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# Limelight

By Charles Chaplin

Mrs. Alsop's out!

Mrs. Alsop's out!

- Did you turn off the gas?|- What gas?

- Which is her room?|- Er, this one.

We must move her. |Where's the landlady?

- Not home. |- Where's your room?

Two floors up.

Take her shoulders, |I'll take her feet.

Come on, Miss.

Pick up my bag.

Sorry, |you'll have to do that yourself.

Open the windows. |She needs lots of fresh air.

So do I.

- Shall I call an ambulance?|- No time.

She needs an emetic first. |Glass of water, please.

Here it is.

I need 2 quarts of warm water |and some towels.

Towels, coming up.

You found this bottle |clutched in her hand?

Certainly did, from your dispensary.

I see. |How long have you known this girl?

About five minutes.

She'll need looking after |for a couple of days.

- How about the ambulance?|- It isn't necessary now.

She's out of danger.

Besides, sending her to a hospital |would start an inquiry.

And attempted suicide means jail.

However, in a couple of days |she'll be fully recovered.

Meanwhile, let her rest quietly.

If she's thirsty |give her orange juice.

And tomorrow, |if she has an appetite

a little chicken broth, |but no tinned food.

Now, if you'll be at my dispensary |in ten minutes

I'll have a prescription for you.

- For me?|- No. For her, of course.

Headache?

Where am I?

In my room. |I live two floors above you.

What happened?

I came home this evening and |smelled gas coming from your room

so I broke in the door, |called a doctor,

and together we brought you here.

Why didn't you let me die?

What's your hurry?

Are you in pain?  
That's all that matters. | The rest is fantasy.  
Billions of years it's taken | to evolve human consciousness  
and you want to wipe it out.  
Wipe out the miracle | of all existence.  
More important than anything | in the whole universe!  
What can the stars do?  
Nothing... | but sit on their axis!  
And the sun,  
shooting flames 280,000 miles high...  
So what?  
Wasting all its natural resources.  
Can the sun think? Is it conscious?  
No, but you are!  
Pardon me, my mistake.  
Here you are, and there you go!  
Well, bless me. Heavens alive!  
Look at that. Look at me door!  
House breaking, that's what it is!  
I suppose she's taken her things. | She'll go to jail for this.  
I knew she was no good.  
That quiet type.  
Still waters that run deep | usually stink!  
That's funny, | she hasn't taken a thing.  
And she won't, either.  
Not until she's paid 4 weeks rent.  
Smashing in a door!  
Nice festivities | going on behind my back!  
Well, she's out now | and she'll stay out!  
Mr. Calvero! Oh Mr. Calvero!  
Is that you, Mr. Calvero?  
Your laundry. | I was about to leave it on your bed.  
Just a moment!  
Hold it, hold it!  
Hold everything!  
You dropped these.  
And here's your oranges.  
Thank you.  
So this is | how she spends her evenings.  
You take your hands off me!  
What's she doing in your room?  
The opposite of what you think.  
I'd like to know | who smashed in the door downstairs.  
- I did. | - You did!

You have a leaking gas pipe.  
I have a what?  
I mean that room|has a leaking gas pipe.  
There's something fishy about this.  
- Who is she anyway?|- You ought to know by now.  
Came six weeks ago.|Said she was a working girl.  
That's what they all say.|Why are you so interested?  
The girl tried to kill herself.  
Took poison, turned on the gas.|I came home just in time.  
I'll call the police|and get an ambulance.  
It'll be in all the papers.|You don't want that.  
She's not staying where she is.  
My good woman, I don't want her!|Let her go back to her room.  
I should say not.|Besides, it's rented.  
You can't throw her into the street!  
She's not going back|to her own room.  
Then she'll have to stay|where she is.  
What? And scandalize my household!  
We could be man and wife|for all anyone knows.  
Oh, could you?|Well, you'd better not be.  
You'd better get rid of her,|and quick.  
Man and wife!  
You watch out for that hussy.  
She's no good. And she's been sick|since she came here.  
It wouldn't be dandruff, would it?  
Ready?  
I am an animal trainer  
A circus entertainer  
Lions, tigers and wild boar  
In my wild career  
Some say it was beer  
And lost my whole menagerie  
I got a bright idea  
through my underwear  
A thought occurred to me  
So why not train a flea  
And through the jungle roam  
to be found right here at home  
I found one but I won't say where  
And educated him with care  
all the facts of life  
And then he found himself a wife  
I give them board and lodging free  
And every night they dine off me

They don't eat caviar or cake  
But they enjoy a good rump steak  
Off my anatomy  
It is an odd sensation  
Around the old plantation  
Now I'm as happy as can be  
you see  
They're both supporting me  
I've the greatest show on earth  
And get your money's worth  
Those educated fleas  
On the flying trapeze  
Don't scratch or make a fuss  
Some budding genius  
Phyllis! Henry! Stop that!  
What do you think you're doing?  
You ought to be ashamed|of yourselves, fighting like that!  
Alright. Phyllis, stay in the box!|Henry!  
You should have done that|before I opened the box.  
Do you hear? Come on!  
Do you want me to squeeze?  
Stop that now!  
Come up from there!  
Phyllis, you hear?|Remember you're on a diet.  
Phyllis, have you gone mad?  
Stop that, do you hear? Stop it!  
Phyllis, do you hear?|Come up at once! You go too far!  
Phyllis, what are you doing?  
Crazy little creature!  
Phyllis, Henry wants you.  
Come, Phyllis.  
Phyllis, stop that.  
Phyllis, come out here!|Come out!  
Where do you think you're going?|You nitwit!  
Phyllis! Stop that now!  
Do you want me to scratch?  
That's not Phyllis.  
Where's Phyllis?  
Oh, there she is!  
Are you awake?  
Your husband said to look in on you.  
- Who?|- Your husband.  
He said to warm up|some chicken soup for you.  
Husband?

Let me help you. Come on.  
You haven't eaten a thing all day.  
A nice warm soup will do you good.  
Thank you, no.  
Your wife won't eat.  
Well, that's a blessing|to a poor married man.  
How do you feel?  
Much better, thank you.  
Good.  
Pay no attention|to this wife business.  
It's a front of respectability|for the new housemaid.  
However, as soon as you get well|you'll be free and divorced.  
I think I'm well enough now.  
Not quite. I think|you'd better stay another day or so.  
You're very kind.  
I think I'm able to get back|to my room now.  
I'm afraid that isn't possible.  
Why?  
Mrs. Alsop's rented it.|The people are moving in today.  
Oh, I see.  
However you're welcome to stay here|until you know what you want to do.  
What can I do? I'm helpless.  
Why didn't you let me die|and get it over with!  
That's no way to talk. You're alive|and you better make the most of it.  
I'm destitute. Ill.  
Listen...  
I don't know what's wrong with you,  
but if you're ill,|and if it's what Mrs. Alsop thinks,  
you should do something about it.|It isn't hopeless.  
If it's, uh...  
You know what I'm talking about.  
I don't think I do.  
Well, let me put it this way.  
A young girl, alone,|thrown into the world, gets ill.  
If it's anything like that,|you can be cured.  
There's a new drug performing|miracles, curing thousands.  
If it's anything of that nature|don't be afraid to tell,  
maybe I can help.  
I'm an old sinner,|nothing shocks me.  
It's nothing like that.  
Are you sure?  
Positive.  
But you have been ill?  
Yes. I was five months|in the hospital with rheumatic fever.

Is that all?|Then what are you complaining about?  
It's ruined my health.|I can't work.  
What do you work at?  
I was a dancer.  
A dancer!  
A member of the Empire ballet.  
And I thought you were a...  
So, you're a ballet dancer.  
Pardon me, we haven't met formally.|What is your name?  
Thereza Ambrose.|But I'm called Terry.  
Charming. How do you do.|I'm also in the business.  
My name is Calvero.|Perhaps you've heard of me.  
You're not the great comedian?  
I was.|However, we won't go into that.  
Whatever brought you|to this state of affairs?  
Ill health, mostly.  
Then we'll have to get you well.  
It isn't the ideal spot|for convalescing,  
but you're welcome to it,  
if you can put up with being|Mrs. Calvero. In name only!  
It won't inconvenience you?  
Not at all.|I've had five wives already.  
One more or less|makes no difference.  
Moreover, I've arrived at the age  
where platonic friendship can be|sustained on the highest moral plane.  
Now let me see, your mother was|a dressmaker and your father a lord?  
The fourth son of a lord.|That's quite different.  
How is it he married your mother?  
She was|one of the family housemaids.  
Sounds like a novelette.  
- Did he have any money?|- No, the family cut him off.  
So your sister's|the only one living?  
Yes, and she's in South America.  
Tell me, was it just ill health|that made you do what you did?  
- That, and...|- And what?  
The utter futility of everything.  
I see it even in flowers,  
hear it in music.  
All life aimless,|without meaning.  
What do you want a meaning for?  
Life is a desire, not a meaning.  
Desire is the theme of all life!  
It makes a rose want to be a rose,|and want to grow like that.  
And a rock want to contain itself|and remain like that.

What are you smiling about?  
Your imitation|of a rose and a rock.  
I can imitate anything.  
Ever seen a Japanese tree?|They're lopsided, they grow this way.  
Of course pansies grow this way.  
The dark ones frown and go like that.  
However, the meaning of anything  
is merely other words|for the same thing.  
After all, a rose is a rose.|Not bad, should be quoted.  
Think how meaningless|life was a moment ago.  
Now you have|a temporary husband and a home.  
Here's your drinking water,|and in case of any emergencies,  
the first door on the left,|the same on each floor.  
Good night.  
Spring is here!  
Birds are calling  
Skunks are crawling  
Wagging their tails for love  
Spring is here!  
Whales are churning  
Worms are squirming  
Wagging their tails for love  
Of which I sing  
That makes us all bewitched?  
That comes in Spring  
That gives us all the itch?  
Oh, it's love  
It's love love love love  
Pardon me,|but have you a fly swatter?  
I beg your pardon.  
If you beg around here,|I'll call the police.  
I repeat, I beg your pardon.  
I don't care what you've eaten.  
I've eaten nothing.  
Poor dear.|Here, get a sandwich.  
- Sir, I demand an apology!|- I don't know you.  
Who are your people?|Are you in the social register?  
- My name happens to be Smith.|- Never heard of them.  
That shows you're asinine.  
I should have worn my overcoat.  
You've interrupted me|in the middle of my sonnet.  
In the middle of your what?  
Not in the middle of my what,|the middle of my sonnet.  
My ode to a worm.



Oh worm, why do you turn|into the earth from me?  
'Tis Spring! Oh worm!  
Lift up your head  
whichever end that be|and smile at the sun  
untwine your naked form|and with your tail, fling!  
High the dirt in ecstasy!  
'Tis Spring! 'Tis Spring!|'Tis Spring!  
Ridiculous!|A worm smiling at the sun!  
- Why not?|- A worm can't smile.  
Did you ever appeal|to its sense of humor?  
- Of course not.|- Well then!  
But it doesn't make sense.  
Why should poetry|have to make sense?  
Don't you know there's such a thing|as poetic license?  
I've given you no license.  
Oh no, don't!  
This thing is so much bigger|than ourselves!  
At this moment|I'm grasping the meaning of life.  
What a waste of energy.  
What is this urge|that makes life go on and on?  
You're right.|What does it all mean?  
Where are we going?  
You're going south.|Your hand's in my pocket.  
Naughty.  
- How did it get there?|- Pure magnetism, old dear.  
Why are you antagonistic|towards me?  
Must we be serious?  
You make it difficult to know you.  
Read my memoirs|in the Police Gazette.  
- You're a funny man.|- Why?  
To talk about worms|the way you do.  
Why not? Even flies are romantic.  
- Flies?|- Oh yes.  
Coming from the stable|to the table,  
chasing each other over the sugar|and meeting in the butter.  
- You've read "The Life of the Bee"?|- No, I haven't.  
The bee's behavior in the beehive|is unbelievable.  
Really?  
- Gesundheit!|- It certainly does.  
- I beg your pardon?|- The dress. It goes on tight.  
You're awful dusty tonight, my dear.|Turn around.  
Where do they keep you?|On the top shelf or something?  
Fuller's earth? Johnson's powder?|I know! Cornstarch.  
Just think!|All life motivated by love.

How beautiful.

- By no means beautiful.|- It certainly is.

No, it's vile, wicked, awful!|But wonderful.

- I like you.|- Really?

You're sensitive. You feel things.

Don't encourage me.

It's true. So few people|have the capacity to feel.

Or the opportunity.

Allow me.

Use it only for what you wish.

Come in.

Good morning. How do you feel?

- Better, thank you.|- Good.

What a day!

The sun's shining, the kettle's|singing, and we've paid the rent.

There'll be an earthquake,|I know it.

What would you like for breakfast?

We have eggs, bacon,|cheese, spring onions...

That's broken my dream!

I dreamt we did an act together,|all about Spring.

Interesting.

I get lots of ideas in my dreams,|then I wake up and forget them.

You know, I've been dreaming a lot|about the theater lately.

Doing my old acts all over again.

Kippers. Aren't they superb!

What's wrong?

It's my legs! I tried to get up|this morning and I collapsed.

I can't even stand.

You got up too soon.

No, it's not that.|I have no feeling in them.

They're paralyzed. I know it!

Don't upset yourself.|After breakfast we'll call the doctor.

I'd better go to a hospital.

You know best,|but see what the doctor says first.

I can't stay here,|causing you all this trouble.

I'm not complaining.

You should, I'm such a bore.

But it's not my fault.|You would save my life.

Well, we all make mistakes!

I'm sorry.

You should be. A young girl like you|wanting to throw your life away.

When you're my age,|you'll want to hang on to it.

Why?

Well, at this stage of the game|life gets to be a habit.

A hopeless one.

Then live without hope. | Live for the moment.

There are still, there are still...

There are still wonderful moments.

But if you've lost your health!

My dear, I was given up for dead | six months ago, but I fought back.

That's what you must do.

I'm tired of fighting.

Because you're fighting yourself. | You won't give yourself a chance.

But the fight for happiness | is beautiful.

Happiness...

- There is such a thing. | - Where?

Listen, as a child I used to complain | to my father about not having toys  
is the greatest toy ever created.

Here lies | the secret of all happiness.

To hear you talk, no one would | ever think you were a comedian.

I'm beginning to realize that. | It's the reason I can't get a job.

Why?

Because they have no imagination.

Or think because I'm getting | on in years I'm old, all washed up.

Never! After hearing you talk.

Perhaps I drank too much.

There's usually a reason | for drinking.

Unhappiness, I suppose.

No, I'm used to that.

It was more complicated.

As a man gets on in years | he wants to live deeply.

A feeling of sad dignity comes upon | him, and that's fatal for a comic.  
It affected my work.

I lost contact with the audience, | couldn't warm up to them.

And that's what started me drinking.

I had to have it before I went on.

It got so I couldn't be funny | without it. The more I drank...

It became a vicious circle.

What happened?

A heart attack. I almost died.

And you're still drinking?

Occasionally, if I think of things.

The wrong things I suppose, | as you do.

What would you like | for your breakfast?

What a sad business, being funny.

Very sad if they won't laugh.

But it's a thrill when they do.

To look out there | and see them all laughing,

to hear that roar go up, |waves of laughter coming at you.  
Let's talk of something |more cheerful.  
Besides I want to forget the public.  
Never. You love them too much.  
Maybe I love them, |but I don't admire them.  
I think you do.  
As individuals, yes. |There's greatness in everyone.  
But as a crowd, they're like |a monster without a head  
that never knows which way |it's going to turn.  
It can be prodded in any direction.  
I keep forgetting about breakfast. |How about some poached eggs?  
Come in.  
- A telegram. | - Oh, thank you.  
Are you all right?  
This is what I've been waiting for.  
Good news?  
Redfern, my agent, wants to see me.  
Wonderful!  
You're right. |This is the turning point.  
Those managers have been holding |out on me, breaking my morale.  
But now they want me!  
And now I'll make them pay! |For their contempt and indifference.  
No, I'll be gracious.  
That'll be more dignified, |put them in their place.  
I'm to be at Redfern's office |at three.  
I'll call the doctor |and tell him about your legs.  
But I forgot your breakfast!  
How about some nice kippers?  
Nothing for you, or you, or you...  
Nothing for you.  
- Anyone waiting? | - Miss Parker.  
Anyone else?  
Yes, Calvero. |He's been here since three.  
I forgot all about him. |Show him in.  
Good afternoon, Calvero. |Sit down.  
Sorry about yesterday. I was held up |over some important business.  
However, I've good news for you.  
I can get you a week |at Middlesex Music Hall.  
At what terms?  
I don't know yet, |but I wouldn't bother about that.  
No bother at all.  
However, if money's no object,  
- what billing am I to get? | - I wouldn't bother about that either.  
I'm not to get star billing |at Middlesex?

I'm not sure|we can book you there.  
You think I'd allow those managers|to throw in my name  
with a lot of nondescripts|just to build up their reputation!  
Calvero's still a name|to conjure with!  
You're mistaken.|Today it means nothing.  
Then why do they want me?  
They don't want you.|They're doing me a favor.  
Very kind of them.|I hope you appreciate the fact.  
I'm going to be perfectly frank|with you.  
I've been talking Calvero|to them for over six months.  
Your name is poison.|They don't want to touch you.  
They couldn't if they tried.  
I'm sorry, but you must|be made to realize the facts.  
You're succeeding splendidly.  
I'm trying to help, that's all.|But you must cooperate.  
Whatever you say, I'll do.  
That's the spirit.  
As soon as the contract's confirmed,|I'll let you know.  
However, cheer up.  
If my name is poison to them,|I won't use it.  
- I'll go by another name.|- I think that's a splendid idea.  
Well doctor, how is our patient?  
The condition is cleared up, but|I find nothing wrong with her legs.  
Didn't she tell you|she's had rheumatic fever?  
Yes, but I don't think she has.  
The heart would have been affected|and it's perfectly sound.  
I believe it's a case|of psycho-anesthesia.  
What's that?  
A form of hysteria that has|the characteristics of paralysis  
without being so.  
How do you account for it?  
In her case, I'd say|it's psychological, self-imposed.  
Having failed at suicide,|she's decided to become a cripple.  
Is there any way I can help?  
Primarily she must help herself.|It's a case for a psychologist.  
Doctor Freud.  
Well, I'll see what I can do.  
- Good day, Doctor.|- Good day.  
Tell me more|about your sister Louise.  
There's nothing more to tell.  
When she couldn't find work|she was driven to the street.  
How old were you|when you discovered this?  
About eight.  
Tell me about it.

It was after my mother died. | I loved Louise.  
She was everything to me, | supported me, had me taught dancing.  
Then one day I realized | what she was doing.  
I was coming home from dancing | with the other girls  
and I saw her, and the other girls | saw her, walking the street.  
What did you do?  
I just ran and wept.  
Ran and wept.  
Then what happened?  
I tried to forget.  
I was sent to boarding school. At 16, | I left and joined the Empire Ballet.  
Louise went to South America. | I haven't heard from her since.  
Up to that time, | you had no trouble with your legs?  
No.  
When did it start?  
About two years later. | After Melise joined the ballet.  
Who's Melise?  
One of the girls | from the dancing school.  
One who was with you | when you found out about Louise?  
Mr. Freud would say | that since meeting this girl again,  
you don't want to dance.  
Why?  
You've associated it | with the unhappy life of your sister  
who paid for your lessons | through a life of shame.  
You've been ashamed to dance | ever since.  
I'd despise myself | if I thought that.  
That's the trouble, you do.  
That's the trouble with the world. | We all despise ourselves.  
Streetwalking!  
We're all grubbing for a living, | the best of us.  
All a part of the human crusade,  
written in water.  
But enough of that.  
Ever been in love?  
No, not really.  
I think it was more | a feeling of pity.  
The plot thickens. | Tell me about it.  
It's a ridiculous story. | I hardly knew the man.  
It was something I built up | in my own mind.  
of the hospital.  
at Sardou's stationary shop.  
a young American.  
He used to buy music paper  
according to his finances.

so helpless and shy.  
about him.  
but someone tried to elbow in.  
he smiled in gratitude.  
he lived told me he was Mr. Neville,  
and that he occupied the top room.  
without food to buy music paper.  
I could see it in his eyes.  
The haggard look.  
a few extra sheets.  
than his proper change,  
but I wasn't sure.  
house and hear him playing piano,  
over and over again.  
excited and melancholy.  
Well, what then?  
Then for weeks I never saw him.  
The charwoman told me he was ill. |Creditors had taken his piano.  
looking very pale  
of large orchestral sheets,  
on the counter.  
I knew it was his last.  
If I only dared!  
I wanted to tell him so.  
But I was also shy.  
I was determined to help.  
and as he was about leave  
I called him back:  
You've forgotten your change.  
There must be a mistake, he said.  
Not at all, I answered.  
here's sixpence change.  
a ridiculous situation.  
in came Mr. Sardou:  
Can I be of any assistance?  
It isn't necessary, I said quickly.  
and forgot his change.  
Mr. Sardou made him take it.  
Mr. Sardou went through the till  
became suspicious.  
The discrepancy was discovered|and I was discharged.  
What did you do then?  
I tried to get back to dancing,|then I collapsed with rheumatic fever.  
Did you ever see|this young composer again?

Yes, five months later. | After I came out of the hospital.  
I saw him from the gallery | of the Albert Hall.  
His symphony was played there. | It was a great success.  
Of course you're in love with him.  
I don't even know him.  
You will. | Life is a local affair.  
I can see it happening.  
You'll be at the height | of your success and he'll call on you,  
and tell you he met you | at some super party.  
Won't I recognize him?  
Oh no. He's grown a beard. | Musicians do.  
He'll tell you | he's composed a ballet for you.  
And you'll realize who he is, | you'll tell him who you are  
and how you met, | and how you waited on him.  
And gave him extra music sheets.  
And that night you'll dine together  
on a balcony | overlooking the Thames.  
It'll be summer.  
And you'll be wearing | pink mousseline.  
And he'll be conscious | of its fragrance.  
And all London | will be dreamy and beautiful.  
And in the elegant melancholy | of twilight,  
as the candles flutter | and make your eyes dance,  
he will tell you he loves you.  
And you will tell him | you have always loved him.  
Where am I?  
Yes, life can be wonderful | if you're not afraid of it.  
All it needs is courage, imagination  
and a little dough.  
Now what's the matter?  
I'll never dance again! | I'm a cripple.  
- Pure hysteria! It's in your mind. | - It isn't true.  
- Otherwise you'd fight! | - What is there to fight for?  
Ah, you see? You admit it.  
What is there to fight for? | Everything!  
Life itself! Isn't that enough?  
To be lived, suffered, enjoyed! | What is there to fight for?  
Life is a beautiful, | magnificent thing.  
Even to a jellyfish.  
What is there to fight for? | You have your art, your dancing!  
But I can't dance without legs!  
I know a man without arms  
who can play a scherzo on a violin | and does it all with his toes.  
The trouble is you won't fight. | You've given in.



Continually dwelling|on sickness and death!  
But,  
there's something|just as inevitable as death  
and that's life.|Life, life, life!  
Think of the power|that's in the universe!  
Moving the earth, growing the trees!  
And that's the same power|within you.  
If you'd only have courage|and the will to use it.  
Good night!  
Faster, faster.|Come on, dance!  
Beautiful.  
I fooled you that time.|Come on.  
Take that away.|Come on!  
What's the news?  
Europe in a race for armaments.  
Anything interesting?  
A write-up about Mr. and|Mrs. Zanzig, the mind readers.  
I played with them years ago.  
They say they can transfer thoughts|to each other.  
Nonsense!  
Then how is it done?  
Not transference. I was with him once|when he sent his wife a telegram.  
More coffee?  
Just a half cup.  
I'm sorry, I didn't intend...  
Oh no, it's good exercise.  
Look at you,|hopping around like a two year-old.  
I think there's an improvement.  
Definitely.  
- But I get so nervous doing nothing.|- Nothing?  
I welcome every new hole|in your socks.  
Housework and cooking,|what more do you want?  
Keep fighting, that's all.  
That reminds me,|Mrs. Alsop's on the warpath again.  
She wants to know how long|I'm going to stay.  
Tell her to mind her own business!|We pay our rent.  
Oh no, there's a month owing.  
Since they postponed the Middlesex|opening, it's upset everything.  
Don't worry.|I can handle the old girl.  
All she needs|is a little pinch and a pat.  
Don't you think|I should go to a hospital?  
I do not.  
You'd have one problem|off your hands.  
After the Middlesex,|our problems are over.

You know, preaching and moralizing|to you has really affected me.  
I'm beginning to believe it myself.  
I haven't taken a drink|since I've known you.  
Wonderful.  
And I'm not going to,|even on opening night.  
You don't need it.  
You're excruciatingly funny|without it.  
Oh, yes.  
- What's that?|- Maybe a letter from Redfern.  
Just the man I want to see!  
How thrilling!  
This is no joke. When are you|getting rid of that girl upstairs?  
- Don't be jealous.|- Jealous!  
What have you done to your hair?  
Where are your spit curls?  
Never mind all that!|You owe me four weeks' rent.  
- Have I denied the fact?|- You'd better not.  
Sybil, you really want to hurt me,|don't you? You little minx.  
Behave yourself!  
I get so full of nonsense|when I'm around you.  
You fool!  
What about that girl upstairs?  
Now, now. Be patient.  
You'd better|get rid of her this week.  
Bear with me. I know|it's been a trial for both of us.  
Both of us!|Who are you kidding?  
You!  
You wonderful|little plum pudding, you!  
But we must behave ourselves.  
That takes care of the rent.  
- Was there any post?|- No. That was for Mrs. Alsop.  
That is the life for me  
every morning  
Under the deep blue sea  
Oh what fun to be gay and all wet  
That is the life for me  
Funny thing,  
I dreamt I was a sardine.  
I dreamt it was lunchtime,|and I was, uh...  
swimming along,|looking for a little bit of bait  
and I found myself passing|a large bed of kelp.  
And there on it, I mean in it,  
was the prettiest little fin|you've ever seen.  
That's what we call them|in the fish world: fins.

The way she maneuvered her tail,  
with such finesse.  
She seemed to be in trouble.  
let's all go home.  
Yeah, you're right. Good night.  
I beg your pardon.  
Blasted! These shoes are too tight.  
Good night.  
What are you doing up so late?  
I just couldn't sleep.  
Then I saw the partition doors open, |so I got up an hour ago.  
Some hot soup?  
No, thanks.  
You look tired.  
Do I?  
I know you're worried,  
but the Middlesex contract's signed, |it's just the delay.  
There's no delay.  
What do you mean?  
It happened tonight.  
The Middlesex?  
Why didn't you let me know?  
I didn't want you to go through |the suspense of it.  
Then forget everything now, |and get a good night's rest.  
They walked out on me.  
They haven't done that |since I was a beginner.  
The cycle's complete.  
But you've changed your name! |They didn't know you.  
No, I wasn't funny. |The trouble is, I was sober.  
I should have been drunk |before going on.  
I still insist |they didn't know you.  
Just as well they didn't.  
Naturally! You can't expect too much |the first performance.  
You haven't worked in a long time.  
But you'll see, tonight |when you go back it'll be different.  
I'm not going back.  
Why?  
They've terminated the contract.  
But they can't do that!  
They can. They have.  
You were engaged for the week! |You can insist.  
It's no use. I'm finished.  
Through!  
Nonsense.

Are you, Calvero, going to allow|one performance to destroy you?  
Of course not!|You're too great an artist.  
Now's the time to show them|what you're made of. Time to fight!  
Remember what you told me,|standing there by that window?  
Remember what you said?  
About the power of the universe|moving the earth?  
Growing the trees,|and that power being within you?  
Now is the time to use that power,|and to fight!  
Calvero, look! I'm walking!  
I'm walking!  
I'm walking!  
Just think, I can walk!  
Well, I can't any further.|I have to quit right here.  
Do you realize|it's almost five o'clock?  
I know. But I couldn't stay|in that room another minute.  
I don't blame you.  
Cheer up.  
Look, the dawn is breaking.  
That's a good omen.  
I know it. It will be.  
It must be.  
Don't be discouraged.|You'll get on your feet again.  
On my what again?  
But think how fortunate we are!  
At least we both have our health.  
Now I can get a job. There's always|chorus work to keep us going.  
Us?  
Yes.  
Us.  
You and me. Together.  
- Mr. Bodalink!|- What is it?  
- The front office, sir.|- Thank you.  
Terry, I was about to leave you|a note about Calvero.  
Have him see me tomorrow morning|before your audition.  
- He's all set for the part.|- Wonderful!  
Just a minute.  
Why, Terry!|I didn't hear you come in.  
How could you?  
Allow me. My friends,  
Mademoiselle Thereza.  
How do you do.  
We're just having a little beer,|Bach and Beethoven.  
Isn't it rather late for music?  
Not if we play a nocturne.

Proceed with the butchery,  
only make it soft, | sentimental, largo.  
- I'll stick to beer if you don't mind. | - Coming up!  
But what will Mrs. Alsop say?  
A fine thing! After climbing up | three flights of stairs,  
I've just discovered I've got nothing | but a lot of empty beer bottles.  
Why, Terry, is the show out?  
I didn't realize it was that late.  
It's very late.  
That's our cue, we'd better go.  
You're not going! | We were just about to celebrate.  
- But it's almost one o'clock. | - So what?  
Wait a minute!  
Calvero gave me three horses | and I doubled up on them!  
Now that only happens | once in a lifetime.  
Wait a minute. Those stairs | are steep. I'll lead the way.  
That's all right, I can handle myself. | Don't you worry about me.  
Good night.  
I'm sorry, my dear. I'm drunk.  
It's your health I'm worried about. | You know what the doctor said.  
Yes, I shouldn't drink. | It's bad for the heart.  
What about the mind?  
I suppose that should be clear and | alert so I can contemplate the future.  
The prospects of joining | those gray-haired nymphs  
that sleep | on the Thames embankment at night.  
You'll never join them | while I'm alive.  
Oh, I forgot to get your supper! | I'm no good.  
I'll get it later on. | First I'm going to put you to bed.  
But you've had nothing to eat.  
Did you take your medicine?  
What medicine?  
You didn't. | It's to give you an appetite.  
I've quenched my appetite.  
You'll be ill again, | if you don't eat.  
Well, I much prefer to drink.  
A man's true character comes out | when he's drunk.  
Me, I'm funnier.  
Too bad I didn't drink | at the Middlesex.  
I've got good news for you.  
Mr. Bodalink wants to see you | tomorrow morning.  
Who's he?  
Our dance director. He wants you | to play a clown in the new ballet.  
I'm through clowning.  
Life isn't a gag anymore. | I can't see the joke.

From now on, I'm a retired humorist.  
You'll feel differently|in the morning.  
No, I hate the theatre!  
Someday I'll buy|an acre of ground somewhere  
and raise a few cut flowers,|and make a living that way.  
What do you think?|It's all settled. I play the clown.  
Let's sit down over here|and you can tell me all about it.  
Of course, the salary isn't much.  
Two pounds?  
But it's a foot in the door.|Naturally I'm not using my own name.  
This Bodalink's a nice chap.|Says you're quite a dancer.  
If you'd have come to the theatre,|you might have known it.  
Why didn't you tell me|you were auditioning?  
I wanted to surprise you.  
I'm not sure of the outcome.|It depends on Mr. Postant.  
Postant!|I thought he'd retired years ago.  
Why, do you know him?  
Last time I worked for Postant,|I was the headline here.  
Footlights!  
Your hands are quite cold.  
I think I've got the girl. Young,|sympathetic, a brilliant dancer.  
Bring her on!  
Thereza, please!  
You understand|it's purely improvising.  
That's how I always judge a dancer.  
This is Thereza, Mr. Postant.  
- How do you do.|- How do you do.  
You'll be dancing to Mr. Neville's|music. Listen to it first.  
This is Mr. Neville, our composer.  
- How do you do.|- How do you do.  
I believe we've met before.  
Really?

**It's 12:**

Allow me to congratulate|the next prima ballerina.  
You're sopping wet, my dear.|Get your coat.  
Put in on and then|we'll talk business.  
Allow me.  
- May I also congratulate you?|- Thank you.  
Come dear. We'll meet at my office|at 2:30 and fix up her contract.  
But we're rehearsing at 2.  
Make it 6, after rehearsal.  
Run up to your dressing room|before you get a chill.  
- Where's Neville?|- Coming!

turn off those lights.  
Here I am.  
I was looking for you outside.  
What are you doing|sitting in the dark?  
I'd be ridiculous in the light.|Look at me, I'm shameless.  
But I can't help it.  
My dear, you are a true artist.  
True artist.  
This is absurd. Ridiculous.  
I've waited for this moment.  
I love you.  
I've wanted to say it for so long.  
Ever since the day you thought|I was a woman of the street.  
You took me in,  
cared for me,  
saved my life,  
inspired it.  
But above all that,|I just love you.  
Please, Calvero, marry me.  
- What nonsense is this?|- It isn't nonsense.  
My dear, I'm an old man.  
I don't care what you are.  
I love you.|That's all that matters.  
Latest news, express!  
While you're having lunch,|I'm going to see about my wig.  
Then I'll go with you.  
You'd better have lunch first.|I might be delayed.  
I'll see you back at the theatre.  
Have a good lunch.  
Oh, hello there.  
I'm the man at the piano|who played a moment ago.  
It's quite crowded.  
Always is at lunch time.  
Two?  
Very well.  
Your order, please.  
Bacon and eggs, toast and tea.  
The same.  
That's always safe.  
Beautiful day to be rehearsing.  
Although the papers|are predicting more rain.  
Really?  
What's the joke?  
I finally have the chance to talk|to you and I've nothing to say.

What is more eloquent than silence?

- I'd better change tables.|- I won't bite.

I'm not too sure. I was|severely frostbitten a moment ago.

What do you mean?

This morning. |When we were introduced.

I don't understand.

My reception was rather cool, |I thought.

I still don't understand.

I'm sorry.

I seem to be getting|a little involved.

You see, I had an idea|that we'd met before.

Well, perhaps we have.

If we haven't, |then you have a twin sister.

Who is she?

Do you really want to know?

Yes.

A young girl|who used to work at Sardou's,  
a stationary shop|where I bought music paper.

A very shy, reticent girl.

She seldom spoke.

But her smile was warm|and appealing.

I read many things into it.

I also was shy. |It was a bond between us.

She used to give me|extra music sheets,  
and occasionally extra change.

Which, frankly, I accepted. |Hunger has no conscience.

The day after my symphony|played the Albert Hall,

I went back to the shop,

but she'd gone. |They said she'd left months ago.

You haven't seen her since?

Well, have I?

Yes, you have.

I know.

I lost my job giving you|those extra music sheets.

- You won't hold that against me?|- Of course not.

I was very young then.

You're very young now.

I don't know. |Soon I shall be an old married lady.

Then I wish you lots of happiness.

Thank you.

I wish that waitress would hurry.

Before we do the choreography, |I'll explain the story.

It's about Harlequinade.

Terry is Columbine. |She is dying in a London garret.



Harlequin, who is the lover, |and the clowns, are at her bedside.  
She asks to be carried |to the window.  
She wants to look upon the rooftops |one last time.  
The clowns weep. She smiles.  
Their clothes are not for sorrow |but for laughter.  
She wants them to perform, |do their tricks.  
The clowns can do their comedy.  
- While she's dying? | - Yes.  
Let me see, where am I?  
As the clowns perform, |she becomes delirious.  
Spirits of Columbines |dance before her.  
Then she dies. |That's the first scene.  
Next is the graveyard |where Columbine was buried.  
Harlequin, her lover, |enters in the moonlight.  
He tries to resurrect her |from the grave.  
But he fails.  
The spirits tell him not to grieve.  
His love is not in the grave, |but everywhere.  
Then Terry appears.  
That's your solo, then the finale.  
We'd better get a move on. |It's only 3 weeks to the opening.  
Calvero!  
What is it?  
- How's it going? | - Wonderful. Thumbs up.  
- I wish the dance was over. | - You've nothing to worry about.  
I'm scared. Pray for me.  
God helps those |who help themselves. Good luck.  
- I can't go on! | - What?  
My legs! I can't move!  
It's nerves. Just move.  
No, I can't move. I'm paralyzed!  
Pure hysteria! |There's your cue, get on stage!  
No, I'm falling! |It's my legs, they're paralyzed!  
Get on that stage!  
See? There's nothing wrong |with your legs.  
Whoever you are, whatever it is, |just keep her going, that's all.  
I've lost a button.  
One of these.  
It's all right.  
Where's Calvero? |He told me to wait for him here.  
I'll send the call boy |to look for him.  
Supper is served. |You're sitting next to Mr. Postant.  
Supper is now being served |in both lounges.  
Come along, my dear. |You're next to me.

Bodalink, you're down there|my dear fellow.  
Destiny must be a headwaitress.  
Why?  
She seats us together again.  
She might be your nemesis.  
I think I'll stand up|under the punishment.  
However, my congratulations.|Tonight you were wonderful.  
That's what they call|the old army game.  
Neville, they tell me|the army's caught up with you.  
You've joined the army?  
On the contrary, the army joined me.|I was drafted.  
That's awful!  
I agree.|It's carrying the war too far.  
However, there's the possibility|of joining up here.  
Would you like to dance?  
I appeal to your patriotism.|You can't refuse a soldier.  
Governor, I remember|when you played Widow Twankey  
at the Theatre Royal,|Birmingham, in 1890...  
Go easy there laddie, go easy.  
Let's have a drink.  
Calvero, old boy,|how's the world treating you?  
Rather aggressively at the moment.  
You don't know me.  
The fact is most gratifying.  
Is that supposed to be funny?  
My man, you will never know.|Have a little drink.  
Only have it|at the other end of the bar.  
Pardon me, Miss Thereza is waiting|for you in the dress circle.  
What is it?  
Miss Thereza is waiting for you|in the dress circle.  
Will you kindly tell her not to worry,|I've gone home to bed.  
Very well, sir.  
What's happened to Calvero?  
He left word that he was tired|and had gone home to rest.  
I must go at once. Say good night|to Mr. Postant for me.  
I'll get you a cab.  
I'll walk home.  
He must be asleep, poor dear.|Too much excitement for him.  
I'm beginning|to feel the strain myself.  
Then I'll be going.  
Shall we see you|before you leave for camp?  
I leave this morning.  
Good bye, Terry.  
No, don't!

Say you love me, just a little.

Please!

I've tried to fight it, but I can't.

Please, it's useless.

You're as helpless as I am. | We love each other.

I never said I loved you.

Every look, gesture says it!

No, don't say that!

I know how devoted | you are to Calvero,  
but marrying him isn't right. | It isn't fair to you.

You're young, just beginning life.

This devotion is idealistic. | Your youth!

But it isn't love.

No, you're wrong. | I really love him.

You pity him.

It's more than pity.

It's something I've lived with, | grown to.

It's his soul, his sweetness, | his sadness...

Nothing will ever separate me | from that.

Good night, Terry.

Good bye.

Listen to this one:

"With ease, Thereza pirouetted | and flexed radiant authority.

"She was light, | quicksilver, efflorescing!

"A Diana spinning | wisps of beauty about her."

Very good.

Well, you've done it.

How's it feel to wake up famous?

That's right, have a good cry | and enjoy it. It only happens once.

Let's marry, soon.

If we could only get away. | That house in the country,  
where we could have | peace and happiness.

Happiness.

The first time I've ever heard you | mention that word.

- I'm always happy with you. | - Are you?

Of course. I love you.

Wasted on an old man.

Love is never wasted.

Terry, you're like a nun, shutting | everything else out for my sake.  
It isn't fair, wasting your youth.

You deserve more than this.

Let me go away.

What's come over you?

I can't help it! | If I only had the strength to leave!

But I stay on, tormenting myself.  
The whole thing is false.  
In the few years I have left, | I must have truth.  
That's all I have left.  
Truth.  
That's all I want.  
And if possible, a little dignity.  
If you leave me, I'll kill myself.  
I hate life! | The torment, the cruelty of it.  
I couldn't go on without you! | Don't you understand, I love you!  
- You want to love me. | - But I do, I do!  
It's Neville you love. | I don't blame you.  
That isn't true.  
He's the composer | you knew at Sardou's.  
Yes. I didn't tell you | because I thought it...  
Inevitable. | I prophesized it, remember?  
A balcony overlooking the Thames!  
But it isn't true!  
In the twilight | he will tell you he loves you.  
And you will tell him | you've always loved him.  
But I don't love him! I never did.  
It was his music, his art.  
He meant a world | that had been denied me.  
You look so well together.  
But I don't love him! I never did.  
Please, you must believe me! | You must!  
Dancing's excellent, | but the comedy's poor.  
We'll have to get rid of that clown.  
I've called Blackmore's Agency, | they're sending down another man.  
You know who that clown is?  
I don't care if it's Calvero himself. | He isn't funny.  
- But that's who it is. | - What?  
Calvero, | only he's under another name.  
Why the devil didn't you tell me?  
He didn't want it known.  
Poor old Calvero. Well, that's | different, we'd better keep him.  
After all, | the comedy isn't too important.  
But I didn't see him | at the supper party on opening night.  
He didn't show up. | That's why Thereza left so early.  
What's he got to do with her?  
Believe it or not, | she's going to marry him.  
That old reprobate?  
Bless my soul, | there's hope for me yet.  
It's time for rehearsal.

Wait a minute.

I'll call Blackmore's and cancel|that fellow before he gets down here.

If you finish rehearsing early,|don't wait for me.

I've so many things to do,|but I'll be home by six.

- Calvero?|- Griffin!

I haven't seen you in ages!|Where are you working?

Nowhere. I'm looking for a job.

Blackmore sent me down|to see this new ballet.

The Harlequinade?

I understand the clown's|not very good

and I could get the part.|Wish me luck.

- Good luck, old man.|- Thanks.

Mrs. Alsop!

What is it?

What on earth is the matter?

Calvero, where is he?|Have you seen him?

- What do you mean?|- He's left me!

He's gone!

Would you like to contribute?

Captain,|would you like to contribute?

No, that's all right, put it in.

I've no false pride.

Sit down, have a drink.

Thank you, old man, not during|office hours. But I'll sit down.

May I?

How are you?

Never felt better in my life!

And how is the army treating you?

Not so bad.

I get up to London every other week.

Have you seen Terry?

How is she?

After you left she was quite ill.

But she's all right now?

She's been touring the continent.|Since she got back she's much better.

Good.

She never told me|what happened between you.

What could happen,|but the inevitable?

You see a great deal of her?

Good.

Somehow I knew|it would work out that way.

Time is the great author.

It always writes|the perfect ending.

Great Scott!

How do you do, Mr. Postant?  
Just a moment. | You're just the man I want to see.  
Would you like to contribute?  
Are you with that outfit outside?  
I am, sir.  
Oh, thank you.  
You oughtn't to be doing this!  
Why not? All the world's a stage.  
And this one is the most legitimate.  
I must go, or my confreres will | think I've run off with the takings.  
Thank you, gentlemen.  
Don't you think | I should tell Terry I've seen you?  
Knowing I'm doing this sort of thing | might upset her.  
Although I don't mind it.  
There's something | about working the streets I like.  
It's the tramp in me, I suppose.  
Wait a minute. Why don't you | come and see me at my office?  
- What about? | - Business.  
I never discuss business, | I leave that to my agent. Call him up.  
However I'm booked up solid, | you know.  
Au revoir, Gentlemen.  
Driver, stop! | Please, turn around.  
Keep the change.  
Cyrano de Bergerac, | without the nose.  
Let's sit down.  
So they told you, huh?  
I've been searching | all over London for you.  
The same Terry.  
Am I?  
A little more grown up, that's all.  
I don't want to grow up.  
None of us do.  
But I had to, after you left.  
It's all for the best. | All for the best.  
Perhaps.  
I don't know.  
But something's gone.  
Gone forever.  
Nothing's gone,  
it only changes.  
I still love you.  
Of course you do.  
You always will.  
Calvero, come back.

You've got to come back!  
I can't. | I must go forward.  
That's progress.  
Then let me go with you.  
I'll do everything in the world | to make you happy.  
That's what hurts. | I know you will.  
Mr. Postant said | he'd give you a benefit.  
I don't want his charity.  
It isn't charity.  
He says it'd be the greatest | event in theatrical history.  
I'm not interested in events.  
But I would like a chance just | to show them I'm not through yet.  
Of course.  
I've still got ideas, you know.  
I've been working on, | working on... a comedy act,  
for myself and my friend.  
It's sort of a musical satire.  
Wonderful!  
You know he's a very good pianist, | and me with the violin...  
A lot of very really | really very funny business.  
Come in.  
Sit down, my dear. | You look tired.  
I've been working with the claque, | going over Calvero's jokes.  
I gave them cue sheets so | they'll know exactly where to laugh.  
Are the jokes as bad as all that?  
I'm worried. If he fails tonight, | it'll kill him. I know it.  
He won't fail. The audience | will be most sympathetic.  
But he doesn't want sympathy. | He keeps saying that.  
He wants to be a genuine success.  
What does he expect? | You know he's not the man he was.  
He mustn't be told that!  
Tell me, my dear,  
are you still going to marry him?  
I'll do anything in the world | to make him happy.  
He's a very lucky man.  
He's a very, very lucky man.  
I never thought we'd come to this.  
Here we have the star dressing room | without a dresser.  
Oh well, I guess we can put up | with it for one night.  
Fred, the stage manager.  
Come in, Fred.  
Like old times, | seeing you in this room again.  
What's on your mind?  
You've got 10 minutes, because | there's 20 other acts to follow.

You're in a song first,|finishing up with a musical act.  
I'll ring down|after you fall in the drum.  
No, after I'm carried off|in the drum.  
Right you are. Thank you, sir.  
If anybody else says it's like old|times, I'll jump out the window!  
First the doorman,|then the call boy,  
now the stage manager.  
It's me, Postant.  
It's like old times seeing you here|again putting on your war paint.  
I'll be down|watching the other acts.  
Yes, like old times.|Only in those days you were drunk.  
I'm supposed to be funnier|when I'm drunk.  
Maybe, but you were killing yourself.  
You know, anything for a laugh.|How's the house?  
Packed. Every face card in Europe|is out there:  
kings, queens, jacks...  
- Is Neville out there?|- Yes. Came up specially.  
And what a program!  
Take a look at that. Every star|in the business is appearing.  
It'll be something,|following all this talent.  
Don't worry. Tonight you'll|make them look like amateurs.  
That's all any of us are. Amateurs.  
We don't live long enough|to be anything else.  
Well, as one old amateur|to another...  
- Good luck.|- Thank you, Mr. Postant.  
Come in.  
How do I look?  
Funny.  
I know what you're thinking,|my health and all that.  
But I had to take a drink.  
There's a creamy white light|turning off and on in my stomach.  
And that's not so good,|if I'm to be a success tonight.  
Is it really worth it?  
Not that I care for success,|but I don't want another failure.  
Whatever happens, there's always|that little home in the country.  
This is my home. Here.  
I thought you hated the theatre.  
I do. I also hate the sight of blood|but it's in my veins.  
Come in.  
Mr. Calvero, on stage please!  
Good luck, sir.|They're all waiting for you.  
Thanks.  
I don't like it.  
Everyone's so kind to me.



Makes me feel isolated.  
Even you make me feel isolated.  
Why do you say that?  
I don't know.  
I really don't know.  
- Oh, your change.|- No, no.  
Of course!  
All right, turn it off up there!  
Your change is all ready.  
Good luck, my darling.  
- Aren't you going to watch?|- I can't.  
But remember I love you.  
Really?  
Always. With all my heart.  
Ready, Mr. Calvero?  
Good luck, my darling.  
Let her go!  
A circus entertainer  
Lions, tigers and wild boar  
That's not Phyllis!  
Where's Phyllis?  
There she is!  
My nurse told me  
About reincarnation  
I've been convinced  
Thrilled with anticipation  
That when I leave this earth  
It makes my heart feel warm  
To know that I'll return  
In some other form  
But I don't want to be a tree  
Sticking in the ground  
I'd sooner be a flea  
I don't want to be a flower  
Waiting by the hour  
Hoping for a pollen to alight on me  
So when I cease to be  
I want to go back to the sea  
That is the life for me  
every morning  
Under the deep blue sea  
Oh to chase the tail of a whale  
Oh for the life of a sardine  
That is the life for me

You're 3 minutes over!  
It's the audience.  
Bow and finish.  
I've another act to do.  
Bow and finish!  
What am I to do?  
Just finish. | There are 15 other acts to follow.  
Look, I've got Postant | on the telephone!  
Please, please. | Will you give me a chance?  
What's wrong? | Why isn't he doing an encore?  
I can't keep the other acts waiting. | They're complaining.  
That's your problem. | He does an encore.  
Do your encore!  
Mmm, you darling!  
- Here, take this. | - What is it?  
I have a terrific pain | in my back and chest.  
Dr. Blake is in the house. | Shall I get him?  
Yes, get him at once!  
- What's wrong? | - He's hurt his spine.  
- Did you send for the doctor? | - Yes.  
Then carry him | to his dressing room.  
I'll tell the audience | there's been an accident.  
No, don't do that! | Carry me on.  
I'll talk to them. | You'll ruin the evening.  
On behalf of my partner, | and myself...  
This is a wonderful evening.  
I'd like to continue, | but I'm stuck.  
Take off his makeup.  
Is there a couch | in his dressing room?  
No, but there's one | in the prop room.  
Take him in there.  
Everyone else must wait outside.  
Where's Calvero? | Where is the old scoundrel?  
I want to congratulate him. | Where's Calvero?  
In the prop room. | He's had an accident.  
Here's the doctor now.  
I want an ambulance at once.  
Is it serious, Doctor?  
Very. It isn't his back, | it's a heart attack.  
- Is he in pain? | - Not now. I've given him something.  
I'm afraid he won't last the night.  
What have they been telling you?  
Are you all right?  
Of course.

I'm an old weed.  
The more I'm cut down,|the more I spring up again.  
Did you hear them?  
I don't mean the claque.  
Wonderful!  
That's how it used to be.  
That's how it's going to be|from now on.  
We're going to tour the world.  
I've got ideas.  
You doing ballet, and me comedy.  
And in the elegant melancholy|of twilight,  
he will tell you he loves you.  
It doesn't matter.|It's you I love.  
The heart and the mind...|what an enigma.  
Miss Thereza, you're on, please.  
I won't be long, my darling.  
I believe I'm dying, Doctor.  
But then, I don't know.|I've died so many times.  
Are you in pain?  
No more.  
Where is she?  
I want to see her dance.  
Wait a minute.  
Bring the couch into the wings.  
I must see about that ambulance.