

"NINOTCHKA"

Screenplay by

Charles Brackett, Billy Wilder

And

Walter Reisch

Story by

Melchior Lengyel

SHOOTING DRAFT

1939

FADE IN ON:

AN ESTABLISHING SHOT OF PARIS IN THE MONTH OF APRIL

DISSOLVE TO:

THE LUXURIOUS LOBBY OF THE HOTEL CLARENCE

CAMERA MOVES to a CLOSE SHOT of the desk. In the background is a revolving door leading to the street. Through the revolving door comes a strangely dressed individual, obviously one who doesn't belong in such surroundings. It is Comrade Buljanoff, a member of the Russian Board of Trade. Despite the spring climate of Paris, he still wears his typical Russian clothes, consisting of a coat with a fur collar, a fur cap, and heavy boots.

Buljanoff glances around the lobby, obviously over-whelmed by its magnificence. The Manager, puzzled by Buljanoff's strange appearance, approaches him.

MANAGER

(politely)

Is there anything I can do for you,  
monsieur?

BULJANOFF

No, no.

He exits toward the street. The Manager returns to his customary duties, when suddenly a second Russian, similarly dressed, pushes his way through the door and gazes around. It is Comrade Iranoff.

The Manager, definitely mystified by now, approaches him.

MANAGER

Yes, monsieur?

IRANOFF

Just looking around.

Iranoff exits. Again the Manager returns to his duties, when suddenly he sees that a third man, dressed in the same fashion, has appeared in the revolving door. It is Comrade Kopalski.

Kopalski doesn't leave the revolving door at all but as it turns, drinks in the whole spectacle of the lobby. The Manager is by now dumfounded.

STREET IN FRONT OF THE HOTEL CLARENCE

A taxi stands at the curb. Buljanoff and Iranoff are waiting beside it, Iranoff holding a suitcase. Kopalski, returning from the hotel, joins the group.

KOPALSKI

Comrades, why should we lie to each other? It's wonderful.

IRANOFF

Let's be honest. Have we anything like it in Russia?

ALL THREE

(agreeing with him)

No, no, no.

IRANOFF

Can you imagine what the beds would be in a hotel like that?

KOPALSKI

They tell me when you ring once the valet comes in; when you ring twice you get the waiter; and do you know what happens when you ring three times? A maid comes in -- a French maid.

IRANOFF

(with a gleam in his eye)

Comrades, if we ring nine times... let's go in.

BULJANOFF

(stopping him)

Just a minute -- just a minute -- I have nothing against the idea but I still say let's go back to the Hotel Terminus. Moscow made our reservations there, we are on an official mission,

and we have no right to change the orders of our superior.

IRANOFF

Where is your courage, Comrade Buljanoff?

KOPALSKI

Are you the Buljanoff who fought on the barricades? And now you are afraid to take a room with a bath?

BULJANOFF

(stepping back into the taxi)

I don't want to go to Siberia.

Iranoff and Kopalski follow him reluctantly.

IRANOFF

I don't want to go to the Hotel Terminus.

KOPALSKI

If Lenin were alive he would say, "Buljanoff, Comrade, for once in your life you're in Paris. Don't be a fool. Go in there and ring three times."

IRANOFF

He wouldn't say that. What he would say is "Buljanoff, you can't afford to live in a cheap hotel. Doesn't the prestige of the Bolsheviks mean anything to you? Do you want to live in a hotel where you press for the hot water and cold water comes and when you press for the cold water nothing comes out at all? Phooey, Buljanoff!"

BULJANOFF

(weakening)

I still say our place is with the common people, but who am I to contradict Lenin? Let's go in.

All three start to leave the taxi, as we

DISSOLVE TO:

LOBBY -- HOTEL CLARENCE -- AT THE DESK

Buljanoff, Iranoff, and Kopalski are approaching the Manager, their only suitcase carried by two of them.

KOPALSKI  
Are you the manager?

MANAGER  
(eyeing the three  
suspiciously)  
Yes.

KOPALSKI  
Pardon me for introducing Comrade  
Iranoff, member of the Russian Board  
of Trade.

MANAGER  
(bowing with strained  
politeness)  
Monsieur.

IRANOFF  
This is Comrade Kopalski.

MANAGER  
Monsieur.

BULJANOFF  
I am Comrade Buljanoff.

MANAGER  
Monsieur.

BULJANOFF  
May I ask how much your rooms are?

MANAGER  
(trying to get rid of  
them)  
Well, gentlemen, I'm afraid our rates  
are rather high.

BULJANOFF  
Why should you be afraid?

The other two nod their agreement. The Manager has noted the  
single suitcase.

MANAGER  
(haughtily)  
I might be able to accommodate you.  
Is there some more luggage?

IRANOFF  
Oh, yes, but have you a safe here  
big enough to hold this?

MANAGER  
I'm afraid we have no boxes of that  
size in our vault, but there is one

suite with a private safe...

IRANOFF

That's even better.

MANAGER

But, gentlemen, I am afraid...

BULJANOFF

He's always afraid.

The other two exchange a look of agreement again.

MANAGER

(a little annoyed)

I just wanted to explain. The apartment may suit your convenience but I doubt that it will fit your convictions. It's the Royal Suite.

The mention of the Royal Suite startles the three.

BULJANOFF

Royal Suite!

(To the manager)

Just a minute.

The Three Russians take a step away from the manager and go into a huddle.

BULJANOFF

(in a low voice)

Now Comrades, I warn you... if it gets out in Moscow that we stay in the Royal Suite we will get into terrible trouble.

IRANOFF

(defending his right  
to a good time)

We'll just say we had to take it on account of the safe. That's a perfect excuse. There was no other safe big enough.

The other two welcome the suggestion with relish.

BULJANOFF AND IRANOFF

That's right. Good, very good.

Suddenly Buljanoff grows skeptical again.

BULJANOFF

Of course, we could take out the pieces and distribute them in three or four boxes in the vault and take a small room. That's an idea, isn't

it?

For a moment all three see their bright plans crumble. Then Iranoff comes to the rescue.

IRANOFF

Yes, it's an idea, but who says we have to have an idea?

Buljanoff and Kopalski see the logic of this and their faces light up.

BOTH

That's right... that's right.

BULJANOFF

(turning to the Manager)

Give us the Royal Suite.

The Manager leads the three toward the elevator. The CAMERA FOLLOWS THEM and NARROWS DOWN to the suitcase carried by two of the Russians.

DISSOLVE TO:

DARK INTERIOR OF SAFE -- ROYAL SUITE

We hear from the outside the turning of a key, the opening of a door, then the turning of the dial, and then we see the safe door open. Through the open door we now see the Royal Suite. The Three Russians are standing in front of the safe. One of them puts the suitcase into it.

MEDIUM SHOT -- ROYAL SUITE OF THE HOTEL CLARENCE

Shooting from the interior of the room toward the safe. The Three Russians are standing around it. As Buljanoff and Iranoff close the safe door, Kopalski walks out of the shot. The CAMERA STAYS for a few seconds on Buljanoff and Iranoff, then PANS OVER to the center of the room, where a waiter is setting a breakfast table. He is the former Count Rakonin, a Russian exile employed by the Hotel Clarence. Rakonin is looking with great interest toward the safe, and as he does so we hear Kopalski's voice talking into the telephone.

KOPALSKI'S VOICE

Will you connect me with Mercier...  
yes, the jeweler...

Rakonin pricks up his ears and looks toward the telephone.

CLOSE SHOT -- KOPALSKI -- AT TELEPHONE

KOPALSKI

I want to speak with Monsieur Mercier personally... Hello, Monsieur Mercier? This is Kopalski of the Russian Board

of Trade. We arrived this morning...  
Thank you.

CLOSE SHOT -- RAKONIN

As he sets the breakfast table, his interest in the telephone conversation increases.

KOPALSKI'S VOICE

Yes, everything is here. The necklace too. All fourteen pieces... What? No, Monsieur Mercier, the court jewels of the Duchess Swana consisted of fourteen pieces. Why don't you check on that? Naturally, we have all the necessary credentials.

As the voice continues, we

DISSOLVE TO:

SERVICE STAIRCASE -- HOTEL CLARENCE

Rakonin hurries down the stairs, buttoning his overcoat around him. He exits through a door to the street.

STREET CORNER NEAR THE HOTEL CLARENCE

WIPE TO:

Rakonin is getting into a taxi.

RAKONIN

(to taxi driver)

Eight Rue de Chalon.

WIPE TO:

INSERT the House Number "8"

above the doorway of a Parisian apartment house. Camera pulls back to medium shot of the whole entrance. Into it is striding a typical Parisian playboy. He is Count Leon d'Algot.

ENTRANCE HALL -- SWANA'S APARTMENT

The door is being opened by Swana's maid. Leon enters like a man thoroughly at home.

MAID

Good morning, Count.

LEON

Good morning.

MAID

Her Highness is still dressing.

LEON  
(as he walks toward  
Swana's door)  
That's all right.

LONG SHOT -- SWANA'S ROOM

Swana sits at her dressing table in a negligee. Leon enters with the easy air of an old friend. He kisses her lightly.

SWANA  
Hello, Leon!

LEON  
Good morning, Swana.

During Swana's long speech he sits down, not paying much attention to her patter, lights a cigarette, and glances through a magazine.

SWANA  
It's really a wretched morning...  
wretched. I can't get myself right.  
I wanted to look mellow and I look  
brittle. My face doesn't compose  
well... all highlights... how can I  
dim myself down, Leon? Suggest  
something. I am so bored with this  
face. I wish I had someone else's  
face. Whose face would you have if  
you had your choice? Oh, well, I  
guess one gets the face one deserves.

LEON  
Your conversation has one marvelous  
advantage, Swana. However many  
questions you ask you never expect  
an answer.

SWANA  
Don't you find that restful?... Why  
didn't you come last night?

LEON  
Darling, I was busy looking out for  
your interests.

SWANA  
Did you win?

LEON  
(enthusiastically)  
We can forget horse racing, roulette,  
the stock market... our worries are  
over! You remember that platinum  
watch with the diamond numbers? You

will be in a position to give it to me.

SWANA

(with humor)

Oh, Leon, you are so good to me.

(She kisses him)

LEON

We can be rich if you say the word. I had dinner with the Guizots last night.

SWANA

(contemptuously)

Those newspaper people?

LEON

You'd be surprised how many nice people dine with the Guizots.

SWANA

What a gruesome proof of the power of the press!

LEON

Now listen, Swana... I sold Monsieur Guizot the idea of publishing your memoirs in the Gazette Parisienne. "The Life and Loves of the Grand Duchess Swana of Russia"!

SWANA

(protestingly)

Oh, Leon!

LEON

Sweetheart, we won't have to bother about our future if you are willing to raffle off your past!

SWANA

Was it for this that I refused to endorse Dr. Bertrand's Mouthwash? I could have made a little fortune by saying that the Vincent Vacuum Cleaner was the only vacuum cleaner ever used by the Romanoffs... and now you want them to smear my life's secrets over the front page of a tabloid?

LEON

I understand how you feel, but there is a limit to everything, particularly pride and dignity. They are willing to pay any price! They have a circulation of two million!

SWANA

Imagine two million clerks and shop girls peeking into my life for a sou! Think of my lovely life being wrapped around cheese and blood sausages! I can see a big grease spot in the midst of my most intimate moments!

Leon knows on which note to play for Swana's benefit.

LEON

Well, I am the last person to persuade you, but don't do it blindly... if this is your decision, you must be prepared to face the consequences...

(With the expression  
of a man ready to  
give his all)

I will have to go to work.

Swana rises and goes over to Leon. His method has been highly successful.

SWANA

My little Volga boatman! Stop threatening! I don't deserve this.

(Embracing him)

Are you my little Volga boatman?

LEON

Now, Swana...

SWANA

First tell me, are you my little Volga boatman?

LEON

(anything to stop her)

Yes, I'm your little Volga boatman.

SWANA

(walking back to the  
dressing table)

Well... two million readers... I know exactly what they want. Chapter One: "A Childhood behind Golden Bars. Lovely Little Princess Plays with Rasputin's Beard."

Leon sits down next to her, growing enthusiastic.

LEON

I've got one chapter Guizot thinks is terrific. "Caviar and Blood."  
Swana escapes over the ice!

SWANA

A couple of bloodhounds and we have  
Uncle Tom's Cabin.

LEON

(thinking of another  
idea)

Darling, this would be wonderful!  
Just once... weren't you attacked by  
a Bolshevik?

SWANA

(straining her memory)

Was I? No... not by a Bolshevik!

LEON

Too bad! Brings our price down ten  
thousand francs!

There is a knock on the door.

SWANA

Come in.

The Maid enters.

MAID

Count Rakonin asks the privilege of  
a few words, Your Highness.

LEON

Count Rakonin?

SWANA

He's a waiter at the Clarence, poor  
devil. You know him.

LEON

Oh, yes.

SWANA

Tell him I won't be able to see him  
for a half an hour.

MAID

The Count says if it could be as  
soon as possible. It is luncheon  
time and he is just between courses.

The Maid exits. Swana walks toward the door of the living  
room.

LIVING ROOM -- SWANA'S APARTMENT

A charming room, which manages to create a little of the  
atmosphere of Old Russia. Rakonin stands, his overcoat still

buttoned about him, waiting nervously. Swana enters, leaving the door ajar. Rakonin approaches her with the respect he would have paid her at the Imperial Court.

RAKONIN

Your Highness.

SWANA

How do you do, my friend.

RAKONIN

Your Highness, forgive this intrusion, but...

SWANA

What is it, Rakonin? Did you lose your job?

RAKONIN

No, madame, something of the utmost importance... it concerns your jewels.

SWANA

My jewels?!

RAKONIN

I remember one birthday of His Majesty, our beloved Czar... I had the honor of being on guard at the summer palace... I still see you bending before His Majesty... You wore your diadem and a necklace... your face seemed to be lighted by the jewels.

SWANA

(puzzled)

Why do you bring this up after so many years?

RAKONIN

They are here!... Your jewels!... Here in Paris!

SWANA

Alexis! Do you know what you are saying?

RAKONIN

This morning three Soviet agents arrived. I overheard a telephone conversation with Mercier, the jeweler. Your Highness, they are going to sell them!

MEDIUM SHOT -- DOOR OF BEDROOM

From the door of the bedroom appears Leon, his face alert.

LEON

Did I hear something about jewels?

SWANA

Rakonin, bless him, has given me the most amazing news!

MEDIUM CLOSE -- SWANA AND RAKONIN

Swana goes to the telephone.

SWANA

(into phone)

Balzac 2769...

(to Leon)

My lawyer...

Leon steps to her side, highly interested.

RAKONIN

I am sorry... I have to leave.

SWANA

(to Rakonin)

Thank you so much, my friend. I will get in touch with you.

Count Rakonin leaves.

SWANA

(into phone)

This is the Duchess Swana... I want to speak to Monsieur Cornillon... it's very important... please get him right away... Hello, Monsieur Cornillon? The most incredible thing has happened! My jewels are here in Paris! Three Bolshevik swine are trying to sell them! Yes... yes... we must act immediately!... Call the police... Have them arrested!... Well, then, get an injunction!... But do something, Monsieur Cornillon! (apparently the answer is some objection from Cornillon) ...But they are my jewels! There must be some way of getting them back!

LEON

(just as nervous as Swana)

What does he say?

SWANA

(to Leon)

Shhh!

(into phone)

...But how can there be a question?...  
Are you my lawyer or theirs?... All  
right, I'll let you know!

She hangs up, rises, the legal situation whirling around in  
her brain.

LEON

What did he say?

SWANA

(discouraged)

It looks pretty hopeless... there  
may be a chance... that's all... The  
French Government has recognized  
Soviet Russia and he doubts that  
they will risk a war for my poor  
sake. He might be able to make up  
some kind of a case but it would  
cost money, money, money!... That's  
all they are interested in -- those  
lawyers!

LEON

(taking her in his  
arms)

Darling, calm down. Why do you need  
a lawyer? Haven't you your little  
Volga boatman?

Swana looks up at him, hope dawning in her eyes, as we

INSERT OF THE JEWELS

DISSOLVE TO:

spread out on a table in the Royal Suite. Camera pulls back  
to a LONGER SHOT. We see Mercier, the jeweler, examining the  
jewels with an eyepiece screwed in his eye. Around him stand  
the Three Russians. Mercier, a middle-aged man of the greatest  
suavity and elegance, but a shrewd trader none the less,  
looks up.

MERCIER

Very good... superb... excellent...  
it would be foolish to belittle the  
quality of the merchandise but your  
terms are impossible. My counteroffer  
is the absolute maximum.

KOPALSKI

But, Monsieur Mercier...

MERCIER

(continuing)

Gentlemen, I'll let you in on a little secret... we are only undertaking this deal for the prestige involved, and, quite frankly, we are expecting to take a loss.

Iranoff draws Buljanoff aside and whispers in his ear.

IRANOFF

(whispering)

Capitalistic methods...

BULJANOFF

They accumulate millions by taking loss after loss.

The telephone rings.

BULJANOFF

(answering phone)

Hello... this is Buljanoff, Iranoff, and Kopalski... Who?... Count d'Algout?... No, no... it must be a mistake... we can't be disturbed.

MERCIER

(continuing)

I assure you no one else could meet the figure named by my syndicate... at least under the present economic conditions.

KOPALSKI

We can wait.

IRANOFF

(pompously)

Do we give the impression of people who are pressed for money?

MERCIER

Yes. Gentlemen... let's put our cards face down. Right now there is a Russian commission in New York trying to sell fifteen Rembrandts. There is another in London mortgaging the oil fields in Baku. You need money and you need it quickly. I think my offer is fair and does not even take advantage of your situation.

CLOSE-UP -- BULJANOFF, IRANOFF, AND KOPALSKI

KOPALSKI

(to Mercier)

Just a minute.

The Three Russians step to one side.

IRANOFF

(in a low voice)

He's cutting our throat...

BULJANOFF

But what can we do?... We have to accept.

KOPALSKI

Comrades! Comrades! Don't let's give in so quickly. After all we have to uphold the prestige of Russia.

BULJANOFF

All right, let's uphold it for another ten minutes.

SHOT OF THE WHOLE GROUP

There is a knock at the door. Iranoff walks toward it, unlocks it, opens it a little. In the door appears Leon.

IRANOFF

We don't want to be disturbed.

LEON

My name is Count d'Algout. I telephoned.

IRANOFF

If you want to see us you must come later.

LEON

I just want a word with Monsieur Mercier.

IRANOFF

But you can't...

Leon pushes his way in. He approaches Monsieur Mercier. The Russians get between him and the jewels and during the following scene put them back into the safe.

LEON

Monsieur Mercier. May I introduce myself? I am Count Leon d'Algout. I think I had the pleasure of meeting you in your beautiful shop. I was admiring a platinum watch with diamond numbers.

MERCIER

Oh, yes, yes...

LEON

(glancing at the jewels)  
Glorious, aren't they?

KOPALSKI

Now, monsieur, you have no right...

LEON

(very charmingly)  
Just a moment.  
(to Mercier)  
I hope you haven't closed this deal,  
Monsieur Mercier. It might bring you  
into serious difficulties.

ALL THREE RUSSIANS

Who are you? What do you want? What  
is this?

LEON

These jewels are the property of the  
Duchess Swana of Russia, and were  
seized illegally by the Soviet  
Government. I am acting for Her  
Highness, the Duchess. Here is my  
power of attorney.

He hands it to Mercier, who reads it.

IRANOFF

(excitedly)  
You know, Monsieur Mercier, this is  
all non-sense.

KOPALSKI

These may have been the jewels of  
the Duchess Swana, but, like all  
private property, they were  
confiscated by the State.

LEON

We'll leave the problem of their  
ownership to the French courts.  
Meanwhile I have filed a petition  
for an injunction to prohibit you  
from either selling or removing the  
jewels. Here is a copy.

The Russians take the copy of the injunction, read it  
flabbergasted. As they do so, Leon turns to Monsieur Mercier.

LEON

I thought it my duty to warn you. I  
would hate to see you get in any  
trouble, monsieur.

MERCIER

Thank you.

(he turns to the  
Russians)

Gentlemen, this introduces a new  
element into our negotiations. Until  
this claim is completely settled...

KOPALSKI

We can call our ambassador.

IRANOFF

I give you my word! They were  
confiscated legally!

MERCIER

Please try to understand my position.  
I am not with-drawing. My offer stands  
and as soon as you produce a clear  
title, approved by the French courts,  
the deal is settled. Until then,  
good day.

He bows and starts toward the door. Leon accompanies him,  
opening the door as though he were the host.

LEON

(intimately)

I hope you will forgive me, Monsieur  
Mercier.

MERCIER

(in a low voice)

On the contrary. I consider myself  
very lucky. Good day.

He bows.

LEON

(bowing)

Good day, monsieur.

Mercier leaves. Leon closes the door and turns back into the  
room to the three outraged Russians.

LEON

(jauntily)

Well, gentlemen... how about a little  
lunch?

IRANOFF

Get out of here!

LEON

Don't look so gloomy, gentlemen. All  
is not lost. You may have a chance.

KOPALSKI

(bursting forth)

We may have a chance.

LEON

Yes... a very slim one. I want to be fair. I don't deny that you might make out some kind of a case.

KOPALSKI

We haven't anything to discuss with you. We'll talk to a lawyer!

LEON

All right -- go ahead... you talk to the lawyer and I'll talk to the judge!

IRANOFF

That won't help you! You can't intimidate us!

KOPALSKI

Soviet Russia will put all its might behind this case.

BULJANOFF

You think because you represent the former Duchess...

LEON

The Duchess...

BULJANOFF

The former Duchess!

LEON

In any case, gentlemen, a charming, beautiful, exquisite woman. I warn you, if this case comes to trial it will be before a French court, and when the Duchess takes the stand...

IRANOFF

All right, go ahead, get her on the witness stand! What can she say?

LEON

But how will she look? The fashions this spring are very becoming to her. Gentlemen, the judge will be French, the jury will be French, everybody in that courtroom will be French. Have you ever seen a French court when a beautiful woman sits on the witness stand and lifts her skirt a little? You sit down and pull up

your pants and where will it get  
you?

IRANOFF

I suppose you expect us to hand over  
the jewels?

LEON

Oh, no, no. I am not a highwayman,  
I'm just a nuisance. All I'm trying  
to do is make things as difficult as  
possible.

BULJANOFF

Not that we are giving in one inch,  
but tell us... what is in your mind?

LEON

Well, gentlemen, how about my  
proposition?

IRANOFF

What proposition?

LEON

I just said let's have a little lunch.  
(picking up the  
telephone)  
Room service.

MEDIUM SHOT -- CORRIDOR OF THE HOTEL CLARENCE

DISSOLVE TO:

shooting toward door leading to the Royal Suite. Two waiters  
are wheeling in a table on which is a block of ice filled  
with caviar and a collection of the most delicious hors  
d'oeuvres. They enter the room. After the door is closed we  
hear from within loud SOUNDS of approval from Buljanoff,  
Iranoff, and Kopalski. The CAMERA STAYS on the door. After a  
few seconds a very good-looking cigarette girl enters the  
room and from within we HEAR even louder SOUNDS of approval.  
Next a waiter enters carrying champagne and another with  
glasses on a tray. As they are going into the room, the  
cigarette girl comes out and runs excitedly down the corridor.  
Camera pans with her away from the door as she starts down  
the staircase.

MEDIUM SHOT -- DOOR OF THE ROYAL SUITE

Some of the waiters come out, others go in, carrying further  
delicacies.

MEDIUM SHOT -- HEAD OF STAIRCASE

Up the staircase pants the cigarette girl, followed by two  
other cigarette girls. Camera pans with them as they rush

toward the door of the Royal Suite and enter. From within we HEAR terrific greetings. The CAMERA REMAINS ON THE DOOR as we SLOWLY DISSOLVE INTO EVENING.

The electric lights are lit and a band of five Hungarian musicians enters carrying typical Hungarian instruments, including a cimbalom.

LONG SHOT -- ROYAL SUITE

The orchestra is playing; the Three Russians, very high by now, are dancing with the girls. One of them is wearing the cigarette tray of one of the girls. It is a harmless but loud and hilarious party. Apart from all the hullabaloo sits Leon at the desk, a telegraph blank before him.

LEON

Hey, Sascha! Serge! Misha!

The three come to him, all in the gayest, most agreeable mood.

KOPALSKI

Yes, Leon...

IRANOFF

(pawing him)

What is it, my boy?

LEON

About this telegram to Moscow. Why should you bother? I'll write it for you.

BULJANOFF

Leon... Leonitchka...

(he embraces Leon)

Why are you so good to us?

(he kisses Leon)

IRANOFF

(kissing Leon too)

Leon, my little boy.

KOPALSKI

(joining them)

Oh, Leon, you are so good.

LEON

(freeing himself as best he can)

What's the name of that Commissar on the Board of Trade?

IRANOFF

Razinin.

LEON  
(writing)  
Razinin, Board of Trade, Moscow.

KOPALSKI  
You wouldn't like Razinin.

BULJANOFF  
He's a bad man. Sends people to  
Siberia!

IRANOFF  
We don't like Razinin.

BULJANOFF  
(again pawing Leon)  
We like you, Leon -- don't we like  
Leon?

The others join him and kiss Leon.

IRANOFF AND KOPALSKI  
Yes, we like Leon... little  
Leonitchka.

This brings on a new frenzy of Russian affection. Leon frees  
himself and rises.

LEON  
How does this strike you? Commissar  
Razinin, Board of Trade, Moscow.  
Unexpected situation here. Duchess  
Swana in Paris claims jewels, and  
has already brought injunction against  
sale or removal. After long and  
careful study we suggest in the  
interest of our beloved country a  
fifty-fifty settlement as best  
solution. Iranoff, Buljanoff, and  
Kopalski.

KOPALSKI  
If we say that, Leon... we'll be  
sent to Siberia!

IRANOFF  
And if we have to go to Siberia...

LEON  
(still looking over  
the telegram)  
I'll send you a muff.

BULJANOFF  
Oh, why are you so good to us?

IRANOFF AND KOPALSKI

Yes, you are so good, Leon.

Again they overwhelm Leon with an avalanche of Russian affection. At this moment Rakonin enters with some new bottles of champagne. The Russians immediately leave Leon and direct their affection toward Rakonin, embracing and kissing him.

ALL THREE RUSSIANS

Comrade waiter, dear waitritchka!...  
Why are you so good to us? You good  
waiter!

After Rakonin has turned over the champagne to the Russians, Leon takes him aside.

LEON

Take this telegram to the telegraph  
office at once!

RAKONIN

Yes, monsieur.

He leaves the room.

CLOSE SHOT -- DOOR LEADING TO CORRIDOR OF HOTEL CLARENCE

Rakonin comes out with the telegram. The CAMERA PANS with him as he hurries down the corridor, reading it. The CAMERA NARROWS DOWN on an insert of the telegram as we

DISSOLVE TO:

TELEGRAPH WIRES OVER A WIDE SWEEP OF COUNTRY

DISSOLVE TO:

TELEGRAPH WIRES OVER THE ROOFS OF MOSCOW

Pan down past the roof of an official building to a CLOSE SHOT of a window. Behind it stands Razinin, reading the telegram. He is a violent, militant Bolshevik.

The telegram fills him with rage. As he crumples it, and stares into space, his expression bodes ill for Buljanoff, Iranoff, and Kopalski.

FADE OUT:

MEDIUM SHOT -- UPPER CORRIDOR OF HOTEL CLARENCE

FADE IN:

shooting toward door of elevator. The elevator comes up and stops, the door opens, and the Three Russians step out. They are very smartly dressed and look like any urbane gentlemen coming from the races. Two of them have racing glasses. As they walk toward the Royal Suite, Lady Lavenham, an elderly

English aristocrat, comes out of her room.

LADY LAVENHAM

Good afternoon, messieurs, mes  
Comrades.

ALL THREE RUSSIANS

Good afternoon, Lady Lavenham.

KOPALSKI

And how is Lord Lavenham?

BULJANOFF

...and little Lady Beatrice?

LADY LAVENHAM

Very well. Did fortune favor you at  
the races?

IRANOFF

Comme ci, comme ca.

LADY LAVENHAM

I understand... nothing to write  
home about.

BULJANOFF

(alarmed)

Who wants to write home about it?

LADY LAVENHAM

It's just a saying. How about joining  
us Saturday night for dinner? We're  
having a few friends.

KOPALSKI

Are we free, Buljanoff?

BULJANOFF

Possibly.

IRANOFF

We'll manage.

LADY LAVENHAM

Then let's say at nine.

BULJANOFF

Black tie or white tie?

LADY LAVENHAM

Oh, let's make it white.

BULJANOFF

Certainly!

LADY LAVENHAM

Au revoir.

ALL THREE RUSSIANS

Au revoir.

As they walk into the Royal Suite, Buljanoff tosses off an urbane comment.

BULJANOFF

Nice people.

ANTEROOM OF ROYAL SUITE

As the three enter, the telephone rings. Buljanoff and Kopalski go into the living room. Iranoff answers the telephone.

IRANOFF

(into telephone)

Yes, Leon...

(a little bit annoyed)

What is it, Leon?... You can't hurry such things... You must give Moscow a little time... There's nothing we can do about it... why don't you drop in later?... Au revoir...

He steps into the living room.

LIVING ROOM

As Iranoff enters Buljanoff rushes toward him.

BULJANOFF

Misha! Misha!

IRANOFF

What is it?

BULJANOFF

A telegram from Moscow! It must have been here all day!

KOPALSKI

(joining them and  
reading telegram)

Halt negotiations immediately. Envoy extraordinary arrives Thursday six ten with full power. Your authority cancelled herewith. Razinin.

IRANOFF

It is Thursday!

BULJANOFF

It's six o'clock already!

They rush into the bedroom.

KOPALSKI  
I always said it would be Siberia!

DISSOLVE TO:

LOBBY -- HOTEL CLARENCE

Manager at desk. Iranoff, Buljanoff, and Kopalski rush from the direction of the elevator. Iranoff pauses at the desk. The others go on to the door and wait for him there.

IRANOFF  
(to Manager)  
A Special Envoy is coming from Moscow.  
He'll occupy the Royal Suite. Move  
our things to the smallest room you've  
got.

MANAGER  
Yes, monsieur.

IRANOFF  
Right away... instantly!

From the door Buljanoff and Kopalski call impatiently.

BULJANOFF AND KOPALSKI  
Iranoff!

IRANOFF  
I'm coming!

As he starts toward the door, we

DISSOLVE TO:

PLATFORM -- PARIS RAILROAD STATION

The train has already arrived as the Three Russians hurry down the platform. Neither do they know the name of the Envoy Extraordinary, nor his appearance, and they are searching the crowd for some clue.

IRANOFF  
This is a fine thing. Maybe we've  
missed him already.

KOPALSKI  
How can you find somebody without  
knowing what he looks like?

Iranoff points to a bearded man with a knapsack.

IRANOFF  
That must be the one!

BULJANOFF

Yes, he looks like a comrade!

They follow the man, but just as they are ready to approach him he is greeted by a German Girl. Both raise their hands in the Nazi salute.

BEARDED MAN AND GIRL

Heil Hitler!

As the two embrace, the Three Russians stop in their tracks.

KOPALSKI

No, that's not him...

BULJANOFF

Positively not!

By now the platform is almost empty. As the Russians in the foreground look around helplessly, we see in the background a woman who obviously is also looking for someone. It is Ninotchka Yakushova, the Envoy Extraordinary. The Russians exchange troubled looks and go toward her. Ninotchka comes forward. As they meet she speaks.

NINOTCHKA

(to Iranoff)

I am looking for Michael Simonovitch Iranoff.

IRANOFF

I am Michael Simonovitch Iranoff.

NINOTCHKA

I am Nina Ivanovna Yakushova, Envoy Extraordinary, acting under direct orders of Comrade Commissar Razinin. Present me to your colleagues.

They shake hands. Ninotchka's grip is strong as a man's.

IRANOFF

Comrade Buljanoff...

NINOTCHKA

Comrade.

IRANOFF

Comrade Kopalski...

NINOTCHKA

Comrade.

IRANOFF

What a charming idea for Moscow to surprise us with a lady comrade.

KOPALSKI

If we had known we would have greeted  
you with flowers.

NINOTCHKA

(sternly)

Don't make an issue of my womanhood.  
We are here for work... all of us.  
Let's not waste time. Shall we go?

The Russians are taken aback. As Ninotchka bends down to  
lift her two suitcases, Iranoff calls:

IRANOFF

Porter!

A Porter steps up to them.

PORTER

Here, please...

NINOTCHKA

What do you want?

PORTER

May I have your bags, madame?

NINOTCHKA

Why?

KOPALSKI

He is a porter. He wants to carry  
them.

NINOTCHKA

(to Porter)

Why?... Why should you carry other  
people's bags?

PORTER

Well... that's my business, madame.

NINOTCHKA

That's no business... that's a social  
injustice.

PORTER

That depends on the tip.

KOPALSKI

(trying to take  
Ninotchka's bags)

Allow me, Comrade.

NINOTCHKA

No, thank you.

Ninotchka takes both suitcases and walks away with the Three Russians, whose nervousness has increased with every word from the Envoy Extraordinary.

BULJANOFF

How are things in Moscow?

NINOTCHKA

Very good. The last mass trials were a great success. There are going to be fewer but better Russians.

The hearts of the Three Russians drop to their boots, as we

DISSOLVE TO:

LOBBY -- HOTEL CLARENCE

Ninotchka, followed by the Russians, comes through the lobby, observing every detail of these unfamiliar surroundings.

Suddenly she stops. In the showcase of a hat shop in the lobby is displayed a hat of the John-Frederic's type.

NINOTCHKA

What's that?

KOPALSKI

It's a hat, Comrade, a woman's hat.

Ninotchka shakes her head.

NINOTCHKA

Tsk, tsk, tsk, how can such a civilization survive which permits women to put things like that on their heads. It won't be long now, Comrades.

She walks out of the shot toward the elevator, followed by the Three Russians, as we

DISSOLVE TO:

ROYAL SUITE

Ninotchka enters, followed by the Three Russians, who by now are frightened to death.

BULJANOFF

This is the apartment we have reserved for you, Comrade Yakushova. I hope you like it.

NINOTCHKA

(glancing around the

tremendous room)  
Which part of the room is mine?

IRANOFF  
You see... it is a little different  
here. They don't rent rooms in pieces.  
We had to take the whole suite.

Ninotchka begins to unpack her things and puts her typewriter  
on the desk.

NINOTCHKA  
How much does this cost?

IRANOFF  
Two thousand francs.

NINOTCHKA  
A week?

IRANOFF  
A day.

NINOTCHKA  
Do you know how much a cow costs,  
Comrade Iranoff?

IRANOFF  
A cow?

NINOTCHKA  
Two thousand francs. If I stay here  
a week I will cost the Russian people  
seven cows.

(with an outburst of  
emotion)

Who am I to cost the Russian people  
seven cows?

BULJANOFF  
We had to take it on account of the  
safe.

IRANOFF  
For ourselves... we are much happier  
now since we moved to a little room  
next to the servants' quarters.

Ninotchka takes Lenin's picture from her bags.

NINOTCHKA  
I am ashamed to put the picture of  
Lenin in a room like this.  
(she puts the  
photograph on the  
desk)  
Comrades, your telegram was received

with great disfavor in Moscow.

KOPALSKI

We did our best, Comrade.

NINOTCHKA

I hope so for your sake.  
(she sits at her desk  
and starts to type  
her report)

Let us examine the case. What does  
the lawyer say?

BULJANOFF

Which lawyer?

NINOTCHKA

You didn't get legal advice?

BULJANOFF

We didn't want to get mixed up with  
lawyers. They are very expensive  
here. If you just say hello to a  
lawyer... well, there goes another  
cow.

KOPALSKI

We dealt directly with the  
representative of the Grand Duchess.  
I am sure if we call him he will  
give you a very clear picture.

NINOTCHKA

I will not repeat your mistake. I  
will have no dealings with the Grand  
Duchess nor her representative.

Ninotchka continues to type. The Three Russians watch her  
nervously. Each click pounds on their consciences.

NINOTCHKA

(looking up)  
Comrade Buljanoff...

BULJANOFF

Yes, Comrade?

NINOTCHKA

Do you spell Buljanoff with one or  
two f's?

BULJANOFF

(with fright in his  
voice)  
With two f's, if you please.

Ninotchka goes on with her typing. Suddenly she looks up at

Iranoff, who becomes self-conscious and fixes his tie. As he does so he sees that Ninotchka's glance is concentrated on the spats which he was wearing and in his hurry forgot to remove. He knows it is too late to do anything about it except to stand one foot behind the other, as Ninotchka types faster, the clicking of her keys twice as loud. Ninotchka picks up the telephone.

NINOTCHKA

(into phone)

Will you send me some cigarettes, please?

(suddenly getting up)

Comrades, I am not in a position to pass final judgment but at best you have been careless in your duty to the State.

(with utmost gravity)

You were entrusted with more than a mere sale of jewelry. Why are we peddling our precious possessions to the world at this time? Our next year's crop is in danger and you know it. Unless we can get foreign currency to buy tractors there will not be enough bread for our people. And you three comrades...

KOPALSKI

We did it with the best intentions...

NINOTCHKA

We cannot feed the Russian people on your intentions. Fifty per cent to a so-called Duchess!... Half of every loaf of bread to our enemy! Comrade Kopalski, go at once to our Embassy and get the address of the best lawyer in Paris.

KOPALSKI

Yes, Comrade.

NINOTCHKA

You, Comrade Iranoff, go to the Public Library and get me the section of the Civil Code on property.

BULJANOFF

Is there anything I can do, Comrade?

NINOTCHKA

You might get me an accurate map of Paris. I want to use my spare time to inspect the public utilities and make a study of all outstanding technical achievements in the city.

BULJANOFF

Yes, Comrade.

The buzzer rings.

NINOTCHKA

Come in.

The three Cigarette Girls enter.

CIGARETTE GIRLS

(gaily)

Hello! Hello! Cigarettes?

Ninotchka looks up astonished. Seeing her, the Cigarette Girls freeze. The Russians stand by quietly.

NINOTCHKA

(looking at the  
Russians)

Comrades, you seem to have been  
smoking a lot.

FADE OUT:

MEDIUM SHOT -- LOBBY -- HOTEL CLARENCE -- EVENING

FADE IN:

shooting past the desk toward the revolving door. The telephone rings and the Desk Clerk answers.

DESK CLERK

Desk... yes, Monsieur Kopalski...

(he writes down the  
message)

...you are expecting Count d'Algout...

uh huh... but he is not to go to the  
Royal Suite under any circumstances.

He should go to your new room, 985?

Thank you, monsieur.

(he hangs up the  
receiver)

A few seconds later Ninotchka, naturally completely unaware of the telephone conversation, passes by. She carries a map in her hand.

DESK CLERK

Good evening, madame.

NINOTCHKA

Good evening. She exits out the door.

EXTERIOR, HOTEL CLARENCE

Ninotchka emerges, unfolds the map.

CLOSE-UP -- MAP OF PARIS

in the hands of Ninotchka. The CAMERA ZOOMS down to a CLOSE-UP of the little drawing of the Hotel Clarence on the map. The CAMERA then PANS OVER from the Clarence toward the opposite side of the street, but before we reach the opposite side we see that in the center of the street is a little isle of safety. The CAMERA proceeds PANNING to the opposite side of the square and we

DISSOLVE TO:

The Real Location Corresponding to That Seen on the Map and seen from the same ANGLE. It is evening, and along the street comes Leon on his way to the hotel. The CAMERA PANS with him as he crosses the street. He reaches the isle of safety and there passes Ninotchka, who has come from the other side. They pass on the little isle without noticing each other. Suddenly we hear the whistle of a traffic policeman and both Ninotchka and Leon have to step back to the little isle.

CLOSE SHOT -- NINOTCHKA AND LEON

on the little isle. Wanting some information Ninotchka turns to him -- completely impersonal.

NINOTCHKA

You, please.

LEON

Me?

NINOTCHKA

Yes. Could you give me some information?

LEON

Gladly.

NINOTCHKA

How long do we have to wait here?

LEON

Well -- until the policeman whistles again.

NINOTCHKA

At what intervals does he whistle?

LEON

What?

NINOTCHKA

How many minutes between the first and second whistle?

LEON

That's funny. It's interesting. I never gave it a thought before.

NINOTCHKA

Have you never been caught in a similar situation?

LEON

Have I? Do you know when I come to think about it it's staggering. If I add it all up I must have spent years waiting for signals. Imagine! An important part of my life wasted between whistles.

NINOTCHKA

In other words you don't know.

LEON

No.

NINOTCHKA

Thank you.

LEON

You're welcome.

Ninotchka gets out her map, starts to unfold it.

LEON

Can I help you?

NINOTCHKA

You might hold this for me.

LEON

Love to.

NINOTCHKA

(engrossed in her geography)

Correct me if I am wrong... We are facing north, aren't we?

LEON

(bewildered)

Facing north... I'd hate to commit myself without my compass... Pardon me... are you an explorer?

NINOTCHKA

No... I am looking for the Eiffel Tower.

LEON

Is that thing lost again?... Listen...  
if you are interested in a view...

NINOTCHKA

I am interested in the Eiffel Tower  
from a technical standpoint.

LEON

Technical... I couldn't help you  
from that angle. You see, a real  
Parisian only goes to the top of the  
tower in moments of despair to jump  
off.

NINOTCHKA

How long does it take a man to land?

LEON

Now, isn't that too bad! The last  
time I jumped I forgot to clock it!  
(looks at map)  
Let me see... Eiffel Tower... Your  
finger, please.

He takes her finger and points to the map with it.

NINOTCHKA

(skeptically)  
Why do you need my finger?

LEON

Bad manners to point with your own...  
Here... the Eiffel Tower.

NINOTCHKA

And where are we?

LEON

(shifting her finger  
back to the hotel)  
Here... here we are... here you are  
and here I am... feel it?

NINOTCHKA

I am interested only in the shortest  
distance between these two points.  
Must you flirt?

LEON

I don't have to but I find it natural.

NINOTCHKA

Suppress it.

LEON

I'll try.

Ninotchka starts to fold her map.

NINOTCHKA

For my own information would you call your approach toward me typical of the local morale?

LEON

Madame, it is that kind of approach which has made Paris what it is.

NINOTCHKA

You are very sure of yourself, aren't you?

LEON

Nothing has occurred recently to shake my confidence.

NINOTCHKA

I have heard of the arrogant male in capitalistic society. It is having a superior earning power that makes you like that.

LEON

A Russian! I love Russians! Comrade... I have been fascinated by your Five-Year Plan for the past fifteen years!

NINOTCHKA

Your type will soon be extinct.

She walks away from him coldly. Leon stares after her, fascinated.

ENTRANCE -- GROUND FLOOR OF THE EIFFEL TOWER

DISSOLVE TO:

Camera moves with Ninotchka as she enters. She approaches an Attendant.

NINOTCHKA

Please... can you tell me the exact width of the foundation on which the piers are resting?... and the depth?

ATTENDANT

You don't have to worry. The thing is safe.

NINOTCHKA

I am not afraid... I want to know...

Leon, who apparently has taken a taxi and prepared himself otherwise, enters the scene, reading from a book.

LEON

(reading)

The foundation is one hundred and  
forty-one yards square...

(he tips his hat and  
interjects)

I hope you'll forgive me but I thought  
you'd...

NINOTCHKA

(interrupting)

Go ahead.

The CAMERA goes with Ninotchka and Leon as they walk toward  
the steps.

LEON

(continuing)

Four massive piers of masonry are  
sunk to a depth of forty-six feet on  
the side of the Seine, and twenty-  
nine and one-half feet on the other  
side. The girders of interlaced iron-  
work which stay the structure have  
an inclination of fifty-four  
degrees...

NINOTCHKA

That's a strange angle.

LEON

Yes, very strange.

By now they have reached the staircase. They start up.

LEON

(continuing to read)

Ascending to the tower is a staircase  
consisting of eight hundred and twenty-  
nine steps...

(this disclosure  
frightens Leon as he  
realizes the climb  
ahead of him. He  
reads on as they  
walk up)

...and an additional two hundred and  
fifty-four steps to the very top...

(now Leon stops but  
Ninotchka proceeds  
on out of the picture.  
Leon calls after her  
and reads from his  
book in a loud voice)

There is an elevator included in the  
price of admission!

Ninotchka continues to climb.

MEDIUM SHOT -- STAIRS (FROM LEON'S ANGLE)

Ninotchka, paying no attention to him, walks up the stairs, two at a time.

CLOSE SHOT -- LEON

He looks after Ninotchka, then makes up his mind and returns down the stairs.

GROUND FLOOR -- EIFFEL TOWER, shooting toward the elevator door. The elevator with several passengers is just about to leave when Leon hurries into it. The door closes and the elevator starts to ascend quickly.

DISSOLVE TO:

HIGHEST PLATFORM -- EIFFEL TOWER

The CAMERA ANGLE includes the elevator door and a beautiful background view of Paris. The elevator door opens and Leon emerges leisurely. He is just about to step to the top of the staircase, when suddenly, to his great amazement, he sees Ninotchka, who stands at the balustrade overlooking Paris. She has climbed the tower faster than he despite the elevator. Dumbfounded, Leon approaches her. Ninotchka turns, very matter-of-fact.

NINOTCHKA

You gave me some very valuable information. Thank you.

LEON

(looking at the  
dazzling view)

And thank you for getting me up here.  
I've never seen this before.  
Beautiful, isn't it?

NINOTCHKA

Yes, it is.

LEON

I'm glad I saw it before becoming extinct.

NINOTCHKA

Do not misunderstand me. I do not hold your frivolity against you.

(she looks him up and  
down)

As basic material you might not be bad, but you are the unfortunate product of a doomed culture. I feel

sorry for you.

LEON

You must admit that this doomed old civilization sparkles... It glitters!

Night View of Paris with Its Lights Ablaze, as seen from the Eiffel Tower.

NINOTCHKA AND LEON

NINOTCHKA

I do not deny its beauty, but it is a waste of electricity.

LEON

What a city! There are the Grands Boulevards... blasted out of the heart of the old streets. The Arc de Triomphe... made to greet Napoleon's army. The Opera! And Montmartre... Montparnasse... La Bohème... and now I'll show you the greatest attraction!

(he steps to a telescope and, taking some money from his pocket, drops a coin in the slot)

It will cost me a franc but it is worth it.

(he adjusts the telescope)

The most wonderful spot in all Paris -- unique! Here, look....

(she looks in telescope)

What do you see?

NINOTCHKA

I see a house that looks like any other house. What's remarkable about it?

LEON

It's not the structure but the spirit which dwells within. There are three rooms and a kitchenette dedicated to hospitality.

NINOTCHKA

So that is your house?

LEON

Well, let's say I live in it. Such a pleasant place... all kinds of comfort, easy to reach, close to street car, bus, and subway...

NINOTCHKA

(straight from the  
shoulder)

Does that mean that you want me to  
go there?

LEON

(feeling that he has  
offended her)

Please don't misunderstand me...

NINOTCHKA

Then you don't want me to go there.

LEON

(in a pickle)

Now I didn't say that either...  
naturally nothing would please me  
more.

NINOTCHKA

(simply)

Then why don't we go?

(looking at him)

You might be an interesting subject  
of study.

LEON

I will do my best.

They walk toward the elevator as we

DISSOLVE TO:

INTERIOR, ENTRANCE HALL -- LEON'S APARTMENT

In the foreground stands a console on which is a telephone.

Gaston, Leon's elderly, dignified butler, is answering the  
phone.

GASTON

(into phone)

No... Count d'Algout is still out.  
Yes, as soon as he returns I'll tell  
him. Yes... I'll tell him Monsieur  
Buljanoff.

He puts down the receiver as Leon opens the door with his  
key. Ninotchka and Leon enter. Ninotchka, during the following  
scene, is studying every detail of the apartment with the  
eye of a technical expert.

LEON

Good evening, Gaston.

GASTON

Good evening, Monsieur.

NINOTCHKA  
Is this what you call the "butler"?

LEON  
Yes.

NINOTCHKA  
(takes Gaston's hand)  
Good evening, comrade.  
(to Leon)  
This man is horribly old. You should  
not make him work.

LEON  
He takes good care of that.

NINOTCHKA  
He looks sad. Do you whip him?

LEON  
No, though the mere thought makes my  
mouth water.

NINOTCHKA  
(to the completely  
flabbergasted Gaston)  
The day will come when you will be  
free. Go to bed, little father. We  
want to be alone.

Leon opens the door to the living room. Ninotchka enters.  
Just as he is about to follow her, Gaston addresses him.

GASTON  
(in a low voice)  
Count d'Algout, there have been  
several telephone...

LEON  
Go to bed.

INTERIOR, LIVING ROOM -- LEON'S APARTMENT

Leon enters the room. Closes the door. Ninotchka is examining  
the room.

LEON  
Well, may I offer you a drink, or  
how about something to eat?

NINOTCHKA  
Thank you. I've had all the calories  
necessary for today.

Leon feels a little uncertain as to how to approach this

creature.

NINOTCHKA

What do we do now?

LEON

We take off our hat and coat.

(he takes her things)

We sit down -- we make ourselves comfortable. We adjust ourselves to the prospect of a most enjoyable evening. We look at each other. We smile.

(Ninotchka doesn't respond)

Well... we don't smile. How about some music?

NINOTCHKA

Is that customary?

LEON

It helps. It has ever since King David wooed Bathsheba with the harp. As I am not so fortunate as to have my harp at hand, I shall turn on the radio.

NINOTCHKA

(the observer)

I should say this room is eighteen by twenty-five.

LEON

Not too big and not too small. What I'd call the typical room of an average man. Or shall we say a little above average. Now if there are any special aspects you wish to study I have nothing to conceal. Just look around. That's my desk. Those are my books, and here am I. Where shall we begin?

NINOTCHKA

I will start with you.

LEON

That's great. I'm thirty-five years old. Just over six feet tall. I weigh a hundred and eighty-two pounds stripped.

NINOTCHKA

And what is your profession?

LEON

Keeping my body fit, keeping my mind  
alert, keeping my landlord appeased.  
That's a full-time job.

NINOTCHKA

And what do you do for mankind?

LEON

For mankind not a thing -- for  
womankind the record is not quite so  
bleak.

NINOTCHKA

You are something we do not have in  
Russia.

LEON

Thank you. Thank you.

NINOTCHKA

That is why I believe in the future  
of my country.

LEON

I begin to believe in it myself since  
I've met you. I still don't know  
what to make of it. It confuses me,  
it frightens me a little, but it  
fascinates me, Ninotchka.

NINOTCHKA

You pronounce it incorrectly. Ni-  
notchka.

LEON

Ni-notchka.

NINOTCHKA

That is correct.

LEON

Ninotchka, do you like me just a  
little bit?

NINOTCHKA

Your general appearance is not  
distasteful.

LEON

Thank you.

NINOTCHKA

Look at me. The whites of your eyes  
are clear. Your cornea is excellent.

LEON

Your cornea is terrific. Tell me --

you're so expert on things -- can it be that I'm falling in love with you?

NINOTCHKA

You are bringing in wrong values. Love is a romantic designation for a most ordinary biological, or shall we say chemical, process. A lot of nonsense is talked and written about it.

LEON

Oh, I see. What do you use instead?

NINOTCHKA

I acknowledge the existence of a natural impulse common to all.

LEON

What can I possibly do to encourage such an impulse in you?

NINOTCHKA

You don't have to do a thing. Chemically we are already quite sympathetic.

LEON

(bewildered, and yet completely intrigued)  
You're the most improbable creature I've ever met in my life, Ninotchka, Ninotchka...

NINOTCHKA

You repeat yourself.

LEON

I'd like to say it a thousand times.

NINOTCHKA

Don't do it, please.

LEON

I'm at a loss, Ninotchka. You must forgive me if I appear a little old-fashioned. After all, I'm just a poor bourgeois.

NINOTCHKA

It's never too late to change. I used to belong to the petty bourgeoisie myself. My father and mother wanted me to stay and work on the farm, but I preferred the bayonet.

LEON  
(bewildered)  
The bayonet? Did you really?

NINOTCHKA  
I was wounded before Warsaw.

LEON  
Wounded? How?

NINOTCHKA  
I was a sergeant in the Third Cavalry  
Brigade. Would you like to see my  
wound?

LEON  
(dumfounded)  
I'd love to.  
(she pulls the blouse  
off her shoulder and  
shows him her scar)  
Tsk, tsk, tsk.

NINOTCHKA  
A Polish lancer. I was sixteen.

LEON  
Poor Ninotchka. Poor, poor Ninotchka.

NINOTCHKA  
(readjusting her blouse)  
Don't pity me. Pity the Polish lancer.  
After all, I'm alive.

More and more puzzled and fascinated, Leon sits down close  
to her.

LEON  
What kind of a girl are you, anyway?

NINOTCHKA  
Just what you see. A tiny cog in the  
great wheel of evolution.

LEON  
You're the most adorable cog I ever  
saw in my life. Ninotchka, Cogitska,  
let me confess something. Never did  
I dream I could feel like this toward  
a sergeant.

A clock strikes.

LEON  
Do you hear that?

NINOTCHKA

It's twelve o'clock.

LEON

It's midnight. One half of Paris is making love to the other half. Look at the clock. One hand has met the other hand. They kiss. Isn't that wonderful?

NINOTCHKA

That's the way a clock works. There's nothing wonderful about it. You merely feel you must put yourself in a romantic mood to add to your exhilaration.

LEON

I can't possibly think of a better reason.

NINOTCHKA

It's false sentimentality.

LEON

(trying desperately  
to make her mood  
more romantic)

You analyze everything out of existence. You analyze me out of existence. I won't let you. Love is not so simple. Ninotchka, Ninotchka, why do doves bill and coo? Why do snails, coldest of all creatures, circle interminably around each other? Why do moths fly hundreds of miles to find their mates? Why do flowers open their petals? Oh, Ninotchka, Ninotchka, surely you feel some slight symptom of the divine passion... a general warmth in the palms of your hands... a strange heaviness in your limbs... a burning of the lips that is not thirst but a thousand times more tantalizing, more exalting, than thirst?

He pauses, waiting for the results of his speech.

NINOTCHKA

You are very talkative.

That is too much for Leon. He takes her into his arms and kisses her.

LEON

Was that talkative?

NINOTCHKA

No, that was restful. Again.

Leon kisses her again.

NINOTCHKA

Thank you.

LEON

Oh, my barbaric Ninotchka. My impossible, unromantic, statistical...

The telephone rings.

LEON

(continuing)

Glorious, analytical...

NINOTCHKA

The telephone is ringing.

LEON

Oh, let it ring.

NINOTCHKA

But one of your friends may be in need of you. You must answer.

Leon exits out of shot to answer telephone.

CLOSE SHOT -- AT DESK

Leon enters, sits down, takes the telephone.

LEON

(into phone)

Hello?... Yes... I'm sorry but I couldn't make it. I ran into a friend from the army... What?... The deal is off! Are you crazy, Buljanoff?...

CLOSE-UP -- NINOTCHKA

She is startled by the name.

LEON -- AT TELEPHONE

LEON

...A special envoy arrived... What?... That sounds better. I'll be glad to see her any time she wants... Oh, she doesn't want to see me? What do you know about that? Why?... Well, I'll get in touch with her myself. What's her name?...

(he takes a pencil  
and a piece of paper)

...What?... Yaku... How do you spell  
it?... Heavens! those Russian names!  
(he starts to write  
it down)  
...I... Oh, Y...

Camera pulls back and Ninotchka enters the shot. She takes  
pencil from Leon's hand, writes out the name, and leaves  
again. At first Leon is not aware of the full significance  
of her action. Then it dawns on him.

LEON  
(continuing)  
Yakushova... Ninotch...

At last the situation is entirely clear to him.

LEON  
(into phone)  
All right. Thank you.

He hangs up and stares at Ninotchka. She is putting on her  
jacket.

LEON  
(camera panning with  
him as he walks over  
to her)  
Ninotchka...

He takes her arm.

NINOTCHKA  
I must go.

LEON  
Ninotchka, or shall I say Special  
Envoy Yakushova...

NINOTCHKA  
Let's forget that we ever met.

LEON  
I have a better suggestion. Let's  
forget that the telephone ever rang.  
I never heard that you are  
Yakushova... you are Ninotchka... my  
Ninotchka...

NINOTCHKA  
(firmly)  
I was sent here by my country to  
fight you.

LEON  
All right, fight me, fight me as  
much as you want, but fight me

tomorrow morning! There's nothing sweeter than sharing a secret with a bitter enemy.

NINOTCHKA  
(uncompromisingly)  
As a representative of Moscow...

LEON  
Tonight let's not represent anybody but ourselves.

NINOTCHKA  
It is out of the question. If you wish to approach me...

LEON  
You know I want to...

NINOTCHKA  
Then do it through my lawyer!

LEON  
(desperate)  
Ninotchka, you can't walk out like this... I'm crazy about you, and I thought I'd made an impression on you. You liked the white of my eye.

Ninotchka looks at him for a second, then pulls herself together.

NINOTCHKA  
I must go.

She starts for the door.

LEON  
But, Ninotchka, I held you in my arms. You kissed me!

NINOTCHKA  
I kissed the Polish lancer too... before he died.

As she goes out, we

FADE OUT:

THE ENTRANCE HALL -- LEON'S APARTMENT

FADE IN:

(Note: We have to invent some brief scene to indicate that three days have gone by. From this we)

DISSOLVE TO:

The butler opens the door. Swana enters, her manner showing her complete familiarity with the place.

GASTON

Good morning, Your Highness.

SWANA

Good morning, Gaston.

GASTON

Count d'Algout is still asleep.

SWANA

(as she walks toward  
Leon's room)

That's all right.

LEON'S BEDROOM

The curtains are drawn. The night light is still on. Leon, a dressing gown over his pajamas, is sound asleep in a big arm chair. As Swana enters, she sees him with some alarm.

SWANA

Leon! What in heaven's name...!

LEON

Huh?

SWANA

Is anything wrong? Are you ill?

LEON

No.

SWANA

Don't tell me the bed has lost its best friend.

LEON

I just couldn't sleep. I got up and went back... and then got up again. These last few days... whew!

SWANA

Darling, you're taking my business affairs far too seriously. Much as I'd love to rob the Bolsheviks of their filthy money, I won't do it at the expense of your health. Particularly as we know we won't get much.

(tenderly)

You look so pale... pale but interesting.

There is a knock at the door.

SWANA

Come in.

Gaston enters with a breakfast tray.

GASTON

Your breakfast, monsieur.

LEON

I don't feel like any breakfast.

SWANA

Nonsense. How can you fight the Reds and make yourself agreeable to the Whites if you don't keep up your strength.

GASTON

Shall I draw your bath, sir?

LEON

Make it ice cold.

SWANA

Not in your condition.

(to Gaston)

Make it tepid, Gaston... tepid and tender. And lay out his gray suit.

(to Leon)

Afterwards I'll drive you through the Bois. Slowly... in Waltz time.

GASTON

A blue shirt, perhaps?

SWANA

Blue? Let's offset his mood. Find a striped one, and brighten it with a great blaze of tie.

GASTON

Very well, Your Highness.

Gaston disappears into the bath-dressing room. Swana makes Leon sit down and seats herself beside him.

SWANA

Now... here we have two very handsome soft-boiled eggs. Do you suppose hens mind what happens to their eggs? Probably not. They have such unfeeling eyes. We'll put in a great nugget of butter, plenty of pepper and salt... Darling, I haven't seen you for three livelong days... seventy-two hours!

LEON

(irritably)

Oh, please, Swana! I don't know whether I'm standing on my head or my heels. Here you are blaming me for neglecting you when I'm trying to concentrate on another woman and can't get near her.

SWANA

You haven't seen her yet?

LEON

No, and believe me I've tried everything! I must have telephoned her a hundred times. I've sent her telegrams, I've sent her flowers... I asked her to dinner... I offered her seats for the Opera...

SWANA

That proletarian! In the old days we'd have had her flogged.

LEON

That wouldn't have done any good. Not with her.

(forgetting himself)

She's the most incredible creature I've ever seen.

SWANA

You just told me you hadn't seen her.

LEON

Well... er... I caught a glimpse of her when she walked through the lobby.

SWANA

Imagine the carpets of a self-respecting Parisian hotel dirtied by the boots of a muzhik! What does she look like?

LEON

You can't imagine.

SWANA

That bad?

(Leon nods)

Old or young?

LEON

Timeless. When she comes into a room you'd think that the Bolsheviki had

taken over Paris. She wears her cheap miserable blouse as though it were the latest model by Schiaparelli. What a woman! What a woman! There is a Russian snowstorm in each of her eyes.

SWANA

You saw all that in one glimpse?

LEON

(getting up)

Darling, if we're going to get anywhere someone has to keep his eyes open!

(he walks over to the bathroom)

SWANA

Now, darling, soak in your beautiful pine bath and let Gaston shave you.

Leon exits into the bathroom. As he does so a bell rings.

SWANA

Gaston!

There is no answer. After a slight pause she herself goes to answer the bell.

DISSOLVE TO:

MEDIUM SHOT -- ENTRANCE HALL -- LEON'S APARTMENT, shooting toward the door.

Swana goes to the door and opens it. The Three Russians stand outside. Seeing Swana, they are a little intimidated.

THE THREE RUSSIANS

How do you do?

Swana suspects that for the first time she is being confronted by representatives of the Soviet government.

SWANA

Yes?

KOPALSKI

We want to talk to Count d'Algout. My name is Kopalski.

SWANA

Oh... you are the three gentlemen from Moscow?

KOPALSKI

Yes.

SWANA

(icily)

You may wait.

She closes the door.

STAIRCASE HALL -- IN FRONT OF LEON'S DOOR

The Three Russians, very impressed, stand looking at the door which has just been closed.

BULJANOFF

That's her.

KOPALSKI

Imagine! The niece of the Czar opening the door for us.

BULJANOFF

Once in Petersburg I was driving down the Nevsky Prospect in my cart and Her Highness in her troika swept down from the opposite direction, and when I couldn't make way quick enough she spat in my face.

IRANOFF

Now look here, Buljanoff. You never were in Petersburg, you never owned a cart, and she never spat in your face. Who are you trying to impress?

At this moment the door is opened by Leon in his bathrobe.

LEON

Hello, boys.

ALL THREE RUSSIANS

Leon!

LEON

Come in, come in.

They enter.

LIVING ROOM -- LEON'S APARTMENT

Leon and the Three Russians enter.

LEON

What's new?

KOPALSKI

(excitedly)

Leon, Leonitchka, she is not going to negotiate! She is going to fight

that injunction. She's going to make a precedent of it!

IRANOFF

She says she won't be intimidated by parasites. She called the Duchess a blood-sucking aristocrat and a blackmailer.

LEON

(eagerly)

What did she say about me?

IRANOFF

(after a moment's consideration)

I think she covered you with the parasites.

Leon is disappointed.

BULJANOFF

And Leonitchka! What she said about us...!

IRANOFF

And they might believe her in Moscow.

BULJANOFF

What do you mean they might -- they will!

KOPALSKI

We don't blame you, Leon, but when we came from Russia we believed in simplicity...

IRANOFF

We avoided luxury and extravagance and today... well, if you were to offer us a glass of champagne, we wouldn't say no.

Leon is so engrossed in his thoughts that he overlooks the hint.

LEON

Well, boys, I'd like to help you but what can I do? Yesterday I waited six hours in the lobby!

KOPALSKI

She doesn't leave her room! She has been locked in for the last two days with lawyers and law books!

LEON

All right, then make an appointment with her so I can see her!

KOPALSKI

We can't... but you are so ingenious, Leon...

IRANOFF

You found your way to us and we weren't easy to reach, were we?

LEON

No, no.

BULJANOFF

Didn't we put up a strong resistance?

LEON

Oh, yes, yes.

KOPALSKI

You must help us, Leon... if you don't win her over we're on our way to Siberia!

BULJANOFF

Or it might be the firing squad!

KOPALSKI

Or we can't go back to Russia!

An idea dawns on Iranoff.

IRANOFF

What's wrong with that?

Kopalski and Buljanoff seize on the same idea.

BULJANOFF

Yes! We could stay with Leon!

IRANOFF

Leon, how would you like to have three lifelong friends?

LEON

Boys, boys... don't forget Russia is your mother country. Three sons walking out all at once... that's too much for any mother.

BULJANOFF

Well, if your mother turns against you, you have to look for someone to adopt you.

Swana's voice comes from the next room.

SWANA

Leon! Just a minute...

Leon goes back to the other room.

LEON'S BEDROOM -- CLOSE SHOT, shooting toward the door of the living room.

Swana stands putting on her gloves.

SWANA

I'm leaving, dear. I'm lunching at Fouquet's if you can make it, and... Leon, remember, a man should think it over twice before he decides to become a mother.

She kisses him lightly and walks out.

LIVING ROOM -- ROYAL SUITE -- MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT -- AT THE DESK

It is piled deep with law books and papers. Ninotchka sits at it, conferring with two Lawyers.

FIRST LAWYER

(uncertainly)

I seem to remember some additional injunctive provision dealing with the property of foreigners residing in France.

NINOTCHKA

(with the precision of a machine)

You are referring to paragraph 59b, section 25f of the Civil Code.

The Lawyers exchange a glance of surprise at her knowledge. One of them takes up one of the law books and as he starts to look up the case, Ninotchka speaks.

NINOTCHKA

Page eight hundred twenty-four.

Again the Lawyers exchange a glance of astonishment.

NINOTCHKA

And do not fail to read the three footnotes. While you are studying it I will eat.

(She picks up the telephone)

Food please.

A LITTLE CORNER IN THE ROOM SERVICE PANTRY

Rakonin is answering the telephone.

RAKONIN

(into phone)

Room service... Just a moment please.

He beckons to someone out of the scene. Leon enters the scene and takes the telephone.

LEON

(with an assumed French  
accent -- into phone)

Room service speaking.

CLOSE SHOT -- NINOTCHKA -- AT THE PHONE

NINOTCHKA

(into phone)

Send me a plate of raw carrots and  
beets, beets predominating on a ratio  
of sixty-forty... What? There is a  
strike in the kitchen? Good! Will  
you assure the strikers of my hearty  
sympathy in their cause. I hope they  
will not weaken in their demands and  
tell them to put no dressing  
whatsoever on my vegetables... What?  
You won't serve me either? Now look  
here, Comrade, I think it is a fine  
idea to let the capitalists go without  
luncheon but when you keep food away  
from me you're weakening the people.

CLOSE SHOT -- ROOM-SERVICE PANTRY -- LEON AT PHONE

LEON

(into phone)

So! You want to make a strike breaker  
out of me! I am surprised at you,  
Comrade! Is it too much for the  
workers of the world to ask you to  
walk around the corner for lunch?  
All I can say to you is take your  
hammer and sickle and get out of  
that Royal Suite!

He hangs up the telephone with a triumphant smile.

DISSOLVE TO:

LOBBY OF THE HOTEL CLARENCE

Ninotchka emerges from the elevator and starts toward the street. As she passes the showcase of the millinery shop again, she stops and looks at the same hat. Again she shakes her head sadly.

NINOTCHKA

Tsk, tsk, tsk.

She walks toward the street, as we

EXTERIOR, HOTEL CLARENCE

DISSOLVE TO:

A taxi is parked at the curb. Ninotchka comes from the hotel and goes to the taxi.

CLOSE SHOT -- NINOTCHKA AND TAXI DRIVER

The Driver puts his hand on the handle of his cab's door expectantly.

TAXI DRIVER

Where to, madame?

NINOTCHKA

Can you recommend a restaurant?

TAXI DRIVER

Well, there's Pruniers if you care for seafood. If you want to lunch in the Bois, there's...

NINOTCHKA

(interrupting)

Where do you eat?

TAXI DRIVER

At Père Mathieu's.

NINOTCHKA

Where is that?

TAXI DRIVER

It's just a place for workmen.

NINOTCHKA

Where is it?

TAXI DRIVER

Eight blocks down in the Rue de Poivrel.

He opens the door of his cab.

NINOTCHKA

Thank you.

She turns and starts away in the direction he has indicated. The Driver looks after her astounded.

The CAMERA PANS from her to the car which stands behind the taxi. It is Leon's smart roadster. Leon sits at the wheel. He too is looking after Ninotchka, astonished. He gets out of his car and starts in the direction she has taken. As he does so, we

DISSOLVE TO:

PARIS STREET -- IN FRONT OF PÈRE MATHIEU'S

Père Mathieu's is a workman's restaurant set a few steps below the level of the sidewalk. A few typical French workmen are going in for lunch. Ninotchka enters the scene, looks around for a second, then goes in too.

INTERIOR -- PÈRE MATHIEU'S

It is a pleasantly simple place crowded with workmen sitting at lunch. An electric piano is playing. Père Mathieu, greeting all his guests like a typical restaurateur, sees Ninotchka enter.

PÈRE MATHIEU

This way, madame. Are you alone? By the window perhaps?

(He leads the way)

Or a nice little corner table?

NINOTCHKA

This will do.

(She sits down)

PÈRE MATHIEU

I think this is the first time you have been to my little place. Your face is new to me. Now, what shall it be?

NINOTCHKA

Raw carrots and beets.

PÈRE MATHIEU

(horrified)

Oh, madame! This is a restaurant, not a meadow.

He hands her a slate on which the menu is written.

PÈRE MATHIEU

Here is what we are offering today. Please make your choice. I am sure you will find something to tempt your appetite.

Suddenly Ninotchka stares in the direction of the door.

MEDIUM SHOT -- AT THE DOOR

Leon has just entered. The CAMERA follows him as he makes his way casually in Ninotchka's direction affecting not to see her. He seats himself at the table directly opposite Ninotchka and pretends to be overwhelmed with surprise as he sees her.

LEON

Why, hello! It certainly is a small world!

SHOT INCLUDING BOTH TABLES

PÈRE MATHIEU

(to Ninotchka)

Well, madame? Shall we start with soup? Fish soup today. I got up at five to fish them from the Seine.

LEON

(calling over to Père Mathieu)

Crayfish soup for me!

PÈRE MATHIEU

(to Leon)

Very well, monsieur.

(back to Ninotchka)

Then, may I suggest an omelet with mushrooms?

NINOTCHKA

Bring me something simple. I never think about food.

PÈRE MATHIEU

(horrified)

But, madame! If you don't think about food what do you think about?

NINOTCHKA

The future of the common people.

PÈRE MATHIEU

(sagely)

That also is a question of food, madame. I'll bring you a nice little lunch à la Père Mathieu.

(he exits)

Leon leans toward Ninotchka with mock humility.

LEON

Pardon me for addressing you but you insulted him, you know that. You hurt his feelings. It was just like telling a musician you don't like

music. That good old man believes in food as you believe in Karl Marx. You can't go around hurting people, Comrade Yakushova, but maybe you can make it up to him. Do you know how?

(He changes to the chair at his table which is closest to her table)

By eating everything with relish, by drinking everything with gusto, by having a good time for the first time in your natural life!

NINOTCHKA

I don't like your following me.

LEON

I didn't follow you.

NINOTCHKA

Then how did you get here?

LEON

I always eat here.

NINOTCHKA

This is a place for workmen.

LEON

(laying it on thick)

But my dear child, I am most at home among working men. I hate the places where you circulate -- the Hotel Clarence... This is my natural element. After all, what are any of us? Workingmen! At least, those of us who are worth our salt. Hyah?

He waves off scene to a truckman.

TRUCKMAN

He is in the middle of an enormous gulp of food. He registers surprise, winks at his companion, and then, deciding to humor a drunk, waves back energetically at Leon in greeting.

CUT BACK TO:

CLOSE SHOT -- LEON AND NINOTCHKA

Leon has been so successful with the truckman he tries it on another.

LEON

Hyah!

Another truckman responds with equal exuberance.

LONG SHOT -- RESTAURANT

Leon, intoxicated with his success, waves to the whole room.

LEON

Hyah, fellows!

He gets a wonderful response from all. They realize that a swell drunk is among them.

LEON AND NINOTCHKA

LEON

(boastfully)

They are all my friends. They're a swell bunch!

Père Mathieu enters the shot and serves a plate of soup to Leon and one to Ninotchka.

LEON

(trying his bluff on

Père Mathieu)

Ah, my friend! I'm happy to see you again!

PÈRE MATHIEU

I'm always glad to meet a new customer, and I hope this first visit will not be your last.

He exits out of shot.

Ninotchka, her suspicion confirmed, looks at Leon.

LEON

Just an old man. His memory is getting weak.

NINOTCHKA

What are you after?

LEON

Must one always be after something?

NINOTCHKA

Your tactics are useless. My name is neither Buljanoff, Iranoff, nor Kopalski.

LEON

Oh, Ninotchka, who wants to talk business. If you win the suit, fine. If we win the suit, better. You do me an injustice.

(He moves over to her  
table, leaving the  
soup at his table)

When we went to my apartment did I  
have the slightest idea that you had  
any connection with this deal?

NINOTCHKA

But you have now, and I know now  
that you are a man who employs  
business methods which in Russia  
would be punished by death.

LEON

Death! Death! Always so glum! What  
about life, Ninotchka! Do Russians  
never think of life? Of the moment  
in which we are living? The only  
moment we really have? Don't take it  
all so seriously, Ninotchka. Nothing  
is worth it. Please... relax... I  
beg you, Sergeant... smile!

NINOTCHKA

(astonished)

What?

LEON

Will you smile?

NINOTCHKA

Why?

LEON

Just smile.

NINOTCHKA

At what?

LEON

At anything. At the whole ludicrous  
spectacle of life. At people being  
pompous and taking themselves  
seriously and exaggerating their own  
importance. If you can't find anything  
else to laugh at you can laugh at  
you and me.

NINOTCHKA

Why?

LEON

Because we are an odd couple.

NINOTCHKA

Then you should go back to your table.

LEON

No, I can't leave you. I won't. Not yet. Not until I've made you laugh... at least once.

To get rid of him Ninotchka emits a joyless sound which approximates a laugh.

NINOTCHKA

Ha! Ha! Now go back.

LEON

That's not a laugh! I mean a laugh from the heart. Now let's see. I'm going to tell you a funny story. Just a moment... I've got it! Well, it seems there were a couple of Frenchmen who went to America...

NINOTCHKA

On which boat?

LEON

(thrown off by her methodical thinking)  
Well, er... let's drop it. I don't think you would care for that one.

NINOTCHKA

Probably not.

LEON

Do you like Scotch stories?

NINOTCHKA

I have never heard one.

LEON

Two Scotchmen met on the street... and I don't know the name of the street and it really doesn't matter. Well, anyway, one's name was McIntosh and the other's was McGillicuddy. McIntosh says to McGillicuddy, "Hello, Mr. McGillicuddy," and McGillicuddy says to McIntosh, "Hello, Mr. McIntosh," and then McIntosh says to McGillicuddy, "How is Mrs. McGillicuddy?" and then McGillicuddy says to McIntosh, "How is Mrs. McIntosh?"...

NINOTCHKA

I wish they had never met.

LEON

(disarmed)

So do I.

(after a little pause)

Now, here's a great one... Ha! Ha!  
Ha!

(he looks at Ninotchka  
and her expression  
stops him)

Well, maybe it's not so good. Let's  
forget it! How's this? Two men are  
looking at the moon. One says to the  
other, "Is it true that a lot of  
people live on the moon?" "Yes, it  
is," says the other, "five hundred  
million." "Whew!" replies the first,  
"they must get pretty crowded when  
it's half moon!" Ha! Ha! Ha!

There is no response from Ninotchka.

LEON

(starting to get sore)

I suppose you don't think that's  
funny?

NINOTCHKA

No.

LEON

It seemed funny to me when I first  
heard it. Maybe the trouble isn't  
with the joke. Maybe it's with you!

NINOTCHKA

I don't think so.

LEON

Maybe you haven't any sense of humor.  
Well, I'll give you one more chance!  
Now listen!

He gets up and speaks in a threatening voice audible to the  
entire room.

LEON

When I heard this joke for the first  
time I laughed myself sick. Here  
goes! A man comes into a restaurant  
and sits down and says, "Waiter! Get  
me a cup of coffee without cream."  
After five minutes the waiter comes  
back and says, "I'm sorry, sir, we're  
all out of cream, can it be without  
milk?"

GROUP OF SEVERAL WORKMEN

They have overheard the story and all burst into laughter.

NINOTCHKA AND LEON

Ninotchka continues to eat her soup without a shadow of a laugh.

LEON  
(furious)  
Not funny, huh?

NINOTCHKA  
No.

LEON  
So you don't think that's funny? It is funny! Everyone else thinks so! Maybe you didn't get it.

He sits down again.

LEON  
(threateningly)  
I'll tell you that joke again. A man comes into a restaurant. Did you get that?

NINOTCHKA  
Yes.

LEON  
He sits down at the table and says to the waiter... Did you get that too?

NINOTCHKA  
Yes.

LEON  
Well, so far it isn't funny, but wait. He says to the waiter, "Waiter! Bring me a cup of coffee." So the waiter comes back five minutes later and says, "I'm sorry, sir, we have no coffee."...

(he realizes he has made a mistake)  
Wait a minute... wait a minute... I'm all mixed up...  
(he starts over again)  
A man comes in a restaurant, he sits down, he calls the waiter and he says, "Waiter! Get me a cup of coffee without cream," and five minutes later the waiter comes back and says, "I'm sorry, sir, we have no cream, can it be a glass of milk!"

He gets up and goes over to his table furiously.

LEON

Ah! You have no sense of humor! That settles it! You have no sense of humor! None! No humor!!

In his excitement he leans on the shaky table. It topples forward. Simultaneously his feet shoot from under him and he sits violently on the floor, the contents of the table crashing about him, hot soup in his face.

A terrific roar of laughter arises; the whole restaurant is rocking with laughter.

For a split second Ninotchka makes an effort to control the irresistible impulse to laugh but loses the battle and herself roars with laughter.

LEON

(indignantly)

What's funny about this?

Ninotchka's laughter is uncontrollable.

After a moment Leon gets up and sits next to her. As he dries himself with his napkin he sees the humor of the situation and starts to howl with laughter too. The ice is broken at last!

On their mutual wild hilarity, we

FADE OUT:

LIVING ROOM -- ROYAL SUITE

FADE IN:

A conference is in session -- Ninotchka, her two Lawyers, and the Three Russians. Ninotchka sits at the desk, leaning back in the chair, looking into space, and apparently weighing every point which is brought up. One of the lawyers is reading from a document.

LAWYER

(reading)

In addition to the arguments above enumerated for lifting this injunction, we wish to cite the decision of the High Court of Paris, rendered in the case of Princess Marishka against the Government of Montenegro on the fifth day of August, 1897. Comparing the facts in that case with our present set of facts we feel that the Treaty between the Republic of France and the U.S.S.R.

should prevail over all...

Suddenly Ninotchka laughs. Everyone looks at her astonished. Ninotchka gets up.

NINOTCHKA

I'm sorry, gentlemen. The other day I heard such a funny story...

(she laughs again)

It still makes me laugh. It is very funny.

(a little embarrassed)

I am sorry. Oh yes... about this injunction...

LAWYER

(very businesslike)

The hearing is set for the twentieth of this month.

NINOTCHKA

(not thinking of the injunction)

That's two weeks from Thursday...

LAWYER

We did our utmost to have it set ahead.

NINOTCHKA

(her attitude completely different from her former business conferences)

I know, gentlemen, but it is in the hands of the Court. We're helpless, aren't we?

LAWYER

Yes. It is unfortunate.

NINOTCHKA

Well, there's nothing we can do about it. Why get excited?

The Three Russians as well as the Lawyers are puzzled.

The Russians exchange hopeful glances.

LAWYER

We'll leave these papers here for your further consideration. Au revoir, madame.

NINOTCHKA

Au revoir.

The Lawyers leave.

Left alone with the Russians, Ninotchka is unable to conceal her happiness entirely.

NINOTCHKA

Well, it means another two weeks in Paris.

IRANOFF

(with exaggerated efficiency)

Too bad we have to waste all that time.

KOPALSKI

I acted on your suggestion and got in touch with the Power and Light authorities. Whenever you want to visit their plants they are open to you.

NINOTCHKA

(a little bit dreamily)

Oh yes, Power and Light. Thank you.

BULJANOFF

There's something else which I know will appeal to you. A visit to the Paris sewers. They tell me it is extremely instructive.

NINOTCHKA

Huh?... Why don't you get a haircut, Buljanoff? You all look so wintry, Comrades. And why do we always keep the windows closed?

(she opens the window)

Isn't it amazing, at home there's still snow and ice and here... Look at the birds. I always felt a little hurt that our swallows deserted us in the winter for capitalistic countries. Now I know why. We have the high ideal but they have the climate... well, Comrades, I don't think I need you any more.

KOPALSKI

If there is anything we can do for you...

NINOTCHKA

No, not a thing. Would you like to go out?

ALL THREE RUSSIANS

Thank you, Comrade.

NINOTCHKA

Have you any money?

The Russians stammer a negative answer.

Smiling benevolently, Ninotchka goes to the table, takes several bills from her handbag, and goes back, extending a fifty-franc bill to Kopalski.

NINOTCHKA

Well, here are fifty francs.

ALL THREE RUSSIANS

(overwhelmed)

Thank you, Comrade, thank you.

NINOTCHKA

Bring me forty-five back.

ALL THREE RUSSIANS

(terribly disappointed)

Naturally, Comrade.

The Three Russians leave. Ninotchka waits a moment. Then hurries to the door and turns the key. Camera follows her as she goes into the bedroom. She proceeds to the door leading to the corridor and turns its key. She goes to the table and takes a little key from her handbag, goes to the bureau and unlocks the drawer, opens it, and, just as she is about to take out something, her eye falls on the night table, where she sees the picture of Lenin which she brought with her from Moscow. She walks over to it and turns its face against the wall, then goes back to the bureau and takes from the drawer the very hat which twice aroused her disapproval when it was displayed in the millinery shop in the lobby.

She moves over to the large mirror, puts the hat on her head, is uncertain whether it is right side to fore, and changes it. She looks at herself, aghast at seeing a complete stranger. She sits down, still staring in the mirror, then leans forward and rests her chin on her hand. As she sits studying the new Ninotchka suspiciously, we

LIVING ROOM -- LEON'S APARTMENT

DISSOLVE TO:

It is evening. Leon is walking nervously up and down. Gaston is puttering over the drink table.

LEON

(consulting his watch)

What time have you, Gaston?

GASTON

Eight forty-two, sir.

LEON

I guess it is eight forty-two.

GASTON

You seem to be a bit nervous, sir.

LEON

I am, Gaston.

GASTON

If you will forgive me, ever since you met that Bolshevik lady I've noticed a distinct change in you, sir.

LEON

(complacently)

Have you?

GASTON

Decidedly. Yesterday I was greatly amazed when I came from the market and found that you had made your bed, sir.

LEON

And Gaston, I was happier all day long. I felt I'd contributed something.

GASTON

Well, sir, if you should do it again, which I hope you won't, please remember the order. Counterpane, blanket, blanket, sheet, sheet.

LEON

Ah, there's something poetic about the simple processes of labor. Counterpane, blanket, blanket, sheet, sheet... it should be set to music!

GASTON

May I add, sir, that it was with great amazement that I found a copy of Karl Marx's Capital on your night table. That is a socialistic volume which I refuse to so much as dust, sir. I view with alarm, sir, the influence over you of this Bolshevik lady.

LEON

I can't follow you, Gaston, isn't it about time that you realized the

unfairness of your position? You being my servant? Wouldn't you like to stand on an equal footing with me?

GASTON

No, sir.

LEON

Isn't there any revolt in you? Sometimes when I order you around don't you feel like kicking me in the pants?

GASTON

(emphatically)

No, sir.

LEON

Oh, you're a reactionary! Don't you look forward to the day when you can come in here and stand square on your two feet and say, "Hey, you, d'Algout! from now on it's going to be share and share alike"?

GASTON

(outraged)

Emphatically not, sir. The prospect terrifies me. Now, don't misunderstand me, sir, I don't resent your not paying me for the past two months, but the thought that I should split my bank account with you... that you should take half of my life's savings... that is really too much for me.

The door bell rings. Gaston starts for the door. With a gesture Leon stops him.

LEON

Go to bed, little father, go to bed.

Gaston leaves through the other door as Leon exits toward the entrance hall.

ENTRANCE HALL -- LEON'S APARTMENT

Leon enters the scene. He opens the door. Outside stands Ninotchka wearing her new hat timidly as well as a completely new outfit which she has bought, apparently to match the new hat. It takes Leon a few seconds to digest her new splendor. He takes her hand and leads her in, closing the door. He looks at her again and kisses her hand.

NINOTCHKA

I don't look too foolish?

LEON

Foolish? If this dress were to walk down the boulevard all by itself I would follow it from one end of Paris to the other, and when I caught up with it I would say, "Just a moment, you charming little dress, I want you to meet Ninotchka... you two were meant for each other." Ninotchka feels more comfortable.

Leon leads her into the living room.

LIVING ROOM -- LEON'S APARTMENT

They both enter. Ninotchka pauses a second and looks around.

LEON

You remember this room?

NINOTCHKA

I've never been here before. I wonder whom you're thinking of. Oh, I know, a girl with a map, figuring out each step, worrying about north and south. Today... now this might shock you... I went up to a taxi and said "Eight Rue du Bois"... and here I am.

LEON

You see? Life can be so simple.

NINOTCHKA

For twelve francs, seventy-five.

LEON

Twelve seventy-five from the Clarence? The son-of-a-gun made a detour!...  
(charmingly)  
But he got you here.

At this moment the clock starts to strike. They both look toward it.

INSERT -- CLOCK

The hands register nine o'clock.

LEON AND NINOTCHKA

Leon wants to take her in his arms. She resists a little.

NINOTCHKA

(reprimanding him)  
It's nine o'clock.

LEON

That's when one half of Paris says  
to the other half, "What are your  
plans for this evening, madame?"

NINOTCHKA

(getting more and  
more in the spirit  
of her change of  
appearance)

Well, first I should like to take  
off my hat and jacket.

(Leon takes them)

Then could we have some music?

LEON

A wonderful idea! Radio or records?

NINOTCHKA

Not radio. Let's have music that's  
just for ourselves.

Leon turns on the victrola.

LEON

(with great feeling  
and sincerity)

I'll play it softly because I have  
things to tell you about which I  
can't shout.

He walks back to Ninotchka, who by now is seated in an  
armchair. He sits on the arm of the chair. He tries to make  
a declaration of his love. He stammers several words.

LEON

Well, my darling... I... we...

It is no use. In a sudden outburst of emotion he takes her  
in his arms and kisses her.

LEON

(as they come out of  
the kiss)

You see I couldn't shout that.

NINOTCHKA

(with great feeling)

Leon, you know the jokes you told me  
a few days ago? I wake up in the  
middle of the night and laugh at  
them. Now, Leon that's wrong. I know  
they're not funny, they're silly.  
They're stupid. And still... I  
laugh... and when I look at Buljanoff  
and Iranoff and Kopalski I know they

are scoundrels and I should hate them -- then I realize who made them like that, and instead of sending my report to Moscow I tear it up and go down and buy a ridiculous hat... and if this keeps on... am I too talkative?

LEON

(radiantly)

No... go on.

NINOTCHKA

Leon, I want to tell you something which I thought I never would say, which I thought nobody ever should say, because I thought it didn't exist... and, Leon... I can't say it...

They kiss again. As the kiss ends they look at each other for a second.

Ninotchka gets up and goes toward the desk, sits in the desk chair, opens her handbag, which lies there, and takes from it a little mirror and a lipstick. Before she uses it she looks at Leon with guilty happiness. Leon looks at her with great tenderness and walks over to the desk and stands looking at her as she makes up her lips.

LEON

What a gesture for a sergeant.

As soon as she is finished, Ninotchka slips the mirror and lipstick back into her handbag and, as she does so, glances at the top of the desk.

NINOTCHKA

Leon, I would like to ask you something.

LEON

Anything, Ninotchka.

NINOTCHKA

If you don't want to answer, you needn't. But if you do, you must tell me the truth.

LEON

I promise... I swear.

NINOTCHKA

(seriously)

Did you make any change in this room?

LEON

I don't think so.

NINOTCHKA

When I was here before I noticed a photograph of a woman on the desk in a wide silver frame. I thought what a waste of silver. That's all that interested me then. Now I would like to know... what happened to the woman?

Leon too is completely serious by now. For answer he quietly opens the drawer of the desk. Ninotchka looks in and takes from the drawer the photograph. As she looks at it she rises.

NINOTCHKA

The Duchess.

Leon nods gravely.

NINOTCHKA

(looking at the picture)

She is very attractive. She has great elegance.

(she looks back at

Leon)

She's what you call a woman of the world, isn't she?

LEON

(after a little pause)

Ninotchka, I love you.

NINOTCHKA

I suppose she is very entertaining... It must be lots of fun to be with her, so witty, so glamorous...

LEON

Ninotchka, you're jealous.

Ninotchka nods sadly.

NINOTCHKA

(with great feeling)

Leon, don't ever ask me for a picture of myself... I couldn't bear the thought of being shut up in a drawer... I couldn't breathe, I couldn't stand it.

LEON

My darling.

As he takes her in his arms, we

FADE OUT:

INTERIOR, SMART NIGHT CLUB

FADE IN:

Duchess Swana enters with a party consisting of General Savitzky and five other smartly dressed people of the world. The Headwaiter hurries to greet Swana.

HEADWAITER

Good evening, Your Highness.

SWANA

Good evening, Louis. You seem to be very crowded tonight. Can you manage a table near the floor?

HEADWAITER

Certainly, Your Highness, this way please... Count d'Algout made the reservation this afternoon.

SWANA

(puzzled)

Count d'Algout...

HEADWAITER

It is only a small table but it will be no trouble to put in some extra chairs.

Swana has grasped the situation by now.

SWANA

No, that's another party.

In order to save the situation one of the ladies makes a suggestion.

LADY

Why don't we go some other place? It's so crowded here.

SWANA

(delighted at her luck)

No, no! This is glory! At last I'm going to have a look at that female Bolshevik. Can you give us another table?

HEADWAITER

Only one in the rear, I'm afraid.

SWANA

That's perfect!

Camera moves with the group as the Headwaiter leads it toward

a table.

ANOTHER WOMAN GUEST

You mean Leon's bringing the Bolshevik  
you told us about?

SWANA

Isn't it divine?

ANOTHER GUEST

I wouldn't have missed this for the  
world.

SWANA

(very gay, in  
anticipation of a  
triumph)

Now, we must be very discreet. If  
she sucks her soup and drinks out of  
her finger bowl, I don't want anyone  
to laugh.

(everybody in the  
party giggles)

We must not embarrass little Leon.  
He is going through enough for my  
sake. We mustn't add insult to injury

By now they have reached the table in the rear.

HEADWAITER

Is this satisfactory?

SWANA

Thank you, Louis.

They sit down. The Headwaiter bends over General Savitzky,  
an elderly Russian aristocrat, who sits next to Swana.

HEADWAITER

Is it to be dinner, monsieur?

GENERAL SAVITZKY

Possibly later. We'll just start  
with champagne.

SWANA

(to the party)

I'm only afraid that the doorman may  
spoil our fun. If only he lets her  
in!

Swana laughs and everyone joins in her laughter.

GENERAL SAVITZKY

Your Highness...

SWANA

Yes, General Savitzky?

GENERAL SAVITZKY

I want you to know all the White Russian exiles in Paris are keeping their fingers crossed about the jewels. They are very interested in the case. Swana suspects her countrymen.

SWANA

Are they indeed? Thank you.

GENERAL SAVITZKY

They hope the settlement will bring you a fortune.

SWANA

General, please... if you hear any rumors that I am a charitable person, will you please kill them at their source?

As she is lighting a cigarette a guest suddenly looks toward the entrance and sees Leon.

GUEST

Look! There's Leon!

Joyfully Swana looks toward the entrance, as does everyone else at the table.

EVERYONE AT THE TABLE

Oh yes! Where? There! Oh! How exciting!

CLOSE SHOT -- LEON AT THE ENTRANCE

Suddenly, through the door of the cloakroom comes Ninotchka, radiant in a beautiful evening gown.

SWANA'S TABLE

Swana's expression freezes as she sees Ninotchka. The rest of the guests stare in an embarrassed silence, save for one bird-brained little guest, named Marianne, who feels it her mission to save the situation.

MARIANNE

Isn't she something?

A neighbor nudges her warningly. Swana withers her with a glance and rises.

SWANA

Shall we dance, General Savitzky?

Swana and the General leave for the dance floor. The guest who has nudged her turns to Marianne.

GUEST

Are you crazy?

ANOTHER GUEST

How could you make such a remark?

THIRD GUEST

Swana isn't stupid.

MARIANNE

What did I say? I just said "isn't she something?" I didn't say something what.

CLOSE SHOT -- LEON'S TABLE

Leon and Ninotchka are seated and a Waiter stands by them presenting a bottle of champagne to Leon for his approval.

LEON

(to Waiter)

Is it dry?

WAITER

Yes, monsieur.

LEON

(to Ninotchka)

Is that right or do you prefer it sweet?

NINOTCHKA

I wouldn't know. The closest I ever came to champagne was in a newsreel. The wife of some president was throwing it at a battleship.

LEON

It's always good luck to launch something with champagne; a battleship... or an evening.

By now the Waiter is filling their glasses. Ninotchka lifts her glass and looks at it.

NINOTCHKA

It's funny to look back. I was brought up on goat's milk, I had a ration of vodka in the army, and now champagne.

LEON

(gaily)

From goats to grapes. That's drinking in the right direction.

Ninotchka takes her first sip of champagne. Leon drinks and watches her. The first sip proves a painful surprise. Ninotchka's face is that of a child who has been fed a bad medicine.

NINOTCHKA

Ugh... um... oh...  
(slowly the delight  
of champagne dawns  
on her and her face  
breaks into a smile)  
It's good.

She drinks the whole glass at once. Leon looks at her in amused surprise. He drinks too. The Waiter fills their glasses again.

NINOTCHKA

From what I read I thought champagne  
was a strong drink. It's very  
delicate. Do people ever get drunk  
on this?

LEON

There have been cases... but the  
headache the next morning is worth  
while -- if you drink it with the  
right toast.  
(he raises his glass  
again fondly)  
To us, Ninotchka!

They clink glasses and drink again, looking at each other.

LONG SHOT OF THE TABLE, including part of the dance floor.

As Leon and Ninotchka lift their glasses again, Swana and General Savitzky start to dance by the table. Swana stops, pretending complete astonishment.

SWANA

Hello, Leon! What a surprise! You of  
all people! How are you, my dear?

Leon gets up. Ninotchka watches the scene tensely.

LEON

(embarrassed)  
Hello, Swana. How do you do, General  
Savitzky?

GENERAL SAVITZKY

How do you do?

SWANA

(to Leon)

You're looking magnificent, Leon...  
(to General Savitzky)  
...isn't he, General Savitzky?

GENERAL SAVITZKY

Yes.

Leon knows that Swana wants to embarrass him but is embarrassed nevertheless.

LEON

Thank you.

SWANA

Is this your new dress suit?

LEON

Yes, Swana.

SWANA

Didn't I tell you Benson and Benson were the tailors for you?

LEON

(patiently)

Yes, Swana, you did.

SWANA

It's a dream of beauty. He never takes my word for anything, but I was right, wasn't I?

LEON

Yes, Swana.

SWANA

(forcing an introduction)

Am I interrupting?

LEON

Not at all. Your Highness, may I present Madame Yakushova?

SWANA

How do you do?

NINOTCHKA

How do you do?

LEON

And General Savitzky.

GENERAL SAVITZKY

How do you do?

NINOTCHKA

How do you do?

SWANA

I've some wonderful news for you, Leon. It's about Punchy... do you mind if I sit down?

LEON

(realizing that he cannot prevent it)

No... please...

Swana sits down.

SWANA

(to General Savitzky)

General, would you mind making my excuses at our table? I'll be back in a few moments.

GENERAL SAVITZKY

Certainly.

He bows and leaves.

CLOSE SHOT -- ALL THREE SITTING AT THE TABLE

SWANA

Well, Leon, we can be proud of our Punchy. He had a triumph at the dog show.

During the following speech, Ninotchka's expression does not change. She knows exactly the game Swana is playing.

SWANA

(continuing)

He won another blue ribbon and bit the judge. Ha! ha! ha! I bought him the cutest sweater as a reward. You should see him strut down the street in it. He looks like a little boulevardier.

(to Ninotchka)

You see, Count d'Algout gave me Punchy for my birthday.

(to Leon)

You must have searched weeks before you found anything as divine as Punchy, didn't you, Leon?

LEON

(fed up with Swana's tactics)

Months, Swana.

SWANA

(to Ninotchka)  
Poor Madame Yakushova... here we are  
talking in mysteries.... I'm sure  
you wonder what it's all about.

NINOTCHKA  
(dry and direct)  
Not at all.... I understand perfectly,  
Count d'Algout gave you a dog. You  
made it very clear, madame.

SWANA  
Dear me... I must be losing my  
finesse. If I'm not careful I'll be  
understood by everybody.

LEON  
(acutely uncomfortable)  
There's a charming crowd here tonight,  
isn't there?

SWANA  
I'm going, Leon...  
(she rises, as does  
Leon, delighted to  
get rid of her)  
but before I leave I must compliment  
you on your gown, Madame Yakushova.  
Is that what they're wearing in Moscow  
this year?

NINOTCHKA  
No, last year, madame.

Swana sits again, as does Leon.

SWANA  
Isn't it amazing! One gets a wrong  
impression of the new Russia.  
(cynically)  
It must be charming. I'm glad  
conditions are so improved. I assume  
this is what the factory workers  
wear at their dances?

NINOTCHKA  
Exactly. You see, it would have been  
embarrassing for people of my sort  
to wear low-cut gowns in the old  
Russia. The lashes of the Cossacks  
across our backs were not very  
becoming, and you know how vain women  
are.

SWANA  
You're absolutely right about the  
Cossacks. We made an unpardonable

mistake when we let them use their  
knouts. They had such reliable guns.

Leon has grown more and more uncomfortable as the two ladies  
fence.

LEON

Will you do me a favor? Stop talking  
about the good old days.

SWANA

A very wise suggestion, Leon. I'm  
afraid madame and I will never agree.

(she plays her trump  
card)

The only thing we have in common is  
our lawsuit and that will be decided  
next week. I understand everything  
will be over by Thursday. Am I right?

Ninotchka and Leon realize the malice and yet the truth of  
her words.

NINOTCHKA

You're right, madame, it will all be  
over by Thursday.

SWANA

(rubbing it in)

It is unfortunate that you have so  
few more days in Paris.

(she turns to Leon)

Be sure and redouble your efforts so  
that madame can take some pleasant  
memories when she returns to Moscow.

(she rises, Leon rising  
too)

Good night.

(Ninotchka nods without  
answering. To Leon)

Good night, Leon.

LEON

(coldly)

Good night, Swana.

Swana leaves the table. Leon sits again. The mood of the two  
has been changed by the problem of their separation, which  
has been brought before them. They sit in silence for a  
moment. Ninotchka speaks first.

NINOTCHKA

Now I think I need a glass of  
champagne.

Leon fills their glasses. They drink. Then Leon takes  
Ninotchka's hand.

NINOTCHKA

(trying to break the mood)

Quickly, please... tell me one of your funny stories.

LEON

A funny story?

NINOTCHKA

You never finished the one about the two Scotchmen with the names.

LEON

Well, there were two Scotchmen. One was named McIntosh and one was named McGillicuddy. They met on the street.

He stops.

NINOTCHKA

Go on.

LEON

No, darling. I'll tell you another story, a much better one.

(with deep sincerity)

The only thing that will be over on Thursday is the lawsuit. There will be no Thursday for us. Not next week or any week. We won't let it happen. I'll tear it out of the calendar. Is that a good story?

NINOTCHKA

(touched)

Wonderful -- if one could believe it.

LEON

You must, darling.

NINOTCHKA

(lifting her glass)

To the loveliest story I ever heard.

They drink. The orchestra starts a number.

NINOTCHKA

(afraid of where the conversation may lead)

Shall we dance?

They both start toward the dance floor.

CLOSE SHOT -- LEON AND NINOTCHKA, DANCING A WALTZ

At the second turn Ninotchka starts to feel the effect of the champagne.

NINOTCHKA

(tipsily)

Oo! Darling! Something is the matter.

LEON

You just made that trip from goats to grapes a little too fast.

NINOTCHKA

Oh, everything is so wonderful! It's getting farther and farther away!

LEON

What, darling?

NINOTCHKA

Thursday.

LEON

Yes. Don't worry. Everything will be all right.

In the gayest mood, Ninotchka addresses the crowd on the dance floor.

NINOTCHKA

Comrades! Comrades!

LEON

(embarrassed)

Darling, darling... please!

NINOTCHKA

I must talk to my brothers!

LEON

Shhh! Shhh!

NINOTCHKA

Don't shush me. I am People! I want to make a speech. I want to overthrow the Duchess!

Leon starts to lead her off the dance floor.

LEON

But, darling, you can't do that.

NINOTCHKA

Comrades! Good people of France!

LEON

Now, Ninotchka... please!

NINOTCHKA

They are all Duchesses here...  
thousands of Duchesses... and I am  
going to tell them.

By now they have almost reached the powder room.

LEON

Quite right... yes, yes, yes, but  
first you're going in that door and  
you're going to take a little spirits  
of ammonia and lie down.

NINOTCHKA

(sweetly)

No speech?

LEON

(as though he were  
addressing a little  
child)

No speech.

NINOTCHKA

I love you, my little Leonitchka!

LEON

And I adore you, Ninotchka.

Ninotchka goes unsteadily into the powder room. Leon wipes  
his forehead in relief and goes to the bar, followed by the  
CAMERA.

LEON

(to the bartender)

Give me a double brandy.

CLOSE SHOT -- DOOR OF THE POWDER ROOM

A group of four to six women come out whispering excitedly  
about something which must have happened within.

CAMERA goes with them as they go to the Manager of the  
restaurant and crowd about him and whisper what has happened.

CLOSE SHOT -- BAR

The bartender gives Leon his double brandy and Leon tosses  
it off. The Manager comes into the shot and addresses Leon.

MANAGER

(very excitedly)

I'm very sorry, Count d'Algout, it  
is most embarrassing, but the lady  
you brought with you tonight is

spreading communistic propaganda in  
the powder room.

Leon stares at him for a second, then turns to the bartender.

LEON

Give me another double brandy.

MANAGER

That kind of propaganda is bad  
anywhere, but inciting the attendants  
of a powder room to go on strike....  
Well, if she succeeds the consequences  
will be disastrous.

LEON

What can I do about it?

MANAGER

She has been asked to leave the powder  
room but without success. We would  
appreciate if you would see to it  
yourself.

LEON

(horrorified)

You want me to go in there?

MANAGER

I'm sorry, sir, but I must insist.

The Manager bows and walks away. Leon gulps down the second  
double brandy. The CAMERA follows him as he proceeds toward  
the powder room like a hero going into battle. Just as he is  
about to enter, a very dignified elderly lady comes out, is  
surprised at his attempted entrance, and glares at him. Leon  
loses his courage and FOLLOWED BY THE CAMERA goes back to  
the bar to strengthen it with some of the Dutch variety.

LEON

(completely exhausted --  
to the bartender)

Make it a triple brandy. As we

DISSOLVE TO:

LIVING ROOM -- THE ROYAL SUITE

Rakonin, the waiter, opens the door. Ninotchka and Leon,  
both very tipsy by now, enter the room. Leon is carrying a  
bottle of champagne in a napkin. As he passes the waiter he  
speaks:

LEON

(to Rakonin)

All right... you can tell the  
Duchess... you can tell everybody...

they know anyhow... it doesn't make  
any difference... now get out!

Rakonin, who seems very interested in the situation, closes  
the door.

Leon goes to Ninotchka. Both sit on a couch.

NINOTCHKA

(moving close to him)

Don't tell them where we're going,  
sweetheart.

LEON

No. Nobody will find us.

Ninotchka is lyrically tight. Through her there shines a  
great happiness.

NINOTCHKA

Are we going to build our little  
house?

LEON

Yes... a little white house.

NINOTCHKA

Not white, darling.

LEON

All right, we'll make it red.

NINOTCHKA

No, don't let's have it any color...  
no color... just a house house...  
let's form our own party.

LEON

Right: Lovers of the world unite!

NINOTCHKA

(delighted)

And we won't stretch up our arms...

LEON

No! No!

NINOTCHKA

...and we won't clench our fist...

LEON

No! No!

NINOTCHKA

(tenderly)

Our salute will be a kiss.

LEON

Yes... a kiss... salute!

She sinks into his arms and they kiss.

NINOTCHKA

(still in his arms)

I am so happy. No one can be so happy  
without being punished. I will be  
punished and I should be punished.

(she gets up)

I want to confess, darling.

LEON

I know... it's the Russian soul.

NINOTCHKA

(her gaiety mixed  
with sadness)

Everyone wants to confess and if  
they don't confess they make them  
confess. I am a traitor. When I kissed  
you I betrayed the Russian ideal.  
Leon, I should be stood up against  
the wall.

Leon gets up.

LEON

(sympathetically)

Would that make you any happier?

NINOTCHKA

Much happier.

LEON

All right.

Still carrying the champagne bottle, Leon leads her to the  
end of the room and stands her against the wall. He takes  
the napkin from the champagne bottle and puts it over her  
eyes. The CAMERA moves with him as he goes away from  
Ninotchka, and as he walks he starts to open the champagne.  
The cork pops.

CLOSE SHOT -- NINOTCHKA, as she sinks gently into a chair.

NINOTCHKA

(happily)

I have paid the penalty. Now let's  
have some music.

CLOSE SHOT -- NINOTCHKA AND LEON

LEON

Let's turn on the radio.

NINOTCHKA

Radio! What is radio?

LEON

It's a little box that you buy on the installment plan and before you tune it in they tell you they have a new model.

NINOTCHKA

(getting up)

Oh yes, yes. It has a little knob that turns... a little knob... it must be somewhere around here... yes... here... I see...

Confusedly Ninotchka starts looking for something, repeating, "a little knob... a little knob." Followed by Leon she goes toward the safe, opens the concealing door, and both are delighted as they see the safe's dial.

NINOTCHKA

(triumphantly)

Here it is!

Leon nods approval and starts to turn the dial.

LEON

What shall we get? The news!

NINOTCHKA

No, no news. We don't want to know what's happening in the world. We want to be left alone, don't we?

LEON

Yes, sweetheart... all by ourselves.

NINOTCHKA

(remembering vaguely)

Well, then we turn twice to the right and stop at seven...

Leon follows her instructions.

NINOTCHKA

(after a little pause,  
sadly)

It's dead.

LEON

Well, it has to warm up... you have to give it a chance... just like people... like you and me... first you wanted to fight me and now we belong to the same party... salute!

He takes her in his arms and again they embrace.

NINOTCHKA

(as though she were  
in heaven)

Now twice to the left and stop at  
seventeen.

Leon again follows her instructions.

INTERIOR -- SAFE, shooting toward the door.

Leon opens the door and both look into the safe.

NINOTCHKA

(disappointed)

No music.

LEON

(also disappointed)

No, no music.

Through her fog, Ninotchka becomes aware of the case  
containing the jewels.

NINOTCHKA

(bitterly)

There it is... Thursday... you can't  
rip it out of the week....

LEON

(helpfully)

But I can throw it out of the window.

NINOTCHKA

(philosophically)

It wouldn't be fair to the man in  
the street.

(she pushes back the  
lid)

There they are... they are terrible  
things, those jewels....

LEON

...but big.

NINOTCHKA

...they are the tears of Old Russia...  
see that stone?

LEON

Who cried that one?

NINOTCHKA

Czar Peter gave it to his wife,  
Catherine the Great. For it he sold  
ten thousand serfs in the market.

LEON

Now, darling, don't get impatient,  
wait until we are married. You know  
that worthless butler of mine...  
that reactionary? Some day when I  
come home to you I may say, "Darling,  
I drove Gaston to the market and  
look what I got from him!"

From the case of jewels he takes a beautiful diadem and holds  
it in front of her.

NINOTCHKA

(the economist now)

First ten thousand serfs... now just  
Gaston. It is very encouraging.

Leon takes her by the hand and leads her from the safe.

LEON

Come, sweetheart. Let me put it on  
you. You will teach these jewels.  
For the first time they will learn  
how they can look.

NINOTCHKA

They belong to the people.

LEON

(in a ceremonial voice)

I give them back to the people...  
(as formal and steady  
as possible under  
the conditions he  
puts the diadem on  
her head)

I make you Ninotchka the Great...  
Duchess of the People!... Grand  
Duchess of the People!

Ninotchka falls in with the spirit of this imaginary  
coronation.

NINOTCHKA

Is this the wish of the masses?

LEON

It is their wish.

NINOTCHKA

Thank you, Leon... thank you, masses.  
(in a low voice)  
Can I make a speech now?

LEON

Please.

Ninotchka turns to an imaginary assemblage.

NINOTCHKA

Comrades! People of the world! The  
revolution is on the march... I  
know... wars will wash over us...  
bombs will fall... all civilization  
will crumble... but not yet, please...  
wait, wait... what's the hurry?

(mixing reality with  
fantasy)

Let us be happy... give us our  
moment....

(turning to Leon)

We are happy, aren't we, Leon?

LEON

(fondly)

Yes, sweetheart.

(he holds her in his  
arms)

NINOTCHKA

(her voice getting  
dimmer and dimmer)

So happy and so tired.

She falls asleep in his arms. Leon gathers her up and carries her into the bedroom, the diadem still on her head.

BEDROOM -- THE ROYAL SUITE

Leon carries Ninotchka to the bed, puts her down on it. She is now sleeping soundly. He kisses her once more and then turns, the CAMERA PANNING with him, and starts toward the door to the corridor and exits. As he closes the door with an uncertain hand, it slams.

CLOSE SHOT -- NINOTCHKA, as she lies on the bed

On the night table beside her is a photograph of the stern-faced Lenin. The crash of the slamming door awakens Ninotchka for a moment. Completely content and happy, she turns around and sees the disapproving face of the photograph.

NINOTCHKA

(charmingly)

Smile, little father, smile.

INSERT OF PHOTOGRAPH OF LENIN

The photograph of Lenin starts to smile in approval, as we...

FADE OUT:

AN ESTABLISHING SHOT OF PARIS -- DAY

FADE IN ON:

IN THE FOREGROUND a clock shows that it is a quarter to twelve.

DISSOLVE TO:

LONG SHOT -- LIVING ROOM OF THE ROYAL SUITE

It is taken from an ANGLE which includes the door. The lights are still on, the curtains drawn, the empty champagne bottle and glasses litter the room. We hear the buzzer of the corridor door ring several times without an answer.

CAMERA moves through the door into the bedroom, never disclosing the bed. The lights in the bedroom are still lighted also and the curtains drawn. CAMERA stops on the door from the bedroom to the corridor. The buzzer rings. Apparently the caller has moved from the living-room door to the bedroom door.

CLOSE SHOT OF THE BED

Ninotchka is lying on the bed, still in her evening dress. The diadem is no longer on her head, but no special emphasis is laid on that detail in the camera angle. We hear the sound of the buzzer ringing again and again. Ninotchka half wakens and calls out something which sounds like "come in" without being fully aware of what she is doing.

BEDROOM -- AT THE DOOR

The door is opened from the outside by a maid, who lets in the Duchess Swana, dressed in a smart morning outfit. Swana looks around, surprised and amused at the state of the room. She walks over to the bed where lies Ninotchka, still not enough awake to face reality. Swana is delighted to have surprised Ninotchka in this condition.

SWANA

(ironically)

Good morning.

NINOTCHKA

(awakening gradually)

What?

SWANA

It is tomorrow morning... tomorrow noon, to be exact. I hope you will forgive me. I know it's extremely cruel to waken anyone at such an hour. Don't you recognize me? I am the Duchess Swana.

By now Ninotchka is awake. She gets up and realizes to her

acute embarrassment the condition in which Swana has found her.

SWANA

I know how you feel, my dear. The morning after always does look grim if you happen to be wearing last night's dress. Don't be embarrassed by my presence, though. You couldn't have found anybody more sympathetic to your condition. I remember once in Petrograd when I felt exactly as you do. I had to bow from a balcony to the crowd. My dear, the masses have no understanding of the feelings of a lady before noon. Don't you find that true?

During Swana's speech Ninotchka has found herself completely.

NINOTCHKA

I think we can cut your visit short. Leon is not here.

SWANA

Of course not, my dear! I didn't come here with any such suspicion. How ridiculous!  
(with a glance toward  
the living room)  
Nor did I come here to pick up his hat.

CLOSE SHOT -- LEON'S HAT, shot through the bedroom door into the living room where it lies on the table.

LONG SHOT -- LIVING ROOM -- TOWARD BEDROOM DOOR

By the bed stand Ninotchka and Swana. Swana starts toward the living room, Ninotchka following her.

SWANA

(as she reaches the  
threshold)  
How stale last night's gaiety looks!  
It has the taste of a dead cigarette.

NINOTCHKA

If you were encouraged to come here by our meeting last night I am afraid you misunderstood my attitude.

SWANA

Don't worry, you were quite rude enough.  
(during the following  
speech, she draws

the curtains and  
opens the windows)  
Do you mind if I let in a little  
fresh air and sunshine? I'm sure it  
will make you feel better and I want  
you to be at your very best. In full  
possession of your faculties, at  
least.

NINOTCHKA  
(regaining her usual  
firmness)  
Please come to the point. What is it  
you want?

SWANA  
I just dropped in to have a little  
heart-to-heart talk with you.

NINOTCHKA  
We have nothing to discuss.

SWANA  
Now there you are completely wrong.  
If we sit down for a little chat,  
I'm sure we won't run out of  
conversation and what's more it won't  
be dull.

NINOTCHKA  
Madame, what is it you people always  
say, regardless of what you mean...  
"I am delighted to have you here"? I  
have not reached that stage of  
civilization.

SWANA  
That's all right... I grow on people.

NINOTCHKA  
I must ask you to leave.

SWANA  
Leave? That's exactly what I came  
here to ask you to do. Leave! I don't  
mean this hotel and I don't mean  
Paris... I mean France. There's a  
plane for Moscow at five-forty.

NINOTCHKA  
(puzzled)  
Madame, if you...

SWANA  
Don't worry. I have already made  
reservations. It's perfect flying  
weather. They assure me there's a

fine tail wind which will sweep you  
back to Moscow in no time.

NINOTCHKA

(still not  
understanding)

If this is meant to be a joke it is  
not funny. Or do you still think  
you're issuing orders from your palace  
in Petrograd?

Ninotchka's words for the first time sting Swana out of her  
apparently superficial attitude.

SWANA

(bitterly)

My palace in Petrograd... yes, you  
took that away from me. You took  
away my czar, my country, my people,  
everything I had...

(with emphasis)

but nothing more -- I warn you.

NINOTCHKA

(simply)

People cannot be taken away, madame,  
neither a hundred and sixty million  
nor one. Not if you have their love.  
You hadn't. That's why you're not in  
Russia any longer, and that's why  
you came here this morning.

SWANA

Very interesting, my dear, but  
couldn't you write all that from  
Moscow? A dissertation on love on  
Soviet stationery -- would be an  
amusing paradox.

NINOTCHKA

It is not enough to be witty, madame.  
People grow tired of being  
entertained. You made that mistake  
before. Problems were never solved  
by bowing from a balcony.

SWANA

My dear, you don't know how impressive  
I could be. Did you ever see me in  
my regalia with my diadem and all my  
jewels?

The word diadem startles Ninotchka. She starts to remember  
the night before, and she looks toward the safe.

INSERT OF THE DOOR OF THE SAFE, which is closed by now.

CLOSE SHOT -- NINOTCHKA AND SWANA

Ninotchka stares in the direction of the safe as Swana chatters on.

SWANA

You can't deny we gave the people their money's worth -- almost -- eight tumbling Romanoffs -- eight!

NINOTCHKA

(desperately)

I must insist that you leave.

SWANA

Not before you agree to use those reservations to Moscow.

NINOTCHKA

In that case I can only say good-by.

Abruptly she walks toward the bedroom.

TRAVELING SHOT OF NINOTCHKA

She enters the small room connecting the living room and bedroom and closes the door to the living room. She walks into the bedroom toward the bed and glances at it. The diadem is not there. After going back into the anteroom, she opens the outer door of the safe and pulls on the inner door. It has not been properly closed and opens at once. The safe is empty. Ninotchka stands staring in frozen horror for a moment, then rushes to the telephone by the bed.

NINOTCHKA

(into the telephone)

Élysée 2763.

LONG SHOT -- NINOTCHKA AT THE TELEPHONE, waiting for her connection

In the background the door to the living room is opened by Swana.

SWANA

(standing in the door)

I wouldn't waken Leon. After last night I would say not before three o'clock at the earliest.

NINOTCHKA

I told you to go, madame.

SWANA

Believe me, Leon can't help you. He doesn't know anything about the jewels... I give you my word... I

swear it.

Ninotchka hangs up the receiver and stares at Swana. She walks toward her.

LIVING ROOM, SHOOTING INTO THE BEDROOM. In the foreground Swana, in the background Ninotchka, who is hurrying toward her.

NINOTCHKA

Where are they?

SWANA

You were very careless with our precious jewels, my dear. They're too expensive a toy for two children to play with.

NINOTCHKA

Where are they?

SWANA

Don't worry. Fortunately last night a very trustworthy friend kept his eyes open. Perhaps he overstepped his function as a waiter but he fulfilled his duty as a Russian.

(she draws back the fur scarf she is wearing, revealing a diamond star, one of the jewels we have seen)

I just put this on for sentiment. The rest are absolutely safe. I assure you. But if you feel like notifying the police...

NINOTCHKA

You leave me no choice.

SWANA

Won't it be rather embarrassing for a Soviet Envoy to disclose the circumstances under which she lost them?

NINOTCHKA

I will have to face the consequences, but so will you. Don't forget they will ask how you got them.

SWANA

That's very simple to answer. They were given to me by my mother. They were given to her by her mother, in fact they're mine, you cannot steal

what belongs to you!

She proceeds into the living room, followed by Ninotchka.

NINOTCHKA

They always belonged to the Russian people. They were paid for with their sweat, their blood, their lives and you will give them back!

SWANA

(triumphantly)

I told you we had plenty to talk about. Shall we sit down?

They both sit.

SWANA

(very matter-of-fact)

Now, let's free ourselves from emotionalism and try to solve the problem in a practical way. Our situation has changed considerably. Before I had only a claim to the jewels. Now I have the jewels.

NINOTCHKA

In other words moral ideas have no weight with you... all right, then let's deal with legal facts. You know that France has recognized the Soviet.

SWANA

Unfortunately.

NINOTCHKA

Under Soviet law the jewels belong to the State. France is going to uphold that ownership.

SWANA

My lawyer agrees with you. He says France will uphold it in every court, but I will drag you through every court, don't forget that. And when I say it will take two years I am, as always, conservative.

NINOTCHKA

Won't those two years in court be expensive for you? I know that money was no object as long as you could squeeze it from the pockets of the people, but now...

SWANA

I may run out of money, but you have already run out of bread. Two years is a long time for your comrades to wait.

NINOTCHKA

I see. You have calculated in terms of hunger.

SWANA

No, I just wanted to be absolutely impartial. Both of us are faced with two rather uncomfortable years. We can condense these two years to two minutes if you want to accept my proposition. Ninotchka now realizes what she is after.

NINOTCHKA

Go on.

SWANA

I am willing to hand over the jewels and sign the necessary papers if you take that five-forty plane to Moscow.

NINOTCHKA

(quietly)

That's not the way to win him back... not Leon.

SWANA

I think I know Leon quite as well as you... possibly a little better. Leave that worry to me. Five-forty leaves you time enough to close the deal with Monsieur Mercier, but naturally you'll be too busy for any farewells. I'll see to it that everything is done in the most expeditious manner and I will also see you to the airport. That's my proposition, Comrade Yakushova.

Ninotchka knows herself to be faced with an inevitable decision. For a moment she cannot answer. The telephone rings. Ninotchka takes the receiver.

NINOTCHKA

(into telephone)

Yes...

(it is Leon)

Oh hello...

Much as she wants to talk to him she hesitates in the presence of Swana. Swana realizes the situation, gets up, and walks over to the window, where she stands looking out.

CLOSE-UP -- NINOTCHKA AT TELEPHONE

NINOTCHKA

Good morning, Leon...  
(forcing herself to  
be gay so that he  
will not suspect  
anything)  
... no, you didn't waken me... I am  
fine, thank you.... Yes, it was...  
marvelous.... What?... for luncheon?  
I'm afraid I can't. I am going to be  
very busy...  
(looking for excuses)  
well, I have a lot of things to attend  
to today.... What?... Well to tell  
you the truth I am a little tired  
and I would like to rest...  
(she forces herself  
to laugh)  
you may be right... perhaps it is  
the champagne.... For dinner?... Of  
course... seven o'clock here?...  
(realizing that she  
will be gone by then)  
seven o'clock is all right....  
Where?... That will be lovely....  
Yes...  
(there is a knock on  
the door)  
Come in.  
(into the telephone)  
Yes?...  
(looking toward the  
door she sees  
something which makes  
her stop the  
conversation)  
Just a moment...  
(she puts the receiver  
on the table and  
walks toward the  
door)

ANTEROOM BETWEEN LIVING ROOM AND CORRIDOR, shooting toward  
the living room. In the background we see Swana standing at  
the window. Ninotchka comes into the anteroom, closes the  
door in order to shut off Swana's view. Camera pans with  
Ninotchka as she walks toward the hall door where the bellboy  
is putting down a big flower basket.

NINOTCHKA

(to bellboy)

You can leave it here.

The bellboy exits. Ninotchka looks at the basket of flowers

for a moment, then takes the envelope which is attached to the handle. She opens it and reads the enclosed letter. It must be a love note, for her eyes grow wet. She turns to the last page.

INSERT

"...and sweetheart, I have kept my first promise. I sent poor old Gaston to the market this morning and if you will look deep into the flowers you will see what I got for him...."

CLOSE SHOT -- NINOTCHKA

She puts her hand in the basket and takes out a bottle of milk.

INSERT OF THE BOTTLE

On the label we see a picture of a goat.

NINOTCHKA

She smiles sadly and goes to the telephone, which is on the console in the anteroom.

NINOTCHKA

(into telephone)

Operator, will you switch the call please?... Hello?... Darling, your present just arrived.... It's very silly and very wonderful... thank you... No, I won't forget... seven o'clock....

(with great tenderness)

Good-by, my darling.... What?...

Oh...

(softly)

salute!

She puts down the receiver. Camera pans with her as she goes to the door of the living room. She opens the door and goes in. Swana turns from the window.

NINOTCHKA

I am sorry to have kept you waiting, madame.

SWANA -- AT THE AIRPORT

DISSOLVE TO:

shooting from a HIGH ANGLE. We hear the SOUND of an airplane just taking off. Camera pulls back so that Swana seems to be photographed from the airplane. Finally the SHOT discloses the whole airport and Swana disappearing into the crowd.

ENTRANCE HALL -- SWANA'S APARTMENT

Swana's maid is opening the door for Swana, who enters in the highest spirits.

SWANA

Good afternoon, Jacqueline.

MAID

Good afternoon, Your Highness.

(hesitantly)

Madame, I...

SWANA

You didn't find my glove. All right, you're forgiven.

MAID

Thank you, Your Highness. Count d'Algout is waiting. He's been here some time.

Swana inspects herself briefly in the hall mirror, proceeds into the living room.

LIVING ROOM -- SWANA'S APARTMENT

Leon is pacing up and down. Swana enters.

SWANA

Leon, darling, how nice! Have you ordered tea or a cocktail?

LEON

No thanks, Swana.

SWANA

Did I act stupidly last night? Should I apologize?

LEON

I'm the one who should apologize. I should have talked to you before.

SWANA

Is this, by any chance, going to be a confession?

LEON

Yes.

SWANA

Oh, no, my little Volga boatman. Have you forgotten our First Commandment: Never Complain -- Never Explain. It has worked so often and so perfectly, don't let's break the

rule. And please don't look so guilty, otherwise I'll...

LEON

This time, Swana -- just this once -- I must ask you to listen.

SWANA

All right, I'll listen.

LEON

I know you hate the obvious but do you mind if, at this moment, I'm not in the least subtle?

SWANA

Brutal frankness, if you insist.

LEON

There are a hundred ways to approach it, but I feel it can best be said in one simple phrase. I'm in love, Swana.

SWANA

And I thought it was something serious! How could you frighten me so?

LEON

It must be serious, Swana. Not long ago I'd have considered such a statement rather juvenile and rather middle class. Now I can say it without stammering, without a blush. I'm in love, Swana.

SWANA

Say it over and over again, Leon. Words are a wonderful safety valve, and that's what you need -- because you know it's impossible, don't you?

LEON

I have to be simple again, Swana, and you may find it shockingly banal. I've thought it over and I'm willing to take all the consequences, even if it means a complete readjustment of my way of living.

SWANA

Leon! This has the ugly sound of regeneration.

LEON

I'm afraid that's what it is.

SWANA

The same old trouble, Leon. You're always late. Whether you're taking me to the Opera or calling for me at a beauty shop, you're never on time. And now, when it's a question of your reform -- late again.

(she glances at her  
wrist watch)

By about five minutes.

LEON

What is this, Swana?

SWANA

Knowing the efficiency of the French Air Service I think I can guarantee that Madame Yakushova has already taken off for Moscow.

LEON

Has done what?

SWANA

She's gone, Leon.

LEON

Do you expect me to believe that?

Swana picks up the receiver of the telephone and holds it out to him.

SWANA

Here's the telephone. If you call the hotel you will find that you have no seven o'clock appointment.

THE MOSCOW PLANE

It is flying past the Eiffel Tower.

CLOSE SHOT -- AIRPLANE WINDOW

Behind the window we see Ninotchka looking at Paris for the last time. Camera moves over to the next window and we see Buljanoff, Iranoff, and Kopalski also giving Paris a sad farewell look.

ANOTHER VIEW OF PARIS, from the air. The mist has closed in by now so that only the top of the Eiffel Tower is visible above it.

CLOSE-UP -- NINOTCHKA, looking down on the Tower

INTERIOR, Airplane -- Ninotchka, Buljanoff, Iranoff, and Kopalski

Ninotchka turns from the window and leans against the back of her chair. The Russians follow her example. There is a moment of silence and sadness.

BULJANOFF

Imagine, for once in our lives we were in Paris and we never went to the Eiffel Tower.

KOPALSKI

That's right.

IRANOFF

They tell me it has a wonderful restaurant on the second floor.

KOPALSKI

While you eat, you look at the view.

CLOSE-UP -- NINOTCHKA

She is trying to overcome all sentimentality, but as the following speech progresses she cannot escape the personal implication involved.

NINOTCHKA

Yes, it is an amazing piece of engineering. Still the most remarkable iron structure in the world. Leading to the top there is a staircase of over a thousand steps... but an elevator is included in the price of admission.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INSERT OF A PARIS NEWSPAPER

HERALD DU MATIN

Camera zooms down on a headline of an article.

Mercier buys priceless russian jewels. Russian commission has left for moscow.

STREET IN PARIS -- MORNING

Camera follows Leon as he walks excitedly and nervously along the boulevard. He turns into a Russian Intouriste Bureau, one of the travel bureaus maintained by the Soviet government in foreign countries to supply information regarding travel, give visas, etc.

INTOURISTE BUREAU

It is a typical travel bureau. Behind the counter are attendants and some people getting information and pamphlets. Leon enters, looks around, and sees a door which says "Visas and Passport Department." He enters.

INTERIOR, VISA ROOM

It is a room smaller than the previous one. Behind the counter stands a typical Bolshevik Official. In front of the counter is an elderly English lady. Leon takes his place behind her, nervous at having to wait. The Official stamps the English lady's passport and hands it to her.

OFFICIAL

Well, everything is in order. I hope you will enjoy your trip to Russia, madame.

ENGLISH LADY

Thank you. Oh, by the way, I've heard so many rumors about laundry conditions in Russia. Is it advisable to take one's own towels?

OFFICIAL

Certainly not, madame. That's only capitalistic propaganda. We change the towel every week.

ENGLISH LADY

Oh... thank you.

She leaves. Leon moves up to the Official.

OFFICIAL

Yes, please?

At this moment the telephone rings. The Official takes the receiver.

OFFICIAL

(into phone)

Yes... Comrade Cazabine? No, I'm sorry... he hasn't been with us for six months. He was called back to Russia and was investigated. You can get further details from his widow.

He hangs up the receiver. Leon, thinking of Ninotchka, is horrified by this statement.

LEON

Pardon me, I am very interested in what you just said -- you mean when an envoy goes back to Russia -- if they don't like what he has done

they put him out of the way?

OFFICIAL

Not always... look at me... I've  
been back twice.

(he knocks on wood)

LEON

(his alarm growing)

Here's my passport.... Please give  
me a visa. I have to leave for Russia  
immediately.

OFFICIAL

(reading passport)

Count Leon d'Algout... a count!... a  
nobleman!

LEON

Don't hold that against me... please!

OFFICIAL

Why should an aristocrat want to go  
to Russia?

LEON

Business.

OFFICIAL

What business?

LEON

Private.

OFFICIAL

There is no privacy in Russia. This  
whole thing seems very suspicious.  
What's the real reason? If you ever  
want to get into Russia, take my  
advice... confess!

LEON

(dismayed)

Confess what?

OFFICIAL

Are you sympathetic to the former  
Czaristic government -- the White  
Russians?

LEON

On the contrary -- I don't want to  
have anything to do with them.

OFFICIAL

You believe in our cause?

Leon, feeling that he has to go to the rescue of his girl, whips up an enormous enthusiasm for the cause.

LEON

Oh... I think it's great! Everyone works -- everyone contributes -- that's what I want to do -- work! I make my own bed -- you can call up my butler! I don't believe in the right of the individual. I like the Bolshevik ideal -- everyone being the same. You just like me -- me just like you -- I use your comb -- you use my toothbrush -- oh, it's a great life.... Please... give me that visa!

At this moment Swana enters.

SWANA

Hello, Leon darling!

LEON

(startled)

Hello.

SWANA

(suavely) After our talk last night I took it for granted that you would drop in here this morning. Knowing how difficult it is to get into Soviet Russia, I thought I might be of some assistance to you.

(to the Official)

May I introduce myself? I am the Duchess Swana of Russia... another Russia.

The Official gasps in surprise.

LEON

Now, please, Swana.

SWANA

(to the Official)

Count d'Algout was for several years my personal representative and if it is necessary to sign any affidavit for him I'll be delighted.

LEON

(bitterly)

That does it, Swana.

(he leads her toward  
the door)

Now you mustn't miss your appointment with your hair-dresser.

SWANA

(stopping at the door)

Just in case they don't give you your visa to Russia I want you to know that I have signed a contract for my memoirs and rented a lovely little château in the Touraine, and if you feel the need of a change...

LEON

Thank you, Swana. You are very gracious.

His words are unmistakably a final dismissal. She walks out. Leon looks after her for a second, then goes back to the Official. He tries to laugh off the incident.

LEON

She must have her little joke.  
(the Official responds  
with a stony look)  
You're not going to take that seriously.

OFFICIAL

The Grand Duchess Swana... active in the White Russian movement?

LEON

Believe me, I have no connection with her any longer... I swear I haven't!

OFFICIAL

But you had!

LEON

Listen, I want to be absolutely frank with you. I have no business in Moscow.

OFFICIAL

I think so too.

LEON

I want to see a friend of mine... a very dear friend.... It's a personal matter which has nothing to do with politics or social philosophies.... It's a girl.

OFFICIAL

So it's love which drags you to Moscow.

LEON

Yes!

OFFICIAL

No visa.

LEON

(fighting for his  
point)

I must get into that country of yours!

OFFICIAL

Oh no. No visa.

LEON

(more aggressively)

That's impossible! Nobody has the  
right.... You can't do that!... If  
you don't give me that visa...

OFFICIAL

(ironically)

You're going to force us... huh?

LEON

(growing violent)

Now look here... you advertise all  
over the world that you want people  
to go into your country and when  
someone tries to get in, you keep  
him out!

OFFICIAL

Why should I take a chance?

LEON

On what?

OFFICIAL

How do I know you don't want to blow  
up a factory?

LEON

What for... why?

OFFICIAL

Or a tunnel or a bridge...

LEON

Suspicious... nothing but  
suspicious!... That's the trouble  
with you! If you don't let me in  
I'll stand in front of this office  
of yours and warn people to keep  
away from Russia!... I'll picket  
your whole country....

The Official laughs in a superior way.

LEON

I'll boycott you, that's what I'm going to do!... No more vodka... no more caviar... no more Tchaikovsky... no more borscht.... Wait a minute, I know something better than that...

The Official leans forward sarcastically.

OFFICIAL

What?

With a knock-out blow, Leon sends him to the floor, then, leaning over the counter, he shouts.

LEON

And you can tell the Kremlin that's just the beginning!

He strides out.

The Official's head emerges from the counter. As he adjusts his bruised jaw, he speaks.

OFFICIAL

No visa.

Establishing Shot of Russia -- First of May -- Stock Shot of May Day Parade on the Red Square

FADE IN ON:

DISSOLVE TO:

RADIO ANNOUNCER

RADIO ANNOUNCER

March, march, march! Comrades of the World, never has there been such a May Day parade as this! Already for four hours the pavements of Moscow have resounded to the tread of a million boots! Thousands of gun-carriages have thundered past. Thousands of tanks, combined with our mighty air force, have demonstrated to a belligerent neighbor that we are ready and invincible! Now past me marches the great army of our civilians! Men and women of all ages. All servants of the State united in one thought and ideal. Group of Several Units Marching

Workmen, soldiers, tanks, airplanes, etc.

DISSOLVE TO:

Column of Women, dressed in typical Russian May Day parade fashion, marching and saluting. The CAMERA NARROWS DOWN to a CLOSE SHOT OF Ninotchka marching with the others. All her individuality is gone. She is one of many, a cog in the Russian machine. With a stern expression she is looking straight ahead when suddenly something attracts her attention and she glances to one side.

A Column of Male Workers is coming in the opposite direction. Buljanoff, Iranoff, and Kopalski are recognizable among them.

CLOSE SHOT -- BULJANOFF, IRANOFF, AND KOPALSKI MARCHING. All three are already pretty exhausted from the long march. Kopalski sees Ninotchka. He whispers it to the others. The three look toward Ninotchka and lift their shoulders with a gesture which says, "Look where we are now."

CLOSE SHOT -- NINOTCHKA, answering them with a sad smile. After they have passed she stares straight forward again with the same stern expression.

DISSOLVE TO:

PANNING SHOT -- STAIRCASE IN NINOTCHKA'S TENEMENT HOUSE

It is an overcrowded house. People are walking up and down stairs, standing grouped in front of the various apartments; children are sliding down the banisters and playing games under the feet of the adults.

Ninotchka trudges upstairs wearily. Camera pans with her as she goes into an apartment which is divided into several sub-apartments. Finally she opens the door of her own room and goes in.

NINOTCHKA'S ROOM

It is a comparatively small room, which she shares with two other girls. As she enters only one girl is present. It is Anna, a cello player, who sits on the edge of her bed practicing on her cello. Apparently Ninotchka has not adjusted herself completely to the Moscow which she once thought so great.

NINOTCHKA

Good evening, Anna.

ANNA

Good evening, Ninotchka.

NINOTCHKA

Aren't you late?

ANNA

No, the opera starts an hour later

tonight on account of the parade.

During the following scene Anna puts her cello in its case and gets ready to go to her job. Ninotchka starts to arrange the table in the center of the floor for a party of four. Out of her cupboard she takes very primitive-looking dishes, a flower pot, glasses, and a kind of shawl which serves as a tablecloth.

NINOTCHKA

Didn't you march?

Anna is apparently not a fanatical believer in the Bolshevik regime and takes a cynical and humorous attitude toward it.

ANNA

They didn't let me. I am in disgrace. Last week at the performance of Carmen I played a sour note. The conductor got so excited he yelled, "There's sabotage in the string section!"

NINOTCHKA

Too bad... you missed an inspiring day, Anna.

ANNA

I know... my heart is sad... but my feet are happy. When all the tanks and guns were roaring over the Red Square I sat here all by myself and played a Beethoven sonata. Not bad at all.

(she has noticed  
Ninotchka's  
preparations)

Are you expecting someone?

NINOTCHKA

A few friends... just a little dinner party.

ANNA

What are you serving?

NINOTCHKA

An omelet.

ANNA

(puzzled)

An omelet! Aren't you living a little above your ration?

NINOTCHKA

Well, I've saved up two eggs and each of my friends is bringing his own so we'll manage.

ANNA

It just goes to prove the theory of our State. If you stand alone it means a boiled egg but if you're true to the collective spirit and stick together you've got an omelet.

(devilishly)

That reminds me... have you heard the latest they're telling about the Kremlin?

At this moment a door to one of the adjoining rooms opens and Gurganov, a middle-aged man with a sour stool-pigeon expression, walks quietly through the room to another door, taking in the girls with one sly glance and giving the impression that not only his eyes but his ears are open. Anna breaks off her remark.

ANNA

(whispering)

I'll tell you later.

(after Gurganov has disappeared into the other room she continues)

That Gurganov, you never know whether he's on his way to the washroom or the Secret Police.

NINOTCHKA

You should be more careful, Anna.

ANNA

And you too, Ninotchka.

NINOTCHKA

(amazed)

About what?

ANNA

Ever since you have been back from Paris...

NINOTCHKA

I haven't talked to anyone about Paris. I haven't said a word.

ANNA

That's just it. It makes people feel queer. I don't want you to get in any trouble.

NINOTCHKA

I have nothing to hide.

ANNA

You should. I'll show you.

She walks over to her cupboard and takes out a piece of lingerie and comes back to Ninotchka with it.

ANNA

When I passed through the laundry yard today I saw all the women huddled around this so I brought it up here. Things like this create a bad feeling. First they didn't know whose it was. Then they saw the Paris label and did it start a commotion! Some said it's what we all ought to wear and others said it's like hanging foreign ideas on our clothesline. It undermines our whole cause.

NINOTCHKA

(aware of the pettiness  
which surrounds her)

I see.

ANNA

You know how it is today... all you have to do is wear a pair of silk stockings and they suspect you of counter-revolution.

NINOTCHKA

Thank you, Anna. I'll dry it up here when I wash it next. I should hate to see our country endangered by my underwear.

ANNA

(confidentially)

Ninotchka, you know I am your friend, you can trust me.... Did you bring back anything else?

Ninotchka suddenly is transported to Paris in her memory.

NINOTCHKA

(with feeling)

No, I left everything in Paris. I just happened to be wearing this.

ANNA

Tell me... what else did you have?

NINOTCHKA

(enjoying the thought)

Well, a hat...

ANNA

What was it like?

NINOTCHKA

It was very silly.... I would be  
ashamed to wear it here.

ANNA

As beautiful as that? What else?  
Come, tell me.

NINOTCHKA

An evening gown.

ANNA

(puzzled)  
Evening gown?

NINOTCHKA

A dress you wear in the evening.

ANNA

What do you wear in the morning?

NINOTCHKA

When you get up you put on a negligee,  
and then you change to a morning  
frock.

ANNA

You mean to tell me you wear a  
different dress for different times  
of the day?

NINOTCHKA

Yes.

ANNA

Now, Ninotchka, you're exaggerating.

NINOTCHKA

No, my dear, it is true. That's how  
they live in the other world. Here  
we dress to have our bodies covered...  
to keep warm....

ANNA

And there?

NINOTCHKA

Well, sometimes they're not completely  
covered but... they don't freeze.

ANNA

(fingering the piece  
of lingerie)  
They must have wonderful materials  
to make a thing like this so soft...  
something you don't even see.

NINOTCHKA

You feel it, though.

ANNA

(hesitantly)

Ninotchka, I wouldn't bring this up  
if we weren't such good friends.

NINOTCHKA

What is it, Anna?

ANNA

You know I told you that Pavlov and  
I are going to get married when he  
comes back from the maneuvers. Would  
it be asking too much...

NINOTCHKA

You want this?

ANNA

Just for the honeymoon.

NINOTCHKA

You can have it for good. It is my  
wedding present.

Anna is for a moment speechless over this generous gift. She  
embraces and kisses Ninotchka.

ANNA

Ninotchka! Ninotchka!

She kisses her again, takes her cello, and starts to leave.

ANNA

Am I going to play that cadenza  
tonight!

Anna exits, closing the door. Ninotchka is left alone. Her  
thoughts are still in the other world, obviously with Leon.  
Mechanically she looks over the table to see if everything  
is all right, then she walks over to the radio (a primitive  
little machine). As she turns the knob she smiles again  
reminiscently. As she does, the blare of a Russian speech  
brings her back to reality.

VOICE ON RADIO

Individuals? Yes, as atoms in the  
cosmos of Soviet Russia. Family?  
Yes. One great family of one hundred  
and sixty million, struggling,  
fighting, victorious Russian  
proletarians. Thus shall we pursue  
our way into the future, fists  
clenched, hearts encased in steel

armed against bourgeois sentimentality  
and...

Quickly she turns the knob and again there is a burst of  
Russian oratory.

SECOND VOICE ON RADIO

...From the Exploiters for the Toilers. We are going full  
steam ahead through industrialization toward socialism. Let  
us put the Union of Socialistic Soviet Republics into an  
automobile and the muzhik into a tractor, and then let the  
capitalists try to keep up with us! The same thing happens  
for a third time.

THIRD VOICE ON RADIO

...and thirty million peasants, eighty-five per cent of the  
population owned three hundred forty-three million four  
hundred and sixty-nine thousand acres of land, sixty-five  
per cent of the total area. And one hundred and fifty thousand  
nobles possessed thirty-five per cent of the country's natural  
wealth!

Ninotchka turns off the radio. She closes her eyes for a  
moment and with a sad smile murmurs to herself.

NINOTCHKA

No music.

At this moment the door opens, and Buljanoff, Iranoff, and  
Kopalski enter. There follow warm greetings between Ninotchka  
and the Three Russians.

ALL THREE RUSSIANS

Ninotchka! Ninotchka!

A moment of silence follows. The four look at each other as  
people do who share a secret.

NINOTCHKA

(with great warmth)

How are you, you three scoundrels?

KOPALSKI

(wryly)

Well, we're back home.

BULJANOFF

(sourly)

You know what they say -- there's  
nothing like home.

IRANOFF

That's right... and we might as well  
face it.

NINOTCHKA

(trying not to say  
what she feels)

Come, now, you must not talk that  
way.... You have to adjust  
yourselves.... We must be brave.

IRANOFF

Brave... that's right.

BULJANOFF

Let's be happy that we're all alive.

IRANOFF

And that's something we owe to  
Ninotchka.

KOPALSKI

If you hadn't given Commissar Razinin  
such a wonderful report about us,  
who knows what would have happened?

BULJANOFF

I can tell you exactly.

NINOTCHKA

Now let's forget everything except  
that we're together.

BULJANOFF

That's right.

IRANOFF

Let's do that.

KOPALSKI

(falling in with her  
attempt)

It's a real Paris reunion.

IRANOFF

If you close your eyes and listen to  
our voices we might be in Paris.

NINOTCHKA

Let's not close our eyes. There are  
many good things to see here too.

BULJANOFF

(cynically)

I think I need my glasses.

KOPALSKI

(reprimanding him  
quietly)

A little more tact... look how nicely  
she's fixed the table -- all for us.

BULJANOFF  
(in a loud voice,  
trying to make up  
for his faux pas)  
How nicely you've fixed the table,  
Ninotchka.

IRANOFF  
What a lovely room you have here.

BULJANOFF  
How many families live here with  
you?

NINOTCHKA  
Only myself and two other girls. One  
is a cello player in the opera and  
the other a street-car conductor.

IRANOFF  
(impressed)  
Just three people in a room this  
size? Whew!

KOPALSKI  
(inspecting the room)  
And your own gas cooker? That's  
marvelous!  
(forgetting himself)  
Naturally it's not the Royal Suite...

NINOTCHKA  
Sssh! Once and for all, we're in  
Moscow!

KOPALSKI  
(walking over to the  
window)  
Yes, there's no doubt of that...  
(sarcastically)  
Just look out of the window and there  
it is.

NINOTCHKA  
And it's great! Think what it was a  
few years ago and what it is now.

Iranoff and Buljanoff have joined them at the window.

IRANOFF  
She's right...  
(under his breath)  
anyhow let's talk ourselves into it.

BULJANOFF  
Just see how happy the people look...

from here....

KOPALSKI

Can you blame them?... at least the  
May Day parade is over.

BULJANOFF

That's another thing... it's spring.

NINOTCHKA

The same spring we had in Paris.  
Just as good.

KOPALSKI

Even the swallows are back.

BULJANOFF AND IRANOFF

Yes, that's right.

IRANOFF

Maybe that's the same swallow we saw  
in Paris!

BULJANOFF

It is, Ninotchka! It is! He must  
have been in Paris! You can see it  
in his whole attitude! He just picked  
up a crumb of our black bread, shook  
his head, and dropped it.

KOPALSKI

If you asked him why he left France  
I bet he couldn't name one good  
reason.

BULJANOFF

I should be a swallow! Right now I  
would be sitting in front of the  
Café de Paris picking up flakes of  
French pastry that would melt in my  
bill.

NINOTCHKA

Now, comrades... there is something  
better in life than crumbs of French  
pastry.

KOPALSKI

(the realist)

Yes, a good piece of apfel strudel....

NINOTCHKA

We will get that... we'll get  
everything... maybe a little bit  
later but we'll get it... We must be  
patient... Finally we got the spring,  
didn't we? We got the swallows, and

you will get your apfel strudel too.

BULJANOFF

(consolingly)

And if it is too late for you your children will eat it.

IRANOFF

(breaking the mood)

Let's forget the future... let's stop being sentimental... let's start that omelet.

KOPALSKI

That's right.

(he takes a little box out of his pocket)

Here's my egg.

(he hands it to Ninotchka)

Iranoff unties his egg from his handkerchief.

IRANOFF

And here's mine.

He hands it to Ninotchka.

Buljanoff reaches in his pocket and from his expression we see that a catastrophe must have happened.

BULJANOFF

Comrades... I'm out of the omelet.

NINOTCHKA

Don't worry... there will be enough.

IRANOFF

Come, Ninotchka, let's make it in real Parisian style!

The group all go to the gas cooker and Ninotchka starts to make the omelet. The others stand around as though they were watching a great event.

KOPALSKI

Let's fill it with confitures, des prunes...

BULJANOFF

...des raisins de Madère, des framboises...

(...with grapes of Madeira, with raspberries...)

IRANOFF

...des petites fraises des bois...  
de la crème de Bretagne...  
(...with small wild  
strawberries... with  
cream...)

KOPALSKI  
...so it blows up that big... what  
they call an Omelette Surprise!

BULJANOFF  
And the surprise is there's nothing  
in it.

KOPALSKI  
I know, but if we can't put in all  
these wonderful things at least let's  
put in some imagination.  
(he raises his voice)  
In that one omelet we'll taste the  
whole of Paris!

The door through which Gurganov disappeared opens and Gurganov  
comes out.

IRANOFF  
(seeing him)  
Sssh!

The conversation stops. Gurganov walks quietly through the  
room, again observing everything. He goes out at last.

IRANOFF  
A man like that... all he has to do  
is to walk through a room and the  
omelet drops.

There is a dead silence. All are again aware of the reality  
which surrounds. They concentrate quietly on the frying pan.

DISSOLVE TO:

INSERT OF THE FRYING PAN

The eggs are gradually taking the shape of an omelet.

DISSOLVE TO:

INSERT OF A PLATE ON THE TABLE

Only the last scraps of the omelet are on it. Buljanoff's  
hand comes in with a big piece of bread with which he sops  
up every fragment that is left.

DISSOLVE TO:

MEDIUM SHOT -- NINOTCHKA'S ROOM -- EVENING

The curtains are drawn and the lamp lighted. All four are sitting around the table, in the center of which is a samovar. In front of each of them is a glass of tea. One of the Russians is playing a balalaika and all are singing gaily, "Paris."

Ninotchka is enjoying their companionship. After a little while the door to the corridor opens and Ninotchka's other roommate, the street-car conductor, strides in. She is a squareset, unfriendly woman in uniform.

At sight of her one of the Russians nudges Ninotchka, makes the gesture of ringing up a fare, and accompanies it with an inquiring look. Ninotchka nods. The Russians change their tune quickly to the "Volga Boatman" in order not to awaken animosity.

The street-car conductor goes to her bed and starts to take off her shoes and her coat, then draws the curtain. During the following scene we hear the splash of water and the sound of gargling.

Again Gurganov crosses the room, this time accompanied by his little son.

Suddenly the door is opened by Vladimir, a friendly old man.

VLADIMIR

(calling into the  
room)

Comrade Yakushova, here, the postman  
left a letter for you.

He hands her a letter and exits.

CLOSE SHOT -- NINOTCHKA

She takes the letter, glances at the envelope, and is stunned. She turns the envelope -- an expression of breathless wonder comes over her face.

ALL THREE RUSSIANS

What is it, Ninotchka?

NINOTCHKA

It's from Paris.

IRANOFF AND BULJANOFF

From Paris?

KOPALSKI

A bill?

NINOTCHKA

From Leon.

ALL THREE RUSSIANS

From Leon!... How is he?... Come,  
tell us... open it... tell us... how  
is he?

Ninotchka sits in the chair nearest the lamp. All three are looking over her shoulder. Ninotchka hesitates to open the letter, obviously wanting to read it all by herself. Realizing her feelings, the Three Russians walk to the far end of the room and sit down on a little bench, looking toward Ninotchka with childlike expectancy. In great anticipation Ninotchka opens the letter. She starts to read it. Suddenly her expression changes to one of terrific disappointment. She turns the letter over, glances at the second page, then puts the letter down on the table. The Russians have followed her expression closely. Slowly they walk over to her.

IRANOFF

(very sympathetic)

Bad news?

NINOTCHKA

Look for yourselves.

Iranoff picks up the letter. All three look at it.

Insert of First Page of Letter, held in Iranoff's hand. In Leon's handwriting we read:

"Ninotchka, my darling,"

The rest of the writing is blocked out, line by line, and across the page is a big stamp which says "Censored." Iranoff's hand turns the page. The second page is also censored except for the final words,

"Yours, Leon."

SHOT OF THE WHOLE GROUP

Iranoff puts the letter back on the table. They all understand and realize that Ninotchka wants to be alone.

KOPALSKI

Well, I think it's getting late.  
Good night, Ninotchka.

IRANOFF

Thank you for a wonderful dinner.

Ninotchka rises and shakes their hands.

NINOTCHKA

(with great warmth)

Good night, my friends.

The three start to leave but Buljanoff returns and whispers

to Ninotchka.

BULJANOFF

They can't censor our memories, can they?

Ninotchka presses his hand. He walks quietly out with the others.

Ninotchka, left alone, sits down. She is heartbroken. Her thoughts are too sad and too far away to be disturbed by the snoring which comes from the corner where the street-car conductor has gone to bed.

FADE OUT:

CLOSE SHOT -- THE WINDOW OF RAZININ'S OFFICE

FADE IN:

shooting from the inside. Through the window the background of Moscow. It is winter and snow is on the roofs. The CAMERA PULLS BACK and discloses Razinin sitting at his desk, reading a report with a stern expression.

MEDIUM SHOT -- RAZININ'S OFFICE

Ninotchka enters carrying several folders. She walks to Razinin's desk and stands waiting for him to recognize her presence. She is a tired, stern girl. Razinin looks up.

RAZININ

Good morning, Comrade.

NINOTCHKA

(very businesslike)

Good morning, Comrade Commissar. Here is my report on the materials available for trading in the next four months.

RAZININ

Does this include the products of the Far Eastern provinces?

NINOTCHKA

Yes, it does.

RAZININ

You mean you have finished the whole investigation?

NINOTCHKA

Yes.

RAZININ

That's marvelous.... You must have

worked day and night.... Don't you ever sleep?

NINOTCHKA

I need very little sleep. We must be extremely careful what goods we take in exchange. I have already started a survey of our most urgent needs.

RAZININ

Well, Comrade, I am afraid you will have to turn over that work to someone else.

NINOTCHKA

(startled)

May I ask why?

RAZININ

Please... sit down.

Ninotchka sits.

RAZININ

Cigarette?

NINOTCHKA

Thank you.

RAZININ

Well, Comrade, have you heard from your friends Kopalski, Buljanoff, and Iranoff?

NINOTCHKA

No.

RAZININ

I haven't either, but I've heard about them. You must realize it was only on the strength of your Paris report that I sent them to Constantinople; without that I never would have trusted them on a mission as important as the fur deal.

NINOTCHKA

May I ask what has happened?

RAZININ

As soon as our representatives go to a foreign country they seem to lose all sense of balance. If I told you what's going on in Constantinople right now you wouldn't believe it. Those three have been sitting there for six weeks and haven't sold a

piece of fur.

(he points to the  
folder)

This anonymous report was sent me.  
They are dragging the good name of  
our country through every café and  
night club. Here...

(he reads from the  
report)

"How can the Bolshevik cause gain  
respect among the Moslems if your  
three representatives, Buljanoff,  
Iranoff, and Kopalski, get so drunk  
that they throw a carpet out of their  
hotel window and complain to the  
management that it didn't fly?"

Ninotchka has to suppress a smile of amusement at the antics  
of her three old friends.

NINOTCHKA

Oh, they shouldn't do such things.  
Are you sure this report is correct?

RAZININ

It gives details which couldn't be  
invented. Naturally I want to verify  
it and that's why I need you.

NINOTCHKA

(apprehensively)  
You want me to go to Constantinople?

RAZININ

Yes... leaving immediately.

NINOTCHKA

(her one object to  
escape the mission)

I appreciate the confidence you show  
in me, but I must ask you to entrust  
someone else with this mission. I  
should hate to interrupt my present  
work. I am positive that my survey  
is more important than finding out  
whether three of our comrades have  
been drinking some extra glasses of  
champagne.

RAZININ

(austerely)  
That is for me to decide, Comrade  
Yakushova.

NINOTCHKA

I am sorry, I don't want to overstep  
my position -- but please... don't

send me.

RAZININ

I don't understand.

NINOTCHKA

(making a last effort)

How can I make myself clear... It is difficult to express but I'd rather not go to foreign countries any more. Please, Comrade... let me stay here... let me finish my work... I am in the rhythm of it now... I don't want to go away. I don't want to be sent into that foreign atmosphere again. It throws one out of gear.... Let me finish my work... I have concentrated everything in it... Please... don't make me go.

RAZININ

Please don't waste my time, Comrade. Do your duty. Good-by.

NINOTCHKA

I will do my best.

She exits, as we

DISSOLVE TO:

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF CONSTANTINOPLE, on a bright sunlit day, if possible with the circling shadow of an airplane.

DISSOLVE TO:

LONG SHOT -- AIRPORT IN CONSTANTINOPLE, shooting from an airplane angle. A crowd is awaiting the arrival of a plane. The CAMERA goes down to a CLOSE SHOT of Buljanoff, Iranoff, and Kopalski, standing in the crowd.

All three are very elegantly and gaily dressed. They are in the happiest mood. One of them carries a large bouquet of flowers to greet Ninotchka.

DISSOLVE TO:

LIVING ROOM OF A VERY LUXURIOUS HOTEL SUITE IN CONSTANTINOPLE. Its style should suggest the locale. Ninotchka enters with the Three Russians, who are very happy to have her with them again.

KOPALSKI

(indicating the room)

How do you like it, Ninotchka? Isn't it wonderful?

IRANOFF AND BULJANOFF

Tell us... tell us.

Ninotchka protests, but during the whole scene it is evident that behind her protestations there is none of the force and conviction she displayed in a similar situation in the Royal Suite.

NINOTCHKA

But Buljanoff, Iranoff, Kopalski...

IRANOFF

Now, please, Ninotchka, don't start figuring it out in cows.

NINOTCHKA

You've done it again and I am responsible. How can you forget yourselves this way? You were sent here to make money, not to spend it.

IRANOFF

Buljanoff, she still has those old-fashioned Bolshevik ideas.

BULJANOFF

It is high time you got out of Russia.

NINOTCHKA

(not knowing what to  
do with the three  
rascals)

I must be stern with you.

KOPALSKI

(delighted)

That's our old Ninotchka!

BULJANOFF AND IRANOFF

(agreeing with him)

Yes, yes.

NINOTCHKA

Don't forget, the day will come when you will have to face Razinin.

BULJANOFF

(cockily)

Good old Razinin! Is he still alive?  
How does he manage?

NINOTCHKA

But, Comrades...

KOPALSKI

(with the happiness  
of being free again)

in his voice)  
We are not comrades any more... we  
are friends, Ninotchka.

BULJANOFF  
Imagine, we don't have to whisper  
any longer.

IRANOFF  
We can say whatever we want. We can  
shout... we can complain... Look...  
(he opens the door  
leading to corridor)  
The service in this hotel is terrible!  
(he closes the door)  
See? Nobody comes... nobody pays any  
attention. That's freedom.

BULJANOFF  
(dryly)  
No, that's bad management.

NINOTCHKA  
Is it possible to bring you back to  
reality for a moment? I must have a  
complete report of your negotiations  
and a detailed expense account.

BULJANOFF  
Don't ask for it, Ninotchka. There  
is a Turkish proverb which says, "If  
something smells bad, why put your  
nose in it?"

NINOTCHKA  
And there is a Russian saying: "The  
cat who has cream on his whiskers  
had better find good excuses."

BULJANOFF  
With our cream situation what it is,  
it is Russia which should apologize  
to the cats.

NINOTCHKA  
(helplessly)  
Friends... friends, Buljanoff,  
Iranoff...

KOPALSKI  
(afraid of being left  
out)  
...and Kopalski.

NINOTCHKA  
(pleadingly)  
Don't make it difficult for me. This

is no more a pleasure trip for me  
than it is for you.

IRANOFF

That was our idea when we first came.  
All we thought we would get out of  
this trip was a Turkish bath, but...  
we learned better.

KOPALSKI

Ninotchka, we are in the magic East,  
the country of Aladdin and His Lamp...

IRANOFF

...Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves...  
into one single hour you can crowd a  
thousand and one nights.

BULJANOFF

All you have to do is say "open  
sesame."

NINOTCHKA

I don't know how I can get you out  
of it this time. How will it end?  
What will happen to you?

BULJANOFF

(intimately)  
Shall we tell her?

IRANOFF AND KOPALSKI

Yes.

BULJANOFF

(proudly)  
Ninotchka, I hope you'll be our guest.

NINOTCHKA

Guest?

BULJANOFF

We have opened a restaurant...

IRANOFF

...we have a wonderful electric sign:  
"Dine With Buljanof, Iranoff, and  
Kopalski."

NINOTCHKA

You mean you are deserting Russia?

KOPALSKI

(singing the song of  
freedom)  
Don't call it desertion. Our little  
restaurant... that is our Russia...

the Russia of borscht, the Russia of  
beef Stroganoff, blinis with sour  
cream...

IRANOFF

...the Russia of piroshki... people  
will eat and love it.

BULJANOFF

We are not only serving good food,  
we are serving our country... we are  
making friends.

NINOTCHKA

(completely bewildered)

Who gave you this idea? What is  
responsible for all this?

KOPALSKI

(with a gleam in his  
eye)

There's something in Constantinople...  
something irresistible....

IRANOFF

...it is in the air... it may come  
around the corner as you walk down  
the street....

BULJANOFF

...it may step out of a bazaar... it  
may wait for you in a corridor... it  
may hide in the shadow of a  
minaret....

KOPALSKI

(pointing to the  
balcony)

Right now it's on the balcony.

Ninotchka looks toward the balcony and is dumbfounded as she  
sees Leon standing there smiling at her. He walks quietly  
toward her.

LEON

(looking longingly at  
Ninotchka)

They wouldn't let me in so I had to  
get you out.

NINOTCHKA

(still taken aback)

So -- you're behind all this. I should  
have known.

Leon takes her hand and kisses it. The Three Russians exchange  
glances. The CAMERA PANS WITH THEM --leaving Ninotchka and

Leon as Russians walk discreetly out of the room and close the door behind them.

CLOSE SHOT -- LEON AND NINOTCHKA

LEON

Trying to keep me away from you! It couldn't be done. Naturally I couldn't go on forever punching passport officials in the nose -- but I found a way, didn't I? Darling, I had to see you. I wrote and wrote but all my letters came back.

NINOTCHKA

The one I got they wouldn't let me read.

(carried away by  
emotion)

It began, "Ninotchka, my darling," and ended, "Yours, Leon."

LEON

(with great feeling  
and sincerity)

I won't tell you what came between... I'll prove it. It will take a long time, Ninotchka... at least a lifetime.

Ninotchka is aware that she is facing a decision. She knows what she wants but still tries to evade a definite answer.

NINOTCHKA

But, Leon, I am only here for a few days.

LEON

If you don't stay with me, I'll have to continue my fight. I'll travel wherever Russian commissions are. I'll turn them all into Buljanoffs, Iranoffs, and Kopalskis. The world will be crowded with Russian restaurants. I'll depopulate Russia. Once you saved your country by going back. This time you can save it by staying here.

NINOTCHKA

Well, when it is a choice between my personal interest and the good of my country, how can I waver? No one shall say Ninotchka was a bad Russian.

Leon takes her in his arms, they kiss as we

FADE OUT :

THE END