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Reunion in France

By Jan Lustig

Tonight, the people of France have reason
to be heartened and encouraged.
In the north, Hitler's army stands helpless
and immobilized...
...before our impregnable Maginot Line.
Our soldiers are fully equipped and trained
to the point of perfection...
...and behind them,
the people of France...
...are confident and united
as never before.
It is because of our leaders of industry
and of labor...
...that our imperishable republic
will not only emerge triumphant...
...but will ensure the freedom of Europe
for our generation...
...and for the generations to come.
France is a great country tonight.
On behalf of myself
and the general staff...
...I wish to thank our leader of design,
Monsieur Robert Cortot...
...who serves as chairman.
Monsieur Berthil,
of the coal and allied interests.
Messieurs Clment and de Brun,
representing labor.
And to the others of the
Committee of Industrial Coordination...
...who have pooled their efforts on behalf
of our gigantic war program.
The fate of France is in their hands.
France will never forget them.
Oh, I beg your pardon. I'm so sorry.
It's nothing. The maid will have it dry
in just a moment.
Excuse me for a moment, madame.
What if I hadn't followed?
I was prepared to faint
before I reached the window.
Sneaking out like this.
It's practically treason.
My train leaves in less than an hour.

- Come with me to Biarritz.

- There's a war, darling.

Well, let them fight it in there.

The Bay of Biscay's blue in May.

- We can be there tomorrow.

- The fields of Flanders are green.

- Hitler may bomb them tomorrow.

- Or next week, or never.

Or tonight.

But Hitler can't invade France.

The general said so.

Unfortunately, for every general that's right, there's one that's wrong.

- I promise you, Michele...

- Good night.

- You're being childish.

- I'm being manly.

France is at war, and in times of war, love is a punishable offense.

Birds mustn't sing near airfields, the sun mustn't shine on military objectives...

- I'll see you off at the station. - It won't be necessary. I promise I'll leave.

- Mademoiselle de la Becque.

- Martin.

- Monsieur Cortot.

- Martin, do a favor for me.

Whisper to General Bartholomae that I am escorting mademoiselle to the station.

- I will return soon.

- You needn't bother.

- It is no bother, I assure you.

- At the earliest moment.

- Thank you.

- My highest respects to your parents.

Thank you, Martin.

- I'll wait for you at Mathilde's.

- All right.

Remember, your train leaves in 40 minutes.

- May I drive you, Monsieur Cortot?

- No, thank you. I'll walk.

It's just across the street.

Send those to the station at once.

Oh, poor Montanot.
Have you been waiting long?
- Two hours and 27 minutes.
- Oh, darling.
Oh, Clothilde, Juliette, I'm so sorry.
What an odd color.
Hurry, I've got to change.
It's exactly the odd color
you insisted upon...
...to match the new dining-room tapestry
at the chateau.
Why is it she never seems
to find enough time...
...in which to do absolutely nothing?
She's done more than I have tonight.
For one thing, she's had dinner.
The gold one.
I thought we were going to use rajah silk.
Our shipments from India
have been uncertain since the war.
You should have told me, and I'd have had
the silk brought in a diplomatic pouch.
Incredible. Are they all I have?
Mademoiselle has dozens.
Mademoiselle seems annoyed at the war.
It's a wonder she doesn't forbid it.
I could never wear that neckline.
- It's much less severe when it's worn.
- I'm sure. Perhaps someone a little taller.
- Where are your shoes?
- I have a blister on my heel.
A blister can be serious.
You should see a specialist.
Have I a gas-mask case to go with this suit?
Monsieur Cortot insists I take one.
You know how men are about the war.
Overgrown boys.
They'd be happy if they wore only uniforms
and played with tanks and planes all day.
Thank you.
Forgive me for running, darling.
Oh, send them all down to me,
and I'll return the ones I don't like.
Have you tried having your shoes

made to order? Hurry, Genevieve, hurry.

Pack up.

Who does she think she is?

Who do they all think they are?

The glory that was France.

What do you think, Monsieur Cortot?

Will my husband be home soon?

Eight months he's been sitting

in the Maginot Line, knitting mittens for me.

Do you miss him so very much, Mathilde?

Yes. Well, we were used to one another.

Of course I miss him.

He was a good waiter.

You and your war.

Me and my war?

Is the war the only reason

you don't love me?

Michele...

It's become a routine, something you do

with your mind on other things.

Then I suppose I should tell you

about the other things.

No, not all of them, just one.

Is she pretty?

Beyond description.

- Young?

- Eternally.

What's she like?

Like you, in a way.

Spoiled, selfish, incredibly romantic.

- Do I know her?

- Casually.

Robert, who is she?

- You'll laugh.

- Of course I will. It's my only defense.

- What's her name?

- Her name?

Her name is France.

Michele, I've got a job to do.

Five years of work in five months.

Maybe five weeks, if that long.

That means concentration

and even devotion.

That means leaving every now and then

the private world you and I live in.
But on how well the job will be done...
...may depend the existence
of a world for anyone to live in.
Do you understand that?
I'm ashamed of myself.
You'll get over it.
You've been ashamed before.
Kiss me.
Oh, we must hurry.
- See you later, Mathilde.
- Thank you. Come back again.
Goodbye, Mathilde.
Very elegant trade
you're attracting these days.
Two of my best clients.
He made his money,
she was born to hers.
And that figure...
I don't know how she does it.
You know, if you worked very hard
all this week, you could fly down on Friday.
- I'll try.
- Oh, just this one weekend, Robert.
Even the prime minister isn't that busy.
That's unfortunately true, but Hitler is,
and we are at war with Hitler.
But I'm not at war with anyone.
I'm in love.
Pardon me.
Because of the alarm, the train to Tours
will leave in 30 seconds.
Those not concerned will go immediately
to the station shelter.
All aboard. We leave at once.
- You'd better get aboard.
- Yes.
- Michele.
- Yes, Robert?
Remember every word I say to you now,
as if you had never heard me speak before.
With all my heart, I love you.
I want you never to forget it,
never to doubt it, no matter what.

You speak as if you
weren't going to see me again.
I will see you again.
Mademoiselle, we're leaving.
Mademoiselle, we're moving.
- With this ring, darling...
- I know the rest.
Until Friday, Robert.
I beg your pardon, monsieur.
This was found.
- The one madame was wearing.
- Thank you.
Just a moment.
All persons will proceed
to a shelter at once.
- Yours, monsieur?
- Thank you, yes.
Novel idea. A gas-mask case
without a gas mask.
How typically French.
- How right you are.
- Monsieur.
All clear. All clear.
Nazi army in Luxembourg.
Extra paper. France and Holland rushing
to the defense of Low Countries.
Holland has opened the sea gates.
Holland opened the sea gates.
Holland has opened the sea gates.
Holland has now opened the sea gates.
Hitler invades Belgium and Holland.
Belgian army forced back.
Nazi army in Luxembourg.
Operator, I'd like the new telephone number
of Robert Cortot.
Number 17 Boulevard Suchet.
The old one's been disconnected.
That number can be secured
only in person...
...at the headquarters
of the Secret State Police.
What is your name, please?
- Where to, madame?
- Twelve Rue de Grenelle.

What's happened to the taxicabs?

This time they didn't come back
from the Marne.

Halt.

I haven't got a meter, madame.

Five francs all right?

All right.

What are all these people doing here?

Seems like we're in one of those
coal-allotment bureaus.

It's nothing of the sort.

It's my house, wait.

- Get in line.

- Wait your turn the same as us.

- Take up the end of the line.

- You'll have to wait in line.

Get out of my way.

Come back here.

We will supply...

- What are you doing in my room?

- She refused to stop.

- You should have shot her.

- Why didn't you?

- My back was turned to you all the way.

- Take her out of here.

- Come along.

- You'll do no such thing.

This is my house.

- Your house?

- Yes.

- Mademoiselle de la Becque?

- Yes.

- Won't you sit down?

- No.

Then permit me. My leg.

A severe wound, I hope.

I was bitten by a Belgian sheepdog.

We found them infinitely better equipped
than the soldiers.

It's of no importance.

To get to the point...

...the German army, mademoiselle...

...has seen fit to borrow your home
as a coal-allotment bureau.

And where am I to live?
The military governor of the city
has ordered one room set aside...
...for the owner
of each commandeered house.
You have no servants with you?
They've been shanghaied
into your labor battalions.
Interesting outdoor work.
You are welcome to your bedroom
and all of your effects.
Naturally, this room
will continue to be my office.
May I have the concierge's room?
I see no reason why not.
An excellent choice.
It has a private entrance to the street.
I know.
I know that you know.
You will transfer mademoiselle's effects.
Of course, you will observe
the usual curfew laws.
You understand that in no way
must your actions bring discredit...
...to the dignity and/or honor
of the German army.
- Lf there is anything I can do?
- As a matter of fact, there is...
...you and/or the German army.
What is it?
Never mind.
I'm sure it's punishable by death.
There is your bag.
I'll bring the rest down later.
All right.
Maybe they can tell me where he is.
- Wait for me.
- That depends on who opens the door.
- Mademoiselle.
- Honor.
Honor.
Well, come in, come in.
Welcome back to Paris.
Oh, thank you.

You can wait.
How is Monsieur Cortot,
and where is he?
At home, in wonderful health.
And if I may say so,
about to be overjoyed at your return.
Oh, you may certainly say so, Honor.
That Renoir belongs back where it was,
in the study.
I shall return it at once, mademoiselle.
Honor, I'm starved.
The toast thin and the omelet light,
as always.
As always.
As always.
Michele.
This is one of those things
that couldn't happen.
I'm being so silly. I don't want to cry.
Of course you do. So do I.
Did you miss me?
Oh, with all my heart.
Perhaps for the first time, really.
Why for the first time?
It seems I'd never used my heart
very much.
These past weeks, months,
or whatever they were, I discovered that.
After they took away everything I had,
I realized I hadn't wanted what I had.
I'm penniless. Will you still have me?
I've two dozen men looking for you
at the Spanish border.
Where did you run to?
Where did anyone run to?
You just ran, that's all.
It was easier to get away
from the Nazis than from the French.
Some of them were worse
than the Germans.
Spying on their friends...
...selling them for a passport,
a favor, even a meal...
...anything but fight as Frenchmen.

What's happened to us, Robert?

What's become of France?

Visitors?

A very important business conference,
two of my colleagues.

A business conference.

Almost as if nothing had happened since.

Everything about you
is as if nothing had happened.

I've been very lucky.

Yes?

- The gentlemen are here.

- Tell them I'll be just a moment.

They asked me to say
they were pressed for time.

- I'll be there directly, tell them.

- Yes, monsieur.

Yes, I've been very lucky.

Do you have any money at all?

Nothing. Only my ring.

That won't come off. It's part of me.

It runs from my hand to my heart.

From your heart to mine.

Don't be too long with your business.

I'll arrange for you to stay at the Atlanta.

We're dining there tonight.

- The Atlanta?

- Yes.

Food, a hot bath and a nap,
and try to be ready at 8.

I will.

Until then, remember that you're home,
that you're safe, and that I love you.

Tell them to me again, to make sure.

Just remember that I love you.

Three months ago, this gown
was six months ahead of the fashion.

You're still three to the good.

You look beautiful.

Isn't that the march
from the Meistersinger?

All Wagner sounds alike to me.

But that's Hitler's favorite.

What did you expect, the Marseillaise?

Our host at last.

The dinner hour is so uncertain in Paris.

Eating in general is uncertain
in all of France.

Michele, may I present

Herr Ulrich Windler.

Herr Windler is the head
of the Secret State Police in Paris.

- Vulgarly called the Gestapo.

- How do you do?

Michele de la Becque, my fiancee.

Well. Where has he kept you hidden,
mademoiselle?

Michele has just arrived in Paris
from the south of France.

Wonderful. I had counted
on spending the winter there.

Instead of which, I shall have
to endure the London fog.

- Do you expect to be in London soon?

- Very soon.

Oh, there's General Schroeder.

Bear with Herr Windler's company
while I arrange for your rooms.

Must you go now? Won't later do?

I'll be back before you miss me.

I'm sure Herr Windler will have you meet
only the right people.

- Monsieur Cortot.

- Good evening.

- Hello, Robert.

- Hello, how are you?

- Herr Cortot.

- Robert.

We're all very fond of your fianc.

Yes, so I see.

The general staff in particular regard him
as a man of rare talent.

As for me, I admire his taste.

- You're very kind.

- Actually, I'm not kind at all.

But I, too, am a man of talent.

I do my job well.

- Herr Windler, hello.

- Good evening, Frau Schroeder.

Baron, baroness, may I present

Monsieur Cortot's fiance.

Mademoiselle de la Becque.

- Baron von Steinkamp and the baroness.

- Delighted.

- Frau General Schroeder.

- So pleased.

Whose husband seems only too happy
to grant Monsieur Cortot's request.

How charitable of General Schroeder.

General Schroeder

is not only charitable, but kind.

And talented?

As the military governor, his talent is taken
for granted, as is the piety of the clergy.

Or the discretion of the Gestapo?

Most assuredly.

My dear, I haven't been able
to take my eyes off your gown.

- Montanot, of course?

- Of course.

Emmy, you simply

must let Montanot dress you.

Oh, I'm afraid I haven't mademoiselle's
natural assets.

Nonsense, the clothes make the figure.

Isn't that so, Pookie? Pookie.

Oh, anything you say, my dear, anything.

Oh, George.

- So pleased to have met you.

- It's been so nice.

Do your eyes bother you, mademoiselle?

They seem somewhat strained.

I'm afraid I'm not used to this much light.

I've lived in a blackout so long.

It must be like suddenly
recovering one's vision.

- Yes, it is, a little.

- Hello.

This will interest you,

Monsieur Cortot.

Mademoiselle has been having
her eyes opened.

How fortunate that the first thing she saw was you, Herr Windler. There's a legend to the effect that there are many Herr Windlers. All exactly alike and interchangeable. Really? I'd heard the same legend about... What's his name? - Hitler. - Mademoiselle. Well, that has no basis in fact. Michele, General Schroeder was delighted to arrange for you to stay here... ..and Martin is ready to show you an apartment whenever you like. I'd like to see it now, if I may. Are you ready, Martin? Excuse me. Robert, we'd better join the general. Of course. This is very pretty. There is an exceptional view of the city. I've seen Paris before. Not this Paris, mademoiselle. The bedroom suite is this way. Wait. Martin, you've known me for a long time. When you were little, you wanted to marry me... ..so that you could always have chocolate pudding. At my first ball, it was you who fastened my dress when it came undone. Such memories belong to another lifetime, mademoiselle. One which has come to an end. And which, unfortunately, some of us have outlived. But why have our lifetimes come to an end, our private little worlds? What's become of him? - Of whom? - Monsieur Cortot. - Really, mademoiselle, I don't know.

- Martin, tell me.

From this suite, you can see the Louvre
as you have never seen it.

Empty, looted of all
our national treasures.

At night, you will hear the rumble
as they cart them away to Berlin...

...in the new, heavy trucks
designed by Monsieur Cortot.

In the morning, you will see squadrons
of the new Cortot bombers...

...flying to their bases.

Later, you will hear the clatter
of the new Cortot tanks along the streets.

French factories have performed miracles
of production since the fall of France.

It's a noisy apartment, mademoiselle...

...but it has the virtue of muffling the daily
firing squads from across the Seine.

I can't believe it.

He's a Frenchman, Martin.

He loves France.

So much that her enemies are his friends.

So devotedly that her poverty
has become his fortune.

To drain the blood of France
from her veins and sell it to Hitler.

- Surely, greater love hath no Frenchman.

- You've no right to say such things.

But you know Monsieur Cortot.

You know they're not true.

Will you see the other rooms?

I won't want the apartment.

I don't like the view.

Mademoiselle is not returning
to the dinner?

I'm returning to France.

Goodbye, mademoiselle.

Goodbye, Martin, and thank you.

You're under arrest.

Come with me and speak to no one.

I didn't realize that a room full of Germans
would upset you so.

There was one too many.

Who let you in?
Both doors were unlocked.
If you insist upon being brave,
at least learn to be careful.
Don't tell me your guests
have finished their dinner.
At that, I'm surprised they can still eat,
after gobbling up most of France.
I explained very carefully
that you were suddenly indisposed.
After all, your sudden return to Paris,
the trying weeks behind you...
Very plausible and very smooth.
Almost as good as something
Herr Windler might think up.
Or do you believe all of that yourself?
I want to, with all my heart.
There are so many things
that occupy all of your heart.
They all have to do with you.
Then don't go back to them.
Robert, stay with me.
- Michele...
- With all of your heart and all of mine.
We'll have so much more
than they can ever give us.
You know that. We both knew it.
That night at the train,
when we were truly in love...
...and everything that happened
became unimportant.
Michele, so much...
So much has happened since.
But not to us. We can go away.
We'll leave Paris and go to France.
We'll have each other
as we knew we would.
- Michele...
- I'll make you happy, I promise.
And when our money goes?
We'll have no more money.
What will we live on?
Whatever it is
that keeps Frenchmen alive.

They are not alive.

Living doesn't mean just breathing.

What does it mean, Robert?

To us?

- To you.

- It's the same for both of us.

Living is to have today

at least what we had yesterday.

Because we are not equipped for

anything else, because it's our destiny...

...we have been bred and taught

to live from the top of the bottle.

We are not a staple of society, Michele,

we are just a byproduct.

We bloom in a greenhouse

and die in the field.

You have changed.

How?

I knew you when there were five days

in which to do the work of five months.

When your devotion to France

made you angry with me.

- I was wrong.

- Oh, no, you were right.

I must've known it,

but I didn't care then.

- After France was betrayed, I...

- Conquered is a better word.

Betrayed is a truer one.

Betrayed, sold, dishonored and delivered

to the rats you eat and live with.

Certainly you've changed,

from a Frenchman to a Nazi.

And you, when did you develop

this sudden tender bond with the masses?

- Don't you...

- Michele.

We weren't born to make sacrifices,

we two.

Let's say our politics don't agree,

but there's so much more in which we do.

You told me once I reminded you of France

because I was selfish and spoiled.

I'm not anymore, and neither is she.

Whatever she is now, I am too.
You're quoting standard patriotic clichés.
The one thing you will not do is face reality.
Apparently one man's reality
is another man's treason.
I'll face mine my way.
You will undoubtedly get into trouble
and need my treasonable help.
- Will you let me help you?
- No.
Good night, Michele.
Guten Tag to you too.
Hello, Juliette.
Good morning, mademoiselle.
Since when have you become
a saleswoman?
Mannequins are running
to larger sizes now.
- Did you wish to see Montanot?
- Please.
Marie.
Thank you, but I've found
a saleslady who speaks French.
Very chic.
- What model is this?
- An American model. It's called the Blimp.
Is it the latest?
It'll take Paris at least six months
to get used to it.
- Mademoiselle, welcome back to Paris.
- Thank you, Montanot. I would like...
You and Monsieur Cortot
are both to be congratulated.
I would like to talk to you.
Come in.
I've been designing
for very different tastes and figures.
- But we can arrange for a trousseau.
- But I don't want a trousseau.
I want a job.
I don't understand.
Simple enough. My house has been taken
away from me, my money's gone and...
I owe for my breakfast this morning.

But we were given to understand...
That is, Monsieur Cortot and you.
- We heard from your friends...
- My friends? I'm afraid I have no friends.
- Forgive me for having taken up your time.
- Oh, wait.
This is a time of insanity.
It makes idiots of us all.
Madame, I finally got the dress on her.
She's turning blue.
She'll match the print.
I'll look in a moment.
- How are you, Clothilde?
- Well, thank you, mademoiselle.
Mademoiselle is a new employee.
I'm afraid you'll have
to be very patient with me.
But then, you always have been.
Oh, stop it, you old pincushion.
Imagine, after all that's happened,
I can cry at this.
Because we can understand this.
Who can expect a woman to cry
because an empire has collapsed?
I'm very grateful to you.
Take her out
and get her started at something.
- This way, please, mademoiselle.
- Michele.
Mademoiselle Michele.
Be careful. Don't swallow any pins.
- Hello, darling.
- Hello, Mama.
- Yvonne.
- Good evening, chri.
Boys, please.
- There you are.
- Thank you.
Jeannot.
I'll be right down.
It's been a long day.
Practically curfew time.
Tired?
My feet.

Maybe they're blistered.

You'd better see a specialist.

A specialist? On my salary?

- What's the joke?

- I've forgotten.

Soak them in hot water and vinegar when you get home. Makes them feel like wings.

Come on down and meet Jeannot.

- Who's Jeannot?

- My friend.

He teaches violin,

but he's really very nice.

Listen.

Isn't that beautiful?

You hear so little Mendelssohn these days.

Mendelssohn? He's verboten. Excuse me.

- Good night.

- Good night.

- What's that you're playing?

- Wagner.

You were right.

Idiot. Suppose he knew that was Mendelssohn.

He wouldn't dare admit it.

This is Michele de la Becque.

- Will you dine with us?

- It's nice of you...

Perhaps Michele would rather be alone.

She's pretty tired.

Yes, I would like to be by myself.

Thank you for asking me.

- Perhaps tomorrow night.

- Tomorrow night, then. If we eat.

- Good night.

- Good night, Juliette, and thank you.

Don't worry. We'll eat.

- Are you French?

- Yes.

Then for the love of Pete, lady, keep walking.

Voil.

The man has been waiting

for his friend who works in the shop.

Is it the habit of Frenchmen to jump out
of doorways at their lady friends?

Love to a Frenchman is a game,
for which he makes his own rules.

- What do you want and who are you?

- I'm a guy that lives in doorways.

Those two pathfinders behind us,
they live in doorways too.

Well, let go of me, or I'll call them.

Now, lady,

that's one thing you just can't do.

I'm not gonna hurt you and there isn't a
thing I want from you, except keep walking.

What makes you sure they're in love?

It seems she's pretty cold to him.

Part of the game. "You frightened me,"
she says, "I hate you. "

"I frightened you because I love you.

If I didn't, I wouldn't frighten you. "

- That doesn't make sense.

- It makes them happy.

So they play the game.

- What kind of trouble are you in?

- I'll tell you about it sometime.

- Powder your nose.

- Do what?

- Powder your nose.

- Why?

Stop speaking in questions.

So we can see whether

we're still being tailed.

Yes, we're still being followed,
if that's what you mean.

That's what I mean.

- You're hurt.

- Not much.

I got a bad leg and a stomach
that's forgotten about food...

...but there's so many of those guys.

Shake one and another pops up.

It's been days and nights.

Surely if you were wanted,
they'd have arrested you by now.

They're not sure I'm me.

- Who are you?
- You don't wanna know.
I'm Superman.
I gotta shake those monkeys.
I gotta shake them and get some sleep.
I gotta have sleep.
Why won't they believe we're in love?
What's so unusual about that?
Don't we look like?
That wasn't fair.
I've been trying to help you.
That was to convince them.
It should have. Nearly convinced me.
- Surely, monsieur, you no longer doubt.
- It's my business to doubt.
I want to see the end of this game.
Monsieur, even the Gestapo
must stop somewhere.
What are we stopping here for?
I'm sorry, but this is where I live.
Nip and tuck still with us?
Yes, they're still with us.
- Is that the only bag you own?
- No, I've got others. Why?
Empty it.
Here, so they won't see you.
- I'll grab it and run.
- Oh, no, you...
Yell. You don't know me. I forced my
attentions on you and stole your purse.
- But you couldn't run. You can't even walk.
- Lady, don't argue with me.
I'm too tired to argue.
Maybe I want them to catch me.
Maybe that's how tired I am.
I can't think anymore.
- What are they doing now?
- It's too simple.
Obviously, this is her home.
He wants to come in.
She says, "No, no, no. "
He says, "Yes, yes, yes. "
And she says, "But it isn't proper. "
He says, "Oh, just for a moment. "

She says, " Well, all right,
but just for a moment. "

- She's lying.

- They're being a long time about it.

They play the game well.

- All empty?

- Yes.

I'll remember you.

I'll remember you in my prayers,
if I get time to say them.

Won't you please tell me who you are?

Some kind of a bird, maybe.

No kidding. I fly.

Very low and very slow.

Like a duck.

Maybe that's what I am, a duck,
and this is...

This is the season...

I'll be back in the morning.

- That's a bed, isn't it?

- Yes.

I think I'll just sit down.

For a minute.

Just for a minute.

When did you eat last?

Eat?

Couple of years ago in Wilkes-Barre.

A leg of lamb, mashed potatoes...

...apple pie and three cups of coffee.

- Ever been to Wilkes-Barre?

- Wilkes-Barre?

Pennsylvania.

Ever see the Susquehanna?

Ever see Pittsburgh play Carnegie Tech?

I'll get out in just a minute.

No, I think you'd better try
to get some sleep.

Oh, I don't need to try.

Lady, here I go again.

RAF.

Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania.

The day, they say, has many faces.

- And the night but one.

- And the word?

- Breslau and Dresden.
- Brigade Leader Schultz.
Stregel, Anton,
Fourth Unit, Special Service.
Yes, I know,
and so does everyone else in sight.
Relax.
What progress have you made?
The young woman came out
about 40 minutes ago.
She went to the corner caf.
She came back with some food.
- There's been no sign of the young man.
- Fine.
I think you may have picked up
something important here, Stregel.
- Shall we make the arrest?
- Never hurry, my friend.
If you had picked up the boy,
you would never have found the girl.
The arrest must come
when the picture is complete...
...like the artist's signature.
Have a good German cigar from Hamburg.
My compliments.
- Thank you, Herr Schultz.
- I'll take over.
Thank you, Herr Schultz. Heil Hitler.
Stregel, wear a larger coat
or a smaller revolver.
It sticks out on your hip like a bustle.
Heil Hitler.
Heil Hitler.
What else did I tell you?
Your name is Superman, you live
in doorways and you fly like a duck.
I guess I told you
about all there is to tell.
Except for one detail.
How did you get
from Wilkes-Barre to the RAF?
Yes, I found it sticking out
of the heel of your shoe.
That was so I could kick it loose

if I got caught.

Were you shot down?

My plane was.

I couldn't figure a way to stay up
without it, so I came down too.

Where'd you land?

Eventually, in a concentration camp
in Lille.

I got bored.

What with one thing and another...

...a carload of gun casings
arrived in Paris yesterday...

...with me aboard.

Then you came by a doorway.

- And here I am.

- You're eating too quickly.

You need more sleep.

Yeah, I really should slip down
to Atlantic City for a couple of weeks.

I got work to do, lady.

I gotta get back to London.

But how?

Well, all I need is money, identification
papers and a fast car. None of which I have.

It would take a miracle to get one.

Which makes a total of three. While you're
waiting, why don't you go back to bed?

- Where are you going?

- I'm going to work.

What do you do?

- Model dresses?

- No, I'm a fitter's assistant.

You're wasted.

You should be wearing them.

Oh, I don't know.

- I'm locking you in so you won't run away.

- Oh, I gotta get out of here, lady.

You'll do as I say

or I'll take you back to that doorway.

- What's your name?

- Michele.

- Well, that's a boy's name.

- No, not Michael, Michele.

It's Mike. Mine's Pat. Pat Talbot.

It seems Pat and Mike
were walking down the street...
...and Pat says to Mike, "Begorra... "
- You'd better get that sleep. You need it.
You might dream yourself
into those three miracles.
Do you mind
if I start working on number four?
- Number four?
- You, Mike.
Send them to your friends.
At 1 franc each.
Beautiful portraits of Marshal Gring
in his uniforms.
- All different.
- I haven't that many friends.
- Where did you get this ring?
- It was given to me.
- An heirloom, perhaps?
- Yes.
You must need money badly to part with
an object of so much sentimental value.
Yes, I need money.
- I'll give you 60 francs for it.
- Sixty?
But it's worth a hundred times as much.
Have you papers to prove
you declared it at the jewelry control?
- No, I had no idea...
- Under the military law...
...I'm expected to confiscate your property
and summon the police at once.
But I cannot bring myself to do it.
So you better take the 60 francs
and save yourself a lot of trouble.
All right, I'll take it.
Money, papers, a fast car.
These things don't exist
in France anymore.
- You might as well ask for...
- Liberty, equality and fraternity.
- Exactly.
- But there must be a way to help him.
To hide him, at least.

Can he stay with Jeannot, do you think?

He can, and Jeannot can get him
forged student papers.

- He has a friend who can...

- Don't tell us. It's none of our business.

It seems I have some dollars.

I had them hidden away in case.

Where's Clothilde? Well, find her.

- Montanot, I won't let you.

- Shut up. Juliette.

Frau von Praeger insists that you see
that strapless evening gown on her.

Tell her I've been struck blind.

She wants to wear real flowers
all the way around her waist.

Tell her I'll come at once.

You'd better go along, Juliette.

How will I ever be able to repay you?

I've overcharged you for years.

The black market will give you
100 francs to the dollar.

Clothilde, where are you? Good.

I want you to get my tweed coat
out of the safe, with the lynx collar...

...and bring it to my office.

Give it to Michele.

That's right, that's the one.

Don't scream it all over the place,
and hurry.

You'll find the shoulder of this coat
padded with very unusual material.

That's a lovely coat.

It's just what I'm looking for.

I'm sorry, madame.

This coat is not for sale.

- It was made here, wasn't it?

- Yes.

But it was made

for Madame Montanot personally.

Then she could make another one.

- Yes, I'm sure she could...

- For herself, I mean, and sell this one to me.

- Lf madame will speak to madame?

- I intend to.

That's lovely.

We'll have to work fast.

The money's in both shoulders.

There you are.

- Why, it's Mademoiselle de la Becque.

- How do you do?

Now, don't tell me

you're after that coat too.

I saw it first.

You're mistaken.

Montanot made this coat for herself.

Yes, so I've been told.

Perhaps if the material

is still available, we can...

I'm leaving for Berlin almost at once.

And I intend to wear this coat.

I like it, and I'm going to have it.

Give us...

It doesn't need a thing.

- You must wrap it for me as it is.

- You'll do nothing of the sort.

- The coat is not for sale.

- Except to you?

I have no intention of buying it.

I work here.

Liebling, your plane leaves in 40 minutes.

We must go.

Hugo, darling, I want...

I don't believe

you've met Mademoiselle de la Becque.

How do you do?

Come, now, liebling. Come.

Robert's fiance.

- Well, how do you do?

- She works here.

Works here? No.

- Seriously?

- Very seriously.

So much so that she refuses

to let me buy this coat.

- Perhaps something else?

- I won't go back to Berlin without it.

- I'm going to have it.

- Then you shall have it. You shall have it.

You understand, mademoiselle?

I shall be only too happy to sell anything in this shop to your wife that's for sale. The coat happens to be the property of Montanot.

- And no one has the authority...

- I have.

I'll buy anything I want, when I want.

Robert.

It sounds as if the Vichy cabinet were in session here.

Worse. These ladies seem to know what they want.

You must forgive Michele.

After a lifetime of being right as the customer...

...it is very difficult to adjust oneself to being wrong.

Have the coat wrapped at once.

I admire the grace with which you dispose of other people's possessions.

Am I to regard your wife's demand as a military order?

Please, mademoiselle, this is becoming ridiculous.

That depends upon the point of view.

The coat is not for sale and cannot be purchased.

It can, however, be conquered by the German army.

There will be no charge, of course, as with all conquests.

Do you acknowledge the surrender, Montanot?

In that case, what about the fit of the coat?

What about the shoulders?

Wouldn't you say the shoulders were a bit over-padded?

Just a bit. But I must say

I can understand your insistence.

- This coat is a tribute to your taste.

- Thank you, madame.

The tea gown is ready.

- Would you like to take it with you?

- I want to very much.

Good, then come along.

I want to see it on you just once more.

- Clothilde.

- Yes, madame?

There's a layer too much padding
in both shoulders.

Fix them.

Give it to Michele when you've finished.

Yes, madame.

It'll be ready by the time
we've finished.

Robert, you come along.

I'll want your approval.

In just a moment.

- It was an honor, mademoiselle.

- Thank you.

- Coming, Robert, huh?

- In a moment.

You'd better run along. The next time,
you might not get off the leash.

I wonder sometimes just how you reason.

The general who just left belongs to a Nazi
army that crushed France in five weeks.

What point to telling his wife
she couldn't have a coat?

The point that she had to take it.

That I wouldn't give it to her.

They can take all of France,
but get none of it...

...except you and the rest like you.

- That seems little enough.

- That's a great deal.

You're not a parasite they've picked off
a starving carcass to feed on their own.

They're too smart for that.

What they let you have,
they must get back a hundred times over.

Your trucks, tanks, your genius for design,
those are your attractions, Robert.

That's what you're giving them
that belongs to France.

Not your charm or your approval

of Frau Schroeder's gowns.
Or the fact that I love you. That's mine.
It has nothing to do with them.
Can't you understand?
I won't even try
because it isn't important.
- But let...
- Let's leave it at that.
I can't just leave it
as if it were a dull book.
Then don't.
But leave me alone, Robert.
Leave me alone.
Michele, listen to me.
There's something you must...
Yes?
I was told to tell you
your friends are waiting.
Thank you.
- What must I, Robert?
- Leave France.
You're living stupidly,
and for you, dangerously.
You cannot take on a humble existence
without the humility that goes with it.
- You'll say or do a wrong thing.
- Or right one.
They have become the same.
Go to Portugal, join your parents.
I can arrange the papers for you.
I'll give you the money,
I'll see that you get there.
You could do that, couldn't you?
If your parents have left,
follow them to America.
Get as far away as you can from France.
- And from me.
- Why?
Because then I'll know you're gone...
...and then maybe someday,
I can stop loving you.
Frau Schroeder's tea gown is lovely.
I'm sure you'll approve.
No doubt.

And while we're on the subject...
...you don't look well at all in that halo
you have been wearing.
Goodbye, Michele.
Mr. Talbot.
- Pat.
- Peekaboo.
What are you doing in there?
The boys upstairs have been having
a coffee klatch.
I was afraid they might drop in
for some lemons and cracked ice.
It's not much of a hiding place.
It has its advantages.
Like going to sleep in a flower bed.
If you're that crazy about my perfume,
I can let you have some.
Won't do.
There's something soft and cool
about those dresses, like perfume.
Like you.
- Apparently you've had enough sleep.
- Like a baby.
That's quite a wardrobe you have.
Yes, isn't it?
- I've got good news for you.
- Yes?
- Two out of those three miracles.
- Four miracles.
The money
and a way to get papers.
Do all fitter's assistants
have that many beautiful gowns?
Not all.
- I've arranged for you to stay...
- Good.
To stay with a friend till we can find
a way to get you out of France.
Imagine what your eyes will do
to Wilkes-Barre.
Don't be mad at me.
I'm not mad at you.
I thought more than anything you wanted
to get back to England to fight again.

You kind of clipped me with that one,
didn't you?

I'm going out to get
something to eat for us.

A young man may come while I'm gone.

His name will be Jeannot.

He'll bring clothes
and take you to a safer place to stay.

I'm beginning to feel more like
a great, big hero all the time.

Ain't you got somebody
to wipe my chin while I eat?

I told you I wasn't mad, Pat.

Mike.

I won't be long.

Who are you?

- What are you doing here?

- Who wants to know?

Captain, the guards aren't there.

They're upstairs.

Don't think me presumptuous,
but what are you doing here?

- I have come to see you.

- What about?

Why must it be about something?

It's not an unusual request. People talk
to each other all over the world.

Let's leave the rest of the world
out of France.

I thought you'd like to join our party.

I'd like to very much. Some other time.

- You have something better to do.

- Possibly.

The prospect of drinking
with German officers is offensive to you.

- That's possible too.

- Who do you think you are?

Who do you all think you are?

Don't you understand?

You are a conquered people.

- Your first duty is to do as you are told.

- Take it easy, bub.

- What do you call me?

- Bub.

Monsieur is an American. A student.
They speak strangely.
American.
Pat. Don't. Don't, you idiot.
Are you all right?
The punishment
for striking a German officer is death.
- You are under arrest.
- But he didn't know.
The law concerns itself with the act
and not the intent.
But you're in command here.
You're the law.
That's right.
I am.
I am the law.
I have got the power
of life and death in this room.
- Isn't that true?
- Yes.
You want me to let him go?
- Yes.
- Are you in love with him?
Certainly not worth risking
my own life for.
You might have thought of me.
This is my room and if you get
into trouble here, I get into trouble too.
I want you out of here
by the time I get back.
That's okay by me.
That's not the way to the house.
I'd like some air.
I hate crowded rooms full of people.
I'm the same fella
you were looking at before.
I know.
I don't want to forget you.
We'll meet up again sometime, bub.
But I want some air.
I can't be seen on the street
in this condition. I am drunk.
If you hadn't told me,
I would never have guessed.

If it's air you want,
you can breathe it here as well...
...and I can stand and look at you.
It seems you have my back to the wall.
Stop pretending you are not frightened.
Why should I be?
It's become rather commonplace in France
to be stood against the wall and shot.
- You won't be.
- Not just yet, at any rate.
Not you. You are not the enemy.
You never were, you and your kind.
You know what it means
to be the masters, to live off the weak.
- To live off the top of the bottle.
- Don't fight. Leave that to the little people.
They lose when we win.
Everything you've had, you'll have again.
Isn't that almost too much?
For just letting you look at me?
You let me kiss you
as if it were some sort of penance.
- Isn't it my first duty to do as I'm told?
- You don't think that way.
I've met others like you before.
- They looked at me as you did now.
- How?
As if I were something
to be suffered through, like a disease.
Patient, knowing someday I would pass
and they would be well again.
As if I were an animal.
As if I were anything
but a human being like themselves.
I had no idea I looked at you that way.
- I am not a fool, you know.
- Either am I.
You came with me
to save that young man's life.
Only temporarily. He'll do something
equally stupid soon again.
But I won't.
You saw the wrong look
in my eyes, captain.

I wasn't even thinking of you.
I was thinking of me and my kind
and our destiny...
...to have at least
what we've always had.
To live as we've always lived.
You were right about me the first time.
Don't let anyone ever tell you
you're not human.
Herr Hauptmann Schiller.
What are you laughing at?
A story my governess once told me...
...about a big tiger
who swallowed a littler tiger...
...who swallowed a littler tiger
and so on.
Where are you going?
After the biggest tiger I can find.
To my mind, there was never a painter
so typically French as Renoir.
His colors exist only
in the French countryside.
If his models could speak,
it would be only in French.
You speak of France
as if it were your country.
It is. This Renoir came
all the way from Vichy, in appreciation.
I suppose they couldn't dig up
the customary 30 pieces of silver.
I'm sure, Michele, you haven't come here
to continue your regeneration of me.
I assure you that...
What was that?
- Beethoven's "Fifth. "
- I know, but from where?
From London.
I make it a point never to miss
the British broadcasts.
Next to Hans Christian Andersen,
they are my favorite fairy stories.
Isn't listening to them a capital offense?
Except for a select few who
couldn't possibly be affected by them.

I see.

I suppose...

I suppose you are wondering

why I've come here.

Since you are playing Joan of Arc,

I assume you intend to assassinate me...

...in the hope of being sainted.

On the contrary.

I've come because I've decided

to drop that halo.

It isn't because it's unbecoming,

I find that it just doesn't fit.

So?

You aren't being helpful,

making me do the talking.

Well, it's your halo.

You said you thought

I should leave France.

I'd like to now, very much.

Why this sudden

startling change of mind?

- You were very much for it this afternoon.

- You were very much against it.

How would you like to go?

A plane won't be easy to get right now.

I thought you could have

one of my cars released.

Yes, perhaps, but drive to Lisbon?

- Then you will need someone, a chauffeur...

- Yes, I had something like that in mind.

There's an American student, a friend

of a friend of one of the salesgirls.

Interesting people

you have been meeting.

- He wants desperately to get home.

- I've never met an American who didn't.

Why doesn't he just go?

It seems he's lost some of his papers

and it may take months to replace them.

Michele de la Becque, champion

of the poor, protector of the oppressed.

Robert, if you'd only talk to him,

you'd see for yourself.

- Can it be you have always been like this?

- I can't remember what I was like.
The perfect French lady of your class.
Apparently, if you scratch a French lady,
you'll find a Frenchwoman.
Apparently.
You were such a perfect
French gentleman, Robert.
What a pity I haven't been scratched.
Yes, isn't it a pity?
You'll find an apartment at the Atlanta.
The Atlanta's an old favorite
of yours, isn't it?
- Anything in your room you'll like?
- Nothing I can't send for.
It'll help if you're pleasant to those enemies
with whom you will come in contact.
- I understand.
- To whom you'll be obligated for passage.
I will outdo Monsieur Laval.
That much won't be expected of you.
However, it might be well
if they thought that...
- If we were still...
- Naturally.
It won't be easy.
They have sharp eyes and sharper minds.
I shall be in the full flush of love,
Robert, I promise you.
Happily for me,
I won't find it as difficult as you.
I know. You love me.
How simple and happy everything
would become if you loved me too.
Yes, wouldn't it?
- Pat, this isn't the time or the place.
- I don't know what time it is anymore.
And I can't think of a better place.
The Bois de Boulogne,
with the stars and the swans.
The swans have been eaten by now.
- Oh, Pat, we're late. What if we're seen?
- What if we are?
I wish you'd stop being so gay
and romantic and American about this.

- We've got to get you out of France.
- Mike, aren't you in love with me?
Don't answer that.
I won't. No, Pat.
- Still Cortot, isn't it?
- What about Cortot?
Well, I've been mademoiselle's chauffeur
for almost a week now.
- You know how we hired help gossip.
- What about him?
- For one thing, me no like.
- But you hardly know him.
I hardly know Hitler.
I don't get it, Mike.
Why'd you give up your job and friends?
Why did you go back to that quisling
and his Nazi pals?
Because they can get us out of France.
Us?
The only reason you're going
is for me to get out.
- Isn't that so?
- Yes.
Well, that isn't something you'd just do
for a casual friend.
- Lf you get caught, you're in line
to be shot. - Yes, I suppose so.
You could stay here and live off
what's left of the fat of the land.
Instead of that, you risk your life to get
one bomber pilot out of France.
Why? Why, Mike?
Because you're important
to France and I'm not.
Women don't figure that way.
You're in love with me.
- Pat, I'm not.
- You're a cockeyed liar.
You must believe me. L...
Could you tell me whether this road leads
to the west gate of the city?
- Yes, it does.
- Thank you so much...
...and please pardon the intrusion.

Have a good German cigar, young man,
from Hamburg.

My compliments.

Do you think we can go on
and meet Monsieur Cortot now?

At once, mademoiselle.

Cognac.

- Well?

- In my experience...

...chauffeurs have always ridden in front
of an automobile.

And if he's a student,
he has little to learn.

Get to the point.

I saw them together earlier this evening.

The car was parked.

They were sitting in the back together.

I intruded at an emotional moment.

- Did you get a good look at him?

- Yes.

- What do you think?

- Yes.

I'll let you know.

Back so soon, Robert?

We were doing nicely without you.

Yes, the general was being very amusing
about the destruction of Warsaw.

It's refreshing to meet someone
who wants to laugh.

There is so little laughter in the city.

But there are so few Germans like you
who make us laugh.

Robert, you are an idiot to let her go,
even for a little while.

Lisbon is filled with men
much more attractive than you.

It's the acid test.

If she keeps her promise to return,
I'll never be afraid again of losing her.

And permitting that young American...

...to return home might prove
to be very clever of me.

He seemed so grateful, perhaps he'll
correct some of the misapprehensions...

...the Americans have about us.

Oh, I'm sure he'll do his best

to correct a lot of things.

My colleagues, in search of diversion.

You remember Herr Windler,

don't you, Michele?

Of course I do.

- He's that very good friend of yours.

- Herr Windler's only good friend is himself.

Good evening, mademoiselle. Excellence.

Monsieur Cortot,

may I join you for a moment?

Delighted.

It's pleasant seeing you again.

It must be satisfying,

living at home once more.

But I'm not. I'm staying at the Atlanta.

So? A first-rate hotel.

Charming apartments.

They offer such interesting views

of the city, don't you think?

I'm not much given to looking

out of windows or through keyholes.

Michele, wouldn't you like to dance?

There are times when I'd prefer it

to almost anything.

- They're to be married, you know.

- So I've heard.

- Before or after her return from Lisbon?

- After.

Her attitude has not always been

as cooperative as it might have been.

I am aware of that.

I have approved her passport

as a favor to Cortot.

And I have protested the permit

you granted her.

I'm aware of that too.

I have officially overruled your protest.

And the American so-called student?

Without any record or information

other than that supplied by himself.

Windler, Paris is alive with saboteurs

and escaped prisoners.

My soldiers are being murdered
in the streets nightly.
I must ask you to consider
those problems more important...
...than a young lady and her chauffeur
crossing the frontier into Spain.
They dance well.
But then, even I dance well with her.
It seems to me I am forever
saying goodbye to you.
This is the first time on a dance floor.
I don't like it.
I like trains best.
They're the least abrupt.
- I remember once I ran alongside
your train... - Please, Robert.
"With this ring, darling. "
And you said you knew the rest.
Is it possible you've always been as shabby
and cheap as you are right now?
Quite possible.
Because it seems to me I do
the same things over and over again.
Take it with you again.
To me, it means as much now as then.
I hope it brings more luck to you
this time than last.
It has been a great pleasure
to see you again, mademoiselle.
Thank you. Good night, Herr Windler.
- You've been charming. - I trust
you'll have a safe journey to Lisbon.
I'm sure that with the cooperation
of the Gestapo...
...there'll be no cause for alarm.
- I'm sure.
- Thank you.
Good night.
Good night, Robert.
Good night, darling.
I think you dropped this, sir.
Thank you.
Fine-looking young fellow,
that American.

He carries himself well...
...almost like a German officer.
Or an English one.
Or an English one.
I'm sorry to awaken you, sir.
Brigade Leader Schultz is calling.
Suite A on the second floor.
Who was that?
Gestapo man, calling on the two guests
who came this afternoon.
"Paul Grbeau and Emile Fleuron.
Automobile manufacturers,
Antwerp, Belgium.
Special military permit R-668 and 669."
If they are Belgians, I'm Hermann Gring.
- I've just come from Cortot.
- Well?
Here's the student's identification card
the young man presented.
- There's your man.
- One less to worry about.
- What shall I tell Cortot?
- The young lady must leave at once.
- You have your instructions.
- At once.
And there must be no change of plan.
Tell Cortot those are my orders.
- Honor.
- Forgive me, mademoiselle.
Monsieur Cortot says it is imperative
you leave at once. You're to come with me.
There must be some mistake.
That is, my chauffeur...
You will meet the man later,
I was to tell you.
In this envelope, you will find all
the permits and documents for you both.
Where is Monsieur Cortot?
Mademoiselle, I really know very little.
But monsieur stressed the importance...
...of your leaving with me at once.
I'll dress as quickly as I can.
Why are we stopping here?
I was told to, mademoiselle.

- Michele.

- Monsieur.

My best wishes, mademoiselle,
for a pleasant and successful journey.

Thank you, Honor.

Thank you very much.

You're leaving tonight.

You do as you're told.

- Exactly as you're told, remember that.

- Of course I will, but where is my driver?

You will arrive safely in Lisbon,

I promise you.

Honor said I was to meet him.

I have permits for both of us.

You will meet him later.

Michele.

There isn't much time.

Come over here with me for a moment.

- You just said there isn't much time.

- There isn't.

Michele. There's no time to deny,
to prove or disprove anything.

Believe me this last once.

I told you you were like France,
and so you were.

But you have changed, and so has she.

Still beautiful, but gallant now,
and strong with spirit.

I love you both tonight.

This minute more than ever before.

How strangely you speak.

Almost as if you were...

Goodbye, Michele.

It is time.

You are to go with him, Michele.

- But who is he?

- He'll take care of you, Michele.

Go with him.

What about the American?

Does he know about him?

Yes, he knows about him.

We must leave at once.

France and me.

You've outdone Judas.

You've betrayed both of us
with just one kiss.
Come with me, please.
Mademoiselle de la Becque, gentlemen.
Quickly, please.
We have no wish to frighten you.
You're not frightening me.
Did Monsieur Cortot tell you anything?
- I'm not interested in Cortot's ideas.
- So?
I have exit permits for myself
and my chauffeur...
...signed by the military governor of Paris.
The military governor of Paris
is a very high authority.
The highest.
His orders will be carried out
to the letter.
If not to the spirit.
Here we are.
- Who are you?
- Military police, 7th Detail, Herr General.
You will come with Colonel Niedecker
and me. We may need you.
Where have they gone?
Anyone important enough to be granted
a special permit by the military governor...
...is important enough
to receive a military escort.
But this is the wrong place.
My chauffeur doesn't live here.
Of course he does.
He occupies a room directly under that
occupied by Jeannot Thil...
...who is engaged to be married
to Juliette Pinot...
...who is engaged as a mannequin
at the shop of Madame Montanot...
...where you were recently employed.
Get in there with the driver.
You and Brigade Leader Schultz
will change to the other car.
- Why?
- Because we tell you to.

- You can't do this.

- Mademoiselle.

- You can't.

- Mike.

Do as they say.

Keep your chin up, Mike.

I'm sorry, Pat. Forgive me.

That's the silliest thing you ever said.

So?

- From Hamburg.

- Oh, thank you.

- And now, where is the washroom?

- Over there, brigade leader.

Thank you.

Schmidt, get Brigade Leader Schultz
a fresh towel.

Good evening, excellencies.

This is an unexpected...

Attention, all patrols.

You will be on the alert

for three escaped English officers.

Two are dressed as German officers.

They are wearing the insignia

of the 16th Infantry Regiment.

These men are to be instantly arrested
and held...

Lift the patrol gate.

Stop them. They're escaped prisoners.

Turn on the searchlights.

You can head them off at Bourron.

Telephone the patrol at Bazoches.

They tore out the telephone.

We'll have to catch them ourselves.

Get in the lorry.

Pull back the brigade leader's car.

- What's happened?

- Three prisoners.

They got away.

Your car is blocking our lorry.

- You informed the patrol?

- They tore out the telephone.

Stupid. Come on, we're wasting time.

We can overtake them?

I'm hoping to get close enough

to shoot the tires of their car.
There's a rifle in that box down there.
Get it out.
I say, do you know how to drive?
- Do you know how to drive?
- Yes.
Don't worry about him.
He's a good Jerry now.
Slow down a bit.
When I tell you, speed up again.
Slower.
- Are you all right?
- Quite.
Keep your eyes open
for signposts on the right.
- Who are you?
- Name is Pinkham.
- British Intelligence.
- British, but not terribly intelligent.
I'm afraid I can't get you to Lisbon.
If it hadn't been for that alarm,
I could have.
Sorry. I promised Cortot you'd make it.
- He knows all about you, doesn't he?
- Cortot?
He's the reason for my being here.
When they find out, then what?
The underground and the sabotage
will go on without him.
The workers in his factories,
men on the street...
...shopgirls and teachers and farmers.
The greatest organization
Cortot ever created.
And no one in it knows him as anything
but a Nazi lover and an enemy of France.
Oh, but why couldn't he have told me?
Why couldn't I know?
If he had, would you
have stayed with him?
Would you have been willing
to die with him?
Of course I would.
That's why he never told you.

Isn't that a signpost?

Slow down a bit.

- What are you going to do?

- I get out here.

Turn down the road.

You'll see a light in the first field.

- Are you sure you're all right?

- Don't worry.

I want to keep an eye out for the nasties.

I'll see you later.

- Pat.

- You're supposed to be on to Lisbon.

- Pat, we...

- Where's Pinkham?

He slid out when I turned off the highway.

He said he'd be along.

Didn't he say...?

They must be coming through.

I'm sorry we've had to put you
through this ordeal, mademoiselle.

I'm General Grovedale,
and this is Major Robley.

We were forced to keep you in ignorance
in order to minimize your own danger.

We promised Monsieur Cortot.

Yes, I realize that now.

In the field to the left, just under us.

- About 300 feet due west of the road.

- Right.

Here they come.

Right on the minute.

- Where's Pinkie?

- He said he'd be along in time.

We can't wait any longer.

- We'll have to get to the plane.

- But Pinkham...

The men in that bomber have risked
their lives to come here for us.

- I know, sir, but... - It's my duty
to see that we all leave safely.

Pinkie would want us to do just that.

London isn't as far
from Wilkes-Barre as Lisbon.

Pat, do you think Pinkham is dead?

If he weren't, he'd be with us.
He was willing to die so that
we could get away, wasn't he?
Yes, I guess so, Mike.
Why, Pat? He wanted to live too.
Well, I guess a man
just doesn't figure it that way...
...when he's fighting for his country.
Everything that'll help his country
is important.
What happens to him just isn't.
When he loves his country.
- Talbot, we're leaving.
- Coming.
He wanted you to be free, Mike.
He knew you'd be told
the truth about him...
...and he knew you'd be proud
of what he's doing.
Fighting for France
as she could never fight for herself.
How terribly lonely he must be.
Come in.
Robert Cortot, in the name of the Fhrer...
Good morning, Herr Windler.
Isn't it early for you to be out?
And General von Schroeder,
this is a pleasure indeed.
Monsieur, there are questions
we would like to ask you.
- I'm bursting with information.
- Well, Robert...
Earlier this morning, the British
Broadcasting Company announced...
...that General Grovedale and two other
officers had safely reached London.
British propaganda. They never could have
managed to escape from you.
Not by themselves.
But there's some indication
that they had help.
Really? From whom?
Perhaps Mademoiselle de la Becque
could give us some information.

Mademoiselle de la Becque?

Frankly, Robert, we expected to find mademoiselle at her hotel.

Michele has gone to Fontainebleau.

- She is spending the weekend there.

- Yes, we know that.

May I ask at what hotel she intended to stay?

I don't know.

- I hadn't planned to visit her.

- Well, we can find out easily enough.

What's the meaning of this?

Is Windler trying to make me responsible for his incompetency?

And not only you, me.

I am the one he is really after.

My conscience is as clean as Windler's.

They won't care about your conscience.

- There are other matters they look into.

- Other matters?

I have a report on the performance of your trucks.

- I am afraid to forward it to Berlin.

- Aren't they satisfied?

- We have delivered hundreds of them.

- Hundreds that use twice as much gasoline.

With the wheels out of alignment...

...gears that strip continually, axles that break.

General, it is quite impossible for me to build each truck with my own hands.

My responsibility ends with my designs.

As long as most of our skilled workers remain in camps...

But, Robert, the responsibility is mine.

I have vouched for you.

L... Robert, she is in Fontainebleau, isn't she?

That's where she said she was going.

- Because if she isn't...

- Just as I thought.

Mademoiselle de la Becque is not in Fontainebleau.

Perhaps you would like to join us.
I assume you're interested
in the whereabouts of your fiance.
Most assuredly.
How's the weather?
I think the gray one will be right...
...if it isn't too brisk.
Keep your hands away from that drawer.
Good morning.
Michele.
You don't know how glad we are
to see you, mademoiselle.
Thank you, Your Excellency.
I'm glad you're glad.
You've made a liar of me.
I was telling the general...
...you were spending a last weekend
at Fontainebleau before leaving.
It's all been so mysterious.
My chauffeur was to have taken me
to Fontainebleau last night after I packed.
When he didn't come back, I telephoned
where he was staying...
...but there was no one there
by that name.
After Monsieur Cortot went to
so much trouble...
...to secure permits for you both
to go to Lisbon.
I'm afraid I'll have to change
most of my plans.
Sometimes the Gestapo is a little hasty
in what it considers its judgment.
Perhaps Berlin will see fit
to make some changes.
Goodbye, mademoiselle.
- A pleasure as always.
- Mutual as always.
Release that man, you idiots,
and be off about your business.
Release him.
Nazi traitors.
We must only begin to worry when they
no longer spit at us and our Nazi friends.

Our Nazi friends.
You knew I'd come back, didn't you?
You would have been safe in England.
Being safe isn't nearly as important
in this world as it used to be.
I belong in France, and I belong with you.
I won't be much help, I know,
but you won't be quite as lonely.
How could I be,
with twice as many people in my world?
Our world, and all of us in love.
Robert, look, that plane.
It is not your American,
if that's what you think.
This one has come every morning now
for a week.
The fools don't even shoot at him
because he doesn't drop bombs.
If the Nazis only knew how dangerous
he is to them.
If they only knew France.