

Les bonnes répliques de ceux qui nous ont quittés

Number 192, September–October 1997

URI: <https://id.erudit.org/iderudit/49285ac>

[See table of contents](#)

Publisher(s)

La revue Séquences Inc.

ISSN

0037-2412 (print)

1923-5100 (digital)

[Explore this journal](#)

Cite this article

(1997). Les bonnes répliques de ceux qui nous ont quittés. *Séquences*, (192), 7–8.

Les bonnes répliques de ceux qui nous ont quittés

• Dans *The Philadelphia Story* (1940) de George Cukor (scénario de Donald Ogden Stewart, d'après la pièce de Philip Barry):

(À Tracy/Katharine Hepburn):

The prettiest sight in this fine pretty world is the privileged class enjoying its privileges.

(L'informant qu'il n'a pas profité des circonstances occasionnées par son état d'ébriété):

You were extremely attractive. And, as for distant and forbidding, on the contrary. But you were also a little worse, or better, for wine — and there are rules about that.

(Et sa déclaration d'amour):

There's a magnificence in you, Tracy... a magnificence that comes out of your eyes and your voice and the way you stand there and the way that you walk. You're lit from within, Tracy. You've got fires banked down in you, hearth fires and holocausts... You're made out of flesh and blood. That's the blank, unholy surprise of it! Why, you're the Golden Girl, Tracy — full of life and warmth and delight.

• Dans *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington* (1939) de Frank Capra (scénario de Sidney Buchman, d'après *The Gentleman from Montana*, un récit de Lewis R. Foster):

(À Miss Saunders/Jean Arthur à qui il décrit sa philosophie de la vie dans un gigantesque élan d'idéalisme):

You see — you see, boys forget what their country means by just reading "the land of the free" in history books. When they get to be men, they forget even more. Liberty is too precious a thing to be buried in books, Miss Saunders. Men should hold it up in front of them every single day of their lives and say, "I'm free — to think and to speak. My ancestors couldn't. I can. And my children will."

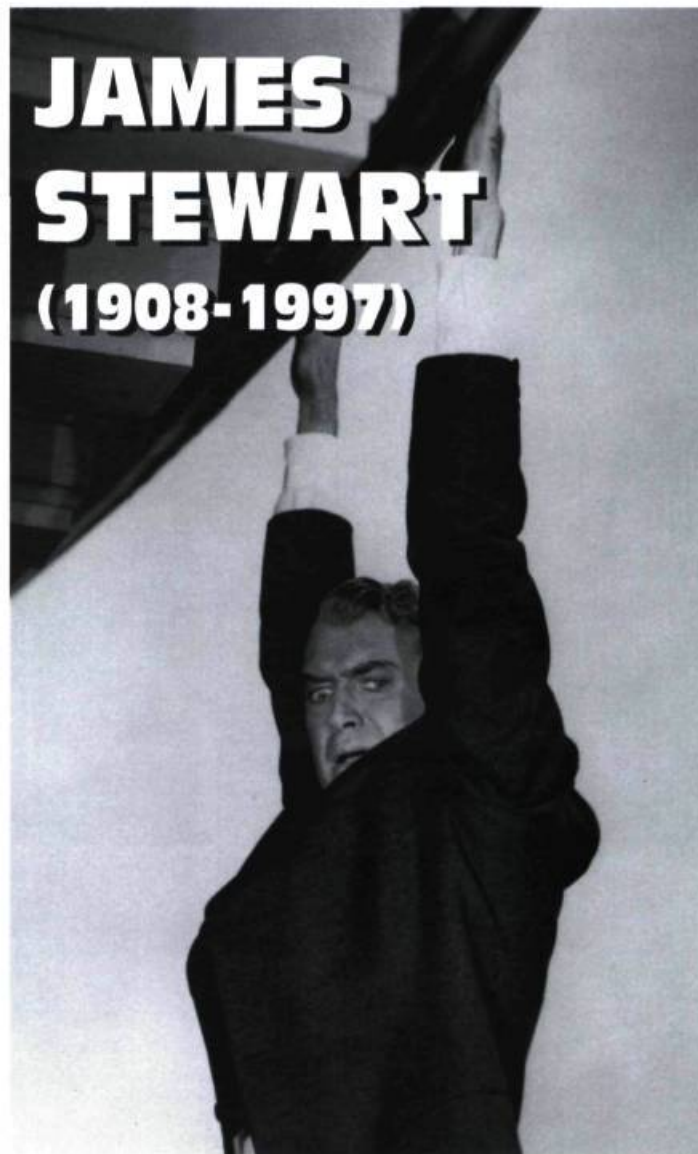
(Extraits de son immense discours lors de son obstruction parlementaire):

I wouldn't give you two cents for all your fancy rules if, behind them, they didn't have a little bit of plain, ordinary, everyday kindness and a — a little looking out for the other fella, too. (Ses derniers mots avant son évanouissement par épuisement): I guess this is just another lost cause, Mr. Paine. All you people don't know about lost causes. Mr. Paine does. He said once they were the only causes worth fighting for, and he fought for them once, for the only reason that any man ever fights for them. Because of just one plain, simple rule, "love thy neighbor", and in this world today, full of hatred, a man who knows that one rule has a great trust. You know that rule, Mr. Paine, and I loved you for it, just as my father did. And you know that you fight for the lost causes harder than for any others. Yes, you even die for them, like a man we both knew, Mr. Paine. You think I'm licked. You all think I'm licked and I'm going to stay right here and fight for this lost cause even if this room gets filled with lies like these, and the Taylors and all their armies come marching into this place. Somebody'll listen to me. Some...

• Dans *Vertigo* (1958) d'Alfred Hitchcock (scénario d'Alec Coppel, remplacé par Samuel Taylor, d'après *D'entre les morts* de Boileau-Narcejac):

(À Judy Barton/Kim Novak, à mesure qu'il découvre le pot aux roses):

That was where you made your mistake, Judy. You shouldn't keep souvenirs of a killing. You shouldn't have been that sentimental.



**JAMES
STEWART**
(1908-1997)

Vertigo

• Dans *It's a Wonderful Life* (1946) de Frank Capra (scénario d'Albert Hackett, Frances Goodrich et Frank Capra, d'après *The Greatest Gift*, une nouvelle de Philip Van Doren Stern):

(À sa femme Mary/Donna Reed):

What is it you want, Mary? What do you want? You — you want the moon? Just say the word, and I'll throw a lasso around it and pull it down. Hey, that's a pretty good idea. I'll give you the moon, Mary.

• Dans *Harvey* (1950) de Henry Koster (scénario de Mary Chase et Oscar Brodney, d'après la pièce de Mary Chase):

(Elwood P. Dowd, après avoir constamment affirmé être accompagné dans sa vie par un lapin invisible géant nommé Harvey, et ultimement joyeux de sa victoire sur la société):

Well, I've wrestled with reality for 35 years, Doctor, and I'm happy to state I finally won out over it.



Night of the Hunter

ROBERT MITCHUM

(1917-1997)

• Dans *Angel Face* (1953) d'Otto Preminger (scénario de Frank Nugent et Oscar Millard, d'après un récit de Chester Erskine):

(À Diane Tremayne/Jean Simmons, la femme fatale fortunée dont il est le chauffeur):

You know something — you're a pretty nice guy, for a girl.

• Dans *The Big Steal* (1949) de Don Siegel (scénario de Geoffrey Homes, d'après *The Road to Carmichaels*, un récit de Richard Wormster, publié dans le *Saturday Evening Post*):

(Échange avec Joan/Jane Greer)

— *Stop calling me Chiquita. You don't say that to girls you don't even know.*

— *Where I learned Spanish, you do.*

• Dans *Cape Fear* (1962) de J. Lee Thompson (scénario de James B. Webb, d'après le roman *The Executioners* de John D. MacDonald):

(Échange entre Diane/Barrie Chase et le psychopathe Max Cady/Mitchum):

— *Why are we going this way?*

— *Better scenery.*

— *What do you know about scenery? Or beauty? Or any of the things that really make life worth living? You're just an animal — coarse, muscled, barbaric.*

— *You keep right on talking, honey. I like the way you run me down like that.*

• Dans *His Kind of Woman* (1951) de John Farrow (scénario de Frank Fenton)

(Le joueur Dan Milner/Mitchum et la chanteuse Lenore Brent/Jane Russell):

— *When I have nothing to do at night and can't think, I always iron my money.*

— *What do you press when you're broke?*

— *When I'm broke, I press my pants.*

• Dans *Night of the Hunter* (1955) de Charles Laughton (scénario de James Agee, d'après le roman de Davis Grubb)

(Le tueur et prédicateur psychotique Harry Powell, pensant à haute voix):

Well, now, what's it to be, Lord? Another widow? How many has it been

— six? Twelve? I disremember. You say the word and I'm on my way.

• Dans *Out of the Past* (1947) de Jacques Tourneur (scénario de Geoffrey Homes, d'après son roman *Build My Gallows High*):

(Le détective privé Jeff Bailey en *voice-over*):

I never saw her in the daytime. We seemed to live by night. What was left of the day went away like a pack of cigarettes you smoked.

(À Kathie Moffett/Jane Greer, fille de racketteur):

You're like a leaf that the wind blows from one gutter to another.