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The Sun Also Rises

By Peter Viertel

One generation passes away...
and another generation comes...
but the Earth abides forever.
The sun also rises...
and the sun goes down...
and hastens to the place
where he arose.
This is Paris of today.
Our story deals with another Paris-
the Paris of 1922...
shortly after what used to
be called "the great war:"
We were part of that spectacular
lost generation of young people...
who continued to live
as though they were about to die.
Number 49 A venue de l'Opra
was the center of our working world...
but we lived across the river
on the Left Bank...
in a bohemian world of poets,
painters and writers.
Merci.

Jake. Jake Barnes!

Hello, Jake. Good to see you!

How are you?

- Fine. Fine, thanks.

- You look fine.

You don't remember me, do you?

Harris, from the Ospedale Maggiore
in Milano.

Of course. I'm sorry.

You were with a bombardment squadron.

That's it. Had 10 operations,
and I still can't bend my knee.

- You about through now?

- Yeah, a couple of months more and then home.

They're never gonna see my face
this side of the water again.

- Hey, what are you still doing over here?

- Oh, I'm working.

Oh, that's right. I remember.

You were a newspaperman before the war.

So you decided to stay here, huh?

Well, that's not the way I'd play it.

I'm going home

even if it is too late to be a hero.

- Well, uh, good luck to you, Harris.

- Yeah, you too.

Uh, Barnes.

You're all right, aren't you?

Yeah. Sure.

Uh, give me a call if you're
gonna be in town for a while.

- We'll have a drink, huh?

- I'll do that.

- So long.

- So long, Jake.

- Good morning, Jake.

- Good morning, Ralph.

- Good morning, Mr. Barnes.

- Good morning, Mrs. Lloyd.

- Here are the cables.

- Thank you.

Mr. Jackson is anxious to know how you're
coming along on the League of Nations piece.
Tell him I'll have it for him Sunday, and the
Woodrow Wilson piece some time next week.

Yes, sir.

You have a visitor. Mr. Cohn.

He insisted on waiting.

No, I can't do it.

I can't, Frances. I can't.

The book.

How do you expect me to write
when you keep after me this way?

- Can't you understand, Frances?

Huh? Oh! Hi, Jake.

- Hello, Robert.

- Whoo! Must have fallen asleep. Sorry.

- Yes?

It's all right.

- Was I talking in my sleep?

- Uh-huh.

- Sorry. I must have been having a bad dream.

- Oh, Robert?

- No, thanks.

I wanted to talk to you.

I didn't get any sleep at all last night.

- What's the matter?

- I don't know.

I haven't slept for weeks.

- Maybe you oughta see a doctor.

- I don't need a doctor.

I need to get away.

Everything's been going wrong, Jake-
Frances, the book.

- I cant seem to do anything right.

- That happens to everybody.

I know. That's why

I want to get away for a while.

How would you like to go
to South America with me, Jake?

- Not much.

- Why not?

I don't know. It's expensive.

You see all the South Americans
in Paris anyway.

- Why dont you take Frances?

- Ohh.

She wouldn't like it.

Look, if I handled both our expenses,
would you go?

No. I like Paris.

- Anyway, I always go to Spain in July.

- You can do that next year.

Why dont you think about it, Jake?

All right, Robert. I'll think about it.

In the meantime,

I've gotta get out some cables.

Okay. I'll go.

How 'bout dinner tonight?

I'm sorry. I- I have a date.

Why don't we meet after dinner?

We're all going to that balmusette
on the Rue Sainte Genevive.

- There's a dancing tonight.

- I'll see if I can make it.

Oh, I'm sorry

about falling asleep, Jake.

Don't give it a thought, Robert.

I'll see ya.

Asseyez-vous.

Merci. Vous tes trs gentil.

- What would you like to drink?

- Pernod.

Well, that's not good for little girls.

"Little girl" yourself!.

Garon? Un Pernod.

Oui, madame.

Merci.

- Ca va?

- Oui. Ca va.

- You are American.

- Yes.

I hope you don't mind.

No. I've got nothing against Americans.

- You going on a party?

- I don't know.

You never know in this lousy town.

You don't like Paris?

No!

Why dont you go somewhere else?

- There isn't anywhere else.

- You're in a fine mood.

Mmm.

I like your dress.

Do you?

I don't like your hat.

Well, I still like your dress.

I buy a different one every day.

How would you like to buy me dinner?

- Why not?

- Where shall we go?

Anywhere. I don't care.

Do you know, uh, Pharamond?

- No. No. Pharamond? No.

- The food's good.

Well, this is something.

Let's get a taxi.

Are we going to eat in there?

Well, maybe youd like to keep the cab
and go on to Maxim's, hmm?

Well, as long, as you say,
the food is good.

- Hi, Jake.

- Hello, Jake. You're coming to the dancing, aren't you?

- Dancing?

- Yes, you must come. We're all going.

It's at the Rue Sainte Genevive.

Yes. Sure.

Of course he's coming.

- And bring your friend.

- Yes, I will.

I don't want to sit there.

I want to sit over there...

where I can see.

- Who is that Jake's got with him?

- I don't know.

- Who are your friends?

- Oh, some writers and artists.

Oh, there are a lot of them

on this side of the river.

- Too many.

- I think so.

Still, some of them make money.

I suppose so. Anyway, it's cheaper

to live here than in New York.

- Louis?

- Oui, monsieur?

Taxi!

Well, you were right.

The food was good.

I didn't like the coffee.

All right.

I'll admit it could be better.

- Where do we go now?

- That's up to you.

What about that dancing

at the balmusette?

What's the matter?

Don't you like me?

- I like you fine.

- Well, what's the matter? What's wrong?

I was hurt in the war.

I'm sorry.

- By the way, what's your name?

- Georgette.

- And yours?

- Jacob.

I'm sorry you were wounded.
Oh, it doesn't matter.
It happened a long time ago.
I like you, Jacob. You're a nice man.
Do you really have to wear that hat?
Au balmusette.
What do you want out of me?
For heaven's sakes.
Besides, it was your idea, you know.
- Let's dance.
- All right. Come on.
- Oui.
Robert, I'd like to check my hat.
All right. Go on and check it.
What a box to sweat in.
- It's hot, all right.
- Bonsoir, madame. Bonsoir, monsieur.
Would you like to check that?
Let's go to the bar and have a beer.
Jake! Jake. We're over here.
Mrs. Braddocks,
Mr. Braddocks, Mr. Cohn.
May I present my fiance,
Mademoiselle Georgette Leblanc.
Oh, really? Are you related
to Georgette Leblanc, the singer?
- But you have the same name.
No, my name is Hobin.
But surely Mr. Barnes introduced you
as Mademoiselle Georgette Leblanc.
- He's a fool.
- Oh, it was a joke then?
Yes, to laugh at.
Who is she?
Do I have to talk to her?
You don't have to talk to anyone.
Come on. Let's get that drink.
- Jake, what'll you have? I'll get it.
- Just a beer.
- Excuse me.
- Mademoiselle?
- Nothing.
- Would you like to dance?
Yes. Why not?

If youll excuse me.

Who is she, Jake?

I don't know.

- Hello, Jake.

- Hello, Frances. How are you?

Fine, thanks.

Robert, let's sit down now.

- No, I want to talk to Jake for a minute.

- I think I'll go home.

All right.

- No improvement since this morning?

- No. There's no solution.

It's over, Jake. Finished.

What about South America?

Have you thought any more about it?

Sure, I've thought about it,

but I still dont want to go.

- But why?

- I told you why.

Anyway, going to another country

isn't gonna help.

- It might help me.

- I doubt it.

Told you, too,

that I'm going to Spain.

I'm gonna do some fishing and see

some bullfights.

Hey, Jake. Who's that?

- Good evening.

- Hello, Brett. Good you're back.

- Hello. How are you?

I think that's the most beautiful woman

I've seen in years.

- Ah, bonsoir.

Who is she, Jake?

Her name's Brett Ashley.

Why haven't I seen her before?

I guess she's been away.

Oh, Brett! Brett. Brett, my dear!

- Hello, Zizi.

- Oh! I've got something fine to tell you.

And I want you to meet a friend of mine.

Lady Ashley, I'd like to present

Count Mippipopolous.

How do you do?

- Does Your Ladyship enjoy your stay in Paris?

- Oh, yes. Fine.

Well, Paris is all right as a town...

but I understand there is
big doings over in London.

Yes. Huge.

Hmm. Does Your Ladyship care to dance?

A little later. Thank you.

Hello, Jake.

Hello, Brett.

I didn't know you were back.

- Yes, I just got back.

- Oh.

Oh, excuse me.

Lady Brett Ashley, Mr. Robert Cohn.

How do you do?

He thinks you're the most
beautiful woman he's ever seen.

Oh! That's very nice to hear,
but I'm sure you're not serious.

I assure you I am.

- That's a fine crowd you're with, Brett.

- Yes. Aren't they lovely?

And you, darling-

Are you having a lovely evening?

- Priceless.

- Would you care to dance, Lady Brett?

Sorry, but I promised this one to Jacob.

Jacob, you have a terribly biblical name.

I didn't pick it

or perhaps I'd have done better.

Well, what about the next one?

We'll see. I never make plans. Zizi.

- Yes. Yes, dear?

- Would you take this for me?

Anything.

- You've made a new conquest there.

- Have I? That's nice.

- I suppose you like to add them up, hmm?

- Oh, stop it, Jake.

- Howdy, Lady Brett!

- Hi, Herbie. How are you?

You just get back?

- Mm-hmm.
- It's good to see you.
Thank you.
What's the matter?
- You were gay a minute ago.
- Yes, I know.
But it's all gone now.
Darling, I love you.
I can't help myself.
I know it's no good.
Let's get out of here.
You don't mind, do you?
Come on.
Jake? Jake!
You're not going, are you?
- I'd like to get some air.
- At least let me buy you a drink.
- No, the bar's too crowded.
- I'll get it. What are you having?
- Ah, Pernod.
- You, Jake?
Just another beer, please.
- Now, was that really necessary?
- I didn't want to argue.
- Oh, Brett.
- Thank you.
- Zizi?
- Yes?
Zizi, I came
with that girl in the green.
Uh-
- The one with the feather on?
- That's right.
- If she asks for me, give her this, will you?
- But will she understand?
I think so.
Just tell her it's taxi fare home.
She must live in Marseille.
Hey, Zizi.
Le Select, s'il vous plait.
- Merci bien, monsieur. Ca va.
- Ca va.
Taxi? A taxi?
No. Here.

Oh, darling, I've been so miserable.
It rained every day in Vienna.
And the Danube's brown.
It's not blue.
And I missed you. I missed you.
It didn't work out.
Being away from you
is worse than being here.
It wasn't exactly easy for me.
I suppose not.
Funny thing,
but the first week I was all right.
I didn't have a drink - not one.
And then I ran into some people
we knew during the war...
and it all started all over again.
Nothing ever really changes, does it?
I know I shouldn't have come back.
But I couldn't stay away either.
We can't go through
all that hell again.
No.
I had to see you. You understand?
You said to me that one day
I'd come to hate you.
I wish I did.
I'm going to marry Michael, Jake,
and go away with him.
It's the only thing to do.
Have you heard from him?
Almost every day. He's in Scotland.
Well, he's a nice guy.
What about you, Jake?
Are you all right?
Yes. I could be worse off.
I could be dead.
Don't we pay for the things
we do though?
When I think of all the hell
I put other people through.
I'm paying for it all now.
Don't be silly.
Would you mind
if I ask you to do something?

Of course not.

Will you kiss me just once more
before we get there?

- Merci, monsieur.

Let's go inside.

Let's take this one.

Bonsoir, monsieur, madame.

- Feel better?

- A little.

Who's Robert Cohn, Jake?

A writer. Why?

Just interested in your friends.

- He's my tennis friend.

- He doesn't look the athletic type.

Well, that shows how wrong you can be.

He was middleweight

boxing champion at Princeton.

Really? Well, he certainly
doesn't look very pugnacious.

He learned to box in order
to survive in the Ivy League.

I don't think he's ever hit anyone
in his life outside a gym.

You did say Pernod,
didn't you, Lady Brett?

I certainly did.

It's very nice of you to remember.

- It wasn't very long ago.

- Sit down, Robert.

- Why did you leave the dancing?

- The same reason you did.

It was too hot.

Everybody's coming over here.

- Who's everybody?

- Well, the count, Zizi, the Braddocks.

That girl you brought
got into a terrible row after you left.

She has a wonderful command
of the idiom.

- What happened then?

- I don't know. I came here.

- Here they are.

Ah! Zizi.

- Well, I'm going home.

- Oh, no. Don't go. It's early.

It's not that early.

Lady Brett, I wondered
what had happened to you.

My dear sir,
you have spirited the lady away...
but I cannot say I blame you.

- Well, I didn't spirit her far enough, it seems.

- Absolutely right.

Lady Brett,
I know you love dancing.
Therefore,
I brought with me the musicians.

Ah, Zizi.

Will I see you tomorrow?

- Sure.

- Call me around 5:00.

All right.

Well, my dear sir, you sure you wouldn't
stay with us and have a glass of wine?

Thank you,

but I have to work in the morning.

- Good night, Robert. Good night, Brett.

- I'm sorry. Very sorry.

You leaving again?

- Yes. I'm a working man.

- I am a working girl.

- Well, I guess we keep different hours.

- Probablement. Bonsoir.

- Bonsoir. Good night, Peter.

- Good night, Jake.

- Good night.

- Good night.

What's the matter, Jake?

Oh, nothing.

The whole show makes me sick,
that's all.

- Yes, I know.

Come on, Lady!

Say, what do you know
about Lady Brett Ashley, Jake?

Well, her name's Ashley.

Brett's her own name.

She's an American.

Married an Englishman during the war.

He was killed in Flanders.

- Have you known her a long time?

- Sure.

She was a V.A.D. in a hospital I was in
in Italy during the war.

She's very attractive.

There's a quality about her, a certain style.

She's very nice.

She seems to be
absolutely fine and straight.

You sound as if you were
pretty interested.

I am.

Well, then let me give you the facts.

She's a drunk and a drifter.

She's gonna marry
a guy named Mike Campbell.

- That way she'll have a rich but sodden old age.

- I don't believe it.

Don't ask a lot of fool questions
if you don't like the answers.

I didn't ask you for a rundown
on her private life.

- You asked me what I knew about her.

- I didn't ask you to insult her.

- Oh, go to hell.

- Take that back.

- Cut out the prep school stuff, Robert.

- Take it back!

Sure, sure. I never heard
of Brett Ashley. How's that?

No, not that.

About me going to hell.

Don't go to hell. Go back in the Select,
if thats what you want.

All right. I will!

It's all right. I'm with you.

- Where are you taking me?

- Back into the sun.

Doctor's orders.

Well, I know this may sound ungrateful,
but whatever made you become a nurse?

You're not exactly the type.

Oh, I don't know.
It seemed like a good idea at the time.
The only person
I really cared about was gone.
He was killed in 1916.
Your husband?
What a rotten time everybody's had.
- I know, but it's almost over now.
- So they say.
Where will you go?
I don't know. Paris.
I was there once on leave.
I liked it.
- I might see you there.
- Yes?
There's no point in going back to England.
Maybe Paris is the answer.
- Well, I- I have to run now.
- So soon?
You're not the only patient
in the hospital, you know.
No? I thought I was.
- See you later.
- Good-bye.
- Morning, Barnes.
- Good morning, Doctor.
How's everything
in the sick and sorry paddock?
Oh, the usual ailments.
How's the hand?
Oh, it's all right.
Just a little clumsy.
I think we can take
the bandages off in a day or two.
Then you can start the exercises.
You should be out of here in a month.
Back to the squadron?
No, I'm afraid not.
Doctor, don't you think it's about time
you stopped lying to me?
What do you want to know, Barnes?
Am I going to be all right?
There'll be certain aftereffects
from your wound...

but that's to be expected.
The important thing is that the shell
fragment that entered your back...
missed your spine...
so you'll be able to walk and move about
absolutely normally.
However-
Go on.
You're going to be impotent.
Impotent?
I'm sorry, but you asked me
for the truth.
Sure.
Cigarette?
Is it all right if I smoke?
Of course.
Well, thanks for being honest
with me anyway.
Jake!
Jake?
Jake!
- Jake?
- Jake!
Jake!
Jake. Jake!
Madame Blanche.
I was only coming up to see you, Jake...
but this woman's making a terrible row.
What a silly thing to do.
Start a row like that.
You weren't asleep, were you?
What did you think I was doing?
I don't know. What time is it?
Well, it's almost 4:30.
Oh, I'm sorry.
Do you mind if I sit down?
Don't be cross, darling.
- I'm not cross.
- Oh! I look a mess.
Can I have a drink?
Oh, just a little one.
Don't try and make me drunk.
Who did you come with?
Hmm?

- Who brought you here?
- Oh! Oh, the count.
You know, he's quite nice really.
Is he? Where did you go with him?
Ooh, everywhere.
He's waiting downstairs for me now.
Very devoted of him, dont you think?
You know, he offered me \$10,000
to go to Biarritz with him.
I told him I couldn't do it.
Told him I know
too many people in Biarritz.
So he said, "What about Cannes?"
Told him I know
too many people in Cannes.
Told him I know
too many people everywhere.
- He was very nice about it.
- I'm glad.
Don't look like that.
I told him I was in love with you.
It's true.
He was very nice about that too.
Said in that case, we'd just be friends.
That's why he's waiting downstairs now.
He wants to take us to breakfast
in the Bois.
You know why I really came here?
Why?
Because I wanted to see you.
Isn't that silly?
Wake a man up just for that.
- Brett?
- Yes?
Is this all part of a personal cure?
There is no cure. You know that.
There's your admirer now.
Come in. Come in.
Mr. Barnes, I hope that the fact
of our intrusion will be forgiven...
just as soon as you will taste
some of this delicious wine.
Oh, please don't apologize, Count.
I'm sure Jake doesn't mind at all.

No, I don't mind,
as long as you didn't bring your band.
I wanted to, but they wouldnt come.
Zizi, put this thing
on the table over there.
- Ah, open the bottle.
- It's not cold enough yet.
It will chill much quicker once it opens.
And now, if you don't mind,
I'll join you in the car a little bit later.
Just as you say, Your Highness.
- Is Zizi on your payroll, Count?
- Not officially.
I just allow him to, uh-
to steal from me from time to time.
Of course, I know we are
not given much chance...
to enjoy really good wine
in the States now...
but this one I got from my friend,
who is in the business.
Oh, you always know
somebody in the trade.
Well, this particular fellow
raises the grapes.
He's got thousands of acres of them.
Oh, what's his name? Veuve Clicquot?
No. Mum. He's a baron.
Couldn't we have
some of this wine now?
I'd like to drink a toast
to a man I know in Scotland.
A very nice guy.
Well, this wine is much too good
for the toast drinking.
You should never mix up emotions
with a wine like this, my dear.
You lose the taste.
You ought to write
a book on wines, Count.
Mr. Barnes, all I want
out of wine is to enjoy it.
- Well, let's enjoy some now.
- Well, there you are, my dear.

Enjoy it, but very slowly.
- Later you can get drunk.
- Drunk? Listen to the man.
Oh, you're very charming
when you get drunk.
I am not. I talk too much.
I've just talked myself
all out here to Jake.
You know, Lady Brett?
I really would like to hear you talk...
because when you talk to me,
you never finish your sentences.
Leave it for you to finish.
Leave it for anyone to finish
the way they please.
You know,
you both are very nice people.
Why don't you get married, you two?
We want to lead our own lives.
Yes, we have our careers.
Come on, Count.
Let's get out of here.
- Would you like to join us, Jake?
- No.
All right.
Oh, just a minute, Count.
You forgot your champagne.
I did not forget, my dear sir.
Good night.
I forgot my things.
Oh, Jake.
Oh, Jake. Jake.
Well, you're killing him.
Hello, Jake.
Oh, Robert,
I'm sorry about last night.
- Don't be silly. It was all my fault.
Are you busy for lunch?
Yes. I've got to see my mother's lawyer.
He's only gonna be in town
for a couple of days.
I wanted to talk to you.
Anything the matter, Jake?
No, no. It can wait.

You know, I really think you're wrong about Brett Ashley.

- I think if she ever found the right guy-

- Uh-huh.

No, I'm serious.

Well, that's good.

You going somewhere?

Yes. I made up my mind today.

- With Frances?

- No.

No, I don't think so.

I'm sick of Paris, Jake.

A change never hurt anybody.

You were wide open, kid.

Looks like you plan to be gone for some time.

You going to South America?

No, no, no, no.

Oh!

- Whoo-hoo!

- You know, you're in an awful good mood.

Something must have happened.

I'm not so sure I don't like you better when you're unhappy.

Oh, Mr. Barnes.

Mr. Jackson telephoned.

They're using your Pershing story on Saturday.

He asked me to tell you that he was very pleased with it.

- Fine. Has he read it?

- Of course.

Well, one never knows.

- And get Lady Ashley on the phone for me, please.

- Yes, sir.

Jake!

Jake!

Jake!

I'm here!

I'm late, but I'm here!

Hello, Bill. Welcome to Paris.

Oh!

I've been traveling!

Jake, I've met every bartender from Copenhagen to Vienna.

And, Jake, they're wonderful people.

- All of them- wonderful people!

Mr. Barnes,

I spoke with Lady Ashley's maid.

It seems she's gone out of town.

- Out of town?

- Yes, sir.

Well, thank you, Mrs. Lloyd.

Hey, Jake! Come on!

Come on! The fish are bitin'.

I can see that from here. Dont you think you ought to introduce me to your friend?

- What's your name?

- Name, name.

- Your name.

- Ah!

Je m'appelle

Marie Genevieve Bidegaray.

I'll introduce you later.

I'll be right down and help you.

Oh, you!

- Good night! So long!

- Bonsoir!

See you around! Good-bye!

- Whoa! What's all this? Hey, what's this?

Uh? Oh!

What'd she say?

- She says they're goats.

- Hmm?

That's just what I need. There's nothing like goat's milk to prevent a hangover.

No, no, no, no. You can't drink that.

It's not pasteurized.

There's nothing that goat can give me that I can't give her.

- Just give me-

- Now, come on.

- Huh?

- What'd she say?

- J'ai faim.

- She's hungry.

- Oh! Well, don't worry.

We'll see that youre well fed.

Well fed!

- Mmm.
- Huh?
- Oh. What'd she say?
- J'ai froid.
- She's cold.
- Oh!
- Do you have a jacket?
- Do you have a jacket?
- Eh? Ah, oui!

Voilà!

- Well, that oughta keep you nice and warm.
- Yeah.
- Merci.
- Come on. Let's go.
- Yeah. Come on.

Ah, isn't this wonderful?

I sure love this burg.

Yes, but they're cutting a new street through right down there.

- See?
- Hmm?

Look, I'll show you.

See, that's where I mean.

Ah, they would.

They're doing it everywhere.

- Except Spain.
- Yeah. Except Spain.
- They'll get there.
- We'll get there first, old man.

We'll get there first.

Here you are. These are yours.

Oh, workin' for the common good, huh?

That's what I like to see.

- Any more coffee?
- Sure. Plenty. Help yourself.
- Might as well drink it all.
- I will.

Coffee's good for ya.

It's the caffeine in it.

Ooh! Caffeine, we are here.

Caffeine puts a man on her horse and a woman in his grave.

Say, didn't that friend of yours in Paris who had all those pictures...

say that we were the lost generation?

Yes, she was a great talker,

but I liked her pictures better.

Whatever became of that girl

who used to hang around in Paris?

Oh, what was her name? Brett.

What about her?

Were you in love with her?

Yeah.

Very long?

Yes, off and on for a long time.

- I'm sorry.

- It's all right. It's all over now.

- You're not sore I asked, are you?

- No, no.

When are we going to the fiesta?

- I want to see the bullfights.

- Day after tomorrow.

You want to get any fishing in,
you better get started.

Hey!

- Hola, Jake!

- Ah!

Oh, this is Bill Gorton.

Juanito Montoya. He owns this joint.

- Pleased to meet you.

- As am I, senior.

- Your friends are here, you know.

- My friends?

Yes. They're waiting for you
at the Cafe Iruna.

You do not have to register now.

Later.

Go and find your friends and take them
to the unloading of the bulls.

- I will see you there.

- Bien, Juanito. Bill.

Who's he referring to?

Your friends.

I wonder.

- Isn't that Brett?

- Yeah.

Who's the guy with her?

Mike Campbell,

the fellow she's going to marry.

Jake!

- Brett.

- Jake, darling.

- Hello, Bill.

- Jake, how are you?

- Where have you chaps been?

- Bill, this is Mike Campbell.

- How do you do, sir?

- Bill Gorton. Glad to meet you.

- Bill, where did you come from?

- Budapest.

- Byway of Paris.

- How was it?

Oh, wonderful. Just wonderful.

So was Prague.

- Ask him about Berlin. Here you are, Bill.

- Oh, thank you.

Actually, Berlin was not so good...

although it seemed better than it was.

- How do you mean?

- Oh, it was tight all the time. Just tight.

- That's something new. But have a drink.

- Thank you.

- Did you have good fishing, Jake?

- Yes, it was fine.

Brett, that's what

we should have done-

joined 'em up in the mountains.

We'd never have gotten here in time

for the fiesta if wed tried to go fishing.

Robert, where did you come from?

San Sebastian. I arrived last night

with Brett and Mike.

- My name is Robert Cohn.

- Bill Gorton. My pleasure.

- How are you?

- Fishing. Haven't been fishing since the war.

- Tried to go often enough.

- Oh? Were you in the army?

Yes. Indeed I was.

And what times we had.

How I only wish

those dear old days were back.

Oh, don't be such an idiot, Michael.
Actually, he was
a very distinguished soldier.
Tell them about the time your horse
bolted down Piccadilly.
I certainly will do nothing of the kind.
It reflects discredit on me.
Well, then tell them about your medals.
That's even a worse story. Brett only
likes stories that reflect discredit on me.
- Not very good for a bankrupt.
- Bankrupt?
- Mm-hmm.
- How'd that happen to you?
Two ways-
gradually and suddenly.
However, dont you think
it's a rather gloomy subject?
Yes, it certainly is. What do you say
we go down and see the bulls unloaded?
Oh, it's a splendid idea.
Come along, Jake.
Be right with you.
I have to settle this.
Huh. You know-
No, no, no. Please.
Dont you think
it's rather odd for a bankrupt?
I always seem to wind up
with the check. Hmm.
Coming?
What are you doing here?
I came to see the bullfights.
I've never seen one before.
Did you know
I was gonna be here?
- Of course I did. Robert told me.
- Where did you pick him up?
That's who I went
to San Sebastian with.
- Congratulations.
- What did you say that for?
Well, what did you want me to say?
I thought it might be good for him.

Good for me too.

Oh, you oughta take up social work.

Darling, don't be mean.

Anyway, it didn't work out. Not for me.

And then Michael came.

Michael and I are going to get married,
as soon as he straightens his finances out.

Perhaps you'd like me to help you
arrange a short-term loan.

- That's not very funny.

- Isn't it?

By the way, how does Michael
feel about Robert?

Oh, they seem to get along all right.

You've got everything arranged
very well, haven't you?

Darling, please don't-
don't be like that.

I'm not. I'm just... detached.

Well, are we going to see
these ferocious bulls or are we not?

- Sure. Come on. We were just waiting for you.

- Bill.

I think we can get in up here.

Yes, you go on. Um, senora?

Por favor.

Gracias.

Senor. Gracias.

Are those the bulls?

Shh. Not so loud.

No, those are the steers.

- Steers?

- Yes. They receive the bulls and keep them from fighting.

But don't the bulls ever gore the steers?

Sometimes. Sometimes they go
right after them and kill them.

Can't the steers
do anything about it?

No, they're too busy
trying to make friends.

That must be swell- being a steer.

Toro! Toro!

Toro! Toro! Toro!

Aqui! Aqui! Toro!

- Oh, he's beautiful.

- Yes.

- Toro!

Watch the way he uses his horns.

He's got a left and a right,
just like a boxer.

Aqui, toro! Toro!

How many bulls are there?

Well, there's six for the first fight
and maybe one to spare.

Watch this one. He'll quiet down
as soon as he sees the others.

Toro! Toro!

- Has anyone a light?

- Mmm.

Thank you.

Aqui, toro! Aqui!. Toro, toro!

Toro, aqui!

Watch this one.

He's a wonderful bull.

Toro! Toro!

Aqui, toro!

Toro! Toro!

Toro! Toro, aqui!

Toro! Toro!

Aqui! Aqui!

- Toro, aqui!

- I don't like the looks of this one.

- Hmm?

- Watch how he digs with his left horn.

- Hmm?

- Mmm.

Toro!

That's certainly no life being a steer.

Oh, you don't think so?

I should have thought you'd
have loved being a steer, Robert.

What do you mean, Mike?

Well, they lead
such a sort of quiet life.

They never say anything important...
and they're always hanging around.

I should have thought
you'd have enjoyed that.

Arent you going to say anything?

Oh, shut up, Mike.

Toro! Toro!

Cohn, don't you know
when you're not wanted?

I know when I'm not wanted.

You're drunk.

I am not drunk.

I am not drunk at all.

- Shall we go? I think the show is over.

- Yes.

Robert, come on.

- Well, that was pleasant.

- Wasn't it?

Michael, I do wish
you'd try and behave.

My dear, I am behaving.

I'm just sick and tired of him
hanging around. That's all.

You know-You know, Jake...

it's not that I'm jealous
or anything like that.

I can't help it if hes in love
with Brett.

But I do think he could behave like a man.

Dont you?

- Well, he's trying.

- Is he?

Well, I'm not impressed.

Jake, do you know
what he calls Brett?

Circe the temptress.

He claims she turns men into swine.

I read it in a letter he left for her.

Pretty good, eh?

Look, Mike, I don't care
what he wrote in a letter to her.

But let's just not spoil
the whole fiesta, shall we?

Mike, darling, will you please
try not to make such a fuss?

I shall do my best, my dear.

I can't promise much,
but I shall do my best.

Oh, uh, may I offer

Your Ladyship a light?

Oh, come on, Mike.

Her Ladyship.

- Buenos dias.

- Buenos dias.

- Oh, what time is it?

- Well, it's just 6:30.

Ooh, what an uncivilized hour to get up!

Couldn't they do this thing

at a little later time?

You should've stayed out all night,
dear girl, like we did.

Jake, just what is
the encierro anyway?

Well, it's the running of the bulls
from the corral up to the ring.

Anyway, it gives the young men of the town
a chance to show their bravery.

Sounds like a fine custom.

Oh, Mike? Mike?

Now, where did Mike and Bill go?

Well, they probably wanted to watch
the bulls run through the streets.

Let's us go and get seated for the finish.

That's the best part.

Coming through here.

Thank you very much.

I say, give me some.

Hey! Toros!

Hurry up! Hurry up! Come on!

- I'm out of wind!

- Ol!

Congratulations, old boy.

Time for refreshment.

- What happens now?

- They let in a vaca brava- a cow.

It gives the amateur bullfighters
a chance.

- Will the cow charge?

- Wait and see.

- I say, Bill?

- Huh?

Do you suppose

she might find her way over here?

Oh, it seems unlikely.

- Oh, look. There's Bill.

Yes, that's Mike with him.

- Toro!

Toro! Old boy!

- What's that?

- It's a personal check of mine, old boy.

It's bounced three times.

I was wondering if it could possibly have an effect on that animal.

- Why dont you try it on him?

- I shall.

What's that he's got in his hand?

That looks like a check.

Oh-ho! Ol!

Mike, look out. You'll get killed.

- Mike, look out!

Whoa! Hey!

- Whoa! Whoa!

Are you all right?

Of course I'm all right.

Hey, hey! Stop!

Hey, where-where'd you go?

Who asked you to help?

Yeah. We were doing fine till you showed up.

Always trying to mix in, aren't you, Robert?

I thought you might get hurt.

Don't worry about me.

Don't ever worry about me.

I've lost my check. Blast it!

- What's he doing now?

Well, it looks like he's lost something.

- Probably his check.

Is that it?

There it is!

- Found it.

- Oh, look. Look, he's found it.

Whoa, whoa, whoa! Whoa!

He went right over.

Hola, Jake.

- Here are your tickets.

- Oh, thank you.
- Would you like to come and see Pedro Romero before the fight?
- I don't want to bother him.
- Oh, it will be no bother at all. Come with me now.
- Bill? Bill, come on.

Huh?

Who's this Romero, Jake?

One of the boys fighting this afternoon.

They say he's gonna be

one of the greats.

- Come in. Hola.

- Okay.

Pedro.

- Senor Barnes.

- Senor.

- Senor Gorton.

- Senor.

- How are you?

- Pedro Romero.

- Did you go to the bullfight today?

- Oh, you speak English.

- No.

- But I speak it.

Is there anything you would like
to ask my brother Pedro?

No, no. No. We just wanted
to wish him good luck.

I see. Thank you.

- Thank you.

- Yes, good luck.

- Gracias.

- Where are Robert and Mike?

- Oh, at the Cafe Iruna.

He looks like a torero.

Don't you think so? He is the type.

Well, he's a good-looking kid,
all right.

It is important for a torero
to look like that.

If he has everything else- the valor,
the knowledge- but he does not look right...

then he can never

give you everything in the ring.

- That rules out Mike and me.

- That rules out most people.
- I will see you after the fight.
- Right.
- Ah.
- Here are the tickets.
Two barreras for Bill and me
and three seats for you.
- Wonderful.
- Will you be all right?
I'm a little nervous,
but I think I'll be all right.
- What about you, Robert?
- I'm only worried that I might get bored.
Do you think so? Do you really think
you might get bored?
Dont watch the horses after the bull
hits them. Just look away.
Oh, dont worry about Brett.
I'll take care of her.
I'm only worrying
about Robert getting bored.
Well, I'll see you later.
Come on, Bill.
Bully, bully, bully! Where's the bull?
Oh, Michael, sit down.
Ol! Ol!
Ol! Ol!
Ol!
Ol! Ol!
Ol!
Ol!
- Ol!
Ol! Ol!
Ol!
Ol!
Ol!
Ol!
Ol!
Ol!
Does Cohn look bored now?
No. Neither does Brett.
Oh, there they are.
Jake, I say, that fellow
Romeo what's-his-name-
He's really something, isn't he?

Or am I wrong?

- He's a bullfighter, all right.

- Where's Brett?

- Oh, she went upstairs to change.

- You weren't bored, were you, Robert?

- No, I wasn't bored.

I hope you'll forgive me for that.

There she is now.

Beautiful. My dear. Fantastic as usual.

Oh, what a crowd. Couldn't we go
someplace quiet for a change?

Well, I think that could be arranged.

- Shall we try the dining room?

- Right.

- Have you recovered?

- Almost.

These bullfights are rather hard
on one, aren't they?

Hey, I think our Brett's getting
a little too interested in bullfighters.

I couldn't agree more.

Jake, be a good fellow
and don't tell her any more about 'em.

Tell her how they beat
their poor old mothers.

Yes, and tell me
what drunks they are.

Oh, frightening. Drunk all day.

And beat their poor old mothers
all night long.

- Yes, he looks the type.

- Excuse me just a minute.

I just wanted to tell you how much
I enjoyed your work this afternoon.

Jake, you might introduce us
to your friends.

Would you come
and have a drink with us?

Yes. I like.

- Senor Romero, Lady Ashley, Mr. Cohn.

- How do you do?

- Mr. Campbell. Bill Gorton you know.

- Oh.

- Hello, senor.

Since watching you
in the bullring this afternoon...
I'm ashamed of being a writer.
This gentleman is a writer.
This one too.
And the other senior-
What does he do?
Tell him the bulls
had no horns today.
What does he mean?
Go ahead, Jake.
Tell him the bulls had no horns today.
He's drunk. Borracho.
Tell him Brett just wants to see him
in those blue pants again.
- Pipe down, Mike.
- May I offer you a toast to-
- To Pedro Romero.
- Gracias.
Pedro?
I'm sorry. I... must go. Adios.
- Adios.
- Senora.
Oh, he's charming, polite-
something you wouldn't expect at all.
I wanted to tell him
what I thought of the bulls...
but old Jake kept interrupting me.
Nobody was interrupting you.
Oh, Jake did. But-
I'd like to get this thing settled.
Uh, you-What have you
got to say about it?
Or are you just gonna sit there, as usual,
looking quietly superior?
Cut it out, will you, Mike?
Of course, I'm not
one of you literary fellows.
I'm not clever at all.
But I do know when I'm not wanted.
Now, why don't you just take
that sad face and go away, hmm?
- Don't you think I'm right, Jake?
- Sure. Sure.

Let's all go over to the Iruna.
No, uh-uh. I want to know
if I'm right.
You see, I happen to love
that woman sitting there.
Oh, don't start that again, Mike.
Shove it along, will you, darling?
I know what I'm saying.
Jake does too.
So, just go away, hmm? Go away.
- But I won't go.
- Oh.
Then I suppose I shall have to make you.
- Come on.
- What's that?
- It's the fireworks.
Come on, Mike. Let's go out
and have a look at the show.
- Fireworks? Good idea.
- It's outside. You can see it from there.
Globos iluminados.
A bunch of bloody fireworks all fizzling.
That's us.
If he's getting philosophical again, Jake,
we'd better get out of here.
- Mike?
- Hmm?
- Her Ladyship wants a drink.
- Oh, how you know things.
Oh, well, go ahead. I'll join you.
We'll see you later.
Magnificent display, is it not?
- Oh!
- Let's go in here.
Jake, I'm so sick and tired
of the whole thing-
Robert, Michael, the whole group.
Well, it's been hard on Mike
having Robert around.
Yes, I know. But he doesn't
have to behave like that.
Everyone behaves badly,
given the proper chance.
You wouldn't behave badly.

I don't know. I- I'd probably be
as big a fool as Mike or Robert.

- That's not true.

- Yes, it is.

You think the whole thing's my fault,
don't you, Jake?

Well, let's say that I don't think
you're just an innocent bystander.

It's funny, but, you know...

I really thought we had a chance-
Michael and I.

I should have known better.

But I was so happy
when he arrived in San Sebastian.

- Was he sober?

- Yes, he was.

But it's not the drinking.

It's not anything he does.

And what about Cohn?

Did you think you had a chance there too?

Oh, don't be difficult, Jake.

I feel badly enough as it is tonight.

Can I have some coffee?

They don't have any coffee here.

- It stopped raining. Shall we go?

- Mm-hmm.

Dos pesetas.

Gracias.

No, this way.

- He was there.

- Yes.

Can't stand to be away from you.

I feel sorry for him.

I don't. I hate him.

I hate his suffering.

He enjoys it.

- Dos cafs, por favor.

- Si, senior.

I've changed my mind.

I want a brandy.

- Caballero.

- Senior.

- Con mucho gusto.

Oh, there's Romero.

- Gracias.
- Por nada.
Oh, he's coming over.
- Buenos noches.
- Buenos noches.
- Senora.
- Won't you sit down and join us?
- For a moment, yes.
- Will you have a drink with us?
- No, I am with some people over there.
- You fight tomorrow, hmm?
Si. But not with Algabena.
He was hurt today in Madrid.
- Did you hear?
- No. Badly?
- No, it was here. Nothing.
- May I?
- You tell fortunes?
- Sometimes.
- Do you mind?
- No, I like it.
Tell me that I will live for always...
and I will be a millionaire.
- Do you see any bulls in my hand?
- Oh, yes, thousands of them.
Good!
Then a thousand duros apiece.
Tell me some more.
Oh, it's a very good hand.
I think you'll live a long time.
Say it to me, not to your friend.
I said that you would live a long time.
I know it.
I am never going to die.
No, don't do that.
The bulls are my best friends.
Do you always kill your friends?
Always. So they... do not kill me.
You know English very well, don't you?
Si. Pretty well sometimes...
but I must not let anybody know.
It would be very bad for a torero
who speaks English.
Oh, yes? Why?

Well, bullfighters
are not supposed to be like that.
- What are bullfighters supposed to be like?
Like at that table over there.
No, I- I must forget my English.
Oh, not for a little while yet.
- No?
- No.
All right.
Excuse me. I'll go see
what happened to Bill and Mike.
No, no, no. Sit down.
I just want to go find our friends.
I'd like another brandy, please.
Will you... finish telling my fortune?
Of course.
But it might take a little while.
Since you say I will live so long...
I have time.
Of course, you mustn't believe
all the things I tell you.
Whatd you do that for?
- Huh?
- You're wasting good wine, man.
Well, there was a fly in my glass.
There's been a fly in every glass I've had
since I came down here.
What's the matter?
I don't know. I'm just low. That's all.
Oh, come on. Have a Pernod.
That's what they're for.
- No, that won't do any good.
Look, Bill, I-
I hate to let you down...
but I've got to get out of here.
What? Where do you want to go?
Back to Paris. Fishing.
I don't know. Anywhere.
Oh, come on. What's the hurry?
Oh, I've had it. That's all.
Look, here. Here's some money.
Pay my share of the hotel bill...
and if theres anything left,
I'll pick it up from you later.

Jake, I know how you feel.

You know how I feel?

No, you don't.

But why should you?

- Come on, Jake. Take it easy.

- Don't give me advice.

- I'm not giving you-

- And don't try to tell me how to live with myself.

I know all about that. It's living with other people that gets tough once in a while.

Jake, Jake, come here.

Take it easy here. Come on.

- Talk about it in the morning. Do me a favor.

- Jake! Bill!

There you are.

I've been looking everywhere for you.

Come on. Join us.

Ladies, pray be seated.

Come on, little one.

There you are, my dear.

You know something? I've been thrown out of three cabs since I've seen you last.

Only these little señoritas rescued me.

You're very lucky. All of you, I mean.

Do you know,

they don't speak a word of English.

They always seem to be thirsty.

Oh, little darlings.

Waiter! Oh, waiter!

Waiter?

Psst! Tsk, tsk, tsk. Garon! Boy!

- Nobody home.

You know something?

The service around this town is getting worse and worse every night.

Perhaps it's me.

Thank you.

As a matter of fact, I'm afraid it is me.

Nobody seems to pay much attention to me anymore.

Perhaps the word has leaked out about your finances.

A definite possibility.

- Waiter!

- Where is Brett?

- I don't know.

- She was with you.

Well, maybe she's gone home to bed.

Sit down, Robert. I don't know where she is.

Don't lie. You do know.

- I'm not lying.

- Oh, shut up, Cohn.

She's probably gone off
with a bullfighter.

Maybe they're married by now.

- Is that where she is?

- Go away, Robert.

She was with you.

Is that where she is?

- I'll make you tell me!

- You miserable-

- Waiter!

- Why, you absolute ruffian!

Jake! Jake!

- Are you all right, man?

Take it easy.

Wait a minute. Hold on.

You crazy Americans! Please go!

I beg your pardon.

I am not an American.

I say, old boy, you were out cold.

- Where were you?

- Oh, I was around.

He knocked Mike down too.

- Fellow must be a boxer.

- Yes, he is.

Who hit me?

Robert, go away.

Please, please, leave.

Robert! Robert, stop it!

Stop it! Robert, stop it!

- Stop it!

What are you doing? Are you crazy?

Get out! Stop it.

Robert, stop it! Robert!

Robert, stop it!

- Stop it!

Stop it!

Robert! Robert! Listen to me!

Please listen to me! Please, Robert!

Robert, listen to me!

Listen! You must go!

Don't you understand

what you're doing? Robert!

- Robert!

- Oh, Brett.

- What have I done?

- Please, you must go, Robert.

Please.

I love you, Brett.

Please leave now.

Pedro. Pedro.

Pedro. Pedro.

Well, here's old Jake,
the human punching bag.

- Ooh.

- Very funny.

- How do you feel?

About the way those guys look.

Let's go find Mike.

Gentlemen, good morning.

I was wondering

what had become of you.

- How are you, Mike?

- Never better, dear boy. Never better.

Well, as good as can be expected.

- Sit down. Sit down. Have your shoes shined.

- No, no. Thanks.

- I've had mine done seven times.

- They look pretty clean.

Ah, yes. But you cannot get
these fellows to agree.

- El senor, huh?

- No, no. No.

Oh, need somebody for old Jake.

Can't leave him sitting around doing nothing.

No, I'm all right. I guess.

Jake, you may think youre all right...

but your shoes need shining.

Now, look-

Oh.

Here comes Her Ladyship.

- Brett.
- I'm glad I found you.
- Uh, more beer.
- Si, senior.
- More shrimps. Gambas.
- Muy bien.
- Has Robert left yet?
- I don't know.
Nobody's seen him since last night.
- How's Romero?
- He's all right. He won't leave his room.
- Is he badly hurt?
- Yes, but he's going to fight this afternoon.
Brett has got a bullfighter.
She had a bloody nuisance for a while,
but that didn't work out.
Now she's got a bullfighter
with blue pants.
And where am I? I'm sitting here
having my shoes shined.
Mike, take it easy, huh?
Take it easy.
Tell me, Lady Brett,
how is your boyfriend?
Very well.
Watch him this afternoon.
Will you walk with me, Jake?
I'd like to talk to you.
Yes, go ahead.
Tell him all about your bull fighter.
To hell with your bullfighter!
- It's all right. It's all right.
I'll pay for it. Be quiet!
Dont worry about a thing.
I shall pay for everything.
- Oh, be quiet, will you! I'll take care-
Si, senior.
A ridiculous-looking type.
I think I'll teach him a lesson.
- He's just playing. Come on. Let's go.
Rather bad form, that, wasn't it?
Forget it, Mike.
We all have our moments.
- That policeman- He struck me.

- Mike, forget it!
- I'm going back-
- No, you're not!
I am!
I forgot my binoculars.
Is there, uh, anything
you want me to do?
No, just walk with me.
I dont want to go in yet.
He's still asleep.
- I wish the wind would die down.
It's dangerous for him.
I know.
He says the bulls are all right.
They are good.
Will you wait for me a minute?
You know, I'm really not worried about him.
I know he'll be all right.
I do wish the wind would drop.
It may go down by 5:00.
Let's hope so.
Is, uh, that what you were praying for?
No, I was praying for him.
You will look after Mike,
won't you, Jake?
Yeah.
What are you thinking?
Just lucky that I'm around
to look after your wounded.
He looks frightened.
He's young.
He doesn't know much.
Don't listen to anything.
Just watch.
Ol! Ol!
Ol!
Ol!
Ol!
Ol!
Ol! Ol!
Ol!
Ol!
Ol!
Ol!
Ol!
Ol!
Ol!
Ol!
Ol!
Ol!
Ol! Ol!

Ol! Ol!

Ol! Ol!

Only one pic.

He's certainly not gonna live
to be a very old bullfighter.

It's empty.

Agua.

Romero!

Romero! Romero! Romero!

Romero! Romero! Romero!

Romero! Romero! Romero!

- Romero! Romero! Romero!

- What do they want?

They want him to place
his own banderías.

- Romero! Romero!

- Oh, but he can't. He's all bruised.

Romero! Romero! Romero!

- Romero! Romero!

For you.

Ol!

Ol!

Ol!

- Ol!

Oh, this is a special kind of hell.

Their women usually stay at home.

I can understand why.

Ol!

- Ol!

- Ol!

- Toro!

Ol! Ol!

Ol! Ol!

Ol!

Ol!

Ol! Ol!

- Toro!

- Ol!

Ol!

Ol! Ol!

Ol! Ol!

Senor.

Romero would like to speak to you.

He'll take you to him.

- I'll meet you at the hotel.
Jake?
Jake!
Well, what is it, Robert?
About last night, Jake-
I wasn't myself.
No? Then who hit me?
I know nothing I can say
will change matters...
but... I was in love with her, Jake.
That's why I took everything.
I knew right from the beginning
it was hopeless...
but I couldn't resign myself to the fact.
I hung around.
I hung around when I knew
I should get out, but I couldn't go, Jake.
People always want
what they can't have, I guess.
I don't know. She was the only person
I ever met who made any sense to me.
- Forget it, Robert.
- But-
You were the only friend I had, Jake.
Forget it. It wasn't all your fault.
Have a drink.
I'll see you tonight at dinner.
I'm leaving tonight.
- Where are you going?
- To Paris... and then America.
I'm going to see Frances
and try to straighten things out.
I only hope I'm not too late.
I hope so too. Good luck, Robert.
Thanks, Jake.
Enter, friend or foe.
Oh, Jake. Come in, old boy.
Yes, Brett's gone.
Gone off with her bullfighter.
Frankly, I don't think
she should have done it.
Very bad, actually.
- Oh, Jake, care for a drink?
- No. No.

- I can ring down and get you some.
- No, no, thanks.
- I was just going upstairs to lie down.
- Oh.

You know, I- I told her
she was making a mistake...
asking for trouble.

You know what she did?
She said something rather funny.
She said,

"Oh, I've given up such a lot.
I've had such a happy life
with the British aristocracy. "
Pretty funny, dont you think?

Ah, Brett. Dear, dear Brett.
Uh, Jake, just out of curiosity,
are you drunk?

No.

I see. Well, I am.

Why dont you try
to get some sleep, Mike?

Mm-hmm. I will, old boy.

A little later, hmm?

Oh, Jake, uh, you won't forget
to come to dinner tonight, will you?

Already it seems as if
there are about six people missing.

Sure. I'll see you at dinner.

Right.

Bung-ho, old boy.

Bung-ho.

Well, it's all over.

Some fiesta.

It had its moments.

You know,

I feel rather badly about Cohn.

I didn't behave too well there, did I?

In the end, it didn't make
any difference anyway.

Where do you suppose he went?

Probably back to Frances.

He's better off that way.

- Where do you go now, Mike?

- Hmm? Oh, the Riviera.

You know, Cannes, Nice,
all that sort of stuff.
I'm absolutely flat broke, old boy.
- Do you want some money?
- Oh, no, thanks.
I've got my ticket.
Once I get to Nice, I'll be all right.
Loads of credit there.
How soon do you leave for New York?
I sail on the 17th.
I shall miss you, old boy.
I shall miss both of you.
I'm gonna go say good-bye
to Montoya.
Meet you at the car.
You're sure you'll be all right?
No question about it. Waiter?
- Si, senior.
- A small Fundador, please.
- Esta bien.
- Limpia?
Limpia?
Go ahead, amigo.
Juanito?
I wanted to say good-bye.
Adios.
I also wanted to say how badly I feel
about this Romero business.
That was his brother.
Romero was to fight next Sunday
at San Sebastian.
Now he has sent a wire,
and he has canceled.
Canceled?
Oh, I am sorry, Juanito.
Que va.
It is not your fault. That is life.
There are always some bad things
happen at a feria.
You and I will forget it.
- Let's hope so.
- I will see you next year?
You can count on it.
Take care of yourself, Juanito.

You too. If there is mail,
where shall I send it?
Oh, the Hotel du Palais in Biarritz.
I'm going there to rest for a week
before I go back to work.
I'm sure you need it. Adios.
Adios, Juanito.
You wouldn't believe it, would you?
It's all like a wonderful... nightmare.
I believe in anything,
including nightmares.
Well, let's go.
Pardonnez-moi.
Monsieur Barnes!
A telegram for you, sir.
Thank you.
I thought there might be a reply.
It's marked urgent.
Well, when is there a train for Madrid?

9:

- Can you get me a sleeper on it?
- Oh, yes, sir.
You do not want to send any reply?
- No. No, thank you. I'll do it later.
- Thank you, sir.
Espera.
Buenos dias, senor. Que desea?
Uh, Lady Ashley, por favor.
- Quien?
- Lady Brett Ashley, Senor Romero's friend.
Ah, Senor Romero. Maria Luisa.
- Who is it?
- Its Jake.
Jake. Jake.
Well, you wired that you were in trouble.
You're short of funds. Is that it?
Oh, Jake, please don't.
I can't take any more.
What do you have to take?
You had what you wanted.
That's not true.
You mean to tell me Romero left you?
No. I wish he had.

It would've been easier.
I had to make him go,
and I wasn't sure he would.
That's why I wired you.
I didn't have a cent to go away and leave him.
What was your hurry?
There was no hurry.
I just didn't want to hurt him,
and I knew that ultimately I would.
I thought I'd found someone
who might make me forget you...
but I found I was wrong.
I don't expect you to believe me.
You know, he's only 22 years old...
and I'm not gonna be one
of those women who ruin children.
I knew the longer it lasted,
the more it would hurt.
As it is,
I've only hurt his pride a little.
How much money do you need?
I don't know.
I'll pay you when I get back to Paris.
Oh, darling.
We could've had
such good times together.
Isn't it pretty to think so?
- Good-bye, Jake.
- Good-bye.
Jake!
Don't leave me.
Take me with you, please.
Don't leave me alone now.
All right. Pack your things
and let's get out of here.
No. Leave it. Leave everything.
You're sure you're not going to miss
any of those things you left behind?
No.
No, I left nothing that I-
I'll really miss.
Don't we pay
for the things we do though?
Seems to me that you said

that same thing before...
not so very long ago.
You're right.
Let's not talk about it anymore.
Let's never talk about it again.
Have you got a cigarette, Jake?
You know, he learned his English
as a waiter in Gibraltar.
He wanted to marry me finally.
Probably thought it would
make him Lord Ashley.
No, he really wanted to marry me.
He said then I couldn't go away
and leave him.
Oh, that's the same notion
a lot of people have had.
Please don't be mean, Jake.
Look, let's really
never talk about it again.
It's all right with me.
Do you know, it makes one feel rather good
to behave decently again.
It's sort of what we have instead of God.
Some people have God... quite a lot.
Yes, I know.
He never worked very well with me.
Maybe you didn't really try.
Maybe not.
You know, the awful thing is
it could have been so simple...
because youre the only man
I could ever love, Jake.
Well, where do we go from here?
I don't know.
Oh, darling...
there must be an answer
for us somewhere.
I'm sure there is.
One generation passes away...
and another generation comes...
but the Earth abides forever.
The sun also rises.