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# Coco Chanel

By James Carrington

Coco Chanel is back.  
For fifteen years the gates of  
the Chanel fashion empire  
have been closed.  
Now, at the age of seventy,  
she's returned from  
her self-imposed exile  
to make an eagerly  
anticipated comeback.  
The fashion world is holding its breath.  
Today, the legendary designer is  
unveiling her first collection...  
in more than a decade.  
Mr. Bouchier?  
How will Coco Chanel respond  
to today's market...  
dominated by designers like Dior?  
Coco Chanel is a woman  
who dresses women.  
I'm sure her collection will reflect that.  
And what about-what about  
your relationship to Coco Chanel?  
She's referred to you  
as an old bandit'!  
Old bandit?  
Old friend, more like.  
I hope you enjoy the show.  
Thank you. How are you?  
Good. Good, good, good.  
Ah, hello.  
Hi.  
Good to see you.  
Hello!  
Aah! How lovely to see you again!  
Lovely to see you!  
Welcome.  
Thank you.  
Marc!  
I'll... I'll see you after the show.  
Okay, great.  
Yes...  
Adrienne!  
What a pleasure to see you.  
How are you?

Very well  
Odette. You look beautiful.  
Thank you.  
How is she?  
As you might think,  
Though she probably  
looks less nervous than you.  
Are you coming up?  
Uhm... in-in a moment.  
They're fighting to get in.  
Cocteau, Visconti, Dali:  
they're all here.  
All your old friends.  
Some of my old enemies.  
Aunt Coco...  
some more telegrams have arrived.  
"You will always be  
the greatest of them all":  
Marlene Dietrich.  
"Only Parliament prevents me  
from coming there to salute you":  
Winston Churchill.  
Lift your arm, lift your arm.  
No, no.  
This isn't working.  
Coco, please.  
The crowd's getting restless.  
Scissors, scissors.  
Go.  
Go, go.  
Oh, dear!  
This is all rather underwhelming!  
No. It was a fiasco.  
I know.  
They had their knives out.  
I'm so sorry, Coco.  
Marc, I do not need...  
your condolences, please.  
Maybe it could have been avoided.  
Coco. Please, try not to be...  
Adrienne.  
Don't you worry.  
I've suffered rejection before,  
as you well know.

Even when I was still being  
called Gabrielle.  
Let me finish this.  
Gabrielle...  
You have to promise me something.  
Take care of Julia.  
You are stronger than her.  
Of course.  
Gabrielle, Julie! Hurry up!  
I wish you could stay with us.  
I know you do, Adrienne.  
You see, the situation is that...  
I can't quite afford to pay.  
I understand.  
Once I'm established in America,  
I'll be back to collect you.  
Please let us come with you.  
I'll be back soon.  
Promise?  
I promise.  
Turn around.  
Please... turn around.

**Le Combat says:**

"Coco Chanel is stuck in the past".  
"A collection for grannies",  
... the Express.  
What did they know.  
Well, they certainly weren't  
wearing kid gloves...  
Ah! Please.  
Spare me the infamous...  
'Chanel silence'.  
Let them write what they choose.  
I know what women want.  
I admire your confidence.  
But... maybe... times have changed.  
And now we've lost...  
millions of Francs.  
Perhaps you've lost faith  
in me too, Marc...  
Alright, let's be honest.  
I warned you of the risks,  
... and of course... you insisted.

Let's hope... that this...  
unmitigated disaster doesn't affect  
perfume sales, because if it does...  
then that's going to be the final straw.  
You have nothing more to add?  
Mademoiselle...  
What if they are right after all?  
What if I am...  
just a relic from the past?  
Yes! Yes!  
Little darling, little darling,  
little candy.  
Where did you go?  
Why did you run away?  
I thought I saw our father!  
But I was wrong.  
He's in America.  
I'm afraid he'll never  
come back.  
Good morning! Up you get!  
Come, come, come on! Up you go.  
Today is your eighteenth birthday.  
But the world outside  
is not an easy one.  
Especially for a woman  
without experience and means.  
I can work hard,  
as you taught me.  
Have you asked God for his help?  
Yes. Many times.  
Just as I asked him to  
keep my mother alive...  
and to bring my father back.  
Maybe it's best if Julia stays.  
She can make herself useful here.  
She's not as wilful as you are.  
Adrienne tells me you were  
the best seamstress at the convent.  
Let's hope that living with the angels  
taught you to sew like one.  
I will try not to disappoint you,  
Madame.  
I demand accuracy...  
No, no, do it again

punctuality... and hard work.  
Work hours are from  
seven o'clock in the morning...  
to eight o'clock in the evening.  
Room and board are  
deducted from your wages.  
Gabrielle?  
Bring Madame Rochefort's  
dress up here!  
Yes, madame.  
Carole?  
Take this. I'll take this, go.  
Pull your tummy in!  
A bit more! More!  
I couldn't breathe!  
Beauty requires a bit of suffering.  
Uh... uh... uh... Padding.  
I spent thousands of Francs  
on this dress.  
The latest fashion from Paris!  
And look at it! Look at it!  
I'm the size of a house!  
Your legs, madame.  
My legs?  
They are too short for the dress, madam.  
Mademoiselle Chanel!  
If we raise the hem  
of the jacket at the front...  
and leave it lower at the back...  
you'll seem slimmer.  
It's all about proportion.  
You want to alter  
the latest Paris fashion?  
If you spent all this money...  
for the dress...  
shouldn't you be happy with it?  
You know...  
I think it will work.  
Madame.  
The officers are here.  
Chanel...  
get the lieutenant's coat.  
Hurry up, girl!  
Yes, Madame.

Hurry!

I'm sure this would look even better  
on you than any of your customers.

It's far too expensive for me.

Oh...

I know plenty of men...  
that would buy it for you  
in a heartbeat.

Are you volunteering, Nexon?

I don't want to compete with you,  
Balsan.

Ah, I feel a lot more at ease!

Such elegance.

Such elegance can only come  
from Madame Desboutin's hands.

Thank you, lieutenant.

To dress such a...  
beautiful lady is like...  
playing a Stradivarius.

Oh, thank you. Uh!

You're welcome.

Stradivarius...

She's certainly about  
the same age as one.

Come on, Nexon.

He's written to me.

It's from one of the officers...  
from yesterday.

He's a baron.

But which one?

The handsome one?

Yes, of course the handsome one.

And... he wants to see me again.

Tonight, at the Cafe Chantant.

You have to come with me,  
you know?

Let's go.

Adrienne!

It's him.

Him?

Yes, of course.

Adrienne. Hmm!

Even more beautiful  
than I remembered.

Oh, good!  
You brought a friend.  
I'm delighted you could make it too.  
Come with me,  
I'll lead the way, come.  
Come!  
No!  
Hello!  
Come and sit down with us.  
A glass of champagne maybe?  
You look like you've never  
seen champagne before.  
Of course I have.  
I was raised on Champagne.  
Are you from round here,  
Miss?  
No. Oh... I'm from elsewhere.  
And what do you do?  
Oh, uh...  
Actually, I-I'm a singer.  
Oh, you're a singer!  
Then we better hear you sing then.  
No, no. no.  
Oh, yes!  
No, please.  
No, let me go.  
Get away! Get away! Get down!  
Please! Here you go.  
Give me a drink.  
Come on!  
Give her a big hand!  
What would you like to sing?  
Uh, do you know  
a song called 'Coco'?  
Sure. Who doesn't know 'Coco'?  
It's your friend.  
I'm so pleased you came.  
I...  
Shhh! Please!  
If you please dear.  
Do you know her?  
I have a feeling I've seen her before.  
I have no idea.  
Bravo! Bravo! Bravo!



That was wonderful! Bravo!  
Bravo, Mademoiselle.  
Bravo, Mademoiselle.  
You were wonderful!  
Haven't we met somewhere before?  
I don't think so.  
So sad.  
Quite a little songbird.  
Aren't we?  
And who is she?  
Another Stradivarius?  
The age seems about right.  
Yes she's a woman that...  
Here she is.  
The lieutenant's uniform needs darning.  
The lieutenant  
asked for you specifically.  
I want you to work immediately.  
A bit of a tear...  
just here on the pocket.  
Coco, Coco, je t'adore...  
Stand still.  
Sorry.  
You know...  
I'm a very lucky man.  
Why?  
Because you chose last night  
to come to the cafe.  
You remembered me though,  
didn't you?  
Did I?  
Ike!  
Sorry.  
Sorry, I didn't mean to.  
You're forgiven  
There. Good as new.  
Thank you.  
By the way,  
that was a cut, not a tear.  
If I didn't know better,  
I would say you did it on purpose.  
You don't miss a thing,  
do you, Gabrielle?  
Or should I call you Coco?

As you wish.  
Wait.  
I must see you again.  
It's impossible.  
I work all day long...  
and Madame Desboutin  
never lets us go out.  
Mademoiselle Chanel.  
Thank you. Good bye.  
Au revoir  
Did you receive my flowers?  
Yes, yes. But... please...  
What?  
Don't send anymore.  
Then I will send you  
a fresh bouquet every day.  
You see, not a minute passes that...  
I don't think of you.  
I don't believe you.  
Do you want me  
to swear it to you?  
I have to go, I...  
Ever since that night at the cafe,  
Madame Desboutin keeps  
a strict eye on me.  
Oh. Haven't you ever  
kissed a man before?  
Many. Don't you believe me?  
I believe you.  
I will be waiting for you here  
tomorrow night.  
I can't promise anything.  
I will be here all the same.  
What would your sweetheart say  
if she saw us here together?  
My what?  
The Stradivarius.  
You're referring to  
Emilienne D'Alencon, aren't you?  
Actually there is nothing between us.  
Hasn't been for years.  
I have a few days leave, so...  
would you like to come to  
my country house in Royallieu?

You and I? Alone?  
My family will be there.  
Please say yes, CoCo.  
I'm worried.  
About what?  
About meeting your mother.  
Don't worry.  
She will adore you.  
Here we are.  
This is Royallieu.  
My horses.  
The love of my life.  
Besides you, my baby one day.  
Good afternoon, Mr. Balsan.  
Good afternoon, Galardonne.  
Is the guest room prepared?  
As you requested, the red room.  
Good. Galardonne will  
show you to your room,  
so please come down  
when you're ready.  
I'm going to see my horses.  
This way  
How beautiful.  
Dinner is served, sir.  
If you please.  
Just you and me?  
Well... my family  
will not be joining us, Coco.  
I'm afraid I was not  
entirely honest with you.  
So, this was all a trap...  
Forgive me.  
You have lied to me.  
People do... crazy things  
when they're in love. Please.  
Well, you have a beautiful house...  
the horses, the servants...  
All very impressive.  
But I would have preferred sincerity.  
Take me home.  
Please, Coco.  
Can't I persuade you to stay?  
Alright, you want the truth?

Soon I will leave the army.  
So, I will be moving back here  
to my beautiful house, my servants,  
my horses... and so what?  
I will be here all alone.  
But right now my feelings  
for you could last forever.  
So if you want to leave now...  
eventually I will forget you,  
as you will me.  
Is that what you want?  
Because I don't.  
Neither do you...  
Coco.  
He's asked me to live with him  
in his castle.  
Do you know what this means?  
It means throwing away  
all you have got here.  
Not only your job.  
But your respectability too.  
It's my life, Adrienne.  
This is what I want to do,  
I can't live without him.  
Haven't you two got anything  
better to do than chat all day?  
Madame, I need to tell you...  
Yes?  
I've decided to leave.  
Leave? To do what?  
I'm going away.  
Don't tell me you fell for  
the cheap flattery of that officer...  
Do you know how many girls  
like you ended up in the gutter?  
If you leave here,  
don't expect to come back.  
I doubt I'll have any regrets.  
I won't hold my breath waiting for  
the wedding invitation!  
Shut up, you!  
Welcome to your new home,  
my love.  
I've missed you so much.

Aldo, the doors, please!  
You are such a beautiful...  
Etienne!  
Come down!  
Don't miss the best part of the day!  
You alright?  
Yes.  
So, you put a leg here.  
This one.  
Yeah. Oh, nice.  
Sorry.  
Take the hands on the reins,  
and put two fingers on the neck.  
You ready?  
Uh-huh.  
How are you going?  
Yes, I am.  
Yeah. Here we are.  
Tick tack, tick tack.  
Yeah, you got it!  
Perfect.  
Come on. Come on.  
Alright.  
Alright, you're great.  
Who do those belong to?  
To the gentleman upstairs,  
Madame.  
You're a bloody menace!  
They should lock you up!  
I've broken a few rules in my life,  
but I've never been to jail...  
I'm pleased to say it.  
And my crime... is?  
You scared the living daylights  
out of my horse!  
I could have broken my neck!  
Oh, I'm sorry.  
I'm terribly sorry,  
I didn't notice you.  
In the future,  
I will try to drive more carefully.  
But I can't promise.  
I seem to get a bit carried away.  
Oh, you're here at last!

Coco, have you been properly  
introduced to my best friend?  
This... is Boy Capel. Polo champion  
and business tycoon in his spare time.  
A violent barbarian,  
like all Englishmen.  
But I see you two have already met...  
Yes. We're already good friends.  
What happened to you?  
Nothing.  
Women.  
So tell me...  
How long have you known him?  
Since university in England.  
Now he's the only friend of mine...  
that actually likes to work.  
What exactly does he do?  
He inherited a struggling mining  
business from his grandfather.  
And now he's busy making it  
into an empire.  
You're exquisite...  
He's a strange man.  
He's a complicated man.  
There are some things  
he never talks about.  
His mother, for example.  
What is it?  
Open it.  
You shouldn't have.  
Waiting for you.  
Good evening.  
Bon soir.  
Oh, my dear!  
You looked divine!  
Oh, thank you.  
Oh, Coco, you're here.  
Surely you remember  
Emilienne d'Alencon...  
The little songbird.  
Are you still singing?  
Only duets with Etienne.  
Etienne. My pearls.  
I've never seen it worn

that way round before.  
Be careful with the clasp.  
It can come undone.  
It was mine once... for a while.  
Ladies talk.  
Grazie mille, Mario!  
Grazie!  
And now, ladies and gentlemen...  
the real tangueros!  
Don't worry.  
It's not actually mine.  
Etienne loans it  
to the girls of the moment.  
When my turn was over...  
I gave it back.  
I was so young  
and so naive in those days.  
Do you tango? Coco?  
I learnt in Buenos Aires from  
some real tangueros.  
It's easy.  
Just follow me.  
You're not thinking of marrying her,  
are you?  
What do you think?  
Oops! Oh! Don't do that!  
Oh! Sorry!  
I think it's for me.  
What happened?  
Get out. Get out!  
It's not what you think.  
You invited her here  
without telling me!  
She came with Alec Carter,  
the jockey.  
I'm as surprised as you are darling.  
This is hardly the first time  
you have lied to me.  
Coco. I'm the first man who  
managed to get rid of her,  
before she spent all she has.  
It's ancient history.  
I don't believe you!  
It's up to you.

If there is one thing I can't  
stand in a woman... it's jealousy.  
Good night.  
I've already found eight.  
I don't think we'll give them  
back to Etienne.  
It will serve him right.  
We are only a game for him.  
The trick...  
is to gain the most from men...  
until they tire of us.  
I found another one.  
It's not a game.  
Because I'm not like...  
You're not like what?  
You're not like me?  
Aren't you a kept woman who  
depends on a man for everything?  
This is different.  
I love him and he loves me.  
But he won't marry you.  
I'm telling you this for your own good.  
I found another one.  
In this world...  
men make the rules.  
We women...  
must rely on our looks and  
charm for pleasing our men.  
Looks fade.  
I suggest you  
take advantage of it while it lasts.  
Like I did. I've been a dancer...  
I've been an artist's model...  
and now I call  
the King of Belgium, Leo.  
I didn't have to be a dancer or a model.  
When I had nowhere to go,  
I found a job.  
If I have allowed myself  
to be supported by Etienne,  
it's not for his money.  
And when he leaves you?  
If that were to happen...  
I'd survive.



I've been left before.  
Come! Come!  
Surely our trophy winner deserves  
something better than a bit of old carrot.  
Go on, girl! Go on!  
Have fun!  
Come back!  
You made her very happy.  
Dark moods are forbidden here...  
at Royallieu.  
You don't seem to like  
much around here, do you?  
No. Everything is perfect here,  
a cosseted world.  
But after a few days,  
I can't wait to get away.  
In fact, I'm leaving.  
And where are you going?  
Back to the problems and  
challenges of the real world.  
Work is my passion,  
I couldn't live without it.  
I envy you.  
Don't you have a passion?  
Bon jour, Madame.  
Gabrielle!  
Coco.  
I'm used to that now.  
Look at you.  
Listen, I'm here as a customer.  
I'd like to buy some fabric  
to make myself some clothes.  
Of course, Madame.  
There.  
Thank you.  
How's the life at Royallieu?  
Good.  
And how's it going  
with your baron?  
We meet every Sunday.  
I look like a piece of birthday cake!  
I don't like it!  
It's the latest colour from Paris!  
Oh! Oh... How are you, Chanel?

Mademoiselle Chanel.  
So you're back!  
I need your advice.  
How could this horrid dress  
be improved?  
Try this one.  
But that's Marquis of  
Saint Euvert's morning gown!  
Try it on.  
It just needs to be  
opened along the neckline...  
a belt... and some white satin gloves.  
She will look like an...  
up-market undertaker.  
Be quiet!  
You're late.  
They've all gone hunting.  
Your trousers.  
Take them off.  
How many years has it been,  
Etienne?  
Many.  
I was happy with you.  
Yeah.  
We knew how to enjoy ourselves.  
You left me.  
For a richer man, remember?  
I made a mistake.  
Good Lord!  
You can see her legs!  
Oh, God! Even women have them!  
What a surprise!.  
You really shocked everyone today.  
Even you?  
I must admit  
I was at a loss for words at first.  
And then?  
I'm in love with you  
for many reasons.  
With you, I never get bored.  
My love for you is above temptation.  
What temptation?  
Hmm, there are many.  
But the fact that...

I overcome them...  
proves my love for you.  
My dearest Julia... happy birthday.  
I'm sending you a dress and hat...  
that I made especially for you...  
and a jar of my chestnut jam.  
I hope you like it.  
Over a year has passed  
since I arrived here at Royallieu...  
and I can't wait to embrace you.  
I am pleased to hear  
how happy you are at the convent.  
I started making hats  
a few months ago...  
and hope to be able to sell them.  
It's just a dream at  
the moment though...  
Coco!  
Coco!  
What on earth...  
are you wearing on your head?  
My own creation.  
Don't you like it?  
Yes, I like it, but, Coco,  
Real ladies don't  
wear straw hats at Polo.  
Polo is more formal, elegant,  
I don't know, everything!  
But I'm not a real lady...  
or hadn't you noticed?  
Actually I had.  
Hurry up. Hurry up.  
Ah, Balsan!  
Coco!  
Oh.  
Still Etienne's little shadow...  
Don't worry. I will be right back.  
And you?  
I don't see the King of Belgium  
with you.  
I'm perfectly fine by myself,  
thank you.  
What beautiful pearls.  
Haven't I seen them before?

You have Etienne...  
I have his pearls.  
Who's that extravagant man  
with the fat belly?  
It's Paul Poiret, a fashion designer.  
Now he's looking at you.  
Brace yourself.  
What are you...  
wearing on your head, Madame?  
A straw hat.  
Is something wrong?  
No...  
Can't you recognize a hat,  
without a bird's nest on top?  
Obviously, some women  
like their hats this way.  
Allow Paul Poiret to determine...  
what a woman wants to wear.  
You mean  
what you want them to wear.  
But are you sure that's the same thing?  
No, I don't see many women here that...  
share your ideas... nor your taste.  
Excuse me.  
My mistress,  
the Princess Charlotte...  
would like to know where  
did you purchase your hat.  
Maison Chanel.  
Hats and dresses. Paris.  
You put Poiret in his place. Bravo!  
Who knows?  
Maybe one day it might come true.  
Why not?  
You could start by  
making me a hat like yours.  
I once told you not to  
underestimate me.  
Instead... I've underestimated you.  
Men don't deserve us, Coco.  
Two pearls like ourselves.  
If you Please.  
Oh!  
Oh!

Coco! Etienne!  
Hi!  
How nice to see you both.  
Did you teach her to play?  
It's one of the many things  
I've learned at Royallieu.  
A package has  
arrived from Paris for you.  
Oh! Finally!  
What is this?  
You'll see.  
Now, please, don't stop.  
You can turn a straw hat  
into a verse of poetry.  
Please...  
You have a God given talent, Coco.  
Are you making fun of me?  
I'm deadly serious.  
And you play Polo like  
your life depends on it.  
I was scared for you.  
Next time I promise  
I'll be more careful, just for you.  
I remember what  
Etienne said about you,  
"Violent and barbarian,  
like all Englishmen. "  
I don't even feel particularly English.  
I'm certainly not keen on them.  
Nor they on me.  
Are you feeling  
more welcome here in France?  
Not really.  
I'm a man without a real home.  
Neither English... nor French.  
A home...  
Yes.  
My mother was Jewish.  
She was studying to  
become an opera singer.  
But my father interrupted her career...  
and demanded that  
she forget her dreams.  
He left her before I was born.

Etienne once told me that  
you never speak about your mother.  
Yes. That's true.  
But today here with you,  
something pushed me to do so.  
Coco?  
Oh, Adrienne!  
How nice to see you.  
Thank you for inviting us.  
I can't wait any longer to tell you.  
Maurice has proposed to me.  
Oh, really?  
I'm so happy for you both!  
When's the big event?  
His parents are  
still strongly opposed...  
They told him I don't have the...  
proper breeding.  
Well, they are wrong.  
However, I have persuaded him  
not to be hasty.  
I still suspect that  
Madame Desboutin will  
receive your wedding invitation  
before she does mine.  
Oh, a letter for me.  
From Emilienne.  
Princess Charlotte has asked her  
for the address of  
Maison Chanel in Paris.  
Great!  
Looks like you made quite an impression.  
Yes! Wouldn't that be... something?  
A shop in Paris?  
Are you serious?  
You should give it a try.  
What have you got to lose?  
Come on, Boy.  
Don't encourage her.  
I could come and help you!  
And we could sell hats!  
What a team you would make.  
Unstoppable.  
Etienne, didn't you have

an apartment in Paris?

Yeah.

An apartment would be

great to start with.

Well... we'll think about it.

Hey, careful!

Etienne!

Break! Break!

Just 'cause

you're a bloody lousy teacher!

You need to listen in order to learn.

Oh, yeah?!

Says who?!

Can I try?

Well... if I wasn't able to do it,

I rather doubt...

Maybe she's a better student.

We'll see.

One of us needs to be able to drive,

Etienne.

Looking forward to the show.

Jimmy, bring my cigarettes!

So... Yes.

First gear... Yes.

Slowly back,

and he is on the first gear.

Yes, yes, that's...

that's right, that's there

Slowly, slowly, turn slowly...

Etienne, come with us!

It's not for me!

I prefer my horses!

Please, come!

No, you go ahead!

Hey!

Slowly, slowly!

That's it! That's it!

That's easy!

Perfect! Yea!

Slow down! Slow down!

Slow down, no!

Are you hurt?

No, I'm...

Oh... I'm so sorry.

It's just a thing.  
It can be fixed... or replaced.  
It's worth it for the pleasure  
of being with you.  
We'd better go back, it's going to rain.  
Wait a second.  
Wait.  
Wait a second  
Let's go.  
Rain in the country is so depressing.  
It's just as depressing in the city,  
darling.  
Even in Paris?  
Especially in Paris.  
Checkmate.  
Boy...  
where is your English education?  
I mean, this is my house.  
Sometimes... I'm supposed to win.  
Do you ever lose at anything?  
The hardest part is trying to  
look that I'm not trying hard.  
Sure.  
There is electricity in the air tonight,  
I can feel it.  
Boy!? Coco!?  
Yes?  
Where are you?  
Is everything all right Sir?  
Yes, just fine Galardonne.  
I think it's best that he's gone.  
Thank you, Albert.  
I'm just surprised he's left  
without saying goodbye.  
Coco.  
I... I felt threatened.  
I felt like I was losing you.  
Now I realize that...  
nothing else matters but us.  
I... I really want you to be happy.  
You're the love of my life.  
I'm almost done.  
Monsieur Etienne says that  
he'll be up to see you as soon as



he has finished his dinner.  
After his dinner?  
I don't understand.  
Madame Balsan is tired...  
and prefers to dine alone  
with her family.  
And so how long should  
I stay locked up in my room?  
You are not the kind of girl to be  
introduced to his mother.  
Aren't you going to introduce me,  
Etienne?  
I was just coming up for you.  
I saved you the trouble.  
Would you excuse us, mother?  
Your mother was tired?  
Spare me the lies, Etienne.  
Galardonne has already  
made your position clear.  
Let me explain.  
You didn't even have the courage to  
tell me that I wasn't invited!  
I didn't have the time.  
My mother kept me talking.  
About what?!  
The date of our wedding?  
Whether or not I could dress in white?  
You're right  
You're right.  
Maybe I...  
Maybe I handled this badly,  
but just admit one thing...  
I'm listening.  
I never said I would marry you.  
So... Galardonne was right.  
I'm just... here for your pleasure.  
I'm not fit for marriage.  
Seriously...  
What would change between us  
if I did marry you?  
Seriously.  
I... I can't believe you  
are asking me this.  
Do you have any idea of

what commitment means?  
Coco, I wanted you  
to live here with me...  
and I still do...  
Nothing has changed.  
Today you say that.  
What about tomorrow?  
You want some guarantees...  
This is not a business deal!  
Next you'll be offering me money!  
So what do you want?  
I want to leave.  
This... this place was like a dream.  
But tonight I opened my eyes.  
So, now you're doing to me...  
what you were afraid  
I would do to you, right?  
As you once said, Etienne.  
"Eventually, I'll forget you...  
as you will me".  
It was so sad.  
It was so very very sad.  
You remember, Adrienne?  
Yes.  
And then...  
I had to start all over again.  
It's amazing the cares one loses when one  
decides not to be something, but someone.  
I don't know  
how you found the strength.  
Strength is built by one's failures,  
not by one's... successes.  
I was strong from swimming  
upstream against the current.  
What is this you're wearing?  
Stand up.  
Oh. Please.  
Oh, my God... Oh.  
How can your brain function properly  
when you're wearing that?  
I'm going to a cocktail party.  
Don't you like it?  
It's atrocious.  
Absolutely atrocious.

You know, you only have a date  
with destiny tonight, my dear,  
and you must be prepared to be  
dressed as pretty as possible.  
Turn around.

You can't even move in this armour.  
Designers these days have forgotten  
that real women  
are inside these clothes.

Oh... What am I going to  
do to salvage this monstrosity?  
The top has to go.

A few subtle adjustments.  
You know, to be irreplaceable,  
you have to be different.

So.  
Perfect.

Very good.  
Now... the skirt will have to go.

I built my designs...  
in response to my needs.

But the cocktail party?  
You will go...

when you are dressed in a style  
that befits my beautiful niece.

Yes, Madame?

Yes, please,  
take the curtain down, please.

The fill-me one, the inside  
fill-me one, take it down.

Now... a woman's body...  
is what defines the shape...  
of the dress.

Particularly when it's as  
beautiful as yours.

The poetry of fashion lies in  
the creation of illusion, you see?

A woman can be overdressed,  
but never over-elegant. Now...

But... this material is for curtains.  
Yes, well...

the material is not what matters.  
What matters... is the vision.

Now... Adornment... what a science.

Beauty... what a weapon.  
So, fashion is at  
once both caterpillar by day...  
and butterfly by night.  
Dresses should both crawl...  
and fly.  
Put this on, please.  
A butterfly does not go to market  
and a caterpillar does not  
go to a party.  
What do you think?  
It's...  
It's Chanel.  
And... a woman wearing  
the wrong perfume... has no future.  
Go.  
I suppose it was your idea  
to have her come here  
dressed in one of  
my enemies gowns...  
Coco, how could you  
even think such a thing?  
It was a very good idea.  
A failed innovation is painful.  
A revival of it is sinister.  
Your creditors are queuing up outside.  
Yesterday the haberdasher...  
today the baker.  
How much longer do you  
expect me to keep them at bay?  
I know, I know...  
So... can you pay me what you owe?  
I'm... I'm sorry, Madame.  
I only seem... to have...  
It's been the same story  
for the past ten months.  
This time I must contact the landlord,  
Monsieur Balsan.  
He'll have to pay your debts.  
No. Please.  
No, I-I... I just need a few more days.  
I'll take one of the hats instead of  
the money you owe me.  
This one, I think.

But... it costs fifty Francs.  
Only if someone is prepared to pay it.  
Do you really believe you can make  
a living by selling hats?  
It's a bit worn.  
It's hardly been worn at all.  
It's from Argentina, you know?  
I'll give you eighty Francs.  
A hundred. Please.  
Ninety.  
Your collection six months ago  
was a catastrophe.  
We're still counting the cost.  
Now, as your friend  
and your business partner...  
I can't let you risk another collection.  
Now, please, be reasonable.  
Oh, have I never been reasonable?  
Ever?  
I hate the word, I loathe it.  
Makes me feel dead inside.  
Yes but we're risking everything.  
The atelier, I mean, your entire work!  
Well, life is risk!  
You've been out of  
the business for fifteen years.  
Fashions have changed, Coco!  
Fashion is not only about clothes,  
for goodness sake.  
Fashion is in the sky,  
it's in the street...  
it's in... it has to do with ideas,  
my dear!  
It has to do with what people think  
and how they feel and who they are!  
Look around you!  
Fashion is everywhere!  
People only remember  
the name Chanel for the perfume!  
Well, the scent of Chanel will not be  
remembered for much longer either,  
if I don't have  
more substantial back up.  
Woah, what do you mean back up?

Now, what ideas are you brewing,  
Mademoiselle?  
The same as always, Marc.  
The principle that  
women have to dress...  
themselves,  
not for the pleasure of their men!  
Do you understand it?  
Freedom is... never out of style.  
There's not a woman in the world...  
who doesn't get up in the morning...  
every morning...  
looks at herself in the mirror...  
and tries to decide what to wear.  
My legacy is to clothe those women,  
that's it.  
Stop trailing after me,  
like some jilted lover.  
And go look for a solution!  
If I'm not mistaken,  
that's what I pay you for.  
Is it here yet?  
Not yet.  
Go and check, please.  
I already have a solution.  
Look, I've looked at this thing from  
every conceivable angle, and...  
unfortunately, the only solution  
for you is to sell.  
Sell?  
So, that's what we've come to,  
have we, Marc?  
I have someone who's...  
interested.  
I could keep my position as director...  
to protect the integrity of your name.  
Oh... I see you've thought  
of everything, huh?  
Well, your position, mostly.  
Of course, you would remain as the...  
creative figurehead of the company.  
Figurehead?  
Yes.  
From your chalet in Saint Moritz...

or your house in Venice.  
Time to be with your friends...  
time... for yourself.  
You've worked hard for this, Coco.  
It's a very...  
a very tempting proposal, I must admit.  
What do you think, Adrienne?  
Should we sell?  
Should I sell to the highest bidder?  
No, you can't be serious.  
Why not?  
I would have a much more peaceful life  
at my chalet in Saint Moritz or  
my home in Venice, wouldn't I?  
Of course, you'd...  
I'm afraid you'd have to...  
give up your second collection.  
Marc.  
Never lay down conditions on me.  
Look. If you agree, if...  
I'll open negotiations immediately.  
See if a suitable arrangement...  
can be fixed.  
There...  
Look over the draft contracts.  
And I will call you later.  
You don't really intend to sell,  
do you?  
Why not?  
Maybe he's right.  
Retire?  
That's the furthest thing from my mind.  
I have never given up before and  
I have no intention of doing it now...  
Oh, look at these...  
Mademoiselle Chanel  
the bailiffs were here.  
They wanted to break the door down,  
I persuaded them to wait,  
but they said they'll be back.  
Boy... I-I didn't know  
you were in Paris...  
Aren't you going to invite me in?  
Yes, of course.

How's business?  
Oh, very good.  
You know, I think this is  
really starting to take off.  
I hope you are not  
disappointed to see me...  
No, no... On the contrary.  
If you leave me your address,  
I'll definitely come and see you.  
I'm living at the Ritz.  
We're neighbours.  
Gabrielle Chanel.  
I have a warrant in your name.  
I'm required to secure payment  
or assets to the value of  
five hundred Francs.  
One carpet... one round table...  
three hats... one lamp.  
I'll pay you back every last cent.  
I could hardly let them  
take away the furniture.  
Imagine Balsan sleeping on the floor  
next time he visits his apartment.  
You left without saying goodbye.  
I wrote you a letter.  
I never received it.  
I never sent it.  
What about you?  
Have you seen Etienne again?  
No.  
I thought he was going to marry you.  
That was never his real intention.  
But I'm grateful to him.  
He opened my eyes.  
And I'm grateful to you too.  
For having believed in me.  
And even if I've lost this first round,  
I won't give up.  
You simply started off  
on the wrong foot.  
How do you expect customers  
to walk up three flights of stairs  
and then find themselves in a room  
that's colder than the North Pole?



If you want to be successful,  
you need a shop...  
with a window on a busy street  
where people can stop and look...  
like this.  
I have a proposition for you.  
Let's go into business together.  
You put in the talent  
and I'll put in the money.  
Do you want to know what I wrote...  
in the letter?  
That not a day goes by  
when I don't think of you.  
Maybe we shouldn't  
mix business with pleasure.  
You should  
have more faith in me, Coco.  
I'm not Etienne.  
You're not him tonight.  
Good night.  
I love the way this conforms...  
What's going on?  
You promised me you wouldn't  
put out another collection.  
I never promised you a thing.  
Well, alright, you...  
you led me to believe that.  
Well, you wanted to believe it.  
Have you... any idea what  
I've been through to secure this sale?  
Oh, look at this!  
Look, every piece made by hand.  
It's so exquisite.  
Anything worth while is difficult.  
You have received a handsome advance  
for the sale of your name.  
Now... you-you must comply  
with the agreement,  
otherwise legally you're putting us...  
in a very bad position.  
Raise your arms, Odette.  
You see? It doesn't lose its shape.  
And that is... because of the chain.  
They'll sue you.

You see? The chain weighs it down.  
They'll sue you for every last penny.  
I can't bear the jackets  
that ride up, can't bag up.  
Please pay attention to me  
and be serious!?  
I'm serious,  
I've never been more serious in my life.  
What shall we do...  
skirt above the knee or below?  
What do you think?  
Listen.  
Listen to me.  
I've always been  
a loyal friend to you.  
Loyal to me or loyal to  
the share of profits that I give you?  
You're a tough and ungrateful woman.  
And whom...  
do you seek revenge?  
Too many people to count.  
Well, there are those...  
who you should be grateful to.  
I owe nothing... to anyone...  
If there are those who have been  
close to me - men, women, rich or poor -  
it because it was  
to their advantage to do so.  
The only person  
I owe gratitude to is me!  
This is Chanel! For a reason.  
Now, can we work?!  
Don't you have anything more simpler?  
If you want simple...  
I suggest you buy a pot of paint.  
Paint.  
White paint.  
I simply can't do  
anything Monsieur Capel.  
Oh, Adrienne!  
How wonderful!  
What on earth are you doing here?  
Boy wanted to surprise you.  
He's doing all this for you.

Listen.

Why don't you stay in Paris for a while?

You can live with me

and help me with the shop.

It would be a change of scene for you.

How is this?

What do you think of this?

Hello! Good to see you! Welcome!

Oh, good evening Monsieur Capel!

It's such a pleasure to see you again.

Thank you. Please.

I can't believe you

did all this for me.

Let's hope it goes well.

Risk... is what life is all about.

Oh, excuse me.

Coco!

Oh, Elise! I'm so glad you've come.

Look! I wore your hat!

I want to try one on.

Yes, please, come in.

What do you think?

This is amazing.

Isn't it?

Coco... Really.

How have you been?

I'm so proud of you.

Thank you.

Go ahead just have a look at those.

Well, it could be perfect for

my character in Bel Ami.

Yes, it's true.

I don't know if Doucet would approve...

Doucet? The Doucet?

The most important dressmaker in Paris,

besides Poiret, of course.

He designs her clothes.

Can you show him my hats?

Well... I don't know, it's not that easy,

but... we can try.

Oh, oh, thank you. Marvellous!

Ladies, a toast to us!

Coco?

I'm so excited.

Yes? Excuse me.  
Do you know Mademoiselle Chanel?  
Should I?  
No. I've not had  
the pleasure of meeting you yet.  
If that's considered a pleasure...  
Excuse me.  
Your friend is very rude.  
Only when provoked.  
It was absolutely marvellous.  
Thank you for coming.  
Thank you.  
Bye. Good luck.  
Bye. Thank you.  
Coco?  
Yes?  
Let me introduce you to  
Lord and Lady Windham.  
Hello.  
Congratulations. Your hats are marvellous.  
Thank you.  
Yes, in fact, Diana's asked me to buy her one.  
Well, if I can be of any assistance...  
Oh yes.  
Um, I would like to try this one...  
please.  
I'll go get it for you.  
Thank you.  
See you later, darling.  
Of course.  
Oh, it's so good to see you here, Diana.  
I didn't know you  
were a friend of Boy's...  
Oh, not really a friend.  
His father is my godfather.  
Ah. And... Mademoiselle Chanel,  
do you know her?  
I've just met her.  
Balsan handed her over to  
Capel when he tired of her.  
Who do you think pays for all of this?  
Well...  
she seems like a charming woman.  
And I think she's very attractive.

She's just a little money-grabber...  
an uneducated seamstress...  
And what about you, Diana,  
did you go to Chantal's Cafe?  
It's a great success.  
Something wrong?  
No. Everything's fine.  
I can't stand just waiting.  
I'll try it  
because you insisted so much,  
but I don't know if he will agree.  
Wait for me here, I'll call Doucet.  
When an artist provides the answers...  
before the questions are even asked...  
he is not understood.  
Or she, of course.  
So, let's see.  
This one... no.  
No. Do you make them yourself?  
Yes I do, Monsieur Doucet.  
This one won't work either.  
This is not the type of,  
work you just improvise.  
Who taught you?  
No one.  
It's been a passion of mine  
since I was a child.  
Didn't you play with dolls?  
I preferred ribbons...  
buttons... velvet...  
This hat. Yes.  
This hat has the answer...  
before the question is asked.  
It's the work of an artist.  
In its... simplicity.  
I see your signature.  
And what do you think,  
Mademoiselle Dorziat?  
I think it's perfect for Bel Ami.  
Then we have a match.  
Doucet costumes... Chanel hats.  
Yes, I'm looking to purchase a hat  
like the one Gabrielle Dorziat  
wore in Bel Ami.

This one here.  
Of course.  
Thank you.  
You look perfect.  
Thank you  
I'm pleased you accepted my invitation.  
Uh, Boy Capel and Mademoiselle Chanel.  
Uh, Boy Capel, of course.  
But I can't seem to  
find Mademoiselle Chanel.  
Could you look again, please?  
I'm afraid there is  
no Chanel on the list.  
Mademoiselle Chanel is with me.  
Don't worry.  
I'm sure it's just a misunderstanding.  
I'd like to speak to the person  
who drew up the list.  
Madame Elizabeth Ducrot,  
the Ambassador's wife, prepared it.  
Your friend Elizabeth...  
Who else?  
Wait!  
Coco. Wait.  
Leave me alone. Go to your party,  
it's full of important people.  
I couldn't care less about them.  
The only person  
I really care about is you.  
I don't belong to your world.  
Even at my opening  
they scrutinized me and judged me.  
An ex-mistress,  
grown up in an orphanage.  
You've asked me to  
always tell you the truth.  
I love you... Coco.  
Please, don't say that.  
Don't you think I know  
how it feels not to be accepted?  
You and I are not so different.  
I've lived with rejection all my life.  
My father has never even shown  
any desire to know me.

Don't push me away.  
I've never felt like this  
about anyone in my life.  
We are the same... you and I.  
We are one.  
Monsieur Capel. Madame.  
Gaston  
Coco?  
You forgot this.  
It's wilted, you can throw it away.  
Why did you leave?  
If I've offended you in some way...  
What are you afraid of?  
Myself, of you, of my feelings,  
of the night we spent together...  
One day, at Royallieu...  
I heard you speak of a man who left you.  
But I never will...  
Coco. I want you to marry me.  
Marry you?  
Yes.  
Will you be my wife?  
I love you, Boy.  
But I'll only marry you when  
I'm no longer dependent.  
You are so proud.  
You will suffer.  
Good morning. For you  
Yes. Thank you.  
You're welcome.  
Nothing.  
He left two weeks ago and  
since then I haven't heard from him.  
I'm not sure.  
If you don't like it, you're not  
obliged to buy it, Madame.  
Thank you for stopping Madame.  
Goodbye.  
He'll never come back.  
After all, why should  
he waste his time on me?  
You know what you need to do?  
To get away for a bit.  
I have no desire to go anywhere.

We can't live our lives waiting  
around for Boy and Maurice to call.  
Do you know what we should do?  
Let's go to Deauville.  
That will cheer you up.  
Why can't women be free like men?  
And as free as they are?  
Because this is the way the world is.  
I don't think you can change that.  
Really?  
Mademoiselle.  
Would you like to see  
some of my beautiful shells?  
Listen.  
The sound of the sea.  
Beautiful. No.  
I'll buy it.  
Really?  
All of them.  
I don't believe it.  
Let's go for a walk.  
Everyone is looking at us.  
They're envious.  
I hope we don't get arrested.  
Hi...  
Do you tango... Mademoiselle?  
I hope you missed me.  
Who told you I was in Deauville?  
I would have found you anywhere...  
even... without Adrienne's note.  
I was worried  
you'd disappeared for good.  
That's what I wanted to do.  
I couldn't sleep at night.  
You made me suffer.  
I wanted that too.  
You can be very cruel.  
Like anyone who's in love.  
I have ended my contracts  
with the Germans.  
I won't be supplying them anymore coal.  
I only hope it's not too late.  
Do you think there could be a war?  
If men were to choose between



war and peace, they'd choose war.  
Especially the English,  
with their greed for power.  
Starting with my father.  
Tell me about him.  
Sir David... member of Parliament.  
He paid for me to study  
in the best schools in England...  
but he never wanted to meet me  
in person.  
And you?  
You've never spoken of yours.  
It's a sad story.  
You don't have to tell me anything.  
Our family isn't what's important.  
You... and I... are all that matter.  
I want to open a shop here in Deauville.  
Not just for hats.  
But to sell comfortable clothing.  
Sportswear for women.  
And not only rich women either.  
If you think you can handle it all...  
I'll back you all the way.  
Risk is what life is all about.  
And you know who told me that...  
I take one.  
We need to get back to Paris...  
immediately.  
Why?  
War... could break out at any moment.  
You say you hate the English,  
yet you volunteer to fight for them.  
It's my duty.  
That detestable uniform becomes you.  
Stay another day.  
The Germans are  
thirty kilometres from Paris now.  
You have to leave too,  
as soon as possible.  
Go back to Deauville, it's safer there,  
and you can open your shop.  
I made this for you.  
Don't be afraid. I'll be back.  
But I am afraid.

I always have the same nightmare.  
Every day and every night.  
There is a man I love...  
but he goes away.  
I try to keep him with me,  
but I can't.  
I have to go.  
And I have to stay.  
Oh here it is.  
Well, this is perfect.  
I don't know.  
I don't see many people around.  
Women have to wear clothes  
even in times of war.  
Don't they?  
I had to leave my  
whole wardrobe in Paris...  
and all the servants too.  
We only have one maid here with us.  
Can you feel how soft the fabric is?  
How it moves with you?  
Try walking.  
And you can put them on easily...  
by yourself.  
Armand. What do you think?  
It's indecent!  
Put it on the table and unroll it.  
Stand still.  
Can't you design on paper  
like anyone else?  
I've never been able to draw  
and you know it.  
Coco, isn't it too short?  
Women need to be comfortable.  
Rich women because they no longer  
have their maids to dress them...  
the poor because they need to work.  
And they'll all be dressed  
in the same way.  
Let's have a look.  
My darling.  
Everything has changed here.  
Deauville is full of women...  
old people and children...

everyone who escaped Paris.  
How sad life is without men...  
especially you, my darling.  
The number of injured rises here  
in Deauville each day.  
I wish I could do more for them.  
During the day, I keep the shop open  
and the night  
I work for the Red Cross.  
Business is beginning to go well.  
Which seems so at odds  
with tragedy all around us.  
Hey! I need a medical officer here.  
Come on! Quick, quick!  
Lieutenant, I've got a telegram here  
from the President of  
the Army Commission.  
Clemenceau?  
He wants to see you.  
When? Immediately.  
Yes Sir. Thank you sir.  
Diana?  
Boy!  
Seems like a lifetime ago  
since we last saw each other.  
Have you been at the front for long?  
My husband and my brother  
died at Verdun.  
Serving the Red Cross, I feel like  
I'm still close to them.  
I'm terribly sorry.  
Stay safe.  
There's nothing left.  
Wool, velvet, silk...  
Poiret took the lot.  
Have you got any jersey?  
Jersey?  
I thought you made women's clothing.  
Not overalls for the workers.  
Let me decide what material to use.  
I need some jersey.  
I'll take all you have.  
Will you sell it to me or not?  
I thought I'd never sell this lot.

Then I'll take it for half price.  
It hangs so nicely.  
And it's so soft.  
Is it cashmere?  
It's jersey, Madame.  
The effect is the same.  
But it's less expensive.  
Well, if that's the case,  
my husband will certainly like it.  
Coco, my darling.  
I can't stop thinking of our  
last night together here at the Ritz.  
The city is dark and desolate.  
And the Germans are close.  
I've been assigned a job which  
requires a great deal of travel.  
I'll have to act as a go-between...  
for all the Allies' military units.  
That's all I can say at the moment.  
I miss you... with my whole heart.  
The only thought that has given me  
the strength to go on...  
day after day... is that you exist...  
that you wake up... breathe...  
and walk through the streets freely...  
so far from me...  
but under the same vast sky.  
Thank you  
I am pleased you liked it  
Good bye!  
Good bye  
Mademoiselle.  
Your clothes are  
well-suited to these sad times.  
Your jersey is going to  
transform women...  
into little malnourished  
switchboard operators.  
I don't see anything wrong with that...  
since women are working  
at switchboards and in factories.  
Even they deserve to dress elegantly.  
I focus on a totally  
different class of customers.

It's a shame they have  
ceased to focus on you.  
You lack... imagination, my dear.  
That's why you dress women like...  
shop assistants.  
Better shop assistants...  
than female slaves off  
to the Turkish baths.  
Coco!  
Boy is here!  
Really?  
Really, I saw him.  
Where?  
On the beach. Go!  
Go!  
I was crazy to lay down  
conditions for you.  
I wanted to be successful and independent.  
Tell me that we are always together.  
Tell me if you like this.  
This war will mean nothing.  
And history will only repeat itself,  
without dialogue between governments.  
A thought might end a book like this.  
What title did you finally decided on?  
Reflections on a Victory  
Hmm, I think it's wonderful.  
The editor likes it too.  
He is organizing a big launch  
in London.  
We can make it our honeymoon.  
And you did all this by yourself.  
I never have been able  
to do that without you.  
My talent. Your money.  
Remember?  
I once told you I would give you  
back every cent.  
You don't need me any more.  
I don't know if I like that.  
I need you forever.  
The war is over!  
The war is over!  
The war is over!

It's perfect!  
We'll take it.  
The ground floor will easily accommodate  
a tallieur and a workshop.  
The ground floor?  
No, no, no, no, no, no.  
I will take the entire building.  
But there are six floors, Madame.  
That will be enough.  
For now.  
Adrienne!  
Excuse me.  
My darling!  
Oh, Maurice!  
I love you!  
I can't believe it!  
She couldn't choose another date?  
I can't do that to Adrienne.  
She is waiting...  
... a whole life to get marry.  
Just can't miss her wedding.  
If I only know!  
I'm so sorry, Boy.  
Don't worry.  
I'll manage all the same.  
I'll be waiting for you.  
Come back soon.  
I love you.  
Number1, has less bergamot.  
Number2, more bergamot.  
Alright. Alright.  
They both have 80 fragrances  
in each of these samples.  
It is enough to baffle the senses.  
This one.  
And have you thought of a name?  
Number 5.  
Chanel number 5.  
I am sure that this will be  
my lucky number.  
Come on, quick!  
Here we go.  
I miss this job.  
But... most of all,

I miss you.  
Darling, you are the one who decided  
that a married woman shouldn't work.  
Maurice isn't like Boy.  
And I'm not like you.  
You would never sacrifice your work.  
And you be wrong to do so.  
If...  
I just think how you began...  
and now...  
Look at all you done!  
You're right.  
But if he asked me, I marry him  
tomorrow without any strings attached.  
Thank you.  
The title of the book shows a  
remarkable foresight, Mr. Capel.  
Diana!  
What a lovely surprise!  
And... how are you holding up?  
Better. Now that the war is over.  
Will you sign it for me?  
Yes, of course.  
My darling! Coco!  
How wonderful to see you!  
You are looking as beautiful as ever.  
Thankyou.  
I heard you opened a shop  
in Biarritz.  
Your clothes are fantastic. But  
I knew right away you were a genius.  
Ever since you opened  
your men in your shop.  
What about Boy?  
Do you still see him?  
Occasionally.  
Do you go to his book presentation?  
Apparently, all the influential people  
in London attended.  
I was unable to go.  
Oh, he must have been heart broken.  
Have you seen Times?  
There is a picture of him in it.  
Says there that he and Lady Wyndham

see each other often.  
Reporters can be so malicious.  
Lady Wyndham is Sir David's goddaughter,  
did you know?  
No.  
Apparently Boy has made it up  
with his father.  
You are full of good news, Elizabeth!  
Did you come here especially  
to tell me this?  
I came for a suit  
And I will give you a special price.  
Double the sale prices for  
the ambassador's wife.  
Ah, here we are!  
Now, please.  
I want you to take her  
stepping into the street.  
Fashion is not fashion unless...  
it's in the street. You understand?  
Please. Please!  
Up against here...  
Coco! Coco!  
Just a moment.  
I must demand one last time  
that you cancel the show.  
Demand is such a ugly word, Marc.  
The show is going on and  
I will proceed as I planned.  
Make sure we get  
the empreinte of Chanel.  
This letter is from my lawyers.  
What is this?  
I am afraid they are seeking  
an injunction against you.  
On what ground, sir?  
Breach of contract.  
The agreement allows you to act  
creative head of Chanel.  
Not to run it like your own private feat.  
What do you have me do, Marc?  
Sit in my villa alone  
trying to relive my past?  
Look, I am sorry, but it is the investors.



So this is what is coming to?  
My dear friend, my business partner  
turns against me too?  
Oh no no no! No, no.  
It's you who is treating me like the enemy.  
It's taken years off my life,  
fighting your battles for you, Coco.  
What, you are more generous  
than I am?.

But you and I both know that  
I have a terrible personality.  
But I know people and I can see that  
you are about to walk away from me.  
I expect that.  
Come on.

Did I ever tell you how the  
little black dress came about?  
Did I ever tell you?  
There you are.  
Thank you.

Well, they changed the curtains,  
but everything else is the same.  
Here is where it all started,  
you know?  
I owe everything to Boy Capel.  
He was the love of my life.  
I haven't seen you for three months.  
Are you are here about this?  
Yes.  
Are you going to marry her?  
Yes  
It requires no explanation, then.  
There really nothing to understand.  
You have... You have a really  
sophisticated woman at your side.  
You made a very good choice, Boy.  
She comes from an important family.  
Very well connected.  
And she is your father's goddaughter too.  
You once told me that  
you didn't care about him.  
Then I knew it wasn't true.  
I too would have given anything  
for my father's love.

I don't know what to say to you.  
You want to marry Diana,  
Marry her.  
If you don't do it now,  
you would do it sooner or later.  
It's all my fault!  
The day you asked me  
to marry you.  
I was afraid to give  
to my feelings.  
Do not be afraid to do  
what you think is right.  
Don't worry about me, Boy.  
I will survive.  
It's perfect!  
Not perfect enough!  
No more sewing machines!  
Everything by hand from now on.  
Good night.  
Good night.  
Frau Ericka Mueller  
has sent a cable from Berlin,  
saying that she will be in Paris  
and that she has put on five kilos.  
Her dress has already been made.  
She has to lose weight.  
Hello!  
It's me.  
I was wrong to ask you  
to set me free.  
We both made the biggest mistake  
of our lives.  
If I were there with you now, I  
get down on my knees...  
beg you to forgive me.  
You are the...  
love of my life.  
Tell me... you'll have me back  
and I will hurry back to you in time  
to wish you Merry Christmas.  
I will be waiting for you.  
Tell me we'll always be together.  
Hello!  
Yes, it's me.

What?

No!

No, stop please!

Do you have any comments for us, Mademoiselle

Please madame, say something.

Well, that thought gave me  
great comfort.

The thought that nothing  
ever really disappears.

And so after Boy die, I...

...I design a little black dress,  
full black, all for myself,  
because, what else could I do?

And, unintentionally, without even knowing,  
it was a success, you know?

Boy was my companion, my friend,  
my father, my brother. My love.

And after Boy died, I uh...

I do, I went on with the business  
which is what all I really did have left.

I can not allow everything we did  
together come to an end.

That is the reason, Marc, why

I want to continue on with this.

With or without you.

Yes.

I do hope, Marc, that you can  
find a way to let the show go on.

Hello, how are you?

Good to see you!

Ah, Madame. How are you?

Nice to... Hi.

I like the swell suit.

Ah! Welcome back!

Very nice to see you all!

Thank you for coming.

Adrienne, hello.

Big night!

Andre, good to see you!

Welcome back, Marc.

Welcome back,

Mademoiselle Chanel!

Jacket!

Beautiful!

Lindo demais!  
Is splendid.