

## Synopsis



Free of doubt, traveled the globe, fought for something indisputable.

Had the impression of being capable of defying the world because you are sure that history will prove you right.

Killed a fleeing dictator: executed a torturer simply gazing into the whites of his eyes.

Román killed without a moment's thought because he knew how.

Eusèbe killed, driven on by the action.

They weren't even twenty years old.

Loya was with them, guiding their every step. She knew how, just as they did, but her illusions were already behind her. She was only twenty-five.

Everything was easy then. Everything went swimmingly until they accidentally kidnapped the director of the country's largest oil company. A chance abduction. A coincidence - the hostage was in the room when the dictator was killed. Unfortunate. The adventure ended in absurdity and tragedy.

This was when things started escalating. Barely several months later came the Golden Coast casino holdup, carried out with extravagance, violence and success. One foot bogged down in high crime. A bloodthirsty, romantic threesome, faraway from their dreams of revolutionary combat.

However, lost in the debauchery of their new gangster lifestyle, it was the dream that prevailed in their actions. The talk-of-the-town trio was guided by a vision of utopia. It was a utopia they knew to be out of reach, because they chose secrecy, because their murders forced them into the margins, even of that society about which they had dreamed. But it was a utopia in which they were involved with their every ounce of their energy.

They were expropriators. Executing, holding to ransom, for the benefit of their country. A small island where revolution had triumphed. Children of this victorious revolt that they supported by sending the currency they gleaned.

Such was the real vision of the three expropriators. Defining their every move and action. Even if sometimes their motivations were only very hazily reflected.

Young, loaded with money, in the know, living secrecy. A taste for marginal life, money and luxury. Intoxication, borne by ideals, but above all by action. Taking one step forward provides good enough reason to take the next, does it not? Especially when there is no going backwards.