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Movie
Scripts

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Coco avant Chanel (2009)

COCO BEFORE CHANEL

Obazine Orphanage 1893

Girls who have visitors...

follow me.

Come on.

Come on, let's go.

I don't want to.

I waited for my father every Sunday.

He never came back.

Moulins - 15 years later

Lost my little cute Coco

Doggy that I did adore

Trotted off at Trocadero

Now my doggy is no more

One regret, undermining

As I do the cruel recap

While my man was out 2-timing

Coco was sleeping in my lap

Has anyone seen Coco?

Coco in Trocadero?

Has any of you seen Coco?

-For Coco.

-Have a seat.

Hookers, that way.

For Coco.

Is that all I'm worth?

Nice of you.

Your baron is here.

Coming?

Come on, please. He's not alone.

Darling, this is Etienne Balsan.

That was wonderful.

My pleasure.

Gabrielle, Adrienne's sister.

Fanny, Queen of the Night.

Not to pry, but who's younger?

-Gabrielle.

-I couldn't guess your age.

-How old? 16? 25?

-When I'm bored, I feel ancient.

Very clever.

How old do you feel now?

A thousand years old.

Pleasant girl.

Is she always so blunt?

Aren't you?

Running off?

We're drying up. Let's drink.

-Champagne.

-Good idea.

I'll pour it, thanks.

-Some champagne for Coco.

-Gabrielle.

It's too prim. I prefer Coco.

-Coco sounds--

-It is nice.

For a rooster. You have lousy taste.

I like it.

Do you ever speak kindly?

Try saying something nice.

I have nothing to say.

Those dark little eyes.

Caroline

Your shoes are all a-shine

And your flowery hat, so fine

When you stall, you're such a pain

Keep on walking, stop that talking

You'll make us miss our train

Girls.

The petticoat is torn. It's urgent.

The frill on the bottom.

-Come on, it's easy.

-Please.

Done.

Don't tell me the end.

It's always the same thing.

Blanche the orphan

overcomes obstacles...

and marries the Prince of Espeyrac.

Story of my life.

I hadn't thought of that.

You're mean.

Have you been to India? No.

Blanche did.

to prove she's no gold digger.

You want me to go to India?

Making out with your baron

in some rat hole won't get you far.

He loves me.

I even met his friend.

He's just showing he can get

a pretty girl into bed.

Love is best in fairy tales.

You have no heart.

The only thing interesting in love...

is making love.

Too bad you need a guy for that.

We're on, Cocorico.

[QUI QU'A VU COCO]

That was stupendous.

Thank you, Mr. Balsan.

-I mean it.

-Even the second time?

I missed some nuances the first time.

Have a seat.

Did I say something wrong?

She wants to leave us alone.

To convert me to the cause of love.

I'd like to help.

So, what must I do?

Do I blush? Play shy?

Do I say "Please do, honey"?

"Yes, my love"?

I like "Yes, my love." Not bad at all.

A woman in love is helpless.

Like a begging dog.

Her tongue hanging out.

Slobbering.

Not a pretty sight.

-Are you nervous?

-No.

Yes, you are.

Something to drink?

Champagne.

I was sure he'd be useful.

He knows someone at the Alcazar.

We can audition whenever we want.

Paris, here we come.

You find him attractive?

Balsan? With that face.

Liar. I bet you're hooked.

He's not as dumb as the others.

And has connections.

We need a new song.

Something more chic.

And some money for new dresses.

Good work. He drank 3 bottles.

It's not that hard.

This way we're all happy.

What do you think?

I'll whore around to fill your pockets?

Very well.

Violette.

-You know the "Coco" song?

-Yes.

You'll sing it now.

Beat it. Don't ever come back.

You neither.

Good going.

How do we get new dresses now?

You're crazy.

The bastard asked for it. Hurry up.

I'm torpedo girl!

See how I whirl!

Touch me, but beware

You stand no prayer

Not good at all.

On "I'm torpedo girl"

we need something splashy.

Try lunging forward.

Go on, start over.

I'm torpedo girl!

See how I whirl!

Touch me, but beware

You stand no prayer

What are you doing?

It should be looser in the back.

You'll ruin it.

You need some room.

To be comfortable.

Now try.

Will it hold? It's not a striptease.

You'd grab their attention.

Good morning, Coco.

Good morning.

Like seeing me work on all fours?

No.

This is a very nice model.

Can we speak?

Sorry, I'm in a rush.

It was hard to find you.

No longer working nights?

No.

You have some free time?

Hm?

I have an idea. Think before refusing.

How about dinner one night?

Recent convert to the cause of love?

Me?

-You're not my type.

-Good.

Mademoiselle...

you're not paid to chit-chat.

So?

Okay.

Very well.

See you soon. Madame, if I may,

I find you stunning.

Not eating?

I don't like it.

I ate lots of it as a kid.

Now it sickens me.

We were wealthy.

Papa speculated in wine.

I thought you were an orphan.

For you, all singers are.

I didn't say that. Your sister

told Maurice you were orphans.

I repeat what I hear.

She loves to tug

at people's heartstrings.

No, in fact...

I was Papa's favorite.

When Mama died, he went to America.

So I have a father. I'm not an orphan.

Being an orphan is no crime.

If it were, I'd be rotting in jail.

I'm an orphan myself.

-Really?

-My parents died 2 years ago.

-How sad.

-A reason to rejoice.

I feel alive again.

We weren't speaking.

Complicated family.

Did they hit you?

Goodness, no. Why?

That would have justified my anger.

In fact, I found them...

lacking in imagination.

Deadly boring.

The aunts who raised me

beat me and starved me.

I always hoped Papa

would come back.

Poor Coco.

No, why?

Kids like you raised with nannies

and whatnot...

end up unhappy or retarded.

Retarded, yes. I couldn't agree more.

Look at me. Pathetic.

I should have met you earlier.

Etienne!

That one...

I should have met much later.

Too many feathers, too much makeup.

Too much everything.

How do you see yourself?

I mean....

I look like a whore.

My dress for the Alcazar.

The only nice thing about it

was the flower.

Torpedo girl.

I'm torpedo girl

See how I whirl

Gentlemen, beware

You stand no prayer

It's fantastic

I'm electric

The prognostic

My dear gent

Your every cent will be well-spent

We start next Tuesday.

We go on at 10, before the star.

Our own dressing room.

Our name on the door.

Undo this. I'm suffocating.

The Alcazar.

Fame and fortune will be ours.

Paris, here we come.

I can't sing with you.

What do you mean?

Maurice wants to marry me.

We'll be living near Paris.

I'll be a baroness.

So no more singing.

Look at me.

Barons don't marry girls like you.

You're dreaming, Adrienne.

You'll sing what we rehearsed.

No, I won't.

He knows Mama died
and Papa sells pots and pans?
That you were abandoned at 9?
I hope you'll forgive me.
Hear my musical credo
Pay on your way out
I'm an electrical torpedo
I'll make you sing and shout
Touch me, feel the tingle
Whether young or old
When our currents do commingle
One look and you'll be sold
I'm torpedo girl
See how I whirl
Gents, beware
You stand no prayer
It's fantastic
I'm electric
Dear gent
Your every cent will be well-spent
Thank you, miss.
-May I?

-Of course.

Ladies.

Are you okay, Coco?

Forget about the Alcazar.

-I know someone at La Rotonde.

-Enough's enough.

I came to say goodbye.

You're leaving?

-I'm going home.

-You don't live here?

Thank God, no.

I owed a few weeks to the army.

I'm Parisian born and bred.

You live in Paris?

I live outside Paris, in Compigne.

Very well.

Time for friends to part ways.

I'm glad we met.

Good luck, Coco.

-Mr. Balsan, please.

-And you are...?

Gabrielle. Coco.

Good boy.

Coco?

What are you doing here?

My sister lives nearby.

Surprise visit, but she's out.

I remembered you lived around here.

Better than the train station.

And I was worried you missed me.

Joseph, if you would

put Coco in the floral bedroom.

You're here now.

I can't lock you out.

After you.

You like books?

Rest assured, I haven't read any.

I want to show you something.

Coco, I want you to meet...

my family.

Family, this is Coco.

Bow down.

My grandfather.

Founder of the Balsan dynasty.

Great man.

The other Gabrielle I knew,

before you.

Gabrielle Balsan.

No husband, no children, thank God.

You look alike.

How awful. You're right.

Remind me to take it down.

His name was Patellire.

A crook, a cousin.

Thank God he died poor.

And this...

is my bedroom.

Don't be shy.

The final hurdle.

Minouche won.

The race was incredible.

I was very lucky.

Washington, not the president...

had 2 false starts. Disqualified.

That's not all. Night Flight,

the favorite, ran off track.

That left Minouche.

She ran to the finish line.

Whizzed right by.

Like a rocket.

Am I speaking Chinese?

Here, you have to care about horses.

Why aren't you ready?

I'd like to stay on.

What about your sister?

I forgot her address.

It's a bit complicated.

I have guests.

Some other time.

I'll be discreet.

Not my thing.

Bluebeard locking women upstairs.

You won't know I'm here.

Fine.

You should try with a saddle.

I couldn't find one.

Can I learn in 2 days?

No way.

This thing is impossible.

Someone may see you.

So what?

I can't let you.

What do I do, kick?

Come back. Pull the reins.

My friends. Dinner is served.

See that blonde? Jockeys have it made.

Pays to be small and ugly.

Monsieur's latest catch is a shrimp.

The plates.

Joseph, serve the champagne.

Yes, sir.

Slice some truffles.

This napkin is dirty.

It's yours. Your ring.

My ring? Dirty napkins in a ring?

Yes, miss.

It's Bluebeard.

Here to claim his due.

Beware. Nothing I say

can be used against me. Hm?

You were magnificent.

An angel of absence, seen by no one.

Heard by no one.

Leave me alone.

Where did my little mouse hide?

Up in my attic.

Get off.

It was so boring. You can't imagine.

I'm hot.

My great-grandfather's cufflinks.

They give me the creeps. Help me.

No.

What do you mean?

Hold on.

Have you heard of Japan?

Japan.

-Obviously.

They have geishas.

Ever heard of them?

They tend wholly to their men.

They wash and dress them.

They remove their cufflinks.

Like slaves.

In a way. Come on, get to work.

Help take off my cufflinks.

Or else...

back to the station.

Come on, give me a hand.

My little geisha.

Who'd abandon this poor creature?

For so long?

Who's my little doll?

I'm big, I'm bad, I'm Bluebeard.

We'll meet here afterwards.

We're not together?

No, we're not. I'm stuck in the boxes.

Do you mind?

But the lawn is fine, even better.

You don't have to listen

to the boring gentry-folk.

I mean it.

Dynamite and Magic Dream,

in the 3rd.

They're my horses.

I thought you disappeared.

Get my letters?

Why didn't you answer?

I was sulking.

Why are you here?

I'm with Balsan.

You live with him?

Of course I do. I live in a castle.

My own bathtub, big bed,

servants fawning over me.

I do nothing all day.

This is wonderful. We're neighbors.

How is it going with your baron?

Very well. We're so in love.

We live in the shadows.

-He hides you?

-No, we're getting married soon.

Like my dress? A gift from Maurice.

You must rake up mud with that train.

This style is all the rage in Paris.

It'll fit in perfectly up in the boxes.

Look at them.

Bored out of their wits.

Soon they'll kill to dine with us.

I'm glad you're up.

We can say goodbye.

-Remember the chocolate.

-In the basket.

I'm off. You'll be taken to the station.

-Are you okay?

-Mm-hm.

Drop me a line sometime. Hm?

Any raspberry jam left?

Give some to her.

Homegrown. Delicious.

Come on, my friends, let's get going.

Your carriage is waiting.

I won't be going.

I'm sorry.

I wanted one last ride. He panicked.

You, on a horse?

I've always ridden.

Riding saved me from suicide.

When my aunts used to hit me...

I'd go out riding.

You call that riding?

I'm here, aren't I?

You kept your boy hidden.

To no avail.

Ladies and gentlemen, Coco.

Full of surprises. Some of them good.

Gorgeous costume.

You couldn't afford a riding skirt?

I'd be surprised that she lasts,

whatever her name is.

She's charming,

but lacking in frivolity.

I've eaten too much.

As pretty as ever.

That's kind of you.

Where's your jockey?

Racing. Good riddance.

Already over?

We'll see.

He mounts me like a chimp.

Even in my dressing room.

I mean it.

And like all short men...

he's well-endowed. It's exhausting.

You men are exhausting.

Exhausting perhaps, but indispensable.

That's true.

But I may prefer women.

-Liar.

-You made me laugh.

Young man, what do you think?

What do you prefer?

Don't be afraid.

Go ahead.

Say something.

Speak up. Say what you think.

Skin is skin.

Well said.

How did you decide this?

I shut off the light.

Clever.

Charming.

On this note, allow me to

propose a little brandy...

and another round.

These amazone saddles

are impractical. She's right.

You're very smart, mademoiselle.

We get put on top,

like cherries on a cake.

He didn't give you the nicest room.

Even Maud had the blue room.

You're not his type.

Wear a corset. Be more feminine.

-This is cute.

-Try it on.

Give me a hand.

You're prettier without it.

I feel totally naked.

You have a forehead,

a nose, a mouth.

Where are you?

He can't be left alone for a second.

They'll think I can't afford feathers.

Not at all.

With this on, how can you think?

Think.

Or is it just an act?

Where did he find you?

Keep it.

What else prevents me from thinking?

Go on, tell me.

Don't worry, I don't bite.

Get rid of all this.

It's fine for a carnival.

Without some adornments

I'd feel poor.

She's a bit primitive.

I forgot to tell you.

I'll be starring in "Joan of Arc."

You, playing a virgin?

Yes.

Leave some slack. Left, right.

Get it? Now let's try to gallop.

Close your right eye.

-I can't.

-So close the left one.

-Close an eye.

-Strange lesson.

It's very important.

Keep one eye ready...

in case you get mud in the other.

You know, what I just told you...

is an old Balsan family secret.

I'll become the best rider around.

Could take months, if not years.

So what?

I should have been wary.

Sent you back while I still could.

What is this outfit?

Where's the dress I gave you?

At my window.

I felt like a walking curtain.

Too bad. You almost looked feminine.

Disappointed?

They'll think I'm a cheap date.

Not bad.

Dear aunt,

allow me to pay my respects.

Excellent, Etienne.

Take this, auntie.

They come less for the actress...

than for the tart

who ruined this count or that heir.

No one cares about my acting.

It's relaxing, like being

a tourist attraction or a monument.

Ever get stage fright?

Yes, but less and less.

Not a good sign.

Come see the play.

We perform every night.

Can you make me another hat?

-The first was a smash hit.

-Of course.

By the way, bravo.

For the length of your stay.

You're breaking my record.

Soup's on.

Vintage 1882.

Worth swooning over.

I'm lodging a drunk.

So Balsan found you in a saloon?

Not at all.

It was an exclusive cabaret.

She has a marvelous voice.

Really? I'd love to hear you.

Yes. Come on, Coco, sing for us.

Does anyone know "Coco"?

Go on, sing.

Has anyone seen Coco?

Coco in Trocadero?

Come on, sing.

Sing.

We're bored.

Make an effort.

Make it look like you're having fun.

You're here to entertain. So sing.

She's accepted your invitation.

Do you know "Coco"?

Or else, no more riding.

Just bread and water.

Can I see?

Your book.

Even stupid books

have some truth to them.

Think what the other books

can teach you.

I was looking for you.

I knew I'd find you here.

Books are meant to be read,

aren't they?

And horses to be mounted. Come on.

Coco. Get dressed.

You're elegant.

You all right?

Nothing scares you.

What's your name?

Gabrielle. But everyone calls me Coco.

They call me Boy.

But in England, I'm Arthur Capel.

The problem with nicknames

is that they stick.

You're stuck with it.

My father used to call me Coco.

He'd wake me up shouting,

"cock-a-doodle-do."

It soon became Coco-doodle,

And it stuck.

Has any of you seen Coco?

Her big number at the saloon,

Nice choice, right?

Her Coco, me Rico. Cocorico.

Am I interrupting?

I was admiring her style,

Her style.

Don't overdo it or I'll lose my tailor.

She likes dresses with no corsets...

shoes with no heels...

hats with no feathers.

That's my Coco.

You're right to opt for simplicity.

You think so?

I like things when they overflow.

No meat on these bones.

Stop it.

No.

I disagree.

You're right.

Her look is rather pleasant.

Stick to your horse dung.

-Are you sick?

-No.

So be nice. Get up, get dressed

and come downstairs.

They're all waiting.

Good for them.

What's wrong, Coco? Hm?

I hate entertaining your degenerates.

I'm tired of your mood swings.

The lord of the manor is tired.

What's new?

Don't use that tone.

-I'll speak as I please.

-No!

Just shut up.

You're the boor.

Without your money

you'd lose your friends.

Okay.

Forget it.

Come down when you're calm.

I'll never calm down.

What do you think?

Play with your rich scions,

dumb jockeys and whores.

All I do is perfect my gallop

and screw a drunk.

The gate's open.

You're not forced to stay.

When people see us,

I know they wonder...

how can this elegant woman

love such a fat man?

I'm not that fat.

I'm losing weight at the moment.

Yes, but you're not very attractive.

I'm kind.

You're more than that.

You're understanding,

talented, charming.

Such is my dilemma.

My lover is more like a husband.

Okay, let me think.

You're not shapely...

but you're attractive. And amusing.

There's Romain Neuville. Great family.

Cultivated. He'll show you around.

Get you out of the stables.

Who's this?

But he's not much fun.

I know a duke also.

On the old side, but generous.

I want to work.

To make a living.

To be an actress.

You're too old to be an ingnue.

And work, what a strange idea.

You're famous. You know people.

You can find me something.

Something....

What did you do before Balsan?

Nothing. Some sewing.

That's easy enough to do in Paris.

Not a bad idea.

You're talented.

Everyone loves your straw hats.

You can work at a hat shop.

I don't want to.

You want, but you don't know what.

milienne, help.

Does Balsan know your plans?

Hurry back to the castle.

Tell him I asked you to come here.

Don't tell him you want to leave.

Tighter.

Don't take it badly.

Balsan is easygoing. You're lucky.

Make the most of it.

Lucky?

Hungry?

Muffins.

Perfectly tasteless.

The English adore them.

Boy, what about all that coal

you had me buy?

Because with all due respect...

war is brewing.

-I hope so. I'll resell it for a fortune.

-Buying coal?

I think Mr. Capel would do anything...

to become England's

leading businessman.

Sell my coal. I pay you well.

Without his advice...

I'd have to work, like Montlaur.

Montlaur, what a clod.

Work is a vile word.

Worse ways to make a living.

Yes, but none more tiring.

Mr. Burton is here.

The breeder from Cardiff. Let's go.

-Coming?

-I'll join you.

You'd better.

Because my English is shoddy...

and Heart of Darkness

is a horse for me.

By the way, don't frighten her.

She has the annoying habit of...

vanishing.

I was afraid I'd never see you again.

Aren't you happy here?

You should go.

It seems you're indispensable.

Why won't you answer?

If I had to answer every question....

Do you work or just pretend to?

You tell me.

No one works here.

Perhaps I'd like to have pretended.

I had no choice.

My mother was lacking...

a little something...

so my father would marry her.

An aristocratic name...

as you say in France.

I was raised by foreign hands.

Don't make that face.

Do I seem unhappy?

Otherwise, I'd never have...

read a book,

traveled or learned anything.

But perhaps you'd like me more.

It's too austere.

You asked for orphan garb.

What do you know?

Orphans wears rags.

Poor things are half naked.

Rip my dress a bit.

Please.

You're no fun.

The point is to see thighs, breasts.

It's more exciting to imagine them.

Stubborn as an ass.

Gabrielle?

You're beautiful.

It's nice to see you.

How do I look?

Plain.

Who wants to be plain?

This is a disaster.

Still the boy?

Less disorienting for you.

And I stuck to horse dung.

Can you fix this? It's too baggy.

It's to let you move about.

I can feel my fat jiggling inside.

I want it tighter.

You'd prefer not to breathe?

She has an answer for everything.

Good-looking pirate.

Hello.

Captain John Rackham.

What can I do for you?

Nothing.

I don't believe in your happiness.

All I need is a job.

You must have one with all that coal.

Nothing really suited for a woman.

What's the point

in being a businessman?

To impress you.

Who do you think you are?

Caught one.

Caught one.

Caught one.

And what a catch.

Stop, Hubert. I'm not playing.

That's enough.

It's a dormitory here. So quiet.

You were right.

My orphan outfit drives them wild.

Ever been in love?

It never made me happy.

What is it like?

What do you feel? Good, bad, what?

Where did you come from?

What's it like to be in love?

It hurts. Hurts. Hurts, doesn't it?

What are you doing?

I'm leaving.

But the game's not over.

I have no business here.

You do. Balsan is counting on you.

You know exactly why I'm here.

You can't go off in the night.

At least wait till daybreak.

Goodnight, Gabrielle.

Stay a bit.

Why should I?

I'm not used to undressing boys.

Look who it is.

Let's have some coffee.

Where's your eye patch?

I lost it in a brawl.

My friend...

you missed a wild game

of hide-and-go-seek.

milienne was great.

She bit a servant.

Seen Coco by any chance?

She hid so well I never found her.

Does she often disappear?

No.

It's rather recent.

Are you fond of her?

Since when do you care?

Since yesterday.

She's a charming companion.

Very pleasant.

Mind if I borrow her for 2 days?

Like her that much?

I like her.

Does she want to go with you?

I think so.

Then be my guest.

It'll clear her head.

First time I've seen the sea.

Showing off her silverware.

Her dress is so tight,

she'll split in 2.

These meringues on their heads.

Like being in a pastry shop.

I'm embarrassed for them.

You're an anarchist.

A good sense of distaste.

You didn't make that up.

It's Jules Renard.

New reading habits.

Tonight...

we'll go dancing at the casino.

You don't mind being seen with me?

What a strange idea.

I don't have a dress for that.

Make a more elegant version of this one.

What about a color that's really a color?

This is perfect.

The fabric is even more beautiful

in pink.

Better suited for your complexion.

Only black shows off the eyes.

I'll take this lace too.

Perfect.

Make the neckline 10 centimeters lower.

And no corset.

Without a corset it will be shapeless.

In that case, add a belt.

Do as I say.

Very well.

Every woman is looking at you.

No, they're looking at you.

You're very beautiful.

I'll kidnap you as soon as I return.

Not even saying goodbye?

A real racecar.

May I?

Go ahead.

Impressive.

Careful, you may get hooked.

How was the trip?

Did you enjoy yourselves?

What did you do?

I thought you were a very busy man.

Worried?

No, not worried.

I cleared my head.

She may not seem it.

but she's fragile.

Don't play games with her.

I know.

Does she know?

Etienne.

It's up to me to tell her.

Charming scene, isn't it?

You with your hats, me watching.

Peaceful image of a happy couple.

To think you were off

with another man.

How was Deauville?

Nice.

Especially the sea.

What did you do?

We went dancing.

He's not ashamed of me.

In England,

we'd dance with the Queen.

I saw fishermen hauling in their nets.

Men in blue with their shiny catches.

I'll take you to the sea.

Show you real fishing.

You never leave your castle.

You're wrong. I love the sea.

Not so long ago...

I harpooned a shark

from an old boat in England.

I don't believe you at all.

Ask him.

Boy?

What was he like?

Not handsome, but...

charming.

Not you, him.

Irresistible, of course.

We were all very jealous.

He stole our mistresses...

but always with such elegance.

That's what we like

about English charm.

Elegance.

Was he often in love?

No.

But they were.

It led to some awful scenes.

He left a trail of broken hearts.

France, England.

Wherever there was an ocean, a sea.

I don't know why...

but whenever he gets infatuated...

he takes the girl to the seaside.

Strange, isn't it?

You're jealous.

Terribly so.

Gabrielle? What are you doing here?

I had to see you.

Come in.

So, what's so important?

In "The Love Room," remember

why Blanche travels the world?

She loved the prince.

Exactly.

No, not you.

I don't know what's gotten into me.

I feel so stupid.

I want to get married.

Gabrielle.

What do his folks say?

He's a self-made man.

You're lucky.

You've never been prettier.

Maurice's folks won't meet me.

Not over their dead bodies.

So let them die.

Almost there.

Careful.

It's yours.

It's the love of your life.

Exactly.

I can't take Snow White.

Of course you can.

I'm leaving.

Sorry to....

I'm smiling

because I let the fox into the coop.

But my moodiness tires you.

Don't rush into this.

What's gotten into you?

You used to lock me in a closet.

I was a total idiot.

This is your home.

You'll live in England?

I guess so.

You don't know?

There or elsewhere.

For better or for worse.

One way of putting it.

It hurts a bit, all the same.

Is that normal?

You'll get over it.

Of course.

In fact, no.

I don't want you to leave.

I'm afraid. Afraid you'll be unhappy.

Afraid you'll suddenly lose everything.

Why do you say that?

It's not for me to tell you.

Boy is marrying an Englishwoman.

That's nonsense.

No.

Marrying for money.

He was born a bastard and she's rich.

Her father is an English coal magnate.

I'm sorry, Coco.

What made me think

you had become a gentleman?

Coco.

Open up.

Open up, please.

Coco.

Forget what I told you.

Coco.

I'm sorry.

Open up.

Coco?

Very chic in that striped thing, darling.

This is Sophie, from the Follies.

She can't believe

a wild child makes my hats.

She's willing to spend a fortune

for one.

I said the chances were slim...

but we brought you a few models

just in case.

What do you think?

We're in the garden. Coming?

I'll join you.

Take your time.

Hello, Gabrielle.

What's your country like?

Vast, green, gray...

very rainy.

What's on your mind?

My sister.

Beautiful woman.

For what it's worth.

She still thinks her baron

will marry her.

They're in love.

Maybe they don't need

to get married.

That's usually how it works.

It has nothing to do with love.

Marriage is more

of a social convention.

So why did Balsan ask me to marry him?

-You can't.

-Why not?

I'd achieve social status.

If you marry him...

you give up everything.

Riding horses and entertaining guests?

No.

An exceptional future awaits you.

You and your big words.

You're like no one else.

You have to trust yourself.

Anyway, I don't intend to marry him.

I always knew I'd be no one's wife.

Not even yours.

It's just that sometimes I forget.

My mother was an idiot.

She married for love.

And cried her whole life.

My father cheated on her constantly.

She'd sit up waiting night after night.

One morning he came home...

and she was there in bed.

In fact, she was dead.

Better a mistress than a wife.

The worst thing in a marriage

is the couple.

Are you shocked?

I'm getting married.

Congratulations.

She's English.

The daughter of--

-I know.

Nothing between us will change.

How wrong you are.

Not playing?

Here she is.

I'm moving to Paris.

What will you do there?

Make my fortune.

Can we know...

what great idea

will make us rich and famous?

I'll design hats.

Excellent idea.

You can do it here.

I'll pay your expenses.

Hats for your girlfriends

won't make me rich.

You can't expect to work.

It makes no sense.

What do you think?

I think she's right.

Over in England...

you may make women work,

but here...

there's still a semblance

of gallantry.

She can't even add.

She'll learn.

She has no money.

What about that?

I'll get by. I'll borrow some.

Stop filling her head with ideas.

I'll marry you.

It'll solve all your problems.

Make all the hats you want.

I'll confront my family of barbarians.

I have no intention

of marrying anyone.

At least it's clear.

The money you need...

I'll give it to you.

I'll ruin you.

I'm not so sure.

So it's decided.

You're abandoning me.

You'll come visit.

I'll miss you.

Me too.

What will I do without you?

I'm frightened.

Adrienne.

Look. A gentleman.

Finish up.

It's so easy to undress you.

See you later.

Stay.

milienne's hats aren't ready.

I'm getting sick of your hats.

Leave less and you'd see me more.

I may have found the house.

-Where is it?

-Near Cannes. Not far from the sea.

I'm seeing it tomorrow.

-Oysters, madame?

-Mademoiselle.

A 2-month rental.

We'll fight like hell.

I'll take the risk.

One of your hats?

The rent is on me.

I thought I gave you a toy.

I gave you your freedom.

You could have married a celebrity...

instead of a lady

in a dusty old castle.

We'd have been happy.

Because we're not?

Go on, try it.

-Out of the question.

-I need your opinion.

Get behind the wheel.

Brake.

Brake. You'll kill us.

Not bad.

You need one yourself. With a driver.

Okay, I'll buy one.

Let's wait. I'm not sure

we have enough in the bank.

We?

I made that money in the bank.

It's mine.

They give you money

because I acted as guarantor.

-So I depend on you.

-For the time being.

Gabrielle?

Starting tomorrow.

I'll be negotiating with the bank.

"Proud people breed

sad sorrows for themselves."

I don't understand.

You're too proud.

You're going to suffer.

"Bodily labor

lessens the pains of the mind.

This is what makes

poor people happy."

"Poor people happy."

An invention of the rich.

Great. Now you're ready

for Nietzsche.

Did you take my blue polo shirt?

You know the difference between us?

I'm a man. You're a woman.

Men and women dress differently.

Can't you leave this one alone?

I can get them only in England.

What's the material?

Jersey.

You're impossible.

Help me.

Or I'll never get out of here.

Why the wait? Let's get going.

-I have to go.

-Start her up.

I'm sick of seeing you leave.

This time I'm coming.

In that outfit?

I'll be back tomorrow.

Then 2 months, just for us.

You'll regret not taking me along.

Save your saliva.

I know what's coming. I got groped.

Yes, you got groped.

It's so dreadfully predictable.

First I act like a girl...

then you say I'm a beast...

then you break something.

Speaking of which,

I recommend this vase.

You almost broke it

one night 6 weeks ago.

It's ready and waiting.

You reversed the order.

Finally a change in the program.

Enough. Don't exasperate me.

You misbehaved.

Next comes "Dirty beast."

You've acted--

Like a girl.

These hats don't stay in place.

Now maybe you'll overact less.

As for the man in question...

if I held my tongue...

it's because I had my reasons.

Theater is such a bore.

Why did you cut your hair?

It got in my way.

You know the saying:

A woman who cuts her hair

is about to change her life.

Will you dine with me?

I'd love to.

Boy had a car accident.

Is he in the hospital?

For 60 years, Coco Chanel's creations

defined the modern woman.

The era's greatest celebrities

adopted her style.

She was the first woman

to break into a man's world...

founding an empire

which still bears her name.

She never married.

She worked up until her death

in January, 1971.

It was a Sunday, the day of rest...

a day she never liked.

Coco avant Chanel