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Midnight in Paris

By Woody Allen

This is unbelievable!
Look at this!
There's no city like this in the world.
There never was!
You act like you've never been here before.
I don't get here often enough.
That's the problem.
Can you picture how drop-dead
gorgeous this city is in the rain?
Imagine this town in the '20s.
Paris in the '20s,
in the rain; the artists and writers.
Why does every city have to be in the rain?
What's wonderful about getting wet?
I mean, could you ever picture us
moving here after we're married?
Oh God, no.
I could never live out of the United States.
You know, if I'd stayed here and written novels,
and not gotten, you know, caught up in that,
just, grinding out movie scripts...
I'll tell you something:
I would drop the house in Beverly Hills,
the pool, everything,
in a second.

I mean, look:

This is where Monet lived and painted.
We're 30 minutes from town.
Imagine the two of us settling here.
We could do it, I mean,
if my book turns out.
You're in love with a fantasy.
I'm in love with you.
We should get back to town.
We're meeting Mom and Dad for dinner.
Let's meet 'em.
There are our sightseers.
If I never see another charming
boulevard or bistro again, I...
- What a town!
- Yes. To visit.
I could see myself living here!
I feel like the Parisians kind of "get me."

I can see myself just strolling
along the Left Bank with a,
you know, baguette under my arm,
headed to Caf de Flore
to scribble away on my book.

What did Hemingway say?

He called it a "moveable feast."

In this traffic, nothing moves.

Well, a toast to John's new business venture here!

- Cheers!

- Cheers!

- Congratulations.

- Thank you.

Well, I'll be perfectly frank.

I'm excited about this corporate merger between
our folks and the French company, but otherwise,
I'm not a big Francophile.

- John hates their politics.

- Certainly been no friend to the United States.

Well, I mean, you can't exactly blame them
for not following us down that rabbit's hole in Iraq.

- The whole Bush, you know,...

- Oh, please. Let's not get into this

- bad discussion again and again.

- Honey, honey. We're not getting into-- By the way, it's
fine for your father and I to disagree.

That's what a democracy is.

Your father defends the right-wing of the Republican party,
and I happen to think you almost got to be

- like, a demented lunatic, but it's like...

- Okay. Okay!

But it doesn't mean we don't
respect each other's views, am I right?

- Can we talk about the wedding plans?

- Yes! Please.

Let's do that.

- Your father is just...

- Inez?

- Huh? Carol?

- Hi.

Oh my G... What are you doing here?

- Nice to see you! Hi.

- Hey!

- How are you?

- Good, thanks.

Paul and Carol Bates, this is my mother

- and father, and, of course, you know Gail.

- Hi. Very nice to meet you.

Well, you... you didn't mention
you were going to be here.

No, it was sudden. Um...

Paul got invited to lecture at
the Sorbone.(sic.) Sorbonne.

Oh, how wonderful!

Well, uh, Dad's here on business,
and we just decided to

- freeload along. - Yes.

- Oh.

That's great. We can spend some time together.

Well, I think we have a
lot of commitments, but I'm sure it's...

- What?

- Well, what are doing tomorrow?

- We're driving to Verrsailles. (sic.)

- Versailles...

- Versailles.

- Oh,

- I'm dying to see Versailles.

- Yeah!

But it's too...uh...

We're late...I think what we're...

Tomorrow we're locked in
to a lunch at Brasserie Lipp.

- Oh no, that's just...

- Yeah. Yeah, we are. That's already...

You know I actually had
a professor that dined there,
and saw James Joyce!

Yeah, you know, like a
million years ago, and
apparently, Joyce was eating
sauerkraut and frankfurters.

Is that...

That's the end of the story?

Well, I mean it's not a story.

It's like a detailed...

- We would LOVE to go to Versailles. Yes.

- Oh, good.

I hope you're not going to be
as antisocial tomorrow at Versailles.

- How was I antisocial?

- Oh, please!

I mean, you could totally tell you didn't want to go.

Well, I mean, they're your
friends, and I have to admit

I'm not quite as taken with them as you are.

He's brilliant.

You know, I had such a crush on him
in college, and Carol's very bright.

Well, he's a pseudo-intellectual.

- Just a little bit.

- Uh, Gil,

I hardly think he'd be lecturing at
the Sorbonne if he's a pseudo-intellectual.

You should give him your book to read.

Oh, come on. Why?

No, because he could critique your writing,
and maybe show you why you're
having so much trouble.

I'm having trouble because

I'm a Hollywood hack

who never gave actual
literature a real shot.

- Until now.

- Please...Gil...

Honey, just promise me something.

If this book...doesn't pan out,
that you'll stop

eating your brains out,
and just go back to doing
what you do best.

I mean, the studios adore you.

You're in demand...

Do you really want to give
it all up just to struggle?

- Well...

- Mmm?

Mmm?

Why would you...want to do that?

I believe Louis moved his court here,
uh, in 1682.

Originally, all this was swampland.

In fact, if I'm not mistaken,
uh... in Old French, the word "versailles"
means, uh, something like,
- "terrain were the weeds have been pulled."
- Is that right?
Uh... The... uh, middle section here
uh... is... uh, French classical style at its height.
Uh... The work, I believe, of...
uh, "Louis Vau" (Louis le Vau)
- Yes.
- Uh...Mansart...I think...
- Manzard. (sic.)
- ...and Charles le Brun, I believe.
Yes, that's right.
I could get used to a summer home like this.
- I know you could.
- Me, too,
except, remember: in those days,
they only had baths,
and I'm definitely a shower man.
Where are you two planning on
moving after you get married?
Uh...Malibu.
- Really?
- We're thinking about Malibu, yeah.
I'm pushing for a little
attic in Paris with a skylight.
- La bowhem? (sic.)
- Yeah,
all that's missing is the tuberculosis.
Exactly. Thank you.
I mean, you know, the problem
is that he's not exactly sure
- he can write a novel.
- Really?
- Well...
- I mean, honey, so far your track record's-- you know, and...
well, everyone loves your movies.
- Yeah, well scripts are easier, so...
- Wow.
Why don't you tell them about the lead
character that you're working on right now?
- Yes! - Oh, come on.
- I don't like to discuss my work.

Well, dear, you don't have to tell them the whole plot, just the character.

- No, no, no.

- Okay.

He works in a nostalgia shop.

- What's a-- What's a nostalgia shop?

- Oh, not one of those stores where they sell Shirley Temple dolls and old radios?

- And I never know who buys that stuff. Who'd want it?

- Exactly.

- I don't know.

- Well, people who live in the past, people who think that their lives would be happier if they lived in an earlier time.

And just which era

would you have preferred

to live in, Miniver Cheevy?

Paris in the '20s, in the rain.

- Wouldn't have been bad.

- And the rain was an acid rain.

Oh, I see! And no global warming, no TV and suicide bombing, and nuclear weapons, drug cartels! Usual menu of clichéd horror stories. You know, nostalgia is denial.

- Denial of the painful present.

- Oh, whoa!

Gil is a complete romantic.

I mean, he would be

more than happy living in a complete state of perpetual denial.

- Really?

- And the name for this fallacy is called "golden-age thinking."

- Touch.

- Yeah, the erroneous notion that a different time period is better than the one one's living in.

It's a flaw in the Romantic imagination of those people who... who find it difficult to cope with the depressive.

- Yes.

- This is the nicest ring we saw.
Diamonds for a wedding band.
That's the way you'd have to go.
And then, everyone will see
it in the back row when
he puts it on my finger.
Oh, Inez. It's gonna be such an event!

- I only wish that...

- I don't want to keep going over it.
It's your choice. What can I say?
Gil is-- he's smart,
and he's very successful.

- He talks about giving that all up and moving here!

- Oh, yeah, he TALKS about it.
Well, that frightens me.
This is, of course, Rodin's most famous statue.
A cast of this work was placed next to his tomb.
Rodin wished it to serve as his headstone and epitaph.

- Is that true?

- It would be in Moudon. He died of the flu,
if I'm not mistaken. In 1917, I believe.

- Very good, sir.

- He's so knowledgeable, isn't he?

Yeah. So much of Rodin's work was influenced by his wife, Camille.
Yes, she was an influence, though
Camille was not the wife, but his mistress.

- Camille? No.

- Yes.

- Yes. Rose was the wife.

- No, he was never married to Rose.
Yes, he did marry Rose,
- in the last year their lives.
- I think you're mistaken.
Are you arguing with the guide?

- Yes, I am.

- Yeah. No, I'm certain, monsieur.
Yeah, actually, she's right.
I recently read a two-volume
biography on Rodin, and
Rose was definitely the wife.
Camille, the mistress.

- Yeah. You read that? Where did you...

- Yeah, I just read it. I was surprised
because I mistakenly thought, like you, that it was, yeah,

the other way around.

It's an easy mistake.

So, Dad invited you guys for a wine-tasting.

- Oh, it'll be so French!

- Yeah, yeah.

Paul is an expert on French wine.

- You're joking. Really?

- Yes, of course.

When did you read the biography on Rodin?

Me? Why would I read

a biography on Rodin?

I will always take a California wine, but,

Napa Valley's 6,000 miles away.

John, old boy, how are you, buddy?

Oh, hey! What're you doing here?

Come on. I can't stand that guy.

Um...How 'bout

- we try some more wine?

- Yes! Let's start here.

Now, which would you prefer here?

Well, I think we need to be scientific and just start drinking them all again. I don't know.

- Why are your cheeks so red?

- What do you mean?

- They're not red.

- They're bright red.

Oh, maybe it's because of the pheromones that you're giving off.

These pheromones are driving me mad!

- Stop it! Stop!

- Ahh-- Sex and alcohol.

- Yeah.

- It fuels the desire

but kills the performance,

according to the Bard.

Have you tasted the '61?

It is divine!

- Though, Paul picked it out. I didn't...

- What?

- What's happening? What's happening?

- Slightly more tannic than the '59,

and I prefer a smoky feeling

to a fruity feeling.

So, Carol-- Carol and I

are gonna go dancing.

We heard of a great place. Interested?

- No... I don't want to be a killjoy,

- Come on!

but I need to get a little fresh air.

Oh, come on! Come on!

Although if you're just gonna sit there and obsess
over where the fire exits are, then...

Hey! If Gil doesn't want to go,

I'll share Paul with you.

I am very democratic,

and Paul is a marvelous dancer.

If it's OK with you,

I think I just want to take a little walk,
go to bed, and then we'll do it another night.

OK. Alright, well I can go, though, right?

- You want to go?

- Well, yeah,

Yeah, I mean, I'm not tired,
and I've been dying to go dancing,
and I'll just meet you back at the hotel.

- I'll take good care of her.

- OK.

I'll get a cab. Taxi!

- OK, but you should take a cab.

- No, I'm not taking a cab. I'm walking.

- No, you'll get lost.

- OK, I'm gonna walk.

Is he a good writer?

I mean, have you read his prose?

- Well, he won't let anybody.

- He won't let?

Oh look, I mean, if he wants, I'd be glad to
look over his novel and critique it for him.

- That would be great!

- Would you?

- You know, I think that's what he needs!

- Yeah?

- Well, it helps.

- To have it read by someone. Yeah!

- And you wouldn't pull any punches?

- Well, I certainly won't be letting

you know I won't do that.

-No.

I do that about you.
See, but, the problem is,
when it comes to his writing,
he has absolutely no respect
for anybody else's opinion.
Really?
Oh, excuse me! Parlez-vous...
Do you speak English?
- Uh...Htel Bristol?
- Parle pas anglais. Dsol.(We don't speak English. Sorry.)
(Hey! Get in! Come on!)
Montez! On va vous laisser!
(Get in! We're going to leave you!)
- What?
- Come on, guy.
- I didn't hear you. What?
- Come on!
Come on, guy!
Get in the car!
Guys, I think you've got me mixed up.
Vous allez me faire fatigu. Venir!
(You're making me tired. Come on!)
I can't understand you.
I'm a little drunk! I can't...
What is this, an old Peugeot?
I have a friend who collects these in Beverly Hills.
Come on, have a drink. Come on!
- Come on, buddy! Come on!
- OK.
Give me your hand. OK.
Sit down, here.
- Let's go in. Paris, the city of lights.
- Allez! On y va!(Let's go! We're off!)
OK, now, where are
you guys taking me?
On va faire la fte!
(We're going to party!)
Yeah, this isn't quite fair,
'cause I've already had a lot of red wine tonight.
Mais dtendez-vous! Vous voulez du champagne.
(Relax! Have some champagne.)
I do like champagne, yeah...
Sant! Sant!(Cheers! Cheers!)
- The night is young. Drink up!

- I'm drinking!
- Have a drink!
Yeah, drink up!
[Cole Porter's "Let's Do It, Let's Fall in Love"]
Let's fall in love
In Spain, the best upper-sets do it
Lithuanians and Letts do it
Let's do it. Let's fall in love.
The Dutch in old Amsterdam do it
Not to mention the Finns
Folks in Siam do it - think of Siamese twins
Some Argentines without means do it
People say in Boston even beans do it
Let's do it - Let's fall in love
Romantic sponges, they say do it
Oysters down in Oyster Bay do it
Let's do it - Let's fall in love
- You look lost!
- Oh, yeah!
- You're an American?
- If you count Alabama as America, which I do.
I miss the bathtub gin.
What do you do?
- Me? I'm a writer.
- Who do you write?
- Oh, right now I'm working on a novel.
- Oh, yes?
I'm Zelda, by the way.
Oh, Scott! Scott!
- Yes, what it is, sweetheart?
- Here's a writer, from, um... where?
- California.
- Scott Fitzgerald, and who are you, old sport?
Gil...the...
You have the same names as...
As what?
Scott Fitzgerald and...
Scott and Zelda Fitzgerald. The Fitzgeralds.
Isn't she beautiful?
Yes. Yes! Yeah, that's...
that's a coincidence...like...uh...
You have a glazed look in your eye.
Stunned. Stupefied. Anesthetized. Lobotomized.
I...I...keep looking at the man playing piano, and I

believe it or not, recognize his
face from some old sheet music.

I know I can be one of the great writers
of musical lyrics - not that I can write melodies, and I try,
and then I hear the songs he writes,
and then I realize: I'll never write a great lyric,
- and my talent really lies in drinking.

- Sure does.

Yeah, but, he didn't write the music, did he?

That's not possible...

So...um...

- What kind of books do you write?

- I...I...I'm working on a...um...

Where am I?

Oh, I'm sorry. Don't you know the host?

Some friends have gotten together
a little party for Jean Cocteau.

Hey, lady. What...

Are you kiddding me?

I know what you're thinking.

This is boring. I agree!

I'm ready to move on. Let's do Bricktop's!

- Bricktop's?

- I'm bored! He's bored! We're all bored.

We. Are. All. Bored.

Let's do Bricktop's.

Why don't you tell Cole and Linda
to come with, and...um...

uh...Gil? You coming?

[Cole Porter's "You've Got That Thing"]

You got that thing - You got that thing

The thing that makes birds forget to sing

Yes, you've got that thing, that certain thing

You've got that charm, that subtle charm

that makes young farmers desert the farm

[Josphine Baker's "La Conga Blicoti"]

This is one of the finest establishments
in Paris. They do a diamond whiskey sour.

Bon soir, tous le monde!

(Good evening, everyone!)

Un peu tir de bourbon, s'il vous plat.

(A small shot of bourbon, please.)

Greetings and salutations.

You'll forgive me.

I've been mixing grain and grape.
Now, this a writer. uh...Gil. Yes?

- Gil...Gil Pender.

- Gil Pender.

Hemingway.

Hemingway?

You liked my book?

Liked? I loved!

All your work.

Yes, it was a good book,
because it was an honest book,
and that's what war does to men.
And there's nothing fine and noble
about dying in the mud,
unless you die gracefully,
and then it's not only noble, but brave.

Did you read my story?

What'd you think?

There was some fine writing in it,
but it was unfulfilled.

- I might've known you'd hate it.

- But darling, you're too sensitive.

You liked my story, but he hates me!

Please, old sport,

you make matters extremely difficult.

I'm jumpy. Suddenly I don't like
the atmosphere here any more.

Ah! Where're you going?

Para reunirse con mis amigos en Saint-Germain.

(To meet some friends on Saint-Germain.)

- He's going to Saint-Germain. I'm going with him.

- Zelda, sweetheart...

If you're going to stay here and drink
with him, I'm going with the toreador.

Would you bring her back

at a reasonable time?

- She'll drive you crazy, this woman.

- She's exciting,
and she has talent.

This month it's writing.

Last month it was something else.

You're a writer. You need time to write.

Not all this fooling around.

She's wasting you because she's

really a competitor. Don't you agree?

Me?

Speak up, for Christ's sake! I'm asking if you think my friend is making a tragic mistake. Actually, I don't know the Fitzgeralds that well. You're a writer. You make observations. You were with them all night!

Could we not discuss my personal life in public?

She's jealous of his gift, and it's a fine gift. It's rare.

- You like his work? You can speak for it.

- Stop it! Stop it.

You like Mark Twain?

I'm going to find Zelda.

I don't like the thought of her with that Spaniard.

May I?

Yeah, I'm actually a huge Mark Twain fan.

I think you can even make the case that all modern American literature comes from Huckleberry Finn.

- You box?

- No. Not really. No.

What're you writing?

- A novel.

- 'Bout what?

It's about a man who works in a nostalgia shop.

What the hell is a nostalgia shop?

A place where they sell old things. Memorabilia. and... Does that sound terrible?

No subject is terrible if the story is true.

If the prose is clean and honest, and if it affirms grace and courage under pressure.

No good.

Can I ask you the biggest favor in the world?

- What is it?

- Would you read it?

- Your novel?

- Yeah, it's like

looking for, you know, an opinion.

My opinion is I hate it.

I mean, you haven't even read it.

If it's bad, I'll hate it

because I hate bad writing,
and if it's good, I'll be envious and hate it all the more.
You don't want the opinion of another writer.
Yeah. You know, it's just...
You know what it is?
I'm having a hard time,
you know, trusting somebody to evaluate it.
Writers are competitive.
I'm not gonna be competitive with you.
You're too self-effacing.
It's not manly.
If you're a writer,
declare yourself the best writer!
But you're not, as long as I'm around.
Unless you want to put the gloves on and settle it?
No, I don't.
Hey, I'm not gonna read your novel,
but I'll tell you what I'll do.
Yes?
I'll bring it to Gertrude Stein's.
She's the only one I trust with my writing.
You'll show my novel to Gertrude Stein?
- Give it to me.
- I'll bring it to you.
- And she gets back from Spain tomorrow.
- Great.
I'm gonna go get it.
I'm gonna...
I can't tell you how excited I am!
This is gonna be such a lift!
My heart is just racing right now!
I'm gonna get it, and I'll be back.
Whoa, whoa, Gil!
Take it easy!
You had a big night.
Fitzgerald. Hemingway!
Papa!
You gotta...
OK, we never said where
we were gonna meet.
Good thing you didn't go last night.
You would've hated the music, and the crowd,
but I had fun.
What're you thinking about?

You seem like you're in a daze.
If I was to tell you that I spent
last night with Ernest Hemingway
and Scott Fitzgerald,
- what would you say?
- Is that what you were dreaming about?
Your literary idols?
Yeah, but if I wasn't dreaming...
What does that mean?
If I was with Hemingway,
and Fitzgerald,
and Cole Porter.
I'd be thinking brain tumor.
And when I tell you,
Zelda Fitzgerald is exactly
as we've come to know her through
everything we've read in books and articles.
You know, charming, but all over the map.
You know, she does not like
Hemingway one bit.
and Scott knows Hemingway is right about her,
but you can see how conflicted he is because he loves her!
Come on! Get up! We should
quit the idle chatter,
because we're gonna be late.
You know, I'm not gonna...
I think I'm gonna stay here
and do some work on my novel,
'cause there's a little polishing I wanna do.
No. You can do that later.
Mom said we can use her decorator's discount. Get up!
Come look at these, Inez.
Wouldn't these be charming in a Malibu beach house?
- Combien, monsieur? (How much, sir?)
- Dix-huit mille. (18,000)
- Merci. (Thanks.)
- What is that?
There a steal at \$18,000.
\$18,000 for this?
Oh wait. It's Euros, so it's more.
- So that's like 20. \$20,000.
- Even more, I think. Yeah.
I know, but it's very hard
to find anything like this at home.

- She's right, Gil.

- I know, but we haven't even found a house yet, and we're trying to keep expenses down, so I don't have to take any crummy rewrite jobs. Well, you get what you pay for.

- Nice.

- Cheap is cheap.

OK, you guys want to walk back?

Walk? No, it's starting to rain.

Oh, it'll be nice walking in the rain!

It's beautiful!

No, there's nothing beautiful about walking in the rain.

No, don't forget.

We're taking you to dinner tonight.

Oh, right. Yes. Great.

And then, also, I have a big surprise for you after dinner.

- What? No. I don't like surprises.

- I have an incredible...Trust me, you're gonna love this.

- What is it?

- Are you sure you don't want to walk in the rain?

This is our last chance.

It's not that bad out.

Okay.

I don't understand.

Where are we going?

But, you made us rush through dinner, and Dad wasn't finished with his profiteroles.

Profiteroles? You're going to have the most amazing adventure of your life!

- Where?

- Just, Inez, please.

- Why are you carrying that manuscript around?

- You'll see, and when you do, your jaw is gonna drop.

OK. You know I wouldn't hide anything, so if I'm saying it's incredible,

- it's...

- OK.

- It's just, I don't understand!

- I know. You've been wondering why I've been acting strange all day?

- Yeah.

- Well, you're about to find out,

and you're gonna wonder why I wasn't acting more strange, when you find out.

- This is very...

- I know. I know.

Well, I don't know what you're carrying on about, but this is not my idea of an amazing adventure.

I am tired from the gym and a massage, so I'm gonna get this cab.

- Taxi!

- Inez, wait!

- Let's just wait a little longer.

- Look,

you want to walk the streets of Paris, and take it in by night, that's fine. You go ahead.

But I'm in the middle of a great book that Carol lent me.

Come on, just 10 more minutes, and then we can walk home.

If I'm asleep when you get in, don't wake me up.

What am I doing wrong?

Unless she's right, and I need to see a neurologist.

OK, you left the wine-tasting, a little drunk, but not out of control.

Lost, you walk along...

this is the spot...

I mean, it's just like a one-shot deal.

The clock struck midnight...

Hello!

Oh, hi, Mr. Hemingway. Here.

Let me just jump in.

The assignment was to take the hill.

There were 4 of us.

lost his hand when a grenade went off and couldn't fight as he could when I first met him.

And he was young, and brave.

And the hill was soggy from days of rain, and the hill sloped down toward a road, and there were many German soldiers on the road.

And the idea was to aim for the first group, and if our aim was true, we could delay them.

- Were you scared?

- Of what?

Getting killed?

You'll never write well
if you're afraid of dying.

- Do you?

- Yeah, I do. I'd say it's probably...
maybe my greatest fear, actually.

Well, that's something all men before
you have done. All men will do.

- I know. I know.

- Have you ever made love to a truly great woman?

Actually, my fiance is pretty sexy.

And when you make love to her,
you feel true, and beautiful
passion, and you, for at least that moment,
lose your fear of death.

No. That doesn't happen.

I believe that love that is true and real
creates a respite from death.

All cowardice comes from not loving,
or not loving well, which is the same thing.

And when the man who is brave and true
looks Death squarely in the face
like some rhino-hunters I know,
or Belmonte, who's truly brave.

It is because they love with sufficient
passion, to push death out of their minds,
until it returns, as it does, to all men.
And then you must make really good love again.
Think about it.

- Alice. How the hell are you?

- Hi!

Good? Good. Ah, she's here. Follow me.

- Non. Je ne suis pas d'accord. (No. I don't agree.)

- Mais pourquoi? (But why?)

Parce-que... (Because...)

This is Gil Pender, Miss Stein.

He's a young American writer.

I thought you two should know each other.

I'm glad you're here.

You can help decide which of us is right,
and which of us is wrong.

I was just telling Pablo that
this portrait doesn't capture Adriana.

It has a universality, but no objectivity.

Non, non, non. Vous ne le comprenez pas correctement.
(No, no, no. You don't understand correctly.)
Connaissez pas Adriana. Regardez...
(You don't know Adriana. Look...)
Regardez le mouvement, le tableau.
(Look at the motion, the painting.)
C'est exactement ce qu'elle représente!
(It's exactly what she represents!)

Non. Tu n'as pas raison. (No. You're wrong.)
Look how he's done her:
dripping with sexual innuendo,
carnal to the point of smoldering,
and, yes, she's beautiful, but
it's a subtle beauty;
an implied sensuality.
I mean, what is your first
impression of Adriana?
Exceptionally lovely.
Belle, mais trop subtile. Plus implicite, Pablo!
(Beautiful, but too subtle. More defined, Pablo!)

Yes, you're right, Miss Stein.
'Course...uh...
you can see why he's lost all objectivity.
He's made a creature of Place Pigalle.
A whore with volcanic appetites.
Non, non! C'est ce qu'elle vraiment si vous la connaissez!
(No, no! It's true if you know her!)

Yes, avec toi, au priv,
(Yes, with you, in private,)
because she's your lover,
but we don't know her that way!
So you make a petit-bourgeois judgment
and turn her into an object of pleasure.
- It's more like a still-life than a portrait.
- Non.
Non. Non. Je ne suis pas d'accord.
(No. No. I do not agree.)
And what's this book of
yours I've been hearing about?
Is this it?
- Yeah, this is...uh...
- I'll take a look.
Have you read it, Hemingway?
No, this I leave to you.

You've always been a fine judge of my work.
" "Out of the Past" was the name of the store,"
"and its products consisted of memories."
"What was prosaic and
even vulgar to one generation,"
"had been transmuted by
the mere passing of years"
"to a status at once magical and also camp."
I love it.
I'm already hooked.
Hooked!
I'll start it tonight,
but first, you and I
have something to talk about.
I've been waiting for two months
for a reply from that editor.
I sent him the piece you and I
looked at, plus four others,
plus four shorter pieces.
And this guy, I gave him a copy of the...
- Nevertheless, two months: nary a word.
- Right.
So were you really hooked
with those opening lines?
Oh, the past has always had a
great charisma for me.
Oh, me, too.
Great charisma for me.
I always say that I was born too late.
Mmm. Moi aussi.
(Mmm. Me, too.)
For me, la Belle poque Paris
would have been perfect.
- Really? Better than now?
- Yes.
Another whole sensibility,
the street lamps, the kiosques,
the...horse and carriages,
and Maxim's then.
You speak very good English.
- No, not really.
- No, you do!
How long have you been dating Picasso?
My God, did I just say that?

Pardon?

I don't mean to...I didn't mean to pry....

Were you born in Paris?

I was born in Bordeaux.

I moved here to study fashion.

But you don't want to hear all this.

Yes, I do.

Yes, continue.

You moved here to study fashion...

I...came here to study with Coco Chanel,

and I fell in love with Paris,

and also,

a very dark-eyed, haunted

Jewish-Italian painter.

And I knew Amedeo had another woman, but still,

I couldn't resist moving into his apartment when he asked,

and it was a beautiful six months.

M..M...Modigliani?

You lived with...

You lived with Modigliani?

You asked me,

so I'm telling you my sad story.

With Braque, though, there was another woman.

Many.

And now,

with Pablo.

I mean, he's married,

but...

every day, it's on-again, off-again.

I don't know how any woman

can stay with him. He's so difficult.

My God, you take "art groupie"

to a whole new level!

- Pardon?

- Nothing. I was just saying that...

But tell me about yourself.

- What? Well, what can I say...

- So, have you come to Paris to write?

Because, you know,

these days, so many Americans

feel the need to move here.

Isn't Hemingway attractive?

I love his writing.

I know. Actually, I'm just here visiting.

Oh, you must stay here.

- Really?

- Yeah. It's a wonderful city, for

- writers, artists.

- I know. I'd like to, but it's not that easy.

And,

I didn't fall in love madly with your book...

- Really?

- ...so I want to hear the rest of it.

- You really like? Because I'm still kind of tinkering...

- Pender?

- Yeah, let's go up to Montmartre. Let's get a drink, OK?

- Uh...yeah.

I'll discuss your book with you as soon as I've finished it.

Where can I reach you?

Why don't I drop back by, instead of you trying to find me, if that's all right?

- We run an open house.

- Are you coming with us?

I wish that I could.

I cant, but

hopefully I'll see you again eventually.

That would be nice.

- Let's go!

- One of these days, I plan to steal you away from this genius who's great, but he's no Mir.

I'm Gil Pender.

I was with Hemingway, and Picasso.

Pablo Picasso, and Ernest Hemingway.

I'm Gil Pender, from Pasadena!

Cub Scouts. I failed freshman English.

Little old Gil Pender has his novel with Gertrude. Stein.

Boy, that girl was so...

lovely.

Well, it's a shame you two didn't come to the movies with us last night,

We saw a wonderfully funny American film.

Who was in it?

Oh, I don't know.

I forget the name.

Wonderful but forgettable.

That sounds like a picture I've seen.

I probably wrote it.

Well, I know it was moronic and infantile, and utterly lacking in any wit or believability,

- but John and I laughed in spite of all that.

- Have we been down this way yet?

Was it?

What time did you get in last night?

Not that late...uh...

I was...uh...

I'm really finding these midnight strolls great for me creatively, without the distractions of the day.

I'll probably end up going on another little

- hike tonight.

- Well, we'll see.

Yeah. We'll see.

Oh, look at those wonderful glass figures.

[Cole Porter's "You Do Something to Me"]

...that simply mystifies me

Tell me why should it be

You have the power to hypnotize me

Vous aimez?

(You like?)

Yes. Very beautiful.

- Oh. You're American.

- Yeah.

You like Cole Porter?

I do. I'm a big fan.

I like to

kind of think I'm a member

of Linda and Cole's inner circle.

I'm kidding.

Very pretty lyrics.

- Very amusing.

- Charming.

Gil?

- Gil? Hi.

- Yeah? Yes.

- Yeah. We should go.

- We're going now?

Yeah. We're meeting Paul and Carol at the museum for the private showing.

- OK. Yeah. Right.

You know, Paul happens to be an expert in Monet,

so you'll find it enlightening, I think.

Yeah. OK.

Let's get some culture.

The juxtaposition of color is amazing.

This man was the real father

of abstract expressionism.

I take that back.

Maybe Turner.

I mean, I love Turner,

but, I just find this...

overwhelming.

If I'm not mistaken,

it took him 2 years to complete this.

He worked out of Giverny,

where he was frequently...

I heard that Monet,

one of the things that he used to try to...

Shh! I'm trying to hear Paul say it.

Well, he was frequently

visited by Caillebotte,

an artist who I personally feel was underrated.

Ah. Now.

Here's a superb Picasso.

If I'm not mistaken, he painted

this marvelous portrait of his

French mistress

Madeleine Brissou in the '20s.

Paul, I'm gonna have to

differ with you on this one.

- Really.

- Gil, just pay attention.

You might learn something.

OK, well, if I'm not mistaken,

this was a failed attempt to capture

a young French girl named Adriana,

from Bordeaux, if my art history serves me,

who came to Paris to study

costume design for the theater.

I'm pretty sure she had an affair

with Modigliani, then Braque,

which is how Pablo met her.

Picasso.

Of course, what you don't get

from this portrait

is the subtlety,
and her beauty.
She was just a knock-out.
What have you been smoking?
I'd hardly call this picture marvelous,
it's more of a petit-bourgeois statement
on how Pablo sees her. Saw her.
He's distracted by the fact
that she was a
absolute volcano in the sack.
Too rich for me.
Where'd Gil run off to?
Work.
Been walking around Paris. You know,
the way the city's lit up at night
allegedly inspires him, so...
But that's OK,
because I'm going dancing with Paul.
Where's Carol?
uh...She's in bed with a bad oyster,
so I'll see you guys later.
Thanks for dinner, Daddy.
Bye, sweetie.
Where do you think
Gil goes every night?
You heard her.
He walks, and gets ideas.
- You sound skeptical.
- No.
I've seen what he earns,
but sometimes I think he's got a...
got a... part missing,
and I didn't like his remark about
Tea Party Republicans.
They are decent
people trying to take back the country.
They are not
crypto-fascist
airhead zombies.
You hear him say that?
Nevertheless, I don't think
your idea of having him followed
- is very practical.
- No?

I'd like to know where he goes every night.

Well, we know one thing:

he doesn't go dancing.

Oh! Excuse me!

- Is this gentleman bothering you?

- Hello, Gil!

Hey! How are you?

I was hoping we'd see you here.

- What a great party!

- Oh, good.

- It's nice to see you here.

- Thank you.

Oh, Delfine?

- Gil, we'll catch up with you later, OK?

- Sure, sure.

Bon soir, Madame.

(Good evening, Madame.)

- What a surprise!

- It was just a total fluke.

I was at Gertrude Stein's,
she's almost finished with my novel,
and I run into this guy.

Turns out he's Archibald MacLeish.

He says he's on his way over here,
come on over. Oh, I'm not

going to crash the Fitzgeralds,

but then he said you'd be here.

You and Pablo, and...

Oh, Pablo's home.

- We had a...bit of a quarrel.

- Oh no!

- You look like you were having fun with Djuna Barnes, dancing.

- Oh, yeah!

Wait. That was Djuna Barnes?

- Yeah.

- Wow. No wonder she wanted to lead.

Isn't this a wonderful
place to throw a party?

- It's so great!

- Only the Fitzgeralds can do that!

- I want to show you something. Come with me.

- OK.

- So, what about your book?

- It's coming along. Yeah!

Look at that!

- Wow!

- It's from the turn of the century.

Isn't it beautiful?

It's my favorite era.

I love it so much.

Everything was so perfect.

It's so nice to see you tonight.

- I was hoping to...

- It's so nice to see you!

Voilà, ma petite Adriana!

(There she is, my little Adriana!)

Isn't this little Parisian

dream a moveable feast?

Mark my words.

I'm going to steal you away

from that fugitive from

Málaga one way or another.

Between Belmonte and myself,

whom would you choose?

Vous tes tous deux parfaits.

(You are both perfect.)

But he has more courage.

He faces death more often, and

more directly, and if you chose him,

I'd be disappointed, but I'd understand.

Ella ha elegido Pablo.

(She chose Pablo.)

Yes, she's chosen Picasso,

but Pablo thinks

women are only to sleep

with or to paint.

What about you?

I think a woman is equal

to a man in courage.

Have you ever shot

a charging lion?

Never.

Would you like to know

how that feels?

- I don't think so.

- You ever hunted?

- No.

- You?

Only for bargains.

Tommonos otra copita.

(Let's take another drink.)

You know, it's so loud,

I wonder if we can go some place

- where we can hear ourselves think a little bit?

- Sure! Bye.

Who wants a fight?

Well, I hope it was nothing

serious with you and Pablo.

He's moody and possessive.

Artists are like children.

Well, you certainly understand why

all these guys want to paint you,

'cause you have just about

one of the best faces ever.

- It's so interesting...

- Oh?

- You're interesting, too, in a lost way.

- Lost?

Well, I guess I am lost.

Tell me more about your book.

My book is kind of a...

You know what?

I couldn't care less about my book tonight.

I just want to walk around Paris with you.

I keep forgetting you're just a tourist.

That's putting it mildly.

I can never decide whether

Paris is more beautiful by day or by night.

No, you can't.

You couldn't pick one. I mean,

I can give you a checkmate

argument for each side.

You know, I sometimes think,

"How's anyone gonna come up with a

book, or a painting, or a

symphony or a sculpture that can

compete with a great city?"

You can't, 'cause, like,

you look around, every...

every street, every boulevard

is its own special art form.

And when you think that in the cold,

violent, meaningless universe,
that Paris exists, these lights...
I mean, come on, there's nothing
happening on Jupiter or Neptune,
but from way out in space
you can see these lights,
the cafs, people drinking, and singing...
I mean, for all we know,
Paris is the hottest spot in the universe.
- Vous tes un pote.(You are a poet.)
- Aw, come on.
It's just... You're very kind,
but I wouldn't call my babbling poetic.
Although I was on a pretty good roll there.
See anything you like?
Yeah. I'm ashamed to admit
I'm attracted to all of them.
I like cheap sexy.
That makes me shallow.
When I was in Catholic school,
one weekend
my roommate and I,
we paid a girl from Pigalle
to come and teach us all her tricks.
- Honestly?
- Yeah.
Wow. That's...
That's...That's...
I'm going to be thinking about that one.
I love walking with you.
- You look amazing.
- Thank you.
God, is that who I think it is?
What is she doing here,
staring into the water?
Oh my God!
Zelda, what are you doing?!
- Please? I don't want to live!
- Stop!
- What is it?
- Scott and that beautiful countess.
They were-- It was so obvious
they were whispering about me,
and the more they drank,

the more he fell in love with her!

He...Scott loves only you.

- I can tell you that with absolute certainty.

- No.

- He's tired of me!

- You're wrong. You're wrong. I know.

- How?

- Trust me. I know.

- Sometimes you get a feel for people, and I get...

- My skin hurts!

- What do you mean?

- I don't wanna...I hate the way I look!

Don't do that!

- Here. Take this.

- What is this?

It's a Valium.

It'll make you feel better.

- You carry medicine?

- No, not normally.

It's just since I've been engaged to Inez,

I've been having panic attacks,

but I'm sure they'll subside after the wedding.

I've never heard of Valium.

What is this?

It's the...pill of the future.

You never said you were getting married.

Yeah. You know,

it's still a....

ways in the future.

- Well, good luck with your book, and your wedding.

- Thank you.

I think you'd like Inez.

She has a...

has a very sharp sense of humor, and

she's attractive. She doesn't say

that we agree on everything, but...

But the important things.

Yeah, or...actually,

maybe the small things. The...

Sometimes there's a little bit

of a disconnect with the big things.

She wants to live in Malibu, and

wants me to work in Hollywood, and....

But I will say that we both like

Indian food.

Not all Indian food, but the...

you know...the pita bread.

We both like pita bread.

I guess it's called naan.

I should go.

Pablo will be missing me.

- Come on. I'll walk you home.

- No. No. No.

Just finish your drink.

I live just around the corner.

- No. Come on. I'm not gonna...

- Well, I...I...prefer to be by myself for a while,
but thank you for the evening.

Bye.

Monsieur? C'est un dommage.

(Sir? It's a shame.)

C'est un dommage.

(It's a shame.)

We met, earlier tonight...

At the party!

Dal, s?

(Dal, yes?)

- Yes...

- Dal!

- I remember!

- Dal. Ya.

Un bouteille de vin rouge!

(A bottle of red wine!)

It can't be...

Yeah....

So?

Un autre verre pour monsieur, s'il vous plat.

(Another glass for this man, please.)

I love the language!

The French!

The waiters? No.

You like the shape of the rhinoceros?

The rhinoceros? Uh...

Haven't really thought about it.

I paint the rhinoceros.

I paint you.

S. Your sad eyes.

Your big lips, melting over the hot sand,

with one tear.
Yes! And in your tear,
another face.
The Christ's face!
Yes, in the rhinoceros.
Yeah. I mean, I probably do look sad. I'm in...
a very perplexing situation.
Diablo...Luis! Oye, Luis!
(Damn. Luis! Hey, Luis!)

My friends.
This... Seor Buuel.
- Buuel?
- S. Buuel...and...Mr. Man Ray.
- Man Ray? My Gosh!
- How 'bout that?
This is Pen-der. Pen-der.
Pender!
- Yes. And I am Dal!
- Dal. Yes.
You have to remember.
Pender is in a perplexing situation.
It sounds so crazy to say.
You guys are going to think I'm drunk, but
I have to tell someone. I'm...
from a...
a different time. Another era.
The future. OK? I come...
from the 2000th millenium to here.
I get in a car, and I slide through time.
Exactly correct.
You inhabit two worlds.
- So far, I see nothing strange.
- Why?
Yeah, you're surrealists!
But I'm a normal guy.
See, in one life,
I'm engaged to marry a woman I love.
At least, I think I love her.
Christ! I better love her!
I'm marrying her!
The rhinoceros makes love
by mounting the female.
But...
is there a difference

in the beauty between two
rhinoceroses?

There is another woman?

Adriana. Yes, and I'm...

very drawn to her.

I find her extremely alluring.

The problem is that other men,

great artists - geniuses -

also find her alluring,

and she finds them.

So, there's that...

A man in love with a woman

from a different era.

I see a photograph.

I see a film.

I see an insurmountable problem.

I see...

...a rhinoceros.

Did you get any work done last night?

Yeah...I just....

I'm starting to think that maybe my

book is too realistic.

That I'm missing some chances

to let my imagination kind of

go crazy, and not be so

damn logical.

- Why do you always look so good in the morning?

- No. No. No. No!

- We have to get dressed!

- Just for a second!

Come here! I've been working like a demon.

I gotta get this stuff done, but

I can't resist you any more.

You're so fetching in the morning.

Paul said we have to go to the countryside.

You know? He said he's taking us

to this beautiful little inn for lunch.

But, I mean, if you don't want to go,

don't go.

I'm not missing it because of you.

Hello! Bonjour!

- Hello! I have a quick question for you about Rodin.

- Hello.

OK, now, I understand

he loved his wife
and he also loved his mistress.

- Yes.

- But do you think that's possible,
to love two women at once?

Well, he loved them both,
but in a different way.

You know...

That's very...

That's very French.

You guys are way...

you know...much...

more evolved in that department
than we are.

Do you remember me?

I was in the...

- was in the group that...

- Yes!

The group with the pedantic gentleman.

Pedantic? Yes.

That's a perfect word.

Here is ... his photo.

I want to know where
he goes each night.

What is your suspicion? Hm?

He's engaged to my daughter.

To marry. I want to make sure
that she's making the right decision.

Naturally, discretion is paramount.

Well, you've come to the
right place, Monsieur.

Monsieur Tisserant will personally
keep track of the gentleman,
and report about his whereabouts at night.

Whoa, whoa, whoa! Hey!

Hey! Thank you for stopping.

- Gil Pender.

- Tom Eliot.

Tom Eliot?

Tom Stearns Eliot?

T.S Eliot? T.S. Eliot?

- Pender.

- Prufrock's like my mantra!

OK. Sorry. Sorry.

Listen. Where I come from,
people measure out their lives
with coke spoons.

- Hello? Ms. Stein?

- Oh, Pender.

I'll get to your book in a moment.

I finished it.

We're just in the middle
of a little personal crisis.

Oh, OK. Should I come back?

I don't want to interrupt.

No, it's no secret.

Adriana has left Pablo,
and has flown to Africa with Hemingway.

Saba que tena obsesin con este fanfarrn!

(I knew that I had an obsession with that bully!)

Ya hemos hablado de todo esto!

(We talked about all this!)

Estoy segura de que ella regresará muy devoto.

(I'm sure that she'll come back very devoted.)

Muy devoto. Oh, he took her hunting kudu,
but she'll be back to him.

The sound of hyenas in your ears at night when
you're trying to sleep in a tent just drives you crazy.

Mount Kilimanjaro is not Paris.

- What are you saying, that he took her to Mount Kilimanjaro?

- Now, about your book,
it's very unusual, indeed.

I mean, in a way, it's almost like science fiction.

We all fear death,
and question our place in the universe.

The artist's job is not to succumb to despair,
but to find an antidote for
the emptiness of existence.

You have a clear and lively voice.

Don't be such a defeatist.

Tell Gil to bring his suit, 'cause we're
going to be dining formal tomorrow night.

I forgot to tell you, actually.

Gil isn't coming to Mont Saint-Michel.

Why not?

I don't understand it!

Because, he writes.

He rewrites.

He rewrites the rewrites, you know?
He says, "Picasso never left his studio."
I said, "Gil, you have absolutely
nothing in common with Picasso."
He just looks at me.
Well, he's gonna miss a great weekend.
[Cole Porter's "Let's Do It, Let's Fall In Love"]
And that's why birds do it
Bees do it
Even educated fleas do it
Let's do it
Let's fall in love
In Spain, the best upper-sets do it
Lithuanians and Letts do it
You have any Cole Porter?
- Hi.
- Hey.
- I remember you.
- Yeah?
- He was your friend.
- Cole Porter? Yeah.
And don't forget about Linda.
She was a friend, too.
- You realize I was kidding?
- Yeah. I did realize.
You're a bit young.
Yeah. You seem a bit young
to be so familiar with his work.
It's because he wrote
many songs about Paris.
Yeah. What was the story? It was like he was
in love with your hometown, or something.
- Are you a Parisian?
- Yes, monsieur.
"Yes, monsieur." Feel free to call me Gil.
- What do I owe you?
- For this?
- Dix-huit Euros. (18)
- OK.
Oysters down in Oyster Bay do it
Let's do it
Let's fall in love
Cold Cape Cod clams
'gainst their wish, do it

Even lazy jellyfish do it
Let's do it, Let's fall in love
Can you translate this?
Do you speak any English?
OK. Alright, thank you.
"That Paris exists,
and anyone could choose to live"
"anywhere else in the world,
will always be a mystery to me."
"Dinner with...Dinner with Pablo,
and Henri Matisse."
"Pablo is the greater artist,
but Matisse is the greater painter."
"Paris in the summer.
What it must have been like,"
"to sit opposite one's
lover at Maxim's, in its..."
"in its...um...best time."
"I'm in love with an American
writer I just met,"
"named Gil Pender."
"That immediate magic one hears
about happened to me."
"I know that both Picasso and
Hemingway are in love with me,"
"but for whatever...inexplicable..."
- inexplicable...reason...the heart has,
- Yes. Yes.
"I am drawn by Gil."
"Perhaps because he seems nave and unassuming."
"As always in this sad life,"
"he's about to marry a woman named Inez."
"I had a dream where he came to me"
"and brought me a little gift.
Earrings, they were,"
"and we made love."
Earrings...
Earrings....
Whoa! Oh my God!
What are you guys doing?
Daddy had chest pains.
- Oh, really?
- Yeah. I'm sure it's just indigestion.
- We can't take that chance.

- You know he had an angioplasty 3 years ago.
Yeah. Right.
They put a balloon in me.
Big deal.
- Balloon?
- I would like the hotel doctor, please, in room 728.
Don't call the doctor!
Gil, why are you so dressed up?
Me? No, no, no, I'm not.
I've been writing.
I was just doing a little writing.
Wh...You dress up and
put on cologne to write?
No, no. I jumped in the shower,
just for a second. You know
how I think better in the shower,
and I get the positive ions going in there?
So, we were halfway to Mont Saint-Michel
when Daddy just...
he went pale as a ghost.
- That's terrible!
- I mean, it was so scary, so we just
- turned right around and came back.
- Yeah. You had to.
John, is there anything I can get,
for your color to me looks
- like it's OK, but I'm not a doctor.
- Naw, I'm fine.
I'm sure it's the
beef bourguignon she made me have.
- What is that?
- Where?
- That in your hand.
- Nothing.
- That was a present!
- I know. I know.
I mean, it's not...It...It is!
- Pour moi? (For me?)
- Yes.
It's not...incredible....
It's from the flea market.
- Well, can I open it?
- No, no no,
That's what I'm saying.

Honey, it's for a special dinner
that we're gonna have,
then I'm going to give it to you.

- Is it jewelry? I hope it's my taste, if it's jewelry, because...

- Well...

- ...that moonstone necklace?

- But I thought you liked the moon?
Because it's understated, but elegant.
That's what you always say.
Cheap is cheap,
is what I always say.
Yeah. You didn't see this necklace.
I've never actually even worn it.
I'll show you. You'll see why immediately.

- Everybody's down on moonstone, all of a sudden.

- Well...

- they are...

- A little simple.
I think... I thought
you loved their simplicity.
Yeah, that's the problem.
They're too simple.
Well, what do I know?
Too simple.
Where are my pearl earrings?
Did...Did you bring them?
I don't even remember you packing them.
Yes, I did, because I've worn them here!
No, you didn't.
Oh, they must've fallen out!
Both of them?
Gil, my ears are pierced.
Inez, I told you to keep
everything in the hotel safe!

- Do you think it was the maid?

- It's always the maid.
I...I know I saw them
here this morning.
Well, I would report the theft right away.
You know, she was so snotty
yesterday when I asked her...

Whoa, whoa, whoa! Let's not
jump to any conclusions, OK?

- You don't just level a charge of theft against somebody.

- Yes, I'd like to report a theft.
- Shh, Inez, no!
- Could you call the house detective?
- Send him up. Thank you.
- This is turning into a witch hunt!
You don't do this to people!
Yes, you do,
if they've stolen.
I didn't like that maid.
I didn't like her from the beginning.
She was sweet. She was pleasant.
She was upbeat!
You always take the
side of the help, as usual!
That's why Daddy says you're a communist.
Bon soir. (Good evening.)
I'm Doctor Grard.
- Do you want some more water?
- I'm fine.
- He's had angioplasty.
- I didn't need it.
Look! Are these them?
I don't know.
- Where did you find them?
- They were just in the bathroom.
- In the bathroom?
- Yeah. On the sink.
What the hell were they
doing in the bathroom?
I don't know.
They were just...
But maybe you dropped them, and
when you were putting them away,
and the housekeeper must've picked them up.
and placed them there, out in
the open where we could see them easily.
That was really thoughtful of her.
I didn't drop them.
I wouldn't drop them.
The important thing is
they're not stolen.
C'est l'un de vos meilleurs, jusqu'au prsent.
(It's one of your best, until now.)
J'ai parl Leo. Je pense qu'il va l'acheter

(I talked to Leo. I think that he'll buy it.)

Oh, Pender!

I was just telling Matisse
we're going to buy one of his
paintings for our personal collection.

I think 500 Francs is fair.

Yeah, I think that sounds fair.

You know, I was wondering if
maybe I could pick up 6 or 7.

- What have we got here?

- Yeah. Oh.

OK, now, I've brought a rewrite over
of the first few chapters of my book,
and if you could just tell me if I'm
heading in the right direction, I'd really appreciate it.

- Leave it with me.

- OK. Great.

and have you heard from Hemingway?

Oh, they've been back for days, now.

The trip didn't work out.

I knew they wouldn't hit it off.

It's over. With Picasso, too.

She's at Deyrolle, by herself.

By herself?

Oh, one of those crazy

Surrealist painters is getting married.

They're doing it up there.

She'll be glad to see you.

Eh bien, mes chers amies, je propose de porter un toast...

(Well, my dear friends, I propose to raise a toast to...)

Oh. What are you doing here?

I came to find you.

- You did?

- Yeah. Maybe this is coming out of left field, but
let's just say, as a writer,

I'm pretty good at

picking up on vibrations from people-
women in particular.

I sense that there are
some complicated feelings, maybe,
that you have for me.

Aren't you gonna get married?

Well, everything's a little
up in the air right now.

I don't know what is gonna happen.

Is there some place that we
can talk? Maybe more quiet?

- Sure.

- Come on.

Oh, Mr. Buuel!

I had a nice idea
for a movie for you.

- Yes?

- A group of people attend a
very formal dinner party. At the end of dinner,
when they try to leave the room, they can't.
Why not?

They just can't seem to exit the door.

- B...But why?

- Well, momento,
when they're forced to stay together,
the veneer of civilization
quickly fades away,
and what you're left with is
who they really are: animals.

But I don't get it.

Why don't they just
walk out of the room?

All I'm saying is just think about.

Who knows?

Maybe when you're shaving one day,
it'll tickle your fancy.

I don't understand.

What's holding them in the room?

What are you doing?

I don't know!

I did feel,
for a minute there,
while I was doing it, like I was immortal.

But you look so sad.

Because life is too mysterious.

This is the time we live in.

Everything moves so fast.

Life is noisy and complicated.

I've always been a logical person.

I've never

I never acted too crazy.

I didn't stay here.

When I first came out here,
I didn't take a real shot at being a writer.
I'd just, kind of, be a hired Hollywood hand.
Don't laugh. I just want to...
I feel like I just want to let it go.
- Here.
- Oh!
Oh! This is...
This is remarkable!
Go on. Here, put in on.
They're so beautiful!
Look!
Monsieur, Mademoiselle, on y va!
(Sir, Miss, away we go!)
- Qui est vous? (Who are you?)
- Allez monter. Nous allons trop tard. (Come up. We're too late)
- Allez!
- Come on! Come on!
Oh, mon Dieu,
this is so beautiful!
It's unbelievable!
All the pictures I've seen...

Here it is:

Wow! I don't know
what it is about this city!
It's like, I've got to write a note
to the Chamber of Commerce.
Bon soir!
(Good evening!)
Bon soir! Bienvenue.
(Good evening! Welcome.)
Thank you.
Oh, mon Dieu! Quelle robe magnifique!
(Oh, my God! What a magnificent dress!)
Tellement avant-garde!
(So ahead of the time!)
S'il vous plat, prenez un boire du champagne. C'est la fte!
(Please, have a drink of champagne. It's a party!)
Champagne.
Isn't it amazing? The first time we met,
I told you about this place,
and the Belle poque,
and here we are!

I don't know why,
but I have this feeling that...

I don't know, like I can't...

believe my luck.

Well, I can. I know exactly where I want to go next.

You lead the way.

Look!

Oh, my God!

Pablo admires him so much!

- I have to say hello.

- No, maybe we shouldn't bother him.

- Come with me! I'm nervous.

- Really? OK.

But, we know he's a lonely man.

- I'm sure he would love some company.

- OK, let's go.

Monsieur Lautrec?

- Oui? (Yes?)

- Bon soir. Nous sommes de grands amateurs. (Good evening. We are great fans.)

- Merci, Madame. (Thank you, Madame.)

- Pouvons-nous vous offrir un verre? (May we offer you a drink?)

Je serais enchantée. Prenez un siège.

(I would be delighted. Have a seat.)

He's asking us to sit down with him.

This much French I do

understand, and the gesture.

Vous êtes Américain?

(You are American?)

Yes, I'm an American.

Je vous devine l'accent. (I could tell from the accent.)

- Yeah. Oui. Oui.

Vos dessins! Votre attention! Nous admirons tout ce que vous faites.

(Your drawings! Your attention! We admire everything that you do.)

- I love your drawings, also.

- Bon soir!

- Merci.

Savez que moi je présenterai Monsieur Gauguin et Monsieur Degas.

(May I present Mr. Gauguin and Mr. Degas.)

- Bon soir.

- Enchantée.

- Bon soir. Enchantée.

- Paul Gauguin.

- Yes! Yes! Yes!

See the sketch he's made?

Nobody can draw like this today.

Not Picasso. Not Matisse.

Unbelievable. Parlez-vous anglais?

- Non, monsieur. (No, sir.)

- Il parle un petit peu. (He speaks a little.)

Non, non. I speak well. Parle trs bien. Bien oui. Tu veut voir?

(No, no. I speak very well. Absolutely. You want to see?)

Degas and I were just

talking about how this...

um...this...cette...gnration est plus vide, et il manque d'imagination.

(...this generation is empty, and is missing imagination.)

He said...He says that

this generation is empty,

and has no imagination.

Better to have lived during the...

la Renaissance.

No! This is the golden age.

- Non.

- C'est l'ge d'or!(It's the golden age!)

Pas de tout. La Renaissance, c'est beaucoup mieux.

(Not at all. The Renaissance is much better.)

Qu'est-ce que vous faites dans la vie?

(What is it you do?)

J'tudie la haute-couture.

(I study high fashion.)

C'est pour a vous tes (That's why you're dressed like that.)

Je comprends maintenant!

(I understand now!)

Les vtements tres jeune.

(The youthful clothes.)

Voulez vous de lui prsenter Richard?

(Would you introduce her to Richard?)

- Ah, oui! (Oh, yes!)

- Ah, oui. He wants to have you meet his friend Richard.

He's looking for someone

to do costumes for the new ballet.

So, vous intresse?

(So, you're interested?)

- Ballet costumes?

- Yes.

Oh my God! I...

I don't live here.

I mean, I do, but I don't. I...

It's best not to go
into too many details. We're...

We're temporarily
passing through.

Can I speak with you a minute?

Permite?

(May I?)

Enchant..

Wow, it didn't take
Gauguin long to start steaming in.

Let's never go back to the '20s!

- What are you talking about?

- We should stay here.

It's the start of La Belle poque!

It's the greatest, most
beautiful era Paris has ever known.

Yeah, but about the '20s,

and the Charleston,

and the Fitzgeralds,

and the Hemingways?

I mean, I love those guys.

But it's the present.

It's dull.

Dull?

It's not my present.

I'm from 2010.

What do you mean?

I dropped in on you the same way
we're dropping in on the 1890s.

You did?

I was trying to escape my present
the same way you're trying to escape yours,
to a golden age.

Surely you don't think
the '20s are a golden age!

Well, yeah. To me they are.

But I'm from the '20s, and I'm
telling you the golden age is La Belle poque.

And look at these guys. I mean, to them,
their golden age was the Renaissance.

You know, they're trade Belle poque
to be painting alongside

Titian and Michelangelo.

And those guys probably imagined

life was a lot better
when Kublai Khan was around.
You see, I'm having an insight right now.
It's a minor one, but
it explains the anxiety in my dream that I had.
- What dream?
- I had a dream the other night, where
it was like a nightmare,
where I ran out of Zithromax.
And then I went to the dentist,
and he didn't have any Novocaine.
You see what I'm saying?
These people don't have any antibiotics.
What are you talking about?
Adriana, if you stay here,
and this becomes your present,
then, pretty soon, you'll start
imagining another time was really your,
you know, was really the golden time.
That's what the present is.
That it's a little unsatisfying,
because life's a little unsatisfying.
That's the problem with writers.
You are so full of words.
But I am more emotional,
and I'm going stay,
and live in Paris' most glorious time.
You made a choice to leave
Paris once, and you regretted it.
Yeah, I did regret it.
It was a bad decision,
but at least it was a choice.
I mean, it was a real choice.
This way, I think, is,
I don't know, crazy.
It doesn't really work.
If I ever want to write
something worthwhile, I have to,
you know, get rid of my
illusions, and then I'd be
happier in the past,
as where I want a home.
So...
Goodbye, Gil?

Goodbye.

Pender, I read your rewrite,
and you're nicely on the right track.

You understood me clearly.

If the rest of the book
reads as well when you're done,
- you'll have something of value.

- That is the best news!

I really did listen to you,
so I'm happy to hear that it
You know, it seems like I'm
moving forward.

I mean, it just means
the world to me that you
- Hemingway read the chapters, too, and he thinks...
- He read it?

...he thinks it's going to be a fine book.
but he did have one plot suggestion.

What's the suggestion?

Well, he doesn't quite believe
that the protagonist
doesn't see that his fiance is
having an affair right before his eyes.

- With?

- The other character. The pedantic one.
That's called denial.

Thank you.

You're crazy!

Paul and I?

Where did you get such an insane notion?

Where? From Ernest Hemingway.

He figured it out, and, guess what,
it makes perfect sense.

Gil, your brain tumor's acting up again.

- No. No!

- There's nothing crazy about Hemingway,
or Fitzgerald, or Gertrude Stein,
or Salvador Dal!

Yeah, except that they've been dead for years!

No, no. The past is not dead.

Actually, it's not even past.

You know who said that?

Faulkner. And he was right.

And I met him, too.

I ran into him at a dinner party.

- You're a raving lunatic!

- No, I'm not.

- Yes, you are.

- No. I'm too trusting.

I'm jealous,
and I'm trusting.

It's cognitive dissonance.

- Scott Fitzgerald talked about it.

- Gil. Gil.

Inez, you can fool me,
but you cannot fool Hemingway.

- I know.

- Jesus Christ, I'm dealing with a madman here.

OK. Yes! I did.

I was with Paul for a few nights,
because he's romantic,
and he speaks French,
and you were always working, and maybe it's
the mystique of this corny city, but...
get over it, Gil.

You just put this in perspective
when we get home.

I'm not...I'm not going back.

- I'm sorry. What?

- I'm staying here, and it has nothing to do with,
you know, your romantic fling;
Paris is Paris.

Inez, you and I, it's obvious we're not...

I don't think we're right for each other.

What?

What are you saying?

What are you even talking about?

- You ready to go swimming?

- Hi!

We're breaking up.

- What?

- Yeah. Gil's moving to Paris.

- I knew it. I told you.

- What's going on?

No, no, I'm going to stay in Paris, but
just because we're...

If I'm unhappy, I'll move back.

But for the time being, yes.

W...W...With who?...

With who, Gil?

- No one, I...

- One of your crazy hallucinatory friends?

I mean, Mom's right about you.

You have this part missing.

Yeah, I said that first.

Anyone whose protagonist

makes a living

selling old cap pistols

and Joan Crawford cutout books...

- Honestly...

- Look, I'm not trying to be

a martyr, but I think

you'll be better off without me.

- I really do.

- But we would!

- I can't believe you're moving.

- Go ahead. Go ahead!

Walk the streets. Gush over the
Parisian light and the rooftops.

Goodbye, Inez.

- Say hi to Trotsky.

- Yeah.

- Unbelievable!

- You know, I had...

a private detective follow him.

I knew he was up to no good.

- You did?

- You bet I did.

He saw him get into a car
at midnight every night,
and he followed him very closely.

- And what happened?

- I don't know.

The detective agency says

the detective is missing.

qui dois-je l'honneur?

(To whom do I owe the honor?)

Je...Je suis perdu.

(I...I'm lost.)

J'ai detourne la mauvaise endroit.

(I made a wrong turn.)

Gardes! Gardes!

(Guards! Guards!)

Lui coupe la tte!

(Off with his head!)

Lui coupe la tte!

(Off with his head!)

- Hey! Hi!

- Hey!

Wow! What...

Good to see you.

What are you doing here?

I'm returning from dinner with friends.

- Oh. OK.

- I live here.

And you? What are you doing here?

I was just out for a walk.

Yeah, I'm actually...I decided.

I'm moving to Paris.

- Really? Wow. I'm sure you will love it.

- Yeah.

- Yeah. You think so?

- Yeah.

You know, I thought about
you the other day.

- Really?

- Yeah, because

my boss got a whole

new album of Cole Porter songs.

That made you think about me?

I like to be thought of that way.

You're on your way home right now?

Yes.

Can I walk with you,

or, I'll buy you a cup of coffee?

Oh, OK, now it's starting to rain.

No, but that's OK.

I don't mind getting wet.

- Really?

- Yeah.

Actually, Paris is the most beautiful in the rain.

I feel that's what

I'm always saying.

I couldn't agree more with you.

Yes, it is more beautiful.

By the way, my name is Gabrielle.

- Gil.

- Nice to meet you.

That's a pretty name.