



Scripts.com

Man of the World

By Herman J. Mankiewicz

Well, well, well!
Jimmie Powers.
You old son of a gun.
I'm afraid there must be
some mistake.
You trying to kid me, Jimmie?
What do you know?
He's trying to kid me.
L-Let me get this straight.
You mean to tell me
you're not Jimmie Powers?
I'm afraid that's exactly
what I mean to tell you.
Well, I've heard everything.
Say, if you aren't Jimmie Powers,
I'll-- I'll eat your hat.
Well, in that event,
I suppose I really owe it to you
to make assurance doubly sure.
Hmm.
Hmm.
Oh, as I thought.
I am not Mr. Jimmie, uh, uh--
what was it, uh-- Powers at all.
Well, I'll be whatever it is.
Of course,
now, I might be mistaken.
Perhaps I should take up the habit
of carrying my birth certificate
around with me.
Come on, Joe.
I told you not to take
that last double Bronx.
If you gentlemen will excuse me.
Please convey my compliments,
to Mr., uh, uh, uh, what's-his-name,
and tell him that I don't really
resemble him on purpose.
Good day, gentlemen.
Oh, come on, Joe.
I never heard of
anything like it before.
Jimmie Powers.
And he says he ain't.

You could be mistaken,
couldn't ya?
No, I couldn't.
Why, he was the managing editor
of that newspaper
back in Springfield.
I used to--
Six years ago.
I used to run into him every day.
And then he got into
some kind of a jam and--
just disappeared.
What kind of a jam?
Well, the way I got it was that
he-- he was playing nature's nobleman
to somebody or other...
that fell down on him,
and so he took the rap
and said nothing.
Maybe he was trying to
high-hat you just now.
Not the Jimmie Powers
I used to know.
Why, he was the most promising
newspaperman in the country.
Oh, what of it?
It's no skin off your back, is it?
Uh, Mr. Taylor, please.
Michael Trevor calling.
Mr. Taylor said
you were to come right up.
Room 309, sir.
Thank you.
How are you, Mr. Trevor?
Glad to see you.
How are you, Mr. Taylor?
Come on in. Sit down.
Thank you.
Well, it's nice to see you again.
I tried to call you up myself,
but I didn't know where
to get hold of you.
I guess I was a little tight
that day I met you at the Ritz.

Oh.
I kind of forgot
to get your phone number.
Well, I got yours.
So, here we are.
Yep. Here we are.
Have a drink?
Oh, thank you, no.
I, uh-- I had a purpose in phoning you
this morning, Mr. Taylor.
Aside from my desire
to see you again, of course.
Glad you did.
I'll try to be as brief as possible.
I don't know if you know
very much about me.
Oh, sure, I do. You're just being modest.
Oh, thank you.
I've heard a lot about you,
Mr. Trevor.
Yeah?
They tell me you're over here
writing a great novel.
Ah. I wish I could be as sure
of that as they are.
Well, all I know is that
some four years ago I quit being
a newspaperman in America.
Now I'm over here to see
if I can really write.
You've been in Paris four years?
Mmm.
I wish I could stay
over here four years. Hmm.
I've only been here a week.
For the most part, we have
a very nice crowd of Americans
living here in Paris permanently.
Paris is certainly a liberal education.
Isn't it?
I thought I'd seen a lot,
but let me tell you.
These Frenchmen--
Uh, French.

And how!
Unfortunately, there are
a few Americans living in this town
who are not exactly all they might be.
Frankly, there's only a handful,
but they're what I've come
to see you about.
There was a little redhead
at the Folies-Bergere the other night.
And let me tell you--
Ah, yes. I know. I know.
Now, uh, these fellows
I'm talking about, Mr. Taylor,
live by their wits--
and by other people's
lack of them.
I ran into one of them last night.
He helps get out
a weekly paper here,
printed in English.
No good here.
Me, I didn't come to Paris to read.
Uh, this paper isn't
circulated much in Paris.
It's meant chiefly
for American consumption.
This fellow was drunk,
and he talked too much.
Much too much.
Among other things, he showed me
a copy of an item they're going to run
in their next week's issue.
I... put it in my pocket
when he wasn't looking.
Well, fine.
Just leave it here,
and I'll read it.
Well, I think you had better
read it right away.
It's, uh-- It's about you.
About me?
Mmm.
Well, what's it say?
Well--

Shall I read it to you?

Sure.

It says,

"'Tis a pity that some of
our compatriots are so naive
and lacking in worldly knowledge.
"Surely Mr. Harold Taylor,
the soft coal baron
of Stratford, Pennsylvania,
"could not have been aware
of the identity of the very blonde
and very beautiful young woman...
with whom he seemed to be
on such intimate terms at Zelli's
the other morning at 4:00."

Uh--

"With whom he seemed to be
on such intimate terms at Zelli's
the other morning at 4:00.

"Those in the know
were forced to smile broadly...
"as this strangely assorted couple
left the restaurant...

"arm in arm.

Watch your step, Harry boy."

We, uh, got so well acquainted
that day at the Ritz, Mr. Taylor,
that I thought I'd take the liberty
of bringing this item to you.

You could do those of us
living here a great service.

We know who gets out this sheet.
And what we would like you to do...
is to take this item to the police
and get the whole gang arrested.

Arrested?

Exactly.

You're a man of the world,
and you know that the kind of fellow
back of a thing like that...

can't last 10 minutes
if the police are put on his trail.

Police?

You could put him where he belongs::

behind the bars.
Say. Just a minute.
If I-- If I go to the police,
it'll get in the papers, won't it?
Probably.
Well, that's something
I don't want any part of.
Ah, but, Mr. Taylor--
I can't afford to have this item
get back to America.
And I-- I can't afford to
let it be known
that I had it stopped.
Well, I'm sorry.
It's always the same old thing.
Every time we get something
on this fellow that could send him to jail,
the victim is unwilling
to prosecute.
I'd like to help you out,
but-- but I can't.
I suppose not.
Well, I'm sorry
I wasted your time,
Mr. Taylor.
I'll say good day.
Good-bye.
Oh. Oh, just a minute.
Uh, wait a minute.
How would I go about
getting this fella
not to print this little item?
Well, I don't know.
I don't suppose
it would be very difficult.
You think not?
It would be worth something
to me not to have it appear.
Say, I wonder if
you'd do me a favor?
Most certainly. If I can.
How about, uh,
you seeing this fellow for me?
My seeing him?

Yes. He'd probably listen to you,
where he wouldn't to me.
Chances are he'd
try to hold me up for more.
Of course, uh, I'd be prepared
to pay something for it.
Pay him, of course.
Oh. Oh. I didn't mean, uh--
Say, you'd be doing me
an awful service
if you'd help me out on this.
Well, I'll certainly be glad
to do anything I can.
Ah.
Suppose a couple of thousand? Uh--
Wait a minute.
Comment?
Don't pull up your flag.
Comment?
Why do I always
have to get chauffeurs
who don't speak English?
There.
Now maybe he'll get the idea
I want him to wait.
Don't you want to
come in a minute, Frank?
Not a chance. If I'm going to get back here
and take you to dinner by 7:00
and then catch that train for London,
I've got to get home and pack
and send a couple of wires.
There it goes again.
There what goes again?
Business.
Oh, Mary.
I know you have to go, Frank,
but it's that kind of thing
that keeps me from
making up my mind.
I don't want to-- to get engaged
to a man who thinks of nothing
but business all the time.
Oh, Mary, if you'd only say

you'll marry me,
I'd cut out business--
if you wanted me to.
That's just it.
I don't want you to stop doing
the things you want to do,
just on account of me.
What do you want me to do?
I wish I knew.
I was only fooling, Frank.
I'm not really mad.
I wish you'd blow a whistle
from now on when you're fooling.
I never can tell.
I never want you to be able to tell.
We seem to be causing a traffic jam.
They can work up a tra-- traffic jam
in this town with just one car.

7:

I won't.
The Hotel Henri Quatre.
And whatever the French is
for "Try and get me there alive."
I can't tell you how much
obliged I am to you,
Mr. Trevor.
I'll see that he gets this.
I think I can guarantee you this is
the last you'll hear of the matter.
From what they say of this fellow,
he seems to be living
from hand to mouth,
so I'm sure your donation
will be more than enough
to shut him up.
That's great.
Of course, I would have rather had you
bring charges against him.
Oh, no, no. No, no.
That's out of the question.
Well, I suppose so.
I wish you'd have dinner with me
some night before I go.

Oh, thank you.
I don't get out very much,
but if I do get the chance--
Uh--
Oh. Excuse me.
That's all right, Mary.
Come right in.
This is a friend of mine.
A real good friend of mind. Mr. Trevor.
Mr. Trevor, this is my niece Mary.
Mary Kendall.
How do you do, Mr. Trevor?
How do you do?
Been shopping?
A little.
Uh, where's Frank?
Mean to tell me he's left you alone
for five minutes?
Received a wire to come
to London tonight. He's going to meet
that Dutch inventor tomorrow.
I wish you could meet Frank.
He's a fine boy.
He and Mary are going--
Uncle Harry has the soul
of a matchmaker, Mr. Trevor.
Just because
Frank and I grew up together
and are fond of each other--
Well, in my time, you didn't need
much more than to grow up together
and be fond of each other.
Wait till you meet him, Mr. Trevor.
He's got the stuff, that kid.
He's going to be one of the richest men
in the state before he's through.
I'm sure Mr. Trevor isn't interested--
You're right. I-- I guess
I do talk a little too much.
I'm afraid I'll have to be
running along now.
I wish you'd wait and have a drink.
Oh, thank you.
Some other time perhaps.

Say, wait. Uh--
I'll bet you know
all the places in Paris.
Where's a good place
to have dinner?
Oh, Uncle Harry.
Oh, it's a pleasure, Miss Kendall.
Well, let's see.
There's Ciro's of course,
but all Americans go there.
Yes. We did.
Uh, have you tried, uh,
the Paradis d'Azur?
Paradis d'Azur?
"Blue Heaven"?
Yes.
Oh. Good orchestra?
Excellent.
We'll try it tonight.
Thank you.
Good-bye, Miss Kendall.
Good-bye, Mr. Trevor.
Good-bye, Mr. Taylor.
Good-bye.
And thanks a thousand.
Uh, two thousand.
That's one swell guy, that fellow.
Is he?
I'll say so.
He did me a big favor.
I'd certainly like to do
something for him sometime.
Some business deal?
Well, yes and no.
He's a writer living in Paris.
I'd like to live in Paris.
Me too. Of course, a fellow
would have to watch his step, but...
I'll bet it'd be a lot of fun
once you got to know the place.
How do you like my new hat?
Oh, it's a humdinger.
Why don't you come along to dinner
with me and Frank tonight?

No, no. I have a business meeting.
I hope this business meeting
breaks up before daylight.
Do you know what time
the elevator man told me
you got in last night?
There's a fortune
waiting for any elevator man
who can't tell time.
Bonsoir, Marie.
Bonsoir, Monsieur Trevor.
How is every little thing, big boy?
Hotsy-totsy?
Hmm. You're getting on, Marie.
Thank you.
Thank you.
Good evening, Louis.
Good evening,
Monsieur Trevor.
Well?
Only table four and 17,
Monsieur Trevor.
The lady at table four
is a Mrs. Jowitt,
from St. Louis.
Do you think I'd better?
Well, here's to you.
Why, that's the Mrs. Jowitt
who got here last month, isn't it?
She's just a babe in the woods--
especially for Spade Henderson.
The waiter reports
that Mrs. Jowitt...
picked up Spade
at Henry's Bar an hour ago.
Well, I may make this Mrs. Jowitt
the object of my good deed today.
I am at peace with the world, Louis.
Fortune has been kind to me.
Besides, it might be just as well
for my friend Henderson...
to learn to follow my rule
of keeping women
off his list of customers.

Excellent rule, Mr. Trevor.
And, uh, number 1 7?
A very, very wealthy
Mr. Bradkins from Chicago.
The prettiest hand I ever saw.
The lady with him is not his wife.
Not his wife?
Louis, I'm afraid
you're losing your illusions.
The pleasantest of occupations,
Monsieur Trevor.
Mmm.
I wonder.
This note may be
of interest to Spade.
He needn't know who sent it.
Yes, Mr. Trevor.
Thank you, Louis.
How do you do?
Good evening.
No supper, Louis.
Just a small bottle of Perrier.
Yes, Monsieur Trevor.
Who was that?
A friend of Uncle Harry's.
I met him this afternoon.
Another old friend
whom your uncle
never saw before today.
Oh, you never can tell.
Uncle says he's
a very clever novelist.
What's his name?
Trevor.
Pardon me.
Certainly.
Who gave you this note?
It was left at the door, monsieur,
a moment ago.
I see.
Bad news?
I-- Say, Mrs. Jowitt,
I wonder if you'd excuse me?
Why? What's the matter?

Uh, an important call.
I've gotta see a fella right away.
Oh, here. Wait a minute.
I thought we were going to
go places and do things.
Sorry. Some other time maybe.
I've gotta run. So long.
Well,
if this is Paris,
something tells me
I'm not going to like it.
Oh, Frank,
I wish you weren't going.
I'll only be gone 10 days-- or less.
Ten days is pretty long.
I wouldn't be going if I didn't
have to see this fellow.
I wish I could have gotten
a stateroom.
I get seasick so easy,
and the thought of having to
sit up for three hours...
while I'm being tossed around
on that channel doesn't make me
any too happy.
Sometimes I think
I'd have been better off if I'd spent
my summer in Pittsburgh.
There must be some way
of getting a stateroom.
The porter at the hotel
did everything he could.
He said there wasn't a chance.
Phone the company.
Maybe somebody turned back
a reservation.
That's a great idea.
No. I've changed my mind.
It's a terrible idea.
I'd rather swim the Channel
than tackle one of
these French phones.
But you've got to get a stateroom.
Not if I have to phone, I don't.

Oh, you big baby.
If you won't do something, I will.
I know who can do it.
You've got a lot of crust,
if you ask me, Mary.
Mr. Trevor, may I present
Mr. Reynolds?
How do you do,
Mr. Reynolds?
Won't you sit down, Mr. Trevor?
Oh, thank you.
I wonder if you'd do us a favor?
Of course. Gladly.
Frank has to go to London tonight.
He was going to fly this afternoon,
but they called off the service
on account of fog.
Now he has a ticket on the boat,
but no stateroom.
They were all sold out.
You would like me to help you
to get a stateroom. Is that it?
You get the general idea.
Ah, yes. Max.
Oui, monsieur.
Uh, what time does
your train leave, Mr. Reynolds?

2:

Merci.
Is that all?
Uh, that's all.
I asked him to wire the purser.
He's a friend of mine.
There'll be a stateroom
waiting for you in my name.
Thank you.
How about a little wine,
Mr. Trevor?
Oh. I think not.
Thank you.
We're awfully obliged to you.
Oh, not at all.
How is Paris treating you?

Pretty well.
I'm afraid we don't know
the places to go to.
I think this place is lovely,
but I would like to see
some French people.
This has been a favorite hangout
of Americans for years.
The prices are higher here
than anywhere else.
Uncle Harry says
you know Paris so well, Mr. Trevor.
Where should we go from here?
Well, if you've time, uh,
there's a little place I make a habit
of dropping into at night...
just before going to bed
when I'm really hungry.
If you like, uh,
why not come there with me?
It's very French.
Say, that's an idea.
But surely we've taken
all the advantage of you--
Oh, not at all.
If you're sure we wouldn't be intruding.
I'd like to get away from
this tourist stuff for awhile.
Well, uh, will you be my guests?
Not to give you a short answer,
Mr. Trevor, yes.
Good.
May I?
Ready, Frank?
I suppose so. I never know
whether I'm getting change
or owe the place money.
Merci, monsieur.
If you say this is the real stuff,
I suppose it is.
But I had Paris figured out
all different.
Well, I suppose Paris means
something different for everyone.

For you, I imagine it means clothes.
To Mr. Reynolds, uh, an interlude.
Pause between business deals.
To your uncle,
I daresay it means, uh, change.
And to you?
I don't know.
There was a time
when it meant everything:
gaiety, glamour, adventure.
Now--
And now?
Now it's just a place to live...
and eat onion soup

at 1 :

In America at this hour
I suppose it would mean chop suey.
Give me chop suey every time.
I don't know
but what I agree with you.
You know, years ago
I used to be a-- a reporter.
After we put the paper to bed at night,
we used to stop in at a little place
on the corner for chop suey and, uh--
Foo yong.
Foo yong.
I hadn't thought of that
for years.
I suppose living in Paris makes up for
not having a bowl of chop suey.
I suppose so.
It's not the chop suey you miss.
It's what it stands for.
Home. America. Friends.
Fellows I used to know.
Plain things without sauces.
Hello, Mr. Trevor.
Oh, hello, Fred.
Off your beaten path
a bit tonight, aren't you?
Yes. I guess I am.
You know, these folks want to see

all the sights marked
on the picture postcards.
I'm beginning to think
they've been getting
the wrong kind of postcards.
The best American guide
in Paris, that fellow.
He doesn't seem to be
any better than you are.
That man back there
was Michael Trevor.
Very prominent American writer.
Very prominent.
What's he written?
Books.
Novels I guess you'd call 'em.
But I don't know. When you get
right down to it, what are they?
Nothing but books.
It's five past 1 :00.
I've got to be going.
It's been very nice of you
to show us around like this, Mr. Trevor.
Ah. My pleasure.
I'll only be gone 1 0 days.
I'd be tickled to death if you'd be
my guest some night when I get back.
Thank you.
You'd better hurry back.
Uncle Harry will go out of his mind
if has to spend all his time with me.
Pretty tough.
His first week in Paris,
and having to take you around
wherever he goes.
I can't imagine his ever
regarding you as a burden.
Only in Paris, I hope.
Oh. If I can, uh, relieve him
of any part of it--
If you could
take Mary around a bit,
that would be great.
Oh. That's fine.

Now all we need is Mar--
uh, Miss Kendall's consent.
Mary consents with
very unmaidenly rapidity.
Come on. Let's go now.
It's late.
Thank you.
Bonsoir, Monsieur Trevor.
Pierre.
I'd like to call you tomorrow, if I may.
There's a special cup race
at Longchamps.
Oh, I'd love to go!
Good. Suppose I call for you
tomorrow at, uh, 1 :00?
Oh, that'll be fine.
Well, I think I'll walk home.
I wouldn't dare walk five steps
from this door. I'd get lost.
There'll be a taxi along, uh,
almost any minute, I'm sure.
Thanks a lot
for showing us around.
Not at all.
Until tomorrow then?
Good night.
Good night.
Good night.
I like that guy.
He's very nice.
He's--Well, I mean, he's, uh--
He's very charming
and sophisticated.
It's a great break for you to get
a man like that, that knows all about
Paris to ask you to go out with him.
To ask me to go out with him?
Don't be silly.
We did everything but lasso him.
Taxi! Come on, Mary.
If I'd say "Hotel de Rgent,"
where do you think we'd wind up?
Let's find out.
Hotel de Rgent.

2:

he'd be here by 1 2:00.

Think of the places I could have gone,
the things I could have done.

He'll probably be along
any day now.

No need getting up
on your ear about it.

Nothing's happened to him.

I told you.

I saw him myself at Papa Jules's
less than an hour ago.

Well, I'm not gonna wait around
half the night for him.

You've had a lot of practice doing it.
Maybe.

But I quit worrying about him
personally six months ago.

Kind of mutual, wasn't it?

Mutual or not, strictly business.

That's little Irenie from now on.

You know, I don't mind

your kidding me,

but I kind of hate

to see you kid somebody else.

Somebody else?

Yourself.

Now, wouldn't you know it?

It's all your life is worth to even
turn around in this room.

Say, that guy's got books
where I wouldn't put... hairpins.

What does he do with them all?

Read them?

Well, what do you suppose he does?

Practice juggling?

Say, that cuckoo

would rather read than eat.

The Money Systems of the Middle Ages.

There's a hot subject for you.

As far as I'm concerned,

there's just one little book

we need. That's all.

Just one.
Good old Dun & Bradstreet:
who's who,
and how much has he got?
When you're through with a guy,
it's how much did he have, isn't it?
I manage to get along pretty well.
If you only weren't so shy
and uncommunicative, Irene.
Fancy seeing you here!
You must have forgotten.
You were supposed to
meet us here two hours ago.
Oh, so that was it.
Somehow I, uh,
couldn't recall what it was
I had forgotten.
I hope your fit of aphasia
didn't include Harry Taylor.
My dear Irene, armed with
nothing but my trusty fountain pen
and galley proofs,
I stalked Mr. Taylor to his lair
and bagged this.
Too bad you can't
have checks stuffed
and hung above the fireplace.
Did he make any fuss?
Fuss?
He almost kissed me.
As a matter of fact,
I'm a friend of the family now.
Guess where I've been.
At the Ritz bar.
No.
Well, then I can't guess.
Dining with Taylor's niece
and her young man.
Oh, that's the people
you were with at Papa Jules's.
You mean you met the girl?
His niece?
Exactly.
Well, we are lucky.

Say, that couple of pennies
that Taylor gave you is nothing at all
compared to what we can get.
Say, if he came across that easy
to keep his own name
out of the papers,
what do you suppose
he'd be willing to part with
for his dear little niece?
You know, when I was getting the dope
on them, I had a feeling we were blowing
into the wrong end of the horn.
Now I know it.
Here's a chance
to make a real killing.
You just give that dame the works
and see how quick her uncle
will come across.
I tell you.
It's money from home.
That's what it is.
Taking money from women
isn't in my line.
It never has been, and you know it.
Oh, it's not as if
you'd really hurt anybody.
Gee. The girl doesn't
have to know anything about it.
You just put her in a spot
where it'll look bad for her
if she gets found out, and...
her uncle will take care of the rest.
Yes. I know the mechanics
of the business.
Well, maybe you don't know this:
I've got to have some money,
and I've got to have it quick.
You're a fine, great big protector
of womanhood.
Only little Irenie doesn't matter.
That isn't true.
I'm not the type to put on
a sob act, Michael.
But if I tell you I've got to have it,

that there's no other chance
of keeping them from sending
my brother to the jug back home,
you'll believe me.
I've never lied to you yet, Michael.
This is the first time
I've ever asked you to break
that funny little rule of yours.
Oh, it's been all over
between us for a long time, I know,
but what do you say?
For me? For old time's sake.
I need the dough
like I never needed it before.
Irene, you know I'd do
anything I could for you--
We could all use the dough.
That's the one argument
I can never get around.
"We could all use the dough."
Okay. But first, last and only.
Great!
Anything you want me to do?
No. I can handle this alone.
Say, what's been
getting into you lately?
I don't know.
I wish I did.
Well, I'll tell you,
if you want to know.
You've been getting ideas.
You've been doing everything
but wearing a plume in your hat.
The first thing I know,
you'll be helping old ladies
across the street.
I used to help a Mrs. Allison
across the street on account of her age.
She was old, you see.
You'd better snap out of it.
You've been playing Robin Hood so long,
you're beginning to believe in it yourself.
Well, if that's all
that's on your mind--

Yes. That's all.
If I think of anything else,
I'll send word by special messenger.
Come on, Fred.
Maybe we can find someplace
where there aren't so many books.
Maybe there'll be
a few glasses in sight.
I'm going home.
You're going to buy Irenie
a little nightcap before you do.
I know better
than to argue with you.
I wish I could say as much
for everybody in this room.
So long, Mr. Trevor.
See you later.
French or not French,
they look just like any other horses to me.
Oh.
You mean to say that you, uh, don't find
even a trace of that je ne sais quoi
for which France is so famous?
Not a jenny.
Anyway, I didn't come to Paris
to look at horses.
There's plenty of horses back home
if I want to look at 'em.
But these are champions, Uncle Harry.
Well, I've seen champions before.
They're no treat to me.
Say, how about going back to the bar
and having another one of those
funny little green drinks?
Ah, yes. If you wish.
If I had my wish about this party,
we'd never have left the bar
in the first place.
The idea of spending
a lovely afternoon like this
looking at horses.
But it keeps you out
in the open air, Uncle Harry.
Well, I had all the open air

I wanted back home.
Hello, Mr. Trevor.
Hello. How are you?
Fine. And you?
Fred, you don't mean to tell me
you're showing Miss Harper the town?
Well, not exactly. There was a trainer
down here in the paddock she didn't know.
So I said I'd introduce her to him.
Ah. I see. Oh, allow me.
Uh, Miss Kendall,
uh, Miss Harper.
How do you do?
Uh, Mr. Taylor, Miss Harper.
Miss Harper has been one of
the shining ornaments of our little colony
here in Paris for several years.
Oh, excuse me, Fred.
Fred is the best
American guide in Paris.
You're just the fellow I want to see.
Let me tell you something, mister.
There's a fortune waiting for any guide who
don't know anything about monuments,
painting, historical edifices or--
A pen picture of Fred
if ever I heard one.
You've been doing pretty well
dodging monuments and paintings,
Uncle Harry, without a guide.
Well, as I remember the old U.S.A.,
there's plenty of monuments
right there.
You're terrible, Uncle Harry.
Not terrible. Just honest.
Most of the time
it's the same thing.
Well, to be perfectly honest,
would you think it terrible
if I were to suggest a little drink?
My error.
I'll join you folks later.
Uh, don't send out an alarm for me
until I've been lost for at least 10 days.

Well, uh--

Ah.

Well, so long, Mr. Trevor.

I got some customers I gotta take
to the Louvre.

I should think you would know
those pictures pretty well by now.

Oh, I don't look at 'em, Mr. Trevor.

I just explain 'em.

Uh--

I didn't dare suggest it
while your uncle was here,
but, uh,
what about seeing something
of the race?

What an old-fashioned idea.

Let's try it.

Let's.

I think you can
catch it better through here.

Thank you.

See if they're set right.

Yes.

Oh, yes. Watch that number 1 1.

Beautiful thing, isn't it?

Oh, I hope he wins.

He won! He won!

Who won what?

The man with the black
and gold cap.

Did you bet anything on him?

No.

Then what are you getting
so excited about?

There's thousands of races
won every day someplace.

I don't figure it's sensible to get excited
about horses unless you win something.

Why don't you give me
something so I can win?

Well, what did you do with
that money I gave you yesterday?

I spent it.

Putting your heart

in your work, aren't you?
Now I guess we can go back to the bar
and get one of those funny-colored drinks.
Oh, Mary can stay here with Mr. Trevor
for the next race if she wants to.
The sun hurts my eyes.
I'm sure Mr. Trevor would
rather remain here, wouldn't he?
If I must answer
yes or no, yes.
We'll be back in a couple of minutes.
Oh, Mr. Trevor, I'm afraid I'll have to
renege on that opera tonight.
But that Russian's
going to conduct.
Oh, I didn't mean I didn't want you to go.
No, I really think you ought to go.
It's just that Miss Harper
here was telling me...
about a new place in Montmartre
that's opening up and I thought--
If Miss Harper knows of a new place
in Montmartre that's opening up,
I'm sure it's the kind of place
that you would like.
If Miss Kendall wouldn't mind
going to the opera with me alone,
I should be delighted to--
What do you say, Mary?
I don't want to go to the opera
if you don't want to.
Well, I wouldn't like
to have it generally known,
but the opera I want
to go to doesn't exist.
Then it's settled.
Come on, Miss Harper.
I have a feeling we can get that fella
to make some of that orange stuff...
with some of that iced green stuff,
and turn out something really beautiful.
Good-bye, Mr. Trevor.
Good-bye.
Good-bye, Miss Kendall.

Good-bye.

I suppose I ought to feel angry
with Uncle Harry, but somehow I don't.

Angry? Why? For forcing us
to go to the opera alone?

That isn't what I meant.

I mean angry for seeing
so little of what Paris really can be.

I adore it so, don't you?

I'm not so sure but what he's seeing
more of Paris than people who've
lived here all their lives.

Besides, I'm rather
indebted to him for--

For what?

For the opera.

I should think you'd never want
to finish writing your novel
if it meant you had to leave Paris.

I've had a guilty feeling these last few days
that I've made you neglect your work.

Ah, on the contrary.

As a matter of fact, I've been thinking
of changing my story entirely,
throwing away everything

I've written so far.

Why?

Well, I was writing the life of a man
whom I thought I knew pretty well.

It was all very definite in my mind.

I didn't know exactly
what the end was to be, but...

it wasn't very hard to guess.

But now it's all different.

I may keep the same man
for my hero, but...

I think I'll change
the entire course of his life.

It all depends.

You see, it's not entirely up to me.

But if you're writing it--

In everything we do,
whether we know it or not,
there's always a collaborator.

In this case, my hero has...
fallen in love with a girl
he's just met.
Funny, I'd have bet
a million dollars...
that he wasn't the type
to fall in love at first sight.
But he has.
I see.
It's quite a problem.
Why?
Don't you see?
He doesn't know whether
she cares anything for him.
I'm-- I'm not a novelist,
but I know how to solve that.
He ought to ask her.
Perhaps.
But suppose--
Suppose what?
Suppose he's not
the man she thinks he is,
that he seems to be
in the opening chapters.
I may have to end it
as I first planned it.
If she's the girl you think
you've written about, you won't.
It's getting late.
Don't you want
to go back to your hotel?
Do you?
No.
Neither do I.
But I suppose we'd better.
I suppose we'd better.
Well, at last.
Say, where have you
been all this time?
I've been taking a walk.
Alone?
Not exactly.
Seems to me you've been doing a lot of
walking these last four or five nights.

It, uh, might be a good idea if you were
to take these walks on some other nights...
than when we have to get out
this beautiful little weekly of yours.
There may not be many more
nights when we have to get out
this beautiful little weekly of mine.
I want to talk to you.
That's never very difficult.
Here, Fred. Now, be sure
you get these corrections right.
Let's print the corrections
first next time.
What are you driving at?
Meaning?
I wasn't born yesterday.
You have a gift
for unnecessary remarks.
Never mind my gift.
All right.
We'll never mind all your gifts.
To spare you the trouble
of asking a lot of questions,
I'll try to tell it to you
as compactly as I can.
I'm through.
Through with what?
Through with all this.
With that printing press, with everything
that's ever been printed on it, with--
with the whole works.
You've fallen for that kid.
I thought you had
that afternoon at the races...
when I saw you looking at her
in that funny way.
But I wasn't sure.
Now I know.
I suppose you think
that you're in love.
I believe I am in love.
And I suppose
she's in love with you?
I think she is.

Well, then think again.
There's a fair chance
that she's fallen for you,
but she's not in love with you.
You're different from anything
she's ever met before.
But she's not in love with you.
There's not a chance in the world
for a girl like that to be in love with you.
I suppose you neglected to tell her
who you really are and what you really do.
That's over.
Is it?
Suppose I were to tell her a few things.
You won't have to.
I decided to let her know
exactly what I am.
For a few minutes
you had me worried.
When I think of you telling
that girl the story of your life,
the things you've done,
the way you earn your living,
I'll believe anything.
Well, if it's all the same to you,
I've got work to do.
Somebody's gotta get those papers out.
And if you're not gonna do
your share, I guess I'll have to.
Giving me the silence cure, huh?
See if I care.
Aw, you'll get this silly kid
out of your system.
Everything will be all right.
Uh, Miss Mary Kendall, please.
No, Mary Kendall. Right.
Hello?
Hello.
Oh, hello.
This is Michael.
I'm so glad you told me.
I might never have known.
Mary, I'd like to see you.
That makes it easier.

I would like to see you.
Right away.
Right away.
I'll come to the hotel and
pick you up if you want, but...
I'd prefer to meet you
somewhere else.
Somewhere else it is, milord.
Well, can you be at that statue
in the Bois in an hour?
Uh, the statue of Cupid?
Cupid. In an hour?
You sound like a railroad schedule,
but I'll be there.
Good.
Bye.
Bye-bye.
Before I ask you to listen
to me, I must warn you...
that I'm going to do
a lot of talking about myself.
I could think of nothing
I could like better.
No, you're wrong.
Am I?
You don't know anything about me--
I know everything about you.
I knew everything about you
the moment I saw you.
Do you know what I do for a living?
Of course.
You used to be a newspaperman,
and now you're over here
writing for yourself.
I used to be a newspaperman.
Until I made a fool of myself.
And then I came over here because...
there was nothing further
open to me among decent people,
among my own people.
Did your uncle say anything
about how we met?
Well, it doesn't matter.
I've met a lot of people that way.

I live by my wits.
By finding out things that people don't
want to have known about themselves...
and by getting paid to keep quiet.
I don't believe it.
There was a time when
I wouldn't have believed it myself.
But that was back home, before--
Well, the details don't matter.
I was a sap.
And they made me pay for it.
So I made up my mind to make
other people pay my way from then on.
That's all.
Why have you told me this?
Because I felt you ought to know.
Why did you feel I ought to know?
Because--
My telling you has served its purpose.
You know now what kind of man I am.
I know now what kind
of man you were.
What you're talking about
used to be, didn't it?
It's part of a past...
to which I'll never return.
Then what difference does it make?
You know so much more than I do.
You've seen so much more
of the world than I have.
And you make such a bad job
of trying to fool me, Michael.
I wasn't trying to fool you, Mary.
I wish I were.
That isn't what I mean,
you silly Michael.
You thought by telling me
what you used to be...
you could cure me
of my love for you.
Mary--
What you're saying
isn't important now.
It was true.

It isn't true anymore.
I'm even almost glad
it's happened.
Glad?
I don't think I could've stood it
if you hadn't had
some kind of flaw, Michael.
It's funny, you're trying to tell me
you're not worthy of me,
when all the time--
Oh, Mary.
Before you called this morning,
I tried to write a letter to Frank.
He's fine, good,
everything a man should be.
And I don't love him.
Mary, do you mean
that in spite of every--
I do mean.
The past is what
it was for both of us.
We love each other.
Don't you see
that's all that matters?
Perhaps we can find
a bench where--
Where we can talk?
Where we can talk.
Say, I can remember once
I had a good-time Charlie.
And it was all fixed up for Michael
to walk in and ask this guy...
what he thought
he was doing with his wife.
Good for 5,000 bucks
this guy was too.
All right. Mike is supposed

to walk in at 4:

And sharp 7:

You can't imagine what
I went through those three hours.
Yes, I can.

Well, you're wrong.
Hurrah, a caller.
Hello.
Hello.
Hmm, it talks. Say, not wanting
to change the subject,
but you were supposed

to be here at 4:

I have something to say to you, Irene.
Well, what am I supposed
to do, handsprings?
I think I'll blow along.
Don't bother, Fred.
Anything the district attorney has got
to say to me, he can say in front of you.
Oh, uh, excuse me for using
the word "district attorney."
I forgot you're very sensitive.
I gotta go.
You don't seem to hold
your audiences somehow, Michael.
Go ahead and get all that stuff
out of your system, Irene.
And when you've finished,
I want to talk to you seriously.
Shoot.
You know what I told you last night?
You say so many things
I can't remember them all.
Try to think.
You put a sort of riddle to me...
and answered it yourself.
You were a bit wrong in your answer.
Miss Kendall and I
are going to be married.
On the level?
On the level.
And that goes in every way.
And that's what I came to tell you.
Thanks.
Now I'll tell you something.
You're not going to marry
that girl, now or ever.

Interesting, but untrue.
I've told her all about myself.
You see, interesting and true.
Yes, I see.
Don't bother inviting me
to the wedding, Michael,
because I'll be there anyway.
I'll bring a couple of cops
along for protection...
and to pull you in as soon as
the ceremony is performed.
There are a lot of things the cops
in this town would like to know,
and I'm just the little lady
that can tell them.
I don't suppose you stopped
to think of that.
I have a notion you won't do that.
You've been getting a lot
of funny notions lately.
And they're not healthy for you.
You are what you are and you're
never going to be able to change,
because there are a lot of people
you've done things to who won't let you.
No matter if you stayed honest
from now on until you died.
I'm just like you are,
only I ain't kidding myself.
I don't intend to go on as I have.
But you've got to,
whether you want to or not.
Let's say you're really
in love with this girl.
What kind of love do you think it is?
Because you love her, are you gonna
take her no matter what happens to her?
I know, you love each other.
That's all that matters, isn't it?
She can spend five years, 10 years
of her life as Mrs. Convict Trevor,
or whatever one of your aliases
they get you under.
If I don't squeal,

it doesn't have to be me,
something will pop up
one of these days and get you...
and you know it.
I don't know it.
Oh, yes, you do.
You're too smart not to have
figured it all out for yourself.
Why don't you take a little trip?
She'll forget all about you in a month.
Not that girl.
You are what you are.
Then what difference does it make?
And you're never going
to be able to change.
Don't you see that's all that matters?
Ten years of her life as
Mrs. Convict Trevor, and you know it.
Never been in love
in my life until then.
You're too smart not to have
figured it all out for yourself.
What kind of love do you think it is?
Because you love her, are you gonna
take her no matter what happens to her?
I don't believe it.
Frankly, I don't care
whether you believe it or not.
My only interest is in the amount
of the check you're going to give me.
It's preposterous.
That's the fourth time you've said that.
Say it again, and I walk out.
You can't be serious about this.
That first gag about holding me up
on that item about me and that blonde.
All right, I'll believe that.
But you and Mary--
It's down there in black and white
just like that other item.
You can suit yourself about believing it,
but that's the way it gets printed unless--
I ought to break
every bone in your body.

Well, in the first place,
I don't think you can.
And in the second place, the item
gets printed whether you do or not.
I've heard about
your kind of scoundrel,
but I really didn't believe he existed.
Now you know.
Hello.
Michael.
Just a minute.
Why? What's the matter?
Plenty. Read this.
I don't understand.
This rat is trying to--
That kind of talk will do you no good,
except to raise the price.
Price?
He wants \$1 0,000 to keep that out
of a dirty scandal sheet he runs.
It's some kind of joke.
That's what I thought.
You'll find out
how much of a joke it is.
Just a moment.
According to this piece,
yesterday you and I visited a cheap
and notorious inn near Versailles.
That's right.
You know that
this whole thing is a lie.
Do I?
You know that yesterday,
we spent the morning...
and most of the afternoon in the Bois.
You remember that, don't you?
The item speaks for itself.
If the paper is wrong,
I'm sure it will publish a retraction.
Unfortunately, however,
a retraction is seldom read...
by all the people who read
the original statement.
This whole thing is a lie,

and you propose to publish it,
is that right?
There's one way of stopping publication.
May I speak to-- to Mr. Trevor alone?
I prefer Mr. Taylor
to remain in the room.
I see.
You are serious about this?
Decidedly.
If Mr. Taylor doesn't listen to reason,
that item will be printed
in the paper next week.
I, uh, imagine Frank
will be interested in reading it.
I think that Frank's interests
need concern you no longer.
I don't see what we can do,
Mary, except pay him.
And the sooner you take care of it,
the sooner I can be on my way.
The sooner you get out of here,
the better it suits me.
Why did you tell me about yourself
if you didn't mean what you said?
If you weren't really--
You are a silly little girl, aren't you?
Suppose someone had seen you with me
before I had everything ready.
They might have found out
who I was and have told you.
So I told you myself.
I congratulate you.
Here it is.
Allow me. After all,
he has me to thank for it.
It'll be all right, Mary.
It'll be all right.
You'll forget all about it
as soon as Frank gets back.
Monsieur Trevor.
Monsieur Trevor.
Inspector Lyons from the prefecture
of police. I will be brief.
As a result of information

supplied by a friend,
we have today established
the identity of the editor
of the American Scandal Sheet,
which has annoyed
so many of your compatriots.
However, the French
government has no desire...
to fill its jails with such
undesirable foreigners.
You would be conferring
a favor upon this man...
by letting him know that the police will
call upon him tomorrow at this time.
They would be pleased
if they were unable to arrest him...
because by that hour,
he had left the frontiers of France
behind him for all time.
If they do arrest him,
it will go very hard with him.
Do you understand, Mr. Trevor?
Yes, thoroughly.
That will be all then

until 4:

Going away?
Long trip?
Yes.
Any place in particular?
I was thinking of Cape Town.
Africa, hmm?
They say it's very nice there.
I suppose you know that
I tipped off the little lads of the law.
So I guessed.
I've been keeping tabs on you.
You went to see her and
her uncle at their hotel today.
I did.
I couldn't stand it any longer.
Thinking of you and her.
You were right about her.
I, uh-- I convinced her you were right.

Hmm?

It wasn't very difficult.

I just made a couple
of things clear to her.

You're a great guy, Michael Trevor.

I suppose I'm the only one
in the whole world who thinks so.

But the world's been wrong before.

So it seems.

I wasn't going to let you
go through with holding them up,
after I found out how much
you cared for her.

I sold those platinum
bracelets of mine yesterday
and wired the money to my brother.

You're something
of a swell guy yourself, Irene.

Michael.

I've never been to South Africa.

Take me with you.

Well, I'm taking so much
excess baggage, I...

suppose I might as well take you too.

What are you thinking about, honey?

It's a funny thing.

All my life, I've dreamed of Paris.

And now all I can think of
is that it's four days before
we get back to Pittsburgh.

The head man on the ship says
we reach Cape Town in about 10 days.

You know, it's a funny thing.

I thought I could never
get along without Paris.

Now I'm happier with every mile
we get farther away from it.