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Le grand restaurant

By Pierre Palmade

At Septime's.

- Everything all right?
- Yes, thank you.
- It's wonderful, that you have invited us here.
- And it's not expensive here at all.
- Really?
- Yes.
- How much?
- 20,000 for a person.
- Without a wine?
- Of course.

That's like for free!

Table four, I'll pay
for the wine.

- What, if they don't order it?
- Then not.
- What is it?
- "Mimosis" eggs.
- Are these supposed to be "Mimosis" eggs?
- Yes, Mr Septime.

I've told you, that we're serving
them with estragon. Go to the kitchen.

- Who has prepared those eggs?
- He.

Him?.

- Is this yours?
- Yep, 'cos?

Nicer, please. We serve "Mimosis"
with estragon, not with parsley.
Go to Chef with your pretences.

- I don't care about him.
- What is it?
- How's it going, my little one?
- What's the problem?

Nothing special.

Mr Septime wants his eggs to be
served with estragon.

"Mimosis"? Only with onion and
parsley, in other case it will be bad.

- Indeed.
- He was talking about estragon.
- You don't like my godson?
- Godson?
- That's Louis.

- Yes, he's even similar. All right?

- Yes.

- And you, Mr Marcel?

As well.

- Kind of crowded here, isn't it?

- Yup.

Got to go.

I'm going to have complexes because of him.

Aren't you ashamed? You have no shame.

Coward. Now that's better.

You won't do anything about it.

- Your tie.

- I'm sorry.

- Were you calling me?

- No, my beauty.

I understand.

Are you the beauty?

- Excuse me?

- Are you the beauty?

- No.

- Then get lost! I'm sorry.

- It was delicious.

- Thank you, Mr Baron.

I'll take you to the exit.

- And where's the second one?

- I'm here.

Coats.

- It was really tasty.

- Thank you.

And what is that supposed to be?

It's thursday. President Novales is going to the Eleysee Palace.

There will be gridlocks.

After we come to the palace,

book a place at Septime's.

- But my excellency..

- At Septime's.

- Mr Septime! Please take a look!

- What?

- Please look.

- Where?

There.

Please note.

- Oh no.

- Oh yes.

Thank you, Roger.

- Do you want something sweet?

- No, thank you, Roger.

- Can I?

- I'm listening. What has happened?

- I've stained myself.

- Don't touch it.

Please don't move.

And don't wave your hands.

Here.

Mr Minister.

Mr Secretary of the State.

- Mr Subsecretary of the State. Mr...

- Oh, never mind.

My dear, I still haven't
told you about...

- You'll make me laugh once again...

- So, my chef of the gabinet...

- Is funny...

- Please wait.

So, my chef of the gabinet...

That was his sister.

Is delicate and calm.

- My friend.

- Mr commisioner.

I'd like you to meet my colleagues.

Commandatore Riganti.

And dr. Muller from Germany.

I promised to doctor, that you'll give
him the recipy for that potato dish.

- Please..

- But that's my profession secret.

- My dear... Between you and me...

- Okay, I'll make an exception.

- So, one kilo of potatoes.

- For how many people?

That depends. For six normal, or
one abnormal.

A kilo of potatoes..

...a litre of milk, three eggs,

Salt, muscatol knob.

I'll repeat.

Signor Riganti. Mr Commisioner.

Have you understood, Herr Muller?

- Your coat.

- You're leaving at the dinner time?

Unfortunately I have to.

You're hiding something. I'll probably have to carry an investigation.

I have to visit my old mother.

She's 900 years old and she's that small.

She won't grow anymore.

- See you.

- Potato dish for you.

Mister...

Have you seen it? Just look.

There, at the top.

Where?

No, I probably exaggerated.

Nie. Chyba przesadziem.

Can't wait to see their faces.

That's interesting, what they...

...think about me and how they treat the clients, when I'm out.

Well, smartguys, I've got a wonderful plan.

Good morning.

- Is chef available?

- Mr Septime's not here at the moment.

- Are you happy?

- About what?

Isn't it too late for a dinner?

No way. Please take a seat and order whatever you like.

Take car of that man.

- Please follow me.

- My God.

- Is chef available?

- Mr Septime's not here at the moment.

- Are you happy?

- About what?

- So you are?

- Yes.

- Excuse me.

- No problem.

There's a real draught in here. Maybe I should

sit behind that table..

Yes, Mister.

- Your chef is unjust, isn't he?

- Well..

- Is he?

- Yes.

I didn't say that.

Great place.

- Well, well.

- No problem.

If I have to choose between piano and cold, I take the flu. What about there?

- That table is reserved.

- It doesn't matter.

It's much better here.

- No problem.

- Let's see.

What do we have here?

I've thought of a poetic phrase.

- Do you write?

- Two rhymes.

I recommend the duck a la rouennaise.

A la rouennaise. Roasted meat in velvet sauce?

- Yes.

- In velvet. Rabbit a la cabriole.

I wouldn't recommend it for you.

You wouldn't? I've thought of another phrase.

- In this case I'll eat a radish.

- Excuse me?

- A radish.

- Of course. With what?

If I'll still be hungry, I want to be served with a yoghurt.

- But fast. I'm really in a hurry.

- Instantly.

I'll be reading it.

- What do you recommend for a radish?

- The best option would be a Muscadet.

- A dry one or sweet one?

- Dry.

- I'd prefer the sweet one.

- Then maybe Sauternes?

- Is it sweet?

- Very sweet.

Not too much sweet?

- Maybe you'd prefer half dried?

- No, half sweet.

Please give me the card. I see, that you're not good in what you do.

- How's the Evian water?

- Very cold.

- What about Perrier?

- It's perfect.

I'll take Perrier then. Cold, but with bubbles. You know, just like...

Please don't pull the card.

I've asked for one radish.

I don't have a knife.

I don't need it anymore.

You've dropped it.

And ten, that makes fifty.

Did you like the dinner?

Shall I give you the dessert?

A carrot covered with salt?

Mr Septime.

Nice trick, huh? But where's that profession conciousness, traditions...

...of the french kitchen? Did you forget it, you vulgar prick?

Are you making fun of me?

I'm sorry, but I don't know when Mr Septime's coming back.

I'm here.

Don't stare at me like that.

He comes with a wig, sits here and there.

Orders an ordish, carrot... What a villain.

My God.

I hope, that I will fulfill expectations of the Excellency...

We would like a table.

I care for the safety of Mr President.

I've to make an inspection.

Naturally.

How many crowned heads have I entertained here. This way.

- Maybe table nr. 15?

- No.
- Eight?
- Everything, but not eight.
- Why?
- Mr President is superstitious.
- Eight in our country...
- In ours not.
- Maybe thirteen then?
- Let it be.

Queen of England had been sitting behind it.

Prince had been sitting here, and their children here.

- No restaurant's speciality?
- No, president trusts you.
- He loves surprises.
- I'll do everything to satisfy him.

Mr President would like to try out that famous dessert.

"Pyramid a la Septime"?. That will be pretty alternative.

- All right?
- Yes. Do you trust your people?

Yes, three of them are sons of policemen.

Devil doesn't sleep, you never know.

All I care for is the client's satisfaction.

Thank you.

- Tonight sounds okay, then?
- I'll see you to the door.

My God.

- Ah, you little rascals of the french kitchen!
- Oh my God.

At 4:

using the comedy in gastronomy.

- Once again?
- Again and again, without an end.
- My God!
- It will make you feel better as well.

Smile. Not bad. Faster.

Good.

No! Get back. I've told you hundred of times, that you have to be easy. Please.

If you don't catch it, you'll be paying for it. Now go.

Not bad. Your turn.

Enough.

Shut up.

Go on.

Wrong! Stand, where I have been standing.

I'll explain

it to you. It's kitchen here...

and there, there is a hall, where you have to serve, and smile a lot. Smile equals tip.

Give it to me, I'll show it to you. We all have issues, but you have to serve...

...and smile...

Just like me.

Now Roger is going to show, how it should be done.

You're scared, but you have to serve.

Make a big smile, and go ahead.

I don't know, how it works.

I guess it's because of those rollers.

Step aside. Try it this way.

See?

Now it's much better.

Stand here. Take that. Let's begin.

You've got issues, but you've to serve.

Still smiling, you go.

That's whole you, whole you.

Come here, Roger.

That was not my fault.

- Mete out his punishment.

- Only not that.

- Can I?.

- Go on, boldly.

Rewrite the menu.

...add 10 more for tomorrow.

Oh my God.

You're getting on my nerves with that "Oh my God".

Don't you like my methods?

- In this situation...

- But these are modern methods.

Oh my God.

- Oh, mr Septime. I've been looking for you.

- Here I am.

- I was cleaning up the cellar, when...

- Repeat..

I was cleaning up the cellar, when

I found out that there's no more...

"Nuit Saint George", vintage 490.

- Yes? You'll pay back with several boxes.

- You're very merciful.

Can you write with Gothic?

- It's not that easy.

- Isn't it? We'll talk about it later.

It's hightime we check, if everybody understood the lecture.

Please take your places. You'll take that and put it into one piece.

And you - start cleaning.

My God, My God, don't flax!

And now everybody altogether.

Move it!.

You start.

Wait a sec, I'm counting.

Three, four.

Leave.

Come here.

- How am I?

- Not bad.

Attention.

Three, four.

Bind and straighten your leg, and hop!

Stop. What on earth has possessed you?

- That's some kind of a group madness.

- It's because of him.

Why did you speed up? Do you know what such behaviours can lead to?

- Provocator.

- You're right, Roger.

To the row.

You'll pay for that.

Line yourselves. Let's begin.

Roger, go there.

You'll pay for that.

Somebody has tripped you up.

Who?.

That's a revolt.

Revolt. My God.

- You'll pay me for that tomorrow.

- Not today?

Because we're hosting President Novales today. Mind, that our...

...restaurant is an embassy of french

kitchen, and you're serving France.

Listen up, you provocator.

Listen.

Prepare it for me for the evening.

- For today?
- You'll make it. You've got two hours.
- Thirty musicians play there.
- Three instruments are fair enough.
- Can your violinist play the flute?
- Czy twj skrzypek gra na flecie?.
- Flute?.

Everything will be all right.

Julien, come here. And don't sleep.

- Did your father play the cello?
- Yes.

He is a violinist.

We'll play the national anthem for Mr President at the beginning. I'll give you a discrete sign, when to begin.

Let's say I'd be doing this sign...

Are you making fun of me? You'd better pay attention.

Mr Septime, I'm starving.

Excuse me, where is he?

You first.

The door.

This way, please.

This way.

Excellency. Mademoiselle.

Those gentlemen will take care of you.

I'll be back in a second.

You'll pay me for that, you villain!

Infamy, what a shame!

- Don't touch that, you scoundrel.
- What is it?

Don't touch it. It is me, who rules here.

- Where is your hat?
- I don't have one.
- It's a little too big.
- I guess so.
- No. My godson will take care of that.
- I like him.

And remember. Act nicely in the hall.

- Is it carmel?
- It's not your business. Go on.

I know I'm a coward.

So what? Move it, godchild.

- Oh my God.

- What is it?

Please don't get anxiously excited.

That was a surprise.

- Excuse me?

- Where is president?

He's here. Not here. I don't understand.

- He is.

- Where?

- He was here.

- President disappeared.

President was abducted.

He's afraid of surprises, so he went outdoors.

Nice joke.

- I'll call the police.

- Hurry up.

Where is he?

Mr President. He's not here.

Why are you standing like that?

Not here. Mr President!

What are you staring at?

Mr President!

Let me pass.

What's happened?

Have you seen here a huge, well-built man?

It's only me, who's similar to your description at this place.

- Please listen to me, my Marcell.

- Yes?

You're unkind. Really, very unkind.

At Septime's. Yes, in the restaurant.

Police will be coming here shortly.

- And what?

- Please take a seat. I've seen him.

He'll come here in a minute. Nothing bad has happened.

Music! Go on, play!

Get out of my way!

Get out of my way!

- Did you see him?

- Yes, he'll come here in a minute.

Is he there?

What happened?

- Nothing. We'll find him.

- Yes?

Everything'll be all right. Don't tell it to the police, because I'll get ruined. You never know.

Everything is okay.

"Abduction of the head of the country in a famous french restaurant".

Getting better and better.

A head of foreign country was stolen in your restaurant.

It's about France honour, breaking the diplomatic relations. It might even...

...cause a war. My congratulations.

And you didn't want to call the police?

- I've completely lost my mind.

- Have you regained it already?

- What?

- Your mind.

Can't you see?

Please consider one thing:

president has disappeared at your restaurant and you are the one who's going to find him.

- That's not my fault.

- Has he disappeared at your restaurant, or not?

Yes.

- You are the first suspect.

- What?!

It'd be different, if it was a cooker. But president?

- Is it so funny?

- Not at all, mr. commissioner.

Indeed.

That was a planned abduction.

- Terrorists had their plugs.

- Plugs? Where?

- In your pub.

- Don't offend me.

- Do you trust your staff?

- Just like I trust myself.

Indeed. Let's talk about you.

You're a bachelor.

With your age, is such silhouette...

...a normal thing?.

Let's talk about your acquaintances

You know, what I mean.

Whole Paris visits me.

- Do I look like an idiot?

- Not at all.

Nothing will leave this room.

Nor will you, if you try to cheat me.

My whole life is that restaurant.

It's my passion...

You mean, that your luck is nothing but
a charllote and a turkey sandwich?

I'll tell you everything.

At the age of sixteen I joined the kitchen...

- ...like an order?

- Indeed..

If you don't want to see your cloiser getting
closed, Father...

- and I can do that...

- Oh my God.

- ...show your good will.

- How?

By cooperating with us.

Oh my God.

Many of the president Novales' enemies are
soldierlies. They left...

...the country, when he regained the authority.

Few of them are terrorists hiding
in France.

They surely have secret organisation.

Here are some documents from MSZ.

Please take a look.

Did any of them happen to be one your
customers?

No, mr commisioner. Such people don't
visit my place.

What's going on with you? He was supposed
to be abducted by the end of the week...

...at the airport. Where is he?

Huh?.

- We didn't abduct anybody.

- Anybody.

How come?

- We were waiting for your orders.

We read about it in the newspapers.

So who abducted him?
Probably different organisation.
But which one? Traitors.
They'll pay me for that.
We've got to take care of it.
Let's check the source - the
restaurant.
Indeed. Keep observing Mr Septime.
We will meet at this place in the evening.
Don't lose him.
He's being interviewed right now.
- Perform the order, General.
- Yes, Captain.
These are their photos. If you see
any of those terrorists,
please call me.
I'm being guarded, I can't talk feely,
and my phone...
I understand.
- If...
- I know!
Sneeze.
You'll sneeze three times, and I'll come.
I hope, that everything...
...will proceed smoothly and I won't have
to serve you with a special dish.
Special?
You take one fatty suspect.
You surround it with four
bloody inspectors.
You cook it for 48 hours.
That will soften even the hardest tongues.
- Did you understand?
- Yes, mr. comissioner.
- Perform.
- Yes, mr comissioner.
That's him.
Get a life.
I have nothing to say.
Stop picking me.
Let's go.
Police, terrorists, and what else?
- Good day.
- What the heck?

- Aren't you happy?

- I'm delighted.

Delighted, when because of you the
hero of the country is in danger?

- Please, listen to me.

- You've got to find him.

What?

Our beloved president was abducted in
your restaurant. Yes, or no?

Yes.

It would be enough in our country
to shoot you.

Try your luck. Buy a ticket.

- You starting once again?

- It was not my fault.

You'll help me in finding those hynas.

You'll get them out of their burrow.

- I'm begging you...

- You'll provoke them.

You'll tell the newspapers, that
you had seen them..

- That's not true.

- But they will believe you.

- They will kill me.

- But they will leave their den.

- and then we'll catch them, and shoot them up.

- Yeah, right.

- Before they kill you.

- What, if they kill me first?

You've got to make a choice: either they'll do it
later, or I'm doing it now.

Murderers.

Unbelievable.

So what's your decision?

- Please listen to me.

- Yes?

Can't we talk about it in
a calmer place?

Where?

Maybe in one of the evenings in my restaurant?

Nope, today.

This way, please.

- Have you made a choice?

- I've chosen a great table.

You know, what I'm talking about.
You had time to think it over.
I'm still thinking...
Have you made up your mind,
or not?
Let's talk about it,
after we get relaxed.
It'd be better for you, if we talked
it over before getting relaxed.
Mr Septime, we've ran out of langusts.
What should we do?
You've to sneeze.
I've to phone.
One, two, three. Have you understood?
- Bravo. We're coming.
- But fast.
In a moment.
All right, I sneezed. Police is
coming. They'll be captured.
Take a look.
Easy, or else you'll destroy
everything. I'll stop them.
- I'm listening.
- Mr Septime,
chef of the kitchen is angry.
- Why?
- He wants to come here.
Impossible. I'll visit him.
I'm busy at the moment.
What do you need? Oh, excuse me.
I don't speak Spanish.
Yes?
Mr Septime stands us the best champagne.
That's impossible.
I don't understand.
- I called the police.
- Are you mocking at me?
- No way. Dry one, or sweet one?
- The best one.
I'll go with him. He doesn't understand a thing.
- It's fire brigade.
- No.
I'm sure about it.
Firetrucks make si la, si la.

And police makes re la, re la.

- That's si la, si la.

- No, that's re la, re la.

- We're leaving.

- Okay.

- With you.

- What about the champagne? - At home.

- What about the bill...

- You're paying it.

And what?.

I understood. Where are they?

Behind me.

There's nobody there.

Where are they? You let them run away.

Asshole.

Take away that hysteric.

That's the secretary of president Novales.

Please excuse me.

- Enough of this. Please go catch them.

- Whom?

- That pubber didn't tell you a thing?

- But...

- Catch the terrorists.

- Where are they?

Far away. I've sneezed five times, but you didn't get it.

- I didn't understand?

- Nothing.

That's an insult of the law representative.

We'll put you up for the night.

I don't want to. I won't survive it.

Leave me alone. That's an order.

I'm being taken to that box? What a shame!

I'll complain about that to the Minister tomorrow.

Coming back in a second.

Leave us alone.

How did night meditations pass?

I'll be good-willed. You're free.

Your car's standing before the entrance.

- Does that mean, that everything's back in order?

- Yes.

Terrorists will get rid of you in the first opportunity.

How come?

Easy, we'll be watching you.

- We're beginning the operation.
- No.
You have no choice. That's your only chance.
What am I supposed to do?
Good bye. Finally.
Hello, Septime.
Do not turn your head away. Go straight ahead.
Be smart and nice.
We'll go for a short trip.
We'll talk in a calm place.
We'll get back to the topic soon.

Direction:

- Did you understand?
- Yes. Saint Cloud park.
And watch out.
It's about your life.
Please leave. Can't you see,
where you have parked?
Please step forward.
Please pretend, as if nothing has happened.
Please check, if there's a terrorist sitting...
...right behind me.
Not this way. Discretely.
Is there anyone there?
You're lucky I'm in a good mood today.
Please leave.
I'm telling you, that he's there
and he's trying to kill me. He's a murderer.
Check it by yourself. There's noone there.
So he has probably ran away, or he's
hiding in the boot.
- Oh really? So let's check it then.
- Oh no.
Oh yes. Please.
- Have you got a gun?
- Yes, don't worry.
- Please watch out.
- Easy.
He left.
- He's not there.
- Noone.
- He was talking with me.
- He won't anymore.

- He's somewhere in the neighbourhood.
- Please get back to your home and sleep for a while.
- Behind me?
- No.
- Maybe under the car?
- No.
- Thank you.
- Please go.
- Septime?
- Impossible!

That was very unsmart. Don't do it anymore.

- Go, and don't turn your head away.
- Okay.

Saint Cloud Park.

I'll talk with you there.

Now leave the car, and sit in the back.

We'll have a small chit-chat.

Sit down.

I'm not an invisible man. Look closer.

I'm behind you.

Put up the newspaper.

See?

And now listen.

I didn't make all of this, to give you aunt Marry's recipy.

You'll die, if you don't do what I will tell you to do.

It's easy.

You'll ask for a minister's audience.

The comissioner, the one you already know, will help you.

And then you'll tell them:

Mr Minister, Gentlemen, President Novales is in our hands.

We didn't abduct him for political reasons.

We're independent and not compromise-admittable group.

Here are our rules:

If Mr Septime doesn't bring us 200 millions..

...he will be killed, and president...

...Novales will be shot with the honours of the head of the country.

Political consequences would be catastrophical for France,

if its guest would be left in such a dramatic situation.

Mr Septime will receive instructions from us.

He will be informed about the path, while driving.

We will speak again tomorrow at 11am.
So what, my dear? Hard candy, isn't it?
Indeed, mr. Minister.
It would be hard, if they killed president Novales.
What about me?
Oh yeah, what about him?
We must fulfill their requirements.
and you can't betray our trust.
- Mr Minister.
- More courage, my friend.
Please don't worry. Everything will
be okay. You'll see.
Will I?
Don't think about it. I'll call you
tomorrow, and will hand you the money.
Am I supposed to sneeze?
No. Please have a long sleep. You've got
to be in a good form tomorrow.
- This way?.
- Yes.
Good night..
Mr Minister, everything's proceeding smoothly.
That's machiavelic machination.
There's nothing better than expanding
good, old rules.
You need a catch to catch the fish.
Just imagine the reaction of kidnappers,
after they find out..
...that someone wants to steal them
They will demask themselves.
They will start following Septime,
and that's when we will catch them.
That's risky. You don't find 200 millions
on the street. Maybe 50 will be enough.
That'd be unserious.
Where will we begin the operation. Here?
In your office. That was your idea.
I will bring you the whole sum by tomorrow.
Thank you, mr. Minister.
You will leave the money where
they tell you to do so, and please..
- call me.
- If I'll be able to.
More courage. You have to do your duty,

and we have to do ours.
But don't tell them to follow me.
You've heard what they had said.
If you follow me, they will kill me at instance.
So will they do with president.
They will kill me anyways...
Please look straight into my eyes.
Is my word enough for you?
Yes.
Whole France's watching you.
If you carry out the task, it will surely pay you off.
No.
Just the same?
I promise.
The same colour?
Yes.
Have a nice trip.
And what?
Septime Satellite is on the orbit, all you have to do is to control him.
- What if it fails?
- We don't risk a thing.
How come?
Septime knows, that in order to make an omlette you need to smash an egg.
An omlette worth 200 millions a a Septime.
What a least.
- He will be in our sight and voice.
- That's a very brave movement.
- Could you?
- Yes.
He's coming. You'll see it in a moment.
Eleventh. Presentation.
Septime?
Go to the newsstand.
Tell him to circle around it.
Stop. Pass the newsstand.
Faster.
Even faster.
Stop. Now go straight ahead.
Stop. Go to your car.
To your car.
Will you get in, or what?

Get in, and wait for orders.

Have a rest, and regain strengths
for a long trip.

Okay.

Excuse me.

Not bad.

That's just the beginning.

Everything will proceed nicely and smoothly.

Time to inform the radios and newspapers.

A heroic citizen, our only hope. Bastards.

- They demand a ransom.

- Tradition's dying, Captain.

There are no more people ready to risk their
lives for honour.

We are them. We have to regain that ransom
for the sack of the case.

We won't return those bastards such a sum.

We've got to be careful. They are surely
tracking Septime.

We will be following him as well.

And at the first opportunity...

Septime! Go towards pass after you
pass the tunnel.

Don't reply.

He's coming.

Start.

You will be informed about the place of meeting
later on. Go straight ahead.

Remember, that we're close.

Great.

When they start circling around Septime,
they will lead us to the president.

We've got to wait in the shadow.

An accurate and surprising thought,
mr. Comissioner.

We will be going before Septime.

There is no better way of tracking.

Especially if we know where he's going.

We won't lose him for sure.

Let's go.

How long is it going to take?

We're following him at the moment. We'll see,
where he'll lead us.

There's snow. A lot of snow.

The fish caught the catch.
What cars do they have?
Cabriolet.
And there's some sort of american car after him.
At the very front Septime.
After him there is a blonde.
Charming.
And after her there's a limousine.
It's bursting in the seams. Let's begin.
Septime?.
Yes?
You'll reach Roche Noire pass in three minutes.
You'll pass a village after the paass,
and you'll go towards Val D'Isere.
Repeating. Towards Val D'Isere.
Val d'Isere. De la Poste Hotel.
Two stars, Sabaugian frog..
...thighs. Deer Comber in a hot sauce.
Next stage of the operation.
- Welcome, Commisioner. Everything's ready.
- Great.
Garage is at the bottom.
Just don't scare our brave Septime.
Septime, can you hear me?
Yes.
You're carrying all our hopes.
- Watch out, the road is slippy.
- I see..
In case of a skid, do not brake.
Step on the gas, and turn wheels into
reverse direction.
Okay.
Reverse?.
- What about the "Stop" sign?
- After it.
Those idiots will destroy everything.
They always emerge when they're not needed.
This wasn't mentioned in the scenario.
If they catch him, it will be over.
What do they want?
Tell him to run.
Septime, if they catch you,
you will be shoted.
Be a man, and drive faster.

They're now in the back. Perfect.
Our Septime is great.
I lost them.
There they are once again. It's over.
What am I supposed to do, if I skid?
Break in the reverse direction.
I forgot.
They're coming.
It's over.
Go lower.
Here comes our blonde.
Not bad.
Let's see, if she's hunting for
Septime. Make him drive faster.
Faster, hit the road!
Faster. Easy to say.
Faster.
I can't do any faster.
- Faster.
- I can't.
- Faster.
- I can't.
She doesn't like the cops. She must have
something to do with this.
And here come our friends.
A real procession.
Don't stop.
Goddamn it.
I've probably lost them.
It's all right now.
What's that?
Let's go to the car. Fast!
I can't any more. I've no strength.
- Faster.
- I can't.
Hurry up!
There they come.
We can't lose them.
I've saved your life.
I can't stop you.
Why?
Because abducters would kill president
and you. That's why I saved you.
- Thank you.

- Please fasten your seatbelt.
Watch out!
Faster.
There they are.
We won't lose them now.
Let's go.
- They're following us.
- Who?
Sometimes it's better not to know who.
Faster.
Even faster.
Faster.
We've got to stop them.
Aim at wheels.
- Traitors. I'll tell my people to shoot them.
- It's them who's shooting at the moment.
We'll catch them in the valley. Let's go.
Guess we've got them.
The road's getting better and better.
- We've probably lost them.
- You think so?
Don't move.
Mr. Commissioner!
What a nice surprise.
Is it after all now?
- Is it the end?
- Yes. Please, follow me.
I can't do it any longer, mr. Commissioner.
Why did you demand a ransom, if you haven't
abducted him?
- To make them not to take it.
- Who's 'them'?
Abducters.
I don't know where's president.
I didn't abduct him.
- Stubborn one.
- I don't know how to make him talk.
All you have to do is to grab his finger
and rotate it.
Everyone, but not her.
Do you want to find the president?
Some methods are forbidden by our law.
Then why did you make the revolution?
Mr. Commissioner.

Can I talk with you for a moment.
It's getting late. Aren't you tired?
I'd like to leave.
Can I take the coat?
Are you going with me?
You're leaving? At such moment?
I'm tired. You won't find the restaurant
today. President.
It's about life of people's hero,
and you're thinking about a pub.
Both heroes and pubs are needed.
Pubber.
I prefer nordic types.
She called me a pubber.
But it all ended up happily.
- Sure thing.
- And I took part in it.
Congratulations.
You first.
Talking about congratulations.
Will you talk about it with Minister?
- About it?
- Yes.
We'll think about it tonight.
I'll drop in on you for the supper.
In this case I'll prepare rams legs
a la Septime.
He'll start talking. You'll see.
Gentlemen!
Good bye.
And now let's go to Septime's.
Yes, sir.
Thank you, Emil. Welcome, Mrs Baron.
Welcome, Mr. Minister
- Good day, Mr Septime.
- Oh my God.
- Mrs Baron. Mr Minister.
- Welcome, Mr. Septime
What is it?
We'll make a short trip.
- Isn't it the end?
- By plane.
- No.
- It is.

- No.

- Enough of this.

Drive according to what I say.

Straight ahead. And then turn to the left.

Are we starting everything from
the beginning?

Let's go.

Now that's too much.

You're wasting your time. I've nothing
to do with it. Case closed.

- Not really.

- How come? I don't understand.

You'll understand.

Soon.

Don't worry, nobody's gonna hurt you.

Everything will be fine. You'll see.

I'll see...

Excuse me?

Mr President?

I'm so happy, that I see you.

So how is it? Are they treating you nicely here?

I had never been so happy as I am right now.

I'm free.

Free.

Free, but you're a prisoner.

- Of my own.

- I don't get it.

I'll tell you then. There was no abduction.

How come?

- I abducted myself.

- What?

Yes, I abducted myself.

It was me, who organised this escape.

Everything began at your restaurant.

I know.

I'm sorry, but I couldn't take it
any longer. I had to escape.

Do you know how the politician's life looks like?

Meetings, reports, hypocrisy.

I've had enough of this.

Did you think about the problems,
you were going to make me deal with?

I was lacking space, clean air,
freedom...

... fishing, birds' songs. I've finally discovered the beauty of the nature. And of France. It's a wonderful country. I know, but it's stupid. Before taking power you should know...

...what you want, because that's why you're actually taking it. To keep it.

If I had known...

But now it's too late. I can't leave my restaurant.

That's not, what I want.

- That man is a pyramid.

- He was the pyramid.

- Faithful friend.

- And that loving secretary?

I'm leaving her to you.

- I don't want her.

- So don't I.

So?

Everything gets boring some day.

Even earthquakes.

We'll have to solve that problem somehow.

- Please have a seat.

- Thank you.

Holidays passed. I owe the most beautiful days to you as well.

- I can't say that.

- That's why I brought you here.

I want to repair all the harms, I've done to you.

How?

- I'll make you a hero.

- A hero?

Yes.

"Mr Septime becomes a hero. Owner of the restaurant saves head of the country...from abductors".

- President has disappeared.

- What did you do to him?

- I don't know!

- You won't fool me for the second time!

Where is he? Where did you hide him?!

Music.

- I'd like to know...

- They're playing the national anthem.
No, you can't.