

Moulin Rouge

Moulin Rouge

Music: various

Lyrics: various

Premiere: 2001

Written by Baz Luhrmann and Craig Pierce

Directed By: Baz Luhrmann

[Scene One: Christian's Montmartre Flat]

[CHRISTIAN OVER HIS TYPEWRITER MOURNING OVER SATINE]

Christian: The Moulin Rouge . . . a nightclub, a dance hall and a bordello. Ruled over by Harold Zidler. A kingdom of nighttime pleasures. Where the rich and powerful come to play with the young and beautiful creatures of the underworld. And the most beautiful of all these was the woman I loved, Satine, a courtesan. She sold her love to men. They called her the "Sparkling Diamond", and she was the star . . . of the Moulin Rouge. The woman I loved is . . . dead.

I first came to Paris one year ago. It was 1899, the summer of love. I knew nothing of the Moulin Rouge, Harold Zidler or Satine. The world had been swept up in the Bohemian Revolution. And I traveled from London to be

a part of it. On a hill near Paris was the village of Montmartre. It was not like my father had said.

Christian's Father: A village of Sin!

Christian: It was the center of the Bohemian world with musicians, painters, and writers. They were known as the "Children of the Revolution." Yes, I had come to live a penniless existence. I had come to write about truth, beauty, freedom and at which I believe in above all things . . . Love.

Christian's Father: Always this ridiculous obsession with love!

Christian (hurriedly): There was only one problem, I've never been in love. Luckily, right at that moment an unconscious Argentinean fell through my roof. He was quickly joined by a dwarf dressed as a nun.

[DOOR OPENS]

Toulouse (with a lisp): How do you do? My name is Henri de Raymond Toulouse-Lautrec Montfa. I'm terribly sorry about all this. We were just upstairs rehearsing a play.

Christian: A play, something very modern called "Spectacular, Spectacular."

Toulouse: And it's set in Switzerland!

Christian: Unfortunately the unconscious Argentinean suffered from a sickness called Narcolepsy.

Toulouse: Happily fine one moment then suddenly *SNORT, SNORT* unconscious

the next.

The Doctor (through the hole in the floor above): How is he?

Audrey (through the hole in the floor above): How wonderful now that narcoleptic Argentinean is now unconscious. And therefore the scenario will not be finished in time to present to the financier tomorrow.

Satie (through the hole in the floor above): Quick Toulouse, I still have to finish the music.

Toulouse: We'll just find someone to read the part.

Audrey (through the floor above): Oh where in heavens are we going find someone to read the role of the young sensitive Swiss poet goat herder?

Christian: Before I knew it, I was upstairs standing in for the unconscious Argentinean.

[Scene Two: The Bohemian's Flat]

[the room contains an elaborate piano called the Absinthesizer and a Swiss Alps Scenery Backdrop with a Ladder for makeshift Alps}

The Doctor: The hills are animated with, the euphonious symphony of descant . . .

Satie: Stop, stop, stop!

Audrey: Oh stop, stop, stop, stop that insufferable droning is drowning out my words. Can we please just stick to a little decorative piano?

Christian: There seem to be artistic differences over Audrey's lyrics to Satie's songs.

Satie: What if he sings "The hills are vital intoning the descant"?

The Doctor: No, no, no, the hills are--

Argentinean: The hills are incarnate with symphonic melodies.

[ARGINTINEAN FALLS ASLEEP]

The Doctor: No . . .

Christian: The-the hills

The Doctor: The hills are chanting--

Satie: The hills . . .

Christian (singing): The hills are alive with the sound of music . . .

[ARGINTEAN AWAKES WITH A START]

Argentinean: "The hills are alive with the sound of music!" I love it!

The Doctor: The hills . . .

Toulouse: . . . are alive . . .

Satie (singing): . . . with the sound of music. (spoken) It fits perfectly!

Christian (signing): With songs they have sung for a thousand years.

[BOHOS GASP]

Toulouse: Incandiferous! Audrey, you two should write the show together.

Audrey: I beg your pardon?

Christian: But Toulouse's suggestion that Audrey and I write the show together was not what Audrey wanted to hear.

Audrey (appalled): GOOD-BYE!

Toulouse: Yes, your first job in Paris.

Satie: No offense, but have you ever written anything like this before?

Christian: No

Argentinean: Ah! The boy has talent. (putting his hand on Christian's fly)

I like him! Nothing funny I just like talent. Toulouse: "The hills are alive with the sound of music." See Satie, with Christian we can write this truly Bohemian Revolutionary show that we've always dreamt of.

Satie: Yes but how will we convince Zidler?

Christian: But Toulouse had a plan.

Toulouse: Satine . . .

Christian: They would dress me in the Argentinean's best suit and pass me off as a famous English writer. Once Satine heard my modern poetry, she would be astounded and insist to Zidler that I write "Spectacular, Spectacular." The only problem was I kept hearing my father's voice in my head . . .

Christian's father: You'll end up wasting your life at the Moulin Rouge with a can-can dancer.

Christian: No! I can't write the show for the Moulin Rouge.

Toulouse: Why not?

Christian: I-I don't even know if I am a true Bohemian Revolutionary.

Toulouse: Do you believe in beauty?

Christian: Yes.

The Doctor: Freedom?

Christian: Yes of course.

Satie: Truth?

Christian: Yes.

The Doctor: Love?

Christian: Love? Love. Above all things I believe in love. Love is like oxygen. Love is a many splendored thing. Love lifts us up to where we belong. All you need is love!

Toulouse: See, you can't fool us. You're the voice of the "Children of the Revolution."

The Doctor and Satie: We can't be fooled!

Toulouse: Let's drink to the new writer of the world's first Bohemian Revolutionary show!

Christian: It was a fantastic plan. I was to audition for Satine and I would taste my first glass of . . . Absinthe.

Bowie (singing): There was a boy . . .

Green Fairy: I'm the Green Fairy!

Bohos and the Green Fairy (singing): The hills are alive with the sound of music . . .

Bowie (singing): A very strange enchanted boy . . .

Bohos (singing): For Freedom, Beauty, Truth, and Love!

Green Fairy (singing): The hills are alive with the sound of music.

Bohos (singing): You can't fool the children of the revolution. No you can't fool the children of the revolution.

Green Fairy (singing): Children of the revolution. Of the revolution. The revolution, of the revolution . . .

Christian: We were off to the Moulin Rouge, and I was to perform my poetry for Satine.

Green Fairy (Ozzy Osborne) (singing): The hills are alive!

[Scene Three: The Moulin Rouge]

Zidler: The Moulin Rouge!

Christian: Harold Zidler and his infamous girls. They called them his "Diamond Dogs."

Beck (singing): The diamond dogs.

Diamond Dogs (singing): Voulez vous coucher avec moi? Ce soir? Hey sister, go sister, soul sister, flow sister. Hey sister, go sister, soul sister, flow sister

Zidler (rapping): If life's an awful bore and living's just a chore you endure ▒cause death's not much fun, I've just the antidote--and though I mustn't gloat--at the Moulin Rouge . . . You'll have fun! So scratch that little niggles, Have a little wiggle! You'll know when you've come, you'll be having fun. Weeeeeee!

Zidler: Because you can, can, can!

Crowd: Yes, you can, can, can!

Diamond Dogs (singing): Voulez vous coucher avec moi? Ce soir?

Zidler: But you can't, can't, can't!

Crowd: Yes, you can, can, can!

Diamond Dogs (singing): Voulez vous coucher avec moi? Ce soir?

Zidler: But you can, can, can!

[INDISTINCT SYNCOPATED BIT WITH THE DIAMOND DOGS HERE]

Men (singing): Here we are now, entertain us! We feel stupid and contagious.

Diamond Dogs (singing): Voulez vous coucher avec moi? . . .

Zidler (rapping): Got some dark desire? Love to play with fire? Why not let it rip? Live a little bit!

Men (singing) Here we are now, entertain us . . .

Zidler: Because you can, can, can!

Crowd: Yes, you can, can, can!

Zidler: But you can't can't, can't!

Crowd: Yes, you can, can, can!

Mome Fromage (singing): Voulez vous coucher avec moi?

Men (gruff): Can, can, can!

(woman howling)

Zidler: Outside it may be raining, but in here it's entertaining!

Crowd: Yes, you can, can, can!

Diamond Dogs (singing): Voulez vous . .

(Applause, whistling, and cat-calls)

Diamond Dogs: If it's cold outside and you're free free free . . .

Zidler (singing): . . . Then the Moulin Rouge is the place to be!

[TARZAN YODEL]

Zidler: ¶Cause you can, can, can! Yes, you can, can, can!

Men: Here we are now, entertain us!

Zidler: Outside things may be tragic, But in here we feel it's magic!

Arabia: Woah-oh-oh oh!

Crowd: Here we are now, entertain us!

Zidler (whispers): The Can-can! (yells) Because you Can Can Can!

Diamond Dogs: Hey sister, go sister, flow sister, soul sister. Hey sister,
go sister, flow sister, soul sister. Getchi Getchi ya ya da da. Getchi
Getchi ya ya here . . .

Zidler: Because you can, can, can. Yes you can, can, can!

Diamond Dogs: . . . Mocha Chocolata ya ya. Creole Lady Marmalade.

Zidler: Because you can, can, can! Yes you can, can, can!

Diamond Dogs: Hey sister go sister, flow sister, soul sister . . .

Men (gruff): Well you can . . . [Indistinct] . . .

Christian: . . . ¶Cause it's good for your mind! (Screams)

(Very jumbled:)

Men: Here we are now, entertian us.

Diamond Dogs: Voulez vous coucher avec moi?

Nini: (laughing)

Zidler: ▒Cause you can, can, can!

Diamond Dogs: Hey sister go sister, flow sister, soul sister.

Crowd: Can! Can! Can!

Toulouse (yelling): Christian!

Toulouse: Mission accomplished. We successfully invaded seat one.

Men: Here we are now, here we are now . . .

Zidler: Can can can can can can can can can can can.

[SATINE GRAND ENTRANCE ON HER TRAPEZE]

Toulouse: It's her, the "Sparkling Diamond."

Satine sings: The French are glad to die for love. They delight in fighting duels.

Christian: But someone else was to meet Satine that night.

Satine sings: But I prefer a man who lives . . .

Christian: Zidler's investor . . .

Satine sings: And gives expensive . . . (whispers) jewels.

Christian: The Duke

Satine sings: A kiss on the hand

may be quite continental,

but diamonds are a girl's best friend.

A kiss may be grand

but it won't pay the rental

on your humble flat.

Or help you feed your HMMM pussycat.

Men grow cold as girls grow old,

and we all lose our charms in the end.

But square-cut or pear-shaped,

these rocks don't lose their shape.

Diamonds are a girl's best friend.

Tiffany!

Duke: When am I going to meet the girl?

Zidler: After her number, I've arranged a special meeting with you and

Mademoiselle Satine; totally alone.

Satine sings: Cartier!

Toulouse: After her number, I've arranged a private meeting with just you

and Mademoiselle Satine totally alone.

Christian: Alone?

Toulouse and Zidler: Totally Alone . . .

Satine and the Four Whores sing: 'Cause we are living in a material world,

and I am a material girl!

Nini: (kissing sound)

Satine sings: Come and get me boys.

Black star, Rozz call,

talk to me Harry Zidler, tell me all about it!

There may come a time
when a lass needs a lawyer,
but diamonds are a girl's best friend.

There may come a time
when hard-boiled employer thinks you're

Satine and Zidler sing: awful nice . . .

Satine sings: But get that ice or else no dice.

[hidden behind a ring of Diamond Dogs, Satine and Zidler do a costume
change]

Satine: Is the Duke here Harry?

Zidler: Yes of course

Satine: Where is he?

[Satine has her back turned to Christian and the Duke. Zidler sees the
Duke talking with Toulouse]

Toulouse (spills his drink all over the Duke): Oh sorry sorry.

Zidler: He's the one Toulouse is shaking his hanky at.

[They turn around and Satine looks over Harry's shoulder]

Toulouse: Excuse me Christian, may I borrow? (grabbing Christian's
handkerchief)

Satine: Are you sure?

Zidler: Let me take a peek . . . (they turn around again and Toulouse is
using the hanky to mop up the mess he made of the Duke) that's the one

chickpea.

Warner: (shows Toulouse his sidearm and Toulouse runs back to his seat)

Satine: Will he invest?

Zidler: After spending the night with you, how can he refuse?

Satine: What's his type? Wilting flower? (Wimpers) Bright and bubbly (gasps) or smoldering temptress? (Growls)

Zidler: I'd say smoldering temptress. We're all relying on you. Remember a real show, with a real theater, with a real audience. And you'll be . . .

Satine: A real actress . . .

[Zidler and Satine pop out above the ring of Diamond Dogs]

Satine sings: "Cause that's when those louses go back to their spouses.

Diamonds are a girl's best friend!

Satine: I believe you were expecting me.

Christian: Yes, yes.

Satine: I'm afraid it's ladies choice. (Wimpers) Ow, ow, ow, ow, ow, ow, ow, ow . . . (growls) (sticks her fanny in Christian's face)

Toulouse: I see you already met my English friend.

Satine: I'll take care of it Toulouse. Let's dance!

(Petit Princess goes into her rendition of "Rhythm of the Night")

Toulouse: He writes the world's most modern poems!

[SATINE PULLS CHRISTIAN TO THE DANCE FLOOR]

Zidler: That Duke certainly can dance!

Satine: So wonderful of you to take an interest in our little show.

Christian: Sounds very exciting, I'd be delighted to be involved.

Satine (genuinely surprised): Really?

Christian: Assuming you like what I do of course.

Satine: I'm sure I will.

Christian: Toulouse thought we might be able to do it in private.

Satine: Did he?

Christian: Yes, you know, a private poetry reading.

Satine: Oh . . . hmm . . . a poetry reading? I love a little poetry after supper.

[Satine leaves for her trapeeze to finish her number]

Satine sings: Square-cut or pear-shaped these
rocks don't lose their shape.

Diamonds . . . are a girl's best-- (gasps)

[SATINE FAINTS AND FALLS FROM HER TRAPEZE]

Zidler: No!

[Chocolate Catches Satine and Carries her out of the crowd and into her dressing room]

Zidler (claps his hands and chants): Satine! Satine! . . .

Men (follow Zidler's lead and clap and chant): Satine! Satine! . . .

(In the hallway)

Nini: Don't know if that Duke's gonna get his money's worth tonight.

Mome Fromage: Don't be unkind Nini.

(Back on the Dance Floor)

Zidler: You frightened her away. But I can see some lonely Moulin Rouge dancers looking for a partner or two. So if you can honk-honk, you can honkadola with them!

(In the Dressing Room)

Marie: Away, away we go quickly.

Satine: Oh . . . Marie, these silly costumes.

Stage Manager: All right girls get back outside and make those gents thirsty. Problems?

Marie: Not for you to be worried about.

Stage Manager: Let's not stand around then.

(On the Dance Floor)

Duke (to Warner): Find Zidler, the girl is waiting for me.

(In the Dressing Room)

Marie: That twinkle-toes Duke has really taken the bait girl. With a patron like him, you'll be the next Sara Bernhardt.

Satine: Do you really think so, Marie? Oh . . . I'd do anything if I could be like the great Sara.

Marie: Well, why not? You have the talent. You hook that Duke, and you'll be lining up the stages great stages at Yurich.

Satine: I'm going to be a real actress Marie, a great actress, and I'm

going to fly away from here, (to the bird in the cage) Oh yes, we're going to fly, fly away from here!

Zidler: Darling, is everything all right?

Satine: Oh yes, of course Harold.

Zidler: Oh Thank goodness. You certainly used your magic with that Duke on the dance floor.

Satine: How do I look? Smoldering temptress?

Zidler: Oh my little strawberry, how can he possibly resist from bubbling you up? Everything's going so well!

[Scene Four: The Elephant]

Toulouse (in the garden): Unbelievable! Straight to the elephant.

Satine: This is a wonderful place for poetry reading don't you think, hmm?

Poetic enough for you?

Christian: Yes

Satine: A little supper? Maybe some champagne?

Christian: I'd rather just um . . . get it over and done with.

Satine (a bit irritated): Oh . . . very well . . . then why don't you come down here and let's get it over and done with?

Christian: I'd prefer to do it standing.

Satine (speechless and suprised): Oh!

Christian: You don't have to stand I mean. Sometimes . . . it's quite long. And I--I'd like you to be comfortable. It's quite modern what I do

and it may feel a little strange at first but--but I think if you're open then--then you might enjoy it.

Satine: I'm sure I will

Christian: Excuse me. The sky is

Satine: (moans)

Christian: Is ugh blue--birds--oh-- (blows raspberries) come on (blows raspberries) come on (blows raspberries) I think--

Satine: (moans)

Christian: I think the mountains . . . might be shaking . . . Oh

Tik-e-tik-e-tik-e

Satine (impatient but comes off concerned): Um . . . is everything all right?

Christian: I'm just a little nervous . . . It's just that sometimes it takes a while for uh . . .

Satine: Ohhhh . . .

Christian: For you know . . . inspiration to come.

Satine: Oh yes, yes, yes. Let mommy help, hmm? (Grabs his crotch) Does that inspire you? Let's make love! (Pulls him onto the bed)

Christian: Make love?

Satine: You want to, don't you?

Christian: Well I-I . . . came to . . .

Satine: Hmm, tell the truth. Feel the poetry . . . come on . . . feel it .

. . free the tiger! *GROWL*

Christian: Ohhh . . .

Satine: Oh . . . big boy!

Toulouse (spying in the window; tells the bohós): He's got a huge talent!

Satine: Yes I need your poetry now!

Christian: It's a little big funny . . .

Satine: What?

Christian: This f-feeling in-inside. I'm not one of those who can-who can easily hide. Is this-is this okay? Is this what you want?

Satine: Oh poetry, yes, yes, yes this is what I want, naughty words. Ohh .
.

Christian: I-I don't have much money, but if I did I'd buy us a big house where we both could live . . .

Satine: Oh yes, yes . . . Oh yes . . .

Christian: If I were a sculptor, but then again no. Or a man who makes potions for a traveling show.

Satine (rolling around in a furry blanket on the floor): Oh . . . oh . . .
no . . . no . . . don't stop . . .

Christian (gives her a dirty look like she's crazy and then continues earnestly): I know it's not much but . . .

Satine: Give me more, yes . . . yes . . . YES!!!

Christian: But it's the best I could do.

Satine: NAUGHTY! DON'T STOP┘ YES, YES, YES!!!!

Christian sings: My gift is my song . . .

(Satine immediately stops her antics and looks at him in awed silence)

Christian sings: And this one's for you.

And you can tell everybody that this is your song.

It may be quite simple but now that it's done.

I hope you don't mind, I hope you don't mind.

That I put down in words.

How wonderful life is now your in the world.

Sat on the roof and I kicked of the moss.

Well, some of these verses, well they, they've got me quite cross.

But the sun's been kind, while I wrote this song.

It's for people like you that keep it turned on.

(Satine looks at him with this knowing look as he smiles at her)

Christian sings: So excuse my forgetting but these things I do.

You see I've forgotten if they're green or they're blue.

And well the things is, what I really mean.

Yours are the sweetest eyes I've ever seen!

(The two go into a fantasy sequence and start dancing on the sky and the roof of the Moulin Rouge as the Moon sings to them)

Christian sings: And you can tell everybody that this is your song.

It may be quite simple but now that it's done.

Hope you don't mind, I hope you don't mind that I put down in words.

How wonderful life is now you're in the world.

Hope you don't mind, I hope you don't mind that I put down in words,

how wonderful life is now you're in the world!

(Fantasy sequence ends and they're actually dancing in the elephant and he dips her in his embrace)

Satine: Oh, I can't believe it. I'm in love. I'm in love with a young, handsome talented Duke.

Christian: Duke?

Satine: Oh . . . not that the title's important of course.

Christian: I'm not a Duke

Satine: Not a Duke?

Christian: I'm a writer.

Satine (disgusted): A writer?

Christian: Yes, a writer.

Satine (immediately exits his embrace): No!

Christian: Well Toulouse . . .

Satine: Toulouse? Oh no! Not another of Toulouse's oh so talented, charmingly Bohemian, tragically impoverished protИgИs.

Christian: Well you might say that.

Satine: OH NO! I'm going to kill him! I'm going to kill him!

(Toulouse escapes from his vantagepoint outside the window so Satine will

not aim her wrath on him)

Christian: Toulouse told me . . .

Satine: The Duke. *GASP* THE DUKE!

Christian: The Duke?

Satine: Hide! Out the back.

Zidler: My dear, are you decent for the Duke? Where were you?

Satine: I-I-I was waiting

Zidler: Dearest Duke, allow me to introduce Mademoiselle Satine.

Satine: Monsieur, how wonderful of you to take time out of your busy schedule to visit.

Duke: The pleasure I fear will be entirely mine, my dear.

Zidler: I'll leave you two squirrels to get better aquatinted. Ta-ta

Duke (taking Satine's hand and kissing it): A kiss on the hand may be quite continental.

Satine (wags her finger at him): But diamonds are a girl's best friend.

Hmmm

Duke: After tonight's pretty exertions on the stage, you must surely but in need of some refreshment my dear.

Satine: DON'T! Don't you just love the view? Hmmm?

Duke: Charming.

Satine: Oh! I feel like dancing. *GROWL*

Duke: Would you like a glass of champagne?

Satine: NO! It's a little bit funny . . .

Duke: What is?

Satine: This . . .

Christian mouthing: (feeling)

Satine: Feeling

Christian mouthing: (inside)

Satine: Inside

Christian mouthing: (I'm not one of those who can easily . . .)

Satine: I'm not one of those who can easily . . .

Christian mouthing and pantomiming: (hide)

Satine: Hide. NO! I know I don't have much money, but if I did, I'd buy a big house where we both can live.

[SINGING] I hope you don't mind,

I hope you don't mind.

That I put down in words.

How wonderful life is

now you're in the world.

Duke: That's very beautiful

Satine: It's from "Spectacular, Spectacular." Suddenly with you here, I finally understood the true meaning of those words. How wonderful life is now you're in the world.

Duke: And what meaning is that my dear?

[CHIRTIAN TRIES TO ESCAPE OUT THE DOOR, BUT WARREN IS GUARDING AND DOOR

SHUTS]

Satine: NO, NO, NO! Duke, don't you toy with my emotions. You-you must know the effect you have on woman. LET'S MAKE LOVE! You want to make love don't you? I knew you felt the same way! Oh, oh Duke! Yes, your right, we should wait, until opening night.

Duke: Wait? Wait?

Satine: It's empowering you that scare me. You would go

Duke: Go? But I just got here.

Satine: Oh yes, but we'll see each other everyday during rehearsal. We must wait; we must until opening night. Do you have any idea, any idea what would happen if you were to be found? Oh . . .

[SATINE FAINTS]

Christian: Satine? Hello? Wake up┘ Maybe I'll just put you on the bed.

Zidler (looking through a telescope into the Elephant): Let's just take a sneaky peak.

Duke (reappears through the door): I forgot my ha-. Foul play?

Christian: She . . . I . . .

Satine: Oh Duke . . .

Duke: It's a little bit funny this feeling inside?

Satine: Yes, let me introduce you to the writer

Duke: The writer?

Satine: Yes, oh yes, we were-we were rehearsing

Duke: Oh ho, ho, ho you expect me to believe that scantily clad in the arms of another man in the middle of the night inside an elephant, you were rehearsing?

Toulouse: How's the rehearsal going? Shall we take it from the top eh my queen?

Zidler: Oh my goodness!

Satine: When I spoke those words to you before, you filled me with such inspiration. Yes, I realized how much work we had to do before tomorrow, so I called everyone together for an emergency rehearsal.

Duke: If you're rehearsing, where's Zidler?

Zidler: My dear Duke, I'm most terribly sorry.

Satine: Harold! You made it. It's all right, the Duke knows about the emergency rehearsal.

Zidler: Emergency rehearsal?

Satine: Hmmm . . . to incorporate the Duke's artistic idea.

Zidler: Yes well I'm sure Audrey will be only your delight.

Toulouse: It's not Audrey's work

Satine: Harold, the cat's out of the bag. Yes the Duke's already a big fan of our new writer's work. That's why he's so keen to invest.

Zidler: Invest? Invest! Oh yes, well invest! You can hardly blame me for trying to hide our . . .

Toulouse: Christian

Zidler: Christian away

Duke: I'm way ahead of you Zidler

Zidler: My dear Duke, why don't you and I go my office to produce the paper works.

Duke: What's the story?

Zidler: Story?

Duke: Well if I'm going to invest, I need to know the story.

Zidler: Oh yes, well the story's about . . . Toulouse?

Toulouse: Ugh... The story-the story's about it's- it's about um . . .

Christian: It's about love!

Duke: Love?

Christian: It's about love, over-coming all obstacles.

Toulouse: And it's set in Switzerland!

Duke: Switzerland?

Zidler: Exotic Switzerland!

Christian: India! India! It's set in India! And there's a courtesan, the most beautiful courtesan in all the world, but her kingdom's invaded by and evil Maharaja. Now in order to save her kingdom, she has to seduce the evil Maharaja. But on the night of the seduction, she mistakes a penniless po- a penniless┘ a penniless sitar player for the evil Maharaja and she fall's in love with him. He wasn't trying to trick her or anything. But he

was dressed as a Maharaja because . . . he's appearing in a play.

Argentinean: I will play the tango dancing sitar player.

Duke: And-and-and what happens next?

Christian: Well, penniless sitar player and the courtesan they have to hide their love from the evil Maharaja.

Satie: The penniless sitar player's sitar is magical. It can only speak the truth.

Toulouse: And-and I will play the magical sitar. *BLOW RASBERRY* you are beautiful. *BLOW RASBERRY* you are ugly, and you are . . .

Duke: And he gives the game away.

Zidler: Tell them about the can-can

Christian: The-the-the tantric can-can . . .

Zidler: It's an erotic spectacular scene that captures the thrusting, violent, vibrant, wild bohemian spirit of this whole production embodies Duke.

Duke: What do you mean by my dear?

Zidler: The show will be a magnificent, opulent, tremendous, stupendous, gargantuan, bedazzlement, persensual ravagement, it will be┘ Spectacular, spectacular. No words in the vernacular can describe his great event.

You'll be dumb with wonderment; returns are fixed at ten percent. You must agree, that's excellent, and on top of your fee...

All: You'll be involved artistically. So exciting, the audience will stomp

and cheer! So delighting, it will run for 50 years! So exciting, the audience will stomp and cheer! So delighting, it will run for 50 years!

Christian: Elephants!

Toulouse: Bohemian!

Zidler: Indians!

Satie: And courtesans!

Satine: Acrobats!

Argentinean: And juggling bears!

Toulouse: Exotic girls!

All: Fire-eaters! Muscle Men! Contortionists! Intrigue, danger, and romance! Electric lights, machinery, powered with electricity! So exciting, the audience will stomp and cheer! So delighting, it will run for 50 years! So exciting, the audience will stomp and cheer! So delighting, it will run for 50 years! Spectacular, spectacular! No words in the vernacular, can describe this great event, you'll be dumb with wonderment. The hills are alive, with the sound of music... So exciting, the audience will stomp and cheer! So delighting, it will run for 50 years! So exciting, the audience will stomp and cheer! So delighting, it will run for 50 years!

Duke: Yes, but what happens in the end?

Christian: Ahem! The courtesan and sitar man, are pulled apart by an evil plan...

Satin: But in the end she hears his song...

Christian: And their love is just too strong.

Duke horribly off-key: It's a little bit funny, this feeling inside...

[HORRIFIED SILENCE]

All: So exciting, the audience will stomp and cheer! So delighting, it will run for 50 years!

Christian: Sitar player's secret song helps them flee the evil one...

Though the tyrant rants and rails, it is all to no avail!

Zidler: I am the evil maharajah! You will not escape!

Satine: Oh Harold, no one could play him like you could!

Zidler: No one's going to!

All: So exciting, we'll make them laugh we'll make them cry! So delighting --!

Duke: And in the end should someone die?

[STUNNED SILENCE FROM EVERYONE]

All: So exciting, the audience will stomp and cheer! So delighting it will run for 50 years...!

Duke: Generally, I like it...!

Christian: Zidler had an investor. And the Bohemians have a show.

Toulouse: It's the end of the century! The Bohemian Revolution is here.

Christian: While the celebration party raged upstairs, I tried to write,

but all I could think about was her. [SING] How wonderful life is! (Was

she thinking about me┘)? [SING] Now you're in the world.

[STARING OUT HER WINDOW TO SEE IF CHRISTIAN IS THERE]

Satine thinking about Christian: Duke? I'm not a Duke┘I'm a writer┘He

wasn't trying to trick her or anything┘It's about love! It's about love, over-coming all obstacles . . .

Satine sings: I follow the night. Can't stand the light. When will I begin to live again? One day I'll fly away. Leave all this to yesterday. What more could your love do for me? When will love be through with me? Why live life from dream to dream, and dread the day when dreaming ends.

Christian sings: How wonderful life is now you're in the world.

[LEAVES HIS APARTMENT AND CLIMBS THE GIANT ELEPHANT TO SATINE]

Satine sings: One day I'll fly away. Leave all this to yesterday. Why live life from dream to dream, and dread the day when dreaming ends. One day I'll fly away, fly, fly away.

Christian: Sorry, I'm sorry . . . I didn't mean . . . I saw-I saw your light on. I climbed up the . . .

Satine: What?

Christian: I couldn't sleep and I-I wanted to thank you for helping me get the job.

Satine: Oh, of course. Yes┘ Toulouse-Toulouse was right. You are-you're very talented. It's going to be a wonderful show. Anyway I-I better go because we-we both have a big day tomorrow.

Christian: Wait . . . no please wait. Before when we were-when we┘when you

thought I was the Duke and you said that you loved me. And I-I wondered if-if . . .

Satine: If it was just an act?

Christian: Yes

Satine: Of course

Christian: Oh, It just felt real

Satine: Christian, I'm a courtesan, I'm paid to make men believe what they want to believe.

Christian: Yes . . . silly of me, to think that you could fall in love with someone like me.

Satine: Oh┘ I can't fall in love with anyone.

Christian: Can't fall in love? But a life without love that's terrible.

Satin: No, being on the streets, that's terrible.

Christian: No love┘ is like oxygen. Love is a many splendor things. Love lifts us up to where we belong. All you need is love.

Satine: Please, don't start that again.

Christian sings: All you need is love

Satine: A girl has got to eat

Christian sings: All you need is love

Satine: She'll end up on the streets

Christian sings: All you need is love

Satine sings: Love is just a game

Christian: I was made for loving you baby, you were meant for loving me

Satine: The only way of loving me baby is to pay a lovely fee

Christian: Just one night, just one night.

Satine: There's no way cause you can't pay

Christian: In the name of love, one night in the name of love.

Satine: You crazy fool, I won't give into you.

Christian: Don't leave me this way, I can't survive without your sweet
love, oh baby. Don't let me this way

Satine: You think that people would have had enough of silly love songs.

Christian: I look around me and I see it isn't so, oh no.

Satine: Some people want to fill the world with silly love songs.

Christian: Well what's wrong with that? I'd like to know, cause here I go
again!!! Love lifts us up where we belong.

Satine: Get down, get down!

Christian: Where eagles fly, on a mountain high.

Satine: Love makes us act like we are fools. Throw our lives away for one
happy day.

Christian: We can be heroes! Just for one day.

Satine: You, you will be mean

Christian: No I won't

Satine: And I, I'll drink all the time

Christian: We should be lovers!

Satine: We can't do that

Christian: We should be lovers! And that's a fact.

Satine: Know nothing would keep us together

Christian: We could steal time

Both: Just for one day. We can be heroes, forever and ever. We can be
heroes forever and ever. We can be heroes just because . . .

Christian: I┘ will always love you!!!

Satine: I . . . !

Both: Can't help loving . . .

Christian: You . . .

Satine: How wonderful life is . . .

Both: Now you're in the world . . .

Satine: You're going to be bad for business, I can tell.

Toulouse sings: "How wonderful life is, now you're in the world . . ."

Christian: How wonderful life was now Satine was in the world. But in the
Duke, Zidler had got much more than he had bargained for.

Duke: Transforming the Moulin Rouge into a theater will cost a fantastic

sum of money, Zidler. So in return I would require a contract

that┘ugh┘ugh┘binds Satine to me, exclusively. Naturally, I
shall require

some security; I shall require the deeds to the Moulin Rouge.

Zidler: But dear Duke . . . I

Duke: Please don't think that I'm naive, Zidler. I shall hold the deeds to

the Moulin Rouge. And if there are any shenanigans, my manservant Warner, will deal with it in the only language that you underworld show-folk people understand. Satine will be mine. I'm not jealous. I JUST DON'T LIKE OTHER PEOPLE TOUCHING MY THINGS!!!

Zidler: I understand completely, Duke.

Duke: Now that we have an understanding, it would appear that ugh . . . you have the means to transform your beloved Moulin Rouge . . .

Zidler: INTO A THEATER!

Duke: I shall woo Satine during supper tonight.

Zidler: We will have created the world's first completely modern, entirely electric, totally Bohemian, all singing, all dancing, STAGE SPECTACULAR! The show must go on!

Christian: Yes, the show would go on, but Satine would not attend the supper that night, or the following night. "Tell me you don't love me!"

Mad with jealousy, the evil Maharaja forces the courtesan to make the penniless sitar player believe she doesn't love him.

Toulouse: Oh yes . . .

Christian: "Thank you for curing me of my ridiculous obsession with love!"

Says the penniless sitar player, throwing money at her feet and leaving the kingdom forever!

Satine: Oh, but a life without love, that's-that's terrible.

Christian: Yes, but the sitar player . . .

Toulouse: That's my part Christian, that's-that's-that's my part

Christian. "It can only speak the truth."

Christian: The greatest thing you'll ever learn is just to love and be loved in return.

Duke: A picnic sweet lady?

Satine: Oh well, we have so much to do, so much work!

Duke: Well if the young writer can carry a blanket and basket, I don't see why you both can't do it in my presence.

Christian: Toulouse, so the magical sitar falls from the roof . . .

Toulouse: Yes, yes, yes I know. Don't tell me this. "The greatest thing you'll ever learn, is just to love and be loved in return."

Duke: Still at it my sweet?

Satine: Oh my dear, sweet Duke. There's so many lines to learn. I just keep reading them over and over.

Christian: For tries the Duke made, it was almost too easy for the young writer and the lead actress to invent perfectly, legitimate reasons to avoid him. Mademoiselle Satine, I haven't quite finished writing that new scene. The "ugh"; "Will the lovers be meeting at the sitar's player humble of ode" scene. And I wondered if I could work on it with your later tonight?

Duke: But my dear, I've arranged a magnificent supper for us in the Gothic

Tower.

Christian: Well, it's not important, we-we could work on it tomorrow.

Satine: How dare you. It cannot wait until tomorrow. "The lovers will be meeting in the sitar's player humble of ode" scene is the most important in the production. We'll work on it tonight until I'm completely satisfied.

Duke: But my dear . . .

Satine: Dear Duke, excuse me

Christian: I'm sorry.

Zidler: Bright and early tomorrow morning, we'll begin act two; "The lovers are discovered!"

Duke: Zidler!

Zidler: My dear Duke, everything is arranged for that special supper in the Gothic Tower tonight.

Duke: Oh yes, well eat it yourself Zidler. My affections have been waiting.

Zidler: Impossible!

Duke: I understand how important your work is to her, but she's always at it with that damn writer. If I don't see her tonight, I'm very well leaving!

Zidler: No, dear Duke! I insist that Satine takes the night off.

Duke: All right, all right . . . eight o' clock then.

Christian: You'll come? Tonight?

Satine: Yes.

Christian: What time?

Satine: Eight o' clock

Christian: Promise?

Satine: Yes . . . go!

Zidler: Are you mad? The Duke holds the deeds to the Moulin Rouge. He's spending a fortune on you. He's given you a beautiful new dressing room.

He wants to make you a star. And you're dallying with the writer?

Satine: Oh┘ Harold, don't be ridiculous . . .

Zidler: I SAW YOU TOGETHER!

Satine: It's nothing, It's just an infatuation. It's nothing

Zidler: The infatuation will end. Go to the boy; tell him it's over. The

Duke is expecting you in the Tower at eight.

[SATINE SIGHS]

Satine sings: If I should die this very moment... I wouldn't fear. For I've never known completeness. Like being here, wrapped in the warmth of you. Loving every breath of you, why live life from dream to dream? And dread the day...*GASP*

Christian: How could I know in those last fatal days

[SATINE VIOLENTLY]

Christian: But force darker than jealousy. And stronger than love, began

to take hold of Satine?

[SATINE FAINTS]

Marie: Do you think she'll be up by tonight?

Doctor: Tomorrow morning the earliest.

Man: The Duke's leaving

Zidler: SHE'S CONFESSING!

Duke: Confessing? What kind of imbecile do you take me for Zidler?

Zidler: She suddenly had a terrible desire to go to a priest and confess her sins.

Duke: What?

Zidler: She wanted to be cleansed of her former life. She says she looks upon tonight as her wedding night.

Duke: He wedding night?

Zidler: She's like a blushing bride...she says you make her feel like a . . . virgin

Duke: virgin

Zidler: You know...touched for the very first time.

Duke: The first?

Zidler: She says it feels so good... inside... when you hold her... and you touch her...

Duke: Like a virgin?

Zidler: She's made it through the wilderness somehow. She's made it

through. She didn't know how lost she was! Until she found you. She was
beat, incomplete. She'd been had! She was sad and blue... But you made her
feel... Yes you ma-a-a-ade her feel┘ shiny and new! Ahh! Like a virgin!
Touched for the very first time! Like a vir-ur-ur-ur-gen.. Your hearts
beat both in time! I give you all her love! Her fear is fading fast! Been
saving it all for you. Only love can last! She's so fine and she's mine.
She'll be yours until the end of time. 'Cause you made her feel...Yes you
ma-a-a-ade her feel. She has nothing to hide! Like a virgin! Touched for
the very first time! Like a vir-ur-ur-ur-gen. Your hearts beat both in
time. Like a virgin! Feels so good inside! When you hold her... and you
touch her... and ohh... ohhh!

Duke: She's so fine. And she's mine. Makes me strong. Yes she makes me
burn and her love thawed off... Yes her lo-uh-uh-uh-ue thawed off what
was scared and cold!

Zidler: Like a virgin!

Both: Touched for the very first time! Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah.

Zidler: Like a vir-ur-ur-ur-gen!

Duke: When your hearts beat both in time!

Zidler: Like a virgin!

Duke: Feels so good inside!

Zidler: When you hold her...! And you touch her...! And you hold her...!

And you touch her...!

Both: La-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ahhhh...! Like a
viirrrrrrgeeen!

Christian: Harold Zidler's brilliant lies have once again reckoned a
disaster. But no lie however brilliant can save Satine.

Doctor: Monsieur Zidler, Mademoiselle Satine is dying. She has
consumption.

Zidler: My little sparrow is dying? She mustn't know Marie. The show must
go on.

Christian: "All night, the penniless sitar player had waited. And now for
the first time, he felt the cold stab of jealousy." Where were you last
night?

Satine: I told you, I was sick

Christian: You don't have to lie to me.

Satine: We have to end it. Everyone knows. Harold knows, and sooner or
later the Duke will find out. On opening night I have to sleep with the
Duke. And the jealousy will drive you mad.

Christian: Then I'll write a song. And-and we'll put it in the show and no
matter how bad things get, or whatever happens, whenever you hear it or
when you sing it or whistle it or hum it, it will then you'll know it, it
will mean-it'll mean we love one another. I won't get jealous I promise.

Satin: Things don't work that way Christian. We have to end it.

Christian: "Never knew I could feel like this. Like I've never seen the

sky before. Want to vanish inside your kiss." Now this new scene is the scene where the ugh┘sitar player writes a secret song for the courtesan, so that no matter what's happening┘what-however bad things are that they-they remember their love and then... We can take it from your line Satine. So let's take it.

Satine: "We must be careful . . . "

Argentinean: "Fear not, we will conduct our love affair right under the Maharaja."

Christian sings: Season's may change, winter to spring . . .

[ARGINTINEAN FALLS ASLEEP]

Zidler: Honestly amigo, this is impossible.

Christian: But I love you, until the end of time. Come what may, come what may. I will love you until my dying day.

Both Satine & Christian: Suddenly the world seems such a perfect place . . .

Duke: Look dear, a frog!

Both: Suddenly it moves with such a perfect grace. Suddenly my life doesn't seem such a waste. It all revolves around you. And there's no mountain too high or river too wide. Sing out this song and I'll be there by your side. Storm clouds may gather and stars may collide.

Christian: But I love you

Satine: I love you

Christian: Till' the end . . .

Satine: Until the end . . .

Both: ¶Of time! Come what may. Come what may. I will love you . . .

Christian: The magical sitar player falls from the roof and says, "The greatest thing you'll ever learn, is just love and be loved in return".

Nini: This endings silly. Why would the courtesan go for the penniless sitar player? Whoops! I mean sitar player.

Argentinean and Satine: I will love you

Everyone: Come what may

Argentinean and Satine: Yes I will love you

Zidler: sobbing

Everyone: Come what may

Argentinean and Satine: I will love you . . .

Everyone: ¶Until my dying day!

Duke: I don't like this ending.

Zidler: Don't like the ending dear Duke?

Duke: Why would the courtesan choose the penniless sitar player over the Maharaja who is offering a lifetime of security? That's real love. Once the sitar player has satisfied his lust, he will leave the courtesan with nothing. I suggest in the end that courtesan choose the Maharaja.

Toulouse: But-but sorry. But that ending does not uphold the Bohemian ideas of truth, beauty, freedom . . .

Duke: I don't care about your ridiculous ideas! Why shouldn't the courtesan choose the Maharaja?

Christian: BECAUSE SHE DOESN'T LOVE YOU! Him┘Him┘she-she doesn't, she doesn't love him.

Duke: Now I see. Monsieur Zidler, this ending will be rewritten. With the courtesan choosing the Maharaja, and without the lovers secret song. It will be rehearsed in the morning ready for the opening tomorrow night.

Zidler: But my dear Duke. That will be quite impossible.

Satine: Harold, oh the poor Duke has been treated apporlingly. These silly writers let their sill imagination run away with them. Now why don't you and I have a little supper? And afterwards we can let Monsieur Zidler know how wee prefer the story to end hmmm?

Christian: I don't want you to sleep with him.

Satine: He can destroy everything. It's for us. You promised, you promised me you wouldn't be jealous. You┘It will be all right.

Christian: No . . .

Satine: Yes, it will. He's waiting for me.

Christian: No, no.

Satine sings: Come what may

Christian: Come what may. She had gone to the Tower to save us all. And for our part, we could do nothing but wait.

Satine: My dear Duke, I hope I have not kept you waiting.

Nini: Don't worry Shakespeare, you'll get your ending. Once the Duke gets his end-ing.

[CHRISTIAN PUSHES NINI]

Nini: You keep your hands off me.

Argentinean: Never fall in love with a woman who sells herself. It always ends bad!

Satine: The boy has a ridiculous obsession with me. I mean I indulge his fantasy because he's talented. We need him, but only until tomorrow night.

Argentinean: We have a dance that tells a story. A prostitute . . . and a man who falls in love with her. First there is desire, then passion, then suspicion. Jealousy, anger, betrayal. When love is for the highest bidder.

There can be no trust, without trust there is no love. Jealousy, yes jealousy, will drive you mad! ROXANNE! You don't have to put on that red light. Walk the streets for money. You don't care if it's wrong or if it is right. Roxanne, you don't have to wear that dress tonight. Roxanne, you don't have to sell your body to the night.

Christian sings: His eyes upon your face. His hand upon your hand, his lips caress your skin. It's more than I can stand

Argentinean sings: Roxanne

Christian sings: Why does my heart cry?

Argentinean sings: Roxanne

Christian sings: Feelings I can't fight. You're free to leave me, but just

don't deceive me. And please, believe me when I say I love you

Duke: When this production succeeds, you will no longer be a can-can dancer, but an actress. I will make you a star.

[DUKE GIVES SATINE A BEAUTIFUL NECKLACE]

Duke: Accept it as a gift from this Maharaja to his courtesan.

Satine: And . . . and the ending?

Duke: Let Zilder keep his fairytale ending

Christian sings: Why does my heart cry? Feelings I can't fight. You're free to leave me, but just don't deceive me. And please believe me when I say, I love you!

[SATINE LOOKS DOWN AT CHRISTIAN FROM THE TOWER]

Satine sings: Come what may. I will love you till my dying . . . day. No . . .

Duke: No? Oh I see so very young penniless sitar player.

Satine: Dear Duke?

Duke: SILANCE! You made me believe that you loved me.

Satine: No

Argentinean sings: Roxanne!

Christian sings: Why does my heart cry? Feelings I can't fight.

Argentinean: Roxanne, you don't have to put on that dress. Roxanne!

Roxanne!

[CHOCOLAT COME AND SAVES SATINE]

Satine: I couldn't, I couldn't go through with it. I saw you there and I felt terribly. I couldn't pretend. And the Duke he saw, he saw. Christian, I love you.

Christian: It's okay

Satine: And I couldn't do it, I didn't want to pretend anymore. I don't want to lie. And he knows! He knows, he saw.

Christian: Your right, you don't have to pretend anymore. We'll leave; we'll leave tonight.

Satine: Leave? But-what-- the show?

Christian: I don't care, I don't care about the show. We love each other, and that's all that matters.

Satine: Yes, yes as long as we have each other.

Christian: Chocolat, take Ms. Satine to her dressing room to get the thing she needs. No one must see you, you understand?

Chocolat: I understand

Christian: Darling, you go and pack. And I'll be waiting

[KISS]

Duke: It's the boy. He has bewitched her with words. I was her back
Zidler. Find her; tell her the show will end my way and she will come to me when the curtains fall. Or I'll have the boy killed.

Zidler: Killed?

Duke: Killed

[SATINE IS RUSHING AND PACKING]

Zidler: Forgive the intrusion cherub.

Satine: Your wasting your time Harold.

Zidler: Stop it, you don't understand. The Duke is going to kill Christian.

Satine: Oh . . .

Zidler: The Duke is insanely jealousy. Unless you do his ending and sleep with him tomorrow night, the Duke will have Christian killed.

Satine: He can't scare us.

Zidler: He's a powerful man, you know he can do it.

[SATINE THROWS HER ROBE DOWN]

Zidler: What are you doing?

Satine: I don't need you anymore! All my life you made me believe I was only worth what someone would pay for me! But Christian loves me. He loves me Harold. He loves me. And that is worth everything. Were going away from you, away form the Duke, away from the Moulin Rouge! Good bye Harold.

Zidler: You're dying Satine, you're dying.

Satine: Oh┘*cough* Another trick Harold?

Zidler: No my love. The Doctor told us.

Satine: Marie? I'm dying . . . [Sings] I was a fool to believe. A fool to believe. It all ends today, yes it all ends today.

Zidler: Send Christian away. Only you can save him.

Satine: He'll fight for me

Zidler: Yes, unless he believes you don't love him

Satine: What?

Zidler: You're a great actress Satine, make him believe you don't love him

Satine: No

Zidler: Use your talent to save him. Hurt him. Hurt him to save him. There is no other way. The show must go on, Satine. We're creatures of the underworld. We can't afford to love

Satine sings: Today's a day . . .

Zidler & Satine: . . . when dreaming . . .

Satine: . . . ends . . .

Zidler: Another hero, another mindless crime. Behind the curtain, in the pantomime. On and on, does anybody know what we are living for?

Zidler & Women sing: Whatever happens, we leave it all to chance, another heartache, another failed romance. On and on, does anybody know what we are living for?

Zidler sings: The show must go on. The show must go on. Outside the dawn is breaking. On the stage, there holds our final destiny. The show must go on. The show must go on.

Satine: Inside my heart is breaking, my makeup may be flaking. But my smile still stays on.

Zidler: The show must go on. The show must go on

Satine: I'll top the bill, I'll earn the kill, I have to find the will to carry . . .

Zidler & Satine: . . . on with the, on with the, on with the show!

Zidler: On with the show! On with the show! The show must go on!

Christian: What's wrong?

Satine: I'm staying with the Duke. After I left you, the Duke came to see me and he offered me everything. Everything I've ever dreamed of. He has one condition. I must never see you again. I'm sorry.

Christian: What are you talking about?

Satine: You knew who I was.

Christian: What are you saying? What about last night? What we said?

Satine I don't expect you to understand. The difference between you and I is that you can leave anytime you choose. But this is my home. The Moulin Rouge is my home.

Christian: No, there must be something else. This-this can't be real.

[SATINE SOBBING]

Christian: There's something the matter. Tell me what it is. Tell me the truth. Tell me the truth, tell me the truth!

Satine: The truth? The truth is┘ I am the Hindu courtesan. And I choose the Maharaja. That's how the story really ends.

[SATINE LEAVES] Zidler: jealousy has driven him mad!

Christian: SATINE! SATINE! Satine!

[GUARDS PUNCHES CHRISTIAN]

[THE BOHOS BRING CHRISTIAN BACK TO HIS HOME]

Toulouse: Things aren't always as they seem

Christian: Things are exactly the way they seem

Toulouse: Christian, you may see me only as a drunken, vice ridden gnome whose friends are just pimps and girls from the brothels. But I know about art and love, if only because I long for it with every fiber of my being.

She loves, I know she loves you.

Christian: Go away Toulouse, leave me alone. Go away. GO AWAY! I wanted to shut out what Toulouse had. That he had filled me with doubt. And there was only one way to be sure. I had to know, so I returned to the Moulin Rouge one last time.

Zidler: She is mine!

Toulouse sings: I only speak the truth, I only speak the truth, I only speak the truth, I only speak the truth, I only speak the truth, I only speak the truth, I only speak the truth!

Nini sings: Chamma chamma, he chamma chamma. Chamma chamma, baajare meri

bendariya. Re chamma chamma, baajere meri bendariya. Tere paas aawoun teri

Saanson mein samavoun raja. Chamma chamma, he chamma chamma. Chamma chamma

baajere teri bendariya. Chamma chamma baajere teri bendariya. Tere paas

aawoun teri, saansons mein samavoun raja. Tere paas aawoun teri, saanson

mein samavoun.

Satine sings: Oh . . . *coughs* kiss hand. Diamonds best friend. Kiss
grand, diamonds best friend. Men, cold, girls, old. And we all loose our
charms in the end. Diamonds are a┘ diamonds are a . . . diamonds are a . .
. diamonds are a . . . diamonds are a . . . diamonds are a . . .

[AUDIENCE CHEER]

Satine sings: Girls best friend . . .

Zidler: She is mine

Duke: She is mine

Toulouse: I know she still loves him. There's got to be a reason.

Argentinean: How about one is a Duke and the other-

[ARGENTINEAN FALLS ASLEEP AND FALLS DOWN THE STAIRS]

Toulouse: I agree, something is wrong

[SATINE COUGHS]

Toulouse: What a magnificent performance

Marie: Take more for me, yes . . .

Warren: The boy is here

Zidler: I told Satine that if Christian were to have come here that he
would be killed

Warren: He very soon will be

Toulouse: He'll be killed? That's it, that's-that's why she's pushing him
away to save him. That's it, that's it. Christian! Oh, god this is high

up!

Christian: I've come to pay my bill . . .

Satine: You shouldn't be here Christian. Just leave.

Toulouse: Killed! Killed!

Christian: You made me believe you loved me, why shouldn't I pay you?

Satine: Please, Christian

Marie: She has to go on stage!

Zidler: Jealousy has driven the sitar player-

Christian: You did your job so very, very well! Why can't I pay you like everyone else does?

[SATINE SEES WARRREN WITH THE GUN, SHE TRIES TO PROTECT CHIRSTIAN]

Satine: Please Christian that's not why. Just leave.

Christian: Tell me it wasn't real!

Satine: No . . .

Chirstian: Why can't I pay you?

Toulouse: Christian!

Zidler: Open the door!

Christian: Let me pay! Let me pay! Tell me it wasn't real! Tell me you don't love me!

Zidler: Open the door!

Christian: Tell me you don't love me!

Toulouse: Christian!

Christian: Tell me you don't love me!

[THE DOOR OPENS]

Zidler: Hahaha! I am not fooled, though he has shaved off his beard and adopt a disguise; my eyes do not lie! For it is he, the same penniless sitar player! Driven mad by jealousy!

Toulouse: Oh Christian, no!

[SATINE TRIPS DOWN ON THE STAGE]

Christian: This woman is yours now.

[THROWS MONEY AT HER FEET]

Christian: I paid my whore! I owe you nothing. And you are nothing to me.

Thank you for curing me of my ridiculous obsession with love.

[CHRISTIAN WALKS OFF STAGE]

Toulouse: I can't remember my line . . .

Zidler: This sitar player doesn't love you. See he flees the kingdom.

Pumpkin it's for the best.

Satine: No . . .

Zidler: You know it is. The show must go on. And now my bride it is time to raise your voice to the heavens and say your wedding vows!

Toulouse: I got it, I got it! Christian! THE GREATEST THING YOU'LL EVER LEARN IS JUST TO LOVE AND BE LOVE LOVED IN RETURN!

Satine sings: Never knew, I could feel like this. It's like I've never seen the sky before.

[CHRISTIAN KEEPS WALKING]

Satine sings: Want to vanish inside your kiss. Everyday I'm loving you more and more. Listen to my heart, can you hear it sings? Come back to me and forgive everything! *Gasps* Season's may change winter to spring. I love you┘ till the end of time.

Christian sings: Come what may . . .

[AUDIENCE ALL TURN AROUND]

Satine: *sighs in relief*

Christian: Come what may. Come what may! Come what may. I will love you!

Satine sings: I will love you!

Christian sings: Until my dying . . .

Satine sings: . . . Dying . . .

Both: Day! Come what may!

Christian sings: Come what may!

Both: I will love you, until my dying-

Toulouse: Christian, he's got a gun! They're trying to kill you!

[AUDIENCE LAUGHS]

Zidler: Shut up!

Toulouse: Look he's got a gun!

Zidler: Guards seize him!

[THE DOOR OPENS TO THE ARGENTINEAN]

Argentinean: No problem, go back to work!

Toulouse sings: No matter what you say!

Everyone: FOR FREEDOM, BEAUTY, TRUTH and LOVE!

Satine sings: One day I'll fly away!

Christian sings: My gift is my song!

Everyone: The children of the revolution!

Satine sings: One day I'll fly away!

Christian sings: My gift is my song!

Both: I will love you.

Everyone: Come what may

Both: Yes I will love you!

Everyone: Come what may!

Both: I will love you till my--

[THE DUKE RUNS DOWN THE ISLE WITH THE GUN IN HIS HAND]

Duke: My way! My way!

Both: Dying!

Duke: My way! My way!

Both: Day!

[ZIDLER PUNCHES THE DUKE AND THE GUNS FLYS OUT THE WINDOW]

Man: Get ready for the curtain fall

Satine: GASP

Christian: Satine?

[SATINE COUGHS FRANTICALLY]

Christian: Satine, what's the matter. Tell me; tell me what's the matter.

Tell me. Oh god, somebody get some help!

Zidler: Fetch the doctor!

Satine: I'm sorry Christian; I-I- I'm dying; I'm so sorry

Christian: Shhh; you'll be all right, you'll be all right.

Satine: Hold me

Christian: I love you

Satine: You've got to go on Christian

Christian: Can't go on without you.

Satine: You've got so much to give; tell your story Christian.

Christian: No

Satine: Yes, promise me, promise me.

Christian: No

Satine: Yes, that way, I'll always be with you

[SATINE DIES]

Christian: AHHH!!!

[CHRISTIAN CRYING]

[THE DUKE WALKS ALONE IN THE SNOW]

Toulouse sings: There was a boy a very strange enchanted boy . . .

Christian: Days turned in to weeks, weeks turned into months. And then on one not so very special day, I went to my typewriter and sat down and I wrote our story. A story about a time, a story about a place. A story

about the people but most of all, a story about love. A love that will live forever. The end.

Questo copione è stato visto: