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Moulin Rouge

By Baz Luhrmann

[SINGING]

There was a boy
A very strange enchanted boy
They say he wandered very far
Very far
Over land and sea

MAN:

Don't be fooled! Evil!

TOULOUSE:

A little shy
Turn away from this village of sin!

TOULOUSE:

And sad of eye
But very wise
Was he
And then one day
A magic day
He passed my way
And while we spoke of many things
Fools and kings
This he said to me
The greatest thing
You'll ever learn
Is just to love
And be loved
In return

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
played with...
...the young and beautiful creatures
of the underworld.
The most beautiful of all these...
...was the woman who 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 1 899, the Summer of Love.
I knew nothing of the Moulin Rouge,
Harold Zidler or Satine.
The world had been swept up in
a Bohemian revolution, and I had...
...travelled from London to be a part of it.
On the hill near Paris
was the village of Montmartre.
It was not,
as my father said--
A village of sin.
--but the center of
the Bohemian world.
Musicians, painters, 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 that which I believed in
above all things: love.
Always this ridiculous obsession
with love!
There was only one problem.
I'd never been in love.
Luckily, right at that moment, an unconscious
Argentinean fell through my roof.
[YELLS]
He was joined by a dwarf
dressed as a nun.
How do you do?
My name is Henri Marie Raymond
Toulouse-Lautrec-Montfa.
I'm terribly sorry. We were upstairs

rehearsing a play.

A play. Something very modern called

Spectacular Spectacular.

It's set in Switzerland.

Unfortunately, he unconscious Argentinean

suffered from narcolepsy.

TOULOUSE:

one moment, then suddenly:

[IMITATES SNORING]

...unconscious the next. Ha, ha.

AUDREY:

Wonderful. The narcoleptic Argentinean

is unconscious.

Therefore the scenario will not be finished

to present to the financier tomorrow.

I still have to finish the music.

We just find someone to read the part.

Where in heaven's name are we going

to find someone to read the role...

...of the young, sensitive

Swiss poet goatherder?

Before I knew it, I was upstairs, standing in

for the unconscious Argentinean.

TOULOUSE [SINGING]:

The hills animate

With the euphonious symphonies

Of descant

Oh, stop!

Stop that insufferable droning!

It's drowning out my words!

Can we just stick

to a little decorative piano?

There seemed to be artistic differences

over Audrey's lyrics to Satie's song.

Don't think a nun would say that

about a hill.

What if he sings, "The hills are vital

intoning the descant"?

"The hills quake and shake--"

No, no, no. "The hills--"

"The hills are incarnate

with symphonic melodies"!

No.

"The hills--" "The hills--"

"The hills--"

"The hills--"

[CHATTERING]

[SINGING]

The hills

Are alive

With the sound of

Music

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

The hills are alive....

With the sound....

[SINGING]

Of music.

It fits perfectly!

With songs they have sung

For a thousand years

[GASPING]

Incandiferous!

Audrey, you should write the show together.

I beg your pardon?

But Toulouse's suggestion that

Audrey and I write together...

...was not what Audrey wanted to hear.

Goodbye!

Here's to your first job in Paris.

Toulouse, Zidler will never agree.

No offense, but have you ever

written anything like this before?

No.

Ah! The boy has talent!

I like him.

Nothing funny. I just like talent.

"The hills are alive

with the sound of music."

With Christian, we can write...

...the truly Bohemian revolutionary show
we always dreamt of.

How will we convince Zidler?

Toulouse had a plan.

Satine.

They would dress me

in the Argentinian's best suit...
...and pass me off
as a famous English writer.
Once Satine heard my poetry, she'd be
astounded and insist to Zidler that...
...I write Spectacular Spectacular.
The only problem was
I kept hearing my father's voice:
You'll end up wasting your life at
the Moulin Rouge with a cancan dancer!
I can't write the show for the Moulin Rouge!
Why not?
I don't even know if I am
a true Bohemian revolutionary.
Do you believe in beauty?
Yes.
Freedom?
Yes, of course.
Truth?
Yes.
Love?
Love? Love?
Above all things,
I believe in love.
Love is like oxygen.
Love is a many-splendored thing.
Love lifts us up where we belong.
All you need is love!
See, you can't fool us. You're the voice of
the Children of the Revolution.
We can't be fooled!
Let's drink to the new writer of the world's
first Bohemian revolutionary show!
It was the perfect plan.
I was to audition for Satine
and I would taste my first glass of absinthe.

VOICE [SINGING]:

There was a boy
I am the green fairy.
[SINGING]
The hills are alive
With the sound of music
[LAUGHING]

Freedom, beauty
Truth and love
The hills are alive
With the sound of music

CHRISTIAN:

We were off to the Moulin Rouge.
And I was to perform my poetry
for Satine.

ZIDLER:

The Moulin Rouge.

CHRISTIAN:

Harold Zidler and his infamous girls.
They called them his "Diamond Dogs."
[SINGING] Voulez-vous coucher avec moi
Ce soir?
CHORUS [SINGING]: Hey, sister, go, sister
Soul sister, go, sister
[SINGING]
If life's an awful bore
And living's just a chore
That you do '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 niggle
Give a little wiggle
You know that you can
Because we
Can cancan
Don't say you can't can't can't
You know you can cancan
Don't say you can't
Because you can

CHORUS:

Here we are now
Entertain us
We feel stupid
And contagious
Got some dark desire

Love to play with fire
Why not let it rip?
Live a little bit
We can cancan
Don't say you can't can't can't
You know you can cancan
You can cancan
Outside, it may be raining
But in here it's entertaining!

CHORUS:

To be free free free
The Moulin Rouge is the place to be
Because we can cancan
Yes, we can cancan!
Here we are now
Entertain us
Outside, things may be tragic
But in here we feel it's magic
The cancan.
Because we can cancan

CHORUS:

Soul sister
Hey, sister, go, sister
Soul sister, go, sister
Citchy-citchy yah-yah, dah, dah
Citchy-citchy yah-yah here

ZIDLER:

Because we can cancan
Yes, we can cancan

CHORUS:

Creole Lady Marmalade

ZIDLER:

Because we can cancan
'Cause it's good for your mind
Christian.
Mission accomplished.
We've successfully evaded Zidler.
It's her. The Sparkling Diamond.
[SINGING]

The French are glad to
Die for love
They delight
In fighting duels

CHRISTIAN:

meet Satine that night.
But I prefer
A man who lives
Zidler's investor.
And gives expensive
Jewels

CHRISTIAN:

The Duke.
[CHEERING]
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 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
When am I going to meet the girl?
Tiffany's.
After her number. I've arranged a special
meeting, just you and Mademoiselle Satine.
Totally alone.
Cartier.
After her number, I've arranged
a private meeting.
Just you and Mademoiselle Satine.
Totally alone.
Alone?

TOULOUSE:

Yes, totally alone.
'Cause we are living

In a material world
And I am a material girl

SATINE:

Come and get me, boys.
Ow!
Excuse me.

SATINE:

Black Star. Roscor.
Talk to me, Harry Zidler.
Tell me all about it!
There may come a time
When a lass needs a lawyer

CHORUS:

But diamonds are a girl's best friend
There may come a time
When a hard-boiled employer thinks
You're awful nice
Oh!
Don't worry. I'll sally forth
and tee things up!
Is the Duke here?
Liebchen, would Daddy let you down?
Terribly sorry.
Where is he?
He's the one
Toulouse is shaking a hanky at.
Excuse me, Christian. May I borrow?
Are you sure?
Let me peek.
I'm ever so sorry! How embarrassing!
That's the one. I hope that demonic
little loon doesn't frighten him off.
Clean yourself up, you bourgeois pig!
[SNORTS]
[COCKS PISTOL]
Sorry.
Will he invest?
Pigeon!
After spending the night with you,
how could he refuse?
What's his type? Wilting flower?

Bright and bubbly?
Or smoldering temptress?
I'd say smoldering temptress.
We're all relying on you, gosling.
Remember, a real show in a real theater,
with a real audience...
...and you'll be....
A real actress.
'Cause that's when those louses
Go back to their spouses
Diamonds
I have exciting news!
Are a girl's
Best
Friend
I believe you were expecting me.
Yes. Yes.
I'm afraid it's lady's choice.

CROWD:

Aw....

TOULOUSE:

I see you've met my English friend--
I'll take care of it.
Let's dance.
Hit her with your most modern poem!

WOMAN [SINGING]:

Feel the beat of the rhythm of the night
Dance until the morning light
Forget the worries on your mind
You can leave them all behind
Feel the beat of the rhythm of the night
Dance until the morning light
That went well.
Incredible.

ARGENTINEAN:

He has a gift with the women.
I told you. He's a genius.
That Duke certainly can dance.
How wonderful of you to
take an interest in our little show.

It sounds very exciting.
I'd be delighted to be involved.
Really?
Assuming you like what I do.
I'm sure I will.
Toulouse thought we might be able to...
...do it in private.
Did he?
Yes, you know, a private...
...poetry reading.
Oh.
A poetry reading.
I love a little "poetry"
after supper.
Hang on to your hat!
Diamonds
Square cut
Or pear-shaped
These rocks
Won't lose their shape
Diamonds
Are a girl's
Best
[GASPING]
[YELLS]
[CHEERING]
Satine! Satine! Satine!
I don't know the Duke's gonna get
his money's worth tonight.
Don't be unkind, Nini.
You've frightened her away.
But I can see some lonely
Moulin Rouge dancers...
...looking for a partner or two!
So if you can Hunk Hunk...
...you can Hunkadola with them!
Out of my way!
Oh, Marie.
Oh, these silly costumes.
Just a fainting spell.
All right, girls. Back out front
and make those gents thirsty. Problems?
Nothing for you to be worrying about.
Don't stand around, then.

[SATINE COUGHING AND GASPING]

CHORUS [SINGING]:

Come out of the garden, baby
You'll catch your death in the fog
Young girls
They call them the Diamond Dogs
Find Zidler. The girl's waiting for me.
That twinkle-toes Duke
has really taken the bait, girl.
With a patron like him, you could be
the next Sarah Bernhardt.
Do you really think I could
be like the great Sarah?
Why not? You got the talent.
You hook that Duke and you'll be
lighting up the great stages of Europe.
I'm gonna be a real actress, Marie.
A great actress.
I'm gonna fly away from here.
I'm gonna fly, fly away.
Duckling, is everything all right?
Yes. Of course, Harold.
Thank goodness.
You certainly weaved your magic
with the Duke on the dance floor.
How do I look?
A smoldering temptress?
My little strawberry...
...how could he possibly resist
gobbling you up?
Everything's going so well!

[SATINE LAUGHING]

CHORUS [SINGING]:

I'll meet you in the red room
Unbelievable. Straight to the elephant.

SATINE:

a poetry reading. Don't you think?
Poetic enough for you?
Yes.
A little supper? Maybe some champagne?
I'd rather just...
...get it over and done with.
Oh.

Very well.
Then why don't you...
...come down here?
Let's get it over and done with.
I prefer to do it standing.
Oh.
You don't have to stand.
Sometimes it's.... It's quite long
and I'd like you to be comfortable.
It's quite modern, what I do.
And it may feel a little strange...
...at first, but if you're open,
you might enjoy it.
I'm sure I will.
Excuse me.
The sky....
The sky.... The bluebirds....
Come on. Come on.
I think....
[SATINE BREATHING HEAVILY]
There might be some shaking.
Um, is everything all right?
I'm a little nervous.
Sometimes it takes a while for...
Oh!
...inspiration to come.
Oh, yes, yes.
Let Mummy help.
Does that inspire you?
Let's make love.
Make love?
You want to, don't you?
Well, I came to--
Tell the truth.
Can't you feel the poetry?
[YELLING]
Come on! Feel it.
Free the tiger!
[SATINE GROWLING]
Big boy!
He's got a huge talent!
I need your poetry now!
All right!
It's a little bit funny

This feeling inside
I'm not one of those who can
Easily hide
Is this okay? Is this what you want?
Oh, poetry. Yes. Yes.
Yes. This is what I want,
naughty words.

[LAUGHS]

Oh! Naughty!
I don't have much money
But, boy, if I did, I'd buy
[SATIRNE MOANING]
A big house where we both
Could live
It's so bad!
If I were a sculptor, then again, no
You devil.

Or a man who makes potions
In a traveling show
Don't, don't, don't!
Don't stop!

I know it's not much
Give me more! Yes!
Yes! Yes! Yes.
It's the best I can do
Naughty! Don't stop! Yes!
Yes! Yes!

CHRISTIAN [SINGING]:

My gift is my song
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 you're in the world
I sat on the roof
And I kicked off the moss
Well, some of these verses
Well, they 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
So excuse me forgetting
But these things I do
You see, I've forgotten
If they're green or they're blue
Anyway, the thing is
What I really mean
Yours are the sweetest eyes
I've ever seen
And you can tell everybody
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 you're in the world

TOULOUSE:

Looks like he got the job!
[LAUGHING]
I can't believe it.
I'm in love.
I'm in love with a young...
...handsome, talented duke.
Duke?
Not that the title's important,
of course.
I'm not a duke.
Not a duke?
I'm a writer.
A writer?
Yes, a writer.
No!
Toulouse--
Toulouse.
Oh, no. You're not another
of Toulouse's oh-so-talented...
...charmingly Bohemian,
impoverished protgs?
You might say that.

Oh, no!
I'm going to kill him.
I think there might be a small hitch.
What about the Duke?

ZIDLER:

The Duke!
The Duke?
Hide! Out back!
My dear, are you decent for the Duke?
Where were you?
I.... I was waiting.
Dearest Duke, allow me to introduce
Mademoiselle Satine!
Monsieur, how wonderful of you to take
time out of your busy schedule to visit.
The pleasure, I fear, will be
entirely mine, my dear.

ZIDLER:

to get better acquainted. Ta-ta.
A kiss on the hand may be
quite continental....
But diamonds are a girl's best friend.
After tonight's pretty exertions
on the stage...
...you must be in need of refreshment.
Don't! Don't you...
...just love the view?
Hm?
Charming.
Oh! Ooh.
I feel like dancing.
[SQUEALING]
Uh.... Uh....
I should like a glass of champagne.
Ah!
It's....
It's a little bit funny.
What is?
This...
[WHISPERING] Feeling.
...feeling...
Inside.

...inside.

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

...hide.

[CLATTERS]

I don't have much money...

...but if I did,

I'd buy a big house...

...where we both could 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

That's very beautiful.

It's from Spectacular Spectacular.

Suddenly, with you here...

...I finally understood the true meaning
of the words.

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

And what meaning is that, my dear?

Oh!

[SOBBING]

Duke!

Don't you toy with my emotions.

You must know the effect

you have on women.

Let's make love!

You want to make love, don't you?

Make love?

SATINE:

I knew you felt the same way!

Oh, Duke!

You're right. We should wait

until opening night.

DUKE:

Wait? Wait?

There's a power in you that scares me.

You should go.

I just got here.
We'll see each other every day
during rehearsal.
We must wait. We must wait
until opening night.
Get out.
Do you have any idea what would have
happened if you were found?
[GASPING]
Satine?
Let's have a little peekaboo.
Right on target.
I forgot my hat--
Foul play?
Oh, Duke.
It's a little bit funny,
this feeling inside!
Beautifully spoken, Duke.
Let me introduce you. The writer.
The writer?

SATINE:

Oh, yes. We were rehearsing.
[LAUGHS]
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?
How's the rehearsal going?
Shall we take it from the top?
I hope the piano's in tune.

ARGENTINEAN:

Can I offer you a drink?
Oh, my goodness!
When I spoke those words to you,
you filled me with such inspiration.
I realized how much work we had to do
by tomorrow...
...so I called everyone together
for an emergency rehearsal.
If you're rehearsing, where's Zidler?
I didn't bother Harold.

My dear Duke, I'm most terribly sorry.
Harold, you made it. It's all right, the Duke
knows all about the emergency rehearsal.
Emergency rehearsal?
To incorporate the Duke's
artistic ideas.
Audrey will be only too delighted--
Audrey left.
What?

SATINE:

The cat's out of the bag.
The Duke's already a big fan
of our new writer's work.
That's why he's so keen to invest.
Invest? Invest!
Oh, yes. Invest!
You can hardly blame me for
trying to hide...
Christian.

ZIDLER:

I'm way ahead of you, Zidler.
My dear Duke, why don't you and I
go to my office to peruse the paperwork.
What's the story?
The story?
If I'm to invest,
I need to know the story.
Well, the story's about....
Toulouse?
The story is.... The story's about....
It's about....
It's about love.
Love?
It's about love
overcoming all obstacles.
And it's set in Switzerland!
Switzerland?
Exotic Switzerland!
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 an evil maharajah.
Now, in order to save her kingdom,
she has to seduce the evil maharajah.
But on the night of the seduction,
she mistakes...
...a penniless-- A penniless...
...sitar player...
...for the evil maharajah,
and she falls in love with him.
He wasn't trying to trick her.
But he was dressed as a maharajah...
...because he's appearing in a play.
I will play the penniless tango-dancing
sitar player.
He will sing like an angel...
...but dance like the devil.
Yes, all right.
And what happens next?
The penniless sitar player
and the courtesan...
...they have to hide their love
from the evil maharajah.
The sitar player's sitar is magical.
It can only speak the truth.
And I will play the magical sitar!
You are beautiful.
You are ugly. And you--
And he gives the game away, eh?
Yes!
Tell him about the cancan!
The Tantric cancan--
It's an erotic, spectacular scene that
captures the thrusting, violent, vibrant...
...wild, Bohemian spirit...
...that this whole production
embodies, Duke.
What does that mean by that?
I mean the show will be a magnificent...
...opulent, tremendous, stupendous...
...gargantuan bedazzlement!
A sensual ravishment.
It will be....
[SINGING]

Spectacular Spectacular
No words in the vernacular
Can describe this 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
Elephants
Bohemians
Indians
And courtesans
Acrobats
And juggling bears
Exotic girls
Fire-eaters
Musclemen
Contortionists
Intrigue, danger
And romance
Electric lights, machinery
And all that 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!
Yes, but what happens in the end?
The courtesan and sitar man
Are pulled apart by an evil plan
But in the end, she hears his song
And their love is just too strong
It's a little bit funny
This feeling inside
So exciting
The audience will stomp and cheer
So delighting
It will run for 50 years
The sitar player's secret song
Helps them flee the evil one
Though the tyrant rants and rails
It is all to no avail
I am the evil maharajah!
You will not escape!
No one could play him like you.

ZIDLER:

So exciting, we'll make them laugh
We'll make them cry
So delighting--
And in the end,
should someone die?
So exciting
The audience will stomp and cheer
So delighting
It will run for 50 years!
Generally, I like it.
[CHEERING]

CHRISTIAN:

Zidler had an investor...

...and the Bohemians had a show.
It's the end of the century!
The Bohemian revolution is here!
[MUSIC PLAYING]
[LAUGHING AND CHATTERING]

ARGENTINEAN:

You are a beautiful woman.
I love sex.
While the celebration party
raged upstairs...
...I tried to write.
But all I could think about
was her.

[SINGING]

How wonderful life is

[IN VOICE-OVER]

Was she thinking about me?

[SINGING]

Now you're in
The world

CHRISTIAN:

Duke? I'm not a duke.
I'm a writer.
He wasn't trying to trick her.
It's about love.
It's about love...
...overcoming all obstacles.

[SINGING]

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
How wonderful life is
Now you're
In the world
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
Away
Sorry.
Ah!
I didn't mean--
I saw your light on
and I climbed up the--
What?
I couldn't sleep, and I wanted to thank you
for helping me get the job.
Oh. Of course.
Yes, Toulouse was right.
You're....
You're very talented.
It's going to be a wonderful show.
Anyway, I'd better go.
We both have a big day tomorrow.
Wait.
No, please wait.
Before, when we were....
When we were....
When you thought I was the Duke...
...you said you loved me,
and I wondered--
If it was just an act?
Yes.
Of course.
It just felt real.
Christian...
...I'm a courtesan.
I'm paid to make men believe

what they want to believe.
Silly of me, to think you could
fall in love with someone like me.
I can't fall in love with anyone.
Can't fall in love?
But a life without love? That's terrible!
No. Being on the street, that's terrible.
No. Love is like oxygen.
What?
Love is a many-splendored thing.
Love...
...lifts us up where we belong.
All you need is love.
Please don't start that again.
[SINGING]
All you need is love
A girl has got to eat.
All you need is love
Or she'll end up on the streets.
All you need is love
[SINGING]
Love is just a game
I was made for loving you, baby
You were made for loving me
The only way of loving me, baby
Is to pay a lovely fee
Just one night
Give me just one night
There's no way
'Cause you can't pay
In the name of love
One night in the name of love
You crazy fool
I won't give in to you
Don't leave me this way
I can't survive
Without your sweet love
Oh, baby
Don't leave me this way
You'd think that people
Would have had enough
Of silly love songs
I look around me and I see
It isn't so

Oh, no
Some people want to fill the world
With silly love songs
Well, what's wrong with that?
I'd like to know
'Cause here I go again
Love lifts us up where we belong
Get down! Get down!
Where eagles fly
On a mountain high

SATINE:

Love makes us act like we are fools
Throw our lives away
For one happy day
We could be heroes
Just for one day

SATINE:

You, you will be mean
No, I won't.
And I
I'll drink all the time
We should be lovers
We can't do that
We should be lovers
And that's a fact
Though nothing
Will keep us together
We could steal time
Just for one day
Just for one day
We could be heroes
We could be heroes
Forever and ever
Forever and ever
We could be heroes
We could be heroes
Forever and ever
Forever and ever
We can be heroes
We can be heroes
Just because I
Will always love

I....
Can't help loving
Can't help loving
You
How wonderful life is
Now you're in
Now you're in
The world
The world
You're gonna be bad for business,
I can tell.
[SINGING]
How wonderful life is
Now you're in
The world

CHRISTIAN:

now Satine was in the world.
But in the Duke...
...Zidler had gotten much more
than he had bargained for.
The conversion of the Moulin Rouge
into a theater will cost a fantastic sum.
So, in return, I would require
a contract that...
...binds Satine to me...
...exclusively.
Naturally, I shall require some security.
I shall require the deeds to the Moulin Rouge.
My dear 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...
...you underworld show folk understand.
Satine will be mine.
It's not that I'm a jealous man.
I just don't like other people
touching my things!
I...
...understand completely, Duke.
Good.

Now that we have an understanding,
it would appear that...
...you have the means to transform
your beloved Moulin Rouge--
--into a theater!
I shall woo Satine over supper tonight.

ZIDLER:

the world's first...
...completely modern...
...entirely electric,
totally Bohemian...
...all-singing, all-dancing
stage spectacular!
[GASPING]
The show must go on!
Yes, the show would go on.
But Satine would not attend supper
that night or the following night.
Mad with jealousy,
the evil maharajah...
...forces the courtesan to make the sitar
player believe she doesn't love him.
[IMITATING ARGENTINEAN]
"Thank you for curing me...
...of my ridiculous obsession
with love"...
[IN NORMAL VOICE] ...says the sitar player,
throwing money at her feet...
...and leaving the kingdom forever!

SATINE:

TOULOUSE:

Brilliant! Brilliant!
But a life without love? That's terrible!
Yes. But the sitar player--
Wait! That's my part.
That's my part, Christian!
Don't you dare!
The magic sitar, who can only
speak the truth, says:

CHRISTIAN:

you'll ever learn...
...is just to love and be loved
in return."
A picnic, sweet lady?
Oh, but we have so much to do.
So much work.
If the young writer
can carry a blanket and basket...
...you can both do it in my presence.
So the sitar player falls from the roof--
Yes, I know, I know. Don't tell me.
"The greatest thing you'll ever--"
Still at it, my sweet?
"Master.
Make. Contract."
My dear Duke, so many lines to learn.
I've been drilling them over and over.
For try as the Duke may,
it was almost too easy...
...for the young writer and actress to invent
perfectly legitimate reasons to avoid him.
Mademoiselle Satine, I haven't
quite finished writing that new scene.
The "Will the lovers be meeting at the
sitar player's humble abode?" scene.
And I wondered if I could work on it
with you later tonight?
But, my dear, I arranged a magnificent
supper for us in the gothic tower.
It's not important.
We can work on it tomorrow.
How dare you.
It cannot wait until tomorrow.
"The lovers will meet at the sitar player's
humble abode" scene is the most important.
We'll work on it tonight
until I'm completely satisfied.
But, my dear--
Dear Duke, excuse me.
I'm sorry.

ZIDLER:

Nice work, family!
Bright and early tomorrow morning,

we begin on Act Two:

The lovers are discovered.

Zidler.

My dear Duke, everything is arranged
for that supper in the gothic tower tonight.

You might as well eat it yourself!

Her affections are waning!

Impossible.

I understand how important her work is,
but she's always at it with that damn writer!

If I don't see her tonight,

I'm leaving!

No, dear Duke!

I'll insist Satine takes the night off.

All right. All right.

Eight o'clock, then.

You'll come tonight?

Yes.

What time?

Eight o'clock.

Promise?

Yes.

Go.

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.

Harold, don't be rid--

I saw you together!

It's nothing.

It's just an infatuation.

It's nothing.

The infatuation will end.

Go to the boy.

Tell him it's over.

The Duke is expecting you
in the tower at 8.

SATINE [SINGING IN VOICE-OVER]:

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
[WHEEZING]
How could I know...
...in those last fatal days...
[COUGHING]
...that a force darker
than jealousy...
...and stronger than love...
...had begun to take hold...
...of Satine?
Where is she?

MARIE:

Tomorrow morning at the earliest.
The Duke's leaving!
She's confessing!
Confessing? What kind of imbecile
do you take me for, Zidler?
She suddenly had a terrible desire...
...to go to a priest and...
...confess her sins.
What?
She wanted to be cleansed
of her former life.
She looks upon tonight
as her wedding night.
Her wedding night?
She's like a blushing bride.
She says you make her feel like a...
...virgin.
Virgin?
You know. Touched...
...for the very first time.
She says it feels so good inside...
...when you hold her...
...and you touch her.
Like a virgin.

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

[SINGING]

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 made her feel

Shiny and new

Like a virgin

Touched for the very first time

Like a virgin

When your hearts beat

Both in time

Gonna 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 thine

She'll be yours

Till the end of time

'Cause you made her feel

Yes, you made her feel

She has nothing to hide

Like a virgin

Touched for the very first time

Like a virgin

When your hearts beat

Both in time

Like a virgin

Feels so good inside

When you hold her and you touch her

[SINGING] She's so fine

And she's mine

Makes me strong

Yes, she makes me bold

Now her love thawed out

Yes, her love thawed out

What was scared and cold

Like a virgin

Touched for the very first time

ZIDLER:

Like a virgin
When your hearts beat
Both in time

ZIDLER:

Like a virgin
Feels so good inside
When you hold her
And you touch her
Ahhhhh
Ahhhhh
Like a virgin
Like a virgin
Harold Zidler's brilliant lies had
once again averted disaster.
But no lie, however brilliant,
could save Satine.

DOCTOR:

Monsieur Zidler...
...Mademoiselle Satine is dying.
She has consumption.
My little sparrow is dying?
She mustn't know, Marie.
The show must go on.

CHRISTIAN:

sitar player had waited.
And now, for the first time...
...he felt the cold stab of jealousy.
[COUGHING]
Where were you last night?
I told you...
...I was sick.
You don't have to lie to me.
We have to end it.
Everyone knows.
Harold knows.
Sooner or later,
the Duke will find out too.
On opening night,

I have to sleep with the Duke.
And the jealousy will drive you mad.
Christian--
Then I'll write a song.
We'll put it in the show and no matter
how bad things get or whatever happens...
...whenever you hear it or sing it
or whistle it or hum it...
...then you'll know it'll mean
we love one other. I won't get jealous.
Things don't work that way, Christian.
We have to end it.

[SINGING]

Never knew
I could feel like this
Like I've never seen the sky
Before
Want to vanish
Inside your kiss

CHRISTIAN:

the scene where the sitar player...
...writes a secret song for the courtesan,
so that whatever is happening...
...however bad things are,
they remember their love.
We could take it from your line, Satine.
Let's take it from there.
We must be careful.
Fear not. We will conduct our
love affair right under the maharajah's--

[SINGING]

Seasons may change
Winter to spring
Honestly, amigo, this is impossible!
But I love you
Until the end
Of time
Come what may
I will love you
Until my dying day
Suddenly, the world
Suddenly, the world
Seems such a perfect place

Seems such a perfect place
My dear, a little frog!
Suddenly it moves
Suddenly it moves
With such a perfect grace
With such a perfect grace
Suddenly my life doesn't
Suddenly my life doesn't
Seem such a waste
Seem such a waste
It all revolves around you
It all revolves around you
And there's no mountain
And there's no mountain
Too high
Too high
No river too wide
No river too wide
Sing out this song and I'll be
Sing out this song and I'll be
There by your side
There by your side
Storm clouds may gather
Storm clouds may gather
And stars may collide
And stars may collide
But I love you
I love you
Until the end
Until the end
Of time
Of time
Come what may
Come what may
I will love you
I will love you
The magical sitar player
falls from the roof and says:
"The greatest thing you'll
ever learn...
...is just to love and be loved
in return."
This ending is silly.
Why would the courtesan

go for the penniless writer?
Whoops. I mean, sitar player.
CHORUS [SINGING]:
Come what may
I will love you
Come what may
Yes, I will love you
Come what may
I will love you
Till my dying day
I don't like this ending.
Don't like the ending, my dear Duke?

DUKE:

Why would the courtesan choose...
...a penniless sitar player
over the maharajah...
...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 that in the end,
the courtesan choose the maharajah.
But, but.... Sorry.
Sorry, but that ending does not uphold
the Bohemian ideals of...
...truth, beauty, freedom--
I don't care about
your ridiculous dogma!
Why shouldn't the courtesan
choose the maharajah?
Because she doesn't love you!
Him.
Him. She doesn't love....
She doesn't love him.
Now I see.
Monsieur Zidler.
This ending will be rewritten...
...with the courtesan choosing
the maharajah...
...and without the lovers' secret song.
It will be rehearsed in the morning,

ready for the opening tomorrow night.

My dear Duke,

that will be quite impossible.

Harold.

The poor Duke is

being treated appallingly.

These silly writers let their
imagination run away with them.

Why don't you and I...

...have a little supper?

Then afterwards...

...we can let Monsieur Zidler know
how we would prefer the story to end.

Thank you, Elizabeth.

I don't want you to sleep with him.

He could destroy everything.

It's for us.

You promised.

You promised me

you wouldn't be jealous.

It will be all right.

Yes, it will.

He's waiting.

No. No.

[SINGING]

Come

What may

Come what may.

She had gone to the tower

to save us all.

And for our part...

...we could do nothing but wait.

SATINE:

I have not kept you waiting.

Don't worry, Shakespeare.

You'll get your ending.

Once the Duke gets his...

...end in.

ARGENTINEAN:

Nini. No, no.

NINI:

You keep your hands off me!
Never fall in love with a woman
who sells herself.
It always ends bad!
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.
We have a dance...
...in the brothels of Buenos Aires.
It tells the story...
...of a prostitute...
[PEOPLE OOHING AND LAUGHING]
...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!
[SINGING]
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 [SINGING]:
His eyes upon your face

His hand upon your hand
His lips caress your skin
It's more than I can stand
Roxanne
Why does my heart cry
Roxanne
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 cancan dancer...
...but an actress.
I will make you...
...a star.
Accept it...
...as a gift from this maharajah
to his courtesan.

SATINE:

And....
And the ending?
Let Zidler keep his fairy-tale ending.
Roxanne
Why does my heart cry?
You don't have to put on that red light
Roxanne
Feelings
I can't fight
You don't have to do your hair tonight
Roxanne
You're free to leave me
But just don't deceive me
And please believe me
When I say
I love you
[SINGING FAINTLY]
Come what may
I will love you

Till my dying
Day
No.
No?
I see.
It's our very own
penniless sitar player.
My dear Duke--
Silence!
You made me...
...believe that you loved me!
Why does my
Heart cry?
Feelings
I can't fight
Roxanne
You don't have to
Wear that dress tonight
[SINGING]
Why does my
Heart cry?
Roxanne
I couldn't.
I couldn't go through with it.
I saw you there, and I felt differently
and I couldn't pretend.
And the Duke, he saw!
He saw and he--
[SOBBING]
Christian, I love you.

CHRISTIAN:

It's okay.
I couldn't do it. I didn't want to
pretend anymore.
I didn't want to lie. I don't.
And he knows. He knows and he--
You don't have to pretend anymore.
We'll leave.
We'll leave tonight.
Leave?
But the show--
I don't care.
I don't care about the show.

We have each other.
That's all that matters.
Yes.
As long as we have each other.
We have each other.
Chocolat, take Satine to her dressing room
and get the things she needs.
No one must see you. Do you understand?
I understand.
Darling, you go and pack.
And I'll be waiting.
It's the boy.
He has bewitched her with words.
I want her back, Zidler. Find her.
Tell her...
...that the show will end my way...
...and she will come to me
when the curtain falls...
...or I'll have the boy killed.
Killed?
Killed.
Forgive the intrusion, cherub.
You're wasting your time, Harold.
You don't understand.
The Duke is going to kill Christian.
No.

ZIDLER:

Unless you do his ending
and sleep with him tomorrow night...
...the Duke will have Christian killed.
He can't scare us.
He's a powerful man.
You know he can do it.
What are you doing?

SATINE:

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.
We're going away from you, away from

the Duke, away from the Moulin Rouge!

Goodbye, Harold.

You're dying, Satine.

You're dying.

Another trick, Harold?

No, my love. The doctor told us.

Marie?

I'm dying.

[SINGING]

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.

He'll fight for me.

Yes. Unless he believes

you don't love him.

What?

You're a great actress, Satine.

Make him believe you don't love him.

No.

ZIDLER:

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.

[SINGING]

Today's

The day

When dreaming

Ends

Another hero...

...another mindless crime.

Behind the curtain...

...in the pantomime.

[SINGING]

On and on

Does anybody know

What we are living for?

CHORUS [SINGING]:

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:

The show must go on

The show must go on

Outside, the dawn is breaking

On the stage

That holds our final destiny

The show must go on

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

I'll top the bill

I'll earn the kill

I have to find the will to carry

On with the

On with the

On with the show

ZIDLER:

On with the show!

The show

Must go on

What's wrong?

I'm staying with the Duke.

After I left you, the Duke came to see me
and he offered me everything.
Everything that I've ever dreamed of.
He has one condition.
I must never see you again.
I'm sorry.
What are you talking about?
You knew who I was.
What are you saying?
What about last night?
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.
No.
There must be something else.
This can't be real.
There's something the matter.
Tell me what it is. Tell me what's wrong.
Tell me the truth. Tell me the truth!
The truth?
The truth is...
...I am the Hindi courtesan.
And I choose the maharajah.
That's how the story really ends.
Jealousy has driven him mad!

CHRISTIAN:

Satine!
Satine!
Things aren't always as they seem.
Things are exactly the way they seem.
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 you. I know it.
I know she loves you.
Go away, Toulouse. Leave me alone.
Go away.

Go away!
I wanted to shut out
what Toulouse had said...
...but 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.
She is mine!

TOULOUSE [SINGING]:

I only speak the truth

I only speak the truth

[SINGING IN HINDI]

[SATI NE SINGING]

[SINGING]

Kiss

Hand

Diamonds

Best friend

Kiss

Grand

Diamonds

Best friend

Men

Cold

Girls

Old

And we all lose our charms

In the end

Diamonds are a

CHORUS:

Diamonds are a

Girl's

Best

Friend

She is mine.

[CHEERING]

I know she still loves him.

There's got to be a reason.

How about one of them

is a duke and the other--?

Then you agree something is wrong.

But what? What?

I raise high
my ceremonial wedding sword...
...and welcome my loyal subjects
to join with us...
...in celebration....
[COUGHING]
What a magnificent performance.

MARIE:

Come on, lovey. There, that's a girl.
The boy is here.

ZIDLER:

were to come near her, he'd be killed!
He very soon will be.
He will be killed.
That's it. That's why she's
pushing him away. To save him.
That's it.
Christian! Ah!
[YELLING]
Oh, God, this is high up.
I've come to pay my bill.
You shouldn't be here, Christian.
Just leave.
Killed. Killed. Killed.
I must warn him!
You made me believe you loved me.
Why shouldn't I pay you?
Please go away.

MARIE:

ZIDLER:

the sitar player into hiding.
You did your job so very, very well.

MAN:

Persian army, go!
The boy's taken Satine. Quick.

CHRISTIAN:

like everyone else does?
Don't, Christian. There's no point.

Just leave.

They're going to kill the poor boy!

But I have found them.

Stop him.

[SCREAMS]

If you don't love me and it wasn't real,
why can't I pay you?

ZIDLER:

Let the palace doors be opened!

TOULOUSE:

Christian!

Open the doors!

Let me pay! Let me pay!

Open the doors.

Tell me it wasn't real.

Tell me you don't love me!

Open the doors!

Christian!

Tell me you don't love me!

[LAUGHS]

I am not fooled!

Though he has shaved off his beard
and adopts a disguise...

...my eyes do not lie!

For it is he!

The same penniless sitar player!

AUDIENCE:

Driven mad by jealousy!

Oh, God, no.

This woman is yours now.

I've paid my whore!

I owe you nothing.

And you are nothing to me.

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

I can't remember my line.

This sitar player...

...doesn't love you.

See? He flees the kingdom!

Pumpkin, it's for the best.

You know it is.

The show must go on.
And now, my bride...
...it is time for you to raise
your voice to the heavens...
...and say your wedding vows.

I've got it!

Christian!

[TOULOUSE SCREAMING]

The greatest thing you'll
ever learn...

...is just to love...

...and be loved...

...in return!

[SINGING]

Never knew

I could

Feel like this

It's like I've never seen

The sky before

Want to vanish

Inside your kiss

Every day I'm loving you

More and more

Listen to my heart

Can you hear it sing?

Come back to me

And forgive

Everything

Seasons may change

Winter to spring

I love you.

Till the end

Of

Time

[SINGING]

Come what may

Come what may

I will love you

Until my dying

Day

Day

Come what may

Come what may

I will love you

I will love you
Until my dying--
Until my dying--

TOULOUSE:

Christian, he's got a gun!
[TOULOUSE SCREAMING]
They're trying to kill you!
Shut up!
Look, he's got a gun!
Guards, seize them!
[YELLING IN FRENCH]
No problem. Go back to work!
[SINGING]
No matter what you say

CHORUS:

The show is ending our way
Come on and stand your ground
For freedom
Beauty
Truth and love
One day I'll fly away
My gift is my song
Fly away
My gift is my song
I will love you
I will love you
Yes, I will love you
Yes, I will love you
I will love you
I will love you
Till my dying
Till my dying
My way!
My way! My way!
Day
Day
Stand by for curtain call.
Dancers, positions, please.
Satine.
[SATINE COUGHING]
Satine? What's the matter?
What is it?

Tell me. What's the matter?
Tell me. Satine? What's the matter?
[SATINE WHEEZING]
Oh, my God.
Somebody get some help!
Hold the curtain. Fetch the doctor.
I'm sorry, Christian.
I'm dying.

CHRISTIAN:

It's all right.

SATINE:

CHRISTIAN:

You'll be all right. I know you'll be all right.
I'm cold. I'm cold.
Hold me.
I love you.
You've got to go on, Christian.
I can't go on without you.
You've got so much to give.
Tell our story, Christian.
Promise me.
That way...
...I'll always be with you.
[SOBBING]
[SOBBING LOUDLY]
[SINGING]
There was
A boy
A very strange
Enchanted
Boy

CHRISTIAN:

Weeks turned into months.
And then,
one not-so-very-special day...
...I went to my typewriter,
I sat down...
...and I wrote our story.
A story about a time...
...a story about a place...

...a story about the people.
But above all things...
...a story about love.
A love that will live forever.
The...
...end.

[SINGING]

The greatest thing
You'll ever learn
Is just to love
And be loved
In return