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Arch of Triumph

By Lewis Milestone

The winter of 1938
was one year before the beginning
of the Second World War,
and Paris was still an island of light
in the darkness of Europe.
And everywhere, men saw
the new European citizen...
the refugee.
And on the streets,
political refugees rubbed shoulders
with the refugees from life.
And no one cared
if these men and women lived or died.
So history prepared the end of an era
and the beginning of our times.
Your friend's escaped.
Halt!
Sybil Fildorf.
She had nothing to do with it.
Sybil Fildorf.
Was never in my confidence.
- Sybil Fildorf.
- I scarcely know her.
Sybil Fildorf!
- What happened on the road?
- I don't know.
You don't know, you don't know.
Tell me what you know.
She knows nothing.
There is nothing to know.
She will know.
Crack.
- You know.
- I don't know.
Yes.
Oziri zigarette.
They're gold-tipped.
You have given us unnecessary trouble.
Ja, she's dead.
You're quite right.
She did not know.
Is a pity.
My apologies.
Your bill, sir.

Certainly.
This raid,
the police pick up this fellow Polyanski
in some bistro.
He told them where he lived.
Did they catch anyone else?
No, no, no, no.
Madam Favier was able to get them
all down to the cellar.
Ah, good evening, Colonel.
Dr. Ravic.
Good evening.
Good evening.
Let us play game of billiards, eh?
Police will probably be
busy upstairs for some time.
All right.
- Name?
- Mueller.
You keep out of this.
Name?
Polyanski.
Vladislav Polyanski?
Didn't you know this man had no papers?
I wasn't on the desk when he registered.
Alois, if you ever let another person
register without papers...
Never mind that.
This isn't your first offense.
I'm sorry, but this time,
you'll get six months
before we deport you.
Next time, it'll be worse.
It's the law.
I saw Haake.
Again?
Uh, are you sure?
Yes.
Did he see you?
No.
Do you think he would recognize you
if he did see you?
He thinks I'm dead.
Lucky for your friends at home.

He recognized Krauss.
Krauss has no friends left.
Ghosts.
I thought I would be over this by now.
Eh. One never is.
I am still waiting
for three Franco Spaniards.
That's my dream.
Everybody in this room has his dream.
Rappaport, over there,
he dreams they are pulling out
his fingernails again.
Krings dreams they are chasing him down
Unter der Linden.
He runs and runs,
but they always catch him.
Schultz,
his friends call him The Bird of Death.
He dreams of the next disaster.
He left Berlin two weeks
before Hitler came to power.
He left Vienna three days
before the Nazis came in.
My dream is Sybil's face
after they had finished with her.
She couldn't tell them anything
because she knew nothing.
She was not in my confidence.
She meant no more to me
than a beautiful painting.
They expected her to crack,
but she didn't crack.
She let them kill her,
right before my eyes.
Haake killed her.
She had a world of courage,
but no great strength.
She lasted a very little while.
You will have your revenge, Ravic.
These crimes cannot go unpunished.
Revenge? No, not revenge.
Revenge is a personal thing.
This is something bigger.
Sybil's face is now the symbol

of thousands of beaten faces.
Haake must never leave France.
Each time he returns to Berlin,
innocent people die.
By the hundreds, they die.
Let me go.
Let me go.
Go where?
Leave me alone.
You're not well.
Let me get you a cab
and send you home.
What?
Did you hear me?
I said I'll put you in a cab and send you
to your apartment, your hotel.
Hotel?
Or wherever you live.
No, not my hotel.
Then where?
Look, if you're thinking
of taking a swim, don't.
It's the wrong time of year.
The water is too cold.
I hadn't thought of it.
Oh, well, then, I won't be responsible
for putting ideas in your head.
Come.
I know a little place around the corner.
You need a drink to warm you up.
Come on.
The bridge will always be here.
What do you want to drink?
Anything.
Two Calvados and a package
of Chesterfields.
Only French.
Then give me a package
of Laurents... Green.
Only Blue.
All right, Blue.
I may still have one Green left.
Green. Found one after all.
Were you in the Navy?

No, the circus.
Oh, better still.
Here, drink this.
Drink it all at once.
For a moment, it will give you the illusion
that you are living in a hot, dry country.
Which way are you going?
I don't know.
Where do you live?
I can't go there, not there.
Don't you know anyone
to whom you can go?
You could call them up from here.
No.
No, there is nobody.
But you must go somewhere.
Haven't you any money for a room?
Yes, yes, I have.
Then go to a hotel.
Look, you've got to go somewhere.
You can't stay
in the streets in this rain.
Yes, you're right.
You're quite right.
Don't trouble about me anymore.
I'll find a place.
Thank you for everything.
All right.
Come with me.
We'll find something for you.
Thank you.
This room was empty yesterday.
Madame Favier must have locked it
for fear the bedbugs will get away.
Sit down a moment.
I'll try from the balcony side.
It's no use.
The window is locked, too.
May I sit here for a moment?
You can sleep here.
That's the easiest thing.
You should have
left me on the street.
You won't disturb me.

It's not the first time
someone has stayed here all night
because he had nowhere else to go.
This is a hotel for refugees,
people with prices on their heads,
people who hang themselves
the next morning
or leave for Peru.
You can take the bed.
I'll sleep on the sofa. I'm used to it.
No, no, I'll...
I'll just stay where I am.
If I may only sit here, that's all.
Just as you like.
Better take off your coat.
It's quite wet.
Your hat, too.
Now your shoes.
Take off your stockings.
I'll get you a pair of woolen ones.
In critical times,
have an eye for comfort.
That's an old soldier's maxim.
Hello?
Oh, oh, yes, Veber.
I'll be there at once.
I've got to go out.
It's all right. You can stay here.
Can't I go with you?
No, no, impossible.
You stay here and take whatever you need.
Oh, here.
You'll find pajamas
in the bottom drawer.
Thank you.
Please, may I keep the light on?
I wasn't going to turn it off.
I know that feeling.
Lucien.
Where is my Lucien?
How is she?
Pulse, 100.
Pressure, 110 over 80.
Pulse is weak and thready, 140.

Pressure, 70 over 40.
I can't get her pressure.
Is she gone?
Yes.
You did all you could, Ravic.
We can't win against quacks.
Love,
your magic spell is everywhere.
The bracelet on her ankle read,
"Always, Lucien."
Where is Lucien now?
21 years old, Veber.
21 years old.
The dignity of man,
the beauty of woman,
the innocence and subtlety of love,
a quack in a dirty cellar,
then this.
By now you should be tough.
One is never tough,
but one can get used to a lot of things.
That's what I mean.
But with some things, never.
Good night, Colonel.
Drive on.
Hello, hello!
Hello, Boris.
Eh, busy again
with scientific murder, eh?
Is idiotic, a doctor of your ability
not allowed to work everywhere,
but must hide out as ghost surgeon.
I'm not alone.
The Nazis saw to that.
Colonel.
A racing car.
You don't laugh?
But, Colonel, it was a good joke.
Or wasn't it?
Very good.
But racing car was, perhaps, even better.
Come on.
Mind your manners, Boris.
You know, he might

complain to your boss.
Oh, Captain Alidze?
He was lieutenant in the Tsar's Guard.
I was lieutenant-colonel.
He still remembers that, my boy.
You had better remember it, too,
you pickpocket of death without passport.
When are you going to be through?
Right after we have drink on the house.
Come along.
It's all right.
It's me,
the man who brought you here.
I think we can turn the light off now.
I thought you would be gone.
I'll go.
Never mind.
Wait.
We'll have some breakfast.
Here, drink your coffee.
You got a headache?
No.
Well, I have.
But it'll be gone in an hour.
Have a brioche.
I can't eat.
Well, drink your coffee
and have a cigarette.
That's a soldier's breakfast.
I think...
What do you think?
I think I should be going.
Back to your hotel?
Perhaps you should.
You've got to face it,
whatever it is, sometime.
Things may look different
to him in daylight.
What's the matter?
Did I say something wrong?
He's dead.
He died last night.
Then I ran away.
That makes it perfect.

Did you kill him?
That makes it less perfect.
You'd better tell me the details.
He died...
suddenly.
Are you sure you didn't kill him?
I didn't shoot him or stab him,
if that's what you mean.
All right, he died naturally.
He was sick.
Did you have a doctor?
I called one, but he wouldn't
let the doctor touch him.
Why not?
Because of me.
Did you notify the management
of the hotel he was dead?
No.
That makes it perfect again.
Why the devil didn't you give me a choice?
If I'd known, I would have
left you on the bridge.
I'm sorry. I'll go.
Oh, no, you won't go.
The police will want to know
where you spent the night.
I won't tell them.
If you went there alone,
they will be knocking
on my door ten minutes later.
No, no, no, wait.
I'll get dressed and go with you.
You don't have
to help me anymore.
I'm not helping you,
I'm helping myself.
This is not my year to see the police.
Was he your husband?
No.
So you're back.
You think you can disappear
and leave me to answer
questions to the police?
You disgraced my hotel with that...

that thing you left upstairs.
You believe, no doubt,
that I've settled this whole mess for you.
Well, I haven't.
You're back to go to prison.
- And if I have anything...
- You come from China?
What do you mean?
Nothing. I just wanted to interrupt you.
You would've gone on talking
for another hour.
Sit down over there.
Do you know the name
of the doctor who was here?
Bonet. Marcel Bonet.
Passi 2743.
Phone Dr. Bonet to come right over
and sign the death certificate.
Get out.
Why do you stand around stealing my time?
Get out!
And close the door behind you,
unless you want the people
from the street to come in here, too.
Well...
There doesn't seem to be
any sign of violence.
Why did you run away last night?
When I came back, he was dead.
Back from where?
We quarreled.
What about?
The doctor.
Oh. The doctor again.
All right. Now, look.
The police will want to make a list
of what belonged to each of you.
Did he have any relatives?
Not in France.
Take everything
that's important to you, and quickly.
There's no time left for sentimentality.
Where is his luggage?
It was over there

by the wall last night.
Oh, I see. The proprietor.
Mother, you are much
too inquisitive for your age.
Get me the proprietor, please.
He said I only sent for the doctor
because I wanted him to get well.
I'll see that you get
the first prize for incoherence.
I was taking care of him,
but he said I only wanted him
to get well so I could leave him.
- Did you?
- Yes.
Well, you have definitely left him now.
No, I haven't.
I haven't. Not this way.
Why did you want to leave him?
He loved me.
But I didn't love him.
Where are the suitcases?
First, the bill.
First, the suitcases.
No one has refused to pay the bill... yet.
And next time, knock before you enter.
Did he keep any money in his suitcases?
Why, I don't know.
Marino always had money in his wallet.
Where is it?
He kept it under his pillow.
American money.
A hundred dollars.
I left the wallet where I found it.
Take it.
You can live on this for a while.
Otherwise, it will rot
at police headquarters.
Thank you.
Come in.
Are these all?
Naturally these are all.
Is the bill right?
Well, pay it anyway.
Uh, 297.

- One...
- One...
300 francs.
300 francs.
We get three francs change.
The concierge?
That we'll settle ourselves.
Thank you.
Now the suitcases.
You may find something you'd want.
Well...
the rest is for the police.
When one is dead,
one becomes very important.
Would you like to go downstairs
and wait for the police there?
No. I'll stay here.
There is nothing to do here.
I know, but...
he won't be here much longer.
I often...
He wasn't very happy with me.
I was often away.
Now I'll stay.
He won't know.
It's not that.
All right. Well, I'll watch the proceedings
from the bistro across the street.
Here.
Come to the window
when the police have gone.
I'll come to the window
in my room on the floor above.
Did it go well?
There was no trouble.
What are you going to do now?
I don't know.
I suppose you don't want
to stay on in this hotel.
No.
You should try the Hotel de Milan.
It's clean and decent.
Couldn't I go to the hotel where...
To your hotel?

The International?

Yes, l...

I know it somehow now.

It's better than what I haven't seen.

Well, the International
is not the right hotel for you.

You're right. I'll go to the other.

Is this all right?

Yes. Very good.

At least it seems to be clean.

Yes.

I think you'll be all right here.

Yes, thanks. Many thanks.

You should go to bed.

Do you think you'll be able to sleep?

I'll try.

Well, I'll go now.

I'll look you up one of these days.

What's your name?

Madou.

Joan Madou.

Joan Madou.

I'll remember it.

Well, perhaps I'd better write it down.

Here.

You write it yourself.

It's simpler.

Now go to bed.

All you need is a little time,
a certain amount of time
that you have to get through.

You understand.

Yes.

Thank you. Thank you for everything.

I really don't know what

I would have done without you.

I really don't know.

Spain, the fascist section,
celebrating a German or Italian victory
over their own people.

This was left for Dr. Ravic.

Here.

I'm not expecting a package.

Who brought it?

A woman. A... A lady.
Well, which, woman or lady?
Just... Just in between.
- Pretty sharp, eh?
- There's no name on it.
- Did she say it was for me?
- Not just like that.
She said it was for
the doctor who lives here.
You know the lady.
She was here with you the other morning.
First virtue of hotel employees
is discretion.
Indiscretion is only for gentlemen.
Lieutenant Navarro,
aide-de-camp to Colonel Gmez.
The colonel requests you
to drink a glass of wine with him.
We are about to play game of chess.
You did a service for Colonel Gmez
some time ago.
This match must not be postponed.
Oh, no. It's for the championship.
What service did you render
this tin soldier?
I prescribed a laxative for him.
A fascist in the same situation
would have prescribed
for a Democrat a poison.
What's this? From a Russian?
No. Oh, I told you about her.
So she's the one.
Yes.
It's a busy day, eh? Come in.
I'm Captain Gonzales.
We are leaving tonight
to join the glorious army
of Generalissimo Franco.
The colonel would like to drink with you
to Spain and Spain's army.
Captain, I'm not a...
a Spaniard.
We know that.
You are an Austrian.

That makes you German.
Germany and Spain are friends.
Please give our regrets
to Colonel Gmez,
but the results of our game
must be cabled tonight
to New York and Calcutta.
We expected you to decline.
We only invited you
because you are with the doctor.
Don't you think we've had
about enough of this?
Yes, Colonel.
I think the simplest thing
is that you go back to your friends.
Thank you.
Thank you for promoting me
to rank of full colonel.
Well, I knew, of course, that you were
only a miserable lieutenant-colonel,
but it seems unbearable to me
that you shouldn't have
the same rank as this Gmez.
Have you, uh...
Have you seen her again?
No.
Uh. This, of course, is a cry for help.
Hmm. I suppose so.
Go see her, Ravic.
Why?
Well, because the colonel says so.
All right, all right.
I'll go and see her tomorrow.
Colonel Gmez.
This will be discussion
between two colonels, a short one.
- Gentlemen...
- Make no statement.
It will only cause conflict.
Now get out.
You should've got out
long ago, you know...
to Spain, to fight.
Germans and Italians

have fought for you there instead.

I am unable to challenge you.

I am leaving Paris tonight.

The fee for your consultation.

No. One moment.

One moment, please.

That is to sober you up! Now get out!

And remember in the future

not to throw money,

you medieval idiots!

Get out!

Get out, get out!

You.

If only you were not illegal,

I could've committed

magnificent damage.

God bless your eyes.

- And yours.

- Right.

The lady's in her room.

Uh, what's the number?

I don't remember her name.

Madou.

Oh, yes, yes. Joan Madou.

I don't think it's her real name.

Why don't you think so?

She registered as an actress.

Oh. I knew an actor

who called himself Gustav Schmidt.

His real name was Alexander Maria,

Count of Zambona.

Nowadays, so many things happen.

Mmm, so much does not

actually happen.

Thanks, but for me, it's enough.

For me, too. 27, you said.

Yes, sir.

Come in.

I hope I'm not disturbing you.

No. Please come in.

Won't you sit down?

Was this here when you moved in?

I had it put there.

I hate a bed...

in the daytime.

Were you going out?

Later.

Nowhere in particular.

I don't know anyone

except the proprietor, the waiter,
the chambermaid, and you.

It's time you got out of here. Come.

We'll have something to eat.

It's good to sit this way.

You came to me out of pity,
but it means a great deal to me.

Have you thought about
what you're going to do?

No. Not yet.

Well, the porter told me
that you were an actress
when I asked for your name.

You had forgotten it.

Yes. Well, no.

Uh, I'd left the slip of paper in my hotel.

You remember it now?

Yes. Joan. Joan Madou.

I'm not a good actress.

I've only played small parts.

In Italy.

Are you Italian?

My mother is Italian.

My father was Romanian.

My mother is still in Italy, I think.

Have you done anything else
besides small parts?

Some singing.

Do you speak any Russian?

No, but I sing in Russian.

Gypsy songs.

It might be easier.

I know someone who may help you.

Who?

Someone very important.

Colonel Boris Morosov.

He's a doorman at the Sheherazade.

Some doormen can do a lot.

Come out of that rain

and kiss me, you doter.
Doctor, I'm surprised to see you here.
I forced him, Boris.
This is my first night back in Paris.
Thank the stars I'm with you again.
Katya, you have a Russian soul!
Why did you have to be born
in that Boston?
Nature went mad that day, Boris.
You have not been around
since you sent me
this Joan Madou. Why?
What is the matter with her?
She's alone and hates it.
I'm alone, and I intend to stay that way.
What's the matter, Ravic?
Do you know that woman?
No.
Good evening.
You're alone.
Yes.
Oh, please. Do sit down.
I'll do it.
Uh, bring another glass, please.
This is vodka.
I don't know if you drink it.
We drank it at the Belle Aurore.
That's right.
I haven't heard that for a long time.
Well, shall we go on with this, or...
- What was it we drank?
- When?
The first night.
It was the warmest thing I've ever had.
Where did we drink it?
In that little bistro near the Arch.
Where the waiter had a woman
tattooed on his arm.
Oh. Now I know.
It must have been Calvados.
Apple brandy from Normandy.
Uh, waiter, have you Calvados?
Uh... no. Sorry.
No one ever ask for it.

You see?
This place is too elegant.
Well, the simplest thing would be
to go to that other place again.
I'm through for the evening.
Fine.
Waiter.
Check, please.
Thank you.
- Flowers?
- No, thank you.
Cab, monsieur?
- If you please, Colonel.
- Yes, sir.
Mother? Roses.
Tonight I love you.
Thank you, Colonel.
What's the joke?
The joke, my boy,
is that man is great in his intentions
but weak in carrying them out.
Therein lies our misery
and our charm.
God bless your eyes.
- Good night.
- Good night.
Drive on.
That's it.
That's where you sat the last time.
You still remember?
Perfectly. I never forget anything.
Do you remember what we drank?
Calvados.
Right. We'd like to repeat it now.
We'll see if it has the same taste.
Double.
You ordered double Calvados then.
You know, you're gradually
giving me an uneasy feeling.
Do you remember
how we were dressed?
Raincoats.
The lady wore a basque beret.
It's a pity you have to be here.

You belong in vaudeville.
I used to be. Circus.
I told you before.
This gentleman has a bad memory.
He's an expert at forgetting,
just as you're an expert at not forgetting.
Perhaps not, after all.
Does it taste as good?
Better.
Want another?
Would you like to leave?
Waiter.
These are what you had the last time.
Are they?
Yes, he's right. Laurents, Green.
You see? The lady has
a better memory than you have, sir.
That's yet to be proven.
- Thank you.
- Good night.
Good night.
I'll take you to your hotel.
Taxi.
I'm afraid the gentleman was right...
about memory, I mean.
Here.
Thank you.
Oh, Dr. Gunther.
Alvarez. Jaime Alvarez.
Don't you remember?
Remember now?
On a kitchen table.
A temporary field hospital.
At Aranjuez.
A little white cottage in an almond grove.
Yes, yes, I remember.
Oh, Alvarez, this is Miss Madou.
How is the leg now?
I can bend it completely.
It was good enough
to take me over the Pyrenees.
- It's all right.
- It's all over now.
Those of us who can are getting out.

- You're lucky to be here.

- Yes.

- Where are you staying?

- Here.

Beds, Doctor. Real beds.

It's a nice hotel.

Just got in this morning.

How are things here?

Oh, fine. The frontiers
are guarded by mere words.

The enemy will never break through.

- Same all over again.

- Maybe.

Would you like a drink?

Not now. There are things I have to do.

But we'll meet again.

You've hardly said a word
since we left the hotel.

Is it because of that man?

He called you Gunther.

- Yes, I know.

- Why did he do that?

Is your name Gunther?

My name is Ravic.

But he knew you.

Joan, names are unimportant.

Never bother yourself about names.

What's the matter?

Nothing. I'm happy.

I told you I'm in love.

Have you been happy often?

Have you?

Not often.

When was the last time?

Why do you ask me?

Oh, just to ask something.

Two years ago.

It didn't last long.

Why not?

He made terrible scenes.

He didn't understand

I no longer loved him.

One never understands that.

You would understand.

But then I would always love you.
You're different.
Everything with us is different.
He wanted to kill me.
They always talk about it,
but they never do.
You wouldn't want to kill me.
Your conversation
is becoming more human.
For a moment,
I was pretty frightened.
Because I love you?
Oh, we won't start that again.
We won't start what again?
Has anyone you loved ever told you
that he no longer loved you?
Yes.
What did you do?
Everything, but it didn't help.
- I was terribly unhappy.
- For long?
A week. About a week.
That's not very long.
It's an eternity if you're really unhappy.
I was so filled with unhappiness
that nothing else existed.
And, if nothing else exists,
there is nothing left
with which to compare it.
All one can do is to start to live again.
What are you thinking of?
Of how dangerous you are, Joan.
I'm not dangerous.
The fact that you think that is part of it.
- You must be tired.
- No, I'm not tired.
- Been walking for miles.
- You didn't answer my question.
What did you do in Spain?
- Cut off legs.
- That's no answer.
What kind of an answer do you want?
- A true one.
- I gave you a true one.

Something in you is closed, Ravic,
and you won't let anyone or anything in.
You're imagining things,
and I need a drink.

Let's sit here.

- Good evening.
- Coffee.
- Coffee and brandy.
- Very good, sir.

You drink too much.

Possibly.

Ravic, I'm in love.

I throw myself into it without a thought.

I love you and I'm happy.

I'm never cautious.

I'm never afraid of...

of saying what I feel.

But you put up a barrier.

There's something in you that resists.

What is it?

Ravic!

Ravic? Ravic, what is it?

You must tell me.

I'm sorry, Joan. I'll get you a cab.

I have something to do here.

Please go home.

Taxi!

- Will I see you later tonight?

- No.

Perhaps not for a few days.

But why, Ravic?

You must tell me why.

I can't talk about it.

All right.

Please, don't be angry with me.

How could I ever be angry with you?

Hotel de Milan.

- Hakke?

- Yes. I lost him.

On the corner of Avenue Georges V
and Champs-Elyses.

So. So the chances of meeting him
are not everywhere the same.

I intend to look everywhere.

Hey. Ravic, hey.
If you are destined to meet this man,
you will meet him.
Keep your eyes open everywhere.
Be prepared for anything.
But otherwise,
go on living as if you're mistaken,
or you'll drive yourself crazy.
Thank you, Boris.
No, no, no.
Don't take the gun.
You'll get only trouble.
Don't run any risks.
Don't be hero for nothing.
Hey! You must go, eh?
Yes.
Don't shoot unless you are sure
you can escape, eh?
This is your chance.
Don't worry.
Oh, Boris, please. Put out the light.
Oh. Yes.
Good morning, Mr. Ravic.
Miss Madou didn't go to work tonight.
She's been in all evening.
She's paying extra
for burning her lights all night.
Can't sleep in a dark room, she says.
Thank you.
You came back because of me.
Yes, Joan, because of you.
Only because of you.
I don't ask anything more.
Only that you love me.
I do. Without love, a man is dead.
- I love you!
- A dead man on a furlough.
Don't leave me again.
Love me, love me, love me.
Ravic, we've got to get out of this.
We must get away from this hotel,
away from the nightclub,
away from the town.
Yes, we'll go away, we'll go away,

where the sun is.
We'll wash the rain away.
Wash the past, too.
To Cannes or Antibes.
- Have you ever been there?
- No.
Then we'll go.
Have we any money?
Some. But in two or three weeks,
we'll have enough.
I have to open the stomach
of someone of importance.
He'll provide the rest of the money.
We'll live, Ravic, we'll live!
We'll live. Only time dies.
Look, I haven't a thing to wear.
I saw you come out of the water.
How could you?
Then I covered my eyes.
It was like Venus rising from the sea.
I didn't want to be struck blind.
Now I am blind.
Now I have my sight back.
- How was the water?
- Cold without you.
- But good?
- Yes, yes. Good.
How long can we stay?
We'll find out tonight at the casino.
Have we been winning?
Not enough.
Oh, Ravic, I wish I could
have this life always.
- You find that superficial, don't you?
- No.
It is superficial, but we've had
so little of that in our wretched lives.
In a few days, we'll go
back to Paris, to...
to that nightclub where
nothing ever changes
and to life in a dirty hotel.
It was dark before,
and it will be dark again.

Here comes Tinzy and Nugent.
Oh, they'll go away again.
We promised to go sailing with them.
Oh. Well, then. Go with them.
They're your friends.
Not my friends. They're yours.
You've known them longer.
- Ten minutes longer.
- Well, longer anyway.
- All right.
- Never mind.
Go if you want to.
Tell them I have to work.
You told them that yesterday.
Why is that all women love
these idiotic conversations?
You want to go for a ride?
Well, I have no boat.
Life is short.
We're only here for a few days.
Why should I persuade you
to do what you'll do anyway?
All right, you've persuaded me.
Good. I'll stay on this rock.
I'm beginning to feel like part of it.
You're not a rock.
You're a block of concrete.
Alex!
Monsieur is lucky.
Where's the beautiful lady tonight?
Tonight, the beautiful lady
is behaving like a beautiful lady.
Do you feel lucky?
Do you?
Not a chance.
The beautiful lady is here.
Will you please put that
on number 6 for me?
- All right.
- Thank you.
Ah, you are idiots.
Choose your side, Joan.
- Were you going to drive off without me?
- No.

You were going to leave me behind
with those idiots.
Where are you going?
Nowhere. Just for a drive.
- I'll go with you.
- What about your idiots?
- I told them you were waiting for me.
- Good. Get in.
Better put this around you.
Must be the air.
Oh, don't be angry with me, Ravic.
This is the first time
I've been on the Riviera.
First time. The first time.
Oh, forget what happened today.
Don't think about it.
You're a wonderful driver, Ravic.
You know that?
Those idiots were saying the same thing.
You're uncanny. You have no past.
Nobody knows anything about you.
I know a hundred times more
about the life of those idiots
than I know about yours.
Too fast?
No. Drive fast.
I love you, Ravic.
Let's never go back to Paris.
Let's steal a trunk
full of jewels or rob a bank,
take this car, and never come back.
Careful.
If you want that Calvados,
you'd better let me drive.
That's fine.
Come. We'll get your Calvados here.
Two Calvados.
How much have you had already?
How much have you had to drink?
Too much.
Too much because of you,
because I was away from you.
- Then why didn't you come to me?
- I did come to you.

Yes, when you saw me leave.
Did you win?
Yes.
Then let's go to the most
expensive restaurant
and have caviar and champagne.
Let's be like our parents were
before all these wars...
carefree and sentimental and without fear.
Full of bad taste and tears,
and the moon, oleanders, violins,
and the ocean and love.
I want to believe that I'm married to you,
that we have children
and a garden and a house.
I've given up a great career for your sake.
And we still love each other...
after 20 years.
And you still think me beautiful.
And I can't sleep
when you're not at home for one night.
That's all part of it...
part of that bad taste.
There is no use in our planning, Joan.
I know.
No. No, you don't know.
It's not what you think.
It's something I should
have told you before.
I can't marry you.
I'm a refugee without a passport,
and I can't get one.
I have no proof of my identity.
I live illegally here.
On paper, I don't exist.
If they should catch me,
I... I'd be deported.
Deported? Deported from France?
No, but, Ravic, Ravic, Ra...
I'd be back. I know the borders.
It wouldn't be the first time.
Nor the last.
Oh, it isn't that bad.
They haven't caught me in over a year.

Oh, there is nothing
for us, Ravic, nothing.
Tears solve nothing.
Look. Our Calvados is here. Come.
What if I could close my eyes
and... open them
and find all danger gone...
at last alone in the past?
All I can give you
is my love in this bitter present.
To the present.
It's a comfort to have you
back in Paris, Ravic.
It's good to be back and alive
and happy and working.
And well fed.
Well, so long.
I'll come by this evening.
I looked up and saw the cable snap.
He was riding a steel beam
and never had a chance.
Oh, no, no. Don't lift him.
Leave him where he is.
What are you, a doctor?
- Yes.
- All right.
Unconscious, isn't he?
Dead.
But we've just been eating lunch together.
Somebody call an ambulance.
The cable hit the woman.
She's bleeding.
- You.
- Where is she?
Over here, sir.
Bring her over here.
Careful.
Now, don't worry.
You'll be all right.
Has anyone called for an ambulance?
Here come the police.
They'll get one.
Well, I've got to go.
Back, please.

The woman is half dead,
and you want to leave?
Who put this bandage on?
He did. He says he's a doctor.
I've tied up the artery.
Better get her to a hospital fast.
Phone for the ambulance.
One moment, Doctor.
May I have your name?
Police.
Woyczek.
You're a German.
No, a Czech.
I don't think you're a Czech.
- Listen, General...
- I think you're a German.
Have you a license to practice here?
I don't practice here.
I'm a tourist. A Czech tourist.
- May I?
- Certainly.
Hold it.
- Have you a passport with you?
- Is that necessary?
- The gentleman's helped a woman.
- I'm interested.
Have you a passport with you
or your identity card?
- No, not with me.
- Where is it?
At the consulate.
It has to be extended.
Which consulate?
The Czech Consulate.
- All right, I'll call them up and ask.
- Of course.
You won't mind staying here
until this is cleared up, Dr. Woyczek?
You see that he does.
- I'm sorry, Doctor.
- Never mind.
You must understand, sir.
Fernand's father was hanged
by the Germans in the last war.

That's why he's crazy on the subject.
I'm awfully sorry, sir.
If it was up to me...
I understand.
Uh, may I use that telephone
before your friend returns?
Why, certainly.
Yeah.
All right.
All right, Monsieur Woyczek.
Of course I will remember.
So long, Woyczek.
The world should be
executed for murder.
Ravic.
Ravic?
Arrested. They have arrested him.
When? Where? No!
Joan.
Where did they take him?
We can bribe them.
We can get the money.
- You must not go to him, Joan.
- I must! I must! They will deport him.
He said no one must go to him.
All the police have now is a man
they have found in the street...
a face with no papers, no identity.
But I'll find some way of getting him out.
They have to believe
whatever that face tells them.
And since there is no proof
that he has been in France before,
that means deportation
after two weeks in jail.
But I must... I must see him.
I must go to him.
There must be some way, somebody.
Where did they take him?
Joan, if you go to Ravic now,
you will open a door into his past.
I knew they would catch him! I knew it!
The minute the authorities find out
that he has been deported before...

not once, but many times...
that means six months
in jail before deportation.
And then they'll catch him again
when he goes back,
and I won't be able to live for fear of...
I wish I could say something
comforting, cheerful, pleasant.
But history has no special
accommodations for lovers.
I'll do as he asks.
I won't go near him.
I'll stay here for the two weeks,
and then I'll go wherever he goes.
It is possible to share
all of the happiness of someone else,
but only so much of the despair.
Pity is a pleasure
for comfortable people only.
It will not last long
in cold border towns,
filthy cellars, without money,
not enough food.
Not one place where you can sleep safe.
And each day the struggle
for mere survival becomes worse.
- Each day...
- Spare me the rest.
Tell me he'll be pushed
from prison to prison,
shoveled back and forth
over the borders like dirt.
Tell me he'll be shot one day,
running like an animal,
always running and no place to go to.
Damn it!
Go on, tell me that we're talking
about a dead man!
A refugee without passport
has lost his membership
in the human race.
Those who remain alive must go on living.
I can't live like this.
I can't go back to one room

and four walls, alone.
And the darkness of night, and nothing...
I can't go back to that.
Alone, without hope.
Hope.
Hope is luxury we cannot afford this year.
Why didn't he call me?
He should have called me.
He had only a minute.
And he called you?
Minute is too short to say good-bye
to somebody you love.
What did he say, for me?
Good-bye.
He said good-bye.
Didn't he ask me to wait?
He said good-bye.
What are those?
You and Ravic in Antibes.
Destroy them.
Good morning, Miss Madou.
Morning, Albert.
Take some hot coffee.
You're soaked.
It's much too early for the mail.
Yes, I know.
I promised I'd let you know at once
if a letter comes.
But it never comes, does it?
You've been doing this for months.
You ought to go back to work
instead of walking the city all night.
It's not right.
Unwise, Albert.
Very unwise.
I don't just walk the city,
not always.
Sometimes you go to the railroad stations.
Is that it?
Yes, the stations.
Don't men molest you?
They don't like women who aren't gay.
Miss Madou,
why don't you put out your light

when you leave your room?
It burns all night.
The bill runs up frightfully,
and your money won't last forever.
You're right, Albert.
Thank you for the coffee.
Oh, Miss Madou?
A man came to see you.
A man?
What man? Who?
I don't know.
I never saw him before.
What... What did he say?
What did he want?
He said he had to see you.
Where did he go?
He also said he was a
friend of Mr. Ravic's,
so I had him wait in your room.
I would have found you sooner, Joan,
if I had known where to look.
I'm going back to Antibes.
Will you come?
Ah, Monsieur Ravic.
I haven't seen you in some time.
Woyczek.
When did you get back?
This afternoon.
You stayed away more than three months.
It's getting harder.
They watch the borders more closely.
I was caught five times.
Why did I not hear from you?
Letters never help.
Sit down, sit down.
- Have dinner.
- No, thank you.
Drink then. Hey.
Ah, Monsieur Ravic,
you haven't been here for long time.
How are you?
What will it be, Colonel?
Another bottle, another glass.
At your service, Colonel.

Monsieur Ravic.

I thought your name was Woyczek.

It was. Sometimes Neumann.

Occasionally Gunter.

But I don't want to give up Ravic.

I like it as a name.

You are back at the International, eh?

Yes, yes. Back in my old room.

Never seen this place so busy.

Oh! People have gone crazy.

We could stay open 24 hours a day.

And mostly German tourists.

They speak French very well.

Not at all the way the Germans

spoke it several years ago.

Spend a lot of money, don't they?

They treat everybody

who will drink with them.

Strange, all those German tourists.

With plenty of money,

and speaking good French.

Nice voice.

Ravic, you are talking to your father.

Connoisseur of the human heart.

Do not make detours.

Ask me quickly.

Let's get this behind us.

- All right, where is she?

- She is not here.

I have not heard anything

about her for several weeks.

And before that?

Before that, she inquired for you,
for some time, and then not anymore.

When did she leave her job here?

Not for some weeks after you left.

Do you know what she's doing now?

The last I heard of her,
she was in the south.

- Heard from whom?

- From the check room girl.

You want to see her, eh?

- Yes.

- So.

If ever I open the door for her,
I will let you know.
- Well, is she still here?
- Yes.
Alone? My boy, a reigning queen
could not get in here alone.
Take care of this for me, will you?
What is it, darling?
Nothing.
Let me go. I'll be right back.
Ravic...
Hello, Joan.
You're back.
How long have you been back?
Two weeks.
Two weeks, and you didn't even...
No one knew where to find you.
Why did you never write?
I couldn't.
That's a lie.
I didn't know whether I could...
Come with me.
I didn't know whether
I could come back again.
You're lying. That's no reason.
You've been back two weeks,
and you haven't done
the least thing to find me.
Joan, you didn't get that tan in Paris.
Well, I just came back from Antibes.
So I see.
Ravic, what are you doing here?
You must go...
You must go away.
They'll arrest you again.
I know all about that now.
Next time, it'll be six months in prison.
That was bad luck.
As a matter of fact, I hadn't thought
of looking for you in Antibes.
Whatever you're thinking isn't true.
Not true at all.
Go back to your table, Joan.
Your friends must be getting restless.

It's your fault.
Yours. Yours alone.
All right. Turn on the light.
Oh, Joan, please.
We're not playing hide-and-seek.
Did you know I would come?
- No.
- Your door was open.
My door is often open.
I thought you wouldn't be here yet.
I thought you would be
out drinking somewhere.
I was playing chess instead.
What?
Chess.
With Morosov, downstairs.
Chess? But... You can play chess wh...
It worked. As a matter of fact,
I won a game.
You are the coldest, most unfeeling...
See? We've even built up
and etiquette for unhappiness.
If you'd found me blind drunk,
everything would have been in good taste.
The fact that I played chess
and went to sleep
is proof that I am crude and unfeeling.
That's good.
I couldn't stand that thing anyway.
But don't get splinters in your feet.
Ravic, I'm sorry, but...
when I saw you tonight,
suddenly I couldn't think at all.
And when you left,
I thought you'd left for good.
I couldn't have endured it!
You can't leave me alone.
You're responsible for me.
Are you alone?
You're responsible for me.
All right. All right.
I'm responsible for the occupation
of Czechoslovakia, too.
Now, stop it. It's getting light,

it's time for you to go.
You don't love me anymore.
Oh, what idiots have you been with
the last three months?
What else could I have done?
Sit at the door to your hotel
and stare at the walls...
No, no, no, no.
No confessions, please.
I don't want any confessions.
What I want to know is why you're here.
I'm here. Isn't that enough?
Yes. Yes, you're right.
It's enough.
You say that, but first you have
to take away all the joy.
What are you going to do?
Throw me out?
We should have done this
long before now.
Yes.
Why don't you ask me, Ravic?
About what happened in between.
Don't you want to know
where I live, how I live?
Joan, look outside.
Ask the air whether it rained yesterday.
Whether there was a war
in China or Spain.
Whether thousands are dying
or being born at this moment.
The world exists. We exist.
Why rake up dead leaves?
Did you miss me?
- Yes.
- Much?
Yes.
I haven't heard that for a long time.
I'll drop you off at the hospital.
Flowers?
- Why are they closed?
- They're having a party.
It's the captain's birthday.
No customers allowed.

Thank you.
Not so fast, my friends.
Give me a slower song, more romantic.
I've a long journey ahead.
Have you heard from her?
No. Not for three days.
Hey! Sad songs are for customers!
Let us have some gaiety, eh?
I think we have had enough
of this party, don't you?
Want to take walk?
No. Don't be so sentimental.
Might as well get used to it.
Ravic, come in.
It's good to have you here.
I've been waiting for you.
You didn't call me for days,
so I had to call you.
Come.
How do you like it?
It's nice.
Large and nice.
Do you know how it works?
- No.
- Oh, it's wonderful.
It plays for hours,
and I can lie here and listen
and watch it getting
dark outside and dream.
Do you like it?
Come, you haven't seen the rest yet.
One feels quite different
in an apartment.
Different than in those
dreary hotel rooms.
Yes, you're right.
Well, that's nice to have
had a look at all this.
Ravic, you're not going?
Yes, Joan. For good.
What are you saying? Why?
This whole place should tell you why.
Who's been talking to you,
telling you things? Morozov?

No one had to tell me anything.
I know, because I have this apartment,
because I don't work
at the Sheherazade any longer,
Morosov starts imagining things,
and you fall right in with him.
- Stop it.
- That a person can be somebody,
and make something out
of herself, that's a bit...
Now stop your nonsense.
Are you going to beat me, too?
I just wanted to stop that babbling.
Do you think I'm calm just because
I came in here calmly?
What do you think I've been doing
for the past three days?
I've been waiting for you.
I didn't have your telephone number.
I didn't think I had to know it.
I didn't have your address.
I didn't think I had to know that, either.
For three and a half months
I didn't see you.
Well, I don't think
I missed you as much then
as when you kept away
from me for one day.
My thoughts were constantly on you
in my room at the hospital,
everywhere.
I sat with Morozov
and pictured you walking in.
But you didn't come.
I stared at the phone until I could have
smashed it on the floor.
But you didn't call.
Then everything became clear to me.
I knew you wouldn't come,
only I hadn't wanted to believe it.
You had made sure of me,
then you could afford
to take your time.
There was someone else.

Not only someone else,
but another life, as well.
This life, that you want me to share.
So, you'll break it off and go.
As simple as that.
You didn't want to know anything,
and I loved you for it.
And now... now you come
and reproach me.
What do you want of me, anyway?
What rights have you?
None. I thought you had come back.
Well, didn't I?
You came to me,
but you did not come back.
Ravic, listen to me.
While you were in Switzerland, I waited.
I waited, and there was nothing.
Then, one day, someone came...
who wanted me.
Nothing but me.
Wholly and forever.
It was like a landslide,
which one laughs at in the beginning.
Then, suddenly,
there's nothing left to hold onto...
when one can't resist any longer.
Don't you understand?
Oh, yes.
I knew.
I knew it.
It's quite easy to understand.
Beside you, he's nothing.
I knew that the minute I saw you.
I know I must break with him, but...
I need time.
L... I can't do it right away.
You see how generous he has been.
I didn't know if you
would ever come back.
We were to be married.
Oh, Ravic, help me.
How can I help you?
By leaving you alone?

No, I mustn't lose you!
I can't lose you!
Then what do you want me to do?
Give me time.
Wait for me.
Wait for you?
Yes, wait for me.
I'm a refugee.
It's my profession to wait,
to keep alive and wait.
You'll come again, Ravic?
Don't think about it.
Take your time.
You'll find out for yourself.
Good evening, sir.
Bring me hors d'oeuvres
and a bottle of your driest wine.
- Yes, sir.
- Leave the menu.
Good evening, sir.
Ja. Telephone this number.
Ask for a Mr. Himmelstrutz.
- Give him this message.
- Yes, sir.
And bring me a package
of Oziri zigarette.
Gold tip.
Mr. Himmelstrutz, please.
Mr. Himmelstrutz?
This is the chasseur at Fouquet's.
I have a message for you
from Mr. Haake.
Sorry. We have no Chesterfields.
Um, Laurents, Green.
A package of Oziri cigarette.
Gold tip.
Brandy, please.
Yes, sir.
Ravic.
Don't you recognize me anymore?
How do you happen to be here?
Aren't you going to ask me to sit down?
No. I'm waiting for someone.
You must leave me alone.

Not until I've seen what she looks like.

Who?

The woman you're waiting for.

Don't do that.

Now I will wait.

Then sit somewhere else, please.

But why are you doing this, Ravic?

You promised to wait for me.

You yourself said it would take time,
and it has only been two weeks.

Only two weeks.

Well, I didn't come here by accident.

I was looking for you.

Ravic, I must see you alone.

- No.

- It's important.

- I must talk to you.

- Don't be a child.

I'm going to leave him.

Yes, yes. You told me.

But I'm afraid.

He threatens me.

Hmm? What was that?

- He threatens me.

- Who?

Oh. Oh, I see.

I'm in danger.

He can be vicious, Ravic.

Oh, you're not even listening to...

Wait. Just a moment.

- No.

- One second.

No.

Sorry I'm late.

Doesn't matter.

I'm going home.

It was unavoidable.

Permit me, please.

Permit me, please.

There is no other table.

Sit down, please.

Good morning!

I saw you while I was still inside.

I spotted you at once.

Oh, the scar.

It is a mark from a German student course.

So you are German

or so you have studied in Germany.

Correct?

Correct.

It is my business

to know these things.

- Cognac.

- Yes, sir.

That is one good thing

they have here, is cognac.

Otherwise, all is decadent.

These people here only wish for lazy life.

Do you live here?

Yes.

Long time?

Quite a while.

Permit me.

Ivon Haake.

Holn.

- Von Holn?

- Yes.

You must know Paris well.

Fairly well.

I do not mean the museums.

I know what you mean.

- May I offer you a drink?

- No, thank you.

I'll stick to this one.

So.

Chic.

These people here know all about that.

But these are nothing

compared to this woman

you were talking to now.

You saw her?

Good acquaintance?

Yes.

Just that.

It is difficult here

to meet a woman like her.

It can be arranged.

So.

This woman is French?
Italian.
With a few other races mixed in.
Not bad.
Naturally, at home, we cannot have that.
But here...
Here you are a tourist.
You understand!
Thank you, Herr Haake.
Do you have, uh...
much contact mit refugees?
Some.
We appreciate you know
certain informations?
We even pay for this.
Herr Ivon Haake,
you're not suggesting that...
Naturally, between men like you and me,
that is out of the question
unless it is a matter of honor.
- Waiter.
- Yes, sir?
No, no, no, no, no.
Allow me.
In Paris, you're my guest.
Ten francs.
- You must go?
- Thank you.
Well...
I thought I would
stroll about a bit tonight.
So?
You know.
There are things here for tourists
to see and learn.
Tonight. Oh, what a pity.
I must go to Berlin tonight.
I was just waiting here for two friends.
Our baggage is already at the station.
But maybe next time, huh?
I'll be back here in a few days.
I could call you up then.
Where do you live?
Uh, at the Prince de Galles,

just across the street.
Prince de Galles.
Are these your friends?
Just on time.
Auf Wiedersehen, Herr von Holn.
I am delighted to have met you,
and you will hear from me
sometime between
the 28th and the 5th,
and discretion, of course.
Of course.
Between the 28th and the 5th.
Don't forget.
I never forget anything.
Neither an appointment or a face.
It's my profession.
Ravic.
Come right away.
Yes. No. Come right away, please.
L... I'm frightened.
Help me, Ravic.
Please come.
Yes.
Joan.
Joan.
Oh, you're here.
What happened?
Nothing.
I'm glad you still have
enough concern for me
to come when I call you.
So you lied to get me up here.
Yes. I had to see you.
And if I have to lie to see you,
I'll continue to lie.
You acted very strangely at Fouquet's.
It was like telling me that everything
was over between us.
It is.
You needn't do that.
I'm not going, not this time.
Not until I make you understand
that the book is closed.
It is not closed.

I can't bring myself to marry Alex.
I love you.
And I'll always love you.
And you love me.
Yes.
But I have broken away from you.
Are we automatons
that we can turn love on and off?
We were finished when I returned
from Switzerland.
I knew it then.
I should have broken off then.
I should have broken off
the first time you brought me here,
but I wasn't sure.
No one can prophesy.
And sometimes one doesn't
want to know everything.
I can't imagine our never being together.
For a time, yes, but not forever.
You know you will leave me again...
tomorrow, the day after tomorrow,
sometime.
Yes.
And if you returned,
you know you would always go again.
Yes.
Yes, yes, yes!
Oh, what's the use?
What is it?
Why is it that way with us?
It's not only us.
Everyone searches for security in love.
You found them both,
but in two different men.
You want the one, and you don't
want to let the other go.
Yes, I would, Ravic.
I want only...
only I'm afraid.
I'd afraid of letting my love for you
do to me what it did...
what it did before,
when you were taken away from me,

when you were deported.
I can't, I can't be hurt like that again.
Can't we...
Can't we at least...
A former-lover friendship? No.
Might be possible with some people.
A love like ours has no substitute.
Pain is part of it.
I can't.
I can't.
I can't.
I know.
That's why this is the end.
Ravic!
Hello.
Yes.
Yes, thank you.
I'm expecting him.
You certainly did not rent
one of the cheap suites.
Have you ever sat in a plush hole
the entire day and waited?
Longer, my boy, longer.
And remember, this is the first day only.
You may wait seven.
You may wait 7,000. Look.
France closed the German frontier today.
There's still a chance.
I'll wait the week out.
Did you have much trouble
getting in here without passport?
No. Night porters don't ask questions
in exclusive hotels.
What about the day fellows?
That's a chance I'll have to take.
If I had only thought
of asking Haake's Paris hotel.
I know. I know.
You are sitting here thinking
you have done everything wrong, eh?
- Forget it.
- Did you rent the car?
Oh, yes. Yes, Talbot with leather seats.
It's parked in the Rue de Berri,

opposite the Lancaster.

- Thank you.

- Remember, you have no license to drive.

That has never bothered me before.

I came here straight
from the International.

I left Joan in my room, crying.

Hello.

One moment, please.

Do you know where
you'll want to take him?

Yes, I know a place.

Yes?

Yes, this is Herr von Holn.

The wine you ordered,
was it Liebfrauen '29?

Yes. Open.

Room service.

Yeah.

I hope you do not attract attention.

No man in Paris eats in his room
unless he is sick.

I wish I could come with you.

I'm glad you don't have to.

God bless your eyes.

They've invaded Poland.

Yes, it's started.

The whole city is deathly quiet.

Whole country is hoping against hope.

And here I am playing
this silly game of Indians.

If only Haake hasn't left Paris by now.

With the frontiers closed,
he may not even have come at all.

For four days now, I've...

Let's talk about something else.

Yes.

What do you really intend
to do about Joan?

Have you seen her again?

Every day she comes
to see me at International,
every night at Sheherazade.

She wants to make things right.

She is desperate.
Let's talk about something else.
We'll be blacked out.
It's just been announced over the radio
as a precaution against air raids.
On the radio, they say
everything is precaution.
They say there will be no war.
They say they're about to negotiate.
- Good evening, Miss Madou.
- Good evening.
- I want to see the colonel.
- I'll look for him.
Hey.
I cannot talk to her here in this uniform.
Tell her I see her outside.
You can talk to her here.
Not a soul will be here tonight.
Well...
- Please...
- There will be blackout any minute.
It was just announced.
- You're to hurry home.
- Please, Colonel...
You should not be out alone.
Where is he?
I do not know.
If they declare war,
they'll put Ravic
into a concentration camp.
You are the only one who can
give me a chance to see him.
Please, before it is too late.
All right, Joan.
If I see him.
I have your word?
Monsieur von Holn doesn't answer.
He must be in.
You'll keep ringing, please.
Where are you going?
To get my car.
You want to leave me.
No, no, no, no, no.
You wait here.

We closed up this place.
Wait here.
Tell me about this place
where we are going.
Well, select wines, exquisite service,
unbelievably pleasant company...
Sounds wonderful, wonderful.
But not cheap.
We Germans, you know,
limited foreign exchange.
Herr Ivon Haake, need I remind you
that in Paris you're my guest?
You are a true landsman.

It is 5:

Remember, good friend,
I must be in the
Gare du Nord by 9:00.
I will not see Paris again
until I, through this
Arch of Triumph, march.
We have nearly four hours.
You'll make it easily.
Where are we?
The Bois de Boulogne.
How long are we driving?
Oh, ten minutes.
It has been longer.
Not much.
Before I was asleep, I looked at the time.
We are driving more than half an hour.
Really? I didn't think it was so long.
We'll be there soon.
Where?
The place I told you about.
Drive back.
- Now?
- Ja.
Why?
Drive back.
All right.
Do we go back?
Yes.
10 Downing Street.

This morning, the British
Ambassador in Berlin
handed the German government a final note,
stating that unless we heard

from them by 11:

that they were prepared at once
to withdraw their troops from Poland,
a state of war would exist between us.

I have to tell you now
that no such undertaking
has been received,
and that consequently
this country is at war with Germany.
You heard?

Well?

I killed him in the Bois
and buried him in Saint-Germain.

Where is the car?

Rue Poncelet.

Everything is in order.

Nothing else to do?

Nothing.

I've got an horrific headache.

I want to sleep.

I'll come down later.

You did not forget anything?

No, I don't think so.

I've given up my room
at the Prince de Galles.

Madame Favier gave me
my old place here.

I can't go over the whole thing now.

First, I must sleep.

Did he ever find out who you were?

He didn't know who or why.

Ravic?

Hello? Ravic?

Answer me.

The colonel told me you're there.

I'm back at the Milan,
where you first brought me.

L... I've left him, Ravic,
and he's hurt me badly.

Come. Come quickly.
Quickly.
Dr. Ravic. Dr. Ravic.
Dr. Ravic, wake up.
You must wake up.
- Please do wake up.
- What do you want?
You must come immediately.
- It's Joan.
- What?
It was an accident.
You can't put the light on.
There's a blackout.
If I have to put a light on,
I'll put a light on.
Have you a taxi downstairs?
I have my car.
I shot her.
I pleaded with her not to leave me.
I only meant to threaten her.
What about the police?
No one heard me.
- Get my case together.
- Yes.
How did you get on the bed?
Alex. I couldn't walk.
Just after I telephoned you, I couldn't...
I couldn't move my leg or my arm.
What is it, Ravic?
Are you in pain?
Yes.
I'll give you something in a minute.
Call up Passy 2741.
Order an ambulance.
Yes.
Hello.
Passy 2741.
What is it, Ravic?
Nothing bad.
Send an ambulance immediately.
Hotel de Milan.
Rue Cardinal.
Room 8.
I don't want to be operated on.

Maybe we won't have to.
Is it serious?
No. Nothing serious.
They said the ambulance is coming.
Call up Auteuil 1357.
It's a hospital.
I'll talk to them.
Hello.
Auteuil 1357.
Ravic.
I don't want...
I don't want to have pain.
You won't.
I can't... I can't endure... I can't...
Doctor, it's the hospital.
All right. I'll be right there.
Hold it for a second.
All done.
Hello.
Hello, Geni?
Yes. Yes, a room.
And call up Veber.
Yes. Yes, have everything ready.
All right.
I've ordered an ambulance.
Yes. In ten minutes.
Oh, darling, darling,
I don't know what happened.
I don't know what happened.
I don't know...
Get up.
I didn't mean to do it.
Believe me, I didn't mean to do it.
Go down and wait for the ambulance.
Go on.
You'll help me.
Yes.
You're here.
I'm always at peace when I'm with you.
If you like, I'll call Baudet.
He could be here in 15 minutes.
You can assist him,
and he can do it.
No. No, it's too late.

I couldn't anyway.
Looking on would be worse.
Ravic.
Are you here?
Yes.
Did you operate?
No.
It wasn't necessary.
Will you stay with me?
Yes.
Headache.
Oh, it feels like lead.
You'll be better soon.
Oh, it didn't ache so much before.
Oh, I don't want to suffer.
Ravic, promise I won't suffer.
My grandmother. I saw her.
I don't want that. Promise.
I promise.
What's wrong with my arm?
It will come back again.
And my leg.
It's the same.
Oh, I just intended to begin
to live differently.
What would have happened
without you?
Doctor, how is she?
I'm going in and find out.
The one time when I'm most needed,
all that I know,
all that I've learned, is nothing.
Poor France.
Yes, poor France.
And I'm afraid it's more
than France, Veber.
For me, it's France.
Of course.
Ravic.
I'm here, Joan.
What's the matter with my legs?
I can't move either one of them anymore.
You'll be able to walk as always
as soon as you get up again.

You don't have to lie.
You mustn't let me live
when I'm nothing but pain.
You must give me something strong,
strong enough for heaven.
You must do it,
even if I don't want you to.
Promise.
Joan...
It's all right for you to do it.
Without you,
I wouldn't be alive anyway.
You gave me this year.
Why didn't I stay with you?
It was my fault, Joan.
No.
It was... It was...
Oh, I don't know.
My head...
a light...
my eyes...
My eyes...
So much to tell you.
Later.
Later.
There's no more time to explain.
I think I know most of it.
You know?
I think so.
You know that I always...
Yes, Joan.
Strange.
It's strange to die...
when you love.
You are my life.
My arm.
My arm can never embrace you.
You are in my arms and I in yours.
I understand you.
"Love" is no word for it.
It isn't enough.
It's a small part only.
It is so much more.
Yes.

Yes, you are always with me,
no matter whether
I loved you, hated you,
or seemed indifferent.
That never changed anything.
You are always with me.
Ravic.

I was only more lost without you.
You were all the brightness
and the sweet and the bitter.
Doctor.

Dr. Ravic.
The patient in number 12 is dead.
You may notify the police.
Very well.

Do you live here?
Yes.

Take your place in line, please.
Hello, Boris. You, too?

This war, they want to see
everybody's papers.
I was asleep, idiot that I am.
I could have warned you.
I'm through running.

Next.
You know where they will put you.
I've been there before.
There is rumor they are going to set up
concentration camp at Longchamp.
Maybe they'll set us free again soon.
We can be used.
This is the end of our waiting, Boris.

- Next.

- Oh, no.

Not so fast.

Perhaps not.

But you will see the day.

Next.

Boris.

Joan is dead, shot by a man.
She is in Veber's hospital.
Will you see that she's buried?
No, don't ask questions.
Just say yes and be done with it.

- Yes.

- Next.

And take any of my things
that you can use.

Move into my room.

You always wanted my shower anyway.

All right.

After the war,

I will meet you at Fouquet's.

Which side, Champs-Elyses

or Georges V?

- Georges V.

- Good.

No, come here, idiot.

Don't we even dare

say good-bye decently?

God bless your eyes.

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