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The Devil's Brother

By Jeanie Macpherson

On yonder rock reclining
That fierce and swarthy form behold
Fast his hand his carbine hold
'Tis his best friend of old
This way his steps inclining
His scarlet plume waves o'er his brow
And his velvet cloak hangs low
Playing in careless flow
Tremble!

E'en while the storm is beating
Afar hear echo repeating
Diavolo, Diavolo, Diavolo!
Tremble!

E'en while the storm is beating
Afar hear echo repeating
Diavolo, Diavolo, Diavolo!

Well, dark eyes,
who's your last lover, huh?
What success, Diavolo?
Great success with the prettiest wench
in all Christendom.

The devil with wenches.
Did you get a goose for us to pick?
"Goose" is the very word.

A skinny old lord
who simply stinks with gold...
...and his pretty wife...
...whose jewels sparkle like
an early frost on a December morning.

- Did you steal them?
- Of course not.

She knew me only
as the Marquis de San Marco...
...and as such, I could only sing her
a song and steal her heart.

And there was I, sitting
in the very same coach with them.

His Lordship,
that was her husband, sitting here...
...Her Ladyship, and what a ladyship,
sitting there.

And here was I, dressed as the marquis,
and what a marquis.

The gondolier

Fond passion 's slave
Will for his love
Each danger brave
Winds and waves
Both disdained
From his fair one's bright eyes
Be a glance but his prize
It is still something
Something gained
It is still
It is still
It is still something gained
It is still
It is still
It is still something gained
Lovely lady, this pearl grows yellow
against the marble of your hand.
Well, yellow or not,
it cost my husband 50,000 francs.
No.
And this medallion cost him 100,000.
One hundred thousand francs.
- What a waste of money.
- Sir?
When even diamonds grow dull
beneath the sparkle of your eyes.
Oh, milord.
But isn't your husband afraid to let his
pretty wife travel with all these jewels?
- Oh, why, this isn't the half of them.
- No?
- Just wait till you see.
- What?
I'll wager this is the richest fruitcake
you've ever seen.
Too rich, milady, too rich.
Why, this road is overrun
with the worst bandits in Italy.
Oh, they'll never find my jewels.
Nor my husband's 500,000 francs.
Francs? Francs?
Who said 500,000 francs?
I was just saying, my love,
that you're far too clever...

...for those nasty, nasty bandits.
I wish I were as clever with popinjays.
And that's how I found milady's jewels.
As a marquis, I uphold tradition.
You hold up the coach.
Tonio, Alessandro, come with me.
I want a word with you.
Drink, for joy bestowing
Around, around, the wine is flowing
Wine's the soldier's shield
In the tented field
Wine's the soldier's shield
In the tented field
Is there anything I can do
to help you, Father, dear?
Yes, there is. Stay away from
that poverty-stricken young soldier...
...or all the plans I have made for you
will be spoiled.
But, Father, I love Lorenzo,
and I'm not afraid of poverty.
But I am.
But, Father, perhaps Lorenzo
and I could save enough...
You'll marry Francesco tomorrow.
- But, Father...
- Not another word.
Glory's path while bravely pursuing
Love and wine his toils repay
Don't weep, dear.
What did your father have to say?
- I've got to marry Francesco.
- You don't have to marry anyone.
- Why don't you just flatly refuse.
- You don't understand.
It isn't that simple.
Father hasn't a lira,
and he's going to lose the inn.
Oh, if I could only capture Diavolo.
But, darling, you've been on his trail
for months, and he always slips away.
Yes, but each time
I've been a little closer.
And one of these days

he'll not slip away.

- Come on.

- Well, he won't go.

Well, don't sit there dreaming.

Do something.

Well, what can I do?

He won't pay any attention to me.

Why don't you give him a couple of:

- I don't want to do that yet.

- Why?

I'm saving it for the hills.

Come on.

"Saving it for the hills."

Just a moment.

- What'd you do with our money?

- I got it in the saddlebag.

You'd better give it to me.

It'll be safer in my hands.

Our life savings.

Wouldn't it be terrible

if we lost this?

After all the years

we have toiled and slaved for it?

Why, we've even gone

without the necessities of life...

...deprived ourselves of food,

actually starved.

But now we have our reward.

We can settle down for life

and live on the fat of the land.

Keep your hands where they are.

Hand it over.

There it goes.

After all we went through to get it.

Oh, well. Come easy, go easy,

that's my motto.

What do you mean,

"come easy, go easy"?

Now we've got to start all over again,

right at the bottom.

Why don't we start at the top?

- What do you mean?

- Well, why don't we become bandits?

Then we wouldn't

have to work hard anymore.
Let's get it the easy way.
We could rob the rich and give them
to the poor, and we could have all...
That's the first time
that you've shown any intelligence.
Well, it's the first time
you've listened to me.
You know, if you'd listen to me once
in a while, you'd be a lot better off.
I guess you're right.
Tell me that plan again.
- All of it?
- Certainly, certainly.
Well, if... If we became rich and...
And we robbed the poor and
we gave them to the bandits...
...and we could start at the top...
...and we'd get to the bottom
without working hard anymore.
We can't go wrong.
It's the law of conversation.
What do you mean?
Well, as ye cast your bread
on the waters, so shall ye reap.
- That's very well thought out.
- I'm glad you agree.
You know, there's one thing
that's bothering me, though.
What's that?
We don't know anything
about being bandits.
- I never...
- Why, it's simple.
We can be bandits.
It doesn't require any brains.
Come on.
Your money or your life.
Your money or your life.
Your money or your life.
What?
Your money or your life.
We're a couple of bandits.
We've come to take your money.

You wouldn't rob me.
I can't afford to give you any money.
I'm a poor, hard-working old man.
The father of 16 children.
It takes all I can earn...
...to put bread in their
poor little hungry mouths.
I've got a sick wife...
...and Grandma don't feel so well either.
Look at me. Look at me.
I got one foot in the grave.
You wouldn't rob me...
...and see my little ones go without.
Would you?
Oh, thank you, sir.
From now on, I'll do the robbing.
On yonder rock reclining
That fierce and swarthy form behold
Fast his hand his carbine hold
'Tis his best friend of old
- Diavolo.
- Come on, boys. Run for your lives.
Run. Diavolo.
- Run for your lives.
- Come on.
- Diavolo.
- Diavolo!
- Run for your lives! Run for your lives!
- Run for your lives.
Tremble!
- It's Diavolo.
- Diavolo! Run for your lives!
Come on, hide.
What's going on here?
That was Fra Diavolo.
He's a bloodthirsty villain
and the terror of the countryside.
If you ever cross his path,
he'll cut your throat from ear to ear.
Have a care. Have a care.
Maybe we'd better not be bandits.
Tut, tut, tut.
Do you think that I'm perturbed
by his idle twaddle?

- Well, he said, "Have a care."

- Come on.

But suppose we meet this Diavolo.

All we have to do

is to watch our p's and q's.

Don't you think that I know a bandit
when I see one?

Well, I don't wanna walk around
with my throat cut.

My lord and lady have been robbed

My lord and lady have been robbed

- My lord and lady have been robbed

- My lord and lady have been robbed

My lord and lady have been robbed

My lord and lady have been robbed

Find out which way the coach came,
then assemble the troops.

My lord and lady have been robbed

- What are you going to do?

- Don't you see, dear?

This must be the work of Diavolo.

It's our one big chance.

- Do be careful.

- Careful.

I'll take charge of this one.

You've gotten us into enough trouble.

Stand and deliver.

Deliver to whom?

Tell him who you are, that'll scare him.

I am Diavolo.

Yeah, and if you're not careful,

he'll cut your throat from here to there.

All over the countryside.

You better watch your q's and p's.

So you are Fra Diavolo?

'Tis true you've never seen my face,
but you've heard my voice.

On yonder rock reclining

Diavolo...

On yonder rock reclining...

Diavolo the bandit stands

In his hand his carbine hold

'Tis his best friend of old

Tremble!

E'en while the storm is beating
A while hear echo repeating
Diavolo, Diavolo, Diavolo
Gentleman, allow me to introduce you
to our rival competitors.
If you hadn't arrived in the nick of time,
Diavolo would have been no more.
With such ruffian as these
in our midst...
...everybody's life's in danger.
- Well, what shall we do with them, boys?
- Hang them!
Hanging it shall be.
Throw a rope over that tree.
Please, sir, spare our lives.
First you steal my name,
and then you hold me up.
- Hanging's too good for you.
- Oh, please, give us another chance.
We didn't mean to hold you up.
We were just coming around...
All right, all right.
I'll give you another chance.
Can we go now?
You shall be the executioner...
...and hang that overfed windbag.
And if you make a good job of it,
you can go free.
- Well, boys, did you hold up the coach?
- Yeah.
Well, let's see what you got.
And if he's not strung up
by the time I'm through:
- Well, let's see what you've got.
- Aye.
A king's ransom there, boys.
Don't hurt him, mister.
Hold on.
Chief said he had to do that.
Here you are.
Good luck, boys.
- Well, where's the money?
- Money? We found no money.
- You...? You found no money?

- No.

Do you know what was in that coach?

Five hundred thousand francs,
and you had to miss it.

- Five hundred thousand francs?

- Five hundred thousand francs.

Dolts. Fools. Idiots. Louts.

After all my work,

you've botched up everything.

For that, there won't be any split.

Can't we at least share the jewels?

That means I shall have to follow
the coach to the inn.

None of us can follow that coach, chief.

- Why not?

- We'd all be recognized.

- Yeah.

- That's right.

There, that's better.

You're choking me.

I'm sorry.

Just be careful.

- Goodbye, Ollio.

- Goodbye.

You know, I hate to have to do this,
but you heard what he said.

Please help me make a good job of it.

I'll do my best.

You know, this is going to hurt you
more than it does me.

Put yourself in my place.

I wish I could.

I know just how you feel.

- Goodbye, Ollio.

- Goodbye.

- Ollio?

- What?

Before you go,

I have a little confession to make.

You remember that girl that

you were very much in love with and...

And you wanted to marry her...

...and she wouldn't marry you

because she heard you had a son?

Well, I was to blame for that.

I told her I was your son.

Do you forgive me?

- Goodbye, Ollie.

- Goodbye.

- Ollio?

- What?

Before you go, there's just
one more thing I want to ask you.

What?

After you're gone...

...do you want to be buried,
or shall I have you stuffed?

Why, I think that I'd rather...

What do you mean, stuffed?

Well, I thought it'd be nice
to keep you in the living room.

Now, wouldn't I look silly
standing on a pedestal.

Come on and get this over with.

You're wasting my time.

- Goodbye.

- Goodbye.

- Goodbye.

- Goodbye. Take it easy.

Goodbye.

Goodbye.

You two, follow me.

The rest of you, get back to the camp.

- He wouldn't stay up there.

- Good.

Give me another chance.

I'll find another tree.

I'll give you both another chance.

From now on,

you'll be my personal servants...

...but you will only know me
as the Marquis de San Marco.

- Do you understand?

- Marquis de San Marco.

That's it. Do...?

- Do you understand?

- Yes, Mr. Diavolo.

If ever you breathe the name

of Diavolo again...
...or tell anyone who I am...
...I'll find a tree for both of you.
Take these to the camp.
And after you've cleaned them,
washed them and currycombed them...
...send them to me.
Isn't that nice?
Now I don't have to hang you.
And I don't have to have my throat cut,
and we can...
- What's that for?
- My son.
Will there be anything else, milady?
- Oh, just straighten up this confusion.
- Yes, milady.
Oh, those horrible, horrible bandits.
And all those beautiful jewels
I gave you, gone.
All save one, milord.
And my money?
Safe as a bug in a rug.
Clever of me to think
of having it sewn in your petticoat.
I wouldn't dare travel in this country
with so much money on me.
But perhaps someone may find it on me.
What...? What...? Why...
Who, my dear, besides myself,
would be likely to see your lingerie, huh?
No one but you, milord.
One would think, my dear,
you'd never seen a sedan chair.
I am the Marquis de San Marco.
If your inn pleases me, I shall want
the best accommodations for myself...
...and retinue.
All our thoughts
will be for your comfort, milord.
You may have any suite in the house,
Your Excellency.
Except our suite, I trust.
Milord, I would sleep in the barn
rather than discommode you.

Find out your quarters

and await my pleasure.

Don't lift until I tell you.

Up.

- Prepare everything comfortable, please.

- Yes. Go fetch your best linen.

What do you think

you're trying to do to my bull?

And you had to wave a red handkerchief.

Remember the song

you were teaching me in the coach?

Could I forget

the happiest hour of my life?

Pamela. Pamela.

Are you going to stay out there

all afternoon?

For you.

Beauty from the beautiful.

Oh, I know I'm just going to love

this romantic old inn.

Look.

What does it say?

There's a reward of 20,000 lire
offered for the capture of Diavolo.

Come here.

All we've got to do

is to capture Diavolo...

...and we've got another fortune
right in the palm of our hands.

Come on.

I hope everything will be
to your satisfaction, Your Highness.

- I know I'm going to be very happy here.

- Thank you.

Oh, my dear,

I think I require a little exercise.

I'll stroll around the garden for a while.

I'll be back in an hour or so.

Time will hang heavy, my sweet,
until you return.

- Where is the marquis's room?

- Right in there, sir.

At your service, milady.

Oh, don't be afraid.

I simply had to see you.
You're a naughty, naughty boy.
Are you angry?
I'm very, very angry.
Angry enough to...? To kiss me?
- Tie him up. Tie him up.
- Let me out of here. Let me go.
Let me... Let me... Let me go.
- Let me go, I say.
- Oh, no, don't...
Put his arm in place.
Who is it? What has happened?
Help me! Please help me!
- Would you get that rope on my neck...?
- Let me go. Let me go.
What is the matter? Help me!
Let me get out! Help!
Hit him with something
so he'll keep quiet.
Help get something...
- Hit him and keep him quiet.
- I don't know what's gonna happen...
What's the matter? Let me go.
Let me go. Let me go. Let me... Let me...
Let me get up now, will you?
Come on, before it's too late.
Oh, well, anyway, I saw to it that they
didn't find my husband's money.
Imagine a woman
outwitting the great Diavolo.
Oh, the bandits could've found it,
had they looked in the right place.
And that place was?
I couldn't tell you.
There's no use struggling, Mr. Diavolo.
Your bandit days are over.
Let me out of here.
Let me out of here.
- Not until we get the reward.
- What reward?
The reward for your capture,
Mr. Diavolo.
- You let me out of here.
- Let you...?

That reminds me.
I'm an overfed windbag, am I?
I tell you, I'm not Diavolo.
You don't have to disguise your voice.
We know who you are.
What are you going to do with me?
We're going to hang you
from the highest tree.
The terror of the countryside, huh?
Don't do that.
Why, if I had my way, I'd boil you in oil.
- What do you want?
- You'll pay for this.
Shut up.
Oh, did...? Come...
Get up out of there.
Come on, quickly.
- Wind that.
- That?
Wind that.
So you'd have me boiled in oil,
would you?
Now, listen.
One more trick like that,
you big puffed-up bullfrog...
...and I'll cut out your gizzard

like this:

Oh, milady, your things are so beautiful.
You have everything.
Yes, everything save one, Zerlina:
romance.
Pamela. Pamela. Where is my nightcap?
On your head, you silly little goose.
- I trust milord is enjoying his supper.
- Too well, Matteo.
I'm afraid your excellent cheese
will steal my rest.
Milord sleeps lightly?
Well, sleep seldom visits me
before the dawn.
Affairs of state
weigh heavily on my mind.
Is there anything I could do

to help you rest?

Yes, I think you can.

Have you any sleeping powders?

I have just the thing, milord,
left over from a bad attack of gout.

- I'll guarantee you slumber until morning.

- Oh, thanks, Matteo.

- What are you doing?

- I'm playing Kneesie, Earsie, Nosie.

- "Kneesie, Earsie, Nosie."

- Try it.

I don't wanna try it.

Anybody can do that.

Do that again.

Kneesie, Earsie, Nosie.

Here they are, milord. One will be plenty.

They are very strong.

- Send my servants to me.

- Yes, milord.

The marquis wishes to see you
right away.

Take this wine to Lord Rocburg
with my compliments...

...then come back here.

I beg your pardon.

With the marquis's compliments.

Kindly inform the marquis

I am very particular with whom I drink.

Why did you drink that?

Well, I was afraid I might spill it.

Come on.

Afraid of spilling it.

What are you trying to do,
break your necks?

Oh, I should have done it for you
in the first place.

- Did you see His Lordship?

- Yes, sir.

So far, so good.

Now, this is my plan.

You're to wait in the courtyard
until the house is quiet.

Then, when you hear my signal,
you're to climb up to the balcony.

- Will your signal be a whistle?

- Will my signal be a whistle?

Of course not.

Do you want to arouse the entire house?

At the proper time,

I'll sing a certain song.

Silence befriending

To aid us conspires

Prudence attending

Vengeance inspires

- You can remember it?

- Yes, sir.

- You're not gonna forget it?

- No, sir.

Do you remember it?

Sing it.

Sing it.

On yonder rock reclining, Diavolo...

Shut up.

You stupid fool.

Do you wanna get us all hung?

If I hear a single note of that song again,

I'll... I'll cut out your tongue.

Calm yourself, milord.

I'll see that he never does it again.

When you hear the signal,

you climb up the balcony.

- Yes, sir.

- Now, get out.

All right.

Should you require anything

during the night, milady...

...I will be resting

right outside your door.

That's very thoughtful, my dear.

Good night.

Good night, milady.

Wake up. Don't you know

there's work to be done?

Did you hear what he said?

When he sings that song,

we've got to climb the balcony.

Now, wake up.

What's the matter with you? Wake up.

Silence befriending
To aid us conspires
Prudence attending
Vengeance inspires
There's the signal. Come on.
Come on, come on, there's the signal.
Silence befriending
To aid us conspires
Prudence attending
Vengeance conspires
Come on.
Come on, get out of there
and help me get these...
Get that table over there.
And wake up. Now, go ahead.
Turn it around.
Turn it around.
Hand me that chair.
Hey. Hey. Wake up.
Hey, wake up.
Quiet. Quiet, you fools.
Do you want to spoil everything?
Follow me.
Oh, wait. Get off of my back.
- Come on.
- I can't come up.
Help me get out of here.
You idiots. What are you trying to do?
Help me get him up.
Take it easy, now.
Take it easy, now. There, that's it.
For a servant
There's no denying
There's a shape that's not much amiss
There's no cause
I fancy for sighing
When one boasts such a figure as this
I'm sure, I'm sure
There are some more amiss
I'm sure, I'm sure
There are some more amiss
You guard the maid closely...
...and if she wakes up
and attempts to scream...

...use this.

I'll leave the bedroom door open
while you cover Lord Rocburg.

Victory crowned

Victoria, Victoria, Victoria

Let each heart rejoice

Pleasure reign around

Raise the grateful voice

Raise the grateful voice

We'll come with victory crowned

Milord, milord.

- The soldiers are returning.

- The soldiers?

Still let that cry aloud resound

Victoria, Victoria, Victoria

Still let that cry aloud resound

Victoria, Victoria, Victoria

Still let that cry aloud resound

Still let that cry aloud resound

Still let that cry aloud resound

Let the cry, let the cry

Let the cry aloud resound

Dismissed.

What luck? Did you catch
that murderous rogue?

We didn't get Diavolo.

But we found his hiding place
and killed 20 of his men.

Bravo, bravo.

Thank heavens you're safe.

Come, come, my dear. This night air.

Oh, Lorenzo.

'Tis Easter day, 'tis Easter day

Let's sing and play

Hail, blessed morning

Nature adorning

'Tis Easter day, 'tis Easter day

Let's sing and play

- Let youth and maiden

- By sin unladen

- By sin unladen

Now deck this scene
With boughs of green
Let youth and maiden
Welcome, Francesco.
I am honored to call you my son.
Well, I'll admit, Father-in-law,
you might have done worse.
Francesco, the bride is waiting
for your kiss.
This is a lucky day for you, my dear.
- I trust everything is prepared.
- Nothing but the very best.
I'll take a look around and make sure.
Come in, friends. Welcome. There's
plenty to drink, there's plenty to eat.
Hail, blessed morning
- blessed morning
Nature adorning
'Tis Easter day, 'tis Easter day
Let's sing and play
- Let youth and maiden
What are you doing?
I'm playing Finger-Wiggle.
- What?
- Finger-Wiggle.
F-l-inger, finger.
W-l-iggle, wiggle.
Finger-Wiggle.
Hold that.
Finger-Wiggle.
Do that again.
All night long, I could not sleep.
I try to do this.
Couldn't do it.
Now you worry me with this.
What I wish you, I could not say.
Help, help, help!
Oh, I've been robbed, I've been robbed.
My medallion has been stolen!
Do you hear?
We've been robbed in this very inn.

- I am so sorry.
- No safety for guests in this house?
I tell you, something
must be done about this.
I am so sorry, milord.
I doubt, milady, if we'll have
to search far for the thief.
Do you know,
I think you're right, captain.
Do you remember a figure in uniform
climbing up to the balcony last night?
Of course I remember,
and I wondered what he was doing.
Oh, yes, by the way,
what were you doing last night, captain?
Why... Why, after
I dismissed the troop, I...
I'd rather not say.
This is no time to keep silent.
I didn't climb the balcony
to steal your medallion, I swear.
Well, I think the matter can be
cleared up very easily.
Why don't we all submit to a search.
I'm not afraid to be searched.
He hasn't anything.
Captain, you've...
You've forgotten your cape.
My medallion!
Milady, I will call the police.
I tell you, I didn't steal it.
I don't know how it got into my cape.
He's innocent, milady, I swear it.
Please don't arrest him.
It was wrong of him to steal it,
but the motive was very touching.
He stole it.
What does the motive matter?
- Love makes us do strange things.
- Oh, milord.
This young officer was too poor
to marry Zerlina...
...and the medallion
would have made it possible.

Oh, don't weep, my dear.
Love does create a great havoc.
Love? All poppycock.
I shall see to it, my dear,
that your sweetheart is not arrested.
Oh, milady, I thank you.
And I promise you that I shall prove
to you my innocence.
And before this day is done,
I'll turn over to you the real thief.
Doesn't it strike you as strange
that this Marquis de San Marco...
...though traveling elaborately
around this country...
...is never bothered by these bandits?
Well, that is so.
Draw him into conversation
about Diavolo.
Possibly we can learn something.
If you can go down the cellar
without breaking your necks...
...bring up some of my best wine.
Why, we're not your servants.
The marquis's orders are that you are
to make yourself useful around here.
And remember, my best wine.
Chateau Lafite, 1728. Now, hurry. Hurry.
It's odd that the distinguished marquis,
in all his travels over the country...
...hasn't met this Diavolo.
Oh, but I have.
- What?
- Really?
I haven't actually spoken with him.
I have seen him.
- But where?
- Oh, do tell us.
Well, late one evening
when I was returning home...
...I heard a voice singing
high above me.
And looking up, there he was,
black cloak, white plume and all.
- How romantic.

- Yes, wasn't it?
And if what he was singing
were true...
...you know, he must be
quite a remarkable fellow.
You know, curiously enough,
the song stayed with me.
Let me see, how did it go?
I remember.
Proudly and wide
My standard flies
For daring hearts
A noble band
All own my sway
Whilst for supplies
Each traveler's wealth I freely command
All own my sway
Whilst for supplies
Each traveler's wealth I freely command
Now a banker I stop
Your gold, your gold
Your gold, your gold
And now a lord is brought
Your gold, your gold
Your gold, your gold
A lawyer next is caught
Let justice be done
Restore your plunder
Even threefold
Now
A pilgrim before me is led
"I have no gold
I have no bread"
Here are both for you, friend
Peace your footsteps attend
So
So
Swift run the sands of time
Then since life glides so fast away
Let's enjoy it while yet we may
For fate so kind today
Perhaps tomorrow may betray
As new dangers our steps surround
Every moment may be your last

Then with new pleasures crowned
Be every moment gaily passed
Oh, what joys divine
Does the brigand's station combine?
Still gay and at ease
Just as a king I do as I please
I plunder, rob, take people's lives
Bear off both husbands and their wives
And oft their hearts to beat I've made
The last with love, the first with dread
One trembling bows with hat in hand
The other smiles and says
"Dear brigand."
Then since life glides so fast away
Let's enjoy it while yet we may
For fate so kind today
Perhaps tomorrow may betray
But as new dangers our steps surround
Each moment may be
May be our last
Then with new pleasures
Pleasures crowned
Be every moment gaily passed
Be every moment gaily, gaily passed
Be every moment gaily, gaily passed
Be every moment
Gaily, gaily passed
Be every moment gaily passed
Be every moment gaily passed
Be every moment, every moment
Gaily
Passed
Watch what you're doing.
Hold this while I get off the ladder.
Wait till I put the candle down.
Wait a minute.
Now, when I fill this with wine,
I'll hand it to you.
Then you pour it in there.
Simple.
I've been waiting so patiently for you.
How did you know I'd come here?
Love told me.
Oh, but, milord, you shouldn't be here

in my bedroom.

Why not?

I simply had to see you alone.

You're much too fascinating a man.

I think I'd better go.

What's the matter? Afraid?

You funny man.

Of course not.

Well, I am.

You afraid, milord?

- Of what?

- Of you and for you.

- For me?

- And your safety.

But I have my medallion.

And perhaps they'll find my jewels.

Yes, but supposing
they steal your money.

As I've told you before, milord,
our money is securely hidden.

Well, who guards it so loyally?

I do.

You do?

Well, l... I don't see it on you.

Of course you don't.

Though it's not very far from you.

Well... Well, let me guess
where it's hidden.

Is it in your bag?

It's much nearer to me than that.

Is it...

...in your bodice?

I know.

It's hidden in the folds of your gown.

- Oh, milord.

- Is it...?

Is it very close to your fair white skin?

Is it?

Oh, but that isn't close
to your white skin.

Do you mean to tell me...

...that 500,000 francs is concealed
in that little bit of silk and lace?

Why do you tempt me so

with your beauty?
Oh, please, milord, please.
Don't you know
that I'm falling in love with you?
And that I can't bear the thought of you
belonging to someone else?
But I do belong to someone else,
and we must remember...
I remember nothing else
except that I love you...
...and I can't stand the temptation
of being near you.
Pamela, I... I can't give you up.
- And yet I dare not stay.
- Oh, but, milord...
...I've come to depend on you
for the only light and gaiety in my life.
Surely we can still be friends?
Do you think, with the perfume
of your hair, the light in your eyes...
...the nearness of your lovely self
always tempting me...
...that we can be friends?
Let me look at you.
You're spiffed.
Look at you.
Pull yourself together.
Let's get out of here.
Put that ladder back and come on.
Oh, Pamela, I don't want to remember
you in these formal silks and satins.
I want to remember you as you were last
night on the balcony in the moonlight...
...with your hair framing
your lovely face like a halo...
...and your soft, clinging robe
caressing your white skin.
Would it please milord very much
to see me in that robe again?
It would mean everything
in the world to me.
Now, you sit right down here and
don't dare turn around until I call you.
What's the matter with you?

I'm spiffed.
Do you want everybody to know it?
Now, brace up.
My son.
You... You were gonna have me stuffed.
Oh, Lorenzo.
Do you remember...?
For a servant there's no denying
There's a shape that's not much amiss
There's no cause
I fancy for sighing
When one boasts such a figure as this
I'm sure, I'm sure
There are some more...
That song.
Why, my dear, all men sing
when they're in their cups.
You don't understand.
I sang that song last night
while undressing...
...never dreaming that anyone was near.
Well?
If he was close enough
to hear that song...
...maybe he knows
who stole the medallion.
I see.
Well, now we are getting someplace.
Where did you hear that song
you were singing?
Answer my question
or I'll place you under arrest.
Please, sir, we haven't done anything.
Tell me where you heard that song
or I'll throw you into prison. Both of you.
You leave us alone.
If you don't, I'll tell Diavolo about you.
He doesn't mean Diavolo, sir.
He means the Marquis de San Marco.
Lieutenant.
Place a guard around the inn.
Let no one leave here without my order.
Attention.
Outside and surround the inn.

On guard.

On yonder rock reclining

That fierce and swarthy form behold

Fast his hand his carbine hold

- Diavolo.

- Diavolo.

Tremble!

Meanwhile the storm is beating

Afar hear echo repeating

Diavolo, Diavolo, Diavolo

- Mine, Diavolo.

- Come on.

Arrest this man. Also his servants.

Wait a minute.

Come on, you too.

And now give me the jewels.

- Oh, milord. Milord.

- Yes. Who? What? What?

- Your jewels have been returned.

- My jewels have been returned?

Where are they?

Where are they?

What is this? My jewels.

Liar. Thief.

Milord, if it's not asking too much,
the captain would appreciate his reward.

Reward? Reward? But... But, my dear, I
never travel with so much money on me.

However, I shall communicate
with my solicitor.

But, milord, it's very important
that we... He has the money now.

Oh, milord, excuse me.

As the captain has other plans for me,
and as I have a little money of my own...
...allow me to advance the reward.

But I forbid it.

I want to be under no obligation to you.

You are under no obligations to me.

My...

- Father Matteo.

- My son.

Milord.

What kept you so long, my marquis?

Have you anything to say
before you are shot?

- No.

- No, sir.

Squad, ready.

Aim.

- Well?

- Please, may I blow my nose?

Hurry up, then.

Diavolo!