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Gangsterdam

By Remy Four

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In life, when you're staring
down the barrel of a gun...
you have two options.
Always the same two options.
You step up...
or you fuck up.
My name is Ruben Jablonski.
I'm 23 years old.
To put it objectively,
I'm not what you'd call cool.
We're all ears, Mr. Jablonski.
It's...
the Constitution...
that was...
established...
All I am right now...
is a law student
fucking up his oral exam.
I panic.
I see myself panicking.
I panic about panicking.
I see myself flunking it.
So I flunk it!
Justice may be blind.
Unfortunately for you, not deaf.
Let's stop there, it's gruesome.
Same time, same place next year.
Perhaps you'll have something to say.
Perhaps.
Defense counsel's speech.
In other words,
the carrot that lures the ass forward.
It's what makes this worthwhile.
Becoming a counsel.
Counsel, from the Latin word...
Anybody?
Nobody.
That's right, yawn.
Repeating a year at college
is no cause for celebration.
But out of disaster
came something totally lit.
Excuse me, is this Hall H?

Yes, young man. Take a seat.
Young lady.
Remove your hat
to avoid confusion.
That day, Nora came into my life.
Excuse me...
Switch your phone to silent maybe?
You're jealous I'm not texting you?
- What's your name?
- Marc. Why?
Hey, Marc!
You ever got your ass kicked
by a chick in public?
- No.
- Never?
It's gotta be humiliating.
You're going?
- Yeah.
- Too bad.
Have a good day, Marc!
Better, right?
Yeah.
How's it going?
Supergood.
I'm repeating the year.
I know the classes,
like I'm a year ahead.
Sick.
You can help me out.
NO, yes!
Sure, my pleasure.
I'm Nora.
Ruben. Nice to meet you.
Let's get at it.
Wanna let go of my hand?
That's how Nora
became my Wednesday date.
She works hard,
she's sman', talented,
and nothing made me happier
than sitting next to her.
- Gotta go, sorry.
- Really?
We're not done with the Civil Code.

See you.
One whole year,
Nora and I had our study date.
I got my CitiCar card,
so I can give you a ride.
Like our own little subway.
Sorry, can't. See you, dude.
I never managed
to take it up a level.
She put a barrier between us.
The Friend Zone barrier.
I was thinking,
the weather's picking up,
so how about we go to Chinagora?
What's Chinagora?
Chinagora's a huge mall in Paris.
Think Dubai,
but shaped like a pagoda.
Guys escape from Alcatraz,
but the Friend Zone? No Way!
Chinagora?!
What's awesome
about the new Avengers
is Wasp Man's cameo at the end.
So say the blogs.
Poppin'.
Tell me all about it.
See you tomorrow.
Besides our weekly study date,
I knew nothing about Nora's life.
But I knew
I 'd do anything for her.
I'm dying
to thrust inside you.
Let me enter you,
and I'd rediscover my self-esteem.
C'mon, Nora,
let me flood your vagina.
C'mon, Nora!
Dude, quit talking
like you're inside my head.
You wish I was.
Straight up,
I do not want you in my head.

- I'd boost your productivity.
- Productivity, my ass!
That's Durex, living proof
you can trust first impressions.
Racist, sexist, homophobic,
anti-Semitic, and my BFF.
It's nuts! You Jews,
always playing the victims.
Dude, you'd make God
choose another people.
How is that relevant?
What? How is it relevant?
I'll show you how relevant it is.
Nothing shocks you about those eyes?
Green eyes, my only asset.
So what?
Those are women's eyes. Got it?
You have women's eyes.
A chick like Nora,
she's looking for violence.
No shit. She wants a badass
to smash her, rough her up.
Dude, you of all people
judging on appearance!
You're ginger!
You're fucking ginger all over!
- Hands off!
- On the hunkitude scale, zero.
Although gingers represent
less than 1% of humanity,
we're all geniuses!
Van Gogh,
Horatio from CSI...
Precisely.
Sorry to interrupt.
The police
are running checks on campus.
I must ask you
to leave the hall
and go one by one
to the checkpoint at the gates.
Keep calm, everybody, please!
Thank you.
Nora!

- You forgot your jacket.
- It's not mine.
- It's your favorite jacket.
- It's not mine!
Don't you ever listen?
Do what the hell you want with it.
Just back off, ok?
Qpefi up your bag, sir.
Go through.
Clear. Keep going, guys.
- We don't get a search?
- Go through.
Cut it out, Durex.
Because it's 5pm, right?
After hours for you, huh?
10am tomorrow, my place,
to cram for your oral.
Works. See you then.
10 sharp, right?
Or you'll end up in the police.
Ruben!
Sorry about earlier...
- No, if it's not yours...
- It is mine!
Get in, I'll explain.
Get in, I said!
Give him the jacket, please.
Sure.
Here.
Thanks.
What the...
That's not mine!
Delighted to meet you, Ruben.
My name's Mishka.
He's my buddy Oussmane.
Nora, say thank you.
You owe him that, at least.
I was the cops' target.
Looks like you got the gear out.
That's cool. Thanks.
Straight up, I smuggled drugs?
Holy crap!
Not drugs, weed.
It was cool with the popo?

They weren't too nosey?

- The popo?

- The cops, Ruben.

I see.

No, it was fine.

I mean,

they totally put the heat on.

You ever get frisked on the street?

For no reason?

No.

'Course not.

Say, Ruben...

Do you think of yourself
as a smart guy?

Depends.

Depends on what?

On who I'm talking to.

Oussmane, pull over.

I think I just flat out fell in love.

Imma give you a present.

That's nice.

A trip tomorrow morning
to Amsterdam with Nora.

Mishka, please.

Hold up.

He's a sap.

I can handle it solo.

That's not true anymore, sorry.

Ruben reassures me.

He's touching, he's nice,

he has big green eyes.

He's smart.

One quick question if I may...

What's the trip for?

Same thing as today.

Instead of bringing me a jacket,
you bring me a package.

Alright, I get it.

First, let me say thank you
for the job offer.

It's just that Monday

I have my Master's oral exam.

If it was my first shot at it,

I'd say, sure, screw it!

But I'm repeating the year.
This weekend I'm studying
and studying some more.
With my dad and best buddy.
I don't need an answer now.
The offer's on the table.
It's your call.
Alright.
Thanks very much.
I'll think it over.
Ruben!
Bro!
Quit calling me bro. It sucks.
- You're my bro, right?
- You're not at school?
- My teacher died.
- What?
How come?
'Cause I boffed her.
LMFAO.
Stop!
Listen up...
I need you to score me some papers.
Forget it, you're 12 years old.
- I'm 12 years old?
- Yeah, you're 12.
No blunts at your age. Bye.
Asswipe. Watch that mouth.
I say when it's bye. Beat it!
- Yeah, right.
- You bust my balls!
Watch the balla in action.
Look and learn!
Stop!
Be a lady, bitch!
Hey, dad!
There we go!
Let's recap what you need
to make your homemade flashlight,
aka the Sergio!
A 1.5 volt battery.
Aluminum foil.
A small sheet, 30cm no more.
Or duct tape.

Last but not least, the bulb!
Enjoyed it? Subscribe today!
To subscribe, just click here.
See you next week
for more Science with Sergio!
We smashed
the 37 subscribers barrier.
I told you it'd take off.
"Dad, it'll never work.
It's ridiculous."
Ridiculous? A success!
Give your dad a kiss.
- Where's your brother?
- He's on his way.
Tell him to move it and shower!
Can't you tell him?
I'm mad at him.
He called hookers on my phone again.
What's Felina talk about
that's worth 450 bucks?
I'm gonna call Felina.
I'll tell her,
"Watch out, Madam Felina!
"Jonas is underage.
This is very serious!
"You need to stop this right now,
Madam Felina."
- Right.
- What's she talk about?
Stop snorting salt, and tell your brother
your grade in Chemistry.
4!
4/20, and he's happy.
His dad's the teacher,
and he blows his chance.
You get 4, I get 4.
That's my name there.
Whatever! I'm going to bed.
Do that, and I'll pack you off
to boarding school.
You can't afford it.
I'll get a payday loan!
Say something!
You're his dad, dad.

It's your job.
Luckily, I've got you.
Ok? Not stressed out about Monday?
It's all under control.
If you'd listened to me and done Science,
we wouldn't be here now.
You're like me, not a people person.
Orals aren't your thing.
Science is solid.
Formulas and figures never betray you.
Sure, the girls are ugly,
but they're not picky.
I've thought it over.
After you flunk,
we cram all summer...
Pls don't come tomorrow.
It's not for you.
Advanced Math.
You'll get every degree there is.
NO orals, no stupid attorney's robes
that cost a fortune.
Listen, Ruben...
What matters in life
isn't what you can do,
it's what you don't know
you can do.
You're going to Amsterdam with Nora?
Yes, dude.
Turns out I'm not a loser.
- You bribed her?
- No.
You were wrong. Get over it.
So what do I do this weekend?
Whatever you want. Study.
A/I alone?
Or with whoever you want.
Know what? Nora's gonna sell you
to a sheik as a sex slave.
Instead of taking an oral,
you'll be giving oral.
You racist pain in the butt!
The truth isn't racist.
So you'll cover for me?
23 years old and lying to daddy?

He's stressed out about the exams.
I can't dump this on him, too.
I'll cover for you.
Thanks, that's cool.
You never listen, do you?
Look, Mishka wants me here to help.
I don't need your help, dammit!
My interview with your boss
went really well.
He made me an offer
I can't refuse.
I decided this adventure is on.
- You don't get it.
- It's nothing personal.
This is serious shit here.
I know this is serious shit.
Look, my mind's made up.
Take it up with your boss.
- He's not my boss.
- Your colleague.
Ruben, I'm warning you...
We're not playing games.
You're in over your head.
It's dangerous.
I don't want anything to happen to you.
So I'm asking you...
Listen to me. Look at me.
And shut the fuck up!
You got a problem?
Are you listening'?
Isn't he your buddy?
Durex, what are you doing?
- Going to Amsterdam.
- Not gonna happen.
No way!
A problem?
- No.
- No problem.
Durex. The pleasure's mine.
I'm the best friend.
This is not gonna happen.
I just told him!
My ticket!
My car, my seat. Deal with it.

- He doesn't know, right?
- Are you nuts? Never!
Trust me. I've known him forever.
I'll handle him.
That's you handling him?
Everybody heard you,
the whole train shook. Not cool.
With me, it comes with a bang.
It's my signature.
You stupid jerk!
Around kids, families,
you don't pull that shit!
No farting in enclosed spaces!
Forget it, he's a pig.
- You never fart, I suppose?
- Sure, I fart.
Too much information.
- I crack stinkers.
- No!
But they stink in silence.
Of course!
The famous silent fart of the female.
I flagged it
and you snuck closer.
You wanted to spoon my fart.
Admit it, I fascinate you.
So this is Amsterdam?
City of assholes, by the looks of it.
Best place to start
is the Rijksmuseum.
For you, Ruben,
the Anne Frank house.
And the flower market
to round it off nicely.
Know what?
Do your shit, we'll do ours.
We have a guide.
We do?
Yes! His name's Ulysse,
and he's gonna show us the sights.
So what's your guide
lined up for you?
He's one of those guides
that knows where it's at.

History, art, local knowledge, food,
he's got it all.

The Dutch Anthony Bourdain.

Exactly.

Thanks, Durex, and goodbye.

Ik rook niet.

Two lk rook niets.

Where you going?

Ik rook niet

means I don't smoke.

You ordered two nothings.

And tell him to join us.

This is ridiculous.

Come on.

You the 3rd wheel?

Cockblocking me?

Bigging you up.

You're an embarrassment.

What? I'm getting a mood going.

The loser-desperate-to-fuck mood!

The female's gotta come to the male.

I know that.

She blows me off, so what do I do?

I'll tell some stories

to show how fly we are,

the two of us.

She'll want in on our vibe.

Simple as that.

Yeah, not bad.

What kind of stories?

It's better you don't know.

Ruins the spontaneity.

Not bad. Spontaneity, like it!

You smoked before?

Sure, all the time.

At college, we smoke so much
they call us the Stoner Twins.

When we rock up, people yell,

Wow, it's the Stoner Twins!

And we're like, Yeah!

Yeah.

This reminds me of our trip to Spain.

Yeah, our trip to Spain.

- Which one?

- With the hookers.

No, not that one.

- Sure, the sick hooker!

- Zip it!

What's this about a sick hooker?

He never told you?

Nora, what you need to know is,

just before we left,

his grandmother died.

Shut the fuck up!

Too late.

Whaddya mean?

So, Ruben says to me,

I'm gonna pop my cherry on Granny's dime.

A kinda tribute.

Nasty!

- Quit while you're ahead.

- Let him talk!

I take him to the red-light district,

where I knew a great little place.

What? Nothing.

This dork picks

the whore with Delhi belly.

She puked her paella on his dick.

On his dick?

On his dick!

Asshole!

Don't throw shit at me!

Fuck me!

Let's hear it!

Hey, blondie!

Who is that guy?

That's Ulysse.

Anthony Bourdain, he's not!

He has a dick bulge.

We have one in track pants.

He has one in jeans!

Absolutely, no shit!

I'm 5 mins late, Nora,

and it's going off.

Sorry, Ulysse. Apologies.

C'mon, let's bounce!

Grab your bikes.

Those aren't ours.

Don't bust my balls.
If you take them, they're yours.
Grab your bikes.
Like a caress!
I'm getting the perfect dose of breeze.
The speed-to-breeze ratio
is just ideal.
- Feel it?
- You are so blazed.
C'mon, all of you, do like me!
You feel it?
Amazing town, so many bikes.
Are we in Amsterdam or what?
Ruben...
Guide's weird, isn't he?
What's his rating on TripAdvisor?
Dunno.
But I'm on a real trip advisor!
Fuck!
You can all go fuck yourselves
In fact you can all drop dead
Tonight on Shithouse Idol...
In any case,
I'll wind up in the gutter
Amos, quit acting the clown.
I'm here on business.
Souleymane.
Amos, look after him.
Where you going?
I was carrying all that.
This is whack!
Don't worry.
Don't we always do a great job?
Hold on. It's not weed?
Who said it was weed?
Usually, with Mishka...
Exactly. Do as usual.
Can we move the cats?
I think I'm allergic to them.
Leave them.
The scent keeps sniffer dogs away.
Sure, of course. Sniffer dogs.
- Police sniffer dogs?
- Chill.

Rule no.1,
never open the package.
Rule no.2,
never any contact with liquid.
Or the dope's ruined.
And knock that off.
They're cats, not towels.
- He'd appreciate it.
- Sure.
Sorry.
You complete dick!
Your backpack.
WhY? In my backpack?
Sure, your backpack.
- Come on.
- Not so fun now, is it?
Dude, what the hell!
It needed a little volume.
So, let's see how we like it!
Move it! Let's go!
On the train,
kick back, zone out.
Hangin' with your buddies.
Chillin', okay?
Carefree, cool.
Carefree, cool,
all the way to Paris.
Why Paris?
Notjust Paris, cool for life.
A cool guy.
Okay, got it.
Thanks, man.
The merchandise.
That's not cool.
- Totally not.
- No.
- Thanks.
- Listen up...
With shorty, you're way off.
Really?
What should I do?
Your problem!
Numbnuts!
I can't bang her for you.

Be cool.
Cool! You're cool.
Can't bang her for you!
Let's shoot!
What's with the sappy smiles?
Butt out.
It's between Nora and me.
So, who's a cute little doggie?
Where'd you come from?
Got me a new friend, too.
That's a great fighting dog.
That's right. Bring it on.
Hands off the dog, sir, please.
Hannibal, heel!
Holy shit! We're screwed.
Zip it!
Take it easy. He's not a robot.
Pardon me?
Ignore him.
Cut that out now.
I won't cut it out.
Six months in the slammer
for petting a labrador?
Chill.
This isn't Texas.
Open your bags, please.
He's not with us.
Act like nothing happened.
Sure. Nothing happened.
We'll start with you.
Bag, please.
Yeah.
Bag!
Hand it over.
Yeah, I...
Backpack, sir.
C'mon, let the snooper snoop.
Your backpack, please.
- There you go.
- Thank you.
Thank you, guys.
Watch your lip.
You suck-up, seriously!
The package!

Where's the package?

- Where is it?
- In here.
- Where?
- It's gotta be.

What package?

- No package.
- No package?

What have you lost? What package?

Tell me what package.

Shut up!

I swear it was in here.

- Nothing to say?
- Not to you.

You let me down. I feel betrayed.

What could I say or do?

Not become a drug trafficker!

I'm not a drug trafficker.

I'm in transportation.

It was my only way

to be with her.

And now you know.

We've got a train in 25 minutes.

- And we leave Nora in custody?
- Screw her!
- She can choke on her piss!
- Shut up!

She's a lowlife.

Beneath us.

That is why you came.

You're cockblocking me.

No.

Shit, you're still in love with me.

Not at all.

Are you still in love with me?

No, I'm not.

I was 17, Ok?

An age when you process shit.

It's perfectly normal.

Give me your phone.

Show me your phone.

Fucking unbelievable!

- What's this photo?
- I forgot I...

You forgot I'm your wallpaper?
You still jerk off over it?
- Do you?
- No!
You sicko!
That's not cool.
It's not cool
bringing that up again, years later.
You think it's easy growing up,
and realizing
you wanna blow your buddy?
Is it a lifestyle choice
or a vacation thing?
Your head feels so...
I understand.
Sorry.
It's ok.
The bitch isn't for you.
She'll never love you.
Let's split.
It's all good.
- How come?
- I flashed my tits.
They just think
we stopped a train.
Delete that.
You're not gonna blow me.
Hey, Mishka.
Sorry if this is a bad time.
I just wanted to thank you
for the weekend. It's cool.
Amsterdam's magnificent,
just magnificent.
What's up? Problems?
No, no problem. It's all good.
If it's all good, why are you calling?
Well, actually...
we...
It's the train.
We missed the train. We couldn't...
get it.
But you got the package?
Sure, we got the package.
100%! The package is ok.

Why'd you say that?
But the train, totally missed it.
Tomorrow morning, you and Nora
catch the very first train.
Make sure you don't miss it.
8 tomorrow morning. For sure.
We'll be there.
Awesome, thanks.
Thanks for your trust. Big kiss.
That went well.
Why'd you say that?
We don't have the damn package!
- I bought us some time.
- What time?
If we can't find Ulysse, we're fucked!
You know where he lives?
215 Prinsengracht.
What?
Prinsengracht.
His chick has a houseboat in Jordaan.
How d'you know that?
A woman and her hairdresser
have no secrets.
Jordaan's miles away.
Right...
No!
Your buddy's a psycho.
They're hipsters. They don't count!
That's crying out for punishment.
Just one thing...
What?
We're agreed, we don't rape her?
'Course not!
Hold on.
'Course not, we rape her?
Or 'course not, not?
- We're not raping anyone!
- C'mon!
Of course, absolutely.
We rape her not!
Ma'am?
Outside, we got our wires crossed.
I meant a cool rape.
Not sad rape, with crying and cops.

I know what kind you meant.
But for moral reasons,
we do this my way.
What's your way?
Like the uptown way.
His voicemail.
We don't know where he is either,
or we wouldn't sneak in here.
Could you maybe lower your gun?
All we want is our package.
Cozy place you got here.
Is this Restoration?
- That's him.
- What's he say?
Godammit!
- I'll handle this.
- No, I'll go.
And mess up again?
Trust me.
I'll get the info.
When I arrived in Amsterdam,
I dreamed of making it as a singer.
It didn't take long for me to realize
I'd have to make sacrifices.
Can I jump in?
That's not my question.
I've slept with men.
With many men.
Many, many. many-
What are you staring at?
Nothing.
I'm casually despising you.
Many, many, many, many.
Many, many, many, many.
I mean...
many men.
Yeah. That's quite a many.
You happy, luring my buddy
into your scumsucking world?
I told him not to come.
He's in love with you.
Obviously, he came.
What did you say?
C'mon, don't pretend you didn't know.

You knew.
You stole my buddy.
Anyway...
You people are all the same.
What people?
Arabs.
My mountain bike.
My Archos tablet.
My Adidas flip-flops at the beach.
Every time, stolen by Arabs.
There's no suspense.
It's getting shit-boring.
And every pedophile ring
being run by a white guy?
That's cool?
Maybe it's because it needs
a little organization.
Sure.
I see no other reason.
Here's the thing.
You've given me a lot of information.
Very precise info.
Too precise, in fact.
But I don't have the info I want.
Which is,
does Ulysse have our fucking package?
Sure, he does.
He crossed you, obviously.
Ulysse is a crook, a criminal.
A flyass pirate!
Say...
Feels like you have a package.
Really?
Want me to blow you?
Yeah, no. I mean, no.
Thanks, I'm just fine.
Well?
We were right, Ulysse has our package.
She'll get it back tomorrow.
I'm sick of Amsterdam.
I didn't sign up
for getting attacked by a hooker,
hit on by a nympho,
and losing my glasses.

I'm going to bed.
Not sleeping?
No, I can't.
You were right,
I shouldn't have come.
I should've listened to you. Sorry.
I thought I'd...
- I don't even know in fact.
- Stop.
Stop saying sorry.
Yeah, sorry.
No!
Seriously, it's not your fault.
It is a bit, though.
No, it's mine.
I wasn't straight about us.
About you and me?
What are you and me?
You and me are nothing.
You're my study date, once a week.
Right?
Sure.
There's nothing romantic about it.
That's lucky.
I'm not a romantic chick.
Exactly, you're not a chick like that.
And I'm not that kind of guy either.
So we're good.
We're good.
We're friends?
Guys, wake up!
It's Ulysse!
Get outta here!
- Who are those guys?
- Don't ask me.
Hide!
C'mon, move it!
Faster, you sheep shagger!
What did they do to you?
Speak. my love!
I'm so sorry.
Hold still!
On the couch.
C'mon, sweetie!

Sit down!
He's stressing me out.
I think I'm gonna drop a bomb!
If you fart we 're fucking dead!
How does Nora manage
to drop a silent fart?
Idk asshole!!!!
Ask her!
No, baby, you're really smart.
Dude, I don't have her number!
Nora, this is Durex.
Explain your technique
for farting without making a noise???
Thanks.
Part your butt cheeks
and let it out slowly!
Alright, guys...
I farted!!!
Alright, guys...
I farted!!!
What?
Jesus, Willem!
Not in enclosed spaces, dammit!
Godammit!
It's gotta be you.
It stinks of beer and cabbage.
You're only saying that
'cause you know I ate cabbage.
- Bullshit!
- You pig!
- Willem's farted.
- That's red onions.
Red onions?
- Yeah, it's Willem.
- You gotta be kidding me!
- You farted in here?
- No, it was him!
Cut it out!
I'm outta here.
You farted, you pop a cap in him.
- I didn't eat red onions.
- Like I give a shit!
What the hell are we doing here?
This isn't us.

It's not us. Let's blow.
This is pointless.
We bail?
Without the package?
Screw the fucking package!
These guys are killers!
They dissolved a guy!
Criminals do that a lot.
Ok, forget it.
C'mon, Nora!
What's with your phone?
It's just...
You told me, no problem.
Bring me my package
tomorrow morning at 8,
or you'll be an only child.
What'll he do to him?
You said he was on the level, dammit!
I don't know what he'll do.
I'm sorry.
- What's eating him?
- Fuck you!
Mishka's got my bro. It's on you!
C'mon, you're playing
with the big boys now.
Badass is as badass does.
Don't blame me.
It's not my fault. Not a bit!
You're just taking off?
He saves your life
and you bail on us?
Ulysse, you can't just walk away.
Hear me?
I think we gotta go to the cops.
Humiliating,
but we got no choice.
Not an option.
If Mishka finds out...
I won't talk.
Can it!
Right!
From now on,
I'm gonna yell very loud!
So he's scared of me!

Why scared?
'Cause he doesn't understand me!
If you're scared, he'll be scared!
What the fuck!
Jesus!
Sorry!
I lost my glasses!
Ok, I'll try.
For the sake of credibility,
I gotta ask you to kneel
and beg for your life!
You're a pain in the butt!
Thank you!
Tell him to say where my package is.
Or I smoke the motherfucker!
Your idea's horseshit.
Durex!
Remember when we got suspended
in 6th grade?
For pissing in Dupagne's locker?
No, the other time.
Do the same to him.
Thank you.
Thank you!
You've been wearing that all along?
Of course.
What's he doing?
Scarier than brute force...
Insanity.
Come on, baby, light my fire
Morning.
Try to set the night on fire
Why's he singing?
I've no idea.
You'll pussy out, limp dick!
- What the hell!
- You said I could.
You said yes!
- Shit!
- You said yes!
- Do something!
- Like what?
Douse his dick!
Go get an extinguisher. Fast!

No extinguisher there.
I'll be right with you.
Got one!
Here I come!
Shit!
Kristel!
Can you doll her up for the party?
Of course.
Just saying, with me he talked.
You're sure we'll get in?
Jean-Pierre Pernaut!
Count Bernard de la Villardire.
They'll bust us.
They'll bust us, for sure.
No, they won't.
Keep cool, and it'll all be fine.
So it's a mobster meet-and-greet.
You all know what you gotta do?
Hold on, where's Ulysse at?
No sweat, leave him to me.
Where you been? Grab the bags!
This fat fucker eats too much!
Dump them there!
Slayed ya, man!
Move it!
Durex, we're in. Keep an eye
on Caspar and his dad.
The name's not Durex,
it's Bernard.
Come with me.
What are you doing here?
Come on!
Wait, hold on there.
We can't walk out of here.
Follow me. Ruben has a plan.
He's with Ulysse. Come on!
- Ulysse is alive?
- Yes!
What the fuck is that?
A magnetic lock.
It's hopeless. We blow.
Blow? No way!
There's gotta be a solution.
Because you can demagnetize steel?

C'mon, let's blow.
About time!
Have you seen Jonas?
What are you doing?
He's here with me.
Put him on. Shit meet fan!
Dad, no time now.
We're calling
because were stuck on a Physics question.
Your specialty.
Basically, the issue is
how to demagnetize copper.
Steel!
Steel.
I knew he'd buck up.
I always said Jonas...
Dad, please, we don't have time.
Right, what do we know about steel?
Steel is an alloy, yes, but an alloy
of which carbon elements?
A pair of deuces!
We need to speed up the explanation.
He's gotta work out the answer.
Or he won 't remember.
Hear me, Jonas?
Hear him, Jonas?
You hear him.
Yeah!
He hears you.
J'encule ta mre.
If I talk Dutch, we won't get far.
Don't understand, do you?
Get it?
I get it.
So when
the supraconductor
is connected to a source of electricity,
we have what a layman would call
an electromagnetic field.
Thanks, dad. Thanks so much.
You're a life-saver.
Jonas, you get to say thank you, too.
No worries, he's happy.
Give the chump my love.

I promise. Thanks, dad.
Don't worry, we can do this.
Give me the package. Not twice.
Why does that name ring a bell?
What happened to young Souleymane?
What happened to Souleymane again?
Of course!
The jar!
What do you mean, the jar?
What's that?
C'mon, Durex. Man up now!
I did it! That is so fucking lit!
- You still love me!
- So much!
- I got the package.
- Let's bounce!
Stop the Froggies!
Plug the bastards!
What the fuck do we do now?
Cease fire! Reload!
- What are you doing?
- Finishing up.
Everybody ok?
I'll grab the bags.
Baby, go with him!
- NO way.
- Go with him!
C'mon, guys, move it! Let's roll!
What do we do now?
Who wants a ride home in a Porsche?
My treat.
Great. I can't drive them!
You're Jewish
and you can't drive a Porsche?
Please!
Like that doesn't hurt?
No, it doesn't hurt.
You actually got shot.
Sure, I got shot.
It clipped me, there's a lot of blood.
But it doesn't hurt.
You pretty much blacked out there.
We saw you.
I blacked out for a second.

A long second.

- What have you lost?

- The Coke bottle top.

The guy feels no pain.

I stub my toe on the bed,

it hurts like shit.

He gets shot and it doesn't hurt.

Cry if you want.

Cry!

What's bugging you guys?

I said it doesn't hurt.

I'm warning you,

if it's bad news, save your breath.

I got your dope. Put my brother on.

Don't get fresh with me.

In 3 hours, I'll be in Paris.

I'm checking my brother's ok.

Jonas...

Your brother.

Fuck you, I'm busy.

Don't touch me!

He's got a mouth on him.

Fucking mophead!

That means he's ok.

Meet me at 8 at the faculty.

No.

- I say when we meet.

- I've got your package.

So see you at 8.

You shut the asshole down.

Fuck, it hurts.

- You bet!

- No kidding!

- You ok?

- Yeah.

Folks told me,

that guy's got a punch.

But I'm thinking

you're a straight-up virgin.

They look like gladiators.

What?

Jeez, Durex, you're creepy.

That's better.

Good shot. Real good, you fucker!

Shut the fuck up, ok!
Stop.
Don't do it.
You're not a killer like them.
Look at me, will you?
He's right. Let's go.
I have no choice.
They always come back.
Please, Ulysse!
You see, it's over.
Please, let's split!
Turn around.
- No.
- Please!
It's pointless.
Turn around!
Shit, this is a nightmare.
There we go.
Or he blows his buddy.
Problem solved.
We film him blowing buddy boy.
If ever they come back, we post it.
It's in the cloud.
What are you talking about?
The state, army or mafia
can't stop the cloud.
It's not a dumb idea.
They won't give us shit then!
Whaddya say?
You're insane!
He's crazy!
Where'd you get that?
I got the idea and I thought,
I'll put it out there,
and see if they bite.
- I'm so happy you made this trip.
- At last!
Just wait.
Looking for trouble.
What the fuck you doing?
You're missing the point.
Give it up!
It's amateur hour!
Get your paws off me!

Move it, Ulysse!
Gotta go.
Thanks for everything.
You guys are for real.
Real gangsters?
No, you're the real deal.
C'mon, screw them!
Let's go, I wanna make love in Berlin!
Austria, here we come!
Take us to Paris University,
driver, please.
No, not now!
C'mon!
Fuck it!
All that stress for nothing!
Same all along.
We made it. Early, even.
Without the stress
would've been much easier.
Who put the Coke in here?
Me.
What?
What the hell!
What about
no contact with liquid?
Who said that?
You weren't there!
- Shit!
- We are so fucked!
We did all that for nothing.
Shoot.
All that for nothing!
I apologize. I'm really sorry...
- Can we reamalgamate it?
- Shut up!
Knew it,
you're mad at me.
- Look...
- Fuck!
Beat it! He doesn't know you.
You're not with us.
Ruben, I'm really sorry.
He doesn't know you.
So what?

He so doesn't know you!
Youth today! Always the same.
Always need a carrot.
You've got my order?
Everything went ok?
You had no...
problems?
No.
Ran into the popo.
Roads are crawling
with them in Belgium.
- Hand over the backpack.
- Wait.
What for?
There's something fishy.
Put it away.
Who's he?
Dunno.
Nora, what's going on here?
Be honest.
Do what he says.
Take the backpack.
And who's that guy?
Not even a text, no news at all.
Shit's gonna hit the fan.
Shit meet fan!
What do you think?
No more games, take the backpack.
It's your backpack, isn't it?
Take it, dammit!
Take
the backpack!
What backpack?
That's not our backpack.
There is no backpack.
Go see your brother.
Give him a hug.
Start the car, I won't be long.
I don't know you.
I already forgot you.
You forgot us!
So long, badass.
I don't know him.
What did that guy want?

You should study together more often.
You thought you could take an exam
without my good vibes?
Serge!
Adrien! Come here, son!
Your last tutorial.
Remarkable!
See? Folks love it.
- Miss.
- Hello, sir.
Dad, we gotta go.
No stress! You'll ace it.
My Son!
- He won't ace it.
- No way.
No, it doesn't matter.
There's a change in your brother.
No glasses.
No shit, Sherlock!
He looks better without glasses.
What was I like?
As a cop, was I credible?
- You were great.
- Seriously?
To tell the truth, I felt so in character.
Like, let's fuck these guys over.
Well, good luck.
You're bailing on your oral?
No, I passed it last year.
What?
Why'd you do all year with me?
Don't get it.
'Cause...
I liked the atmosphere here.
Crazy guy.
I know.
You ok, Nora?
Sure, I'm ok.
I was scared, s'all.
Don't!
Yeah, you need no one.
You're happier that way.
You were right,
she's not the girl for me.

You're so not for me.
I am so dumb!
We're all ears,
Mr. Jablonski.
Ladies and gentlemen,
Hello!