



Scripts.com

An American in Paris

By Alan Jay Lerner

This is Paris.
And I'm an American
who lives here.
My name, Jerry Mulligan...
... and I'm an ex-G.I.
In 1945, when the Army
told me to find my own job...
... I stayed on.
And I'll tell you why.
I'm a painter.
All my life that's all
I've ever wanted to do.
For a painter,
the mecca of the world for study...
... for inspiration and for living...
... is here on this star called Paris.
Just look at it.
No wonder so many artists
have come here and called it home.
Brother, if you can't paint in Paris,
give up and marry the boss' daughter.
We're on the Left Bank now.
That's where I'm billeted.
Here's my street.
In the past couple of years...
... I've gotten to know
practically everyone on the block.
And a nicer bunch
you'll never meet.
Back home everyone
said I didn't have any talent.
They might be saying
the same thing over here...
... but it sounds better in French.
I live upstairs.
No, not there.
One flight up.
Jerry!
Those are three of my pals.
Etienne, Maurice and Jacques.
I'm their man because
I give them American bubble gum.
I have a lot of
good friends in Paris.

A lot of very good friends.
And I am one of them.
Adam Cook is my name.
I'm a concert pianist.
That's a pretentious way of
saying I'm unemployed at the moment.
I live in the same brick pile
with young Rembrandt.
That's not me.
He's too happy.
I'm here on a scholarship.
Last year, I won the Hackenwall prize
and was sent abroad to study.
That's the eighth fellowship I've won.
And you know something?
I'm getting pretty homesick.
Not only that, but I'm beginning to feel
like the world's oldest child prodigy.
One time I ran out of fellowships
and had to go to work for a living.
I had to stop because
I discovered I liked it...
... and I didn't want to become
a slave to the habit.
It's not a pretty face, I grant you.
But underneath its flabby exterior
is an enormous lack of character.
I like Paris.
It's a place where you don't
run into old friends.
Although that's never
been one of my problems.
Strangely enough, I made a friend
over here once. I worked for him.
His name was Henri Baurel.
You know, the French music hall star?
Do you remember him?
I do, because that's me.
Adam was a fine accompanist.
I wish he were still with me.
My, how nice to be
in the old quarter!
You see?
Everybody recognizes me.

I guess I haven't changed
so much after all.
They've known me a long time.
But now, don't misunderstand.
I don't mean
to imply that I am old.
I'm not.
After all, I am only...
Well, what's the difference?
No, that's not me.
I am not that young.
Let's just say...
... I am old enough to know what to do
with my young feelings.
Right?
- Georges!
- Henri Baurel!
- Henri!
- Mathilde!
Adam?
You used to
sing it a tone higher.
I'm a big boy now.
My voice is changing.
- Shall I come up?
- No, I'll be right down.
Hey, Georges,
some coffee!
Henri, I'm going to
make you an "omelette la confiture".
Don't kiss me.
You'll spoil my makeup.
You look great, Hank.
What're you doing?
Taking injections?
Something much better.
I hear your show's a big hit.
It is, "naturellement".
- When did you get over?
- Last March.
I phoned you,
but there was no answer.
I'd have phoned again, but I was
afraid you might be in.

March? I wasn't in Paris then.

Lise and I were
visiting friends in Juan-les-Pins.

- Some coffee, please.
- What are you working on?
- Same old concert.
- When will you give it?

When I can't figure out
any more reasons not to.

Some coffee, please.

I took Lise to hear
Weingarten play the other night.
It was her first concert,
and her eyes were shining two days.

Why didn't you take her to an eye
doctor? Incidentally, who's Lise?

That's the second time
that name has come up.

Adam, I am very happy these days.

I'll show you her picture.

- Are you married?
- Not yet.

Pretty. Very pretty.

- She looks familiar.
- She's Jacques Bouvier's daughter.

Jacques Bouvier?

My coffee.

Poor Jacques.

He was caught in the Resistance.
I took care of Lise all through
the occupation. She lived in my house.

Your house?

Shocking, but generous.
She was a little girl then.

We only became
in love after she left.
She's a little young for you,
isn't she?

No, not really. She's 19.

She's getting on.

What's she like?

Well, she has great vitality
and "joie de vivre".

She loves to go out, have fun and

dance. She could dance all night.
Sounds tiresome.
Kind of a wild kid, huh?
Wild?
Whatever gave you that idea?
No, she's very simple.
Very simple.
She works all day at the
Maison Nicole, the perfume shop.
I prefer not to
discuss the matter any further.
Be serious.
She's an enchanting girl, Adam.
Not really beautiful,
and yet, she has great beauty.
Very spiritual type, huh?
Not at all.
She's an exciting girl, Adam.
She seems to be
a lusty young lady.
No! She's sweet and shy.
An old-fashioned girl, huh?
Course not!
She's vivacious and modern.
Always yakking it up?
Don't be silly!
She reads incessantly.
Doesn't all that reading
make her moody?
Never.
She's the gayest girl in the world.
Look, let's start
all over again, shall we?
What's she like?
Good morning, Therese.
How are you today, "monsieur"?
I could be better, Therese.
I'm broke.
- Broke?
- That means I have no money.
When I'm broke I don't eat.
Then I get tired and depressed.
When that happens, the only thing
that helps is wine and women.

That should be very simple.

You are in Paris.

But even in Paris
that takes money...

...which is what

I don't have in the first place.

This isn't music!

It's uncivilized.

It's noise.

- Hi!

- Hi.

Jerry, this is Henri Baurel.

Jerry Mulligan.

How do you do?

I know you.

I've heard you sing a thousand times.

You're wonderful.

- Thank you.

- Excuse me.

Do you have

I'm going to Montmartre.

I need lunch money.

Sorry. Bought a postage stamp
and it broke me.

Please allow me.

No, thanks.

I never touch a guy

unless I've known him 15 minutes.

I've known him 15 years.

Lend me 300.

I wouldn't lend him money if I were
you. He's a bum risk.

Adam! For this you win a scholarship?

What's the matter?

Evidently the man doesn't like jazz.

- He's against it.

- What else is there?

I know what he likes.

He's strictly a three-quarter man.

Old Vienna.

Franz Josef!

The Palace of Schnbrunn.

- Kaffee with Schlagsahne.

- And Wienerschnitzel.

- Dog!
- Pig!
My card!
Gentlemen!
The Emperor!
Relax, sister.
I'm from Perth Amboy, New Jersey.
I can see disregarding perspective
to achieve an effect, but I believe...
Why don't you be
a good little girl and move on?
You won't buy anything.
You're just blocking out the sunshine.
I just wanted
to discuss your work.
I don't want you
to discuss my work.
I'm not interested
in your opinion of my work.
If you say something nice
I won't feel better...
...and if you don't
it'll bother me.
Thank you. Good day.
Do you mind if I look...
...or will you chew
my head off too?
Go ahead.
You're okay.
Thank you.
She's a third-year girl
that gripes my liver.
Third-year girls?
You know, American college kids.
They come here to take their third
year and lap up some culture.
They give me a swift pain.
Why?
They're harmless enough.
They're officious and dull.
They always make profound
observations they've overheard.
Say, do you have
a cigarette?

- I think so.

- Thanks.

Don't you like criticism?

Who does? Tough enough getting
it from those who know.

My first today.

My guess is the business
isn't very good.

Your guess is
right on the nose.

You know...

...I like these two.

Thanks. So do I.

I want to buy them.

How much are they?

Gee, I don't know.

You don't know?

I never thought I'd come to the point
where that would be an issue.

Offer me something.

For each.

Will that be satisfactory?

That'll be

good and satisfactory.

You sure you know what you're doing?

What do you care?

That's about \$50 apiece,
isn't it?

I don't know.

I haven't changed money lately.

Oh, dear!

- What's the matter?

- I haven't got enough with me.

Come back tomorrow.

It's a cinch they'll still be here.

Why don't you come to the hotel?

I can pay you there.

Fine. Is it far?

Would you care if it were?

- What's your name?

- Jerry Mulligan. Yours?

Milo Roberts.

- Milo?

- Yeah, as in "Venus de".

Venus de.
Is this yours?
Maybe I should have
charged you more.
I'll be back.
Make yourself at home.
Here.
Thanks.
- Would you like some sherry?
- All right.
How'd you come by
these worldly possessions?
A rich husband or father?
A father.
- What's he do?
- Oil.
I should have known.
Suntan oil.
Really? I didn't know
there was so much in that racket.
-There's a lot of red skin in America.
- There must be.
Let's see now.
Where shall I hang these?
Maybe over on...
Here's a good place.
Good light.
Not too much sun.
That'll be fine.
By golly, you know, these are good!
I've seen hundreds of paintings
by young artists...
...and not one has
impressed me till these!
I'm glad.
Makes it easier to give up.
Give up?
It's kind of hard
for an artist to sell.
A writer, a composer can
buy a copy of what they create.
With a painter,
it's the original that counts.
Once that's gone,

it's out of his life.
I never thought of that.
Excuse me for a minute.
Hello, Tommy.
No, dear.
Don't come up.
Be a darling and wait
for me in the dining room.
I'll be right down.
I'm sorry.
I didn't mean to stay long.
Don't apologize.
I wanted you to.
I wish we had more time to talk.
Goodbye, and thanks again.
By the way...
...what are you going to do tonight?
Why?
I'm giving
a small party here.
There'll be an extra girl.
Why not come?
I don't know.
Do you have a date?
Well, then come.
You'll find the company very easy.
Nothing formal.
- Be here at eight.
- Okay.
My car can take you home.
He has nothing to do.
Thanks.
Me, me!
Jerry, do you have any bubble gum?
"Demain." Tomorrow.
Tomorrow.
- Rptez aprs moi. "Door."
- Door!
- Street.
- Street!
- Lady.
- Lady!
- Window.
- Window!

- Flowers.
- Flowers!
"Monsieur le" wise guy.
A very hard word.
Massachusetts!
An American song.
- I got.
- I got.
Good.
Charleston!
Choo-choo train!
Soldier!
Napoleon!
Cowboy!
Hopalong Cassidy!
- Charles!
- Charlie Chaplin!
Airplane!
More!
- Good evening. I'm sorry I'm late.
- Good evening.
The moment I went to dress...
...the phone started ringing
like a steeple on Sunday.
Would you like one of these?
Fine, fine.
I've never seen so many
Americans in Paris before.
The Champs Elyse looks
just like Main Street.
Do you live here
all the time?
I usually go home to Baltimore
for Christmas and Thanksgiving.
That's quite a dress
you almost have on.
- Thanks.
- What holds it up?
Modesty.
- Cheers.
- Cheers.
I see it's a formal brawl
after all.
What makes you think that?

The more formal the party is,
the less you have to wear.
No, you're quite wrong.
It's most informal.
Where is everybody?
Here.
Downstairs?
No, here in this room.
What about that extra girl?
That's me.
- The party's you and me?
- That's right.
I see. It's kind of
a little joke, isn't it?
In a way.
Well, lady...
...here's your dough back. I'll
take my pictures and run along.
Wait a minute.
Wait, my foot!
You must be
out of your mink-lined head!
I know I need dough, but
I don't need it this badly.
If you're hard up for companionship...
...they have guys in town who
do this for a living.
Call one of them.
What's so funny?
You! You're so righteous.
Stop defending your honor
so assiduously...
...and listen to me for a minute.
I don't need a paid escort.
And I'm not trying to rob you
of your precious male initiative.
I'm interested in your work
and want to know you better.
Is that such a crime?
Well, it certainly is
a roundabout way to do it.
Would you have accepted
a normal invitation?
I want to help you.

I think you have
a great deal of talent.
It doesn't hurt to have
somebody rooting for you, does it?
- It'll be the first time anybody ever did.
- Then let me.
Please?
How's the food downstairs?
- Very good.
- And probably very expensive.
Would it embarrass you
if I signed the check?
Let's go someplace I can afford.
How about the Caf Flodair
on Montparnasse?
I feel like "jazz hot".
It's not expensive.
It better not be.
I'd like to show a little profit
at the end of the day.
How long did it last?
About two years.
I lost him in the war.
I'm sorry.
To another woman.
Somebody he met in California
while he was in training.
If he was the dog you
said he was...
...you must have been glad
to be rid of him.
I was, I guess, except that I...
Except it would have been
more satisfactory...
...if you could have kissed him off.
I guess.
You should get married again.
You need it.
- Why?
- Everybody does.
Everybody must
have someone to account to.
Especially when you don't work.
It keeps the personality together.

No, thank you.

Not for me.

- Besides, I have work to do.

- What?

Well, for the moment, you.

I want to bring you

to the attention of dealers.

They know me.

I'm a big customer.

We have a large collection at home.

I could sponsor you...

...talk about you, encourage you.

When you've done enough canvases

I could arrange your first show.

That is, if you'll let me.

It sounds great,

but what's in it for you?

Just the excitement of

helping somebody I believe in...

...and finding out if I'm right.

- Milo, darling.

- Tommy! I knew you'd turn up here.

This is Jerry Mulligan.

This is Tommy Baldwin.

He's on the "Paris Telegram".

Milo, I'm showing the Jansens
around and need your help.

What do you say?

Shall we go to his rescue?

Anything you like.

Follow me. You need radar to
find your way in this smoke.

- Who are the Jansens?

- Magazine illustrators.

- What're they like?

- Death.

- Look what I found.

- What a pleasant surprise!

- Jack, say hello to Milo.

- Hello, Milo.

This is Jerry Mulligan.

Jerry, the Jansens.

How do you do?

Isn't this the chap you

told me about at lunch?
Waiter, two more glasses, please.
Milo says you're quite wonderful.
I'd love to see
some of your pictures.
I'm having a private showing
tomorrow on a corner in Montmartre.
You paint?
So do we. Jack and I.
We work together.
Well, that's cozy.
Dance, you two.
I want to talk to Milo.
Come on, Jack.
Have fun.
There's a special doll over there.
Do you know who she is?
No. But she is lovely,
isn't she?
She sure is.
I'm very anxious
for you to see Jerry's work.
If you like it, you can get
him a mention on the art page.
Nothing to it.
- Lise.
- What?
Her name is Lise.
Let's dance.
We haven't for years.
Excuse me, Jerry.
You're going to have trouble
with that one.
No, I'm not.
He's just not housebroken yet.
When will you stop involving
yourself with young artists?
It never works.
If they're no good, you're ashamed.
If they are, they get too independent.
Just dance, Tommy, please.
All right. But I warn you,
he'll be out in four months...
...just like the composer

and the sculptor.
Lise! I didn't
see you sitting here!
What a pleasant surprise!
My wife and I were talking...
...and were wondering
what happened to her.
Let's go around the floor
for old time's sake. Do you mind?
You're certainly not
without your nerve!
Don't get angry.
This was perfectly harmless.
I haven't been able to take
my eyes off you since I walked in.
I only let you do this because
I didn't want a disturbance.
And I don't have a wife.
I threw that in to
make it look respectable.
That was very considerate.
Please, I would like to
return to my table.
In a minute.
I revise my estimate.
Make that two months.
This is the first time
I've done anything like this.
At least as a civilian.
I just had to meet you.
I don't know what type of girl
you think I am, but I'm not!
And now I would like
to return to my friends.
I thought you were bored with them.
You sure looked it.
You should see me now.
The music has stopped.
The elements are against me.
It was swell seeing you again.
I'll tell Elaine to call you.
What was your phone number?
It slipped my mind
the moment you said it.

Opera 2-5-7-4.
No, Lise. 2-4-7-5.
Thank you.
Good night.
Well, I'm tired.
Good night.
Good night, darling.
I'll call you.
Say good night to Milo.
- Good night, Milo.
- Good night, Jack.
Don't I owe you something
for the wine?
Forget it. You do it next time.
If there is one.
Good night.
Good night.
- That was fun, wasn't it?
- Was it?
That's a fascinating place.
I'd like to hang around
and paint it.
I can imagine
all the work you'll get done.
You've already painted
a Montmartre dive...
...and it wasn't successful.
- Wait a minute.
Don't tell me how
and what to paint.
I didn't like
your exhibition tonight!
I thought you were very rude.
Rude? I didn't mean
to be. I'm sorry.
Picking up stray women
is your own affair...
...but don't do it with me.
Is that clear?
That's clear. That's very clear.
Stop the car.
Sensitive artists!
You're touchy about yourself...
...but oblivious of others.

You don't understand
how they feel.
It's been fun.
Sorry you're stuck
with the pictures.
- I still like the pictures.
- Thanks a lot.
Jerry Mulligan.
I met you at the Caf Flodair
last night. Remember?
You!
Yeah, me.
It's a beautiful day and I thought
I could drop by and...
Well, now, one moment, Mr. Mooligan.
Mulligan.
Last night you were an annoyance.
But today you're growing
into a nuisance.
Now please leave me alone and don't
call me again, ever.
Good morning.
Good morning.
Would you care for...
No, thanks.
I've had my breakfast already.
I've been up for hours...
...working, I might add, for you.
Do you know Jules Parmentier,
the art dealer?
I know of him.
He came to the hotel
and had coffee this morning.
I showed him your pictures.
He was very impressed.
He thought you
had great individuality.
He thought they were fresh.
- That's wonderful.
- Not only that...
...but he wants to talk
about your show.
- That's a long way off.
- Maybe not such a long way.

I don't have near enough
for an exhibition.

- What I do have, I'm not sure...

- That's not important.

Then I went to the Marais Galleries
and talked to Louis Dufond.
He's a very old friend of mine.
He's coming tomorrow
to see your pictures.
You don't waste any time, do you?
I hope not.
Come with me and we'll
talk about it over lunch?
I've something to do
this morning...
...but I could meet you.
How about the Restaurant Paul
on the Avenue de la Paix?
I'll see you there at one.
I'm sorry about that
little tiff last night.
I was tired I guess.
Forget it.

- I did.

- You did? That's not very nice of you.
See you at one.
Very nice for a summer perfume.
This is a little heavy.
I'll show you something else.
What's that one on the right?
- This one?
- No, the other.
This is very nice.
It's called...
It's called Escapade.
There's a saleslady free at the
other end of the shop, "monsieur".
Thank you, but what I want
is at this end.
I don't know which to choose.
They're both lovely.
I wish my husband were here.
He's so fussy about the way I smell.
Why don't you bring him later

and decide then?
That's an excellent idea.
He's in Milwaukee.
Dear, oh, dear.
I hate decisions.
I always get a rash if I
have to decide something.
Let me help you.
I'd have the man's point of view.
Yes, that's a good idea. Here.
See which one you like.
Not bad.
This is it.
"Nuit d'Amour." Night of Love.
- No contest, lady.
- Really?
Wear that and the Frenchmen will
never let you go back to Milwaukee.
I'll take it.
Would you send it to my hotel,
collect?
I'm Mrs. Edna Mae Benstrom.
I'm at the Granville.
Here's my card.
Thank you.
I think I'll put a little on.
It is good, isn't it?
You'll need protection.
I hope so.
You've been very kind.
Thank you.
Thank you both. Good day.
Good day.
Now, "monsieur", what
can I do for you?
You know what you can do
for me. Go out with me.
How do you know I'm not married?
That finger on your left
hand is awfully naked.
It's a pity you don't have as much
charm as persistence.
I do. You've only seen
my aggressive side.

I have a lighter side.
I'm loaded with charm.
I go to parties, put on hats
and do funny things.
You see? What do you say?
Come on.
All right. You win.
You can take me for lunch.
I can't. How about dinner?
No. That's not possible.
You have a date?
What about after dinner?
Say, nine o'clock?
I guess it would be all right.
- I'll pick you up.
- No. I'll meet you somewhere.
Do you know the Caf Bel-Ami?
By the bridge?
- I'll see you there at nine.
- Fine.
There is no happier man in Paris
than "Monsieur" Mulligan.
At this moment.
Madame, you're delicious!
One's company, two's a crowd.
You get it?
Disappear!
Don't you see I'm busy?
Hit the boulevard!
Look! One hand.
Hello. What's new?
Who is this?
- Guess.
- Oh, Adam!
You always call at the wrong moment.
Wrong moment? You make me feel
like a rejected child.
When's the new number
going into the show?
The new number goes in tonight.
What? Tonight, Henri?
Yes, darling, tonight.
Are you having a party?
Need an extra man?

No, I was talking to Lise,
my dinner guest.
Give me a rundown on that menu.
What're you having to eat?
Magnificent pheasant.
I can drop everything
and be up in ten minutes.
That is, if I'm not intruding.
No, no. I see you later at the cafe.
Goodbye.
I'm hungry.
That Adam.
He'll never change.
What's the matter, darling?
Can't you come tonight?
If you can't,
it's all right, darling.
Don't worry.
- No. Of course, I want to come.
- You are a doll.
Would you...
Yes, thank you.
I wasn't sure you'd come.
I thought maybe you said yes
to get rid of me.
Not that it would have.
What would you like?
Would you mind if we didn't sit here?
- Why, no.
- Anything wrong, "monsieur"?
I'm sorry.
That's all right. I didn't feel
like sitting there anyhow.
Let's walk along the river.
All right.
I have a big thing for this spot.
One of these days
I'll paint it.
You're a painter?
You don't look like a painter.
There are those who'll say
I don't paint like one either.
But that doesn't bother me.
Discouragement stimulates me.

That much about you, I know.
Yes, you do, don't you?
But mark me well,
one of these days...
...the world will ring
with the name Mulligan.
Picasso will be remembered
as the forerunner of Mulligan.
This tree will be famous because
it was painted by Mulligan.
And when will this
golden age of art be?
Well, it's hard to say.
It's hard to say.
Civilization has a natural resistance
against improving itself.
It might take quite a while.
Quite a while.
- How do you feel now?
- Why?
A moment ago you were acting like
the police were after you.
I was, wasn't I?
Why?
No. Never mind, never mind.
Don't try to think up
what to tell me.
I don't have to know.
It's your business.
Candy. Would you like some?
I couldn't eat a whole one.
Go ahead. Try.
The night's young.
We should live dangerously.
Tell me some more.
Well...
...in America,
Saturday night's the big night.
No work, no school...
...when you get home, no money.
And Sunday?
Is Sunday nice in America?
In America, everybody
catches cold on Sunday.

- Did you?
- Well, sometimes. Sometimes.
What about you? Aren't you sick
of the life and times of Mulligan?
I'd rather listen to you.
I don't like to talk about myself.
- You'll have to get over that.
- Why?
With a binding like you've got...
...people will want
to know what's in the book.
What does that mean?
Well, primarily, it means
you're a very pretty girl.
- I am?
- Yes, you are.
How do you know?
I heard it on the radio.
Making fun with me.
Doesn't everybody tell you that?
I haven't been out with many people.
And always friends.
Honey, believe me, I'm no enemy.
I don't know if you're
a girl of mystery...
...or just a still water
that doesn't run deep...
...but there's one
thing I can tell you.
If I'd been around sooner,
you'd know by now that...
...you're very pretty.
And I'm not making fun with you.
- What time is it?
- Eleven o'clock.
- Eleven! I have to go.
- Where?
- When will I see you again?
- I don't know.
Lise, we have to
see each other again.
Yes, we do, don't we?
Tomorrow night.
- No, I can't. How about lunch?

- No. I can't.

Saturday morning I'm at
the Ecole des Beaux-Arts.

- I'm finished at noon. Meet me there?

- Saturday. Yes, I will.

How are you?

I am delighted.

It's a wonderful idea.

I'm so sorry.

Lise, I have wonderful news.

This, I take it, is the young
lady who'll do all the deciding.

That's right.

This is John MacDowd,
my favorite American impresario.

- How do you do?

- How do you do?

I've been trying to persuade Henri
to come to America...

...and give us Yanks a break.

He says he has to
talk it over with you.

You make him do it, Miss Lise.

- I'll call you in a few days.

- That's all right.

And may I say, your Lise certainly
lives up to your advertisements.

Thank you, Johnny.

Good night.

- I'm sorry, but the movie...

- Never mind the movie.

What do think of the news?

John wants me to go
on an American tour.

We could get married
and go together.

Doesn't that sound wonderful?

- When would you go?

- Not for a few weeks.

John will have to
see first about bookings.

But it could be beautiful.

A honeymoon on the boat...

...then America.

You'll love the Americans.
- Your limousine is here, sir.
- Thanks.
This sponsor of yours...
...what does she want
from you in return?
-Don't tell me. I shock easily.
-You're crazy. She isn't interested in me.
She's just a goodhearted kid
who likes the way I paint.
That's real dreamy of her.
Tell me, when you get married...
...will you keep your maiden name?
Hello, Therese.
"Monsieur" Jerry, don't pay
any attention to Monsieur Cook.
I don't intend to.
Suppose you do have to make
love to the lady?
It's all for the sake of art.
I don't have to make love...
Bravo!
Colossal! Encore!
Encore! "Magnifique"! Bravo!
Who are we seeing here?
Never you mind.
Wait and see.
What is all this?
Your studio.
Isn't it beautiful?
I've got a studio.
Well, yes, I know, Jerry,
but you need space.
This isn't to live in,
it's to work in.
I can't afford a joint like this.
Why do you make
such an issue of money?
Because I ain't got any...
...and when you ain't got any,
it takes on a curious significance.
Don't be silly.
You'll be able to pay me back.
In three months.

Three months?
What do you mean?
That's the real surprise.
Your exhibition at
the Parmentier Galleries.
My exhibition in three months?
Already they're
arranging posters...
Wait a minute, hold everything.
Sit down and let's see
if I can explain this to you.
More than anything,
I want to have an exhibition.
But when I'm ready.
When my stuff is good enough
to show to the public and critics.
You can't set a production date
for a thing like that.
Don't you understand?
I'm not manufacturing paper cups.
I do understand, Jerry.
But you're a painter and you want
people to see what you've painted.
I want that too.
Give me an opportunity to provide
a decent show at a decent gallery...
...where people can see your things.
Is that so extraordinary?
Look, you're a painter
and a good one.
I happen to have a little drive.
That's a good combination.
Besides, you have to
face the critics sometime.
Yeah, but three months.
Of course, it'll be work.
Hard work.
That doesn't matter.
I'll do it.
On one condition.
I pay you back.
Jerry, I'm so glad.
I would have died if you'd said no.
- Did you think I wasn't coming?

- No, I thought you would.
Let's take a cab over to the Bois.
I want to drop my stuff off.
- When do you have to be back?
- In an hour or so.
That's not much time.
What kept you?
Why were you so late?
Well, I...
I wanted to tell you, Jerry...
What?
We have so little time together.
Can't we have our own world...
...and not talk about anything
that happens when we're apart?
I promise I'll never ask
what you do when you're not with me.
Well, I suppose it's just as well.
- What?
- Nothing.
Why? What do you do
when you're not with me?
If you don't want to
talk about it, okay.
Let's let it go at that.
Kiss me.
- Why are we stopping here?
- I live here.
- No, Jerry, let's go on...
- I want to leave my things.
I'll be back in a minute.
Hi, kid.
- What's your rush?
- Busy, busy.
Have Therese put these in my room.
Sit down.
Have some coffee.
I've got someone waiting
in a cab. See you later.
Have some coffee.
You have time now.
Georges, two coffees.
- "Bonjour", Jerry, Adam.
- Hi, kid.

So your exhibition's
set for next month?
Why so glum?
- Woman trouble.
- Proves you're a man.
That was her in the cab.
I told you this sponsoring business
was complicated.
Women act like men
and want to be treated like women.
What are you talking about?
That girl in the cab.
The suntan queen.
No. That's a different girl.
You're a busy little man these days.
I'm hooked.
That girl's it.
Is she worthy of
a struggling young artist?
She's worthy of anyone.
She's wonderful.
What gets me is,
I don't know anything about her.
We manage to be together for a few
moments and then off she goes.
Sometimes we have
a wonderful time together.
Other times it's no fun at all...
...but I got to be with her.
Yep. You're hooked.
- What's her name?
- Lise Bouvier.
Georges, some brandy.
And some cleaning fluid.
- Hi, Hank.
- Jerry. Adam. May I sit down?
- My guest.
- Thank you.
Georges, a little sherry.
Adam, I have wonderful news.
Wonderful news.
That's great.
Tell us something cheery.
- I'm going to be married.

- You're what?

We're getting married and going to America on our honeymoon.

Another brandy.

When was this decided?

- Last night.

- Congratulations, Hank.

I'm glad somebody's happy.

- What's the matter?

- Nothing.

Maybe I can help.

Did I ever tell you about the time I performed for Hitler?

Wait. Jerry has some problem, and I'd like to hear about it.

It's pretty complicated.

I'll make it brief.

There's a gal who's sponsoring me...

...and she's really helping me a lot, but...

She's stuck on me.

There's a girl I'm stuck on.

She doesn't know about the first one.

Naturally.

So far this is very ordinary.

- So far.

- Now wait.

The girl I'm stuck on has something she can't tell me.

So we go out together and go out together and get nowhere.

Let me ask you something.

Is this girl, as you say, stuck on you?

- I think so.

- Then you have no problems.

Where'd they go?

- No problems?

- Of course not.

There's only one problem with a man and a woman.

When one of them's in love and the other isn't.

After that, it's all mechanics.

Have you told her you love her?

No, not in so many words.

When you don't know what goes,
you're afraid to get hurt.

The first thing to do
is to tell her.

Believe me, Jerry, with a woman...

...one insincere "I love you"
that's said...

...will bring more results than ten
sincere ones that aren't.

So go to her and tell her
you love her.

Then she'll tell you she loves you.

Then you will embrace.

You will both be very happy.

And then you will ask
her to marry you.

- You want to, don't you?

- Sure. Sure.

Good. Then she will say yes...

...and then you will tell her
about these other little matters...

...and she will tell you about hers.

And you'll see.

They won't seem important anymore.

Is it as simple as that?

Strange as it seems, yes.

So be happy.

- You only find the right woman once.

- That many times?

- When will you be with her?

- In a little while.

So you know what to do?

- I'll do it. Thanks.

- Good.

Adam, to be in love is to be alive.

Jerry and I, we are so lucky,
eh, Jerry?

He's right.

There's nothing like it.

I have something to tell you.

I have something to tell you.

I love you.

I love you and everything's
going to be all right! I know it is.
I won't see you anymore.
What do you mean?
I'm getting married.
You're getting...
You're in love with me,
aren't you?
It doesn't matter
whether I am or not.
It doesn't matter?
I couldn't leave him.
- Who?
- His name is Henri Baurel.
I practically owe him
my life, Jerry.
During the war, my parents
worked for the Resistance.
I was so young,
they asked Henri to hide me...
...and if he'd been caught,
it would have been the end of him.
But for five years
he took care of me.
He was all I had...
...and I loved him.
And he grew to love me.
And now I...
Jerry, I can't!
You must understand.
Sure.
Well, it's okay.
There's a woman who's
helping me a lot...
...who means so much to me, I wouldn't
want to lose her for anything.
My work's so important.
Good luck.
If it means anything to you,
I love you!
Goodbye, Lise.
What are you doing tonight?
I was getting ready
for a dinner date.

- How about breaking it?
- That'd be difficult.
But not impossible.
You know, some days you
look exceptionally pretty.
Is this one of them?
This is one of your best.
This is one of your good days too.
You and I are going out tonight.
I'm taking you to the Art
Students Ball. Have you been?
It's jet-propelled New Year's Eve,
and all of Paris will be there.
It's costume, isn't it?
I'll take care of that.
Leave it to me. Tonight's my night.
I feel like a woman for a change.
You are.
- Haven't I ever mentioned it to you?
- No.
You will hear
a lot about it from now on.
I'll be back soon.
I got to take care of everything.
I want some champagne!
So do I! They all seem
a bottle ahead of us!
Come on!
Come on, let's get some champagne!
- Are these parties always this wild?
- This is my first.
Look at that costume.
Jerry Mulligan, a buddy of mine,
made me come.
- Thanks.
- To Jerry.
May his name survive his folly.
His folly? What's he doing?
- He's giving a show. He's a painter.
- So what's wrong with that?
- He'll get it in the neck.
- Then why does he do it?
He's got a sponsor that's
got more nerve than cash.

Well, Charmaine, this is farewell!
Let's not say "au revoir".
Just goodbye forever.
By the way, I think you might
like to know, I'm Jerry's sponsor.
I know you are.
The vanishing American!
Finally! I met
a friend of yours just now.
Who?
Him. Who is he?
That's Adam Cook.
He's a concert pianist.
That's funny.
I've never heard of him.
It's not funny.
He's never given a concert.
- What a pleasant surprise.
- For me too.
- Jerry, this is Lise.
- How do you do?
And Miss Roberts.
Milo, this is Henri Baurel
and fiance.
This is our last night in Paris.
We are driving to Le Havre
at dawn to get married.
And then we leave for America.
Well, that sounds
very romantic.
Let's dance, Henri.
Nice to have met you.
I'll see you later.
That little advice I gave you
this afternoon.
- It worked out fine?
- It worked out great.
Good!
- Haven't I seen that girl before?
- I don't know.
Her face seems very familiar.
Quite a nice boy. He's a painter.
A friend of Adam's.
- Are you all right?

- Yes, Henri.

Milo, I'm a fake.

I'm not full of life and good spirits.

It's just the reverse.

I shouldn't have

brought you tonight. I'm sorry.

That girl.

In the nightclub.

I'm in love with her.

I think I need some champagne.

I didn't know you were
getting married so quickly.

I couldn't tell you.

- Tomorrow?

- Yes.

It's so dreadful
standing next to you like this...

...and not having
your arms around me.

You'll always be
standing next to me, Lise.

Maybe not always.

Paris has ways
of making people forget.

Paris? No. Not this city.

It's too real and too beautiful.

Never lets you forget anything.

Reaches in and opens you wide...
...and you stay that way.

I know.

I came to Paris to study
and to paint it...

...because Utrillo did
and Lautrec did and Rouault did.

I loved what they created...

...and I thought something
would happen to me too.

It happened, all right.

Now what have I got left?

Paris.

Maybe that's enough for some,
but it isn't for me anymore.

Because the more beautiful
everything is...

...the more it'll hurt without you.
Don't let me leave you this way.