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Roberta

By Jerome Kern

- Did you bring my band of Indians?

- Indians?

Yes, American Indians,
musicians to play in my caf.

- Oh, you mean Indians with feathers?

- Yes, with noses.

- Like on the American five cents?

- Yes, yes.

- Have you got them on board, yes?

- No.

Thank you, monsieur.

Indians? Indians?

Are you the Wabash Indians Band?

Are you Voyda?

I am Alexander Petrovitch
Moskovich Voyda.

Let's pick it up from there.

We're the boys you hired
to play at your caf.

- The Wabash Indianians.

- Indianians?

Is this the same as Indians?

Well, yes, in a sense.

You see, we don't wear our feathers
in warm weather, do we, boys?

- No.

- No, never, never.

- Well, when do we start, Mr. Voyda?

- You don't start.

I cable for Indians and I want Indians!

No pale American face
is going to make me a fool of myself.

Did you ever heard of Alexander
Petrovitch Moskovich Voyda?

- Sure.

- Yes, and how, and how.

As a matter of fact, we hear you're one
of the cleverest fellows in Paris.

In Paris and all Europe.

The whole world.

Well, I was coming to that.

I just wanted to prepare you, that's all.

You got a great bet

in these boys, Mr. Voyda.

- They'll be a knockout in your caf.
- They shall never see my caf.
I ordered Indians, and what do I get?
Wait, Mr. Voyda.
Huck, do the organ number, quick.
Come on, boys, give us the organ number.
Get the gloves out.
- Oh, Mr. Voyda.
- What?
Aren't you going to
give these boys a chance?
No, why should I?
Sorry, Mr. Voyda,
but I'm afraid you've got to listen.
Just submit quietly
and we'll both keep out of jail.
Well, how did you like that, Mr. Voyda?
You see, you almost made a mistake.
I made a mistake? You made a mistake.
You are not Indians!
The cable mentioned a short engagement.
Well, it was a nice trip over.
It'll be a nicer trip going back,
stoking coals.
Come on, boys, the train for Paris.
A grand total of \$13.78.
And a button.
Well, boys, at the rate we live,
that'll last us about two months.
Mother told me
there would be days like this.
Say, listen,
they dance in Paris, don't they?
All we have to do
is find out who pays the fiddler.
Does anyone know anyone in Paris?
That top sergeant brother of mine
gave me some addresses.
Quiet.
Wait! I know somebody, a little girl
who used to live next door to me.
Gee, I was crazy about her, too.
She's a sensation in Paris,
she's a star of some show or something.

- She'll help us.
- Well, what's her name?
What was her name?
Gee, I could find her like that
if I could only remember her name.
Anybody else you know
you can't remember?
Yeah, but I can't think who they are.
I know, it's Lizzie, Lizzie...
Elizabeth Gatz.
That's it. Elizabeth Gatz.
What a beautiful name.
Whether you find your Lizzie or not,
I've got an aunt in Paris. Aunt Minnie.
Can Aunt Minnie use a band?
Probably not. She's a dressmaker.
Well, I've knitted and tatted
all my life, but I've never sewed.
- She's very rich and famous. She might...
- Why didn't you say so before?
She's Roberta.
Roberta?
- This Roberta?
- Yeah.
They tell me in Paris if you
don't buy your gowns from Roberta,
you're not dressed at all.
I see, nude if you don't, and nude if you do.
Grab my bag, will you?
Listen, ask your aunt Minnie if she knows
where we can find Lizzie Gatz, will you?
- Okay. I won't be long.
- All right.
You fellows pick yourselves
some comfortable easy chairs.
Hey!
Hey!
What am I supposed to do here
besides pray? Or can't you speak English?
Well, the old trap won't go.
Oh, what's the use? Just a dumb foreigner.
Oh, here, here, here.
You mustn't do that. You might be killed.
Oh, you speak English.

Ladislaw.

Oh, don't go away. I want to thank you.

Gee, you saved my life.

I'm ever so much obliged to you.

Oh, it's nothing at all.

Oh, I mean you're welcome, of course.

Do you know

where I can find Madam Roberta?

Yes. Come with me.

I didn't really mean that

about a dumb foreigner.

I forgive you.

Gee, that's swell.

You speak English beautifully.

Long ago I went to school in England.

Did you like it?

Oh, yes, I like the English.

And the Americans, too.

Gee, that's swell.

- I'm an American.

- Gee, that's...

I mean, I thought so.

Will you sit here, please?

Thank you.

But Minnie, you've made a mistake
in the year. You don't look a day over...

- Stephanie!

- How do you do, Lord Henry?

My dear.

I saw your cousin,

Prince Peter, last week in Rome.

He asked after you most solicitously.

I hope you told him I had gone to work
and he should do the same.

When all you titled aristocrats get jobs,
maybe Europe can settle down
to a few years' peace.

What is it, Stephanie?

There's a young gentleman outside
from America, waiting to see you.

Young gentleman from America?

John.

John!

Bring him in, Stephanie. Bring him in!

No, wait. Don't let him come
until I've powdered my nose.

Give me that compact, Henry.

Quick, quick, the compact!

How does he look?

He must look all right.

- Send him in, Stephanie.

- Yes, madame.

- This "John from America", who is he?

- My nephew.

I met him when I was there a few years
ago and took a great fancy to him.

He's quite famous in his way.

"All-American halfback" or

"three quarters back" or something.

- Really?

- Yes, you know, it's queer,

but when you

happen to like your relatives,

you like them better than other people.

- And if you hate them?

- Don't be obvious, Henry.

He was the only one of the whole tribe
who was polite to me

during my entire visit.

I like him, Henry.

He's like a big, affectionate,

blundering Newfoundland dog.

I'd like to see him grow up.

- How big is he now?

- Oh, about 6'2".

John, my dear, I'm so glad to see you.

It's swell to see you, Aunt Minnie.

- Here he is, Henry, here is my...

- Newfoundland dog?

I was telling him about you, John.

This is Lord Henry Delves,

a really grand person.

And this is Stephanie, my able assistant
whom I couldn't do without.

Well, young man, I think your aunt
should be very much complimented.

When I was in Paris at your age,

I didn't spend my time visiting my aunts.

Maybe you didn't
have any aunts like Aunt Minnie.
Very prettily said, John.
There aren't any like your aunt Minnie.
Well, goodbye, young man,
I'm off to catch a train,
but in a fortnight I'll be back.
And then, as I understand is the custom
in your country,
we'll go places and do something.
Goodbye, Minnie,
miss me just a little, won't you?
A very great deal, my dear.
Nice old duck, isn't he?
Oh, he isn't so terribly old.
Oh, I didn't mean in years, Aunt Minnie.
I meant I like him.
Do you?
Then you're a good judge of men.
Now, tell me about this young lady
you wrote me about. What was her name?
Sophie. She's given me the air.
What?
We had a row.
Oh, I thought she'd given you an heir.
She must be very stupid.
Oh, no, she's brilliant, really.
She speaks German and French
and everything.
Here's her picture.
It isn't very good of her, though.
She has her points.
I take it you're smarting
over this air she has given you.
Well, I'm still in love with her.
But she says I'm just a hick.
- A what?
- A farmer.
I've got hay in my hair.
I can't talk on any subject,
- I can't dance, I can't even dress myself.
- Ridiculous.
And I don't know anything
about women's clothes,

and when I have to order dinner
it's always meat, potatoes and pie.
Oh, she says that, does she?
Well, we'll show her she's wrong.
Gosh, John's been in there a long while.
Oh, why didn't we go to a hotel first?
Man, I'm hungry.
Come on, Mac, give him the call.
That's my gang.
- I came over with a band.
- A band of what?
An orchestra.
They're the Wabash Indianians,
hired for a job in Paris
and fired through a misunderstanding.
Now they're looking for an engagement.
They're a swell bunch.
They do that rather prettily.
Madame, Scharwenka wants to see you.
She doesn't like her tissue.
She doesn't like the model,
she doesn't like the fit,
and she doesn't like the price.
Oh, you mean she doesn't like it.
Yes, madame, what will you do about it?
Do about it? Let her go.
She'll come back.
She's the rage here right now,
and she's got the best figure in Europe,
but she has to have it dressed,
at least partly.
I'm afraid
she intends to start her screaming.
If she does, stick a pin in her.
Oh, I'd rather use an ice-pick.
This time I left the door open.
Who is she going to stick a pin into?
Scharwenka, a Polish countess who has
spurned the hollow mockeries of society
and gone in for nightclub entertaining.
You can see she's talented.
Do you allow her to make such a noise?
- If she enjoys it, why not?
- Well, suppose the police come in?

Good, they can take her away.
But she must be insane
to make such a row.
Stephanie may not be safe with her.
- You feel inclined to stop her?
- Yes, I do.
No, no, no, no, no!
You are not the only couturier in Paris!
I am a good advertising
for the house that dresses me!
I do not know why
I come to Roberta anyway!
You... Will you quit pushing me?
I... I beg your pardon.
You can't behave like that, you know.
You big beautiful American!
You are very strong.
You do not understand.
These Latin races must be shouted at.
I'm not a Latin
and shouting doesn't impress me.
Hey.
I shall never set foot in this place again.
You do not know
how they have treated me.
This horrible old woman here.
The greedy old diable.
Easy, she's my aunt.
Oh, well, I was not blaming it on her.
She is really a genius,
but that little shrew who
runs the business. That Stephanie...
But Stephanie is swell.
What, you are her lover?
I've never seen such a place.
No one thinks of anything
but being somebody's lover.
Well, have you never thought of it?
What happened?
Your nephew has done
most admirably, madame.
What did he do? Where is Scharwenka?
On his neck.
Oh, I see.

Does he like it?
Not particularly.
But I don't hear him shouting for help.
There's that cuckoo band again.
Scharwenka!
Do you think she'd do something
for my nephew if he asked her?
I don't think he'll even have to ask her.
No, no, no.
I mean something for this band of his.
She could get them an engagement
and if they're John's friends,
they're a swell band.
I must show you Paris,
and I want you to love it.
- I've seen the Eiffel Tower.
- Oh, no.
My dear Countess. I understand there are
a few things wrong with the gown.
You shall have a new model,
at a new price.
Oh, there's nothing wrong with the gown.
I'll be back tomorrow for another fit.
May I present my nephew, John?
Oh, he presented himself
most charmingly.
My nephew is paying me a visit
en route to London,
he has a band which is playing at a private
party for the Duke of Wattingham.
I should like to hear
your orchestra sometime.
Now. There's no time like now.
Now, hang on to your hat.
Hey, fellows!
Strike it up. It's a job.
Come on, boys, let's give them
the Let's Begin number.
- Come on, get over here.
- Come on, man, get over there.
All right, boys, let's swing it.
Now that you've got me going
what you gonna do?
Is it up to me or is it up to you?

What kind a game is this we've begun?
Was it done just for fun?
Don't forget since we've met
There's no reason for vain regret. Oh
Is this to be a case of "fall
and glad I fell, kiss and never tell
"Folly and farewell?"
Which is going to be "might have been
"Lose or win? Let's begin"
I'm here to tell you, let's begin
Now that you've got me going
what you gonna do?
Is it up to me, or is it up to you?
What kind of game is this we've begun
Was it done just for fun?

- No

- Realize that I'm wise
And please stop rolling
those big blue eyes

Is this to be a case of "Fall and glad I fell
"Kiss and never tell, folly and farewell?"

Which is going to be
"might have been"let's begin

Let's begin

- I think I saw...

- Huck, it looks like you're all set.

- You remember the girl I told you about?

- She likes the band.

Well, I was out there dancing.

I looked up and I saw...

Quiet, quiet, quiet!

- You're going in to meet a Polish countess.

- I don't want to meet any countess.

- But she can give the band a job.

- I don't care what she can...

- Who, who can? She can?

- Yeah!

- Well, that's different.

- No cracks, now.

I think they're very good.

Aunt Minnie,

this is my friend Huck Haines.

My nephew has told me about you.

Countess, may I present

Monsieur Huck Haines?
Countess?
- Well, if it isn't...
- Huck is for Huckleberry, n'est-ce pas?
Yes,
and a couple of n'est-ce pas.
Mr. Haines is the piccolo player
I was telling you about.
Ah! Piccolo player. How charmant.
No, no, no, madame. Pas de piccolo.
I play what you call a filthy piano.
May I present myself,
Le Marquis de Indiana.
Ah, Indiana,
a province in the south of Greece, eh?
No, no, no, Madame la Comtesse.
Just west of Pittsburgh, babe.
Hey, ix-nay acking-cray.
These Americans are
what you call fresh guys.
No, no, no. Refreshing.
Oh, mais oui. Refreshing.
Pardon, monsieur.
It is nothing, toots.
I should like to talk to this refreshing,
filthy piano, alone.
Oh, certainly, certainly.
Is he a lunatic?
Oh, no, that's merely his way
of making her feel at home.
Oh!
Now, listen here, Huck Haines...
No, no, no, no. What a charming surprise.
This little tete-a-tete with you, alone.
Huck, please.
What's the racket, Liz?
Did you marry the title or just lift it?
Be a pal, will you, Huck?
It's just a stage name.
You've got to have a title
to croon over here.
I know. Gee, Lizzie, you look grand.
Look, I promise to get you a job
if you won't tell on me.

- Okay, Liz.

- And it's not Liz.

I'm sorry, Princess? Baroness?

Oh, what is it?

You may call me Tanka.

- Tanka.

- You're welcome.

It's swell seeing you again, Tanka.

But what about that job for the boys?

Madame Roberta is having tea

in her sitting room,

and she would like you to join her,

if you'd care to.

Oh, I am so sorry.

But you will tell Madame Roberta

that I have an engagement

with the Marquis de Indiana?

Yes, Countess.

Well, now, I guess

I've got you to add to my worries.

It's time for your nap.

Stephanie, my child,

I'm adding to your many duties.

We're going to make John over.

I think he's very nice as he is.

A good tailor never hurt a man,

no matter how nice he is.

That's Ladislav.

The doctor makes me

take a nap every afternoon

and Stephanie thinks

that music helps me go to sleep.

Ladislav is our doorman and a prince.

A prince, your doorman?

A Russian prince.

If there were such a thing as a restoration,

Ladislav would be in line for the throne.

Ladislav, I hope

you're in good finger today.

- This is my nephew, Mr. Kent.

- Glad to know you.

Are you comfortable?

I want a drink of water.

Don't stand there, Ladislav.

Play something. Play something.
You'll wake her.
You're darn right, you will.
I'll be hard to handle
I promise you that
and if you complain here's
one little Jane that will leave you flat
I'll be hard to handle
What else can I be?
Just ask my dad
the trouble he had controlling me
I have faults, to be specific
In a temper, oh I'm terrific
I throw chairs and tables and I never miss
Oh, I'm as cold as any shellfish
I tell lies, I'm mean, I'm selfish
Think it over, my warning is this
I'll be hard to handle, I'm making it plain
now just be a dear and scam out of here
cause I'm gonna raise Cain
I'm as cold as any shellfish
I tell lies, I'm mean, I'm selfish
Think it over my warning is
If you want me sweet and hot
Oh, I'll be hard to handle
I'm making it plain
Now just be a dear and scam out of here
Nice work, Countess, nice work.
Oh, well.
That was pretty good, boys
but listen, Candy, give me a better pick-up
after that second break, will you?
Okay. Okay, boss.
You know, this reminds me of the old days
when we used to give shows in your barn.
Yeah, we used to fight over
who handled the gate receipts.
You remember the valentine I sent you?
The one with the arrow piercing the heart
and dripping blood?
Oh, yes, I remember that. I think that's
the only valentine I ever received.
It's the only one I ever sent.
Those were the happy days, weren't they?

Do you know, I think I was
in love with you then, Huck.

- I know you were.

- You.

Me. And what's more,

I was madly in love with you.

- Oh, we were funny kids, weren't we?

- Oh, I suppose so.

Remember that beauty contest I won?

- Oh, you got a trip to Kansas City.

- Yeah, well you won it for me.

How did you get all those men
from the overall factory to vote for me?

That was easy.

I showed them a picture of Lillian Russell.

Lillian Russell?

What was the matter with my picture?

Well, if you must know,

we got a lot of votes from the farmers
with a picture of a prize heifer.

Oh, you.

He is coming now.

Listen, Huck, give it to him
and make it sweet and hot.

Come on, boys, the big boss is coming.

Let's jam it.

What's that?

You want an orchestra.

I have got one for you.

You are tearing your hair
to get good music, I bring it to you.

I take them away
from the Duke of Wattingham,
just to give it to you.

You give it to me?

How much does it cost?

What does it matter? Listen to them.

They are good.

They are very good.

They are hired.

I am glad

I didn't take those white-faced Indians.

I think maybe sometimes I am wrong.

But this orchestra

is superb.
And who did it for you?
Little Tanka.
The palefaces!
Who did it?
Little Tanka do it for me.
It's a frame-down.
That's what it is, a frame-down!
- Well, up or down, do we stick?
- Stick?
You're right,
you stick a knife upon my back.
- Voyda, what is wrong with them?
- What is wrong for them?
I cable for Wabash Indians
and what do I get? Indianians!
Get out! No job!
- I do not get it.
- Neither did we.
Very well, let them go!
Then I go with them!
Oh, yes? Where you going to?
Now, what was the name of that club
that made you the offer yesterday?
Oh, oh, the Club Antoine.
Oh, I could go there today.
They offered me a six-month contract
and I could take the band with me.
You go, you go.
You are not bluffing with Voyda.
Indians.
Now, listen, Mr. Voyda.
I think you're making a big mistake
by letting the Countess
go to the Caf Arman. I mean Antoine.
I think you ought to try
and make her stay here, if possible.
After all, Mr. Voyda,
your money is just as good as no money.
I mean, anybody's money.
That Caf Antoine.
I hold you to your contract with me.
I have your cable accepting it.
As for you, I can pay you as much money

as Antoine can pay you.
Everything is fixed!
I go and telephone my lawyer!
Boys, we're working.
Hurray!
Vive la France!
Vive la Russia, you mean.
Hello, Stephanie.
Stephanie, how's the Newfoundland pup?
- The all-American nephew?
- You won't recognize him.
Since you've been gone, Stephanie
has made a man of the world of him.
He's positively arresting.
You ought to see him, Lord Henry.
Your tailor has surpassed himself.
He looks wonderful.
But then I think
he has the knack of wearing clothes.
Not every man has, you know.
And he has a positive flair for languages.
The way he's taken hold of French
is amazing.
You should have heard him
tell a taxi driver where to go last night.
And Stephanie and I
have given him a few pointers
it would take most men
a lifetime to acquire.
What a start for a young fellow.
Au revoir, my dear.
You never looked lovelier in your life
than you do this minute.
Until tomorrow.
It's always nice to know
I shall see you tomorrow, Henry.
You've been saying
very pleasant things to me, lately, Minnie.
- Not really ill, I hope?
- No.
- Stephanie.
- Lord Henry.
- Where is John?
- Taking his French lesson.

Haven't you heard them?

No.

La winner!

Come on, boys, come in.

- So long, prof.

- So long, prof.

Can I get you something?

No, thank you.

Not even a drink of water?

No.

Sing, please.

Yesterday

Yesterday

Days I knew as happy sweet
sequestered days

Olden days

Golden days

Days of mad romance

And love joys

were mine to take

Mine to give

Free and gaily flaming life
was mine to live

Sad am I

Glad am I

for today

I'm dreaming of
yesterday

Joys were mine

to take

mine to give

Free and gaily flaming life
was mine to live

Sad am I

Glad am I

for today

I'm dreaming of
yesterday

- Sophie, Sophie.

- What's the matter?

Here's an article about John.

He's turned dressmaker.

Can you bear it?

Imagine John Kent in a smart dress shop?

He wouldn't know a smart dress
from last year's awning.
Well, the first place I'll make a beeline for
in Paris is going to be Roberta's.
It's all right, Fernande.
I was just saying goodbye to
a room in which I've been very happy.
But you are not
leaving Roberta's, mademoiselle.
Goodbye, Fernande.
Bonjour, Monsieur Fullback.
I wish to place an order.
Would you mind hemstitching
two dozen touchdowns for me?
Oh, lay off.
Would run up for me two field goals
and a bias,
with the score tied in the back?
Kind of a halfback.
I don't get sore often, but I will in a minute
if you two don't shut up.
Do you plan
fitting the ladies yourself, John?
What a picture. Tape measure around
the neck and pin-cushion on the hip.
I ought to spank the two of you.
Now, don't lose
your sense of humor, Johnny.
Why don't you let a guy alone
when he's trying to figure things out?
She just wants to know
what you're going to do.
- That's all.
- I'm going home.
- But you can't. You're Mr. Roberta.
- I'm not. Stephanie is.
I mean, well, Aunt Minnie left no will,
so her property comes to me.
But she always said
the shop was to be Stephanie's.
- Stephanie's going...
- Yes.
We are astonished.
Well, I'm not astonished.

You mean you're going to give
the whole shop to Stephanie?
Yes, right away. That's what Aunt Minnie
wanted and that's what I want.
You're giving it to her without any...
strings?
What do you mean, "strings"?
Oh, she just means
strings.
Well, you make yourselves comfortable.
I've got to find Stephanie.
I was looking for you.
- Well, hello.
- No, no, no.
Can you tell me why no will can be found?
- Well, because there isn't any.
- Why haven't you been able to find it?
- It must have been destroyed.
- So you admit it?
Admit what?
For years Stephanie has worked
to build this business.
It was hers as much as Roberta's.
Madame could not destroy that will.
- Are you trying to say I did?
- I will not say yes or not.
But it looks queer, very queer.
You... Why, you Russian prince!
I'm still boss of this outfit,
and you're fired!
No, no, I am not fired. I am perfectly cool.
I mean you're dismissed.
You think you can get rid of me so easy!
- Get out!
- You think no one will protect Stephanie.
- Stephanie doesn't need your protection.
- While Stephanie stays here
and remains here, I will protect her.
Aren't you ashamed to be quarreling
like two silly little boys?
Please go, Lad, I'll meet you downstairs.
The Russian nobility burns me up anyway.
They're always sticking their noses
in other people's business.

- You don't like the Russian nobility?

- No.

I don't like his hanging around you.

I was going to give you the shop anyway.

Oh, you are very magnanimous,
giving me something I don't want.

- You don't want it?

- No.

And who are you to give me gifts?

- Wait a minute, you mustn't act like this.

- I'll act the way I choose.

It's your shop, you run it.

Goodbye.

Hey, wait a minute, Stephanie.

I'm sorry, but I can't be a dressmaker.

I couldn't half carry on the business.

- Maybe you could carry it on half.

- How do you mean?

Well, I mean

- maybe we could be partners.

- No, no.

You like it, you take it, Stephanie.

I've got a football team to coach.

No, I wouldn't accept anything
except in partnership.

Not on your life. That's out.

- All right, then I'm out.

- Oh, wait a minute.

Pardon, mademoiselle,
may I finish this now?

Oh, yes, yes.

Oh, wait a minute.

May she?

I mean, yes. Certainly, my good woman.

You'll make a very nice partner.

It isn't generally known that Madame
has been letting me do all the designing.

So we'll have to startle them
with daring styles.

- Partners.

- Partners.

Oh, John, look. We've had a brainstorm.

Instead of you going home, why don't
you and Stephanie become partners?

Huck, you're brilliant.
What do you say, Stephanie?
No, not on your life. That's out.
You'll make a very nice partner.
It isn't generally known that Madame
has been letting me do the designing.
We'll have to startle them
with daring styles.
- Partners.
- Partners.
Countess, you shall be our first customer.
Yvonne.
This we call le Petit Trianon.
If you don't like any of these,
say so, won't you?
Gee, I think they're swell.
And this is le train bleu.
Oh, that one's a honey.
That's the one I'd take.
Do your ecstasies
refer to the gown or the girl?
Oh, I hadn't noticed the girl,
but now that you mention her,
- I'd take...
- Yes?
The gown. Less upkeep.
This is called la sirene noire.
Does not she look wonderful in that?
Marvelous.
Just like a peeled eel.
I don't like that one.
Liane...
Albert.
Maybe we could do something about it.
Albert, do you suppose
we could raise this back a little?
If you don't mind, I'd like that dress out.
- As bad as that, huh?
- Worse.
All right, then it's out.
Take it away, Albert.
This is le ciel gris.
That is the one I will take.
And tall, handsome gentlemen

with large bank accounts
will be asking for my telephone number.
And getting it.
And won't they be surprised
when I answer?
Well, so long.
Tell the Countess I'll be waiting for her.
Where?
Oh, either on the right side
of the Left Bank,
or the left side of the right bank.
- I think you're swell not to be angry.
- Angry?
I hope we're good enough friends
for you to express an opinion.
And I hope we're good enough friends
for you to dine with me tonight.
- Oh, I'm sorry.
- Tomorrow night.
I'm very sorry.
I'll tell you, the night
Huck opens at the Caf Russe.
All right.
Gee, that'll be swell.
Yes.
I've always been interested
in newspaper work.
Have you anything more to say?
I think he's said enough.
I haven't any more paper.
Oh, we have reams and reams of it here.
Oh, thanks.
A football player
owning a dress shop is news, isn't it?
Good news.
Well, that's what I say,
almost too good to be true,
and that's why
we want you to have it first.
So that you can write it in your own sweet
charming way that you've made famous,
Miss...
We want you to introduce it
in your own inimitable style, Miss...

- Jones.

- Jones.

Jones.

But I'm still sore about all those
silly jokes they're printing about me.

Yes, but they print it.

Every time they make a joke,
a million francs pour in.

It's a pretty expensive joke
on somebody else, I think.

- Now, when Mr. Kent designs clothes...

- When I what?

Does Mr. Kent design clothes, too?

- No.

- Oh, modesty, modesty.

Mr. Kent's idea is to introduce
the football motif into dress designing.

The outdoor flavor will make
the evening clothes look healthier.

Oh, wait till you see our
end-around-end evening creation.

You know, the one
with the dash-off center.

Has Mr. Kent any more ideas?

- No.

- Oh, yes, thousands and thousands.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Kent's
main idea is to design women's dresses
the way men think they should be.

And how do you men
think they should be?

Not so naked.

Well, well, he means that
if clothes are to clothe, they should clothe.

It's more stimulating
to the imagination, if clothes clothe.

That's very unique.

Yes.

And pockets in all dresses,
especially in the evening ones,
so the women can pack their own junk.

The bulging pockets of the male
will disappear forever.

Women will not have to

depend upon their male escorts.
They'll be much more independent.
As a matter of fact... As a matter of fact,
pockets will make
the female more female.
Very nice.
And gloves attached to the dress,
so they won't get lost.
They'll be worn on a jeweled...
Around the neck.
Brilliant!
Well, I really must be going now.
- Oh, that's too bad.
- That's fine.
- Have you had enough?
- Yes, I think I have quite enough.
- Now tell me, what paper will this be in?
- Paper?
Why, I'm Miss Jones. I'm syndicated.
When you talk to me,
you're telling the world.
How was I, toots?
Pardon, monsieur, a lady to see you.
- Another newspaper woman?
- An American, I think.
A Miss Teale.
Sophie! Send her in, please.
Huck, she's here.
That's great, and just when
you were getting along so swell.
You don't appreciate her.
I know she seems
a little hard and sophisticated.
But underneath she's a pearl.
And a pearl, so I am told,
is the result
of a chronic irritation on an oyster.
What do you know
about anything, anyway?
- I know about everything, every way.
- Then you must know Sophie's swell.
John, every day you act worse,
but today you're acting like tomorrow.
- Hello, John.

- Sophie!

You're awfully hard to see
since you became a couturier.

Not for you, Sophie.

When did you arrive in Paris?

This morning.

How long are you going to stay?

Oh, hello, Huckleberry.

Hello, Soph.

Mother and I

are going to Switzerland on Saturday.

Goodbye, John. I'll see you Sunday.

Don't mind him, he's only clowning.

Thank you, dear.

Well, so you're here now.

Yes.

- Aren't you pleased to see me?

- Sophie, I've tried to forget you.

And have you, John?

I thought I had,

but now I know I haven't.

Gee, you're swell.

John, you have a line

that just sweeps a girl right off her feet.

Yeah, sure.

When are you going to show me Paris?

You'd be bored seeing Paris

with a small-town hick like me,

who only knows how to order

meat and potatoes and pie.

Oh, please forget I ever said those things.

I only said them

because you were going away.

I didn't want you to go.

- I loved you so much.

- It was a funny way to love me.

But, John, darling,

don't you ever say things you don't mean?

No.

Well, maybe I do.

Don't cry, Sophie, I don't like it.

I can't help it. I'm so unhappy.

I came all the way to Paris just to see you.

- Only to find you don't love me anymore.

- But I do, Sophie, honest I do.

Oh, John.

- Oh, I'm sorry.

- Oh, come in, Stephanie.

May I present Miss Sophie Teale?

My partner Stephanie.

How do you do?

When I come in for a new gown,

may I ask for you?

Oh, that'll be swell.

Well, I'll run along.

I know how busy you are.

- No, I'll see you to the door.

- No. No. Business before pleasure.

But I'll save Wednesday for you.

Lunch and dinner and the evening.

That's fine. It's a date.

Goodbye, miss.

- Stephanie, I want to...

- Why, when you have time,

- I wish you'd look over these materials.

- But I want to tell you about Sophie.

- She's very lovely.

- Yes, that is... I mean she...

Holy smokes,

haven't we a date for next Wednesday?

Oh, have we? I'm sure we haven't.

This we call le lys dor.

If I weren't going out with Johnny,

I wouldn't be so particular.

But I'm sure he'll want me to have something that expresses my personality.

Suppose we have Johnny come in and help you select something.

He knows so much more about your personality than I do.

Oh, no. No, please. I want to surprise him.

You know, he's really just a little boy in spite of his man-of-the-world exterior.

Yes, I suspected that.

I'll see what else I can get for you.

- Oh, hello, Huck.

- Hello.

If you're looking for Johnny,

he's in conference with his lawyer.

Well, then,

maybe you'll have lunch with me.

- Are you busy?

- Very.

I'm trying to find something to suit
the personality of Miss Sophie Teale.

Then you are busy.

Liane.

Excuse me, won't you?

Liane, that dress was discarded.

Why do you have it on?

Albert wanted to make a new top for it.

Oh, all right. Fine.

- Is Miss Teale's personality in there?

- Yes, right in there.

I'll go and torment her a while.

Is that beautiful.

And just made for you, Soph.

- Oh, hello. Do you really think it suits me?

- Oh, certainly.

A little longer sleeves,
it would make an ideal straitjacket.

Some day, by sheer accident,
you're going to say
something funny, Huck.

Oh, Soph, now don't be like that.

Do you mind if I sit here
and help you pick out a gown?

No, I'm trying to find something
that John will like on me.

Something startling.

John loves to be startled by girls' dresses.

Here is a gown

that might please you, Miss Teale.

This gown has both chic
and good breeding.

I'm more interested in its chic.

I can supply the breeding myself.

I know the dress.

Look, Stephanie, you know that one that...

It sort of begins and then in the...

You know, the black one.

- The black one?

- Yes, the one you put aside.
Oh, no. No, I can't.
Oh, yes, you can, Stephanie.
Show it to Miss Teale.
- I know she'd like it.
- Oh, no, Mr. Kent wouldn't...
I'm quite sure Mr. Kent would want
me to see any model you have.
Please have it shown
as quickly as possible.
That's it, Stephanie, please have it shown
as quickly as possible.
Just because it's been set aside
for a marquise,
doesn't mean that it can't be shown.
Very well. Anna, have Liane model
la sirene noire at once, please.
Oh, thank you, Huck.
Now we're getting someplace.
- She'll probably like that dress.
- She's going to like it.
When John sees her in it, oh boy,
he's gonna make her walk home,
ocean and all.
- No, he won't. He's in love with her.
- He only thinks he is.
If he were, would you mind?
I am minding, Huck. Terribly.
Can't you hurry that model?
Yes. Yes, Miss Teale.
Well, now that's the smartest thing
you've shown me. I like it.
It's been discarded.
It wasn't put aside for anyone.
- Huck was mistaken about that.
- Oh, I see.
Well, I think I'll have it just the same.
What shall I do?
You're doing fine.
- How much is it?
- It's only 1,000 francs.
It's hardly worthy of you.
I'm afraid she's right, Sophie.
You know it may not be so becoming.

You're not a very good saleslady.
Maybe I'm wrong, Miss Teale.
That dress might suit you very well.
This is the bit of international diplomacy
I shall boast about to my grandchildren,
the nasty little demons.
I'll take the dress.
But I want to try it on first.
The more I think of it, the more I am sure
the dress will bring out
something elegantly alluring in you.
Well, I always know the moment
I see a dress
whether it'll be right for me or not.
I'll take this drink and then the food.
- Gee, I'm starved.
- Me, too.
- Hello, hello, hello.
- Oh, hello, Huck.
- Hello, Soph.
- Hello.
Oh, say, Huck,
will you take care of Sophie for a minute?
I want to see about a table.
Pardon me, Sophie.
- Here's a drink waiting for you.
- Oh, thanks, John. Thanks.
- Got the new dress on, Soph?
- Certainly.
You don't know it,
but this is a great moment in my life.
- Oh, thank you, Huck.
- Thank you.
Don't you think
this dress does something for me?
- It'll do something for me.
- Oh, now, Huck.
- A dress like this depends on...
- I know, it depends on that shoulder strap.
Has John seen it yet?
- Afraid he won't like it.
- And why not?
He thinks everything I wear is perfect.
If I ever ask him how he likes a dress,

he just looks at me
with calf-eyes and says,
"Gee, darling, you look swell."
I bet he won't say it about that one.
I'll bet you \$100 he says,
"Gee, that looks swell."
- Make it francs, and it's a bet.
- Sold.
Look, John,
we want you to settle a little bet.
Sophie has a very important question
to ask you.
Gee, that's swell.
How do you like it? Isn't it a knockout?
It's the worst-looking thing I ever saw.
Gee, darling, you look terrible.
- Who sold it to you?
- Your partner.
She thought it brought out
something elegantly alluring in me.
Oh, she did, did she?
I'm sorry I said anything, Sophie.
It isn't your fault, you send it back.
I will not send it back.
It's the smartest thing in your shop.
But what do you know
about clothes anyway?
You make yourself ridiculous
by even discussing them.
I knew enough about them
to order that thing out of our line.
Let me tell you something, John Kent,
now that you think you know something
about women's clothes...
- Please.
- Now that you are carrying on
- with your dressmaker.
- Shut up.
I won't shut up. You're in love with her.
I could tell it
the minute she came into your office.
Let's go home.
I'll go home and I'll go home alone.
Suit yourself.

- What? You'd let me?

- Why not?

And now we're getting down to cases,
here's something I want to tell you.
You've bawled me out for the last time.

I've stood for all your knocking
and criticism

because it sounded so cute
coming from such a little snip.

And because I thought I loved you.

- Oh, you thought you loved me?

- Yes, and what a sap you've made of me.

Well, it certainly didn't take much effort.

And don't you ever
come crawling back to me again.

Because I'm through. Through!

Do you hear me?

Do you hear me?

Sure, but I thought you said
you were through.

- Well, I am.

- Well, goodbye!

Goodbye!

Noisy.

- Give me a dozen brandies.

- A dozen?

Yeah, and line them up right here.

Is there anything I can do for you?

No.

Think of what you're losing
by constantly refusing to dance with me
You'd be the idol of France with me
And yet you stand there
and shake your foolish head dramatically

While I wait here so ecstatically
You just look and say emphatically

Not this season

There's a reason

I won't dance

Don't ask me

I won't dance

Don't ask me

I won't dance, madam, with you

My heart won't let my feet

do things they should do
You know what? You're lovely
And so what? I'm lovely
But oh, what you do to me
I'm like an ocean wave
that's bumped on the shore
I feel so absolutely stumped on the floor
Ah, but when you dance
you're charming and you're gentle
Especially when you do the Continental
But this feeling isn't purely mental
For heaven rest us, I'm not asbestos
And that's why I won't dance
Why should I?
I won't dance
How could I?
I won't dance, merci beaucoup
Won't you?
I know that music leads the way
to romance
And if I hold you in my arms I won't dance
Bravo! Bravo!
Good work.
I won't dance, ta-da-dah
I won't dance
Get the musicians, quick.
I want a drink, ta-da-dah
I want a drink, ta-da-dah
I want a drink, ta-da-dah
Your Highness, this is a great honor.
Broken down prince
rates a lot of trumpeting.
- What is it?
- You are going to sing for us.
- Oh, am I?
- Yes.
All right.
They asked me how I knew
My true love was true
I of course replied
Something here inside
Cannot be denied
They said someday
You'll find all who love are blind

When your heart's on fire
You must realize
smoke gets in your eyes
So I chaffed them and I gaily laughed
To think they could doubt my love
Yet today my love has flown away
I am without my love
Now laughing friends deride
Tears I cannot hide
So I smile and say
When the lovely flame dies
Smoke gets
in your eyes
They said someday
you'll find all who love are blind
When your heart's on fire
You must realize
Smoke gets in your eyes
So I chaffed them and I gaily laughed
To think I could
Doubt my love
Yet to... my love

- Nice of you to join us.
- Now, don't try and high-hat me
just because you happen to be
with a broken-down prince.
- Please go away, John.
- No, I wanna talk to you.
- You're not yourself.
- Yes, I am. I'm twice myself.

I wanna talk to you.
What do you mean selling that dress?
Didn't I tell you to throw it out?

- I didn't intend to.
- You did, too.

It was a dirty trick to play
on a friend of mine.

- Please go away, Mr. Kent.
- You stick to your own business.
- Laddie, please.
- Well, what have you got to say?
- I've nothing to say.
- Oh, you have nothing to say.

Well, I have.

And I think it was a sneaking thing to do.
Telling Sophie she looked
elegantly alluring in an ugly, vulgar...
- Please, John, tomorrow.
- No, I want it out, now.
All right, I'll tell you.
I sold her that vulgar, tasteless dress
because I thought it suited her perfectly.
I think she suits you perfectly.
I think you're perfectly matched.
And after this, you'd better count
on running your business without me.
- Stephanie, I...
- Now, will you please go?
So I chaffed them and I gaily laughed
To think they could doubt my love
Yet today my love has flown away
I am without my love
Now laughing friends deride
Tears I cannot hide
So
I smile and say
When the lovely flame
dies
Smoke gets in your...
Yeah. Yeah, I know.
I know, but look, this is no joke.
I didn't say I'd take care of your silly
dressmaking business indefinitely.
But you can't give it to me. I won't take it.
- You've got a band to look after.
- I've got a band to look after.
I know, but John,
Stephanie isn't here, either.
- Monsieur.
- What? Yeah, the one with the spots.
What? Well, how do I know where she is?
I only agreed to do this thing
to help you out, you know.
But it isn't my racket either.
- Tell him you've got a band!
- I've got a band!
And both the band and the shop
will be on the rocks this way!

I don't care which one you use.
They're both terrible.
What? Yeah, that was the Countess.
Well, what about it?
- Yes, but don't you think...
- I don't think...
Look, use the other one, the both of them.
The whole flock of them. Out. Out.
What?
Look, John, if I knew
where Stephanie was
I wouldn't be wasting my time
with you, babe.
I know,
but somebody's got to come and take
this ridiculous business off my shoulders.
In the four days I've been here,
my voice is beginning to change.
John, but wait. Don't hang up.
He won't come back.
Now what am I gonna do?
- You're not asking my opinion, are you?
- Yes. No.
Pardon, monsieur, but do you think
we should use matelass for
the "after twilight" number or paillettes?
And what about the tippet?
- Well, what do you think?
- I wouldn't know, monsieur.
Well, personally,
I go in for the simple things.
- Which is the simpler?
- There is no difference, monsieur.
Well, then,
use whichever we have the most of.
We have plenty of all.
Oh, we have?
- Well, then use a little of each.
- A sort of a patchwork quilt.
Yeah. No.
It will be newer that way
and have much more chic.
Tell Madame Blanchard
that's my final decision.

Stephanie.

- I knew you'd come back.

- I came back to tell John Kent he's insane.

Where is he? Look at those.

How do you think

women are going to react to those?

Where is Mr. Kent?

Oh, he's not here.

He's been staying away, too.

- Who has been running the business?

- Did you say running or ruining?

Well, someone had to do it.

You and John left it flat.

But I thought surely he was here.

Well, if he were, he doesn't know
any more about it than Huck does.

Not as much.

You are the one who is needed, Stephanie.

Well, that's impossible.

Why? Just because you and John
are in love with each other?

Don't be fantastic, Huck.

John isn't in love with me.

Is it fantastic when a man
is eating his heart out for you?

When your name is continually on his lips?

When he stands around

dark street corners

just to get a glimpse of you?

- He doesn't.

- He does, and more.

Everyone around here knows it
but you, Stephanie.

And maybe John.

- But he's always quarreling with me.

- Well, what more can you ask?

Oh, that's nothing. People in love
are always quarreling with each other.

Now you take Liz and myself for instance.

Liz? Who is this Liz?

Oh, a little country girl from back home
that I'm thinking of marrying.

You know, big feet, dumb, simple.

Oh, very simple.

Well, the simple and dumb ones
make the best wives sometimes.
Well, forgetting about this girl of Huck's
from back home, with the big feet,
what about Roberta? What about John?
Yes, Stephanie, you must come back
for Aunt Minnie's sake.
No, I'm sorry. I can't.
Stephanie, you must.
Come in.
Oh, I'm sorry.
Oh, mademoiselle, I am so happy.
Now you can...
Give those to Mr. Haines, Albert.
Well, there are some dresses
that men will fall for.
- I practically designed those myself.
- I've seen worse, darling, but not much.
And what do you think, Stephanie?
Are they as bad as that?
Well, the men may like them,
but I'm sure the women won't.
Well, maybe you're right
and maybe you're wrong.
- We'll just have to try them out, I guess.
- But, Huck, you can't.
Roberta's never put out clothes like those.
Roberta's is in new hands now.
But this is like the mode
two seasons back.
I know, but I liked them better then.
But nobody will buy them.
Well, you'd be laughed out of Paris
if you did a thing like that.
The trend is away from such styles.
- I'm not interested in the trend.
- But you've got to be.
You don't understand.
You're giving a fashion show next week.
Every couturier in Europe
is going to be watching.
You can't afford to show
models like those.
Well, of course you cannot.

Stephanie is right!
What does it matter
as long as they're pretty?
But clothes must be more than pretty.
Look, the trouble with that is it...
It fits in the wrong places.
Such a pity.
The famous Roberta to go second rate.
- Roberta's will never go second rate.
- Who is to stop it?
The fashion show next week
will be a colossal flop.
Maybe we should call off
the fashion show.
I think so.
- We might better put on a good one.
- Now you're talking, Stephanie.
We'll put on a better-than-good one.
We'll give them some entertainment, too.
- How about your band?
- That's a great idea.
- Yeah.
- We'll bring over my band.
- A musical fashion show.
- Yes, that's it.
- It'll be marvelous.
- And you can make the new designs.
We endorse this polo rig, of course
And for an added 1,000 francs
we furnish horses
Or if you're doing splits on skis
at St. Moritz
You'd be the best-dressed
"faller-downer" on the courses
Now take the dowager who is glad
to leave her watchman for tea
She'll wear this patriotic plaid
and meet that Scotchman for tea
When summertime begins
this costume always wins
When 50 million little Frenchmen
clap their fins
For hunting grouse or quail
Roberta ran up this suit

The modest price includes
the bag, the gun and two ducks to shoot
And should Amelia Earhart care
to get a breath of air
this is the last thing in the world
she'd ever wear
- Ladislav, are we gathering later?
- The Princess begs to be excused.
We are leaving for Rome
immediately the showing is finished.
It is the hour for dry martinis
The park is full of little Fords
and Isotta Fraschinis
The Ritz bar is serving caviar and weenies
Madame is there
And from Roberta she has something
that is too divine on
The sort of thing your jealous friends
would love to spill their wine on
For your inspection, our cocktail collection
Clothes must play a part
To light an eye, to win a heart
They say a gown can almost speak
If it is chic
Should you select the right effect
you cannot miss
And night and day
He is sure to say
Lovely to look at
delightful to know
And heaven to kiss
A combination like this
Is quite my most impossible scheme
come true
Imagine finding a dream like you
You're lovely to look at
It's thrilling to hold you
Terribly tight
For we're together, the moon is new
And oh, it's lovely to look at you
Tonight
You're lovely to look at
Delightful to know
And heaven to kiss

Heaven to kiss
A combination like this
Is quite my most impossible
scheme come true
Imagine finding a dream like you
You're lovely to look at
It's thrilling to hold you
Terribly tight
For we're together, the moon is new
And oh, it's lovely to look at you
Tonight
So lovely to look at
Delightful to know
And heaven to kiss
A combination like this
Is quite my most impossible scheme
come true
Imagine finding a dream like you
You're lovely to look at
It's thrilling to hold you terribly tight
For we're together, the moon is new
It's lovely to look at you
Tonight
I have never seen
Princess Stephanie look so lovely.
Yes. We shall miss her now that
she and Prince Ladislaw are leaving Paris.
Oh, did she marry him?
At night when madame
leaves the quiet of her hall room
To drag her very weary feet
around the ballroom
Her clothes and jewels must be
a monument of power
I mean, the monument
they call the Eiffel Tower
We'll show you the gown we made
Marie,
Queen of Romania
We also ran up three of these
for Mrs. Smudge, Pennsylvania
The lights are low, here we go
Lovely to look at, delightful to know
And heaven to kiss

A combination like this
Is quite my most impossible dream
come true
Imagine finding a boy like you
You're lovely to look at
It's thrilling to hold you terribly tight
For we're together, the moon is new
And, oh, it's lovely to look at you
- Oh, my. Oh, my.
- What?
- I said, "My, oh, my." That was lovely.
- It went well, didn't it?
- I guess I'll have to give in to you.
- To me?
But I didn't say anything.
But I thought you were
about to want to marry me.
- Well, I was.
- Well, I accept.
Well, thanks very much.
Well, you're quite welcome,
my fine feathered friend.
Hey! Hey!
- Hey, do something about this. Will you?
- Just a moment. You stay right there.
Well, where do you think I can go?
- John.
- Stephanie, I...
- Stephanie, are you happy?
- Tremendously.
- Then I am, too.
- Well.
Haven't you anything more to say?
No. Only congratulations
and have a good time and goodbye.
I'm sailing for New York tomorrow.
You're being very heroic about something.
What is it?
Oh, I was just thinking it must be fun
to suddenly find yourself a princess
married to a nice prince.
I was born a princess. I'm not married
to Ladislav. He's my cousin.
And you're still a big blundering,

Newfoundland fullback.

- Where are you going?

- Down.

- Why?

- Because I pushed the button.

- But I want to talk to you.

- That's what you're doing.

Just let me tell you I love you.

- What does that mean?

- I love you.

Gee, that's swell.