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# The Mad Genius

By J. Grubb Alexander

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Not so high on your left string.  
Faster. One, two, three.  
One, two, three.  
Careful. They are virgins.  
The applause is deafening.  
Applause? I don't hear any.  
I've been having a little trouble  
with my ears, lately though.  
I took some pills for it but  
they didn't work very well.  
Well, probably you didn't  
put them in the right place.  
Use your imagination.  
Wood.  
[ Loud scream! ]  
Stop .. stop ..  
What you do?  
You stay home!  
Bring down the curtain.  
I'll teach you.  
You come home at once.  
Fedor! Fedor, what you do?  
Fedor!  
Come back here, I tell you.  
Come back here.  
Fedor. Come back here.  
Fedor. I'll break every bone in your body.  
You devil!  
Where do you hide from me?  
If he is, the devil must  
be a mountain goat.  
He runs just like one, doesn't he.  
At least I imagine he does.  
I've never met a mountain  
goat personally.  
Oh, what legs he has for dancing.  
Look at him .. like a deer.  
Where are you going,  
you good-for-nothing?  
Come back here! I charge you!  
Quick. Out of sight with him.  
Fedor.  
I'll break every bone in your body.

Fedor .. Fedor!  
Good evening.  
Where goes that boy?  
What boy?  
He just run in. You must have seen him.  
I'm sorry. Karimsky.  
Yes, sir?  
Have you seen a strange  
boy around here tonight?  
Tonight? No.  
On Friday night there was a strange boy.  
He was quite an old fellow though.  
We've seen no boy. You must be mistaken.  
He's here, I tell you.  
Oh, my dear friend. Look for yourself.  
He's away from home. With what?  
Hidden him safely?  
I'll be lucky if I can  
find him again myself.  
He must be some place.  
Ah, but my friend,  
there are so many places.  
Fedor. Fedor. Fedor!  
Come to me. Where are you?  
I'll kill you when I find you.  
What the devil are we  
going to do with that boy?  
Pack up quick! We get out.  
Bring me that.  
Here.  
Quick.  
Simon!  
Yes, Vladimir.  
Hitch up the horses.  
Come on. Your fingers are like feet.  
Close it up.  
Now go to sleep, Fedor.  
Go to sleep. Don't worry about anything.  
Yes, not a bad name for a dancer.  
A dancer?  
That's what I said.  
Nature fashioned him for that.  
Thighs like steel, yet plastic.  
That's the body I should have had.

With my soul.  
A dancer's soul.  
The heritage of my mother.  
Your mother?  
Ah, you never saw her dance.  
Like a bit of thistle-down.  
She used to say to me "Ivan .. "  
"You have more than I.  
You have the genius."  
Genius? Pah!  
It's been a curse to me.  
A nightmare.  
Twist my dreams with torment.  
It's strange you know ..  
The dream I always had.  
Ever since I was a little boy.  
A great, shining figure.  
White and beautiful.  
Would come to me with wings.  
Big, shimmering wings.  
And put them on my back.  
And beckon me.  
And when I start to fly.  
Oh, so happy.  
My heart would almost break.  
A great claw ..  
Grasped my foot.  
Pulled me down.  
Down into the swamp.  
Black, bubbling.  
And I'd scream and wake.  
Aye, it was a very pretty little dream.  
You gives me the creeps  
when you talk like that, Ivan.  
Yeah, I make my own  
blood run cold my friend.  
When I think of what I might have been.  
And what I am.  
Making little wooden dolls dance.  
For simple peasants.  
And I should be ..  
Don't look like that, Ivan.  
Have you ever heard of the Golem?  
Made of mud.

And given a human soul.  
Of Frankenstein.  
The monster created by man.  
Or the homunculus.  
The pale being. The product of science.  
These are all dreams.  
Brought to life by mortals.  
I will create my own being.  
That boy.  
That boy will be my counterpart.  
He shall be what I should have been.  
I will mould him.  
I will pour into him my genius.  
My soul.  
In him, all my dreams ..  
All my ambitions ..  
Will be fulfilled.  
I will make him.  
The greatest dancer of all time.  
Stop! Time.  
Wrong, wrong. Do it all over again.  
You are out of line. The effect is lost.  
Come on.  
It is all wrong!  
We have to do it all over again.  
Just what I would have said.  
You've got to watch that there,  
with the way you've got those ..  
Lines .. all crooked.  
Do it all over again. You want to  
want to watch that rhythm, too.  
Ahh!  
Now, bear that in mind.  
Ready.  
One .. two ..  
I beg your pardon, sir.  
Count Renaud is here.  
I hope I'm not disturbing you, Tsarakov.  
My dear friend, you are far too  
rich ever to disturb anybody.  
Sit down.  
That premier dancer of yours hardly  
shares your opinion, I'm afraid.  
Every time I come here to the theatre

lately, he watches me like a cat.  
You mean Fedor?  
Look at him now.  
He's stopped dancing.  
Why shouldn't he?  
It's the end of his number.  
That wasn't the case last night.  
He stopped right in the  
middle of the show.  
Oh, he's nervous my friend. You don't  
understand the artistic temperament.  
If you had seen him ten years ago,  
you'd say it was a miracle.  
Just a disjointed little bag of bones.  
Really?  
Nothing to recommend him at all ..  
But his mad ambition to dance.  
I made that ..  
Magnificent specimen you see there.  
Just as surely as God made this world.  
That little girl over there. Nana Carlova.  
She's worthwhile.  
Hmm. But a little beyond  
anyone's reach I'm afraid.  
Oh, that reminds me my dear friend.  
She .. wishes to return your gift.  
Oh. Didn't she like it?  
She's not used to getting  
such expensive presents.  
They frighten her.  
Besides, the design  
is very crude, my friend.  
Something more simple, maybe?  
There could be nothing more simple.  
Than giving diamond  
bracelets to Nana Carlova.  
I have no sentimental value.  
For Nana's virtue, but ..  
As it happens, she is reserved for Fedor.  
Fedor?  
Hmm.  
He seems to like her, so I have  
arranged that he shall have her.  
Just as I've arranged that he should

have every other woman he wanted.  
I don't understand you, Tsarakov.  
My dear Count.  
An artist must have his relaxation.  
He must be inspired by  
many beautiful women.  
Nana! Your cue.  
Don't stand around and gab. Your cue.  
What an old wolf you are.  
Suppose he falls in love with  
one of those beautiful women?  
For a man like you,  
there is nothing wrong with it.  
For an artist, it is fatal.  
He must have his whole soul,  
his whole being in his art.  
Nothing else.  
Nana seems to take up  
a great deal of his time.  
As long as he's happy, I'm satisfied.  
Don't disturb him, my friend.  
Then I suppose, I am just  
to burn up with desire.  
There are so many other  
ladies, my dear Count.  
To the devil with the other ladies.  
That's exactly what I am suggesting.  
But not Nana Carlova.  
Fedor, please.  
Let's go.  
Good evening, Maestro.  
You're a hard worker, huh?  
Thanks.  
You are new, aren't you?  
I haven't seen you about.  
What's your name?  
Olga Chekova.  
Ah.  
You want to be a ballet dancer?  
Yes.  
Do you want to be a great ballet dancer?  
Yes.  
Come to my office. Three o'clock.  
Oh no! What are you doing here?

Standing around?  
Come back to your places. Quick!  
We'll have to do it again.  
What's the matter, Serge?  
You look tired.  
Oh ..  
Nana .. you're the only  
one that worries about me.  
The others drive me crazy.  
Look at them. Stepping on each  
other's feet while they are dancing.  
I'm going mad. I tell you,  
I cannot stand it any longer.  
Oh now, Serge. Don't take it so hard.  
You'll be alright. I know you will.  
Oh ..  
My Nana.  
Go on. Take your place.  
Dancers .. one .. two.  
Ivan.  
Will you see me for a moment?  
If it isn't taking up too  
much of your time.  
How can you treat me like this?  
Aren't you human at all?  
Is it impossible for you to forget that I  
once took advantage of your propinquity?  
You made me think you cared once.  
If you hadn't done ..  
I know. You never would have  
made your first false step.  
The music cue.  
I know the truth now.  
I meant no more to you than ..  
Than that chair.  
Well .. that was once a very  
comfortable chair, probably.  
And you could always  
sit in the chair afterwards.  
Come darling. Run away  
or Serge will bite you.  
No good! There is something wrong!  
Oh, I can't stand it.  
Hey!



What's the matter with you?  
They are no good.  
The whole morning, everyone  
has done as they pleased.  
Why, you fool. I've been  
directing them myself.  
They were working like the devil.  
What's the matter with you? Are you crazy?  
I cannot wait for tonight.  
I must have some more. Now!  
I have none here.  
It is a lie.  
I know you always have  
some on you in case I ..  
No!  
I haven't slept since  
the rehearsals started.  
They keep going around in my head.  
The people moving.  
The music, the dancer's feet.  
Until I feel as though, every nerve in  
my body had a voice that was screaming.  
How can I stand it unless  
you give me all I need?  
Not in the theatre.  
Then I cannot go on.  
I cannot think with that terrible  
sensation of screaming.  
No sound. Still that  
sensation of screaming.  
Shush!  
I cannot go on. Please ..  
Quiet ..  
Everything is fine, yeah.  
Get ready. Let's go!  
One .. two ..  
Thanks Karimsky.  
I appreciate your suggestions.  
That's alright, Fedor.  
In fact, I'm utterly satisfied ..  
With the analytical and psychological  
construction of your work in the ballet.  
However, there in the  
second act of Cleopatra.

You know, when you leap  
through the window?  
Well .. leap a little higher and ..  
Make sure that the window is open  
when you leap through there.  
I will.  
I'm fully convinced though, Fedor.  
That your greatest achievement will be  
in the ballet story that I've written.  
I'd like to have you read that.  
Anything important?  
There is another letter from the  
mother of that girl in Vienna.  
Personally, I think ..  
Personally, you can't think!  
Put it in a file with the others.  
Well how are you Fedor?  
How do you feel, huh?  
Alright.  
You sound tired.  
Maybe you were out late last night, huh?  
I was. With Nana.  
Aha .. well?  
You heard what I said: well?  
Nana isn't like that.  
She's very different.  
Different .. well that sounds  
wonderful. Tell me about it.  
That isn't what I mean.  
Nana has an innocence. A sweetness.  
Ah.  
You know, I can think of  
nothing more revolting.  
Than a human being licking envelopes.  
Post them.  
And take a brisk walk.  
You look terrible.  
I don't believe I'll walk very much.  
My feet hurt me today.  
Get out.  
An amazing character.  
Well, everything alright, Fedor?  
I wouldn't change places  
with anyone on earth.

Ah, that's good to hear, my son.  
Real gratitude. Very rare.  
Oh, it isn't just gratitude.  
It's much more than that.  
I owe everything I have and am, to you.  
Why you .. you've been a father to me.  
You can be one of  
the greatest artists ..  
In the world.  
What more can anyone ask?  
Nothing.  
Right .. you are right.  
Have ..  
Have I ever been wrong in my  
dealing with anything that ..  
Concerns your happiness?  
No. Never.  
Then what was the matter last night?  
Why did you make that long pause?  
I just found out. It was Count Renaud.  
When he came in the box before, I had the  
same feeling I had on the stage last night  
Only this time I knew what  
it was. I hate that man.  
What for?  
He seems to think he has only  
to look at any girl and she will ..  
Well, unfortunately they do.  
Any number of them have.  
But not Nana Carlova.  
Wouldn't you think that even he  
could see that she's different?  
Ah, you seem very sure for one so young.  
How many times have I told you  
never to place any woman too high?  
It always saves so much fuss when ..  
Things grow stale.  
Here, have a drink.  
No, thank you.  
You will like it. It's very good.  
I just got it from Bavaria.  
Thanks.  
Sit down. Sit down.  
I .. I don't wish to pry into

your private affairs, my son.  
But ..  
Just what do you and Nana  
mean to each other?  
We've always been friends.  
Hmm.  
Oh, that's an amiable relationship.  
As far as it goes.  
But it's a little childish when it  
interferes with your work, isn't it?  
I admit I've been worried about her.  
Since she is above temptation.  
What harm can Count Renaud do her?  
If she isn't .. then she's scarcely  
worthwhile worrying about, is she?  
But she is above it.  
Well, in that case Renaud is  
automatically eliminated, isn't he?  
Huh?  
Why ..  
Well, of course.  
I believe you could clear up anything.  
Now I must get back to work.  
Alright, boy. Oh, by the way.  
I want you to come to supper with  
me tonight, after the performance.  
I want you to meet a  
charming little recruit.  
No thanks .. I think I'd better go home.  
Hello.  
Friedrichshafen neun sieben.  
Hello? Hello, is that you, Renauld?  
You just got home, huh?  
I've just been talking to  
a little friend of yours.  
Nana Carlova. She just went out.  
I know. I've changed my mind about that.  
I tell you what you do.  
Send her back the bracelet, huh.  
And attach a little  
bunch of violets to it.  
You know. It is modest, sweet, simple.  
She likes simple things.  
Don't give up the ship, Renaud.

Remember the battle has just begun, huh.  
Alright. Not at all.  
Not at all, my friend.  
Stage manager.  
Send Olga Chekova in my office.  
By the way.  
The man at the store says there's  
something wrong with the letters.  
What?  
We have to put stamps on them.  
Now that you have a little time, I'd like  
you to read the ballet story I've written.  
I would rather have you lick envelopes.  
[ Door knocks ]  
Come in.  
Take off your hat.  
I was just thinking of that.  
Come in. Come close.  
But it isn't three o'clock.  
Yes, the time is alright.  
Don't be nervous. Sit down.  
Sit down. I have something  
very important I want to tell you.  
Yes?  
Someone is very much interested in you.  
Yes .. who?  
Fedor.  
Fedor?  
Why, he's hardly ever looked at me.  
He will.  
Listen.  
Why, you are here early.  
You are a hard little worker, huh?  
Well .. was I right about Fedor?  
No .. not exactly.  
Oh my dear child. Don't be  
embarrassed in front of me.  
I understand these things.  
I went to his room, as you told me.  
Yes?  
I knocked on his door.  
Yes.  
He came to the door and I  
did what you told me to.

Yes, yes.  
He laughed in my face.  
No.  
He did.  
I think you were playing  
a joke on me, Maestro.  
No, my dear child.  
The joke was on him.  
Come to my office  
tomorrow at three o'clock.  
Ah .. make it two-thirty.  
You'll take me seriously one day.  
I must hurry and get dressed.  
Goodbye, darling.  
Hurry up.  
Hmm .. I will.  
Get Serge.  
Serge isn't here. At least I  
haven't heard anyone yelling.  
What do you mean "he isn't here"?  
On opening night?  
He must be here, you fool.  
I am here.  
Even you are here. Go get him.  
Count Renaud sent you these violets.  
Count Renaud?  
Aren't they lovely?  
Yes .. they're every pretty.  
You know me, this is our opening night.  
I am very nervous, I am very busy.  
I cannot spare one minute.  
Sit down. I want you for something.  
Don't be nervous. Don't be nervous.  
Get me out a Form Of Release.  
Two copies.  
Take down this letter.  
Address it to me.  
My dear Director.  
I send you this letter tonight.  
So that you may consider it carefully.  
Before you interview me tomorrow.  
I believe Nana Carlova ..  
Has a very pretty talent.  
But the role that she

is at present rehearsing.  
Is far beyond her capabilities.  
Her experience of life.  
Is perhaps too limited.  
For her to invest ..  
The part with the  
requisite sophistication.  
And it is absolutely vital  
to the success of the ballet.  
That we replace her with someone else.  
That's all. Leave it unsigned.  
I hope she doesn't  
recognise my typewriting.  
Go to Nana Carlova's dressing-room.  
Tell her to come to my office as  
soon as she has her costume on.  
And wait outside, please.  
What was that you just dictated?  
This is the letter you  
sent me this evening.  
I .. ?  
You know very well I  
never wrote such a thing.  
You must have. Here it is.  
And I've decided to follow your advice.  
Preskoya dances Carlova's role  
beginning with tonight's rehearsal.  
After her performance.  
Sign it, please.  
No .. you cannot make me do this.  
I've already told you I wasn't  
quite sure of Carlova's work.  
And this letter from you  
verifies my judgement.  
Sign in.  
No! I tell you, no!  
No?  
No.  
What are you going to do?  
That depends entirely on you, my friend.  
No ..  
In a second.  
There will be no more of this ever again.  
If you permit me to

drop this in the fire.  
You're the devil.  
The devil!  
Or an angel, perhaps?  
Who is giving you a chance  
to redeem yourself.  
Why do I carry this filthy stuff at all?  
Because you feel you  
can't live without it.  
And I need you in my work.  
If I drop this.  
You will be free.  
Oh, you will suffer of course.  
But in the end ..  
You will be happier than  
you could ever dream.  
Drop it.  
No, no, no!  
If I put this back in my pocket.  
You must pay for it.  
Put it back.  
Ah, my poor friend.  
You know it is an ill wind  
that blows nobody any good.  
Go tell Preskoya the news.  
[ Door knocks ]  
Come.  
Ah my dear child. Come in.  
Come in.  
My, how sweet you look.  
That's very becoming.  
Oh. Thanks.  
Sit down, dear. Sit down.  
Nana?  
Nana!  
But I .. I don't understand.  
Serge has always been so nice to me.  
But why shouldn't he be, my dear Nana?  
He likes you, as we all do.  
But he is first of all, an artist.  
But .. you are not going to take me off?  
My dear child, what can I do?  
I hate to appear unjust or cruel.  
But in these circumstances.



I'm afraid I will have to ask  
you to give up your role, Nana.  
You .. you mean?  
That after all I've ..?  
Listen.  
I intend to save you every  
possible mortification.  
Our contract is dissolved  
by mutual consent.  
No-one need ever know  
that you didn't leave us.  
Because of other plans.  
But .. where will I go?  
Well, I hate to advise people, my dear.  
It seems to me that ..  
You have the best chance  
of success possibly by ..  
Placing yourself somewhere where ..  
Only youth and beauty ..  
Are necessary.  
You mean .. Count Renaud?  
My dear child .. I am not so inhuman.  
That I would close one career to you.  
Without .. opening up another.  
But .. but, Fedor?  
Fedor is like my son.  
Bound to me by the great  
future I have planned for him.  
There is no room in  
his life for anyone ..  
Who jeopardises that.  
You ..  
Haven't been foolish enough to  
fall in love with him, have you?  
Answer me. Have you?  
Does he reciprocate your feelings?  
Has he ever spoken  
to you at all .. of love?  
No.  
But I know he cares.  
In that case, if you love him at all.  
If you really love him.  
You will go away.  
And not murder the career of a genius.

But what about .. me?  
Ah ..  
I said those same words once.  
And the woman I said them  
to laughed in my face.  
It at least enabled me to find myself.  
My dear Nana.  
You must laugh in Fedor's.  
Oh but I .. but if I ..?  
Here.  
Here is the release.  
Will you sign it my child?  
Do you really believe in Fedor's future?  
Oh yes, indeed I do.  
Then you will sign it.  
Believe me, what I'm asking you, Nana.  
I know it's the best  
for the both of you.  
Here.  
Trust me.  
Ah, that's a brave girl.  
A brave girl. I'm proud of you.  
Now, where is your contract?  
In my trunk.  
Just destroy it.  
Destroy it my dear.  
Here. Here is the release signed by me.  
In case you wish again  
to take up dancing.  
How could I?  
Oh my dear child. In a new life.  
New surroundings, new interests.  
In a little while you  
will smile at all this.  
And you know, you are  
very pretty when you smile.  
Nana, wait a minute.  
Help me out, please.  
No. I won't let you go away. I ..  
So you listened.  
I overheard enough to  
know I had a right to listen.  
I love you, Nana.  
That's all that matters now.

You mustn't ..  
I don't want you to love me.  
Nana.  
No!  
Nana.  
Fedor!  
Let her go, my son.  
If she goes, I go.  
Ah, don't be a fool, Fedor.  
If only you hadn't listened.  
It makes so much more  
for us to wipe out.  
How can you wipe out love?  
Women seem to have found a way.  
There isn't a woman alive ..  
Who wouldn't deceive and  
hurt the man who loved her.  
Nor the man she loved .. for a price.  
You may think that's true,  
but you can't make me believe it.  
Must you find it out  
for yourself, my son?  
Don't you understand? I only  
want to save you from suffering.  
How can you say that?  
After what I just heard behind that door.  
I worshipped you.  
As some people worship an idol.  
You were my father and God in one.  
Do you think it didn't hurt to  
find you cruel, and ruthless?  
You had no right to break Nana's heart.  
To kill all her hope in her work.  
Ah, what is her work,  
but part of the setting for you?  
I could get a thousand "Carlovas".  
There is only one "Fedor".  
Who made him?  
I made you.  
I recreated myself as I wanted to be.  
I'm a very jealous God.  
Who's risen from a hell  
of his own through you.  
You didn't know that ..

When I was four, I couldn't walk.  
When I was six ..  
I could hobble about.  
With a little crutch.  
That crutch made my mother hate me.  
My mother.  
The premier danseuse at  
the Imperial Russian Ballet.  
One day, she didn't come home.  
No, she didn't go away with my father.  
The Grand Duke Ivan.  
My birth to him was just a pleasantry.  
A little accident.  
I never saw her again.  
But she left me one heritage.  
The mad desire to dance.  
With an iron brace to hold me from it.  
Like a vice!  
Don't you see I'm living the life  
I couldn't live, through you?  
Who haven't go this ..  
Useless thing of flesh and bone.  
That my mother hung on me.  
You think you owe me nothing?  
Your very life is mine.  
And if I give it up, I lose my own.  
I am you .. and you are me.  
Just as though we were one being.  
If you had only told me this before.  
But don't you understand?  
Until tonight, I would gladly have cut  
off my right hand had you asked it.  
But now ..  
Something has happened inside of me.  
When I heard you .. lying .. scheming.  
Cruel.  
No.  
I only did it to save you.  
I love Nana Carlova.  
You cannot control that.  
I will control it!  
My whole life's work to be ruined.  
On account of this  
doll-faced little fool.

You are the marionette  
that dances to my will.  
I pull the strings.  
But you forget one thing.  
This marionette has a heart.  
Blood in its veins.  
You didn't think about that, did you?  
Well, now you know.  
Nothing matters to me but Nana. My love  
for her is stronger than you, Tsarakov.  
Ah, you young fool!  
What can you do without me?  
You're are a puppet! A piece of clay.  
You can't think. You can't move.  
Unless I direct it!  
You think so? We'll see.  
Fedor!  
Fedor, Fedor. You are not dressed.  
Time for your cue.  
You'll be on in a minute.  
I'm not going on.  
Oh, the pity of it.  
Karimsky! Bring down the curtain.  
How are you this morning?  
Are you going to sing  
for me? Come on.  
Going to sing for me?  
That's a good birdy.  
Morning.  
Oh, Fedor.  
Open this door.  
Oh, what lovely flowers.  
Nah, nah.  
I went all the way to Mattelan for these.  
They're going to cost you something.  
I know. A kiss.  
There.  
Listen, Fedor. Listen.  
Who can keep from singing  
on a morning like this?  
Oh, I love Paris. It's so beautiful.  
I never want to leave.  
It's going to be wonderful.  
Fedor. Are you really happy?

Why, of course.  
I'm so happy, I could dance  
forever .. I'll show you.  
What are you doing? Put me down!  
Let me down!  
That's how happy I am.  
I'm not going to let you down. I'm going  
to hold you like this for 2 years anyway.  
Now, kiss me.  
Oh.  
Something is burning.  
It's the breakfast!  
Who cares?  
I have to. Come on.  
No. I don't want any breakfast anyway.  
[ Russian music ]  
How is that Ivan, huh?  
Wonderful, darling. Wonderful.  
Same old Olga.  
Same old Sonya.  
It's like old times, huh?  
Preskoya never changes.  
Wait .. please, no more now.  
Wait, wait.  
I'll be back in a moment.  
Karimsky, my old friend. Come here.  
Come here. Sit down.  
I'm glad to see you. Have a drink.  
No, wait. We'll wait for some  
fresh Champagne .. Preskoya!  
Bring some fresh Champagne.  
Do you know, it's funny your  
coming here like this, Karimsky.  
I was just thinking about you.  
Do you know, I've been looking  
for you all night. All over town.  
I'm glad you found me, my old friend.  
We talk about old times, huh?  
Have a drink.  
We wait for the fresh Champagne.  
You know ..  
I've been thinking a lot  
about you lately, Karimsky.  
And I'm going to raise your salary.

I know. You've been overworking.  
Perhaps you need a holiday?  
Huh?  
From now on.  
You have Fr 87.50 a month.  
Probably just a few days in the  
country will fix you right up again.  
There is another thing  
I want to tell you.  
That suit.  
You know that suit you wear in the  
daytime, every day, all the time?  
It isn't becoming to you, Karimsky.  
You look like a wet string-bean in it.  
You get another suit. I pay for it.  
Perhaps now you'll have a minute to hear  
the story I wrote for the next ballet.  
I love to hear it, Karimsky.  
I've been waiting to hear your story.  
Tell me about it.  
Well, the story takes place in Spain.  
All the girls are dancing with shawls.  
On account of it taking place in Spain,  
it would be good to have Spanish shawls.  
Well, the music is playing.  
It's Spanish music.  
That is on account of the  
scene taking place in Spain.  
A Spaniard and his  
girl walk in over here.  
He says "Hello" and the  
girls says "I suppose so".  
It gets into a pretty hot argument there.  
Oh, then he turns to her and he says:  
Well, you go to your  
church and I'll go to mine.  
That clears up that part of it.  
This fellow over here with the pearl-grey  
derby, he hadn't said anything.  
He's just standing there, see.  
He walks forward and takes  
of this pearl-grey derby.  
And from thirty to forty pigeons fly out.  
That gives the audience an idea that

anything could happen from now on.  
Now, during all this time the girls are dancing in front of these Spanish shawls. They're dancing there with Spanish music. But in the centre, there is a very large shawl. You keep wondering, what on earth could be behind that large shawl. Well, the girls keep dancing behind these little shawls. And some men come in. And they take away that big shawl. And you discover what was behind that shawl .. is a girl, too. But it's a big girl. Well, that completes the ballet. Personally, I think it teaches a great lesson. It's incredible. It's unbelievable. That there should be any human being living. Who is such a stupid ass. I like it. What are you doing here anyway? Well, I brought you the contract. What contract? You know. Fedor's contract. I found it in the trunk as you said. Yes. Leave that alone. I'll wait for fresh Champagne. Get out. Go away. Oh, pertaining to that raise in salary. Does that start this month? Huh? What are you talking about? Have you gone crazy? Get out before you're fired. There's a possibility he's been drinking. Wait. Get me my coat. Ivan! Ivan, wait a minute. Where are you going? We were going to have some more wine.



Ivan .. Ivan!  
Look what you're doing.  
I know what I'm doing.  
Mind your coffee.  
What?  
Say, this was a fine breakfast.  
I want you to promise me that ..  
Well, what's the matter?  
Oh, I don't know.  
I'm almost afraid.  
Well, what's there to be afraid of,  
as long as we've got each other?  
That's right, dear. Now come and  
eat your breakfast, and hurry.  
No, I'm finished. I've had plenty.  
What time is your rehearsal?  
How can I remember anything  
when you look so adorable?  
Oh, don't tease me, Fedor.  
Drink your milk and hurry.  
There is plenty of time.  
You know, Fouch's  
ballet is the best in Paris.  
I was lucky to get the contract.  
And so was Fouch.  
You will be a bigger star than  
you ever were in Berlin.  
Thank you, darling.  
Now come on, you must dress.  
Alright, dear.  
Goodbye, darling.  
I'll see you tonight.  
Alright, dear.  
I'll come home right after rehearsals.  
Best of luck. Thanks.  
Nana.  
Yes.  
Don't burn the dinner.  
Oh no ..  
Paragraph one.  
Martinelli Agents. Rue Blondelle. Paris.  
This is inform you.  
That Fedor Ivanoff.  
Is under exclusive contract to

me for the next eight years.  
It is absolutely impossible for him to  
appear under any other management.  
Paragraph.  
Circulate in Paris.  
The International Agency of New York.  
Genaro, Rome.  
Artist's Agency, London.  
I'll put him back in the mud.  
Where I got him from.  
Also send this to Klauber, Vienna.  
Say, I have seen this Fedor Ivanoff.  
He is a great dancer.  
Yes.  
Such is life. Here today, gone tomorrow.  
Here. Take the strip over to Tsarakov.  
Come on now, snap into it.  
Wait a minute. Whoa.  
Hold it, Louis.  
Terrible.  
For the love of Mike,  
what do you call that?  
If you ever did that over in Jersey  
they'd give you a barrage effect.  
And they told me you were a dancer.  
Well, I try. But ..  
I don't understand.  
That's the trouble with you foreigners.  
You have no idea of rhythm.  
Get and eyeful of real rhythm.  
Go ahead, Louis.  
Watch that.  
That's what you got to do.  
Now try and get it.  
And if you don't, you get the gate.  
Come on, Louis. Let's go.  
Da, de, da, da, de ..  
Oh, baby.  
[ Singing ]  
"You've got that charm,  
that certain charm."  
"That makes young  
farmers leave the farm."  
"Oh, oh red-hot Mama."

"Do-de-do. Boopy doop.  
Red-hot Mama."  
Nana.  
Yes, sweet?  
Why .. I must have fallen asleep.  
Been home long?  
Just came in this minute.  
Tired, dear?  
Not now.  
Your skin feels hot and dry.  
Like a fever .. you should see a doctor.  
You are all the doctor I need.  
Why do you play at being happy, Fedor?  
I understand, dear.  
He is here.  
Tonight ..  
You should be dancing .. as a star.  
But because of me, you're ..  
Nana! No, no ..  
No.  
Oh, I love you.  
Oh, my darling.  
That faraway look in your eyes  
always goes when you kiss me.  
Do you want to kiss me  
so often because of that?  
We mustn't talk like this.  
The only way to be happy is to  
forget everything, but our love.  
How can we forget Tsarakov?  
Sometimes, I almost  
think I could admire him.  
For the very power that  
should make me despise him.  
Like some ignorant savage,  
before a hideous God.  
Wanting to run, but staying to worship.  
With his face in the mud.  
Fedor.  
Your voice. The way you said that.  
Why, it might have been Tsarakov.  
Tsarakov?  
Don't laugh like that! I've  
heard the same thing before.

As though you were suddenly him.  
Tsarakov!  
Fedor.  
You are not going without your dinner.  
Perhaps I had better begin to  
learn what starvation means.  
Business has been  
very bad at the cabaret.  
Fedor!  
Name and address?  
Nina La Vernier. Rue De Terriere.  
Quarante-deux  
It's a little out of my neighbourhood,  
but I'll mark it down anyway.  
Esmeralda O'Brian. Theatre Odeon.  
Hey.  
You're a foreigner, huh?  
O'Brian?  
Uhuh.  
And you want to be a ballet dancer?  
Yes!  
You want to be a great ballet dancer?  
Yes!  
Come to my office, three o'clock.  
Oh ..  
There is a lady to see you.  
She says it's very important.  
What's her name?  
Nana, Carlova.  
Who?  
Nana Carlova.  
Show her in my office.  
Martinelli.  
[ French language ]  
Don't forget, three o'clock.  
Make it four o'clock.  
Ah .. my dear Nana.  
You are surprised?  
Surprised?  
I am delighted.  
It warms my heart.  
You haven't forgotten old Tsarakov, huh?  
I read that the ballet was in Paris.  
And so you came. I'm so glad.

Wouldn't you have been better  
pleased if someone else had come?  
Oh, you mean Fedor?  
Oh, poor Fedor.  
Yes, I often think of him.  
Is he still dancing?  
Why ..?  
Oh, I remember.  
Oh, yes.  
Too bad. Too bad.  
Does it please you to hurt me that way?  
What makes you think  
I wish to hurt you, Nana?  
You asked me that question, when all the  
time you know everything about Fedor.  
Hmm.  
Yes, as a matter of fact I do.  
Fedor!  
Dancing in the Montmartre Cabaret.  
Who sent him there?  
Why my dear child, you did.  
Who made him break his contract?  
You did.  
How could I help his loving me?  
Why did you come to see me, Nana?  
I ..  
I want you to .. take him back.  
Hmm. Are you willing to give him up?  
Give him up?  
How else can I take him back?  
But I love him.  
Oh, you don't know what love means.  
I think Fedor knows what it means.  
He ought to by this time.  
He sacrificed everything for it.  
What have you sacrificed in return?  
I can visualise your life together.  
With Fedor as a grocer's  
clerk or a waiter.  
Deadening his nerves with  
the excitement of your love.  
No!  
Using it as a drunkard uses  
liquor until there isn't any left.

No. No, stop.  
Before such a thing.  
I'll do anything. I'll go away.  
Go away?  
That would only make your  
image the size of a mountain.  
To do him any good at all, you've  
got to tear yourself out of his heart.  
What do you mean?  
Listen, my dear Nana.  
You know the story of Camille, huh?  
Why yes, of course.  
Play her role.  
You mean .. another man?  
That's an excellent remedy  
for a broken heart.  
And Count Renaud is in Paris.  
Renaud?  
Listen to me.  
I am willing to purge my soul.  
To sacrifice every element  
of decency and truth.  
And push them in the mud.  
To show the world this boy's genius.  
You, who love him so.  
What are you willing to do, huh?  
He kissed me such a little while ago.  
I feel his arms still around me.  
Oh, it would be horrible.  
Ha! I can't argue with you.  
He is in your hands.  
Wait!  
I will go on one condition.  
There are no conditions.  
Renaud is leaving tonight for Berlin.  
You must leave with him openly.  
But if I .. Listen to me!  
Do you want to help this boy or not?  
Yes.  
Then you will do what I tell you.  
Don't cry. Sit down. Hello.  
We'll help him out together. Hello?  
Champs Elyse. Cent quarante-six  
Shush. Don't cry. Sit down.

We'll help him between us.  
Hello, Renaud.  
Shut up. Shush.  
Hello? Yes. Tsarakov.  
Shush.  
I have something amusing to tell you.  
Hush!  
Aha? You are leaving tonight?  
You don't want to travel  
alone do you? No.  
Nana.  
Nana!  
Nana!  
Nana.  
What are you doing here?  
You are late, Fedor.  
She is gone.  
What do you mean?  
What I say. She has gone to Berlin.  
With Count Renaud.  
That's a lie.  
You think I deliberately lie to you?  
To see you suffer?  
Haven't I told you there  
wasn't a woman alive ..  
Who didn't have her price?  
If she's gone with Renaud,  
you forced her to it.  
You made her believe it was her duty.  
Is there any power on earth that could  
make you treat her in such a fashion?  
To leave without warning,  
with another woman?  
Is there?  
Answer me .. is there?  
No.  
But Nana loved me. I know it.  
I know.  
And her price .. is to be rid of fear.  
Fear of the day when you realize  
your mistake for yourself.  
You think my ambition is small and mean.  
But the force of it ..  
Reaches to the stars!

The force of her love ..  
Reaches only to Renaud.  
Come, my son.  
We've work to do.  
We have work to do.  
Ha ha. This one is good.  
Listen to this one, Nana.  
It was their wedding night.  
The timid bride knelt by the  
bedside saying her prayers.  
The groom waited patiently beside her.  
At last, she said:  
"And now I lay me down to sleep."  
And the groom said:  
"Oh, yeah?"  
Have you heard it?  
Stop it. Stop it I tell you!  
I can stand no more.  
Serge.  
You prance around like cows.  
Serge. You expect me to  
appear with a herd like that?  
But Fedor, what's wrong?  
Ah, you sicken me.  
Get out if you don't  
understand what I want.  
Go on with it.  
No good!  
It's all wrong!  
Tsarakov, where is Tsarakov?  
Why do I have to endure such clowns?  
And you!  
I know. I'm fired again.  
Where is Tsarakov?  
I cannot stand this any longer.  
You want me, my son?  
What's wrong, huh?  
I can't go on this way.  
What do you want changed?  
Everything. Dismiss everybody.  
I must have new people. New scenes.  
I won't appear in this town.  
But my dear son, the bills are up,  
the whole house is sold out.



Well, tear them down.  
Call the tickets back.  
I'll open the ballet in  
Berlin or not at all.  
But .. that is impossible.  
Impossible? Nothing is impossible.  
I must get away while I can breathe.  
I've said all there is to say.  
We open in Berlin.  
Quiet, quiet.  
What's going to happen?  
Isn't he magnificent, huh?  
What temperament .. what an artist.  
What a genius, huh?  
But don't pay any attention to him.  
We open tonight as scheduled, of course.  
Now, in your places. We do it all  
over again, to see what's wrong.  
What are you doing here?  
I lost my collar button.  
Pah!  
Concentration!  
Go right through it when  
you're ready, Serge.  
[ Door knocks ]  
Come in.  
Good morning, fair flower.  
Oh, it's you, Robert. Good morning.  
Gracious lady.  
Deign to accept my humble gift.  
Observe. They have been kissed  
by the dews of the morning.  
Yet the blooms wait for the caress of  
your breath and the touch of your hand.  
Once nestled in your bosom, they  
will again lift up their fairy heads.  
And smile like the hope of heaven ..  
On a field of grey.  
Robert, you are very poetic this morning.  
Oh no. It's just a song I heard  
at the Caf Casanova.  
Nevertheless it was thoughtful.  
And the flowers are very lovely.  
It's easy to think of you, my dear.

There it is .. that faraway look again.  
What are you thinking of?  
Tell me, Nana.  
You don't really love me, do you?  
What do you think?  
I don't think you do.  
Robert. You are the dearest,  
sweetest man in the world.  
You've been simply wonderful.  
Yes, yes. I know, I know, I know.  
Let's talk of other things.  
By the way.  
Did you know that Tsarakov is opening  
his new ballet here in Berlin next week?  
I know. I read it in the paper.  
You would like to see Fedor?  
Did you think I couldn't guess that?  
Look.  
I've already reserved a  
box for the opening night.  
Robert, you darling!  
Yes, yes. Let's talk about the weather.  
Isn't he marvellous? The greatest  
dancer in the whole world, that boy.  
He'll even be greater when he  
appears in the story I've written.  
Say, if you have a little time  
between now and the next fire.  
I'd like to have you read this over.  
The whole scene takes place in Spain.  
Forget about it.  
Morning girls. In your places.  
All ready for the next act.  
Fedor. Fedor!  
Oh, my son you were great!  
You were magnificent.  
You drove them wild!  
Keep it up.  
In this next act, you'll show them you're  
the greatest artist they've ever seen.  
There isn't going to be any next act.  
Ha? What do you mean?  
I mean, I'm not going on.  
I'm through.

I saw her, Tsarakov.  
Nana's out there.  
I knew she was there  
before I saw her in the box.  
What can she mean to you?  
She belongs to Renaud.  
I love her .. I've always loved her.  
When I saw her in the box just now.  
When I saw her face.  
I knew that she loved me.  
Ah .. you're excited my son.  
The opening night.  
I know now.  
You've always tried to keep us apart.  
That's why she left me in Paris.  
You made her.  
You forced her to leave me.  
I was crazy to ever give her up.  
I was crazy to trust you all this time.  
I was weak.  
But I'm not weak any longer.  
I tell you I'm not going on.  
I'm through.  
Now listen to me.  
For fifteen years.  
I've devoted my entire life to you.  
I've poured my soul, my brain, into you.  
I've sacrificed everything in the world.  
Everything, do you hear?  
For your career.  
I've lied ..  
I've cheated ..  
I've crushed ..  
I've even crushed myself.  
So that you should appear greater than I.  
I thought I'd given you strength  
enough to rise above everything.  
You haven't risen, you've fallen.  
You're not strong.  
You're weak.  
But all of me is in you still.  
All the strength I've poured  
into that weak soul.  
So you can't fail me now.

If you fail me now.  
I'll kill you.  
I'll kill you.  
Now, get on your clothes  
for the next act.  
Don't you understand? It's the climax  
of our great career and all our work!  
You young fool!  
You can be a flame that  
will dazzle the world.  
Come on.  
Next act!  
Last act!  
In your places.  
Places.  
Places.  
Dead ..  
Plaster.  
What are you doing?  
What are you doing?  
Are you mad?  
Look at it! It is cardboard. It is plaster.  
It is dead.  
It should be alive.  
It should be squirming with  
blood oozing from its veins.  
It should be a human being.  
You .. you are the Idol!  
If you have any blood.  
I don't need to look for it.  
I've got it.  
I've taken it.  
Tsarakov!!  
Look .. it's Tsarakov!  
Fedor.  
Oh, Fedor!  
Nana.  
Fedor.  
Nana.  
Kiss me.  
Nana.  
My darling.  
T-G