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Gigi

By Alan Jay Lerner

Bonjour, monsieur.

Bonjour, madame...and company.

Good afternoon.

As you see, this lovely city
all around us is Paris.

And this lovely park is, of course,
the Bois de Boulogne.

Pardon me.

Who am I?

Well, allow me to introduce myself.

I am Honor Lachaille.

Born:

Date:

Not lately.

This is 1900.

So let's just say. . .

. . .not in this century.

Circumstances:

Comfortable.

Profession:

Lover and collector
of beautiful things.

Not antiques, mind you.

Younger things.

Yes, definitely younger.

Married?

What for?

Now, please don't misunderstand.

Like everywhere else,
most people in Paris get married.

But not all.

There are some who will not marry
and some who do not marry.

But here in Paris,

those who will not are usually men. . .

. . .and those who do not
are usually women.

Now, for example,

here we find exhibit A:

The married kind.

These ladies stood their ground
And won
And I salute them, every one
Here are some others to behold
For whom the bells have never tolled
Oh, what a poor, defenseless pair
In those pathetic rags they wear
And there is the future.
Someday, each and every one of them. . .
. . .will either be married. . .
. . .or unmarried.
How adorable they are!
Each time I see a little girl
Of 5 or 6 or 7
I can 't resist the joyous urge
To smile and say thank heaven
For little girls
For little girls
Get bigger every day
Thank heaven for little girls
They grow up
In the most delightful way
Those little eyes
So helpless and appealing
One day will flash and send you
Crashing through the ceiling
Thank heaven for little girls
Thank heaven for them all
No matter where
No matter who
Without them
What would little boys do?
Thank heaven
Thank heaven
Thank heaven
For little girls
This story is about a little girl.
It could be any one of those girls
playing there. But it isn't.
It's about one in particular.
That one.
Her name is Gigi.
Gigi!
What you have to look forward to!

Those little eyes
So helpless and appealing
One day will flash and send you
Crashing through the ceiling
Thank heaven
For little girls
Thank heaven for them all
No matter where
No matter who
Without them
What would little boys do?
Thank heaven
Thank heaven
Thank heaven
For little girls!
Hello, Grandmama.
Gigi, where have you been?
Playing in the park.
I had to, Grandmama.
My foot fell asleep in class.
It wouldn't wake up.
Did you forget what day it is?
It's Tuesday.
Aunt Alicia!
Well, I'd better run.
You cannot go to your Aunt Alicia's
looking like that.
Put your coat on.
Let me comb your hair.
Yes, Grandmama.
I hate this coat.
It makes my legs feel so long.
Yes, your legs are long.
You know. . .
. . .sometimes I'm sorry
you never learned to dance.
But I want to, Grandmama.
Why don't you let me take lessons?
No. Not the same mistake twice.
Your mother took singing lessons,
and look where she ended up.
Slaving away at the Opra-Comique
in ridiculous little roles.
-She seems happy.

-Happy!

I went to see her one night.

I couldn't even find her.

In the first act. . .

. . .she was behind a tree.

In the second act. . .

. . .behind a tenor.

Mama's awake.

Isn't it early?

She's on this afternoon.

If I Were King.

That's more than she does

in the whole opera.

And when I think of

that delightful old gentleman. . .

. . .with all those flour mills.

Who?

Nothing.

You go to school every morning.

You see your Aunt Alicia once a week.

That's all the lessons you need.

When the time comes,

you'll be ready.

Ready for what, Grandmama?

Enough. Now run.

-Goodbye, Grandmama.

-Goodbye, Gigi.

--more powerful, monsieur.

Sixty kilometers an hour!

There's nothing faster on the road,

monsieur. Not here or in America.

Your uncle is here, monsieur.

Of course, the smaller is

a first-rate machine, monsieur.

Naturally, the larger one

is more expensive.

I'd be happy to

demonstrate both.

I beg your pardon, Monsieur Gaston.

Your father wanted me to ask you. . .

. . .did you, by any chance, buy the

Paris-Lyon-Mediterranean Railroad?

The Paris-Lyon-Md--?

Yes, yes, I did.

According to this morning's
opening at la Bourse...
. . .it's gone up 12 points.
I thought it would.
Monsieur Lachaille, about the car.
Send it over in the morning
with the bill.
Yes, monsieur. Thank you.
But which one?
My dear fellow, I don't care.
Either one.
I'm sorry I kept you waiting, Uncle.
Why didn't you come upstairs?
I was afraid I'd meet
my brother and sister-in-law.
-You would have.
-I have to tell you. . .
. . .your parents bore me to death.
-Me too.
-But I've known them longer. . .
. . .so they've been boring me longer.
After you.
Your father is actually quite unique.
He was a bore at the age of 5.
All he has to say is, 'Hello,'
and I can barely keep my eyes open.
Armenonville.
I waited for you at the embassy
last Sunday. What happened?
The thought of another embassy tea
paralyzed me.
Instead, I had tea with an old friend
Madame Alvarez.
-Madame Alvarez?
-Yes, you know her.
Or knew her once, didn't you?
-Does she say I did?
-I think she's mentioned it.
Then I suppose I did.
It's the one place in Paris
where I can go and relax.
Whose luncheon are you
taking me to today?
Henri Trouvre.

We have to go.
I'm meeting a heavenly creature there.
You're still young, Uncle, aren't you?
Not compared to her.
But I must say,
I am compared to you.
Maybe it's the women you go with.
How old is Liane?
About 30.
That may be it.
Youth is the thing, Gaston.
Youth!
Stay close to the young. . .
. . .and a little rubs off.
I'm bored.
Bored?
Look at all the captivating
Fascinating things there are to do
Name two
Look at all the pleasures
All the myriad of treasures
We have got
Like what?
Look at Paris in the spring
When each solitary thing
Is more beautiful than ever before
You can hear every tree
Almost saying, ''Look at me!''
-What color are the trees?
-Green!
-What color were they last year?
-Green!
-And next year?
-Green!
It's a bore
Don't you marvel at the power
Of the mighty Eiffel Tower
Knowing there it will remain evermore
Climbing up to the sky
Over 90 stories high
-How many stories?
-Ninety!
-How many yesterday?
-Ninety!

-And tomorrow?
-Ninety!
It's a bore!
The river Seine
All it can do is flow
But think of wine
It's red or white
-But think of girls
-It's either yes or no
And if it's no or if it's yes
It simply couldn 't matter less
But think of a race
With your horse in seventh place
Then he suddenly begins
And he catches up and wins
With a roar!
It's a bore!
Life is thrilling as can be
Simply not my cup of tea
It's a gay, romantic fling
If you like that sort of thing
-It's intriguing
-It's fatiguing
It's a game
It's the same dull world
Wherever you go
Whatever place you are at
The Earth is round
But everything on it is flat
Don 't tell me
Venice has no lure
Just a town without a sewer
The Leaning Tower I adore
Indecision is a bore
But think of the thrill
Of a bullfight in Seville
When the bull is uncontrolled
And he charges at the bold matador!
It's a bore!
Think of lunch beneath the trees
Stop the carriage, if you please
You mean you don 't want to come?
The thought of lunch leaves me numb
But I implore

Oh, no, Uncle.
It's a bore!
Goodbye, Honor.
Come in.
-Mamita.
-Gaston!
What a wonderful surprise.
How do you feel today, dear Mamita?
Fine, Gaston.
And the better for seeing you.
You've gotten a trifle thinner,
and it's most becoming.
-You think so?
-Oh, yes.
Come and sit down.
In your chair.
Thank you.
What beautiful material.
Very chic!
Just the sort of thing
Honor used to wear.
A bit more conservative, perhaps.
Would you like a sweet?
No, thank you. But I would love a cup
of your chamomile tea.
But of course.
More than just one, I hope.
Do you have a telephone yet, Mamita?
No, not yet.
Not until Gigi is old enough
to have secrets and admirers.
But there's one upstairs
if it's important.
It's not important.
Gigi's not at home?
No. This is Tuesday.
The day she has luncheon
with her aunt Alicia.
How is your sister?
I haven't seen her for quite a while.
I don't wonder.
She never sets foot out of
her apartment or her past.
And quite a past it was. . .

. . .so she says.
According to the stories
Honor tells me. . .
. . .what she says is quite true.
Aren't you afraid of
her influence on Gigi?
Not at all.
She finds Gigi a trifle backward. . .
. . .which is true. . .
. . .and she educates her.
Educates her?
Last week, she taught her
to eat cold lobster. . .
. . .to perfection.
What in heaven's name for?
She says it's extremely useful.
Marvelous.
It's so good to be here.
It's always a pleasure
to watch the rich. . .
. . .enjoying the comforts of the poor.
Especially you, dear Gaston.
How does your sister look?
Still as young as ever?
Yes, Alicia is always the same.
Living in the past
must agree with her.
When I think. . .
. . .it was in. . .
. . . 1 859. . .
. . .she went off with her first sultan.
Then came her Duke of Milan. . .
. . .her King of Spain,
her khedive, her maharajah.
She's remarkable looking. . . .
Good day, Charles.
Mademoiselle.
What are we having for lunch?
Ortolans.
Oh, dear!
Are they difficult?
Slowly, Gigi. Slowly.
The racing season is over.
Good day, Aunt Alicia.

Now let's go into luncheon.
Yes, Aunt Alicia.
Today you will learn to eat ortolans.
What are ortolans, Aunt?
Exquisite little birds.
Most people attack them like cannibals.
You must learn to eat them properly.
Bad table manners. . .
. . .have broken up more households
than infidelity.
Did you work hard in school today?
What did you study?
History.
Napoleon's defeat at Waterloo.
How depressing.
-What else?
-English.
English?
I suppose we must.
They refuse to learn French.
Who are your friends?
Ortolans should be cut in two
with a quick stroke of the knife.
There must be no grating
of the blade on the plate.
Now bite up each piece.
The bones don't matter.
Go on eating while you
answer my questions.
But don't talk with your mouth full.
Well, you can do it.
If I can do it, you can.
What friends have you made?
None.
I'm always on my own.
Why does Grandmama stop me
from accepting invitations?
She's right for once.
You'd only be invited
by ordinary people.
What about us?
Aren't we ordinary people?
Why are we different?
They have weak heads

and careless bodies.
Besides, they are married.
But I don't think you would understand.
Oh, yes, Aunt, I understand.
We don't marry,
is that it?
Marriage is not forbidden to us.
But instead of
getting married at once. . .
. . .it sometimes happens
we get married. . .
. . .at last.
Enough. We must finish lunch
and get on with your lessons.
Now, go on.
Go on, go on!
Without knowledge of jewelry,
my dear Gigi. . .
. . .a woman is lost.
Do you remember Madame Dunard,
who was here the other day?
Did you notice that rope
of black pearls around her throat?
Yes! It was beautiful.
Dipped.
Dipped. Given to her
by the man she loves. . .
. . .whose love is obviously
beginning to cool. . .
. . .and she doesn't know it.
It's just a matter of time now.
Now, let us see what you remember.
What is this?
A marquise diamond.
A marquise-shaped diamond.
This?
This is. . .
. . .a topaz?
A topaz?
Among my jewels?
Are you mad?
It's a yellow diamond
of the first quality.
You'll have to go a long way

to see one like it.

-This?

-An emerald.

How beautiful.

Do you see that blue flame. . .

. . .darting about in the depths
of the green light?

Only the most beautiful emeralds. . .

. . .contain that miracle
of elusive blue.

-Who gave it to you, Aunt?

-A king.

-A great king?

-No, a little one.

Great kings do not

give very large stones.

Why not?

In my opinion, it's because
they don't feel they have to.

Who does give the valuable jewels?

Who?

Oh, the shy, the proud.

And the social climbers.

They think it's a sign of culture.

But it doesn't matter

who gives them. . .

. . .as long as you never
wear anything second-rate.

Wait for the first-class jewels, Gigi.

Hold on to your ideals.

Come over here to the light, Gigi.

Open your mouth.

With teeth like that. . .

. . .I could have devoured
all Paris and most of Europe.

But I can't complain.

I had a good bite of it.

Tell your grandmama

to get you some astringent lotion.

You don't use face powder, do you?

-Grandmama won't let me.

-I should hope not.

You have an impossible nose,

a nondescript mouth.

Your cheekbones are too high.
But we can do something
with the rest of you.
Your teeth, your eyes. . .
. . .your eyelashes, your hair.
We can. . .
. . .and we will.
You must learn to choose cigars.
Aunt, but I don't smoke cigars.
Of course you don't smoke cigars.
But a man does.
Everything I teach you. . .
. . .has a good reason.
Love, my dear Gigi. . .
. . .is a thing of beauty,
like a work of art.
And like a work of art,
it is created by artists.
The greater the artist,
the greater the art.
And what makes an artist?
Cigars and jewelry?
You are from another planet.
Get on with your work.
A necklace is love
A ring is love
A rock from some obnoxious little king
Is love
A sapphire with a star is love
An ugly black cigar is love
Everything you are is love
You would think it would embarrass
All the people here in Paris
To be thinking every minute of love
I don 't understand the Parisians
Making love every time
They get a chance
I don 't understand the Parisians
Wasting every lovely night on romance
Anytime
And under every tree in town
They're in session two by two
What a crime
With all there is to see in town

They can 't find something else to do
I don 't understand how Parisians
Never tire of walking hand in hand
But they seem to love it
And speak highly of it
I don 't understand
The Parisians!
I don't understand the Parisians!
When it's warm
They take a carriage ride at night
Close their eyes and hug and kiss
When it's cold
They simply move inside at night
There must be more to life than this
I don 't understand the Parisians
Thinking love so miraculous and grand
But they rave about it
And won 't live without it
I don 't understand
The Parisians!
Stop.
What are you doing there?
Gaston. . .
. . .do you make love all the time?
I beg your pardon?
-Do you make love all the time?
-Heavens, no.
The only people who make love
all the time are liars.
Was that the subject
of your lesson today?
-How did you know I was having a lesson?
-I just came from your house.
Too bad I wasn't there. We could've
played cards, and I could've beaten you.
But you cheat.
I can, but with you,
I don't have to.
You watch your tongue, my girl.
-I'm not your girl.
-Thank you for that.
If I have a little girl, I'll see
to it she's more respectful than you.
-Come with me.

-Where?
-To the Ice Palace.
-I don't skate.
-I'll buy you a drink.
-I don't drink.
-A sweet one.
-Are you going to skate?
No, but I'm calling
for Madame d'Exelmans.
Liane? Your lady love?
No, thank you.
I've had enough of that for today.
I'm not going to woo her on ice.
Come along before I spank you.
You wouldn't dare!
Oh, I wouldn't, eh?
Sit down.
Sit down.
Haven't you ever seen
an ice rink?
Never.
Grandmama says going out distracts one
from more serious matters.
A barbotage for the lady.
-What's that?
-Quiet.
Champagne for me. Well-iced.
Yes, Monsieur Lachaille.
Is that the scandalous
Madame d'Exelmans?
Yes, that's she.
Tell me, Gigi, the way
you express yourself. . .
. . .does your grandmother
ever hear you talk this way?
She never listens to me much.
Which reminds me, she mustn't know
I was here with you.
And why not?
What's wrong with being with me?
It isn't you. It's here.
I told you.
This isn't serious matters.
And just what are serious matters?

I don't remember it all by heart.
One mustn't read novels;
they depress you.
Don't wear powder;
it ruins the complexion.
Don't wear corsets;
they spoil the figure.
What do you think of Liane?
She's pretty.
Yes, she is.
But. . . .
But what?
Common.
Common?
How do you mean 'common'?
Ordinary common or coarse common?
Ordinary.
And coarse. Well, I really must go.
Please come soon.
-Thank you for the drink.
-It was a pleasure.
Hello, my darling.
You waltz divinely.
Thank you, my love.
I'll let you know
when I'll be in for my next lesson.
Yes, madame.
I thought we'd meet Honor
at Maxim's and--
Darling.
At Maxim's?
Thank you. . . monsieur.
Dreadful man.
You seem to have lessons
with him often enough.
He's an excellent teacher.
I made amazing progress.
But he's so conceited.
So superior in an inferior way.
I can't stand him.
Shall we go?
Gaston and Liane are joining me
here at Maxim's tonight.
I'm giving a small party. . .

. . .in honor of a heavenly creature
I met this afternoon.
She's--
Pardon me.
She's the sister
of the heavenly creature. . .
. . .I gave a party for last night.
What a marvelous place Maxim's is!
Not only gay and beautiful,
but in one thing unique:
In Maxim's, everybody minds
his own business.
No one is the slightest bit interested
in whom one is with.
There's that wretched man
Louis de Latour
With his latest horrible amour
Isn 't she a mess
Isn 't she a sight
Let's invite them out tomorrow night
Honor Lachaille
Honor Lachaille
With another twinkle in his eye
Isn 't it a shame
Isn 't it a crime
Seeing him so happy all the time
There's Gaston Lachaille
With his little friend
Is that passion never going to end
Did you see her ring?
Not a bagatelle
Dear Liane is doing very well
She's a lovable one tonight, isn 't she?
What is she up to?
She's so gay tonight
She's like spring tonight
She's a rollicking
Frolicking thing tonight
So disarming
Soft and charming
She is not thinking of me
No, she's not thinking of me
In her eyes tonight
There's a glow tonight

They're so bright they could light
Fontainebleau tonight
She's so gracious
So vivacious
She is not thinking of me
Bless her little heart
Crooked to the core
Acting out a part
What a rollicking, frolicking bore!
She's such fun tonight
She's a treat tonight
You could spread her on bread
She's so sweet tonight
So devoted
Sugarcoated
That it's heartwarming to see
Oh, she's simmering with love
Oh, she's shimmering with love
Oh, she's not thinking of me
She is not thinking of me
Someone has set her on fire
Is it Jacques, is it Paul or Lon?
Who 's turning her furnace up higher?
Oh, she's hot
But it's not for Gaston!
Oh, she's gay tonight
Oh so gay tonight
A gigantic romantic cliché tonight
How she blushes
How she gushes
How she fills me with ennui
She's so ooh la la la la
So untrue la la la la
Oh, she's not thinking of me
I knew she was up to something.
I knew it. There had to be
a reason for last night.
But what was I to do?
Trail after her? Spy on her?
-Sniff around like a bloodhound?
-Of course not.
Heaven knows, I'm not jealous.
Thank you for that.
Why should I follow her?

No reason at all.
What did you do?
I hired detectives.
And the results are nauseating.
The Riverton Agency just telephoned me
that she and her oily acrobat. . .
. . .arrived a half an hour ago
in a cozy little inn at Honfleur.
Well.
Without skates.
Most disagreeable.
Come, my boy.
You're not the first.
This sort of thing
has happened before.
And to some very good people.
Alfred de Musset,
Victor Hugo, Napoleon.
Even to me.
Isn't that true, Manuel?
Yes, indeed, sir.
Many, many, many times.
Well, not that many.
But a skating instructor.
A skating instructor!
It is always a skating instructor.
Or some such specimen.
-Isn't that true, Manuel?
-Absolutely, sir.
Remember dear little
Madame Dumelle. . .
. . .and Marmaluc the Terrible Turk?
There you are.
A wrestler from the Folies Bergre.
There was Madame Laura
and the swimming coach.
Hurry up, Manuel.
And Madame d'Albert
and the riding master.
Mademoiselle Monique
and the weight lifter. . .
. . .Madame Bocher and the plumber.
That's enough, Manuel.
You've made your point.

Here, put this in your mouth.
One can't be a Don Juan
to one's valet, can one?
I only keep him to prevent him
from talking to others.
Oh, come, Gaston, cheer up.
Cheer up? I couldn't be
in better spirits.
Good. I'm delighted
the deadly affair is over.
The woman was common.
Plainly and unmistakably common. . .
. . .from her painted toenails
to the top of her bleached head.
I'm glad to be rid of her.
What do we do today?
What do we do?
We're going to Honfleur, naturally.
Are you mad?
I never want to see her again.
Of course you don't.
But you're not going to
let a woman have the last word.
Where is your sense of honor?
Your male patriotism?
Nonsense.
Listen to your uncle, Monsieur Gaston.
He's an old campaigner.
How would you end it?
I'll write her a note.
There is no way of writing it
without it reeking of wounded pride.
Victor Hugo couldn't pull it off.
Then I'll telephone her.
And what would you say?
' 'Liane, you deceived me
with a skating instructor.
I never want to see you again. ' '
You'll sound like
a jealous schoolboy.
That's impossible.
That's true.
That's true.
What do I do?

You go to Honfleur
and throw her out like a man.
That's a bore.
A bore? Not at all.
It's pride.
Just imagine your chagrin
When she sees you wander in
And you find her
With that slippery seor
What a moment supreme
When she totters with a scream
-What will she do?
-Scream.
-What did yours do?
-Scream.
-What do they all do?
-Scream.
It's a bore
But think of the bliss
Of the pleasure you would miss
When she topples in a heap
And you leave her there to weep
On the floor
It's a bore
You must catch her if you can
For the dignity of man
Take advantage of the chance
You owe it, sir, to France
This is war!
All right
But it's a bore
Turn it around and leave it there.
They are there.
Terrible-looking rodent, isn't he?
Terrible, but typical.
Those chaps all look alike.
She looks older in the daylight.
Much older.
I don't envy him.
Neither do I.
She never kissed me like that.
-How is she kissing him?
-Wholeheartedly.
What do you expect?

You're legitimate.
He's forbidden fruit.
When do we make our move?
Wait, wait.
Come on.
Monsieur Lachaille, what a surprise.
I am honored.
Don't be.
Come on, get up!
Wait, wait!
You are making a mistake.
It was just a coincidence,
my meeting madame here.
It was a coincidence,
I suppose. . .
. . .that your lips
just happened to meet. . .
. . .in a long, ardent, passionate--
You keep out of this.
I don't want any discussions.
For 1 000 francs, this never happened.
You leave the Ice Palace
and disappear. Forever.
-But--
-No ''buts. ''
You're coming with us now.
We'll take you to
the nearest railroad station.
1 000 francs?
There is nothing more to be said.
Goodbye, madame.
From the bottom of my heart, goodbye.
Gaston, my love.
What happened?
Liane d'Exelmans has committed suicide.
Again!
I'm sorry, girl.
What did you say?
I didn't know he left her.
My word!
Of course.
Call me as soon as you hear anything.
Anything at all.
How marvelous!

Paris agog.

Why didn't you tell me that Gaston
and Liane had broken up?

I didn't know it.

It must've happened over the weekend.

When was the suicide?

-Last night.

-How did she do it?

The usual way,
insufficient poison.

Say, how many times
has she done it now?

Good evening, Manuel.

Good evening, Honor.

Gaston, my boy.

Congratulations.

Your first suicide.

What an achievement.

And at your age.

Like everyone in Paris,
we were just talking about you.

Thank you, Honor.

I came over to--

May I add mine, sir?

Thank you, Manuel.

I came over to get a--

It was a stunning victory.

-Where is the champagne?

-It's ready, sir.

I came over to get away
from the telephone.

I can imagine.

Any news from the corpse?

Fully recovered, according to
late morning editions.

And how do you feel?

Oddly enough, I'm not quite sure.

Make a guess.

Well, I'd say edgy.

Edgy?

Almost depressed. I don't know why.

There must be a reason.

I suppose it's to be expected.

I'm told Verdi felt that way after

the first performance of Aida.
-Get a glass for yourself.
-I have one, sir.
To you, Gaston.
May this be the first of many.
What about tonight?
Where do we go? What do we do?
I don't know. I should consider
what I do next very carefully.
I've been weighing the idea of
going to the country for a while.
You mean, leave Paris?
Yes. Why not?
Why not?
That's the one thing
you mustn't do.
Do you want people to think
you're despondent? Disturbed?
If you leave, they will, you know.
No, no. That would be snatching
defeat from the jaws of victory.
No, no, no. For the next few weeks,
you should be out every night.
Maxim's, Moulin Rouge,
Pre Catalan.
The Pre Catalan is closed.
Open it!
You must be carefree.
Devil-may-care.
A different girl every night.
Keep them guessing who's next.
Play the game.
Be gay. . .
. . .extravagant, outrageous.
Grandmama!
Imagine. Gaston bought out
the opera last night. . .
. . .and brought the entire company
to his house for a performance.
I'll go.
Gaston, how are you?
You look all in.
-Is your grandmother home?
-Yes, she is.

Is that gold?
The handle, yes.
You must be very rich to have
a gold handle on your cane.
Gaston, what a nice surprise.
Don't let me disturb you, Mamita.
I was just preparing dinner.
Smells awfully good.
It's just a pork cassoulet.
It was impossible to
get any goose this week.
I'll have them send you
a brace from the country.
I brought you some caramels.
Thank you, Gaston.
Gaston, you spoil her so.
The champagne is for you.
You spoil me too.
Be careful.
You'll ruin your hands.
I have a manicure every morning.
What a nuisance.
-Not like that.
-No?
Like this.
All right.
-Where are you going with that tie?
-Let's not talk about it.
I'm having a small party
for 200 at the Eiffel Tower.
-Are you going away?
-Yes, for the weekend. Trouville.
A little sea air before the
next round of parties.
-Is Trouville by the sea?
-Yes, you little idiot.
You expect to find sea air
in the mountains?
Don't make fun of me.
I've never been to the ocean.
What will you eat
for dinner tonight?
Filet of sole with mussels,
for a change.

And a lamb filet with truffles.
It's always the same.
It can't compare. . .
. . .with your grandmother's cassoulet.
Why don't you stay
and have some with us?
-I wish I could.
-Why not?
All right, I will.
But people are waiting for you.
My car's downstairs. I'll send
the chauffeur with my apologies.
My uncle will be the host.
Honor? He'll do it very well.
I'm dying to take a ride
in your beautiful automobile.
Let me deliver it.
If you want to.
Tell the chauffeur to take this
to my uncle's house.
-Go quickly.
-Thank you.
I can't wait to see
the face of the janitress.
And after dinner, we'll have
a serious game of cards.
And I'll beat you, as usual.
And you'll cheat, as usual.
Gaston, Gigi takes advantage of you.
Let her, let her, Mamita.
It amuses me.
How is Honor these days?
The same.
A life devoted to the chase.
We've missed you, Gaston.
We haven't seen you since the suicide.
Yes, I've had quite a
full schedule lately.
So I've read.
You always do things
in the grand manner.
Your parties have
filled the newspapers.
Sometimes the cure is more

painful than the illness.
But I have to do it.
It's expected of me.
Poor Gaston.
You're in a difficult position,
aren't you?
Yes, Mamita, yes.
Very difficult.
See, the whole of Paris
is watching me.
What are you talking of?
The whole world is watching you.
Yes, it's quite a responsibility.
Quite a responsibility.
Discard two.
Ten pounds of sugar.
Those aren't very high stakes.
Your sugar isn't that good.
I'd rather play you for candy.
It's the same thing,
only sugar is healthier.
You just say that
because you make it.
Gigi, I heard that.
Where are your manners?
It's all right, Mamita.
It's all right.
If I lose, what would you really like?
Silk stockings?
No. Silk stockings
make my legs itch.
I discard one.
What I would really like
is a Nile green corset. . .
. . .with rococo roses embroidered
on the garters.
Or a new role for the player piano.
Or. . . .
Or what?
A look at the ocean.
All right.
If I lose, I'll take
you and Mamita to Trouville.
I heard that too.

Don't worry, Gaston.
Win or lose, Gigi, you will not impose
us on poor Gaston for the weekend.
May I have a glass of champagne?
Are you losing your mind?
Of course you may not.
Discard three.
Discard one.
Now, let's see.
Cards are a matter of logic.
I know what I have. . .
. . .and I know how many you've drawn.
According to the percentages,
you undoubtedly have an ace.
You discarded a 10
and a five. . .
. . .and a queen. . .
. . .and a three.
You, therefore, must have two aces.
Two aces and something smaller.
That's very interesting.
Therefore. . .
. . .I win.
And therefore, you lose.
But you cheated.
Where did you get that fourth king?
I won, I won, I won!
Why, you gypsy!
You thief!
You're a muttonhead.
Do we go to Trouville?
Yes, yes. You go to Trouville.
Grandmama, we go to Trouville.
It's out of the question.
Not at all. I'd love it.
Believe it or not. . .
. . .I have a better time
with this outrageous brat. . .
. . .than anybody in Paris.
It'll be marvelous fun.
What time tomorrow will we get there?
Can I watch you play roulette?
May I stay up late for supper?
Is it awfully, awfully upper?

Gigi, you'll drive us wild
Stop, you silly child
Is everybody celebrated
Full of sin and dissipated?
Is it hot enough to blister?
Will I be your little sister?
Gigi, you are absurd
Now, not another word
Let her gush and jabber
Let her be enthused
I cannot remember
When I have been more amused
-Stop it!
-The night they invented champagne
It's plain as it can be
They thought of you and me
The night they invented champagne
They absolutely knew
That all we'd want to do
Is fly to the sky on champagne
And shout to everyone in sight
That since the world began
No woman or a man
Has ever been as happy
As we are tonight
The night they invented champagne
It's plain as it can be
They thought of you and me
The night they invented champagne
They absolutely knew that
All we'd want to do
Is fly to the sky on champagne
And shout to everyone in sight
That since the world began
No woman or a man
Has ever been as happy
As we are tonight
Why, there's Gaston.
I didn't know he would
be at Trouville.
Who's that child he's with?
Me, I'm here on
very important business.
There she is.

Riding is important.

Go.

Chrie...

. . .I must tell you that you upset
all my plans for the weekend.

-May I?

-Please.

How did I do that?

I came prepared for battle. . .

. . .and an old wound

prevented me from charging.

I don't think she

was your type anyhow, Honor.

-You were watching me?

-Force of habit.

When a pretty woman came by,

I always had to watch you.

What good fortune

brings you to Trouville?

I came with Gaston and Gigi.

You did?

Gigi is my granddaughter.

No, not your granddaughter.

Oh, yes. Time does not

stand still for all of us, Honor.

Don't be nervous!

Gaston is such a dear man.

So sweet of him to bring

little Gigi and show her Trouville.

She's having a glorious time.

And so is Gaston.

I haven't seen him

this chipper in years.

We had good times too. . .

. . .didn't we?

Come to think of it,

those last days we spent together. . .

. . .were by the sea, weren't they?

Were they?

Of course they were.

On the Riviera.

The pink villa.

-I only remember the blue villa.

-Which was that?

The one belonging to the soprano.
You knew.
But of course.
But I thought you left me
because of that Austrian count.
But of course.
But you didn't.
I'll tell you about
that blue villa, Mamita.
I was so much in love,
I wanted to marry you.
Yes, it's true.
I was beginning to think of marriage.
Imagine!
Marriage, me.
No. I was really desperate.
I had to do something.
And what I did was the soprano.
Thank you, Honor.
That is the most charming and endearing
excuse for infidelity. . .
. . .that I've ever heard.
But I've never forgotten you.
Not the last evening we spent together.
I can remember everything
as if it were yesterday.
We met at 9
We met at 8
I was on time
No, you were late
Ah, yes
I remember it well
We dined with friends
We dined alone
A tenor sang
A baritone
Ah, yes
I remember it well
That dazzling April moon
There was none that night
And the month was June
That's right
That's right
It warms my heart

To know that you
Remember still
The way you do
Ah, yes
I remember it well
-How often I've thought of that Friday--
-Monday
--night, when we had
Our last rendezvous
And somehow I foolishly
Wondered if you might
By some chance
Be thinking of it too
That carriage ride
You walked me home
You lost a glove
I lost a comb
Ah, yes
I remember it well
That brilliant sky
We had some rain
Those Russian songs
From sunny Spain?
Ah, yes
I remember it well
You wore a gown of gold
I was all in blue
Am I getting old?
Oh, no
Not you
How strong you were
How young and gay
A prince of love
In every way
Ah, yes
I remember it well
-Where is she?
-In the salon, madame.
What's happened?
What's so important you couldn't
tell me on the telephone?
We have serious matters to discuss.
Collect yourself.
I doubt if I'll ever be able to.

Serious matters about what?
About Gigi.
You were at Trouville over the weekend
with Gaston Lachaille.
It was a dreadful mistake.
Dreadful mistake?
What are you talking about, Alicia?
My dear sister. . .
. . .has it ever occurred
to you that Gigi. . .?
Well?
Gigi?
Yes, Gigi.
It isn't possible.
Not if it's ruined at the
beginning through lack of tact.
And when did I display any lack of tact?
It was a most congenial weekend.
So congenial that Gaston returned,
canceled all engagements. . .
. . .and left Paris that same evening
for Monte Carlo.
He did?
For how long?
For what they describe as
an extended stay.
But why?
It doesn't matter why.
It may be a blessing in disguise.
It gives us time.
Time for what?
For Gigi's lessons, of course.
See to it that she's here every day.
Do you really think. . .?
It's a chance.
But a chance that we must take.
From now on, dear sister. . .
. . .it's work, work, work. . .
. . .lessons, lessons, lessons.
Pick up the coffeepot with one hand
and the cup and saucer with the other.
Always both.
Never the coffeepot alone.
Like this, Aunt?

Your grip on the saucer
must be firm. . .
. . .but not obviously so.
The saucer must seem so much
a part of your fingers. . .
. . .that one would think
it could only be removed by surgery.
Now pour. . .
. . .and be sure the coffeepot is upright
before you take the cup away.
There must be no drops.
Now give it to me.
I don't take any, but be sure and
always ask about cream and sugar.
Now serve yourself.
And remember the firm grip.
No, the coffeepot first!
Now, you will try it once more.
Remember, you will go
to the door properly. . .
. . .turn, walk in properly
and sit down properly.
Now, go on.
And not like a marionette.
Keep your shoulders level.
Now turn. . .
. . .walk back and sit down.
And don't flop into the chair.
Insinuate yourself.
That's better.
Now rise and exit the same way.
Don't jump up!
Ascend!
Now, you hold the glass like this.
Charles, some more wine
for mademoiselle.
Watch me.
Try it.
Don't gulp it!
Sip it. A little at a time.
Fill mademoiselle's glass, Charles.
That's better.
You have to fully enjoy the aroma.
Hold your first sip on the roof

of your mouth for a moment. . .
. . .and breathe through your nose.
Then you will feel the flavor.
Did you feel the perfume?
-No.
-Try it again.
A bad year will be sharp.
A good year, which this is,
of course, will waft.
Marvelous!
That will be all, Charles.
Hello, Grandma--
Hello, Gigi.
Come in.
How good to see you.
I have a present for--
What's the matter with her?
Everything.
Don't you look well!
Did you have a nice trip?
How was Monte Carlo this year?
Well, the sea is blue.
The palm trees are green.
The sun is yellow.
It all makes a lovely post card.
Just as it should be.
Actually, it's a bore.
One has to be as rich as you
to be bored at Monte Carlo.
I brought Gigi some caramels.
Really, Gaston,
you spoil her too much.
Would you like a cup of chamomile tea?
Please. Please, Mamita.
Look, Gaston.
Four yards of material in the skirt.
Well, don't I look great ladyish?
You look like
an organ-grinder's monkey!
An organ-grinder's monkey?
What happened to your
little Scotch dress?
And that ridiculous collar!
And what's wrong with that collar?

It makes you look like
a giraffe with a goiter.
With all the talk
there is about you, Gaston. . .
. . .I've never heard it said
you had any taste in clothes.
Have you gone mad? How dare you
speak to Gaston like that?
Apologize.
Apologize at once!
I certainly will not.
This is a beautiful dress.
Gaston, please.
I beg of you, wait.
She'll apologize.
Is this the education she gets
from you and your sister?
My congratulations to you both.
What have you done?
Why did he fly off the handle?
He knew I'd answer him back.
You ungrateful little thing.
How can you be rude to Gaston
when he's been so good to us?
And just when
we were trying so hard. . .
. . .to make an elegant
young lady out of you.
To show you off
to your best advantage.
You must admit, one doesn't have to
turn oneself inside out. . .
. . .for an old friend like Gaston.
It's silly.
It's absolutely silly.
I've decided your new dress
may not be as bad as all that.
I didn't see it properly,
and perhaps I was a bit cruel.
To prove it,
I'll take you for a drive. . .
. . .for tea at the Reservoirs
in Versailles.
-Would you like that?

-I'd love it!
Gaston wants to take me
to tea at the Reservoirs.
You've come back, Gaston.
How tolerant you are.
I hadn't really gone.
We're going to tea
at the Reservoirs.
No, you're not.
I'm sorry, Gaston.
What do you mean?
Grandmama, please.
Gigi, go to your room
for a moment.
I have to talk to Gaston
about something.
No, Grandmama.
Gigi, do as you're told.
Mamita, what does this mean?
Something has changed here lately.
I can feel it.
Sit down, Gaston.
Please.
Gaston, you know my friendship for you.
My friendship and my gratitude.
But I must not forget my duty.
Gigi's mother has neither the time
nor the mind to take care of her.
And Gigi isn't just another girl.
She's special.
Of course.
For years, you've been giving her
candies and trinkets. . .
. . .and she adores you.
Now you want to take her in your
automobile to the Reservoirs for tea.
If it were just you and I,

I would say:

'Take Gigi wherever you want. '
I would trust her with you anywhere.
But there are others, Gaston.
You are known everywhere.
For a woman to

go out with you alone now. . .
. . .with the eyes of Paris on you. . . .
Are you trying to make me believe. . .
. . .that if Gigi goes out with me,
she'll be compromised?
Let us say she would be labeled.
A young girl who goes out with you
is no longer an ordinary young girl.
Not even a respectable young girl.
Mamita, this is absurd.
As far as you are concerned,
it would be just another news item.
But in this case, I would not
have the heart to laugh. . .
. . .when I read it in the newspapers.
This is too ridiculous
to discuss any further.
I don't want to contradict you,
and I don't want to argue about it.
If you feel you're protecting Gigi
from some cruel fate. . .
. . .that's your affair.
I understand responsibility to Gigi
better than you.
I'll do all I can to entrust her
only to a man who'll be able to say:
'I'll take care of her.
I'll answer for her future. ''
Now, can I get you
your chamomile tea, Gaston?
No, thank you.
I have an appointment. . .
. . .and I'm late already.
But forgive me if I wonder, madame. . .
. . .whom you are keeping her for?
Some underpaid bank clerk. . .
. . .who'll marry her and give her
four children in three years?
You're upset.
Please--
To see her married in white in
a dingy little church to a plumber. . .
. . .who'll only give her
a worthless name. . .

. . .and the squalor of good intentions?

Very well, madame.

Very well!

If that's your ambition. . .

. . .inflict your misery
in the name of respectability.

I pity you!

I pity you all!

Upset!

What utter rubbish!

Pierre. . .

. . .do I look upset?

Yes, monsieur, you do.

Upset!

Upset indeed!

She's a babe

Just a babe

Still cavorting in her crib

Eating breakfast with a bib

With her baby teeth

And all her baby curls

She's a tot

Just a tot

Good for bouncing on your knee

I am positive that she

Doesn't even know

That boys aren't girls

She's a snip

Just a snip

Making dreadful baby noise

Having fun with all her toys

Just a chickadee

Who needs a mother hen

She's a cub, a papoose

You could never turn her loose

She's too infantile

To take her from her pen

Of course, that weekend in Trouville

In spite of all her youthful zeal

She was exceedingly polite

And on the whole, a sheer delight

And if it wasn't joy galore

At least not once was she a bore

That I recall

No, not at all
She's a child
A silly child
Adolescent to her toes
And good heaven, how it shows
Sticky thumbs are all the fingers
She has got
She's a child
A clumsy child
She's as swollen as a grape
And she doesn 't have a shape
Where her figure ought to be
It is not!
Just a child
A growing child
But so backward for her years
If a boy her age appears
I am certain
He will never call again
She's a scamp and a brat
Doesn 't know where she is at
Unequipped and undesirable to men
Of course, I must in truth confess
That in her brand-new little dress
She looked surprisingly mature
And had a definite allure
It was a shock, in fact, to me
A most amazing shock to see
The way it clung
On one so young
She's a girl
A little girl
Getting older, it is true
Which is what they always do
Till that unexpected hour
When they blossom like a flower
Oh, no.
Oh, no.
But. . . .
There's sweeter music
When she speaks
Isn 't there?
A different bloom
About her cheeks

Isn 't there?
Could I be wrong?
Could it be so?
Oh, where
Oh, where did Gigi go?
Gigi
Am I a fool without a mind?
Or have I merely been too blind
To realize?
Oh, Gigi
Why, you've been growing up
Before my eyes
Gigi!
You're not at all
That funny, awkward little girl
I knew
Oh, no
Overnight
There's been
A breathless change
In you
Oh, Gigi
While you were trembling
On the brink
Was I out yonder somewhere
Blinking at a star?
Oh, Gigi
Have I been standing up too close
Or back too far?
When did your sparkle
Turn to fire?
And your warmth
Become desire?
Oh, what miracle
Has made you the way you are?
Gigi!
Gigi!
Gigi!
Oh, no
I was mad not to have seen
The change in you
Oh, Gigi!
While you were trembling
On the brink

Was I out yonder somewhere
Blinking at a star?
Oh, Gigi
Have I been standing up too close
Or back to far?
When did your sparkle
Turn to fire?
And your warmth
Become desire?
Oh, what miracle
Has made you the way
You are?
Mamita, are you alone?
Good. I have an important
business matter to discuss with you.
Now, let us recapitulate.
To begin with, he said she would
be spoiled as no other--
He said she would be spoiled
as no other woman has been before.
It's all right, but it's vague.
I like everything spelled out.
Did he say precisely
where she would live?
He said a suitable house
on the Avenue du Bois.
-You're sure?
-Of course.
Well, very good.
Servants?
Yes, he mentioned servants.
What about an automobile?
I think so. I'm not quite sure.
She must have an automobile
and a chauffeur.
I'm sure he didn't mean
to be evasive or ungenerous.
He suggested that you and I
and our lawyer. . .
. . .meet at his lawyer tomorrow
and draw it up in detail.
You call him and tell him to
bring his lawyer to our lawyer.
We'll draw it up in detail.

You mustn't be suspicious, Alicia.
-Gigi doesn't know yet?
-How could she?
He just left. But he wants to
have dinner with her this evening.
When you speak to Gigi,
be sure and stress. . .
. . .the difficulties of the situation,
not the delights.
The role she will have to play.
She's a naive, thoughtless girl.
You must warn her not to
ask for the moon.
Not only will he not give it--
Don't worry about her.
You think she's like you.
Actually, you don't know her.
There's no meanness in her at all.
Thank you very much.
I mean, she has no material ambition.
I understand. He should
send a present before tonight.
Let me know what it is.
Yes, I will.
Won't you sit down?
You know why I'm here?
Yes, I know.
Do you want to. . .
. . .or don't you?
I don't want to.
I don't know what you want.
You told Grandmama--
I know what I told your grandmother.
We don't have to repeat it.
Just tell me simply what
you don't want. . .
. . .and tell me what you do want.
Do you mean that?
Of course.
You told Grandmama that
you wanted to take care of me.
To take care of you beautifully.
Beautifully.
That is, if I like it.

They've pounded into my head
I'm backward for my age. . .
. . .but I know what all this means.
To take care of me beautifully
means I shall go away with you. . .
. . .and that I shall sleep in your bed.
Please, Gigi.
I beg of you, you embarrass me.
You weren't embarrassed to
talk to Grandmama about it.
And Grandmama wasn't embarrassed
to talk to me about it.
But I know more than she told me.
To take care of me. . .
. . .means that I shall have
my photograph in the papers.
That I shall go to the Riviera.
To the races at Deauville.
And when we fight, it will
be in all the columns the next day.
And when you'd give me up,
as you did with Ins des Cvennes.
Who's been filling your head
with all these old stories?
How do you know about that?
Why shouldn't I know?
You're world famous.
I know about the woman
who stole from you.
The contessa
who wanted to shoot you.
The American who wanted to marry you.
I know what everybody knows.
These aren't the things
we have to talk about together.
That's all in the past,
over and done with.
Yes, Gaston.
Until it begins again.
It's not your fault
you're world famous.
It's just that I haven't got
a world famous sort of nature.
When it's over, Gaston Lachaille

goes off with another lady.
And I have only to go into
another gentleman's bed.
That won't do for me.
I'm not changeable.
That won't do for me.
Grandmama and Aunt Alicia are on
your side, but this concerns me too.
And I think I should have
something to say about it.
And what I say is, it won't work.
It won't work!
Are you trying to find a way
to tell me that I don't please you?
That you don't like me?
Oh, no, Gaston!
Oh, no. I do like you.
I'm so happy when I'm with you.
Gaston, couldn't we go on
just as we are?
Maybe seeing each other
a little more often?
You're a friend of the family.
Nobody would think anything of it.
You could go on bringing me
licorice and caramels. . .
. . .and champagne on my birthday.
And on Sundays, we can have
an extra special game of cards.
Wouldn't that be
a lovely little life?
A wonderful little life.
Except that you forget one thing:
I'm in love with you.
You never told me.
I haven't known it very long.
I discovered it
when I was away from you.
In Monte Carlo.
You are a wicked man.
You're in love with me. . .
. . .and you want to drag me into a life
that will make me suffer!
You think nothing of exposing me

to all sorts of terrible adventures. . .
. . .ending in quarrels, separations. . .
. . .pistol shots,
Sandomirs and poison!
Please listen to me!
I should never have
believed this of you. Never!
What's the matter?
What's happened?
She doesn't seem to want to.
What do you mean?
I mean she doesn't want to!
Are you going out of your mind?
As God is my witness,
I explained it to her. Believe me.
You explained too much!
You've trained her to know
nothing but the sordid and the vulgar.
But what about kindness,
sweetness, benevolence?
What of the tender heart
bulging with generosity?
These things exist too, madame.
Or have you never heard of them?
Uncle! I'll tell you. . .
. . .Europe is breeding a generation
of vandals and ingrates.
Children are coming
into the world. . .
. . .with ice-covered souls
and hatchets in their hands!
And before they have finished, they'll
smash everything beautiful and decent.
Have a piece of cheese.
No, thank you.
I envy you, Uncle.
I envy you, your age.
For you, it was different.
You've been clean and good,
and it's been appreciated.
But not anymore.
It's over. All over.
I'm sorry to hear it.
A little salad?

No, thank you.
Imagine this if you can:
Here is a girl, living in
a moldy apartment, decaying walls. . .
. . .worm-ridden furniture,
surrounded by filth.
You're ruining my lunch.
Nothing to look forward to
but abject poverty.
My heart was touched.
I wanted to help her.
I offered her everything:
House, car, servants, clothes. . .
. . .and me.
And?
She turned me down.
-Turned you down?
-Turned me down.
It's impossible.
It's not impossible.
It just happened.
Obviously, that disgusting apartment
she lives in has driven her mad.
Her grandmother was delighted.
-Grandmother?
-Yes, Mamita.
But Gigi--
No, no, no. Not Gigi.
She refused me.
She turned me down.
I was refused, rejected, rebuffed. . .
. . .and repudiated.
They're a very peculiar family
with peculiar ideas.
I negotiated with them myself once.
With me, one casual bit
of grazing in another pasture. . .
. . .and the gate was slammed behind me.
What did you do?
-I left immediately.
-Bravo!
The absolutely right thing to do.
Of course.
And when she sends for you,

which you realize she will--
Of course.
I know she will.
This is plainly a maneuver
for better terms.
Don't you go back!
I wouldn't go back
for anything in the world.
After all, you behaved
like a perfect gentleman.
No question about it.
You made your offer in good faith. . .
. . .before any emotional advance.
An act of the purest chivalry.
I don't know any other way.
And if she doesn't appreciate
the nobility of your conduct. . .
. . .if she uses the beauty
of your nature. . .
. . .as a weapon for bargaining. . .
. . .then she's obviously not worth
the chivalry or the nobility.
It's no one's fault.
You're too good for her.
Do you know how long
it will take you to forget her?
By tomorrow noon at the latest.
Why not consult your little book
and meet me at Maxim's tonight?
Splendid idea.
I would suggest a redhead.
Try Michle. I saw her last night.
She looked heavenly.
I'll call her at once.
You should. She doesn't
have many good years left.
-See you at 9?
-Nine sharp.
Goodbye, Honor.
Poor boy
Poor boy
Downhearted and depressed
And in a spin
Poor boy

Poor boy
Oh, youth can really
Do a fellow in
How lovely to sit here
In the shade
With none of the woes
Of man and maid
I'm glad I'm not young anymore
The rivals that don 't exist at all
The feeling you're only 2 feet tall
I'm glad that I'm not young anymore
No more confusion
No morning-after surprise
No self-delusion
That when you're telling those lies
She isn 't wise
And even if love
Comes through the door
The kind that goes on forevermore
Forevermore is shorter than before
Oh, I'm so glad
That I'm not young anymore
The tiny remark that tortures you
The fear that your friends
Won 't like her too
I'm glad I'm not young anymore
The longing to end a stale affair
Until you find out she doesn 't care
I'm glad that I'm not young anymore
No more frustration
No star-crossed lover am I
No aggravation
Just one reluctant reply
Lady, goodbye
The fountain of youth
Is dull as paint
Methuselah is my patron saint
I've never been so comfortable before
Oh, I'm so glad
That I'm not young anymore
Yes, madame?
Charles, I'm going out.
Order me a carriage immediately.
Yes, madame.

Right away, madame.
Would you repeat that again, please?
She doesn't want to.
She doesn't want to?
She doesn't want to.
Such stupidity is without equal. . .
. . .in the entire history
of human relations.
It must be your fault.
It must be.
You must've emphasized the difficulties
instead of the delights.
What did you say
to the little monster?
Gigi is perhaps a little slow
about certain things. . .
. . .but just because she's not
attracted to Gaston. . .
. . .doesn't make her a monster.
It doesn't make her a princess.
What did you say to her?
Did you tell her about love,
travel, moonlight, Italy?
About hummingbirds
in all the flowers. . .
. . .and making love in a
gardenia-scented garden?
I couldn't tell her that.
I've never been further
than the Riviera.
Couldn't you have invented it?
No, Alicia, I could not.
It's incredible.
Incredible!
Where is she?
Perhaps I should talk to her
and tell her what she's missing.
It's the glory of romance. . .
. . .forgetting everything in the arms
of the man who adores you. . .
. . .listening to the music of love
in an eternal spring.
-And when eternal spring is over?
-What difference does that make?

It makes a difference to Gigi.
And I'll tell you something:
I'm not sure I don't agree with her.
You're a fool! And your
granddaughter takes after you.
When I think of the time and effort
I've lavished on that idiotic child!
I received a note from Gigi.
She said she wanted to see me.
Of course.
Won't you come in?
Thank you.
You know my sister?
My dear Mr. Lachaille.
What a pleasant surprise.
And how is your enchanting father?
He has diabetes.
If one is in the sugar business. . . .
And your attractive mother?
Well, I hope.
Gaston, I have been thinking.
I'd rather be miserable
with you than without you.
Say a prayer
For me tonight
I'll need every prayer
That you can spare
To get me by
Say a prayer
And while you're praying
Keep on saying
She's much too young to die
On to your Waterloo
Whispers my heart
Pray I'll be Wellington
Not Bonaparte
Say a prayer
For me this evening
Bow your head and please
Stay on your knees
Tonight
I thought perhaps we might
go to Siena in July. . .
. . .beginning of the season.

And when do we go to Deauville?
At the end of August.
It isn't absolutely necessary,
if you'd rather not.
Don't say it. I'd love to go.
Especially to the casino.
You know how much I love to gamble.
Would you like more coffee?
I'll do it.
Of course, the roulette wheel won't
be as easy to beat as you are.
Nor as easy to cheat.
You always knew that I cheated,
didn't you?
Look.
What?
Madame Dunard.
How do you know Madame Dunard?
I know all about Madame Dunard.
Do you see her pearls?
Dipped.
Dipped. Not worth a sou.
The poor thing doesn't know it.
It's just a matter of time now.
Would you like to dance?
I'd love to.
What an evening.
Don't you think so, darling?
Gaston, my boy, I waited for you.
-Good evening, Honor.
-Good evening, Monsieur Lachaille.
Do you know what
we are going to do?
We are going to--
What's that in your breast pocket?
-I'm sorry.
-What is it?
It's a present for you.
Wouldn't you like to see it?
Oh, no. Not now.
Later. I'd rather dance with you.
May I see it now?
The present.
Gaston, that's beautiful.

They're simply beautiful.
Oh, what a color!
Only the most beautiful emeralds
contain that miracle. . .
. . .of elusive blue.
What taste you have.
If I may say so, much better
than your taste in clothes.
-May I put it on?
-The clasp is a bit tricky.
Why not ask the lady
in the powder room to help?
Yes, of course.
Thank you.
My dear, dear, dear boy.
How did it happen?
She changed her mind?
Obviously.
How delicious!
Did you have to
improve the arrangement?
Please don't be vulgar.
She looks adorable.
So fresh, so eager. . .
. . .so young.
It's the sophisticated women
who get boring so quickly.
What can they give you?
Everything but surprise.
But with someone like Gigi. . . .
She can amuse you for months.
I'm so happy for you.
I can't wait to tell Manuel.
Good night. Good night.
I don't understand.
What's wrong?
It's too early to go home yet.
I thought I was doing so well.
What's the matter?
I don't want to go home yet!
Please, Gaston.
Gaston, won't you tell me
what I've done wrong?
Gaston, do tell me. Please!

What's happened?
Gigi, what's happened?
May I come in?
Gaston, please.
No newspapers. No scandal.
Madame, will you do me the honor. . .
. . .the favor. . .
. . .give me the infinite joy
of bestowing on me. . .
. . .Gigi's hand in marriage?
Thank heaven.
For little girls
For little girls
Get bigger every day
Thank heaven
For little girls
They grow up
In the most delightful way
Those little eyes
So helpless and appealing
One day will flash and send you
Crashing through the ceiling
Thank heaven for little girls
Thank heaven for them all
No matter where, no matter who
Without them
What would little boys do?
Thank heaven
Thank heaven
Thank heaven
For little girls
Gelula/SDI