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Saratoga Trunk

By Casey Robinson

We should have
stayed in paris.
That's where
we belong.
I was born here. I have
every right to come here.
They'll make
you trouble
like they did
for your mama.
I'll make
them trouble.
Crazy talk.
Change your mind,
miss clio.
We'll go directly to mama's
house on rampart street-
my house now.
Charcoal, charcoal
my mule is white
my charcoal is black
i'll sell my charcoal
two bits a sack
charcoal, charcoal
charcoal
let's go...
and come back
some other time.
Ghosts in there.
If there is,
it's my father's,
and i'd like to see him.
Poor mama.
Her beautiful
garden-
mimosa, camellias,
and crape myrtle.
That's the kitchen
and upstairs where
cupidon and i lived.
Often your papa and mama
had dinner in the garden.
He loved his fine food.
It was so beautiful

in the moonlight.
And the little house?
The garconniere.
Remember, i told you
your papa was sure, sure
you were gonna be a boy,
so he built it for you
to live in
with your nurse,
like all the other fine
families in new orleans.
He must have been
disappointed with me.
He just turned it
into a stable,
but he loved you, baby.
He'd toss you in the air
and call you his little,
small angel.
Honey, baby,
don't go in.
Hysterical.
Slap her-hard.
Don't, cherie.
Ah!
Thank you,
angelique.
I'm all right now.
It was that sofa
with one leg off.
It looks so crazy
and frowzy and dirty,
just like that old woman
who used to limp along
the quay in paris
selling fish.
My poor, dead,
darling baby.
You should have seen her
as she sat on it
in her silks and jewels.
It was right there
that lawyer, mr. Osie,
told her your papa had been

forced to marry
with one of those high-up
aristocrat like himself.
My little rita,
she don't believe.
She hope he marry
with her.
They always hope-
ladies like her.
But it never happens,
oh, no.
Didn't my father
tell her?
Did he leave it
to his lawyer?
He come as soon
as he could,
but that was a very
bad thing that he come.
Very, very bad.
Light up there!
Don't go up there.
Do you hear me?
My father's blood.
I saw it spurting
like the fountains
of the seine.
And your mama kneeling
there screaming.
Shh!
Let him be.
I want to hear it.
She was trying to
kill herself, your mama.
He grabbed the gun,
that poor boy.
They said
she murdered him.
They sent her away.
She meant that
to be her blood.
Don't touch it.
My father's blood,
my blood.

They are the same.

I love it-

this spot.

I'll sleep here

tonight-

in this room.

No.

Tonight

and every night.

I'm going to fix

this house

and live in it.

I'll show them,

these pasty-faced

aristocrats.

I am not my mother,

to be sent away

and turned into

an ugly,

broken-hearted woman

and made an exile

even after she was dead.

Let them find out there's

someone in rampart street now

who's not

afraid of them.

Clio dulaine, that's me.

I'm as good as they are.

I'm better than they are.

I'll be richer than they.

I'll be grander

than they.

I shall marry and be very

rich and respectable,

not like mama.

Oh, nonsense.

You'll be a fool about men

just like your poor mama

and your grandma vaudray and

your great-grandma bonavie.

I won't,

i tell you.

Men will be fools

about me.

Your mama was a plaise.
All she knew
was to please a man.
Your grandma was a-
i'm a dulaine.
My father was
nicholas dulaine.
My life will be
different.
I will have fun and
i will have money.
Horses and
a carriage!
And jewels
by the quarts
and fine clothes
and anything i want!
How are you
gonna get those?
With the money of
my very rich husband.
And where's he?
I'll meet him.
And everything
they did to my mama
i'll do back to them-
every little thing.
I'll do it twice.
Do all that
for your mama?
That's good.
Well, partly
i'll do it for mama.
Partly
i'll do it for me.
Chimney sweep
ladies, i know why
the old chimney won't draw.
Don't want to bake
and you can't make
no cake
and i know why
your chimney won't draw
chimney sweep

chimney sweep.
Chimney sweep
chimney sweep
chimney sweep!
Hey, shorty,
do you come from france, like they say?
I come from
new orleans.
Not like you, congo.
Is you going
to stay here?
What you think,
we're carpetbaggers
like you?
Now i know
what mama meant.
You remember,
she used to say
there was an old
louisiana proverb-
"give a creole
a crystal chandelier
"and two mirrors
to reflect it,
and he is satisfied."
I got the chandelier,
and i've got two mirrors,
but i'm not satisfied.
Who's creole
here?
I am.
I am creole.
Take shame
on yourself,
denying your
own mama.
Don't you dare.
That's a lie.
Angelique buiton,
you listen to me,
and you, too, cupidon.
Do you want to stay with me?
Where else?
Well, then remember, no matter

what i say i am, that i am.
I don't want
to hear any more
of this telling me who
i am and what i am to do.
Do as i say,
and we'll be rich.
Which do you choose?
Stay or go?
Stay.
Playacting, just like
her great-grandma.
Where are we going
all dressed up?
First we'll go to
the french market.
We'll buy everything,
everything delicious.
Shrimps?
And soft-shell crab?
Then the saint louis
cathedral,
then madame begue's
for breakfast.
Those dulaines eat there.
I know. Mama said
they sometimes did
on sunday mornings.
Always. I found out.
They go to church, too.
I found out everything.
Good, cupid.
Now we fix those dulaines.
You wouldn't
do that?
Oh, wouldn't i?
Angelique, do you think
they'll recognize me?
Do i look
enough like mama?
Not half so beautiful.
Young scrawny like you.
Hah, an old crow
like you.

Perhaps it will be
just as well
if at first
they're not sure.
Perhaps
i'll not even
use my name of
dulaine at first.
You sure those police
ain't after you?
I'll be a...
who shall i be?
You're acting just
like your grandma.
I'll be
a comtesse.
I am la comtesse de
trignonai du chenfrais.
And i'm the queen
of spain.
And i'm the
emperor napoleon.
Boo!
Blackberries
fresh and fine
i got blackberries, ladies.
Fresh from the vine.
I got blackberries
america
is lovely.
It's swell
and lovely.
Mmm.
Ah.
Boo!
Are they here?
Do you see them?
No. Not yet.
Are you sure?
No, i could not
forget them.
Merci.
Lady, can i
dance for you?

Thank you, ma'am.
Oh, what a heavenly smell.
Jambalaya.
Jambalaya-
that mama wished for
in paris
and couldn't get?
Oh, i want some.
Oh, heavy stuff, you'll ruin
your breakfast at begue's.
You know i have the
appetite of a dock worker.
Quick cupid,
tell the man
a heaping plate for madame la comtesse.
For who?
You heard!
For madame la comtesse.
Who else, stupid?
Hey, you.
A dish of this stuff
for madame la comtesse.
For whom?
For madame la comtesse.
Who else?
But certainly.
Certainement.
Is it as good as
they've told me in france?
I await your judgment.
Mmm.
Delicieux.
Delicious.
Mmm.
Excellent.
Wonderful.
Madame la comtesse
says the dish is delicious.
It is more delicious
than anything
she has eaten in paris.
Hash. Phooey.
Ah, tres bien. Bravo,
madame la comtesse.

Bravo.
You're so quiet
all at once, eh?
Now what's
happened?
Hmm?
Don't pretend
innocent with me.
I see the look
in your eye.
Don't you try
fooling with-
stop nudging me,
you wicked old woman.
I'm not a child.
I'll go when i please.
I see him, that big lug
leaning there, that texas.
You going to
the cathedral,
and it should be
for confession.
Of course, angelique. Cupidon,
take the marketing home.
Stay with us
until we're safe.
Do whatever will please
the old crow.
Oh, what a lovely
chou- fleur.
Still there.
Who, angelique? Who?
"Who, angelique?
Who, angelique!"
You and your cauliflower head
- you're two of a kind.
We'll now go
to the cathedral.
Cupidon, go home
with your basket
and meet us later
at begue's.
We'll ride.
I'm tired. It's hot.

I'm hungry.

Yes, ma'am.

Nice time for a ride
out to the lake.

Ma'am.

I hate to see anybody
as plum beautiful as you
riding in a moth-eaten
old basket like this,
let alone those two nags
a- pullin' it.

If you'll do me the honor
of riding in my carriage...

i'm driving a pair of
long-tailed bays to the runabout.

Brought them

all the way from texas,
and they're beauties, and
they're thoroughbreds, just like-
well, that sounds terrible,
but i don't mean to

compare you, ma'am, to a-
but if you'll allow me,
ma'am, l-

i'll, uh, i'll set down
this cup of coffee.

I ain't gonna let you
do it. Do you hear me?

I ain't gonna
let you do it.

Beautiful.

I think he's beautiful.

Ah! I'll
punish him.

Allez. Vite, vite.

I'll take him and lock
him up with the savages.

I'll lock him up
on bread and water.

So madame la comtesse
enjoys talking
to loutish cowboys?

I didn't talk to him.

He talked to me.

Even your aunt bess-
shut up! Do you
want me to slap you
right here
on the street?
I wish
i could die now.
Your mama made me promise
to take care of you,
but it's no use.
Common, common dirt!
Ah, shh.
If you please, pay
attention to your prayers,
not to someone
who ain't there.
I'm only looking
for those dulaines.
The dulaines don't wear 90-gallon hats.
Here we is, ladies-
the famous begue's.
All the quality eats here.
Whoa.
What are you
dressed up coachman for?
You look like
a monkey on a string.
We got horses,
haven't we?
Packed some of my paris
stuff from home.
I'll fix up these
nags yet.
Splendid, cupidon.
I'll tell you what, it's
too late for begue's-
oh, no. We ain't
gonna drive around
to be seen and followed
by that texas.
Wait here.
Pay the man
and come on, cupid.
And if a cowboy in

a white hat comes along,
we ain't here.
It would
serve you right
if he had cupidon brought
into court as a billy goat.
Not for him-courtrooms.
I know the looks.
Probably wanted
in texas himself
and skipped out with
somebody's carriage and horses.
Oh, angelique, don't
let's quarrel anymore.
I meant it to be
such a happy day.
All right, baby,
we don't quarrel,
but just you keep your mind
on what you came out for.
And remember,
20 years ago,
your mama walked in here
like a queen.
Bonjour, madame-
but... no.
For a moment i thought
you were-
but, of course,
it isn't possible.
I've heard my mother speak
of you often, monsieur begue.
They say i resemble her.
I'm la comtesse de trigonai
du chenfrais.
Of course.
Of course.
This way,
if you please.
Oh, i am so sorry, madame.
This table is reserved
every sunday morning
for the family of dulaine.
Splendid.

They'd be delighted.
A relative,
you know.
I want everything that
you're famous for-
you and madame begue.
All the delicious things
mama used to describe
to me in paris.
She spoke of my food
in paris?
Ah. Leon.
May i suggest,
perhaps,
madame begue's
renowned crawfish bisque?
Oh, mais non.
Enchante.
C'est magnifique.
C'est délicieux.
Je prepare everything
with my own hands
pour vous,
madame la comtesse.
Is it?
Cupidon, my fan.
Bonjour, madame begue.
We are late.
I trust everything
isn't gone.
Don't stare, ninnies.
Will they recognize me,
do you think?
Shall i speak to them?
Shall i say to that girl,
"hello, sister"?
She's my half sister.
Ah, madame dulaine.
Bonjour.
Bonjour, madame.
But she said, ah,
she's a relative.
But she
said that-

who's that
at our table, mama?
What are
they doing?
Leaving.
Keep quiet.
Come.
We will go.
Stay where you are.
I'm not leaving.
First folks in a hurry
i've seen in new orleans.
Is this begue's?
It was begue's.
Is he coming?
Going right by.
Not looking,
either.
Hey, cookie.
Now, while he
ain't looking,
come, baby.
I'm not nearly finished.
I'm going to have
an omelet souffle,
and after that some
strawberries with thick cream.
Yeah, burst your corset.
Stuff yourself.
With a figure
like a cow,
you'll get yourself
a fine husband. Oh, yes.
Or maybe you've already
picked that texas vache.
He's used to
bulging sides.
Texas, texas. What do
i care where he's from?
I'm not even
looking at him.
Well, do look,
then.
Can't read

the menu even.
What's all
this stuff?
Where i come from,
we write our menus
in american.
Beef and beans-
that's what
he's used to.
Even leon
is amused.
Kind of steamy
here in new orleans.
Oui, monsieur.
If he were mine,
i would have for him
four-dozen
white handkerchiefs
of the finest linen,
and you would
embroider his initials
in the most
delicate scrolls.
Me?
Embroider
for that cowboy?
He's never even seen
a white linen
handkerchief.
And linen, too,
for his shirts, i think.
Fine pleated linen.
And his initials
on them, too.
Initials. Initials.
What initials?
His initials,
whatever they are.
I don't know what the
devil those rognons are,
but i'll take a chance.
Oui, monsieur.
They say everything here
is lickin' good.

Psst.

Now what are you
gonna you do?

Leon, tell monsieur
seated over there-
the gentleman with
the big hat and boots-
if he's having difficulty
in choosing his breakfast,
i'll be happy
to assist him.

Ask him if he wouldn't perhaps
prefer to be served at my table.

We're old friends.

Quickly.

Common.

Common as dirt.

Keep quiet, angelique, or i'll
send you away somewhere to starve.

Fellow over there
told me that you said-
won't you sit down?

Angelique,

wait in the hall.

Cupidon, bring
the gentleman's hat
from the other table.

Then you wait
in the hall, too.

Say, thanks.

Back where i come from,
we kind of like to
stay close to our hats
on account of not knowing
when we might have to pull
out of a place right quick.

Forgive me, but you look
so big sitting there.

As far as that goes,
you look kind of
funny yourself, ma'am,
with that white stuff
on your face.

Voila, madame.

Oh, wonderful.
Please serve
monsieur, too.
Oh, i see.
I don't know what
we're laughing at,
but i haven't had
as much fun in a coon's age.
Down in texas,
they told me people were
standoffish in new orleens.
New orleans.
Fixing to learn me
the english language?
Teach.
There.
This is the famous
ragout du rognons,
especially prepared by
monsieur begue's own hands.
Have you got any ketchup?
Ketchup.
In paris now, everything
is eaten with ketchup.
It's the chic thing
for dinner in paris.
Ketchup
for monsieur.
Ha ha ha!
And when
they brought you
monsieur begue's
ragout de rognons
with a sauce prepared for days and days
by monsieur begue's
own magical hands,
you ask for ketchup!
Ha ha ha!
Frenchy, i can't
figure you out.
Is that why you
whip your horses?
Besides, i'm not french. I'm american.
I was brought up

in france.
I'm la comtesse de
trignonai du chenfrais.
Oh, you don't say?
Well, honey,
just to prove
i'm playing square
with you,
i'll tell you
my real name.
Clint maroon.
Now tell me yours.
Clint maroon. Do you
hear that, angelique?
The initials are c.m.
Whoa.
Won't you come in?
Hey, what kind of a
game is this, anyway?
Look, honey,
i was born in texas,
but it wasn't
yesterday.
I told you.
Hey, hold on.
There's no cause
of getting riled.
He ain't there.
Who isn't?
You know who.
He's been there
every day for a week
pawing the ground
worse than his horses,
but he ain't there today.
Go away someplace.
I will.
Go, then!
I'm going. I'd like
to go to paris, france.
You have
my permission.
I'd like to see
voodoo woman.

I'd spell that cowboy
into more trouble
than he ever
dreamed of!
Shame!
Cupidon?
Huh?
What you want?
Like some cake?
Baba au rum,
make it fresh today.
Like another piece?
You want something.
Tomorrow i fix you
creme brulee
or le ta de mer
a la creme.
You do want something.
I find letter today
in the hall.
I guess must be there
many years hiding itself.
What's it say?
Read it.
Heh heh heh!
Why you tear that?
What does it say?
I like that big cowboy
from texas.
He is a beautiful-
to know about horses-
yesterday i heard he won
\$1,000 at the racetrack.
At night, he gambles
on royal street.
At number 18,
they say never loses.
Have you
been talking?
No, but i just might.
Ha ha ha!
What does it say,
you macaque, you?
Crazy about her.

Going to bust
the house down.
I knew it.
Only bad happens to us
in new orleans.
What do you know?
This is fine
here in america.
Don't you bother your head
about little clio.
She knows her way about.
Anyway, i'm sick of
only women in the house.
Man around,
suit me fine.
Oh, you little...
you going out?
I didn't come
to new orleans
to sit in
dignified seclusion
in my house.
I'm going...
i'm going
to church.
Why?
Because it's sunday.
What are you
grinning at?
La la la la la
what kind of language is that?
Gumbo, cherl-
new orleans french
flavored with african.
What does that say
in american?
If you was a bird,
suzette
and i was
a gun martinet
i will shoot
you down, sure
i will
shoot you dead

oh, my dear
mahogany jewel.
I love you.
I love you like
a pig love the mud.
And i will
shoot you dead
da dee da la
da da da da da da
la la la la la
mm mm mm da da
a house isn't a house
unless it has about it
the scent
of a good cigar.
Where'd you hear that?
Where?
Mama used to say that,
poor darling.
Oh, she did, huh?
Look, this stuff
you've been telling me-
is it true?
I don't mean that stuff
about being a countess.
I mean... well, sometimes
you talk like a schoolgirl-
ask angelique.
Ask cupidon.
Those two? They'd lie
for you no matter what.
Well, if you think
i'm lying,
angelique is lying,
cupidon is lying,
why don't you go back
to that little lady in texas
you always been talking about?
The one who made you
that white satin tie
embroidered with
blue forget-me-nots.
What's the matter with that
tie? You're not jealous, are you?

It's terrible.
Tell me about her-
the finest little lady
in the world.
Blue eyes, you said,
and golden hair,
and so little, she
only comes up to there.
How nice.
When are you going
to marry, you two?
I don't aim
to marry anybody.
I go it alone, and i'm out for big game.
I'll marry.
I'll marry a husband very,
very rich and very respectable.
I'll be the best man
at your wedding.
Why not?
No, you'll be
far too handsome.
All the guests
would wonder
why i hadn't
married you.
Very, very rich
and respectable men
are so rarely
handsome.
Then, one can't
have everything.
Where i come from,
women are two kinds.
They're good
or they're bad.
What kind of a woman
are you?
Well...
on my father's side,
i'm very, very good-
prim, you might say,
and very respectable.
On my mother's side,

i'm...
how shall i say that
for your tender ears?
Sometimes i'm mama, who gave
everything for love...
sometimes i'm
my grandmama vaudray,
who gave everything,
too,
but not for love.
And sometimes i'm my
great-grandmama bonavie,
who was an actress.
Shucks, that's it. I keep
forgetting you're just a little girl
dressed up in your
ma's long skirts.
No. No, i'm not.
I'm very grown-up,
and i'm going to fool
the world.
Oh, you don't say?
What am i doing getting
hooked up with you?
That's what i
can't figure out.
What am i doing
in a house like this,
la-de-daing around?
Funny, the trouble
you can get into
just by talking to
somebody on the street,
not meaning
anything serious.
High time i cleared
out of here.
Leave new orleans?
Where would you go?
Up north.
Hadn't been for you, i'd
be out of here before now.
Too soft and pretty
around here for me.

Two or three weeks here,
and i was headed
for kansas city and chicago.
Oh, why, clint?
Gambling. I told you that's
how i picked up a little.
Then further north to
saratoga for the races.
Saratoga?
Is that a nice place?
July and august,
no place like it in the
whole world, they tell me-
racing every day
and gambling.
Millionaires, pickpockets,
sporting people,
politicians, respectable family folks,
famous theater actors
and actresses-
you'll find them all
in saratoga.
Say, why don't you
come along?
Later, maybe.
Why not now?
What's to keep you?
Mama.
Hey, you look
downright wicked.
Not wicked, clint.
Practical.
What are you setting in that
steel-trap mind of yours?
What?
I've sent cupidon
all through town.
He's listened
and learned.
He can find out
anything, that one-
all the gossip,
all the scandal.
There is

this daughter.
Daughter?
What daughter?
Charlotte terese,
she is called-
the daughter
of my father,
nicholas dulaine, and his
wife. She's 17 and creole.
Creole?
New orleans
aristocracy-
french
and spanish blood.
She's going to be introduced
into society next winter.
All very formal
and proper, you see.
It's not so proper if there pops
up more scandal in the family.
Hold on.
You're not fixing to
try blackmail, are you?
Oh, clint, how can you say such a thing?
If you are, i'll chuck you
and those two freaks so fast-
oh, no, no, no, clint.
You wouldn't do that.
Why wouldn't i?
You wouldn't like
people to say,
"what has happened
to the handsome texan
that went everywhere with
that beautiful creature?"
Oh, clint,
i'm so happy, clint.
Say that again.
I'm so happy, clint.
"Cleent." why don't
you talk american?
I'm so happy,
clint.
I love to hear

your voice.
It goes over me like
oil over a blister.
Womenfolks back home
are mighty fine-
they don't come
any finer-
but they kind of got
screechy voices.
Your voice kind of
puts me in mind
of a texas sky
at night...
soft and perfect.
What am i mixed up
with you for?
Look, what do you
want out of me?
You got me roped, tied, and
branded. Me, clint maroon.
The folks back home
would die laughing.
I'll be wearing ruffles
on my pants next.
I adore you
when you're angry.
I've seen lots
of women,
but i've never seen a
woman like you before.
There isn't anyone
like me, clint.
Go get your duds on.
We're going for a drive.
I ought to drag it
out of you.
Bonjour,
monsieur!
Hook up the team,
cupidon.
We're going
for a drive.
Oui, oui, boss.
Pronto!

Son of a gun!
I learned to talk
like a true cowboy.
You talk like nothing
i ever heard.
You ain't got one
kind thought for me,
have you, now, mammy?
You know, it's funny,
whenever i meet up
with somebody i don't like
or don't like me,
either i get out
or they do...
and i'm staying.
I don't parlez-vous
that stuff,
but i kind of catch on
you're not paying me
any compliments.
Holding you
the way i am, mammy,
i could crack
your backbone
just like
you'd split a fish.
You'd never be able
to walk or talk again,
and nobody'd know
i done it.
Shucks. I don't
want to hurt you,
but we're going to be
friends, you and me.
Oh, yes, we are.
Now, listen.
Miss clio
- she's never had any fun.
Maybe you and me and
cupidon all together,
we could fix it up
so she'd be happy.
I don't aim to hurt her.
I want to help her.

If it means she'll have
that rich husband
all comme il faut,
respectable?

Yeah.

I guess that's
what i mean.

You sure?

Anything
that she wants.

How'd you like me
to make you
one big pie
for dinner tonight?

That's great, mammy.

One thing i ask-
you do not
call me that.

What?

That-mammy.

It's one thing i hate
out of the slave days.

Me,

i'm angelique buiton.

Maybe it is vain of me,
darling,

but i like
to show you off.

Come away
from that window.

Mother, she just
drove by again.

Never mind, cherie.

Come practice
your piano.

Yes, mama.

Every day...

and if her carriage passing
by on the street were all.

The other night in a gambling
house on royal street.

Can you imagine a woman
in a gambling house?

Cheap, like her mother

before her.
What is she after,
mama?
We can't step foot
out of our house
for fear of meeting her
face-to-face.
At the market,
at begue's,
even at the cathedral.
People staring,
talking.
I will not have you go
on your knees to her.
Tonight i hesitate to occupy
our box at the french opera.
Our own box!
That looks to me
like real bad manners.
It's the continental
custom, cheri.
There is charlotte.
Very plain.
Very dowdy.
That woman
down on rampart street.
Remember?
Must be 15 years ago.
She shot him.
Hushed up.
This is the daughter.
Paris.
You look very happy
this evening.
I am.
Honey, you're wearing out the carpet.
Why don't you
gentle down-
quit snorting
and raring around?
Expecting somebody?
I always calm down.
Too much i've been handling
this charlotte, these dulaines,

with kid gloves.
How's that?
Now i'll go after them
with bare hands.
Cupidon? Cupidon?
Coming!
I want you to spread
the word all around town
that i'm turning this
place into a gambling house.
Let go of me!
You're hurting me!
Look, i've lived
a rough life.
I've come a far piece,
and i aim to go farther,
but you can't use me just
to muck up an old scandal.
Oh, clint!
I ought to break
every bone in your body.
It was just
an idea of mine.
You're right.
The idea is yours.
The whole rotten
outfit's yours.
You're using me.
Hitch up my team.
No-account french rat!
You can't talk to me
like that!
Who are you
- a big cowboy from texas,
and probably run out
as angelique said!
Maybe i was, but it
wasn't for blackmail.
For something worse, then?
Maybe you killed somebody
with those big guns you
carry around. Oh! Did you?
Maybe i did-
two or three,

but it was decent,
honest killing.
It wasn't this dirty, behind-the-back
stuff. It was me or them.
They!
Aim to make a gentleman
out of me, hmm?
No, no, no,
you're perfect.
Sure you do. All women
want to make their man over.
You are not my man. You belong
to that little woman in texas.
Don't be poking fun
at texas women.
They could teach you
a thing or two.
Who could?
Any of them could. Take
my ma, for instance-
came all the way from
virginia with pa in a wagon.
Oh, how very
uncomfortable.
Shut up! Helped him pioneer
the land they lived on,
built it up with
their own bare hands,
and made things grow
until... till they lost it.
Lost it?
How, clint?
Railroad men, they call
themselves. Highbindin' crooks.
They stole
pa's land from him
like he was a hick
at a country circus.
Almost broke his heart.
Said it wasn't
like america.
We got ideas about
america down there.
Did they harm

your mama, too?
Poor clint, you must
make them pay.
What in sam hill do you
think i'm after doing?
I promised myself when i grew
up, if i ever met up with them-
then you should.
And i will. I'd as soon shoot them down
as i would
a cottonmouth.
You see, cheri,
we are two of a kind.
Us?
Yes. You heard your
mother and father
talking of the wrong
that was done them.
I heard my mother
talking the same way.
Your mother?
Yes. She never
hurt a fly, clint.
Excuse me, honey, but if
shooting a man and killing him
ain't hurtin' him none...
no, she didn't
kill him.
I know, i know.
She happened to have the gun,
and it was pointing at him,
the bullet went in him,
and he died.
I tell you, no. If they
thought she was killing him,
why did they keep
sending her money
all those years
in france?
That's called hush money
where i come from.
I don't care what it's
called where you come from!
I'm going to get back at

them for what they did to her.
They can't stop me! You can't
stop me! Nobody can stop me!
Look, clio. Let's quit
this horsing around.
I'm heading north.
Go, then.
Like i said before,
you're welcome
to come along.
No. First
i must finish here.
I must have money.
I haven't any money,
either... i mean, money.
But i know how
to turn a trick...
most of the times
honest.
Honey, i can make out
for both of us.
I've been doing all right over
at the racetrack, the clubhouse.
Faro, roulette, sitting in
on poker games. Look here-
poker games! Poker games when
there are fools with millions!
Do you think i came here
to pick up dollar bits
like those girls
in your cheap dance
halls in the west, do you?
Right careless way
to handle money.
Of course, for somebody
that's going to
have it to burn-
yes, and when i have, it's going
to be my own. Mine-clio dulaine's.
Well, good luck.
When you think about us-
texas, paris-
it's downright comical.
Trying to sneak away

with me, huh?
We leave
these women, yeah?
I heard her tell you
what to do,
now you go and do it.
You go back there and take good
care of her, or i'll skin you alive.
Come in, monsieur.
Monsieur.
Mademoiselle.
From your letter asking
me to call at your office-
which you chose to ignore, mademoiselle.
Madame, or comtesse,
if you prefer.
I'd hoped we were
going to be honest
and straightforward.
Oh, but of course.
Good. I think
i should tell you,
i do not belong to the
old-school new orleans tradition.
I belong to
the post-war period.
The new orleans of the
river steamboat has ended.
You didn't come here to
discuss steamboats, monsieur.
I believe we understand
each other.
Now, i have here some-
no, no, no.
Please, no papers.
When my mother died,
there were so many.
You remember my mother,
monsieur?
Madame, uh...
you are causing a great
deal of pain to my client,
madame nicholas dulaine,
and her daughter

charlotte terese.
Your client
for many years
caused my mother
much greater pain.
This is blackmail.
You're right to say that
you're not of old new orleans.
I'm sure your manners are of a
more recent and unfortunate day.
After all,
i didn't ask to see you.
I was living here quietly
in my mother's house...
quietly?
...disturbing no one.
I'm young. I like to go
by the shops and theaters.
Still,
if as you suggest,
your actions can be
construed as blackmail-
my actions?
You can't frighten me
as you did my mother.
Good day, monsieur.
No, please.
Ahem.
No, thank you.
Um...
may we get
to the point?
I have here \$5,000.
It is that or nothing.
\$5,000 for what?
"I, who call myself
clio dulaine,
"sometimes known as the comtesse
de trigonai du chenfrais,
"daughter of the woman rita
who called herself dulaine,
"hereby agree and promise
"i shall leave new orleans
within the next 30 days

"and never to return.
I shall cease
to call myself dulaine."
"After leaving,
never to return,
"i shall do
and say nothing
"that will associate me
with the family of dulaine.
I hereby promise-"
and if i do not sign this
very inhospitable paper?
I have
political influence.
I can make it very
uncomfortable for you.
Not as uncomfortable as i
can make it for your client.
Shall we say 10,000?
Impossible.
Madame dulaine is
very far from wealthy.
I might possibly
stretch her to-
shall we save each other
some breath and say...
seven?
10,000.
Now, then, i, too,
have certain demands.
You have demands?
Don't be alarmed. They're
mostly sentimental.
The money is to be paid as
if for the sale of this house.
Agreed.
In fact, very clever.
Then it's to be
torn down
and all its furnishings
destroyed.
Destroy this house, all
this magnificent furniture?
I won't have

dirty eyes gloating
over the belongings
of my mother.
Agreed.
Then my mother is to be
returned to new orleans.
It was her dearest wish.
New orleans
was her home.
She's to be buried in the
cemetery of saint louis.
There is a plot of
unconsecrated ground there.
It'll have to do.
On her tomb
is to be placed
her name
- rita dulaine, beloved wife.
But, my dear child-
rita dulaine.
And flowers are
to be placed there
once a year
on all saints' day,
and her tomb is to be kept whitewashed.
When you have rewritten
your paper,
will you come back
this afternoon?
Do you think you can bring
charlotte terese to see me?
Impossible.
This is indecent.
I suppose,
but i think my father
would have liked it.
Au revoir,
monsieur.
Madame, i am
interested to know
what you are
going to do-
as a man,
an acquaintance,

not a lawyer, i mean.
\$10,000-
that can't last long.
I meant no offense.
I'm amused.
I don't mind telling
you i'm going to marry
a very rich
and powerful man.
You don't mean this fellow from
- this texas?
Oh, no, no, no-
not a penny, except
what he wins gambling.
I shall go
to greener fields.
I hope the money
will be of some help.
Madame?
Yes?
You are very beautiful.
I mean...
beautiful.
Yes. Isn't it lucky?
Letterman!
Put those with things we're gonna take
with us, not the things we're selling.
Big show you made
to that lawyer
was going to
destroy everything.
Sentimentality
is for the public.
Practicality
begins at home.
If that isn't
a proverb,
it ought to be.
Letter!
Ahh!
Who from?
What does he say?
"Dear countess,"
it begins.

He means that to
cut me to the quick.
"Every time i think about the..."
go about your work.
Take that chair
outside and burn it.
See to the packing,
angelique.
What did he say?
I haven't
finished it yet.
Smash those glasses.
Bartholomew van steed.
What you say?
Nothing.
What's he say?
He says he's
missing us very much.
Me, too?
All of us!
It's what
she always wanted.
She all fixed up
respectable now?
I hope so, angelique.
Well, that was
a good deed
what you've done
for your mama.
Yes. That does for mama.
Now we'll see what we
can do for little clio.
Gangway!
All aboard!
He must be the one,
running up and down like a
chick without its hen mother.
Come. Now the bus
is gone.
Angelique, hold the
jewel box well forward.
Look, angelique,
almost everyone is gone.
Really, i don't know

what we're to do.
I was to look for a bus
marked saratoga springs hotel,
but as you can see,
it isn't here.
Why,
i beg your pardon.
I couldn't help
overhearing.
I'm driving to the saratoga
springs hotel myself.
I couldn't
trouble you.
It's no trouble at all,
i assure you, madame...
or is it miss?
I'm la comtesse-
i am
mrs. Du chenfrais.
I'm bart van steed.
It's no trouble at all.
Bartholomew van steed.
How enchanting!
It's like being met
unexpectedly
by a friend
in a strange land.
It is a strange land
to me,
but perhaps you're
meeting someone else.
I was expecting
my mother.
She telegraphed that she
was arriving on this train.
And she didn't come?
Perhaps she missed the
train or changed her mind.
My mother never
misses a train.
And she never
changes her mind.
Perhaps someone
was playing a joke.

People do not
play jokes on me.
It was lucky that
i brought the phaeton.
Mother won't ride
in the dogcart.
But i'm afraid there
isn't room for all of you.
Mais certainement,
it will do beautifully.
My woman can sit back
there with your groom-
she's very thin-
and cupidon can stand here on the step.
Now, my bag right there at my feet.
Oh, but i
assure you-
oh, i don't mind. The hotel
porter will see to my trunks.
Angelique, you have
my jewel case? Good.
Cupidon, right here
on the step.
Oh, this is wonderful.
So very kind.
I don't know what
i should have done
if you hadn't appeared
like a shining knight.
Do people always stare
like this in america?
Well, when they have
someone like you to stare at.
I gather this is your
first visit to saratoga,
mrs. Du chenfraiss.
C'est vrai?
I speak some french.
Oh, no, no!
That is, i read french
much better than i speak it.
Hey, you!
Your best suite of rooms
for madame la comtesse!

Did you say...
mr. Roscoe bean-
our head usher.
Your ladyship.
If you please, i wish to live in america
quietly and
democratically
simply as
mrs. Du chenfraiss.
Your magnificent hotel
is exactly as
i knew it would be.
But your ladyship
- madame has been here before?
No. But my husband
le comte-the late comte.
Comte
du chenfraiss.
I don't seem to recall. Was it recently?
Please, i rather we didn't
speak of him anymore.
I'm not yet fully recovered
from my bereavement.
If i may be allowed
to live here quietly.
Of course, of course. Incognito.
How well i remember when his
excellency, the marquis de-
i assure you
mrs. Du chenfraiss
is not interested in his excellency,
but in her accommodations.
Of course, of course, accommodations.
Accommodations-
dear me.
But we have no
accommodations.
If madame had only
let us know in advance.
Perhaps one of
the other hotels?
Mrs. Du chenfraiss,
no!
Tomorrow i can

let you have a suite
in one of the cottages in the rear.
I? At the rear?
That's preposterous!
You must accommodate
mrs. Du chenfraiss.
Why, i, myself,
will give up my-
excuse me, ma'am...
but i couldn't help overhearing
what you were saying.
My name's maroon.
Clint maroon.
Really,
gentlemen, i...
no offense, ma'am.
Look here, you can't address
a lady you've never met.
Introduce us, then,
and make it legal.
I'm aiming to help
the little lady.
Mrs. Du chenfraiss, may
i present colonel maroon?
Right glad to meet you,
ma'am.
I'm occupying three rooms
just to stretch my legs,
and you might as well
have a couple of them.
No, i wouldn't think of
turning you out of your rooms.
There's no sense of me
using all that space.
I'll go and get my things out,
and you can move in right now.
How good of you,
colonel, uh...
maroon. Clint maroon.
What a delightful name!
So american.
Texas, ma'am.
Texas? I should
love to see texas.

Play your cards right,
ma'am, and maybe you can.
Well, i'll mosey along
and be out in two shakes.
Oh, how can
i thank you?
I feel that we are
actually friends.
I'm happy to have
been of service.
I hope that your
dear mother's telegram
will soon be followed by her
company. Good-bye, mr. Van steed.
Oh, i'll see you
again soon,
since we're living
under the same roof.
Who is this gentleman,
your friend in the white hat?
He's the real figure
of an american. Who is he?
Maroon? Texas cattleman, i'm told.
Some such thing. But
he's no friend of mine.
Oh, a pity. In paris, he
would have been the rage.
Your mother didn't come,
bartholomew. What a disappointment.
Mrs. Bellop.
You're not playing a little
joke on us, are you, bart?
You didn't drive down to the depot
just to meet a certain somebody else?
I'm not obliged to
explain my behavior
to a lot of harpies
on a hotel piazza.
She's really lovely.
I tell you, i don't
even know the lady.
You must introduce me sometime.
I should love to meet her.
Raise those shades.

Mind that luggage.
I'll have a housekeeper
and chamber maids
up here immediately.
Nothing now,
thank you.
No maids.
I must rest.
Cupid, run down to see
if the trunks have come.
Well, it looks like this is
about all of my stuff, ma'am.
It's so kind of you,
mr. - Colonel maroon.
I feel quite guilty.
No call to at all.
Good day, ma'am.
Well, it looks like
we're going to be neighbors.
I'll lock the door on your
side, mrs. Du chenfraiss.
Now, if you'll kindly lock it
on your side, colonel maroon.
It's a double lock,
you see. Both sides.
If there's anything
i can do for you-
if there's anything at all, mr.
Bean, i'll send for you at once.
Thank you so much. Now,
you will let me know if-
how are you, ma'am?
If you'd called me "ma'am"
down there once more,
i'd have screamed.
I sure would have admired
to hear you, ma'am,
only i'd have hated to
have you scare bart away.
How in sam hill you get
him eating out of your hand?
I'd discovered that mrs. Van
steed was safely in bar harbor
having a grandchild,

so i sent him a telegram
to meet me at the station.
And he came?
I signed it "mama."
Huh.
When i saw him sashaying
in acting like he owned you-
are you jealous-
you're durn tooting,
i'm jealous.
Just have to get
used to it, my darling.
We mustn't forget
why i'm here.
Send her away.
It was
a long train trip.
My poor child.
I didn't sleep not one
hour on that dreadful train.
Thinking up that
flashy entrance?
Ha ha! Clever,
wasn't it?
What did you come here for, anyway?
I was getting along
fine.
Did they get wise to you and
kick you out of new orleans?
You know very well why i came
here. Have i ever pretended?
No, but ain't you ever
gonna be satisfied?
Satisfied with what?
Some good jewelry?
Mama's made-over clothes?
Money enough to last me over
the summer if i'm careful?
I want respectability
and comfort and security!
We cannot get used
to each other, cheri.
Not too much. That would
be bad, n'est-ce pas?

Oh, very bad.
Ness pop.
It's no use arguing
with her, mr. Clint.
She's very tired.
She ought to go to sleep.
Oh, there are hundreds of things
i must know before i sleep.
Stop scowling like a cross
little boy and talk to me!
Peaches!
Peaches! Hey, you!
Peaches!
Hey, clio! Hold it!
You can't do that!
You can't do that!
Come here!
I want a peach!
I'm hungry!
Stop screaming
into the streets!
Here's cupidon!
He can go!
Quick, cupidon,
before the man is gone!
Hey, you little
soldier!
Bring me
some champagne.
Fresh peaches bobbing
in a glass of champagne!
That's the way mama
used to drink it in paris!
Peaches! Peaches!
Mrs. Bellop, i looked
it up in burke's peerage.
There's no
du chenfrais.
Of course there isn't.
Burke's peerage is english,
and she's french.
Oh, good morning,
little man.
How long have you been with the

countess, and where did you come from?

Oh, so i'm

a fat old sow, am i?

Merci bien!

That's the way

i love it. Mmm.

Cozy and everyone near me...

and things stirring.

Take a little sip, cheri.

Just a little sip.

It's heavenly.

Peaches

in champagne?

That's no drink

for a man.

Don't be like that.

Tell me everything.

Tell me about

these men...

these rich,

respectable old men

who sit and rock

on that huge piazza.

If it's bart van steed

you have on your mind,

he's gonna be too busy

to bother about you, honey.

I heard yesterday

they're out to get him.

Why? How? When?

Van steed owns a railroad

between albany and binghamton,

right up here

near saratoga.

It's what they call a trunk

line, only about 100 miles long.

Years ago, his mama gave

it to him to play with-

his first

little railroad.

Now it's turned up

worth millions.

Why millions?

Angelique, stop rattling that paper!

Why is this saratoga
trunk worth millions?
How can i sleep when there are
things like this i must know?
Tell me-why millions?
Well, it seems
it's the link
between the new pennsylvania
hard coal lands and new england.
Sure thing,
it's worth millions.
Does he know this?
Van steed?
Listen, he ain't
as loco as he looks.
Don't raise your eyebrows
when i say "ain't."
Raymond soule's crowd
have been going at it
with every dirty trick
there is in the book.
Graft. Politics. Force.
For what they're doing,
they'd be strung up for outlaws
out west. You wouldn't believe it.
They hire gangs to go out and tear
up tracks and chop down trestles.
Folks won't ride the railroad
anymore. It ain't safe.
That's just what this
soule's figuring on-
running it right down
to nothing.
Buy it up cheap
- hair, hide, horns, and tallow.
Who is he?
He's boss of the upstate railroad crowd.
Likely, you were too busy making goo-goo
eyes when you come in to notice him.
Always sitting
there on the piazza
hiding behind
a couple of bodyguards.
Don't let his size fool you.

He's big poison.
Is he rich?
Rub my foot,
cheri.
Huh.
Couple of hundred million.
Maybe more.
Is he married?
No, honey. No.
I mean, no for you.
Well, one never knows.
Now, go on, cheri.
I'm fascinated.
Mmm, that feels good.
There's more to
this soule bunch.
They're hooked up with those
skunks that came through texas.
Oww!
You're hurting me!
Sorry, honey.
I was thinking.
My fingers just itch
to get ahold of a gun
when i think of that pack of
varmint out there rocking.
I bet i could pick one or two
of them off from your window.
Poor little
bartholomew van steed.
Poor little mama's boy.
No one to help him.
Don't worry about
little bartholomew.
He's got a good team, too-
for one, the richest
banker in new york,
the fellow that's got that
place down on wall street-
the house of
something or other-
and that scotchman who owns all
those steel mills and coal mines,
and plenty of others.

Railroads! Railroads!
Railroads!
What do i care
about railroads?
What am i doing here?
Who are you? How do i know who you are?
Holy cats! Now what's
eating the countess?
There, baby,
angelique is here!
Mr. Clint,
that champagne make her sad.
Why don't you gentle down,
honey, and quit snortin' around?
Go away! Go away!
Everybody, go away!
Stop screeching around here
like a crazy mare.
First thing you're happy,
then you're tired.
Now you're sad
or something.
Try that again, and
you'll be here all alone.
Ooh, what's that?
From the man who brought
us from the station.
Clint... is he the one i shall marry?
I don't give a hoot
who you marry,
but you're not gonna
get me to act as your-
you'll act towards me with
the dignity and respect
of someone who's met mrs. Du
chenfrais for the first time.
A widow
so recently bereft-
of her senses.
But not her
dramatic sense.
They'll be
expecting me.
They'll be

waiting for me.
So for days and days,
i'll stay up here,
and i'll let them
wait and wonder.
I'll stay here
and watch the show.
Why, these people will make
cold hash out of you in a week.
They'll tear you
to pieces,
and i'll stand by
and laugh.
Hey, look,
she's clean beat out.
And no wonder
drinking champagne in
the middle of the day.
What are we gonna do
with her, angelique?
When she's like this, ain't
anybody can do anything.
She like this in paris
before she come.
She like this in new
orleans before she met you.
She sleep perhaps one day,
perhaps two or three.
But when she wake up,
zumba! Look out!
Look out? What can she do
she hasn't done already?
Crazy stuff!
Where boss man
go now?
To the horses?
All right, we'll go
to the track if you want.
Anyplace we can smell
some fresh air.
Sure! Sure, boss. We go to
the horses. Women is crazy!
N'est-ce pas? You betcha. Son of a gun!
Maybe they dead.

Mama...
clint...
oh, cheri.
What time is it?

7:

Oh...
why, baby, you slept
two days, last i know.
Oh, i feel wonderful!
Quick, angelique,
my gabrielle!
Look out, that's
what i told him.
My mind is
clear and bright,
just as
i knew it would be.
And i have a plan,
as i knew i would have.
What now?
More mess?
You'll see.
Roll up the shades!
Tell me,
where is mr. Maroon?
Ain't seen
nor heard of him.
Good. Where's cupidon? In here?
Poor little man.
Howdy, ma'am.
Good morning, cupidon.
Why didn't you sleep downstairs
in the room provided for you?
He said stay near you and the old crow.
Ah, to watch me,
no doubt.
Tell me,
what have you found out?
Who are
the important people?
Well, there's
that fat woman.
Ha ha ha!

Who is the fat woman?
Bellop.
Don't make
ugly noises.
That's her name-
bellop.
They say everybody in
saratoga's afraid of her.
Yes?
She tried to
question me about you.
I pretended to
speak only french.
And what
do you think?
She speaks french
like anything!
So...
well, out of here,
both of you.
Make yourself
neat and smart.
You, cupidon, look to
your shoes and buttons.
Be polite to the hotel
servants. No tricks!
And you, angelique,
no voodoo, no witchwork.
Your best black silk!
We're going to the springs.
About time.
Two days lost.
Red heels
ain't for widows.
It's the way
i feel today.
My husband has been dead as a
herring for at least two years.
You full of
the devil.
Your ladyship,
mrs. Du chenfrais.
How have you been,
mr. Bean?

Frantic.
Simply frantic.
Two days! There have
been dozens of inquiries.
How kind of people
to take such interest.
We pictured you
desolated with your grief.
I think i'll take
the waters this morning.
I hear your famous springs
are most healthful.
Perhaps you could
recommend one.
Of course. We have a
specially prepared booklet.
I told you these two days
haven't been wasted.
Regardez.
By the front door.
That's the one been asking
questions about you.
For example, there's
the triton water-
gout, irritated stomachs,
pimples blotches, ulcers.
Please, mr. Bean!
The empire spring is
very gay. The band plays-
good morning.
Mrs. Du chenfrais,
i'm mrs. Coventry bellop.
I want to welcome you
to saratoga...
and to tell you
that i had the great
pleasure of knowing
your late lamented husband-
dear, dear bimby.
Is it possible?
Well, isn't it?
Hardly. He was
almost a recluse.
Perhaps you're thinking

of his younger brother-
the black sheep,
i'm afraid.
He was known as bimby among his friends.
I shouldn't wonder,
if you say so.
I told you you were wrong to
be suspicious of this lady.
Me? My dear
mrs. Bellop!
Oh, isn't that-
but of course it must be-
mr. Raymond soule,
the railroad man.
Yes, indeed.
I'll speak to him.
Nobody ever speaks
to mr. Soule
unless mr. Soule
speaks to them first.
Good morning, mr. Soule,
so pleasant to see you!
My husband
spoke of you.
I am mrs.
Du chenfrais.
I do not know
the name.
You'll recall him as
le comte du chenfrais.
Please
don't stand up.
Perhaps it
was this colonel...
white hat maroon i
heard speak of you.
I don't know him, either.
The texan-the one who's
says he's going to ruin you?
Good day, mr. Soule.
Such a lovely chat.
Now i'm walking to
this delightful empire spring.
Walking! But everybody

rides to take the waters.
But i am here
for my health.
What a woman!
She makes
her entrance here
on the arm of our
most eligible bachelor.
She disappears for two
days while we wonder.
When she reappears, her first
act is to be seen talking
to the almighty
mr. Soule.
But she walks
to the springs.
What will people
say? It's heresy.
Don't be any sillier
than you are, dear beanie.
It's sheer genius...
if she can get
away with it.
Another cup,
angelique.
I can feel it
doing me good.
Good morning,
mrs. Du chenfraiss.
Good morning.
Good morning.
You've been ill?
You didn't come down...
not ill. Weary.
I can
understand that.
But you look-
you seem to be
fully recovered,
that is, if appearances are anything.
Thank you.
You must have driven
down very early.
I didn't drive.

I walked.
Walked? Then you must
allow me to drive you back.
No, no.
I'm walking back.
I intend to walk down and
back every morning early-
that's one of
the european cures.
Splendid idea. You must
allow me to walk with you.
If you care to.
Good day.
May i stroll
with you?
Of course.
There's that
fascinating mr. Maroon.
You presented him,
remember?
And he will ask to
drive me back, too.
You're all so kind.
He's the reason i've been
so weary until now.
All that first night,
he kept me awake.
If he's been
annoying you-
no, not him, exactly.
It was talk, talk,
talk in the next room.
Railroads, railroads-
i thought i should go mad.
I'm thinking of moving to a
cottage apartment this morning,
for quiet.
They weren't talking
railroads, were they?
What could they say
about railroads
that would keep
a charming woman awake?
I don't know. Such things

are too much for me.
Oh, albany
and trunk lines.
Tell me, what is
the saratoga trunk?
I thought it was
something for clothes.
Trunks and railroads kept whirling
around in my head. Maddening, it was.
Have i said something?
You look troubled.
Good morning,
mrs. Du chenfraiss.
Colonel maroon.
If you're going back
to the hotel-
what is this i hear about
you talking railroads so loud
that this lady has to move
out of her rooms?
You've been circulating
this morning.
On my way out of the hotel
just now, i met mr. Soule.
He wanted to know what this
was about my threatening to-
soule? Are you
hooked up with him?
I hope i haven't said
anything i shouldn't.
Just to know you've had my name
on your lips gives me pleasure.
You shouldn't be angry
with colonel maroon.
He's on your side.
I distinctly heard his
voice say that he thought
you were more clever
than any of them.
By that time,
they were shouting.
When i was talking to mr. Soule
this morning on the piazza,
i thought his voice sounded like

the one who was disputing mr. Maroon.

Mr. Maroon was telling him
he had some kind of a plan
that was going to win
this railroad war.

He was going to offer it
to you and ruin mr. Soule...
or was it the other way
around?

Oh, oh, dear me...

i hope you aren't
angry with me.

Oh, dear mr. Van steed,
oh, dear colonel maroon,
i detest

strong-minded women
who interfere
in men's affairs.

I understand, ma'am.

Colonel, possibly you could
run my railroad better than I-
now, gentlemen, this is no
place to discuss business.

Have you forgotten you've asked
me to have breakfast with you?

Well, that's
hardly possible.

I'm having breakfast
over at the track
with the grooms
and the jockeys.

Oh, what
a delightful surprise!
Ladies can't eat
in stables.

Well, this one can.

Miss clio! You're
not going without me,
miss clio!

Let him come.

I do want
to thank you
for the lovely
pink roses you sent.

I am glad
you liked them...
and don't forget,
mrs. Du chenfrais-
you're dining with me
tonight.
Delighted.
Cheri,
you're not angry.
Take your hand off my arm! What
do you think i'm driving? Cattle?
How can you talk to me like that?
No one has ever talked to me-
it's time they did, then.
Clint, i have such a clever
idea. I'm only trying to help you.
I'll try to explain this
slow and easy
without losing my temper.
Really, you should be proud of me.
I'm only thinking of your future.
Interrupt again, and i'll
smash in your pretty nose.
I've got some plans
of my own.
Oh, clint, have you?
What are they?
And i don't need you
to come busting in.
Let's see... i'm only a woman.
I don't have a right to think.
I've got every respect
for womankind,
but in texas, it's the men
who wear the pants.
I was up here
wearing mine.
Now you come along, starting
trouble, acting downright loco.
What have i done?
I only just arrived.
And then what? Screeching
out of hotel windows,
peaches and champagne

in the middle of the day,
pulling
the sleeping beauty act,
sashaying out telling the
doggonedest mess of lies.
You planning
to keep this up?
Yes. I've thought of the
most wonderful things.
It's going to be better
and better all the time.
I don't give a hang
what you do
as long as you keep your
nose out of my affairs.
I can be nagged by women, i can be
fooled by women, i can be coaxed by women,
but no woman's
going to run me.
You just pin back those
pretty ears of yours
and take heed
of what i'm saying.
Cheri, i think that even
when i marry someone else,
i'll always
love you best.
Heaven help the man that
takes up with you for life.
I wouldn't be in his shoes,
not for a million.
I'm hoping he'll have
much more than a million.
If you mean
little bartholomew,
his mama brushes girls
like you aside like flies.
His mama isn't here,
cheri.
When she hears what you're
doing to her baby boy,
she will be,
soon enough.
And he'll pay heed

to her, too.
He was brought up
prim and proper.
He was brought up
by a woman
who was stronger and more
possessive than he-his mother.
I'll be stronger and
more possessive than she.
And cleverer.
You'll see, cheri.
Women are the most unmoral
people there are.
Cheri,
darling, darling.
Attention!
Aah!
Jumping catfish!
You see what you do to me?
I don't know whether
i'm going or coming.
You intend to stay over in this
country long, mrs. Du chenfrai?
That depends, mr. Van steed,
upon so many, many things.
On what, for instance?
Things you'd consider
quite sordid, i'm afraid.
Sordid?
Everything is so
expensive over here.
It takes so many francs to
make one american dollar.
You should never have to
worry about such things.
You're so-
you should have everything
that's beautl-
well, beautiful.
You're so kind.
You smoke cigarettes,
mrs. Du chenfrai?
Well, i've never seen a lady
smoke a cigarette before.

It's a continental
custom, i suppose.
I've smoked since
i was a baby.
Yes, but...
people will...
well, in a hotel,
people talk.
How kind of you to
protect me like that.
I'm not used
to american ways,
but a cigarette...
a cigarette is sometimes
cozy when one is lonely.
Don't you find it so,
mr. Van steed?
I'm a cigar
smoker myself.
Oh, but of course.
So masculine.
I shouldn't think you'd be
lonely, mrs. Du chenfrais.
You're so popular
and...
well, a woman
of the world.
Oh,
mrs. Du chenfrais!
Have i
said something?
A woman of the world.
Imagine for yourself if your
dear sister, for example,
would suddenly find herself
a widow and alone in paris,
alone with only a servant
or two and knowing no one.
She follows the way to which she is
accustomed in her old loved america.
Is that a woman
of the world?
Oh, mrs. Du chenfrais-
clio, i...

you called me clio.
How dear, how good...
how friendly.
What?
You're such a help to me.
Help? I?
You can't guess how much
i would like to do for you.
All i can say is that your
friendship is the most beautiful thing
that ever happened
to me.
Shall we go in?
The music's started.
Colonel maroon.
Countess.
We might as well
get rid of this.
Van steed
won't be here now.
I saw him on the arm
of the countess.
You could have your poker game
if i could have the other arm.
Van seems to be going all
the way for this french girl.
Or is the french girl
going for him?
Before he's through,
he might find that more
expensive than poker.
I'll tilt you
1,000.
Are they that
good, colonel?
You can throw in
a handful of stock
in that saratoga
trunk line of yours
if you're short of chips.
Looks like it won't be
worth much nohow
when soule and his crowd
gets through with it.

Why do you
want it?
Why are you
interested?
If i had it, i wouldn't let
anybody take it away from me.
Leastways,
not without a scrap.
And how do you propose to do that?
You don't understand
all this fight involves.
It's tied up
in politics.
Soule's crowd has
sewed up the law courts.
Law? Where
i come from,
possession is
nine points of that.
They've got
the legislature,
and they've
manipulated the stock.
Even down in texas,
we know that watering stock
don't only mean
just giving the cows a drink.
But you're right.
All that stuff-
dirty politics-
that ain't up my alley...
but fighting is.
I've never seen one yet
that wasn't won by
being quicker on the draw.
I'd fight them
barehanded-
same old plan
we used out west
when the sheepmen tried to run
the cattlemen off the range.
Soule's crowd
is wrecking your railroad.
You've got to keep it running

or lose your franchise.
I'd battle them bloody.
I'd run them off the range.
Lordy, lordy,
i think maybe you would.
Where have you been
hiding this man?
I'd get me a bunch of boys
together, the real hard-muscled kind.
There's a lot of them
down where i come from
that don't like railroads any
more than they do rattlers.
Worse.
It's the wild east.
We hang men down there
for less crimes
than you boys do to
each other just in fun.
What can we lose that
we aren't losing now?
Maybe we'd better let this
minority stockholder in
just to take care of us.
All right, it will cost
you all a fistful of stock.
A big fistful.
It's worth it, colonel,
if you can do this.
I'll do it.
I'll go the whole hog
to put my brand
on that crowd that
came through texas.
I've got a little score
of my own to settle.
Win this, and you won't have to
stop with any fistful of stock.
I'll take you along with
me, right up the line.
I ought to warn you... likely,
i'll have the whole railroad
before i'm through.
Colonel, i think

you're my boy.
Just hang a welcome sign on the front
door of that house of yours on wall street.
You've just acquired
yourself a partner.
Morning,
colonel.
Hey, what's up?
The cats seem to be meowing
louder than ordinary this morning.
Colonel maroon, you kill
me the way you put things.
It's madame van steed.
Madame van steed
has arrived.
You don't say.
Battle 'em bloody!
Run them up the range!
Son of a gun!
Ha ha ha!
I listen to
all the poker games.
I'm just keyhole-sized.
Quit talking!
Wranglers and poker games-who
cares about all that?
Where's mr. Clint
all the time?
Where have you been?
You ain't touched
your lunch, honey.
Mr. Clint.
Saw the bellboy
stagger
and thought i'd help him with his load.
Bartholomew's
splurging.
Flowers. That's
a northerner for you.
Why ain't he sent you
jewelry?
To take jewelry
from a man
that's not your husband,

that isn't nice.
My ma never had any
husband any more than you,
but she got jewelry-
diamonds and ruby rings
and large stone necklaces.
I'll give you
my diamond stickpin
if you want it, honey.
How are you making out
with little bart?
Wonderfully.
That's fine, countess.
I reckon i just wasn't
worth frettin' about
that day
at the french market.
Where have you been,
clint? Why don't i see you?
Business-
playing railroad,
gettinne,
too.
You know, i'd like to
take you around, honey,
but i had a little
matter to attend to.
Now, bart, he'd come a
- running if he knew you wanted to go out.
Why don't you send
cupidon over with a note?
How dare you!
What's up? Have i said something-
how dare you say to me
that you're busy
and suggest that i go around asking
other men to take me here and there?
Hold on. I didn't say
anything about other men.
I said bart. He's the man
you're fixing to marry.
Oh. So that's it.
You're jealous.
Yeah. Leastways, i

would be if i had time,
but i'm busy
as a sheepdog.
It's too bad your plan
isn't working out so well.
Whose plan isn't?
In a game like yours,
you got to work quick
and get out before
they find the pea
under
the walnut shell.
Yeah. It's too bad
you're too late.
Too late?
I sure hate
to tell you.
It seems
downright cruel.
Bart's mama's come.
Mama van steed.
Yes, ma'am,
countess.
The queen of saratoga, the head cat.
The lioness has come
to defend her cub.
When?
She descended this
morning, they tell me,
with her claws showing
and her fangs bared.
The other tabbies are paying court
to her on the piazza right now.
I wonder how your pretty
skin's gonna look in ribbons?
Angelique,
get my things.
Cupidon,
get the carriage
and take miss clio
for a drive.
I think she'll need
some fresh air.
You betcha.

Mrs. Du chenfraais
is coming now, mother.
De trigononai du chenfraais
de fiddlesticks.
She's an adventuress.
It's written all over her.
Good morning,
countess.
Colonel maroon.
Fetch her.
Oh, mrs. Du chenfraais.
My mother says she would
very much like to meet you.
She has heard
so much about you.
I would be enchanted to
meet your dear mother.
Good morning, countess.
Comment ca va?
Bon jour,
madame.
Good morning,
clarissa.
Good morning.
May i present
mrs. Du chenfraais.
How do you do?
I hear you call yourself a countess.
No. I call myself
mrs. Du chenfraais.
Very clever.
Won't you
sit down?
You say you've been here
before, they tell me.
No. My dear husband
was here once.
Dear edouard-
the late comte.
That ninny roscoe bean
couldn't find
your husband's signature
in the hotel register.
Isn't that odd?

His signature?

I've been coming to the
saratoga hotel for years.

I've met every
well-known person
that ever stopped here-
in my day, that is.
And i've searched the
registers, old and new...

but no
comte du chenfraiss.

Are you sure
he stayed here?

Eh?

Incognito.

When a french diplomat is in
america on affairs of state,
it's sometimes wise
to discard titles.

Well, i'm quite sure
mother doesn't mean-
i'm quite sure that
mother does mean.

She doesn't mean a thing,
do you, clarissa?

I always did tell
dear etienne
that his passion for shunning
the limelight was silly.

Etienne?

And who is etienne?

Her husband.

I knew him well.

Didn't you say
edouard?

His intimates
called him etienne.

A pet name.

Clarissa, i always say
it doesn't pay to inquire
too closely into the background
of us summer saratoga folk.

Take you, clarissa.

You call yourself a lady,

but that doesn't necessarily
mean that you are one, does it?
I advise you to stay
out of this, sophie.
I was merely going to
remark in all innocence
that my family
can remember
when your family
climbed out of the gutter.
Come,
mrs. Du chenfraiss.
Shall we have
a bit of a chat?
That would be
charming.
Enchanted to have met you,
madame van steed.
You're all that your dear son
has led me to expect.
I hope you weren't
too sharp
with that very
provincial old lady.
Provincial old lady?
She's an old hellcat.
Thank you very much for
being helpful. Good-bye.
Nonsense, my girl. I want to
talk to you. It's important.
In the garden?
No. In your room.
We can talk better there.
If you'd asked me
who i'd rather be
than anyone else in the
world at this minute,
i'd say you.
Me? But why?
No reason.
No reason, my girl.
Except that you're young
and beautiful and smart,
and you've got two dashing

young men in love with you.
At least, poor bart would
dash if that old harridan
would let go of his coattails
long enough to let him dash.
And you'd be very rich
if you use some sense.
Angelique,
bring the coffee in here.
Yes, ma'am.
Just what is it
you want of me?
Money.
I have no money.
But you will have.
How?
Listening to me.
You have no money. Why haven't
you listened to yourself?
Because i'm not you. I explained
that to you a minute ago.
Tell your woman
to shut the door.
Doesn't matter.
She knows
everything.
She never talks.
No, thank you.
If you mean to harm me,
she'd be likely to kill you.
She'd make a little figure
like you out of soap,
and she'd stick pins into it,
and you'd sicken and die.
Not i. I've had pins
stuck in me all my life-
knives and everything
up to pickaxes.
All my life, mrs. Bellop,
i've been very direct.
If i wanted
to do a thing
and it was possible, i did
it. I say what i want to say.

That old lady
on the piazza dislikes me.
She makes no pretense.
I admire her for it.
I shall be grateful
if you'll be as honest.
You're right.
She hates you.
She wants to run you
out of saratoga,
and she'll do it
unless...
unless?
Look, my girl,
i know that you're no more
the countess de trumprechoochoo
than
i'm queen victoria.
But if i say you are,
if i stand up for you
against that old buzzard and her crew,
the world will
believe you are.
I've watched you, and i'll say
this, you've been wonderful-
bold and dramatic
and believable.
But from now on,
you're gonna need a
strong arm behind you,
and that handsome texan's
arm isn't gonna be enough.
It's got to be
a woman
that's smarter than old lady van steed
and somebody that
she's scared of.
That's me.
You saw it.
I look like
a wash woman,
but i've got family
and influence,
and all she's got are

two generations of money.
What do you want?
I know my way
around this world.
I know what it is
to be very rich,
and i know what it is
to be very poor.
I've lived on nothing
for years... in luxury.
Blackmail?
Oh, give me credit for
being smarter than that.
I make certain hotels
fashionable by touting for them.
I put saratoga
on the map.
I made newport, though i must
say i can't bear the place.
I've been everywhere. I know
europe, and i know america.
And if i give a party that
somebody else pays for,
everybody comes
because i'm giving it.
Don't ask me why.
I don't know.
I've got
nothing to lose
because
i live by my wits.
They can't take
those away from me.
And i say and i do
as i please
because i'm not
afraid of anybody.
It's a grand
feeling.
In a way,
you're just like i am.
I've always-
i know
all about you.

I have connections
in new orleans.
How much do you want?
Your name
was clio dulaine,
and now you want it to be
mrs. Bartholomew van steed.
I think you can get him
with my help,
though
why you want him
with that texan
around-
me, i'd marry him though
he hadn't a penny.
Those shoulders
and small through the hips,
and the way
he looks at you-
oh, me!
Always was a fool.
I'll take 25,000 down
on the day of the wedding
and 10,000 a year for life.
I don't want to be grasping.
How do you know that
i can't do this alone?
Try it.
Come in.
Edouard. Etienne.
Are you two
plotting something?
You look guilty
as all get out.
If i were only 25
years younger, my boy-
mrs. Bellop has offered
to be my chaperone.
A little late,
i'd say.
Not too late,
we hope.
Not too late
for what?

For social
success
and marriage
to someone
who's really
mad about her,
with
your blessing.
She's got that now.
I'll see you later.
I got to pack my bag.
Pardon me.
Clint!
I almost forgot to
tell you, honey.
I'm taking
a little trip.
Where?
Where are you going?
Albany.
What for? You used
to tell me everything.
What are you
keeping from me?
On business.
A couple of days.
Business?
Now, what business?
Cupidon will
take care of you.
And bart.
Want me
to go with you?
Now, look here, honey, you
can't go traveling around
with colonel
maroon,
a respectable widow
like you.
You set out to catch
yourself a millionaire.
You got him
roped and tied.
Now all you got to do is

cinch the saddle down on him.
Poor little bart.
In his place,
i sure would feel cheap
to think i was being married
just for my money.
You never need
to fear.
If you win \$500 at cards,
you feel yourself rich.
That sweet little woman in texas
has just such ambitions, i'm sure-
the one who makes those
ravishing white ties,
those blue
forget-me-nots.
Sure is comical
how a woman likes
to put her mark
on a man with a needle.
You couldn't rest
nor wait
till you had me crawling
with all those fancy initials
on my shirts
and handkerchiefs.
I look to wake up some day and
find a big "c" branded on my rump.
Bart hasn't asked me
to marry him.
He isn't
the asking kind.
You got to tell him.
Sure was different
in new orleans.
Why can't it be
like that here?
You were mighty sweet
those days.
Ornery,
but mighty sweet.
Clint, cheri.
You're not leaving me.
Take me with you.

All the way?
Me the boss?
When will you be back?
Why?
I want you to take me
to the ball saturday.
I thought you were
fixing to go with bart.
I was, but...
better go with him.
Adios, honey.
And good luck.
I know. I heard,
and i won't pretend
that it was accidental.
Why doesn't
he understand?
What man ever did?
It isn't the money!
I want security,
protection, respectability-
things that have been very scarce
on my side of the
family, even my own mama.
I know about your mother and her
mother and all the other generations
of getting the dirty end
of the bargain.
Mama and all she
stood in new orleans
and all that
i saw in paris,
that was something to
make one really sick!
I won't be treated
like her!
I won't! I won't!
No need to, if you follow my advice.
No, mrs. Bellop.
I think i'll just
go on alone.
I don't want you
to think i'm ungrateful.
You've been honest,

and you've been good.
Here. Please take this.
You're the only woman
who's shown me kindness.
See here, clio. I'm going
to stand behind you anyway-
just in case-
because i like you,
and i don't like
clarissa van steed.
And just to prove what a
sentimental fool i can be,
here's your ring.
Hang onto your jewelry, i always say.
It's a woman's
best friend.
Hi, clint.
Hi, al.
You boys ready?
Yep.
Get them aboard, al.
All right, men.
Climb on.
Now what are you
doing here?
I came to fight.
You gonna fight,
i gonna fight, too.
Did she send you?
Nah. I run away.
Doggone if i haven't got
a mind to tan you good.
How did you know
where i was going?
I listened at the keyhole.
I heard everything.
This is gonna be
a fine fight.
I'm gonna punch 'em
in the stomach.
I'll learn you to flap those
big ears of yours at keyholes.
Get on away from here.
Go home!

Please, mr. Clint,
let me stay.
I can fight.
I'm strong.
Get going,
you little half-pint.
I'm a man,
mr. Clint.
Now go home and
take care of the womenfolk
the way i told you.
Get her rolling, al!
'Board!
Pull your shades
down, men!
Like i said, no guns-
only the butts in a pinch,
and maybe the other end
if they start shooting first.
Every station between
here and binghamton,
we're in and out
before they can
telegraph word ahead.
We throw them out and leave a
bunch off behind to hold the fort.
When you hear one whistle from
the engine ahead, that means ready.
When you hear three,
pile out.
Three more, pile on in
and on your way.
Understand?
Yeah.
Yeah.
First stop, boys.
Hold onto your hats.
Get rolling, al!
You men, stay here
and hold the fort.
Bainbridge.
Only 30 miles to binghamton,
the end of the line.
Lordy, lordy, lordy.

Bad?
What is it?
Soule's got wind of it.
He's starting a train
from the other end.
Better get word to
the colonel if we can.
Lordy, lordy, when
those two trains meet...
we've got to get him
in this tunnel.
Now get going!
'Board!
Come on, get on.
Don't worry, chief.
We'll pile 'em up,
and they'll never
get to binghamton.
These texans
are pretty tough,
but if we can wreck them,
there won't be any fight.
But get ready to jump
when you get the signal,
and if any of those cowhands get
out of the wreck, boff 'em up.
Any sign of them yet?
Nope.
Next stop,
binghamton, boys.
Mighty pretty country.
Hey, wait a minute.
Wonder what's up.
Did you whistle
for me?
There's a train
coming.
No train due along here
now, is there?
No, but there
sure is one coming.
I can feel it
on the rails.
Better let them know

we're in the tunnel.
They must have
heard us.
They're trying to
whistle us down.
Keep that throttle open!
We can only nail them
in that tunnel.
They're
still coming.
Maybe soule's gotten wise
and is trying to head us off.
They wouldn't try and ram
us in here, would they?
They might.
Give her all you got and
let's get out of this tunnel.
The boys can't jump.
I won't signal them
till we get out of here.
We made it!
Yeah, and there they
are, coming like a-
come on!
What are you waiting for?
Aah!
Cupidon, you little son
of a gun, get out of here!
Ooh!
Hey, hey,
hey, boss!
Hey, it's clint!
There's one.
Get him.
Where is everybody?
Angelique!
Now, where
have you been?
Upstairs,
looking for-
fasten my dress.
Why aren't you here
when i need you?
Something frets me.

I wish we'd never come
to this place. I hate it.
I wish we'd stayed
in paris.
I wish we'd stayed
in new orleans.
Not even he cares
anymore.
He leaves me alone.
Oh, baby...
like my beautiful rita.
I'm not rita,
i'm clio.
I shall make my life
the way i said.
No weeping,
no whimpering.
I'm strong again.
I'll let him go.
Vache! That gascon
with his swagger.
Oh, he's not
a gascon.
He doesn't swagger.
You know what i think?
I think we seen
the last of him-that one.
How dare you say
that he won't be back?
He'll be here tonight
for the ball.
He'll go
as a real cowboy
with chaps and
spurs and everything.
And cupidon
is going as-
cupidon is...
where at?
He's probably
hanging around
those stables
somewhere.
Cupidon

is with him.
Ah, he can't be.
How do you know?
Everybody in the hotel is talking.
They have some big,
dangerous plan.
Cupidon must have hid
himself away somewhere
when mr. Clint
went out,
and now
he's with him.
Well, i'll whip him! I'll take
my riding crop, and i'll whip him!
What plan?
What dangerous plan?
It started at this
albany or someplace.
Mr. Clint and a whole crowd of men,
taking each station
along the way
as if they was
fighting a war.
If anything happens to
cupidon because of him,
i'll kill him!
No! Angelique,
what stupid talk!
Nothing will happen
to them.
Something frights me.
I got a feeling
deep down-
no, angelique!
Don't say such things!
I knew this texas
bring us bad luck.
I knew you'd turn out
like your mama-
no luck with menfolks.
You fixing to marry
a millionaire,
and all the time
you crazy in your head

for that vache,
and he leave you,
just like mr. Nicholas-
now...
let me fix you.
What's going on in here?
That great cow.
What a to-do. I could
hear you way down the hall,
screeching like a
of couple fishwives.
Listen, my child, old lady
van steed knows who you are.
She's going to expose
you at the ball tonight.
She'll say nothing till she
gets you in front of an audience,
and then, squash-
no more countess.
I shall not be
at the ball.
You've got to go.
I got it up for you.
If clint comes back, i'll
go. If clint and cupidon-
you're
an ungrateful brat-
right when you're on the threshold
of success if you don't weaken.
I know a man who's head over
heels in love when i see one.
Who?
Great heavens,
she says "who?"
Why, van steed,
of course.
He's what you want,
isn't he?
Yes, he's what i want.
Good girl. He's on his way here now.
Of course
he's what i want.
I've got to run-
got a million things to

do, running this ruckus.
I must keep remembering
that. I must be sane.
But you got to stand up to
his ma. I'll stand behind you.
Just deny everything.
That's a trick i learned
from my husband.
Caught him cold once
with a chorus girl.
He kept on denying it,
looking me right in the
eye until in the end,
darned if i didn't
believe the little liar.
You see? I'm not going to be like mama.
I shall marry and be
respectable and rich.
I shall have my life
the way i said
i should have it.
I really do look beautiful, don't i?
Am i as beautiful
as my mother was?
Yes, i am.
I am.
Oh, there he is.
One moment!
Finish, angelique.
Vite.
You're shaking
all over.
I'm not.
I'm clio dulaine...
and i'm very calm.
Is mrs. Du chenfrais in?
Dear bart,
good evening.
Will you have
a cocktail?
Angelique, bring a cocktail
for monsieur van steed.
No, thank you.
I never drink.

My digestion.
Of course. I've noticed
that strong men so often
have weak
digestions.
I came to fetch you
for the ball.
Oh, how sweet of you...
and brave.
You mean my mother.
How is
your dear mother?
I haven't
felt her claws
since the first delightful
meeting on the piazza.
Suppose we go down, and you can
inquire of her health yourself?
Oh, i should have
loved it,
but i'm waiting
for colonel maroon.
Maroon's away.
Yes, i know-
albany.
Tell me, isn't this
albany very near saratoga?
Yes, that's right.
But mr. Van steed, what
manner of country is this?
I hear there are
hordes of roughs.
They fight-fight like
savages for a railroad.
Where are the laws?
Where are the police?
That's nothing for you to
worry your pretty head about.
That's a man's business.
Really? And what are
you doing about it-
you, yourself,
i mean?
I'm paying for it.

Oh, you coward.
You're afraid to fight
for your own railroad.
You're afraid
of your mother.
You're afraid
of everything.
Go away!
Get out of my sight!
Well, why don't you go?
You know, you're delightful
when you're angry.
I like a woman
with spirit.
Clio, will you
marry me?
I'm asking you
to be my wife.
Surprised,
aren't you.
Yes, i am.
I'll surprise you a lot
before i'm through.
You say that i'm afraid
of my mother.
It's time
that you understood
about me and mother.
People think that i'm
tied to her apron strings.
Mother's useful.
She shoos
the women away,
and i let her.
But when there's something
or someone that i want,
i get it.
You do the same thing,
don't you?
Yes, i do.
I schemed and tricked
to get you.
Oh, i know that.
When a man

has millions-
i lied to you.
I'm not a countess.
I'm clio dulaine,
and my mother was-
i know exactly who you
and your mother were.
My own mother told me,
and i told her to mind her own business.
You're what i want,
and i've got
what you want.
So what are
we waiting for?
Mother's down
in the ballroom now.
Suppose we go down
and see which one of
us will back out-
you or me?
Suppose we do.
Congratulations,
bart.
Yes, yes. Splendid.
How do they know?
Good news travels fast,
doesn't it?
Must have been some scrap,
eh, bart?
What has happened?
By gosh, he did it,
didn't he?
Who did what?
Knocked him sprawling.
Some man, that texan.
Clint!
Too bad
about colonel maroon.
Hear anything
more definite?
Clint! What has
happened to clint?
Nothing.
We have to pay a price

for everything.
Tell me
what you know.
People are looking.
I'll tell you later.
No! Now!
We understand that
the little dwarf was hurt.
Do you want me to strike you
in front of all these people?
Tell me what
has happened to clint?
We heard he was hurt a
little, but you know how he is-
you're lying.
You're lying.
He's dead. I can see it in your face.
He fought for you in
a miserable raid-
clint!
My, my,
mrs. Du chenfraiss, ma'am,
you look right pretty.
I reckon i'm a sight.
Oh, clint, cheri!
Clint! Clint!
Clint!
I want to see
the boss.
Doctor say you stay
in bed. You stay.
Has he come to yet?
I don't find out
for one hour.
Still fainted?
Womanish, huh?
Plum disgraceful
to us maroons.
The last thing
i heard him say,
"here goes a maroon,
killed by a shovel."
I know.
I know.

I find out.
Has he come to?
Honey...
yes, clint?
Missed you.
Missed you a lot.
Oh, have you,
my cheri?
Been away so long.
No, no.
Doesn't matter.
We're together now.
Ain't ever going
to be separated again?
No, my darling.
Never, never, never.
I was a fool...
ought never
have left texas.
What?
Leaving you that way.
Sweetest little woman
in texas.
What?
Disposition
like an angel.
But, cheri,
i've changed.
Never hollering
at a fella,
never hightailing,
letting me
wear the pants.
But i'm just like mama now, truly i am.
Anyhow,
i kept your tie.
Don't know what
i'd done without it.
Look. I'm making one,
too.
Blue forget-me-nots.
Yes. Look, cheri,
look.
Kept it around

my neck always.
Should have
been a rope
for some of the things i've done.
Some of the flowers
are crooked,
but i tried.
Got myself mixed up
with a foreign lady.
I'm ashamed.
Please don't say that. I know
you don't know what you're saying.
Funny what kind of
trouble you can get into
just by talking
to somebody
on the street.
But i told bart.
I said i hated him.
Got myself rich, too.
But i said i didn't want to marry
him, even with so much money.
I'm rich up to my neck. Be
richer, too, before i'm through.
I said i wanted
to marry only you.
Rich and respectable,
that's me.
Oh, don't punish me
anymore.
I'll cook for you.
I'll scrub for you.
If you leave me,
wherever you go,
i'll follow,
and i'll find you.
I'll let you wear the pants.
Honey, that's all
i wanted to know.
Clint!
Ha ha ha!
Son of a gun!