

A VOICE FROM ACROSS THE SEA

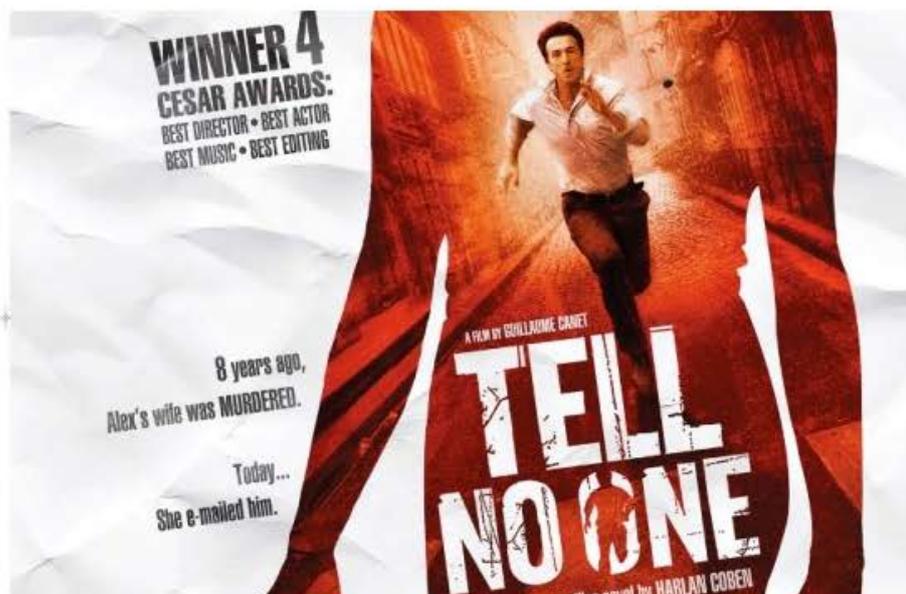
Ryan McChrystal – journalist

23/12/2011

LEAVE A COMMENT

UNCATEGORIZED

FILM REVIEW: TELL NO ONE (2006)



A film Michael Caine calls one of the all-time greats, Guillaume Canet's *Tell No One* works as both a Hitchcockian-like thriller and a grim yet touching love story. This is a film that works its complicated depiction of crime, corruption and shame over a genuinely moving emotional backdrop and has just enough action and even dark humour to keep it from taking itself too seriously. Starring Francois Cluzet and Marie-Josieé Croze as husband and wife in a macabre love-story, *Tell No One* is as eloquent as it is intense.

This is Canet's second feature film as a director, for which he won a César award in 2007. Better known for his acting roles (*The Beach*, *Love Me If You Dare*), he has created a truly gripping thriller in *Tell No One*. His camerawork is great, the screenplay holds firm and his choice of cast is outstanding. He has a good feeling for thug-life and the supporting characters he produces here are very believable. While he works up some fine tense moments, he understands that *Tell No One* is a love story first and a thriller second.

It is Francois Cluzet's superb performance as Beck that makes this film as good as it is. Here is a man in the depths of despair, determined to uncover the truth about his wife whilst trying to clear his name. Cluzet plays a man who truly does not know what is going on extremely well with a look of absolute confusion on his face throughout. Cluzet personifies the morality, suffering, and warmth of Coben's original protagonist.

Then we have in Mikaela Fisher a commanding, somewhat sinister actor playing the terrifying torturer/assassin who, in only a few scenes, steals the show. She uses whatever means to extract information from anyone who might know anything. More development of this character could have made for a better movie.

Ryan McChrystal journaliste, sort of

23/12/2011

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Tough and Tender - The Top 20 Female Performances of 2008



15 Mikaela Fisher Tell No One

German actress Mikaela Fisher is at the fringes of *Tell No One*. But in a film that paints its female characters with a less detailed brush than its male characters, Fisher uses five minutes of screen time to create an unforgettable villain and elevate the entire work. As Zak, who manipulates pressure points to force victims into submission, Fisher almost wordlessly dominates the film's sizable world of heavies. Her face fixed in a defiant Dame Judith Anderson stare, Fisher's reaction to getting shot is just to keep walking. This is a brief but bold performance that could generate fandom for Fisher akin to Zoe Bell's following in the wake of *Death Proof*. ❧ Thomas Britt

Tell No One

Director: Guillaume Canet

Cast: François Cluzet, Marie-Josée Croze, Marina Hands, Kristin Scott Thomas, Nathalie Baye

(LES PRODUCTIONS DU TRÉSOR; US: 2 JUL 2008)

Actress Obsession

Showcase Of The Hottest Talents On The Planet

October 19, 2012

Euro Vixen: Mika Ela Fisher

 [Leave a comment](#)

Some actresses have the knack for being scene-stealers and MIKA ELA FISHER does so with what can be described as a Twiggy-like individualism. Her distinctive angular features and wiry frame are certainly deceptively gorgeous. It's no wonder she excelled as the scary villain Zak in the French thriller "Tell No One" which starred Kristin Scott Thomas. According to reviewers of the movie, the scene of her being shot in the back and tenderly staggering to her death was memorable in the way it was depicted by MIKA. Not forgetting how her character administered torture by squeezing the groin of unlucky men...OUCH! Now she gets our attention in the award-winning short film "[The Naked Leading The Blind](#)" which screens at Twin Cities Film Festival 2012.

From the excerpts taken from "The Naked Leading The Blind"(see video above), she appears as the wife of presumably a blind man (or is he?) in the artsy tale of love and spiritual being. A visit to the [MIKA ELA FISHER OFFICIAL SITE](#) might shed some light and it sounds like there'll be many fascinating days ahead to watch the movie. MIKA herself is striking and this German actress/model will get plenty of people talking because she possesses such a bewildering face....)

THREAD NY

THE INSIDE LINE ON NEW YORK FASHION

PHOTOGRAPHER SPOTLIGHT

Photographer Spotlight: Brea Souders

By Catherine Blair Pfander | Monday, Nov 21, 2011 | Updated 10:29 AM EDT



Brea Souders



Most photographers we meet claim to cherish the immediacy and speed of their snapshots, but [Brea Souders](#) has a unique appreciation for the science and process behind the photographic medium.

"My mom was a painter and my dad was a physicist, and photography felt like a natural mixture of art and science," she explains. "I enjoyed the chemical and technical aspects of photography, and the fact that there was a specific process that had to be followed in order to achieve an image."

Souders' engaging, slightly avant-garde aesthetic lends itself easily to the fashion world, where her eye for natural patterns and textures enlivens a given look or collection.

"I like to see what I can pull from any given subject matter, and what it pulls out of me," says Souders. "Discovering a unique relationship with a subject is the most compelling part of image-making for me."

Souders has already shot the likes of [Scarlett Johansson](#) and [Mikaela Fisher](#) along with a smattering of glossy editorials, but her next project has a far more personal bent. "I'm planning to make images with various objects in my parents' home that I grew up with and that have significant meaning in my life," she says. "A terrarium full of African violets, giant fossil and shell collections, art and physics books, microscopic slides of bee parts, and early family pictures."



Sei In: HOME > MULTIMEDIA > FOTO DEL GIORNO

COLT 45 di Fabrice Du Welz: un polar vicino ai film di Don Siegel e ai poliziotteschi italiani degli anni '70



Nei cast anche due icone del cinema franco/belga, entrambi già diretti da Du Welz in *Calvaire*: **Philippe Nahon** (*Seul contre tous*, *Mammuth*, *La Meute*, *Kill Me Please*) e **Jo Prestia** (*Irréversible*, *La vita sognata dagli angeli*, *La Horde*, *13 Tzamet*). In ruoli minori, **Amr Waked** (*Syriana*, *Il pescatore di sogni*) **Philippe Petit** (*My Little Princess*) **Alice Taglioni** (*La proie*) **Richard Sammel** (*Bastardi senza gloria*) **Antoine Basler** (*Irma Vep*, *Un profeta*) e l'androgina modella **Mika Elia Fisher** (già in *Non dirlo a nessuno* di Canet e *Pour Elle* di Cavayé).

Colt 45, girato in otto settimane a Parigi, è il film più costoso nella carriera di Du Welz, con un budget di 10 milioni di euro. Il direttore della fotografia è sempre **Benoît Debie** (*Calvaire*, *Vinyan*, ultimamente ha lavorato per *Spring Breakers*). Il produttore è **Thomas Langmann** (*Nemico pubblico N.1*, *The Artist*, *Le magasin des suicides*, *Maniac*). Per ottenere scene d'azione realistiche, è intervenuto **Mick Gould**, esperto trainer di combattimento per innumerevoli attori, da De Niro a Pacino, già collaboratore di **Michael Mann** per quasi tutti i suoi film.

"Volevo fare un film personale, ma il fallimento [al box office] di *Vinyan* mi ha aiutato a maturare e non restare imprigionato nel mio autismo, è stato uno scossone che mi ha portato a riposizionare me stesso" aggiunge Du Welz. "Mi sono chiesto che cosa volevo fare: film d'autore, come **Bruno Dumont**, o opere che possano raggiungere il pubblico? Con questo non voglio dire che non mi piace **Bruno Dumont**, ma che io amo i film popolari, quelli con cui sono cresciuto. Ho optato per la seconda scelta. *Colt 45* è un film di pulsioni, come i miei precedenti, ma anche un'opportunità per raccontare una storia avvincente senza rinunciare alle mie aspirazioni".



Ricordiamo che Du Welz ha in cantiere anche *Alléluia*, nuovo adattamento dedicato alla coppia dei "killers della luna di miele", con **Bouli Lanners** e **Jeanne Balibar**, scritto a quattro mani con Vincent Tavier, produttore di *Calvaire*.

Colt 45

Ficha

Título original	Colt 45
Año	2013
País	Francia
Director	Fabrice Du Welz
Guión	Fathi Beddiar
Fotografía	Benoît Debie
Reparto	Ymanol Perset, Joey Starr, Alice Taglioni, Gérard Lanvin, Philippe Nahon, Amr Waked, Simon Abkarian, Richard Sammel, Jo Prestia, Mika Elia Fisher
Productora	Entre Chien et Loup / La Petite Reine
Género	Thriller
Sinopsis	Un supervisor de armas e instructor de tiro de la Policía nacional llamado Vincent Miles es un experto en el tiro en combate. Con solo 25 años, las élites de todo el mundo ya están tras él, aunque contra todo pronóstico rechaza entrar en los escuadrones de élite más prestigiosos. Todo dará un giro cuando conozca a Milo Cardena, un misterioso agente de campo que lo arrastrará a un infernal remolino de violencia. Pronto, Vincent se encontrará en medio de una serie de atracos, asesinatos y en una despiadada guerra interna de la policía. Atrapado en esa situación, Vincent se verá obligado a matar por su propia supervivencia...
Tu crítica	Puedes hacer una crítica de esta película para que el resto de los usuarios la pueda leer. Añade tu crítica
Votaciones	<p>De tus almas gemelas</p> <p>Regístrate y podrás acceder a recomendaciones personalizadas según tus gustos de cine</p> <p>De tus amigos</p> <p>Regístrate y podrás acceder a todas las votaciones de tus amigos, familiares, etc.</p>



[Votar esta película](#)

[Añadir a tus listas](#)

[J'aime](#) 5

[Twttear](#)

+1 0

The Bureau of Odd Shaped Objects

Thoughts on films, books, food, wine, California, France and anything else.

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About Me



BUREAU
CHIEF
Clearly I
have time
for my

THURSDAY, JUNE 4, 2009

Tell No One

This French thriller (in French, "Ne le dis à personne") was one of the few films *Mme Le Chef* and I saw in a theater last year and we enjoyed it very much. We recently watched it again on DVD and it wasn't diminished in any way. We were amused that after two viewings we still couldn't follow every twist and turn in the plot, but that doesn't matter.

The film is by Guillaume Canet and is based on an American novel by Harlan Corben. It's peopled with well delineated characters who are played by an excellent cast. Our hero, the beleaguered Dr. Beck, is played by François Cluzet, who bears an unfortunate resemblance to a young Dustin Hoffman, but is a good enough to make us forget that. The other main male actors are also excellent but the actresses are amazing.

In one film you get both Kristin Scott Thomas and Natalie Baye in supporting roles. These are two of the best actresses on the planet. You also get the delicious Marie-Josée Croze and, in a small role, **an unknown actress named Mikaela Fisher. She's on screen for maybe five minutes and establishes one of the scariest villains I've seen in a long time. The actress is freaky looking; skinny, wiry, elongated, androgynous. I can't tell if it's really good type casting or good acting but her character is one of things you'll surely remember about the film.**

Intelligent, entertaining thrillers are far rarer than they should be, so if you haven't seen "Tell No One", put it on your Netflix queue (svp).

Posted by Bureau Chief at 6:00 PM 
Labels: [French Thrillers](#) , [Scary Villians](#)

Subject

Posted by

Date

THE find of Tell No One

by [lor_](#) (Thu May 7 2009 06:42:05)

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After seeing her scene-stealing debut in *Tell No One*, I'm looking forward to catching her lead role in *The Lost Door*, if any American company would pick it up for release. She was a spellbinding heavy - as I watched *Tell No One* I had to go all the way back to Lotte Lenya (over the top of course) in *From Russia With Love* to recall such a terrifying female presence -wow! If Hollywood had any brains left they would steal her away -she could carry an international suspense film without any dialogue and a minimum of screen time.

I'm surprised starstruck IMDb users have posted NOTHING about her thus far, while counting angels on the head of a pin (e.g., debating the rivalry of Aniston vs. Jolie, or the relative merits of Jess Franco's hundreds of unwatchable films) is de rigeur on this website.



[Mikaela Fisher](#)

[Tell No One](#) (*Ne le dis a personne*) (2006) [Zak]: Shot twice in the back by Gilles Lellouche when she tries to escape, after Gilles breaks into the van where she's torturing Francois Cluzet; she dies shortly afterwards while staggering down the street. (Thanks to Dick Hertz)

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DEC
18

TELL NO ONE - HITCHCOCKIAN FRENCH TWIST



Country: France
Genre: Suspense/ Drama/ Action
Director: Guillaume Canet
Year: 2006

★ ★ ★ ★ ☆ Rating:

TRASH CINEMA HIGHLY RECOMMENDED MOVIE

«(...)I should probably mention that the acting is excellent throughout. I especially liked the almost wordless performance by Mikaela Fisher, who plays a very scary hitwoman who tortures people by strategically squeezing their vital organs. I also enjoyed Bruno (Gilles Lellouche), a hoodlum who is grateful to Alex for treating his hemophiliac son.»

Bill Posters

Bill Greenwell thinks out loud

This entry was posted on Monday,
July 20th, 2009 at 9:00 am



Tell No One (Canet)

- or, to give it its French title, *Ne Le Dis A Personne*, is a Guillaume Canet thriller made in 2006, which I've just finished watching on DVD. The problem with watching films on DVD, especially if you're on your own, is that, when they get very confusing, it is all too tempting to press the pause or reverse button, thinking, 'What the hell?'. And I certainly gave Canet's film a few mini re-runs. I thought it was a great film, but, as with the famous incident in which Raymond Chandler, asked to explain who shot a chauffeur to some scriptwriters working on one of his novels, and obliged to admit that he didn't know, I don't think the plot of *Tell No One* would stand up to very close scrutiny. Either that or autopsies are particularly slapdash in France ...

It's interesting what films can get away with, rather more easily than novels (the point about the Chandler story is that nobody spotted the gaffe until they went through the plot with a fine-tooth comb). The images are thrown at you with such bewildering speed that in the end, you don't actually worry too much that you've missed the meaning of much of the action. In this case, there were so many double-bluffs that I gave in and just let them roll through my synapses without caring.

At the centre of the film is a hapless paediatrician, whose wife has been murdered eight years earlier. He has been a suspect, but a serial killer has been blamed. Suddenly she sends him an email, with a link to a web-camera (why didn't she just write him a letter?). So if she is emailing him, is she dead or alive? (The film throws a familiar spanner at the viewer's head, in that the pair have supposedly been childhood sweethearts, when it is as plain as a pikestaff - what the hell is a pikestaff, and why is it plain? - that the performers are more than a decade apart in age. There is, as with almost all French films, and I'm not objecting, plenty of nudity to prove this.)

And if she is dead, who is pretending she is alive? And if she is alive, why has she come back from the dead after eight years? (We are allowed to think that the corpse may not have been hers, because it transpires that our hero never saw it, and that her father identified it, in which case ... and so on.)

For all the colander-like property of the plot, should you be unwise enough to think about it, like me, it's a great film, with that incredibly clean cinematography that only the French seem able to achieve, and with a series of excellent performances, notably from Kristin-Scott-Thomas (you may not have known that she is a flawless French speaker) as the partner of the paediatrician's sister; Mika'ela Fisher, as a steely villain, one of the best I've seen - see her website here here, and that oddly placed apostrophe is not a typo; and from the veteran (then 76) Jean Rochefort. I haven't picked out any of the principals, you might notice: it's just that these three, in a packed field, were startlingly good.

It may be that, with weaker performances, poorer editing, and a duff script, the coincidences and clangers (much hangs on the typing in of an email address into a Yahoo account, which any nerd will tell you is incorrectly done, and I am Mr. Any Nerd on this occasion) would have scuppered the film. The Americans are apparently tempted to re-make it, so perhaps we shall see. They will have to work hard to beat Canet, whose script it also was, as it was, improbably, his directorial debut.

By the way, plain as a pikestaff seems to come from 'plain as a packstaff', which was a bog-standard stick on which a pedlar hung his wares. Convincing? No, me neither. Not when there was a weapon called a pikestaff. But I haven't the etymological armoury to argue. And 'plain' used to mean smooth, incidentally, as in the opposite of rough, and, amazingly, as in 'plane'. In fact there is one very good example of this word swapping spellings, but not meaning: 'plain sailing' means smooth or 'plane' sailing, and used to be spelled that way. It's the 'ai', presumably, which looked neater when repeated.

CONFIDENCIAL

EN PANTALLA

No le digan a Hollywood

Juan Carlos Ampié

El personaje de Scott Thomas pone en evidencia uno de los aciertos de Canet. En demasiadas películas, identificar a alguien por su homosexualidad es una vacía concesión a la sensibilidad políticamente correcta (al menos, cuando no es el villano de la película). El problema está cuando el personaje no tiene vida o personalidad mas allá de ese detalle. Aquí, el director se toma la molestia que concederle a cada personaje pequeños flashes de tiempo que le permiten al espectador crear una percepción de quienes son como personas debajo de la demandas que trama impone sobre ellos. Así, Scott Thomas se ve feliz con la hermana de Alex (Marina Hands), pero no deja de lanzar una mirada a los atributos de una mesera en su restaurante. El detective Lebkovitch casi le pega a su colega cuando no deposita la basura reciclable en el recipiente correcto, mientras le lleva provisiones a su anciana madre. Son momentos fugaces, que ni siquiera tienen diálogo, pero que dibujan un marco realista para una historia que desafía la credibilidad. La película es un verdadero triunfo de casting. Hasta las figuras mas marginales causan una honda impresión. La silenciosa sicaria interpretada por Mikaela Fisher, con delgada fisonomía de boxeadora y rostro picassiano, habitará comodamente sus pesadillas.

Weil die Polizei bezweifelt, dass Margot bei einem Unfall verletzt wurde, wird erneut gegen Alexandre ermittelt. Hélène Perkins (Kristin Scott Thomas), die reiche Lebensgefährtin seiner lesbischen Schwester Anne (Marina Hands), engagiert die Rechtsanwältin Elysabeth Feldman (Nathalie Baye) für ihn.

Unvermittelt erhält Alexandre auf seinem Computer ein Video, auf dem eine Frau, die wie Margot aussieht, in einer U-Bahn-Station in die Kamera blickt und dann wieder in der Menge verschwindet. Sie will sich mit ihm in einem Park treffen.

Charlotte Bertaud (Florence Thomassin), Margots beste Freundin, wird grausam ermordet. Offenbar hat man sie vor ihrem Tod gefoltert. Als Zuschauer wissen wir, dass der Verbrecher Bernard Valenti (Olivier Marchal) von ihr erfahren wollte, wo Margot sich aufhält. Die Tatwaffe wird bei einer polizeilichen Durchsichtung in Alexandres Haus gefunden. Elysabeth Feldman warnt ihren Mandanten telefonisch vor der unmittelbar bevorstehenden Verhaftung. Er springt aus dem Fenster seiner Praxis und rennt fort, wird aber sofort von Polizisten verfolgt.

Der Gangster Bruno (Gilles Lellouche), der dankbar ist, weil Alexandre sich um sein verletztes Kind kümmerte, rettet ihn vor dem Zugriff der Polizei.

Zum in der E-Mail angegebenen Zeitpunkt wartet Alexandre auf einer Bank im Park auf Margot oder deren Doppelgängerin. Sie nähert sich, merkt jedoch, dass er beschattet wird und verschwindet sofort wieder. Als Alexandre das Warten aufgibt, lässt ihn Valenti von zwei Komplizen in einem Lieferwagen entführen. Bruno hat jedoch weiterhin ein Auge auf den Kinderarzt und befreit ihn. Weil er dabei die für Valenti arbeitende Kampfsportlerin Zak (Mikaela Fisher) auf offener Straße erschießt, muss er sich selbst für eine Weile ins Ausland absetzen.

Elysabeth Feldman weist nach, dass ihr Mandant Charlotte nicht ermordet haben kann, weil er für die Tatzeit ein Alibi hat. Kommissar Eric Levkowitch entschuldigt sich bei Alexandre.

Anne Beck gesteht Alexandre, die Fotos von den Hämatomen und Verletzungen ihrer Schwägerin gemacht zu haben. Philippe Neuville (Guillaume Canet), der

Eigensinnige Frauen
Wagemutige Frauen
AußerOrdentliche Frauen

3 Piper-Taschenbücher von Dieter Wunderlich - im Buchhandel

Sohn des reichen, einflussreichen Pferdezüchters Gilbert Neuville (Jean Rochefort), habe Margot so zugerichtet, als sie ihn wegen sexuellen Missbrauchs von Kindern zur Rede stellte. Margot ließ damals die Fotos als

Beweismaterial machen, ging jedoch nicht zur Polizei und erzählte selbst ihrem Ehemann die Lüge von dem Verkehrsunfall. Anne musste ihr versprechen, niemandem die Wahrheit zu verraten.

KATHRYN SAYS

The Only Reviews That Matter

Tell No One (2006)

May 29, 2009 by ladykath

It makes one nervous when supposedly more sophisticated cultures start embracing the worst in American pop culture, such as arena butt rock, athletic footwear and pulp surprise twist crime thrillers, so I was pleasantly surprised when I sat down to watch the French film Tell No One. This is a suspense thriller that is well worth watching; even if it's just for the on-foot chase scene courtesy of Dr. Alexandre Beck (Francois Cluzet). Eight years after his wife's murder, Alexandre is sent information that raises some questions as to the circumstances of his wife's death. It seems that there was a part of her life that he knew nothing about; could this have lead to her death? The supporting characters play an interesting role in Alexandre's world, whether it be as confidants (Kristen Scott Thomas as Helene Perkins – yes, she's a Brit who can speak fluent French) or torturers (such as bad-ass Zak, played by Mikaela Fisher, who can punch you in any organ and make you plead for mercy). But it all comes down to Alexandre and his choices – because he is a caring doctor to a hemophiliac patient, when he is in trouble, he is able to call on the most unlikely source for help. If you enjoy thrillers that are also smart and well acted, then you should check out this film. 4 out of 5 monkeys.

my new plaid pants ...nonsense incarnate

THURSDAY, APRIL 09, 2009

➔ I Am Link

--- **Tell Everyone** - Arbogast's review of the French thriller *Tell No One* (a film which I touched on briefly at TFE last week) is the best take on the film I've seen. Especially loved this:

"In an icily wordless turn as a skilled torturer, Mikaela Fisher is so eminently hateful that one is surprised at the odd tenderness of her final moments. It's touches like these that suggest how fine art may be teased out of the mealiest pulp fiction."



Spot on. Fisher was so important to the film; her entire character, the way she was handled, lent the film so much menace and that end of hers was chilling and disturbing in ways more routine thrillers don't get to be.

SKANDIES 2008

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2008 Skandies ballot for Froilan Vispo

Part I: Favorites

Best Supporting Actress

Elsa Zylberstein, *I've Loved You So Long* 15

Taraji P. Henson, *The Curious Case of Benjamin Button* 15

Frances McDormand, *Burn After Reading* 10

Gwyneth Paltrow, *Iron Man* 10

Hanna Schygulla, *The Edge of Heaven* 10

Laura Vasiliu, *4 Months, 3 Weeks and 2 Days* 10

Marisa Tomei, *The Wrestler* 10

Penélope Cruz, *Vicky Cristina Barcelona* 10

Isamar Gonzalez, *Chop Shop* 5

Mikaela Fisher, *Tell No One* 5

UK Critics

AdmiralNeck

3 July 2008 | 7:27 PM CDT



When it was released in the UK last year the critical establishment went crazy over it, obsessing over its sophistication, compared to the US blockbusters which, according to them, were utterly devoid of class or intelligence and could only be appreciated by mouth-breathing morons and 10 year olds. (Not my opinion; just paraphrasing.)

Tell No One is a good enough movie, and there's a lot to like about it (especially the terrifying Mikaela Fisher, who plays the silent torturer and assassin who steals the movie with only a couple of scenes), but it's not The Most Sophisticated And Intelligent Thriller Ever Made (tm). It's solidly made. It's entertaining. It's also too long, kind of improbable (the hero obviously never asked, "How was your day?" even once during his marriage, so little does he know about her job), and the final exposition-heavy scenes are a real drag.

Somehow none of this bothered the UK critics, who fell over themselves to praise it (it worked; it was a big hit over here). These same critics often sneered at Verhoeven's Black Book, which might not be sophisticated but sure is mighty thrilling.

That Mathieu Chedid score really was something else, though.

The Boston Globe

DVD Releases

TELL NO ONE (2008)

Sidelights are as satisfying as the central action in actor-filmmaker Guillaume Canet's taut French adaptation of American novelist Harlan Coben's thriller. François Cluzet is a doctor drifting through life eight years after the murder of his wife (Marie-Josée Croze), when he receives an eerie e-mail from someone claiming to be her. You'll appreciate Kristin Scott Thomas in a modest supporting turn that could easily have been cast as male, and gaunt model-actress Mikaela Fisher as a sort of hit woman/acupressurist-from-hell dogging Cluzet's trail.

Extras: Deleted scenes and outtakes.

(MPI Media Group, \$27.98; Blu-ray, \$34.98)

DRAMA

Stuff I Done Wrote

(the Michael A. Charles online presence)



Kristin Scott Thomas, continued.

Published January 5, 2009 Movies 0 Comments

Tags: tell no one, ne le dis a personne, i've loved you so long, il y a longtemps que je t'aime, ghost town, mikaela fisher

Without even meaning to, I took immediate action on my New Year's resolution to explore the French-language films of Kristin Scott Thomas. Turns out she has a supporting role in the thriller *Tell No One* (*Ne le dis à personne*).

Last week I kvetched that people overrated 2008's other Kristin Scott Thomas film because it "benefited from the European cinema's reputation for profundity". By contrast, *Tell No One* is a great piece of popular entertainment whose North American commercial prospects were sabotaged by its restriction to the art-house ghetto. The middle third of the film is as pulse-pounding as a Jason Bourne adventure. I thought it had echoes of *Marathon Man*, although maybe that's just because of the many scenes of François Cluzet, who looks a lot like Dustin Hoffman, running. In synopsis *Tell No One* most closely resembles *The Fugitive*, with its everyman hero – like Richard Kimble, a doctor – wanted by the cops for the murder of his wife. Except the wife may or may not actually be dead.

My one quibble is that the tension dissipates a little too early. The final act is dedicated to wrapping up the convoluted plot, and although by the end everything is neat and tidy, I could've lived with a loose end or two if it had meant one more scene featuring the vulpine Mikaela Fisher as a terrifyingly imperturbable torturess – one of the great screen henchmen in recent memory. Other supporting actors make strong impressions – Gilles Lelouche as an honourable thug from the *banlieues* who comes to the aid of our hero, François Berléand as an obsessive-compulsive detective, and Nathalie Baye as a defense attorney who entertainingly dresses down a cocky DA. The latter two actors seem to be pretty big in France, and it's depressing how much sifting of Google Image results I had to conduct to match the actors' names from IMDB.com to their roles; the English-language internet is still pretty indifferent to foreigners, even movie stars.

Dan's Movie Blog

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 2008

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Tell No One - I didn't enjoy it so I won't say much. Mika'ela Fisher as the female assassin steals the film with just a handful of scenes.



KALAMAZOO FILM SOCIETY

Comments on our November feature - *Tell No One*

Was it just me, or did anyone else just love the cold-blooded lady hitwoman? So badass...she just crushes your pancreas and makes you wish you were dead! That lady was so awesome, I think I could watch a whole movie built around that character! She is listed in the credits as Mikaela Fisher, but she only has a few films on her profile. Maybe she isn't even a professional actress, but a stuntwoman or someone just now getting into the business (like Zoe Bell).

Anyway, she's a kickass chick!

-- Carver

Tell No One (trailer)

Comments



This was a big hit in France, from the subtle score by the pop singer M to the great chase scene on the peripheral highway north of Paris. I think that the best performance of the year is the wordless one by Mikaela Fisher. A steely, strange demoiselle.



Megan and I saw this film yesterday in New York and were talking about it all through dinner afterwards. It was well-made and I did appreciate the score and the performance of the disappeared woman. There were a few things I didn't understand, like why Margot (the wife) was in the cottage with the terrible rich son in the first place. It seems odd that she would be in such a remote place with him just to talk to him about his evil deeds, or was she having an affair with him? I was also confused about Kristin Scott Thomas' role because she appeared old enough to be her girlfriend's mother and she also seemed to fancy the hero. Now that I think about it, I really enjoyed the musical score, but the violence was off-putting. The thin female thug was particularly chilling in her diabolism... I would see it again just for the score.

USELESS JUNK

BECAUSE WHAT THE WORLD REALLY NEEDS RIGHT NOW IS ANOTHER MASS FILL-UP
SOME OTHER'S WAY TO REVOLVE

Tell No One



Tell No One is a little complicated, so maybe it will be useful to try reducing it. OK, imagine *The Fugitive*, but in French, and with Dustin Hoffman instead of Harrison Ford. Or a guy who looks like Dustin Hoffman, and acts like Hoffman used to, in clean, declarative beats that command us to hang on his every move.

The guy is François Cluzet, as an affable pediatrician who lost his wife (Marie-Josée Croze) to a brutal murder—or thought he did, for about eight years, until getting weirdly plausible messages implying that she’s still alive. (“Tell no one,” one of these apparitional emails instructs. “They’re watching.”) His every move consists of getting some answers while dodging a few shady operators and even the cops, who’ve decided after all this time to reconsider him as a suspect. And they’re as right to do so, paradoxically, as he is to reconsider what little he already knew about his wife’s death. Even if Cluzet weren’t so compelling (“they’re watching,” indeed), the plot of *Tell No One* would find a way to make us want to figure it all out.

Adapting American author Harlan Coben’s novel with Philippe Lefebvre, director Guillaume Canet has delivered a stylish, commercial, tautly paced thriller. Really, the film has everything it needs: mystery, suspense, corrupt motives and pure ones, the requisite last-act explanation, plus a surplus of winning performances—watch, too, for Kristin Scott Thomas, as the pediatrician’s sister’s wisened-up girlfriend; for Gilles Lellouche, as the father of one of his patients who becomes an important ally; for Mikaela Fisher, as a butchy, James Bond-worthy villainess who can torture people with merely a pinch. And yes, sooner or later, the question of whether the movie has everything *we* need does come up, but doesn’t nag.

Maybe it’s that being French gives *Tell No One* an aura of exoticism and sophistication to which Americans can’t help but respond. Maybe it’s simply that Hollywood no longer can be counted on to provide well-built movies in this mold, and so the Americans are famished for them.

Even still, let’s give Canet some personal credit—for his intelligently literary but still movie-savvy script, and for his singular directorial flourishes. He’s more sensitive to atmosphere than this briskly-moving narrative might at first make apparent: The rural lake where our hero and his sweetheart summered as teenagers and skinny dipped in the moonlight on the fateful night of their separation, for instance, seems by turns sinister and idyllic, just as it should.

Plus, while Canet clearly enjoys the showman’s art of surprise, he manages enough restraint to avoid getting, well, showy. It’s precisely because *Tell No One* doesn’t normally behave like a spectacle-mongering action flick, for instance, that its foot chase through traffic on Paris’ Peripherique motorway is so memorably harrowing. There are other examples, but it’s best not to give them away.

What matters is that it’s OK to describe *Tell No One* as a roller-coaster ride through a labyrinth of riddles, because the movie is as cognizant of such clichés as we are. And it’s fine to liken it to *The Fugitive*, or even to some Gallic combination of *The Big Sleep* and *Vertigo*, because, appealingly and appropriately in this case, reduction has a way of becoming expansion.

Review: Tell No One (Ne le Dis à Personne)



Guillaume Canet's absorbing yet irksome thriller [Tell No One](#) engages (for a time) as a puzzle box, and also as a bitter rumination on the costs of secrecy. It twists together computer mischief, frenetic action set pieces, and cops-and-corruption melodrama, and punctuates them with brutally violent exclamation marks. Despite the cloak-and-dagger intensity of its plot, *Tell No One* rarely grandstands, its themes murmuring rather than screaming. It boasts sufficient moments of originality and sleek cinematic pleasure that its story troubles—evidencing a distressingly amateur tendency—are rendered doubly exasperating. The plot may be convoluted, but this doesn't justify *Tell No One's* garbled cinematic language. When a con succeeds not through misdirection and cunning but because the mark didn't even understand the rules of the game, something has gone seriously awry.

with perils more abstract than car crashes. Similarly, there's something disappointing about a film with lofty thematic ambitions that traffics in thriller conventions so clichéd they sting. When Beck aids a gangbanger's hemophiliac son in an early scene, there's no doubt that the act will reap a boon later, *especially* when Beck nobly refuses the thug's money. The film practically has a genre checklist in hand: the wrongly accused protagonist, the clandestine meeting in a public place, the rot in the halls of power, and an overly-long climactic exposition, complete with clarifying flashbacks. Thank goodness that *Tell No One* is more interesting than its trappings would suggest. That said, there is the odd flash of bottled lightning. Among the goons hounding Beck's steps, Mikaela Fisher leaves a lasting impression as a lanky ghoul of an amazon with a knack for pressure-point torture. And Canet pulls off an astonishing coup by employing an overcooked U2 song in a completely appropriate and gratifying manner.

The serious flaw that bedevils *Tell No One* is its simple failure to effectively communicate its plot points, a problem that reeks distressingly of Z-movie clumsiness. In terms of pure storytelling, the film is a mess. New characters appear without warning and make statements that certainly *seem* relevant, yet context is perpetually a few paces behind the film-makers (and the viewer). I spent half the film trying to keep up with a proliferation of vaguely sketched relationships and barely hinted plot elements. Yet, if anything, *Tell No One* is overly long, frittering away its running time on chases and monologues that go on several beats past their purpose. It's a film sorely in need of a re-write, methinks. The problem may also be one of editing, as there actually appear to be missing scenes at select points. Most maddeningly, vital backstory is revealed only when it is relevant for a "surprising" revelation. (One example of this at the climax is so egregious that I am convinced I missed something earlier in the film. This alleged twist simply couldn't be as cheap as it seemed.) It's lamentable to see such fundamental storytelling blunders hobble a thriller that is otherwise so thoughtful and engaging.



TELL NO ONE (2008 movie)

Tell No One, Marie Josee Croze, Francois Cluzet

A huge hit in France, Guillaume Canet's thriller began life as a thoroughly American pulp novel by bestselling author Harlan Coben, which Canet and co-screenwriter Philippe Lefevre successfully relocated to France. The film delivers the requisite twists and turns, along with car chases, gun fights and soupcon of thug life, Paris style. But Canet cares more about what random brushes with violence do to ordinary people than how totally cool spark-spraying cars and thudding bullets look.

Canet and Lefevre pruned subplots and fixed the novel's ending -- it's now merely preposterous rather than patently absurd -- but it's the cast that makes the genre clichés feel vivid and even fresh. **The hangdog Cluzet holds the center, but a raft of world-class supporting players -- famous and not -- supply the fireworks.** They include Nathalie Baye as a sleek celebrity lawyer; Gilles Lellouche as a thug indebted to his little boy's doctor; Francois Berleand as a French Columbo, all self-effacing shuffle and razor-sharp powers of observation; veteran character actor Jean Rochefort as a very wealthy man with a very dark secret; Eric Naggar as a sleazy lawyer **and Mikaela Fisher as a nightmarish torturer.** (In French, with subtitles.)

--Maitland McDonagh

GOOD TIMES



The French thriller *Tell No One* starts off with a wallop and never lets up. Only minutes into the film, after one of those leisurely European country dinners that lasts all evening, a couple drives off for an illicit midnight dip in the lake that goes suddenly, shockingly wrong.

What happens that night, and its unexpected repercussions, is the meat of the matter in this whirlwind of a suspense thriller from Guillaume Canet. A popular French actor turned filmmaker, Canet wrote the script from a novel by American author Harlan Coben and relocated the story to suburban France. There are plenty of balls to keep spinning in Coben's complicated plot, and Canet manages to keep the story hopping, the viewer intrigued, and the action almost deliriously intense throughout.

A requisite supporting cast of colorful characters provide their share of thrills. Alex's friends in low places--like loyal, tattooed petty criminal, Bruno (Gilles Lellouche), whose hemophiliac son is Alex's patient--help him out of many a jam. The great Nathalie Baye has a few brief, effective scenes as a tough lawyer who doubts her client, but rebounds with masterful aplomb. And among the many thugs and nasties, the movie's signature villain is a tall, dark, austere dominatrix (Mikaela Fisher) sophisticated in the delicate art of inflicting pain. There are bigger criminal masterminds in the plot, but she's the one who'll give you the willies.



[Big fat French hit](#)

–“Fell No One,” a thriller about a man discovering after eight years of mourning that his wife might not be dead, is turning out to be the biggest French hit in the U.S. since –“La Vie en Rose” which won Marion Cotillard the Best Actress Academy Award last spring for playing Edith Piaf. A big fat French hit with four Cesars, –“Fell No One” is remarkable in that it’s the first film adaptation of one of Harlan Coben’s American bestsellers.

Published in 2000, –“The No One” was Coben’s first New York Times bestseller. Hollywood immediately came calling but ultimately no film was made and the rights reverted to Coben (whose interview will appear in the Boston Herald before the film opens on August 1).

It was then in Paris that Guillaume Canet, an actor who had made a well received directorial debut with –“Mon Idole” in 2002, was given the book by his producer’s assistant who told him, –“We should make a movie of this.”

Here are highlights from my interview with Canet that was held at the French Cultural Services Center in Manhattan last month. The entire interview with Harlan Coben can be heard on –“Beyond the Subtitles” on WPS1 Art Radio @ WPS1.org

Q: The assassins we see, it’s a male-female team. The woman especially looks like someone from a Dracula movie. There’s also the issue of the French Algerians or Moroccans, from the really special for this part.

CANET: I met a lot of transsexual people for this and I ended up meeting Mikaela Fisher who is a German actress. She can be really scary.

Q: She’s not a transgender?

CANET: No. She’s a woman.

Special Features

Temporary installations on this page may include highlighted individual film reviews, articles on particular themes written by me or others, "bests" lists (annual postings in early January), and notes on film festivals, especially the annual Portland International Film Festival (PIFF) that occurs in February. Read on...

There are 3 current special features: [Best Films Seen in 2007](#); [Portland International Film Festival - 2008](#); and [How Many Roads Must a Boy Walk Down...The Early Bob Dylan](#)

Current Special Feature #1 ...

BEST FILMS SEEN IN 2007

© Roland Atkinson 2007, 2008

Final Version, January 27, 2008

TELL NO ONE (Ne le dis à personne) (Guillaume Canet, France, 2006, 125 m.). Absolutely first rate thriller, based on a novel by Harlan Coben, with a humdinger of a plot, a gorgeously shot whodunit full of marvelously wrought characters, replete with brutal killings, both remote and recent, martial arts feats, quests for truth as well as revenge, lies and cover-ups, super good guys and super bad, with a few at the margins in between, and a prolonged full throttle chase sequence that proves, once and for all, that a middle aged, cigarette smoking pediatrician can outrun a phalanx of younger Paris policemen in cars and on foot. What's not to like in this sprawling crime story with a huge, stellar cast of actors, some of whom you've met before and a number you haven't? Dazzling us with their fine turns are François Cluzet and Marie-Josée Croze as the pediatrician and his star-crossed partner, who'd been in love since childhood; the good "guys," who pretty much turn out to be women, led by Nathalie Baye, Marina Hands and Kristin Scott Thomas; the bad "guys": André Dussolier, Mikaela Fisher, Olivier Marchal and Jean Rochefort; the bad/good guys: Gilles Lellouche and François Bredon; and, finally, a very wise cop who resists leaping to premature conclusions: François Berléand.

The music is fabulous. Sometimes there is none. At other times we hear interludes of an enticing original score by Mathieu Chedid (billed here simply as "M"), featuring, for example, an especially lovely passage for cello and guitar. At still other moments, and often unexpectedly, there are wonderful songs performed by various male vocalists, including Otis Redding, Bono and the late Jeff Buckley, among others. Filmed in Paris and the rural/suburban department of Yvelines, west of Paris. The film won César Awards in 2007 for Best Actor (Mr. Cluzet), Best Director (Guillaume Canet), Best Editing and Best Music. (In French). Grade: A- (02/22/08)

Add: Guillaume Canet, the writer/director, who has also been a busy and popular actor for over 15 years, casts himself in a small part here, as a nasty fellow named Philippe Neuville. Canet also found bit parts for two presumed relatives, Philippe Canet, the pediatrician's father and possibly Guillaume's as well, and Marie-Antoinette Canet. Kristin Scott Thomas, who, for my money, has one of the sexiest noses in filmdom, speaks impeccable French (so far as I can tell, which isn't saying much) as Hélène, the lesbian partner of the pediatrician's sister in this film. I had not been aware that Ms. Scott Thomas, now 47, has lived in Paris since she turned 19, where she is married but separated from her French obstetrician husband. She considers herself more French than English, though she was born and raised in Cornwall. Mikaela Fisher, a German actress with Eastern European roots who plays Zak, the sinewy woman with deadly martial arts skills, also lives in Paris. In addition to her martial arts prowess, she is proficient in horse riding, fencing, surfing, boxing, swimming and gymnastics. She plays French horn and flute, and her preferred dances are ballroom, tango and waltz. Oh, did I mention that she is also a comédienne? Hard to tell *that* based on the menacing role she performs in this movie.

Ne le dis à personne > Avis > Chut !

Pourtant vu en avant-première au Max Linder, fauteuils de luxe et écran géant, deux jours avant sa sortie officielle, ce [film](#) ne doit son avis tardif qu'à ma lenteur graphologique en l'occurrence alimentée par une densité qui me faisait hésiter dans l'entreprise d'en rédiger un commentaire précipité. Dommage, j'aurais bien aimé livrer mon devoir avant la date butoir. Mais c'est ainsi. Et c'est toute honte bue (au moins une boisson sans alcool ! C'est mauvais pour la [santé](#), qu'il paraît. Comme tant de choses ...) que je vais devoir me consoler en m'en grillant une petite (et flûte pour la santé, le trou de la sécu, le zones fumeurs, et tout ce genre de choses ...). Pourtant, le film en valait vraiment le coup.

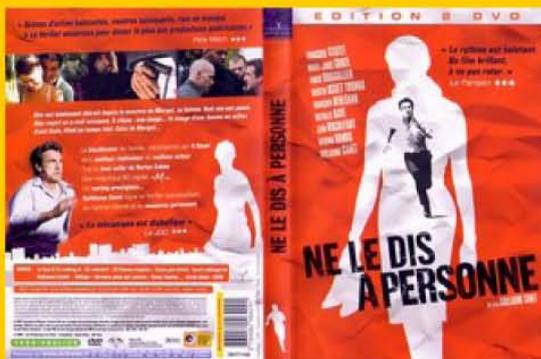
Le principe des films policiers est généralement de livrer la conclusion, c'est-à-dire le crime, puis d'accumuler progressivement aussi bien des éléments de preuve que des réponses aux questions qui viennent au jour, ainsi que les nouvelles questions que ces réponses soulèvent. A intervalle régulier, voire en continu si le temps le permet, le film fait une petite pause, examine les éléments en présence, élabore des scénarii permettant d'emboîter les pièces rassemblées, et liste les éléments manquants pour que l'on puisse trancher entre les uns ou les autres de ces scénarii. Puis l'enquête reprend pour un petit tour, le temps de recueillir des éléments nouveaux, voire des questions nouvelles. Plus ces points intermédiaires orientent vers des pistes différentes de celles imaginées lors du point précédent, plus l'histoire est captivante. De plus, l'idéal est de donner au spectateur l'impression qu'il a un léger temps d'avance sur l'enquêteur et qu'il va finalement découvrir l'énigme juste avant lui.

Et le suspense est réussi si d'une part cette résolution n'a lieu qu'en toute fin de parcours, et d'autre part si la prise en compte d'un élément connu du spectateur mais qu'on l'avait savamment conduit à négliger, mène en toute fin l'enquêteur à une conclusion très différente de celle du spectateur qui se surprend alors de s'être fourvoyé sur une piste apparemment crédible mais finalement fausse. Le fin du fin est regrouper dans les dernières minutes du film deux ou trois de ces bascules de piste avant la révélation finale de la vérité. Bien sûr, on peut imaginer diverses variations à ce cursus standard, le plus typique étant, comme dans Columbo, la révélation de la solution de l'énigme dès le début de l'histoire, tout tenant alors dans la façon dont l'enquêteur va remonter la piste, mais bon, l'idée générale est là.

Bien sûr, d'action il n'en manque pas. Pas plus que de trognes patibulaires et inquiétantes. Mikaela Fisher en sinistre mercenaire sans scrupule, bavarde comme une armée de homards, au doigté d'orfèvre dans l'art de cabosser les adversaires les plus balaises, le tout dans un corps frêle mais musculeux en diable, fait un effet remarquable.

Ne le dis à personne / 2 DVD

DVD sorti le 27/06/2007



[Cliquez pour voir la jaquette en haute-définition](#)

Editeur : Europa
Distributeur : Fox Pathé Europa

Date de sortie en salle : 01 Novembre 2006
Nombre d'entrées : 3 037 834

Durée du film : 2 h 06 min.

Achat du DVD : [Comparer les prix avec le moteur](#)

Nombre de visites : 827

Le Film : 9/10



Résumé : Alex est totalement détruit depuis le meurtre de Margot, sa femme. Huit ans ont passé. Alex reçoit un e-mail anonyme. Il clique : une image... le visage d'une femme au milieu d'une foule, filmé en temps réel. Celui de Margot...

Avis : Adapté d'un célèbre roman de l'américain Harlan Coben (dont on voit une courte apparition dans le film), "Ne le dis à personne" est un thriller prenant et astucieux qui réussit à maintenir du début à la fin un excellent suspense, avec un équilibre subtil entre l'aspect purement policier et la romance vécue par le héros et sa femme disparue, que l'on peut mesurer au début du film et à travers quelques flash-back émouvants. Ayant obtenu quatre récompenses aux Césars, ce film met sur orbite son jeune réalisateur de 33 ans, Guillaume Canet qui n'avait jusque là qu'une seule autre expérience derrière la caméra, et que l'on peut aussi voir durant le film tenir un second rôle par ailleurs fort peu sympathique.

Le film bénéficie d'un casting vraiment excellent, avec des vedettes du cinéma français couvrant plusieurs générations pour jouer un grand nombre de personnages importants pour l'histoire. François Cluzet est un Alex convainquant dans un rôle à la fois sobre et physique, et l'on croit à ce médecin qui n'est pas un surhomme, mais qui va se battre avec l'énergie du désespoir non pour faire éclater une vérité qui lui échappe, ou pour contrer les agissements des méchants du film, mais parce qu'il a un infime espoir de voir se réaliser l'impossible, revoir Margot, son amour. C'est Marie-Josée Croze qui interprète la jeune femme, lumineuse au début du film, et de plus en plus mystérieuse quand on commence à comprendre ce qui s'est effectivement passé dans les semaines qui ont précédé le drame. Alex peut compter pour l'aider sur Hélène (Kristin Scott-Thomas), la compagne de sa sœur Anne (Marina Hands, la moins convaincante des rôles principaux), une championne d'équitation qui travaille dans le centre hippique du puissant Gilbert Neuville (Jean Rochefort). Il sera aussi aidé par son avocate Elysa (Nathalie Baye), et par un dealer, Mouss (François Bredon), dont il a sauvé le fils hémophile. Mais il doit faire face aux soupçons de la police menée par l'inspecteur Levkovitch (François Berléand), et a fort à faire avec Zak (Mikaela Fisher), la tueuse mystérieuse qui agit sous les ordres de Bernard Valenti (Olivier Marchal). Et puis toute l'histoire semble avoir un lien avec la mort de Philippe Neuville (Guillaume Canet), le fils de Gilbert, et on s'interroge sur l'attitude du père de Margot (André Dussolier), qui semble lui aussi avoir des doutes sur Alex. Mais malgré la complexité de l'intrigue et le nombre de personnages, on n'est jamais perdu et tout s'enchaîne pour faire surgir petit à petit la vérité.

