



Scripts.com

Love Me Tonight

By Samuel Hoffenstein

Lovely morning song of Paris,
you are much too loud for me.
It's not a sonata by Mozart.
The song of Paris has its faults.
[...]
But at least it's not Viennese waltz.
Seville has its fandango.
Chicago has its trot.
Buenos - there is tango.
Dresden - its gavotte.
No matter [...]
cold, or wet, or dry,
each morning, like a baby,
Paris starts to cry.
It has taxi horns and claxons
to scare the Anglosaxons,
that's the song of Paris.
It has men that send you postcards
much naughtier than most cards,
that's the song of Paris.
The noise is not delicious, but
it makes you so ambitious.
You would sell your wife and daughter,
for just one Latin quarter.
That's the song of Paris.
Bonjour Dubal!
How's my old pal?
Bonjour, Maurice!
How are you?
- How about Friday?
- Friday is my day!
- Oh, what a man!
- How are you?
- How's your bakery?
- I need a beau.
- Where's your husband?
- He needs the dough!
Hello, Mrs. Bendix!
How's your appendix?
And what is more...
How are you?
Bonjour, hello, sir.
How is the grocer?
You owe ten francs,

how are you?

Ah, how's my coy friend?

Some other boyfriend?

- This is my wife!

- How are you?

- How's your grandpa?

- He's back in jail.

- How's your business?

- How can it fail?

Bonjour, Mr. Cohen!

How are things going?

Comment ca va!

How are you?

How are you?

How are you?

Emile! Nice day for your wedding!

- Yes... Is my suit ready?

- Certainly!

- I want to pay you today, Maurice.

- No hurry!

No no no. You're just getting started,
and business is bad.

- Look at these!

- All sold?

One is yours. And the rest are
for the Vicomte de Barres.

The best dressed man in France?

I'm making all his clothes now, and he'll
make my reputation. He owes me 40,000 francs.

That's what I call success!

- That's fine. 2,000 francs, right?

- Right.

Oh, it's the across Paris run!

- Monsieur Vicomte!

- Maurice...

Monsieur Vicomte was in the race?

Just temporarily. Maurice, have you
some of my clothes ready?

- Are fifteen suits enough?

- Well lock the door and give me a suit quickly.

- He may come along any minute.

- Who?

- The girl's husband. He came home unexpectedly.

What girl?

She's... uh... well I don't remember.
The husband started running after me,
and I ran, and I found myself in the race.
I presume Monsieur Vicomte has no more
need of this.

No no, I got it off a fruit stand.
Emile, would you mind giving the room
to Monsieur Vicomte, please?

Yes, yes, with pleasure.

Thank you, thank you, Maurice.

Thank you.

Hey hey. Go right in there.

Monsieur Vicomte...

About the bill...

About the bill,

Monsieur Vicomte...

The pants are a very good fit, Maurice.

Thank you... Monsieur Vicomte, about the bill.

Tonight I will go to my family Chateau
and get my uncle the Duke to hand over
my next allowance.

Thank you, Monsieur Vicomte.

What about my friend,
the shirtmaker, who's making the new
shirts for you?

- Get his bill too.

- Thank you.

What about my friends, the hatter and the bootmaker?

I'll pay them all at once.

A clean sweep, Maurice.

Thank you, Monsieur Vicomte.

Very nice, very nice.

And now, Maurice...

Do you suppose you can let me have
a little something?

- Money?

- Yes, yes...

You see I'm running around
without my wallet.

- A thousand francs?

- No no, that's too much. Now if you said 500...

- Oh, Monsieur Vicomte, take the thousand.

- No no no...

But Monsieur Vicomte, you need it.

Well I'll tell you. You let me have the 2,000
and we'll say no more about it.
Tomorrow, Maurice, I'll be here
with bags of gold for you! Bags of gold!
A thousand thanks, Monsieur Vicomte.
Maurice, it's beautiful!
Just think, with a little cloth
you make a work of art.
Art for your sweetheart.
It's like poetry in a book...
How beautiful I look.
[...] united with a thread.
Romance of the scissors...
So Claire and I can wed!
Maurice!
- Emile, Emile...
- Oh, you're a magician.
Isn't it romantic?
My face is glowing,
I'm energetic.
The art of sewing,
I find poetic.
My needle punctuates
the rhythm of romance.
I don't give a stitch,
if I don't get rich.
A costume tailor,
who has no custom.
Is like a sailor,
no one will trust him.
But there is magic in the music of my shears,
I shed no tears.
Lend me your ears...
Isn't it romantic?
Soon I will have found some girl
that I adore...
Isn't it romantic?
While I sit around,
my love can scrub the floor.
She'll kiss me every hour...
Or she'll get the sack!
And when I take a shower,
she can scrub my back.
Isn't it romantic?

On a moonlight night,
she'll cook me onion soup.
Kiddies are romantic...
And if we don't fight,
we soon will have a troop!
We'll help the population,
It's a duty that we owe to France!
Isn't it romance?
Isn't it romantic...
A very catchy strain.
Isn't it romantic?
Oh, I forgot my cane.
Thank you very much.
I'd better fix your tie.
Goodbye.
Isn't it romantic?
Taxi?
Oh no, I need some air.
Isn't it romantic?
At last I've got a fare!
Railroad station!
Not too fast,
I hate to take a chance.
Isn't it romance?
Isn't it romantic...
to drive around the town?
Isn't it romantic?
I think I'll take that down...

A B A G F E D C:

C A B-flat...
Isn't it romantic?
I'll write some words as well.
Isn't it romantic?
Sitting in the train...
The song has got to sell.
Isn't it romance?
Isn't it romantic,
music in the night,
a dream that can be heard.
Isn't it romantic...
that a hero might appear
and say the word...
[...] a secret charm,

or by my heart's command.
My prince will ride
in armor
just to kiss my hand.
Isn't it romantic...
He will hear my call and [...]
Isn't it romantic?
He'll be strong and tall
and yet [...]
Lover of my fancy...
[...]
Isn't it romance?
Princess! Jeanette!
Count, I'm going to bed!
- I've just come up to join you.
- Join me?
- Join you in a little chat before dinner.
- Not tonight.
I've had another fainting spell and my uncle,
the Duke, thought bed was the best place for me.
I always think that [...]
- Count, why the ladder?
- Oh, it's more romantic.
Careful!
I've brought along my flute,
hoping to entertain.
No, count.
Not tonight.
Oh, before I go. Remember what I said
to you down by the horse trough?
- Quite well.
- What was it? I simply wish to see if it made any impression.
You said "I love you".
Made no impression whatever.
There's probably no use of repeating
the sentiment at this time.
None at all.
Oh, Princess, I trust you don't find
my wooing too ardent.
I was just admiring your restraint.
Good night, Count.
On with the dreams, Princess.
- I'll never be able to use it again!
- Oh, Count, did you break your leg?

No, I fell flat on my flute!

- [...]

- But not too long.

Oh, may it help our niece
grow strong.

Plants from the woods
and birds from the dales
are certain cures for
fainting spells.

- [...]

- May morning bring her health again.

Qu quieres?

My dear Duke, you can get rid of me
for 20 thousand francs.

My dear Countess, I...

Uncle, don't be so pompous. I'm only asking for
the money you're holding in trust for me.

If I gave you any, you'd go straight back to Paris.

You're staying here, Valentine.

What you need is more of the simple life, young woman.

The new footmen, Your Grace.

- Uncle...

- No!

Can't we ever get a footman
under forty in this place?

Valentine!

About the schedule for tomorrow,

Your Grace...

Tomorrow?...

Bridge! At three...

And dinner. At eight.

And after dinner...

Bridge!

- Rather an amusing day, Flammand?

- Quite exciting, Your Grace.

- And what are the guests doing now, Flammand?

- Playing bridge, Your Grace.

You wait. I'm going right back to Paris.

A man!

Oh no... Just cousin Gilbert.

What are you doing?

Trying to get up enough energy to go to bed.

What are you doing in this dull hole?

I'm just passing through. I got a taxi

to take me back to Paris.

- Take me with you!

- That's not a bad idea. How much money can you loan me?

I'm over my allowance and Uncle
won't let me have any money.

Oh, you don't know how to handle
the old skyhawk.

I'll tell him I need the money for charity.
To provide good homes for bad stenographers.
Flammand! Send that taxi away!

Uncle, now look, I've got to go back to Paris.

You can't. You're staying here permanently.

And if I hear any more about your debts, about bills,
I'll cut you off without a sou.

You understand? You imp... imp...

- What's the word?

- Impecunious.

- Impudent?

- No.

- Impostor!

- No!

- Impertinent!

- Ah, that's it!

- You impertinent jack... jack...

- Jackal?

- No no no...

- Well I'm sorry.

- Jackass?

- I wish you'd go to bed.

Jackanapes!

- Liar! Cheat!

- You'll be insulting me in a minute.

Nitwit! Numbskull! Nincompoop!

Lord, grant her rest be sweet and deep.

And knights go riding through her sleep!

Her own Prince Charming, young and bold.

Who came to Princesses of old.

- Never to us...

- Never to us...

Stir slowly...

Slowly...

And may it [...]

- I want the money for my shirts!

- And my shoes! And my hats!

You introduced him to us,
you said his trade will bring other business.

It will! We must be careful not to insult
the Vicomte de Barres.

- He comes from the old nobility, quick to take offense.

- And slow to pay!

- Maurice Courtelain?

- Yes.

I understand you made a lot of clothes
for the Vicomte de Barres...

Ah, you see, Monsieur, that I made a lot of clothes
for the Vicomte. If Monsieur will take a chair...

I'll show him samples.

Monsieur is a friend of the Vicomte?

Not at all. Do you know who I am?

Oh... now I understand.

Monsieur, why don't you try to forgive and forget?

This is Paris, city of romance, love.

Please, forgive the Vicomte and forgive also your wife.

I have no wife!

What is all this?

You are not the man who chased the Vicomte
in his BVDs?

Certainly not! I am the credit manager of the
Association of Retail Merchants!

I came here to tell you,
that not a tailor in Paris
will make that fellow a suit
without full payment. In advance!

You... you... you mean...

I mean, the Vicomte de Barres
never pays.

The Vicomte... Never pays...

- My shirts! - My hats!

- My boots! - My suits...

Gentlemen,

you have my profound sympathy.

The old nobility, eh?

Do you know what I'd like to do?

I'd like to have a crowd
march down there and attack that chateau!

- Wait! That's an idea...

- You think we could?

Just like in the old days?

What about the police?
I don't mean attack it in a crowd.
Let me attack it - alone!
I'll be a one-man French Revolution.
Let me have all the goods the Vicomte ordered.
I'll deliver them to the chateau!
And I'll make him pay!
Maurice!
I just heard you were going.
Let me husband drive you.
[...]
and he'd love to drop you.
Pierre, tell Maurice you'd love to drop him.
I'd love to drop you.
Get in!
Oh, that's fine. Over here!
Thank you.
Just like a millionaire.
Oh no, look at that.
I'm not going to drink that.
My hat!
My hat!
Thank you! Thank you!
Careful, not too fast.
Lover,
when you find me
will you blind me
with your love?
Kiss me... I'll be sighing.
Gently praying, I'll obey.
children playing in the... hey!
He'll be my lord and my master...
I'll be [...]
He'll make my heart beat faster...
Not too fast!
Lover,
when you take me...
and awake me...
I will know.
Lover, you can make me
love you so.
Look out, Mademoiselle!
Look out!
Pierre! You take the horse,

I'll take the lady.

- Mademoiselle, are you hurt?

- Oh, no.

- Mademoiselle, put your arms around me.

- No, thank you, I can manage alone.

Oh! My ankle!

[...]

put your arms around.

Do you think I put my arms around
people I don't know?

My name is Maurice.

Oh, that's nothing.

- It's quite unnecessary.

- Don't stand on it yet.

- I'm sure it's better.

- No no no.

- Tell me, do you live down here?

- I often wonder.

No, I said, do you live down here?

I heard you. I wonder if you
can call it living...

Seems so dead.

- I must go.

- Oh no, not right away.

See? One foot wants to go, the other
wants to stay.

They both want to go.

My family is waiting for me.

- But what about me?

- What do you mean, what about you?

I mean I'm stuck here, I can't go. My carriage is in
disrepair and I'm lonely. You can't leave me.

Aren't you a little insane?

Yes! Let me sing for you!

You are insane.

But you sang for me.

I didn't even know you existed.

You don't exist either.

You're a dream.

Oh, give me just a moment.

Just to sing for you, Mimi.

You're mad! And my name is not Mimi.

Yes! I am mad!

My left shoe's on my right foot,

my right shoe's on my left.
Oh listen to me, Mimi.
Of reason I'm bereft.
The buttons of my trousers
are buttoned to my vest.
Listen to me, Mimi.
There's passion in my breast!
Mimi... You funny little good for nothing, Mimi.
Am I the guy?
Mimi, you sunny little honey of a Mimi.
I may be high.
Mimi... you got me sad and dreamy...
You could free me...
If you'd see me...
Mimi... You know I'd like to have a little
[...]
Mimi... You funny little good for nothing, Mimi.
Am I the guy?
Mimi, you sunny little honey of a Mimi.
I may be high.
Mimi, you got me sad and dreamy.
You could free me...
If you'd see me... Mimi...
Thank you.
You think I'm rude? Vulgar?
You know, since you came into my life, I'm not myself.
- Perhaps I'm in love with you!
- Oh really now!
- Afraid? - Of what?
- Of me.
- What conceit...
- Of yourself? - What insolence.
You think it takes years to fall in love?
You're right! I've known you
a hundred years! A thousand years!
- You're impossible.
- I hope to see you again somewhere soon.
- Perhaps in another thousand years!
I'll dream of you every day! Every night!
Everywhere!
I love you! I love you!
I love you!
Your hat! Look at it!
What will you do without your straw hat, Maurice?

And where's that smile of yours?

No straw hat? No smile?

It's all over, Maurice! You can't go on!

- Now we can go on, Pierre. Good old Pierre.

- We can go on if I ever fix this car.

Princess! Help! Help!

Help! Help!

She's fainted again.

You know, I had an elder brother
who used to faint quite often.

He was a nip-omaniac.

A what?

A nip-omaniac.

He used to go around pinching things.

Oh, I had a friend like that.

He used to pinch business girls in elevators.

They had to send him to a cooler climate...

- No... I knew a girl...

- This is no time for reminiscences. Get a couple of footmen to carry her
upstairs.

But you gave the servants the afternoon off.

Our footmen are playing football against the Old Soldiers Home.

- You two carry her upstairs! Someone fetch a doctor!

- You carry her, I'll get the doctor.

Valentine, can you go for a doctor?

Certainly. Bring him right in.

No, no, it's for Jeanette.

She's fainted again.

Princess,

permit me to introduce Doctor Armand de Pertignac.

- Your Highness...

- Doctor.

And now my dear,

remove your dress.

- My what?

- Your dress.

There's no occasion for distress.

- Is that necessary?

- Very. Yes.

As long as professional ethics apply,
I'll see you with only a doctor's eye.

The doctor's eye is satisfied.

Now I'll hear your heart.

Don't sigh.

Very good. Nothing wrong here.
Now I'll take your pulse, dear.
Perfectly regular, right on the tick.
Madam, oh Madam, you cannot be sick.
Then why do I lie awake in bed?
- And why does blood rush to my head?
- At night?
Quite right, at night.
And why does music make me sad?
And why do love songs drive me mad?
- At night?
- Quite right, at night.
- And frequently I faint.
- That's quaint.
I feel so pressed
when I'm alone in bed at night...
- How old are you?
- I'm twenty-two.
While other people dance, I feel
so dead at night...
At twenty-two?
Well this won't do.
Are you married?
My husband died 3 years ago.
At 16 I was wed.
- You've been a widow for 3 years?
- 3 years the Prince is dead.
- Were you very happy with your spouse?
- He was a son of noble house.
It was a happiness of great peace.
[...]
My better half.
And here you have his photograph.
How was old your bridegroom, dear?
- Seventy-two.
- Seventy-two?!
- Seventy-two.
- Well this won't do!
Sweet music makes me cry and pout.
Perhaps I better journey south.
Perhaps my tonsils should come out.
Well it's a very pretty mouth.
I'm wasting away,
for three years I've starved.

Alone, no joy I've tasted.

With eyes, and red lips,
and a figure like that.

You're not wasted away...

You're just wasted!

Well doctor,

we have planned an outing in the forest
but I suppose we better call it off.

No, no; go right ahead.

- Oh! Then Jeanette is not in any danger?

- Well, nothing immediate.

But! The Princess ought to be married.

- Married?

- Married?

To a man of her own age.

Ah, but the only two eligible men in France,
the only two of rank equal to Her Highness,
are not exactly of my niece's age.

How old are they?

One is 85. And the other will
be 12 on his next birthday.

- Well... This is a problem.

- What do you recommend?

Exercise!

Exercise and exercise!

Exercise...

This gives me new hope.

About my chances of marrying Jeanette.

I'll ask her to consider me as a prescription.

My dear Count...

The only obstacle lies in the delicate matter of rank.

Jeanette demands a prince at least.

And you are not a prince.

Well I would've been if our family
hadn't been badly gypped
during the crusades.

Anyway, Your Grace mustn't
forget the tenth Count de Sauvignac.

- Marie Antoinette?!

- Positively.

- Now may I ask Jeanette?

- Yes, but not this afternoon.

Quite right. Of course, that's me,
you know, always impetuous.

Monsieur...

Mademoiselle... I'm looking
for the Vicomte de Barres.

- I didn't know he was expecting a friend. Are you alone?

- Alone?

- I mean in life. You're not married?

- Ah, no!

I'll be right down!

Monsieur...

Who made that for you?

McClintock and Armstrong, Monsieur...

Of London.

Might I recommend them for your own service?

Oh no, thank you. I'm looking
for the Vicomte des Barres.

Possibly in the drawing room,

Monsieur.

- Mesdames...

- Monsieur...

- His smile is so disarming!

- So grand!

- So gay!

- So charming!

Mesdames...

We bore you with our sewing?

- Sewing?

- Quite so.

Oh no! A needle is magnetic!

- How true!

- And how poetic!

- Mesdames...

- Monsieur...

Oh no, no. Never use silk on armor.

Flannel is the thing.

- Are you interested in armor?

- Any kind of wearing apparel. Is this your only job?

- Oh no, I putter around.

Tell me, where can I find the Vicomte de Barres?

Oh, he's somewhere about... I hate him!

Imagine - he would like to tear down
this beautiful chateau!

No! It would be better to tear down the Vicomte.

Ah! You're a man after my own heart.

You have a soul.

Someone looking for me?

- Ah, Monsieur Vicomte.

- Maurice...

I came down about those...

My, my, how well you're looking!

You... you've met my uncle...

- Uncle?

- The... the... the Duke.

Oh yes, we had a little chat.

He's the first of your friends

who I didn't want to hit with a battle axe.

He recommended flannel.

Flannel?! Would you pardon us a moment, uncle?

Maurice, did you tell uncle about those bills?

But I didn't get a chance.

And I didn't know he was your uncle.

Now, Vicomte, I brought all your clothes

and I want the money.

See, it's 63,000 francs.

And I'm here also on behalf

of my fellow creditors.

Put yourself in their place.

I'd like to. It isn't anyone who can

be a creditor nowadays.

Now, Maurice, I'm going to be frank with you.

Right now I can't pay you.

Ah, then I'll have to see the Duke.

He'll throw you out. He hates tradesmen.

He'll throw me out too, so what's the use?

I won't leave the chateau without my money.

Oh why do you say...

I've got it! Then stay here.

I'll have the money in a few days, I'll borrow it.

No no no, this is no place for me.

A tailor in a chateau.

- Well why not?

- No no, I'm going to see the Duke.

Oh! The charming young man!

- I'm trying to persuade him to stay.

- I'm sorry, I can't.

Oh there you are.

We've been trying to persuade him to stay...

Of course! You're staying! Jeanette!

Countess, let me present...

Gilbert, present your friend.
Yes yes, of course.
This is my good friend...
Maurice... Baron Courtelain.
Yes, I've met the Baron.
- We're trying to persuade him to stay.
- Are we?
The Baron must've changed.
He used to make very sudden decisions.
I'll stay!
Ha ha! That Baron...!
How did it go...
Mimi... You funny little good for nothing, Mimi.
Mimi... You sunny little honey of a Mimi.
I may be high.
Mimi, you got me sad and dreamy.
You could free me
if you see me.
Mimi, you know I'd like to have a little sun.
Mimi, bye bye.
That Baron, eh?
Mimi... You funny little good for nothing, Mimi.
Am I the guy?
Mimi... You sunny little honey of a Mimi.
I may be high.
Mimi... You got me sad and dreamy
you could free me
if you see me.
Mimi, you know I'd like to have a little sun.
Oh Mimi, bye bye.
Mimi... You funny little good for nothing, Mimi.
Am I the guy?
Mimi... You sunny little honey of a Mimi.
I may be high.
Mimi... You got me sad and dreamy
you could free me
if you see me.
Mimi, you know I'd like to have a little sun.
Oh Mimi, bye bye.
Mimi... You funny little good for nothing, Mimi.
Am I the guy?
Mimi... You sunny little honey of a Mimi.
I may be high.
Hi, Count!

Your Grace, with your permission,
I'd like to do my hunting indoors today.

- Indoors?

- In your library.

What the deuce?!

As much as I love a good gallop,
I'm giving it up in your interest.

Yes, but why all this mystery?

Concerns the Baron. I've never heard of the Courtelains
in all my historical research. Have you?

No, but I'm not as familiar as I might be
with the nobility of the South.

I ran through 8 or 10 volumes before breakfast
and found not a Courtelain.

- Bless my soul.

- Mind you, I still have 36 more volumes to look through before I'm sure.

Yes, but this fellow is a friend of Gilbert's.

Gilbert I need only remind you is none too choosy.

Well, you go right ahead, my boy.

Oh, well, Maurice! You look great!

Is that my new riding habit?

No no, not until you paid for it, Monsieur Vicomte.

I've been up since daybreak altering it to fit me.

Have you picked out something good to ride on?

- The best I could get.

- Is it the big gray one?

- No. Small, orange, with black stripes.

- What is it, a zebra?

No. A bicycle.

You can't use a bicycle in a hunt.

You got to ride a horse.

But I've never been on a horse in my life.

Baron, I want to lend you a horse. Thunderbolt.

- Thunderbolt?

- He's fast, but furious.

I think I'd better not. You see,
the harder the horse, the harder I get.

I might hurt Thunderbolt.

Oh, he can take it.

Oh Baron. I took the liberty of
choosing a horse for you.

That's so kind of you. I won't need
your Thunderbolt. What's my horse's name?

- Solitude.

- Oh... Solitude.
Well. Good hunting.
Solitude sounds just my type.
Do you know why they call him Solitude?
Because he always come home alone.
Solitude for Baron Courtelain!
What's the point in giving the Baron
a horse like that?
I want to test the Baron.
I can think of several better ways to do that.
Let me try.
Don't bother. Tell me, do you ever think of
anything but men, dear?
- Oh, yes. - Like what?
- Schoolboys.
I know that's Solitude.
That's only Thunderbolt.
There's Solitude.
Gilbert! He's not going to...
Oh Gilbert! Don't let him!
Oh, Gilbert!
Stand back! Stand back!
What is this?
This? This is oats, Madame. Very wild.
And this is the stag. Very tired.
And where's Solitude?
We agreed to separate.
He went home. Alone.
And what are your plans?
Oh, very simple, Madame.
After supper, the stag will go right to bed.
He's had a hard day.
And the hunt just stops, I suppose...
A very happy ending, Madame.
Which we both approve.
I do not approve.
I mean, the stag and myself.
No true nobleman would mock the tradition of the hunt like this.
There are things too fine, too sacred, to be made ridiculous.
Oh, Your Highness is losing your temper.
I'm not losing my temper!
You let that stag go!
He'd be caught. And killed.
You wouldn't want that, Madame.

Look... Look at those eyes.
You are not a gentleman.
- You need some lessons.
- And you, Your Highness, are not a woman.
You need some lessons too. You know too much about
hunting, etiquette, tradition...
You know nothing about
style, charm... love.
Look, your riding habit...
It's not graceful,
it's not [...]
And your hair. It's too prim, Madame.
It's too severe.
But your riding habit...
It's discouraging.
What are you doing now?
I'm thinking...
I'm thinking about you without these clothes.
Open your eyes, at once!
Oh no, pardon, Madame.
I mean, with different clothes.
- Smart clothes.
- Here they are...
- The clothes?
- The hunt.
What's the meaning of this?
- The stag, the stag, he's asleep.
- What?!
Shh! We must go back, he's very tired.
Go back, quickly and quietly.
Go back! Quickly and quietly!
On tiptoe.
Madame.
Good hunting?
No luck. The Baron and the deer made friends
and called the whole thing off.
Well I've had good hunting.
There's no such title as Baron de Courtelain.
What?! Gilbert, did you hear that?
Are you sure?
I've even been through the better class
illegitimates.
- And still no Courtelain?
- Not a Courtelain.

Gilbert, who the deuce is your friend?
Well, uncle, I don't think I'd better tell you.
It wouldn't be safe.
Wouldn't be safe?
You see, I owe Maurice something...
You owe him something?!
Uncle, you shouldn't keep repeating
everything I say. You live the life of an echo.
Will you kindly come to the point.
Uncle, we live in an age of toppling thrones...
of uneasy crowns, of persecuted royalty
compelled at times to travel under strange names.
Right?
Are you trying to hint that your friend is royalty?
Well, I...
He has the Hapsburg lip.
And the name Baron Courtelain is...
A mere nom de pullman.
Well, we're all here except the Baron.
- Good, then we're all here.
- Count, could you do something to entertain?
No, I'm helpless since my accident.
- Accident?
- I fell flat on my flute.
Ah, Emperor.
Have you seen Valentine, uncle?
Why no, she's not here either. The Baron
and Valentine are both missing.
It's dangerous to invite guests with a
girl like that around. Somebody will sue us.
Ah, there you are.
The Baron will be down in a moment.
He had to send to Paris for his costume.
I've been watching him put it on.
You've been what?!
It's all right, uncle, she has the room next to Maurice.
And she's bored holes in the connecting door.
Valentine!
Are you aware...?
Are you... Are you...
Are you aware that that door
has come down to us through generations?
So have my instincts.
She had you there, unc.

Will you stop blowing that infernal bladder?!

- Thank you. Thank you.

- How original...

- Thank you, Madame.

- Oh, how intriguing!

How charming!

How common!

Do you find my costume out of place, Madame?

Decidedly.

Maybe you're right.

An apache among all these nobility.

And yet I understand an apache wanting to come.

Where there is beauty and light.

Yes, but people should be on guard against him.

You don't like the apache, eh?

I dislike his attitude toward women.

Oh Madame, you do not understand the apache.

He's not always such a bad fellow.

I'd like to tell you what he really feels.

- I'd love to know.

- And I... am not interested.

Are they always so brutal with girls?

- Haven't they any weak moments?

- How do they live?

I'll tell you the story of one

who I have known.

I wear a sweater, while you wear

a collar and a tie.

Why not?

I'm an apache.

The thing that makes me happy

is you make your woman cry.

Why not?

I'm an apache.

My sweetheart is a shopgirl.

She's a treasure.

And so I am a gentleman

of leisure.

When I grab the wrist and twist it

no woman can resist it.

Why not?

I'm an apache.

And still...

I'd love to treat her pretty.

and take her round the city.
But what's a poor apache got to do.
With one deep sigh.
I will black her eye.
I love to buy things for her
and tell her I adore her
With one good kick...
I make her pay quick.
While all the men are dancing
and tenderly romancing,
I've got to throw her body around.
The spot that no one dares touch,
the spot that only chairs touch,
is frequently touching the ground.
She comes and whispers sweetly,
"I love you so completely".
And then I gently whisper to her:
"Nuts to you!"
That's how I say
"I love you too"
Sad but true.
That's what a poor apache must do...
I was found in a basket,
in front of a church,
but my childhood was not very sainted.
I didn't know my mother,
who didn't know my father...
My parents were not well acquainted.
I soon joined my gang,
who taught me their slang.
And how to pick pockets
and rob girls of lockets.
How I slouch,
in doorways I crouch.
It's a game!
I'm to blame!
But it's [...]
I'm apache.
Maybe some day
I'll be caught at some dirty work
Maybe that day
your police will lead me away.
Maybe I will be seen
by Madame guillotine

And when at last I'm led off
to have them chop my head off,
I tell the executioner this:
"Nuts to you!"
And then I close my eyes of blue.
Sad but true.
That's what a poor apache must do.
- I brought you over here because I want you.
- Oh, Countess!
I want you to keep as far away from me as possible.
Countess, I'll try.
Pardon me, Countess, something I must do.
Some place I must go.
Princess!
Princess, open your eyes, Princess.
Open your eyes.
No, don't open your eyes.
Sleep...
So I can tell you how beautiful you are.
How beautiful...
And how I love you.
How dare you!
Wait...
- Why did you do that?
- Because I love you.
You... you kissd me, Princess.
Why?
Because...
I love you, Maurice.
You... you love me?
Yes. I thought against it,
I was afraid.
Oh, my darling... How foolish I was.
- Perhaps you were wise.
- Why?
Fear is a warning, Princess.
I don't understand you, Maurice.
Let me dream this dream a little longer.
When I wake, I'll go away...
Go away?
Don't you want me, Maurice?
I want you, my Princess.
But I have wanted the moon too.
Look, my hands are empty.

Your arms need ever be empty of me, Maurice.
We have found each other in darkness
like ships that come into harbor
together, at night.
When morning comes,
one's there...
one sails away.
We'll sail together,
or stay together.
I love you, my beautiful Princess.
I love you.
This, I can tell you,
this is mine.
- Jeanette...
- Maurice...
You don't know who I am.
You're you...
And I love you.
But... if I...
If I were not...
what you think I am.
Whoever you are...
Whatever you are...
Wherever you are...
I love you.
Jeanette,
you know what I think?
I think I'm mad.
And that you are mad.
And that the whole world is mad.
But I'm luckiest man of all.
And the happiest.
Listen, my beautiful Princess.
I love you. I love you.
And whatever comes tomorrow...
Love me tonight.
Love me tonight.
"Whoever you are...
whatever you are..."
"Wherever you are...
I love you".
"Oh, my princess..."
"You don't know who I am.
I am... I am a tailor."

"A tailor? A tailor!
Isn't it romantic!"
"Oh, I love you."
Your heart and my heart
were made to meet...
Don't make them wait,
love me tonight.
Why should our lips be afraid to meet.
Love me tonight.
Who knows what
tomorrow brings
with the morning light.
Dear, I am here
with a heart that sings
Love me tonight...
Let me see.
There...
There, it's superb!
Come in.
- You sent for me, Princess?
- Yes.
Yes...?
Yes...
I'd like your advice on my new riding habit.
Beautiful.
- Do you really think so?
- Perfect.
How about the length?
Divine...
Here, look at it more closely.
The closer I get,
the more perfect.
Monsieur has taste.
- How about the color?
- Lucky color.
Anything wrong?
Certainly. The color rides up!
Oh no, that won't do at all.
You think so, Monsieur?
Oh yes, Madame, yes.
And look, it's too tight here, Madame.
It's too tight across the chest.
And the lapels, they're too stiff.
No, no... Really...

The whole thing lacks smartness,
youth, grace.
No, no, no...
Your Highness, I have never been so insulted!
With your permission, I'm going!
Madame Pituar...!
Maurice, what am I going to do now?
Don't worry, Jeanette.
We'll fix it.
How?
We'll fix it!
No, no...
That's not possible...
We'll make you a riding habit...
that will tame Solitude!
But how?
The important thing is not to hurry.
What's the matter?
Who insulted you?
Madame Pituar has been insulted!
Madame Pituar has been insulted!
At her age? Remarkable!
Madame Pituar has been insulted!
Some men have no taste!
Madame Pituar has been insulted!
The old girl must have something.
Shh! Let us look into this!
What's this?! An outrage!
A scandal!
- I'll shoot him!
- Oh, let me die!
Let me explain.
I was only fixing the Princess's riding habit.
- What?!
- Uncle, that's the truth.
- Preposterous!
- I give you my word of honor.
Why, the Baron often gives people
advice about their clothes.
Be quiet!
What you say is insulting!
- I'll run him through for this.
- You've already shot him.
Silence!

I'll prove I'm telling the truth. Give me two hours and I'll remodel this riding habit. What?! Alright! I'll convict you by your own falsehood! I'll give you two hours, sir.

- He'll do it.

- I'll bet he can't do it.

- I'll bet you 10,000 francs he can.

- I'll bet you 50,000 he's a liar. - Done!

Your Grace, time flies.

Quite right. Leave them alone, everybody.

- I'll give you two hours, sir!

- 50,000 francs, now, eh?

Maurice, what will you do now?

You'll see.

Two hours to go.

Wait a minute... now...

and this...

Now I start.

Five.

Twelve.

Twenty two.

Twenty eight.

Excuse me...

How do you like it?

It's perfect!

Of course, if I had more time...

It's too perfect...

Tell me, how did you make this habit in two hours? How were you able to make it at all?

Because...

Because I am a tailor...

What?

A tailor.

Oh Maurice, you're joking.

No. I'm not a baron. I am a tailor.

Does that make so much difference?

A tailor...

Last night... you said to me...

"Whoever you are..."

"Whatever you are..."

Wherever you are..."

"I love you."

Remember?

Jeanette, what happened?

Why, Baron, what happened?
I just told her I'm not a baron.
I'm a tailor.
- A tailor?
- Yes, a tailor.
Help!
Help!
The Baron! He's not a baron!
He's a tailor!
What?!
- The Baron! He's not a baron!
- He's a tailor!
What do you know about this?!
Well I... you see, I owed him some bills.
Bills! I'll deal with you later!
But first I'll get Flammand to give
this tradesman his money and kick him out!
A tailor!
A tailor... a tailor...
The bounder is a tailor.
The Princess mustn't hear of this
or the breaths of life would fail her.
I'd rather throw a bomb at her
than have her wed a commoner
and nothing would be commoner
than a commoner who's a tailor.
- A tailor! - A tailor!
- The bounder is a tailor!
The news would make your ancestor
upon the wall grow paler.
If painted ears could hear at all
that frame would crash from off the wall.
The son of a gun is nothing but a tailor.
The son of a gun is nothing but a tailor.
Come here, you geese, the great Maurice
is not a knight of the golden fleece.
The son of a gun is nothing but a tailor.
My Lord, I said [...]
and now I wish I was dead instead.
The son of a gun is nothing but a tailor.
It makes me boild with rage to think
I blacked his boots.
I should have blacked
his eye!

To think I pressed
his coat and vest
when he's the one who can press the best.
The son of a gun is nothing but a tailor.
I made the bed where he laid his head
and now my cheeks are burning red.
The son of a gun is nothing but a tailor.
I used to flirt until it hurt
while he stood there in his undershirt.
The son of a gun is nothing but a tailor.
[...]
[...]
Imagine cooking pheasant for
a guy who's just a peasant for
the son of a gun is nothing but a tailor.
Working with a red hot iron
makes a lady keep perspiring
til her strength is just about to fail her.
But it's worth to stand above
a board and scrub the britches of
a son of a gun who's nothing but a tailor.
Down upon my hands and knees
washing up his BVDs
this is a job that hardly pleases me.
If I had known I would've tore
the buttons of his panties for
the son of a gun is nothing but a tailor.
Nothing but a tailor!
Nothing but a tailor.
The son of a gun is nothing but a tailor.
The son of a gun is nothing but a tailor.
The son of a gun is nothing but a tailor.
The son of a gun is nothing but a tailor.
The son of a gun is nothing but a tailor.
The son of a gun is nothing but a tailor.
The son of a gun is nothing but a tailor.
The son of a gun is nothing but a tailor.
The son of a gun is nothing but a tailor.
The son of a gun is nothing but a tailor.
The son of a gun is nothing but a tailor.
The son of a gun is nothing but a tailor.
"Does it make so much difference?"
"I love you, I love you.
This, I can tell you, this is mine."
"- I love you, Maurice.
- You don't know who I am."

"Whoever you are. Whatever you are.
Wherever you are. I love you."
Your heart and my heart
were meant to meet.
Don't make them wait,
love me tonight.
Why should our lips be afraid to meet.
Love me tonight...
Who knows what
tomorrow brings,
with the morning light.
Dear, I am here
with a heart that sings.
Love me tonight.
Princess! Princess!
Jeanette! Jeanette!
- Maurice!
- Princess!
- Stop the train! I'm coming with you!
- Oh no, Your Highness forgets I'm a tailor.
I love you! I can't live without you!
I love you,
but you couldn't be a tailor's wife.
I could and I will!
- Stop the train!
- No, I love you too much. [...] Goodbye.
- Stop the train!
- What happened?
I love him!
- That's not a railroad problem!
- Stop this train!
No! No!
Jeanette!
Come, darling, come...
Once upon a time there was a Princess
and a Prince Charming...
- Who was not a prince.
- But who was charming.
And they lived happily ever after...