



Scripts.com

A New Kind of Love

By Melville Shavelson

We've got lots of canyons in Texas...
...but nothing quite like this one,
once you get north
of Neiman Marcus, that is.
Today is roundup time.
This restless herd has been known
to trample to death,
inside of 18 seconds, the bank
accounts of 1,200 husbands.
Sheriff, arrest that woman.
She's the cause
of the whole doggone stampede.
She's a no-good, two-timing,
double-crossing, thieving skunk.
Well, this is Fifth Avenue.
She's a no-good, two-timing,
double-crossing, thieving,
natural wild mink.
Her name is Samantha Blake.
That's right, Samantha.
It's from the Bible.
And so, in some things,
is her conscience.
Maybe that's why, at the ripe old age
of 25, Samantha is a semi-virgin.
That's a girl who tried love once
but didn't like it.
So instead of a cold shower,
she plunged into a career
as head buyer of ladies' dresses
for J. Bergner, Incorporated,
Fifth Avenue,
the working girl's friend.
Part of her job is to copy
from the rich, and sell to the poor.
The rich poor.
After midnight, she prowls
the world's most expensive jungle.
She carries a sketch pad,
dark glasses,
a photographic memory,
a tiny German camera...
...and the soul of Mata Hari.
She's just a sweet-looking,

innocent, cold-blooded horse thief.
And don't think the word
hasn't gotten around.
So I figure we can duplicate it in
rayon and machine the embroidery
and sell the whole schmeer
for about \$39. Bonwit's price is 200.
Girls will come swimming in
from Long Island for this one.
The detail on the bow's
a little like that, see?
Rembrandt couldn't have
copied it any better.
Rembrandt didn't learn
from Macy's window.
Sam, I got something to tell you.
Come to the office.
Okay, girls, take a break,
we'll pick it up later.
And get me a sample
of that embroidery, all right?
Marvin, I'm not paying you
to look at the models.
- Nephews I have to hire yet.
- I wonder whose niece she is.
Bergner, come and take
a look at this.
Something's wrong.
Upstairs it doesn't look good.
I get the message.
Here, slip these in, honey.
More men have promised to love,
honor and obey a good set
of sponge rubber
than they'll ever know.
Sometimes I get this great feeling
of sadness for the opposite sex.
All right, all right. Come to the office.
You too, bright eyes.
What's doing at the office
all of a sudden?
I was in Ohrbach's today.
- Wash your mouth out with soap.
- Listen.

They got a good operation,
a fine operation. And you know it too.
And that's the last kind word
about the competition.
You know what it is to own a store?
Like a child.
You watch it grow, give it the best.
Me? I got no children.
- Here we go.
- All right.
Who said I got no children?
All my children
are right in this building.
My favorites, right in this room.
- Mr. Bergner, we feel the same way.
- All right.
You know what Ohrbach's
is showing?
- What?
- Dior, Givenchy.
- ''Givenchy.''
- Yeah, them too.
The best from Paris.
So? Why not?
Do you mean what I think you mean?
Wednesday we're leaving for Paris.
How soon can you get packed?
What's wrong with what I'm wearing?
What's right?
We'll take in all the showings,
the new fashions
- at the best houses.
- Great.
And for my children,
nothing is too good.
We'll buy. We'll buy,
buy and buy.
And what we can't buy, we'll steal.
Out in California,
they're stealing bases.
Take a good look at Chavez Ravine,
if you can see it through the smog.
Three years ago
it was a goat pasture.

Today they're fighting
for the World Series here.
Shows you what hard work
and the will to succeed can achieve.
I was up in the press box,
even though I don't cover sports.
I came out from New York to do
a series on rocket hardware,
but I picked up a blond
and a pass to the ball game
because I just can't resist athletics.
Any kind.
There was more
than one game going on.
I started to discuss the last play
and suggested the next one.
Shows you what hard work
and the will to succeed can achieve.
By the eighth inning I'd found
a much more comfortable place
to watch the game.
The pitch is outside, making
the count 3-2 on the batter.
This crowd is going out of its mind.
Here's the pitch. And it's a base hit
right over second base.
I have an idea the excitement
is just beginning, so don't go away.
And now, a word
about something of interest
to all you men in our audience.
Fellas, if you're like I am, when
you want a lather, you want it fast.
Well, you're looking at something
that'll wilt your beard
faster than anything known
to science; Insta-Shave.
Look for it.
There's no mistaking this package.
And now, back to the field.
Here's the windup.
The pitch. Strike one,
right on the inside corner.
Here comes the next pitch.

And there she goes.
Going, going... It's a home run,
over the right-field fence.
Boy, oh, boy!
If you left this game early,
you've certainly missed a lot of action.
You're fired.
Sacked. Or as we used to put it
in the newspaper business, canned.
Pick up your severance pay
and get out.
Have I made myself painfully clear?
You know, Mr. Chalmers,
my contract with International Press
was drawn by the outstanding,
foremost, the most respected
sneaky lawyer in the business.
I, along with the United
Automobile Workers
and the Brotherhood of Teamsters--
Thank you.
And the International Alliance
of Theatrical Stage Employees,
am non-cancelable.
Modern living.
It's ruining everything.
It used to be fun to fire people.
Now it takes a ruling
of the Supreme Court.
So I missed the deadline
on my column.
I'm not the first guy or the last.
And besides, it's your fault,
Mr. Chalmers.
My fault?
Remember that "Welcome
to Los Angeles" party--
- Yes, I remember that--
- At your house?
- Yes.
- That's where I met that blond.
Tell you the truth,
I don't even know her name.
It's Mrs. Chalmers.

Oh, boy...

I-- I don't know what to say.

Small world.

Isn't it?

But that's my problem.

Steve, I can't figure you out.

First it was that ambassador's
wife in Washington.

Then the girlfriend
of the Russian consul.

- What a dog.

- And now...

How a writer with your intellectual
capacity can waste his whole--

There are a lot of things I don't
wanna waste, Mr. Chalmers.

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may
That's what Robert Herrick said.

Pretty fair poet.

And you know about Baudelaire.

He wrote his best work
in the boudoir with a quill pen
on the naked...

...back of his mistress.

Now, what would you have me use
for inspiration? An electric typewriter?

I don't care what you use,
as long as I'm not married to it.

But you do need something.

In addition to everything else, your
columns have been getting lousy.

- Thank you.

- All right.

Due to the grace of your lawyer,
I can't fire you.

But one thing I can do:

I can send you

as far away from my wife as possible.

Now, you get back to New York
and straighten out your affairs...

Business.

Because next Wednesday,
you're leaving for our office in Paris.
Paris?

Where you'll probably,
I hope, kill yourself.
Oh, yeah, but what
a wonderful way to go.
Oh, listen, about your wife,
I'm really sorry.
If there's anything I can do...
You've done it.
Yeah, I guess so.
Welcome aboard
Scandinavian Airlines Flight 45,
from New York to Paris.
We are now serving snacks,
and dinner will be along shortly.
'As your magic-carpet jet speeds you
to romantic la belle France--'
That's pronounced 'France.'
'The land that was made for love.'
Okay, melding a round house,
that's 240, makes 500.
- You owe me another ten bucks.
- La belle France,
the land that was made for pinochle.
Your deal, Sam.
This time I'll knock your brains out.
You know, if I had a son,
he would've been just like her.
But he'd have combed his hair.
Okay, your lead.
This time you'll lose your shirt.
Is that so? I'll murder you.
I'll marbleize you.
You know, I got an idea. If Lindbergh
could have looked into the future,
that lonely dawn in 1927...
...he'd have said the hell with it.
This is your copilot. We are sorry
that there is nothing interesting
for you to look at at this altitude.
But our stewardess will do whatever
they can to keep you happy.
Is there something I can give you?
- Do you have a quill pen?
- Quill pen?

Yes, I was thinking of writing
a letter home to Mummy.

No, I don't think so.

Perhaps after we serve dinner.

Sjutusen sjuhundra sjuttiosju.

- What?

- That's 7,7 7 7 in Swedish.

I've been waiting eight years
to work that into a conversation.

Well, your accent is terrible. And I'm
Danish, not Swedish. Excuse me.

- What's for dinner?

- Pt foie gras truff, to start.

What's that?

Chopped liver,

like your mother couldn't make.

It's from a goose they feed 1 2 times
a day and don't let it get any exercise.

My brother-in-law, Marvin's father.

I-- Excuse me, I-- I have this
bit of a problem. You see,

I have this delicate stomach,
and I was just wondering

if I could get in here

and prepare my own--

- I'm very sorry, but we're not allowed--

- I don't see why not.

On El Al, they let you cook

your own chicken soup,

and on lots of airlines you can sit

on the stewardess' lap

if you can get the pilots off.

We got one those cooks on board.

Some guy is helping the stewardesses
serve the dinner.

He's probably drunk. I don't know
why they're allowed

to serve liquor at this altitude.

He's not drunk. He's cute.

He's not cute. He's drunk.

Play cards.

No, no, no, no, no.

Your dinner, sir.

- Drunk.

- He's cute.
I... I'm really awfully sorry.
Miss?
What's on this steak?
That's a Manhattan.
We ran out of Scotch. All the other
passengers seem to like it.
Would you mind asking
the stewardess
to bring me something else, please?
And the next time
you're in New York,
I suggest you call El Dorado 5-3598.
That's Alcoholic Anonymous.
You need help.
Yes, sir.
What did he say?
- Shut up and deal.
- Can't blame him.
Good morning.
This is Captain Gustaffson.
We estimate Orly Field, Paris,
in about one hour.
The temperature on the ground
is 51 degrees Fahrenheit.
Our altitude now is 39,000 feet,
and our ground speed
approximately 600 miles an hour
as we begin our descent.
We hope you've had a pleasant flight.
But of course, you must
have a toast in champagne
your first moment in France.

At 6:

I think I'd prefer orange juice.
Oh, darling, in Paris,
we only have orange juice
when there is a roast duck in it.
- You peasant.
- In this country,
we've gotta rely on Miss Courbeau
and her buying office
to show us the ropes. Whatever she

says goes, especially champagne.

- My name is Felicienne, Mr. Bergner.

- Oh, beautiful.

Oh, garon, champagne,
s'il vous plait.

- Certainement.

- Oh, Mr. Bergner, look. Isn't it lovely?

Say, that's a nice view over there.

Welcome to la belle France,

Mr. Bergner.

- And hang on to your gold teeth.

- Lina, you're jealous.

Why shouldn't I be? I worked
for that schmo for 15 years.

And he still thinks I'm just doing it
for the money.

Maybe I should have walked
into his office a long time ago
and said, 'Mr. Bergner,

we simply must have breakfast.

Prune Danish, quart of champagne.

A poached egg on mink.'

The only trouble with being
middle-aged is it lasts so long.

- Perhaps this will help, madam.

- Oh, thanks a lot.

This isn't exactly a pleasure trip.

If you really wanna

know the truth, I'm in exile.

The boss' wife.

'Hot Lips' Hannah?

- Monsieur?

- Scotch?

Well, they're drinking in New York.

Un Scotch et une 7 UP.

Harry, you ever feel
absolutely useless?

Every morning when I get out
of the shower.

Unfortunately,

I got a full-length mirror.

- Yeah, well, at least you face it.

- Who faces?

No, but, I mean, who am I fooling?

I ain't no global thinker.
I'm just a bright boy from Texas
going to write the greatest play
the world ever saw.
I never got past the third page.
I got to page four.
Then my typing finger got tired.
After that I was gonna write
the world's greatest column.
You read it lately? Neither have I.
Then I took up blonds for an excuse.
A new one every week.
Sometimes four, sometimes six.
- You know what that's a sign of?
- Stamina?
No, loneliness. Deep, mixed-up,
cotton-picking loneliness.
Maybe you could teach me
to be lonely too.
Pick a different cotton every week.
I'm telling you, boy,
I gotta get on the stick.
I gotta come up
with something
that's gonna be so far-out that, well,
they'll have to start shining up
the Pulitzer prize and ordering me
back to New York
on a chartered rose petal.
Bon voyage.
Now, you, you've been working here
in Paris. Now, how do you get a...
An interview with somebody
in the French cabinet?
- Or the old boy at the top?
- What's your angle?
I don't know.
Maybe his love life.
Nobody's tried that yet.
That's good. That's very good.
Then you can write your experiences
as the first American to be guillotined.
- Ol.
- Frre Jacques.

I think I'll take you to Lanvin
this afternoon.

Tomorrow to Dior. He's one
of the best. Then St. Laurent--
Oh, you mustn't mention
that you've been to the other houses.
It's absolutely a civil war. Why,
you have to have passports to get in.
It's so exciting.

You can dress in leopard
from top to bottom.

And what woman doesn't want to have
a leopard bottom? And Pierre Cardin...

- Who's that?

- I don't know.

Some dame I met in the men's room.

Why not? This is Paris.

Paris isn't the Eiffel Tower...

...the Arc de Triomphe...

...or the Sacre Coeur.

This is Paris.

How'd you like to take
a sightseeing bus around that?

Numro vingt-quatre.

Robe de cocktail. Ombre.

Number 24. Cocktail gown.

Ombr, brown ostrich.

Of course, you could never
sit down in it.

You'd look like you are
sitting on your nest.

- But it is rather charming, isn't it?

- Not to me.

It reminds me of the two years
I spent as a chicken-plucker.

Numro vingt-cinq. Robe du soir
et manteau. Rouge Goya.

Number 25. Evening gown
and cape. Goya red.

Nice little housedress.

Not very practical. You're liable
to get those sleeves
caught in the garbage disposal.

Number 27. Dinner suit.

Brocade and mink.

- So how much are they already?

- Oh, the French are very wise.

They never quote prices in public.

The price of this dress

is about \$2,000.

Sam.

I figure in rayon and rabbit fur,

we can do it for about \$89.95.

Remember good.

There was another showing in Paris
that Harry and I attended.

We were working too, of course.

I wanted desperately to get that
interview with someone

in the French cabinet,

or the old boy at the top.

We looked for him everywhere.

To each his own.

You lost her.

The stuff from the boutiques

looks just as good

as those expensive originals.

I don't know why

we don't get more of them.

Darling, no woman buys

a Paris gown to save money.

Unless, of course, she's in love
with her husband.

And then why bother?

Comes to about \$42 a dozen.

- Madam?

- Merci.

You know, the hats

are divine this season.

- What did you wanna do that for?

- I couldn't resist it.

The last guy that bowed to me
was playing King Arthur

in the fourth grade.

I was Lady Guinevere.

So, Lady Guinevere, how are you
coming with the brassieres?

Fine. But come on up here

and take a look.

All these French sizes
are marked different.

This one says size 86.

Now, would you believe it? How you
gonna convert that into inches?

It might help you to know
that I wear a size 90.

It helps a lot.

I found a wonderful place here
to get sponge rubber.

Everybody goes there.

Mr. Bergner?

I don't know whether you think
it's illegal to pay

- for something you can steal.

- Sure, it's illegal.

But I'm not sure. It might be better
to buy some of those
Paris originals, huh?

- Buy?

- Yeah.

That's right. You can copy them
much easier that way.

Everyone does it.

They sell you the rights.

Now, Mr. Bergner, isn't your money
just as good as Saks' or Magnin's?

Sure, it's as good. That's why I wanna
keep it in the bank where it belongs.

What do you think, Lina?

Ninety?

Centimeters, darling.

I said, what do you think?

I think it's a wonderful night.

How'd you like to buy me a bowl
of onion soup and a cheese Danish?

Onion soup, 1 :

If I'm gonna get indigestion,
I'd like to get it at a decent hour.

Come over here and take a look.

- Somebody left their shade up?

- Look at that.

The Champs-Elyses.
The heart of Paris.
The most beautiful city in the world.
It's like a dress you couldn't copy
with the best cutters
on 34th Street...
...covered from top to bottom
with 1 0,000 sparkling lights.
Like some tailor was crazy and sewed
the whole thing over with diamonds.
Normal. Maybe it's just brain damage.
Or perhaps we've all been working
a little too hard.
I know a charming bistro
in the Montmartre,
where the onion soup is not
going to give you indigestion.
It's made with champagne.
Would they serve it
without the onions?
Why, that's the best way!
And there is music and singing.
And when the proprietor is in
the mood, the tables are pushed back,
and everyone makes the twist.
It's so French.
It sounds great. Come on.
It'll do us good to knock off early
and have a little fun.
Glad you thought of it.
Sam, get your coat.
No, thank you, Mr. Bergner.
Somebody's gotta do the invoices.
How about you? Onion soup?
I'm tired. I think I got
a little touch of brain damage.
Well, suit yourself.
Looks like you're stuck with me.
Oh, I don't think I mind at all.
You know, most Americans don't
know how to enjoy themselves.
In Europe, we learned
how to let ourselves go.
That's why all wars begin here.

- Well, off to the battle.
- Darling, can you make the twist?
- Can I make the twist?
- Why, not bad at all. Come on.
I knew she wasn't all done up
like that just to take inventory.
You should have gone along
to protect him.
Got nothing to wear
but that old sequin dress.
Like some tailor was crazy
and sewed the whole thing over
with broken glass.
I found an apartment
in the shadow of the Sacre Coeur,
and was beginning to enjoy my exile
when Harry came rushing at top
speed, for him, across the square
that has launched generations
of immortal artists,
all painting the same
immortal painting.
Everybody's talking about it.
I ran as fast as I could.
- What do you mean, I'm fired?
- I just came from the office.
Communiqu from the boss.
Chalmers.
You've been given
your two weeks' notice.
- What?
- Quote. Unquote.
But don't worry, they did it to Louis
the XVI, and he came back, didn't he?
- Or did he?
- He can't do it.
I got the best lawyer in the States
to draw that contract.
- It's got three more years to run.
- Looks like he found a loophole.
- How could he?
- He hired your lawyer to look for it.
That is un-American.
- You going back home?

- You bet I'm not. I've been working.
I've got two weeks to show
that charcoal-gray fink
that he's throwing away the great
white hope of American journalism.
He'll be begging me to sign up again.
When I dream it,
he has tears in his eyes,
and he's throwing hundred-dollar bills.

- Come here.

- But I never catch them.

I've been up all night, pounding
out a new idea for the column.

- All night?

- Yeah, read it.

Dateline, Montmartre.

Bb.

Good morning.

Au revoir, bb.

Actually, you can say that again.

Au revoir, bb.

Au revoir, bb.

Do I know you?

Mais certainement.

Oh, of course.

I didn't recognize you dry.

Au revoir.

One thing. You've got your nose
to the grindstone every minute.

Come on, read it, I want your opinion.

Okay.

'Dateline, Montmartre.

Here in a garret--'

- Get with it.

- 'Overlooking the 'trumbled'--

The tumbled rooftops...'

You're gonna laugh,

but this writing is so shaky

it looks like you wrote with a quill pen.

'That still house the ghosts

of Montaigne and Baudelaire,

I found a certain enchantment

that is...'

Come on.

- Where we going?
- To get a typewriter and a desk.
Oh, good idea.
Although...
...there's a lot to be said
for Granddaddy's way.
Baby.
I've been exhaling for an hour
and a half. Nothing zips.
Here, let me. Come on over
by the mirror.
Made up my mind I was
gonna look sexy tonight
even if the whole town
run out of sponge rubber.
All right, so inhale.
- Boy, what is that perfume?
- 'My Sin.' I hope it's a prediction.
- Are you gonna go out with Joe?
- That schlemiel?
Him and his French poodle
are out onion-souping again.
You can inhale.
So who are you going out with?
Come on, you can tell me.
A handsome Frenchman.
- Count, maybe.
- No kidding!
Or Charles Boyer or an American
millionaire or Adlai Stevenson
- or a taxi driver or a street cleaner--
- All right.
I hope he does get indigestion.
Throw something on
and come along.
There's a moon out tonight that looks
just like a Spanish omelet.
We'll paint the town.
No, I gotta get those invoices out.
Then I thought maybe I might go out
and sketch some shop windows.
- Want a cigarette?
- No, thanks.
- What's the matter with you, Sam?

- What do you mean?

Well, with me there's some excuse.

But you?

This is Paris.

Take a look outside.

This isn't a city. It's a great big

1 1 4 square miles of love potion.

And a girl should take advantage.

Thank you. I tried it once

and no, thank you.

- Once? With you that's a career?

- Yeah, that's a career.

Listen, I was in love once.

Very much in love.

And I got kicked right in the stomach.

So I decided then and there that

I'd show them all I don't need them.

All the men I can live without.

Maybe someday, when I've really

made something of myself,

then I'll think about getting married.

Married? Who's talking married?

I was married once.

It just convinced me that there must

be something more to sex than that.

Listen, I think you'd better run along.

That perfume may wear off.

I got no place to go.

I was going for a ride in the park in one

of those horse and carriages, alone.

I figured no girl should come to Paris

without riding in the park.

Listen, you'll probably meet somebody

very nice in the lobby.

That dress does wonders for you.

Don't let's kid ourselves.

I wanna get married again, Sam.

It was the best I ever knew.

All the rest is nothing.

You ought to get married too.

How old are you?

- Never mind.

- 'Never mind' is already enough.

You know the Daily News building

in New York?

Yeah.

Right over the entrance, next to
the clock, cut right in the stone,
it says,

'It is later than you think.'

Ever since I saw it there,
I only buy the Herald-Tribune.

But it hasn't helped.

If you wanna borrow some of
this perfume, you're welcome.

But it doesn't young you any.

That night it looked like rain.

I didn't wanna catch cold,
so I called Suzanne to come over
with her umbrella.

She brought a friend,
to prevent pneumonia.

We spent the whole evening
avoiding infection.

Doctor Kildare would have been
proud of us,
and of all the others in Paris who
joined us in the good fight.

Pardon. Have you a match?

Sacre bleu! Mon dieu!

Hey, cab. I want a cab.

- Bonsoir, madame.

- Yeah. No, I'm on the town tonight.

I wanna sit up there.

How much is this gonna cost?

- Quinze francs.

- What's that? Three bucks?

- Yes, three bucks.

- Okay, let's go.

- Alphonse.

- If you don't mind, I get nervous
when anybody else drives.

Come on, let's go.

Take us straight to jail.

It'll save time.

I think somewhere in the Bible it says
that virtue is its own reward.

For the rest of us,

it's Bromo-Seltzer.
There's another proverb
that I picked up somewhere.
'There is no sleep like the sleep
of the innocent,
while the wicked will never
find rest. '

I must have done something
very good once in my life.
But it must have been before
my voice changed.

This is the Festival of Saint Catherine,
the patron saint
of all unmarried girls who work
in the dress shops.
All of the fashion salons throw parties.
The girls dance with each other.
And for a few frantic hours,
Paris is no man's land.
It's enough to break your heart.
Today, Paris belongs to the salesgirls
and the models.
All the shops are closed and all the
salons, in honor of St. Catherine.
Oh, here you are, darling.
The best actors entertain,
and the champagne is free.
And all the girls keep drinking till all the
other girls begin to look like boys?
No, no, darling.
This is a religious holiday.
- Amen.
- You see, darling,
all these girls are looking
for husbands, like I am.
Like you are.
May the best girl win. Good luck.
Why did you have to turn out
to be likable?
I like you too.
- Shall we dance?
- I'll be delighted.
Now I've seen everything.
Mesdames, messieurs.

For our friends who do not
speak French, I will explain.
This fete began over
1,000 years ago,
when I was just a small boy.
And these strange hats--
Well, they must be worn by all
the young ladies
who are over 25 and unmarried.
You are over 25?
I love Paris. It's so insincere.
Thank you.
Now, St. Catherine insists, of course,
that these ladies
must be unspoiled, untouched,
virgin.
But wait, wait.
We are all, in France, gentlemen.
And any young lady
who is 25 years old,
and she's not married, well, naturally,
we will take your word for it.
Vive la France!
Now, now, all of you young ladies
will go to place flowers on the shrine
of St. Catherine.
And you will make your wish
for a husband.
Hey, hey. Hey. Suppose a girl
doesn't want a husband?
Or a romance, or anything?
This is a day of love, mademoiselle.
And love, whatever you may think,
at least in Paris,
is becoming very popular.
So let me tell you a little about it,
to say as well as I can remember it.
And you know, mademoiselle,
I remember it well.
When you have anything as lovely
to remember,
when you are my age, as Mimi.
You funny, little, good-for-nothing Mimi
Am I the guy?

You see? Everyone else
remembers.
Mimi, Gigi, Valentine.
I assure you, my stubborn friend.
If I had my life to live over again,
I wouldn't have the strength.
But you. You are young.
You are beautiful.
You haunt me all day through
Every little breeze
Seems to whisper ''Louise''
Birds in the trees
Seem to twitter ''Louise''
Each little rose
Tells me it knows
I love you, love you
Every little beat
That I feel in my heart
- I think I'll get down now.
- Seems to repeat
What I felt at the start
Each little sigh
Tells me that I adore you
- Louise
- My name's Sam.
Just to see and hear you
Brings joy I never knew
I think it fits.
But to be so near you
Thrills me through and through
Anyone can see
Why I wanted your kiss
It had to be
But the wonder is this
Can it be true, someone like you
Could love me--?
- No.
- Sam
You see, I've got a problem.
Yes, you have. But I'm sure...
I'm sure there is someone,
somewhere,
who is waiting to tell you:
If the nightingales

Could sing like you
They'd sing much sweeter
Than they do
For you brought
A new kind of love to me.
Quand je vous regarde avec ferveur
J'en prouve tant de douceur
For you've brought
A new kind of love to me
Je ressens prs de vous
Tant d'moi
Que je n'suis plus matre de moi
Je sais tout nous spare
Et pourtant je pense vous
Tout le temps
I would work and slave
The whole day through
If I could hurry home to you
Oh, you've brought
A new kind of love to me
Thanks. Le chapeau, s'il vous plait.
If you will put on this hat,
Mademoiselle Sam,
and if you will place your problem
in the hands of St. Catherine,
and if you will, in short,
open your heart,
I'm sure that you will find here,
in Paris,
someone who will change your
mind about love.
Because in Paris:
Every bird has a mate
Every poodle has a date
In the park in Paree in the spring
Every duck, every fish
Seems to get his every wish
In the park in Paree in the spring
Each lover and his love discover
Nature is a wonderful thing
And they all want to be in the park
In Paree in the spring
Come on!
There's a policeman.

You know, I've never kissed a
policeman in my whole life.
No wonder I'm emotionally retarded.
A votre service, mais je vous en prie.
Oh, that's a good idea.
Let's get a policeman for Lina too.
I don't want any. Let's put this
kid on a leash.
She's never been looped before.
You know, I'll bet there are a lot
of semi-maidens in this group.
- You bet.
- And a lot of semi-semi-maidens.
And semi-semi-semi-maidens.
In fact, I'll bet there are a lot of girls
with no control at all.
- Welcome to the club.
- Come on.
What you gonna do with that?
Launch the Eiffel Tower?
I'm gonna help those girls refuel,
get myself a story
and a book full of telephone
numbers.
Hey, you can't go out there.
It's a rule.
Except for the cops, only girls over 25
are allowed in the parade.
- And they have to be maidens.
- I'll fake it.
Champagne. Champagne.
What's the matter? What?
Champagne.
Give me back my bottle.
No, you don't understand.
I represent the CIA.
No, I'm a maiden too.
Are you hurt?
I'm confused. I didn't know the
Green Bay Packers were in town.
You put up a good fight.
I'm proud of you.
Say, haven't I seen you
someplace before?

- I don't know.

- Oh, yes, on the plane.

Come on, I'll buy you a drink.

Et maintenant, mesdames

et messieurs.

Après les messes au Madeleine et

Notre-Dame de Bonne Nouvelle,

- les Catherinettes marchent...

- I can't look at them any more.

All these middle-aged girls

looking for husbands.

I might as well be in Miami Beach.

Jake. Nous voulons le

businessman's lunch.

And be sure the corned beef

is lean.

Un moment, s'il vous plait.

My feet are killing me.

- Merci.

- Corned beef.

I might've known when you said this
was your favorite French restaurant.

De gustibus non disputandum est,
as us fellas say in Latin.

That's what I was trying to say
is wrong with your column.

This kind of language.

Whatever it is.

Everybody's entitled to an opinion.

You're buying the drinks.

I was reading it this morning in the
Paris Daily American.

Here it is.

By Steve Sherman.

'Our president is making another
experiment in futility
by attempting to convince
our transigent French ally
that intransigence itself is militarily
self-hallucinatory.'

To me it makes sense.

Listen. Who needs you to tell us
how to run our government?

Believe me, our government's

in good hands.
Huntley and Brinkley.
You know something?
Joe Bergner, of J. Bergner,
Incorporated, Fifth Avenue,
you ain't telling me anything that
I hadn't already figured out.
- You are absolutely right.
- Of course I'm right.
I am no H.L. Mencken.
Got through college because
I could kick a football a mile.
Graduated 'magna cum laude.'
Who am I fooling?
Not J. Bergner, Incorporated.
Dresses I know. Dresses I sell.
You're a football player.
Write about football.
Or that. You know, that's something
I'm equipped to handle. Sex.
'They paraded through the streets
of Paris,
the unwed maidens in search
of husbands.
The city quivered with unfulfilled
desire.
And as night fell on this
capital of love,
almost every girl had been--'
Continued tomorrow.
It'll sell papers.
Look, the girls are gonna see
St. Catherine now.
I'll tell you one thing: any saint wants
to get me married
will have to get up very early
in the morning.
I'm with you. Here's to the bachelors
of the world. May our tribe increase.
- How?
- Automation.
Look. They're off and running.
All right, it's true.
I'm just like all the rest.

More than anything in the world,
I want a husband.

Please help me.

My dear child. Why does everyone
come to me?

There must have been
some mistake.

I led a very sheltered life.

I know nothing of men.

Samantha, you're a very
sensible girl,

but you've got too much imagination
for your own good
and too much champagne.

I think you'd better get out of here.

Samantha Blake.

I will never get drunk again.

I will never get drunk again.

I will never get drunk again.

What do you want more than
anything in the world?

More than anything...

...in the whole world...

...I would like for people to stop
calling me Sam.

Then why do you not take off
those awful dark glasses
and comb your hair?

Please. Tell me:

what's the matter with me?

- How much time do we have?

- Just keep it down to the essentials.

You must learn to face the truth,
Samantha.

You must be ready to change
your innermost self.

Where can I do that?

At Elizabeth Arden's.

7 Place Vendome.

You know it very well.

You've passed by six times already,
debating whether you should go in.

- You ask my advice, Samantha?

- Yes.

Go in. Go in and stay all day.

I hope that'll be enough.

I hope so too.

Goodbye, Samantha. And tell the girls
to stop coming here.

I'm sure they have the wrong saint.

I don't think so.

I know you're just my imagination,
but thanks anyway.

Samantha approached her first
beauty parlor

with all the eager willingness of
a soldier facing a firing squad.

Should she?

Shouldn't she?

Could they?

Couldn't they?

And if they couldn't, were they liable
to ruin what she already had,
if they could find it?

It was a momentous decision.

Once on the attack, Samantha
charged through every salon in Paris,
trying every treatment the French
ever thought of.

Well, almost every treatment.

Harder.

Harder. Harder.

No one would ever direct her
to the men's room again.

Bonjour, mademoiselle.

Bonjour.

Oh, pardon.

S'il vous plait.

Je veux un whisky, tout de suite.

I have to get to a soccer game.

- Certainement.

- Le football.

- Voil, monsieur.

- Grazie.

Monsieur.

Are you interested in the purchase
of some unusual photographs?

Not of the Eiffel Tower.

- Monsieur, your whiskey.

- Merci infiniment.

Merci.

I'm sorry, monsieur.

Obviously you are interested
in something a little more
of the realistic school.

Will you go away?

I come from a long line of hermits.

Eh bien, Monsieur le Hermite,
look about you.

All over the Champs-Elyses
at this hour, you will find some of the
most beautiful women in the world.

You have seen, perhaps,
their picture in the magazines.

On the arm of an Egyptian king.

A Greek ship owner.

An American cinema producer.

These are women, cold, superior,
sophisticated, perfect.

Their jewels are authentic.

Their clothes are authentic.

Indeed, they are authentic all over.

Do you mean to say

that all this lovely smorgasbord

- is on the menu?

- No, no, of course not.

Only the most beautiful,
the most impossible, in your opinion.

Believe me, I know them all.

I wonder.

A column about this kind of sport.

It ain't football, but everybody
wants to make the team.

Do you think you could fix it up
so I could talk to one of these broads?

- Talk, monsieur?

- Yeah.

Like that lovely, innocent-looking
blond sitting over there.

- Is she possibly--?

- An old friend.

Of mine, and the
crown prince of Denmark.

No kidding.

She doesn't quite look like--
That is why I doubt
if you could afford an introduction.

What do you mean?

I just wanna talk to her.

She's an expensive listener,
monsieur.

One of the most expensive.

Why not? This is business
and I'm still on an expense account.

Eh bien.

I will speak with her about you.

Perhaps she is already occupied.

Perhaps she does not care
for your appearance.

Also, perhaps she does not wish
to be regarded as a game of football.

- But I'll do my best.

- Fight on for USC.

Bonjour, mademoiselle.

Bonjour.

- Oh, you are American.

- Oh, I went to Berlitz.

Then perhaps you will have a feeling
of kindness and understanding
for mon cher ami.

He is American also.

Kindness?

Two years, mademoiselle,
in a prison hospital in Algiers.

Wounded.

- Solitary confinement.

- Oh, no.

Unable to be moved.

Months after hostilities ceased,
it was impossible to secure his release.

How terrible.

He was my capitaine in the legion.

He has asked me if perhaps
he might come and speak with you.

Why didn't he come

and ask me himself?

Oh, mademoiselle.

You are not familiar
with war or imprisonment.

- No.

- His mind isn't where it should be.

He is shy, uncertain.

All this seems strange
and terrible to him.

These crowds, this traffic.

And after so long, these women.

Yeah, he must be terrified.

He has undergone

much suffering, even torture.

If you would look at him,

give him confidence,

smile at him,

it would mean so much.

You don't know what you have done

for France and America.

Everything is arranged. It was

a little difficult about the talking only,

but she is used to the bizarre.

I'm sure of it.

Well, listen, thanks a lot.

One thousand new francs,

monsieur, for two hours.

What?

That's \$1 00 an hour. The president

of the United States doesn't make that.

May I point out that they are not

in the same line of work?

You will give me the money now.

- The crown prince of Denmark?

- Among others.

- You sure?

- Of course.

I have even heard her mention--

- A very high official in the government.

- Who?

Who else?

There may be a bigger

article in this than I thought.

- Maybe a magazine piece.

- Possibly a novel.

Please, we better step over here
so we do not cause
her embarrassment.

She's very sensitive.

She must be.

Well, the price was pretty stiff,
but thanks a lot.

Don't mention it.

To anybody.

Well, hello, hello.

How's business?

Well, you do speak English, don't you?

I forgot to ask your sales manager.

Honey, if you only speak French,
the deal is off.

I-- A hundred dollars an hour,
I can't afford an interpreter.

Parlez-vous anglais,
parce que si vous non parle--

Oh, oui, monsieur.

Oui, I speak English very well.

You'd be surprised.

Oh, I am. I am, indeed.

It's amazing.

Must be that innocent look of yours
that put you in the top income bracket.

- Innocent?

- Oh, come on, now.

I used to play football
with a left guard like that.

He was one of the mildest,
nicest guys in the world
until the ball was snapped,
then, bam.

Two of the biggest guys in the
opposition would be flat on their tails.

Oh, sorry, I didn't mean to talk shop.

Monsieur, let me understand.

You have paid my,

what do you call him, my manager

I 00 dollars an hour for me?

Yep. Two solid hours.

And I plan to use every minute of it.

Monsieur, I think there
has been a terrible error.
Oh, no. What's the matter?
Are you sore because
we're just gonna sit and talk?
- Talk?
- Yeah, I thought he explained it to you.
Oh, monsieur has been
injured in this football?
I don't think so.
Come on, sit down.
I'm just a newspaper man looking for
a good story, and the name is Steve.
Yours?
- Mimi.
- Well, of course.
- ''That funny-looking, round-heeled--''
- No, no, no.
''That funny, little,
good-for-nothing Mimi.''
You got into this business because
the man you love betrayed you.
No, monsieur. I just like it.
Mimi, we're gonna get along very well.
But that accent, now, what is that?
- What does it sound like?
- Oh, I don't know.
Hungarian, Romanian.
Flatbush Avenue.
Perhaps someday
I shall tell you. Just wait.
Holy-- I'm late.
I didn't know we were
gonna have this little conversation,
so I made arrangements to cover this
game. We can continue our talk there.
- Come on.
- Monsieur--
Look, Madame Bovary, I'm late.
I don't want any arguments.
Come on. You still owe me
an hour and 50 minutes.
Let's keep the meter running.
Taxi.

Come on, baby, we're in a hurry.
On the way in to the stadium,
Mimi told me how she'd gotten
into her present interesting occupation.
Since she was a little girl, she said,
she always wanted
to be just like mama.
And another thing, how did you
happen to meet the crown prince?

- Who?

- Now, don't play it coy.

- You know, the crown prince.

- Which one?

Oh, yes.

Yes, at a party, of course.

You meet such interesting people
at parties in Paris, don't you think?

Oh, look at the football.

Oh, bravo.

Merveilleux.

Never mind about the game. I wanna
hear some more about that party.

What? Oh, yes. Well,

I have been to many strange ones,
monsieur, but this one--

Have you seen the
cinema, La Dolce Vita?

Twice.

Well, this one,
it was not like that at all.

You see, the prince and I,
we were to picnic alone
in the meadow near his chateau.

But when we arrived there,
to my surprise,
there are many of his friends,
men, who wished to join us.

- What was for lunch?

- Well, not what I expected.

You see, at the time,
I had un touss, a cough.

So, of course, I insist
to go back to the chateau.
But they would not let me.

They start to run after me.
Especially the prince. Because to him,
you see, it's just a game. So...
As I listened,
I got a crazy idea for a column.
Mimi's amorous adventures,
transferred to the soccer field.
What a crowd that would draw.
Somewhere, I somehow found
the strength to stop his madness.
Again and again,
and again and again.
Then, monsieur, there in the meadow,
everything went black.
Well, better luck next time.
I don't believe a word you've told me,
but it's gonna make a hell of a column.
'Game Time in the Meadow'
or 'Mimi Makes All-American.'
Monsieur, I assure you that everything
I've told you is absolutely true.
Can I drop you off at your hotel,
or wherever it is you stay?
No, no, no, no.
It really isn't necessary.
You see, it's very late, and I have
to go to another engagement.
- In the afternoon?
- It's an elderly gentleman.
Oh, is it the one your sales manager
told me about, in the government?
It's not for me to say.
If you're telling the truth,
I'll drop you off there.
- If you wish.
- That accent, French-Canadian.
- I used to room with a hockey player.
- Oh, so did I.
No, wait a minute. Another thing,
nobody's called Mimi anymore.
What do your friends really call you?
Sam.
On the ride from the stadium,
Mimi told me all about

another intimate friend.

Fidel who?

Well, of course, darling,
he was only a student then.

Thank you.

You know, I'd like talk to you
some more, but I've got a problem:

I can't afford your prices.

You couldn't see your way clear
to a little discount operation?

Oh, perhaps.

I don't expect you
to give away green stamps.

Are you sure that thing is dead?

Oh, darling, I find you so amusing.

You're delightful.

- Is that gonna cost me more or less?

- Oh, no, no, no.

I am very well taken care of,
as you can see.

I don't want to take
more of your money.

Yeah, I know,

but if the column goes over,
I might need a couple hours
of your time every day for two weeks.

It's nothing. You shall be--

How do you call it in America?

My charity case.

Doesn't that make you feel
a little like the Salvation Army?

Only a little.

Well, here you are,
back to the salt mines.

Better not keep your friend waiting.

I hear he's the impatient type.

Are you going in, or do you have to
go around back, like the groceries?

Oh, no, no, no. I am going in.

Hello, Jacques.

A demain, darling.

Till tomorrow.

Sure. Be good.

Sorry.

Goodbye, darling.
Don't shoot, s'il vous plait.
I'm going.
Taxi.
Taxi.
It was something
Mimi might regret in later years.
She never got a chance
to play the palace.
I don't know why I did it.
First, I was angry with him,
and then when he didn't recognize me,
it was a silly game with a silly accent.
I was getting even.
But then, when he fell for it,
when he actually thought
I was one, that's such an insult.
That's one thing any man
will believe about any woman,
any time, anyplace, anywhere.
And let's keep it like that.
It's the best thing we have on them
outside of community property.
I suppose I overdid it as far as
the makeup was concerned,
- but I'd never realized men would--
- I got a whiff of that perfume.
Don't put it on any stronger, or the
moose'll be coming out of the swamps.
I suppose I should've told him
the truth right away,
but now he's gonna hate me
for making a fool out of him.
Well, that's no problem.
You're never gonna
see him again, are you?
Here's a man that's insulted you
in every possible way.
First, he thinks you're a boy.
Next, he thinks you're a--
'Filly de joy'?'
I don't I know if I pronounced it right,
but that's the way they spell
in the Ladies' Home Journal.

So why would you wanna
meet him again?
I haven't the vaguest idea.
And if I don't see him tomorrow,
I'm gonna slit my throat.
Oh, Lina,
what's the matter with me?
Nothing, baby.
You just defrosted too fast,
and your knees have melted.
'Mimi came out for the second half,
with the score nothing-nothing,
determined to protect her goal line
against the prince and his team.
Although the playing field
was growing slippery,
she managed to keep her feet,
which, as we all know,
is half the battle in any sport.
But just before
the whistle blew, she tripped.
And there went the old ball game.'
Oh, you'll have to write more
like this one.
- You'll either get rich or arrested.
- Eat your French dip pastrami.
You know, sometimes I think there's
more good in a dame like that--
Open, no beating around the bush--
Than a dozen blushing debutantes
whose fathers see that they
wind up with the highest bidder.
The next day saw the start of one
of those cross-country bicycle races
the Europeans love.
I made another date with Mimi and we
covered it together from the press car,
right through the heart
of the city of Paris.
It was a beautiful day for a race,
but I didn't spend much time
admiring the scenery or the racers.
My charming companion
was telling me the story of her life.

It made Cleopatra
sound like Mother Machree.
As we rounded the turn
into the Bois de Boulogne,
Mimi was telling me about
an adventure she had once
with a foreign millionaire.
On a bicycle.
It seems she'd had adventures on
almost everything except a pogo stick.
Her sense of balance, apparently,
was phenomenal.
As I listened, I could see
my next column writing itself.
Help! Help! Help!
Only a few more houses
to cover, and then it'll be all over.
Somehow, I wish it could just go on.
Somehow, I wish
you were paying the hotel bills.
Sam, a pencil.
So where's the pencils today?
They stopped growing out of her head.
Maybe they'll bloom in the spring.
Here you are. Haven't you noticed
that Samantha has changed lately?
I am sure you're in love.
Isn't it true?
- I don't know.
- That's the worst kind.
It usually is fatal.
But I approve of your hair,
and I approve of your dress.
I approve of yours. That's a real
snappy number you got on.
- Thanks.
- I feel a plate of onion soup coming on.
So there's prohibition in this country
against onion soup?
Help me pick out a tie, and we'll go to
that little place with the sausages--
Oh, no. Tonight, I take you to a lovely
little restaurant called Tour d'Argent.
And after that, a charming night club,

Elephant Blanc, and after that...

Can you imagine Bergner
in the Tour d'Argent?
She'll slip something
in his pumpernickel.
Are you doing any better,
Miss False Eyelashes?
No, I'm running
out of stories to tell him.
I've been through Camille five times,
once backwards, and I'm coughed out.
I need some new material.
Why don't you ask Felicienne.
I have an idea she wrote
the training manual.
Lina.
I'm sorry.
About Joe, I mean.
You just take care of yourself
with that reporter fellow.
You know, it only takes one editor
to put a whole newspaper to bed.
Darling.
- You coming with us tonight?
- No, but thank you.
But, Felicienne, perhaps you could
help me with something.
Why, of course, I'd be delighted.
Do you have any friends
who might have had some...
...adventures of a particularly
unusual nature with men?
Oh, darling, this is Paris.
I don't have any friends who have not.
Do you remember
any particularly memorable?
I see we're going to have a girls' talk.
You're in love with a Frenchman,
and you want me to tell you
how to proceed.
Well, it's not exactly one individual.
It's more like I'm syndicated.
Well, congratulations.
Well...

...I had a rather interesting evening with the Comte de Bauvay.

- Do you know him?

- I've heard the name.

We had a flaming affair, Sizi and I.

- Sizi?

- Yes.

He was madly in love with me.

Now, then, let me see,

how did it begin?

Oh, yes, it was raining, of course.

It's always raining.

And his wife, the countess,

was away, but then she's always away.

And he asked me if I would like to take

a bath in champagne with him,

so how could I say no?

And it's so much easier to say yes.

So I arrived at midnight,

and the Comte de Bauvay--

- Sizi, he is called by his friends.

- Of whom you are the friendliest.

Oh, yes. Well, possibly.

At any rate, the Comte de Bauvay,

he took me in his arms and he says,

'Darling, the countess

has gone to Biarritz.

Have you ever had

a bath in champagne?'

And what did you say,

'What'll we use for a chaser?'

Oh, mais non. No, darling.

I said-- Look out!

It is necessary to drive so quickly?

Well, they asked me

to road-test this beast.

Are you all right?

I think so, yes.

Let me see.

- Am I bleeding?

- Here.

I'm sorry. I really am.

I'm like a kid with a hot rod.

Wonder where I was when

brains were being passed out.
Probably trying to put a Chrysler
engine in a Model T Ford.
It won't fit.
That motor you're talking about.
It won't fit in a Model T. It's too big.
What?
My brother used
to have a garage in Harrisburg.
Harrisburg?
Harrisbourg. In Brittany.
- Do you know Brittany?
- No.
Harrisbourg.
That's where I was when
the brains were being passed out.
- And do you know where I was?
- No, where?
Taking a bath in champagne.
- You sure you're okay?
- I'm fine.
- You're a nut.
- Am I?
- What's the matter?
- I'm not that much of a charity case.
When I need
the Salvation Army, I'll call.
- But, Steve--
- How stupid do you think I am?
'Harrisbourg,' yet. That accent.
You're a liar and a phony,
like all of your kind.
- Come on, turn over, will you, baby.
- What?
The car.
I played along because I needed a
story from you, and that's all I needed.
Why don't you save that tender
loving care for the cash customers.
Steve, Steve, I wanna tell you the
truth. I've been meaning to all along.
I know, you're putting your sick
old mother through reform school.
Please, I'm not

what you think, not at all.
I've never known
one who was, darling.
Oh, you've known quite a few?
I've got a bathtub too.
Hit a tree, hit a tree, hit a tree!
I took a cold shower
and threw myself back into my work.
Those same old
beautiful dresses, day after day.
I couldn't even get up enough
enthusiasm to steal anything.
Chapeau de paille marine et rouge.
Navy wool suit, red blouse.
Navy and red straw hat.
Isn't it charming?
It's so large, it's beyond
being in bad taste.
I already gave my thanks
to St. Catherine.
She deserves it.
- She got you a fiance and a jeweler.
- It's lovely.
Joe, the darling,
gave it to me last night,
while we were having
onion soup, of all things.
For a minute,
she thought it was a crouton.
Diamant noir.
Robe de crpe noir.
Chapeau de crin noir.
Black crepe gown.
Black horsehair hat.
Congratulations,
I hope you'll be very happy.
A man reaches a time in life
he's got a right to be foolish.
Besides, think of all the fun I'll have
teaching her to play pinochle.
Darling, darling,
I hope you don't mind,
but I told our publicity office
to put a little something in the papers

about our engagement.
Tell her to look under science fiction.
Concerto.
Robe de gazar vert.
Green gazar gown.
My affair with the Comte de Bauvay.
Every detail.
- And it's told as a hockey game.
- What?
' 'Before facing off, both sides
warmed up in a tub full of champagne.
- It broke the ice.''
- It's just a joke--
A joke for all my friends
to read in the newspapers.
Everybody knew about it.
Everyone has these little affairs,
these-- These projets d'amour.
You mean this is true?
You and this count fellow?
Oh, darling, darling, this is Paris.
Every woman amuses herself.
It doesn't mean anything.
It's like having your hair done.
But this is too outrageous. You've
simply got to do something about it.
That's what I was thinking.
I think I'll go out right now
and buy a subscription.
If they'll sell one
to a stupid old schlemiel.
Sam, get our tickets
back to the States for tomorrow.
We've bought everything we need.
And a couple we didn't.
Empire gown in violet...
- Thank you.
- When she gets her motor running,
she can't turn it off.
I've had it.
With her, with the column,
with the whole newspaper business.
I owe International Press--
Would you get that? I owe

International Press one more piece.

- Allo.

- Wanna get into something legitimate.
Something with a future,
like making slugs for pay television.

- Oh, Monsieur Sherman est ici.

- Who is it?

It's the boss, Chalmers,
calling from Los Angeles.

Is the call paid for?

You ask him.

Is this call paid for?

All right.

Hello, Bertram.

Bertram, his first name.

You're damn right I took it
seriously when you fired me.

Wrong attitude,

wrong attitude, Steve.

You got it wrong. They weren't good
columns. They were great columns.

Right attitude.

And there's a lot more
where those came from.

Yeah, she's quite a girl.

You better put her picture back up.

Just get one thing straight.

I ain't interested

in any lousy \$200 raise.

You wanna know

what you can do with your job--

Please, Steve.

Even if he wants to know,

- I don't wanna know.

- What?

How much?

- Well, that's a little more like it.

- How much?

- Reprint rights?

- How much?

Transportation back to New York?

First class.

Bertram, you are

the salt of the earth.

They don't make them
like you anymore.

When they made you,
they broke the mold.
Good thing too.

Neat.

Yeah. Well, thank you,
dear employer, and good night.

- How much?

- Come on. Grab your coat.

We're gonna paint the town,
buy the Eiffel Tower.

- All right.

- Your chapeau, garon.

- Merci.

- My jacket, garon.

- Mais oui.

- My coat, garon.

- Oui, mais.

- Your cape, mon capitaine.

Mon gnral.

I'm ticklish.

And now the meeting
will adjourn to the nearest saloon.

Aspirin?

Set them up for everybody!

Labor has triumphed over capital.

The revolution,
mon capitaine, is successful.

And once more the guillotine
is busy in the Place de la Concorde,
chopping the rear fenders
from the Cadillacs.

- A boire pour tout le monde.

- I'll have a Dr. Pepper.

Bourbon.

Bergner, come on, join the party.

I got my job back.

Heading back for New York tomorrow.

They might have a parade for me
from the unemployment agency.

- Hurrah.

- Well, what's the matter with you?

Nothing, I just realized it's taken me

50 years to become a schnook.

- My brother-in-law made it in 20.

- You've been working too hard.

Nobody's got a right

to be miserable in Paris.

I'm an American. I got a right

to be miserable any place in the world.

I know what you need. A little female
companionship to cheer you up.

- Oh, no, no, no.

- No, I know this girl.

She's one of the best
cheerleaders in town.

Female companionship
is how I got this way.

Well, not this type, it's sure-fire.

Besides, I owe you a favor
for helping me out with the column,
and I owe her a replacement.

Here, keep buying till this runs out.

I'm a big tipper.

- I'll be back.

- Big tipper.

- Come on.

- Dr. Pepper for everybody.

Merci beaucoup, mon ami.

J'aime pas le Dr. Pepper.

Well, hello, hello.

Hello. I dropped an olive on the floor.

How are you?

Oh, nice to meet you.

This isn't happening to me. Please,
Mr. Bergner, don't give me away.

And I was going to
apologize for getting mad
and tell him the whole truth
tonight, no matter what.

He's actually
introducing me to a friend,
passing me around
like I was a box of 1 5-cent cigars.

Sam, Sam. What's going on?

What's been going on every night?

A nice New York girl like you

entertaining out-of-town buyers,
in somebody else's hair.
Bergner, keep your big mouth shut
till you find out what's what.
Why should I feel so upset? She must
have done this a dozen times before.
Dozen? A hundred, 500.
She probably has one of those
counting machines you hold
like an usher counting the audience.
Click-click, click-click, click-click.
Just so she can
keep her books straight.
And now they're going to his hotel.
All right, Joe Bergner. Maybe
you'll get along fine, even at your age.
Well, why not? You're rich
enough to be absolutely lovable.
Oh, why did I ever
do a crazy thing like this?
They like each other.
Click-click, click-click,
click-click, click-click.
Well, anyway,
that's the last I'll see of her.
Phony accent, phony hair,
phony name.
Going to a hotel with a guy she's fallen
in love with in a minute and a half.
Well, so let her.
Why should that bother me at all?
I don't know.
It doesn't bother me.
See, the big problem is,
in spite of everything, I'm--
In spite of everything,
I'm just a country boy.
You know what I did last Sunday?
I went to church.
It wasn't bad at all, Harry.
It might just catch on.
Could become a habit.
You think a girl like that ever's
been inside a church?

You think she's got a family?
Think she knows the meaning
of the word ''shame''?
I hope not.
Oh, you mean your girl.
Not my girl.
Apparently, she's everybody's girl.
Ought to be just my type,
I suppose, but...
...something about her bugs me.
I keep worrying about her.
I keep wondering
what she's doing.
Like I keep wondering
what she's doing right now.
I loathe him.
I despise him. I hate him.
But I want him.
What do you think would happen
if I went to him right now
and I told him the truth,
the whole truth?
- He's a man. He'll understand.
- Then he'd strangle you.
No, baby, one thing a fella
doesn't want from a girl is surprises.
Forty percent of all divorces start on
the honeymoon night. Get out of there.
What am I gonna do?
I can't go on like this,
with him going around drumming up
trade for me like I was a...
...nationally advertised product.
Oh, Lina, I love him,
the dirty louse.
Suppose you went to him for help.
What do you mean, for help?
Meeting a fine man like him, so fine,
so honest, so understanding.
You're a little bit ashamed.
Oh, and I'm gonna change
my whole way of life for him.
If he'd only help you
to reform a little.

I'd give it all up.

- And I'd go to church.

- Yeah.

- I'd go to the PTA meeting.

- Yeah.

- I'd knit.

- Knitting, nobody believes anymore.

Who asked you, Beatrice Fairfax?

Come on, fix your face

- and go look for him. Worth a try.

- Wait a minute. Forgot your hair.

- Don't throw it--

- Strike one.

Come on.

Look pretty and think positive.

I'm trying.

- Come on.

- Poor kid.

It's like after all these years
finding out you got a daughter.

Mr. Bergner, you have

just received my resignation.

Resig--?

Why, what did I do?

For 15 years, nothing.

- And now all of a sudden, Romeo.

- Romeo?

From Union Square.

First it's that Hungarian French poodle.

- That's over with long ago.

- Sure.

- If I could only get back the ring.

- And now look what happened.

You ask a friend

to introduce you to some girl.

- He asked me just to cheer me up.

- Yes.

Anyway, it turned out to be Sam.

And suppose he'd introduced

you to some real tramp?

To her you wouldn't have

been a father.

So, what am I supposed to do,

lay down and die of shame? Shoot me.

I'm not so old that a pretty face
don't make me feel good.
- A pretty face.
- It's a terrible thing to be lonely.
To be alone.
In New York it was bad enough.
But in Paris...
You wouldn't understand.
- I wouldn't, huh?
- No, you wouldn't.
Last week I went
for a carriage ride in the park.
Just me and an old horse driver.
I didn't even know
what he was saying.
He spoke only French.
But in that half-hour...
...he looked at me more than you have
in the 15 years
I've been working for you.
Even his horse looked at me more.
So don't give me lonely.
So now you've quit your job.
How are you
planning to make a living?
Maybe I'll borrow Sam's wig
and go into business for myself.
Some old schlemiel like you might
come along who's forgot his glasses.
You wouldn't maybe be interested
in some onion soup?
Well, Mr. Bergner...
Get yourself dolled up.
We'll go to that place where the
frankfurters hang from the ceiling.
Voil, madame.
Is Mr. Joe Bergner in?
I believe so, monsieur.
Did that old goat just go upstairs
with a young lady?
A young, beautiful lady?
A young lady
young enough to be his own child?
I can only say, monsieur,

I am looking forward to my own future
with renewed confidence.

Monsieur.

- Where is she?

- Who?

- Lolita.

- Oh, she's in the bedroom, but--

You ought to be

ashamed of yourself.

- Why don't you get yourself a hobby.

- I play golf.

Steve?

Now, Steve...

Out.

But you don't understand. I'm gonna
change my whole way of life.

There's one hope for you.

You're coming with me.

- What for?

- Since when has that mattered to you?

Now, wait a minute.

- If you'd just listen.

- I have listened enough.

Did you have an enjoyable evening?

Shut up.

Goodbye, Lina.

- What's going on?

- Nothing.

He's just taking her out
someplace to strangle her.

Come on, let's hurry up.

The Cathedral of the Sacre Coeur
has received many sinners
over the centuries.

But none quite like the scarlet lady
in the red convertible.

Somebody's gotta help her, Father,
and I know I'm not qualified.

I just have the feeling that
in spite of the life she leads
that somehow, somewhere,
there's a spark of decency left in her.
They told me you've talked
to dozens of girls

here in Montmartre
and you've never failed yet.
My child, why don't you--
Mon dieu.
I don't think
she wants to be saved.
No, she likes it.
The next time you're in New York,
call El Dorado 5-3598.
That's Alcoholics Anonymous.
You need help.
Yes, sir.
We met her on our way home
from onion soup.
She was crying her eyes out.
Her whole life is ruined.
I gave her the same advice
her mother would have given her.
- Like what?
- I told her to go out and get drunk.
- Why not?
- Are you in love with her?
What are you talking about?
I'm talking about
I don't want her hanging around
I 5 years waiting for you
to get to be an old schlemiel.
- Thank you.
- You're welcome.
Tomorrow she's leaving
the country.
If you're not in love with her,
you must be an awful stupid jerk,
falling for those cock-and-bull
stories she's been feeding you.
- You can say that again.
- Camille, yet.
She must be a stupid girl for letting
me believe it. Why not tell the truth?
- What would you have done?
- I'd have strangled her.
- See, I told you.
- Are you in love with her?
She's taken a perfectly

normal human being...

A bachelor, a happy man
in the prime of life,
all womanhood spread out
in front of him like a buffet lunch.

Cut him down to nothing.

What a masquerade that
shouldn't have fooled a
nearsighted baboon at mating time.

Answer the question.

- You wanna hear it?

- Yes.

All right, yes.

Yes.

It must be a new kind of love. Ought to
bottle it and sell it for Instant Stupid.

I couldn't even
see through her mascara.

What am I gonna write home, huh?

'I want a girl, just like the girl
that Daddy met in the men's room.'

This whole crazy sex business was
designed to make men idiots.

- And women mothers.

- Don't knock it.

Unless you've got
something better.

Yeah, well, I guess you get right
down to it, there isn't anything better.

But before I admit it to her,

I'll pull her through the ringer.

Crawling to me with her tail between
her legs, whining for forgiveness.

And if she doesn't,

what are you gonna do to her?

I'm gonna give--

I'll--

Yeah? What?

I'll come up with something.

Well, hello, Mimi, baby.

I didn't know whether you'd be here
at the old roost tonight or not.

Why, every night I'm at this cafe

waiting for whatever life has in store.

And you have
the busiest store in town.
- Mais naturellement.
- Excuse me.
You know, I'm really sorry.
I came to apologize.
I should have realized that there
isn't anything you wanna confess.
- Is there?
- Nothing.
I mean, you like your work.
You enjoy what you do.
Right?
There is always great satisfaction
in anything that is done well.
What a crashing bore
that must have been for you,
all those wasted hours of conversation.
Yes.
When we could have been so gay.
Well, I'm leaving tomorrow.
I have taken the position over the
years never to pay for anything
that eventually might be given away
free, gratis, for nothing.
So I hope you take this
as a very high compliment.
I would like to say goodbye to you,
tonight, properly, in my apartment.
- So naturally--
- Oh, no. No, no, no.
Why not?
Afterwards, darling.
It is so much more chic.
- Shall we go?
- What? Where?
To your apartment, of course.
Where else?
- What do you mean, my apartment?
- Come, come, come, come.
Let us run like little rabbits.
Say when.
When.
Bon voyage.

Wouldn't you like to slip into something a little more comfy?

Mais naturellement.

The bathroom's up there.

Merci.

Any problems?

No.

Joe Bergner, please.

Hello, Joe?

She is just on the verge of crawling to me.

Yeah. She locked herself in the bathroom.

She's locked herself in the bathroom.

She's gotta come out sometime.

The plane leaves in 1 4 hours.

The game's over. There's nothing she can do now except come out of there, whimpering like a wounded chicken and confess the whole crazy thing.

Then I'll tell her

I knew it all along and--

Steve, darling.

There will be no further bulletins.

Hello, cheri.

Hello, Sam.

You think you fooled me for a minute?

That's a laugh. I knew all the time.

I just wanted to find out how far you'd go. Now I found out. Touchdown.

What are you doing up here in a man's room in the middle of the night, taking money for a thing like this?

What kind of a girl are you?

You don't understand.

You don't understand at all.

- I wasn't really gonna do it.

- What weren't you really gonna do?

I wasn't gonna take any money.

That's even worse.

Maybe you really are Mimi.

I wasn't gonna do anything at all.

Oh, I hate women who cry.

Silly little female women who have
headaches and everything.
I wanted to be
so sophisticated about this.
I don't wanna spend the
rest of my life being a semi-maiden.
Now, what the hell is that?
It's worse than nothing at all.
It's like eating one peanut.
I'm sorry for fooling you.
I'm sorry for the whole thing.
But I'm sorriest for the fact that
I don't have anything to be sorry for.
I'm a grown woman,
and it's my last night in Paris,
and damn it, damn it,
I'm in love with you.
Oh, please don't cry, Sam.
Don't call me Sam!
Oh, boy.
I'll never call you Sam again.
Did I ever tell you
that I'm, damn it, in love too?
- No.
- Well, I'm telling you.
I'm a lot newer at it than you are. I've
never even been semi in love before.
You're the first girl that I ever asked
to be the mother of my children.
Oh, thank you. I'll try my best.
So will I.
But before we do...
What's that for?
The license. From now on,
I'm your sales manager.
No. No, it's not gonna work.
It's not gonna work because
it's always gonna be a joke to you.
It's gonna be a soccer match
or a football game.
You'll probably even write
a column about our wedding night.
Samantha.
Charge!