

"GRAND HOTEL"

Screenplay by

B,la Bal,zs

Based on the play "Menschen im Hotel"

By Vicki Baum

American version

By William A. Drake

SHOOTING DRAFT

## PROLOGUE

Berlin.

Season is March.

Action of the picture takes place in approximately 36 hours.

Picture commences at approximately 12:35 in the day.

Time: The Present.

## EXTERIOR REVOLVING DOOR

Show general natural action of people going in and people coming out but in it is the definite inference of people arriving and people leaving the big hotel.

MOVE INSIDE THROUGH THE REVOLVING DOOR –  
very quickly. CAMERA  
PAUSES ON THE THRESHOLD like a human being, seeing and hearing.

DISSOLVE OUT.

DISSOLVE INTO: Clock. It is twenty minutes to one – and then moves slowly into the crowd of busy mid-day business jumble.

CAMERA pushes through crowd and passes by the foot of the steps that lead up to the restaurant. In its journey, it passes Kringelein looking up. He is not pointed.

THE CAMERA then saunters – getting a slow profile movement across – near Senf's desk. Senf is very busy. THE CAMERA now passes – profile – the desk of Senf. General action. Senf stands before his background of slots and keys. WE PROCEED until we are facing the elevator.

At that moment the elevator is opening. Among the people who emerge is Suzette, who moves too quickly for us to distinguish who she is.

THE CAMERA PANS quickly with her and in the distance we hear her saying to Senf:

SUZETTE

Madam Grusinskaya will not want her car.

This line is only just above the general clatter of action but it is picked-up sharply first by Senf then by Bell-Captain – and as the CAMERA SLOWLY TURNS AROUND, we see the boy going towards the door and we hear the voice in the distance, saying:

VOICE

Cancel Madam Grusinskaya's car.

The CAMERA now backs away from the scene into the BAR. (a section.) It backs to the back of the bar and proceeds – in profile – behind the backs of the barmen. A mixed crowd of people drinking before their lunch.

We pick up the Doctor, leaning his head upon his hands, looking into space. The woman next to him, a noisy blonde, is laughing. The doctor glances up at her – she glances at the doctor. She and the audience see the scarred side of his face – the laugh dies on her lips and she turns suddenly to her companion, who is the Baron. We do not get much of a chance to see him because at that instant he is glancing at his watch, his shoulders are turning away from THE CAMERA and he moves out towards the lobby.

BACK UP a few feet and LAP DISSOLVE as you move into the main aisle of busy room in restaurant. Great activity of waiters. The bustle and activity of fashionable lunchtime. A string orchestra is playing.

Among other things, we pick up the smiling face of the pompous Maitre d'hotel, he has apparently just shown someone important to a table.

THE CAMERA watches his face and follows him. His face just as CAMERA reaches service table. The pompous Maitre d'hotel now becomes a thing of drama as he demands of a waiter:

MAITRE D'HOTEL

Where is that gentleman's soup?

The waiter, frightened and perspiring, doesn't bother to argue – he tears off quickly (CAMERA FOLLOWING HIM) to another service table. The waiter seizes buss-boy's arm:

WAITER

Where's that soup?

Boy goes off at great rate of speed, CAMERA FOLLOWS HIM, into service room of kitchen. Boy stops at soup chef's counter. He is not the only waiter wanting soup at that moment. He pushes his way to the front and puts his ticket forward.

BOY

Quick – come on – come on...

The soup chef, used to impatient waiters, makes no exception of the young man. He looks at him as much as to say: "I'll slap you on the mouth." At the same time he is pulling over a cauldron of soup.

CUT TO:

CAULDRON OF SOUP being pulled over – it dislodges a small cauldron that is near the edge. We see the soup fall and hear the scream of a woman before showing her agonized face – She has been scalded. General steamy confusion. The chef has filled the plate. WE PROCEED the buss-boy out. Half way down the aisle, the waiter takes it from him.

THE CAMERA follows the waiter who places the soup before Mr. Preysing. Preysing has been waiting, with his serviette carefully tucked in his collar. His spoon is in his hand. A horrible man, ready for action. The soup is in front of him, he tastes it, pushes it away, frowns, we feel he is going to tear the place down.

WAITER  
(anxious voice)  
Yes.

PREYSING  
(grimly)  
Cold.

VOICE  
(near Preysing's elbow)  
Mr. Preysing...

PREYSING  
(in same voice)  
Yes...

BELLBOY  
Telephone – from Fredersdorf –

Preysing rises, struts from restaurant. CAMERA FOLLOWS HIM –  
He walks out through the door...

DISSOLVE OUT AND INTO:

Between two operators heads. Odd effect at board. CAMERA  
TILTS UP as Preysing's head looks right down at girl.

Bellboy is with Preysing.

BELLBOY  
Mr. Preysing from Fredersdorf – his  
call.

GIRL  
Yes, Mr. Preysing –

Preysing begins drumming his fingers on the top of  
switchboard.

GIRL  
(nervously)  
They've gone – Just a moment, sir...

PREYSING  
(to boy)  
You told me it was on – you said  
the call was through.  
(he waits irritably)

SECOND GIRL

(to first)

Who's in number three?

FIRST GIRL

Senf – the hall porter.

(Girl looks off at...)

CUT TO:

SENF IN TELEPHONE BOOTH

SENF

Yes, it's Senf, the head porter,  
Grand Hotel... Are you at the  
Clinic?,... How's my wife?,... Is  
she in pain?,... Isn't the child  
coming soon?,... Patience! It's easy  
for you to talk... Get away?,... No,  
I can't – I'd lose my job. It's  
like being in jail. Oh, I hope the  
child comes along all right.

At the conclusion of Senf's speech, CAMERA MOVES TO NEXT BOOTH. Thru the glass door we see Preysing approaching from desk. He enters booth and commences conversation:

PREYSING

Hello! Long Distance?,... Get off  
the wire... No... I was talking to  
Fredersdorf... What?,... Oh...  
Hello!... Is that you dear?... How  
is everything at home?... What do  
you hear from the factory?... No...  
How are the children?... I left my  
shaving set at home... Yes, is your  
father there?... Hello, father?...  
Our stock has gone down twenty-three  
points. If our merger with the Saxonia  
doesn't go through – I don't know  
what we can do... Hello, hello...  
yes, papa. Rely on me – everything  
depends on Manchester... If they  
refuse to come in – well, we will  
be in bad shape... no... Rely on me,  
I'll make it go through – I'll make  
it go through... Waiting?... Yes,  
I'm still speaking...

THE CAMERA THEN PANS TO Suzette. Suzette is already in the booth and she is waiting for Mr. Meierheim to come on.

SUZETTE

(starting to speak)

Hello, Mr. Meierheim?... Is that, Mr. Meierheim?... This is Suzette... Suzette, Madam Grusinskaya's maid... No... Madam Grusinskaya will not go to the rehearsal... No... Madam is in a terrible state, she didn't sleep all night – She's very tired... No, I'm speaking from a booth – I didn't want to speak in front of her... I gave her a tablet of veronal... She's sleeping now... You had better come to the hotel, I'm afraid...

PAN TO BARON just entering booth. He is lighting a cigarette.  
(receiver down - trick)

BARON

(speaking into telephone)

Baron Gaigern speaking. Yes, Baron Gaigern himself. Where are you?,... Good... No – first, I need money. I need it right now. I have to make a showing... That's my business. I hope to do it tonight... at the theatre or after the show... But money – for the hotel bill, for tips... I don't need advice, I need money!... Now, listen...

PAN TO KRINGELEIN - booth.

KRINGELEIN

Who is that, This is... Hello, hello!... Who is that... Heinrich? This is Kringelein. Hello, Heinrich. This is Otto Kringelein. Hello! Can you hear me?... I've got to speak very quickly. Every minute costs two marks ninety... What?... Otto Kringelein! Yes, I'm in Berlin, staying at the best hotel, the Grand Hotel... No, don't you understand? I want to explain, but I must do so

quickly, it costs so much. Please don't interrupt me – hello? Hello! Listen! You know that will I made before my operation? I gave it to you. I want you to tear it up. Destroy it. Because, listen, I came to Berlin to see a great specialist about that old trouble of mine... It's pretty bad, Heinrich. The specialist says I can't live much longer.

(louder)

I haven't long to live! That's what's the matter! Hello, hello. Are you on the line? No, it isn't nice to be told a thing like that. All sorts of things run through your head. I am going to stay here in Berlin. I am never coming back to Fredersdorf. Never! I want to get something out of life, too. You plague, and bother, and save – and all of a sudden you are dead. Heinrich... You don't say anything. I am in the Grand Hotel, do you understand, the most expensive hotel in Berlin? I'm going to get a room here. The very best people stay here. Our big boss, Preysing, too. I saw him – not five minutes after I was here. Sometime, I'd like to tell him exactly what I think of him. Listen, Heinrich – I have taken all my savings; my life insurance, too; I cashed in all my policies, the sick benefit fund, the old age pension, the unemployment insurance, the burial fund and everything... What's that, miss?... Hello, Heinrich. I have to hang up now. I have to pay three times overcharge. Just think, Heinrich! There's music here all day long. And in the evening, they go around in full dress... Yes, sometimes I have pain, but I can stand it. Everything is frightfully expensive here. You can imagine, the Grand Hotel... What? Time's up...

Near the conclusion of Kringelein's speech, we see the Doctor approaching through Kringelein's booth. He is looking down

at something.

CUT TO:

COMPLETE REVERSE - MATCH SHOT -  
SHOOT THEM BOTH TOGETHER

Doctor is looking down at parcel. Kringelein's voice on same track. CAMERA BACKS UP. Show doctor as he passes various booths – voices of respective people come up sharply.

KRINGELEIN

I'm a sick man – Heinrich – Hello -  
hello – Operator – every minute  
two marks ninety.

Doctor passes Baron's booth next.

BARON

Dangerous?... That's my business...  
I'll do it tonight – ...I'll do it  
alone.

Doctor passes Suzette's booth.

SUZETTE

Madam is afraid – she will never  
dance again – there was no applause  
last night –

Doctor passes Preysing's booth.

PREYSING

Yes – the merger – Manchester –  
it is my business as much as yours –  
we've already lost eighty-five  
thousand –

Doctor passes Senf's booth.

SENF

I'm on duty – I can't leave the  
Grand Hotel – it's like being in  
prison – the baby –

Doctor crosses to telephone operator:

DOCTOR

(to operator)



Any calls?

GIRL  
No, Doctor.

DOCTOR  
(half to himself)  
Grand Hotel – people – coming –  
going... Who cares... nothing ever  
happens.

FADE OUT.

SEQUENCE "#1"

FACADE OF HOTEL

showing electric sign – odd angle – THE GRAND HOTEL –  
unlighted.

CUT TO:

ELECTRIC CONTROL ROOM

small section – Engineer pulling down lever.

FACADE OF HOTEL

sign flashes on.

DISSOLVE OUT:

DISSOLVE INTO: EXTERIOR HOTEL

Shooting directly on swinging door – normal crowd action.  
Tea-dansant at this hour is daily rendezvous for smart demi-  
mondaines, gigolos, out-of-town travelers, etc. – These  
types indicated.

In the distance we hear music.

DISSOLVE SUDDENLY TO:

YELLOWROOM - NEAR SHOT OF BAND

This same music is being played by the Eastman Jazz Band in  
the Yellow Room of the hotel.

THE CAMERA does not wait but backs down the room. It is the

hour of the tea-dansant.

As the CAMERA IS BACKING OUT OF THE ROOM which is in reality the restaurant converted – the tall figure of the Baron – he proceeds through the door of the restaurant –

Note: Question here as to whether Yellow Room will be the restaurant converted, or not. In which case it will be necessary to add scene of Baron walking through corridor upstairs – giving sense of distance.

The Baron is whistling the tune of the orchestra, he proceeds through the lobby as if on a mission. He glances at a pretty woman who passes and nods good evening to the Doctor, who is seated in his chair, not far from the desk. He enters.

CUT TO:

FLORIST SHOP

Pretty girl is there, she has seen him coming. She turns from the door and hands him a box of orchids, already tied in ribbon.

BARON

Good little girl – nice ones?

GIRL

Yes, Baron.

The Baron would stay and flirt but he has a mission; he leaves.

CUT TO:

LOBBY

In the lobby we pick up the Baron leaving the florists with small box of flowers – he crosses quickly to Senf's desk.

SHOT OVER SENF'S HEAD as the Baron puts the flowers down. Senf is busy.

The Baron is whistling gaily – tapping his fingers on the flower box – he is good-natured and patient.

SENF

(to Clerk – as  
telephone bell rings)

Is that for me?

CLERK

No – Madam Grusinskaya's car is to be brought.

(he replaces the receiver)

SENF

(to one of the bellboys)

Madam Grusinskaya's car is to be brought.

Boy leaves. We hear his voice out of scene at the door.

BELLBOY'S VOICE

Madam Grusinskaya's car... to be brought.

SENF

Good evening, Baron.

BARON

(amiably)

Good evening. Will you send these up to Madam Grusinskaya?

SENF

Yes, Baron.

(he hands the box of flowers to the clerk)

Madam Grusinskaya.

Clerk hands box to bellboy.

CLERK

Room one-seventy – Madam Grusinskaya.

BARON

(to Senf)

Have you my tickets for the theatre?

SENF

Oh yes, Baron –

(to Clerk)

Baron von Gaigern's seats for Madam Grusinskaya.

Telephone rings again. Clerk picks it up.

SENF  
(to Clerk)  
For me?

CLERK  
(at telephone – shakes  
his head)  
No – Madam Grusinskaya's car is not  
to be brought.

SENF  
(to boy)  
Madam Grusinskaya's car is not to be  
brought.

The Clerk hands Senf the tickets which Senf hands to the  
Baron.

BARON  
Charge them...

As the Baron is picking up his tickets he looks around quickly  
as he hears the voice of Pimenov, who has arrived apparently  
from his afternoon walk from the rehearsal at the theatre.

PIMENOV  
(to Senf)  
Good evening – my key – one sixty-  
eight.

BARON  
Good evening, Mr. Pimenov.

PIMENOV  
Oh – good evening, Baron.

BARON  
How's the beautiful lady?

PIMENOV  
Grusinskaya – well, to tell the  
truth, Baron – tonight we are a  
little bit nervous. Were you at the  
theatre last night?

BARON  
Certainly – always when Grusinskaya  
dances.

PIMENOV

Well – last night was not so good.

BARON

I thought she was splendid!

PIMENOV

Yes – but the audience.

At that moment they are interrupted by a vehement little Japanese with his wife. They are arguing with the Clerk. The Japanese speaks in Japanese to his wife.

CLERK

(to Japanese)

The parquot loges are behind the  
parquet chairs.

JAPANESE

Then they've put me back and I want  
to be up in front. How is that, chairs  
in front of loges?

Senf is speaking to a lady at the same time.

SENF

The train leaves at seven-thirty,  
Madam. That is the only through train –  
the dining car goes along.

The Baron and Pimenov exchange glances as the little Japanese speaks volubly to his wife.

BARON

(sarcastically)

It's always so quiet here.

PIMENOV

If you occupied the room next to  
Madam Grusinskaya, you would  
appreciate the quiet of a hotel lobby.

BARON

My dear sir, I would gladly change  
rooms with you.

PIMENOV

(effeminately)

No doubt you would, Baron. But do you know, I'm quite indispensable to her. I'm her ballet master and her nurse. I hardly belong to myself anymore. But, there you are, it's Grusinskaya – you can't help adoring her.

At that moment, Zinnowitz pushes past them.

ZINNOWITZ

Pardon me.

(addressing Senf)

Is Mr. Preysing in – I am Doctor Zinnowitz.

SENF

(to bellboy)

Mr. Preysing – from Fredersdorf –

BELLBOY

(quickly – paging)

Mr. Preysing –

Preysing steps quickly into scene.

PREYSING

Ach! Here you are, Doctor Zinnowitz.

ZINNOWITZ

Have I kept you waiting?

PREYSING

Waiting – I'm waiting for news from Manchester.

ZINNOWITZ

No news yet?

PREYSING

No. No word.

ZINNOWITZ

Everything depends on the Manchester merger.

PREYSING

I know – I know.

ZINNOWITZ

I saw Gerstenkorn at lunch – and as your lawyer I made it my business to broach the matter —

As they begin to move out of scene, Zinnowitz calls back to Senf.

ZINNOWITZ

I'm expecting a young woman – a stenographer – she will ask for Mr. Preysing. Ask her to wait.

SENF

Yes, Doctor Zinnowitz.

As they move out of scene, telephone bell goes.

SENF

(to Clerk)

For me?

CLERK

No – letters to two-eighty.

SENF

(to Clerk)

If a young woman, a stenographer, – etc.

This just covers the scene.

The Baron and Pimenov are laughing at something one of them has said which brings our attention to them again.

At that moment the Doctor enters the scene.

DOCTOR

Any letters?

SENF

No, Doctor.

DOCTOR

Telegrams?

SENF

No, Doctor.

DOCTOR  
Anyone asked for me?

SENF  
Nobody, Doctor.

The Doctor turns slowly away, taking out a cigarette with his one hand.

BARON  
(glancing at Doctor)  
The war.

PIMENOV  
(looking up from his  
letter – glances  
off at the doctor)  
That is Doctor Otternschlag – You  
know him?

BARON  
Yes – He always seems to be waiting  
for something – and nothing ever  
comes.

PIMENOV  
The war dropped him here and forgot  
him.

BARON  
(beams)  
Yes, I was in the war.

CUT IN: FLASH OF DOCTOR –

He turns as he hears the Baron say this.

He pulls at his cigarette and looks grimly at the Baron...  
then he looks off at Kringelein – who is trying to get  
Rohna's attention (the reception Clerk) – at the reception  
desk, which adjoins that of Senf's.

KRINGELEIN'S VOICE  
Please – please pay some attention  
to me – I have no time.

Pan back to desk:

ROHNA



(engaged with a lady  
and gentleman, who  
have just arrived)  
If you will wait one moment, sir.

KRINGELEIN

I won't wait – I can't wait – I  
waited three days before I got a  
room at all and what a room that is.

ROHNA

It's a very nice room and inexpensive,  
sir.

KRINGELEIN

Did I say I wanted a cheap room to  
live in – when I came here did I  
ask for a cheap room? Did I?

Rohna, sensing a scene with this strange dirty little  
gentleman, looks furtively around for the manager.

ROHNA

Just one moment, sir.

KRINGELEIN

No, I won't wait – I can't – Every  
day is precious – every hour –  
Every minute.

Second Clerk is looking straight at him.

Kringelein turns his attention directly to this man and  
proceeds:

KRINGELEIN

I came here because I wanted to live  
here, two weeks, maybe three – God  
only knows – I've told you I'll pay –  
I'll pay anything you ask. I'm tired –  
I'm ill – I can't wait.

As he finishes the Doctor draws into the scene – he is  
watching.

Assistant Manager enters.

ASSISTANT MANAGER

Has the gentleman a complaint?

Rohna and Kringelein speak together.

ROHNA

The gentleman is dissatisfied with room number five fifty-nine.

KRINGELEIN

I certainly have a complaint – and a fair one.

He senses an audience and warms up. The Baron and Pimenov enter the scene. The lady and gentleman have turned. The bellboy stands watching curiously and even Senf pauses and looks up.

KRINGELEIN

(continuing)

I came here from a long distance to stay at the Grand Hotel. I want a room – a big room – like you would give General Director Preysing – I'm as good as Mr. Preysing – I can pay like Mr. Preysing – would you give him a little room, way up in the corner with the hot water pipes going – bang – bang – bang...

(he bangs at the desk with his fist)

DOCTOR

This gentleman can have my room.

KRINGELEIN

(turning)

Oh!

DOCTOR

Send his bags up to my room.

KRINGELEIN

Oh – but – I –

DOCTOR

You're tired. I can see that.

KRINGELEIN

Yes – yes – I am tired. I have been ill...

DOCTOR

You are ill.

During this scene the manager has been talking with Rohna quietly. The manager now turns.

MANAGER

Mr. Kringelein will take room number one-seventy-six, one of our most expensive rooms. It is large and on the front with bath.

KRINGELEIN

(subdued – exhausted –)

Does that mean that the bath is my own? – Private?

MANAGER

Certainly, sir.

KRINGELEIN

Well, now, that's very kind – thanks. That's what I want – a large room on the front with a private bath – Yes, that's what I want. I can pay now if you like.

He takes out his wallet and nervously commences to extract money.

DOCTOR

That will not be necessary.

The manager is instructing the bellboy to take Kringelein to the new room.

Kringelein accidentally drops a bill – the Baron, who has noticed the money, stoops to pick it up.

In bending himself, Kringelein drops his hat.

Baron picks up the hat and considerately brushes it with his sleeve.

KRINGELEIN

Thank you, sir.

BARON

(amused)  
Not at all, sir.  
(he beams)

KRINGELEIN  
(finding a friendly  
face)  
Permit me – my name is Kringelein –  
from Fredersdorf.

BARON  
I'm Baron von Gaigern.

KRINGELEIN  
Oh, a Baron!  
(he is impressed)

Baron catches the mood of making this gentleman suddenly popular.

BARON  
And this is Doctor Otternschlag.

KRINGELEIN  
(turning to Doctor)  
Oh – Doctor – you are a Doctor –  
I am –

DOCTOR  
I know – I know – when a man's  
collar is an inch too big for him –  
I know he is ill.

KRINGELEIN  
Yes – Oh – oh – yes, –  
(his finger goes  
nervously to his  
collar)

Zinnowitz passes through scene quickly on his way out.

At that moment, Pimenov returns from the news-stand, where  
he has bought the evening papers.

PIMENOV  
Well, Baron – I must go and dress.

KRINGELEIN  
(to doctor)

Is this gentleman a Baron, too?

PIMENOV  
(laughing)  
Unfortunately no.

The Manager comes into scene.

MANAGER  
Will Mr. Kringelein kindly register.

KRINGELEIN  
Again?

MANAGER  
Please.

Kringelein turns to the desk. The Doctor turns up with him.

At that moment the Baron's chauffeur touches his arm.

CHAUFFEUR  
Have you a minute now?

BARON  
No – I told you not to come in this  
lobby.

CHAUFFEUR  
Time's getting short.

BARON  
I've told you a hundred times not to  
speak to me with a cigarette in your  
mouth.

Chauffeur takes the cigarette out of his mouth – but still  
holds it in his hand.

CHAUFFEUR  
I want to speak –

BARON  
Not now.

CHAUFFEUR  
Yes, sir.

The Baron leaves.

General moving off, towards elevator, of Baron, Pimenov, Kringelein and the Doctor.

SENF'S DESK

On another shot, shooting profile onto Senf's desk, bring in Flaemmchen. Flaemmchen enters. Her back to CAMERA.

FLAEMMCHEN  
(we hear her ask)  
Mr. Preysing.

SENF  
Will you wait please.

CLERK  
The stenographer is to go up – Mr.  
Preysing telephoned.

SENF  
Mr. Preysing – one sixty-four.

FLAEMMCHEN  
Thanks –  
(calling off to  
elevator)  
Heigh! – Wait!

She crosses to elevator.

THE CAMERA RUSHES UP BEHIND HER, ALMOST PUSHING INTO ELEVATOR WITH HER.

As she enters the elevator and the gate shuts, she turns around, back pressed against the Baron – who is looking down at her. The look on her face is the look we often see on Flaemmchen's in elevators when they are pressed.

NOTE: Good introduction, for Flaemmchen.

The lift ascends.

UPPER CORRIDOR

Flaemmchen steps out of the lift. She is looking around for the numbers. She moves out of scene.

The Doctor, Kringelein and the bellboy with the bag, move

straight down the hall.

Pimenov is chatting volubly.

PIMENOV

(to Baron)

Poor Grusinskaya – how can she receive anyone. She can't – theatre, trains, hotels – hotels, trains theatre.

We see Flaemmchen being directed by the floor clerk to Mr. Preysing's room.

PIMENOV

(continuing)

I must go and dress – she'll be waking up and calling for me.

He proceeds up the passage, pompously, humming the air of his ballet.

At that moment, Flaemmchen, who has been directed to Preysing's door, by floor clerk, passes the Baron and there is an amusing exchange of glances between them.

Flaemmchen knocking at Preysing's door hears a voice.

PREYSING'S VOICE

Come in.

She opens the door.

CUT TO:

PREYSING'S ROOM

Preysing has had a bath and is actually steaming from it. He stands before a long mirror, rubbing himself with a towel.

He sees her through the mirror, wraps the towel around him very cutely, for a big man, and turns upon her.

PREYSING

What...! –

FLAEMMCHEN

I'm the stenographer.

PREYSING

Then you will please wait outside.

He is very much affronted.

Flaemmchen, who has seen many large gentlemen in the altogether –

FLAEMMCHEN

(lightly)

Don't hurry – take your time.

She goes out of the room and shuts the door.

CUT TO:

UPPER CORRIDOR

Flaemmchen emerges from Preysing's room.

Baron loitering in the hall. (Whistling as outlined). Baron approaches, he is also whistling – the same tune that Flaemmchen is whistling. She glances at him, as he continues whistling with an amusing dance step, as much as to say: "Are you mad?"

BARON

Like dancing?

FLAEMMCHEN

Not with strangers.

Baron glances back up the passage; it is apparent that he is going to make conversation here with this girl, in order to keep legitimately in the passage until Grusinskaya comes out.

BARON

(turning to Flaemmchen)

Never?

FLAEMMCHEN

You're a fool!

BARON

Yes, I am rather.

He glances down the passage again, his hands in his pockets.



She glances impatiently at her watch.

BARON

He must be very nice.

FLAEMMCHEN

Who?

BARON

(gallantly)

Whoever is keeping you waiting.

FLAEMMCHEN

(indicating Preysing's  
door)

Have you seen it?

BARON

Oh, my large and noisy neighbor –  
really? That?

(indicating Preysing's  
door)

FLAEMMCHEN

That.

BARON

(with meaning)

You?

FLAEMMCHEN

(quickly)

Oh – work!!

BARON

(with meaning)

Oh!

FLAEMMCHEN

Dictation.

(she twittles her  
fingers)

You know...

BARON

Oh... poor child. If you were free,  
I'd ask you to come and have some  
tea – but –

FLAEMMCHEN

Tea would spoil my dinner.

(lightly)

One meal a day, I'd hate to spoil it.

BARON

Reducing?

FLAEMMCHEN

(she turns invitingly)

No – why? – should I?

BARON

Lord no – charming – but why one meal a day?

FLAEMMCHEN

(laughing in his face)

Money – Ever heard of it?

BARON

Yes – yes indeed – but you are a...

(moves fingers)

...a stenographer. Don't little stenographers earn little pennies?

FLAEMMCHEN

Very little.

BARON

Too bad.

FLAEMMCHEN

Did you ever see a stenographer with a decent frock on? – One that she'd bought herself?

BARON

Poor child –

(enthusiastically)

I wish I were free tonight – we could –

FLAEMMCHEN

(with invitation)

Aren't you?

BARON  
(quickly)  
What?

FLAEMMCHEN  
Free –

BARON  
(glancing up passage)  
Unfortunately no – to bad – tomorrow  
though.

FLAEMMCHEN  
Tomorrow? What time tomorrow?

BARON  
Shall we say five o'clock –  
downstairs?

FLAEMMCHEN  
Where downstairs?

BARON  
Yellow Room where they dance –  
(business)

FLAEMMCHEN  
You're very funny –

BARON  
(with great meaning)  
Yes? – Tomorrow?

FLAEMMCHEN  
Of course.

BARON  
Really?

Flaemmchen laughs at him.

BARON  
We'll dance.

FLAEMMCHEN  
(slowly)  
All right. We'll dance.

At that moment we hear Kringelein's voice calling from his

doorway at the end of the passage.

KRINGELEIN'S VOICE

Baron – Oh, Baron!

The Baron turns and looks off at —

KRINGELEIN

Kringelein is in his door in the distance – radiant. He waves.

KRINGELEIN

If I could trouble the Baron to come and see this beautiful room. I have ordered champagne. Perhaps the Baroness could join us.

CUT BACK TO:

FLAEMMCHEN, BARON AND KRINGELEIN

KRINGELEIN

Waiter, oh waiter! Wait a minute!

(to Baron and  
Flaemmchen)

We are having caviar – it's expensive but that makes no difference – I see the Baroness is laughing.

FLAEMMCHEN

Have caviar if you like, but it tastes like herring to me.

At that moment Grusinskaya's door opens suddenly and Suzette comes out into the hall.

SUZETTE

Ssshh! Please! Madam is asleep.

KRINGELEIN

Oh!

By this time the others are entering Kringelein's room. The Baron turns back for a moment.

BARON

(calling back quietly  
to Suzette)

Asleep? – Ssshhh – sorry!

Suzette turns back into the room.

CUT TO:

## GRUSINSKAYA'S ROOM

It is typical hotel. Half-open trunks, etc. Curtains are drawn – room is in semi-darkness. There is a sense of silence, except for distant music coming from the Yellow Room below.

In Suzette's hands we see one of Grusinskaya's ballet slippers which she has been mending.

She is about to tiptoe to her seat when she stops suddenly and looks off dramatically at...

## GRUSINSKAYA

Shot from her angle. She is sleeping beneath a Chinese robe, on the chaise-lounge.

Apparently she has changed her position, because the hand which is outside the robe moves.

The CAMERA, as though it were Suzette, moves up towards Grusinskaya. Her eyes are closed. Suzette crosses to the chaise-lounge and is looking down.

Grusinskaya's eyes open suddenly. She looks at the ceiling and then her eyes turn and look straight at Suzette.

## SUZETTE'S VOICE

(quietly and reverently –  
almost a whisper)

Madam has slept well.

## GRUSINSKAYA

No, I have been awake – thinking –  
thinking.

## SUZETTE'S VOICE

It is time for the performance.

## GRUSINSKAYA

The performance?

SUZETTE

It is time.

Like a soldier called to attention Grusinskaya sits suddenly upright –

GRUSINSKAYA

Always the performance – every day  
the performance – time for the  
performance.

(she pauses and droops  
suddenly)

I think, Suzette, I have never been  
so tired in my life.

(she takes the bottle  
of veronal which is  
nearby)

Veronal didn't even help me to sleep.

(laughs a little)

SUZETTE

(speaking into  
telephone)

Madam Grusinskaya's car is to be  
brought.

While she is speaking Grusinskaya rises – with the grace of a dancer she picks up the Chinese robe that has fallen to the floor and although there is only one other woman in the room – she holds the robe around her.

She crosses to the mirror and looks at her face, running her fingers through her hair. She gently massages under her eyes and the CAMERA sees Grusinskaya for the first time.

There is silence in the room – neither of the women speak.

Suzette gets madam's clothes ready. She crosses, puts the case of pearls down on the dressing table and opens them.

Grusinskaya looks into space – silence – dead silence.

Suzette kneels as if to put Madam's stockings on for her. Grusinskaya pulls her foot away.

GRUSINSKAYA

I can't dance tonight –

SUZETTE

It will pass – it will pass – come.

GRUSINSKAYA

Let us cancel the engagement.

SUZETTE

But, Madam. cannot do that.

GRUSINSKAYA

Now is the time to cancel to stop  
entirely. I feel it – everything  
tells me – enough – enough.

She leans forward against the dressing-table and her hands  
unconsciously touch the pearls.

GRUSINSKAYA

(very quietly)

The peals are cold – everything is  
cold – finished – it seems so far  
away – so threadbare – the Russians –  
St. Petersburg – the Imperial Court –  
the Grand Duke Sergei –  
(long pause as though  
she were reliving  
incidents of the  
past)  
– Sergei – dead – Grusinskaya –  
it's all gone.

She throws the pearls away, down upon the floor.

SUZETTE

Mon Dieu – the pearls – if they  
were to break –

GRUSINSKAYA

The pearls won't break – they hold  
together and bring me bad luck —  
I hate them!

Suzette crosses replacing the pearls.

SUZETTE

Orchids come again, Madam – no card –  
I think perhaps they are from the  
same young man – he is at the end  
of the corridor – tall – he walks  
like a soldier – Madam must have

noticed how often he is in the elevator with us. Last night for instance –

GRUSINSKAYA

Oh, Suzette – Suzette – Sshh – quiet.

Grusinskaya's eyes are looking off into space – she is away in Russia – she does not look –

Telephone rings – Suzette crosses to telephone.

SUZETTE

Ah, oui – the car is here for Madam.

GRUSINSKAYA

Send it away – I shan't need it.

There is a knock at the door – a certain kind of knock.

GRUSINSKAYA

Come in.

She picks up the telephone and as she does so Pimenov enters. Suzette quickly gives Pimenov a signal that there is trouble. As Pimenov is closing the door we hear Grusinskaya speak into telephone.

GRUSINSKAYA

(authoritatively)

Madam Grusinskaya will not require her car – no – she will not be going to the theatre.

(she turns)

Pimenov (at heart a clown) makes a grand comedy bow. He will deliberately try to tease Madam out of her mood.

She glances at him, without smiling, crosses to the dressing-table and sits.

PIMENOV

It is time for the performance.

GRUSINSKAYA

(under her breath)

The performance – the performance – the performance.



(during this scene  
the orchids fall to  
the floor)

It is a hysterical out-burst. It is not a woman who is just temperamental, it is something deeper than that. She is very near a nervous breakdown. We, the audience, must feel with her a revulsion against the word performance.

PIMENOV

(tenderly – as he  
touches her shoulder  
gently)

Poor little Lisevata – she still  
has her stage frights – it will  
pass.

Pimenov kneels by Grusinskaya – he is chafing her hands, he attempts to soothe her.

Now Grusinskaya draws her hands suddenly away.

GRUSINSKAYA

It is not stage fright – it's  
something more –

PIMENOV

(tenderly)

What – what is it? Last night...

GRUSINSKAYA

Last night?... There was no applause.

PIMENOV

(quickly)

There was – there was.

GRUSINSKAYA

That theatre – half empty – dancing  
for those few – I was frantic – I  
finished – the last beat and...

(she reclines her  
head as the swan  
finishing the dance)

...I waited – I listened – but the  
applause didn't come – nothing. A  
man in the box – and just the clagues  
behind – it is passed, Pimenov. We  
are dead – it's finished.

There is a sudden knocking at the door.

PIMENOV

Meierheim –

The door opens suddenly. Meierheim bursts into the room.

MEIERHEIM

What is this that you have cancelled your car? Who am I that I should wait like a fool at the door? And here on a whim, you cancel your car. Have you forgotten there is a performance? Do you know the time? Or, are we all mad? Am I your manager?... Have we a contract? Have we obligations? Am I blind?  
(glances at his watch)  
...Or is that the time?

GRUSINSKAYA

I'm cancelling the engagement.

MEIERHEIM

Oh!

Business of Pimenov signaling to him.

MEIERHEIM

Oh! Madam is cancelling the engagement. Madam has chosen a funny time for such a funny joke. Ha, ha, ha – hurry, come on. Tonight – there's a line in front of the theatre since six o'clock. The house is jammed to the roof.

GRUSINSKAYA

The house is not full – Is it really full?

MEIERHEIM

Packed to the ceiling. Hurry – get dressed. And what an audience – the French Ambassador – American Millionaires – Princess Ratzville – er – er –

GRUSINSKAYA  
(to Suzette)  
Oh – but it can't be.

SUZETTE  
Oh, come, Madam – please come.  
(she holds up her  
frock)

GRUSINSKAYA  
(changed mood)  
All right, Suzette – quickly –  
hurry.

PIMENOV  
We will wait.

MEIERHEIM  
You are late. Hurry.

Meierheim goes over to telephone, he picks up receiver and says:

MEIERHEIM  
Tell Madam Grusinskaya's chauffeur  
to bring the car.

Show few feet of Grusinskaya getting dressed.

CUT TO:

BY ELEVATOR

Pimenov and Meierheim.

Meierheim is pushing the bell.

PIMENOV  
How is the house?

MEIERHEIM  
Terrible. After this, no more ballets  
for me. Jazz –  
(snaps his fingers)  
Just jazz.

PIMENOV  
If the house is empty again, I don't  
know –

MEIERHEIM

When she gets her paint on and hears  
the music – she'll be all right. I  
know these people.

They are walking towards Kringelein's room. They are pacing  
rather like men who walk the deck on a liner. They turn almost  
together, but when they turn back past the CAMERA the CAMERA  
PROCEEDS on into Kringelein's room. The CAMERA ENTERS THE  
ROOM to a burst of laughter. Champagne bottles open, caviar,  
smoke, etc.

In the room are the Doctor, Kringelein, the Baron, Flaemmchen,  
and a very fat waiter – comedian.

KRINGELEIN

You may laugh. Caviar and champagne  
may mean nothing to you, but to me –  
they mean a great deal. You see, I'm  
ill and all of a sudden I got a fear  
of missing life. I don't want to  
miss life – do you understand?

FLAEMMCHEN

You are funny. You speak of life as  
if it were a train you wanted to  
catch.

KRINGELEIN

Yes – and for me, it's going to  
leave at any minute. Let's drink.

The Baron offers Flaemmchen a glass of champagne. She shakes  
her head.

KRINGELEIN

I'm sure this beautiful room must  
appeal to your taste – distinctive,  
don't you think? Velvet upholstery –  
'A-number one'. I'm in the textile  
trade and I know.

(he has a slight case  
of hiccups from the  
champagne. He touches  
the drapes)

And these are real silk drapes.

FLAEMMCHEN

(amusedly)  
Silk – think of that – silk –  
they are, too.

KRINGELEIN  
(who hasn't stopped  
talking)  
Have you seen the bathroom? – Hot  
and cold running water – You see, I  
can get a bath whenever I like.

At that moment Preysing's voice is heard calling to the Floor  
Clerk.

PREYSING  
The stenographer!

Flaemmchen, hearing this, turns and looks off, apparently  
through the door. Her manner changes, she puts down her glass.

FLAEMMCHEN  
Her master's voice!  
(turns to Baron)  
I must go now – goodbye – thanks.

KRINGELEIN  
Oh, don't go.

FLAEMMCHEN  
I'm engaged for the evening.

KRINGELEIN  
Oh, can anyone engage you for the  
evening?

FLAEMMCHEN  
To take dictation – a Mr. Preysing –  
(to Baron)  
Goodbye, you – tomorrow at five  
o'clock.  
(she is moving out)

Kringelein's optimism has left him for a moment, he stands  
looking out of door undecided, he is drooped suddenly, as  
though years had returned to him.

BARON  
What's the matter, Mr. Kringelein?

KRINGELEIN  
(to himself)  
General Director Preysing!  
(possibly he turns to  
Baron)  
Baron, when I was sixteen years old,  
I started as an office boy in that  
man's factory –

BARON  
Then you know him?

KRINGELEIN  
Do I know him – I know him through  
and through.

They start to leave. Oh, gentlemen, please don't go.

BARON  
I must – I hope to see you again,  
Mr. Kringelein.

Baron leaves.

KRINGELEIN  
You will stay, Doctor – if you have  
nothing better to do?

DOCTOR  
I have nothing better to do, Mr.  
Kringelein.

They move into the room.

CUT TO:

NO SCENES: 24 and 25 Sequence omitted from original script.

NEAR ELEVATOR

Pimenov and Meierheim are standing there.

Meierheim is pushing the elevator button.

The Baron stands near and pauses, he is now a changed man.  
He looks off as he hears the voice of Grusinskaya, off in  
the distance.

Grusinskaya's Voice Hurry, Suzette.

GRUSINSKAYA

Shot from the Baron's angle. Grusinskaya is sweeping down the corridor, followed by Suzette.

CUT BACK TO:

BARON, PIMENOV AND MEIERHEIM

BARON

Perhaps you could present me now,  
Mr. Pimenov.

PIMENOV

Please, Baron – forgive me – not  
now – here she is.

Grusinskaya sweeps into scene.

The Baron leans forward quickly and pushes the bell with a glance at her.

They look at each other. He fixes his eyes on her characteristically. She glances at him. This is the first time they have met in the picture.

She is impatient. As if to break an awkward silence, she turns to Suzette.

GRUSINSKAYA

My coat.

Suzette is carrying the coat over the pearls. As she takes the coat off her arm, Grusinskaya glances down at the jewel case.

GRUSINSKAYA

Suzette – I told you not to bring  
the pearls. I will not wear them  
tonight.

MEIERHEIM

Why not?

GRUSINSKAYA

Take them back, Suzette.

MEIERHEIM

You haven't time.

Suzette hesitates.

GRUSINSKAYA

Hurry, Suzette.

MEIERHEIM

Such nonsense.

Suzette toddles off with the pearls.

The elevator opens, collects its passengers, all except the Baron and descends.

FLASH IN

A shot of Grusinskaya's eyes as she goes down, glancing up.

FLASH IN

A shot of the reverse of him looking down.

The Baron pauses, hesitates, thinks. We are interested in his action. For the first time he becomes furtive.

HOTEL LOBBY - FROM ELEVATORS

Music swells up from the Yellow Room. A great deal of noise, confusion and activity as the elevator stops to emit Grusinskaya, followed by Pimenov, Meierheim and some other people who are rather excited to be in the elevator with the great Grusinskaya.

MEIERHEIM

(off scene)

The car for Madam Grusinskaya.

The bellboy hears it and passes the word around. It seems to be echoed through the lobby.

People turn, as Grusinskaya's spirit seems to rise with the attention she is getting.

THE CAMERA precedes her through the revolving door, as she sweeps outside of the hotel.

The Baron's chauffeur, Schweinke, is seen to watch her go. He looks furtively around and enters the hotel.



CUT BACK TO:

UPPER CORRIDOR - CLOSEUP OF BARON

As he watches Suzette returning from Grusinskaya's room. She is about to push lift button - then decides to run downstairs.

IMPORTANT CLOSEUP OF BARON

FADE OUT:

END OF SEQUENCE "#1"

PREYSING'S ROOM

Zinnowitz and Preysing are standing by door.

PREYSING

No news from Manchester yet – Do you think we ought to postpone the conference?

ZINNOWITZ

Good heavens no. That'd create the very worst impression. You must be optimistic. You must convince them. You know as well as I do that the merger must go through.

PREYSING

Yes – the merger must go through – But I am used to making my deals on a solid basis. I am not a liar. I am an honest business man – a good husband and father – I have a sense of honor – I have nothing to conceal. I couldn't live happily otherwise.

ZINNOWITZ

Well, don't get excited about it. We agreed that the merger with the Saxonia people must go through.

PREYSING

I want to dictate my statement for tomorrow. I can't speak without notes. I like to have things down before me in black and white.

ZINNOWITZ

I'll see you in the morning then, at the conference. Everything'll be all right, Preysing... Don't worry. Goodnight.

PREYSING

Good night.

Zinnowitz leaves.

SEQUENCE "#2"

FADE IN ON BLACKNESS OF PREYSING'S ROOM

We hear the distant voice of Preysing and the keys of the typewriter rattling. The reason for the blackness is that Preysing's back is flat into the camera. His hands are behind his back and his fat fingers are moving restlessly. It is an odd effect. We don't know quite what it is.

PREYSING'S VOICE

Both parties have fully agreed that this merger can result only in mutual advantages.

Preysing moves forward showing that we are in Preysing's room.

The change of light shows us plainly the time lapse.

Flaemmchen is seated at a small table typing. Preysing strides forward As he strides he says:

PREYSING

Moreover –

FLAEMMCHEN

(repeating)

Moreover –

Preysing paces the room.

PREYSING

(repeating)

Moreover –

(he pauses, thinking.

Picks up telephone

quickly – into  
telephone)  
Is there a telegram for me yet? ...  
Oh – when it does, send it up.

During this, Flaemmchen, who is tired sits back and rubs her fingers that have been over-worked. She glances at her wrist-watch.

Preysing comes and stands behind Flaemmchen.

PREYSING  
Now, where was I?  
(he looks over the  
sheet in her  
typewriter –  
accidentally his arm  
touches her neck)  
Oh – sorry.  
(he puts his cigar in  
his mouth and walks  
away. As he walks  
away)  
Where was I?

As he turns, he catches a down shot on her from behind as she stretches back showing her busts. Seeing his face looking down on her she pulls herself together and seats herself at attention.

FLAEMMCHEN  
Moreover...

PREYSING  
Moreover...

It seems a silly kind of lull.

PREYSING  
Do you work in Justice Zinnowitz'  
office?

FLAEMMCHEN  
No – only occasional jobs.  
(she yawns suddenly)

PREYSING  
Tired?

FLAEMMCHEN

You pay me.

PREYSING

You're a very unusual stenographer –

FLAEMMCHEN

Moreover...

PREYSING

Moreover...

(as he paces the room,  
it is obvious that  
he is trying to  
collect his thoughts)

She looks at him, waits a moment and then begins characteristically to, change the sheet of paper.

FLAEMMCHEN

I don't see why it's unusual for a stenographer to be pretty – if she does her work well, – seems so silly. I don't know why they don't like girls like me in offices. Personally, I hate offices – I'd much rather be in the movies.

PREYSING

Movies?

FLAEMMCHEN

Yes, I photograph very well. Look –

She tosses magazine – as if it were nothing at all over to him.

He looks down at it without touching it.

PREYSING

What is this?

FLAEMMCHEN

I got ten marks for that.

He picks it up.

PREYSING

You...

FLAEMMCHEN  
(without looking up)  
Me.

As he looks at picture – he lowers his voice two notes.

PREYSING  
You...

FLAEMMCHEN  
(reading)  
Moreover...

PREYSING  
(quickly)  
What?

FLAEMMCHEN  
(reading)  
Only in mutual advantages – moreover.

PREYSING  
What brown hands you have.

FLAEMMCHEN  
That's from skiing.

PREYSING  
Skiing?  
(he holds her hands)

FLAEMMCHEN  
(natural – unabashed)  
Yes... A man I know took me to  
Switzerland last month...

He drops her hand suddenly.

PREYSING  
A man? – To Switzerland? – That  
must have been nice – for him.

FLAEMMCHEN  
(reading)  
Only in mutual advantages –  
moreover...

Preysing paces the room trying to get his thoughts back to

the work in hand.

PREYSING

Moreover... He was a lucky man –  
that man.

FLAEMMCHEN

Perhaps.  
(she waits at attention)

He paces back and forth again.

PREYSING

Don't misunderstand me. I'm a married  
man – with grownup daughters. Uh –

FLAEMMCHEN

Moreover – Do you mind if I smoke?  
(she takes cigarette)  
I went to Florence once, too.

PREYSING

With the same friend?

By this time she is smoking her cigarette.

FLAEMMCHEN

(without looking at  
him)  
No.

PREYSING

(quickly)  
Moreover, the possibility of the  
successful termination of negotiations  
now pending with the Manchester Cotton  
Company...

FLAEMMCHEN

Not too quickly.

PREYSING

What?

FLAEMMCHEN

You're a little too fast.

PREYSING

Can't you understand me?

FLAEMMCHEN

I understand you perfectly.

PREYSING

Have you got it now?

FLAEMMCHEN

(typing)

Cotton Company –

PREYSING

Should throw a great weight into the  
balance...

FLAEMMCHEN

(as he turns his back

looks at him

significantly)

...weight into the balance...

There is a sudden knock at the door.

PREYSING

Come in.

Boy enters with telegram.

BOY

Telegram for Mr. Preysing.

With almost hysterical speed, Preysing snatches the telegram –  
opens it. Flaemmchen powders her nose.

IMPORTANT CLOSEUP OF PREYSING

it is bad news. He wipes the perspiration from his forehead.

PREYSING

Oh – oh.

(he throws the telegram

away from him, onto

her desk. Paces the

room.)

Flaemmchen, believing the telegram to be something that she  
must copy, picks it up quite naturally and reads it.

FLAEMMCHEN

Deal with Manchester Cotton Company  
definitely off.

Preysing turns and snatches the telegram from her.

FLAEMMCHEN

Sorry.

Preysing paces the room with the telegram.

Flaemmchen rises, stretches. Quite naturally she glances at  
the pictures on Preysing's dressing-table.

FLAEMMCHEN

How nice – your daughters?

PREYSING

My daughters – yes, my daughters.  
(he is talking more  
to himself)

FLAEMMCHEN

Is that Mrs. Preysing.

PREYSING

(to himself)  
Definitely off.

FLAEMMCHEN

Oh – too bad. Did you quarrel?  
(she is looking at  
picture of Mrs.  
Preysing)

PREYSING

(turns, speaks quickly –  
definitely)  
That'll be all – be here tomorrow  
at nine o'clock.  
(he turns, goes out  
onto balcony with  
telegram)

Flaemmchen, delighted and with alacrity, crosses, piles up  
her papers and is prepared to leave.

CUT TO:

FLASH OF CORRIDOR



Trim Flaemmchen out of Preysing's room. Take her down to elevator.

At the same time, CAMERA PANS OVER and shows the Baron's chauffeur knocking at the Baron's door.

BARON'S VOICE

(calling)

Come in!

Trim the chauffeur into the Baron's room.

BARON'S ROOM

Baron is busy changing his clothes. Chauffeur steps in, he closes the door behind him and stands there with an inquisitive look.

CHAUFFEUR

You are late – the dancer's gone to the theatre.

BARON

(very nonchalantly)

Well?

CHAUFFEUR

She's gone to the theatre – don't you know?

BARON

(very nonchalantly)

Yes.

CHAUFFEUR

(ready to explode)

And what are you going to do?

BARON

The pearls are in her room.

CHAUFFEUR

(threateningly)

Now listen to me. The others are getting suspicious of you. I was on the telephone to Amsterdam today, they think you're scared.

BARON

I've been careful, I've been waiting  
my chance.

CHAUFFEUR

You've been waiting your chance.  
You're too much of a gentleman –  
that's the trouble with you.

BARON

I told you I'll get the pearls  
tonight.

CHAUFFEUR

Need any help?

BARON

No.

CHAUFFEUR

Have you got that skeleton key?

He takes the skeleton key out of his pocket and produces it  
to the Baron.

BARON

No –

CHAUFFEUR

Why?

BARON

The floor clerk is out there in the  
corridor – she sees everything –

CHAUFFEUR

(contemptuously)

I could take care of her.

BARON

How?

CHAUFFEUR

Chloroform on a handkerchief from  
behind – while you...

BARON

No – no – no – no...

CHAUFFEUR

Why?

BARON

Poor girl – chloroform would give her a rotten headache... I know – I had it in the war. Besides, she's very pretty – not young but –

CHAUFFEUR

You're no good for this business. It's just a joke to you...

BARON

(swings suddenly on him)

I don't like your tone.

CHAUFFEUR

(comes up to him – face to face)

No –

Baron is suddenly seized with uncontrollable temper – twists his wrists – backs him to door, speaks quietly.

BARON

Get out and leave it to me... be ready to leave on the night train for Amsterdam...

CHAUFFEUR

With the pearls?

BARON

With the pearls –

The Chauffeur leaves.

The moment he is gone – Baron looks the door – business as lib.

Crosses to window.

FACADE OF HOTEL

The Baron peeps out onto balcony – it seems to be clear. He proceeds along and peeps into Preysing's room. Preysing is apparently in the bathroom. Baron skips nimbly past the room.

Working at thrill of pass through to Grusinskaya's room.

#### GRUSINSKAYA'S BALCONY

Baron is pretty shaken by jump.

CUT TO:

#### GRUSINSKAYA'S ROOM

Darkness – light from transom and building opposite.

Business of finding key and getting pearls. INTERCUT Preysing coming out onto his balcony, bringing out with him, loud speaker of radio – which announces noisily as follows:

#### LOUD SPEAKER

'You are listening to the music of the Eastman Jazz Band, in the famous Yellow Room of the Grand Hotel.'

CUT TO:

#### GRUSINSKAYA'S ROOM

Baron starts suddenly – when he hears voice and with pearls in his hand, looks cautiously out of window – only to see:

CUT TO:

#### SHOT FROM HIS ANGLE ONTO PREYSING'S BALCONY:

Preysing seating himself upon his balcony – Radio loud speaker seen. Possibly Preysing commences dinner scene bullying waiter.

#### GRUSINSKAYA'S BALCONY

The Baron knows he is trapped, if he jumps onto Preysing's balcony, Preysing is the man that will cause the alarm.

Quickly he moves across the room – tries the door – it is locked securely. He looks for skeleton key and then remembers refusing it from the chauffeur. He is trapped in an absurd way.

As he moves back from the door, he knocks the telephone off of the table. He watches it for a moment, realizing that the

operator must now know that there is someone in Grusinskaya's room.

He picks up the telephone, replaces the receiver, wipes finger prints off with his handkerchief.

He is moving back to window when telephone starts to ring suddenly. The thought crosses his mind they they will want to know who is in the room. He lets the telephone ring. Crosses to the door again.

Above the din of the telephone we hear the chambermaid's voice singing an absurd song.

He listens. She is coming in.

The key turns in the door.

Quickly he hides behind the curtains.

Slowly and amusingly the chambermaid, tired and dragging, enters the room.

He is looking for an opportunity to dash through the door. After all, this maid should be an easy person to get around. We have a feeling he wishes to dash through the door.

The chambermaid might be singing the same tune that we hear from Preysing's radio.

The telephone commences ringing. Chambermaid does not answer it but continues her duties.

At last, because of the noise of the telephone, she picks it up and speaks.

CHAMBERMAID

No – no – there is no one here.  
(she replaces the  
receiver)

At that moment, the Inspectress, a large stout woman, appears at the open door.

INSPECTRESS

(to Chambermaid)  
You're late... What have you been  
doing?

CHAMBERMAID

(grumbling)

Everyone – all the time says, 'Come back - come back.' They won't get out of their rooms.

The Inspectress, in a very businesslike way, proceeds around the room, coming nearer and nearer the Baron. She is looking at ashtrays and running her fingers over the woodwork looking for dust. She tries the door to the next room, to see if it is locked.

Telephone bell rings again.

Inspectress picks it up quickly.

INSPECTRESS

No, Madame Grusinskaya is not here...  
The Western Theater?... No...

Suddenly, out of scene, we hear the voice of Suzette.

Suzette is calling out to the night clerk in the passage.

SUZETTE'S VOICE

Have you seen Madame?

CLERK'S VOICE

(replying)

Isn't she at the theatre?

Suzette comes in and hurries to telephone.

SUZETTE

Hello, hello, Mr. Pimenov? Yes...  
Mr. Pimenov, have they found her?...  
No, she is not here... Yes, I'm at  
the hotel.

INTERCUT

With the Baron watching.

GRUSINSKAYA'S BALCONY

During this action the Inspectress has waven the chambermaid out of the room. Business ad lib.

Meierheim enters, he has heard the word 'Pimenov' on the

telephone – he takes the receiver from Suzette.

MEIERHEIM

(into telephone)

Pimenov?... What's happening?... No, I haven't found her. Is Desprez dancing?... How is it?... Oh, all right. Keep the show going.

(bangs down receiver)

Wait till I see her, she'll pay for this – this little trick is going to cost Grusinskaya a suit for breach of contract.

SUZETTE

Madame is ill – her nerves...

MEIERHEIM

Her nerves... What about my nerves?... Who is she anyway? Where does she think she is – Russia? Those days have passed.

He turns and sees Grusinskaya standing at the door. She is in costume, very pale, very beautiful. Her coat, over one shoulder, is ragging, she lets it drop and moves slowly into the center of the room. Her hair, dressed for the dance, make-up is on her face – she is breathless.

SUZETTE

Madame –

MEIERHEIM

Well?

GRUSINSKAYA

I want to be alone.

The other women in the room draw out, leaving Suzette to pick up the robe that has fallen to the floor.

MEIERHEIM

Where have you been?

SUZETTE

Should I – Does madame wish...

GRUSINSKAYA

Suzette, please go, I want to be

alone.

Suzette obediently crosses to door and pauses on threshold, waiting for Meierheim.

Meierheim approaches Grusinskaya.

MEIERHEIM

I suppose I can cancel the Vienna engagement.

GRUSINSKAYA

I wish to be alone.

MEIERHEIM

You'll be very much alone, my dear madame. This is the end.  
(he stamps out)

Suzette, with a frightened look through the door, closes it on Meierheim's exit.

DURING THIS SCENE, INTERCUT SHOTS OF BARON.

It is some time before Grusinskaya moves. She crosses to door – turns the key – takes the key out of the lock and throws it away from her – out upon the floor. She crosses slowly to the mirror, regards herself, silently. We hear the strains from Preysing's radio playing a light Viennese waltz.

Grusinskaya begins suddenly to sob.

FLASH OF BARON

Watching her.

GRUSINSKAYA

Quite suddenly – as if with resolution she begins to undress. Then she becomes weary again.

With a garment in her hand, she moves slowly toward the curtain – where the Baron is standing.

BARON

We see him tense himself.

GRUSINSKAYA



She drops the garment listlessly to the floor – moves out of scene.

CLOSEUP OF BARON

He peeps around the curtains.

CUT TO:

GRUSINSKAYA

She is in a thin robe. She sits before mirror – looks steadily at her face. Her head goes down suddenly in her hands and we hear her say:

GRUSINSKAYA

The end – over – finished –

Suddenly she moves quickly across the room. Goes to bathroom.

Baron half starts out toward door. He watches – darts across the room as if towards the door. He hears her coming and darts quickly into the half open door of the closet.

She re-enters – carrying a glass of water. She crosses, places the glass down beside the bed – her movements are quick and furtive – then she crosses, picks up the telephone – asks for the theatre.

GRUSINSKAYA

The Western Theatre –

She leaves receiver down – crosses quickly to mirror – stands there and brushes back her hair – crosses back to telephone speaks:

GRUSINSKAYA

Western Theatre?

She glances up at the clock.

GRUSINSKAYA

The stage – Mr. Pimonov – the ballet master... Grusinskaya – hurry – hurry.

Again she puts the receiver down – picking up a pencil she commences hastily to scribble a note. She writes frantically.

Her other hand goes up and picks up the receiver.

GRUSINSKAYA

Yes – yes, I'm waiting.

She finishes the note – commences suddenly to speak into the telephone –

GRUSINSKAYA

Hello, Pimenov? – I'm at the hotel.

I couldn't go on – I couldn't...

No, no don't –

(long pause)

...Just alone... Good night, good night, my dear – goodbye... Pimenov, how is it going, badly?... Uh?...

Who's dancing?... Desprez?... Oh – and how is it?... Oh, – oh, I see – they didn't miss me?... They didn't miss me.

(she lets her hand drop with the receiver and goes on talking into the air)

They didn't miss me – good night, Pimenov...

She is about to replace the receiver. She sits with it in her hand, unreplaced.

The music has stopped. The room is strangely silent. Behind her the Baron peers from the closet.

Her head sinks down upon her hands.

A funny, singing noise comes from the telephone. She lifts the receiver to her ear. In a very strange voice, the voice of Ophelia, she speaks:

GRUSINSKAYA

(with great humility)

Oh – I'm sorry, yes... I have finished.

(she replaces the receiver)

The foregoing scene is much better played than described. It is in fact, ballet.

Quite calmly, Grusinskaya finishes the notes on the table. She folds it up and places it in a prominent place on the table, or hangs it over the telephone.

She crosses to the window pulls back the curtains – the Baron has been hiding behind a few minutes before.

We see the Baron watching. He glances at the door quickly. "No, there is not time." She is returning calmly. She crosses to the dressing table and takes the veronal out of a drawer. She looks at it thoughtfully, her lips are trembling a little. She moves to the radiator as if to seek warmth.

She sinks into a chair and her head droops over her folded hands which contain the veronal, she seems to pray.

The Baron comes from the closet – now is his chance, he looks at the door but can't make it. Looks on the floor for the key which Grusinskaya has previously thrown there, his eyes fall upon the note on the telephone – he reads it.

It is a death farewell note to Suzette – do not insert it.

At this moment she has finished, the Baron returns to his hiding place. She makes the sign of a cross and goes to her bed.

She looks around nervously, apprehensively – like a deer who has heard something, then reassured. She places the veronal on the night table beside the glass of water. She is quiet and deliberate. She arranges the pillows under her head and lies down. She reaches for the bottle of veronal and empties it generously in her hand. She has to lean away upon one elbow, from the Baron's position, in order to balance herself.

The Baron steps like a cat from his hiding place. He goes to the bedside noiselessly and stands there.

She reaches for the glass-her hand stretches out for the glass. The Baron takes her wrist suddenly.

She turns quickly looking at him. The glass falls to the floor with a crash and breaks. As she moves, the veronal falls out of her hands upon the bed. She struggles up to a sitting position.

**BARON**

Please, do not be alarmed, Madam.

She glances up at him. She is bewildered. She seems to be coming out of a trance. Again she wants to jump from the bed.

BARON

Careful – there's broken glass on the floor.

Now she becomes conscious of almost nakedness. She draws her kimono tightly around her, glances across the wide expanse of bed. We see her consider passing over that way, but she is now a woman again – a woman of the earth – it would be a silly movement.

BARON

There.  
(takes a pillow from the bed throws it upon the floor over the glass, steps back)

She gets up quickly and crosses, putting on her robe which was lying across the back of a chair.

Her first movement is not one of alarm but of – shame. She draws her robe more closely around her and looks at the Baron puzzled. She thinks, dreamily, "What is this?" She glances back at the veronal and the bed showing us plainly that this man must have watched her preparation for bed. We get a sense of relief with her. She is trembling.

The Baron has controlled his nerves perfectly. He senses his danger. He is caught red-handed with five hundred thousand marks worth of pearls in his pocket. He is wondering if she will ring the bell. For an instant he thinks of escape. He could dash for the balcony. He could strike her dead or silence her with threats. There is in the room an intoxicating sense of romance and danger. (It should be in the scene.)

BARON

Please do not be frightened, Madam.

GRUSINSKAYA

(after a silence)

What do you want here?

BARON

Nothing – only to be here.

GRUSINSKAYA

Why do you hide in my room?

BARON

But surely you must know – because  
I love you.

GRUSINSKAYA

Because you love me – you love me?

She looks at him for a few moments and then suddenly she  
throws herself upon the bed and begins to weep more and more  
passionately.

BARON

(going over to her)

Poor little Grusinskaya! Does it do  
you good to cry? Are you afraid?  
Shall I go?

GRUSINSKAYA

I was so alone – always alone –  
and suddenly you were there and said  
that.

(sitting up)

No. I am not afraid. It is strange.

BARON

Don't cry – it tears my heart to  
see you sob like that.

GRUSINSKAYA

(regaining control)

Nerves – just nerves. You must  
forgive me. I have had a bad evening.  
I am very tired. Do you know what it  
is to be tired – tired of a routine  
existence?

BARON

I'm afraid not – I usually do just  
what I feel like doing at the moment.

A look in his eyes reminds her of the strangeness of the  
situation. She rises with returning dignity and pulls her  
robe around her – she is becoming the Grusinskaya of Imperial  
Russia; she is the woman Grand Dukes have fought for. She

sweeps across the room.

GRUSINSKAYA

So you feel like coming into a lady's room – and you come... What now?

BARON

(following her)

I'd like to smoke a cigarette.

GRUSINSKAYA

Certainly.

She gets her cigarette box from the writing table and holds it out to him. He takes a cigarette and lights it. She watches him curiously. She smiles, as she watches him greedily inhale the smoke. She crosses and sits before her looking glass. She brushes her hair back and powders her face. She looks into the mirror, we feel that she has regained a desire to live. He crosses and looks at her in the mirror. He smiles.

GRUSINSKAYA

Why do you look at me like that?

BARON

I did not know you were so beautiful... and –

GRUSINSKAYA

(bitterly)

And then –?

BARON

No irony. You're so appealing – so soft – so tired. I feel like taking you in my arms and not letting anything more happen to you – ever.

GRUSINSKAYA

(involuntarily closing her eyes)

And – and –

BARON

How tired you are!

GRUSINSKAYA

Yes – tired...

BARON

So alone.

GRUSINSKAYA

Alone. All alone.

(whispers in Russian)

Oh, you strange – strange creature.

BARON

You mustn't talk Russian to me.

GRUSINSKAYA

Strange man...

BARON

Am I quite strange to you?

GRUSINSKAYA

Not quite strange now. It is as if I had been expecting you. You know, once when the Grand Duke was alive, I found a man hiding in my room – a young officer –

BARON

And...?

GRUSINSKAYA

He disappeared. Later he was found dead.

BARON

I never knew it was so dangerous to hide in a woman's room when she's alone.

(he embraces her)

GRUSINSKAYA

Go away. Who are you –?

BARON

A man who could love – that is all, who has forgotten everything else for you.

GRUSINSKAYA

You could love me. It is so long since I have heard that word. Nobody has loved me for a long time. It is

so icy-cold to be famous. One is so cruelly alone. How is it that you – Let me look at you. Your hands. Your eyes. Why could you love me?

BARON

I saw you just now – then I saw you cry – and now I see you in the mirror – Grusinskaya...

GRUSINSKAYA

Grusinskaya... Oh – oh if you knew how I slaved and slaved for Grusinskaya – for the success of Grusinskaya – for the triumph of Grusinskaya... and what is she now? Just someone who has found that on the day success ceases life ceases – Are you listening to me – Do you understand? – I want you to understand.

BARON

Yes – I do understand.

GRUSINSKAYA

I think you must go now – the key is on the floor.

BARON

I'm not going – You know I'm not going – Let me stay here?

GRUSINSKAYA

I want to be alone.

BARON

That is not so – you don't want to be alone.

(he looks back at the bed as if remembering the suicide.)

GRUSINSKAYA

I want to be alone –

BARON

No – You don't want to be alone at all – You were in despair before –



If I left you, you'd feel worse than  
you did before, You must not be alone –  
You mustn't cry – you must forget...  
Tell me that I can stay with you –  
tell me.

GRUSINSKAYA  
(whispering)  
Just for a minute then.

Outside the distant noise of Kringelein is heard –

BARON  
What? Say it again – I didn't hear.

She whispers.

GRUSINSKAYA  
You – man...

The way she says it, the word goes home. It hurts him. She has looked into his eyes for a moment with a strangely melting and almost happy expression. She gets up suddenly.

(NOTE: The other side of the bed – not where the glass is)

She reaches with her feet for her slippers. She puts one on. She can't find the other.

Business as he gets other slipper for her.

He kisses her ankle and looks up at her. She smiles down.

GRUSINSKAYA  
Thank you – you are gallant.  
(she turns, her mood  
has changed)  
What a sentimental scene. Grusinskaya  
weeping is a sight worth seeing. It  
is many years since she did such a  
thing... You frightened me – badly.  
You're responsible for this – painful  
scene.

He watches her.

The sound of her own voice reassures her. She is generating warmth. Her cry has done her good, she speaks quickly, volubly.

GRUSINSKAYA

The stage frays one's nerves... the discipline – it's so exacting. Discipline means doing what you don't want to do and take no pleasure in doing. Do you know what I mean? Have you ever experienced the weariness that comes from discipline?

BARON

I? – Oh, no. I do only what I take pleasure in doing.

Grusinskaya turns, she is graceful again.

GRUSINSKAYA

I see – you do only what you take pleasure in doing. You take pleasure in coming into a woman's bedroom and you come. You take pleasure in a dangerous climb onto a balcony, so you do it... And what is your pleasure now?

BARON

(naive as he says  
frankly)

I should like to smoke.

She rises. She had expected something else. His reply strikes her as chivalrous and considerate. She crosses to the writing table brings back her little cigarette box which she holds out to him. He takes a cigarette and lights it. She watches him curiously. She smiles, as she watches him greedily inhale the smoke. She crosses and sits before her looking glass. She brushes her hair back and powders her face. She looks into the mirror, we feel that she has regained a desire to live. He crosses and looks at her in the mirror, he smiles.

GRUSINSKAYA

Why do you smile?

BARON

Because I can see something in the mirror that you cannot. My dear –  
(he pauses suddenly)

GRUSINSKAYA

What can you see?

BARON

You are beautiful!

GRUSINSKAYA

No.

BARON

Beautiful but so sad. I did not know it was so dangerous to look into a woman's bedroom.

Suddenly he stoops, takes her shoulder in his hands and kisses it. A long tender and sincere embrace.

Her eyes close. A tremor passes through her. Suddenly his whole being is aware of her. She turns, rises and disengages herself.

GRUSINSKAYA

I think you had better go now. The key is on the floor.

He glances back. He speaks suddenly with an air of command.

BARON

I'm not going... You know that I'm not going... Do you think I could leave you alone here? After that –?

GRUSINSKAYA

What?

BARON

The veronal – you. I'm going to stay here with you.

GRUSINSKAYA

I want to be alone.

BARON

That is not the truth.

(he catches her wrists)

You do not want to be alone – you're afraid of being alone – I know you're afraid. I know you. You were desperate, just now, if I go away you'll be more desperate than ever.

Say I am to stay with you... say it.  
(he almost shakes her)

Her head falls slowly on his breast.

GRUSINSKAYA

(whispers)

For just a minute then.

(she pulls away,  
crosses the room,  
quickly to the door,  
with almost a cry.

She looks around for  
the key to the door)

No – oh, no!

He crosses quickly to her and holds her in his arms.

BARON

Just for a minute, Grusinskaya –

Outside the distant noise of Kringelein and the doctor.

FRONT ON SHOT OF KRINGELEIN

approaching the CAMERA with the Doctor.

They are returning from the bar and are passing Grusinskaya's room. THE CAMERA precedes them. The Doctor is characteristically drunk. He is silent, tense, cynical. A distinct contrast to Kringelein, whose soul is warmed for the first time by alcohol.

Kringelein's hat, the same, eccentric one, is twisted upon his head jauntily. The carnation is in his buttonhole.

THE CAMERA backs into Kringelein's room and pauses, because the Doctor has paused at the door.

KRINGELEIN

Oh, but Doctor. Isn't this wonderful.  
To live – to live – in the Grand  
Hotel.

DOCTOR

(with a deprecating  
gesture)

The Grand Hotel.

KRINGELEIN

Oh, but Doctor. The music – the  
champagne – girls when they dance –  
all the shining ice in those big  
silver things – That's life –

DOCTOR

Life! – Mr. Kringelein, you are  
drunk – good night.  
(he leaves)

KRINGELEIN

(to doctor)  
But Doctor –

But the Doctor has gone.

Kringelein re-enters his beautiful room. He crosses to the  
mirror, regards himself. Business ad lib.

He looks at himself in the mirror and raises his hat.  
Imitating the doctor, he repeats:

KRINGELEIN

Mr. Kringelein – you are drunk –  
good night.

He puts his hat on the knob of the bed.

He takes off his coat, holds it up and carefully takes the  
carnation out of his buttonhole. With the coat over his arm  
and the carnation in his hand he looks around for a glass  
and some water which he sees standing on the night table by  
his bed.

He puts the carnation in the glass, having filled it with  
water and then his eyes fall upon his small group of medicine  
bottles.

His demeanor changes. He immediately becomes a thing of pain.

He glances at his watch – it is long past his medicine time –  
his spirit droops – he might almost be in pain.

He picks up a small bottle and carefully counts eight drops  
into the glass. He is about to take it, he smells it, a sudden  
impulse of well-being surges over him. He flings the medicine  
away.

With a great wave of optimism he commences to sing the song that we have heard during the evening – the chambermaid song - the Preysing radio song – the love song. He saunters around the room, undressing.

DISSOLVE OUT:

DISSOLVE INTO PASSAGE

His voice is still heard in the passage.

Rows of shoes outside the doors. The dozing night clerk hears the voice and looks up, startled.

DISSOLVE OUT:

DISSOLVE INTO A WATCHMAN

with his clock, hears the voice.

DISSOLVE OUT:

DISSOLVE INTO A CORNER OF DOCTOR'S ROOM

He is dozing in a chair with his clothes on. He looks up suddenly, hearing the voice.

DISSOLVE OUT:

DISSOLVE INTO PREYSING'S ROOM

He is snoring. The distant voice disturbs him. He turns in his sleep.

DISSOLVE OUT:

DISSOLVE INTO GRUSINSKAYA'S ROOM

A beautiful picture – the distant voices – shadows.

BARON'S VOICE

I've never been as happy.

GRU'S VOICE

What did you say?

BARON'S VOICE

I've never been as happy!

GRUSINSKAYA'S VOICE

Say it again – say it!

BARON'S VOICE

I have never been so happy!

DISSOLVE OUT:

DISSOLVE INTO KRINGELEIN'S ROOM

He is now dressed in an absurd night dress. He crosses to the bed, still singing, climbs into the huge bed – the great pillows. His hand goes out – he pulls out the light. He might be an Emperor as he turns with a happy, tired sigh.

DISTANT CLOCK CHIMES.

FADE OUT:

END OF SEQUENCE "#2"

SEQUENCE "#3"

FADE IN:

TELEPHONE ROOM

It is the first time we have seen it. There are about eight girls very busy. Morning confusion. (parts to be written)

We pick up essential lines as we PAN DOWN SHOOTING AT THE GIRL'S FACES, assuming the CAMERA to be the board.

GIRL ONE

Grand Hotel – good morning – no,  
Baron von Gaigern's room does not  
answer... Yes,... all right... Baron  
von Gaigern's chauffeur calling.

CAMERA PANS TO:

GIRL THREE

Good morning, nine-thirty Doctor  
Ottersschlag... No, Doctor, no  
messages... No, Doctor.

CAMERA PANS TO:

GIRL FIVE

Grand Hotel – good morning... who is calling Madam Grusinskaya?... Oh, Mr. Pimenov. Madam Grusinskaya is not to be disturbed, sir... no, sir... yes, sir –

The word passes down repeated.

VOICE

Mr. Preysing's calls to one sixty two for today.

CAMERA PANS TO:

GIRL EIGHT

– good morning... Mr. Preysing –  
(she plugs through)

CUT TO:

CONFERENCE ROOM

Telephone bell ringing.

General shot.

Gerstenkorn, an old business man and Doctor Waitz, counsel for the Saxonia organization are sitting at a green table, smoking and waiting.

GERSTENKORN

(glances at watch)

Nine-thirty, Mr. Preysing keeps us waiting.

SCHWEIMANN

(who has returned)

He likes to play the great man.

WAITZ

(glancing at market report from table)

The Preysing stock is holding its own today on the market.

SCHWEIMANN

Ask Preysing what it's costing him to keep it up.



GERSTENKORN

And ask me what it's costing us to hammer it down.

WAITZ

Exactly.

GERSTENKORN

If the Preysing people get the Manchester contract, we shall certainly merge with the Preysing company – but if they haven't they're ruined – Preysing will have to declare himself.

WAITZ

Shhh – here he is now.

The door opens and Flaemmchen enters. She is agreeably surprised to see the room full of men. She likes men.

FLAEMMCHEN

(beams)

Good morning, gentlemen – Mr. Preysing will be here in a minute.

Business of Schweimann and Flaemmchen.

Gerstenkorn, making notes, glances at his watch again.

Door opens suddenly.

PREYSING

(enters)

Good morning, gentlemen.

MEN

Good morning.

PREYSING

Sorry I'm late, I've been waiting for Justice Zinnowitz, my legal advisor.

WAITZ

Oh – ho – you want legal aid against us? – The whole thing seems to me to be very simple.

GERSTENKORN

Very simple – I've always liked the way you dressed, Preysing – English, isn't it?

PREYSING

(disturbed)

What?

GERSTENKORN

(quickly)

They turn out marvelous material in Manchester.

PREYSING

Manchester – yes. Yes, yes, they do. Yes – Now gentlemen shall we begin at the beginning? – Have we cigars – water and everything?

Flaemmchen, who has been busy preparing her little table for work is seen in several CLOSEUPS:

SCHWEIMANN

(with a wink to Gerstenkorn)

Manchester is a very interesting city, don't you think so, Preysing?

PREYSING

(stalling)

Manchester – yes – yes. A man in the textile industry naturally has to know Manchester.

GERSTENKORN

There's a lot of business to be done with the Manchester Cotton Company. They've the whole English market right in their hands. Have you any connections with – Manchester?

PREYSING

(quickly)

We have a good many connections in England, naturally.

GERSTENKORN

I mean with the Manchester people?

PREYSING

(looking at Gerstenkorn  
impudently)

We are here to discuss our merger.  
Naturally I can make no statement at  
this time. We must begin at the  
beginning.

GERSTENKORN

(winking at Schweimann)  
All right.

PREYSING

(far-away commencing  
to read his report)

Since, on the eleventh of June, this  
year – when the first negotiations  
for a merger between our respective  
firms was entered into – both parties  
have fully agreed that this merger  
can result only in mutual advantages.

INTERCUT this speech, which if played by Beery will be  
interesting, with signals, winks and signs between the other  
three men.

GERSTENKORN

Oh – yes – I beg your pardon!

PREYSING

I'm laying before you the last general  
statement of our concern. Active  
capital, plant and machinery, raw  
material and finished product – for  
instance – mop rags –

GERSTENKORN

Mop rags –!

Business between Preysing and Flaemmchen finding papers on  
'Mop Rag' report.

GERSTENKORN

What we want to know about is  
Manchester.

WAITZ

Yes, Mr. Preysing – that's what we

want to know.

PREYSING

I'd like to wait for Justice  
Zinnowitz, before I commit myself.

GERSTENKORN

Oh – Preysing, Preysing –

PREYSING

No water – What a place!

GERSTENKORN

All you have to do is phone for it.

Flaemmchen, who is on her toes and busy every minute, rushes to the telephone and gives an order – her conversation is heard over the conversation of the men in the room – CAMERA HOLDS ON FLAEMMCHEN:

FLAEMMCHEN

Water – seltzer, three or four  
bottles and cigars – good ones.

WAITZ

I can see this session is going to  
be exhaustive.

PREYSING

Now to proceed with the projected  
merger, the advantages for the Saxonia  
are so obvious...

GERSTENKORN

Oh – now let's talk like adults.  
You want to tell us now a along story  
of what your factory can do. We know  
all that you could tell us and if  
you tell the truth it wouldn't sound  
so good. When you first approached  
us...

PREYSING

We did not approach you.

WAITZ

(quickly looking  
through the papers)  
Letter on file September fourteenth

would show that you approached...

PREYSING

(snatching the document  
from his hand –  
losing his temper)

It isn't so – this was a response  
to a tentative feeler of your own.

GERSTENKORN

(snatching the document  
violently away)

Tentative my foot – a month before  
this your old father-in-law came  
very privately and scratched at my  
door.

PREYSING

Scratched –  
(he nearly chokes)  
We did not take the initiative.

GERSTENKORN

Of course you took the initiative.

Zinnowitz enters the room.

ZINNOWITZ

Good morning, gentlemen – I see the  
conference is already underway.

PREYSING

Oh, here you are, Justice Zinnowitz –  
I'm at cross-purposes with these  
gentlemen – will you clear up the  
situation?

ZINNOWITZ

But the situation is perfectly clear,  
if you will allow me –  
(he clears his throat)

GERSTENKORN

How clear is Manchester?

ZINNOWITZ

Foggy – frightfully foggy, always,  
I'm told.  
(to Preysing)

Have you said anything about  
Manchester, Mr. Preysing?

PREYSING

I can make no statement about  
Manchester at this time.

ZINNOWITZ

Well – gentlemen.

There is dead silence for a moment – he clears his throat,  
commences in almost the same tone as Preysing.

ZINNOWITZ

Since, on the eleventh of June of  
this year – when the first  
negotiations for a merger...

GERSTENKORN

(over Zinnowitz's  
voice – with a sigh –  
sits back)

Thank God we're beginning at the  
beginning.

ZINNOWITZ

(stops suddenly –  
takes glasses from  
his nose – he is  
speaking, not reading)

As you remember it – when you  
approached us...

GERSTENKORN

(bangs the paper down)  
We did not approach you.

PREYSING

I know you did – I said you did –

GERSTENKORN

And I said we didn't.

WAITZ

And I know we didn't.

During all this commotion Flaemmchen is paying no attention  
whatsoever. She is calmly spraying herself with a perfume  
atomizer and smiling at a gentleman. The noise continues

over her.

CUT TO:

NO SCENE 61

Sequence omitted from original script.

GRUSINSKAYA'S ROOM

The atmosphere has changed, the sun shines. Grusinskaya is reclining on the chaise-lounge – her Chinese robe drawn about her. She speaks volubly.

GRUSINSKAYA

Oh – I was ambitious then – ambition was in my blood – no rest, no stopping. We were drilled like little soldiers – We danced in the school of the Imperial Ballet, in St. Petersburg. I was little and slim but hard as diamond – a duty machine – No rest, no stopping. And then – I became famous and whoever is famous is alone... But why should I be telling you this? Last night I did not know you at all – who are you, really? – I do not even know your name.

BARON

I am Felix Benvenuto von Gaigern. My mother called me Flix.

GRUSINSKAYA

Flix. – And how do you live? What kind of a person are you?

BARON

I'm a prodigal son, the black sheep of a white flock – I shall die on the gallows.

GRUSINSKAYA

Really?

BARON

Really, I haven't a bit of character. None at all.

GRUSINSKAYA

No?

BARON

When I was a little boy I was taught to ride and be a gentleman – at school, it was a monastery, I learned to pray and lie – and –

GRUSINSKAYA

And?

BARON

And then, in the war, to kill and hide. That's all.

GRUSINSKAYA

And what do you do – now?

BARON

I'm a gambler – I'm running at large like a happy pig, devouring anything of life that pleases me, I really belong in jail

GRUSINSKAYA

Oh! What a picture – and what else?

BARON

(seriously)

I'm also a criminal and a hotel thief.  
(he turns away)

GRUSINSKAYA

That's a silly joke.

BARON

(turns – takes both  
her hands)

Please look at me. You must believe me – you must believe that I love you – that I have never known what love is – until last night.

(he releases her hands  
and turns away again.)

GRUSINSKAYA

What is the matter?



He does not answer.

GRUSINSKAYA

Flix!

The Baron takes the pearls out of his pocket and lays them before her.

BARON

There.

GRUSINSKAYA

(with a little cry of  
pain)

Oh –

(in the silence  
Grusinskaya puts her  
head in her hands  
and thinks)

The Baron makes a gesture as if to stroke her hair and then holds back.

GRUSINSKAYA

(softly)

Did you come here just – just for  
that? Oh – it's horrible.

Pause.

She is suddenly cold.

GRUSINSKAYA

You may keep the pearls – I don't  
want them any more – I'll make you  
a present of them.

BARON

(passionately)

I don't want them now.

GRUSINSKAYA

(broken)

I'll not denounce you.

BARON

I know.

GRUSINSKAYA

So –

BARON

Yesterday I was a thief – but now, –

GRUSINSKAYA

But now, you must go... I give you the pearls. But now you must go –

BARON

I wanted money desperately – Can you understand? – That's why I wanted the pearls. I was threatened – I was desperately in need of a certain big sum of money. I've been following you – I've admired you. But I have forced myself not to think about you – Last night, at last, I managed to come into your room and – and now.

GRUSINSKAYA

(softly)

And now?

BARON

I couldn't go through with it.

(his head goes down  
into her lap – he  
sighs:)

Remarkable.

His hand touches her hair – tenderly.

BARON

Do you understand?

GRUSINSKAYA

Yes – yes – yes.

There is a sudden knock at the door.

GRUSINSKAYA

Quickly – here.

With a quick gesture Grusinskaya beckons the Baron to the bathroom. He disappears into the bathroom. She opens the door, after finding the key and radiantly addresses Suzette.

GRUSINSKAYA  
Good morning, Suzette.

SUZETTE  
(delighted to see her  
in a good mood)  
Good morning, Madam.

She puts the coffee down on the table.

Charming piece of business as Suzette, in putting the coffee down on the table must necessarily push back the heavily crested cigarette case of the Baron.

SUZETTE  
Madam has slept well?

GRUSINSKAYA  
(enthusiastically)  
Oh, yes, Suzette.

SUZETTE  
Madam will dress now, it is late.

GRUSINSKAYA  
Five minutes, Suzette, come back in five minutes. I'll ring.

SUZETTE  
Yes, madam Suzette knows all about it.

She is a French woman. She is pleased.

SUZETTE  
Madam is beautiful this morning.

As Grusinskaya hurries Suzette to the door she says:

GRUSINSKAYA  
Yes, Suzette.

Suzette goes out. Quickly Grusinskaya crosses and flings open the bathroom door. The Baron comes out.

GRUSINSKAYA  
You must go now.

As she speaks the telephone goes. She gives the telephone a

dirty look. Telephone rings again. She pulls him across to the telephone.

GRUSINSKAYA

There – it begins.

With a hand in his she lifts the telephone receiver and speaks.

GRUSINSKAYA

Hello – hello – Meierheim? Yes...

During this scene the Baron is touching her shoulder. A charming light moment. She continues to speak into telephone. His touch probably tickles her, she laughs – quickly covers the receiver so that Meierheim will not hear her laugh.

GRUSINSKAYA

(to Baron)

No –

During this scene she is listening to Meierheim. She frowns suddenly –

GRUSINSKAYA

What?... Cancel Vienna?... Are you mad? We always have great success in Vienna... Certainly not. Come here and see me... yes... good-bye.

She turns to the Baron and their arms go around each other.

The telephone rings again.

GRUSINSKAYA

(quickly)

There – the day begins... I must go to rehearsal.

She lets the telephone ring.

BARON

Grusinskaya –

GRUSINSKAYA

Yes.

BARON

You do believe that I really love

you?

GRUSINSKAYA

Yes – If I didn't believe that, I'd die after last night.

BARON

I want to be good to you – madly good.

GRUSINSKAYA

Suzette will be back here in a minute.

BARON

I'll go – good-bye.

GRUSINSKAYA

Shall I see you again?

BARON

I –

Telephone bell rings again.

GRUSINSKAYA

Suzette will be back here any minute.

BARON

When are you leaving Berlin?

GRUSINSKAYA

Very early in the morning.

BARON

For Vienna?

GRUSINSKAYA

Can't – can't you – Couldn't you come too – I think it would be better – for us – for us both.

BARON

Oh – yes but – later.

GRUSINSKAYA

Why later?

BARON

I have no money now – I must get

some first – I must get some.

GRUSINSKAYA

I'll give you what you need – I have money.

BARON

Oh no – that would spoil everything.  
I'll – I will manage somehow –  
I'll manage myself. I will go with you. When does the train leave?

GRUSINSKAYA

Six twenty-seven in the morning...  
But the money?

BARON

Never mind – I'll get it. I have a whole day. I'll be on that train.

They move towards the door.

GRUSINSKAYA

I shall dance and you'll be with me and then – listen – After that you will come with me to Lake Como, I have a villa there. The sun will be shining. I will take a vacation – six weeks – eight weeks. We'll be happy and lazy. And then you will go with me to South America – oh!

Telephone starts ringing.

GRUSINSKAYA

You must go now. Be careful on your way to your room.

BARON

I'll go. – I love you.  
(he kisses her)  
I'll be on that train. I'll get the money.

She holds him back. The telephone is ringing.

GRUSINSKAYA

Don't do anything foolish – I'm alarmed about you.

BARON

Don't worry. I'll be on the train.

(he kisses her)

He leaves.

Alone with the telephone bell ringing, Grusinskaya breathes deeply, stretches herself. She goes to the glass and looks at herself – smiling. Happily she takes the pearls, kisses them, drops them into the casket – picks up the telephone.

GRUSINSKAYA

(speaking into  
telephone)

Yes, Pimenov... Yes... where are  
you, in your room? Come, I will see  
you now... hurry.

She rises from the telephone flutteringly, she is humming a tune. She crosses to the mirror, pulls back her hair happily, she is indeed younger.

Suzette is putting out a dark dress.

GRUSINSKAYA

Not that dark dress – something  
light – bright – it's a sunny  
morning, Suzette.

Suzette happily glances at her.

There is a knock at the door.

GRUSINSKAYA

Come in.

(sings)

Pimenov enters, before he can speak –

GRUSINSKAYA

Good morning, Pimenov.

PIMENOV

(a little puzzled at  
change in her)

Good morning, Gru – your –

Before he can start speaking of last night she quickly speaks:

GRUSINSKAYA

Pimenov, I have an idea – a new ballet – it must have mad music – I'll explain it to you later. But now, hurry to the theatre – I want full rehearsal – properties – full ballet and some musicians. Hurry – Quickly. I will be there –

During this scene Grusinskaya has not looked at him, she is busy in the glass. Nice photography on hair and face.

Side scene between Suzette and Pimenov, as Suzette shows him the cigarette case on the table.

As he goes through the door Grusinskaya crosses and almost sweeps Suzette to the door with him.

PIMENOV

Gru – you are positively radiant.

GRUSINSKAYA

Yes, Pimenov.  
(quickly to Suzette)  
One minute, Suzette, I will call you.

They leave.

Grusinskaya shuts the door. She sweeps happily to the telephone.

GRUSINSKAYA

(very very softly -  
her voice is like  
music to operator)  
Hello – will you – will you get me  
Baron von Gaigern, please... yes...  
Baron von Gaigern – yes...

While she waits, she moves with a sense of dance.

GRUSINSKAYA

(again into telephone)  
Will you get me Baron von Gaigern,  
please...  
(she speaks quietly)  
Cherie... yes... it is you...  
nothing... good morning, good morning,



cherie... nothing... no... just to  
tell you I'm happy.

FADE OUT SLOWLY:

Bring music up.

END OF SEQUENCE "#3"

SEQUENCE "#4"

EXT. HOTEL - SIGN

Music effect over sign "Grand Hotel." Precisely the same  
angle as before. The sign lights.

DISSOLVE TO:

LOBBY - BY SENF'S DESK

The music comes up on the DISSOLVE into the original key  
shot of the lobby.

Senf is busy.

The Baron's chauffeur is standing impatiently by his desk.  
Business ad lib of Senf. He turns to the chauffeur who is  
barring the way of an important looking alien.

SENF

Step back please.

Chauffeur makes no effort to move. Against the normal busy,  
happy traffic of the evening he is a sinister figure. He  
does not move but glares at Senf.

SENF

I've told you three times – Baron  
von Gaigern is out.

CHAUFFEUR

Did he leave any message for me?

SENF

No, he did not – there is no message.

This whole scene is played in a very low key, almost in a  
whisper, it is interrupted by the entrance of the Doctor.

DOCTOR  
(to Senf)  
Any letters?

SENF  
No, doctor.

During this short scene the chauffeur saunters off.

Kringelein comes to the doctor.

KRINGELEIN  
Oh, Doctor, such a day – such a  
day!

They move away from the scene.

Kringelein's voice diminishes as the CAMERA MOVES following the chauffeur.

The chauffeur saunters unthoughtfully past the florist shop and out of the door. As we pass the florist shop we see the back of the Baron in the shot.

CAMERA PANS chauffeur out to door. He has not seen the Baron in the florist shop. THE CAMERA PANS back to florist shop waits for the Baron who emerges carrying his usual box of orchids. CAMERA FOLLOWS BARON back to Senf's desk. Key shot.

BARON  
(to Senf)  
Madam Grusinskaya.

SENF  
(taking the flowers  
and handing them to  
clerk)  
For Madam Grusinskaya.

CLERK  
(to page boy)  
Madam Grusinskaya – at once –

SENF  
(to Baron)  
Your chauffeur's been waiting, Baron.

BARON  
(Quickly – shortly)

All right.  
(he glances around  
apprehensively)

Kringelein is speaking to the doctor.

The Baron approaches them.

KRINGELEIN

Baron, we must have gone a hundred  
miles an hour, at least...

BARON

Yes, quite.

KRINGELEIN

(to doctor)

We've been together all day... and  
in an aeroplane.

DOCTOR

Life is changing you, Mr. Kringelein.

KRINGELEIN

Yes, thanks to the Baron. The best  
shops, the very best. Look, Doctor,  
silk – feels so nice on the skin...  
a London hat, see – made in England,  
that's silk, too – fifty marks...  
Look, the price is on it. That was  
half my salary before. The Baron is  
a very fine gentleman – no one in  
my life has been so nice to me as  
the Baron.

The Baron smiles. He slaps his gauntlets on his dusty coat.

BARON

I'm going to change and we'll meet  
for a drink in the Yellow Room.

KRINGELEIN

In the Yellow Room, where the music's  
playing and the ladies are?

BARON

(amused)

Where the music's playing and the  
ladies are...

The Baron leaves.

DOCTOR  
No pain, Mr. Kringelein?

KRINGELEIN  
Pain? Oh, no, Doctor. I think if I  
had pain I'd be too happy to notice  
it...

NOTE: Find cut here.

While Kringelein is talking, they move away from the CAMERA.

CUT TO:

FLASH OF BARON'S ROOM

The Baron enters, throws his gloves down on the bed, turns up the light, picks up a piece of paper that's been pushed under the door, glances at it.

FLASH INSERT OF THE PAPER

In scrawl: "I HAVE BEEN WAITING ALL DAY. WILL BE OUTSIDE OR AT THE GARAGE." "S"

CUT BACK TO:

BARON

We again see the apprehension on the Baron's face. He crosses, closes the window. As he does so we hear the noise from the conference room.

Bring up noise from the conference room.

CUT TO:

CONFERENCE ROOM

We must have the feeling that these men have been arguing all day. Cognac bottles, cigar ends, selzer water, remains of some sandwiches. In other words it is a business battlefield. Preysing is drawn and tired. Zinnowitz is on his feet. Flaemmchen is fast asleep in her chair, making a pretty picture.

ZINNOWITZ

...and let me say again for the tenth time...

(he is hoarse and tired)

...you people were quite ready for the merger. You declared yourselves... fully agreed on all the terms – Why should the signing of these articles be suddenly held up?

GERSTENKORN

I've admitted that at one time we had reason for desiring the merger – What reason have we now? The Preysing Company has fallen upon evil days, very evil days.

Preysing jumps to his feet.

PREYSING

Evil days – I've shown you here –  
(he bangs the paper)  
– my company exports to the Balkans alone, sixty-five thousand marks worth of mop rags a year.

GERSTENKORN

Mop rags – mop rags – we're interested in something quite different!

PREYSING

What?

SCHWEIMANN

(to Gerstenkorn –  
with a sigh)

Shall I tell them again?

GERSTENKORN

(glancing at his watch)

Why waste time – it's getting late.

SCHWEIMANN

You see – what we are interested in –

GERSTENKORN

(interrupting)

Ah, come on – we're going home.

Due to the long tedious session the men's collars are wilted.

ZINNOWITZ

(rising)

Mr. Preysing has too scrupulous a regard for certainties...

GERSTENKORN

You've talked enough today, you're hoarse now.

IMPORTANT CLOSEUP OF PREYSING

His hand goes to his pocket. Slowly he takes out the telegram and glances at it. The following scene is played over this closeup.

GERSTENKORN

Sorry, Preysing.  
(he gets his hat)

PREYSING

(nervously)  
You've decided against the merger?

GERSTENKORN

Yes –

PREYSING

Then, it's all over?

GERSTENKORN

Yes –

WAITZ

(to Zinnowitz)  
Well – well – You could call my office.

There is a general movement to go.

FLASH OF TELEGRAM

Trembling in Preysing's hand. "DEAL WITH MANCHESTER DEFINITELY OFF."

GENERAL SHOT OF ROOM

Gerstenkorn crosses to Preysing.

GERSTENKORN

Goodbye, Preysing, I hope you pull through. This is a very bad time to be in such a crisis. We've...

PREYSING

(interrupting)

Why talk – it's over – it's over – it's finished. You've broken off negotiations. You did it. You're calling them off. You had nothing on your mind all day, but Manchester, – Manchester – Manchester.

(he develops almost a passion)

You don't suppose for one moment that I'm such a fool as not to have something that I could say definitely about Manchester.

(he is generating almost a passion)

GERSTENKORN

What?

PREYSING

Oh no – no – the session is over. Let's go, it's off. Thank you, gentlemen.

(he starts packing up his papers.)

GERSTENKORN

If you actually have news from Manchester then...

PREYSING

Gentlemen, I am now free to announce...

(he is perspiring, his hands are trembling)

...that the deal between my firm and the Manchester Cotton Company has been successfully negotiated.

GERSTENKORN

Preysing, you're joking with us.

SCHWEIMANN

You're a deep one.

QUICK CLOSEUP OF ZINNOWITZ

GENERAL SHOT OF ROOM

GERSTENKORN

In that case give us the articles.  
We'll sign at once. We know all the  
details...

PREYSING

(smiling, slowly folds  
up the telegram and  
puts it back in his  
pocket)

I thought we'd suspended negotiations,  
gentlemen.

GERSTENKORN

Under these circumstances it's quite  
a different matter.

PREYSING

Under these circumstances we might  
refuse to sign.

By this time, Waitz and Zinnowitz have the articles out upon  
the table.

Preysing is perspiring.

Gerstenkorn puts his arms around Preysing's shoulders.

GERSTENKORN

Come on – business is business –  
Come on –

Preysing stands, looking ahead of him.

Gerstenkorn picks up the papers glances at them, looks at  
Waitz.

Flaemmchen is awakening.



GERSTENKORN

Here's my signature – here Preysing,  
sign here.

ZINNOWITZ

What a session this has been.

While Preysing is signing.

SCHWEIMANN

It's twenty-five to six.

WAITZ

We should celebrate this with a bottle  
of wine.

GERSTENKORN

(with his hat and  
coat)

See you soon, Preysing. Next week  
we'll meet and discuss further  
details.

PREYSING

Next week.

Hasty hand-shaking, business of exits.

Waitz, Gerstenkorn and Schweimann out.

Preysing has not moved.

Zinnowitz takes the agreement and waves it in the air to dry  
the signature.

PREYSING

(to himself)

Next week.

ZINNOWITZ

You let me talk till I'm hoarse and  
you had Manchester sewed-up all the  
time. Why?

Preysing does not answer.

Zinnowitz amiably shrugs his shoulders.

ZINNOWITZ

Well – the deal has been put through.

Preysing commences to laugh suddenly with increasing violence.

PREYSING

Yes, it has been put through – it  
has been put through.

During this scene, Flaemmchen has risen, piled up her papers, glanced at her watch. During this action Flaemmchen motions to Zinnowitz that she is going down to dance, etc., Preysing is unaware of this action. Flaemmchen leaves the room trying not to attract attention.

ZINNOWITZ

(to Preysing)

What's the matter with you?

PREYSING

(hysterically)

Bluff – Bluff – all bluff.

ZINNOWITZ

What's bluff?

PREYSING

(throwing the telegram  
on the table)

That.

ZINNOWITZ

(reading at out loud)

'Deal with Manchester definitely  
off! "Preysing, oh – I'd never have  
thought it of you.

PREYSING

No one would have thought it of me.  
I've been getting rusty in  
Fredersdorf. Well, if bluff is what  
the world wants I guess I can put up  
as big a bluff as anyone. From now  
on...

(he turns away)

ZINNOWITZ

You must go to Manchester at once  
yourself and really see it through.

PREYSING

Yes – I must go to England – I was desperate – Now I don't care – This sort of thing goes to a man's head.

ZINNOWITZ

What you need is some relaxation.

PREYSING

Yes – that's what I want – I'd like to tear loose – I'd like a drink. I'd like to go down to that dancing place. I'd like to start something.

ZINNOWITZ

I can understand that – after your – uh –

PREYSING

Say it – say it – my lie – it's the first time in thirty years that I've ever... Where's that stenographer? Miss Flaemm...

ZINNOWITZ

What do you want with her?

PREYSING

I want to see her, I want to do some dictating – report of the conference for my father-in-law.

ZINNOWITZ

She had an engagement in the Yellow Room at five o'clock – she was in a hurry.

PREYSING

Zinnowitz, would you say she was pretty?

ZINNOWITZ

Pretty as a picture.

PREYSING

Let's go down and find her – I need a drink – Come along Zinnowitz.

(he is picking up papers)  
I don't know anything about women –  
been married for twenty-six years.

ZINNOWITZ  
Bluff does it, Preysing, bluff does  
it. Goodnight.

Preysing is very excited, they start to leave – at that  
moment the telephone rings.

PREYSING  
Aeh!

He crosses to the telephone.

PREYSING  
(into telephone)  
Hello... Father-in-law?... Is that  
you?... The agreement is signed – I  
did it... yes, father-in-law... but  
now I must go to Manchester.

When he picks the telephone up his hands are shaking –

DISSOLVE HANDS INTO:

COCKTAIL SHAKER

– which shakes more. Music crashes up –

DISSOLVE OUT:

DISSOLVE INTO BAR

Kringelein and the Doctor are just entering. Kringelein is  
changed. His hair has been cut short and his moustache is  
gone, he looks almost saucy.

DOCTOR  
(to barman)  
Barman – whiskey –  
(to Kringelein)  
For you, Mr. Kringelein?

KRINGELEIN  
For me? – Oh, please, something  
sweet and cold.

BARMAN

A Louisiana flip, sir?

KRINGELEIN

A Louisiana flip, that sounds very nice – sweet, eh? –

During the following speech Kringelein keeps reaching for the moustache that is not there. He is thoroughly happy.

DOCTOR

What do you do in the Grand Hotel?  
Eat – sleep – loaf around – do  
business – flirt a little – dance  
a little. A hundred doors to one  
hall and nobody knows anything about  
the person next to him. When you  
leave another takes your room and  
lies in your bed – the end.

At that moment Flaemmchen enters.

FLAEMMCHEN

Good evening, Mr. Kringelein –  
Where's the Baron?

KRINGELEIN

I'm waiting for him here. The Baron  
and I have been together all day. A  
hundred miles an hour – in a motor  
car – and in an aeroplane – It was  
marvelous –

FLAEMMCHEN

Mr. Kringelein – How you have  
changed, you look so nice.

KRINGELEIN

Oh, thank you, Miss Flaemm. Oh,  
please, Miss Flaemm – Permit me,  
Miss Flaemm, won't you have something  
sweet – a Louisiana flip.

(to barman)

A Louisiana flip.

FLAEMMCHEN

(to barman)

No - absinthe.

KRINGELEIN  
(amazed)  
Yes – that –

Kringelein is beating time to the music – a little carried away.

Flaemmchen laughs.

FLAEMMCHEN  
You like music?

KRINGELEIN  
Yes – it's stimulating – a man might –

FLAEMMCHEN  
(mischievously)  
A man might what?

KRINGELEIN  
I don't know – I'd like to do anything –

FLAEMMCHEN  
(very quietly)  
Oh – you would!

The Baron enters quickly.

BARON  
(to Flaemmchen)  
Hello – sorry I'm late.

KRINGELEIN  
Oh – here you are, Baron. A drink –  
A Louisiana flip?

BARON  
Hello, Mr. Kringelein. How do you feel now?

KRINGELEIN  
A little strange, Baron.

FLAEMMCHEN  
I'd given you up.

BARON  
(to Flaemmchen)  
Sorry.

KRINGELEIN  
A drink, Baron – A Louisiana flip?

BARON  
No thanks – keeping my head clear.

FLAEMMCHEN  
Dance then?  
(they exit)

KRINGELEIN  
(to Doctor)  
She's beautiful – isn't she?

DOCTOR  
(to Kringelein)  
Oh – there are plenty of women.

#### BARON AND FLAEMMCHEN DANCING

FLAEMMCHEN  
What have you been doing all day?

BARON  
Chasing around.

FLAEMMCHEN  
Chasing what?

BARON  
Money.

They dance a few steps, in silence.

FLAEMMCHEN  
You were very different yesterday.

BARON  
Yesterday – yes – that was  
yesterday.

They dance into the crowd.

CUT BACK TO:

BAR

DOCTOR

Well, Mr. Kringelein, are you getting what you're looking for?

KRINGELEIN

What, Doctor?

DOCTOR

A masculine paradise – drink, the ladies, dancing...

KRINGELEIN

I had a very good opportunity, a young lady asked me to dance – I ought to be able to dance, it seems to be very important.

DOCTOR

You must learn as quickly as your time allows – Believe me Mr. Kringelein, a man who isn't with a woman is a dead man.

KRINGELEIN

Haven't you anyone – Haven't you anybody – you – I mean – Are you all alone in the world.

DOCTOR

(quietly)

I'm always alone – I have been everything.

KRINGELEIN

Everything?

DOCTOR

I was sent as a military surgeon to South Africa. Stinking climate. Taken prisoner. Home on parole not to fight. I was a surgeon in the Great War till the end. Grenade in the face. Carried diphtheria bacilli in the wound until 1920. Isolated two years.

(pause)

I've been everything.



The music has stopped.

CUT TO:

BARON AND FLAEMMCHEN ON DANCE FLOOR

FLAEMMCHEN

That was lovely.

BARON

Will you do me a big favor?

FLAEMMCHEN

I'll do anything for you.

BARON

Would you like to make a man happy?

FLAEMMCHEN

(quietly)

Yes – I'd love to.

BARON

Then dance the next number with  
Kringelein.

FLAEMMCHEN

Why?

BARON

I feel sorry for him.

FLAEMMCHEN

You're not a bit like you were  
yesterday.

BARON

I fell in love last night – the  
real thing.

FLAEMMCHEN

Oh – there's no real thing – it  
doesn't exist.

BARON

I thought that, too – but I found  
that it does. Come along, dance with  
Kringelein.

FLAEMMCHEN

Anything for you.

They move off. As they approach the bar, happily Preysing pushes into scene, touches Flaemmchen's arm.

PREYSING

Miss Flaemm.

FLAEMMCHEN

Hello!

PREYSING

I must speak with you, Miss Flaemm.

FLAEMMCHEN

(with the Baron)

Presently, Mr. Preysing.

PREYSING

It's urgent.

BARON

Pardon me, the lady has urgent business here with me.

PREYSING

(to himself)

Insolent – Berlin manners.

At that moment Kringelein has descended from the stool and crosses to Preysing.

KRINGELEIN

I wish you a very good evening, Mr. Preysing. You are staying here, too, Mr. Preysing?

PREYSING

I don't know you.

KRINGELEIN

Oh – you must know me – Kringelein at the plant. Assistant bookkeeper, building C, room twenty-three – third floor.

FLAEMMCHEN

(quickly)

Come and dance with me, Mr.  
Kringelein.

PREYSING

I must speak to you, Miss Flaemm –  
business.

FLAEMMCHEN

(lightly)

Tomorrow morning.

PREYSING

No – now.

FLAEMMCHEN

Do you gentlemen know each other,  
Mr. Kringelein – Mr. Preysing –  
Baron von Gaigern.

They bow stiffly.

PREYSING

Mr. Kringelein will be a good friend  
and not accept your invitation to  
dance.

KRINGELEIN

I could not think of not accepting.

PREYSING

You say that you are employed by us  
in Fredersdorf, and here you are in  
Berlin, indulging in diversions which  
ill befit your position and which  
are very much beyond your means –  
Quite extraordinary, Mr. Kringelein,  
I think we will look into your books.

Kringelein stands watching Preysing, his eyes narrowing.

FLAEMMCHEN

Now, children, no fighting – save  
that for the office. Let's have our  
dance.

(her arms go around  
Kringelein. They  
dance off)

PREYSING

I'll remember you, Mr. Kringelein.

BARON

Oh, let the poor devil alone.

PREYSING

I did not ask your advice.

The two men eye each other; for a moment there might be a fight.

BARON

I think it would be much better if you went away.

PREYSING

We shall see who remains here the longer.

BARON

(shrugging his shoulders)

As you will.

Preysing leans against the bar, orders a cognac. The Baron turns his back to him, watching the dancing.

CUT TO:

FAEMMCHEN AND KRINGELEIN ON FLOOR

FLAEMMCHEN

You must look at my face and not at the floor.

KRINGELEIN

Yes.

FLAEMMCHEN

You're trembling.

KRINGELEIN

I never danced before – in public.

FLAEMMCHEN

You dance splendidly.

KRINGELEIN

I'm happy, Miss Flaemm.

FLAEMMCHEN  
Really?

KRINGELEIN  
For the first time in my life, I'm  
happy.

Kringelein shows signs of exhaustion.

Flaemmchen watches him quickly.

FLAEMMCHEN  
Let's stop – I'm tired.

It is obvious that she has stopped because of Kringelein's  
distress.

KRINGELEIN  
Thank you, Miss Flaemm.

They move back to the bar. Preysing catches Flaemmchen's  
arm.

PREYSING  
Well now, Miss Flaemm, we can talk.

KRINGELEIN  
Some champagne, Miss Flaemm?

PREYSING  
You may go, Mr. Kringelein.

KRINGELEIN  
Does the world belong to you, Mr.  
Preysing?

PREYSING  
What is this insolence?

KRINGELEIN  
Do you think you have free license  
to be insulting? Believe me you have  
not. You think you're superior, but  
you're quite an ordinary man.

PREYSING  
Go away – go away.

FLAEMMCHEN

Please – please!

KRINGELEIN

You don't like to see me enjoying myself.

PREYSING

Who are you? – An embezzler most likely.

KRINGELEIN

An embezzler – you're going to take that back, right here in the presence of this young lady – who do you think you're talking to? You think I'm dirt, if I'm dirt, you're a lot dirtier, Mr. Industrial Magnate Preysing.

PREYSING

You're discharged.

KRINGELEIN

Me?

PREYSING

Yes you – shut your mouth – get out – you're discharged.

Kringelein's hat has fallen from the stool upon the floor. Flaemmchen picks it up, brushes it.

Kringelein starts to laugh.

The Baron steps into the scene.

The Doctor slowly comes from the bar.

KRINGELEIN

You can't discharge me – I'm my own master now – at last. I'm ill, I'm going to die – do you understand? I'm going to die very soon. Nothing can happen to me now. Nobody can do anything any more to me. By the time you can have discharged me I shall have been dead already.

(his laugh becomes a

convulsive sob)

The Baron steps between the two looking straight into Preysing's face.

DOCTOR

Come, Mr. Kringelein.  
(he pulls him out of  
the scene towards  
the bar)

PREYSING

(his fists clenched,  
between his teeth)  
The man's insane – he acts as if he  
is glad he is going to die...  
(hesitates – to  
Flaemmchen)  
I shall see you in the lobby in half  
an hour.

END SEQUENCE "#4"

SEQUENCE "#5"

FADE IN:

KEY SHOT OF LOBBY OVER SENF'S HEAD

General activity.

The house detective, later identified, is talking to the chauffeur. He leaves the chauffeur and crosses to Senf.

HOUSE DETECTIVE

Better let him stay – I've sent for  
the Baron... How's your wife coming  
along?

SENF

I was at the hospital all night  
walking up and down the corridor.  
They wouldn't let me in to see her.  
She has the pains, but the child  
doesn't come and I have to stay here  
chained to this desk.

HOUSE DETECTIVE

It will be all right.

SENF

I hope so.

At that moment Preysing enters.

PREYSING

Did you send that page?

SENF

The young lady's there, sir.

Preysing glances off to see Flaemmchen standing looking around.

Preysing crosses to Flaemmchen.

FLAEMMCHEN

Oh, yes, Mr. Preysing?

PREYSING

Sit here.

(calls to a boy)

Cognac – for you?

FLAEMMCHEN

Nothing.

At that moment the Baron and Kringelein pass.

Preysing glances up at Kringelein as he passes.

PREYSING

I'm going to keep an eye on that Kringelein fellow. I'll find out where he gets the money to hang around the Grand Hotel.

FLAEMMCHEN

Well – you want me?

PREYSING

(looks straight at her)

Yes.

FLAEMMCHEN

Well?



PREYSING

I must go to England – at once.

FLAEMMCHEN

Well?

PREYSING

You see, I'd like to take a secretary with me for my correspondence and – humm – humm – for company on the trip – I'm nervous – I need somebody – I don't know if you quite understand me. You said you have travelled with gentlemen – and I mean –

FLAEMMCHEN

I understand perfectly.

PREYSING

What do you think your salary would be – for such a trip?

FLAEMMCHEN

Wait – I must figure it up.

(she smokes and thinks)

First, I'll need – clothes – shoes – it's cold in England in March, I'll need a suit... You'd want me to look nice?

PREYSING

Of course – of course.

(he is fidgeting)

FLAEMMCHEN

A thousand marks –

(she waits anxiously thinking it might be too much)

PREYSING

It's agreed – I will get a room here for you.

She is looking away.

PREYSING

I can get a room here in the Grand Hotel for you.

She still looks away.

PREYSING

Can you pay some attention to me?

FLAEMMCHEN

Oh, yes.

PREYSING

(looking off)

Insolent young cub!

FLAEMMCHEN

You mean Baron von Gaigern?

PREYSING

Baron!

FLAEMMCHEN

Well, he's a gentleman!

THE BARON

Who is leaning against a chair by a pillar with Kringelein.

THE CAMERA APPROACHES THEM.

They are not speaking. The Baron is looking off at:

FLASH A SHOT FROM HIS ANGLE OF CHAUFFEUR

Sauntering between the door and Senf's desk.

BACK TO:

THE BARON

He slumps on the arm of the chair.

KRINGELEIN

(watching him)

The Baron is tired?

BARON

No, Kringelein, not tired, – just –

(he shrugs his  
shoulders)

Well – well –

KRINGELEIN

Perhaps this evening, Baron, we could go to the Casino – the place we passed with the marvelous bright lights?

BARON

I'd like to Kringelein, but I can't – I am broke!

KRINGELEIN

Broke – A Baron? But, Baron –

The Baron looks off, sees the chauffeur –

CUT IN:

FLASH OF CHAUFFEUR

Arguing with Senf.

CUT BACK TO:

BARON

BARON

Excuse me, Mr. Kringelein.  
(he strides off)

Keep the CAMERA on Kringelein as he watches the Baron.

He takes out his pocket-book and looks at his money commencing to count it. The thought is in his mind of offering the Baron money. Charming scene.

CUT TO:

BARON AND CHAUFFEUR

Moving into position. They are talking.

BARON

(quietly)  
I've quit.

CHAUFFEUR

You can't.

BARON

I'm not going to get those pearls  
and neither are you.

CHAUFFEUR

What about the money?

BARON

I'll pay you back.

CHAUFFEUR

How?

BARON

I have an idea working in my head...  
(he glances at  
Kringelein)

CHAUFFEUR

You might find a bullet through that  
head...

BARON

If you did that, you'd get nothing  
except the police after you. If you  
wait – I'll give you your six  
thousand back –

At that moment a voice is heard.

VOICE

Madam Grusinskaya's car – Madam  
Grusinskaya's car.

It is passed along.

INSIDE PORTER

(calls through his  
little telephone)

Madam Grusinskaya's car –

MEGAPHONE

(outside)

Madam Grusinskaya's car –

BARON

(quickly to chauffeur)

Later.

(Chauffeur exits with

bad grace.)

Baron looks off...

FULL SHOT – FROM HIS ANGLE

Like a pageant Grusinskaya sweeps forward – pretty shot.  
Music comes up.

Grusinskaya is followed by Suzette, Pimenov and Meierheim.  
People turn to look at her. She sweeps forward.

As she gets to the door she faces the Baron. She steps quickly  
aside to him. Pimenov and Meierheim pause.

GRUSINSKAYA

(to them)

Go on please – go on, Suzette.

She and the Baron are alone.

BARON

(quietly)

Bless you...

GRUSINSKAYA

Are you coming to the theatre? Oh –  
I shall dance tonight – How I shall  
dance – I want to feel that you are  
in the theatre.

BARON

I can't.

GRUSINSKAYA

No?

BARON

No! I can't explain now. Oh, look –  
the pearls. You wear them now...

GRUSINSKAYA

Why do you think –

BARON

Why?

GRUSINSKAYA

They've brought me such good luck –

you –

He takes her hand, kisses it quietly.

GRUSINSKAYA

I'm worried about you.

BARON

Don't.

GRUSINSKAYA

On the train?

BARON

Yes – I will be on the train.

GRUSINSKAYA

Till then.

BARON

Bless you –

During this scene Kringelein has been hovering nearby. As Grusinskaya turns away and exits, Kringelein approaches the Baron, who is standing perfectly still, looking off, – his mind miles away.

KRINGELEIN

Was the Baron joking, or is it really true that the Baron is – in financial straits.

BARON

(lightly)

Absolutely true, Kringelein and I have to raise some money immediately.

KRINGELEIN

If the Baron – if you would permit me –

The Baron looks at him suddenly.

BARON

What?

KRINGELEIN

I would be awfully glad to oblige, you've been so decent to me. Three

hundred?

BARON

If I could get into a game I might win some.

KRINGELEIN

Gambling! I'd like that. I have over six thousand eight hundred marks with me.

BARON

If we could scare up some men to play.

KRINGELEIN

We could come to my room.

BARON

(with enthusiasm)

Good!

At that moment Flaemmchen passes.

BARON

Going?

FLAEMMCHEN

Yes –

Flaemmchen hesitates as though she wanted to say something that is on her mind.

A curious little scene.

She doesn't speak, she just turns suddenly through the door. The Baron glances after her a little puzzled, turns back to Kringelein.

BARON

Ready, Kringelein?

KRINGELEIN

Ready, Baron.

They move off and are last in the crowd.

FADE OUT:

END OF SEQUENCE "#5"

SEQUENCE "#6"

No scenes 88-93 inclusive

Sequence omitted from original script.

DISSOLVE INTO:

KRINGELEIN'S ROOM

Possibly ten men are gathered about a green table. They are playing cards. There are champagne bottles, glasses, etc., on the table – a great deal of smoke. Good atmosphere. The game is [...] fer. There is a dead silence except for the monotonous words of the players.

White faced, the Baron has the bank.

Otternschlag is seen to close the door quietly and approach the table.

Kringelein's back is to us.

They are smart people, not professional gamblers.

There is a tension in the room. The men are gathered around tightly. We do not see the cards.

The following voices are heard:

BARON'S VOICE

All right, gentlemen.

VOICES

I play – I play – Here – Up –  
Playing –

KRINGELEIN'S VOICE

Yes – me.

Several men glance at Kringelein and the size of his stake.

KRINGELEIN

Is that too much, Baron?

BARON

(glances down at his



own money)  
No – not at all.

KRINGELEIN  
All right then.

BARON  
All right then.

There is tension in the room. The Baron deals two cards.  
Kringelein takes cards.

A MAN  
(quickly)  
Don't show them.

Kringelein turns it down. He is like a little boy learning a  
new game.

The Baron deals himself a card.

KRINGELEIN  
(to Baron)  
What do I do now?

The Baron is serious. There is enough money on the table to  
take him to Vienna.

A MAN  
(next to Kringelein)  
Turn 'em up.

KRINGELEIN  
Oh yes – that's right – look! I  
win, don't I –  
(he turns the card up)

The Baron rises.

BARON  
There you are gentlemen.

A MAN  
(to Kringelein)  
Will you take the bank, sir?

KRINGELEIN  
Yes – I'll take everything gentlemen –  
please, let us drink – champagne –

champagne is expensive and good. I'm  
winning more than I used to earn in  
a year – double what I used to earn.  
(he is counting his  
money)

They hand him the cards.

Kringelein kisses the Baron – he looks around.

KRINGELEIN

Where is the Baron – where are you,  
Baron?

At the side table the Baron is standing – he is drinking –  
his face is white – he has lost.

KRINGELEIN

(rising quickly)  
Excuse me, gentlemen.

DOCTOR

(sitting down in  
Kringelein's place)  
I'll take the bank – All right,  
gentlemen.

Kringelein has come to the Baron.

BARON

That was my last.

KRINGELEIN

You've lost everything?

BARON

I've no luck.

KRINGELEIN

Pardon me, Baron. Permit me again...  
(he puts bills in  
Baron's hand.)

Baron pours out a glass of champagne – he has been drinking  
plenty – he hands glass to Kringelein.

BARON

Drink to me, Kringelein – it's my  
last chance.

KRINGELEIN

(earnestly)

I do drink, Baron – I drink to you,  
Baron and to win.

(he drinks)

It's good, – come along, Baron.

They both move back to the table where the Doctor holds the bank.

BARON

I take five hundred.

KRINGELEIN

All of that at once, Baron?

The Baron picks cards, shows them to Kringelein who doesn't understand.

BARON

Eight.

(he is triumphant.)

DOCTOR'S VOICE

(rings in background)

Nine.

The Baron throws the cards into the middle of the table and turns to Kringelein:

BARON

That's it. The luck's with you.

(he walks away.)

VOICES

Come along, Mr. Kringelein. Sit here.

KRINGELEIN

I'm having luck for the first time  
in my life.

A MAN

Your bank, Mr. Kringelein.

Kringelein seats himself, puts his glass of champagne down on the table.

Doctor leaves table, crosses to Baron who is pouring another

drink.

DOCTOR  
Out, Baron?

BARON  
(bitterly)  
For a while – I'll recover – in  
ten or twenty years.  
(he points)  
Look at that.

He has pointed and turned off because we hear Kringelein's voice:

KRINGELEIN'S VOICE  
I've won again, Baron – I've won  
again.

Baron moves out of scene followed by Doctor. As Baron approaches table.

KRINGELEIN  
Baron, I drink and win – I drink  
and win – I win and drink!  
(he is pulling money  
towards him, counting  
it, eagerly,  
frantically, not the  
movement of a miser,  
not a greedy movement,  
but the movement of  
an excited child  
liberated. Money has  
become so much mad  
paper to him.)

During the foregoing scene, one of the men at the table has answered the ringing of the telephone bell, he comes back now.

A MAN  
There are complaints in the hotel  
about the noise.

VOICES  
What time is it? Getting late? Let's  
break it up!  
(to Kringelein)

You've been very lucky... Where's my coat? Let's go. He's drunk anyway!... Goodnight, Baron. Let's wind up the game, I'm broke and tired; you can't play against him. I put my hat down here, somewhere. I think I'll have a drink before I go. By the way, I've got to see you tomorrow morning. How've you been, Doctor?

Business ad lib. General business of slow normal exit.

Kringelein looks up from counting his money. He has been like a little boy with a Christmas stocking. He looks up suddenly, sees men are leaving –

KRINGELEIN

Oh, don't go, gentlemen! – Stay a while.

(he stands to his feet)

Be my guests!

By this time the men are pausing by the door.

KRINGELEIN

I oughtn't to presume, but I –

(he is a little drunk)

I'm so grateful to you – it's been so marvelous. The first time in my life I have gambled – I've danced! Oh, you can laugh, gentlemen, but it's the first time in my life I've ever tasted life!

A MAN

(slapping him on back)

Splendid!

There is a general feeling in the room that although this man is drunk he is terribly sincere, and that there is no wish to embarrass themselves or him. In fact, there is a nervous impatient movement among the men. But Kringelein has reached an emotional pitch.

KRINGELEIN

Life, gentlemen, is wonderful, but very dangerous. You must have courage for it, then it's wonderful. You

gentlemen don't know that because you are all healthy and happy, but I – believe me – a man must know death and not until then does a man know anything about life.

A MAN

(sings)

Rejoice in life while yet the small lamp burns.

General noise among men, some are ribald, others are serious. Two men come and shake hands with Kringelein, bidding him goodnight.

The Baron puts his hand restrainingly on Kringelein's shoulder.

Kringelein almost staggers towards the sideboard. The men are nearing the door.

A MAN

(starts singing)

It's a short life and a gay one...

KRINGELEIN

(seizing a glass of champagne)

Every glass high to life – the splendid, dangerous, mighty, brief – brief life – and the courage to live it.

(turns to Baron)

Baron, you know – I've only lived since last night – but that little while seems longer than all the time before – all the –

(he collapses suddenly onto the floor)

Business ad lib.

The doctor is there quickly. The Baron next.

MAN

Drunk.

ANOTHER MAN

Poor fellow.

General normal business ad lib between the men. Perhaps three of them help him up, including the Baron. They carry Kringelein to the bed.

VOICES

(of players mingling)

Drunk? No, he's ill. Looks ill.

(well paused over:)

He's a doctor – The doctor's here –

He's just drunk!

DOCTOR

Gentlemen, this man is ill – very ill – if you will leave.

VOICES

Certainly, Doctor. Goodnight!

Goodnight, Baron! Bad luck!

DRUNKEN MAN

He's not used to champagne – why does he drink it?

Little comedy on exit. Ad lib.

INTERCUT FOR RELIEF – Kringelein's face – white, drawn, tragic.

One man, perhaps, remains.

MAN

Can I help, doctor?

DOCTOR

No, the Baron will stay.

BARON

Certainly.

Man leaves. During this scene the Baron has been carefully making Kringelein comfortable on the bed, bolstering pillows behind his head. Kringelein's eyes are shut tightly, his hands are limp.

By the business of the Baron, although we do not of course know it, this is the time that he takes the wallet from Kringelein and puts it in his own pocket.

We might perhaps remember a sudden turn away in which we see his back and his right hand raised as though reaching in his inside pocket –

He stands looking down at Kringelein.

DOCTOR

(drops Kringelein's  
hand)

It will be over in a minute.

Kringelein's eyes flutter. His voice sounds hoarsely:

KRINGELEIN

Over – over so soon – it has just  
begun.

(he closes his eyes  
suddenly)

Oh, the pain.

DOCTOR

Try and sleep, Kringelein, don't be  
afraid.

KRINGELEIN

(mutteringly)

I'd like to live a little longer but –  
I'm not afraid to die – I'm not...

BARON

(touching his shoulder  
gently)

You'll be all right, Kringelein.

(he moves from the  
bed – takes out a  
cigarette, moves to  
the table. He seizes  
his drink)

KRINGELEIN'S VOICE

(out of scene)

My pocketbook... my money in it...

DOCTOR'S VOICE

What do you say – what?

We watch Baron's face, he looks back over his shoulder.

DOCTOR'S VOICE



You what – Oh, isn't it there?

KRINGELEIN'S VOICE

No – But no I – Baron, I've lost my pocketbook.

Baron turns in this scene. He walks forward toward them.

The Doctor's hands are on Kringelein's coat.

DOCTOR

There is no pocketbook here... On the floor probably.

(He glances down)

KRINGELEIN

(starting up suddenly)

More than fourteen thousand marks... were in that pocketbook.

DOCTOR

(looking at Baron)

Fourteen thousand marks... One can travel – one's happiness might depend on fourteen thousand marks – don't you think so, Baron?

BARON

(with a shrug)

Quite possibly.

At that moment, Kringelein, who has been staring up at the ceiling, his hands clenching and re-clenching, starts up.

KRINGELEIN

Oh, I've got to find it.

DOCTOR

Stay where you are.

KRINGELEIN

No – I must find it –

(he starts talking)

Fourteen thousand two hundred marks.

(he pulls himself to the side of the bed)

The doctor goes to restrain him.

KRINGELEIN

I'm all right, Doctor. There's no pain now – only you don't know what that money means to a man like me.

He is suddenly on his hands and knees, crawling along the floor, looking for it, like a little boy; his drunkenness, his condition, makes the situation tragic. He actually gets under the card table.

The Doctor looks at the Baron.

The Baron only watches Kringelein. He follows him, fascinated.

KRINGELEIN

(talking at intervals  
as he crawls looking  
for money)

You don't know, because you've never lived like a dog – in a hole – and saved and scrimped. My life hangs upon that money, Baron. Nobody gives you anything. You have to buy everything and pay cash for it. I wanted to pay for my last days with that money. Every hour costs money. I've nothing – nothing but that pocketbook.

(he crawls along the  
floor on his hands  
and knees talking to  
the carpet as he  
looks)

I must have it back.

(he pauses breathless –  
like an animal along  
the wall – looking  
up at the men)

The foregoing speech is intercut with the following action in which Kringelein's voice is heard throughout – thus it is not a long speech:

The Baron watches. He throws his cigarette away – he bites his lip – sweat breaks out upon his forehead; again he is a thief. When he wanted pearls the love of a woman stopped him. Now he wants this money and pity, a slow growing pity for this tragic, dying thing is stopping him – and all the time the Doctor watches.

The one, whole eye pierces into the Baron's melting conscience.

Twice during the speech at a spot, through and during rehearsal, to be selected, the Doctor's voice, droning but piercing, says:

DOCTOR

He must find his money, Baron.

(next time)

Mr. Kringelein should find his pocketbook, Baron, shouldn't he?

These are two interjections.

And now, Kringelein lies upon the floor, a troubled little sack of pain, his head down.

The Baron turns away. He bends down as though he were looking for the pocketbook. We see him take it from his pocket and turn. There is a very light, almost triumphant ring in his voice as he says:

BARON

Here – here it is. Here's your pocketbook, Kringelein.

KRINGELEIN

(his head coming up)

Oh – yes – that's it – you found it – you found it for me, Baron.

BARON

(quickly)

Goodnight, Kringelein.

(he moves towards the door.)

KRINGELEIN

No – no please – oh, don't go – don't go – don't leave me alone, Baron.

DOCTOR

You've nothing to fear, Kringelein

KRINGELEIN

No.

BARON

Come, get up – come let me help you.

NOTE: If he is a strong actor he can pick Kringelein up – if not, he and Doctor lift Kringelein to bed.

BARON

You're all right now – it's very late – goodnight, Kringelein.

KRINGELEIN

Oh, no, stay here, Baron – stay.

Baron bites his lip. It is the first and only time in the play that we see a tear near – the strong man almost breaks.

DOCTOR'S VOICE

Goodnight, Baron.

BARON

Goodnight.  
(his hand presses on Kringelein's shoulder – he exits)

CUT OUT INTO:

CORRIDOR

Baron shuts door and pauses. In front of him is the door of the woman he loves. Down beyond is his own empty room. In his pockets nothing. In his CLOSEUP he makes the audience feel his problem with him.

This man who has lived and whistled and love through the play becomes a tragic, lonely, harrassed figure. The Baron has broken. His fists dig into his eyes – he brushes his hair back.

Over this comes with almost an impertinence, a tiny whistle. He looks up and away down the corridor. The figure of Flaemmchen stands there, a small black bag in her hand. The Baron pulls himself together and smiles characteristically. He walks down the corridor.

BARON

Flaemmchen, what are you doing here

in the middle of the night.

FLAEMMCHEN

Looking for my room – one sixty-six.

BARON

You live here?

FLAEMMCHEN

For tonight.

(she points to door –  
she looks at him a  
long time)

BARON

Oh!

FLAEMMCHEN

Yes – oh!

BARON

Well – such is life, Flaemmchen.

FLAEMMCHEN

And Baron, thanks so much for  
everything.

They both go into their respective rooms.

Here are our two gay young characters. The gay, fresh Flaemmchen and the debonair Baron, crucified for lack of funds. Both trying to smile, both trying to be light about themselves. Yet, each about to involve themselves tragically for the want of a little money.

#### FLAEMMCHEN'S ROOM

Flaemmchen enters her room cautiously. Except for one lamp burning the room is in darkness and empty. From the adjoining door to Preysing's room a thin stream of light. She puts down her bag quickly, tiptoes through the bathroom to his door. She peeps through.

CUT TO:

#### FLASH OF PREYSING'S ROOM

from her angle.

Preysing stretched on bed flat, his stomach a mountain and on it the magazine that he has been reading with Flaemmchen's picture. He is looking at the ceiling. She knows he is awake because a thin stream of smoke comes from his cigar in his hand.

#### FLASH OF FLAEMMCHEN

An idea occurs to her. She could possibly sneak into bed and he would go to sleep and there would be nothing that night.

CAMERA FOLLOWS HER as she tiptoes to her room. She closes the door noiselessly and listens. She throws off her hat and takes off her coat. Opens her bag and takes out night dress, lingerie, etc. The lid of her bag falls suddenly. She starts at the noise. "Has it awakened him." She looks off.

#### SHOT AT BATHROOM DOOR

The thin stream of light is filled suddenly, the door of the adjoining room opens and back-lighted from the other room the huge form of Preysing appears. In this odd lighting he is a little more than Preysing. He comes forward. He speaks hoarsely, quietly.

PREYSING

Flaemmchen!

(he seizes her to him)

She goes to his arms passively. He rubs his face in her hair. She is passive – cold.

PREYSING

(breathlessly)

You are late. I've been waiting for you – waiting.

FLAEMMCHEN

I had to arrange about the trip.

PREYSING

You're sweet.

FLAEMMCHEN

You think so?

He holds her again, trying to kiss her. She deliberately avoids his kiss.

PREYSING

(awkwardly)

Come here.

(he sits heavily on  
the bed, sitting on  
her night dress.)

FLAEMMCHEN

Here, hold up!

Preysing rises while she pulls her night dress from under him.

He draws her to him.

FLAEMMCHEN

Oh – careful, Mr. Preysing.

PREYSING

Call me – do you know – would you –  
would you like to call me by my first  
name?

FLAEMMCHEN

(pulling away, glad  
of an excuse for  
conversation)

Oh, no.

PREYSING

Why not?

FLAEMMCHEN

I couldn't do that, you're a stranger  
to me.

PREYSING

You're a funny little creature,  
Flaemmchen. I can't make you out.

FLAEMMCHEN

It's not funny at all. One can't get  
intimate just off hand. I could go  
to England with you and everything  
like that – supposing I met you  
next year and I said: 'How do you  
do, Mr. Preysing! And you said:  
(she imitates him)

'That was the young lady who was my secretary in Manchester'.

Preysing laughs. She laughs.

FLAEMMCHEN

That's all quite proper.  
(she is happy again.  
She would rather  
talk than be squeezed)  
But supposing I met you when you were with your wife and I called out: "Hello you big baby – remember Manchester?" And you with your wife, how would you like that?

There is a pause for a moment.

PREYSING

Please, Flaemmchen – we'll leave my wife out of this.

Flaemmchen yawns straight in his face.

FLAEMMCHEN

All right. I'll get undressed – get out.

He moves towards the windows which are open. She pushes his fat body out, almost playfully, through the doors and onto the balcony.

Preysing stands out on the balcony. He looks down in the street below, then off. He starts suddenly because he sees a shadow over the railing of his own balcony. He is puzzled. Shadow crosses again. "Who can be in his room?" He moves forward and peeps through the window. One side of the French window is closed. From his angle we see the Baron furtively searching the room. He is now wearing an overcoat, the collar is turned up. Business ad lib. He finds Preysing's wallet. He stuffs this in his overcoat pocket. Preysing's face watching him. As Baron turns to exit, Preysing surges forward, pulling the window after him. The two men face each other.

PREYSING

Aha! – The Baron. What do you want here?

BARON



I must have made a mistake.

PREYSING

Made a mistake – remarkable. We shall soon see if you made a mistake.

(the Baron starts to leave.)

(bellowing)

Stay here... Give me that money.

The Baron hands him the pocketbook without a word.

PREYSING

So that's how we stand, Baron.

BARON

Look here, sir – I'm completely at your mercy – I'm desperate – it's a matter of life or death – I had to get some money – tonight.

PREYSING

Indeed you must, Baron – you must. Humm – humm, but you must go to jail, Baron, you're a thief.

BARON

Be quiet.

PREYSING

I'm going to call the police. I'm going to watch you play the great Baron with the police. Aristocrat!

Aristocrat!

(he picks up the telephone)

The Baron makes for the door on the other side of the room, pulls at the knob.

PREYSING

The door is locked, Baron.

The Baron makes one dive across the room. Preysing grasps at his coat and tears it. With one hand holding the telephone, (the receiver dropping on its cord towards the ground) and one hand holding the Baron.

PREYSING

(into telephone)  
Hello! Hello! –

BARON  
Don't do that.  
(he tries to snatch  
the telephone from  
Preysing.)

Preysing wrenches the telephone suddenly away from the Baron.  
The action excites him.

PREYSING  
Strike me, would you? Attack me would  
you? Attack me –

With a terrific lunge, Preysing brings the telephone down  
upon the Baron's head. The Baron sways, stunned. (as in book).  
In his mad rage, Preysing, hits again with the telephone.

PREYSING  
I'll strike you – I'll strike you –  
I'll strike you – Strike me!

By this time the Baron is a heap on the floor. We see Preysing  
come out of his blind trance. He even repeats again.

PREYSING  
I strike you –  
(with telephone  
foolishly in his  
hand, he looks down  
at what he has done.)

CUT TO:

DOWNSTAIRS TELEPHONE ROOM

Sharp sound of buzzing.

Dozing night girl plugs in, lazily.

NIGHT GIRL  
Yes – yes – Operator – Operator –  
(she listens – says  
to herself)  
They are having a nice little game  
up there with the telephone.

With nonchalance she flicks plug out again, as she does so:

CUT TO:

## PREYSING'S ROOM

New angle. Preysing is on his feet. He has replaced the receiver on the telephone, he is putting it back slowly. He is terrified.

Door opens behind him.

Flaemmchen, with a dressing gown on, light, filmy thing, crosses and looks down at the Baron, without a word. Preysing seizes her.

Her hand goes to her head, her eyes roll; for a moment we think she is going to faint right on top of the Baron. She is trying to collect her senses, it cannot be true. We can hear nothing but the heavy breathing of Preysing and the traffic below.

Suddenly a motor horn in the street below sounds strident, it is the first time we have been conscious of it.

With a swift movement, Flaemmchen dashes towards the door. It is locked. She rushes back as if to cut through her own room. He reaches for her and rips her dressing gown from her, leaving her almost naked. He lunges after her. She tears through her own room.

CUT TO:

## CORRIDOR

Flaemmchen enters from her room. She looks this way and that. After all, it is Flaemmchen and not Lillian Gish, running across the ice in "Way Down East," – it is Flaemmchen, a Berlin girl. She pauses to try and clear her brain. "What the hell is this – what is it." The impulse naturally is to scream in alarm. She doesn't – Flaemmchen's don't. She looks around. At the end of the passage is Kringelein's room. She will go there. We watch her run down the passage uncertainly. Without knocking she pushes open Kringelein's door.

CUT TO:

## KRINGELEIN'S ROOM

It is in darkness. The only light comes through the windows. The form of Kringelein lies prone upon the bed, the Doctor had just thrown a coat over him. He is still in his trousers and shirt.

Like a ghost, Flaemmchen, the shreds of her filmy clothes hanging to her, crosses.

FLAEMMCHEN

(hoarse whisper)

Mr. Kringelein – Mr. Kringelein –  
where are you?

She sweeps to bed. She shakes him. Kringelein starts up.

FLAEMMCHEN

Quick – Mr. Kringelein.

KRINGELEIN

Oh – what – what –  
(he is looking up at  
what seems to be a  
ghost.)

She pulls on the light by the bed, it flames up on their faces.

KRINGELEIN

Oh – oh, Miss Flaemmchen. It's you –

FLAEMMCHEN

Quick – something awful – awful  
has happened. Go – go at once, –  
Mr. Preysing –

KRINGELEIN

Preysing?

It occurs to him that this girl with her torn clothes must have been roughly treated by Preysing. He suddenly assumes a strength.

FLAEMMCHEN

Oh, don't wait – go – it's awful –  
it's awful.

She slides down to the floor, by the side of the bed.

Kringelein climbs out of bed, tries to help her up.

KRINGELEIN

Stay here.

She waves him away.

FLAEMMCHEN

Don't wait now – go – Preysing.

Kringelein assumes suddenly a strength. He is a man for a crisis – he forgets that he was ever ill – he leaves.

WE GO WITH HIM. CUT HIM DOWN CORRIDOR QUICKLY. He pauses outside Preysing's door, uncertain of the rooms, then he knocks.

KRINGELEIN

(calling)

Mr. Preysing – Oh, Mr. Preysing –

He feels there must be a mistake – he steps back, sees Flaemmchen's door open next to it. He enters.

CUT HIM THROUGH:

FLAEMMCHEN'S ROOM

He enters. Looks around. Looks through bathroom. Goes quickly forward.

CUT INTO REVERSE:

PREYSING'S ROOM

Preysing is still leaning against the table, his mouth is open, he is gaping – stunned. The two hundred and four pounds has collapsed and sagged. He is staring, his victim lying – a heap upon the floor, very still and quiet. His eyes come around as Kringelein enters.

Kringelein crosses, looks down. Touches the Baron's hand.

KRINGELEIN

Oh – the Baron – the Baron.

PREYSING

He tried to rob me – he is dead –

KRINGELEIN

My best friend – poor, Baron –  
dead – just like that.

PREYSING

– We must do something...

KRINGELEIN

(quickly)

Yes, the police must be called.

PREYSING

No – no – wait – the man was a  
burglar – he was going to steal my  
money.

KRINGELEIN

Oh, no – no – not the Baron.

PREYSING

(suddenly)

Where is that girl – she was working  
with him – she enticed me into her  
room.

KRINGELEIN

Her room – oh – I see, Mr. Preysing –  
I understand, Mr. General Director  
Preysing.

PREYSING

(frantically)

I can answer for this, it was self-  
defense – I can answer for this –  
but that girl – the scandal – my  
wife – my daughters, you know them?

KRINGELEIN

Yes, I know them –

PREYSING

The scandal – we are men – you –  
you could take that affair of the  
young lady upon yourself – take her  
and hold your tongue. Then you can  
travel – I'll give you anything –  
anything – she was with you.

KRINGELEIN

We must call the police, your

excellency.

Preysing takes him by the shoulders.

PREYSING

How much – how much do you want –  
you need money – you have nothing.

KRINGELEIN

Don't worry about me, Mr. General  
Director Priesing – worry about  
yourself.

(he picks up receiver)

There has been a murder – this is  
room one sixty-four.

CUT TO:

TELEPHONE ROOM

Telephone girl plugs in.

GIRL

Hello – hurry up... hurry up...  
someone in one sixty-four says there  
has been a murder.

CUT TO:

HALL PORTER

The scene gradually grows intense. Porter calls night man.

PORTER

Here - quick - here – go to one  
sixty-four immediately.

(calls back on  
telephone)

Give me Mr. Rohna – Rohna the  
manager.

CUT TO:

ROHNA'S ROOM

Darkened room. Bell ringing. Rohna sits up in bed, turns on  
light, picks up telephone; on his face we see him hear the  
news.

ROHNA

Where?... murder?... who?... all  
right, I'm coming. Wait a minute.

(speaks in a monotone)

Instruct everyone to use the utmost  
tact – we must have no scandal in  
the Grand Hotel. Answer no questions,  
I'm coming now – inform the police.

(he replaces the telephone commences dressing quickly)

CUT TO:

GRUSINSKAYA'S ROOM

Trunks standing around everywhere. Suzette is finishing  
packing. Grusinskaya is sitting in front of the mirror in a  
loose night wrap – she is doing her hair.

SUZETTE

Madam should sleep.

GRUSINSKAYA

I've done my hair differently – do  
you like that?

SUZETTE

When a lady falls in love she does  
her hair differently.

GRUSINSKAYA

(rising)

In the middle of the night – those  
flowers make me think of a funeral.  
Laurels and tube-roses.

(she pushes the window  
closed, shivers, it  
is chilly. She crosses  
the room turning out  
one of the lights)

Oh, think, Suzette – the Villa and  
the sun at Tremezzo – quiet – simple –  
happy – we'll have a guest, Suzette.

SUZETTE

(quietly)

Yes, Madam. And now Madam will sleep.  
It is not long 'till the train.



GRUSINSKAYA  
Goodnight, Suzette.

Suzette leaves – turning out a light.

Alone, Grusinskaya goes to the telephone. She raises the receiver.

GRUSINSKAYA  
Hello – can you tell me if Baron  
von Gaigern is in his room – ring  
him.  
(talking to herself)  
Cherie, I must wake you or you'll  
miss the train.  
(into phone)  
...yes... are you ringing, he may be  
asleep.  
(to herself)  
Cherie, you must get up and fetch me  
from my room – I'm longing for you,  
Cherie – I have not been to sleep –  
I kept thinking you would come to  
me.  
(into phone)  
...Oh, but he must answer. Ring –  
ring – ring.

CUT IN HERE at discretion the:

BARON'S EMPTY ROOM

Telephone is ringing.

CUT BACK TO:

GRUSINSKAYA'S ROOM

GRUSINSKAYA  
(to herself)  
Cherie, hurry – hurry – hurry.  
Answer the phone – what is the  
matter.  
(into phone)  
Ring him – ring him.  
(to herself)  
Where are you – where are you,  
Cherie? Why don't you answer?  
(into phone)

Well, ring him – please – please.

FADE OUT SLOWLY:

END OF SEQUENCE "#6"

SEQUENCE "#7"

Music up as we –

FADE IN ON:

DISSOLVE INTO - EXTERIOR SERVICE ENTRANCE OF HOTEL

The trees and the milk cart effect and other curious signs of dawn, which we remember after the climax of the first sequence.

Music cold and eerie.

DISSOLVE OUT:

General early morning bustle and activity.

From one van, fruit and vegetables are being unloaded. From another, huge hind quarters of beef are being carried in and in a monotonous way a baker throws two loaves at a time, to another man, from a van backed up –

BAKER

(counting)

Forty-two – forty-four – forty-six –  
forty-eight – fifty – fifty-two –

Waiters coming to work. A noisy racket.

Sandwiched between the bread and butcher vans, is backed a hearse.

At the moment we come upon it, the men are pausing in their work to glance. The men take off their caps, as; proceeded by the hotel detective and others, who will be there, the corpse of the Baron in the basket, used at such time, is brought out and placed in the hearse, which drives noisily away. A policeman rides with the driver on the box.

By this time the man with the bread is counting:

BAKER

One hundred and eight – one hundred  
and ten – one hundred and twelve...

Stay with him for a moment.

DISSOLVE OUT:

DISSOLVE INTO - EXTERIOR FRONT OF HOTEL

Shooting onto door - day lighting.

A man comes out and signals a black closed limousine, which pulls forward.

DISSOLVE OUT:

DISSOLVE INTO - MAIN HOTEL LOBBY

Early morning. Sense of chill and desolation. Some chairs stand on tables. A vacuum cleaner is at work on the carpets. Newspaper boys are delivering papers at the news stand. The various shops are slowly being opened, the windows being cleaned.

The general feeling of the beginning of another day.

THE CAMERA waits at a distance shooting from door as Preysing, with a plain clothes man on either side of him, leaves, moving towards THE CAMERA. He is grim, his hat is drawn over his eyes. His hands deep in his pockets. When he has passed the CAMERA MOVES FORWARD TO:

SENF'S DESK

(the old shot) Meierheim is entering quickly goes through the door.

He crosses now to Pimenov. They talk eagerly out of earshot. But it is apparent that Meierheim is, as usual, in a hurry.

Rohna is there too. One of the men carries a telephone stand, wrapped loosely in paper. But we know it's the telephone stand.

Senf comes on duty, looks around, it is apparent that he is late.

CLERK

The night clerk has already gone –

you are late.

SENF

Man – I was at the clinic the whole night – there are no words to describe what my wife suffered.

CLERK

And the child isn't coming?

SENF

No – no – not yet. Well, I mustn't let it interfere with my duty. Any news here?

CLERK

News? Yes – killing in number one-sixty-four.

SENF

What? – Who? – Whom?

CLERK

The big manufacturer killed Baron von Gaigern.

SENF

Good heavens. What for?

CLERK

I don't know.

SENF

Man – that's terrible. He was a nice fellow – I am sorry about him.

CLERK

It seems that he was a thief and an imposter.

SENF

I don't believe it – he was a real gentleman. I know people... I'm so tired I can hardly see out of my eyes. No sleep for two nights and so many duties and now this killing in the hotel – that means a lot of work. But it's too bad about the Baron, you always felt better when

he came along – always friendly –  
such an agreeable fellow.

CLERK

Most imposters are –

A number of bellboys march up and form a line. Senf comes from behind the desk and inspects them.

SENF

Good morning.

BOYS

(in chorus)

Good morning.

SENF

Show your hands.

They show their hands.

SENF

(to one boy)

You have dirty nails – you little  
pig – you're no good... Caps off! –  
Let's see your hair.

(Boys take off their  
caps)

Good – caps on!

(Boys put on their  
caps)

Where is number seven? ... Not here?  
(to clerk)

Take his name – if he comes late  
again today, he's fired. Dismissed!

The boys sit down on the bench.

THE CAMERA MOVES TO KRINGELEIN.

Kringelein and the police officer move towards the desk in  
ear shot.

KRINGELEIN

Please, officer.

OFFICER

That will be sufficient for the  
present, sir, you may travel in peace.

Kringelein exits.

CUT TO:

CORRIDOR BY ELEVATOR

As Kringelein emerges from the elevator, Suzette speaking to the Floor Clerk.

SUZETTE

And they've taken him away.

FLOOR CLERK

Yes – it's terrible.

SUZETTE

Madam must not know – you understand –  
Madam must not know.

FLOOR CLERK

I will tell the maids. I cannot answer  
for downstairs –

Suzette hurries down corridor. By this time Kringelein has arrived at his door, he opens it.

CUT TO:

KRINGELEIN'S ROOM

Kringelein opens the door and enters. Flaemmchen is looking into space. A lovely picture. Morning light over her hair, she is dressed.

KRINGELEIN

What's the matter?

FLAEMMCHEN

Oh – I was thinking – Poor Baron –  
Lying there, his eyes so open.

KRINGELEIN

You loved the Baron, didn't you?

FLAEMMCHEN

Yes –

KRINGELEIN

So did I. He was friendly to me as no man ever was.

FLAEMMCHEN

Perhaps he really was a burglar –  
But they don't kill a man for that.

KRINGELEIN

He was in desperate straits. He'd  
been trying to raise money all day.  
He laughed – Poor devil! And then a  
man like Preysing kills him.

FLAEMMCHEN

(naively)

I didn't like Preysing right off.

KRINGELEIN

Then why did you have anything to do  
with him?

FLAEMMCHEN

(simply)

Money!

KRINGELEIN

Yes, of course, – money!

FLAEMMCHEN

You don't understand that do you?

KRINGELEIN

Of course I do – I never knew what  
money really meant till I started  
spending it. Do you know –

(he is silent a moment)

I can hardly believe that anything  
so beautiful should come to me from  
Preysing – I'll take care of you.  
Will – will you let me?

FLAEMMCHEN

What?

KRINGELEIN

You'll have a good time with me.  
Want to? I've got enough money. Ten  
thousand two hundred in my pocketbook.  
Three thousand four hundred that I

won. It will last a long time. I can win more – we'll travel.

FLAEMMCHEN

Yes – to Paris? I wanted to go there always.

KRINGELEIN

Wherever you like. Here I'll give you the money I won, three thousand four hundred. Later you can have more.

FLAEMMCHEN

Later?

KRINGELEIN

When I – I'm ill, Flaemmchen – It will not be long – I'll not last long. Will you stay with me until...

FLAEMMCHEN

Nonsense! We'll find a great doctor, he'll cure you. They can cure anything these days.

KRINGELEIN

Do you believe that you will have a better time with me than you would with Preysing?

FLAEMMCHEN

Oh yes, of course.

KRINGELEIN

(takes her hands)

Do you like me better?

FLAEMMCHEN

You're a good man, Mr. Kringelein – a very good man.

Kringelein straightens, happy, inspired, a smile on his face. He assumes in his gestures. Takes the telephone.

KRINGELEIN

(into telephone)

When is the next train leaving for Paris? – Yes... Get two tickets for



me... and my bill please... and the  
lady's – Miss Flaemm's.  
(puts down telephone)  
(to Flaemmchen)  
We have to hurry let's pack – we'll  
have breakfast on the train.

CUT TO:

CORRIDOR

The figure of Grusinskaya is standing at her door, there is  
no one with her. Suzette steps out.

SUZETTE

Madam, it is Mr. Meierheim – he is  
waiting downstairs.

GRUSINSKAYA

Where is Pimenov? Where is Pimenov?  
(she looks off.)

FLASH OF PIMENOV

coming out of the elevator.

Grusinskaya hurries down to Pimenov – they meet.

PIMENOV

(breathlessly)  
He will be on the train.

GRUSINSKAYA

But when did he go? How do you know?

She crosses and looks in the Baron's room. A maid is there  
changing the bedding. The room is unoccupied otherwise.

GRUSINSKAYA

Baron von Gaigern has left?

The maid nods.

GRUSINSKAYA

When? How long ago?

Maid shrugs her shoulders.

VOICE OF FLOOR CLERK

The Baron left about half an hour ago, Madam.

PIMENOV

Oh – Gru – come, come – we'll lose the train.

While they are waiting for the elevator Grusinskaya is like a live electric wire.

The elevator arrives. They are stepping in.

CUT TO:

LOBBY

General activity. We hear the cry go up:

VOICE

Madam Grusinskaya's car...

Grusinskaya comes out of the elevator followed by Suzette and Pimenov. Meierheim meets her.

MEIERHEIM

Come along, oh, Madam, come along. The train will be going.

GRUSINSKAYA

Wait a minute. I've got to ask myself.

PIMENOV

What's the use of asking, Gru – he is at the train – He will be there.

MEIERHEIM

The troupe, the scenery, everything – all on board, waiting. You have a rehearsal in Vienna tomorrow morning. Come, Madam, are you mad?

Grusinskaya crosses to the desk. She speaks to Senf.

GRUSINSKAYA

Have you seen Baron von Gaigern?

ROHNA

(comes over quickly)

The Baron is not here, Madam.

GRUSINSKAYA

He is gone?

ROHNA

Yes, Madam.

MEIERHEIM

Four minutes past. Please come.

PIMENOV

Come, Lisaveta, he will be there –  
he will be there.

MEIERHEIM

(calling)

Madam Grusinskaya's car.

Grusinskaya, followed by the others, sweeps out towards the door.

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR HOTEL

Grusinskaya emerges, followed by the others. The sunlight hits them.

GRUSINSKAYA

Oh, the sun – it will be sunny in  
Tremezzo –

MEIERHEIM

Every seat for the opening has been  
sold at Vienna. Sold out for three  
days.

GRUSINSKAYA

I know – I know – but it will be  
sunny in Tremezzo. We'll have a guest  
then.

SUZETTE

(knowingly)

Yes, Madam.

VOICE

Madam Grusinskaya's car.

Grusinskaya moves forward.

CUT TO:

LOBBY

SENF

(at telephone)

Grand Hotel, Head Porter. What?  
There's been – a child born? A boy!  
Yes! My child born! It is healthy...  
and my wife? Doing well – all well!  
(to Clerk)

The child has come. They are both  
alive. My child...

CUT TO:

BY ELEVATOR

At this moment Kringelein and Flaemmchen are coming out of  
the elevator, Kringelein is carrying his suitcase.

A bellboy attempts to take his bag but Kringelein, still  
confused draws his hand with the suitcase away from the  
bellboy.

FLAEMMCHEN

Let him take it.

BELLBOY

Your bag, your Excellency –

Hearing the word 'Excellency' Kringelein goes through a  
transformation. He stands and with a flourish hands the  
suitcase over to the boy. He is a big man now.

KRINGELEIN

(very definitely to  
boy)

Cab please!

BELLBOY

Cab, for his Excellency, Mr.  
Kringelein!

KRINGELEIN

(to Flaemmchen)

And now we travel, Flaemmchen...

Glad?

FLAEMMCHEN

Am I!

KRINGELEIN

(to Senf)

Is the bill ready – the lady's too?

SENF

At once. Any forwarding address, Mr. Kringelein?

KRINGELEIN

Yes, Paris – Grand Hotel.

FLAEMMCHEN

How do you know there is a Grand Hotel?

KRINGELEIN

Oh, there must be one in Paris...  
They have everything in Paris.

SENF

Your bill, Your Excellency.

Kringelein pays and taking Flaemmchen's arm starts to move away from the desk, General business ad lib of tipping. Boys line up, making a deep bow. There is almost a triumphant march as Kringelein and Flaemmchen move towards the door.

SENF CLERK BOYS

(in chorus)

Come again, your Excellency.

With head erect, happy smile on his face, Kringelein leaves the lobby. Normal activity in lobby, reminding us of opening scene. Doctor comes up to desk.

DOCTOR

Was that Mr. Kringelein leaving?

THE END