all around him.

Jerry!

Now, we know that the bride will retire to her bedroom at some point during the night to change her frock and the new frock will be accompanied by the diamond.

Now, hopefully, Richard and I

will have gained access through here.

We'll attempt to swap out the diamond, delivering the real one into your arms, Jerry.

Now, you two will leave the party early

and if anything happens to us,

if we get caught,

we're just a disgruntled employee

and his pushy ex-wife

who've had their pensions stolen

and won't go away.

They'll find nothing on us

and they'll let us go.

- Right.

- Or they'll kill us.

Chop us up

and throw us in the Med.

- Oh, God.

- Richard!

It's out there. It's a possibility.

Jerry, why do you keep winking at Richard and patting your pocket?

What? What are you talking about?

Nothing. I'm not doing anything.

I know when you're lying.

Get off me, woman. Whey-hey!

What are you doing, woman?

- Hey! Ho-ho!

- God, he's got a gun!

What?

Don't advertise it

to the whole flipping restaurant!

Why have you got a gun

and why have you brought it to dinner?

' Are you crazy?
- Crazy? Me?
- Kate, Richard, talk to him.
- Jerry, actually, why have you got a gun?
It's a replica. Calm down. We just
thought it was a good idea, that's all.
It's a real one, actually.
They didn't have any replicas left.
- Bloody hell.
- We? So you're behind this brilliant plan?
Richard, have you led Jerry astray?
- What? No! It was his idea.
- Led me astray? I'm not a flipping child.
They were my contacts.
Jerry, where did you get this?
I demand to know!
Well, it's someone I knew a long time ago.
I was passing through France
on my way to Guam.
How come I don't know anything about this?
I've been married to you for 35 years, Jerry.
- You've completely spoiled the whole evening.
- All right, love.
- Have some more wine.
- Just have a bit more wine.
Let's at least see it, then.
- Yeah, let's have a look.
- See what?
- The gun, Jerry.
- What? You want to see it?
- I do, actually.
- Let's have a look. Come on.
- Come on, then.
- All right.
- All right.
- Nobody's watching.
Hey-hey! Have a look at that.
All right, all right. One at a time!
Whoops, sorry.
Oh!
Freeze, you melon farmers.
- Steady, Pen.
- Oh, sorry.
Put it down.

Jesus Christ!

All right, er...

- Out the door. Shall we?

- Yeah. Drink up.

The bill, please.

Well, that was something, wasn't it?

- Do you'll think we'll get arrested?

- No.

Oi, chaps, chaps.

Good news.

I've just been talking to the owner.

Turns out we were in the Legion together.

He says if we, er... pay for the wine,
everything's OK.

- Fantastic.

- Oh, fabulous.

- I feel a bit giddy, Jerry.

- Oh, I say! You all right there, Pen?

- Bedtime for us all.

- Right-o.

- Good night, then.

- Good night.

- What are you doing?

- Well... they seem so happy.

You know, with the idea of us.

I don't want to spoil it
for them, that's all.

Just... oh... just...

Just...

Oh... Oh!

Oh, that feels good.

Do you think we're doing the right thing?

You know, diamond stealing and kidnapping.

Without a shadow of a doubt.

Sit down for a minute.

I said sit.

Lying down is fine too.

Pen and I had a gin, doubles.

I just can't take it. I can't take
my booze anymore. That's the thing.

Well... it just whips my arse.

You're much more likeable
these days, you know?

That's nice. Thanks.

So are you.

We were much too young when we met.

We should have met now instead.

I don't think it works like that.

Why not?

Why did the latest one leave you?

She didn't, actually.

I left her.

Hmm.

- How's your back?

- Terrible.

How's your bunions?

Oh, excruciating.

Sweet dreams.

Night-night.

Oh.

- Oh, God! We didn't, did we?

- No.

Oh! Thank God.

You don't have to sound

so relieved about it.

Oh.

I haven't had sex for two years.

I'd like to have remembered it.

Jerry, try this.

Please, cos it's so juicy. Go on.

See what I mean?

Gorgeous.

Hey, hey, hey, hey.

Here he is.

- Hello.

- The stallion.

Didn't get much sleep last night,

old son, did you?

- Oh, Jerry.

- Oh, the old bed did shake, eh?

- Only my snoring, Jerry. That's all it was.

- Right you are.

Looks like we've got a bit of a problem.

Matt did some digging around last night.

Apparently there are going to be

fingerprint sensors

at the entrance to the party.

Everyone's going to be scanned

before they're allowed in.

- It's worse than Fort Knox.

- Mm-hmm.

We could shave off their fingertips
and stick them onto ours.

The Texans, I mean.

I saw it in a film once.

- Pen...

- Oh, sorry.

- I do get carried away.

- Good to think outside the box.

We should go with something
a bit more mainstream, though.

- Can everyone swim?

- Yes.

- How about climbing?

- Have you ever climbed, Jerry?

- He has not.

- Yeah, I have.

- I have.

- Jerry! When?

- When?

- I was in the Australian Parachute Regiment.

7:

- **7:**

- **7:**

6:

- Jerry, you're still on English time.

- Oh, yeah, of course.

OK, let's do this.

Jerry! Jerry!

You're going the wrong way.

Right you are.

- Pen!

- Jerry!

- Ow!

- Ow!

What on earth are you doing?

- Jerry!

- It's OK.

- All right?
- Yeah.
Oh... Oh, Jesus.
You're scared of heights.
How could I forget? Are you all right?
I'm fine, thank you.
- Pen, you're squashing my head!
- Ssh, ssh!
I'm sorry, darling.
- Ssh, ssh, ssh!
- I've got you. I'm here.
Well done, Jerry.
Right.
- Have you got the gun?
- No, sorry, Richard.
I put my foot down.
I just decided it was too dangerous.
- Quite right.
- I simply don't trust myself around it.
But I made sandwiches, egg mayo.
Anyone hungry?
- Oh, great, I'm starving.
- Pen, I think we should get on.
Yeah, come on, this way.
Stay close to me, Jerry.
You look fine in that hat.
Mr and Mrs Chambord, from Qatar.
- Bonsoir.
- Bonsoir.
Mr Chabert, from Bordeaux.
Mr and Mrs Ossman, from Hanoi.
- Congratulations.
- Merci.
Thanks for coming.
Mr and Mrs Hicks and Mr and Mrs Baxter
from Houston, Texas.
- Ah, that's us!
- Hey! Bonsoir.
- So glad you made it. Long way to come.
- Howdy partner!
- Real great to be here.
- We'll find time to talk later. Welcome.
Of course, this is not really a wedding.
- It's a chance to do some business.

- Sweetheart.

Well, you're not to bore us with all that oil talk. I'm here to have some fun.

Oh, we like fun, don't we?

Come along, missy.

Thank you.

It's a mighty fine chateau.

Mr and Mrs Beltrami, from Rome.

- I think that went quite well.

- For now.

Let's blend in.

Darling, I need to powder my nose.

Would you be so kind as to accompany me?

- It would be my pleasure.

- Thank you.

- Ey-up.

- Jerry!

Merci. Well, Kate said to blend in, didn't she?

- Here's to us.

- Yeah.

- Which floor?

- Second floor.

Right.

Right.

Back in a tick.

That's it, that's her room.

OK, Jerry. 30 seconds.

Howdy, partner!

How ya doin' there?

- Come on.

- I'm looking for the old John Wayne.

The, er... pissoir, the, er... bog crapper?

Any idea?

Sorry, sir, downstairs.

This oor is private.

Her window's open

and there's a ledge running to it.

A ledge? Ledge?

More like a balcony.

Hold those.

- Slow, slow, slow.

- I am going slow.

- Don't look down.

- I'm not bloody looking down.
Oh... Oh!
Turn around, turn around.
See? Turn around. There you go.
That's it. You're all right now.
This is good. I got it.
Well done. Well done.
You're being very brave.
You're being very, very brave.
- Oh!
- Oh!
Oh, fuck!
Wait, wait, wait.
I've got you. I've got you.
- Thank you.
- You're welcome.
- Cats.
- And flowers.
The 19th century.
I'm gonna get changed.
Excusez-moi.
Go with her.
Ssh...
I'm coming.
Come in! Entrez!
What?
- You want to watch me get dressed now?
- Eh?
Get out! Get out!
She just... OK.
Ssh!
Oh, sorry. You're probably wondering
what I am doing.
- It's not...
- I'm so glad you're here.
Oh, there, there.
Now, just sit down
and tell Auntie... Miriam all your worries.
What's the matter?
I've made a terrible mistake.
He does not love me.
He never has and he never will.
I've sold myself to the devil.
- I'm a whore. I'm a devil's whore.

- No, no, you're not.

- No, no, no.

- Yes, yes, yes.

No, no, no, you're not.

Of course you're not.

Yes, I am.

I'm a terrible, horrible, shallow person.

I am a fake. I am a fake.

I am a fake. I am a fake.

No, don't say that about yourself.

From what I can tell, you're a highly original,
slightly highly strung, bright, imaginative girl.

- Really?

- Yes.

- You really think so?

- I do. I do. Really.

That is the nicest thing
anyone has ever said to me.

Oh, no! Oh, thank you.

Thank you, you're so nice.

No, I'm not, really.

Please excuse me.

I'll be right back. Sorry.

There, there, Manon.

Why are you crying?

- Me? Oh, it's the flowers. I'm, er... allergic.

- Oh! Oh, I'm so sorry.

- It's all right.

- Oh.

No, no, no, Manon.

It's fine, really.

- No, don't do that.

- Bloody things! I don't like them anyway.

- What would you do?

- Me?

Yes. You're clearly a woman of the world.

What do you think of him?

- Your husband?

- Yes.

- Well, I mean, he's fine. He's...

- Fine?

Actually, I think he's a bit callous.

I'm sorry, I think you could do better.

I think he probably...

I think he probably treats you
like a piece of jewellery.
I think he probably treats you badly.
That's not to say he can't change.
I mean, they can change. People do change.
But it's easy to say I love you while
you're rolling around on expensive sheets.
It's so much harder
when they need washing.
Look, I'm not who you think I am.
I'm sorry, I'm not Miriam from Weymouth.
I'm not even Katie from Texas.
I'm just Kate from Surrey.
And my ex-husband is lying on the floor
next to your bed, I'm afraid.

- He is?

- Yep.

Oh! Hello.

- Hi.

- And why are you crying?

The cats.

But don't throw them out the window.

- Oh, he's really handsome.

- I know. It's irritating.

- Not sure about the moustache.

- I agree.

The thing is, you see,
your husband stole something from us
and from a lot
of other very good people.
Something very valuable to us:
our future.

And so we came here tonight to take back
what we feel is rightfully ours.

Oh. The diamond.

- It's not very imaginative, I grant you.

- Sorry, my back was killing me.

- Manon, open up. It's Vincent.

- Take it. I don't like it anyway.

Great. Here's the fake.

Manon!

What?

Why are you throwing owers
out the window?

I'm allergic.
Don't you know anything about me?
You must take good care of this.
It's not a toy, it's very valuable.
More valuable than me?
Darling, there is nothing on earth that is
more valuable to me than me... than you!
You should know that.
And will you still love me
even when we are washing the sheets?
Ssh!
What are you doing?
I don't know.
I thought you were about to sneeze.
- Causing a distraction's supposed to stop it.
- That's hiccups.
Ah... yes.
I might sneeze again.
What are we doing?
We've got to get out of here.
Oh, OK.
- What, back the way we came?
- Yes!
- Oh! Sorry, old partner.
- Sorry, sorry.
Yeah, howdy.
Although not on the official schedule,
my new wife would like to say a few words.
A wise woman once told me
that you can love your husband
but you must also like him.
Wait, wait, wait, wait.
And I finally realised that...
...I don't love Vincent or even like him.
So Vincent, darling...
...I want a divorce.
Stop! Stop!
There's been a travesty of justice.
Catch them!
Catch them!
Hey! Vive la rvolution!
Vive la rvolution!
Oh!
- Oh, my God, no!

- No, no.
- Sorry, sorry-
- Sorry.
Ooh! Ow!
I knew there was something familiar
about you.
Ooh!
Ow!
Oh, no! They're real.
OK, let's make this simple.
Where is the real diamond?
Bloody hell.
- Oh!
- Oh, that's a whole other level of pain.
Look, we're just a disgruntled employee and
his pushy wife who want back what's theirs.
- You didn't say ex-wife.
- No, I didn't, did I?
- Mmm...
- We should focus.
- Right.
- Have you ever heard of karma?
Perhaps you're being punished
for all the bad things
that you might have done in your life.
It's just a thought.
Oh, no! That's just mean!
You're just being a bully now!
Be grateful, I don't hit women.
Now, tell me where my diamond is!
I swallowed it.
I sold the diamond.
What?
I swapped it and sold the real one.
Gave the money to charity,
an orphanage in Calcutta.
What? Why?
A test, to see if you really loved me.
You're crazy.
I'll deal with you later.
Get rid of them.
Oh, no.
OK, er...
If I'd known,

I'd have worn better underwear.
I don't think it's your underwear
you should be worrying about, Pen.
- These things reveal everything.
- What do you mean?
- Yeah, every nook and cranny.
- Oh, God!

What are you looking at?

Damn cheek!

Oh, yes, that's, er... Saigon,
Vietnam, 1964.

Took a bit of shrapnel, yeah.

Bloody hell, they left some forceps
in there. Look, the clamp's in there.

- I didn't know that.
- You can go.

Bloody Vietnam.

- Take them to the cliff.
- Huh? The cliff?

Whisky? A last drink?

Not my tippie.

- I do hope they'll be all right, Jerry.
- I'm sure they'll be fine, love.
- Do you think?
- Yeah.

Stop whistling, Richard.

- Please, stop whistling. It drives me mad.
- Helps me relax, Kate.

Well, it doesn't help me relax.

It's driving me bloody mad.

OK, I'll stop.

I've stopped whistling now, OK?

We've stopped.

Yes.

- We're moving.

- Yes.

- Kate.

- What?

- I just wanted to say...

- What?

I just wanted to say, Kate,

that whatever happens...

- You're not trying to do a final speech, are you?
- No, not at all. Well, maybe a little.

It's just that...

- Shut up!

- All right, I will.

Oh!

- Oh!

- Oh!

Don't... move.

- Oh.

- Ohh!

- What's going on?

- We're going back. We're going back!

- No, no, no, no, no.

- Ssh, ssh, ssh, ssh, ssh.

No, no, no, no.

I just wanted to say I'm sorry, Kate.

What for?

For not being a good husband.

I'm sorry too, then.

For what?

For not letting you be one.

What do you mean?

- We were too young.

- Uh-huh.

It takes two, you know, to totally ruin a marriage, and I played my part.

Oh, God!

Anyway, what does it matter now?

We're...

We're going to die!

- Richard!

- It's OK. I've got you. Hold on.

Kate, I think we should try again.

- Try what again?

- Me and you.

What are you talking about, Richard?

I think we should finally sail round the world, like we've always talked about.

I've had such a great time these past few days.

Could you just concentrate?

Concentrate on holding on!

- Well, don't you feel anything, Kate?

- Yes, fear!

All right. OK.

Well, just think about it.

I like you, I really like you.

Come on, you fucker!

Come on!

- Are you OK?

- Manon!

- Manon!

- Oh! Oh, thank you. Thank you!

Oh, no, it is I who should be thanking you for making me see things clearly.

Merci beaucoup.

We must go. Help me.

Here we go.

- Nice girl, passionate.

- Oh, I do hope she'll be all right.

Oh, a headstrong girl like her, she'll be fine.

We're gonna have to swim out of here.

You know that?

- We'll be sitting ducks.

- Yeah, well, do you have a better idea?

I know a man with a boat.

- You do'?

- Yeah.

- Online?

- Yes, Richard, online.

You chat, you get to know each other, and you agree to meet up, if you like each other.

- But you've never met him?

- No, not yet.

So you don't even know if you'll like him.

Well, he's 57. He lives in Paris

and has house and a boat

in the south of France. What's not to like?

Good heavens, Kate!

How shallow you've become.

That must be the captain.

Bonjour, Kate.

It's me, Jean-Baptiste.

Bloody hell!

You know, I'm twice your age.

What can I say? I like older women.

Why lie on your profile?

I want women to see me as a mature man.

Otherwise, I feel like a total cliché, you know?

Young, rich, handsome, with a speedboat...

So terribly predictable.

He's your lover?

Ex-lover.

But you still have some feelings for him?

I don't know.

It's not good to look back.

No, you're right.

- It can make you feel a bit sick.

- Oh.

Shall we head back?

- Well, actually...

- We are going out.

- Oh, really? Out?

- Yes, on a date.

- Well, not a date. Not...

- Yes, a date.

But what about the, er...

...diamond?

You can handle that, can't you?

Are you telling me

you don't want to see this through now?

No, I... Well, I think so.

I mean, can't you deal with it on your own?

I'll meet you at the rendezvous in Paris.

Right.

Right, I see. Well...

I suppose I did start all this for a reason
and the reason was for the...

...for the people, for...

for Doreen, for...

Right, I'll be off, then.

- You take good care of her.

- I will.

So, first of all,

we have some champagne at my villa.

OK. It's a bit early, isn't it,
for champagne?

It's never too early for champagne.

It's always too late.

Ah!

Oh, thank goodness. You made it.

Where's Kate?

Ah, she's not here.

Where is she?

- She's with a Frenchman.

- Oh!

- What Frenchman?

- Jean-Baptiste.

You knew about him?

Oh! Oh, right. Jean-Baptiste, yeah.

Did everybody know about the Frenchman
apart from me?

But why is she meeting him?

You're back together now.

No, Pen, we're not back together.

You seemed so happy

so we just went along with it.

I suppose it was a bit

of a long shot anyway.

Probably wouldn't have worked
second time around.

Exactly.

Anyway, the diamond.

Where is it?

- Ah, yeah.

- There's been a slight delay.

Yeah, but... Pen's got me
on the old prune juice.

Should get the bomb doors open.

Maybe? No, false alarm.

- Where are you going?

- Ah, good morning.

There is a robe on the chair.

- I'm so sorry about last night.

- Oh, Jean-Baptiste, it was lovely.

- Yeah, but I drunk too much and...

- It happens. You're young.

You've got much more experience than me.

That thing that you did...

Oh, thank you.

So, what would you like to do today?

We can have some breakfast outside or...

We can take my boat somewhere.

You can practise your French.

Ooh.

- You like this song?

- I love this song.
- Who is it?
- Free. You know...
No, I don't know this band.
No... of course you don't.
It was the linseeds that ultimately did it,
such a smooth transition.
- Well done, Jerry.
- Darling.
Amazing. Look at it.
It's beautiful. Touch it.
No, I think I'll pass, Jerry.
Thank you.
Where is this man, Diamond Dave?
Patience, my dear, patience.
- I'm sure she's coming, Richard.
- Mmm.
I don't think so, Pen.
Thanks, anyway.
I don't understand.
What is the Eye of the Rainbow?
It's a diamond that we stole.
But first we had to kidnap the Texans, scuba
to the chateau and break into a wedding.
- You stole a diamond?
- Yes.
- I'm not gonna make it.
- Yes, you will.
It's Diamond Dave.
He hasn't changed a bit.
- Don't take less than ten.
- Right you are.
- I just don't get it.
- What, my love?
How you know all these people?
- Who?
- Well, Diamond bloody Dave.
- Oh, you know, way back.
- No, I don't know, Jerry.
I don't know about Saigon
or Guam or the Foreign Legion.
- Or even Diamond bloody Dave. I really don't.
- It's all right. Calm down.
No, I won't calm down.

Who are these people, Jerry?
These contacts? All that metal
in your body? This past life?
I thought I knew you.
I thought we were the same.
Oh, Pen.
I'm more than the sum of my parts.
- What does that mean?
- I've got no idea.
But what I do know
is that I love you.
Always have, always will. OK?
- OK.
- Yeah!
- Got 15.
- Bloody hell.
You can literally go anywhere
from here, can't you?
Well, we've got a briefcase full of cash.
Penelope!
There's one back to London
in 50 minutes.
No, I don't think we should get that one.
- Kate!
- Hey-hey!
Listen, what do you think about...
I don't know, maybe doing a bit of
travelling before we head home?
Travelling?
- Well...
- Stupid idea, right?
Yes.
A crazy... daft... stupid...
but brilliant idea.
- Yeah?
- Yeah. Why the hell not?
- What have we got to lose?
- Apart from our dignity?
Either way, it's worth investigating.
Definitely. Let's investigate.
Would you see
that the relevant people get this?
It would be an honour, my friend.
I've, er... taken a bit out.

You can stash the rest under the mattress.

Don't worry, old pal. We've got a safe house built under the stairs.

- We do?

- Yeah.

Bon voyage, my old friends.

- I'll feed the cat.

- Oh, thank you.

- Look after yourselves.

- We will.

Thank you.

- Come along, Jerry.

- Be very, very naughty.

- It's is very heavy, Jerry.

- Hey-hey!

- Come on, my love.

- I say...

Oh... yes.

Merci.

Come on.

Come on!

Oh, yew!

Right. Yaw!

Hey-hey-hey!

So, what next? Hmm?

A wander around the Marais?

Hmm, that would be nice.

But... I was thinking of something a little more adventurous.

Adventurous? Marvellous.

When are we leaving?

What about right now?

OK?

You see, I...

I know a man.

I know a man with a boat.

- Oh, you do, do you?

- Yes.

Yes? What?

Where? No! This?

Oh, my God!

She's beautiful.

- Kate, you did it. You did it!

- I did it!

- You bought us a boat!

- I did it!

Don't fall in.

Don't fall in the Seine.

Oh, my God, she's gorgeous!

She is gorgeous.

You are gorgeous!

I love you!

"Mon Dsarroi")

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