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Funny Face

By Leonard Gershe

(man) I love your funny face
Your sunny, funny face
For you're a cutie
With more than beauty
You've got a lot of
Personality-N- You fill the air with smiles
For miles and miles and miles
Though you're no Mona Lisa
For worlds I'd not replace
Your sunny, funny face

(women)

You've made my life so glamorous
You can't blame me
for feeling amorous
Oh, 's wonderful
'S marvellous

(military drum beat)

Good morning, Miss Prescott.

Good morning, Miss Prescott.

(Miss Prescott) Now hear this.

I simply cannot release this issue
the way it is.

In the 60 years of Quality
magazine, this hits rock bottom.

If I let this go through, I will have
failed the American woman.

(all) No, Miss Prescott,
don't say that.

The great American woman,
who stands out there naked,
waiting for me

to tell her what to wear.

It doesn't speak.

And if it won't speak to me,
it won't speak to anyone.

A magazine
must be like a human being.

If it comes into the home
it must contribute.

It just can't lie around.

A magazine must have...

..blood and brains and pizzazz.

This is just paper.

If I send paper to the American

woman, I will have let her down.

(all) No, Miss Prescott,

you mustn't say that.

Yes. D for down.

D for dreary.

D for dull and for depressing,

dismal and deadly!

Ahh! Here it is.

Here is our theme.

Here is our answer. Pink.

(excited chatter)

Girls, girls, girls, girls.

Take this to all the designers.

I want dresses made up in this pink.

Babs, take this to Kaiser Delmont.

I want shoes and stockings

in this colour.

Laura, everything goes pink!

I want the whole issue pink.

I want the whole country pink!

Lettie, take an editorial.

'To the women of America...'

No, make it

'To the women everywhere.'

Banish the black,

burn the blue,

and bury the beige.

From now on, girls...

Think pink! Think pink

when you shop for summer clothes

Think pink! Think pink

if you want that quelque chose

Red is dead, blue is through

Green's obscene, brown's taboo

And there is not the slightest

excuse for plum, or puce

Or chartreuse

Think pink!

Forget that Dior says black and rust

Think pink! Who cares

if the new look has no bust?

I wouldn't presume to tell a woman

What a woman ought to think

But tell her if she's gotta think,

think pink
(women) For bags, pink for shoes
Razzle, dazzle and spread the news
And pink's for the lady
with joie de vivre
Pink's for all the family
Try pink shampoo
Pink toothpaste too
Play in pink, all day in pink
Play day in pink
Drive in pink
Come alive in pink
Hang five in pink
Go out dancing
but just remember one thing
You can get a little wink
If you got a little pink
In your swing
Think pink! Think pink,
it's the latest word, you know
Think pink! Think pink,
and you're Michelangelo
Feels so gay, feels so bright
Makes your day, makes your night
Pink is now the colour to which
you gotta switch
To which you gotta switch
Every stitch
Every stitch you switch
Think pink! Think pink
on the long, long road ahead
On the road
Think pink! Think pink,
and the world is rosy red
Everything's rosy
Everything on the great horizon
Everything that you can think
And that includes the kitchen sink
Think pink
Think pink, think pink
Think pink, think pink
Think pink, think pink,
think pink!
Maggie?

Dovitch. I want to see you.
Girls, back to work.
Gentlemen, that will do.
The railroad
is going to paint a whole train pink
and send it on a tour.
TWA will let me know
if we can have a pink plane.
I haven't seen a woman in two weeks
in anything but pink.
- What about you?
- Me? I wouldn't be caught dead.
Dovitch, I can't wait to tell you
about my feature for the next issue.
It's my newest project.
When you hear it, you will drop.
- Now what?
- Just you listen.
Dick Avery
started working on the pictures.
He's more excited about it
than any of us.
Here it is. Clothes for the woman
who isn't interested in clothes.
(man) Marion, give me a long look.
Longer.
Longer.
Steve, tip that back light down
a bit, will you? OK.
Hold it, boys.
Beethoven isn't working. Try Brahms.
Look, Marion,
I'd like to try it again.
This time,
let's see if we can't get with it.
Keep in mind
that you're a woman who thinks.
That is a piece of sculpture
by Itsabuchi.
Look at it as if you understand it.
As if it understands you. See?
No, that's not the way we look
when we're thinking of Itsabuchi.
React to it. Just... say it.

Itsabuchi, hmm?

You haven't quite got it.

Now, listen carefully.

You are in the Museum of Modern Art,
Marion.

Deep, Marion. Profound, Marion.

You have come across this statue.

It says something to you
because you are intellectual,
always thinking.

What are you thinking?

I'm thinking

this is taking a long time,
and I'll never be able to
pick up Harold's laundry.

When Harold doesn't get his laundry,
disaster!

If we don't get this fixed, you may
never see Harold again. Let's go.

The woman who thinks must come
to grips with fashionable attire.

A woman can be beautiful, as well
as intellectual. See facing page.

And how is the facing page?

The facing page looks
as intellectual as a snake.

Nonsense. Marion can be very deep.

Look at her. She's reading.

Marion, dear, what are you reading?

Minute Men From Mars.

Are we all gonna hang around,
or get somebody else?

- How about Lucy Brand?

- On her honeymoon.

- Betty Hayes?

- She's in jail.

Are there no models

who think as well as they look?

Marion might look better
in a different background.

We can go on location.

An intellectual hang-out.

- Somewhere with books.

- A book store.

A sinister place
in Greenwich Village. Come on, girls.
Let's hurry. We might have to pick up
Harold's laundry on the way.
There's one.
(Dick) Driver, stop here.
That's sinister enough.
Melissa, help me with this lamp.
It's heavy.
I can't, Babs, I got my hands full.
It's movingly dismal. We couldn't
have done better if we'd designed it.
Marion looks smarter already.
(woman screams)
I'm sorry. I didn't see you up there.
Are you alright?
Yes, thank you. Can I help you?
Would you like a book?
- (Miss Prescott) Marion, over here.
- Who are those?
May I help you?
Thank you.
We have everything we need.
Please tell me what this is about.
We're just going to take
a few pictures.
What sort of pictures?
- Are you the owner?
- No, Dr Post is.
I work here,
and I'm in charge in her absence.
I'm Jo Stockton. Can you help me?
How do you do? I'm Dick Avery.
What about these pictures?
We want the shop as a background
for fashion pictures
for Quality magazine.
I'm sorry. I can't let you.
Dr Post would never approve.
She doesn't approve
of fashion magazines.
It's chi-chi and an unrealistic
approach to self-impressions.
- We have trouble. She's a thinker.

- She's also a talker.
I must ask you to leave.
We throw ourselves at your mercy.
Haven't poor people like us
a right to make a living?
I asked you to leave.
That is my right.
If the rights of the individual
are not respected by the group,
the group cannot exist.
What does that mean?
'Do unto others as
you would have others do unto you.'
We'll only do unto you for a moment,
and it's no more
than we would do unto ourselves.
Girls, I want these books rearranged.
They look too much alike.
They're too pat. Mix them up.
No, you mustn't mix them up.
The books on this shelf
pertain to empiricism,
and on this shelf, materialism,
and on this, psychopiscoparalysm.
Put them back. Please talk to her.
It'll take me hours.
One never talks to Maggie Prescott.
One only listens.
Here. I think we ought to use her
in the shot. Miss, come here, please.
- Me?
- You're selling a book to that girl.
Her?
Just pretend that Marion can read.
Say, listen!
Alright, Marion, let's go.
But this would be a violation
of all my principles.
It would be hypocrisy for me
to lend myself to this.
- I'm sorry, but...
- Shush.
Now, tell Marion about the books
so that we can get out of here.

This deals with epiphenomenalism,
which has to do with consciousness
as a mere accessory
of physiological processes
whose presence or absence
makes no difference...

Whatever are you doing?

Hold it!

- Good. Get her in another outfit.

- Put on the shebop.

None of you seems to realise you're
trespassing on private property.

You run around, ignorant of the fact
that I can have you put in jail.

- For the last time...

- You're getting tiresome.

What are you doing?

Let go. Let go of my arm.

I know you don't mean any harm,
but you are in everyone's way.

Now, we won't be a moment.

Let me in.

The air will do her good.

She was very pale.

Alright, hit it.

Hold it. Ready?

Good. One more, please.

Alright. Hit it.

Hold it. Ready?

Very good, Marion.

One more, please. Last one.

Alright, here we go.

Hit it.

Hold it. Ready.

OK, that's it. That ought to do.

(bell rings)

- Quite through?

- Thank you. You've been wonderful.

We'll mention the shop
in the magazine.

Don't you dare!

(Miss Prescott) Taxi!

(bell jingles)

Oh, no!

Oh!
Hello there.
I stayed to help you
put these back.
I didn't realise we made such a mess.
Which shelf for materialism?
Just hand them to me.
Oh, no.
You should be ashamed of yourself.
We don't usually barge in that way.
I mean a man of your ability
wasting his time
photographing silly dresses
on silly women.
Most people think they're
beautiful dresses on beautiful women.
At most, a synthetic beauty.
Trees are beautiful.
Why don't you photograph trees?
I do what I do for a living.
It has to do with supply and demand.
You'd be amazed how small
the demand is for pictures of trees.
My work is pleasant,
the pay is excellent,
and I get a trip to Paris every year.
I certainly envy you that.
I'd be in Paris now
if I could afford it.
You'd have a ball.
You'd go to a party every night,
drink champagne,
swim in perfume, and a new love
affair every hour on the hour.
If I went to Paris, it would be
to go to Emile Flostre's lectures.
Who goes to Paris for lectures?
Professor Flostre
is the greatest living philosopher,
and father of empathicalism.
Oh? What's empathicalism?
The most sensible approach to
true understanding and peace of mind.
Sounds great, but what is it?

It's based on empathy.

Do you know

what the word 'empathy' means?

No, I'll have to have

the beginner's course on that one.

Empathy.

Is it something like sympathy?

Oh, it goes beyond sympathy.

Sympathy

is to understand what someone feels.

Empathy

is to project your imagination

so that you actually feel

what the other person is feeling.

You put yourself

in the other person's place.

Do I make myself clear?

- Why did you do that?

- Empathy.

I put myself in your place and

I felt that you wanted to be kissed.

You put yourself in the wrong place.

I have no desire to be kissed

by you, or anyone else.

Don't be silly. Everybody wants

to be kissed, even philosophers.

I'm sorry, Mr Avery, we don't stock

what you're looking for.

I'll let you out.

Don't bother. I'll throw myself out.

Goodbye.

(bell jingles / door shuts)

I was taught that

I ought not expose my inner senses

Had no plan for a man

I was full of self-defences

Now I feel that I really

should face the consequences

My philosophic search

Has left me in the lurch

I must find why my mind

is behaving like a dancer

What's the clue to pursue?

For I have to have the answer

I could cry salty tears
Where have I been all these years?
Is it fun?
Or should I run?
How long has this been going on?
There were chills up my spine
And some thrills I can't define
Does it show?
And who would know?
How long has this been going on?
Oh, I feel that I could melt
Into heaven I'm hurled
I know how Columbus felt
Finding another world
Can I trust how I feel?
Is this my Achilles heel?
Look at me, I'm all at sea
How long has this been going on?
This is grand
This is great
I'm in such a lovely state
Can one kiss
Do all of this?
(Miss Prescott) What do you think?
(Dovitch) Good models.
What have you in mind?
(Miss Prescott) A fantastic idea.
It staggers me
nobody's thought of it before.
I'm going to select a girl
to be the Quality Woman.
This girl will represent everything
the magazine stands for.
It's a great gimmick. Any
of these models would be alright.
She's got to be more than alright.
She's got to have pizzazz.
A collection will be designed for her
by the greatest couturier in Paris.
- Paul Duval?
- Yes, Paul Duval.
And he's going to let us photograph
the collection before the opening.
We'll scoop every other magazine.

- Staggers you, doesn't it?
- I can't believe it.
He would be barred
from all the other fashion magazines.
Nonsense. If the project comes off,
we'll all be heroes.
Wait till you see what I've got.
The girl. The Quality Woman.
Oh, Marion's...
Forget her. This is the other girl
I'm talking about.
That thing from the book shop?
Maggie, she's new.
She's fresh.
You've gone out of your mind.
One can't deny that she is unusual.
Who is she?
Don't even ask. The thought of her
makes me shudder. Dreadful girl.
If this is some sort of joke...
It's no joke. If we do her over
and fix her up, she'd be great.
She'd devour us all.
- Come on, Maggie.
- Well, look at her.
I think her face is perfectly funny.
The Quality Woman must have grace,
elegance and pizzazz.
This is the first time
I've seen you lack imagination.
Every girl in Quality
has grace, elegance and pizzazz.
What about a girl with character,
spirit and intelligence?
That would be novel
in a fashion magazine.
Sir, I owe you a drink.
Can you make me some enlargements?
- Yes.
- Use our darkroom.
- Let me study the possibilities.
- Now you are talking.
- I'm not promising anything.
- You don't have to.

Runs around here
like he owns the magazine.
Lettie, remember that creature
in the book shop?
Get her up here. Order books.
- A large order, so she can't refuse.
- \$50 worth?
Yes, \$50 worth if necessary.
\$50 to get her up here. We'll have to
drug her to get her to Paris.
Er, Miss Prescott, please.
- Lettie, you'd better come out here.
- I've got the books she ordered.
Miss Prescott's secretary
will deal with you.
Oh, it's you. Well, come on in.
Come on.
The books are here.
Come in.
That'll be \$52 and 75 cents,
and \$1 .20 for the taxi.
\$53.95.
Drop the books.
Come on, drop the books.
- On the floor?
- Yes, drop them.
Straighten up, shoulders back.
If you girls only knew
how important posture is.
I didn't come here
to enrol in a military school.
All I want is \$53.95.
The Modigliani is \$12.50,
and the Braque and Hieronymus Bosch
come to \$22.75.
\$7 for the postimpressionists
and \$10.50 for The Egyptians -
Fourth to Seventh Dynasties
make it a total of \$52.75,
and there's \$1 .20 for the taxi.
- Talks incessantly.
- The body's good.
It'll be better
when we get through with it.

- Through with what?
- She might do.
Might do what?
The bones are good.
Suppose we leave my bones alone
and give me my \$53.95?
The eyebrows up, a light powder.
I want a little rouge here.
She needs a marvellous mouth.
The hair is awful. It must come off.
Would you mind telling me
what all this is about?
We may as well get started. Babs,
get that dreadful thing off of her.
Now, wait a minute. Just a minute.
Don't! Stop!
This is my second and last encounter
with you lunatics.
You just keep your hands off me,
all of you.
I make a delivery and find myself
being pillaged and plundered.
Well, I'll have no more of it.
I don't want my hair cut.
I don't want my eyebrows up or down.
I want them where they are.
And I see no functional advantage
in a marvellous mouth.
I'm leaving now, and if anyone
makes a move to stop me
there'll be plenty of hair cut,
and it won't be mine.
Bring her back, girls, alive!
(women) Hurry up.
Hurry. Over here.
Hey,
didn't you see that light outside?
In desperation, one does not examine
one's avenue of escape.
Oh, it's you.
I'm sorry if I spoiled a print.
That's alright.
What's all the desperation about?
Those people.

They don't care about
anyone's feelings.
Pulling my clothes
and cutting my hair.
- (knock at door)
- (woman) Is that girl in there?
(whispers) Don't give me away.
Maybe you should give them
a chance...
There was no one here when I came in.
If you see her, hang on to her.
I'll do that.
I'm afraid it's all my fault.
I thought you'd make a good model.
This is your idea?
Yeah, I'm the one you sue.
Oh, how could I be a model?
I have no illusions about my looks.
I think my face is funny.
That's what Maggie said.
I hate to admit it,
but she's right.
What you call funny,
I call interesting.
It's too ridiculous
even to think about.
- I couldn't do it.
- Let me be the judge of that.
I wouldn't take you to Paris
if I didn't think you'd work out.
- Paris?
- Yeah. Look at it this way.
Modelling
may not be as bad as you think.
If it is, you'll be in Paris.
You can see your Professor Whosis.
- Flostre?
- Yeah.
You can talk to him
and go to his lectures.
That way it won't be a total loss.
A means to an end.
Or a means to a beginning,
according to how it works out.

Now, let's see.

There we are.

- Oh, no.

- What's the matter?

How can you possibly
make a model out of that?

You can't be serious.

When I'm done, you'll look like...

What do you call beautiful?

A tree. You'll look like a tree.

Frankly, dear,

your modesty reveals to me

Self-appraisal often makes us sad

And if I add, your funny face
appeals to me

Please don't think

I've suddenly gone mad

You have all the qualities
of Peter Pan

I'd go far before I'd find
a sweeter pan

I love your funny face

Your sunny, funny face

For you're a cutie

With more than beauty

You've got a lot of

personality for me

You fill the air with smiles

For miles and miles and miles

Though you're no Mona Lisa

For worlds I'd not replace

Your sunny, funny face

I love your funny face

Your sunny, funny face

You're not exotic

But so hypnotic

You're much too much

If you can cook the way you look

I'd swim the ocean wide

Just to have you by my side

Though you're no Queen of Sheba

For worlds I'd not replace

Your sunny

funny

face

(excited chatter)

Ladies, feast your eyes

on our Quality Woman.

Marvellous!

I'm sorry about the trouble.

I didn't realise.

My dear, let me do the apologising.

I behaved abominably.

She's agreed to go to Paris.

She can hardly wait.

Marvellous!

This is not a loss of integrity.

It is a means to an end, and...

There's no time for talking.

Tell us on the plane.

Alright, girls, we've got to
get cracking. To work and to Paris.

- Would you like a tour of Paris?

- No, we're not tourists.

Do we look like people
who gape all day?

They can't understand anyone
coming here to work.

We should all go straight to
our hotels and get some rest.

- I am exhausted.

- I know how you feel.

I'm so tired it's an effort for me
to say I'm tired.

(Miss Prescott) Goodbye.

I'll be in touch.

I want to step out

Down the Champs Elysees

From the Arch of Triumph

To the Petit Palais

That's for me

Bonjour, Paris

I want to wander

Through the Saint-Honore

Do some window-shopping

In the Rue de la Paix

That's for me

Bonjour, Paris

I want to see the den
of thinking men
Like Jean-Paul Sartre
I must philosophise
with all the guys
Around Montmartre and Montparnasse
(all) I'm strictly tourist
But I couldn't care less
When they parlez-vous me
Then I gotta confess
That's for me
Bonjour, Paris
Light up the Louvre museum
Jazz up the Latin quarter
To show the richest
and the poorest
Here it comes
The great American tourist
This has got to be illegal
What I feel
Tres gai, tres chic,
tres magnifique
C'est moi, c'est vous,
c'est grand, c'est tutu
It's too good to be true
All the things we can do
You do things to my point of view
We can show you the north
Or we can show you the south
Then we can show you the west
Come on and show me the best
That's for me
Bonjour, Paris
- (crowd) Bonjour!
- Bonjour!
That's for me
Bonjour, Paris
(crowd) Bonjour!
Living is easy
The living is high
All good Americans
Should come here to die
Bonjour!
Is it real?

Am I here?

Am I here?

Is it real?

There's something missing

(both)

There's something missing, I know

(all) There's something missing

Something missing, I know

There's still one place

I've got to go

(gasps)

- Oh!

- Oh, no!

I thought that you were tired

I heard you say that you

You said

that you were so exhausted

You said you needed sleep

You told me that you had to rest

You said you ought to rest

Is this what you call rest?

This fussing and fretting

is getting my goat

Let's all let our hair down

We're in the same boat

(all) We're strictly tourists

You can titter and jeer

All we want to say is

Lafayette, we are here

On a spree

Bonjour, Paris

- Bonjour.

- Bonjour.

Bonjour!

Well, how was that?

- Allo?

- (chatter)

Duval! I can't hear myself think,
and I'm trying to think in French.

- Maggie!

- Ssh! I'm calling again.

I shouldn't design

a collection for you.

I am jeopardising my position

with Harper's Bazaar and Vogue,
all for a girl who does not appear.
You're too important for jeopardy.
Relax. She will be here without fail.
You said she would be here at ten
this morning. It is now past five.
- She's not at the hotel.
- Forget about her.
We've started the campaign.
There isn't time to get someone else.
Well, where is she?
Maybe at the top of the Eiffel Tower,
or the bottom of the Seine.
Maybe she's in a traffic jam.
How should I know?
Oh, c'est naturel.
(both) Bonjour, Paris
Bonjour, bonjour.
I'm throwing a shindig
to christen the Quality Woman.
Leave it to Dick to find
a delicatessen in Paris.
Imported all the way
from Napa Valley, California.
Melons from Florida.
About the guest of honour.
Where is she? How does she look?
If she's here, she looks invisible.
- She didn't show?
- She did not.
These gentlemen are waiting
to do her face, hair.
Duval needs measurements.
Where is she?
I wouldn't like to swear in court,
but I have an idea.
(Miss Prescott)
Do keep it to yourself!
I'll have her here
tomorrow morning at ten without fail.
In the meantime, be my guests.
Strike.
(beeping)
Salaud! Degueulasse!

Je vous deteste!

Oh, cheri.

This must be the place.

(band tunes up)

Thank you.

Monsieur, Gigi would like to dance.

- Who's Gigi?

- I am Gigi.

Some other time. I just stopped by
to pick up the wife and kids.

All that is delicious
is not nutritious.

Avaricious, av...

I feel a hostile vibration.

That'll be me. Sorry.

Has he been that way long?

Three hours.

It is the ultimate in concentration.

Feels so good when you stop.

I have no doubt

that in less than ten years,
people everywhere will know that
only empathicalism can bring peace.

Peace through understanding
is the only real...

Well, hello. How are you?

Just fine, thank you.

How are you?

How long have you been in Paris?

This is Mr Avery.

These are my friends.

How do you do, boys?

Would you mind if I had
my own conversation with this lady?

- They don't understand English.

- You were talking English.

It's hard to explain,
but it's all part of empathicalism.

We don't have to communicate
with words.

They understand me through the way
I feel, and the tone of my voice.

- Sort of like a dog.

- Obviously, you don't understand.

Who's buying the wine?

- I am.

- I understand more than you think.

- If you're saying that the wine...

- Let me show you something.

Gentlemen, may I tell you
that you look like a mess of worms?

And that you not only look like,
but you are, a mess of worms.

I'll bet you've been here
all these years
because if you left,
you'd be picked up for vagrancy.

- Bravo.

- Your defence rests.

This isn't funny.

You don't belong here.

Neither do you,
which brings us to why I'm here.

Monsieur, you dance with Mimi?

No, thanks, I'm busy.

Didn't Gigi tell you?

That's very rude,
refusing to dance with Mimi.

Where I come from,
the man asks the girl to dance.

You must come from the Stone Age.

We think freely here. If a girl wants
to dance with a man, she asks him.

We're not inhibited by
outmoded social conventions.

I can see that.

Do you ask men to dance with you?

Isn't it time you realised
that dancing is nothing more than
a form of expression or release?

There's no need to be formal
or cute about it.

As a matter of fact, I rather feel
like expressing myself now.

And I could certainly use a release.

(discordant dramatic music)

(slow, moody jazz)

(fastjazz)

- Bonsoir. Vous etiez formidable.

- Merci.

You certainly made friends
and influenced people.

They're empathicalists.

You talk a lot about empathy.

Ever do anything about it yourself?

I don't know what you mean.

- Why not throw some empathy my way?

- I still don't know what you mean.

How do you think I feel
when you don't show up?

I'm responsible for you.

An empathicalist should feel me
asking for unemployment insurance.

Show up where?

They've been waiting for you
at Duval's all day.

I had no idea. Nobody told me.

We've been calling you
on the telephone for hours.

I've been at the cafe all day.

I'm terribly sorry.

I don't want to sound like
the personnel department,
but you ought to get to bed early.

The camera picks up everything.

I don't want to spend my life
retouching your pictures.

When we're done, you can spend
all your time making small talk.

Small talk? I suppose you think
the neckline of a dress
makes for world-shaking conversation?

Anything you don't understand,
you call small talk.

- What do you think of Flostre?

- Don't change the subject.

- It's the same subject.

- I haven't met Flostre.

You haven't? By now

I thought you two'd be buddies.

You don't find Flostre in cafes,
except on special occasions.

Not everyone interested in
empathicalism meets him,
any more than every American
meets the President.

An invitation to Flostre's home
is a great honour,
and as hard to get
as an invitation to...

The White House.

I don't think jokes about Flostre
are funny.

No more jokes. But let's be friendly.

We have to work together.

You don't have to be friendly
to work together. Acquainted will do.

Am I supposed to
go over to Duval's now?

I said you'd be there at 10:30am.

- I'll be there.

- Promise?

I said I'd be there, and I will.

- AIright.

- This is where I get off.

Wait a minute. Don't go away mad.

Can't we walk and get friendly,
or better acquainted, or something?

No, thanks. I've got to go to bed.

I don't want you spending
your life retouching my pictures.

You are mad, aren't you?

No, I'm not mad, I...

I'm hurt, and disappointed, and...

..and mad.

(clattering)

I didn't mean to
start any scene to

Make you sigh, or to die

It's most immoral

for us to quarrel

Why can't we both agree?

Don't you know Ben Franklin

wrote about this thing at length?

On the proposition that

in union there is strength

Why raise a storm up
if we'll just warm up?
We'll be much stronger
and live much longer
Let's kiss and make up
Come on, let's wake up
For I need you, and you need me
Let's kiss and make up
No use to break up
When we can work in harmony
I'll give you your way
You'll give me my way
And out the doorway
Our cares will fly away
If we'd be happy
The way is clear
Let's kiss and make up
No use to break up
We need each other, dear
(beeping)
(mooing)
(Spanish music)
(chatter)
What are they doing?
They've been hours.
There was a lot to be done.
- They don't look happy.
- They don't look unhappy.
I can't tell. Do they look pleased?
- They don't look displeased.
- (Duval) Everyone.
- The grand finale.
- I'm getting nervous.
- You should.
- Sit down.
Friends, you saw enter here a waif,
a gamin, a lowly caterpillar.
We open the cocoon but
it is not a butterfly that emerges.
- It's not?
- No, it is a bird of paradise.
Lights!
Curtain!
Oh...

- Beautiful! I don't believe it.

- Maggie, what did I tell you?

You look absolutely fabulous.

How does it feel?

It feels wonderful, but it's not me.

The hair, the dress. It's perfection.

You see how much we accomplish

when you appear?

Try to stay with us for a while.

Duval shows the collection on Friday.

The night before,

we'll introduce you to the press.

It is your opportunity.

It will be your evening.

- You will be there?

- Yes, of course.

Dick, that gives you a week

to photograph her.

I want marvellous pictures.

Give me a lot of pizzazz.

Take her, and whatever you do,

don't let her out of your sight.

Do what I tell you.

Don't worry about it.

Here, hold these balloons high

in the air, and when I say 'run',

run as fast as you can

and don't let the balloons go.

Run as fast as I can

and don't let the balloons go.

Right. Now, ready?

Head up a little. You're so happy.

Alright, run!

Run!

What? Oh, why did I ever...

- What's wrong?

- I don't know which way to go.

That way.

I'm sorry, I'm nervous.

I've never done anything like this.

There's nothing to be nervous about.

You're in Paris, the Tuileries.

You've got balloons. There's

a sudden shower. You're very happy.

- Why am I so happy?
- Because I say you are.
That's all you have to know.
You're happy. Now, run!
Great. That's great.
Now, stop!
WonderfuI!
Now, today you're not happy.
- I'm hurt and...
- Right, a creature of tragedy.
Heartbroken, suffering.
You're Anna Karenina.
Shall I throw myself under the train?
We'll see. For now, just wonderfuI,
noble self-sacrifice.
Your lover
has just kissed you goodbye.
You may never know that kiss again,
or love again.
Marcel, put some tears in her eyes.
There are tears in her eyes.
Good. You're not only a model,
you're an actress.
Jo, give me the works.
Heartbreak, longing, tragedy.
Wet your lips.
Good. AIright. Now, la steam!
La steam!
That's great. Just like the movie.
Poor Anna Karenina.
No, not too much steam.
Cut down the steam.
That's wonderfuI. That's it.
Good. Now give her some flowers.
Flowers. Arms full.
AIright. More. More. More!
AIright, Jo, it's spring.
You're in love.
Now, turn around. Fabulous!
(Tristan und Isolde by Wagner)
You're walking out of the opera,
leaving to the passionate
music of Tristan und Isolde.
- You're very unhappy.

- What happened now?

A rendezvous at the opera.

Two seats.

He didn't show up. You're furious.

When I say go, walk down with fire
in your eyes and murder on your mind.

Wet your lips.

You're Isabelle. You're a queen.

Now, go, go, go!

You're furious at Tristan.

That's great.

(horn blows)

Today,

you're just a simple little girl.

You live on the Seine, and you're
trying to catch a fish for lunch.

Jo, fish. I want you
to look like you're fishing.

I'm trying,

but I've never fished before.

That's quite obvious. You might
just as well be flying a kite.

Don't look like such an amateur.

You're just not fishing.

I am, but it's caught on something.

Well, give it a yank.

Pretend you caught a fish.

Pull it out.

Marvellous!

- Here's what I want you to be.

- I know. I'm a princess at a ball.

The bird is Prince Charming,
turned into a bird by a sorcerer.

But we've decided

not to let it spoil the ball

and to go on dancing

as if nothing had happened.

You've outgrown me.

Alright. Now, give him a kiss.

He's your Prince Charming, isn't he?

Well, get happy!

That's a killer.

Alright, Marcel, lights!

Jo! Jo, where are you?

Tell me when you're ready. Say 'go'.

I'm ready. What are you gonna do?

Never mind what I'm going to do.

Just say 'go'.

Alright. Go!

Holy Moses! You look fabulous!

Look, stop.

Stop!

- I can't stop. Take the picture.

- Stop!

I don't want to stop. I like it.

Take the picture.

(children singing)

This is your wedding day,
the happiest day of your life.

Bells are ringing, flowers blooming,
angels singing.

The man you love more than anyone
is inside the church waiting for you.

What's the matter?

I just feel so dishonest
in this wedding dress.

It's not the happiest day of my life.

No one's waiting for me anywhere.

But you weren't Anna Karenina.

The bird wasn't Prince Charming.

- Please, Dick.

- I don't understand.

Yes, I know.

Oh, mais quelle mariee charmante!

On ne m'avait pas dit qu'il y aurait
un mariage aujourd'hui.

Mais entrez donc.

But, Padre, we're not here to marry.

- Such a beautiful bride.

- This is not my dress.

We're here to take pictures.

Nous sommes ici pour photographie,
pour la magazine de la fashion.

I'm sorry. Perhaps we should've
asked your permission first.

No wedding? Quel dommage!

Merci.

Jo!

Jo?

I'm sorry. I don't know
what's the matter with me.
Forget it and relax.

We've been working too hard.
I suppose we'll be going home soon?

That's it. You're homesick.
Well, just this last picture,
then you'll be through.

- And then what happens?
- We go home.

And then?

What do you mean?

Will I see you any more?

And how! If you model,

I can get you bookings.

- We'd be working together every day.
- I'll model.

Good. We'll put you to work.

Stand here, please.

There's a good place. Fine.

Lovely.

Now, tip your head just a little bit.

Good. A little smile.

Jo.

Yes?

Something is wrong.

No. Why?

You're the saddest bride

I've ever seen.

You look as if you've been jilted.

This is your wedding day.

The day you've dreamt of.

You're marrying the man you love.

The man who loves you.

He's the only...

And you're...

Dick, I thought

it would never happen.

I never want to go home.

I love Paris!

I love these clothes and

the little church. And I love you.

What did you say?

I love Paris.
That's not what I heard.
My, my, my...!
Well, what do you know!
He loves
And she loves
And they love
So why can't... you love
And I love too?
Birds love
And bees love
And whispering trees love
And that's what
We both should do
I always knew someday
You'd come along
We'll make a twosome
That just can't go wrong
Darling
He loves
And she loves
And they love
So won't you love me
As I love you?
Armande, let me see
a breeze in the trees.
Not too much.
I don't want a cyclone.
Fountains.
It's thrilling!
It makes me cry for the Carolines.
The correspondent from Pakistan
has accepted.
The correspondent from Madrid
will be able to make it.
And the man from Istanbul
will be at the presentation.
Good. Now, where is Jo?
Here she is.
Thank heavens.
I thought you'd stand us up again.
- How did the wedding pictures go?
- Wonderfully.
He is a marvellous photographer.

All you do is sit there.
I make my speech to the press,
the curtains will open
and you dazzle 'em!
- Give 'em the oId pizzazz.
- I'll try.
I will introduce you to them.
Be charming
and answer their questions.
- What sort of questions?
- It's remarkably simple.
I've written editorials on it
for years.
As one lady to another...
We ought to look like
one lady to another.
They'll want to know
who does your hair,
what you eat, drink,
what sheets you sleep on.
You're the authority
on how to be lovely.
What am I going to tell them?
Just listen and repeat after me.
On how to be lovely
You gotta be happy
When you can feel light and gay
Then you'll be lovely as a holiday
On how to be charming
You gotta be merry
If only to weave a spell
And you'll be
lovely as a carousel, too
I know you can show how
It's all in the know-how
And once you know, oh how
The worId looks good to you
As it should to you
On how to be lovely
You gotta be jolly
When you can be fancy-free
And flash a smile that foIks
come flocking to see
You'll be as lovely as can be

Can't do it with make-up
You just gotta wake up
And starting to take up
The life delirious
Nothing serious
On how to be lovely
You gotta be cheery
I'll give you a guarantee
You don't need dough
You don't need a college degree
Make sorrow incidental
Let joy be monumental
And you'll be lovely
You'll be as lovely as can be
Ah, beautiful!

Beautiful!

These are not my clothes.
They were lent for tonight.
I'm being presented to the press.
Alors! Your picture will be
in all the newspapers?

Oh, yes.

And they'll ask me
all sorts of questions.

Oh!

I think perhaps you had better stay
here with me, huh?

Hello!

Don't you remember me?

Jo Stockton?

C'est Jo!

On vous a manquee, mais on n'a pas
le temps de s'arreter maintenant.
Flostre part au cafe
et on est deja en retard. Au revoir.
What were they saying about Flostre?
That he is speaking at the cafe
and that they are late.

Mr Avery will be by in five minutes.

Ask him to pick me up at the cafe.

Vous retrouverez tout cela
a travers tous mes ecrits
sur l'empathicalisme.

La spiritualite

inherente a l'empathicalisme
materialise les plus nobles aspects
de la nature humaine.
Consciemment ou inconsciemment,
elle est perceptible
dans tout ce qui nous touche.
Dans nos meilleures sculptures...
Et dans notre meilleure litterature.
Pardon, monsieur.
Je suis... terribly sorry.
- I...
- Quite alright, mademoiselle.
You're quite welcome.
Etudiez la statue un instant.
Je reviens tout de suite.
Now, mademoiselle.
I can't believe it.
I thought you'd be old.
Well, I mean, a philosopher
and professor.
It all suggests age.
I mean, maturity.
I'm afraid I've disappointed you.
No. There's no reason why someone
brilliant shouldn't be young.
I find myself
at an awkward disadvantage.
You know who I am.
But except that you are
very charming, I don't know you.
I'm so excited about meeting you,
I forgot to introduce myself.
If only you knew how anxious I am
to talk to you.
I came from New York
just to see you.
You couldn't have a more loyal
disciple of empathicalism than I.
- Than whom?
- I'm sorry. I'm Jo Stockton.
I'm enchanted,... Miss Stockton.
And since you've come such a long way
to talk with me,
by all means, let us talk.

(Jo) ..there's so much
you can teach us.

(Flostre) I may go next year.
You must see Greenwich Village.
It's our Left Bank.

People there think, and do things.
Useful things.

- Do you live in Greenwich Village?
- Of course.

Then I will come. Perhaps we can do
useful things together.

I'm sure that in all America
there's no empathicalist
as charming as you.

Well, I hate to throw
a wet blanket...

Darling, guess who this is.
You'll never guess!

- Your brother?
- Professor Flostre.
- This is Dick Avery.
- Professor? I thought you'd be old.
- So did I. Aren't you surprised?
- I'm overcome.

For you, my dear,
I promise never to grow old.

- Come on, Jo.
- What's the matter?

We've got to get to Duval's.
Must you go?

I was just beginning to know you.
Couldn't I stay?

The professor wants to talk to me.
- You've heard it all before.

- Have you lost your mind?
- We'll talk about that later.
- What are you doing?

I've never been so humiliated
in all my life!

What's got into you?
Have you any idea...

How could you be so rude?
Embarrassing me

in front of Professor Flostre!

What am I going to tell him?
You're not gonna tell him anything.
You'll never see him again.
- Not going to see him again?
- That's what I said.
Now, just a moment...
I went through all this nonsense
to meet this man.
So I could talk to him.
I worship everything he stands for.
The way he thinks.
You might as well tell me
never to eat again.
The Herald Tribune has brought
a correspondent from Sweden.
- The more the merrier.
- They are here.
Get them quiet, Duval.
I'll be back.
When a man looks at a woman
the way Flostre looks at you...
(all speak at once)
If you weren't so serious,
this would be terribly funny.
I'll check the lights,
then I make my speech.
Everybody, ready!
Flostre may be the quiz kid,
the greatest philosopher
since Aristotle.
But he's also a man.
He's more man than philosopher!
His interest in me
is anything but intellectual?
He's as interested in your intellect
as I am.
(fanfare)
Ladies and gentlemen of the press,
my friends.
I have asked you here to meet
the woman selected to represent
the most discriminating
publication in the world, Quality.
Let's forget it

and get this over with.
Forget it?
Attack Flostre and you attack
the things I believe in.
We're fortunate to have found out
these things now.
I'm certain you'll not be
disappointed.
She is a rare creature...
chosen from hundreds
for her appearance, her grace,
her poise...
and her ineffable charm.
We can never
reconcile our differences.
They are too elemental.
This is no time
to discuss our differences.
Please, let's get this show on.
Yes, the show!
Our personal lives don't matter!
- Would you please sit down?
- Leave me alone!
May I present the Quality Woman!
(fanfare)
(Miss Prescott)
What does that one say?
They all say the same thing.
Everyone in Paris is laughing.
- I'm not.
- This is all your fault.
I know. I said things
I shouldn't have. She got upset.
- Just a lovers' quarrel.
- A what?
- You and that girl...
- Why not?
Impossible!
You're in the fashion world.
We're cold, artificial
and without sentiment.
- How can you be in love?
- I'm a black sheep.
What about my collection?

Without her I cannot show it.
- The gowns were sewn on her!
- I'm facing ruin!
She'll show up.
The girl has integrity.
She's filled with virtues.
Only she's not wasting them on us.
I went to the cafe. She isn't there.
So where is she?
She's at her hotel,
but she won't take messages.
So I bribed the desk clerk into
letting me copy her phone messages.

'At 10:

'At 11 :

'At 12:

Lousy, rotten good-for-nothing!
'Having an evening of international
philosophy, poetry,
song and meditation tonight
at my salon.'
'Would be delighted if you would
join us. Emile Flostre.'
That's where she'll be tonight.
Not showing my collection.
I'm ruined.
I'll go to Flostre's tonight
and bring her back.
And take someone who isn't
emotionally involved. Like me.
You'll never get in.
Empathicalists have a very firm way
with hostile vibrations.
Let's turn into
a couple of friendly vibrations.
Until we get in. As they say,
if you can't lick 'em, join 'em.
- Do I look grubby enough?
- Yeah. How's the beard?
- Full of pizzazz.
- Come on.

Oui? Qui est vous?
Nous sommes voyager ici
pour la meditation.
Quels noms?
La.
Ah! Monsieur et Madame Barker
de Florida.
- Florida.
- That's us. De Tallahassee.
Bon. Entrez.
- Come on, sugar.
- A l'right, darlin'.
- Ou est Flostre?
- Pourquoi?
I don't know. I just asked.
On me demande
- (woman sobs)
- Pourquoi je l'ai tue
C'est triste!
- What's the matter?
- The song's a bundle of laughs.
Un moment de passion engageante
Je le detestais
She stabbed her lover
because she hated him.
Mais quand je l'ai vu
Mort, froid, et massacre
Now that the poor thing is dead...
Tout d'un coup, je savais bien
Que je l'ai aime
Now that he's dead, she loves him.
Ma tete eclate
Je suis completement derangee
This kid's a little confused.
Et maintenant
Il n'y a plus rien
Il n'y a qu'un seul remede
Now she's gonna get even.
- Je vais me jeter sur la rue
- She's gonna kill herself.
Corbillard
(man) C'est tragique!
- C'est tragique!
- You can say that again.

Hey!

Look up the airstay.

We're on the wrong floor.

Un moment, s'il vous plait.

Suivez moi.

Il me semble qu'il y a une erreur.

Il y a un autre couple

qui s'appelle Barker de Florida.

Oh-oh, the real Barkers.

Now what's this all about?

- They are not from Tallahassee!

- They ain't even from Miami.

I've never seen these people

in Tallahassee,

and I have been in every corner

of Tallahassee.

- Is this some sort of a gag?

- I know who he is!

- Il est un photographe de fashion.

- Fashion?!

She's a fashion editor.

Get 'em out!

At once,

or Mr Flostre will hear about this.

Now, wait, we're spiritual singers

on a tour and...

Now the hostile vibrations

have gone...

Attendez!

We are ready for your show.

- Command performance!

- Come on, Mama. We're on.

Let's give 'em the old pizzazz.

Ring-a dem bells

Ring-a dem bells

We is goin'

Don't know where-a

All we know is

It's up there-a

Somehow we gotta

Climb that stair-a

Ring-a dem...

Ring-a dem...

Bells

(rings)
(music moves up tempo)
Come, all you children,
gather around
Gather around, you children!
And we will lose
that eviI spirit called voodoo
Nothing but trouble
If he's found you
If he has found you, children
But you can chase that hoodoo
With the dance that you do
Let us lead the way
Jubilee today
He'll never hound you,
step on the ground you...
Children!
Clap your hands
Slap your thighs
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Everybody come along
And join the jubilee!
Clap your hands
Slap your thighs
Don't you lose time
Come along
And shake your shoes time
Now for you and me
On the sands of time
You're only a pebble
Remember trouble must be treated
just like a rebel
Send it to the deviI
Clap your hands
Slap your thighs
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Everybody come along
and join the jubilee!
So ring-a dem bells
Ring-a dem bells out
Ring-a them, ring-a them
Ring-a them, ring-a them
Bells!
(music moves down tempo)

Well, Mr Tallahassee, how we doin'?

Why, we's the two most friendly vibrations you ever seen.

Hey, diddle diddle,
the cat and the fiddle.
The dish ran away with the spoon.
Do you know why
a chicken crosses the road?
No, why does a chicken
cross the road?
- To get to the second floor!
- You is a genius!

Roses are red,
the violets are blue,
the dresses is gotta be showed.
Let's get this show on the road!
Clap your hands, slap your thighs,
gimme that beat, boy...
Gimme that, gimme that
crazy knocked-out beat!
You gotta...
if you wanna get to the promised land
You gotta clap your hands
Clap your hands, slap your thighs,
gimme some heat, man!
Gimme some,
gimme some Dixieland beat!
When you hear that Dixieland,
you gotta clap your hands
Clap-a your hands
Clap-a your hands
Hallelujah!
Hallelu... Hallelu...
Hallelujah
Come along and join ourjubilee!
(applause)
(Jo) Intellectual gratification
is nonexistent.
- Only you can fuIfii that potential.
- This is it.
- Flostre, there you are.
- Professor, we need you.
What are you doing here?
You look ridiculous!

We've come to see Flostre. Professor,
Maggie and I need guidance.

We realise what futile lives we lead.

- When did you realise this?

- Today. At about two o'clock.

- Just after lunch.

- Professor, don't believe them.

We want to sit at your feet
and learn.

We sit at your feet,
ignorant, but so willing.

You leave his feet alone.

Professor, they want to make
a fool of you.

- Are you making a fool of him?

- Me?

You're making things difficult.

You don't own empathicalism.

It's in the public domain.

- Why don't you trust these people?

- Because I know them well.

I know what they're here for
and it is not guidance.

Don't listen to her. She is a child.

They came to see me, not you.

To get me over to Duval's
to model their collection.

- I should have known.

- You should've heard what he said.

If we'd come a few minutes later,
you'd have found out for yourself.

You've said enough, Mr Avery.

Not yet. I haven't told you
what a phoney you are.

- Get out of my house.

- I'm not ready to leave.

I think I can change your mind.

- Catch!

- (Jo screams)

Oh! Oh, no!

Look what you've done!

Bursting in here like a hoodlum.

- I never touched him.

- Go away!

It's time you woke up
to your responsibilities.
Will you please leave?
Duval can't show his collection
without you.
You can't do this to him,
or to all the others.
Hundreds of people.
I'm not interested in your people.
- Your empathy is a little one-sided.
- Get out!
Alright!
I assume you mean me, too.
On you it looks cute, sugar.
Well, you fixed everything!
If you can't lick 'em, join 'em
and if you can't join 'em, lick 'em!
- Tell Duval I'm sorry.
- Where are you going?
There's a plane to New York

at 10:

You can't do this to me! Come back!
How dare you leave me in the street
like this! Taxi!
- Have they gone?
- They've gone.
- And you're still here?
- I'm still here.
Are you alright?
Well.
In fact, I feel wonderful.
I can't tell you how sorry I am.
I had no idea they were coming,
or what got into Dick.
My dear, you mustn't assume guilt
for something that was unavoidable.
They've gone.
You are here.
That's all that matters now.
Nice of you to say so,
but it was me...
You have the most penetrating eyes.
I can still see them

when I close mine.

- Professor?

- Call me Emile.

Would there be any value
in my contacting philosophers
in cities like

Omaha and Detroit and...

and acquainting them

with empathicalism?

Your mouth suggests to me
burgundy velvet.

Dr Post, who runs a shop I worked in,
has contacts in several universities.

Please.

Don't say another word.

- But I came here to talk.

- We'll talk.

- Later.

- Why don't I come back later?

But I need you now.

Professor Flostre, I came to talk
with a philosopher.

You're talking like a man.

But I am a man. And you're a woman.

That's not what I came
to talk about.

My dear.

There is a magical moment
waiting for us.

- Don't come any closer.

- Why are you behaving like this?

- You come from Greenwich Village.

- I'm moving uptown. Yonkers.

But before you move...

I cannot keep them waiting.

I must make an announcement.

- What shall I say?

- Tell them it was all my fault.

Maggie, where's Dick?

You told him to go and he went.

He flies at 10:

He mustn't!

I knew you would not let us down!

- You must do the collection!
- Later. I've got to get to Dick.
- We are so late already.
- I want to help.

I know how you feel,
even if you think I don't.

- I can put myself in your place.
- Maggie, that's empathy!

That's what you've been talking
about! Why didn't you say?

Get to work. I'll take care
of Dick. Leave it to me!

Lettie, what is the name
of Dick Avery's hotel?

- Le Savoyard.
- Get me the number.
- How long before we can begin?
- We're ready.

Messieurs et mesdames.

We are proud to bring you
a new collection by Paul Duval,
inspired by the Quality Woman,
chosen to represent a great American
fashion magazine, Quality.

We begin with Hors d'Oeuvre.

Hotel Savoyard?

M. Dick Avery, s'il vous plait?

(bell rings)

- Monsieur, your bill is ready.
- I know. 352,428 francs.
- Merci, monsieur. Come back soon.
- Thank you.

(woman) He doesn't answer, madame.

I will give you the desk.

(phone rings)

Hello. Monsieur Avery?

He just left.

Well, run out and get him!

It's urgent!

Oui, madame.

I'm so sorry. It was too late.

(applause)

- Did you get him?
- No. We'll get him at the airport.

- I can't find it!
- How are you spelling it?
- A-U-L-Y.
- Orly. O-R-L-Y.
- You were there!
- I'm just so nervous.
- Are you ready?
- (Jo) Just about.

(announcer)

Monsieurs et mesdames, Jonquille.

(Jo) I'm ready.

You can board your plane now,
monsieur. Pleasant flight.

Thanks.

(loudspeaker)

Attention! Attention!

Monsieur Avery?

Monsieur Richard Avery?

Maggie, is there any news?

They promised they'd get my message
to him before he boarded.

(clock strikes)

It's too late.

The clock must be fast.

He just hasn't got the message yet.

I'm sure he got it.

He didn't want to talk to me.

I don't blame him.

I hurt him too much.

And now, the finale

of the collection. Wedding Day.

What a beautiful bride!

Yes. Pity it isn't her wedding.

Professor!

Keep away from me, you!

If you lay one finger on me,

I will call your embassy.

I want to apologise.

She wasn't worth fighting about.

- Don't tell me I did that!

- You?

You didn't even give me a headache.

She did this to me, with a statue
that cost 200,000 francs.

- She did that?
- I have 18 stitches in my head.
- She gave you 18 stitches?
- And a gashed lip.
And six stitches in my ear.
Professor, I love every broken bone
in your body!
Excuse me, Duval. Where is Jo?
She was magnificent!
You should've seen her!
- Where is she?
- I don't know, she was here...
Lettie! Have you seen Jo?
No, I...
Oh, Dick, she was just great!
Maggie, where's Jo?
Have you seen her?
She was here, but she's disappeared.
- Did she say where she was going?
- I understand now.
She put herself in your place,
so put yourself in her place.
You'll meet each other
in somebody's place.
That's it!
Maggie, you ought to be president.
I thought I was!
I love your funny face
Your sunny, funny...
- 'S wonderfuI
- 'S wonderfuI
- 'S marvellous
- 'S marvellous
That you should care
For me
- 'S awfuI nice
- 'S awfuI nice
'S paradise
'S paradise
'S what I love
To see
You've made my life so glamorous
You can't blame me for feeling
amorous

Oh, 's wonderful
'S marvellous
That you should care
For me