

**NINOTCHKA**

Written by

Charles Brackett, Billy Wilder & Walter Reisch

Based on a 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**

background  
obviously  
Comrade  
Despite  
collar, a  
whelmed  
Buljanoff's

CAMERA MOVES to a CLOSE SHOT of the desk. In the  
is a revolving door leading to the street. Through the  
revolving door comes a strangely dressed individual,  
one who doesn't belong in such surroundings. It is  
Buljanoff, a member of the Russian Board of Trade.  
the spring climate of Paris, he still wears his typical  
Russian clothes, consisting of a coat with a fur  
fur cap, and heavy boots.  
Buljanoff glances around the lobby, obviously over-  
by its magnificence. The Manager, puzzled by  
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, 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, 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**

Manager,  
Buljanoff, Iranoff, and Kopalski are approaching the  
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?

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

and go  
The Three Russians take a step away from the manager  
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?

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

**IRANOFF**

Yes, it's an idea, but who says we

have to have an idea?

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

**BOTH**

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

**BULJANOFF**

(turning to the Manager)  
Give us the Royal Suite.

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

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**DARK INTERIOR OF SAFE -- ROYAL SUITE**

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

**MEDIUM SHOT -- ROYAL SUITE OF THE HOTEL CLARENCE**

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

pulls  
striding

INSERT the House Number "8"  
above the doorway of a Parisian apartment house. Camera  
back to medium shot of the whole entrance. Into it is  
a typical Parisian playboy. He is Count Leon d'Algout.

**ENTRANCE HALL -- SWANA'S APARTMENT**

like a

The door is being opened by Swana's maid. Leon enters  
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**

enters  
lightly.

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

**SWANA**

Hello, Leon!

**LEON**

Good morning, Swana.

much  
glances

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

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

living

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

**LIVING ROOM -- SWANA'S APARTMENT**

the  
still  
leaving  
he

A charming room, which manages to create a little of atmosphere of Old Russia. Rakonin stands, his overcoat buttoned about him, waiting nervously. Swana enters, the door ajar. Rakonin approaches her with the respect 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!

around in  
She hangs up, rises, the legal situation whirling  
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:**

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

unlocks

There is a knock at the door. Iranoff walks toward it, 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...

The

Leon pushes his way in. He approaches Monsieur Mercier. 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.

him, He bows and starts toward the door. Leon accompanies 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.

into the Mercier leaves. Leon closes the door and turns back 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:**

waiters shooting toward door leading to the Royal Suite. Two  
filled are wheeling in a table on which is a block of ice  
with caviar and a collection of the most delicious hors  
closed we d'oeuvres. They enter the room. After the door is  
Buljanoff, hear from within loud SOUNDS of approval from

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  
corridor. cigarette girl comes out and runs excitedly down the  
down Camera pans with her away from the door as she starts  
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**



agreeable

Hey, Sascha! Serge! Misha!

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

frees

This brings on a new frenzy of Russian affection. Leon 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.

bottles

Again they overwhelm Leon with an avalanche of Russian affection. At this moment Rakonin enters with some new

direct  
him.

of champagne. The Russians immediately leave Leon and  
their affection toward Rakonin, embracing and kissing

**ALL THREE RUSSIANS**

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

Russians,

After Rakonin has turned over the champagne to the  
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**

with  
CAMERA

Rakonin comes out with the telegram. The CAMERA PANS  
him as he hurries down the corridor, reading it. The  
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**

CLOSE

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

and  
Buljanoff,

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

**FADE**

**OUT:**

**MEDIUM SHOT -- UPPER CORRIDOR OF HOTEL CLARENCE**

**FADE IN:**

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

an  
As they walk into the Royal Suite, Buljanoff tosses off  
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**

hurry  
Envoy  
searching

The train has already arrived as the Three Russians  
down the platform. Neither do they know the name of the  
Extraordinary, nor his appearance, and they are  
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!

approach  
hands

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

to The Russians are taken aback. As Ninotchka bends down 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.

Three  
word

Ninotchka takes both suitcases and walks away with the  
Russians, whose nervousness has increased with every  
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.

as we

The hearts of the Three Russians drop to their boots,

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**LOBBY -- HOTEL CLARENCE**

lobby,  
surroundings.

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

the

Suddenly she stops. In the showcase of a hat shop in  
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.

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

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**ROYAL SUITE**

by now Ninotchka enters, followed by the Three Russians, who  
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.

typewriter Ninotchka begins to unpack her things and puts her  
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.

her  
Ninotchka continues to type. The Three Russians watch 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.

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

Cigarette  
Ninotchka looks up astonished. Seeing her, the  
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)

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

CLOSE-UP in the hands of Ninotchka. The CAMERA ZOOMS down to a map. 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:**

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

**CLOSE SHOT -- NINOTCHKA AND LEON**

turns on the little isle. Wanting some information Ninotchka 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.

toward           The CAMERA goes with Ninotchka and Leon as they walk  
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)**

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

**CLOSE SHOT -- LEON**

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

elevator  
GROUND FLOOR -- EIFFEL TOWER, shooting toward the  
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**

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

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

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

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

takes  
leaves  
significance

Camera pulls back and Ninotchka enters the shot. She  
pencil from Leon's hand, writes out the name, and  
again. At first Leon is not aware of the full  
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.

her

He hangs up and stares at Ninotchka. She is putting on  
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:**

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

**DISSOLVE TO:**

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

**GASTON**

Good morning, Your Highness.

**SWANA**

Good morning, Gaston.

**GASTON**

Count d'Algot is still asleep.

**SWANA**

(as she walks toward  
Leon's room)  
That's all right.

**LEON'S BEDROOM**

Leon, a  
big arm

The curtains are drawn. The night light is still on.  
dressing gown over his pajamas, is sound asleep in a  
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.

makes Gaston disappears into the bath-dressing room. Swana

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 Bolsheviks 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:**

shooting MEDIUM SHOT -- ENTRANCE HALL -- LEON'S APARTMENT, 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?

confronted

Swana suspects that for the first time she is being  
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

The Three Russians, very impressed, stand looking at  
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?



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

**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.

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

**THE**

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

sits

It is piled deep with law books and papers. Ninotchka 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.

knowledge.

The Lawyers exchange a glance of surprise at her

starts

One of them takes up one of the law books and as he 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.

scene  
He beckons to someone out of the scene. Leon enters the  
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

shop  
shakes

street. As she passes the showcase of the millinery  
again, she stops and looks at the same hat. Again she  
her head sadly.

**NINOTCHKA**

Tsk, tsk, tsk.

She walks toward the street, as we

**EXTERIOR, HOTEL CLARENCE**

**DISSOLVE TO:**

hotel

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

**CLOSE SHOT -- NINOTCHKA AND TAXI DRIVER**

door

The Driver puts his hand on the handle of his cab's  
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  
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!!

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

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

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

**LEON**



(indignantly)  
What's funny about this?

Ninotchka's laughter is uncontrollable.

dries  
situation  
at

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

On their mutual wild hilarity, we

**FADE**

**OUT:**

**LIVING ROOM -- ROYAL SUITE**

**FADE IN:**

Lawyers,  
leaning  
weighing  
reading

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

astonished.

Suddenly Ninotchka laughs. Everyone looks at her  
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.

conceal

Left alone with the Russians, Ninotchka is unable to  
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.

takes  
extending a  
Smiling benevolently, Ninotchka goes to the table,  
several bills from her handbag, and goes back,  
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.

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

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

**LIVING ROOM -- LEON'S APARTMENT**

**DISSOLVE TO:**

Gaston  
It is evening. Leon is walking nervously up and down.  
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.

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

**ENTRANCE HALL -- LEON'S APARTMENT**

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

make

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

**LEON**

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

her

It is no use. In a sudden outburst of emotion he takes 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...

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

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

**LEON**

What a gesture for a sergeant.

and As soon as she is finished, Ninotchka slips the mirror  
glances lipstick back into her handbag and, as she does so,  
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?

quietly  
takes  
rises.

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

**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.

Savitzky,

They sit down. The Headwaiter bends over General  
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?

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

**GUEST**

Look! There's Leon!

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

**EVERYONE AT THE TABLE**

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

**CLOSE SHOT -- LEON AT THE ENTRANCE**

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

**SWANA'S TABLE**

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

**MARIANNE**

Isn't she something?

a A neighbor nudges her warningly. Swana withers her with  
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.



lifts By now the Waiter is filling their glasses. Ninotchka  
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.

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

**NINOTCHKA**

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

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

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

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

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

does not  
During the following speech, Ninotchka's expression  
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.

ladies  
Leon has grown more and more uncomfortable as the two  
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?

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

the two Swana leaves the table. Leon sits again. The mood of  
which has been changed by the problem of their separation,  
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, Ninotchua.

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

**CAMERA.**

**LEON**

(to the bartender)

Give me a double brandy.

**CLOSE SHOT -- DOOR OF THE POWDER ROOM**

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

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

**CLOSE SHOT -- BAR**

tosses  
The bartender gives Leon his double brandy and Leon  
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.

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

**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**

(horrified)

You want me to go in there?

**MANAGER**

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

second  
toward  
he is  
out, is  
Leon  
to  
variety.

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

**LEON**

(completely exhausted --  
to the bartender)  
Make it a triple brandy. As we

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**LIVING ROOM -- THE ROYAL SUITE**

Leon,  
carrying a  
waiter he

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

closes

Rakonin, who seems very interested in the situation,  
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  
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.

the  
takes  
her  
champagne.  
chair.

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

**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...

repeating,  
goes  
are  
Confusedly Ninotchka starts looking for something, "a little knob... a little knob." Followed by Leon she 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!"

holds  
From the case of jewels he takes a beautiful diadem and 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.

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

**BEDROOM -- THE ROYAL SUITE**

She Leon carries Ninotchka to the bed, puts her down on it. 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.

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

**NINOTCHKA**

(charmingly)  
Smile, little father, smile.

**INSERT OF PHOTOGRAPH OF LENIN**

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

**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**

lights It is taken from an ANGLE which includes the door. The

bottle

are still on, the curtains drawn, the empty champagne  
and glasses litter the room. We hear the buzzer of the  
corridor door ring several times without an answer.

the

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

rings.

door from the bedroom to the corridor. The buzzer

door to

Apparently the caller has moved from the living-room  
the bedroom door.

#### **CLOSE SHOT OF THE BED**

dress.

Ninotchka is lying on the bed, still in her evening

emphasis

The diadem is no longer on her head, but no special

sound

is laid on that detail in the camera angle. We hear the

wakens

of the buzzer ringing again and again. Ninotchka half

without

and calls out something which sounds like "come in"

being fully aware of what she is doing.

#### **BEDROOM -- AT THE DOOR**

in

The door is opened from the outside by a maid, who lets

Swana

the Duchess Swana, dressed in a smart morning outfit.

room.

looks around, surprised and amused at the state of the

not

She walks over to the bed where lies Ninotchka, still

have

enough awake to face reality. Swana is delighted to

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.

her  
found  
By now Ninotchka is awake. She gets up and realizes to acute embarrassment the condition in which Swana has 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?

completely.  
During Swana's speech Ninotchka has found herself

**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.

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

**LONG SHOT -- LIVING ROOM -- TOWARD BEDROOM DOOR**

toward  
By the bed stand Ninotchka and Swana. Swana starts

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?

her

Ninotchka's words for the first time sting Swana out of 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?

remember

The word diadem startles Ninotchka. She starts to 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**

and  
walks  
diadem  
opens  
It  
safe is  
moment,

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

**NINOTCHKA**

(into the telephone)  
Élysée 2763.

her  
connection

LONG SHOT -- NINOTCHKA AT THE TELEPHONE, waiting for

by

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

She  
walks toward her.

Ninotchka hangs up the receiver and stares at Swana.

foreground

LIVING ROOM, SHOOTING INTO THE BEDROOM. In the



toward

Swana, in the background Ninotchka, who is hurrying  
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

rings.  
decision. For a moment she cannot answer. The telephone  
Ninotchka takes the receiver.

**NINOTCHKA**

(into telephone)  
Yes...  
(it is Leon)  
Oh hello...

presence  
walks  
Much as she wants to talk to him she hesitates in the  
of Swana. Swana realizes the situation, gets up, and  
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)

toward  
standing at  
the  
with  
bellboy

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

**NINOTCHKA**

(to bellboy)  
You can leave it here.

flowers  
to  
It  
to the

The bellboy exits. Ninotchka looks at the basket of  
for a moment, then takes the envelope which is attached  
the handle. She opens it and reads the enclosed letter.  
must be a love note, for her eyes grow wet. She turns  
last page.

**INSERT**

sent  
will

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

**CLOSE SHOT -- NINOTCHKA**

of

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

**INSERT OF THE BOTTLE**

On the label we see a picture of a goat.

**NINOTCHKA**

the She smiles sadly and goes to the telephone, which is on  
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-bye, my darling.... What?...  
Oh...

(softly)

salute!

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

**NINOTCHKA**

I am sorry to have kept you waiting,  
madame.

**SWANA -- AT THE AIRPORT**

**DISSOLVE TO:**

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

**ENTRANCE HALL -- SWANA'S APARTMENT**

in Swana's maid is opening the door for Swana, who enters  
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'Algot is waiting. He's been here  
some time.

proceeds Swana inspects herself briefly in the hall mirror,  
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?

it Swana picks up the receiver of the telephone and holds  
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**

the Behind the window we see Ninotchka looking at Paris for

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

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

and  
back  
a  
CLOSE-UP -- NINOTCHKA, looking down on the Tower  
INTERIOR, Airplane -- Ninotchka, Buljanoff, Iranoff,  
Kopalski  
Ninotchka turns from the window and leans against the  
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**

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

commission

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

**STREET IN PARIS -- MORNING**

along

Camera follows Leon as he walks excitedly and nervously

Bureau,

the boulevard. He turns into a Russian Intouriste

government

one of the travel bureaus maintained by the Soviet

travel,

in foreign countries to supply information regarding

give visas, etc.

**INTOURISTE BUREAU**

pamphlets.

It is a typical travel bureau. Behind the counter are attendants and some people getting information and

"Visas

Leon enters, looks around, and sees a door which says

and Passport Department." He enters.

**INTERIOR, VISA ROOM**

counter

It is a room smaller than the previous one. Behind the

counter

stands a typical Bolshevik Official. In front of the

her,

is an elderly English lady. Leon takes his place behind

English

nervous at having to wait. The Official stamps the

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?

girl, Leon, feeling that he has to go to the rescue of his

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.

out.  
the  
His words are unmistakably a final dismissal. She walks  
Leon looks after her for a second, then goes back to  
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  
suspicions!... 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?

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

**LEON**

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

He strides out.

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

**OFFICIAL**

No visa.

Shot of  
Establishing Shot of Russia -- First of May -- Stock  
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:**

parade  
to a  
her  
attention  
direction.  
them.  
MARCHING. All  
The  
with a

Column of Women, dressed in typical Russian May Day fashion, marching and saluting. The CAMERA NARROWS DOWN CLOSE SHOT OF Ninotchka marching with the others. All 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 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

three are already pretty exhausted from the long march. Kopalski sees Ninotchka. He whispers it to the others.

three look toward Ninotchka and lift their shoulders

gesture which says, "Look where we are now."

smile.

again

with the same stern expression.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**PANNING SHOT -- STAIRCASE IN NINOTCHKA'S TENEMENT HOUSE**

down

apartments;

games

under the feet of the adults.

her as

several sub-

and

goes in.

**NINOTCHKA'S ROOM**

two

is

adjusted

so

herself completely to the Moscow which she once thought 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.

case  
arrange  
four.  
dishes,  
as a

During the following scene Anna puts her cello in its and gets ready to go to her job. Ninotchka starts to 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?

Bolshevik  
it.

Anna is apparently not a fanatical believer in the 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 speech reminiscently. As she does, the blare of a Russian 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**

full  
Let  
an  
the  
happens

...From the Exploiters for the Toilers. We are going steam ahead through industrialization toward socialism. us put the Union of Socialistic Soviet Republics into automobile and the muzhik into a tractor, and then let capitalists try to keep up with us! The same thing for a third time.

**THIRD VOICE ON RADIO**

the  
five  
thousand  
natural

...and thirty million peasants, eighty-five per cent of 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 nobles possessed thirty-five per cent of the country's wealth!

Ninotchka turns off the radio. She closes her eyes for a moment and with a sad smile murmurs to herself.

**NINOTCHKA**

No music.

and  
Ninotchka

At this moment the door opens, and Buljanoff, Iranoff, Kopalski enter. There follow warm greetings between and the Three Russians.

**ALL THREE RUSSIANS**

Ninotchka! Ninotchka!

other as

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.

we  
Buljanoff reaches in his pocket and from his expression  
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!

to  
were  
The group all go to the gas cooker and Ninotchka starts  
make the omelet. The others stand around as though they  
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!

Gurganov The door through which Gurganov disappeared opens and  
comes out.

**IRANOFF**  
(seeing him)  
Sssh!

the The conversation stops. Gurganov walks quietly through  
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.

reality There is a dead silence. All are again aware of the  
pan. which surrounds. They concentrate quietly on the frying

**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**

Buljanoff's Only the last scraps of the omelet are on it.  
sops hand comes in with a big piece of bread with which he  
up every fragment that is left.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**MEDIUM SHOT -- NINOTCHKA'S ROOM -- EVENING**

are The curtains are drawn and the lamp lighted. All four



samovar.

gaily,

little

other

a

makes

with an

their

awaken

take

During

sound

by

man.

sitting around the table, in the center of which is a

In front of each of them is a glass of tea. One of the Russians is playing a balalaika and all are singing

"Paris."

Ninotchka is enjoying their companionship. After a

while the door to the corridor opens and Ninotchka's

roommate, the street-car conductor, strides in. She is

squareset, unfriendly woman in uniform.

At sight of her one of the Russians nudges Ninotchka,

the gesture of ringing up a fare, and accompanies it

inquiring look. Ninotchka nods. The Russians change

tune quickly to the "Volga Boatman" in order not to

animosity.

The street-car conductor goes to her bed and starts to

off her shoes and her coat, then draws the curtain.

the following scene we hear the splash of water and the

of gargling.

Again Gurganov crosses the room, this time accompanied

his little son.

Suddenly the door is opened by Vladimir, a friendly old

**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**

stunned. She takes the letter, glances at the envelope, and is

wonder

She turns the envelope -- an expression of breathless  
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?

are

the

Realizing

the

Ninotchka

Ninotchka

She

puts

followed her

Ninotchka sits in the chair nearest the lamp. All three  
looking over her shoulder. Ninotchka hesitates to open  
letter, obviously wanting to read it all by herself.  
her feelings, the Three Russians walk to the far end of  
room and sit down on a little bench, looking toward  
with childlike expectancy. In great anticipation  
opens the letter. She starts to read it. Suddenly her  
expression changes to one of terrific disappointment.  
turns the letter over, glances at the second page, then  
the letter down on the table. The Russians have  
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.

In Insert of First Page of Letter, held in Iranoff's hand.

Leon's handwriting we read:

"Ninotchka, my darling,"

and The rest of the writing is blocked out, line by line,

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**

understand Iranoff puts the letter back on the table. They all  
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.

whispers The three start to leave but Buljanoff returns and  
to Ninotchka.

**BULJANOFF**

They can't censor our memories, can  
they?

the Ninotchka presses his hand. He walks quietly out with  
others.

Her Ninotchka, left alone, sits down. She is heartbroken.  
by the thoughts are too sad and too far away to be disturbed

car snoring which comes from the corner where the street-  
conductor has gone to bed.

**FADE**

**OUT:**

**CLOSE SHOT -- THE WINDOW OF RAZININ'S OFFICE**

**FADE IN:**

background shooting from the inside. Through the window the  
CAMERA of Moscow. It is winter and snow is on the roofs. The  
reading PULLS BACK and discloses Razinin sitting at his desk,  
a report with a stern expression.

**MEDIUM SHOT -- RAZININ'S OFFICE**

her Ninotchka enters carrying several folders. She walks to  
Razinin's desk and stands waiting for him to recognize  
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?"

antics

Ninotchka has to suppress a smile of amusement at the 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

plane.  
Iranoff,  
  
are in  
of

airplane angle. A crowd is awaiting the arrival of a  
The CAMERA goes down to a CLOSE SHOT of Buljanoff,  
and Kopalski, standing in the crowd.  
All three are very elegantly and gaily dressed. They  
the happiest mood. One of them carries a large bouquet  
flowers to greet Ninotchka.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**LIVING ROOM OF A VERY LUXURIOUS HOTEL SUITE IN  
CONSTANTINOPLE.**

with  
them

Its style should suggest the locale. Ninotchka enters  
the Three Russians, who are very happy to have her with  
again.

**KOPALSKI**

(indicating the room)  
How do you like it, Ninotchka? Isn't  
it wonderful?

**IRANOFF AND BULJANOFF**

Tell us... tell us.

evident  
force and  
Royal

Ninotchka protests, but during the whole scene it is  
that behind her protestations there is none of the  
conviction she displayed in a similar situation in the  
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.

as she  
quietly  
Ninotchka looks toward the balcony and is dumbfounded  
sees Leon standing there smiling at her. He walks  
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.

exchange  
and  
close

Leon takes her hand and kisses it. The Three Russians  
glances. The CAMERA PANS WITH THEM --leaving Ninotchka  
Leon as Russians walk discreetly out of the room and  
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.

knows  
answer.

Ninotchka is aware that she is facing a decision. She  
what she wants but still tries to evade a definite

**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**