The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie

By Luis Buñuel
THE DISCREET CHARM
OF THE BOURGEOISIE

Shall I wait here, Your Excellency?
There's not even a fire.
And the table isn't set yet.
But it's after 8.
Good evening, dear Alice.
- Don Rafael, how are you?
  - Just fine.
  - I'm so glad to see you again.
  - So am I.
What a surprise!
Had I known you were coming...
You weren't expecting us?
No, not tonight.
Not tonight?
No. I was expecting you tomorrow.
Tomorrow?
But Henri's invitation
was for tonight.
I'm sure of that.
That can't be...
- because Henri is at a business dinner.
- Incredible!
But I was there when he invited us.
In any case, tomorrow night is out.
I couldn't have accepted. I've a
dinner at the Colombian Embassy.
I really don't know what to say.
I'd invite you to eat with me,
but nothing is ready.
- I'm terribly sorry.
- Don't be. It's nothing.
A slight misunderstanding.
Won't you sit down?
Have a drink.
Don't put yourself out.
We'll be going.
By the way,
I know a charming inn nearby.
I've dined there on occasion.
- Let's try it. Be my guests.
- Good idea.
Why don't you join us?
That's sweet, but I'm not dressed.
No matter. It's quite an informal place.
- Then I'll just change my dress.
- Not at all. Come as you are.
Not very cheerful.
Put this on.
Maybe it's closed.
The food's good. I'll check.
It's nothing special.
Yes?
We'd like to have dinner.
Are you closed?
- Then we can dine?
- Of course. One moment...
What's the meaning of this?
Call the manager, Mr. Manuel.
The management changed
Good evening, Madame.
Please come in.
Let's go.
Not very crowded.
- A bad sign.
- Maybe it's early.
Let's sit here.
You sit there.
Shall we start with the wine, my friends?
It depends on what we order.
What do you prefer?
Bordeaux? Burgundy?
Burgundy.
Whether I have oysters or fish, I go with red wine...
''Snails cooked in Chablis.'''
I don't care for snails.
I'd fancy a hare terrine, but in restaurants they tend to use too much salt...
There's melon.
Good idea.
I'll have a melon with port.
I'd have caviar, but it might not be very good here.
I prefer my own caviar.
What do they have for fish?
I adore fish.
There's grilled sardines,
fillet of sole,
fried whiting,
brown-buttered skate,
pike quenelles in Nantua sauce,
blue trout...
This restaurant's cheap.
A cheap, empty restaurant
is dubious.
Think so?
I'll skip the melon and have
a dry martini instead.
Nothing but red wine for you.
And Crmant to make
Picard happy.
- What's going on?
- Where are you going? Stay here.
That's being indiscreet.
We'll have
a melon with port...
a plain melon...
The lady here will have roll mops...
What's going on?
The owner, Madame.
He died suddenly this afternoon.
We were so fond of him.
- He died in that suit?
- But why keep him here?
We're expecting the undertaker.
But we remain at your service.
I'm leaving. I won't eat here.
- Why not?
- You can't be serious, Rafael!
I don't mind.
But I assure you,
you'll have a fine dinner.
- No, I'm going.
- As you like.
- What shall we do?
- Try another place.
If you don't mind, I'd rather
go home. Will you take me?
Yes, with pleasure.
Mr. Snchal and Mr. Thevenot
are here.
Show them in.
Hello, Henri.
Hello, Francois. Please...
What happened last night?
- Why did you come by?
- You invited us.
You're mistaken.
It was for tonight.
I could never have accepted.
I'm engaged tonight.
I don't understand.
Are you free for lunch Saturday?
Let me check.
Saturday's fine with Francois.
About one o'clock.
I have nothing planned.
We'll be expecting you, then.
Say...
there's quite a pretty girl outside.
Well, well...
What are you doing?
- Put that down!
- Stand back!
I know what I'm doing.
- Who is she?
- She's from Miranda.
Miranda?
She's part of a terrorist group
that's been after me for years.
- To do what?
- How's that, to do what?
To kidnap me, murder me.
You never know with terrorists.
Did you notify the police?
I'd rather not, for the moment.
You understand why.
I had some trouble at the airport.
They wanted to search
my diplomatic pouch.
l had to call the minister.
Search the diplomatic pouch...
Unthinkable!
Last month,
they arrested the ambassador of...
An ambassador carrying
An ambassador? Which one?
They hushed up the affair.
There are 15 kilos here.
It didn't get into the press.
It was the U.S. ambassador.
That makes the 4th ambassador
to be arrested.
We have to find another system.
- Want to test it?
- Harrison's radar?
- It's the best.
- I have a sample.
Your hand.
It's pure.
The finest.
I have the first payment.
You can count it.
I trust you.
The Marseilles gang
is getting suspicious.
They want to know
who our supplier is.
That's bad news.
It's no use worrying now.
Skip it.
Where will you invest the money?
Certainly not in Miranda.
Same place as you.
- What's the Deutsche mark at now?
- 3.17 to the dollar.
Shall I wait here, Your Excellency?
- Are Monsieur and Madame home?
- Yes, I'll let them know.
Smells good.
Surely a vol-au-vent
a la financière.
So about the population explosion...
I'll explain.
This is the Earth.
That's the zodiac.
Come on.
- Yes?
- The guests are here, sir.
We'll be right down.
Serve them drinks.
They can wait 5 minutes.
Come on...
- Not here!
- Why not?
You make too much noise.
What'll we do?
Don't stand there, get dressed.
They'll be right down.
Help yourselves to drinks.
Fine.
- What will it be?
- As you like.
- Same for me.
- How about you, Florence?
I wouldn't mind...
a dry martini.
My sister shouldn't drink.
You should've seen her last night.
She was dead drunk.
She threw up everywhere.
In the elevator, in the taxi.
It was awful.
- And her fingernails were filthy.
- They were not!
You're the one who...
Dry martinis for everyone?
There's nothing more relaxing
than a dry martini.
I read it in a woman's magazine.
I'll mix them.
I'm afraid these glasses
are out of style.
For a dry martini the classic
cone-shaped glass is best.
Here's one.
This is just about right.
The ice cubes come first.
They have to be first-rate.
Very cold, very hard.
About 20 to 30 degrees below zero.
Like these.
What are you doing?
Then we pour the gin.
Stir to cool it, then serve.
Rafael knows a dry martini
must be sipped like champagne.
We'll try something.
Get your chauffeur.
What do you want with him?
You'll see.
Honey, if you prefer
the 30's New York style,
you can add a few
drops of Pernod.
Maurice!
- Come in a minute?
- Right away, Your Excellency.
Do us the pleasure
of having a drink with us.
Thank you, sir.
- Your health, ladies and gentlemen.
- And yours.
That's fine, Maurice.
You may go now.
Did you see that?
That was precisely the way
not to drink a dry martini.
You're being hard on Maurice.
He's a commoner. He's uneducated.
No system can give the masses
the proper social graces.
But you know me,
I'm not a reactionary.
Where are our hosts?
I don't know, Madame. They left.
What do you mean, left?
I saw them running into the garden.
- When was this?
- 4 or 5 minutes ago.
- Where were they going?
- I don't know.
Excuse me, Madame.
What's the meaning of this?
I don't know.
Someone may have informed the police.
A raid.
You think so?
Why else would they run off
like that?
- They could have warned us!
- They may not have had time.
- Let's get out of here.
- Right.
Come on, quick!
- We have to go!
- Why?
But we're fine here.
We must get out of here.
And go where?
Never you mind. Come on.
Get going. And fast.
I'm Monsignor Dufour,
bishop of this diocese.
Are Mr. and Mrs. Snchal at home?
No, Your Grace, they're not.
- Where are they?
- I don't know.
They had lunch guests,
but they all left.
- Will they be back?
- I think so, Your Grace.
- May I wait for them?
- Why, of course.
I'd like to sit down,
if you have no objections.
- I'm a bit tired.
- Please do, Your Grace.
You walked all the way?
I had a car, but
I sold it to help the poor.
- Would you like a drink?
- No, thank you, I don't drink.
Tell me, my dear...
what is your name?
Ines.
Tell me, dear Ines...
Is that the gardener's shed
I saw as I came up?
Yes, it is, Your Grace.
But the gardener was
fired last week.
Yes, I know.
- Excuse me, I have work to do.
- Go right ahead.
What excuse do we give?
- Where are they?
- Who, Madame?
- The guests! Where are they?
- They left.
What got into them?
We were barely out 20 minutes.
They had enough to drink.
You don't just leave like that!
Why not stop them?
They looked scared. They ran out.
- Scared?
- Scared of what?
I'm Your Monsignor Dufour,
bishop of this diocese.
I'd like to speak with you.
What was that?
It's true. His Grace came
by before. I let him in...
Who's he kidding?
Will you get the hell out!
Out!
You let in strangers just like that?
He said he was a bishop.
And you believed him?
If we're out, beware of strangers.
Remember that!
Very well, Madame.
Come on, let's tidy up a bit.
I wonder why they were scared.
Thevenot's always scared.
The Embassy might know something.
Wait a bit. I bet they'll come back.
You're right.
Anyway, the day's ruined.
That's them.
You see? Do you believe me now?
- I don't understand.
- Shame on us.
It's nothing.
- Will you forgive us?
- Of course. It's nothing serious.
Won't you have a seat?
Dear Madame,
haven't we met before?
Quite possibly.
To what do we owe this honor?
It's quite simple.
I'd like to be your gardener.
- Excuse me?
- Your gardener, yes.
Tend your garden... the vegetables,
the flowers, the lawn.
- You do need a gardener?
- Yes, we do.
Then I'm asking for the position.
- But, Your Grace...
- Don't be surprised.
The Church has changed,
you know.
You've heard of worker priests?
The same goes for bishops.
- You know about gardening?
- I should think so.
I spent my childhood
in a large house...
something like this one.
My parents... God rest their souls,
they both died violent deaths.
My parents had a fine gardener.
I learned everything from him.
- Your parents died violent deaths?
- Yes, arsenic poisoning.
Who did it?
We never found out.
How much do you want?
Union rates. No more, no less.
But our ex-gardener
wasn't unionized.
Maybe so, but I insist
on doing this properly.
So, is the answer yes?
Very well.
- When will you start?
- Now. If you'd show me the garden...
This way.
Excuse me...
You have grass in your hair.
It's nothing.
- Shall we?
- Indeed.
See you later, Madame.
- What will you ladies have?
- Three teas.
- Milk or lemon?
- Lemon for me.
Me, too.
Some milk, please.
I can't stand the sight
of that musician.
Which one?
The cellist.
- Why? You don't like the cello?
- I detest it.
Do you mind if we change places?
Why not?
Personally, I really like the cello.
- The sound...
- Most orchestras have dropped them.
Look at that!
If they were young, at least...
- See that?
- See what?
The soldier sitting over there.
He's a lieutenant.
- You know him?
- No, why?
He keeps staring at us.
I don't know him.
Neither do I.
Did you notice how sad he looks?
True. But lieutenants often do.
I've always wondered why.
I'm terribly sorry, ladies,
but we're out of tea.
No tea! What's the meaning of this?
We've been very busy today.
We just served our last tea.
- No tea at all?
- None, Madame.
Will you have something else?
- Then I'll have a coffee
- Me too.
- Me too. With a brandy.
- We don't sell alcohol, Miss.
Three coffees, then.
If I may... Hubert de Rochcahin,
cavalry lieutenant.
May I join you?
Of course.
Madame, did you have
a happy childhood?
Yes. Quite happy.
And you, Madame?
Me, too...
I have nothing but good memories.
Not me.
I had several complexes:
Euclid's complex...
My childhood was tragic.
May I tell you about it?
- Here? Now?
- Yes. It's a bit long, but interesting.
If you like.
I remember, I was 11.
I was about to enter
military school.
Not too tight under the arms?
Button up your tunic.
There, that's it.
It's fine.
Your father wants to see you.
- Your son, sir.
- You can go now.
Turn.
Walk a little.
Fine.
Now listen to me.
Your mother is dead. I'm responsible for your education. At military school discipline will be harsh. But it's for your own good. I hope you will do credit to the name I gave you. That will be all.

Mother!

MOTHER, I LO...

Hubert, my son. It's me. Don't be afraid. Come here. Don't be afraid. Listen to me. Come closer. The man who lives in this house and calls you son is not your father. Do you understand? Look. Your real father is there. The other one killed him in a duel. We were deeply in love. Now, listen to me. Don't be afraid. Your so-called father usually wakes at night for a glass of milk. In the bathroom cabinet you'll find a blue vial. Tonight, when he's asleep, go and empty it into his glass. It's your mother's last request. Farewell, my son.

A few days later, I left for military school where an exciting life awaited me. I'm sorry, ladies, we have no more coffee.
- What?
- Or milk.
- Is this a joke?
- Not at all, Madame.

Today has been unusually busy so we're out of coffee and milk. What will we drink then?
- You have verbena?
- No, I'm sorry.
We're also out of herbal tea.
Do you have water?
- Of course. It would be the last straw.
- Bring us water.
Incredible!
Thank you for listening to me.
Allow me to take my leave.
Please do, Lieutenant.
And thanks.
My God! What was I thinking?
I have an appointment.
I must be off. Excuse me.
- We'll get together one of these days.
- Indeed. Goodbye, Simone.
Sorry I'm late, darling.
Not all that late.
- Champagne?
- With pleasure.
Afterwards.
Get undressed, quick.
- Turn off the light first.
- Why?
Because I'm not cured yet.
What?
But your hands look fine.
Not my hands, but elsewhere.
God! If you saw it...
In that case...
This dress is such a nuisance.
Turn off the light!
Hear that?
I don't know who it is.
Oh, it's you!
Good. Come in.
What do you want?
I saw Snchal this morning.
He's sorry about lunch the other day.
"A misunderstanding."
- He wants to have us over tonight.
- Tonight?
Who is it?
Your husband.
Is that my wife in your bedroom?
She arrived five minutes ago.
That's odd.
She said nothing?
Isn't this a coincidence!
I also came by
to give him the invitation.
- You free tonight?
- Absolutely.
- So we go together, as usual?
- With pleasure.
- Some champagne?
- No, I must run along.
Coming with me?
No, wait. Let her stay a moment.
Just a few minutes.
- What for?
- I have to show her the sursicks.
- The what?
- The sursicks.
- I'll wait in the car.
- I'll be right down.
- What are these sursicks?
- I don't know and who cares!
Come quick!
You're mad! He's downstairs!
He might come back up!
Just one little moment!
Leave me alone! Let me go!
See you tonight, darling.
Don't move. Hands up.
You're better qualified
for love than for war.
You think I'm a bastard.
I'd even be a socialist,
if socialists believed in God.
How old are you?
You and your friends
haven't a chance.
Violence will get you nowhere.
I've always said so.
You're a good little housewife.
Bread, lettuce...
The key to dreams...
A man forewarned is forearmed,
don't you think?
Some champagne?
Have any younger brothers?
Basically, we think alike.
Take the bomb and pollution.
You're against.
Well, so am I.
You're for free love. So am I.
How dare you touch me!
Mao Tse-tung was right...
I don't agree.
If Mao said that,
it means he misread Freud.
When all is said and done,
the only solution to famine and
poverty is the military solution.
You'll see in Miranda,
when you have to spread your
pretty thighs to an infantry battalion.
Don't you agree?
And now?
Yours must be loaded,
since you're here to kill me.
I could easily eliminate you.
Self-defense.
But I'll show you
how generous I can be.
The door is open. Get out.
I have a dinner appointment.
I must get dressed. Get out!
- So you don't know the IWM?
- I'm not much on acronyms.
The International Women's
Movement.
You know the IWM's rallying sign?
This.
As idiotic a sign as the others.
Fascist. Communist. Victory,
and "Christ is our lord and master."
And "Morituri te salutant."
Rafael, can you come a minute?
May I introduce Don Rafael Acosta,
ambassador of the Mirandan Republic.
Monsignor Dufour.
Your Excellency.

Dinner will be served shortly.
A drink, while we wait?
Just this once, I'll have a whiskey.
Just a drop. With soda.
Nothing for me, thank you.
I'm delighted to meet you.
You know, we have
a large mission in Bogota.
Bogota is in Colombia.
That's right, it is in Colombia.
I got mixed up.
I don't know Miranda but
I hear it's a magnificent country.
The Andes, the pampas...
The pampas are in Argentina,
Your Grace.
You're right. Of course.
I ought to know that.
I recently saw a book
on Latin America.
It had superb photos
of your ancient pyramids.
Our pyramids?
We have no pyramids in Miranda.
Mexico and Guatemala have them,
we don't.

- Are you sure?
- Absolutely sure.

Dinner is ready, Madame.
If you please,

dinner is served.
- Your Grace...
- After you, Madame, please.
- Will you do the honors?
- If you insist.

Who can that be at this hour?
Rosalie, please get the door.
Ladies, gentlemen, good evening...
Please excuse us.
I was expecting you tomorrow.
Maneuvers were moved up a day.
But, Colonel, turning up like this...
I'm truly sorry.  
It's not my fault, believe me.  
We have guests tonight.  
I suppose you haven't had dinner.  
Give me 5 minutes  
and I'll see what I can do.  
In the meantime, won't you have a drink and meet our friends?  
With pleasure.  
Can you help with the chairs?  
At your service, Madame.  
Let's see what's in the fridge.  
Some pat, some ham...  
Care for a whiskey?  
Dry martini? Vodka?  
Whatever you like.  
- A martini?  
- Why not?  
Mr. Snchal had agreed to house us during maneuvers, like before.  
I didn't think he'd have guests tonight.  
- Mexican?  
- Congo.  
Good stuff.  
You're an infantry officer?  
- Cavalry.  
- So sorry.  
- What's that you're smoking, Colonel?  
- Marijuana. Care for some?  
No, thank you.  
- Your Excellency?  
- Certainly not.  
I'd love some.  
Not those chairs!  
I'll go get some others.  
Your Grace!  
That'll do.  
I wouldn't have believed you smoked in the army.  
In my country, for example, the army is incredibly strict.  
Marijuana's nothing, you know.  
But it's the first step towards
worse. I loathe drug addicts.
So do I.
were discharged recently
because they were drug addicts.
That's kind of you.
Marijuana isn't a drug.
Take Vietnam, for instance.
From generals to privates,
everybody smokes.
And what happens?
They bomb their own troops.
If they bomb their own troop,
there must be a reason.
And remember, during
the Great War,
our men had to drink
You exaggerate.
Not at all. Despite those 3 liters
there were still many deserters.
They were machine-gunned
by French police.
Hundreds were killed.
I never heard that.
It's a historic fact. They even
say it happened at Verdun...
I think we can eat now.
I hope we can all squeeze in.
Obviously, the portions are small.
But there are eggs,
ham and cheese.
I'm sure it will be fine.
And again, my apologies.
Sit where you can.
- Some foie gras, Colonel?
- With pleasure.
- May I serve you?
- Please do.
- Are your maneuvers long?
- About a week.
Message from HQ for the Colonel.
Sir...
What is it now?
If you'll excuse me...
- You don't say!
- What is it?
The Green Army's attacked.
We have to go.
But you haven't eaten!
I'm sorry, Madame,
but orders are orders.
Ladies, gentlemen...
Gentlemen, we're leaving.
Ah, that's right...
The sergeant has
a charming dream to relate.
We're listening.
I had a dream last week...
I was taking a walk at dusk
in a busy shopping street.
What are you doing around here?
What about you?
I live here.
Since when?
It's been six years, I think.
And you?
I just got here.
What's the matter?
You look so pale.
And you?
You should see yourself.
- You smell of earth.
- So do you.
Are you staying here long?
Forever.
Wait for me a minute.
I have to buy something.
I'll wait.
Hello.
- Wasn't Ramirez just here with you?
- Yes.
- You sure it was him?
- Sure.
Don't you know
he died over 6 years ago?
Say, that's true. You're right.
- How can that be?
- I don't know.
I was surprised to see him.
He said he lived around here.
I remember now,
he died quite a while ago.
He went in here.
Wait, I'll go get him.
- It's you?
- Yes, it's me.
- You recognize me?
- How could I not recognize you?
- You might have forgotten me.
- Forget you?
Every time I tried to talk to you,
you kept your distance,
you snubbed me.
- Remember?
- I remember.
Last time, you returned to the sand.
Now you're here, coming to me.
Why this late?
I don't know.
I wanted to see you again.
I looked for you in this dark crowd.
I've been looking since I arrived.
- Nothing will part us again.
- Nothing.
Just 3 minutes ago,
I ran into an old friend.
Wait, I'll get him.
You must meet him.
I'll wait.
Ramirez!
Where are you, Mother?
I seek you among the shadows.
Mother?
I went off in search of my mother,
but the street was
full of shadows
and no one responded.
Now tell us the train dream.
No, we have to hurry.
Some other time.
Let's get going.
My respects, Madame...
Ladies, gentlemen...
When Lazarus rose from the
dead, he had no memories.
What's that?
It's the beginning of maneuvers.
I hope they spare the house.
I'll make some coffee.
Hello.
It's me again.
Please, don't bother.
I hope the noise
isn't disturbing.
Not at all. It's perfectly normal.
It's an artillery barrage. The
cavalry will attack in 20 minutes.
I see.
Mrs. Snchal's not here?
Ah, it's you.
You'll have some coffee?
Thank you, there's no time. I simply
wanted to extend my apologies,
and I'd be delighted if you,
and your friends, of course,
would come to my home for dinner.
Would next Friday do?
Maneuvers will be over.
If my friends accept.
Fine. Your Grace will honor me
with his presence?
The honor's all mine.
Until Friday, then.
My wife will be
delighted to meet you.
Our address is
They'll be right down.
''Hat worn by Napoleon
at the Battle of Wagram''.
Let me try it on.
Not quite.
It's too small.
But it seems to be made for you.
Come now, Henri,
such bad taste!
What did I say?
It suits you fine.
You're such a child!
- Some more?
- No, thank you.
Add some seltzer.
Your health!
Is this whiskey?
That's what the label says.
Tastes like Quasi-Cola.
It is Quasi-Cola.
If the Colonel's meal is like
his drinks, we're in for it.
Is this a joke?
''And to prove your valor,
''you invite the Commander's
specter to dinner!''
And to prove your valor,
you invite...
''And to make us believe
he attended...''
God, what am I doing here?
''... You put us to sleep with a narcotic.''
I don't know my lines!
What's the matter?
Oh, nothing,
a crazy dream.
We were at the Colonel's
and we ended up on a stage,
And?
Where are you? We're waiting
for you at the Colonel's.
We were afraid
something happened.
No, we're coming.
I just dozed off.
We're on our way.
How do I look, Rafael?
Ghastly.
It's a slightly effeminate hat.
Napoleon? You think so?
As for Napoleon's hat at Wagram,
I've seen three in France.
You don't say!
Another whiskey,
Your Excellency?
More port?
No, thank you, I haven't finished.
What a pleasure.
We were worried.
My respects, Madame.
It's all my fault.
Do come and sit down.
Will you have something?
With your permission, a scotch.
And you, Madame?
A drop of port.
I hope you like it,
it's vintage port.
Any news from Miranda?
How is the situation?
Quite calm.
And the guerrillas?
There are a few left.
They're part of our folklore.
You have some student unrest.
Students are young.
They need to have some fun.
What is your government's policy?
We're not anti-student, you know.
On the contrary. But what do you do if
your room's swarming with flies?
You take a swatter and... splat!
No more flies!
One moment...
I hear your country is beautiful.
Very beautiful.
Of course, you lack
caviar and champagne.
But we have things just
as fine, if not better.
Excuse me.
Is it true that in certain parts of
Miranda there's still dire poverty?
I can hardly believe the gulf
between rich and poor is growing wider.
You've been misled.
Our economy is booming,
as the statistics show.
Excuse me.
Excuse me, Your Excellency.
I heard you just now.
I'm deeply interested
in administrative problems.
What would you like to know?
I'm told your judges and
policemen often accept bribes.
In the past, perhaps. There
were instances, as everywhere.
But we are a true democracy now.
Corruption no longer exists.
Excuse me.
I don't think I belong here.
- What's the matter?
- Nothing.
I'll tell you another time.
Until tomorrow.
Your Excellency!
- Leaving already?
- Not at all. Why?
My husband would like
to talk to you.
I'd like to drink a toast to you.
With pleasure, Colonel.
To your health!
Your country's been in the news
lately, at least here.
I read that Miranda
holds the world record
for the number of homicides
per capita.
No, Colonel, you're mistaken.
Hardly. It seems people kill
at the drop of a hat.
At least 30 deaths daily.
No, Colonel. I think you're
trying to offend me.
Not at all. I know
what I'm talking about.
I read it in a very serious report.
Allow me not to take
your word for it.
I repeat, I know what
I'm talking about.
If I weren't your guest,
I would demand satisfaction.
I wasn't aware this chivalrous custom
existed in your semi-barbaric land.
You have just insulted
the Republic of Miranda.
I couldn't give a tinker's damn
about Miranda.
And I shit on your entire army.
What is it?
I didn't hear anything.
Calm down, Colonel, please!
The ambassador's charming...
He's a lout who deserved it!
There's been a mix-up!
Let's calm down, Colonel.
Tell us what happened.
Nothing tragic.
Excuse me.
What's the matter?
I dreamed that I...
First I dreamed
that Snchal dreamed
that we went to a theater...
Then, that we were invited
to the Colonel's,
and that he argued with Rafael...
You're a goose.
Go back to sleep.
Calm down and sleep.
What flowers! The garden's
never looked lovelier.
That's kind of you.
I do my best.
By the way,
we're having some friends
over for lunch.
- Won't you join us?
- I'd love to, but I must finish.
It would make me very happy.
And we'll be among friends.
Just come when you can.
I'll finish what I have to do,
then join you.
May I suggest flanking the gate with two rows of hydrangeas?
May I show you?
We plant two rows of hydrangeas from the gate to the house.
May I help you?
Where can I find a priest?
You have to inquire at the parish.
But, Madame, I am a priest!
- Why do you need him?
- To give absolution to a dying old man.
Wait here. I'll be right back.
Who is it?
He's a very old man and very poor.
He lives on a farm nearby.
A former gardener.
- He's very sick now.
- He needs a doctor.
He says it's too late.
He wants a priest.
Wait here.
Father...
I want to tell you something.
Then speak, my child.
I really don't like Jesus Christ.
Even as a little girl, I hated him.
Such a good, gentle God?
How is it possible?
Want to know why?
Let me tend to this sick man first, then we'll talk.
I have to deliver two bags of carrots. I'll come for you after.
You asked for a priest?
Here I am.
I bring you the solace of religion. You wish to confess?
Yes, confess...
I'm listening.
Tell me your sins.
Father...
Many years ago I committed
a crime.
I killed a man and a woman.
- Who?
- My employers.
I killed them both.
They treated me so harshly.
There, on the photo...
That's them.
Him and her.
The man behind them
with the rake is me.
I was a gardener.
Years and years ago.
Do you know the little boy?
Yes, that's their son.
Yes. That was me.
I remember this photo.
I often saw it.
Those you killed were
my parents.
They never found the culprit.
It was me.
They treated me like an animal.
He was a brute, and she...
Calm down.
You want absolution
before you meet your maker?
Oh, yes, for pity's sake.
The Lord forgives
the most hardened sinners.
See the example he gives us
by uniting us here.
Close your eyes,
gather your thoughts
and pray.
May our Lord Jesus Christ
forgive you.
And I, by His authority,
pardon your sins,
in the name of the Father, the Son
Go in peace, now.
Will you have a drink,
or shall we eat right away?
I'm starving to death.
Take your places, then.
We have truffle omelet,
and guinea fowl with morel.
You can serve now, Ines.
His Grace was called away
to see a dying man.
Maybe we should wait, then?
He said to start without him.
Have you made plans
for the summer?
Neither have we. Why?
Why not come out to Miranda?
It's an invitation. This way
you can learn about my country.
It must be terribly hot
in the summer.
When its summer here, it's winter
there. Isn't that right?
Naturally.
We French are hopeless
in geography.
Get the door, Ines.
It must be His Grace.
Rafael, rumor has it that
you're to be named minister.
Police, open up!
In the name of the law!
Rafael Acosta?
Inspector Dlcluze. You are
the Mirandan Ambassador?
Yes, I am.
You're under arrest.
- You're under arrest.
- You've no right.
I have every right. You're not on
Embassy grounds. The warrant.
And diplomatic immunity?
Diplomatic immunity? The hell
with it! Take him away.
There must be some mistake.
The Ambassador can't possibly...
- Henri Snchal?
- That's me.
You're under arrest.
This arrest is an outrage.
I'm calling my lawyer.
No, you're not!
Take him away!
You're Inspector Dlcluze?
What a coincidence!
We're neighbors.
I know your charming daughter.
Are you Francois Thevenot,
by any chance?
You're under arrest.
- What are we accused of?
- You'll find out at the station.
You can't arrest people
just like that!
The women, too!
Take them away!
Don't touch me!
Let go of me!
Are you a cyclist?
Don't touch me!
Search the house: bedrooms,
basement, the works!
- What is it?
- Drug case. Some big players, it seems.
Where's the fire?
- Christ! What's the date?
- June 14.
I totally forgot!
You're obviously new here.
How come?
- June 14 is Bloody Sergeant Day.
- What?
Never hear of the
Bloody Sergeant?
No, never.
Listen good.
This was back in the days
when the police tried hard
to improve its public image.
Remember?
Sure do.
Have you phoned the Minister?
What about my lawyer?
- I'm thirsty!
- This is shameful.
- You staying?
- Just a little while.
- It's June 14, don't forget.
- I'm not forgetting, sir.
As I was saying...
There was this sergeant who was so strict...
That's his picture there... he ruined our best efforts.
Still, he was a decent guy.
So...
still won't talk?
Will you answer, or not?
So you won't answer.
Listen good, I'll give you one more chance.
Will you talk, or not?
Go to it.
- So, how's the missus?
- So-so.
- Will it be a boy or a girl?
- A girl, I hope. I have two boys.
None of that!
I know you didn't plant the bomb.
You're a nice fellow,
you have healthy ideas.
But you know who did it. Talk and you'll see your girl tomorrow.
I don't have a girl.
You enjoy taking me for a ride?
Tough luck.
You asked for it.
We'll make him play some piano.
We won't kill you.
Will you talk?
Still nothing to say?
Then, one June 14, he was murdered during a demonstration.
Since then, every June 14, he returns to redeem himself.
- He's coming tonight?
- For sure.
Stay if you like, but I don't
want to meet the sergeant.
Me, neither. Wait up!
Stop!
Don't let them get away!
What's the matter, sir?
It's you!
I was washing up.
I heard you call.
Imagine, I dreamed you were
letting the prisoners go.
Me?
You had a face like
a slaughtered ox.
Dreams can sometimes be...
Hold the line.

**It's for you:**
the Interior Minister.
Speaking.
Yes, ma'am, I'll wait.
Inspector Dlcluze?
You arrested the Ambassador
of Miranda and his friends.
Release them immediately.
But, sir, they've already
been booked. I can't...
Forget about the booking
and just do as I say.
But, sir, can I at least know why...?
Our diplomatic relations
with Latin America...
What was that?
I couldn't hear you.
What's that?
But I speak clearly enough.
Very well.
Yes, I understand, sir.
Sergeant!
Release the prisoners.
Right away, sir.
- You spoke to the Minister?
- Of course.
I called to thank him.
I invited him to Miranda.
- And?
- He'll do his best to come.
What time is it?
A quarter to nine.
I hope they hurry,
the lamb will be overdone.
- That must be them.
- I'll get it.
- Are we late?
- Not at all. How are you?
Fine, thank you.
Your dress is lovely.
This is a real pleasure.
For me, as well.
Traffic was incredibly heavy.
- It's Saturday.
- True. I should have left earlier.
We passed at least
We'll skip cocktails
and get straight to dinner.
If not, the lamb will be overdone.
Fine with me, I'm starved.
I've made some soup
with garden herbs.
A very good idea.
I made it myself.
Sit where you like
Francois on my right.
Rafael here.
I almost didn't make soup,

then I thought:
Is a dinner without soup
really a dinner?
So, Ines, how are things
with your fiancé?
- We broke up, Madame.
- But why?
- He has 2 years in the army.
- You should wait.
It was his decision.
He says I'm too old as it is.
- How old are you?
- 52.
Really? I see.
She worked for my parents
when I was a child.
Say, I read they arrested
a Nazi in Miranda...
A Von Something-or-other,
who ran a concentration camp.
It seems he was a real butcher.
Calling him a butcher strikes
me as a bit excessive.
I met him once,
and I can assure you,
he's a true gentleman.
It's compatible.
You can be poor and a thief.
And rich and honest, my dear.
How did he dress, this
Mr. Von Something-or-other?
Was he an animal-lover?
He would take walks
with a big dog.
Is it true there are
many Nazis in Miranda?
- How is the soup?
- Delicious.
Feel free to add salt.
I'm sure it's perfect, as usual.
I'll just go check on the lamb.
- What time is it?

- 9:
You can take it out.
is long enough.
Fine.
Few people know it, but you carve
a lamb standing. Right, Francois?
It's more proper.
Remember that.
Thanks for the lesson.
What's your birth date, Rafael?
Then you're a Pisces?
Sagittarius rising.
That's very interesting.
- Shall I serve you?
- Please.
Pass me Rafael's plate.
Pisces-Sagittarius...
The union of these two signs enhances your strength of character.
You try to exceed the limits of your ego.
You think so?
Some lima beans?
- Especially with olive oil.
- I added some.
Just for me.
With pleasure.
Your lamb is superb.
- Not overdone?
- Just right.
You enjoy throwing yourself into life.
You feel driven by great ideals and noble undertakings.
Your open mind gives you a global outlook on life.
You'll be my guests, next time.
Wait until you taste my caviar.
Florence will serve her specialty:
Your sensibility is in harmony with your humanitarian conscience.
But if you want to discard preconceptions, you must replace them with a personal code of ethics, Rafael.
I've always done as my conscience dictates.
- Some more lamb, Rafael?
- With pleasure.
- You prefer it rare?
- I don't care.
It's delicious.
I may be a bit perverse,  
but I've a weakness  
for American canned beans.
Everybody, on your feet!  
Ladies, on your feet!
- What's the meaning of this?
- Hands behind your heads!
Get in the back!
Give us a chance to explain.
You've been misled.
In the back!
Move it!
When we've searched the house,  
we'll have plenty  
of time to talk.
What are you going to do?
Look!
Are you in pain, sir?
You screamed.
Do you need anything?
Nothing.
Go back to bed.