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Scaramouche

By Ronald Millar

Halt!

Where's the Marquis de Maynes?

Come on! Where is he?

In the name of the Queen!

Noel, the Marquis de Maynes.

Your Majesty.

I have never seen France
more radiant than at this moment.

We were not expecting you till tomorrow.

You summoned me.

I rode all day and through the night.

Leave us, please.

- I am angry with you, sir.

- Angry, Your Majesty?

Very angry! You know why, of course.

- Could it be for fighting Count de Talles?

- Among others.

- I only scratched him a little.

- They say you crippled him for life.

And five minutes later,
you killed the Baron Marblaux.

An unfortunate accident.

He ran into my sword.

And that brilliant conversationalist,
the Duke de Ramont.

The Duke fights tolerably well.

He had a fair chance.

He had no chance at all.

Now, listen to me, cousin.

I will not have you killing off my nobles,
either piecemeal or in bunches.

In times like these,
the nobility must stick together.

Now, what was it all about,
this latest bloodletting?

- I really forget.

- What was it all about?

De Talles had the effrontery to put himself
on the right of the Cardinal at dinner.

As for Ramont, let me see...

As for Ramont?

A delicate matter.

He spoke disrespectfully of...

- Forgive me.

- Of a woman?

A goddess.

Now, the thing that I want...

I found one of these under my pillow.

This morning, the King discovered one on his breakfast tray.

"Liberty, Equality, Fraternity."

The people that write such things, what do they really want?

- Us, Your Majesty.

- Us?

Our rights, our lands, our heads.

Our heads?

Don't worry about this Marcus Brutus, whoever he is.

I shall be glad

to take care of him personally.

There was another matter

I had in mind when I sent for you.

This, too, is personal,

but in a slightly more intimate way.

My dancing class.

How does one qualify for admission?

One has to be wellborn, under 19, and unmarried.

Now, you are a marquis,

Your Majesty knows

why I have never married.

All the same, I think it's time that you did.

Someday you might run into a sword.

It would be a pity if that were the end of the oldest family in France.

Your Majesty commands me to marry?

May I ask one final favor?

You select my bride.

I think you'll like this child.

She's on the threshold of life.

Aline, this is the Marquis de Maynes.

It seems that your dancing has made a profound impression upon him.

He wishes to express his admiration.

Cousin, this is my protégé,

Aline de Gavrillac.

Charming.

You dance delightfully.
You sing, too, no doubt.
- A little, sir.
- And you play some instrument?
The clavichord.
And I imagine you are skillful
with needle and thread.
Yes, sir. I knit and sew.
I also embroider, here and there.
I have read the plays of Corneille,
Racine, Moliere, and Voltaire.
I did not understand a word of them.
I ride a little and fall off a lot.
I don't cook too well,
but I'm quite good at chess...
although I prefer snakes and ladders.
I have a nodding acquaintance
with geography, geometry...
astronomy, philosophy, and botany.
I'm afraid I gave up algebra when I was 12.
- She also has spirit, cousin.
- So I see.
May I have the honor of waiting upon you
while I am here in Paris?
I also play chess...
though I regret I am unfamiliar
with snakes and ladders.
Aline will instruct you, won't you, Aline?
If you say so. I'll speak to Father
when I go home for his birthday.
I shall write to him.
I shall tell him it is my earnest desire
that you and the Marquis become...
good friends.
BINET presents his famous actors
Lenore? It's me.
Don't be nervous.
Forgive my prolonged neglect, my pet.
For here I am again, at your feet.
How softly your skin shines
in the moonlight.
Darling? It's me! I'm back!
Monsieur Binet's charming troupe
of traveling players, wake up!

Where is she? My Lenore.

Your leading lady. Where is she?

- She's not here.
- Not here? Why isn't she here?
- She's gone to Paris.
- Paris. You're lying.
- To see her family.
- Her father is sick.
- Father? She never had a father.
- Maybe a sister.

Never had a sister, a brother, a father,
a mother, an aunt, an uncle...

- She has no one but me, has she?
- Only a husband.

A husband?

Monsieur Binet,
heaven's gift to the theater.

Are you by any chance trying to tell me
that my Lenore is married?

Yes, indeed. Well, practically.

- Practically?
- All but...
- All but, what?
- Married.

She got tired of waiting for you
to make her your own.

And now she goes to the altar
with another.

Paris. Tuesday. Noon.

Lenore, my bride. My beautiful.

What have I done to deserve you?

So far, remarkably little.

But I'm living in hopes.

- Roses.
 - They're lucky for lovers.
- Are they? What a pity they fade so quickly.

These will not fade, my beloved.

Diamonds.

I thought of your eyes
and went right out and bought them.

Just my eyes? How sweet.

I must see you start thinking
about all of me.

- I'm the happiest of men.

- And the richest.
Well, not quite.
They say you sell more sausages
than anyone else in Paris.
- Except for the Delmore brothers.
- The Delmore brothers?
Are they married?
- They're dead.
- Dead?
But with you at my side,
I'll make more and bigger sausages...
than anyone else in France.
Forgive the intrusion,
but vehicle ordinance number 4012...
forbids osculation in public conveyances.
First offenders
get three days in the pillory...
- Hello, my pet. How are you?
- Are you mad?
We're all out of our minds.
Haven't you observed it?
Lunatic! I'm on my way to my wedding
with a lunatic.
- Stop the coach!
- No. Patience. We're almost there.
And Lenore desires to be married.
Don't you, my darling?
I certainly do.
"Lenore"? "Darling"?
Do you know this man?
Yes, I know him.
That is, I used to know him.
He's a stupid fellow and an awful liar.
Pay no attention to him.
Who is he?
- Who are you?
- I've often wondered.
They call me Andre Moreau.
- Whoever you are, get out this instant!
- Won't you sit down?
That wedding gown
is most becoming, my darling...
but about this marriage, I have my doubts.
- I'm not interested.

- How dare you!
- You're wrong for each other.
- This is monstrous, atrocious, outrageous!
We have here a middle-aged gentleman,
an honest fellow, a solid citizen.
What does he ask of a wife?
That she sit by the fire of an evening...
the little ones at her feet,
darning his hose...
while he tells of the gossip
of the sausage bazaars.
He wants a mere half-dozen children.
Better make that a dozen.
And who does he pick for a wife?
An actress.
A traveling player,
experienced in a number of roles...
but never, I fancy, as the mother of 12.
- Did you say an actress?
- Yes.
Hasn't she told you?
Lenore is an actress.
An indifferent one, but...
Indifferent? I am superb.
The theater's in my blood.
Know what that means? One night, in the
middle of supper, she'll get the old urge.
And while you're having pickles,
she's off on the road again.
- I have only one urge at the moment.
- I know.
To marry me.
- Marry you?
- Yes.
Why didn't you tell me?
- Why didn't you ask me?
- But you never mentioned it.
Darling.
But... my other bridegroom...
Your other bridegroom
is no longer with us.
I shall always remember him.
And now, to make you respectable.
- Excuse me, my darling.

- Where are you going?
- Philippe will be waiting.
- Philippe?
Philippe de Valmorin. My best friend.
You know, my best man.
He promised to be here at noon
with the ring.
Andre!
Don't be nervous.
What's your name?
Ivan the Terrible. What's yours?
If you're Andre Moreau, you must go
to Philippe's at once. There's trouble.
All right, come on!
- Andre, stop!
- All right, my pet, don't be nervous.
- Andre, what happened?
- Unforeseen accident.
Owing to circumstances
entirely beyond my control...
I'm afraid there'll be a slight delay
before I make you my own.
Don't be nervous.
- What's that?
- It's a carriage. Stopping here.
What do you mean?
- Is it Andre?
- No. It's a coachman. He's jumped down.
He's coming in. Here.
Good morning.
- Thank heaven you're here.
- Delighted to see you, sir.
- What's happened here, a hurricane?
- No. The King's men.
- They came for Philippe.
- Philippe?
What for? Did they take him?
No, he's safe. But they're still outside
watching the house.
See? Hiding there in the doorway.
They looked everywhere.
Breaking, smashing things.
- It was dreadful.
- Where is he?

Andre, you're dressed very oddly.
Are you in trouble, too?
Well, not yet, darling, but it threatens.
I've a young lady downstairs in the coach
with an itch to be married.
She's made two attempts since breakfast,
and her temper is rising.
I've heard of the bridegroom
running for cover...
- but never the best man. What happened?
- They found out I wrote this.
"Liberty, Equality, Fraternity,
by Marcus Brutus."
I'm Marcus Brutus.
There are copies all over Paris.
We even smuggled some
into the royal bedchamber.
- We?
- Thousands of us, Father.
United against the aristocratic tyrants.
I take it aristocratic tyrants
includes your own father and mother?
- Father, please.
- I may be a poor man...
but by birth I am an aristocrat.
- And so are you.
- Please.
- That pamphlet is high treason.
- Father, you don't understand.
Well, what do you think of it?
The grammar is appalling.
On the first page...
you doubled a negative, split an infinitive,
and left out three commas.
Infinitives, negatives, commas.
He prattles punctuation
and France is in agony.
In agony? I wasn't aware of it.
You never take anything seriously.
Nothing matters to you.
Why do you fight with your best friend
when your own life is in danger?
- What's to be done, Andre?
- Marcus Brutus must go into hiding.

We've got to get him
out of the city at once.
How?
I haven't the slightest idea.
Unless...
Get into this.
Listen carefully.
Outside there's a horse and coach.
Go boldly out,
mount the box and drive off.
No one will question you,
except the lady inside.
She may become violent. Drive her to
the Forest of Beauvry. You have money?
- Five crowns.
- Scarcely enough to start a revolution.
I'll get the money. Meet me at
the signpost in the forest at 9:00 tonight.
Is that clear? Off with you.
Goodbye, Mother.
- I'm sorry, Father.
- Take my sword.
Try not to dishonor it.
Thank you, Father.
Good luck.
It's all right.
He's very young. Look after him.
As you've always looked after me.
I swear it.
God bless you, Andre.
And now for the stuff
that makes fools of princes...
and princes of fools. Money.
Andre, you be careful what you do.
Precisely my intention.
I go now to consult my attorney...
the eminent lawyer Fabian.
Is this the bald pate of the lawyer Fabian?
Yes.
- Moreau, I can't see you.
- You must be shortsighted. I'm here.
Be good enough to make out an advance
on my allowance for next year, say half.
Next year's allowance? Impossible!

Figaro, you may leave us.
But there is no more money. None at all.
- Didn't you get my letter?
- I never read letters.
But I wrote and told you
the allowance has been stopped.
Stopped?
The gentleman is no longer able
to provide for your welfare.
Put that thing down and get out of here.
I shall go to this gentleman
and extract the allowance in person.
- What is his name?
- His name?
Impossible.
You know I can't do that, Andre.
I know nothing at all!
For 30-odd years...
I have made a profession of ignorance with
particular reference to my real name...
my obscure beginnings,
and my mysterious birth.
If you fidget, I may draw blood.
You're making me nervous. Where was I?
Yes, my birth.
Being adequately financed
by whoever was responsible...
for my arrival in what is termed
"the wrong side of the blanket"...
I was content
to be ignorant of my parentage.
But now I need money.
It is at this moment
that my elusive papa concludes...
that his duty is done...
and that there should be
no more cakes and ale...
for his mischievous youth.
A lamentable conclusion in any event,
but at this moment, deplorably timed.
We must therefore face the fact...
that the hour has come
to tear down the veil...
and unmask this philandering gentleman.

Who is he, Fabian? Who is my father?
No! I won't tell.
You're making me nervous again.
I can't betray a client's confidence.
Look at my hand,
how it shakes and trembles with emotion.
What is his name, Fabian?
The name of my father. What is it?
Count de Gavrillac.
- The address?
- In Normandy.
The manor of Gavrillac. Near Dieppe.
Here I am, Andre!
All in one piece? Where's the lady?
My bride-to-be, the light of my life.
- Come on, boy. Where's Lenore?
- I don't know. I mislaid her.
You mislaid her?
What is she, a button, a handkerchief that
can be dropped or sent to the laundry?
You dunderhead, where is she?
When we stopped at the city gates,
she was out and away...
before I could catch her.
Say, did she leave any message?
She just left.
I'm sorry, Andre. I let you down again.
The oceans are full of fish
and the heavens with stars.
To contemplate one woman
to the exclusion of others...
may be for some men, but not for me.
Come on, boy. To Gavrillac!
It's coming, Andre, and no one can stop it.
The apple cart the tyrants are riding
will be overturned.
I tell you, it can't be much longer.
Longer?
I think it's already happened.
Happy the rascal traveling life's byway...
to whom the gods say,
"Here's an easy switch
"You may have lost Diana on the highway
"But, look, there is Aphrodite in a ditch"

- Moliere?

- Moreau.

Andre Moreau at your service.

You make up poetry, Andre Moreau.

A carriage maker would be more apropos.

I suppose you don't know

how to mend a broken wheel?

Unfortunately, no.

- A broken heart, now...

- Thank you. My heart is quite intact.

I envy you.

Mine is in chains from this moment.

The lady's carriage needs attention.

Will you see to it?

It may take a little time.

Now, I happen to know of a nearby tavern
where we could discuss the weather.

- We?

- It's not of the best repute.

You'll need me to protect you
from the undesirables.

Including yourself?

You have a point.

I'll endeavor to bear it in mind.

It won't be necessary. I'm not coming.

- Then I shall come with you.

- Come where with me?

To the ends of the earth,
if that's where you're going.

I'm going home, and that's half a mile.

Half a mile with you

is as 50 leagues with Cleopatra.

Milady...

Goodbye, poet.

Thank you for your rhyming.

My coach is ready, and we have to part.

Your coachman has abominable timing.

He mends your carriage

but breaks my heart.

Goodbye.

Don't speak. Don't say a word. I love you.

You look at me astonished.

You cannot be more surprised than I.

But...

I love you. Only you and you alone.
Do you believe a word I say?
Don't answer. I forgive your disbelief.
My own ears find it hard enough to believe
what my lips are telling you.
One thing alone is clear.
You can't ride into my life and out again...
without my knowing who you are, where
you come from, or where you're going to.
Where are you going to, by the way?
Don't answer.
Let me read it in your hand.
Your line of lunar...
Your line of lunar indicates
that you are going home...
to visit your mother.
My father.
It's his birthday.
Why, yes. How did you know?
It's nothing. Nothing at all.
No, it's amazing. Please, go on.
With pleasure.
Your Ring of Solomon tells me...
that you are the daughter of a count.
Why, it's true.
And...
in the far right-hand corner
of your coat of arms...
you have a four-leaf clover
on a cloth of gold.
Incredible!
And on the scroll across the center...
I can almost see your name.
- Almost?
- It's becoming clearer every minute.
Tell me my name.
It's...
Yes.
Gavrillac.
Why, it is! It's Gavrillac.
My father's the Count de Gavrillac.
You don't look well.
No, I'm sorry, but forgive me. I must go.
No! You'll kill yourself!

Maybe that's the only practical solution.
That's better.
We're almost there now.
Look. There's my father's house.
We're home.
You must come in and rest a minute.
I know my father
will be happy to meet you.
How strange is the human heart.
In life, we never met, my father and I.
No spark of love,
no hint of emotion between us.
Yet, I look upon his face in death...
and I'm moved to tears.
Poor Andre.
No. Not poor Andre. Never poor Andre.
If he finds and loses a father,
falls in love with a maid...
then discovers the maid is his sister,
all in the space of an hour, what of it?
Andre, what did she say
when you told her?
I told her nothing, nor shall I.
The old man kept his secret secure
during his lifetime.
Let him take it with him to heaven.
I'll not betray him.
Won't you see her again?
I'd like her to know
that she's not alone in her grief.
I'd like you to know that, too, Andre.
Here's to you, my hothead...
so eager to solve at a blow
the dilemma of living.
I doubt if there is a solution,
but should it exist...
by heaven, we'll find it.
- Together.
- Together.
- You there, innkeeper!
- Coming, sir.
How much longer?
Milord is getting impatient.
Five minutes, sir. Possibly ten.

A quarter of an hour at the most.

- Tell the idiot to hurry.

- Thank you.

Two hours to shoe a horse. Still not ready.

You know, he's good this Marcus Brutus.

Listen to this:

"The grip of the aristocratic tyrants
is on all things living...

"crushing them underfoot
like grapes in the wine press."

- Treason.

- "I warn them.

"The people will make
an end of this canker of privilege."

Fellow has a dangerous gift of eloquence.

It's my men returning.

Tell them to make less noise.

That horse in the yard, the gray, it's yours.

- Yes.

- Your name is de Valmorin?

Philippe de Valmorin from Paris...

who's been writing and preaching treason
all over the city.

His name's Pierre Duval from Limoges on
his way to Rouen to inspect a cathedral.

- I'm not talking to you.

- I'm talking to you.

- We're architects from the south.

- You're the traitors we're looking for.

No, not him. He had no part in it.

- No part in what?

- No part in anything treasonable.

- Come on. We're late. If you'll excuse us.

- Seize them!

- You're under arrest.

- One moment, Chabrillaine.

- Is something the matter?

- These are the men, milord.

This man calls himself Marcus Brutus.

His real name is de Valmorin.

- His name is Pierre Duval.

- Silence!

Why, Duval...

how delightful to see you again after,
how long is it? Nearly five years.
Forgive me
for not recognizing you sooner...
but you were only a boy when we last met
and now you're a man.
How is your dear mother?
- She's well, sir.
- And your father?
He, too, is well, sir.
Tell me, does he still play Vazique?
Occasionally, I believe. Yes, sir.
Be good enough
to give him my kindest regards.
Sergeant. I fancy your men have a thirst.
Take them into the pump room
and quench it.
- Milord, I had no idea.
- A case of mistaken identity.
Innkeeper, wine for my friends.
So they mistook you for Marcus Brutus.
Most interesting.
I'm deeply obliged to you
for your kind assistance, sir.
I would've done no less
for Marcus Brutus himself.
He had the gall to smuggle
a copy of his intolerable scribblings...
into Her Majesty's bedchamber.
I could hardly permit him
to fall into the hands of the law...
having promised myself
the pleasure of killing him personally.
Pierre, we must go.
We're expected at Rouen by nightfall.
Wait. The cathedral will not run away.
And the title used by Marcus Brutus:
"Liberty, Equality, Fraternity."
Liberty must be rationed among the few
with the talent to use it.
There's no such thing as equality.
Most men are born with the gutter
and are at home there.
As for fraternity,

a de Maynes is nobody's brother.
We stand alone at the head of the table...
and if ever our rights are challenged,
this is our answer.
I look forward to making it
to this Marcus Brutus...
when I catch up with him, but I doubt
he has the stomach for an encounter.
- The man is clearly a coward.
- A coward?
We're leaving.
A spineless upstart, who so far lacks
the courage of his own convictions...
that he dare not even sign them
with his name.
- Had he been born...
- A gentleman?
His race is as old,
his blood is as good as yours.
I hardly think so.
His sentiments
betray his lack of breeding...
the result of his unfortunate mother...
forming an attachment
for one of her husband's stableboys.
- De Maynes, consider I struck that blow.
- With pleasure.
But first, shall we step into the garden,
Marcus Brutus?
Or would you prefer to be run through
here and now?
I shall be happy to give you satisfaction.
Tell Father I didn't dishonor his sword
after all.
If you've a shred of honor left,
you'll stop this fight. It's murder.
The best swordsman in France
against a callow boy?
A blow was struck.
The blow was provoked, you know it,
provoked in cold blood.
It won't be long now.
De Maynes is the ultimate swordsman.
No rival, no peer.

He practices daily with his private instructor, the great Dautreval of Dijon. You should've learned to use a sword before you turned traitor. Pick it up. You shall die with it in your hand. Yes, you're going to die, but not by a bullet. You're going to die as he died, by the sword. You'll be driven back, step by step, until you stand helpless, as he did. And then I, Andre Moreau, will kill you as you killed him. I swear it, Philippe. By all that I hold sacred... I swear you this man's death. Go after him and take him! Sergeant, to horse!

- Hurry, men. Mount up!
- Take him alive!

Try to remember him living. The vigor, the zest of him alive. It helps. I know. Does it? Thank you. I'll try. It may not heal your grief, but it will cushion it. You speak of grief as if you knew it well. Only too well. I want to apologize. Apologize? My behavior in the coach... it must've seemed strange. It did for a moment. But just for a moment. It's forgotten. You're very understanding and generous. And you are very kind and thoughtful to come to me now when I need a friend. I shall never forget it. I would not have intruded had I not been... so gravely concerned over your future.

- My future?

- Yes.

What is to become of you, Aline?

- Forgive me.

- It's quite all right, Andre.

You were saying?

I was saying,

what is to become of a young girl...

left defenseless, alone in the world?

Alone, Andre?

You have friends?

- One or two, but...

- Who are they?

Forgive me.

I seek only to protect you from those...

Undesirables?

Best to be sure.

Can one ever be sure of anyone?

People change so quickly.

However, I would say

that the Marquis de Maynes...

is more reliable than some.

Yes. Her Majesty's appointed him
as my guardian.

I'm afraid I can't discuss it now.

Andre, follow me.

Quickly, this way.

You're young and fair.

May providence guide you
and comfort you.

Search the garden, men.

Sir! There he goes!

Come, men! This way!

Welcome, friend.

A hundred thousand welcomes.

And "shh!" to you.

A hundred thousand...

What's your name?

Is that so? Glad to know you.

What's my name?

Go ahead and ask me. Who am I?

You're not interested.

In that case...

I shall introduce myself to myself.

Do you know who this is?

Scaramouche.
Scaramouche, yes,
but who is Scaramouche?
And why does he hide his face
behind a mask?
You don't know?
Then I'll show you.
Scaramouche is...
Halt!
He can't be far. Search every house.
Where is Scaramouche? Find him.
Find that lazy,
good-for-nothing Scaramouche.
He can't do this to me.
I'll throw him out. He's sacked.
There you are.
Come along. Bring him up quickly.
The audience is waiting.
Where have you been?
Been drinking again. Don't lie to me.
I can smell it. Come on.
You idiot!
Get back on, you fool!
Scaramouche. Drunk again, huh?
So there you are.
- Do you know who this is?
- Scaramouche!
Scaramouche, yes,
but who is Scaramouche?
And why does he hide his face
behind a mask?
You don't know?
Then I'll tell you.
Scaramouche is a fool.
A genius.
A ne'er-do-well.
A saint.
Fickle, adoring...
false and true together.
Woman's enemy.
And the one thing she can't do without:
a man!
Come on. Kiss me.
You wait...

There!

Bravo! Bravo! Bravissimo!

What a clown!

- What a cheat. What a viper!

- Quiet! I'm talking.

What an artist!

What a performer! I kiss your hand!

- Thank you. You'll excuse me. Pardon me.

- Excuse you?

Knave, wretch, viper, villain!

Cur, dog, serpent, snake!

Stay where you are!

You, open the curtain.

We seek one Andre Moreau, a traitor.

I, sir, am Gaston Binet.

The Gaston Binet

of the Gaston Binet Company...

Shut your mouth.

Who are you?

Harlequin.

Madame Frying Pan.

- Punchinello.

- Pierrette.

Pierrot.

Now, what about you?

Yes, you.

Columbine knows, but will she tell?

I wonder.

What was the name

of the man you are looking for?

Andre Moreau. You know him?

I know a lot of men.

This Andre Moreau,

would you say he looks like Scaramouche?

The same height and build perhaps?

The same brown eyes

waiting to betray you...

and the wicked mouth

that laughs at you and lies.

Now, make him take his mask off.

Take it off.

Take it off before I cut it off!

- Sergeant, bring your men!

- Come on, men!

- You, what's down there?
- Unhand me, sir!
Don't go down there, sir!
Come back, sir! How dare you?
He didn't get far.
Andre Moreau, I think.
But I could've sworn that...
We've wasted enough time on this fool.
Sergeant, bring your men.
We'll block every road.
Follow me!
Here I am, my pet. Don't be nervous.
You saved my life. You love me.
Come to my arms.
- Sit down! I'll send for a doctor.
- A doctor?
Your brain's gone.
Where did you fall, on your head?
- Not exactly, no.
- I hope it hurts.
The pain is exquisite,
but I suffer it gladly...
- knowing that you love me.
- Love you?
I'd as soon love a boa constrictor.
Is that my beloved talking,
or do my ears deceive me?
Listen, you clodpoll...
I may have saved your miserable life
in a moment of madness...
but if you think that means
we're back where we started...
then maybe this
will help you think otherwise!
Magnificent!
If it isn't my old friend Dautreval.
Give me a lesson now, Dautreval.
Just one more little lesson.
Remember our bargain.
You teach me to fence,
and I teach you to act.
I teach you to fence?
The way you teach the Marquis, Dautreval.
En garde.

The Marquis?
What marquis?
Where did you get this?
Who gave you this?
Don't you remember?
- You gave it to me, Doutreval.
- I?
Don't move. Who are you?
They call me Moreau.
I seek one Doutreval of Dijon,
master swordsman.
What do you want with him?
His skill for my right arm,
his knowledge for my ignorance...
his silence for my safety.
I know nothing of the sword.
I need instruction.
There are many who can teach
a man the sword.
But no one, they say,
like Doutreval of Dijon.
Doutreval serves
only the Marquis de Maynes.
They told me otherwise.
What did they tell you?
That Doutreval would never refuse
a friend of Marcus Brutus.
Mummers and friends, great news!
A certain gentleman of our acquaintance...
has decided to remain in Lacrosse...
and devote his time
to the service of Festus.
Not merely for one night, but indefinitely.
I give you our new Scaramouche.
What a performer!
So now you're my leading lady,
and I'm your leading man.
- Shall we rehearse a little?
- Get out.
When you're placid, you are beautiful...
but when you are angry, you are superb.
You come one step closer,
I'll murder you with this saucepan.
- I can't imagine a more glorious death.

- I'm warning you, Andre.
I know. But if I took any notice,
how insulting it would be.
If I hadn't come back, I doubt
you would have lasted the year out.
Think of this, a sword is like a bird.
If you clench it too tightly, you choke it.
Too lightly, and it flies away.
Now, all actions in fencing...
are made only with the fingers,
never with the wrist.
Good people of Lacrosse.
Now, let me read you a letter from Paris.
"We, the management
of the Prado Ghetto...
"have the pleasure
in offering an extended engagement...
"to the Gaston Binet
traveling troupe of players...
"featuring the sensational Scaramouche."
Did anybody see an unpleasant man
with a letter?
A letter inviting Scaramouche to Paris?
I need hardly say...
that Scaramouche stays here in Lacrosse.
"Scaramouche stays here in Lacrosse!"
How I hate you.
- How I love you.
- Then take me to Paris.
- No! We stay here in Lacrosse.
- But why?
- Because I like it.
- Like it! You're mad!
- Yes, that's possible.
- It's a woman!
- No.
- It's a woman. Do you think I'm a fool?
Not entirely.
The woman you slip away to
in the mornings. Yes, I've seen you.
Every day before sunrise
for nearly six weeks.
I know it's a woman.
There is only one woman...

and she's here in this room...
at this moment.
You're such a liar.
At times.
A liar...
a cheat, and a fraud.
Also, an impostor.
I ought to be burned at the stake
for loving you.
Burned to a cinder.
Scaramouche...
take me to Paris.
No.
Once more. One, two, three, four, five, six.
Very good.
Now, this time faster. Ready?
Faster.
Very good.
You remember what I said
when we started, about the little bird?
Hold it too tightly, you choke it.
Too lightly, it will fly away.
Once again.
Doutreval, how long have you been
teaching the traitor, Andre, to fence?
He never heard of Andre Moreau.
The fool imagines he's been instructing
Montgomery of Lorraine...
an artillery artisan.
Take your money, idiot.
Ask more questions next time.
Actually, you've done me a great service.
Hand him his sword, Doutreval.
Get out.
And now, Moreau...
for your final lesson.
My compliments. You've learned
a few tricks since our last meeting.
You'd at least be a match for our friend,
Marcus, if he were still with us.
You might even defeat him.
But Noel de Maynes
is perhaps another matter.
It takes time to make a swordsman.

Time and patience and practice.
One can't acquire overnight
what others have learned...
by years of endeavor.
For instance, the doubl one, two, three.
The feint double.
The feint of disengagement coupe.
The feint of disengagement souple.
And...
Andre!
Aline.
Take him.
Enough. Get out.
- You know this Andre Moreau?
- Yes.
- He's a friend.
- "Friend" is a broad term.
I like him.
I met him only casually, but I like him.
- You like him.
- Very much.
He gave me hope and courage once,
when I needed it very badly.
I have never forgotten it.
And I never intend to.
You speak of him with a warmth
I have not heard in your voice...
since you left your father's house.
I'm glad it's so evident.
Believe me, it does less than justice
to my feelings for Andre.
Your feelings for...
Aline, may I remind you of your position.
May I remind you of a young girl
left defenseless, alone in the world...
by her father's death
with no friend to turn to.
I was only 5 miles away.
Andre was there, and what's more,
at the risk of his life.
Did I not send for you at once,
have you brought here to my house?
Of your own free will?
Or by command of the Queen?

- My dear child...
- I am not a child.
Nor am I a chattel.
I'm a woman who wants to be loved
for her own sake or not at all.
Whatever you do for me, Noel,
you do under orders.
My dear, all you say was true
in the beginning.
I did interest myself in you
at first only dutifully.
How could I know that Her Majesty
had chosen your character and courage...
for a man to respect and admire?
Believe me, Aline...
Her Majesty may have commanded
my interests then...
but now, after, how long is it?
Only six short weeks.
Even she could not command me
to forget you.
You know your way from here.
Good luck, Moreau.
Doutreval, I owe you my warmest thanks.
I owe much more to Montgomery
of Lorraine, an artillery officer.
Yeah. I'm still only a beginner
compared with de Maynes.
No, not a beginner, just not a champion...
- yet.
- Nor will I ever be...
now that I can no longer be taught
by the man who taught my enemy.
If you forget your passion while you're
fencing, you'd improve more rapidly.
My old instructor,
Perigore himself, used to say:
"The head. Fight with the head.
Forget the heart."
Your old instructor didn't realize...
Your old instructor, is he still alive?
Of course he's still alive.
Master of all swordsmen.
I can no longer be taught

by the man who taught my enemy.
So, what is more fitting in a mad world...
than to be taught by the man who taught
the man who taught my enemy?
Where does he live? What is his name
again, this master of all swordsmen?
Perigore of Paris.
Come on out.
Come out before I drag you out
by your ears!
So it was a woman!
Her name is Gavrillac, Aline de Gavrillac!
Don't lie your way out of it! Put me down!
I'm glad you followed me.
It forces me to tell you the truth.
You're in love with that girl.
I couldn't love Aline
if she was the last woman on earth.
What were you up to,
playing hide-and-seek?
Not exactly. I was having a fencing lesson.
- Liar!
- No, not this time.
For once, you've no cause to be jealous.
- Prove it.
- I will.
- Your dearest wish. What is it?
- The Prado Theater, Paris.
We leave for Paris today.
You, I, and the whole company.
No. Too sudden a switch.
Some woman is behind it.
- No woman. A man.
- On your word as a fraud and a fake.
- As a fiend incarnate.
- The name of the man?
They call him Perigore of Paris.
Paris.
Where shall we dine tonight?
The Caf Jomier
for some of those wonderful frog legs.
And afterwards?
What do you think?
- Paul, would you throw me my petticoat?

- I should be delighted.

Thank you.

I said throw it.

My dear, after coming here
night after night for a month...

am I not like your uncle?

- Do you feel like my uncle?

- No.

- Lenore is dining with me tonight.

- I'm sorry...

Since this is my first visit,
I have first call on the lady.

- Columbine, did you hear that?

- Yes.

- I, for a month...

- Gentlemen.

Charming.

Thank you. I'm so sorry,
but I already have another engagement.

Five minutes, my pet.

- Scaramouche.

- Good evening.

- So you're the lucky man.

- Invariably, my friend.

- You remember me?

- I shall never forget you.

What's the secret of your success
with the ladies?

His mask. They don't know how hideous
he looks without it, as I do.

Lenore, could you...

Pardon me.

- Your admirers are very fickle.

- Not I.

Indeed. You've come all the way
to Paris just to see Lenore.

I'd gladly go farther than that,
but she wasn't the reason.

No? Then what was it? I'm jealous.

A wedding.

The Marquis de Maynes
takes a bride the first week in July.

Charming girl. His ward.

We're here to prepare for the nuptials.

So, de Maynes is in Paris.
Yes, the happy couple arrived
here together this morning.
Au revoir, Columbine.
Some other evening perhaps.
Scaramouche, my compliments.
I shall send all Paris to see you.
On second thought...
I'm not in the mood for frog legs.
We'll go to Emile's and have oysters.
My cloak.
I'll get Binet to take you home.
- You know I can't dine with you now.
- You hate him for her sake.
That's why you hate him, because of her!
No, not because of her.
Enough. You seem to have forgotten
everything I taught you.
This is no lesson.
You make it a street fight.
He could have run you through
a dozen times.
- What time is it?

- 6:
We still got 30 minutes. Come on.
The head. Fight with the head.
Forget the heart.
That's enough for today. Go home.
Thank you.
You have a demon in you, this fine day.
Lose it or you'll not live to see another.
Yes, you're right.
Thank you, Perigore.
Thanks for everything.
Pay me tomorrow.
Well?
He may be our man.
- What are you doing here?
- Don't say anything.
I won't shout, and I won't throw things.
Forgive me coming here...
but you've just given me
the worst night of my life.

- I thought you were dead.
- Not yet.
Don't joke about it.
I'm sorry. Don't joke about it, please.
It's no joke to me.
What happened last night?
I went to de Maynes. The lord was in bed
and the house well guarded by servants.
- Come home now.
- No.
Please, Andre.
You never really knew
Philippe de Valmorin...
did you, Lenore?
He was like my younger brother.
I watched him grow up,
and I watched him die.
Murdered.
If you'd seen that...
you'd understand why for the last months
I've had but one desire:
De Maynes' death.
An hour from now,
he rides in le bois alone.
God willing, that desire
will be fulfilled this morning.
I don't like you this way, Andre.
I don't like you at all.
I don't like myself.
I'd like you to wish me luck.
You fool! You'll go to your death.
Then pray for me.
Quiet.
Who are you? What do you mean by
sending me a note with "Andre" on it?
Why should I be interested in Andre?
You must be
or you wouldn't have seen me.
I know a dozen Andres: Andre Lebourge,
Andre Clou, Andre Bercier.
Andre Moreau.
Andre Moreau? Who is Andre Moreau?
If you don't know,
then you won't care if he's dead.

Dead? No!

- That's better.

- Is he?

No. He's alive now,

but he won't be in half an hour.

He's waiting in the bois to fight

your fianc. Andre will be cut to pieces.

- Why do you come to me?

- Why?

You love him.

You do, don't you?

Yes.

Yes, I love him.

He's no use to either of us dead.

Quickly. This way.

Andre, whenever we meet,

you're armed to the teeth.

I was expecting de Maynes. Where is he?

Not here. I assure you there's no one here

but me, and I'm really quite harmless.

- They told me he rides here at 7:00.

- Not always. In Paris he likes to sleep late.

- Shall we ride on a little together?

- No. We'll ride nowhere.

- You don't care to accompany me?

- I'm waiting for de Maynes.

He won't come.

The Marquis de Maynes is not riding

this morning. Do you hear me?

If he weren't riding this morning,

you wouldn't be here.

Do you love him very much?

You know I've never loved anyone but you

from the moment we met...

just as you have never loved anyone

but me from that moment.

- I do not love you, Aline.

- Then you love someone else.

Tell me you love someone else,

and I'll believe you.

- I love no one. I have no time for loving.

- You love me.

- I do not.

- I think you do.

You told me in the coach. Remember?
- I've said as much to a dozen women.
- You didn't love any of them?
I fall in love constantly, indiscriminately.
The effect is the same
as if I never fell in love.
I don't know what you said to the others.
I only know that when you spoke to me...
you loved me.
Aline, listen to me.
We met and became friends.
I make friends easily.
That means nothing at all.
There is not, and there never could be,
anything between us. Never.
Do you understand?
Ride away and forget
that you ever met Andre Moreau.
He's already forgotten
that he ever met Aline de Gavrillac.
Why do you lie to me, Andre?
Why don't you tell me what you feel?
Never mind.
You feel it, and that's all that matters.
And so do I.
I love you.
No matter what you may say or do,
whatever may happen to either of us...
I shall go on loving you always.
Will you remember that?
Always.
- Are you hurt?
- No.
I came to ride with you.
And then suddenly... Come. Let's ride.
What, no fear after such a narrow escape?
I like that. But enough for today.
Come, my dear. I'll take you home.
He didn't come.
You've had no breakfast or lunch.
Is there any food in this house?
Not for me. I'm not hungry.
Andre Moreau, colleague
of the late Philippe de Valmorin...

wanted for treason
against the Crown of France?
- Who let you in?
- No one. I used discretion and the window.
I am unarmed.
- Go on your business, or...
- Or you'll run me deftly through.
I don't doubt it.
You have a rare talent with the sword.
- Come on, your name, your business.
- Dubuque. My profession? A doctor.
By force of circumstance, a deputy
of the newly created National Assembly.
Come to the point.
The newly elected
people's representatives...
are being methodically reduced
by the aristocrats.
Only yesterday, Deputy Chambris,
one of our best men...
was murdered in a duel, so called.
These things happen.
We want to appoint a new delegate
to succeed Chambris.
We need a young man.
As quick with his sword as his tongue.
Well?
I have no interest in politics, whatsoever.
Yet you were a friend of Marcus Brutus.
In spite of his fancies,
not because of them.
You believe in liberty.
You know it's being strangled.
I also believe in laughter,
and I know the world is mad.
Good day, sir.
So, the de Crvy
and the de Maynes go unopposed.
- A pity.
- What was that?
What was what?
Those names that you said.
De Crvy and...
de Maynes?

- Noel de Maynes?

- Yes.

You mean that he sits in the assembly?

Naturally. He's a peer of the realm.

- You said you weren't hungry...

- Who said he wasn't hungry?

I've never been hungrier in my life!

Allow me to present...

my good friend Dubuque...

by profession a doctor,

by force of circumstance a deputy.

On second thought, I realize that I am

very much interested in politics...

and I would be proud to serve

the people of France in their hour of need.

Deputy Designate Moreau

of the National Assembly, if you please.

Deputy Dubuque,

would you join me in a meal?

The assembly will come to order!

Deputy du Rouge,

representing the Soissons district.

Present.

Deputy Chambris, from the Saint-Denis

district of the city of Paris.

Mr. President. The deputy

from the Saint-Denis district...

will be absent from this assembly.

Permanently.

Mr. President. May I introduce

the new deputy from Saint-Denis?

Why, yes.

This man is a traitor! Andre Moreau!

- Arrest him! I demand his arrest!

- No!

Excuse me, but has not every member

of this assembly...

been granted the privilege

of immunity from arrest?

Yes. That is true.

Are his credentials in order?

Quite in order.

You may take your seat.

You may take your seat, Deputy Moreau.

With the President's permission, I now
would like to address a few remarks...
to a notorious swordsman
on the bench's opposite.
One who in his arrogance and pride...
did not scruple to murder
a son of France...
whose only crime
was that he loved liberty.
De Maynes, where are you?
The Marquis de Maynes
is absent from the assembly...
having been ordered by Her Majesty
the Queen to inspect the orphanage...
for young ladies of noble birth
at Saint-Germain-en-Laye.
Deputy Moreau, you'll take your seat.
The assembly will continue the roll call.
You, Moreau. My name is du Rouge.
I'm the deputy from Soissons.
How do you do?
Do you hear me?
I dislike your face.
- I not only hear you, I agree with you.
- Wait.
Your cheeks are pale.
They need more color.
That's better.
Moreau, your honor demands satisfaction.
- It does?
- Emphatically.
Behind the cathedral. At 6:00?
Deputy Cavalier,
representing the Vendme district?
Present.
Deputy Vignon from the Louvre district
of the city of Paris?
Deputy du Rouge,
representing the Soissons district?
Moreau!
Mr. President, the deputy from Soissons...
will be absent
from this assembly permanently.
And now, perhaps,

l may get some response...
from that high-and-mighty lord...
who makes his blade a tool for butchery!
De Maynes! Stand up!
The Marquis de Maynes is absent
from the assembly...
having been ordered
by Her Majesty the Queen...
to report upon the waterworks
at Versailles.
Waterworks.
My name is De Crillons
from Chteau Thierry.
Your face revolts me.
- Your eyes are pig's eyes, and your ears...
- All right.
Behind the cathedral at 6:00.
Deputy de Nicolay,
in representing the Moulin district?
Present.
Deputy De Crillons,
representing the Chteau Thierry district?
Mr. President,
the deputy from Chteau Thierry...
will be absent from the assembly
for three months, so the doctor said.
Now may l ask,
what pressing assignment...
robs us of the presence
of the Marquis de Maynes today?
He is absent from the assembly having
been ordered by Her Majesty the Queen...
to survey
the royal partridge preserves at Trianon.
Partridge preserves.
My friend Chabrillaine. l know, my face.
It reminds you of a bos taurus horrendus.
- What's that?
- An Ethiopian ox.
Behind the cathedral at 6:00.
Moreau?
This morning. l'm lucky to be alive.
- Where can l find him?
- The assembly adjourned for a month...

but I know where he lives.
I thought you'd be interested. Tomorrow?
Tonight. I shall sleep
much better when I know Moreau is dead.
Noel?
Well?
- You don't like it.
- But I do, very much.
No, you don't.
And I had it made especially for tonight.
- Tonight?
- Yes. Where shall we go?
I thought perhaps Souchet's,
and then the opera.
- My dear, I'm afraid tonight is impossible.
- Impossible? But you promised.
"The first night I return, we go out,"
you said. Don't you remember?
Not altogether. I'm sorry,
but something has come up.
No. First an orphanage,
then a waterworks...
then some ridiculous peacocks...
- Partridges.
- Now something comes up.
- I don't believe it.
- I assure you it's absolutely true.
There's a woman behind it,
that's what there is.
- Maybe two women.
- Aline, this is absurd.
Just when we were going to be married.
Noel, how could you?
Aline. Please?
If I promised, I promised.
What are they playing
tonight at the opera?
- Orpheus and Eurydice.
- I went last night. Wretched performance.
Very depressing.
Now, if you want a gay evening...
there's only one answer,
the Ambige Theater.
The Ambige?

What are they playing there?
Wait till you see Scaramouche.
You'll love him.
Hideous, but hilarious.
You should see him without the mask.
The most magnificently ugly fellow
I've ever set eyes on.
Ladies and gentlemen,
we are singularly honored tonight.
We have with us
that most chivalrous gentleman...
Noel, Marquis de Maynes.
Noel, I feel faint.
Would you take me home, please?
Going so soon, my lord?
I assure you, the best is yet to come.
You may turn your back
on Scaramouche, my lord...
but surely you will not run away from...
Andre Moreau.
Scaramouche, you have given
your last performance.
Why don't you come and take it?
It's only I, Andre.
Are all things clear to souls in paradise?
If so...
God grant the boy understands
my failure...
and forgives it.
- I cannot.
- You will.
Never!
He stood there waiting...
neither asking or expecting mercy.
I could not do it.
I looked into his eyes...
Why?
Before all the saints in heaven, why?
When you were a boy at home...
how many, many times did you ask us:
"Who am I? And how did I come to live...
"in the house of the de Valmorins?
"And if you are not my father...
"tell me, who is?"

I learned the answer months ago.
My father was Armand de Gavrillac.
No. Armand de Gavrillac
pretended to be your father.
Actually, he was covering an indiscretion
of his closest friend...
who was your real father.
Then who was my father?
You are the natural son
of the late Marquis de Maynes.
De Maynes, the father of Noel de Maynes...
the man whose life you could not take.
You couldn't kill your own brother.
My brother, Noel!
My tender, loving...
Then she is not...
Not your sister.
- Aline is not...
- No.
So now you can feel about her
the way she feels about you.
Yes, I know she loves you.
Not the way I did,
but then she's not like me.
She doesn't listen
to other people's conversations.
And she's the marrying kind...
which somehow I don't seem to be.
I like the Gavrillac girl. She's a lady.
But never mind. I like her.
Be nice to her, Scaramouche.
I said be nice to her, you clod, not to me.
Go on, get out of here.
Beautiful.
English